



Bimbo Salon Girls Day Out

Bimbo Salon - Girl's Day Out.

By Menoetes

“Are you sure this is the right place, Sweetie?” Courtney asked her daughter, frowning about in suspicion at the dingy old strip mall. “I don’t feel safe leaving the car unattended in this kind of neighborhood.”

“You gotta relax, Courts. We live in Frederick, Maryland, not downtown Detroit.” Her daughter Violet scoffed with the eye roll audible in her voice. “And this is definitely the spot, it fits perfectly with how he chooses each new location.”

Courts... Not Mom, or Mother, or even Courtney. No. Her one and only daughter called her... Courts.

She wasn’t sure when it had begun. Sometime around her baby girl’s eighteenth birthday when she had apparently decided that being old enough to vote also meant she could start addressing her Mother by a reductive nickname.

Well Courtney wasn’t going to bite. Not today. Not when they were finally spending some quality time together. Mother daughter bonding time. An increasingly rare and precious commodity as her little Violet bloomed into an independent young lady.

“You said that it was a pop-up... thingy, but not a restaurant.” She pressed for clarity while stepping around a wilted stack of old magazines moldering outside a boarded up news agency. “Run by some big-shot celebrity?”

“A pop-up beauty salon, yeah but not just any celebrity. Claude Bimbeau was, like, the stylist to the stars! Still super famous in international circles. He’s been making these flash appearances all over the world since he quit the Parisian fashion scene. It’s all the rage now.”

Violet's evident excitement was enough for Courtney to suppress her own eye roll—goodness, but the girl had probably learned it from her mother—and plastered an attentive expression on her face instead of asking the obvious questions.

Like; “if this so-called stylist was so famous, what were they doing in a quaint country town like Frederick?” She didn't ask.

Or “what sort of name was Claude Bimbeau?” She refused to inquire.

Courtney wasn't about to plant loaded—if totally reasonable and rational—conversational landmines on the path to a pleasant day spent with the most important person in her life.

Even if that same person was walking blindly through a derelict suburban mall with her nose buried in her smartphone.

“Sweetie, I thought we promised to be present for each other today.” Courtney gently guided Violet away from a toppled shopping cart with a maternal hand on her elbow. “Real life face time. Can we put the phone away, please?”

“In a second, I'm double checking the location pin on Google Maps. Turn left up ahead.”

Courtney absolutely didn't sigh in frustration as she took in the dimly lit storefronts with dusty ‘out of business’ signs taped to the security shutters. She would indulge this minor distraction and, when it reached an inevitably disappointing conclusion, suggest they should get mani-pedis together at that Vietnamese place on West Third Street and share a hot fudge sundae at the North Market Pop Shop afterwards.

A proper day of argument-free togetherness.

“There it is!” Violet squealed gleefully after they turned down another unswept walkway. “I knew it would be here. Suck on that, internet haters!”

Up ahead of them, standing out like a shiny penny amongst the overflowing trash bins and dead planter pots was a brightly lit glass door and display window with the words ‘Bimbeau’s Salon’ curled across the polished glazing in fancy gold leaf lettering.

It was so clean. So new. So out-of-place against the background of commercial ruination that Courtney paused and pulled her daughter back behind her on pure mothering instinct.

“Courts, what are you doing?” Violet squawked, struggling in her white-knuckled hold. “You’re hurting me.”

Feeling a sudden wash of shame and not a little ridiculous at her knee-jerk reaction, Courtney eased her iron grip and let her shoulders relax with a deep, calming breath.

“Sorry, Sweetie.” She apologized meekly. “The spooky feel of this place has me on edge is all.”

“Right?” Her daughter enthused, rubbing at her sore wrist. “This is part of Claude’s genius. He finds some out of the way dump that no one would visit and refits an old outlet into one of his exclusive beauty parlors for true believers to find. It’s all about the theater. Kinda like a treasure hunt.”

“I think I understand.” Courtney demurred, though as a self made businesswoman, she didn’t get it at all. What sort of backward business paradigm was that? “Shall we take a peek?”

“Yes, we totally shall!”

A silver bell tinkled over the door as the mother and daughter duo shyly entered the salon.

Courtney was immediately dazzled by bright overhead lights, shining reflective finishes, and powerful aromas of perfume and peroxide pervading the shop's interior. It was such a jarring transition from the mostly abandoned strip mall outside that she had to blink spots from her vision.

A stab of uncertainty speared her gut as she drank in the colorful decor. The salon had been outfitted in a warm pastel palette. Soft pink, yellow and blue painted the walls, and the vinyl padded seats were upholstered to match. Polished chrome glittered everywhere; from the wash basins to the struts on the reclined styling chair to the varied combs, brushes and scissors laid out with painful precision on spotless worktops, and reflected in the many tall mirrors mounted upon every vertical surface.

It all looked so... retro. Was that the right word? Vintage, maybe?

As though it had been sliced directly out of a 1950's women's fashion magazine and dropped into the rundown commercial district on the westside of town. Soft violin music warbled from invisible speakers and tickled the ear in a most distracting manner.

Set to the side of the large display window was a row of four large stainless steel dryer bonnets mounted behind plush beige armchairs. Two of which were already occupied by unmoving figures shrouded in powder pink cutting capes, the tops of their placidly smiling faces masked from view behind the quietly whirring metallic domes.

Courtney thought they might have been asleep if not for the gentle, pleased noises they occasionally breathed out through dreamy lips.

"Bienvenue mesdames au salon de maître Claude Bimbeau." A silken voice hummed from the back, bringing both mother and daughter's wandering stares to a vision of beauty emerging from behind a curtained doorway.

The stranger's willowy body, elegantly long and supermodel thin, moved with impossible grace as she straightened up behind a small serving counter and

smiled. Her face was regally attractive, fine-boned and delicate. Her complexion flawlessly pale, and her glossy onyx hair parted in an almost severe center-part before falling down to her slim shoulders.

A lacy black panel dress swaddled her feminine frame, with billowing mesh sleeves that reached her slender wrists and hip hugging skirts that pinched in her tiny waist before dropping down past her knees.

“That’s French,” Violet whispered, sidling closer to Courtney with her phone clutched tightly to her perky chest. “Claude Bimbeau is from France and she just said his name. This is really the place, we actually found it.”

The young woman appeared to be actively trying to imprint the pivotal moment when she got to meet a true fashion demagogue into her impressionable brain. Blonde brows cutely bunched and her big hazel eyes grew wide, searching for the man of the hour.

“*Pardonne-moi*, I am Celine; one of Monsieur Claude’s personal assistants.” She introduced herself in smoothly accented english, neatly clasping her hands together in front of her waist. “Are you both seekers, finding your way here to partake in his noble craft of creation?”

Seekers? Craft of creation?

The opening levels of pretension were already pinging Courtney’s bullshit detector. Like, that was the sort of language a sommelier—a fancy name for a wine waiter in her opinion—used to triple the markup on a ten dollar bottle of chardonnay at an already pricey restaurant.

Honestly, when her daughter had brought up the idea of a spa day, Courtney had envisioned cucumber circles over her tired eyes and a lemon foot wrap for her equally tired feet. Maybe go so far as getting her nails done or a small trim to clean away the split ends.

Not that she couldn't use the pampering. Her job as an independent real estate agent was stressful. Especially in an economic slump that saw businesses like this shopping center closing down *en masse*. Doubly so when she factored in the expenses of looking the part. Project success if you seek success, the industry maxim went. Nobody was buying big dollar properties from the lady wearing Target and driving the dinky 2010 Datsun.

Even her four year old BMW 4 series was a lease that added to her credit card debt each month and her wardrobe of discount J.Crew blazers, close-fit button-ups and pencil skirts only stretched that line ever thinner.

And it showed, dammit. Courtney could feel the crows feet working their way out from the corners of her mouth and eyes as her sales numbers steadily declined. She was losing weight too, and not in a healthy way. She had a sparing, sometimes scrawny build that could always use a little extra padding but lately she had begun to look a touch sallow. Even her caramel brown hair was beginning to fade and lose any hint of its old luster.

She looked enviously on her daughter who was fast coming into the sunrise of her womanhood. Violet had always been pretty, even if she still carried a bit of baby fat in her cherub cheeks and soft little belly, with her long-vamoosed father's dirty blonde hair in a perpetual ponytail and burgeoning curves that must have also been handed down from her paternal genetic line.

So cute and brimming with the boundless energy of optimistic youth. That, and a fondness for cropped rock band tees paired with skin-tight leggings or ripped jeans that hugged her thick butt and thighs.

"That's us, two questing pilgrims!" Violet practically vibrated with excitement, dancing in place like she needed the bathroom. "I'm a huge fan and couldn't believe it when I heard the rumors. Is this the right place, is he really here?"

"If the he you are speak of is *moi*... then yes, child, you have found the exclusive salon of Claude Bimbeau." A cultured, mildly reedy, male voice said from behind them. "Welcome ladies."

Courtney managed not to jump, merely freezing for a moment before she turned in tandem with her daughter to find a short, smartly-attired man trying to fill the store's doorway with his larger-than-life personality.

He was posing—literally *posing*—in a sky blue three piece suit with the jacket slung over a shoulder and his face turned in profile, chin raised imperiously, as though preparing for a photo shoot. A loud, floral patterned dress shirt and a canary yellow necktie were tucked into the slim-fitted waistcoat, while monochrome wingtip boots poked out from under his pressed trouser cuffs.

The self-announced Claude couldn't be taller than five feet and a few nickels if Courtney didn't factor in his enormous pompadour hairdo. It was gelled in place like a helmet of shimmering copper with a massive quaff jutting out and up from his forehead, adding another eight inches to his Napoleonic stature.

This was what all the fuss was about? An undersized peacock with an overblown ego trying to awe wholesome small-town folks with his big city flare?

Courtney wasn't buying it but, unfortunately, her daughter was...

"Bonjour—" Violet began before being cut off by a raised palm.

"Stop. Please do not butcher my native language with your bumbling American tongue." Claude interrupted sharply. "There is no need for... unpleasantness so early in our passing acquaintance. Myself and my highly trained staff are all fluent in your colonial form of english."

"S—Sorry."

Courtney bristled when, rather than graciously accepting the stammered apology, he stalked around them to join his straight-backed assistant, invading her personal bubble and weighing them up like raw cuts of beef the entire way.

