

# Toon It Up: Spellcasting Koopa

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*Hmmm...* Hank stared curiously at the wand within the glass display case, scratching his chin. The long silver shaft positively glowed as if it had recently been polished. The end of it was built almost like a scepter, a large, round, smooth purple jewel in the center of it.

It seemed familiar, but the man couldn't place his finger on where.

Instead, he looked back at the green woman running the store. "Umm, you sure it's safe to just sell something like this and for only a hundred bucks?"

The witch looked up from her magazine. She didn't seem all that interested, more annoyed by his question. "Yeah. It's fine. The wand can't really cause any trouble. It's just for simple growth spells and such. Nothing major."

The witch went back to her magazine as Hank looked back at the wand. *Growth spell, eh?* The gears in his head began turning.

Hank was a gym nut. He loved working out and getting into peak, physical shape to impress the ladies, thinking they'd love that. He was even on his way back from the gym before he arrived.

The guy was walking over to the bus stop when something caught his eye. There was a store he had never seen before wedged between the two buildings behind the stop. It was such a curious sight, the storefront windows cloaked with black drapes and its door cracked open.

Curiosity got the best of him. He entered the doorway and found himself in an impossible room. It was far wider than the building implied, filled with rows of shelves and glass display cases. Magical trinkets, artifacts, curios, items, potions, and more were all on sale with a green witch running the place!

It was impressive, only hampered by the actual witch running the shop, her name tag reading "Beatrice". She looked incredibly disinterested in everything going on, busy with her own reading and less with what he was doing. Asking her about the wand was the first time she actually addressed him since entering.

Hank didn't really care though. He was just intrigued by the magic wand on display. It was so simple, but yet, it felt as if it was calling out to him.

Plus, that little additional fact the witch divulged only piqued his interest more. “So, by growth...” he asked casually, trying not to be too obvious, “Would that include muscle growth?”

Beatrice looked up, glancing at him and then at the wand. She sighed, “Sure, it can do that, I guess. Among other things.” She went back to her magazine.

That was good enough for Hank. *Bet I could save a lot of money with that.* His eyes traced the wand's shaft up to its jewel end. *Cut several gym memberships, stop buying all that protein powder, stop with the constant running and jump roping...*

“Hey!” he called over to the witch, who only looked marginally interested in being talked to, “I would like to buy that wand!” He tapped the glass.

“You sure want that?” Beatrice frowned, actually letting go of her reading material and standing up straight. “Gotta be talented to use a wand, ya know. Even if it only does a few things, experience matters and all that crap.”

“Oh, I'll be fine!” Hank smirked, feeling pleased with himself. “Don't worry! I can handle whatever it throws at me. I'll buy it!”

The witch stared at him. Everything about her expression said “no”. “No, I don't believe you.” “No, you're stupid and in over your head.” “No, you don't have the right to buy it.” “No.” “No.” “No.” All no's.

Yet, instead of any of those words, Beatrice ended up shrugging her shoulders. “Fine. Whatever you want.” She snapped her fingers and with a small puff, the wand vanished from the case. Half-a-second later, it reappeared on the counter beside her. It was now inside of a shopping bag, gift-wrapped in nice paper.

Hank hurried over and paid for it. Beatrice didn't say anything else about whether or not he should even buy or use it. She merely accepted his money and added at the end a half-hazard warning: “Probably should open this at home to avoid problems and yadda ya. Don't care. Just enjoy it or whatever.”

“I... will?” Hank was a bit put off by her lackadaisical attitude at that point. He took the bag and left, not wanting to be around her any longer.

Though, the second he stepped outside, a thought occurred to him. Turning, he called back, “Wait, are there any instructions with-”

But when he turned, it was gone. The witch, the store items, and even the store itself were all gone. The space between the buildings was empty once more, as if it had never existed.

Hank was taken a bit back. It was as if he had just experienced a scene out of a movie. It briefly made him forget about his question and worry.

But even when he remembered, it did not matter much. Hank looked back at his bag and nodded. *I'll figure it out when I get back. It's fine.*

*So shiny...* Hank was home now, carefully looking over his wand/scepter wand. He had freed it from its paper confines and laid it out across his coffee table. In the bright light of his own apartment, it definitely seemed to sparkle more than in that dim store.

