

## Crew Cut

“Just a little off the top. Please and thank you,” I said as I flipped some of my long bangs off out of my line of vision. I looked towards the pile of magazines that sat on the stylists counter and pulled a six-month-old people magazine from the bottom and began to flip through it. From the corner of my eyes, I could see the stylist snip away at the edges of my shoulder length hair. As the haircut continued I kept my vision on her, never fully relaxed enough to trust she knew what she was doing. Usually, I went to the same stylist every three weeks to keep my hair bouncy and clean, but someone wanted to start a freaking family and decided to give birth the day I needed my hair trimmed. A day where I had an extremely important evening planned with my boyfriend.

So I got desperate and found the nearest salon to my house and made an emergency appointment. I made myself very clear. I needed the best stylist in the place and very specific instructions on the cut. Nothing fancy. Nothing difficult. The receptionist reassured me that Britney was “the best” in the salon. So when I came in and saw this twenty-something blonde bimbo you could understand my frustration. I asked for another stylist but it seemed that it was her or nobody else. So here I was with my precious locks held within the hands of some Jessica Simpson knockoff. Lucky me.

“Hold up for one moment I’m about to sneeze,” I told her as I felt a tickle begin to build within my nose. I don’t know if she was deaf or purposefully ignoring me, but when the sneeze came by head jolted back and her scissors made a quick snip. It was like everything moved in slow motion as I SEVERAL inches of my hair fell to the floor.

“Whoops,” Britney said as she placed her scissors onto the counter before. I could feel the rage building within me as Britney looked at my hair like she spilled a cup of coffee on the floor. Not completely ruined my hair.

“YOU STUPID FUCKING COW! What the fuck is wrong with you?” I shouted as I grabbed the cape that covered my body and threw it to the ground. “Are you use stupid? Or are you deaf?” I ran my hands through the back of my hair repeatedly until I found the area that fell shorter than the rest.

“Honey, its okay. I will just layer it out. Don’t through such a fit,” Britney said. Her words were reassuring but everything she said and her tone just made me angrier.

“JUST LAYER IT!? LAYER IT?!” I screamed at her. My voice now louder than the sounds of the other stylists or the music that played in the salon. As my screams of anger increased a male stepped

from behind a door which led to the back of the salon and moved directly towards the scene I was causing.

“Is there a problem here?” The man asked, his monotoned was deep yet commanding. I turned my attention away from the shrinking violet of a woman and towards the stranger. I looked him up and down; he was dressed in a simple pair of blue jeans and a black v-neck. His hair was done skillfully; a swift fade that melded perfectly into his short salt and pepper facial hair. His build was enjoyable to look at, and at another time I may have even flirted with the painfully straight looking man but currently, I had an agenda.

“Who the fuck are you?” I asked as I placed my hand on my hip and cocked it to the side knowingly.

“I’m the owner Rodger. Now, what is the issue?” He crossed his muscular arms in front of his chest and puffed out his chest. Now I wasn’t built by any stretch of the imagination, but I knew how to handle these macho type assholes. I had been dealing with them my entire life, and I was going to win this argument today just like every other one.

“This dumb bimbo over here lopped off five inches of my hair, and is just going to *layer it* as a way to fix her dumbass mistake!” I attempted to mimic the dumb tone that Britney had when I relayed the information to the owner. Rodger looked over to Britney whose eyes were glassy and filled with tears.

“Britney take your break. We will talk after everything about handling clients.” Britney nodded her head and walked through a separate door and slammed it quickly behind herself. Even though the salon was filled with the sound of blow dryers, music, and chatter; everyone could hear her loud sobs. “Sir. I will be handing you the rest of your time. We have some extensions in the back that I will personally handle and add back into your hair. Free of charge. Follow me,” Rodger said before he turned on his heel and began to walk back to the room from which he came. I felt the corners of my lips begin to turn upward. Usually, when I threw a fit like these I just got a free cut or shampoo. Never have I gotten extensions before. I walked towards the backroom feeling like I had won and then some.

Rodger directed me towards a single station located in the corner of the room. It looked like one of the kind you would have seen in an old western; worn leather cushion, long sharpening fabric, and multiple razors scattered among the station. I plopped down into the chair like a queen when she sat on her throne.

