

Out in the beyond, it moved—a single, streaking tail of light. Solemn and silent, it made its steady way through the heavens, unerring and aimless, off to no-one-knows where.

Until it changed course.

The Comet Observatory's path through the stars broke, the tail of the comet its flight created snapping a hard left, then careening away. Within, a warning klaxon tattled and wailed, as something so bizarre appeared onscreen that no one understood what to make of it—other than that it was big. Exceedingly, monstrously *big*. So much so, that the view-screen couldn't fit it without some serious zooming out, until a vast circle merely hogged the majority of the monitor.

"Plotting new course," a small floating creature said, looking akin to an animated cartoon star. "We should be at the point of contact in minutes."

Other star-like beings wandered around various consoles, abuzz; they still politely parted way as a tall human female stepped up to the screen, lips pursed in trepidation. Despite the large swoop of blonde hair arching down over one eye, she saw things clear as day.

"This is certainly unusual," she muttered, crossing her arms. The crown and pale blue dress she wore belied her nature, as she carried herself more like a level-headed captain than a princess. "Not only did something gigantic come up onscreen, but it did so in an area well-known. Everything should be accounted for, on a cosmic scale...planets don't just appear."

"If it is, it's a really *big* planet," another star spoke, cautiously hovering near her bare shoulders.

Something about the circle, as simple and unknowable as it was, troubled Rosalina deeply. The star circled about her anxiously as the comet-streak of energy around the Observatory sped toward the problem. She turned from the monitor, and walked out to the terrace, able to see space gliding by through the contrails of energy around them.

"Hopefully there is a simple explanation. Try not to worry, Luma."

The star followed along, and though he still exuded worry, it was more for her.

"R...Rosalina!" another Luma called, from inside. "You have to see this!"

In seconds, she was back at the monitor, and what came onscreen was so odd that she visibly recoiled from it. In the extreme foreground were some planets, known ones, drifting out of orbit through...it wasn't space...no. No, it was all yellow.

"What could this..."

As if seizing upon the gap her trailing off made, a terrible rumble overtook space, jolting and jangling even the Comet Observatory, itself. Rosalina kept from falling as the interior pitched, but it did make her egress out onto the terrace considerably harder. She held fast to the railing as she exited, and as the Observatory righted itself and came to a stop, she saw it. They were still far enough away, just enough so, as to better understand what was before them. Oceanic stretches of yellow cords flexed and shifted, all of space seeming to move behind whole planets. Vast ridges suggested scales meeting one another, though of impossible scope, stretched tight over what could only be...*muscles*.

"Goodness!" Rosalina gasped, as it fully struck her.

It was a Koopa. Just one. A tremendous, mind-splittingly immense Koopa.

Nearly two billion feet of Kamek bulged and twitched, out in space, and every inch of it was trembling in absolute triumph. Biceps bigger than a dozen planets clustered together peaked tight as the godly Magikoopa's every errant flex sent shockwaves of power out far and wide. The fragile remnants of a robe clung in trembling scraps, forcing pockets of bulk to pump forth around them as he sighed in delight, smiled wide, and glanced through massive glasses at his wand.

"ENJOY YOURSELVES DOWN THERE, EHEEHHEE!" Kamek gloated, his voice shaking space, the tremors traveling through his massive forearms, through his clutching hand, and up into the towering wand and its prize. The entire Mushroom World sat imprisoned on a boundless cushion atop the scepter, and the magical dome over it closed tight, all as the three biggest baddies on the planet remained...well, on the planet. **"BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE THERE, AGAIN! THAT'S ANOTHER SET OF WOULD-BE USURPERS, DEALT WITH! WEHEHE!"**

"GAH, WE CAN HEAR YOUSE, ALREADY!" Roy grumbled uselessly, as the planet shuddered from the sheer decibel force of Kamek's words. He covered his ear holes, not that it did any good. **"WE'RE STUCK IN HERE, NOW, IGGY! DAT'S GREAT, DAT'S JUST GREAT!"**

"FOR ONCE, ROY, YOU'RE RIGHT," Iggy chuckled, adding a little snort. The 5,680-mile tall Koopaling behemoth grinned smugly, looming well-over his 950-mile brother; taking up the majority of the planet with his bulk, Iggy luxuriated there a moment, stretching against the curve of the world, before he adjusted his huge glasses and cracked his knuckles confidently.

"HEH?" Roy balked, taken aback.

"I MEAN, IT *IS* GREAT. WHERE DO YOU THINK WE ARE, RIGHT NOW?"

"DA WORLD."

"YES, AND WHAT'S *DA WORLD* SITTING ON?"

"...WAND?"

"BINGO! OBSERVE..."

At that, Iggy cleared his throat, further vibrating all of the islands and countries and kingdoms stuck under his plated body and swollen muscle. It still didn't dawn on Roy, just what was happening, until something terribly familiar tumbled out of Iggy's mouth: the growth spell invocation!

As soon as it finished, both of them glanced down to the planet—more specifically, the cushion on which it sat. They awaited any sign that a giga-sized growth spell was about to rise up and hit them,

but the only disruption to follow was from Kamek's booming voice:

"WEHEHEHE! DIDN'T THINK I HAD ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT, DID YOU? SPEAK THE CHANT ALL YOU LIKE! THAT CONTAINMENT SPHERE CANCELS OUT THE SPELL! DID YOU HONESTLY BELIEVE I WOULD LEAVE YOU IN THERE, WITH THAT EASY OF AN OUT? FEH!"

There, within the sphere, even Iggy's mad bravado finally withered. He and Roy looked each other over, and deflated, sagging heavily onto a complaining world below.

"THIS IS EXACTLY WHY BETTER MANAGEMENT IS NEEDED, YOU SEE," the mighty Magikoopa continued, craning a neck so huge and thick that its movement could be felt for hundreds of AU as he looked up. **"WE'LL TAKE ALL THIS CHAOS AND UNIFY IT...PLANET BY PLANET...UNDER ONE RULE! WEHEHE!"**

He aimed his bespectacled sights on the neighboring planets. Some were softballs compared to him, while others actually rivaled his own mass; but they would all be his, just the same!