"Mon Dieu, what have you sent me to work with today?" He asked no one in particular, melodramatically pressing his palms together in prayer and casting his eyes to the heavens. "A trial, no doubt about it. Your humble servant shall endeavor to do his best with the medium you have seen fit to provide this day."

"Oh, you'll do it then?" Violet squeaked, perking back up and attacking her smartphone with both thumbs. "Let me just snap a quick selfie for the 'before' photo—"

"NO PHONES!" Claude snapped, whipping a pointed finger to a small sign posted on a section of the wall not covered in mirrors. "I do not allow the cheeping devices in my workspace, nor will I have my work cheapened by worthless displays of amateur photography!"

The sign was a simple black pictogram of a cell phone with a red X crossed over it set above a similar sign featuring a camera. Both were partially obscured behind a large crystal vase sprouting a bouquet of yellow tulips.

Cecile procured a small silver tray from behind the reception stand and, plucking Violet's phone from her shocked fingers, she laid it neatly on the filigreed surface before turning expectantly to Courtney.

"Madame?" She asked politely, her regal face a neutral mask but for one perfectly plucked brow raised in inquiry. "Your phone please? It will be kept safely behind the front desk and returned at the end of your consultation."

Her phone?!

Courtney couldn't name a single sane person who would willingly relinquish their phone to a stranger. Never mind the threat of theft or invasion of privacy—most of her life was locked up in the hideously expensive digit device, including all of her business contacts, accounts and credentials.

There was simply no way she could take that risk.

“Mom, please...” Violet begged, her big hazel eyes brimming with unspoken entreaties. “This is a once in a lifetime opportunity.”

Suddenly she was Mom again, huh? Not ‘Courts’.

With a sigh, Courtney turned from her daughter back to the up-jumped little man to find him standing there with his arms crossed over his out-puffed chest and staring at her with an inscrutable expression. As though he was performing complex calculus in his head while badly constipated.

“May I have a moment with my daughter please?”

“*Naturellement*, Madame.” Claude nodded but didn't step away or cease his troubling gaze. “Of course.”

Taking in a deep calming breath—the powerful reek of fragrant shampoo and cosmetic chemicals in the air was nearly thick enough to taste—Courtney turned her daughter by the arm and leaned her head in close to whisper.

“Sweetie, I know you are excited but this is crazy.” She hissed, trying to maintain a level, motherly tone. “I refuse to give that man my phone and I don’t appreciate his bad attitude. We should leave.”

“Really, it’s fine. You need to understand he’s eccentric, Mom. All the top stylists are a little cracked in the head.” Violet shot her a sly grin. “He once brought Christina Carangi to tears backstage during Paris fashion week and still sent her out onto the catwalk with her mascara in a total mess. It’s actually super cool, like, we’re getting the genuine Claude Bimbeau experience. How many people can boast that?”

Trying a more direct approach, Courtney kept it blunt. “Money is tight right now and I don’t see any prices listed anywhere. I refuse to believe that the services of a big-shot like him won’t come cheap.”

“Pardon my interruption, Madame but I could not resist eavesdropping and feel compelled to inform you that I do not demand payment for the performance of my god-given talents.”

Doing a lightning quick double-take, Courtney looked down to find the self-important Claude had inserted himself into their not-so-private moment. Somehow he had snuck up behind them in his laughable boots and was peering directly up at her through a pair of wire-rimmed spectacles perched on the end of his beaky nose.

Where had those come from?

No payment? The astute business side of herself wasn't buying it and she said as much while gesturing about the lavishly appointed salon.

“So you put in all this work and outlay with no expectation of financial returns?” Courtney challenged as Violet whined and tugged desperately on the sleeve of her blazer. “I question your business practices, sir and would love to see your books.”

“Mom, don't—”

“Outlay... returns?” Claude clutched dramatically at his pigeon chest as though her words had speared him through the heart. “Do you mistake me for some petty profiteer? Madame, you wound me! I assure you that I am an artist, not a gigolo renting myself out by the hour.

“I carefully select the subjects of my craft from those true believers whose fate leads them to my door. I do not take appointments like any nattering twit with a pair of scissors and the gall to call themselves... *hairdressers*.” He spat the word with evident disgust. “Neither will I accept remuneration from those who entrust themselves to the process of my genius. To act otherwise would be debasing the masterpieces of feminine form which I lovingly labor to sculpt and create.”

His sudden passionate tirade knocked some of the indignant wind out of Courtney's sails, throughout which not a single bronze hair on his shiny head shifted a nanometer despite his wild gesticulations. Everything appeared firmly glued in place.

"It's true, Courts—I mean Mom." Violet quickly added, sensing her mother's hesitation. "*Monsieur* Bimbeau doesn't charge a penny for his legendary makeovers if he chooses you as a canvas."

Courtney didn't miss the grimace that flashed across the flamboyant man's face at her daughter's words before he schooled his expression again. Something in the way he spoke nagged at her.

True believers, subjects, canvases. He had a dehumanizing way of talking about people.

"So you choose your... clients, did I understand that right?" She asked warily. "Then this whole discussion is still a waste of everyone's time unless we meet some nebulous requirements you haven't disclosed."

"You are partially correct, Madame. I do indeed select my subjects but there are no fixed requirements to withhold. It is more akin to a sculptor choosing a piece of stone. Seeing the vision trapped within the rock and gently peeling away the excess layers to reveal the beauty hidden beneath." A fervor had begun to burn behind Claude's eyes as he locked his sea-green orbs on her. "And the longer I look at you, dear lady, the more I see a gorgeous triumph in the finest Carrara marble."

Gorgeous?

Courtney hadn't been called anything close to that in a long time, much less felt like it. She knew she should be put off by the diminutive man's odd intensity and the way he kept shuffling in closer to her. Crowding her in this overly bright shop with its dizzying smells, and soft, yet ear-catching music.

“Please, allow me to ply the secrets of my humble trade upon you, Madame.” He begged, seizing her hands. A great many jeweled rings sparkled upon his fingers and they captured her gaze. “There was a reason you walked through that door today. You were destined to be here, at this time, in this place. I can feel it, don’t you feel it too?”

Courtney wasn’t sure that she was feeling anything but growing confusion and his chubby digits closed around her own. Claude was touching her and Courtney didn’t like being touched by strangers. She wasn’t one of nature’s ‘huggers’ except with those she was truly close to—a number which was depressingly small—and even kept handshakes professionally brief to avoid unnecessary skin-to-skin contact.

But Claude was *touching* Courtney and somehow—at this time, in this place as he had said—it felt weirdly intimate. Somehow okay. Bordering on feeling... nice.

“My daughter...” She began before trailing off. Wanting to protest that Violet was the reason she was here. Not her. Not destiny or fate. But the words died on her lips when the ostentatiously attired fashionista released his grip.

Her hands were suddenly, terribly empty.

“Ah yes, the girl. Here, let me take a look at you, child.” He said, refocusing his scrutinizing glare onto the younger woman who straightened up under his attention. “Hmm, I see unseasoned wood. Too green and too soft. Another basic valley girl; heavy on the eyeliner, lipstick and foundation. Common clay that lacks the sediment of life and struggles to grant it the strength to endure the hardening fires of my kiln without cracking or shattering completely.”

Violet wilted under the harsh assessment, her head and shoulders sagging as her dirty blonde bangs fell like twin curtains to shield her downcast face.

“I—I’m sorry, *Monsieur*.” She gasped, a painful hitch of disappointment evident in her small voice. “I thought I was a true believer...”

Courtney was ready to rebel on her precious daughter's behalf and tell the judgemental jackass where he could shove his shitty clay—no matter how nice and comforting his touch felt—when Claude softened his tone and rested his pudgy hands on Violet's slim shoulders.

He had to reach upwards to do so, as his browline was level with her perky young cleavage.

"You are, child, I am certain that you are." He consoled, rubbing her upper arms. "You were simply meant for another, less stringent artist's hands. Someone like... *ADAM!*"

Claude shrilled the name with a violent toss of his backcombed head that disturbed his coppery coiffure not at all.

"Master Claude?"

A tall, well built young man stepped out through the curtained back doorway. He was sharply dressed in a black button up tucked into matching slacks and black leather oxfords. Dark hair fell to his broad shoulders, held back by a simple headband, and a brown suede half-apron tied about his waist gave him the appearance of a handsome, high class cafe barista.

"Come forward, my boy." Claude waved him over until they were standing side by side in a visual display of opposites before addressing Violet. "Allow me to introduce Adam; my protégé. He has dedicated himself to the study of my style and techniques as a faithful disciple should.

"Adam is good, he's very very good, and I do not doubt that one day he will achieve greatness if he continues to devote himself wholeheartedly to the process." He continued, patting the taller man companionably on the hip and looking up at him. "Adam, this is Violet and she will be your canvas today for her... makeover."

Courtney almost missed the downturn of the peacock's lips this time. Almost.

Glancing over at her daughter, she was unsurprised to see the bashful smile and warmth dusting her cheeks. Adam was handsome in a well put together way and Violet was, well... Violet. An energetic young lady with liberal views on relationships, if not an actual heartbreaker.

“Hi–Hi there Adam.” Violet batted her lashes at him.

“Yes, yes. I don’t want to waste too much time on this.” Claude huffed, waving perfunctorily. “Give her the full treatment. Begin with the wash, cut, style and color. Blonde, I should think. Not dirty but a proper golden blonde, no?”

He looked to Violet for confirmation who just nodded enthusiastically, clearly tongue tied as her fashion idol gathered creative steam.

“Then skin care, cosmetic applications and wardrobe selection. I will trust your singular tastes in this, Adam but must insist that any notable changes are run past me first. Understood?”

“Yes, Master Claude.”

“Good. I will need time to meditate upon my own subject. You may begin by cleaning that ridiculous clown makeup off the poor girl’s face.”

Courtney opened her mouth to protest the backhanded remark but only ended up coughing as she caught a throatful of the potently fragrant air.

“Lay back and relax, Madame.” Celine purred as she expertly twirled a large hair cape over Courtney’s front and secured it under her chin. It was pink. Because it just had to be pink. “This is a beauty salon, not an interrogation

room. We pride ourselves on providing the most pleasurable experience possible.”

Both mother and daughter were reclined in the old-school styling chairs as the two assistants removed the neck rests and wheeled portable wash basins into place behind their heads.

Courtney tried to loosen her bunched muscles but the backwards angle of her body and the way the vinyl-padded chair positioned her with her throat exposed felt a lot like a visit to the dentist. Something she had never been very fond of growing up.

