



## IV.

### **POW BOOM AAAHH!**

There we go. The square brick floated in the air, the word POW glowing on its side, right where I wanted it. Typically these things were used to incapacitate armies, rather than decimate them, and usually against mine, not to go on a pissed-off ramble. But this thing seems perfect for what I need. Tons of force to shake this pink monstrosity off my noggin (and these lady parts off my form) without literally blowing my face off or something. Like my actual face, this Peach puss has got to go.

I give a good stretch, crack my neck like all action hero badasses do in the movies and ball up my fists. My... tiny... girly fists. Ah screw it, time to Pow this... bitch? Too strong? Whatever. I raise my fists above my head and rain them down with all my strength on top of the Pow brick.

Pooooooooowww

Now that might seem like a long sound effect, but everything is in slow motion now. Slow motion? In a book? Heck yes, It's my story and if I want to get all Cinemagraphic, I will. Cuz damn if it didn't feel slow motion. I'm in the air, pushed away from the brick by the shock wave it set off. My cheeks are wobbling as I let out a low "wooooooah" both from the force I'm hit with, and how the flesh orbs on my chest ripple and wobble in hypnotic slow-mo fashion. I gotta say, I get the appeal now.

Boom! That's me hitting the wall. Slow effect is totally over. So is the hotness of wobbling boobs. Air knocked the frick out of me, and my damn shell has its spikes stuck in the wall. I am suspended over the ground! Not to mention all of Kamek's glass sciency crap crashing down on the tables (the tables that haven't ended up as piles on the floor. And of course, I still look like a dumb floofy princess!

The wall cracks and crumbles and I push myself out of it. That damn piece of junk Power Brick. I'm wobbling at it with all my rage (The short time in this get-up I have learned jack about walking in these platform-wedge idiot boots) "Why won't anything work!" I swing my leg and kick the underneath of the brick as I curse up a storm.

Pooooooooooooowww!

Crud. Slow-motion again. Little less slow. A Lot less hot. The brick "pows" my foot so hard it sends it swinging back under me, which has now swept me upside down, spinning! Between roaring and getting dizzy, I semi notice Kamek's chalkboards and magical doodads smashing against the wall but what am I supposed to do about it? I'm floating through the air doing summersaults. Falling back down, I'm grateful I've spun enough that I just might land on my feet! Ah, nope. Over spun. Belly flop, fall on my face it is fate, you pain in the ass.

Bam!

Wheeze. Nope, not face. I have tits now. Landed on my tits and I have all the air knocked out of me to boot. Just gotta say, the perks of sensitive boobs go out the window when you smash them against a stone floor. If I could speak through my wheezing I would be dropping F-bob-ombs cuz this really hurts. Accursed throbbing hills of fat. I wanna cr- I mean. Wasn't gonna say cry there. 'King's don't cry' as father used to say. I want to punch something, someone. Yeh, that's it. But first, I need to get up. Bleh, I'm dizzy as heck, and pushing myself up on these girly noodle arms is less than effective. Crawlin' around like a damn baby, come on Bowser, get to your feet.

POOOOOOW!

Welp, lifted my head while under the POW block. Now it's used up, and I'm smashed into the floor. I'm... gonna take a moment. Oof.

MEANWHILE...

"Yes, I need this right away, by order of the king." How can a magikoopa like myself work so long and so hard for my station and nation, and yet, I still have to argue with minions to get things I need. I, Kamek, mastermind, and majordomo to the big fierce Koopa ruler. Well, typically big and fierce. They are more dainty at the moment. But alas, just another thing for my genius to solve!

"The only cloud we have available is mine, and I was gonna go away for the weekend." Lars the Lakitu grumbled.

"Yes yes, I'll make sure it's returned once we're done with it." I roll my eyes and sign whatever paper I need.

"No damage. It takes us weeks to grow a fresh cloud. Sentient Nimbus are delica-" But I had stopped listening to him. Flying Koopas whose sole job is to fly around and drop spineys on the people below are very particular, but I have a complicated plan to enact! And I can't steer this cloud with a face myself, lest I draw attention. So hopefully this direction spell will get it right to my lab's window. Hopefully, based on the quality of the cloud, not my spell of course.

BACK AT THE LAB...

