

**WHEN I'M ALONE...**

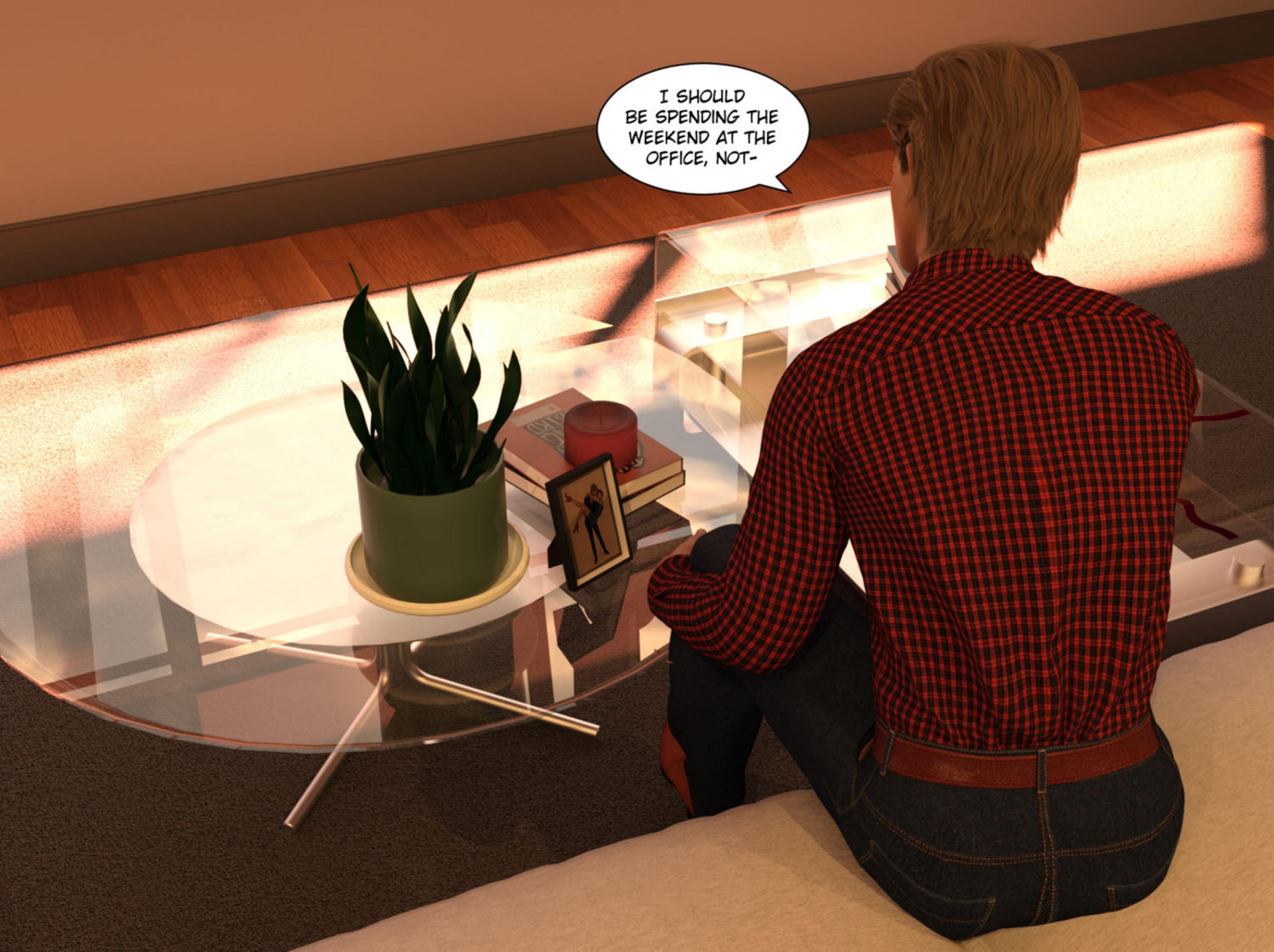
**I'M NOT ALWAYS MYSELF...**



I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ACTUALLY CONSIDERING THIS.



