

Yoshi Girl

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My name is Cindy and I love Yoshi. He's my favorite Nintendo character, far better than Mario, but I'm getting ahead of myself; I'll bet you want to know what I look like.

Well, I'm about five foot two, have medium length blond hair, (I'm a *real* blond), I have developing hips and a pinched waist that I keep flat with crunches every day. My breasts are on the small side, but I like them that way... although they're getting bigger every day.

I've played nearly every single Mario based game ever made. I'm a junkie, but my favorite games are the ones with Yoshi, in fact he's the reason I even play anymore. In Mario Brawl I'm always Yoshi, and I love everything about him.

So one Sunday afternoon I'm out searching through discount bins in game stores for a specific game: Super Mario World for the Super Nintendo. In my search for this elusive game, I find myself walking into a small shack of a game store that I discovered downtown with insufficient lighting and a cluster of shady characters roaming around.

Once inside I almost head back outside to my mom's car. The strangest people are walking slowly through the aisles, most of which don't seem to be about to buy anything, and half of which watch me with hostile eyes as the door shuts behind me. What keeps me there, however, is a large bin marked "Super Nintendo", and I forget about all the faces staring at me.

I quickly begin rummaging through the whole barrel, pulling out armfuls of cartridges, and I'm beginning to lose hope when at the very bottom I find it.

It's marked used, but it looks and feels, and even smells, like brand new. Ecstatic, I bring it to the counter to check it out.

The cashier, who appears to be the owner as well, takes one look at the cartridge that I hold out to him, and a strange look passes over his face.

"No charge." He says, and waves at me as if to make me leave faster.

"What? Why?" I ask.

"Because I'll be glad to be rid of it if you can keep it away. Seems every time I sell it its back in the store within the month. It's unsellable, it always gets returned, and I'm not refunding any more receipts. Just take it and keep it."

Well, who can beat that? Before he can renege on the offer I'm out the door and heading home. I entertain thoughts of how fun the game will be all the way into my driveway, the cartridge laying on my lap inside a small plastic bag. When I'm inside I can hardly wait, and immediately pop the game into my console, and fire it up. My two twin brothers Ben and Ken, both just now entering middle school, try to make me let them play it first even though I'm the one who went through the trouble to get it in the first place. I ignore them, a not unimpressive feat considering the volume at which they are yelling at me, threatening to tell mom that I won't share the TV. When they won't leave me alone I grab them by their ears and throw them out of the room, slamming the door behind me. I proceed to sit down with the controller in my hands, the usual fleeting thought of how awesome it would be to be Yoshi passing through my head.

At first I think the game must be broken since nothing appears on the screen. Then the screen flashes a million colors, blinding me, and with a pop the outlet explodes, tripping the circuit breakers in the room.

I can't see anything for several seconds, the colors burned into my retinas, but I blink my eyes clear. The house is dark, and I can just barely make out the silhouette of my brothers.

"I've got it!" shouts mom as she heads into the garage to reset the fuse box. In seconds the lights flicker back on. Surveying the damage, I see that the outlet is blackened and the cord to my Nintendo system is melted.

But before I can look closer, I am distracted by a startling burst of pain.

My belly has suddenly begun cramping something fierce. The pain is so unexpected and so complete that I curl into the fetal position and cradle myself, gripping my stomach and rolling over onto my side.

The pain ebbs away slowly, but I'm left feeling funny. Most especially, my butt feels funny. That's when my skinny butt and narrow hips start to swell, snapping the button on my jeans almost immediately. My stomach starts hurting again too.

"Ahhh!" I shout out as my ass pushes outwards behind me and my hips widen almost explosively. My skin feels like it's crawling and stretching, and I look down to see that my hands have turned blue, and so have my arms and legs.... but my belly and... other areas... have turned white. My jeans are starting to hurt me, so without thinking I take them off even as they start to split and tear.

And that's when I start to feel funny in a whole new place.

I have never been so embarrassed in my life, I'm in my family's living room with my pants off, turning into some sort of blue monster, and I'm getting wet! And being embarrassed about it is only making it worse!

