

Sissy Sassi went to the office from the files right away.

Well, maybe not *right away*.

Sure, this could be the death blow to that hussy Jenny Jiggles, but she had a salon appointment scheduled. She couldn't let anyone see her roots! And then she had a spa session on the docket, and she was getting worked up so she drove back back to have King Rod blow her back out...

But *then* she went to the office right away.

It was in some random little neighborhood in the suburbs of LA, and she almost had to wonder why Jenny Jiggles would go to therapy here. And what would she even talk about? Being a worse singer than Sassi? Only getting anywhere because she had big boobs? Sassi didn't wonder about a lot of things, but she did wonder what her biggest rival had going on. Know your enemy and all...

It didn't seem from the front that it was an active and public therapist's office, and it definitely didn't seem like anyone was home. Sassi knew that it was unethical, even if she didn't know the word "unethical" or what it meant, but she needed dirt on Jenny. So she pulled her car around back and tried to sneak in through the window.

That didn't budge, but there was a doggy door she could crawl through...

It's a good thing no paparazzi had followed her, because she wasn't wearing panties, and they would have gotten a million dollar shot of her cage and plug as she went in. It would have confirmed the rumors that she had the world's only Tiffany Buttplug.

She found no one in the cozy little home, and couldn't make sense as to why this doctor was so important to her agent. She mentioned Amber James in the email, but

there's no way she was in therapy. She had the most perfect life ever, and was getting dicked down daily by the hottest stud in town. Well, besides King Rod.

But luckily there was a desktop waiting in the home office, and Sassi went to work looking for clues. Once again, she barely read the parts that didn't have what she was looking for, and there were so many boring parts with complicated language that she her eyes just glazed over for:

“I am proud to report that the imprinting was a complete and total success, and that Tyrone will have eyes for no one but Amber once he first sees her. I have completed the same process with her, and ensured that she will fall madly in love with her BBC stud.”

“Subject's prior songwriting failed to catch fire due to complex lyrics and poetry, so I have limited her vocabulary to ensure that her new songs will be accessible and simple enough for the pop audience.”

“Tested subject by placing the key to her cage on one side of the room, and a black dildo on the other, before telling her to choose one. Without hesitation she walked over and began to bounce on the shaft.”

“Inducing amnesia is becoming increasingly easy for a woman of my talent, but I have a new method that might be of interest. I can actually enhance memory now, and use my hypnotic means to induce absolute recall of huge

swaths of information. For example, the subject is now completely versed with an encyclopedic knowledge of fashion, makeup and hiphop dance.”

Sassi groaned. Reading is so boring! And reading through this was like reading a technical manual for some science that she wasn't even interested in. When was it going to get to Jenny!?

Still, she wanted to beat her. She needed to beat her. She needed to prove that she wasn't old and washed up, and that she was still the best sissy to ever sissy!

So she read on.

“Obviously they have nowhere near the strength of personalized and in person suggestions, but I have been experimenting with subliminal suggestions which will be used on the new Sissy TV channel. They should ease acceptance of the sissy lifestyle, and attraction to the sissy form. Maybe one day I can do more using this mass media, but for now it will remain limited.”

“Now that we have successfully shown massive and undeniable growth in the field of music and in such related industries, I have begun work on the next phase: Jenny.”

“Aha!” exclaimed Sassi, brushing some of her blonde hair out of her face as she realized what must have happened. This therapist had lost her job for doing some illegal stuff with her clients, and then pivoted into a new role:

Talent scout!

She had found Jenny for Sassi's agent. Jenny wasn't an organic star! She was an industry plant!

Although Sassi had hardly two brain cells to rub together, she did have a knack for songwriting, and was already thinking of ways to put that into a diss track. After all, she was a legit star. She hadn't been hand picked! She had gotten famous because...

Well...she had....what had happened was...

Well, nevermind. It didn't matter anyway.

"I've got you now!"

But then, Sassi heard a footstep in the next room. Maybe Jenny wasn't the only one getting got...

"Sassi?"

Sassi tilted her head, and then walked into the next room, where someone else was going through a filing cabinet. It would seem like she wasn't the only sissy who had gotten this idea...

"Jenny..." she glared.

"Sassi..."

The two sissies stared each other down as if they weren't both in a house they'd broken into, far more interested in their own drama than escaping the scene.

"You have a lot of nerve showing your face in...in this house I snuck into" snapped Sassi.

