

TRAPPED PART 3 PREVIEW



BY TYPEWRITER17

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MEANWHILE, IN THE REAL WORLD...

THANKS FOR SEEING ME, GLADYS.

CERTAINLY DEAR. BETH ANN CALLED ME, AND QUITE FRANKLY I JUST HAD TO SEE IT FOR MYSELF. ANY TROUBLE FINDING MY LITTLE HIDEAWAY?

I ONLY MADE A FEW WRONG TURNS. YOU SURE ARE ISOLATED HERE.

BY DESIGN, I ASSURE YOU.





SO LITTLE DARLENE IS NOW
A MAN. WHAT IS THIS WORLD
COMING TO?

I SORT OF
EXPECTED YOU TO BE
MORE... SHOCKED.

HEAVEN'S SAKE, DEAR.
I DO SEE MY SHARE OF
TELEVISION. AND I'M VERY
PROGRESSIVE.

APPARENTLY.

IT'S NOT.
CAN YOU HELP
ME?

LIKE IT FUCKING
MATTERS. CALL ME
WHATEVER YOU WANT TO
CALL ME...

YOU ARE A VERY
HANDSOME MAN, IF IT'S
ANY CONSOLATION.

ONE THING AT A TIME,
DARLENE... OR IS IT DARRYL,
AT THE MOMENT?



AS LONG AS I
MAKE WITH THE CASH,
IS THAT IT?

COME, MAKE
YOURSELF
COMFORTABLE. IF YOU
WANT MY OPINION, I THINK
YOU SHOULD STAY LIKE
THAT.

YOU WERE GETTING
SORT OF DUMPY WHEN
YOU WERE A WOMAN.

WELL...



A man and a woman are sitting on a white couch in a rustic, industrial-style setting. The woman, on the left, has short white hair and is wearing a white long-sleeved button-down shirt and black leggings. She is holding a glass of amber liquid. The man, on the right, has long brown hair, a beard, and glasses, and is wearing a light green short-sleeved button-down shirt and blue shorts. He is also holding a glass of amber liquid and is in the middle of drinking. The background features a wooden ledge, a blue-painted wall, and several pillows on the couch. Two speech bubbles are present, one from the man and one from the woman.

**GULP*... THANKS.
OPINION NOTED. I WANT MY
DUMPY, OLD BODY BACK.*

AND BETH TELLS ME YOU
NEED A GOOD DEAL OF
MONEY TO ACCOMPLISH
THAT. YES?

AND YOU SEE HOW THAT TURNED OUT! NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING, MIND YOU. IT'S WELL KNOWN THAT THE WITCH LIKES HER GREEN.

SURE. IT'S NOT LIKE WITCHES GROW ON TREES. REAL ONES, ANYWAY.

YEAH. I TAPPED BETH OUT THE FIRST TIME I WENT TO THE WITCH.

I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS SO POPULAR.

SO...



...SO MONEY,
I'VE GOT. YOU WANT
IT, IT'S YOURS.

I DON'T
BELIEVE I EVER SAID
THAT. IF YOU WANT THE
MONEY, YOU'LL HAVE TO
WORK FOR IT.

JUST LIKE
THAT? NO STRINGS
ATTACHED?





I CAN SEE THAT, DEAR.
I WASN'T THINKING OF
ANYTHING SO MENIAL...

NO PROBLEM. I CAN CLEAN
YOUR HOUSE, DO YARD WORK... I
MEAN, THIS IS A STRONG
BODY...



...BUT THE
STRENGTH WILL
CERTAINLY COME IN
HANDY.

I DON'T KNOW IF I LIKE
WHERE THIS IS GOING... AND I DON'T
LIKE THAT LOOK IN HER EYE. SHE CAN'T
MEAN...

AND SO...

OH GOD...
JUST KILL ME.



AT LEAST IT'S
OVER. COME HERE,
YOU.



MADE IN A BATHTUB IN NYC

Jan Jackson's Bashbrok Whiskey is a really unfortunate mistake that has quite horrible, but many people consider it to be a classic whiskey, I personally hate whiskey, but whatever.

SLOSHWERKS
Old 69
BRAND
NEW YORK



WELL... THAT WAS QUITE A PERFORMANCE, DARRYL.

GLUG

MADE IN A BATHTUB IN NYC
SLOSHWERTS
OLD BRAND
WHISKEY



LIKE I WAS SAYING... I HAVE
PLENTY OF MONEY. BUT I HAVEN'T
BEEN LAID LIKE THAT IN I DON'T
KNOW HOW LONG.

