

The sound of nails clicking echoed down decorated halls; a hulking, scaled figure sat on top of a golden throne. A slow flow of lava gurgled outside of the elaborate chamber, rumbling underneath the frustrated growls of the beastly monarch.

Bowser, king of the Koopas, looked deep in thought, his bushy, flame-red brows furrowed as he growled under his breath. A fat, powerful foot thumped at the floor, thudding over jet-black obsidian. Subtle clouds of dust kicked up with every slap of his dense soles.

He was bored.

And frustrated.

Bored *and* frustrated: the worst combination.

He reached down with a large hand, clawed fingers adjusting the leather thong that wrapped around his midsection. The spiked bands around his arms creaked with the movements of those scaly limbs, the thicker, less pliable leather subtly groaning.

Bowser's hand scratched at his midsection, grunting as he felt up the subtle heft to it. "Gotta lose some weight..." he muttered under his breath. While he wasn't particularly embarrassed by his solid middle, he knew that he wasn't exactly at peak physical condition.

He exhaled sharply, a puff of smoke billowing out of his nostrils. His fingers trailed southward, caressing over yellow-orange scales until he found the edge of his thong. Digits traced around the outer edges of it before diving under, jostling the front, fingers stretching his signature logo that was emblazoned on the front.

"*Rrrfff...*" he grunted under his breath, quickly finding his length, wrapping those digits around it. It's been a while since he was able to blow off steam; the recent failures he's had to endure at the hands of the Mario Brothers had doused any fire he might have once had.

"*C'mon...*" he growled in frustration, squeezing his length, working it to the hooded head, his thumb tracing around his otherwise sensitive glans. His hips twitched, short, spiked tail lifting from behind as his shell pressed into the back of his accommodating throne.

He was gaining some progress, the front of his thong starting to stretch, the leather tenting out. The emblem warped further as the material was forced to stretch thanks to Bowser's girthy endowment. Huffing deeply, he pressed his blunt chin against his chest, squirming a little as he finally started to feel himself getting into the mood.

Shakily, the scaled monarch peeled his thong back, rolling it down the underside of his shaft, shiting his dense thighs as he tucked it behind his grapefruit sized sack. He let out a soft moan, enjoying the feeling of the stretched taut leather supporting those tightly filled orbs.

He brought his other arm up, fingers curling tight into a powerful fist. He smirked as he watched his bicep swell under his leathery hide, the spiked band around his burly limb forced to stretch to accommodate the swelling head of his bicep.

“Fuck yeah,” he growled lustfully under his breath. Leaning in, he brought that bicep a little closer, perching his forearm between his horns. Bowser nosed at the muscled peak, feeling how little give it had under the subtle layer of fat that encompassed it. His tongue came out, slithering over his own scales as he let slip a particularly shameless moan.

It had been a long time since he worshiped his body like this.

Pumping his bicep, Bowser growled as he felt that subtle, pleased ache starting to form. Rolling his thick fingers, dense tendons jumped in time with his movements. He felt strong—powerful: truly at home in his own body, the strength it housed like an addiction to the King of the Koopas.

The first few dollops of precum dribbled from the head of his cock, dripping down to the base of his throne, pooling subtly between his meaty feet.

“Fuck *yeah*,” he growled again, giving his bicep another shameless kiss. “You’re gonna kick the fuck out of that Mario. Look at these biceps...” he huffed lustfully to himself, his words barely spoken above his labored breathing. He removed his hand from his cock just so he could hit a double bicep, his lidded eyes admiring himself as he swept those arms into various poses.

A few subtle veins crept up the base of his cock, webbing over it like vines on a tree. They pulsated in time with his thrumming heartbeat, his endowment jumping as heavy clear dollops of precum dribbled from the head.

He couldn’t help but imagine what he might do to Mario in their next encounter: defeating the Italian plumber and keeping him as a personal pet solely for his humiliation.

This thought seemed to stroke a chord, the Koopa moaning deeply, a puff of smoke billowing from his nostrils. He let out a lustful, throaty growl, his eyes lidding. Almost looking like he was zoning out from bliss, his clawed hand squeezed around his aching cock once more.

He could feel it: teetering on the edge, like pressure building up behind a cork. He leaned forward, hunching over his rounded middle as he grabbed at his cock with both hands, squeezing it in desperation as he huffed and chuffed, going for broke to reach the last mile.

Until he was interrupted.

