

Jenny Jiggles was the new sissy on the scene.

Sissy Sassi had opened the floodgates, but Jenny was intent on becoming a tsunami which dwarfed her in comparison. It didn't hurt that they had the same agent, and that the label was pushing her to challenge Sassi for the sissy crown. It also didn't hurt that she had bigger boobs than Sassi, even if she couldn't compete with her cherrybomb rear. But hey, there was enough room for the both of them, enough room for boobmen and buttmen.

And if Jenny totally ousted Sassi into yesterday's news, Jenny wouldn't *hate* that. Sassi had taken over the world last year, but she was *so* last year. Jenny was the future.

Even if she had to use a rejected Sissy Sassi single when she made her big debut.

*Manhandle*

*MaMaMaManhandle*

*I'm a tiny thing*

*But I'm still more than you can handle*

The bass thumped as Jenny minced her way through the gym, wearing the tightest yoga pants and most outrageous sports bra that her lewd-minded costuming department could come up with. The set was filled with hot, barely clothed guys, glistening with sweat which helped to accentuate their bulging muscles. A few crowded around the buxom brunette as she coyly lifted a hand up to her mouth. They flexed their

massive biceps, and she just rolled her eyes, grabbing one by his collar and pulling him towards the locker room.

*Men handle me and I can handle the men*

*Tiny little thing but I can still handle ten*

*Thrown me around babe I'm not even a hundred pounds*

*But I'm enough gurl to leave you knocked out first round*

She disappeared offscreen as the clock over the door sped up, showing the passage of time until she walked off, boredly looking at her nails. A few seconds later, the massive, muscular stud she'd dragged in crawled out behind her, looking spent to the point of ill-health and exhaustion.

*Manhandle*

*MaMaMaManhandle*

She grabbed another and the same thing happened.

*I'm a tiny thing*

*But I'm still more than you can handle*

And then another.

And another.

Soon enough, there were half a dozen utter studs, crawling on their hands and knees as she looked down and pouted at them.

She walked over to a bench press and laid down in some guy's arms, giggling as he lifted her up and down as if she were the bar. She hung her head back until it was upside down, looking straight at the camera as it looked straight down her sports bra. With that view secured, she continued to sing.

*Punch above my weight and take above my height*

*Gotta be a foot taller to be with me tonight*

*Cause I need a dude I can look up to in heels*

*You have 8 inches for me? Cause that'll make a gurl squeal*

The scene cut to the inside of the locker room, where she walked through the steaming showers in nothing but a towel. All the guys were staring at the sole femme in a room full of stud, taken with her beauty and confidence as she shot them sultry and teasing little looks. She reached down and dropped the towel entirely as the camera panned up, hiding her nudity and the nudity of the dudes around her. They formed up in a circle as she crouched down out of frame, and as the guys slowly collapsed around her. When the last one had fallen, she stood back up, taking a deep gulp. With a lick of her lips, she belted out the bridge.

*MaMaMaMa*

*MaMaMaMa*

*More!*

*You ain't 6 foot, I'll show you the door!*

She was wearing lingerie now, and as she sang, the video rapidly cut to her in different positions:

She was sitting on one of the hunk's shoulders. Then she was being pushed against the wall. Then she was being hung upside down by her ankle. Then she was being carried out of the locker room, a guy for each of her limbs as she looked up at the ceiling and sang into camera.

*MaMaMaMa*

*MaMaMaMa*

*More!*

*Toss me, lift me, kiss me, dangle me off the floor!*

The hunks passed her around to each other, each toss and transfer making her body jiggle for the camera's delight. This was going to be a hit. This music video was going to circulate on social media until she put out an even hotter one. And Sissy Sassi was going to have some competition.

May the best sissy win.

And if Jenny wasn't the best sissy...then she'd just have to play dirty. She wasn't going for second place, especially to a girl like Sassi. I mean, Sassi was what, 23?

That's way too old for a sissy popstar! Jenny was the future. She kept telling herself that as she belted out the chorus.

*Manhandle*

*MaMaMaManhandle*

*I'm a tiny thing*

*But I'm still more than you can handle*

She sang, blowing a kiss to the camera as the hunks closed the blinds and locked the gym's door. The camera cut to an exterior shot of the gym, which then changed from day to night.

And Jenny minced outside, looking back at the dozens and dozens of studs, completely knocked out and sprawled all over the floor. She reached down and made a note on her phone.

"Need a new gym. Didn't even break a sweat."