

HAIL TO THE KING

By: Firingwall

“Jeeeeeealous?”

“Why would I be jealous?”

“Come on, it’s the newest amiibo on the block and I got it!”

“I mean, if I cared, I could just buy it online. I highly doubt these things are sold out across the world.”

A blond-haired guy peered from around the corner, flatly saying, “Rachel, stop teasing Melissa. It’s clear she’s not interested.”

The blue-haired woman glanced back, pouting her cheeks. “Oh come on, I’m just having some fun. She knows I’m just playin’.”

“Yeah,” Melissa spoke, adjusting her thick-rimmed, black glasses, “It’s not like she’s acting like a first-grader on purpose.” Rachel shot her a look, which Melissa returned with a half-hearted, smug smile.

The guy shook his head and disappeared back into the living room, the sound of Super Smash Bros. Ultimate returning soon after. Rachel sighed, “Okay, you’re not interested. But come on, you gotta admit, it does look cool!”

The excited woman held the amiibo figure up into her roomie’s face, wiggling it like a child showing a parent what they want from the toy store. Melissa backed her face away and sighed, staring at the mini-figure. It was of King K. Rool, the big villain from the classic Donkey Kong Country series, doing a goofy pose of pointing out at something off in the distance. He had such a silly look on his face as well.

However, the scrawny, brown-haired lady just pushed the packaged figure back to Rachel gently. “Sure, I guess.” Melissa shrugged. “Whatever works for you.”

Rachel frowned. “I mean, it *is* cool. I don’t think there’s ever been any official figure or toy of this guy; so it’s reeeally nice to have it!”

Melissa scratched at her face, looking at the box. “I guess. Sorry, I’m just really not into collectibles or whatever this is like you guys are.”

“Well that’s because you don’t “own” one like us! It feels good to have one and have it on your shelf, next to the TV, or on some kind of cool stand to stare at! Trust me on this.”

“Sure. Bye.”

Just as she started to turn, Rachel grabbed her shoulder and pulled her closer. “Hey, you know what? Why don’t you have this?”

“...why?”

“Because I can easily get another one any time I want, and it would be fun for you to have it. It’ll help you understand why it’s cool to collect stuff, and it would be the perfect start for your own collection! Plus, it’ll add a bit of personality to your room.”

Melissa frowned, facing her. “First, I’m not going to “start” any collection because you give me *this*. Second, my room is perfectly fine.”

“But bland!” Rachel opened the box and took out the figure. “Here you go! Enjoy! Find a nice place for it!” With that, she thrust the small figure into the woman’s hands, careful not to damage anything.

Melissa looked between the toy and her again, suddenly feeling rather tired. She let out a sigh and turned, walking away with it. It looked as if she had no will or energy to argue with Rachel further on the matter, just reluctantly accepting the gift.

Rachel smiled brightly, quickly dumping the casing onto the table in the hall before returning to the living room with her fiancé, JD. He was busy, smashing away through Classic Mode for Lucario, only noticing her when she sat down beside him.

Pausing the game, he glanced at her and her hands. “Where did K. Rool go?” he asked curiously.

“I gave it to Melissa. I figured she could use a fun collectible in her life! I’ll get another one when they start releasing them.”

JD frowned. “Yeah, I was going to ask; where the hell did you get that amiibo anyway? They don’t go on sale *officially* for another week or so.”

The blue-haired girl chuckled, leaning back into the sofa, “I got my sources.”

“...are they legal?”

“Probably?”

“They don’t come with any... weird catch, do they?”

“Oh, probably, but nothing deadly.”

“...really?”

“Really really!” Rachel huffed, sitting up and folding her arms, “Look, I wouldn’t buy or give away anything that was dangerous. Melissa will be fine!”

“...” JD reached over and knocked on the wooden table in front of the sofa. Rachel just replied by sticking out her tongue and trying to grab the controller out of his hands.

Melissa stepped into her bedroom, closing the door behind her. She looked at the amiibo in her hand, still giving her that silly grin, and then looked around her room. After a moment, she walked over to her dresser and moved aside some of her discarded clothing.

