

HEAD RUSH
by Aardvark
linktr.ee/aardvarkia

"I'm not going in."

At this proclamation, Patti Frazier stopped mid-exit from her car and turned around to look at her son in the passenger seat. "It is 101 degrees," she said, looking at the nearby bank sign displaying the temperature. "You're not sitting out here, you'll cook like a turkey."

"Guess I'll die then."

"JEFFERSON. You are coming inside."

"No. One of the guys could see me and they'll think I'm gay."

"That is the most stupid..." Patti's teeth locked together. "Just tell them you had to wait for your mom to get her hair cut."

"That's gay too! It's obvious I wouldn't be there for *myself*." He ran his hand over his black buzzcut. The short hairs stood on their ends like the bristles of a toothbrush, tickling his palm.

"You just said--" Patti's face turned red, and it wasn't just from the heat. "Come. Inside. Now. You are making me late. Or I will pull you off the football team."

It was Jefferson's turn to redden. "You can't do that! I'm an adult!"

"You remember that little slip of paper you signed at the start of the season? You still live under my roof and I absolutely can."

Jefferson groaned obnoxiously and opened his door. "I'm not sitting by the window."

"No one is going to see you. You're being an idiot. Getting your hair cut is not gay!"

"SALONS are gay. Waiting for your mom is gay. Waiting for your mom in a salon is *really* gay."

The last two words were said just as they walked into the salon, and both women in the waiting area looked at them. Patti smiled at them, then turned to Jefferson and hissed, "that's enough. Now sit."

Jefferson didn't. He walked up to the desk with his mother as she checked in, his nose wrinkling at the smell of hairspray and chemical treatments. He looked around and confirmed his fear: he was the only guy in the entire place. "Is there somewhere I can sit while she's back there?"

Jefferson asked the receptionist. He flashed a cocky smirk at her, well-practiced in the halls of school. His face still had lingering baby fat, but girls said they liked his smirk, so he used it a lot.

She gestured to the open, airy lobby. "Of course, anywhere you like--"

"I mean somewhere where people can't see me." Jefferson jerked his head to the modern floor-to-ceiling windows that surrounded the waiting area.

"Um...hm," she said, brow furrowing. "No one's ever asked that before! Let me see." She stood up and walked through the cutting area, out of sight. Jefferson smirked triumphantly at his mother, who was staring daggers back. If she was going to drag him to this gay place while his car got fixed, he was going to make her pay.

The clack of heels announced the receptionist's return before she rounded the corner. "There's an old dryer chair in the back hall that we're getting rid of, if you wanted to sit back there? We can't allow you in the break room, unfortunately--"

"-he can sit up here like a normal person-" Patti chimed in, but Jefferson cut her off.

"Dryer chair is great." He took off and clomped straight through the cutting area, drawing stares from the hairstylists. He stood out, which he liked. This was not a place where he had any desire to fit in. Everything was white and gold and gay looking. Lots of flowers. Pop music on the radio. Women chattering about the Kardashians. Jefferson was glad he'd worn his workout stuff for that extra "jock" look. Gray football t-shirt and big Under Armour shorts with Nike sneakers that squeaked as he walked.

The receptionist wasn't kidding when she called the dryer chair old. It was sitting in a side hallway and looked straight out of 1950, way different from the modern ones Jefferson had just walked past. The leather seat was cracked, and as Jefferson clomped his weight on it, he noticed the padding was worn to nothing. It wasn't comfortable. But it was hidden. He popped his over-ears on and lay back, letting NLE Choppa soundtrack his thoughts. God, he was going to be stuck here for an hour at least. So fucking boring. At least it smelled nicer back here. There was still that hairspray scent, but it was mostly covered by lavender and mint or whatever the shampoos nearby had in them. Kinda made him sleepy, actually...the din of his music felt further away. His eyelids were heavy.

Man, it smelled so good...

Jefferson shut his eyes and sat back, his head under the hairdryer. The world sank into silence as the young jock fell asleep with his hands folded over his stomach. The soothing scents drifted in and out of his nostrils with each deep breath he took. They swirled around him, almost visible in their strength.

The dryer turned on.

It was on a low setting, just a gentle whirr that soothed Jefferson even deeper into sleep. Air tickled his ears and made his hair flutter. The halo of lightbulbs around the rim of the dryer were

on too, but their ancient status made the color look off - almost blue, and then it would flicker pink.

Blue.

Pink.

Blue.

Pink...

Jefferson relaxed even deeper, his mouth slack, hands plopping down at his sides. An erection sprouted in his lap and tented his shorts. It pointed straight up the ceiling as if it were waving hello.

Blue.

Pink.

