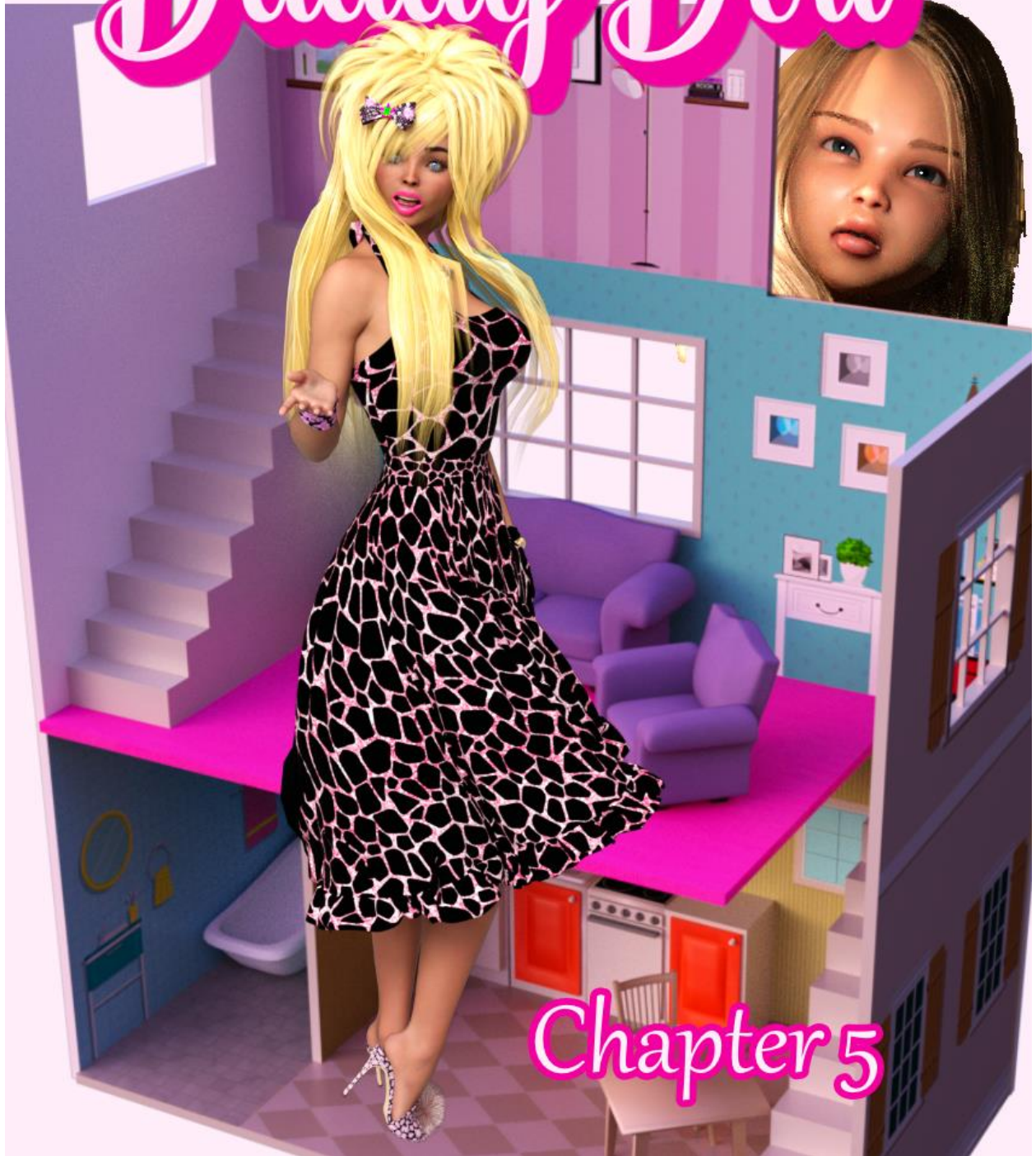


Daddy Doll



Chapter 5

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“Heeeelp!” Daddy screamed as he ran around his dollhouse, waving his little arms as he ran. He looked like a boy making fun of the way girls ran, and it was soooo funny. “Come on babe,” Kyle shouted as he chased Daddy. “Stop playing hard to get and give me a kiss!”

