

SUPER PRINCESS WOES

World 1: Charming Crowns

“Oh, this is getting ridiculous.” The old advisor and magician and full-time babysitter of the Koopa Kingdom known as Kamek said as he hobbled down the stone halls of Bowser’s Castle. It was not the first time he wished he had better eyesight and didn’t need these heavy glasses. It would have made it easier to glare at the mooks he walked by. At the very least his apparent mood made them all stay away, if they even bothered noticing him.

The troops were disorganized and gossiping about, meanwhile their King and most of the higher ranking members aside from himself were off... *playing around*. Needless to say he was rather tired of it.

And so, the Magikoopa stood before the door to Lord Bowser’s room. Now, if he were a bit less sane he would have barged right in and demanded the King get some work done. But Kamek would not have reached his position without patience, sanity, decency, and a sense of self preservation, so instead he leaned his head towards the heavy wooden door and listened in, even using some magic to enhance his hearing (not that it wasn’t already enhanced. Listening to the glorious King Koopa’s loudest boasts and angry roars daily didn’t do anyone’s ears any favors.)

Giggling.

Now, most people would question why there’d be a giggling woman inside the King’s Chambers. Most people would start gossiping and spreading rumors before they were shot out of a cannon or sent into Chomp care duty. Kamek, though, Kamek just sighed and knocked politely on the door at the confirmation.

“What is it!?” A muffled, loud, yet oddly light and not AS loud as usual voice demanded.

“It is Kamek, your lordship. May I enter?”

“Kamek? Heheh... yeah yeah, come in, what do you want? I’m busy, you know!”

“I’m sure...” Kamek muttered under his breath, before steeling himself and opening the door. He inwardly complained, not for the first time, about how heavy the door was. Too old for this. Far too old.

The familiar sights of Bowser’s room did nothing for him, so instead he focused on the most unfamiliar and glaring things that he thought shouldn’t have *been* in Bowser’s room to begin with.

The rather elaborate vanity full of makeup and brushes, for one thing.

The dresser, currently open and displaying all sorts of clothes that shattered the Magikoopa’s confidence and made him wonder where his life had gone all these years.

But most importantly the... *woman* that was sitting at the vanity, currently brushing her hair rather dutifully.

One may have mistaken her for the lovely Princess of the Mushroom Kingdom (also known as Bowser’s love interest), if perhaps someone gave Princess Peach horns, a tail, a spikey green Koopa shell, pointy ears, sharper teeth, and if she didn’t clip her eyebrows for several years and suddenly developed a taste for black, spikes, and less elegant hairstyles.

The imposter Princess smirked at her reflection, setting down her brush as she eyed the Magikoopa in the reflection. “Well, what is it Kamek?” She spoke, her voice thankfully not like the Princess’ she was imitating, that would have been a little too uncanny. “You’re lucky I’ve already gotten myself *prettied up* today, Bwah ha ha!! What do you think, by the way? This ponytail is definitely *me*, right?~” The woman scoffed haughtily, brushing her manicured black fingernails through her long blonde hair.

“Yes, it’s... very eye-catching, your cruelty.” Kamek looked about the room. It looked... rather uncannily clean and tidy, for Bowser’s standards. “Lord Bowser, how long have you gone without changing back?”

Indeed, the woman before him was in fact the large king of the koopas. Yet, he was currently a she, and a human one at that!

“Hmm... I dunno. 2, 3 days? Whatever, I don’t keep track of that kinda thing. That’s your job, right? Get to the point.” She waved her hand dismissively, staring at her reflection.

“My King–” Kamek tried to ignore the way Bowser tugged on her shoulderless dress and made a point to block out the idea that the **king** he had raised since he was but a baby was showing off *cleavage*– the youth today had no modesty!– and switched to reasoning, “the kingdom needs order and leadership! You’ve been spending too much time, ahem, experimenting with those crowns, I believe. Why, even some of your subordinates have taken to them!” Kamek rubbed the bridge between his eyes as Bowser stood up and played with the hem of her dress.

