

A woman with dark hair, wearing a red turtleneck, is the central figure in the background. The image is slightly blurred and has a dark, moody atmosphere.

Jack &  
Jill

Phase 7  
Part 23

Maybe I'm paranoid, but I swear every male in the club was staring at me as Madison led me through the crowd. I wondered what they were thinking as I sauntered by - or if they were even thinking at all. The sight of a beautiful woman used to make my brain go numb, and most weren't half as hot as I was in that ridiculous outfit Madison made me wear.





*"Used to."* I wrote that in the past tense without even thinking, but that's the truth. Not that I don't find women attractive anymore—God forbid—but my attraction has changed. My brain responds differently to their beauty now. The fucking estrogen and castration—which made those tiny booty shorts possible—has altered my libido. The drive to fuck has, well, vanished. I mean, I liked seeing Madison in her cute little dress, and I certainly wanted to give her pleasure and receive some back, but I didn't feel compelled to stick my dick in her. And, anyway, even if I did, she probably wouldn't feel what's left of the pathetic little thing.

Remember, we're the queens here, and the guys exist to serve us. I know that sounds bitchy, but a club is one of the few places where women can feel safe and powerful. I bet that'll be a bit of a mind-fuck for you as you get used to life as a girl, but just remember your privilege and power went away as soon as you grew those delicious boobies.



Hi. I'll have—

Shh! Remember what I said? Let the guys buy you a drink. You're the prize. They're here to impress you, so let them.

Right, sorry. I'm just so used to being...you know...the one doing the buying.

Well, that's over. From now on, you'll be the one getting the free drinks because that's what happens when you're a hot girl in a club. There are only a few perks to being a woman, so you might as well take advantage of them.



Dude, look at those two bitches!

Damn, that tall one is maybe the hottest chick I've ever seen!

Why do you always go for the Amazons when you're barely taller than the midget?

Because I love to be eye-level with tits, man. And she's got a fantastic rack.



Jeez, will you look at that ass?  
It's...perfect.

Yeah, which is why there's no way  
in hell she'll fuck you. She's  
probably a porn star, and you're so  
far out of her league it's pathetic.  
But I might have a shot with the  
brunette, though. So how about  
you be my wingman and stop  
drooling over your Amazon?

Fuck you. I have a shot. I'm...I'm  
nice. And funny!



All right, you might have a shot if you give her one of these. It's like a little bomb of chick-Viagra. It makes their pussy fucking wetter than Niagara Falls, and has a nice dollop of oxy. Sound good?

Dude! I'm not going to drug a girl so I can fuck her!

Don't be a baby. You're not drugging her if you *give* it to her. And I bet she'll gulp it down without question. I mean, look at her! Tramp stamp, that slutty outfit—she's a party girl begging for some fucking attention. So, let's give it to her before some other fuckers swoop in and steal our women.








While we wait for the boys to grow some balls, why don't you pick what you'll have?

I don't know. A cosmo?

What are you, a depressed housewife? Whiskey's your thing.

Sure, but isn't that too...I don't know...butch?

Fuck no. Sweetie, if becoming a woman is about becoming who you really are, that's great. But don't get caught up in what society thinks a woman should be like. You're still you—you're just a girl. So drink what you want and fuck anyone who doesn't like it. I'm gonna have a beer.




As we stood there, the weirdest thing happened. I glanced down at my hand next to Madison's, and revulsion washed over me. Not because of the pretty red nails that had no business being on a man's hand, but because it *was* a man's hand. Without a doubt! Gnarled fingers, a thick wrist, and big knuckles. Madison's was so delicate, and mine was just...

Gross.

What's gross?

My hands. They look like they belong to a shaved gorilla. Yours are so pretty.



What? Don't be silly. Your hands are so much prettier than mine. My fingers are stubby, and my nails are too short. I would kill to have your hands. Why are you so hard on yourself?


I...I don't know. I feel weird.

Shit. Sweetie, is all this triggering your dysphoria? I'm so sorry, I didn't think about that! I can be so damn selfish sometimes. Are you okay? We can leave.

Um. Hey there. I'm Grant, and this is Anton. Can we buy you girls—



Shit. The entire point of subjecting myself to this girls' night out was to keep Madison out of danger by making it seem as if I was excited about my new life and desperate for a sex-change. I had to tamp down on...well, whatever the hell I was feeling and fast. Fortunately, two dudes appeared out of nowhere to save me from answering.



Hey, boys. I'll have a whiskey, and my girlfriend will take a beer.



After I had a couple of those (strong) drinks, the night actually started to be kind of fun. Madison even got me to dance with the boys. I'd never been a good dancer, but finding the beat is easier with curves. A big ass acts like your own personal metronome. And, holy shit, were we attracting attention! But Grant and Anton did a good job keeping the wolves at bay, and Madison and I did our best to show them a good time.

After a while, I was shocked to realize that I was having a blast. Grant seemed like a bit of a nerd but a genuinely sweet guy. So when he shyly started to dance behind me, I decided to give him a little show.

I rolled my hips, arched my back, and swung my ass around. Grant got the message and started grinding against me. I laughed—that soft giggle that comes so effortlessly now—and kept moving until he was rock-hard. I don't even know why I did it. I guess I didn't want to be the sort of girl who gets free drinks and leaves a guy horny and hanging.

If only I'd known the consequences, I would've grabbed Madison and bolted. But I suppose what happened next was inevitable. I just wish Madison hadn't been there, gazing dreamily into my eyes while I, her ex-boyfriend, got fucked from behind.

