

Royalty

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A PeachXDaisy and PeachXMario fan fiction.

1. The Beginning

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By Nicola Amos

Chapter One: The Beginning

Princess Toadstool, or 'Peach' as she was known to most, opened her eyes slowly. Her room was still dark: Toad hadn't come to wake her up and open the curtains as usual. She glanced at the clock. 5:02am. No wonder he hadn't come yet! It was way too early. Peach tried closing her eyes again and going back to sleep, but something was stopping it from happening. She opened her eyes again and sat up, sighing. "Darn, why can't I sleep!?" she said to herself. She pushed her pink duvet to the bottom of the bed and swung her legs out. She shoved her feet into her pink furry slippers with a crown pattern and tiptoed over to the curtains. Pulling them back, she opened the balcony door and walked out into the misty morning.

It was still pretty dark, but the pale streams of light from the sun were beginning to creep over the horizon. The soft breeze rippled the moat's waters, and the flowers swayed. The trees' leaves rustled quietly and a few rabbits hopped around, not knowing the princess was watching them.

Peach became aware of her skin getting cold and glanced down at her thin nightie. She stepped back inside her room and closed the balcony door again but left the curtains open. As she sat down on the chair in front of her dressing table, her eyes wandered to the portrait of her 'hero', Mario, on the wall. It was taken shortly after another fight with Bowser, and he had a cut on his face, his cap was lopsided and his hair was tousled, but he was still smiling. Peach sighed again, then looked at a small photo of her best friend, Princess Daisy of Sarasaland, on the dressing table. It's frame was small, silver and had silver butterflies around it. Peach smiled. It was a photo of Daisy in her bright yellow bikini by her pool on her cruise ship. Her hair was sopping wet and her crown was almost falling off, but she was still smiling. So why wasn't Peach smiling, when everyone around her looked so happy?

"I don't know what to feel for you two...." she said quietly to herself, as a lonely tear slid down her cheek by itself.

Suddenly, Toad burst in with a tray holding a steaming mug of coffee, two slices of toast, a small packet of butter and a small packet of jam.

"Oh! Sorry, Princess..." he said when he saw her already awake. "I didn't think you'd be awake, so I didn't bother knocking..."

"Never mind!" she replied, wiping her eyes hastily. "Take my breakfast down to the dining room, if you will."

"Right away," answered Toad. He bowed, walked out, closed the door and was gone.

