

RED RIDING HOOD



By Ferres

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No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.

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THE EDITOR

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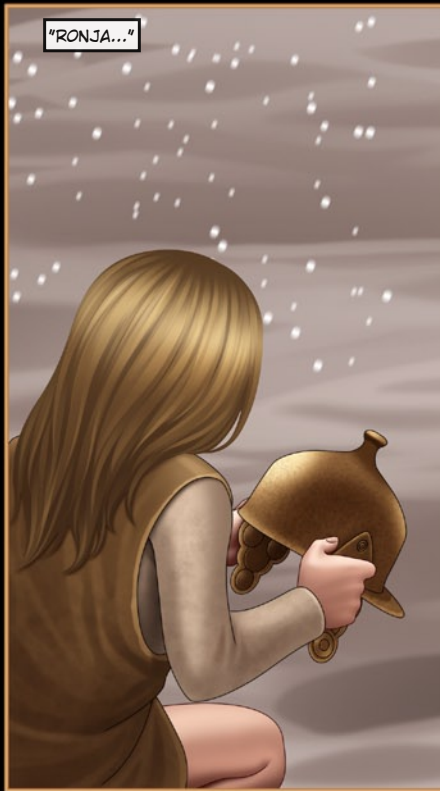
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- 2- Click on VIEW and select FULL SCREEN MODE
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RED RIDING HOOD
FERRES

9 A.D.

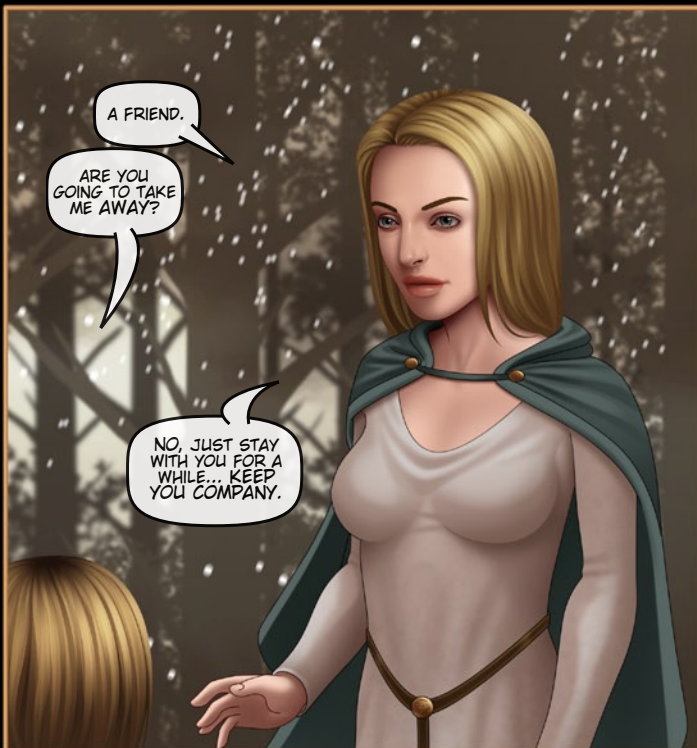




"RONJA..."

"RONJA..."

WHO...?
WHO ARE YOU?



A FRIEND.

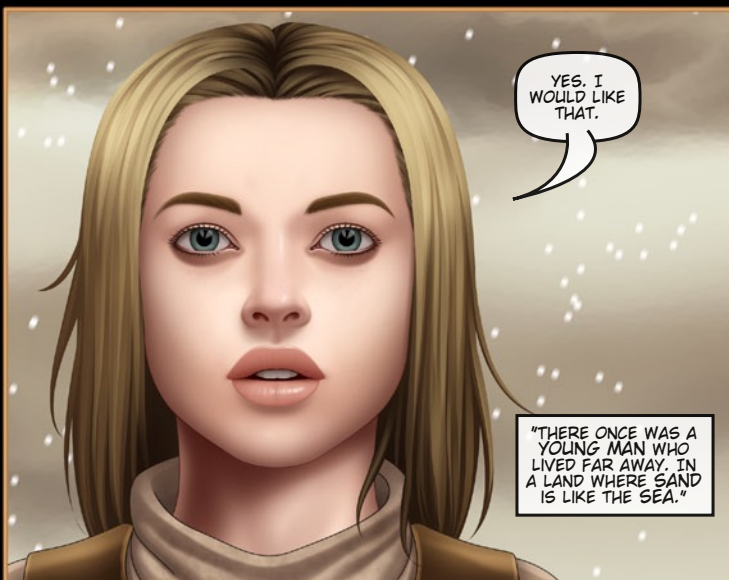
ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ME AWAY?

NO, JUST STAY WITH YOU FOR A WHILE... KEEP YOU COMPANY.



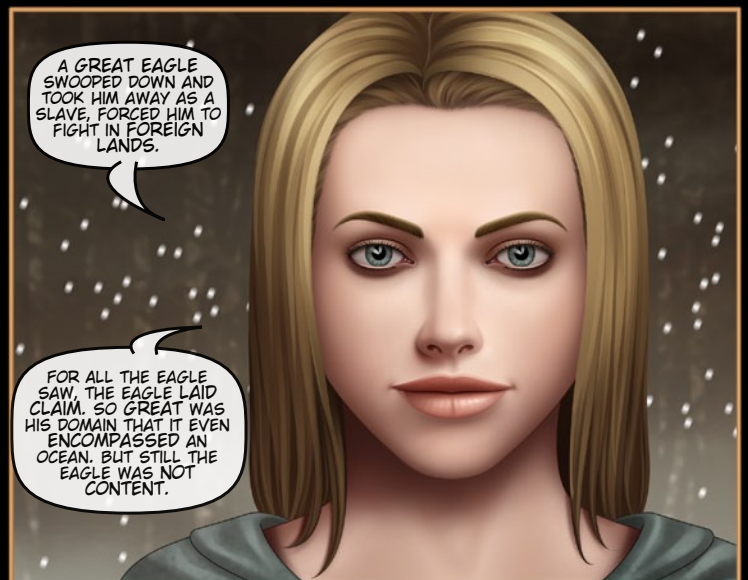
YOUR HAND IS VERY WARM.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR A STORY?



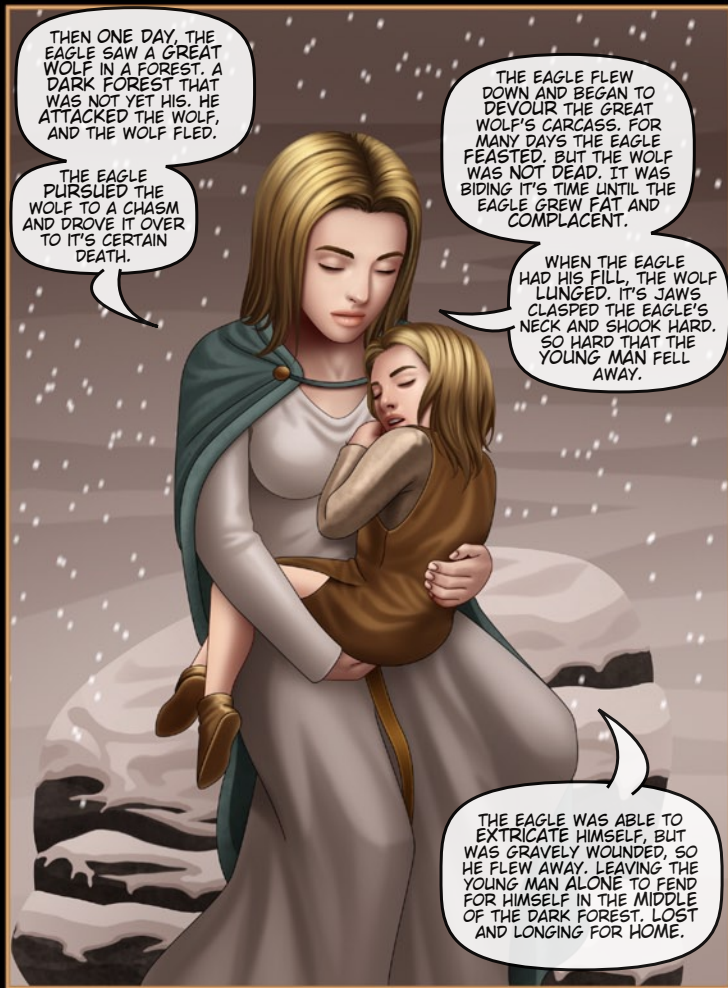
YES. I WOULD LIKE THAT.

"THERE ONCE WAS A YOUNG MAN WHO LIVED FAR AWAY. IN A LAND WHERE SAND IS LIKE THE SEA."



A GREAT EAGLE SWOOPED DOWN AND TOOK HIM AWAY AS A SLAVE, FORCED HIM TO FIGHT IN FOREIGN LANDS.

FOR ALL THE EAGLE SAW, THE EAGLE LAID CLAIM. SO GREAT WAS HIS DOMAIN THAT IT EVEN ENCOMPASSED AN OCEAN. BUT STILL THE EAGLE WAS NOT CONTENT.



THEN ONE DAY, THE EAGLE SAW A GREAT WOLF IN A FOREST, A DARK FOREST THAT WAS NOT YET HIS. HE ATTACKED THE WOLF, AND THE WOLF FLED.

THE EAGLE PURSUED THE WOLF TO A CHASM AND DROVE IT OVER TO IT'S CERTAIN DEATH.

THE EAGLE FLEW DOWN AND BEGAN TO DEVOUR THE GREAT WOLF'S CARCASS. FOR MANY DAYS THE EAGLE FEASTED, BUT THE WOLF WAS NOT DEAD. IT WAS BIDDING IT'S TIME UNTIL THE EAGLE GREW FAT AND COMPLACENT.

WHEN THE EAGLE HAD HIS FILL, THE WOLF LUNGED. IT'S JAWS CLASPED THE EAGLE'S NECK AND SHOOK HARD. SO HARD THAT THE YOUNG MAN FELL AWAY.

