


Jack &  
Jill


Phase 5  
Pages 96-105

Yep, you heard right, she's making milk. Hm? Oh, I don't know, like a constant dribble. It started this afternoon.



A woman with dark hair, wearing a black, long-sleeved, form-fitting dress with a silver belt and a necklace, is talking on a mobile phone. She is standing outdoors at sunset, with a bright sun low on the horizon and a hazy landscape in the background. The scene is lit with warm, golden light.

Oh really? That's, um, interesting. How long will that take, do you think? Eight to ten weeks? Perfect. No, you're right, I imagine she won't be happy with the news, but at least now we know. We were freaking out.



You'd be proud of her. She's come a long way since you saw her last. I have her in makeup, styled her hair, and even taught her to walk in heels. I wouldn't call it a total makeover—at least not yet—but we're getting close. Hold on, she's giving me a dirty look. Is there something else you wanted to ask Mason, sweetie?


Yeah, what the hell do we do about the fact that my boobs are *leaking*!?

What? Oh, yeah, that was her! This morning she started using the Siren spray. Sounds sexy, doesn't she?

Holly!

All right, she's getting hysterical. I'd better go. We hope to see you soon. Bye!



A woman in a black dress stands on the left, holding a smartphone. She is talking to a woman with blonde hair sitting on a wooden bench on the right. The scene is set outdoors at sunset, with mountains in the background and foliage in the foreground.

All right, so that was a good call. Mason knows his shit—

I mean, yeah! He invented the crazy fucking hormones they're—you're—*they* are giving me.

You can't blame Mason. He didn't know what Xu was going to use his research for. At least, not at first.

What did he say?

Well, your body is entering a final adjustment period. Basically, it's the sprint before the end of the race. That's why you're lactating.

So what do we do about it?

Do? Um, we could see if anyone knows a hungry baby—

Goddammit, this isn't funny, Holly. I'm making milk, okay! That's fucking weird!

No, it's natural.

It's anything but natural!

Look, sweetie, I know it's strange, but we just have to roll with the punches over the next ten weeks. Then your body will be done changing. Which, maybe not coincidentally, is right in time for that special dinner I told you about.

What? How could there be more changes when I look like this!?

Well, Mason looked up your genetic profile to see—I guess he keeps it handy? Anyway, he said you can expect growth in the hips, butt, thighs and—obviously—breasts. Basically, you have all the genetic markers for a very, very curvy girl.

This is fucking awful.

Wrong! This is good for us. Remember, our plan relies on you being irresistible to Xu.

Sure, but what's the point of escaping if I have to go through life looking like I stepped off the pages of Playboy.

The point of escaping is to live, *Jack*. Whether as a woman or a man, or whatever you choose to be. Understand?





I—I guess you're right. I'm sorry. I'm just freaked out.

I'd be freaking out, too. But don't worry, I'll get you a breast pump or something.

Oh my God.

What? We can't let you to ruin all your nice tops!

So, um, how did Mason sound?



Uh oh? Do I have competition for your affections?

What? Gross! I'm not into guys.

Hm, okay, but not too long ago you insisted I was a guy. Remember that?

Okay, yeah, but things are different now.

No, you are different.

Look, I'm just concerned about him. Mason is the reason I developed like this, but he's also just, like, a nice guy. He was always so concerned about me, and I don't think it was an act.



It wasn't an act. He's a sweetheart, and I know he's doing everything he can to come back...



You better be awake, Joann! And if you spit on me again, I swear to Christ I'll punch all your teeth out. They're crooked, anyway, and we need to make them perfect just like the rest of you—which is damn hard considering the raw material I'm working with here.

No, sir. I'll be good today.

You'll be a good what, Joann?

A good... a good girl, sir.

Fine. Now bend the hell over.

