




Jack &  
Jill

Phase 8  
Part 1




Do you need anything else, Mr. Xu?

No, thank you, Angela. Oh, wait a moment. Have we heard back from Mr. Lockridge? I want to make sure he's satisfied.

Yes, actually. He called while you were out to lunch. I'm sorry, I should have told you. But, um...

Yes, I saw the distraction that Holly provided. I suppose, under the circumstances, I can overlook the oversight. What did he have to say?



He was very pleased. He said Josie was fitting in perfectly and was willing to do anything to please him. In fact, he has agreed to allow Josie's son to move in with them.

Splendid. In the beginning, I was afraid Josie would prove unmanageable. I'm glad I was wrong. Despite our psychological profiling, it sometimes remains hard to predict how a man will react to the process. Thank you, Angela. You may leave. And please make sure we're not disturbed. Holly and I have an important topic to discuss.

Of course, Mr. Xu.



Must you really sit that way?

Must I? No, but I love to annoy you.

It's hardly professional.

Oh, I'm sorry, I thought we were discussing your hobby of feminizing young men. I didn't realize this was a *business* meeting. Besides, at least I took my pumps off this time.

Hm. Anyway, I wanted to let you know that Nikki has been returned home.

Nikki—that little shit. She ruined my perfect record. Thank God Jill intervened on the beach. I hope she'll be okay.

I don't consider Nikki a failure. Far from it. As always, you and Davis proved a better team than either of you is willing to admit.

I only worked with her for a few months.

You'd be amazed what a few months in the right hands can do. Speaking of that, I wanted to talk about Jill. Of course, I've read your reports and watched the video feeds. But I'd like to hear it straight from the source. How's her conditioning coming along?

She's been with Davis. Talk to him.

Davis is a blunt instrument. He doesn't understand the charges under his care. You've read the reports he sent about the outing to the mainland, I assume. What did *you* think?

Bringing in the ex-girlfriend was a cheap move. But effective. Jill had to actualize that night, and damn did she ever. I'm jealous I wasn't there.

But I'm sensing we're on the knife's edge.

I agree. In the next month or so, either Jack will disappear forever or he'll come roaring back to power.

Hm. Still, I am placing my bets on the former. And you've been instrumental. I knew I could trust you with my most ambitious project yet. The Platinum Star members will be extremely impressed, I know. Tell me, how did you come up with the whole 'you must beautify yourself to get close to Mr. Xu' scenario?





First of all, because I knew it would amuse you. Secondly, because Jill needed an excuse. When someone's drowning, you throw them a lifeline. If she thought each step of feminization was getting her closer to being able to hurt you, to be able to escape, it might be worth it. She needed something to rebel against—a father figure, specifically—and you were the perfect target.

Indeed. Although her sister and Dr. Mason are proving troublesome. Not actually, of course, but they're... annoying me. They've somehow managed to disappear for the moment.

Listen, with Jill... What's going to happen to her? I know the girls usually go out to the members who bid on them, except for the custom jobs—



She *is* a custom job. *Mine*. Jill is like a concept car. Car companies produce them as an exhibition of how far their technology and techniques have advanced, even if they're prohibitively expensive to produce en masse. This Coming Out dinner will be the most impressive yet.

And *after* the dinner? What happens to her?


You care for her, don't you?

I... Yes. Very much. I don't like lying to her. I don't like knowing whether she'll be okay, and not shipped off to some asshole prince.

And if I did? What would you do? Would your little fictional coup become real?

That'd be suicide.

That's why I've always liked you, Holly. Unlike your father, you know your limitations.

A man with grey hair, wearing a light purple dress shirt and a gold tie, is sitting on a white chair. He has his hands outstretched in a gesture of surprise or confusion. The background features a brick wall and a lamp with a glass globe. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of the man.

Anyway, Jill is not the primary reason I brought you in to speak with me today. As I said, I consider Nikki to be yet another of your success stories. She is the fiftieth girl you've helped mold, and of course there are others which you've procured and allowed other handlers to educate. You've been a great asset to me and to all of Second Dawn.

Um. Thanks?






You're welcome. So, what I'm excited to tell you, is that after this year's Coming Out dinner, you shall be free to leave my service.

Wait. *What?*

Yes. And, when you go, you will be gifted with a severance package of ten million U.S. dollars.

Ten million. Are you fucking kidding?

Not at all. I hope you'll deem that to be sufficient for your years of service. Of course, until then, I expect you to continue to serve me with all the honor and loyalty you have so far. Anyway, congratulations.



Oh! And I left a gift for you in your hotel room. It's yours to do with as you please. Forever.

Um. Okay. Thanks.

Holly?

Hm?

You're forgetting your shoes.

Back at the hotel...

Okay. If there's a god damn assassin in here, just know I can scream really, really, *really* loud.

No, miss, I'm here on behalf of—





Oh, God! *Holly!*

Jason!?



Just... call me Janelle. Okay? It... helps me.

Oh, yeah. Sure, baby. God! I can't believe you're here. That bastard Xu never let me know where you were. I tried to figure it out—even tried bribing Angela, but she was too scared—

Shh, it's all right. But, why are you here now?

This is my room. I don't know what's going on, but Xu said... Well, he said you're mine now.

Damn, he's an idiot. I've been yours all along.

1,345 miles away...



Heya, sissy. What are you up to?

I'm trying to read.

So, nothing much, then?

Do you have a reason for bothering me?

I don't need a *reason* to bother you, Jill. I'm paid to bother you. But, yes, actually, this time I do. You got a promotion. Mr. Xu was impressed with how you handled your trip to the mainland, so he's giving you more freedom. Anyway, it's not like you need more training. You're as girly as they get, don't you agree? But, we still want you to make yourself useful. You know, to earn your keep until the Coming Out dinner.

What are you talking about?

You've joined what I like to call the H.I.T. squad. You're a handler-in-training.



Handler? You mean like you? No way, I refuse.

Me...and Holly and Mason, don't forget. Don't you feel left out? And aren't you bored by the "I refuse" game by now? You know we'll just keep turning the screws until you give in. Let's just skip to the end.

No. This isn't something I'll ever—

Fine, fine. I'll skip to the end. You're going to start your brother-in-law's training.

Connor!?

Yep. And if you "refuse," I'll do it instead—and I'll make it very, very, very unpleasant.

You sadistic son-of-a—

—Bitch? Yes, well, my mother *was* a bitch, I agree. But I'm sure Connor will be very glad to see you again. After all, you're the one who killed his testicles. And guess what? Dr. Mason's hormones have already started to have a bit of an effect. That shit is magic. And when we catch that fucking traitor, he's going to have a big, big taste of his own medicine. Anyway, come on, follow me.



