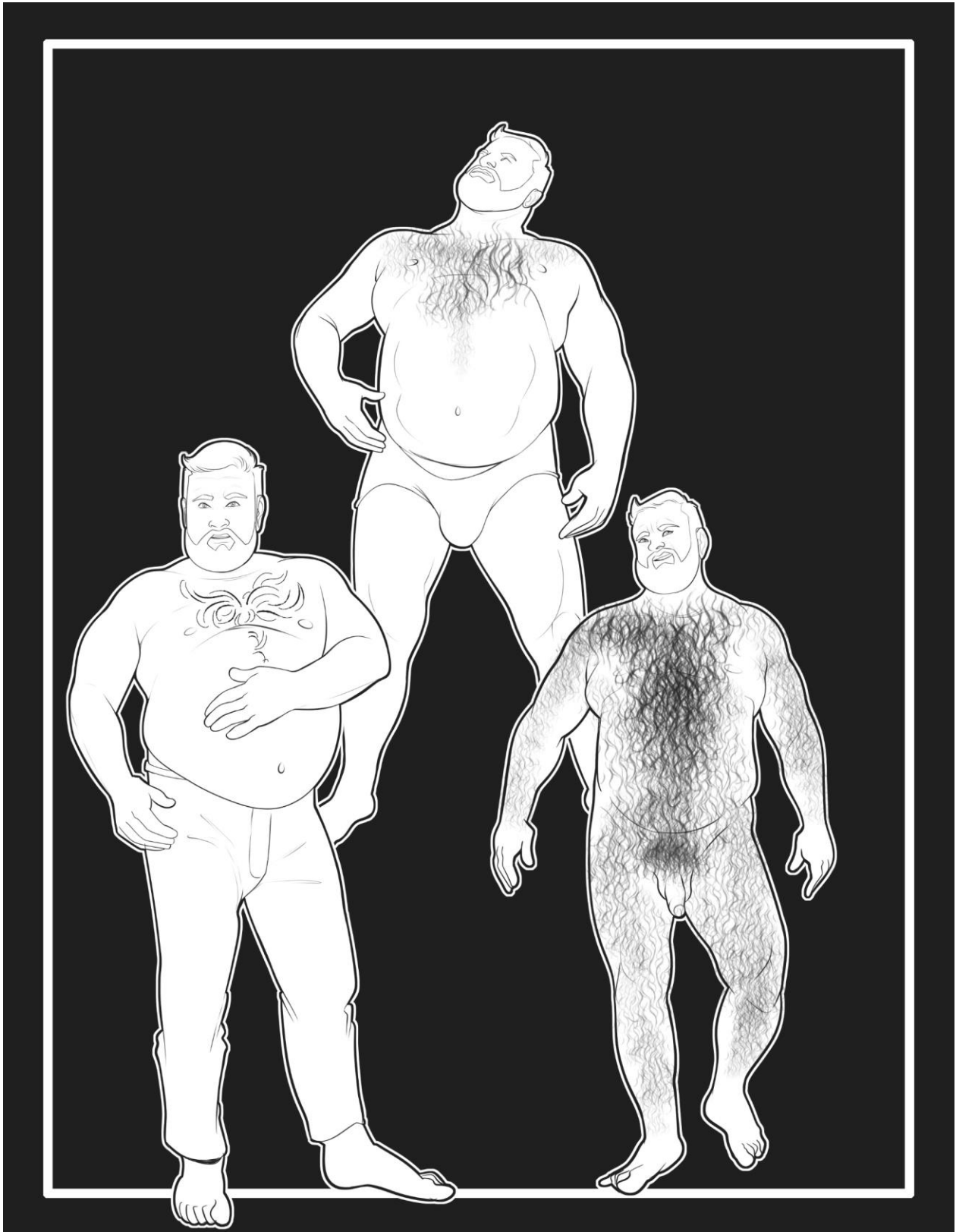


Ink and Hair



What do you remember about Hugo? The last time we heard of him was in November, he made the No Shave challenge with some unexpected results. It has been passed a couple of months now and he's moving on as best as he can. He is a somewhat quiet and reserved person, so he has tried to make sure that no one notices his hairy problem, he was forced, for example, to button his wrists and shirt up so that not a single strand of hair can peek out. He has also been seen in the obligation to wear daily high socks, to imprison what corresponds in the legs, if you look at him he looks somewhat bulky, as if he has gained a little weight, but no one really cared so much.

The face, yes that was something he couldn't hide: a long, dark and dense beard hangs from it majestically. He is grateful that hipster looks were so in fashion a couple of years ago and long beards no longer attracted attention so much because he had given up to shaving, like all the hair on her body, it grew in a matter of seconds. Although he hoped for it, he knew he couldn't hide it forever. His best friend, Brock, would turn 34 these days and they had already organized a party on the weekend in a bar that they used to frequent, he appreciated it too much to miss it but he knew he couldn't stand to have the body so covered for so long.

