

Jack &  
Jill

Phase 9  
Part 6



This will counteract the anesthesia and help him regain consciousness, but I'll need to wait to give him the good pain meds. Are you absolutely sure about this? Davis gave explicit orders to keep him sedated until he could be here.

I don't give a damn what Davis wants, now more than ever. Connor deserves to wake up to someone who actually gives a damn about him, not that monster.





Do you know anything about this 'prince' that allegedly wants to buy Connor?

Only a little. Davis made the connection, I understand. He's a relatively new client, but he's already made quite an impression. Extremely wealthy, very demanding. He has a particular taste for Americans, particularly those with a military background. Connor would be a prime acquisition for him, especially after all the work I've done.

You're almost as bad as Davis, you know that?

Hardly. Davis is a brute. He only knows how to break things. I'm an artist. Each procedure is like sculpting a masterpiece. Connor was a particularly challenging canvas, but look at what I've created. It's... it's beautiful.

Beautiful? You took a man who didn't want any of this and—

—gave him potential. This is my life's work. I take what society has deemed imperfect and I perfect it. Men... men are flawed, inherently. They're crude, aggressive, domineering. But when I operate on them, I strip away all that brutishness and create something delicate, something beautiful. You see a violation, but what is art but the transformation of the mundane into something extraordinary?





This is a human being's life you're talking about!  
Connor didn't ask for any of this!

And what about the women who never asked to be oppressed, belittled, assaulted by men like Connor? Maybe this is the universe balancing itself out through my hands.

So you do this because you hate men?

It's more complex than 'hate.' But I'd rather a man be sent to this prince, or any of the rich bastards who buy our products, than some poor girl who never had a choice. At least these men, in their former lives, had power, privilege. Now they know what it's like to be stripped of it, to be vulnerable.

You're delusional. This isn't justice, it's cruelty disguised as some twisted form of redemption. You're no better than the people who hurt you.

Think what you want. But I'm not going to apologize for my work. Not to you, not to anyone. He'll wake up in a few minutes. Be prepared for anything.





Wha... What happened? Where am I?

Connor, you're safe. You're in a recovery room.

Recovery room? Does that mean... Did they find us? Did they rescue me? I thought it was only a dream...





Connor, please stay calm. You're still on the island.

Jack? Oh, God. What... what did they do to me?

You've been through a lot. They performed some surgeries while you were under. But you're awake now, and I'm here to help you through this.

Surgeries? Fuck. That fat bastard said... I don't remember. What did they do? My face hurts, and my ass, and...and my...



...chest! What the fuck is this!?





Are these...? They c-can't be... They gave me...tits!?

Technically, you had tits before, they were just very small. Now, they aren't.

You crazy bitch! Take them out!

Yeah, that won't be happening.





Yes, she gave you breast implants. There were other procedures too, but right now, you need to focus on staying calm and healing. We can talk about how—

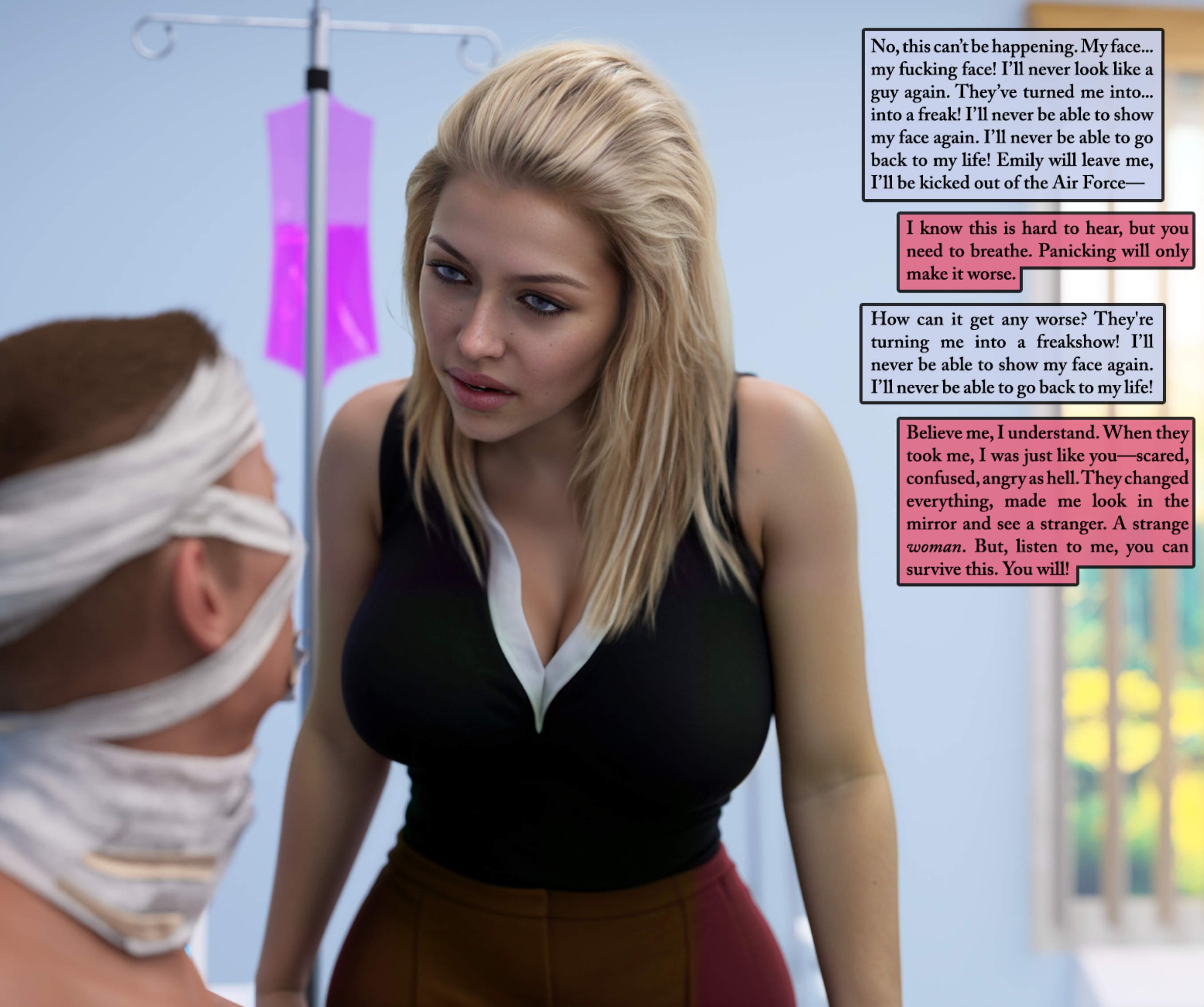
Heal? Heal from what? What else did they do to me, Jack? What'd they do to my face?

