

Orange's Beauty Fixer-Upper: Now Open

By: Firingwall

"Heading to work mom!" Cathy cheerfully declared, giving her mom a big kiss on the cheek, "I'll be back home later tonight! Have fun at work."

"As much as that's possible," Olivia chuckled, kissing her baby girl back on the forehead. It was a lovely morning at the Groves household, Olivia busy finishing her coffee and the daily paper as her youngest of three daughters headed off for the public library. The oldest daughter, Mary, lived with her boyfriend downtown, and her middle child, Rachel, lived in a rented house with her fiancé. It was just Olivia and Cathy now.

The young, currently solid slime girl chuckled and said, "Don't be like that! You'll knock them dead today at the office! You're the best lawyer there!"

"If you say so," the older woman replied with a wink. With that, Cathy gave her mother one last smile and left. A few minutes later, her car was heard starting up and driving away.

Once a few more minutes past and her coffee was finished, Olivia got up and stretched her arms. "Oh baby girl," she mumbled in an amused manner, "if only you knew."

Chuckling, she put her mug away and headed to her bedroom. Once in, she locked the door and closed the blinds, discarding her robe and slippers. She proceeded over to her large dresser and opened it up, revealing a line of clothing not befitting that of a high-power attorney such as she was... or used to be in this case.

Over two years ago, Olivia had a life-changing experience with an odd company by the name of Wetz. One that gave her a new view on life, what really mattered to her, new desires and urges, new wants on she wanted to be seen and treated, and most importantly, a new body to try it all in. She became a bimbo... and loved every single second of it.

When she turned back, she was horrified and deeply disappointed. However, she soon became fast friends and BFFs with a bimbo representative who was very smart from the company named Juicy, who gave her the means to become a bimbo whenever she wanted. Even with that though, between her job and family life, she wanted more time as a bimbo.

Then she got the chance. She won the biggest case in the history of her legal firm and got a huge payout. Between that and what she was making just by being one of the partners of the office alone, she scaled back all her duties to the bare minimum and went to a sort of early retirement... or in her mind, a trade up.

"Time for some fun," Olivia chuckled privately as she pulled out two large, orange-colored pasties, "I wish I could be what I should to be all day, every day, but such is life..."

With those words, she pressed the pasties on over her blue nipples and a tingling sensation arose through her entire body. A soft moan escaped her lips and her thighs unconsciously rubbed against one another. "N-n-never," she replied, panting slightly, "never gets old!"

Her solid slime girl blue tone melted away, quickly turning to a hideous pale before moving back into a beach bunny tan shade. Even with the more human skin tone, she was still completely smooth and soft, no signs of any human blemishes or marks. Licking her lips, which felt fuller, “time for the rest of the fun.”

Her dark-blue hair began brightening, changing from the roots to the tips. The color’s tone transformed into a lovely orange, matching her pasties and the rest of her wardrobe’s clothing and accessory options. Her locks began growing like weeds on fast-forward, thickening and flowing down her back. It stopped growing right around her navel region, Olivia fiddling with some of her locks happily.

“It’s so beautiful,” she cooed, “I can’t wait to fully style it once I’m ready.”

Licking her collagen-sized lips once more, Olivia leaned towards the mirror next to the wardrobe. Gazing at her face, she observed the subtle, small adjustments that began occurring. Her nose turned sharper and her eyelashes grew far longer, giving her a more seductive and cute flutter with each blink of the eye. Her cheekbones rose while her cheeks themselves began fuller. She looked like quite the aged beauty.

“Soo hawt!” Olivia happily declared, her voice pippy and higher sounding than before, “I’m gonna be so hawt and f**kable soon! Time for some booty action next.”

She giggled and pulled out a small orange thong from the wardrobe, putting it on quickly. It fit quite comfortably on her hips and rear, but she did not take note of that. Instead, she closed her eyes and bit down on her lips, a strong tingling sensation rising in her loins, just like with her pasties. She never got sick of this feeling.

Olivia rubbed her thighs, groping one of her breasts happily as the feeling intensified. Her thighs swelled and expanded with muscle and fat until they naturally touched one another and filled the small gap between them. Her hips widened considerably, even larger than her already child-rearing size. Lastly, her butt swelled and inflated several times over until she sported a massive bubble butt that the back of her thong easily vanished into.

Her eyes opened, dimmed and empty looking despite how bright orange they were now. She glanced at the mirror behind her and thought happily, *soooo yummy-lookin’*.

