

Oh Golly, I'm a Princess!

By Farleven

"Oohh... golly..." I gasped as he slid his hand over my chest, blushing as he gave me a gentle squeeze. "That feels, good, mister."

It really had started more innocently. I swear, I never expected to be laid out on a bed with some hunky guy pawing at me. Hell, I didn't even like guys when all of this began.

"Oh, we're just getting started." He smiled and gave me another squeeze. I giggled again as tingling pleasure shot up my spine and through my bosom. I couldn't help it, this damn personality overlay made me act every bit the innocent red headed princess I'd become.

"Really?" I looked up at him batting my innocent doe eyes. "What's next, mister?"

I wanted to curse. It wasn't like I didn't really know, but again, the damn overlay made sure I stayed in character, even if I was in a scene that would never have made it to the storyboard stage.

All this because I wanted a job at one of the Mouseland parks. It seemed like a cool gig, and great for my resume as an actor. Then they told me all the male roles were taken. I should have just bailed at that point, but then they offered me a special deal. I could become a princess, they had a secret machine they could use, besides the pay for girls was twice that for guys. It was hard to believe they couldn't sign girls up like that, but eventually I learned that it was because of a special investor who liked seeing men turned into girl, especially very girly girls.

I debated it, but then what the hell, it was crazy, but it paid well, and it was only for the summer. It was easy enough. I started out as the cross-dressing Chinese warrior chick. It was strange being a girl, but I got used to it. After a week or so, I got a little slip of paper in my box. A new offer, be a more girly princess, for more pay and better hours. How could I turn it down?

A kind of whirlwind followed that, as I skipped from one princess to the next. I could feel it bleeding through. I didn't feel the me underneath the personality overlays as strongly. Even now, I felt so much more a girl, even under the character bits. I mean, I knew I wasn't really a girl, but each time a new personality was stamped, the old me seemed to be buried deeper and deeper. This last time, the blur was even stronger. I could feel myself slipping.

"Well, first, we should get you out of that dress." He gave me a wicked grin.

"Really? Why?" I turned my head, acting perplexed. Inside I knew, but the innocent act almost felt more real, like why did a man like this want me out of my dress? The feelings were blurring again. Was I really Meria, the mermaid turned princess, or was I that guy that I kind of remembered being? How could I be sure? I mean, I certainly looked like Meria, and felt like Meria...

"Oh, so we can have more fun together." He replied. "You told me you wanted to learn more about being a human girl."

"Oh, yes, I do!" I nodded eagerly and then started to pull at my dress. Of course, I wanted to learn about being a human girl! There was so much I didn't know! That voice in my head said I did know, I'd been so many different girls already, and not so innocently either. I remembered that too, all the fun after hours with the rest of the cast. But that wasn't me, was it? It hadn't felt like me then, not exactly, and felt even less like me now. It was all getting so confusing!

"Then hurry up, and I'll give you a special show too." He smiled and started removing his clothes as well.

It was almost enough to distract me, but the promise of more fun kept me from slowing down. Those strange memories temped and tantalized as well.

Strangest of all was this very man. I knew him and yet, I didn't, not as Meria. The other memories told me he was a kind of criminal, a mobster. He'd been the one paying my bonus, getting me to switch from one girl to another, but I only learned that later. He was the one who asked me to be here tonight, in his home.

"A show?" I batted my eyes at him again as I tossed my dress aside. Now I was left in only a light blue bra and panty set that had been embroidered in a seashell pattern, one for each of my ripe, perky breasts and another covering the human gap between my new legs. I shuddered a little, I could feel the overlay blur, the drift between nudging me to act in character and me believing I was the character.

I was Meria, though, even for all those other strange thoughts bubbling up. I wasn't just some character! I wasn't acting!

"Oh, yes, sweetie, I'm going to show you what happens to a human male when he sees a girl he likes." He smiled and pointed towards his underwear. I could see something long and thick pressing against the fabric and jutting up from his crotch. Curiosity was bubbling up inside me. It didn't matter that I had memories that told me what it was, I didn't know, not really. I was just an innocent mermaid girl after all.

"Oh, goody! Can I see?" I squealed with delight. I felt myself slipping away and being pushed down by my excitement. I kept trying to push back through, to keep a hold on myself, but it was so much easier to be Meria, to think like Meria and just ignore everything else.

"Of course, all you need to do is unwrap it." He motioned down to his crotch again.

I giggled innocently and knelt before him. The mystery right before me. That voice told me again, it was no mystery, but I pushed away the thought. I slid my hands up his thighs and ran my fingers of the hem of his underpants. I felt oddly naughty, but only a little.

Then I pulled down and out popped this big fleshy thing that almost smacked into my nose, but it stopped and just jutted out from him all hard and thick right in front of my eyes. I'd never seen anything like it.

"Wow, it's so..." I turned my head. Just looking at it gave me a funny feeling between my fins... no legs. "What's it for?"

He laughed. "It's for making a girl feel good. I can show you if you'd like."

"Really? How does it work?" I reached out and poked it a little. It had a funny smell, but again the scent alone gave me the oddest tickles. I actually kind of liked it, somehow, and took a bigger whiff.

