



THE OTHER SIDE

A TG STORY





THIS IS AGENT SIMON FARNSWORTH, REPORTING IN. I'VE BREACHED THE SECURITY PERIMETER.

GUARDS AROUND THE PLACE WERE A LOT MORE NUMEROUS THAN I EXPECTED.

PIFFFT

AS A RESULT, THIS IS MY LAST STUN ROUND. IF THERE ARE SECURITY FORCES INSIDE, I'D HAVE TO IMPROVISE.



GOING IN.
LET'S SEE WHAT
THIS TRAFFICKING
RING IS ALL
ABOUT.

THIS IS CAPTAIN
RANGERS. GOOD
FORTUNE, SIMON.
OVER AND OUT.



INSIDE.

DANGER

KEEP OUT

LET'S SEE IF
OUR CODE
ACCESS WAS
WORTH IT.



HEY! STOP!
YOU'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO BE
HERE. IDENTIFY
YOURSELF.



WELL, MISS,
YOU SEE. I'M A
BURGLAR, AND YOU
CAUGHT ME RED
HANDED. DO YOU WISH
TO FRISK ME FOR
WEAPONS?



WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?
YOU CLEARLY DON'T
HAVE ANY
WEAPONS.



EEEP!



NOW, ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANNA CHECK MY PANTS?

A person wearing a blue suit is sitting on a dark green chair. Their hands are resting on their lap. A speech bubble is positioned above the right hand. The background shows a dark grey floor with light grey lines.

I WAGER
YOU'RE VERY
GOOD IN YOUR
LOWER BODY
SCREENINGS.

I'M...
OOHHHH...
WHAT ARE...
HMMMM...

DANGER
KEEP

MOMENTS LATER.

YES! YES!
YESSSS!!!





I WAS
WRONG.
YOU'VE GOT AN
AMAZING
WEAPON.



IT'S
SO GOOD.
I WANT IT
ALL.

MULTIPLE
ORGASMS
LATER.

YOU GIVE GOOD
PUSSY, HONEY.
THANKS FOR THE
JOYOUS INTERLUDE.



NOW, BACK
TO THE
TRAFFICKING.





WAIT. EMPTY?
HOW CAN THIS BE?
DID WE GET A BAD
TIP?

DANGER

KEEP OUT

WHACK





NO, AGENT
FARNSWORTH,
YOUR TIP WAS
GOOD. YOUR
PLANS JUST GOT
LEAKED.

I HOPE YOU
ENJOYED YOUR
LAST USE OF
YOUR DICK.

LATER.



YUK. WHAT HAPPENED?



YOU'RE MY PRISONER. FOR THE TIME BEING.

IT'S UP TO YOU IF YOU WANT TO STAY LIKE THAT.



FOR THE
TIME BEING? YOU'RE
GONNA RELEASE
ME?



THAT'S UP
TO YOU, AND
YOUR
DECISIONS.



WHO
ARE YOU,
ANYWAY?

MAY 14TH,
LAST YEAR. YOUR
ORGANIZATION IS
MEDDLING WITH MY
BUSINESS AFFAIRS.





SEPTEMBER
29TH, SAME YEAR.
YOUR INTERFERENCE HAS
CAUSED ME TO HAVE TO
SHUT DOWN THREE OF
MY HOSTELS.



FEBRUARY
16TH, THIS YEAR.
YOU ACTIVELY SPY
ON ME AND MY
DOINGS.

I ACTIVELY FEEL
THREATENED, AND HAD TO
TAKE ACTION AGAINST
YOUR MEDDLING.



**YOU'RE THE
HUMAN TRAFFICKER
MASTERMIND.**

**I'LL BE
BUSTING OUT OF
HERE, YOU'LL SEE.
CAPTAIN RANGERS
WILL BUST ME
OUT.**

A close-up photograph of a hand wearing a black, textured glove. The hand is positioned over a smartphone, with the index finger touching the screen. The phone is lying on a light-colored, scratched surface, possibly a workbench. In the bottom left corner, a portion of a corkboard with a white sheet of paper is visible. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

YOU MEAN
THE CAPTAIN I
MADE A DEAL
WITH?

