

Bowser's Weight Gain Redux

"This way! This way! Through here! Through here!"

The Boos' high pitched voices pierced the air as they guided Bowser, fresh off his victory against his supposed "rival" Midbus, into an antechamber. More Boos awaited him inside, the trio floating in front of heavy wooden tables loaded up with enormous food. Thick legs of indistinct mammal, hot dogs with omelette, and so many kinds of creamy puddings, including two stacked cream cakes. There was even some steaks and other greasy food behind them, just waiting to be devoured. "Nice spread!" Bowser grunted approvingly, a trail of drool leaking from his jaw.

"Yes, a victory feast!" one Boo squeaked. "Please, we insist that you eat all you like!"

The other two Boos giggled loudly, the trio taking their leave. Bowser turned to watch them go, his post-battle fatigue waning as he laughed hard and loud. "BWAHAHAR! So many greasy, succulent, very unhealthy dishes! I've been craving this stuff like crazy!" he grunted, holding his claws together until he just couldn't take it. "I'm going to eat it all!" he roared, pumping his fists into the air.

Grabbing a thick leg of meat almost as big as he was, the Koopa King scarfed it down, scraps flying everywhere as he relished in the disgustingly greasy food. Gobbling it down the bone, Bowser sighed loudly, a slight belch escaping him as he tossed the bone aside. Grabbing a hot dog next and holding it straight to his maw, his teeth were like a blender, shredding the entire thing the second it approached. More food scraps sprayed everywhere, making an awful mess of the floor (and also a little of himself). Bowser's heated sigh came again as he finished his meal, though he grunted from a bit of suppressed gas in his chest. Pounding on it until a burp squeaked out, he grabbed a thick creamy cake and gobbled it down, making sure to get the cream everywhere. "Blergh!" he grunted, some of the gas escaping him in a low bass belch.

Wiping his lips, he assaulted the next leg of meat, but, as he practically inhaled the thing, the Koopa King was looking a bit... more. Odd to say, but there just seemed to be "more" of him, no doubt shown by his pronounced and solid gut filling up with supersized greasy and unhealthy food. Bowser grunted loudly, the noise turning into a loud belch that rocked the room, with bits of stone dust falling from the ceiling. Guffawing loudly and satisfied with the extra room he had made, the deposed king snacked on the other hot dog, gobbling it down

with ease. And as he did, there just seemed to be even more of him, his draconic tail squishing against his plumped behind. On the other side, his belly pressed into the table as he finished the dog. "Erf, getting a little full" Bowser grunted, licking sauce from his lip as he spied the other cream cake.

He really shouldn't, but this stuff was too good to pass up on. Grabbing it with both hands Bowser shoved it top-first into his maw, wads of peach-flavoured cake compacting as he crammed as much of it he could in before blundering it up with his jaws. Puffs of frosting and sponge went everywhere as he gulped it down in no time at all. And in the last swallow, something seemed to go down with it. **BLORP!** Bowser's figure suddenly plummeted, his sides blorping out as with vastly more ounce in his sudden bounce. This was most noticeable in his keister, his flattish cheeks now looking pretty juicy and thick, especially with his chubbier tail squishing against them. His knees tilted slightly as his poise and centre of balance lowered from the added weight, aided by the heaving of his rounder gut. Bowser's belly scales stretched around it, his normal oval middle spilling out into a solid/soft sphere, with a slight crease in the wider sides. And yet the Koopa King pet it obliviously, belching loudly as if he hadn't even noticed his gut, nor his inflated cheeks. Strangely, what he did notice was his arm bands feeling just a little bit tighter, but he had been working out; it was natural for them to be so tight when he had gotten so swole. Still, he knew his limits, and he could only eat so much. "Uuuuurrrppp! Oh man... getting kinda full" he rumbled, wiping drool and crumbs from his fatter face.

Deciding he wanted out, Bowser marched towards the exit, only for it to have been guarded. "Hmmm? Done eating?" purred a high-pitched voice.