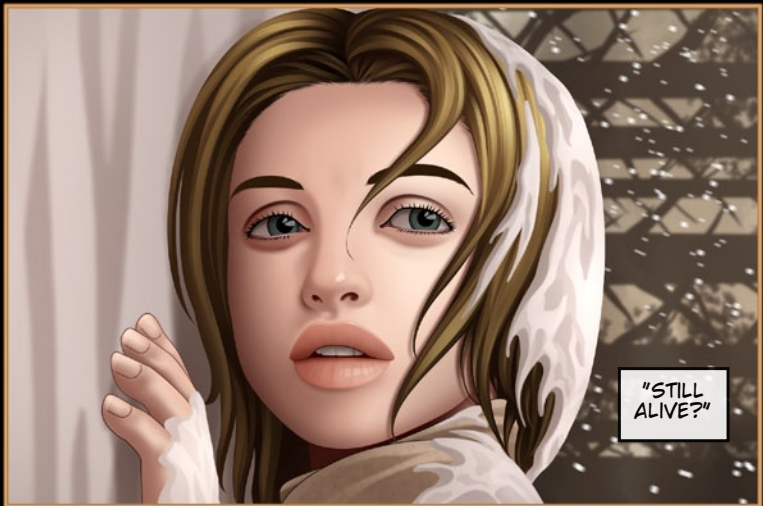
THE EAGLE WAS ABLE TO EXTRICATE HIMSELF, BUT WAS GRAVELY WOUNDED, SO HE FLEW AWAY, LEAVING THE YOUNG MAN ALONE TO FEND FOR HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DARK FOREST, LOST AND LONGING FOR HOME.



WHAT HAPPENS TO THE YOUNG MAN?

I DON'T KNOW, THAT IS FOR YOU TO TELL.

"RONJA..."



"STILL ALIVE?"



GET UP! JARL SEIGFINN CALLS ON YOU.



THIS IS HER, RONJA, DAUGHTER OF HALVDAAH.



THAT WILL BE MY MAID SERVANT? SHE'S SO PUNY, HOW CAN SHE KEEP UP WITH ME?



I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED THAT THE MIGHTY HALVDAHN COULD SIRE SUCH AN INADEQUATE OFFSPRING.

CAN YOU AT LEAST RUN?



I CAN RUN, MISTRESS.



KEEP UP WITH MY HORSE AND I MAY KEEP YOU.



GOOD! LET'S GO.
TRAIL TOO FAR BEHIND AND YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.

YES, MISTRESS.



JUDOL, HALVDAHN WAS A GOOD FRIEND. MAKE SURE HIS DAUGHTER DOES NOT GO TO HARM.

YOU HAVE MY WORD, JARL.

AAGH!



JARL...?

IT'S NOTHING, FRIEND JUDOL. JUST THE OLD WAR WOUNDS AND SOME NUMBNESS OF LATE.



"I'M HOPING THAT IN TIME, RONJA WILL MANAGE TO SOFTEN SEIGFINNA'S ROUGH EDGES."



"SHE ACQUIRED ALL OF HER ROMAN MOTHER'S BEAUTY, BUT NONE OF HER TIMIDITY AND CHARM."



INSTEAD, SHE GAINED MY FEROCITY AND MY CRUELTY. A WARRIOR'S HEART AND MORE.



SHE IS TRULY HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER, JARL.



CURSED WOTAN. IF ONLY SHE WERE BORN A MAN. IF ONLY... LINGH!

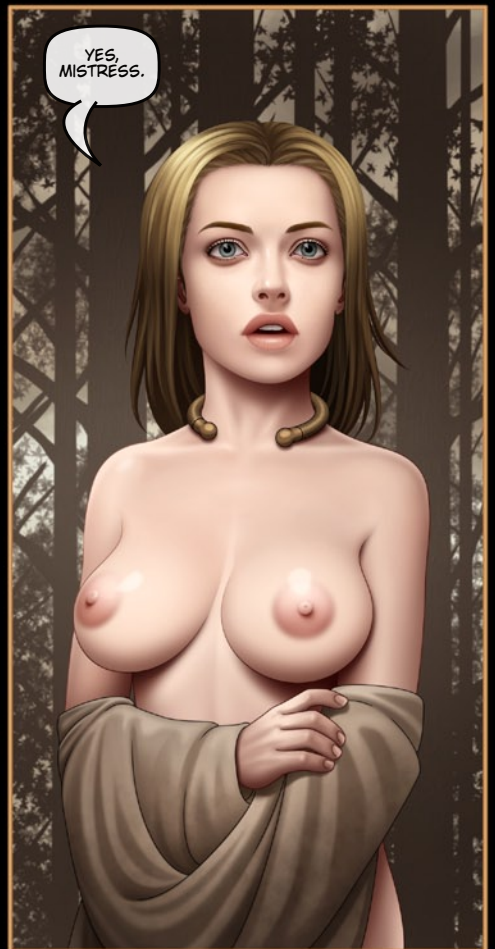
JARL...?!



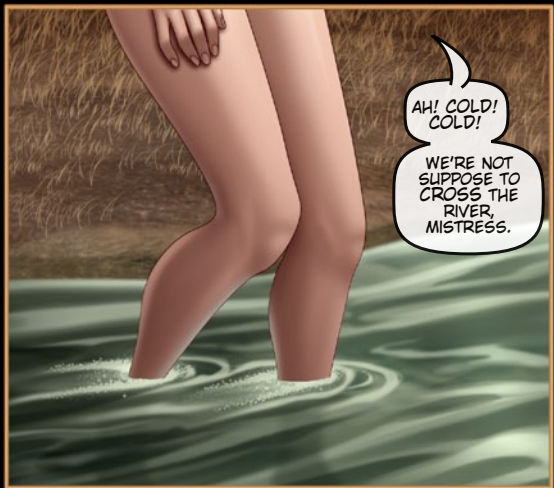
7 YEARS LATER.



"WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?"



YES, MISTRESS.

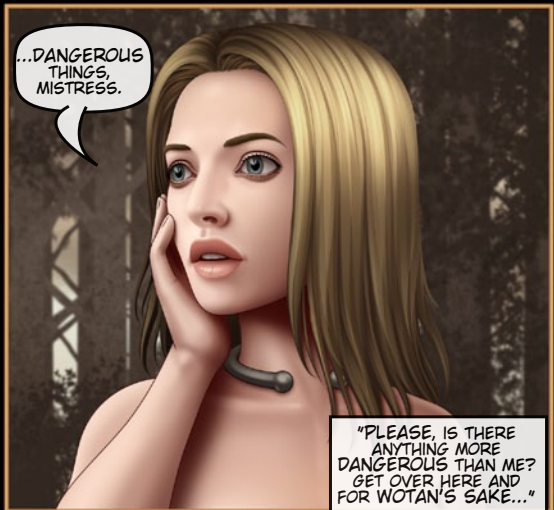


AH! COLD!
COLD!
WE'RE NOT
SUPPOSE TO
CROSS THE
RIVER,
MISTRESS.



THERE ARE
THINGS ON THE
OTHER SIDE.
NAMELESS
THINGS...

"NOTHING BUT TALL
TALES, RONJA. STORIES
MEANT TO KEEP LITTLE
CRAVENS LIKE YOU
FROM VENTURING TOO
FAR."



...DANGEROUS
THINGS,
MISTRESS.

"PLEASE, IS THERE
ANYTHING MORE
DANGEROUS THAN ME?
GET OVER HERE AND
FOR WOTAN'S SAKE..."

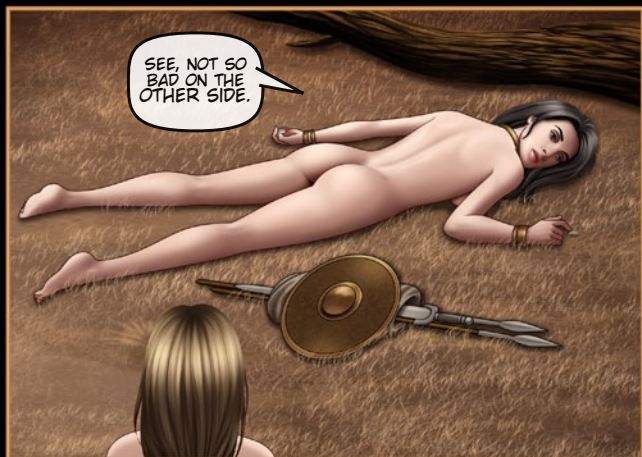


"...DON'T DROWN. I
WON'T BE SAVING
YOU AGAIN. FAT TITS
MAKE YOU HEAVY."

DON'T DROWN...
DON'T DROWN...



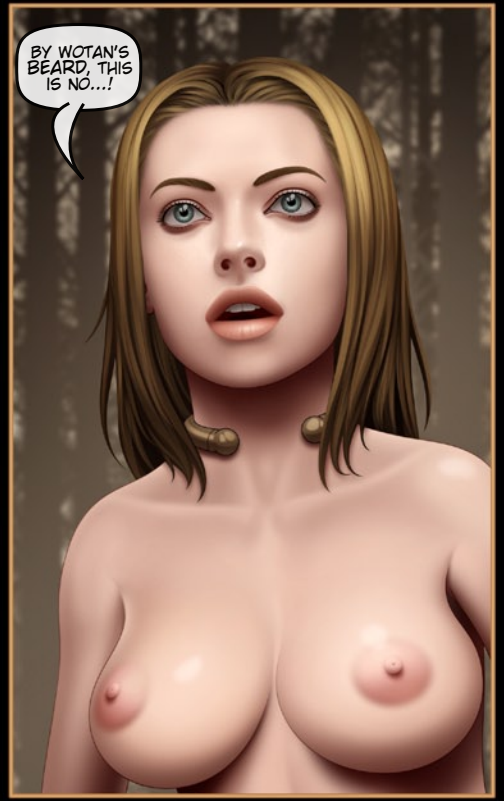
AH!



SEE, NOT SO
BAD ON THE
OTHER SIDE.

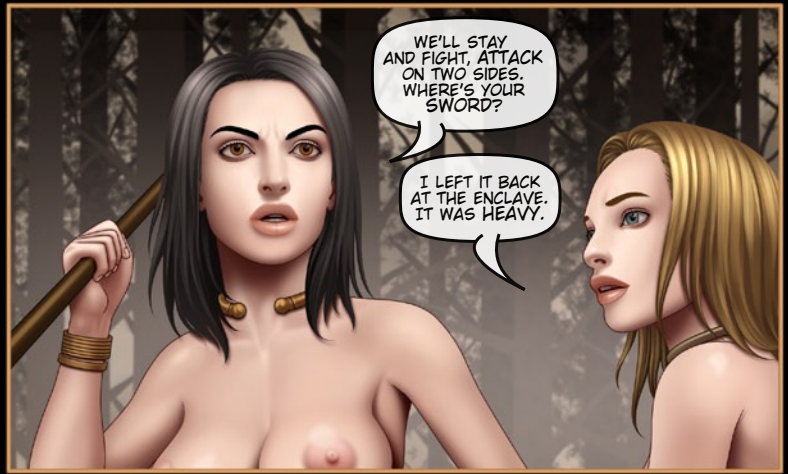


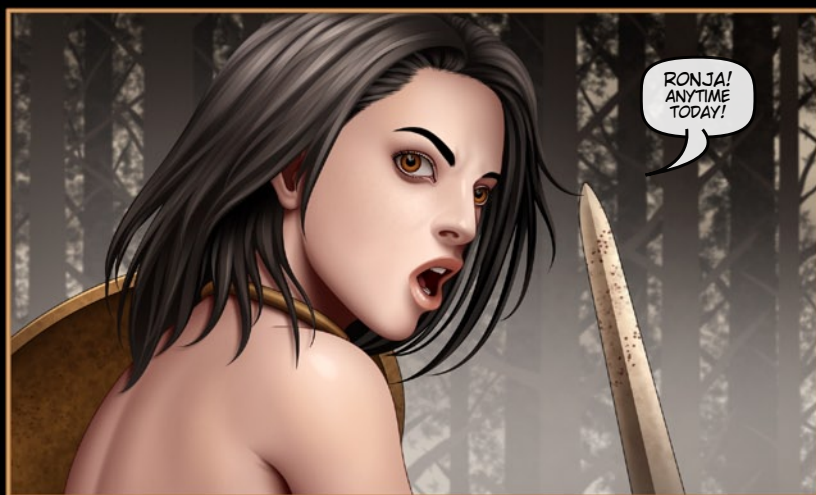




"RONJA, MOVE BACK!"









