

Sissy Sassi had started off her day pretty normally. She got dolled up, attended a movie premier and got railed in the coatcheck area by Stanton Jones. Such a big name would have made anyone's life, but Sassi was well used to having stars and studs inside her. By the time she was in the limo for the night's event, all cleaned up from their little tryst, she was almost entirely focused on what came next. It was Grammy night, and she had a performance that was going to cement her. No more talk about being a flash in the pan, about being a one album wonder, about ruling one summer and failing to capture the next.

She was going to rock the stage.

Checking herself in the mirror as the limo drove, she only hoped that her agent was on top of things. Part of the reason she hadn't done as well recently was because her attention seemed divided. From the woman who had practically created Sissy Sassi, that was nearly a death sentence.

She was so focused on the performance that she barely played into the red carpet, blowing some kisses and doing some poses but giving the photographers nowhere near what they were used to. No tongue flicking and swirling right in front of the camera lens. No ahegao faces. She was all business as she made her way inside and towards the backstage.

Her song wasn't doing as well as her last one, and some people were even saying it sounded like a leftover B-side from her last album. But the performance would change all their minds. After all, it's easy to like a song when your pants tent every time you think of it. She just needed the visual and so she changed as the ceremony began.

Tonight was going to be hers, song of the year was going to be hers. It was all going to be hers and only hers.

And luckily, her agents had arrived to make sure of that.

“Sassi...I noticed you weren’t that playful on the carpet?”

“I’m just thinking about the song” she told her, looking up despite her stripper heels.

“I see. Well you don’t have to worry. I got a secret weapon that’s going to help you out.”

“Really?” she beamed. “Perfect. I’m trying to juice up the song so anything to really get them squirming in their seats would be super duper great!”

“Oh, then you’re going to love this! Do you know Jenny Jiggles?”

Suddenly, Sassi’s face fell. The perennially cute girl was practically incapable of looking truly ticked off or annoyed, because she’d just seem too adorable to take seriously. Despite that, this was the closest thing to a negative expression that her agent had ever seen on her face. Even when she’d been boycotted and dealt with protestors outside her concerts, she’d giddily shrugged and said that it was their loss for missing out on the hottest sissy in the world. But now...

Sassi *hated* Jenny Jiggles.

For all she talked about sissy empowerment and prominence, she’d never expected another sissy to come onto the music scene. And Jenny had come hard, fast and arrogant. It didn’t help that Sassi was your prototypical petite girl with the best booty on the scene, and Jenny was well endowed with the perfect chest. “Milkers” which had

been Jenny's debut single, included what an insecure star might read as dissers towards Sassi's modest breasts, with lines like:

Real sissies have big titties

And not little bittle itties

If you can't get titfucked

Are you even a real sissy?

Whereas Sassi had always been assured that she had the platonic ideal of a sissy ass, that no longer seemed as important as it once had. Jenny was coming at her, the young star who wanted to dethrone the old. It had gotten so bad that when the LA quarterback mentioned he'd liked sissies ever since hooking up with Jenny, Sassi cut their own hookup short and stormed out of the bathroom. She didn't want Jenny's sloppy seconds, even if turning down a hunk was practically unheard of for her. Her agent had heard of the incident, as had everyone in her circle, but she was still asking about Jenny as if she had no idea which way the sissy leaned towards her.

"I've...heard of her" came her bitter reply.

"Well, she wants to do a bit of a medley with you! Just sort of a bridge in the song, something to get twitter talking?"

"Get twitter talking..." she muttered in annoyance.

"Well, I guess it's called X now, but even someone who works with sissies can't take that change seriously. Regardless, I just wanted to warn you. The choreo is the same. Just let her take it where the bridge normally is."

Sassi blinked once or twice, and considered talking back to her agent for the first time ever. She'd listened to her about literally everything and it had gotten her this far but Jenny Jiggles...

"Are...are you sure? I mean, this song is supposed to be *my* moment."

Her agent tilted her head, looking at Sassi as though she had a nosebleed or something. But her quick, inquiring inspection gave way to the urgency of the moment as the show began outside. "You still have to finish getting ready. Just hurry up. You'll have plenty of moments" she promised before heading off.

Sassi stood there, looking beet red as she got dressed without any enthusiasm. Usually she loved dress up but now she could only think of Jenny.

Soon enough, it was her cue, and all the focus and excitement was out of her sails. She strutted to the side of her stage in her 8 inch platform pumps, gripping the microphone in her acrylic grip as the crowd went quiet.

It was time for the next performance.

The modulated, robotic voice of the intro echoed throughout the space as Sassi strutted onstage, wearing nothing but her heels, a pink g-string and a pink bra. She'd hoped to be in pasties, but the Grammys had thrown a fit about 'decency' and 'age ratings' and 'airing on television.'

Yawn, boring...

But she had settled for the bra, because her chest wasn't what mattered. What mattered was the booty that was bouncing towards center stage, being captured from all angles as she began.

G-string

Is my cheeks' thing

Walk over while

I watch it swing

G-string

Is my cheeks' thing

Walk over while

I watch it swing

With that she got down, crawling across the stage in a provocative position, looking in the crowd for someone to play too. And with King Rod, the hottest rapper in the world, she found her target. She stared at him, writhing and gyrating with teasing deliberateness as she sang the first verse.

You're the puppet

Here's the string

That makes you

Do anything

I'm the princess

You're the king

So be the G

And pull my string

She got up and danced as she repeated the chorus, wondering if King Rod had really been smiling at her. He was one of the hottest stars in the game right now, and not just in terms of music. She had asked that the king line be included in the song as a little nod to him, and sung it with plenty of breathy intonation. The only problem was that his crew didn't like the idea of their macho leader being with a sissy. They had stonewalled all her attempts to meet him, and run interference whenever they could. But tonight, he had stared at her body.

