

"LOOK HERE, YOU LITTLE PUNK," Bowser growled, visibly fuming, as he grabbed Roy and hefted him up some by the rim of his huge shell. That a 9,000-foot behemoth could even be budged off of the crackling terrain lent some credence to the notion that, just maybe, Roy might not have been A-number-one here. "I'M NOT KEEN ON BEING IN COMPETITION WITH MY OWN BRAT, UNDERSTAND? YOU CAN GET BIG, FINE—BUT NOTHING ABOVE HALF MY SIZE, YOU HEAR?"

Roy cut a glare so hard it might have sliced his shades clear off his muzzle. Yet, against the 10,000-foot tall Koopa King, even it wilted on impact. Still, the only thing worse than accepting a brow-beating at normal size, was accepting one at over a mile tall.

"YEAH, I WAS GETTIN' TOO STRONG FER YOUSE, POPS, SO WHAT? YOU CAN'T HANDLE A CHALLENGE, S'AT IT? SOME LEADER!"

As both powerhouse parties argued away, far off enough to avoid detection, Kamek smiled; it was a new, unhinged sort of grin, which only went so crooked because he had never tried wearing it before. The wily Magikoopa spun about to his many, many acolytes (if clones counted as such), his glasses gleaming, his arms spread receptively wide open.

2,000 wands all lit up, flickering into a magic frenzy of many glowing shapes as an army of chants welled up to join them; unable to help it, Kamek closed his eyes, braced tight, and let every single spell blast forth, pummeling his little body with mad, unfathomable power. The instant it connected, even the first spell, it was an overwhelming battery on his small senses; then, the other 1,999 impacted, one after the other, after the other, and the Magikoopa's body was already rumbling catastrophically.

I-incre-credible...incredible!

Kamek's plain blue robe suddenly choked against a great surge of stretching bulk; the stripe plating of his belly swelled out, two mounded pectorals blowing up, then out, forcing his robe to pull painfully tight against the violent rush of pressurized bliss exploding within. His clawed feet dug in with a hard clench, his soles bulging out over the dirt they had just disturbed. Raw, blinding power erupted within, hammering without, the wise old koopa's mind suddenly submerged under an entire ocean of delicious, overwhelming joy!

"H...h-h-eeee...eeheehheheeee! Yes! I'm doing it! I-it's wuh-working...it's happening! I'm growing bigger! Me! *I'm* the one guh-growing BIGGER! Weheheh!"

On and on the magic flowed, firing heedlessly into Kamek's body, heaving it up taller, wider and bulkier by the second. On and on his body expanded, struggling to maintain itself as nearly intolerable pleasure rocketed through his form, swelling his arms and thighs into a dawning definition. The suggestion of muscle grew into a demand as Kamek's 30-foot body erupted with tidal bursts of bulk, biceps flooding his blue sleeves, forcing the white rims backward as too much hulking forearm existed for its own good. At 50 feet, his knees knocked, humongous thighs slapping so hard together that both muscles made a splitting crack, followed by another heavy *boom* of growth.

"Me," Kamek huffed, the words fighting loose from a body wracked with change. "Me!! I am the biggest! For once, me! Wahahahahahah, more...moooooore!!"

Whether any time dilation had occurred or not, it hardly mattered. In less than an actual second, Kamek had billowed violently up, up to over 100 feet, then with a heated shudder, 200! The great Kamek army sank lower and lower as he felt his pectorals boom out uncontrollably bigger, stretching his robe, pulling tighter, nearly cutting into his expanding trunk of a neck as the robe's lower lip rose up past his thighs, then up to his lower belly, the growing koopa blowing up to 500 feet...600 feet...

"AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, PIPSQUEAK?" Bowser boomed, flames coiling from his vast maw. as he jabbed a thick finger right at Roy's huge, swollen chest plates. "WHAT KIND OF FOLLOWER ARE YOU? DISLOYALTY IS FINE, WHEN IT'S TO SOMEONE ELSE!"

Kamek gulped, trying to simply breath, as he rumbled and winced and shot up to a staggering 1,000 feet in height, growing up to Bowser's looming ankles. The spells kept battering his swollen muscles and shaking mass, and by the third second, Kamek was roaring up past 2,500 feet...

"WELL, I AIN'T INTERESTED IN WORKIN' UNDER A WHINER, POPS!"

Bowser' voice dropped a devastating amplified octave. Everything about Bowser dropped lower, as he leaned hard into Roy, who just managed to gather his courage in time to push back, muzzle-to angled muzzle:

"WHO EVER ACCUSED *YOU* OF WORKING!?"

By the time the world-shaking words were growled out, Kamek was as high up as Bowser's rear and tail, the spells continuing to soak into his bulk as he surged faster, passing 4,000 feet, then 5,500; his back muscles strained against the confines of his poor robe, stretched skin-tight against an armada of overfed, swelling muscles. His glasses remained, thankfully, but they were fogged something terrible, and the heat was rising, as he glowed brighter, shook deeper, and rocketed bigger...

"SAYS THE ONE WITH AN ARMY OF UNPAID LABORERS!"

"I REPAY THEM IN EXPERIENCE, YOU BIG TWERP!"

"WELL, YOUSE OUGHTA—"

In a disturbing twist, Roy lost whatever words his normally loud mouth had ready. It wasn't that there was something behind Bowser (surely, enough of an impossibility, already); it was that whatever was that big was looming up bigger, behind him. Even in a land of ominous shadows, there was an especially bad one starting to envelope them *both*.

"WHAT?" Bowser huffed, becoming a different type of annoyed.

Roy gulped, stepping heavily back with a rattle of the landscape, casting tremors out. He pointed up, but it was only when a sudden looming darkness overtook his brat that Bowser finally took to turning around—and regretted it.

"*WHAT!?*"

A low, demonic stretch of scales and heaving muscle answered as they both gawked at a 13,000-foot tall hulk of a koopa. A blue robe stretched and ripped at the low hems, struggling against unending

eruptions of muscle and growing claws. High up above two vast, trembling mounds, there was a growing set of glasses, a pointy blue hat, and a muzzle, wide open, panting away heedlessly as the great beast shook and blew up higher! Bowser step-thoomed back, bumping the startled Roy, both of them backing off in the shadow of a 15,000-foot colossus...no, 17,000!

"NO," Bowser slowly started, a nasty thought crashing up against the locked gates of his brain. He tore his gawking away and spied the terrain below, seeing thousands of speck-sized Kameks, where once there had been a few hundred—and all of them were blasting the towering god that, he now understood, was his underling. "KAMEK!?"