He grabbed hold of it and ran a hand across it, noting how smooth and warm it felt. He lifted and swished it around in the air. There was something otherworldly emanating from it, a kind of energy he could only barely sense. Beyond that, there was a sparkle from its gemstone end that added to that mystic feeling.

*Yeah, this will work!* Hank smiled. Even though he couldn't fully sense it, he knew the power was there. Magic brewing just from simply waving the wand around. The warmth in it and the small tingles in his fingers said enough.

He could use this wand... if he could figure out how to do so.

Hank took a deep breath and thought. *Okay... how does this work? I said it would be fine, but... ugh, should've asked for instructions first.* He wiggled the wand again. *How do I use you? Think... think!*

*It's just for simple growth spells and such. Nothing major.*

*Right right.* Hank considered that. *Growth spell. I want that... do I say that?* He tried thinking about other magic shows and games. There was always an incantation or phrase that would trigger the spell or the like. Again, he should've asked for instructions.

*Let's maybe start there.* He focused his mind on the idea. He wanted to be bigger, stronger, bulkier than he already was. He wanted to grow.

“Change me!” Hank declared, whisking the wand.

Its gem began to glow, radiating purple energy from it. The sudden burst caught Hank off guard, but he quickly recovered. His heart rose, feeling excited. This was it!

Thick, flowing energy flamed out of the gem and circled around him, before slamming into him. His body heated up as it absorbed it, causing him to shiver. Excess energy would radiate off of him at various points.

Some of that magic circled around various parts of him, solidifying into a hardened form. Around his wrists, the magic took the form of gold bangle bracelets. They were several times too large for him, threatening to slip off at any moment, yet never doing so.

Around his neck, there was a necklace. It was a pearl necklace similar to that of Marge Simpson but deep red and more polished. Like the bracelets, it was oversized, hanging down onto his chest.

Hank could only look at his accessories in confusion. *Did I do this wrong?* His lips pouted, slowly puffing up like they were injected with collagen. A thick lather of pink lipstick was coated over them, making them seem even bigger. *Is there a right way to do this?*

Magic focused in around the back of his head, forming something big but softer than his other trinkets. A darling pink with white polka dots, a large, puffy bow had formed. It stuck perfectly to his head, nestled against his hair without actually being connected to anything.

The odd sensation in his mop caught his attention though. He reached back around, his fingers sliding against the soft fabric. *What?!* He took a few steps back in shock. *What's-*

**Click, clack. Click, clack.** ...*what's that?*

He looked down. *What the hell?!* His socks were gone, replaced with bright pink high heels. *What...* His heart started beating faster. *What's with all of these... things?!*

He didn't know what was going on, but they had to go! He tried starting with the bracelets, since they looked like they were going to fall off any second anyways. He tried reaching for one but quickly stopped.

Something was wrong with the hand he was reaching for. The fingernails were gray, longer, and thicker. They extended to the tips of his fingers, pulled into stubby claws. Around their base, the skin was golden... no. It was yellow golden scales, ones that were flowing down his digits and over his hands.

His eyes creaked over to the hand reaching for it. It was doing the same, slowly being coated in scales and developing claws.

*No...* He blinked once and then twice, eyes brightening to baby blue and leaving their dull green behind. *No way...* He blinked a few more times, eyelashes growing and giving them a cute flutter. *This is really happening.*

His brow furrowed, eyebrows thinning as he tried thinking of a solution. *Maybe...* A blond hair fell from his head. *Maybe I try to cast a new spell, that'll stop things?* More blond hair fell out. *...would that make things worse?*

Hank flinched, noticing his locks falling out now. “Ooooooh no,” he moaned. He reached up to his dome, just in time for the last bit of his mop to fall away. He had taken so much care of his hair. It went with his muscles in crafting his perfect look.

*Things are worse already. I need to-*

A sudden rip snapped him away from his thoughts. The back of his jeans split, just at the very top of them. A short, turtle-like tail covered in golden scales had formed.

He felt the weird new appendage and reached around, stroking it. His heartbeat started to race. *Oh great, now a tail too! Am I turning into a monster?*

Pulling his arm back around, he saw the yellowish scales now spreading up his limb. It went up and onto his shoulder, the texture of them weird against this tank top. He glanced at his other arm, seeing the same happen to it as well.

