



#16 "THE SHADOW OF THE VULTURE"

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#16 "THE SHADOW OF THE VULTURE"

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OUR PRODUCTION GOES SLOW, MY LORD.

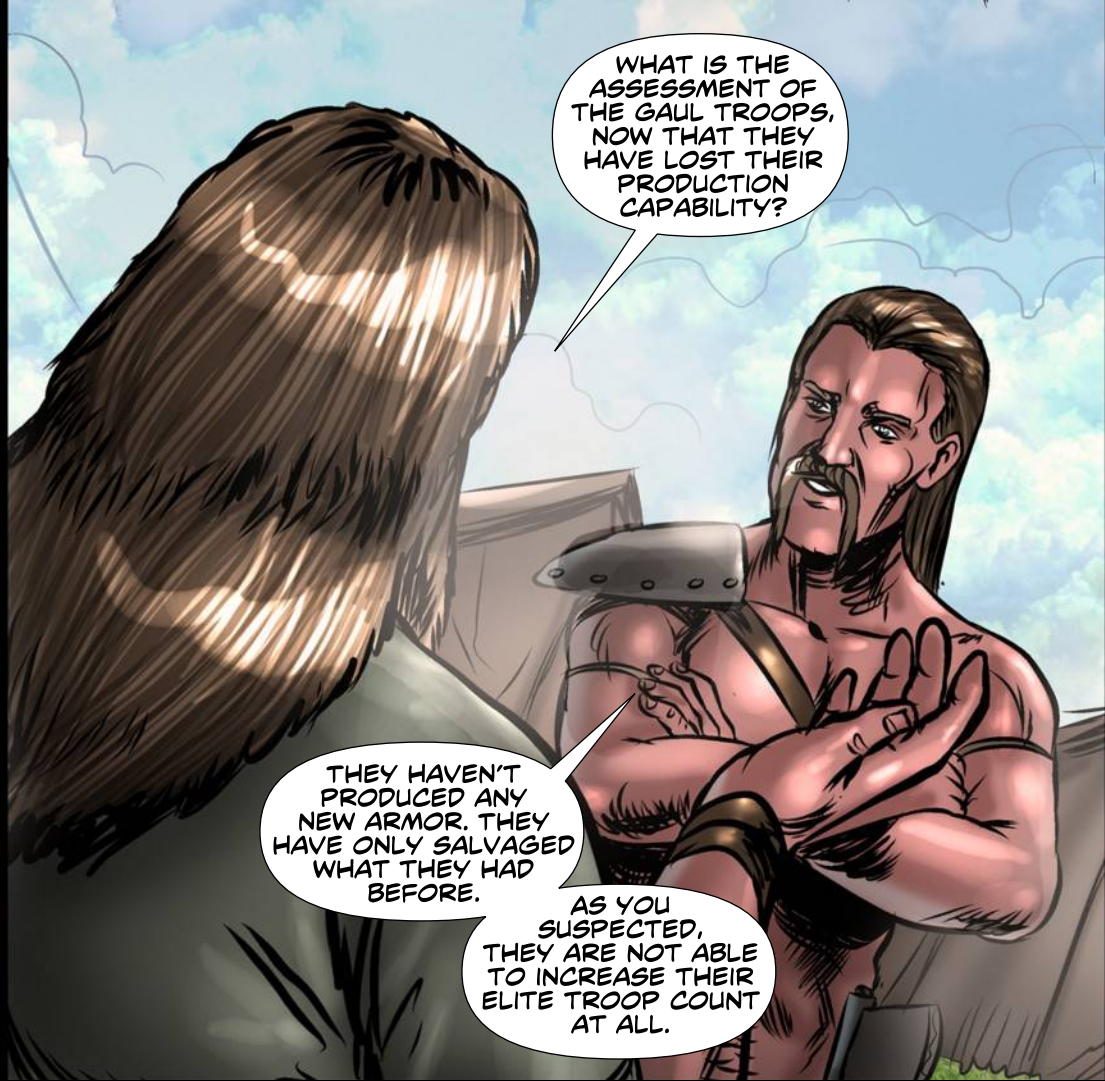
WE HAVE TRIED TO ENCOURAGE THE TAILORS AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE, BUT WE HAVE MANY MORE TROOPS TO ARM THAN GAUL DID, AND WITH LESS RESOURCES.

AND WE MUST ALSO ARM BOTH PAPUS AND YOUR OWN FORCES.

HE IS WATCHING US LIKE DOLON HIMSELF.



YES, I HAVE
TO APPEASE PAPUS
EVEN IF IT COSTS
ME TIME.



WHAT IS THE
ASSESSMENT OF
THE GAUL TROOPS,
NOW THAT THEY
HAVE LOST THEIR
PRODUCTION
CAPABILITY?

THEY HAVEN'T
PRODUCED ANY
NEW ARMOR. THEY
HAVE ONLY SALVAGED
WHAT THEY HAD
BEFORE.

AS YOU
SUSPECTED,
THEY ARE NOT ABLE
TO INCREASE THEIR
ELITE TROOP COUNT
AT ALL.

BUT,
LORD REGULUS,
THERE IS OTHER
NEWS.

THE GAULS
HAVE JOINED
FORCES WITH
ANEROSTES AND
CONCOLTANUS.

EVEN NOW,
THE MERCENARIES'
MOST POWERFUL
TROOPS ARE TRAINING
TO MARCH AGAINST
ROME.

