

PROFESSOR WHEN

THE PERVERTRIX PERIL



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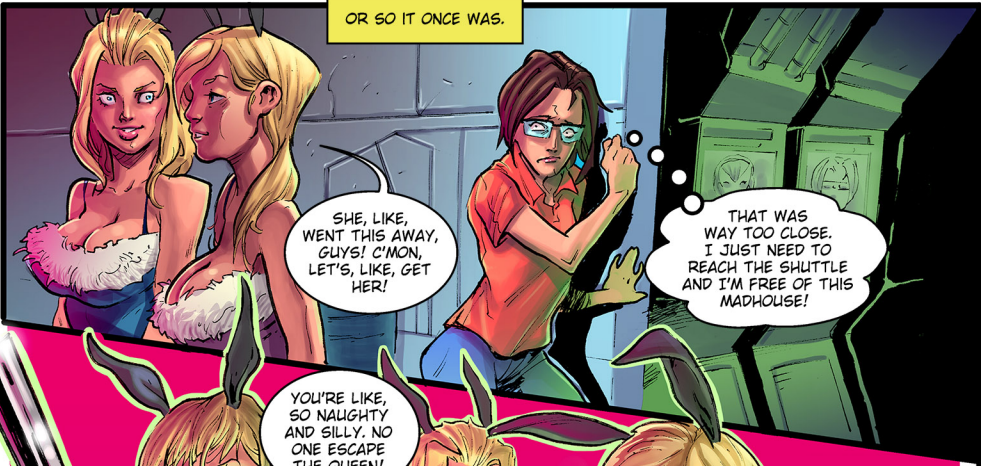


Crimson S.C.D. Simole

SPACE STATION ZETA-SIGMA-GAMMA-ALPHA 9:
A REMOTE SATELLITE, ORBITING THE DISTANT
PLANET OF MESTOR-6, DEDICATED SOLELY TO
THE IDEALS OF QUIET CONTEMPLATION.



OR SO IT ONCE WAS.



SHE, LIKE,
WENT THIS AWAY,
GUYS! C'MON,
LET'S, LIKE, GET
HER!

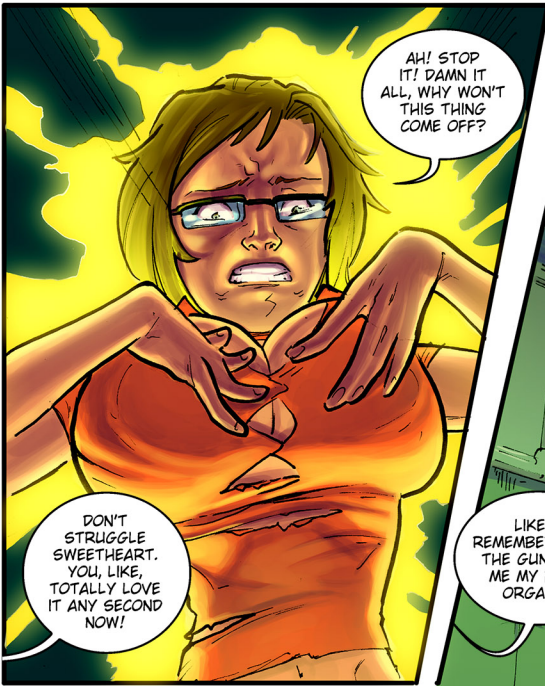
THAT WAS
WAY TOO CLOSE.
I JUST NEED TO
REACH THE SHUTTLE
AND I'M FREE OF THIS
MADHOUSE!

YOU'RE LIKE,
SO NAUGHTY
AND SILLY. NO
ONE ESCAPE
THE QUEEN!

NO!
PLEASE,
DON'T DO
THIS-

READY
GIRLS?
FIRE!





AH! STOP IT! DAMN IT ALL, WHY WON'T THIS THING COME OFF?

DON'T STRUGGLE SWEETHEART. YOU, LIKE, TOTALLY LOVE IT ANY SECOND NOW!



AH! AH! ARGH!!!