"EEEHEEHEE!" the 20,000-foot supergiant bellowed, without even trying. Airships were less than gnats to Kamek now, about as worrisome to the Magikoopa as a grain of pepper caught in a draft. His feet were hills with claws, cracking the turf with their sheer, unthinkable weight. The horde of Kameks were less than a sheet of yellow and blue that swirled adoringly around him, cheering and calling in victory to their prime. "YES, LORD BOWSER! SO IT WOULD APPEAR!"

Roy was backing further away, yet, his monstrous feet crash-crashing away as he stared in muted panic at Kamek's vast, bulky body. Bowser, with all the reflex of years of uncontested abuse, planted his feet, drew up a stance, and snarled indignantly.

"WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, KAMEK!? I TURN AWAY TO COMPLETELY IGNORE YOU, AND THIS IS WHAT I COME BACK TO, WHEN I FELT LIKE IT? SHRINK, RIGHT NOW!"

"...NO."

The word no one ever said to Bowser was not only said aloud, but *boomed*. The entire Southern end of the Koopa Kingdom quaked from the force, lingering aftershocks making the landscape grumble out for miles. Bowser went sickly pale, but not from fear. He opened his flaming maw to really tear into him, when Kamek interjected:

"BOW DOWN."

"WH...YOU WANT...HUH...HAH...HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

To his due credit, Bowser's size was still such that his bellowing laughter sent the realm into a terrible fit, shaking mountains and rumbling up, up into the cloud-smothered skies. Roy almost started up a reciprocal support laugh, but he made the wise mistake of looking back up, and taking in sight of the 20,000-foot god.

"WEHEHEHE...ALL OF YOU. BOW DOWN, TO ME!"

"NOT HAPPENING, TINY!" Bowser bellowed, jamming a thumb as obstinately as possible at himself. "YOU LISTEN GOOD, TWERP! I'M NOT HAVING REBELLIONS, GET IT!? I'M IN CHARGE! YOU FALL IN LINE, RIGHT NOW!"

"WHAT REBELLION, 'LORD'?" Kamek shot back, snorting, his huge chin tucking partially down into the vast walls of his pectorals as he looked down on Bowser. "THIS IS AN OVERDUE RESTRUCTURING! I...AM IN CHARGE, NOW! WHEHEHEHE! SO, KNEEL! ALL OF YOU!!"

With that, Kamek finally raised a single massive arm over his tiny army below, signaling. Even that simple motion made his prominent bicep and shoulder swell enormously, putting another rip in his sleeve as it bulged out against the pleading fabric. In time with the gesture, every one of the 2,000 clones down below chanted; with a vast poof, a thin blanket of purple cloud rose and faded, leaving a 4,000-strong army of clones.

"STOP AND THINK, LORD," Kamek bellowed, his vast chest rising and bobbling, "IN ALL MY YEARS OF SERVITUDE, I HAVE WIELDED SUCH POWER. YET, I DEFERRED TO YOU. THANKS TO YOUR OWN GREED... YOU HAVE AWAKENED A DEEP HUNGER! WEHEHE! YES, YES! I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO THANK YOU, REALLY...I THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR TO RETURN THE FAVOR, AND NOT CRUSH YOU FLAT! YOU CAN JUST SWEAR FEALTY TO ME, FROM NOW ON!"

With a snap of two very, very large fingers high overhead, the entire Kamek army began to chant, 4,000 spells blazing bright on 4,000 wands.

"I OVERTOOK YOU IN LESS THAN A MINUTE. THINK WHAT *THIS* WILL DO TO ME, BEFORE YOU THINK TO DEFY ME FURTHER! EHEEHEE, I ALMOST WANT YOU TO RESIST ME, THINKING ON IT! WEHEHEHE!"

"W-WAIT, DAD," Roy stammered, uncharacteristically, the huge Koopaling edging closer to them both once more. His massive hands were out, extended in surrender. "LOOK, IT'S KINNA A HARD PILL, HERE...BUT CLEARLY, KAMEK, HE'S DA BIGGEST, YEAH? WE MIGHT AS WELL HEAR HIM OUT. YEAH, UH, Y'KNOW, I GOTTA ADMIT...THAT, UH, S'A PRETTY GOOD LOOK FOR YOUSE, KAMEK!"

Even Kamek's god-like strength couldn't manage to keep the smile from his muzzle. Clearly, he was just sucking up, it was obvious enough. But it was just so amusing, so...satisfying...that it seemed more than apropos to humor it.

"OH? YOU, OF ALL KOOPAS, HAVE NO FIGHT IN YOU, THEN, ROY?"

"H-HEY, THERE'S FIGHTIN', AND THERE'S JUS' STUPID. I AIN'T STUPID."

"WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT DISLOYALTY!?" Bowser raged, openly incensed. Roy just kept moving by, closer to the mountainous Kamek. He took a gigantic knee before Kamek, and the remains of the castle and bridge all shook to a final sad tumble.

"I JUST KNOW WHO'S DA STRONGEST, POP, AND IT AIN'T US."

"EXCELLENT, THEN. YOU MADE THE SMART CHOICE, ROY. SURVIVAL BEATS PRIDE, AFTER ALL. I'VE KNOWN THAT FOR YEARS, AND YEARS. BUT I'M BIGGER NOW. BIGGER THAN YOU, LORD BOWSER, BY A WIDE MARGIN! SURRENDER, OR SEE HOW MUCH GREATER THAN YOU I BECOME!"

Roy remained kneeling, his teeth clearly grit, given his sheer scale. Despite his blatant distaste, the 9,000-foot Koopaling swallowed it down with a nervous gulp. Bowser, however was in so such state. The now-debatable Koopa King charged, roaring in abject fury, his huge body slamming into Kamek; yet, the even greater wall of robed muscle won out, and soon Bowser found himself bear-

hugging, quite uselessly, against the unflinching bulk of Kamek.

"YOU...YOU ROTTEN LITTLE TRAITOR!" he boomed, struggling. "I...I'LL—"

"YOU'LL *WHAT?*"

Bowser strained harder still, putting untold muscles to work; yet, with a far less-concerned flex of his abs, Kamek nearly sent his former Lord flying back to the ground. The merest flex only served to bulge the Magikoopa's mass out that much bigger, pushing Bowser off without the bother of moving.

"YOU SEEM TO BE LABORING UNDER OLD NOTIONS," Kamek snorted, beaming up wide underneath his enlarged glasses. "WEHEHEH...MAYBE YOU'VE JUST BEEN BIGGEST FOR TOO LONG! YOU CAN'T BEAT ME, LORD BOWSER! NO ONE CAN!"

