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## Welcome to the Playroom

Amanda Hawkins

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My stepfather and I have a funny relationship. But there's nothing ha-ha funny about it; it's really just sort of weird. Oh, I know what you're thinking, but it isn't *that*, at least not so far (touch wood). He's never hurt me or anything.

Let me back up. Dan's a big tough cop; nobody you'd want to mess with. He's a good provider and all, and he takes really good care of my mom, but sometimes he drinks and that's where the problems start. He doesn't get violent or anything (again, touch wood). He just gets strange.

He's got this fetish, see? I guess everyone's got something going on, even though you'd never know it to look at 'em. Maybe most people don't even know what theirs might be—but Dan certainly does. He's got a thing for trannies (pardon the rude word, but that's what he calls them). He never lets it affect his job; in fact, he says he goes out of his way not to embarrass any of the cross-dressers he comes across out on the mean streets, whether they're perps or just regular folks who happened to be dressed up as the opposite sex (it's always guys, of course). But when he drinks and he comes home—well, I'm there.

I'm not a cross-dresser; at least, not by nature. I'm not a kid either. I'm two years out of high school, attending community college in the Fine Arts program, and working as a barista to cover my tuition. But I still live at home and Dan pays the bills there. Most of the time he's pretty good about it, but when he drinks... well, he says I owe him. That's where his little fetish comes in.

Mom and I talked it over. She says Dan's a good man and we need him, so we should just humor him about this. Easy for her to say! I wasn't crazy about letting the guy 'do me' when I get dressed up, like he seemed to want, but Mom said she had a plan. After he came home and voiced his usual demand, Dan always had another beer or two. "So let's just take our time getting you fixed up, okay?"

Long story short, I agreed. I let her doll me up, and I hafta say she did a heck of a job. My hair was longish for a guy, so she added a few curls and waves and made it look pretty feminine—a lot like hers, in fact. She did my makeup, and she stuck these fancy breast forms on me ('cause we had a week or so lead time before we had to put the plan into action), and I tucked my junk like I'd been practicing, and then I put on some of her clothes: a short skirt, blouse and heels. I'd already shaved my legs, so at that point I was ready to go. Start to finish in over an hour.

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Uhm... he is drunk, isn't he? Please Dan... pass out already. Why the hell isn't he flat on his back?

We went down to the rumpus room in the basement and Mom tied me to a chair, 'cause that's how Dan likes his trannies. Mom went and got him, and she had to help him down the stairs or he would've fallen. He actually wept when he saw me, going on about how he'd never seen such a pretty girl, and then he touched my hair and my boobs and a few other things, and then he fell heavily onto the couch and passed out.

"All according to plan," Mom said, as she untied me. We went upstairs to the kitchen and had tea. The whole thing felt like one of those mother-daughter bonding sessions you hear about but never think will happen to you. But that was only the first of many such events, of course. Dan was a drinker.

The weird (or *weirder*) thing was, Mom got better and better at feminizing me, and every time out I turned into a more and more convincing girl. My hair got longer, my skin softened, even my boobs seemed to get bigger. Dunno if Mom was slipping me something to make the whole process go smoother, but whatever it was definitely made me feel more femme. We even picked out my female name: Daisy.

"Daisy's upstairs getting herself ready for you," Mom would tell Dan, while I was up in her bedroom putting on makeup (I was doing it myself by that time). I could make myself pretty, style my own hair and dress myself in Mom's lingerie and clothing—to the point of being able to pass as a woman.

Needless to say, I couldn't tie myself up. Mom always did that, and she got pretty good at it. In fact, she took pride in making the knots really secure. This had been going on for nearly a year—once or twice a week—and it got to the point where I had *no* chance of freeing myself. After Dan passed out, I had to wait for Mom to undo the ropes. We always had a good laugh about it.