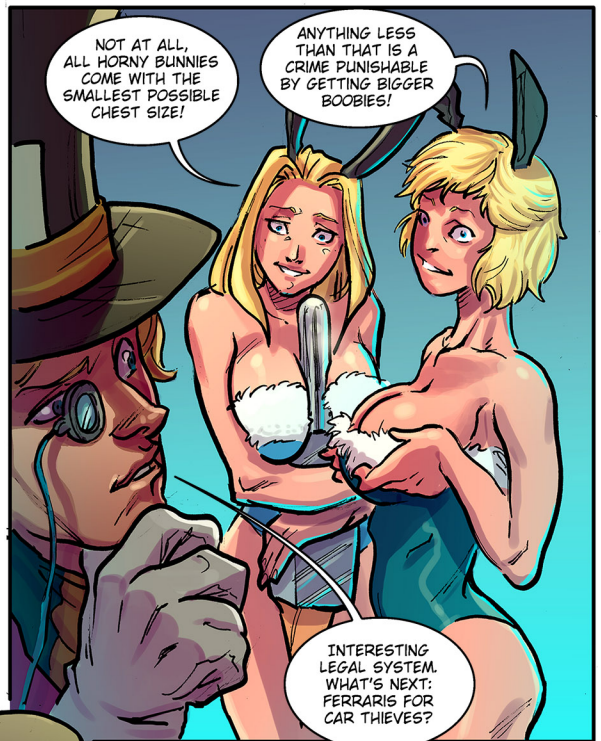
LIKE, I REMEMBER WHEN THE GUN GAVE ME MY FIRST ORGASM!

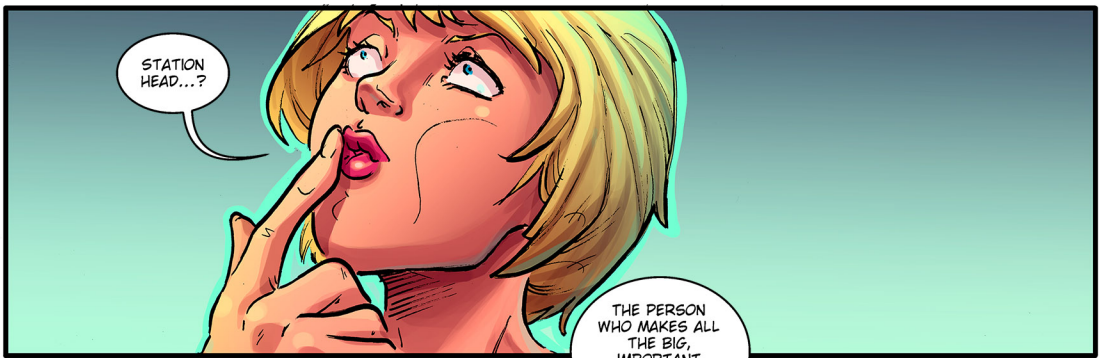


AWW, DON'T BE SAD! JUST LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE: NOW YOU HAVE, LIKE, TITTIES!

VRM-VRROOM-VRM-VRROOM-VRM-

HEY, DO YOU GIRLS, LIKE Y'KNOW, HEAR SOMETHING?





STATION HEAD...?

THE PERSON WHO MAKES ALL THE BIG, IMPORTANT DECISIONS AROUND HERE?



OH! YOU MEAN THE QUEEN! SURE, SHE'S, LIKE, RIGHT THIS WAY, CUTIE!



THAT WAS SOME QUICK THINKING, PROFESSOR!

WHY, THANK YOU, PAM! LET'S JUST HOPE THIS "QUEEN" OF THEIRS IS MORE REASONABLE!



DAMN BIMBOS,
I THOUGHT I GAVE
VERY CLEAR INSTRUCTIONS
THAT THERE WERE TO
BE NO INTERRUPTIONS
UNTIL I SAID
OTHERWISE!

I'M SORRY,
YOUR ROYAL HOTNESS,
BUT WE CAUGHT THESE
TWO SNEAKING ON
BOARD, WITHOUT ANY
IDENTIFICATION.

OR
BOOBIES!

HEY!



MY, MY.
GUESTS, EH?
HAVEN'T HAD
THOSE IN QUITE
SOME TIME...



AH-HA! YOU
MUST BE THE QUEEN!
I CAN TELL BECAUSE OF
YOUR CROWN. NICE TOUCH,
BY THE WAY. NOT EVERY DAY
YOU MET THE QUEEN OF A SPACE
STATION. MY FIRST TIME, IN FACT!
I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF SUCH
A THING! HOW EXCITING!
SHOULD BE MOST
ILLUMINATING-

WHO ARE
YOU?



AH, STRAIGHT TO THE POINT, I LIKE THAT IN A SPACE-STATION-MONARCH. I AM THE PROFESSOR, AND MY BUSTY COMPATRIOT HERE IS PAM.

