

WITCHY TIMES INC.: CLIENT SERVICE

By: Firingwall

Product Name: The King's Collar

Done for Kale

“It's finally here!” Kale’s gray, red tipped end tail swished about excitedly. He yanked the package off the welcome mat and took it into his home, excitement growing by the second.

He tossed it down on the kitchen table and tore it apart. Soon, he uncovered the special treat inside: a black metal collar with small spikes along its band. His tail wagged even harder looking at it.

The folf (Fox/Wolf) grinned, holding the collar up high. *Step one complete!*

The fluffy anthro had it figured out. A costume party was coming next month. Everyone was probably going to show up in boring, store-bought costumes or stuff that didn't take a lot of brain power to make. He was going to show everyone up with something special.

In honor of the recent movie and game, Kale the Folf was going to wear the best Bowser costume anyone had ever seen. He had everything planned out, having ordered all the necessary pieces and parts to put it all together. So far, the accessory had been the first thing to arrive.

Holding the collar, it had to note how heavy and real it felt. The metal used for it felt strong and the spikes were a tad sharp, but not too much so. That website he went to really did it justice on the quality of it.

Though, there was one problem. Holding it up to his neck, Kale frowned. *Seems a bit big, doesn't it?*

Finding the latch on it, the folf opened the collar and then snapped it around his own neck, careful not to get any of his gray or white fuzz caught up in it. The accessory hung loosely on him, its front dipping down onto his collar bone. The heaviness of it also strained against his neck. He could imagine it getting sore after wearing it for long stretches.

Kale slipped his paw between his neck and the opening of the collar, running his red pads along the opening space. *Yep, definitely big!* He sighed, hands dropping to his side. *Authentic yes, but I should've checked if it came in a smaller size. This is just-*

There was a low rumble from his neck, running up to his face and to the tip of his snout. Everything vibrated, shook and trembled, fur standing on end. Kale could feel his mouth growing stiff and then numb. He couldn't say anything, his muzzle not reacting to his attempts to move it.

Then at once, something shifted. His nose turned to a light, sandy tan, its texture smoothing out. The coloration spread to the tip of his muzzle, gray fur vanishing and leaving behind the smooth skin. The area began to bloat and shift, nostrils spreading further apart and looking far more reptilian.

His muzzle pushed backwards as the skin change spread downward towards his head, the area swelling. His cheeks puffed out as his bottom jaw changed the same way, giving him a strange but familiar mug.

Eventually, Kale felt his jaws again. *Ugggh, what was...* He instinctively reached up to his mug, stroking the puffier, wider muzzle now. **“What is this?!”**

The numbing sensation popped up again, this time spreading to the rest of his head. There was a rapid swelling, his head and neck increasing in size, the latter of which fitting his collar. The rest of his fur on his noggin fell out, replaced by a striking green coating of scales.

More and more his face shifted. The ears shrunk into his head, his hearing remaining somehow despite it. In their place, curved horns popped out, one on the left and right side of his head. His eyebrows thickened and turned to a sharp red. Lastly, his puffy, pompadour-esque hair grew wild and wavy, taking on the same red as his eyebrows.

Feeling returned once again, Kale standing there motionless. His paw slowly raised back to his face, running along its features. It slid over his new muzzle, along his scaly skin, and across his horns and hair. *What... what the heck?!*

His paw remained frozen in place, stuck to his head and too stunned to move. He took his other paw and grabbed his phone, holding it to his face. He checked himself in the camera and gasped louder than before.

Bowser was looking back at him.

Kale blinked. Bowser blinked. Kale stuttered. Bowser stuttered. Kale moved his hand across his face. Bowser moved his hand across his face.

Kale did a double take. He saw his own hand at first, but then after blinking, it was different. The fur had fallen out of it, red pads shrinking and deflating, matching with the sandy-yellow scales that were under the fuzz. His nubby claws thickened and extended, forming a dense claw on each of the four digits.

The folf brought his hand forward, seeing it for himself. It really was Bowser's hand, bloating fast as it jumped up into a more fitting size for the King of the Koopas.

He would've mouthed or said something, but then another thing caught his eye. The hand holding his phone was rapidly growing as well. He dropped it in surprise, watching his mitt in real time turn scaly, large, and powerful. It was only a second or two at most but he now had two reptilian-like hands.