“My lord. Your royal badness. Please, we must do something!” He already heard rumors about some of the mooks starting ranking systems on who wore the crowns better.

He heard people talking about what he’d look like as a Princess!

“Hah! Oh, poor, slow Kamek! As dim as usual, aren’t you?” The KingPrincess giggled. “What do you think I’m doing?”

‘What do you think I think you’re doing’ Kamek replied inwardly.

“This!” Peach-Bowser turned around with a dramatic flourish, grinning sharply. “Is all part of my newest plan! Ohoho! I don’t blame you for not seeing it! But I expect better from you of all Koopas, Kamek!”

“Your... plan?” the Magikoopa regretted asking.

“Yes! My greatest and most surefire plan yet! I call it *The Ultimate Princess Conquest* plan!” She boasted, swishing her tail in excitement. Seems she was waiting to announce that to someone.

“And by all means, why did you wait until I’ve had to try and corale all the troops on my own for the last two weeks to tell me this?”

“I couldn’t risk it getting out too soon, you see. The surprise is part of the plan, ohohoho!” Peachser laughed haughtily, turning to face the mirror once again.

“I see.” Kamek didn’t. “What is this plan, then? Considering the entire castle knows about your... current state, I doubt you meant to surprise the Koopa Kingdom.”

“Hmm... I’ve been doing some thinking, Kamek.”

“Oh, dear...”

“Do you remember it? My last glorious plan, crushed by that plumber and his hat?”

“The marriage plan, yes, our treasury is still recovering from catering costs and legal fees.”

Powser decided to ignore that and kept going, “As you may recall. The Princess, there on the altar, on our beautiful wedding day... *rejected me!*” the woman almost seemed to *sniffle and tear up* at the recollection, wiping her eye. “But! But but but! Something else happened, you see!”

“It just seemed like the normal defeat to me...”

“Hm hm, that is where we are different! You see, I looked at the big picture. I looked at the whole scene and thought about it! And you know what happened? Huh!?” The false Princess looked towards Kamek with a fire in her eyes. “Princess Peach rejected not just me, but MARIO! Mario! Her greatest hero! That red plumber! The mustachioed menace!” She shook her head in disbelief. “Can you believe that?”

“It’s mostly the lower troops that gossip over relationships and who’s better for who, I wouldn’t know.”

“Oh, you have not a bit of romance in your body do you?” She sighed in disappointment. “Anyway, after that embarrassment I got to thinking. See-- The Princess had two eligible bachelors in front of her and she rejected both of us. I ain’t gonna compliment Mario or nothing, but he’s completely different from me, you know? How’s it make sense that neither of us are Peach’s type?”

Kamek glanced aside.

“So I started thinking. What IS her type? And then I figured it out, all thanks to this beauty! Bwahahaha!!!” Powser adjusted the pink crown on her head, laughing mightily in her boisterous, loud, yet still oddly musical and cute voice.

“Oh no.”

“Oh **YES!!**” The Queen of the Koopa Kingdom exclaimed. “It all makes sense! Peach’s type... is Peach herself!”

“Oh Lord Bowser, your genius as always stupefies the lowly and old me! Please, *explain this reasoning.*” Kamek almost hissed out. Almost.

“Naturally, my loyal advisor,” the blonde beamed brightly, “You see, I’ve been ignorant this whole time. I, in all my bad tough awesome coolness, love myself more than any other.” She flexed in front of the mirror. Her muscles weren’t anywhere nearly as large, but she admittedly loved how much more obvious they were in this smaller body. “And you know what? At first I thought: If I’m so cool, then everyone else obviously has to love me, maybe not as much as I do, but still!” She laughed, putting a delicate hand to her forehead. “And while it’s true, I was dumb enough to not think about the even more obvious! If I love myself as much as I do, then obviously everyone else loves themselves more than they’d love me!”