"Don't talk about my face! You called me a butterface! Well you're a butter....everything!"

Sassi gasped.

“Did you come here to get dirt? Because you won’t find any, and I already beat you!”

“You couldn’t beat a drum!”

“Of course I couldn’t! I just got a manicure, and I have session musicians for that!”

“Well enjoy being on top while it lasts! Soon you’ll just be an old hag!”

“I’m 26!”

“And I’m 24! And in case you can’t do math, 24 is like...a few years younger than 26!” said Jenny.

“Well 26 in butt years is like 18 in boob years! You’re going to be sagging before you know it!”

“As if!”

“Ahem!”

The doctor stood in the kitchen, having opened the door, walked in, and watched a bit of the back and forth without either of the sissies noticing. These were matters of pride, after all, and they’d been distracted while arguing them.

“Jenny Jiggles broke into your house! I came here to uh...to stop her!” lied Sassi.

Dr. Heather just rolled her eyes.

“Heather says silence.”

Suddenly, both sissies shut up.

“Heather says blackout.”

When they came to they were facing each other, and tied down to two chairs in the home office. There was really no need to tie them, since they'd been ordered to treat the easily escapable bonds as if they were tight and unbreakable, but it helped keep up the illusion that they weren't hypnotized thralls.

"This is all your fault!" snapped Sassi.

"My fault? You broke in!"

"You broke in!"

"But I broke in better!"

"I can't believe this is the way my career ends. Right next to you..." muttered Sassi.

"Don't be so dramatic. You're Sissy Sassi" pouted Jenny. "I couldn't take you down. Nothing can."

Sassi tilted her head. "Are you comforting me?"

"No, it's just...why do you think I went so hard at you! Why do you think I said you're old and your boobs aren't as big as mine? Because you're *Sissy Sassi*! I idolized you. And literally all I have that you don't is youth and boobs."

"Oh come on. That's not true. You're good with music. And looks aren't everything. Just like...99.999999999%."

"You're on top and I want to be on top, but the top doesn't have room for two people to be on top. That's why it's the top" mused Jenny.

"Dang..." said Sassi. "That's deep."

"I was just insecure and my agent was pushing my to diss you-"

"*My agent* was pushing me to diss you!"

“I wanted to thank you at the ceremony for inspiring me, but they said the other speech would play better! And then you insulted me and it really hurt my feelings!”

“I’m sorry! But you hurt my feelings!”

“I’m sorry! No one should hurt anyone’s feelings...”

“You’re like, so smart!”

By now the two sissies were nearly crying, trying to reach forward and hug each other despite the bonds that held them.

In the next room, the agent and the doctor mused.

“Are they close to the truth?”

“I don’t know. I could simply erase this from their mind if they are. And I’ll add an aversion to this place, and to your files, so that they’re always distracted by something else and thrown off track if they try this again.”

“Good. I’m just worried. Everything is going so well. And the focus group testing shows that your new methods work.”

“Really? Good progress?”

“Yes. Our Sissy Station International ads are able to completely ensnare the weak minded, even those from repressive cultures or backgrounds. We’re talking control like we have with Sassi, Jenni, Amber, Tyrone and Rod, but on a massive scale.”

“And then they come here and go snooping around...”

“Yes, I’m sure they’re shocked to find out the truth of all this. That they’re not willing sissies. That they’re just manufactured bimbos...”

“Let’s just deal with them, then we can talk more business.”

The pair of them went into the other room, opening the door to see the two sissies-

On their sides.

They had tipped over their chairs trying to hug each other.

"We know what you did!" exclaimed Sassi.

Her agent raised an eyebrow. "You do..."

"Yes! You turned me an Jenny against each other! You made this whole feud up to make us more popular."

The agent and the doctor looked to each other.

"And the stuff you found in the files-"

"Was like so super boring!" groaned Jenny. "Write more interesting next time! And simpler words! I mean, I get that it's your notes but I didn't get any of it!"

"I got some but like, who even cares. *BORING!*" exclaimed Sassi.

The agent and doctor stepped back and whispered to each other.

"Are you serious? Did you give them a directive to never find out the truth or something?"

Heather shook her head. "They're just that stupid..."

"You won't control us ever again!" said Sassi. "From now on, we're in charge! We're going to collab! Two sissies on top together..."

The doctor and agent shared another look and gave a collective shrug.

"Fine...we'll never control you again."