“Huh…? Uhhh… where am I?”

Princess Peach blinked her eyes twice, a headache pounding in the back of her messy blonde hair. The blurriness was slowly beginning to decode itself as… a stone basement.

No. A dungeon.

Princess Peach was in a dungeon.

Her awareness of self was slowly coming back to her, and she began to test all of her senses subconsciously. A few blinks confirmed that her eyesight was working, though it needed a bit of time to adjust. Her touch seemed… okay. But craning her sore neck revealed something quite interesting -- and indeed quite frightening -- to the Toadstool Princess: she was bound, and in naught but her undergarments.

\**gasp*\*

Only now was Peach realizing she was currently seated within a wooden chair, and her arms were pushed against her sides, themselves bound and tied up with a set of silky rope. She was uncomfortable, but the material that the rope was made of did help, admittedly.

“Oh my…” the Princess murmured, turning her head left and right but… struggling somehow. For whatever reason, the slightest actions Peach tried to take would be feats of great strength indeed, from moving her head to the left and right to struggling against her bounds.

“Oh no…” she said to herself, realizing the dreadfulness of her predicament. Wracking her brain, the blonde beauty tried to remember the events that led up to her capture, what resulted in her current situation. She remembered… receiving a letter. “*Meet me at the drawgate to Mushroom Castle. I have a surprise for you! Love, Mario.”*

Peach sighed. Mario had been gone for so long, she expected that he had something big planned for his return. But this… she had no idea precisely *what* was waiting for her at the drawbridge, but Peach could tell Mario had no part in this.

Intaking a great deal of breath, Peach tried to console herself and fix her situation in the only way she knew how:

“*MARIOOOOOOO!”*

The plea for help reverberated and echoed throughout the stone walls of the dimly-lit dungeon, but they only bounced back at Peach herself. She was becoming more and more scared that nobody would hear her. She didn’t even know where she *was.*

“Ugghhhh…”

What was that? Another voice!

With a great deal of effort, Peach was able to crane her neck backward, and just *barely* peak at the brunette top that was the mop of hair adorning the Sarasaland monarch, Daisy. She appeared to be seated in a seat with its back to the back of Peach’s own chair, and though Peach couldn’t see it herself, she could only surmise Daisy had been bound in a similar fashion.

“Daisy!” Peach burst out, tears welling up in gratitude that, despite their dreadful circumstances, at least she wasn’t alone.

“Where… are we…?” The normally rambunctious and hot-tempered princess was quite reserved at the moment, clearly having been subjected to whatever mind-and-stamina-altering substances that Peach herself had received. “And why do I feel so… slow…?”

Peach prepared to shrug when a voice echoed out from the depths of the dungeon, “*That would be the Poison Mushrooms I fed the two of you, darlings!”*

Perking up in fear, the pair looked to their side, Peach to the right, Daisy to the left, as this led to the only tunnel from which a voice could’ve come. The slow, deliberate steps of someone walking with purpose grew louder, and louder, and louder with each passing second, until the light fell on its face. Or, rather, her face.

Peach’s eyes widened. It was Birdo. Or, well, *a* Birdo. They were normally short, stubby dinosaurs with trumpet-like mouths, giving them an appearance not dissimilar to Mario’s trusty steed, the friendly dinosaur Yoshi. Sure, Birdos tended to be a bit more ornery than the average Yoshi, but they meant well most of the time.

This, however, was not the average Birdo.

For one, Birdos tended to be either pink or blue. This one was neither; it was completely white. Secondly, it was… quite large. The Birdo, from a quick estimate, appeared to be at least 6 feet tall, putting it nearly a whole head taller than either Daisy or Peach when standing. The view while they were sitting made her seem even more amazonian.

And speaking of Amazonian, this Birdo was… quite shapely. Gone were the stubby legs of most reptilian creatures that walked the Mushroom Kingdom, and instead there were well-sculpted thighs that Pauline would *die* for. Her torso was not merely an ovaloid mound of its body, and now had an appropriate thickness of any human, even culminating in a pair of sizable breasts that protruded from the creature’s chest. They were at least DD’s, and Peach’s squinting almost seemed to play a trick on her eyes. Those breasts weren’t… growing, were they?