Would an 'underling' be able to accomplish all this? No! And why stop here? Why not make the galaxies themselves his own? This was how it always should have been! This was right!

"EHEEHEE, NOW, EVERYONE WILL ACKNOWLEDGE ME!"

The deeper Kamek's blossoming ambitions grew, the darker his aura became, until a glowing violet miasma began to subtly line his form, glowing softly against the darkness of space...

Nearly two dozen minions lay there, poleaxed, on the ground that was Kamek's scale. Among them, stuck to the supergiant's gravity well, was Mario. The battered plumber rose to a wobble, shook the haze off, and looked around; Kamek was so massive that even the one scale was its own world, going on and on in all directions. He couldn't even find the slope where its edge might meet another.

A soft bump on his back alerted him to Yoshi, who nudged him in relief that he was okay. They pair reunited, and the new quest began: find the Star Rod, and undo everything back to normal.

Even with his dinosaur steed, traversing the scale took some real time. Adding to the surreality of it all, hundreds of items from across the Mushroom World had gravitated onto Kamek's mass, same as they all had. Item blocks, warp pipes, coins—this almost could have been an undiscovered area, all its own. A great quake shook underneath, rattling up into Yoshi, as Kamek's every twitch and shift could be felt, like the end of the world. At the eventual end of the scale, at long last, Mario caught sight of what looked like a blue river, but nearer to it, he could see split frays and ends of fabric, on a monster scale.

A strip of overtaxed tatters, from his robe, surely, stretched out over Kamek's bulk. It was

certainly bigger than any river back home. He motioned for Yoshi to move on, when a soft metallic glint snatched his attention, not to far off. It gleamed and winked from withing a patch of the fabric's thread-work, presumably caught there.

He squinted, then gasped. The Star Rod! Finally!

Something crawled up over the strip of blue, on the other side, closer to the rod, and again, Mario gasped. It was Larry! The Koopaling saw Mario, frowned, then changed his expression to dull confusion as he saw Mario's concern. The traced what Mario was staring at to the nearby Star Rod, and gasped, as well. This was particularly bad.

Mario's heels thumped harmlessly against Yoshi's thick hide, and his faithful friend knew what to do: *charge*.

Larry yelped, then hustled toward the artifact, scrambling to get there first.

As Kamek gloated on, lost in his own dark reverie, Iggy, Roy and the Beta-clone could only sigh and watch on, defeated. Well, the Beta was quite the opposite. Bowser was nowhere to be seen, the Mushroom World was trapped, and they were on the Mushroom World. So.

"GRAH, ALLA DIS POWER, AND WE'RE STILL JUST CHUMPS," Roy moaned, having taken a heavy seat on the planet's curve. **"IT JUST AIN'T RIGHT!"**

Iggy, however, was thinking away, looking up, up high at Kamek's vast pectorals, over which the crowing Koopa's muzzle could barely be seen. His eyes went wide, behind his huge glasses, and he opened his mouth to say something, when a light so bright that everything went white flashed, filling everything and everywhere.

"BWU-AWW, NOW WHAT!?" Roy balked, trying to shield his eyes with his massive arms.

When the almost-holy light faded, a smaller one remained, out there in space, hovering near Kamek in the form of an intense orb. It was a speck beside the Magikoopa, but such was its luminescence that even he noticed it, after a moment. It was a bit challenging for him to see down past his chest, after all.

"Koopa," a soft, serene voice called out, feminine, and powerful. "You occupy space that is not meant to be occupied by anyone. Please, explain yourself."

Kamek canted his head, listening. A brow cocked out over the rims of his glasses.

"I AM NO MERE KOOPA," he snorted, a flicker of irritation coming and going. **"I AM KAMEK, WEHEHE! THE RIGHTFUL MASTER OF WORLDS!"**

"Kamek, you infringe upon powers you cannot possibly fathom," the voice answered, from within the tiny glowing orb of light. "Desist, and surrender it. Consider this a fair and friendly warning."

"GEH! I DON'T THINK YOU HEARD ME," Kamek snorted, his enormous bulk flexing out a bit bigger, yet, filling with a swell of dark power. **"OTHERWISE, YOU WOULD KNOW THAT A MASTER TAKES NO ORDERS! I DIDN'T MAKE IT THIS FAR, TO BE COWED BY SOME OBNOXIOUS LITTLE SPACE GNAT! SHOO! BE OFF, OR I'LL MAKE SURE YOU PAY!"**

"If you've no intention of stopping, then prepare to *be* stopped."

Kamek's laughter boomed out, derisive and all-consuming; that laughter left, when the light glowed brighter still, and a series of falling stars streaked through the cosmos, blazing white-hot as they all slammed into his tremendously huge body, pelting and peppering his scaly muscles with innumerable little explosions. They were in such numbers that the little pops began to merge and blossom into a wall of white fire, making even the 350,000-mile god bellow in shock and anger.

Having no ground to stand upon, Kamek instead drifted back, his backside pushing several smaller, head-sized planets away from their respective orbits; the volley continued on, hammering now, driving the colossus back through space, slowly but surely.

"HUA AAAH!" Kamek roared, shaking the entire galaxy's quadrant with his returning rage. A monstrously thick arms swatted out, knocking some falling stars away, but mostly just absorbing the brunt of the onslaught. The purple miasma around him grew as his huge teeth fixed into a snarl. **"YOU PUSILLANIMOUS PIXIE! YOU, TRYING TO SWAT ME!?"**

Iggy, Roy, the clone, and every nation on the Mushroom World screamed in surprise as Kamek swung his wand, and swung *hard*. Nearly 60,000 miles of material curved towards the Observatory, which lit up its comet tail anew as it zipped away—being less than a fly compared to the vast wand, it proved easy enough.

"YOU WILL LEARN! YOU WILL *ALL* LEARN!"

That same massive wand did prove capable of sweeping wide through space, interrupting, then scattering away the falling star showers. His robe ripped even further from the strain of his bulk as it flexed in anger, so that only a few trembling threads managed to hold against his heaving pectorals and boomed-out shoulders. He wound up for another swing, and it became clear that his sole intention had been to destroy the Observatory; stopping the star-fall had only been incidental, punctuating just how ineffective the mighty attack had been against Kamek.