“Oh wow.”

“I know, right!? I can’t believe we missed this the whole time! I made a mistake, sure, I’m modest and romantic enough to love someone else- plus, having to fight with someone as bad and cool as I am for the top spot? No way. But the Princess? No, she must be all in on the narcissism! Sure she hangs around that one Daisy chick but obviously they aren’t close enough!” She sniffed. “I feel bad for Mario. As a love rival, it must hurt, never even having a chance to begin with! And he doesn’t even know what I know now!” She shook her head.

Kamek strongly considered that maybe Bowser needed a vacation after some of these more violent defeats. “So... your plan is to... capture Princess Peach’s heart... while looking like Princess Peach.”

“Of course! But not just looking like her! I’ve been practicing my Princessness all this time! In case you haven’t noticed, I’ve become a lovely lady to rival the queen of lovely ladies! Why, after this I won’t just be the King of the Koopa Kingdom! Yes, I’ll be King of Princesses! There’s no way she’d be able to resist my lovely, elegant charm. It’s her own, after all! Ohohoho!~”

Kamek took off his glasses and wiped them, then placed them back in their proper position. “Okay,” was all he could say.

“I’m glad you approve, Kamek!”

“Sure.” Kamek nodded. “But, Lord Bowser, as good as this plan is, the problem with the troops is still amok.”

“Hmph. You say they’ve gotten lazy? Fine then, I’m already prepared to woo the Princess with my sheer overwhelming Princessitude! We march now! Prepare the ships!”

“We can’t.”

“W-” Peachowser coughed, her charismatic flow completely interrupted. “What do you mean, “we can’t”!?”

“No money.” Kamek sighed in defeat. “That mess of a wedding and all those cancelled honeymoon plans destroyed our treasury. Catering wouldn’t give us a refund and made us pay all their hospital bills too, my liege.”

“WH-WHAT!?” She paled. “Those... those vultures! Taking advantage of my tragedy to bleed me dry! They can’t do that!! I’m a Princess!!!” Bowser cried out, running and grabbing Kamek by the shoulders, tears in her eyes. “You can’t be serious, Kamek!! How much of the treasury is left!?”

“Well aside from the ships not having any fuel or men on board we had to cancel all the birthday parties for the next 7 months. And the Bowser Parades. And all of the Prince’s game subscriptions.”

The Princess winced. “...I’ll take Jr. on a few... cheap... trips to calm him down some later. Maybe a nice, relaxing, carefully budgeted picnic will be some good family bonding.” She offered weakly.

“Maybe.”

“R-right. Well, erm, you know what!” She dropped Kamek gently to not ruin the old Magikoopa’s bones. “Maybe, ah, *perhaps* it’s better this way! Yes, bringing my entire army won’t be a very princess-like thing to do!” She nodded to herself.

“So what are you going to do, your, erm, beautifulness?” Kamek adjusted his glasses and brushed his cloak as he got up. Huh, did Bowser clean his own room? He hadn’t noticed when he entered. Well, at least some good things came out of this.

“I’m gonna- I mean, I *shall* take my private *royal... clown car...* and meet my fellow Princess for a *peaceful get together* in which we will... heighten the relations between our families and kingdoms!” The Princess Koopa recited, seeming rather proud.

“Alone? But, your lordship, what should I do, then?”

“Ah, I don’t care, do whatever you want, Kamek. Read a book or whatever old people do.”

“B-but the troops!”

“Bah, those schmucks can take a day off, I don’t care! Not like I have the money to pay them anyway,” she waved a hand dismissively even as she opened the door and started moving down the hall. Naturally, she basked in the stares of those who stopped to gawk at their *princess*. This was also a good time to show off her practice in walking with heels!

Seriously, Princess Peach looked so much cooler after the King Koopa was humbled by how much of a pain these things were.

“Your lordship, while I won’t speak against this plan, are you certain it is wise to go off on your own? Their may be some unscrupulous types out there,” Kamek noted, completely missing the irony of such a statement.

