The Ties That Bind

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Summary

Now on the surface, the monsters have split apart for the moment to explore the new world. Asgore, however, finds himself at a perilous place in the forest where the plants themselves seem alive. What's worse, they seem to desire something rather... carnal. Can a certain koopa save the day and rescue our beloved king?

Asgore smiled.

It had been weeks since the monsters had first been freed from the Underground, and even now the king couldn’t quite believe it had happened. To see the sunlight for the first time, to step out into dirt and grass and trees… The Underground had all these things, yes, but on the surface it all felt so much more alive.

The other monsters had felt it, too. They’d agreed to split up - not permanently, but just to explore and make their own way in the world for a while. There was so much to see and do, and they’d cover more of it if they went their separate ways and met up again in a few weeks. Once they’d learned a bit more about the world, they’d be able to decide what they wanted to do in it.

Asgore had tried to get Toriel to come with him, at first; he’d thought the sights would be romantic, maybe a chance to woo the other boss monster back to his side. She’d seen through him immediately, though. She always had. The former queen took him aside, then, no longer quite so angry at him now that they were on the surface. They’d had a talk they needed to have for a long, long time.

It had taken that for Asgore to finally be ready to move on. The king shook his head, chuckling a little sadly to himself. It had taken him so long to get over Toriel… He should have seen it sooner,
but he’d held onto a foolish hope that they’d just be able to make up once they saw each other again. Foolish, perhaps, but hope was always what drove both humans and monsters. In that sense, he wasn’t particularly ashamed. He’d had hope, and it kept him going for a while.

Now? He’d decided, for his part, to explore some of the forests and jungles of the Earth. There were many things the planet had to offer, and where most of the other monsters went straight to the cities to explore and learn about humans, Asgore…

...Well, he’d had his fill of civilisation, at least for the moment. It was a nice day; the birds were singing, the flowers were blooming… why not go for a walk?

So distracted was the boss monster by the sights and sounds of the forest around him that he failed to notice the slimy vine snaking around his leg - not until it grabbed him with surprising strength for a plant. The king let out a yelp as he was lifted unceremoniously up into the air, his trident falling to the ground as he lost his grip.

He used the trident to channel his magic. This… was not a good situation.

“Um… perhaps a little help, here?” he asked, looking around. It was a bit of a futile hope; the forest was empty save for the birds and the trees. He glanced down at the vine around his leg. “...I don’t suppose you’d like a nice cup of tea?”

In response, several other vines snapped up from the ground, perfectly hidden in the camouflage of leaves and foliage. Asgore’s eyes widened, and he began to struggle - with no leverage he could use, though, there wasn’t anything he could do.

One of the new tentacles slid around his wrist, and for a moment the king tried to use it as leverage to rip himself out of the first vine - yet the plant that was doing this to him was clever, and simply flowed along with his movements.

Asgore sighed. “I don’t suppose I could convince you to let me go?” he asked, his tone hopeful. If the plant heard him, it gave no indication.

Instead, more vines came up from the ground - and these seemed stronger, somehow, more flexible. They slid underneath his shirt, wet and slimy, easily sliding across his fur. Asgore gasped, squirming against the tentacles, but they held him fast. “A-ah… This seems rather… inappropriate…”

The tentacles refused to listen, alas. They tore through his clothing easily, the shredded fabric fluttering to the forest floor as the king tried to struggle - though he didn’t put that much effort into the struggles. Truth be told, it had been a long time since anyone had paid any attention to his body; while he wasn’t entirely certain what was happening, well…

He wasn’t entirely against it. Whatever it was didn’t seem to wish to kill him, at least.

Its purposes, in fact, seemed far less nefarious the more he thought about it. Perhaps it was the influence of the warm slime that soaked slowly into his fur, but as time passed, his struggles began to slow - and the creature that was assaulting him noticed. Its touch was gentle, not harsh, and the way the fibrous matter curled along his musculature was… pleasant. A little like a full-body massage. It had been so long...

As his struggles slowed, the plant - or whatever this creature was - slowly tightened its grip on Asgore, holding him steady in the air. Its movements were much more deliberate, now; without the king struggling as much against it, it could put more effort into pleasing the monster it had captured. It had never encountered a creature quite so unique before; there was a quiet energy thrumming...
within the king, and the plant was curious.

Its curiosity came through in the form of exploration. Its vines teased and touched Asgore’s impressively sculpted body, delighted by the strange feeling of Asgore’s fur brushing along its limbs; a smaller vine curled around the large, throbbing organ that the men it captured always had, and another thick tentacle teased a certain tight hole that needed to be filled…

All of this was from the plant’s perspective, of course, but Asgore’s thoughts weren’t very much different. The strange creature that had caught him explored his body very, very thoroughly, leaving the king little doubt as to what it wanted; the trouble was, Asgore was having a hard time deciding why it shouldn’t have it. Would it really be such a problem? He would enjoy the experience, certainly, and whatever was doing this would get whatever he wanted…

The slime tingled warmly on his fur, and the king let out a slight, breathless moan as he decided to just enjoy the experience for what it was. The plant holding on to him seemed to tremble for a moment, as though it was excited, or it had reached the moment of triumph.