"No impact, no damage," Luma cried out, nearly glued to a readout on the big monitor. "He just shrugged it off!"

"Goodness, this is serious," Rosalina murmured, her visible eye wide. "What else can we throw at him, to make him stop this insanity? What else might I...wait!"

Yoshi was about as fast as they came, and Larry scrambled harder for the Star Rod, well-aware he was about as outmatched as a tethered Chain Chomp against a greased Bullet Bill. That was where minions came in handy.

"Stop them!" Larry shouted, the Koopaling waving frantically to his rousing underlings. "Quit laying around, and stop them! Now!"

Koopa Troopas scattered in formation, rushing the plumber and his steed at top speed. Yoshi jumped over a Troopa that had been nearer to start, and leapt in from the side. He skidded past, and the horde trampled over him in their quest. One Goomba jumped onto a Troopa, making him slip out of his red shell, in effect sending the shell careening out like a shot.

Astonishingly, the shell hit true, and blew Mario and Yoshi off their feet, into a mean tumble over the curve of Kamek's vast scale.

"Yes!" Larry hollered, pouncing on the Star Rod at last. He rolled with it, then popped up unscathed, if panting furiously. "Hah! Take that, Mario! That's where expendables get me!"

Wahoo!

As Larry caught his breath and raised the Star Rod, he paused, giving Mario one moment to speak out of magnanimity (and exhaustion). He sputtered and laughed.

"Are you out of your plumbing mind!?" he guffawed, sneering at the two. "You really thought I would make the better call, and undo everything? That's so stupid! You should've wished your wish as soon as you got a hold of this, instead of bringing it to me! I'm rotten, what did you *think* I would do with such temptation? The *right* thing!? You know what, Mario, this is on you! That's even sweeter!"

Even as Larry rubbed it in, Mario glanced around. If he could just find an item...

As his minions gathered, also out of breath, Larry re-raised the Star Rod high. Just as he did so, his minions all turned around, seeing something coming, and after a moment, Larry saw it too: the remainder of the Kamek army had found them, in the commotion! All of them glared through their broken glasses and scuffed robes, some fixing their tilted pointy hats, others readying their wands.

Larry was smart enough to know what was coming. That's why he spoke, and fast:

"I wish I was a million times stronger than Kamek!!"

The Star Rod glowed brightly, then flashed a radiance both awesome and horrible, as if taxed by such a mad demand, even for its power. That sinister glow overtook Larry, who started to laugh ominously, then rumble and twitch all over. All present watched, even the hundreds of thousands of gathering Kamek clones, as Larry's body suddenly ballooned up twice as big; his plated belly and chest burst out over him, spreading with an explosive bulge of growth that forced his arms to swell into broadening columns of bulk, his shell stretching away behind loudly inflating back muscles. His thighs erupted wider, and wider, expanding frantically as he trembled and shook and doubled in size again, and again! 4 feet blew up to an impressive 8, which rattled and groaned up to 16 feet, in roughly a second's time. The same way a balloon might initially resist the flow of air, Larry's body seemed to

struggle to accommodate the growth spurt, only for the next second's increase to be far smoother, and far, far, *far* bigger.

"Haaaaah," Larry began, spasms of hot growth pumping in waves throughout his 100-foot body, which rocketed up over the minions, over Mario and Yoshi, over the shocked army around them all, blowing up to 300 feet in a booming heartbeat's time. Mario mounted Yoshi, and the two bolted off faster than the minions could react, leaving them to suddenly be scooped up and bowled over by the growing Koopaling's clawed feet. Their cries rose up as they came to, the awestruck masses bowled over as they pair ran and ran. Behind them, flashes of magic from the entire Kamek Army rose up and blasted away, hammering the still-growing Larry with useless attacks, watching and screaming as he boom-laughed, trembled hard, then blew up to a staggering 600 feet! The shaking only grew worse as the inner rungs of the army were also bowled back by surging scaly soles and enlarging claws, forcing the rest of the army to scramble and flee as he rocketed up past 2,000 feet, then 5,000.

The single scale that Mario and Yoshi worked so hard to traverse, the entire valley it formed, was summarily consumed within less than ten very scary seconds. They slid down its sloping borders, sinking just low enough that they were simply covered by Larry's growing feet, rather than impacted by them. Still, it left them momentarily caged between the seams of two huge scales, Larry's growing pushing him past 14,000 feet, then 30,000, nearly 6 miles tall.

That was fifteen seconds. Faster and stronger than any other giant thus far.

By twenty seconds, Larry was over 600 miles tall, constituting less than a speck to Kamek. By twenty-five seconds, however, Larry was a whopping tenth of his size, at 35,000 miles, already so much bigger than the Mushroom World, bigger than Iggy or Roy or the Beta-clone. He had emerged somewhere in the Western region of Kamek's elbow, and by thirty seconds, he was suddenly much, *much* bigger, still! *Too big! Too fast!*

"I WILL TOLERATE NO...MORE...CHALLENGES!"

Kamek's anger continued to spike, as the tiny dot of light zoomed easily around his wand. His great victory remained, of course, yet the insult to it was getting more and more infuriating by the second, and the God-Koopa's patience was well-past gone. In the midst of his fury, the little light stopped in place, then began to glow brighter, and brighter still. Kamek was certainly aware, as he grit his teeth, raised the wand and its dizzy occupants high overhead, and then brought it sailing down in a final strike. Yet, that light's intensity swelled so much that even the bespectacled turtle had to wince and blink, missing his shot.

When that light cleared, Kamek shook his colossal head, then saw what was antagonizing him full and proper. It hadn't been some fairy, but rather, a fairy godmother. The human female before him must have been nearly as big as his pinky finger; to him, it was laughable. To anyone else, it would have made her nearly 15,000 miles tall. Even she seemed astonished for a moment—first, at her own size, then much more so, at his.

"My," Rosalina gasped, for both reasons. **"I've never been this big, ever...that must have taken all the power stars' help we had on hand..."**

"SO," Kamek snorted, brows furrowed all the way in. **"YOU'RE THE BOTHERSOME GNAT, BOTHERING ME! EHEEHEE, NOT BAD! NOT BAD AT ALL! BUT REALLY...YOU MUST SEE IT. YOU MUST SEE THE POWER DIFFERENCE, BETWEEN US!"**

"B...be that as it may, Kamek, I cannot allow you to continue this wild abuse of power!"

