

With a look of determination on his face, Nat perused the familiar used game shop's shelves. He came here at least once a month, hoping to find one of the rare titles he sought. It was wishful thinking on his part to come across such exclusive games, though at least he'd find the games cheaper here than in any online auctions. Besides, it was fun exploring the shop's titles, with the slight chance of scoring big, a game from his youth he wished to reacquire or one that he'd heard great reviews about but never had the chance to play back in the day.

Eventually, his browsing spied something off about a logo on the cover of a well-worn box. The simply colored words read 'Bowser's Revenge.' His encyclopedic knowledge of Mario titles didn't recall any such game. But picking it up revealed a logo that was clearly from the Mario franchise, with Bowser and his minion, Kammy, looking menacingly at the player.

He was about to put it down, do some review online later but the price tag caught his eye. Only ten dollars?! There was no way any SNES game was that cheap. He picked it up quickly; paying the otherwise bored store owner and hurried on his way, putting the game in his jacket to protect it from the elements.

Nat arrived home to an evening free for himself to play the game awaiting him. He wasted no time putting it into his antiquated, but still functional, SNES, not even bothering to take off his jacket or shoes. It was cool in his apartment anyways, that awkward period in fall where his landlord wasn't quite ready to turn on the heat, lest the rapidly fluctuating temperature cost him more money.

The title screen was strangely plain, a logo resembling the one on the box flashing on the screen before fading into what appeared to be a cutscene, without any prompting from Nat. He found himself wondering why he'd never heard of this game before. He'd have to look it up online afterward. Maybe it was a mistaken release. *Could be worth a fortune*, he thought to himself.

Nat was greeted by the sight of pixelated versions of Bowser and Kammy blinking into view before the pair began talking.

"The time is finally here to begin my greatest plan!" The words scrolled past the screen and the Bowser sprite chuckled and roared in glee.

"What will it be, my lord? Are we going to kidnap the princess again?"

"And to be foiled by Mario! No! I have a much better idea! Why don't I travel to a new world? One without a protector that I can conquer easily!"

Nat didn't wanna risk pressing any buttons lest he ruined the cutscene, but so far he hadn't been able to do anything in the game. He found himself rather excited. What type of game would this be? What was the story? Would it actually allow him to play as Bowser? That would certainly be fun, and new territory for one of the older titles.

"Do you have a spell that can send me to a new world?" Bowser asked, the chuckle seemingly more malevolent as the words continued to scroll across the screen.

"Yeesss my lord, I do have something that might work, if that is what you truly want. However, you cannot simply move into another world on your own. You would require a host body to take over for my spell to work."

"Don't worry, I think this one will do just fine." The words crawled across the screen as Bowser turned to look...directly at Nat? Nat felt a chill of fear run through him. Then, he shook his head. He was simply being silly. The game meant for him to take control of the character now was all.

Nat flexed his fingers as what felt like a weird tingling bothered him, coming from the controller. Nat had a passing thought that maybe he should let go of the controller but he couldn't quite work his fingers off the device. The realization was somewhat alarming, though he quickly attributed the sensation to his hands going numb from excitement.

"Hehe, it's working!" Kammy said, a witch's cackle following her onscreen words. Nat had no idea what was going on. Shouldn't the characters be moving to somewhere else? Yet the light from the TV grew bright, almost blindingly so.

He hardly had time to move as a ghastly form rose up from the inside of the TV, crawling its way out and staring into Nat's eyes. He could almost swear a ghostly image of Bowser had arisen from the TV and was towering over him. It was even larger than the TV itself as it floated in midair, gazing down at Nat and laughing mechanically. With a sudden motion, the ghostly figure plummeted down *into* Nat, startling him back into reality. He could have sworn he felt a tingling sensation, though nothing else as tangible evidence that he'd seen what he thought he'd seen.

Nat blinked his eyes a few times, wondering what the hell had happened. 'Must just be tired,' he thought, as the world slowly came back into view.

“Huh?” Bowser said, staring down at his form, as though expecting it to be different somehow. Nat was more than a little confused at this point. The animations were far more detailed than in any games of the era. Though still heavily pixelated, he could clearly see a look of confusion on the character’s face.

Nat found his calm returning now that he could see the screen again. “Nothing’s happened!” Bowser yelled, clearly upset from his heavy baritone growling coming from the TV.

Nat was getting seriously weirded out at this point. Both of the characters were staring at him, staring *into* him. They hadn’t done anything yet, hadn’t allowed him any gameplay. This couldn’t be right. There was no way a cut scene would last this long.

“That spell should have worked, Lord Bowser! I’m sure it’s just a matter of-”

Kammy’s cackle was cut off as suddenly the screen went dark. Though the console was still on, it seemed his television had been overloaded by whatever surge had caused that bizarre light.

Slowly, Nat began to feel numb all over, the tingling sensation from earlier returning, spreading through his body. Nat groaned as his wiry frame began to shiver and ache. The sensations made him feel a little ill. He leaned forward a bit, willing the tingling to subside.