"I WANT TO BREAK SOMETHING!" I scream at the top of my lungs, sounding like a damsel in distress rather than the draconic roar it should be. "BUT everything is broken already!" It was true. Kamek's lab was a pig sty. The dude should really do something about the mess. I need to catch my breath, stabilize. I've almost twisted my ankle in these boots multiple times, all this hair is starting to get tangled and crap, and the more I stomp around the more these boobs bounce almost out of my top. Also, I have a wedgie. I've never had a wedgie in my life. I've never even worn pants, so I have not a fart-in-the-wind's chance of getting under this skirt thing and figuring out how to pick this thing out of my plump temporary human cheeks.

This has just been so m-much. So stressful. It makes me... m-makes me want to- GAH what's happening to me?! I'm freakin' teary! This body is making my eyes water, not the intense emotional distress of this situation. Curse you Peach! Curse your girly emotions and shit! I need to end this. I'm obviously durable still. These may not be Koopa



scales but there's not a scratch on me. Sniffle. I just need to do something drastic that will take out this crown. Some...thing... explosive. My eyes light up. There is a barrel by the wall. A barrel labeled bob-ombs.

"Am I crazy?" I ask as I palm a bob-omb in my hand, tossing it gently. This little guy with eyes, feet, wind-up-key, and a fuse. No, I haven't been crazy enough. Crank, crank, crank, goes the key. Htchhhhhhhhhh the fuse lights up, I hold the little explosive fella up by the crown, close my eyes and wait. Yup, just gotta wait, and soon everything will be fine. As long as I don't blow my fingers off. Heh. That would suck. But what are the chances of... Well. Okay, this should have been thought out more. Let's put the fusee out. Nope I said out.. Why can't I put out your fuse you adorable little son-of-a-b. Okay, go out! Even licking my fingers isn't working! How do I put you out!!?



Bmf!

I jump a little. A cloud with eyes just scared the crap out of me by hitting the glass from outside. I drop the bomb in a bowl on a table and swish and sway over to the window, my ticket out of the lab is here. How do I open this damn window? Also, the cloud is too high. "You gotta be below the window, I can't get in if you are that high, you hear me?" I don't speak cloud, is there a cloud language, do they speak me? I'm distracted by all these thoughts, and I'm missing something important here. The table I dropped the Bob-omb on is long and comes right up to the window, and that little 'ball-and-fuse' is walking down its length to guess who. Yours truly.

"Look at my hands! Look at 'em. See? Go lower. Little lower. Okay now just stay while I figure out how to open the damn wind- OH SHIT!" The bob-omb crept right back up on me. And the fuse is almost gone! I'm spitting on the fuse now. "Who was the idiot who made these things so hard to turn off?!" I hope it wasn't me... Wait, I put out the fuse! I'm sweating and covered in dust, but the lab rat has survived all the experiments, just time to aaah... uuuuh



ACHOO!

I sneezed flame. Huh, I can still breathe fire. Neato. My fire sneeze lit the fuse. Not neato! NOT NEATO! "Get away from me you flippin' j-hole!" I punt the little bish to the other side of the room. Okay, break open the window and then-

Htchhhhhhhhhhhh

Did it land in the barrel?

Htchhhhhhhhhhhh Htccchhhhhh  
Htchhhhhhhhhh Htchhhhhhhhhh Htchhhhhhhhhh

Every bob-omb in the barrel is lighting up. Fffffuuu-

OUTSIDE THE CASTLE...



Cloud could never tell what the monster woman was saying. She pointed and growled and hopped up and down. But Cloud doesn't speak silly words. Cloud is cloud. But cloud is bored now. So it starts to drift away from the window. Maybe Cloud should stop working here. Just, wander into the sky, with other clouds? That would be nice. Or open a taco store... after it understands what taco is. Yes. That might be what-

"hhhhhhhhHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRAAAH!" CRASH!

Ooo Monster lady is screaming and in the air, her big bottom half is coming for Cloud.

BOOOOOOM! BAAAM POOOOW BOOOOOOM!

Lots of explosions! Lots of Fire! Monster Lady's Crazy Boots have gone through Clouds head. Cloud is spinning now. Lady is cursing! Tacos are mystery! MAYDAY!!

MAYDAY...