

HAIR APPARENT



JANUARY
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HAIR APPARENT
by **JANUARY SNOWDEN**



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Prologue

“Ooooooh, yeah! Fuck my ass, baby! I feel so full! Ooh yeah! Yes! Don’t stop! Pleeese don’t stop! Fuck me! Fuck meeeee! Gimme that hot cum! I wanna feel it inside me, just like your cock! Fuck me! Ooooooooh! Yesssssss...”

Like a poorly-written porno script monologue, the words just kept spilling out. I couldn’t stop myself. But as long as it seemed to be a turn-on to be fucked harder and not told to shut up, I dementedly babbled on in my euphoria I’m getting exactly what I asked for, with no regrets. Here I am, getting rammed in my ass for the first time, and loving it!

I never dreamed that I’d ever end up in this position. Hell, there are a lot of things I never dreamed I’d do, to get here with a cock up my ass. Who would’ve dreamed that it would feel so good! And for a first-time, I got a monster! Thick, hard and long. But with my ass ready for anything for a long time, I am not complaining! Never in a million years would I even think to have had this huge dick stretching my mouth before putting a few feet lower. Once it was jerking on my tongue, I didn’t think that tasting cum, much less swallowing it and wanting more, would be something I’d ever desire.

Who am I kidding?! Given a moment of lucidity between thrusts, as I’m turned over from doggie position to missionary, I laugh inwardly. All because -- to myself, mind you -- I’m lying through my teeth!

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Looking for this happen, hoping that it would, I've always heard that anal sex is painful. But as my only cunt and actually being fucked, it's driving me crazy with pleasure. Guess anticipation plays a big part, particularly if you really want it. Whether it's true or not that it's supposed to be painful, don't know, don't care.

The foregoing is thought in the delicious delirium of the heat of the moment All of this unsusposed wonder is untrue. At least, about actually doing it I had wondered for the longest what it would be like and relatively recently dressed full-time -- apropos for work or play, mind you -- as if begging for it, you know I was ready to take on all, uh, ahem, cummers. And now, here I am, really doing it, and loving it all!

All because I wanted to visit paradise. At any rate, my version of paradise. But more on these different kinds later. Right now, this is my Eden.

Oh wow! This thong hides me so perfectly, making me look womanly all over, as feminine as I feel. Who would've thought this tiny strip could cover me so beautifully; emphasis on beautiful. But now, I had shifted the gusset carefully myself. Despite the thin cover and that it's moved slightly to get at my asshole, it's as if I can feel my heart beating between my legs. I can feel his cock pulse as it slickly saws my unpuckered anus, but I also feel a beat that's all my own. I'm going to explode soon, whether he cums or not!

Oh shit! No sooner said than done. Here I cum!

“Unnngarrrrrrrrgggggh!”

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Part One

“Don’t know about history, don’t know much about biology...”

I’ve heard it said that we live in enlightened times. Still, it depended on the time of the times. Let me explain that. -

My birth name is Marshall Evers. I grew up an only child. In all of my years at home, I never once heard my parents -- particularly Mom -- ever say that she wished she had a daughter. She never treated me anything other than a boy. Except for one thing. She never let me go near a barber.

You see, my mom was and is a very attractive woman. At the risk of sounding incestuous -- which nothing like that ever happened, just for the record -- she’s a tongue-panting, mouth-drooling knockout. (She’s the knockout and guys are doing the panting and drooling!) You can say it even though you’re related. And without bias, it’s the absolute truth. My dad was a bit on the nerdy side as far as looks, but Mom looks as if she invented the phrase, “built like a brick shithouse.” As gross as it sounds (Who knew that such a sentence could actually be a compliment?!), she was an amazon. Regardless of being six feet tall in her bare feet with manly broad shoulders and even a little muscle tone in her arms and legs, everything else screamed, “Woman!” A whole lot of woman! -

Her face was perfect without any makeup, emphasized by naturally long lashes and pouty lips other women pay good money to have done artificially. Still, when she and Dad went out, you’d better believe she used warpaint, which only made her more dazzling. Although tall and broad, she had a truly notable hourglass figure. A waist that was small despite a very full, rounded butt and

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breasts the size of basketballs. She had legs so long, you were disappointed when they ended, depending which direction your eyes were going. (Hey! I already said I can still appreciate without lusting. So get your mind out of the gutter about m hangers". Poor sandbag-like bosoms. Whether she knew of this phenomenon and thanked her lucky stars that it never happened to her or not, Mom rarely went braless and her bras all looked very feminine and or sexy in a variety of materials and colors, despite the fact that off her body they looked liked twin huts for Munchkins.

