In Space, No One Can Hear You Scream...

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Summary

Kirby had it. He almost had it. How could he have been so foolish at the last minute? Even though he destroyed the Galactic Nova, he wasn't powerful enough to take down Marx. Now Kirby will pay the price...

- Inspired by マルカビ18禁漫画【VSマルク・その後】 by 黒部ダム
Chapter 1

The atmosphere of the glassy starred arena was filled with the cackling of a certain winged jester. Kirby lay on the ground in defeat, the hat of his Copy Ability torn and broken. He looked up with a dirtied face to see Marx dance around him in victory. The pink puffball trembled as he struggled to get back on his feet, feeling ashamed that he should have picked the Hammer Copy Ability. Instead, he had to go with the Zap one. But why would any of those abilities matter? He lost against Marx, and that's what mattered.

"Finally..." Marx laughed, floating down to the Zap Kirby. "I have become the first one to defeat the legendary Super Star Warrior himself, right after how many countless crooks like me that have tried to destroy Popstar. After all these years... THE UNIVERSE IS FINALLY MINE!!!"

Kirby tried to stand up, grabbing his snapped wand and pointing it at Marx. The jester looked at the pink puffball refusing to give up, chuckling as his Cheshire smile stretched across his face. Marx teleported behind Kirby, grabbing ahold of the soft, squishy body with the talons on his golden wings.

Marx could feel how the pink puffball was struggling in his clutches, trying to squirm from those wings pinning him into the otherworldly ground.

"Hm... You sure do look adorable when you cower underneath me," Marx softly spoke, massaging the stubby arms of the pink puffball. "In fact, far more adorable than the countless victims that will fear my ultimate power."

"Poyo...?" Kirby asked in confusion before Marx picked him up. Now the pink puffball was just a couple inches off the ground, the blush in his cheeks already glowing brighter than before. There was something going on in the domination of Kirby's enemy as he continuously squirmed, almost as if the jester is planning to do something horrible to the young warrior.

"Look at you," Marx chuckled, nuzzling his face into the soft, pink skin. "I had already won and you just won't accept defeat. You're so young... and tender..." Marx's long tongue began licking the backside of Kirby's round body, lighting up the horrified stars in the pink puffball's blue eyes. Kirby managed to kick Marx off his back, holding on tight to the broken wand as he attempted to cast an electrifying spell on Marx. However, the heart-shaped end on one of Marx's wings stabbed Kirby in his nonexistent chest, making him lose the star that gave him his Copy Ability. The jester hat and the wand were gone as Kirby watched the bouncing star crush underneath Marx's foot.

"Copy Abilities won't save you from the horror that I have planned for you," Marx laughed, slowly approaching the powerless Star Warrior. Kirby was already weakened from the fight, every part of his soft body broken and bruised.

"Poyo... Poyo!" Kirby squealed in fear, refusing to know what Marx was going to do to him. However, the all-powerful jester wouldn't let him escape that easily.

"I know how... undeveloped a Star Warrior's sex organs are," Marx spoke, his talons caressing across the pink skin. "Unless you're at a certain age, your body can't decide if it wants to be a boy or girl. However, you can still orgasm before your body gets to decide your sex. Whichever is the most used doesn't matter. Your gender is identified as male, but I can make you scream. Like a woman." Kirby struggled against the talons, scratching his skin and creating bleeding marks.

"Struggling won't help," Marx chuckled, licking his lips as he tightened his grip on the stubby arms
and pulled Kirby close. "Let me... release you." Before Kirby could get out of this mess, Marx quickly pressed his lips against Kirby's, watching the bubbling horror rise in Kirby's reddened cheeks. Kirby tried to worm his way out of Marx's grasp, but the jester pressed the kid deeper into the kiss, refusing to let go. Kirby pushed Marx away, gasping for breath before Marx instantly slipped his tongue down Kirby's throat.

The long, pointed tongue slithered down the throat, moving in and out of Kirby's mouth. Marx could begin to taste the toothless, flexible mouth, enjoying how warm and wet it was. The jester pushed Kirby down to the glassy ground, hearing soft moans gurgle from the young Star Warrior as he kept their lips pressed together. After watching Kirby's face increase in a faint blue color, Marx parted the kiss, his tongue sliding out of Kirby's throat.