Yet, if anything the sensation began to worsen. It covered his arms, though slowly, steadily worked its way up to his shoulders and down his back and chest. He breathed heavily, feeling the numbing move all through his body, up to his head, down his legs, entering every crack, every crevice. He shuddered a little, wondering what was happening. It didn’t feel like his body was going numb, nor did it resemble an electrical surge. The sensations were too slow, too deliberate for that.

Nat sat there stiffly for a few minutes as the tingling finally began to subside, though the hairs still rose on his skin from the sensations of goosebumps trembling up and down his arms. He felt strange, a bit loose in his own skin. It took the effort of shaking himself a little to get focus. His gaming console must have shorted out, likely with his TV. Shit. Sighing heavily, he quickly realized that he didn’t have the money to pay for replacements.

Still, sitting on the couch wasn’t going to change things. Nat began to stand up when, suddenly, a wave of nausea overtook him. He felt dizzy as the tingling from earlier intensified, burrowing into his skin. Nat shuddered once more, trying to make it go away so he could stand up and inspect his stuff. But, no matter what he did he couldn’t will the sensation away. Thus,

Nat was forced to sit there, feeling the tingling intensifying as if his skin was stretching ever so slightly.

A casual glance down at his hand revealed something both surprising and shocking. He could see the skin on his hand prickling, the hairs standing on end, and his hand's contours...growing? That couldn't be right. Nat blinked a few times, staring directly at his hand. The changes were ever so subtle that he'd miss them if he wasn't looking. But, as he stared he could see the slight spasms under the skin that looked for all the world like his hand was steadily expanding. Growing, getting ever so slightly thicker as he watched.

Nat tried flexing his hand as the tingling spread further up his sleeved arms, shoulders suddenly feeling tight and sore, as though he'd been working out or performing heavy lifting. He shuddered as tried to flex his arms, noticing how restricted the range of motion was compared to even a few minutes ago.

It was soon obvious that the changes were not confined to his upper body. A similar tingling settled in his legs, as though the skin underneath his jeans was crawling against the flesh. A similar ache assailed his legs, the skin feeling slightly stretched as though bulging. Nat examined them, staring as they seemed to slowly lengthen before his eyes, stretching out so slowly he wouldn't have noticed unless he was looking the entire time.

Soon, the same pangs of growth were starting to play over his entire body. His arms, legs, chest, and torso, nothing was spared with what seemed for all the world like growing pains. Even his head began to ache slightly, as though something was trapped underneath, trying to pierce the surface, in particular around his temples.

Nat wanted to take his jacket off, but was too transfixed by the changes to do so. Instead, he stared down at his chest, watching in fascination as his stomach began to push outwards like he'd eaten a big meal. But it didn't stop there. He rubbed his stomach under his shirt, feeling the warmth radiating into his still-expanding hand. His gut was pressing out slowly, the bottom now poking out under his shirt. Every breath forced his stomach out a little bit more, well past anything he'd had minutes before. His chest, too, seemed to be growing, the tingling focused on his pecs. He rubbed them in curiosity, feeling how strangely protruded they were, the nipples erect and sensitive, as though it were a cold day.

Flexing his arms in frustration, his new growth left the stiff material of his jacket feeling uncomfortable. Nat frowned, confused as to why the material was so restrictive. He had a lanky build; no fat, but not any muscle either. His jacket had fit him perfectly when he put it on. But, the new stiffness he felt in his jacket was bizarre. It was as though he really was growing!

Nat rubbed his stomach and chest through his shirt, feeling the warmth, the crawling of his skin that signaled that he was indeed putting on noticeable bulk that hadn't been there before. To his surprise, Nat felt his nails catch on his shirt as he continued to explore himself. He looked down in surprise to see they were long, sharper, and thick, making him shiver in terror. What the hell had happened to his hands?

It was worse than that, Nat soon realized. The skin seemed dry and flaky, as a strange yellow discoloration began to spread over his hands. His fingers ached as they continued to swell, looking more like hot dogs as his nails thickened and cracked and steadily grew into what he swore to be some sort of reptilian claws.

All the while, his entire body continued tingling, every inch of him awash in the same swelling that was steadily changing him into...what? Nat struggled in his seat on the couch, squirming from the uncomfortable sensations. He could clearly feel that every inch of him was steadily getting bigger, only a few inches here and there for now, but a clear difference from the wiry frame he'd had before.

The ache in his temples slowly intensified, and, curious, Nat raised a clawed hand to touch them, feeling a distinctive pair of bumps as though he'd smashed his head. A quick touch to his face reported the same dry skin, likely yellowed as were his hands. His entire face began to ache as well, jaw sore and teeth straining at his gums.

Nat was distracted from the sensations the moment when he caught his reflection in the glass of the now-black TV screen. He looked strange, his eyes sunken, his face darker. His previously bare face, clean-shaven, appeared to be covered in something dark, prompting him to rub his face, feeling a slight fuzz of hair that surprised him. He eyed his reflection in confusion; yes, there certainly seemed to be a 5 o'clock shadow that hadn't been there before he sat down to start the game. For Nat, it appeared to be at least three days of growth. Yet, he had developed it in mere moments!

