

Martha

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My name is Martha, I was a pretty conventional woman in her early thirties when this story began, I worked as an accountant and I had a decent life. Most of my relationships had faded with a shrug—nice enough men, just... boring. The last one had ended quietly a few months ago.

I had always kept my attraction to women at bay. It had shown up here and there—mostly in passing thoughts, a kiss in college. But lately, the quiet pull had grown stronger. I started gazing at female coworkers. And I suspected everybody knew.

I wasn't sure why I had downloaded the app that night. I was looking for an adventure, I guess. I swiped without much thought at first, until I paused on a profile that stood out.

Joana. Brazilian, thirty-two, brown skin and eyes, hairdresser, short bio.



She looked kinda alternative in her style, and that intrigued me.

We chatted that evening. Joana was direct but kind. After a week, Joana asked if she wanted to meet. I said yes.

I settled on a white shirt and high-waisted trousers—safe, neutral, conventional. No lipstick, just a little mascara. I brushed my blonde hair - my pride - thinking that if everything worked out I could get free haircuts.

Joana was something else. Sitting there in the booth like she owned the air around her—black leather, studs, fishnet, a mohawk. Everything in her screamed dyke. Even her energy was masculine.

I felt embarrassed being seen in public dating her, at first. What would people say if they saw me? Dating a woman, and what a woman!



“Hey, blondie!” Joana said, cowering gum in her mouth, her voice low. “I love your hair.”

I blushed. “Thanks. You look... wow.” Joana tilted her head. “Too much?”

“No. Just...unexpected.” I felt uncomfortable. People were staring at us. Joana laughed. She reached for her drink, still looking at her. “I don’t bite. I promise.”

“You’ve amped up your style a bit since the pictures were taken” - I commented, boldly. “Oh I change my style all the time. I’m a hairdresser, I like to show what I can do on myself...”

Even though we were very different, the date went really well. Our second date was at a concert—some underground punk band Joana adored. But before they went, Joana had another idea. “You trust me?” she asked, biting back a grin.



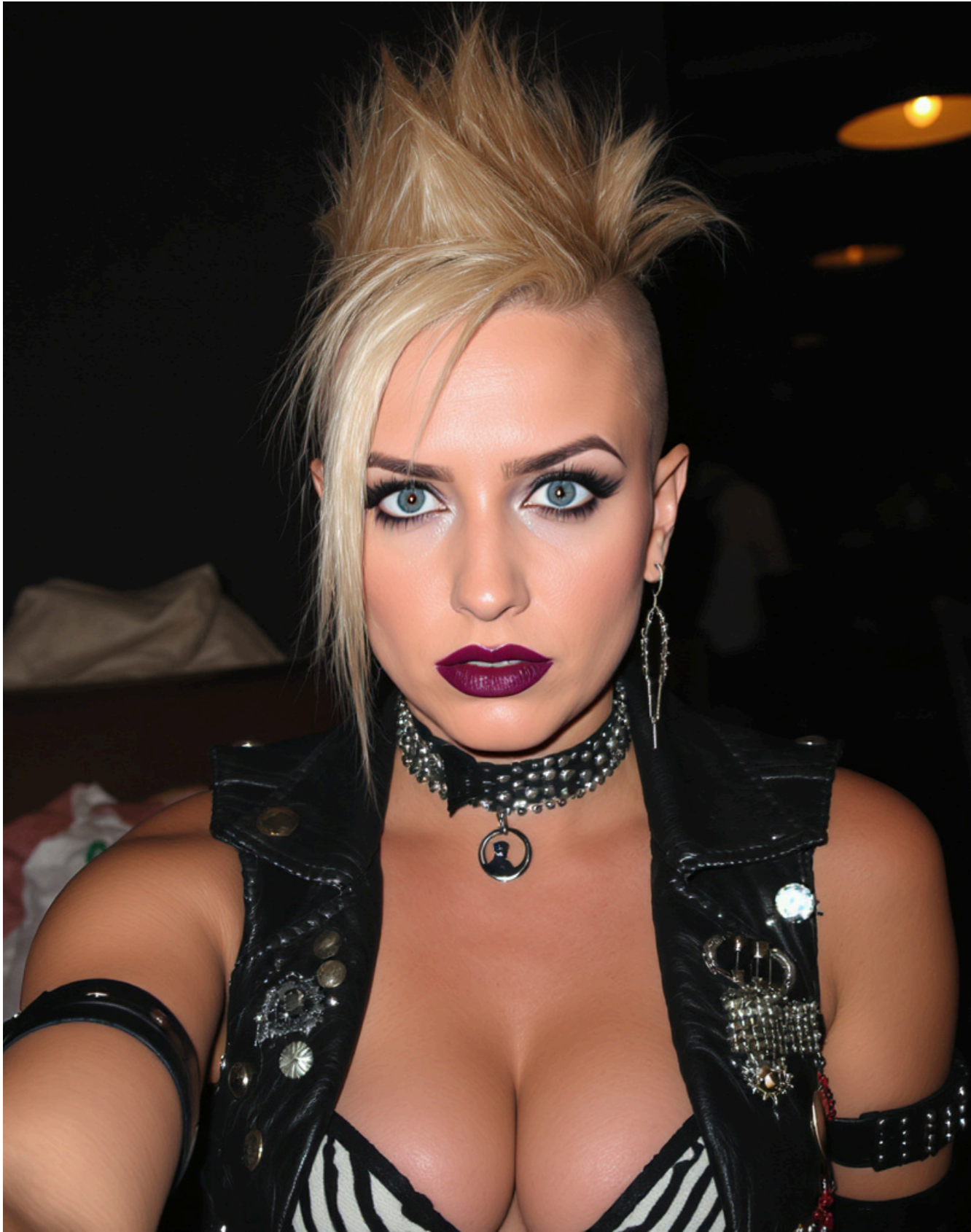
I hesitated. "Do I have a choice?" "Not really." I was intrigued.

