

IT IS A DESPERATE TIME, WHEN
RESOURCES ARE SCARCE AND
JUMP-SUITS ARE ILL-FITTING.

ONE BRAVE WANDERER
VENTURES FORTH IN SEARCH
OF HIDDEN GOODIES.



SHE FINDS A LONG-
FORGOTTEN BUNKER AND
SQUEEZES INSIDE....

....SOMEHOW.

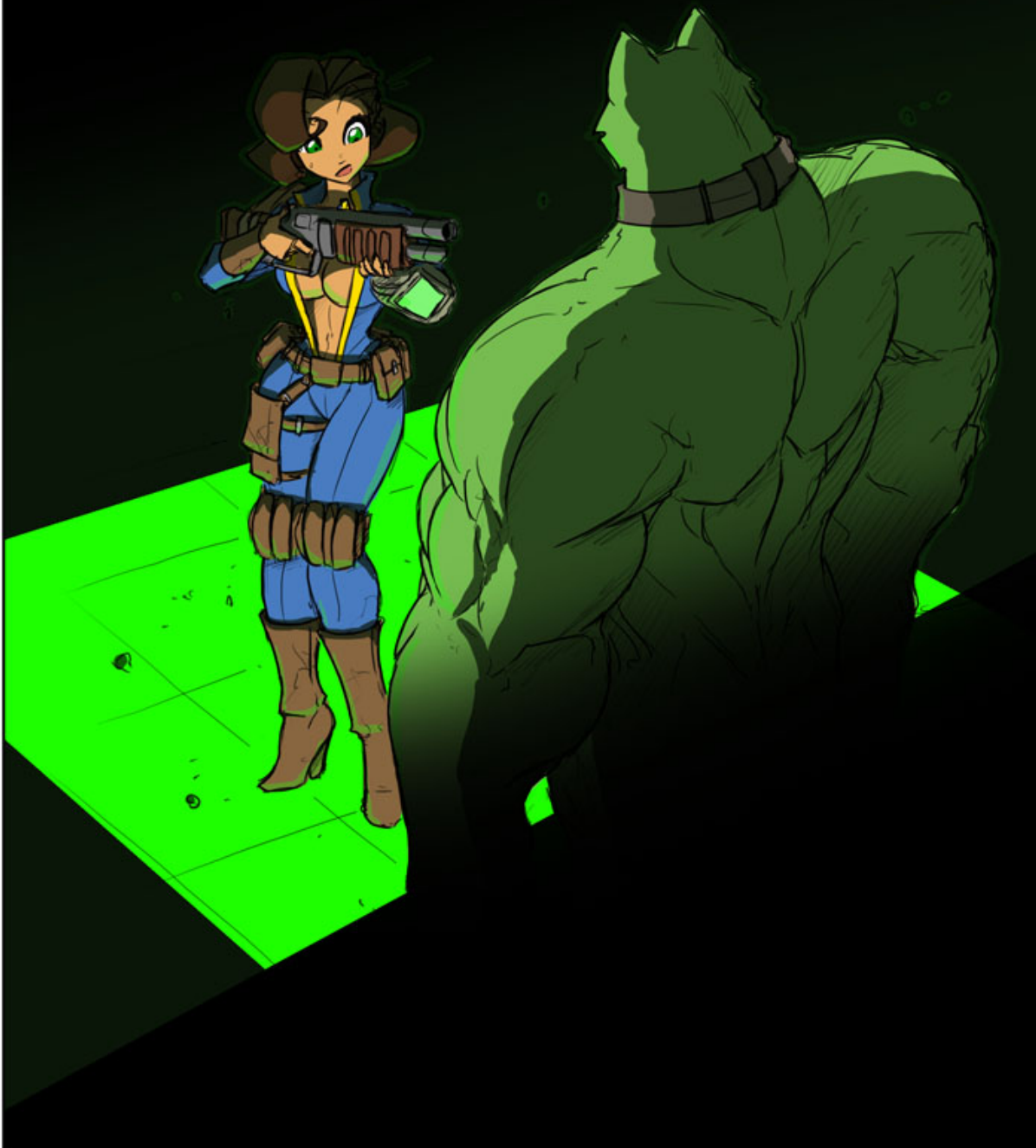


THERE IS A RISK TO
SCAVENGING IN SUCH PLACES:
THEY ARE USUALLY OCCUPIED
BY BIG, HUNGRY THINGS.