Asgore hadn’t even noticed that he’d become hard as the vines stroked and explored his body - not until he felt a smaller one coil around his cock, a wrapping around it several times until it formed a perfect sleeve.

The boss monster groaned, his body shivering slightly as it squeezed gently at his manhood, coiling and uncoiling, twisting the sensitive skin around. Asgore’s breath escaped in a pant, hot clouds of air forming in front of him. Precum oozed out of his cock, rolled slowly down the vines that entrapped him, then fell all the way down to stain his ruined clothing below.

A particularly slimy vine approached his mouth, and the king opened it without thinking; the plant surely deserved some form of reward for all the pleasure it was giving him, did it not? He wrapped his lips around the tentacle experimentally, having never done anything like it before - but abruptly found that he didn’t have to learn.

As soon as he proved willing, it dove itself into his mouth, its pores suddenly producing far more slime than it had before. The king moaned; the taste was good, like nectar with a hint of the tea he’d loved to brew. It was strange how the plant seemed to know what he wanted, like it was reading his mind… though in truth the chemical was merely designed to hit the pleasure centers of the brain.

It was working, too. The king slurped happily away at the slime in his mouth, not a care in the world. He didn’t mind that he was being held up in the air and about to be violated by a tentacle creature the likes of which mankind had never seen; he didn’t mind that his clothes below were being ruined by the precum that dripped from his cock. What did it matter if anyone saw him? He moaned softly and spread his legs, giving the vine probing at his ass access. He’d never done anything like this before, but if what he’d been shown so far was any indication…

The tentacle almost seemed surprised at first - but then it began to push into his ass in a way that was surprisingly gentle. Asgore groaned into the tentacle on his mouth, his hips jerking backwards onto the vine; perhaps it should have hurt, but all he felt was a slight discomfort as his anus stretched open to take in its intruder, almost welcoming it instead of repelling it.

Then a wave of pleasure rode over him. The vine had gone immediately for his prostate, pressing against it; a spurt of precum abruptly made its way out of his cock as it did so, and Asgore gasped. He’d thought it would feel good; he didn’t think it would be a feeling of electricity running along his spine, that it would feel like he was being fulfilled in ways he had never even considered before…

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a strange figure - orange, a spiked, green shell, and a muscular
body along with a ferocious scowl. Was he being watched?

Normally, this would have embarrassed him to no end - but now was not the time to be embarrassed, not when he was feeling so good! Part of him was glad, somehow, that he was being watched - that he had an audience to show off his pleasure to. He thrust his hips back on the plant, moaned loudly, spread his legs; Asgore panted, his tongue rolling out of his mouth, wrapping around the vine in it to taste as much nectar as he could. His fingers clenched and unclenched. His hips jerked wildly against the vines holding him. He was so close…

There was a flare of fire and magic, and he felt himself abruptly being released; Asgore fell to the ground rather unceremoniously, still panting, still achingly close. The king grabbed himself and started stroking, moaning - yet there was something missing, something he desperately needed in order to cum. He bit his lip.

“Stop that.” A sharp voice bit into his thoughts, and Asgore looked up. He blinked, shook his head; the warmth didn’t quite drain out of his limbs, but he regained enough control of himself to feel marginally embarrassed and pull the ripped remains of his cloak over himself.

“Ah… my apologies.” Asgore didn’t quite look at the strange creature that had saved him. He knew all the monsters from the Underground - this wasn’t one of them. This was something from the world of man, but he wasn’t human.

“Bah, don’t worry about it. Those things are vicious.” The figure’s voice was gruff, though there was a certain note of kindness to it; he gestured to the vines that were now flailing weakly about as the fire consumed the rest of them. Asgore watched, unsure if he was grateful or upset that he hadn’t been allowed to finish. “I know what you’re thinking, and it’s best you didn’t. They get addicted to you - but you get addicted to them, too.”

“It seems I am not entirely immune to those effects…” Asgore muttered, shifting uncomfortably under his cloak. The fabric brushed against his still-erect manhood, and he shivered at the shock of pleasure. He was no closer to orgasm than he had been, but the feeling wasn’t dying down, either. “I am Asgore, king of the Underground.” He tried for a wry grin, directed at the stranger. “I’m afraid I don’t look particularly kingly at the moment.”

“No, you look like you need a good fucking.” The figure folded his arms - was it just his imagination, or did Asgore see a faint smirk on the monster’s face? He put on a grim affectation, but perhaps he’d been more affected by the show Asgore had put on than he thought… “I’m Bowser, king of the koopas. That was quite the way to meet.”

