



Hey, people! Trilby here.
I don't want to get all sociological in your smut, but before we start today's story, we gotta talk.

I read and look at an awful lot of fetish and kink stuff, OK? I have for years. I think at this point I'm like a semi-pro observer, or something.

And I've concluded that when you see a transformation/magic makeover story set in a salon or spa, that story was almost always written by a guy.

Salons are Forbidden Magic to men because our culture makes it so hard for them to know better. If we'd let men admit when they want to look pretty, or just want to be pampered, they probably wouldn't have all these weird ideas about the places.



In the same way, the TG stories where the idea is "I became a hot woman and suddenly my life was better in every way and the sex was amazing" ... Guys, I know it's kink, and I wish it were true, but it isn't.

I wish you could explore this space in the real world without fear of being mocked or ostracized--or beaten up--I really do.
But you also have to understand that women face a lot of the same pushback for exploring, much less enjoying, their desires--and sometimes the consequences for them are much worse.

The whole thing sucks for everybody; it just sucks for everybody in different ways.
We really should fix this shit.



Anyway, this is a salon story, and I tell you all this because I want everybody to be clear: what happens in this story is absolutely nothing like reality.

Some of the things in it are just plain impossible, some are ethically dubious, some are illegal, and others would not work out nearly as pleasantly as they do here. "Bimbo your way to bliss" is a fun idea. In the real world, though ... well ... you probably wouldn't get what you want.

I don't usually do disclaimers like this, but I know there are some guys out there who actually do believe in some of this stuff.
Please don't do that.

Anyway, this is a story about a young couple and an establishment called ...



LATER THAT NIGHT.



Oh, yes!! Oh!! Oh!!!

--moan--
... Damn! ...



Not that I'm complaining, but ... what got into you? That was ... uh ... Perocious.

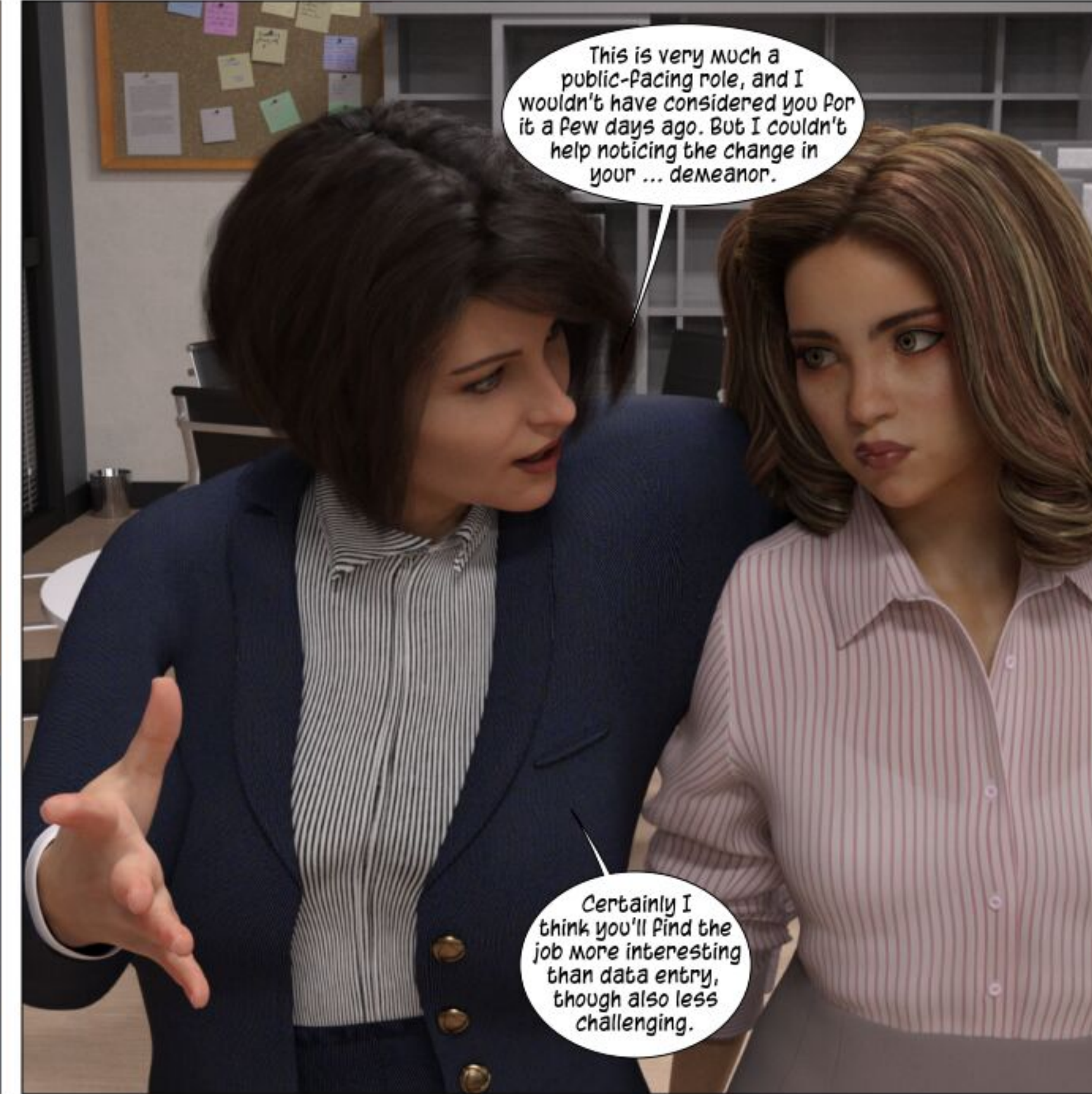
Oh ... I ... Uh, I don't know. Guess I was just really needing it tonight.