He lay there for ten minutes, inhaling the fumes and enjoying the air, until he suddenly snored and woke himself up. Jefferson sat up surprised and bonked his head against the dryer, slapping at it as he confusedly took in his surroundings. His boner flopped down between his legs, but he wasn't worried about it - he was more embarrassed that the dryer was on. He reached to pull the plug out of the wall...and found it was already unplugged, despite the flickering lights and churning fan.

"Ooookaaayy..."

Jefferson stood up, and the chair immediately shut off. There was a second plug somewhere, obviously. He couldn't see it, but there had to be. It wasn't like the thing was magical. Still, he was creeped out enough to walk back up to the front. Better than hanging back in this dim hallway alone.

As he walked into view, the squeaks of his sneakers drawing attention, the hairstylist cutting his mother's hair turned and said: "Well THERE he is! It's about time you came out."

Jefferson's cheeks burned red. "Came out?!"

"From back there. Rhonda said she saw you fell asleep."

"Oh...oh..." Jefferson took a deep breath. "Sorry, I thought you meant...y'know...*came out*." He punctuated these words with a limp wrist and a sassy pop of his hips.

"Jefferson!" Patti hissed.

"It's no big deal, babe, we're on the same page now," Jefferson said crisply, hitting every consonant extra hard. There were no gay guys around, so he could make fun of them. It made the stylists laugh, too, so Jefferson tossed his head to the side like he was flipping hair over his shoulders. And although there was no hair that long on his head, his hair was suddenly longer. The buzzcut burst out from his scalp and flopped down over his forehead and ears, turning into a shiny shag. Jefferson clucked his tongue disapprovingly and batted at his bangs, really pushing the effeminate act. The more he fussed with them, the longer they grew: down over his eyes, stretching past his nose, forcing him to part his hair so he could see.

"Jeffy?"

"Yes hon?" Jefferson snapped his head to the side as his hair lengthened down to his chin. The woman addressing him was the stylist cutting his mom's hair. Daniella, that was her name. He wasn't sure why he remembered it but his mom must've said it in the car. Jefferson walked to her, and the mirrors reflected how he did so: hips swaying, wrist dangling in front of him. He hadn't meant to walk like that, so he made sure to make it look so stereotypical that they'd know it was a joke.

"He haaaates being called Jeffy," Patti said to Daniella as Jefferson minced over. When Jefferson didn't respond to that, she gave him a withering look - he knew she knew what he was up to, and she was mad about it, which made him want to do it more.

"I'm saying we should go lighter with the color this time and Patti doesn't think she's ready," Daniella said. "What do you think?"

"Why on earth would you ask him about-" Patti started to say, but her son interrupted her.

"Totes lighter, babe," Jefferson said, running his fingers through his mother's hair. "I'm just looking at your skin tone and the color of your eyes - you see how going lighter would make them really pop?"

"That's what she said," Patti laughed, arching an eyebrow at Jefferson's assessment. "I'm just not sure..."

"Baby, please," Jefferson said, holding up a hand. "I promise you will look so STUNNING! Hubby will be taking you out to show you off. I wouldn't set you wrong. I mean, I know a thing or two about hair dye!" Jefferson tossed his hair and felt it pour from his scalp, now draping over his shoulders. He loved how it looked, but he needed to stop acting like this - and why was he saying all- "You will look FIERCE!"

That was when he noticed the jewelry. He had chunky silver bracelets on his wrists and a variety of rings on his fingers. He held his hands up and noticed his nails were shiny and trimmed - it looked like he'd had a manicure. Maybe someone gave him one while he was sleeping. He

reached up and fussed more with his long hair - it was so thick, he could feel it weighing on his head, and the lights of the salon made it shine. It was gorgeous fucking hair, and every time he looked at it, it was more voluminous, a big sexy blowout that reminded him of Thor. It was so wavy and beautiful, and now it reached mid-chest... "Girls, I think something's happ-

Jefferson's statement was cut off by the ring of the salon phone. "Oh, Jeffy, she's in the bathroom - can you grab it?"

There was no fucking way he was going to- "Sure thing babe," he heard himself say. Fuck! Jefferson's body moved on its own, sashaying to the front of the salon, hips bouncing side to side. Once again, it wasn't on purpose, and Jefferson really played it up to cover his tracks. Plus he heard his mom tut disapprovingly, which let him know he was on the right track.

