The Little Princess Package

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Ricky accompanies his mom to the salon, where he's told to sit quietly for only twenty minutes. Will he succeed?

The Costume Box
2023

Chapter 1

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"Sit here and wait for me. I'll only be twenty minutes." Ricky's mom's words echoed in his ears as he sat in the lobby of the salon, sighing. It had been at least an hour since she had disappeared through that door at the far end of the lobby. He knew it, even if there was no clock on the wall, just photos of smiling models. He rolled his eyes. Why did he have to come with her anyway? Being grounded sucked and it was so unfair! He moaned as he realized that this was only the first of the like one hundred errands she said they were running today!

Groaning, he set his head against the wall behind his chair, his eyes falling on the fashion magazines on the table beside it. They were not even in English!

"Haute couture?" He said. What language was that? He groaned again as he realized that he had to pee. "Where's the bathroom?" He muttered to himself, looking over to the door his mom had disappeared through. The receptionist was still chatting away on the phone, her back to him, so he figured he could just find it himself. "Does this place even have a men's room?" His bladder twinged and he knew he could not wait to ask.

Standing, he walked toward the door and slowly opened it. There was a hallway that looked pretty normal. A few doors down, he could see a blue door with a stick figure on it. That

had to be a bathroom, right? He could hear voices, but no one was in the hall, so he snuck down it, his shoes sinking into the plush carpeting. He wished he had been able to find his flip-flops. Even in the air conditioned salon, his feet felt so hot in socks and sneakers. Once he got back from the bathroom, he resolved that he would kick his shoes off.

Ricky pushed the door open with his shoulder and stepped into a dark room. The tiles under his feet felt like a bathroom's floor. He touched the wall to his right, trying to find the light switch.

"Where is it?" He muttered. He needed to pee! Suddenly, the room lit up. The entire room seemed to be softly glowing white tiles, like something from a science fiction movie.

"Welcome to Rejuvetronic's Salon Experience." A professional, computerized female voice said. "We appreciate your patronage."

"Hello? Is someone there?"

"Please keep in mind that this system is still in testing and your feedback will be solicited and very much appreciated after your experience. Please state the service that your stylist assisted you in selecting."

"I just need to pee."

"Please state the service that your stylist assisted you in selecting."

"I just need to pee." He repeated.

"Initiating bathroom." The computerized voice sounded almost amused as a toilet emerged from a panel in the wall, a sink sliding out right next to it. Relieved, Ricky went over and peed, washing his hands quickly and drying them on his shorts. "Please state the service that your stylist assisted you in selecting."

"I don't have a stylist."

"Would you like to try our recommended services?"

"I want to leave." He walked over to the door, but it was locked. "Let me out."

"Please state the service"

"I don't have a service!"

"Would you like to try"

"What is it?"

"It is recommended based on age and appearance." The computer replied. "Would you like to try our recommended services?"

"Sure, whatever."

"Scanning." A light came out of the wall and moved all around him. "Please stand still for scan." Ricky rolled his eyes. What was going on here? "Demographic scan inconclusive. Would you like to proceed?"