

I had been left alone in the room, where my solitude allowed me to become painfully aware of several things:

My base state was different. I had assumed that just standing up would feel normal, but even *being* felt different in a way I didn't know was possible. It turns out that all I had taken for granted as normal was the culmination of every facet of my state, and was able to be changed to an absurd degree. I felt the difference in my hips, in the entirety of my skeleton, in my frame which now stood different. Not to mention the weight of my breasts, which gave the impression of being in a push up bra despite being totally bare. They were ridiculous, and I finally relented and reached up for them. I pressed my palms to the nipple, wrapping my hands around as the tips of my long nails dug in slightly to my firm flesh.

They were soft yet firm, plush yet heavy, everything you could dream of yet real enough to make the dream even better. I could have spent all day bobbling them up and down, fondling them and having fun...

But I did have priorities.

The second thing I became aware of was my...let's call it a hole. It's a bit more dignified than the word I might have used for it, and I was already having trouble not thinking of it in a dirty context. My hole was gaping. It was puckering, as if it were gasping for air. It was sending signals to my brain, begging and pleading for something to fill it. People often talk about men's penises having a mind of their own, which superseded their actual mind and got them into trouble. It seemed as if a sissy's hole had a mind of its own too. It was a fairly one track mind, with only one thought constantly repeating:

***Fill me...***

I shuddered, making my chest bounce about as I did. It seemed like any little movement made my hair sway or my butt jiggle or my chest ripple with the echoes of it. I needed to get a handle on myself, but there was one thing I had to do for that to happen, and it was a daunting task...

I had to walk to the full length mirror in the corner of the room.

Then...I had to look...

I had read stories like this, but actually being in the body was different. It wasn't something I could scroll through, or click out of, or stop imagining. It was tactile. I was inside of it, and it was constant, despite what I might want. Right then, I just wanted to get back to my reality...

But until then, I needed to see. So I walked to the mirror.

What I saw...

What I saw wasn't like anything I'd seen in any story. The AI overlord must have done more than look at my favorite stories. It must have looked up golden ratios and aesthetic theory and human attraction and anything else that it could possibly master. Even then, it seemed impossible that it could have accomplished this. I looked like a girl who would make supermodels insecure. I didn't need to have a face this pretty with boobs this perfect, but I did. A cute upturned nose, a pronounced cupid's arrow, full lips...

I was gorgeous. I was cute. I was hot. I was every adjective you could use to describe a woman in a positive light, but none of them canceled each other out. I wasn't

too cute to be sexy. I wasn't too sexy to be pretty. I was everything, all at once, to its highest degree.

Not to mention my smooth, supple, tanned body, my child bearing hips and incredible hair. I could see why the AI might think I'd want this. Most women would want this body...

Well, except for the part between my legs...

It seemed to conceal my tiny balls while at the same time using them to anchor itself, trapping me within its warm metal confines and giving me no clue as to what laid underneath. It was glistening as if freshly polished, which helped me notice there was something etched onto it. I was so flexible that I could have bent over to blow myself if I still had a free penis, but for now my flexibility just meant I could get close enough to read it.

*"Property of Mistress Darla."*

Oh...so that was her name.

I stood back upright and looked around the room, hoping that there was still a university in this universe. If there was, the facility would be underground, and I could ask their version of the AI for help...

Hopefully.

I headed to the walk in closet in hopes of getting there, but it didn't have much that seemed worth putting on. Almost everything was designed to show off my body,

rather than conceal it, and I almost wondered if nudity would be less embarrassing than these outfits.

“Dolli!” came the call from the hallway, confident footsteps slowly approaching until the door opened and she looked me over.

With a sigh, she shook her head.

“Are you trying to be a brat? Because I have to get to work, and I don’t have time to punish you” she said, standing there in a black business suit. With a hand on her hip she gave me another onceover and finally strutted to my side.

