

V.

HANGING ON

“Woah, woah, to the left!”

“No, go right!”

“LEVEL OUT YOU FLUFF-FOR-BRAINS! LEVEL OUT!” If you can’t guess by now, I am horrible at flying this fluffy little nimbus knuckle-head. There is a reason I drive my Koopa Clown Copter. I’m typically a giant dragon-turtle whose weight would snuff a cloud out

To be fair the horrible steering is probably cuz my fat Peach of an ass is in his face. The cloud’s face, why everything has faces here I have no idea. That’s not important. My perilous flight pattern is. Dress flapping in the wind, long blonde hair getting in my mouth, no one is having a good time zooming around the castle hundreds of feet above the lava fields. Fluffy white cloud oozes between my knuckles as my grip tightens. I kick myself for this dumb ass idea, why did I let Kamek talk me into *this dumb ass idea!*?

I need to find a way to get better situated here. My two tiny girl legs are kicking helplessly out of the bottom while my large hips and butt can’t even squeeze in, it has me constantly tipping and tilting backwards and forwards. Jeeze I just called it large. My old ass was twenty times as big, but so was my everything else. But now, with my temporary tiny, girlish figure, I can’t help but feel like parts of me jut out embarrassingly.

“Do you think we can loosen up a little so my ass isn’t sitting on the edge here?”

The cloud complies.

Fwooop!

Aaaand my whole thick backside passes right through it. “Gah! Tighten! Tighten!” I can feel the nimbus tighten around my ribs just in time. Each of my arms has the cloud’s sides pinned in my armpits. My dumb boobs have their cleavage pushed into my face by this donut of sky cotton we call a vehicle. “Grrrr! Grrrrr!” Nope can’t pull myself up. Now from my waist down, I’m hanging out of the cloud, kicking helplessly. Worse, the tight wrap of the cloud on the frick’n dress, leotard, whatever-it’s-called outfit is giving me a wedgie! A wedgie up my ass! Fudge, it’s even giving me a wedgie in the front! I didn’t know that was a thing. “Cloudy, pull up to that windowsill.” If I can just-

If I can just swing my.. Grrr

If I can just swing my damn boot onto the ledge and- HAH! There! Caught the ledge! Now if these damn tits would stop being hefted into my face, I could look in and find out... Ah! Two of the Koopalings are like, right there. Craptastic.

IN MORTON'S ROOM...

"Turn down that crap you call music!" I scream! Like seriously, as the only girl in the whole flippin' brood, you would think I'd be afforded some kindness from my knuckle-head buffoon brothers, but no. Never. My life as Wendy Orlean Koopa is a hell hole because of my annoying as hell siblings and my fumbling villain of a father. "Well?!"

"What?" Morton calls back. The idiot is wearing headphones that aren't even plugged in! His stereo is blasting through our shared wall.

"I SAID TURN YOUR TRASH MUSIC DOWN!" I scratch at the top of my Koopa lungs.

"I can't hear you, let me turn my music down." Morton says as the screeching cats and crashing cars he calls 'music' finally gets brought down to an ear-saving volume. "Now what do you want, Wendy?"

"I told you you can't be blasting that crap when I'm doing my voice lessons." I stomp my little clawed foot. "It's like, totally rude and completely messing with my plans to make a hit single. Do you understand? Hello? Say something. My oh-so-charming brother replies by placing his hand to his face and blowing on it making a sloppy fart sound. "GAAAAH I SWEAR I LIVE WITH ANIMALS. I'm gonna tell dad that-" It doesn't matter. The lug head has turned his music up even louder than it had been, laying on his bed reading his N Power magazine, and my other brother Iggy rolling around on his mattress laughing hysterically.

"Listen you bozos—" I try to start again. This time I've brandished my wand, it's magic orb tip glowing. In the background I hear some lady screaming '*Lower, you dumb cloud, I can't be seen! Wait, my foot is caught, slow down, I'm going to flip!*' It must be from the music, it wouldn't be the weirdest lyrics I'd heard from Morton's garbage taste in tunes. "I'm gonna count to three."

"I dare ya!" Morton pulls his wand out too, and now it's a standoff.

"Um, Guys?"

"Not now, Iggy." I growl. "I'm gonna take my dear brother's head off with a freaking donut!"

"Ha! Shows how dumb you are, I love donuts!" Morton growls back.

"It's just what my rings of doom are called you lug head! And I will end your life with one so help me—" I lose my train of thought, it's that damn lady's voice again. '*Now I'm upside down, my ass*

is in the air, you blob of useless air cotton' or.. Something weird to that effect. I told you, my brother's choice in music is far from normal.

"I'm serious guys, there's a—"

"Iggy, shut up! I'm about to blast my little sister down the hall. That will teach her to respect her elders." Morton says with an incredibly dumb grin on his face.

"You're not even really older than me! We were all hatched at the same time." I screech, wand glowing brighter.

