

A dozen doors.

A dozen kinky possibilities.

If this was a story that I was reading, I'd be waiting in baited breath to see what each one held. I'd be touching myself in anticipation, skimming paragraphs to speed up my journey to that lovely chunk of text. I'd act like a craven little ditz, who could only manage to slow down and read once I got to the juicy stuff and degraded myself with these ridiculous and mortifying fantasies.

I'd just be another one of those wannabe sluts, reading and dreaming that I could be in one of those rooms...

But I was actually here, so that didn't matter much.

I looked to the door that my friend had walked through, having a pretty good idea of what was on the other side. So I minced through the room full of half naked sissies, opening the door to reveal:

A gym.

That wasn't surprising. The surprising thing was that it was a sissy gym, and one that had been designed by an AI with full knowledge of the sissy kink. To call it "all inclusive" would be an understatement. The simplest aspect was the yoga area, where sissies stretched and contorted themselves without any equipment. But even then, they were flexing themselves into absurd shapes. All of them seemed capable of doing a split, and some were taking it further and lifting their legs straight up in the air. They were doing poses that seemed suspiciously like doggy, arching their back as much as they could for their stud's eventual delight. They were doing squats that made my jaw drop, because they got absurdly low and pushed their Cardi B butts out in the process.

Still, it was the equipment which was most ridiculous.

None of them had any real weights, as a sissy with a bodybuilder's build would be massively out of place. Instead they used shake weights that looked like penises, or pulled a rope with weights attached to its machine. Only, the rope was attached to a buttplug, and it was a weird kind of kegel to keep them tight.

Most of the exercises and machines seemed to be designed for their anus, and one tried to clench as a circle pushed into them pushed out to provide resistance. The sissy that had spanked me was currently doing squats with a metal buttplug inside of her that looked like a lead weight, and I stared for a moment before backing out.

Okay, not that door.

This was ridiculous. I ought to be able to look through these quickly. The fact that my greatest fantasies were being realized in hotter ways than I'd ever imagined shouldn't be making me waste so much time!

Still, my thoughts lingered on the gym as I walked over and opened the next door.

This one was a bit less flashy. Sure, there were enough clothes to fill about a dozen malls, but it was clear that this was just a dress up area. This was where sissies could try on outfits as they gabbed with their gals and looked at themselves in the mirror.

Steffi wasn't there, and there were no sissies in various forms of nudity or filthy for me to stare at. But I still lingered for about a half a second too long, mostly because I did admire fashion. You don't read through as many sissies stories as I have without

knowing the different types of garters and gaffs, and they had a selection that would have made the greatest fashionista blush.

But again, I had to get off this planet. My reality was my reality. It was the real reality. And I didn't belong here.

I minced to the next door, hoping I could find this chick sooner rather than later. I technically had eight hours to look if Darla had a normal nine to five, but just being here was too tempting. This was my fantasy world realized in perfect bubblegum, neon, glossy, vibrant beauty, and there was a voice in the back of my mind telling me to enjoy it just a little bit while I was here. Indulge. Where in Rome...

Only Rome was suddenly a place where sissies shoved the thick end of a weight up their hole and used kegels to do reps with it.

I decided that I ought to just ask someone where Steffi was, which might have occurred to me sooner if not for the bevy of distractions I'd been dealing with. I saw a naked Asian sissy with a flat cage that had the ying and yang symbol on it, who was looking down at her pierced nipples as if wondering whether her studs complimented her chest enough.

She was as good a person to ask as any.

"Hey, do you know where Steffi is?" I asked in my cute little voice.

She looked up from her breasts and shrugged. "Steffi? I think she might be in the spa. If not, maybe the TV room?"

"Thanks" I said, trying to look up from her flat cage and the design on it.

"Thanks for the rec by the way! That etsy shop really does great work. And I just had to get one after I saw yours!"

“Saw...mine?” I asked, raising an eyebrow.

“That gold cage you have? With the female symbol etched on the front?”

“Oh, right...that one” I said, looking awkwardly towards the doors. “Which one is the spa again? I can be such a ditz...”

“Can’t we all?” she giggled, pointing a manicured finger towards one of the doors.

“Thanks a million...” I muttered, mincing off and pushing the door in. The locker room was already steamy, but the plume of mist which started flowing from this door was something else. I could barely see my hand in front of me as I stepped inside, and squealed in fright when I heard someone next to me.

“Here’s your towel. I’ll keep your clothes” said a sultry feminine voice, no doubt a she-stud. I started to disrobe, figuring that no one could see me anyway in this fog. I get that it was going for a sauna vibe, but I’m pretty sure you could open up your pores without walking through an ocean of humidity.

Soon enough I was naked, and held out my clothes for a hand to quickly take. Another handed me a towel, and while I couldn’t see anything more of them, the angle that their arm came down told me it was a rather tall woman.

