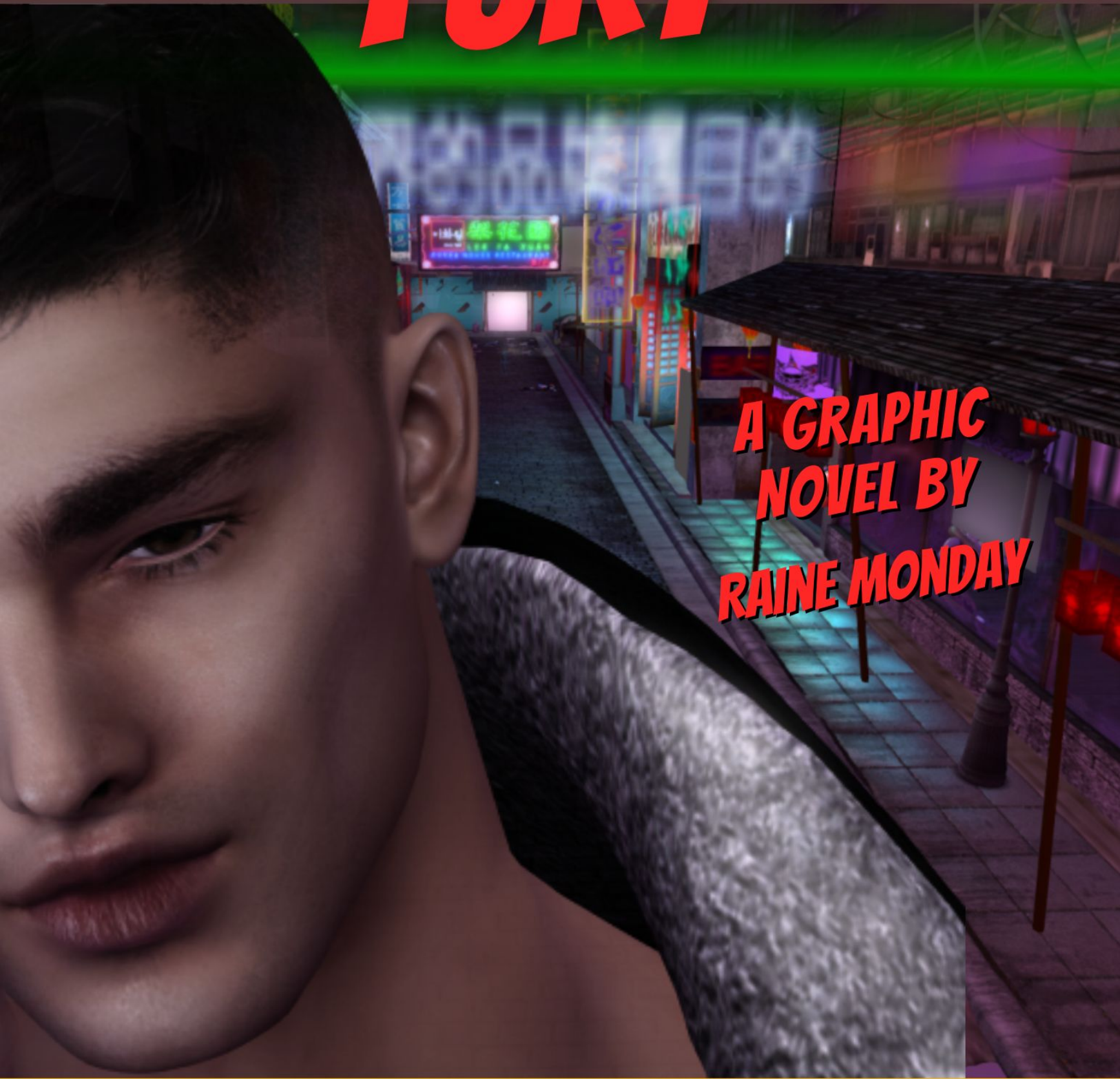


# **CAINE'S FURY**

**A GRAPHIC  
NOVEL BY  
RAINE MONDAY**





# CAINE'S FURY

A GRAPHIC NOVEL BY:  
RAINE MONDAY



MY NAME IS KASEY CAINE. I  
THINK MY PARENTS THOUGHT  
IT WAS KINDA FUNNY NAMING  
ME KASEY WITH THE INITIALS,  
KC, OR SOMETHING, I  
DUNNO.

I'M A PRIVATE DETECTIVE,  
AND I HAVE A CRAPPY OFFICE  
IN THE CRAPPY CITY WHERE I  
WORK CRAPPY HOURS.





MY ASSISTANT IS MISTY.  
SHE'S GORGEOUS, AND I  
WANTED TO DATE HER IN  
HIGH SCHOOL BUT ANOTHER  
GUY MARRIED HER. I'VE  
SECRETLY BEEN IN LOVE  
WITH HER SINCE JUNIOR HIGH,  
BUT I'VE NEVER TOLD HER.

HEY BOSS.

A man with short dark hair, wearing a dark t-shirt and a grey jacket, is shown from the chest up. He has a thoughtful or questioning expression. The background is a dimly lit room with patterned wallpaper. There are four speech bubbles around him, two on the left and two on the right. The text in the bubbles is in a hand-drawn, slightly irregular font. The text in the right-side bubbles is colored pink.

HM?

EXOTIC.  
WHAT YA  
SPELLIN' THAT  
FOR?

HOW'YA  
SPELL  
'EXOTIC?'

FOR THE  
FOX CASE  
REPORT.



I DIDN'T HIRE MISTY  
FOR HER CLERICAL  
SKILLS, IF YA KNOW  
WHAT I MEANS.

I ALREADY  
DONE THAT  
REPORT! WORK  
ON THAT OTHER  
THING I GAVE  
YA.

I'M  
S'POSED TA  
DO THE  
REPORTS.  
HOW ELSE AM  
I GONNA  
LEARN?



LOOK,  
HOW 'BOUT  
YOU N ME GO  
DOWN AND  
GET A LITTLE  
DRINK AT--

KNOCK  
KNOCK!

OOH, A  
CUSTOMA!



YEAH, IS  
YOUR BOSS  
IN?

PHINEAS  
J. OBTUSE,  
MA'AM

WELCOME TO  
CAINE  
INVESTIGATIONS!  
HOW CAN I  
HELP YA?

YES! COME IN  
PLEASE MR.--


MR.  
OBTUSE,  
YES, I  
HEARD. COME  
IN! WANT  
SOMETHING  
TO DRINK?

KASEY, THIS  
IS--

A man with a beard and a bald head, wearing a dark suit, a blue shirt, and a red tie, stands on the left side of the frame. He is looking towards a woman on the right. The woman has dark, curly hair and is wearing a purple top. She is seen from the back, looking towards a white door with a silver handle. The background is a hallway with light-colored walls and a door.

LISTEN,  
DOLLFACE,  
WHY DON'T YOU  
GO DOWN TO THE  
COFFEE SHOP, GET  
US THREE  
COFFEES WHILE  
I TALK TO  
YOUR BOSS  
HERE.

Umm



ANYTHING YOU  
SAY TO ME, YOU  
CAN SAY TO HER.  
SHE'S MY RIGHT  
HAND IN ALL MY  
INVESTIGATIONS.



OKAY,  
WELL,  
YOU'LL  
PARDON ME IF  
MY LANGUAGE  
GETS A BIT  
'SALTY.'




THE  
BOSS GETS  
SO SALTY  
SOMETIMES  
HE'S  
PEPPER!




COME  
IN, HAVE A  
SEAT! YOU  
LOOK LIKE A  
BOURBON  
MAN. I HAVE  
SOME  
MAKERS-

NAH, I  
TOL' YOU I  
DON'T WANT  
ANYTHING,  
OTHER THAN  
COFFEE  
MAYBE.



SO WHAT  
CAN KAINÉ  
INVESTIGATIONS  
DO FOR YOU  
TODAY, MR.  
OBTUSE?

SEE, IT'S MY  
WIFE.

A close-up illustration of a man with a beard and mustache, wearing a dark suit jacket, a blue and white checkered shirt, and a brown striped tie. He has a lit cigar in his mouth and is looking directly at the viewer with a serious expression. The background is a dark, blurred purple and blue.

I AIN'T NO SAINT,  
IF YA KNOW WHAT I  
MEAN, AND WE FELL  
ON SOME HARD  
TIMES.

YOU KNOW, WIT  
FINANCES, SHIT LIKE  
DAT.

OH YES.  
WE'RE  
FAMILIAR.

AMEN TA  
THAT.



SHE  
GOT A  
SECOND  
JOB, WAITIN'  
TABLES DOWN  
AT DA  
CABARET,  
ON FIFTH.

SYD  
SYNNESTER'S  
PLACE?

YEAH, DAT'S  
DA ONE

A man with a beard and a suit is talking to a woman. The woman is partially visible on the left side of the frame. The man is looking at her and speaking. There are five speech bubbles in the scene.

AWW, GO ON!

NOT MANY ARE.

RIGHT.

NOW, YA GOTTA UNNERSTAND. JOYCE AIN'T NO VISION OF BEAUTY OR NOTHIN' NOT LIKE MISTY HERE.

AND AT FIRST SHE GOES TA WORK, COMES HOME, GIVES ME DA TIPS SHE MADE, NORMAL SHIT, RIGHT?

A close-up, black and white illustration of a man with a beard and a mustache. He is looking slightly to the left with a serious, thoughtful expression. A lit cigar is held in his mouth. He is wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored, checkered shirt. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

BUT, DA OTHER  
NIGHT SHE COME  
HOME AND---PARDON  
MY FRENCH, I SWEAR  
TO GOD HER TITS  
GREW A COUPLE  
SIZES OR  
SOMETHIN!



WAIT, HER  
BREASTS..

HER  
DECOLLETAGE  
EXPANDED?

WOW,  
I'VE NEVER  
HEARD  
ANYTHING--

YEAH, DATS  
DA WORD.  
AND SHE  
ALSO...LOOKS  
YOUNGER! AND  
HER HAIR IS  
MORE...I DUNNO,  
SHINY OR  
SOMETHIN!!

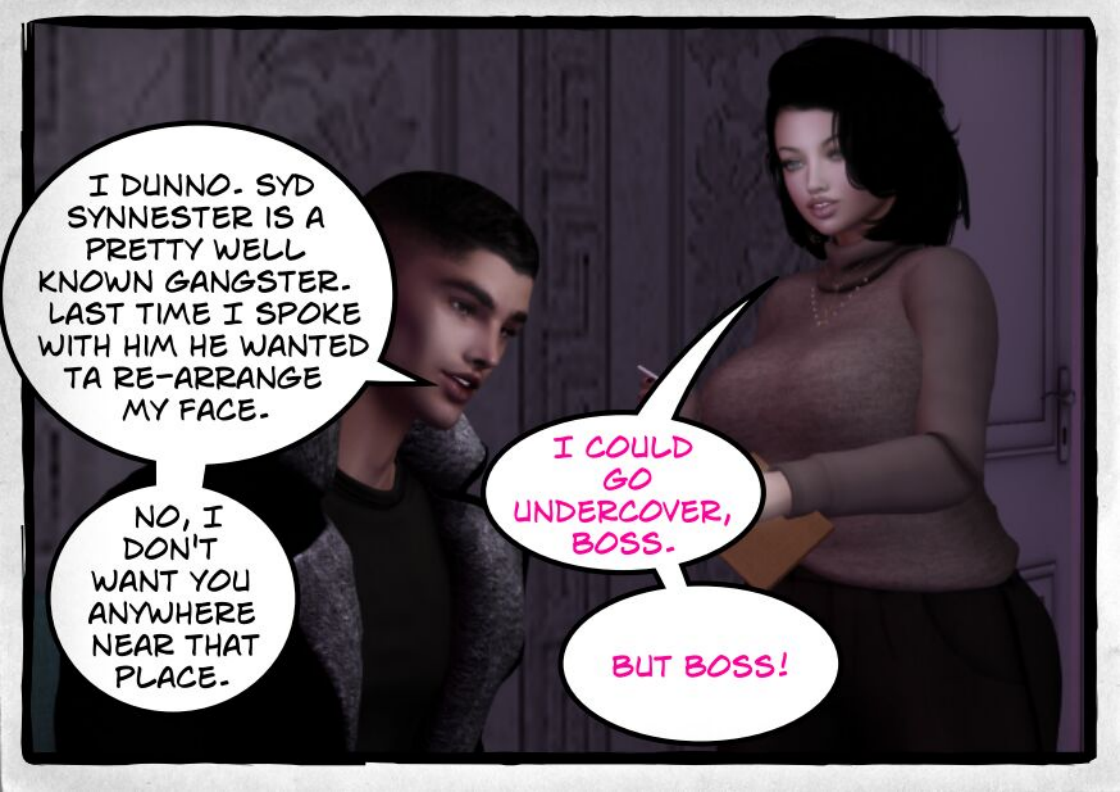
I GOTTA  
GET OUT  
MORE!



YEAH! AND,  
WHILE I LIKE  
THE NEW AND  
IMPROVED JOYCE,  
SHE BEEN STAYIN'  
OUT LATER AND  
LATER, AND I'M  
STARTIN' TA THINK  
SOMETHIN'S GOIN'  
ON OVER DERE,  
YA KNOW?

AND  
YOU WANT  
US TO...FIND  
OUT WHAT'S  
GOING ON?

YEAH! LAST  
NIGHT SHE DIN'T  
GET HOME UNTIL  
ALMOST FIVE  
O'CLOCK IN DA  
MORNIN'! YOU  
BELIEVE  
DAT?



I DUNNO. SYD  
SYNNESTER IS A  
PRETTY WELL  
KNOWN GANGSTER.  
LAST TIME I SPOKE  
WITH HIM HE WANTED  
TA RE-ARRANGE  
MY FACE.

NO, I  
DON'T  
WANT YOU  
ANYWHERE  
NEAR THAT  
PLACE.

I COULD  
GO  
UNDERCOVER,  
BOSS.


BUT BOSS!



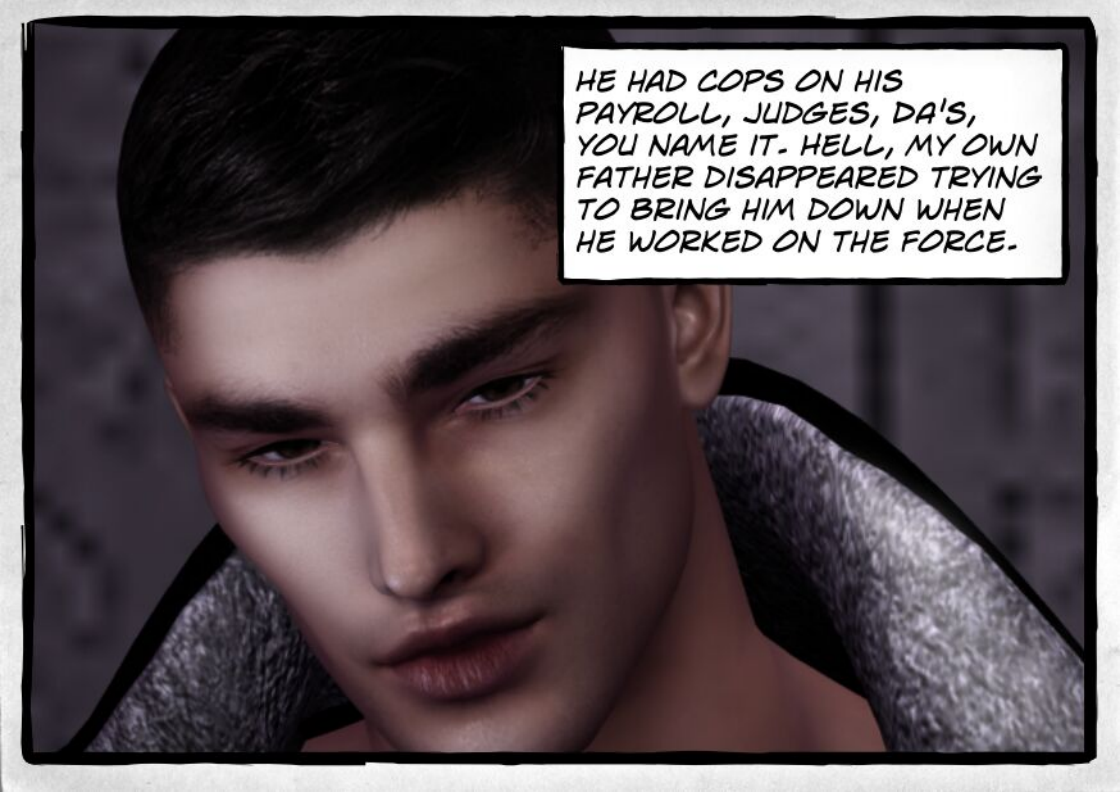
ALL I  
WANNA KNOW  
IS IF SHE'S  
FUCKIN' AROUND  
ON ME. WHAT IF I  
PAY DOUBLE  
YOUR NORMAL  
RATE?




SYD SYNNESTER WAS A BAD DUDE. WELL KNOWN GANGSTER, INTO DRUGS, LARCENY, GRAND THEFT AUTO--THE LIST OF CRIMES WAS AS LONG AS MY ARM.



THERE WERE ALSO RUMORS  
HE WAS INTO DARKER STUFF,  
LIKE HUMAN TRAFFICKING,  
SEXUAL SLAVERY, AND  
OTHER DEPRAVED KINDS OF  
CRIMES.



HE HAD COPS ON HIS  
PAYROLL, JUDGES, DA'S,  
YOU NAME IT. HELL, MY OWN  
FATHER DISAPPEARED TRYING  
TO BRING HIM DOWN WHEN  
HE WORKED ON THE FORCE.



NO, I'M  
SORRY MR.  
OBTUSE. WE CAN'T  
GET INVOLVED IN ANY  
INVESTIGATION WITH  
THAT INDIVIDUAL.  
HE'S A  
DANGEROUS  
MAN.

YOUR  
FATHER WAS  
CHARLEY KAINE,  
RIGHT? THE  
POLICE  
LIEUTENANT?

YEAH,  
THAT'S HIM.

A man with a beard and mustache, wearing a dark suit jacket, a blue and white checkered shirt, and a brown and blue striped tie, is shown in profile. He is holding a lit cigar in his mouth and a white lighter in his hand, with a bright flame visible. The background is dark and indistinct.

WHAT  
WOULD HE  
SAY IF HE  
KNEW HIS BOY  
TURNED OUT  
TA BE SUCH  
A PUSSY?



NOW,  
MISTY...

YOU NEED  
TA GET THE  
FUCK OUTTA  
HERE!



DON'T  
LET THE  
DOOR HIT YOU  
IN THE ASS!

LOOK, MR.  
OBTUSE..

I SEE  
HOW IT IS. SHE  
WEARS THE  
PANTS HERE.  
CHARLEY KAINE IS  
TURNING OVER IN  
HIS GRAVE WITH  
HOW MUCH OF A  
PUSSY HIS SON  
IS.



SLAM!

\*SIGHS\*

AND STAY  
OUT!



WE  
COULD HAVE  
HANDLED THAT  
BETTER.

I'M  
SORRY,  
KACEY. I CAN  
TAKE A LOTTA  
SHIT, BUT I HATE  
WHEN PEOPLE  
ARE RUDE TO  
YA!

YEAH, I  
NOTICED!



SO HOW  
ABOUT THAT  
DRIN--

OOH!  
THAT REMINDS  
ME! I GOTTA GET  
HOME, JIM'S GONNA  
WANT DINNA, AN' I  
AINT' TAKE NOTHIN'  
OUTTA THE  
FREEZER YET!

AH, OKAY.  
MAYBE SOME  
OTHER--

SEE YA  
TOMORROW, BOSS!

THEN SHE WAS GONE. AND I  
WAS ALONE.

\*SIGHS\*

A person wearing a dark hoodie is shown from the back, standing in a doorway. The scene is dimly lit, with a purple hue. The person's head is slightly bowed, and they appear to be sighing. The background shows the door frame and a wall.



# CHAPTER TWO

ROSE  
BAKED BEANS

WITH SPAM

WHAT CAN  
I DO YA FOR,  
KACEY?

EH, THE  
USUAL, ROSE.