No, no they weren’t. After a few seconds, it became clear that the size of this dinosaur’s breasts were, in fact, stagnant. But even if they weren’t that would only be one more disturbing thing on top of a series of terrifying circumstances Peach had found herself in.

“Let us go!” Peach said, once again trying to take the effort to struggle against her bonds before fruitlessly giving up. The poison mushroom appeared to have sapped her of most of her strength.

“Once I get outta here, I’m gonna clobber you, you little Birdo!” Daisy screamed, always the spitfire.

“Oh, I don’t think so,” the creature said, gleefully putting her claws together. “And that’s *Queen* Birdo to you, lovelies!” She chuckled a bit once again, walking directly up to Princess Peach’s chair and slashing her free. “I haven’t quite had my fun with you *juuust* yet.”

Peach was initially elated to be free once again, but instead simply slid out of the chair, drooping to the floor. The Queen Birdo grabbed at Peach, lifting her up by the shoulder and carrying the princess quite easily.

“N-no! Stop! Let me go!” Peach said, trying her best to squirm and writhe free, but it was as though her body was asleep.

“Not quite yet! The stuffing is ready, after all, and it’d be a shame to allow it to go to waste!”

*Stuffing?*

“*Peach?!*” Daisy called out from the chamber, and Peach desperately wanted to call back to her, tell her best friend that she was fine. But that most likely wasn’t going to be the case.

They entered another chamber of the dungeon, within which lied a stone slab that Peach was unceremoniously deposited upon. The Queen Birdo then left, for a moment, leaving Peach with nothing but her own thoughts to ponder the fate that had befallen the Toadstool Princess.

The Birdo Queen returned not long after, carrying a broad and deep wicker basket, and with her arrival came… crying?

Oh no, thought Peach. That can’t be…?

Queen Birdo set the basket down, reached within and pulled out… a plump, smiling, farting baby. It was probably a male, and was absolutely naked, which betrayed that it was most likely a girl. Peach had no clue what she was going to do to that baby, but it wasn’t going to be…

The Birdo swallowed the baby.

Well, that answered that question.

“NO!” Peach yelled, a plea that fell upon deaf and scaly ears; her horn-shaped mouth was easily able to swallow the baby in one bite, not unlike sucking up a tapioca pellet from a cup of boba. The baby didn’t even realize what was happening to it, still babbling right until it was sucked up into the dinosaur’s mouth, and traveling down her gullet. Peach could only watch in horror as the Queen Birdo patted her belly in contentment, and as she did Peach *did* notice something.

Her breasts were definitely getting bigger. But more importantly, so was *she.* She wasn’t quite getting taller (at least not in any way that was noticeable), but as trained an eye as the tennis star Princess Peach was could notice that she *was* becoming a fair bit more shapely, her thighs, tummy, and breasts filling out quite nicely.

Queen Birdo picked up another baby, this one clearly a boy

“Look, the Mushroom Kingdom has riches beyond your wildest dreams,” Peach said. “If you let us go, I promise I can make it worth your-OWWMMFG!”

Peach’s plea for mercy was brutally cut short when the Birdo Queen too a step towards Peach on the slab and grabbed her hair, holding Peach’s head and mouth open and visible before shoving the baby in her *own* mouth. The experience was extremely jarring and confusing, as an entire crying, squirming baby was quickly sent down Peach’s gullet, stretching out her cheeks and esophagus to an inhuman degree before slowly travelling into her stomach. Yet more tears welled up in Princess Peach’s eyes as she couldn’t imagine the endgame this cruel, cruel monster might’ve had by feeding her these children.

“I-I-I-WHOAMFG!” Peach was preparing her response when yet another beautiful baby with skin the color of sand was forced down Peach’s gullet, attempting to kick one of Peach’s teeth out on the way down with its chubby little toes.

Once that was done, Princess Peach decided to simply close her mouth. The Birdo Queen held up another baby, which was blowing raspberries anywhere and everywhere, patiently waiting for Peach to open her mouth for her next treat.

