

Darla parked the car and got out to get my door, leaving me to consider just how far all this had gone. This wasn't just some fake bedroom or a fake house. It wasn't just a fake street or a fake town. It was a fake *reality*. Everything in this entire universe was meant to feed into my ill-considered sissy fantasy, and to make me realize how much weirder it was to live it than to read it.

As I realized just how far this had gone, I clenched around the veiny buttplug embedded deep into my hole. I could feel the molded copy of her circulatory system reminding my anus of who owned it.

I needed to get this AI to fix things now. I couldn't subject a whole world to my humiliating wet dreams.

Ding-da-ding-da-ding-dong-da-ding-da-ding-da-ding-da-ding-dong-da-ding-da...

"Oh, an ice cream truck!" mused Darla as it pulled to the side of the road. "If I get you something do you promise to stop being a sourpuss?"

"I'll...try?" I offered, looking to her hand as she extended it. I wasn't even meant to get out of cars alone. I was always to be escorted, to be looked after and protected...

With a pout I took it and stood, wondering why she'd extended a hand instead of tugging on my leash. Maybe she was trying to be gentle with me.

Darla led us to the ice cream truck as I kept stealing glances to the Sissy Daycare, and wondering what it could be. Nothing good, if the rest of the day was any indication. Even walking was an ordeal with this body. I had to take little tiny prissy mincing steps in these pink high heels, but even those were enough. Lifting a foot and lowering a few inches ahead made a ripple go from one butt cheek to the other, and the subtle rise and fall in created jostled my breasts in their low cut dress. Every little tiny

thing reminded me of my new form in some way, and even the slightest reminder was embarrassing. From my impossibly perky E cups to my dumptruck rear, to my clothes to my blown out platinum hair to the leash my domme was leading me by, I was the epitome of a sissy.

And I had to live like one.

Forever, potentially.

“Nothing for me. Almost late to work as it is, and trying to stay in shape” grinned my wife as she looked up to the woman who ran the truck. “But my darling Dolli here will have her favorite: the popsicle deluxe!”

“Good choice” chuckled the woman, opening the freezer to get it as Darla looked to me. “Hopefully this will make you feel better.”

“Um...thank you.”

“No need to thank me, honey. I’m your wife” she reminded me, as if her love was the most natural thing in the world. It almost felt nice, but it didn’t have much time to. A moment later the woman handed me a popsicle the size of my forearm, that was the color of skin and the shape of-

“A penis...” I muttered, as if bemoaning another straw on the camel’s back.

“Yep. Your favorite” said Darla as she paid the woman. Then she took my hand and brought it to my lips, pushing it deeper until it was in my mouth, at my throat and then-

Then nothing. No gag reflex. No resistance. It just kept going deeper and deeper until only the stick was poking out.

“Remember when we used to treat your sore throat with these? Hopefully the coolness helps” chuckled Darla as she once more led me by the leash. As she took me to the daycare I tried to pull the popsicle out, and ended up pistoning it up and down my throat in the effort.

All the while I bounced and jiggled towards the pink doors that Darla was soon walking through. Then I found myself in the lobby of Sissy Daycare.

“Good morning” said the receptionist, a redhead who was almost as tall and muscular as Darla. She came around the desk and took my leash, pinching my cheek as Darla checked her watch.

“She’s bratty today, and might be sick. So go easy on her...”

“Go easy on a bratty girl? You must be going soft” she winked. “Don’t worry. We will.”

Darla stepped closer and put her arms around me, drawing me into a kiss that struck my heart like a thunderclap. There was a groundswell of lightness and bliss inside me, and a safety as if nothing bad could ever happen to me while I was in her arms.

Then, she pulled away and patted me on the butt. “Be good. Love you.”

“Love...love you too” I said in a daze, watching her go as the receptionist began to tug on my leash.

We went through another set of double doors and began to pass through the rooms of the daycare, each one stranger than the last. The first was just a salon area where sissies were getting their nails done. It was strange to see so many of them, but I comforted myself with the fact that I was prettier. I’m not sure why I did. I’m not sure why

I cared. But the second I saw other sissies, I treated them like competition, and only allowed myself to breathe once I rest assured that I was the hottest one in the room.

The receptionist took me to an empty station and tied my leash to it, leaving me to the tech and to the sissies on either side of me. My nails were already perfect, but the woman set about redoing them as one of the sissy's nudged me.

"What are you wearing?" she asked with a grin on her face. She was a latina sissy, a bit taller than me but also a bit less endowed. She was a smokeshow, but I could only really think of her in comparison to myself at the moment.

"This dress?"

"No, not the dress you ditz!" she giggled. "I'm wearing the remote control one right now. She likes to press the button whenever she gets bored."