"YEAH?" Bowser fumed, shaking with anger. At his size, it was still enough to send rocks dancing in place for a half a mile in every direction. "YOU CAN'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT! YOU'RE STILL CALLING ME 'LORD'—WHAT'S THAT SAY?"

"I IMAGINE IT SAYS I'M **BIGGER** THAN A MERE *LORD*."

Roy's monstrous figure stayed planted so close to the ruined ground that he might as well have been growing a garden of himself. There was no telling from Kamek's towering vantage what kind of expression the Koopaling had, and for a moment he might have been willing to lose some height, just to get close enough to check. Kamek flexed untold tons of swollen-out muscle, his pectorals heaving out as he brought both colossally bulky arms up, and cracked his knuckles with booming echoes. He opened his muzzle to add to the burn, when—

"ROY, NOW!!!"

Bowser's sudden shout sent a flicker of confusion through Kamek, the massive behemoth cocking one generous brow. His open mouth reformed to equip a question, when Roy, maintaining his stooped posture, started to swipe and slash, his enormous bulky arms and open, clawed hands shearing through the nearby masses of Kamek clones. One-third of the whole army went flying off with a thousand little cries as Roy smashed, swatted and flicked more and more of Kamek-Prime's support team away, K.O. after K.O., all as Bowser sneered smugly up at him.

"OF COURSE YOU WOULD!" Kamek huffed, a very real note of annoyance slipping loose. "OF COURSE, YOU WOULD BETRAY ME...IN THE MOST *IRRITATING* MANNER POSSIBLE!"

In a blink, Bowser was back at it, having slammed his over-muscled bulk into Kamek's walled abs, his nearly 2-mile mass more than enough to actually rock Kamek's nearly 4-mile brawn, *slightly*.

"I'M TAKING...YOU...DOWN," Bowser panted, visibly straining to even move him.

"YOU THOUGHT THAT WOULD DO IT?" Kamek sighed, his pecs swelling even bigger. "AN ANNOYANCE IS WHAT I EXPECTED, AND THAT'S WHAT I GOT. SO BE IT!"

A simple snap of Kamek's fingers was like an explosion overhead. All the fuss stopped below, even in the air, as dozens of Koopa airships stalled out. Even Roy stopped his assault, having taken out

over half of the great Kamek army, as the remaining clones all vanished in a collective valley of purple smoke. Roy coughed, still low enough to be near it, and as it was waved away, the gargantuan Koopaling jolted back in fear and shock. Mostly fear.

"AWW, NO WAY!"

Where he had nearly reduced them to about 2,000, there were now at least 8,000 clones, a moving landscape of them, surrounding Roy with just enough bodies to do the job. That ring of clones shifted, moving away from Roy, as if disinterested or bored. It was almost hurtful.

"SHOW THEM!" Kamek huffed, clearly trembling with anticipation, his thick muscles tensing loudly, stretching as he readied himself. 8,000 beams of magic flashed forth, sailing in a glimmering arc right over Bowser's head, peppering Kamek's exposed abs, just shy of the torn rims of his robe. Immediately, the effect hit, and it was absolutely terrifying.

From one particular airship, Larry Koopa started barking overdue orders to pull back, to retreat the fleet as far as they could, as quick as reason would allow. Farther back, an airship watched on, the only ship that wasn't beginning to flee from what was sure to be a monstrous growth spurt. That particular ship belonged to Iggy Koopa, and anyone noticing his holding position when everyone else fled wouldn't have been a shock.

Iggy, after all, was practically insane.

"S-sir, we need to move!" A panicked Dry Bones whimpered, as the vibrations from Kamek's spell-soaked body started to reach them, rattling even the air. "H-he's getting too strong!"

"He is, isn't he," Iggy hummed, thinking something. The unusually tall, lanky Koopaling adjusted his thick rimmed glasses, his wild eyes belying a strange but exceeding intellect. A shock of hair kept upright atop his head, like the head of a carrot, as though permanently electrified straight by too many mad thoughts.

The Dry Bones, knowing who Iggy was, and knowing what he was like, simply sighed, turned around, and faked orders to the crew to move.

Kamek looked to the smoldering dark clouds overhead and grinned toothily, his hat staying on as his neck began to balloon wider. His shoulders billowed hungrily out, his biceps booming loudly bigger, straining his snapping sleeves, yellow turtle muscles bursting at erratic angles out from every new tear. The vibrations worsened as the spells all compounded within him, and with a sudden, godly bellow, Kamek *grew*. His chest inflated madly, smothering up hotly against his own chin as he panted and roared in approval; his lats blew up and out, snapping the tears and widening them angrily as his robe stretched and split up higher, his abs booming forth against Bowser, who gasped and grunted as he tried to keep a hold.

"NO...NO, NO," the Koopa King snarled, his massive and bulky arms spreading wider and wider, unable to even get around the waistline of the swelling leviathan. In that one lurch, Kamek had heaved meanly up to 23,000 feet, before he shuddered harder, bit his lip, and smiled, blowing up to 26,000 feet, closing his eyes behind his growing glasses as he shook worse still, and groaned up to

30,000 feet! Even the great Bowser's huge feet lost purchase of the firmament, the reptile's bear hug not a desperate hug-hug, keeping tight to Kamek's abdominal bulk as it surged ceaselessly bigger, and bigger. Less than half an hour ago, he had been a virtual god; now, Bowser was having trouble even *staying* against Kamek, let alone remaining comparable. Try as he might, the stubborn tyrant's grips slipped and gave out, and the 10,000-foot Koopa tumbled like a hefty meteor to the ground.

The crash was so fantastic that even Kamek wobbled and pitched, as Bowser slammed belly-first into the clone army, only momentarily reducing its mighty ranks. Among the billowing rim of smoke his landing kicked up, even more explosions of clone smoke arose, patches of purple mingling with the brown soot, and as it rolled away, just as many clones were back in place.

"YOU UNDERS-STAND NOW?" Kamek boomed, the 35,000-foot pillar of muscle groaning and stretching even larger, even fuller with raw, tingling power. "EHEEHEEHEE, YOU SEE W-WHAT I CAN DO, NOW? D-DO I HAVE YOUR AWE, AT LUH-LAST?"

Roy still had yet to resume standing, such was his fear. The brash bully of a Koopaling, even at 9,000 feet, had been reduced to an ongoing crouch of submission; as Bowser shook off his landing, even as Kamek swelled higher and higher, his feet blowing up wider and larger before them, he could see Roy grudgingly creeping over to his foe, bowing in earnest at last.