The three Boos returned on the scene, blocking his exit with their incredibly insubstantial bodies. "But we went to great length to make to make King Bowser the most high-calorie, high-fat dishes! You love this stuff! So please! Eat more" the head Boo begged.

Bowser lumbered backwards as the ghosts pushed forwards, though he was less threatened by their movement, and more by their suspicious obsequiousness. "Nah, I'm sick of eating!" he protested, though it sounded insane even to him.

"Hush now, don't say that" chided the head Boo. "Here! How about we just feed it to you! Please! We insist! This way!"

Forced backwards even further, the king found it hard to argue as more ghosts brought in a very large and comfy chair for him to sit on. He had barely sat down before even more of

the little buggers came with large trays stacked high with enormous meat on the bone and doughnuts. Getting comfortable, Bowser did find that he was feeling a little less full, and the Boos were doing pretty good in massaging his feet and shoulders. Eh, what could it hurt? "You little freaks are creeping me out, but at least the hospitality is pretty good" he conceded as he relaxed into the soft chair.

"Tee hee hee, you flatter us King Bowser. Now open wiiide.... Say aaaah!" the head Boo giggled as meat was brought to the king.

The turtle dragon scoffed it down, with another Boo brought a doughnut up to him. "Here, have more.... C'mon, open up!" the pushy ghost insisted.

It was gobbled up in three seconds, only for more meat to be brought before Bowser. It was a relay of food, with the apparent goal apparently being how fast they could fill him up. They were slow going, no doubt to space things out as their guest ate meal after meal after meal after meal. And as he ate, that same moreness came back, the ghosts silently giggling as the Koopa King's middle bulged and softened, the crease along the side slowly creeping around to the front, with another fold appearing higher up on his side. Their silence was almost audible as the Boos massaging his feet eyed him up, the big turtle monster's chest gaining a subtle softness to it. It was taking everything for them to not giggle insidiously as Bowser was stuffed with so much fattening food, until he finished the second-last doughnut. **BLORP!** A wave ran through the king, a big one as he suddenly hulked out again, his arms squishing against his vaster, tubbier sides. His gut heaved outwards, the first crease linking up across his middle as it filled up more of his sizeable lap. It was still wobbling as Bowser's eyes fluttered, a blank look on a face whose cheeks had doubled in size. Looking down at himself, the Koopa King gripped his belly and bounced it slowly, unawares that the chair had gotten just a little comfier, courtesy of his much bigger butt filling up below him. "Huurk! Did I just... put on a few pounds?" he mumbled in confusion, his grip on his middle loosening as the Boos began to massage his arms.

"Heehee! It's all in your head! Please, we insist, eat more!" the Boo chirped.

With the last big meat gone a stack of thick ham cuts was brought out on a tray, alongside another pile of delicious chocolate doughnuts. The ghosts were even faster now, Bowser barely having time to swallow before the next treat was brought to him. His gut jiggled vigorously from how fast he had to chew and swallow, growing plumper and plumper from the greasy food assaulting it. The Boos by his shoulder had silent smirks as their former lord's sides encroached on the sides of his chair, the shouty jerk getting fatter by the second as the ham was almost gone, and another doughnut was shoved down his gob. **BLORP!**

Another ripple ran through him, and Bowser's sides erupted over the armrests, their fat spilling over everywhere as his gut rose upwards to greet him. Though round before, it was positively, inescapably massive now as it billowed over his lap, his scales stretched even further as the fattest part of his belly was a hair's breadth away from spilling over his knees. They were crowned by a pair of shapely moobs, formed from rich deposits of lard and shaped into soft scaly pillows. The dragon turtle was awestruck enough to have not even noticed he was sitting just a little higher, and a little more uncomfortably as his booty had inflated like weather balloons. His lardy, blobby cheeks filled up the entire seat of the chair, with his thick and stumpy tail now trapped between his tubby tush. Bowser belched loudly as he poked at his flabby middle, which bounced about like jelly. "Hey! Look at me! This isn't normal!" he protested loudly as he grabbed and shook his flabby moobs.

"Heehee! You're imagining things! You must keep eating, please!" the Boo requested.

