Golly Gee Whillikers!

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"Dun, dun duhhh duh dun," Notorious burglar Goliath Whilliker mumbled to himself, as he prepared for his biggest heist yet. He had waited until dark, when the potion shop owner had turned out her lights and gone to sleep, and had put on his stealth suit in the darkest shadows of the bushes behind her storage shed. Which involved taking off his tunic and leggings, folding them neatly up and laying them in a small pile, and then not putting anything else on.

The big bernese mountain dog pushed through the holly bushes, grunting as he trampled through the stiff, pointy leaves. He paused as a branch of one of the bushes snapped off, pausing and waiting to see if the lights came on. After a couple seconds, though, when they hadn't, he continued.

Goliath, or "Golly" as most people called him, had planned ahead. Earlier that day, when he had decided that the potion store would be his next mark, he had sauntered casually inside and cased the place. Sniffing around, and asking very casual questions about the windows and doors. The nice lady behind the counter was none the wiser of the thief's intentions, and even fell for his excuse that he needed to leave out her back door.

Golly grinned widely as he saw the small stick that he had wedged in the door was still there. If the door didn't close all the way, it couldn't be latched. He slipped his fingers through the door and pulled it open, ducking down to skulk into the quiet, dark potion shop.

The door clacked into the door behind him, but Golly didn't care about that - he had already gotten inside, after all. He peered through rows and rows of candy jars, filled with various herbs, powders, spices and grains. One of them glowed a soft blue, like the aurora borealis. He peered at the small label in the front of it, but it was very dark in there, AND he couldn't read, which made it hard to figure out what it meant. He could tell by the number of numbers on the price that it was quite expensive... but what would he, a thief, want with glowing dust? That would just make things harder to steal!

Still... he lifted the lid and stuck his hand in, stuffing a finger into the powder and pulling it out. The dust clung to his finger, and when he rubbed his thumb against it, it clung to that too. Huh. "Weird."

Then he remembered he was supposed to be *quiet.* He didn't want to wake the lady up after all. "Shit, sorry. I didn't say anything," he whispered - just in case someone had accidentally heard him before. He slunk past the jars and into the big room to the left - the potion room. This is what he had come here for, after all. He had heard another client, a tiger, asking the potion lady about what the potions could do - and if they'd be relevant to his own studies.

Golly couldn't make out what the discussion was about, but he remembered hearing the lady ask the tiger if he could AFFORD to lose such highly sought after assets - so that means they had to be valuable, right?  
  
The bottles gleamed in the dim moonlight of the windows above them. Three walls filled with shelves, each lined with different bottles, some tall and thin, some rounded, some just little vials. Golly had no interest in little vials. He was a big dog (really big) so he wanted the biggest potions. His tail began to sway behind him as he squinted at all of the different bottles. Most of them were clear, or tinted a dark gray, and the liquids inside were shaded between clear and black. And then there were those jars, on the top shelf. They were underneath a 'male' symbol, the circle with the arrow pointing at 2 o'clock, but weirdly the arrow in this one was quite big, and separated from the circle itself. The circle had a line going through the middle of it

"Bigger," he said. "Bigger junk, probably. Since it's a male, and it's big." His tail began to wag. The jars themselves kind of looked like a nut-sack, which only confirmed his suspicions. A narrow neck, ballooning out to a big bulging bottle, and it was also glowing a soft blue color. Just like the powder!

Well, that was good enough for him. A potion like this, would sell for a lot of money. Probably. His buddy Toby always knew what to do with all of Golly's stolen goods. He hadn't ratted him out or anything - he was a good friend. Golly reached up, and picked up both of the potions that were on the shelf, satisfied at how heavy they felt in his hand. They fizzled and bubbled as they were disturbed, which meant they were extra magical.

