

Permanent Help

by ThunderDramon

"Your Majesty, Your Majesty!"

The sounds of light footsteps filled the enormous throne room along with the sound of constant harping. Ludwig was not large by any means, but his arrogance and shrill of his voice was enough to wake his goal from his deep slumber. At the end of the throne room was a luxurious throne decked out in various jewels. Lava flowed from the sides of the room, large trenches made to keep it flowing in one specific area. Sitting at the actual throne was a large, bulky lizard, yellow scaled in color and wearing various spiked collars and bands over his neck, wrists and legs.

His name?

"Lord Bowser, you have a guest!" Ludwig cried out once more. The bright blue haired koopaling and his onslaught of complaining finally reached the massive koopa's ears. Bowser let out a loud rumble that shook the throne room slightly, Ludwig staring on in fear. While his majesty didn't exactly prefer, but rather humored guests aside from a specific pink colored one, he seemed especially cranky.

"I...was in the middle of SLEEPING!"

Oh, that was it. The boom of his king's voice made Ludwig fall back on his rump, his staff clanging against the ground for a few moments. His direction changed toward the lumbering koopa as he let out a large yawn and shifted around in his seat. Finally sitting down on the throne, beady red eyes glared at black before another yawn shook the room.

"Damn, and I was having such a nice dream too. Had the little idiot plumber suffering in fire and brimstone." He finished with a small pout. "So you said you had a guest for me?"

Ludwig nodded nervously.

"And WHY didn't you direct him toward where I take the usual that try to get in here? The hell is the point of security if you're useless!"

The blue haired koopaling cringed back in fear once more, grabbing his staff and gripping it tightly. While Ludwig was arguably one of the smartest of his siblings, this situation really didn't reflect on that. He gulped, attempting to make a coherent sentence.

"W-well, this guy said he had a package for you, said it was something that might help you take down that silly Mar-"

Ludwig's sentence was met with a plume of fire arching over his head. He covered his large head of hair as best as he could, his king fully awake and staring at him intently. Again, while he was one of the

smartest, uttering *that* person's name in his presence was a really ridiculous idea. Regardless, it seemed he got the message and was curious.

"S-so as I was saying Your Majesty, he doesn't seem to be from here so as I figured, there's no reason to not trust-"

"Bring him in for me, Ludwig."

Not a word else was needed for the koopaling to run faster than he ever did in his life. Bowser mulled over the possibilities of this little event; for starters, Ludwig could have been completely fooled by this unknown stranger simply because he 'wasn't from around here'. The second thing was that this stranger could possibly be willing to help him despite his...less than stellar record as an overbearing and slightly lazy tyrant. In the grand scheme of things, he didn't have much to lose. If it turned out to be a sham, off to the lava the went.

"Here he is, Your Majesty."

Bowser was greeted to the image of a well dressed creature walking into his throne room with a box in his hands. Ludwig had quietly retreated near the double doors that granted access into the room, leaving the two semi alone. The large koopa's eyes observed the apparent feline. Aquamarine colored fur from what he could see, as well as a head of flowing brown hair down his back. Two ears poked out from his hair as they occasionally twitched. The presumed male was dressed in a slick suit, his tail swishing left and right almost curiously as he bowed towards him in respect.

"Pleased to meet you, Bowser, or do you prefer Majesty or something like that?" the feline spoke in a calm tone. The bulky king's eyes narrowed at him before a small grin graced his muzzle.

"Huh, got a lot of nerve coming in here like this and not giving me any proper respect, or even any welcoming treats!"

The feline returned to a natural positioning smiling back at the large koopa. "Well, to be fair, this was sudden on my part as well. I found something that I don't really have a use for, but someone of your standing should be able to do something with it."

Hmm? Bowser leaned in slightly as he tried to sneak a glance at what the humanoid cat was holding in his hands. From his positioning on the throne, all he could see was a brown box between his arms with no labels whatsoever. If he was here to hand him something that could help him, why not use it for himself? He simply shrugged his shoulders, no need to look a gift and *not* take it when the chance showed itself.

"Alright, I'm interested! What's your name?"

"Just call me Enjay. And I think I've teased you enough, Your Majesty, so let's get right to the chase."

At the mention, the large koopa jumped from his throne with a speed that seemed impossible for someone of his size and bulky stature. Bowser landed mere feet away from the feline as the room shook

once more, the lava shifting around like water. Ludwig let out a yelp as he fell to the ground near the doors. The humanoid cat seemed to measure close to six feet, but the koopa king in front of him easily towered over him by at least several feet considering he was eye level at his doming belly. Each one of his bulky arms and hands looked like they could encompass his head without a care in the world, his feet included. The casually looming Bowser craned his head down towards Enjay as he slightly put his head down and presented the box.