"Hey, we don't talk about that!" Heh, he's mad I triggered a nerve. Iggy is waving his arms frantically.

"And our order doesn't matter either, because unlike our failed experimental behinds, Bowser has an actual son born the natural way. You're not even really in line for the throne anymore!" I put my hand on my hip and stick out my tongue.

"STOP TALKING!" Morton is drooling with rage, just like I expected. "DON'T TALK ABOUT POPS LIKE THAT!"

"Pops!? Bowser wouldn't even name you Bowser Junior!"

"STAHP—"

"Guys please!" Iggy squeals.

"You were such a disappointment he named you Morton Junior." I am about to lose myself in laughter. "WHO THE HELL IS MORTON?!"

"-TALKING!!" He shoots a blast from his wand, and I sent a blast to meet it, and the whole room turns to smoke and crumbling brick. You know, typically sibling fight fall out stuff. It takes us a few minutes to push off the rubble and broken beds. The best part is the music stopped. Hopefully I like, blew it to pieces on accident, and now I can claim self defence.

"Awww" Iggy sighs, pressed against the window.

"Don't be disappointed, bud." Morton stretches his back. "I'll pay her back for our room, no problem."

"It's not that, the floating lady is gone." Iggy hmphs, but continues to stare out into the sky.

"Floating Lady?" Morton and I say in unison, for once on the same page.

BACK OUTSIDE...

“You cumulous clod! You nimbus numbskull! You flipped us upside down.” It’s true. This cloud might be great for Lakitus but for the Great King of Koopas, trapped (temporarily of course) in the body of his busty bell, this thing sucks plumber butt.

And why is it so slow on directions, I tell it to lower before I realize my feet are stuck on the ledge and now I’m flipped upsidedown, ass and lady bits in the air, with this damn skirt draped over me and cloud so neither of us can see a damn thing. Sorry about complaining about my plump hips earlier, by the way, they are the only thing that kept me in this donut of a cloud. And was that another damn explosion? This day is going to have a hell of a clean up bill.

After much kicking and arm waving, grunting and groaning (hey! It didn’t sound THAT girly!) We finally arrive at my bedroom window. “Swing me over there, puff ball!” I command the cloud. He does. I reach. My petite little fingers curl and un-curl in a “give me give me” motion and we miss. We do that all again with me screaming “harder!” and I smack into the locked window.

GRRRR!

“We need to bust through the glass, Cloudy. Swing me really, REALLY hard.”

“ONE!” We’re gonna build up momentum.

“TWO!” That’s it, nice big swings.

“And THR- wait is that Kamek at the window. “Oh Shit wait-”

Did I mention clouds are slow to take commands? The good news, Kamek unlocked the window. The bad news? I came in with so much force I smashed through it anyway and landed on my ass. But then there is the really REALLY bad news. I’m sitting on something hard and long pressing pretty high up my butt, even WITH my leotard thing or whatever!

“What the hell is in my crack!” I try to pull my legs out of a semi split to stand up.

“Mmmph mmm bbpph mmm mm!” Kamek mumbles, Into my ass. Cuz that’s his freaking beak.

“GAH! What the hell is with you stuffing your face between my cheeks, perv!” I scramble up to standing. He’s blushing again, the flat version that’s on the ground, but also, he seems a bit tired.

“Your Majesty” He wheezes.

“Can you stop being such a failure?! I’ve been stuck like this for hours now!” I am at my limit with this guy.

“King Bowser, I’m doing my best but—”

“And stop ending up smooshed into awkward places on my borrowed body! It’s not cool!”

“It was an accident, I assure you, King Bowser!” He mutters and sputters.

“Like, what’s the point of even keeping you as my number 2 if you can’t undo a simple power up! You’ve become useless to me. I’m going to be ruined, do you understand? And it’s all your fau—”

“GAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!” The little magikoops lets out a high and long scream. It’s not sad or worried like his typical sounds. In fact, it seems... angry? Fed up?

“Hey now Kamek, listen here-”

“GRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAH!” Okay that one sounds down right feral. I’ve never seen him like this. I think this Peachy ass might have broken him. “I... QUIT!” he screams.

“Wait, w-what now?” I stammer a little off guard.

“You obviously do not care for me or my work, I am far below your expectations. So I should just leave and let you sort this out with someone who can make you happy!” His words are apologetic, but laced with frustration. He’s... oh my gawh, he’s taking a stand. He might actually be quitting!