As he walked, the squeaky sound of his sneakers was changing - firmer and shorter, a clack. He felt himself surge up in the air, nearly falling as three inch inch heels grew out of the bottoms of his shoes. He caught himself on the wall with a cute "Oops!" then strutted to the phone, his new heels slapping crisply against the hardwood. The shoes continued to change with each step, as the laces and tongue merged into the tops of shoes, which themselves were stretching up over his ankles. Jefferson's new boots were white and shiny, with pointed toes and high heels that made him feel so tall. In fact, he was feeling taller by the moment, like he was stretching. He didn't mind that at all as he picked up the phone and answered it, standing up tall as his spine elongated. It felt good, like a massage. He didn't realize he was growing in stature, now a lanky 6'4, nearly 6'7 in his heeled boots. But he did hear himself lisp, "Head Rush Salon, this is Jeffy," and made a mental note to go back to talking normally, and not call himself Jeffy.

"Ohmigod, hey boo!" said a very gay voice on the other end of the line. "Didn't think you'd answer. It's Scotty. Listen, I'm flying to Palm Springs for the weekend now, so I need to cancel my appointment. I'll make a new one when I'm back."

"No problem babe," Jeffy said. "Which day was it?"

"Saturday, so I'm still allowed to cancel it without you running that no-show fee scam on me!"

"My time is money bitch!" Jeffy said, and though the words sounded right, the delivery was all wrong: flirty and giggly. "Don't waste it!" He opened the appointment software - for a moment he wondered how he knew how to, but it was just labeled 'Calendar,' so of course it was that - and found Saturday while Scotty rambled about getting railed in Palm Springs. There was the appointment, a 90 minute cut and color, right under...

'JEFFY F.'

"I gotta go, bye girl," Jeffy stammered, slamming the phone down. Why was he listed as a stylist at the salon - that was impossible, right? He was being stupid. Of course it was another Jeffy F. He didn't even go by Jeffy, he was Jefferson. Jefferson didn't know shit about cutting hair. He

didn't even tell his barber what to do. Just went in and sat there and the guy did whatever, then he paid him 10 bucks. This place had to cost, like...way more.

He was tempted to delete all the Jeffy appointments for that day just to be sure no one was confusing him for some gay-ass hairdresser, but he knew he was just being dumb. If anyone needed a hairdresser, it was him. His hair was crazy long. Down to his chest and perfect enough to book a shampoo commercial. And it was so fucking blond. That had to just be the sunlight, right? He had black hair. But this hair really looked blond, plus it had highlights in it to make it even blonder. There was so much of it, too. Gently tousled waves covered his shoulders entirely.

Jeffy set his palms on the reception desk, ignoring his beautifully manicured nails, and shut his eyes. "Nothing is wrong with you, babe," he whispered to himself. *Your name is Jefferson and you're the man.* "Your name is Jeffy and you're that bitch." The words covered an odd stretching sound emanating from Jeffy's baggy shorts, which were lengthening down his legs all the way to the tops of his flashy white boots. The material of the shorts was changing as they grew, turning synthetic and stiff. As it tightened around Jeffy's long legs, it lightened to the same blinding white as his footwear. The heeled boots were a perfect match for the white pleather pants he now wore.

Jeffy felt somewhat better when he opened his eyes, though he didn't consider himself in the clear yet. Especially not when he moved to walk back to the cutting area and found himself using the same sensual strut as before. He added a booty bounce and a limp wrist to it to make sure the stylists knew he was kidding.

"I just need all you girls to know that I am 100% not gay," Jeffy announced to the room as he rounded the corner, snapping his fingers sassily to punctuate the last two words as he popped a hip to the side. But his pronouncement was met with laughter, and his cheeks burned pink. He turned to Patti. "Tell 'em, Mama!"

"He's not," Patti said.

"See! A gay guy would be in here talking about, like...I don't know...Drag Race."

"Okay but did you see Laganja's lipsync?" Daniella interjected. "Girl."

"Girl," said another stylist laughing.

"GIRL," Jeffy squealed, dancing over. "That neck snap thing she did. I was living. I was gagged. But everything Laganja does gags me." Jeffy felt stupid for starting with Drag Race. He loved that show. He'd seen every episode from every season and he followed his favorite queens on social media. He quoted it incessantly. Maybe not the best example of his not being gay. "But see, I don't have to talk about it *all* the time. Like how you girls are always talking about your star signs."

"Do you even know what your star sign *is*?" Patti asked from her chair.

"Of course babe, I'm a Leo. We're the most flamboyant," Jeffy giggled. "We *loooove* to be noticed."

"I'm a Gemini," Daniella volunteered.

"Explains how FAKE you are!" Jeffy joked.