TWO DAYS LATER, LORI'S BOSS APPEARS AT HER CUBICLE UNEXPECTEDLY.



Oh! ... Good morning, Ms. Carlisle. Did you need something?

Lori. We've got an urgent personnel need, and I wonder if you could help us with that.



This is very much a public-facing role, and I wouldn't have considered you for it a few days ago. But I couldn't help noticing the change in your ... demeanor.

Certainly I think you'll find the job more interesting than data entry, though also less challenging.

AND SO ...



Good afternoon, sir! Do you have an appointment?

RECEPTION



OK, but desk clerk? I mean ...

You don't get it ... this is an actual job. No more contract gig. I'm an employee. Health care, 401k, all that stuff ...

It pays more, and it's super easy. All I have to do is be sweet to everybody and make sure I look good.

I'm going to have to go shop for more clothes, I guess.

Hrm.

Aw, so grumpy! This is a good thing.

Go put on something nice. I'm going to buy us a really good dinner. Then we're going to come home and Puck like crazy.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH PROPHECY ...



--aaaah!--



I wonder if I should tell him ...

He's so suspicious sometimes, though ... he'd probably say something was wrong ...

--snkzz--



I don't guess I'll find the kind of clothes I need in here ...

But it won't hurt to take a look, right?



Lori! So good to see you again. How is your new look working out?

It's great! In fact, I got promoted, kind of, and I need to find some new clothes ...

Oh, well, we can certainly look into that. But first, I'd like to finish working on you. We didn't have quite enough time before, as you'll recall.



Oh! Uh ... what did you have in mind?

We definitely want to take care of those brows. I think bolder colors, too; you seem ready. And, if you're willing, I'd like to do some small collagen injections. Just for shaping.