He flowing blue robe seemed to tense along with Rosalina as she concentrated, gathering stardust and light toward her from seemingly everywhere.

"OH, A LIGHT SHOW, EH?" Kamek growled, mocking. Before he could finish his godly burn, Rosalina threw her arms out, and a prismatic circle formed instantly; it solidified into a clear bubble, not around herself—but around Kamek. The huge Magikoopa looked it over, then balked. **"HUMPH! SUCH PALTRY TRICKS! I WILL SHOW YOU REAL POWER! WEHEHE! ARISE, MY MIGHTY ARMY! I KNOW YOU ARE HERE, WITH ME! EHEEHEE, IT IS TIME...TO GROW...EVEN BIGGER!"**

"Army?" the massive Rosalina repeated, cocking her head in confusion. **"What army?"**

Kamek smiled evilly, waiting, certain she would understand better once millions of growth spells started hitting him, once again. He continued to wait.

"HMM? ARMY? THIS IS ALPHA KAMEK, YOUR PRIME LEADER! CAN YOU NOT HEAR ME? MORE SPELLS! PLEASE!"

Again, nothing. Just as a flicker of annoyance resumed across his muzzle, a sudden bulge of yellow blew up against him, roughly as big as his elbow; before he could react, it blew up just as large as he was, the twin masses colliding and swelling to fill the bubble, stretching it out painfully as it inflated wider, and wider. Rosalina, every bit as shocked, went into a strain trying to force the bubble to hold, as it billowed uncontrollably bigger.

"W...what is this!?" Rosalina gasped, stretching both colossal arms and opened hands out ahead of her, redoubling her concentration. The bubble was already twice as big, meaning the mass within was easily 700,000 miles in size; in fact, the differently-toned yellow belonging to Kamek seemed overwhelmed, more and more.

When the bubble trembled its defeated last, and stretched that one iota bigger, it burst away, sending Rosalina and the tiny Observatory flying back through the void. When she looked back up, she saw another Koopa, similar enough to Kamek, save for a brighter yellow and a shock of blue mohawk. This new arrival, however, was possessed of such a scope that he unfurled at a stunning, incomprehensible 750,000 miles tall—nearly four billion feet of pure, quaking, swollen scaly muscle. From beyond two vast plains of plated pectorals, a monstrous grin loomed, all triumph and teeth.

"WELL! GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, KAMEK! AND AT

THE PROPER PERSPECTIVE, TOO!"

Kamek recovered enough from being just as blown back as Rosalina, and when he looked up, and up, even he gulped. Just over twice his massive, cosmic size, towered Larry Koopa. The sorcerer's mind reeled, trying in vain to figure out, as instantly as possible, just how this madness had happened.

"WHAT...WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!?" Kamek thundered, his bafflement eroding directly into white-hot rage. **"I...I WON'T HAVE THIS!? YOU HEAR ME, LARRY! I HAVE WORKED FAR TOO HARD--"**

"PLEASE!" Larry thundered back, even bigger, even stronger and deeper. **"I SAW EVERYTHING BACK ON-WORLD! YOUR ARMY DID ALL THE LIFTING FOR YOU! BUT I ALREADY FIRED THEM, SO I SUPPOSE THIS PART WILL HAVE TO BE JUST YOU!"**

Kamek gulped, without meaning to, and Larry saw. At last, Kamek found himself backing away, just by degrees. Several smaller planets bumped against his back, parting out of their orbits silently, as each world's denizens hung on for the ride.

What came next was wordless, but telling. Kamek's wand shot out, aimed right at Larry's unbelievably huge chest. The Koopaling just snorted, and flexed, blowing them up even larger, stretching the plating intentionally loud. Kamek tensed, and Larry simply patted his huge muscles happily, grinning wider.

"HEH. DO IT."

"D...DON'T YOU MOCK ME!" Kamek bellowed, still humongous enough to shake space once more with his voice. In contrast, Larry shrugged dismissively, and Kamek's anger grew tenfold, until he was nearly blind behind his glasses. The wand glowed brightly, and Iggy and Roy both hustled to push themselves and the entire Mushroom World off of the cushion, hiding behind it, just as a violent bolt of purple blasted out through the top, slamming through space into Larry. The even-bigger Koopa chuckled and let it happen, and as Kamek watched in horror, the blast only soaked deep into Larry, pumping him up to 900,000 miles. He cut the beam off immediately, leaving Larry to huff out with a happy shudder.

"ANOTHER WOULD BE NICE," Larry practically purred. Kamek's teeth grit so tight they hurt, but the wizard still knew enough to lower his wand. **"UNDERSTAND, NOW, KAMEK? I'M MUCH STRONGER THAN YOU. YOU'RE OUTCLASSED, AGAIN. SO."**

With that, Larry loomed forward, and poked Kamek hard in the chest. Even one thick finger was enough to push the vast Magikoopa far back.

"GET USED TO SERVING, LIKE YOU WERE MEANT TO...UNDERLING."

Rosalina and countless worlds across the galaxy all watched as Kamek digested the words, then began to shake all over, worse, and worse and worse. His cheeks burned dark tan, nearing a muddied pink, fists big enough to hold multiple planets clenching tighter and tighter.

"DON'T YOU CALL ME THAT," Kamek growled, as the dark miasma began to creep back over his bulky body once again. In seconds, it was darker and thicker than ever before, and only Rosalina seemed to notice. The sight of it made her gasp in absolute fear.

"Oh, no..."

"I'LL CALL YOU WORSE," Larry sneered, poking Kamek harder.
"WORSE THAN MY DAD EVER DID. HE ONLY KEPT YOU AROUND FOR YOUR POWER. HE JUST LIKED TO GET HUGE AND SHOW OFF, LIKE AN IDIOT. HE WAS A BUFFOON, SURE, BUT THAT WAS THE EXTENT OF IT. I AM NOT A BUFFOON. I WILL GRIND YOU INTO DUST IF YOU DON'T GET IT IN GEAR, AND BEHAVE! YOU UNDERSTAND, YOU PUNY SPECK?"