She adored high heels and out of the many that she had, several were 3-5" high. Although she was naturally sexy, she wanted all of the accoutrements that made women sexy. High heels were at the top of the list. Despite being already taller, every now and then, she wouldn't wear very high ones out of consideration for Dad. Not that he ever asked her to or showed it otherwise. He was always proud of his amazon beauty of a mate.

At 5' 6", she would tower over him, and facing each other, if he merely looked straight ahead, he couldn't help but wind up facing her breasts. Depending on what height her heels were, it could be right in middle or just below her nipples; he never cleared her bosom. Dad never complained, and he always craned his neck upwards to her head if they were conversing when they were standing side-by-side. Mom was such a gentle soul -- except when every now and then she heard snickers and muffled conversation out in public. Never demeaning her but laughing at my father; the sight of the two of them together.

Anyway, my mom's pride and joy was her hair. She rarely bunned it up -- not that she could bun it all -- and often wore it full, cascading with waves. It was also long enough to sit on, more than enough to never feel a tug on the skull, as without a thought she'd smooth her skirt when she'd sit and her hair also got swept

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on the seat. I could remember many a day as a small child in her lap, cocooned by her shiny midnight blue-black wavy tresses. Which is an apt seque back to me.

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I was told that despite being born male, I came into the world with a full head of hair. For an infant, that is. Not too dramatically long. All the same, Mom took it as a sign and Dad, feeling lucky to have married such a goddess, let her have her way most times, and this was one of them. From the day of my birth, my hair was allowed to simply grow. And unexplainably, it grew like a weed; presumably a much faster growth than for a usual child. My father did mention, after it began passing my neck, to finally have it cut by a barber because I would eventually going to school.

Mom then proclaimed that for years she had been washing, grooming and even styling my hair in fluffy waves. So she was not going to relinquish her “job” of hair care to a stranger. She was ready to argue that school was there to instruct my mind, not worry about my hair. She said that she was aware of school’s environs and denizens because people at random had already mistaken my looks as belonging to someone else, even I was dressed unisexually as an infant.

She knew that I would be on my own but that they had brought me up right. Because of that, I should allowed to be my own individual. Given time, if I wanted to be bald, then it would be my choice, not hers or Dad’s. For now, however, they have the right to choose for me. She challenged Dad that he was not making a parental choice but one influenced by the outside world. She pointedly asked him that how can they expect me to think for myself, if my parents wouldn’t think for themselves?

I was little then, but at that, I remembered Dad backing off from

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his wife's strong pledge. Because she was right. Not about my hair but that he didn't think on his own. He was thinking about what the world would think. My dad was not a perfect man but it was one of the few mistakes I ever saw him make.

His wife had her convictions and boldly expressed them, without making him feel small or any less of a man. Yet while his logic about his son may have been sound, he had to admit that he had been swayed by outsiders. Realizing that, he also noted that doting on his mate didn't make him less of a man but outside conceptions was attempting to do so. He would no longer have any of that.

A major lesson that he eventually passed down to me; to stand up what I believed in, and not someone's else's opinion. Otherwise, his only saving grace was that ultimately, with all of its waves and curls, my hair never grew longer than somewhat past my shoulder blades, which was quite long in any event. Later, as an adult, it would appear that I had a whole lot more as I fluffed it outward, but that would be then and it was out, not down. For the time being -- from my mid-teens to adulthood -- wet while showering as I was taught to care for my hair, it did go to just above the top of my hips. But of course it never stayed wet for long. Even if I pulled it back so the hair would be straight while dry, tied off in a wavy ponytail at my neck, it only went to almost lower back.

A quick side note about my dad: Yes, he was the stereotypical 97-pound weakling...in appearance. But he was as suave and debonair as any well-built hunk. He was only small, period. In stature, that is. (Yes, I know I called him a nerd, but some nerds are quite cute, and so was he. He just wasn't out there, just for any woman to notice. Until Mom, that is.) Like I was ignorant about Mom's figure sizes, I never knew if Dad had a nub or a monster of a cock. As I rarely saw Mom unthinkingly nude very briefly, Dad was more modest, and at best, the barest I saw him

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was in jockeys or swim trunks and his body was as hairless as a chihuahua. If genes could tell, I was average ‘down there’, as I inherited a great many of his physical traits, along with Mom’s. In any event, he made Mom happy sexually, although they only had me. He did have great legs for a man, even less toned than Mom’s. But despite unique differences in genders, as she was all woman, he was all man.

