

Job Satisfaction

By Blue Jay

Just because Mario is always ruining Bowser's plans doesn't mean he's the one who's winning...

So Bowser Day (fourth day of the eighth month, reflecting World 8-4, in which he first appeared) was upon us once again. This time, knowing the date, I decided to crank out a quick little something to celebrate one of the greatest characters in fiction. Because Michael Bay decided to utterly ruin an invaluable part of my childhood, I decided to release this at week's end instead of week's start, because to hell with Teenage Michael Ninja Bays. My turtle smut is better than his turtle crap.

Since I have other things on my plate while composing this, it won't be so much, but hopefully it'll be enough to please the masses until I get around to writing a more filling adventure.

Also, I have a serious love of floggers. I am not entirely sure why.

The heavy dungeon door clanked shut, and they were left alone.

Standing at the entrance, not having taken even a single step down the small set of stairs to the floor below, King Bowser took in the sight before him: Mario the Plumber, Savior of the Mushroom Kingdom a thousand times over, a raccoon of peerless courage and skill, who had defied the Lizard King at every turn and defeated him in every clash.

What an idiot.

With a snort, Bowser descended to the floor. His heavy footfalls softly echoed through the large chamber, but Mario did not react. Not as though he could: he was held in place with new chains, the steel gleaming brightly in the well-lit dungeon. He sat astride a wooden horse, leather ankle cuffs chained to the floor. Behind the raccoon, his arms were contained in a smooth leather bag, the arm binder's straps tightly secured over the furry's shoulders and upper chest, the D-ring at the end hook to a chain descending from the ceiling to keep the limbs up and expose the back. The last touch was a head harness, designed to both blindfold and muzzle his persistent enemy. The nose of the muzzle was slitted to allow for breathing; Bowser had no wish to kill his favorite antagonist.

"I'm disappointed you did not see this coming," he told the much-smaller creature. Being part dragon, he was huge, weighing more than five hundred pounds and standing eight feet tall. He was in perfect condition, sculpted muscles and glistening scales covering his body, the ivory-white spikes on his shell nearly glowing in the magical torchlight. "How many times have I kidnapped Peach? I stopped counting a long time ago; did you? Did it become just another day to you?"

Bowser turned away from Mario, moving towards the wall. The entire dungeon was of a very special nature, not catering to actually cruelty but rather to yearned-for sadism. As such, the whole chamber was equipped with all manner of BDSM items, everything needed for lashing down, hoisting up, encasing, humbling, disciplining, whatever the user desired. The turtle-dragon hybrid was still discussing the installment of a small pool in the room with his engineers. Unfortunately, things were progressing slowly with those plans. He'd hold out hope, though.

Reaching a bench laden with items, Bowser looked them over before frowning and turning his eyes a bit higher. Hanging upon the wall in a neat row were more toys, dangling from little golden hooks. A variety of tools hung there, ones designed to drive the flesh wild. Upon that thought, Bowser glanced for a second down again, eyes looking to the vampire gloves. No, he decided, that would be for later, if Mario behaved himself.

Bowser reached up and selected his favorite non-penetration toy of them all, the flogger. Many of his minions chose the whip when promoted to a supervisory position, and the Lizard King found it hard to argue with them much of the time: it had an elegant design and produced such lovely sounds, its crack instantly memorable...as were the noises produced by those it struck. Some would choose the crop, a stiff and minimalist instrument that still carried volumes of power, a subtle authority to its supple form; Bowser often noticed more females than males choosing the crop. The last item hanging there was the paddle, a basic, crude, and yet surprisingly effective thing. He imagined that much of its impact had to do with the broadness and the ingrained feelings every creature secretly harbored regarding a spanking, magnified by the sheer size of most paddles.

Still, the flogger held the most import to the hybrid. It was a whip, but more, not so unnecessarily long and with plenty of threads with which to excite those begging for leathery kisses. It didn't jut out awkwardly as a crop did, it wasn't bulky and ungainly as was a paddle. To Bowser, a flogger was quiet and persistent brilliance made palpable, to be experienced by all who dared, and its rewards manifold.

"Did you never wonder that maybe she was betraying you? If not the entire time, then certainly after the first several abductions?" He moved to another table, grinning in spite of himself. This one held toys meant for penetration, dildos of all manner. He chose a sleek model, one with a slender tip for easier insertion before the small studs at the halfway point. The dong had a fat, round bottom and then a stem attached to the base, allowing it to rest inside the anus with little fear of expulsion.

Clipping the flogger to his bondage belt (impossible to get on without aid from his minions), Bowser approached his captive again, kneeling to catch his ear. It was annoying, being so tall when your rival was only half your size and a fraction of your weight, but it was doable. Leaning in, the overlord said softly in his deep tones, "It should make you feel better that I never offered her a disgraceful deal, nor did she attempt to reason with me using her body. Truth be told, I wouldn't have accepted even if she had; I'm a married fellow, after all, and I simply don't find the vixen princess particularly attractive."