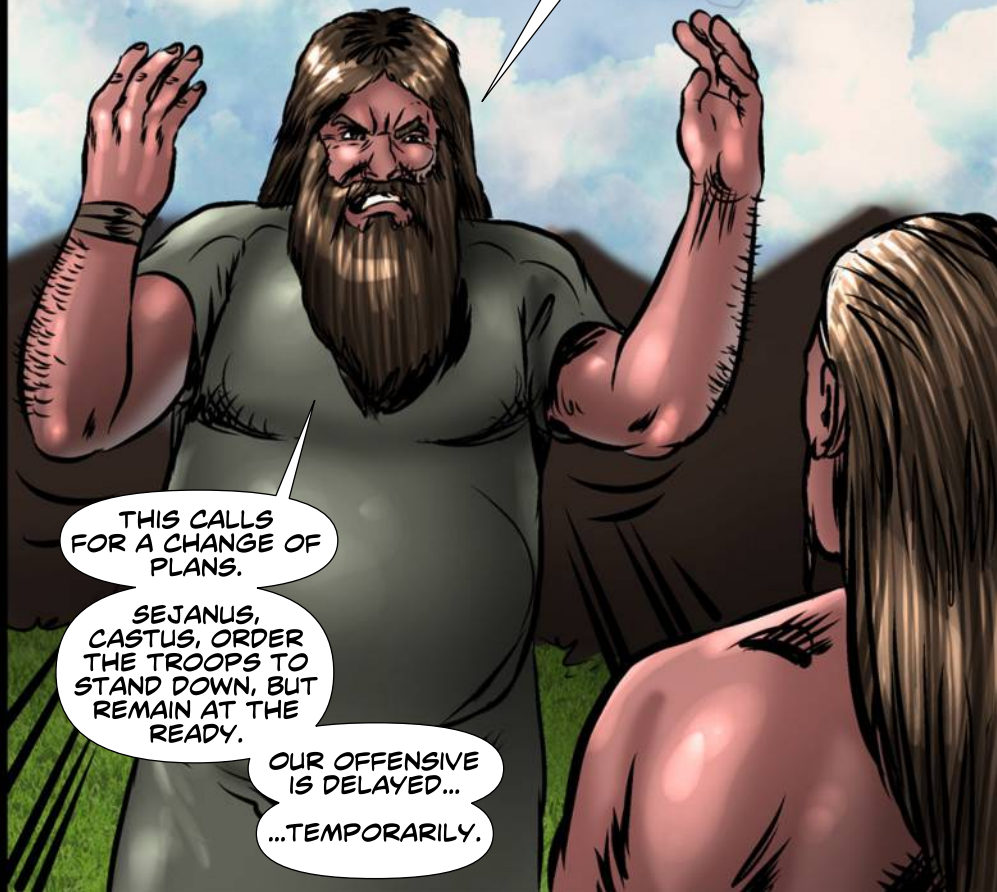


ANEROSTES
AND CONCOLTANUS!?
PRO IUPITER!

THIS CALLS
FOR A CHANGE OF
PLANS.

SEJANUS,
CASTUS, ORDER
THE TROOPS TO
STAND DOWN, BUT
REMAIN AT THE
READY.

OUR OFFENSIVE
IS DELAYED...
...TEMPORARILY.



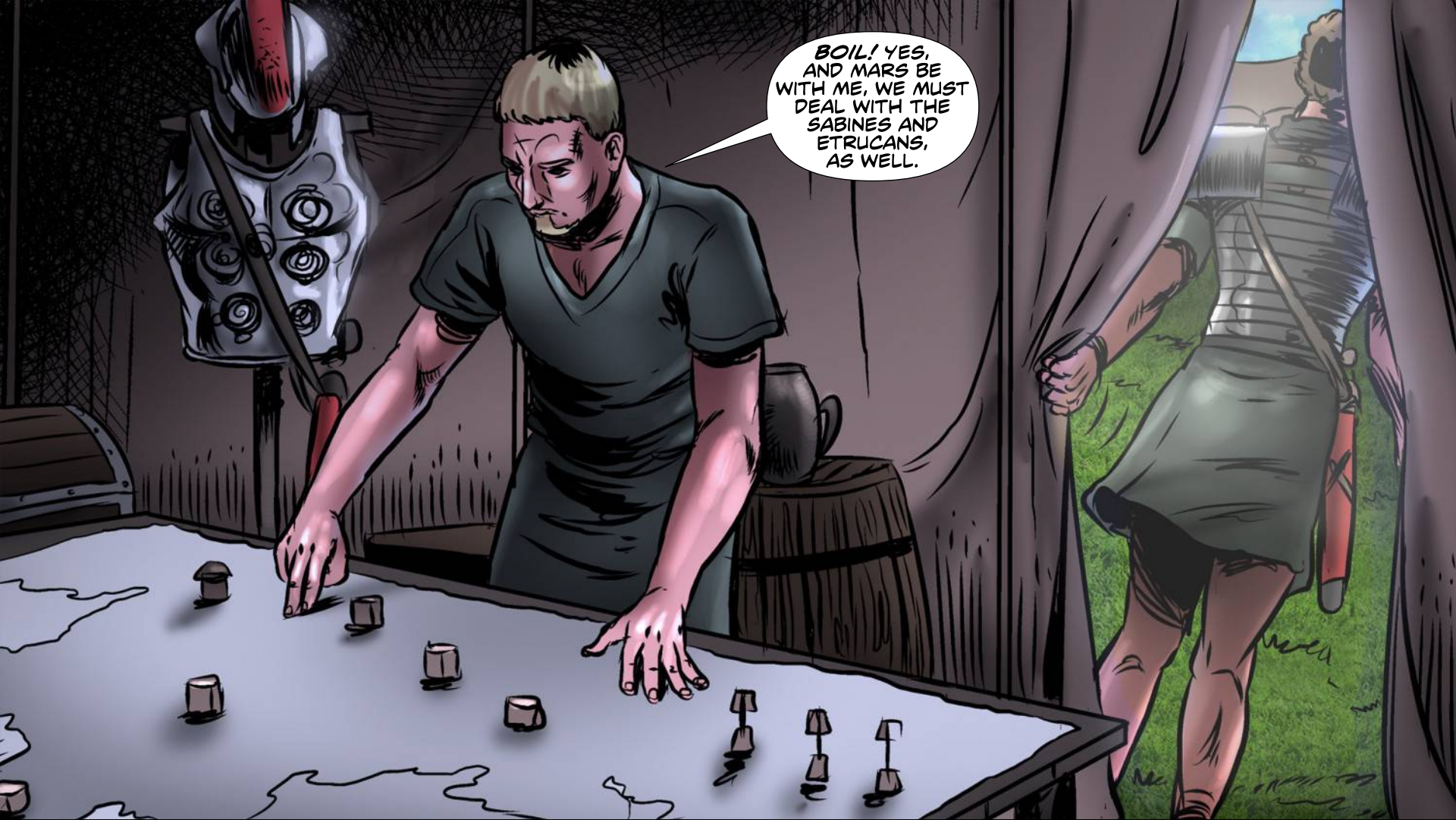
ANEROSTES
AND CONCOLTANUS...
THAT DOES NOT BODE
WELL FOR ROME...

...BUT AT LEAST
THEIR PRESENCE
MAY FORESTALL
REGULUS FROM
RUSHING HEADLONG
INTO THE JAWS
OF INFAMY.

AND PERHAPS
GIVE US ENOUGH
TIME TO BEND GAUL,
IF NOT BREAK THEM
COMPLETELY?

IF THE
GODS FAVOR
US, YES.

ALL RIGHT,
"MAGPIE," FLY
BACK TO YOUR
NEST WITH MY
THANKS. YOU'VE
DONE GOOD
WORK THIS
NIGHT.



BOIL! YES,
AND MARS BE
WITH ME, WE MUST
DEAL WITH THE
SABINES AND
ETRUCANS,
AS WELL.



URSINICUS,
A COMPLEMENT
OF 40,000 TROOPS
MUST BE READIED
TO MARCH ON
BOIL.

YES,
GENERAL.
IT SHALL
BE DONE.



