

Smurfette

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Annie's life had taken a sharp turn. Once a model student with a promising future, she now found herself in a mess of uncertainty. Her father's abrupt decision to leave the family after an affair had left her mother scrambling to make ends meet, and with tuition bills mounting, Annie feared she'd have to abandon her college dreams. She searched for any job to help her stay afloat but without a degree or work experience, her options were limited. That's when she stumbled upon a listing for weekend work at the local amusement park. The pay was decent, and the hours wouldn't interfere with her studies. The interview was her one shot. She knew her looks helped.

"Hm, blonde and blue-eyed... You'd make a perfect Smurfette!" the manager said, barely looking up from his clipboard.

Annie shifted uneasily in her seat. "Uh, okay, sure," she muttered, her cheeks flushing. "Will... will my skin be painted blue?"

The manager raised an eyebrow, clearly unimpressed. "Duh. Do you think Smurfettes are green?"

"No, of course not. I just..." Annie bit her lip, her voice trailing off. "Sorry." She felt a wave of shame.

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She rolled his eyes. "Anyway, it's not just face paint. It's full body. You'll be wearing makeup and styled hair—extensions included. Oh, and the cost of materials will come out of your first paycheck." Annie nodded, swallowing her pride along with her questions. She needed the money. "I'll do anything for this job."

Her first day arrived too quickly. Led into a back room, Annie was startled when she was handed a robe and told to change. The manager gestured toward a large tank filled with an eerie, shimmering blue liquid. "Disrobe and step in," she instructed, as though it were the most normal thing in the world. Annie hesitated. "Wait, all of me?"

"All of you," she said, smirking sadistically. "Can't have patches of pale skin ruining the illusion, can we?" She stared at the tank. Swallowing her nerves, she slipped out of her robe, stepped forward, and dipped a toe into the liquid. Before she knew it, she was submerged. She could almost feel the pigments penetrating her skin. Annie sat nervously in the tank, as the manager wearing spotless gloves approached with a brush. "Hold still," the woman instructed gently, dipping a fine brush into the blue. Annie flinched as the cool paint touched her cheek, then sighed and forced herself to relax.

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Over the next twenty minutes, the woman worked with meticulous precision, painting Annie's face, ears, scalp and even her lips. "Please, don't purse them," the painter said with a hint of exasperation when Annie grimaced.

Annie tried to remain still, though the sensation of the brush gliding over every inch of exposed skin above the tank line made her squirm inwardly. Hopefully the bleach would come off easily. Finally, the woman stepped back and examined her handiwork before nodding in satisfaction. "You're ready for the fixing shower. Go rinse. It'll seal the paint."

Annie walked to the adjacent stall, where jets of cool water sprayed her evenly.

When she stepped out and caught sight of herself in the mirror, she nearly gasped. Her skin was still a flawless, vibrant blue. Even her lips gleamed with the color. She touched her face hesitantly, then muttered under her breath, "Fuck, I look like a freak."

She flagged down the lady. "Hey, this stuff—it comes off easily, right?"

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The woman chuckled dryly. "Easily? No, honey. You'll need a special remover. One dose is provided for free on Sunday night after your shift. If you want extra to remove it Saturday evening and reapply it Sunday morning, though, you'll have to pay out of pocket."

Annie bit her blue lips. "Great. Stuck with blue skin on Saturday nights. There goes my social life. Guess I'll have to skip parties for a while." She sighed, resigned. "Unless it's a costume party or something." Her reflection in the mirror, a cartoonish figure with alien blue skin, stared back. Annie shrugged. "I need the money too badly," she muttered, pulling her robe back on. Annie was handed a white Smurfette outfit—a short dress white dress. She held it up skeptically, sighing. "Here we go."

A stylist, who introduced herself as Bethany, gestured for Annie to take a seat. Bethany, clearly accustomed to more upscale clients, approached with an air of practiced efficiency. She carefully unboxed a set of impossibly long blonde hair extensions. "You know, we don't often get pretty girls like you willing to go through this... process." "Ehm it's only a temporary job, I was kinda short on money." "No shame in that. Keep in mind you might want to ask for a raise soon, they don't often find girls like you for this role."

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"Oh, thanks!" "Alright, let's get these on," Bethany said cheerily, running her gloved hands through Annie's freshly lightened hair. "Wait... my hair is even lighter than before, it looks bleached! What happened?" Bethany chuckled. "That's the liquid. It has a double effect—it turns your skin blue and your hair even lighter. Adds to the authenticity." Annie groaned, shaking her head. "Great. It looks bleached!"

Annie stared as the extensions were applied, watching as her hair transformed, growing longer and longer until it cascaded past her waist, almost to her knees. "Wow," Annie breathed. "I thought my hair was long enough! Are the extensions... permanent?"

Bethany smirked as she secured the last strand. "Yes, they're bonded on. Don't even think about getting a haircut until you stop working with us, this procedure is expensive and is covered only once. Don't worry, though, you'll get used to the weight."

"Shoot," Annie muttered, running her fingers through the silky, golden locks. "Now I'm stuck with super long hair for the whole time!"