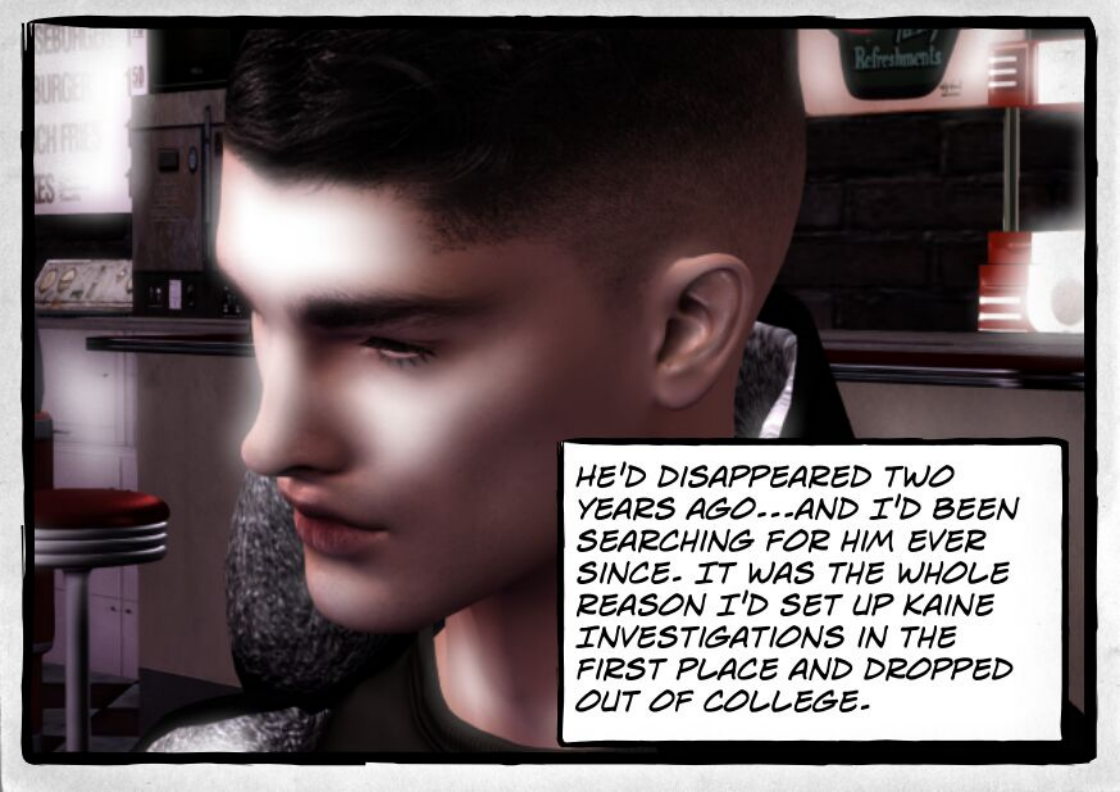
I STARED AT MY SANDWICH AND SIGHED. MY DAD HAD BEEN A BIG PART OF MY LIFE GROWING UP, ESPECIALLY AFTER MOM DIED WHEN I WAS 12.



CHARLEY KAINE HAD BEEN OLDER WHEN HE MET MY MOM. CAREER DETECTIVE, HIGHLY DECORATED, HE ALWAYS STAYED ON THE STRAIGHT AND NEVER DEVIATED EVEN IN THE FACE OF CRIMINALS LIKE SYD SYNNESTER.



MY DAD HAD SINGLE  
HANDEDLY FORMED A RICO  
CASE AGAINST SYNNESTER'S  
CORPORATION - SYNSYD  
INC. THEY WERE A  
TECHNOLOGY COMPANY BUT  
ALSO A FRONT FOR SYD'S  
GANG OF THUGS TO  
OPERATE.



HE'D DISAPPEARED TWO YEARS AGO...AND I'D BEEN SEARCHING FOR HIM EVER SINCE. IT WAS THE WHOLE REASON I'D SET UP KAINE INVESTIGATIONS IN THE FIRST PLACE AND DROPPED OUT OF COLLEGE.



HE'D SERVED AND PROTECTED THE PEOPLE OF PARADISE CITY FOR THREE DECADES, AND NOT A SINGLE MEMBER OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT INVESTIGATED HIS DISAPPEARANCE.

SYNNESTER OWNED BLOCKS OF THE CITY...BUT TO GET PULLED INTO A CONFRONTATION WITH HIM AT THIS MOMENT WOULD NOT BE BENEFICIAL TO MY LONGER TERM PLAN...TO BRING HIM DOWN PERMANENTLY.

ADULTS  
ONLY

421  
Industrial Blvd

GIRLS  
GIRLS

INDUSTRIAL  
BLVD



THE NEXT WEEKS  
WERE BUSY WITH  
OUR USUAL  
CASELOAD.



MAINLY  
SKIPTRACING WITH  
A FEW SUBPOENA  
SERVICE

THE WHEELS OF  
JUSTICE TURNED  
SLOWLY, BUT AT  
LEAST THEY  
TURNED.



YOU'RE  
FREE, MAX.

WOW,  
REALLY?

A comic book panel with a dark, moody background. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black, high-necked, sleeveless dress with a subtle pattern, stands in the center. She has her right hand raised to her head. To the right, the back of a man's head and shoulder is visible, looking towards the woman. The scene is lit with soft, low-key lighting, creating a dramatic atmosphere.

BUT THEN---

IS THIS...KAINÉ  
INVESTIGATIONS?

Y-Y-YES IT  
IS.

A comic book panel featuring a woman with blonde hair, wearing a black high-necked, sequined dress with a gold belt buckle. She is looking towards a man whose back is to the camera. The man has dark hair and is wearing a dark shirt. There are five speech bubbles in the scene. The woman's speech bubbles are in pink text, and the man's are in black text. The background is a simple, dark grey wall.

W.W.-WON'T  
YOU HAVE A  
SEAT MS...

YOU  
CAN CALL  
ME JOYCE.  
I'M JOYCE  
OBTUSE.

PLEASE,  
HAVE A SEAT  
JOYCE. WOULD  
YOU LIKE A  
DRINK?

NO, BUT DO  
YOU MIND IF I  
SMOKE?

PLEASE.



SHE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I HAD EVER SEEN. EVERY INCH OF HER WAS EXQUISITE AS IF CRAFTED BY A MASTER ARTIST.

I BELIEVE YOU KNEW MY HUSBAND, PHINEAS?


PHINEAS? I  
DON'T BELIEVE I  
HAD THE  
PLEASURE--

FOR A MOMENT, MY BRAIN  
FROZE. I COULDN'T  
REMEMBER--



OH,  
POOH. I WAS  
CERTAIN HE  
HAD COME  
HERE--

YES! I  
REMEMBER.  
CIGAR,  
BALDING..




YES, I WAS  
RATHER CERTAIN  
HE CAME HERE. HE  
HAD IT IN HIS HEAD I  
WAS HAVING AN  
AFFAIR, CAN YOU  
BELIEVE IT?



YOU ARE  
QUITE  
BEAUTIFUL, I  
MUST SAY.


AWW,  
YOU'RE SUCH A  
DEAR.




SO WHAT  
CAN I DO FOR  
YOU, MRS.  
OBTUSE?

YOU CAN  
CALL ME  
JOYCE, FOR  
ONE---

WHAT CAN I DO  
FOR YOU  
--J.-J.-J.-OYCE?

A close-up comic book panel of a blonde woman with voluminous hair, wearing a black top with gold studs. She has a serious expression. A speech bubble is positioned to her right. In the background, a bar counter with bottles is visible.

I WANT  
YOU TO FIND  
MY HUSBAND,  
MR KAINÉ.

A digital illustration of a young man with short, dark hair and a serious expression. He is wearing a black t-shirt. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned to his right, containing the text "WAIT, WHAT?". The background is a dark, textured purple-grey color with faint, sketchy outlines of architectural elements. The entire scene is framed by a thick black border.

WAIT, WHAT?



HE'S  
DISAPPEARED.



# CHAPTER THREE

R  
**ALEIGH**  
ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

MY MIND WAS A WHIRL-  
PHINEAS OBTUSE WAS  
MISSING?

I NEED  
A DRINK. DO  
YOU WANT A  
DRINK  
JOYCE?

GIN AND  
TONIC IF YOU  
HAVE IT.





WHEN  
WAS THE  
LAST TIME YOU  
SAW YOUR  
HUSBAND?

OH,  
IT'S ALMOST  
BEEN TWO  
WEEKS...



HE CAME  
TO THE  
CLUB. I  
WORK AT THE  
CABARET. YOU  
KNOW THAT  
PLACE?

YEAH, SYD  
SYNNESTER'S.

YES, I  
WAS A  
HOSTESS,  
BUT NOW  
I'M...WELL,  
I'M A  
DANCER.

I SEE.



IT'S  
NOTHING  
UNTOWARD, I  
ASSURE  
YOU...

ANYWAY,  
PHIN GOT IT  
IN HIS HEAD I  
WAS HAVING AN  
AFFAIR AND HE  
CONFRONTED  
SYD ABOUT  
IT.

I'M NOT  
HERE TO  
JUDGE.

HATE  
TO SAY IT  
BUT HE'S  
PROBABLY  
SWIMMING  
WITH THE  
FISHES.



NO,  
THAT CAN'T BE  
POSSIBLE!

PLEASE SAY  
IT ISN'T SO, MR.  
KAINED!




HERE  
NOW, YOU  
DON'T--

I WOULD  
LITERALLY DO  
\*ANYTHING\* IF  
YOU'D FIND OUT  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO HIM!

NOW, YOU  
DON'T HAVE TO  
DO THAT!

B.B.BUT  
DON'T YOU  
FIND ME  
ATTRACTIVE?



OF COURSE!  
YOU'RE  
GORGEOUS, BUT  
YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO--

I WANT TO,  
KASEY---

I'D PICKED THE WRONG DAY  
TO LET MISTY HAVE A DAY  
OFF!

HERE,  
NO. DON'T DO  
THAT.

WILL  
YOU  
PLEASE FIND  
OUT WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
MY HUSBAND,  
KASEY?

OF COURSE.



I'D  
BE...ETERNALLY  
GRATEFUL!

OF  
COURSE,  
JOYCE.



HER LIPS TASTED LIKE GIN  
AND CIGARETTES. AND I'D  
NEVER TASTED ANYTHING  
SWEETER.

MMM!



I'LL  
FIND OUT  
WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
HIM, AT LEAST.  
TO GIVE YOU  
SOME  
CLOSURE.

THANK YOU  
KASEY.

I LOOK  
FORWARD TO  
SEEING YOU  
AGAIN.

COME  
BACK LATER  
THIS WEEK, AND I  
CAN TELL YOU  
WHAT I'VE  
FOUND.



BE  
CAREFUL  
AROUND  
SYD...DON'T  
DO ANYTHING  
STUPID.

BELIEVE ME,  
I WON'T.

UNTIL NEXT  
TIME, KASEY.

AND THEN SHE WAS GONE.





I COULD STILL TASTE HER  
ON MY LIPS...THERE WAS A  
STRANGE...TINGLING...

A young man with short dark hair, wearing a dark turtleneck sweater, is shown from the chest up. He has a serious, thoughtful expression and is looking slightly to the right. The background is a dark city street at night, with a multi-story building behind him. The building's windows are lit up, and there are some purple decorative elements in the foreground. The overall lighting is dim, with a purple and blue color palette.

LATER THAT NIGHT I DECIDED  
TO VISIT SYD SYNNESTER'S  
CABARET.

SOMEONE'S  
LOOKING  
DAPPAH!

A woman with dark hair styled in an updo, wearing a pink, form-fitting, short-sleeved dress with a subtle pattern, stands on a red carpet. She has a questioning expression. To her right, a man in a dark suit is partially visible, looking towards her. The background shows a building entrance with steps and a stanchion with a red rope.

WHAT,  
THIS OL'  
THING?

WOW, YOU  
LOOK  
SPECTACULAR  
!




LISTEN,  
YOU STAY  
CLOSE TO ME. I  
HEARD THINGS  
ABOUT THIS  
PLACE.

AYE, AYE,  
CAP'N BOSS!

WE AIN'T SAVIN'  
NO ONE TONIGHT,  
THIS IS JUST  
RECONNAISSANCE.




BUT  
IFF'N WE  
SEE MR.  
OBTUSE, WE  
GONNA SAVE  
HIM, RIGHT?

A man in a dark suit and tie is standing on a red carpet, looking towards a woman. The woman is wearing a pink, form-fitting, polka-dot dress and large hoop earrings. She is looking down. The background shows a building entrance with a window and a red rope barrier.

I'M SURE THEY  
WON'T HAVE HIM  
HERE. HE'LL BE IN  
SOME  
UNDISCLOSED  
LOCATION.

IF YOU SAY  
SO.

I REALLY  
HOPE TO  
SEE JOYCE  
TONIGHT.



YOU TWO  
HAVE TICKETS?

I UMMM---

IT'S  
OKAY, BRIAN.  
THEY'RE WITH  
ME.

THANK  
YOU MISS  
JOYCE.

YOU TWO  
MAY PASS

WOW!

I COULDN'T TAKE MY  
EYES OFF HER.

PLEASE  
COME IN, MR.  
CAINE, AND MRS  
SCOTT.

YOUR  
TABLE IS  
RIGHT THIS  
WAY.





PICK YOUR  
TONGUE  
OFF'N THE  
FLOOR,  
KASEY

UH, HI!



MARTINI,  
DOUBLE!

HERE WE ARE.  
CAN I GET YOU  
ANY FOOD OR A  
REFRESHMENT?

UH, YAH- ME  
TOO.

TWO  
DOUBLE  
MARTINI'S  
COMING UP!



YEAH BOSS.

SOME  
PLACE, UH?

WHAT,  
YOU DON'T  
LIKE IT?



YOUR  
EYES  
PRACTICALLY  
CRAWLED OUT  
YOUR SKULL  
AND INTO HER  
VAGINA,  
BOSS.

SHE'S  
OUR  
CLIENT!

WHAT, IS  
IT SO BAD IF I  
LIKE HER?

I RECOGNIZE  
THAT.

A close-up of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair and bright blue eyes. She is wearing a pink top, a necklace with a heart pendant, and large, ornate earrings. In the background, a blonde woman in a white bikini is dancing on a stage in a dimly lit nightclub with red walls and a bar.

I'MA GO  
UH...RECONNOITER  
MY NOSE, BOSS.  
I'LL BE BACK IN A  
BIT.

OKAY. BE  
ALERT.



YOU  
KEEP YOUR  
HEAD IN THE  
GAME, KASEY  
AND OUT OF  
HER  
SNATCH!

I WILL.



WHERE  
DID MRS.  
SCOTT GO?



SHE'S  
GONE TO THE  
RESTROOM.

A woman with short, wavy white hair and bright pink lipstick is shown from the chest up. She is wearing purple, sparkly nipple pasties. Her right hand is extended towards a man in the background. The man is wearing a dark cap and a vest, and is looking away. The setting appears to be a casino or a lounge, with a red patterned carpet, a wooden table, and a decorative vase on a pedestal in the background. A speech bubble is positioned above the woman's head.

CAN I  
INTEREST  
YOU IN A LAP  
DANCE, SIR?

GOD, YOU  
ARE SO  
SEXY...

MMM, SIR,  
YOU ARE SO  
HANDSOME..

HER BODY WAS CAPTIVATING.  
I COULD FEEL TINGLES  
FLOOD THROUGH MY BODY



ALL THOUGHTS OF PHINEAS  
AND MISTY LEFT MY BRAIN.  
MY MIND WAS FILLED WITH  
HER SCENT, HER WARM  
BODY, AND THE TINGLES...

MY WORLD WAS HER BODY,  
MY BODY, AND HER  
FRAGRANCE. I COULDN'T  
GET ENOUGH OF HER. I  
WANTED TO PRESS MYSELF  
TIGHT, AND BE ONE WITH  
HER.



THE TINGLES FILLED ME,  
SHE FILLED ME---ALL OF IT  
BECAME OVERWHELMING---



OBLIVION INTRUDED





IS HE OUT?

WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
GIRL?

YES. TAKE  
HIM TO THE  
BACK.

DON'T  
WORRY  
ABOUT HER.  
SHE'LL LEAVE  
ON HER  
OWN.

# CHAPTER FOUR

I AWOKE SLOWLY TO  
VOICES...

YES,  
MISTRESS

Bind Him to  
the bed. let me  
measure his  
height, weight,  
and t-count.

MY BODY REFUSED TO OBEY  
MY COMMANDS. I FLOPPED  
ONTO SOMETHING LIKE A  
DEAD FISH.

MFPGUHHRGHH

Oh, good. He's  
awake. Hello, Mr.  
Kaine.

A man with a beard and mustache is shown from the chest up, looking upwards. The scene is dimly lit with a strong red glow, creating a dramatic and somewhat ominous atmosphere. The background is dark and indistinct.

THE VOICE SOUNDED  
STRANGE...ROBOTIC...METALLIC?

Do not try  
to speak. I've  
disabled all  
cognitive  
functions other  
than  
autonomic.

A man is lying on a table, his arms restrained by black cuffs. He is looking up at the camera with a neutral expression. The scene is dimly lit with a reddish hue. The background is a dark, grid-like pattern.

IT TOOK ME SOME TIME TO  
SEE...AND I WISH I  
COULDN'T.

OH, THAT'S  
WONDERFUL,  
MISTRESS!

Height, 198  
cm, weight,  
99.8 MG, and  
look at that  
t-count! well  
over 12,000!

A dark, atmospheric scene featuring a character with a glowing visor and a speech bubble. The character is in the center, wearing a dark, textured mask with a glowing orange visor. The background is dark with some faint lights and structures. A speech bubble on the right contains red text.

My  
visage is  
quite  
disturbing to  
some.  
Apologies for  
that. Let me  
adjust your  
vision  
balance

A close-up of a metallic, humanoid robot head. The robot has a dark, textured face with various mechanical components, including a glowing orange eye on the left side. The background is dark and industrial, with some wires and machinery visible.

IT WAS SOME KIND OF  
ROBOTIC MONSTER!

There, is that  
better?  
Wonderful.

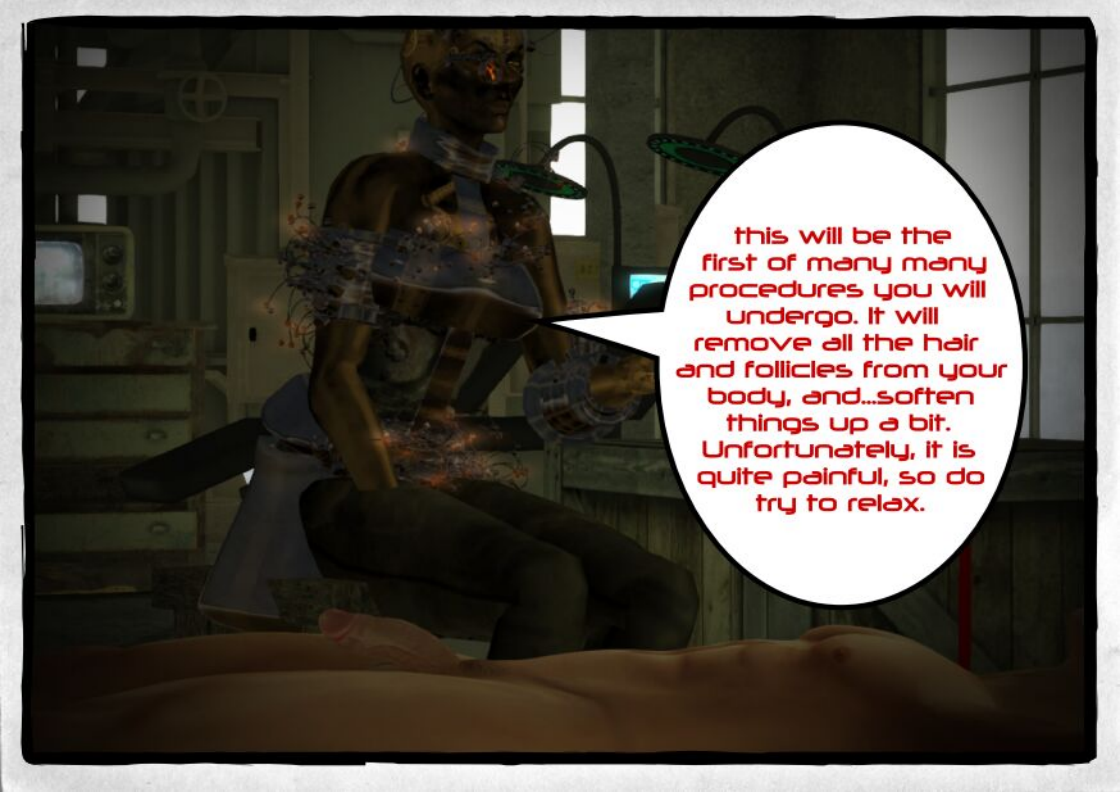
A character with a dark, metallic-looking face and glowing orange eyes is shown in a dark, industrial setting. The character is wearing a blue collar and has various wires and glowing orange lights attached to their body. The background is dark and filled with wires and mechanical components.

I HAD TO GET OUT OF  
HERE---

I'm sure you're  
wondering why  
you're bound to this  
bed. Suffice to say,  
you'll be going through  
some changes shortly.  
You've been sold to a  
personage exchange,  
and will be crafted into  
a completely new  
configuration! Isn't  
that nice?

A scene from a video game. On the left, a character is lying in a metal cage, appearing unconscious or dead. To the right, a metallic, glowing figure with a human-like form and glowing orange eyes stands over the cage. A speech bubble from the metallic figure contains the following text:

In exchange for  
this crafting, we  
will be exfiltrating all  
those wonderful  
T-cells from your  
body, and selling  
them at quite the  
profit, I assure  
you!



this will be the first of many many procedures you will undergo. It will remove all the hair and follicles from your body, and...soften things up a bit. Unfortunately, it is quite painful, so do try to relax.

SHE..IT...THREW THE SWITCH, AND I WAS HIT WITH BOLTS OF LIGHTNING THAT SEARED THROUGH MY BODY!



AHHHHHH!

BOLT AFTER BOLT BLASTED THROUGH ME,  
MAKING MY BODY CONVULSE. I COULD  
LITERALLY FEEL THE HAIR FOLLICLES  
BURNING AND DROPPING OFF AS THE  
LIGHTNING COURSED THROUGH MY BODY.



MY MUSCLES CONVULSED  
OVER AND OVER, AND I  
GASPED IN PAIN AND AGONY.




MMM, IS  
HE  
DENUDED?  
THIS IS MY  
FAVORITE  
PART...

I FELT SOMEONE CRAWL ON TOP OF ME, AND SETTLE ON MY STIFFNESS. I MOANED IN PLEASURE AS I FELT HER, AND PAIN AS THE ENERGY BLASTED US.