I SHOULD  
BE SPENDING THE  
WEEKEND AT THE  
OFFICE, NOT-





OURANOSEN...

WAIT ONE  
HOUR AFTER  
EATING...

DISROBE  
TO PREVENT  
COMPLICATIONS...

NOT FOR  
MEMBERS OF THE  
FEMALE SEX...

BLAH BLAH  
BLAH...

I FEEL LIKE SUCH AN IDIOT.



A close-up photograph of a person's hand holding three small, white, round pills. The hand is positioned over a dark wood-grain surface. In the background, there is a white chair and light-colored curtains. A speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing the text "BOTTOMS UP." The person's torso and arm are visible on the right side of the frame.

BOTTOMS UP.



**GULP!**

**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!**





AAH!



GOT... TO...

A young man with dark hair is standing in a modern bathroom, looking upwards with a pained or stressed expression. He is shirtless and has his arms outstretched. Behind him is a white vanity with two sinks and a large window with horizontal blinds. A speech bubble is positioned above his head, containing the text "SO MUCH PRESSURE!".

SO MUCH  
PRESSURE!





















WHAT THE HELL WAS I THINKING?!

I HAVE TO GET THE ANTIDOTE BEFORE...

OOOH!!



OH SHIT.



A 3D rendered nude female character with long, wavy blonde hair and blue eyes. She is standing in a modern bathroom, leaning against a white sink. Her hands are on her hips. The background features a white sink, a white countertop, and a glass shower enclosure. The lighting is warm and ambient.

OOOOOHHHHH...  
YEAHHHHH...



I HAVE  
TO-

MMM... FLICK...

SO  
POWERFUL.

A 3D rendered nude woman with long, wavy blonde hair stands in a bedroom. She has a slightly unsteady posture, with her right hand raised to her head and her left hand held out flat. Her eyes are closed, and her mouth is slightly open. A speech bubble next to her contains the text "I FEEL SO UNSTEADY ON MY FEET...". The room features a wooden floor, a grey sofa with white bedding, a dark wood door, and a framed picture on the wall.

I FEEL  
SO UNSTEADY  
ON MY FEET...



OK GOTTA  
FIND THE  
ANTIDOTE  
BEFORE...



I THINK  
I'M GOING  
TO CUM.

FUCKING  
HELL...





IT'S  
INCREDIBLE.

**FLICK!**

**MMM!**

**OH!**

**SO GOOD!**

**OHH!**

**FLICK!**

**MMM!**

**MMM!**

**OHHH!**

**SO SO GOOD!**



OOOOOH!!





OH.



THAT WAS  
AMAZING...



AND SO  
FLUCKING  
STUPID.

THIS STUFF  
LASTS FOR, LIKE,  
A WEEK!

OH NO.

**BZZZT!**  
**BZZZ!**



SIGH.



**BZZZT!**  
**BZZZ!**



SHIT. I  
THOUGHT I'D  
HAVE MORE TIME  
BEFORE...





HELLO?



WE'VE DETECTED  
YOU'VE TAKEN  
THE PILL.

23 TRINITY STREET.  
TWO HOURS. WEAR  
MAKEUP.

UH YEAH. IT'S JUST THIS  
IS ALL A BIT OVERWHELMING,  
AND I'M NOT SURE THAT I  
WANT TO... YOU KNOW...  
PROCEED.

A 3D rendered woman with long, wavy blonde hair and large breasts is standing in a kitchen, talking on a black mobile phone. She has a slightly distressed or nervous expression. The kitchen features a white countertop with a red coffee machine, a potted plant, a bag of espresso, and a jar of coffee beans. In the background, there are colorful, abstract sculptures on a wooden wall.