"Strange how you can inhale things multiple times your size, and you can't even take a single tongue," Marx spoke, watching as Kirby was catching his breath.

"Poyo poyo..." Kirby growled in anger before Marx pinned the pink puffball to the ground. As his body pressed close against Kirby's, the cosmic jester could feel something wet spray against his red bowtie. Marx looked down between Kirby's peculiar feet, taking a look at the squirming hybrid organs poking out underneath the pink puffball.

"Looks like your organs are completely visible," Marx chuckled, admiring what Kirby had underneath. The pink puffball now had a vagina, which was dripping wet from the arousal of his enemy. The clitoris grew in length until it was nothing more than a banana-shaped cock, lacking any foreskin and testicles while dripping wet with pre-cum. "That means your sexual frustration is rising up to your skin, putting you in heat. This is just too perfect..." Marx lifted up his bowtie, and Kirby watched as the bulb underneath Marx stretched out, creating a penis that was similar in shape but noticeably bigger in size.

"Poyo!?!" Kirby asked before Marx pulled Kirby's face down to his cock, forcing the thing in the puffball's mouth. The jester licked his lips as he thrusted hard inside Kirby's mouth, hearing the little squeals coming from the pink puffball's mouth full of Marx's cock.

"Once the greatest warrior in the universe... now my ungrateful little slut," Marx chuckled, thrusting his cock back and forth and groaning at the delicate tongue licking every inch of the length. "You're gonna get it nice and wet before the best part." Kirby feared the worst for the "best part" Marx was hinting towards, gasping as he felt his genitals start excreting warm, sticky liquids.

A salty, strange flavor stung Kirby's taste buds, and his blushing cheeks swelled as Marx moved faster inside the pink puffball's mouth and came. Kirby gasped for fresh air as he pulled Marx's cock away from his face, ready to spit the horrid flavor of cum out.

"Not yet, Kirby," Marx spoke, his pupils dilating as he clamped Kirby's mouth shut. "Swallow your white meal first." The pink puffball swallowed out of fear, gagging as he felt the semen slither down his throat. Marx then pushed Kirby onto the starry ground, spreading the puffball's legs open.

"Poyo! Poyo!" Kirby squealed in a frightened tone, gasping as Marx's tongue brushed against the large clitoris/undeveloped penis, slithering all the way down to the weeping pussy. Marx began licking the outer flaps, holding Kirby in place with his golden wings.

"So... delicious~" Marx moaned, inserting his long tongue into the pink puffball's vaginal cavity. Kirby squealed at the length slithering in and out, tasting the slippery discharge filling the pussy. Marx's teeth sank into the soft, pink skin as the tip of his pointed tongue thrust deep into his cervix, causing Kirby to cry in pain and agony.
"P-Poyo...! Poyo!" Kirby cried, trying to get away from Marx as the jester's tongue slithered out of his vaginal cavity, licking the underside of the penis Kirby sported. Marx grabbed ahold of Kirby's stubby arms, positioning himself as his arousal entered Kirby's pussy. The pink puffball's mouth gaped open wide, his starry eyes flashing bright as he tried to adjust to the length of the cock intruding him. However, Kirby wasn't given any room to breathe before Marx began to move.

"Ooh... boy," Marx chuckled, blushing as he thrusted in a speed by which Kirby was not prepared for. The pink puffball gasped as the rod moved in and out of his pussy, going hard and fast and not even giving Kirby time to adjust. Marx thrusted his non-existent hips as fast as he would go, licking the soft skin on Kirby's round body.

"You feel... so good~" Marx spoke as he kept Kirby squealing for help. "This body feels... ngh... amazing!" The jester slammed his lips onto Kirby's, making the puffball's cries muffled as he swirled his long tongue around the flexible mouth. Kirby was near the brink of suffocating as he tried to adjust to the taste of Marx's mouth and the cock moving harder and faster inside him.

"Po~yo... Po... YAAAAAH!!!" Kirby cried, his cheeks burning redder as Marx began to draw his tongue out of Kirby's mouth. A thick string of saliva connected their lips, and Kirby quickly squirmed out of Marx's grasp. The jester's cock slid out of Kirby's pussy, and the young Star Warrior tried to escape. However, Marx teleported right behind the pink puffball as he attempted to get away, pinning Kirby on his stomach.