Double doors burst open, nearly blasting off of their hinges as they swung aside. Blue robes fluttered as a Koopa with a pointed wizard’s hat flew in. He bobbed on an aged bamboo broom, zipping through the air, stopping just short of the foot of Bowser’s throne.

“SIRE! I-!”

He ceased in mid-sentence, engorged eyes behind the large lenses of his glasses swiveling to look at the spectacle in front of him. Bowser had ceased jerking, frozen in mid-pose, his arms outstretched, fingers wrapped so tight around his cock it was starting to turn a shade of tomato-red.

It was unclear who screamed first.

High screeching pitch met booming bass as the two flailed. Kamek nearly dropped what he was carrying, the broom pitching back and forth, doing a few impromptu flips with the Magikoopa nearly being catapulted out the window.

Bowser, in his haste to try to make himself decent, ended up stretching the material of his thong far too far. It slipped from his clawed fingers, flying in with the fury of a loosed rubber band as it snapped like a whip crack over his sensitive balls.

The king roared in agony, toppling out of his throne and out into his knees, his thong essentially hamstringing him as it grabbed around his thighs. Tears welled at his eyes as he let out a whimper of noise, clutching at his abused balls - only interrupted by the impact of the bristly end of Kamek's broom across his face as the Magikoopa went toppling out of the air.

The released broom shot into the air like a bottle rocket, having been freed from its excess weight. It whizzed around through the air before sailing out one of the nearby stone windows. It promptly landed in one of the stray lava flows, fizzling comically out of existence shortly after bursting into flame.

"S-Sire, I—*GLK-!*"

Bowser had grappled Kamek by the throat, his hand engulfing half of the Magikoopa's minuscule form. The smaller male's cheeks bulged, his face turning instantly crimson as he was squeezed like a stress ball.

"DO YOU NOT KNOCK?!" the King of Koopas bellowed, spittle flying. The force of his heated breath was enough to displace Kamek's glasses and nearly send his hat flying off of his head. He tried to reply, but the noise coming out of him was nothing better than the sound of a deflating, sputtering balloon.

Bowser's brows flattened, rage quickly simmering into frustrated indifference as he finally let go of the smaller Koopa. Kamek dropped to the floor, robes fluttering as he gasped for breath, clutching at the collar of his robe.

"S-Sire," he croaked, coughing, awkwardly adjusting his glasses back up his nose. Bowser's gaze had already shifted, picking up on the curiosity that his servant had dropped. He hummed curiously under his breath, scooping the large, mushroom-shaped object that Kamek had flown in with.

"What is this?" he asked, sounding unimpressed, even a little averse. "Another mushroom?"

"I know what you're thinking, My Lord!" the Magikoopa chimed, moving closer, pointing a clawed finger at the strange looking mushroom in Bowser's thick fingers. "But, it's what you requested!" he tittered, practically dancing on those rounded brown boots.

"...It is?" he asked with a grunt, his eyes lighting up in recognition. Unlike the usually white and red-spotted kind, this one had a particularly malicious aura to it. It was green with red spots,

spikes adorning it. The markings for eyes were angled in, giving it a sinister appearance that made Bowser more than a little curious.

“Months of research and magic poured into this one vessel!” he explained, waving his hands around. “We’ve been relying on those wretched power ups from the Mushroom Kingdom for far too long!” He looked proud of himself, a smug look forming over his beaked muzzle as he puffed his chest out. “I’ve extracted the growth qualities of the Mega Mushroom and combined it with your natural testosterone-infused essence, Lord Bowser! It took me several months and most of my magical reserves, but—”

Kamek was interrupted by Bowser opening his mouth wide, dense fangs flashing in the light as strings of saliva snapped. He didn’t even take the time to bite out of it, stuffing the entire thing into his maw in one swift motion. Shock turned to panic, the smaller Koopa dancing back and forth on his feet as his king chewed; his Adam’s apple bobbed up and down, swallowing the mouthful down.

His lips curled, a chuff of smoke coming out of the King’s nostrils as he made a face.

“Tastes like shit.”

“S-Sire!” Kamek barked, his glasses going askew on his face, his hat nearly ejecting off the top of his head. “I...I am unsure of the full potential of the mushroom! It’s meant to increase your strength, but I’m uncertain by what degree! Just eating it whole like this could—”

“Could, *what?*” he asked, a growl to his voice. He wasn’t in a good mood, his patience running thin at having his private session interrupted without warning. “It ain’t gonna make me fluffy again, is it?”