"DO YOU U-UNDERSTAND, NOW? YOU...CANNOT...S-S...STOP...ME!!"

Kamek flexed, and the desolation of the Koopa Kingdom shuddered. The 40,000-foot monstrosity's physique exploded outward, humbling Bowser, dwarfing even with it had been a minute earlier. The Magikoopa huffed and snorted in fitful delight, straining bigger, sponging mad torrents of pure energy; his pectorals erupted out, ripping his robe further, pushing all the way out to as far as his huge hands could reach, as his biceps boomed bigger, with volcanic vigor. His vast shoulders inflated to tremendous scope against his stretched-out blue fabric, his thighs heaving out to contain his own stupendous and staggering weight.

At 45,000 feet tall, eight-and-a-half miles in height, Bowser hardly would have made it up to Kamek's knees. And the panting Magikoopa was shaking worse and worse as the spells continued on, pumping his up more, and more, his shadow spilling over them all, over the remains of the castle, over the mountain strongholds and the craggy valleys, over everything! 53,000 feet...60,000 feet...even from the farther reaches of the Kingdom, more and more gawking minions can see a huge mass surging skyward, higher and higher, something yellow and blue, something roaring in complete and utter victory.

As the proud Koopa airfleet fled one way, a single ship veered off above them. No minions below bothered to notice as it darted right in the skies, and steered directly into a huge green warp pipe.

For all the chaotic fuss and doom Bowser's backfiring scheme had caused, one wouldn't know it in the Mushroom Kingdom. In fact, for all intents and purposes, it wasn't a half bad day. The sun was out, the grass was green, and coins were aplenty. The denizens of the Kingdom shuffled about on various chores or daily huggings, when out from a nearby warp pipe, their hero and frequent savior Mario appeared, atop everyone's favorite dinosaur, Yoshi.

Everyone stopped to wave and cheer, as was the customary pre-victory victory rite, before they

started to really notice them properly. Mario was quiet, bedraggled and weary, looking like he had returned as intact as possible from a terrible war. Yoshi hobbled along, faithful but tattered, and all Mario could do was pat his head in solidarity. The two strode past the streets of the Kingdom, making a blunt beeline for Princess Peach's castle.

Defeat. Even though a hero ought to know humility, there was something so personally damaging about the word. Thoughts of everyone else's eventual safety spurred the plumber on, to be sure...but it was *losing* that truly stung the deepest.

No time for that, though. It wasn't over yet! He...

He...was overshadowed, all too suddenly. A great blot of darkness stretched over him, and for one moment of terror, he feared that Bowser had stormed at max-size, all the way after them. The world wasn't that small; and yet...

The droning whine of propellers cut through his wonderings, and Mario looked back to see the silhouetted mass of an approaching airship; had one actually left the Koopa Kingdom? *How much worse had things gotten?*

There was no time, and he was too worn out to run away. The castle was too far off, as well, leaving Mario and Yoshi right in the middle of two potentialities. If this was an attack, there just wasn't much either of them could do about it...

From beyond the rail of the bow, there came no weapons, no fireballs, Bullet Bills, etc. There was no attack at all. It was a moment before a lone figure peered over, waving a clawed hand with a spike bracelet about the wrist.

"Yo, Mario!" Iggy Koopa called out, the sunlight glinting momentarily off of his glasses. "Hey! Come on, look! We...gah, we need...your help! Don't make me say it twice, just climb on!"

Yoshi looked to Mario; they both gazed at the castle. Both of them turned, glumly but clearly, back to the hovering airship, and as the citizens of the kingdom watched in confusion, the airship received them, lifted higher, and circled right back around in the direction of that which they had just escaped from.

In his time under his service, Bowser had always loomed over Kamek. It was as iron as breathing or eating, or hating plumbers, as certain as reality itself. But reality wasn't reality, anymore. And Kamek felt a *lot* stronger than iron. The 110,000-foot god of a koopa towered so thoroughly over Bowser, over the still-groveling Roy, and over the landscape itself, that he nearly fainted from the sensory overload. Yet, his muscles were so prodigious, so swollen and overpowered, that he could have likely fainted dead, and stayed standing. No one would have been able to tell. No one could tell how much he was smiling, all sight blocked beyond his incredible pectorals.

At nearly 21 miles tall, it would have taken a day for a regular minion to scale him, to even get high enough to see his expression; even if they made it there, it would be like trying to see how a mountain or canyon was holding up. Though thoughts made his head swirl in a frenzy, his clawed feet digging happily into the smashed ground below. Somewhere under his extended pectorals, Roy remaining kneeling. Bowser had yet to, Kamek could tell...but the fact that no further frontal had been

attempted told him enough: now, the Koopa King understood. He smiled, took a breath, and felt the air itself rush in, swelling his muscles one extra bit against his tormented robe.

"...ROY."

There was a pause. It may well have been that the 9,000-foot Roy was too small to easily hear, and the thought was electric to him.

"Y...YEAH."

"NO TRICKS, THIS TIME?"

"...NO."

"GOOD. BEST SAVE YOUR LIMITED BRAIN FOR MORE BENEFICIAL THINGS, WEHEHEH. YOU SWEAR LOYALTY TO ME? BE HONEST, UNLESS YOU WANT TO SEE THE CONSEQUENCE, FIRSTHAND. I WILL GROW SO HUGE, YOU WON'T MAKE IT OUT FROM UNDER MY FOOT! UNDERSTAND?"

"MN...Y-YEAH. ER, YES."

"YOU SHOULD KNOW, IN THE SPIRIT OF THIS NEWFOUND HONESTY, THAT I WON'T MISTREAT YOU, ROY. I TAKE CARE OF MY UNDERLINGS! NOW, WHAT...WOULD YOU LIKE?"

He imagined it, and wasn't far off the mark: Roy gasped to himself, his brows knitting behind his shades. He finally looked up, as Bowser stayed back, wearing a different kind of surprise as he watched on.

"LIKE?"

"REWARD FEEDS LOYALTY, ROY. I CAN BE A FAR BETTER LEADER TO YOU! WHAT DO YOU WANT? TELL ME WHAT YOU WISH. I GOT MY WISH, EHEEHEE! WHY NOT SPREAD THE POWER AROUND?"

Roy's labored brows lifted, and his toothy jaw went slack.

"WHAT I WANT?" he repeated, just to try it on. "I, UH...I W...I WANNA BE BIGGER. BIGGER THAN MY DAD! WAY, *WAY* BIGGER!"

Well, that was easy. Of course, he was going to.

