

Skin Deep

Tabitha studied her reflection, poking at the loose sagging skin beneath one eye. The complexion was gray and lifeless. Her tanning technique needed work. They never lasted.

The salon bell rang. A young blonde entered. Soft, flawless skin. Tabitha barely contained her excitement, but smiled politely, not appearing too emotional.

“I’m Sarah. Two o’clock?”

“Yes,” she nodded, leading the girl to the private treatment room, where nobody outside would hear.

Afterward, returning to the counter with the mirror, she pressed the supple skin of her cheeks, watching it spring back. Yes, she would enjoy being Sarah. For now, at least.