

All Grown out

By Maryanne Peters



Finally, finally my hair has grown out to where my sister's was before I cut it! Mom turned me into a girl and made me wait years to get hair her length so I'd feel what she felt when she lost it! All I know is I feel like a total girl now, and I want us to keep dating! I love when you stroke my hair while we're making out!

Authors note:

This story is inspired by the caption alongside

I knew I was in trouble the moment I had done it. It was a crazy thing to do, but my sister had been driving me nuts for weeks. There it was. Snip, snip. I was for it. Grounded forever. Or should I say, until my hair had grown as long as hers – down to waist length. That seemed close to forever. You remember when it happened. I told you that I was grounded so we could not meet after school. I did not share the details, but it was my fault.

I think that they call it petticoat punishment – girls' clothes at home after school and girls' underwear under my clothes at school. Thankfully an exemption from PE so that nobody would catch me. But that was bad enough, because (as you know) I was quite keen on sports.

It could have been my sister exacting revenge, as she was in charge of dressing me, and feminizing me. With no friends after school, I could watch TV or play on my PC, and any other time it was compulsory girl stuff with her. That sometimes meant helping her with her sewing, either as mannequin or doing some machining or fine needlework.

But she was growing her hair back as well, so when I started to see some progress I thought I could see an end to this nightmare. We decided to work together to grow out our hair.

We started close to even. After my slash job she had her hair tidied into a bob, and my hair was what you might call "shaggy" to start with. She suggested that we use growth-promoting shampoos and have a program of nightly brushing. The only problem with this was that my hair did look pretty girly during the day, even before it got longer. I did get some ribbing.

When that happens you can get mad or just ignore it. I developed a sort of hair toss "I don't care" kind of thing, which got more difficult as it got longer. It was so soft and silky that it would drape into my eyes. My sister could use a barrette to keep it off her face, but I couldn't. At least not until I got home. There I could use barrettes, hair bands or a scrunchie while I was helping my mother and sister do the cooking. She seems to want me to do that. What else can you do when you can't go out?

Remember I told you that it was just a contest with my sister – a boy against girl hair-growing contest. I didn't want to say I had been forced into it. It makes it sound like I was weak. It was just that despite it all, I am really close to my mother. I knew I had done a terrible thing. I just had to take the punishment. I didn't want you to think my mother was that mean.

So after a few weeks my sister was pulling ahead with hair touching her shoulders. She told me that she had read on the internet that hormones would lift the growth rate. My mother had a prescription for hormones (HRT pills) which she was not taking anymore. So my sister suggested I take them and check to see whether they worked. When I did I found it was true, my hair did take a growth spurt. And it was getting lighter and softer at the roots. It was already lighter at the tips just from the sun. So it was then down to my shoulders – see this photo.



I was taking the pills daily and they were clearly working, but they ran out in less than four weeks. I was so keen to continue that I called through for a repeat on the prescription and called in to the pharmacy to collect it "For my mother." It was the first time that I had been mistaken for girl. I had sneaked out. I was just wearing jeans and sneakers and a big jumper over my T-shirt. My hair was just hanging loose. I was waiting for the scrip and just browsing through displays, and the assistant said "that lipstick would be perfect for your colouring". It was crazy, but I ended up buying it!

Some of your friends said that I had "girly hair". I fought it off for a while, but then I just couldn't be bothered. So I had to agree. I said it was my style – so what? And you know, sure I was being forced into this, but I did kind of, like it. It did look good. I like pretty hair on girls, so I could appreciate it in the mirror as I brushed it.

You know me. Before this I never had a girly thought in my head. Maybe it was the hormones. Or just being stuck at home with my sister. I started to pick up some effeminate mannerisms. Not just brushing and checking my hair, but looking at myself in the mirror over my shoulder, or blowing kisses at my reflection. I was becoming fascinated with the girl in the mirror and I wanted her to be a girly girl. Is that so weird? It was like I had my own pretty chick who flirted with me every day, from the other side of the mirror.

My sister had lots of girly magazines and I started reading them. There was nothing else to read and not much else to do. I was not looking at the pictures of the boy bands, but I was looking at clothes and hair and make up – stuff that girls did to make themselves pretty. I wanted the girl in the mirror to be as pretty as she could be. Is that so weird?

I was going stir crazy at home, so my mother agreed that I could go with my sister to the spring fair out of the city. My sister said that I could go only if dressed as a girl. It is funny, but I never even thought about that. I was so happy to be going out, I didn't protest. I just asked my sister what we would be wearing.

