

## Act. I

It's not everyday that Professor E. Gadd calls Luigi asking for help. So, as long as the world isn't ending and there isn't a princess in need of rescue, Luigi drops what he's doing to be of service. This time, Luigi was playing tennis with Daisy when he received a call on his dusty old Game Boy Horror. The professor had a massive manor in need of ghost extraction. The place was as haunted as anywhere could be! Luigi accepts the challenge. As does Daisy, who hovers just a few inches behind our mustachioed friend. Luigi jumps with surprise. He could never invite Daisy into such a scary situation but she insists. The professor thinks it's a great idea given the size of the mansion and offers up the old Poltergust 3000 for her to use. And with that, the two set out for the ghost-riddled manor.

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Daisy and Luigi arrive just a little before nightfall. Not that one could tell with the dense foliage and dark storm clouds overhead. The two approach the front gates and make their way up to the front of the mansion. It looks as haunted as the professor described. At least half the windows are boarded up. The wooden boards beneath their feet creak and groan with each step, as if to warn them of what lie ahead. Luigi looked to Daisy, a worried expression plain on his face. Daisy was used to the sight. "You ready to kick some ghost butt?" She asked.

Luigi laughed nervously. Even experienced as he was, the thought of ghost hunting had never gotten easier for him. He couldn't help but admire Daisy's enthusiasm. "Ready when you are!" The two nodded and pushed against the large front doors together. The heavy wooden doors of the manor moved with surprisingly little effort. It was almost as if the house was eager to have them enter. At least, that was how they both saw it. Daisy took it as a sign of good things to come, but Luigi had grown weary of things that moved on their own. He tightened his grip on the Poltergust 5000 and entered the manor's dimly-lit foyer. Daisy followed closely behind. She was excited to prove herself as an expert ghost-hunter, but kept her enthusiasm to a minimum for Luigi's sake. Hardly a minute into the evening and he had already begun to shake with anxiety.

Daisy, meanwhile, felt as cool as a cucumber. She had confidence in Luigi's abilities. After all, he was E. Gadd's go-to man for all things supernatural. She just couldn't help but wonder if she could do things better. Perhaps if E. Gadd saw how well she did then he might call her next time. The thought excited her. Ghost hunting sounded far more fun than some of the games she had been forced to play during their last big party.

## **BOOM**

The front doors of the manor slammed shut behind them. Brave or not, they both nearly jumped out of their skin at the sound. Luigi looked back to Daisy and flashed a pained smile. "You'll get used to it." He reassured her.

The two walked further into the building and marveled at the sheer size of the place. Professor E. Gadd hadn't exaggerated when he said the manor was huge. Eager to prove herself, Daisy took charge. "We should split up," she said, "I'll take the top floor!" And with that, she bounded up the stairs two steps at a time. She looked back to Luigi from the second floor landing and gave a thumbs-up. It was all so very exciting to her.

With a flourish, Daisy loosed the Poltergust from its holster and readied it at her side. She approached the first room on her left and pressed herself against the wall next to the door. With the wand of the Poltergust she pushed open the door and stuck her head in the room. It was a quiet, dusty old sewing room. Just the kind of place Daisy thought would be the most haunted. She kicked the door inward and strode into the room with her finger on the trigger. In the center of the room she goaded the spirits. "Here I am! All flesh and blood. Bet you ghosts don't like that!"

A minute passed in silence. Then another. Daisy groaned. "Did you move to another room? Was there even anyone in here?" She looked around for a moment. As a last ditch effort she turned the Poltergust on to its lowest setting and lightly tugged at some loose cloth with the suction. If anything was there it did not show itself. "Fine! But you're just making this harder on yourself, you know!"

Daisy went next door to a parlor. The wide, open room had plenty of old pieces of furniture and paintings covered in dust. She was certain the room had a ghost in it. There was even a slight chill in the room that the sewing room lacked. The Poltergust whirred to life in Daisy's hands at its highest setting. With gusto she scoured the room until she found the source of the strange chill: a window that had been slightly cracked. "Ugh!" Daisy yelled in frustration. She had been so thorough in her search that not a spot of dust had been left in the room. "I feel more like a housekeeper than I do a ghost hunter right now..." With a huff she left the parlor in search of rooms more haunted.

After two more rooms completely devoid of any kind of supernatural activity, Daisy had grown quite frustrated with both the manor and the professor. She walked further down the hall with the Poltergust stowed on her back. She was nearly convinced that the professor must have sent them to the wrong place. The manor certainly was old and creepy but there was no way it could be haunted. Daisy had been to four rooms and not a single one had even the faintest hint of spectral activity.

"Hello? Any ghosts home?" Daisy called out in a sing-song voice. "I've come to play!" She couldn't help but smile as she made her way into the next room. How could Luigi have been so scared earlier? Was a door with a greased hinge really enough to send shivers down his spine? Daisy sighed aloud.

The next room was as quiet and uninteresting as the last few had been. Daisy viewed it from behind a cracked door. From what she could see, it appeared to be a child's room. A pink castle night light illuminated the room in a faint yellow glow. Unlike the rest of the house, this room looked comfortable and inviting. The furniture was as big as it was in any of the rooms, but was far less ornate. The bed looked warm and soft. Thick pink curtains framed a window with an unobstructed view of the night sky. Toys and plush princess dolls were kept in a neat pile in the corner of the room next to a large dollhouse that looked strikingly similar to the very manor Daisy was in. The princess raised an eyebrow at this. She pushed the door open the rest of the way and walked in.