It was childish, she knew.

“Just chill and let the professionals work, Courts.” Violet chortled from under her own tablecloth-sized cape. Hers was a pale aureolin yellow. “It’s our girls’ day out together, remember? Oh my... Adam, what big hands you have. That kind of tickles.”

“Thank you, Miss.” The dark-haired young man replied formally as he freed her shoulder length golden hair from the habitual ponytail and gathered it into the ergonomically shaped wash bowl. “Please let me know if the water temperature is not to your liking.”

“No fear there, I like it hot.”

Courtney rolled her eyes and slumped back into the squeaky cushioning as Celine let down her own caramel locks. The background music had progressed from solo violin to Peruvian pan pipes. Soft and soothing.

That was nice. The cloying hairspray scent in the air seemed less pervasive now too.

Monsieur Claude had retreated to the back office to ruminate or pray or some such nonsense, leaving them in the hands of his two underlings. Courtney

didn't much care for the man himself but had to admit his assistant's had a deft touch.

"Mmmmm, that's nice." She conceded as the modellesque Frenchwoman began to comb her lacquered nails through Courtney's tangled tresses and massage her tingling scalp. "How long have you worked for Mister Bimbeau?"

"I sought out Monsieur Claude after a fashion show in Barcelona eleven years ago." Celine hummed in her lyrically accented english. "I was blinded by the brilliance of his genius and he accepted me as a kindred spirit, sharing his vision of what beauty could be... rather than what it was at that time."

"Eleven years?" Courtney moaned, as a warm stream of water was poured over her brow, down into her hairline from a stainless steel decanter. "You can't have been more than a teenager that long ago."

"I was twenty seven years of age. An underpaid cosmetologist. One amongst many. Monsieur Claude plucked me from obscurity and gave my empty life a new purpose."

Courtney tried to do the math in her mind. That would mean the raven-haired stylist was almost forty, wouldn't it? That couldn't be true. She barely looked a day over twenty.

...But it was hard to be sure of her numbers with those incredibly skilled fingers working pure magic on her scalp and rubbing her tired temples. She let her heavy eyelids drift shut with bliss.

"Let us speak about you, Madame." Celine said, her voice gentle as her firm touch worked out a knot of tension Courtney hadn't realized she was carrying at the base of her skull. "What does your husband do for work?"

"Not married." Courtney groaned in relief. Ignoring the fact that the first question about herself was related to someone else entirely. A masculine figure who didn't exist in her life. "Never married. Single."

“A single mother, how terrible. I am sorry.” The French miracle worker commiserated. “Maybe things will be different for you after today. I have often seen Monsieur Claude work life-changing wonders.”

It would normally have been Courtney’s knee-jerk reaction to snort at the presumption. Or Snap off a witty retort about women’s independence from the traditional... what was it called again?

Another cascade of luxuriously warm water down across her relaxed skull seemed to wash the objection away like the waves a receding tide.

“Mmmhmmm... life-changing is right.” Violet let out a throaty moan that bordered on sounding inappropriate in a public setting. “Oh, Adam, that feels amazing. Don’t ever stop.”

“Thank you, Miss.” His reply was deep and rumbley for one so young. It also lacked the continental accent of his co-worker.

“Not a man of many words, huh? That’s fine, just let those strong hands do all the talking.”

Courtney cracked an eye open in irritation at her daughter’s brazen flirtation, only to find Celine’s stunning countenance filling her vision with an expression of genuine concern.

“Certainly you desire a man. A husband, yes?” She asked, quiet but earnest. “Someone for you to love and care for. A protective figure to shelter you from hardship and provide for your family.”

What had begun as a question ended as a statement. A given. A fact.

Rolling the words around in her quibbling mind, Courtney couldn’t find anything wrong with them on a personal level. It would be nice to share the load for once, but to say she needed a man went against some long-held principles...

“We shall now proceed to shampoo and treat your hair.” Celine announced, interrupting her chain of thought with a meaningful nod to Adam. “Blend number fifteen will do nicely, I think.”

Violet felt like she was melting into the rubbery cushions of the hairdressing chair.

It was disappointing that *Monsieur* Claude wasn’t there, giving her his personal attention. She had even taken a free “french for beginners” class online last night in preparation of impressing him, though that turned out to be a total bust.

She should have known better. Parisians, was she right?

But she had found him! Taking the one in a million chance to discover if the rumors were true and track down the world famous—if mildly controversial—fashionista in her jerkwater home town.

That was unkind, she knew. Frederick was a perfectly fine place to grow up, but it was also as dead as the local rags obituary column. Violet wanted some pizzazz in her life. Some razzle dazzle. More than just a quiet place to live that geriatric upstate tourists visited to view the leaves changing color in the fall.

So finding *Monsieur* Claude here of all places, only to be greeted with barely restrained derision had been a mixed bag of emotions.

He was infamous for his changeable temperament. Viper-tongued and prone to fits of passion, as his peers would repeatedly report throughout interviews and news articles, but none regarding him as anything less than a visionary despite his personality flaws.

Though Violet hadn't lied to her mom—to Courts—when she described Claude's acidic words and toxic attitude as part of the theater. The true-to-life experience.

“How does that feel, Miss? Please let me know if you are in any discomfort.”

Then there was Adam. What a complete contrast to her hero in the flesh!

The few photos of *Monsieur* Claude had been carefully situated as to never reveal his smaller stature, always posed alone in front of blank, neutral toned backgrounds with no props or other people to lend perspective to his diminutive height.

Adam was tall, dark and handsome taken to a new extreme. Broad shouldered, softly spoken, and polite to a fault. Perhaps a tad too formal—he hadn't responded to any of her suggestive wordplay—but awfully attentive with an adroit touch that was reducing her young body to pliable putty.

Smelled good too. Musky, salty and manly. His natural aroma pierced through the salon's pungent chemical funk without a hint of the offensive Axe body spray her undiscerning male classmates seemed to purchase in bulk.

“Feels... It feels good. A little hot around the roots though.”

Violet's dirty blonde locks were mounded in a wet lathered mess in the U-shaped wash basin surrounding her tipped-back skull. Out of the corner of her eye it appeared like far more than her shoulder length cut should account for but Adam just kept running his soapy fingers through her hair and.. *tugging* at base as though trying to yank something loose.

It hurt a little, but it also felt good. Like, *really* good. The jerking movements of her skull translated to a more heated reaction down below.

“A perfectly normal reaction, Miss—”

“Call me Vi. Oh gawd, Adam, please call me Vi.” She gasped as he wrenched her head back with a particularly rough pull which had her squeezing her thighs together.

“It’s a perfectly normal reaction, Miss Vi.” He said again, piling another looping handful of sudsy golden strands into the shiny chrome wash bowl before reaching for her head again. “Simply let me know if you wish me to stop.”

“Don’t stop... *Mmmnff~!* Never stop...”

Courtney couldn’t remember the last time she felt so relaxed.

Pampered. That was the phrase. That was what salons were for. A sanctuary where women could leave their worldly woes at the door and partake in a little sisterhood while getting a pedicure...

Celine was *very* good. lathering the floral scented shampoo into her caramel hair and working it down to the roots. The smell was of lavender with a hint of honeysuckle. Terribly relaxing when paired with the gentle spa music and the warm wrapping of the large cutting cape. Courtney almost felt swaddled in the blanket of pink fabric. Soft as dander against the exposed skin of her arms and neck.

Her eyelids were heavy as ship’s anchors as she let all her stress and trouble evaporate like rain puddles after a summer sun shower.

Violet was making some odd, mewling noises not far away but Courtney couldn’t muster the strength or concern to turn her attention in that direction. They didn’t sound like unhappy noises and her daughter made similar satisfied moans sometimes when eating chocolate cake.

“It must be hard, working to support the two of you all by yourself.” Celine hummed, rubbing small circles into her brow. “Forgive my forwardness, but you are such a fetching woman, Madame. Despite your age, it would take you little effort to turn a suitable man’s head.”

Despite her age? Turn a man’s head?

There was a lot to unpack there for one innocuous comment.

Courtney was certainly aware of her advancing years but tried her best to take care of herself. She could probably find more time to hit the second-hand treadmill tucked into the corner of her cluttered home office and treat breakfast as more than a glorified coffee break... but why was the onus on her to catch a man’s eye?

Besides, most of the age-appropriate males she met in her line of work were already married men searching for a new family home, or cashed up undesirables like that pig Jack Sheffield. An overinflated ego who owned the biggest car dealership on the Magic Mile and kept calling her “Babe” while shopping for one of the gaudy McMansions in the new developments on Frederick’s affluent north side.

She wanted to gag at the very notion but Celine’s massaging fingertips were turning her knotted neck muscles to quivering jelly. Courtney shuddered instead, and it wasn’t in revulsion.

“Don’t... need... man.” She managed to slur through languorous lips. Simply uttering those three little words felt like a monumental achievement.

“Of course not, Madame. *Pardonne-moi*, I misspoke my meaning.” The raven-haired stylist demurred quietly. “It was my intention to convey that a lady as fierce and independent as your lovely self would have no compunctions against taking the initiative in matters of the heart.”

That was nice. Celine was nice. Courtney was a fierce and independent woman just like she said. Matters of the heart, those words resonated with the single mother though. At what point had she set aside her love life—and all the emotional baggage attached—only to forget to pick it back up again?

Being self-employed, maintaining the image of professional success, and being a good mother. Those things had consumed her best years like a grinding millstone of societal expectation.

To what end?

Certainly not for the glitz and glamor of the property market. Never mind selling exclusive, high-end locales like New York or Los Angeles, Courtney was struggling like hell to sell Frederick, fucking Maryland.

Violet though... her beloved daughter was the priceless pearl in the muddy mollusk that Courtney's life had become. A shiny jewel grown from a kernel of grit and determination to be proud of.

Proud of the faint yips and muted moans coming from the head-strong girl's chair beside her as an undeniably handsome young man was doing god-knew-what with Violet's wet tangle of hair.

A loud retort of two hands clapped hard together shocked Courtney out of her half-dozing state.

"Enough!" Monsieur Claude had reemerged from his back room and met her reflected gaze in the wall-length mirror . "Rinse and move them to the blower station. I shall put the finishing touches on my earlier two canvases before moving on to begin my newest masterpiece."

Eyelids still fluttering with drowsy bliss, Courtney rolled her head to a side to view the previously unmoving figures lodged beneath the polished hood of the hair dryers.

