

Daddy's Bitch

Faye Valentine

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My name is Sara and I am a dog. Or as close to the real deal as any human can possibly get. Some might call what my father did to me abuse, but I see it as the complete opposite end of the spectrum. He loves me with all of his heart and I love him, and no matter what society thinks about such relationships, there is no other man I'd rather spend the rest of my life with than the one that helped bring me into this world.

There are two logical questions at this early point in my story. First: Who in their right mind let's their father turn them into an animal. And second: Where was your mother and why didn't she do anything to prevent it. I'll answer the second question first. My mother was, to put it mildly, a whore. I can't even begin to count the number of men she brought home while daddy was away working his ass off to put food on our table and a roof over our head.

This went on for years until one day he came home to see her in bed with not one, not two, but five men at the same time. Luckily I wasn't home to see the fallout, but from what I've been told and what I saw first-hand during the divorce it was not pretty. Knowing that if I lived with her she would eventually drag me into her hedonistic world, I opted to live with my father, if only to preserve my virginity for the man I loved.

As for the first question you may have asked yourself: who in their right mind lets their father turn them into an animal, well, that has a much longer and more complicated answer that I will try to give as accurately and truthfully as possible in the story ahead.

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Waking at seven as I had every day since I was five, I rolled out of bed and ambled into the adjoining bathroom – feet shuffling and the urgent need to empty my bladder causing me to groan. Just like clockwork, by the time I finished using the bathroom and taking a quick shower I could smell waffles and bacon cooking and fresh coffee brewing. Following the mouth-watering aromas to the kitchen, I greeted my father as I took a seat at the table. Sipping at the glass of orange juice already waiting for me, I looked up at him with a sheepish grin. “So, have anything planned today?”

“Nothing special,” he said about as nonchalantly as a bull in a china chop. Thought I'd made use of the weather and get some yard work done and I could really use your help if you're not too busy.”

“Um, no thanks. I'd rather pull my teeth out thank you very much.”

“Oh come on. It won't kill you to help your poor elderly father out just this once.”

“Elderly my ass,” I laughed. At thirty-seven he was far from old and a life living on a farm out in the middle of bum-fuck nowhere where he had to do all the heavy lifting himself gave him a body most men spent hours a day at the gym never to obtain. “If you'd hire someone to help take care of the place you wouldn't have to do it all on your own,” I said for the millionth time in the last year alone. “One of these days you'll listen to me and you'll be able to sit back and relax while others do the work for you. Work smarter, not harder.”

“The day I let someone else do my work for me is the day I lay down to die. Now really, I need your help today young lady.”

“But it's my birthday. I never do anything on my birthday.”

“That's right, it is your birthday. You're eighteen years old today and it's high time you learn some responsibilities. As soon as we're done eating breakfast I want you outside ready to get your hands dirty.”

My day suddenly looking bleak, I took another sip of orange juice and half-heartedly chewed down a strip of bacon – not even its divine deliciousness enough to cheer me up. “So, no cake? No party? Nothing? All I get for my eighteenth is a day working the fields?”

“Work first, play later,” my dad said – his normal joviality deciding to sleep in. “I’m serious. If you’re not out there helping me today you can forget about having a birthday party at all.”

“What the fuck, dad? I don’t know what crawled up your ass and turned sideways, but you need to go shit it out and relax!”

“And you need to get your ass outside right now!” He said, scooting his chair back and getting up after barely eating anything.”

“But I’m not...” the look he shot me was unlike any I have seen before and in that one silent glare I knew I had gone several steps too far in voicing my hatred of all things yard work. Dropping my shoulders, I got up and followed, making sure to remain out of arms reach. Not that he had ever laid a finger on me, but today seemed to be a day of firsts and I could no longer discount the possibility that he would strike me if I continued pushing his buttons.

Stepping out onto the back deck overlooking the back eighty, my eyes were immediately drawn to a large kennel that definitely was not there when I went to bed last night. And off to my right, sitting on the table were two collars, two leashes and two sets of food and water bowls. Confused, as we did not have dogs, I turned to my father who stood there with a shit-eating grin plaster on his face. “Um, why is there a kennel? Why are there dog supplies here? We don’t have dogs.”