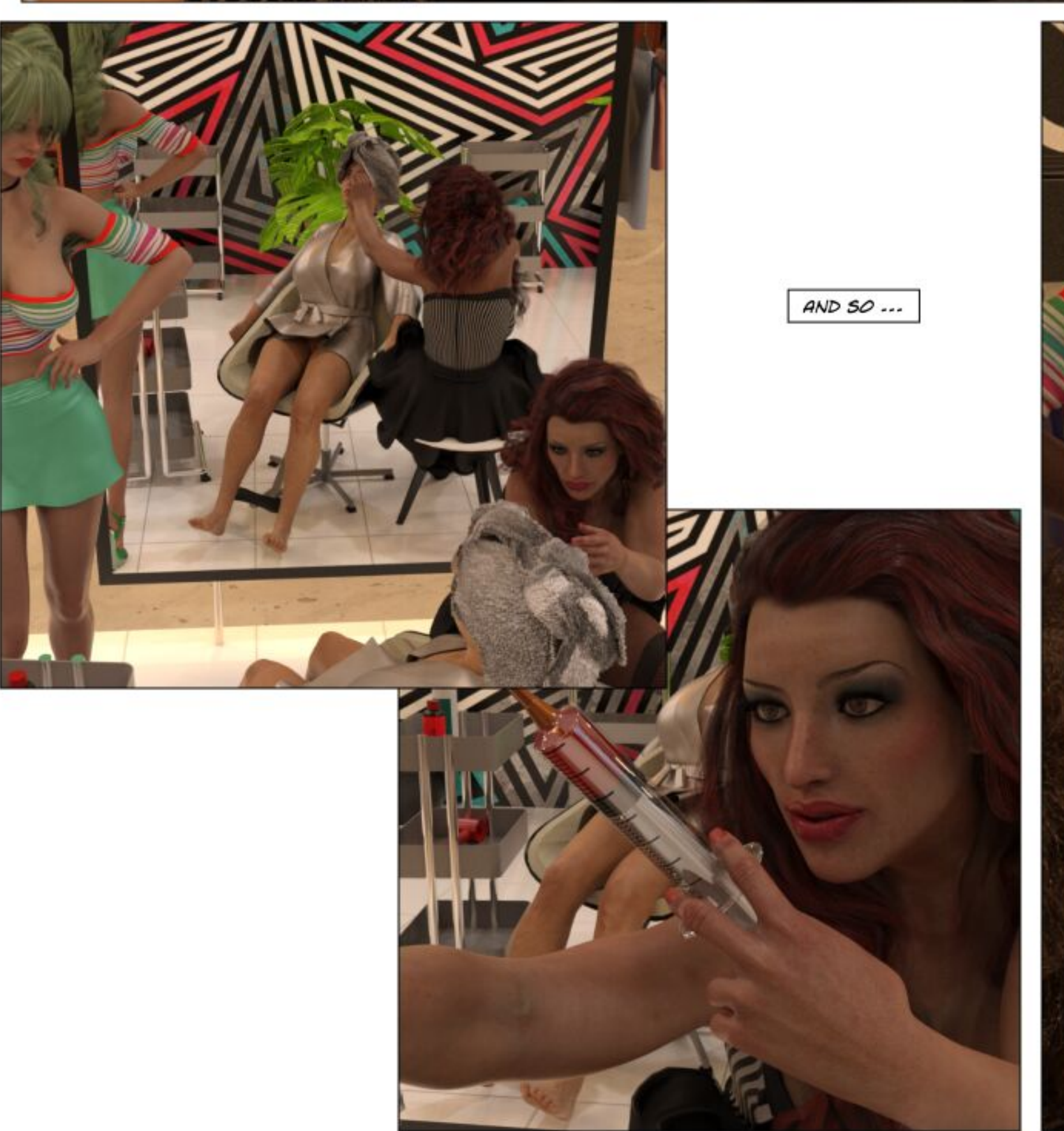
Then Didi can help you choose some outfits. Did you meet Didi last time?

Hi there, sugar!



You know, most of our clothing is designed for someone with a Puller Figure ... if you like, I can help you with that ...

... I'm interested.



AND SO ...



Oh my god, Didi, I look awesome!