Well, at least my ass has stopped swelling up like a party balloon. I look behind me to see a thick dinosaur tail sticking out of me, and muffle a shriek of surprise as it wells up in my throat. I can feel the changes traveling up my body now, as my waist narrows, and I feel my already smallish breasts start to shrink! No No No!!! In seconds I have a flat chest, and I'm starting to cry and I still feel funny down there and now my head is changing too! I feel my neck become longer, and my tongue too, as my face bulges out and my lovely blond hair disappears. The final changes to occur are a row of ridges that sprout along

my spine, starting on top of my head and ending at the tip of my tail, and my legs and feet turn into something resembling what a T-Rex has.

It's finally over, whatever had happened to me has now stopped, but my day has only just begun. Ken runs into the room at break-neck speed, his voice high and shrill as he calls my name. I think he may have been trying to say something about having told mom and that mom said blah blah blah....

When he turns the corner and bursts through the door, however, it triggers an unexpected reaction in my gut and without my wanting to I shoot my tongue out at him and it wraps around his waist. All I see before his head disappears into my now over-sized mouth is his expression, which is one of complete surprise.

He starts hitting me, and I try to spit him out, but I can't! I try as hard as I can, but every time he thrashes, and every time I try to open my mouth wider to attempt to remove him from me, my tongue pulls him deeper into me. I can't let go of him! He's trying to scream, but he can't make a noise louder than a muffled protest that tickles my nose as the air escapes, and despite me trying to pull him out of my mouth, and despite his kicking and screaming, he slides down my throat and into my belly, but not into my stomach.

Somehow I know he bypasses my stomach, and goes lower in my belly. As his feet finally flow past my lips, and he becomes trapped inside me, I shudder with an incredible sense of satisfaction. I have only a few seconds to figure out what just happened before I realize that Ken has stopped moving, and in fact all I can feel inside of me now is a smooth, round, hard object. That smooth, rock-hard object can only be an egg, and now contains my brother. I look down at myself and suddenly recognize what I am.

I'm a blue Yoshi, and I just ate my brother.

My stomach is now incredibly swollen, so much so that I look way beyond being pregnant. It's incredibly uncomfortable and unpleasant, but I pick myself up and try to waddle towards the door. I need help. We need to go to the hospital! I may have just killed my little brother!!

But I haven't gotten five steps before I suddenly encounter pain like nothing I have felt thus far. Agony blossoms inside of me as Ken begins his journey back out of my body.

He's huge! He stretches my delicate insides to a point that doesn't seem physically possible! I feel my poor little vagina stretch wider than could ever be physically possible over the rounded tip of the egg as I can't help but push him out of me, muscles inside me contracting against my wishes. I watch my pussy as it stretches open and framed by my labia is the spotted green and white shell. First my poor kitty can only stretch a few inches, but with the terrible, painful feeling my pussy stretches even further as if it were made of hard rubber, the opening becomes the size of my hand, and the point of the egg pokes out of my body just a little bit before sliding back up into me. I involuntarily push harder and I stretch open even farther... he's the size of a freaking beach-ball and I haven't stretched enough to pass a grapefruit!

But it keeps on going. I groan out in agony as my pussy slips farther along the egg, and is forced ever wider. After every inch of progress I can't imagine that I could stretch any more, but I do. I feel my hips nearly dislocate as the egg passes through my narrow passageway. Almost as bad as the unsolicited pushes by my uterus are the moments when my muscles relax and the egg slips back farther into my

body. This back and forth pushing of the egg seems to last forever until at long last he's almost out of me. Just one....more.....PUSH!

And with a small roar I lay an egg over half my size that feels as though it were made of solid marble.

I didn't realize it, but I'm sweating like I just ran a marathon, but I don't seem to have suffered any damage from birthing this egg containing my brother. In fact, looking at me you'd never guess I just had an egg inside of me twice the size of a basketball! I continue to feel funny down there, and I try to ignore it as cracks form on the shell. God I hope I didn't hurt him!

The egg explodes, and out from inside of it jumps out a red Yoshi about half my size.

"KEN?" I ask tentatively.

"Woah..." he says, suddenly swaying. "I feel funny. What just happened?"

"I don't know," I say, "but I'm going to fix it, don't you worry."

Well, that's when my other brother, Ben, walks into the room.

"Mom wants to know what all the noise is ACK!"

He doesn't get to say anymore as KEN's tongue shoots out, wraps around his waist, and he sucks him into his mouth. Just like me, he tries to spit Ben out, but can't.

"Shitshitshitshit!" I say quietly, so that mom won't hear. KEN swallows Ben, doubling in size, his face quickly changing from that of confusion to one of horror and pain.