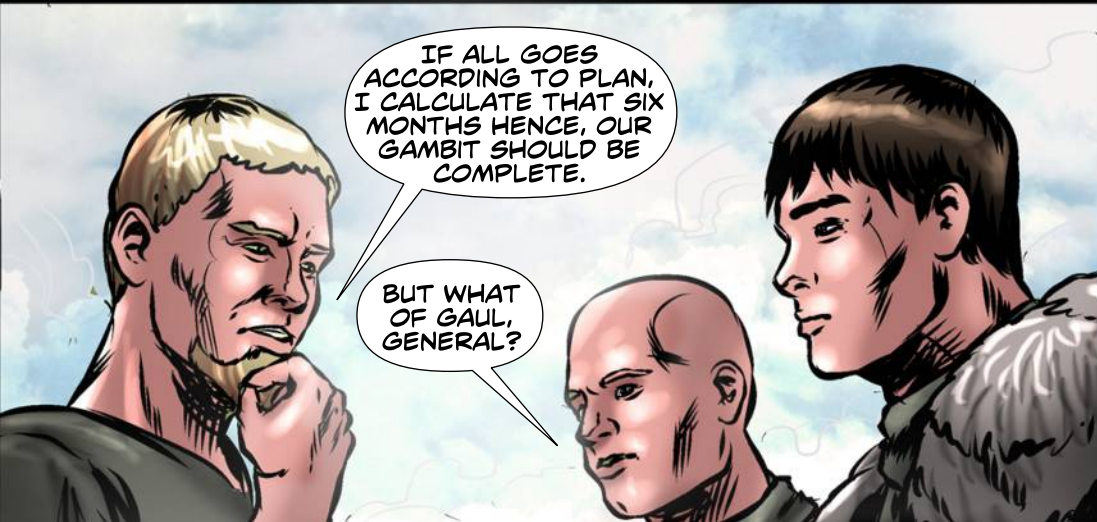
AND YOU,
TREBONIUS?
WHAT NUMBERS
CAN YOU
MUSTER?

50,000,
GENERAL...
AND PERHAPS A
FEW THOUSAND
MORE.



EXCELLENT, TREBONIUS. THE SABINES AND ETRUSCANS MUST NOT ALLOWED TO JOIN WITH GAUL. SCATTER THEM TO THE WINDS.

MY MEN AND I ARE AT YOUR COMMAND, PAPUS.



IF ALL GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN, I CALCULATE THAT SIX MONTHS HENCE, OUR GAMBIT SHOULD BE COMPLETE.

BUT WHAT OF GAUL, GENERAL?



GAUL FLOWS LIKE LAVA, HOT AND MERCILESS, BUT IT WILL TAKE THEM NO LESS TIME TO REACH THEIR GOAL THAN IT DOES FOR US TO DEFEAT THEIR ALLIES.

IF OUR PLANS SUCCEED, WE SHALL DOUSE THAT INFERNO LONG BEFORE IT SINGS THE BORDERS OF ROME.

AT FIRST,
THE ARMOR MAKES
YOU FEEL AS IF YOU'VE
BEEN SWIMMING THROUGH
DEEP WATER WEIGHTED
DOWN BY A SACK OF
HEAVY STONES.

EVERY
INCH OF YOUR
BODY WILL
ACHE WITH
FATIGUE...

NOT
EVERY INCH,
WENCH.

I HAVE TEN
RIGHT HERE
THAT STILL HAVE
PLENTY OF LIFE
IN THEM.









NOT IF IT
MEANS TAKING ME
AND OUR TROOPS TO
THE GATES OF HADES
WITH YOU!



ALL RIGHT,
ALL RIGHT. I'LL
BIDE MY TIME
FOR NOW

BUT SOME
DAY, I WILL BEND
THAT WHORE CAILIN
OVER AND FUCK HER
LIKE THE BITCH
SHE IS...

MONTHS LATER...





TOO SLOW!

THUMP!

CLANG!

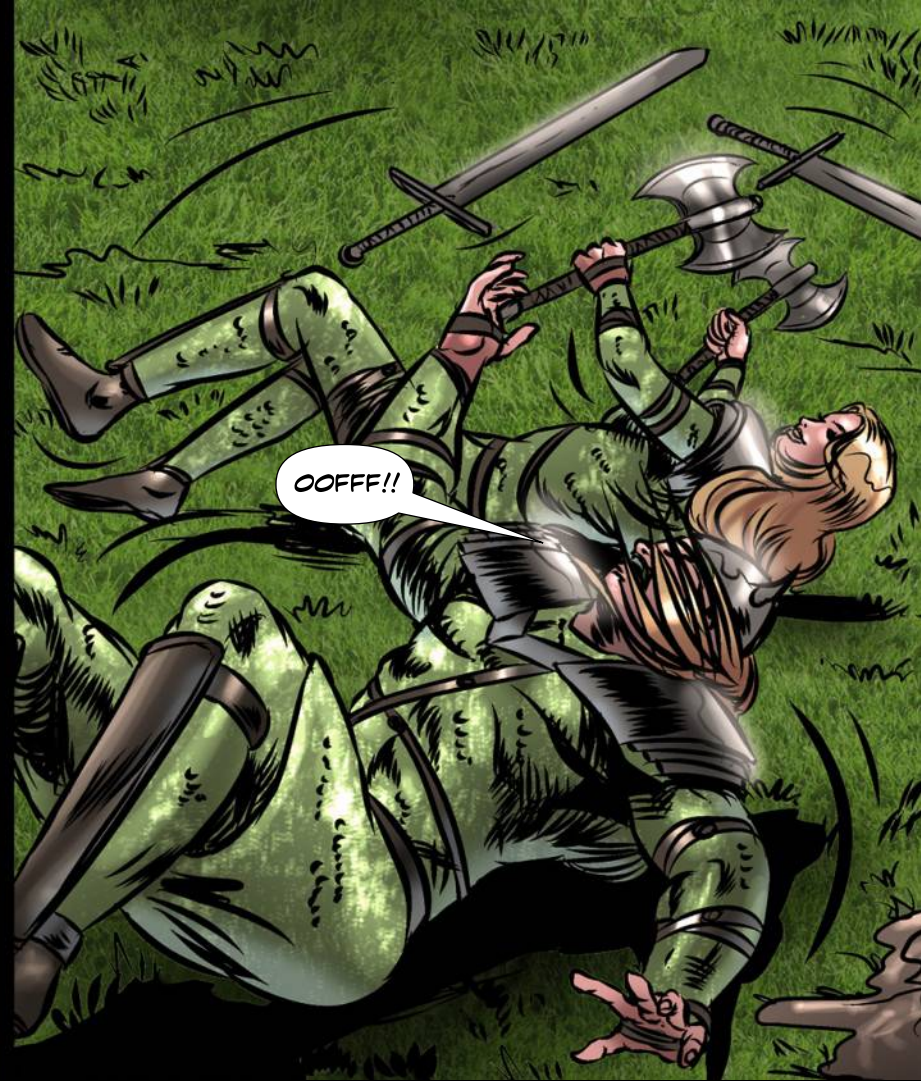


TODAY I
WILL BREAK YOU
AND FUCK YOU,
BITCH!!!