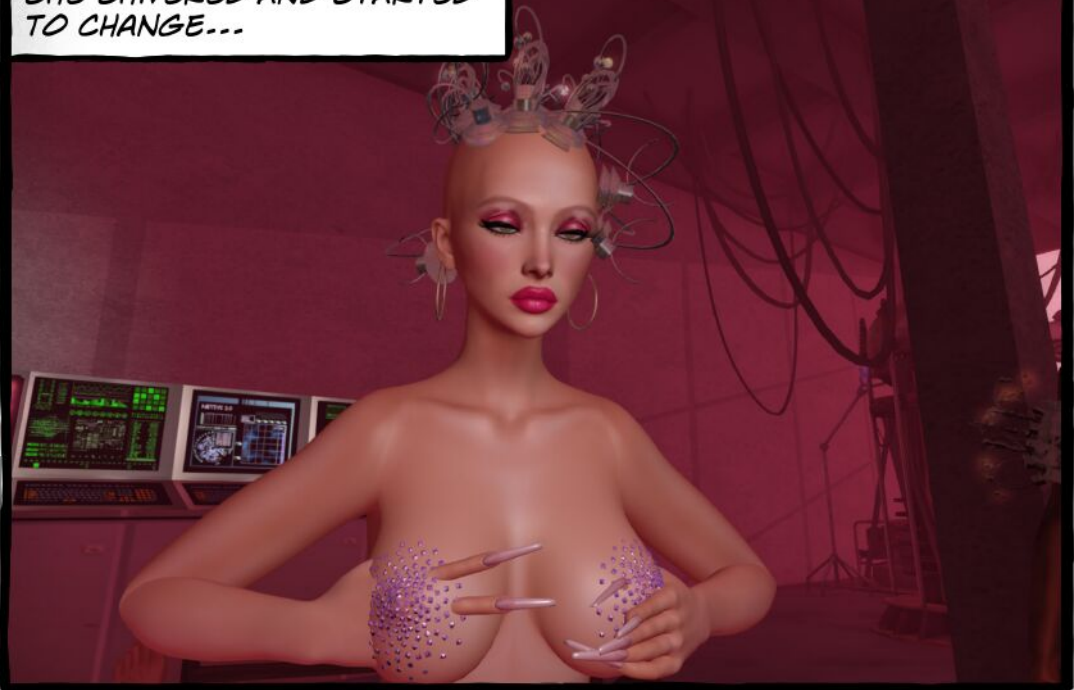


JOYCCCCCEEE!



OH, MR. KAINÉ,  
YOU ARE A  
STRONG BOY,  
AREN'T YOU? I  
FEEL MY LITTLE  
Facade is slipping  
however...

SHE SHIVERED AND STARTED  
TO CHANGE...





ohh yessss  
yessss Aiiiiiiiiii!!!

UNTIL SHE LOOKED LIKE A  
TOASTER CROSSED WITH A  
TRANSISTOR RADIO



god I miss  
being human  
sometimes!

YOUR WORDS HERE...

Let's get him  
into the milker  
while he's still  
ardent

OKAY BOSS



THEY LOADED ME INTO SOME  
KIND OF CONTRAPTION, WITH  
A HOSE THAT CLAMPED  
DOWN OVER MY NETHERBITS.

HEHE.  
YOU'RE GONNA  
LOVE THIS.

MMMPHHH


THERE WE  
GO BIG BOY.

THE DEVICE BEGAN PUMPING  
BACK AND FORTH...AND I  
FOUND MYSELF MOANING IN  
RETURN

OH, UH,  
UH...MMMPPH!

this will milk  
all the juicy  
t-cells out of  
your body. Then  
we'll take you  
over to the  
immersion tank  
to replace them  
with lovely  
p-cells.

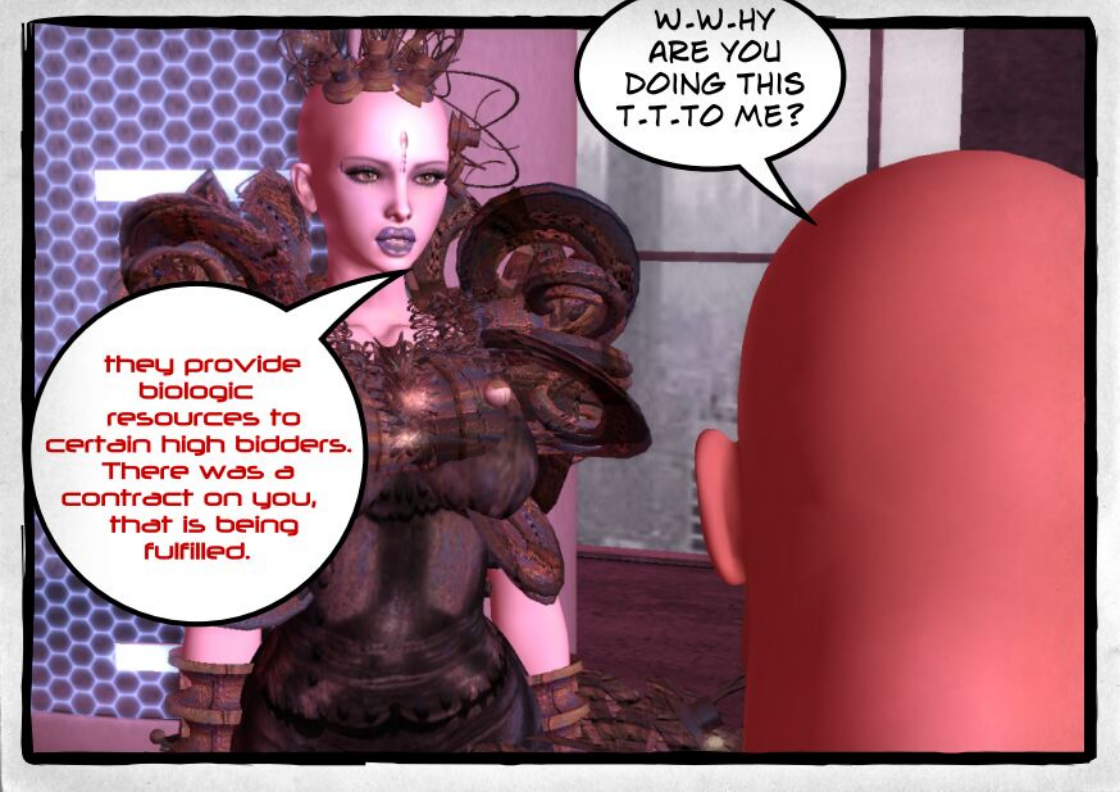


A character with a mechanical head and glowing wires is shown in profile, facing left. The character's head is covered in a complex network of wires and mechanical components, including a large circular dial on the side. The character is wearing a dark, high-collared garment. In the background, there is a control room with several computer monitors displaying various data and graphs. The overall lighting is dim and reddish-pink.

The first time  
we do this will  
take three or four  
hours to pump you  
dry. But each time  
after that will take  
less and less...until  
your body no  
longer produces  
T-cells.



I'll reconnect your  
speech centers so  
you may talk, if you  
can behave.

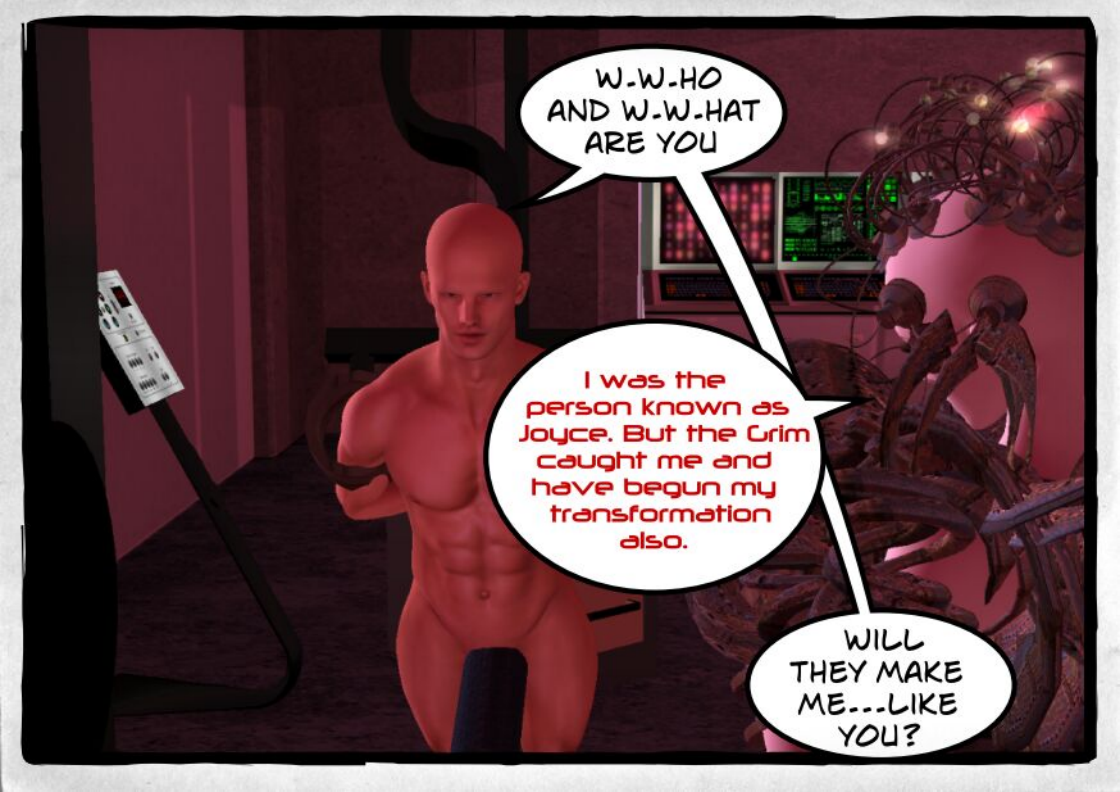
A comic book panel featuring a character with pink skin and elaborate, dark, ornate armor. The character has a crown-like headpiece and a vertical mark on their forehead. They are looking towards a large, rounded red character whose back is to the viewer. The background consists of a wall with a hexagonal pattern. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the pink-skinned character and one from the red character.

W-W-HY  
ARE YOU  
DOING THIS  
T-T-TO ME?

they provide  
biologic  
resources to  
certain high bidders.  
There was a  
contract on you,  
that is being  
fulfilled.

A character with a pale pink face, dark purple lips, and a small white mark on her forehead. She has large, dark, wing-like structures on her shoulders and a crown of dark, leafy branches on her head. She is surrounded by a dense, chaotic mass of dark, twisted, organic-looking structures that resemble thick, knotted tentacles or roots. The background is a light pink wall with a blue and white hexagonal pattern on the left. A white speech bubble with a black border is on the right, containing red text.

I assure you, I am still quite fond of you. But duty must come before feelings.




W-W-HO  
AND W-W-HAT  
ARE YOU

I was the  
person known as  
Joyce. But the Grim  
caught me and  
have begun my  
transformation  
also.

WILL  
THEY MAKE  
ME...LIKE  
YOU?



sadly, no. It  
would be  
wonderful to have  
a life companion  
such as you  
\*sighs\*

A close-up shot of a character with a highly detailed, mechanical headpiece. The headpiece is constructed from dark, metallic-looking materials, featuring a complex network of thin, branching structures that resemble a crown or a neural interface. Several small, glowing orange and red lights are integrated into the design, some appearing to be part of the character's hair or the headpiece itself. The character has pale skin, dark eye makeup, and dark lips. They are looking slightly downwards and to the left. In the foreground, a large, dark, curved object, possibly a microphone or part of a piece of equipment, is visible. The background consists of a wall with a hexagonal grid pattern, illuminated from behind, creating a soft, purple and blue glow. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of the character's head.

But while I am  
being  
mechanized, you  
will be adjusted  
to...well, I'm not  
allowed to give  
hints.



I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.  
WHY WOULD  
YOU HELP  
THEM?



you don't understand. with each passing moment, I become more machine than human. I cannot refuse to comply.



But you don't have to take my word for it. Here's someone you might remember...

A 3D rendered female character with a bald head and a muscular physique stands in a laboratory. She is wearing a small green circular mark on her right thigh. A speech bubble next to her contains the text "HELLO KAINÉ.". The background features various pieces of scientific equipment, including a microscope and a glowing blue screen. A large, out-of-focus red object is visible in the foreground on the left.

HELLO  
KAINÉ.



AT FIRST I DIDN'T  
RECOGNIZE HIM--BUT THEN--

IT'S ME,  
PHIN OBTUSE

JOYCE,  
MISTRESS  
WANTS YOU AT  
THE SURGICAL  
TABLE.

I'M  
SUPPOSED TO  
PUT KAINE IN  
THE TANK.

*\*sighs\** yes. I'm  
receiving limb  
modification and  
more mechanized  
components.

Alright,  
darlings. See  
you both  
soon, I hope.



NOW'S OUR  
CHANCE TO  
ESCAPE!

DON'T  
EVEN TRY,  
DUDE.

A comic book panel featuring two characters, a woman on the left and a man on the right, both with glowing blue collars. The woman is speaking, and the man is listening with a thoughtful expression. The background consists of a wall with a hexagonal pattern.

REACH UP  
TO YOUR  
NECK...THERE.  
IT BECOMES  
ACTIVE WHEN  
TOUCHED.

WHAT IS IT?

OBEDIANCE  
COLLAR. IF YOU  
DON'T OBEY THEY  
CAN...MAKE IT BAD.  
EXPLODE YOUR  
HEAD KINDA  
BAD.

A comic book panel set in a laboratory. In the foreground, a large, bald, red-skinned man with a black collar is seen from the back, looking towards a smaller, female, red-skinned man with a blue collar. In the background, a woman in a dark, tactical outfit is standing on a raised platform. The room is filled with various pieces of equipment, including a television set on a desk and a large cylindrical tank. The scene is lit with a reddish-pink hue.

AUGHHHH!!!!!!

SHOULDN'T  
WE...HELP  
HER?

I KNOW,  
BUT THAT  
SOUNDS  
PAINFUL.

KAINE,  
SHE LURED  
US INTO THIS  
IN THE FIRST  
PLACE.

LISTEN,  
PLEASE JUST  
GET IN THE  
TANK, OR  
THEY'LL FUCK  
WITH ME.



WHAT  
WILL THIS  
DO?

I DUNNO.  
THEY JUST  
TOLD ME TO  
GET YOU IN. I'LL  
TURN IT OFF,  
THEN YOU CAN  
STAND ON THE  
PEDESTAL.

AIIIIIAhhh!!!!

DO WHAT  
THE SISSY  
SAID!

OR DON'T,  
AND WE'LL  
SHOW YOU  
WHAT  
HAPPENS.

CLANK!

I GOT INTO THE TANK, AND IT  
FILLED WITH AN ENERGIZED  
LIQUID.



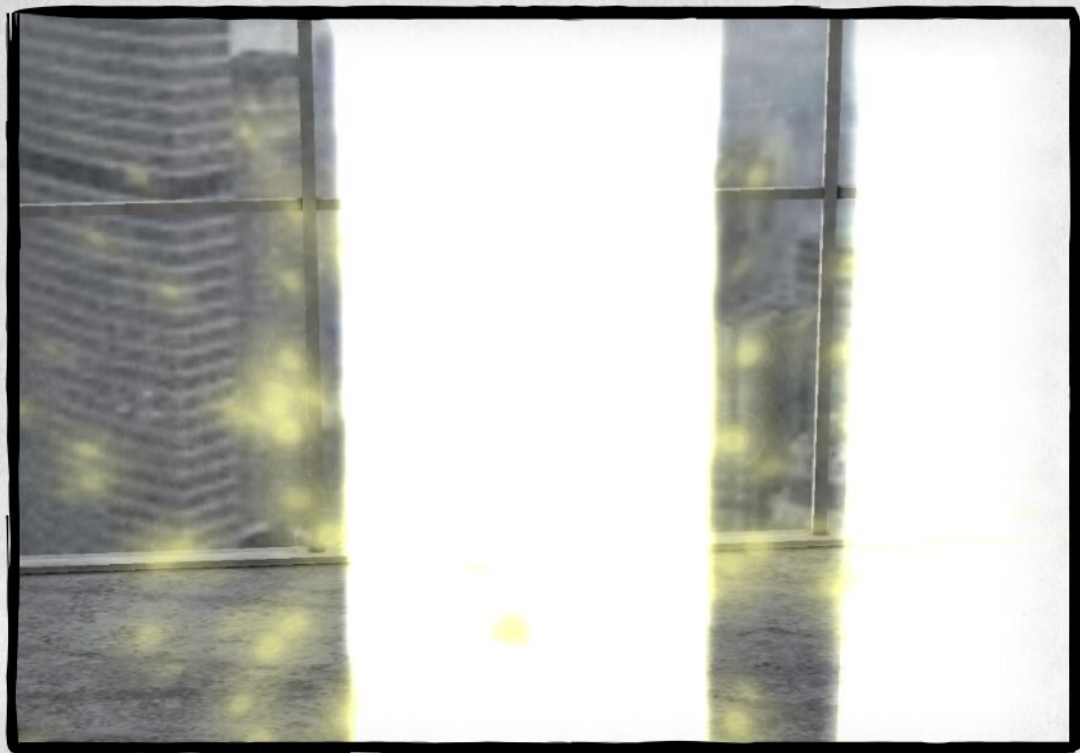
A close-up illustration of a woman's face and neck, rendered in a glowing red, semi-transparent style. She has a pained expression with her mouth open. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, and a text box is in the upper right corner. She is wearing a dark, thin collar around her neck.

AUGHHHH!

AT FIRST IT WAS WARM, BUT  
THEN I FELT HOT, LIKE I  
WAS BEING DIPPED IN  
MAGMA

CONSCIOUSNESS LEFT ME.  
ALL I FELT WAS PAIN.





A crime scene in a Japanese city at night. A crime scene tape is stretched across the street. In the background, a sign with the number 7 is visible. The scene is illuminated by purple and blue lights. On the left, there is a poster for a movie or event. On the right, there is a building with a sign that says "MUSIC" and a glowing blue sign with red text.

# CHAPTER FIVE

THE NEXT DAY

A 3D rendered character with a smooth, reddish-pink skin tone is shown from the chest up. The character has a bald head and is wearing a dark, glowing blue collar around their neck. Their eyes are closed, and they have a serene expression. The background is a futuristic interior with curved walls and glowing blue and purple lights. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of the character's head.

Levels indicate  
your consciousness  
has returned.


JOYCE?!?!  
IS THAT REALLY  
YOU?

I did once identify  
as the biologic  
named 'Joyce' yes

MY GOD!  
WHAT HAVE THEY  
DONE TO YOU?



I've become  
something of an  
experiment I fear.



Is she not  
glorious? my  
greatest work! I  
have plans for the  
cranium too, this  
afternoon.

A screenshot from a video game. On the left, a bald man with a blue collar and black restraints is seated in a chair. On the right, a mechanical character with a complex, multi-layered headpiece and glowing blue lights on its chest is speaking. A white speech bubble with a black border contains red text. The background is a dimly lit room with a large window showing a cityscape.

We have  
provided  
nourishment while  
you were  
unconscious. Please  
follow for the T-cell  
exfiltration  
process.



I STOOD AND FELT VERY STRANGE...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO PHIN?

A reprogramming process for internal gender norms.

Mr. Obtuse will no longer consider himself a male. From this point forward, he will feel female.

WHAT?  
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?



NO!  
PLEASE---

You must become  
ardent in order for  
the milking to work.  
Perhaps I should  
fellatio--

A character with a dark, metallic, and somewhat distorted face is shown in a futuristic, pinkish-purple environment. The character's face is the central focus, with a speech bubble containing red text. The background features a wall with a glowing blue hexagonal pattern and some mechanical elements. The character is wearing a dark, textured garment with a central vertical element.

while my skin  
of my face is  
metallicizing I  
could still perform  
this service.

I QUICKLY CLOSED MY EYES  
AND THOUGHT ABOUT MISTY.  
IN A FEW MOMENT---

A 3D rendered character with a bald head and a red, form-fitting suit. The character is looking down and to the left towards a Christmas tree. The tree is decorated with warm white lights and red ornaments. The background is dark with some mechanical or structural elements.

ah. you have  
achieved ardent  
status.  
Congratulations.

UH, THANK  
YOU?



