

by Amanda Hawkins

The Girl's Got Issues

I know I'm not the best husband in the world, or the best father, but I don't deserve *this*. My daughter Sabrina (who really *is* a teenage witch) turned me into a woman; genetically female in every detail.

And Helen went along with it. Maybe she's a witch too, for all I know. I called her one often enough.

Sabrina put me to work around the house.

"Daaaddy! Make me a sandwich." Whatever she wanted, I'd have to drop whatever I was doing and bloody well make her a sandwich. They wanted me to appreciate how much work real women do.

Frankly, I think I always did. I mean, making a sandwich is no big deal, right? It was having to do it right fucking *now* that really bugged me.

And the way they went on about clothing!

"Mom bought you some new lingerie, Daddy. It's sooo cute, especially that black camisole. You better start wearing it or I won't change you back."

Turning me back into a man was the hammer she wielded and she never tired of whacking me with it. In mock anger she'd point at my feet and say, "Silly Daddy, those are flats!" I told her that cleaning the house in four-inch spike heels is both dangerous and painful, but she just snapped her fingers and off I'd go to strap myself into the damn things.

I'm thinner than my wife, so some of her clothes fit me and some didn't. I wore hand-me-down skirts and blouses, old sweaters and various long-out-of-style dresses. At least the underwear was new.

By the end of the week I figured I'd done enough to be changed back, and said so. No such luck.

"Oh, Daaa—I mean, Daphne! This is Dick. He's your date for the night. I told him all about you."

The man hitched up threadbare pants and leered. "Holy shit, this chick is your *father*? I gotta say, that's one hell of a rack for a dude."

Classy guy.



Then Helen showed me the dress I was to wear. It was gorgeous. Dark blue bodice, sleeveless, fading to black through a drop waist, pencil skirt to the knee with a tight hem. Very sexy.

All of a sudden (*snap!*) it hit me. I liked the idea of being a sexy woman. It was intriguing, fascinating. It aroused me. It had to be part of the spell.

The two of them fussed with my face and my hair, and when they were done they zipped me into that beautiful dress and turned me into sex on wheels.

My wife eyed me coldly. "Well, well. Such a pretty

girl. And such a pretty mouth. Do watch what you eat tonight, dear. And don't forget to swallow, because I'm not paying for any dry-cleaning."

"He will," Sabrina said. She snapped her fingers. "There you go, Daddy. Now you want to!"

And I did. I knew that the moment we were alone I'd be unzipping that dumbass and chowing down on his Dickie like a fat kid making love to an ice cream sundae. Then I'd spread my legs and let him do whatever the hell he wants to this body, all night long. And in the morning I'd cook him breakfast and beg him to do it all over again.

Sabrina walked me out, chattering away inanely.

"Sorry, Daddy. Mom's not gonna want you back after Dick pops your cherry. Sucks to be you, huh?"

"Guess you should've let me have a boyfriend after all, huh Daddy? Now we can both have one!"

"Oh, stop pouting, Daddy. After this you'll have so much more respect for everything we girls have to put up with from men like you."

"Why the long face, Daddy? Don't you *want* to get lucky? Don't you like being a girl? Oh, sure you do!" She laughed and snapped her fingers.

Come to think of it, I do like being a woman. I love the way soft blonde hair frames my face and tickles the exposed skin of my breasts. I love the slick feel of satin lingerie on my body. I love how this dress hobbles my knees and makes me walk funny.

Hell, I couldn't get away from that jackass even if I wanted to—and for some reason that turns me on.

"That's it, Daddy. Smile for the camera. You look so pretty—like you're going to the prom!"

"I put lipstick in your purse, Daddy. Better freshen up after dinner, before you get all up close and girly with Dick. Make a ring around that thing!"

I think she's out of her mind. I mean, seriously. This isn't normal behavior. ■