Daniella pretended to be supremely offended as the rest of the stylists laughed. Jeffy laughed too - this stupid airy giggle he suddenly couldn't stop doing - and then, to his horror, he did a full twirl. He saw himself doing it in the mirror: hair flying, white pants squeaking together. Fuck, he looked gay--

But he wasn't gay, he was just flamboyant! 'Cause he was a Leo. A lion with a big mane, just like his long gorgeous hair. That explained a lot. It was written in the stars that he'd be like this. And it was because of that that he didn't worry as much when he noticed his t-shirt was looking kind of shiny. Maybe it was made from something other than cotton. And the football team logo looked a lot lighter, like it was fading off...

"What are you smiling at?" Daniella teased in between snips of Patti's hair.

Jeffy realized he'd been staring at his shirt in the mirror with a silly grin on his face. "Nothin' babe," he said, twirling back around. "I just thought my shirt looked kind of shiny for a second. I didn't wanna look like a gay guy, they're always wearing those tight shiny shirts."

"Nothing at all like what you wear," another stylist said.

"That's right, honey!" Jeffy said with a snap of his fingers, as the material of his t-shirt finished transforming into shimmering satin. Buttons were already forming down the front of it as he tittered, "You know what I mean though, right? Their shirts are always so shiny and have those crazy patterns - like, what happened to dressing normal, am I right? I wouldn't be caught dead in stuff like that." Jeffy casually reached to tuck the tails of his shirt into his pants, not noticing how silky the fabric now felt, or that the remains of his football team logo were swirling all over the shirt, thinning into a swirling array of flowers and paisley.

"What **WOULD** you wear?"

"Now don't get me wrong," Jeffy said with a flick of his wrist, as a collar began stretching out of the top of his former t-shirt, "I love looking nice. I wear dress shirts every day. And I don't mind standing out either, hon, I'm a flamboyant Leo after all." The collar surged taller - extremely tall, in fact - there were three buttons stacked atop each other needed to close it, not that Jeffy ever would. "I don't mind a little bit of bling, I just wouldn't go crazy with it, y'know?" He ran his hands

down over his shirt buttons, which were now rhinestones. The satin fabric on his fingertips sent a shiver through him. The growth of his collar finished with a dramatic explosion of his collar points, each of which stretched six inches wide to sit open atop his shoulders.

"I still can't believe he wears stuff like that to school and football practice," Patti sighed. "I don't even know where he gets it from."

"Not from you or Dad, that's for sure!" Jeffy snipped.

"No, I mean, I literally don't know where you BUY it," Patti laughed.

"Just like, anywhere that sells-" Jeffy started to say, as he turned to look at his t-shirt. But it wasn't a t-shirt at all anymore. It was the gayest shirt he'd ever seen. A long-sleeved button down made of azure satin, covered with floral paisley embellishments. The collar looked like it belonged on Elvis' jumpsuit, and the buttons were fucking rhinestones. Jeffy wanted to tear it off and throw it in the trash. Instead, he saw his reflection pop a hip and smile, preening. He looked ridiculous from head to toe. That girly blond hair, the satin shirt, the white pants, the BOOTS...what the fuck was going on. He hoped when he got home all his clothes would be normal. He had a vision of all the t-shirts in his closet growing tall collars and wild patterns, that he'd be stuck looking like a gay Musketeer.

It annoyed him that the thought turned him on.

The salon's front door chimed. Saved by the bell, he thought, since he had no idea where he got all his flamboyant shirts. Jeffy heard a conversation happening at the desk - the receptionist was back, thank god. He wouldn't have to answer the phone again. Now he could just wait for Patti to finish up so he could go pick up his car, drive home, and make himself look normal again-

"Hey, Fy? Your client is here, are you ready for her?"

It took Jeffy a moment to realize he was the 'Fy' being addressed, as if his name needed to be abbreviated more. And his client?! Why would he have a client, he didn't work here! "Bring her back, babe!" he chirped against his will, checking the tuck of his shirt and fussing with his hair.

A woman rounded the corner - she was older than Patti, but well-dressed and accessorized. Her jewelry said "wealthy" without her having to speak a word. "Fy!" she said, in an aristocratic voice. "I need your magic touch."

"Hey gorgeous!" Fy smiled, bending down and kissing the woman on both her cheeks, like he was from Europe or something. He sat her in his chair - not HIS chair, he reminded himself, but the chair he was standing by - and began running his fingers through her hair. "Looking for some color today, too, right?"

"Yes, oh god yes. I need it badly, can't you tell?"

“Well, I didn’t want to be RUDE, hon.” Esme, that was her name. It just plopped into Fy’s head and he was grateful it did. Why was he acting like he was going to cut her hair...he could barely cut a piece of wrapping paper. But he couldn’t stop. They were talking about what color she wanted, what sort of style she had in mind, how the hair would grow out and what she could do to maintain it. It was like they’d known each other for years.