**SMACK!!!**

“You’re lucky you’re pretty, or I wouldn’t put up with you” she teased, holding my cheek in her hand and giving my butt a squeeze. It still stung from the spank, and her hot breath on the nape of my neck was making my heart beat so fast.

“Up!” she said, reaching for my arms and lifting them to the air. Then, she grabbed the pink dress and put it on for me, adjusting everything to make sure I was presentable. It was a tight thing, low cut with spaghetti straps and barely enough length to cover me down below. Nevermind the fact that I had no underwear...

“Now was that so hard?” she asked, walking over to a drawer and pulling it out to reveal a dozen different collars, laid out in display for her to choose each morning.

Today, she grabbed a pink one with “Princess” written across it in golden rhinestones, and wrapped it around my neck before I could protest. And I probably should have protested, since the **CLICK** behind me made me suspect that it was now locked around my neck.

“You’re not very talkative today? Are you trying to be bratty? Or did you not get any sleep?” she tutted, attaching her leash to the collar.

“Um...tired” I lied, still shocked by my embarrassingly feminine voice.

“Ah, wet dreams? I thought the plug dealt with those? Or does it just make them worse?” she asked, with what sounded like genuine concern and curiosity. She saw me as her wife, or whatever I was supposed to be, and I supposed it was a pretty happy relationship.

Or at least, happy when the sissy wanted to be a sissy.

She wrapped the leash around her hand until there was almost none of it left, and then began to guide me down. Her hand was close to my neck as she sat me in one of the chairs and then grabbed a pair of 7 inch, towering pink heels. She put the strappy things on me as if she’d done it a thousand times before, though the sheer amount of heels behind her made me think that it had been a different pair every day.

As I sat there and let her do it, she glanced up and chuckled.

“Dolli! Are you teasing me?”

I raised an eyebrow, and shook my head.

“Because you’re spreading your legs and showing me your teeny tiny cage. Do you want me to be late for work?” she asked.

I looked down and realized I was manspreading, quickly pressing my knees together to deal with this dress and lack of underwear.

Once my shoes were on she stood up and guided me to my feet, where I found that this body was well used to the heels. In fact, they almost felt more natural than going barefoot.

“Good girl” she smiled. Those two words seemed to have secret access to something deep inside of me, and I shifted on my feet upon hearing them. If I was a kitten, I would have purred...

“Oh! I almost forgot! We can’t have you go about your day empty...”

She held onto the leash, but let the buddled up rope fall from her hand and give her some leeway to walk to the closet in the corner. Apparently my closet was so big that it had its own closet, and apparently-

Oh.

Apparently it was filled with buttplugs.

Some were so massive that I didn’t even want to think about them. Others were small enough to consider reasonable. Some had designs, or electronic components, or things that I couldn’t really classify which set them apart.

Darla turned to me with a playful grin and gestured inside.

“Which one would get you out of your sour mood?”

I stared at them as if they were medieval torture devices, and some of them didn’t look too far off.

“Um...I dunno.”

“You always like the big ones...” she mused, before one managed to catch her eye. I watched her grin grow as she reached out for it, and then tossed it to me.

It was about the size of a softball, but it wasn’t the bulb that most captured my attention. It was the tapered area, the area that my hole was going to clench around. Rather than being smooth, it was sculpted with veins and a strange texture. It was almost as it...

“Molded from my own, so you can feel like I’m inside you all day” she winked, before taking my leash and starting to bend me over. I couldn’t resist, but I could at least try to. My body was easily manipulated by her strength, but my attempt at stopping her meant that the collar around my neck tightened, and made the whole process even more uncomfortable for me. I wasn’t quite being choked, but I was as close to it as you could be. I felt the collar pulled on my neck, constricting my airways, making the room grow hot and the air seem thin. It wasn’t just the asphyxiation that got me, however small it was. It was a feeling that my body had in response to being yanked...

The emptiness in my hole was worse. It wanted to be filled even more now that there was something pulling around my neck...

Maybe this plug wouldn’t be such a bad idea.