Olivia giggled softly and went back to waiting, excited for the last of her transformation to kick in. She didn’t have to wait long as her waist pushed inwards and her back arced, shoving her chest forward. Her breasts finally started inflating, expanding beyond her C-cup to D, and then to E and F.

Her breasts kept on growing until they came to rest at a legendary G-cup, laying firm and solid on her chest without a sign of sagging at all. She was complete. Olivia was gone and now, Orange had risen once again.

“Sooo missed my titties!” Giggled Orange, squeezing her chest happily. She glanced at the mirror one last time, taking note of her appearance. She looked like she was at least in her late 20’s once again, even though she didn’t look this good back then in her mind.

Now that that’s done, Orange thought, turning her eyes to her wardrobe options, *time to get ready for work!*

Parking the car in the parking lot across the street, a new, fully clothed and done-up Orange stepped out. She wore long orange gloves and four-inch, orange high heels that clicked and clacked against the ground as she crossed the lot. She wore big hoop earrings and a lovely orange choker. Topping it all off, she managed to stuff her massive breasts into a large, orange bikini-top and her thick rear into orange booty shorts.

She strutted her way across the street, onlookers stopping to ogle or gawk at the top-heavy, proud woman. Half of her face was covered by her orange mop, while two large, curly strands rested on her chest. Her hair in the back was even done up into two incredibly large ponytails. Realizing the stares, Orange ran her fingers through some of her gorgeous orange locks and winked at the people. A splash of red crossed everyone’s face.

They, like, all can’t get enough of moi, she thought, cheerfully giggling out loud as she reached her destination, an alleyway. The place that Orange now worked had its entrance in the alleyway with a big window on the corner of the building currently blocked out by a curtain inside. On said window was in large, orange letters: Orange’s Beauty Fixer-Upper.

Orange pulling out her keys from her large purse and unlocked the door, stepping inside. However, she was not alone when she entered. “Señora Orange!” a woman with a thick accent spoke, “Good morning! How are you?”

The woman in question with rich tan skin and lovely brown hair, wearing a lovely red, low-cut top and a thigh-high beige skirt. Orange smiled at her and cooed, “Hey Consuela! I’m fine, but I, like, would be a bit finer if, ya know, called me Señorita Orange like I keep tellin you.”

“Of course,” Consuela replied with a nod, “Sorry!”

Orange glanced around the place. It was a beauty salon with many lovely products all lined up on shelves and at styling stations. However, Orange was more looking around for something else than observing the sights she was already familiar with. Curious, she asked, “So... where are Manuela and Krishna?”

“Oh they’re in the back cleaning up right...” Consuela explained.

However, she was quickly cut off as one of two backdoors swung open and two figures stepped into the room. A woman of similar ethnicity as Consuela, though in a lowcut pink, button-up shirt, said to the other, “Hey! It was only a suggestion!”

“And it was a damn stupid idea,” the other woman replied. She was much more of a sight. It was a lizard woman with stout reptilian muzzle and covered in green scales. She had short, spiky green hair and wore black leather shorts, boots, and vest. The vest, in particular, was opened up and revealed her sizeable chest was wrapped up in thick bandages.

The sight of the two bickering, or even the lizard woman herself, didn't faze Orange. She merely cleared her throat and responded, “excuse me! But... like, let's not fight here! We got a long day and we're all besties right?”

Both women stopped their bickering and bowed, one very politely and the other rather strained and annoyed. Both of them spoke, though in completely different tones, “Yes Señorita/Miss Orange. Sorry Señorita/Miss Orange!”

“That's better!” Orange giggled, going over and giving them a big hug, crushing their D-sized chests against her monstrous one. The human, Manuela, merely giggled at the feeling, while Krishna, the lizard woman, merely huffed and blushed, her eyes gazing off to the right.

The orange bimbo let go of the two and placed her hands on her hips, looking them in the eye and asking, “okie-dokie, that that's that, like, how are things goin' here?”

“We'll be getting the new package of haircare product and outfits from Wetz, Happy Feeling Co., and the others later today!” Manuela declared happily, “I can't wait to see the new kewl stuff they have!”

“My supplier should be by later with all that leather, punk, goth, and bad girl stuff you could ever want,” Krishna sighed, pulling out a cigarette and lighter, “Don't you worry.”

However, Orange snatched the cigarette out of Krishna's hand and stated firmly, “nah-ah! This is a smoke-free place honey! You can smoke outside on your breaks.”

“Pft! Whatever,” the lizard girl spoked, stuffing her lighter back into her pocket. With that, she went over to the far side of the room and began prepping her workstation.