Nat wanted to get up and look in the bathroom mirror, but the continued tingling in his legs made him pause. He looked down, afraid for any changes that might off-balance him from the sudden movement. The flesh around his ankles seemed to expand, grow thicker, *longer*, exposing more flesh under his jeans. In fact, the distance between his pant leg and sock was widening the more he watched. Was he getting taller?

His tightening jacket was really beginning to irritate him now. The jacket sleeves felt snug under his shoulders, his widening arms pressing against the unrelenting leather, becoming

uncomfortably tight. His expanding gut caused his jacket to ride up slightly, giving him a better view of the small belly he now possessed. He flexed his shoulders, feeling how snug the restrictive jacket had gotten over his back. It felt as though the jacket was slowly, steadily shrinking, but from the sight of his writhing flesh, it was more likely that Nat was growing!

Forcing himself up, Nat was stunned momentarily as though his center of balance was off. He steadied himself, feeling disorientated before realizing with shock that he was eye level with his TV, which had been elevated on a stand and slightly above his normal height. It wasn't much, but it was a noticeable difference now that he was standing. He was over 6'0 now, slightly taller than his formerly 5'7 frame.

The insistent tingling reminded him to reach down to pull off his jacket to get a better view of whatever the hell was happening to him. Yet, as he tried to flex his arms he realized that his range of motion was even more restricted like his jacket was now a size too small. He could see his wrists sticking slightly further out of the sleeves than he was used to. His arms were clearly tightening in the sleeves, having grown enough to limit his movements. He tried to work the zipper carefully, not wanting it to snap lest the jacket get stuck on his widening frame, clawed hands not helping matters.

The efforts made him realize that his arms were clearly thicker than before, leaving his familiar watch a little tight on his wrist, irritating his changing skin. Nat wanted to take it off but his fingers had grown stubby as well, adorned with his now inch-long claws. There was no space to work them under to remove the expensive piece, a gift from his parents for graduation. He watched as the individual hairs on his arms seemed to spring up before his eyes, each hair growing longer and thicker. It formed a rather manly looking swash of hair on his arms, watch strap pulling annoyingly at them as they grew.

Nat made one more attempt to remove the troublesome jacket, careful to avoid damaging it. With the steady swelling of his entire body, it proved to be a difficult task. He growled in frustration, finally able to grip the stubborn zipper and pull it up without too much fuss. Rotating his shoulders, Nat was careful to remove the smaller article, despite how tight his arms and chest felt as he struggled. With a bit of effort, he was able to slide his thicker arms through the tight sleeves, trying desperately to get the wretched fabric over his head in one piece. He pulled and strained, using the new strength in his arms to his advantage as with a sharp tug the jacket finally gave way enough that he could pull it off and throw it on the floor.

With that free, he was able to stare at the changes that had overtaken his body. The first thing he noticed was how...*fat* he seemed. His protruding gut, bulky arms, and widening chest made it seem as though he'd gained significant weight, lacking the tone he'd always admired on

other guys. He could see the bottom of his stomach, his shirt beginning to ride up on his frame like his jacket had only moments ago. His arms were simply...*big*, and still expanding, masses of flesh he'd never imagined on his own body. Yet, he could feel *power* in his form underneath the apparent flab. It reminded him of those bulky guys he'd seen at college, the ones who'd given up lifting for a few months, still massive, but lacking the definition they'd once had.

Yet, most bizarre of all, Nat could see the yellowed skin crawling up his arms as his bulging biceps expanded slowly, widening as he watched. He reached up a clawed hand to feel them, the skin slowly swelling up with fat and muscle. It was fascinating to see his previously skinny arms slowly expanding, feeling the warmth as the yellow skin spread, drying and flaking and taking on a pattern like scales.

Still, the hairs on his arms were getting thicker, multiplying under his touch, a strange reddish tinge to them that had not been there before. He ran a thick beefy hand over them, feeling the burly, manly hair on his arms that gave him the image of a middle-aged, hairy dad. A similar tingling on his face signaled his chin hair had continued to grow beyond the 5 o'clock shadow, towards a thicker beard if the sensations were any indication.

That itch prompted Nat to reach up and rub his face, noticing his range of motion was still limited, even with his constricting jacket on. Frowning, he waved his arm a little, realizing how tight it made his shirt feel across his chest. He repeated the motion a few times, noting he'd grown a little bit larger, his frame expanding to fill the spaces in his formerly loose-fitting shirt.

Twitching the rest of his body, Nat quickly realized that the subtle tightness was not confined to his shirt. He had difficulty flexing his toes, even though he was sure his shoes were a size too big. Yet, moving his toes made him wonder how he hadn't had trouble putting them on this morning. They were pressed further up the end of his shoes than he'd remembered, larger than the size 10 he'd had this morning. Too tight to take off now, he realized as he tried to bend over, the motion restricted by his slightly protruding gut.