He lowered himself enough to reach under the wooden horse, dong in hand. It was the work of only a moment to slide the toy up the interior and through a hole in the center of the median. As it rose up, it met the tailhole of the raccoon, who gave a muffled cry of indignity and tried to shift away. But his

trappings held him securely in place, allowing for very little escape, and not a minute later Bowser's fake cock was piercing him. The end went in quite easily, and the plumber grew silent, trying to simply survive the large tool becoming more and more buried in his bowels, stretched to the limit by the girth of the object.

Eventually it stopped, and Bowser snapped a few straps into place around the dong's base, keeping the toy locked into position. If Mario either bucked too much or grew too loose or horny, the fat base could be forced inside of him without much difficulty. As it was, the dong was more like a cock-shaped stud for him to ride, mimicking a real phallus, and ride it he would.

"Even if Peach holds no special feelings towards you, I do. All these years, you have been a magnificent constant in my life, even more reliable than the Princess, always there when I need you to entertain me." He gave a short laugh. "That's what it's always been about, you know: entertainment. Didn't you ever stop to think just how many soldiers I must have to so continuously throw myself against the Mushroom Kingdom, rapidly building entire series of castles and occupying whole countrysides with legions of troops? If I had truly wanted to annex your homeland, I would have done so from day one."

Smiling now, Bowser detached the flogger and stood to Mario's side, arm up and back, ready to deliver the first blow.

"Of course," he said, "that would have deprived me of the tremendous pleasure of remaking you."

Hearing this, his nemesis stiffened just a moment before the leads met his body. The leather strips, thirty-six in all, lashed crisply against the furred male's body, and he jerked in reaction. With the leads striking his back, the black-and-gray male bucked forward, the dong sliding a couple of inches out of him before he fell back onto it, resting upon the fat bottom of the toy.

Bowser alternated after that, striking the raccoon on the front, the back again, and then back to the front. He never increased the strength of the blows, his arcs honed over years of giving his doting minions the same treatment. Each lashing was tailored to elicit the maximum amount of masochistic pleasure from the recipient.

And given the way Mario was sporting a full erection, his hips unabashedly grinding against the dildo, the Lizard King would soon have a prized slut groveling at his feet.

By the time he stopped the lashing, he was only slightly winded. Mario, on the other hand, was sagging against his bindings, his skin softly glowing pink through his fur. Smiling in appreciation of his work, Bowser clipped the flogger to his belt again and leaned forward. He undid the buckles holding the head harness in place, pulling it away and watching as the furry drew labored breaths, clearly strained by the beating.

"Be honest," Bowser said, his tone encouraging rather than commanding, "disregarding the fact that we have never gotten along, that I've repeatedly made attempts to annex your kingdom, that I've abducted your princess a hundred times, and that I've never made it especially easy for you to get it all back...are you enjoying yourself?"

Mario tried to glare at his captor, tried to spit something rebellious at his and defy his twisted carnal authority...

...But as his anus threatened to swallow the next level of the dong, the tip gently brushing against his prostate, he could only moan, shivers of pleasure running through his body. He tried to stop himself from pressing his tailhole against it further, but the more he tried to resist, the more he craved the wickedly sensual touch, the threat of being fully penetrated nearly causing his eyes to roll up into his head.

Seeing the other male so thoroughly infected with the fires of masochistic lust, Bowser's face split into a huge smile. His plan was working beautifully, and in no time at all little Mario would be willingly giving himself to the dragon-turtle, pleading to be commanded like a drone, a slave to his master's whims.

"Please..." Mario whimpered, his tone pleading as he broke Bowser out of his brief reverie. "Please make me cum..."

The massive dragon-turtle snorted. "Not even the slightest chance of that happening. I *will*, however, give you an even greater blessing than allowing your release."

With a booming word, Bowser summoned a pair of servants from the hallway outside. They moved in unison, never uttering a word, the only sound the gentle squeak of latex on latex, and moved to stand on either side of their liege, the trio in front of Mario that he would see just what was coming to him.

"Making you squirt pitiful samplings of yourself isn't the culmination of pleasure, it's the beginning," the Lizard King explained. "You'll soon learn that total submission to me brings you greater ecstasy than mere ejaculation can. In surrendering to my authority, you'll find yourself experiencing greater levels of bliss than physical gratification can give you. In time, merely being in my presence will make you feel better than a skilled blowjob."

He gestured to one of the Hammers, who carried in his arms a neat pile of Koopa bondage gear. "This bodysuit is worn by all my personal servants. It fully encases the wearer, with the right snugness in front to gently stimulate, arousing but not satisfying. The rear is not very different, hugging the cheeks tightly but not uncomfortably, nor does it prevent one from walking or any other movement." He smiled. "But the seat has a nice little twist: a small, slender dildo built in so that it provides a modest penetration, reminding you of your place and keeping you ready should I wish to use you."

The look of apprehension was mingled with traces of lust as it overtook the raccoon's face; Bowser found it adorable.

"Oh, I can tell you are eager to begin the next stage of your repurposing. It should please you to learn that, since you've done so well with your beating, we'll be proceeding right along to it."

Bowser smiled, his teeth showing, gleaming almost as wickedly as his eyes. "After all, we wouldn't want poor Luigi to find his brother in the same condition he last saw him, would we? It would be such a nice gift, showing him what you've become...showing him what *he'll* become."

Mario shivered in anticipation at the words, his eyes never wavering from the suit.

His suit.

To Be Continued...