

Hair Today, Her Tomorrow

Written by Princess Kay

Warning: *This story contains erotic content, meant only for those 18 or older. Only those who have reached the age of consent in the country where they reside should proceed. If you are not at least eighteen, please exit this page immediately.*

Content Warning: *Story contains allusions to dysphoria. Also painful levels of egginess.*

Random Author's Note: Fun fact - this story has an unofficial title - *The Price of Lettuce*. The reasoning behind that title will probably be obvious in time, but feel free to claim an imaginary cookie if you get it coming in!

I studied myself in the mirror, making sure my slacks were wrinkle free and my shirt was pristine. It was my third time checking, but it was important that my outfit looked perfect. It took an annoying amount of effort - though I guess everything did - but Dad would get mad if I showed up at breakfast all disheveled. Then he'd start with the lectures. Which didn't really bug me that much, these days, but it was still better to avoid it. Though, even now I wasn't sure if I'd been thorough enough. I probably had a little time left before breakfast. Enough to give one, last, detailed examination, at least. Probably.

I took a few minutes to weigh my options. A few minutes too long, I guess, because someone started banging on my door, interrupting me before I could make a decision.

"Thatcher!" Dad screamed through the door. "You better not be sleeping, boy! We've got a guest over!"

"Coming!" I shouted back, wincing a little at the sound of my own voice. It sounded too close to Dad's, deep and rough. I hated his voice by default, but I hated it even more coming out of my mouth. Higher volumes made everything worse.

I glanced back at the mirror, taking a deep breath to steady myself. If Dad was here, then I didn't have any more time to mess around. I really did have to be presentable, though, so it was time for the last part of my body check.

I took another deep breath, and reached out for the sheet that covered the top few inches of my mirror. My hand trembled a little, but that didn't stop me from grabbing hold of the fabric and ripping it off, revealing my face in the mirror.

My features were the same as always. Square jaw, bushy eyebrows, and pale blue eyes. All traits I'd gotten from my dad. There weren't any scratches, imprints, or dirt on my face, thankfully, so I was able to move on up to my hair right after. It was bright blonde, like my mom's, and it was pretty much the only feature I actually liked - in fact, I liked it so much, I tried to keep as much of it as possible. Which, unfortunately, wasn't very long - in fact, it was neatly trimmed, with the back narrowing down to a point at the nape of my neck. Dad would go at it with a knife if I let it get any longer. It was also a bit of a mess, at the moment, but it only took half a second's worth of finger work to get it in good order.

Dad's fists were pounding on the door, again. Or maybe they hadn't stopped in the first place. Either way, they weren't going to stop until I opened the door, so I forced a smile onto my face and moved to do so. I originally planned to take my time, but halfway there Dad started shouting my name again, and I ended up

running forward to yank the door open and interrupt him. I hated his voice always, but it was even worse when he called my name with it. Maybe because it was yet another thing he'd given me, like my voice and eyes and face, that I'd never be able to get away from.

“There a reason you took so long, boy?” Dad asked. His eyebrows were knitted together as part of an angry face that was probably meant to scare me. It might have worked better if they didn't look like those fuzzy black caterpillars you'd see around the end of summer.

“Sorry, Dad, I just wanted to make sure I was presentable for you.” I put on my apologetic face as I spoke - wide eyes, downcast gaze, sneak a glance up at him for his reaction, and then turn back down.

Dad;s reaction was a scowl, by the way, but that didn't mean much. Or rather it *could* mean way too many things. It could be because he didn't buy it, or because he didn't want to accept my apology, or it could just be because he was wasting time on me. My bet was on the last one, since the next thing he did was grunt, turn, and gesture for me to follow him down the hall.

We walked in silence, which I appreciated. I would have preferred a faster pace, though. Our house was on the bigger side, but I could get from one side to another in under a minute if I was motivated enough. But no, Dad had to plod

around as slow as possible, and I was stuck trailing behind him with a smile on my face. Smile #3, to be precise - the one that was meant to express good cheer, tinged with just a little bit of nervousness, to show that I was eager to help but didn't quite know how. Keeping up appearances was even more important when there were unknown guests about.

The smile got replaced by Nervous Smile # Fuck Me when I actually saw said guest, though - which is basically a fancy of saying I was staring in wide eyed shock, with just enough brain power to keep smiling instead of standing around slackjawed.

