

Scalped by Xanthe

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Chapter 1 by Xanthe

"Oh my god, Blair! What have you done?" Asked Jim coming home from a hard day's law enforcement.

"I decided on a complete image change, Jim. I was bored with the hair," Blair said with a smile rendered all the more impish by the fact that he had no hair. None. Zilch. A complete slaphead.

"Oh my god," Jim repeated. "Oh my god," he said again for good measure.

"Like it?" Blair asked.

"Um..." Jim floundered.

"I know it's a change, but I thought as a Sentinel, that you'd appreciate the sensory experience. Here, touch it," Blair offered, giving his hapless partner no choice by the simple measure of insinuating his sinuous, lithe, graceful and bewitching bod against his tall, manly lover, and thrusting his shaven pate under Jim's chin.

Jim reached out gingerly and ran his fingers over the smooth mass. He closed his eyes, and smelled bare scalp, revelling in the feel of shiny flesh beneath his sensitive Sentinel-type fingers.

"Oh god," he breathed again, which was at least a variation on "Oh my god." Jim was not a man of many words.

"Like it?" Blair asked with a wicked little smile.

Jim swayed, feeling a Sentinel type memory-cum-vision assault his finely tuned senses.

"Jim? What is it?" Blair asked, sensing Jim's discomfort with his own Guide-type senses which were less useful but a bit more normal and therefore had fewer stories written about them.

"It's...the memory...oh my god." Jim felt more comfortable sticking to a few familiar phrases.

"What? What?" So did Blair.

"Blair, I'm sorry," Jim said, picking up his jacket and surveying the curls of hair on the floor that were all that were left from Blair's previous hirsute state. "I have to leave you. Our love

is over. I realise I never stopped loving another," Jim said.

"What? What do you mean?" Blair's mouth opened and closed in surprise, like a fish.

"Feeling your smooth scalp, smelling it...reminded me of a love I can never forget and I realised that he is the only one for me. I must find him before it's too late," Jim said, rushing toward the door.

"What? Who?" Blair gasped.

"I met him a few years ago when we worked on a case together. He was sunlight to my moonlight...or something like that. Anyway, he was nice. And he had a great body. And muscles. And he was a real man, y'know? He didn't make me talk about my feelings all the time like you do. He was a man's man. We'd have a beer, hang out, watch football, have some sex, watch some more football - and he never wanted to know if the earth moved for me, and did I love him any more, and what was I feeling - it was much more relaxing. I didn't realise how much I missed him until I felt your scalp. He was so...bald."

And so saying, Jim ran out of the door, reaching for his cellphone as he went, and put in a call straight to Crystal City.

"Walter? Hi, it's me, Jim. I was a fool to let you go. I'm on my way over..."

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