“...Indeed it was.” Asgore grimaced inwardly. This was a king? Hardly the best start to diplomatic relations between their kingdoms. Still, his thoughts couldn’t help but wander; the man was handsome in his own right, and the chemicals of the plant still coursed through his system… His eyes traced the defined musculature of the other king. The man wasn’t even wearing that much clothing.

How would it feel like, to be held down by another male? He’d never considered it before, but he remembered how amazing it had felt to have the vine violating him so deeply. Asgore wanted to feel it again, and the specimen in front of him would be perfect to do it, if only he could convince him.

“Ah…” Asgore started. He wasn’t sure what he was doing. He was a king! He was supposed to act more dignified than this, he wasn’t supposed to so easily succumb to a stranger… but the plant had affected him more than he thought, and he wanted Bowser.

Asgore wanted Bowser.
The intensity of his desire surprised even him, but it had been so long that Asgore simply allowed himself to wallow in the feeling. His cloak slowly slid off his body, revealing bare shoulders and a muscled chest, its true definition hidden by his fur. “This may be an odd request, but…”

Bowser’s eyes were glued to him. Asgore didn’t realise it, but he was reacting to Bowser’s presence by producing pheromones - pheromones that interacted with the slime that left his fur sticky and wet. The smell was affecting the other male, turning him on; he’d worn the bare minimum of a loincloth, but it was starting to tent from his arousal.

Bowser looked away, hiding his growing desire with a gruff glare. “This is inappropriate.”

“On the contrary,” Asgore chuckled. He let the cloak slide off the rest of his body, slowly approaching the other monster. “What better way to start diplomatic relations between two kingdoms?”

There was a silence for a moment, as though Bowser was considering his words. He could almost feel the smirk slowly spread across the koopa’s mouth. “Well, when you put it that way…”

There was a snarl. Asgore wasn’t even sure what had happened; one moment, he’d been steadily approaching Bowser - the next, he found himself pressed tight to the ground, his cock pushing up against his stomach. Strong arms held him down, a hard, warm length pressed against his ass, and a harsh voice grated past his ears. “It’s been a long time since I’ve had any. I may be a little… pent up.” A dark chuckle. “Be careful what you wish for.”

Asgore shivered. He’d never been treated like this before. A part of him liked it; it was different, new, good. He’d been treated with respect for so long, had to hold on to all the responsibilities of being a king, and now he was being given the chance to just… let go.

To submit.

He did so with a groan, pushing his ass back against the growling koopa. “I think I knew exactly what I was wishing for,” Asgore managed to gasp, and Bowser grinned.

The next moment, his ass was stretched wide open. The koopa hadn’t waited before shoving his entire thick length into the boss monster’s passage; it was only the slime that the vines had left inside him from before that prevented him from crying out with pain. Even then, a dull throb came up from the abused skin, but Asgore didn’t care.

The pain was minimal. The pleasure - the fulfilment - it was exactly what he needed. The king of the Underground moaned, pressing back against his savior, his captor, grinding his hips against Bowser in a way that made the koopa growl against his back.

“That plant - ngh - really got to you, huh?” Bowser said, his voice low and amused. “Good. Means you’ll love this -”

Bowser pulled back abruptly, grabbed on to Asgore’s horns for leverage and slammed his cock back in. The king’s ass felt tight and warm around his dick, still wet with slime from the vines, and god did it feel good. It had been so long since he’d had any at all; to have such an overwhelmingly willing subject, someone willing to submit to him readily…

The thought turned him on. He let out a mindless growl, tuning out everything else as he let loose everything he had; Bowser jammed his cock in and out of that tight, muscled ass, even as Asgore moaned and jerked back against him. It felt good; far too good, actually. He was lost in the sensation of fucking, just as Asgore was lost in the sensation of being fucked, his ass being so thoroughly
violated, his cock jerking against the forest floor with every thrust.

They came in tandem, their climax reaching them at the same moment; Bowser let out a roar as his seed flooded into Asgore’s passage. He pulled out as his cum began to drip out of the monster’s loosened ass, letting the remainder of the seed land on the king’s back, marking him.

Asgore, on the other hand, moaned as he truly let himself go for the first time in years; he came hard, the monster’s seed staining his stomach and the ground. It didn’t stop for several moments - not until Bowser had pulled out and the remainder of his cum drizzled onto his fur. He panted heavily, trying to catch his breath, then rolled over to look at Bowser.

“Good start to our diplomatic relationship, right?” Bowser’s grin was sudden, all charm, and Asgore blinked as he started to laugh.

“It is not how I would have imagined being an emissary would be,” Asgore admitted. “But that was… enjoyable. And I would like to do it again.” The last part was shy, the way he said it, and Bowser smiled as he lifted the goat monster’s chin with a large hand.

“Good, ‘cause I would too.” His grin was infectious. Asgore shook his head, smiling as well.

“I suppose I should greet you in a proper, diplomatic fashion now, yes?” Asgore chuckled. “Ignoring my lack of clothing… It is nice to meet you, Bowser.”

Bowser looked up, shook his head and chuckled. “S’nice to meet you too.”

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