GRAB HOLD...



DRIVE IT THROUGH...



"...THE HEART!"

RAOWK!



HHHHH!
...DRIVE IT RIGHT THROUGH IT'S HEART.



GOOD THRUST, RONJA. THE WEREBEAST'S HEART LAYS DEEPER IN IT'S CHEST, MAKING IT DIFFICULT TO KILL. UNLESS THE WOUND IS MORTAL, IT CAN STILL LIVE ON.

...ANGLE SEEMS OFF. IS IT TRULY DEAD?



"ANGLE? I THINK IT'S... DEAD?!"



AAGH!

GRAOWR!



LNGH?!



AH!
ACCURSED
BEAST! I'M
STUCK!



HUNGH...?!



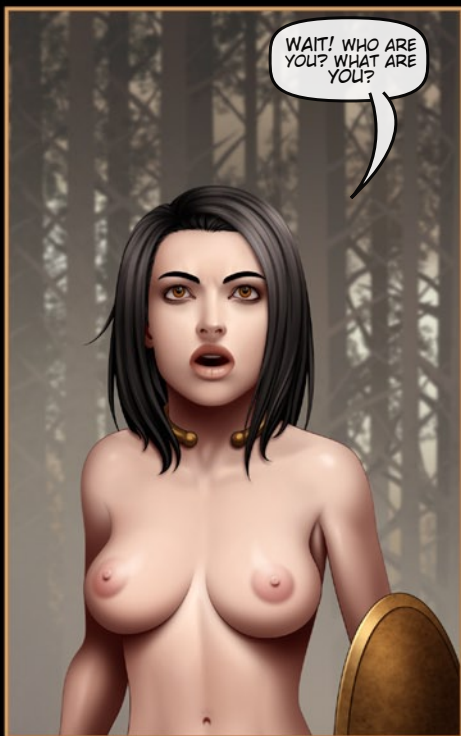
HNNNH!

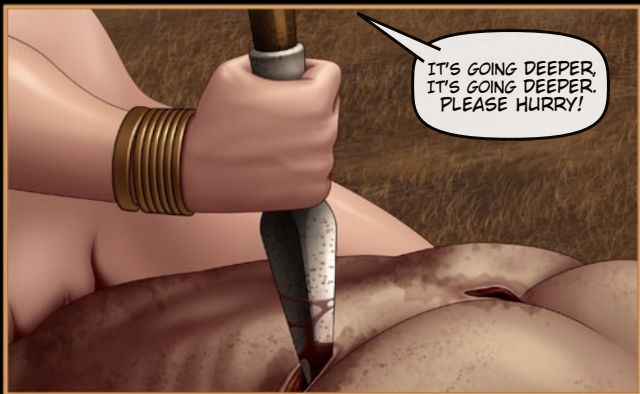
GRRR!



NO!
MISTRESS,
HELP!









RONJA, YOU'RE FALLING BEHIND.



I CAN'T RUN ANYMORE. I'M TIRED AND I'M COLD... MISTRESS SEIGFINNA...



"RONJA."



MILADY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN A LO... BLOOD!

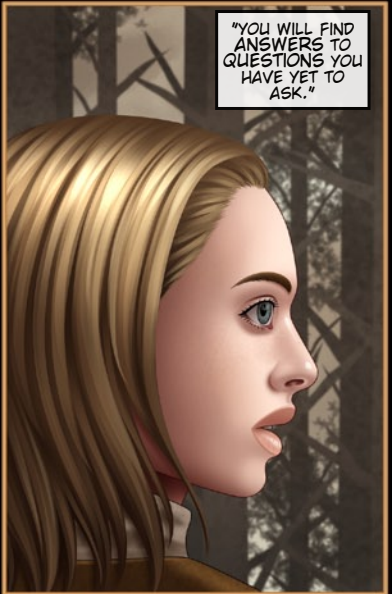


SO MUCH BLOOD. YOU'RE HURT?!

IT'S NOT MY BLOOD YOU SHOULD WORRY ABOUT.



THERE... GO, RONJA.



"YOU WILL FIND ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS YOU HAVE YET TO ASK."



BEHIND THAT TREE... I SEE... RED?!



"A RED CLOAK!"



IT'S BEAUTIFUL.

"IT'S A WARM CLOAK, TAKE IT, IT'S YOURS."



FURTHER <HUFF-HUFF> THAN I THOUGHT.



I GOT IT!



HMPH! WHO DARES?!



NONE MAY APPROACH, BARBARIAN!

NO!



AAH!

"YOU WERE DREAMING?"

MORE LIKE A NIGHTMARE. HOW LONG WAS I...?



"FOR THE BETTER PART OF THE DAY."

"LOOK, IT'S STILL WRIGGLING EVEN NOW. EVIL LOOKING PRICK."



"NO MORE BLEEDING. I TOOK IT OUT IN TIME."

HURTS STILL.



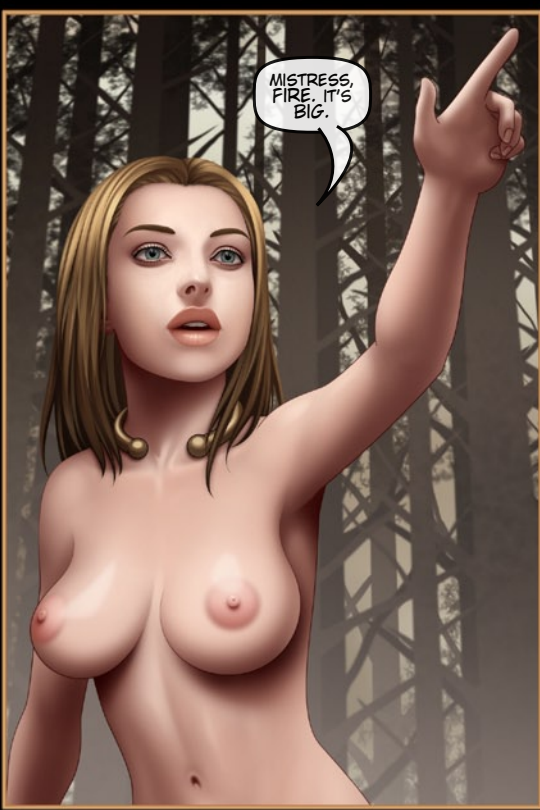
DON'T BE TOO CONCERNED. NOT LIKE YOU'VE LOST ANYTHING OF VALUE. IT'LL HEAL.

HUNGRY? I MADE US SOME GRUB.



"I THINK I'LL PASS."

"MEAT IS MEAT. WHEN YOU'RE ON UNFAMILIAR SOIL, YOU TAKE WHAT YOU CAN GET."



MISTRESS, FIRE. IT'S BIG.



"FIRE?! THE ENCLAVE!"



GET UP! WE NEED TO GET BACK NOW.



"THIS ONE'S STILL ALIVE."



FINISH HIM QUICKLY AND CONTINUE THE COUNT.



"DON'T MISS ANYONE. WE NEED A FULL ACCOUNTING OF OUR KILLS."



...SO WE CAN MAKE A PROPER OFFERING TO THE GODS.



GHAK!

"DON'T BOTHER WITH THE SPOILS."



TO ARMS! WE HAVE COMPANY.



YOU HAVE STAINED THIS GROUND WITH THE BLOOD OF MY PEOPLE. YOU WILL NEITHER RETURN TO YOUR FAMILIES NOR WORSHIP YOUR GODS EVER AGAIN.

RONJA, IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO USE YOU AS A SHIELD, PICK UP A SWORD.





RONJA, YOU STILL WITH ME?



YES, MISTRESS. THIS LIGHTER SWORD SUITS ME.

"DON'T BE SILLY. THAT'S A ROMAN SWORD. WE GIFT THOSE TO LITTLE CHILDREN. SMELT 3 TO FORGE A PROPER SWORD."



"COME OUT, BRENNUS. FACE ME OR ARE YOU SO MUCH OF A COWARD THAT YOU WOULD DRAW BEHIND MY WALLS."



WOULD THAT BE HER, FRIEND BRENNUS.

<SIGH> YES. THE LADY SEIGFINNA, WARRIOR QUEEN OF THE CIMBRII.



BRENNUS, YOU COCKSLUCKER. I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU.



"HERE ARE SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS. THERE ARE MORE, BUT I DON'T WANT TO DULL MY BLADE BEFORE IT CAN TAKE A BITE OFF YOUR NECK."

SACRILEGIOUS WHORE!



MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THIS OUT THEN. THAT MAD BITCH GIVES NEITHER QUARTER NOR MERCY. SHE WILL NOT BE TAKEN ALIVE.

I DO NOT ENVY YOU, MY FRIEND.



PITY THOUGH. I WOULD VERY MUCH HAVE WANTED HER TAKEN ALIVE. THE CAPTURE OF SUCH AN EXOTIC BEAST WOULD CARRY FAVOR IN THE SENATE.



TO BATTLE!



BRENNUS, YOU DISGRACE YOURSELF AND YOUR PEOPLE. SERVING AS LACKEYS TO ROMAN MASTERS. HOW THE BOII TRIBE BEEN LAID LOW.



I WAS RIGHT TO SPURN YOU. YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN SHIT UNDER MY BOOTS.

MISTRESS, AREN'T WE A LITTLE TOO RASH. I FEEL A BIT EXPOSED, PERHAPS THE WOODS COULD PROVIDE...

AS OUR ANCESTORS DID IN THE FACE OF GREAT ODDS, WE STAND AND FIGHT.



ARCHERS AT THE READY!