“Not gonna take it, I suppose? That’s very fine. I have other methods of stuffing my meat. Mmm heheheheee!”

Then the Birdo walked around the slab, behind a very confused, very scared Peach.

It wasn’t long after that when the Queen Birdo grabbed Peach herself, drawing a frightened gasp from the young princess, and arranged her facing forward, arms ahead, knees apart, with her butt sticking out in the air. Peach’s distended belly hung above the cold slab, her navel touching the stone, to from which she could only recoil. And then:

“AAAAAHHHHHH*HHHHHHH*!!!”

First, came the sound of Peach’s underwear being ripped apart, to reveal her bare ass to her kidnapper. The unrecognizable feeling of her asshole being pried open, and the bulbous head of a crying and screaming baby was shoved into it aggressively, vigorously, and unrelentingly. Peach screamed out, trying to squirm and roll away despite her inhibited motor functions, but Queen Birdo’s thick and chubby arms grabbed hold of her hair, and so Peach clenched her teeth, shocked gasps escaping her as the infant continued to be pushed up into her grinning butthole. Peach’s plump buttcheeks were soon crowding the infant, who’s cries had long since been suffocated by the airless chasm it found itself within, until soon even its little toes had finally been irrevocably sealed within Peach’s anal cavity, tickling her spinchter with their twitchy movements.

The Birdo Queen let go, still giggling tremendously, and Peach collapsed to the stone table. She now had two small bodies within her stomach and her butt respectively, and she looked and felt impossibly bloated. Her belly broke her small collapse, and her butt definitely appeared far larger than it had previously. Sweat was all over Peach’s body, permeating her face and hair. Any pleasure she might’ve felt from having such a large object inserted into one of her most private areas was undercut by the violation she felt, in addition to the fact that it was a *human baby* that had been driven up her sphincter.

“I believe you might finally be ready,” the Birdo Queen said, once again placing her clawed hands on Peach, this time to bend her legs back over her own back, pulling her arms back as well, so that Peach’s hands and feet were very close together as though she were a contortionist.

“What are you, AHH!” Princess Peach began to protest, but was soon too strained to speak as her wrists and ankles were quickly tied together by a length of twine, leaving Peach shaped not unlike a single-handled wicker basket. The entrapped Peach whimpered at the pain of the contortion, but was able to take it, having taken much worse pain in just the past few minutes. As the icing on the cake, the Birdo Queen ripped away Peach’s bra, leaving her absolutely nude, unless the twine adorning her wrists counted as clothing.

The Birdo Queen clasped her hands together, leaning down towards Peach’s unblemished face, saying, “I think you might be just right!” A long, meaty tongue slipped from her face hole, sampling the cheek skin of the distraught princess, and as a result the Birdo Queen recoiled in disapproval.

“Hmm, a bit bland. But some marinade oughta do the trick!” said the dinosaur, and she left for a moment.

Peach’s heart was beating out of her chest as she heard what the monster was saying. She wasn’t… going to… *cook* her, was she?

It wasn’t soon after that the Birdo Queen returned, holding a large metal bucket from which a tangy smell emanated. Unceremoniously, the dumped the bucket all over the princess, who yelped as her body was covered in a blood red thin paste from her head to her toes. Her teeth chattered from the fear as the Birdo Queen began to rub it in with her bare hands, gently spreading the marinade over Peach’s supple skin, until she stepped back to see her shining in a vaguely pink light as a result of the meat sauce. Dotting Peach as well were the various spices and peppers which made the finer ingredients of the marinade, and where they were, Peach felt a slightly stronger sting.

As Peach felt the marinade wrap her in its sticky coat, licking her own lips revealed it to actually taste quite good. Of course, the fear she felt outweighed any emotion as the Birdo Queen backed up and clapped her hands once again, saying, “Oh, you’re finally ready! For real this time, darling!”