The nameless pair were squirming now, unseen limbs shifting fitfully beneath their pastel-coloured drapes. Painted lips gasping as their legs opened and closed like butterfly wings, bunching the shin length cloth between their rocking knees.

Somehow Courtney had forgotten they were even there...

Violet luxuriated in the sensation of the metallic cone thrumming around her ditzzy skull. There was just something about the sound... the term *je ne sais quoi* came to mind. Whatever that meant. Probably just a clinging remnant of her hastily crammed french from the night before.

It wasn't important...

In fact, a lot of silly subjects and ideas were quickly sinking down her checklist of priorities under the dragging weight of their previous import while others were buoyed up in a cloud of happy iridescent bubbles.

French was down, that hadn't gotten her anywhere anyway, and along with it was book learning, boring college classes, and worrying about her future career prospects.

Those weren't any fun and bummed her out. Too much yucky anxiety.

On the other hand; feeling fine, having a good time and looking great were on the rise. Boys too. Boys *especially* were on the up and up. Boys like Adam with his deep voice, hard muscles and rough manly touch that made her skin tingle were jet-setting to the tippy top in no uncertain manner.

He had all but carried her from the stylist chair in his big, strong arms and piled her damp mess of thick platinum tresses atop her head before lowering the buzzing dome down over Violet's half-lidded eyes with a conspiratorial wink. The first thrilling crack in his overly polite yet hunky shell.

She was getting to him after all.

There had been *sooo*~ much of her hair too. Violet had generally kept hers cut for functionality and ease of maintenance. Anything longer took ages to dry after showering and she could wrangle a lot out of comparatively little.

Ponytails for day to day, maybe with a playful runaway strand or face-framing bangs for added effect. Loosely tousled, sexy-messy for the lingering looks that turned the boy's cheeks scarlet at the community swimming pool and left them stuck in at least waist deep water for the sake of public decency.

Especially when she wore that stringy little two-piece number her mom didn't know she had purchased last summer and stretched her budding young body out just so on one of the sun lounges.

Violet let out a hot little moan at the memory.

Everything about her felt heated. From the warm air whirling about the heavy mass of wavy hair stacked atop her simmering skull, to the magma dripping from her feminine core. Her skin was on fire and she was certain the molten moistness gathering between her grinding thighs was drenching the denim crotch of her painted on skinny jeans..

“Oh Adam...”

Violet wasn't sure if the sultry words had escaped her lips or simply arrived at her ears of their own volition. The sweet, soothing panpipe music still filled the background just as the seductive smell of honeysuckle and lavender shampoo still pervaded her olfactory, being baked into her malleable mind by the oven heat of the hair drying station.

It was a captivating scent, ironing out the worry wrinkles of her plastinated brain until Violet's thoughts were as smooth and sleek as rich satin sheets.

She could touch herself a little couldn't she? Over the denim of her skinny jeans, nothing too lewd. Just for a second. The large cutting cape tented her from throat to knees, nobody would notice. Like a quick little diddle under the bed sheets.

Slowly, so slowly, Violet let her dainty hands glide over her slender thighs. Even that feather-light stroke felt charged. Electric. Sending up sparks which shocked her juicy nethers.

Her barely eighteen year old pussy thrummed in time with the shiny dryer bonnet encasing her mind. Except where the sound itself was calming, the sensation it ignited was outright provocative.

“Oh Adam, yes...”

There they were again. The lust-laden words she badly wanted to whisper but hadn't. Violet couldn't see much with the chrome hood obstructing her vision. Couldn't lift it from her head with her small hands trapped in the vice-grip of clenching thighs. Fingers pressing hard into the drill cotton. Pushing the stitched center seam against the cleft of her dewy folds.

A quiet grunting noise filtered through the hypnotic hum of the dryer vents. Low-pitched and gruff. His grunts. From the only *HE* dominating Violet's streamlined thoughts.

Her fingers dug into the stubborn denim, swirling tight circles and crushing her throbbing pearl. A gasp escaped her breathy lips, sweeter than any song, as ecstatic lightning danced along singing nerve endings.

“Oh Adam!”

Courtney smiled as she hung out laundry under a clear summer sky. Basking in the sun's welcome rays as she shook out another dress shirt before pegging it to the laundry line.

The shirt was robin's egg blue and too big for her. A man's shirt. She would have to starch the collar and cuffs when she next pressed it to keep them crisp.

The weather was picture perfect. Her flower beds were in full colorful bloom and the freshly mowed lawn was vividly green, bordered in the stark white of a picket fence. Birds chirped in the trees, bees buzzed about their business, and all was right in the world.

Smoothing out the front of her polka dot smock dress, she bent and retrieved a pair of men's underwear from the laundry basket. Testing the elastic in the waistband with an experimental tug of her painted fingertips, she resolved to buy a new set for him soon.

Men were like that. Her's would probably wear these old Y-fronts until they were nothing but a collection of holes and frayed threads. Strong and providing but helpless to look after himself, even as he took care of all her needs.

Like the old saying went; behind every great man was a woman.

The smell of rhubarb and apple pie cooling on the kitchen sill made Courtney blush immodestly. The recipe was her mother's and he couldn't get enough of it. What started out as pie for his dessert usually ended with her playing the tart in their bedroom.

Whipped cream included.

It was the least she could do, and hardly a chore. Her man—her *Husband*—had needs too. It was intoxicating when he took control of her. Used her for his carnal pleasure. So masterful and masculine as he forced Courtney to her

knees and roughly fucked her pretty mouth like a pussy to please his big fat Husband cock...

Courtney shivered deliciously just thinking about it. Maybe she would tie her voluminous caramel curls up with ribbons in a bouffant beehive for him to dig his meaty fingers into and really take charge. Her wifely loins caught fire at the merest imagining of his dominant handling of her frail feminine form.

Only one nagging question troubled her otherwise idealized existence.

Who was her husband and why couldn't she recall his face?

“Madame, Madame. Please wake up. You are ready for Monsieur Claude now.”

Courtney blinked sleep from her eyes as the lethargically droning dryer bonnet was removed from her drowsy skull, replaced by the charmingly accented voice and splendid view of Celine stooping over her with a knowing smile on her regally beautiful face.

“S—Sorry, I think I drifted off for a minute there.” She stuttered, feeling hot and bothered and embarrassed for no good reason. “That’s so humiliating...”

“Not at all, Madame.” Celine assured, helping Courtney to her stumbling feet with surprising firmness for her super-slim frame. “We are flattered that you feel safe and secure enough to fully relax and give yourself completely over to the process. It bodes well for the final result. I am certain you will be pleased.”

Shaking off the disorientation of sudden wakefulness, the brightness and potent perfume of the colorful salon slammed back in full sensory assault. Clutching at her head, Courtney was shocked to feel her fingers sink deep into a thick mass of silky soft curls rather than the limp, faded straggle of split ends she fretted over each morning.

“Wha—My goodness... my hair!”

It wasn't difficult to find a mirror, reflective surfaces were everywhere. In each one, a stranger bearing her face and tangled mountain of wavy toffee-colored tresses bouncing about her shoulders gaped back at Courtney.

Each strand caught the blinding overhead lighting and shone with an impossible luster, fit to match the polished chrome and glass that was so prevalent in the salon's eye-dazzling decor.

“Yes, Monsieur Claude's patent hair treatment works miracles. Just another reason jealous rivals sought to banish his genius from the international stage in their envy.” The strictly dressed assistant said, guiding Courtney by a manicured hand on her elbow. “Come this way please, the Master is currently seeing off two of our earlier guests. He will meet you in his private parlor shortly.”

“My daughter, Violet. Is she...” Courtney began, urgently turning back to find the girl still stuck fast to the leather lounge, wriggling restlessly under her yellow drape and...

...Was that a small spot of spittle gangling from her bottom lip?

“She is fine, Madame. Adam prefers his subjects to cure for a bit longer. Have no fear, he will attend to her soon. All is as it should be.”

The Frenchwoman's tone was so assured, so confident and enchanting that Courtney couldn't help but to release the deep breath she had been unconsciously holding.

Then she caught another sight of herself in a picture frame mirror set above a hand wash station. The wooden frame had been carved with thorny rose vines and painted a pale shade of red. Set within the pastel boundary, her reflection tried on a genuine smile—one free from self-doubt and recrimination—for the first time in a long while.

That felt good too.

She looked amazing, not unlike a Disney princess with a bad case of bedhead.

“Good. That’s good.” She sighed, letting herself be led away. “Everything is as it should be.”

Courtney fidgeted nervously in the small backroom. Celine had explained that it was Monsieur Claude’s private consultation office, or *parlor* as the boisterous man liked to call it.

Apparently the previous business owner was a tattoo artist and this had been his work space, sectioned off from the shop front for client discretion. The claustrophobically small room was a jarring contrast to the ostentatious grandeur only a thin wall’s width away.

It was dimly lit, almost intimately so, by a single hanging tungsten bulb under a tasseled purple lightshade decades out of date and style. The walls were featureless, lacking even a single mirror, and the furnishings were austere. Spartan. With only the unavoidable stylists chair she sat in, a black leather rolling stool and a stainless steel instrument trolley that belonged in a doctor’s surgery.

Courtney was already missing the gaudy extravagance and boujee atmosphere of the salon’s main floor. That much at least was expected of an establishment devoted to opulent decadence and she was beginning to long for the tranquil spa music, powerful florid fragrances, and dreamy drone of the dryer bonnets.

Part of the finger-twisting unease came from the glimpse of the two departing guests she had caught on her way past the reception desk.

Two young ladies had been gushing and enthusing over the undersized fashionista as he preened and graciously waved away their thanks like a

posturing peacock. But what had drawn Courtney's stare was their outrageous presentation.

The first; a vibrant redhead elegantly dressed in a slim tweed jacket and skirt with contrasting bound edges had her hair pinned up in huge victory rolls fastened in place by a clip in the shape and color of snow lilies. Strings of pearls looped her neck and white ladies gloves from the last century covered her hands as she patted her crimson coiffure with beaming pride.

Her presumed friend was another creature altogether. Radiantly blond, leggy and stacked, she was perched atop seven inch kitten heels with a silver latex mini dress painted onto her bombshell body. It barely covered her full, peachy ass and was taxed to the outer limit around spherical porn-star tits as the airhead giggled and toyed shamelessly with her platinum mane of sweetheart curls.

It had been a living, if fleeting, example of the Lady and the Tramp before Celine had whisked her away.