The request felt like a life sentence, as before he could even argue, the thick ham was shoved down his gob, as was the last doughnut. More meat on the bone and a delicious strawberry and cream cake suddenly manifested on trays. Bowser's chubby arms flailed as he was assaulted by food; delicious food at that. His natural gluttony was like a saboteur, destroying his defences as he couldn't help but swallow, swallow, and swallow! The cake and meat vanished down his gob, each meal turning into raw flab as his wobbly belly inched over his knees, spilling downwards as his chest rose upwards. His plush moobs squished against his ballooning chin, a deep well of a cleft forming between his former pectorals. Every bit of Bowser's tubby form was bouncing about, even his arms as his arm bands stretched thin around his chubbed-up biceps and wrists. Gosh there was just so much of him, especially that gut that just kept getting bigger and bigger. The Koopa King managed a grunt through his large fat face before another meaty leg and one last slice of cake was forced into him. **BLORP!** And this time, the entire room rocked as Bowser exploded in size. His thick legs spread outwards as his colossal gut filled up all the lap space it could, with the rest pouring over his legs as a massive cascade. The chair trembled containing the sudden expanse of weight, with his massive sides bulging and completely obscuring the armrests, vanishing them from view as a thick fold bunched in the middle. "WHOA!" the dragon turtle grunted as a chair leg or two gave out.

The entire thing crunched beneath him, busted to pieces with a collapsed Bowser smothering the rest of it. Now free of the furniture, only then could the former king's true enormity be... appreciated. His ginormous gut was a small hill several feet tall, obscuring his entire frontal view even as his desperate flailing bounced it from side to side. And to say his arms sat on either side would be incorrect, as they didn't quite sit there but rather frame such a large gut, and equally tubby sides. But despite the weight, the only thing keeping him from balancing purely on his now-tiny shell would be his enormous ass, which served as ample cushioning, if a cushion happened to be about the size of a mattress. His XXXXL

cheeks dwarfed his little tail, with only the tip now poking out from the depths of his cavernous cleft. Something their owner couldn't really appreciate though, as he struggled to get back up, his thick moobs bouncing about as slowly, and somehow, Bowser managed to swing his front enough to lean over his ground-brushing middle. "Stop! You with the ham! No more! I can't take it!" he pleaded through a muzzle that made the rest of his face look tiny. "There's no denying it uuuUUURRP now! I'm nowhere near as svelte as I, BURP! Used to be! I'm chubby!" he said from the state of De Nile.

"Yeah, you are! Heehee!" the head Boo tittered as he fronted the lardy Koopa King. "It only makes sense! You ate so much of Lord Fawful's special high-calorie, high-fat dishes.... Of course you'll gain weight!" it explained matter-of-factly.

"Pretty impressive fat, though" one of the feeder Boos remarked.

"Heehee! Yeah, you're the King of Chub!" the other feeder tittered.

The ghost's piercing giggles filled the air as they all abandoned Bowser to his lowly fate. "Hey! You jerks!" he bellowed, still struggling to get back up as he belched loudly again.

Puffing and wheezing, the Koopa King fought against his own mass as he fought his hardest battle yet: Getting back on his feet. "You knew all... puff, all along I'd get like this!" he huffed loudly, getting one foot flat. "And you, wheeze, and you kept... BUWARP! Kept cramming me with, puff, food!" he bellowed, his plump cheeks bouncing aggressively as he got the other foot down.

Gasping loudly, it took all of Bowser's latent muscles to get back up, his gut an inch away from brushing the floor, with its only counterbalance being his ample booty which hung a foot away from the floor. His massive chest heaved from all the effort, a stray wheeze evolving into a loud belch as the Koopa King took one bold step forward. The room began to shake violently, dust falling from the ceiling and the enormous tables vibrating softly. Below him, the floor was not feeling all that secure. In fact, it felt like it was going too.... "YOU JERKS!" Bowser bellowed angrily, his mouth opened as wide as it ever could be.