“I can take care of myself, my *dear advisor*.” Princess Bowser giggled. *Giggled!*

“B-but what should I do about-”

“Kamek! Seriously, stop being a killjoy and go away! I can’t do my plan if I’m distracted by an old nanny! It’d totally ruin the mood!” She complained, turning around.

“Seriously. Go... take a walk or a nap or something, you’re stressing out over nothing.” She suggested.

Kamek was perhaps just *a bit* weirded out and taken aback by his... Princess. Strange, much less threatening of a request to leave his presence than usual.

“Now, I’ll be off~ Wish me luck, bwahahah!~” the blonde woman that was once a redheaded Koopa laughed as she climbed into her floating clown-themed ride. “I’ll be back later, maybe after the *date* I’m obviously about to get after I charm the Princess, oho!~”

“But... your lordship...” Kamek mumbled.

And then Princess King Bowser flew off towards the Mushroom Kingdom, to the sight of many onlooking Koopas and Goombas working in the airdock.

Kamek rubbed his head. “What should I do about all the... *other* crowns the troops have been finding...?” He asked to his boss that was no longer there.

“Kaameeeeek! Hey, hey Kamek!” A soft and screechy voice called out, shaking the aged Magikoopa to his core.

The royal advisor turned towards the entrance along with everyone else.

There was a short, adorable girl with mischief in her eyes wearing a tiny, simple black dress and a large grin-design bandana that covered most of it. Really, she was the spitting image of her father-... mother?? Parent? Aside from having a much shorter and more wild ponytail that seemed to tint towards a familiar shade of red at the end.

The girl seemed to grin wide at the sight of Kamek, stomping towards him. “Finally! Hey Kamek! Where’s papa, huh? I found this cool thing and turned into this! I wanna show ‘em!” the girl snickered, hands on her hips.

Kamek, for the tenth time this morning, sighed.

“I’m happy you took the time to come visit, Mario, Luigi. It’s been a while since we’ve had a simple lunch together,” the kind pink Princess of the Mushroom Kingdom giggled softly, covering her mouth with a hand, “at least, not without something else happening before or after.”

The brothers shared a laugh. It was a nice warm day near Peach’s Castle, as it usually was. Certainly, neither actually could remember the last time they visited without it

leading to some crazy adventure. Usually with the Princess getting kidnapped somewhere down the line.

But they tried to put that in the background and not let that spoil their day!

“Oh, I really must apologize though, I didn’t bake a cake this time...”

The day was spoiled. Both brothers fell into despair.

“I’ve been trying muffins, you see. I thought having some variety in my sweets would be a nice change. The Toads have had plenty of good things to say about them so far, but having a few less bias taste testers would help.”

The day was recovered! The brothers quietly shared fist pumps and excited glances as they followed after the Princess, exchanging greetings with the castle Toads they passed by.

“Things really have been busy after that... vacation of ours, but it’s nice to have company over. Really, things have been pretty slow lately. So, I thought a nice little meeting would be good! Can’t have you thinking you only get invited whenever there’s an attack, after all!” Princess Peach gave an innocent smile, although Mario looked a bit exasperated.

Regardless, the group walked to the dining room, eager to start eating.

So of course when they entered the room and saw what appeared to be Princess Peach’s spiky goth sister eating muffins their reactions were mixed.

Princess Peach was surprised, especially with what appeared to be a clowny hover car parked delicately outside a previously closed window.

Mario was confused and wary, as he tended to be whenever something unplanned happened.

Luigi was just hungry and thought those muffins looked really good and hoped the Princess’ sister(!?) would share.

“Oh my...” Princess Peach spoke up, alerting her twin.

“Hrm? Oh!” Princess NotPeach took notice of the onlookers, quickly swallowing chunks of muffin and standing up from her chair. “Sorry, I didn’t hear you come in! I would have gone to find you but these muffins smelled too good, and you know what? They were great! My compliments to the chef!”