The fear. It expanded even more as the Birdo Queen left once again, leaving Peach alone with her own thoughts for *just* long enough to send her mind racing, but not long enough for her to rationalize her situation; only a minute later, the monster returned with a giant metal platter, easily big enough to fit an entire boar upon it. She set it down on the slab, and lifted Peach up from the tie between her hands and feet, placing her face and chest down upon the cold metal plate. Droplets of marinade dripped onto the platter as the Birdo Queen easily lifted up the hefty plate and carried it and Peach briskly along the stony cold corridors lit only by torchlight, until…

Though her face lay on its cheek, Peach could still make it out. A furnace. Retooled into an oven, the contraption had been heating for the past several minutes, it would seem, as a gentle warmth seeped from its flames. The chamber had a grill composed of metal bars where one presumably placed the cooking platter. And now, that platter was Peach.

“No, no, NO!” Peach said, now trying as hard as she could to struggle, squirm, writhe, and maybe even break her bonds. But all it resulted in was her already accelerated heart-rate increasing; she hadn’t been able to move an inch.

“If you didn’t want to get gobbled up, you shouldn’t have been so darn scrumptious-looking,” the Birdo Queen said, flicking Peach’s forehead in an infantilizing manner, before opening the oven chamber and placing Peach upon its bars.

“YOU CAN’T DO THI--”

Closing the chamber essentially cut off Peach from the rest of the world, as she now became naught but a piece of meat for the oven to work its magic upon. She still screamed, even now as the marinade began to visibly brown her skin ever so slightly, but she could not be heard through the glass window.

“Well, now that that’s over with, time to have myself a pre-dinner snack.”

Daisy had been left to her own devices, more or less. Despite her fiery persona, she could not deny that she was scared down to her wits, a fear that somehow managed to multiply itself every time she heard a bloodcurdling scream from her best friend somewhere else in these catacombs. It would happen infrequently, and had been over the past fifteen minutes or so.

Eventually, not long after a puzzling rendition of Peach screaming, “You can’t do the” before being stopped, the Amazonian dinosaur finally showed itself in the chamber where Daisy was being kept once again.

“Let me out!” she screamed, struggling against her bonds. Daisy was always the more athletic of the pair, so it stood to reason that she would be the first to shrug off the toxin of the poison mushroom, at least in part if not in whole.

“Get me out of here! You can’t keep us trapped like this! You gotta let me go so I can knock you into next week! You gotta--”

The Birdo Queen, clearly annoyed by the continued verbal assault, quickly slashed at Daisy’s binds, picking her up by her brunette top. The princess quickly tried to speak, “Whoa, whoa, now wait a second, what’re you doin--”

Tilting her head back, the Birdo Queen opened her mouth hole to its fullest extent, dropping Daisy in and letting her sink below into the depths of her stomach as though it were quicksand. Daisy, arms pressed against her sides, began screaming, “N-n-n-no, NO! Please, don’t eat me! Whatever you do, please--”

Daisy’s head soon disappeared, and with that, her annoying voice.

The Birdo Queen sighed, self satisfied, taking a seat in one of the now empty chairs, causing the wood to creak and swiftly shatter, sending her straight on her butt.

“Owww…” she said, standing up and rubbing her amply plump booty. She then decided to return to the room where she prepared Peach, taking a short jaunt through the halls, and upon arriving, she pulled out a small, green mushroom device. A one-up, said to allow the user to come back to life if used correctly.

All she had to do was wait for Daisy to die.

In the Birdo Queen’s fiery gut, Daisy had no air to speak of, but her heart continued on. She was far too constrained to struggle, but Daisy was certainly alive.

The Birdo Queen sought to fix that. And so, with a bodily autonomy that could challenge Shaolin monks, she strained and clenched her gut, forcing its acids to spawn, completely immolating the princess of Sarasaland in their burning juices, and causing the skin of the princess to absolutely evaporate.

Daisy was now dead.

The Birdo Queen tossed the one-up in her mouth hole, and it fell down easily into her gullet like a well, landing directly on top of the skull that was once Daisy’s beautiful head of hair. This caused the entire skeleton within the Birdo Queen to become enveloped in a bubble, soon apparating above the slab and popping, depositing the princess in a sopping wet, panting mess upon the table. Of note, her undergarments had been burned in the stomach acid, leaving Daisy naked, with patches of soft skin and red welts from the acid forming across her toned and tan body.

“W-what did you do to me?!” she asked.

