

Slim Like Sly

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Commission for [rocker234](#) of FurAffinity

“And here you are!” The green witch said, flashing a smile, “One large cane prop!”

“Thank you!” Rock eagerly took the long package from her, holding it tightly in his grasp. He looked back and asked, “And?”

“And what?”

“The other package.”

“What other package?”

Rock frowned. “The other thing I ordered. I ordered two things from your website.”

“I know that.” The witch frowned herself, even pouting a little. “I assure you, we got your order down perfectly. You wanted one video game prop and a weight loss cure.”

“And I see one of them, but definitely not the other,” snapped Rock.

“Well I don’t know what to tell you, but everything is in order.”

“Everything is not...” Rock huffed, rubbing his face. “You know, this is just gonna be the last time I buy from your coven.” The witch coldy stared at him before merely shrugging and walking away without a word.

The chubby man closed the apartment door and went to his living room. He dropped the package on the table and opened it up. Well, more like eagerly rip through the paper.

Sure enough, there it was: a perfect recreation of the Sly Cooper cane. The long, bronze staff with the golden, pointed fishhook end. It looked absolutely incredible, the best money he ever spent on anything. While he wasn’t satisfied with the lack of the weight loss cure he paid for, he couldn’t fault the craftsmanship.

Rock picked up the staff, playfully rolling it in his grasp. *Pretty light but I suppose that makes sense for Sly to handle*, he thought with a chuckle, *I really like this... though, where should I put this? I don’t have anything to displa-*

An almost blinding blue light suddenly filled the room. Rock flinched, his vision blurring briefly. He shook his head and tried to focus, turning his head slowly towards the source.

It was the cane. In the center of its hook was a blue ball of energy. It flared and pulsated like the Sun, reminding him of those close-up images he had seen in textbooks.

He could feel his heart racing, pounding heavily in his chest. He didn't know what was happening, but it didn't matter. *Have to... have to get rid of it.* Though, try as he might, his hands remain clenched tightly to staff with all their might.

He frowned, staring at his unmoving grasp. However, the frown moved to confusion and then bewilderment. Light grey hairs sprouted upon the backs of his hands, blending with any body hair already there. More hairs grew, covering the entirety of his hands until he had a fur coat. He could also just barely make out black, puffy pads on his fingers too.

Rock stared, blinking occasionally. His mind felt like it was frozen, trying to process what just happened. He continued to stare as he saw grey fur creep up to his wrists. He stared as fur crawled onto his arms and towards his shoulders.

He stared as the layer of extra weight on his upper limbs slowly vanished, slimming down to some more limber, fit arms.

He looked at his arms and then back at his hands, seeing an odd color come over them. Upon them, a transparent outline appeared, blue in tone and almost ghost-like. But then, it slowly solidified, the smooth texture of the staff vanishing. A pair of blue gloves had faded into existence on his hands.

He felt his shirt grow hot and a bit itchy. He felt his muscles spasm as this quite annoying tickle hit his shoulders, then his chest, and finally his stomach. He panted and huffed a little, realizing he was starting to gain a fur coat like his arms.

Just as he started wishing he could yank his shirt off, it suddenly dematerialized. It simply vanished without a trace, taking that unpleasant itch with it. Along with that, a certain amount of weight went with it. No longer were there moobs or a sagging belly. There was a fit, lean torso underneath a soft layer of fur.

Looking at his trimmed body, furry torso and arms, and the blue gloves, the gears turned in the man's head. Add in the cane that his hands were glued to and it was all starting to make sense with why he only got one package delivered.

They combined them together, he deduced, *though, I guess their idea of making me thin is Sly Cooper.*

He felt a familiar itchy sensation again, this time down below where his trousers were. He looked but found himself distracted as a new transparent item appeared on his torso. It was a familiar blue shirt with a yellow collar, a yellow belt with a raccoon buckle on its center.

“Yep, definitely turning into Sly,” he remarked, his voice a little off in its sound.