"What lucky kid lived here?" Daisy asked herself. She placed her Poltergust on the floor next to a large wooden dresser and plopped herself down on the edge of the incredibly soft and comfortable bed. As soon as she did she felt her eyelids grow heavy with sleep. She yawned loud and long. "I wonder how long it'll take Luigi to figure out the place isn't haunted?" Daisy stretched and flopped backward onto the bed. She turned her head to the window to see the faintest glimmer of moonlight shone through the dark clouds. "I'm sure he'll know to look for me when he finds out...the place isn't...haunted..." Daisy's words gradually dissipated into nothing as sleep took hold of her.

## Act. II

The dusty old manor was usually quiet save for the occasional creak or groan from the building settling. Only the weather could bring about change to the dark, boring halls. Lightning, thunder, rain. Priscilla was used to all of their noises. In the centuries that she had inhabited the building since her passing nothing had surprised her; in fact, it all bored her. She was the only ghost in the manor, a poor little thing that often inhabited the physical form of a doll that sat in the room she had once lived in.

Priscilla had left the room that night and roamed the halls in her spectral form in search of something, anything different than the norm. Unsurprisingly, Daisy and Luigi had made their entrance very much known throughout the entire house. Priscilla had made her way back to the entrance of the manor only to find Daisy, a real-life princess, asleep on her old bed. Priscilla couldn't believe what she saw. All her life she had dreamt of being a princess. To think one had simply appeared before her after all the loneliness and boredom she had endured. It was an opportunity she couldn't pass up. With gusto, she slipped into the princess's dreams.

Daisy had not been asleep long. Her dreamscape was a nearly empty void. Images and sounds would appear only to disappear a second later. Priscilla watched Daisy's natural thoughts for a while. She got glimpses of parties, castles, and even other princesses. These all gave her a good picture of the life Daisy led and that would allow her to create a realistic dream for her to play in. Like Priscilla, Daisy also wanted friendship. The spectral girl was more than happy to oblige. She would paint a picture that was both inviting and familiar. The princess would become comfortable in the dreamscape. She'd be Priscilla's friend.

With a blast of spectral energy, Priscilla created the most princess-y thing she could think of: a sleepover. That's what princesses did after all. They had fun, ate sweets, and stayed up late past their bedtimes playing games. It's exactly what Priscilla used to do with her princess dolls. Surely Daisy was no different.

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Daisy's eyes fluttered open. Part of her was surprised to find herself in the same room completely undisturbed. No news from Luigi and not a single thing out of place. Daisy was certain the place wasn't haunted. Which was why she was only mildly alarmed when she couldn't find the Poltergust. She looked around the room confused. "I could've sworn I left it right there..."

A giggling from behind the bedroom door caught Daisy's attention. She was surprised to find that Princess Peach hid there. The blonde girl poked her head out and stuck out her tongue. "You're awake!"

"Peach? What're you doing here?" Daisy asked.

Peach quickly ran to Daisy's bedside and flopped down next to her. "I was waiting for you to wake up from your nap, silly! So we could finally play together!" The princess was exceptionally playful for a change.

"Play?" Daisy was befuddled. How did Peach know where the manor was? And why did she act so strangely? Even her attire seemed out of place. She wore a short pink sleeping gown with white lace trim and a pair of pink slippers. Peach had only just arrived and was already dressed to sleep. Surely it wasn't that late.

"Uh yeah. Play! You know. Like games and stuff." Peach giggled again. She looked far too happy for someone stuck in a haunted old manor for the night. The thought to play in such a place never occurred to Daisy. Something felt off to her, but she would hate to turn down an offer to play games with Peach. She had always desired to have a stronger friendship with the Princess.

Daisy opened her mouth to respond only to be cut off by another familiar voice. That of Princess Rosalina: "Cupcakes will be done soon, you two!" The taller girl had suddenly appeared in the doorway. Like Peach, Rosalina was dressed for bedtime. She wore a light cyan sleeping gown that was slightly shorter than Peach's. Unlike Peach, Rosalina had opted to walk around barefoot.

"Rosalina?" Daisy's confusion continued to grow. "When did you get here?"

Rosalina ignored the question. She crossed the room and stood next to the bed with her hands on her hips. "Daisy! Is this what you wear to a sleepover? Some dirty shorts and a tank top? You're just gonna have to run around in your undies all night if that's all you brought."

"A sleepover?" Daisy was baffled. First Peach had suddenly appeared, then Rosalina. It was all so much for her to take in. "I was just taking a nap!"

"No. This won't do at all, little princess!" Rosalina wiggled her fingers down the back of Daisy's shorts until she got a good grip on the lacy waistband of her panties. She then yanked upward and gave her friend a quick, playful wedgie.

"Eep!" Daisy yelped in surprise. "C-Cut it out!"

Rosalina giggled like a schoolgirl. She then skipped out of the room before Daisy could react, a delighted grin plain on her face.

Daisy had to stand and unbutton the front of her shorts to free the wedgie from her backside. She blushed a deep shade of crimson when she noticed Peach was still in the room. "I've never

seen Rosalina in such a mood. I'm glad she's so happy, but—" Daisy trailed off. She was almost glad to have received the wedgie. As embarrassing as it had been for her, she had never felt so close to the two princesses. When had they ever been so familiar with her? Never. She couldn't help but appreciate it even as she rubbed her sore backside. The sleepover, the attitudes. It was all so odd to Daisy. Some part of her wanted to question it all, but she was certain it would all make more sense in time.

"Just ignore her. I bet she had some of the frosting already. She always gets so hyper." Peach reached over beside the bed and produced a long, simple yellow and white gown. "Here. We brought you something to wear. Can't have you just running around in your undies, can we?"

"Thank you..." Daisy took the garment and held it to her frame. It would fit her perfectly and looked just like something she'd own, but she didn't own it. She knew that she'd never seen it before. Just where did they get it? "This should keep me safe from Rosalina, I guess." Daisy decided not to think about it any further. It was a nice gown and the manor was clearly not haunted. She might as well relax and have some fun. "And it's so nice...thanks again, Peach."

