



Jack &
Jill

Phase 5
Pages 200-211



Damn, Jack. I guess I should thank you. Just when I thought I'd seen everything, here's a sissy making milk.

I have to say, that's fucking impressive.

Actually, that's nothing. It's the end of the day, so it's only what's left. When I wake up in the morning, my boobs feel so heavy. Sometimes I fill up two bottles.

So, you're basically a cow.

You're trying to be mean, but that's honestly how I feel. Mason told Holly it would stop once I'm done... developing. Know what's weird? I think she was kind of jealous. Like, I think she wishes she was making milk, too.

Holly is a strange bitch. She'd never admit it, but I think she loves what happened to her.



Yeah, I've had that thought, too. Also, can I tell you something? I know this is weird, but I hate dumping it in the sink. Like, I know I shouldn't even be making milk! I'm a man! But I also hate it going to waste.

Mm, yeah, that is fucking weird.

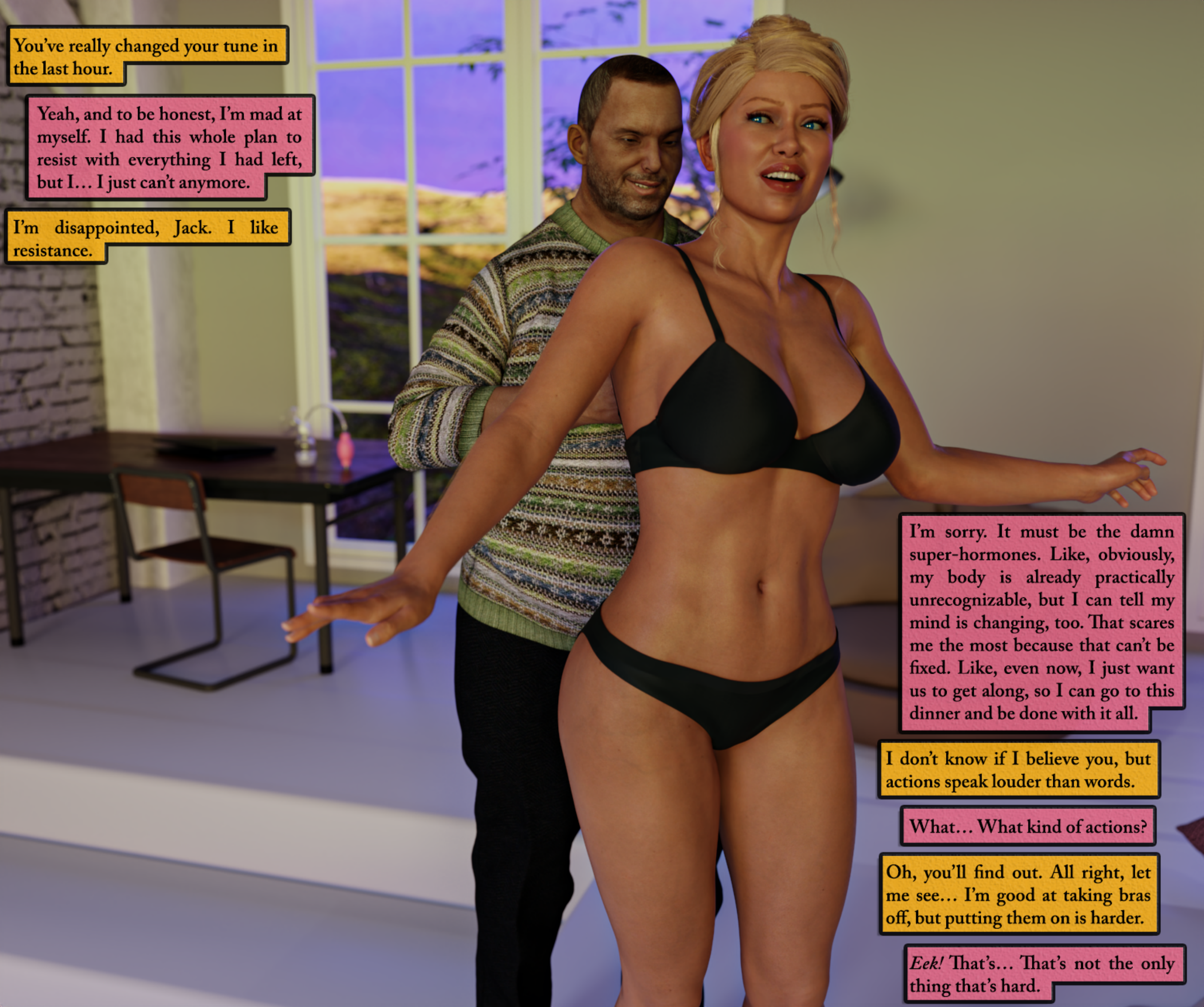
Mr. Davis, could you please help me with my bra?



Hm? You can't do it yourself?

I'm still not used to wearing one. Holly usually helped me. Please?





You've really changed your tune in the last hour.

Yeah, and to be honest, I'm mad at myself. I had this whole plan to resist with everything I had left, but I... I just can't anymore.

I'm disappointed, Jack. I like resistance.


I'm sorry. It must be the damn super-hormones. Like, obviously, my body is already practically unrecognizable, but I can tell my mind is changing, too. That scares me the most because that can't be fixed. Like, even now, I just want us to get along, so I can go to this dinner and be done with it all.

I don't know if I believe you, but actions speak louder than words.

What... What kind of actions?

