

Bald

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

For anyone who has not suffered major hair loss from a young age, my story may be hard to understand. The truth is that I had become a sad and desperate young man. My baldness started at the age of 23 when I first started to notice strands of hair in my comb. Every morning I inspected my scalp to see my previous thick hair thinning out and my hairline receding. One month before my 25th birthday I first noticed the bare patch at the crown. The progress of this dreadful affliction was unstoppable.

Of course I tried all kinds of remedies. I consulted professional clinics. The most honest advice that I received was that the encroaching baldness could not be arrested and that even hair transplants would be unlikely to take. Heredity had cursed my scalp. The suggested solution – shave your head and wear a wig if you have to.

I read about the experimental Trichopomol trial in the newspaper and I immediately made enquiries. I enquired and was sent an application form which I immediately filled in and sent off. The first response was that I was unsuitable – I gathered because I was engaged to at the time to Rachel, a girl who said that she did not mind my baldness. I was very insistent and I was allowed in for an interview.

When I asked how much I would need to pay the interviewer told me that I had it wrong – they would pay! He said that it was a trial and the side effects could be harmful. I needed to be fully informed and if I decided to proceed I would sign a contract with an extensive waiver of claims, and I would be paid well for participation. Of course I was keen to start without delay.

A group of about 20 attended the briefing which was delivered by Dr Topp (the perfect name for a scalp specialist I thought) assisted by 2 other equally serious appearing researchers (together jokingly referred to as “the Topp Team”). They went through an explanation of the how male pattern baldness was commonly transferred through the female genes but was only substantially dominant in male offspring. They outlined how the female scalp was different and briefly described how the experimental drug Trichopomol was designed to imitate the female scalp on a male head. There were a long list of potential side effects of which the scariest for most there were impotence and sterility.

After all of that there were only 4 volunteers and only three were chosen. Those three were a latino guy Steve (just plain desperate for the money I guess), obviously gay Dorian (sterility was hardly an issue), and myself. For me the risks were worth taking. As I said at the start, without experiencing my anguish how could you understand?

Rachel was pretty horrified when I told her but she knew that my depression over baldness was taking over. She understood my need to take the chance. The way I put it is if it works and without side effects we live happily ever after. With side effects we would deal with it. With baldness I could no longer cope.

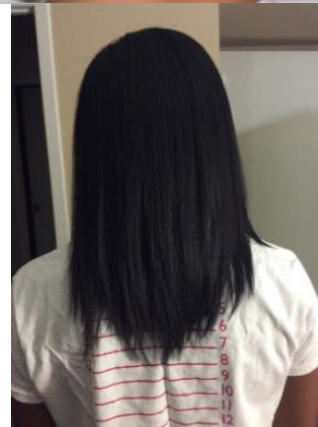
The programme started with oral doses of Trichopamol and injections all over the scalp together with hair “fertilizer” treatments and dietary supplements to foster hair growth. What hair there was on my head was trimmed back severely. In the mirror I saw my worst nightmare – almost total baldness.

The effects were not expected to be immediate so we were all sent home for a week. But later Dr Topp made arrangements for us to move into a small drug trial ward on site. Even he was startled by the quick effect of the drug.

The first thing that we all noticed was that areas of the scalp that were previously bare to shiny scalp had sprouted fine hair, and that it was growing very quickly. In that first week we had 15mm and by the time we moved into the clinic 5 days later we had another 15mm. I had only a tiny bald spot left on top. As can be seen the hair is very fine.

It was noticeable that the hair became much thicker so that we began to feel the weight of it. Imagine that! After years of baldness I now had thick dark hair.

Growth accelerated like that for the first 4 weeks, before slowing down to normal growth rates over the next 4 weeks after that. Dr Topp had tee shirts printed for us with inches below the collar marked on them, so he could keep a better record of the phenomenal growth.



But Dr Topp and his team had become worried after the second week. From their point of view things were not going according to plan. To start with we could not understand the reasons for their concern as they were not obvious. They were only worried about the results of blood test that showed some kind of hormonal imbalance. All three of the guinea pigs were happily comparing the wonderful soft hair all over our heads. Steve, Dorian and myself had all volunteered to be rid of baldness and we were thrilled by the first results.

Even when the first visible side effects became obvious (after about 4 weeks) we were not unduly worried. We noticed that beard growth had slowed and that there was some hair loss elsewhere on the body, starting with the face. Both Steve and myself were fairly hairy over our bodies, Steve in particular with black hair even on his shoulders and back. The first signs were when he lost hair from the back of his neck, and then his moustache fell out. Yes, it just more or less fell off!