Quest complete, he just had to make it back outside. He turned back to the doorway, and then winced as his tail collided with a lower shelf of bottles. He twisted back, throwing himself to the ground with a wall shaking WHUMPH as several tall, thin bottles fell over, grunting as they landed on the thick, soft fur behind his shoulders. They rolled to the small of his back before sliding with soft tinks of glass to the floor. FORTUNATELY they didn't break. He whewed, putting one of the blue potions down and picking up the knocked over bottles, carefully putting them back on the shelf.

"Man, I should have brought a bag or something," Golly realized. "I keep forgetting to do that. I really gotta do that next time."

He stood up, brushing the powder and glitter out of the fur on his chest and thighs, and his sheath. It was a nice sheath, not very long, but long enough to keep everything inside. (There was a lot to keep inside, so that was saying a lot, really.) He grasped hold of it, squeezing at the tip of his dick that was inside. His dick tip was kind of itchy, kind of tickling. He hoped he didn't get any weird floor potion dust in it or something. Skinning back his sheath, he pushed the last couple inches of his dick out into the dim light. Hm. He couldn't see it very well from here.. and he wasn't about to just go and start licking himself off, in a potion shop after hours!

Then he remembered - a mirror! He had seen it earlier that day. At first he had been surprised that another handsome lad was wearing the same breeches as he was, but then he realized, of course, that it was just a reflection. He was glad he hadn't pushed it over, like he had the previous time. Now, he sauntered over to it, a tall oval mirror that was in the main store area, next to where the money was all kept.

"Heyyyy," he said, winking and pretend-shooting his handsome reflection with his finger. The reflection did the same, which made Golly's tail start to wag again. He checked his reflection out, blushing a little as he peeked at other Golly's fat sheath. Damn, he was big. Big, and... glowing! There was a little bit of that blue glowing powder on the end of his dick, which was still hanging thick and half-hard out of the end of his sheath. He reached for his dick, then noticed the blue glow on his finger tip and his thumb, and barked. Then, realizing he had just barked, out loud, he smacked himself in the forehead. "Shh!"

His reflection shook its head, and Golly sighed. He held up the bottle of blue potion, then checked out his reflection again. His irritation began to fade, as he thought about it. He was right here, in the middle of the night with nobody around, in front of a mirror, and naked. Was there ever going to be a better time than right now?

He glanced back at the potion room, where the other bottle was still laying on the floor. *Fuck it. Carpet dimes!*  He popped the cork out of the bottle with one finger, and brought it to his lips. His dick was getting hard now, jutting up out of his sheath. He grabbed it, feeling how thick it was and stroking his hand along it as he chugged down the blue potion. It tasted purple, which was a color that Golly had only ever heard of, which was why he was so sure that that must be what purple tasted like. It shimmered and fizzled, permeating into the skin of his tongue and throat and hissing up through his nostrils, making him sneeze repeatedly.

"Hwarf!" He dropped the bottle, and stuffed his nose into his elbow, hourfing big sneezes into his arm. He was already tingling, all over, like there were little bugs scurrying around down his legs and arms, searching for something. The little tingling runnels congregated on his cock, which he was still holding in his other hand. He felt it throb. He felt it thicken.

Pulling his snout out of his hand, he stared down at his cock. Then at his reflection's, which seemed even bigger! Then back at his, which seemed even bigger than his reflection's! He stroked his hand down his length, amazed as it took three whole lengths of palm to reach the end. It used to be two. He stroked back down, and now he couldn't even reach his hand around his knot.

He didn't think he was going to have to play with his knot, though. The tingling was surging through his cock, through his balls too, his entire groin feeling tight and tingling and fizzy. He braced his legs, and pulled his hands away from his groin, intent to watch, just to see how big he was going to get.

He was getting BIG. His ears folded back, his tongue lolling in abject excitement, as he watched his dick FWOMP to a magical size, shooting up past his belly button to nearly reach his chest. His balls pulled at their sack, stretching it tightly around them as they ballooned out, against each other. His scrotum began to expand with them after a bit, the skin thickening and stretching, his balls pushing outwards as they rested against each other until they were draped heavily on his thighs. On his thighs! Not between them, on them!

