I ROLLED A 5

[5]….a five, dice rolls for the haircut poster, I guess I won't know what haircut I'm getting until I get in there. I watched the barbers working inside for a minute, fluffed my hair up a little in the rear-view mirror, then entered the barbershop. The sight of a pretty woman with fiery red hair in a bright yellow sundress drew a lot of attention as I took a seat in the waiting area. Twelve barber chairs, all occupied, lined the perimeter of the room, and there were two rows of waiting chairs at the front of the shop. Near the waiting area was an old haircut poster from the 70's showing different haircut options. There were four rows of pictures with six pictures in each row.

I opened the dice app and picked a four sided and a six-sided dice and rolled them. Row 3 picture 5. Oh, just great.

"Next"

I made my way to the open barber chair and took a seat. The barber caped me and turned me towards the mirror as he fingered my long curly fair.

"What are we doing today ma'am?"

"I pointed to the poster, and the picture I wanted."

"Are you sure about that ma'am? That's a little boy's flattop"

"Yeah, that's the one I want." Well, I don't really want it, but the dice have spoken and not getting this haircut is not an option.

"Ok, it's your hair"

He ratcheted the chair up, then combed the hair out. Miss Hyde is in heaven right now in anticipation of my hair hitting the cape and the floor. I can feel the moisture soaking my panties as the barber combs my long hair out for the last time for a long time.

He starts by grabbing a large hunk of hair in front of my right ear then -schnick- two-foot locks fall into my lap. I clench my legs tight as excitement builds in my core.

-schnick- all the long hair over my ear falls. -Schnick, Schnick, Schnick- all the long hair on the right side of my head is now on my shoulder or in my lap while all the long hair on the left side remains. Customers and barbers alike sneak looks directly or in the mirrors around the room or just stare openly at the pretty lady in the barber chair losing mass quantities of hair.

-Schnick, Schnick, Schnick, Schnick-I am now a short hair girl as the barber snips off the last long strands. There is so much hair in my lap it looks like a small animal.

The familiar whine of the industrial clippers fires up next to my right ear, -bzzzzt- they change their tone as they move up in front of my ear sending three-inch locks falling to join the longer ones. I can feel the warm metal on my scalp telling me it's now really short.

I squeeze the armrests hard as the excitement between my legs builds.

-bzzzzt, bzzzzt, bzzzt, - my right ear is now fully exposed as little clumps of hair rain down. The barber flicks a little lock stuck in my ear, then continues his shearing.

The stares continue. One little boy points and whispers in his mom's ear, obviously confused why a girl is in a barber chair and getting a short haircut. I squeeze my mound as the embarrassment stirs my arousal further.

-Bzzzzt, bzzzzt, bzzzzt- the hair on my nape is removed. The clippers on my nape feel amazing. I close my eyes and a little moan escapes.

-bzzzzt, bzzzzt, bzzzzt- my left ear is now fully exposed too. The clippers then move to tidy up the line around the top of my head and to create the vertical wall around the perimeter of the flattop. The barber is slow and methodical, going over the same area multiple times, removing minuscule amounts at a time. Then the clippers go silent.

I can catch glimpses of myself in the mirror across the room when the barber there moves out of the way. My head now looks so little without all my hair surrounding it. The hair on the sides is faint, showing more skin than hair, and there is still a blob of red hair on top.

The barber comes up behind me and starts working hair product into my hair then pulling back over and over to make it stand upright. Next comes the blow dryer and brush to really get it vertical.

He comes to my side, leans over me and positions my head straight forward, then puts his comb horizontally into my bangs and buzzes all the hair off above the comb. A small lock lands on my nose and itches, but I dare not move an inch.

He moves the comb a little further back and buzzes that hair flat, and continues this process until he reaches the back of my head. For twenty minutes he goes front to back, side to side, more hair product and blow dryer, and finally freehand until he is satisfied that the top of my head it perfectly flat and the sides and back are symmetrical. As he fine tuned the haircut, I could feel my hair getting shorter and shorter until the comb

was resting flat on my head at the crown. The clippers finally ceased, and a little brush flicked little hairs from my face and neck. The feel of the soft bristles flicking back and forth on the short hair felt heavenly. My thighs clenched tighter enjoying the sensation.

He undid the snaps on the cape and spread warm shaving cream on my neck and around the lower perimeter of the haircut, then he proficiently shaved it off and wiped my head with a towel. I could feel the texture of the towel so I knew it was really freakin' short. Finally, he turned me to face the mirror. My hair was gone, all but a small island of red hair that stuck straight up. I lowered my chin to view the top. It was so short I could see bare skin on the crown aka a landing strip. Fuck me. I could see in the mirror all the people gawking at me.

The barber held a mirror behind me so I could see how brutally short the back was and how high the short hair went. I pulled a hand out from under the cape and ran it up the back of my head. It was only a few millimeters long, probably a #1 clipper guard. My hand then rubbed over the flat surface on top. I couldn't pinch the hair on my crown it was so short. I pinched the bangs in front. It was less than an inch long and had a greasy feel from the flattop wax.

As the barber pulled the cape away my long locks tumbled to the floor. I stood on wobbly legs as my arousal had me on the edge. I turned and looked at myself in the mirror. I looked bizarre with my bright red flattop and yellow sundress. This haircut made my neck so long, my eyes seemed so much larger, and my boobs looked bigger without my hair hanging down.

The halo of hair around the barber chair was immense and contrasted sharply with the old dull black and white tiles. I will miss you hair. I paid and left in a hurry, the need to quench the pent up tension in my mound my biggest priority at the moment. I'll deal with the consequences caused by miss Hyde later.

[Return to Dice Roll]
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