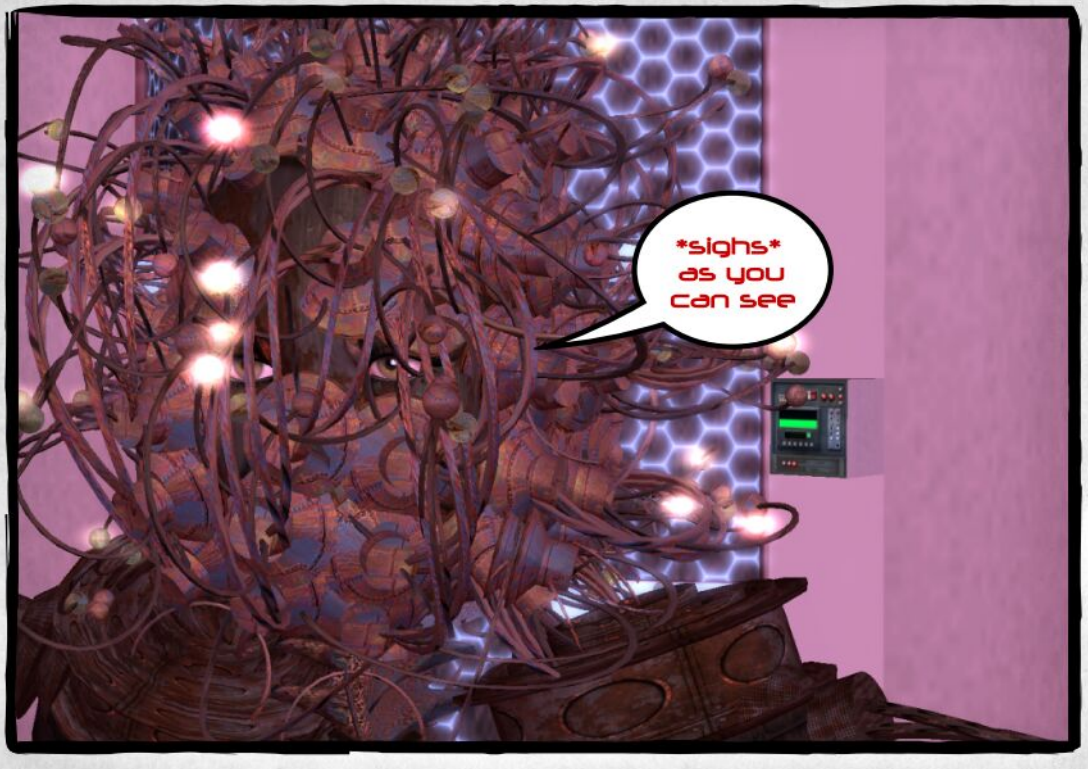
SO DID IT  
HURT?

my  
hybridization?  
It was excruciating.  
but the pain  
memories have  
been wiped.



JOYCE, IT'S  
NOT TOO LATE!  
WE CAN STILL  
GET OUT OF  
HERE!

impossible. I  
am programmed to  
obey. Any  
consideration of  
escape...changes  
me further.




**\*sighs\***  
**as you**  
**can see**



BUT  
WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
MISTY? WAS  
SHE  
CAPTURED  
TOO?

no.  
She...oh...oh  
no..

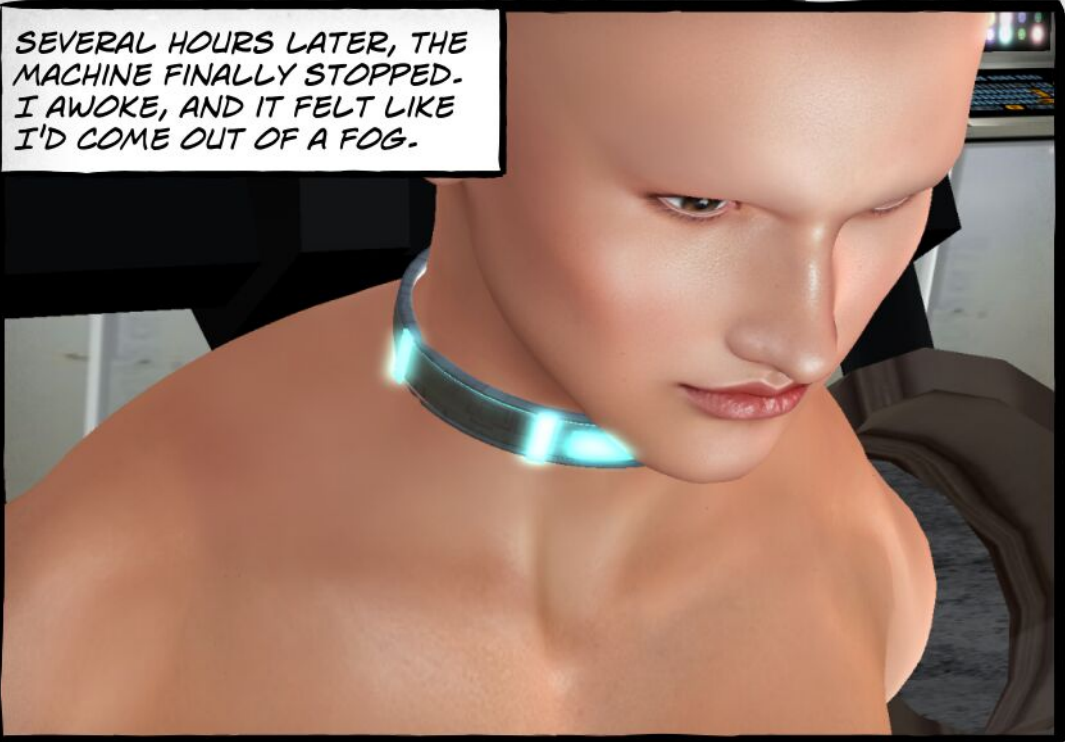


This unit can  
no longer  
vocalize or  
receive optical  
input. I'm going  
to remedy  
that.

I WATCHED WHAT USED TO  
BE JOYCE OBTUSE FOLLOW.



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE  
MACHINE FINALLY STOPPED.  
I AWOKE, AND IT FELT LIKE  
I'D COME OUT OF A FOG.



I STRUGGLED WITH MY  
BONDS, AND FINALLY  
SLIPPED FREE!



I DECIDED TO TRY TO FREE  
PHINEAS.

BRRZT  
BRZZT  
CLANK!

WHILE  
SHE'S  
OCCUPIED  
LET'S GET  
AWAY!

OKAY





HEY!  
WHAT THE  
HELL ARE YOU  
DOING TO MY  
WIFE??

THERE,  
LET'S--

DAMMIT.

I've  
successfully  
separated your  
wife's cranial  
sphere from the  
supporting  
apparatus. It  
was no longer  
needed.

The birth of  
a new Grim is  
always a  
joyous  
experience!

BUT...WHERE'S  
HER BODY??

OH GOD.  
HER HEAD HAS  
BEEN--

A Grim character, a dark-skinned figure with a metallic, helmet-like head and glowing eyes, is shown in profile. He is holding a large, tangled mass of glowing purple and pink wires that resemble a Christmas tree. The setting is a dark, industrial environment with pipes and machinery. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left containing text and one on the right containing the word 'DECAPITATED'.

Every Grim is  
unique and has  
a specialty  
purpose!

DECAPITATED

A dark, industrial scene with a glowing sphere and a character. The scene is dimly lit with a reddish-pink hue. In the center, a large, glowing, spherical object is suspended, emitting a bright, shimmering light. To the right, a character with a glowing, circular mark on their forehead and a glowing, crystalline structure on their chest is visible. The character is looking towards the sphere. The background shows industrial structures, including a large, dark, dome-like structure and a window with a red frame. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of the character, containing text.

The ferrous  
sphere this  
unit has  
become will be  
contained  
within a  
magnetic  
field...

A steampunk-style character with a mechanical head and a large glowing device. The character has a head with gears, wires, and a small red wheel. They are looking at a large, glowing, cylindrical device with a dome-shaped top. The device is emitting a bright, shimmering light. The background is a dark, industrial setting with a window and a vertical pipe.

There. And  
now to weld it  
shut with a  
titanium alloy...

A dark, industrial scene with a glowing cylindrical unit in the center. The unit has a metallic, segmented appearance with glowing lights inside. To the right, a mechanical head with a wheel-like structure is visible. The background is a dark, reddish-purple wall.

Perfect. And  
now we wait for  
integration into  
the new unit...



wonderful!  
Powered up, and  
feeding the  
board!

SIZZZZZLE!!  
SPARK!

A character with a complex, mechanical headpiece and glowing eyes is shown in a dark, industrial setting. The character's head is covered in wires and mechanical components, with some parts glowing orange. The background features a large, cylindrical structure with glowing lights and a window showing a bright light source. The character is looking towards the right.

Now to give it a  
purpose...hmm.

A dark, industrial scene with a character in the foreground. The character has a complex, metallic-looking headpiece with wires and glowing points. The background features a large, cylindrical structure with multiple levels and glowing lights. A yellow starburst speech bubble is positioned in the upper right quadrant.

SIZZLE  
SPARK  
SIZZLE

A white oval speech bubble with a black outline, containing red text. It is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the page, pointing towards the character's head.

Guards! Bring me  
that chair!

A character with a mask and tattoos stands in a workshop. To their left is a large, dark, cylindrical pedestal with a glass container on top. The scene is dimly lit with a reddish-pink hue. A yellow starburst contains the sound effect 'SIZZZZZZZLLEE' and a speech bubble contains the text 'wired to the pedestal...perfect.'

SIZZZZZZZLLEE

wired to the pedestal...perfect.



which  
of you would  
like to be first?

Mr. Obtuse?  
Would you like to  
experience your  
former wife's  
new power?

UH, NO  
THANKS.

Then it's up  
to you Mr.  
Kaine. Have a  
seat.



no idea! This is  
the first time this  
Grim has been  
online!

WHAT WILL  
IT--UH--SHE---  
DO TO ME?



BRZZT  
SPARK SPARK  
SIZZLE.

Every Grim is  
different, and I  
know she held  
you in some  
regard in her  
previous  
incarnation.



SIZZLE,  
BRZZT...SIZZLE

JOYCE?  
CAN YOU HEAR  
ME?



BRZZZZZZZZT

BE  
NICE, OKAY?  
I PROMISE TO  
TRY TO GET  
YOU OUT OF  
HERE.



Into the chair, Mr.  
Cain!



All secured. Now, let's see what happens when I do...this.

SNAP!

ENERGY Poured THROUGH  
ME. THE PAIN ROSE TO AN  
INSANE LEVEL.



SOMETHING CHANGED. THE PAIN WAS STILL HORRIBLE, BUT IT FELT...GOOD?

AHHHHHHHHH!



IT BECAME SO INTENSE I  
HAD TO SHUT MY EYES...



A character with a complex, mechanical headpiece and a futuristic, industrial environment. The character is looking towards the left. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the character, and a yellow starburst sound effect is below it. The background features large windows and industrial machinery.

Interesting,  
facial  
reconstruction.  
Let's try...this..

SNAP!

IT CAME AGAIN, AND  
AGAIN I WAS CARRIED  
AWAY BY PLEASURE AND  
PAIN.



THE PAIN AND PLEASURE  
SUDDENLY INCREASED. IT  
FELT LIKE EVERY PART OF MY  
BODY WAS ON FIRE WITH  
PLEASURE.



A character with a large head and a dark, textured body is shown in profile, looking towards the right. The background is a dark, industrial environment with various mechanical parts and structures. A speech bubble is positioned above the character, and a yellow starburst is located below it. The overall lighting is dim, with some highlights on the character's body and the surrounding machinery.

OKAY,  
MUSCULO-  
SKELETAL.  
LET'S SEE  
WHEN I FLIP  
THIS ENTIRE  
SERIES...

SNAP,  
SNAP,  
SNAP, SNAP,  
SNAP!

A woman with long, wavy, bright pink hair stands in a laboratory or industrial setting. She is unclothed, wearing only a glowing blue choker. Her eyes are closed, and she has a neutral expression. The background features dark, metallic-looking structures and a stone wall. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right corner of the frame.


I FELT CHANGES HAPPENING  
TO MY BODY...AND THEN IT  
STOPPED.



OH, THAT  
WAS INTENSE!

A 3D rendered female character with long, straight pink hair and light blue eyes. She is wearing a glowing cyan collar around her neck. She is looking slightly upwards and to the right. The background is a dimly lit industrial or construction site with concrete structures and a wooden crate. The entire scene is framed by a thick black border, characteristic of a comic book panel.

I FEEL LIKE  
I JUST WOKE  
UP FROM THE  
BEST DREAM,  
EVER!

A scene from a video game. On the right, a character with long, wavy pink hair is shown in profile, looking towards the left. On the left, a character with a dark, mechanical mask and a brown helmet is adjusting the mask. The background is a dimly lit, industrial or workshop-like environment with various tools and equipment.

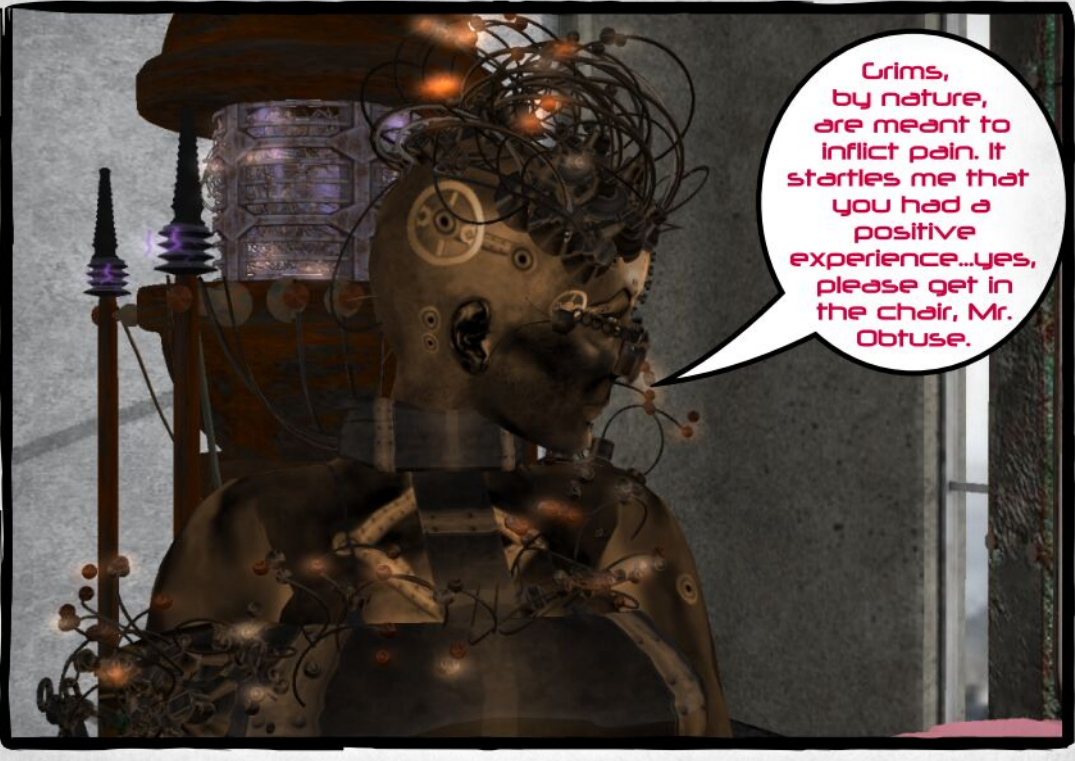
You're still,  
technically, male,  
I see. How do  
you feel?

WONDERFUL!



IT FELT SO  
TINGLY AND  
NICE. I  
ENJOYED IT!

SHOULD I  
GO NEXT?



Criminals,  
by nature,  
are meant to  
inflict pain. It  
startles me that  
you had a  
positive  
experience...yes,  
please get in  
the chair, Mr.  
Obtuse.



Here we  
go.

SNAP!



I WATCHED AS ENERGY  
FLOWED THROUGH HIS  
BRAIN.

A comic book panel featuring a woman with a bald head and a glowing blue energy field around her head. She has her eyes closed and a pained expression. A speech bubble next to her head contains the text "AHHHH, AHHHH!!!". She is wearing a glowing blue collar. The background is a dark, industrial setting with red lighting.

AHHHH,  
AHHHH!!!

HE DID NOT SOUND LIKE  
HE WAS HAVING A GOOD  
TIME.



AAAAIIIIII!!!  
NO!NO!NO!



GASP! OH,  
OH---AHHHHH!!!!

IN A FEW MOMENTS, SHE  
WAS COMPLETELY  
TRANSFORMED!





OH, THAT  
WAS AWFUL!



ARE YOU  
STILL AH,  
YOU?

WHO  
ELSE  
WOULD I BE?  
JESUS, LOOK  
AT THESE  
TITS!

YOU  
COULD BE  
JOYCE'S  
SISTER!

A steampunk character with a complex mechanical head featuring gears, wires, and a small wheel-like eye. The character's torso is also filled with intricate machinery and glowing orange lights. They are standing in a workshop or laboratory, with a large wooden panel in the background covered in numerous tools and mechanical components. The lighting is dim and warm, with a reddish-pink hue. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the character's head.

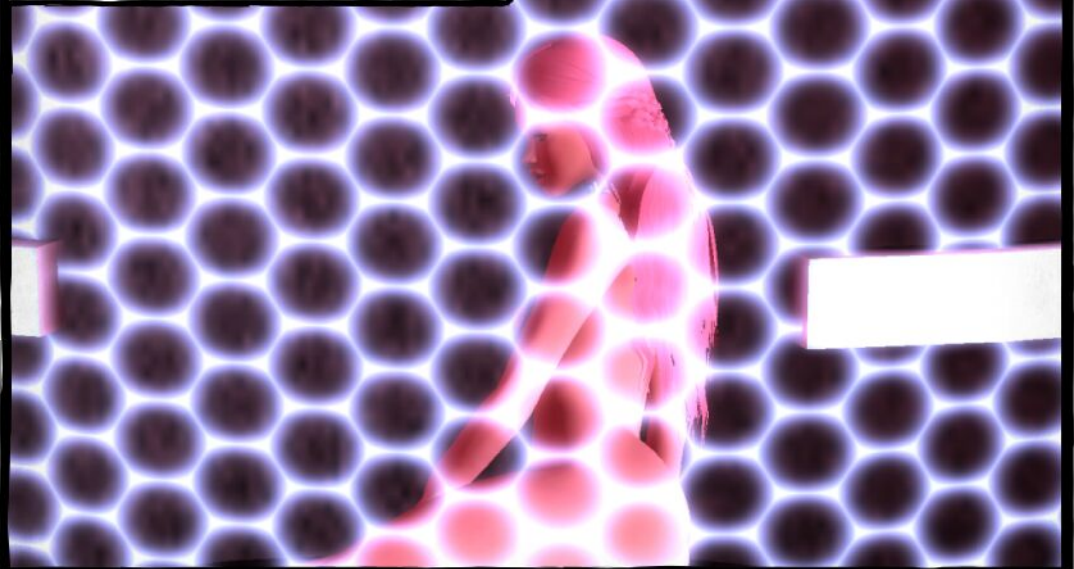
Enough for today.  
You two get into  
your cells.



THAT  
CELL IS  
YOURS.  
GNIGHT!  
KAINE.

GNIGHT, PHIN

AS I LAY DOWN IN THE CELL,  
I THOUGHT ABOUT MISTY,  
AND HOPED SHE WAS OKAY.





MEANWHILE, POOR  
JOYCE WAS STUCK AS A  
GRIM.

BRRZT  
, SIZZLE,  
SNAP SNAP!

A night-time street scene from a video game. A police car with "POLICE" written on its side is parked on the left. In the background, a helicopter is flying. The scene is lit with blue and purple tones. A large, stylized title "CHAPTER SIX" is overlaid in the center.

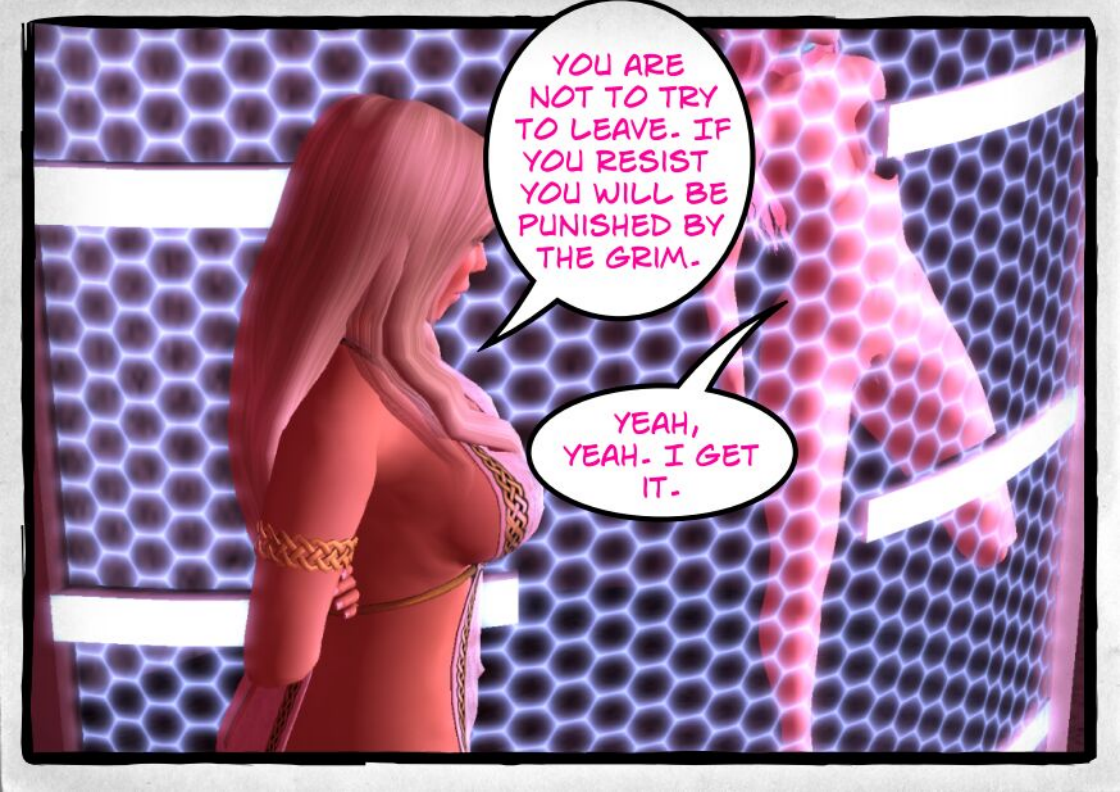
# CHAPTER SIX



THE NEXT DAY

MISTRESS  
SAYS YOU ARE TO  
CONTINUE YOUR  
MILKING. SHE HAS  
TAKEN THE OTHER  
DOWN TO THE  
CLUB.