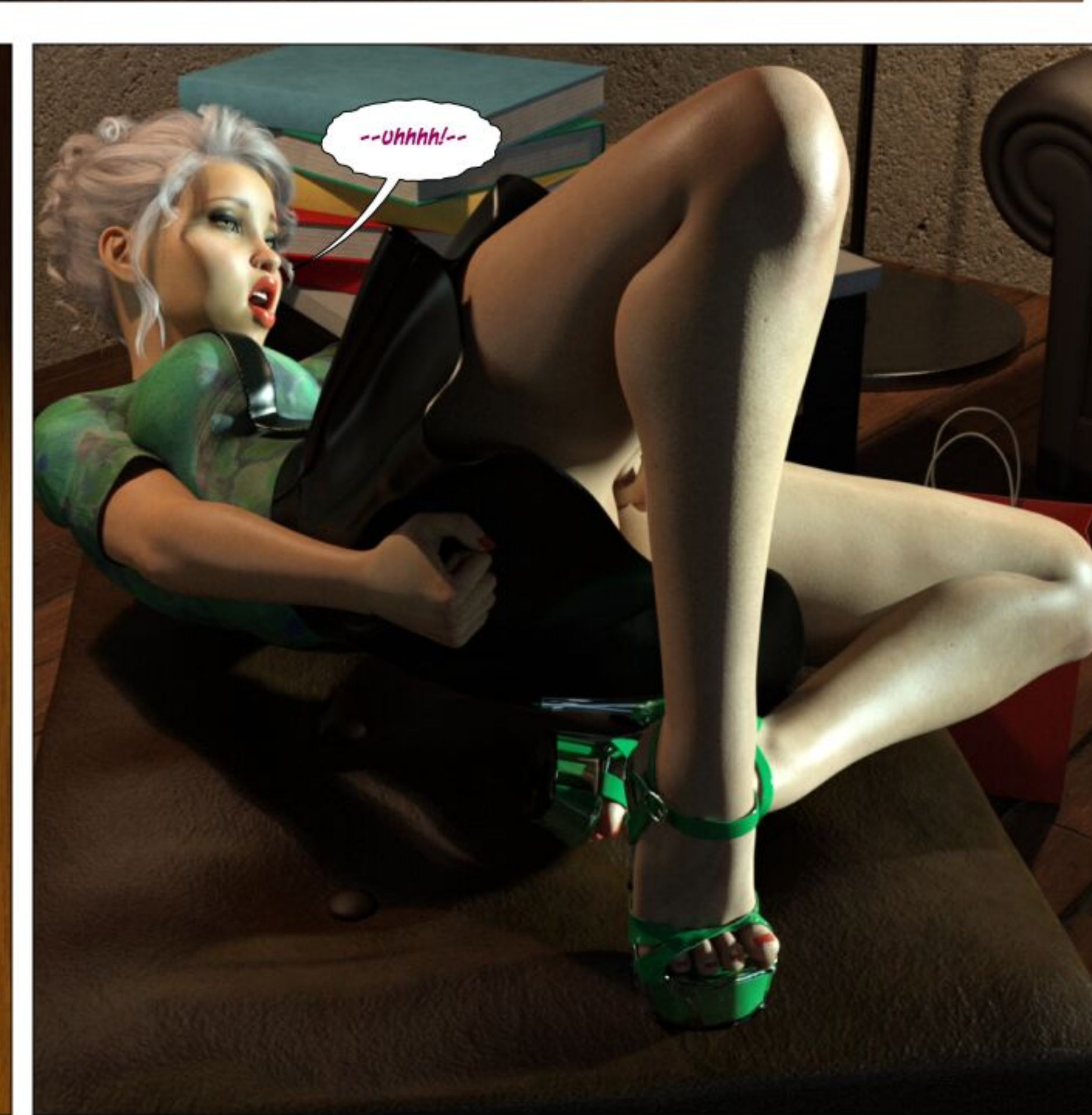


Oh, good, I missed Sam. And he'll be so tired when he gets in from work that he won't notice.

He's going to freak when he sees. But he'll get into it. I hope.

I don't know how to explain to him ... how it feels, looking like this, knowing people are looking at me thinking I'm hot ... I've never looked hot before in my life ... It's so ...

Oh, god.



--Uhhhh!--

THE NEXT FEW DAYS GO BY UNEVENTFULLY, MORE OR LESS ...