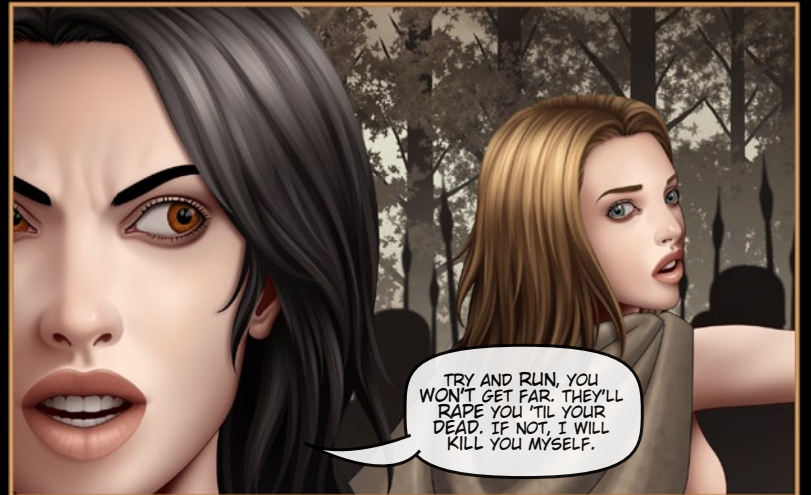


...BUT OUR ANCESTORS DIED TO A MAN.

AND SO THEY DID... WITH HONOR AND GLORY.



I DON'T... I DON'T THINK I CAN...



TRY AND RUN, YOU WON'T GET FAR. THEY'LL RAPE YOU 'TIL YOUR DEAD. IF NOT, I WILL KILL YOU MYSELF.



MIGHTY SEIGFINNA, YOU STILL BELIEVE IN FIGHTING WITHOUT ARMOUR... OR CLOTHES?



I BELIEVE IN HOLDING FAST TO MY PEOPLES TIME HONORED TRADITIONS. WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE IN, COCKSUCKER?



"GOLD TO LINE YOUR POCKETS. TRIVIAL LUXURIES THAT SOFTEN MEN'S FORTITUDE, OR THE INCONSEQUENTIAL PAT ON THE HEAD, CRAVED BY DOGS FROM THEIR MASTERS."

I HAVE HEARD ENOUGH. SHARPENED STEEL WILL CARRY THIS CONVERSATION.



YOU WANT A DUEL, YOU'LL HAVE IT!

SHE'S GOADING YOU.



THAT'S A QUICK WAY TO LOSE AN ARM, JUDOL.

PARDON MY HASTE, MASTER BRENNUS. BUT IT'S A RUSE. SHE WANTS YOU TO FIGHT ON HER TERMS. SINGLE COMBAT. YOU WON'T LAST LONG. TO HER, YOUR ARMOR IS NOTHING BUT DEAD WEIGHT. ONCE YOU'RE SLAIN, YOUR MEN WILL FALL AWAY LIKE LEAVES TO THE WIND.

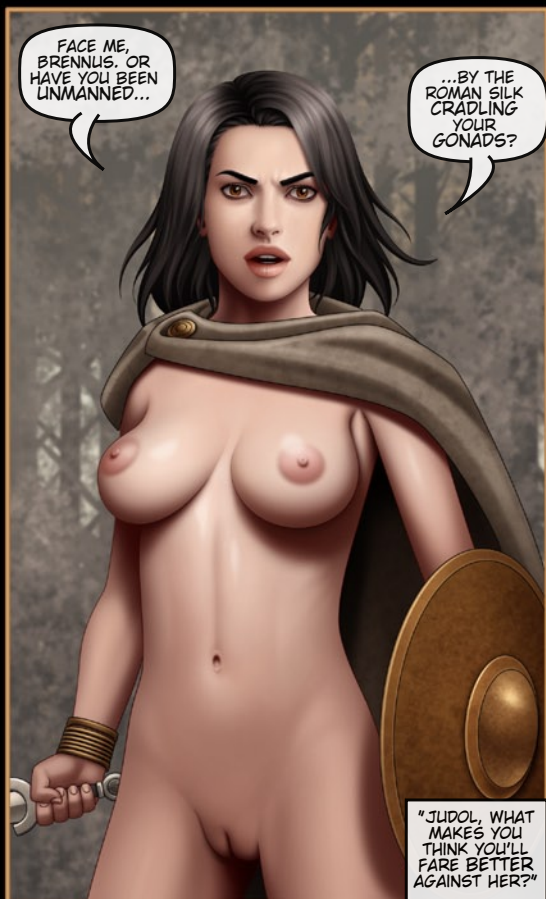


LET ME TAKE UP THE CHALLENGE AND I PROMISE TO TAKE HER ALIVE.

YOU DISHONOR ME, JUDOL. A CHALLENGE WAS MADE AND ACCEPTED.



BRENNUS, LET HIM PROVE HIS WORTH. HONOR CAN ALWAYS BE WON BACK THROUGH CONQUEST AND GOLD. THE LIFE OF A TRUSTED ALLY, NOT SO MUCH.



FACE ME, BRENNUS. OR HAVE YOU BEEN LHMANNED...

...BY THE ROMAN SILK CRADLING YOUR GONADS?

"JUDOL, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'LL FARE BETTER AGAINST HER?"



I TRAINED HER.

MISTRESS SEIGFINNA, I WILL TAKE UP THE BANNER OF THE BOII TRIBE. MY SWORD WILL SPEAK IN THEIR NAME.



JUDOL?! NO! NO!

WHY WOULD YOU BETRAY ME? YOU WERE MY FATHER'S CLOSEST FRIEND. WHY?



I WAS CLOSE TO YOUR FATHER, NOT TO YOU. DEFEND YOURSELF HALF-BLOOD QUEEN.



MASTER CAIUS, ALLOW ME THE PLEASURE OF CHALLENGING THE BLOND ONE. MY BLADE AND FIST WILL SPEAK FOR ROME.

DO WHAT YOU WILL, RUFIO.



"BUT HEED MY PREFERENCE. ALIVE... WITH THE MINIMUM OF SCARRING. THE SLIGHTEST BLEMISH DETRACTS FROM HER VALUE."



YOU DARE...! EXPECT NO MERCY!

AGH! THAT WOULD ONLY BE FITTING, MY QUEEN.



EEW! A DWARF!

I'M NO DWARF YOU DAFT BITCH!





...THAT THIS SPOT IS JUST AS VULNERABLE WITH WOMEN AS IT IS WITH MEN.

AAH!!!



BEFORE I SEND YOUR TREACHEROUS ASS TO THE UNDERWORLD, TELL ME WHY? WAS IT JUST GOLD?

THE BOIL OFFERED PROSPERITY AND ABUNDANCE...

BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY, PEACE WITH ROME. BUT YOU COULD NOT STOMACH A UNION WITH A ROMAN ALLY, AND THEN THERE IS...



...SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS MYSELF.

LET THE ARCHERS TAKE HER DOWN.



"NO! UNLIKE ROMANS, MY MEN WILL NOT FOLLOW COWARDS."



AAGH!



WELL, BRENNUS... I'LL OPEN UP THAT ARMOR JUST TO SEE IF A MAN STILL RESIDES WITHIN. EH?!





THE BASTARDS! OF ALL THE LUCK, WE FOUGHT AND BLED JUST AS HARD AS ANYONE, BUT HERE WE ARE, STUCK ON THE WALLS.

ENOUGH BELLACHING. YOU'RE ON WATCH. YOU'LL GET YOURS.

WHEN?! I LIKE MINE UNBROKEN, WITH A LITTLE BIT OF FIRE IN 'EM. THEY'LL BE USED UP BY THE TIME WE GET OUR TURN.

IF YOU HENS WOULD STOP CACKLING FOR A MOMENT... I HEAR OF TWO WHO WERE SPARED FROM THE CELEBRATIONS. WE CAN HAVE AT THEM IF WE'RE DISCREET.



HERE, HERE! TO VICTORY.



TO THE BOII! TO OUR ROMAN FRIENDS!



HNNNH!



TO BE HONEST, I HAD EXPECTED THEM TO BE MORE RESTIVE.

YOU MISTAKE THEM FOR THEIR ANCESTORS. THE MIGHT OF THE CIMBRII HAVE LONG COME TO PASS. THEY'RE BEATEN, WITHERED IN PRIDE AND SUBMISSIVE TO THEIR BETTERS.

FRIEND CALLS, YOU MAY TAKE YOUR SPOILS AFTER THE REVELRIES.



NO NEED, MY FRIENDS, AN OUTPOST TO CHECK THE WESTWARD ADVANCE OF THE BARBARIANS IS QUITE SUFFICIENT.

AND WHEN OUR BENEFACTOR, THE GREAT JULIUS CAESAR GERMANICUS BECOMES EMPEROR, THE BOII WILL BE FIRST AMONG ROME'S ESTEEMED ALLIES.



"BESIDES, PARADING A CIMBRII QUEEN IN FRONT OF THE SENATE WILL BRING IT'S OWN REWARDS."



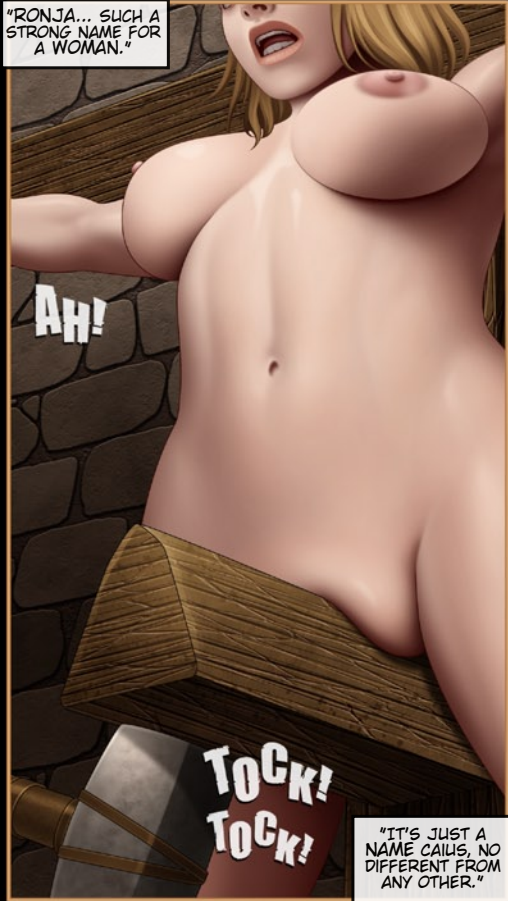
"SHE'D BEEN A THORN AT THE SIDE OF ROME'S NORTHERN PROVINCES, RAIDING PEACEFUL VILLAGES FROM GERMANIA TO NORICUM."

"APOLOGIES TO MY DEAR FRIEND BRENNIUS, FOR TAKING HIS INITIATIVE AWAY. BUT THE WOMAN WILL NOT BE WOODED."



"BUT HE MAY YET PARTAKE OF HER GLORIOUS BOUNTIES WHILST SHE LANGUISH IN OUR MIDST."

