

## Chapter 12

That night on the dildo opened up a world of possibilities for Gabbi. I'm sure that the fake doctor texting her, constantly prodding and reminding her of the deadline was a factor, but I'd like to think that she just became more flexible towards demands that night. She started taking more requests, doing more videos and throwing herself even harder into her Onlyfans. Kelli had to amend the direct deposit ratio to make sure that she didn't grow too fast, since she would have made all the money by now if she'd been getting 100% of it. Still, she made sure that Gabbi saw some growth. Accepting demands was good for business. Riding dildos on cameras was good for business.

I was so close now that I felt like I could reach out and touch it.

Finally, after seeing how comfortable she'd gotten with plugs and shafts inside of her, I went in for the kill. Gabbi got a text from the doctor, saying that the experimental trial was getting more applications than expected, and that unless she came up with the money soon, she'd have to wait until the treatment was approved to get it. According to her, that could take years.

At the same time, Kelli stopped sharing requests with her. She claimed that they were drying up after Gabbi answered so many, even if that was the opposite of the truth. Gabbi needed to make money faster than ever and she had less opportunities than ever before.

With that doubt, fear and confusion paining Gabbi, one request finally did come in. It wouldn't get her there right away, but it was more than she'd ever been offered by

a fan. It was enough money to let her breathe again. Without this request, all hope would have been lost.

“I want you to get fucked by a dude on camera.”

The sight of the dollar figure was such good news that it took a few seconds for the bright look to fade from her face when she looked down and saw what it was for. Getting railed by a guy on camera...

“Kelli...I’m not gay!” she indignantly exclaimed.

“I know that. And I’m not into bouncers, but I pretend to be if it gets me into the bar” she countered. “Besides...Gabbi, honey. We have thin walls. I can hear you riding.”

The bashful sissy looked down.

“I know it’s all you can do while your little friend is out of commission. But it’ll always be out of commission unless you get serious. And think of it this way: if hooking up with a guy makes it so you can hookup with me, isn’t that the least gay thing in the world?” she asked, putting hand on Gabbi’s shoulder.

As if to put some emphatic punctuation to her point, she leaned in and gave her a kiss.

“Kelli...” blushed Gabbi.

“That your first kiss? There’s plenty more to come. But I won’t wait for you if you’re not serious. So. Are you?”

Gabbi thought for a moment and then shook her head. “I don’t even know how we’d get a guy for this!”

“Oh, is that all? I can find one. I can find more than one, if you’re into that sort of thing” teased Kelli. “Just leave that part to me. All you have to do is tell me whether we agree to this money.”

Gabbi once more looked to the offer and let out a sigh. “We really need that money, don’t we?”

We. As if they and Kelli could ever actually be a we. Sometimes I almost felt bad for gullible George.

Sometimes.

Almost.

Gabbi nodded and set the next part of my plan in motion. Kelli only got more affectionate after that, kissing her on the cheeks, hugging her and doing everything she could to play up her faux love for them. Meanwhile, Gabbi looked up all the ways to properly go about anal, making sure she was ready for whenever her mystery man arrived. I think she was just as scared of offending him as she was of her own discomfort, because she knew how vulnerable she was. She was a weak, tiny thing now, something to be gawked at, taken, used and then tossed aside. Simply put: it would be so easy for a real man to get annoyed at her and decide that he could take it out however he wanted.

That morning, Kelli took her to the salon for one final bit of prep. Red acrylics looked good wrapped around a penis and while Gabbi insisted they do nothing but the anal, you could never be too safe. Still, her freshly done hair, freshly waxed body and impeccable dolled up visage would certainly add to the production value.

Gabbi spent the rest of the day nervously asking questions which she had asked a million times before while Kelli impatiently answered.

“No, the guy won’t tell anyone.”

“Yes, I’m sure he won’t transmit anything.”

“Yes, I trust him. We have nothing to worry about.”

Finally, as shoot time neared, it became apparent that no questions would quell the true turmoil within her. She was about to be taken by a man. That wasn’t something you could undo. And for someone who hadn’t even lost their male virginity, that was a whole existential crisis. But you’d be surprised by the amount of existential crises solved by nothing more than the thought of the money. Love is also a good way to ignore them, and when you put both those together in the form of payment and Kelli, it became clear that they were going to go through with this.