The Birdo Queen didn’t answer. Instead, she grabbed the princess again, who began an even heartier series of protests, “Whoa, WHOA! No, no, no! *Please!* I can’t do that again! Please, mercy, *mercy--”*

And with nary a struggle, she was ingested again.

This time, Daisy brought in a gulp or two of air with her, and with that, she screamed as loud as she could in horror at being relegated to a gut-occupier for the second time in the span of a few minutes. And it was a sound that was like music to the Queen Birdo’s ears.

With yet another mighty clench of her gut muscles, the Birdo Queen quickly digested Daisy yet again, however, this time, she decided on a different disposal method. Crouching, the dinosaur spread her legs ever so slightly in a squat, and began to strain hard, slowly pushing the digested material out from beneath her tail. A small spurt or two of fecal matter plopped to the floor, before being followed by a hail of giant turds, mountainous crap that only had fleeting references to the bones that once made up the dinosaur’s meals. Not only was Daisy amongst the waste, but so was that baby that the Birdo Queen ate earlier. In both cases, eating them had made her stronger, fuller, more complete. It was a worthy sacrifice, one that anyone ought to have made for the superior being like herself.

Eventually, there on the floor was the last of the creatures that had been churning in the Birdo Queen’s butt. The larger skull of the pair most likely belonged to Daisy, and so the Birdo Queen pulled out another one-up, placing it on the skull, and causing the princess to respawn within a pool of shit, taking yet another large gasp of its fumes.

“Why… are you…” Daisy said, in-between bated breaths. She wasn’t able to finish her statement, however, before she was grabbed once again with a giant clawed hand, a fair bit larger than it had been the first two times. Her spittle-ridden body was easily able to shake off the flecks of crap, and so a tearful Daisy was swallowed once again.

And again.

And again.

Over time, after the first six regenerations, Daisy simple… shut down. Her eyes were wide open, not willing to contend with the pain and horror and fear and disgust of her repeated death over and over. And that’s when the Birdo Queen began to experiment, sometimes eating her whole, sometimes eating parts of her at a time. She even rubbed the marinade on Daisy’s limp body, a much easier, if more boring affair, than doing so with Peach. But overall, none of this went quite so far as she had taken the Toadstool Princess, so that she might not spoil her appetite.

It was while chewing on Daisy’s leg that a momentous *ding* reverberated throughout the dungeon, causing the Birdo Queen to leap up, saying, “Dinner Time!” and left for the oven. The mute Daisy had zero response.

The Birdo Queen excitedly reached the oven, opening up its chamber and causing a rush of heat and steam to flood into the room. She peered inside, seeing her dish’s body there, the two bodies within most likely causing an expansion of heat and steam inside. Peach’s own body was a delicate golden brown, caked in a crispy skin that covered her everywhere from head to toe. Her belly was a bit larger, as was her butt.

“It looks DELICIOUS!” the Queen Birdo exclaimed, so excited that she could taste roast princess for the first time, and not to mention the extra stuffing.

She brought the platter back to the room with the slab, haphazardly wiping an unblinking Daisy off of it. Without delay and with tremendous impatience, the Birdo Queen began to dig in, tackling each individual limb first, before leaving herself with nothing but the body and the head, as well as the stuffings. Her limbs had a delicate flavor to them, crunchy but still tender and crisp. Their elegance almost made the Birdo Queen sad that, aside from her thighs, there was so little meat to them.

Finally, the body. The Birdo lifted Peach up, running her hands along Peach’s greasy crisp skin, and looked at her body. Deep, nestled with Peach, there were two absolutely delectable infants, who had been marinating in their own flavor for the past hour. Once in her distended, pregnant-looking belly, and another in her buttocks. The dinosaur was drooling just thinking about it.

Without further delay, she opened her mouth and simply ate the rest of her, lightly chomping on Peach’s belly and ass, enjoying the lovely taste, flavor, and crunch, stripping her flesh from its bone and finally, swallowing.

This time, she would not reverse it.

The Birdo Queen looked down at Daisy, the new infinite snack of hers, and smiled, laughing. She was now the most powerful creature in the Mushroom Kingdom. And soon, the entire universe would know.