

No matter how many times Lillian told herself she was not scared about the future, the lies never stuck. Senior year was slipping away, the waves of time lapping at the comfortable sandbar of high school underneath her... soon she would have to swim. Ever since her eighteenth birthday, she dreaded what laid ahead of her. It was almost silly, when she thought about it. There were so many options available for her thanks to her stellar grades and SAT scores... Ivy League schools were champing at the bit to have her. Scholarships helped to facilitate any of the paths she wanted to take.

That was the problem though. There were too many paths. Too many career options to look into. Her parents kept showing her off to deans who talked to her about career opportunities and work experience programs. The family was not any help either. They kept asking whether she wanted to be a lawyer, a scientist, a doctor... Mom and Dad meant well, of course. It was just that she never told them why she was crying at night. Whenever she lay awake in bed at night and told herself, "Yes, this is what I'm going to do with my life, and I'm going to stick with it," all those other opportunities began to flash through her head. Whatever she picked shut all those other futures out, and when she thought about that, the tears never failed to come. Why was she supposed to commit to only one of these?

It helped that she had an excuse to tell her parents in case they asked about the sudden bouts of depression. Lillian broke up with her recent boyfriend, Brad, only a month ago, when she hit what she called the Wall. They were in bed together, for the first time... He was stroking up her bare body after shucking her clothes off, teasing her up against him... and then everything felt suddenly wrong. Lillian, staring down at him, felt uncomfortable and pushed away from him. They had a fight, and that was that. She wanted nothing to do with him now. The Wall smacked her down like it did with all her previous boyfriends. She enjoyed the cuddling... the romantic dinners every boyfriend shared with her. Lillian was admittedly an old-fashioned girl when it came to courting someone. Tactile sensation and just the knowledge that someone loved her turned her on more than any muscles or stiff penis ever could. Somehow, getting to the stage where she needed to be sexual with someone, even if she felt primed and ready, just... killed her enthusiasm as they were starting to get into the moment. Ever since high school started, Lillian had gone through five boyfriends... One of them had been a childhood sweetheart of hers. This did not help her fear of the future at all, understandably... Sometimes she wondered to herself if she needed to just stop trying. What was the point of looking for love if she could not please someone? She was not asexual... on some level she yearned for sex. Her fantasies were vague and hazy impersonal things of penetration and groping, and they came to her often.

She never told anyone about the Wall before. Not even her best friend, Tiff. Somehow, though, the blonde pony-tailed party girl knew just how she felt. Ever since she started blooming back in sophomore year into the absolute huge-chested bombshell she was now, Tiffany had something of a reputation amongst the school... How did it go? "Talk to Tiff if you want your dick to get licked." Lillian's friend loved it and actively encouraged it. It was the truth, after all. Tiff knew how to please a man. She liked scouting out hot boys when they went shopping and was fun to hang out with in a way nobody else was. Even if Lillian kept some things to herself, she trusted Tiff to help her get over that barrier. That was why the two of them were driving down to a salon in the middle of downtown, weaving through traffic and then parking in a lot a couple blocks away. Tiff told her was in a rut, and this was the visit that she thought would break Lillian out of it.

Even so, Lillian followed Tiff a bit slower than usual when they went out. Her friend's wobbling rear was plastered with skin-tight Daisy Dukes and her upper body was covered by a white t-shirt that cut down the neck in a V and showed off her chest.

"Are you sure about this?" Lillian asked Tiff. "It's just getting my hair done."

"You haven't ever gotten your hair *done*." Tiff laughed and turned around, her bust strained against her shirt enough that it was quite obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. "Haircuts don't count. And even if you ever went to a salon before, Cindy's is amazing. I'm gonna come out and say I'm being a little greedy with this. She's closing up shop in a week and heading south to Vegas. She's gonna be on the Strip, Lily. Her own hotel spa, first in a chain, can you even believe that? This isn't some strip-mall

salon. The woman is..." She sounded almost reverent as she continued. "She's a goddamn thrill ride wrapped in a high speed chase. I'd probably hate myself forever if I missed her before she moved. More if you never got to try her out."

Lillian shrugged. "How is this supposed to help, though?"

"She gives advice, too. You just tell her your troubles." Tiff nodded to her as they turned the corner. "Her advice is so good. I just feel so calm, and sexy, and ready to face the day when I come out of Cindy's."

Alright, if it meant that much to her, Lillian would not give any more complaint to the idea... Her thoughts ground to a halt as she turned the corner and looked at what was quite probably the largest salon she ever saw. With three levels, it looked like it was based out of a refurbished department store. How was she so sure that the building was Cindy's? The massive sign that covered the first two stories was a good tip-off. It was not "Cindy's", however... "Sindy's" was spelled out in bright red flowing cursive, a small heart on top of the I in place of the dot. For a business downtown, it seemed almost... lewd. It was like Tiff was taking Lillian to the world's biggest stripper club instead of Carter City's biggest salon.

When the two of them entered, they headed into a lobby the size of a hospital waiting room. All that space was needed, apparently, as at 2 PM the place was packed full of women and some men waiting to get their hair done. Funnily enough, the group ran the gamut from people like Tiff to some more restrained looking business types in suits and... huh, fishnets. Interesting. Tiff grabbed Lillian by the arm excitedly and dragged her along. "We don't have to deal with waiting out here, I've got an appointment and everything. You're going to just love this..."

The two of them were waived back into another room by the receptionist. Tiff lead Lillian through to another smaller room with a barber's chair and hairdresser's mirror and desk on the other side of the room. As if waiting just for them, someone opened the door only a moment after and announced their presence. "I'm heeeeeeeere!"