YOU'VE COME  
THIS FAR. DO YOU  
REALLY WANT TO  
BACK OUT?

IT'S JUST...  
I THINK I'VE MADE  
A HUGE MISTAKE. I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT I WAS  
THINKING.



YOU DON'T?  
HAVE YOU NOT  
FELT IT YET... WHAT  
THIS BODY CAN  
OFFER?

...



I'LL BE THERE.



THIS SHOULDN'T BE SO EASY...

SHOULD IT?



LIKE A  
NATURAL.

A FEW MINUTES LATER.

MORE THAN  
A MILLION  
BUCKS.

I LOOK...  
WELL... I LOOK  
LIKE A MILLION  
BUCKS.





I'M  
BEAUTIFUL.

THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
I'VE SEEN IN  
PERSON.

AND YET...



THIS IS  
SO WRONG.

I CAN'T  
JUST DISAPPEAR  
FOR A WEEK!

I'VE GOT A  
BUSINESS TO RUN.  
PEOPLE WHO DEPEND  
ON ME.

AND WHAT  
WILL I TELL SAM?  
MAYBE...

MAYBE I  
SHOULDN'T  
GO.



I SHOULD JUST  
RIDE IT OUT. I'LL BE  
TURNED BACK BY THE  
TIME SHE GETS  
HOME.

THEN I'LL  
COME CLEAN ABOUT  
EVERYTHING.



BUT THIS  
IS ALL SO  
EXPENSIVE.

MAYBE IF  
I WENT...

EXPLAINED WHAT  
WAS GOING ON...

I COULD GET  
SOME OF MY  
MONEY BACK.

IF I  
EXPLAIN...



SHIT.

NONE OF  
MY CLOTHES ARE  
GOING TO FIT.

UNLESS...

UNLESS I  
WEAR THE DRESS  
THEY SENT.

BUT WON'T THAT  
GIVE THE WRONG  
IMPRESSION?



I BET THEY  
GET SITUATIONS  
LIKE THIS ALL  
THE TIME.

A woman with long blonde hair is standing in a modern bedroom, struggling to put on a black, skin-tight dress. She is looking down at the dress with a frustrated expression. The room features a large window with white curtains, a white vanity with a black countertop and a sink, and a bed with a white patterned blanket. The floor is made of dark wood. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing text.

I HAD NO IDEA  
PUTTING A DRESS ON  
COULD BE SO HARD.

IT'S SKIN  
TIGHT!

A woman with blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing a black strapless dress, stands in a room with white curtains and a wooden floor. A speech bubble is positioned to her left. The scene is lit with soft, natural light from the window.

I CAN BARELY  
BREATHE!

IT'S BEEN  
ALMOST TWO HOURS!  
I HAVE TO GO!



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black strapless bodysuit, stands in a modern bathroom. She is positioned in front of a white vanity with two white sinks. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing text. The background features a large mirror and a window with blinds.

BUT NOT  
BEFORE I SPEND A  
FEW MINUTES CHECKING  
MYSELF OUT IN THE  
MIRROR.



I REALLY  
DO LOOK LIKE  
A GIRL.



WHO AM I KIDDING? RIGHT NOW I AM A GIRL!



I'LL JUST GO,  
EXPLAIN THE SITUATION.  
THEY'LL GIVE ME A  
PARTIAL REFUND AND  
THEN I'LL COME  
BACK.

I CAN WORK  
FROM HOME ALL WEEK.  
ORDER IN FOR MEALS.  
HUNKER DOWN AND FORGET  
HOW MUCH I'VE  
FUCKED UP.



LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.



HER DESTINATION

WHERE IS EVERYONE?



A woman with short, vibrant red hair is standing in a library. She is wearing a black, long-sleeved, V-neck dress with a wide, patterned belt and black high-heeled shoes. She is looking towards the right. Behind her is a tall bookshelf filled with books. The wall is made of dark, textured stone blocks.