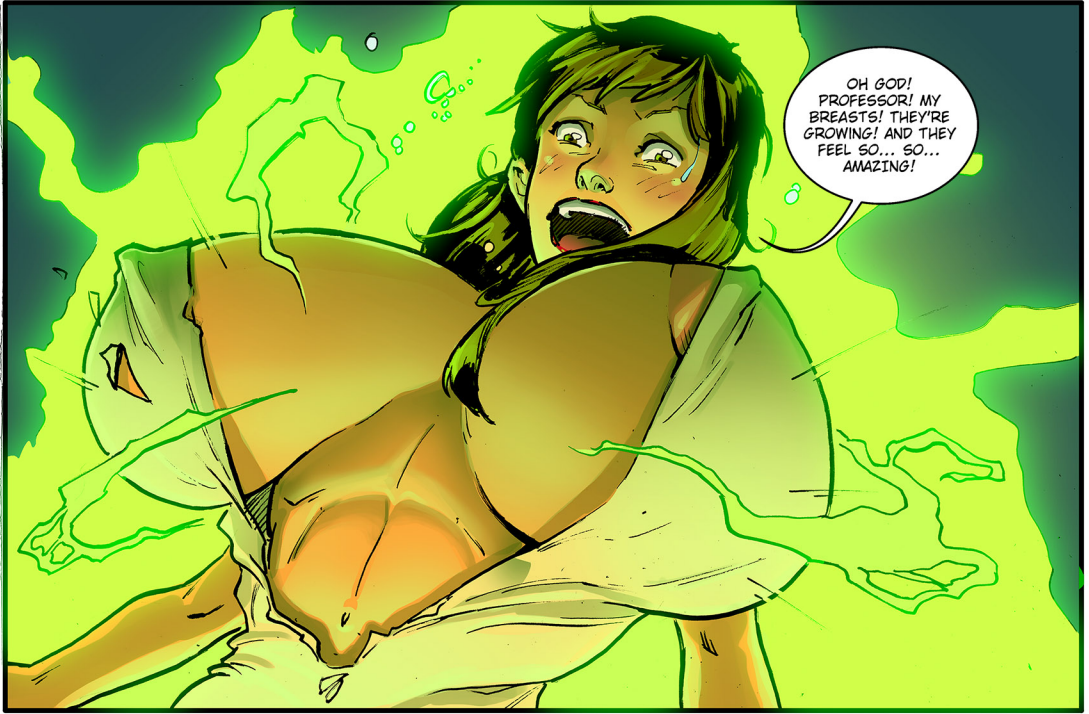
UH... HI!

BUSTY? MY DEAR PROFESSOR, YOU JEST!



THIS IS BUSTY!

PROFESSOR? WHAT'S HAPPENING?



OH GOD! PROFESSOR! MY BREASTS! THEY'RE GROWING! AND THEY FEEL SO... SO... AMAZING!



OH GOD!
PROFESSOR!
IT'S HAPPENING
IN MY HIPS
TOO! DO
SOMETHING!

EXCUSE
ME, YOUR
MAJESTY...

WHAT
IS IT?

BEFORE
YOU MAKE ANY
FURTHER CHANGES
TO MY FRIEND HERE,
I'D LIKE TO TEST
OUT A THEORY
OF MINE.

OH?
AND WHAT
MIGHT THAT
BE?

LET'S SEE...
NOT TOO LONG AGO,
SOMEONE ON THIS
STATION CAME ACROSS
A POWERFUL ARTEFACT
ON ONE OF THE TARGET
PLANETS. AN ARTEFACT
SO POWERFUL THAT
IT CORRUPTED
THEIR MIND.

IMBUED WITH
THE POWER OF THIS
THEORETICAL ARTEFACT,
THE INDIVIDUAL FELT THEY HAD
DEVOTED ENOUGH TIME TO THE
WORLD OF SCIENCE, AND INSTEAD
DECIDED TO RESHAPE THE
ENTIRE STATION INTO ONE,
SICK FANTASY WORLD OF
ENDLESS SEX.

IN THE END,
ALL WHO OPPOSE ARE
TURNED INTO THOUGHTLESS
CREATURES OF LUST, THE
MORE "ACCEPTING" OF THE
STATION LEFT WITH A SLIVER
OF MODESTY AND PROMOTED
TO THE INDIVIDUAL'S
PERSONAL GUARD.



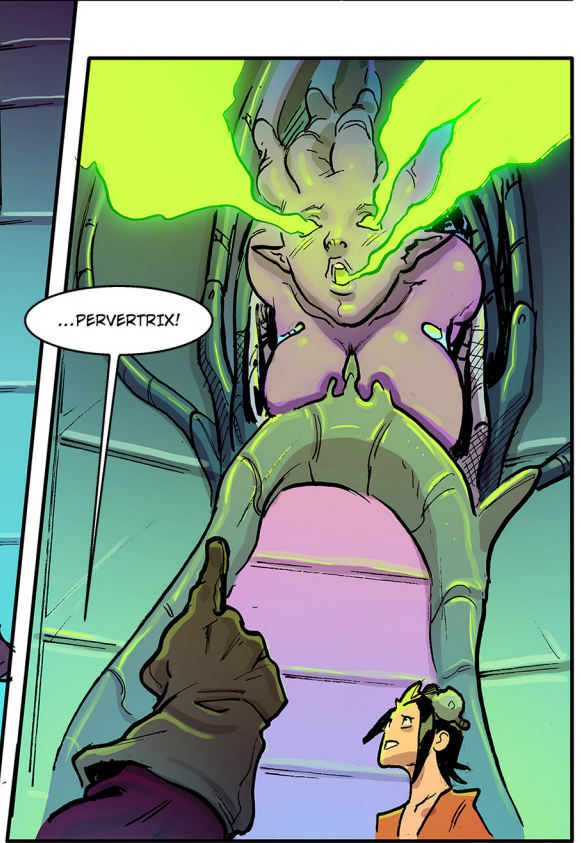
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, YOUR HIGHNESS? AM I GETTING WARM?



