

PREMIERE READY

BONUS STORY

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Video game movies had certainly been going through it as of late.

It was a genre of movie that was notoriously scrutinized in the first place, not that it was done so without good reason. There was a record of these movies not performing well in the box office, be it because the interest wasn't there or the movie was just poor, be it in quality or in terms of an accurate adaptation. But ever since the mess that had been the beginning of the Sonic the Hedgehog movie's marketing campaign, well...

That had gone so poorly that it might have been the tipping point in renaissance of video game adaptations. Not had that movie been both good and well-received, but so had its sequel. Before you knew it, more and more projects were on the cusp of coming out that ultimately ended up successful. But there were still lingering concerns about any new movies that might have been coming out.

Take the Super Mario movie, for example. The day it had been announced along with its cast? The internet had collectively *lost it*, taking humor in most of the casting choices – but none as much as Chris Pratt as Mario himself. As time wore on and most of the cast became accepted and the movie was shaping up to look good, well, there were still plenty skeptical about *that* part.

“I don't remember there being a bonus for pre-reserving my ticket?” I was one of the people who had ultimately done a 180 on my impression of the movie and was going to a show late at night on the first day. It was still about a week away by this point in time, and I'd received a strange package in the mail from the local theater I had

booked my ticket at. A small box with a note thanking me for my early ticket purchase and a 'token of their thanks'. This was already strange.

What was stranger was the item inside the box. A piece of expensive looking jewelry? It was a crown with eyes on the front and a cloth, pink and white pattern in the top. It took me a second to realize what I was looking at. **"Wait, is this a Super Crown?"** A powerup that had been added in the Super Mario games that turned Toadette into Peachette. And a powerup that the art community had seized on to turn all of the Mario characters and monsters into Princess Peach-inspired versions of themselves.

"It looks pretty well-made. But is the crown going to be in the movie or something? I don't know why they'd send one of these as a gift..." Something more *relevant* would have made more sense, wouldn't it? Nonetheless, I picked it out of the box to give it a once-over with my hands. It definitely looked too small for my head, though I did place it on top as a joke with the expectation it would just slide off. *It didn't.*

In fact, something far more bizarre happened. *I couldn't get it off.*

Try as I might to remove it, it wouldn't budge. Almost like it was glued to my *scalp* and not necessarily my hair. **"What the hell's going on here?"** It wasn't like there had been an adhesive on the bottom or anything! I had no idea what was happening! I tugged and tugged, and it certainly didn't *hurt* to pull but there was no reason it shouldn't have come free! I continued my attempts to remove it.

And it was a wholly distracting ordeal, so much so that for a time it kept me distracted by a greater series of concerns that should have arisen. Such as? Well, my *weight* should have been an immediate point of contention. I was a heavier set guy by nature, and it was something I *had* been working at much more intensely as of late. But it certainly shouldn't have paid off the dividends that became so immediately apparent.

While it was certainly the most noticeable in my bulging gut, for the rounded front of my shirt appeared to be flattening, it wasn't as clear cut as trimming my body fat around the waist, either. My arms and thighs thinned, and my rear end gradually became more compact. But more than that? **"Huh?"** I *did* momentarily pause in my crown-pulling endeavors, for I had briefly wondered... *was I shorter?*

I dismissed the thought as quickly as it came to mind. That *couldn't* be the case! Despite the fact that, well, *it was*. It wasn't dramatic enough that I wasn't unable to write it off though, for I had only fallen down to

5'9". It wasn't shocking enough to prompt me to look *down* at myself, where I might find my clothes hanging baggily from my trimmed, thinned, and *firming* form? That certainly seemed to be the case, and even the swell of my arms was indicative of that.

Not dramatically so, but the muscles in my arms had swollen so that they were notable thicker and toned. It wasn't *just* my arms either, for muscles had swollen all across my body. My chest was stronger as were my legs – I even had a six-pack! But when it came to my stomach and the nearby waistline, there was likewise something *strange*, at least if I were to consider my body a masculine one.

My waistline had narrowed considerable, pinching in to grant me a feminine grate.

Ultimately there *was* a limit to my unintended ignorance, but before that was shattered a few additional changes had taken place – predominantly in and around my *head*. My face, for example? It had already thinned now that my BMI was dramatically lower, but its shape, as well as the features upon it, all underwent a dramatic shift.