The newcomer was definitely not dressed professionally. Covered only in a pink tanktop and latex shorts, she would have looked like a fruit as seen through an acid trip if not for the fact that she seemed like she went to sleep each night in a tanning bed. Her skin was a creamy mocha brown, lips plush and covered in neon pink lipstick, fingernails adorned in alternating pink and white nail polish. That tanktop covered breasts that were at least DD cups, if not bigger, and her hips stretched those shorts to the point where they squeaked lewdly under friction with each step she took towards Tiff. Her eyes sparkled deep blue, face so perfectly angled that there was no way it was natural. This woman's face was the product of carefully planned surgery so that it hovered on the line of stunningly beautiful and uncannily so, so that Lillian got the impression of staring at a face that shot for unique and unintentionally (or perhaps intentionally...) ended up with factory molded perfection. The imperfect perfection, on a second look, did not just stop at her face... her breasts were rounded to look almost globular. Definitely breast implants. Her waist had been placed under diet and exercise until it too seemed uncannily thin. The woman's hair was a more obvious sign of unnatural beauty... Maybe she was a blonde underneath the dye. Maybe. That blonde, though, twirled up and around deep pink streaks of hair that outnumbered it, ending in a fully pink head of hair that made her seem like her hair was made out of soft serve strawberry ice cream mixed with French vanilla. It was a wonder that Lillian was able to take the entire package in before Tiff squealed loudly and ran towards this oversexed woman. Lillian's friend hugged her tight, and the woman returned the embrace so that their chest squished together hard enough that for a second Lillian wondered if her saline-filled chest was going to pop out of their prison. When this buxom beauty turned to look to Lillian, the girl suddenly felt on the spot as she began to speak. "Who's this, hun?"

"This is Lillian!" Tiff said excitedly. "She's here to get the full package from you before you head off to the Mirage!"

"How much is that going to be, by the way?" Lillian reached into the pocket of her cargo pants

and began to pull out her wallet before Cindy interrupted her.

"Well, the full package is usually about a... hmm... sorry, this math shit's never been one of my best skills... a hundred dollars? I usually have the other girls take care of this. But..." Cindy leaned down and whispered something into Tiff's ears, causing the girl to laugh. "This one's free. If I'm not making Tiff pay for her touch-up, I'm not going to make her friend pay for hers."

"Well, uh..." Lillian smiled bashfully, stuffing it back in her pocket. "That's really nice of you, hahah."

"It's all my pleasure." Cindy's teeth sparkled when she grinned back, bleached with inhuman perfection like the rest of her body. "Now, you just sit in the chair. Tiff, you leave for a second. I'll be with you in a second."

"Awww, Sindyyyyyyyy..." Tiff whined before she turned to the door. "Okay, but you know I'm not going to tell you about the fun I had last Friday if you're not with me in an hour." As Lillian mounted the chair and rested back into its cushioned body, the room's door opened and closed again, leaving her alone with the salon's owner.

She could feel Cindy's fake nails rest gently on her shoulder, kneading into her muscles through her long sleeved shirt. "Go ahead and just lay your worries out for Cindy Spunk. I'll make sure you leave here relaxed in body, mind, and soul."

Lillian was not sure how... oooh. She groaned softly as something in her back began to unknot. "That's not your real last name, haha..."

"You think?" Cindy giggled and brought her other hand down onto the unoccupied shoulder. "I may have gotten it legally changed. It may just be a stage name. You don't know. I believe that a woman should be allowed to choose her own future... that's why you're here, isn't it, hun?"

"How did you..."

"You're eighteen... well, at least in age, your body doesn't fit a young woman..." Lillian blushed in embarrassment as Cindy continued to massage her and talk. "It was just a guess, cutey. There's so much pressure on girls today to pick a future based on what others think it should be. That's not so fair, is it? There's... hmm... We'll come back to that later." She began to work her palms downwards, into Lillian's back. "There's another bit of tension here I can feel."

An uncomfortable silence passed between the two as she kept rubbing. Lillian breathed in deep. She did not know this one. How could she know about the Wall? There was no way that she knew...

"Well, if you don't want to tell me about it, honey, it's gotta be sensitive. I won't pry... Now, I'm just going to..."

"Wait!" Lillian blurted out. Cindy was just a stranger... but there was something about how open she was, how open she dressed, that made Lillian instinctively trust her on sensual matters. Everything came tumbling out of her head as she stared down into her lap. Everything about the Wall, about her troubles with men, her fears for the future... Even though she worried that she would alienate Cindy with talk like this, she still let it all flow out.

When she finished, Lillian looked up into the mirror... her eyes widened in surprise when her worst fears were completely squashed. Cindy was smiling now as her fingers roamed through Lillian's black shoulder length hair. "That's... so sweet that you came to me with that, hun. I can just tell we're going to be best friends."

"We're not going to be seeing each other again, though..." Lillian raised an eyebrow. "You're leaving for..."

"Just because someone's moving away doesn't mean that they can't keep in touch. Oh..." Cindy's swollen lips pursed. "I think I've kept Tiff waiting far too long. I really wanna keep talking to you about this, because I think I know what the solution is, but you're going to have to give me a while, okay?" Lillian only just nodded before Cindy moved for the door and left her to take care of her friend. She sat back in the chair and stared at herself in the mirror. There was no clock in the room... so time seemed to just stand still as she waited... Eventually she closed her eyes and began to think to herself. Was it true?

Was Sindy just pulling her leg about all this, ready to give her an “uplifting” touch-up that did nothing for her and left her in the same predicament she was in when she came in the salon? How could she have the solution to her secret problem? Eventually her thoughts deadened... Lillian yawned loudly as she slumped into the chair, her head resting into the plush material...

When she awoke, she was still in the same kind of chair. The room was different, though, and there were metal bonds on her arms and legs that kept her strapped in. Every wall around her was painted a deep red and pink, alternating in strips, and in front of her was a giant mirror that helpfully showed that she was completely naked. As anyone would do in her predicament, Lillian started to scream loudly for help. None came. That did not mean, though, that she was left unattended...