“Surprise sweetie! I’ve finally decided to get you the dog you’ve always wanted. Happy birthday!”

“REALLY!? Oh god! You being all grouchy and demanding I do yard work was your way of getting me out here wasn’t it? I am so, so sorry I went off like I did, daddy. But why are their two sets of everything if you’re only getting one dog?”

“Who said I was only getting one? Thor will be here in a few hours and I’ll be getting his mate in the morning. Do you think you can handle the responsibility?”

“I’m not a little girl anymore, daddy. I can take care of a dog. What breed is he? Please tell me he’s not one of those yappy little ones that never shut up.”

“No, he’s a two year old Doberman. He’s already house broken and all that, but it’ll be your job to walk him every day and if he messes in the yard guess who’s cleaning it up? Now, before I go make the call to have him delivered are you absolutely certain you still want a dog?”

“More than anything in the world. Thank you so much daddy. But I have to ask. Why? Don’t get me wrong, I’m thrilled to death to finally have a pet of my own, but why now and not ten years ago?”

“Because you weren’t old enough to take care of it and I didn’t have the time. The couple we’re getting him from assures me he’s highly trained and knows all sorts of tricks, so all you really have to do is keep him fed, watered, walked and company. Anyways, why don’t you go ahead and put the dishes out in the kennel and then we can go shopping for food, toys and maybe get one of those huge doggy beds for him.”

As far as birthdays were considered, this one was up there amongst the best despite the rocky start. I forgave my father for tricking me and he forgave me for blowing up at him and things went right back to normal as if none of it had ever happened. When Brian and Heather dropped Thor off that afternoon it was love at first sight. As far as dogs go he was a beautiful specimen and one of the largest Dobermans I had ever laid eyes on. Seeing me, he ran over and

immediately started sniffing me all over. And in seconds he was licking my face as we rolled around the yard like two little kids at play. But I had to show my father I was capable of taking care of him and so, reluctantly, I stopped playing and put the collar and leash on him. As I walked him around the yard, talking to him as if he were my child, I showed him where he could use the bathroom and where he shouldn't – not that he would get it in one go, but I figured it was better to point these things out early to avoid searching a hundred acres for dog shit.

Both of us full of energy, I picked up the pace and started jogging around the yard with him hot on my heels. Not watching where I was going, I tripped on a fallen branch and face-planted in the grass. As I was getting up onto my hands and knees he bounced on me, knocking me down again. Had I known then what his intentions were I would have been mortified, but innocent, eighteen year old virgin me thought nothing more of it than him wanting to play and so that's exactly what we did for another fifteen minutes.

Later that night I had my friends and family over for my birthday party and they all got a chance to meet Thor and spend some time playing with him, but as the evening wore on and the party was well ended I was actually a little sad to see him locked all alone in the kennel even if it was big enough to house half a dozen dogs comfortably. "What if it rains? I asked my father all the while looking up at the clearest night sky for a hundred miles.

"He'll be fine. There's actually a roof I can put on the kennel that'll help keep out the rain and sides when the weather turns cold. It'll be like a giant doghouse. But for now the weather is going to be hot and clear so there's no rush in getting it done. Now go to bed or you'll never get up to take him for his morning walk."

"Night daddy. And thank you once again for the best birthday present ever." And I meant it. Sure, friends and other family members gave me cash, a few pieces of jewelry – including nipple rings from my best friend Zoe who also happened to have a very open-minded, free-spirited attitude. She worked as a piercer and I knew this was her way of telling me I should finally get them done, but I was far too afraid of the pain despite her telling me it was nothing more than a pinch.

Looking out the window at Thor as he lay on the big bed I picked out for him, I smiled, knowing my father was right about him being okay. Giving my father a hug and a kiss on the cheek, I went to my bedroom and downed the pills I took every night to sleep, crawled under the covers and was out in minutes. I didn't used to take pills to sleep, but ever since the divorce I started having terrible nightmares and now they're the only thing that puts me out long enough to get a halfway decent night's rest.