"Well, you'll need to finish undressing for me to demonstrate." He motioned to my bra and panties. I blushed again. I wasn't used to wearing much clothing, but a girl did have to be a bit modest about what she hid under her seashells. I squirmed a bit and then smiled.

"Ok, don't laugh." I reached down and slid down my panties first. It still felt weird wearing something down there. It felt better being naked. Then I reached back and unhooked my bra and slowly let the shells slip off.

"Lovely, my dear, no reason to laugh." He grinned and then stepped closer and gently guided me back down onto the bed. I felt so small next to him, but I was comfortable in his arms. I was used to the naked chests of the mermen, but nervous about the big human part that was supposed to make me feel good.

"So, how does your thing make girls feel good?" I asked again. I mean I was naked after all, like he wanted. I squashed down on those pesky odd thoughts telling me I already knew all this again. I didn't want anything to distract me from his attention.

"Well, first I need to make sure you're ready for it." He smiled and slid a hand down to my thigh.

"How can you tell?" I shuddered from the feeling as he stroked my hip.

"Just spread your legs for me and relax." He smiled.

"Okay..." I squirmed my butt into the sheets a bit and then opened my thighs, exposing my new human girl bits. I blushed a bit, feeling more open than I expected.

"Now, I'm going to feel how wet you are." He moved his hand gently over my hip and then between my legs.

"Oh, my, gosh..." I squealed at the sudden tingling pleasure that came as his fingers slid over my fleshy folds. I wasn't prepared for that. I knew I was a little sensitive down there, but now his touch was just making it feel so good.

"Feel good? You're almost ready." He replied.

"Oh gee, it's so good..." I gasped in surprise as he stroked me again.

"Then just relax and let me get you nice and wet." He kept rubbing me, stroking me, and sometimes, he slid a finger up and it was like a little flash of heaven as he rubbed that one spot.

"Oh... gosh, oh golly... Mister, that feels so nice, but why do I need to be wet? I mean we could just go in the water..." I felt my heart beating faster, and a heat growing up inside me.

"Well, my dear, it's not that kind of wet. When a nice girl likes a boy, her special place gets all warm and wet, and then he puts himself inside her." He smiled. His fingers didn't stop, they just kept rubbing and stroking, making me hotter and somehow, I knew, wetter. It took a moment for all his words to sink into my brain and I gasped as the realization struck me.

"Oh my, you're going to put your thing inside me! But it's so big!" I squealed in surprise and a little shock. Those pesky other thoughts bubbled around again, telling me he wasn't lying, and even more just how good it felt. I just couldn't believe it, but those strange thoughts made me even more curious. I had to know, really know, if it was true.

"Don't worry, it'll fit, and it'll feel so good when I do." He stroked me some more and I whimpered from the strange pleasure. I wanted to believe him, to trust him. I felt a growing ache inside me, almost a yearning. Maybe he was right.

"Ok, mister... oh my..." I gasped as he slipped a finger between my fleshy lips. My hips were squirming, it felt good, and they were trying to tease out more pleasure. Then I looked up at him again. "Am I ready yet?"

I moaned as he rubbed his finger right against what felt like my very center. I felt his fingers, all strong and they felt slick rubbing me. It was hard to handle the strange pleasure.

"I think you are." He went back to rubbing along my outer folds. "Nice and wet. Now, do you want me to make you feel real good?"

I looked down between his legs at the huge thing hanging there. It couldn't really fit, could it? My insides tingled again just thinking about it. I had to know.

"Okay, yes, please." I smiled up at him. "What should I do?"

"Just keep your legs open and relax." He answered and then he rolled smoothly between my legs. I could feel his thing rubbing inside my thigh, drawing closer to my center and then it was rubbing right along my

folds where his hand had just been.

"Oh, my, oh gosh..." I gasped from the pleasure of having his length sliding along my tender bits. "What are you doing?"

"Just getting nice and wet so I can slip inside." He shuddered and then I felt the tip of his thing sliding down and pushing against my center. "Just like this."

I bit my lip as he pushed into me. For a moment it almost felt like he couldn't fit and then I gasped as my flesh seemed to part and suddenly, he was inside me. He seemed to pause for a moment and then I felt him pushing again, and I felt a hot stretching fullness drive deep into my belly.

"Oh... oh my... oh gosh! Oh... oh Golly!" I cried out as he filled me. It was such a strange feeling, but even more, it felt good!

"Feels good right?" He asked as his hands slid up to my breasts. I moaned as he stoked and lightly squeezed them. His bare hands on my soft chest felt so much better than the earlier petting through my dress.

"Oh, yes, mister! Oh, golly I love it! And it really fits inside me!" I shuddered, still not believing the feelings boiling up inside me. That wonderful pressure and fullness down there as he held himself over me.

"Yes, it does, and it gets even better." His fingers played over my hard nipples and sent more waves of pleasure shooting through me.

"Really? Better than this?" I gasped. I knew there was more, somehow, my body seemed to be primed and eager for it. Those nasty other thoughts started to churn again but I pushed them down, not wanting them to spoil the fun.