“You’re awake!” Sindy yelled back to her as she ran from behind the girl and leaned over in front of the chair. “I thought my assistants pumped too much of the... umm... the knock out sleepy stuff into the room and you’d be here for the next hour or so. Talk about egg on my face! You’re awake, though, so we can get started!”

“... What are you talking about?!” Lillian squirmed back into the chair. “I’m not going through with the spa package if you’re going to take my clothes away and lock me in a chair, what’s the matter with you?!”

“Oh, you won’t need to worry about your clothes...” Sindy’s nails went underneath her chin and gently stroked upwards. “I burned them! Haha, don’t give me that pout. You don’t need them, honey. Were you wearing them just because they covered up your small tits and ass, or do you just not know how to dress? Those were for middle-aged women, not for a young adult like you!” Despite everything, Sindy’s tone was not mocking at all. It was still helpful. Friendly. If anything, it was now more... affectionate. Lillian opened her mouth only to have a single finger placed on her lips. “Sssshhh. Sindy’s doing the talking right now. You’re just gonna stress yourself out if you try and yell at me. I’m gonna answer your questions anyways. Don’t blame Tiff. She doesn’t know what’s happening right now. Not a lot of girls do. This treatment only happens to girls who catch my eye. Girls who need a bit of a signature touch... the ones that the usual Sindy Spunk treatment isn’t enough for. Girls who are like clay that hasn’t been turned into sexy statues!”

She was crazy. Sindy was completely crazy and Lillian was going to break out of these bonds before she did something terrible to her. Even as she started to try and wiggle herself out of the manacles, though, the chair was lowering back, bringing her into a reclining position as those talons scratched through her scalp. “Clay needs to be wet before you can use it, though, so... hehehe, don’t blush! I’m just talking about your hair. You’re really shy about your body, aren’t you?”

She could feel the chair sliding across the floor as Sindy kicked down on a lever, moving it so that she now stared into the ceiling tiles... Alternating pink and red there. How could anyone stand so much pink? Lillian could feel her neck resting against a basin now as Sindy further adjusted her seat. Right at the edge of her vision was a faucet. The hairdresser reached past her and started to turn one of the handles, and then Lillian could feel lukewarm water start to splash down onto her hair. At first, she kept struggling, but as Sindy started to pull her fingers down through her scalp she stopped. Lillian could not lie to herself. It was actually rather nice to feel those fingers working through her hair like that, pulling them out into the running water and dousing them... Something within her told her to fight, to resist, but little by little she was telling that part of herself to shut up. Lately she had been under too much angst. Could she not just try and wring some enjoyment out of this terrible experience? That sounded wrong to her, but then again... maybe she just needed to take a leap of faith? Yeah...

By the time Sindy was pulling up in front of her to stare at Lillian’s face, the girl’s body was so very limp and relaxed. Lillian’s eyes were glazed over, her mouth slightly open. Sindy began to reach down and close her mouth before deciding against it, leaving her as she was, and patting her on the head. “We’re going to fix those problems you’re having this afternoon. With all the jobs and stuff available to you, I think there’s one thing so simple, and yet with so many flavors, you haven’t thought about! Now, what to do with you... this first part is super important for girls like you. You gotta plan

ahead... we don't want to wreck how you look, after all!" Sindy tapped her finger against her chin as she spoke to herself. "I could make you a beautiful desert rose, bountiful and fiery, or... or a surfer girl, skin baked in the sun, or... hmm! We could go exotic... people always love a cute ganguro girl. Think about that. We could teach you Japanese and have you act all cute and naive, like you're some tourist, and... Ooh. Oooooooh." She purred into Lillian's ear. "I got just the thing, now..."

Sindy reached forward out of Lillian's view. There was a soft squirting sound, and then Lillian felt something being rubbed into her hair as her hairdresser got to work. "You're the last girl I'm going to be working with so closely before I get to work turnin' trust fund babies and drunk soccer moms into works of art. Why not make you a monume... mon... umm..." She just giggled and kept scrubbing the shampoo in deeper, suds appearing through the girl's head. "Let's make you totally hot, Vegas style, since I'm going there! Just the thing in mind now..."

Lillian was vaguely aware of the hairdresser moving to pull another bottle down onto the sink's side as her dazed, mindless state became mixed with a little bit of wooziness. The shampoo Sindy was rubbing into her head smelled as potent as it acted... A high-rate salon owner, after all, only stocked the best. The best, in this case, was chemically treated shampoo that was banned in about thirty countries for its side effects. It was going to wash Lillian's hair out of more than dirt and grime. It mixed in down to the roots, lightening the girl's hair in moments near the scalp and working outwards. Slowly, the raven-dark hair began to lighten. In only fifteen seconds of scrubbing, it went from black as ink to brunette. Sindy was starting to fawn and lift those locks up, rubbing them between her fingers as they went past brown, heading to a light blonde as the color radiated from the center of her scalp outwards. "Words and stuff are true for a reason, Lillian. Blondes do have more fun... and arentcha starting to have more fun?"

She barely understood what Sindy meant by that. Was she blonde now? Usually she had black... well, blonde was nice too. Lillian nodded and gave a small murmur of pleasure. She felt like putty in this woman's hands, so loose and soft and... mmmmfh. Something else was going in her hair now. Sindy was applying conditioner into her hair now. It was the second item in the one-two combo of "hair care products that would get her pulled up on possible charges of treason" in her cabinet, but as far as Sindy was concerned, she had never done anything to harm any trees, so she was in the clear on that. Besides, it was so nice to follow up the dyeing process with volumitizing.