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Before Annie could say another word, Bethany grabbed a canister of extra-strong hairspray. “Now for the finishing touch,” she said. Annie watched, horrified, as the stylist teased her hair, then sprayed it into a voluminous puff, carefully shaping it into the iconic Smurfette tuft. Not only the height and shape looked ridiculous, but the shine and texture of her hair looked so unnatural, it gave her hair a wig-like appearance that looked nothing like her natural style.

“This is so humiliating,” Annie muttered, staring at her reflection. She turned her head, and the stiff tuft didn’t move. “I look like a cartoon character.”

Bethany grinned, clearly pleased with her work. “Exactly! And that’s the whole point. You’re Smurfette, darling. Embrace it!”

Annie’s look was finalized with the signature white Smurfette hat. As she stepped out into the bustling amusement park, the reaction was immediate. Children flocked to her, giggling and shouting with glee, tugging at her hands and bombarding her with endless questions, to which she replied with a cartoonish falsetto voice, as instructed.

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"Are you the *real* Smurfette?" one little girl asked, her eyes wide with wonder.

"Of course I am sweetie!"

"Why are you the only girl?" a boy chimed in.

"That is a very good question! Nobody knows, I was created like this by the evil wizard, Gargamel! Go ask him, if you dare!"

Annie did her best to stay cheerful and play along, but as the day wore on, the stares from grown-ups became harder to ignore. Men lingered with curious glances, some bold enough to whistle or flash appreciative smiles. The attention made Annie's cheeks burn beneath the blue paint. "Chill, they're just admiring the costume" she told herself, but it didn't make it any less awkward. And humiliating. She looked like a freak, a sexy, blue freak. And she was perfectly aware of it.

When her shift finally ended, Annie was exhausted. All she wanted was to return to her normal looks.

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After the weekend, the body paint was removed with a special solvent, but the hair stayed the same. She tried washing it with conditioner and all, but Annie was stuck with meter-long light blonde hair. When she arrived on campus, the reaction was immediate. A few students openly laughed or made snide remarks as she passed. "Hey, princess!" one guy called out with a smirk. "Wow, I thought you were a serious student!" another added.

Annie ducked her head, tugging self-consciously at the ends of her locks as she made her way to class. After the lecture, Clara, a friendly girl Annie had been trying to befriend, caught up with her. "Hey, what's with the hair, girl?" "Ehm, it's kinda hard to explain! Long story." "We'll get a mocha latte and discuss this after the lecture, girl!"

Annie gave in, laughing nervously. "Okay, fine. But it's embarrassing, so no judgment!"

Over coffee, Annie spilled the truth. "I'm running short on money," she began hesitantly. "So, I had to get a part-time job."

"Oh, I had no idea," Clara said, her tone suddenly sympathetic. "I'm sorry to hear that."

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"Yeah, so the local amusement park was hiring, and... well, I got the job. The hair makeover was mandatory."

Clara's eyes widened. "Mandatory? As what, Rapunzel?"

Annie sighed. "Something like that."

Clara leaned in, her curiosity piqued. "Hmm, should I guess?"

Annie rolled her eyes but smiled. "Okay, fine. But you have to promise to keep it a secret. It's kinda embarrassing. I dress up as Smurfette."

Clara nearly choked on her latte. "Pfff. Body paint and all?"

"Yeah," Annie admitted, cheeks turning red.

Clara burst out laughing. "Oh my God, I *have* to see you like that! You, as a Smurfette? This is gold!"

Annie groaned, hiding her face in her hands. "You are *not* helping!"

"I'm sorry, it's just that... it's hard to picture you all dressed up as smurfette. I'm glad you found a side gig though."

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Despite everything, week after week, Annie learned how to sport her new hairstyle with more confidence, mentioning she had gotten into cosplay recently, and eventually people got used to it. People saw her as some sort of cosplay nerd and it just became part of her personality.

The following weekends also went by quicker for her. With her hair already styled and the process becoming routine, it only took a short time to get her body painted. The once-daunting task now felt almost second nature. In fact, she looked forward to it, week after week. As she stood in front of the mirror, waiting for the paint to dry, she couldn't help but admire her reflection.

"Hmm, looking good!" she murmured, turning side to side. The electric blue replaced every blemish, smoothing her skin into an otherworldly perfection. Her long, blonde hair framed her face like a halo, completing the look. She looked perfect, without any human blemish or problems. "I kinda like my job!" - she admitted herself while putting on the smurfette costume.

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She spent the day more at ease than ever, chatting with kids and occasionally exchanging flirty banter with their dads. For the first time in a while, she felt confident and even a little desirable.

Somewhere during the day, she realized she wasn't just acting—she was *becoming* Smurfette. Her movements, her tone, even her laughter had taken on a whimsical, fairy-tale quality.

By the time her shift ended, she was shocked to find it was already 6 PM. "Oh my God, I can't do this," she muttered, anxiously fidgeting at the bus stop. She was still in full costume, her blue-painted body and signature hat impossible to miss.

Clara spotted her almost immediately and burst out laughing. "Oh my God, Annie, this is even better than I thought!"