"RONJA... SUCH A STRONG NAME FOR A WOMAN."



AH!

ToCk!
ToCk!

"IT'S JUST A NAME CALLS, NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER."

"SHE DID MANAGE TO DISPATCH A NUMBER OF YOUR SEASONED MEN. NO MEAN FEAT."



AAGH!

"DON'T REMIND ME, EACH MAN HAS A WIFE AND FAMILY TO PLACATE BACK IN PANNONIA."



SHE'D MAKE A FINE GLADIATRIX. WE'LL MAKE GOOD COIN SELLING HER TO A DISTINGUISHED LLIDIS IN CAPUA. WHAT'S HER STORY? ANYONE?



CALL HER RONJIANA. PRESENT HER AS A GODLESS WARRIOR WOMAN FROM SOME MONSTROUS NORTHERN TRIBE AND BE DONE WITH IT.
WHY NEED BOTHER WITH HER STORY? SHE'S ONLY A SLAVE NOW. MAKE ONE UP.



YES, BUT IT'S ALWAYS BETTER TO HAVE AN AUTHENTIC ONE TO EMBELLISH UPON. YOU GIRL...



...TELL ME ABOUT THIS RONJA WOMAN.
BUT I KNOW YOU WOMEN LIKE TO PRATTLE ON WITH PROLIFEROUS DETAILS...

HNNH...?



"...SO MY FRIEND THERE WILL APPLY AN ESCALATING DEGREE OF DISCOMFORT TO HURRY THINGS ALONG."

AAH!



SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF HALVDAHN, A GREAT WARRIOR. AAH, PLEASE...! 'KILLED MANY ROMANS BEFORE DYING IN BATTLE.

SO THAT THE TRIBES OF GERMANIA WOULD ALWAYS BE VICTORIOUS. HER MOTHER, FREJDIS WAS SACRIFICED TO THE GODS.



SACRIFICED TO THE GODS? IT'S MY UNDERSTANDING THAT ONLY WARRIORS AND VIRGINS WOULD BE SUITABLE FOR SUCH A LOFTY REQUEST.



"FREJDIS WAS AN HONORED VOLVA, DAUGHTER TO BABA SALMEI, THE HIGHEST OF THE VOLUR."

AH!



"VOLVA, HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE BARBARIAN CULTS! NOW THIS IS INTERESTING. I DON'T HAVE TO MAKE UP ANY STORY. A VOLVA FIGHTING IN THE ARENA WOULD MAKE A GREAT ATTRACTION ALL ON IT'S OWN."

PLEASE MAKE HIM STOP!



YOU MEAN 'BUTCHERED' IN THE ARENA. THE REPUTATION OF THESE WITCHES ARE NOT LOST ON YOUR PEOPLE, CAIUS.

ROMAN CAPTIVES ARE ROUTINELY TORTURED AND KILLED BY THE VOLVA TO APPEASE THEIR GODS. YOUR PEOPLE WILL CHEER AS SHE'S TORN AND REND TO PIECES.



BUT SHE'S NOT A VOLVA. SHE WAS NEVER CONSECRATED AS A PRIESTESS. PLEASE STOP! AAAIEEH!



SHE HAS THE BLOOD TIES. THAT'S ENOUGH TO CALL HER A VOLVA AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED. HER PUBLIC TORMENT WILL BE SPECTACULAR.

THAT WILL DO, VINDEK.

THANK YOU, MASTER.



AAGH!



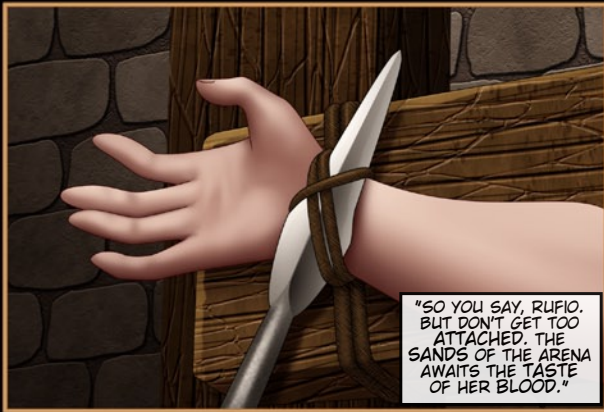
MASTER CALLS, I WILL TAKE THE PRIVILEGE OF BEDDING WITH THIS GIRL. I RESERVE THAT RIGHT AFTER BESTING HER IN COMBAT.



GO AHEAD, RUFIO. TAKE CARE NOT TO SOW ANY SEEDS. WE DON'T NEED TO SEE ANYMORE STUNTED RUFIOS FUSSING ABOUT.



<SIGH> WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, MASTER. MY CONDITION IS NOT HEREDITARY.



"SO YOU SAY, RUFIO. BUT DON'T GET TOO ATTACHED. THE SANDS OF THE ARENA AWAITS THE TASTE OF HER BLOOD."



DID SHE JUST...?



I DON'T OFTEN FIND WOMEN WHO CAN SO READILY CUM, STRADDLING A WEDGED CROSS. YOU'RE CURIOUSLY INTERESTING.

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ME, GIRL. MY PROWESS IN BED IS EQUAL TO MY PROWESS IN BATTLE.

HNNNH!

"HE'S ASLEEP...
FOR NOW. HIS
WOUNDS ARE..."



WHEN HE'S BETTER,
WE'LL LEAVE FOR
CHAUCI TERRITORY.
HOPEFULLY, THEY'LL
TAKE US IN.

BETTER
HE DIED.



ASFRID!



IT SHAMES ME...
WHAT HE DID. SHE
WAS OUR QUEEN!



HE HAD NO CHOICE. IF
HE DIDN'T DO WHAT HE
DID, YOU WOULD BE OUT
THERE FUCKED RAW BY
CELTS AND THEN SENT
OFF TO BROTHELS TO
BE FUCKED BY
HUNDREDS MORE.



I WOULD HAVE
FOUGHT LIKE THE
OTHER WARRIORS.
LIKE RONJA...

AND WHEN
HAVE YOU EVER
HANDLED A
SWORD?



RONJA?
SHE'S THERE, SPLAYED
AND TEETERING, WITH
HER CUNNY ON A WEDGE.
IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT
FOR YOURSELF? BE
SENSIBLE!

WELL, WELL. SEE
HERE BROTHERS?
TWO WILY BIRDS TO
HELP TEMPER
YOUR CACKLING.





BASTARDS!
LEAVE US
ALONE!

COME NO FURTHER!
YOUR CAPTAIN GAVE
US HIS ASSURANCE OF
PROTECTION. NO HARM
MAY COME TO ME NOR
TO MY DAUGHTER OR
YOUR LIFE IS FORFEIT.

HARM? I ASSURE
YOU, WE HAVE NO
SUCH EVIL
INTENTIONS.



WE'RE
JUST HERE
TO FUCK!



NO HARM
IN THAT?
WHOOA!

THESE ARE QUITE
A HANDFUL...
MAKE THAT TWO
HANDFULS.



SHE HAS A LOT TO
MAKE UP FOR. THIS
FEISTY ONE IS AS
FLAT AS A BOARD.



IS SHE
EVEN A
GIRL?

AGH!



LET'S FIND
OUT.

NO!
DON'T!



HMM... DEFINITELY A GIRL. FOR ALL THE GOOD THAT'LL DO HER.



SHE'S ALL PINK AND RANDY. LET'S HAVE AT IT.

MAMA, HELP ME!



SHE MAKES ME HARD JUST BY LOOKING.

PLEASE, DO WHATEVER YOU WISH WITH ME, BUT SPARE MY DAUGHTER. I BEG YOU!

WE CAN DO WHATEVER WE WANT WITH YOU NOW. WE'VE NO REASON TO SUBMIT TO YOUR PLEA.



AAH!

TO SHOW YOU WE'RE NO BAND OF BRITISH BARBARIANS. WE'LL SPARE YOU...



...THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF HER RAVISHING.

HNNNH!



GIRL, I HOPE YOU LIKE NICE THICK CELTIC MEAT BETWEEN YOUR LEGS.



"YOU'LL BE GETTING PLENTY OF IT AND MORE."

NO-NO... PLEASE!



OOH! I LIKE HOW THIS FEELS. SHE'S SO WARM AND TIGHT.



AAH!



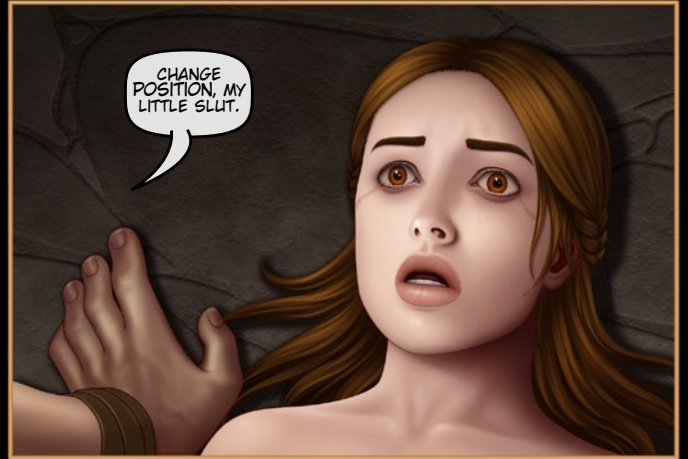
BAH! THIS ONE'S ALREADY SPEWED IT'S YOUNG. HER SHEATH WOULD FIT A BROADSWORD.

WILL DO WITH THE OTHER HOLE. THAT NEVER LOOSES IT'S TAUT.

MMNFFF!



FUCK YES! THIS BITCH CAN GRIP.





IT HURTS!
IT HURTS!
STOP!
PLEASE!

MAMA!
PAPA!



"MAMA!"



"PAPA!
AAH!"



I'M NOT A
BRUTE. I CAN
TRACE MY ROOTS
TO A REGION
SOUTH OF HERE.

BUT YOU
SERVE THE
ROMAN.

THAT I DO. IT'S MY
LOT. YOUR LOT WILL
BE SIMILAR, BUT WILL
INCLUDE QUITE A BIT
OF PAIN.