It was quickly plucked from his hands, the cardboard torn through like simple tissue. As soon as the box was gone, Bowser was holding a miniature green staff that held a small emerald in the top of it. He cocked his head to the side, gently handling the supposed weapon before it began to glow with a dull yellow aura. Right before his eyes the staff changed sizes, fitting in his hands as if it was made for him this entire time. He let out a low rumble of approval as he observed the staff up close then glanced down at Enjay. He then twirled the staff around in his hands before slamming the bottom of it onto the floor as if he was finished doing a small act.

"Ooh I like. Kind of shiny. What's it called?"

"Doesn't have a name as far as I know. All I do know is that it changes the body in a very specific way and offers some very...attractive and powerful benefits." the cat explained. Bowser noted the small blush rising up on the feline's face but ignored it. He looked back at the staff curiously, waving it around for a few moments with no success.

"Um, just slam it on the ground like you did before, that would do it." the feline offered up. As soon as the words came out of his mouth, Enjay began to slip and walk backwards as fast as he could. Bowser looked at him oddly before doing as he mentioned and slammed the bottom of the staff onto the ground again. The gem on top began to glow a bright yellow as the aura began to spread and infect his body. Enjay watched on for the second time as the staff did its work.

Bowser felt a tremendous increase of power flowing through his body, the staff shining brightly. The increase continued building and building, the koopa king letting us a fantastic roar of approval.

"This feels amazing! I feel like I could take down that idiotic mustached freak ten time over!"

"it isn't over just yet..."

As the surge of exponential energy roared through his veins, Bowser felt his body begin to change. He wasn't unknown to the pain that attributed to body transformations, so while he expected a good deal of it to come with the euphoric power, he got none. Instead, a comforting feeling overwhelmed the king, his body starting to heat up rapidly. Right before his eyes, Bowser began to lose his famous pudgy and roundness to his body, limbs extending slightly to give him a slightly more humanoid look. His face thinned out some, almost resembling that of a raging demon from the depths of the lava that adorned his room. His normally bulky body was now thin, but there began the second process. Bowser felt pound after pound of muscle stack onto his body almost endlessly, every bit of him filling out as much as it could with pure strength. His previously pudgy but thick arms had not a shred of fat to them as he

sported enormous arms packed to the brim with obscene muscle. Tree trunk like forearms capped by his straining black wristbands lead up to two enormous biceps with peaks that twitched and flexed insanely. Those wide arms led up to even wider, tank like shoulders and traps that swelled like mountains behind his head. He donned an almost bull neck that bulged dramatically which made his neck collar stretch with every minute movement.

Bowser let out another roar as he looked down at his changing form. The scaled belly he donned had long since disappeared, replaced with what he assumed was row after row of powerful scaled abs as he rubbed a burly hand down and around. His vision of anything past his lower body had been obscured by two yellow mountains of masculine might that served as his pectorals. As he shifted his legs, he felt the surge and incredible support his legs provided to carry such a beastly form. Titanic quads that bulged with every step, grinding against the other constantly followed by incredibly developed thighs and more. The incredible amount of muscle he sported made every band on his ankles strain and creak for release as he took another step. If one had paid attention, they would have noticed the new king's form sporting slightly larger and bulkier feet with much sharper claws that shamelessly tore through his carpeting as his toes curled from the sheer feeling of it all.

The transformation finally finished with Bowser clutching the staff in his new, muscle bound form as he reared his head back and bellowed a deep, castle shaking roar. Enjay stared on in awe while Ludwig had long since cowered behind the double doors only poking his head through out of curiosity. As he bore witness to this new form, he couldn't help but stare on endlessly. Bowser stared down at the feline, twirling the staff between two thick digits then slamming it back down once more.

He noted the flushed look on Enjay and looked down at himself once more. It seemed he wasn't sporting just one staff, but two! Between his enormous legs was an idly throbbled cock that snaked right down to meet his knee, globs of precum drooling from the massive head and slightly pulled back skin on it. Considering the thickness of the shaft, it may well have been considered a third leg! Bowser attempted to grip it with a hand but found that it was too girth for him to have to two hand it. He pulled back on the foreskin and let out a satisfying purr that evolved into a deep, chest flaring thrum as he marveled at his own body.

"Ahh, I don't know what that staff did, but it feels fantastic."

"Yeah, that seems to be one of the side effects of the staffs power, but it seems you don't mind it any, Your Majesty." Enjay explained, eyes glued on the enormous koopa in front of him as he selfishly continued pumping his incredibly thick member. He noticed that he had to lean his head back more just to note the deep grin plastered on the king's face from the swell of his pectorals that bunched up, flared and bounced with every jerk of his cock. Having pulled the massive koopa meat up to his chiseled muscular frame, the feline noted that it just slightly reached past his chest.

"You should be able to do anything you want now with that body. The effects last as long as the staff itself is powered and in your possession...Your Majesty?" Enjay moved back a few steps as the large king in front of him seemed to have another idea in mind.