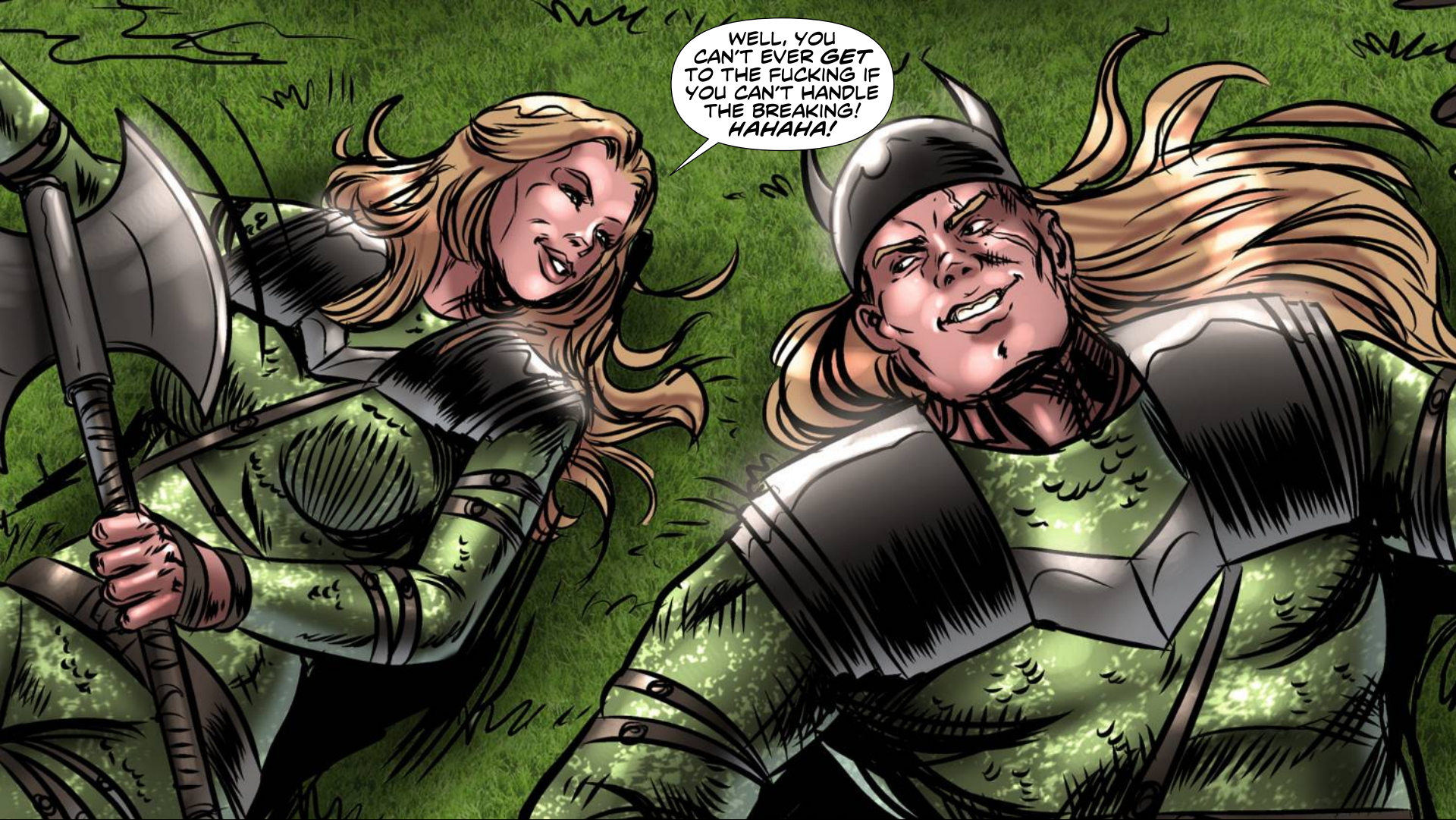




SWOOP!



OOFFF!!

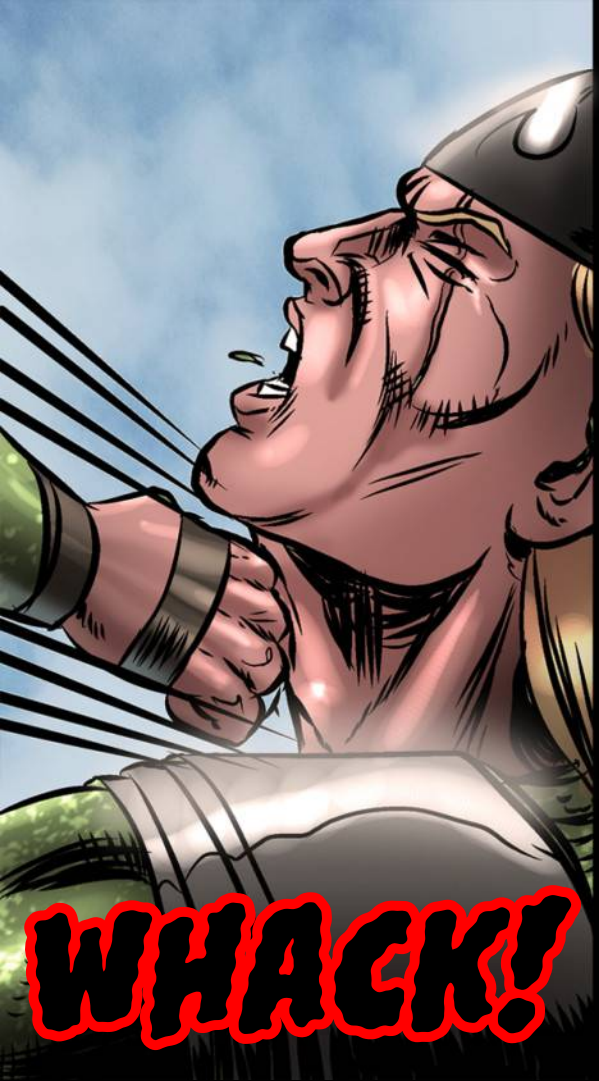


WELL, YOU
CAN'T EVER GET
TO THE FUCKING IF
YOU CAN'T HANDLE
THE BREAKING!
HAHAHA!

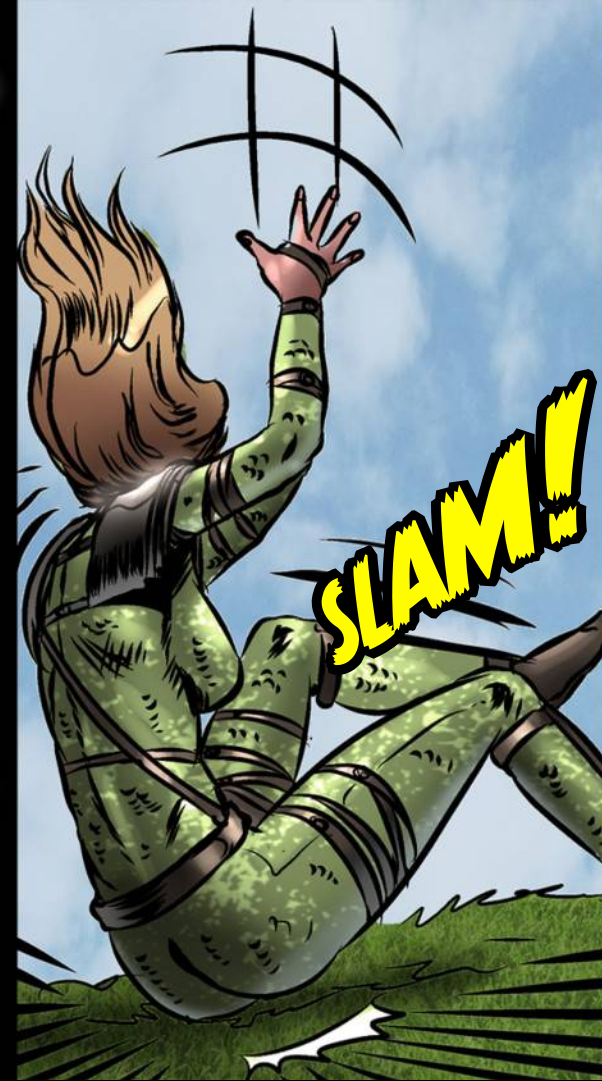








WHACK!

