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Memiors of a Straight Male Hairstylist

Sex, Cuts, and Rock n' Roll

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eISBN: 978-1-5457-5093-3

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1

SEX IN THE SALON

I wasn't that into her, but her body was bangin'. She was a medium-height brunette with a cute bob haircut, a sexy face, a tiny waist, and size C tits that always filled out her shirts perfectly. We'd slept together a couple of times but I'd never invited her to hang out with my friends (or to do anything outside of my bedroom now that I think about it). Not only was she ridiculously sexy, but she had a great personality, too, so I invited her to hang out with me, and meet a friend of mine and his family. Not in my bedroom.

Tryfon, a very close friend of mine, was graduating from the prestigious Second City comedy school in Chicago. Aside from the year he and I moved to Miami for an adventure when we were in our mid-twenties (See [Chapter 10](#). Shit, I probably could have written an entire book about that one year), we grew up and lived in a suburb about 30 minutes outside of 'The City', as we refer to Chicago here in Illinois. Tryfon invited me to come to the big graduation improv show the students perform. I knew this would be either one of two things: 1) funny and entertaining; or 2) a huge embarrassment for him and most of the people involved—performers and

their friends and family in the audience. Regardless, I was going to be there to support my friend.

At the last minute, I decided to invite the girl with the perfectly-filled shirts. We parked in a parking garage next to Second City, and started the night out with some drinks and a makeout session in my car. The parking garage was dirty and shady looking, and our drinks were strong—rum and whiskey, straight out of the bottle. Well, bottles. I always keep my car stocked with those little bottles of booze they give you on airplanes, usually a variety of about 10 to 20 of them at any given time. I have ADD and don't like waiting in lines for drinks, so they are great for saving time (and money) at bars, concerts, sporting events, church, etc. Anyway, when we finally made our way into the venue, I was greeted by my friend's very Greek parents. His mom greeted me with open arms, a welcoming hug, and a kiss on the cheek. His dad welcomed me with the usual shaking of his head and a, "Oh, *pousti* is here." For my fellow non-Greek-speaking readers, let me clarify the meaning of *pousti*: it's basically a word that means "homosexual." Tryfon's dad has seen me date countless girls so he is well aware that I am not a *pousti*. It's just kinda our way of saying, "I love you." Moving on, we all got seated and enjoyed what turned out to be a funny, entertaining show with minimal moments of embarrassment.

After the show, we met up with Tryfon to tell him what a great time we had, I gave his mom a hug goodbye, and exchanged some not-so-gentlemanly words in Greek with his father that my friend had taught me over the years. Back in the car at the parking garage my "date" immediately began to take out the present that had been waiting for her in my pants and proceeded to go down on me. I normally wouldn't interrupt a lovely girl from doing something such as this, which she clearly had a passion for and takes great pride in, but I had an epiphany at that moment.

"Would you like to have sex in a salon tonight?" She took her mouth off of me and looked up in delight and replied, "Fuck yes!" Months prior, the owner of the salon where I was currently a hairstylist had given me a key to the salon, should I ever want or need to do a client's hair before or after the salon was open. I'd used it a few times for its intended purpose, but had always wanted to use it for a not-so-intended purpose—and tonight was that night. In my defense, the owner was a super cool, down-to-earth, fellow straight, male hairstylist who I honestly think to this day

would give me a high-five if I told him this story. Well, I guess I'll find out when he reads this.

We arrived at the salon around midnight. It was in a strip-mall, which at this late hour had the feel of a deserted town. I parked right in front, which was probably not the brightest idea. As mine was one of the only cars in the parking lot, a passing police officer would have most likely stopped to see why someone was there at that time of night. And boy, would he have one hell of a report to write up, and a good story to tell the boys back at the station.

I gave her the grand tour when we got inside. It was a larger salon with about 10 hair cutting/coloring stations on one side and a few nail stations and about six tanning rooms on the other. It was a bit dated-looking at the time. After the quick 30 second tour ended, the real fun began on the couch in the waiting area.

I sat down on an oversized leather chair, pulled her on top of me, and we started tearing each other's shirts off while kissing passionately. Soon after, I stood up with her still on top of me and slowly lowered her onto her back on the sofa next to the chair we were on. It was not long before she decided she could not wait any longer to have me back in her mouth. She pushed me off of her, had me sit on the couch, took off my pants and boxer briefs, got on her knees in front of me as I sat on the couch, and continued where she left off in the parking garage.

Since the salon had tanning beds, naturally I had to see what it was like to have sex in a tanning bed, or at least say I did it (FYI, not very comfortable. And the whole time you are wondering if you two are going to break through the Plexiglas). At some point in all of this, I brought the party to my actual haircutting station.

When I first became a hairstylist, I always had a fantasy of having sex at my haircutting station. I knew it was a matter of WHEN, not IF. I just didn't expect it to be this soon in my career. At that very moment I remember thinking to myself, "Jason, you have definitely pursued the right career."