She gave me a choice – I could wear jeans and a plaid shirt only if I had my hair up. I was not ready to wear a dress, so I chose that look. Of course she put my hair up in a fancy style with a bow. And the shirt was tight and over a bra filled with breast forms, and the jeans were tight and rolled up at the calf with high heeled sandals, but I had made my choice.



So what changed that day was that I realised that I could go out dressed as a girl and that nobody would even think of me being a boy. In fact, boys would stare at me with lust. I could feel their eyes on me. I know the look. You look at me like that sometimes. But it feels kind of good to be appreciated like that.



By midway through the summer break my hair was much longer. It is hard to believe how quickly it was growing. Part of it was down to the hormones, I am sure. But I was using good quality shampoos and conditioners, and some special treatments to promote growth. And 100 strokes with the hairbrush very night to keep it healthy and shiny.

For the first time I was starting to think whether I would keep longer hair after it was all over.

I am sure that is when I noticed that your attitude to me had changed. You looked at me differently. I thought it was strange to start with, but then I realised that I like the way you look at me. You look at me as though you want to be with me. Who wouldn't like that?

So what if our friends thought it was queer? I know that it was harder for you than it was for me.

So do you remember the first time I wore a dress. I only did it for you. I so wanted to go to the fair with you but it just seemed to go as your girlfriend than as your pal.

I have a photo of that day. It was really a hot day, and when it is hot there is nothing like a lightweight sundress. I borrowed this dress from my sister— a sky blue polka dot sundress. I looked so good in it she gave it to me!

I remember that you were taken aback to see that I had breasts! They looked bigger than they actually were. I was using a push up bra with “chicken fillets” underneath. This dress really looks much better if there is a bit of cleavage showing. As I recall, you really liked it with me in this dress.

I borrowed the chain, rings and bangles from my mother’s glory box. I think I look really stylish.

Because it was hot I just put my hair up in a loose bun myself. I was getting really good at doing my hair.

Remember that you bought me the sunglasses? They look really cool. I really loved that day together.

I remember that you held my hand some of the time. Maybe so you just didn’t lose me in the crowd?

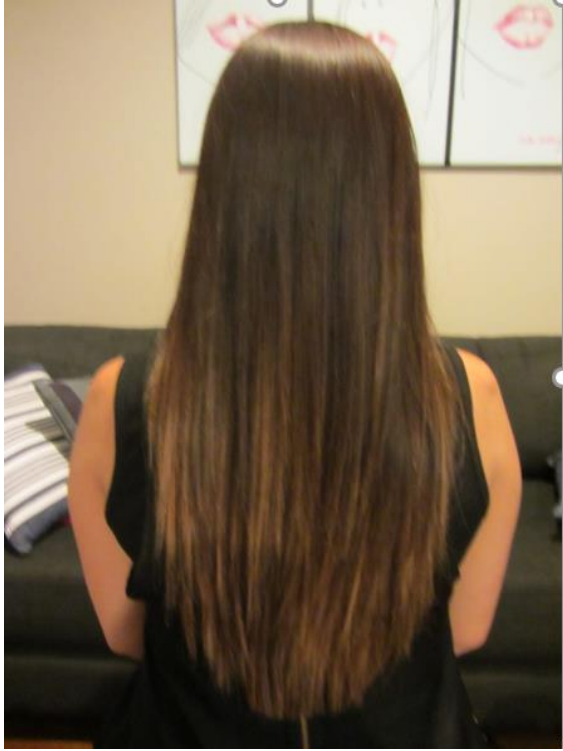


So I was ready to go back to school, but the problem now was the breasts. Even though they needed pushing up to dress as a girl, I found that I could not press them down to dress as a boy. That is why my mother arranged to discuss the situation with Principal Davis. That was why the whole “transgender” thing was dreamed up. I was not really transgender – it was just the easiest explanation why a boy had longhair and breasts. Principal Davis was really understanding.

Do you remember this photo. It was taken the day I went back. I was wearing a top and jeans, but my bust is pretty obvious. I had intended to appear sort of neuter gender. So I don’t know why I put some curls in that morning.

I remember that you liked the look. You did, didn’t you?

So here we are now. My hair is at the length my sister’s was before I cut it. She has cut hers since. I think that she concedes that my hair looks better than hers. I think that I look after it better. Its all about taking the time to wash and condition it properly. And you need to brush it every night – a minimum of 100 brush strokes.



I know you like it. I can tell when you run your fingers through it when we kiss. If you don't want me to cut it I won't. To be honest I am not sure that I could anyway. I like it too.

The End

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