They were heavy, too, churning with seed, and the seed was tingling too, just like everything else. His whole body felt good, but his groin just felt like pure lovely pleasure, like his junk was getting a hand job from an angel!

Golly arched his back as his knot flared out, wider than his neck, nearly as wide as his waist, the massive *cannon* of a prick totally primed up and ready to blow. He wasn't even touching himself!

"YARrrrr!" he shouted, as his body came. His nuts contracted, his body pulling tightly on them to drain every last ounce of seed from them, as the first volley of cum splattered against the top of the mirror and swung it backwards, falling to the ground in front of him with a loud CRASH.

"Oh fuuuuu-" he said, as another blast hosed up into the air in a festoon of doggy batter. He had never cum so much as he did with that one solid spurt!

The next spurt started strong, and then abruptly clogged off. He hnnnnged, to horny to understand, too horny to care, as he watched as a massive ovoid bulge slid smoothly up the length of his cock, stretching out his sheath, then pushing between the bulbs of his knot. Cum was behind it, and he could feel his scrotum contracting tighter and tighter around his eggs.

The tip of his cock splayed wide, as a gleaming, glossy gray egg emerged from within. Golly boggled at it as his dick spurted a testicle up into the air, easily much larger than his fist. Who's testicle WAS that?! It landed on the ground, behind where the mirror had been standing, in the center of a bowl of dog food. DOG FOOD?!

Golly would think about it if he could, but he couldn't, because with another tight convulsion of his scrotum, he squirted his other nut up and out through his cock as well. Hot, thick blasts of puppy pudding accompanied it, the dog's legs shaking as his body purged itself of every... last... ounce... of his virility. The second testicle landed on top of the first, rolling slickly to the side as he festooned the ground, his chest, his mouth and the bowl and everything else with more of his excitement. Golly collapsed to the ground, on his knees, panting as he tried to recover from the best orgasm of his life.

"Oh, damn," he said, flopping onto his back, his eyes closed in delirious pleasure. "That was sooooo good, I can't believe I came so hard."

"You came your balls out," A sweet, feminine voice said distantly.

"I sure did!" He replied, grinning, tongue lolling, chest heaving. "Did you see the distance I.... got..."

He opened his eyes, to find the sweet raccoon proprietress standing over him. It was dark, but he could still make out her nightgown, and the soft smile on her face.

"Oh, shit."

"Oh shit is right." She cleared her throat. "You've made... a *huge* mess." She gestured, "And I don't just mean your emissions."

Golly froze up. He had never been caught like this before, and he had no idea what to do. Should he bail? Maybe she wouldn't recognize him - no, that wouldn't work. His balls were in a dog food bowl. It was gonna be REAL easy to figure out which bernese had broken into her house. He could fight her... normally, maybe, but not after cumming like that. He couldn't even lift his hand up.

"Uh... I was... chasing after the guy who broke in. I saw him do it."

"Oh, did you," she said, as she stepped away from him, to the dog food bowl. She tapped at it with her slippered foot. "And I suppose these are his balls?"

"Yeah. Those are his." His throat felt so dry, all of a sudden. "Do you have any water? Um, crime fighting is hard work."

She moved back to him, and nudged her slipper up under his cock, which had gone flaccid post orgasm. Chubby, slick and useless, she slapped it with a heavy whumph onto his belly. Strangely, it was already going back to its normal size. She stroked the toe of her slipper along it, the buckskin leather feeling oddly soothing against his inflamed flesh, then nudged it between his legs. "And I suppose your complete lack of testicles is coincidental."

"My complete WHAT?" He said, sitting up abruptly. He curled over to stare at his scrotum, which was indeed, flat and limp, draped over her foot in an incriminating manner. "I mean, uh, yeah, of course, I've... never had balls.."

"Ah, I see. So this isn't all your cum, all over you... and my floor... and your balls.."