All the while, his head continued to ache with a slight expansion over his nose, his cheeks, and his mouth. Even his neck felt a little odd, thicker to be sure, but also itchy, hairs poking at the back and running down a bit longer than where his normal human hair had sat. His face, too, continued to itch, slowly growing hair that made him wonder if he was growing a real beard, not just the stumble for laziness at shaving.

Nat felt along his mouth again, noting how puffy his cheeks seemed and how large his bulbous nose was. It took him an extra moment to feel his ears. They were larger than before, and further up his head than he recalled. The lumps on his forehead were a bit bigger too, the

feeling cool to his touch, in contrast to the warmth radiating from his slowly expanding head and body. There were hard, bony, perhaps, like nothing that had been on his head before now.

His shirt was getting somewhat tighter across his chest now, the bottom pulled up to reveal a bulbous gut, unheard of on his skinny frame. Nat reached down to feel it with his thicker fingers once more, scarcely able to believe he possessed his own beer belly. Looking down he could see a small line of reddish hair that was steadily thickening at the base of his belly and working its way upwards. The prickling spread further up his chest under his shirt, and further down his bulging stomach, itching below his belt and underwear towards his pubic hair. It gave him the image of a masculine figure, a bear of a man sporting a thick treasure trail that excited his mind. His armpits itched in tandem, as what felt like more masculine hair was sprouting under there in thick patches. Why was he getting so *hairy*?

His shirt continued its slow, steady crawl up the slightly hairy stomach as the tingling continued, his chest widening and pulling even more at the already much tighter shirt. His arms, too, had swelled up with bulk, the width ever-increasing, as his bizarre transformation marched slowly onwards. It was more than just growth, however. He rubbed the dry flaking skin running up his arms, reporting a firmness to the changed limbs. He was big, but likely very powerful underneath.

His head continued to ache all the while, the myriad of changes happening all at once distracting him from taking full stock of his entire body. He reached his thicker clawed hands up to touch his face once more, when a cry of pain erupted from his mouth. The bumps had begun violently piercing his flesh, and contact with the growths reported a thick clacking sound, like claw on claw. Though impossible, the sensation brought to Nat only one mental image. Was he growing horns?

Nat ran his clawed hand gently down his face to confirm if the aches there were forcing it forward. In shock, he realized that if he crossed his eyes he was able to see the protrusion in front of his face, an indication that his jaw was indeed slowly extending. He groaned again, voice clearly thicker than before, easily an octave lower than his human voice had been. “GRRRRR...Why is my voice so deeeppp...?” Nat said as a way of experimentation, not sure what to make of his newer voice.

Itching prompted him to feel along his cheek and chin, feeling the significant fuzz of facial hair that had been slowly growing the entire time. He found himself wondering what he would look like with a full beard. Despite the terror of the changes, the idea excited him. Never the most ‘manly’ of men, the notion of a ‘dad bod’ like the one he was apparently developing had him elated. And, perhaps a bit excited in another way...



Suddenly, Nat felt a little dizzy as he truly began to feel how much heavier he was. He clearly weighed more than his formerly 156-pound human body, and there was no sign of it stopping. How big was he going to get? Would he outgrow all his clothes, his stuff, his apartment? Nat had no way to know. He must have weighed at least 200 pounds or more by now!

Nat wanted to sit back down, but a strange tugging at his pants made him stop. Reaching backward with restricted arms from his tightening shirt, he felt a bizarre lump poking the ends of his pants, just below the edge of his spine. He wanted to get them off but the waist of his jeans was tighter from his expanding waist, the edges digging annoyingly into his flesh. Though, at least, the hardened yellow scales provided him some protection. He couldn't easily get them off, tight as they were, and he didn't think his thicker clawed fingers could work his belt.

Nat had wanted to get to the bathroom to see his changed face, but he couldn't stop staring as his muscles seemed to bulge and writhe and expand, growing before his eyes. His forearms were becoming larger, wider, thick with fat but muscled underneath. His stomach ached, as it continued packing on pounds of muscle and fat. Similar sensations from his legs reported an increase in thickness of muscle as the scales slowly crawled over his flesh. He reached down to feel them under his jeans, shivering at how firm they felt at his touch. They were swelling up in his pants, making his hips and thighs ache from the captivity.

Worse, his shoes felt painfully tight on his feet, as they swelled slowly and painfully against their confinement. They must have been beyond size 14 now and were still expanding against his will. The heel groaned, as though the sole of his foot was widening, bulking up and flattening to better support the massive amount of weight he was slowly packing on. Suddenly, something sharp pressed against the edges of the fabric, pushing against the straining leather. He looked down at his clawed, yellowed hands, and realized he must be getting a similar set on his feet. A moan escaped his lips from the fabric tearing apart ever so slightly, and Nat tried twitching his now thicker toes, in an attempt to provide some relief.