“Um... that’s alright... and thank you... I made them myself...” Peach glanced back to the plumbers, then towards the girl that looked suspiciously like her yet didn’t sound or act as such.

“Wow, cake, muffins, is there anything you can’t do?” the other Princess swooned. At the silent response she didn’t bother looking embarrassed, if anything she seemed proud of the way everyone else was gawking at her. “Right, right, sorry~ I would have sent a notice of me coming for a visit but I’m afraid my, ahem... envoys... are indisposed? Did I say that right? Whatever.” She muttered under her breath before returning to her confident and oddly cheery demeanor. “And I see even the Mario Brothers are here! Why’s that? Is something wrong? I didn’t think there were any invasions today!”

“Well, we were going to have lunch...”

“Perfect! I’m starving, I had to leave my Castle early to make it here! Come come, sit, everyone!” Not Peach clapped her hands happily.

The two brothers instinctively began to walk over at the promise of Peach’s cooking, but stopped as the Princess in question spoke. “Um... excuse me, but... do I... know you?” Peach decided to ask.

“Hm hm~!” the Not Peach smirked, as if she were waiting for that question. “I don’t blame you for not recognizing me, Princess Peach!” She cleared her throat and spoke in the daintiest voice she seemed able to muster. “*Have you been blinded by my radiance? Enamored with my charm? Yes, I have certainly reinvented myself for this meeting~ But I am sure if you can look passed my lovely... cou... counter... countenance? Yeah-countenance! You may see the coolness and charisma you’re more familiar with!*”

Mario scratched his head. Then stared at the Princess-er, the other girl that looked like the Princess.

“*[Hey bro, what does countenance mean?]*” Luigi whispered in Italian. Mario shrugged and shook his head.

And then he saw the tail and shell the woman was sporting. And the horns. And the spikey armbands.

And her eyebrows.

“Bowser!” Mario shouted with wide-eyes, both in accusation and disbelief. Luigi jumped and cowered, stepping backwards and raising his hands in a karate stance he saw on TV once at the mention of his (brother’s) arch enemy.

“...Bowser?” Peach repeated, looking at her twin. “...Is that really you?”

Bowser(?) smirked darkly, then looked quite giddy and cute as she lifted a manicured hand and giggled. “Perhaps I should have expected my dear rival to recognize me first. I give you credit, Sir Mario...” She then boasted a wide grin, showing off her sharper teeth. “Yes, that’s right! You’re looking at King... no, Princess Bowser of the Koopa Kingdom! Ohohoho!”

“Wha-...” Mario asked/vocalized.

“Wowie...” Luigi agreed.

“Um... how did this happen...?” Peach chanced asking.

“Bwahahaha!~ Forgive me for not answering, dear Princess, but as you know, a lady must have her secrets!~” Princess Bowser exclaimed, looking rather smug. “But that doesn’t matter! What really matters-” she grinned, stomping forwards, heels clacking underneath her black dress.

Mario tensed and stood in front of the Princess. What sort of powers would this version of Bowser have?

“-is lunch! Come, before everything gets cold! I would have preferred to just have a date between us Princesses, but I do not mind being joined by your lovely guests!~” She clapped giddily, grabbing Mario and Luigi’s hands and walking them towards the table.

After making sure they were seated, she moved to the head of the table and pulled the seat out for the Princess. Out of politeness and curiosity, Peach decided to humor the oddly well behaved former koopa and sit down.

Bowser looked on eagerly while the others exchanged glances. Peach eventually called the Toads to bring in their food. Needless to say, they were surprised by the extra at the table, but at the Princess' insistence decided not to question it.

Lunch went rather nicely, if you ignored Bowser's lack of table manners. Not very used to forks and knives, it seemed.

Mario shot Luigi a look as if asking if this was real. Luigi just shook his head.

Peach was uncomfortable seeing 'herself' be so ravenous. And wondering if maybe she should have had seconds prepared.