He gagged loudly as, from out of nowhere, an enormous seven layer cream cake was forced into his open maw. "Surprise! Heehee!" the head Boo tittered.

Fighting hard, the dragon turtle's jaw went into overdrive as he rapidly devoured the enormous cake, aided in the effort by a dozen Boos forcing it in. Shrapnel of cream and sponge went everywhere as Bowser, against all odds, devoured a cake that was twice as tall as he was, his belly swelling round and tight. So packed full of cake it squished against the floor, spreading out with a disc of fat forming along the floor. This course of action, in hindsight, was not the best career choice for the Koopa King, now that one thought about it. Cause all it took was that last swallow for Bowser to tremble like a jackhammer, and the rest, as they say, was lardstory. **BLORP!** Fat exploded out of him from every angle, his belly growing inches by the second, and soon feet as it flooded out in front of him like an ocean. His feet just couldn't handle it as his thighs and calves disappeared in tide of flab, their only distinction being the subtle crease that once separated them as his feet swelled with fat. Unable to take it anymore Bowser collapsed under the weight, his literal tonnage of blubber bouncing vigorously from the impact, the floor beneath him growing cracks. The dragon turtle belched loudly as his thighs and calves merged into the rest of his mass, his little piggies looking positively puny on his bloated body as his feet hung parallel to the ground. Bowser grunted loudly as his arms grew heavy and weak, kept up only by the pressure of the flab from his caked-up shoulders. His armbands stretched around his puffy limbs, with hands so bloated his fingers couldn't even bend anymore. And there was still more flab coming in the front, and the back, as Bowser's surge in height could in part be attributed to his behind. His ass was filling with so much fat you'd think a hose had been connected to it, each cheek packing it on with pure lard stretching his scales to the limit. Those gelatinous glutes rose and spread, engulfing the remains of his former chair like grey goo, and soon they were pressing into the enormous tables behind him as he evolved into a blob of scale and lard. The acres of flab spread across them, consuming the furniture like they did his stumpy tail, now lost in a pocket of fat.

Bowser groaned loudly, his little piggy eyes squished by the enormous mass of fat that was his cheeks and chin. The former rose so high they actually ran equal with the top of his head, but were at least three times as wide on both sides, drooping into enormous squishy and wobbly masses that conjoined with one massive and bulbous chin, with was as equally as vast as either of his cheeks. His fanged maw was spread wide, framed so well by his bulbous face, before it open wide and he let out a cacophonous belch, the room shaking even harder as the floor fractured some more. Bowser's face resembled more of a balloon than anything else now, a fact disproven only by their obvious mass as the slightest movement of his chin jostled his king-sized moobs. And that was no hyperbole, they really were big enough to count as a king-sized bed, with a cleft deep enough to lose a Koopa in. Everything about him was big, though his gut was still king as he was even wider than he was tall, and with all this obscene mass he was certainly very tall. His gut came down like a crashing wave; a veritable tsunami of blubber threatening to engulf everything in front of him like an all-consuming natural disaster. It spread out so far you'd need several yard sticks to even measure it, though do avoid losing a stick to his hungry (and very deep) folds. It sloshed and churned loudly, filled up with so much fat a deep pocket had formed in the

front resembling a bloated bellybutton. “UUUURRRRRRRRPPPPPP!” Bowser belched loudly, the entire room shaking.

In fact, it was shaking a lot. Way too much. The cracks spread out rapidly and widened, then suddenly, Bowser dropped, trapped up to his waist in the broken floor. The Boos giggled as they vanished, with the Koopa King grunting loudly as he struggled to pick himself out of the hole. Grunting and groaning and wheezing and belching, Bowser was definitely in a bit of a pickle as he felt his lower body hanging dangerously in the air below. “Haah. Haah” he puffed, and saw no other resource. “Huh-Hey Chippy! Can you hear me?!” he called out desperately, finding no choice but to confide in the little voice inside him.

He could only hope that they could do something about this. No way could he rule his kingdom when he needed throne that could comfortably fit all of the Koopalings on. No way does a cool king rule from a darn sofa!