"You're the perfect specimen for my breeding vessel, and I'm not gonna let you get away," Marx growled, positioning his pre-cummed tip at Kirby's vaginal cavity before thrusting in as hard as possible. Kirby let out a cry for help in his own language, screaming as Marx pounded as deep as he could go.

"Isn't your homeworld gorgeous from here?" Marx asked, holding Kirby's face up to the horizon so they could both see the star-shaped planet Popstar. "It's a shame I'm gonna destroy it once... once I'm through with you. However, there is a way I can spare this universe."

"Marx..." Kirby softly squealed before his mouth gaped open to the incredible feeling of the jester's cock penetrating his cervix, causing the pink puffball to ejaculate out of his cock.

"I can spare you once you accept that you're nothing more than an ungrateful slut to my power," Marx growled, flipping over to his back and turning Kirby so they were facing each other. Marx grabbed ahold of the stubby arms and slammed Kirby onto his cock, making Kirby cry in mixed pain and pleasure. As soon as the young Star Warrior's cervix opened to the length intruding him, he felt a strange but warm feeling fill his insides. Marx groaned as he climaxed inside the pink puffball, watching the semen dripping from Kirby both outside and in.

"You're gonna be a terrific mother..." Marx chuckled, moving Kirby's body up and down on his length. "You're gonna look... so good with my babies~" The jester came again, crying along in unison to Kirby's cries.

"Po...yo~!" Kirby squealed, trying to escape from Marx's grip as the jester pinned the puffball's nonexistent back to the starry ground, keeping his length inside that tight pussy.

"Shut up, Kirby! You'll get used to this!" Marx snapped. "You're gonna keep it all in and give birth to as many children as... possible~" Through countless climaxes, Kirby cried and squealed, trying to escape as those golden wings wrapped around his body. Marx groaned as he came again and again, watching the milky-white cum leak out from Kirby's pussy.

Marx wrapped his golden wings around Kirby, thrusting as hard and fast as possible before he
climaxed inside Kirby once more. This time, out of exhaustion, Marx pulled his cock out of Kirby's pussy. His dirty penis retracted back into his body, hidden under his bowtie. Kirby's sex organs also vanished, but the pleasure inside the puffball would never go away.

"My little bitch," Marx chuckled, holding Kirby's sweaty face up to his. "My spawn are just gonna be the splitting image of you. There's no resetting this adventure."

"Yes... Yes..." Kirby moaned, his cheeks growing a bright red. The puffball couldn't think straight after that encounter. Kirby had no choice but to accept he was Marx's breeding vessel as the jester kissed him hard on the mouth, his long tongue slithering down his throat.

Marx laughed in victory as he spread his wings open, revealing the flashing hexagon wings underneath him. Kirby collapsed, knowing he had become forever bound to his greatest enemy. If he had won, Marx would be flying straight into the corpse of Nova right about now. Instead, all the memories he had from his friendly rivals vanished without a trace as new life began to form within him...
Kirby started feeling as though his head was underwater. It was hard to move around, hard to breathe, hard to think straight. The pink puffball could feel something warm and new press inside him, giving way to new life within. Kirby's cheeks lit a bright red as he felt something poking inside his hot and wet insides. Gasping for a breath of fresh air, Kirby came back to his senses to find out he was riding on top of Marx. The jester's cock messed up his insides, breaking his little cunt as Marx wrapped his tongue around the puffball's penis.

"Poyo... Poyo!" Kirby cried, his starry eyes filled with heavy tears. In his language, he was begging Marx to stop. Kirby didn't know how long the jester had been doing this to him. Days, weeks, years...? Who knows at this point? The only thing that mattered right now was Marx's cock giving him as many babies as he needed.

"Heh..." Marx chuckled, licking his fangs. "I knew it wouldn't be long before you enjoy this. Lemme ask you something... do you know who Meta Knight is?"

"Meta... Knight?" Kirby asked, trying to get a clear image on what the masked swordsman looked like. However, with Marx's dick thrusting hard into the cervix of his cunt, it was getting harder to remember anything. "Who~?" The jester smiled in victory as he slammed Kirby's nonexistent hips onto his cock, making the pink puffball cry louder.