In general, the design of my jaw became more circular, but my face was likewise rendered a touch longer. The lashes around my eyes fluttered longer while I blinked, the lids they were attached to had stretched so that my eyes were wider and more feminine. Not only that, but the colors of my irises took on a bright and sparkling blue. My nose was smaller, almost button shaped, and my lips? They found a new fullness, my expression pushed into a natural pout. But what was more remarkably strange was the fact that my canine teeth appeared larger and sharper, and they'd certainly peek out while smiling.

Not that I *was* smiling at that moment. In fact, those lips were still turned down into a frown as I struggled with the crown. **"I can't just leave this... on my... head? What's up with my voice?"** It sounded high. *Much* too high, in fact, like a woman's if she had inhaled some helium. But it almost sounded familiar? Like a video game character, maybe? My confusion only worsened as strands of hair fell into my gaze though, for they were blonde locks that had slipped down past equally blonde, but now excessively bushy eyebrows.

"This... isn't possible?" Common sense suggested as much, and yet hands moved from the crown to grasp some of these blonde strands. And there were a *lot* of them, for this dyed hair was in the process of lengthening a gratuitous amount. It became thick and bushy as it fell past my shoulders, cascading all the way down to my ass in the process. There was something messy and unkempt about it all, and it seemed to

curl naturally in places as if it wasn't properly cared for. **“Am I becoming a girl!? Is it the crown?”**

I had finally put two and two together, at least. My body had a feminine arch to it, then you threw in my hair and a voice that sounded eerily similar to that of Princess Peach, and well... Was this an effect of the Super Crown? Was it a *real* Super Crown!? I shuffled about a bit in a panic, and the movement prompted my jeans and boxers to finally slide from my thinned body. Not that it mattered, because being both thinner and a touch shorter meant the base of my shirt reached far enough down to cover my loins.

Had my pants held on a few moments longer though? They would have remained upright – for the area around my crotch soon swelled. My hips were pushed inches wider, in turn prompting my knees to buckle in towards each other. But they didn't widen by *choice*. It had been made necessary as weight was applied to my ass and thighs.

In the case of the former, my cheeks pushed out against the bottom back of my shirt, rounded shapes full and tight, yet they'd have a notable bounce with each step I took. What didn't bloat my rear saw to it that my thighs found their own rounded shapes, with thighs swelling to be comparable to my narrowed waistline in width. **“Why is this happening to me!?”** I could only whine as I noted my thicker lower body, and the rubbing of thighs against each other initially crushing my dick. But that discomfort? It soon faded in a way that prompted my hands to reach between my legs.

“No, not that!” I reached up the shirt past plush thighs in search of what I had feared in that moment, but in the end? Fingers only grazed a nub before sliding *inside* of my body. Into my new *slit*, for my sec had finally changed. My entire body squirmed after I hastily withdrew my hands, one part aroused from the experience and one part unsettled by the uncanny sensation of my sexual organs transforming inside of me. There was no doubt that I had a *womb* now. **“Not... that...”**

The defeated whimper sounded through my maidenly voice was brief, for I soon had to grapple with another issue. Or a *pair* of them, really. My posture was forced forward thanks to a weight that had begun to amass beneath my shirt, and I could already feel erect nipples pushing against the underside of the cloth. **“Oh god...”** I knew what was coming. I could already feel my shirt tightening around them, after all.

Breasts. Tits, and ones that weren't at all paltry in size took form. The skin of my chest was stretched around the fatty tissue that filled them, and at first? It was a little bit of padding at best. Things escalated oh so quickly however, and before long they had to be C-cups? **“Nn...”** I could

feel them jiggle as they reached a continuing expanding fullness, and with the space limited in my shirt? My pussy and the mess of blonde pubes above it were ultimately exposed as the bottom of that shirt was lifted up. It took all of my power now to touch the aching, needy tits that ultimately reached F-cups upon my torso, and despite their size? They seemed to be plenty perky.