The other princess smiles. "I'm gonna go make sure Rosalina doesn't sneak anymore frosting. Be right back."

Daisy waited for her friend to leave before she shut the door and changed into the gown. It felt good to be out of her 'ghost-hunting' clothes. She had worn them under the assumption that things would have been a lot more active. The gown was a little childish in comparison but it was soft and comfortable. Much like the sleepover her friends had planned. It wasn't what she had come to the manor to do, but it was a nice change of pace. At least, that's what she had hoped.

Hardly five minutes after Peach had left, the two princesses returned with trays stacked high with colorful and sugary treats. They deposited the trays down on a low table in the corner of the room. It reminded Daisy of the kind of table a little girl might hold a tea party on. Rosalina and Peach seated themselves in the small plastic chairs and began to stuff their faces with glee. They waved Daisy over and pulled out one of the small chairs for her, but the shy princess chose to sit on the floor next to them instead. She nibbled on a single cookie while her friends devoured everything else in sight. They looked pleased with themselves as they neared the end of their treats. Their faces were covered in crumbs and frosting. Peach looked just as hyper as Rosalina did. Daisy had never seen the princess so relaxed and expressive. She almost envied her.

"Girls?" A new yet familiar voice called to them from the hallway. Daisy turned to see Mayor Pauline in the doorway. She was dressed like a maid in a short black dress with a white apron, black heels, and white lace headpiece. Daisy and the mayor of New Donk City had interacted with one another before but never had she seemed so tall. It must have been the heels, Daisy decided. Though it wasn't just her height that caught Daisy off-guard. Pauline's full-figure and

stern voice seemed to set her apart from all the other women in the room. Daisy looked back to Peach and Rosalina and their matching sleeping gowns. With their faces dirty from their snacks and their legs cramped between the plastic chairs and the children's table, they looked every bit like children at a sleepover. Daisy looked down at herself and wondered if she looked like she belonged.

Pauline stepped further into the room and clapped her hands to get the other girls' attention. "Girls!"

Peach and Rosalina looked up the remnants of their treats and looked to Pauline. "Yes, Miss Pauline?" asked Peach.

Daisy's eyes widened. Had they really just called her 'Miss Pauline'?

"It's almost bedtime, girls." said the seemingly older woman, "I've brought some warm milk for you all. Drink up and start winding down, okay?"

"Bedtime?" Daisy mumbled under her breath, "We're not little girls tha—"

"Thank you, Miss Pauline!" The two other princesses say in unison. They stand from their chairs and take the offered glasses.

Pauline lightly tousled Peach's hair as she used the corner of her apron to clean both their faces. "Daisy? Are you being shy tonight?" The mayor placed Daisy's glass of milk on the table and lightly patted the girl's head. Daisy tried to shy away but, positioned on the floor as she was, she was unable to squirm out of her reach. If Pauline noticed Daisy's attitude she didn't show it; instead, she smiled warmly down at the princess. After one more look around the room, the mayor-turned-maid exited and left the girls to their devices.

Peach and Rosalina set their glasses down next to Daisy's on the table. Their impish smiles were all that Daisy needed to see to know that the warm milk wouldn't be enough to calm the two down.

"We should play a game!" Peach suggested.

Rosalina gasped and clapped her hands together excitedly. "Oh yes! We should play house! I'll be the mommy."

Peach frowned at that. "Why do you get to be the mommy?"

"Cause I'm the tallest, duh!" Rosalina stood at her full height next to Peach and held her hand out as to mark the difference. "But don't worry, Peachy! You get to be the big sis and help with the baby."

Peach was thrilled. "Yay!"

"And that makes little Daisy the baby!"

Daisy huffed in annoyance. "Why do I have to be the baby?"

"Cause you're the shortest! And you're clearly very cranky." Rosalina teased. She walked over to the pile of stuffed animals and pulled a cartoonishly large baby bottle free from the soft grip of a baby bear. With a flourish, she removed the cap and poured the contents of all three of their glasses into it.

"C-Can't we play something else?" Daisy asked, her eyes fixated on the large bottle and the sheer amount of milk held within.

"C'mon, Daisy! It'll be fun." said Peach. "Tell ya what. If you're a good baby and finish the whole bottle, then we'll play somethin' else. You get to pick! How about that?"

Daisy was reluctant to answer. The thought of being bottle fed like a baby embarrassed her but she didn't want the other princesses to think she wasn't fun. "Oh alright..."

Rosalina and Peach beamed with excitement. Rosalina skipped to the bed and sat down. She motioned for Daisy and patted her lap. "C'mon baby Daisy! Your mommy and big sis need to feed you your bottle before beddy-bye." Peach sat down next to her and the two of them gushed over Daisy as she laid down and nursed the bottle.

"What a good baby!" said Peach.

"Look at mommy's little girl drinking her bottle! She's gonna grow up to be so big and strong. Yes she is!"

Daisy was unsure if she had ever blushed so hard as she did then. As humiliated as she felt to be in such a position, she couldn't help but enjoy the attention from the other two girls. Never had she felt so loved and encouraged. She wanted to look away and cover her face but with a bottle to finish she could do little other than suckle and gulp down the delicious warm milk.

"Look, mommy!" said Peach, "She's already halfway done! Such a good little baby!"

Rosalina giggled. "She just loves drinking from her bottle. Just like the cute baby she is."

The two princesses looked at one another and then back down to Daisy. "She'd be even cuter with a rattle." said Peach.



“And a diaper!” added Rosalina.

“Great idea, mommy! I bet there’s some stuff in here we could use to make her look the part.”

Daisy’s entire body went stiff with discomfort. She couldn’t believe what she had heard. Things had grown too strange for her. She immediately pushed the bottle from her lips and sat up.

