

HALF SISTERS

Episode 8

MAY I...?

SORRY?

DO YOU NEED HELP WITH YOUR
TOP?

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THIS GIRL'S NAME, BUT SHE REACHED UP GENTLE TUGGED THE BIKINI SQUARE BACK OVER MY NIPPLES. MEANWHILE, UNDER THE WATER, I DESPERATELY TRIED TO TUCK MY PENIS AWAY WITHOUT LOOKING TOO CONSPICUOUS.





I WAS FURTHER DISTRACTED WHEN
HER FINGERS BRUSHED MY *PUFFY*
NIPPLES... AND LINGERED. THAT
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A MISTAKE.

THERE WE ARE. ALL FIXED.

THANK YOU.

NO PROBLEM. I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU AROUND BEFORE. YOU'RE
NEW?

YEAH, UM, I'M NEW.



WELL, THEN LET ME BE THE FIRST TO WELCOME YOU TO ONE OF THE MOST BACKWARD, RACIST, HOMOPHOBIC, MISOGYNISTIC, RED-NECKED, IGNORANT, BIBLE-THUMPING TOWNS THIS SIDE OF THE MISSISSIPPI. EVERYONE WILL PRETEND THEY'RE AS SWEET AS SUGAR AND EDUCATED BECAUSE WE HAVE A COLLEGE, BUT IF YOU'RE DIFFERENT -- FOR INSTANCE IF YOU ENJOY SHOWING OFF YOUR BODY -- YOU WON'T BE ACCEPTED. SO, BE WARNED. OH, AND MY NAME IS *JESSICA*.

I'M...I'M SOFIA.

SO I HEARD. AND THAT'S YOUR REAL NAME?

SURE. I MEAN, WHY WOULDN'T IT BE?

UH-HUH. DAMN, BUT YOU DO LOOK LIKE HER. *HER*



SOFIA, DID YOU MAKE A NEW FRIEND? OH.
IT'S YOU, *MS. AKIN*.

HELLO, MRS. FERRIS. MY MOM TOLD ME YOU
HAD MOVED BACK TO THE OLD HOUSE, BUT
I DIDN'T BELIEVE HER. DID YOU FINALLY
LOSE ALL YOUR MONEY?

THANK YOU FOR YOUR...*CONCERN*, YOUNG
LADY. BUT, NO, I ACTUALLY HAVE MORE
MONEY NOW THAN I KNOW WHAT TO DO
WITH. I'VE COME BACK BECAUSE, WELL, THIS
TOWN HAS ALWAYS FELT LIKE HOME. AND
THE HOUSE UP NORTH IS FAR TOO LARGE
FOR ME, ANYWAY.

I MUST SAY, JESSICA, YOU'VE GROWN INTO FAR MORE **LOVELY** A YOUNG LADY THAN I EVER EXPECTED. WHY, WHEN I LAST SAW YOU, YOU WERE JUST A GANGLY, AWKWARD GIRL WITH BAD ACNE, AND THE GRACE OF A COW.

YES, WELL, I'VE CHANGED A LOT SINCE THEN.

THAT'S SO GOOD TO HEAR. YOUR MOTHER WAS ALWAYS SO CONCERNED ABOUT YOU, YOU KNOW. AND ME, AS WELL! WEREN'T YOU ALWAYS SAYING HOW YOU WOULD LEAVE THIS TOWN AS SOON AS YOU TURNED EIGHTEEN?

YES, I DID SAY THAT.

AND YET, HERE YOU ARE. I GUESS SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST MEANT TO BE IN ONE PLACE.

I TRANSFERRED TO ST. CHRISTOPHER'S. THEY OFFERED ME A FULL-RIDE SCHOLARSHIP.

FOR YOUR FIELD HOCKEY? HOW WONDERFUL. PERSONALLY, I ALWAYS FOUND THAT SPORT FAR TOO **MASCULINE**.

THANKS FOR THE CONVERSATION, MRS. FERRIS. IT WAS SO LOVELY TO SEE YOU AGAIN.