HI. I TAKE IT  
YOU MUST BE GEORGE  
TAYLOR. HE'S FINISHED WITH  
HIS SEVEN O'CLOCK SO  
YOU CAN HEAD IN  
NOW.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is standing in a library, seen from the back. She is wearing a black, off-the-shoulder, backless dress with a gold-colored decorative element on the back and black high-heeled shoes. She has her hands on her hips and is looking towards the left. The background is the same library setting as the first woman.

OH...  
YOU KNOW?

I'M JUST  
HERE TO TALK ABOUT  
A CANCELLATION.  
NOTHING ELSE!



RIGHT YOU  
ARE. JUST HEAD DOWN  
THE CORRIDOR.

OK,  
THANKS.



ONE EVERY  
DAY...



WHAT AM I DOING?

THIS WAS ALL SUCH A HUGE MISTAKE.

THEY'RE GOING TO THINK I WANT TO-

MISS  
TAYLOR?

IT'S JUST-



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black strapless dress and tan boots, is sitting on a teal armchair. She has her right hand behind her head and is looking towards the right. A speech bubble next to her contains the text "CALL ME GEORGE.". To the right, the lower half of another person wearing a light-colored sweater and dark pants is visible. The background is dark, and there are some papers on the floor in the bottom left corner.

CALL ME  
GEORGE.



WE WON'T  
BE USING THAT  
NAME TONIGHT.

NO, I  
DON'T THINK  
SO.



SO  
HOW ABOUT  
GEORGIA?

I'M JUST  
HERE TO-

A man with dark, wavy hair and a serious expression stands in a bedroom. He is wearing a white, textured, button-down sweater. His arms are crossed, and his right hand is resting on his left arm. The room is dimly lit, with light coming from a window in the background. To the left, there is a white bust on a marble pedestal and a stack of black suitcases. To the right, a bed with white linens is visible. A speech bubble is positioned near his chest.

WE  
BOTH KNOW  
WHY YOU'RE  
HERE.

HONESTLY,  
YOU DON'T.



YOU'RE AN EXECUTIVE, YOU SPEND ALL DAY EVERY DAY BEING THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN YOUR LITTLE WORLD.

YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND, YOU LOVE HER, MORE THAN ANYTHING.

YOU HAVE A FUTURE TOGETHER, BUT RIGHT NOW SHE'S AWAY WITH FRIENDS. YOU'RE ALONE.



WHEN YOU'RE ALONE,  
YOU DON'T LIKE TO THINK  
ABOUT BEING AN EXECUTIVE,  
OR YOUR GIRLFRIEND, OR  
YOUR FUTURE FOR  
THAT MATTER.

