Foster Child

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

There were still as few girls left at the orphanage, but they were the ones with disabilities. The rest of us were boys. It seems that when you go over the age of 10, nobody wants to foster us boys. Boys are trouble. Girls can be trouble too, but I guess most prospective parents think they can influence girls. But not boys.

It seemed as if my chance of getting out of there was lost from the moment I turned 5. Under that age there is still the prospect of be adopted. Adoption is best, because you are not going to be handed back. Foster care is different. They can reject you, and you can reject them. But honestly, there was no way I was going to turn my back on foster parents. You hear horror stories, but how bad could it be? Not as bad as being in an orphanage and treated like livestock. I just wanted somebody to take me out of that place. I wanted a home. When Mom (because that is who she is now) drove me away from that place, I resolved that wherever she took me would be my home.

Mom had a succession of foster children, but they were all girls. I was told that. I did not pretend to be a girl – that would be crazy. I just pretended to be less of a boy. I wanted to get out.

“My name is Peter”. I said it softly and submissively. She smiled. It felt like victory. She had a choice me and the deaf girl. She chose me.

I stepped into her car carrying an empty suitcase. I wanted nothing from that place, but I did not want her to see that. I stuffed a sheet in there to give it some bulk.

Mom had a son too – Tom. Tom was her own, her natural child. He was special because of that, and I understood that. A parent will do everything for her natural child. I am not expecting everything – just so long as it is not nothing.

She was prepared to take me on – a little boy who might appear to be a bit of a sissy. In return I as prepared to do whatever she wanted of me – to be the person she wanted me to be. But was I really prepared?

“I really wanted a girl,” she said. “I am good with girls. I just seemed to me that you could fit in, as if you were a girl.”

“Would you mind if I called you Mom? I know we have only just met, but I feel like you are my mom already.”

“Call me Mommy,” she said. And I will call you Peta with an A”.

Alarm bells seemed to be ringing in the distance. But this was here and now. In her car – driving home. Home.

It was everything that I had fantasized about. It was the kind of house that we at the orphanage could only see on TV. The two-storey place with a lawn and flower beds out front, and a yard in back with a tree for climbing. It had a painted front door and an entrance hall and a big living room, with photographs of family. Unless you were me or somebody like me, you could never understand the joy of such a place. It was the promise of the future.

And standing there was Tom, looking me up and down.

“Hi, I’m Peter,” I said to him.

“Say it Peta, darling,” said Mommy. “Not Peeter. That is not right.”

All I heard was the word “darling”. I looked up at her, wondering if my eyes were not a bit watery. “I’m Peta,” I said, because from that point, I was.

“She could be really pretty Mom,” said Tom. “You need to get her on the pills as soon as possible. And I would like her hair to be a little longer.”

I did not even look at him. Mommy had her hand on my cheek and was looking at me with such fondness that she did not have to say a word. At last I had a parent.

“You need to go upstairs for a bath,” she said. “We are going to scrub that place out of you. And we are going to burn all of your clothes.”

“You can burn this too,” I said, handing her the suitcase. I guess I knew what was coming next. I may have been just a child, but I had smarts. In an orphanage you learn fast and you learn hard.

But I really did not care. My need then was emotional. Nothing else mattered except that I be loved. I would have done anything, or been anybody she wanted, for that.

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| She bathed me. I cannot remember anything except communal showers before that day. She scrubbed me and checked me for body hair, which she told me needed to be eliminated for cleanliness. She washed my hair with special shampoo, and then she combed it, and later dried it and brushed it.  My hair was not long but she was able to make it look girlish. That was what she wanted. She gave me silk pink panties to put on a dress – red with white polka dots. There was a pair of girls shoes too - black strap over ballet-type shoes. I did what she wanted. I put everything on.  “You are too young for makeup,” she said. “But just to show you that you are really more boy than girl, I am going to put on some lipstick and a little mascara …”. | https://1.bp.blogspot.com/-sxAjfAMml1s/WoBNdG51xSI/AAAAAAAABbg/cpo7i4jokNsx6ViSPxc8yaq_aNT7Wq0swCEwYBhgL/s1600/fostercare.jpg |

She showed me my room. I had a room all to myself. It was a girls room. It was in peach rather than pink, but very feminine. There was a closet filled with girls’ clothes.