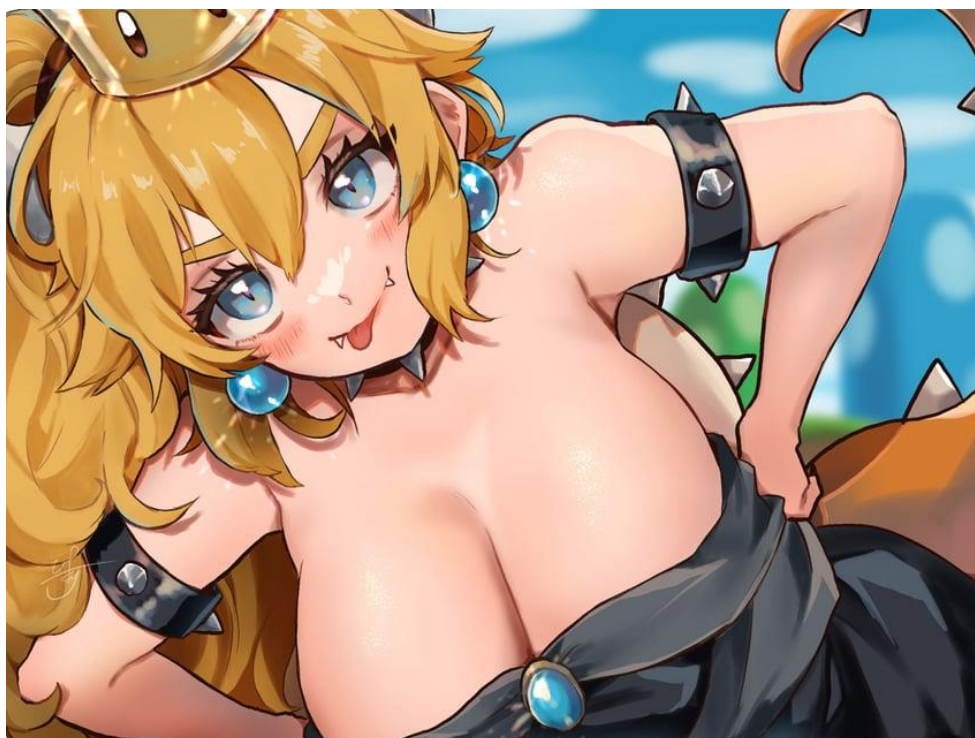
“I have tits... Okay, I have tits... But I also have a pussy, so... I’m TOTALLY A WOMAN NOW!?” How was I even supposed to *process* all this? And all because of a prop crown? Magic wasn’t real! This must have been some sort of dream! And yet, it became even more like a nightmare as traits began to develop that weren’t even expressly *human*. Such as?

Well, my shirt had already been lifted to reveal essentially everything beneath my hips, but in the back above my plump ass? The shirt was lifted further as *something* began to extend from my tailbone. It could only *be* a tail of course, and it curled upwards into a narrow tip while the base was extremely thick. It was *all* scaly with yellow gloss like some sort of *lizard*, and sharp, white spikes lined its top.

If you’re wondering why I didn’t notice this, nor why I didn’t notice the *spiked shell* that tore through my clothes on my back, leaving the front and tatters to fall to the floor, leaving my naked, well... I had been fixated on a pressure on my skull. A pair of pressure points that suddenly erupted into a pair of curved, white horns. **“HUH!?”** My hands jumped to them, but then I soon noticed the weight on my back, and my tail as well...

“HAAAH!? What the heck happened to me!? I’m like some kind of...!?” I almost didn’t want to say it, but even verbally there were clues that contributed to the reality. My voice was sweet and high pitched in sound, but the *way* I was talking was gruff and masculine, like a man trapped in the body of an attractive, young woman’s. Well... That *was* the case, but it still wasn’t my personality. **“Bowsette!? Even saying that name... It’s... mine?”**

It was definitely a hard feeling to describe, but saying *Bowsette* filled me with familiarity. The designation used for Bowser when he was wearing the Super Crown, which certainly matched my physical description at the moment. **“But that doesn’t change that my name is actually... actually...?”** What *had* my old name been? I couldn’t remember, and not only that? My ID had changed to reflected this new identity of mine, as reality had changed to accept a people with lizard tails and horns. I’d even find clothes in my dresses that would fit just right. Along with a lot of spiked cuffs.



My memories remained unchanged aside from this, however. I wasn't *literally* Bowser wearing a Super Crown, but my identity was just that of 'Bowsette' in a more fundamental sense. Because I didn't have any change in memories though, I didn't know *what* to expect. Had my relationships changed? My job? Was I going to get hit with random facts as time wore on? As much as I *probably* should have been worried about these things, the moment I was reminded of just how hefty my chest was? "**Well... It is my body, right? So if I...**" I was going to have a long night alone in the bedroom making *new* memories.

Memories of how this body felt.

But hey, I'd sure be ready for the movie premiere next week!