2

MY SUGAR-MAMA (AND OUR GIRLFRIEND)

She dated Vince Neil of Motley Crue. Vince Neil. Of Motley fucking Crue! And I'm talking back in the 80's when they were the biggest, craziest rock band in the world at the time. At the time I met her she was 50 years old and I was 34. The year was 2014 (two years before I typed this sentence from my immaculate, cloud-like bed in my badass little bachelor pad just outside Chicago). So not only was I sleeping with a smokin' hot, 50-year-old blonde with a 120-pound tight bod that was in better condition than most 20-year-olds, but she once dated the lead singer of my all-time favorite band. Me, Jason Dankert, was fucking a woman that fucked the singer of my favorite band. In a weird way I did, and do, feel a sense of badassness because of this.

Aside from Vince, she also dated the drummer of Skid Row, and another musician at the time who was and still is such an iconic rock star/celebrity that I don't even feel comfortable revealing his name. Needless to say, she was, and still is, something special. And I don't mean just her looks. She has a personality and charisma that people gravitate

toward. Wherever we went. Restaurants, dancing, anywhere. I've actually never really felt and experienced a charisma like that prior to meeting her. And she was fun and goofy too. We were at a club one night and she danced with guys who would never have a chance with a woman like her, just to make them feel like a million bucks for that one moment. With one much older gentleman, she slow-danced and rested her head on his shoulder through a slow song (a Journey song I think). She glanced over at me with this twinkle in her eye and a grin that said, "Yeah, we both know how happy I'm making him right now." The smile on HIS face throughout that dance was even more priceless. Then she danced with an 80-year-old lady, having the time of her life. She then moved on to a hot 25-year-old chick to seductively dance with her and turned every head in the place. Afterward, she made her way back to me, where she would remain as we worked and entertained the crowd together.

In addition to being attractive, intelligent, and fun, she was also wealthy. She would pay for everything. I wasn't even allowed to buy her a drink (which is why the alias "Sugar-Mama" seems fitting). She would take us to the finest restaurants, hotels, etc. I remember she took us to a casino a couple of times and we would bet hundreds of dollars of her money on roulette, lose it, then laugh about it and go dancing like nothing happened. She also loved giving me money and buying me things. Just some of those things that I can remember are: a gold watch, genuine python boots, sunglasses, and two floor seat tickets to, yes, a Motley Crue concert. She couldn't even go with me to the concert so she told me to just take whomever I wanted. Oh, and she had a little tradition she liked of stuffing a hundred dollar bill in my pants EVERY time we hung out. Sometimes she would text me to inform me she was stopping by the salon while I was working to drop something off for me. That something was always a card with a funny/clever note, at least one hundred dollar bill, and random gift cards. I'd always run out to the parking lot to pick up my special gifts from her, and every time I'd walk back into the salon all the girls would just be smiling, laughing, and shaking their heads in disbelief.

During this time, I was also sleeping with a ridiculously attractive almost-40-year-old. She was a personal trainer. Need I say more? Tightest body from head to toe. But it's her ass that really deserves awards and trophies. Of the 100+ naked female bodies that have come and gone from my bedroom (and cars, bar bathrooms, beaches, oh, and once on top of a

hotel—a story I might sneak in later), she had the tightest, firmest, most perfect ass of them all. She also had a sexy face and long brunette hair. But that ass.

So there I was, dating two, ridiculously hot, older women, and me being the honest, upfront guy that I am, I decided to tell them about each other. I also told them how I thought they would get along very well and actually enjoy each other's company. In this particular situation, honesty really was the best policy—and maybe the best decision I've ever made. Because yes, they did end up enjoying each other's company. And mine. Together.

One night, Sugar-Mama and I were going to the casino and she booked us a hotel room right next to it, so I decided to go for it, “Hey, how about I invite Personal Trainer to join us at the casino tonight?” I knew Sugar-Mama was into females and had dated a couple in the past, so getting her on board with my brilliant plan was effortless. But as for Personal Trainer, this would be a first for her, so it was hit or miss. Fifty-fifty odds, at best. But I figured compared to the odds gambling at the casino, these odds were pretty damn good.

Sugar-Mama and I had arrived at the casino. She was looking amazing in her tight black top and even tighter skirt. I wasn't looking too bad either in my black, fitted button-down, dark blue jeans, boots, and my hair looking very big and 80's. We started out by ordering drinks and playing some roulette. Soon after, I received a text from Personal Trainer informing me that she had arrived and was walking in. I had a feeling of excitement, fear, but mostly curiosity as to how this would all end up playing out.

