

DAY 1

Now Reggie,  
I can only protect  
you if you cooperate  
completely.

Hey, you  
ain't got nothing  
to worry about  
there.

I'll tell you  
everything I know.  
Those bozos ain't no  
friends of mine no  
more.


The sooner  
Franky goes down,  
the better, you  
know?



*That's good,  
but that's not  
my area of  
concern.*

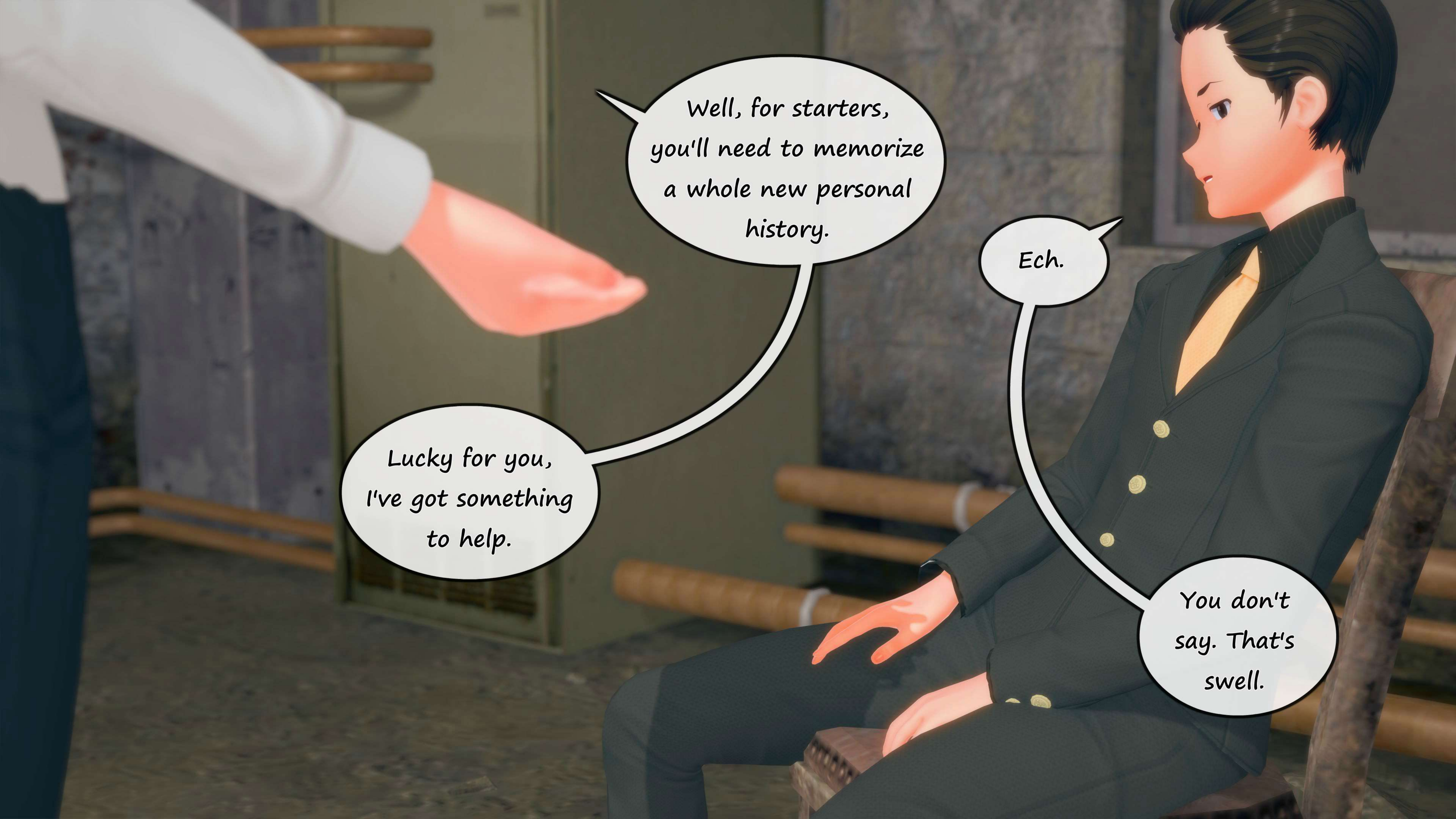
*We've learned  
that there's already  
been a hit placed  
on you.*

*Our only options  
to keep you safe, well...  
Some might call them  
extreme.*



*Yeah, yeah, I  
know I can't call  
nobody I used to  
know.*

*But so what?  
I ain't even married  
or nothing.*



Well, for starters,  
you'll need to memorize  
a whole new personal  
history.

Ech.

Lucky for you,  
I've got something  
to help.

You don't  
say. That's  
swell.