“I...uh...I need to go to the bathroom! I’ll be right back.” Daisy didn’t wait for the other girls to respond. She needed to figure out what was going on. With purpose, she sped out of the room in search of Pauline.

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Priscilla hovered above the dreamscape with a delighted grin on her face. Everything had gone exactly as planned and Daisy had no idea. It was just like the parties she had thrown with her dolls; only now, one dolly was extra playful. Sure she was a little cranky, but princesses tended to be spoiled. It was nothing Priscilla couldn’t fix. Daisy just needed some encouragement to start behaving properly.

Whenever Priscilla had been naughty, the maid or her mommy would punish her. Spankings, timeouts, early bedtimes, and more had been used to correct her behavior. Priscilla knew all too well the power of a sore bottom. She’d hate to see her new friend get upset, but it was for the best she decided. They’d get along so much better once Daisy learned to behave herself and play nice.

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Daisy pulled the bedroom door closed behind her and breathed a sigh of relief. She was still confused as ever but, with the prospect of being dressed as a baby behind her, she could relax for a second. Unfortunately for her, a second was all she got. The hallways looked different than Daisy remembered. She hadn’t gone that far from the main floor before she had reached the kid’s room. She had only passed about seven or eight rooms total in a near straight line but then, in the darkness, it appeared as if the hallway never ended. Daisy wandered down the hall in the direction she was sure she had come from, but quickly realized that she must’ve misremembered. She didn’t recognize any of the rooms. Just before fear started to set in, Daisy made out the faint shape of a person in the halls.

“H-HeI—” Daisy’s words were cut off before she could call out. She had bumped into something and lost her balance. She fell onto the carpeted floor butt-first with a loud *thud*. “Wha...?” Daisy looked up to see the tall, commanding figure of Pauline above her. The woman’s hands were on her hips. She tapped her foot and looked down at Daisy expectantly.

“And just what are you doing out of your room past bedtime, young lady?”

Despite how it came about, the situation before her was exactly what Daisy had wanted. She had sought out Pauline in hopes of putting an end to the confusing, childish situation she had found herself in. Once in front of her, however, Daisy couldn't help but feel as small and helpless as she had in Rosalina's lap. The words that had been in the forefront of her mind moments prior had disappeared.

"M-Miss Pauline!" Daisy stammered out. "I was trying to find you and...and I got lost! Um...um...I had to go to the bathroom and...well, I mean...Rosalina and Peach made me drink from a bottle like a baby! We were playing house an-and I didn't wanna play. I didn't wanna be the baby...so...so..."

"That's enough, Daisy."

Daisy bit her lip in frustration. Nothing came out right and she felt no different than she had before. The only difference was that it was Pauline that made her feel like a child and not a bottle full of milk stuffed in her mouth. "B-But..."

"No buts. I've heard just about enough of your tattling. I don't know what's gotten into you to where you think sneaking out of your room and misbehaving like this is okay, but I know just the thing to fix it." Pauline bent over at the waist and picked Daisy up on the floor with ease. The princess gasped in surprise as she was hoisted over the maid's shoulder. A sudden chill up her nightgown alerted her to her exposed backside. She tried to reach back to cover it, but couldn't reach. Not that Pauline would let her. It was exactly what the woman wanted.

*THWAP THWAP THWAP*

Daisy yelped in shock. She couldn't believe what happened. Had Pauline really just spanked her? Several more swats to her exposed rear answered her question almost immediately. Daisy kicked her legs and squirmed but Pauline managed to hold her in place with little effort. The princess could do little else but whine as the maid punished her. Her bottom grew a shade darker with each precise smack to her bottom. And with each one the pain increased until Daisy was nearly in tears. Her plan to make sense of the strange evening with Pauline's help had gone completely out the window. She could barely even think, the pain and embarrassment was so bad.

"Maybe now you'll think twice before you go off tattling on your friends. That sore bottom of your ought to help you remember, hmm?"

Daisy whimpered in defeat as Pauline escorted her back to the bedroom. Rosalina and Peach sat on the bed and watched with piqued interest as Pauline set Daisy back on the ground like a child. The humiliated princess rubbed her sore bottom and sniffled. She started to join the other princesses only to be grabbed by Pauline and escorted over to a corner of the room where her

nose was promptly placed. Too overwhelmed and weak from her punishment to disobey, Daisy remained where she stood like the naughty child she had been made out to be.

“You’re to remain there and think about what you did. I’ll be back in just a moment with something that will properly reflect your behavior.” Pauline walked to the door and looked back to Rosalina and Peach. “Keep an eye on Daisy and make sure she behaves herself while I’m gone.”

“Yes, Miss Pauline!” The two princesses replied in unison. They sat perfectly still and smiled until Pauline left. Once she was gone, they turned in Daisy’s direction and ran over to tease their friend. “Daisy got in trouble!” They sang in unison.

“This is what the little baby gets when she doesn’t wanna finish her bottle!” Peach teased her.

“I bet Miss Pauline really let her have it!” Rosalina lifted the bottom of Daisy’s nightgown until her red backside was completely exposed. “Look, Peach!” The two laughed and continued to tease Daisy for what had happened. She squirmed and muttered under her breath but she dare not move. She wouldn’t dare risk another spanking. Especially in front of the other princesses. All she could do was keep her nose in the corner as the other two girls teased her. To think that a princess such as herself had been spanked like a naughty child. Her whole life she had been waited on and treated with respect. Every day she made important decisions and directed others to do her bidding. To think that she had been reduced to rubbing her sore bottom with her nose in the corner like a little girl.

“Girls!” Miss Pauline had returned. Daisy could just barely make out crinkling and rustling over the giggling of her fellow princesses. She wanted so badly to peek but didn’t dare out of fear of further punishment. “I told you to keep an eye on Daisy. Not to tease her. Now give us some room before I put both of you in a corner too.”