While I’m at it, a quick aside about Mom: Yes, Dad let her have her way a lot. It was because he loved her, not that he was a wimp. Mom was not a nagging harridan. She was not an “I’m beautiful and I know it” bitch who thought the world had to kowtow to her every whim. Ever since she met Dad, she grew to be an uncomplicated woman who saw a man for who he was inside. But, admittedly, despite her mild gentility, she had a reserved dark side for any who threatened her and hers.

Remember when I mentioned those who chuckled at my parents being together? Most times, all it took from her was an icy stare, chilly enough to freeze the Equator. Those that didn’t get that, a few steps toward them as Madam Mountain with an angry face had them gagging on their giggles. All done without making Dad feel small, as he was unaware. I knew because when I was out with them, I’d generally be looking their way and catch everything, so you know nothing was also said about my hair! It was partially this, too, that made me brave enough to boldly keep my tresses well, healthy and lengthy. Ready to defend my locks against anyone who would deride them or me, because of them.

And so, back to the remark about the “time of the times.” While the world overall has seemingly reached a point of “tolerance” that didn’t exist a half-century ago, the memo still missed a lot of people. As a child, it seemed that it was always a requirement that every school had to have at least one bully, if not more. But many

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bullies act so, just because they can. I've also learned that you can't be bullied if you don't let yourself be bullied. Translation: they feed on fear and they only go where the 'food' is. Not a hard and fast rule, but vastly true.

In my case, throughout my schooling, there were those who tried to pick on me because of my slight physique as well as my hair. Ignoring them worked a lot because most were just talk. When they saw you couldn't be ruffled, they went for easier prey. Oh, many times it wasn't as simple as that. Sometimes I'd begin to move and be asked where did I think I was going. Without a word nor change in gait showed my indifference and by the time they gathered what they had of their wits, I was gone. I'm not saying that it happened once and that was it, but my response was always the same. No rise out of me, no fun. So they moved on.

I guess I was very fortunate as not get bullies that were lunch-or-lunch-money thieves or those that ganged up and gave underwear wedgies (Which was very ironic, what with girls wearing thongs that never hurt. Then again, the deal is to purposely hurt the cock and balls, which girls don't have.) Finally, there's what is called a "swirly". Something they really could've done to me, given my situation: The disgusting art of pushing a head in a toilet and flushing it! God! My hair would've been a mess!

In high school, the near-adult jocks were the worse. The other bullies were cruel verbal pranksters. These guys were physical, minus the pranks. Testosterone was overflowing then and it made a difference. Ignoring them made them angry. Especially if they were trying to impress a girl of how much of a man they were compared to me. They tried to goad me into fights they thought sure they'd win (with a push and or shove) and got frustrated when I wouldn't fight back. Often, of all people, the girl then saw him as a bully and left. The guy would then lose all his macho and he ran

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to go after her, whining all the way how he did it for her. Seeing true colors by this time, I made a mistake -- only once -- as I saw a bully try to make points with his girl at my expense. For the first and only time, I made fun of him making a fool out of himself trying to prove to be a man.

I know. But it had been almost my entire life. You'd think I was entitled to get in a biting remark, to belittle them for a change. Yeah, right.

Still, "for a change" turned out to be the biggest change in my life.

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We were seniors in high school. By then, my physical body was well-defined for life, never growing any taller than my dad. Of course I was totally covered outdoors, but undraped, I saw that I eventually had my mom's figure with big butt and curves; my upper torso was somewhat broad as my waistline was high and somewhat nipped. Of course, I never grew breasts, and yet, my pecs still seemed to be bigger than normal. If I jumped, if I happened to be aware of my body at the moment, I could feel a minute jiggle of what little I had. Something I wouldn't confirm right away, as I did some deliberate jumping in front of a mirror at that time, in order to corroborate the jiggle I thought I saw. Otherwise, my areolae was not small like Dad's but wide as a sunburst like Mom's; even my nipples were unusually large and fat.

Of course, there was my wavy long hair -- a light auburn with lighter blond streaks from my Dad's dark blond combination with Mom's black -- with boyish looks that changed little since infancy; overall I was androgynous at best, in being male without thought. From my dad, I got his overall body hairlessness, his

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height, his easygoing manner that won people over such as his wife, and his cock. Again, because I never saw his, it's just the fact that I assumed that I had a dick like his.