She placed the item there and stepped back. Taking it in and then the rest of the room, she shook her head. “Yep,” she mumbled, kicking her slippers off and hopping onto her bed, “So does not go with the room at all.”

She stretched out on the bed, cracking her shoulders. After checking her phone, she tossed it onto the nightstand before grabbing the book she was reading earlier. *Still a long while before my show starts*, she thought, taking out her bookmark, *might as well finish this chapter...*

Head sinking deep into her pillow, she dived into her book. She read away, her focus and mind fading from the small amiibo that sat on the dresser across from her. No reason to care or think about it in any way. She could figure out a better spot for it some other time.

Time slowly passed. The house was quiet, except for those faint, game sounds in the living room. Melissa peacefully went through her book, finishing her chapter before moving onto the next. The figure sat where it was, already beginning to capture dust. All was peaceful.

However, peace was fleeting. The King K. Rool amiibo, as it sat there, began to radiate a soft, almost invisible glow from its body. Starting from its eyes, it spread out across it, giving off a garish, light green aura. Eventually, it shined like a faint, neon glow stick.

Then, most strange of all, the amiibo moved. It wobbled and vibrated gently, creaking as it turned further and further to the right. Its mug soon faced that of Melissa's, hidden behind the book, as if it was looking right at her.

It shook just a bit more, vibrating, but keeping its head focused squarely on Melissa. Its glow brightened further and further, shining almost like a lava lamp. Such a light and shake finally caught the woman's attention.

"Hmm?" Melissa lowered her book and looked towards the dresser.

There sat King K. Rool, still silent, still motionless. Just as she left it.

Melissa stared long at it, eventually just shrugging and returning to her book. She pulled it up, covering her face once more. She casually lifted a leg and set it over the other, stretching them out and wiggling their toes too.

As her legs rested comfortably, the foot on the bottom twitched slightly. The tip of its sock began to bulge. At first, just at one, tiny little point pressing against the fabric. Soon, another point tented, followed by a third one in the middle.

The sock rose in those areas before falling as three, small points pierced the cotton fabric. They were small at first and grayish-white, almost indistinguishable from the rest of the sock's color. But then they kept on growing.

They grew slowly, peering more and more out of the sock. The sock's tip opened further as the holes widened. Eventually, they were all just one big hole. Stretching out from the new opening were three dense, cone-shaped claws, but curving slightly down at the tips.

The claws kept growing and growing out of her sock, three big lumps of green following after. The new lumps were toes: large, scaly toes that each claw grew out of. Not only that, after more growth, their base followed shortly after, revealing an equally leathery, scale-covered foot.

RIP! The sock's sides and back suddenly stretched before breaking into pieces. The only bit left hanging on rested on her ankle, acting almost as a separator of sorts. Melissa's entire left foot was one big, reptilian one.

Melissa yawned, stretching her feet and clenching her toes. Her clawed digits clenched, poking her scaly sole. She frowned, causing her to readjust herself a bit. She rubbed her animalistic toes together and against the bottom of her feet.

After a moment, she sighed pleasantly. *Itchy. Hate that feeling...*

She returned to her book, pushing the thought out of her mind. Meanwhile, her left leg pulsed, trembling for a moment. The remains of the sock around her ankles bulged soon after, quickly tearing apart without much effort. Beneath it laid more green, scaly skin, creeping up from her foot now.

Her leg felt numb briefly. Melissa gave it a good shake, thinking it had just fallen asleep. The shake only seemed to speed things up, the scales rapidly climbing her leg. Light, almost invisible hairs evaporated as the skin change passed over them, dipping underneath her jeans.

The green scales soared across her leg, eventually coming to a stop at her hip. The rough feel of scales brushing against her denim caused her leg to feel very irritated. Her leg throbbed and, just plain frustrated at this point, Melissa brought a hand down to her thigh.

She scratched gently and then harder. She scratched and scratched, her leg beneath the clothing bubbling. Her muscles pulsed and tendons swelled, beginning to inflate. However, it did not compare to the amount of fat that was building as well.