Without warning, Bowser seized up, face screwing up in confusion. His stomach growled loudly, the rounded middle visibly shaking. He twitched, his face screwing up as he bit back a disgruntled burp, his throat bulging. Kamek watched in fascination—and a little apprehension—his eyes widening behind those glasses, the lenses only amplifying those engorged irises.

“Wh-wha...?” Bowser groaned, feeling sweat starting to bead over his forehead. His gut growled again, the King Koopa reaching down to clutch at it as another fiery burp forced up his throat. “I’m...feelin’ kinda funny...”

“O-oh dear...” Kamek muttered, adjusting his glasses nervously over his nose. “Maybe I should have you try to throw it up...?” he mused under his breath. Both of them watched in anticipation, the seconds seeming to stretch on for eternity. There was an electricity in the air, a tension that threatened to snap at any moment.

However, that moment never came.

Bowser scratched at his jutting chin, dense brows doing a confused dance over his forehead. Even Kamek seemed to be at a loss, the Magikoopa shuffling forward, giving his king’s middle a testing poke with the end of his digit.

It didn't respond - other than beveling inwards subtly from the pressure.

"That's it?" Bowser asked, adjusting his slacked thong in bewilderment.

"That's it?..." Kamek parroted, sounding infinitely more confused as he continued to prod—eventually squeezing over the bigger Koopa's belly experimentally.

"Stop that-!" Bowser barked, slapping Kamek's hands away in frustration.

"I don't understand..." he muttered, taking a step back, his fingers pushing up under his hat as he scratched at his head.

Bowser growled under his breath, letting out a low, exasperated huff. If this had been *anyone* else, he probably would have stomped them flat just for interrupting him during such an intimate moment. However, even his patience for his caretaker and surrogate father was starting to wear thin.

Just as he was about to lunge forward and snatch him up again, another wave of gastrointestinal discomfort slammed into the king. Sweat started to bead as he stumbled, nearly dropping his heavy weight onto the miniscule Magikoopa.

"L-Lord Bowser??" he stammered from under the larger male's looming shadow. He squeaked as those already sizable cream-colored pectorals surged forward. The change was so fast that he didn't have time to duck out of the way, his muzzle getting pinched between meaty boulders.

"Oh hoh...*OHH-HOH-!*" Bowser boomed, straightening back up, even leaning back as his pecs surged once more. "I'm startin' to feel *somethin'-!*" The soft padding that once surrounded them gave way to banded muscle, swelling with every beat of his heart. His hands greedily went for those meaty mounds, squeezing tightly, lavishing in the feeling of them having little-to-no give. It was like trying to squeeze globes of iron wrapped in taut, leathery flesh.

Kamek was busily kicking, muffled noises coming out of him, his glasses pushed up his forehead from the sheer squeeze his skull was going through. He eventually popped out from between his king's pecs, landing to the floor with a clatter before taking a deep gasp of a breath.

Veins spread, creeping out from the divide between those globe-like pecs. They spread like roots from a tree, pushing up under his straining hide. He huffed and groaned, squeezing those mounds tight under his large hands. He could feel the growth spreading, creeping into his delts, rounded muscle splitting as it ballooned. Even his traps weren't exempt, the muscle bridging up to his broad neck humping up around either side of it.

"Ohhh... This feels *GOOD!* Well done, Kamek-!" he boomed, his voice subtly deepening as his neck thickened. It was unlike any other mushroom or transformative item he had ever used before, the properties of it infusing into every individual muscle—slowly, *arousingly*.

Veins pushed down into his arms, creeping over his biceps, causing them to quickly engorge. Every twitch of those limbs caused his biceps to split and to hump up higher, packing on absurd amounts of mass in just seconds. He couldn't help but cackle, a terrifying grin splitting his

muzzle as he lifted those arms up. A double bicep pose forced those once sizable peaks to hit new heights; they crashed into his forearms, pushing them aside in the search for more space.

Almost as if not to be outdone, his forearms ballooned as well, cords of muscle pumping up as veins webbed over them like pulsating vines. In a shameless display, he brought his arm closer, bumping his wide nose against that bloated bicep before giving it a slow, saliva-slicked lick.

The straps that had been clinging for dear life around his heavily muscled arms had started to strain, the creaking sound echoing throughout the king's chamber. The material frayed, leather starting to tear until it finally gave way. Bowser let out a satisfied huff, a few pillars of smoke trailing out of his nostrils as he watched those binding, spiked straps shoot across the room.