"Bien accueillir, Madame... or should I say; Welcome to my private parlor."

Monsieur Claude strutted in with an uncorked wine bottle and two empty champagne flutes as Celine pulled aside the curtain for him. Courtney almost jumped at his unannounced entrance, the extravagantly attired man seemed as out of place as a clown in a funeral home in the unadorned space.

She stared longingly out through the doorway into the bright world of manufactured glitz and glamor before Celine gave her a reassuring smile and let the curtain drop back into place, cutting off the alluring sounds and smells.

"Ah, I sense your confusion." Monsieur Claude continued, arranging the glasses on the instrument trolley and pouring the wine. It appeared to be a sparkling Rosé, fizzing as it filled the long-stemmed flutes. "You witness my manner of dress and believe there is nothing of substance behind the sequins

and rhinestones. That misconception, I fear, is a common pitfall of my profession.”

Courtney was about to point out that he wasn’t wearing any sequins or rhinestones—just a very loud suit, shirt and tie—when the wine glass was thrust under her nose. It smelled tart and incredibly fruity, not unlike the man offering it.

But she accepted it anyway and took a sip to steady her rattled nerves. Everything about today had her stuck firmly on the back foot and Courtney was ready to cling to any life raft in the storm of cosmetic-themed chaos she found herself tossing in.

It was nice, very settling, and she made approving sounds as she took a second swallow. The Monsieur had left his glass untouched on the stainless steel tray.

“I can read the initial impressions on peoples faces when they first meet me.” He continued, opening a drawer on the trolley and pulling out his implements. Combs, brushes, several assorted scissors and small jars of unlabeled product. “It is a useful facade that helps me sort the wheat from the chaff in those brief opening seconds. Those who see me for what I truly am and those who simply see what they expect. You, dearest Madame, are one of the former.”

For who he truly was? Courtney had taken him for a prancing show pony on first acquaintance but didn’t like to say so. It felt improper to interrupt the man as he spoke. Not at all ladylike.

She drained her glass instead, only to have Monsieur Claude spin about with the bottle and top it back up in a fluid practiced motion.

“You’re not partaking?” She inquired, immediately taking another sip. “It’s—”

“—not champagne.” He cut in sternly, clearly prepared to head off an impending misnomer. “That name belongs solely to the sparkling white wine fermented from the grapes grown in a region of France by the same name. You

Americans are obsessed with it and the status it carries, even mixing the carbonated swill with orange juice to drink with your breakfast. Mimosas, *bah!* This is our own special vintage which we simply call “Bubbles” here in my establishment.”

Courtney was only going to say it was refreshing but the name Bubbles felt right. The way it tickled her nose and fizzled down her throat was more than pleasant. Kinda fun.

When was the last time she let herself have some harmless fun?

“Yet I see two glasses.” She noted, settling back in the rotating chair and letting herself smile a touch coyly over the rim of the slender glass. “You wouldn’t let a lady drink alone would you, Monsieur Claude?”

The smaller man paused in his preparations then slowly turned, sweeping into a graceful bow that didn’t disturb his towering pompadour in the slightest.

“My earnest apologies, Madame.” He replied, sounding sincere for the first time since Courtney had met him. “The second glass is to keep you company in spirit as I must refrain from imbibing. To be labeled a piss artist is a trade hazard I seek to avoid. Please forgive my impropriety this one time.”

The unexpected deference was disarming. Almost charming. Assuredly polite.

Courtney found herself warming to the funny little man and his over-dramatic mannerisms. He was the theatrical sort. A volatile blend of the haughty prima donna and tortured artist. She understood then what Violet meant by the full Claude Bimbeau experience.

If she leaned into it, the exuberant stylist would be helpless but to react as those of his bohemian nature were inevitably bound to do. Monsieur Claude might well be the pied piper but it was Courtney who called the tune.

“Just this one time.” She generously conceded, finally relaxing back into the vinyl seat cushions and raising the glass of Bubbles to her lips. It felt classy and a tad indulgent to be drinking so early in the day. “Now tell me what you have envisioned for all my glorious new hair.”

A fanatical fire was stoked within the stylist’s sea-green eyes as he leapt upon the black leather stool, swiveled around and pumped a lever under the seat to jack himself up high enough to lock gazes with Courtney.

“You, Madame, may yet be... my magnum opus.”

Violet took another swig from the neck of the champagne bottle and giggled naughtily. She was only eighteen, not old enough to drink but doing it anyway.

Adam—so muscular, broad and handsome—had released her from the hair dryer station and slipped a tall glass of bubbly into her slick fingers before moving away to attend other duties.

Fingers that were slick with her own juices from the growing wet patch on the crotch of her ripped skinny jeans. She had fumbled the fragile stem before getting a grip and downing the intoxicating beverage in one thirsty gulp before moving onto the bottle itself.

Tottering unsteadily on her heels (had she been wearing strappy high heels all this time? She couldn’t rightly remember) Violet spun merrily in place to the background music which had taken a turn for a more upbeat party vibe. The cutting cape swirled around her like the flaring skirts of a daisy yellow ball gown.

The fancy label on the heavy glass bottle simply read “Bubbles” in a curlicue font. The name was fitting. Every downed mouthful of the alcoholic beverage was fun and fruity, filling her young body with a happy fizzing feeling that left Violet light on her feet and delightfully carefree.

Was this what booze felt like? No wonder so many people drank.

She tried to give her hair a sexy flip and almost ended up tangled in shiny blonde locks. There was just so much of it now! A lustrous waterfall of purest platinum waves that fell well past her pert rear to brush the backs of her slender denim-clad thighs.

It was actually heavy. Violet could feel the heft of all that glossy mass pulling at her skull. Tugging at her tingling scalp and weighing down her thoughts. That odd sensation might have been a little disturbing, but with another quick swig the Bubbles wafted such worries away like dry autumn leaves on a breeze.

...Or more like bubbles when she paused to think about it.

That made her giggle.

She had been doing more and more of that recently. And why shouldn't Violet giggle? Giggling was relaxing and felt good. Lots of fun people giggled. Pretty girls... pretty girls like her *should* giggle. It was open and cute and made them approachable. No one liked a negative Nancy who scowled all the time.

Boys least of all. Speaking of which...

"Oh. My. *Gawd*. Adam, this music is, like, totally my jam!" She called, raising and running her hands through her impossibly soft silky hair as she gyrated her sleek hips to the fast-tempo rhythm. "Come dance with me!"

Her voice was higher in octave, a little tipsy with a girlish lilt that may or may not have been there before. Violet sounded as though she could only speak through perpetually pouty lips with flirtatiously batted eyelashes punctuating every word.

"One moment please, Miss Vi."

The young stud stood by the front entry engaged in a hushed conversation with the other assistant Celine. Violet didn't know what was so interesting about the strictly dressed and groomed woman. Hadn't Celine said she was, like, totally old and whatever? Adam shouldn't be wasting his time on someone like her.

Not when he was so obviously big and hunky, and Violet was feeling so super sexy and overwhelmingly available.

As though sensing her irritation, both fashion assistants broke off their whispered discussion and turned to face her with perfectly brilliant smiles that belonged in a toothpaste commercial.

"Thank you for your patience, Miss Vi." Adam said smoothly, walking towards her with his thick arms spread in a helpful gesture, indicating the main stylist station. "Now please, take a seat in the salon chair and I will attend to you presently."

With a shrill *squee!* of excitement Violet all but skipped over to the offered chair, throwing herself into it with enough rambunctious glee that it spun in place and made her giddy.

That elicited another giggle from her bubbly lips.

It was great, like, totally liberating.

Behind Adam, Celine locked the shop door with a click, flipping the open sign over to closed, before pulling a blood-red velvet curtain across the glass display window.

Courtney sighed in contentment as Monsieur Claude brushed and snipped at her hair with expert speed and precision. His lily-white hands were a blur of practiced movement about her reclined head like an expert gardener pruning

and shaping a shrubbery into a lifelike representation of a swan or other equally graceful animal.

“I understand that it is just you and your daughter, Madame.” He murmured in a warm, conversational tone that belied the frenetic actions of his flashing blades. “This is not right for one of your outstanding charms and beauty. Not right at all.”

“I am hardly a prize, Mister Bimbeau.” She said meekly. “A woman of my age with a grown child does not receive as much attention from the opposite sex as she once did.”

“But you *are* a prize, Madame. Your inner beauty shines like an uncut diamond and it is by means of my art that I shall bring that to the surface and reveal that truth to you.” The bombastic beautician protested as he combed back her fringe. “A prize worth possessing, and I must insist again that you call me Claude.”

This was how the last few minutes had gone. Monsieur Claude would make some grand sweeping statement for Courtney to sidestep in a self deprecating manner, inciting the little man to fits of flattery. It may have been playing to his stadium-sized ego but it kept proceedings on a civil, borderline friendly footing.

Always a good idea when the person in question was waving sharp cutting instruments around your vulnerable earlobes.

The kind words were welcome too. Especially when wrapped up in that cultured accent. Much nicer than being called ‘Babe’ or ‘Toots’ by the odorous Jack Sheffield, who had more money than taste and a lecherous grin.

Though he did have wide shoulders and had avoided the middle-aged gut for the most part. No gray at his temples yet either.

“Do you have any family, Claude?” She asked, lobbing the topic of conversation back onto the fastidious fashionista and away from thoughts of her disagreeable client. “A lovely wife back home in France, perhaps?”

“Alas, but pursuing my art has consumed my life. A small sacrifice for the chance to create works of greatness...” Monsieur Claude paused, tapping his chin thoughtfully with an ivory brush handle. “I have a cousin in Belgium, though he has recently moved here to America to start a new business. An artisanal bakery, if you can believe it. Ha! The laughable title makes him sound like an artist of bread dough.”

Courtney smiled along politely as he resumed his cutting, combing and prattling. It was a much needed break from her work-centric lifestyle.

A growing part of her resented that she couldn’t afford to take more time like this for herself. More time to spend with Violet before she left the nest for good, or simply set aside the back-breaking load of responsibility once in a while.

“It isn’t healthy for a woman of your many fine qualities to push yourself so hard. It’s unwise. Unbecoming.” Monsieur Claude continued, as though plucking her thoughts straight out of her mind. “You are a precious flower that has been exposed to the harsh weather of the modern age. Drooping and wilting. I have made it my mission today to nurse you back to full bloom. A perfect rose to be nurtured and cherished by a man worthy of your elegance and beauty.”