Her leg shook and bulged, her lower leg swelling followed by her thigh. They all pressed tightly against her jeans, quickly filling the wide leg hole. The irritation suddenly died down a bit, and Melissa breathed a sigh of relief, returning to her reading.

The problem didn't simply go away though. Her pants leg tightened as her leg widened more and more beyond simply filling it out. There was not enough room in her jeans now.

Before Melissa could react, there was a light **rip**. Then there was another, followed by another and another. Across the pants leg, holes and tears were forming, chubby, green scales pushing their way out. Holes grew and tears widened, connecting with more and more.

Eventually, it all gave way. Her right leg bulged one final time and out popped a very large, fat reptile leg. With the mixture of fat & muscles and her bones strengthening, her new leg was as strong and tough as a tank.

Still somehow unaware of her oversized leg and foot, Melissa continued to read. *Gees*, she thought, *my pants felt weird. What was all that a...bout?*

Her thumb had pressed against the page, sliding across to turn it. As it did though, her fingernail turned an odd gray. It shifted, sliding out and moving to her fingertip. There, it began to grow denser and wider. The nail turned cone-like in structure as it stretched out into a sharp point. The skin around the new base thickened itself, circling around it and turning green.

Melissa's train of thought flew off the rails, her eyebrows furrowing as she looked at her thumb. She brought it closer in to better examine it, watching as it changed further. The green tip flowed down and over the rest of her thumb, scales replacing any trace of soft, palish skin.

"Wha-wha-what?" Her heart felt like it skipped a beat. The scales spread to the rest of her hand. They quickly wrapped themselves around the palm and back, engulfing them before it climbed her other fingers.

"Crapcrapcrap!" Melissa yelled, dropping her book on her stomach. As if needing to confirm it, she touched her scaly hand with her normal one. She felt the roughness of her new scales as they swallowed her fingers. Her ring finger ached once it was covered, pressing itself against her middle before they suddenly merged. It was all painless thankfully, bone and muscle combining into one large digit.

As her fingernails jutted out into similar shaped claws, she felt a tremble. Muscles pulsed before her whole hand bloated and fattened. The feeling shocked her, yanking her unchanged one away in fear. She watched on as what was once small grew big.

"H-holy crap!" she spoke, her heart racing. Her arm felt heavier with the weighty hand, almost a partial strain on her wrist. At least, it was until her wrist swelled then, scales and girth pouring into it now. Her sleeve collar bulged, the change continuing unseen beneath it.

What's going on?! She thought in a panic, anxiety raising higher and higher, what's wrong with my hand... and my arm?! Am I sick? Is this some kind of allergic-

Fwomp. She felt the weight of the book on her stomach lifting, almost instantly. She then heard an item hit the ground and looking to the side, she saw that her book had been launched into the distance.

Melissa sat up and looked down at herself. Her stomach was bigger. Her shirt had pulled up as chubby, belly fat poked out, her belly button just visible. It looked like she had suddenly gained about twenty pounds, all around that area.

But she didn't even have time to take that in. A second later, she finally noticed her new, green leg. Her jaw dropped even further somehow, the woman nearly jumping back. But she couldn't as she felt weighed down. Her right arm had swelled in size at that point, but she managed to fully hoist herself up for a better look.

She looked up and down her meaty legs, her body warming as sweat began to drip onto her forehead. She nervously reached her still normal hand over and placed it upon her tough thigh. It felt much like her hand, but with more fat to it.

My leg... my arm... they look so... weird? Arrrrgh, I don't even know what to think at this point!! She reached her large, clawed hand over, pressing it onto her thigh as well. **RIP!** Her stretched-out sleeve gave way, a big arm breaking through. Much like her leg, it was covered in green scales and was packed full of muscle and fat too.

If not for her thick left leg, Melissa almost certainly would've tilted and fallen over with her "enhanced" arm now. Both limbs balanced each other out, allowing her to sit up straight without issue. Still, balance wasn't what she was concerned about.

She struggled but managed to lift her right arm up. It was so heavy, straining her shoulder and neck just to do so. "This damn arm," she groaned, "It's way too big! I'm not going to be able to move around with this thing!"

