

"Hair's to Jenny"

A short story by: The Night Hawk

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I've never been the kind of guy to go to a "hair dresser" to get my hair cut. As long as I can remember, I've been going to old Fred the barber whenever I needed to have my mop trimmed. Then old Fred decided to retire about a month or so back, and the young guy who bought the barbershop went and nicked Charlie's ear. I sure as hell wasn't going to give him the same opportunity with either of my ears!

My hair was starting to get really ragged looking, though, and I was seriously contemplating cutting it myself, when I spotted an ad in our local paper announcing that Jenny had joined the staff of one of the local beauty salons, and that she was welcoming new customers. The ad went on to say that she had trained for two years at a fancy school in New York, and that she had won an award for excellence in men's hair styling. There was a picture of Jenny right beside the ad, but I don't trust newspaper pictures too much - especially the ones in ads - since they could have been taken years ago. The face in the picture looked real appealing, though, and I did need a haircut, so I called and made an appointment.

I got to the place a little bit early the next day and had to wait a little before Jenny was ready to take care of me. This gave me a chance to really check her out. I relaxed in one of the big overstuffed chairs while I looked the place over. It was only five o'clock, but the place seemed nearly deserted. A couple of other girls were working on some women, but it was obvious from the conversation that they were getting ready to call it quits for the night. Jenny, however, was the one that my eyes kept returning to. The picture in the paper did her no justice. She looked to be about twenty years old with a face as smooth as silk. She stood about five foot four and had dark blonde hair that she wore short and curly. The white smock she had on hid most of her figure from my view, but it couldn't hide the fact that she had a big pair of boobs and terrific legs!

Jenny's voice woke me from my daydreaming, and as I stared into her crystal blue eyes, I felt the blood pulsing in my crotch. She led me to a chair at the back and told me she was going to wash my hair. I started to protest, saying that I had just washed it this morning, but she insisted and told me that hair was easier to cut when it was wet.

I settled back in the chair as Jenny adjusted the towel and cape around my neck. Every time she leaned forward to check the water temperature, her boob came close enough to my face for me to kiss it, and I was really tempted!

Finally, she was satisfied with the water and proceeded to wet my hair down. She had adjusted the water so well I could hardly feel it touching my scalp. Then she squeezed out some shampoo and started to lather up my head.

What a glorious feeling!

Jenny went to work on my scalp with two hands, firmly massaging the soap in. I started to feel so good and mellow that I closed my eyes to more completely enjoy this luxurious experience, even forgetting about those delicious tits dangling just inches from my face. I was really getting into this now, and my breathing was getting slower and deeper, when Jenny surprised me by starting to rinse my head! I was even more surprised to find that my cock had swollen to a dangerous size during her ministrations.

"Is that it?" I managed to mumble.

"No, I still have to put cream rinse on and conditioner." Then she glanced down and saw the bulge I was making in the cape. She continued to rinse the last of the shampoo out of my hair and started to rub the cream rinse in when she whispered close to my ear, "Take it out Art, no one can see us back here, just keep it under the cape." Oh, man! I didn't know what to think or do. I'm not used to women being so aggressive or so daring. I really did need to relieve the pressure in my jeans, but taking my rod out in public! Now that's a bit overboard, especially for me.

"Come on Art," Jenny said, "Take it out while I've still got you lathered up!" I glanced around to make sure that no one else could see what I was about to do, and hesitantly pulled my throbbing prick free of its confines.

Jenny didn't waste a second. Seeing that I was agreeable to a little soapy fun, she squirted more of the cream rinse in her palm and then slid her hand under the cape in search of my hard-on. I felt the coolness of the cream and the warmth of her soft hand reach my cock, and I heard Jenny sigh with satisfaction as she explored its length. Slowly she jerked my twitching prick, and I felt the cream sliding along with her hand. It felt so fucking good, I thought that my cock would explode.

My cock head felt like it had reached monstrous proportions under her careful ministrations, and my balls were aching with the desire to blow their load. Jenny must have sensed my distress, because just when I thought I was reaching my critical point, she started to slide her thumb back and forth over my slit. That did it for me!

Stifling a scream, I shot my hot load all over her hand and the underside of the cape! I nearly passed out from the pure pleasure!

Jenny removed her hand from my cock and rinsed it off with the rest of my hair. Then she mentioned that if I wasn't in too big a rush, she would clean up the other mess she had made.

"Maybe I can convince you to let me trim your pubic hair," she said. Well, after that, I sure as hell wasn't going to say no, and I was about to tell her when we heard somebody shouting to Jenny that, since she was the last one out, she would have to close up the shop.