Daddy was wearing Bambi’s Movie Star Loungewear—a short sparkly pink bathrobe with lace trim and, as always, high heels. He had to keep tugging at the front of his robe to keep it closed as he ran. It was so funny.

As he ran up the stairs, Daddy glanced up at me and Lucy. “Please! Make him stop!”

“Kyle is crazy about you, daddy,” I said. “You’re lucky to have such a cute boyfriend.”

“I haaaaate you,” father screamed. It made Lucy and I laugh so hard.

Father reached the top of the stairs, ran out to the balcony and backed up against the railing. His chest was panting, chest heaving as he made those little chirping noises again. Kyle walked toward him, taking big, slow steps like a monster in a monster movie. “Now, now, little Philly, you know you want me to kiss you.”

“I love kissing boys!” Daddy chirped, then covered his mouth with both his little hands, his big, blue eyes going wide.



Lucy whispered something to me. We giggled. Kyle got closer and closer, and Daddy leaned back against the rail as far as he could. “More scared...” I whispered and saw the terror growing in his eyes.

Kyle paused and looked up, as if at the sky. “W—what’s happening?” He growled, his voice growing deeper and gruff. He held up his hand as it became covered with hair, and his face began to transform into the fangy wolf face. He howled at the pretend moon. “I can’t control myself,” he growled. “Run!” Then he lunged at Daddy, who screamed just like a girl in an old movie and then, suddenly, jumped off the balcony.

“Bambi!” I managed to catch him before he hit the ground, and lifted him up, my hand tight around his little waist while he squirmed and then punched my fingers with his tiny little doll hands.

“Let me go!” Put me down!” Daddy squealed.

Lifting Daddy up so he was looking right at me, I frowned and raised an eyebrow. It was the same face he used to make at me when he thought I was being bad, but I was the Daddy now, and he was the little girl.

Daddy’s face froze when he saw me give him “the look.” He lifted his hands, palms out. “I’m sorry,” he said. “Please... I’m... I’m... I’m an emotional girl. I couldn’t help myself.”

“Very good, Bambi,” I said. “You are just a silly little girl now, aren’t you?”

“I’m such a silly little girl,” he said, nodding and nodding.

‘Omigod,’ I said, staring to feel disgusted at him for being suck a dork.

I held Daddy like that as I looked around the room, wondering what to do with my Daddy doll next. I had so many toys, but nothing I wanted to really play with. Even my Daddy Doll was starting to get boring. I dropped him, and he plunked against the floor. Then, I left him there while I went to get a snack and watch something on TV.

“Kill me,” I heard Daddy call out as I left. “Please just kill me.”

Part II

Daddy

I woke up as if someone had thrown cold water in my face, sitting straight up, gasping, my heart pounding. I was immediately aware of my breasts—or, I should say, my lack of breasts. I missed the weight, the way they swayed and settled. I put my hands to my flat, hard chest, patting, confused, and then I reached up and felt my short hair. “I’m me,” I said, pleased to hear my own voice, the deep voice of a man and not the squeaky voice of a little girl. I shook my head. I’d been a doll, a Bambi doll. Now, somehow, I was just me.

The alarm was beeping, and I reached over and turned it off, looking around to see I was in my bedroom. There was a ray of sunlight sneaking between the bedroom curtains, but otherwise the room was lost in murky shadows, just like it usually was this time of year. I checked myself again and saw I was wearing my usual pajamas. I put a hand to my cheek and felt the stiff bristles of my morning shadow. I need to shave. I never thought I would be so happy to need to shave.

My phone was on a small, round table next to my bed where it spent the night charging. “Sandy,” I said. “What’s today’s date?” Sandy responded, but her answer made no sense. She claimed it was the same day as when this had all started, the day my daughter had started turning me into a Bambi. Like, no time had passed. Like it had never happened.

