

Sissy Sassi was a bit of a ditz when it came to her memory but even with her shaky recollection of her own sissy life, she knew she had never been this angry. She had been disappointed, mainly when studs that dunked and caught touchdowns turned out to be two-pump chumps. She had been impatient, usually when guys were taking too long to put the condom on (It's not like she could get pregnant anyway! Why not just go in raw like she wanted them to?) She had felt a lot of things, but she had never felt hate before. It was like some part of her brain was just flat out incapable of it, not to mention the fact that her existence as a sissy popstar meant she spent most of her days fighting *against* hate.

But after hearing the first sissy-diss track in recorded human history, Sissy Sassi *hated* Jenny Jiggles. She hated her so much, hated everything about her, hated that this song was going up in the charts.

So, that night, Sassi marched into the studio. She didn't call up her normal songwriters, didn't ask her agent for advice. For the first time she could remember, Sissy Sassi took up the initiative and did it on her own.

She had to battle for her career and if this bimbo wanted a sissy-fight, then the claws were out.

Since diss tracks had to be put out on a short timetable, the elaborate music video had been eschewed in favor of something simple. Sasha stood in a bedroom full of awards and wore nothing but blood-red lingerie, singing right to camera as if speaking to Jenny face to face.

Think I'm old?

I wouldn't be bragging

I give it two years

Til you're sagging

Pushup bras ain't fooling no one

We know milk expires quick

It's sad you think I'd be offended

That you got some secondhand dick

Sasha rolled her eyes, scoffed and generally put on a show of over exaggerated facial gestures, letting everyone know just how she reacted to every line. Then, as the chorus hit, she reached forward and grabbed the camera, pulling it close and singing as if she was mocking Jenny to her face.

Real sissies always cum first

You'll always be second best

I'm the queen that made the summer

You're a butterface with a chest

The camera followed Sassi outside to her seaside pool, getting a good look at her butt as it bounced with every step. King Rod and two of his friends in the industry were sitting out there, holding up scorecards as Sassi walked across.

*Glad you got boobs,
They keep your face hid
Look down and
Never see that you're mid*

Sassi walked across with her hands resting below her chin, framing her face as all the judges held up '10s'

*Pushup bras ain't fooling no one
We know milk expires quick
It's sad you think I'd be offended
That you got some secondhand dick*

Then, she walked across, gesturing to her butt as they held up more '10s'

*Real sissies always cum first
You'll always be second best
I'm the queen that made the summer
You're a butterface with a chest*

Finally, she stood there, gesturing to her body up and down, smiling as they all ranked her whole body a 10.

Sassi turned back to the camera, addressing it head on for the bridge.

You want to be me, if I were you

I'd probably want to be me too

Enjoy your fifteen minutes of fame

I'll still be here when it's through

With that bridge and with a very cunty wink, Sassi once more sang the chorus, and the camera panned back to the judge's table, where they were ranking a picture of Jenny's face with two 5s and a 6.

Real sissies always cum first

You'll always be second best

I'm the queen that made the summer

You're a butterface with a chest