

A Little Off The Top, Part 3
A Mercynaries Story from <https://www.patreon.com/SinComics>

Brill stood by his salon chair and watched the client sashay over to him. Terry would always stride with purpose but there was more swing in her walk this morning. He looked the client up and down and noticed that she appeared to now be wearing low rise pants that connected to her usual boots. “Another change last night, Terry?”

The client angrily sighed in agreement and pivoted on her precariously high heels towards the station's mirror.

“Any luck with the tracing methods we discussed? Did you find out who sent the package or where it traveled from?”

Terry sighed before flopping back into the seat, dramatically pointing her leg straight up, and then settled. “No luck.”

Brill put a hand on her shoulder and gave her a comforting pat before grabbing a brush from the shelf. Vera had been on edge lately but Brill still had to go through the motions of working on the clients. She would disappear into the back and no longer checked in on the progress. Brill liked to think that she now bought into him being a faithful worker, but felt something bigger at play. For the time, it at least gave Brill more chances to fight back with the clients and they could talk more openly.

Terry had been the first client to benefit from the new order. Their repeated sessions helped Brill stave off any mental effects from her cursed objects and experiment more with freeing her. Terry had received a package alongside his regular mail. Thinking it was just a normal delivery, he paid no mind towards opening it. The delivery contained just a pair of slippers and an ad reading "One size fits all. Last shoes you'll ever have!".

Peeved with the wrong shipment, Terry checked with the usual online shop and his recent purchase history was empty. He followed up with a check on his card and there hadn't been any recent charges. With no invoice and no return address, Terry couldn't even send them back. They did look comfortable though, so he slipped them on and enjoyed the free gift.

The next morning, Terry stumbled out of bed and felt himself pitching forward. He took some wobbly steps to clear the morning's haze but still felt uncomfortable. Scanning down, he now saw he was wearing a pair of heels. Terry immediately flopped back onto the bed and tugged at them. They wouldn't budge. The heels fit well and didn't cause any discomfort, but no matter how hard he tugged and pulled, they remained stuck in place.

Terry hurried over to the kitchen cabinet and grabbed his scissors. Wedging them between his foot and the shoe, he jammed down, but the scissors just harmlessly slid back without so much as a nick. He grabbed the handle, wedged it back into the heels, and jabbed it into the side to pierce them, but the material again stayed firm and the scissors clattered out of his hand and onto the floor. He crawled over to the recycling bin and tore out the packaging. Scanning every inch of it, there were no markings, labels, names, or addresses to be found.

Terry got back up to his feet but stumbled forward, catching himself on the counter. He looked down again to find that the heels had crept upward, now forming ankle boots. The heels had also pitched up, now forming dangerously thin stiletto spikes. He wobbled forward but quickly found his stride and could walk in them perfectly fine. It was like his feet had adapted to the boots. He had no troubles as he raced over to his computer, outside of the cursed objects now threatening to take over.

Tearing through online shops and fashion sites, he couldn't find any hint of this pair on the market. As he frantically typed and combed through images, he could feel an almost electrical tingle up his legs, but Terry refused to give the boots the attention. He fidgeted in the chair but wouldn't bring himself to look down.

After hours of searching, Terry stood up, defeated. He headed back towards the kitchen, tired and hungry. As he stepped, something tugged at him and he stumbled forward before flopping to the carpet. He held himself up and looked back to see that the boots had made their way up his legs and had now claimed just past his knees. Terry struggled but could no longer bend his legs. Rolling to the side and pulling himself up with the table, he started back to the kitchen. Unable to bend, he had no choice but to give into the shoes and walk as they demanded. Pointing his toes out and then pivoting down with a strut, he made his way to the refrigerator. Going to grab a bottle of water from the bottom shelf, he legs strained to bend but he couldn't do it. With an angry grunt, he pivoted at the waist, leaning forward to grab the drink. Terry felt ridiculous sticking his butt out into the air just to pick something up.

Finishing the drink, he left a rambling message to the office that he wouldn't be in tomorrow. There was no way to cover these monstrosities, so he needed time to think and find a way to free himself. Terry passed the mirror and glanced at his fashionable prisons. Not only was his bottom sticking out, but the boots were tight enough that they appeared to make his calves shapely and really pop. From the knee down, he couldn't recognize his own leg. A knocking at the door startled him back to reality. Terry braced himself up against the wall, making sure he wasn't visible from any windows. He couldn't dare be seen in these things. The knocking sporadically continued every few minutes but everything eventually went quiet.

Terry slowly sauntered to the front door and peered through the peephole. There was nobody outside, but a piece of paper was sticking halfway out of the mail slot. He pulled it through and scanned the sheet. It was a flier, featuring an attractive woman modeling and posing seductively, flipping her hair back. Terry peered closer and could make out she was wearing some kind of mask. Not the best enticement to get somebody to visit the salon they were advertising. Terry crumpled it up and threw the sheet away in anger. He just need to rest and clear his head.