A dream? It must have been a dream. I chuckled. What a crazy dream. Like Sam could somehow have magic powers and turn me into a doll? Yeesh. I’m just feeling guilty about taking her dolls away, I decided. I guess I’ll give them back. I think she learned her lesson.

I jumped in the shower, the hot, steamy water pouring down over my head, waking me up. Then, I grabbed my Bambi Doll Body lotion and lathered it up, enjoying the scent of honey and flowers as I lathered up my body. I smelled great and felt great as I wrapped one towel around my body and another around my head, then padded out to the closet and picked out some clothes to wear—picked out? I wore variations of the same thing every day—blouse, slacks, sports coat. It was a relief to be back to wearing boring old man clothes instead of the crazy ensembles I’d worn in that Bambi nightmare. I slipped a power blue silk blouse off the rack, slipped into a camisole and then pulled my shirt on, once more thanking my lucky stars I was a guy again and didn’t have to worry about dresses and makeup.

Only, when I started to button up my shirt, I struggled. It was like the buttons were backward or something. Weird, but I was excited about my big call coming up with a client and I put it out of my mind. I decided to skip the blazer after all, then spritzed some perfume on my wrists and rubbed them together before dabbing some behind each ear.

Bounding down the stairs, I decided to skip breakfast—I was watching my figure with summer coming up—and headed right into my office. I sat down, reaching back to smooth my skirt as I did so, then chuckling at what I'd done. I was going to have to get used to being a guy again, I thought, as I crossed my legs at the knee and held my hands out in front of me, examining my nails.

Just then, my phone started buzzing. Odd to get a call this early, I thought. I picked up my phone. It was Jill, my new girlfriend, asking for a video session. I better get this, I decided, running my hand through my hair so it wouldn't look too messy. "Hey," I said. "What's up?"

"What's up?" She said. "You called me." Jill looked great, even first thing in the morning with her big, bright green eyes and perfect skin.



"Must have been some kind of—" I felt strange, like I was getting hotter and hotter.

"Some kind of..."

"What's happening to you?" Jill said.

"Nothing, I—" just then, I felt my chest swell, the familiar weight and heft of my Bambi breasts straining against my shirt. "No," I gasped, my mouth failing open as I put a hand to my throat, humiliated that I once again sounded like a little girl. "No."

"Is this some kind of weird filter?" Jill asked, looking

confused. I felt my hair tumble down over my shoulders, felt myself shrinking, getting smaller, saw my face in the little sub-window becoming Bambi's with big eyes, plump lips and a tiny, upturned nose.

"I love being a girl!" I sang out, shrugging my round little shoulders. I was no longer in control and found myself touching up my frost pink lips. "I'm so much prettier than you," I heard myself say. "It makes me want to cry."

Jill shook her head. "What's going on?"

“What’s going on is that I’m a girl, and I’ve always been a girl,” I heard myself say. “Never call me again.”

“I won’t,” Jill said, and the screen went blank.

“Jill!” I squeaked, once more in control. I felt like I’d been punched in the gut. Like my heart had been ripped out of me. I loved Jill. I’d been thinking about asking her to marry me. Now, I was sure, it was all over. My life was over. I heard laughter as I felt myself shrinking back down to doll size. Standing on my office chair in a dress and heels. Sam appeared, towering over me, grinning.

“Hahaha! I can’t believe you fell for that.”

I shook my head. “Why? Why are you doing this to me?”

Sam picked me up and carried me over to the couch. Sitting down, she started to caress my hair. ‘It’s really not my fault,’ she said. “Lucy is making me do it. She whispers these mean ideas in my ear, and I just can’t say no.”

“Lucy?” I said. “Who’s Lucy?”

“You know. My friend, Lucy? She always comes over and we play up in the attic.”