The date arrived and Brock was excited. The night, the music and the contagious sensations around him got into his body so he got carried away, getting already drunk maybe a little more than he would like to, considering that he didn't often do that. He decided to go to the restroom and freshen up for a while.

Hugo tried to cheer himself up, but he felt tense, nervous and especially heated and the more the night passed the more uncomfortable he felt, the heat made him sweat and the sweat accumulated in the body hair began to generate some stains in the clothes that he didn't like at all, Wanting to avoid taking everybody's attention at all costs he went to the restroom to take care of the situation, got in and checked it was empty so he unbuttoned his shirt, took a couple of paper towels from the dispenser and began to pick up the sweat. He thought about staying there with his shirt open as long as it stayed empty when a cubicle behind him opened, Brock got out from there.

He was impressed to see the jungle of hair on the body of his friend, clumsy and cheerful by the booze he approached shamelessly and began to touch it, Hugo visibly upset walked away from him. "No, wait, now I understand why you're always so covered up, forgive me, it looks great," he said in a silly and accelerated way as he opened his own shirt "look I'm hairless but I've always wanted to look a little like this, to have some hair". He said pointing to Hugo's bare chest, and while the reaction hadn't been completely to his liking he felt somewhat free by not having to keep hiding it, at least from his best friend.

The incident was apparently small, but the friendship was reinforced and was noticeable in Hugo's cheerful attitude during the rest of the party. The drinks continued to circulate and certain moments became blurry, they kinda lost track of their actions and at some point in the morning they were, not knowing exactly how they got in, in a tattoo shop. Brock was already in the chair with Hugo laughing at the idea, "Hey, if there are those who tattoo their eyebrows why I can't tattoo my chest hair", said Brock. The tattoo artist thought it was a ridiculous idea, indeed, but who he was to judge what his clients decided to get tattooed. The process took a couple of hours, at the end the irritated chest was covered in black, it was evidently ink, but from afar it fooled a little, it did give the impression of body hair.

They left the place laughing like drunkards, feeling a bigger bond, both with their shirts open. They returned together to Hugo's house, he told his friend how the process had been that strange November. What for one was like a curse for the other it was like a blessing. He took his shirt off to show the consequences in detail, he looked like a beast, covered from the neck to where the pants left show, Brock touched his chest again, this time Hugo didn't care, a tingling began to feel from where the tattoo was, They did not notice how the scarring was accelerating, the ink that had found a place on her skin was turning blacker and the irritation on her chest was slowly disappearing. The thoughts of both of them were a little coincidental. "I really want it," Brock said, "for me you can have it," Hugo answered. And after these words it began to happen.

An itch started to invade Brock in the chest, he ignored it thinking it was normal, he had just a tattoo done after all but it didn't give in, in fact increased until it was impossible to ignore. He began to scratch himself, gently so as not to hurt himself and realized that the discomfort was caused by a slight layer of hair on his skin, now perfectly healed, what was ink began to be replaced with real hair, he noticed how thick strands materialized where the drawing was curling, slowly the pigment became keratin. He called his friend but seeing him sound asleep he gave up, however he noticed as part of his friend's chest lost its color and texture, he looked carefully and noticed that it was matching, what he gained from hair was lost by the other.

He rubbed himself gently, running through with his fingers, the thick threads stuck in, slowly another thin layer began to grow at the edges filling harmoniously the shoulders running up to the neck, A tingle made him notice how it was beginning to grow also in the back, he looked at his friend and the effect was still that of a mirror, where his body tingled Hugo was slowly becoming hairless.

The hair in the armpits began to bulge more and from there began to run through the arms, the round biceps were slowly filling in their entirety, the tingling continued to fall in the direction of the fingers, even the elbow was hidden now under a thick layer, The only thing that remained intact were the palms, he looked at his hands, contemplated them opening and closing his fist, looking at the back of one and the palm of another, it was almost like seeing the hands of a chimpanzee.

Hugo, on the other hand, looked like a half-sheared sheep, chest and soft arms, pale 'cause that body haven't received sunlight in several months. When Brock saw what was going on with his friend's body, he didn't need a tickle to know what was coming, even though he felt it now itching in his abdomen, Hugo's navel was again visible while his belly was enveloped by a suffocating darkness. It went down towards the pubis, which like the armpits became thicker, butt, legs, thighs, little by little everything was getting covered, except for the soles.

The contrast of sensation between the palms and the rest of his body was exaggerated, he was about ten minutes on the floor touching himself completely, and then like his friend, he fell asleep drunk.

Hugo got up from the couch, immediately noticed the lightness of his body and was amazed to see himself hairless again, the beard was still in place, long and intact but the body was soft again. When he saw a ball of hair on the floor, he assumed that he had lost it while he was sleeping, in the same strange way that it came he guessed it was supposed to be gone, he tried to take it but he was surprised by its weight, he reacted slowly, it was his friend he was picking up. Brock woke up and only managed to say: "Best birthday gift ever!".