

Daisy was staring again, but then she'd been doing that for hours now. It felt wrong, it felt *several kinds* of wrong but the pertinent one was that no Princess should be spying like this on another Princess. Especially not a friend, like Peach, but-

“No.. not.. I guess she's not really, not anymore, is she? She's.. she's *Queen Powser*.”

Shaking her head, Daisy banished the viewing portal with a wave of a silk-gloved hand and turned to walk to the balcony of her bedroom. Fresh air, she needed *fresh air*. That would help. Clearing her head was crucial. It was also proving one of the most difficult tasks she'd ever put herself through despite what ought to be the sheer simplicity of it.

“Not that spying on a Queen is somehow *more* acceptable, I suppose. I- come on, stop thinking about it! It's not.. this is *beneath* a Princess..”

Frustrated, Daisy spun around on her balcony and knocked a plant off the railing. The sound of shattering pottery and a yelping Toad somewhere below left her blushing and ducking away from sight again – but that just left her back in her room again. Daisy found herself staring at her reflection, at the full length mirror across from her bed. For an instant she swore she saw Peach instead. Not as she was now, but as she had been. It was a quick, frantic bit of delusion. One doused in the cold waters of reality almost immediately.

“..Right. Never seeing *that* again.. All there is now is just-”

A dismissive wave of her hand left a viewing portal manifesting in front of Daisy yet again. She didn't even really intend to do it, it just *happened*. An oval ring of magic formed and let her see what she wanted to see, but that alone was another problem. Another insulting, impossible reality. She had to *want to see it*, and for it to be happening this involuntarily..?

Daisy stared again. Nine feet of scales and flaming hair, of spikes and claws and power. Princess Peach had always had a certain confidence she radiated, even when she was captive it never really fazed her all that much, plus she could hold her own when she had a chance. This, though? Daisy looked over the Queen as she lounged, naked, on her new reinforced and rather menacing looking throne holding court with her legs spread wide open and it left her shivering.

“That's just.. That *confidence*. That.. knowing herself, and her *Power*, like that..”

Reaching up and grasping at two curls of her hair, Daisy tugged on them and turned away from the viewing portal to start pacing her room now that she'd wholeheartedly failed her attempt to take her mind off the problem. She let out a frustrated yell in the process. One that caused a ruckus

outside her door as the Toad guards outside were startled and scrambled up to the door in alarm. They'd been on edge, all of them, since the changes. She could hardly blame them.

“P-p-p-Princess! Are you okay! We're here!”

The little ones rushed in looking determined as could be. It was heartening, even if Daisy knew they were hopeless at actually doing any meaningful fighting compared to any of the threats that could've possibly shown up. Daisy let out a frustrated sigh as she looked at them all, but it still brought a smile to her face. All of them were still loyal, still dutiful and earnest.

They just.. weren't obviously groveling and worshiping her the way most of the courtiers tended to behave around Queen Powser these days.

“I'm.. fine. I just.. I need-”

Daisy looked at herself in the mirror again as she grappled with her own question. What did she want, or need? Her little guards looking up at her with relief and dedication was part of it, she *loved* the Toads and wanted the best for them. Daisy loved the Mushroom Kingdom too, she wanted to see it thrive – and she suspected Queen Powser might actually still want precisely those same things and be quite apt at making sure they happen. That had been one of her most immediate fears upon the changes Peach had gone through but it had also been among the shortest lived.

Unfortunately it had come with other problems. Ones that were staring Daisy in the face right this second. Guards rushing in to check on her because she was, to them, some fragile thing to be protected.. It left Daisy in mind of all the times the plumbers refused to let her go with them on their adventures, and even on the exceptions to those times they always had more of a focus on Peach than on her – especially if she needed rescuing. She was just supposed to *be here*, for some reason. Some almost forgotten artifact of older times for the Kingdom, completely overshadowed by her peer. And that had been *before* she became a Koopa Queen.

The moment left Daisy with a clarity she hadn't felt before about this whole mess. Wake up, deal with a two hour beauty regimen of bathing and makeup and a dress that took two other people to help her get inside of, and then just.. the same thing, every day. Only not for Pe- for Powser. Not anymore. The Queen just sprawled out, naked, rubbing herself and grinning and-

“We.. We can get you anything you need, Princess! We promise.”