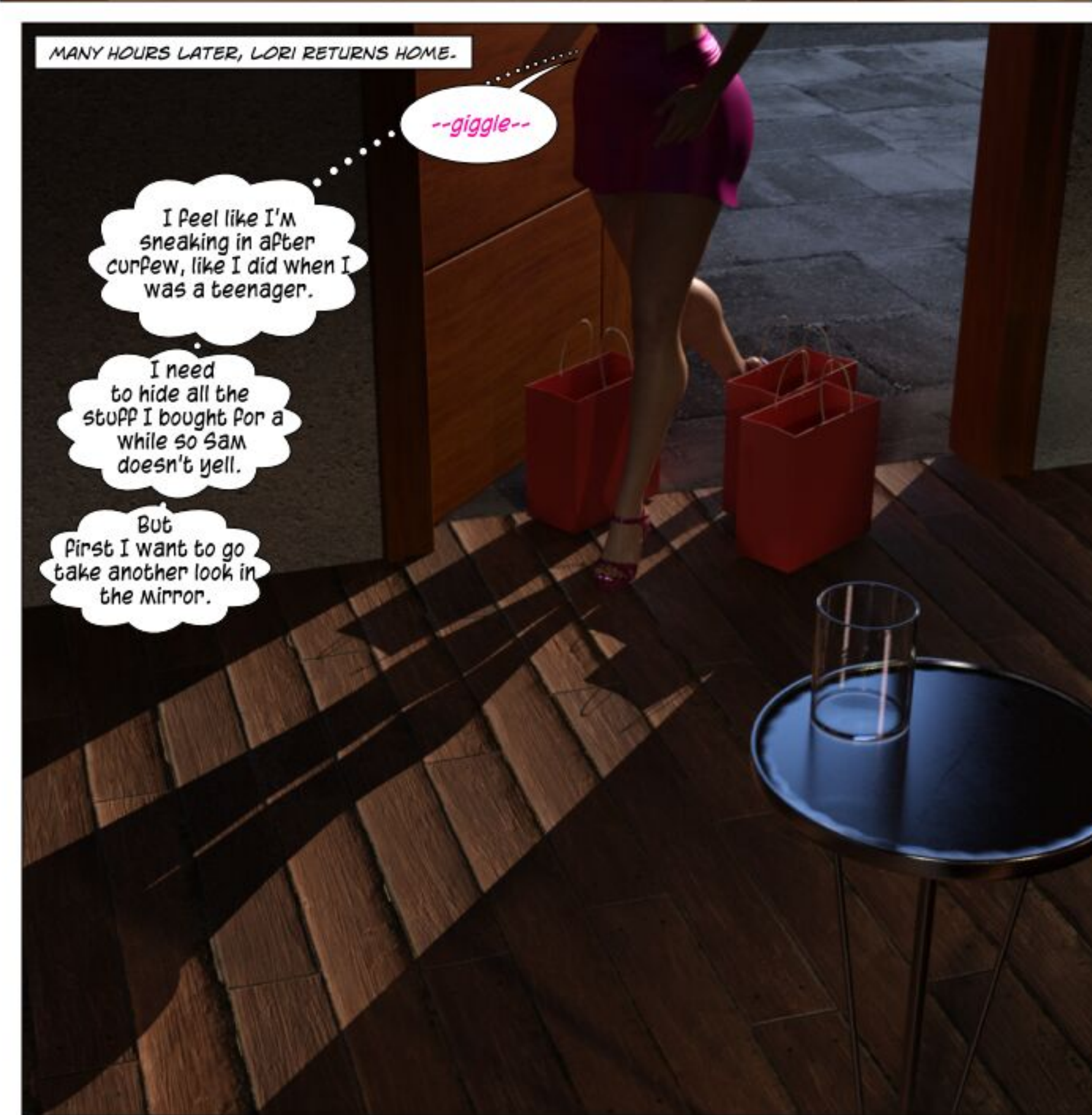
Why, Lori! You look upset. What's wrong?

Delilah, I ... I want to go all the way.



Well, that's nothing to be agitated about, Por goodness' sake! I knew you'd get to that point sooner or later.