You do something often enough, no matter how strange it is, and the whole thing starts to feel normal. It got that way for Mom and I. If I had an assignment to finish for school, I'd stay dressed and work on it until the wee hours. A few times, if it was early enough and Mom hadn't cooked, the two of us went to a restaurant. I was so used to passing by then, I didn't even blink. It was only when the server referred to me as 'miss' that I remembered who I was supposed to be.

*That* was the weirdest moment, lemme tell you. It was the same night, after I went to bed, that I started wondering: "*Am* I a cross-dresser?" To anybody else, I sure as hell dotted all the i's and crossed all the t's. I could stroll down the street and only guys on the make would give me a second look. So—*was I?*

That's where things stood when the riot happened. It was all over the news, how a transgender girl was killed the night before and a cop got blamed. Deservedly so, as it turned out. It wasn't Dan, of course, but he *was* on duty at the time and they all caught some of the flack. Protestors came out the next day and Dan was on duty for that too. He hit the pub before coming home, and he was *not* in a good mood. Mom and I were scared, even though we weren't sure he'd ever hit us.

"I wanna see Daisy," he told Mom. "Doll her up."

Did we have a choice? Not really, but we made darn sure to take our sweet time about it. Mom did a fantastic job with my makeup, we glued on the breast forms—as well as a vagina prosthetic I was still breaking in—and I opted for my favorite short skirt and a blouse. That wasn't always the case, by the way; if Mom was feeling more upscale than usual, she'd pick a dress for me to wear. But this wasn't one of those times.

Dan came in after she finished tying me up, still moving under his own steam. My eyes went wide as Mom flashed me a dismayed look. He wasn't drunk!

Dan grinned. "Sure looks pretty," he said, admiration in his voice. "That's the way I remembered her, but ya can't be sure of anything when you've had a few."

He gave Mom a pointed look and gave his head a sideways jerk. *Go.*

Mom bit her lip. "I'll just... leave the two of you alone, shall I?"

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I tried not to let it show, but on the inside I was freaking out. Who knew what the dude was capable of? It's not like I knew him *that* well; he'd only been living with us for two years or so. I had stronger memories of my father, who'd passed away when I was eight.

He came over and crouched down in front of me. "You look real nice," he said, almost repeating himself. He rubbed my knee. "Let's you and me take a little ride, huh? There's some folks you need to meet."

A moment later I found myself cradled in his arms and carried upstairs. We passed Mom standing in the doorway to the kitchen, wiping her hands on a tea towel. "Goin' for a drive," Dan said as we headed for the back door.

He settled me into the back seat of his old Pontiac Sunfire, where I'd be more out of sight, and belted me in. At least he removed the gag, which he said might draw too much attention. Then we were rolling down the street, bound for God knows where. He turned onto the freeway and we headed for the burbs, and possibly points beyond. I had visions of an isolated cabin in the woods, complete with shackles and assorted sex toys. Inwardly, I moaned about never having been with a girl, and how unfair it was that my first time was about to be *as* a girl.

"Guys like you got it rough," Dan said, as he steered the car onto an off-ramp. "That poor gal who got killed..." He shook his head. "She wasn't one of mine, but still—it ain't fair, ya know? People should just mind their own business, and yeah, that includes cops. Some of 'em are just bad dudes."

I tried to think of what to say that wouldn't piss him off. Begging to be taken home probably wouldn't qualify; accusing him of whatever crime he was about to commit would be worse. So I told him my arms were getting sore.

"We're almost there," he said, glancing over his shoulder.

"Where's *there*?" We were drifting down a narrow residential street; from the look of the sky to the west, maybe only a few blocks from the beach. The houses were fairly modest; most of them probably dated back to the Thirties.

"This is where I grew up." We stopped in front of a three-storey brownstone. It had a wide front porch with stairs up the middle, and a well-tended flower garden. He half-turned in his seat. "Mom left it to me when she passed, a few years back. I decided to hang onto it; maybe do some good."