Calling our visitor strange would be like calling a dust mote small. There were leaves and twigs in her glossy black hair. Her dress was long and flowing, and looked like it might have been fancy once upon a time, before it was covered in multicolored stains and pocketed with small tears that showed glimpses of pale skin. None of that was what had me staring, though. I mean, it was pretty weird seeing her next to Mom. Even weirder to see Mom smiling at her, instead of screaming bloody murder, even if she was trembling with the effort of keeping it up. But what really got me was the swirling rainbow that filled the stranger's eyes.

"Oooh, is this her?" the strange woman asked, looking me up and down. Her voice was surprisingly high pitched. She was obviously quite a bit older than me -

though not old like my parents. More like mid thirties - but the tone and excitement in her voice made her sound almost childish. “I thought you said you had a son?” She glanced at Mom and Dad, then shrugged and grinned before they even had a chance to respond. “Oh well! What’s your name?”

“His name is Thatcher,” Dad rumbled, before I could even ask what the hell going was going on. “He’s my-”

“No, no,” the woman interrupted, shaking her head as she looked me up and down. The colors in her eyes swirled, nebulous clouds of green shifting to make way for orange and purple. “That name doesn’t suit her at all. She doesn’t even like it!”

My eyes widened a little before, and my mouth opened to ask her how she knew, before I caught myself. I covered it up with a confused look, trying to make it seem like I had no clue what was going on. Which I didn’t! Sure, I hated my name, but how did *she* know that? I was always careful not to let Dad know what I thought of his name for me, after all.

The mystery woman didn’t seem to notice the look on my face, though, judging by the way she was looking at me. Her smile was kindly, and her gaze was soft, but rather than offering any sort of explanations he just asked, “What’s your real name, sweetie?”

I opened and closed my mouth a few times, without saying anything, and shot my parents a panicked look. It was basically a stalling tactic, a request for help, and an assurance that I had no clue what this crazy woman was talking about all rolled into one. Dad was red with anger, though, and Mom was wearing a mild smile like this had nothing to do with her. And the woman was still smiling at me, but with a furrowed brow that shouted clear as she day that she didn't understand why I didn't have an answer.

Shit, what was I supposed to do here, pick a new name on the spot? It wasn't like I had one at the ready, or anything! I mean, sure, I occasionally thought of how nice it would be to be called something else, but it wasn't like I'd ever sat down thinking up options. It was way too depressing to think up names nobody would ever call me.

An awkward silence blanked the room for a moment, with the woman staring at me and Dad glaring at her. He was visibly grinding his teeth, but he didn't say anything, or even acknowledge the looks I was shooting at him. He seemed to be at war with himself, his fists clenched, and his body practically shaking with rage, but for some strange reason he wasn't saying anything. As the silence stretched open, he finally cleared his throat, opened his mouth, and-

“You don’t have one?” the woman asked, spinning around to face my parents. I didn’t know what expression she was wearing, but it made Mom flinch. More impressive - and terrifying - was the sight of Dad’s jaw snapping shut and his muscles visibly tensing. “You know, the least you could have done is help your daughter come up with one. I suppose that’ll be up to me, if I take her in...”

“If? Does that mean he...” Dad glanced at me, his lips twisting into a scowl. “Has what you’re looking for?”

“Yes, *she* does.” I couldn’t see the look she was giving Dad, but the way his face paled was sort of scaring me! Under normal circumstances I would have been mad at her referring to me like I was a girl, or something, but as it stood I could only stand there, trying to survive the rapid beating of my heart and ignore the way my cheeks were heating with anger.

It was weird, though. I wasn’t that used to anger - or any intense emotions, really - but wasn’t it supposed to have some sort of edge to it? An impulse to scream, or curse, or at least stomp your foot and scowl? I didn’t have any of that - it was more like something warm was bubbling up inside me, pushing the normal numbness aside and filling me up with this odd fluttery feeling, that made me want to squirm, and fidget, and yet somehow didn’t feel bad at all. But Mom always referred to Dad’s anger as him “getting heated,” and I’d literally just seen him trembling with

rage, so maybe heat and movement were just part of it. It probably just felt weird because I wasn't used to it? Or rather, that had to be it. I mean, wasn't anger the natural response to being referred to that way? What else could it be?