Come on. We have some special equipment in the back. It'll take a while, so we should get started.



MANY HOURS LATER, LORI RETURNS HOME.

--giggle--

I feel like I'm sneaking in after curfew, like I did when I was a teenager.

I need to hide all the stuff I bought for a while so Sam doesn't yell.

But first I want to go take another look in the mirror.



Oh, yeah.

I don't know what my boss is going to think ...

... and Sam is probably going to blow a fuse ...

... but omigod I look so fucking hot.

Maybe I'll go out for a while and see who stares.



Lori. We need to talk about your work.

Here it comes.

Oh, gosh, Ms. Carlisle ... Am I doing something wrong?

Not at all! You're doing an excellent job.

But I think you've become ... overqualified for this position. I have a role for you up in the C-suite.



Er, what are the duties?

More or less the same, but you'll also be working as a personal assistant to our top executives. They need a lot of care and special handling.

We like to keep them happy. When they're happy, they don't make trouble for the rest of us. That'll be your job: Helping keep them happy. You think you can do that?

Definitely.



So, did you get hired yet?

What a mean thing to say!



Well, what should I say? You can't just go to the office like that and expect to keep your job.

It so happens, mister smarty, that I got promoted. I'm a special executive assistant. Double the pay.

Uh-huh. And what do they expect you to do to earn that pay?

Why are you being like this? What's wrong with you?

What's wrong with me? I don't recognize you anymore. You've decided to turn yourself into some kind of bimbo creature and I still haven't figured out why.



... I don't know what to do! I love him, but if he's going to keep being like that, I can't live with him anymore, and I don't want ...

Oh, god, no. He's a bartender.

Well, I have a possible solution, but ...

What does he do for a living? He's not a nuclear physicist or something high-end like that, is he?

Oh, that makes it easier.

You'll need to get him to come in here, though, and given what you say, that might be a bit--

I knew it!



I knew as soon as you got a chance you were going to sneak back here.

What are you going to have them do now? Give you tits down to your navel?

Don't you think you've already gone far enough? Too far, even?



SAM, what the hell?

Relax, Lori. We've got this. It'll all be OK.

Mimi, you remember which one to use, right?



It makes me sad to see someone like this. You know, presentation is a reflection of self-esteem. You are in some of the most urgent need of a makeover I have ever seen. Don't you care about yourself?

No ... I mean, don't give me that ... That's not why I'm-- Back off!



Uhhh ... I feel ... kinda dizzy--

Come along now. We've got a lot to do. We need to get started.