BAH! DON'T BE SUCH A WEAKLING. FLEX YOUR MUSCLES. SHOW YOURSELF THE TRUE POWER YOU HAVE IN YOU.

Melissa's eyes widened, her pupils dilating. She huffed, her body almost moving on instinct. Her fist clenched as tightly as it could, her claws casually rubbing against her palm without issue. She lifted her forearm and pulled back on it. Veins bulged and muscle swelled, her biceps ballooning out.

Her mouth hung open, agape as she looked at the sight. Her muscles bulged so incredibly. She felt... powerful.

An exciting rush struck her, a low moan following. Her shoulders shook, widening a bit and gaining strength. Curiously, the remaining clothing around her wrist that had managed to hang on hardened. Its dark gray color brightened to almost a golden bronze, gaining a similar sheen as well. The ends of the clothing smoothed out and bulged into these large rings, the rest of the clothing transforming.

Melissa panted and panted; her eyes still wide as she looked at the curious item around her right arm. It was like a gold-plated wristband... one that looked awfully familiar to her.

“Wait...” she mumbled, looking at the band, then her arm, and finally at her leg. Her eyes, still wide as can be, caught a whiff of three spikes poking out of her other sock as well. It was all starting to come together... sort of, in her mind.

She huffed, frustration growing as her brow furrowed, pushing out farther than it should. Her brow almost seemed to bonk against the top rim of her glasses, pushing them a touch down her nose. Her eyes narrowed, or at least, one did. The other stayed wide open. Its eye almost seemed to grow, its pupil turning black as blood vessels pulsated around it.

She huffed again, hands gripping tightly. Three more large, clawed toes broke her sock. She just had to say it, “I’m transforming into King K. Rool!”

AMAZING, ISN'T IT?

She smirked, chuckling in a strange low voice, “**Yeah... amazing~.**”

She shook her head quickly, smacking it with her normal hand. Some of her short, messy brown hair fell from her head, a tiny bit of green scales replacing it. *No*, she thought, gritting her teeth, *not awesome. Where the hell did that come from?*

She looked around the room. The only thing different was the amiibo figure she placed in the room earlier, but that was it. There was no figure or person speaking to her... or was there?

A singular eye narrowing, she focused on the amiibo. “You... are you talking to me?”

HA! WHY WOULD A SILLY TOY BE TALKING TO YOU? I AM TALKING TO YOU!

Melissa's heart increased, an odd rumbling striking her in the stomach. Her belly shook, bulging more. Her shirt raised further as more of her gut came out. Her belly button was looking a bit more pushed out itself. The skin even seemed a different color, far more tan than before.

RIP! Her last sock broke apart, revealing another big lizard foot beneath it. Melissa didn't care though. She mumbled, her voice almost a whisper "Who... who are you? Wh-where are you?"

The voice chuckled again but didn't say anything else. The woman nervously shivered, her last pants leg bulging and blowing apart as well. She now had a matching set of large Kremling legs.

She touched the remains of her jeans, which were pretty much denim shorts at that point. Even though they still fit around her normal hips and buttock, they felt awkward, the leg holes still clutching tightly to her thighs. *So tight*, she thought, *really damn tight...*

THEN TAKE THEM OFF. SIMPLE AS THAT, STUPID.

B-but I can't, she thought back, arguing with some bodiless figure or spirit, *there's still people around and...*

OH, PLEASE! YOU'RE IN YOUR DAMN ROOM AND BESIDES, PANTS ARE OVERRATED ANYWAY. WHO NEEDS THEM? I DON'T. YOU DON'T. WE DON'T.

Melissa frowned. He did have a point... sort of. She was by herself. No point in wearing them if they were a problem. Maybe she could put on some stretchy sweatpants in the meantime.

...if I want to... The words echoed in her mind for a moment, fading out as she unzipped her jean shorts. She pulled on them, trying her best to slip them down her dense thighs, but they got stuck almost immediately. No matter how much she tugged or pulled, they wouldn't budge.

A twinge of frustration and anger coursed through her veins. Her hands clenched tightly, a spot of green sprouting on the back of her normal hand. She growled, "Stupid, damn pants!"