He looked passed his shirt and back to his pants, noticing they were starting to fade as well. However, that was interrupted again as his head felt like it was jolted. He winced, gritting and scrunching his face.

His ears flinched as well before they abruptly changed. Grey fur erupted over them as their shape took on an oval-ish form, the very tops pulling into points. The insides smoothed and rounded out; their overall shape distinctly animalistic now.

Grey fur crawled up the back of his neck and onto his head. It slithered through his brown hair and over his slight bald spot. His regular locks shrunk and turned grey themselves, matching his “hair” as it crept across his head.

Rock shivered, scratching at himself. *Okay, none of this was remotely what I was expecting at all...* He slightly smiled. *But it's not too bad though, right? I mean, I wasn't really looking to be a raccoon, let alone Sly, but there is a...* “EEP!”

His gaze returned back down as he was thinking. Sure enough, his pants and underwear were gone. Sly didn't wear any, so that was to be expected.

However, what he did not expect to find was something in his crotch region. There was a furry sheath and ballsack hanging out in the spot. Not cartoonish anatomy, but “realistic” anthro anatomy. The sight alone nearly made his jaw unhinge, dropping as far as it could go.

“Okay, now this is definitely not right,” he stuttered, “This is definitely not what I wanted!” Not that such words mattered or made a difference. Rock watched as fur finished growing down his legs, passing down his ankles and to his feet as he slimmed down. A few seconds later, his socks and slippers vanished, unveiling his raccoon feet paws.

Just as a pair of tall blue boots materialized onto his feet, Rock felt a weird bump and twitch from his rump. He looked over his shoulder curiously, spying the issue right away. A big, fluffy grey tail with black stripes had popped out. It swung casually behind him, covering his rear and brushing against his legs.

“Well, there's that,” Rock said, the tail swinging happily at his acknowledgement. “So, if that's in, then the last thing muuusshbaaaaaa.” His face felt numb, his voice becoming mush as everything lost sensation.

His noggin shifted into more an appropriate, animal shape. His skull became dome-ish, cheeks widening and brow thickening. His nostrils flared as the nose shrunk, turning black and bumpy. His jaws shoved forward, cracking and morphing into a short, but strong, raccoon muzzle.

Rock looked completely like Sly Cooper, especially as the mask and hat appeared on his head at last. He felt a little loopy, but certainly a lot lighter and leaner. Such a shift in stance and weight felt off, but he ignored it as best he could.

The light from the staff dimmed until it finally died out. His hands twitched, the staff falling out as sensation came back to them. He wiggled his fingers, happily finding that he had control of his mitts again.

Rock sighed a breath of relief, tension melting from his body. He took a moment to slide his hands down his sides, across his limbs, and even his face. *So fluffy... guess that makes sense.*

He smiled. Not just fluffy here. He was pretty thin but fit. He moved his legs, bouncing on between each foot and back repeatedly. It felt so simple and easy to do. His new form was fantastic!

Well, for the most part. His eyes fell on his furry raccoon scrotum and parts. Those certainly didn't fit, especially on a cartoony, child-friendly character as himself. They stuck out like a sore thumb, so there was no way he could just go walk outside and mingle as Sly.

He stared at his junk for a long while, feeling a bit of heat and warmth rise in him. His eyes widened as a red tip slowly poked from the sheath. His body, especially his head, heated up as more and more of a red, vulpine cock started emerging.

He huffed, shaking his head and looking away. *Gotta stop staring, he thought, I'm gonna lose my mind if I keep doing that.*

Rock shivered, eyes glancing down at his crotch. His cock was fully out now. He gulped, gritting his small fangs.

May... may need to deal with this issue. He thought, then... then I gotta contact witch support about this. They'll probably know how to fix this.

...or at least hit me up with some actual, fitting underwear and pants. Is any of my old stuff going to even work with a tail? Or... if it does, does any of it match Sly's outfit? How much is this going to cost? Ugh, this is really going to be the last time I buy from them.

THE END