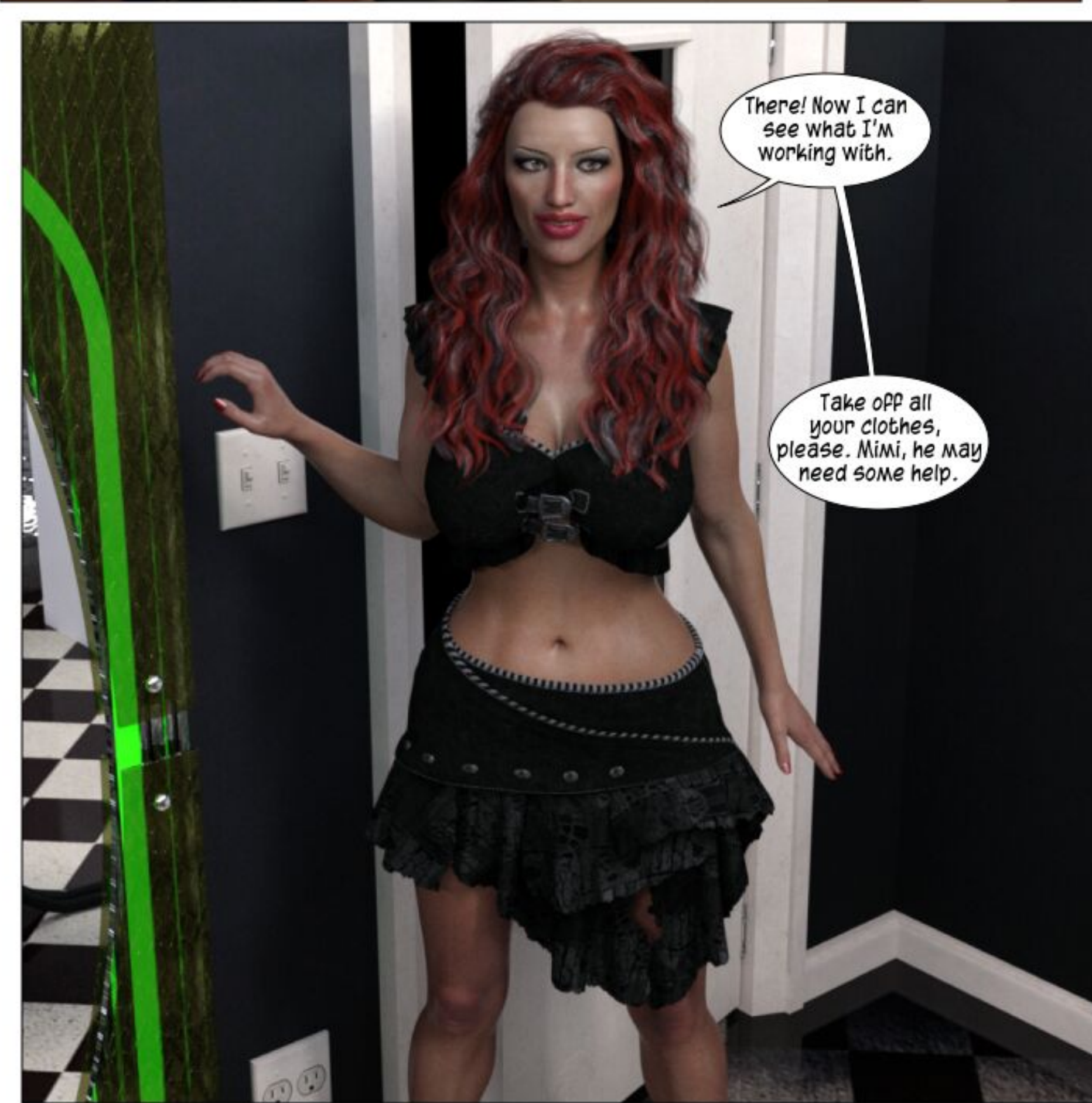
Lori, you might as well go. It'll be a while. Don't worry! It'll all come out great.

Didi, you'll have to watch the shop.



We keep all our most advanced equipment in the back. Now, it's a little narrow through here, so watch your step.

Just keep going straight ahead ... I realize it's dark ... Mimi and I are right behind you.



There! Now I can see what I'm working with.

Take off all your clothes, please. Mimi, he may need some help.



Hmm ... Well, I suppose I've seen worse ... But I was right, we have a lot of work to do.

No, wait a moment on that, Mimi; I want to get the hair treatment started and under a cap before you smear that stuff all over him.

EVEN LATER. LORI HAS FALLEN ASLEEP WAITING.

CLICK



... Sam ...?



Oh, wow! Sam, you look great!

Yeah, I-- No! I don't look great, I look like a blow-up sex doll!

Lori, those crazy people did something to my head! I shouldn't like this! They've wrecked my life!

Aw, c'mon--

I don't know what to do! I mean, I don't know how to be this. I'm going to lose my job--