Rosalina continued to giggle. Peach answered for them both. “Sorry, Miss Pauline.”

“Thank you, girls.” Pauline then approached Daisy. “Turn around, Daisy. I’ve brought your new pajamas for tonight.”

Daisy did as she was told. Before her was a pair of footie pajamas in the familiar yellow and orange that make up her typical outfits. The infantile garment looked incredibly soft and warm and, for a moment, Daisy felt relief. It was definitely the type of clothing that Rosalina and Peach had hoped to dress her in earlier. She’d look like an overgrown toddler in them. But it was just clothing. She’d be teased for it but nothing more. It wasn’t until Daisy noticed the stack of several white garments on the table next to Pauline that her heart started to race.

Pauline set the pajamas down on the table and picked up one of the white garments. It crinkled loudly in her hands. She then unfolded and spread it out on the floor next to her and made it

abundantly clear that Daisy was to wear it under her pajamas. Rosalina and Peach could barely contain their excitement. Their baby Daisy was to be diapered after all.

Daisy swallowed audibly as she looked from the diapers that were more than big enough to fit her back up to Pauline. Their eyes locked and Pauline motioned for Daisy to come closer. Already painfully aware of how easily Pauline can put her in line, Daisy sheepishly complied and allowed the woman to undress her.

Stripped of her clothing, and what little dignity she had left, Daisy is laid down on the fluffy padding of the humiliating garment. Pauline powdered and taped her into the diaper with the speed and efficiency of a woman who had changed many a diaper in her lifetime. It almost felt as if diapers were second nature to the woman and only served to make Daisy feel more infantile than she already did. She could only blush and cover herself as Pauline stood her up and motioned for her to step into her new pajamas.

Rosalina and Peach snickered behind their hands as they watched Daisy don her new attire. The embarrassed princess stared at her feet while Pauline dressed her. It was only when she had worked her arms into the sleeves that she noticed her hands would be covered too. She opened and closed her hands in the mitts. Covered in the soft pajama fabric as they were, she'd be lucky to open a door. To make matters worse, Miss Pauline secured the back zipper of the pajamas in place with a drawstring that would be difficult to remove even with unobstructed use of her fingers.

Miss Pauline knelt down behind Daisy and adjusted the fabric around the princess's diaper. Daisy was thankful for the gesture, but it only served as a reminder of the thick, infantile underwear that she had been forced to wear. As did Miss Pauline's soft pat to her diapered rear. The mayor then stood and made her way to the bedroom door. She looked back and gave the girls a sharp glance. "I've got plenty more punishments in store for any other girl I catch out in the halls past their bedtime. Don't make me have to bend one of you over my knee. Did I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Miss Pauline." They all said in unison.

The girls waited until they could no longer hear Pauline's footsteps before they made any noise. Rosalina and Peach whispered to one another excitedly while Daisy sulked by herself. She walked over to the mirror and examined her new outfit. There wasn't an angle she could turn to that didn't show off the thick padding she sported. Just when her eyes start to grow wet a pillow hits her square in the face. Rosalina and Peach both squeal with delight. The room is covered in feathers. Completely unfazed by what had just happened, the two princesses bat at one another with their pillows.

"Daisy! Quit sulking." Said Rosalina. Her voice had the slightest bit of a whine to it. The princess clearly just wanted to have fun.

"You'd have more fun if you played with us!" Added Peach.

Daisy crossed her arms. "It was playing games with you two that got me into..." she motioned to her pajamas and the diaper underneath, "...into this!" She huffed and walked over to the window to sulk at the night sky. Daisy figured anything was better than the girlish giggling and childish behavior she heard behind her. Outside, tree branches swayed in a gentle breeze. A full moon could be seen clearly in a calm night sky. The sight brought a small bit of joy to her heart. She had not expected such a beautiful night. Especially since it had seemed so different when she had arrived hours prior.

Daisy sighed. She had hoped the sleepover would have brought them all closer together, but she felt more isolated than ever. She leaned out of the window ever-so-slightly and began to count the stars. Anything to make the night go quicker. To distance her from her new pajamas.

Suddenly, fingers danced lightly across the sides of her stomach. Daisy couldn't help but squirm and giggle in response. Peach stood behind her, a devilish grin on her face. "Coochie coochie coo!" Daisy grew annoyed but was powerless but to laugh and flail her limbs as Rosalina joined in.

"S-Stop it..." Daisy could barely get a syllable out without laughing. "Please, you two!" No matter how much Daisy pleaded they continued to tickle her. "I'm gonna--" Daisy gasped for air between hysterical laughter. She could feel herself lose control as the barrage continued. "Please! Im gonna--" Daisy felt it then. If it had been quiet, she would have heard it too. Her bladder had released. The crotch of her diaper grew warm and wet as she peed herself uncontrollably. In a desperate squeal of laughter and embarrassment Daisy squealed. "Stop! I peed! I peed myself!"

At that, the princesses finally relented. Peach and Rosalina both giggled behind their hands. "Did you really just pee your pants?" Peach asked.

"She is wearing diapers..." Rosalina remarked.

Daisy's face was a deep shade of crimson. "That was a terrible thing to do!" She pushed back the two girls toward the bedroom door. The already thick padding between her legs had swelled in size after her wetting and had forced the poor princess into an awkward waddle. Rosalina and Peach couldn't help but scream with laughter as they watched their friend leave. Daisy grumbled under her breath. She decided to find Pauline despite her earlier warning. There was no way she would stay in that room a minute longer.