Nat shuddered all over as his frame continued to push away at the frail human garments that it clearly no longer supported. It was obvious whatever he was becoming was not meant for the dimensions that he normally adorned. His shirt continued to ride comically up his fattening stomach, pulled in all directions as his arms grew beefier. A bulbous gut hid the sight of his waist ballooning steady in his tightening jeans. He was easily over 250 pounds now and steadily growing, packing on more girth that came from seemingly nowhere.

Dizzy once more, Nat shook his head a few times, his stretching jaw an alien sight as it poked out steadily further and further in front of his very eyes. It was difficult to get used to

seeing a new part of himself, chin covered in reddening hair as the rest of his body put on more and more fat and muscle.

Curious more than afraid, Nat found himself wondering what had triggered this bizarre change. There was nothing scientifically that he could think of to explain such a strange phenomenon. He was certain it was tied to the game, but how was that possible? The more he watched the changes, the more his form started to remind him of something very familiar, something that both scared him and left him fascinated. It was almost as though he was becoming...

His thoughts ran towards a firmer image now, one that excited him. Nat groaned as he felt a familiar stirring in his pants, the thoughts and changes leaving him slightly aroused despite himself. He always wanted to be larger, bigger, and he didn't mind so much that in order to achieve that, he was beginning to resemble the game's titular villain.

Off-balance, Nat felt himself shift forward as the changes to his feet and his flattening ankles almost made him fall over. He tried to right himself, but the increase in weight and dimensions made him lose his footing and he fell backward, hitting his small cheap couch hard. He was shocked to hear a loud *pop* as his weight broke the weak wooden supports and the entire structure gave way, knocking him onto the floor with a surprising slam. Nat groaned, though more in annoyance than pain. His heavier frame absorbed the impact rather well, and he slowly stood up, careful of the small pile of debris his body had left of his former couch.

More balanced this time, Nat took stock of his body, feeling over his skin, how firm and thick he was. He flushed with arousal as his cock continued to stir. Already he could tell that the changes had not spared his genitals, and that the cock he would soon have was a vast improvement in the size department over his former human junk. He could feel a familiar itch in his groin that had covered his chin and stomach; he imagined the hairy red crotch he was soon to possess. The thought made his cock stir once more.

Nat could wait no longer. He needed to see himself fully. Lumbering towards the bathroom, each of his footfalls echoed loudly to his new ears. He was thankful that no one lived below him, lest he attracted unwanted attention and had to try and explain the changes to anyone else. A part of him desired to keep this private, to witness his ever-expanding bulk, his bulging, hairy tummy, and protruding rear and muzzle.

All the while, his body continued to grow ever so slightly, pant cuffs tight around his ankles. They themselves were exposed to the air, as his legs stretched even more, a sign he was steadily getting taller. The new height and the added girth of his feet, and legs made walking

more difficult as Nat struggled to maintain his balance. Once, he even stumbled and tripped, catching himself on the wall but leaving a sizable dent with his new claws, embarrassed at how easily his clawed hand had penetrated the drywall. Despite that, he continued his way to the bathroom, a loud crash from his bedroom indicating that his reverberating footfalls had knocked over a precariously hung picture, the glass shattering upon impact. Nat realized in short order that he had to be careful lest he destroyed too many of his human belongings. Yet somehow he felt that he wouldn't need, or even want them much longer.

Making his way into the bathroom, Nat was excited for the visage that would greet him. His first impression was that his face looked so bizarre, so alien. There were some traits of the human Nat in there, but now his jaw was wide, his mouth protruded into a reptilian muzzle. Naturally, his face was slowly growing a very masculine-looking beard, oddly accenting the reptilian features well. Newly grown horns were sticking up an inch now, still in early growth but clearly visible. His eyebrows were thick, bushy, the hairs growing more as he watched. His glasses seemed comically out of place, too small for his new eyes and stretched by the new dimensions of his face.

There was no mistaking the face in the mirror. Though it was impossible to exist like this, there was nothing else that could explain his current and still-changing features. Nat looked all the world like a real-life version of Bowser, as his body continued to fill out with the proper bulk.

Grinning a wide-toothed grin, Nat took another moment to admire the beard that had been slowly growing on his face, feeling a small swelling of pride at the sight. Looking up he noticed his brown hair was beginning to change shade, lightening towards the reddish color that his face now sported. It had stretched further down his back, slowly transitioning into a brilliant red mane. A similar sensation erupted from his armpits, and he raised his arm, a thick patch of reddish hair sticking out from the rips in his shirt.

The reflected image left him growing harder, his member pressing insistently against the already tight fabric of his jeans. Nat enjoyed the sight of his jaw extending into a grinning muzzle, how sharp his teeth were in the dim fading light from the bathroom mirror. He hardly noticed how rough and coarse his skin now was, beyond even the callouses that a hard day's work would bring.

Lost in admiration for his form, Nat was unconcerned with the insistent pulling against the backs of his jeans and undies, something in his backside wriggling in excitement beneath the entrapment of his undergarments. Instead, he looked at his arms and chest, watching them bulking out further as his shirt and pants pulled snug against his frame. He began to realize that

becoming Bowser meant he'd end up ripping out of his clothes, that he'd be rid of the troublesome human garments in a surge of power. In response, he felt a thick drop of pre stain the inside of his undies, the thought of ripping out his clothes powerfully arousing.