Joana took me to her own salon. I sat down, excited but nervous. It sounded like a fun, slightly erotic game.

I was about to ask her what next when I heard the buzz of clippers. I braced myself. By the time the chair turned and I saw her reflection, my breath caught. My long hair was gone, replaced by a sharp mohawk. My eyebrows had been reshaped. I looked like someone else.

"Aaah! Holy shit," I screamed. "What the fuck have you done to me?" I should have left then.

Joana stood up behind her, beaming. "You look amazing. Definitely less boring than before."



I wore Joana's spare outfit, the one she kept "just in case" in a canvas bag under her bed. I looked fine. We looked fine. No one gave us a second glance at the concert—two punk women, clearly lesbians. We kissed several times, in public. She often played with my hair. I had the time of my life.

Tomorrow tough was Monday. I imagined walking in like *this*. The stares. The raised brows. Someone asking, politely, if it was for a costume party.

What was I going to say?

It turned out, there wasn't much I could say or do to save the situation.

When I was getting ready the following day, I tried making myself presentable but the haircut was impossible to hide.



I'd barely stepped past reception when heads began to turn.

My manager, Mr. Rehn, called her into the glass-walled meeting room. "I'll be direct," he said. "New management's made clear we're adjusting our client-facing standards. You've made... a style choice, and it's not aligned with the image we want to project. At Glencourt National Insurance, image means stability. Heritage."

I blinked. "It's just hair."

It's a signal," he replied, almost gently. "And it's not the signal we're comfortable with." It was done by 9:51. By 10:15, I was back on the street. I texted Joana: "Well... that went even worse than I expected." The reply came fast. "Good. That place never deserved you." She always knew how to make me feel better.



To distract me, Joana took me back to her salon. A makeover would cheer me up, she said. I didn't care anymore at that moment. I was about to ask her what next when I heard the buzz of clippers. Again. I panicked, twisting around. "No, wait!" I cried, but she just pushed my head forward and slid the clippers up.

Her hand was steady. I felt the plastic guard at my nape, then the vibration climbing my scalp. Then came the razor. It felt so alien on my head; it didn't belong there. I knew she went for an even bolder hairstyle but stopping her at that point would have been too late.

I was left with bangs, right at the front of my hairline, and a ponytail up high in the back. "I look like a freak," I whispered. "My little freak!" - she added with a kiss on my partially bald head, and I felt the tingles spread all the way down my spine.



Joana slid both hands up the sides of my head, then let her manicured nails trail gently across my bare scalp. No one had ever touched me there before. I didn't even know I *had* that many nerves on my scalp, like they'd all been sleeping under my hair, waiting for her to wake them. We made out and my rage turned into lust.

Over the next few weeks, I was forced to always stay in character: the hair, the makeup, the outfits. We looked great together and I had to admit it turned me on too.

One shocking day she came in with her sides grown out, her mohawk gone, smoothed into a clean bob with soft bangs. "One punk is enough," she said. She still looked hot, just more conventional. She said it would be fun if I was the alternative one of the two from now on, and she was the straight-looking lady.



People treated me differently at the stores, everywhere. And finding a new job was hard looking like that. Luckily Joana had connections. I eventually got one. A job as a vendor at a sex shop. Not ideal but I needed the money.

Only, she told me, I needed a new hair color for that job.

The color was cold against my scalp, sticky and slow. When she rinsed it out, the water ran purple. When she turned the chair again and uncovered the mirror, my breath caught for the second time. Lavender. My hair—what little of it was left—glowed soft and luminous under the lights. A little, non-permanent makeup completed the look.