Slowly, she hooked her thumbs through the strings on her hips, lifting them up until her g-string was in an even more provocative position.

Wearing nothing

But my string

Might as well not

Wear anything

Badonk-adonk

It makes you grin

You want

What's underneath my string?

Sassi was so into it that she almost began the bridge, a more-spoken word interlude about butts being the best thing in the world. But the lighting on the stage

suddenly shifted, and the crowd broke into applause, reminding her what had happened.

Jenny Jiggles walked onstage, wearing a bra that was moreso designed to present her chest than cover or support it, and a g-string that practically made Sassi sneer. How was a girl with a butt like that challenging her? It was good, but Sassi's was enough to stop traffic. Sure, Jenny had boobs so perfect that they'd made Sydney Sweeney a has-been, but still! Sassi could hardly hide her annoyance as Jenny sang.

Forget bottoms, look up top

Look at all that Jenny's got

Real guys like gurls with a lot

Between my titties is your spot

Forget g-strings, I love bras

They're much better just because

Really sissies got tits for days

Boobies are the only way!

Sassi was so shocked by the feature that she nearly missed her cue for the chorus, looking at Jenny with barely contained hatred as she sang. Had she just interrupted her booty-positive song to say that boobs were better? Had she just said that she was more of a sissy because her chest was bigger?! Had she just...

Sassi tried to snap herself out of it, singing the chorus instead of gritting her teeth.

G-string

Is my cheeks' thing

Walk over while

I watch it swing

G-string

Is my cheeks' thing

Walk over while

I watch it swing

As she finished, the crowd roared, and she looked over her shoulder to see that Jenny was already gone. Sassi herself stormed back into her dressing room, quickly changing and wondering when her manager would get there. How could she let that happen?! How could she let her moment be stolen!

By the time she'd changed into the tightest and tiniest pink dress that the award show would allow, her agent had yet to show herself. She minced to her seat, telling herself that winning best song would make her feel better. She could even insult Jenny with subtle barbs in her speech.

"I think the secret to real, authentic music is to sing it with your chest...but not *just* your chest."

That was pretty much the only thing that Sassi was able to come up with by the time it was time to announce the winner, but subtly wasn't exactly her thing. She'd never

needed to be a mean girl before, never needed to get under someone's skin. Being hotter was enough, because no insult could shut up a gurl better than just having a better butt.

Still, she was sure that something would come up to her onstage. None of her songwriters had texted her back with good insults in time, so that was her only hope. Maybe she wouldn't even be mean about it. Maybe she would be poised and well-mannered and take the high road.

That would *really* tick Jenny off.

Finally, the announcer made their way onstage and listed all the songs. They opened the envelope and Sassi started to rise, ready to hear: "G-String by Sissy Sassi." She would include a dig or two, but winning would be enough. No need to go overkill with rubbing it-

"Manhandle by Jenny Jiggles."

Sassi froze.

She lowered herself back into her seat as Jenny minced her way onstage, accepting the award that Sassi had worked so hard for. Sassi's memory on a lot of things was hazy, but she had never, ever remembered being this shocked, angry or upset. She barely avoided tears as Jenny began her speech.

"First off, I want to thank all the sissy trailblazers who got me where I am today. A sissy in pop used to be unthinkable and now, thanks to some *older* stars who made it possible for young guns like me, I'm here."

Nevermind, Sassi wasn't going to cry. She was going to kill her.

Jenny loved this old versus young angle, even though she was only like two years younger than Sassi.

“Now that they’ve all had their time, it feels so good to have mine, and to be the *new* sissy icon. The world was begging for one and it feels so good to give them what they needed. Sassi gave you Sissy Slut Summer. But since that summer is over. I’m here to give you sissy Slut Life!”

The crowd applauded and the ceremony wrapped up shortly afterward, with Sassi practically bounding from her seat in search of her agent. She had to answer for this. She had to fix it. She had to come up with a strategy like the one she’d figured out to get her on top. She had to-

What.

The.

FUCK?!

“You did such a great job with the speech they wrote up! You really rode the line between being too obvious and being too subtle” said her agent, talking to Jenny backstage.

“Good, I was worried. I didn’t think I’d win.”

“Hey, with me as your agent, things are going to be easy” she promised, as Sassi stood there in shock. They had the same agent? They why had...

Why did...

What the ***fuck!***?

Just as her agent turned to notice her gawking, she stormed off, not sure what to think or feel. As she knew was that she needed something to make her feel better, and the solution was obvious.

She stormed into the afterparty and right up to the entourage that King Rod ran with, the ones that had been running interference between them since day one. But as they all stared down at the petite blonde, she seemed immune to their intimidation. She marched through them with such determination that the guys who had once shooed her away now parted for her, leaving the way open for her to reach King Rod.

With no hesitation, she climbed onto him, straddling his lap with a leg on either side, and raised an eyebrow. "My mansion or yours?"

Her agent made her way into the room as the pair of them left, snorting at the idea that Sassi had finally got her man. At least she wouldn't have to listen to her going on and on about this unattainable stud anymore.

As for Jenny...

Yes, she was her agent too. You have to diversify and Sassi becoming stagnant was a major concern. Fads like sissy popstars could end as quickly as they began but luckily, her agent had a plan. It was the reason that she tailored Jenny and Sassi into rivals, the reason she had so enraged the stupid little blonde tonight. Jenny had been right, Sissy Slut Summer was over. But the beef between Sassi and Jenny, the soon-to-be greatest rivalry in music?

That had just begun.