"Right...the plug. I'm wearing a um...veiny one" I muttered.

"Oh! Girl, you're so bad!"

"I didn't pick it out!"

"Then you're lucky your wife is so bad. And she is. Woof. How big is she again?"

"Listen, I can't talk about this!" I hissed as someone took off my heels for the pedicure. "There's something important I need to do!"

"What? Are you trying to decide on a new color? It's a nerve wracking choice but I think that's the perfect shade of blonde-"

"Not that!" I hissed. "Listen, this is going to sound insane but-"

Before I could explain myself the sissy arched her back into her chair and let out a loud moan. All the other sissies giggled, but treated it as more or less an accepted thing.

“Guess she’s bored” she giggled. “What were you saying Dolli? Because you know your gal Candi will do anything for you.”

The nail tech left my mani pedi to cure as I tried to think of what I’d even say. But she didn’t need to know everything. She just needed to help me. “Have you ever been to the university?”

Candi burst out laughing.

“Really...really? A sissy at university? What’s next? Is one going to join the UFC?”

“I mean just being around it. For a walk or something.”

“Well, Steffi lives by there. I’m sure her wife has taken her on a nice scenic walk around it” she said, pointing to a cougar of a sissy who was standing up across the room. She had jet black hair and a Real Housewives vibe, and I quickly got up to follow her. My nails were done and my heels were on, but Candi still seemed annoyed I’d gone so soon.

Steffi walked through another door and I trailed after to find myself in a sissy locker room, with two dozen gurls in various states of undress.

They were all naked...and they were all stunning.

Despite my steadfast determination to get back to my reality, I had to admit that the AI was right on some level. This was my kink. These were my fantasies. And sure, actually living them out was far too real, but that didn’t mean I could ignore the assortment of absolutely jaw dropping sissies around me. They represented every race and body type, every preference and predilection, and shared only one thing in common: they were hot. There were smokeshow Latina sissies, African sissies who

seemed positively glowing, Scandinavian sissies with soft blonde hair and porcelain pale skin, petite sissies that looked ripe to be thrown around, thicc sissies that could probably choke you with their thighs...

Adorable sissies, mischievous sissies, hot sissies, innocent sissies, sultry sissies...

All of them in various states of undress, from yoga pants to g strings to nothing at all, and all of them so delightfully casual in their nudity. I had to look. It was like I'd walked into one of my kinky comics and found myself able to explore the world beyond the panels.

Unfortunately, my distraction meant that Steffi managed to get away. There were various doors going who knows where, and it seemed like she had slipped into one while I was eying the cages and plugs. She had managed to disappear pretty quickly, so I made my way to the closest door on the assumption she was on the other side. I wrapped my freshly manicured hands around the doorknob and-

Oh.

Dildos.

Dildoes stuck to the wall.

Dildoes attached to mounts.

Dildos at the end of machines that were driving them into moaning sissies.

Dildoes vibrating as sissies sat on the seats they were built into.

Dildoes everywhere, some even hanging from the ceiling in a way that made me curious how anyone could use them.

This was the dildo room, apparently, and it was filled with sissies that were enjoying it to their heart's delight. The room either had amazing acoustics or they were just screaming super loud, because their echoes intermingled and formed a swelling melody that just seemed to get stronger and stronger. It was like music, and as hot as the visual of all the naked sissies had been. But none of them were Steffi, so I told myself to close the door and keep looking.

I told myself too, but took about ten seconds before I finally remembered to.

SPANK!!!

I turned to look up at a black sissy in a sports bra and booty shorts, who wore a wide and pretty smile as though I ought to wear one as well. She looked friendly, but she had also just snuck up behind me and slapped my butt.

"Hey, heard you were under the weather. Not getting enough vitamin *D*?" she joked, tapping her hip against mine.

"No, um...plenty of that" I replied in my girlish voice. "Have you seen Steffi?"

"Steffi? No idea. Are you really not going to dish for me?"

"Dish?" I asked, raising my eyebrow. "I don't cook..."

"Well of course you don't! You don't cook, you don't clean...but Darla still gets what she needs from you" she winked. "Just find me when you want to spill the tea. I could use a good gab sesh" she said before walking off, and leaving me no closer to finding Steffi.

I could technically try to escape without confirmation, but I wanted to know that the facility at least existed in this universe. Escaping and then finding it was nowhere to be found would not be fun.

Especially since I'd have to walk a half a mile in heels...

I looked around the locker room once more, trying to count the doors but constantly having to restart due to the nude bodies all around me. So many naked sissies. All of them tailored to my kinky little brain. But I had a job to do, and that job was finding Steffi. I'd formulate an escape plan along the way, and get to the AI as soon as possible.

But before I did that...I had to check each and every one of these doors.