The same with my sideburns. Over a few days I found that I could just pull them away as if they were loosely stuck to the side of my face. When Dr Topp asked that we all not shave and try to grow beards we all found that what whiskers did grow just fell out.

Up until that point we had been taking Trichopomol daily in oral doses but Dr Topp decided that this should stop. But he told us that it had done its work and altered our scalps as planned and that stopping the doses would not stop the growth. Of course we were very happy with that, but he was not. As he described it, we were now on a run away train. His concern was that the drug had not isolated its effects to the top of our heads and appeared to be spreading, top down.

Were we concerned? – no way. After 5 weeks we had hair down our backs and we were just loving it. Dorian had fine blond hair and Steve had thick brown hair. My own dark hair was acquiring a brown tinge that I thought looked really attractive.

I think that we were starting to get a little obsessed with our hair. We started paying more attention to washing and conditioning it and we loved combing and brushing one another's tresses.

Around week 6 we were sent home with instructions to return after the weekend. Dr Topp wanted to see what effect the drug would have on our sex lives and he encouraged us to engage to the best of our ability. Of course I was keen to do that too.

Rachel had not seen me although I had been in touch by phone to say that the trial was going well. She could not believe it was me at first. I rang the doorbell of my apartment and had my head down when she answered so that all that she could see was the top of my head now covered with wonderful thick brown hair. When I raised my head she screamed with delight and hugged me.

I have to say that when we kissed I felt different from how I had felt before. It was clear that another side effect was the sex drive. The kiss and even the sight of my girl would have turned me on before, but now there was nothing.

She also told me that I did not look the same – something about my face was different. I showed her that I had lost some whiskers but she said that was not it. Something about my face was just not me – or so she said.

She was very frustrated that we were not able to have sex – I just could not get it up. She said that this was her worst nightmare and that I should stop the trial immediately. She said that she would rather have me rock hard and bald, than with a head of hair and floppy. But what really annoyed her was that I did not share that view. I spent a lot of time at her mirror over those few days. I brushed my hair until it shone and admired it from all angles.

It was not like my hair was more important than our relationship ... or maybe it was. As I said it may be hard for people to understand. I now had what I wanted. No baldness. I had the hairline I had as a boy. No thinning, no bare patches, and thick lustrous hair. It was still growing fast at that time (although the rate had started to slow) and I wanted it longer.



When I left for the clinic after that weekend Rachel told me that if I wanted to continue the trial I should not expect to find her home when I got back. Oh well

When I did get back Dorian surprised us all by turning up with curls! He told us that he had been through the same experience as us – no erection. But he said that this had not been a concern for himself and that he had enjoyed “the best sex ever” with his partner. Steve and I shuddered to think what that might have been. Anyway, he went to a ladies salon and got himself a shampoo and set. It looked adorable. Steve and I were both a little jealous.



Anyhow, Steve was not in a stable relationship but had looked up an old girlfriend who had left him when his hair started to fall out. She loved the hair but not the droopy cock. But like us, Steve had just shrugged it off. Was it really that important when you had hair like ours?

Dr Topp was interested in the results and also in our attitudes. He ran a series of “personality tests” on us. Whatever the results were, we didn’t really care. Anyway, he told us that he was becoming concerned that Trichopomol was effecting our thinking. Whatever!

He also became interested in some of the other “side effects”. For instance some way into the trial all three of us noticed that our nipples looked different and that the area around them was starting to swell. It was like we were developing breasts like teenage girls! I suppose that the only question about side effects is whether the cure is more important than the unexpected consequences. No issue! We have hair! Whatever else – no problem.

Anyway, so, there we were the three of us. Dorian started talking about all the neat things we could do with our hair and more things that we could do when it got a little longer. We started to pay real attention to looking after what we now had. We asked Dr Topp’s team to get us specialist hair care products – shampoos and conditioners suited to our hair types.

I like to pull my hair at the top, but keep it full around my ears. I suppose that the fact that I had a great hairline I liked to show it, but rather than a tight ponytail behind I liked to show just how much hair I had. So for me that meant combing back my hair from my face and gathering it at the crown in a big hairclip – I had so much hair I needed one. I could have used a band but I felt the clip was better for my hair. Of course it was pointed out to me that this was a distinctly feminine style, but I really didn’t care. I had hair and I wanted to flaunt it.

We also got in some hairstyle magazines. It made us think just how stupid we had been before baldness had set in. Men who have hair just don’t use it. With all the things that men could do with their hair they just cut it off.