Sugar-Mama and I waited for Personal Trainer in the main aisle of the casino. Then, in walked my sexy Personal Trainer in a little black dress—Now this is the moment in the movies when time slows down and the only thing that the camera and everyone in the audience is focused on is the breathtaking starlet making her way through the room. As she made her way to us (and time returned to normal speed), I greeted her with a hug and kiss on the cheek, then introduced Personal Trainer to Sugar-Mama. I think it was right at that moment that I knew; from how they looked at each other, to the smiles on their equally glowing faces, even to how they shook and touched each other's hand . . . this was going to be a good night.

We went to the bar and Sugar-Mama bought us a round of drinks. Then we made our way to the dance club that was located inside the casino. Some local cover band was playing the typical “Pour Some Sugar on Me” songs that everyone knows and loves. Sugar-Mama quickly grabbed us both by the hand and pulled us to the dance floor. Now, I’ve always been one to stand out in a crowd and turn SOME heads for one reason or another (sometimes good, sometimes bad), and I’ve always turned LOTS of heads with the usual bombshell by my side. But this, this was the first time I turned EVERY head in the room. Women were curious and guys were envious. They were the two most attractive women in the place, or most places, or anywhere for that matter—and neither of them was too shy to make it known with whom they’d both be crawling into bed later that night.

After owning the dance floor together, we found a secluded VIP area to sit down and have some drinks and talk. They not only hit it off immediately as I knew they would, but they were also quite attracted to each other right away. I could tell that Sugar-Mama was wanting Personal Trainer to come back to the hotel room with us. Sugar-Mama is very charming and good at getting what she wants, so I just sat back and let her work her magic.

About half an hour into our secluded conversation, the three of us decided it was time to go to the hotel room and get naked.

NOTE to MALE READERS: Most threesomes do NOT go smoothly and are usually awkward situations that do not turn out how you planned in your head it would go! I know—I’ve been in numerous ones. Oh and usually one, if not all people involved, feel they did not get enough attention from one or both other people involved.

This, however, was not one of those. This, was the unicorn of threesomes. When we entered the hotel room, we immediately started to all undress each other. Once naked, we made our way onto the bed. As I write this, I just literally laughed out loud because it was at this moment I recall clearly thinking to myself, “Alright Jason, let’s think of every possible position you’ve ever seen in threesome porn and lets live out

EVERY ONE of them tonight!” And I did. We’re talkin’ me railing one on her back while the other straddled her face. We’re talkin’ both of them bent over the edge of the bed side by side and kissing while I’m behind them going from one to the other. We’re talkin’ one riding me while the other rides my face. Oh, and in case you are currently yelling at the top of your lungs, “Jason, did you do the classic ‘have them get onto the floor and on their knees in front of you and tend to your dick as if it were a popsicle in Somalia?!’ ”—yes friend, yes I did.

Over the next half year or so the three of us had an amazing relationship together. We would go out together, stay in together, celebrate birthdays together. Sometimes all three of us, sometimes just me and one of them, sometimes just them. What made it work was that we were all very secure, mature, confident people. With any one of those ingredients missing a relationship like that just cannot work. This exciting relationship of ours would eventually fizzle out as most relationships do. To this day we still keep in touch and see each other from time to time. I say from the bottom of my heart that they are each unique, special women to me and I am truly grateful to have them as part of the story that is my life (ladies, you know who you are).

*After writing this chapter I sent a message to each of them telling them I was writing this book and that there is going to be a chapter about them and that I wanted both of them to read it to confirm its accuracy, but more importantly I told them I would delete it altogether if they did not both approve. A couple weeks later we met up at a nice Mexican restaurant after not having all been in the same room for over a year. We sat down and chit-chatted for a little bit, then I pulled it out . . . the chapter (get your mind out of the gutter!) and handed it to them. They literally scooted their chairs right next to each other and started to read it together as I sat across the table with my heart racing, having no idea how they would feel about it! After a minute or so they started giggling and glancing at each other and at me as they read. After finishing it, they both looked at me with huge smiles and told me they absolutely loved it and enjoyed the trip down memory lane. They also told me it was indeed accurate, and to not change anything about it.

UNCONVENTIONAL SEGUE

I feel like a pause is needed here to segue from those raunchy sex stories into the next one about me spending lots of my time and energy doing things for the homeless and the less-fortunate.

I had a fortunate upbringing, which exposed me to what people can be, to and for each other. I've been blessed with a mother and father who, after being married for almost 40 years, still give each other random hugs in their kitchen, cuddle on the couch while watching television, and still drived each other crazy with anger and frustration while managing not to murder each other. My younger brother is pretty awesome too, and is turning into more of an amazing person every time I talk to him. We were blessed with loving, giving parents who worked their asses off to make sure they gave us an incredibly wonderful childhood and life. To give you an example, even in my mid 30's, I still spend Christmas Eve at my parents' house every year and wake up early Christmas morning so we can all open presents together. The point of this segue:

Like all human beings, I have more than just one side to me. In every sinner there is a saint. And in every saint a sinner. So I'm hoping you enjoy (or at least tolerate) reading about the other side of your appreciative author . . .

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