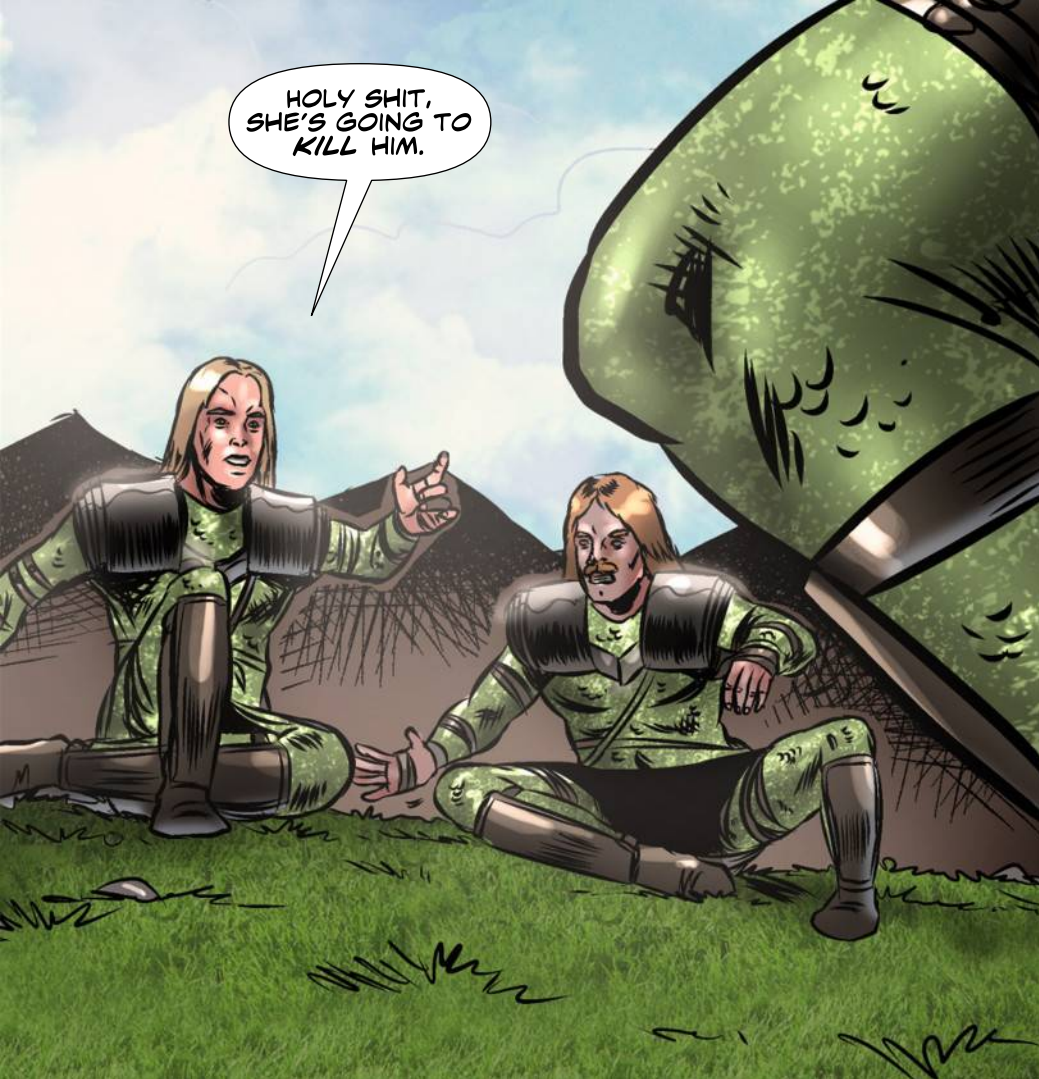


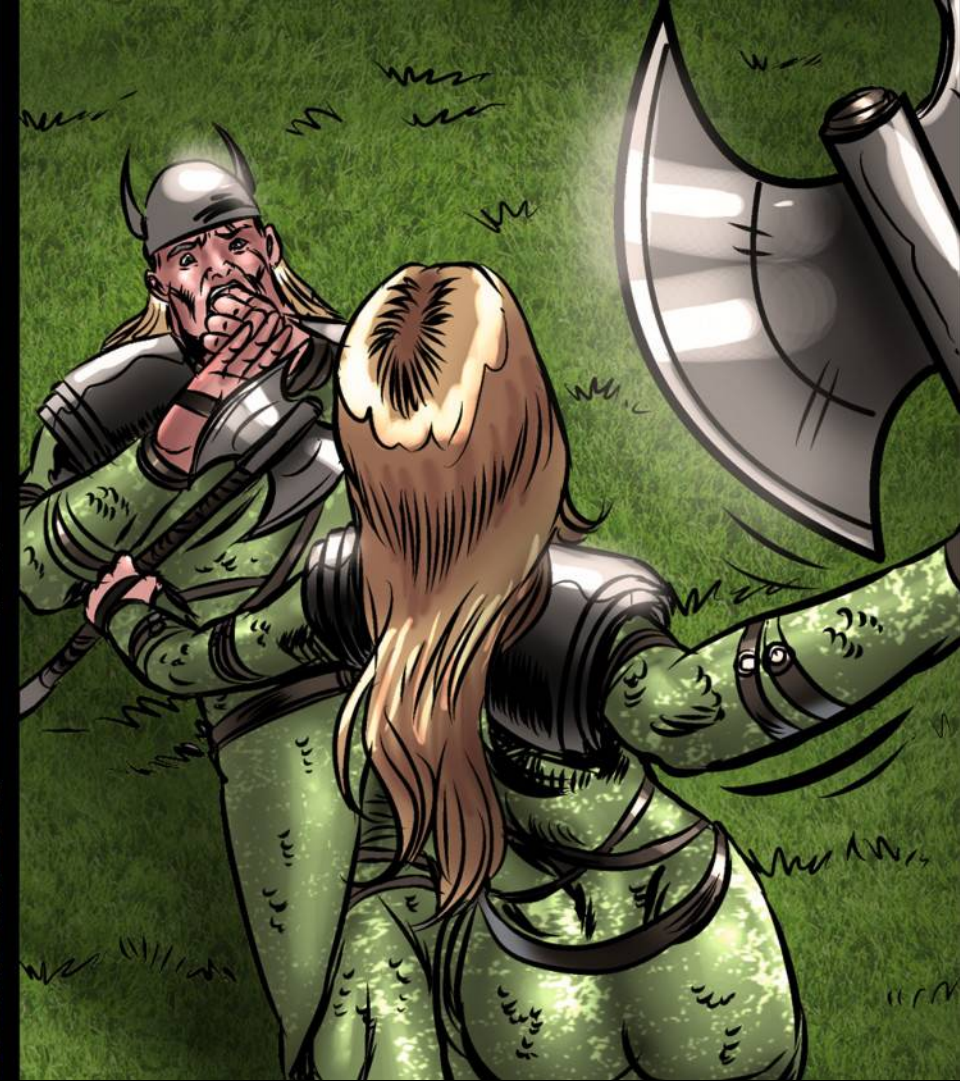
CHOKE!