“So where’s the extensions? I prefer human hair, preferable naturally black not dyed. I want it to match my current hair.” I said as I leaned back in the chair and waited for him to bring out the hair selections.

“Oh there won’t be any extensions for you, you prissy little bitch,” Rodger said as he slammed both of his hands onto my shoulders and squeezed aggressively.

“What the fuck do you mean?” I asked as I attempted to stand from the chair but he pushed me back down.

“Attach,” Rodger said forcefully as hidden straps from around the chair slapped around my wrists and my ankles; straps that secured me to the chair.

“What the fuck is going on here? Let me go!” I shouted. I thrashed around the chair, attempting to break free from the worn leather straps or topple over the chair so I could escape.

“No, I don’t think that is going to happen. Just not yet anyway. You know that girl out there that you made cry. That’s my daughter. Now she isn’t the sharpest tack in the box but you know she is my blood.” Rodger explained as he began to sift through the tools that were scattered among the station. He pulled a long sharp razor from the pile and began to sharpen the blade beside my hand. I fearfully curled my fingers inward; what was he going to do to me? Rodger paused in between sharpening the blade and looked at me with a curious look on his face.

“You don’t work, do you?” Rodger asked. I kept my face stoic, but he was correct. I hadn’t had to work a day in my life. Growing up I always found a way to make money the easiest way, and as an adult, it became even easier. The amount some men would pay for an evening with a sultry young man was outrageous I had come to find. Though when I found Benjamin, my older and richer boyfriend, I knew my life was set. That I could continue on my life as the trophy husband and never have to worry about money in my life. “Thought so. I think we should change that.” Rodger said, his words more matter-of-fact than really explanatory.

“What the fuck do you mean?” I asked, breaking my silence.

“Oh just wait and see my young friend. Well young for now.” Rodger brought the blade to my scalp and then swiftly and skillfully shaved a large selection of my hair from my head. His blade cut through my hair like a warm blade through butter.

“No! Stop!” I screamed as I watched him shave my head. My own eyes began to fill with tears as I saw my long locks of hair fall to the ground. “No please! My hair!” I thrashed my head from side to side as I attempted to keep him from cutting my hair. But he was quicker with the blade than I had thought, and with one final movement of the blade, my entire head of hair was gone. I looked at the ground and

the hair that decorated my body. I looked at my face and I couldn't believe my reflection. I looked like a Cueball. "Why the fuck did you do that?" I asked as tears ran down my face.

"Well its just the first step in your transformation. Now, let's move onto that face of yours." Rodger said as he gathered up what looked like what older men used to place shaving cream on their face. But I was already hairless everywhere thanks to the electrolysis I had gotten many years ago. There wouldn't be a hair on my face to shave. But nevertheless, Rodger began to paint my face with thick white shaving cream.

As the brush first moved across my face I began to feel the cream bubble and itch along the surface of my face. The feeling continued to grow more and itchier the more cream he layered on my face. He covered my entire jawline and well into my neck with the cream. And not one minute after he covered my face did he begin to remove the cream. I had expected to see the same face underneath the cream as I had before, but as the shaving cream was wiped away my soft porcelain skin was now covered in coarse black curly hair.

"How the hell?" I asked, my mouth agape in shock as I stared at the much hairier reflection of myself. Rodger shrugged his shoulders.

"Let's just say that you aren't the first brat that I have helped see life through a different version. Now enough questions. Time for your facial." Rodger said as he began to warp a warm cloth around my face. I screamed and shouted as the cloth tightly wrapped around my facial features, almost as if it was suctioned to my face. "Now stop struggling that will just make things more painful. Go ahead and take one more look of that pretty face and body princess. Next time you see yourself its gonna be a whole lot different." And with one final circle around my face, my vision went dark.

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"Stephen!" Rodger yelled as I swept the floor on my hands in knees. Immediately at the sound of his voice, my body snapped to attention. Like a rigid board, I flew from the ground and waited for his next set of words.