The salon had a shampoo assistant, so Fy didn’t have to worry about washing Esme’s hair himself. He sent her back to the sinks and stared at himself in the mirror, wondering how in the hell he was going to cut this lady’s hair. He’d always been interested in hairstyling...right?...but he’d never gone to school for it. He only did his own hair. But his hair looked amazing, long and voluminous. So he could cut Esme’s hair. She seemed to think he’d done it before - and maybe he had! Maybe he’d just forgotten.

Seeing Esme’s wet hair as she returned from the sinks increased Fy’s confidence in his haircutting abilities. He could see the parts that needed trimming and was able to visualize how the hair would look when it dried. That was a relief. So he picked up his scissors and began snipping, running strands through his fingers and finding the split ends to trim off. He was able to tap into an autopilot he didn’t know he had, whipping his hands through Esme’s hair and shaping it to her liking, just like a sculptor did. His confidence in himself grew. He felt like he’d been cutting hair for years, and he couldn’t believe how much he enjoyed it. It was soothing, and he enjoyed the interaction with a client. He told Esme her skin looked amazing, because it did, and they started to discuss skincare routines. As Fy’s command of his hairdressing abilities grew, he was also becoming much more knowledgeable about grooming in general. He recommended Esme a couple products he used himself, and he noticed in the mirror how well they worked for him. His skin was so tan, and it glowed. He looked like he didn’t have any pores.

“Do you ever wear makeup?” Esme asked.

“Of course not, babe, I’m a man!” Fy said as he trimmed away. “Just bronzer, and maybe a little foundation sometimes. Concealer absolutely. And I sometimes fill my eyebrows in if they look too light...” Fy chattered away as his reflection continued to morph, brows threading themselves into perfectly symmetrical arches, skin smoothing and buffing itself to perfection. “But what’s YOUR secret?” he asked Esme. “You don’t have a line on your face!”

“Oh, stop lying,” she laughed. “But Botox helps.”

“YES, honey!” Fy squealed, his forehead tightening, cheeks turning glassy-smooth. “Love a little Botox. How’s this look for you? Good length?” He held a strand out as Esme inspected.

“Oh, it looks perfect. You know exactly what I like.”

Fy smiled, his teeth suddenly so outrageously white that it was hard to differentiate between each one. The expression faltered when he noticed it in the mirror. He looked plastic. Like a doll version of his face. Orange-tinted skin, too-perfect eyebrows, blinding teeth...all his friends were going to make fun of him for looking like this. Not to mention his clothes...oh god... "Babe, do I look different to you?"

Esme pursed her lips as she looked in the mirror. "Not really...should you?"

"No, just wondering."

"I did notice you've lost a little weight, maybe? Though it might just be the shirt. I'm used to seeing you with those giant muscles. But you always look good."

"Giant muscles?" On cue, the rhinestone button below Fy's collar popped open. His shirt suddenly felt very tight. Pants, too, especially around the thighs and butt. "Gay guys like giant muscles--" he stammered nervously.

"I'm pretty sure all guys do," Esme corrected.

Fy laughed his musical laugh as another button opened on his shirt. "So true, babe! What guy doesn't want to be buff? I'd fully be a bodybuilder if I could..."

"I always thought you were one!"

"I *wish!*" Fy said, as the sound of stretching pleather filled the air. His butt was blowing up behind him - two giant spheres filled his pants to the brink and then some, the seams tearing open and briefly baring Fy's new muscle ass. His eyes rolled back as all his nerve endings jangled from the growth of a gorgeous, high, round bubble butt. The only reason it wasn't jiggling was because it was packed so tightly into the white pants as they mended around it.

Fy was breathing heavily as he focused on cutting Esme's hair, his body temperature spiking from the growth of his muscles. His shirt stretched tighter, revealing new cuts between his shoulders and arms, an 8-pack imprinted on his abdomen, the mottled details of his back. His hands were briefly pulled away from his client's head as his shoulders widened, stretching broad and flat with large capped delts on the end. His new V shape was getting more pronounced by the second, as his lats curved out and thickened, and his waist pulled inward, burning away any fat from a teenage junk food diet until it was composed solely of chiseled muscle. The tightening of his lower back made his ass look all the bigger.

Fy widened his stance to lower himself closer to Esme's head, and it allowed his quads to inflate and his calves to firm up, the white pleather sinking deep in between the definition of his thighs. He was getting big - really big - which Fy noticed when he briefly looked in the mirror and saw a muscleman reflected back. His excitement made him straighten his back and proudly puff out his chest, and the button below his pecs came loose. Out from his torso grew two solid squares,

wide and deep, his gold chains sinking between their cleavage. A trickle of sweat slid down over them, unimpeded by hair, which was shaved off to leave Fy as smooth as a doll.