YEAH,  
OKAY. NOT  
MUCH TO  
MILK.



YOU ARE  
NOT TO TRY  
TO LEAVE. IF  
YOU RESIST  
YOU WILL BE  
PUNISHED BY  
THE GRIM.

YEAH,  
YEAH. I GET  
IT.



IF YOU  
CAN'T GET  
AROUSED,  
PERHAPS I  
CAN--

NO,  
GIMME A  
MINUTE!



THERE,  
THAT'S ABOUT  
THE BEST I  
CAN GET.

WE CAN  
WORK WITH  
THAT.

AS IT STARTED TO WORK, I  
REALIZED IT WAS TAKING A  
MUCH LONGER TIME TO  
ORGASM. I'M SURE THAT  
WAS SIGNIFICANT...



SO  
WHAT'S YOUR  
STORY?

A close-up, slightly low-angle shot of a blonde woman with long, wavy hair. She has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the right. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly pink or white, top with a braided detail on the shoulder. The background is a wall with a blue and white hexagonal pattern. To the right, there is a control panel with a green light. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of her head, containing text.

I WAS A POLICE  
OFFICER  
INVESTIGATING SYD  
SYNNESTER.




I WAS TAKEN,  
TRANSFORMED...  
AND MY MIND  
REPROGRAMMED  
BY THE GRIM

I'VE BEEN  
HERE MANY  
YEARS AS  
THEIR SLAVE.

WAIT, WERE  
YOU...CHARLEY  
KAIN??





I WONDERED  
HOW LONG IT  
WOULD TAKE FOR  
YOU TO FIGURE  
IT OUT.


IT COULDN'T BE POSSIBLE!

DAD??




SHE TOLD ME HOW THEY'D  
BROKEN HER OVER WEEKS OF  
TORTURE AND ABUSE UNTIL  
SHE COULD NO LONGER EVEN  
THINK OF RESISTING THEM.





I'M SORRY YOU GOT CAUGHT UP IN THIS SON. IT REALLY WILL BE EASIER IF YOU JUST COMPLY. THE MORE YOU RESIST...WELL. I'M A PERFECT EXAMPLE.

BUT ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS UNTIE ME!




I'LL UNTIE  
YOU, SINCE YOUR  
SESSION IS  
FINISHED. YOU'LL  
FIND YOU CAN'T GO  
PAST CERTAIN AREAS  
THOUGH, THE  
COLLAR WON'T  
LET YOU.



BUT  
YOU'RE  
NOT WEARING  
A COLLAR!  
THAT MEANS  
YOU CAN  
GO...

THEY  
HAVE MANY  
MEANS TO  
ENSURE  
OBEDIENCE  
SON. YOU  
DON'T THINK  
I TRIED?



AFTER THIS,  
YOU'LL BE HUMAN,  
AND FEMALE, OF  
COURSE, BUT AT LEAST  
YOU CAN LIVE OUT YOUR  
HUMAN LIFE! THAT CAN  
BE TAKEN AWAY.



WAIT,  
YOU'RE  
SAYING YOUR  
NOT HUMAN?

I AM A  
SILICONE-BASED  
SYNTHETIC LIFE  
FORM. I HAVE MY  
FORMER MEMORIES,  
BUT NO, I AM MUCH  
LIKE YOUR FRIEND  
OVER THERE, THOUGH  
NOT A GRIM AT  
LEAST.



WHO, OR  
WHAT ARE THE  
GRIM  
ANYWAY?

ENERGY  
BEINGS FROM  
BEYOND OUR  
DIMENSION. ON EARTH  
THEY TAKE THE FORM  
OF ANYTHING THAT  
CAN CONTAIN  
THEIR ENERGY.



AND  
THEY CAN  
TURN HUMANS  
INTO THAT  
TOO?

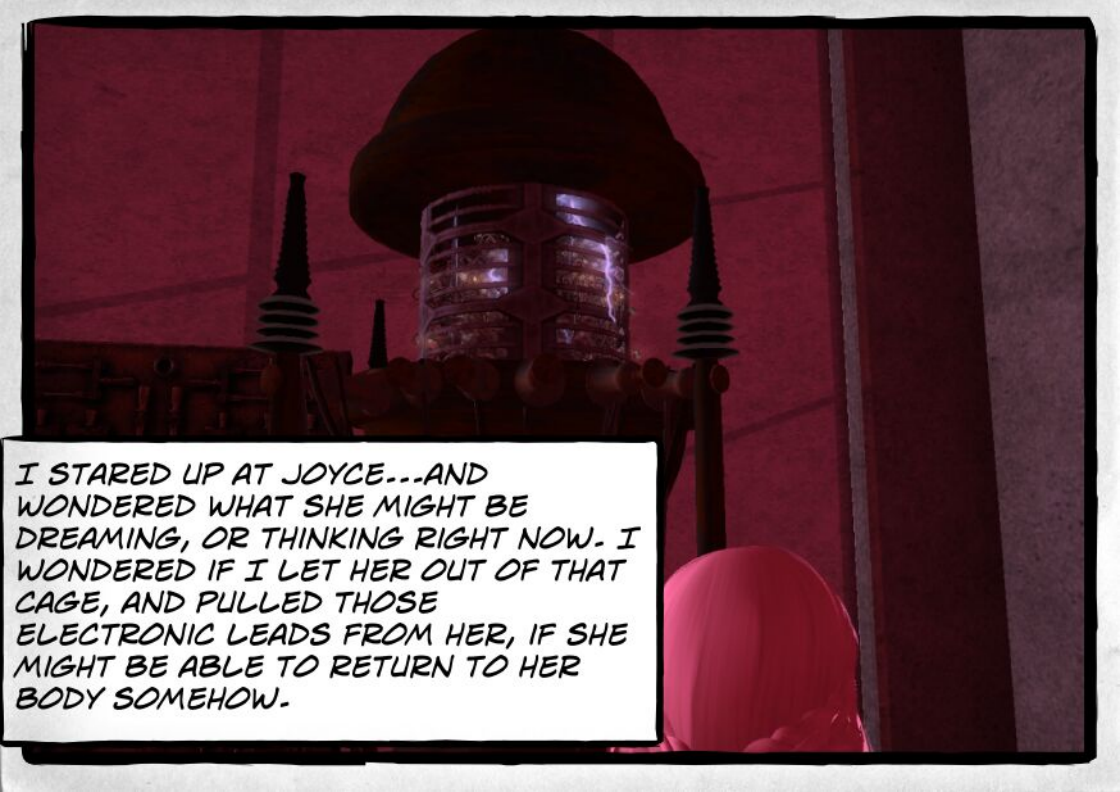
NOT  
HUMANS.  
WOMEN.  
APPARENTLY  
MEN CANNOT  
BE GRIM.



WELL, I  
GOT TO GET  
OUT OF HERE.  
I'M GOING TO  
AT LEAST  
TRY.

AFTER CHECKING ALL THE WALLS, WINDOWS, FLOOR, AND CEILING I COULDN'T FIND ANY DOORS, OR METHOD OF INGRESS AT ALL. I RESOLVED MYSELF TO FIND OUT.

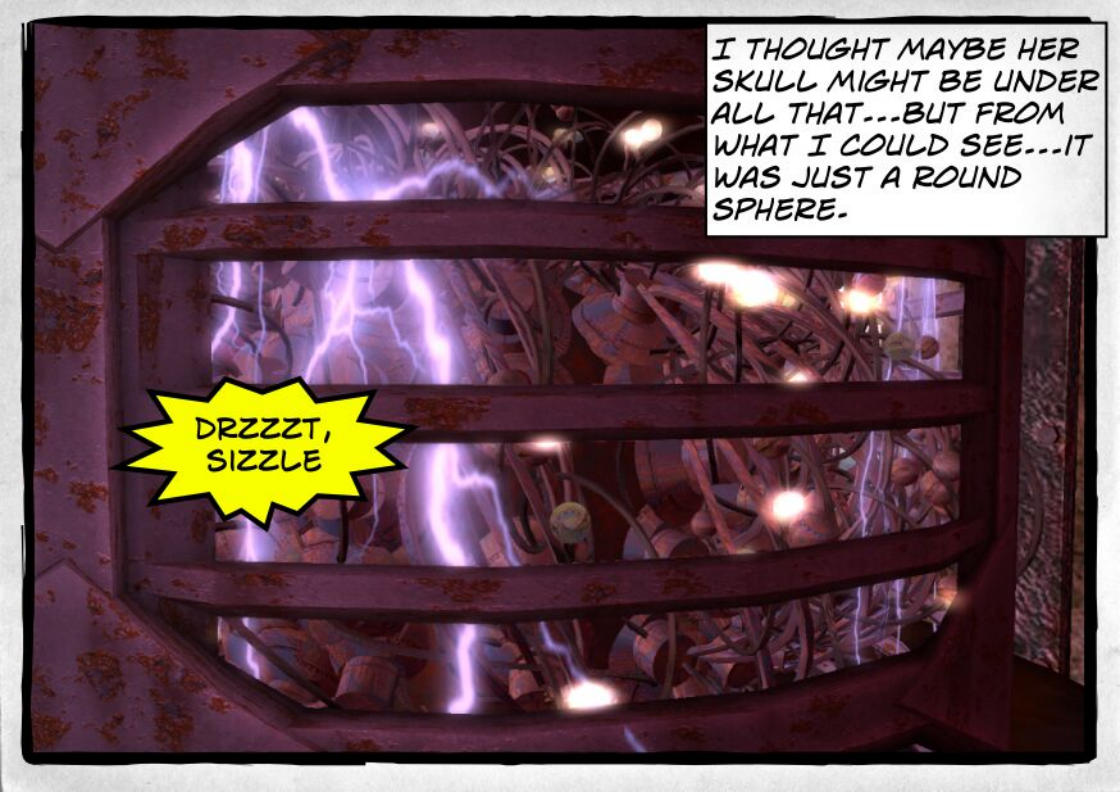




I STARED UP AT JOYCE...AND  
WONDERED WHAT SHE MIGHT BE  
DREAMING, OR THINKING RIGHT NOW. I  
WONDERED IF I LET HER OUT OF THAT  
CAGE, AND PULLED THOSE  
ELECTRONIC LEADS FROM HER, IF SHE  
MIGHT BE ABLE TO RETURN TO HER  
BODY SOMEHOW.

I STOOD ON A CHAIR, AND  
TRIED TO SEE HER EYES,  
MOUTH...ANYTHING...





I THOUGHT MAYBE HER  
SKULL MIGHT BE UNDER  
ALL THAT...BUT FROM  
WHAT I COULD SEE...IT  
WAS JUST A ROUND  
SPHERE.

DRZZZT,  
SIZZLE

AND THE MINUTE I TOUCHED  
IT, I RECEIVED A PAINFUL  
SHOCK.



OW! SHIT!

BZZZZT!

I WAS ABOUT TO TRY TO  
STICK SOMETHING BETWEEN  
THE BARS, WHEN--

OKAY BOSS.

Secure her to  
the bed so I  
can get vitals,  
weight and  
height.

Someone  
please put Mr.  
Kaine back in  
his cell.

I'LL DO IT,  
MISS

WAIT, IS  
THAT--

A 3D-rendered woman with long, dark, wavy hair is lying down, her head tilted back and eyes closed. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, top. The background is dark and indistinct, suggesting an interior setting. A speech bubble is positioned above her head on the left side of the frame. Another speech bubble is positioned above her head on the right side of the frame. The overall lighting is dim, with a reddish-pink hue. A small, dark grey square is visible on the right side of the image, partially overlapping the woman's shoulder.

MISTY!!

BOSSS? I  
FEEL SHO..

OTOR  
COURT

# CHAPTER SEVEN

TAKE A DIFFEREN  
POLICE  
PARADISE CITY  
JOIN THE



LOOK,  
YOU BUCKET  
OF BOLTS, YOU  
GOT ME! DO  
WHATEVER TO ME,  
BUT LET HER  
GO!

OH, we'll be working on  
you as well, Mr. Kaine. But  
I needed a female for my  
grim experimentation and  
she wandered right into  
our hands!

I COULD ONLY WATCH  
HELPLESS AS THE  
ENERGY BOLTED  
THROUGH HER TIME  
AFTER TIME.





wonderful. Let's  
get her over to my  
surgical table for the  
first implantation

OKAY BOSS.

PLEASE!  
LEAVE HER  
ALONE!!

I TRIED TO SEE WHAT THEY  
WERE DOING, BUT HAD A  
HARD TIME WITH THE  
DISTANCE.

BRRZZZZZZT  
SIZZLE SIZZLE  
ZAP!





AUGH!  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE TO  
ME?

PERFECT.  
IMPLANTATION IS A  
SUCCESS. I'VE ALSO  
DECIDED WE WON'T  
NEED A FARADAY CAGE IF  
WE TAKE A DIFFERENT  
PATH. LET'S LET HER  
RECUPERATE WITH  
MR. KAINÉ.

A 3D rendered female character with a pale, pinkish-red complexion and light blue eyes. She has dark hair with some strands visible. She is wearing a dark, leafy headpiece. The character is shown from the chest up, with her torso and breasts visible. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing the text "KASEY? IS THAT REALLY YOU?". The background is a dimly lit room with a dark floor and some equipment or monitors in the distance. There are two small, dark grey rectangular markers on the character's chest.

KASEY? IS  
THAT REALLY  
YOU?



SHH  
IT'S OKAY  
BOSS. I'M  
JUST HAPPY  
YOU'RE  
ALIVE!

YES,  
OH MY GOD.  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE TO  
HER?

WE HUDDLED TOGETHER  
THROUGH THE NIGHT TALKING  
ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



# CHAPTER EIGHT

EVERY  
ODDHOUSE  
SHAME

REAPER

Paradise City

Urban Noir Roleplay

A FEW DAYS LATER--

Kasey, no  
matter what  
happens to me,  
I'll always love  
you.

OH NO!

A close-up, dark-toned illustration of a character's face. The character has dark, textured skin and glowing, pinkish-purple eyes. The character's mouth is slightly open, and they appear to be speaking. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of the character's face. The background is dark and indistinct, with some green, vine-like structures visible on the right side.

shomething iss  
happening to my  
eyes kasey! I'm  
afraid!



bring them!

I'm...blind



Goodness,  
you're  
progressing nicely!  
On the table!

LEAVE  
HER ALONE.  
TAKE ME!

ALRIGHT

Oh you're  
turn is coming, I  
assure you.

A character with a dark, textured, and somewhat grotesque appearance stands in a dimly lit, industrial or laboratory environment. The character is wearing a dark, form-fitting outfit with intricate details. In the foreground, a large, complex machine with various gears, levers, and a prominent curved metal component is visible. The background features a control panel with several circular gauges and buttons. The overall atmosphere is dark and ominous.

NOOOO!

Let's get rid  
of the rest of  
those pesky  
limbs, shall  
we?

A character with a beard and a dark, textured outfit is being electrocuted by a large, complex mechanical device in a workshop. The device has various gears, levers, and a large wheel. Bright blue lightning bolts are striking the character and the machine. In the background, there is a wall with many small, rectangular objects hanging on it, possibly tools or components. The scene is lit with a reddish-pink hue.

AUGGGHHH!!!!

With two  
grims online  
this process is  
so much  
quicker!

LATER, THEY GAVE US SOME  
TIME ALONE...

Boss--

YES, HUN?



YES

PROBABLY A  
GOOD THING.

they took my  
legs didn't  
they?


It's getting  
hard to move. I  
don't feel any  
pain. I don't  
feel  
anything.



I KNOW,  
BABY. I'M  
GOING TO FIND  
A WAY TO  
BRING YOU  
BACK.

I'm scared

it's weird--



parts of me  
are starting to  
awaken. and  
other parts are  
fading away--



boss, can you  
hold me?

OF COURSE.

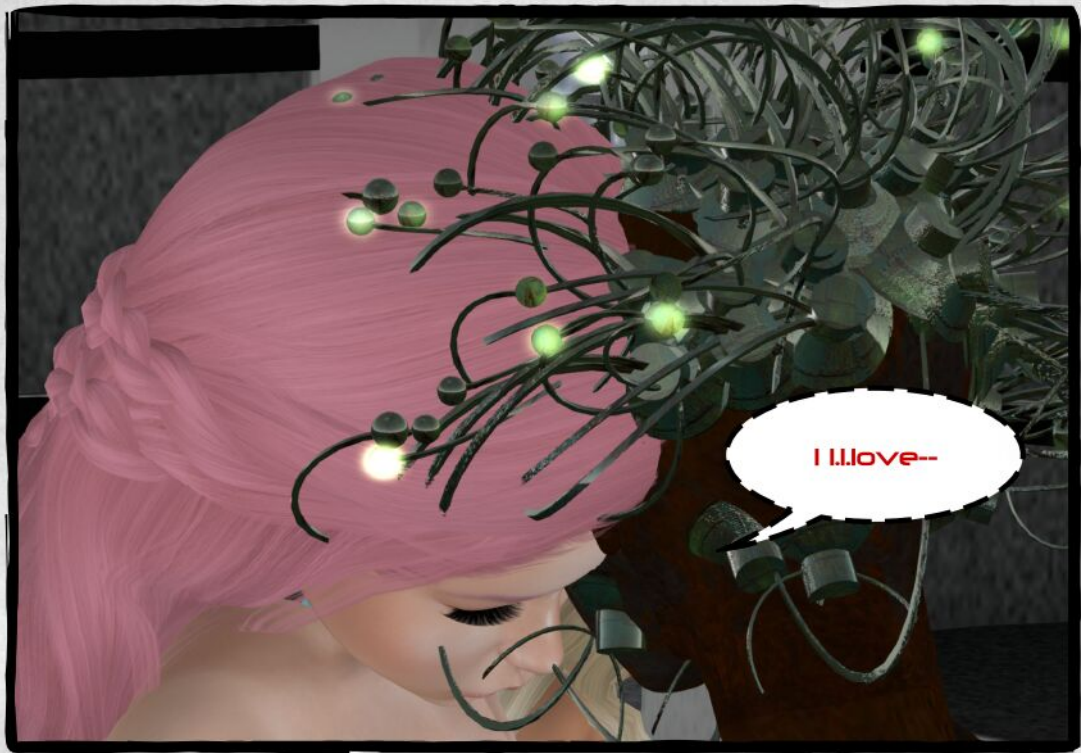
A character with long, vibrant pink hair is shown in profile, looking upwards. The background is dark, featuring a complex, glowing green vine-like structure with several bright green lights. The character's face is partially visible, showing their eyes and nose. The overall scene has a mysterious and ethereal atmosphere.

are you  
holding me?

YES BABY

don't let me  
go--

I WON'T



I ..love--



I LOVE YOU  
TOO!



BABY??



AWW, BABY

THE -- WHATEVER IT WAS, HAD COMPLETELY COVERED HER FACE



It's time

It'll be over  
quickly..

BRZZZT  
SIZZLE...SPARK  
SPARK!

N000...



SIZZLE,  
SNAP SNAP,  
BZZZZRT! CLANK!

THERE, SEE?  
ALL DONE!



LET'S GET HER  
INTO THE  
CONTAINMENT  
FIELD, AND  
WIRE HER UP!




ALMOST...



SIZZLE  
SNAP SZZZZZ.

Wonderful, she is  
online, and  
functioning  
perfectly!



Now it  
needs a  
purpose...hmm.  
Guards, go down to  
the basement and  
bring up the item  
sitting in the  
corner.

YES BOSS.

BRZZT  
BRZZT  
SNAP!

ARE YOU  
IN THERE  
BABY?

SNAP  
ONCE FOR  
YES TWO FOR  
NO \*SIGHS\*

A comic book panel depicting a large, dark, industrial machine. The machine has a central section with a grid-like structure, possibly a window or a filter, through which some green, plant-like growth is visible. Several purple lightning bolts are striking the machine, creating a dramatic and somewhat ominous atmosphere. The machine is supported by four thick, dark pillars. In the foreground, there are several large, cylindrical components, possibly capacitors or transformers, connected by a network of wires. A yellow speech bubble with a jagged border is positioned in the lower-left corner, containing the text "SNAP! SNAP!". The background is a simple, dark, industrial setting with some structural elements.

SNAP!  
SNAP!

A comic book panel featuring a woman with long, straight pink hair and a surprised expression. She is wearing a black choker and a black harness. To her right is a futuristic, grey, cylindrical device with several horizontal rings and a glowing purple light at its base. The scene is lit with a strong pinkish-red hue. A speech bubble on the right contains the text "WAS THAT A YES??". A white text box at the bottom left contains the text "COULD SHE POSSIBLY?".

COULD SHE POSSIBLY?

WAS THAT A  
YES??

A comic book panel depicting a rusted, purple metal cage. Inside the cage, several glowing green spheres are visible, some resting on the horizontal bars. Purple lightning bolts are striking the cage from the outside. A yellow speech bubble in the center contains the sound effects "BRZZZT. SNAP SNAP!".

BRZZZT.  
SNAP SNAP!

BRZZZT.  
SNAP!

