

It had been five years since that phone call came, five years since I bailed out Gabbi and had my family's lawyers dismiss the charges. She didn't have the money to pay for her treatment, and had no place to go besides the home of her new boyfriend.

It had been a *good* five years.

"Gabbi!" I shouted, standing in the foyer as I looked up the stairs. My tone was enough to tell her that I wouldn't shout again, and that further impatience would result in more than words. I could hear her quickening her pace upstairs, scurrying about until she finally reached the top of the staircase.

There she was, my perfection, my prize and my pride. Her long black hair extended to her butt and had been expertly curled to frame her face and body. And what a body it was. Her days now consisted solely of salon and spa treatments, sessions with a personal trainer and waiting for me to get home. Her lips were a deep red, matching her cartoonishly long nails as which she always wore. Her hands were practically useless with them and so she constantly had to ask for the butler or me to do things for her. It's been so long since they were a practical length that I sometimes wondered if she'd still know how to write or use her hands in general if I let her go without them. Not that I was ever going to give that permission.

Her bare arms were smooth as could be, as was the rest of her below the lashes. A full body electrolysis treatment had made sure that she never grew hair there again, and a followup (and totally redundant) series laser treatments made sure that not even one strand of body hair ever grew on her again. I'd only needed to pick one of the treatments to do, and it must have been unspeakably painful, but she had only ever thanked me for them.

She thanked me for anything that made me happy. That was her role in life, after all, her sole purpose. It would be mundane to describe how I accomplished that after describing how I turned a boy into a girl, because any dumb brute can turn his girlfriend into a cowed and obedient victim if she has no place left to go. It was an utterly pedestrian matter to mold her once she was solely mine, trapped in my mansion.

But I couldn't argue with the results.

Her cleavage, always expertly presented, was currently testing the limits of her low cut dress and push up bra and was standing entirely too close to the edge of a nip slip. She was almost always required to show cleavage unless I gave express permission that she may wear an outfit which wouldn't, though that rarely came to pass. She knew better than to deny me what I liked to see. She liked to make herself a spectacle for me, eye candy for her Daddy to stare at.

I deserved it, after all.

Her chest formed the top of her hourglass figure, with her thin waist creating the middle. I had started her off with corset training as soon as she'd grown complacent and obedient enough, testing the limits of her internal organs and rib cage until I finally realized my vision of her in that regard just wasn't feasible.

So I had her two lower ribs removed.

After that, her figure was just as I'd imagined it, cinched and snatched in the middle, before flaring out into the bottom of the hourglass below.

And what a bottom it was! It was a lovely, plump, upside-down heart, consisting of two jiggling cheeks which would mesmerize you as she walked away. For such a petite girl, such proportions were pushing up against the walls of impossibility, or

perhaps even an absurd ridiculousness. They pushed up against it, but managed to stay well within the bounds of attraction and beauty.

Her long legs led down to the 8 inch stiletto pumps which were as much a permanent fixture in her life as her own breathing. I'd locked her into heels as soon as corset training began, and she hadn't walked in flats since. I was pretty sure she wouldn't even be able to manage them now, and would crumble to the floor if she tried to stand heelless on her routine-stricken feet. No matter. I liked her best in heels.

She stood there, smiling that permanent smile that's reserved for beauty pageant girls and women deeply affected by Stockholm Syndrome. Her perfect white teeth glistened almost as much as her lips, which were specked with the same Christmas-time sparkles as her red nails. She didn't wear glasses anymore, or even contacts now. I'd "lost" them long ago, comforting her with the fact that she only needed them when she wanted to read, and she didn't need to read ever again. And so she hadn't for all these years, spending her days with reality tv and the other programs I allowed her.

The almost skintight green dress looked amazing on her as she made her way down the steps, her chest nearly bouncing out of it with almost every stair. It was so short that she was in just as much danger of a wardrobe malfunction down below, but she was used to that by now. The only clothes she wore now were along similar lines. "I want a trophy wife" I told her, and she'd agreed. Like I said, the choice to call me and become my girl was the last real choice she ever made. After that, she became nothing more than my toy.

I leaned down and kissed her, still feeling like the king of reality every time I did. Each kiss was an assertion of my cunning and power. Each touch was a confirmation that I had made my own being, one to totally serve me, even in her most passive state.

“I’m so sorry I made you wait, Daddy” she whispered in her high pitched whine. Several vocal surgeries had left her totally unable to create a pitch in the male vocal range, and her average word now sounded as if she had inhaled helium. It was cute. Adorable.

“It’s alright. I know how long you take to get ready.”

She minced over to our living room, each pitter and patter in the rhythm of her footsteps making her chest bounce up and down.

“Our guest is late, so sit” I ordered her, watching as she laid across the couch in a truly alluring pose. She knew that, unless she was in a chair that didn’t permit it, she was supposed to be on her side in that ‘come-hither’ position when told her to sit. She held it well, watching as I made sure the spread the butler laid out was sufficient. Gabbi didn’t cook, or do much of anything besides please me. Still, that was more than enough.