Courtney could feel her cheeks heating at the barrage of unalloyed compliments and took another sip of the Bubbles to hide her flustered face.

A worthy man, huh? Meeting a man like that didn’t sound so terrible...

The chilled fruity wine went down a treat but did little to quell her quickening heartbeat. The small confines of the room were beginning to feel uncomfortably warm, her smart business outfit uncomfortably tight. The crisp

buttoned blouse was constricting her breathing, and the pinching strap of her straightforward cotton bra was digging into the soft flesh of her armpit.

“You are very kind to say so...” Courtney began, before a rap on the door frame drew their attention back to the curtained entrance.

“Ah, that will be Celine coming to assist in the selection of your new wardrobe.” Monsieur Claude calmly informed her. “She is an immensely talented *couturier* and will have you looking like your best self. You do wish to look your best, do you not, Madame?”

She did, of course she did.

What woman didn’t want to look their best? Especially as she began to tug surreptitiously at her ill-fitting clothes. Courtney would have liked to inspect what was going on down there but the awfully comfortable cutting cape blanketed her body from view and she felt loath to remove it.

“Yes, but I might need a minute—” She squirmed.

“Marvelous! Please come in, Celine. You may commence the fashion consultation while I finish styling Madame’s hair.”

“*Oui Monsieur.*” The prim assistant stepped briskly inside, wheeling a full hanging rack of feminine clothing behind her.

Violet giggled and wiggled in the chair as Adam leaned over her again to spritz her platinum tresses with hairspray and train another curl into place with a silver brush.

She used the opportunity to bury her nose into his burly chest and take a deep inhale of his manly musk. It was almost as good as the Bubbles, the second

bottle of which dangled loosely in her left hand. He smelt like polished leather, rock salt and a hint of campfire smoke.

Better yet the hunky assistant either didn't mind—or was too absorbed in his work to notice—that she was breathing him every time he bent close to sculpt her voluminous hair.

Gawd but she was wet and steamy as a tropical monsoon down below. The ass of her skinny jeans soaked through with her girly nectar and slippery against the vinyl seat cushion.

Violet softly moaned as he straightened and moved around to attack the other side of her spinning skull. Half opening her heavy lidded eyes, she smiled at the girl reflected in the mounted wall mirror.

She was sexy as a centerfold with rouged cheeks, shadowy eyeliner, and scarlet painted lips that looked pumped as two flotation devices on her made-up face. Adam's tireless efforts on her silvery blonde hair was the real show-stopper though. Through the mystical application of pins, clips and wishes, he had wrangled the wavy golden mess into a high puffy chignon bun with thick drill curl bangs spiraling all the way down to her shoulders.

“Oh Adam, you're, like, totally amazing!” She flushed before taking another pull on the wine bottle and stifling a burp. Her thighs squeezed together again and her pretty pussy throbbed in burning need. “I look like a smoking hot version of Cinderella!”

“I am pleased you are satisfied, Miss Vi.” He said with the ghost of a smile on his chiseled face as he carefully teased a few more strands out of her shiny bun to dangle down behind her slender neck. “Our clients' happiness is paramount here at Bimbeau's Salon.”

Violet let the bottle rest in the thick crease of her cleavage which was pushing out the yellow blanket *thingamajiggy* more than it should. Jeepers but had she worn a push-up bra this morning? She couldn't rightly recall through the

cloying clouds of perfumed hairspray and Adam's overwhelmingly masculine scent, but it looked as though she was smuggling a pair of winter melons under the warm draping fabric.

"Um, I don't know if I'm completely satisfied yet..." She purred, fucking him with her smoky hazel eyes through the mirror. "But I can think of a few ways we might work out a happy ending that both of us would enjoy."

He met her heated stare with placid professionalism and a curt nod of his handsome head, before standing and turning away.

"Next up, I shall showcase a selection of outfits for you to choose from to complete your new look. Your input is encouraged and appreciated, Miss Vi."

"Hurry back, Stud." She called after him, licking her lush ruby lips at the glimpse of the prominent bulge outlined in his tented slacks as he retreated. "I miss you already."

"...and this skirt is part of last season's Dior line, the vertical lines would accentuate your legs and classic figure perfectly."

Celine displayed a high-waisted, cherry-striped swing skirt that flared out at the bottom and would probably reach down past Courtney's knees.

"Oh... I just don't know." She replied, feeling pressured and wishing there was a more decisive presence by her side to make the decision for her. "It looks a little... old-fashioned, doesn't it?"

It was the seventh or, maybe eighth, article of clothing that the raven-haired assistant had presented for Courtney's approval and all of them had seemed outdated. Last century. She was more accustomed to the charcoal pencil skirts and pressed cotton blouses commonly found in the women's business wear section of ethically sourced and affordable brand name stores.

Everything she had seen so far had appeared unironically rockabilly at best. Reeked of early boomer fashion at worst.

“You do the term ‘old-fashioned’ a disservice, Madame, when using it as criticism.” Claude protested, wrapping thick lengths of her glowing caramel hair around a heat wand. “Think back to your childhood. Are there not values and customs you miss from those simpler times? Things that seem lacking in the social moorings of the present day?”

Well, of course there were. Everything moved so quickly now.

Information and technology. Gender identity and politics. Flash fire trends and the myriad new ways people could suddenly interact. Courtney had barely got a grip on using virtual marketplaces to promote her property listings before her competition was launching camera drones for live streamed showings.

She could still remember when Google street view was the eighth wonder of the world.

That was over fifteen years ago and the avalanche of advancement had only gathered momentum since then.

“This rib-knit, off the shoulder tee would emphasize your bust and neck nicely.” Celine offered, holding up a sheer black short-sleeve top with a dipping neckline. “Maybe attract the gaze of that special someone in your life?”

“There... There isn’t...”

“Madame Courtney is a woman of quality and refinement, Celine.” Claude admonished pointedly, misting Courtney’s backcombed updo with aerosol before applying the hot curler again. “She needs to see and feel how the clothing suits her before making a decision. Not buying directly off the rack like a peasant.”

“My apologies, Monsieur and Madame.” Celine made a contrite bow, then reached around to unclip the pastel pink drape from Courtney’s neck. With a flourish she whipped it away like a magician stealing a tablecloth from beneath a five course dining setting. “With your permission, I shall begin with your skirt.”

Looking down at herself, Courtney experienced a serious bout of disassociation. Several buttons of her business blouse had popped loose and the swollen squeeze of her creamy breasts in the white satin bra was out and at large by every possible definition.

The charcoal fabric of her pencil skirt was pulled taut, constricting a set of rounded hips and full thighs that the overworked, undernourished property agent couldn't make fit into the sketch outline of her scrawny self-image.

Especially with a head full of fizzing bubbles and acrid hairspray. A distracting moistness gathering in her loins.

"Wha–What?"

“She will assist you in dressing while we chat and I craft living art!” Claude raved with a flourish of his scissors. “Celine is a consummate professional and shall remain discreet as she works.”

“Please excuse me, Madame.” The enchanting Frenchwoman whispered, deftly unzipping the side of the tightening skirt and firmly wiggling it down Courtney’s trembling legs. “Oh my... are those spansks? Those won’t do for you at all.”

Courtney was mortified. Of course they were spansks. She hadn’t left the house that morning with any intention of revealing her unmentionables to anyone and a woman of her age sometimes needed the added support in certain embarrassing areas.

Except now it appeared that she didn’t.

The soft bulge of her belly was slowly receding and the signs of any sag around her saddle region were visibly shoring up. Even the skin of her abdomen looked firmer and healthier than it had any right too. Perfectly smooth, hairless and warm under the other woman's tender touch.

Clucking her tongue, Celine reached for the waistband with a shake of her pretty head.

"I believe we were discussing the sad state of present affairs when compared to our younger days." Claude spoke up from behind a mountain of glossy caramel tresses. "You were telling me what you miss from those early years. What has been callously discarded on the wayside of progress."

She was?

Courtney couldn't tear her eyes away from the manicured fingers of the gorgeous assistant as they gently peeled away her underwear to expose the flawlessly changed flesh hidden beneath. The elasticated material coming away with a scruff of coarse brown hair stuck to a moist patch on the gusset.

Celine was face-to-mound with her freshly bared womanhood, giving it an approving nod before looking up to meet her wide-eyed stare and held a forefinger to her silently mouthing lips.

One single word.

Discretion.

"Um, oh yes. As you said, Monsieur. Ah... simpler times." Courtney dithered, her mouth dry as old shoe leather. Another sip of Bubbles calmed her nerves. "Slower times too. Everything seemed more straight forward back then. Less confusing."

"*Exactement*, Madame. You strike the nail on the head, and you must call me Claude." He insisted again, the quiet hiss of his heat wand accompanying the

hot breath she blew out from between her teeth as Celine traced that same forefinger over her dewy cleft. “Easier times indeed. People today are so eager to dismiss the previous generation’s values and traditions without examining why they came to prominence in the first place.

“They label such views as irrelevant or old-fashioned in the current socio-political climate. One that is fractured by tribal identity and division rather than the harmonious unity of communities standing beside one another and the security that is found in the clear definition of roles.”

Courtney moaned an affirmative mumble as Celine dredged two slim fingers through her wetness and gathered the slick honey up over her budding clit. She gnawed on her bottom lip as the strictly-attired assistant painted sweet circles there before raising the dripping digits to her smirking lips for a taste.

“Sure... Yes, Claude. *Ummm~*, what you just said...”

“It has been postulated that there are only three roles required to sustain civilization; the doctor, the teacher and the lawkeeper. The first heals, the second passes on knowledge and learning, the last maintains peaceful coexistence.” Claude ranted, his voice badly muffled under a load of toffee-colored locks as he continued to comb, curl and cut. “No one mentions the oldest profession anymore; motherhood. A proud woman bearing and raising her young. Nurturing and guiding them through the trials and tribulations of life's many harsh lessons.”

“Madame needs cleaning down here before she can be properly dressed.” Celine purred softly, lowering her modelesque face into the valley of Courtney’s spreading thighs. “I shall attend... *discreetly*.”

Courtney's back arched and her lush hips bucked in the seat as the raven-haired assistant began to lap languidly at her soaked pussy. Long and slow, Celine’s pink tongue ran in broad strokes, parting her hairless folds and licking up her steamy nectar.

It was all Courtney could do to suppress a hitched cry of ecstasy and sit still in the chair.