"OH?" Kamek mused, feigning shock. "BIGGER THAN BOWSER? THE ONE WHO'S LOOMED OVER YOU FOR YEARS AND YEARS, THROWING HIS WEIGHT AROUND? DON'T TELL ME YOU...WISH TO EMBARRASS HIM? TAKE HIM DOWN A PEG?"

"YOU NO-GOOD RUNT!" Bowser roared, already stomping the ground into ruins. "DON'T YOU EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!"

"I WANT IT!" Roy shouted, his yell and Bowser's roars and stomps making the Koopa Kingdom an increasingly unstable base upon which to stand. Thousands and thousands of minions all pitched and fell, crying out and huddling together, as the three sky-high giants hollered and raged. "MAKE ME HUGE! M-MAKE ME UNBELIEVABLY BIG! PUH...ugh...P...PUH-PLEASE!"

A Koopaling saying the *p-word* shocked even Kamek, momentarily. In his manipulation, perhaps, he had struck a deep nerve. A moment's genuine sympathy rose up and took roost.

"VERY WELL. IT'S YOURS!"

Roy started the slightest bit as the living carpet of Kamek clones, all 8,000 of them, turned in unison to face him. The same number of tiny white wands rose toward him, registering as the most minuscule of movements (by his size). Thousands of points lit up neon, and behind those massive shades, Roy's eyes were almost painfully wide.

A whole legion of spells hammered against the huge Koopaling's body and shell, and with a deepening groan Roy began to grow, and grow, and grow; the rumble of power building within his body swelled into a horrible quake as his bulk boomed out against his pulling hide, his head rising higher, his shoulders blowing out wider. In a moment, he had already surpassed Bowser's colossal size by a humiliating margin, and the enraged father could only watch as his son ballooned up to double his own size. The sides of Roy's feet bulged outward, nonstop, bowling into the casting clone army, scattering them back like grains.

"Y...YEEEEEEAAH..." Roy murmured, even the slightest of mutterings a vast blast of sound.

Bowser turned, at long, unhappy last, to stomp away, storming off toward the nearby remains of the castle, cursing out blasts of flame to himself. All the while, Roy's towering figure shuddered and blew up even higher, stronger, thicker; 20,000 feet erupted to 40,000 as Roy's biceps and forearms and calves all billowed uncontrollably in scope. His chest swelled out in big, ugly heaves, the lateral slats of his chest scales pulling wider, tighter, straining in delight as his muscles grew out ahead of his 60,000 foot form.

"H...HUAAAAAH," Roy huffed, visibly shaking with overload, and visibly yearning for it to get both better and worse. "MUH...MUH-MOOOOOORE..."

Kamek smirked knowingly, letting the barrage of spells continue on. Why not let him feel it a bit longer? Why not butter up his new underling some more? Why not further rub it all in Bowser's rotten face?

The vast Koopaling's body blocked out more and more of the horizon as Larry stared out from the newly-retreated comfort of his airship, watching as his brother boomed, bulged and blew up past 80,000 feet, then a whopping 100,000! The airship hardly even reached Roy's hips, as Roy's oceanic pectorals rumbled and boomed even bigger, colliding hotly with Kamek's chest, making the huge Magikoopa laugh.

"STILL TAKING IN MORE, ROY?" Kamek chuckled, pressing pecs tightly, as Roy evened out with his staggering 110,000-foot bulk. Two 20-mile koopa gods bulged tight and warm together, Roy still shaking with need. "REMEMBER THIS GENEROSITY! HAVE ALL THE 'MORE' YOU CAN!"

Roy openly roared at last, rumbling and booming up even bigger. His pectorals starting to swell out around Kamek's muzzle, momentarily burying it in pressure as Roy bit his lip and growled, then surged up to 130,000 feet...150,000...

That's right, grow, Kamek thought, awash in confidence and Roy's chest. Your petty competition with Bowser makes you such an easy pawn to control! Eheeheehee, it's not like you can still best me, so fine. That just leaves me with an even more powerful tank at my command! And if you try and rebel, or pull any tricks...heheh...

"GAHAHAHA! DAT'S RIGHT! LOOKIT ME N-NOW, POPS! GIMME...GIMME IT ALL!"

The familiar and unwanted rush of sulfur and darkness returned as Iggy's airship exited the massive warp pipe, Mario and Yoshi once again returned to the Koopa Kingdom. The chaos and panic of their last encounter, the plumber noted, was a calm afternoon stroll, compared to how it was now. A stray Mamma Mia escaped, drowned out over the sheer din of Roy's rumbling. Bowser seemed nowhere in sight, which would normally be expected from that far away...but Bowser had been nearly 2 miles tall when he left, making his disappearance all the more ominous.

Now, there was only the sight of Roy and Kamek combined, both of their masses rendered soft through the smoky haze of atmosphere between them and the airship. Even Iggy gulped at the sight.

"R...right," the tall Koopaling muttered, turning back to the two heroes. "So, like I said, Dad blew up huge, and all that...but then Kamek snapped and rebelled! And uh, as you can see, Roy's blown up even bigger than Kamek! See down there? That army of Kamek clones? He's been turning all that power on himself! See why we need a truce?"

Mario glumly nodded, as he and Yoshi watched Roy frantically expand in size.

Bowser's monstrous hand clawed down at the ruined bits of his exploded former castle, still grouching sourly, putting his fantastic bulk to use as he cleared rubble away, revealing a tiny stone slab embedded in the ground...well, in what was formerly his own basement.

"LOUSY, NO GOOD—"

His claw wedged in, carefully, his enormous strength easily forcing the heavy slab to move open. Given the slab was several hundred feet long, the old Bowser would never have been able to remotely budge it; now, it was cake. His finger shoved down through the aperture, cracking the opening, before his hand punched clear through, handily widening everything as the ground split around it from entry. He fumbled around, his massive tongue poking out, until he grinned evilly.

"HAH! THERE WE GO! I KNEW IT HAD SOME!"

Bowser's hand returned, and when it did, several mega mushrooms were there, albeit fairly lost in the center of his vast scaly palm. He slapped them right up into his opened maw, and gulped. The rumble began to fill his huge body, cascading out, as he laughed, then began to blow up bigger, crushing the already-crushed rubble of his old home into absolute dust...

At 175,000 feet, Roy finally stopped growing, the utter immensity of the 33-mile tall Koopaling still glowing with the aftereffects of so many spells. In Mario's old world, his feet would have taken up an entire downtown city, his feet alone many times higher than skyscrapers. His knees would have met the highest reaches of the troposphere, clouds playing about his lower legs. In the Koopa Kingdom, that put the darkened clouds somewhere around his elbows, and further more still loomed overhead, as if angrily rebuking Roy's size, unwilling to be surpassed in height.