“Now Kamek—”

“No! I have served this family since you were a baby! I have given my life to the troop! And sometimes your anger has been warranted and I shouldered it, and sometimes it wasn’t and I still did because I am loyal. This whole troop could turn on you for being a lady now, and I would not. But what good is loyalty if I am just your punching bag? I can’t work for you like that! I can barely think anymore, my skull is so full of your insults. I am done! Goodluck finding someone to get rid of your tits!” Holy shit. He really said all that to me. He really is walking towards the door. He really is going to let me be stuck as a Peach-ish babe forever. I want to scream. I want to rip off his little head so I can chew him out eye to eye... I want to... I want to... grrrrr

“WAIT!” I am in one of those very awkward situations where I still need someone's help, but I’ve also been shown what an ass I’ve been, like in high definition. How does one fix this, say sorry and I need you without looking like ‘sorry... but I need you’ ya know? Also, to be honest, I’ve led a somewhat spoiled life. It’s a royalty thing, sue me. But this little turd, this sweaty, annoying, bespeckled Koopa, has literally been there since the beginning, and given his best to give me whatever I asked for, whenever I asked. And now, he might actually be done with me. “Please.”

double holy shit. I've fallen to my knees, my eyes are watery. "Don't leave me."

Kamek is eyeballing me with all sorts of suspicion, I get it. "You are just saying that, so you can berate me later." he squints, eyes piercing into the vulnerable Koopa King buried under this womanly, wobbly body.

"Yes." I blubber. "But that's because as king, since I was little, it was always the rule not to show my emotions. That's when you give away things with your temper. That's when you show your dumb-ass side."

"You share your temper freely with everyone." He hmphed.

"Not my dumb-ass moments. Not the really big ones." I whimper. "You are the only one I can fully vent too, cuz I can't risk showing this kind of weakness to everyone, show them that the throne has very weak dumbass issues."

Kamek tilts his head "You are saying, I am the only one in this... inner circle of dumbassery?"

"You are so deep in my dumbass... circle." Damnit, poor timing on the words and events there.

"I am so glad my durability as a punching bag has kept the throne's pride safe all these years, but there is only so much a servant can do." I hear sniggling in his voice and pain. Damnit, he's right, I'm selfish. I'm begging him to stay based on 'please let me be an ass.'

"Listen, I am... a horrible person. I was raised to dominate, and take, and bully, and... I'll be honest I don't know if that's programming I can kick or not, but I'm more than happy to admit it's not something I like about myself. I've done what needs to be done and been a jerk doing it." My eyes watered until they were tearing, damn girly hormones I guess, but I had to keep pushing on. "-but I don't need you to stay to be a punching bag. I need you to stay because out of all my minions, you were the one that never said a thing was impossible. When I explained the princess kidnapping scheme over invasion, what did you say?"

"W-well I said it was unheard of in Koopa society but not wholly impossible I suppo--"

"And when I said, I need heirs, cuz marriage may not be happening and I don't want my kingdom to go to some henchmen, what did you do?"

"I found a way to create the Koopalings from your genetic material."

"Amazing!" I cried.

"Well it was just some simple alchemy and genetics, Sire." He smiled just a tiny bit.

“And when I had a real, by birth heir and needed you to figure out how to legally lock him as my first hatched. Who did that legal leg work?”

“Me.” Kamek said a little firmer.

“When I needed airships designed?” I asked

“Me!” He yelled.

“And everytime that little plumber reached us, stole back Peach, and set us back to square one, who was it that was right back at their workstation, coming up with the next great idea?!”

Kamek lifted onto his tippy toes, his chest was full of so much pride. “M-MEEEE!”

“Yes! You!”

“Is this what a pep talk feels like?” He asked me in earnest.

“I don’t know, I’ve never given one? Is it working?” I shrug through my sobs and chuckles.

“It feels good, I think it is, yes.”

“Awesome!” I clap. The room goes quiet for a moment and things start to feel awkward. “D-do you need more?”

“Yes please.” Kamek nods.

“Oh, um, alright. Look! The thing is the crown may have turned into a really good plan, but I ruined that, and my entire day, body, and mental stability with my dumb-ass moment. And you, Kamek, are the only one who can save me! Will you save me, Kamek?!”

He coughed and sputtered. “You do realize how awkward it is with you asking me this... I-looking like that.”

“Oh erm, yeah. I suppose it would b—”

“On your knees all sobbing and such.” He traced my body with his staff indicating my current look.

“Okay.” I groaned. “I can see how that wo—”

“Maybe tug up your top a little too. You have a very distracting amount of cleavage at the momen—”

“DEAR FIERY THRONES MAN! I may be a dainty woman at the moment who got a little honest and vulnerable just now, but I am still a badass Koopa tyrant who can squash people for being annoying.” I watched him eep, and tighten his body. “The question is, do you want to be the one to save this badass Koopa Tyrant, or do you leave me... well... like this?”

Kamek took a long moment to think and respond. “I, as I always have, will see you through this stage of your imminent conquest, Your Most...Understandingness. We will set up monitors to make sure you have no complications through the night, and hopefully, with the research I have done already, we will have you fixed in a day or two!”

TWENTY MINUTES LATER ...

IN THE REMAINS OF KAMEKS LAB.

As I, Kamek, keeper of magic, king’s major domo, and Bowser’s only foreseeable hope of a cure, survey the smashed and exploded remains of my lab and research, the only appropriate response I can find is. “Shit, I should have told him longer.”