I could imagine. Nice middle-class neighborhood, soundproof 'playroom' in the basement; shackles, sex toys, etcetera. If only people knew what went on!

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He lifted me in his arms like a child. It made me feel a lot more like the woman I appeared to be. I considered calling for help, but there was no one in sight, and in any case he cautioned me to silence. “It’s a surprise. Don’t go and spoil it.”

He opened the front door with his own key, then carried me over the threshold and yelled “Daddy’s home!” The sound of the television cut off. Six women burst into the hallway, all wearing long cotton nightgowns. Several feminine voices—and one not so feminine—cried, “Danny!” Their apparent ages ran from youthful (late teens or early 20s) to middle-aged (one looked to be past 40). Then it struck me: they weren’t women at all. They were trannies.

Pardon me, cross-dressers. The man had his own effing *harem*.

Dan stepped into the living room and set me on the couch. Two of the girls went to work untying the ropes. The older woman sat next to me. “You must be Daisy. Dan mentioned you might come for a visit. Welcome to Danny’s Den. I’m Dee, that’s Tess and Bree, and these young fillies are Gloria, Mary-Ann and Natalie.”

I checked out each girl in turn. They looked awfully convincing. If I didn’t already have an inkling that Dan might be hooking up with transvestites, I’d never have guessed. It was all just too weird. I had no idea what to say. Finally I just blurted out: “Are you trapped here? Does he ever let you *leave*?”

They all burst out laughing, including Dan. Dee reached over and slapped his knee. “Danny! What’ve you been telling this poor girl?”

Dan looked embarrassed. “Actually, not a whole lot. And now that I think about it... she might’ve got the wrong idea, what with the tying-up and all.”

The fillies finished removing the ropes. I rubbed my legs, which had fallen asleep. “Somebody wanna tell me what’s goin’ on here?”

Dee stroked my hair. “This is a safe house, sweetie. Danny lets us stay here when we don’t have anywhere else to go. Some of us—too many, really—have trouble with family or friends who don’t understand why we have this *need* inside us—to ‘dress up’, as they say. I’m sure you can relate.”

I wasn’t biting. “C’mon, I know for a fact he has a ‘thing’ for cross-dressers.”

More laughter. Tess said, “Whoa, I bet she thinks Danny set this whole place up just to extort sexual favors from us.”

I glared at her. “Well, didn’t he?”

“Of course not. Danny’s one of the good guys. How do you not know that?”

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“It’s not her fault,” Dan said. “I ain’t exactly been forthcoming.” He looked at me. “You’re right, I got a soft spot for transgen gals. If I wasn’t six-four and pretty far north of two hundred pounds... Let’s just say, if I could rock a nightie the way this crew can I’d be right there with ‘em.” My eyes went wide. He grinned. “Yep, there’s a lot more of us would-be TGers out there than you realize. But you have to know: I would never take advantage of anyone.”

“Not to say a few of us over the years haven’t tried,” Tess said. “But Danny’s a one-woman guy. He’d never betray your mother’s trust.”

“That’s rich. Mom’s not a tranny—how could she compete?”

Dee stared at Dan and shook her head. “You didn’t tell her *that* either?”

Dan shrugged, looking helpless. “What can I say? The kid never quite seemed mature enough. Besides which, it ain’t my secret to tell.”

Dee nodded. “Well... I don’t think we can avoid it now.” She turned to me. “I hate to be the one, hon, but you need to know this. Your mom ran off with a Christian biker gang, back when you were—what was it? Around eight years old.”

“Uh—no! Mom’s at home right now. She’s the one who helped me dress up.”

“I’m talking about your *real* mom, the one who gave birth. Don’t ask me why she left, but she *was* pretty flaky. I met her a few times,” she added, “through your father. We ran with the same crowd.”

I chewed that over in my head. “Okay... but if my real mom took off, then who’s the nice lady who’s been raising me since my Dad died?”