Lillian's now-blonde hair slowly began to push out from her scalp in a uniform motion that led it to slowly reach down into the faucet. It circled around the bowl as it grew out, curling around itself like some kind of hairy snake as it reached truly ridiculous proportions. Soon enough it started to look like Lillian's hair had turned into an incredibly soft and wet nest of straw within the faucet. Sindy was not worried, however. She cranked the chair so that it pulled up into a sitting position, Lillian's hair draping itself against the back of the chair and slapping against the sink's counter with a soft thwack, and then walked over to the manacles and released them. Gently grabbing Lillian by the wrists and pulling her out of the chair, Sindy walked her out a couple feet. Once Lillian was far enough, Sindy let the girl sway in a bit of a haze as she grabbed her hair and slowly pulled it towards her. It was still incredibly wet, but they could fix that in a couple minutes. Right now, Sindy wanted to see how well her work had gone.

She started brushing through Lillian's incredibly soft hair and working out the kinks with a comb and uncontrollable glee. That blonde curtain of hair now extended down to the small of her back, the ends tickling at her disappointingly flat butt. Sindy was not going to take a scissor to the excess hair, of course. Her projects were meant to be eye-catching, and a hairstyle like this would certainly turn some heads wherever Lillian went. Plus, long hair was so very useful... it could be used to cover her naughty bits to coyly tease her lover with, one layer of "clothing" left to strip off before they could start fucking her. She could use it as a pillow for said lover in the middle of shoving it in her backside. Something was still missing, though. When Sindy finished brushing through that torrent of blonde beauty, she grabbed the bottom of Lillian's hair, curled a white scrunchie around it, and then slid it up

so that bound her hair together where it started to touch her neck. Perfect.

"Lillian, honey? Are you still there?" Sindy giggled slightly as she noticed that Lillian was unable to look away from herself in the mirror. "Looks like you can't take yourself off yourself. Good. Vanity's a good trait to have. We're not doing just your hair, though..."

Sindy left Lillian to just keep staring at herself in the mirror as she grabbed and laid out a veritable field of beauty products in front of the girl. Cracking her fingers, she reached down and picked up a small compact box of eyeshadow, holding it up to the girl's face, dabbing a small brush in the powder, and then beginning to slowly stroke it along her eyes. Wherever it touched, it left a dark black line that eventually created one, then two separate circles around Lillian's eyelids. Sindy curled her eyelashes in a way that left her looking... actually good. A little bit slutty, but good. Lillian tried to put a hand to her cheek to check and see if she was dreaming, but Sindy gently brought it back to her side. Okay, maybe Sindy had pumped her full of mind control drugs or something... or maybe she was legitimately enjoying this experience on its own merits. It was hard for Lillian to tell... and even harder to remind herself that she was this woman's captive and not her friend.

"Blush. You need blush, dear. Oh gaaawd, you do not know how badly you've been needing blush..." The salon owner laughed as she squeezed up to Lillian's body, applying the makeup to her cheeks and bringing them to a subdued ruby red. Lillian almost felt more alive just from the color on her face. It gave her a look like she was constantly flushed... ready to go for anything. That helped to bring a real blush to her face. It was really happening... A mixture of shame and a strange excitement was rising up in her. By the time Sindy was done with her, she would be more than best friends with Tiff. They would look like twins.

When Sindy pulled out a stick of lipstick, Lillian knew what was coming... at least, she thought she did. Pursing her lips forward, she watched as the woman applied it to her lips. It was a classic ruby red that made her lips flare with color... and eventually begin to tingle and go a little numb. She pointed at her face as Sindy was finishing. "I think I might be allergic to this..."

"Feels kinda ticklish? That means it's working!" Sindy squealed happily. "That's the best part of your face makeup. That lipstick is like... ten more than half? Six... Sixty, yeah! Sixty part collage... col..."

Lillian's eyes widened. "... Collagen?"

"Yeah. Geez, maybe I should have decided to talk you into being a hairdresser like me! Maybe in a year or two, once I get settled..." She shoved her thumb into her chest, squishing it into her massive tits, and laughed. "Your lips are going to plump up really big over the next couple of minutes, and they're gonna stay that way for the rest of your life if you keep applying it for the next few weeks!"

Her lips were already starting to feel really tender... "I'm not sure I want to do that."

"Well, okay, you can also just go back to being Plain Jane Miss Skeleton Lips for the rest of your life!" She leaned in and kissed Lillian on the lips.

The girl's eyes felt like they were about to pop out of her skull as she pulled back, Sindy calmly doing the same. "What was that for?!"

"I was just showing you how much better it feels to kiss someone with big lips!" The hairdresser grinned, completely nonplussed by Lillian's reaction. "Hey, your lips are starting to get fuller already."

They were, the small pink lines beginning to round and push out as Lillian fumed, but she could barely focus on that as she stared back at the girl. "You're crazy. You think you can just kidnap me, push yourself on me, and I'll just respond? You may have fooled me for a while, but I'm leaving..."

As she turned to go, Sindy grabbed her by the arm and dragged her back in front of the mirror, shaking her finger at her. "The door in here is locked from the outside. You're stuck in here with me for the next four hours, so you better behave, or this won't be any fun at all!"

"Are you threatening me?" Lillian jerked her arm back, but Sindy would not let her pull away.

"Why would I want to hurt you, Lilly? No, that's not a good name... not simple enough." She

shook her head. "You're a respectable piece of art! I just don't want you to make you like this... although, you are starting to get a cute little pout, people love that." She pinched the girl's cheeks and giggled as Lillian's thickening lips curled to become a pillowy frown. "I want you to be happy."

Lillian swatted her hand away and frowned harder, which only made those plush lips curl and rub against each other. "Maybe I don't want the kind of happiness that you're offering." She tried to ignore how nice they felt rubbing up against each other.