I ACCEPT YOUR
OFFER. I'LL LET THE
INVESTIGATION FADE INTO
NOTHING, AND YOU'LL
PROVIDE ME WITH A SEX
TOY GIRL.

HE MADE HIS CHOICE. YOU'RE LOST TO HIM.





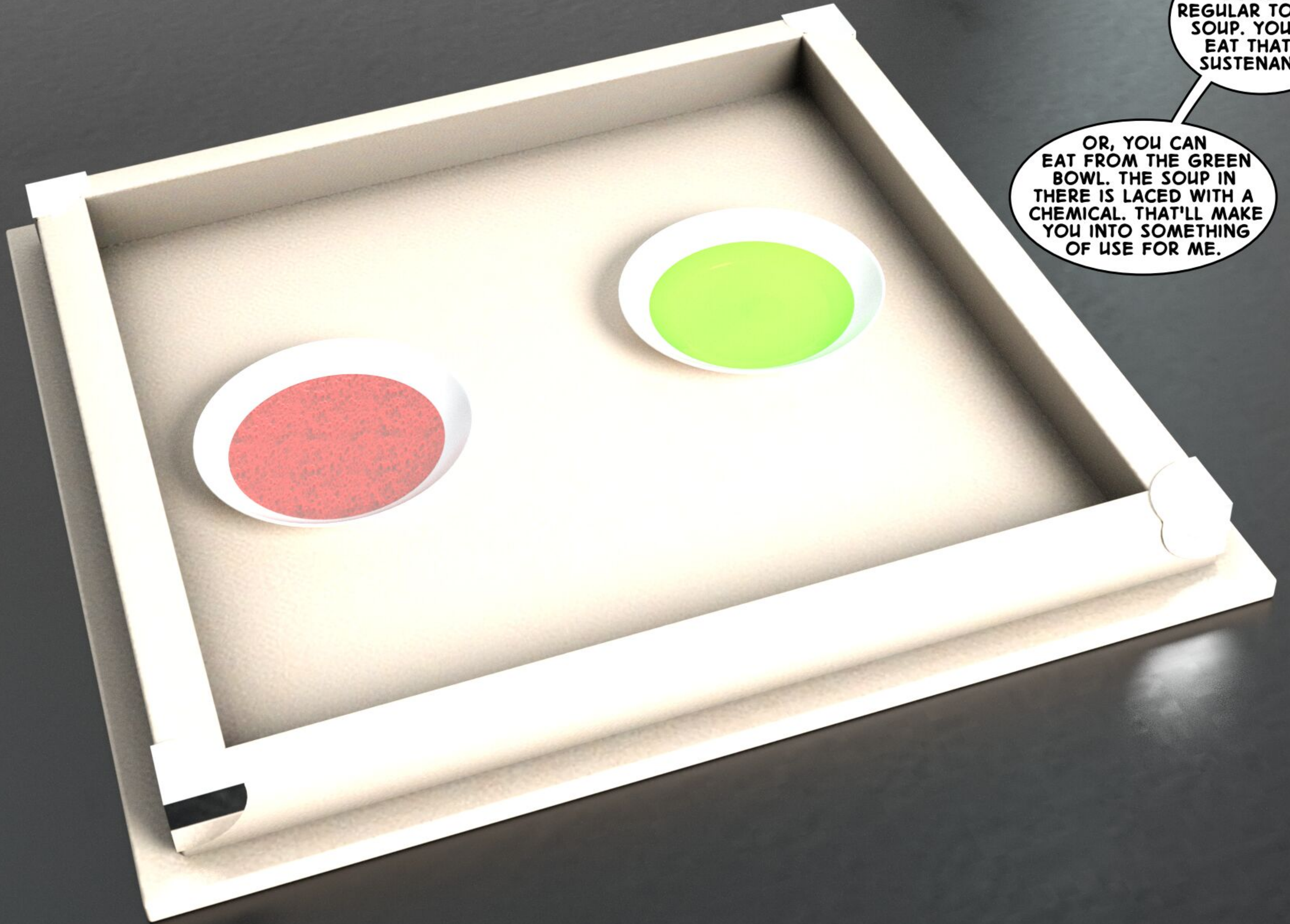
NOW IT'S
TIME FOR YOU
TO MAKE YOUR
CHOICE.



