

My Father's Debts

Inspired by a Captioned Image by Think Pink (<https://www.deviantart.com/think-pink1>)

By Maryanne Peters

Do not think for a minute that my father traded me to pay his debts. My father loves me, and I love him. If I had refused, he would have taken a bullet for me. I don't doubt that. I was just not prepared to let that happen.

"The Red Room" private club was an illegal joint, and nothing short of cash would satisfy them. My father offered to do any work for them, and I offered too. I said that if they wanted a floor show I could do my "Polly Tix" comedy drag routine that I had put on at the college revue. It was not a great act, but I looked good enough.

The manager said that if I was any good, I might buy my father a day or two, so I did my best. What I was not expecting was for Enzo to fall for me.

I guess that he was gay. He knew that I was a guy. It was just that he liked his boys to be girls. He was quite particular about what he wanted.

Once I understood that, I led him on, I guess. I wanted my father to live. I told Enzo that I would do whatever he wanted if he would make sure that my father was not maimed or killed.

"Baby, all I want is you," he said.

That meant he wanted me the girl on stage, to be his girl, 24 hours a day, seven days a week. It could no longer be an act. It had to be full time. No wig - hair extensions; No falsies - breast implants; and hormones to soften my body.



Due to his addiction he has accumulated quite a debt. So much so that he's been banned from every casino in the country. My father is a gambling addict. He'll play anything slots, poker, blackjack, roulette. You name it, he's played it. So with legal gambling no longer an option he turned to illegal gambling. However most of those casinos are run by the mob. As you can imagine he ran up quite a bill with them. The mob likes to be payed. It was decided that I would be the payment the Boss's son was gay and the mob wanted to keep this quiet so they turned me into a trophy wife with something a little extra.

It sounds like a horror story, but I was ready to carry my father's debts. And after a while, that became no burden. As it turns out, life with Enzo is cruisy. He likes the good things in life, and (as I have discovered) so do I. But most of all, he likes me, and he likes being with me. He says that there is no other woman like me, and I have to agree, because (as I like to say) I am not one.

Although with every passing day I am not so sure of that. Because each day as Enzo's girlfriend makes me a little more of a girl. I wonder if it is love. Can it be?

Dad is Enzo's driver these days. That is him stepping out of the Mercedes to admire his beautiful daughter and her handsome man. He is safe now. He knows it and I know it.

I think when it comes to giving me away, he will be a proud man. But I have made it clear to Enzo: If he wants me to say yes, he will have to scrub my father's debts.

The End

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