"Really?" Sindy pulled away all the same and giggled. "I think all people wanna be happy. I know how to give them two kinds of happiness... The giggly, fluffy cloud-headed kind of happiness that gets them to calm down, and the happiness that lasts longer... y'know, the one you keep right under your rack that warms you up even when it's cold and keeps you cool when things get too hot. You're in dire need in both right now..." She slowly advanced back to Lillian, her large nails reaching out to trail against her arm. "That Wall you talk about, honey. I think I know the reason that it exists. ... Have you ever fooled around with any girls, Lillian?"

"What?" Lillian whipped her head around to look at her, that ponytail whipping against her shoulderblades as she did. "I... that's crazy, I'm not into other women. I would have been all over Tiff, wouldn't I? She's bi, she's into girls."

"Well, guys and bis aren't into all girls, silly!" Sindy laughed and rubbed over her shoulder, sending a little shiver up her spine. "Lesbians have their little things that they like, just like them... their flavors. Some girls like peach, some girls like blueberries, some girls like..." She purred the next word into Lillian's ear. "Strawberries..."

Lillian groaned softly and brought a hand to her crotch, dabbing her fingers into her slit and brushing them against the light brown fuzz there. Why was she so wet...? "This is some kind of trick... you're messing with my mind again..."

"No tricks other than some seduction, honey..." One of Sindy's hands went to Lillian's waist and squeezed her so that they were pressed together, rounded hip to flat hip. "Seems to be working, too... now come on..." She grabbed Lillian by the arm and pulled her off towards another chair.

This one was sans manacles, and was set in front of a large armoire with many drawers in both of the table's sides. Sindy gently pushed Lillian into the chair and went to one of the drawers, opening it and pulling out a couple small cases and a little bottle. As she placed them onto the armoire, she spoke to Lillian.

"Now, Lil... No, that won't work either! Maybe we should just ditch your old name altogether and go with something more fun!" Sindy turned back. "Whoever you're gonna be... you're gonna be a good girl and stay in that chair unless you want me to calm you down again, kay? I mean, that'd be fun, but I don't want to wear it out or anything. That's something you spend on special occasions when you're gettin' ready to eat someone out or..."

Lillian was not in the frame of mind to go anywhere, so Sindy did not need to worry about that. The girl barely was able to do anything but think and look past her small bust to her crotch, which was still wet from the way Sindy teased her. She was lying, Sindy used some sort of drug on her to make her start getting turned on by her. Lowered her inhibitions or something...

... Except, then, that would not explain why Lillian was being turned on in the first place. She was the only one that ever got herself horny. Now that Sindy was able to do it... her mind turned over the fact in shock. Another woman made me horny. Another woman touching me made me get turned on. "Shit. I'm a lesbian."

"Yep!" Sindy laughed to herself as she kept grabbing things from the armoire and stacking them in a small pile.

That did not make her a slut, though. Maybe she was into girls. Okay. Lillian shook her head and stared up at the hairdresser. That did not mean she needed to do anything more with this woman. Even though she was kinda... oh man. Lillian bit her lip, her hand rolling down to her crotch and pushing between her lips as she saw that rear bent over in front of her, that chest wobbling and shaking.

She was not going to lose her virginity to some woman she just met... it was going to be special, and it was not going to be today...

"Okay, let's get these nails done!" Sindy announced as she went over to Lillian and took her arm up in her hands. "You don't even paint them? You're a real problem case... don't worry, you're already looking better. I made a really good choice on your hair. Point your fingers out for me."

She did as she was told, still slightly shell-shocked by her sudden revelation. If Lillian wanted to complain, she would not have been able to vocalize much more than a "No" or a "Don't". There was a slight pressure as the fake nails were pressed on, but nothing that she could not handle. When Sindy pulled back from her fingers, the damage was not as bad as Lillian figured that they would be. They were not as long or garish as Sindy's were. That was not to say that they were something she would usually wear. By her own standards, they were pretty long... enough that if she balled her hands into fists the ruby red nails that were the same shade as her lips scratched and dug into her palms. Honestly... like everything else, they seemed only to make her look that much better. Funny. She barely felt like she was being held against her will anymore. "What's next?"

"Someone's gettin' interested in her own body! Good. Mmmmh..." Sindy tapped her lips. "Honey bunny, you're starting to look more and more beautiful by the second. I think someone once said that a good archit... an archie... crap, what was the phrase? I know when you're done because I don't have anything left to take away. ... Oooh, there's an idea!" Sindy reached with one hand to the armoire, grabbing a small tub of cream, and the other went to Lillian's crotch.

Lillian recoiled a lot less from the woman bringing her fingers close to her crotch than she realized. Unconsciously, her hips pressed up gently so that her vag touched Sindy's fingertips. As soon as they did, the both of them pulled back. Sindy giggled as Lillian blushed. "Heeheehe, silly girl! We're not doing anything like that right now, we gotta get you taken care of here! Look, all your hair here, and on your legs, and under your arms need to get taken off. This cream'll help!"

"S-so why did you put all the focus on my vag, then?" Lillian asked.

"Do you not like someone paying attention to that?" Sindy leaned forwards and grabbed Lillian's tits, rubbing over her small breasts. The girl barely fought it, her cheeks going flush as Sindy rubbed her thumb over each nipple, getting them stiff. "Someone's more of a T-&-A girl... Well, we'll talk about that later... Right now, we need to make you nice and hairless." As Sindy drew her focus back to the tub, Lillian drew her lips into a pout again. It was not fair for Sindy to make her so turned on... if she kept doing that, one thing was going to lead to another and then... She was in control of herself, right? Lillian could hold herself back from burying her face into those large, beautiful tits, her hands stroking along that thick ass, her fingers squeezing on that soft moisturized skin as she made out with Sindy, thick lips mashing together... ooooh...