CHOICE?
WHAT CHOICE CAN
I EVEN MAKE IN
HERE?

YOU CAN
EITHER SIT HERE
AND ROT, OR YOU CAN
BECOME WHAT I NEED,
AND HAVE A LIFE
OUTSIDE THESE
WALLS AGAIN.





THE RED BOWL IS REGULAR TOMATO SOUP. YOU CAN EAT THAT AS SUSTENANCE.

OR, YOU CAN EAT FROM THE GREEN BOWL. THE SOUP IN THERE IS LACED WITH A CHEMICAL. THAT'LL MAKE YOU INTO SOMETHING OF USE FOR ME.



EITHER WAY,
IT'S YOUR CHOICE
WHAT YOU'RE
GOING FOR.

MUCH LIKE IT'S
ALWAYS THE CHOICE
OF MY GIRLS TO LIVE
A LIFE IN SEXUAL
SERVITUDE.



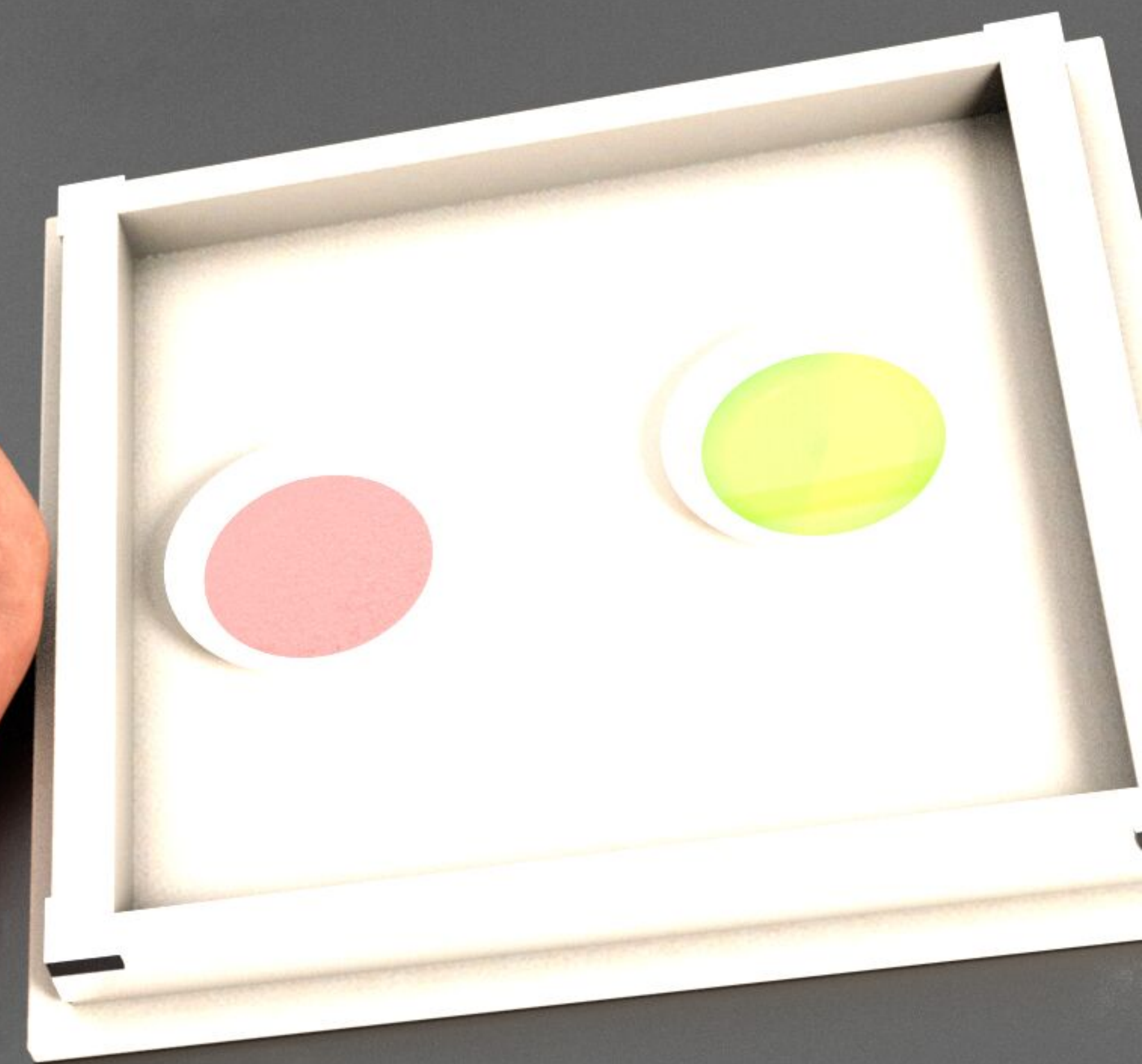
MAKE UP YOUR
MIND WHAT IT'S
GOING TO BE. I'LL
CHECK IN EVERY NOW
AND AGAIN, SEE
WHERE YOU'RE
AT.