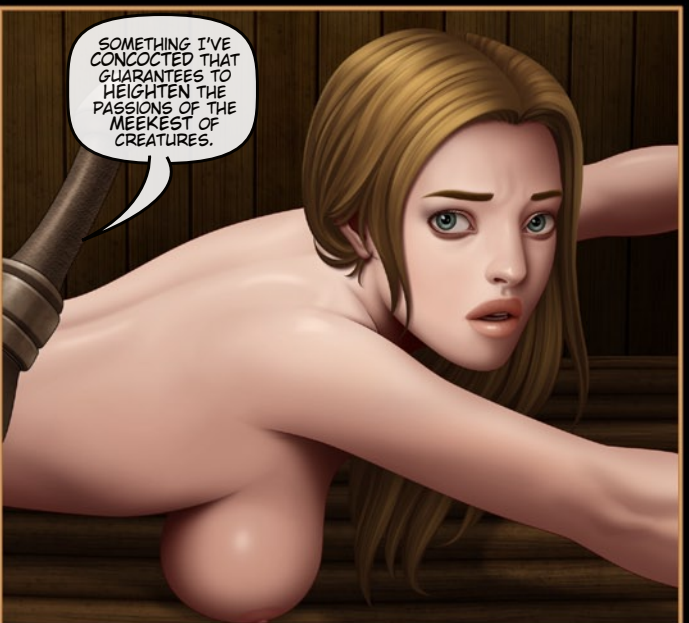
BUT NOT TONIGHT.
WE CAN MAKE THIS
TIME EQUALLY
PLEASURABLE FOR
THE BOTH OF US.



YOU JUST
NEED TO BE
CALM AND
SUBMIT.

I AM A CONNOISSEUR
OF EXOTIC POTIONS,
PARTICULARLY THOSE
THAT ARE NATIVE TO
THIS REGION.

W-WHAT
IS IT?



SOMETHING I'VE
CONCOCTED THAT
GUARANTEES TO
HEIGHTEN THE
PASSIONS OF THE
MEEKEST OF
CREATURES.



TAKE A GOOD SWIG, MY DEAR

NO!
GULK!



<COUGH!>
GLK! ACK!
<COUGH!>



BLEAH!
TASTE HORRID!
<COUGH!>
<COUGH!>



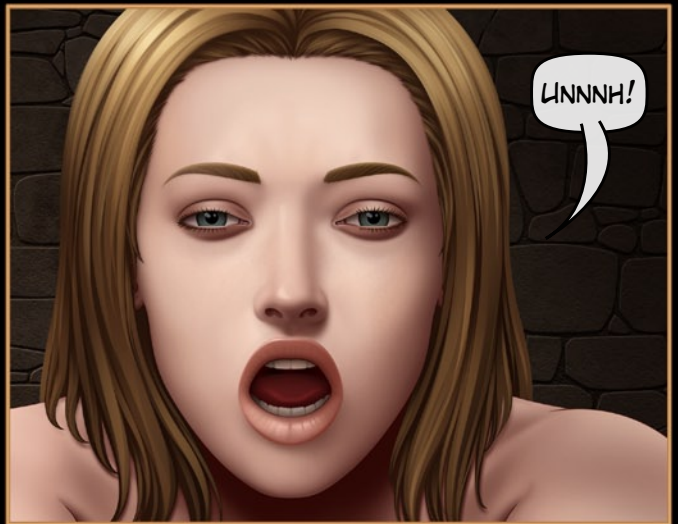
TASTE WAS NEVER A CONSIDERATION.



THERE ARE OTHER METHODS TO GET IT INTO YOUR SYSTEM.



SOME MORE EFFICACIOUS THAN OTHERS.



LNNNH!



YOU'LL BE FEELING IT SOON.



D-DON'T...!



THAT'S... ODD SENSATION... BUT IT'S SO GOOD.



MNNH!

HARD TO BELIEVE, LITTLE BASTARD'S TWICE THE SIZE OF MY FIST PASS THROUGH HERE.



"MAKES ONE FEEL SOMEWHAT... INADEQUATE. EH?"

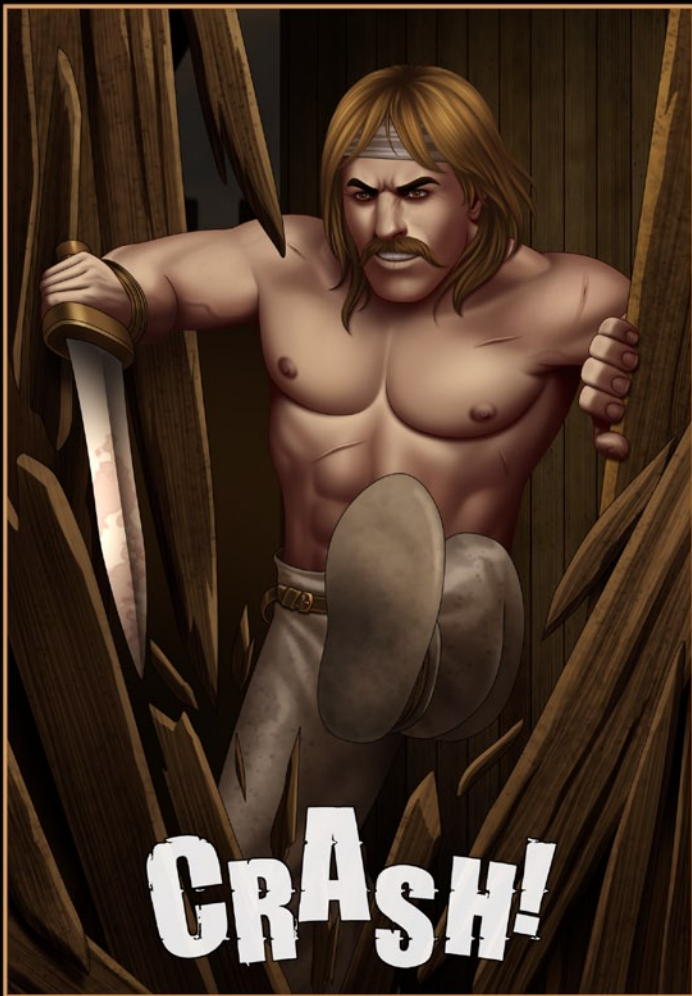
MMNNOFF!

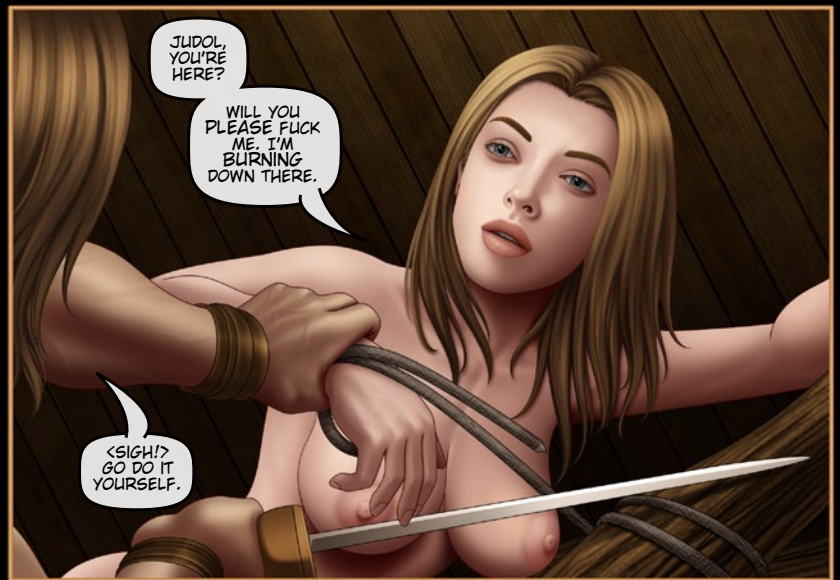


I FEEL HOT DOWN THERE... PLEASE RUB IT SOME MORE. I NEED...

I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT.









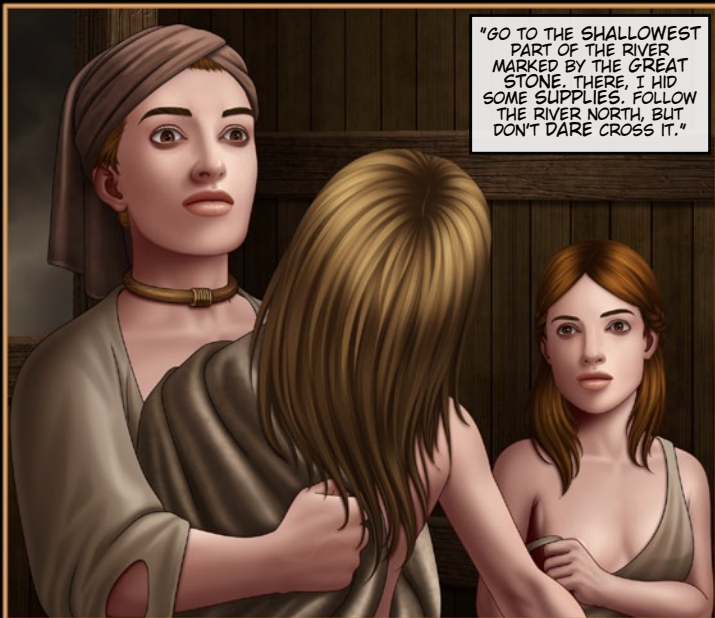
<SNIFF-SNIFF!>
IT'S A VERY STRONG
HENEBANE EXTRACT,
MIXED WITH POTIONS
I'M NOT FAMILIAR
WITH. SHE COULD BE
LIKE THIS FOR DAYS.



WHY DO WE
NEED HER?
LET'S JUST
LEAVE!



YOU'LL NEED
HER, RONJA'S
AS GOOD WITH
A SWORD AS
I AM.



"GO TO THE SHALLOWEST
PART OF THE RIVER
MARKED BY THE GREAT
STONE. THERE, I HAD
SOME SUPPLIES. FOLLOW
THE RIVER NORTH, BUT
DON'T DARE CROSS IT."



I WON'T BE
JOINING YOU. MY
WOUNDS WILL NOT
HEAL. THE DWARF
HAS SEEN TO THAT.

BUT PAPA, NO!

THERE'S
NO TIME TO
ARGUE...
AGH!



FROM THIS DAY
ON, RONJA WILL
BE YOUR SWORD
ARM.

NOW, HELP ME
WITH MY ARMOR.
THEY MUSTN'T
SEE ME BLEED.

I WILL DELAY
THEM FOR AS
LONG AS I
DRAW BREATH.



"JARL SEIGFINN,
HALVDALN, I KEPT
MY WORD. PLEASE
SPARE MY WIFE AND
CHILD FROM THE
DIRE RECKONING
OF MY SINS."

RUFIO!



POOR RUFIO, YOU WILL BE AVENGED. I SWEAR IT.



I DIDN'T THINK YOU CARED FOR THE DWARF ALL THAT MUCH.



OVERTIME, EVEN SLAVES BECOME FAMILY.

DON'T CALL HIM A DWARF. HE DOESN'T LIKE THAT.



WE HAVE JUDOL CORNERED NEAR THE GREAT HALL!

AND THE OTHERS?

NOWHERE TO BE FOUND, MASTER.



THEY'RE BEYOND THE WALLS BY NOW. SEND THE SCOUTS TO FIND THEM.



