

# TransNet.

Undercover.



Chapter 3.0

Tom Reynolds

# Thanks for reading!

Normally I don't read this stuff at the beginning of a comic either, but I just want to make sure you know how much I appreciate you checking out my work!

TransNet is one of my favourite comics I've ever produced, and from the reception it's had, it seems like the same might be true for others.

This is the third chapter in a six chapter comic detailing how Robert Logan further reflects on how being a woman in the virtual world affects his life in the real one.



This comic wouldn't be possible without the generosity and kindness of my patrons over at:

[patreon.com/caps](https://patreon.com/caps)

There's an awful lot more content over there, and I'm publishing new comic pages weekly for only \$1 a month.

There's a lot more than that, including exclusive TransNet content not available anywhere else.

Again, thanks for reading, and I hope to see you all soon.

**Tom**

I'VE GOT  
SOMETHING  
BIG TO SHOW  
YOU...

GAME  
TIME.





I DIDN'T THINK I WAS EVER GOING TO DO THIS KIND OF THING AGAIN...

IT'S EXCITING, BUT I'M NOT SURE WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.

I'M FEELING PRETTY RUSTY...



OKAY.

GET THE  
LOCATION.

OPEN THE  
BACKDOOR.

GET OUT.

SMILE.

I'M NOT  
LOGAN, I'M  
DIGITALIS...

**LOGAN?**



KEEP IT BRIEF.

IN AND OUT.

NO ROOM FOR ERROR.

NO ESCAPE IF I FAIL.

I'M READY.

CONNECT TO TEMP SERVER...



**CONNECTING...**



NICE PLACE...





HEY! UH...

HEY  
BABY!  
I'M  
SURPRISED  
TO SEE YOU  
BACK SO  
SOON.

THE JOB WAS  
A BUST.  
COPS KNEW  
WE WERE  
COMING.

SHIT. WE  
COULD HAVE  
USED THOSE  
FUNDS...





STAY ON YOUR TOES.

I'M WORRIED THAT WE'VE BEEN INFILTRATED BY THE COPS.

YOU KNOW I'M ALWAYS...



THAT YOU ARE.

FLEXIBLE.



HUH?



EVERYTHING  
OKAY?

OKAY?  
YEAH.

I WAS  
WONDER-  
ING IF--

I'M SURPRISED  
YOU'VE GONE THIS  
LONG WITHOUT SUCK-  
ING MY COCK.  
USUALLY YOU--



I JUST  
WANTED TO  
TAKE A GOOD  
LOOK AT  
YOU.

HOW SWEET.





OH YEAH?

IT'S FUNNY.  
YOUR ARRIVAL  
DOES AFFECT  
PHASE II.

UNIVERSITY  
RUGBY  
LEAGUE  
NY  
CHAMPN TEAM



IT'S BEEN TOO LONG.

LONG IS WHAT I NEED RIGHT NOW...



AND  
HARD...

AND THICK...



JUST LIKE YOU  
ALWAYS DO...



THAT'S GOOD.  
DON'T YOU  
ALWAYS GO A  
LITTLE  
FASTER?

*MMM..!*

*MMM..!*

*MMM..!*



AND A  
LITTLE DEEPER,  
USUALLY...

*SLURP!*

*SLURP!*

*SLURP!*



YEAH. THAT'S BETTER.

THAT'S MY GIRL.

*SUCK!*

*SUCK!*

*GOD!*





SO GOOD.

SO... FUCKING...  
GOOD...



I'M NOT  
DETECTING ANY  
CONNECTION  
PROBLEMS.

BUT I'M SURE  
WE CAN KEEP THIS  
PARTY GOING IF YOU'D  
SHARE YOUR PHYSICAL  
CONNECTION.


LISTEN, I'M  
HAVING SOME  
TROUBLE KEEPING  
THE CONNECTION  
ACTIVE ON THIS  
TEMP SERVER.



OH. MUST BE  
ON MY END.

I LIKE THE  
SOUND OF A  
PARTY...

MAYBE WE  
COULD MAKE  
THIS GO ALL  
NIGHT.



OH. WAIT.

WEREN'T YOU  
GOING TO TELL  
ME A LITTLE MORE  
ABOUT PHASE  
II?

WHY DON'T  
YOU BRING THAT  
SEXY ASS OVER HERE,  
AND WE CAN TALK  
BUSINESS  
LATER?

IT AFFECTS ME,  
THOUGH? THIS  
PHASE II?



IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU!

DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

I THOUGHT JACK WENT OVER THIS.



YOU PLAY  
YOUR PART  
SO WELL.

YOU'VE COME  
SO FAR SINCE  
WE FOUND YOU.

I'M YOUR  
GIRL.

WHY DON'T YOU  
TAKE THAT OUTFIT  
OFF AND COME  
OVER HERE?



YOU KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE TO HAVE SEX AS A WOMAN, WHEN YOU'RE A MAN INSIDE...

IT'S FUNDAMENTALLY A TRANSFORMATIVE ACT.

EVEN WHEN YOU'RE ALREADY TRANSFORMED.