AN INTERESTING THEORY... BUT AS A WOMAN OF SCIENCE I MUST ASK: WHERE IS YOUR PROOF?



WELL, FOR ONE THING, YOUR LITTLE "DECORATION" UP THERE HAPPENS TO BE A LIVING, BREATHING, PULSATING...



...PERVERTRIX!



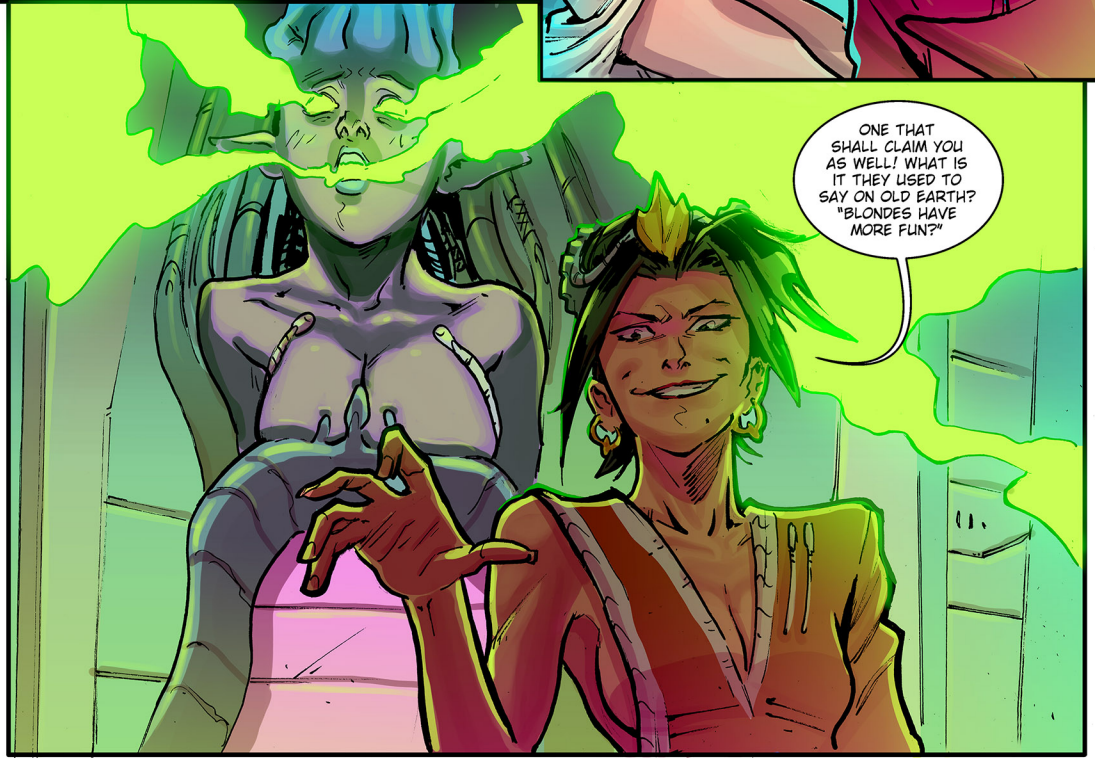
WHAT...
PANT... THE
HECK IS A
PERVERTRIX?

A PARASITIC
WEAPON, USUALLY
THE SPEARHEAD OF
AN INVASION, SENT AHEAD
TO WEAKEN THE DEFENCES
OF A PLANET'S INHABITANTS.
IT SURVIVES ON PSYCHIC
ENERGY, PARTICULARLY
THE HORMONAL
VARIETY!