"That's more like it," Marx responded. "We've been having sex for so long you've seem to forgotten everyone in Popstar. The only thing you want is to give birth, huh?" Kirby squealed as the jester climaxed inside him, which was slippery enough for Kirby to slip off the jester's cock and fall onto the side of the soft bed they were doing it on. It was a peculiar dimension, with the sky a darkened black and flashing hexagons decorating the ground.

"Welcome to the Soul Dimension," Marx spoke. "Surprised you didn't recognize it. This is a place where time is dead, so we could have been doing it for a few short seconds or over a thousand years in your planet's time. One cannot say, to be honest." With as much strength as he could muster, Kirby looked at Marx, rather confused by all this.

"You'll be staying here in this dimension with me forever," Marx continued. "If you don't comply to my every need, I'll destroy Popstar and the rest of the universe. But... considering you're probably pregnant at this point, I've already claimed you." Kirby groaned as he held onto his round pink body, watching as his clit and cock turned invisible as they retreated back into his body. Some strange feeling was overturning in his stomach, making him sick to the core.

"Hm... Looks like you're giving birth," Marx chuckled, gliding off the bed as his penis hid in his own body. "Perfect!" Kirby squealed as a clear liquid in-between his legs started dripping out, spilling all over the ground. Kirby laid back on his stomach, spreading his legs open and pushing. The pink puffball cried as his pussy stretched out, and popping sounds could be heard from there. Kirby cried as he kept pushing, the juices inside his vagina providing good lubricant for what he was laying. Once all the pain vanished, Kirby sat up to find out he had laid a cluster of twenty eggs the size of his stubby arm, each one with glowing colors swirling around in a thin membrane.

"Would you look at that?" Marx asked, admiring the eggs Kirby had laid. "Knew it didn't take long for you to start laying eggs. Okay... Here's another alternative. If you stay here, laying... I dunno... a hundred eggs, maybe I can let you go. After all, these kids of yours are gonna need some discipline on how to become gods. Sound fair?" Kirby looked at Marx, the eggs, and his aching body. Being violated by a jester like this to the point where he's starting to forget his friends, how
was he gonna live like this? First of, he's going to have to at least lay a hundred fertilized eggs and then he could return to Popstar. Hopefully he wouldn't have to be gone for a thousand years once Marx sees no more use in him.

Kirby nodded, ready to become a breeding sack for Marx.
Chapter 3

The next time Kirby fell asleep, he woke up in a familiar bed. It wasn't the one from the Soul Dimension, no. In fact, it was his own bed right at home. Kirby sat up and looked around his small house, surprised to find that Marx wasn't there. He couldn't even remember the last time he had sex with the jester. As the pink puffball opened the door and stepped outside, he looked up into the sky to see the broken corpse of the Galactic Nova casting an eternal shadow over Dreamland.

Kirby looked at the colossal machine with guilt, watching as the sun and moon began to tear apart the comet through each day-and-night cycle, exposing more of their light. However, that was not the worst thing that happened. The pink puffball's cheeks began to blush as he felt his insides squeeze before a popping sound could be heard. Another one of Marx's eggs slipped out of Kirby's vulva, landing on the soft ground.

"Comfortable?" Marx asked. Kirby quickly turned around to see the jester standing behind him, just simply sitting on his ball with the adorable face and wingless body he had before he betrayed Kirby. The pink puffball stood still in front of Marx, his red cheeks burning nice and hot.

"Figured you missed Popstar, so I brought you back here," Marx continued. "However, that doesn't mean you can live peacefully with your friends. By the time everyone's asleep, I'll be taking over and helping you lay as many children as I need. So... come out, Stella." Marx stretched out one of his golden wings, opening his talons once in front of Kirby's face. What Kirby saw was a tiny winged version of Kirby with pale blue skin, squeaking like an infant mouse and blindly moving around like one.

"Poyo...?" Kirby asked with surprise, looking at Marx with tears building up in his eyes.

