

The Barbershop Quartet

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A surprise at the barbershop

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The Barbershop Quartet I'd met my barber, Joseph Bonnano, on my first trip to this small city. We shared a cab from the airport. The cab dropped him at his barbershop and me at my hotel. I was there for a job interview, hoping to land a job with the local hospital. I woke early for the interview and decided to visit the barber for a quick trim. Joseph was terrific, gave me a good cut and some calming advice. The interview went great and I eventually moved to the city and started my new job. Joseph became my regular barber, every two weeks for twelve years. The barbershop was a classic, barber pole outside, straight edge shaving, and great conversation. Although there were four chairs, Joe only had one other barber, Tom. I had tried him, the one time Joe had taken a vacation and I'd really needed a trim. He was good, but Joe was an artist. Two weeks ago Joe told me that Tom was leaving and he was looking for a replacement. He asked me what I thought about women barbers. I said I guessed it depended on how good they were at cutting hair. Joe laughed and told me his daughter had just gotten a divorce and was moving back, until she got her life back together. Joe said that he'd trained her himself and could vouch for her ability. I laughed and told him that he didn't have to worry about losing me as a customer. When I called for my next appointment, a low sultry voice explained that Joe was taking a week off. Remembering Joe's remarks and realizing that waiting was not a good option; I scheduled with Marie for the last appointment of the day. When I arrived for my haircut, I was greeted by a red haired vision. Petite, curvy and the most entrancing green eyes I'd ever fallen into. "You must be Frank," she said, extending her hand. "And you're Marie, Joe's daughter, my pleasure." I replied. I don't know what possessed me, but instead of shaking her hand, I bowed continental style and gently kissed her hand. She laughed delightedly and proceeded to turn off the outside sign, the barber pole, and lock the door. "Safety first, Dad always says," she said with a laugh. Then Marie settled me into the chair for my trim. As she began actually cutting my hair, I realized several things, she took after her father as a hair stylist, I was smitten, and her nearness was causing an embarrassing erection, thankfully hidden by the protective smock. Throughout the haircut we chatted about everything and nothing, but there was an undertone of excitement and sexual tension. She finished trimming the back and used the small hand mirror to show her work off. "Well,

how'd I do," she asked? "Looks great! Just as good as your Dad," I teased. "That bad, huh," she teased right back. "How about a shave to go with that haircut, then you can do me," she giggled. Confused and stunned, I shook my head yes and Marie leaned the chair back to begin my shave. My head was swimming. Did she mean shave her or have sex with her and even if she meant shaving.... her legs, her underarms, her pubes. I must have misheard or misread the message. She wrapped my face in a hot towel to soften my beard and applied the warm shaving cream. As she stropped the razor, I joked that I would use the strop on her bottom if her hand slipped. She replied by asking if that meant she should or shouldn't be careful. The best thing about my confusion was that it mostly, allowed me to forget to be nervous that a virtual stranger had a very sharp blade scraping against my throat. She finished off the shave with a witch hazel splash and gently massaged it into my face. It stung a little. "You must have struck a vein," I whined playfully. Her eyes changed for moment from playful to I'm not sure what. She executed a neat pirouette, causing her wide bottomed, knee length skirt to flair, giving me an even better view of Marie's exquisite legs and thighs. She turned back towards me into a deep curtsy. Her head was bowed and her outstretched hands presented me with the thick leather strop. "Do with me as you will, Sir. If I have displeased you, then my punishment is in your hands," she said humbly. I took the strop. It took me just a moment to decide how to proceed. Go for broke, I thought. "Lift your skirt above your waist, step out of your panties, and lay across my lap," I ordered. She smiled and as she very slowly began to lift her skirt, said, "I'm unable to comply with part of your order, Sir, as I'm not wearing panties." As her skirt continued it's upward journey, I could see that she was not fibbing. The hair on her bush was full, lush, and the same deep red as on her head. "Beautiful", I mumbled. She smiled as she climbed across my lap. "I like it hard and rough, Sir, if it pleases you," she whispered. She settled comfortably on my lap as if she had been there forever. While my eyes inspected this unexpected treasure, my hands greedily stroked her thighs and buttocks. Marie parted her legs to allow me fuller access. Her sex was definitely wet and ready. "After I spank you, I will trim your bush, spank you again, then we'll see if you taste as good as you look. If you perform well, I may decide to enter you," I stated. Marie gasped softly and whispered, "If it pleases you, Sir." I started spanking her with my hand, alternating speed and intensity. She moaned softly and squirmed exquisitely on my lap causing my stiffening cock to poke into her bare thigh. After about thirty hard hand spanks, I stopped and entered her vagina with two fingers. She came immediately to a shuddering climax, causing more juice to flow over my hand. With the additional lubrication my thumb slid into her bum, up to the second knuckle, causing another powerful juice-quake. I gently pushed her off my lap and hunted up the necessary supplies, shaving cream, razor, hot towel, and scissors. "If you squirm while I'm trimming your bush, not only do risk a cut, but I will take the electric clippers and trim every hair from your head, do you understand, Marie," I growled, more harshly than I meant? "Please, Sir, my mons is super sensitive, I don't know if I can control myself," she whimpered. "Then I guess you'll be spending some time admiring your bald scalp, I know I'm looking forward to the view," I chuckled. I proceeded to soften the hairs on her pubic area with the hot towel, while teasing her outer lips with gentle strokes and pinches. Pulling and tugging on her damp lips, I used the scissors to trim the top of her mons and the lips of her sex. She was moaning