Of course, we knew that our hair was better than any hair that a man had. There was no doubt that Trichopomol hair was longer, thicker and shinier than we had seen on any man. Some of the womens styles were more suited to showing off what we had.

We got in hair brushes and also some bands, pins and clips. We continued to brush one another’s hair and we experimented a little. As our hair grew longer we could do so much more with it. But at the start we were not skilled. It took practice and experimentation. But what the hell, we had nothing else to do. And for us it was like, we were here for our hair. It was the most important thing for us at that time.

To start with I just needed to be able to twist it in the back, but I had so much hair the bun was way too big.



So we started to read the magazines and follow the internet and really up our skills in styling hair. I suppose our hair really became our focus. I never really understood how much print media there is on hair, or just how much time could be spent on it. It just made us think that life without hair is just so awful. We simply could not face the thought of life with baldness. It really is the worst affliction ever!



Steve had really nice shiny black hair and Dorian and I played with all kinds of styles that would suit him. I especially liked the look where the hair is woven and pinned closer to the nape of the neck. It is comfortable and practical but looks really stylish.

You can do all of this with just a few well placed pins. Or you can dress it up with other accessories. There is just so much available. We are not just talking bands, combs and clips, but a whole array of bows, flowers, jewels, chains and beads. Sure, we had moved right away from styles normally associated with men, but this new place was so much more exciting and interesting.

We were having fun but Damien had some bad news. His boyfriend had broken up with him. Apparently, he said that Damien was not a boy anymore, but he was becoming more like a girl. Damien's boyfriend was wholly gay, so it was a turn off for him. Imagine that, just because a guy has a feminine hairstyle? Anyway, we told Damien that there were many more guys out there who would find his hair sexy. He might just have to work on his overall look a little. So that is exactly what he did. He has never had a problem getting a boyfriend since. I guess you can see why.



Then Dr Topp arranged to meet all of us. He sat us all down and told us that Trichopomol was going to be canned as a cure for baldness. We were shocked. We were all convinced this drug to keep our hair. For us now that was our only focus. But, he explained, they had decided from the testing that Trichopomol was to be available for male to female transsexual patients. It had been discovered that the side effects like the body hair loss and the breast growth we had all noticed, was a positive. But how could we get a prescription?" The trial was ending, as he explained, so only if we were diagnosed with gender dysphoria could we get the drug.

There was not a lot of discussion needed. But what we did do was research it a little on the internet. So we all had to come forward to confess to the symptoms of gender identity dysphoria. It seems crazy but we had to be confirmed as transgendered before we could be prescribed the drug to keep our lovely hair. Dr Topp was not convinced. Steve and I were profiled as heterosexual when we started. So he referred each of us to a psychologist to confirm the diagnosis. We were all back at the clinic within a week to collect our prescription.

Once we were all back on the drug we could see the advantages of going the way Damien went. People found it hard to understand our fascination with our new hair. That is seen as more of a womanly thing. And with the breasts and other changes in shape, and the smooth skin and girly faces, it was just easier dressing in women's clothes. Steve and I started a bit neutral but when we put our hair up nicely, a dress just seemed a better match.

Damien doesn't go to gay clubs anymore. The three of us do one another's hair and we hit the club scene. And when you are wearing nice clothes, and your hair looks good, and maybe Damien suggests a little lipstick or mascara – well, you get the attention of men. They hold the door open, and buy you drinks, and tell you that you look good. One thing leads to another and you find a guy kissing you and fondling your titties.

So in our position you need to make sure he doesn't go south and find something unexpected. Sure, we learned how to secure them back. It's easy when the size is so small. But still it means that every night ends up like Cinderella. And that's sad. Everybody wants a little human contact.

My world changed when I met Gabriel. He was my first relationship since Rachel, and he is a man. He just loves my hair. I mean, I think he has a thing for long lustrous hair. But he is also a really nice guy, who seems to genuinely care for me. And he is rich, and likes to spend money on me. He seems to be the perfect man. You know if the ask, 'who would you go gay for?', I would say Gabriel. In fact, I did go gay for him. I told him I had a problem between my legs and he said we could fix it. He didn't say that straight away – there were tears and some time out, but he was back. I just sat on his lap and flicked my perfumed hair in his face, and he just forgot all about the chromosome thing.⁷



So, we are married now. Six years next month. But just last week I noticed his hair was thinning on top. I hate bald men. I am wondering what to do. Maybe Trichopomol. I am not taking it now because of course, I have no balls or anything dangling since the operation, and I am on HRT. Maybe just try a little to stop the loss before it gets worse. What do you think?

The End

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