

Jenny Jiggles stood in a pair of Daisy Dukes, with a cowprint bikini top struggling to hold her million dollar breasts (Actually, they were insured for 12.6 million). She lifted a glass of milk and took a big gulp, making a show of swallowing it down before lowering the glass down and letting the milk mustache suggestively trickle down her face. Then, she hungrily licked it all up, lapping her tongue about her lips before giving the audience a little giggle.

“We all love milk, don’t we?” she winked. “But regular old milk from regular old utters doesn’t always cut it. Studs need to be studly and sissies need to be sissy, which is why SissyX has launched our new product! Yeah, it’s finally here: the official Jenny Jiggle’s milk brand!”

She lifted the gallon with some difficulty, her sissy muscles struggling to hold up a whole thing of milk. But she managed to hold it steady enough to show the branding, with her on the cover, wearing the exact outfit she was wearing right now.

“We have our normal flavor, regular old milk that does nothing but...” she giggled. “Promote *bone* growth. Then we also have specialty versions. Our chocolate milk is meant for studs, and is filled with all sorts of testosterone, creatine and other stuff to make them just so...”

As she pitched it, hunks wearing nothing but blue jeans began to gather around her, making the sissy blush until she totally trailed off, entranced by their pecs, abs and arms.

She bit her lip and then-

“Jenny!” snapped the director.

“Oh, right! We also have pink, strawberry milk for all our aspiring sissies out there! It’ll help you with other kinds of development, and help your body grow some milkers of your own!” she said, reaching down and bobbling her chest up and down for the cameras. The studs leaned in for a better look, and the coy sissy couldn’t help but smile up at them.

Cut to the outside of an outhouse, with a glory hole cut into the side.

Jenny got up from her crouching position as the guy last of the guys walked out from inside, waving him goodbye as all the neighboring farmers starred, having been able to see everything she’d done.

“Jenny, finish the commercial!”

“Oh, duh!” she exclaimed, patting her palm against her forehead as if shocked by how stupid she’d been. But now that the director had reminded her...

“Jenny’s regular milk is available wherever milk is sold, but you have to special order our special flavors. ”

Cut to Jenny, standing at a roadside stand, with a big sign behind her that says “Milk jugs, \$5.”

There’s a line down the long country road, filled with rural types who seem to have misread the intent of the sign. One walks up to her with both hands up, ready to squeeze, when she puts two actual jars of milk in them instead. He frowns and she

giggles again, before taking him by the hand and leading him back to the gloryhole-outhouse.

Cut to white, creamy goodness shooting all over Jenny's face...

Only for the camera to pan out and reveal that she's milking a cow, and getting its milk on her face.

"Jenny, stop messing around!"

Face covered with white, Jenny rolled her eyes and got back to the script.

"So buy my milk, I mean...SissyX's milk. There's certainly not a special giveaway where one of the millions of gallons produced has my actual milk. I'm definitely not saying that. I mean, that would be ridiculous" she scoffed. It was a lie, of course. She was a popstar, not a milking sissy. But if her fans thought there was a one and a million chance they'd get her breastmilk...

Let's just say the people in marketing were going to get a raise for that suggestion.

"But buy it anyway. Because it's a Sissy World, and a sissy world is a world of milkers..."

The hunks began to circle her again, no doubt ready for round two.

She bit her lip.

"And bulls."