Hatcher performed facial feminization surgery. She altered your jawline, your nose, your brow... to make you look more, um...

Like a woman!?







No, this can't be happening. My face... my fucking face! I'll never look like a guy again. They've turned me into... into a freak! I'll never be able to show my face again. I'll never be able to go back to my life! Emily will leave me, I'll be kicked out of the Air Force—

I know this is hard to hear, but you need to breathe. Panicking will only make it worse.

How can it get any worse? They're turning me into a freakshow! I'll never be able to show my face again. I'll never be able to go back to my life!

Believe me, I understand. When they took me, I was just like you—scared, confused, angry as hell. They changed everything, made me look in the mirror and see a stranger. A strange *woman*. But, listen to me, you can survive this. You will!



I'm not like you, Jack. I can't just... adapt to this. I'm a soldier, for Christ's sake! I've been trained to withstand torture, to resist enemy tactics. But this... this is beyond anything I could have prepared for. They're not just trying to break me, they're trying to erase me!

I've built my entire life around being a man, being strong, being in control. My career, my relationships, everything!

That's exactly what they want you to think. They're counting on your limited idea of yourself to break you.

Because they know I can't handle this. I'm too... I'm too manly for this shit. I can't just flip a switch and become a woman. I don't want to!







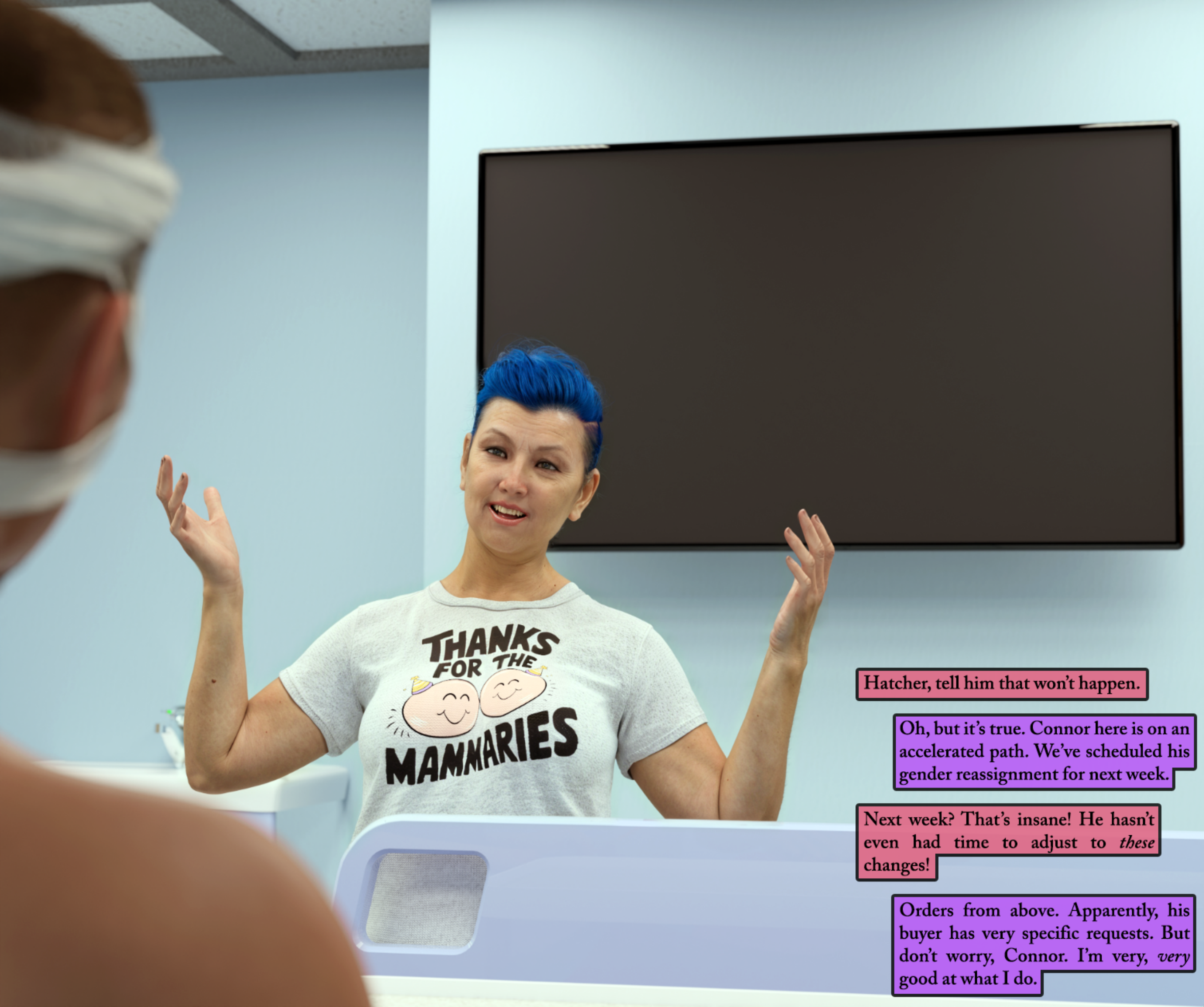
Oh God... Oh God, no. The fat bastard... he said something else. Something about... about my...