"That's right," Marx answered. "What I've got in my hands is one of the many hatchlings from the eggs you laid just like the one in your stubby hands. And unless you wanna risk losing your universe, you'll keep creating children with my sperm over, and over, and over, and over... again..." Marx vanished in a flash of violet light, leaving Kirby to cry in the shadow of the Galactic Nova. He held the egg close to his warm, pink body, feeling the cool membrane sting his skin. With no other options, Kirby traveled to the ruins where he believed a certain companion would give him the answers he so desperately needed.
Deep within the ruins, under a cloudy sky, Kirby walked through the desolated castle as he carefully held the egg in his hands. The pink puffball inhaled whatever enemies were in his way while still keeping his unborn child safe. Even though it was Marx's baby, it was still his baby. For whatever reason, Kirby would protect these children despite the fact that they'll probably grow up into heartless monsters like their father. The pink puffball climbed up the stairs to see Meta Knight, who was watching the Galactic Nova be stripped away by the sun and moon.

"Whatever happened up there a couple minutes ago?" Meta Knight asked, turning around to face the frightened puffball after sending his presence. "I thought after defeating Marx, Popstar would finally be safe."

Kirby responded with a sorry "poyo", presenting Meta Knight with one of the many eggs he laid. The masked swordsman's eyes lit up with surprise as the wings in his cape unfurled and helped him glide down to the pink puffball. He analyzed the egg, taking a good look at the thing.

"Interesting..." Meta Knight spoke, taking the egg from Kirby's stubby hands and lifting it up to the sun to see the developing fetus within the colorful membrane. Kirby began to gasp as he felt his insides tighten, to which Meta Knight was quick to notice. With another squeeze, Kirby laid a second egg in a slightly lighter color than the egg he carried along the way.

"What did Marx do to you?" Meta Knight asked, taking a good look at the egg. "Looks like he filled you with so much of his semen that you cannot stop laying as many eggs as he wants. He seems to be really desperate to reproduce after the Novapocalypse." Kirby looked at Meta Knight in question, confused as to what he was talking about.

"During the time when Nightmare and his minions ruled the universe, our legion of Star Warriors attempted on hunting down every one of his monsters even through sacrifice. We were on a planet dominated by aliens like Marx, trying to save it from a supernova caused by an ancient god not part of Nightmare's army. We tried to call a Galactic Nova for help and wish for the monster to disappear, but... by the moment we collected all seven stars, we were too late. We thought all the residents of the planet were destroyed, along with their history. It seems like Marx was somehow the only survivor, planning to exact his revenge on all Star Warriors for the one mistake they made. That's my theory, though." The oldest egg Kirby carried with him suddenly started squirming, with the fetus breaking out of its soft eggshell and squeaking. The tiny winged Kirby baby began to softly cry, its soft talons brushing against Meta Knight's glove as it fumbled around.

"Looks like Marx found you as the perfect vessel to recreate an entire planet, and you won't stop reproducing unless he heals you both mentally and physically," Meta Knight spoke, watching the infant move around blindly. "He made this mess and he's going to clean it up. You can't be a Star Warrior unless you're pure of heart, and he has corrupted you to the point of no return." Kirby nodded, knowing what he has to do even though it might break his young mind to the point of insanity. And so the pink puffball took the infant child and unhatched egg, running out of the ruins.
Chapter 5

Kirby ran back to his little house, carrying the egg and the infant with him. Once the pink puffball closed the door, he gently set the unhatched egg on a nearby table and held the tiny child in his stubby hands. Kirby's eyes filled with tears as he watched the little baby open up its eyes to look up at its mother. It had starry orbs like Kirby's, and tiny claws got a firm grip on him.

The pink puffball began to weep as he saw the tiny creature squeak in happiness, knowing it was safe in the comfort of its mother. Who knew that the offspring of a Star Warrior and a cosmic jester could create something... so delicate and adorable?

"Marx...?" Kirby asked, trying to fight his speech impediment as always. Marx appeared out of nowhere, sitting on a couch with depression in the face he had before he gained his true form even though he still had his wings.

"So you know, don't you?" Marx asked. "The fact that I raped you just so I... wanted to bring back a planet that was lost? I wanted to destroy everything all because I was blind by chance. Chance that the only missing piece of my puzzle was standing right in front of me this whole time."

"I... am sorry..." Kirby tried to speak out, taking a look at the joyful child in his hands.

"You know your restless reproduction cannot stop unless I reform back to good, right?" Marx asked, looking up at the pink puffball with a teary face. "And you're willing to forgive me for all that? After I broke you outside and in?" Kirby nodded, presenting Marx with one of the many children he created.

"He looks perfect," Marx chuckled. "I think he should be called... Jove." The cosmic jester let the small child crawl around his talons, making him giggle at the tiny thing.