"Ludwig, get the stretcher collar." Bowser thrummed, the room shaking slightly. The koopaling disappears with a slam of the door and returned with a spiked collar that resembled the ones he wore. After throwing it, he ran as quick as he could out of the throne room and locked it. Enjay gulped as Bowser loomed over him with a sly grin, collar in hand. Before the feline could even think of fleeing, a large clawed hand grabbed him and tore through his clothing, leaving the cat naked. He soon slapped the collar around his neck, keeping him aloft by the scruff of his neck with one hand while the other continued passively stroking himself.

"Now, since I have nothing else in mind as a thanks, I figure helping your new king and boss with a quickie and continuing to do such is reward itself, yes?" Bowser rumbled, snorting a plume of smoke into the cat's face.

"W-wait, what? I didn't agree to that!"

Bowser let out a low chuckle got deeper and deeper before he seemed to be growling like a feral beast outright, the glint of his teeth obvious to the feline. The new deepness to the king's voice made him squirm and writhe like he was about to be eaten. He didn't have to agree to it, he was in koopa territory and his word was law. As soon as he finished his laughing, Bowser retreated to his throne with Enjay in hand, sitting him down with that enormous member in view as it spurred thick ropes of pre spunk over his head.

"Now, I originally designed that collar you have to be able to let the user take any stomping or squishing possible. But for today, it's the only thing keeping you from going unconscious." Bowser growled as he pushed the uncut drooling cock head in Enjay's face. With a slow grunt, Enjay attempted to start sucking the enormous body sized cock be slurping down the by the gallon shots of precum that was constantly blasted into his face. As per the collar's abilities, his mouth began to stretch more and more to try and accommodate the throbbled head. The pain soon kicked in as he tried to bob his head to try and take inch after inch, teeth dragging and trying to gnaw on the thick amounts of excess skin the koopa king had. Despite the pain which began to subside, it seemed the pleasure far more racked his body. As he continued slurping and sucking, his neck bulged with the massive meat, Bowser forgoing any sense of mercy and thrusting his monstrous sized shaft into the cat's mouth. As he took inch after inch, he met the base of the vein lined meat, his body warping to try and fit the massive member. It bulged his neck and torso out while fully erect, each throb making him groan loudly even if muffled.

Bowser grinned. While he was just halfway through, it seemed the collar was a success! Tensing his biceps, he grabbed the arms of his throne, spread his legs which allowed the boulder sized nuts to sway and smack against the seat and began to give powerful thrusts against Enjay's body with a grunt. The feline's eyes looked up to see the mountain of muscle that was the koopa king flex and flare his muscles as he humped and pounced into Enjay's mouth without a care in the world. The gallons of pre that built up in his body had given him a larger frame for the king to work with thanks to the collar, but it also meant he was free to keep going unrestrained. Bowser growled and grunted as he roughly fucked that stretchy mouth and neck, dumping every rope of pre spunk that he could muster into him to keep his little toy getting bigger and therefore a much better orifice.

Enjay's eyes began to roll into the back of his head from the pleasure overwhelming his every sense of being. Even being filled to the brim with the king's spunk and still stretching for more held an unexplainable feeling for him. The look of pure lust on his face as he was roughly handled and fucked had caused him to orgasm, white ropes splattered over the upholstery of the throne. Bowser's claws had long since dug into the fabric and the material that made up the actual throne as a testament to his strength, claws digging into the ground. Too eager to finish this off, the koopa even hiked up a leg and slowed down, sacrificed speed for an extra bit of power.

Time was not a constant for either of the two. The minutes seemed to blend into hours as Bowser's body glistened with sweat, teeth gritted. The monster of a king hadn't stopped plowing, the enormous nuts smacking the throne and swaying all too eager to release. With one final thrust, the castle shook with an unadulterated roar as Enjay's body continued to stretch to take in the almost continuous stream of cum that erupted from the cock he was speared on. Even with the collar, it seemed the king's load was too much as his normally lithe stomach distended and expanded with every rope he swallowed. The orgasm itself seemed to last well too long, or too short in Bowser's case as he continued mercilessly rutting the poor cat to the point the arms of the throne and head were slashed apart by the mountainous king's claws. With a few more selfish thrusts, he seemed content enough to slowly slip the behemoth of a cock from Enjay's mouth, cum still splattering from it and coating his destroyed throne.

"*Rrrfff*, that was something...!" he proclaimed, looking down at the cat and patting his stomach as it sloshed loudly with his load. Now in the right state of mind, Bowser observed the state of his throne and frowned a bit, turning towards the doors.

"Ludwig! If you're still there, go find someone to get me a new throne...and the biggest speedo you can find!"

Once finished, he turned back towards the feline.

"As for you, welcome to the kingdom. Hope you enjoy your permanent stay."