“This used to be Kathy’s room,” said Mommy. “Now it is yours. And everything in it is yours. Kathy is very pretty. You should try to be as pretty as her.”

My new mother was standing behind me looking over my shoulder into the big dressing table mirror. She clearly liked the way I looked, and so did I. I mean, I looked like a little girl, and I was not into that, but I did pull it off. I figured that I could continue to pull it off, as long as I needed to. I gave a little twist and a little pout at the mirror. I could see that made her happy. That is what I wanted. To make her happy. To make her never regret her decision to take me in.

“Let’s show Tommy,” she said. So we went downstairs. I followed her walking daintily, because I thought she would like that.

“She looks great Mom,” he said. “Welcome to the household, Sis”. I now had a brother. Could it get any better?

All I had to do was to be Peta and she loved me. That was all I wanted. I would wear the clothes and act like a girl. I would grow my hair and be able to wear all the hair accessories that the beautiful Kathy had worn, although I had never met her and had no idea what she looked like.

When Mom enrolled in 7th Grade at the local middle school nearby as a girl, I was not surprised or upset. It is what she wanted.

“We can’t have anything unpleasant happening at school, so you will have to wear special panties and take special pills,” she explained. “And I will write to the school to ensure that you are exempted from gym class.”

That was OK with me. I am not really that good at sports, but I do like to watch. I did boy things at the orphanage, but I knew that Mom would not like me doing that stuff at school. So I ended up hanging around with the girls more than the boys, except when I was watching sport.

Tommy was already in high school so I did not see him except at home. I caught him staring at me a lot. I suppose that I knew what that look meant, and it did seem weird as he knew that I was not really a girl, but I guess it was kind of pleasing. He was also my brother, so that was weird too, but I guess he was not a brother by blood. I understood that guys his age do have crazy thoughts going through their heads. It’s the hormones and stuff.

That was not happening to me. Something else was happening to me. I am not stupid. The special pills were stopping me from developing as boys do in their teens, and making me develop as girls do. I could have been upset, and maybe even refused to take the pills or flush them down the toilet, but the truth is that I could see that the girlier I became, the more Mom loved me. She always seemed a little taken aback if I did anything boyish, but as my hair grew out and I started to style it, and I started to play around with makeup and my own style in clothes, she was just so happy that he love for me was obvious.

And at the same time Tommy was getting creepier.

Then one day it all overflowed and Tommy tried to kiss me. I knew that this was a problem for me on so many levels. He was still her real child and I was the foster child. That put me in the wrong no matter what I did. I would be accused of leading him on. I wanted to push him away. But if he got mad and things broke down between us, I figured things would not go well for me.

So I just playfully avoided him. That seemed to both please and annoy him. I guess he felt like I was teasing him but not discouraging him. I suppose it was like that. But for me, it was survival. Finally I had to let him kiss me, but there were conditions.

“Tommy, this is wrong. We have to keep this a secret from Mom.” Of course, he agreed.

I told him that I was too young for sex. And anyway, we could not have sex like a normal boy and girl. That did not bother him. He liked to play with my little budding breasts. I liked that too. I played with his penis because unlike mine, his was getting hot and hard and all covered in veins. It was kind of ugly, but powerful, if you know what I mean.

He said that he did not mind that I was not a real girl. He told me that I was prettier than any of the girls as his high school. I would find out soon enough if that were true – I would be going there next year.

But first there was Thanksgiving and Christmas, and I was wondering if we were going to be seeing Kathy, or the other foster daughter Mom had before her.

“We talk sometimes,” said Mom, with a little sadness. “They will both send a card at Christmas as they do, but they don’t visit.” I was still left wondering why.