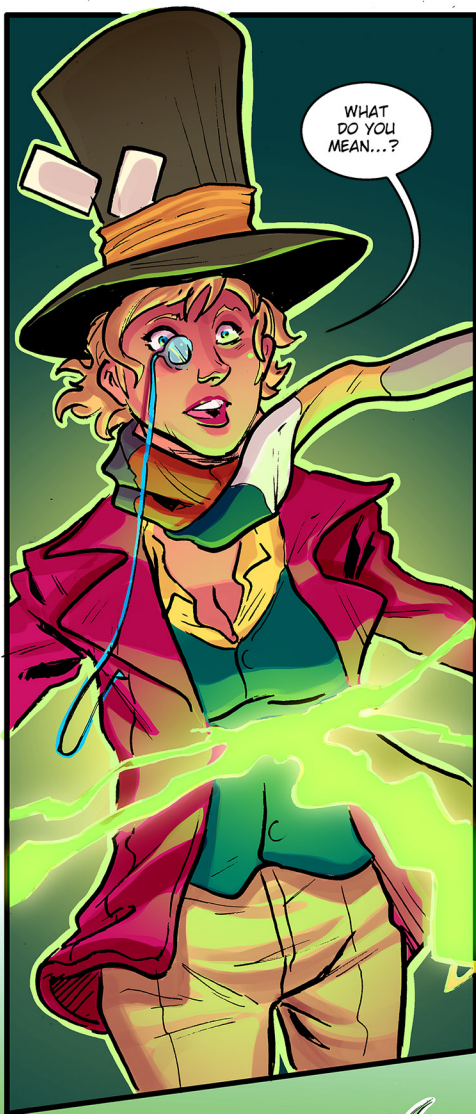


YOU MEAN...
OH FUCK... THE
HORNIER WE GET,
THE STRONGER
IT GETS?

YES,
AND THE
STRONGER IT
GETS, THE HORNIER
IT CAN MAKE US.
THE PERFECT
TRAP.



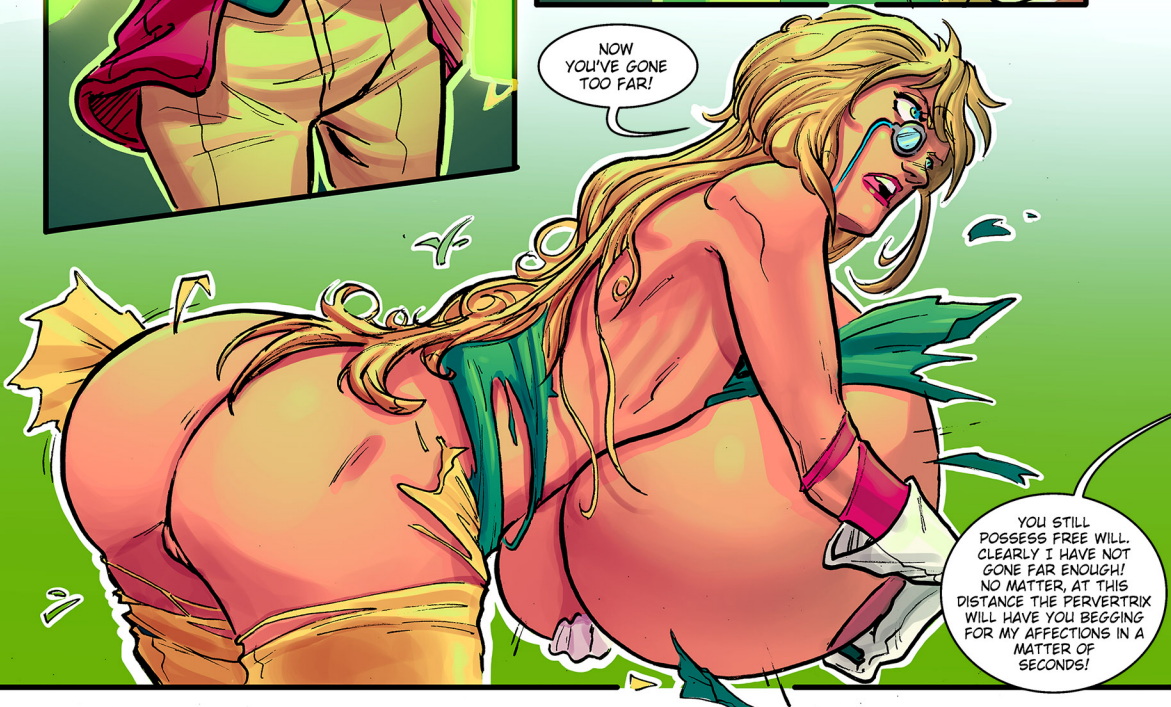
ONE THAT
SHALL CLAIM YOU
AS WELL! WHAT IS
IT THEY USED TO
SAY ON OLD EARTH?
"BLONDES HAVE
MORE FUN?"



WHAT DO YOU MEAN...?



GAH!



NOW YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR!