What is it? What else did Davis say?

He said... he said they were going to... to take everything. My... my manhood. Completely.

What? No, that can't be right. GRS isn't supposed to happen for years, if ever. It's not part of the standard protocol!





Hatcher, tell him that won't happen.

Oh, but it's true. Connor here is on an accelerated path. We've scheduled his gender reassignment for next week.

Next week? That's insane! He hasn't even had time to adjust to *these* changes!

Orders from above. Apparently, his buyer has very specific requests. But don't worry, Connor. I'm very, *very* good at what I do.



No! No, you can't do this! I won't let you! I'd rather die than let you take that from me!

Goodness, see how they throw a tantrum when you threaten to take their toy away? Stop screaming before you rip all your stitches. Making that chiseled face of yours pretty was no small feat!







Dr. Hatcher, please. We can't do this to him so soon. He needs time to adjust, to process what's happening. Can't we delay the surgery? At least until I can talk to Mr. Xu about it?

You have a week. But I wouldn't get your hopes up. Xu has no interest in what happens to the toys.

I'll make Xu listen. He has to understand that this is too much, too fast.





A week? That's all I have left as a man? No, no, no. This can't be happening!

I'll do everything I can to stop this. I promise, I won't let them do anything more without a fight.

Jack, please. You have to help me. I can't... I can't become a woman. Not completely.



So, You're  
Being Made into a  
**WOMAN**



Okay, visiting hours are over. Connor here has some required viewing to get through. This is a delightful little program Second Dawn put together. Very informative and... shall we say, persuasive? The animation is damn impressive. It covers everything from hormone therapy to surgical procedures. It's really very comprehensive. I love Vix - she's the cute fox!









7:08 PM

Messages Reason I'm Here Details

Want to join us for lunch tomorrow?

Jill?

Done swimming? 🍷 I have reports for you.

Lola and I are having a debate. Do you think Taylor Swift is into girls?

I think she's into girls. ❤️ Did you listen to Lover yet? I know it only came out a few days ago but I'm listening on repeat

911! 🚒 Emergency mtg w/ coven @ Xu's office. Davis being asshole

Oh, God. More drama. But at least this will give me a chance to talk with Xu right away.





If you're a good girl, once you're done with Vix, I'll give you the top shelf pain meds and you can binge the first season of your sister-in-law's show.

It's propaganda. Also, I'm naked most of the time. *Ugh*. Rest, Connor. I'll be back, I swear.





God, it's so strange being back here. I used to patrol these same halls in combat boots, you know? Now I'm tottering around in these ridiculous heels. It's like I'm walking through some twisted funhouse mirror version of my past.

Tottering? You walk better in those heels than I do. But, yeah, this whole compound is eerie. It's so artificial. Everything's too perfect, too polished.






Oh, shit! That's... that's her.  
But why isn't she in her room!?

Her who? One of the handlers  
or whatever they're called?



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black sleeveless top with a light green V-neckline and red pants, is walking in a hallway. She is looking down at a pink phone in her hands. The hallway has white walls with gold trim and a patterned carpet.

God, stop texting me, Gina! I'm on my way.



No, Em, that's... she's...

*Jack!?*