I thought about it, but I didn’t remember any Lucy ever coming over. Sam, actually, did not have very many friends, which had always pained her mother and me. The other kids, for some reason, found her weird and she almost never got invited to any birthday parties. That was one of the reasons she spent so much time with her Bambi dolls, and remembering that, I felt sick that I’d taken them away. I’d forgotten how much they meant to her. How much they were her friends. ‘I don’t remember Lucy,’ I said. “I’ve never met her.”

“You silly goose,” Sam laughed. “She’s sitting right here.” Sam glanced over at the couch cushion next to her. She tilted her head and giggled. “Lucy says you’re an airhead.”

I stared at the empty space on the couch. Looked back at my daughter. There was a gleam in her eyes, a kind of crazy, glassy energy. I began to feel my skin crawl, my hair stood on end, and I wanted to cry not for my situation, but for my poor daughter. “Sam, honey? There’s no one there. There is no Lucy.”

Sam slit her eyes, and then I found myself tumbling through the air, the room spinning around me, and then I slammed into a wall and landed on the floor. “Shut up you lying liar!” Sam screamed as she started to yank at her hair, stomping her feet against the couch cushions. “SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!”

“Sam,” I screamed, trying to be heard over her. “Sam, you have to tell your mother about Lucy. She’ll be able to get you help. She knows about your powers, but not about Lucy.”

Sam stopped screaming and thrashing but stared at me and then started laughing. “Mom doesn’t know about my powers. She doesn’t know anything.”

“She does. I heard you talking and—”

Suddenly, my wife appeared in the room, wagging her finger down at me. “You really are an airhead,” she said. “I can’t believe I was ever married to such a dumb blonde.” Then she faded away.

“Wait?” I said as I started to realize what had happened. “You mean?”

“Mother was never here.” Sam raised an eyebrow. “It was just another game, Daddy. I love playing games.”

I wanted to say more, to try and help Sam understand she needed help, but instead I stood up and curtsied, no longer in control. There is no worse feeling than being turned into your own child’s toy, made to obey her every whim. “How may I serve you, My Queen?” I asked.

“Dance,” Sam said. “Dance, dolly, dance.”

“Yes, my queen.” Plastering a big, happy smile on my face, I started to dance.

The Present Day

I carefully slipped Daddy into a box. He was pleading to me with his eyes, desperate. I knew what he wanted. He'd told me so many times. Turn me back into a boy... let me go... blah... blah... blah... So. Boring. It had gotten to the point he couldn't talk or move on his own



anymore, and his skin was soft plastic just like any other Bambi doll. As I sealed him back into the original box from one of my other Bambi dolls, I wiggled my fingers, and he smiled so pretty. "Bye, bye, Daddy," I mouthed, waving with my hand held low so my mother couldn't see.

"And you're sure you want to do this?" Mother asked as we put Daddy into a bigger, brown box along with his dollhouse, car and my other Bambi dolls.

"Yes," I said, looking at father's face for the last time as Mother closed the box. "I'm all grown up now. It's time for another little girl to have fun playing with Bambi."

"Well," Mother said, "I think that is so generous of you. You're a really sweet girl, Samantha. I'm so proud of you."

“I know,” I said with a smirk.

“You sure you don’t want to come down to the Good People Store with me to drop these off?”

“Nah,” I said. “I have to study. I have a big test tomorrow.”

“Giving gifts, studying without me even having to say anything.” Mom shook her head. “You really are the best daughter ever.” I went and sat down at the kitchen table, opened my Math book and smiled, waved. “Bye, bye, Mom,” I said. “I love you.”

Mom blew me a kiss and left. As soon as I heard her drive off, I went out to the backyard and peeked through the fence. Billy was practicing pitching, throwing balls at a net with a square on it. He wore a blue t-shirt that read Stallions across the chest. He’d been mean to me on the bus the other day. Lucy whispered in my ear.



Billy went to throw a pitch, and suddenly found himself throwing underhand. She shook her head, her long braids swaying. She was now wearing a pink t-shirt that read Ponies and black leggings. I’d given her Bambi’s heart shaped earrings and a bracelet with hearts on it as well. She looked down at herself, then looked up. And screamed.

Bonus