“Ah, you really are bratty today. What’s gotten into you? Well, besides this...” she smirked, keeping me bent over the chair with one hand as she lubed the plug with the other.

“Do I need the plug today?” I asked, in a sheepish tone that surprised even me. Sure, there were clear, present and physical power dynamics that were impressing themselves upon me. But I still ought to protest without sounding like I was sorry for it!

“Do you need the plug?” she laughed, finishing up with the lube. “Honey, if you’re misbehaving this badly now, you’d be a nightmare spending the day unplugged. The last time I let you, you ended up shoving a doorknob into yourself!”

I gulped as I realized just how unruly this body was, especially with regards to its desires. I’d already felt a bit of that, but hearing it...

As I mused on the needs of my new flesh, Darla flipped up my dress and pressed the plug inside. I cooed as I felt the cold gel on my hole, and as she teasingly moved it around the rim. I wasn't sure if she was teasing or just testing my tightness, but it still made me squirm. I figured it wouldn't be that hard to push that thing in after the massive plug came out, but she still took her time before finally applying just the right amount of force, and slightly sliding it inside of me.

I exhaled.

It wasn't too bad. Now that I knew it was in there, it was pretty much impossible to ignore. The molding of her own veins and shaft didn't help, as it made for an uneven circle that seemed to be impossible to acclimate to. Smoothness would have been easy to forget as my hole fit around it. This one seemed to constantly be readjusting and teasing my anus...

"There you go" she said, pulling my dress back down and pulling me up to my feet. Standing with the plug in felt different than bending with the plug in and I had the sinking feeling that every movement and adjustment would remind me of its place inside of me.

"Alright, all ready. See you after work" I said, thinking I had this figured out. I was a trophy sissy, a stay at home wife who she made money for. I could head to the lab when she left, and have the whole day to figure this out.

But she just raised an eyebrow.

"I know you're a proud ditz, but this is taking it a bit far" she said, bending her head to make sure she didn't hit it on the doorway and then leading me out into the bedroom. I didn't have any choice but to follow, trying to keep up with short and mincing

steps thanks to the utterly absurd heels. My whole body bounced up and down with each one, and it didn't seem like there was an end in sight. She led me out of the room and down the hall, stopping by the fridge and handing me a glittery pink lunchbox.

"I hope you enjoy it" she said, leaning in and kissing my forehead before heading towards the garage. There was an Audi waiting for us, and she opened my door like a proper gentlemen, or erm, gentlewoman...

Or whatever you call a futanari.

As I sat in the passenger seat, I could only wonder where we were going. Sissies didn't have jobs in the stories I read, and she was definitely heading to hers.

I adjusted awkwardly in my seat, trying to minimize the feeling of the plug. Luckily, this universe still had GPS, and she opened hers to reveal that we were still in the same city. The college was still there. I might not be in much of a state to mince to it, but I could get there.

"You know, I used to be glad for the short commute, but now I wish we had time for you to blow me on it" she grinned as she drove out into what seemed like a rather normal suburbia. But I was quick to notice that there weren't any men around, at least men who presented as such. And where half the women seemed like well dressed Barbie dolls, the other half seemed like massive Amazons.

As I looked out, my own massive Amazon put her hand on my thigh.

"You're usually begging me for something like that? Seriously, what's wrong?" she asked, with genuine concern in her eyes. I was actually taken aback by the love and care I saw, and took a moment before I realized I ought to come up with a lie.

“Just...I don’t know. Might have a stomach flu or something? Just feeling low energy...”

“Aww, you poor thing...we could go home? I can cancel and be your nurse?” she offered, at which point I shook my head. A day with her was the last thing I needed. I needed to get alone and get away to figure out how to undo this.

“No, I think I’ll be fine. Just have to ride it out” I told her as I turned back to the road. I had been so distracted by her loving tone that I didn’t notice the building we were heading to, or at least, the building we *had to* be heading to. There really couldn’t be another place, not with this entirely pink complex looming at the end of the road. Outside it said “Sissy Daycare Center.”