You couldn't see what I got from my dad but it couldn't be said about I gained from Mom. Let me rephrase that. My height was obvious from Dad and was ignored. But my hair, favoring Mom, was apparent. My hair was a beacon, yet my demeanor caused most people to treat me humanely. After a while -- as early as late elementary school -- many boys had long hair but none were kept as well as mine. Used to being singled out in earlier schools nevertheless, a certain bully in high school seemed to take great pains, as he only saw me as his favorite target. With or without an audience, but it was mostly the former. It was a show; he was the headliner -- a comedian -- and I was supposed to be the punchline.

I wasn't stupid. I always knew what I looked like. I didn't care; as much as I was very proud of my beautiful mother and she of me, I was proud of myself. I wasn't an ugly child and my hair only intensified my good looks. By then, I had long been taking very good care of my hair. Taking care of it was as ritualistic as breathing, having been inculcated early. I watched and cared for split ends, brushed it daily until it shone, made sure that the waves and curls had a healthy bounce. Did you know that the shine of women's hair when selling hair products on TV was made possible by using mayonnaise? Eww! I just found that trivia fact out but never wanted to try it. Without vanity, I never had to; my shine mimicked the manufactured but was genuine.

Simply put, I was brought up to love myself first so that others could love me. That meant taking care of everything about me; a big part of me was obviously my hair. One major thing I learned is that taking care of very long hair can be a bitch. That's why many

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women cut their hair. I can't read minds, but I'd guess that many just feel it's too much work. But every now and then, you may notice a female seemingly past her prime, and yet, her long gray and or white hair is their crown of beauty. Too, many who chop it off quite often buy long-haired wigs. There is never a shortage of its request, due to being unwanted. Mom had an overabundance but wouldn't dream of snipping off an inch, to shirk on caring for it...and neither would I.

Over the years, many girls came to me for serious hair tips. (Yeah, I had my share of those who teased. No pun intended. But like the bullies, they too, were tuned out. Being girls, it was envy, not messing with me just because they could.) In the beginning, I referred the ones that really cared, to Mom As I got older, I delved from my own expertise.

After telling one girl some tips she asked for, her boyfriend saw us talking He didn't hear what we were talking about and what set him off was her reaching out and caressing a handful of my hair. And who was he? He happened to be my latest tough guy.

He had tried taunting me in the past and nothing would work. In front of his friends, he would threaten to pummel me. When I showed no fear, he backed off. It was a whole different story when he thought I was trying to steal his girlfriend as he saw us talking. That made him mad enough. When she held a handful of my hair in admiration, fingering its softness, he assumed that I had won her over; that he was losing her to his 'nemesis'. She had been an early bloomer. By now a near-adult, this blonde bombshell could be a short bosomy clone of my mom. I knew she was taken and by whom. It didn't bother me nor did it stop me from making friends with anyone, much less her. But her boyfriend didn't see it that way.

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He ran over and roughly pushed us apart, telling her to stay away from me. We were standing near some lockers, and I was only slightly staggered. Although she wasn't hurt, the noise she made landing on them, to me, sounded terrible. At that, I finally grew tired of his antics and spoke up. It was one thing to pick on me, but she liked him. Seeing her rudely shoved, almost taking my hair with her in its surprise, I saw a flash-vision of her being horrendously abused if they remained a couple. So I angrily told him to leave her alone. The beginning of my "mistake" in speaking up to a bully for the only time. It was enough to divert his attention, and she ran away, perhaps for good from seeing him like this. At least, I thought so. Trouble was, as we heard her heels clicking fast away from us, he thought so, too...and blamed it on me.

His face was a mask of fury. But I had been long taught to never be ashamed of myself; to always be proud of who I was. And never let derision affect me. And even though I was only in my late teens, the older I got, the stronger the advice made me. Still, I took these lessons too far at that moment, in justly caring about someone else's well-being.

He pushed me to the floor and then straddled me. One beefy hand held me down by the neck -- half on the neck, half on the shoulder actually -- the other was raised in a fist, as if he was going to land a deathdealing blow to my head. Since I was never touched before, my real mistake was disbelieving that he would really hit me, especially since he didn't immediately strike me. I stupidly didn't count his making my back smack hard on the tile floor as wanting to hurt me. Much less, straddling me with about 200 pounds. Duh!

As he was against me, I knew that it was pure fury and not sexual fire that was causing his cock, of all things, to notably throb against my abdomen through our clothes. All the same, it was hard and

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even slightly growing as I felt it. Despite the clothes, the feeling was unmistakable. Noting this, my years-long high school bully was no longer fooling around. Something very serious was going on.