"Ow Ow OW! Stop it! Make it stop!"

The bulge in his belly has started to move downwards, and a slit in his naked groin now starts to stretch open.

Watching him, however, evokes a strange reaction in me. I hardly noticed it at first, that funny feeling in my lower belly. I thought it was just me getting turned on, and it was, but I forgot one thing about Yoshi.

Something in my groin starts to push outwards, and I look down to see something thick and purple expanding out of the top of my vagina. It takes me several seconds to recognize what it is, but as it continues to grow bigger and bigger, there's no doubt that it's a phallus.

It's thick and purple and about half a foot long and still growing. The tip comes to a tapered point, and the sensitive head flares back like the tip of a spear. It also is curving upwards to point back at my belly, standing straight into the air. Oh God.

I accidentally contract my pelvic muscles and my dick grows larger by half an inch, and continues to swell.

"Oh no," I cry to myself.

“Cindy!” Ken sobs, and I turn to see him trying to birth his brother. He’s in obvious pain and discomfort, but moreover he’s simply horrified at what has happened to him and what he’s doing.

“It’s okay Ken, shhh...” I say as soothingly as I can, quickly standing next to him and placing my arms around his shoulders.

“Make it stop!” he whispers.

But I can’t make it stop. I can only hold him as an enormous egg emerges from his slit, and out from the egg explodes a green Yoshi.

“Ben?” I ask quietly.

“Sis?” he asks tentatively, in shock and disbelief. “What just happened... and what is that?”

He points to the raging phallus bobbing up and down in front of me, and suddenly ashamed of myself I try to cover it with my shirt.

“Nothing!” I stammer.

“AHHH!” screams Ken, and startled I glance at him to see what’s wrong. What’s wrong is that something green is growing out of the Nintendo.

“What the fuck!?” I shout, no longer caring if mom hears. We need help.

“Oh my God it’s a chomper...” says Ben with wide eyes.

It is indeed a chomper: a red flower with white polka dots and big teeth. What in the hell is happening here?!?

The flower grows until it nearly reaches the ceiling, a wicked grin spreading across its enormous mouth. The three of us back into the farthest corner of the room. Green tendrils from the plant have already blocked off our only possible exit: the door.

I glance down at my brothers, and can’t help but notice that slits at the base of their tails seem to have swollen up and are even turning a light shade of pink. My... thing... throbs from looking at them. Scared and confused I look back at the chomper.

Ben screams. A green tendril has grabbed his leg, and has pulled him to the floor. Both me and Ken immediately dive down to help him, digging at the thick vine with our fingers and hitting it in hopes of making it let go of him. It doesn’t.

Instead another tendril grabs hold of his other leg and spreads him apart. The chomper appears to be grinning evilly as a third tendril moves forward with terrible purpose. Ben’s slit is highly exposed and has become wet on top of everything else, as has Ken’s, and a bead of fluid forms on the tip of what can only be my strange new dick.

All of us are growing hysterical as the vine slips in between Ben's legs with the obvious intention of inserting itself into him, Ben himself shouting at the top of his lungs for help. I try to kick it out of the way, but that only knocks it aside momentarily before it lunges.

Ben's breath catches as it enters him, and before he can fill his lungs for another scream it begins fucking him. Instead he immediately uses his air for other protests.

"AH! AH! AH! AH! AH! CINDY! HELP! ME! AHHH! OH! AH! STOP IT! WAHHHH!"

"I don't know what to do!" I shout desperately back.

"I don't like this!" cries Ken, right before he too is grabbed by a tentacle.

"NOOOOOOOOOO!" he shouts.

He falls to the floor, but I grab hold of his hand and try to pull him to his feet, fighting the plant. It's surprisingly strong, but I can fight it! I pull harder and drag Ken towards the window, my arms wrapped around him from behind under his arms, my boner so hard it hurts and rubbing against his back, but I try not to think about it. I can't afford to worry about his dignity right now.

But it turns out to be a futile attempt. Another slender vine grabs me by the waist and slams me into Ken.

"Ow!" we both shout, and I try to push off him. My groin and the thing sticking out of it pressed between the skin of my belly and his back.

"What's happening?" asks Ken fearfully.