"Oh yes, sweetie. When a human boy likes a girl, he puts his thing inside her, and then he fucks her with it until they both feel amazing." His grin turned even more wicked.

"What's a fuck?" I looked up at him in awe. If something could feel even better than this...

"Well, it's like this..." He pulled his thing back and I shuddered. It felt good having him moving inside me, and then he pushed in again. I moaned as his thing rubbed my insides. It felt wonderful.

"Oh, my... more please, Mister, more fucks please..." I pleaded as he did it again.

"My pleasure." He smiled and kept pumping in and out of me. I cried and gasped with every filling push and whimpered with every tingling retreat. Without even thinking I started to move myself with him, pushing up when he thrust forward.

"Oh golly, that's so good..." I moaned as he kept going. "More please... oh gosh... more..."

Soon we were both gasping and panting together, writhing on the bed. He was now giving me such hard fucks, I felt my whole body bouncing, and I loved it. I kept moving against him, grinding, and humping and I felt an even greater push inside me. It was like a tension, something inside me growing tight, but in a good way, the best way.

"That's it, just let it go, it's an orgasm, you'll love it." He pounded me harder, and that seemed to push me past the breaking point somehow.

"Oh, gee golly! Oh my... oh GOSH! Oh GOSH! OH GOSH! OH GOSH!" I cried as something came apart inside me. It hit me like a wave of raw pleasure, coursing through me. My whole body shuddered, and I pulled him tight, squeezing down on his thing and then I felt him exploding inside me, a warm wet heat

flooding my insides.

"Oh yes..." He grunted, plunging deep inside me and we both moaned in shared pleasure.

"Oh... my... that felt so good..." I gulped in the air as he rested on top of me.

"See, I told you." He gave me a peck on the cheek and squeezed my soft breasts again.

"Can we do it again?" I looked up at him.

"Well, human boys need a little time to recover, but yes, when I'm ready we can do it again." He smiled. "There are ways girls can help though."

"Really? How?" I asked.

He gave me another squeeze then rolled off me. I felt his thing slide out of me with a pop. It felt softer now, but I was a little disappointed to suddenly feel empty again.

"You can lick me, clean up our juices and when it gets hard, we can fuck again." He smiled. I looked down at his crotch. The thick hardness was now soft and limp. It was almost cute. Like a little tired thing.

"Really, that's all?" I asked as I rolled over and started at his thing. It was wet and the smell was different now, a mixture of the early smell and something else. I blushed a little realizing it was the smell of my wetness.

"Yep." He answered.

"Ok... here goes..." I leaned in and stuck out my tongue. Then I gave his tip a little experimental lick. The smell was interesting, but I wasn't prepared for the taste. It was salty and tangy and kind of sweet. I licked it again. I liked it!

"Wow, that tastes so good!" I giggled and started licking him even more. The voices started bubbling up again as I savored the yummy mix of flavor. I had a memory of not liking this so much, and in the back of my mind a realization that he'd made me like it, but I ignored it. All I cared about now was enjoying this moment.

Slowly as I licked and sucked on him, I could feel his thing getting harder again. He encouraged me to keep going and soon, it was all big and hard again.

"Golly, it's really so big!" I gave it another lick as I wrapped my fingers around the base to hold it steady. "Is it ready to fuck again, mister?"

"Oh yes, sweetie, it is so ready. Why don't we try on top this time?" He was already on his back, but I wasn't sure what he meant by that.

"On top?" I blinked innocently.

"Yep, just sit on top of me and then guide it in" He instructed. I squealed with delight at the idea and did just that.

I move my hips over him, grabbed onto his thing and then pushed down. I let out a gasping moan as he filled me again. It really was amazing!

It didn't end there. We kept playing for quite a while. He had me try all sorts of different positions and all of it was amazing. His thing kept shooting me full of goo, and I loved it, especially after he told me how good it felt for a boy to do that. I wanted to make him feel as good as I did! It didn't hurt that I loved the taste of that goo too, and he seemed to really like watching me lick it up.

After that he took me back to another room. It was full of other girls. I realized that I recognized so many of them. They were other princesses from the park. Now they were all here, lounging around in the nude. They looked up and smiled as we looked over them.

"Welcome to my little harem, Meria. I've been collecting new girls for a while, and I know you'll fit in perfectly here." He patted my bare bottom.

"And we'll have more fucks later?" I turned and asked him. Something was trying to work its way back into my thoughts again, but I pushed it down. I was Meria, not some strange college guy. I wanted to be with these girls and have fucks with this guy. If I let myself think anything else, I'd lose all this.

"Oh, yes, many, many times." He smiled. "I'm so glad you've adjusted to your new personality. I've been perfecting the process. I just wanted you to be perfect."

"Oh, gosh, thank you... I'm so happy!" I squealed with delight as his hand slid up from behind and stroked my human girl bits again. I looked around the room again, most of the girls were smiling and waving all as naked as I was. I wondered if any of them liked to play together. Somehow, I knew they would.

When he let me go, a few of the others approached, giggling, and smiling. They quickly pulled me away to a bath and I managed one last wave at my man, our man. I knew this was all strange, but I already couldn't get enough. This was going to be quite the life!

The End.

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