softly and continuously, now, but managing not to wiggle too much. Using an old fashioned shaving brush I liberally applied the hot cream, causing an increase in Marie's wiggles. I began to shave her bush into what would pass for a heart shape. Towards the end, her moaning grew louder, her wiggles became more pronounced, and the juice flowing from her sex was like a small river. When I finished by sprinkling a small amount of witch hazel on the area, she screamed, gushed, came violently, and still shaking liquid began to pour out of her already drenched sex. She was peeing, coming uncontrollably, and sobbing with embarrassment. "Dear Marie, first I must spank you again, as I promised," I said, "then we will have to see what other surprises await us." I pulled off my own clothes to avoid getting them wet and grabbed a nearby hair brush. I quickly reinstated her position across my lap and began to spank her harder and harder with the brush. The gushing and coming continued almost nonstop, as did the sobbing. When my pace would slow slightly, Marie would lift up her ass and request that I continue to spank her harder, which I did. When her ass was so red that I thought it was a permanent color change, I pushed her up and off my lap, readjusted the barber chair and laid her down in order to jam my cock into her wet sex. Nature had something else in mind. My own need to pee, inspired by the liquid scene, asserted itself, now. Since there was going to be a massive cleanup anyway, I just let go, with only a brief second thought and directed my stream at her clit. The effect on us both was explosive. She told me later that she had never had as intense an orgasm and as my stream turned to a dribble, my cock became rock hard, again. I literally dove between her legs, drove my dick into her, and pounded her already cum/urine soaked sex into another series of orgasms. My already frantic pace soon had me nearing my own orgasm. Marie was close, again, whimpering soft little breathless gasps. Then she screamed, "Fill me, please, fill me, cum in me, oh, please cum in me." Then I was cumming, spurting hard and doing what she had begged of me. We lay there wrapped in each others and the barber chairs arms, quietly recuperating. When our breathing had mostly returned to normal we began to clean up the place. Considering all that had occurred, it only took a few moments of concentrated work to take care of the floor and the chair. Marie and I were another story. Since we were still naked, Marie suggested we use the hand held shampoo hoses to clean ourselves. This led to a loud laugh filled water fight and we ended up screwing again right on the floor. That was when I noticed the couple standing in the alcove to the barbershop. She was in front, pressed up against the glass door. Her blouse was open and hands were mangling her ample tits. Her skirt was above her waist, her legs spread wide, and she was being soundly fucked from behind. Marie started to grab her clothes but I restrained her whispering that we should enjoy the view as they had enjoyed watching us. I pulled Marie into a sitting position in the chair and felt my cock hardening, once more. It was going to be a long night.