Kamek coughed from down below, trying not to stare at the overindulgent display. Instead, he had produced a clipboard out of his sleeve. The magic wand he always kept in person apparently doubled as a pen, the pointed end scribbling over the notepad as he quickly took notes.

The Koopa King's midsection started to shrink, layers of padding shaving off of it with every heavy breath. The first row of abs started to peek through, and then the second as excess fat started to melt away; burned off by the onslaught of engorging muscle. Obliques formed, flanking powerful bricks that formed a rippling keg of a middle. Just a few twists of his torso found a pair of lats pushing out of either side, growing wider every time the king hiked his arms up. They stretched down, forming a pair of powerful wings that stretched from either side of his brawny torso.

The front of his posers jumped, the leather creaking subtly as those veins crawled down his brick-like abdominals and straight behind the jet-black material. Bowser moaned, and, for a moment, his attention was torn from his engorged, split-peaked biceps. His shaft twitched, the outline becoming more prominent—along with the growing moans bubbling up from the heavily muscled Koopa.

Leather stretched, the logo adorning the front of his thong warping and distorting. The straps of his poser were forced to contain a burgeoning endowment that dropped ever lower between engorging thighs. Even as the king shifted his stance to accommodate the increasing mass, his junk continued to surge. The base of his creamy yellow shaft appeared, the especially tailored material now unable to fully contain its owner.

They continued to drop, swaying back and forth like a pendulum until the leather was only able to wrap around the helmeted head of his shaft. It didn't stop until those heavy orbs hung down to his knees, surrounded by vascular pillars for thighs. Even the king's calves weren't spared, those veins creeping down, pumping them up. They swelled out, ballooning under their hamstring counterparts, as if refusing to be lost under their looming shadow.

Bowser panted heavily, his swollen, heaving chest bobbing just below his chin, a chuff of fire blowing out of his nostrils as he sneered. His body glistened with sweat, heat radiating off of his mammoth form. Bulging muscles kept his stance wide and his elbows out—such was the sheer wall-like presence the Koopa had now.

Kamek was speechless, still holding onto his clipboard, having stopped taking notes at some point just to admire the sheer heft of his liege.

“GWAHAHA-I” Bowser boomed, snapping his arms up, hitting a double bicep pose once more. Those peaks swelled up, slamming into unyielding forearms, forcing the muscle to press up under his curled fists. “Look at me! I’ve been bigger, but *this* is different!” Slamming into a most-muscular pose, his entire torso jumping on end, traps swelling up around his bull-neck as he growled and chuffed more flame.

The thong down below threatened to snap, a few more veins creeping along that twitching shaft. It threatened to jump clean out of the material, the straps stretched taut like guitar strings away from his hips, the pouch little better than a hammock for his bloated balls.

“W-Well...” Kamek muttered, looking down at his notes, then back to the overwhelming sight in front of him. “It was...supposed to do a little more than just make you more than just, um...” He averted his gaze away from that swaying, over-packed junk in front of him—not that fixating on the king’s swollen, shelf-like pectorals was much better. “...More muscular?”

Bowser didn’t seem to care, his hands shamelessly caressing over his body, seeming infatuated with the fact he was slowly losing mobility. Biceps crashed against pectorals, banging with enough force to send a visible ripple across them. His lats and triceps fought for space, horseshoe shaped muscle pushing out past even his engorged, split delts.

It felt *good*. Better than he had ever felt using those other stupid power-ups. No cat ears this time—just a wall of overwhelming, testosterone-fueled muscle fighting for space.

The king let out a grunt as he felt an itch spreading across his body. It began between his chest, spreading over his pectorals as a carpet of crimson hairs bloomed. It seemed that excess testosterone was getting to work, adding additional perks other than just increased size.

Bowser seemed to revel in it, subtly writhing in pleasure as the stuff sprouted over his forearms as well, forming thick swaths over those brawny limbs. It crept down his chest, lining the insides of those brick-like abdominals that comprised his keg of a midsection. It connected to his crotch, forming a dense bush just above the engorged base of his endowment. His balls weren’t spared either, pricks of crimson forming until they too were engulfed by the same carpeting.

He twisted his hips, fighting to see past his pecs as the same sensation crept down his thighs and over the front of his shins. The king grinned wide at the spectacle, giving his thighs a shake, muscle swinging back and forth before suddenly solidifying as he flexed. His engorged tear-drop shaped quads feathered as they fought against his hide, causing it to creak subtly from strain.

