

Chapter 14

Gabbi checked into the cheapest motel in town in hopes that its rates wouldn't cut into her financial progress. It was entirely predictable for someone who had always undervalued themselves and almost always resigned themselves to whatever treatment they could get. It was important for her to reject us though, important for her to insist she would be better off without us. She had to see how badly she needed our 'help' by seeing the contrast of her life without me.

I didn't witness anything that happened during her stay there, but I can tell you with great certainty what transpired.

She took her place in her grubby little room and tried her best to set up her cameras, wanting to focus on the money as soon as possible. She had about a week left to come up with the money, and needed only a few days more of income to do it. Still, she was overeager when it came to her fate, as anyone ought to be. She took some selfies, shot a video of her twerking and finally gave up on more content. She had no schoolwork, no purpose, nothing to occupy her time with but waiting. She sent Kelli a request to make her the sole manager of the Onlyfans at this point, knowing that she couldn't really keep up her output if Kelli was the admin. Kelli let that wait, knowing that she had to do that at just the opportune moment.

As I paced around my apartment, Kelli sent me a text reminding me to tell her when that moment came. We were in the endgame now, and every move mattered as we approached checkmate.

Finally, as night fell, a knock on the door must have startled her in bed. She got up and answered it to reveal a woman in her twenties, wearing a bikini top and jean shorts as she looked the sissy over.

“You new here?”

“I...yes?”

“Who’s your Daddy?”

“My *Daddy*?”

“A girl like you ought to have a Daddy is she’s working out of a hotel.”

“Oh, I’m not...”

“Not what?”

Gabbi would have realized what kind of woman she was talking to by now, and would no doubt be uncomfortable.

“Do a lot of girls like you work out of here?”

“Yes. And you better be careful because if my Daddy finds out a girl is working here without a pimp-”

“I’m not a hooker!”

“Well, whatever you call it...” muttered the woman, looking to the equipment, clothes and toys littered around from the filming session. “Be careful out here. One girl to another. Someone like you, alone...just be careful.”

She’d leave it at that, walking back to her own room and letting Gabbi feel as shaken as that news would make her. It truly was a bad neighborhood, the kind where you couldn’t write off the odd noise as nothing, and instead used them as reminders to use the deadbolt.

Still, it was cheaper, and she was so close to having enough cash to spend her days in the clinic.

The next night, Kelli sent her a text.

“In class. Will reset admin when I’m back. Don’t text me again until you’re George.”

I was keeping tabs on them, but I would have loved a camera to see their crestfallen expression. They went out to get some things that day and came back to a rather large, intimidating presence at their door.

“You’re that trans gal from the college” he said, his deep voice enough to make anyone back off. I could only imagine how a tiny little trans girl might react.

“I...that’s my door...”

“I’m Top D. My girl was telling me you was here. You’re not working, are you?”

“Working? No, I’m-”

“Because this is my hotel. The owner and I have an understanding. We could have an understanding too, if you’d like...”

He reached out and brushed back some of her black hair.

She backed up further.

“No, I just-”

“You think I’ve never seen a girl like you before? You show up here, think it’s just for a bit? You think you have a way out, money coming in, or that you’re too good for this? But this motel is quicksand. This life you’re in right now, it only goes one way. I’ve seen it a million times. Might be easier you just accept that you don’t have a lot of other choices.”

Gabbi whimpered.

“Just...think about it. However many options you think you have, it's less than that.”

He walked off, taking glances back at her that would no doubt make her skin crawl. She stayed in the room all day after that, waiting for Kelli to send the request so she could upload her pictures. That request would also reveal the payout ratio, and the fact that majority of her money was going to Kelli's bank and not hers. But there was a way to deal with that. I just had to time it right.

I hadn't been sure how long I'd wanted to let her stew when I'd first conceptualized this part of my plan, but by now, I was sure she was plenty scared. She was weak, small and feminine in a place that would have even scared a grown man. Her whole world had been pulled out from under her so many times it would seem as though there was no place to stand. She still had my shakes for the week, saved up in a big thermos for her to drink until she needed a new batch, and I'd made sure that my concoction for these events had been made rather special.

Drugs meant to increase paranoia.

Narcotics to heighten fear.

A whole collection of chemicals, medicines and whatever else I could find to make her feel like she was in a walking nightmare, even without the actual threats of this place.

She must have been scaling the walls, crawling in her own skin and utterly horrified by even the sound of the wind against her door. I wanted this all to traumatize her, to leave a scar in her psyche over the place where her sense of self had once

been. I wanted to show her what happened when she was alone, making her own choices. It was torture. It was a psychological atrocity being committed on her brain by her biochemistry. It would amplified bad into worse or twisted even the most pleasant experiences into abject terror.

That's why her door came down.

Three men in ski masks charged her bed, grabbed her and shoved cloth in her mouth. She tried to scream but they were too fast, and no would have cared. One held her down, caressing her face as the others bagged her things. Her laptop, her phone, her cameras: everything she had worth taking was put into bags as she finally got the Onlyfans notification which told her that Kelli had granted access to the account. But right now, she didn't even have access to motion. She was pinned down, feeling this man's stinking breath on her face. The others scurried about her space, one making a show of getting on her phone and getting into her apps.

Her banking app. The Onlyfans website. Everything that held value was his now and as his friend held her down, roughly gripping her soft skin, he stole all of it. All the money she's saved up was transferred. All her accounts were stolen. Everything she'd worked so hard for was ripped for her as the third man loaded her equipment into his van, and as the one holding her phone scoffed.

"I told you this would be a score."

He walked off with her phone as the man holding her finally let go and as her sobbing finally caused her gag to become waterlogged with tears. They ran off and into their van, pulling away as she ran after them in nothing but her torn nightie. She tried to follow them, tried to call after them, but it was no use.

As she reached the end of the block, sirens finally flashed on her face. She ran towards them, blubbering about men holding her down, about thieves and about anything that came to mind.

But instead of helping her, they slapped cuffs on her wrists.

They knew that this was a common hotel for hookers and johns, and had gotten an anonymous tip about one of the girls running out after a man who'd stolen from her. She was a hooker in their eyes, and was put in the backseat as one went to question the motel manager. The other stayed in the front seat, totally unmoved by her wailing, incomprehensible pleas.

TAP

TAP

TAP

"Hey" said Top D through the glass. "When you get out, you can work for me. It'll be the only job you can get after this..."

She stared at him in horror as the other cop came back and got into the car, driving her off to holding.

The next morning, I went to the motel to pay off "Top D," who spoke in a much more formal and flamboyant way while out of character. But he'd done the job, and had taken to the lie that my girl had a complex roleplay kink that had to do with degradation and hooker fantasies. I even managed to convince him that the cops were actors as well, although they were anything but.

The robbers had been friends of mine, and about half the sounds of gunshots and terror in the neighborhood had been from the rooms on either side of Gabbi, where I was playing them from speakers. Even the first hooker had been set up by me, though she was actually in that line of work. I'm sure she was glad to get paid for something different for a change.

I didn't just visit to pay them though. I visited to hear firsthand every expression, every word, every moment of this incredible operation. And then, thoroughly satisfied with my position as master of the universe, I finally got the call.

"Tommy?"

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I want to live with you. I need you. I can't..." she sobbed. I knew the two alternatives were male prison in their new femme body or a lifetime as a hooker, but she needed to be the one to ask. It had to be their choice, in whatever twisted way they were led to it.

"Gabbi? What are you asking?"

I waited with baited breath as she made the last decision in her entire life.

"I want to live with you. I want to be your girlfriend."