"Well, that didn't take much for you to convince me," Marx responded, watching another egg slip out of Kirby's pussy. "Why don't we visit King Dedede and see what's up?" Kirby answered with a happy "poyo" before he took the two eggs and walked out with Marx through the door.
Chapter 6

Inside the castle just inside the borders of Dreamland, King Dedede watched as the sky grew brighter due to the sun and moon ripping apart the corpse of the Galactic Nova into tiny pieces that burned up in Popstar's atmosphere. Just then, Meta Knight warped into the room with his Dimensional Cape.

"Greetings, Your Majesty," Meta Knight spoke. "I... take it you're making progress in tearing apart the comet so that the planet can see the stars again."

"Ya got that right, Meta Knight," King Dedede responded. "However, I haven't seen or heard anythin' that happened to Marx. Shouldn't he have collided with Nova a couple days ago? Also, where is that there Kirby?"

"That was just what I was about to tell you," Meta Knight responded. "Kirby... lost against Marx. He became a breeding vessel for the jester, though I bet those harsh mood swings of his might dwindle over time." However, King Dedede scoffed at that remark.

"How can you be sure Kirby was claimed?" King Dedede asked. Meta Knight carefully pulled out one of Kirby's eggs, surprising the King of Dreamland.

"Woah! Is that-!?"

"My bets are Marx is the only one of his species to pull such a trick..." Meta Knight responded, watching the egg squirm. "And hatching just in the nick of time..." The egg's soft shell split open like an overfilled balloon, and another tiny hybrid child of Marx's and Kirby's cried for fresh air.

"Marx's descendants must be the only ones that have mastered the trick of procreating with other species while the rest of his kind are simply purebreds," Meta Knight spoke. "But why wait so long to get back what was lost to him? Maybe his disjointed past might give us some answers. We better hope he doesn't harm Kirby any chance he gets..."
Chapter 7

As Kirby and Marx walked over to King Dedede's castle, a few of their children were flying around the pink puffball like bees attracted to flowers. The tiny aliens that had just hatched were growing fast, and they had instantly developed the ability to glide around like their father.

"Happy little things, aren't they?" Marx asked. Kirby turned over towards Marx, giggling as the tiny creatures moved around him before resting on his head. "There are more creatures like these in the Soul Dimension. I drop by once in a while so I could check in on how well they're doing. I wonder if that's a bad thing..." Marx's expression slowly started to drop, which looked as though he was starting to feel guilty about something. Kirby looked at Marx, wondering what he meant by this.

"Y'see, I didn't rape you because I wanted to," Marx spoke. "I did this because... because... I was told to. My parents were a strict kind, quite aggresive considering they're rulers of what was once my planet. I was their only child, gifted with the ability to procreate with any alien of another species regardless of planet. However, they needed the breeding vessel of a Star Warrior to have the perfect heirs/weapons, and they kept toughening me up until I couldn't take the pressure any longer. I attacked them when they pushed me to my limit, killed them on the spot, and left to the Soul Dimension. By the time I calmed down and returned... my entire home was gone. Without the planet, my powers slowly waned. I settled in Popstar until I began researching on a comet that could grant a perfect wish once seven special stars have been gathered. What was also convient was the fact that you were there. The problem was that reproducing for heirs was all on my mind now, but after the countless deaths of my people I had a new agenda."

"Poyo..." Kirby spoke, starting to feel more sorry for the jester than ever. The tiny children on his head also listened to their father's sad tale of woe, starting to feel guilty about his abusive past.

"Now I've cursed you," Marx sighed. "I've cursed you without even knowing it. And the only way to make you stop laying these eggs so uncontrollably is that I fuck you before the last remains of the Galactic Nova burn in the atmosphere after nightfall, and we might need to do that exactly when the moon rises. What do you say... Kirby?" The pink puffball gave out a small, adorable smile, kissing Marx on the lips as their children watched.

"Then I guess we better rest up at Dedede's Castle," Marx spoke, carrying Kirby and their children high into the air towards their destination. "You know how ravenous I can get, and I can bring all the other kids from the Soul Dimension too..." Kirby squealed as he laid another egg, to which Marx managed to successfully catch with his talons.
Marx managed to successfully carry Kirby and their children over to King Dedede's castle, to which they were standing outside the large gates. The jester looked at Kirby, starting to feel more guilty about himself when the pink puffball began to lay a couple more eggs.