YOU
FUCKING
DOG!










YOU LOSE AGAIN, CONCOLTANUS.
YOU WANT TO PLAY DIRTY, YOU
NEED TO EXPECT A REBUFF.



YOU NEVER
ANTICIPATE THE
NEXT STEP.

ON
THE REAL
BATTLEFIELD,
VULTURES
WILL PICK
YOUR IDIOTIC
BONES.



Anerostes, a man with a long grey beard and a shaved head, stands in a cage. He is wearing a simple brown tunic. A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a green and pink outfit with gold arm and leg bands, stands opposite him. The cage has a grid-like structure.


ANEROSTES,
CONCOLTANUS,
AND THEIR MEN
HAVE MADE GREAT
STRIDES OVER
THESE LAST
WEEKS.

THEY WERE
FORMIDABLE
WARRIORS TO
BEGIN WITH, AND
NOW WITH THE
CHAIN MAIL...

YES, BUT
I FEAR WE'VE
MADE A DEAL
WITH ABIGOR.

A close-up of Anerostes' face. He has a serious expression and is looking towards the woman.

SIXTY
LEGIONS FROM
HELL IS NOTHING
TO BE TRIFLED
WITH.

A close-up of the woman's face. She has a determined and slightly angry expression, looking back at Anerostes.

TRUE, BUT
EVEN SO, I DON'T
FULLY TRUST ANY
MAN WHO CAN BE
BOUGHT, AND THAT
CONCOLTANUS...

SOME DAYS,
IT'S ALL I CAN
TO DO KEEP MYSELF
FROM RIPPING THAT
FOUL SMILE OFF HIS
FACE WITH MY
BARE HANDS.

LIKE IT OR NOT, CAILIN, WE NEED THEM. WITHOUT THEIR HELP, OUR FORCES WILL BE CRUSHED AND OUR WAY OF LIFE WILL PERISH.

YOU MUST LEARN TO TEMPER YOUR HATE FOR THE GREATER GOOD. ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.



LOVE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. HE'S A BEAST IN A RUT.



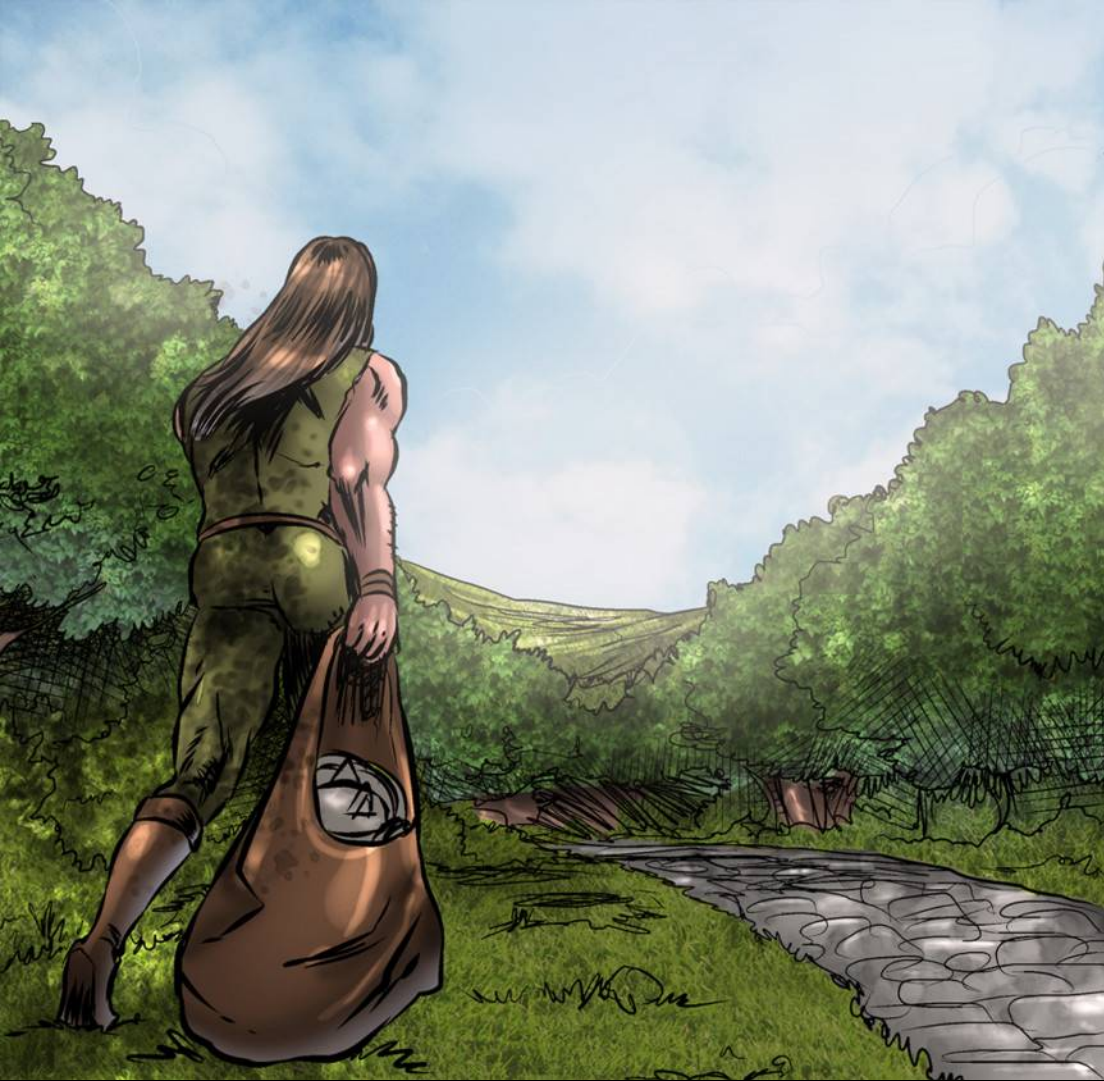
BUT A POWERFUL ONE.