“You need a new name... How about Molly?”. I lowered my gaze. I had been rebranded.



Our roles had completely swapped. Joana had rebranded her alternative hairdresser as a high end coiffure shop in the good part of town, and had adopted a conventional, classy look, while I felt like a freak nobody could love apart from her. She was good at manipulating me. When we met new people, which happened very often, I could feel they wondering why would a woman like Joana date me. I had a degree in management. I'd been the one with the stable job, the savings. But Joana knew how to frame the story. She liked embarrassing me, like saying "Molly, why don't you tell them about the dildos you're designing?" she'd say sweetly over drinks. "She has a 3D printer and everything." Heads would turn, eyebrows lifted in surprise. I'd feel myself shrink. "Yeah," I'd mumble, forcing a tight smile. "It's... erotic art." Shame was mixed with lust as I stared at Joana, proud of me.



Joana disliked, well, loathed, stubble. At first she let it slide: teasing, fingers running over my scalp with just a touch too much pressure when the regrowth got prickly. Then she started bringing it up more. "You know I love smooth, Molly" she'd say. "If you're going to keep the look, you might as well commit." I thought I was committed already. The ponytail. The bangs. The weird stares from strangers. But apparently, I wasn't *quite* there yet. She took me to a clinic. I was sat down, given a robe. The doctor said something very technical, mostly talking to Joana who was the expert in hair. She handed me a clipboard. "You'll love how it feels," she said. I signed the form without reading the fine print.

The procedure was quick and rather painless. Surely, temporary.



I thought it was just laser—long-lasting, sure, but temporary. Something I could undo if I changed my mind. I asked Joana, casually, “How long will it last?”

“Oh, Molly” Joana said, brushing her hand through the sides of my scalp. “Forever.”

The word hit late. “Wait... you mean it won’t grow back?” She smiled. “Baby, it’s electrolysis. It’s not hair removal. It’s hair death. You’re a baldie for life!”

I started weeping, touching my head. This wasn’t just a erotic game. My life had been ruined forever. My hair was, like, my pride, my self-esteem and now I would never, ever be able to have a full head of hair again in my life. I could only chose between keeping it as it was or shaving it off and wearing wigs.



It took time—weeks, maybe months—before I really sat with the idea. Joana gave me space. I was too mad at her to forgive her for a while. Taking care of what was left became key. Joana understood and applied extensions at the sides of my bangs to give it a better look. Feeling it against my cheeks made me feel better.

Eventually, I resumed my daily routine, the sex shop and I forgave Joana. I told myself she had pushed me but deep down I loved my new style and life.

Since becoming permanently bald, something shifted in how I looked at women, especially their hair. It wasn't just admiration anymore. It was a mix of lust and envy. She knew. Of course she knew. Sometimes, she'd press her hair against my cheek just to feel me shiver. I hated and loved her.



As I fought my demons, Joana changed too. She grew softer in tone, slower in her movements. Recently, she decided to upgrade her appearance by getting a boob job. She could afford it easily. She looked like a Brazilian bombshell now: glossy hair, big curves, designer dresses.

I began helping her in the salon—just sweeping up, folding towels, passing dye bowls. I wasn't paid. I didn't ask. She liked having me there, and I liked being kept.

"This is my little freak," she'd say casually when clients asked who I was. Always with that teasing smile, that look that dared anyone to judge. I never corrected her. I loved her too much. Or needed her too much. Maybe both. One day she said "We should get some work done on your boobs too!"



"I don't know, they're a bit too big for me."

"Hehe," she said, a low chuckle. "I knew you'd say that. Not too big then."

She had already arranged a consultation. The doctor, a friend of hers from Brazil, mentioned a modest 25 cc implant. It sounded insignificant, a tweak so minor I convinced myself it was harmless. The language barrier, I told myself, was why I didn't understand the finer details.

I woke from the anesthesia feeling hollow. Joana was at my bedside, beaming, her own chest somehow more pronounced, talking with the doctor.

I looked down. My breasts were gone. "You mutilated me!" I choked out.



"Don't be so dramatic!" Joana crooned, her eyes shining with perverse pride. "You might be less... conventionally pretty now, but you're perfectly my type."

The bandages wrapped a chest that was flat, boyish, mutilated.

Her arms enveloped me, and I felt the unyielding pressure of her fake boobs against my flat chest. "See?" she whispered seductively into my ear. "Now you have something more to envy."

It was true. I envied her perfect round breasts. She looked so hot now it hurt. But there was more. I hated her more than ever, and this time my love was not strong enough.



"Come one Molly, you'll get used to this. Like all the rest."

"You shouldn't have done this to me." - I replied, serious.

When she left, I stared at my reflection. I was a androgynous half bald freak. I would bet some work had been done on my face too because I looked more masculine.

