



TOO
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TO BE A BOY

RITA VELDEZ

TOO FEMME TO BE A BOY

**By
RITA VELDEZ**



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Written by Rita Valdez
Illustrations by Teeje**

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It seemed like every time my mother visited her mother and farther, there would be a big fight and argument if my aunt was there. Even though my aunt was not married and had no children of her own, she told my mother how to raise the children she had.

When one of my uncles was there too, he brought all of his kids along. They were miserable little brats that ganged up on me and beat the hell out of me when the adults were not around. My dad never cared as he was into his drinking and did not want to be bothered. He called me a sissy and to fight my own battles.

The trip home of fifty miles was always scary, as he used both lanes of the road to drive in. And my mother would hassle him all the way home about him getting drunk again.

I was the oldest of four children so I got all the chores of doing things in the house to help my mother. I was taught all the different things that most girls learn at my age, but here I was a boy, and I was taught how to prepare veggies for a meal, to sew, and clean house. At the time I never minded doing this, as it brought my mom and I closer.

I listened to her as she talked with me. Subjects of; that she never should have gotten married to my father. She did not know that he drank as much as he did. Oh, he worked every day, and was only out of work when he was sick with the measles when I was six years old. I had caught the measles at school and brought them home for him to catch. I never heard the last of that from my father. But at home it did not take him long before he was drunk again.

At school my parents were a standard joke to tease me about. "Hey Richard, what happened this week end at your house? Did the cops have to visit again? How did you get such a drunk for a father?" My family definitely was not the average American family. As a teenager, this sort of stuff hurt. I became a loner and shied off to myself. Books became my best friends and I read every book I could put my hands onto. I even started to read the "True Romance" magazines my mother brought into the house, when I ran out of books to read.

Sometimes I put myself in the position of the girl in these stories. The idea of happiness of any kind appealed to me, as I read the stories and became the girl in the story. I know now this was an escape from the reality of my life. A way to hide from what my family was like. With all of this I forgot about my own home life.

At home, mom was always telling on me to feed my youngest brother, or take him outside to play. Or it was Richard, bring in the clothes off the line, while I make supper for your father, I need firewood from the cellar. Most of the time I was kept so busy, I nearly forgot what it was like when my dad got drinking right after supper every night.

When I came home from school one afternoon, my mother had some news for me. It seemed that my father had gone to the navy recruiting office and signed up to go into the navy. I wondered how he could do this with all the beer he was drinking at home. Maybe it would be quieter at home now. I surely would not miss the heavy drinking and the fights my parents used to have all the time. A week later he was gone and the house was peaceful.

That summer vacation, my mother asked me how I would like to go visit my aunt for a couple of weeks. I supposed that it would be okay.

"You know Richard that your aunt is married now and has a husband? She has no children and would enjoy having you visit her for a few weeks. And you know that you're her favorite nephew? The only problem is she will probably spoil you rotten," said mom.

"What about "Sampson" my cat? Who will care for him? He needs to be brushed twice a week?"

"I will call your aunt and ask her if you can bring Sampson with you. They live in the country and I am sure it will be all right."

I was packed up, and sent by bus to visit my aunt, thirty miles away. My cat was in a cardboard box with holes in the sides. I could not understand why my mother had packed up so many things of mine, as I was going to be only two weeks with my aunt. She mentioned she

would send the rest of my things on another bus later, this had me wondering too.

My aunt, and new uncle were at the bus stop when I arrived and they helped me load everything into his little truck. At their home my aunt brought me into the house and showed me my bed room, where I would be in for the next two weeks.

The bedroom was large and clean, but a little strange as it looked like a girl slept here. I mentioned this to my aunt. She told me she and her husband were hoping to have a baby girl in time. I thought nothing more of this and carried all my things into the house and put them away.

The bed was one that had a canopy over the top and a pretty pink satin bed spread on top. The curtains were of the same material and pattern. In the closet, all of the clothes hangers were fancy and covered with padded silk. In each drawer of the chest of drawers were small bars of sweet smelling soaps. Everything in the room was for a very feminine girl.

I was thinking to myself, that my aunt's daughter would be a very lucky girl to have this pretty bed room for hers. My room at home, was upstairs in a unfinished section of the house. I could see the rafters of the roof. I had an old bed and a beat up chest of drawers for my clothes, there was no closet, and I hung my clothes on a big nail, on one of the rough two by fours of the wall. When I had all my things in the house and put away, I went to the kitchen to see if my aunt needed any help with supper.

I noticed the potatoes on the counter, picked up the peeler and just started to peel them to help my aunt.

"Here Richard", said my aunt as she dropped an apron over my head and tied it behind my back. "This will protect your clothes from being stained. You must look out for your school clothes."

The apron was a frilly girls apron, but that did not bother me, we were a mile from where anyone else lived. It was very pretty with

ruffles all over it. It was summer, I was wearing shorts and with long blonde hair, and I could have been a girl helping her aunt.

"Aunt Vera, are there any other kids my age living around here? There were a lot at my home with my mom." I asked.

"Yes, there is one boy just down the road from here. He is sixteen years old, the same age as you are. He is a big boy and plays on the school football team here in town. His name is John, and he helps out with the milking at the barn during the summer. He works in the hay field too, helping your uncle, to get the hay in for the winter." replied my aunt."

"No! If he is a big kid, he will be too rough for me to mess around with. I used to get beat up by my other uncles kids every time I visited my grandmother in Vermont. I really hated those kids, and my dad would not do anything to stop it either."