YOU STILL POSSESS FREE WILL CLEARLY I HAVE NOT GONE FAR ENOUGH! NO MATTER, AT THIS DISTANCE THE PERVERTRIX WILL HAVE YOU BEGGING FOR MY AFFECTIONS IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!



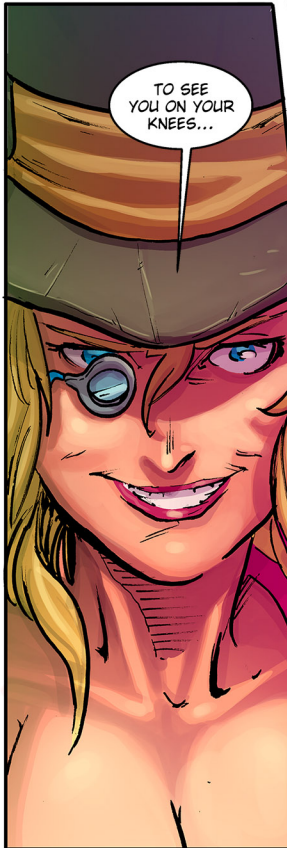
VERY WELL, YOUR MAJESTY. YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT GETS ME REALLY HOT AND BOTHERED?

PROFESSOR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WON'T THAT JUST GIVE THE PERVERTRIX EVEN MORE POWER?!?

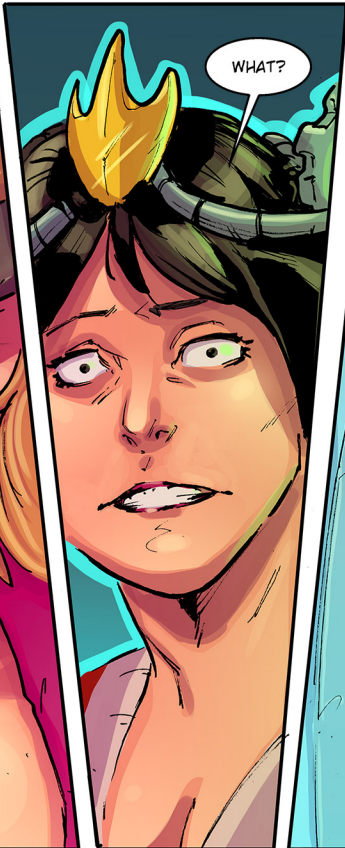


QUIET, CHILD! IT'S HIGH TIME I INDULGE MYSELF!

OH, THIS SHOULD BE GOOD. PRAY TELL, PROFESSOR, WHAT IS YOUR DARK DESIRE?



TO SEE YOU ON YOUR KNEES...



WHAT?



...AS A BIG BREASTED, COCK HUNGRY BIMBO SLUT!

NO!



WHILE WE'RE AT IT, LET'S PUT A LITTLE JUNK IN THAT TRUNK!

NO! MASTER, DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! IT'S A TRICK!



PLEASE, MY LORD, I BEG YOU! I... I'VE... OH GOD... SERVED YOU SO... *PANTING* FAITHFULLY!



OH FUCK! YES! OH GOD!



GIVE ME MORE!!!

BA-DOOSH!

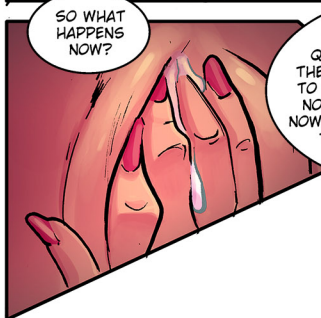


SO...
WHAT JUST
HAPPENED?



I SIMPLY SNARED THE PERVERTRIX
IN ITS OWN TRAP. AS SOON AS I IMPLANTED
THE IDEA OF THE QUEEN AS A SEX-STARVED
BIMBO, IT COULDN'T HELP ITSELF! HOWEVER,
BY ATTACKING ITS OWN MEDIUM IT CREATED A
FEEDBACK LOOP, CAUSING A PSYCHIC ENERGY
IMPLOSION. AS A RESULT, THE PERVERTRIX'S
LIFE-FORCE IS NOW TRAPPED DEEP
WITHIN HER MIND!

IT'S SO
SIMPLE, WHY
DIDN'T I THINK
OF IT.



SO WHAT
HAPPENS
NOW?

WELL, WITH
THE EXCEPTION OF THE
QUEEN, EVERYONE ELSE ON
THE STATION SHOULD BE BACK
TO NORMAL IN NO TIME! AND IF
NOT, THEY SHOULD AT LEAST
NOW HAVE ENOUGH BRAINPOWER
TO LET THEM COPE WITH
THEIR NEW "URGES."



I WAS
TALKING ABOUT ME!
I MEAN, LOOK AT THESE
THINGS! I WON'T EVEN
BE ABLE TO FIT THROUGH
THE SMARTY-CAR DOOR
LIKE THIS!