*This is a  
subliminal audio  
player.*

*It'll hack your brain  
so that new information  
can be committed deep  
into your mind.*

*With this, you  
can be confident there  
won't be any dangerous  
slip ups.*

*Okay. A gizmo,  
sure. Goes in the  
ear, I get it.*

...Hear anything?

Keep your mouth shut, an' maybe I will.


....Or not.

Hey, why's the first thing you give me busted? I thought you was a professional.

*I will obey my trainer.*

*My trainer knows best.*

*It doesn't matter who I used to be.*



No, no, you shouldn't be hearing anything. That's by design.


This way it can train your brain at all times, even while you're sleeping.

Ehhh, I dunno about that.

Trust me. I'll manage the instructions it outputs on my end. Just keep it in your ear.

I am ready to embrace a new life.

I am who trainer tells me.



So, Reggie.  
You sure you're  
committed to  
this?

How many  
times I gotta say  
'yes' to you?

Yes, yes, yes.  
Whatever keeps me  
breathing air.

You say that,  
but I'm not sure you  
mean it yet.

So I'm a liar  
then? That what you's  
telling me?

The thing is Reggie,  
right now our best plan  
is to disguise you as a  
woman.

Dead serious. Of  
course, we need to see  
if we can get away  
with it first.

'Fraid  
that's not  
possible.

A.... A woman?  
You're joking.

Uh, look, you  
could just keep me in  
this basement...

I will have  
complete faith in  
my trainer.





*The business of witness protection is more complicated than you realize.*

*It's a complex web of limitations. Budgetary, legal, and political.*

*For the time being, we've got no choice but to keep you in this city, despite the mob's presence.*

*Now they'll be giving every man the side-eye, so...*

*I mustn't  
resist my trainer's  
instruction.*

Yeah but... I  
dunno, I don't  
see how you's  
gonna fool  
anybody.

But I guess  
you're the pro  
here, right? I  
dunno.

I'm on  
your side  
Reggie.

We just want  
to find the best  
way to keep you  
safe that's within  
our power.



Yeah, so... I  
guess I'm gonna  
cooperate then,  
ain't I?

That's real  
smart of you,  
Reggie.

Maybe you'll  
stay alive after  
all.

I'll be back  
tomorrow with  
supplies. Remember  
to keep that  
earpiece in.

I know, I  
know.



Becoming  
a new person is  
exciting.

Obedience  
is the key to  
survival.

I mustn't  
be difficult for  
my trainer to  
control.

I am clay,  
ready to be  
molded.

Who I used  
to be doesn't  
matter.

It would  
be silly to  
resist.

**DAY 2**

Morning Reggie.  
Ready to try out  
a new look?

Good. Go  
ahead and put on  
everything in this  
bag. That includes  
the wig.

Nothing better to  
do 'round here, so  
sure. Why not?

A wig,  
huh? I shoulda  
guessed.

ОСТОРЕЖЕН!  
БЕЛАЯ НАГРУЗКА



Of course the clothes may be tight in some areas, since they're meant for women.

What'cha gonna do? Can't be helped.

No complaints then?

You've certainly come around fast.



What good's  
complaining  
gonna do?

You's told me  
about all this already.  
I've made my peace  
with it is all.

Hey, makes  
my job easier.

Have you  
crossdressed  
before?



*Shame. It would be a smoother transition if you were the type who enjoyed that sort of thing, wouldn't it?*

*N-no! It ain't like that.*

*I guess... I don't know nothing about that though.*

*Then maybe you'll enjoy it after all? Now, hurry up and change.*





Looks like  
everything  
fits.

Good. And  
how's it feel to  
be dressed as  
a girl?

It ain't  
a new suit, but  
yeah, it's my size  
I suppose.

Uh, fine I  
guess?



Only fine?


Surely you  
feel a little bit of  
excitement.

Honestly,  
that ensemble suits  
you quite well. You  
should be proud.



Yeah? You  
think so?

...Well, I ain't  
the ugliest chick I  
ever seen.



There is still an  
undesirable masculine  
edge though, right?

You's could  
say that.

Have no fear,  
little lady. That's  
what this is for.




What's this  
now?

Ah, well,  
the details would  
bore you.

All you need to  
know is it'll help us out by  
providing some feminine  
features.

You're to drink  
this special medicine every  
morning from now on,  
understood?



If you say  
so. Down the  
hatch.

...What, uh,  
what's all the  
'feminine features'  
you mentioned  
there?

Oh, you know.  
Reduces body hair,  
redistributes fat.

Eventually  
progresses into  
total gender  
inversion.



Gender inversion... Wait, so I'm gonna be a girl?


Oh, yeah. Right...

It's uh, moving a bit fast. So, my name's Rachel now?

I already told you that, Reggie. You said you'd made your peace with it.

Speaking of which, Reggie's not a good name for a girl.

From now on, you'll go by Rachel, understood?