Kamek started the chant to clone himself again; it was perhaps the last sensible, clear-headed thing he did, and even that failed, as Larry's huge fingers catch his muzzle, and pinched it closed. With his other hand, Larry relieved him of his wand, with a few bullying tugs.

"YOU GIVE ME ANY EXCUSE TO, AND I WON'T BOTHER WITH KEEPING YOU ON STAFF! YOU GOT THAT, UNDERLING!?"

Kamek's shaking deepened from a vibration to a relative earthquake, his yellow hide starting to darken along with his miasma. Untold power remained coursing through him, and that power was building. Larry might as well have stuck his finger into a steam pipe, because the pressure was growing to horrific levels. Rosalina motioned for the Observatory to go full comet, and fly as far away as

possible, as the view-filling Koopas continued on. All the repressed rage within Kamek kept bubbling higher up, surging in angry, sinister waves, until his skin dropped from a darkening yellow to brown, then...nearly black.

No. NO. NO, NO, NO, NOOOOOOOO

Even Larry cocked a brow as Kamek's trembling muscles darkened to black. From within that darkness, internal sparks swelled bright and red, glowing evilly from within his flared nostrils and out around the corners of his snarling mouth. Those hellish embers suddenly exploded, at long last, and outright fire erupted from Kamek's mouth, knocking Larry back, sending a pillar of brilliant, brutal flames up into space, a great spire of power and hate. Even the release of it did nothing to stop his quaking, as Kamek's entire blackened body shook, rumbled...and *grew*.

"GAH," Larry grunted, waving his ember-covered claws cool, drifting back as he saw Kamek there before him...but twice his size. And growing. A lot.

"R...RRRRGGGGGRRRAAAAAAAAAAAGH!"

"H...HEY, WAIT. DON'T YOU TRY ANYTHING! I'M FAR STRONGER THAN YOU, REMEMBER!? WATCH THIS!"

Larry's huge arms rose up before him, making his even larger pectorals mash in tight, as the wand he had stolen from Kamek flared bright at the tip; Iggy and Roy wisely kept themselves and the world hidden behind the cushion as Larry chanted away, and a huge beam of blue energy shot forth and battered into Kamek. The growing Magikoopa's roar only continued on, uncaring, relentless, getting lower and deeper as he grew bigger and bigger and bigger.

Larry flinched, watching, as the blue beam deflected off of Kamek's swelling black scales, spikes shoving out longer and thicker behind him as his biceps and shoulders utterly detonated in size. His triceps billowed hungrily down into his expanding wings, the two surfaces meeting and swelling bigger and bulkier into each other, as Kamek bellowed on, bursting up past 4,000,000 miles, then 12,000,000. With every throbbing second, he pulsed out even thicker, stronger, surging up messily as more and more flame shot from his muzzle.

"He's lost it," Rosalina said, putting her hands up to her lip in shock. **"Whatever semblance of reason he possessed before...it's been wiped away by pure fury!"**

Now more than 13 times smaller than Kamek, Larry started to back away, then back away faster, as the Devil-Koopa kept aggressively swelling larger across all of space. Whole clusters of neighboring planets dotted his ebony hide like tiny sparkling dots, spreading apart from one another as they wedged between scales, and those shining scales grew wider and wider. At over 20,000,000 miles in size, Fury Kamek flexed hard, and his biceps exploded higher, his thighs bloating hotly, his chest volcanic in its booming spurts. As big and thick as Kamek had become, his physique managed to grow more and more hulking, more bestial and tough, and at 30,000,000 miles, he might as well have been

armageddon itself.

"UH, WHAT..." Larry muttered nervously, seeing Kamek's belly swell to fill even his vision, his pecs towering high overhead. **"I, UH...WHAT DO I DO...GUH, S-STOP! I COMMAND YOU! I'M IN CH-CHARGE! WHY CAN'T I...STOP HIM? I WISHED TO BE WAY STRONGER, SO...WHY? WAS IT..."**

A look of complete horror and embarrassment overtook him, as a singular spark sailed lower and lower toward him, through space, too small to be noticed. It seemed on a trajectory for his head.

"B-BECAUSE I WISHED...TO BE STRONGER THAN HIM...AT THAT POINT IN TIME? I...I TOOK OUT HIS ARMY FIRST! THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AS BIG AND STRONG AS HE COULD GET! N-NO...NO!! I—"

Just like that, Larry shut up, closed his huge eyes, and went limp, sagging there in space. Despite being nearly a million miles tall, he was already nothing compared to Fury Kamek. The background filled with black, glossy scales and tumbling embers, each bigger than planets, against the 50,000,000-mile tall Magikoopa beast.

The wand hung limp in his hands, and Iggy and Roy and the clone all peered out from behind the cushion, up at Larry. Rosalina watched on, unblinking, before Larry suddenly gasped back to life, wide-eyed and awake. And mustached. An immensely gargantuan red cap appeared, having grown to fit his head, and on it two massive, cartoonish eye blinked to life. They looked space over, at the same time as Larry's eyes, which looked softer, more like a certain plumber's did.

"GOOD GRIEF," Larry huffed, looking himself over, poking his own monstrously huge, tight muscles with a testing claw tip. **"WE'RE TOO LATE! I GUESS NIETHER LARRY NOR I KNEW HE COULD GET ANY STRONGER OR BIGGER, SHOOT. THAT'S-A PROBLEM."**

Rosalina put the pieces together, and zoomed through space, up, up, up, up, up towards the towering reptile's vast head and ultra-gigantic red cap.

"Mario?" she asked, cautiously. **"Cappy? That's you two, right?"**

The immense Koopaling cocked to attention, looking left and right.

"THAT-A VOICE...ROSALINA?"

Having that speech booming out of Larry's mouth was beyond strange, but more welcome than the real deal ever could be. She smiled in some measure of relief, though it was brief.

"It is, yes! I was combating Kamek, when this other...well, you, appeared and angered him so badly that he...changed..."