How long had it been? How long since anyone, man or woman, had paid her physical needs any attention. Evidently too long if her heightened reactions were any indication.

Courtney's fingernails dug into the armrests as she fought to control her breathing. Needing desperately to tell the other woman to stop before Claude discovered their sapphic infraction. Needing desperately for her to continue until the roiling pressure in her boiling core found sweetest release.

“—it became gauche for a female to depend upon another for support.” Gosh, but Claude was still rabbiting on back there. “Heaven’s forbid it’s a *man* fulfilling a duty of protection and provision that millennia of evolution has bred into him. Sooner fault a duck for swimming than blame a man for following his primal imperatives.

“Because it’s not ownership, as the huckstering so-called intellectuals would have you believe... It’s a partnership! A joyous union reaching back to the birth of humanity. Two halves, otherwise incomplete without each other, forming a beautiful whole. Don’t you agree, Madame?”

A man? Courtney hadn’t had a man in years and a certain overstimulated hole of her own was suddenly feeling the lack despite Celine’s masterful ministrations.

She really should seek one out when all this salon business was said and done. Find a steady, reliable guy and really put him through his paces... but who did she know?

...Then Celine did something particularly clever with her twisting tongue and Courtney seized up in an explosion of heart-stopping, pussy-squirting, face-drenching rapture.

“Yeeessss~ oh fuck, YES!”

“Bless you, Madame. I knew you would understand.”

Violet was sucking a cock.

Not just any cock though. It was Adam’s brawny, meaty cock that stuffed her barely-legal mouth full and crushed her uvular to the back of her throat. It felt like he was rough-riding her damn tonsils.

It had taken him long enough.

She kept her hazel eyes open wide and gazing up at the dark-haired young buck as she sloppily slurped at his engorged tip. Eagerly pumping his impressive shaft with both hands, liberally lubricated with her drooling saliva and glistening wetly under the bright overhead lights.

Adam, for his part, stood like a granite monolith above her kneeling form. He would occasionally reach down to adjust a few silvery hairs here, curl an errant lock back there, but wasn't particularly responsive apart from his intense smoky stare down at Violet and his obvious arousal which threatened to choke off her oxygen supply.

“Gah! What’s the matter, Stud?” She slurred, taking a break from sucking yummy dick to wash down his salty flavor with a swig from her third bottle of Bubbles. “Not enjoying the show?”

The wine just made everything easier. Frothing and foaming happily in her flat belly, as all the giggly carbonation seemed to rise to her airy head and inflating tits. She could feel it filling out her expanding chest like two sloshing water balloons. It had smoothed out her gag reflex too—a blissful blessing as Violet had always been more about the wind up than the follow through with boys her own age.

Not a natural born cock-sucker. At least until now.

“That isn’t the case at all, Miss Vi.” Adam assured, he was still fully dressed except where she had unzipped his fly. There were smeared crimson lipstick stains along his beefy member as evidence of her ardent oral efforts. “I merely remain cognizant of my position as your humble stylist and did not wish to interfere in your expression of passion.”

Maundering fucking artists. Couldn’t he see how much she wanted him?

Violet glared a challenge up at Adam as she lodged his bulbous crown between her puckered lips and nursed hungrily at the furious tip.

“Interfere away, Stud.” She lisped, tonguing his dilated urethra. “Show me what you got.”

Her eyes flicked off to one side to view the two of them in a wall-to-ceiling mirror. They looked *sooo~* fucking hot together.

Violet on her knees—brilliantly blonde, hugely busty and looking drop-dead sexy in a black zebra embossed micro dress with cut-outs on the chest and sides—lip locked around the handsome hunk’s hefty cock head. Adam standing so tall and well-built above her, perfectly groomed and put together, letting her show appreciation in the most sensual way possible.

He had picked out her slinky little dress and the open toed lace-up pumps with seven inch stiletto heels which were currently crossed under her wriggling rump. The fuzzy white cropped coat currently folded beneath her fishnetted knees for comfort too. Huge hoop earrings dangled prettily from her ears and a diamante studded choker glistened around her neck

The least Violet could do was give a quick ‘thank you’ blowie in return for all his hard work.

Funny word that; *blowie*. Like, totally giggle-worthy funny. ‘Cause she was sucking on his big mandick not blowing. The only blowing going on was her tits blowing up with each fresh throatful of Bubbles.

Violet giggled naughtily, taking a quick cock-free break to raise the bottle and tilt it back again.

Adam hadn’t included a bra in her new outfit. No panties either as her dripping wet girlhood glistened from under the super short hemline of the tiny club dress. Neither were necessary. Even as her wondrous new tits grew like two time-lapsed cantaloupes, they remained high and ripe in defiance of all gravity.

...and panties would just get in the way of all the fun Violet was planning.

The flirty peek-a-boob window framing the deepening ravine of her swelling cleavage was hanging on by a few threads. The polyester and elastane blend fabric pushed beyond tensile limits, as the risque spy hole was stretched and warped wider, into the realms of busty indecency.

Violet’s stiff pink nipples were drilling into the dark zebra print, menacing the already low neckline as they pushed up and outwards with each thirsty swallow—tingling with lusty static, begging to be pinched and pulled by a rough set of hands.

...like the pair seizing the sides of her horny skull, making her drop the now empty wine bottle with a squeal of wicked delight. It clattered to the tiled floor and rolled away to join its similarly drained brethren on the sidelines.

“With your permission, Miss Vi.” Adam grunted, his dark eyes shone with ferocious desire. “I shall not hold back.”

“You fucking betcha!” Violet cheered, plunging eager fingers down between her silky thighs now he had finally taken control. “Give it to me, tough guy. I want to taste every delicious inch of you!”

Then he was in her. Not sliding or pushing his fat cock into her warm willing mouth, but *ramming* his iron-hard manmeat between her plush painted lips and immediately battering at the tight entrance of her esophagus.

“Nnnmmrff~!”

Violet gurgled and her hazel eyes rolled as she shuddered at the glorious savagery she had finally coaxed out of Adam. He palmed her pretty head like a basketball, jerking it this way and that as he took his pleasure from her mouth. Using her like a shameless plaything. He slam-fucked her carefully made-up face, forcing his way down her slender neck as she gagged and diddled her pink pussy silly at the same time.

“This is what you wanted, isn’t it?” He hissed, those dark burning eyes still examining her closely. Evaluating. “To be used and broken in on a man’s hard fucking dick?”

“Mmmhmm~!” Violet hummed out an ecstatic affirmative.

It was her only means of communication besides possibly choking in morse code with his fantastic length lodged in her throat. Her lithe young body shivered as small detonations of sinful pleasure accompanied each of his pounding thrusts. His heavy swinging balls marked the beat as they smacked off her drooling chin.

“Because you love sucking cock now... don’t you, Miss?” He continued, his appraising gaze and fast thrusting rhythm never wavered. “You’re a fun time party gal who loves sucking, and fucking, and get off on getting others off in any and every way you can imagine.”

How did he know?!

Violet loved having a fun time. Partying, drinking, feeling good and making others feel good too. How could she be otherwise with her bright blonde hair,

big bouncy boobies, sexkitten looks and needy little pussy that was gushing hot juices over her frantically fiddling fingers?

“Mmmhmmm~!” She moaned out her articulate rejoinder.

It couldn't be helped. Each brutal invasion of her previously virgin throat set off an explosion of carnal bliss that paralyzed her muscles and swept her mind clean of any rational thought. With the breakneck pace Adam was setting, Violet was rocketing like a pinball from one bumper climax to another, racking up the ultimate orgasmic high score of her young, small-town life.

The clingy black dress was bunched up around her narrow waist as hot honey splattered her trim thighs. It matted in the fishnets, running down her shiny smooth skin to soak into the fluffy faux fur of the white coat cushioning her spreading knees.

Her huge heavy tits jounced and careened within their tight confines until one was finally jostled free, slapping against Adam's pant leg and rippling like a flesh toned, cherry-topped blancmange each time he dragged her face down his girthy shaft.

“You're just a cum-hungry nympho who needs a man to take control of her.” He growled, searing his words into Violet's sex-addled brain with every rampant crash of his giant cock into her dizzy, well-fucked skull. *“A Barbie doll bimbo who loves to be used rough and put away wet.”*

As though expecting actual verbal confirmation, Adam shoved her head back and withdrew from her gaping mouth. Violet suddenly felt terribly empty and confused. Her watering hazel eyes running with mascara and tears as she tried to lurch back upon his jutting manmeat.

“Want... want cock!” She blurted, struggling against his grip on her ears to return to that ocean of tempestuous delight.

“Tell me what you are.”

His deep voice was stern and commanding. Powerful and demanding. It set Violet to quivering in cunt-clamping desire.

“I’m a slut... your horny slut!” She chirped, curling her probing fingers deep inside herself to find her sweet spot and ride that hedonistic roller coaster high which had been snatched so cruelly away. It felt hollow and vacuous in comparison. “I’m your horny bimbo slut! *Pleeease~* Adam, I need it!”

“Damn, I love my job. Very well, Miss Vi. I’m going to finish in your beautiful new hair now.”

Not waiting for her response, Adam slid his beefcake cock up her flushed cheeks and temples, smearing a sparkling line in its wake, to yank her nodding head forward and plunge it into the platinum weave of her voluminous chignon bun.

“Wha-What? ...*Ohmagawd!*”

Violet quivered climatically at the scalding heat and weighty pressure of his giant driving dick against her sensitive scalp. The squeeze of it through the tight donut of hair tugged at her roots and rubbed the bulbous head across her skull in ravaging strokes of liquid fire that wanted to seep down into her cum-blitzed brain.

It was as though Adam was not just fucking Violet, but fucking her beauty too. Fucking the aesthetic qualities that made her attractive. The silky soft sunshine locks that parted and glided so smoothly around his pistoning studmuffin prick like a glamorous pussy. Washed, cut and styled into a perfect bun to be fucked.

Adam was bunfucking her...

The magic was back again as curling fingers plundered her g-spot in time with his hammering thrusts. Heavy spurts of hot precum adding shine and removing drag from her hair, basting her scalp in potent man juices. The

O-train was totally back on track again and there were no brakes this time as Violet recklessly raced out of control towards its carnal conclusion.

“Oh FUCK! Pull my hair harder, Adam. Just like that. Pull it harder and tell me I’m your good bimbo slut! I NEED it... *Yesyesyes~!*”

Her head bounced and bobbed. Her burnished drill bangs whipped about madly. Forehead smacking hard against his thighs and knocking loose any remnants of coherent thought as he hauled her back and forth like a ragdoll. Like a sexy little fucktoy, pumped up and filled out for his pleasure.