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"P--Er...I mean...Miss Pauline?" Daisy had somehow managed to find the mayor despite the confusing layout of the upper floor. The woman sat in one of the manor's many studies. She sipped a glass of red wine, her feet outstretched in the warmth of a nearby fireplace. Pauline looked up from the fire to Daisy and raised an eyebrow. The princess couldn't help but stammer out the complaint she had already rehearsed several times on her way from the bedroom. "I know I wasn't supposed to leave the bedroom. And I don't mean to be a bother...I just...well, the thing is...Peach and Rosalina were tickling me...and...told them to stop...but they wouldn't and it made me...well, I kind of wet myself because of it. And it wasn't very nice of them! And I thin--"

"That's enough Daisy." Pauline stood. She set her glass of wine down on a nearby table and approached the princess. She placed a hand on each of Daisy's shoulders and looked into her eyes. "Sounds like we'll need to keep you in diapers if you're going to wet them like that."

Daisy's jaw dropped. "B-But..."

The mayor turned Daisy toward the door by her shoulders and gently pushed her forward. "What did I tell you would happen to naughty girls that stay up past their bedtime?"

Daisy remained silent.

Pauline just shook her head. "You'll get your diaper changed in the morning, Daisy. Now run along back to bed before I give you a real spanking." She then gave Daisy a quick swat to her padded bottom and pointed in the direction of her bedroom.

Sulken and defeated, Daisy waddled back to the bedroom. She waited at the threshold. She could hear Peach and Rosalina having fun within. They giggled profusely and the sound of their feet thumping on the ground seemed incredibly loud to Daisy. The sour princess rubbed her still sore bottom through the damp padding. "How come they don't get in trouble?" With a *huff*, she entered the room.

Peach and Rosalina looked over at her with interest. Daisy could already tell that she didn't like what they were thinking. "I'm not having any fun," said Daisy, "I'm gonna go sleep somewhere else."

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Meanwhile, just outside the edge of Daisy's awareness, Priscilla observed the sleepover. She gasped when she heard Daisy wished to leave the sleepover. That wouldn't do at all! Priscilla had hoped a little proper punishment would get Daisy to behave herself but it only seemed to make her rebel more. It wasn't fair. Priscilla had hardly gotten a chance to play and have fun without Daisy being upset. She just couldn't understand why the princess wasn't having fun at the sleepover. Everything was exactly how Priscilla had imagined it. She'd done these exact same games with her dollies countless times and they'd always had such fun. What kind of

friend gets so upset at being the baby in a game of house? Clearly, she didn't know how to have fun. The ghost huffed with frustration. Daisy couldn't find out the truth. It would ruin their friendship before it had even begun. Though she didn't think it very fun, Priscilla decided to give Daisy what she wanted.

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The two princesses looked at one another. Concern was plain on their faces. "Well...if you're not having fun, then what game would you want to play?" Asked Peach.

"Yeah! We can do whatever you want!" Added Rosalina.

Daisy stamped her foot in frustration. "I don't wanna play anymore games! I hate them and I hate these stupid pajamas and the diapers! I'm not a little baby!"

"Okay. Okay. Tell you what..." Peach placed a hand on Daisy's back and guided her to the nearby full-length mirror. Rosalina followed and the two princesses stood behind Daisy. "We'll do something much more fun. Why don't you tell us what you'd rather be doing?"

"Well...I..." Daisy found herself at a loss for words as she stared at the mirror. The crystal clear reflection started to warp and change until her very thoughts displayed themselves on the reflective surface. The room around her seemed to fade into the mirror and be replaced by the images in the reflection. Peach and Rosalina's voices were the only constant in the transition. Their sweet sounds of their speech served as Daisy's anchor as the images enveloped her.

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Cheep Cheep Beach was just as beautiful as Daisy remembered it. She stood on the edge of the beach alongside Peach and Rosalina. They were all dressed in cute swimwear. Rosalina in a simple, yet flattering two piece. Peach and Daisy in adorable one piece suits. The midday sun warmed the sand beneath their feet while the cool water of the ocean tickled their ankles. The three princesses splashed one another and giggled playfully. Daisy couldn't imagine a more perfect day. That was until the world around her changed. Suddenly, the beach had long been left behind. A distant memory left in the dust of the motorbike she drove along through the twists and turns of Toad's Turnpike. Peach and Rosalina weren't far behind but there was no sense of competition in that moment. They all sped along the track, their eyes were drawn to the fireworks filled skies above. Daisy watched them, awestruck at their brilliance. So enthralled was she, that she hardly noticed when the motorbike beneath her turned into a pillow on a carpeted floor. The fireworks had been contained into the image of a tv screen. The three princesses were at a sleepover once more. Daisy munched on popcorn and laughed at the film along with her friends. It seemed so much different to her than before.

It was entirely different than before, it was exactly the kind of sleepover Daisy would enjoy. The type of sleepover that Priscilla found to be incredibly boring. The little ghost was on the verge of losing her patience. She had allowed Daisy to have brief control over the dreamscape and the princess had squandered it. Something needed to change. *Of course!* Priscilla thought. She had figured it out. Daisy craved friendship but she didn't know how to make friends or have fun. The dream showed the ghost that clearly. Priscilla decided then that she would show Daisy how to have a good time. She'd force her to have fun if she had to. Daisy would learn the error of her ways and become her best friend. Then they'd play games and have sleepovers every night. All she needed was someone to show her. Priscilla was happy to do it.

Unfortunately for her, Daisy would make her work for it. The princess had yet to catch on that she was in a dream. Despite that, she had started to fight against Priscilla subconsciously. She tried to force herself to move against the ghost, to wake up. Priscilla couldn't have that. She exerted even more control until Daisy's subconscious bowed to the pressure. Priscilla controlled her as easily as she did the images of Princess Peach and Rosalina. It didn't feel friendly to Priscilla but it didn't matter. It would in time. She just needed all her dollies to behave.

"That's it!" Priscilla exclaimed into the void. She giggled. With a wave of her hands she shaped the dream anew and started to change Daisy to a form more fitting. "She'll be such a good friend! I'll show her how good princesses behave."