"That was delicious!" Princess Bowser gave a content sigh as she pat her belly, dabbing her lips with a napkin. "Ahh... I gotta watch my figure, hrm? Can't have the Princess of the Koopa Kingdom popping out of her dress, ohohoho!"

"I... yes, keeping a good diet is very important." Peach agreed. Bowser smiled elegantly.

"Indeed. No one else but a fellow Princess must understand these woes of ours, ohoho~" Bowser daintily rose a tea cup and sipped.

Mario questioned how long, exactly, Bowser had even been a Princess for him to be talking about his so-called woes.

"But I digress! Now that Lunch is over-" Princess Bowser rose up from her chair, smirking at the Princess. The brothers tensed. "-I would love to have a tour of your beloved Castle as a fellow Princess! Perhaps while we walk we may be able to discuss... Princess things!"

"Princess things?"

"Um... yes! Things that Princesses discuss! Like you! And me! Because we are both Princesses!" Bowser quickly explained/stumbled through.

"Well... I suppose I don't mind..." Mario gave the Princess a questioning glance at that, which she responded with an affirmative nod. "What's the harm in a tour? This could be fun! I don't get to speak to other Princesses often, Daisy only gets time to visit

during our games. And... *Princess Bowser* is being very polite.” She explained to the hero.

Bowser smiled, curtsying. “I will... um... endeavor! to be on my best behavior. I do not wish to cause a fuss within your home. In fact, I hope that after this day the relations between us may only improve~” She gave a satisfied smirk when she thought no one was looking. If she could pat herself on the back over her super awesome and elegant word choice she would.

Well, with her more flexible arms she probably could, but that wouldn’t look very Princessly, so she decided not to do that. Later, maybe.

“Well, that settles that.” Princess Peach smiled, standing up. “Will you two be coming?”

Luigi waved his hands in front of him nervously in the negative while Mario looked unsure, furrowing his brow. Bowser grinned, eager to show off his superior charisma and Princessliness. Who knows, he came to charm the Princess, but maybe if he REALLY Princess’d it out these two hatheads would even start serving him! Hah! This plan was getting better and better!

“Please, I would love to have you accompany us on our walk,” she asked politely, bowing. “We’re all friends here, are we not?”

The two brothers looked resigned.

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And so the group of four began walking. Peach, for her part, seemed to be taking the tour rather seriously, happily guiding Bowser around the castle. No one decided to bring up that with the number of times he’s invaded and destroyed it he’d probably already know where each room is.

Bowser, for “her” part, wasn’t paying much attention as inwardly she was celebrating.

‘I can’t believe it! This is working! Look at her, she’s actually spending time with me! And those plumbers don’t want to beat me up!’ She grinned wide, nodding as Peach led them through a lovely hall with a few (non-cursed) paintings. *‘Princess Peach is*

standing next to me! And she wants to! No rope or cage involved! She loves me! We're practically already a perfect couple! Bwahahaha! Bowser, you are a radical GENIUS!

The brothers standing nearby watched her practically vibrate, a very satisfied smile on her blushing red face.

"[Mario. What's wrong with Bowser?]" Luigi whispered to his brother.

"[I... honestly have no idea anymore, Luigi. No idea.]" Mario scratched his head.

"[I think he's finally lost his marbles, Bro. And why does he look like-]"

"[I don't really want to think about that. It's hard enough believing it's him.]"

"[You think maybe something weird happened to him? I mean, the kinda weird where some other bad guy shows up and we both get in trouble.]"

"Mama mia..." Mario gave a tired sigh. *"[Next time maybe we should just invite the Princess to our house instead.]"*

"Oh..." Luigi frowned, looking towards the two Princesses in concern. *"[What should we do now, though?]"*

"[What can we do? It's not like he, er, she is doing anything bad. No curse to break or bad guy to pummel either. We don't got a choice but to keep watch-]" Mario stopped talking as he suddenly broke into a run.