Don't worry.  
I'll throw this into the  
subliminal audio so it'll  
stick with you.

Now your voice pitch  
is gonna go up over time,  
but you'll need to work on  
your tone.

You sound too  
much like a gangster,  
Rachel. It'd be better if  
you spoke a bit more  
formally.

My tone?  
What's wrong  
with it?

Right, sure,  
that makes sense. Like,  
enunciate an' stuff.



*That's a start,  
certainly.*


*Well,  
I'm off.*

*Not much else  
for me to do right now.  
And the audio needs  
time to sink in.*

*Huh? You's, uh... I  
mean, you're leaving  
already?*

*I'll have further  
instruction tomorrow.  
You just focus on getting  
comfortable as  
Rachel.*





Sure thing,  
boss.

Er, sir, I  
mean.

...Man, I really  
don't look half  
bad, do I?

I mean, I'm  
looking forward to  
being a tough guy  
again, but...

Ain't nothing  
wrong with enjoying  
my time as Rachel,  
is there?

Exactly!

# DAY 3



Prettiness  
is a virtue.

It's good to  
be polite and  
inviting.

I am Rachel. I  
have always been  
Rachel.

Masculinity  
is undesirable.

FRAGILE FRAGILE  
I am grateful  
for my trainer's  
instruction.



Ahh.

FRAGILE FRAGILE  
HANDLE WITH CARE



Rachel,  
you're slouching.  
Good girls don't  
slouch.



Am I?  
Sorry...

Back to your  
mark and take it  
again.




Is this better?

It's an improvement, at least. Nose down, chest forward.

Hang on, I'll show you.






Try to keep your belly button in front of your nose.

Your breasts are barely noticeable, so you've gotta work to emphasize that chest.

Y-yes sir!



Oh, by the way,  
tomorrow is when we  
start your cover story  
training.

...And to get you  
prepped, the subliminal  
audio's been set up to  
clear your mind.

Well... You might  
feel a bit foggy in the  
morning. It's nothing to  
worry about, okay?

What, like  
whale noises?  
Sure, that's  
fine.

...Okay.



DAY... 5?

...Man, I'm getting sick of waking up in such a dreary place...

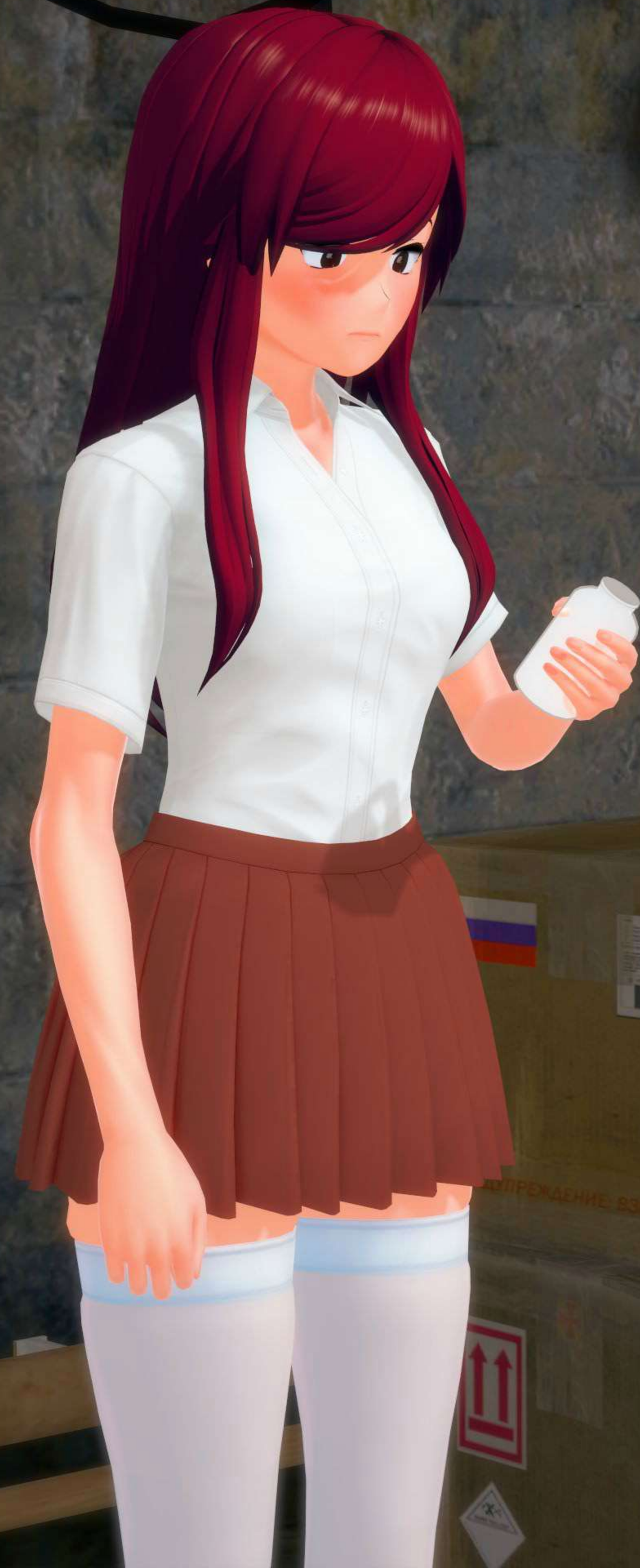
I am a blank slate.