It seemed that his whole frame was growing faster now, every inch of him becoming bigger and bigger. It was as though his desire was causing the changes to hasten. Nat could feel himself inching taller, watching in the mirror as he seemed to slowly rise up before his eyes. His shirt was riding somewhat above his belly button by now, and his jeans pulled farther away from his ankles as he stretched over 6'7. His clothes were already snug, but as the changes continued they became gradually tighter, starting to strain a bit as his body grew beyond what they were designed to hold.

Nat realized with a smile that there was no one in the house, and that he was free to stroke himself off as he wished. And besides, his pants were getting so tight he would have to remove them soon lest he hurt himself. His jeans were pulled up annoyingly against his ankles, the cuffs stretching, as his calves swelled and pressed insistently against the weak human fabric. Likewise, his bulging gut was clearly visible, as his shirt rode further and further up his chest, nearly exposing his nipples, which were far more sensitive than he'd ever remembered. He longed to touch them, but the aching rod in his jeans demanded primary attention.

Nat fumbled with the belt of his pants, but was unable to get his fingers around the belt buckle or even down into the edges of his jeans to remove them. He didn't have time for this! He had to touch himself, feel how good it was to grow, to swell with muscle and hair and bulk, a perfect visage of masculinity. His fat member leaked copiously over his jeans and fingers, as he fumbled with the zipper, nearly ripping it off with his new upper arm strength. Irritated, he thrust his rod insistently at the opening, desperate for the cool air of the bathroom. Nat grunted, frustrated that it was nearly impossible to remove his pants like this. He decided to leave them alone for the time being; his growing frame was soon likely to remove the problem, regardless. Besides, the feeling of fabric tightening around his cock felt oddly pleasurable as his growth proceeded.

His body continued to swell with muscle, creating bits of definition along his arms and chest, and stomach, making him appear much more buff. His gut continued to distend, becoming firm with muscle, straining his belt to the absolute limit. It finally became painful, the leather audibly groaning, as it stretched to the breaking point. He found himself growing excited that his belt wasn't going to last much longer from the strain! Nat grunted once more, leaning against the wall, as he felt the belt give out. A tear formed in the leather before the buckle snapped, flying across the room with an audible smack against the wall.

His relief was short-lived, as his gut soon expanded to pull the button and zipper of his jeans. They did not last nearly as long as his belt, straining for only a moment before the button pinged off, the zipper struggling before finally snapping apart, his massive flabby gut ripping the front of his pants open. With the pressure gone, he stood up again, noting that he had left a massive handprint while leaning against the wall. Rather than being upset, however, he simply glanced at the size of his hand, enamored by the strength he possessed.

Meanwhile, his feet continued to pulse, as they grew bigger, transforming more rapidly in his tightening size 10 shoes. By now, he assumed they must have grown to a size 16, and seemed far from done! He could feel his shoes begin to give way, the bindings and glue tearing apart to make way from the massive reptilian feet he knew he now sported. Stretching ankles finally forcing the frail human footwear to give way from the strain. Pristine white socks ripped and stuck between his new talons as he wriggled them in irritation, trying to dislodge the meddlesome fabric. He could feel his toes splaying, better able to support his massive girth as the weight of his bulk distributed itself over his widening flattened feet.

By now, Nat's feet were massive, maybe a size 20, far beyond what any shoes were designed to hold. He watched as his feet grew larger and larger, the laces straining, until finally, with a pop and snap, his claws tore through the front. They were still confined in torn socks, though they themselves had torn to accommodate his new claws.

Pant legs were painfully tight at this point, the ends well up to his yellowed ankles as the cuffs were pulled apart seam by seam. His newly acquired bulk was proving too much for the already weakened cuffs, as they continued to tear, the sound music to his ears. In excitement, Nat wriggled his hips, feeling the fabric give way to his massive reptilian thighs.

Nat groaned a little as the growth in his pants pushed more insistently against the frail fabric of his denim jeans and plain briefs. Forcing the muscles above his ass to move, Nat was delighted when he felt the appendage wriggle under his control, the neural connections now sufficient to flex what he knew was his developing tail. He gleefully wagged it, feeling it push against the backs of his undies. The growth behind him swelled thicker, longer as it pulled his underwear tauter and tauter, desperate for release with each centimeter.

His underwear could hardly take the strain on either end, as his cock dampened the front of his briefs, the male reek of his need wafting into his changing nose and making him growl in pleasure. Eagerly, he pawed at the fabric, relishing the sensation of feeling his changing cock, as his underwear got tighter and tighter, the tiny tears picked up in his sensitive ears.

