

King Koopa's Comeuppance

By Champ (<https://champtehatter.com/>)

King Koopa is infuriated after another loss at the hands of those rotten plumbers, so he decides to take it out on some of his subjects. But what will happen when they decide they've had enough?

One day in the Mushroom kingdom, King Koopa was in a particularly nasty mood.

"When I tell you minions to lick my feet, I mean lick my feet! Hey you," he said, pointing to the groveling Koopa Troopa. "You mist a spot!"

"S-sorry, sir," whined the put-upon Koopa, closing his eye as his king pushed his royal feet into the poor turtle's face. This seemed to please the king, who smiled sadistically, letting his eyelids relax as he watched his soldier debase himself.

"That's better. Now out with you. Out with you all! Not you," he said, pointing to the poor soldier whom he had decided to pick on during the ceremonial washing.

Everyone in the room from the Troopas to the thwomps hurried to leave, not wanting to be the next target of the king's ire. That just left the poor soldier standing there, his knees knocking into each other as he feared the worst.

"Mario has been a thorn in my side for much too long. I need to blow off some steam. Come over and sit on your king's lap," said King Koopa.

"Y-yes, sire," said the turtle, practically tripping over himself to do the king's bidding. The king towered over the low-rank turtle. Though the cold-blooded king gave off no body heat of his own, the Troopa could swear he could feel some daunting presence radiating off the king's body.

"Have a seat on my lap," said the king, patting his knee. The soldier gulped as he watched the king's green member slowly sliding out of its sheath, but he quickly snapped his eyes up to meet the king's in the hope that his majesty hadn't seen what the soldier was looking at. King Koopa smirked and the turtle gulped. No such luck. He quickly hopped onto the terrible tyrant's lap, and hoped the ride wouldn't be too painful, but to his surprise, the king smiled warmly and asked, "What is your name?"

"I'm... sh-sh-sh-sheldon, sire." The king smiled, and patted Sheldon on the shell.

"A good name for a good soldier. You know, you impressed me today. So willing to do your king's bidding. That's what I like to see."

"Y-y-your pleasure is my pleasure, your highness," said Sheldon, bowing his head. Koope nodded his approval. This turtle had manners. Good. All the better to break him as he did his best to maintain decorum.

"Why don't we get you out of your shell, soldier," said the king, licking his reptilian lips. Sheldon looked terror struck, but what could he do? Before he could even respond, the King picked him up and slammed the soldier down on his own lap, ejecting him from his shell, and then catching him in mid air with one hand like he was a doll.

"Waaah!" cried Sheldon, only catching his breath once he found himself back on King Koopa's scaly lap.

"There we go. Much better," said the king, grinning down at the skinny soldier, now clad in just his boxers and a tank top. "But these will never do..."

The king slid his claw under the waistband of the Koopa Troopa's boxers and traced across his lower belly, making Sheldon shiver.

"Magikoopa! Get in here! I need a changing table and diapers, pronto!"

Within seconds, the head wizard of Koopa's Keep appeared, but it wasn't fast enough for the king.

"Yes, my lei-"

"You're too slow," interrupted King Koopa, slamming his fist on the arm of his stone throne. "I want the changing table and diapers set up *yesterday!*"

"Very good, sire," sighed Magikoopa, waving his wand and making a changing table appear.

"Good. Now get your worthless ass out of here," said the King. The wizard disappeared with a bow, leaving the king to lick his lips. Sheldon gulped and began to quake in fear at what was about to befall him.

"This is the best part," said King Koopa, picking up the shivering soldier and bringing him toward the table.

Meanwhile, Magikoopa appeared outside the training grounds, where a number of dissatisfied subjects had gathered to complain about the King's cruelty.

"He made me lick his feet!"

"He made me wear a *diaper!*"

"He used me as a diapered foot stool all day!"

"Oh yeah? Well, he used *my* face as a seat while he jerked off, and I spent the whole day with my mouth tasting like sweaty balls!"

It seemed as if they were all competing for who got the worst treatment from the king, but when they saw Magikoopa, they all went silent.

The magician stared at them through his coke bottle glasses, his expression impassive and unchanging.

"What's the matter? You can continue talking," he said, in his reedy voice. One of the Koopa Troopas spoke up.

"We're sick and tired of how the king treats us."

"But he is your leader, is he not? He controls everything and everyone in this kingdom, including you."

"But he's not a good ruler!" said the trooper. "He isn't fair, and he keeps getting trounced by the Mushroom Kingdom's heroes! And he's way too sadistic!"

"Yeah," said a goomba. "He used me as a buttplug! That's just wrong, man!"

"This is seditious talk," said the wizard, slowly. "What do you think the highest wizard in the court should do about such treachery?"

"Highest wizard? He doesn't appreciate you at all!"

"Yes, do you know what he calls you behind your back? His WizBitch!"

"Wizb- What?!" said the wizard, his cheeks turning pink before he managed to calm himself and return to his customarily composed comportment.

"You deserve better!"