LOGGING INTO  
TRANSNET, DAY AFTER  
DAY, ESCAPING YOUR  
LIFE.

WEARING THAT  
BEAUTIFUL FACE.

YOU'VE BEEN  
A WOMAN ON HERE  
FOR WHAT? A  
YEAR?

YEAH. JUST  
ABOUT.




I MEAN, SURE.  
YOU COULD SUCK  
A COCK IN REAL  
LIFE.

YOU COULD  
TAKE ONE UP  
YOUR ASS.

BUT YOU  
DON'T HAVE A  
PUSSY TO GET  
POUNDED.

IF YOU GOT  
A SEX CHANGE IN  
THE REAL WORLD,  
THEN YOU'D HAVE  
A BODY CLOSER TO  
YOUR AVATAR.

BUT RIGHT  
NOW, IT MUST BE  
UNIMAGINABLE...



YOU'VE GOT  
A SPACE HERE  
THAT ISN'T A SPACE  
IN REAL LIFE.

A HOLE  
THAT ISN'T A  
HOLE.

WHICH LEADS  
ME TO A VERY  
IMPORTANT  
QUESTION.

HOW MUCH  
DO YOU WANT  
TO SIT ON  
THIS?

UMM...  
A LOT.





THEN CLIMB  
ABOARD!



IT'S SO SOFT...

BUT SO HARD...



WHENEVER I TRY TO RUN...  
I NEVER GET FAR...

*GOD...  
I LOVE THIS...*





**SO BIG!**

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE USED TO THIS BY NOW.



*GOD!*

*GOD!*

*OH SHIT!*

*OH FUCK!*

A MAN, WITH A  
COCK SLIDING INTO  
A SPACE THAT  
DOESN'T REALLY  
EXIST.

*OH! FUCK!*

IT MUST BE  
MADDENING, TO  
KNOW THAT THIS IS  
THE ONLY PLACE  
WHERE YOU CAN  
FEEL LIKE THIS.

MADDENING...



WHEN ALICE  
FELL DOWN THE  
RABBIT HOLE,  
SHE FOUND  
WONDERLAND.

WHAT ABOUT  
YOUR RABBIT  
HOLE?

*GOD! OH  
GOD!*

*Still i rise...*



*FASTER!*

*FASTER!*

YOU REALLY  
ARE A WOMAN ON  
THE INSIDE, AREN'T  
YOU?





*YES!*


*I AM!*

*I'M A WOMAN!*

*FUCK!*

AREN'T YOU..?  
DETECTIVE...





YOU EXPECT ME  
TO LOAD MY GIRLFRIEND'S  
AVATAR WITH SIGNIFICANT  
POLICE MALWARE BREACHES  
AND NOT NOTICE?

DO YOU  
THINK I'M A  
FUCKING  
IDIOT?

I DIDN'T...

I DIDN'T LOAD  
ANYTHING...



WHY DON'T WE STOP THE PRETENCE, DETECTIVE LOGAN?





I... I...

I'VE ALWAYS  
WANTED A PIECE  
OF THIS...

JACK WOULDN'T  
EVEN LET ME HAVE  
THE BASE CODE FOR  
YOUR AVATAR.

MUST BE REAL  
LOVE...

mmm...





I'M GLAD  
YOU'RE SMART  
ENOUGH TO STAY  
LOGGED IN.

ESCAPE  
IS OBVIOUSLY  
IMPOSSIBLE.

OR DO  
YOU *WANT* TO  
STAY LOGGED  
IN?

YOU WERE  
MAKING SOME  
*VERY SEXY*  
NOISES.



AND TO THINK,  
ALL OF THAT WORK  
WILL BE WASTED  
NOW...



WHAT WORK?





PHASE II.  
UPGRADES.

I WAS  
SERIOUS.

IT'S ALL  
ABOUT YOU,  
DETECTIVE.

BUT...

IF YOU'RE  
CHOOSING THE  
POLICE AND THEIR  
CLEAR INCOMPE-  
TENCE OVER YOUR  
FRIENDS...



A woman with blonde hair is sitting on a bed with white and grey striped sheets. She is looking down and to the left with a thoughtful or distressed expression. Her hand is near her mouth. To her left, the back of a person's torso is visible. A speech bubble is positioned near her head.

I'M NOT CHOOSING...



WE WERE GOING TO HOLD OFF FOR A LITTLE WHILE, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY YOU CAN'T SEE PHASE II NOW.

IF DIGITALIS HAS TURNED RAT, THEN SHE'S DEAD TO ME.

JACK'S BEEN WORKING ESPECIALLY HARD ON GETTING IT FINISHED FOR YOU.

JACK?

IT'S A LEAP  
OF FAITH.

DO YOU  
WANT TO SEE  
JUST HOW FAR  
YOU CAN  
GO?



OR I CAN WIPE YOUR MIND, SEND YOU HOME, AND YOU'LL FORGET THIS WHOLE ENCOUNTER.

YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL YOUR HANDLERS SHIT...

