    Author T. was a servant in Princess Peach's castle, and he wasn't very happy. For five years now he had served her highness as best he could, but he had never been promoted, or given gifts, or even thanked for his hard work. He'd always entertained the idea of quitting, of giving up. But it had always been his dream to really help the princess, and if he left now he'd never achieve it.  
  
    All this sulking and more happened as he stood impassively near a door, ready to assist any who came by. The door opened, and to his great surprise it was Princess Peach, alone. This was...unprecedented! He's seen the princess many a time before, but always surrounded by guards. And if that wasn't strange enough, she turned to look down at him, smiling. "You're Author T, correct?" Her voice was even sweeter than he'd remembered it, and he nodded shakily. What was going on? "Well, it's nice to finally speak with you. You've been a faithful servant for many years now, and I feel it's time you were recognized for it."  
  
    There was a stunned silence afterwards, as Author let that sink into his brain. Him? Recognized? By*Princess Peach*? Author struggled to form words, but managed to respond. "Yes! Er, rather, uh, whatever you wish of me, Princess, I would happily help with."  
  
    With a squeal of delight Peach grabbed Author and pull him into a tight hug. "Oh, thank you Author! I wasn't sure if you would want to help, but I'm so glad you are! Please, come with me!" She set him down, but held onto his hand as she walked out of the room, pulling Author along with her.  
  
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    It was nearly an hour later, after navigating through the castle into it's older, less visited areas, that they arrived at their destination. Author had never traveled this far into the ancient building, into the basement. As they descended the steps, Author was starting to get a little scared. They hadn't run into anyone on the way there, and the darkness that crept ever closer as they descended the stairs scared the toad to his core. Finally, they came across an old wooden door, which Peach knocked on three times. Almost immediately, the door opened to reveal another human, an old man in a white lab-coat.  
  
    "Ah! Princess, you found a willing subject!" said the man, his voice high-pitched and erratic. "I wasn't sure you would be able to on such short notice!"  
  
    Peach gave that old man a hug, then turned to Author. "This is Professor E. Gadd, and he'll be helping us with our project. To put it simply..." She put a finger on her chin, as if not sure how to explain it. "I've been running this kingdom for nearly a decade now, and the stress of it all has gotten to be too much. I'm going to go on vacation, but that represents a problem. The last time I went on vacation, to Isle Delfino, Bowser attacked, ruined the islands, and kidnapped me! Sure, Mario saved me in the end, but that didn't do much to save the vacation. So I asked Professor Gadd for ideas, and we realized an obvious solution: What if someone replaced me?"  
  
    The two stared at Author for a few seconds, and he realized something. "Wait, you want *me* to replace you? But...I don't look anything like you! We're not even the same species!"  
  
    Gadd cleared his throat, then replied. "Ah, yes! Quite the conundrum! But as usual, nothing of the kind can stop my engineering skills! I have devised this device," he waved a hand at a large metal chamber at the back of the room, then continued, "which can make anyone look exactly like the Princess, to a microscopic level! You'll actually become her! All you'd need to do is pretend to be her a month, then we can turn you back into yourself!"  
  
    "Yes, well, um..." Author said, thinking, "There are some problems with that idea. I'm not a great actor, how would anyone think I'm her? And how could I run the kingdom, I don't know anything about that!"  
  
    The reassuring smile Peach gave him soothed away many of his worries. "Professor Gadd programmed the machine so that after turning into me, it will also give you all of my body language. Just do what feels natural, and you'll play the part perfectly. As for your other problem, Toadsworth had been informed of this, and he will advise you on how to play my part in politics."  
  
    He tried to think of a counterargument, but Author was stumped. If he did this, the Princess would be in his debt! And he'd finally be doing something useful! He sighed. "Okay, I'll do it." He looked over at the large metal chamber that the professor had motioned to earlier. "So...I just have to step into that?"  
  
    The professor nodded enthusiastically. "Yes, yes!" He walked over hit a button on the machine's outer panel, opening the doors. "Just step in here," he said while pushing Author T. into the device's chamber, "then hit this button," Gadd added, hitting a different button, closing the doors, "and finally...this button!" Before Author could even register the fact he was now locked inside this odd contraption, an odd gas filled the chamber, and the toad blacked out.  
  
  
  
    The light was blinding, as Author opened his eyes again. Something felt...off. Wrong. He tried to move, but his body felt numb. He began to make better sense of the light as his eyes adjusted, and saw Professor E. Gadd standing near him, at an odd angle. Author realized he must be laying down, in a bed or something. He thought back to the last things he remembered, and realized with a start that the scientist had already done the experiment on him! Author opened his mouth, struggling past the numbness, and managed to ask, "Did it work?"  
  
    Author had his answer right there. While it definitely sounded different than he had heard it before...that was undoubtedly the voice of Princess Peach. And now...it was his voice. He rose, starting to get a better hang of it moving in this new form, and immediately his vision was blocked by a cascade of yellow. It took a few moments to realize it was his new hair, and he rose a thin, delicate hand to brush it away from his face. As the hair moved, Author saw that Gadd had turned to look at him, nodding. "Ah, so you're awake!" he said, in his high manic voice. "Well, you must understand, the process required that we strip you of your guard armor. It no longer fit, of course. We didn't feel comfortable dressing you in your unconscious state, so you are currently without clothing! I will leave now, and let you familiarize yourself with the new body!"  
  
    With that, the doctor left the room. Author stood up, unsteadily. All his life he'd only been a couple of feet tall, and now here he was, standing nearly three times that. His longer legs took some getting used to, with the whole walking around thing. There was a mirror in the room, and he stumbled towards it. It was...so odd. A naked Princess Peach was in the mirror, copying his every movement. He did a twirl, amazed at how the long hair spun and how some other parts jiggled like crazy. The professor reentered, apparently nonplussed by the naked woman standing there.  
  
    "Now then, it is time to instruct you on how to dress, talk, and in general *act* like Princess Peach..."  
  
  
  
    It was two weeks later, and Author was starting to get into the role he'd been playing. It didn't require that much effort, being Peach mostly just meant looking pretty, giggling, and occasionally making a speech. Super easy. That was, until the letter came. It had a red seal on the back, and from that alone Author had an inkling of what was inside. Sure enough, it was from Mario. He was wondering why Peach hadn't contacted him in a while, and asked if he could spend some time with her tomorrow. Author sighed.  
  
    His job was to impersonate Peach as best he could, and that meant spending time with the hero. He had Toadsworth take down a letter, one which told Mario that she would be happy to meet him at the castle, just before noon. That night Author had nightmares, the same ones he had usually had over the last few weeks. What if everyone found out the truth? What if he couldn't change back? What if...this started to change him?  
  
    The morning came, and Author spent the usual amount of time putting on her makeup and getting dressed. It made her sigh, looking pretty took so long, she really wished it wasn't necessary. She met Mario at the appointed time in the garden. He was gentlemanly and kind, willing to listen about her gripes with running things and other little problems. Author actually found the meeting quite fun, and was sad to see it end. When the time came, she almost instinctively kneeled down so Mario could kiss her cheek...and was completely blind-sided by the hand he placed on her rear, groping her butt. As he left, Author blushed as red as a fire flower. She had no idea if what had just happened was going to ruin the rest of the month or make it *much* more fun.