...Didn't I used to have another bed? What happened to that?

Forget the past.

No thoughts, head empty.

...Hang on, what did I just drink? I think it was... Medicine of some sort, right?





Haaa... I feel  
so hot all of the  
sudden...

I mustn't  
think too hard.

...My head's  
so fuzzy... Am I  
drunk?

...Wait, what  
did I just drink  
again?

Live in the  
moment.

.....



Rachel? Earth  
to Rachel.

We were  
going over your  
backstory.

.....Huh?  
Sorry, what's  
happening?

Oh, right...  
What was it  
again?

Well, soon you'll be paired up with another one of our informants.

A good friend of mine. He'll give credibility to your cover story.

An informant?  
...Wait, aren't I an informant to?

No, don't think about that. Just focus on training for your new profession.




New...  
Profession?

A call girl?  
Isn't that super  
slutty?

You'll be working  
as a call girl. My  
friend will be your  
manager of sorts.

Exactly. It's  
the perfect fit for  
a horny little tart,  
like yourself.




But... Why  
am I doing all  
this?

**SIGH**  
Stupid girl,  
I can't believe you've  
forgotten already.

You came  
to me, begging for  
a new life.

You were sick  
of your old job. You said  
you needed a man to  
keep you safe.

...I guess I  
kinda remember  
that...



Right, and  
then you said you  
were desperate  
for cock.

Huh?  
Desperate for  
cock?

Your words.  
I'm just telling  
you what you  
told me.

Jeeze... Am I  
really that much  
of a skank?






**GASP!**

...You're  
right! I'm losing  
time!

Oh, undoubtedly.  
And the sooner we get you  
trained, the sooner you can  
get to fucking.

Don't  
worry, I'm here  
to help.




Oh? Well, I  
think I know a way you  
could help me...

Hey, hang  
on now.

KISS

Mmm!?





Woah, hey.  
I'm a married  
man.

It means I don't  
mess around with whores  
for starters.

Sorry to  
disappoint.

Hmm~? What's  
that got to do with  
anything?

Oh...

You'll just  
have to wait a  
bit longer.

Lucky for you,  
your training's progressed  
faster than expected.

You'll be  
meeting my buddy  
in no time.

**SIGH**

Fiiiine....

DAY ???

KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK

....Hm?  
Where am I?

What's that  
noise?

I'm nothing  
but a stupid  
slutty bitch.

I can't wait to  
sell my body.

Fucking is my  
only hobby.





Oooh, the  
door! Company!

Cumming~!  
GIGGLE

So  
impatient  
....

*KNOCK*

*KNOCK*

*KNOCK*

*KNOCK*






Heyyy,  
Reggie. How  
you doin'?

Boy, the boys  
sure have missed  
you, you know?

I know they're  
looking forward for  
their opportunity to  
see you again.

Huh? Did he  
say Reggie?

Wait, isn't  
this guy's name...  
Franky?


A man with a beard and a woman with long red hair are standing in a room with vertical blinds. The man is wearing a light blue and white striped short-sleeved shirt and teal pants. The woman is wearing a pink long-sleeved shirt and a black skirt. They are engaged in a conversation, with speech bubbles indicating their dialogue.

*Of course  
it is. How silly  
of me.*

*You really  
don't remember  
anything?*

*Why're you  
calling me Reggie,  
Mister? My name's  
Rachel.*

*Do... Do I  
know you?*



I'm your old boss. And your new boss.

Lemme get a look at ya.

...He really did a number on you.

What are you talking about? Are we gonna fuck, or what?




Dumb bitch,  
of course we're  
gonna fuck.

Why'd you think  
I paid so much to give  
you those tits?

Well, s'pose I could  
call it an investment in  
your future career.

...For tax  
purposes.



*You see  
Rachel? I'm  
a reasonable  
man.*

*You wanted  
a job change. I gave  
you a job change.*

*Now the boys'll  
know they ain't gotta  
run to nobody else  
next time.*



An' anyone who  
wants it will know what's  
coming to 'em!

Oooh, I  
want it...



...So, you like squealing, huh bitch?

...Ah?

I'll make  
you squeal  
then!

Ahh!







Hyaaaah!  
Haaaaa!

**END OF SIDE  
STORY 17**