A lady's cry echoed through the hall and in a second her hero had come!

"Oh, my!" Peach exclaimed in surprise.

Although this time, she was merely an onlooker.

In her self congratulatory daydreaming the Princess of the Koopa Kingdom had mistepped, causing her ankle to twist and her lovely body to go toppling for the castle floor.

"Oooow... stupid heels! How do women walk in these things!?" Bowser shouted/growled, abandoning all efforts to maintain her 'Princess voice'. It registered a

few seconds later that she had not in fact hit the ground. It took another 5 seconds to register that someone had caught her, and another 8 to realize that her arms were around that someone's neck and she was hugging said someone rather *snugly*.

Mario for his part looked equally stupefied as he held the Koopa King, although he didn't seem to want to just *drop* his arch nemesis. Common decency and politeness and all that.

Bowser's face went completely red as the entire scene painted itself in her brain. Her rival was... Princess Carrying her! Like a Princess! Her! And his face was way too close! And his arms were holding her very securely!

"Bowser, are you alright? That looked like it could have been a nasty fall." Peach asked delicately, totally not noticing the obvious tension in the room.

"Wha...! Wha-wha-wha-I-I'm fine!" The black dressed Princess tried to push herself off of a frozen, stunned Mario and stand up before instantly regretting it as she put weight down on her foot. "A-ack!" she cried out in distress, falling right back into the plumber's arms

"Oh, dear, you may have sprained your ankle... Mario, can you carry her to the doctor?"

Mario snapped out of his shock and looked to the Princess questioningly.

"I don't need to be carried! I am the Mighty King Koopa—" Bowser blushed heavily at the Princess' stare, "Err, I mean, uh, wh-what I meant to say was, while I appreciate your generous offer, I do not want to trouble you or... *Sir* Mario over my own clumsiness."

Peach sighed. "That's all well and good, but I cannot let you try to go back to your kingdom without aid. Please, Mario."

Mario looked at Peach, then at Bowser. *Bowser*. When has Bowser ever pouted and looked so shy?

He sighed and nodded, hefting the light Princess Koopa in his arms. Peach smiled. Bowser did not.

“H-hold, M-Mario! I am a K-PRINCESS!! And a-as Princess, I demand you do not carry me!”

“Ah, but since I am the Princess of the Mushroom Kingdom and you are a royal guest and dignitary, I insist you be taken care of, Princess Bowser.” Peach giggled.

Was she teasing her?

That was kinda hot, Bowser decided.

“Dammi una pausa...” Mario offered, although only one other person in the room could understand him.

“Mario?” Luigi cut in. They exchanged words.

Mario shrugged and gave an ‘I dunno’ gesture and noise.

Luigi waved his hands frantically and gestured towards the “Princess” in his arms.

Mario gave a half-hearted reasoning.

Luigi reluctantly nodded.

Mario turned towards Peach and nodded.

Peach smiled. “Sorry things didn’t go as planned today. But, at least we did manage to finish lunch this time! That’s an improvement!” She assured the pudgy plumber.

“I’m still here...” Bowser muttered.

“And you should be off that foot and at a Doctor instead!” Peach chided. “But, this was a lovely day, Princess Bowser. I hope you feel better soon.”

“W-wait, I didn’t agree to this! Dangit Mario, you-!” Bowser was carried off by a red hatted plumber who had the look of someone who was both being haunted and had long since accepted this fact.

Princess Peach sighed after they were gone, looking contemplative. “Didn’t get to finish my tour... I really need more girl friends.” She walked away.

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“Um...” Luigi spoke, now alone in the hall. How come it felt like he got left out just now?

“...What’s this?” The green-hatted plumber looked to the floor, spotting something it seemed everyone had missed.

Bowser’s fancy crown had fallen off after... *her* tumble. Luigi picked it up and turned it over in his hands. “Hmmm...”

Maybe he could show some initiative for once and get this looked at?

That guy could probably figure something out...

