



Jack & Jill

Phase 7
Part 25



Grant kissed, licked, and suckled my breast like a man possessed. With each flick of his tongue, powerful, shameful pleasure radiated through my body. I could hear myself moaning and...cooing...in my sultry, feminized voice. I looked down at him, grateful he was smaller than average. Sure, he was a man, and I was (in his eyes) a woman, but there was no doubt I was in control. I ordered Grant to take off his shirt.



I wasn't interested in his body. He was hardly an impressive specimen even if I were into dudes (I'm not!). Like, no offense to Grant—he was sweet—but I used to make fun of shrimps like him who had the balls to go topless in Malibu.

But I was, as they say, *thirsty* and needed to move things along.



Now there was no doubt: That stupid “female viagra” was working on me.

Had the pill affected Grant, too? Doubtful. I mean, obviously, he was very turned on. But why shouldn't he be? He was fooling around with a half-naked chick with the biggest tits he'd seen this side of the Internet. At least, that's how he thought I identified...

Apparently, if you combine a hormonal *female* aphrodisiac with saké and whiskey, you get an almost deliriously horny Jack—except not as a man. What remained of my dick was as limp as cooked macaroni, and I felt no desire to *fuck*. I needed something very different from Grant than I'd needed from any girl I'd ever been with.

You're sure it's okay
I have...*this*?





More than okay! You're the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen. And I'm not exaggerating or drunk. And that includes your...um...sorry, what should I call it?

I...It's still a penis.

Okay, well, that includes your penis. Like, that's the prettiest penis I've ever seen. Honestly, it somehow makes the rest of your body seem even more, like, womanly. Does that make sense?

sigh Yes.

Guilt, confusion, shame, and humiliation washed through me again. I don't want these desires the same way I don't want womanly curves. But just like my T&A, it's pointless to pretend they don't exist.

But that doesn't mean I don't want to know where they came from or if they can be...*curbed*. But in the state I was in that night, resistance was futile.



Can I—

Sorry, I don't kiss men. You're here for one job. To give me pleasure. Okay?

Uh, yeah. That's okay.

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is standing in a modern interior. She is wearing a black thong and is holding a pink vibrator in her right hand and a pink ball in her left hand. She has a confident expression and is looking towards the camera. The background features a grey wall and a brown leather armchair with a white cushion.

And I have just the tool
for that job!

God, Madison still had an amazing
body. But not—I was forced to
admit—as amazing as mine.



Mads, what the hell? Is that *your* vibrator?

Oh, do I get to use that on her?



I call this my lightsaber because, well...

It lights up? Cool!

I left the lube in the bathroom. Be a good boy and get it for us. But while you're in there, count to three hundred before you come out again.

Um.

If you do, I'll let you play with the remote.

Okay!

Sorry to interrupt, but I wanted a little alone time with an old friend. Aw, *she's* so cute now! The hormones did this?

Yeah. My dick just kept shrinking.

Well, use it or lose it, I guess. Maybe it'll disappear one day. Ha! Hey, you still feeling good with all this, sweetie?

I...I'm really fucking horny, Mads. Like, it's crazy.

I know what you mean, girl. Those pills work! Being with you like this is making me wetter than I can remember. But I can't wait for Anton to get back. I hope you won't mind if I call dibs. I mean, I'd ask you to give me a good fucking like old times but, um...



A woman with long black hair and a tattoo on her shoulder is looking at a man's back. The man's back is in the foreground, and the woman is behind him, looking over his shoulder. She has a tattoo on her left shoulder that reads '智福平' (Tomihira) in Japanese characters. She is wearing a silver hoop earring. The man's back has a tattoo on the upper left side. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

...My dick's so tiny it'd slip right out,
and you wouldn't even feel me.

Yeah. But she really *is* cute!

That's fine. I want you to enjoy yourself.

You too! And, yeah, since you're new
to being a girl, we better start you off
with the pony, not the stallion. Oh!
Jack—I mean, shit!

It's okay.

Your balls, they're...

Medical waste? Yeah.

Wow. I mean, I know you said
things were different downstairs,
but I didn't realize they'd be *this*
different. I... I'm sorry.

For what?

Well, if you got rid of your
testicles, you must have really
hated being a man. I'm sorry I
didn't realize. I feel like an
idiot.

A photograph of two women in a domestic setting. One woman, with long dark hair and wearing a black bikini bottom, is kneeling on a white rug and giving a blowjob to another woman. The second woman is standing, facing away from the camera, and is nude. She has a tattoo on her upper left arm and a navel piercing. The background includes a grey sofa, a yellow cushion, and framed abstract art on a grey wall.

Mm, wow. She tastes different—and she's so soft and smooth. She's not really getting hard, though. Does it still feel good?

Hell yes, it feels good. Different, but really good. Damn, Mads, I missed you.

She says as I'm giving her a blowjob.



I concentrated on the familiar, incredible sensation of Madison sucking on my dick like it was the best candy in the world. I ignored my jiggling tits. I forgot my penis was maybe a third of the size it had been and wouldn't get hard ever again without medication. I ignored the strange feeling of getting a blowjob with no nuts.

I was with Madison. And for one beautiful, hallucinatory moment, I could imagine myself as I was when I'd loved her.

And then the three hundred seconds were up.

I'm back—and it looks like I'm right on time. This is fucking hot!

Good boy. Come over here. Jill, get up on the bed. And let's get this orgy started for real.

Listen to her moans and squeaks, okay? That's how you can tell if it's too little, too much, or just right. Right now, she's in heaven, but this is just the beginning. Press level two. I want you to play her like a fiddle, okay?

She's so beautiful like this, in the throes of passion. How high does it go?

Ten, but I've never managed to get past four without cumming! Let's see how high our Jill can go.