Suddenly, my nudity became a much more vulnerable reality.

I backed away and into the steam, walking along until I heard some giggling.

“Steffi?”

“Dolli? Come on it. The water’s fine.”

It seemed as though I was near a pool, and I took testing steps to make sure I didn’t fall in. Then, soon enough, I found that there wasn’t ground beneath me. There was a dropoff that my foot had lowered towards, and most likely water below.

And then, there was a hand on my ankle.

I eeked as Steffi pulled me over, giggling as if it was some fun little prank. And it might have been, if I remembered Steffi at all, or if I knew that we were in the deep end. But it wasn't the depth of the water or her expectations of our relationship that most struck me. No.

It was the fact that the pool wasn't filled with water.

SPLAT!

It was sticky.

It was gooey.

It was thick and viscous and warm and creamy and it was all over me. I looked like a vanilla glazed donut, with a coat of it covering my entire body.

It was cum. Futa cum.

And it was *all over me*.

"Nice to see you" said Steffi, as if any of this was normal. She was floating in the sperm, leaning back against the edge as to keep her breasts half submerged in the whiteness.

"I am...I'm...You..."

"Oh calm down. That's just payback for the time you splashed me! I just had my hair done and anyway, I thought you were fun."

I grabbed my long, soaked and gooey blonde locks and moved them all out of my face, wiping it out from my eyes so that I could finally open them.

"It's in my ears!"

"I'm sure it's been in worse places than that" she winked.

I continued to lean to the side, hitting the side of my head with my palm and hoping that I could get all of this off me. But besides the parts of me which were soaked, there were still the parts of me that were submerged. Covered entirely, enveloped in three hundred sixty degrees of thick white seed...

"So, how's everyone's favorite sissy? Need any advice from your Aunt Steffi? Thirty years with the same domme teaches you some stuff."

"No, I'm really fine" I said, trying to wring the whiteness out of my hair and doing a rather poor job. Its texture was just so...weird.

"Just saying. I've been getting railed by Adora since before you were born. I've drank more cum than you've drank water and-"

"Yeah, yeah! I get the idea" I said, trying not to get too frazzled as I looked down to see how soaked my tits were. My tits were soaked in cum.

What a sentence...

"You live by the university, right? Does Adora ever take you on walks through campus?"

"Sure. It's really beautiful. And I think she likes showing me off to the young bucks. Show the new studs that she still got it."

"How romantic..." I muttered. "When you're there, do you ever pass by the statue? The big one? And is there a metal door behind it?"

The older sissy furrowed her brow. "Yeah. I guess so."

"Yes!" I exclaimed.

She looked at me as though I was going crazy.

“Sorry. One last question. Do you have any idea how I might skip out early today? There’s this thing I have to do. A...a surprise for Darla.”

Steffi scoffed. “We’re not in prison, Dolli. This place is meant to pamper and protect us. If you want to go you can go out the front door. I’m not sure why you’d think otherwise.”

“Oh...cool” I nodded. That certainly made things a lot easier.

“And if you’re interested I’m running a pole dancing class in the gym tomorrow. I figure I also need to show you youngings that I still got it.”

“I’m sure you do” I agreed, starting to swim off. It was hard because of how thick the seed was, and I might have worried about drowning if I wasn’t so buoyant. But despite my weakness and the thick cum, I soon found my way to the shallow end.

I walked up the stairs as the sperm slowly flowed off me, dripping down and flowing off my body as I got back to the tile floor and made my way to the door.

At least I hoped I was going towards the door.

“I put your clothes in your locker. You can get them after you shower.”

I almost complained to the unseen she-stud before realizing I was caked in cum, and figuring that a shower was a good idea. So I made my way out the door, putting both hands between my legs to cover my cage, and using my arms to cover my nipples. But in a room full of naked sissies, the embarrassment caught more eyes than my body would have.

Luckily I didn’t need to test more doors for the showers, which were in the locker room and just off to the side. I waddled over unsurely, feeling my breasts jiggle against my arms and my butt bounce as I got closer. Finally I found an empty spout and turned

it on, looking to all the others as they washed off. It seemed as though sissies weren't meant to shower in private, though I was too focused on my mess to care much. I must have spent a half hour trying to get it off myself, washing and rewashing until I felt clean enough to get dressed.

Then I made my way out to the lockers, found the one with "Dolli Darla's" on it, and got my dress back. I still found it feminine and degrading, but it was better than nudity or sperm, so I got dressed and got my heels on. Then, I found a sign that said 'exit.' Power dynamics were fun, but it seemed like actual slavery and servitude would ruin the fun of my fantasy. So I was free to leave whenever I wanted.

With that in mind I minced out, and started my long journey to this reality's secret lab.