“So I’m sure that you’re all well aware—for those of you that aren’t, this is all just part of the process.”

Lakitu prefaced most of his speeches like this, tapping at his little clipboard at the preliminaries to each and every sporting event that they had gathered for throughout the years. But with how many new guests that they received with each iteration, and how often those guests could change between circuits meets and brawls, there was never going to be a valid excuse to skip it. They needed to make sure that everyone was listed as the correct weight class; supposedly for the fairness of the contestants.

Personally, Peach had always suspected that it was more to satisfy the little Cloud Koopa’s obsession with statistics. He had been one of the Mushroom Kingdom’s biggest advocates for the various sporting events that kept the denizens of the land on the edge of their seat, and he seemed to much prefer organizing the events than dropping Spineys down on peoples’ heads.

“If you will, step forward onto the scale, and we’ll see if we need to have you reclassified.” His surprisingly deep voice echoed over the small crowd of gathered racers, “It’s just a formality, I assure you—but we have to get the class system right.”

Normally, Peach breezed through this bit with all of the confidence that one could expect from the Princess of the Mushroom Kingdom. Ever since the weight class system had been established (and implemented across all of their various sporting events) Peach had remained a firm Light weight, edging on Light.

While being in the same class as two portly mustachioed plumbers, a friendly dinosaur, a sexually ambiguous dinosaur, and a naughty Koopa Kid was strange at first, it was important (for her) to remember that she had a lot more height on pretty much everyone else in the middle-tier of size.

But this year had been… especially stressful.

It had been so long since she’d so much as been outside of the palace without having to be forced, and her personal pastry chefs had worked awfully hard this year…

She’d put on a little weight. Okay, more than a little. Enough that she’d had to get a new dress tailored *and* a new racing jumper so that she could come to the meet today.

But surely it wasn’t noticeable—and surely it wasn’t enough that she would have been bumped up a weight class, right? It wasn’t as if Lakitu was going to announce to the world exactly *how much* she weighed.

She was going to go up there, step on the scale, let it settle, and that little Koopa was going to calmly tell her that she was going to be sorted into the medium class, just like he always had before, and that would be the end of it…

Right?

Luckily, these things went in alphabetical order by title. So Princess *P*each came after Princess *D*aisy. And it looked as though Peach hadn’t been the only one to put on a bit of weight since the last time that they all got together for one of these things…

It wouldn’t have been friendly to laugh at Daisy as she sauntered up to the scale—her round behind and thick legs squishing and rolling beneath her tight orange and whites. Even from the front, Peach could see a little tummy pooching forward. Even her arms looked thicker as they bulged out from underneath the half-sleeves. Peach never would have guessed her to be so bottom-heavy…

The brunette stepped onto the scale (with every eye seeming to follow her plump posterior, much to Peach’s chagrin) and she was told what class she would be sorted into quietly by Lakitu. And whatever the answer was, it definitely wasn’t what she had been expecting.

The two of them discussed it quietly for a brief moment at the scale, Daisy’s round face red in the cheeks, before she shuffled off with a look that said she’d been hit by a Blue Shell…

That, at least, made Peach feel just a little better. Surely she hadn’t gained as much weight as Daisy had in the years of inactivity—as mean as it sounded, it was nice to know that she wasn’t going to be known as the Fat Princess any time soon…

“Princess Peach?” Lakitu’s voice called out for her, “You’re up!”

Taking a deep breath (but not too deep, lest she strain her zipper!) Princess Peach tried to look confident as she steeled herself down the little aisle made for her. She did her best not to jiggle as she stepped lightly, delicately, and thought loose, floaty thoughts before her weigh-in.

*Think weightless, think light, think balloons and clouds and…*

Peach nodded gracefully to Lakitu as he silently beckoned her onto the scale. Peach closed her bright blue eyes as she heard the weight plonk against the metal. She bit her bottom lip as she heard Lakitu scribble against his clipboard. She clenched every part of her body as she heard him clear his throat.

“Okay Princess, this year you’ll be racing in the Heavy class.”

And in a perfect world, she would have been able to handle hearing that with the amount of grace and dignity that one had come to expect from a person of her station. In a perfect world, she would have been able to laugh it off, or at least try to be a good sport about it.

But in a perfect world, cakes would have zero calories and she wouldn’t get kidnapped by a turtle dragon every other month. And this was not a perfect world that they lived in.

“H-Heavy Class?” Pink’s eyes opened dewy and soft before hardening, rather rapidly, into a look of pure princess pugilism, “A-Are you sure?”

“That’s, uh… what the scale says.” Lakitu said in a (mercifully) quiet voice, “It’s pretty close, but you just barely qualify for—”

“I… I *DEMAND* A REWEIGH!”

And unfortunately, that had been just loud enough to make everyone at the assembly feel more than a little awkard…

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The difference between the two princesses had always been rather minute to the eyes of everyone in the Mushroom Kingdom, but the disparity between who was Peach and who was Daisy was becoming more and more known in the public eye—especially after *one* Princess threw a royal tantrum about being assigned to the heavy class while the other accepted her reassignment much more gracefully.