With all her might, she stretched her legs to the sides as far as she could. **RRRIIIIP!** The jeans tore apart like tissue paper, her powerful leg muscles making short work of them.

Melissa panted happily, a smirk crossing her lips. Her canine teeth sharpened and grew, poking out of her lips. More hair fell as she chuckled, “There, a hell of a lot better now!”

Isn't it? Melissa blushed, twitching nervously. From her legs down, she looked completely inhuman and monstrous.

OF COURSE IT IS. YOU ALREADY LOOK MUCH BETTER NOW. CLOTHING JUST GETS IN THE WAY.

The woman frowned, nervously scratching at her arm. She then realized that her once normal hand had also transformed. She watched as her ring and middle fingers merged into their own meaty, green lizard finger.

Gritting her sharpening teeth, she snapped, “Enough of this crap! Who the hell is talking?”

The mysterious voice laughed, bellowing out from parts unknown, *IT IS WHO YOU THINK IT IS.*

The only sound afterwards she could hear was her own heartbeat, which was pumping harder and harder. Her remaining shirt sleeve began bulging out, her arm now swelling up with muscle and girth, tears and holes forming. Yet, everything just faded away.

She gulped and mumbled, “You’re... you’re King K. Rool?”

CORRECTION. I AM YOU, KING K. ROOL.

“Wait... that doesn’t make-” She blushed gently as her big Kremling arm tore through her sleeve. Her body shivered, her shoulders widening and thickening in response. The top of her shirt tore a tad as they widened, more green scales peering through.

OF COURSE IT MAKES SENSE. YOU ARE KING K. ROOL, AT LEAST, A UNIQUE VERSION OF ONE.

“No way,” she muttered, clenching her fists, “That’s not it! I’m not some big, fat, lizard man... guy... or whatever the term is. You’re just... trying to turn me into some kind of freak!” She looked towards the amiibo figure on the dresser, still sitting there like usual.

She growled in a thick, deep voice and shifted towards the bedside. With a huff, she hopped onto the floor, causing a massive **THUMP** as her scaly feet hit the carpeting. The room shook from impact, items falling over and shaking across the place.

The impact sent an exciting ripple from up her feet and straight into her chubby belly. It jiggled. **FWOMP!** Her stomach expanded massively, shoving out from underneath her shirt and forming into a heavy, rounded gut. It didn't dip and sag, just staying perfectly up as it protruded from her torso.

Her shirt rose all the way up to make room for her big belly, tearing a bit as it did so. The new, cartoonish gut shook, its color turning golden and smoothing over. It looked almost as if it was hardened metal, but poking it showed how soft and malleable it really was.

Melissa blushed, reaching down and patting the area with her thick hands. Her stomach made a satisfying drum sound that she couldn't help but smile at. The skin along the edges of the gold belly turned green and scaly themselves, spreading around her back.

Her fingers stretched wide, hovering over her tummy before gripping it. She shivered again. *So big*, she thought. Her eyes clenched shut. *I'm so fat and heavy now...*

BUT?

...but it feels... feels... rather nice~. She smirked. Her eyes opened again, revealing her irises were now beady black dots.

Melissa looked down at her protruding stomach and gave it a satisfying smack, letting out a mean chuckle. Her belly button popped right out, heaving forward into a big outie.

SEE? WHY RESIST IT? IT'S WHO YOU ARE.

"Who I am?" she mumbled, scratching at the back of her head. More clumps of brown hair fell out, revealing more patches of green scales beneath.

WE ARE K. ROOL AFTER ALL. I KEEP TELLING YOU, BUT YOU DON'T SEEM TO GET IT, IDIOT.

Melissa's anger rose. With a gruff growl, she snapped, "Who are you callin' an idiot? I am not some dumb person you can push around, fatso."

HA! FATSO? YOU SAY THAT LIKE IT'S A BAD THING.

Melissa frowned but didn't fight him on it. She gripped her fat again. She was certainly no scrawny lady like before now. However, she wouldn't say being fat was much of an insult at this point, especially with her growing appreciation of this bulk. There wasn't anything wrong with her scales, her weight, her strong muscles, or the fact that she was turning into-

She shook her head and growled, "No. No way. Not... not letting you win!"