“Haaahhhyyeahhhh...” he growled under his breath, his fingers sinking down lower, bloated bicep slotting over his engorged pectoral as his fingers slid southward. He traced over his fur-lined abdominals, following them straight to the base of his semi-hard endowment. Bowser gave it a shameless squeeze, rocking his hips, causing his engorged balls to swing like a pendulum between his knees.

“U-Um... Sire...?”

Bowser tried to ignore Kamek’s high pitched whining, instead, focusing on himself. He felt tight all over, his body straining to contain the new muscle mass he had accumulated. It felt good—he felt *powerfu*—

“S-Sire-!”

“**WHAT!?**” the king boomed, frustration building once more, snapping his eyes open. He didn’t realize something was off until he tried to find Kamek, having to bend even further than before to spot him down below.

His body was even larger now, his height having crept up a good foot or two, rumbling tremors starting to shake from his engorged form. It was just like when he had first transformed, that feeling of building potential inside of him: burning, churning, demanding to be set loose.

“U-Uuhh... **NNnnGUUUHH-!**”

Bowser’s voice boomed, shaking dust from the walls as he suddenly surged violently in size, ballooning in all directions without warning. An errant step caused him to kick his throne over with ease, the golden seat toppling over. Another step found his powerful foot stomping into the stone floor, cracking and crushing it underneath thick soles, leaving a footprint as easily as if it were soft earth.

One of the nearby candle stands toppled over as well, his swollen glutes smacking it clean over—before it was promptly crushed with another step. His neck thickened as his voice dropped in pitch. The collar that squeezed around the burly appendage strained against swelling sinew. Raw brawn won out however, as it snapped off of him like a cheap elastic band.

Bowser moaned and huffed, straining as his back humped up with muscle, forcing that hard shell further out and away from him. It felt like his entire body was on fire—like an overfilled balloon set to burst. And, yet, it was pure ecstasy; mind-numbing pleasure blanking out any apprehensions the rapidly growing king might have otherwise had.

“O-Oh dear...” Kamek stammered, taking a few staggering steps back, Bowser’s growing shadow looming over him. He adjusted his glasses, sweat beading on his forehead as he watched the spectacle. It was clear that his little experiment was starting to grow off the rails - especially when Bowser’s spiked shell collided with the ceiling.

Bricks rained down as Kamek made a fortuitously timed escape; a series of flustered and panicked sounds following as he blasted through the double doors and out of the chamber. The ceiling collapsed, the pressure too great as stone bricks went raining down. Bowser crashed his way through the room, his leather thong snapping, shooting like a broken rubber band as his precum gushing shaft bounced out. His balls audibly churned as they grew larger, dropping lower and lower until they finally hit the crumbling floor.

Bowser’s face twitched as he felt that same pressure starting to build up once more, like a coiling spring quivering with barely-restrained potential. Like the breaking of a dam, the king’s

face twitched before his lower lip suddenly plumped up, inflating as if someone had jammed an air hose into it. His jawline cracked, already prominent lower jaw engorging, swelling up as if an unseen force was pulling and stretching it.

“HuuhHHHH-! HHUUGGGH-!” he boomed, slurring his words as his brows suddenly plowed forward, forming a furry shelf above deeply shadowed eyes. Monstrously wide shoulders destroyed either wall around him, sending it crumbling away as he bloomed out of the west wing of his castle.

Dense lower fangs pushed out, forcing his inflated tire of a lower lip to wrap around them. The engorged appendage glistened with saliva as it drooled from the corners of the brutifying Koopa’s maw, his eyes going cross. He couldn’t think straight, blood going in far too many other places than his brain. Bowser’s cock flexed hard, the swelling cannon of a shaft slapping up against his chest before dropping against a nearby tower, causing it to partially crumble in on itself.

It was quite a scene, the King of Koopas outgrowing his castle with a molten mountain as his backdrop. His booming roar shook the entirety of the castle, the sound causing a few veins to web along his engorged neck. Minions could be seen fleeing, being led by a frantic Kamek, looking like ants in comparison to the ever-growing brute-god.

Bowser let out a dumb, rumbling laugh as he lifted his arms back up. This time his biceps slammed past his fists as he flexed, going higher than his own head as they ballooned. Splits deep as ravines marked the divide between individual heads as veins as thick as industrial hoses wrapped around them.

“So goooood...” he slurred, his deep voice booming from through his throat, shaking his meaty jawline.

Ropes of copious precum gushed out of a cock that was nearly as large as its owner, coating the side of the crumbling castle with translucent spunk. His balls churned, perched between his mammoth thighs as muscle mass continued to pour into the beef-burgeoned brute.