Larry-Mario grimaced, looking back at the still-growing Kamek, whose body was swelling out of control, over 100,000,000 miles of quaking muscle and flame exploding bigger throughout the galaxy, steadily filling more and more of it with his heaving girth.

"OOF, YEAH...I WAS A-GONNA USE CAPPY TO PUT AN END TO ALLA THIS FAST, SINCE I FIGURED LARRY WOULD-A GET GREEDY...BUT NOW, WE'RE GONNA HAVE-A TO GET CREATIVE..."

"You planned to use him?" Rosalina murmured, thinking. **"Wishes? You knowingly...let him wish for this? But..."**

Wasting no further time, the immense possessed Koopaling flexed unthinkable muscles, stretching the scales tight, before launching himself through space, right towards Kamek's 130,000,000-mile form, leaving Rosalina behind.

"...Why didn't you just...wish this all undone, before having to bother?"

The closer Larry-Mario rocketed, the more frightening Kamek became. He had been easily viewable from across the entire quadrant of the galaxy, but seeing less and less of him as a whole, simply due to how big he really was, was quickly becoming unnerving.

Don't lose heart, Mario!

Cappy cheered him on, the living hat providing moral support at the drop of a...well, him. Larry-Mario grunted, then nodded, steeling his resolve.

Larry went so overboard with his wish, it still leaves you with tons and tons of powers, like Kamek must have had. We saw him using magic against Kamek on our way to his head, after all! There must be something we can do, with all that power!

As they thought, Larry-Mario arrived. All that ponderous muscle now went into stopping, desiring considerable inertia at the sight of Kamek's dark pectorals swelling nearer to them. The Magikoopa wasn't moving, so much as he was free-floating in space, and ballooning in every direction. Over 300,000,000 miles of raw power and rage loomed overhead, far below, and on both sides, and all

Larry-Mario would think to do was charge.

"WAHOOOOOOOOO!"

All that muscle and godly power slammed hard into Kamek's belly, mid-way, and the ever-growing titan didn't budge on single relative inch back. If anything, his scales rumbled, then reactively ballooned even bigger, faster!

Fury Kamek blasted off an even wider burst of raging fire as he doom-roared in anger; he must have vaguely felt the attack, because the dark energies surrounding his body swelled, and then he did too, replying with a detonating, eruptive growth spurt, pushing his tremendous body to sizes so fantastic that Larry-Mario could do nothing but cling tight to swelling turtle belly plates as they expanded out and out and out and out around him. Half a billion miles of blackened muscle, fire and spikes were the answer to his charge, and soon the possessed Koopaling found himself stuck to Fury Kamek's bulk, by sheer gravity.

He stood up, dusted himself off, then sighed, looking around for bearings, then regretting it when he got them. Where Fury Kamek had started several times bigger, the 900,000-mile Larry-Mario was now, quite literally, hundreds and hundreds of times smaller. He paced and paced, his huge feet thudding with deep bass against Fury Kamek's growing scales.

I didn't mean, brute force, Mario. More like a spell!

"RIGHT-A, RIGHT, OKEE-DOKEY..."

At that, Larry-Mario raised the wand, somewhat small in his vast grip. He thought, and thought hard, over the sounds of Fury Kamek's uncontrollable growth...

NO, NO, NOOOOO, NOOOOOOOO! NEVER AGAIN! NEVER, EVER!

Fury Kamek's mind was afire, panicked in its own all-consuming hate. He was a God! An underling!? No! NO! NO!!

The enormity of the Magikoopa was such that it was actually becoming lost on entire worlds, as he swelled into them, pushing them back, adding to the collective sparkles along his inflating hide. All anyone knew was, one moment they were fine, the next, wham, a great wall of total black, and waves of heat. The billion-mile Koopa's growth climbed feverishly, his head and furnace-mouth lost in a sea of twitching bulk and swollen scales. More power than he had ever wished for poured off of his muscles in raging waves, yet in his unbridled, burning rage, he hardly noticed it. He could be measure in astronomical units at this point, he was so massive, so huge—over 10 of them, in fact.

Yet, his rage only built, and the pressure of it ballooned him up to 40 AU, in one booming beat of his fiery heart. Hundreds of planets stuck to his bulk now, others starting to drift nearer from the ever-expanding demands of his own gravity well.

As his anger only grew and grew, it perhaps didn't help any, when a bright little blue flash came

and went somewhere on his belly, followed by another, then another, and another. After the fifth of seventh little cloudburst, an entire group of them popped up next, more than twenty. Then again, an ever wider crowd of little blue puffs overtook that section of Fury Kamek, until even the vast growth-god suddenly felt it. A monstrous black hand slammed thoughtlessly down on his belly, but a hundred more blue puffs tickled to life around it, and when he brought said hand back up, it was swarmed with unbelievably tiny little things.

"RRRRRRRRR!?"

Fury Kamek's red eyes narrowed in animal puzzlement, and still some measure of anger, at the dotting waves of ants covering his hand. They went wide, when he realized they were all Larry. *That foul, contemptible Larry!*

More and more Larry-Mario clones burst to life, each one nearly a million miles tall...yet they all paled in comparison to him; they were less than insects. They were closer to germs. But enough germs could still do damage, and so they kept multiplying away.

This, counter-productively, only made Fury Kamek even angrier, and the mountainous hand and belly they tried to cover violently trembled, then exploded twice as huge, his whole body roaring larger, along with his terrible, fire-blasting bellows far, far up above.

I know, I know, Mario, but keep it up! They all have clone-wands, right?

Larry-Mario stopped multiply-chanting enough to see that the nearest ones did. Whether or not each one's tip had its own planet and captives, there was no telling, and no time. Instead, Larry-Mario ordered a new, more important command:

"EVERYBODY...LET'S A-GROW!"

Trillions upon trillions of Larry-Mario clones all turned, nodded, and blasted Larry-Mario prime with so many growth spells that he nearly passed out. His growth blasted up so hard, so fast and violently, that his vision blurred and warped, as he surged up from the armada of magical blue blasts, blowing up, and up, and up, so fast that even Fury Kamek's growth spurt began to slowly but surely even out, then lose out to the speed of his own, wherein he finally began to appear to become larger, on his body.