"I... mean.... I guess there's no way to be sure," he said, hopefully. His tail curled up between his legs, and he was reminded of the lack of *weight* where his balls had used to hang there. "Who can say who came where, honestly. It's a crazy world out there."

"Well, the damages are going to be pretty expensive to clean up," she said, as she went back to the dog food bowl. She knelt, and lifted up the massive testicle he had shot out. "These are pretty impressive though. Potent."

He wagged. "They are, aren't they." He said, proudly.

"Yes. They'll help cover most of the debt that the thief caused me, with all those shenanigans."

"Oh..." he paused at that. Then he actually realized what she was saying. "Oh, I mean, if you want to sell them... I know a guy..."

"A guy? Pfft. Silly puppy. These are far more valuable, dried and powdered, then they could ever be hanging between the legs of some dumb horny dog."

He whimpered at that, staring at his big balls, the way they gleamed in the light. "But, I mean, the thief probably wants them back.. You don't want to *steal* from him, do you? Wouldn't that be wrong?"

"Something tells me that thief is going to be too embarrassed to come back and claim them. Don't you?" She teased, as she brought them to the work area nearby. He climbed to his feet, shakily, the seed on his chest cooling now. It was decidedly LESS horny than it had been when it had happened.

"I mean, he could... you should keep them for him... for a couple days. Just in case. Like, somewhere where he can find them." He said, trying to play it cool, trying to play it subtle.

"Oh, that does make sense. Then he could break into my place again and steal them." She chuckled, gently washing and scrubbing the swollen glands in a bowl of water that was completely clear, despite the fluids that she washed off of the ejected gonads. "I have a much better idea. I'll hold them ransom, until I find some noble stranger, a crime fighter perhaps, who could help me recoup my losses from that evil thief's rampage."

"Ransom...?" The noble thief said, standing docilely nearby. He could overpower her, if he wanted to, but the thought of doing that just didn't occur to him, except as an aside. He felt calm, sedate, and relaxed. "But they'll... spoil?"

"Of course they won't," She said, as she dropped them into a large glass bucket that smelled strongly of vinegar, garlic and ginger. "I'll keep them in stasis, in here. They'll be safe and sound. And after I finish replacing the broken equipment... and such... then I'll let the thief have them back. Unless you think he won't... then I guess I would have to go to Miss Barnaby, and have her spread the word to watch out for a big, neutered Bernese Mountain Dog, since he's a thief and such. She paused, and then turned to a suddenly blushing, chastened Golly. "Do you think I should do that?"

"Oh geez no, I don't think you should do that at all. I mean, umm, in the nature of... uh, in the nature of being a noble crime fighter and to encourage you to have faith in your fellow furs, how about *I* help out around your place?"

"Oh, you would do that?"

"Oh, it's the least I could do." Golly said, beginning to wag again. "I'd be happy to help you out, and I don't think that bernese thief is gonna be seen again. I imagine I chased him right out of town! I'm pretty ferocious when I get angry."

"I bet you are," she agreed, as she rubbed her chin. "Well, I would certainly appreciate it... a big, strong, dumb dog to guard my potions, and keep the place clean, and keep me warm and safe at night..."

"Well, maybe just a big STRONG dog, not necessarily a dumb one," Golly suggested.

"But not too warm, since he's clearly a gelding and thus I don't have to worry about him trying to fill me full of puppies..." she paused, then grinned mischievously. "Why are you whimpering?"

"I'm not!" he said, blushing. "I just, um, I think I got glow dust on my ... dick... and now it's itchy."

"Well how about you mop the floor of all that thief sperm, and then we'll take a look at your handsome, itchy dick. Together."

He smiled, and blushed, his ears folding back and his tail wagging at the same time. He was confused! But... in a good way.

"Yeah. I think I can do that."

"What's your name, then?"

"I'm Goliath, but all my friends call me Golly."

"Well, it's nice to meet you, Golly. I'm Eiceria."

And that was how the career of Golly, Thief of Sundries ended, and the career of Golly, Protector of the Arcane began.