"No No No No NO!" is all I can say as I feel the tentacle around my waist position me. It seems to me to be all too obvious what is happening, as the plant pushes Ken's tail up and out of the way and bends him over slightly to give me a perfect view of a slick and slippery slit. Holy fuck it wants me to fuck my brother!

"Cindy? Please don't...." Ken begs.

"I'm so sorry," I whimper back, powerless. The plant guides me effortlessly, and to be perfectly truthful I'm not fighting it as hard as I possibly can. A small part of me is curious. A small part of me is desirous of this, and wants it to happen. It's a very small part of me to be sure, but it's enough to make we want to die of shame.

And then I'm thrust forward.

I penetrate Ken with surprising ease at first, but very quickly he becomes much too tight for comfort. Vines whip around both of our legs, asses, and waists and begin to force us together, and Ken cries out as I spread him wide, and oh my God his skin feels so soft and smooth and *hot* around my...

Ben continues to howl behind me as the vines begin doing things to him that I don't even have a name for as he is now getting viciously gang-banged, and apparently enjoying it despite himself.

"Help meeeeeee!" cries Ben.

"Mommy!" agrees Ken, as I'm forced to fuck my own brother's pussy.

"Oh my God," I gasp, unable to even comprehend what is happening to my body but unable to stop it.

"Ken! I think... I think I'm gonna.... Oh my God I'm gonna.... UUUUNNNGGGH!" I finish with an enormous moan as I begin ejaculating inside my brother. The plants squeeze us together incredibly tight as I can't help but pump my little brother full of seed.

"No No No!" cries Ken, and I cry with him.

"I'm so sorry.... I can't help it," I moan as I continue to fill his tight little pussy full to bursting. I can't even begin to stop it.

After only a matter of seconds though, I seem to run out and quite suddenly I'm exhausted, but the plants just resume forcing us to fuck.

"Stop it!" I shout. "I can't take any more of this!!"

"You're...One...To...Talk..." pants Ben coming down off a second orgasm. Tears are streaming down his face as leafy tentacles continue to fuck him, both in his pussy and his ass now. A third vine is mercilessly tweaking his clit, and a fourth playing with breasts that have only just now begun to develop on his chest.

"I don't like this..." says Ken with a moan as his body shudders over and over, faster and faster now. "But I can't help that it feels good!" he screams as he climaxes, his vaginal muscles cramping down on my still-rock-hard boner so powerfully that despite his pussies slipperiness the vines cannot extract me from his clenching mound.

"OHhhhhhhh..." he moans, weeping as his pussy practically gushes fluids down our legs.

"Make it stop," he begs.

The vine answers his plea by ramming a second tentacle up his ass, and then mine.

"Eeeep!" we both shout, and suddenly we're both being pounded in the ass by surprisingly slippery vines, the tentacles sliding deep into our bowels before yanking back out, the occasional leaf along its length adding bumps along the way.

Ken is still in mid climax, and my penis, which was starting to go limp inside of him from lack of stimulus (finally!), is now stiffening back up due to the vine jumping in and out of my ass like a piston and rubbing up against what I assume to be my prostate judging by the reaction it's stimulating in me, I'm instantly

brought back to full attention against every ounce of willpower that I have, and despite the pain it causes me.

And poor Ken just whimpers as he continues to orgasm for nearly half a minute straight.

"It's okay," I try to tell him in between getting fucked in the ass and having my dick milked by his uncontrollably flexing pussy. "It's going to be okay," I say again, trying to reassure him as well as myself.

"This is NOT OKAY!" screams Ben until he is suddenly silenced by a tentacle slipped into his mouth. The vine then forces its way down his throat at an alarming pace with no signs of stopping even as his belly starts to wriggle and expand. Ben's eyes roll up into the top of his head as he is brought to orgasm for the third time by the vines, servicing him, his moans and shouts muffled around the vine down his throat; it's too thin to actually block his air. Before he's even finished orgasming the tentacle that went down his throat explodes out of his ass, and now his ass is getting fucked from two directions. He tries to scream, but only accomplishes a loud moaning sound, punctuated by sobs.

Meanwhile me and Ken have resumed our forced fuck marathon. It hardly even feels good to me now, I'm so numb and sore. I don't think I can take much more of this abuse when lo and behold a vine finds its way into a hole somewhere between my legs that *isn't* my asshole!

I still have a pussy! I'm filled with relief for only a split second though.