Her immensely inflated tits swung between his knees, heavy and huge. Having finally burst free of the low swooping neckline of the slinky black club dress. They circled and clapped together, painfully stiff nips spiraling and singing sweet ecstasy each time they brushed against the rich cotton fabric of his trouser legs.

“What a good bimbo slut you are, Miss Vi.” Adam grunted, wrenching at her roots as his shrouded shaft twitched wildly. “You’re going to love being a good bimbo slut from now on.”

Violet wailed euphorically at hearing the words in his deep, masterful voice. They spiked her vacuous psyche and seared whole galaxies of blinding, mind-bending pleasure onto her very soul. She really was a good bimbo slut and hearing such a handsome hunk of hard-fucking man confirm that fact felt amazing. Astronomical.

Her gaping virgin pussy was a looping short circuit of supercharged squirting and gushing gratification. Her tight busty body was a willing playground for the endless exploration of sensual delights.

“I do, I do love it!” He was close now, Violet could feel it in the pulsing manflesh pushed against her spinning skull and making sure her man came was suddenly, critically important. “I love it already! Now cum for me, Stud. I want to feel your hot yummy cum filling up my sexy little fuckbun.”

“Nnrrgh~... Here it comes!”

Violet let out a keening yowl as Adam exploded, forcing her face into his crotch while he unloaded great wads of steamy jizz into the tangled mess of her well-fucked hair.

“Did you hear something?”

Courtney looked up from inspecting her reflection critically in a silver hand mirror Claude had handed her once he had pronounced himself satisfied with her final appearance.

She looked incredibly refreshed, as though the vivacious artist had chipped twenty years off her face. Once sallow cheeks were plump and firm again. Worry lines and crows feet gone as if they had never existed. Her lips were two puckered rose petals, superbly soft and vibrant red, while her previously tired eyes shone like pale sapphires reflecting health and a fresh glimmer of hope for the future.

...and her hair!

Her limp caramel locks were now glossy and bouffant to the extreme. Long and lustrous. Quaffed and styled into a larger-than-life 1950's updo of toffee-colored curls and homemaker rolls that dwarfed the rest of her prim and proper figure in marvelously hairsprayed proportions.

“Hear what, Madame?” Celine inquired from where she stood by the curtained doorway, straight-backed and with both hands clasped demurely over her waist. The saucy, knowing look she shot Courtney belied her prissy facade of polite meekness. “Perhaps Adam is playing with the sound system again. He is what you American's might call... a scamp.”

“Lord, please give me the strength to endure the foolishness of my apprentices.” Claude clasped his hands dramatically together in prayer as he beseeched the heavens through the cheap plasterboard ceiling tiles. “They mean well, but behave poorly at times.”

Courtney looked down at her high heeled feet in a wash of embarrassment to avoid the lip-licking grin Celine sent her way. She didn’t want to gainsay a man—especially one as knowledgeable and as talented as Monsieur Claude—knowing it wasn’t her place as an unattached spinster hoping to snare a steady beau of her own. Preferably one with the money and means to keep her and Violet.

“I’m sure you know your people best, Mister Bimbeau.” She deferred, blushing under all the attention. “Thank you for all your time and effort...”

“Claude, Madame, for the last time—you must call me Claude!” He begged, reaching up to clutch her folded hands in his own. “It has been my life's joy to work on a canvas such as yourself. Truly a diamond in the rough, worn down by modern ideologies only to be uplifted by that which actually matters. I must thank you for gifting me the opportunity to work my humble art upon your buried brilliance. Bringing your truest self to the fore.”

Only needing to lean in a fraction, Claude kissed the backs of her hands then swept into a low bow that brought his unwavering ginger pompadour to a level with Courtney’s knees.

Knees that were covered by the long flaring skirts of a polka dot swing dress. Celine certainly had an eye for flattering figures and fashion. A broad red belt encircled Courtney’s elegant hourglass waist, meant to draw perspective stares to marvel at the narrow contrast to her wide child-bearing hips and full generous bosom.

It was a wonder what a spa treatment and some carefully selected clothing could do for a lady!

The short sleeves and modest vee neck of the black and white dress showed off a suitably modest amount of perfectly supple skin. There was even a small bow stitched into the center of the angled neckline to highlight the heavy swell of pale cleavage peeking out from within.

Not too much though, Courtney did not wish to be mistaken for a coquette.

Her new underthings would take a little getting used to. The extravagant ensemble of satin garters, straps, girdles and belts felt luxurious against her tender skin and far from uncomfortable. Even the crimson scarpin heels were a perfect fit on her dancers feet and had a smashing effect on her smooth shapely legs.

“Honestly, I feel like a whole new lady... Claude.” She blushed at the familiar use of his first name given their short acquaintance and fiddled with the lacy wrists of her white gloves. “I could be Audrey Hepburn reborn. You and your team are simply amazing.”

“Such high praise from a lady of your quality is the reason we do what we do and payment enough for all of our humble efforts.” Claude said, gently shepherding her towards the door. “I can truthfully say it was my pleasure to work upon a vision of refinement and conviction such as yourself. Please allow me to see you out.”

Courtney couldn't help but appreciate his compliments and fine manners. They were in lamentably sad supply these days. Celine dutifully drew back the curtain with a small curtsy and a lecherous gleam in her eye as they glided back out into the salon.

“Oh, wow! Mommy... is that you?”

Her beaming daughter was propped up in the main stylist chair with that polite young man Adam touching up her smeared makeup and fixing her extraordinarily blonde hair up in a kittenish bun. It had the wet sheen of fresh

product combed through it and two fat drill curls framed her smiling face in place of her dreary old bangs.

“Of course, Dear. Do you like my new look?” Courtney asked, turning her face to the side and patting the massively poofy rolls of her caramel hairdo like a posing pinup model. “It’s not too much, is it?”

“Not at all!” Violet bounced in place, clapping her hands excitedly. “You’ll be laying them out in the streets when you walk by.”

Courtney glowed with pride, even as she critically appraised her own daughter's new getup.

Violet’s breasts were entirely too large for her skimpy little black dress. Stuffed like weather balloons into a scandalously small black zebra-print number. Well, the former couldn’t be helped—she took after her mother in the chest department after all—and the latter was just another symptom of the impressionable nature of today's youth.

Courtney blamed MTV and the internet for corrupting the current generation. She made a mental note to have a proper sit down talk with her daughter about it later.

“Your phone, Madame.”

Celine appeared by her side with the silver tray in hand. Balanced atop it were two phones; Violet’s and her own with a notification symbol blinking in the corner of the screen. Courtney had missed a few calls.

“*Mmmwah~!* Thanks for everything, Stud.” Violet said, hopping up to land a sloppy kiss on Adam’s lips before wrapping herself up in a fluffy white jacket with a girlish giggle. “Call me for a good time when you’re next in town, ‘kay?”

“I wish you nothing but joy and happiness in all your future endeavors, Miss Vi.” The dark-haired assistant stated sincerely with a formal nod of his handsome head. “It was a pleasure to meet you.”

“Wasn’t it just!”

Courtney missed the exchange as her attention was monopolized by her phone. She had no fewer than three missed calls from the most eligible Jack Sheffield. A stalwart bachelor and successful businessman who just happened to be available and in the market for a new home. A financial pillar of the community here in small-town Frederick, Maryland.

A big fish for any woman who could reel him in for keepsies. One that could support her dream of quitting her dolorous day job and becoming a happy homemaker.

A happy horny housewife to fuck bare foot and pregnant in the kitchen.

With a wistful sigh and a hot twinge of her nethers, Courtney slipped the phone in her purse and turned back to Claude and his two lovely assistants. Violet was making kissy faces at herself in the mirror, giggling vapidly as she tried to rearrange her enormous breasts in her tiny black dress.

“Thank you again and it was wonderful meeting you all.” She said in farewell, performing a prim little curtsy. One heeled foot behind the other and skirts outstretched. “I can honestly say I will remember today for the rest of my life.”

“Me too!” Violet exclaimed, bobbing in a jerky bow that shook one of her buoyant tits loose. “Woops... ‘scuse me.”

Claude whipped out a floral handkerchief to dab at his eyes as she corrected the wardrobe malfunction with an embarrassed giggle. Violet was doing that a lot all of a sudden. Giggling that was, Courtney thought it sounded... merry.

"Au revoir, Madame." The flamboyant artist sniffled. "You were a breath of fresh air and my finest masterpiece yet. Go forth and fly in the face of modern conventions to find your happiness."

"Bless you, Claude." She said with a gentle smile for the dear little man. "Come along Violet, Mommy has a few calls to make and then we are heading straight home. You can help me bake a pie for a very special client."

Linking arms with her daughter they walked out the door, high heels clicking in unison on the spotless linoleum floor.

Outside, the mall was still dim and deserted but Courtney's future looked bright. Full of flouncy hairdos, lovey-dovey marital sex and maybe even babies. She certainly didn't look or feel too old to pop out a few more ankle-biters, and her ovaries were practically purring at the very idea.

"Byyyeee!" Violet sang back over her shoulder, then nearly tripped over her own feet as Courtney steadied her. Her little girl could be such a top-heavy klutz sometimes. "Sooo~ this is, like, totally a guy we are cooking for, right?"

"A very wealthy and important client who also happens to be a man." She confirmed with a hint of heat dusting her already rouged cheeks. She turned her face away and poofed up a huge roll of toffee-coloured hair with the palm of her hand. "Somehow I feel like today is the day that I land him as a long-term prospect."

"Oooh, like a sugar daddy?" Violet giggled naughtily, hungrily licking her pillowy lips and twirling one of her giant drill curls around a lacquered fingertip. "Does that mean I'll get to call him Daddy too?"

Courtney rolled her eyes skyward in exasperation. Her precious daughter could be incorrigible at times but that was simply the youth of today. Maybe the guiding hand of a big strong man like Jack Sheffield with his big strong dick was just what the impetuous young lady needed to get back on the straight and narrow.

“We’ll see, Sweetie, we will see.” She replied warmly, hugging her close as they tottered together out into the noonday sunlight of the empty parking lot. “Let’s just say that after this morning, I think *big* things are on the horizon for both of us.”

Violet giggled again, then cheered in happy agreement...

“Yay, that sounds yummy!”

THE END

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