It was hard to focus. His clothes were so tight, and he looked even bigger than he felt. His reflection turned him on - he looked like a fucking bodybuilder! Shit, he was a fucking bodybuilder! He couldn't wait to show his buddies on the football team. His biceps swelled and his chest broadened just thinking about it. Even his neck was thicker. And yet he looked elegant -- graceful, even. His muscles rippled like they were dancing. It boned him up looking at it, a visible erection stretching out over his thigh. He didn't care how gay he looked. He was so fucking hot...

By now, he was so enraptured by his own reflection that he wasn't noticing how he'd taken on the skills of a master hairstylist. He moved with speed and efficiency, never missing a strand as he perfectly captured his client's needs. What started as quiet confidence was now a healthy ego and unshakeable belief in his abilities. He was a supremely talented hairstylist, and the longer he worked on Esme, the more training poured into him. There was a framed cosmetology license bearing his name at the station now, and a stack of business cards. He'd found a new passion, and that passion was replacing football. He loved doing hair. He loved making people feel beautiful.

His heels clacked as he walked to the back and got the supplies needed to color Esme's hair. No longer was he worrying about the sensual sway of his hips; his dangling wrist; his extravagant clothes. He needed to focus on his client's needs. So even though he could feel his back grow wider - now barely fitting through the archway leading to the back of the salon - he'd worry about it later. Even when his hands thickened up from weightlifting, they maintained their grace as they brushed color onto Esme's hair and rolled it into the foil. Once her hair was fully in foils, Fy smiled in the mirror. "Let's let that settle, I'll be back in a little bit."

He strutted to the back area of the salon, long hair fluttering behind him like Superman's cape, and walked into the employee restroom to pee. Finally a moment alone time to gather his thoughts, he thought as he unleashed a stream into the bowl. He'd managed to cut a lady's hair and not embarrass himself, and he was looking *jacked* too. Once he cut off his long hair and washed his face, he'd be such a hot stud. He looked like exactly the kind of guy he liked. Well, not liked - wanted to be. A tall, well-groomed, stylish bodybuilder. Fuck, guys like that were so hot.

Fy stepped over to the mirror and smiled at himself, his veneers whiter than the porcelain sink he was using to wash his hands. He looked at the stylishly undone buttons of his satin shirt and pulled the sides further apart, baring his nipples. He looked at them, grinned, and pinched one with a little giggle. It felt good, so he did it again, then start squeezing both of them as he boned up. Just playing with them for a few seconds made them look bigger. He loved having his nipples played with, and he loved how big they were. He thrust them toward the mirror with a leer and tugged on them, marveling at how much space they took up on his pecs, how sensitive they were. Fuck, he loved his chest. It was so broad and powerful. It fit his frame perfectly,

exactly symmetrical with the rest of his muscles. But with his huge nipples, he couldn't help but wonder what it would look like if his pecs were bigger too. It would maybe make him look out of balance, a little, but he didn't really care. He loved chests. He wanted a big chest. A huge one.

"Get bigger," he sighed dreamily, groping at his chiseled pecs, feeling their meat fill his palms. Muscle squeezed between his fingers. He wanted tits. Big fucking muscle tits. He wanted to burst the buttons off his shirts - actually, he didn't want to be able to button his shirts at all. "Get bigger...I want you bigger..." he groaned happily, squeezing and groping and wondering if his pecs were really growing like it felt like they were. That would be impossible, of course...there was no way mass was layering itself over his chest, rounding out his pecs, turning them into a bulging shelf that bounced when he walked.

The fourth rhinestone button on his shirt pulled open, and out spilled an enormous amount of cleavage, as Fy's pecs swelled into perky jugs that nearly touched his chin.

"MmmmYEAH...get...bigger...I want you *bigger*..." That was why he wore satin shirts so much. They felt so fucking sexy slipping and sliding all over his fat muscle tits. He yanked the sides of his shirt further open, pecs and nipples hanging out over the sink like a pair of udders - he wanted them sucked so bad. Fuck, he had such a hot chest. Big fucking tits... "I want zem bigger!"