Daisy couldn't just tell them, she *needed* to not be a Princess. Not anymore. Especially not with a Queen in place. The idea of *that* being the answer was something of a wild surprise to Daisy

anyway, she'd known it on some level to be sure but not coherently – openly. Of *course* she was staring at the Queen all the time in those viewing portals, she was *envious* of her. Peach just did *whatever* she wanted now, she had *power* and nobody was going to challenge it. It was the plumbers that couldn't keep up now, and Daisy had been left well in the dust about the whole thing.

Standing around and staring wasn't doing anything though, it was just more of the same. More *nothing* and more status quo. Catastrophically so now. But Daisy, thanks to a few interrupting Toads that meant nothing but the best, finally figured it out. Or, at least, the first step of it.

“..I.. I'm fine, I promise. Thank you, though. If you could bring me some wine, some cakes, and just give me some time to myself I think I shall be alright for now. But.. do stay close. I might have further desires later.”

A chorus of 'Yes Princess!' rose up from the Toads and they rushed off to do as she said, but only because it fit into the expected behavior of a Princess. Daisy hated what that meant, what it felt like. She hated that she hated it. It was nothing but honest devotion from her subjects and it did nothing but remind her of everything that had taken root in and seemed to be rotting away at her mind. The Princess let out a frustrated sigh and rubbed at the bridge of her nose, pacing her way back to her bed and sitting on the side of it.

She didn't even really have to think about it to get the viewing portal back open, it just manifested and left her staring once more. Powser was lounging back on her new throne, rubbing herself, cupping one breast and radiating so much heat that the air above her was wavering. The Queen smiled to herself, and then.. then she smiled *directly* at Daisy. A sharp grin crept over Queen Powser's face as she kept plunging her fingers into herself and let out a deep, belly-bouncing chuckle that produced a few tongues of flame around the sides of her mouth. Nothing was *said* though, the scrying wasn't dispelled either, Powser just.. didn't care that she was being watched.

Which didn't stop Daisy from near jumping out of her skin when the Toads returned with her requested treats. They had *most certainly* seen what she was watching, too. Daisy wasn't even sure how many seconds ago they'd arrived, carrying their trays and the wine bottle and lining up by Daisy to deliver them. She let out a distinctly un-Princess-like yelp about the whole thing.

“G-gah! Where did, when- you.. that- I, t-thank you, darlings! Just ah, just leave them here and then wait outside please.”

It was a small mercy that the Toads didn't call any attention to the sight.

“..Of course they wouldn't though. It's not as if they *entire castle* isn't mystified and entranced by the new Queen. Why should I be any different? I.. I need a drink.”

Daisy reached for the wine and cakes and started thinking. Even this was delicate, the way anything a Princess did was. Sipping at the wine, carefully nibbling at the cakes, being sure not to spill anything or get crumbs on her dress. It was a painstaking, sluggish process that had been practiced for years to keep her demure and 'acceptable' when she was eating at royal functions.

Which was part of the problem, really. She never got to cut loose. Not for any reason.

“Always just.. forced to.. to be.. Always tied up, and- Augh!”

It wasn't that she meant to lash out, but Daisy ended up crushing one of her small cakes in her hand out of sheer impotent fury. It left a trickle of crumbs and a bit of filling tumbling onto her dress. Not enough to do any permanent damage, and yet it was a 'disaster' by Royal etiquette standards. Opening her hand, Daisy looked at the smashed ruin of a treat and exhaled.

..And then brought it up to her mouth and ate it anyway.

“..It's not like it tastes *any different*. Honestly, maybe it's a little better even..”

Daisy had to ask herself if that was just a function of the release, of the little moment of breaking away from what was proper, as she licked her hand clean. She glanced to the tray and its remaining treats, then at her hand again.

A moment later she had the wine bottle by the neck and had grabbed two of the pastries and smashed them together one on top of the other, then flattened them and stuffed them in her face. Messily. Washing them down with sweet wine and stuffing herself a bit more still just drove that odd feeling she had further home. It was the smallest, most meaningless rebellion against.. nobody? She was alone in the room, and even if she wasn't the Toads weren't going to challenge her.

They'd do anything she asked, after all. They said as much and she believed it.

“Toads! Attend me, please!”

The servants and guards rushed in, and true to form they did nothing to call attention to the mess except for one of them asking permission to help clean things up a little.

“..No, none of that. But I do need something from you – all of you. Some of you I require to fetch me more of what you brought last time, the rest? I am told the most recent adventures our esteemed plumbers went out on resulted in the discovery of a new fruit. I wish to try some of it. Bring me.. three, if you can find them.”

Without hesitation or question the attending Toads bowed and ran off to do as they were bidden. The guards would *probably* need a little time to gather the fruits if there weren't any brought back to the castle but she could wait. For this.. for the feeling, the idea, she had simmering in her head now? She could muster up just a bit more patience for that.