His legs were undergoing the same situation too. The golden yellow scales were flowing down them both. However, they were out of sight beneath his blue jeans.

*Yep, monster.* Hank groaned, shifting unconsciously. *Maybe I should cast... cast another sp... spell. Hrrumph. What is that?*

His train of thought was derailed as an uncomfortableness set over him. Even though he had not noticed the scales on his legs, he quickly noticed the other change there. His hips were widening, stretching and curving out into a roundish, womanly form. His rear inflated to a firm butt, filling out the back of his jeans.

*Oh great, now what?* Reaching around again, his hand pressed against his womanly hips. His cheeks reddened. Slowly, his grasp slipped onto his fit, shapely behind. His cheeks reddened even more, a small shiver coming to him.

*That feels nice.*

*N-no.* Hank shook his head and even smacked it. *No, focus! Focus on what the hell is happening to meeeeeeeoooooooooh!*

Scales had reached over onto his torso, spreading out over his chest and stomach. Instead of golden yellow, they were a sandy brown and smoother. With inverted ridges going along the front, it was almost like the underside of a turtle but much softer.

However, that isn't what he noticed or what brought him to moaning. A warm, fiery feeling lit up within him as his waistline narrowed. His pecs began softening and inflating. Slowly, they pushed against his tank top, getting bigger and bigger. From mounds to bigger than his fists, his chest ballooned into a pair of C-cup breasts.

Hank could only shiver, looking down and getting a face full of cleavage. *So big.* He started reaching for his breasts. *Why... why do I have...* His hands grabbed onto them, sending pleasurable shockwaves across his body. He moaned, "Ooooooh yeah..."

Another rip sound blared, pulling him back to earth. It came from the back, pulling his gaze over his shoulder. The back of his muscle shirt had burst open.

From it, a shell had formed. Its ridge was grayish white while the shell itself was bright pink. Across its back, several spikes were jutting out of it.

*Holy crap!* Hank felt a chill. He looked back around, finding the rest of his shirt falling off. He was left completely topless, breasts exposed and left hanging. They did not sag one bit, perfectly firm and held up by an invisible force.

However, he could care less about that little fact. *Awww, I really liked that shirt!* He frowned. *It really showed off how buff I looked!*

His head throbbed painfully, causing him to hunch over. Everything there finally, fully changed. His noggin turned more dome-ish as golden scales flowed over it. Ears sunk into his head, though his sense of hearing remained. His cheeks and mouth inflated into an odd, puffy muzzle of sorts, nose sinking into it and leaving behind two reptilian slits to breathe out of.

The sensation went away, and they stood up straight again. *Uuuuugh, what was... was...* Their hand went to stroke their head, hitting upon the new scales and rounder shape it was. Their heart felt like skipping a beat.

All Hank knew was that they had to see this. They hurried to their bedroom where they had their full-length mirror setup. They stood before it and saw not themselves, but someone else. They saw a version of Wendy Koopa gazing back.

She stared at her reflection for a while, slack-jawed and mind quiet. Eventually, she slapped her puffy koopa cheeks and tried to recompose herself. It was hard given just about everything she was seeing.

After a lot of staring and even a few twirls to see behind themselves, Hank/Wendy finally came to a conclusion. "This isn't what I want!" She pouted, her lips looking especially puffy when doing so. "I can't impress any cute ladies like this."

She stroked her face, gently blushing. Her eyes traced her figure and form, looking over her soft hips and perky breasts, the latter of which she lingered on. Her heart rose. She couldn't deny it. There was a feeling in her, one that was dazzled and feeling rather pretty.

Hank/Wendy shook her head. *Stop it.* Her eyes managed to pull away from her chest. *Stop thinking about this... weirdness.* She took a deep breath and released it. *Just think and focus on the issue here.*

The koopa took another deep breath before exhaling. She looked at her hand, still clutching the wand. "That wasn't a growth spell at least. Not at all what I wanted! Maybe I can't internalize what I want?"

Magic was complicated. She definitely should've asked for help before.

However, what was done was done. She had to move forward. She looked at her wand again. *Maybe a second spell would fix this?* A frown formed. *Maybe if I actually be specific that'll give me what I want?* It wasn't like there was a clear answer on how to fix this.