But there was spring and summer to come, and I was loving my life as a member of a family and as a girl. Once you are immersed in all things feminine, it just becomes natural. I had good friends, and although the friendships are different, and things can get nasty as periods come into play (for them anyway) but they are special. I was always hiding something, but none of my girlfriends had any idea what.

I remember one of my girlfriends said to me when I refused to skinny dip: “We’re all different down there you know?” I just smiled and stayed clothed. She had no idea just how different down there I was.

Tommy said that I still had a place where he could put his thing, but I said that we would have to save that for later, and in the meantime, I would use my mouth. It is no big deal. We put a lot of stuff in our mouths that we shouldn’t for our own pleasure. This was something that I could put in my mouth for somebody else’s.

Sixteen is the age of consent in our state, and so when I entered high school that year, that was still over two years away. Tommy said that he was going crazy, especially seeing me all the time, and seeing other guys watching me.

“Guys ask me if it is OK with me if they can date you,” he said. “I can’t tell them that we are together, but it is eating me up that I can’t tell them to back off.” Poor Tommy. But everybody knows that you can’t date your sister, even if she is only your foster sister. But then, I wasn’t even his sister.

He must have talked to Mom. The truth is that they were always tight, those two. It’s blood I guess. I was always a little bit on the outer. Not that she was cruel or unkind. In fact, because I was a girl I was special in my own way. I often thought that if I had just been another boy in the house I would definitely have been excluded. She said that wanted to have a girl, so that is what I was.

“Tommy has told me that he wants to lie with you, Peta,” Mom said. “He is of that age. It’s only natural.”

“I understand,” I said. “But is it natural, Mom, being that I am like, his sister?”

She did not even have to reply. I could see it in her face. I did not want her to say it – that I was not his sister; that I was not her daughter. So I said: “But I do stuff for Tommy to … you know … make his willy spit a bit.”

She seemed half disgusted and half pleased. That was sort of like I felt when Tommy did that thing. She just walked away. I was not sure that I was still a member of the family after that. She seemed to look at me differently – as if I was turning her son into some kind of sex-craving weirdo. It was all Tommy, not me. But he was her natural child.

I said to Tommy that I was reading up all about anal sex. I showed him some pictures and even some videos of guys like him having sex with girls like me – girls with little floppy dicks. I said that I would be ready when it was legal, but that I needed to know that he would treat me with respect. It was the kind of thing I talked with the other girls at school about – losing virginity. In my case it was different, and they would never know it, but not so different.

When Tommy overstepped one time, I accepted an invitation from another boy at school to go out with him to the movies. That drove Tommy crazy. I grabbed him by the cock and made him promise to be nicer to me. He had to swear that he respected me. He did that and left my palm sticky.

Mom could see his new attitude to me, and she did not like it. There was a bit of a scene where she shouted at Tommy that he needed to find a real girl. Tommy shouted back that he loved me. I decided that it was a good time to start crying – something I found quite easy to do. Mom said that I did not deserve to stay in their home, but Tommy said that if I left, he would go with me.

Things were not happy at home after that. Realizing that she could not just throw me out Mom spoke about telling the school that I was not a real girl, which would be bad for me and for Tommy.

“They will think that we are both freaks,” I said to him.

“We could run away?” he suggested.

“Not without money, Sweetie.” Sometimes Tommy could be so dumb. “We need Mom’s money. And there is only one way we can get it.”

I suppose I should be in jail too. It was just that I stayed well clear of the “accident” that befell Mom, and Tommy being Tommy would never give me up. All it took to seal his cooperation was to surrender my promised virginity to him. That will make a man do anything.

I visit him regularly. He wants to kiss me like we used to, but we just embrace as brother and sister, which is what we are, after all.

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| I don’t have to tell Tommy about the changes in my life. It is better that he doesn’t know. Mom’s money has allowed me to have corrective surgery and to have a man move in to live with me in what is now my house. He wants to marry me and have children. I have told him that I cannot get pregnant, but we can still adopt, or maybe even take in a foster child?  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2020 | A person posing for a picture  Description automatically generated |