AFTER THE *BITCHY* BATTLE OF WILLS, JESSICA DOVE UNDER THE WATER. I DESPERATELY TRIED TO COVER MY DICK -- WHICH WAS DISTRESSINGLY EASY WITH HOW MUCH IT HAD SHRUNK. I'M ALMOST POSITIVE JESSICA DIDN'T NOTICE ANYTHING.

THE STRANGEST THING IS THAT AS SHE SWAM BY ME, SHE SWATTED MY BUTT! I'D NEVER HAD A GIRL HIT ON ME LIKE THIS BEFORE. WAS SHE *NUTS?*

MRS. FERRIS SUMMONED ME TO THE SIDE OF THE POOL, AND I TOLD HER TO HOLD ON WHILE I SPENT A FRUSTRATING (AND PAINFUL) MINUTE RE-TUCKING WHAT WAS LEFT OF MY GENITALS.



CROSS YOUR LEGS. THERE'S A *GOOD GIRL*. NOW, LISTEN, I WANT YOU TO STAY THE HELL AWAY FROM THAT GIRL. JESSICA AKIN IS A BAD INFLUENCE.

REALLY? SHE SEEMS...*NICE*.

WELL, OF COURSE SHE DOES! LOOK, I KNOW YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS QUITE YET, BUT THE FEMININE WORLD IS MUCH MORE SUBTLE THAN YOU'RE USED TO, MY DEAR. WE WEAPONIZE NICENESS!

HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THERE WILL BE TIME TO TEACH YOU ABOUT FEMININE WILES LATER. FOR NOW, ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS SHE'S A *DEVIANT* AND A BULLY. AND, ALTHOUGH I COULD NEVER PROVE ANYTHING, I'M CONVINCED THAT GIRL KNOWS FAR MORE ABOUT MY SOFIA'S DEATH THAN SHE'S ADMITTED. NOW, GET SOME LAPS IN -- IT'S GOOD FOR THE FIGURE!





I DIDN'T DO ANY LAPS, BUT I FLOATED WITH MY EYES CLOSED, TRYING TO RELAX AND FORGET WHAT I WAS WEARING. I DESPISED MY FAKE 36D TITS, BUT AT LEAST THEY ACTED AS A FLOATATION DEVICE.

THE MYSTERY OF THE REAL SOFIA'S DEATH HAD **HAUNTED** ME FOR YEARS, EVER SINCE I BEGAN WORKING AS MRS. FERRIS'S "MAID." HELL, ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS I NOTICED BACK AT THE MANSION WERE THE STRANGE, SLIGHTLY **TERRIFYING** BARS ON MY BEDROOM WINDOWS. WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THE GIRL WHO'D LIVED THERE BEFORE? AND WAS HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF?

A woman with dark, wet hair is walking towards the camera in a locker room. She is wearing a black, strappy, form-fitting swimsuit that leaves much of her body exposed. In the background, other women are visible: one in a blue and yellow swimsuit is standing near a bench, and another in a white bikini is walking away. The room has wooden benches, metal lockers, and a tiled floor.

AFTER MRS. FERRIS HAD FINISHED GOSSIPING WITH THE OTHER OLD LADIES, SHE TOLD ME IT WAS TIME TO LEAVE. DESPITE MY APPEARANCE, THE LOCKER ROOM WAS AN SCARY PLACE. ALL AROUND ME, WOMEN WERE SHOWERING, CHANGING, AND PRIMING -- AND THEY DIDN'T EVEN BAT AN EYE AT MY PRESENCE. TO THEM, I WAS JUST ANOTHER (*SLUTTY*) GIRL. IT WAS HUMILIATING.

WORST OF ALL? DESPITE THE NAKED WOMEN, MY COCK NEVER STIRRED. I'D ALWAYS BEEN A HORNY BASTARD, BUT NOW? I FELT NOTHING. IN FACT, I REALIZED I HADN'T GOTTEN HARD OR FELT LIKE MASTURBATING MUCH SINCE THE CASTRATION. WOULD I EVER FEEL DESIRE AGAIN? OR HAD MRS. FERRIS TURNED ME INTO SOME KIND OF *SEXLESS* BARBIE DOLL?