"Oh, I know!" the woman declared, pulling my attention towards her. "I'll call her Rapunzel. You know, like that lettuce I gave you, back then. A nice, nature based name - perfect for a witch!"

"Witch lettuce?" I... asked. Or more like I couldn't decide which one to ask about first, so they both came tumbling out of my mouth at the same time. Dad seemed to know what I was asking about, though, because he gave me a deep nod.

"It was a few months before you were born," he told me. Your mother was having pregnancy cravings. Kept raving about lettuce - lettuce, in the middle of winter! It got so bad, I thought she might die if I didn't give it to her... or more like I might kill her, and me both, just to get away from it... so I went to the witch's tower, in the woods, and made a deal."

"A deal?" I questioned, looking between Dad, Mom, and the weird lady.

Mom was the only one of the three with the grace to at least look away, embarrassed. The rainbow eyed lady just grinned, while Dad scowled at me like this was somehow *my* fault.

“This was before I got in good with the local lord, you understand,” the man told me. “Before I was captain of the guard. I didn’t have a lot of money to my name... So I made a deal. If a child of mine was born with the gift for witchery, I’d give them to her as an apprentice.”

“But... isn’t witchcraft illegal?” I asked, putting on... No. I didn’t even need to put on a face for this one. I was confused, plain and simple.

“Not illegal,” Dad corrected me. “Just frowned upon. It has its uses, you know? Like growing crops in winter, and helping animals get about. Just that the practitioners are all... strange... Not the sort of folks you want to have in your town. *Or* your home.”

“Wait, what?”

“Besides, a deal’s a deal,” Dad continued, as if I hadn’t spoken. “If you’ve got the talent for witchcraft, then you should become her apprentice. Plain and simple.”

“You can’t just... sell me!” I protested. “I mean, I’m... I’m already eighteen!”

“Not sell, dear,” the witch interrupted. “Apprentice! At least until you can get your powers under control.”

“What do you mean powers?” I asked.

“What do you mean under control?” Dad questioned, narrowing his eyes.

“Your magic, of course,” the witch replied. “It’s a strong force, you know. A very strong force, indeed! One that seeks to bring joy to those who wield it - and those around them, as well... But one doesn’t always know what will bring them joy, hmm? Sometimes magic makes a mess, in trying to fulfill our dreams. That’s why you need a senior witch present! At least until your magic is finished awakening, and you can learn to keep it under control... from there, it’s up to you to decide whether you’d rather continue with my lessons, or not.”

“Then that settles it,” Dad declared, crossing his arms.

“What do you mean that settles it!? You can’t seriously just be taking her word for it, can you? I mean, I haven’t had anything happen so far!”

“And you won’t. Not under my roof.”

“Mom?” I questioned, turning towards her with Pleading Look #1. With upturned eyes and a little quiver to my lip.

She didn’t even look at me, though. “I’m sorry dear. It’s your father’s house, and your father’s rules. And I’m sure it’s in your best interest to learn about your... witch powers...”

“It is, it is!” the crazy witch declared, reaching out to grab my hand. I tried to tug free, but it was like her grip was made of iron. Nothing I did could even budge me a step, as she walked towards the door.

“I’m not a witch!” I screamed, as the lady pulled me towards the door. Digging my heels into the floor did nothing. She didn’t even seem to notice I was resisting. “I don’t have powers! I don’t want powers!”

I reached for my Mom, trying to get her to understand. Yet when I did, a spark of electricity jumped from my hand to hers, closing the gap between us, and causing her to let out a yelp as she fumbled backwards.

“I…”

“Out!” Dad yelled, his face reddening more than I’d ever seen it. For the first time, in a long time, his anger actually scared me. Bushy caterpillar eyebrows or no.

“Oh dear,” the witch murmured, opening the door. Or at least it looked like she’d simply opened the door, but what stood on the other side wasn’t the streets I was familiar with. Instead, it was a small room, with a brown rug and a bubbling pot hanging from the ceiling. “We best be quick. The sooner we get back to my workshop, the sooner I can get you a nice, magic soothing drink. Something to keep your power from going too wild, hmm? All this anger isn’t good for it…”

“But...” I looked at Dad, with his clenched and trembling fists. I looked at Mom, laying on the floor and clutching at her hand, staring at me with wide eyes. I looked at the witch, with her rainbow eyes and her creepy smile.

Finally, I sighed, and let her lead me through the door.