A muscular man with vibrant pink hair is sitting on a grey mat. He is shirtless and looking towards the camera with a slight, thoughtful expression. His right hand is raised to his head, touching his hair. The background is a plain grey wall. A white speech bubble is positioned near his head, containing text. The lighting is bright, highlighting his physique.

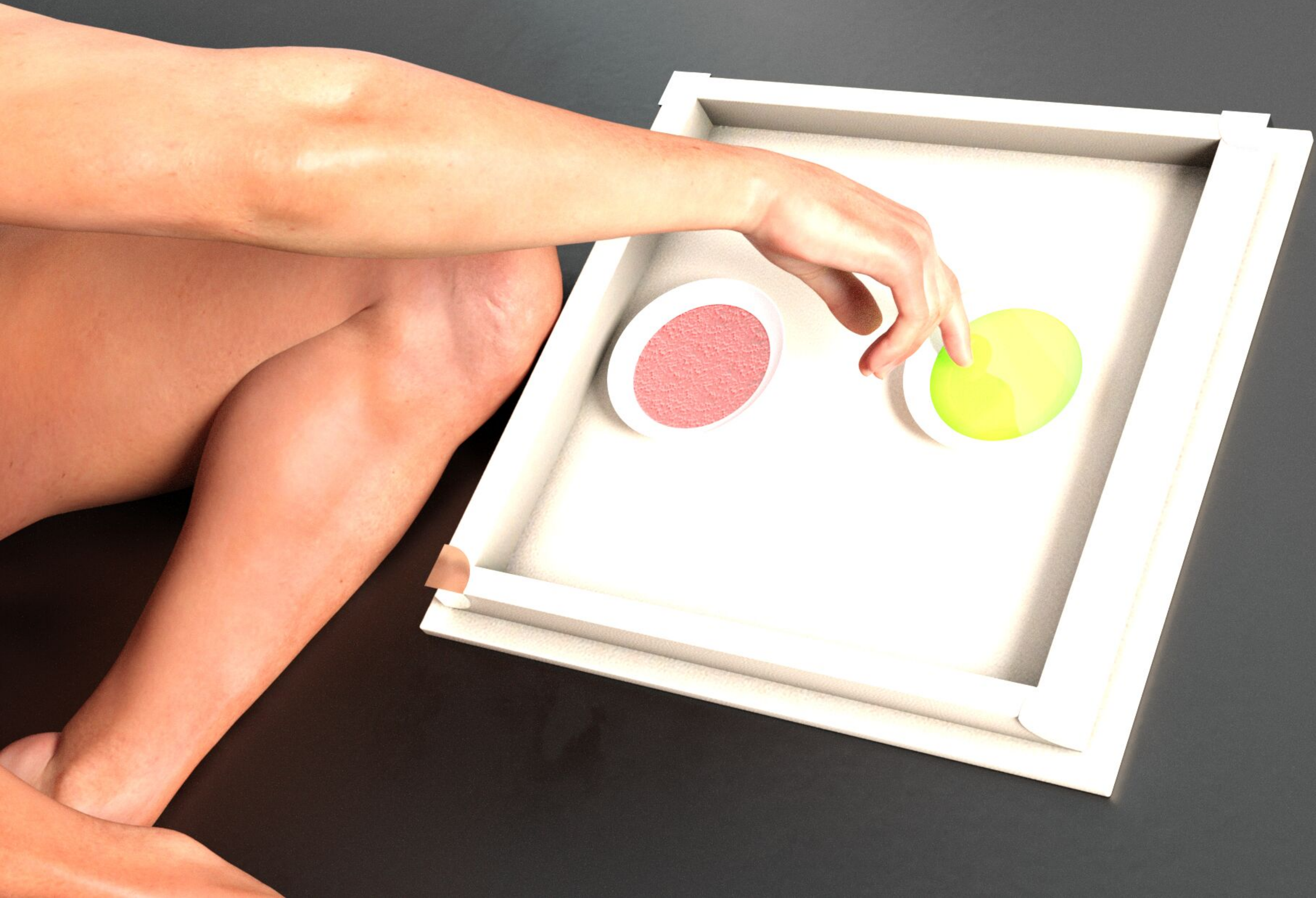
THAT GIRL IS
ALL MESSED UP.
BUT DAMN, LOOKS LIKE
I'M REALLY STUCK HERE.
NO ONE IS COMING
FOR ME.