Fy clapped his hand over his mouth with an embarrassed giggle, though it was quickly forced away as his pecs shoved out further in front of him. It sounded like he had an accent! But that would be- "Zilly. Zat's zilly," he mumbled, lost in his own pec fetish. It was only when he felt his cock preparing to pump a load that he stopped, leaning over the sink and feeling his huge jugs dangling beneath him. He had a client to finish before he could nut. Didn't want to be unprofessional. He made a half-hearted attempt to button some of his shirt, but none of them could pull together now, so he emerged from the bathroom with a neckline plunging past the top of his abs. Fy loved showing off his muscle cleavage anyway. His monster rack bounced up and down as he slinked back to his chair, the feeling of his shirt nearly sliding off him almost enough to make him cum right there. His nipples were barely covered, with part of his areolas peeking out from the edges of the open buttons.

Fy looked around and realized he had the biggest tits in the salon. Not bad for the lone guy! They stuck straight out below his collarbone and blocked his view of the rest of his body...it was so fucking hot and sexy. "How's zis coming," he asked Esme, inspecting her foils. "Takes foreffer, hm?"

"Hey, Flo?" One of the stylists asked, looking at Fy from across the room. "Want to come over and give this a look?"

Flo? His name was...well, whatever, it was a weird day. Flo wasn't sure why he was being asked to inspect a haircut, since he didn't work here. But the stylist was pretty junior, he knew, and he was a lot more experienced. In fact, out of everyone in the salon, he'd been cutting hair the longest, which he was proud of. So, he walked over, giant tits heaving as they pulled him

forward. He inspected the client's style, made sure it was cut properly. "Looks great to me, hon. Is zis vat you had in mind?"

The client nodded and said she was really happy with it. "Zat's enough for me zen!" Flo smiled, giving the stylist a high-five. Then he swished back to his own client, wondering why he was talking so strangely. The answer seemed to appear in the form of a small German flag plopped in a cup holder as his station. His accent really did sound German - it was light, Americanized, but present. He'd probably seen the flag and just adopted some German traits in his speech. That...happened, right? It was like psychology. He'd worry about it later.

For now, he had Esme to attend to. He worked on her hair for another hour, revealing the refreshed color and perfectly structured hairdo he'd constructed. Through it all, they chattered and gossiped, as Flo's skills continued to grow. He was an expert in making a client feel at ease. He was great at building relationships. And he was a really, really fucking good hairdresser. He'd won awards for it. He'd taught masterclasses. It was evident as he fluttered around Esme's head, hands moving like a magician's, his long elegant fingers gracefully commanding each strand of hair. "You are red carpet ready, sis!" he said to Esme, snapping his fingers three times. She laughed and flipped her hair over her shoulders and back again, then smiled.

"I love it!"

"Course you do, hon, I did it," Flo winked. He twirled, snapped his fingers over his head, then helped Esme out of the chair and led her to the lobby. Everyone always stared when he walked into the waiting area - he was used to it. He was very tall, he dressed outrageously, and he had a rack like a fireplace mantel mounted to his torso. He was used to the gawking. What he wasn't used to was seeing Trina Robespierre sitting in the lobby, looking right at him.

No no no no - she was from school, she'd tell all the guys! He wanted to run and hide, but he couldn't just ditch his client at the last step, so he awkwardly angled himself away from Trina and hoped he looked different enough for her to not realize who he was. He forced a smile down to Esme as she checked out, his sparkling veneers grinding together. The pressure of the grimace locked up his jaw, which hurt, so he popped it free - and with a small snap, suddenly it doubled in width. Flo's jawline broadened so dramatically it made his whole face readjust to its mass. His nose looked smaller, and his skin stretched tighter over his cheeks, chiseling out the bones. The filler at his jaw angles made them unrealistically severe, and the nose job he now remembered getting had carved the tip into a precise angle. He'd taken his already handsome features and morphed them to cartoonish perfection, a caricature of a man instead of the real thing.

And then, beneath the filler and the Botox, his features hardened, baby fat draining away to reveal a hunk in his late thirties. His muscles plumped up with the maturity, solidifying his brawn. He could barely feel Esme as he hugged her goodbye - she was so slight, and he was so fortified with muscle. She handed him a \$100 bill as a tip, which he slid into the pocket of his white pants with a charming smile. "You're a miracle worker, Florian," she said.

“Don’t be zilly!” Florian said back in his lilting accent, waving his hands theatrically. “Look at what I have to vork vith, gorgeous!”

Florian went back to clean up his station, satisfied that Trina hadn’t recognized him in the lobby. When he looked in the mirror, he didn’t recognize himself much either. He felt alarm at the sight of his sculpted face...why did he look older? And so big...his chest was fucking ridiculous...it turned him on, but that didn’t mean it wasn’t ridiculous.

Panicked but in a fog, he tore himself away from the mirror and noticed Daniella next to him cutting another woman’s hair. “Where’d...what was her name...uh, Patti go?”

“She was done like an hour ago,” Daniella said.