Daisy was met with a lot of encouragement thanks to her good sportsmanship, while Peach…

“This thing still *fits*, darnit!”

Peach’s cheeks were pink with rose wine and embarrassment as she struggled to squeeze into her old tennis outfit. Her pink blouse rose high over her potbelly and left inches of creamy white chub on display, all while her skirt clung to dear life over hammy hips and chunky thighs.

“Dear, don’t you think that you’re taking this thing a little hard?” Rosalina asked with a tender touch of the younger princess’s shoulder, “Being in the Heavy class isn’t so bad—it’s where I’m classified for pretty much every event, and I’ve never let it bother me any.”

“You have the whole universe under your dress.” Peach snorted petulantly, “That’s much different than just being fat.”

The fact of the matter was that the Mushroom Kingdom had never felt less confident in its ruler than it had once she stopped appearing in the various sporting events that had helped build morale after so many attacks from the Koopa Kingdom. Seeing her in good faith with the other athletes—be it racing, golf, tennis, or even a good old-fashioned Brawl—did wonders for the various Toads and Toadettes who looked up to her as an example.

And now, all anyone was seeing *anywhere* was Daisy. On the court, on the track, even online! For the last few months all Peach had seen on her social media pages were Thicc Daisy memes. For two people who had started out so similarly—even having the misfortune of publicly putting on a few pounds—there had been no greater disparity in how it had been handled.

*Hi, I’m Daisy! It’s time for my weekly review of sportswear!*

Peach grimaced as she watched her former rival’s even rounder rump press tight against the taut white spandex. It highlighted every curve, dimple, and bulge as she “tested” it with light squats, running a hand sensually around the curve of her cheek.

“Imagine being proud of getting fat.” Peach huffed as she tossed her phone to the other side of the couch, “It’s not very princess-y if you ask me.”

Peach brought the bottle of wine to her lips and then tilted her head back, letting the sweet pink wine wash down her throat as she gulped it down—her soft belly bulging that much further out as it filled with yet another mouthful to go along with her many helpings of cake.

Rosalina cut her eyes pointedly away from Peach’s fat gut as it bulged over the waistband of her skirt, and bit her royal tongue as her friend plopped down with a heavy OOF. Laying her hands on the pudgy inner-tube of royal figure that bulged out from underneath her heavy breasts, it was easy to see that the Princess of the Mushroom Kingdom wasn’t nearly as contented with her abdication from various sporting events as she pretended to be when she was sober.

“It’s just, you know, who has time to watch their figure when they’re ruling over a kingdom *and* getting kidnapped every other month?” Peach sniffed, her double chin creasing due to her slumped seating on the couch, “You understand, you’re a princess.”

“But I’ve never been kidnapped.” Rosalina pointed out helpfully, “And… I rule over a little bit more than a kingdom.”

“Same difference—you have to feel a little slighted too, you know.” Peach sniffed, “Remember when *you* were the new one and we were all jealous of you?”

“…you were jealous of me?”

“Th-That’s not the point!!”

Peach crossed her thick arms over her tummy as she pouted, trying to make a decent point while (at this point) heavily day drunk on wine.

“It’s just not fair that Daisy gets to cash in on this body positivity fad while I’m just as big and nobody pays attention to me.” Peach harrumphed, “You know that I haven’t been kidnapped by Bowser *once* since I was erroneously put into the same weight class as him?”

Rosalina grimaced uncomfortably at the implications of that statement.

“Oh, but *Daaaaaaaisy*, now she’s getting all of the attention she ever wanted!” the blonde monarch *re*-crossed her arms and huffed for dramatic effect, “I put on a couple of pounds and all of the sudden, I’m chopped Cheep Cheep!”

“Have you… erm… ever considered that Daisy is more popular because she *embraces* her looks and wears them with confidence?” Rosalina asked (what she no doubt thought was) helpfully as she crossed her hands over her lap, “No offense, but you don’t seem to have taken the extra weight well… we *are* all getting older.”

“Says the probably immortal Space Witch.” Peach pursed her lips, “And she embraces her weight all of the time—haven’t you seen her sportswear reviews?”

“That’s…” Rosalina tried to pretend that she hadn’t seen *Thicc Daisy Plays In…* , “That’s not exactly what I mean.”

Peach huffed indignantly for a moment longer before turning back to face the woman that she had invited to her castle, just to ignore her sound advice.

“Daisy is popular because she’s embraced who she is—she’s proud of her body, and she does what she can to accept the fact that she’s a bigger girl now.” Rosalina held up an educational finger, “She believes that Big is Beautiful, and she makes other people believe it with her actions—not her title, or any lingering sense of popularity because of who she is or has been for the better part of her reign as princess.”

An awkward silence loomed between the two monarchs as Peach’s gears began to visibly turn.

“Do you understand what I mean?”

“Big is Beautiful, huh?” Peach drunkenly contemplated as her blue eyes flitted back to what cake remained on the serving table, “I think I get what you’re saying now, Rosy…”

In due time, Rosalina would be disheartened to find that Peach had entirely misunderstood the moral of this story.

But that’s a tale for another day.