By now, his wrists were easily twice the diameter they had been as a human, proving quite meddlesome for the watch that still stubbornly clung to his wrist. The leather edges frayed under the strain of his ever-thickening forearm. The watch put up a tough fight, much like his belt had, desperate to remain stationary while digging into his expanding forearm and pulling at the arm hairs growing beneath it. Nat thought for a moment he should try and remove it, but his thick sausage-like fingers couldn't get under the strap in time. With a resounding *snap*, the weakened leather groaned and gave way and the watch fell from his yellow wrist and hit the floor with a loud smash. Oh well. It was far too puny for his new body, and he much preferred his new visage!

Pulled to the limits, his shirt began to tear down the back seam by seam, exposing his thick scaly skin. Nat noticed he wasn't growing any thick carapace, evidently lacking the spiky shell of his video game counterpart. Maybe it wasn't a natural part of his physiology? No matter. Nat was growing massive, thick, and ripped, and he was enjoying every second of it. He wouldn't want any parts of his muscled form hidden away in a shell or any kind of covering.

Nat raised his arm again, now clearly able to see the forest of reddish hair he now sported under each armpit. It was thick and manly, the sight making his cock swell all the more. A thick musk wafted from the sweat that had collected under each, making his cock leak from the pungent aroma. He loved the sight of his hairy pits, how they perfectly accented the thick treasure trail that had formed on his chest and bulging stomach. It, too, had grown so thick, running up his chest between his pecs, now clearly visible as his shirt rode further and further.

A simple flex left his sleeves digging into his bicep before they began to split, effectively turning his shirt into a makeshift tank-top. His pecs pushed harder and harder against his shirt before a tear formed in the collar, splitting down their firm scaled surface, adorned with needy nipples. As his chest barreled further, the tear grew in tandem, more rips forming in the sides before the shirt finally split open, still clinging desperately around his muscular back. Nat flexed a bit, smiling at the sight of his beefy arm, causing further tearing in his already overly-tight shirt.

The intense prickling in his face continued to annoy Nat as more and more red hairs sprang up, becoming a full-fledged beard. He rubbed the coarseness of his chin once more with his thickening scaled hand, admiring his large muzzle. His face had continued to press outwards ever slightly, cheeks thicker with flesh to accommodate the massive reptilian jaw he now owned. Nat smiled, watching as his teeth began to grow longer, sharper, dangerous daggers that befit his villainous form. His eyes were yellow slits, able to see in the low light room better than he recalled having been able as a human. The force of the growth had his glasses stretch and snap,

falling to the ground with a *snap* as his big toes crunched the glass. As powerful as he now was, Nat didn't even feel it!

A sharp *rip* echoed through the bathroom, as his stretching tail tore away more of the frail seams that kept it dormant. He grunted and growled as his pants tore, falling away as his tail grew inch by inch. The arousal from owning such a bestial thing was too much; his cock received a much-needed growth spurt, swelling longer and thicker, hair growing and poking above the waistband. It ached in desperation, wanting to be free, the fibers of his undies soaked with musky pre as they steadily gave way. It was such a tease, so gradual, yet every second that ticked by only served to heighten his arousal. He imagined what it would look like, that thick virile cock, fat and long, buried in a bush of thick red manly hair, the epitome of any man's dream. Nat closed his eyes, feeling it push against his undies, the fibers giving way under his lust as his cock burst through the worn edges of the front of his undies.

Looking down in anticipation at his exposed cock, Nat saw that yellow-tinged member resting in a sea of wiry red hair, matching the color of the mane he had around his head. He had always hoped Bowser might look like this down there, though he'd scarcely ever admitted the thought. Bowser was a video game character after all. But now it was him, his thick balls dangling between his legs, still confined in the constrictive undies.

His member grew fatter, wider, easily poking out from under his expansive gut. Eager to try it once more, Nat chuckled, voice deep and chuffing, much like he'd always imagined the Koopa King's to be. The sound sent another shiver through his penis, a thick drip of pre oozing onto the floor. He took his member in his clawed hand, careful as he stroked off his fat cock. He was a manly adonis out of his wildest fantasies. The notion made him immensely horny. Nat couldn't help but wonder how it would feel to shoot from such a magnificent cock.

Eager to witness the final changes, Nat stared down at his face in the mirror, seeing his muzzle grow out further. He was approaching 8 feet tall now, though was a little anxious about outgrowing his relatively tiny apartment. Thankfully he was on the bottom floor; otherwise, his new weight might break the floorboards from under him!

Nat shuddered as the last remnants of human clothes snapped, and tore from his bulk. His shirt was in fragments, as the arms emerged, finally granting him the range of motion he needed to properly stimulate his maleness. He groaned, feeling the rags slough off him as his jeans, too, came apart of the seams, falling down his beefy legs to be swept away by his still growing tail. His mammoth feet had outgrown his socks now, the elastic bands no longer able to fit around the massive reptilian ankles he now sported.

His tail was so thick now, nearly the girth of his leg, as he wagged the stubby appendage back and forth in time with his thrusts, stopping to grab the firm yet flabby edges of his glutes as he did so. Nat's treasure trail had sprouted up his navel and stomach, thinning towards his pecs, but thicker towards the thick bushy beard he now sported. His pecs were thick and bulging, the nipples pert and needy as he rubbed them down with his other claw. There was fat there, to be sure, but underneath was power, muscle, and strength beyond even what the most diligent human could ever hope to obtain.