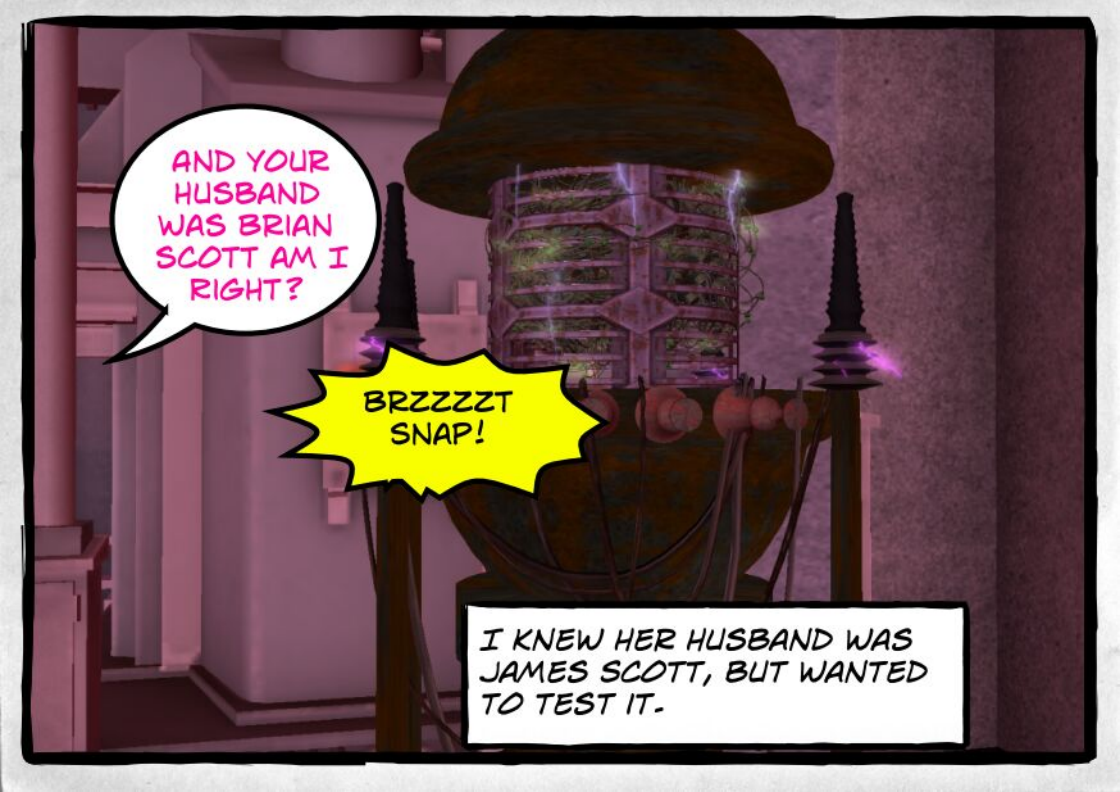
CAN YOU SEE  
ME?

SO SHE COULDN'T SEE  
ME...OR, THIS WAS JUST  
RANDOM SNAPS AND  
CRACKLES...



WERE  
YOU MY  
ASSISTANT  
MISTY  
SCOTT?

CRACKLE  
SNAP! SNAP!



AND YOUR  
HUSBAND  
WAS BRIAN  
SCOTT AM I  
RIGHT?

BRZZZZT  
SNAP!

I KNEW HER HUSBAND WAS  
JAMES SCOTT, BUT WANTED  
TO TEST IT.



HIS  
NAME IS  
REALLY  
JAMES,  
RIGHT

BRZZZT  
SNAP!  
SNAP!

THIS WAS AMAZING. I  
WONDERED IF I COULD  
STILL SPEAK WITH  
JOYCE ALSO...

ARE YOU  
IN ANY PAIN  
BABY?

BZZZZT  
SNAP!

A character with long, vibrant pink hair styled in a thick, intricate braid is shown from the back, looking towards a glowing green, cylindrical cage. The cage is surrounded by purple lightning bolts and is set against a dark, industrial background with a large black cone-shaped object on the right.

AM GLAD  
YOU'RE NOT  
IN PAIN. DO  
YOU FEEL  
ANYTHING?

CRACKLE  
SNAP!  
SNAP!

I WONDER HOW MUCH SHE  
COULD FEEL. I TOUCHED  
ONE OF THE RODS---

CAN YOU  
FEEL IT WHEN  
I TOUCH  
THIS?

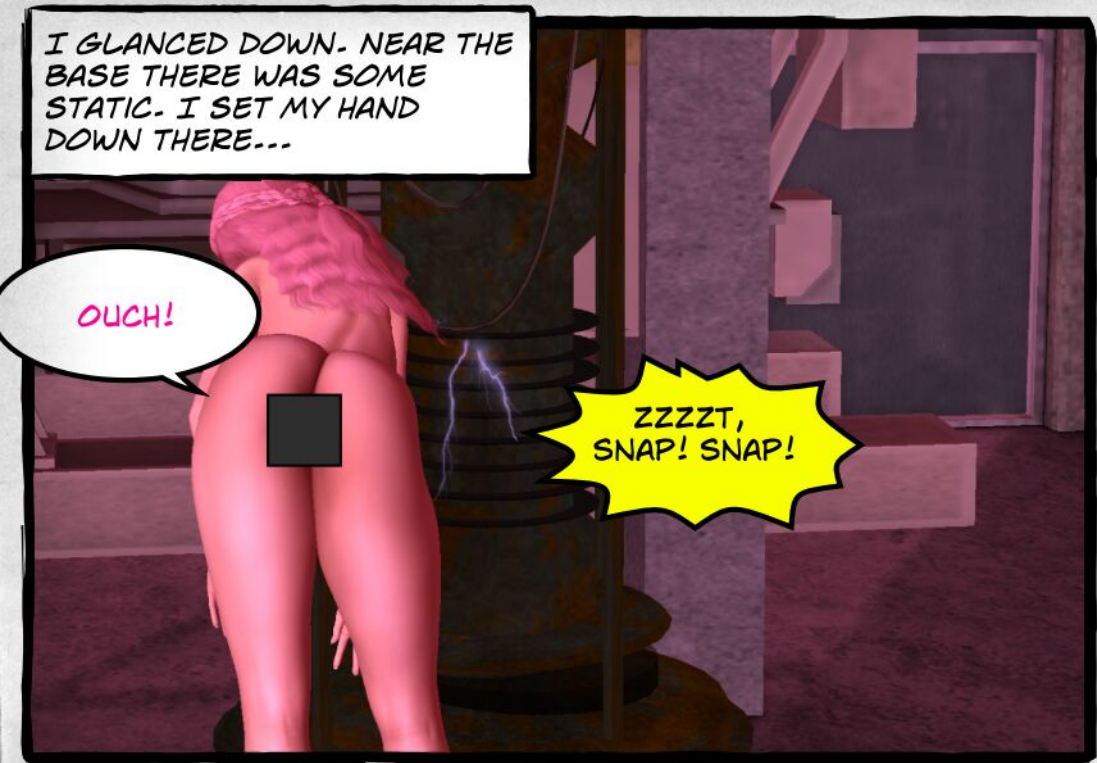
BZZZT  
SNAP!



I GLANCED DOWN. NEAR THE  
BASE THERE WAS SOME  
STATIC. I SET MY HAND  
DOWN THERE...

OUCH!

ZZZZT,  
SNAP! SNAP!



THROUGH A PROCESS OF  
ELIMINATION, AND SEVERAL  
PAINFUL STATIC SHOCKS, WE  
REALIZED SHE COULD FEEL  
MY TOUCH ANY TIME HER  
ELECTRICITY CAME INTO  
CONTACT WITH ME.

DOES IT  
FEEL NICE  
WHEN I TOUCH  
THOSE  
SPOTS?

BRZZZT  
SNAP SNAP!  
SNAP SNAP!

TOUCHING IT  
HURTS ME,  
THOUGH...HMM.



I NEEDED TO KNOW MORE  
ABOUT THE GRIM AND WHY--

WHERE YOU  
WANT THIS,  
BOSS?

Set it in front of  
the new grim

\*GRUNT  
GRUNT HUFF!  
HUFF!\*

An aerial night view of a city street, likely in Japan, showing multi-story buildings and a street with a sign that reads 'どんがつにいま'. The scene is dimly lit with purple and blue tones. A large, stylized title 'CHAPTER NINE' is overlaid in the center, featuring a yellow-to-orange gradient and a white outline.

# CHAPTER NINE



WHAT  
DOES THAT  
DO?

wonderfull! Now  
to just wire it into  
the base of our  
new grim...


we're about to  
find out! Strap him  
in boys!

YES BOSS



You see,  
dear...the  
nature of the  
grim is fairly  
simple.

They have  
two basic  
functions--



one is  
consumption. They  
will consume the  
male life force of any  
living creature they  
come into contact  
with.

It's like placing  
water into your  
mouth when you're  
thirsty. They  
constantly hunger  
for biologic life force  
to consume.



Two:  
Propagation. They  
will manifest a new  
grim from any  
feminine biologic  
entity.



we aren't certain why their power has such a transformative nature. We think it might be to lure other potential male biologics into their trap.



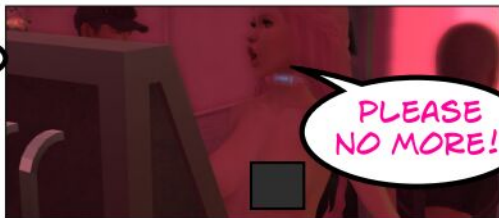
regardless, today  
you have the  
honor of completing  
your associate's  
transformation into  
a full grim.

consuming your  
life energy and  
masulinity, will  
forever ignite her  
hunger as a  
grim.

PLEASE  
DON'T DO  
THIS!

BRZZZZT  
SIZZLE SNAP!

PLEASE!  
SHE'S STILL  
IN THERE!



A comic book panel with a dark red background. On the left, a dark, mechanical figure with a complex, multi-layered torso stands with one hand on its hip. A speech bubble originates from this figure. On the right, a red-skinned figure lies on a table, with two dark grey rectangular boxes covering their eyes. In the bottom left corner, there is a small, glowing blue, fractal-like object.

EXCELLENT! THAT  
ENHANCED YOU  
NICELY. NOW, IF IT  
WILL JUST TAKE CARE  
OF THAT PESKY  
MEMBER...



NO, NO!  
PLEASE!

THE PAIN WAS EXCRUCIATING.  
I LITERALLY FELT THAT  
PART OF ME BURNED AWAY  
AND A NEW FOLD TAKING ITS  
PLACE.



Welcome to  
womanhood, dear.

PLEASE! NO  
MORE!

OKAY  
BOSS. CAN  
WE USE HER  
NOW?

Let's give the  
poor girl a break,  
boys. Uncuff her.



Go to your cell,  
girl. I have some  
other guests  
arriving this  
afternoon.

ALRIGHT.

I WENT TO MY CELL, AND IMMEDIATELY COLLAPSED FROM ALL THE PAIN AND EXHAUSTION. SOON, I WAS ASLEEP.



A woman with long blonde hair is shown from the chest up, her arms raised and held in a futuristic device. She is wearing a black top and a glowing blue wristband. The room is dimly lit with a strong pink glow from a circular light fixture above her. In the background, there are various pieces of technology, including a monitor displaying a blue interface and a screen with a lightning bolt graphic. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, and a text box is at the bottom right of the panel.

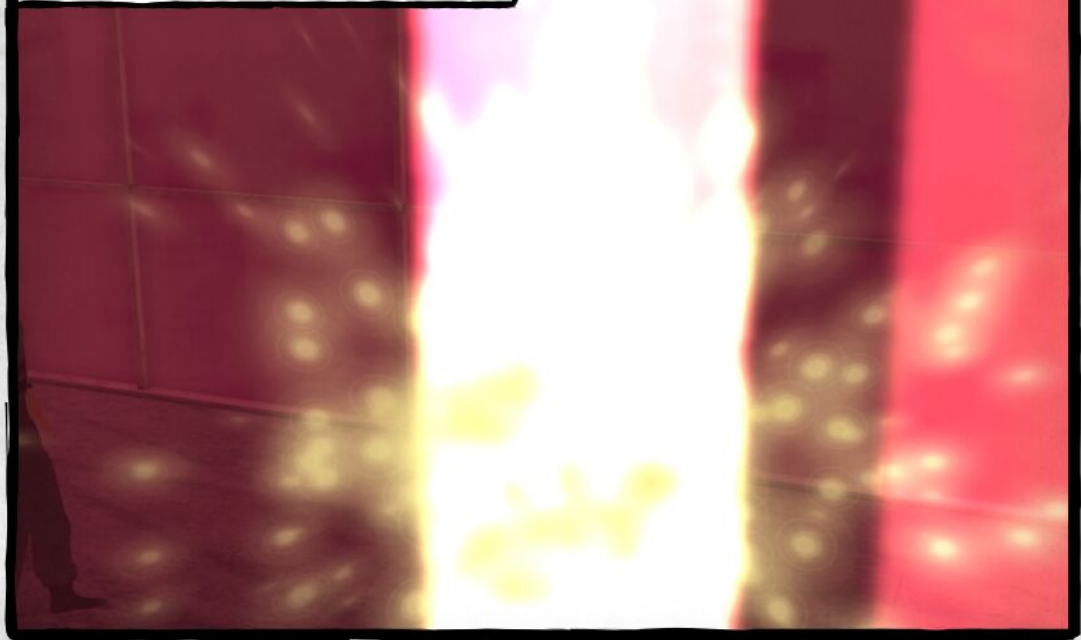
NO,  
NO...AAIIIII!!!  
OKAY, OKAY, I'LL  
TELL YOU WHAT  
YOU WANT TO

OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS,  
THE DUNGEON GOT BUSY--I  
WAS SUBJECTED TO MIND  
RE-PROGRAMMING WHILE  
OTHERS WERE TORTURED OR  
HAD LIMBS REMOVED.



Human  
anatomy is  
endlessly  
fascinating!

I WAS SUBJECTED TO  
FURTHER ENHANCEMENT--



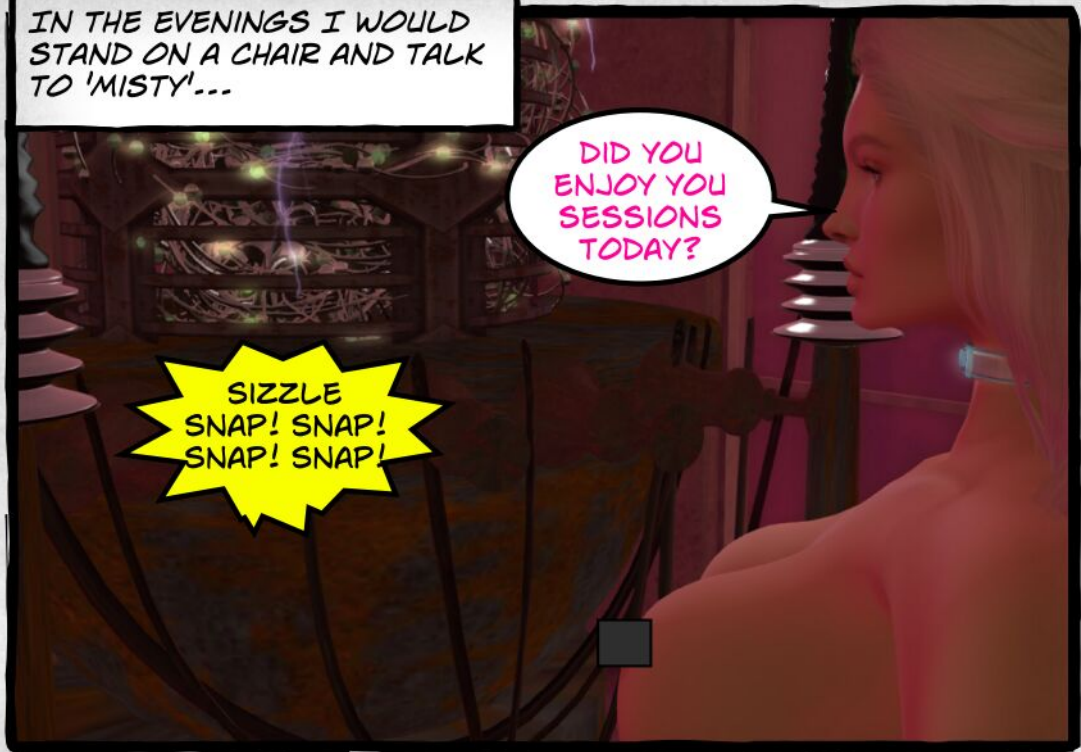
WHICH LEFT ME WITH SOME  
AMAZING CURVES--



IN THE EVENINGS I WOULD  
STAND ON A CHAIR AND TALK  
TO 'MISTY'...

DID YOU  
ENJOY YOU  
SESSIONS  
TODAY?

SIZZLE  
SNAP! SNAP!  
SNAP! SNAP!



THE 'TONE' OF HER ELECTRIC  
CONVERSATIONS HAD BEEN GROWING  
LOUDER AND DEEPER SOMEHOW--

WELL, I'M  
GLAD.

BRZZZZZ  
SIZZLE  
SIZZLE!



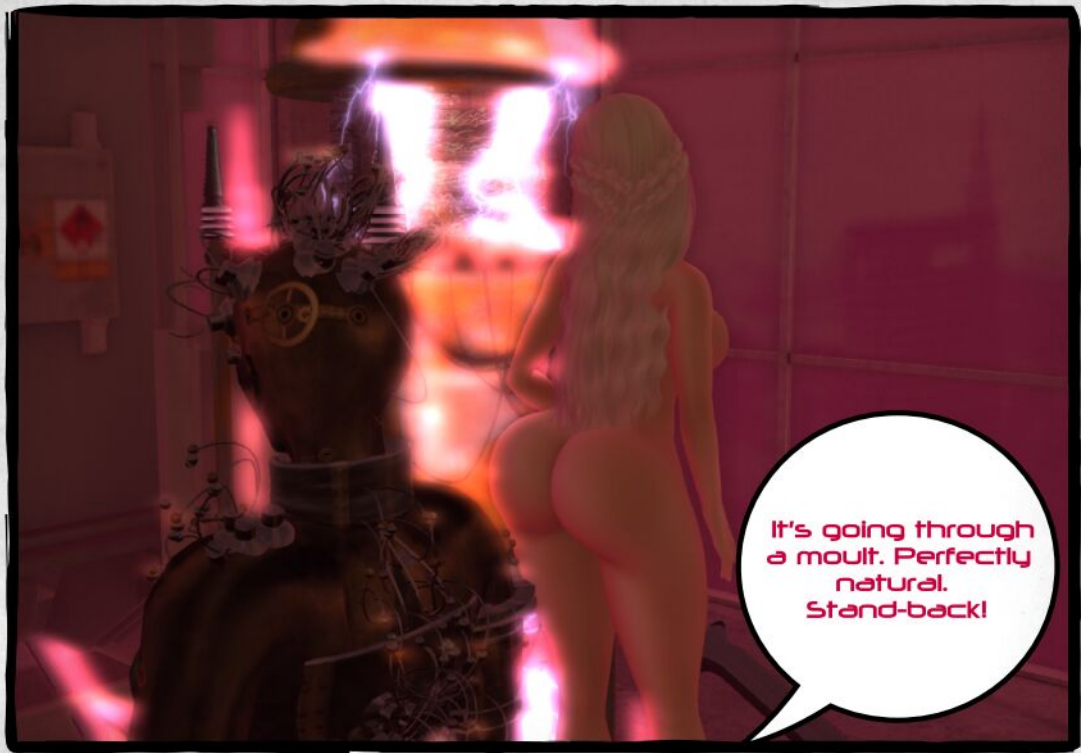


BRZZZZZ!!!  
SIZZZZZLEEE  
SNAP! SNAP

MISTY'S ENTIRE FORM  
STARTED TO SHAKE AND  
JITTER AND THE ELECTRICITY  
SPARKED OUT AT ME.

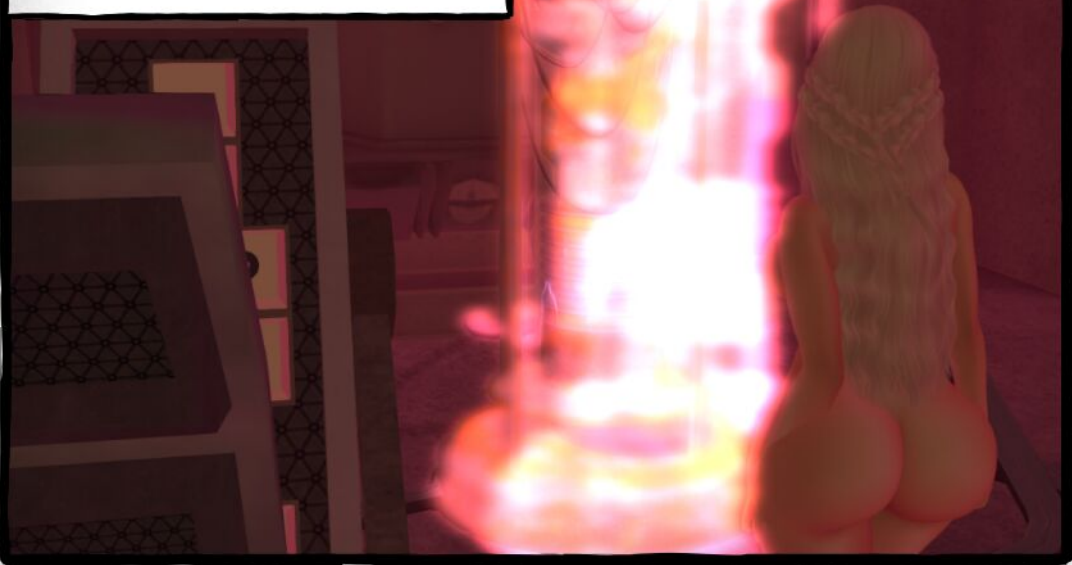
SOMETHING IS  
HAPPENING!