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Daisy's patience was still tested. It was two days later, with her sitting on her own much more modest throne receiving a near non-existent trickle of petitioners that the Toads returned with the fruits. It was fairly easy to tell they had three of them, the things were rather bulbous and easy to spot even through the sack the head guard delivered to her.

“Not as easy to grab as we expected, Princess, but we got them! Did you need us for anything else in the meantime?”

Every bit of waiting she'd been doing caught up with her all at once, plus two more days of watching Powser strut about the place and live in full unfettered hedonism. Daisy grabbed the thing and reached in without another word, standing up from her throne and snatching out the first of the elephant fruits to devour it. All the etiquette she'd been shackled to for years crumbled away like those cakes she'd smashed since she made this decision, Daisy tore into the thing messily and with abandon. Juice erupted from it, drenching her hand, staining her dress, and covering her face.

As soon as the first taste hit her tongue Daisy felt something play across her nerves like a bow across the strings of a violin. It left her shuddering and near falling over, but she recovered as the rush that followed it hit her system. Sucking a breath in through her teeth, hearing the Toads react with shock and distress, Daisy just.. didn't care to do anything except continue. She tore in again, ripping fruit flesh apart with her teeth, taking absolutely no steps to slow down or do this cleanly. As if she wasn't already well too late for that.

The first fruit went down her gullet with a quickness, but the things were *large*. By the second one Daisy was slowing down a little, chewing a little more, but still getting there quickly. The third? The third she clutched in her hands after eating part of and then let out a fruity, vaguely salty *Bwuooprhhbb-* and sighed. Daisy felt it doing something, she felt her heartbeat thundering in her ears and her skin tingling from the inside out. The Princess clutched the remaining fruit tight and began walking back toward her chambers, lazily tugging some of her clothing off on the way while she nibbled through the final fruit.

Daisy managed to get herself close to naked by the time she was back to her room. As she was depositing the last bite into her mouth and licking her fingers of juice she was also tossing her ruined dress aside, every overly complicated layer of it. The gloves were coming off as she threw open the doors to her chambers and didn't bother closing them behind her, and she felt.. different? It wasn't just the abandon, Daisy felt *stronger* than she had been. Getting her gloves off actually took some doing – they'd gone and gotten too small on her – but she managed it as she went for the tall mirror in her room and began dragging it screeching across the floor so it would rest closer to her bed. That alone, the heavy silver frame tearing gouges in the marble floor, drove off half the Toads.

“Those tasted.. eugh, actually a bit like- *HWUOOPRHHB*- like.. wine, but with the feet still in it, but.. oh *dear* do I ever feel delicious now~”

With her gloves looking like they'd been used in a murder, Daisy threw them aside and heaved herself up onto her bed where she could see herself in the mirror properly. Down to naught but socks and panties, she she could already see things changing – she was *definitely* stronger. There was muscle under her usual delicate, slender frame that hadn't been there before.. and a bit of a paunch forming around her too-full belly. The Princess took a breath, soaking in her juice stained face and her using her toes to peel her socks off, before stuffing a hand down her panties in total view of the slowly recovering attendants in the hall.

Touching herself sent Daisy into a body-wide convulsion as her nerves lit up like signal fires. Her heart thundered again and she felt the whole of her body beat like a drum, and end that moment just a bit larger than it had started it. Daisy tightened her limbs, feeling raw and ragged power starting to grow in them, even as a bit of soft padding started to creep in as well. It nearly overwhelmed her, but she rode the sudden burst of feeling into another plunge. Curling her palm over the plump lips and squeezing – kneading herself. It was almost like cupping another over-juiced fruit and left just as much juice gushing out.

Daisy felt the silk threads of her panties start snapping after a couple of clenching, grinding tugs at her mound left her moaning every time she exhaled. She had to work at it to pry her eyes open amid the desperate need and finding herself strangely unable to finish – like her body kept moving the goal post further away as she was changing. She *knew* somehow it wasn't going to let her cum until this had run its course. She knew the Toads were muttering, yelling, watching.. getting others to come. It ought to have left her *mortified* but as Daisy's pussy clenched on thicker, rougher

feeling fingers than she was used to and her body throbbed itself larger again she could swear she felt something *crumble* in her mind. An old edifice of propriety that was falling apart as if it were aged, brittle, and in the middle of a violent storm.

