

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's screen shows a blurred image of a person's face. The background is a light-colored, scratched surface, possibly a workbench. In the bottom left corner, there is a piece of corkboard with a white sheet of paper on it.

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.





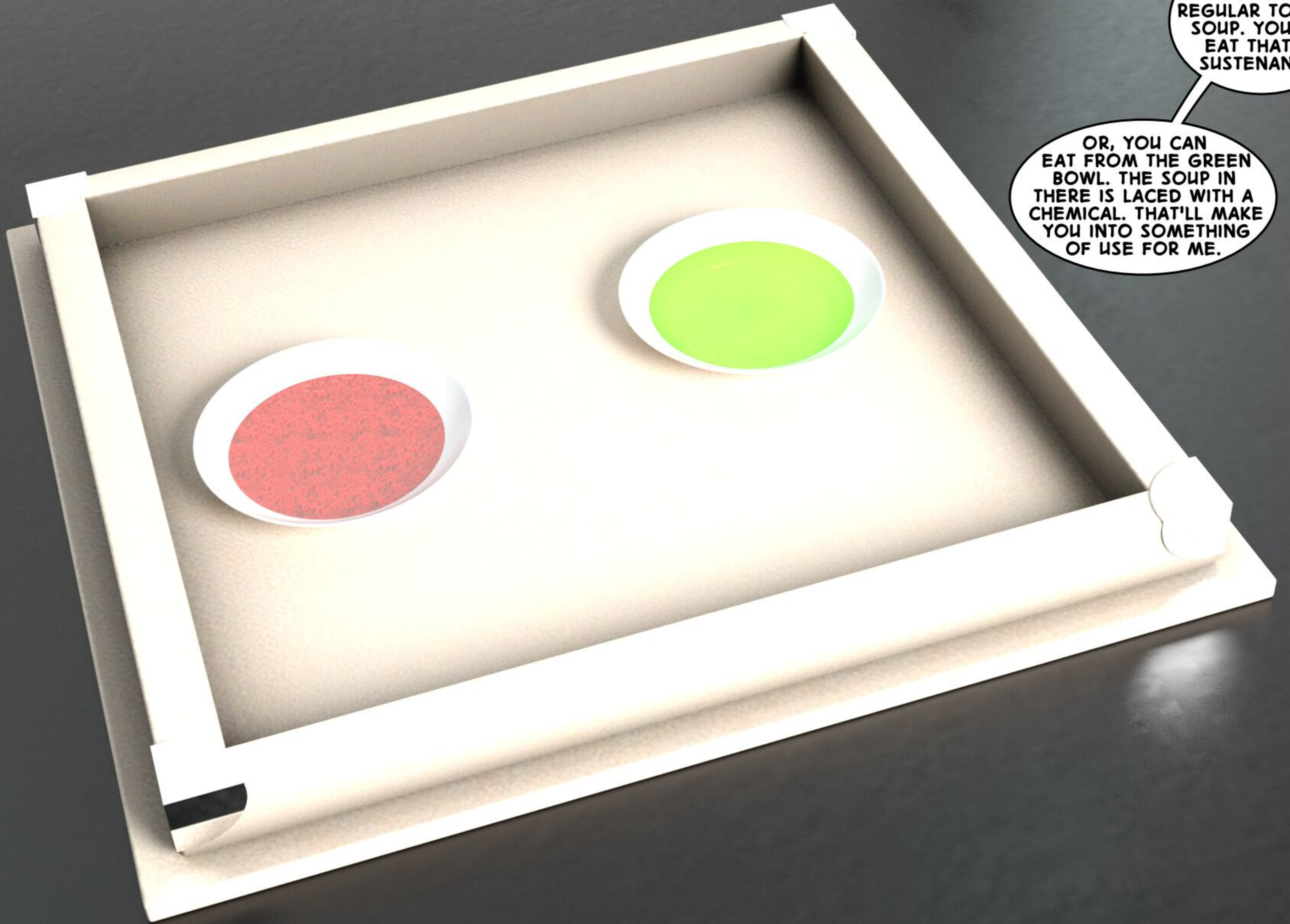
NOW IT'S
TIME FOR YOU
TO MAKE YOUR
CHOICE.