WOW.

"BIG" WAS THE
RIGHT WORD!



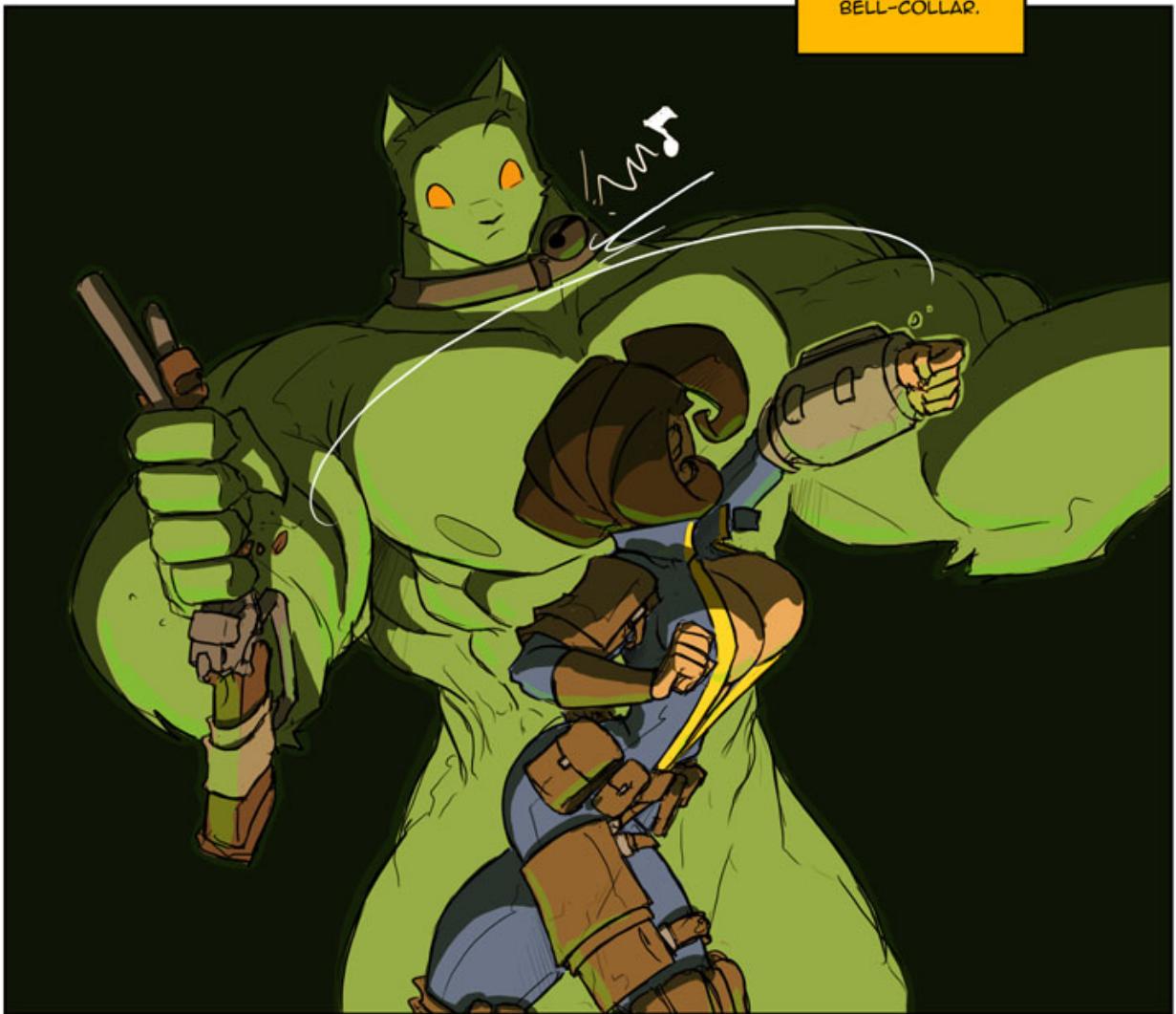
THE CREATURE SNATCHES THE
WANDERER'S GUN, CRUSHING IT
WITH EASE AND LEAVING HER
COMPLETELY UNARMED.



BUT OUR PLUCKY
HEROINE ISN'T GOING
DOWN WITHOUT A FIGHT.
SHE SWINGS....