"We all do!"

The minions prevailed upon the great wizard to do something to put Koopa in his place, and finally he relented.

"Enough! I have heard your requests, and they have not fallen on deaf ears. We will teach the king a lesson, oh yes we will. But what punishment will be suitable for what he's done?" Magikoopa didn't have to look far for ideas, as the king's underlings had plenty.

"I wish someone would give him a taste of his own medicine! I'm tired of being put in diapers by the king!"

"He should get a taste of what it feels like to be controlled and manipulated for a change!"

"Hmm... controlled you say?" said Magikoopa, with a gleam in his glasses. "I think I might know just the thing... Eeehehehehe!" Magikoopa cackled as he soared into the air and disappeared, making the minions shiver.

"I wouldn't want to be on *his* wrong side," said the butt-goomba, shaking his head as he imagined just what fate awaited his turtleness.

Magikoopa spied Lemmy, playing with his toys in his royal quarters, and decided to fly down for a little chat.

"Hello, Lemmy. What are you doing?"

"Hey, Magikoopa. I'm just playing. I wanted to play with Larry and Iggy, but nobody wants to play with me today, so I'm just playing by myself, I guess."

"What about your dad?" asked Magikoopa, scratching his chin. Although he never said it, he did feel bad for the poor neglected Koopalings. He hardly blamed the older ones for the way they turned out with how they were raised, but Lemmy gave him hope that at least some of them could be redeemed.

"My dad *never* wants to play. If I asked him, he'd probably stomp my toys to smithereens," said Lemmy, not even looking up from his Princess Toadstool doll as he made her walk across the carpet.

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Magikoopa, pulling out a brand new King Koopa doll from his sleeve. "You could always play with Daddy *this* way!"

Magikoopa cackled as he pointed his wand toward the toy chest until it was overflowing with accessories for the Koopa doll, not least among them was diapers, bottles, and other baby accoutrements.

"Why don't you have some fun playing house with Daddy today? Maybe he can be baby?"

"Ooh yeah! He can be baby! And Princess Toadstool can be mommy!" Lemmy clapped in delight as he made grabby hands for the Koopa doll.

Back in King Koopa's throne room, he had just about finished torturing Sheldon with the teasing and anticipation of the diaper change to come. He had tickled Sheldon's feet, teased him about what a baby he was, taken off his boxers, teased him about his little pee-pee, tickled his feet again, and then, held up the diapers he would choose from, explaining the benefits of each in excruciating detail.

"But finally, I think I'll have to go with the daytime waddlers. Nothing cuter than a Troopa crinkling in his shell and waddling back and forth on guard duty.

Sheldon gulped. His back was against the wall - or the changing table in this case, and the king was fast closing in. He winced, bracing for the worst, but when it didn't come he opened one eye to see that the king had stopped. A glowing blue hand seemed to be holding him in place.

"W-what the heck is going on?" cried the king, as another hand opened up a fresh diaper and held it aloft in the air. Sheldon took this as a sign to get the shell out of there, and ran with his shell under his arm, not bothering to stop and put it on.

"What is happening? Let me down!" cried Koopa, as he was lowered onto the changing table by ghostly hands and the thick diaper was opened to be set under him.

"Stop it! Stop it now, or I swear I'll Mmmmmfff!"

"Such a fussy baby," said Lemmy the Koopaling, still sitting in his room off of the great hall. "I know what you need... a pacifier! Aww? Is that all bettow?" He giggled, and then did a gruff growly voice for the big baby. "Much bettow! Now I wan' my diapees!" Lemmy giggled some more as he laid the doll down for its diapering.

Back in the throne room, Bowser blushed bright red as he repeated the words that Lemmy had said. "I wan my dideees!!!" he bellowed between pacifier sucks.

"Your kingliness?" asked a royal guard turtle, opening the throne room door. "Are you okay? We thought we heard..." his voice trailed off at the sight before him. The guard looked shocked, then confused.

"I wuv my didees!" bellowed King Koopa, blushing brightly now as he sat there in his big thick diapers. "I demand more didees!"

"Y-yes, sire! Right away, sire!" said the guard, hurrying out of the room.

The king was already thickly diapered, he found himself marching toward the doors, the same way the guard had left.

"Oh no... no... why can't I stop?" King Koopa said, panicking as he marched toward complete humiliation.

On the other side of the throne room door, the two royal guards on duty were speaking in hushed whispers.

"What was lizard lips yelling about now?" whispered the second guard, who had stayed at his post, afraid to move an inch without permission.

"He was in a diaper and he said he wanted more."

"What?! Why?" The king's minions were accustomed to their leader's proclivity for padding them up, but never had they seen him wear diapers himself. It just didn't make sense.

The first guard just shrugged. "I dunno, and I'm not sticking around to find out." He then rushed off, and only moments later did Bowser bust out of the throne room, clad in an extra thick diaper and otherwise completely naked.

"Y-your majesty? Where is your shell?!" cried the guard, blushing bright red as he saw the king in such a compromising position.