Jenny started cutting my hair and was nearly done when we heard the door close for the final time. Jenny told me that she was going to check the shop and would return just as soon as she had locked the front door. I saw some of the lights go off, and then I heard the door lock click. Jenny came back around the corner and proceeded to finish my

hair. I thought that she had forgotten all about cleaning me up, but I was to learn that Jenny is very fussy about finishing what she starts!

Jenny finished my hair quickly, then asked if I was still interested in a pubic trim. I said "Sure, why not." Jenny then removed the cape and asked me to lower my jeans so that she could shampoo the pubic area first. I was all too willing to comply!

As I undid my jeans, my eyes locked onto Jenny as she removed her smock and blouse! "I don't want to get it all wet," she explained. I was right about her having big tits! They were fantastic! About a 38-DD cup, I'd say, with big brown nipples that were just starting to stiffen! She led me by the hand back to the sink, and I found that the contoured cut-away, where you normally rest your neck was just the right height to rest my balls. I tried to kiss Jenny and feel her boobs, but she would have none of it. Not yet, anyway!

Jenny adjusted the water temperature again, then ran the water all over my cock and balls. I could feel the excess water running down my legs, but I didn't care! My cock was twitching with anticipation of the lathering it was going to get! She shut off the water and squeezed a generous dollop of shampoo into her hand and started to suds me up. She hefted my bag with one soapy hand and stroked my hardness with the other! I could feel the cum boiling again, as she continued to squish the lather into my bag and under my foreskin. I watched my cock head turn purple with desire and was amazed that, even through the soap, I could see a glistening drop of pre-cum! Just as I thought I would explode again, Jenny turned me slightly away from the sink and knelt down in front of me! She took my soapy cock and pressed it into those big soft tits of hers!

She told me to hold her tits and fuck them! I didn't need to be told twice!

With a hand on each boob, I slid my soapy shaft up and down in that fleshy crevice. My thumbs were flicking her nipples and she was moaning. Jenny really liked having her tits fucked! I felt her wet hands on the cheeks of my ass pulling me into her, then one of her hands slipped around to cup my bag. She used the hand on my bag to indicate she wanted me to spread my legs a bit. Her idea of groping a bag meant she wanted it all! Just as I was reaching climax, Jenny slid one soapy finger straight up my ass!

Fuck. I started to holler, and my cum shot up and out of me like it never had before! Gobs of thick white cream sprayed out of me and splattered against Jenny's face, neck, and chest!

Scalding white cream erupted from my twitching tool! My breath caught in my throat, and my knees were shaking and bucking so hard that I thought that they would collapse under me.

Jenny gently guided me to the chair, which I thankfully sank into. I closed my eyes and let my head fall back. That was the best orgasm of my life!

Jenny took some wet rags and wiped herself off, then she wiped me and towelled me dry. I couldn't speak. Still topless, Jenny started to trim my pubic hair. When she

had it down to less than a quarter of an inch, she brushed away the loose hair and turned the blow dryer on low. It sure felt good, having that warm air rushing over my cock and balls, but I told Jenny that if she was hoping that I'd get hard again she was out of luck. After that last climax, I was sure that I was all in but the shoestrings.

Jenny surprised me, though, and lowered her head down to my soft prick and sucked it into her mouth. Slowly, I felt those familiar stirrings again.

One of her hands undid the top of her slacks and snaked inside to play with her pussy. I offered to do it for her, but she just shook her head while she continued to suck my rod. She dropped to her knees while my cock was growing in her mouth, and the hand frigging her snatch was keeping pace with the bobbing of her head.

Jenny could suck like a pro, and before too long I was holding her blonde head with both my hands, my fingers entwined in her tresses.

Jenny was moaning now, and her hand was a blur in her slacks. I could feel my own orgasm building, my cock responding to the vibrations of her moans and her hot, wet slurping on my shaft.

Jenny reached her climax just before I hit my own. Her groans coaxed my twitching cock to cut loose with its own torrent of juice which she gulped down like a kitten after cream. Although I had cum three times, it didn't stop me from trying to convince Jenny to let me fuck her. She looked at me in shock and said "Oh Art, I couldn't do that. Fucking is cheating, and I would never cheat on my boyfriend!"

Well, I didn't see any reason to tell Jenny that what she had done to me would be considered cheating by most people, so I did the proper thing and made another appointment for the following week - last customer of the day, of course. I told Jenny that I was sure my pubic hair would need another trim by then. And maybe, just maybe, I could convince her to cheat!

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