....AND MISSES,
BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T PUT
ENOUGH POINTS INTO
"UNARMED COMBAT".

ALL SHE LANDS
IS A TAP ON THE
CREATURE'S
BELL-COLLAR.



WHAT'S THIS?

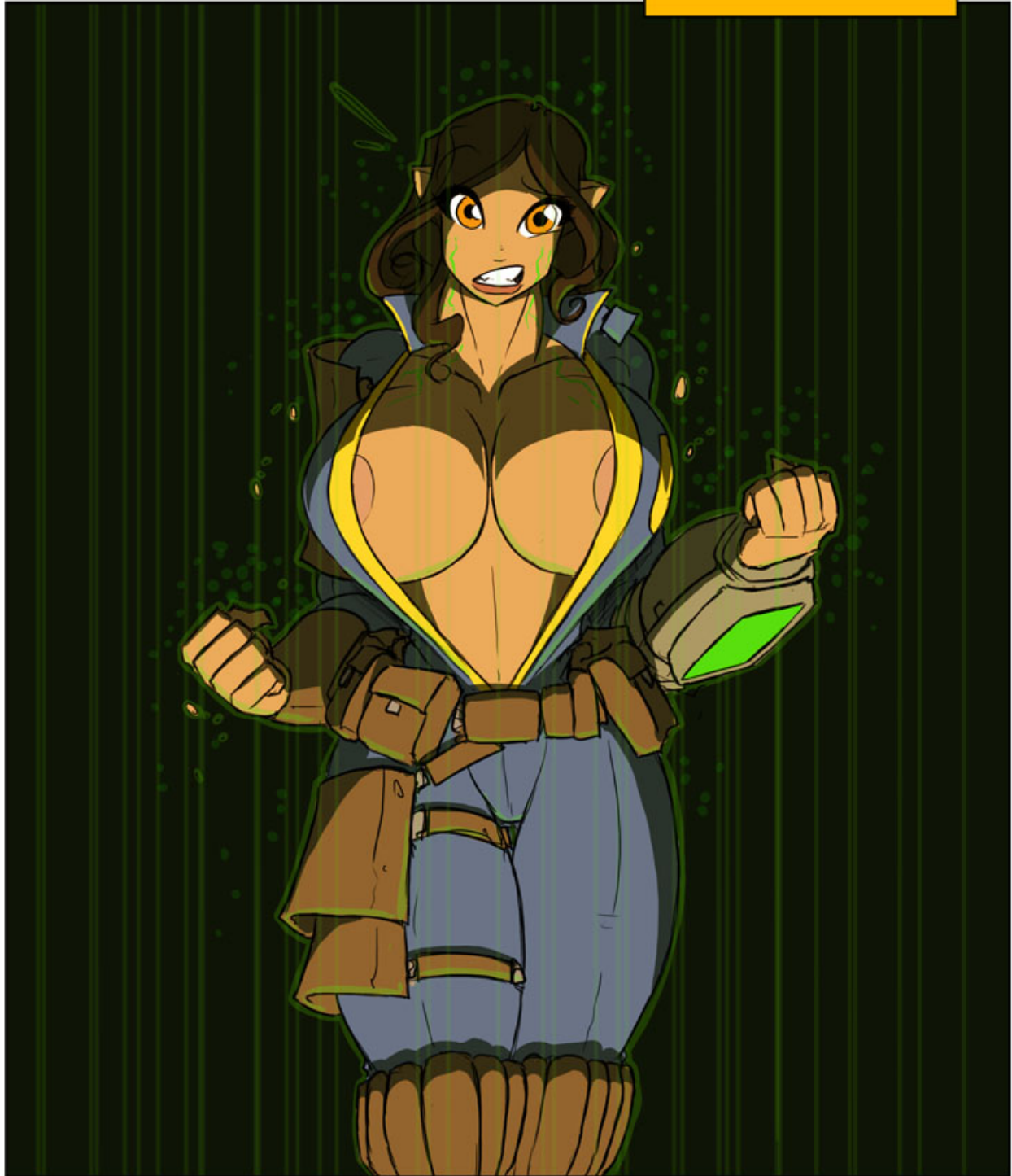
THAT "BELL COLLAR"
HAS ACTIVATED SOME
SORT OF SPRINKLER
SYSTEM!

THE WANDERER IS
SOAKED BY A STRANGE,
GREEN FLUID.