Lillian was groaning again as Sindy got to work, the hairdresser working around the girl's hand as she started to stroke at her cunny again. As Sindy worked the cream in, Lillian was just slightly aware of a small tingling sensation as she teased herself. The salon owner slowly coated the roots of the hair around where Lillian's hand worked, moving as the girl did and trying not to interrupt her, until she was satisfied. Then, she gently stroked her fingertips across the coated regions and began to brush both the cream and strands of hair out. When the cream was pulled away, there were only small bristles that fell out soon after with Lillian's movements to leave behind bare skin. It was much more effective than shaving with a razor. A small shadow of hair would have been left in that case. Here? It was like the hair never grew in. The process was repeated again for her legs, and then underneath her arms as Sindy directed her to do so, each time leaving her looking like she had gotten the best waxing job money could pay for.

"D-done?" Lillian panted as she dug her fingers deeper into herself, her tunnel clenching around her fingers.

"Yeah..." Sindy laid a peck on her cheek and crawled up slightly onto the chair. "Stop playin' with yourself, you're gonna spoil your appetite..."



Lillian nodded slowly and withdrew her fingers from herself again, laying them on Sindy's waist and holding her up. "How do I look?"

"Smooth. Really, really smooth." Sindy smiled. "It's non-permanent, too, that's what it says on the can, unless..."

"Unless I keep using it." Lillian giggled softly to herself. "Why's everything you do like that?"

"I like it when girls choose their own path." Sindy was so close now, her face a few inches from the girl's own, her covered breasts pressing up against Lillian's chest. "When a girl chooses to do law stuff or sciencey stuff, that's great. When they realize that they want to be a slut, that's just as great. It gives me a little thrill when a girl commits to something. I'm giving you the choice to commit to this... mmmh..." She purred out. "It sounds like you want something more solid, though... something that'll stick..."

"The idea's..." After all that took place, Lillian would feel ridiculous if she held anything back. "Growing on me."

"Not as much as your ass'll grow after you start taking the pills I would give you if you wanted them." The hairdresser's eyes grew wider with glee as she spoke. "You'd just get so thick... and your breasts would be so big after you got implants... I wanna give you fake tits so bad, you'd look hot with them..."

Lillian started to wrap her arms around Sindy's body before she got a far better idea. Her hands went instead to feel over Sindy's top, pressing through the fabric into her fake boobs, able to feel how jiggly and firm and wonderfully artificial they were. "They just feel so unnatural..."

"Ah, there's something else we would work on!" Sindy giggled and gently knocked her knuckles on Lillian's forehead. "This."

"My... head?" She asked the hairdresser.

"Hahahah, that's the spirit!" Sindy said. "Nah, deeper than that. Your smarts. We gotta train those right out of you."

"You can do that?" Something deep inside Lillian pleurably ached at the thought and she did not know why. "Mmmh... Why would I even want that?"

"Well, think about it while you still can." Sindy nuzzled up against her neck and whispered in her ear. "Wouldn't things be more simpler if you didn't think them out so much? So less harder... you won't need to think much when you're a slut. Sluts focus on stress problems, not math problems. You can be happy with the simple things..." Lillian nodded along as the woman kept speaking to her. "It's easy to do when a girl wants it. I've done it to people before. You just train your mind to be satisfied with what comes to mind first. Gotta fix your words, too... Too many big ones! Like, no wonder you're stressed all the time when you've got to think so much about what you say... You hang around the right people and you don't have to use words like that... like Tiff and me. You choose the right friends, and pretty soon you'll just stop saying all those big words. You'll start talking like them. Tiff's a good friend, you don't need to impress her with all those fancy words... she'll think you're a great friend whether you're smart or not."

Lillian felt, deep down, like she already knew that. Like all that Sindy was saying was validation for the questions she had asked herself for a while now. The answer was not in any college prep book or internet helpsite she forced herself to perouse. It was coming from the mouth of a whorish salon artist. Tiff was right, Sindy really was the best...

"I want this." She told Sindy. "I don't think I've ever wanted anything so bad... I... I just want to hear what you want to turn me into before I fully give in..." Each word came out in a lustful groan, her libido rising every second she spent closed to this handmade woman that was promising to make her as perfectly fake as she was.

"And ruin the surprise, hun?" The woman lifted her out of the chair and hugged tight to her, kissing her again, this time deeper. Lillian could feel her push her tongue in through her lips, and they parted, and oh fuck it just made her so hot downstairs that soon enough she was grinding herself

against Cindy's body, really pushing her wet nethers up against her crotch. The empty-headed harlot pulled back from Lillian and giggled. "Let's just say you're gonna be cute and helpful and all eyes are gonna be on that backside of yours."

"I like that..." Usually, people were passing her over for Tiff. She got attention as well, but it was not the kind that really made her happy... "I want that so badly..."

Lillian moaned loudly as her rear was slapped, Cindy gripping one of her cheeks and leading her along to a heart-shaped pink and white bed near one of the room's corners. "That was a pretty good kiss, but you wanna hold it for just a bit longer... you let me go too easily! You really wanted more, didn't ya?"

The girl nodded and blushed. "Yeah..."

"It's okay. Sex is just like not being smart anymore. You gotta practice, that's all!" Cindy laid her out onto the bed, her long blonde hair serving as an extra comforter, and began removing her top, the pink fabric stretching over her tits and outlining her nipples as she pulled it off, whipping it off the side of the bed and revealing those huge globes in their entirety. "I'm not gonna expect you to be great at it when you're a virgin. That's like saying I would be good at algebra when I've never seen algae in my entire life!"

Lillian thought of correcting her, but she held her tongue. Right. Algebra had to do with algae. Sure. It was all about training herself. Getting things right did not matter anymore, her mindset did, and those tits mattered. Holy crap, Cindy's rack mattered a lot... "I'm not sure I told you this, but you're beautiful."

"Awwww, thanks!" Cindy cooed out. "I get it a lot, but it never stops being great to hear!" She dug her fingers into those latex shorts and slid them down over her rear soon after, leaving them at the tip of the bed's heart. The woman then looked down at Lillian, then to her rack. "You really like these, don't you...?"