Oh no. I still have a pussy, and that means that it can be fucked too.

And now I'm being filled with something other than relief, namely a thick fucking fine forcing its way into my vagina.

It's like someone is shoving a spear up inside of me, and I can't stop it from going deeper. I cry out in fear as I can't help but think that it won't stop until it's skewered me all the way through, and I'm partly right. I feel the rock-hard tip of the plant slam through my cervix deep in my body, and being to fill my cervix with plant.

"Ohhhhhh," I moan as the feeling of plan sliding continuously up such a sensitive organ sends me orgasming again, but this time it's not a male orgasm. Unbeknownst to me my pussy has been there the whole time, and it had been getting incredibly wet and swollen, begging for the attention the rest of me was getting, and suddenly when it gets all that it could desire and more it's too much, and sends overloading signals of pleasurable sensation to my brain that has already triggered an orgasm more massive and overwhelming than any I have ever experienced.

I don't scream like Ben, or cry like Ken, but rather go brain-dead for a full minute as my body explodes in ecstasy. I don't even notice that Ken is slowly being brought towards another orgasm in front of me, his arms feebly trying to fight off the vines violating him so horribly. I hardly even notice when I have another male orgasm right in the middle of it, the awesome waves of pleasure all mixing together into a melting pot of sensation. For that full minute I am in love with what this plant is doing to me.

And then it all comes back to me in a rush as I come down off my high and find Ken starting his own orgasm, and judging by his reaction to it, one to rival the one I just had. His eyes roll up into the back of his head as he squeals in joy, though tears streak his face.

Oh my god, I think to myself. We need to get away from this plant right now or we'll never willingly leave.

Think girl! How do you defeat a chomper?! How does Yoshi defeat chompers?!?

Oh..... Duh.

I could kill myself for not thinking of it sooner.

I turn my head as much as the vines will allow me and sight the big red piranha plant's head as it watch the scene before it with a toothy grin.

And without hardly realizing what I'm doing or how I'm doing it I open my mouth wide and my tongue launches out and rips the plant out of the ground by its roots, the vines it had sent out ripping out of all our bodies as I swallow the evil thing whole.

My belly expands momentarily from the large mass of struggling and wriggling plant before my stomach sharply compacts back into its normal size and suddenly everything is still.

That is, until my mom bursts into the living room with a shotgun, now that the door is no longer blocked.

It took some explaining to convince mom of what had happened. It was odd that she didn't believe any of it at first when the proof was standing right in front of her. The living room was a total wreck, and we wouldn't be able to go back in there for several more weeks.

The first thing we did after mom finally accepted our story was to go back to the shop I bought the game from, but when we got there the entire place was cleared out. We asked around, but everyone we talked to said the shop has been abandoned for years.

And after that all hope of us returning to our normal bodies again dried up, but despite the initial shock of the news I don't think any of us minded. My two brothers definitely didn't anyways, quickly getting accustomed to their bodies as only guys would. I walked in on them masturbating together easily half a dozen times in the first month. I knew they were sex fiends before, but now it's far worse... and with each other? Ick. I almost preferred their old girlfriends.

We continued to go to school, and quickly became like the schools mascots. If anyone noticed that Ben and Ken weren't batting for the other team now nobody said anything, and the same went for me, but let me tell you that my relationship with guys got very weird. Most men don't like it when their girlfriend is bigger than them... but eventually I found a guy who didn't mind what I looked like or what I was like in bed. It turns out having a penis is pretty damn fun if you use it right. You can only begin to imagine the sorts of role-playing we did...

So despite the unpleasantness of that first life-changing day... we all ended up being pretty happy with it. It did make us somewhat rich and famous... and I'm getting married in the spring. My brothers are still sex crazy, and do the twin thing very well... They have no shortage of friends of both types.

We get requests for transformations from fans every day, but since it's a rather uncomfortable and strange process that takes a few minutes we don't do it much, and only if the person is dead serious about becoming a Yoshi. We make all applicants fill out a form that waives all liability.

Strangely, though, most people don't think we're real... but rather just people in costume. I guess most Americans need to see a thing to believe it.

But the question I sometimes ask myself even now... the question I'm sure you're curious to ask too... is would I do it again? If I had the chance to redo it, would I push that cartridge in, or crush it with my foot?

What a silly question. When you voice it, you realize you should already know the answer.