IF YOU COULD HARNESS THAT ENERGY, MAYBE YOU WON'T HATE HIM ANY LESS, BUT PERHAPS YOU MIGHT TRUST HIM A LITTLE MORE.

CAILIN, IT HAS BEEN AND CONTINUES TO BE UP TO YOU TO MAKE THIS WORK. GAUL NEEDS YOU.

ALL OF OUR LIVES ARE LITERALLY IN YOUR HANDS.

FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK.



NOOOOOO
HELP ME!!





AAAAHH!!!!



FUCKING
GAUL
ANIMALS.



I NEED YOU TO TIE ME DOWN, SECURELY, AND THEN SEND CONCOLTANUS IN HERE TO HAVE HIS WAY WITH ME.

WHAT? I CAN'T DO THAT!

IT MUST HAPPEN, ANWELL, AND I CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN - YOU HAVE TO HELP ME GET THROUGH THIS.

YOU HAVE TO MAKE SURE I CAN'T FIGHT BACK, BECAUSE I'LL KILL THAT DOG.



LASS, YOU SACRIFICE TOO MUCH. YOU ARE NOT... NOT... NOT A...

WHORE FOR GAUL? BUT WE ALL ARE, ANWELL; WE MUST DO WHAT WE CAN TO WIN THIS WAR.



NOW HURRY, WHILE I STEEL MY RESOLVE.

AND KEEP BRICE AWAY, OR THERE WILL BE DEAD BODIES BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS THROUGH.



I'LL BE
FUCKED.
ANWELL
DID IT.

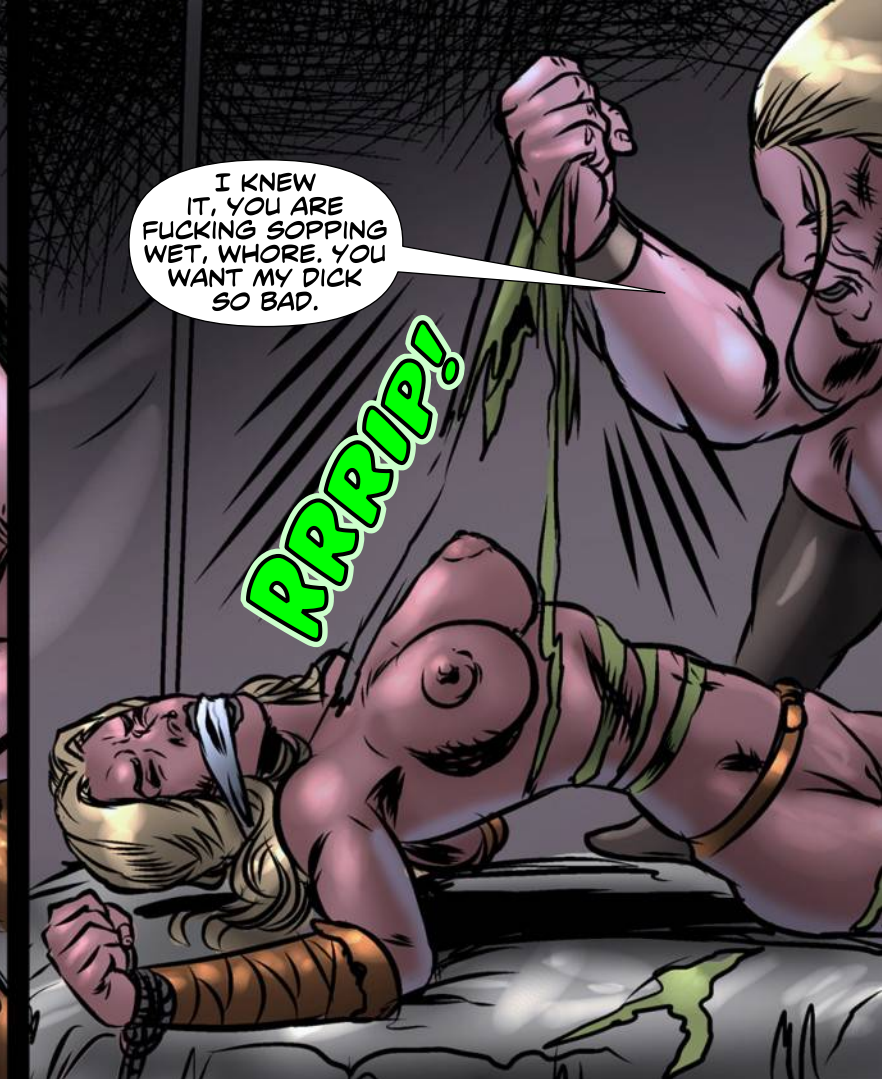
MMMMMMFFFF!!



YOU ARE
ABOUT TO GET
WRECKED,
BITCH.



THIS IS THE MOMENT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.



I KNEW IT, YOU ARE FUCKING SOPPING WET, WHORE. YOU WANT MY DICK SO BAD.

RRRIP!



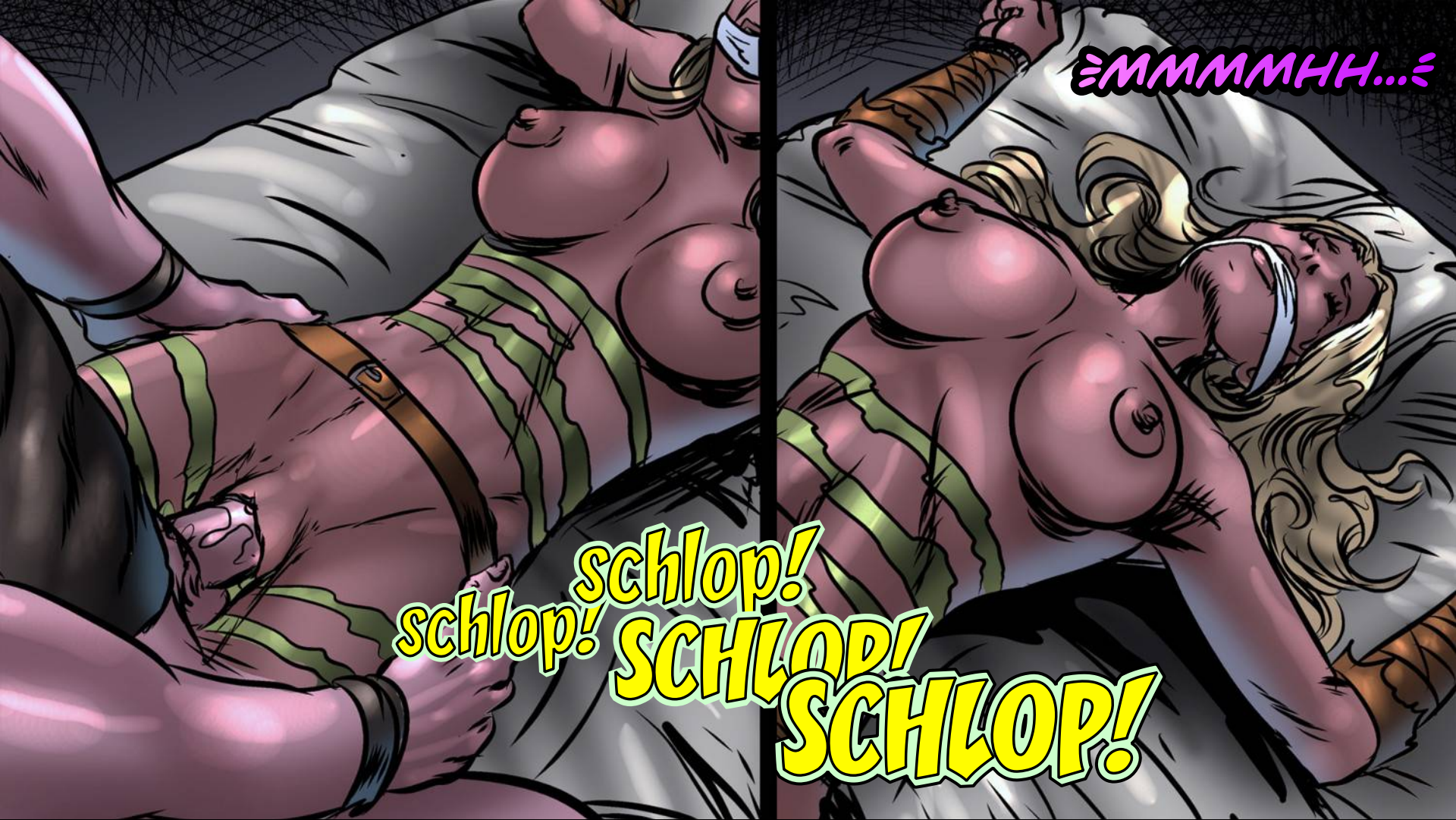
YEAH!
LIKE THAT;
KEEP MOVING
FOR ME, WHORE.
I LIKE IT WHEN
YOU BUCK.