They were kneeling in their bed, leaning forward on their arms and wearing their red lingerie. The way it complemented their lips and nails was certainly something to see, but it seemed a shame that a body like hers be wearing anything at all. Their butt had only grown more phat, shapely yet jutting out in a way that not even loose clothing could hide. Her breasts formed a full and lovely cleavage that was just on the verge of seeming too big for their petite frame.

The door creaked open in the living room, and the heavy steps of her soon-to-be deflower walked across the hardwood. I watched her react to all of it on my phone, turning off the feed only as I arrived at her door.

I’m sure it wasn’t hard for you to guess who the trusted friend that Kelli found was.

“Tommy!” she squeaked, sitting up and pulling a sheet over herself.

I was wearing a wife beater that excellently showed off my muscles, and a pair of tight jeans that excellently showed off something else. I tried my best to look awkward, but my winning smile would make even the most embarrassed expression look cute.

“I guess Kelli didn’t tell you?”

“Kelli...” she said, looking outside where Kelli was waiting. Her roommate gave a wave and then closed the door behind us.

“Guess she wanted us to have some privacy. But you shouldn’t look so shy. I’m happy to help.”

“Help?!”

“Kelli swore me to secrecy but she explained...she explained you need help. And I’m your friend and hers, so here I am.”

“This- this isn’t help! This is-”

“Awkward? Embarrassing? Way beyond friendship? Yeah, you’re right. But who else can you ask?”

She didn’t say anything, because there wasn’t another option.

“Listen. We do this and we forget it ever happened. Then you go back to being George. Strong, masculine George, with Kelli for a girlfriend. If anyone ever found out, they wouldn’t even believe it. All they’ll see is a popular guy with a popular girl, that no one could imagine as a girl.”

“I...I can’t-”

I walked over and cupped her chin with my hand.

“Do you love Kelli?”

She felt so warm, so feverish, vibrating with nervous energy. “Yes...”

“Does Kelli deserve to be in love with someone that’s stuck like this?”

She shamefully looked down at her body in its lacy lingerie. “No...”

“Then don’t you have to do whatever it takes to get back? To be the man she deserves? Because she loves you. And you’re letting her down.”

She whimpered, looking like she might cry. It was a lot to put on someone, but I knew she needed it to power through.

A well timed text from the doctor buzzed on her phone, and she glanced over at the notification to see “Any updates on payment?” on a banner across her lockscreen.

“You...you can’t tell anyone. *Ever*” she begged me.

“Not a soul” I promised.

“And we never speak on it again. *Ever.*”

“This never happened.”

With that I walked over to the camera, making sure the whole setup was ready. She slowly lowered her covers and looked to me as if I was some monster about to suck her blood. If only she knew how right that was.

“Are you ready?”

“No. But my whole life depends on this” she whimpered.

I hit record and walked up behind her.

**SMACK**

She yelped as I left a red handprint on her buttcheek which rivaled the deep vibrancy of her lips and nails. I didn’t want to get my voice on video, but I knew there

was still a lot to do to set the tone of the video. Just taking her right away would be no build, no fun. So I reached forward and grabbed her red thong.

***RIPPPPPP***

She gasped as I tore her underwear off, blushing in shock as I pulled down my own pants. I'd been at full mast almost all day, so it was good to finally have a use for it. The anticipation had been killing me. Now, I was finally going to take what was mine.

I bounced the tip of my penis against her cheeks, splattering white specks onto them before laying the whole thing on her lower back. I was quite proud of all my 7.5 inches, and let it linger on her flesh as its warmth radiated into hers. Then, I slowly dragged it back, leaving a trail from my leaking tip before reaching down to spread her cheeks.

She had already done quite a bit of prep work, but I reached over for her lube just to be sure, rubbing it over my shaft and then pouring some onto her puckering hole.

She was trying her best to act like it was normal, like it was something she could forget, like it was nothing that she had to focus on or assign too much importance to. But I knew the truth. On some deep level, she must have too.

I pressed my tip against her hole and pushed in.

And her life as she knew it was over.

It almost felt like an anticlimax, because I still had to stay in character. I had to act like the dutiful friend, reluctantly doing this without any true desire. If I had my way, I'd ravage her so hard that she wouldn't be able to stand tomorrow, much less walk. But instead I slowly slid in, fighting some resistance and pushing ahead, until I finally got to a point where I could go no further. Oh, she was tight. So tight.

