

“Koopas, get in here with my servant!”

The loud voice of their king boomed throughout the castle. Most of the lower koopas were busy tending to other parts of the castle. Their king didn't like to be kept waiting, so it was up to whoever was left to take on the command. Ludwig and Roy had passed by the chambers, leaving them the only two able to carry out their boss's task. After a quick game of Rock, Paper Scissors and debating that since Ludwig was the last to do it, Roy was the one to do the job. The burly pink headed koopaling grumbled, adjusting his sunglasses as he ran down the hallway decked out in red carpet that led to Bowser's quarters.

“Yes sir!?” Roy poked his head into the king's quarters before catching a sight of him. Ever since someone had visited the place, their king had been much more...rowdy, for lack of a better word in his head. He always clutched some odd looking wand in his hand that looked weirdly like Iggy's, but he'd be complaining up and down if it was his. Bowser would take days to himself in his private room and only come out when he needed to eat or tend to his job as king. No, no, now wasn't the time to drift off thinking. Roy flinched, feeling Bowser's glare on him.

“Get. Me. My. Servant.” He boomed, enunciating every word that came out of his thick, collared throat.

Roy didn't need to be told twice. He slammed the door and ran down the hall, turning a few corners and going down a few steps. That was the other weird thing. Ever since he got that wand, he always asked for one of the prisoners, except he called him his servant. Roy had no idea what he did with the guy, but the cat he caught always seemed to be completely out of breath or knocked out whenever he was down here. Roy glanced through the cells before finding the feline in question. The aquamarine furred cat was fast asleep, covered in nothing but a blanket and what seemed to be a spiked collar around his neck.

“Yo, sleepy cat, you're due to see the king!” Roy bellowed, slamming his fists on the cell bars. The feline was roused awake quickly with little time to gather his bearings. One thing that Roy wondered was why the cat's cell was different. Compared to the others, it was much more luxurious than the other damp ones. It had a television, bed, even a mini fridge, and the whole place was covered by curtains for privacy. Roy grumbled to himself, directing the feline back upstairs towards the throne room. Roy slowly opened the door, poking in to make sure he wouldn't get a face full of flames like someone else did.

“S-sir, he's here and all that...” Roy said. Bowser seemed to light up with a predatory grin, making the small koopaling shrink in fear. The feline stepped forward past Roy, the large shelled dragon rumble in delight. As Roy made his way to leave, an idea crossed the koopa king's mind.

“Roy. Stay.”

“W-whadya want?” Roy asked as he back tracked into the throne room. Bowser lifted himself off his throne and slowly descended down the stairs, twirling the odd looking wand in his burly digits.

"We're gonna have some fun with this guy. Always wanted to test this out on someone else anyways." He thrummed, glancing down at the aquamarine cat.

"Really? But I thought I was on break today!" The cat piped up. The looming koopa king simply silenced him with a glare. To be fair, if he didn't work, he wouldn't get to keep all the stuff in his 'room'. He sighed in agreement. Roy and the feline would follow the enormous king into his private quarters which were hidden by a single room with the indent of his shell. After putting his back into it by lining all the spikes together, the door had been opened. Bowser's private quarters were filled with many things ranging from workout machines, a large television with wires leading outside (presumably for the security cameras) among other things.

"Bed. Now." Bowser thrummed. The small feline walked toward the bed, draping himself on it and waiting for his 'master' to get comfy. Roy stared on in confusion.

"Just what are you doing here, boss? Why invite me?" Roy questioned. He was met with another grin from his king as he pointed the wand at him. The wand let out a bright green arc of electricity, shocking the pink headed koopa to his core. Instead of leaving a painful burning effect, a large warmth enveloped Roy's body. His bones popped and reformed, muscle packing onto his small frame at a rapid pace. The koopaling's body became slightly more humanoid, limbs extending and becoming thick with corded muscle just like the rest of him. Roy groaned, watching himself engorge with power and strength until the electricity finally stopped coating his body. Minor arcs of the green thunder danced around his new body, the koopaling clutching his head as he looked around at himself. He found his gaze to the ground much farther than before, as well as two massive slabs of pectoral meat meeting him. The koopaling possessed enough muscle to shame a bodybuilder with his size. Roy took a meaty hand and explored the surface of his new body before he found something he hadn't been expecting. He gripped that new pillar of his, finding that he couldn't even one, nay, two hand it! And it was only soft to start with. Roy flexed his newfound beef with a wide grin on his face.

"Now, lemme just get into costume. It doesn't last too long unless we keep talking." Bowser grumbled. He shocked himself and didn't seem to flinch during the process. Roy watching his king become yet even taller (at this stage, he'd only met him face to face), muscle adorning his kingly frame and his belly evaporating to sport eight bulging cobblestones of power. Bowser let out the loudest of roars afterwards, giving a flex of his arms that shamed Roy in an instant. The koopaling's eyes descended toward the meat between Bowser's over-packed thighs. That thing had to be twice, or thrice the size of his own as it throbbed along his knee. Bowser rumbled, giving that pillar of koopa meat a rub and directing Roy over to the feline. He'd been watching them, or rather their crotches intently, but said nothing.

Wordlessly, Bowser lifted up the poor feline with a single, weighty hand. Before long, the cat would find himself stuffed with Bowser's cock in his mouth once more, slowly suckling on it and bobbing his head eagerly. Roy watched on, the feline happily servicing his king and somehow taking that behemoth of a shaft with no problem. He figured it might have had something to do with the collar around his neck, but didn't bother asking. Through the whole time, Roy couldn't stop stroking his own

cock, feeling it swell and pulsate to life with every electric touch. Holding the feline still against his member, Bowser growled deeply enough to shake the room a bit.

“You gonna sit there and jerk yourself off Roy, or are you gonna do it in him? Though speak nothing of this.” He snarled.

“Got it, boss!” Roy said gruffly. Bowser lifted up the feline so that he lay across and carried by both of the overly muscled koopas. Before long, The cat would groan and wiggle around as he found himself mercilessly introduced to the pink headed koopa’s member. That shaft was nothing near the size of the one in his mouth, but considering the king in front of him always went for his mouth, he never had anything back there lately. Roy rumbled in delight, slowly pushing his way deeper before finally settling. The cat was pounded almost aggressively on both ends, ropes of pre erupting from the twin shafts and filling him up quickly. Like last time, he knew it’d be a while before the two would be done. And even then, they could just recharge with the wand. Jolts of pleasure assaulted him at all sides of his body for an unprecedented amount of time, the cat giving muffled groans, unable to speak with the obelisk of meat in his muzzle. Before he blacked from the overload of it all, he thanked himself that at least it was just two he had to deal with.