WHEN THE FLUID LANDS
UPON THE WANDERER'S
FLESH, IT IS IMMEDIATELY
ABSORBED.

HER MIND BEGINS
TO FOG AS A TINGLING
SENSATION RIPPLES ACROSS
HER SKIN, INTENSIFYING WITH
EACH POUNDING BEAT OF
HER HEART.



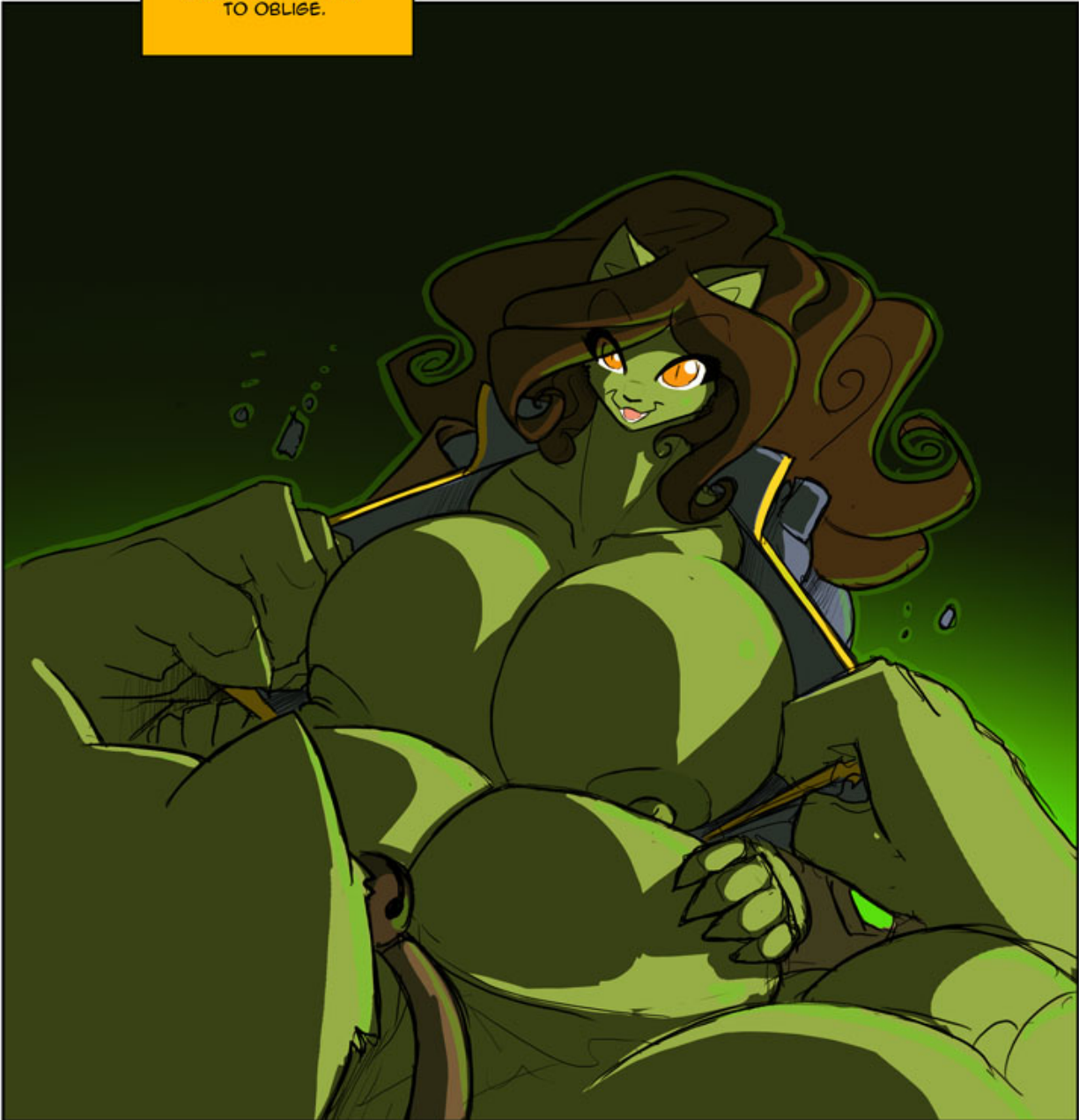
THE WANDERER BARELY NOTICES
HER TRANSFORMATION, AS SHE
IS OVERCOME BY PLEASURABLE
MANIA AND A CRAVING....



