

Sassi was pretty sure she could feel King Rod in her small intestine.

He was so big, so deep and so firm as he guided her up and down. With an iron grip and seemingly unstoppable strength, he pulled her all the way down on the massive thing, totally skewering the soft, pale and petite sissy around the pinnacle of BBC. The sounds she was making were hotter and more melodic than any song she'd ever put out, coming from every fiber of her being as he used her as his little fleshlight. There was a reason he had a nickname like "One Man Gangbang" and the depths to which he was stretching Sassi was reminding her of it.

"Oh, stud!!!" she screamed, feeling his big fingers pressing into her sides as he gripped her waist tight. She was practically plush in his hands, tight white flesh straining to contain the massive thing that was bulging her belly from the inside out.

"Sissy..." he grinned, picking up the pace as the sounds of ass on abs echoed through the room. Her high pitched moans were echoing out from her open bedroom door, drifting across the beach and reaching her faroff neighbors as mere sultry whispers. It was only the fact that her agent had secured her such a secluded abode that stopped the press from getting a sex tape of her within a month of her fame, and so she knew she could be as loud as she wanted.

Although, even in the bathroom at parties, under the table at dinners and wherever else the mood struck her, she was *always* as loud as she wanted.

She arched her whole body back, looking straight up at the ceiling as her blonde locks hung down, feeling him get so deep inside of her that she just about melted. Then, after longer than any sissy and stud would even dream of lasting, her legs started to

shake as though she was being tazed and one last sissy spurt came from her pink cage.

As her strained pink hole tensed around King Rod's rod and every part of her clenched down in response, she felt a deluge of deep warmth being injected into her very soul. Its heat and presence was like magic, making her giggle and grin as he slowly snaked the massive thing out, reminding her of just how huge it was. Just when you'd think he couldn't pull any more from inside her, the shaft would continue sliding out from between her cheeks. Finally, he got it all out, laying it on her back as he pulled her close to him, cuddling and pecking the nape of her neck.

"Here...you...go..." he teased, shoving the plug back inside her as she gave a little squeak. Now she'd get to feel the comfort of his seed inside her for the whole day.

She shimmered slightly, feeling it jostle inside her, and then let out another giggle. "I needed that."

"I know. You are cute when you're angry though."

"Oh, shut up!" she laughed. "And it doesn't matter anyway. Jenny Jiggles is done. Over, finished."

"Yeah, you No Vaselined her. Although I guess a sissy would like no vaseline..."

"I know I do!"

He held her tight in his big, strong arms, making her feel so safe between his walls of muscles until they both knew it was time to start the day.

She got up and turned on E! as she got dressed, always wanting to stay up on the latest gossip. King Rod had been with a lot of stereotypical bimbos before, but none were quite as bimboish as Sassi. She didn't just care about fashion, gossip and reality

tv. It was seemingly *all* she cared about, minus her own career and sissy needs. The other bimbos seemed to have an actual person beneath all the fronted cliché but Sassi was bimbo to the core, with nothing deeper down.

Hey, as long as she could take him balls deep, he didn't care. Not a lot of girls could.

"Social media is saying you won the battle" he called to her from the bathroom.

"Well of course they are! I did!" she said, doing a bit of morning yoga before getting dressed. One of these days, she'd have to take advantage of her flexibility for a music video. Doing suggestive splits, lifting her leg straight up in the air, touching her toes with her head...

"We all love milk, don't we?"

Sassi slowly stood upright, looking to her flat screen in shock.

Jenny Jiggles was doing a commercial for some sort of speciality brand milk, no doubt meant to appeal to depraved and shameless gooner simps.

"Shoot, I should have thought of that" mused Sassi.

But it wasn't the product that had stopped Sassi in her tracks. It was the brand.

Her brand.

SissyX.

Her flagship company was doing a Jenny Jiggles commercial?! They had to have filmed it before the diss track but still...

It was *her* brand.

“I have to go talk to my agent!” she called out, leaving King Rod to his day as she prepared for her own.

With such a rageful head of steam, she only spent an hour getting dolled up and dressed. A Sissy Sassi personal best.

Sassi’s agent sat at her desk, basking in the PR paradise she’d found herself in. Sure, Sassi’s diss track had been unexpected, and a bit much. You couldn’t blame her agent for being blindsided by it, especially when Sassi had never shown any initiative about anything besides her boys and outfits. But it wouldn’t damage Jenny’s brand too much, not if it was played right.

To think that last year, having one sissy on the charts was viewed as her masterpiece. Now she had two sissies taking up multiple spots, including the first and second place on the Billboard.

It was working even better than she’d hoped.