**SMACK**

**SMACK**

**SMACK**

**SMACK**

**SMACK**

**SMACK**

**SMACK**

**SMACK**

My spansks made her ease up enough to push on, conquering more and more of her, exploring her like some pioneer claiming all I touched as my own. Every inch forward was another inch that was mine. Every sensation was a sensation that I owned. I was claiming her, as if my shaft were a flag pole I was planting in her rear which declared her body belonged to me. It wasn't about love or even desire. It was about the culmination of a long process to turn George into Gabbi, and to turn Gabbi into my property.

As she clenched around me, it was hard to deny that she was anything more.

Finally, I bottomed out.

I had been so focused on myself that I hardly noticed her reaction. Her eyes were closed. Her hands were gripping on the sheets. But as I got all the way in, I thought I noticed the faintest bit of recognition, as if her body knew this shaft was just like the one she'd already been riding.

I slowly pulled back and then bucked in.

I was testing at first, getting us used to each other as she clamped down on me. It was tight, but I was good enough to know how to take it slow. I'd never actually done anal before, but I could tell right away that I'd made the right choice. I was fine with doing this for the rest of my life.

With a bit more confidence, I angled my shaft down and drove hard against their prostate.

"Fuck!"

I wasn't used to such language from her to begin with, so to hear that word practically jump out of her with such wild abandon was a delight. I had found her spot and I wouldn't forget it as long as I lived, immediately grinding against it with the underside of my shaft. I made sure each thrust was earmarked for her sissy prostrate, driving her touch starved body wild as my hands gripped tight to her supple hips.

She had been trying so hard to keep everything in until she opened her eyes to look at one of the cameras, remembering that this was supposed to be a show. Kelli always told her that playing along meant more money. More money meant she'd be in my position sooner, losing her real virginity to Kelli.

So she stopped trying to hold the moans.

They came in waves, soft then ragged, smooth then desperate. I listened as the rhythm of her flesh changed, becoming attuned to mine as I pushed her harder and harder. We were both in character, and me doubly so, so I did have some excuse to act out. I started to really pile drive into them, going far harder than I otherwise would have, and listening to their moans rise in kind. As much as I wanted to take her, there was something far more important tonight.

I wanted her to feel good, skewered around my shaft.

I felt it building within her, despite my inexperience with anal. I'd been with enough girls to know how they looked when they got close, no matter the minor specifics. She was close. I was going to take her there.

I grabbed a handful of her hair and jammed myself as deep as I could go, over and over and over again without mercy or pause as I heard her moans getting louder and louder until-

She let out the perfect cry, an involuntary sound that still managed to carry so much of her thoughts. It was a shameful sound, a guilty sound, the sound of someone who was realizing just how mortifying it was just as it left their mouth. It came loud and hard, reverberating from the deepest parts of herself as its depth expressed its primal fulfillment and as its fringes expressed its conscious horror.

It was the death moan of George, and the final birth of Gabbi.

It was too much for me to handle as their pink hole clenched down on my from all sides, milking out the hot ropes that soon filled her guts as she dripped white from her limp member. It was the most intense thing I ever felt as I utterly unloaded, gripping her hips so deep that I left red handprints there when I finally let go.

Lightheaded, short of breath and swimming amidst the greatest feeling of my life, I slowly drew back and slid out of her.

"Hey" I said, seeing that she had hardly moved an inch since reaching the heights where I'd taken her. She was frozen in existential crisis, and I put a hand on her back. "That's thousands of dollars right there. All for a few minutes..."

She slowly nodded, as if accepting that as the final answer to all her angst ridden questions. Then, I got dressed, said goodbye and left her there.

Kelli and I shared a tacit and understanding look, although I had no idea what to actually say. I just went home and paced my apartment until I felt like I might wear down the floorboards, and jumped to my phone as it finally buzzed.

“Video edited and posted. I upped their percentage of the direct deposit to make it seem even bigger than it is. And it’s big. She’s already flooded with requests for more.”

I looked at Kelli’s message and slowly texted back, as if each letter was too much to hope for.

“Has she accepted any?”

The three dots dancing on my phone screen were torture and tease all in one, playfully bouncing as if fate itself wasn’t in the balance.

Finally, Kelli’s response came through.

“She accepted all of them.”