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Unknown to Daisy, the dreamscape was suddenly bent back to Priscilla's will. Daisy barely noticed the shift at first. It felt like a change in temperature almost, but it made her uneasy. She couldn't put her finger on the sensation.

"Wait a minute..." said Rosalina, "...isn't it a little past your bedtime?"

A familiar sense of embarrassment and dread filled Daisy then. She looked down to find that her attire had changed from the casual pajama top and bottoms she had imagined to a yellow and orange babydoll tee and diaper. The princess gasped. Everything up until that point had felt right. What had happened?

"I...I don't know how that got there! I'm not a baby!" Daisy pleaded. Even as she said it, the world around her changed to make her doubt herself. The drink in her hand shifted and changed until it was the very baby bottle she had been forced to drink from before. Rosalina and Peach giggled with delight. They leaned in and fussed over the princess like a doll they had to share. Their words spilled from their lips and the world around them changed from one image to the next.

Daisy found herself in the middle of a bright and colorful playground. She was dressed in a short, cute summer dress that did little to hide her diapers. The princess nervously tugged at the



dress, desperate to hide the embarrassing undergarment. It was no use. Rosalina and Peach were right next to her. They tickled her sides and inspected her diaper. They cooed and baby talked to her as if she belonged in diapers. Daisy couldn't take it. She closed her eyes and waited for it to end.

When she reopened them, the two princesses were gone. Daisy stood alone in a large nursery room with baby toys and big plushies scattered around her. Everything around her was far bigger than it should have been. It made Daisy feel incredibly small and, as she thought about it, she realized that she actually was smaller than she should have been. It was as if she were a little girl in size. Before the realization really sank in, a voice directed her attention to a nearby doll. Tucked between a couple of large stuffed animals was a small, soft babydoll with a pleasant expression and simple dress. It almost looked a little like Daisy. Curious, the princess grabbed the doll and held it aloft. A drawstring dangled from its back. Daisy tugged on it and was surprised to hear a familiar voice in response.

"Hi, I'm Daisy!"

Before Daisy could fully take in what had happened, another voice called out to her. It was Rosalina. The princess's voice was distant at first, but it grew closer and closer just as the world around Daisy seemed to fade away. Before long, Daisy was back in front of the mirror from before. Peach and Rosalina stood on either side of her, much as they had before. Only their expressions had changed to that of pure excitement.

"Isn't she just adorable!" said Rosalina. She stroked Daisy's hair lovingly. The act should have comforted the princess, but Daisy couldn't shake the thought that something was very wrong. She was still disoriented from the images that had just been shown to her. It was only when Peach revealed the drawstring behind Daisy's back that the princess realized what had happened. She had become the doll; or at least, she looked just like it.

"Wha-What?" asked Daisy.

Peach tugged on the string and let it whirl back into place.

"Hiya! My name's Baby Daisy! Let's play together!" Daisy lisped out just like a babydoll would. She even curtsied. Daisy was mortified. It was as if she had no control over her body the moment the string was pulled. But there was more to it than that. Daisy's body didn't move simply because it was told to. For a brief moment, she was eager to please. Even after she regained control of herself, some small part of her felt compelled to play along. "What's happening?! C-Cut it out!"

Unknown to Daisy, Priscilla had wrapped her spectral arms around her. In a last ditch effort to control the evening, the little ghost decided to impose her will upon the princess. She did not want to possess Daisy, but she would do what was necessary to keep her new friend. "You're a

good dolly, Daisy.” Priscilla whispered into the princess’s ear. As close as they were, Priscilla could feel Daisy relax and start to accept her situation. The ghost giggled and so too did the visions of Rosalina and Peach. They clapped their hands together with delight and praised their new doll.

“She’s so cute!” said Rosalina. She gushed over Daisy and pinched her cheek while Peach fussed with her frilly dress. They didn’t seem any taller, but Daisy felt incredibly small next to them.

With Priscilla influencing her thoughts, Daisy became confused. The two princesses, her supposed friends, treated her like a plaything. She should be outraged; and she was, but something kept her from boiling over. A gnawing little thought in her brain that Daisy just couldn’t drown out. *Don’t be mean to your friends. They’re just trying to have fun. I need to have fun too. It’s not so bad being a dolly.* The more she listened to it, the more it seemed to make sense. But it couldn’t completely sway her. Daisy was a headstrong and confident woman, even if it felt wrong to complain and fuss she couldn’t let things continue as they were.

“Um...can we maybe go to bed now or something?” Daisy asked. She had intended to sound stern and confident; instead, her voice was quiet and her demeanor meek. She looked down at her feet, as if the mere thought of sticking up for herself was too much.

The two princesses looked at one another and then back to Daisy. “Shouldn’t dollies only talk when their string is pulled?” Rosalina asked. Peach nodded in agreement. “She’s very talkative isn’t she?”

Anger swelled within Daisy as the princesses talked about her as if she were a toy and not another royal. Priscilla tightened her grip on her, but Daisy still had some fight in her. “I’m not a dolly! And I can talk whenever I wa--I love my pacifier! But if I don’t have it, a thumb will do!” With another tug of the string, Daisy lost control of her voice and body. She lisped out another response and stuffed her thumb in her mouth with a smile. It wasn’t until the string had fully returned that she was able to regain control of herself; at least, to a degree. Despite her anger, Daisy continued to suck on her thumb. The embarrassing act somehow seemed to calm her.

“There we go! All better.” said Peach.

“And I thought she couldn’t look any cuter!” replied Rosalina.

“What a silly thought! Of course she can look cuter. All we have to do is pull the string.” They both looked to Daisy with devilish grins plastered on their faces.

Their looks were enough to shock Daisy from her stupor. She ignored the voice in her head and turned to run; unfortunately, Peach had already grabbed the string, and the sudden burst of movement caused it to be pulled.