I was often sedated during my long recovery but I managed to look at a box of pills they were giving me. It was testosterone. She was turning me into her ideal androgynous non binary lover.

That gave me the strength I needed. I waited for the right moment and I run away, half naked, my flat chest bare.



I was stranded in a sprawling Brazilian city, a ghost with no documents. The person in my official photos—a soft-faced, whole woman—bore no resemblance to the androgynous creature I had become.

Survival demanded a descent. I turned first to dealing drugs, my unsettling appearance serving as a deterrent against petty challenges. But it was in the world of escorting that my "look" became a perverse asset. Clients were drawn to the ambiguity, the freakishness Joana had engineered.

I saved every note, every coin, until I could afford to have my face subtly sculpted back towards femininity. I looked different from before, and I don't mind that.



My clients liked the softer version. My hair, however, remained a patchy reminder to what she had done.

My voice had settled into a permanent, low tone, the most enduring gift of the testosterone. I had picked up smoking to conceal it. In my darkest moments, I would lie awake and wonder about the full extent of her blueprint for me.

Was her goal to craft me into a trans man, as her twisted companion? Or perhaps a muscular, dominant woman she could display as her own creation? What a profound and meticulous pervert she was. And the most chilling part of all—I had once loved her.



Not anymore though, even if some lingering feelings for her remained—ghost sensations, like those amputees get from a missing limb.

Anyway, I was an exclusive lesbian now. Women made sense. Women understood bodies as territories already mapped by history. My type was the opposite of what Joana was now: blondes, with short hair and blue eyes. Brunettes reminded me too much of Joana.

The blonde woman I was dating at that time asked, gently, before touching my head. “Is this okay?” I almost cried right there. She didn’t fetishize the absence, didn’t pretend not to notice it either.



Then, one day, Joana found me.

She looked unreal at first, like a hallucination conjured by memory rather than flesh.

My heart dropped. Fear, shame, rage—and above all, a deep, humiliating longing tore through me all at once. I was crying before I knew it, arms wrapping around her. My lips trembled against her shoulder, forming apologies I hadn't rehearsed. Begging, almost. I didn't know I loved her still. I didn't know how deeply the damage had rooted itself into desire. She smelled the same. That undid me more than her face.



She told me she understood her mistake.

My femininity, she said, would no longer be destroyed—this time, she wanted to *restore* it.

But first, I had to regain her trust.

The hairstyle I had been forced to adopt, she explained, had only ever been temporary. A compromise. She had grown tired of it. Every remaining follicle would be eradicated, killed one by one with electrolysis, before I could truly be hers again. She wanted me smooth, completely hairless. That way, wearing wigs will be easier, she added with a smile.



I had just found again what I had lost and I wasn't willing to let a few stubborn patches of hair stand in my way, but on the day I was rendered permanently unable to grow a single hair on my head, I cried more than I expected. I had grown accustomed to those remaining patches. To the fragile hairstyle I had built around them. And now they were gone for good.

To complete the work, electrolysis was extended to my pubic area, making it permanently hairless. The same process followed over the rest of my body—arms, legs, underarms—until every trace of natural hair was methodically erased. Only my eyebrows and eyelashes were spared.



True to her word, Joana gave me loads of wigs. As a hairless freak, wigs became my best friends. At least Joana was right about one thing. Wigs now were much easier to fit. With no remaining strands of hair, they adhered easily on my smooth scalp. They didn't look funny on me at all. They looked totally natural. I started to get quite a collection. Blondes, bobs, sharp cuts, soft waves—different personalities waiting on shelves. I could actually match my hair to my outfits, or my mood; it was so convenient.

Hair, at last, became something I could put on and take off at will. Something optional, part of an outfit.



We became lovers again, cautiously at first, then with a regained familiarity. The shape of our relationship changed—it was kinkier than before, yes, but also strangely quieter, as if the rules were finally clear.

She funded my breast augmentation without hesitation. Silicone implants now occupied the space where my natural breasts once had been: sculpted, round, unmistakably artificial. Joana liked fake boobs, she confessed. I missed mine.

At the same time, she began selecting wigs for me, and her taste settled down on voluminous, blonde fake-looking ones. “They remind me of your lost pretty blonde hair” - she told me. I didn’t like them at all but I complied again.



I realized the irony: my femininity had been restored, but it had never been more constructed, more plastic.

We had relocated to a new state now, so we often encountered new people, and new problems. My low voice, unmistakably silicon boobs, surgically altered face, unrealistic wigs and artificially hairless body led most people to the same conclusion. They assumed I was a trans woman.

And Joana let them.

Replying with "I'm just a woman" or nervously fixing my wig only reinforced their conviction. Eventually, I accepted my destiny and started presenting as one.