Yet, most of Nat's focus was on his still-changing cock, making it grow even larger against its confines. Even over his expansive gut, He could see his now-massive balls jiggling as his thick clawed hand stroked harder and faster. Nat was past the point of caring about his lost humanity, or how much he had changed. All that mattered was the steady build-up, the feeling of pleasure that radiated into every fiber of his powerful being.

*Snap!* Nat shuddered as his undies tore apart, the elastic breaking and not causing any pain to his now thicker, scaled waist. His fat cock bobbed up and down, free from restraint, as the wretched remnants of his underwear hung comically to the tip of his cock like a cum soaked flag of surrender. He flicked them off, smiling as they hit the bathroom floor with an audible *splat*.

A wide-toothed grin crossed Nat's face as he stomped on them with his massive feet, a feeling of satisfaction in the degradation of his former human rags. He felt superior, far beyond the need for such foolish things. That sense of power brought him so close. It was coming, his fated release. Nat couldn't hold back, and he didn't want to. His balls were swelling, his shaft was throbbing as...Oh, God...It was happening!

“RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRWWWWWW!”

Nat roared and vibrated as his cock shot load after load of yellowed spunk onto the bathroom counter, coating the mirror and his haired crotch with a thick blast of rank-smelling semen. His heavy nostrils drank in deep the scent of his own lust, the aroma calming him as he finally felt the tingling subside, signaling his form was nearly complete.

Grunting, Nat felt the last ropes of heady semen spurting out of his thick, yellow cock and onto his clawed hand. Coming down from his post-orgasmic high, Nat stared at his sexy face in the mirror, complete for the first time. He loved how big he was, his sexy mane of red hair atop his wide muzzled face. He wasn't an exact replica of the Mario villain, not even close, but he had to admit he was not disappointed with the results. His chest was thick, stomach round and massive, likely packed with as much muscle as it was fat. His legs were pillars, powerful and



splayed to support his weight, massive feet adorned with thick deadly claws. His stubby tail wagged back and forth, causing his weighty balls to jiggle in contentment under his powerful gut. He looked like a visage out of his wildest fantasies, and Nat couldn't be happier!

Eager to explore his body, Nat rubbed his massive claws over his arms, feeling how thick they were. He teased his flabby stomach, barely able to see his cock and balls underneath it, but feeling them there all the same. The thick treasure trail was a delight to his still sensitive fingers. He was a bear of a man, a true dad bod if there ever was one. His cock twitched once more at the sight, but he thought better of it for now. There was one more piece of business to attend to, and then he would have all the time he could want to explore his new body.

A loud smack echoed as he hit his head on the door frame, unaccustomed to his new height. He had to be over 8.5 feet now, if the narrow frame gave him any trouble. Still, he pushed his way out of the enclosed space, his thicker frame causing trouble, as he squeezed himself through. His thick skin did not scratch, though the wooden frame did splinter at his passage. Yet, he paid it little mind, the excitement his new form brought him winning out over his concern for human things. Nat strode out, the apartment shaking under the force of his new bulk. He had to admit he loved the way it felt.

Walking out into the living room towards the remnants of his former couch, Nat spied the jacket he'd thrown off earlier in the debris. He picked it up, careful not to rip it as he chortled, trying to compare how tiny it was compared to his new, sexy bod. No human clothing would fit his superior form! He tried, for fun, to fit his thick meaty arms into the puny sleeves, hearing rips and strains, before grasping the other sleeve as he tried to fit it over his broad back. The jacket wouldn't even come close. Chuckling, Nat pulled at it, no longer caring that he might rip it, nor mourning his lost humanity. With a satisfying *rippppp*, the entire jacket tore into two as he pulled the useless leather over his thick powerful back.

He chuckled as it fell into the debris of his couch before another sound hit his ears. He was surprised to see the TV had turned itself back on and that the game was still in working order. Even more surprising was that the Bowser onscreen had been replaced with a pixelated human, looking kind of like Nat's former self. The new being stared back into Nat's eyes and then glared at Kammy, clearly enraged by what was obviously a mix-up.

Yet, Nat could only chuckle, a deep gruff noise not unlike the former Koopa King's. It seemed that Kammy's spell had only transferred the physical aspects of Bowser into him, but not the mind. He was still very much himself, his form swapped with the former Mushroom Kingdom Tyrant.

Without giving it another thought, Nat turned the game off, not wanting to give Kammy time to reverse the spell, lest his psyche be sucked into the game world. He could get used to the new body, but being stuck in a video game was not on his bucket list. Still, Nat was careful not to destroy it as he had with many of his human belongings, in case there was ever a chance he needed to go back. Then he thought better of it. With a mighty roar, he swung his powerful fist into the game console, smashing it and the TV in a shower of sparks. He could really get used to being Bowser, the world literally his for the taking like the King he was!