“But she...we were supposed to...” Florian stammered, though he couldn’t quite recall what he was supposed to do with Daniella’s client. Just...something.

“Everything okay?”

“Fine, babe,” Florian said, breaking out into a huge smile. “I just need to sit down for a mo, I’m tired.”

“Go sit in the back! You don’t have anyone for a little bit, right?”

“Right...” Florian’s mind was racing. Was he a hairstylist? He wasn’t supposed to be. That’d be gay. But the guy in the reflection of the mirrors as Florian headed to the back of the salon...that guy looked gay too. Long hair, colorful satin shirt, big muscles, huge ass, even bigger chest, and that swaying feminine walk. He looked so fucking hot.

Florian eased back into the old dryer chair, hoping some rest would set him right. Just needed to clear his head and think straight. That made him giggle as he dozed off...think *straight*...because he was acting so gay...

...even though he knew he wasn’t...

The dryer turned on, soft and gentle, making Florian’s gorgeous mane flutter over his huge chest. His hands wandered up to play with his nipples through his silky shirt, a small smile on his hunky face.

“Mmmmm...”

All his homophobic thoughts bubbled to the front of his brain - all the fears he’d be seen, all the tactics he used. He could feel them dancing frantically around his head, jostling for his attention. Didn’t want to look gay, didn’t want to sound gay, didn’t want to dress gay...

Florian pulled his shirt further open and fondled his huge tits. They swelled bigger at his touch. He moaned.

...didn't want to act gay...

...act gay...

...gay...

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...”

...gay...gay...gay...gay...gay guys...big muscles and hard cocks...wanted to dress gay...

...he wanted to dress like a gay guy...wanted to act like one...

Florian's erection was rock hard and straining against his pleather pants. Sweat pooled between his cleavage.

...wanted to be gay...loved being gay...

Florian writhed and bucked his hips, groaning happily at the feeling of his sexuality changing - the conversion made his eyes roll back in his head, his lips part in his well-practiced O face. His tastes were changing - his interests - his talents. He loved it. He wanted to be gay. He wanted to be even gayer. He loved being a gay man, and he loved having sex with men - he loved feeling a thick cock in his ass...

He wanted a boyfriend - it'd be so fucking gay to have a boyfriend - he had one. César. A hung, hairy, muscular top. Exactly what he wanted. They loved exploring together. Exploring the world, each other, and other men. Being gay was an all-you-can-eat buffet. He loved being gay. He was so proud to be gay...he wanted everyone to know he was gay...

He loved to play with César...he could visualize their penthouse apartment by the water, full of his shiny shirts and workout equipment and sex toys...it was César who'd turned him into a bodybuilder. He'd always had a good body, but César taught him so much about fitness and transformed him into a living, breathing fantasy. He'd always felt comfortable with his body, and always loved to show it off - after all, he'd been a stripper when he'd first moved to the US from Germany. He went to cosmetology school in the daytime, and that's where they met - César came in for a free haircut - he hadn't been able to believe that Florian was just a student, because Florian had such a natural talent...

FUCK, he loved being queer so MUCH...

“AHhhhhh...”

Florian's heels scraped against the floor as he thrashed, the throes of transformation pushing him to the brink of orgasm. He'd become everything he'd never wanted to be, and he loved it - he fucking LOVED it - gay guys loved to fucking CUM -

"Mmmuhhh!"

Piping hot cum soaked his underwear. The huge German bodybuilder thrust up and down, sighing with lust as he shot out his homophobia and turned himself into the pinnacle of homosexuality.

The dryer's last act was to gently cleanse Florian of all the sweat that accumulated as he finished his transformation. His shirt dried, his chest sparkled. When he stood, the only thing glistening was the makeup on his face and the body oil he applied daily to his muscles.

He strutted out feeling like he'd won the gay lottery. Fabric rippled like water around his giant frame. His tits bounced with each step. His ass looked ready to bust through his pants, it was so big. "Hey girlyies!" he said to the women around him. He'd built up a good crew. He was lucky, when he'd opened this place, to find so many talented stylists right off the bat.

One of the assistants had tidied up his station for him, which he appreciated. The floor was swept, the counter organized. In a cup holder were three flags: German, American, and gay pride. The things that had made him him. Next to them was a small framed picture of him and César kissing. God, he loved that hairy stud. He couldn't wait to go home and get fucked, but first he had work to do, and he loved his job almost as much as his man.

A voice interrupted his thoughts. "Anyone ever tell you you look like Fabio?" Daniella's client said. The whole salon laughed knowingly.

"Every day," Florian grinned, bouncing his pecs up and down. And then he headed to the waiting area to greet his next client.