I'M
GUESSING
DECADES.

I CAN'T REALLY FAULT
BETH ANN FOR TRYING TO KEEP
YOU ALL TO YOURSELF, DEAR
BOY. THAT PENIS OF YOURS IS
QUITE EXEMPLARY.



TFFT

THANK YOU, GLADYS. IT WOULD BE A PAIN IN THE ASS, BUT THAT'S NOT WHERE MY ASS IS.

SO... YOU'LL HELP ME?

DAN JACKSON'S



I AM A WOMAN OF MY WORD,
LOVER BOY. I'LL GIVE YOU MUCH
MORE THAN YOU ORIGINALLY PAID
THE WITCH.

ALTHOUGH I DO
WISH YOU WOULD
RECONSIDER. I LIKE YOU LIKE
THIS. AND NOT JUST BECAUSE
OF THAT ENORMOUS
PENIS.

OK. MOSTLY
BECAUSE OF THAT. BUT
LIKE I SAID, THE MONEY IS
YOURS...

...RIGHT
AFTER YOU TOP
ME OFF.

FUCK ME! AGAIN?! THAT'S
ONE HORNY OLD LADY! OH, THE
HELL WITH IT. MIGHT AS WELL GIVE
MR. JOHNSON A SEND OFF.

ONE THAT HE
DESERVES. STUPID
PENIS.

BETTER GET MY
COURAGE UP...





*GLUG GLUG
GLUG*

THAT'S
THE SPIRIT!

SOON...

MAN... TALK ABOUT EARNING YOUR MONEY. THAT TOTALLY SUCKED ASS. I HOPED I WOULDN'T HAVE TO COME BACK HERE, BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE.

THE HELL IF I'M GONNA BE TRAPPED IN THIS STUPID SIDE EFFECT BODY FOR ONE MORE MINUTE!



GOOD AFTERNOON, MY DEAR.
MAY I PLEASE SPEAK WITH MRS.
TORRANCE, REGARDING A LUCRATIVE
BUSINESS MATTER?

"SIR."
UGH.

GOOD
AFTERNOON, SIR.
HOW MAY I HELP
YOU?

Sorry, we
are closed



I'M AFRAID NOT, SIR.
MAMA DOESN'T SEE ANYONE
UNTIL AFTER DARK.

IF YOU LIKE, I
CAN MAKE YOU AN
APPOINTMENT FOR LATE
EVENING A WEEK FROM
WEDNESDAY.

A... A WEEK FROM
WEDNESDAY?! YOU CAN'T
PENCIL ME IN ANY SOONER
THAN THAT?!





I'M SORRY, SIR.
MAMA'S SCHEDULE IS
BOOKED PRETTY
SOLID.

MY DEAR, WOULD YOU
PLEASE TELL YOUR MOTHER THAT
I WILL BE COMPLETELY OUT OF
MY MIND BY WEDNESDAY...

...THIS WEDNESDAY...
LET ALONE A WEEK FROM
THEN?

WELL...

POP

HAHAHA...

RRR...

Sorry, we are closed

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN LUCK, SIR. HI MAMA.





WELL WELL WELL... IF IT ISN'T LITTLE MISS SIDE EFFECT. EXCUSE ME... MR. SIDE EFFECT.

I DID SAY ALL SALES ARE FINAL, AS YOU MIGHT RECALL.

I TRY. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

Sorry, we are closed

YEAH. I RECALL. GREAT POTION.

Sorry, we are closed

HAVE YOU NOT YET LEARNED YOUR LESSON?

I COMMEND YOU FOR YOUR PRESCIENCE, GOOD SIR, BUT MAGIC IS NOT INFLUENCED BY MONEY.

I HAVE MONEY. MORE THAN BEFORE.

I WANT YOU TO CHANGE ME BACK.

BUT... BUT...



...BUT I CERTAINLY AM.
THAT'S WELL KNOWN. I'D
HAVE YOU THINK:

ALREADY YOU SUFFER THE
SIDE EFFECTS OF ONE
ILL-CONSIDERED SPELL...

...ARE YOU
SO EAGER TO WITNESS A
COMBINATION WHEN THE SIDE
EFFECTS OF ANOTHER SPELL
CONFLICT WITH THE ONE
ALREADY AFFECTING
YOU?

I CAN'T STAND BEING A
MAN, MADAME. IF YOU ONLY
KNEW WHAT I HAVE HAD TO
SUFFER...