OUCH!



It's going through  
a moult. Perfectly  
natural.  
Stand-back!

I STOOD BACK. THE HEAT  
COMING FROM HER WAS  
INSANE, LIKE STANDING NEXT  
TO A PIT OF MOLTON LAVA



Wonderfull!  
Electrical output  
has doubled! We'll  
need to hook up  
more devices.

SIGHS

A FEW MINUTES LATER  
IT COOLED. MISTY'S  
STRUCTURE WAS MUCH  
LARGER---

A dark, industrial scene with lightning bolts striking machinery. The background is filled with dark, metallic structures and glowing purple lightning bolts. In the center, there are two large, rectangular machines with glowing green lights. The overall atmosphere is ominous and high-tech.

BRZZZZ  
SNAP!  
BRZZZZ  
SNAP!

ARE  
YOU STILL IN  
THERE BABY?



**\*GULP\***  
**YES,**  
**MISTRESS.**

You're to be taken  
downstairs. You have a  
hair and makeup session  
today, followed by a  
meeting with Mr.  
Synnester.



# CHAPTER TEN

I WAS GIVEN SOME  
ACTUAL CLOTHING  
AND LED TO AN  
ELEVATOR.





WELL,  
HELLO  
THERE.

AH  
YES. PART  
OF THE NEW  
TEMPLATE.  
WELL, GO  
HAVE A SEAT  
AT THE WASH  
STATION.

HELLO,  
MISS. I WAS  
TOLD TO COME  
HERE FOR HAIR  
AND MAKEUP?

YES,  
MISS.

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt, is leaning over a bathtub. She is washing the hair of another woman who is lying back in the tub. The woman in the tub has long, straight blonde hair and is wearing a glowing blue wristband. The scene is set in a bathroom with a white sink and a blue bottle of hair product visible in the background.

LET'S  
GET RID OF  
THESE  
BRAIDS...SO  
TELL ME ABOUT  
YOURSELF  
KID.

UM...NOT  
MUCH TO  
TELL--

A woman with long, light brown hair, wearing a white lab coat, leans over a woman lying in a hospital bed. The woman in the bed has long, straight blonde hair and is looking up at the woman in the lab coat. The scene is set in a hospital room, with a white lamp hanging above the bed and a window with blinds in the background. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

LOOK,  
KID, I KNOW  
YOU WERE A  
MAN BEFORE  
--JUST AS I  
WAS, SO YOU  
DON'T HAVE TO  
BE CAGEY.

OH!  
ALRIGHT, I  
WAS A  
DETECTIVE  
NAMED KASEY  
CAINE..

SO I TOLD HER EVERYTHING  
THAT HAD HAPPENED TO US.

UGH, A  
GRIM HUH?  
THAT'S  
ROUGH.

YES,  
BUT SHE  
CAN STILL  
UNDERSTAND  
ME--

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is looking down at a mannequin head. The mannequin head is wearing a large, voluminous wig made of many white curls, each secured with a different colored circular clip (purple, blue, green, red, yellow, pink, brown). The woman has a serious expression. Two speech bubbles are present: a larger one on the right and a smaller one at the bottom center.

YOU'LL  
HAVE TO BE  
WARY OF HER  
FROM NOW ON.  
GRIM ENJOY THE  
VERY ACT OF  
TORTURE.

I NOTICED.



GRIM ARE  
IMPULSIVE. I  
ONCE SAW A GAL  
WHO WAS AGED 40  
YEARS AFTER  
FIFTEEN  
MINUTES.

OH, MY!

SIT HERE A BIT,  
THEN WE'LL  
BRUSH IT OUT.

ALRIGHT.

A close-up, three-quarter view of a woman's face. Her hair is styled in numerous large, colorful rollers in shades of white, purple, blue, green, and pink. She has light blue eyes and a neutral expression. The background is a simple, slightly out-of-focus indoor setting with a blue surface and a white baseboard.

AS I SAT, I THOUGHT ABOUT  
MISTY AND HER NEW LIFE.  
WAS THERE ANYTHING I  
COULD DO ABOUT IT?

A close-up of a female character with a futuristic hairstyle. Her hair is styled in a large, multi-tiered bun with various colored sections (purple, green, blue, red, pink, white). She has light skin, blue eyes, and pink lips. She is wearing a glowing blue choker. The background is a blurred indoor setting with wood paneling and a blue surface.

SHE WASN'T HUMAN  
ANYMORE, BUT AT LEAST SHE  
WASN'T BEING VICTIMIZED  
EITHER...



LET'S THIN OUT  
THOSE  
EYEBROWS...THEN  
I'LL SHOW YOU A  
FEW STYLES.

ALRIGHT

A woman with blonde hair is sitting in a salon chair. She is wearing a light blue bikini top and a glowing blue choker. A person in a white shirt is standing behind her, adjusting her hair. The background shows a yellow chair and a staircase.

ROLL  
THE HAIR AT  
THE TEMPLE  
BACK AND  
PIN IT--

OH MYYY..

AS SHE SHOWED ME  
DIFFERENT STYLES, I SAT IN  
SOMEONE STUNNED  
SILENCE...I WAS JOYCE.



AND IF  
YOU TUCK IT  
UNDER LIKE  
THIS...PERFECT.

I'M JOYCE!



I'M  
SUPPOSED  
TO MEET WITH  
HIM, YES.

YES, JOYCE  
WAS THE  
PROTOTYPE.  
SYNNESTER  
DEFINITELY HAS  
A CERTAIN TYPE.  
SPEAKING OF  
WHICH--

TAKE THE  
ELEVATOR  
DOWN TO THE  
CLUB. YOU'LL  
BE ESCORTED  
TO HIM.



WELL,  
THANK YOU  
FOR SHOWING  
ME ALL THE  
'GIRL STUFF.'  
I'LL  
PROBABLY  
BE BACK!

ME  
TOO

ANYTIME,  
DOLL. HOPE  
SYNNESTER  
KEEPS YOU OUT  
OF TROUBLE!



UH--HEY DAD.

UH--HEY DINA

I NO  
LONGER  
ASSOCIATE  
WITH THAT  
TITLE. PLEASE  
CALL ME  
DINA.

WELCOME  
BACK. MR.  
SYNNESTER HAS  
BEEN WAITING  
FOR YOU.

134-4  
LEE FA YUEN  
KOREA HOUSE RESTAURANT

Vertical neon sign with Chinese characters

# CHAPTER ELEVEN

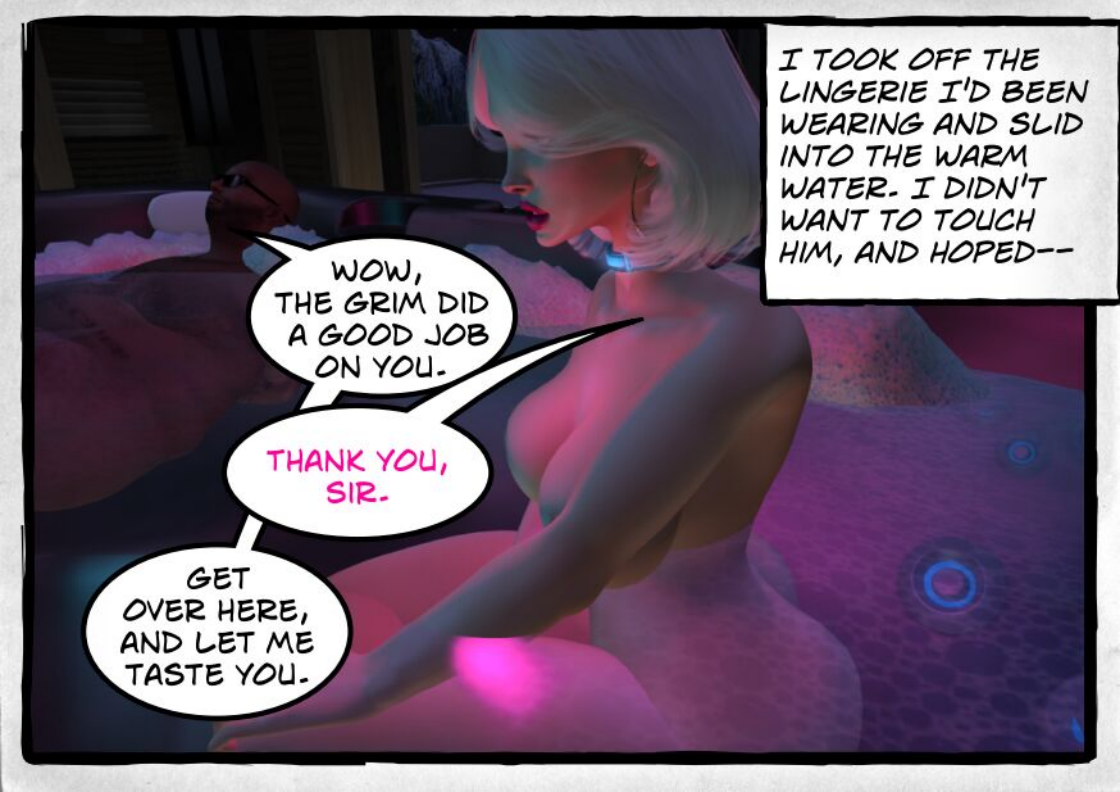


chic



AS  
REQUESTED,  
MY MASTER.  
THE PERSON  
WHO WAS  
ONCE KACEY  
CAINE.

WONDERFUL!  
GET IN THE  
WATER, CUNT.

A woman with short blonde hair is sitting in a hot tub, looking towards the left. She is wearing a blue bikini. In the background, a man is sitting in the hot tub, looking towards the woman. The hot tub has several jets of water. The scene is set in a dimly lit room, possibly a spa or a hotel.

I TOOK OFF THE LINGERIE I'D BEEN WEARING AND SLID INTO THE WARM WATER. I DIDN'T WANT TO TOUCH HIM, AND HOPED--

WOW,  
THE GRIM DID  
A GOOD JOB  
ON YOU.

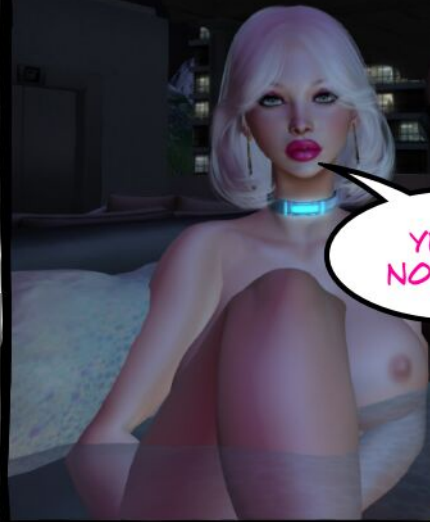
THANK YOU,  
SIR.

GET  
OVER HERE,  
AND LET ME  
TASTE YOU.

AFTER THE HOURS OF MIND CONTROL SESSIONS, I HAD NO CONTROL AND HAD TO FOLLOW HIS ORDER.

DAMN, YOU LOOK MORE LIKE JOYCE THAN THE HUSBAND.

YES, I NOTICED.





IT AIN'T  
SO BAD  
NOW, IS IT?  
YOU'RE SEXY,  
YOUNG, STILL  
GOT YOUR  
WHOLE LIFE  
AHEAD OF  
YOU.

HMM.



THIS  
COULD  
DEFINITELY  
GET WORSE, IF  
YA KNOW  
WHAT I  
MEAN.

I KNOW.

A comic panel depicting a scene from the game Grand Theft Auto V. Dina Leone, with her signature white bob haircut and a glowing blue collar, is shown in profile, looking towards her father, Paul Leone. Paul is wearing glasses and a dark shirt. The background is dark, suggesting an indoor setting at night. Three speech bubbles are present: one from Dina, one from Paul, and one from an unseen character.

YES, MY  
MASTER!

YES, SIR.

DINA!  
YOU'RE  
GRATEFUL  
FOR WHAT I'VE  
DONE FOR  
YOU. AIN'T  
YOU?

SEE?  
HARD TO  
BELIEVE THAT  
WAS ONCE  
YOUR DADDY,  
ISN'T IT?



SORRY TO  
DISAPPOINT.

LIKE  
FATHER LIKE  
SON, I  
SUPPOSE  
\*SIGHS\*

YOU  
MAKE IT TOO  
EASY, CAINE, I  
HAD HIGHER  
HOPES FOR  
YOU.



FUCK YOU.

I KNEW  
ONCE WE HAD  
THAT SECRETARY  
OF YOURS TURNED  
INTO A GRIM,  
YOU'D COME  
AROUND.

YOU  
PROBABLY  
THINK THERE'S  
STILL SOMETHING  
YOU CAN DO FOR  
HER, DON'T  
YA?



I'D HAD ENOUGH. I DIDN'T CARE WHAT HE DID TO ME, HE WASN'T GOING TO TALK ABOUT MISTY LIKE THAT.

YOU KNOW, SOMEONE NEEDS TO TEACH YOU A LESSON!

AHH!  
FINALLY GOT DOWN TO THE BACKBONE, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU STILL HAD ONE!



I WANTED TO...TO...TO...

OOH! THIS  
PROGRAMMING!


WHAT  
ARE YA  
GONNA DO,  
BITCH,  
SCRATCH MY  
EYES OUT?

HAH! A  
LIKELY  
STORY. ALL  
WE'VE DONE IS  
LOWER YOUR  
INHIBITIONS  
A BIT.



EEK!

GET  
THE FUCK  
OVER HERE  
AND GIVE  
DADDY SOME  
SUGAR!



LOOK. WE  
NEEDED YOU  
BOTH OUT OF THE  
WAY. I COULDN'T  
HAVE YOU LOOKIN'  
FOR THAT DIPSHIT  
PHINEAS  
OBTUSE.

WHY  
DIDN'T YOU  
JUST WARN  
ME OFF? YOU  
HAD TO DO  
\*THIS?\*

WELL,  
YOU'RE NOT  
WRONG, I  
GUESS.

I KNOW  
YOUR TYPE,  
CAINE, YOU WOULD  
HAVE JUST COME  
BACK HARDER AND  
ALWAYS BEEN AT  
MY BACK. AM I  
RIGHT?




ONE OF  
US WOULD  
HAVE ENDED  
UP WITH A BAD  
CASE OF  
DEAD. YOU  
GET ME?

YEAH,  
I GET YOU.  
BUT WHAT  
HAPPENS  
NOW?

NOW,  
YOU WORK  
FOR ME. OR  
I STREET YOU  
OUT AS YOU IS.  
NO IDENTITY,  
NOTHING.

I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT. I  
HAD MY CRAPPY OFFICE, MY  
APARTMENT...AND NOT A  
WHOLE LOT ELSE.





NO ONE GONNA  
THINK YOU WAS EVER  
KASEY CAINE. YOU'RE  
SHORTER, BLONDER, AND WE  
DID A FEW THINGS IN THAT  
NOGGIN THAT WILL KEEP YOU  
FROM EVER EXPOSING  
WHAT HAPPENED TO  
YOU.



I KNOW  
PEOPLE AT THE  
POLICE  
DEPARTMENT.

YEAH? DO  
ME A FAVOR.  
THINK ABOUT IT  
FOR ABOUT 5  
SECONDS. WHAT  
YOU GONNA  
SAY TO  
THEM?



I CONSIDERED IT. I COULD  
GO TO RICK MINNICK, THE  
PROSECUTOR. TELL HIM TO  
RAID THE BUILD--



BLEHH..

A WAVE OF NAUSEA SO  
INTENSE I THOUGHT I  
WOULD UPCHUCK RIGHT  
THERE SWEEP OVER ME.



FUCK

SEE?  
AND THAT'S  
JUST FROM YOU  
THINKING ABOUT IT.  
IF YOU ACTUALLY  
MADE IT TO THE POLICE  
DEPARTMENT YOU'D BE  
PUKING YOUR GUTS OUT,  
PLUS COLD SWEATS,  
PLUS OTHER THINGS  
I AIN'T GONNA  
TALK ABOUT.



I'LL...THINK  
OF SOMETHING.

SO YOU GO  
BACK TO THAT  
CRAPPY APARTMENT,  
GET EVICTED CUZ YOU  
AIN'T CASEY, GET  
THROWN OUT OF THAT  
OFFICE BUILDING A  
YOURS CUZ I JUST  
BOUGHT IT, AND  
WHAT YOU GONNA  
DO?



DOING  
WHAT?

YEAH?  
WELL, WHILE  
YOU'RE  
THINKING, THINK  
ABOUT THIS.  
YOU COULD  
WORK FOR  
ME.



EVERY ONCE  
IN AWHILE, I  
GET INTO A BIT  
OF \*LEGAL\*  
TROUBLE, YA  
KNOW?

YOU  
MUST HAVE  
LAWYERS FOR  
THAT.

COURSE I  
DO. BUT YOU  
COULD DO SOME  
INVESTIGATIN' GET  
THE GOODS ON A  
COUPLE  
PEOPLE.



LOOKIN' LIKE  
THIS?


YEAH,  
THE KINDA  
DOORS THAT  
COME WITH A  
\*COCK\*

SWEETCHEEKS,  
YOU LOOKIN' LIKE  
THIS GONNA OPEN  
DOORS YOU NEVER  
SEEN BEFORE.



AND  
WHAT ABOUT  
MISTY? AND  
JOYCE?

WHAT ABOUT  
'EM?



IF I GO  
TO WORK  
FOR YOU, WILL  
YOU RETURN  
THEM TO  
NORMAL?

JOYCE  
REELED YOU  
IN. WHY  
WOULD YOU  
WANT THAT?

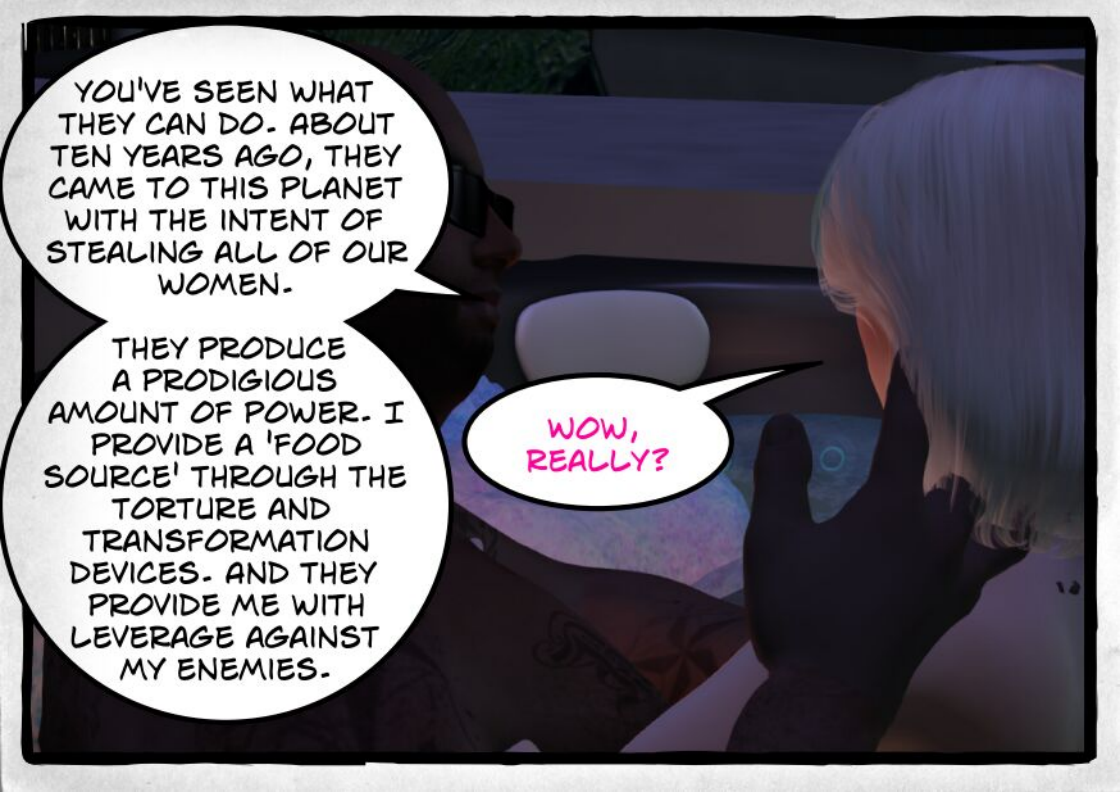
YEAH, BUT  
YOU HAD  
LEVERAGE ON  
HER  
HUSBAND!

ME AND THE GRIM HAVE A  
'UNDERSTANDING.'  
\*SIGHS\*

WHAT SORT OF  
UNDERSTANDING?

WHAT?

