

If you took away everything normal in the room, removed all but the perfect, everything save for that which was one of a kind, you'd be left with two ideals of extremity:

Cayli's natural BBL and Kelly's python. The butt and the bulge that would turn any head were meeting for the first time, and there was only one thing that their owners shared.

It was an appraising look, as if asking the other to make their move.

The stud went first.

"You must be the femboy sister. I have to admit, I pictured you a lot less..." she said, having expected something far less impressive. She didn't go for men, but calling Cayli a man would be more absurd than calling a cis girl one.

Cayli haughtily tilted her head, as if she was ooh so sarcastically happy to receive such a compliment.

"Oh!" she said, theatrically collapsing her hands together. "And you must be Freddy's cousin? I heard that Talia was worried about you..."

She glanced down to Kelly's bulge.

"And now I see why!"

"Guilty as charged."

"I wasn't charging you with anything. I was just making an observation" taunted Cayli with a clinical coldness as she sat back down at the bar. Was she going to ignore the stud?

Kelly raised an eyebrow. She had come to play, but hadn't expected ball to be played this hard.

“You know, I’ve met a lot of girls that think they were all that” pointed out Kelly as she sat next to her.

“Why, did they think that all the sissies would melt at the sight of their big bulge?” asked Cayli.

“Bulges like the one you keep glancing at?”

Cayli brought a manicured hand to her chest and gave an exaggerated gasp.

“What? *Me?!?*” she asked.

Kelly leaned in and whispered. “You know you can just tell me you want to come to my hotel room and we can skip all this?”

Cayli’s eyes narrowed.

“I actually had my eyes on someone else. Him!” he said, pointing to the first guy she could find, who happened to be one of Kelly’s very old uncles.

Kelly snorted. “You’d give him a heart attack.”

“I’d give you one too. Consider yourself lucky” shrugged Cayli.

“You know what I’d do to you?” asked Kelly.

“Bore me?” yawned Cayli. Despite whatever grimace Kelly was putting on for show, she had to admit she liked this. It had been so long since a girl had done less than completely fold at her advances. But Cayli thought she was too good for such things, if only because Kelly thought she was too good to deal with brats. They both had something to prove, a spite to indulge and this was about more than a hookup.

“How tall are you?” asked Kelly with a bit of curiosity. If subtle flirting wasn’t going to work, she might as well just ask whatever came to mind.

“5 foot even. You?”

“6 foot 1 inch. But I’m taller when I’m on my back” she winked.

“I’m taller when I’m on my stomach” countered Cayli.

“Right” mused Kelly. By now most girls would be either eagerly going to bed with her or else sneaking off with a face flushed with shame and excitement. But whether they were bashful and thirsty, they yielded to the sheer force of Kelly’s magnetism.

It was strange to see someone act like she was too good for her.

“You know...” she said, figuring some negging might be necessary. “Green isn’t really your color. I think you’d look better in white. I can help you with that if you want?”

“You’re right. It’s not my color but it’s my sister’s day. As soon as she leaves though, I figure I’ll just strip not to nothing and twerk on the floor” countered Cayli.

“Unless you think your belt can’t handle that? Your pants have been straining ever since you saw me.”

“Really?” scoffed Kelly. She hadn’t had an unwanted tent since she was younger, but it was true that this sissy was making her stir.

“Yes, really. I know what you’re probably thinking: femboys are dainty little swooners that will just melt if I look one’s way?”

“It’s not what I think. It’s what happens. In my experience, at least.”

“Well in my experience, I am recognized for the treasure I am, and chased by those who prove they’re worthy of me.”

Kelly scoffed once again. Had she heard those words coming out of any woman’s mouth, she would have stormed off with a snarky line. Girls who thought like that would never be worth the trouble. But she couldn’t leave now, not when that would basically admit defeat. Not only that, but that line...

It was bratty. Too bratty. But it suited this girl so well that it almost seemed apt.

“You know what I think?” she asked under her breath as the wedding party readied for speeches. “I think you’re a little brat who needs to get spanked. Someone ought to put you in your place, and pin you down until you realize how lucky you are to be in a world with studs like me.”

Cayli raised an eyebrow. It was hard to tell whether she was annoyed or impressed. “There are a lot of studs like you. Now I have to go give a speech...”

She got up as if the mere act of standing was some lewd move she’d learned at a strip club, moving with teasing and deliberate speed until she was walking away from Kelly, each step and bounce making the stud’s pants a little tighter.

Talia was waiting at the long table with her new husband as Freddy’s brother got up for the speech. It was typical best man fare: some light ribbing, halfhearted reminders that he loved his brother and a toast to the happy couple. As he went on, Talia leaned in towards her sister.

“What did you think of her?”

Cayli was clearly in deep thought, but brushed off the question when she heard it. “Who? That one whatshername you introduced me to? Didn’t make much of an impression.”

Talia tilted her head.

In all the years they’d known each other, Cayli had done a lot of things, but she’d never been a great liar. They both remembered the time that she’d tried to convince their mother that she’d spilled ‘ranch dressing’ on her prom dress, or when she tried to

deny the claims that she'd won their team the big game by sleeping with the rival school's quarterback until he was completely exhausted. They had gotten used to taking the bold faced lies at face value in Cayli's family, if only because digging into something so insane was always going to cause some flush faces, but they still knew how to catch the lie.

"Cayli" whispered Talia. "You have an opinion about everyone. I once heard you rank the Power Rangers by how fuckable they were!"