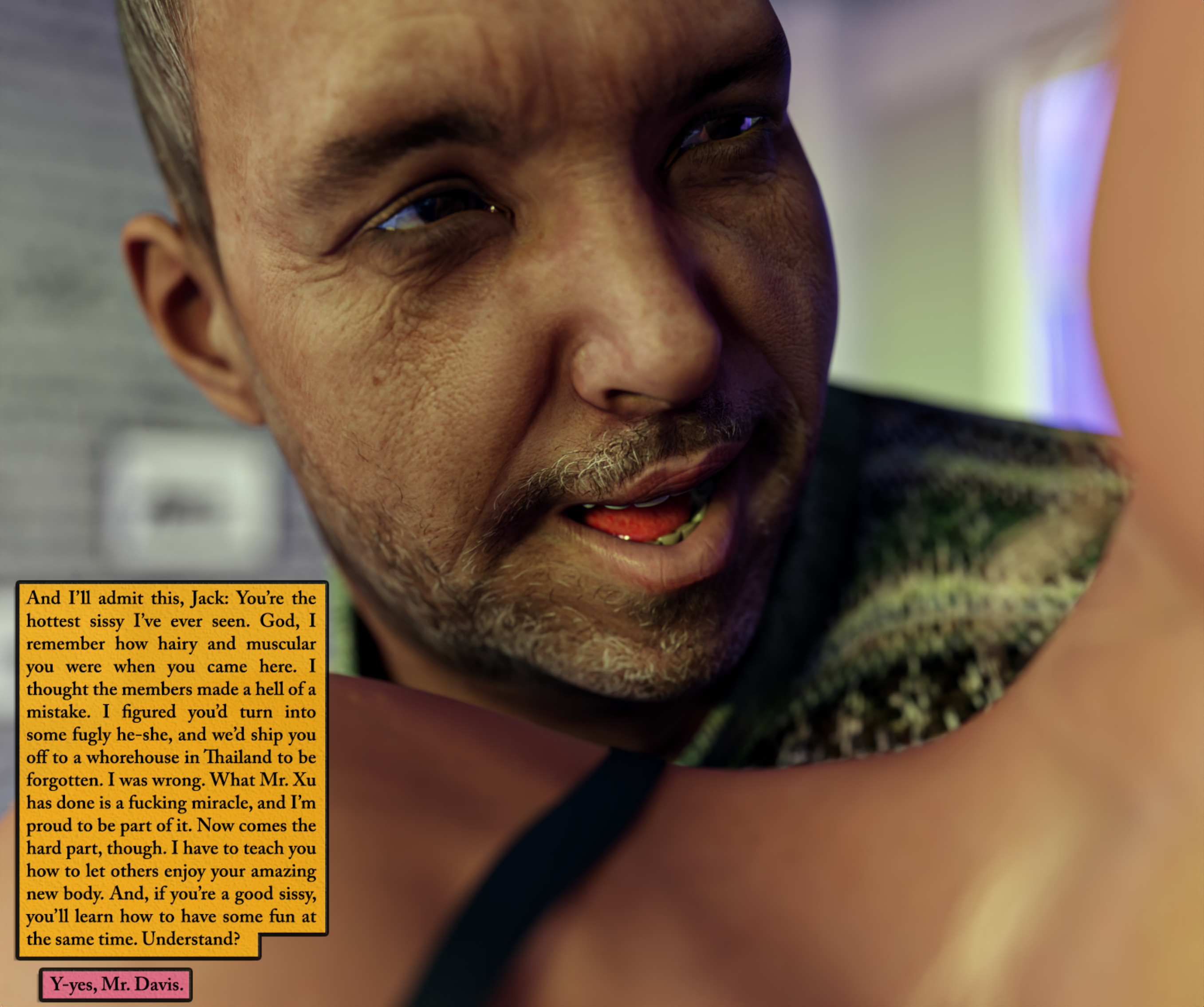
Oh, you'll find out. All right, let me see... I'm good at taking bras off, but putting them on is harder.

Eek! That's... That's not the only thing that's hard.



Oh, you can feel that, huh?

How could I not? Jeez, Mr. Davis! I saw Dr. Mason in the showers, and I was, um, impressed. But I have to admit you, um, f-feel even bigger.



And I'll admit this, Jack: You're the hottest sissy I've ever seen. God, I remember how hairy and muscular you were when you came here. I thought the members made a hell of a mistake. I figured you'd turn into some fugly he-she, and we'd ship you off to a whorehouse in Thailand to be forgotten. I was wrong. What Mr. Xu has done is a fucking miracle, and I'm proud to be part of it. Now comes the hard part, though. I have to teach you how to let others enjoy your amazing new body. And, if you're a good sissy, you'll learn how to have some fun at the same time. Understand?

Y-yes, Mr. Davis.

Try not to dream of my hard cock in your ass, because that ain't happening. Mr. Xu would have his dogs bite my balls off if I ruined his prize sissy before the big reveal.


Oh! Haha. O-okay.



Slam!...

...Click!



A man with a dark beard and a striped sweater stands next to a rusted, open car door. He is looking off to the side with a serious expression. The background shows a chain-link fence and a building. A purple text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.

Good afternoon, you son of a bitch. Well, well, well. You look awful. Way worse than when I last saw you six months ago. I guess being a piece of shit human trafficker is giving you nightmares... Yep, that's it, Dr. Mason... Get in the truck. Go for a nice drive. Clear your head.



Perfect! Too bad I can't tail him, but the local police are worthless—or paid off—and every private detective I've hired has quit suddenly, or gone quiet.

So, like always, Emily has to do things herself. Let's see what you're hiding, Dr. Mason. And please, please, *please* let it be Jack. I miss my big brother.