But what choice did she have? Hank lifted the wand into the air, declaring, "I didn't want this!" She whisked about several times. "I want to grow, be stronger, be better! I want it all!"

After a few shakes and twirls, the wand lit up again. However, the light shined brighter than it ever had before. A huge burst of magic fired out like a proton beam, nearly hitting the wall before doing a miraculous turn. A turn that came right back and struck her in the chest.

Hank took a step back, a little wobbly from the hit. She could feel her body tingle, muscles spasming all over. Then, there was a heat, something intense brewing across her form.

*Okay... she thought, breathing slowly, maybe this will-*

Her pupils dilated as she felt her body thrust forward. Her breasts suddenly ballooned to hefty D-cups, throwing her body outward while still never sagging. She glanced down at her chest, blushing intensely at the firm globes jutting out. *Oh... that's definitely not what I wanted.*

Yet, there was a crack. Her lips twisted, ever so slightly, into a smile. *It... it is nice, isn't it?*

Hank quivered. That small admittance did the world for her. She felt happier, more upbeat and pleasant. She did love some big “bewbs”, as she put it, and now? Now, she had her own!

That was another thrust from the body, this time pulling her back. Her bottom half got another boost, breaking the button on her jeans and dragging its zipper down for room. Her hips had grown wider and rounder, her rear inflating into a big bubble butt that nearly popped out of her pants now.

Hank shivered, a hand sliding down and stroking the soft rump. *So nice.* She couldn't deny it. Despite not what she wanted initially, everything just really “grew” on her, didn't it? She liked the unique growth, the new figure and shape.

Although, even liking it, she was still disappointed. *I... I did want to be stronger. This doesn't really give me that. Maybe the wand just doesn't-*

Then, it hit like a truck. Her arms throbbed, muscles pulsating as a wave of soreness hit her. She looked between them in surprise, eyes widening. Slowly, her upper limbs began to swell. Her muscle mass had dropped off slightly when she first became Wendy, but it had come back with even more gains.

Her arms were packed with thick biceps and strong forearms, always looking like they were flexed. Her jaw couldn't help but drop at the sight. *No way.* She lifted one of them up and gave it a real flex.

Hank felt such a surge of power and strength. She had never had that before in all the times she had worked out. This was what she was looking for!



She could feel it down below too. She could see her legs buffing up. Even though they were covered by her jeans, she felt the muscles bulging and stretching her denim out. She may have to take them off soon before they become too tight.

*Incredible!* Hank looked back up at the mirror, having not looked at it in a while. Her heart rose, faster than ever. She was Wendy Koopa for sure. She already knew that.

But now? She was Wendy Koopa but hotter and stronger!

“Wendy” felt pride swelling up in her. *I do look pretty good.* She started running her hands down her figure, her smile turning to a smirk. *I... I don't get it. Why was I so upset before? This was just what I needed.*

Her hands slid onto her stomach. There, she could feel it. Abs bulging and forming, increasing her strength and powerful look. *Ooooh, especially now that I'm getting stronger!*

*This wasn't bad at all.* She sighed pleasantly, stroking her strong core. *Maybe a bit more growth and it'll be-*

Her pupils dilated, her cheeks burning up. Everything felt alive, surging as a powerful sensation rocketed through her entire being. Her breasts swelled one final time, still perfectly firm and perky on her figure. They jutted out so far on her, making it impossible to see past.

Not that Hank minded. The sight of vast cleavage and soft breasts were a wondrous sight to her. She could stare at them all day.

The koopa did not, though, as she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She had gotten so much bigger now, rising over seven feet tall. More muscle growth had washed over her, giving her a figure on par with a female bodybuilder. It was an impressive sight.

“Wendy” smiled, taking one final look at her wand before dropping it on the bed. *Not what I was expecting at all to start with.* A hand slipped up towards one of her breasts. *But, you can't argue with the gains, heh.*

Her hand clamped down on her breast, squeezing it. She moaned softly, knees weak as she felt such pleasure. The other hand went to her abs, stroking them. She loved it, she loved it all. *I was so wrong. Wrong about everything before.*

Wendy panted, managing to pry her hands away from her figure after some time and with a lot of effort. *This is everything I could ever want. I'm stronger than I've ever been before!*

Grinning, the koopaling began striking various poses for her mirror. She tried every one she could think of from shows and movies, even throwing a few from certain websites she visited. The result only turned her on even more.