“How was Daddy’s day at work?”

“Same old. How was my mother’s visit?”

“Good. She said she *adored* my new nails” she replied in her ditzy little tone. My actual parents had passed since this endeavor began, though the fakes still came in occasionally. In a way they were closer to me than the originals, and certainly much closer to Gabbi. She often confided in my fake mother, even once telling her that she wasn’t sure she belonged as my girlfriend. As soon as her doubts were reported back to

me, I solved them by dosing her with another cocktail of paranoid, fear-inducing drugs and having “Top D” try to break in. She would have been terrified beyond belief by the sound of branches against her window on that regime, but to have him arrive to pull her back to motel life...

I comforted her. I took care of it. I reminded her sufficiently what it was like for her on the streets, and how nothing bad would ever happen as long as I was there to protect her. She never whispered about leaving again.

“Did you show her everything the salon did?” I chuckled. She had a regular routine of anal bleaching, cleaning and other regiments in order to make sure she was always ready for me. I had to find a special salon in order to meet those needs and in order to keep quiet about the *other things* they might find while servicing down below.

“Daddy...” she giggled.

I looked over at the purring, incapable, posing thing on my couch and saw the perfect decor, the ideal decoration, something that every house ought to have.

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“That’ll be her” I smiled, heading over to the door. Every man at my firm knew Gabbi, and I’d imagine every young man in the neighborhood knew the smokeshow that sunbathed topless in our back yard. But there were few people who I allowed Gabbi to really meet with outside of cursory pleasantries. Beyond the socialization required for my work, she needed to know that our house was her world. The doors and fences were its borders. She was my property, and belonged on my property.

But for old friends, I occasionally let the outside world in.

“Kelli!” I said, hugging her as she walked in. She was dressed smart in a rather modern and stylish pantsuit, as if she’d just come from her office.

Gabbi followed behind me, looking like the absolute contrast of Kelli as she approached her. Brain and bimbo. Respectable and ridiculous. A modern, self sufficient woman and a toy for a man.

I loved it.

“Gabs!” she said, giving the sissy a big hug. “I love your dress! I wish I was brave enough to wear something like that” she said as I led them both to the dining area. I had been careful to keep Kelli out of our lives until I was sure that Gabbi was thoroughly mine, with no lingering hopes or dreams of ever being a man again. Once I was sure that was the case, I began inviting her over for dinner, if only to test whether there were any feelings or reactions on Gabbi’s part. There were none, of course. She had been totally and completely broken.

“And those shoes! I swear, you’re making every real girl look like they’re slacking.”

“Real girl? Gabbi is as real a girl as any” I chuckled as we took our seats.

“If she was, you would have gotten her pregnant a thousand times by now” winked Kelli.

I was enjoying my steak as Kelli began to nibble on hers, and while Gabbi drank her shake and ate her salad. I made sure she only ever got enough calories to keep her rear plump and her chest heaving, but she knew better than to complain. Besides, I

filled her guts with so much protein every night that it was a wonder that she could ever be so weak.

She cleared her plate and drank her entire shake, turning to me as her stomach growled. “Daddy, may I please have dessert?”

I looked her over and nodded, spreading my legs as she got down and crawled under the table. Blowjob training had been easy enough to suggest, with the offhanded remark that all my girlfriends had been incredibly skilled, and that I considered it a vital thing for a woman to do.

The sounds of her undoing my belt and pulling down my pants came loudly from underneath the table.

Kelli and I discussed business, finance and other adult, complex topics as the sound of smacking lips, gurgling saliva and lapping licks sounded out from under us. It hadn't been particularly difficult to convince Gabbi that doing such things in front of Kelli was acceptable. I'd only had to remind her that she had seen all her Onlyfans videos, and that it would greatly please me if she did. There was a tacit addition to that sentiment: that it would disappoint me if she didn't.

By now, she blew me just as easily with Kelli in the room as she would have if we were alone.

But finally, Kelli looked to her watch, and stood up from her seat.

“Gabbi...” I intoned, and the sounds of sucking ceased. I waited until I was soft enough to get my pants back on and then stood up, pulling the wet, slobber and sperm covered face from beneath the table cloth.

“Sorry I can’t stay to see the end” she winked. “But I’m actually meeting a guy. He’s...oh my gosh, he’s such a dream. Muscular. Tall. Well endowed. I used to think that wasn’t my type but...let’s face it. That’s a *real man*.”

“I’m sure Gabbi agrees” I said, putting my arm around her.

“Yes...” she said in her small voice, as we all went back to the foyer.

“Gabbi, go get ready for Daddy. Say goodbye to Kelli first, but I have a word to give her in private. Business confidential” I told her, as if she was even capable of leaking trade secrets. But she hugged Kelli and said goodbye, mincing back up the steps as our gazes followed her.

“She really does make me jealous sometimes” muttered Kelli. “I mean, if you knew literally anything about her, you wouldn’t be, but just looking at her-”

“She’s not bound by the pressures or considerations of being an actual human being. It frees up a lot of time and mind to focus on being the perfect vision” I explained.