“Are we all set for today?” asked Orange the other two.

“Yep!” Consuela replied with a big smile, moving over to the neon sign in the window, “We were just waiting on you to arrive to open!” With that, she flipped on a switch behind the sign and the word “Open” lit up.

“Yay!” Orange declared, “I can't wait for all the cute customers to, like, come in and get pretty and stuff!”

“Oh please,” Krishna murmured, wiping down the counter with all of her supplies on, “like we get any customers as it is. We'll just be...”

DING-A-RING-DING.

“Oh good!” a young brown-haired woman spoke, opening the door and stepping in, “I’ve been waiting for you to open for a while now!”

“...I stand corrected,” mumbled Krishna, looking at the girl that stepped in.

The group of workers looked carefully at the new arrival, studying her appearance and looks from top to bottom. The young woman had straight brown hair that went down to her bellybutton, cute blue eyes, a respectful C-cup size, and glasses. While a bit of the typical girl in a crowd, she looked absolutely fine and charming.

However, all of the women there knew that their soon-to-be friend wasn’t satisfied with just that. Orange smiled brightly and cheerfully exclaimed, “hiya! I’m Orange and welcome to my Beauty Fixer-Upper! How may I help you?”

The lady smiled herself and responded, “well, I’m Maddie and I heard about you girls from a friend of a friend or a friend and what you offer sounds pretty cool!”

“We are the kewlest!” giggled Orange.

Consuela stepped in front of her boss and asked, “so since you heard of us, I assume you have something really special in mind if you know what we do.”

“Of course!” Maddie declared. Blushing slightly, she whispered into Consuela’s ears, going on for a long stretch of time. Consuela nodded and listened carefully, the brown-haired girl finishing by saying out loud, “that’s... that’s not too much to ask for, right?”

Consuela giggled and placed her hand on Maddie’s shoulder. “That’s perfectly reasonable Señorita Maddie!” the young employee spoke, “I can easily make that dream of yours a reality no problem! Mind if I take this one by myself Orange?”

“Go for it!” Orange replied. The young Latina woman nodded, taking Maddie by the hand and leading her in the back room. Said backroom was filled with more beauty station, racks of clothes, a tanning bed, and a glass cabinet filled with hundreds of mysterious bottles.

“So why are we here?” Maddie asked curiously.

“Because what you asked for honey is going to require a full makeover from head to toe!” Consuela explained, heading over to the cabinet and pulling out random bottles from it, “As such, I’ll need you to strip completely down to the nude if you don’t mind.”

Maddie frowned, but nodded her head slowly. Carefully putting her glasses down on one of the counters, she stripped off her clothing completely until she was as naked as can be. The employee merely remained calm and causal as she took all of her bottles, setting them down next to the glasses on the counter.

“And now,” explained Consuela, raising a spray bottle marked “Freckles”, “let’s get this show on the road!” She gave the container a good shake and hosed the nude woman from head to toe, slowly moving around her and covering every single spot of skin she could.

After finishing, Consuela put the spray bottle away as the substance began to work its magic on Maddie. The pale woman’s skin developed small freckles across her cheeks, over her arms and legs, and covered most of her torso. Outside of her forehead, hands, and feet, every inch of skin was freckle-ified.

“Holy crap!” Maddie exclaimed, looking down on her body before rushing over to the mirror, “it worked! I really worked! I got so many freckles now!”

The employee chuckled, “what? Did ya doubt me? Come on now, we here at Beauty Fixer-Upper wouldn’t lie about that! Now, get back over here and have a seat! It’s time to fix up that hair of yours!”

Maddie nodded eagerly and hurried back over, taking a seat at the booth with all of the bottles on it. Consuela gave her a big smile and took a red bottle from the counter, squirting something cold and gooey onto her head. Putting some latex gloves on as well, the employee began to rub and scrubbing the substance deep into the customer’s scalp, trying to cover every area hair was growing out of.

With each rub and scrub of the head, the brown-haired girl’s hair was molded into a new, quite different form unlike her original. The straightness, sleekness of her locks began to curly and grow wild, her hair turning naturally messy and unkempt. Its length decreased significantly on top of that, moving up until it was just at ear-length. Finally, it’s brown tone took on a red hue, starting from the roots until it reached her tips. Even her eyebrows and other body hair changed tone to match her scalp as well.

“How does it look?” curiously asked Maddie, squinting into the mirror, “I... I can’t tell all that well from here.”