Lillian nodded slowly, lips pursed together as she stared, the other naked woman scooting closer to her on the bed and placing her hands to Lillian's hips. "You can feel them some more. It's not good to hold back when you're in bed with someone..." Lillian nodded and placed her hands onto those tanned, massive breasts, rolling over the nipples with her fingers, her nails digging gently into the skin...

Sindy bit her lip and sighed softly as she was felt over. "Want 'em? You should say so if you are..."

"I'm really jealous, yeah..." Lillian hefted the saline-filled bust in her hands, toying with them and watching Cindy's reaction play out on her face in the form of her eyes closing and her smile growing wider. "I just... I don't just want them now, I need them now. I need the weight, I need the size, I need the feeling of waking up and having these heavy things on my body, water rolling over them as I take a shower and then stuff my... h-haaaaah..."

Sindy's fingers were rolling around her lips now, occasionally dipping into her to keep her on edge as she spoke. "More. I wanna hear you lose your mind and go all moany and stuff while I'm playing with ya."

"S-stuff..." Lillian struggled to form the words as the woman who was rapidly becoming her idol and goddess sent her lipstick-covered lower lip quivering. "Stuff my big boobs into a skimpy sports bra and head out jogging so I can tease the neighborhood with how they bounce and shake I wouldn't even be doing it... ffffuck..." A little bit of her juices gushed out onto Cindy's hand as she started to push a single finger in, bobbing it back and forth as if checking her for how much she could take. A single finger? Lillian could do that. It sent her mind rolling in ecstasy, but she could do that and keep talking. "I... I... nnnnnnnfh, more... I wouldn't even be doing it to exercise... Aaaahnnn!" She moaned out as a second finger slid in pressed against the first one, her thighs pressed together and held tight against Cindy's arm as she was fingered. "... I-I'd just be doing it to see who'd be staring, and holy christ this feels so goooooood..."

"You're doing great..." Cindy murmured, leaning down slowly and pulling out for a second to

kiss her again. Lillian did not hold back this time, her tongue hungrily wrapping around Cindy's own and squeezing as she made out with her, groaning softly into her mouth as Cindy tugged gently on her long hair. She needed it to be longer... Cindy wanted to tell her something but Lillian stopped her, grabbing onto Cindy's pink and creamy blonde hair and pushing her deeper into the kiss. The hairdresser's eyelashes fluttered in surprise before she moaned back, squeezing Lillian tight and dragging her long pink and white nails across the girl's skin as she enjoyed every second of it.

When the two of them finally pulled away, Lillian wiped her arm across her lips and smiled vacantly. "I... wow."

"Hehehe, yeah, right?" Cindy giggled. "I kinda forgot what I was gonna say."

"Me too!" Lillian blurted out.

"That doesn't make any sense, though!" The woman said back in response, and soon enough the two of them were giggling hard, rubbing up against each other as they did. It began to slowly devolve into something far more lurid as they grinded against each other, their laughter replaced with soft moans and sighs as they groped at each other and gently humped at each others' mons. By this point, Lillian's eyes were rolling up into her head, her mouth open and tongue gently stuck out as she panted, everything beginning to feel like it was starting to rapidly well up in her slit and get ready to push out. The feeling was almost rapturous as Cindy brought her closer and closer to that singular rush of climax... There was not something wrong with her, she just needed the right partner... All that she had ever needed was the right partner...!

"Ohhhhhh..." Lillian groaned as she started to orgasm, a rushing wave of warm and comfortable excitement rolling through her as her fluid washed out of her, dripping and rolling and sticking onto Cindy's crotch. In the hazy afterglow of the moment, however, she quickly realized that Cindy was still grinding up against her. It was simple, in a way she could focus on despite how good it was at the moment to not think... Lillian prepared herself before being bedded by rubbing at herself while she was in the second chair, and Cindy had teased her beforehand. It would not be fair to just leave her working out her lust on her body like this... She needed to listen to her lesson. Lillian needed to take what she wanted. What she wanted at the moment was to get Cindy off as thanks for all she had done for her.

While a part of her was still going absolutely crazy over how awesome screwing other girls was, Lillian grabbed Cindy by the arms and pushed the woman down onto the bed. The lustful woman yelped in surprise as Lillian pinned her down by those round hips and then plunged her face up to her slit. Even if she only learned she was a lesbian today, Lillian could guess that it felt good to have a tongue inside your cunny. So, she began to push it in a bit awkwardly, feeling the heat radiating up from Cindy's slit and all sticky as her girlcum was rubbed into her face by the confused woman's hips pressing up against them. Eventually, as she started to really lick, Lillian could feel Cindy's legs cross over her neck, pushing her in deeper. She began to work up a nice pattern as she stroked her tongue across those velvet walls, able to taste the juices leaking into her mouth as she sucked and lolled her tongue inside her new friend. She could hear Cindy laughing in delight as she ate her out, and it warmed her heart. If this was what she was going to be doing for the rest of her life... making people happy... then it was just as useful as anything else she considered. A lot more fun, too, considering how wonderfully drained she felt.

After a few minutes of sucking and rubbing her fingers over Cindy's inner thighs, the hairdresser gave a shrill, cute little sigh. A moment after, Lillian's face was awash in Cindy's climax. She pulled back, trying to clear her mouth. Ugh, it was a lot harder to swallow this stuff than she thought, especially when it all came up at her at once... No matter, though. She would probably get the hang of it soon... Lillian did her best to make up for it by rolling her tongue around Cindy's bare lips, huffing loudly as the girl's body arched in front of her.