She took a step towards the dresser again, a bit clumsy with her new weight, but quickly adjusted for it. Her stride grew stronger, her pace picking up until she reached her dresser. She snatched up the K. Rool amiibo and held it tight in her clawed hand.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

"Destroying it!" she snorted. Her mouth bulged forward at that remark, her lips turning green and her nose shrinking.

AND WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?

"It'll get rid of you, and I'll go back to normal! This crap started after I brought this thing into my room and destroying it is the solution."

HAHA! I LIKE THE BLOODLUST AND URGE TO WRECK THINGS, BUT YOU THINK IT'S THAT EASY? FACE IT, YOU'RE ALREADY KING K. ROOL!

Melissa shivered, grinding her teeth, which were all slowly getting longer and sharper. She shook her head. "I am not K. Rool. I am Melissa."

NO. YOU ARE KING K. ROOL.

"I. Am. Not. **King. K. Rool!**" Melissa belted, her voice deepening. She was growing madder by the second.

YES, WE ARE.

“**No, we are NOT!**” she bellowed. Her nose faded into her face, leaving behind two large slits for nostrils. She shook anxiously, her face creeping forward.

With a soft, mean chuckle, the voice replied simply, *YOU ARE KING K. ROOL. JUST LOOK.*

At that moment, Melissa looked from the amiibo to the large mirror beside the dresser. Her reflection showed no young woman in it, only a figure turning into a big beast of a king. The arms and legs were already transformed, the torso almost there as well. Her face was pushing out, already a several inch-long muzzle, teeth poking out along the rim.

That's not me... that's not me at all. Her heart raced, beating harshly against her chest. The torn, stretched out shirt stretched even further. Her breasts looked as if they were growing. Or, at least, widening considerably.

THEN WHAT IS IT? DO YOU NOT SEE A KING IN THERE? She gulped again, her face twisting to a disturbed, small smile. Her ears shrunk, pulling in and flattening against her head. They sunk into her skin, leaving behind an almost invisible hole in their place. Soon after, green scales formed over them.

I see... I see something big and green. She tried her best to avoid answering the question, moving away from it as much as she could. Her skull seemed to flatten, turning more dome-like as her brow grew further. Her eyebrows and eyelashes fell out shortly after.

YES. THAT IS YOU. YOU ARE BIG AND GREEN.

That is me. I am big and green. Melissa shivered again, deep breaths following. Her underwear began stretching at that point. It pushed out in the back, her butt cheeks expanding to match with her flabby torso. Her undies also pushed out in the front as well, a bulge forming from where there was none.

Without prompting, she spoke again, “**I see something fat and powerful.**”

Her cracked smile grew wider, a certain feeling emanating from it now. Something rather wicked and mean. Her shirt stretched again, ripping across the sleeves and to her collar, which

was also tearing due to her neck now swelling. Her chest widened further, breasts beginning to flatten somewhat. Their shape shifted from kind of round and firm to something more saggy and deflated almost. Even then, they were still dense and thick.

As a curious pendant, shaped like a blue jewel, appeared around the cuff of her dress, the voice spoke to her again. *IS IT YOU?*

Melissa nodded her head, her stretched shirt changing from gray to red. “**Yees! I am fat and powerful. I look great~.**”

HEHEH, YOU LOOK BETTER THAN GREAT. NOW, DO YOU SEE SOMEONE KINGLY?

Melissa’s heart pounded harder, the sound of a mad drum playing within her head it felt like. She nodded wildly, licking her chops. A lizard-like tongue slipped out, sliding along her scaly lips and sharp fangs. Her underwear bulged forward, the small bump getting rounder and more protruding.

“I do see someone kingly.” Her bulge twitched, her underwear stretching out far more. A greenish, leathery sack had appeared, filling the underwear’s front and threatening to burst.

“**I see someone who is big, green, fat, powerful, and kingly.**” She spoke, her voice getting thicker by the second. More of her hair fell from her head, leaving her with a buzz cut of sorts. Most of her face sprouted scales, leaving only a few spots where there were none.