Terry startled awake, feeling like something was tugging him. His legs swung over the side of the bed and yanked him up onto his feet. He was groggy from sleep but it felt like something was urging him forward, forcing him to walk, and he couldn't help but go along with it. As he strut to the shower, Terry felt the material from the boots now reaching up to his thighs, giving the invading clothing ample room to drag him around. After a flurry of getting ready for the day and just barely enough time to grab some clothes, fighting against his legs' posing, Terry was dragged out the door into town. It felt like every clack of the heels against the sidewalk was deafening, drawing stares from everybody he sauntered past. He did his best to pull his hoodie over his face but the boots did their best to flaunt and draw attention.

That was how Brill first met the new client and they'd been working together since that day. Terry was refining from the salon treatments but changed much faster where the material covered her. From the waist up, she looked like a sweet girl. Brill had cleaned up her hair into a cute bob with longer fringe and she took light make-up. From the waist down though, she was a total knock-out flaunting everything she had.

Brill had tried every method of cutting and every caustic chemical in the shop, but the material's grip stayed firm. Nothing could force it to slip off, fold down, or peel off and Brill was worried he was running out of time as it crept up the client. With today's reach up Terry's hips, he was expanding out more, wedged into the salon chair that had room to spare the day before.

The client coughed and let out a groan.

“Sorry, Terry! Did I catch a tangle with the brush?”

“No. Not you... It's...”

Terry's back arched and she gasped out air. Slick strings branched off of the cursed material and crawled up the client's side. Brill jumped back in shock as the strands snaked up Terry's side, wrapping together and forming new material over him and shredding away the bottom of his hoodie. In a matter of just seconds, a corset was now squeezing the client's waist ever thinner, adjusting her posture and pushing her chest out.

“Terry?! Are you o-” Brill was cut short by a quake rippling through the salon. “The hell was that?”

The salon shook again and Brill could sense a commotion out front. An aura of panic and danger seemed to seep through the walls. Brill looked around and caught Vera racing towards the front. She was moving faster than Brill had seen before and he could hardly make out her hurried exasperation.

“-Jazmine's photoshoot... found us... -kyrie scum have found us...”

“B-Brill?” Terry quivered in her chair.

“I- I don't know! I've never seen this before.”

A flash of green light sparked from out front, around the corner and lighting up Brill's workstation. The sound of stone hitting the ground resounded from out front and a crackle of glass split the air. Another spark of green lit up the shop and Vera came racing back. There was another shudder, the sound of a door slamming, and then... Brill couldn't sense Vera's presence in the salon. She normally had an omnipresent air that permeated everything, but Brill suddenly felt... alone.

Glass creaked once more and Brill grabbed Terry, yanking her up to free her plump backside from the chair.

“I think we have to go, Terry!”

“What is it, Brill?!”

“Dangerous. We need to take a chance. There's an elevator downstairs. I saw it with another client. It's- it's weird but I think it might be able to take us away from here.”

The duo raced to the back rooms. Terry was fighting it, but she strut slowly, shaking her hips, and wriggling in an attention-grabbing way. Brill pushed her along to speed up their escape and they made it to the silver doors of the elevator.



Another flash of light and crackle of glass burst through the shop and Brill looked over the elevator. With Terry's backside and his own exaggerated curves, it was a tight squeeze that wasn't going to work.

“Look, Terry, you get in. Just- Just get off somewhere else and get away from this place. You'll find help somewhere else and I know, deep down I know you'll be free of that thing sometime.”

“But what about y-”

“Go! I'll be right behind you. Just get out!”

Another quake shuddered through the salon and the elevator door creaked shut. There was a loud hum and Brill felt another wave of relief. He could no longer sense the client. She'd been sent somewhere, but he couldn't tell where. There had to be somebody out there helping people like them and Terry would find them.

Brill bounced on his feet waiting for the elevator to return. Another shudder hit and Brill was forced to steady himself against the walls to stay upright. The lights burst out, leaving Brill in the dark.

“H-hello?! What's happening? Please, somebody-”

The lights flashed back on and the building appeared to settle. Brill cautiously stood back up and looked around. The commotion was gone. A feeling of calm settled around the salon. He timidly made his way back up front in the silence. At the entrance, small cracks in the front window snaked back on themselves, repairing the window, and everything settled back into place with no signs of damage from the attack.

Sparkling light shone through the fixed window and Brill no longer saw the shopping center, but gorgeous sapphire water. A patch of sandy beach stretched out between the shop and the water and palm trees dotted the simple path leading to the shop's front door.

With Vera gone, Brill felt a sense of freedom. But more than that, a sense of control over the salon. He felt an awareness of everything about the shop stirring almost unnoticeably deep inside. The salon was his, but he felt a purpose too. In those short weeks, he'd already met clients that needed help. He'd done what he could, but if this was an invitation, he could do so much more now. There would be others and they would need a place to come for help and support.

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