"And I still think the Red Ranger is overrated" shrugged Cayli. "Is it really hard to believe that she made no impression on me?"

Talia looked to Kelly across the room and then back to her sister. "Yes!"

"Fine. I'll tell you what I thought of her: she's stuck up, overly confident, she thinks she's some gift to mankind and feels entitled to everything."

"Hmm...who does that remind me of?" asked Talia.

"And now, to give a toast to the bride her...brother?" unsurely offered the best man. Cayli got up and took the mic.

"When I was younger, I always used to steal Talia's dresses, and her makeup and her shoes..." she giggled. "To be honest, I think there were times she was jealous that I pulled them off better" she teased as the crowd chuckled.

"But I never stole any of her guys. Because Talia has always looked out for real connection and character, and someone to make her happy for the rest of her life. And now she's found that in Freddy. Usually the sister asks the groom to take care of his new wife, but she's definitely in safer hands with you than with me."

The crowd once more chuckled, as if thinking of all the trouble the femboy had caused over the years.

“But since my sister had spent her entire life looking for someone to love with all her heart, I hope she found someone who’s been searching for the same thing. Because if Freddy loves her half as much as she loves him, they’ll both be happy for the rest of their lives.”

Awws rolled through the crowd as Cayli sat, and as her parents let out a sigh of relief that her speech hadn’t taken a more ‘Cayli’ turn. Talia leaned over and hugged her.

“I love you, sissy-bro” she smiled, before grabbing her bouquet and tossing it right into Cayli’s hands.

More than a few laughs made their way through the room.

“Not leaving anything to chance” joked Talia into the microphone as Cayli rolled her eyes.

It was time to party now, time to dance...

But the sissy made her way out to the hallway, as if waiting for someone to follow her.

“Nice speech. Here I thought sissies didn’t have brains.”

Cayli was leaning against the wall, trying not to act pleased that Kelly had followed after. “Let’s not pretend you’ve given one bit of thought to my brains since you’ve met me.”

“I have thought about how I’m going to melt them until they come out your ears.”

“Oh, clever! But someone is counting their sissies before they suck. Who’s to say I’m not going back to my room with one of your other family members?”

Kelly leaned down, practically having to bend at a 90 degree angle to be eye to eye with the sissy, and looked her in the eyes. “I say.”

Even Cayli had to grin at that.

“Alright, why are you worth my time?”

“Well...I stayed in Dallas last month for business and slept with half the Cowboy’s cheerleaders, I’ve made women who didn’t think they could cum squirt their brains out, and I can guarantee you’ve never been with anyone as studly as me.”

“Never been with anyone as studly as you? Who do you think I am?! Whatever you’re packing, I’ve had things twice as big inside of me. Two! At the same time!”

“It’s not about the size, although I do have that...” said Kelly, leaning in to boop Cayli on the nose. Her sour expression was delightful. “It’s how to use it. And when I’m done using it on you, you won’t even remember your name.”

“Let me guess what your next line is going to be. ‘It’ll be the best night of your life’ or maybe: ‘It’ll be like losing your virginity all over again.’ Wait, that’s not it! You’re going to tell me that it’ll change my life! That you’ll ruin me for other studs because they’ll all pale in comparison.”

“And you’re going to tell me you’ll rock my world until I forget that other holes exist. You’re going to brag about reducing confident studs into blubbering messes, knocking at the door of your house and begging to marry you?”

“My apartment. But yes” answered Cayli.

“Well then, it seems like there’s only one way to see who’s right?” asked Kelly, raising a suggestive eyebrow.

But a brat like Cayli couldn’t resist a chance to answer with faux confusion. “And what’s that?”

Kelly rolled her eyes.

“Fine!” she said, throwing her hands up and starting to walk away. “I get it. You’re worried I’m going to break you and end this whole facade of the ‘too cool’ party girl.”

“I am not! You’re just worried I’m going to show you’re a papertiger with a barely above average dick!”

Kelly turned on her heel, and narrowed her eyes. “*Barely above average?* Do you think you can talk to me like that just because you have a pretty good ass?!”

Now it was Cayli’s turn to look offended. “Pretty good? *Pretty good?! PRETTY GOOD!?*”

Neither one of them looked to the other, but they both did the same thing. They put their head down and marched down the hall, walking alongside each other until they reached the elevator.

“My room is on the third floor” muttered Kelly through gritting teeth.

“Fine. Mine is on the fifth” relented Cayli. They both wanted to get to it, and defend the honor of their pride and joys.

And they walked into the elevator, Talia and Freddy stepped out of the reception, wanting to catch a breath and enjoy a moment alone with their new spouse. They

gave each other a sweet, loving kiss, and then looked down the hall to see their family's problem children stepping through the door.

"See, I told you it would work!" joked Freddy, seemingly pleased at himself for thinking up the idea. But Talia, on the other hand, looked horrified. She had seen that expression on Cayli's face before, but never this intense.

She had seen it when one of the girls at school bullied 'the gayboi girly wannabe,' right before Cayli went off and blew her boyfriend in the bathroom, leaking a video of it to her friendgroup.

She had seen it when one of the guys at Talia's college had insisted that he'd never sleep with some femboy, only to end up calling Cayli every night after until she blocked him.

She had seen it every time Cayli had done something over the top, lewd and stupid in the name of her own ego, and to remind people that she could.

But that wasn't the worst part.

The worst part was that Kelly had that same expression on her face.

"What have we done..."