Down below, but only by so much, Kamek snickered, patting Roy's stupendous belly scales approvingly. Bulk-to-bulk, Roy was easily bigger, as well as taller, but Kamek was still beyond godly with overblown muscle and glory.

"GOOD, ROY...VERY GOOD! WEHEHEH! NOW, YOU'RE FREE TO HANDLE BOWSER, HOWEVER YOU DESIRE!"

Up, up above, Roy blast-spoke down, rattling the landscape underneath his feet, shaking entire mountains and cracking the turf as magma rippled and spat in protest:

"YEAH, YEAH! FIRST THING'S FIRST..."

A set of bulging arms hugged around Kamek, hoisting even his tremendous size up off of the ground. Kamek grunted, the massive girth of his body actually able to feel the sheer pressure and force Roy's bigger bulk constituted. He rose higher, dragged rudely up against the walls of chest muscle and scales, cloud banks passing by and parting, until Roy's titanic muzzle was revealed overhead.

"YER GONNA GIVE ME MORE. WAY, WAY MORE!"

Before any argument could ensue, Roy squeezed, and squeezed *hard*. Even Kamek suddenly felt the constriction, and all those humongous muscles could only pad him so well as Roy's immense biceps swelled out with strain.

"Y...YOU'RE MAKING A MIST-TAKE," Kamek growled. "I CAN GET BIGGER THAN Y-YOU, EASILY!"

"YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW DAT," Roy huffed, drunk on power. "JUST GET TO ORDERIN' DEM TO BLAST YOUSE, ALREADY!"

The simplicity of Roy's plan became very clear, and Kamek swore to himself. It was so stupidly smart, he hadn't even bothered to account for its existence. If they all fired on Kamek in retaliation, but Kamek was being blocked by Roy's bulk...Roy would intercept every one of them first!

Warp away, he thought, frantically calculating his chances. *Just warp away, then grow!*

The first syllables to escape Kamek's mouth were for his warp spell, but Roy's vast pectorals flexed tight, and suddenly the Magikoopa's entire muzzle was engulfed in bulk, pinching it tight.

"KMPPGH!?"

"NAH-AH, NO YOUSE DON'T!" Roy boomed. "I KNOW DAT AIN'T THE COMMAND!"

At last, a hint of fear emerged in Kamek, as the koopa sorcerer found himself unable to extricate his muzzle from Roy's muscles. No incantation, no spell. No spell, no escape. No speaking, no ordering! Fists bigger than Bowser's castle slammed against Roy's huge chest, but it only yielded a pleasantly deep drumbeat of force, rippling through too much muffling muscle.

"WHAT, ARE YOUSE TRYIN' TO BEAT ME DOWN?" Roy laughed, making his muscles quake deep, making even Kamek tremble against their raw power and size. 'DAT'S ADORABLE! GEHEHEH! HEY, A LITTLE TO DA RIGHT, WOUDLYA?"

White hot anger built, mingling with the deep reds of embarrassment, as Kamek's overconfidence colliding with his ego, cracking it. This couldn't be it. No. NO!

"I'LL RELEASE YAS, BUT ONLY IF YOU ORDER MORE SPELLS! DA RIGHT ONES! C'MON, ALREADY, BLOW ME UP BIGGER! I WANNA BE ABLE T'CARRY DIS KINGDOM IN MY HAND! GAHAHAHA!"

Somewhere around Roy's hips, Iggy's airship pulled in close as it could. At such proximity, the risk was catastrophically high: one stray move in their direction, and Roy's towering bulk would knock them to oblivion. Even the massive air currents made by his movements could have the same result.

"Okay, Mario, Yoshi," Iggy sighed, as though he had been doing all the work, even though his faithful Koopa Troopas were the ones hustling to move enormous wooden crates around on the deck. "We should have collected enough of these to do the job...I hope. We were going for overkill, to be sure, but at their new sizes...I dunno what'll happen! Hehe! Kind of exciting, isn't it?"

Mario chose to look back at the crates, instead of dignifying the idea with a response. The mass of crates were loaded to the breaking point with purple mushrooms—poison mushrooms, specifically. A few overfilled crates jostled as the ship moved through the air, making one or two of them tumble loose. One stuck a Troopa, making him cry out pitifully as he suddenly shrank down, down, until he was only as large as another Troopa's booted foot.

"Everyone, get those cannons loaded!" Iggy shouted, clapping his clawed hands. Despite it all, he was beaming with excitement, as though he had played along with the terror of it all, just to allow a very fun experiment to commence. "Get every single one full, and fire at will! I know Roy's bigger...but Kamek is priority one, understand? Once you get a better shot, focus most on him!"

At long last, Kamek sighed, and Roy felt the warmth between his chest.

"OKAY?" Roy asked, in the most un-asking way possible. "READY TO COMPLY?"

He felt a blushing nod burning against his pectorals. The fantastic pressure against Kamek finally lessened, just a little, and Roy's huge pectorals unclenched. Kamek cleared his throat, mustering what dignity he could. Down far, far, far below, the army of clones waited about around Roy's gigantic feet, wands at the ready. There was only a moment's pause, before Kamek opened his mouth to chant the command, when it happened: Roy rumbled all over...then shrank. His bulk heave back inward, retreating against Kamek, and the Magikoopa's open mouth slipped into a balk of surprise as Roy slipped back down to 150,000 feet, his bulk deflating from insane to fairly nuts.

"W-WHAT DA..." Roy sputtered, looking himself over, as he trembled, grimaced, and slipped even further down, lowering to about 130,000 feet...leaving him only a big larger than Kamek, whose huge feet slammed back down to the firmament, kicking up great clouds. "WHAT'D YOUSE DO!?"

Even though the airship could only make it up to Roy's hips, it didn't stop the cannons from all firing at once, blasting Roy's enormity with hundreds and hundreds of poison mushrooms. Each one impacted with a little puff, vanishing into Roy, making him groan unhappily as he dwindled to 110,000 feet, leaving him just as big as Kamek. The old Magikooa was already glaring daggers at Roy, despite the eyes of both parties being obscured.

"UNLUCKY FOR YOU!" Kamek sneered, shoving Roy off of him with his unaltered, monstrous strength. Roy stumbled back, caught so very off guard, and he crashed back onto a mountain range, trembling all over, then deflating further down to 80,000 feet...60,000 feet..."THAT WASN'T ME, AT ALL! PERHAPS KARMA DID IT!"

