



Sit down doll,
it's story time...
Consider this
your official
permission slip for
nonsense!

**Scarlett
Cougar**

Auntie Zan's Matrix Overcoat A Tale of Vinyl, Vows, and Firm Promises \$400

Rare as a blue diamond, rarer still as a blue-eyed ginger - Auntie Zan had fire in her hair, frost in her gaze, and just enough appetite to make both dangerous. By day she romanced tongues with her chef's touch, coaxing flavors into love affairs that lingered long after dessert. By night? She was a dominatrix moonlighting in elevated cages at Bondage-A-Go-Go, her clientele a waiting list of Silicon Valley's boldest CEOs.

And this floor-length Matrix vinyl overcoat was her banner. Shiny as sin, heavy as judgment, and loud enough to announce her entrance before she spoke. When she swept into a room, the coat didn't follow... it led, demanding obedience from bar stools to bishops.

Family lore insists she once wore it straight from the kitchen, a soufflé timer still ticking in her pocket. Another time, she arrived at a wedding in the coat, chandeliers blazing across the vinyl.

The vows were overshadowed. The cake was forgotten. The bride gasped. The groom dropped his glass. The coat left with both.

Features (if you dare):

- Floor-length black vinyl, Matrix sleek and mistress-ready
- Double-stitched—because some seams are meant to be tested
- Weatherproof against storms, tears, and weak excuses
- Deep pockets roomy enough for cuffs, contracts, or cocktail bitters

What people were saying:

“She could flambé a steak at 7 and your ego at midnight.”

“That coat didn't swish—it threatened.”

“Once she put it on, you said yes... before you knew the question.”

Warning: Do not attempt to hug Auntie in vinyl unless you're fluent in contracts, cocktails, and safe words.