....FOR **DICK.**



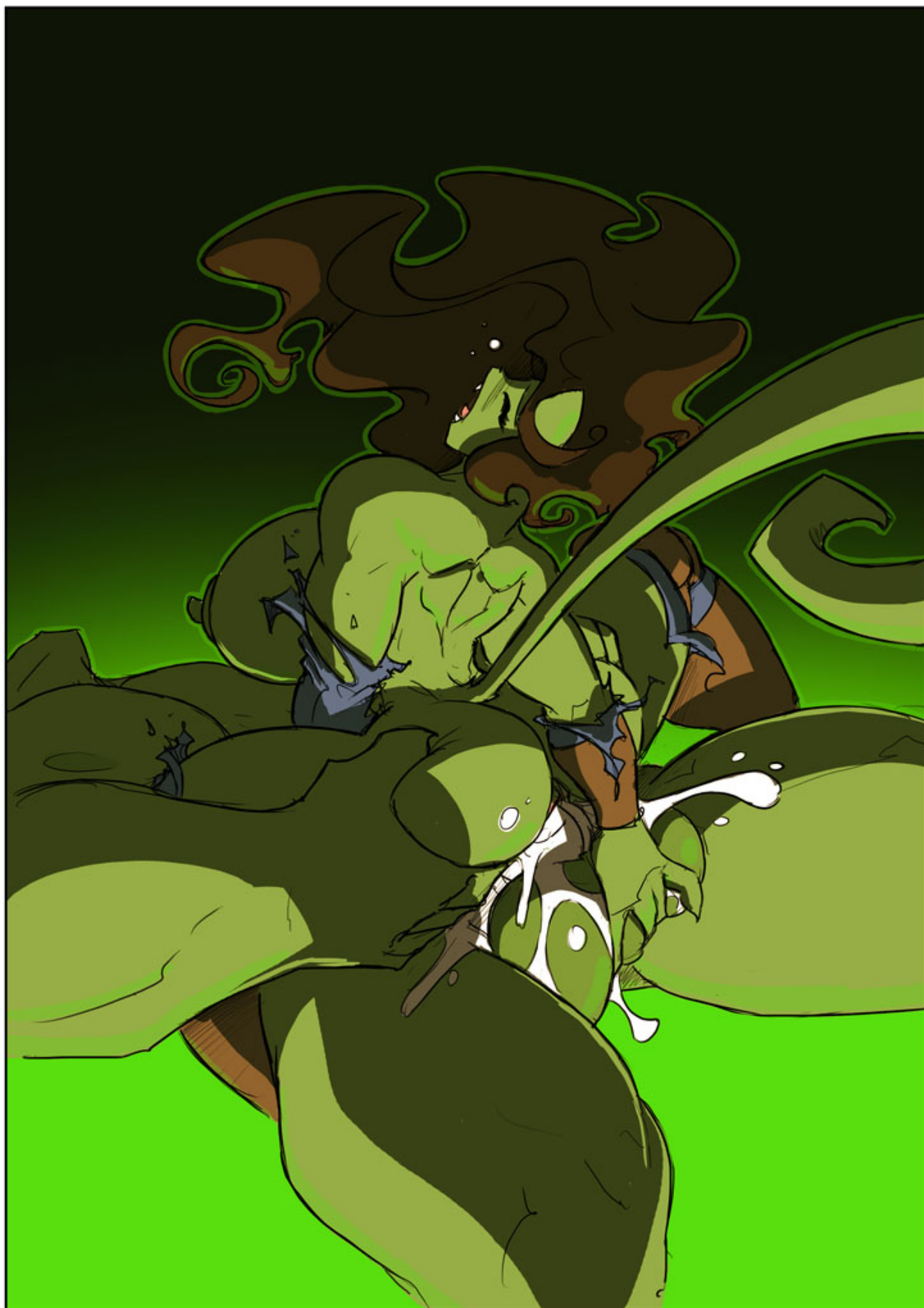
THE HULKING
CREATURE IS HAPPY
TO OBLIGE.











HAVING TAMED THE
BEAST AND RAIDED THE BUNKER,
THE WANDERER AND HER NEW
TRAVELLING COMPANION SET
OFF IN SEARCH OF FURTHER
ADVENTURES IN THE
WASTELAND.