"I know, I know," Marx told a worried Kirby. "We'll get this over with, but we must at least help Dreamland finish off Nova's corpse. In the meantime, why don't you wait inside the castle with all our babies?" The jester ripped a vortex in front of him with one of his talons, and a swarm of no more than fifty of their children flew out before landing. As Kirby had noticed, these older creatures were half the size of him, and their wingspan was barely the size of Marx's.

"Poyo...?" Kirby asked with a bit of wonder in his eyes. Marx knocked on the large door, to which two Waddle Dees wielding spears answered from the top of the castle.

"I'm here to receive King Dedede's acceptance for destroying the comet," Marx called out.

"The King of Dreamland gave out strict guidelines not to let anyone in unless absolutely necessary!" one of the Waddle Dees answered.

"This IS an emergency, and you can thank me for not calling me once the atmosphere heats up from the burning corpse," Marx answered, watching the shadow from the Galactic Nova wane by the minute. "Just let us in and we can solve all this." The Waddle Dees disappeared from the castle after a minute of pondering, to which they opened the doors. Then, Kirby, Marx, and all their children went inside.

King Dedede didn't even notice that Marx and his family were behind him until he heard a tiny squeaking noise on his crown. He looked up to see one of the small hybrids resting on his head, to which the King of Dreamland tried to get it off as though it was a pest. The kid flew off into Kirby's stubby arms, squeaking as it hugged its mother tightly.

"Kirby!" King Dedede exclaimed. "I should have known! Pardon the... hellspawns you probably made with Marx."

"Listen," Marx spoke. "I need to run a quick errand involving Nova's dead body, so you stay here and take care of Kirby and our kids, alright?"

"Oh no!" King Dedede snapped. "There is no way I'll be helping you get away with who-knows-what!" However, Marx stared at the king with his demonic face, intimidating King Dedede. Without another word, Marx teleported away from the castle, flying straight to Nova.

Marx began blasting lasers at Nova, but it didn't seem to do much. The jester growled in frustration, trying to help the sun and moon tear apart the comet. Kirby watched with determination, knowing even though he was uncontrollably laying eggs he needed to help Marx. After all, that was what friends are for.

"Poyo!" Kirby told King Dedede before heading towards the castle. However, a few of his children began clinging onto Kirby and hugging him, whimpering as a sign to not let him go. Kirby rubbed each of their heads, letting them know it was just a quick errand. Kirby exited out of the castle, flying out to the Galactic Nova on a Warp Star.

Kirby flew out into the depths of space, ready to get rid of the grim reminder floating over the star-
shaped planet. Marx looked at him in surprise.

"Kirby, thank goodness you're here," Marx sighed. "Quick: I just ripped a hole inside Nova's armor. Once we fly in, we can launch the comet out of orbit and destroy it without affecting the atmosphere. You ready?" Kirby nodded, piloting his Warp Star towards the hole with Marx. The impact of the two flying forces was enough to knock Nova more into space, to which the large shadow over Dreamland was fading away. A large explosion occurred from Nova, completely destroying it in the process.

The residents of Dreamland cheered when they saw the starry sunset sky again, applauding when Marx carried Kirby back onto the planet. All that remained right now was to fix Kirby's egg-laying problem.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After a long day of exhaustion from laying so many eggs, Kirby was ready to finish it with Marx. The pink puffball opened the door to see Marx sitting on his bed, staring at him with surprise in his starry eyes. The two exchanged looks of blushing cheeks.

"Alright, Kirby." Marx sighed. "You know that once I get started, I can’t stop unless you're cured. If you wanna lay eggs, we'll have to do it the right way..." Kirby nodded, aware of the consequences. If he knew this will stop his egg-laying, he's willing to take those chances no matter what.

"Poyo!" Kirby spoke with a happy voice. "I'm... I'm ready..." A small smile lit up in Marx's face as he made room for the pink puffball on the small bed. Kirby walked forward and climbed onto the bed, swallowing the lump in his throat.