WHAT THE...?

I know what
she's doing.

Meet at the
old factory
on Salvation
Road

Saturday
2 PM

JESSICA WAS LEAVING THE LOCKER ROOM WHEN I LOOKED UP. SHE TURNED AND LOOKED AT ME WITH A STRANGE HALF-SMILE AND...SOMETHING ELSE IN HER EYES. WAS THAT PITY?

HOLY SHIT, I THOUGHT. DOES SHE KNOW *WHAT* I AM?

BEFORE ANYONE ELSE COULD SEE IT, I CRUMPLED UP THE NOTE AND TOSSED IT IN THE TRASH. EVEN SO, I DECIDED I'D MEET HER. MAYBE SHE WAS CRAZY, AND MAYBE I COULDN'T TRUST HER, BUT IF MRS. FERRIS DIDN'T WANT ME TO SEE HER...

WELL, THAT WAS A GOOD SIGN, WASN'T IT?





A DOZEN BOXES FROM THE CLOTHING STORE WE'D VISITED EARLIER THAT DAY ARRIVED A FEW HOURS AFTER WE GOT HOME. MRS. FERRIS MADE ME OPEN THEM, AND I WAS MORTIFIED. THE OUTFITS WERE NOT ONLY GIRLY BUT ALSO...**IMMODEST**, TO PUT IT POLITELY. MRS. FERRIS CLEARLY WANTED TO HUMILIATE ME UNTIL I STARTED ACTING THE PART OF "SOFIA" EXACTLY THE WAY SHE WANTED.

THAT NIGHT, DRESSED IN MY MOST CONSERVATIVE NIGHTGOWN, I SAT ON MY BED, WONDERING HOW I'D EVER LET THINGS GET SO OUT OF HAND. I STARED AT THE PHONE, MY ONLY CONNECTION TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, AND CONSIDERED CALLING THE COPS. BUT WHAT COULD I POSSIBLY SAY? THAT I'D BEEN ABDUCTED? AND HOW MUCH OF MY STORY WOULD THEY BELIEVE ANYWAY? MRS. FERRIS HAD A LOT OF MONEY AND INFLUENCE, AND MY PAST WAS FULL OF PETTY CRIME.

IN AN ATTEMPT TO RELAX, I TRIED TO...YOU KNOW...
JERK OFF. THE NIGHTIE WAS ALL SILK, SO EVEN IF IT
WAS *DEMEANING*, I FIGURED IT'D BE GREAT FOR
RUBBING ONE OUT.

FOR NEARLY AN HOUR, I TRIED AND TRIED. BUT I
COULDN'T GET *HARD* OR EVEN CLOSE. SO I DID
THAT OLD TRICK I SUGGESTED TO YOU AND BEGAN
FONDLING MY NIPPLES, BUT THE SENSATION WAS
MUTED AND EVEN A LITTLE PAINFUL. EVEN THAT
PLEASURE HAD BEEN TAKEN AWAY BY THESE FUCK-
ING IMPLANTS!





I REMEMBERED MY TIME WITH JOSH. THAT WAS MY FIRST SEXUAL ENCOUNTER WITH ANOTHER GUY. I'D BEEN CONFUSED, BUT HE'D BEEN GENTLE AND PATIENT WITH ME. AND, TO BE HONEST, THAT WAS SOME OF THE BEST SEX I'D EVER HAD.

NOW I WONDERED IF I'D EVER FEEL ANYTHING LIKE THAT AGAIN. OR ANYTHING AT ALL.

IN FRUSTRATION, I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP. I'D BEEN HUMILIATED AND *EMASCULATED*, AND NOW I COULDN'T EVEN GET OFF.

I MISSED MY OLD TOWN, MY OLD LIFE, MY OLD BODY, AND MOST OF ALL, MY OLD DICK.

I MISSED BEING SCOTT. AND EVEN IF I DID INHERIT MRS. FERRIS'S SUPPOSED WEALTH, ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD COULDN'T BUY BACK WHAT THAT *BITCH* HAD STOLEN FROM ME.