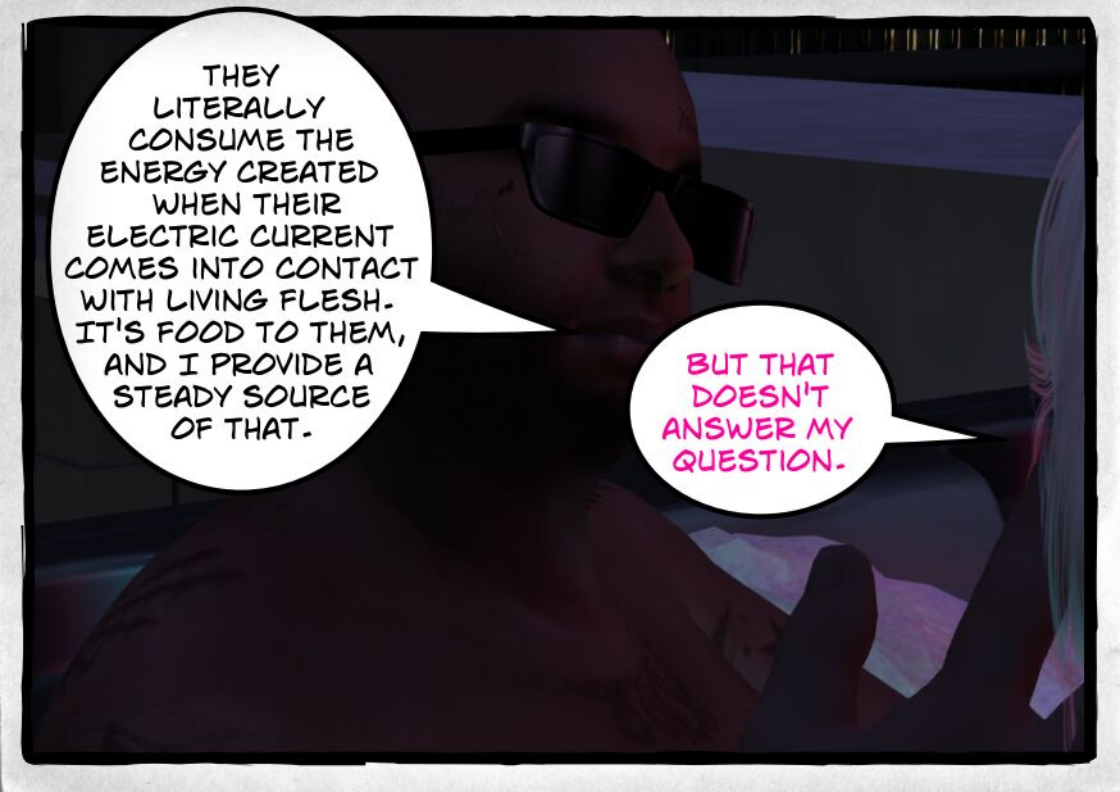
THE  
KIND WHERE  
THEY DON'T TAKE  
OVER THE PLANET  
AS LONG AS I  
BRING THEM AN  
OCCASIONAL  
ADOPTEE.



YOU'VE SEEN WHAT  
THEY CAN DO. ABOUT  
TEN YEARS AGO, THEY  
CAME TO THIS PLANET  
WITH THE INTENT OF  
STEALING ALL OF OUR  
WOMEN.


THEY PRODUCE  
A PRODIGIOUS  
AMOUNT OF POWER. I  
PROVIDE A 'FOOD  
SOURCE' THROUGH THE  
TORTURE AND  
TRANSFORMATION  
DEVICES. AND THEY  
PROVIDE ME WITH  
LEVERAGE AGAINST  
MY ENEMIES.

WOW,  
REALLY?




THEY  
LITERALLY  
CONSUME THE  
ENERGY CREATED  
WHEN THEIR  
ELECTRIC CURRENT  
COMES INTO CONTACT  
WITH LIVING FLESH.  
IT'S FOOD TO THEM,  
AND I PROVIDE A  
STEADY SOURCE  
OF THAT.

BUT THAT  
DOESN'T  
ANSWER MY  
QUESTION.



I'M GIVING  
YOU THE  
BACKSTORY SO  
YOU UNDERSTAND  
WHEN I SAY,  
THERE'S NO WAY I  
CAN RETURN EITHER  
OF THOSE WOMEN  
TO WHO AND  
WHAT THEY  
WERE.

BUT I  
STILL  
DON'T--



I WOULD  
HAVE  
PREFERRED TO  
KEEP YOUR  
ASSOCIATE  
INTACT. SHE WAS  
CO-OPTED INTO  
THE GRIM  
AGAINST MY  
WISHES.

BECAUSE  
'LEVERAGE?'

EXACTLY.  
YOU'D BE FAR  
MORE LIKELY TO  
DO WHAT I WANT  
YOU TO DO IF I  
HAD MISTY ON  
ICE.



AND I WAS IN  
LOVE WITH  
JOYCE. SHE DID  
EVERYTHING I'VE  
ASKED HER TO  
DO.

THEN WHY--

PRICE OF DOING  
BUSINESS WITH  
THE GRIM.



THERE'S  
REALLY  
NOTHING--


MIGHT AS  
WELL COME  
TO GRIPS WITH  
IT, CAINE. YOUR  
PARTNER IS  
DEAD. OR AS  
CLOSE TO  
DEAD AS CAN  
BE.

SAME WITH  
JOYCE.  
\*SIGHS\*

A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face. She has long, wavy blonde hair and is looking slightly to the right with a somber expression. She is wearing a glowing blue, rectangular collar around her neck. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on her face and hair, and deep shadows in the background. The overall color palette is dominated by blues, greys, and the vibrant blue of the collar.

THAT  
MAKES ME  
SAD.

I COULDN'T BELIEVE  
SHE WAS REALLY  
GONE...




DEAD IS THE  
WRONG TERM FOR  
IT. LOOK, SHE'S A  
DIFFERENT BEING NOW,  
AND CAN EXPERIENCE  
HAPPINESS AND JOY AND  
ALL OF THAT, BUT IN A  
DIFFERENT WAY.

I SUPPOSE.

HOW?

YOU CAN  
HELP ME KEEP  
HER HAPPY, IF  
YOU'D LIKE.

A close-up comic panel of a man with a beard and mustache wearing dark sunglasses. He is speaking, and his mouth is slightly open. The background is dark and indistinct.

AS I SAID, THE GRIM CONSUME THE ENERGY CREATED WHEN THIER ESSENCE COMES INTO CONTACT WITH LIVING FLESH.

AND?


WELL, YOU ARE PERFECTLY EQUIPPED TO BRING HER NEW BLOOD, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

A close-up illustration of a woman with blonde hair, looking slightly to the right. She has a glowing blue collar around her neck. The lighting is dramatic, with strong red and blue tones. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the right side of the image.

YOU'RE SAYING I COULD LURE MEN INTO BEING TORTURED BY HER?

THINK OF IT ANOTHER WAY. IF SHE HAD BEEN TURNED INTO A DOG, WOULDN'T YOU WANT TO FEED HER? TAKE HER FOR WALKS?

WELL, YES.



YOU COULD  
KEEP HER 'FED'  
BY PROVIDING A  
CONSISTENT SUPPLY  
OF RICH SCUMBAGS  
TO ELECTRIFY.

BUT THAT'S  
NOT--



NOT  
WHAT? IF  
SHE WERE A  
SNAKE,  
WOULDN'T YOU  
PROVIDE HER  
WITH  
MICE?

I SUPPOSE--

SO, WHEN  
YOU'RE NOT  
HELPING ME WITH AN  
INVESTIGATION, YOU  
WORK AT THE CLUB,  
ATTRACT MICE. WE  
LEVERAGE THE MICE FOR  
ALL THEY'RE WORTH,  
AND FEED THEM TO  
YOUR PARTNER.



I'LL  
HAVE TO THINK  
ABOUT THAT.


YOU DO  
THAT. AND  
WHEN YOU'RE  
READY TO WORK  
WITH ME, LET YOUR  
PAPPY HERE KNOW  
AND WE'LL IRON  
OUT THE  
DETAILS.

ALRIGHT



MEANWHILE,  
WE'LL GET YOU  
SOME CLOTHES.  
TAKE YOU HOME. YOU  
CAN FEED YOUR  
GOLDFISH, CHECK  
YOUR MAIL. SEE  
WHAT YOU WANT  
TO DO.

I CAN  
LEAVE?



YEP! I'M DONE WITH YOU. YOU CAN COME BACK ANYTIME YOU'D LIKE, OR NEVER COME BACK AGAIN. YOUR CHOICE, CAINE.

WOW,  
I...THANK  
YOU.

I AM SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED WITH MISTY. I HOPE YOU KNOW THAT.

A comic book panel showing a close-up of a character with short, wavy white hair and bright pink lips. She is wearing a glowing blue collar around her neck. Her eyes are looking down and to the right. The background is dark and blurry, suggesting an indoor setting. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the right side of the panel.

THAT...HELPS,  
I GUESS.

CAN  
YOU DO  
ONE THING  
BEFORE YOU  
GO? IF YOU  
DON'T WISH  
TO, IT'S  
OKAY.

WHAT'S THAT?



WILL  
YOU---KISS  
ME GOODBYE?  
YOU LOOK SO  
MUCH LIKE  
JOYCE--



I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME  
OVER ME...BUT I DID

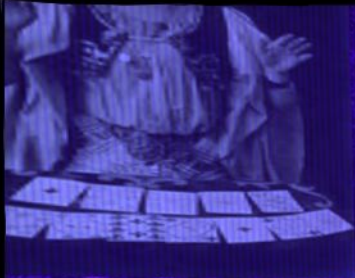


THANK YOU

YOU'RE...WELCOME

# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

★ Psychic  
Advisor



DIZZY, AND A BIT  
UNSURE OF MYSELF, I  
FOLLOWED MY FORMER  
FATHER BACK TO THE  
DRESSING ROOM.





THEY DROPPED ME BACK OFF  
AT MY CRAPPY OFFICE, AND I  
SAT IN MY CRAPPY CHAIR  
LOOKING AT MY CRAPPY  
PHONE WANTING TO CALL  
THE POLICE.

EVERY TIME I RAISED MY  
ARM, IT WAS LIKE IT WAS  
FILLED WITH LEAD, AND I  
ALMOST VOMITED.

cious and Refreshing



THE SILENCE CREATED BY  
MISTY'S VACANCY WAS  
DEAFENING



SHE'D HAD SUCH A  
PRESENCE, SUCH A THIRST  
FOR LIFE...






IN THAT MOMENT...I  
REALIZED...




SHE WASN'T DEAD. I WASN'T  
DEAD. WE BOTH HAD BEEN  
CHANGED--



BUT WE COULD STILL HAVE A  
MISSION, A VOICE, BE AN  
AGENT OF  
CHANGE...OURSELVES.



I WAS NO LONGER KASEY  
CAINE...AND MISTY WASN'T  
MISTY SCOTT ANY LONGER  
EITHER...



BUT WE WEREN'T DEAD  
EITHER. WE COULD SERVE A  
PURPOSE, LIVE A LIFE OF  
MEANING--

WE COULD STILL HELP PEOPLE.




A close-up, high-quality digital illustration of a woman's face. She has short, straight white hair, light green eyes with dark, dramatic eyeliner and pinkish-purple eyeshadow. Her lips are painted a vibrant, glossy pink. She is wearing large, gold-colored hoop earrings. The background is a grey wall with a subtle, repeating geometric pattern. The entire image is framed by a thick black border, characteristic of a comic book panel.


PEOPLE, HELL. WE COULD  
HELP WOMEN.



WOMEN ALL OVER THIS TOWN WERE VICTIMIZED  
BY MEN. WAITRESSES, DANCERS, HOUSEWIVES,  
SCHOOLTEACHERS...



WOMEN DOCTORS, LAWYERS, DENTISTS,  
LIBRARIANS...ALL WALKS OF LIFE, ALL  
PROFESSIONS, ALL LEVELS OF  
WEALTH...

A 3D rendered woman with short, wavy white hair, green eyes, and bright pink lips. She is wearing a light grey long-sleeved top and gold hoop earrings. The background consists of grey panels with a Greek key pattern. The image is framed with a thick black border.

WOMEN HAVE BEEN VICTIMIZED  
BY MEN SINCE THE BEGINNING.  
AND IT TOOK ME BECOMING A  
WOMAN TO SEE IT.



AND WE COULD DO  
SOMETHING ABOUT IT!



THAT NIGHT I WENT TO SLEEP BACK IN MY CRAPPY APARTMENT. AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME I HAD A RENEWED SENSE OF PURPOSE.



THE NEXT DAY I  
WENT TO THE  
SOCIAL SECURITY  
OFFICE

NUMBER 283



THIS WAS GOING TO BE A  
GAMBLE---

HOW CAN  
I HELP YOU  
MISS--

IT'S CASEY  
KAINE,  
MADELINE.

WAIT  
WHAT? CASEY  
IS--

TEQUILA  
SHOOTERS IN  
MAZATLAN RING  
A BELL?



HOW DID  
YOU KNOW  
ABOUT THAT?  
WE SWORE  
NEVER--

IT'S ME,  
MADELINE.  
CASEY. YOU HAVE  
THE MOLE ON  
YOUR BACK,  
RIGHT ABOVE  
YOUR---

SHH,  
JESUS! I  
DON'T KNOW  
HOW YOU  
KNOW THIS  
BUT--



MADELINE,  
ASK ME  
SOMETHING ONLY  
CASEY WOULD  
KNOW.

WHAT'S  
MY FAVORITE  
NUMBER?

FOUR - THE  
NUMBER OF  
SIBLINGS YOU  
HAVE.

WHAT  
HAPPENED ON  
OUR FIRST  
DATE?

AW  
SHIT. I LOST  
MY WALLET  
AND YOU HAD  
TO PAY.

DAMN,  
YOU'RE  
GOOD  
LADY---OKAY,  
FINAL QUESTION.  
WHAT WAS THE  
REAL REASON  
WE BROKE  
UP?

WE TOLD  
EVERYONE I  
CHEATED ON YOU,  
BUT WE BROKE UP  
BECAUSE I HAVE  
COMITTMENT  
ISSUES.

COMMITTMENT  
ISSUES! JESUS,  
YOU'RE AN INFANT!  
FUCK, WHAT THE  
HELL HAS  
HAPPENED TO  
YOU?



I GOT  
CAUGHT BY SYD  
SYNNESTER.  
LISTEN, I NEED A  
NEW SOCIAL  
SECURITY  
CARD.

WOW. I  
CAN SEE  
THAT! OKAY,  
HOW CAN I  
HELP?

SOCIAL S

IN A FEW MOMENTS I HAD A  
NEW SOCIAL SECURITY CARD  
WITH MY NEW NAME--

555-32-3433

THIS NUMBER HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED FOR

LIPS TIQUE

*lipstique*

SIGNATURE



I LIKE  
THE SOUND  
OF THIS NEW  
AGENCY  
YOU'RE  
BUILDING  
MISS  
TIQUE--

HAHA!  
OKAY, 'LIPS'  
I MIGHT HAVE  
SOME  
BUSINESS FOR  
YA. BE SURE TO  
DROP YOUR BIZ  
CARD AROUND  
HERE WHEN  
YOU GET  
SETUP.

PLEASE.  
CALL ME  
'LIPS'

WONDERFUL!  
THANK YOU  
MADELINE.

A man with short reddish hair and a goatee, wearing a dark, heavy coat, stands with his arms crossed. He is looking towards a woman whose back is to the camera. She has short, bright blonde hair and is wearing a dark top. They are in a dark, possibly outdoor or semi-outdoor setting with wooden walls and a corrugated metal roof. A classic green car is partially visible on the right side of the frame. The scene is framed like a comic book panel with a thick black border.

I SOLD MY CLASSIC  
MUSTANG--

ARE YOU  
SURE YOUR  
HUSBAND  
WOULD WANT  
YOU SELLING  
THIS?

POSITIVE.



AFTER SELLING EVERYTHING  
I OWNED, I RENTED AN  
UPTOWN APARTMENT.

I CALLED A RENTAL PLACE  
AND HAD SOME FURNISHINGS  
DELIVERED.



I FELL ASLEEP KNOWING I  
WAS ON THE RIGHT TRACK.



THE NEXT DAY I FOUND MY  
WAY TO A MALL--





SEVERAL HOURS AND  
HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS  
LATER, I HAD A NEW  
WARDROBE AND TRADEMARK  
LOOK.



THE HAT AND WOULD  
BECOME THE BRAND FOR MY  
NEW AGENCY.

LIPSTIQUE  
INVESTIGATIONS  
PUNISHMENTS  
AND  
SECURITY



A woman with voluminous, wavy blonde hair and dark eye makeup is the central figure. She is wearing a dark red, textured cardigan over a black top and a matching red belt. She has her right hand raised, holding a lit cigarette between her fingers. The background features a white sofa with a black and white zigzag patterned pillow, a black chair, and a wall with vertical text. The floor has a geometric pattern of white and blue diamonds.

I FOUND A PLACE FOR AN  
OFFICE UPTOWN, AND THE  
LIPS AGENCY WAS BORN.  
NOW I JUST NEEDED TO TALK  
TO JOYCE...



YOU  
COME TO A  
DECISION?

YES, AS A  
MATTER OF  
FACT.

YOU CAUGHT  
ME IN A  
BARGAINING  
MOOD,  
CAINE...WHAT  
ARE THEY.

I'LL  
DO IT,  
UNDER THREE  
CONDITIONS.



I WANT  
MISTY  
RELOCATED TO  
MY NEW OFFICE  
AREA.

WE'LL NEED A  
CRANE FOR  
THAT,  
BUT...MAYBE.



MY,  
AH--FATHER  
WILL COME  
WORK FOR  
ME.

A 3D rendered scene with a dark, moody atmosphere. On the left, a character with a beard and sunglasses is partially visible. In the center, another character with long hair is looking towards the right. On the right, a character with short white hair and a red, textured sweater is seen from the back. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the scene. The top speech bubble is white with a black border and contains the text 'HMM...YOU OKAY WITH THAT DINA?'. The bottom speech bubble is also white with a black border and contains the text 'YES, SIR.' in pink.

HMM...YOU  
OKAY WITH THAT  
DINA?


YES, SIR.



AS  
LONG AS  
OUR  
INTERESTS  
ALIGN OF  
COURSE.

AND THIRD: I  
RUN MY BUSINESS  
MY OWN WAY  
WITHOUT ANY  
INTERFERENCE.

OF  
COURSE.



IN  
RETURN,  
YOU  
INVESTIGATE  
WHAT I WANT  
WHEN I  
WANT.

AGREED

ANNNND...YOU  
HELP OUT IN THE  
CLUB TWICE A  
WEEK. YOUR  
CHOICE. SEVEN  
TO CLOSING.

UGH, OKAY.



DONE. I  
THINK THIS IS  
THE BEGINNING  
OF A GREAT  
RELATIONSHIP,  
CAINE.

IT'S  
LIPSTIQUE  
NOW.

HAH!  
PERFECT.

THE CRANE DELIVERED MISTY  
THE NEXT DAY.





THEY SAID SHE'D REACHED  
HER 'FINAL FORM'. IT WAS  
HARD TO BELIEVE THE  
WOMAN I LOVED WAS INSIDE  
THERE SOMEWHERE.



ARE  
YOU SURE  
YOU WANT TO  
BE OUTSIDE  
LIKE THIS,  
BABY?


A dark, industrial scene with glowing electrical components. Two large, glowing blue and white electrical insulators are visible at the top, with bright blue lightning bolts striking them. The background is a dark, reddish-brown color. A yellow speech bubble with a jagged border is positioned on the right side, containing the text "BRZZZT SNAP SNAP!".

BRZZZT  
SNAP  
SNAP!



WON'T  
YOU  
BE...COLD, IF  
IT STARTS TO  
SNOW?

SIZZLE  
SNAP!



SOMEHOW  
I'M GOING TO  
FIND A WAY TO  
GET YOU BACK  
INTO A HUMAN  
BODY.

HISS  
SIZZLE  
SNAP!



YOU  
SAY THAT,  
BUT DON'T YOU  
MISS BEING  
HUMAN?



BRZZZZT  
SIZZLE  
SNAP!

SIZZL  
E SNAP  
SNAP!  
SNAP

WELL,  
OKAY. AT  
LEAST I'LL FIND  
YOU SOME NEW  
FLESH TO  
FEAST ON.


OKAY,  
BABY, I  
GET THAT  
YOU'RE  
HUNGRY.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black dress and glasses, is standing in a workshop. She is looking at a small object in her hands. The workshop is filled with various mechanical devices, including a large wooden frame with a red cylindrical component, a control panel with many buttons, and a large wooden cabinet with many drawers. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The background shows a window with a view of a city at night.


WITH HER LATEST MOULTING,  
MISTY NOW HAD THREE FULLY  
FUNCTIONING  
ELECTRIFICATION DEVICES.

A close-up, profile view of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair. She is looking towards the right. Her hair is styled in large, loose curls. She has dark red lipstick and is wearing a dark jacket. Her hands are visible in the foreground, with long, dark red manicured nails. The background is dark and industrial, with some red and grey geometric shapes. A speech bubble is overlaid on the bottom right of the image.

I'D HAVE TO FILL THEM WITH VICTIMS SOON, TO KEEP MISTY FED AND HAPPY.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown in profile, looking towards the right. She is wearing a dark, ribbed top and has her hand near her chin. The background is a dark, industrial-looking environment with various mechanical components and a glowing light source on the right.

LUCKILY THE CITY WAS  
FILLED WITH  
PREDATORY MEN WHO  
COULD FILL THE  
VACANCY.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a black, ribbed, long-sleeved top. She has a cigarette in her mouth and is holding it with her right hand, which is adorned with several rings. Her hair is styled with a large white flower on the right side. She is wearing large hoop earrings and a necklace. The background is dark and appears to be a wall with many small, vertical objects, possibly keys or tools, hanging on it. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her face and hair.

AND I WAS THE WOMAN,  
WHO WOULD MAKE IT  
HAPPEN.



BRZZZZT.  
SNAP!  
SNAP!

<END>

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