They felt incredibly heavy on his thin arms and only got worse. He blinked again as he stuttered, and now there were dense cuffs on them. Around each of his wrist, a metal band like the one around his neck was there. Blinking again, there was another set over his biceps.

N-no way... All Kale could do was watch, mouthing his utter amazement. With the cuffs in place, his arms changed. Fur vanished like the others, sandy scales running up his limbs to his shoulders. They both swelled, gaining a layer of muscle and then fat on top to make them appear extra bulky and splitting his sleeves.

More tears followed. Looking down, his feet had already transformed without his knowledge. Four digits were now three, each sporting long, conical spikes. They were yellow and scaly, triple their old size.

His legs, the source of the tearing, were matching up with his humongous feet. They were doubling, then tripling in girth. His thighs were almost as thick as his new head. His calves were not too much off from that either, just a smidgen thinner and coated in the same scales as everything else.

Kale gulped, watching his jeans break apart and fall to the ground around him. His lower half was looking fairly Bowser-esque, but so was a majority of him at this point. The legs, head, arms...

Arms... Kale looked at his hefty upper limbs, wiggling his digits. He clenched his hands into fist and tightened, feeling tension running up. His heart raced.

He could feel the power, the strength of the mighty Bowser in him. His change wasn't just mere show. Everything was shocking and confusing, but yet, this feeling wasn't bad.

Kale snorted, smoke leaving his nostrils. He hunched over, breathing heavily. His shirt started stretching, his torso finally increasing to support his bulk. A light shade of sandy yellow scales cropped up, running from his crotch and up to his collar. There were ridges that went horizontally across the lighter scales, adding to his developing dragonic appearance.

Eventually, the shirt gave way as even more weight and girth was added. His stomach inflated to wider and more protruding portions. The chest region rose, providing him with two pectorals that were wide and rather chunky. He had to be at least several hundred pounds now, a mixture of fat and muscle.

His tail, the last thing about his old folf self, stiffened. It stood straight out, no curve or bend to it. The tail slowly began to widen at its base, making it initially look puffier.

However, the individual strands of fur looked further apart the thicker the tail became, showing a familiar yellow beneath. Along the top side of it, three spikes sprouted, looking much like his claws. Fur began to fall out, starting from the base and going to the tip.

Soon, there was nothing left of the old him. The tail unstiffened and fell, the end of thudding against the ground heavily. He looked over one of his thick shoulders, seeing the new addition.

Holy crap... this is wild!

Kale twitched and jerked to the right. His back turned rather green. He jerked to the left, a tannish white bulge outline running along the sides of his back. He groaned, hunching forward again. He felt something moving.

His back was bubbling and swelling. The white outline bulged like thick pizza crust. The emerald green scales rose like a dome, a hexagonal pattern forming and giving it a plate-like look. In the center of each scale, a spike pulled out, thicker than even the horns on his head.

Kale took a deep breath and released it, slowly standing up straight. He tried glancing over his shoulder, looking down his back. There it was, the final part of his transformation: Bowser's shell.

Everything about him was Bowser; no more lovable, cuddly folf. He was just the big bad of a popular video game franchise standing in the buff but with no particularly nude part showing. That was good at least?

Kale stroked his face and ran a hand down his chest and tummy. The scales were a lot smoother than they look. His expression was neutral as he felt other parts of him, from his claws to his shell.

I am Bowser, no question about it. He nodded his head, looking at a hand and clenching it. He gave his arm a flex, the mixture of chub and bulk really making his bicep bulge.

This isn't too bad. He smiled. ***This is probably better than any costume I could've made... probably. Still, a big turtle king!*** He flexed both arms and let out a gruff chuckle. ***I can rock this look and blow away everyone at the party like this!***

Kale smirked, chuckling more. He could see it now. He'd stroll on into the party, probably having to duck through the doorway, and show off. Everyone would be totally jealous of how "realistic" his costume was and applaud him.

Heh, best costume ever!

Though, a thought came to mind. It made him frown. ***Crap, I still have all the other costume pieces on order. I don't need them anymore!***

Another thought popped into his mind, making him frown more. ***Wait, what am I supposed to do for clothes? Nothing I have will fit a bod this awesome!***