He slathered at his biceps, bringing his arms up over his head. His lats crashed into his glutes, grinding together in a way that threatened to push the king right over the edge right then and there. Drool cascaded down the corners of his maw, getting lost in the spreading beard that was creeping up the lower half of his face. The rest of his body hair was growing dense and wild, coating nearly every inch of him as testosterone raged through his nearly immobile body.

Entire sections of the castle crumbled with small shifts of those massive stompers, clawed toes carving through stone as if it were loose sand. An errant swing of his wing-like lat crashed through the closest tower, causing it to collapse into the flowing molten lava. The remains melted away, turning to slag before flowing down the side of the mountain. **“BIGGUURR-!”** he roared, veins webbing up his nearly vanished neck.

Even when the entire castle collapsed, the lava seemed like nothing worse than a hot bath for the brutified Bowser. He roared again, throwing his head back—as much as he could,

considering the looming traps over it. His entire body surged, pecs wrapping around his chin, crimson-furred carpet melding with his dense beard as he continued to surge in size, growing far beyond the size of what was once his castle.

The last of it crumbled away as the peak of the nearby mountain was gripped. Bowser's massive hand used it like a handhold to balance himself as he surged towards the heavens, several hundred tons of muscle pouring into him. He could barely move his head, almost pea-like in comparison to the rest of his overblown body now. Traps and pecs surrounded it on either side, his neck nearly non-existent thanks to the flanking beef.

"Yesss....YESSSSSSS-!" he boomed, slurring his words thanks to that absurdly thick jaw, his fat tire of a lip bouncing as saliva went flying. He could barely speak, both his mind and his transformed visage preventing anything other than booming moans and simple phrases.

As the mountain was forced to bear his weight, it wasn't long for this world. It started to crumble, fissures forming in solid earth as the king's weight caused it to fracture. Bowser huffed, having gripped his shaft once more, groping and squeezing it as he started to beat himself off in earnest.

He was teetering on the edge, copious amounts of precum gushing from his cock, splattering over the side of the mountain, clashing and even displacing the lava, essentially replacing the flow with his own copious, sticky fluid.

Bowser was beating his cock feverishly at this point, barely able to get his arms forward thanks to the sheer size of his pecs and biceps, slamming them together as he shifted. Bucking his hips, he shoved his cock through his hands, his urethra bulging like a balloon with every jet of gushing precum.

His horns brushed the clouds above as the Koopa's roaring moans shook the world down below. The last of the lava-spewing mountain crumbled under his weight, crumbling away as a foot smashed down over it, causing it to sink into the earth below.

The sheer ecstasy of his entire body grinding itself was finally too much for Bowser to handle. His eyes rolled back in his head—barely visible from under those jutting, brutish brows. Bloated balls that were threatening to slam into his shell churned, visibly shuddering as they expanded to their limit, stretching to the point of popping before finally losing their load.

A roar of a moan that shook the kingdom boomed from Bowser, his entire body quaking, nearly immobile from the sheer amount of hirsute muscle that filled it. His urethra ballooned, outpacing the rest of his shaft as it swelled. The sheer force behind his first load blew a torrent of sticky seed into the air, parting the clouds. His monolithic member jumped and twitched, turning a shade of angry red as veins pulsed in time with his booming heartbeat.

It seemed to be the cherry on top of his growth, his body finally having stopped growing as he continued to unload entire lakes worth of cum. The stuff splattered across the landscape, smattering across the volcanic rock that comprised the majority of his kingdom.

It continued without end, Bowser roaring, a torrent of flame blooming up from between his planetoids for pectorals. His entire body shook and shuddered, sweat dripping from him like a small rain as he continued to dress his land in sticky spunk.

Who knew when it was going to end?

Bowser certainly didn't care to find out. He slathered over what he could reach, tongue and fat lower lip slathering over his furred pecs and bloated biceps. The overblown show continued, his body flexing, a monument to his hubris as far as the eye could see.

On the edges of the kingdom, Kamek sighed, adjusting his glasses as he watched the display from afar. The rest of the minions were transfixed by the display, a few Koopas having obvious bulges down below, faces flushed.

He put a hand between his eyes, pushing his glasses up, the things skewing sideways, threatening to pop off. There was a long road ahead of him, the gears already turning on how he was going to reverse the mess he had gotten his king into.

Kamek sighed, pulling on his face, lower lids pulling down along with his fingers.

"...I just hope he doesn't drown us all before then."