Almost as if he'd been freeze-framed, it seemed as if he realized that he had acted rashly with his girlfriend when he shoved her but he also felt it was too late to go after her. As his fist hung in indecisive, threatening mid-air, he still could've gotten up and ran after her.

No. That would've made him weak. That would've made him... me.

So, like an idiot, I made up his mind for him. Seeing that despite having an audience, they kept a discreet distance away from us. I could speak to him in a low voice and get away with it. I had already opened my mouth. So now I had wanted to belittle him, given the situation, but the words I used weren't the one I'd planned. Since I was also physically feeling something new, my hormones did the talking.

His arm and my wavy hair shielded one side of our audience from my face. Taking the feeling of his cock the usual way his counterpart might, as I brushed away my disarrayed hair from my face on the other side, I kept my hand in my hair with my elbow up as, in any event, my hair hooded my face from anyone seeing my lips move. In a split-second, I recognized it as a seductive pose and deliberately held it for his eyes only.

With a wicked smile, I said in a sensuous whisper, "You let her go 'cause all these years, it was really me you wanted. You were after me before you knew she existed. Isn't that right, baby? Ooh, yes. I feel your hard, throbbing dick against me." Then, as if

breathlessly, I added, "Don't waste it, baby. I want it. Fuck me." I had said "fuck" with emphasis and at that, I puckered my lips, blew him an air-kiss and giggled.

Working on pure instinct, I then realized that I sounded feminine, not to mention sexy, and I unwittingly turned myself on. I mean, I wanted to act girly as a joke, since it was why -- the hair -- he bullied me in the first place. But it did come out surprisingly, all too real. As I said, no other bully, not even him, ever touched me; it took a girl for him to feel threatened.

But here's the curious thing: If I was as swishy as he'd taunted me, why did he consider physical action on me? Why did he care so much if he thought I was...gay? Why didn't he chase after his girlfriend?

Questions I didn't really think I'd ever know the answers to. But as the mind can work lightning fast, mine did, and chose this course of action. Did I regret it? Well, duh. I didn't want to get beat up! But, then again, his cock wasn't just hard as he sat on my stomach. I actually felt it inflate. I don't know why, but it turned me on enough for my own to get stiff. A cock getting hard is a glorious feeling, period. Not to mention, the beginning of a more glorious one if you get to use it. Yes, I'd long masturbated over the years; getting turned on by fantasies and the 'magic' of my cock as well, as it went from limp to rigid.

This beefy jock atop me had my dick as hard as his and for the first time in my life, my body betrayed me, as it wanted a man. Why else were both our cocks hard, was my split-second rationale. I taunted him like a woman but he had long taunted me for having hair like one. So, in my head, it was opposites attracting. By then, my struggles to get him off me were actually gyrations to excite both of us sexually, even more. As I was taught not to be,

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I was never afraid of bullies. But I never had one atop me before, pressing his throbbing cock on me. My heart was racing but it wasn't out of apprehension. As I said, we had gathered a small rubbernecked crowd by then with typically no one stopping him. But at that moment, I subconsciously felt that if he had forced his meaty dick down my throat, I knew that I would've blew him. My bold, defiant smile had transformed into one of goofy girlish mush, as his body abruptly felt very 'comfortable' on me.

Not being able to read his mind, maybe he was feeling the same things as he finally noticed the condition of his dick. There was a split-second nod, as he looked down at his crotch and back at me; I caught it all. But he wouldn't let himself feel the way I did. Instead of fucking me, his arm finally came down, to give me a bloody, rapidly-swelling, puffy black eye. Everything went dark as I passed out; my adrenaline had exploded to my brain and overloaded. After regaining consciousness, I learned that his ex-girlfriend hadn't merely run away. She had run for help for me. As such, only the one blow had landed.

I wasn't out long. Indeed, as I awoke, his girlfriend had knelt down to me, coaxing me to awaken, as she stroked my face and hair. Her caring actions with her open cleavage from her blouse only inches away were making my cock hard again. Feeling it stiffen anew, it apparently deflated when the lights went out.

But as I saw my bully being held by two people, I saw what could only be a big cum stain on his khaki pants. I figured it out so swiftly, it wasn't until much later when I reprocessed the whole situation that I amazed myself again at how fast my mind can work; in this case, to reach conclusions.

Remembering feeling what could've only been his cock against me, I instinctively sniffed for the smell of urine on me. Too, a