"Nevermind that! Help me, you idiot!"

The royal guard's knees were knocking against each other as the king's booming voice rang out. "H-h-h-how do I do that, sire?"

The king looked infuriated and balled up his fists as he opened his mouth to yell, but instead, he said "I need my baba! Waah! Waah! Wahhh!!!"

A small crowd of underlings was beginning to form as news of the unusual commotion began to spread around the castle. At first, there were confused murmurs, then laughter as Bowser blushed and spluttered around his pacifier.

"N-no! That's not what I meant to say!" Bowser looked around. He was practically able to see his reputation as a strong and fearsome leader falling apart. "Bwing my my woyal bottle!"

Members of the crowd dared to chuckle when a Troopa with a tall and swaying stack of diapers ran in, followed by another Troopa with a bottle as big as himself. The royal guard who accompanied them spoke up.

"More diapers and apple juice, sire! Where will you take it? Right... oh... right here..." The guard looked down at the giant turtle laying on the ground and wiggling around in his thick diaper.

"What are you doing? No you foo-" The king's protests were cut off as his own subject shoved a huge bottle in his mouth. Two others moved around by his legs to pin some more diapers around his waist as he had requested. Bowser groaned in frustration at the humiliating situation while his boy Lemmy giggled and played with the magical doll only rooms away.

Magikoopa watched on from his crystal ball and cackled. "I suppose it's time to let the Koopalings know what's going on..."

Bowser had been fed several bottles and wet through a number of diapers by the time the Koopalings appeared in the great hall. The ghostly hands and unwanted words had finally stopped, but there was not much difference it made since Bowser found himself all swaddled and strapped into a baby floor-bouncer.

"N-no! You can't see me like this!"

"Calm down Dad," said Ludwig. "It's just a prank from the Troopas..."

"W-what?!" roared the king. "Who-"

That's when Magikoopa appeared alongside the seven Koopalings. "It was me, your kingliness."

"You!" Roared the king. "Traitor! I should have known..."

"Go easy on him Daddy," said Wendy. "He probably saved your life..."

"Take it easy pops," said Roy, stepping forward and patting the bit King's fiery red head. "You'll bust a blood vessel."

"Don't tell me to take it easy! As soon as I get out of this, your ass is going in the lava. All your asses are going in the lava! Do you hear me?"

"Yeah, that's not happening," said Roy, nodding to the others. "Show him, Lemmy."

That's when Lemmy produced the doll, scuffing the floor with his foot and looking down with a blush. "Magikoopa gave me this doll because you never play with me. I had fun playing house with it, but I'd like to play house with you more, Daddy..."

"What?! Don't be ridiculous! Give that here, son."

Lemmy shook his head and stepped back, clutching the doll tightly.

"Daddy," said Wendy, stepping forward and putting her hands on her hips. "Did you know that the whole Koopa Troop was about to revolt?"

"What?! That's ridiculous. They would never-"

"It's true," said Magikoopa. "You're too terrible, always terrorizing everyone. They only calmed down once I agreed to teach you a little lesson. What do you have to say for your behavior?"

"A king never apologizes!" snorted Bowser, setting his jaw.

"That's too bad," said Magikoopa. "Take him away, guards."

"Hey! W-what are you doing? Where are you taking me? Guards!"

"Don't worry, pops!" called Ludwig as Bowser was carried away to the royal nursery, which he had forced so many of his soldiers to play in for his own amusement. "We'll take good care of the kingdom for you! Think of it as a vacation!"

With the king out of the picture, the Koopalings divided up the tasks and set up a sensible administrative system. They immediately set to work stabilizing the economy rather than focusing endless resources on a losing fight with the mushroom kingdom, and sent out emissaries to negotiate peace treaties with surrounding kingdoms, not least of which was the mushroom kingdom. Soon their efforts would pay off, and their kingdom would see a peace and prosperity it had not known for ages. It was hard for Princess Toadstool and her subjects to believe at first, but the Koopalings sent her a very convincing peace offering - while she was enjoying afternoon tea overlooking the Royal Raceway no less.

"Princess! A delivery for you," said Wooster, the King's highest advisor.

"Ooh! A delivery? Oh, what could it be?" Peach jumped out of her seat when she caught sight of Bowser, all trussed up in a baby blue footed sleeper and strapped into a baby carrier being held up by four toads. "Bowser! Help! ...wait a second... what's going on?"

She looked skeptically at the captured king and back to Wooster, who held up a scroll.

"It came with a message. Ahem. Dear Princess Toadstool. We are very sorry for all the trouble over the years. We have decided to end these senseless battles and usurp the king. Please accept him as a token of our commitment to change. Do with him as you please, and may we all prosper together as neighbors.

"I see," said Peach, bringing up her gloved hand to cover a giggle, then a guffaw.

Bowser gave her a sour look, knowing that he was in for a very unpleasant stay. Then he said the most embarrassing thing he could say as his face went all cute and smiley. "Baby need diaper! Will mommy change him?"