"No!" Daisy whimpered. With a gasp, she fell to her hands and knees and did whatever the string compelled her to do. "I'm not old enough to walk yet! I gotta crawl on the floor!" Daisy spoke with a cheery smile on her face even as her body turned her around and forced her to crawl back to the waiting princesses.

"That's right, *Baby Daisy!*" Peach praised her.

"I wonder if she's too young to be potty trained too?" Rosalina asked. She grinned from ear to ear with devilish delight.

"Of course she's too young. She's still in diapers after all. All we have to do is pull the string and she'll show us. Isn't that right, little dolly?"

For the first time that evening, Daisy was afraid. She felt herself lose control time and time again to both the string and the voice in her head. How long before she couldn't fight back? How long before she became a happy little babydoll for her friends? The thought sought to excite her. Priscilla had tightened her grip even harder. It was the tightest bear hug the little ghost could manage and Daisy could barely keep her thoughts straight. Her fear started to subside and a silly smile spread across her lips. She plopped herself down on her diapered rear at the feet of Peach and Rosalina. Her thumb had found its way back into her mouth and she sucked on it without a care.

"I don't think we have to pull the string now, Rosalina. Do we Baby Daisy? Can you show us how you use your diapers?"

Daisy nodded enthusiastically. Fully under Priscilla's control, she eagerly let her bladder loose into her diaper. The praise she received from her 'friends' for her infantile act made her feel wonderful. Was being a doll really so bad?

Priscilla couldn't believe it. Daisy finally behaved herself. She had made a new friend that she could play with forever and ever. Priscilla squealed with glee and flew around the dreamscape. Thoughts of what she should do next flooded her mind. Would they finally have a fun tea party? They could have a pillow fight and play tag. The possibilities were endless and so distracting that Priscilla completely forgot about Daisy for just long enough for the princess to realize what had happened. Her diaper was still warm from her purposeful 'accident.' She couldn't believe how normal it had felt then. How nice she had thought it was to be a dolly. Of all the things she had experience that night, that was the worst. She had lost all control of the evening and, eventually, she had even lost control of herself. Her eyes watered and her lips trembled. All she wanted was to feel like she belonged, but this was all wrong. She couldn't handle it anymore.

## Act. III

Priscilla did not notice Daisy's sudden change in demeanor. In her shock, Daisy had not moved an inch. Priscilla and Daisy both were completely enthralled in their own thoughts. It was only when Priscilla went to continue her fun that Daisy finally let it all out.

"Alright, dolly! Are you ready for some fun?" Peach asked Daisy.

Daisy started to sob in response. The distraught princess couldn't take anymore. "Please stop," she begged through tears, "I just wanted to be friends but this has been just terrible. I want to go home. Please..."

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Priscilla just felt terrible. She had only wished to have someone to play with and had not intended to hurt Daisy's feelings so. With the desire to set things right the ghost girl reined in the illusions and left Daisy in a quiet, dark void. The princess, her head buried in her arms, did not notice the change. She cried by herself until the voice of a little girl called out to her.

"I'm really sorry..."

Daisy looked up to find her setting completely changed. In front of her was a lone doll. It traced circles on the ground with its foot like a guilty child and looked away out of shame. "I didn't mean to make you so upset." Priscilla raised a finger and Daisy found herself back in her old 'ghost-hunting' outfit. "My name is Priscilla. I used to live here back when I was alive. It's so lonely here now. I'm the only ghost here and I never have anyone to play with." The ghostly doll raised its head and looked at Daisy. "I'm really sorry. I-I hope you're not mad."

Despite everything that had happened to her, Daisy couldn't help but feel empathetic toward the spectral child. She knew all too well what it was like to wish for friends. While misguided, she couldn't blame the small child for trying to have fun and make new friends. Daisy met the doll's gaze and gave her a warm smile. She took the ghostly child's hand in her own and gave it a gentle squeeze. The doll returned her smile and the void around them lit up in a brilliant white light.

Daisy awoke to find herself back in the room she had fallen asleep in. The clock on the wall informed her that only a few hours had passed. Her Poltergust was still there and the other two princesses were nowhere to be seen. Nothing had changed in the room save for the familiar doll that rested at the head of the bed. Daisy gently lifted the doll and caressed its wooden cheek. "You know what would be really fun, Priscilla? A sleepover at a castle. My castle. It's bright and full of wonderful people. I'm sure you'd love it."

A knock at the door grabbed Daisy's attention. She lowered the doll to her lap and looked over to see Luigi. He stood in the doorway. If he noticed Daisy's interaction with the doll he didn't say anything.

"Any luck, Daisy?"

The princess smiled. She feigned a yawn and stretched her limbs. "This place is so boring I almost took a nap. How about you?"

"Nothing. E. Gadd must've mixed up the manors." Luigi then walked back out of the room and motioned for Daisy to follow. "No use staying here any longer. I'll give him a call in a bit."

Daisy nodded and followed Luigi out of the room with the spirit's doll in her hand. She hefted her Poltergust up on her back and took one last look at the room. Professor E. Gadd would be disappointed in their empty-handed return, but Daisy didn't care. She felt she had found something more valuable and that's all that mattered.

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"Aww, she's shy!" Rosalina leaned down and lightly tickled Daisy's side.

"There's no need to be shy," said Peach, "you're just having the bestest time, aren't you?" With Daisy distracted by Rosalina's fingers, Peach managed to wiggle her fingers behind Daisy's back to pull the string. Almost immediately Daisy smiled brightly and let loose a cheery giggle.

"I'm having the bestest time!" Daisy couldn't stop herself. Nor could she stop the two princesses. They had left her alone for the moment, but only so they could plan what they would do with her next. Daisy had never felt so helpless and small.