FUCK YEAH.
I'M GOING TO
PINCH YOU HARDER
AND HARDER UNTIL
I CUM, BITCH.







≡MMMMHH...≡

schlop!
schlop! SCHLOP!
SCHLOP!



FUCKING
BEST YOU HAVE
EVER HAD.

SPOO!

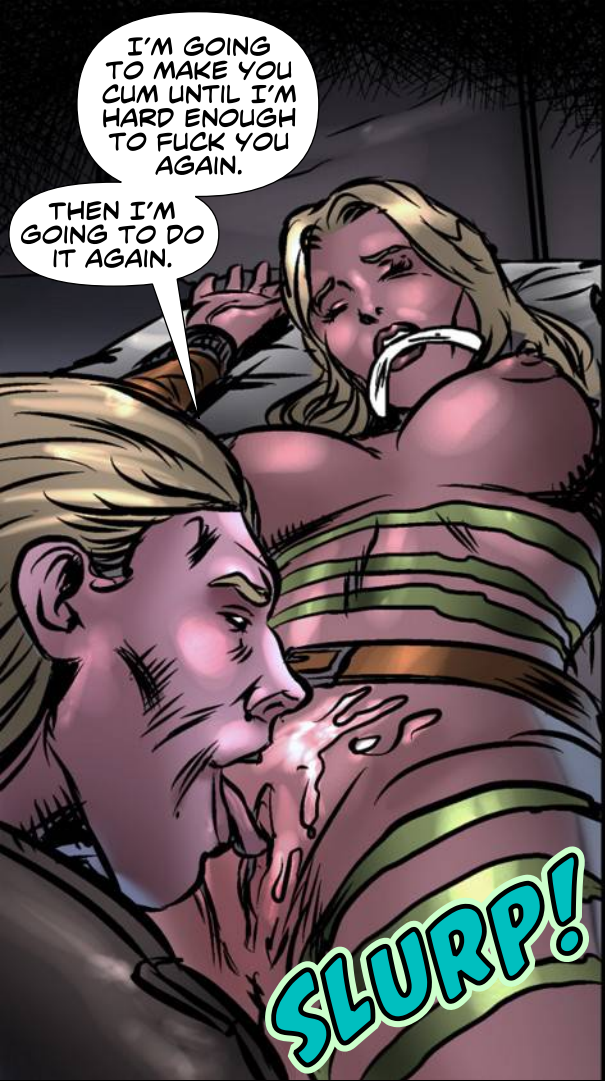


BUT I'M
NOT LEAVING
UNTIL I OWN
YOU.

TWEAK!

I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU CUM UNTIL I'M HARD ENOUGH TO FUCK YOU AGAIN.

THEN I'M GOING TO DO IT AGAIN.



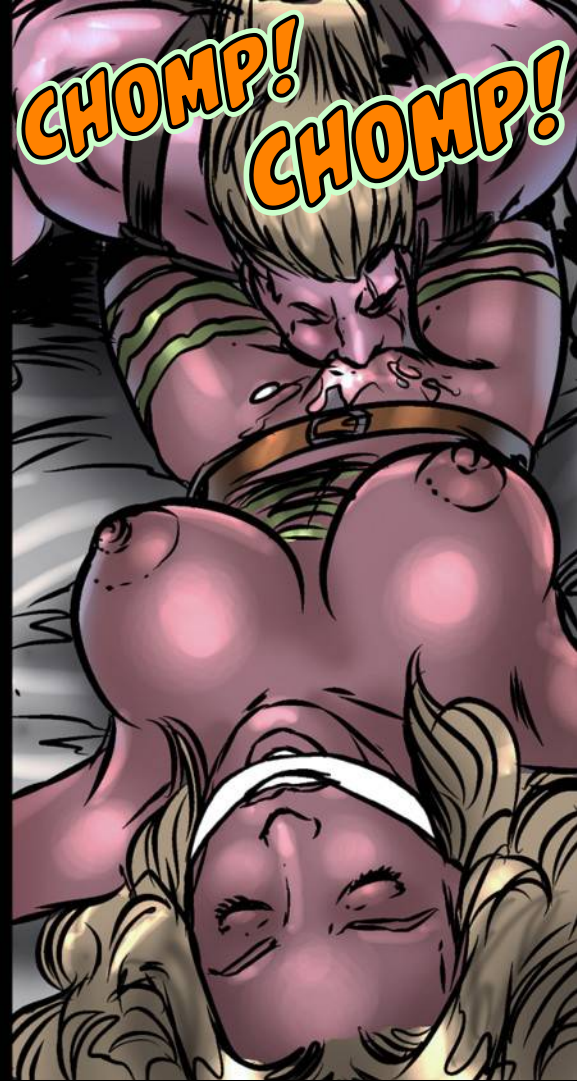
SLURP!



SLURP!

=NIBBLE=

SQUISH!



CHOMP!
CHOMP!



FUCK, YOU ARE FAST. TRY TO HANG ON, IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG NIGHT, WHORE.

WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU, EVEN THE VULTURES WON'T HAVE ANYTHING LEFT TO EAT.



**TO BE CONTINUED
IN THE NEXT ISSUE**

**DON'T
MISS
IT!**