A storm of creaking muscle covered in dense but soft flab while Daisy's skin started to turn ashen gray and her chest thickened and bounced with each fresh buck and grind against her fingers. The creaking of her bed started to add itself to her grunting and grinding – and the snapping of her panties as they gave up and split in two. Daisy had *nothing* hiding her anymore, nothing to stop the Toads cowering by the door from seeing her like this. Seeing her twice as big as she had been, and starting to grow into other more obviously bestial changes.

The first one Daisy noticed, the one she could hardly miss, was the thick hair starting to grow in right atop her monstrously needy cunt. Not just the usual carefully, frequently curtailed fuzz either – it was thick, wiry, the kind of thing that ruined the tools usually used to deal with such things. If her skin wasn't thicker than it had been mere minutes ago Daisy was fairly sure it would've been hell to rub against, but now? Now she felt like she could handle just about anything, she felt like she could throw this weight around at anyone or anything that got in her way – and the fact that she was *still* putting on more of it just made her welcome the change. It was... freeing?

“..F-freedom..  *fucking freedom~*”

A stray impulse got into Daisy and left her snatching up one of the silver trays left over from her last meal to fling it with abandon. The thing struck the wall hard enough to embed itself in the stonework and quiver there, ringing like a bell. Daisy let the sound fill her as she shook her head and felt her ears wobble, stretching slowly outward, and then got the maddeningly curious and novel sensation of her nose starting to do the same. It *was* coming paired with her fingers feeling a bit on the thick and clumsy side though, and her belly starting to get so round it was making reaching herself more difficult than it had been.

“G-guh.. Oh *heck*.. C-c'mon already.. Y-you! Get in here and start helping!”

Daisy felt a kind of hot rush move over her, like someone had poured water over her nerves, as she said it. As she *ordered* the Toads to come pleasure her and half of them tripped over each other to rush up and do precisely that. She spread her legs as wide as she could still manage while her hips and ass kept swelling all around her and watched as the adorable little manservants of hers clustered up until one of them was face down in her crotch and the others were pushing him down

against it while they pawed and rubbed at her belly and two of them took to her breasts. Those had started hanging lower and lower as Daisy grew, the sheer weight of all her new flesh and not having it held in scales like Powser did making them sag quite a bit lower. It didn't matter – they felt *amazing*. Particularly with a Toad pressing their face against areola the size of their heads.

The rest though, the ones who had lingered by the doorway and were still mostly just staring in rapt and maybe a little horrified fascination, they could still stand to be doing *something*. Daisy planted her hands on the bed and clenched her fingers, or tried to. Every time her body left her helpless and gasping through a wild starburst of bliss she could bend her digits just a bit less than before. Every time her arms thickened, her hands swelled, and got closer to just ending in useless blunt mounds. Daisy doubted she could reach past her own middle with the things anymore anyway, not with an iron-carved eight pack covered in a lifetime of indulgence's worth of a flabby gut. She huffed and fought for a little bit of concentration, sucking air in through her increasingly long ridged snout as it started snuffling about like a fifth limb.

“The rest of you lot! G- GET ME SOMETHING TO EAT! And bring drinks, a-and.. NOW!”

Letting herself sprawl backward slowly, Daisy couldn't help smiling – laughing, too. A bit more by the moment, sounding equal parts frantic and relieved. It was definitely a mania she was wrestling with, one that was digging her out from under *so much* caked on pomp, circumstance, ritual, and restriction that she found herself sniffing and tearing up too. None of it would matter anymore, not like *this*. Daisy squeezed her thighs together to cram that Toad between them in a little harder and she was *pretty sure* she could've just crushed the poor thing, but she relented. This hadn't changed her *that* much.

“All of you are.. *so good*, keep going – change up if you have to. Just *Do Not Stop*. I want you all burying me in decadence, understood? I will do this for *days~*”

Daisy could hear and feel the bed frame creaking, but even as she got closer to completing her transformation into a massive giantess of an elephant it still held. The thing was made for a Royal after all, it was *not* fragile. Not nearly so much as she had been, but there'd been *this* underneath. Strength, unfettered. She didn't *need* permission to tag along anymore.

As Daisy finally felt the Toads coaxing her into a proper climax, leaving her hammering one arm against the mattress while her trunk straightened out and bellowed a trumpeting cry into the halls, leaving the bed with a sizable dent in it that would never go away, she let that thought carry



her through the searing, divine delight that took root in her nerves and her heart and soul alike. She didn't *need* permission, if she wanted to do anything at all now -like this? She'd like to see someone *try* and stop her, be the plumber, Koopa, or Queen.