"Richard, you have such nice soft hair," said my aunt as she ran her finger through my long hair. "Do you wash it often? She asked?" "Yes during my bath or shower. Some of the girls at my school have told me they wish that they had my blonde hair, as it is silky, or so they say." I replied.

"Richard, you're so small for your age. Does this ever bother you in school?" asked my aunt.

"Nope. I do a lot of reading, studying and get good marks in all of my school subjects. My mother always said that I should have been born a girl. I help her out all the time doing things in the house, such as washing the dishes, and helping her to get meals ready. I even help with my brother at times."

"Maybe she is right Richard. With all of that long pretty hair and a small frame and body, you would be a very pretty girl." said my aunt Vera, with a smile.

"Do you think so Aunt Vera? I always have wondered just what I would look like as a girl. But that is just a silly fantasy because I would

still be a boy. I think that I have read too many of my mother's True Romance magazines."

Little did Richard know that his aunt was well prepared to outfit Richard with a complete wardrobe of everything a girl could dream of. With Richard's dad off into the Navy, his mom was planning a divorce from his father. She had quite enough of the drunken fights. His mom had found a nice man and they were going to live together in another city. Her new guy and she were going to raise his smaller brother.

She and her sister had planned to let Vera bring Richard up, but as a girl. He was just too feminine to make it through life as a male or a boy. This is why the pretty bedroom for Richard to sleep in. Little did he know his aunt already had bought everything to do the complete feminization of Richard in the next two weeks. Even to the female hormones she would call his vitamin pills. "Richard you have such small hands, just like a girl of your age. Do you take care of your nails too?"

"Aunt Vera, all I do to them is to file them and keep them smooth. I would never dare to make them as I want to. I would let them grow longer like the girls in my school. Maybe even color them sometimes. I could never do that at home, all those kids would tease me."

"Richard, I have some pink polish here, lets see what your nails would look like colored for the first time. There is no one here to tease or pick on you. In fact I have a few things here it might be fun for you to try and wear when you're here with us. Last summer I had a girl here visiting and she left some of her things here when she left. She was your size, so I think they would fit you. You will find that your uncle and I are very open minded about things." said his aunt.

"Aunt Vera, did I hear you right? You would not mind? Or are you just teasing me? No, I am just dreaming that you said that." asked Richard.

"To prove you're not dreaming Richard, let's check the hall

closet and see what there is there. You can help me bring the boxes and things on the hangers into your room so we can look at them."

"I can't believe this is real and was happening to me. All my life I have dreamed, and had these fantasies of being a girl. At least now I can see what I would look like as a girl. Even if I will always be a boy," said Richard as he followed his aunt.

When his aunt opened the closet door, he could not believe at what he saw in the closet. On the floor were boxes stacked up on more boxes, and the closet held so many pretty girls clothes, he was amazed at this.

"Richard, let's start to move all this into your room and see what we have." said his aunt.

As Richard moved arm full of clothes on hangers, he noticed they were on the fancy hangers. There were every item that a young girl would need in her wardrobe. From blouses, tops, skirts and dresses. To jeans, shorts and even a pretty gown. His aunt was bringing in boxes after box of things. A manicure set, and makeup kit. Boxes of shoes and sandals with thigh highs and nylons. He noticed one box of panties and a few with bras.

"Aunt Vera, I cannot imagine any girl who would leave all these nice things behind."

"Richard, let's set down at this little table and try doing your nails a pretty shade of pink. We will surprise your uncle when he comes home from working at the barn."

"Aunt Vera, are you sure that my uncle will not tease me? I mean at home my dad used to tease me all the time. He used to say I would never grow up to be a man, and I was a dammed sissy, I did not care what he said, after a while."

"Richard, I am sure your uncle will not tease you. He is not that sort of a guy. He may even like having a young lady staying here with us." replied his aunt.

"Do you really think so? I still cannot believe this is going on with me. I can wear any of these pretty clothes whenever I want Aunt Vera?"

"Yes you can. In fact if you like, we can pick out something nice for you to wear this afternoon, before your uncle comes home.

"Oh yes, I want to wear a pretty skirt, for the first time. And a nice blouse, with white socks and the penny loafers I saw in a box. Can I wear a little pink lipstick to match my nails aunt Vera?"

"Maybe you should hop into the bath, and feel soft and clean from the bus trip. There is shampoo conditioner, and bath oil in the bath room for you. In the meantime I will pick a nice outfit for you to wear Richard. Don't forget to shave off that blonde peach fuzz you have on your face either."

Once in the hot tub of water with all the sweet smelling bubbles, I was able to think about what was happening to me. If my father could see me now, he would have a fit. I didn't care, the next two weeks I was going to fulfill a long life time dream of mine. I was going to live here for two whole weeks as a young girl. Maybe this would satisfy my needs and I would live as a male the rest of my life. I knew this was going to be a special vacation for me.

I was in the tub so long I had to use more hot water to warm up my bath. When I got out, my fingertips were all puckered.

"Richard, you must hurry, your uncle will be home for supper in an hour. I am handing you a pair of panties to wear when you get dried off and come into your bedroom."

Finally I dragged myself out of the sweet smelling bath and dried off with a large terry cloth towel. I picked up the tiny white silky panties and brought them up over my legs and a shiver went through me. They were so soft, and with a pretty lace design around the edges of the openings. "Okay Aunt Vera, I am ready.