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.

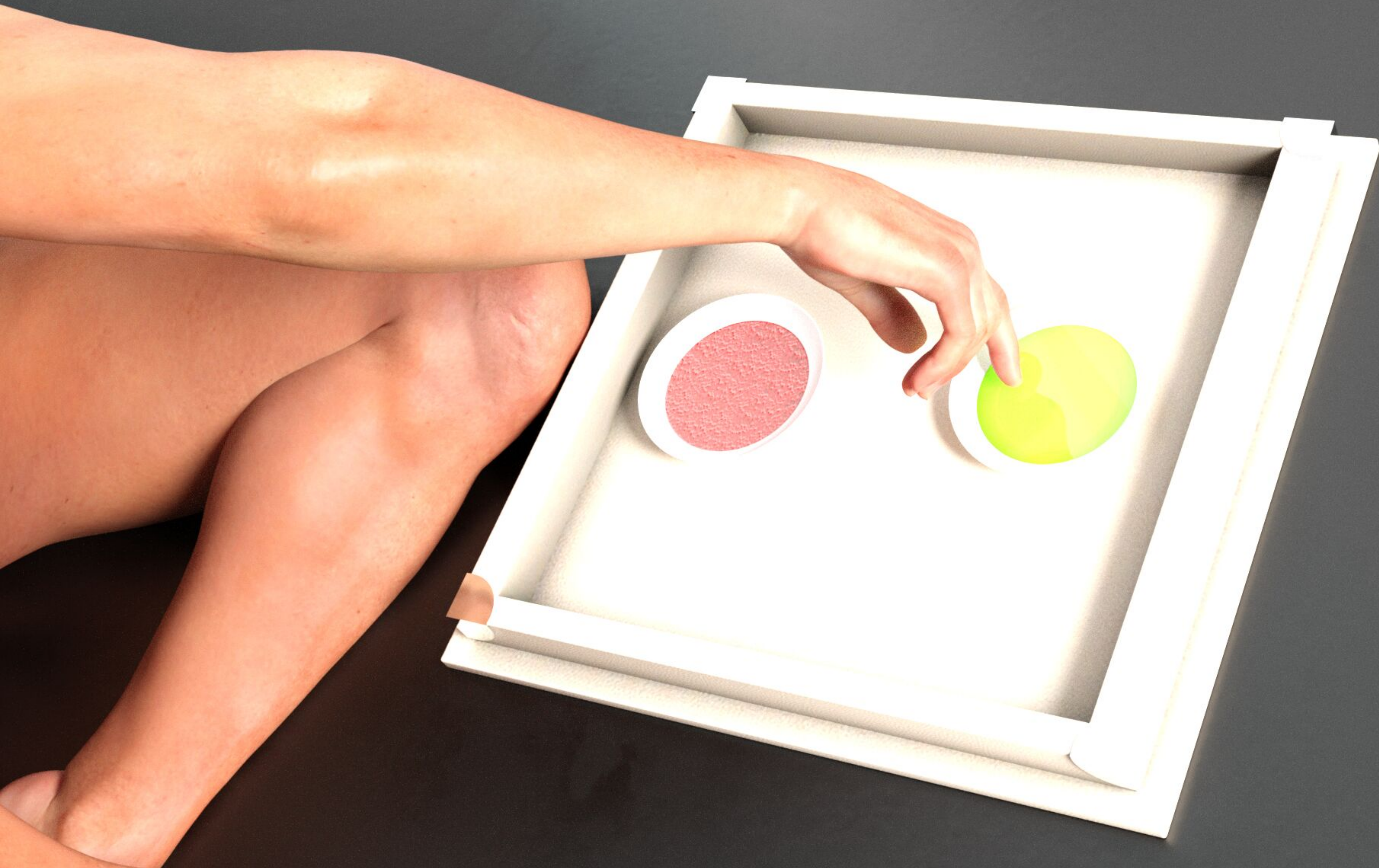
A muscular man with vibrant pink hair is sitting on a grey mat. He is shirtless and looking off to the side with a thoughtful expression. His right hand is raised to his head, and his left leg is bent. A speech bubble is positioned near his head, containing text. The background is a plain grey wall with a white panel.

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?



To be continued