*Oh yeah...* She gently bit her bottom lip. *I could score like this.* Her pride shot up even more. *I could totally attract plenty of lovely ladies lookin' this good!*

Her eyes closed, envisioning it clearly in her mind. All of her gym “bunnies” in their tight workout clothes and firm figures, all impressed by the sight before them. They would love her, glomping on and feeling her muscles. Hank/Wendy would naturally flex and show them off for her adoring audience.

Her adoring, fit, firm, curvy audience...

And then a thought hit her. *Maybe I could use the wand?* She started smiling more. Having more big ladies was always good. They didn't necessarily have to be koopas but having them bigger and stronger like her? That was a fun idea.

Whether she did that or not, it would come later. After that fun idea, she felt more inspired than ever to get out there. “Awww yeah!” Wendy declared, flexing both of her arms, “Time for this Koopaling to hit the gym and show them a new and improved m-”

The sound of ripping blared. Her cheeks reddened as her eyes went down her reflection. Her jeans, and even her underwear, finally had enough. They tore and broke all over, tumbling and hitting the ground in a big clump.

Wendy was completely left in the buff. Sure, the sight of her lower half and all its luscious, firm, curvy glory was nice. However, she was nude.

And she had nothing to wear. Her mind ran over everything she had in her closet, her drawers, and whatever else was lying around. Some things might fit with a bit of effort and stretching but any of her shirts? Even if she didn't have massive globes, her spiked shell would tear anything apart with ease.

*This isn't going to work.* Wendy pouted. Her eyes went to her bed where the wand was laying. *I can't go to the gym nude.*

She picked the wand up and held it to her face. “Can you whip me up some clothes to go with this body you gave me?”

She whisked it, shook it, and spun it. The gemstone did not light up. “Of course not,” she sighed, “Well, time to spend more money.”

“BOOM!” Wendy dropped the heavy barbell onto the thick mat, making a heavy thunk sound, “And that’s how you do a deadlift and make it look so easy!” It certainly was much easier for her than it used to be. She had never been able to do a deadlift like that and so fast. She had truly become even stronger since her change.

Smiling, she flexed both her arms and held them up high for all to see. Everyone was very impressed. Some were silently watching, with small, approving smiles. Others were clapping and cheering her on. There were also some snapping photos or taking video. She would have to ask them for copies to post on her many socials later.

For now, Wendy blew a kiss to her adoring public. She loved them and their attention.

She loved them just as she loved her new clothes. It took a bit for them to get delivered (and to even find clothing that’d fit a spiked shell), but it was worth it! She was so stylish in her pink leotard, made perfectly for her kind. It hiked up a bit in the back, but it didn’t matter. It just showed more of her off, even if it was just her perfect rear.

“Alright, alright! She got the point. Enough crowding!” One of the gym employees wandered up, looking rather annoyed. “Give her some space and go back to your own stations.”

There was some minor grumbling, but people did as they were told and dispersed. Wendy frowned internally but let it go. *The right people will find me later*, she thought, taking a swig from her water bottle, *I’ll be snuggling up with them soon enough*.

“Hey!” Wendy looked to the right. There was still someone left, a fit, blond woman who was eyeing her curiously. “Got to say, you make that look easy!”

The koopa smiled. “Only because it is.”

“Oh, I bet!” the lady chuckled. “Also, lookin’ good there. What’s your secret?”

“Oh, just good old fashioned time and hard work,” boastfully lied Wendy, flexing an arm again, “All of that, and a little magic, is all it takes to look this incredible.”

“Magic?” The lady looked curious. “What do you mean by that?”

“That's a trade secret!” Wendy winked. “Buuuut, if you want to know, I would more than love to share that with you, perhaps over a few drinks?”

The newcomer smiled, leaning in. “You know what? I’d like a drink. I would love to know more about a lady like yourself.”

Wendy felt her heart flutter, a wide smile crossing her pink lips. It was all working out beautifully. The wand had done its job. She had grown incredibly strong and had even snagged herself a potentially cute girlfriend. It was all working out wonderfully!

Except for her wallet. Going out to drinks required a different wardrobe than hitting the gym. Things were going to stay rather expensive for a while.

***THE END?***