DON'T
WORRY, MY
DEAR, I'M SURE
WE'LL WORK
SOMETHING
OUT...



...IN TIME.

To be continued...

check out some
comics from our
upcoming lineup

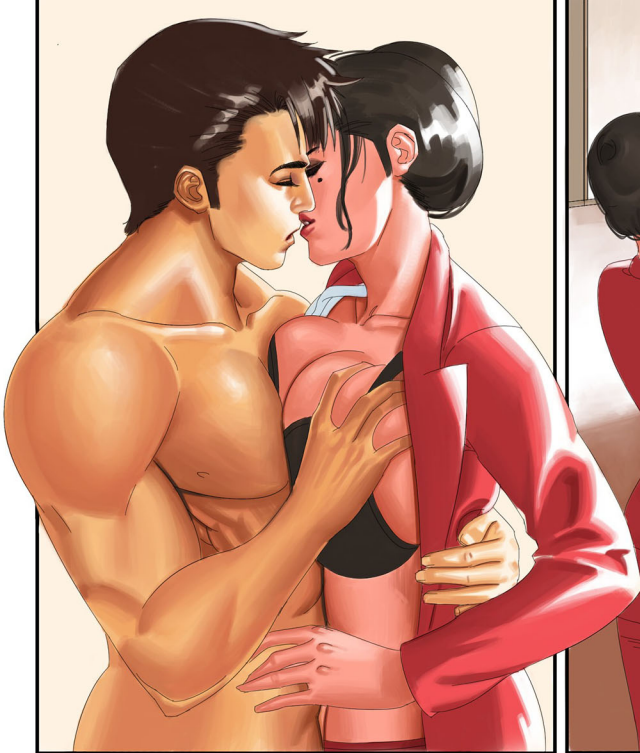


CRAP! NO, DAMN IT, WHAT AM I GONNA DO!

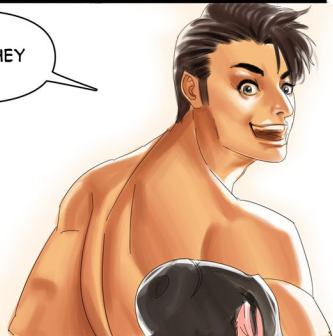


MAYBE I CAN ROCK BACK AND FORTH A LITTLE...

Lin's Rounding



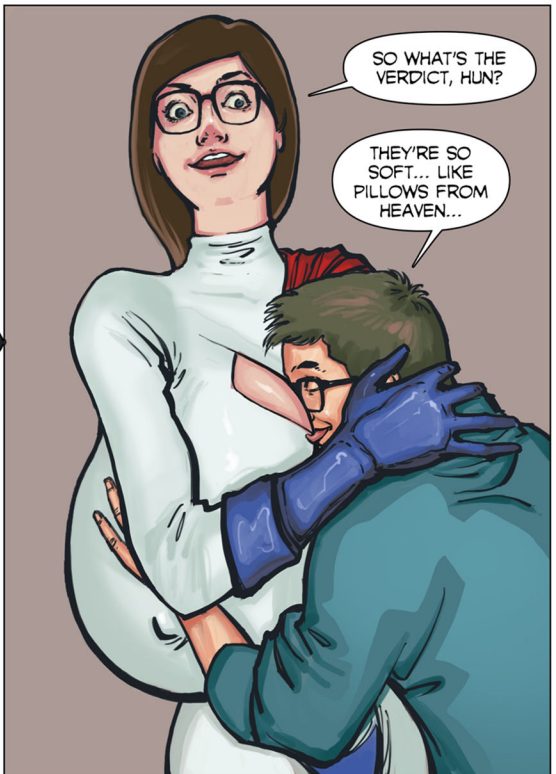
HOW
BIG DO THEY
GET?