“**I am that KING.**” She huffed, grinning from ear hole to ear hole. Above her blubbery, wide butt, a green nub shot out. Extending from her spine, a short, scaly tail sprouted. It was barely noticeable due to her large form, swaying gently now that it was free.

ONE LAST QUESTION. WHO IS THAT KING?

Melissa shivered. Her heart no longer raced. She did not feel antsy or anxious like before. She felt confident, sure of herself. She knew who she was.

With a mighty laugh, she shoved her chest forward and smacked her belly. “**I AM KING K. ROOL, RULER OF THE KREMLINGS AND SOON, THE NEW KING AROUND THESE PARTS!**”

Everything clicked. All of her old self and life seemed... no. It **was** so puny, dull, and insignificant. It was a joke, one that she wanted nothing to do with any longer. She knew who she truly was and wanted to be now. Nothing would ever be the same for her.

With that declaration, her body shook, vibrating excitedly. Her transformation kicked into overdrive as pleasure coursed through it. Time to be complete.

The front of her shirt exploded, fabric flying as her boob-ish pecs burst through. Her entire torso swelled more, gaining further weight and girth until it doubled its already existing size. Scales finished covering what was left, while the rest of her stomach and pecs completely turned gold.

The remains of her shirt on her back exploded, but instead of falling apart, it flowed down and down. Tears formed at its bottom, its material thickening while a golden pattern formed towards the end. The remains of her collar latched onto the pendant, the shirt forming that of an impressive cape.

Melissa's face shivered, bones cracking and morphing as a powerful, pleasant feeling coursed through her head. Her already short, extended maw blasted outwards, pushing nearly a foot in length. Her nostrils shifted to the very end of the top jaw while teeth grew longer, her muzzle and jaws like a gator's... or Kremling's in this case.

The rest of her hair fell out, leaving her completely bald. Not that she cared. She did not want a single trace of her old self or humanity left.

And lastly, one final bit of growth. Tears formed across her underwear stretched. Her pupils dilated as a snort left her. *Ooooooh, yes~. That's the stuff~. Be BIG.*

Her new male equipment was growing more and more. It tented considerably, even a little damp at the end. Beneath that pointed tent, the area swelled and fabric clung to something large and round. BIGGER... BIGGER!

Eventually, with one final push (and a thrust of the crotch), her undies snapped like a twig and fell. With nothing holding them back, his new male anatomy inflated further. Large, leathery green, cantaloupe sized balls hung between his legs. A reptilian rod stretched out, erect and primed to go, pre already dripping from it.

Certainly not the most conventional or traditional of depictions for the large lizard, but he cared not. He gave his rod a firm pump and growled. Yes, this would be fit for a king.

Everything about him was kingly now. Melissa was out. K. Rool was in. He snapped his jaws repeatedly and flexed both of his arms, watching his fatty muscles bulge. He trembled with delight, loving what was reflected.

“THAT’S RIGHT!” roared the Kremling, “I AM KING K. ROOL! NO MORE PATHETIC, WEAK HUMANITY. ONLY PURE POWER, STRENGTH, AND-”

“Holy crap! Okay, JD was right!”

The new king twitched, quickly turning around. His roommate was in the room, her jaw drooping in shock. Her eyes looked like they were going to bug right out of her sockets.

Rachel rubbed her forehead anxiously. “Okay then, this is happening. Lesson here: do not buy amiibo from shady witches or dealers who won’t reveal how they got their stuff or if they did something with them ahead of time. Crazy, just crazy.”

Rool snorted, folding his arms as he looked at the woman, mumbling and stammering to herself. *GUESS THAT EXPLAINS HOW I ENDED UP LIKE THIS*, he thought, irritated by her ramblings, *OH WELL, NOT LIKE IT MATTERS. I’M GONNA ENJOY BEING THE KING AROUND THESE PARTS. SHE AND HER WEAK BOYFRIEND ARE GONNA HAVE TO OBEY MY ORDERS AND LIVE UNDER MY RULE!*

He brought a hand to the tip of his muzzle and stroked it. Ruling the place? Sounded about right to him. Ruling over these two humans though? Not too appealing.