"Yes, sir!" I shouted, my mouth formed the words against my own will. I willed my body to move, I attempted to push my body to run for the door, but something held me in place like some sort of invisible chains. I narrowed my eyes as Rodger walked towards where I stood.

"You call this clean?" Rodger asked as he looked towards the spotless floor between us.

"Sir, yes sir!" I responded like someone within the military. I looked past Rodger and stared at the stranger that looked back at me from the mirror. The shaved head, the furry face, the camo colored fatigues; if I had seen this man on the street I would have assumed he was fresh from basic training. Not

someone how had just come from getting their nails done at the mall. My eyes moved back to Rodger as his scowling face turned into a wicked smile. Quick as a snake Rodger grabbed the back of my neck and pushed my face towards the floor.

“Think again bitch. Look at those tiles. Look at them,” Rodger pulled his hand from my face and replaced it with one of his large black boots. I felt the heavy weight of his shoe on my neck, as my face was pressed harder into the floor of the salon. My dick throbbed angrily as his shoe pushed harder. Ever since I had awoken from my transformative cocoon his harsh treatment would send thrills through my bones.

“Sorry, sir! I will try harder sir!” I reached for my brush, but before my hand wrapped around the handle, he kicked it further from my grasp.

“No let’s try something different,” Rodger said. “No more brush.” Rodger removed his heavy boot from my neck and placed it in front of my face. “Let’s try the boot first. Lick it,” Rodger ordered. As my mouth opened and my tongue extended, I extended every ounce of my will to stop my tongue. Rodger could see the small hesitation in my movements and laughed. “LICK IT!” Rodger shouted a second time even more forcefully. My movements went into overdrive as my mouth flew towards the boot, unable to stop myself. I felt my tongue rub against the hard leather of Rodger’s boot. I wanted to recoil at the taste of shoe polish and dirt but my body seemed to relish in it.

“That’s a good soldier. Just follow my orders like the mindless drone that you are.” Rodger rubbed his hand over my shaved head as my tongue ran up and down the long tongue of his boot and over his laces. “Good boy. Just listen to your master’s orders and don’t use that nasty mind of yours. It’s what got you into trouble in the first place. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes sir,” I said in between licks on his boot. I could feel my cock strain underneath the breezy boxers that replaced my designer underwear.

“Just don’t think anymore. Just listen.”

“Don’t think. Just listen,” I repeated mindlessly. His words continued to echo through my head as they suppressed my mind even more. I could feel the last vestiges of my former self-being pressed down, pushed underneath the obedient puppet that Rodger – I mean my master, had created. My inner self-screamed, it begged for my body to obey and to stop licking but no matter how much I tried my body would not stop.

“Keep going little puppet. Keep licking. Keep licking until every spot of dirt is free of my boots,” Rodger commanded. My mouth moved quickly from one boot to the other. My licking began more fervent as my tongue found dirtier and dirtier areas of his boot. My cock leaked more and more as my

mind began to imagine how happy Rodger would be when he saw how clean his boots were going to be when I was finished.

“I expect you to cum by the time this boot is done,” Rodger said nonchalantly as if he was giving one of his employees a simple order. My tongue wrapped around the tip of his shoe before I dove into the sole of his boot. I was getting close to finishing, and I knew my body would respond in just the way that Rodger had ordered. My face fell to the tile as he stepped the sole of his boot onto my face, and pressed hard. I let out a moan of enjoyment as his treatment grew rougher. Over the past two weeks, I had come to enjoy his treatment – my body enjoyed it while my mind begged for freedom.

As my tongue lapped against the last inch of the sole I felt my balls tighten between my legs and explode onto my inner thigh. I bit down on the sole of his shoe as I buried my groans of pleasure within the harsh plastic of Rodger’s boot. Rodger lifted the boot and my final moans of lust filled the empty salon.

“Good boy. Now get back to cleaning. Remember, no brush,” Rodger said quickly before he turned away and walked back to his office. My body once again responded immediately and my tongue became pressed against the dirty tile of the floor. My mind began to race as I thought how long it would take for me to clean the floor by tongue alone. I darted my eyes to the clock. Everyone would be arriving within two hours, and if I didn’t finish soon enough everyone would see why Rodger’s new errand boy was really hired.