“You know I’m not actually meeting up with a hunk, right?” she whispered.

“I figured you were just rubbing it in. Why are you leaving then?”

“Well...” she grinned. “Back home, in my city...I have a project of my own. Nowhere near as far along as Gabbi but...you inspired me, I think. I told you I wasn’t into it but seeing what you did to her, that kind of power...”

“Well, please keep me updated. You always do good work” I grinned.

With that we shook hands and she took her leave. I headed upstairs to find the door ajar, an enticing gesture from a desperate little sissy. To think, I had once seen her within the confines of a useless boy. I wondered if anyone, even if they were as deranged and strange as me, could look at her now and see a boy within. I doubt it.

Cognitive behavioral therapy, drugs, manipulation, gaslighting, years and years and years of routine and acceptance...

They were Gabbi, now and forever. Their name had been legally changed. They had signed away everything from power of attorney to their very human rights. Technically they were in a conservatorship to me, though they had never read the papers when she signed them. Their parents were also dead in some fluke car crash, two years ago. I hadn't told them, of course. They were George's parents, not hers. Not really. There was no connection with their old life. They had no bank accounts, no ID, nothing but me to prove to the world that they existed outside this bedroom.

And this bedroom was the place where they most existed.

I opened the door to find them bent over, shaking their butt at me in a red babydoll. Their panties were off, revealing their eager hole as the cheeks jiggled around it. I had them do kegels as part of their mostly squat based exercise routine, making sure they stayed virgin-tight despite the nightly abuse I gave them.

And lastly, my masterpiece.

Their thing (it would be wrong to even call it a penis) was so atrophied, soft and useless that I could have just ignored it. Instead, and because I liked her in bikini bottoms, I had a surgeon empty out her dead balls, and then dealt with the desired flatness that the penis required. Piercing two lines between her legs, I installed rings on one side and hooks on another. I made sure to stretch them until I had enough skin ready on either side. Then, I folded her penis down between them, attached the hooks to the rings and left it trapped between the skin which the piercings had brought together. The rings held the skin over her penis and empty balls, totally obscuring them

and keeping it flat enough between her legs that she could wear yoga pants without stares.

If that sounds complex, it was actually rather simple. The hard part was soldering the rings together without getting anything on her.

So there she was. The perfect hips. The perfect breasts. The perfect ass. The perfect flatness, nothing but skin between her legs, a line of metal keeping her faux lips together and the last vestige of her masculinity hidden beneath.

“It was nice of Kelli to come over” I said, walking over and giving her a big **SMACK.**

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Now...what does Gabbi say?”

I pulled down my pants and positioned my member between her cheeks, right at the entrance of her hole. She’d lubed it up in anticipation, and seemed more than ready to get some relief.

“Daddy, may I please get fucked?” she asked, batting her eyelashes.

I leaned forward, and parted her resistant flesh with the slow push of my indomitable manhood. She let out a low coo, which became a loud moan, but I was hardly thinking of it.

It wasn’t that Gabbi wasn’t perfect, or that her anus wasn’t a paradise of my own design. But the hottest thing wasn’t that. The hottest thing was thinking of the vision I’d first had, all those years ago. I had found that young man before me, but he was not what I saw. What I saw was my ideal thing, the type of possession that a man spends his whole life pursuing. Some men conquer land or careers. Some invent or discover.

But this had been my purpose in life, to mold the perfect sissy. I closed my eyes and remembered that vision and then opened them to see her before bent me. There was no difference between them, not even the slightest imperfection.

Her chest swung forward and back with every thrust. Her hips rippled forward with the force of them. Her cries came loud, high and desperate, like she had been made for this.

She had.

Two decades of life, leading to this. Every dream, thought, plan and fantasy they had: all leading them to me so that I could cast them aside.

I heard a story once, about a Roman Emperor and a young man who bore a striking resemblance to his late wife. He saw him in the crowd one day and was immediately struck by their beauty, and by a vision of what he could turn them into. It's an old story, the type of thing you wouldn't expect a jock like me to know. But that's my secret. I may be tall, strong and athletic, but I am as cunning as a man could be, and I relish the advantage of people thinking I'm just another handsome dolt. So yes, I know that old story of that mad emperor.

In fact, I think I outdid him.

The secret isn't molding the flesh. The secret is molding the mind, heart and soul. The secret is making someone into something they'd never imagine becoming, to create a life for someone that they would reject in horror, but to recreate them at the same pace, so that they welcome all that should terrify them.

With a grunt, I coated Gabbi's inside with another layer of my seed. She didn't finish, but that hardly mattered. Next time, she ought to back up into me if that's what

she wants. But despite the lack of relief, she curled up as I pulled out of her. I wrapped my arms around, spooning my property as I thought what George would think of this. He would see his current life with abject dread. He would see their current body as an alien thing, that they could never survive inside of. He would have rather died than become someone's girl, taking it in the ass every night while the woman he loves compliments their prettiness.

And in a way, he did die before that came to pass.

I killed them.

All that remained was Gabbi.