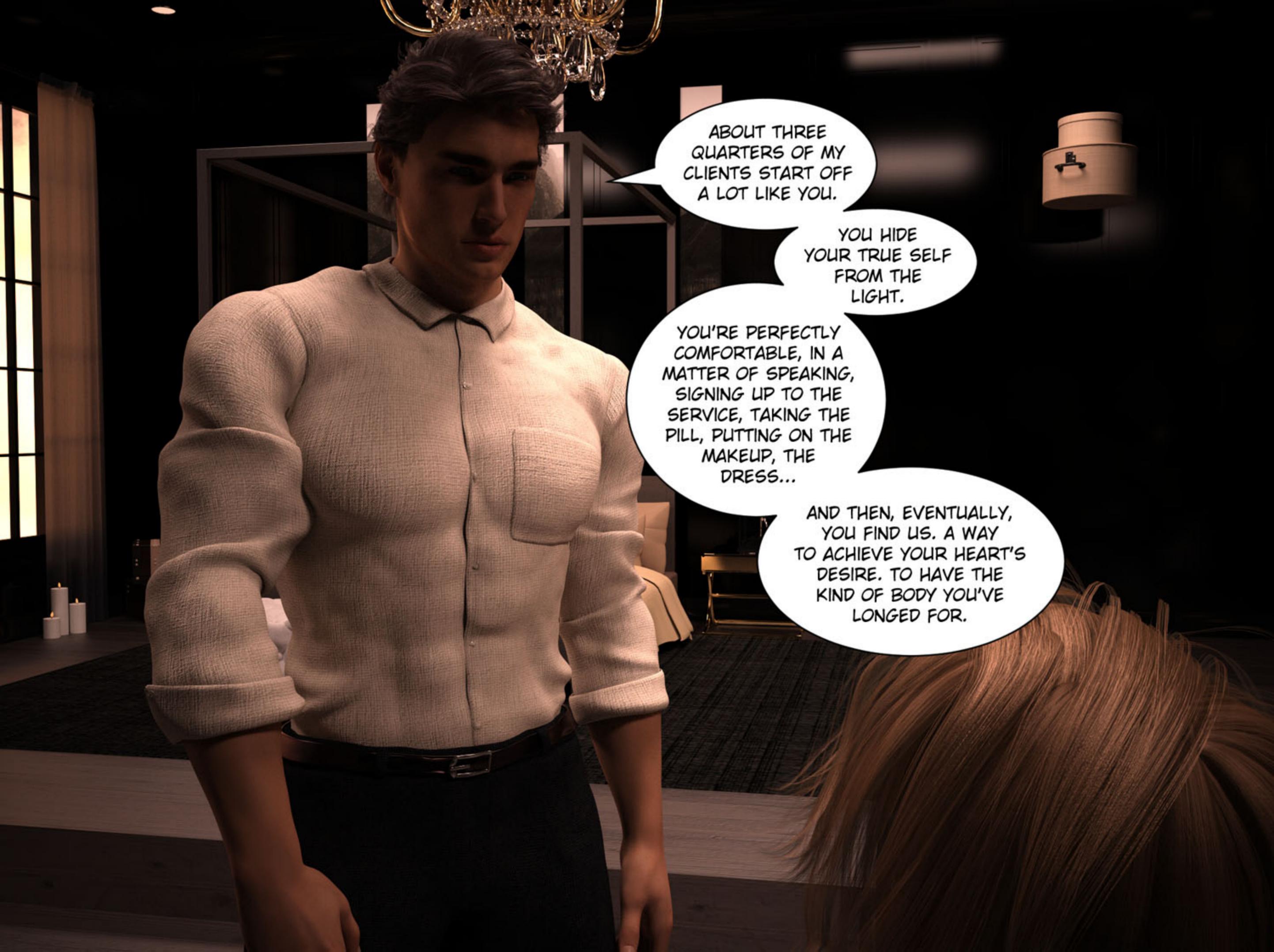
YOU DON'T EVEN  
LIKE THINKING YOU'RE  
A MAN, NEVER MIND THE  
MOST POWERFUL ONE  
YOU KNOW.



YOU LIKE  
BEING A  
GIRL.

YOU'VE HAD  
THIS SECRET DESIRE  
FOR THE LONGEST  
TIME.

SINCE  
CHILDHOOD.

A man with dark hair, wearing a white long-sleeved button-down shirt and dark trousers, stands in a dimly lit room. He is looking down and to his right. The room features a chandelier, a rack of clothes, and a window with curtains. The lighting is warm and focused on the man.

ABOUT THREE  
QUARTERS OF MY  
CLIENTS START OFF  
A LOT LIKE YOU.

YOU HIDE  
YOUR TRUE SELF  
FROM THE  
LIGHT.

YOU'RE PERFECTLY  
COMFORTABLE, IN A  
MATTER OF SPEAKING,  
SIGNING UP TO THE  
SERVICE, TAKING THE  
PILL, PUTTING ON THE  
MAKEUP, THE  
DRESS...

