



II.

DAY ONE

Oh good, I'm not dead. I'm not sure how long my face has been smooshed on the cold, stone floor, but I'm breathing. Lightly breathing. Something is crawling over my body though, and that's weird. Some of it leather, some of it lace, to be honest, my brain must be super fried. None of it feels right. Pulling tight between my legs, cupping my butt and chest. I can't really tell what's what. "Ug, my frick'n head." I sit up and something on my chest shifts. No not something on my chest, my actual chest. Crap there's a lot of weird going on. My rib cage feels only a fraction of its old size but this odd swelling feels bigger than my ribs. Oh gawh! The crown made me some sort of abomination! I reach up and grip the odd swollen balls of swelling. It's encased in leather but as I squeeze warm flesh bubbles up into my hand. For 'swelling', it doesn't hurt much though. Actually squeezing it is oddly pleasurable.

I open my eyes and the first thing I see is my hand that's propping me up from the ground, but it's not my hand. It's dainty, and all girly-fied. Instead of claws, I have long nails covered in black nail polish, attached to a wimpy girly arm. I sit up quickly, and my body sways and squishes in ways I don't want to think about. Long blonde hair is in my face and I have to spit it out of my mouth. The sounds I'm making sure don't sound like me either, high and breathy. It occurs to me I'm still squeezing that "swelling" and the continued grip is making my body heat up. It's also causing some weird stirring in my swollen chest. I look down, and that's end game. "BOOOBS!"

"Your highness, you are finally awa-" Kamek waddles into view.

"Tits!" I shriek. Why is my voice so high!?

"Well yes, your observentness. You do at this time seem to own a pair of-"

I grab him by the robe and lift him off the ground. "What did you do to me!?" I ask as he stutters. "Why do I have bazongas!" He stutters more. "And why aren't you doing anything to get rid of them?!" My grip get's really tight and I'm pressing my face right into his, and the little turd is just blushing.

"W-well step one, I would j-just try t-t-taking it off?" My nose fogs his glasses as I try to take in his words and ignore the womanly tone coming out of my throat when I talk. I toss him unceremoniously and he crashes into something with a yelp. I think he yelped, but I'm not sure and I don't care. I am on a mission. My hands snake upward, bumping into my horns. I still have horns? That's good, right? The damn thing didn't erase all of me! Okay, there! Found that dumb little crown. I can grip it nice as tight with my claws.. erm... fingers? Time to end this little grrrr! This little grrrrrrrrrrraaah! "The damn doohicky won't come off."

"Is it tangled in your luscious locks?" Kamek's voice echoes from a barrel he's stuck in.

"Luscious locks? I do not have luscious anything!" I turn to him.
"Stop messing around in that barrel and help me!" My voice is so... girly! My growls don't sound right at all!

Kamek gets free of his wooden prison and comes over, grabbing my hand. Ugh the dude's little mitts are clammy.
"I think we better let you see the damage your most beau- er, beastliness."

He tries to help me, and I palm the top of his skull to push up.
"Kamek, my legs are broken, I can't stand right! I'm all wobbly!"

"That would be your wedge heels, sire." He taps the side of my leg, but I only feel the pressure. I stick out my new appendage, a long twiggy thing, encased in black leather all the way up to my mid-thigh where it ends in studs. It's finally clicking, this power-up reshaped me into Peach and then dressed me like a princess. Well, a slutty princess, in leather... and spiked studs.

"What the hell kind of outfit is this?" I growl. I can't stop clearing my throat, as if it will return my deep baritone pitch.

"Well, I'll have to check the video camera, but it appears the crown tried to form you a dress from your choker and wristbands and such." He motions around to my new form, and I miss my old height. It will be much harder to smooch him like a bug. Wait, camera?!

"What Camera?!" I grit my teeth.

"It's f-for scientific purposes!" He squeals as I grip his neck in my tiny clutches.

"Really? You filmed a peep show of my naked tuchas for science!?" I throw him and stomp, which of course sends me teetering, damn wedge boots. "Fix this now!"

"W-well your most patientness, if you can't remove it, the logic of power-ups dictates a powerful, albeit painful blow, might be our best bet to erm, release you." I really don't care what he needs to do, he just needs to do it!

"Hit me then!" I spread my arms and legs wide and close my eyes. This body is so weird. I feel my breast (gah mine! Shivers) push up against the cups of my top. The breeze on my bare thighs screams out how this dumb spell left my bare thighs exposed with this half-ass dress. He just needs to zap this crap off of me with the biggest bolt of... wait a minute. "Wait a minute!" His wand is glowing with a big frick'n ball of fire.
"What if my new body isn't as durable as my old one?!"



"Erm well," Kamek blinked behind his glasses, trying to hold his supercharged wand straight. "There is a chance this is just cosmetic, and you still have your classic lava repelling durability."

"Or?"

"Or this fireball could burn a hole right through your new soft feminine form" Kamek is now not just pointing a possible fix at me, but also possible game over for good!

"Stop! Stahp, put that thing down, you knuckles head." Holy shit that was close. "I'm not risking this. I mean, does this look merely cosmetic?" I poke my boobs with my index fingers and regret it immediately. They are definitely not as durable as my old scaled pecs, and way way more sensitive. Are Peach's tits really this sensitive or is it just me never having bazongas before. Like, just bouncing them from walking warms these damn things up. "How long do you have to study to get a good handle on how to change me back, no 'oops, blew a hole in my boss' slipups?"

"Well now let me see." The magikoopa adjusts his pointy wizard hat and looks around at his collection of chalkboards. "I've spent a few weeks establishing some baselines and accruing some data, so if you spend the night in my lab--"

"I'm not spending the night in your loser lab." I try to figure out how to cross my arms with boobs. Do I go on top, under? Ack under pushes my cleavage up more.

"Well, it may slow things down you not sleeping here, but even up in your room, I would hope not too long." He sounds worried, but also hopeful, and that's enough.

"Okay good, I'm going to go up to my room while you figure this crap out." I wobble by on my heels, and then take a step back to snatch his camera and throw it in the trash. I wouldn't watch naked videos of Peach without her permission, I sure as hell ain't letting my troop do it, research or not. ESPECIALLY with me trapped in the body being peeped on. "Now close the door behind me, you horn dog. Walking to the door, my legs feel thin and long. My hips sway on their own and damn it if the whole clomping heels and swishing hips don't make these pudding blobs called boobs wobble in my top. Don't look down in her cleavage, don't look down in her cleavage... and definitely don't slip up and start calling it MY cleavage. Just one confident step into the hallway after another and--"

"Crap!" I backpedal back into the lab the minute I see the hallway is full of damn Koopaling. I had instant embarrassment from the idea of those brats seeing their ruler and father stuck in this getup, in this body. It's doubled by the fact I just gave Kamek a face full of ass! "Gah get out of there!" I smack him with my tail. Ooo, I still have a tail.

"What is it, sire?" He back peddles, sweating bullets from his 'cheek-to-cheek' moment there.

"The hallways are full of my little brats! We're going to have to figure out another way." How could this day get any worse I think to myself, which is always a horrible question to ask.