By the time he was 50 AU in size, and blown up to ridiculous levels of bulk, Larry-Mario prime found himself floating in front of a 100 AU Fury Kamek, who glared daggers at him, his red-ember eyes narrowing to accusing slits.

"NOOOOO"

Even half as big as the cosmos-sized Magikoopa, Larry-Mario still shook from the raw blast of his voice, as some part of him quested for articulation. Fury Kamek's maw opened wide, and a terrible ocean of fire blew out at him, leaving Larry-Mario time enough for one reflexive chant. A wall of blue shot up around him, Kamek's fire hammering away at it right after it formed.

I guess he isn't up to talking, Cappy mused.

The spells from his tinier clone comrades kept on coming, blowing Larry-Mario prime up to nearly Fury Kamek's size. Planets didn't even register anymore, to either of them; they wouldn't have to his clones, even. Only stars were remotely large enough to be seen, and those were the bigger types. Otherwise, it was a great sea of darkness—and Kamek was darker, still.

There had to be something, some way to stop this. All of this had started, because Bowser had gotten so greedy, and things had broken down and snowballed from there.

Was it, though?

The question hit, and Larry-Mario let it. What was that supposed to mean?

Kamek got to like being bigger, sure, so did the other Koopas, and Bowser...but why? Why, Kamek? His growth was a bi-product, and the madder he got, the...

The madder he got at being called an underling. The madder he got, being put down.

Despite all of the powers and items and power ups and wishes that had been flung around in the day's chaos, one thing had never even occurred to him, to use. As he thought, and as Fury Kamek resumed angrily swatting himself to clear off the clone-gnats, Larry-Mario finally, finally knew what would do it. He knew the one thing that could stop this.

His hijacked wish-born powers were drawn upon, and the towering Larry-Mario prime chanted off a spell. A fairly simple one. At first, nothing seemed to happen, just a poof appearing next to him that was so small, it was invisible.

Another chant, and a whoosh of growth, and suddenly Bowser was there, blown up to unutterable size...he loomed at a mighty, whopping 100 astronomical units...leaving him less than a fraction of their size. But still, as he blinked in shock and awe, the Koopa King was there, and was just visible enough to interact with.

"**WHAT IN THE,**" Bowser squeaked, looking back at his son, Larry...who was looming over him by a huge margin, in space...with a mustache and cap that looked...like..."**NO...NO!"**

"I'M-A NOT GONNA WASTE TIME," Larry-Mario huffed, his huge scaly chest stretching out with magic power. **"TELL KAMEK HOW GREAT HE IS, ANNA APOLOGIZE, NOW."**

Bowser stared blankly up at him. He looked back at Fury Kamek, still expanding, still heaving bigger, roaring and blasting flame throughout the galaxy. He looked back at Larry-Mario, his face unchanged.

"NO."

Before anything else could happen, Larry-Mario's hand loom-closed around the tinier Bowser,

grasping him into a huge, impatient fist. That fist escalated him up, up, up, up, up, all the way to Larry's view-consuming muzzle, and a very knitted brow.

"IT'S-A ONLY GONNA GET WORSE."

Bowser's teeth poked out as he bit his lip, blushing and sore. He snorted, steeled himself, and shook his head stubbornly. The fist tightened, and Bowser held the words in, anyway. It kept tightening, as Fury Kamek could be heard swelling and bulging in the distance. Still, Bowser angrily resisted, even as he held his breath until his face started to turn more of a pink-blue, somehow.

Larry-Mario sighed, before he looked to the side, thinking. He smiled.

Fury Kamek had swollen to over a full light year in size, his body a great mountain of spikes, muscles and scales. Black spires rose endlessly from his back, his rolling shoulders so heavy that even the mighty Magikoopa was slow in moving them around as they shifted and blew up and out in mass. In the heights of he next roar, to even his bestial surprise, a familiar voice intruded, and it was as loud and stupid and brassy as ever:

"BWAHAHAHA! LOOKIT YOU! AH, I DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD IT IN YOU, HEH! I WAS FINALLY WRONG ABOUT SOMETHING!"

Fury Kamek's anger rose, and sharply. He knew that voice, even now.

Bowser floated up into view, a constant barrage of clone spells forcing him bigger and bigger, frantically enlarging him enough to stay at least visible to the ever-expanding Kamek. Billions of miles poured into Bowser, making him bigger than he had ever, ever conceived of, even at the heights of his greed...and yet, he was still piddling, compared to Fury Kamek. By a lot.

"I WAS HOPING THIS WOULD HAPPEN, YOU KNOW, DEEP DOWN," Bowser continued, despite his blatant worrying, and the shifting sizes making him lurch larger and warble his changing voice. **"BUT YOU DID IT, HEHE! YOU TRULY SURPRISED ME, KAMEK! WHEN I PUSHED YOU, YOU SHOWED ME WHAT YOU WERE M-MADE OF! IT'S ALMOST AS IMPRESSIVE AS I AM, BWAHAHA! NOT BAD, AT ALL!"**

Kamek's furnace-nostrils flared, and his terrifying growth spurt finally, finally began to slow.

"BUT HEY, YOU PROVED THE POINT I WAS SECRETLY HOPING YOU WOULD MAKE, ALL ALONG! I...I'M...P...YOU SEE, AS EXPECT A LOT FROM MY U...P-PARTNERS IN ARMS! YES! HEH, AND YOU DELIVERED! I, EH...I'M P...PR...GUH, PUH-P...GAH! I'M PROUD OF YOU! WAY TO GO AND REPRESENT KOOPADOM!"

Bowser looked as though he had eaten a plate full of poison mushrooms, or worse, wheat. He shuddered, his body convulsing at having to be appreciative out loud. Fury Kamek's terrible aura flickered out, resurfaced...then faded away. Those red beast-eyes blinked at last, and when they opened the glasses before them were blue and calm again. Though he remained monstrous and thick and darkened so, Kamek was back.

"Y..." Kamek started, catching something in his huge throat. **"YOU MEAN...YOU KNEW? ALL THIS TIME?"**

"YOU THINK I DIDN'T? PAH! THINGS WERE GETTING STALE, FRANKLY. N...NOT YOUR FAULT. WE WERE GETTING COMPLACENT, NEEDED A CHANGE! A GOOD BOSS KNOWS THESE THINGS! YOU AH, WERE A PRETTY GOOD BOSS, YOURSELF!"