"NO W-WAY," Roy miserably moaned, backing destructively over the entire range, crushing the mountains under his 50,000-foot body. Kamek snorted angrily, flexing all over in a show of force, making his tight robe rip even higher up against his overflowing chest and surging arms. "S-STOP!"

"I TOLD YOU, IT WASN'T..."

Kamek suddenly trembled, and his anger faded to a confusion all its own. He looked himself over, then suddenly lurched lower, as well, shrinking rapidly in size; his muscles sank in steadily, diminishing down to something that still would have yielded wild envy from anyone else. To him, it was unacceptable, terribly so.

Roy watched, blinking, as Kamek also lessened down, slipping unwillingly to 90,000 feet, then 80,000. His torn robe finally felt relief as his physique crept smaller, and smaller. The still-huge sorcerer looked this way, then that, in a blind panic, trying to source the interference. At their sizes, neither one noticed the speck that was Iggy's ship, flying about at erratic angles, pummeling Kamek with more and more poison mushrooms.

"Iggy, sir!" one Goomba shouted, across the deck of the airship. "We're running out of mushrooms, here!"

"Rats," Iggy huffed, thinking rapidly. "That was all that we could muster, in such a short time...they aren't fully shrunk yet, we still would be no match for them like this..."

It was actually Mario that stepped over, whispering something to Iggy. The Koopaling listened, blinking...then smiled wide.

"Heh...hehehehe! HEEHEEHEE! Oh, yes! How diabolically clever! Not bad, plumber!"

At 40,000 feet, Kamek gave in to full panic, and swiped pointlessly at the air. He nearly struck Iggy's airship three times, but the Koopaling prided himself on his choice in pilots; it was that very pilot he ordered to pull into a full retreat, once they were down to their last crate.

At 30,000 feet, quite suddenly, the shrinking stopped. Kamek stopped flailing his thick arms, then looked around one last time, on reflex, before checking himself over. Relief flooded in, until a series of thundering steps neared him, and he looked up.

"SPEAKIN' OF KARMA..."

Roy rolled his boulder-shoulders meanly, a nasty smile etched onto his muzzle. The 50,000-foot Koopa-spawn stood nearly twice Kamek's height, out-muscling him by a fair bit. It wasn't what it had been minutes earlier, but for Roy, it would do. For Kamek, it simply wouldn't at all.

"N-NOW WAIT, ROY," Kamek stammered, scouring visually for his brethren clones. In a second, Roy was on Kamek, throttling him with no quarter.

"OH, AM I GONNA ENJOY DIS!"

Roy had a custom-made fist, just for him, and it was raising high, high up. Kamek resumed his panic, despite remaining so gigantic, even shrunk down. Unable to see his army anywhere, he relegated the matter to animal instinct, and shouted:

"B-BROTHERS! TO ARMS, QUICKLY! I...W-WE ARE UNDER ATTACK! GROW ME, GROW ME NOW! NOW!!!"

At last, Kamek could see his army; it had been scattered to the winds, too small to easily notice, until Roy had been on top of him. Thousands of knocked-out Magikoopa duplicates littered the devastated land of the kingdom, unresponsive, out cold. Which was what he was about to be. Only a few Magikoopas remained stand, limping over to his huge self, wands raising shakily.

Wuh-oh.

A batter ram of a fist descended, bashing Kamek square in the muzzle, and though there were suddenly many flashing lights, none of them were from spells.

"Y'LIKE DAT!?" Roy bellowed, bringing a huge elbow down hard on Kamek's chest bulk.

"B-BELAY T-THAT ORDER!" Kamek wailed, between coughs. "D...DUPLICATE! REMAKE T-THE ARMY...THEN FIRE AT MEEEEEE!!!"

Roy was too angry to care about what nonsense Kamek was whimpering, or that the obedient clones were starting to poof back up into greater numbers beside them. Five became fifty, fifty became 300, 300 became 1,000, in less than ten seconds. Of course, that was still 10 more seconds of Kamek's face getting rearranged by an uncaring sculptor.

The Kamek army poofed and poofed, each one's energy ample enough to cast another duplication spell. The masses swelled exponentially, and within one minute of suffering, they had ballooned from five to over 18,000 strong!

"FUH...F-FIRE ON MEEEE!" Kamek sputtered, only able to bring his huge arms up enough to block half of Roy's punches. "EVERYONE, FIRE! DON'T S-STOP UNTIL I SAY TO!!!"

As if possessed of magic all its own, his command yielded an unexpected boon: Roy lifted up off of him, as if whisked away. The pressure was off, but it wasn't because Kamek was any bigger. If anything, the glow of spells flickering to life was still in his periphery, as the greater-than-ever army chanted them. Then what...

He looked up to see Roy, hovering a few relative feet off of the ground. He wasn't levitating, but rather had been hoisted up in full...by a massive, overwhelmingly bulky set of arms. Familiar arms. Horribly, horribly familiar.

"BWAHAHAHAHAHA! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!" Bowser roared, his voice a massive explosion of force. His chest surged out against Roy as his father bear-hugged him tight—so tight, that Roy was having trouble breathing. "YOU IDIOTS GOT YOURSELVES SRHUNKEN DOWN JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE THIS WORK!"

Bowser stood taller than either of them, twice as tall as Roy...which had to have put him at roughly 100,000 feet! Even if Kamek had never shrunk any, it still would have been to close a height for comfort. At 30,000 feet, it was terrifying.

"L-LORD BOWSER!?" Kamek gulped, backing away, as the Kamek army's spells all coalesced to fullness. "B-BUT HOW!?"

"FEH! YOU THINK I WOULDN'T KEEP A FEW FALLBACKS IN STORAGE? I HAD MEGA MUSHROOMS AS A CONTINGENCY! THEY WON'T LAST SO LONG, SURE...BUT IT'S LONG ENOUGH FOR THIS!"

At that, Bowser simply threw Roy aside, casting the choked-out Koopaling into the ruins of the mountain range he had crushed moments before. He stomped devastatingly over to Kamek, picked him up, and held him close.

"WAIT!" Kamek shouted, just as the spells fired off from down below.

Bowser smiled cruelly, turning his back to the army, and the army's dutifully-aimed shots were all completely absorbed...by Bowser.

"YOU THINK...I DIDN'T SEE...WHAT MY STUPID KID WAS TRYING...T-TO..."

Bowser couldn't even finish, the pleasure was too immense to forego. Instead, the huge tyrant snorted out a cloud of smoke, shook terribly all over, tensed tight...and *exploded*.