Eventually, Cindy stopped squirming and reached down to stroke at her shoulder. Somehow she knew that that meant it was time to stop. Even though she kind of expected it, when Cindy cuddled her close and laid another peck on her lips it was a welcome surprise. "Like... ohmigawd, that was fuckin'

great! I don't usually ever have anyone take care of me like that after I get them off. Girl. Girl. Ya gotta come with me to... hee, I said cum... You have to come to Vegas with me. I was gonna leave you here as a taste of what I'm doing at my star salon, but it's not fair to me or you to have you off the casino floors considering what you're gonna be. ... No, the *other* thing. My fuckmate!"

That did not seem like so bad of a position, honestly... especially considering the perks.  
"Mmmmh, sounds fun."

"It should... I'm gonna pay for your room, your food, your clothing, your dresses... you're gonna be my stress-reliever, baby. My little lucky charm while I'm in Vegas. Hope your family doesn't get pissed..."

"My mom was worried about me getting a good job..." Lillian grinned and embraced Sindy tighter, starting to make out with her again. They had three more hours to kill...

By the time they were finished, Lillian was strolling out of the closed salon with Sindy by her side, the two of them unable to keep their hands off each other even in public. Her parents were a little weirded out about her new style, sure, but she would show them soon that this was the right decision. Did it really matter, anyways? As long as she was happy, she was alright.

A few days later, she was laying out on a stretcher in an examination room. The doctors said that she needed to stay off the pills Sindy was giving her for a few days, which she really did not like, because her butt was already starting to get bigger and stretch out the new daisy dukes the hairdresser bought for her. It was okay, though, she could get back on the supplem... there was that big word again. She giggled to herself as she laid out more on the pillow, looking at the doctor over her. She was not supposed to use those anymore! Sindy told her that whenever she wanted to say or think something big, she should just giggle and s... Hehehe, think about something else. Something fun. Maybe something like the implants she was about to get. Besides, doctors knew better than she did about her own body, why would she not trust them?

Tiff and Sindy were here right now to make sure everything was okay before she got them. Tiff had gone out to get a drink for a few moments since she said doctors made her squeamish, but that did not make sense at all, because plastic surgeons were not... were they? Lillian was legitimately confused now... which was a great thing! Yay her! "Sindy, I think your training's working!"

The woman leaned down to look at her and grinned, chewing on the piece of pink bubblegum in her mouth as she spoke. "Of course it is! Now, you just hold still, because you're about to get a big whiff of some more of that fun gas stuff I hit you with the first time we met."

The surgeon looked concerned at her for a moment, but Sindy laughed it off and waved a hand at her. "I don't mean your fun gas exactly, it wore off faster! We were just trying stuff out!" At that, the surgeon shrugged and got back to prepping her anesthesia.

"By the way, I figured out a good name for you." Sindy turned back down to Lillian. "I should have figured it out earlier... it's just so simple. Perfect for you. I'll let it roll around in your head as you go to sleep, Bunni." With that, the woman left the girl and her surgeon alone.

As the doctor told her to take a deep breath and count back from sixty as she placed the breathing mask on, Bunni realized that she probably should not count that high in the first place. It would undo all the training she was receiving if she started thinking of numbers that were too big. So she breathed, and counted cute little lopears. One bunny hopping around in her head, two bunnies hopping around on her chest, three bunnies hopping on...

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"C'mon, don't be shy!" Bunni giggled as she pushed her huge, half covered rack out. "Feel 'em!" The movement made them wobble slightly, even though they were trapped in that tight, tight spandex and leather bodysuit she was wearing.

The woman, some sun-tanned forty-year old with brown shoulder-length hair, seemed a little put-off at first as Bunni came up to her and offered her chest out for her to rub, but... well, look where

they were! This was Vegas. She was just a little jittery, and soon enough she was rubbing over those massive jiggling breasts and laughing along with the girl. "Yeah, they're... uh... they're pretty big. You know, you're hotter than a lot of the girls back in San Fran."

"Awwww, thanks!" Bunni cooed out, her hands rubbing down her tight black corset as she stuck them out on her curvy hips. "I'm a lot luckier, too! That's why they have me at this casino, I bring good luck to whoever rubs me! I'm like that fat Indian guy they have at Chinese restaurants!"

"I hope I get lucky tonight." The tourist laughed as she walked into the game floor proper and waved goodbye to her.

Bunni grinned and nodded. "I hope you do too, have fun!" She was hoping the same thing, actually. That woman seemed like a lot of fun... maybe she could trail her later while her boss had her serving drinks out on the casino. God, this job was just the best! She had to wear her hair in a big ponytail, which sucked because sometimes it got yanked on by drunk customers, but she was getting so much money and got to wear a cute little rabbit ear band and cotton tail and the cleaners did not even care if she fucked people while wearing it! She actually asked them that, which got some of the men blushing and laughing. Then everyone else who was not enjoying themselves started laughing too when she told them that it was okay, but she really was not into men. Funny, that got the first group to stop laughing... but they still seemed like they were having fun, so she was right in asking that question. Her parents stopped asking her about her job after she started sending fat stacks of cash through the mail at Sindy's advice. Now her dad was talking about how they were saving up for her younger sister to head to college. They were not sure if that was going to happen before. Go Bunni, best girl with the best job in the world!

Still... she stopped for a moment. Fat Indian guy? That was a little too big of a phrase for her. Bunni did not want to think about that right now. She would not say that anymore. Just like that, she was dead-set on striking the idea from her mind. Simple as that! Sindy was still trying to teach her how to get rid of those thoughts, but so far, she was doing pretty good!

Speaking of, she needed to go check up on her at her break. She said that another group of cute British girls were in, and she was in dire need of a second hand to help turn them into a leather and chains counter-British Invasion... (Hey, that was a song thing, she could use song-thing-words!)

Bunni saw someone in dire need of some luck, though, so before she could go on break she hopped off towards them, implant-laden breasts jiggling in their corset and asscheeks wobbling in her spandex. Her hand went up to grab and straighten her white-eared hairband as her hips rolled and shook that little stubby tail.