DID YOU HAVE ANY CONSIDERATION FOR WHAT YOUR HUSBAND MIGHT HAVE TO SUFFER BECAUSE OF THE SPELL YOU INFLICTED UPON HIM? HMM?

**HMPH*... TALK IS CHEAP. BUT I'M NOT. YOU MENTIONED MONEY?*

GASP

DO I HAVE TO GET ON MY KNEES AND BEG? BECAUSE I WILL! I'LL DO ANYTHING IF YOU WOULD JUST CHANGE ME BACK!

THIS BAG IS FILLED WITH MONEY. IF YOU WOULD JUST HELP ME, IT'S YOURS.



THAT... IS A MUCH BIGGER BAG THAN THE LAST ONE. AND IT'S FILLED, YOU SAY.

IT IS. I CAN HARDLY LIFT IT.





BY ALL MEANS.

ER... MAY I?



DEAR
GOD...

IT BETTER BE ENOUGH.
YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO
KNOW WHAT I HAD TO DO TO GET
IT.

SO... WILL YOU DO IT? WILL YOU CHANGE ME BACK?





THERE... THERE IS A POTION THAT MAY WORK...

I'LL TAKE IT!

HAHAHAHA...

SO, ARE WE GOOD?



A man with long brown hair and glasses is holding a large, open suitcase filled with stacks of money. The stacks are arranged in a grid pattern. He is looking at the money with a frustrated expression. The scene is set in a rustic room with stone walls and a wooden floor. A woman with long grey hair is laughing hysterically in the foreground.

**DAMMIT!
WILL YOU CUT IT OUT
ALREADY! THIS IS
SERIOUS!!**

HAHAHAHA...



APOLOGIES. I SOMETIMES FORGET MYSELF.

WE'RE GOOD. I MUST WARN YOU... UNDOING WHAT YOU HAVE WROUGHT THUS FAR WILL REQUIRE A MUCH MORE POWERFUL POTION.

YEAH, SO I'VE NOTICED!

ZAP

CRAFTING IT IS A
PAINSTAKING PROCESS, AND
IT WILL TAKE TIME...

POP

Sorry, we
are closed

HOW MUCH
TIME?

I ALREADY TOLD
YOU I WAS!!

ARE YOU
IN A HURRY,
BIG BOY?

YOU WILL NEED
TO LEARN
PATIENCE!



HERE YOU GO.

YEAH, GO FIGURE.

IT DID TAKE TIME... TIME FOR ME TO WALK OVER HERE. NOW, DOWN TO BUSINESS...

...YOU HAVE DONE YOUR HUSBAND A GREAT WRONG. FOR THIS POTION TO WORK, YOU MUST SAY THAT YOU ARE SORRY FOR WHAT YOU DID.

HUH? THAT'S IT? IT LOOKS JUST LIKE THE LAST POTION!

YOU SAID IT WOULD TAKE TIME!

I AM! I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I DID! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO SAY IT?!

YOU ONLY HAVE TO SAY IT
ONCE. TO YOUR HUSBAND. AND
HE HAS TO FORGIVE YOU.

BUT... BUT
ELMER... HE'S IN
THAT GAME...





AND
WHOSE FAULT
IS THAT?

YOURS!
YOU MADE THE
POTION!

I DID IT
FOR THE MONEY.
WHAT'S YOUR
EXCUSE?

YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT I
HAVE TO GO INTO THAT
FUCKING GAME, FIND ELMER,
AND GET HIM TO FORGIVE ME!
YOU CAN'T!

I CAN, AND I DO.
DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY
YOU WOULD DO ANYTHING
TO BE CHANGED
BACK?

THE MOMENT YOUR
HUSBAND FORGIVES YOU, YOU
WILL BOTH BE RESTORED TO YOUR
NORMAL FORMS, AND WILL BE
IN THIS WORLD.

IF YOU FAIL, YOU
WILL REMAIN A MAN...
FOREVER!!

FUCK ME.

HAHAHAHA...



MOMENTS LATER, AT HOME...

FINDING THE STUPID GAME WAS EASY... BUT THERE ARE TONS OF WORLDS. THOSE GODDAMN EXPANSION PACKS...

...EXPENSIVE AND A PAIN IN THE ASS! I TOLD HIM WE NEED THAT MONEY TO PAY BILLS, BUT HE'S GOT TO FILL HIS GAME UP WITH DIFFERENT PEEPULZ WORLDS...

...LIKE THIS ONE.



WHAT'S THIS ONE CALLED? THUG WORLD? COULD ELMER BE IN THERE?



ONE WAY TO
FIND OUT. TIME'S A
WASTIN'!