Iggy's airship could only dodge so fast, as the unparalleled growth spurt blew Bowser's spiky back shell directly towards it, forcing it to cant to the left fast. The empty crates all tumbled off the deck as it tilted deep, and only the remaining crate, which was being secured in a large net, managed to stay onboard. Mario, Yoshi, and the entire crew held tight on the rail, but Iggy, of all present, was too busy laughing madly, and didn't bother to. As a result, he was the only one to fall off. The cackling Koopaling sailed down through the skies, farther and farther, and as he held his glasses on, he saw the Kamek army firing away...right under him. Instead of crying out for screaming, he just laughed even harder.

"Weheheheheheeee! Plan B, it is, then!" he shouted, as he was struck by several blasting spells, starting to rumble and swell bigger, and bigger, and bigger in the air. By the time he hit ground, Iggy was already 300 feet tall, and more and more spells kept pelting his growing body, all as Bowser swelled and swelled tremendously up in the skies above. On and on they all fired, simply doing their jobs, as Kamek struggled sadly against Bowser's ever-growing arms.

"YESSSSS," Bowser huffed, his body expanding aggressively up past 150,000 feet, then 210,000, each lurching hiccup of growth more violent, more explosive, more wonderful! "YEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSS!"

"NO! NOOOOOOOO!" Kamek moaned, as he tried to get free once again from another overpowering Koopa. He had to order a stop, a ceasefire, right away!

"AND AS FOR YOU, YOU TRAITOROUS TWERP," Bowser growled, cutting off Kamek's thought process with a huge snort, billowing up to 250,000 feet. "I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOU! AS SOON AS I'M LARGE ENOUGH, YOU'RE GOING RIGHT DOWN MY GULLET! THEN, LET'S SEE YOU STOP THEM FROM TRYING TO BLAST YOU! THINK...H-HOW BIG IT...WILL MAKE ME GROOOOOW!"

Kamek tried to speak, but Bowser was crushing in too hard on him, far too hard. Thinking became more and more difficult as the terrible tyrant's escalating size crushed him more and more and more against surging walls of warm muscle. For all of his wrath, Bowser was clearly losing out to bliss, as he throbbed and shook and grunted, exploding even bigger, shaking the entire kingdom as he ballooned up to 500,000 feet! Over 94 miles of muscle and claws loomed high and mighty, his feet alone big enough to cover the entire Southern region! Their sides rolling against entire mountains, cracking them with no effort as he continually trembled and swelled, still gaining, still growing!

"MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORE!!!"

His boom-speak deepened massively, his laughter going from godly to abyssal as he grew out of all control. The airship soon found the rest of the meager armada, pulling in closer to Larry's ship, the crew making sure that the last crate of poison mushrooms stayed secure in its net. When Larry drew close to his side rail of his ship, he looked it over, then gawked.

"M-mario!? Yoshi!? What are you doing on Iggy's ship!?"

Kamek's struggles grew more desperate, more violent, as Bowser grew bigger against him. His head and muzzle flattened slightly, dimpling into the mounting curvature of the 600,000-foot Koopa King's thick pectorals, making it harder still to even breathe.

"LORD B...BOWSER...YOU'RE C...C-CRUSHING...ME..."

"THAT'S THE IDEA," Bowser callously growled, shuddering and billow-bursting up to 750,000 feet in size. Clouds scattered about his vast toe claws as they vibrated and swelled even larger, steamrolling the great rocky plains and volcanoes and steppes alike under-sole. "GUESS YOU HAD BETTER TELL YOUR EQUALL-PATHETIC ARMY TO STOP FIRING...IF YOU CAN!"

"S...STOP..." Kamek almost managed to wheeze, as the growing behemoth's muscles increased dramatically, smothering against him.

"SPEAK UP, KAMEK!" Bowser snarled smugly, as the tremors of growth worsened, and Bowser's magic-glowing body blew up to a stunning, unthinkable 1,000,000 feet tall. A million whole feet of muscle, scales and teeth, overflowing with power. A baddie standing at nearly 190 miles. Bowser could have laid down and spanned the gap between entire cities. Where minutes ago he could have hugged Roy's massive bulk, he could have now done to an *entire city*.

And the spells kept coming, kept battering his stretching scales. Over thirty times Kamek's current size, Bowser was nearing half the size of his entire kingdom, spilling bigger and stronger in all directions, bloating out with erupting waves of tight muscle upon muscle. The fleeing hordes of germ-sized underlings found it harder and harder to manage it, as Bowser's growth swelled faster than they could run. Entire regions, turfs, hangouts all vanished under their Lord's growing claws as his booming laughter swelled to fill everywhere, shaking everything.

"S...STOOOOOOP FIIIRIIIIING!" Kamek managed to croak, hoarse and exhausted, from within Bowser's pectorals. Even that simple command took an unimaginable strain to execute, leaving Kamek drained and semi-limp against Bowser's expansive belly and flared-out chest.

Still, the clones did stop. It only did so much good, however, as that left the 30,000-foot titan against a 1,500,000-foot *god*. Bowser had been a good three or four times Kamek's height, all the time, in the past. For all his efforts today, for all the madness ensuing since, his boss was now 50 whopping times bigger than him. *Fifty*. One hand was enough to hold him now, with no trouble. One claw-tip could have managed it, and the old humiliation came back, tenfold.

"THANKS TO YOU, KAMEK, I'M STRONGER THAN EVER!" Bowser bellowed, rumbling with raw size. "GUESS YOU DIDN'T GET THE RESULTS YOU WANTED! NOW...LET'S RUN WITH MY IDIOT KID'S IDEA...HAVE THEM MAKE ME EVEN...BIGGER!"

"B...B-BUT," Kamek panted, so tired. "THERE'S NO POINT TO BEING ANY LARGER...YOU'VE...YOU'VE WON..."

"HAVE I?" Bowser huffed, indignant. "I HAVE THE MEANS TO GET EVEN BIGGER THAN I ALREADY AM, YOU FOOL. YOU THINK I WON'T TAKE AND TAKE? I THOUGHT YOU UNDERSTOOD ME BETTER! IT ISN'T ABOUT HAVING, YOU TINY FOOL! IT'S ABOUT...HAVING...MOOOOOOOOOORE!!!"

Mario, Yoshi, Larry, and untold thousands of cronies all watched as the godly Bowser bullied Kamek further, with no end in sight. Only the swelling Iggy down below ignored it all, as his blown-up 3,000-foot body towered over the clones, the mad Koopaling trying to figure out how to get them firing again.

Meanwhile, Kamek's mind swam. There...had to be a way out of this. There *had* to...