A devious thought rose to the top of his mind. It was something that he never knew about or believed could happen. After all, King K. Rool, in any form or shape or medium, could never do such a thing. But... it sounded so right and perfect right about now.

“Okay, okay! I think I know where to go to get this all fixed and then everything will be alright, and you’ll be back to normal and JD won’t have to rag on me for this. Right? We can just go now andOOF!”

K. Rool strutted over, clawed hands on his belly and a mean, gleeful look in his eyes. He walked right up to her until she was only inches away and clenched his fists tightly.

With a big surge of energy, the big gator man threw out his impressive gut and smacked it right into Rachel's face. Light blue sparks flew off as his belly made contact, her whole body being launched into the air and into the wall with a loud thud. The impact left her dazed, sitting on the ground as her mind swirled.

“NO MORE TALKING, WIMP,” declared the king, walking over again, “I DO NOT WISH TO HEAR THAT FRAIL, GIRLY VOICE UNLESS I REQUEST IT. THINGS ARE GOING TO BE VERY DIFFERENT FROM NOW ON.”

Rachel rubbed her forehead, brushing her long hair from her eyes. She looked completely stunned, stammering, “W-w-wait, what was that for Melis-”

“QUIET!” K. Rool snapped, slamming his jaws shut loudly. He bent down lower, looking her dead in the eye. “I DIDN'T SAY YOU COULD TALK LIKE THAT NOW. NOW, LISTEN UP. I AM THE KING HERE AND IN MY FIRST DECLARATION, I DECLARE THAT MY GOAL WILL BE TO BUILD MY OWN KREMLING ARMY.”

“What?! Melissa, what has gotten into OOF!” K. Rool pushed his belly into her face now, this time pinning it between his chubby gut and the wall. More sparks went off. Her struggling and voice died down.

“AND YOU, MY DEAR RACHEL, WILL BE THE FIRST I COLLECT. YOU WILL BE MY LIEUTENANT AND LOYAL SERVANT. YOU WILL FOLLOW ALL OF MY ORDERS. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? YOU MAY ANSWER THAT.”

“B-but... but I d-don't-” Rachel woozily replied, unable to answer. Her mind stung, everything so ludicrous and hard to believe. However, she felt herself unable to fight or question him. He... he was the king... right?

Rachel gulped and nodded her head, her face starting to feel warm. “Y-yes... sir.” Her soft lips seemed to harden, turning denser. They looked rather scaly.

K. Rool huffed, asking, “YES SIR AND WHAT?”

Rachel gripped her forehead, his belly rubbing more into her face. She didn't know what to say or think at first.

Though... maybe he could keep rubbing his belly against her face. It felt... nice.

The scales turned an ocean blue, slowly spreading out from her lips to her cheeks and chin. A few scattered ones appeared on her arms and legs. A strand of hair fell as well.

“YES SIR AND WHAT?”

She gulped, declaring in a still weak, confused tone. “Yes, sir. I w-will fol-follow your or-orders. All hail King Meli... K. Rool.”

King. K. Rool smiled, pulling his gut away from her face. A ping of sadness hit her. He chuckled, “GOOD. YOU ARE MY LOYAL LIEUTENANT, MY PERSONAL KRUSHA. YOU WILL SERVE WHAT NEEDS OR DESIRES I HAVE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?”

Rachel nodded, a curved horn sprouting from the top of her forehead. She understood perfectly. “Yes, my king. I will be your Krusha and help you with whatever you need.”

K. Rool laughed happily, louder and more joyous than before. He gave his belly another happy smack, fat wobbling and shaking on impact. The changing human gazed upon it eagerly, mesmerized by the sight. Good~. He liked his roommate’s new attitude, and he knew he was going to like her new form when she was finished.

The king glanced back at the amiibo figure, placed back down on the dresser at some point. He smirked, chuckling softly to himself. *RACHEL WAS RIGHT. IT IS FUN TO COLLECT THINGS. I CAN’T WAIT TO HAVE MY OWN PERSONAL, FUN COLLECTION OF KREMLINGS ALL TO MYSELF~.*

THE END... FOR NOW?