Kamek's chest swelled out, but he wasn't growing any larger.

"YOU REALLY MEAN THAT?"

Bowser slouched slightly, begrudging.

"...YEAH. YEAH, I GUESS I DO."

On either horizon, an immense arm appeared, and closed in at frightening speed. Even Bowser's blown-up composure nearly cracked as he was summarily scooped into a great, deep hug, buried in between Kamek's boundless pectorals. It only lasted a moment, before even Kamek cleared his throat, and released the far tinier Bowser.

"V-VERY GOOD THEN, BOWSER...MY LORD."

The Koopa King's elation at hearing his favorite title again almost showed, as he cleared his throat, too, and nodded briskly.

"R-RIGHT. SURE. WELL, WE HAVE A KINGDOM TO REBUILD, THEN, DON'T WE?"

Larry-Mario grinned, as he stayed well-out of it.

"YES, SIRE, CONSIDER IT ALREADY DONE."

"...HEH?"

With a mere snap of his claws, just like that, it all seemed undone.

Mario and Yoshi stepped into the main hall of Peach's castle, and Peach was already there to greet them. Rosalina and royalty from multiple kingdoms were in attendance, as well, and all of them looked pleased to see them. Bowser, of course, was not in attendance.

"Oh, Mario," Peach sighed, putting a gloved hand to her chest. "You did it again! The Mushroom Kingdom is safe, once more!"

"Though it did get somewhat out of hand," Rosalina added, giving Mario a worried expression. The plumber grabbed his hat, which was still Cappy, and they both looked up bashfully at to the two princesses. "Tell me, please—when you got the Star Rod from Nimbus Land, why in the world didn't you just wish everything back to normal, when you had the chance?"

Even Princess Peach looked at a loss for words, hearing this.

"Mario, is this true?"

Mario made to answer, when one among the attending royalty stepped forward.

"Oh, I can answer that," Prince Mallow chirped, the small cloud-shaped comrade coming between them all. "To be blunt, he *did* try. As soon as he arrived in Nimbus Land, amid all that chaos, it was the first thing he asked for. He wanted the Star Rod we had on loan, so he could wish to undo things back to where they were, *before* he entered Bowser's stronghold."

This didn't seem to settle anything. If anything, Rosalina looked even more confounded.

"You're saying, it didn't work?"

"It wasn't powerful enough to undo what Kamek's powers had grown to. He was practically a god, after all, even that early on. We realized there was no undoing it, so he hatched this insane plan instead. We both figured that Kamek was so strong, that only he could undo it, himself. The initial plan was to let one of the Koopalings get their hands on the Star Rod, to wish for even more power, because of course they would...then, swoop in with Cappy and take control of them. Then, either Kamek would be forced to undo everything, or by possessing an even stronger magic, maybe we could have undone it, ourselves...only Kamek got even *stronger*, so we were back to having to convince him to do it, himself."

Peach's head was swimming, at this point. Rosalina understood fine, but her fingers were still up at her temples.

"That...well. I am very glad that it worked. Barely."

"All it took was a little respect, of all things," Mallow said, nodding. Well, he seemed to be trying to, what with him having no neck. "I imagine that was all he really wanted, for a long time."

"And Bowser will have to stay that way, if he knows what's good for him," Cappy added.

To this, Mario only had one thing to add:

Wahoo.

There were no renovations on Bowser's castle, simply because it had been rendered moot by Kamek's power. Bricks were back in place, as slapdash as ever, pillar stood, robes draped and arced, and the throne Bowser's growth spurts had destroyed rested anew.

Koopa Troopas marched as evilly as possible through long, echoing halls, torches blazes in a nice balance against too much darkness, and all was well.

"Hey, you," Bowser commanded, snapping his fingers at a passing Troopa, who hustled back to him and his throne.

"Lord!"

"My rotten kids already have the edict, yeah? They know?"

"Sir, yes! The decree is out, across the Koopa Kingdom! They've all sworn to it."

Bowser withheld a growl of annoyance, and made it past.

"Alright, alright, then, beat it."

The Troopa saluted, then turned and marched off. There was a pregnant moment, before Bowser worked himself back up to snuff, then clapped his hands.

"Kamek!"

With a poof of violet smoke, the great hall was suddenly very, very, very full. The rows of guard-Troopas all held their breath and put up with it, as a vast wall of blue robed bulk smothered them, pressing both sides into the pillars and walls, as Kamek pressed into everything, easily over fifty feet in size. His blue fabric strained perfectly tight against his remaining bulk, as the towering Magikoopa nodded dutifully, and creaked the floor with a gracious bow.

"Lord Bowser," Kamek boomed, humbly. "I am at your service, sire! What can I do for you, wehehe?"

"I, uh, just wanted to...thank you, again, for the castle and repairing the...entire kingdom, and stuff. G-good job."

Kamek practically glowed with satisfaction, blushing underneath his glasses. The guards could swear he swelled even bigger against them.

"T-thank you, my Lord!"

"Yeah, yeah. Now, to business. That creep Mario shouldn't stand a chance, now that your more powerful than ever before...just ah, how much bigger...do you think you can make me, this time?"

Kamek thought it over, genuinely.

"Oh, utterly immeasurable, sire, eheehheehhee! Easily!"

At this, Bowser smiled even wider. Now, he meant it.

"Good. You and I should have quality giant time! Nice and equal, with me bigger. Er, just a bit, geheh."

Kamek swelled even larger, until the pillars and walls started to crack against his warm bulk, before he nodded happily, then puffed away, vanishing in violet mist.

Back in his creaking, magically-enlarged tower, Kamek reappeared, knocking his knuckles together in abject joy. It didn't matter that he was still growing bigger, stuffing his enlarged chambers to the brim, shoving cauldrons back, ripping his tight robe, her his head and pointy hat thumping up bigger and bigger into the ceiling. There was just one thing on his mind.

"...Equal," Kamek repeated, letting it out, keeping it, savoring the word.

It made sense. After all, it was the first sweet thing he had ever had in his life.