But while the beef was doing wonders to the amount of attention the sissies were getting, it was clearly taking its toll on them. She’d just shared a tear filled call with Jenny, explaining to her that she wasn’t actually a butterface.

She should know, she had constructed Jenny’s new face herself.

And now, once more surprising everyone, Sassi was marching into her agent’s office.

“I’ll call you back...” she said, putting her phone down as the sissy stormed through the door.

“What is Jenny doing in a SissyX commercial!?”

“Oh, that? We’ve been airing that for weeks. It’s done great numbers.”

“SissyX is *my* brand!”

“Well, I’m technically the main shareholder-”

“I mean, it was my idea!”

“Actually, I gave you the full proposal for it right after your album hit.”

“But...okay, maybe I don’t own it and it wasn’t my idea but it’s my thing! Isn’t it?!”

“Sassi...are you jealous?” grinned her agent.

“What? No! What’s there to be jealous of!? She’s just a big boobed bimbo!”

“And you’re a big butted bimbo.”

“Well, I’m a better bimbo than she is!” snapped Sassi.

Her agent could see that this wasn’t getting anywhere. But hey, at least it was fun to watch. Sassi was cute when she was angry.

“Be that as it may, advertisement is about covering all your bases, and she has fans! Why not appeal to them? Doesn’t a rising tide raise all ships? Isn’t what’s good for one sissy good for every sissy?”

“A rising...I don’t even know what that means but I want to know whose side you’re on! She’s out there saying I’m old and you’re not doing anything about it!”

“Honey, I’m on both your sides. This feud has made you more popular than you’ve ever been! SissyX stock is rising. Sissy Station International has never gotten ratings this good!”

“You have to pick a side!” snapped Sassi, crossing her arms and letting the ultimatum hang in the air.

Unfortunately for her, the agent had gotten stronger ultimatums from better negotiators. She just shook her head and stood up. "Come on babe. I'm the only one that represents sissies in this town. I made you. Besides, you're with King Rod, have two singles on the charts...what's there to complain about" she shrugged. "Now, I'm going to get some coffee and when I get back, we can talk about your new album. We need to strike when the iron's hot!"

She walked out, leaving Sassi alone in her office, musing about the fact that she maybe wasn't the best at threats. Some people are just too adorable to seem serious.

Simmering and still annoyed, Sassi watched her agent leave. She was right. Sassi wouldn't leave. But maybe having the same agent as Jenni could be a good thing...

Once she was sure she was alone, she minced behind the desk and started going through her agent's computer. Most of the files she found were boring and confusing, but she knew she had to find something interesting.

"Hollywood Hypnotherapist disbarred for inappropriate relationships with patients."

Nah.

"Missing person's report:

Last seen at an LA music open mic. Search turned up no leads, as if he had vanished into thin-"

No. Why did her agent's computer have all these random files!?

“Progress Update: Operation Sassi.

Subject has seemingly no memory of their former life, and solely exhibits interests towards men, fashion and music. As feminization procedures continue-”

Ugh, none of this was helpful! Just a bunch of random files about random stuff that Sassi didn't care about! Why did her agent even fill up her computer with this stuff! Her storage must have been almost used up by progress updates and reports on some random dude who had gone missing a while back! There was even a new guy who had gone missing and new messages to a bunch of doctors and hypnotherapists about something or other. Sassi couldn't really keep it straight cause of the big words but it didn't matter anyway.

Finally, after sifting through emails in search of some dirt or leverage, she stopped.

“I hope this email finds you well, as they always seem to do. Congrats on Sassi's Grammy win! I dare say you've made her into something incredible, especially considering what they were when they arrived. 'Jenny' is progressing well under my care. I'm keeping total documentation of her mental state, everything about her you'd ever need to know. If you ever want to come by and give notes on the files I've prepared, feel free. If not, I'd still love to chat. I see

Amber is doing well for herself after my bonding suggestions. I dare say that she's more in love with Tyrone than a person could ever be, without my help, of course. That being said, you don't have to send me anymore Onlyfans links for them. I'm grateful for the free membership, but it's somewhat unethical for me to flick the bean while watching my subjects. Ah, who am I kidding. It's unethical to do what I did to her to begin with!"

There it was...

Jenny's therapist had files on her!

All Sassi had to do was steal them to figure out everything! Her past, her secret and most importantly, if her boobs were real. If they weren't, then this feud was as good as won. She quickly wrote down the therapist's address on her phone and then hurried out of the office, forgetting about everything else almost immediately.

Well, there was one thing that stuck with her. As she minced back to her limo, she thought about how insulting it was that they said Sassi hadn't been perfect when she arrived. She's always been the perfect sissy, ever since...well...for as long as she could...

Anyway, that wasn't important.

All that mattered was beating Jenny Jiggles!