IT
SHOULDN'T
EVEN BE A
QUESTION OF
WHAT TO EAT,
RIGHT?



I CAN'T
REALLY CONSIDER
THE GREEN STUFF.
WHAT'S IN THERE, EVEN?
SOME PSYCHOACTIVE
DRUG?





THIS
STUFF
TASTES
WEIRD.



WHAT
EVEN IS IT?
THIS SUPPOSED
TO DO
ANYTHING?



KINDA
BIZARRE,
NOT GONNA
LIE.

LET'S
STICK WITH THE GOOD
STUFF,
I SUPPOSE.





GOOD
MIGHT BE
PUSHING IT AS
A DESCRIPTOR.



AT LEAST IT
WAS SOMETHING,
I GUESS.



MIGHT AS
WELL TRY AND
GET SOME
SLEEP.

A FEW HOURS LATER.

GROAN.
THAT WAS NO
FUN AT ALL.



A man with short, vibrant red hair is shown from the chest up, looking towards a white tray on a dark grey surface. The tray contains a small amount of bright green liquid. The man's expression is neutral. A speech bubble is positioned near his head, containing the text "NO REFILL EITHER, IT SEEMS." The background is a clean, modern interior with white and grey panels.

NO REFILL
EITHER, IT
SEEMS.



MAYBE I
CAN TRY THIS
STUFF?



IF SHE
REALLY LETS ME
GET OUT, I CAN
MAYBE ESCAPE THEN,
AND GET BACK AT
HER?



SCREW IT,
LET'S DO
THAT.



IT DOESN'T
SEEM LIKE THIS
STUFF MESSES WITH
MY MIND,
ANYWAYS.

A close-up photograph of a person's bare back and shoulder. The skin is light-toned and appears smooth. A thought bubble is overlaid on the right shoulder area, containing the text "I WONDER WHAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO DO?". The background is dark and out of focus.

I WONDER
WHAT IT'S
SUPPOSED TO
DO?



IF
ANYTHING,
I ACTUALLY FEEL
BETTER NOW THAT I
HAD IT.



STRANGE
STUFF.

LATER.

I SEE YOU'VE MADE YOUR CHOICE. EXCELLENT. YOU'LL BE OF MUCH USE TO ME.



DOES
THIS MEAN
YOU'LL LET
ME OUT?





NOT
QUITE YET.
YOU'LL NEED A
FEW MORE
DOSES.

BUT
YOU'LL BE
FREE IN NO TIME,
IF YOU'RE A
GOOD GIRL.



A GIRL?
HOW DO
YOU... GAH!

To be continued