Annie gave her a weak smile. "Glad you're entertained..."

As they sat together, Clara studied her friend with a thoughtful expression. "You know what's weird?" she said after a while.

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"I'm starting to notice some differences in you. You're always happy and kind of... fairy tale-like. It's like you're in character full-time."

Annie blinked, then laughed nervously. "Haha, funny. I never noticed it! I'll pay attention, though. But it's true—I've been pretty happy lately. I don't mind this anymore, actually... it's kinda growing on me." Annie hesitated, then added, "You know the guy I've been texting on Tinder? We have a date tonight. I was thinking of meeting him like this."

Clara's eyebrows shot up. "Like... for the first time?"

"Yeah," Annie admitted, fidgeting. "I did mention on my profile that I like to cosplay."

Clara considered it for a moment before nodding. "Hmm, okay. Kind of weird, but it could be fun! Let's try on a few outfits first." Back at Annie's place, they rummaged through her wardrobe. After some trial and error, they discovered that her new color palette worked best with white. She slipped into a sleek, off-shoulder dress, and Clara clapped her hands together.

"Perfect." Clara said, spinning Annie toward the mirror.

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Annie grinned, brushing a strand of blonde hair behind her ear. "I just hope he agrees."

Mustering her courage, she decided to go through with it.

She quickly sent him a message: "Hey, just a heads-up—there'll be a bit of a surprise. I won't be hard to spot, but I might look a little different from my pics."

A reply came almost immediately. "*Ugh, like catfishing?*"

Annie cringed, then replied, "Haha, not really! Just... you'll see!"

She stared at her reflection in her phone camera—a blue-skinned Smurfette with impossibly long blonde hair and a playful hat. "Well, if he likes me after this, he's a keeper," she muttered, forcing a grin. And with that, she headed out to meet him, bracing herself for what would undoubtedly be a night to remember. He arrived at the café, scanning the tables until his eyes landed on her. For a moment, he just stared, his expression unreadable. Was this a mistake? She forced a smile and waved, breaking the silence. "Heey! It's Annie!" she called out, trying to sound casual.

He walked closer, his eyes still wide. "Oh wow," he finally managed, clearly at a loss for words.

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"I know," Annie said, blushing. "Part-time job at the local amusement park. Don't judge." She fidgeted with her hair, trying to ignore how much his reaction was making her squirm.

After a beat, she added with a nervous laugh, "If you happen to have a thing for Smurfettes, this could totally be a plus though. Haha."

That broke the ice. He laughed, shaking his head. "You're full of surprises, huh?" When he suggested heading back to her place, she surprised herself by agreeing. She'd never done this on a first date before, but tonight felt different. She felt different.

As they entered her apartment, she playfully teased, "You know, my nipples are blue too." His eyebrows shot up in mock surprise, and he laughed. "Oh, now I *have* to see that." Seeing her body in this electric, unnatural blue was unexpectedly exciting—it was like she was somebody else entirely, shedding her usual insecurities for a night. He grinned as they kissed, teasing her, "You know, you could open an OnlyFans like this. You'd make a fortune!". Annie rolled her eyes, giggling. "I'm pretty sure it's against company policies..."

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"Ok, maybe not OnlyFans," Annie said with a grin, "but I could totally be an Instagram influencer looking like this!" The idea had been bouncing around her head for a while now.

The problem was time. By Saturday nights, she barely had any energy left to snap photos after work, and the artificial lighting in her apartment never did justice to the bold colors. She needed sunlight to get the perfect shots. One week, she decided to take a different approach.

On Sunday, before her shift ended, she approached the manager with a mix of nerves and determination. "Hey, so, um... I was wondering if I could keep the paint on after my shift today."

The manager raised an eyebrow, clearly caught off guard. "Are you serious?"

"Yeah," Annie said, nodding quickly. "I don't mind it, and... I kind of wanted to take some pictures while it's still fresh."

She gave her a skeptical look, then shrugged. "Ok, but nothing degrading, alright? Keep it classy."

Annie nodded, but she knew it was a blurry line.

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She started several social media accounts, from Instagram to tiktok. But when she secretly launched an OnlyFans account, her popularity skyrocketed. No nudes, just tasteful Smurfette-themed content. Surprisingly, thousands of men were willing to pay real money to see a scantily dressed, real-life smurfette.

Her growing fame also brought her new opportunities offline. Wealthy parents started reaching out to book her for birthday parties, willing to pay generously to give their kids a once-in-a-lifetime experience. Kids adored her, shrieking with delight as she played games, sang songs, and posed for pictures. Even the adults at the parties couldn't resist sneaking glances.

Eventually, Annie dropped out of college and fully embraced her new life as a Smurfette impersonator. She kept her part-time job at the amusement park, only to get her body paint reapplied. Over time, she noticed the pigment became harder to remove, so she opted for a novel pigmentation technique that permanently turned her skin blue. She loved it. As her transformation felt more complete, she even began considering surgery to give her nose a more cartoonish, bulbous shape. This was her life now, and she couldn't be happier.