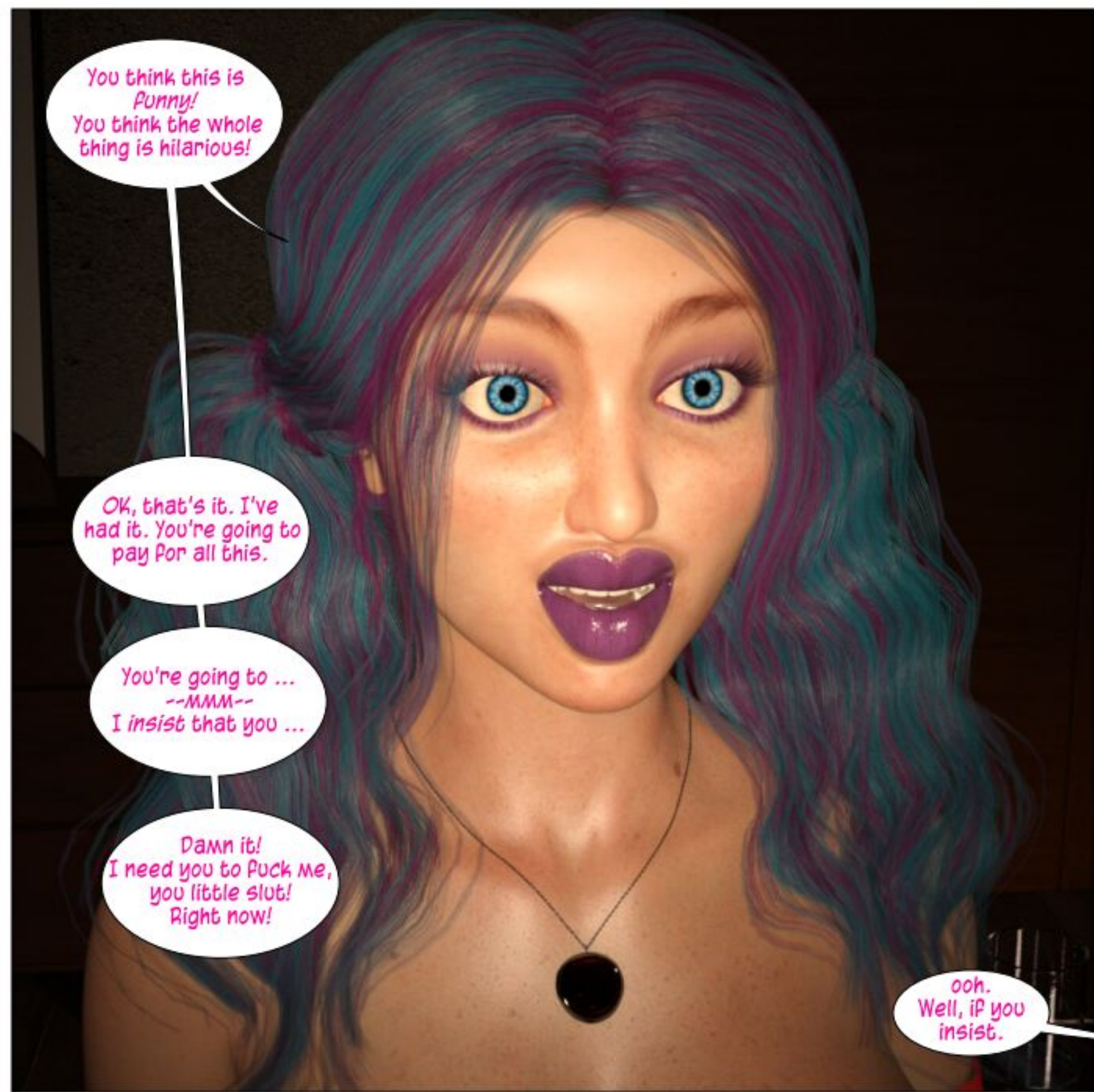
You haven't forgotten how--you can just get another bartender job, you know. --giggle-- I bet the tips'll be amazing!

--and the worst part is, I'm so Pucking horny I can't stand it! Are you going around all the time like this?



Oh, that! That's the best part!

Anyway, I know what will fix that problem for you. For a while, anyway.



You think this is Punny! You think the whole thing is hilarious!

OK, that's it. I've had it. You're going to pay for all this.

You're going to ... --MMM-- I insist that you ...

Damn it! I need you to Puck me, you little slut! Right now!

ooh. Well, if you insist.



Oh, god!

Oh, yes!

Oh, Puck!

MMMMM ...

I think everything is going to work out juuuuuust fine.

- END -