BUT YOU'LL STILL BE ABLE TO WHORE YOURSELF OUT ONLINE.

WE'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE.





I'LL SEND  
YOUR PALS SOME-  
WHERE FUN TO  
LOOK FOR ME.

AN OLD PEOPLE'S  
HOME IN OLD YORK.  
ALL TIED UP NICE  
AND NEAT.

I...

OR DO YOU  
WANT TO SEE WHERE  
OUR PLANS FOR  
YOU LEAD?

I... I DON'T...



A digital illustration of a woman with wavy brown hair sitting on a bed with white and blue striped sheets. She is looking upwards and to the left with a slightly distressed or fearful expression. To her left, a person's arm and hand are visible, reaching towards her. A speech bubble is positioned above the arm, containing the text "IT'S OKAY TO BE SCARED." The background shows a grey pillow with a blue circular pattern.

IT'S OKAY TO  
BE SCARED.



I'LL DO IT...

I MEAN...

YOU CAN SHOW ME.







I DON'T LIKE THIS. SHE WAS ONLY SUPPOSED TO BE LOADED IN FOR A FEW HOURS.

IT'S BEEN ALMOST A DAY.

ARIEL?

I WANT A MEDICAL TEAM TO THE ATTACHED COORDINATES.

ROBERT LOGAN NEEDS TO BE KEPT STABLE.

YES, DETECTIVE?

EN ROUTE NOW.





RELAX, WE'VE GOT A WIRE IN TO HIM.

HE'S DOING JUST FINE.

A WIRE? ROB NEVER MENTIONED...

BECAUSE HE DOESN'T KNOW.

KIRA INSTALLED SOME BACK-GROUND FILES TO THE AVATAR.



EVEN IF HE'S  
STUPID ENOUGH  
TO RUN OFF AGAIN,  
WE HAVE THEM.

YOU INSTALLED  
THE MALWARE?



IF THE AVATAR  
IS SECURITY  
COMPROMISED...

THEN I  
HAVE TO GO  
IN COMPROMISED.



ROB THOUGHT...

SHE THOUGHT  
IT WAS SUPPOSED  
TO BE THERE.


SHE'S IN  
DANGER.

WHAT ABOUT IT?

I'M GETTING  
PERFECTLY NORMAL  
LIFE SIGNS FROM  
HIM.

IT'S FINE.





WHAT THE  
FUCK, KIRA?

YOU WENT  
ALONG WITH  
THIS?

I WARNED  
HIM, BUT HE'S  
THE BOSS.

WE'RE  
CONNECTED  
TO HIM.

WE  
COULD RUN THE  
COORDINATES  
NOW AND TAKE  
THEM ALL IN.

ARIEL. READ  
BACK THE  
COORDINATES.



69.69.420  
420.69.MCPD  
420.FUCKS.  
69



THEY FOUND  
THE MALWARE,  
CHIEF.

THEY'VE  
GOT HIM.

WAIT, WHAT  
DOES THAT  
MEAN?



SHIT.



SHIT, INDEED.  
HOLY SHIT  
INDEED.








WHAT THE-?  
WHERE AM I-?



ARIEL? WHERE  
AM I?

THAT'S STILL  
NEED TO KNOW  
INFORMATION.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a light blue bikini, stands with her back to the camera, looking towards a man in a control room. The man is wearing a light-colored shirt and a dark tie. The scene is set in a futuristic, dimly lit room with large circular openings and various pieces of equipment. The lighting is primarily blue and purple, creating a moody atmosphere. The woman's hand is on her hip, and she appears to be in a state of contemplation or realization. The man in the control room is looking directly at her.

ALICE EVENTUALLY  
REALIZED WHAT SHE  
HAD EXPERIENCED  
WAS A DREAM.

BUT THAT'S  
A STORY,  
DETECTIVE.

YOU'VE SPENT  
YOUR WHOLE  
LIFE SLEEPING.





ARE YOU  
READY TO BRING  
WONDERLAND  
INTO THE REAL  
WORLD?

WE'RE IN  
THE REAL  
WORLD?

A woman with short, wavy blonde hair and blue eyes stands in a futuristic, dimly lit environment. She is wearing a glowing blue, metallic-looking bikini. The setting includes large, glowing blue circular structures on the left and right sides. Two speech bubbles are positioned to her left, containing text.

WELCOME TO  
WONDERLAND,  
DETECTIVE  
LOGAN.

PHASE II.  
UPGRADES.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a glowing blue bikini, stands in a dark, futuristic environment. She is looking towards the camera with a surprised expression. In the foreground, the back of a man's head and shoulders is visible, looking towards her. The scene is lit with blue and purple hues, and there are various mechanical and technological elements in the background.

HOLY SHIT.

A man with long brown hair and a light beard, wearing a white button-down shirt and a dark tie, stands in a dimly lit control room. He has a shocked expression on his face. The room features a large circular hatch behind him and orange structural elements on the walls. In the foreground, the tops of several control consoles are visible.

HOLY SHIT,  
INDEED.



**End**  
Continued in  
Chapter 4.0