"Kirby... I know I couldn't tell you this before, but... I feel like this bad ending to your story might actually be the best ending yet," Marx spoke. "What I mean to say is that... I love you. I didn't have the guts to say it before because I was hellbent on vengeance, but I hope at everything I put you through you can forgive me..." Kirby simply kissed Marx on the lips, shutting the jester up. Marx slowly closed his eyes and embraced the kiss, feeling the soft and warm lips claim him.

Kirby laid his stubby hands on the talons of Marx's claws, pressing deeper into the kiss. The pink puffball nipped on the jester's bottom lip, slipping his soft tongue into Marx's mouth. The two exchanged the delicate tastings of each other's mouths, feeling the warmth of each other's bodies overwhelm them. Instead of being claiming and angry, Marx's kisses were soft and comforting. Once the two pulled apart, a string of saliva dripped out between their lips.

Marx laid Kirby on his back, licking his lips as he saw the red-faced puffball lying down in front of him. The jester's wings outstretched between Kirby's feet, gently rubbing the area and coaxing soft noises from the puffball. Kirby sighed as he started getting wet, not laying eggs right now but releasing discharge over Marx's talons. The jester pulled away and licked his talons of the discharge, watching as a happy Kirby exposed his banana cock and wet cunt.

The jester drifted his face down to the weeping pussy, breathing against the wet clit as he began to lick it. Kirby's fast breathing picked up as Marx brushed his tongue on the soft flaps, his long tongue tasting every inch of the delicate skin. Marx's tongue then began to thrust in and out of Kirby's pussy, creating squealing noises from the pink puffball as the length touched his cervix. Kirby's cock sprung erect, releasing his load onto Marx's face. The jester pulled away, letting his taste buds absorb the flavor of the discharge.

"So soft and adorable," Marx chuckled. "You look so adorably fuckable, but don't worry. I won't break you... if you don't want me to. I'll make it so that the both of us can enjoy it." Marx lifted up his bowtie, letting his cock slide out of its shaft. Marx climbed on top of Kirby, teasing the slit with his tip and making Kirby squeal.

"Poyo~" Kirby moaned, clearly getting impatient for Marx not holding back.

"So you want to do this?" Marx asked. Kirby nodded, letting the jester know not to hold back. Marx, with a small smile, slipped his cock into the pink puffball's pussy. Kirby let out a
breathtaking gasp, the libido spreading to his face as he adjusted to the length. Marx also rested, feeling the puffball's vaginal cavity fit his rod like a glove. Then he moved.

Kirby squeaked as the jester's length pushed back and forth, feeling the pale moonlight glisten on his pink skin. Marx closed his eyes as his cock slid in and out from the puffball's pussy. Marx drifted his wings behind Kirby's back, holding themselves together as he continued moving. Kirby started to drool, gasping for air as his stubby hands caressed Marx's face.

With slow movements, Marx kept his pace on the pink puffball, waiting for Kirby to open up his mouth. It didn't take long before Marx planted his lips on Kirby's, tasting the marshmallow mouth once again. The jester kept on moving, keeping his cock deep inside the pink puffball's pussy as he moved his nonexistent hips back and forth. Marx tightened the hug, getting closer to release the more he hit that special spot on the cervix.

"So... close~!" Marx moaned, making both Kirby and himself feel so hot and tight it almost seemed like they were gonna melt together like marshmallows over a campfire. "Gonna... come...! I'm cumming...! I'm... CUMMING!~" With a soft gasp, the jester released his load inside the puffball. Kirby shut his eyes and took in Marx's release, and his cock also spurted with cum. Marx's tongue wrapped around the pink puffball's penis, stroking it along with the rhythm of his thrusts. The sex for them was not over yet.

"M-Marx!" Kirby cried, holding on tight to the jester as the bedsheets underneath them wrinkled. "...So good!" The pink puffball squealed as the jester released his load again, and again, and again...

The soft sunlight gleamed through the window, shining on the bed where Kirby and Marx rested. The jester slowly reclaimed his energy after a night of intense sex, rubbing his head as he looked over to a sleeping Kirby.

"Looks like you won't be laying eggs anymore... for quite some time," Marx sighed, his talons rubbing against the soft cheek. "Hope we'll get more kids when the time is right."

This was indeed quite the best ending.

Chapter End Notes

So... I guess this is the last chapter. Hope you fans have a nice 2020!

Also, thanks for reading this cursed fanfic I made for whatever reason. Don't forget to also support my other fanfictions! <3

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