

Princess-ified with Curves

By: Firingwall

Such a marvelous day, is it not dear Christopher?

Christopher? Well, aren't we being all personal today?

I can't help it! I feel soooo giddy visiting Disneyland! Chris had recently saved up a bit of money to take a fun trip to the nearby Disneyland to have some fun. It had been a long time since he had come to the park, long before his inner toon, Tina, had entered the picture. Visiting the place and checking out all the attractions had been so much fun so far.

It was barely after lunch and in all of his zeal and rush, Chris had found himself right back in the middle of the park where he started his journey, right at Cinderella's Castle. *Sooo marvelous, buuuuut, you're rushing through everything!*

Hey! Chris snapped at his inner toon, ***I can't help being excited to see everything after all these years. Cut me some slack here!***

Well fine, but let's make sure toOH! Meet & Greet area! Go get some more signatures!!! Having walked through the castle and stepping out behind it, they had ended up near Fairytale Hall. It was a place where many costumed-wearing employees were stationed to sign autographs and entertain the young guests. Tina, who was VERY young at heart, wanted all the autographs she could get.

The inner blue fox toon took control of Chris and yanked him over to Fairytale Hall. *Need Cinderella!* she thought in a crazed manner as she pulled him to the center of the area, *I will have all the Disney Princesses before we leave today!*

Chris adjusted his shirt once he regained control of himself. He glanced around quickly and shrugged, mumbling, ***don't see her anywhere.***

WHAT?! But that's not right at all! How can there be no Cinderella near Cinderella's Castle?! This is a crime I tell ya!

Chris sighed and was about to retort when he heard something a bit away. It was two employees, one dressed as Belle and the other a regular park uniform. They were whispering about themselves, but he could still somewhat make out what they were saying: "Not here?!" "Yeah, sick today!" "But we don't have a backup Cinderella!" "Can't do anything about that."

The man shrugged and told Tina, sounds like Cinderella isn't here today. ***Oh well, I got you plenty of other signatures. It'll be...***

Tina was not even remotely listening to Chris at this moment. She gasped loudly, *no Cinderella?! This isn't right at all! All the little kiddies! How will they get her lovely signature now!?! My suffering compares not to their own!! This is a crisis to end all crises in Disneyland!!!*

I really doubt it, but let's just keep going or maybe get something to eat now or even... Suddenly, Chris found himself being yanked once again, this time towards in a new direction. A direction away from the main area and away from prying eyes, one past several corners and around some of the buildings. It was towards somewhere he probably shouldn't be.

Chris quickly found himself at the back of one of the buildings, just outside of a door labeled "Dressing Room". His heart skipped a beat. *Oh no, don't tell me...*

Chris was pulled inside, the door quickly closing behind himself. The room was very wide with makeup counters, mirrors, and racks upon racks of costumes, outfits, and dresses to wear. No one else was around at all, leaving them with plenty of privacy for what was about to commence.

Come on Tina, this won't-

It so will and the day will be saved! Tina marched Chris's body right over to one of the racks, which houses many different princess dresses. His hands and arms wiggled over to a Cinderella one, latching onto it and pulling it from its hanger.

His arms brought the costume close to his chest. It was definitely made for a size a lot smaller than him, despite how wide it looked at a glance. Tina giggled softly within his mind and suddenly, the man found himself spinning rapidly, like a cartoon twister. Air currents rattled the clothing racks and blew objects about the room as the twister spun itself over to one of the room's makeup tables.

Once reaching its destination, the twister broke apart and Chris stood in its place, perfectly still and now wearing the dress himself, even sporting some "glass" slippers and pale blue evening gloves. Although, "himself" was not the best way to accurately describe Chris. His entire form had slimmed down, dropping him down to a petite, woman's size. He had dark blonde hair that was longer but done up and plumped a bit for lovely volume. His skin was pale and smooth, with almost this inky sheen to it.

Chris' eyes were drawn to the mirror after looking down at himself, observing his new outfit and body frame. He let out a small gasp, seeing a pretty, familiar face looking back at him. It was Cinderella, just as if she had stepped out of the original film, if with more modern coloring attached to her though.

Chris sighed, pouting her plump red lips, and mumbled out loud, her voice just like that of the original character's, "of course this would happen. I can't go to Disneyland without you just having to change me into something."

But think of the children dear Chris! Tina pleaded, won't you think of the children and their needs and wants?! They need and want Cinderella to show! As such, you must... wait a sec...

What?

This... this figure. It needs my personal touch! Chris had a feeling what this personal touch meant and soon enough, **FWOOMP!** Her soft, delicate chest suddenly shot forward several centimeters. Its form grew rounder and wider, jumping several cups sizes. Her dress even seemed to change with her chest growth, the collar dipping and dipping to reveal wide, vast cleavage.

After only a few seconds, she now had large, hefty E-cup size breasts, squeezed into a form-fitting dress around her chest. Chris frowned, sighing softly and shaking her head. Despite the size and mass, Chris felt almost no weight upon herself, Tina applying her silly cartoon physics and strength to the new princess's form.

Chris opened her mouth to say something now, but it was interrupted by a big **KA-BOOOSH!** Her rear and hips had abruptly jumped forward several sizes, barely visible with her already wide ballgown. Her hips stretched to where they were almost as wide as her shoulders, while her rear suddenly looked like it had basketballs for butt cheeks.

Blushing, Chris reached down and felt her butt, her body quivering. She mumbled, "this... this is what you think the children need and want Tina?"

Maaaaaaaaaybe~

"Ugh, but this isn't at all what--"

"Hey! Who's back here?! Everyone should..." The other door on the far side of the room, the one they didn't enter, opened up and an employee in a baseball cap stepped in. He took one look at the new Cinderella and blushed, his face twisting in a blank, confused expression. His head tilted to the side, and his jaw drooped ever so slightly.

"Who... who are you?" he mumbled.

Chris, blushing herself, stuttered in her princess-ish voice, "Oh! Ah... ummm... I should probably just give this dress back and be on my--"

"NO!" The employee held out his hand, an anxious look crossing his face. "I-I need your help! Our Cinderella hasn't shown up for work today and there's a bunch of kids out there who really need their favorite princess, even if she's a bit "different" and all."

"Never fear! I'll gladly help and meet the lovely little kiddies!" Chris blushed, slamming her mouth shut. In her mind, Tina giggled softly. *There we go! Now everyone can be happy!*

Please don't speak and volunteer me for things! I don't wanna-

"Oh thank you, thank you!" the employee declared, rushing over and taking Chris' hand. "Let's get you out there right now before anything bad happens!"

Without another word, the employee pulled Chris out of the room and took her back to Fairytale Hall. Today's planned vacation was going to end up being a lot more work than she originally thought or wanted.