

When ordinary hair won't do, change the view and accrue (hair like this)



When

Expensive
human-hair
extensions



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Ordinary Hair Just Won't Do

I have a genuine need for long hair, as shown here. Thick brunette tresses, falling in waves down to my shoulder blades. A woman's hair, in a feminine style. The fact that I'm male is irrelevant. I had to do this.

Money was no concern. When you want something this badly, you pay what you must. I waited as long as I could, grew my own hair long enough and strong enough to take the weight, then hit the salon. Only the best extensions, I told them. Only human hair. It has to feel so real I'll swear I grew it myself. Keratin bonds, where the wefts are fused to my inadequate male hair using ultrasonic waves. Treat them like a gift from the Gods and they'll last for many months.

With me, the hair comes first. All else is a distant second. Hair like this demands a pretty face, and what the hair wants the hair shall have. My body has no choice but to follow: shaved, shaped and draped in female fashions. And to look like a woman is to move like a woman, as it is to speak like a woman.

To prove myself worthy I must conduct myself with feminine grace. I must think as a woman thinks. I must love as a woman loves. I must be a woman...