GULP



POP





MADAME IS GOING TO PUT YOU TO WORK, LITTLE ONE. WE HAVE A POLICEMAN WHO LIKES CUTE, LITTLE WHORES.

HE LIKES YOUNG LADIES WITH BIG, JUICY TITS.

IF YOU WOULD
PLEASE CALL MAMA-SAN,
SHE WOULD TELL THAT
KITTY VERY MUCH LIKES TO
PILLOW. SHE IS ALSO
VERY GOOD AT IT.

HEH. YOU
BETTER BE, CUTIE.
HOWIE IS QUITE
DEMANDING.

MAMA-SAN TOOK AZURI
AND ME IN FROM THE STREET,
ZEE-SAMA. SHE HAS TAKEN VERY
GOOD CARE OF US FOR A VERY
LONG TIME.

SHE WILL WORRY
WE ARE GONE. I HATE
TO THINK OF HER
WORRYING.

IF MONA CALLED YOUR
MAMA-SAN, SHE WOULD
PROBABLY WANT YOU BACK, WHICH IS
SURELY WHAT YOU ARE THINKING.
VERY TRICKY.

BABY, YOU NEED TO
THINK A LOT LESS ABOUT YOUR
MAMA-SAN BEING WORRIED AND
MORE ABOUT MONA BEING UPSET IF
YOU DON'T MAKE DEPUTY
HOWIE HAPPY!

DON'T YOU
THINK HOWIE-SAN
WILL LIKE ME?

KNOCK KNOCK



A man in a cowboy hat and yellow shirt is talking to a woman with long dark hair. The man is wearing a brown cowboy hat with a gold star, a yellow short-sleeved button-down shirt with a gold star on the chest, and green pants. He has a mustache and is wearing sunglasses. The woman has long, wavy dark hair and is wearing a dark, patterned dress. They are in a room with wood-paneled walls and a patterned curtain.

HOWDY MONA. I SURE DO APPRECIATE THE CALL. PLEASE TELL ME I'M FINALLY GONNA GET YOU IN THE SACK!

AW, SHUCKS. EVEN FOR ME?

HAHA... YOU KNOW I'M RETIRED FROM THAT END OF THE BUSINESS, HOWIE.

I'M AFRAID SO. I CALLED BECAUSE I KNOW YOU LIKE BREAKING IN NEW TALENT.

YOU HAVE QUITE AN IN WITH MR. HAMM, SO...

YOU'LL LIKE THIS ONE, BUT GO EASY ON HER. SHE'S LITTLE AND SHE'S ASIAN. ALL SHE SPEAKS IS JAPANESE.

I DON'T WANT ANOTHER INCIDENT LIKE WHAT HAPPENED WITH CARMELITA. COOL?

HEH... THAT I DO, LI'L LADY. YOUR BOSS SCRATCHES MY BACK, I SCRATCH HIS. AND EVERYBODY'S HAPPY!

YEAH, WE'RE COOL. HEY, I TOLD YOU WHAT HAPPENED THERE. EVEN SHOWED YOU THE SCRATCHES FROM WHEN SHE CAME AT ME.

HAMM WAS SATISFIED.

I WILL BE ON MY BEST BEHAVIOR, BABY. NOW, SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT.



THAT'S THE ONLY REASON YOU WERE ALLOWED BACK IN, DOLL, AND DON'T FORGET IT.

IF WORD GOT OUT I CAN'T TAKE CARE OF MY GIRLS, THE WHOLE SHOW WOULD BE IN THE TOILET.

RIGHT THIS WAY. ZEE HAS TOLD HER ABOUT YOU BY NOW, I HOPE. SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN UNDERSTAND HER.

THAT'S CONVENIENT. CAN'T WAIT TO MEET HER.



A woman with long, wavy grey hair, wearing a black lace dress with a deep V-neckline and a high slit, stands on the left. She has her right hand raised in a gesture. To her right, a man in a tan sheriff's uniform, including a cowboy hat with a gold star, sunglasses, and a mustache, looks at her. He has a gold star on his chest and a utility belt. The background shows a saloon interior with wood paneling and a window with a view of a landscape.

WELL,
DEPUTY... MEET
KITTY.

WHOA! WELL
I'LL BE DIPPED IN
SHIT!

OH KO!

Y... YES,
ZEE-SAMA. I... I
WILL DO AS I AM
TOLD. OH VERY
YES.

SAVE YOUR OH
KO'S! YOU WILL DO
AS YOU ARE TOLD OR
YOU WILL GET THE
BELT.

PURCHASE