"I'LL DEAL WITH THAT TRAITOR JUDOL."

WHO WISHES TO FOLLOW? MAKE IT SPORTING AT LEAST YOU COWARDS.



SHOW ME SOME HONOR.

HONOR IS RESERVED FOR THOSE WHO MERIT IT. NOT FOR TREACHEROUS DOGS LIKE YOU.



THERE, I SEE IT.

???



FOOD, CLOTHES AND WEAPONS.



"ASFRID, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO?"

I NEED TO WASH THEIR STENCH FROM MY BODY.



I CAN'T TAKE THE SMELL ANYMORE, MAMA.

YOU SHOULD DO THAT WHEN WE'RE FURTHER OUT.

YOU, COME HERE.



RONJA'S SWORD...



HERE. PUT THIS ON.

NO, I DON'T WANT TO. IT'S HEAVY. I CAN'T SWIM WITH IT.

<SIGH!> IT'S YOUR SWORD. HOW DOES OUR QUEEN PUT LIP WITH YOUR WHINING?











SUCH WASTE!
RECOVER THE BODIES.
WE NEED TO SHOW
PROOF OF THEIR
DEMISE.



LISTEN! WE'RE
BEING WATCHED.
I SEE SOMETHING
MOVING ON THE
OTHER SIDE.



YEEARGH!



"DEFENSIVE
POSITIONS!"



NO!
FALL BACK
TO THE
ENCLAVE!







THIS PLACE...



THE RED CLOAK... BUT THAT AWFUL SMELL...



DEATH!



THOSE SOUNDS... A BATTLE!



"THE LADY... BUT SHE'S NOT ALONE. SHE'S WITH..."



"MOTHER!"





AARH!



AAGH!



YOU...!



ME?!



...SHOULD NOT BE HERE. THIS IS NO PLACE FOR CHILDREN. BUT...



PARDON ME, I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE SPIRITS OF THE FAR NORTHERN WOODS. BUT WAIT... YOU'RE NOT A WOOD SPIRIT ARE YOU?

DREAM WALKER. THAT YOU ARE.



NOW, WHY WOULD YOU BRING YOURSELF HERE? A WALKER CAN GET LOST IN THEIR OWN DREAMS, NEVER EVER FINDING THEIR WAY BACK TO THE WAKING WORLD. THAT RED CLOAK, IT'S A SOLDIER'S CLOAK. HOW DID YOU COME BY IT?

I DON'T REALLY KNOW. I WAS FOLLOWING THE LADY IN THE BLUE CLOAK.

THE VOLVA?!



MOTHER!
MOTHER!
WHERE DID
SHE GO?

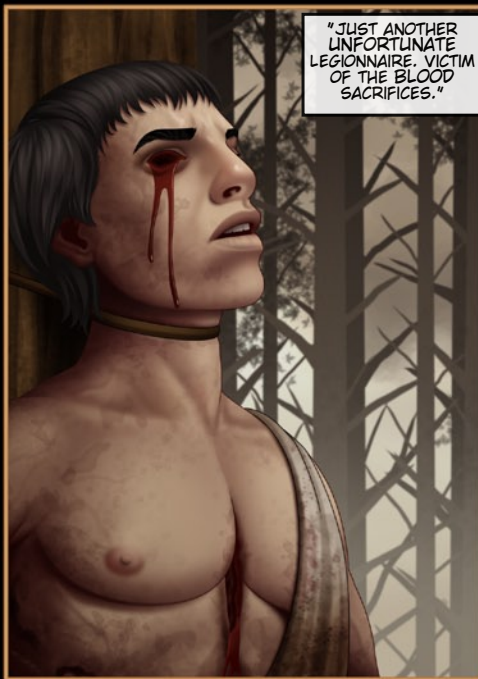
SHE'S
ALREADY
DEAD.



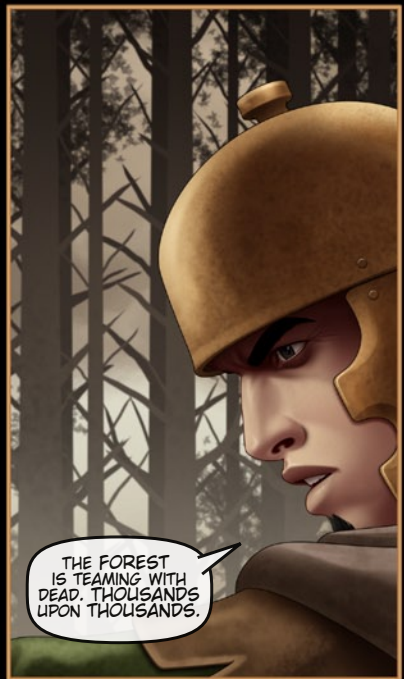
"EVERYTHING YOU SEE
HERE HAD ALREADY COME
TO PASS. YOU ARE
STROLLING THROUGH THE
ECHOES OF TIME. YOU CAN
DO NOTHING BUT BEAR
WITNESS."



YOU TALK
OF STRANGE
THINGS, ARCHER.
WHO WAS HE?



"JUST ANOTHER
UNFORTUNATE
LEGIONNAIRE. VICTIM
OF THE BLOOD
SACRIFICES."



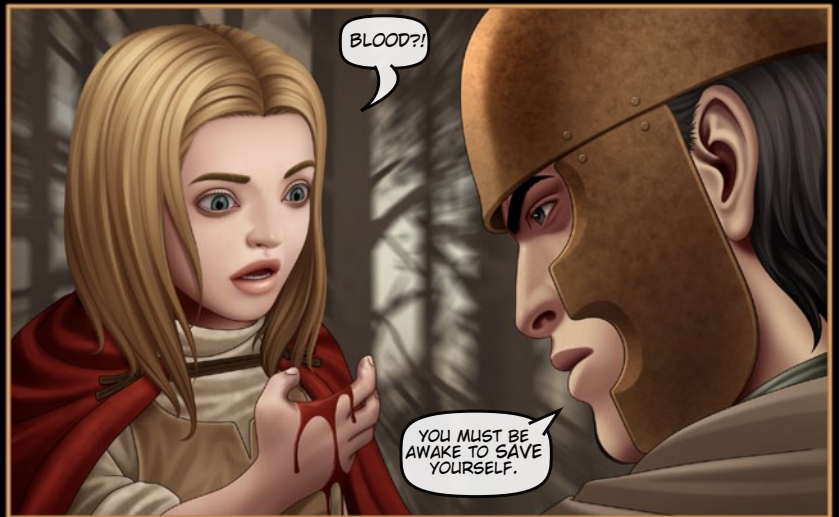
THE FOREST
IS TEEMING WITH
DEAD. THOUSANDS
UPON THOUSANDS.



I SHOULD
WARN YOU THAT
THE VOLUR
ARE PREPARING
A SUMMONING.



"WHEN IT BEGINS
AND YOU'RE STILL
HERE, YOU WON'T
BE ABLE TO
RETURN."





"THAT ACCURSED JUDOL WOULD NOT SCREAM. NARY A WHIMPER, EVEN AS I RIPPED AT HIS GULLET."



"INTENSELY DISAPPOINTING. I WOULD'VE RELISHED TO SEE HIS FACE AS I CRUCIFIED HIS WIFE AND BASTARD, BUT I WAS ROBBED OF THAT PLEASURE BY CRAVEN ALLIES WHO RUN AT THE SIGHT OF GHOSTS."



AAH!

THWAPP!
THWAPP!

"NOW, I'M LEFT TO SATIATE MYSELF WITH YOUR PALTRY SCREAMS..."



...WHICH I FIND PROFOUNDLY LACKING. VINPEX, HARDER!



"YOU INSULT THE HONOR OF MY MEN. THEY'VE BLED ENOUGH FOR YOU, CAIUS."

Noo!!!

THWAPP!



STOP!
PLEASE!



AAGH!

THWAPP!



"THEY RAN FOR THEIR LIVES WITHOUT ASCERTAINING THE STRENGTH OF THEIR ENEMY. A FEW WELL PLACED BALLISTA SHOTS AND THEY PLATTER ON ABOUT GIANTS WITH SUPERHUMAN FEATS."

EVEN THE BRAVEST CAN BE INNERVED. THE MEASURE OF COURAGE IS NOT DETERMINED BY A SINGLE ACT.



"SPEAKING FOR THE HONOR OF YOUR SCOUTS IS BEST DONE WELL AFTER COITUS."



IT TOOK TIME TO HARNESS HER AND IT WOULD'VE BEEN FOOLISH NOT TO DO SO.



"YOUR ARGUMENT WOULD BE BETTER SERVED IF SHE WERE UNBOUND. IT WOULD APPEAR MORE MANLY."

YOU DON'T GET A SAY ON WHEN AND HOW I CHOOSE TO PARTAKE OF SEIGFINNA'S BOUNTIES.



FUCKING RATHER THAN WHIPPING WOULD DO WELL IN ADDRESSING YOUR SENSE OF LOSE, MY FRIEND.



AAATEEH!!!

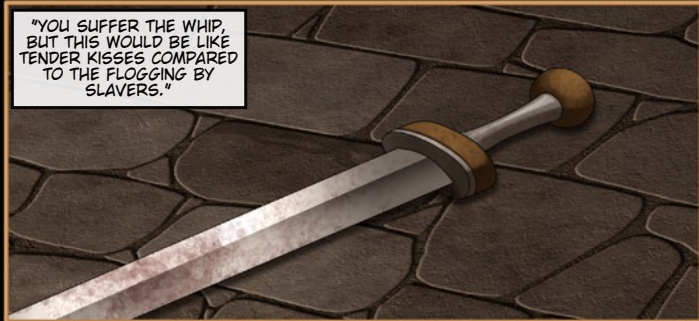
"I WON'T EVEN PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND YOUR MOTIVATIONS, BRENNUS."

FLACK!



SO DON'T PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND MINE.

IF THIS WERE A PROPER ROMAN VEXILLATION, I WOULD HAVE THE RANKS PURGED AND DECIMATED.





AH!
NO!

VINDEX, I DID NOT TELL YOU TO STOP.



AHH! PLEASE, YOUR KILLING ME.

AAGH!

YOU EXAGGERATE! THIS IS NOTHING. A TRUE FLOGGING CAN RIP FLESH FROM BONE. AND NO ONE EVER DIES FROM A NIPPLE TUG.



CAIUS, DO YOU MIND? THIS IS STARTING TO STIFLE ME.

MNNNH!



"VERY WELL, FRIEND BRENNUS."