“Your father isn’t dead, honey.” Silence. Everybody looked at me, like they expected me to figure it out myself. And then I *did*.

I stared at Dan, astonished. “You’ve been sleeping with my *Dad*?”

He made a face. “Yes and no. Lemme explain. Your mom—your current mom, I mean—was cross-dressing when we first met, way back when. But by the time we got together, a few years back, she was legally a woman. Does that help?”

Dee touched my arm. “Think of this way. The person that was your father when you were born, is now your female parent—in other words, your mother.”

Facts were falling into place in my mind; things that never quite made sense when I was growing up—all of a sudden they *did*. My god, it was true! “But—*why*? Why would he *do* that? Why not just be my father?”

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“Couple of reasons I can think of,” Dan said. “For one, he was already a cross-dresser. This was his chance to live as a woman full-time. He also figured it would be a lot easier to raise you as a single mom than as a father who wouldn’t be able to keep his cross-dressing a secret forever.”

“I know for sure,” Dee said, “she was worried about influencing you. If you were going to be a cross-dresser, it wouldn’t be because of the example she set.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. “Are you *kidding* me? The only reason I’ve been dressing up is because *he* wanted me to!” I stabbed a finger at Dan.

Dan shook his head. “We let you believe that. Your mom wanted to give you an excuse to turn yourself into a girl. If it truly wasn’t what you wanted, you’d never have taken to it so well. I mean, *look* at yourself! Can you deny you enjoy it?”

I looked away. “I don’t enjoy being tied up.”

He grunted. “Fair enough. That’s my kink, not yours. My apologies.”

Natalie waved a limp wrist at Dan. “Gawd, you have *no* idea. We tie him up like *all* the time. He taught us these knots.” She demonstrated on one of the ropes.

I stood and paced over to where a large picture window looked into the back yard. It too was well-kept, with wide tracts of daisies and roses in bloom. So trannies like flowers—who knew? “All right, if I’m *not* about to be ravished,” I said at last, “then what *am* I doing here? What’s this all about?”

Dan got to his feet. “It was time,” he said. “After what happened to that poor gal last night, you needed to know that you aren’t alone. These are your people.” He waved his arm at everybody in the room. “You need to spend time here and learn what it *really* means to be a cross-dresser.”

Natalie giggled. “He wants us to show you ropes. Sorry.” She zipped her smile.

Dan picked up his coat. “I better go. Your mom might worry.” He headed for the front door. “I’ll clear it with her for you to stay awhile. It’ll be fine; I’m sure she knew where we were going.” Then he was out the door and gone.

Bree and Tess escorted me downstairs. “The guest room’s all ready,” Bree said.

It was a large bedroom, tastefully furnished with a queen-size bed, a vanity stuffed with makeup, a closet bursting with clothes—and shackles and sex toys. *Oh my.*

“With your permission, of course,” Bree said coyly. “We never force anybody.”

“Welcome to the playroom,” Tess added. “We’ll be gentle.” ■

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SEVERAL DAYS LATER

High-quality lace-front blonde wig

Danny-kins, you're back!

Oh, Daisy? Gee, you just missed her. But I'll bet you'd enjoy meeting Bambi. She's new! Her parents are mean and she needed a safe place to stay.

Know what? She just loves it when we tie her up, and she was just now telling us how she was hoping to be loved in a special way by a big guy who's totally into trannies like her.

I know you're a one-woman dude and all, but hey--she isn't really a woman, right? I'm sure Daisy's mom would understand. Just... this... once.

Oh-oh... this is not good. The ladies turned me into a sexy blonde, which means that Dan won't recognize me until it's too late... if then.

On the other hand... I'll be laying face down on the bed, sooo maybe he doesn't have to know? I could just fake liking whatever he does to me...

Plus, isn't this exactly what the ladies have been training me to do? Hmm. Maybe it's time for this girl to take a walk on the wild side...

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do doo...

Amanda Hawkins

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