AND THEN, EVENTUALLY,  
YOU FIND US. A WAY  
TO ACHIEVE YOUR HEART'S  
DESIRE. TO HAVE THE  
KIND OF BODY YOU'VE  
LONGED FOR.



BUT THEN,  
ONCE YOU GET IT,  
YOU HESITATE. BEING A  
WOMAN ISN'T SOMETHING  
THAT'S MERELY IN  
YOUR HEAD ANYMORE.  
IT'S REAL.

AND  
YOU DON'T LIKE  
PEOPLE KNOWING  
THE TRUTH ABOUT  
YOU...



BUT WHAT  
YOU HAVE TO  
REMEMBER IS THAT  
NO ONE IS GOING  
TO EVER FIND OUT  
WHAT HAPPENS  
HERE.

NOT UNLESS  
YOU TELL  
THEM.



YOU'VE GOT  
NOTHING TO  
WORRY ABOUT.

YOU CAN  
LIVE OUT YOUR  
FANTASIES IN A  
SAFE SPACE...



SO, THAT'S IT.  
YOU CAN WALK OUT  
OF HERE RIGHT NOW,  
GO HOME AND WONDER  
WHAT MIGHT HAVE  
HAPPENED...



OR YOU  
CAN STAY...



AND YOU  
CAN ADMIT THIS  
IS WHAT YOU  
WANT.



I...





I DO-



I REALLY  
WANT THIS.

A FEW AWKWARD SECONDS LATER...

YOU'RE  
SHIVERING.





I THINK  
YOU'RE READY.  
KNEEL.



SAY IT.

I WANT THIS.



I WANT  
THIS.





I...



MMF...  
MMF.



A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair. She is looking down and slightly to the right, her expression is somewhat somber or contemplative. The lighting is warm and dim, highlighting the texture of her hair and the contours of her face. In the background, a gold-colored chandelier with multiple lit bulbs is visible against a dark wall. The overall mood is intimate and dramatic.

ADMIT IT,  
YOU LOOK PRETTY  
CONTENT RIGHT  
NOW.



I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT I  
WAS THINKING.



YOU WERE  
SCARED.



YOU DON'T  
LOOK SCARED  
ANY MORE.



YOUR BODY IS SO DIFFERENT, SO IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU LEARNED HOW IT WORKS.



OH.

**SLURP!**



OOHHHH!



LICK LICK

MMF..!



OH! OH!

SOUNDS LIKE  
SOMEONE'S ABOUT  
TO CLIM...



OOOOHHHHH  
GODDD!!!!



ARE YOU  
READY?

IS THAT-?



**THRUST!**

MMM...



THRUST!

THRUST!

THRUST!

FLUCK! FLUCK!



SHIVER

SHIVER

SO TIGHT.



SO WHAT  
DID YOU GET  
UP TO WHILE I  
WAS AWAY?

OH, NOT  
MUCH.



DID YOU AT LEAST  
HAVE SOME FUN WITH  
THE GUYS?



YOU COULD SAY THAT...



**HOLY SHIT!**



AS LONG AS  
YOU WEREN'T  
LONELY.

I THINK I  
HANDLED IT  
OK.



THANKS FOR READING!

THIS COMIC WAS KIND OF AN EXPERIMENT OF A SMALLER STORY, I REALLY HOPE YOU ENJOYED IT.

I TRIED TO PUT A LITTLE PERSONALITY INTO IT, AND I HOPE IT SHOWS.

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN SUPPORTING MY WORKS, YOU CAN FIND ME AT [PATREON.COM/CAPS](https://patreon.com/caps), AND [TG-CAPS.DEVIANTART.COM](https://www.deviantart.com/tg-caps)

I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO MAKE THE STRIDES I HAVE WITH THE RENDER QUALITY IF IT WASN'T FOR THE SUPPORT OF MY BACKERS.

THANKS TO ALL OF YOU.

MORE SOON. ALWAYS MORE SOON.

TOM