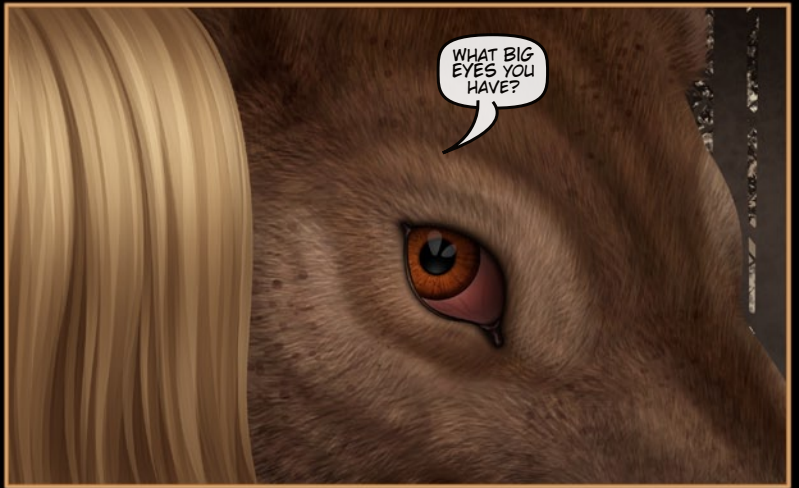
SEE GIRL, YOU'RE NO WORST FOR WEAR. IT STINGS BUT IT'S ONLY SUPERFICIAL.

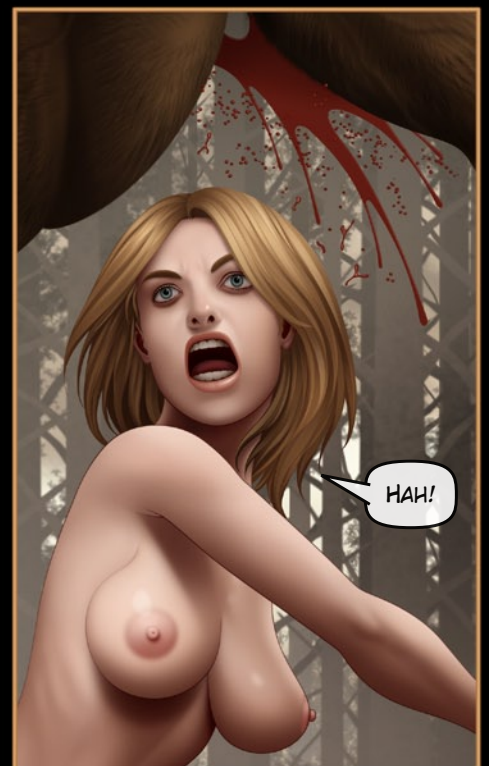
VINDEX, TAKE HER FROM BEHIND.



"GIVE HER A GOOD REARING."



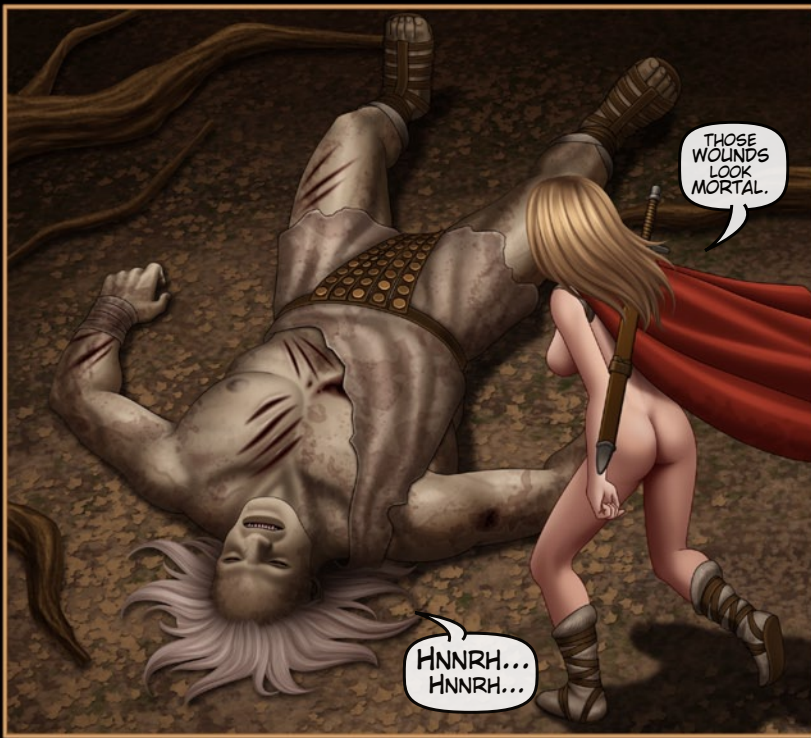












THOSE WOUNDS LOOK MORTAL.

HNNRH...
HNNRH...



I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE THE SAME CREATURE THAT SAVED ME FROM BEFORE BUT...



I DON'T HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE TO HEAL YOUR WOUNDS NOR EASE YOUR SUFFERING.



ALL I CAN DO IS HASTEN YOUR WAY TO WHATEVER...



...AFTERWORLD YOUR KIND GOES TO.



I'M SORRY.

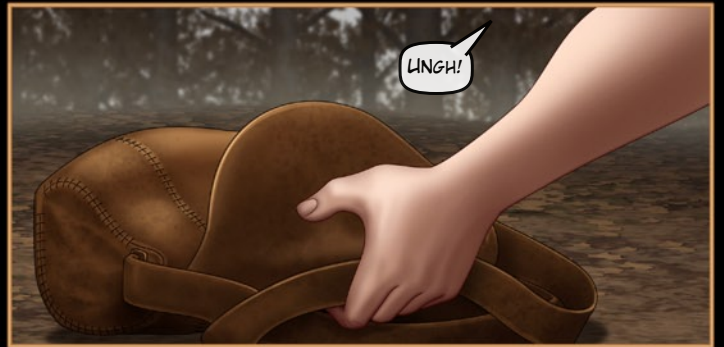


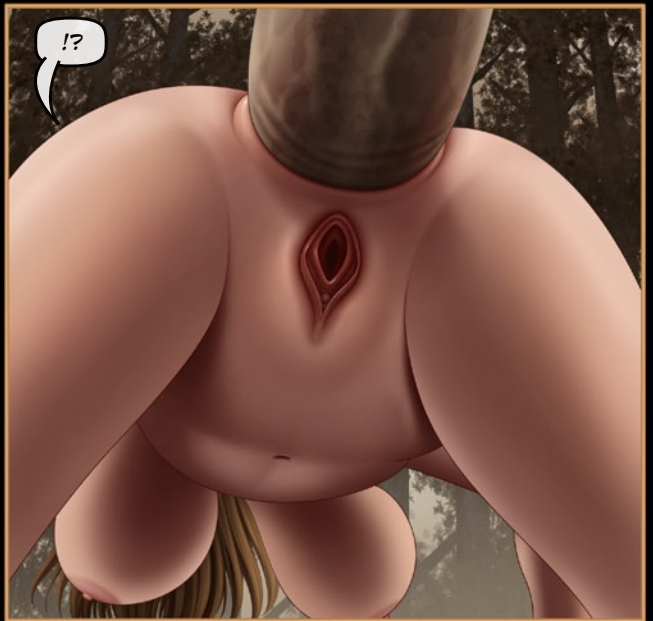
HUNGH?!















WE'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH, CAIUS. THE RIVER'S AT OUR BACK. IF WE SHOULD BE FORCED TO MAKE A HASTY RETREAT, WE WILL LOSE MANY MEN.

WE'LL BE SURE TO ABSTAIN FROM MAKING HASTY RETREATS THEN.

WE SHOULD TURN BACK NOW, MAKE OUR WAY TO THE WESSER RIVER AND JOIN WITH LORD GERMANICUS.

WE HAVE YET TO FIND A FOREST GHOST, DEAR BRENNUS.



I FEEL THE COLD CHILL OF AN ILL WIND BLOWING. THE MEN FEEL IT TOO.

SOMEONE OR SOMETHING MADE YOUR SCOUTS SCAMPER LIKE RATS. EVEN THE CIMBRII FEAR THIS SIDE OF THE RIVER.



I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT LAYS WITHIN THESE FOREBODING WOODS. IS THERE ANOTHER BARBARIC TRIBE THAT THREATENS ROME'S NORTHERN MOST FRONTIER? THE MACROMANII, THE DACIANS?

THIS WAS NEVER PART OF THE MISSION. HIS LORD GERMANICUS NEVER ORDERED US TO MOVE BEYOND THE CIMBRII ENCLAVE.



I NEVER TOOK YOU FOR A COWARD, BUT NOW YOU GIVE ME DOUBT.



THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PRUDENCE AND COWARDICE, CAIUS.



WE'RE NOT TOYS FOR YOU TO MOVE AROUND A GAME BOARD. REMEMBER THAT, CAIUS.

MASTER, CAIUS.



WE FOUND THIS, IT LOOKS ROMAN.



IT IS, YOU IDIOT! HAND IT OVER. YOU SULLY IT WITH YOUR FILTH.



BRENNUS, LOOK HERE. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS?



THIS IS THE SHAFT OF AN EAGLE STANDARD. WHO WOULD'VE BELIEVED THAT VARUS' LEGIONS REACHED THIS FAR.

BE OF GOOD CHEER. ONCE WE FIND THE EAGLE THAT TIPS THIS STANDARD WE CAN GO HOME WITH HONOR AND TRIUMPH.



"BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY DO YOU DRAW BACK?"



WE HAVE DONE ALL THAT ROME HAD ASKED OF US. FOUGHT, BLED AND DIED. WE ARE DONE.

MY MEN WILL NOT FOLLOW COWARDS, BUT NEITHER WILL THEY FOOLS.



BRENNIS, YOU KNOW THE WEIGHT OF MY WORDS, SO LISTEN CAREFULLY.

ONCE THIS BETRAYAL IS MADE KNOWN, YOUR PEOPLE WILL BLEED LIKE NEVER BEFORE. YOUR VILLAGES WILL BURN, YOUR MEN SLAUGHTERED, YOUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN DEFILED.



"THE BOII TRIBE WILL CEASE TO EXIST."

"THE PRICE FOR TREACHERY IS HIGH INDEED."



WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES. WE ARE DEEP IN HOSTILE TERRITORY, DEAR CAIUS.

THE DEATH OF A ROMAN OFFICER, FIGHTING ALONG SIDE AN ALLIED FORCE, THAT WOULDN'T BE HARD TO BELIEVE.



"THE CASUALTIES WE'VE SUSTAINED IS PROOF ENOUGH."

THOSE WILL NOT BE THE LAST OF YOUR CASUALTIES, FRIEND BRENNIS.



COME ON! THE THIRST OF MY BLADE IS YET TO BE SATIATED.



TSK, TSK! BRAVADO WILL NOT SERVE YOU TODAY.

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND, ARCHERS!



RED



RED



RED RIDING HOOD



RED RIDING HOOD



VOLUME 2



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