“It looks great!” Consuela stated, grabbing a brush, “Trust me!” While the stylist made quick work of the leftover goo, no amount of brushing was able to straighten Maddie’s locks.

“Good good... ..so... umm, how do we do the next part?”

“Oh that’s simple really. Just go stand in the center of the room for a bit and I’ll bring over some clothes you can try on. Those will give you the figure you want,” explained Consuela, who put her stuff back and headed over to the clothing racks.

Maddie took a deep breath and nodded, doing as she was told and moving into the position for the final changes. “So conservative,” Consuela asked from her spot, “or would you prefer the pushup?”

“Umm,” Maddie mumbled, “let’s... let’s go pushup!” Consuela nodded and a few seconds later, she returned to the young woman with some clothing in hand. It was a pair of black-laced panties and a black-laced pushup bra as well.

“These’ll give you that figure you want and really boost your appeal as well,” the employee giggled, winking at the girl.

The new redhead blushed, but nodded her head. She took the clothing pieces from Consuela and slowly put them each on, sliding the panties up her legs and snapping the bra into place. They were both clearly made for someone with wider and curvier proportions, requiring her to hold in place lest they fall off.

A strong, pleasurable heat filled her body, Maddie instantly biting down on her bottom lip. Her legs fidgeted, her thighs rubbing together unconsciously as they grew thick and tender. Her hips widened and stretched part, giving her a rather pear-shaped figure. Her rear inflated on top of that, swelling several times over until her panties naturally stayed on her hips.

Wrapping it all up, Maddie’s breasts pushed forward, filling up her bra’s cups quickly. In a matter of seconds, she had a size E-cup, just a tiny bit larger than Consuela’s own chest. “Holy crap,” the redhead exclaimed, feeling and pushing up her jugs, “these things are huge... but they don’t feel all that heavy.”

“With our products,” explained Consuela, “we guarantee no physical pains or injuries. All breast enhancement products will not cause harm to a person at all. But anyhow, now that you have all of your curves in place, let’s finish you up the rest of your wardrobe!”

She led the redhead over to the corner of the room where most of the clothing was held. “Now pick whatever you like,” Consuela went on, “if you see anything you like, take it! The clothing is part of the beauty treatment and won’t cost extra! In fact, it will only help but to enhance you even more!”

“If you say so.” Maddie put her glasses back on and glanced over the selection presented to her. Even besides the shirts & dresses, there was quite the array of jeans, skirts, shorts, shoes, sandals, and highs. Everything she could want or even think about trying was there.

After careful consideration, she made her first selection with a pair of black high heels. “Let’s start with this,” she quietly spoke, “then I’ll try something else...”

Carefully, Maddie put the footwear on, taking a few seconds after try walking around in them. Despite being four-inches, she found herself easily strutting around with them on. “Not bad,” Consuela commented, “You’re a natural at this. Maybe you should get some other nice pieces to add to your look.”

Maddie nodded and quickly went over the shirts and pants. She instantly hit upon a lovely, black keyhole t-shirt and white short shorts. She put them on right away, her body tingling and warming again. For some reason, they felt incredible on her.

Strutting over the full-length mirror, Maddie looked herself carefully. “Not bad,” she replied with a low, sensual tone unheard of from her, “not bad all. Think this will get some guys’ attention?”

“You’ll get plenty of attention either way!” Consuela stated, “Your glasses really add to your impressive, cute look I must say!” Maddie smile grew wider, wild thoughts filling her mind, showing her at bars or clubs chatting up or flirting with some of the guys there.

“So, with that look on your face, I take you are satisfied with your look and outfit?”

“Quite! I’m good! I wanna pay and get going now. I got a good day planned out in my mind already and don’t wanna waste any more time here!” Consuela nodded and led the redhead back into the front.

Returning to the main area, Manuela and Krishna were already busy tending to some other customers. What they would become made Maddie quite curious, but she had no time to dwell or think about that as she reached the counter. “You’re lookin’ really hawt there!” Orange declared happily, taking in the sight of the new, improved girl, “I really like it! Now, like, your grand total comes down to \$99.99. Cash or credit?”

“Credit please!” Maddie declared eagerly, taking her purse that she had brought in and pulling out a credit card.

And with that, Maddie quickly paid and hurried out the door excited, her breasts jiggling and her rear wiggling excitedly. “And that’s another satisfied customer!” Consuela declared happily, “Simple transformation, but I think it looked good, right Señora... Señorita Orange?”

“I agree!” Orange giggled, “Super good job Consuela! I can’t wait to see who walks in next and how we can make them look better!”

THE END