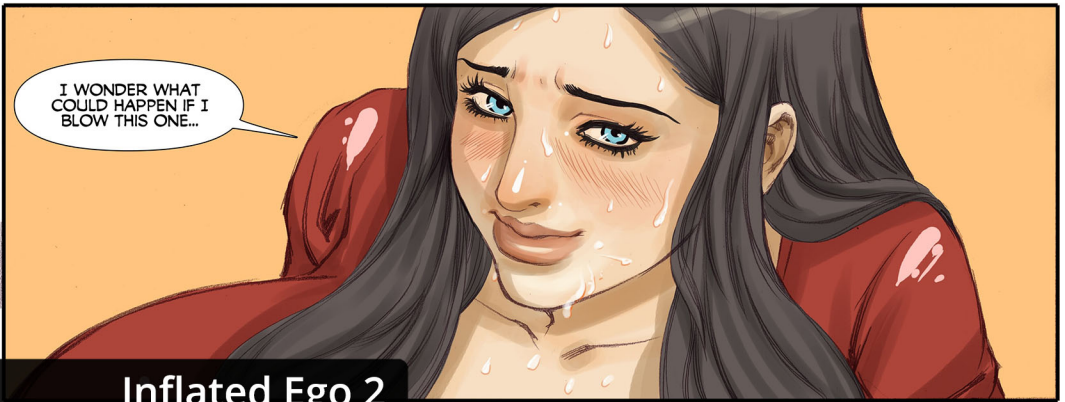


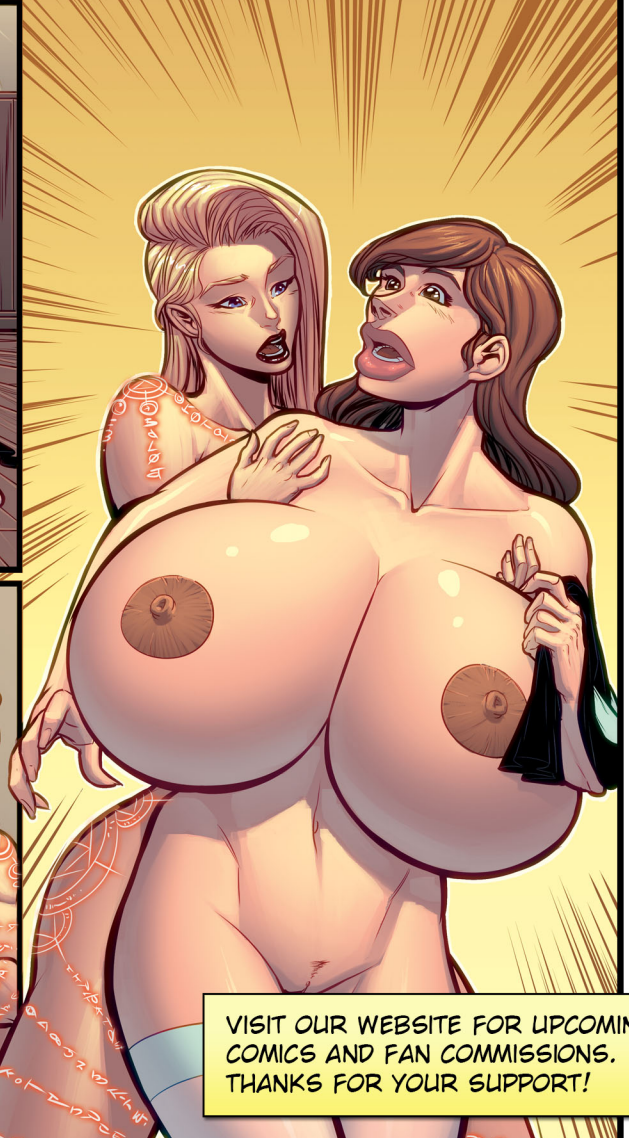
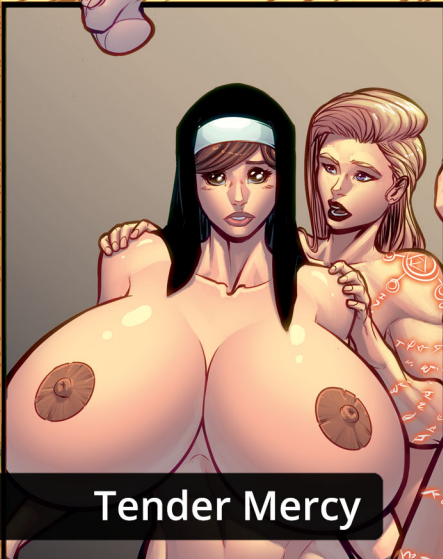
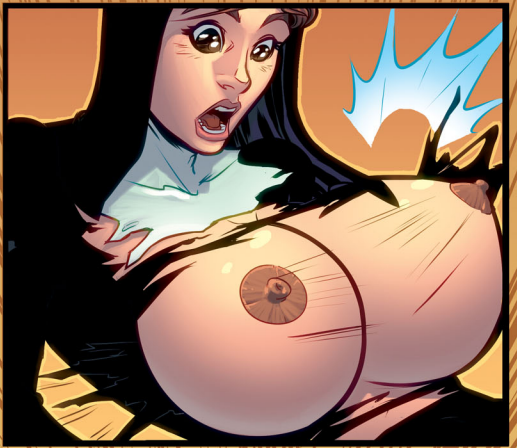
I DON'T
KNOW, PRETTY
BIG. WHY DON'T
WE FIND OUT?

GIGGLE









Tender Mercy

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