

THE PROTO

Part One



**IMPORTANT
ACROBAT READER SETTINGS
THIS COMIC NEEDS VERSION 9
OF ACROBAT READER OR LATER**

You can download it for free from www.adobe.com

**For a better experience reading this comic we recommend to
read it in FULL SCREEN MODE as follows:**

- 1- Open the comic normally with ACROBAT READER 9 or later**
- 2- Click on VIEW and select FULL SCREEN MODE Alternatively you
can type CTRL L**
- 3- Use your keyboard arrow keys to change page**
- 4- Click ESC anytime to return to normal screen mode**

**For a clearer text set 'RENDERING' to
'For Monitor' or 'For Laptop/LCD screens'
You'll find this setting in the menu bar:
EDIT/ PREFERENCES/Page Display/Rendering**

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All characters are 18 years old or older.

This comic contains entirely fictional work based on cartoon characters for adult entertainment. It shows no real people or events. The characters are shown participating in CONSENSUAL role-play for their own personal satisfaction, simulating activities which involve sexual dominance and submission. No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.

All the stories in this collection are fictitious
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TO KEEP ON PRODUCING NEW MATERIAL AND PUT THE JOBS
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BDSM PUBLICATIONS OF QUALITY IS HARD TO FIND NOWADAYS,
PLEASE HELP US TO STAY IN BUSINESS.

WE ENCOURAGE YOU TO LET US NOW IF YOU FIND ANY OF OUR
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THE EDITOR

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The Proto

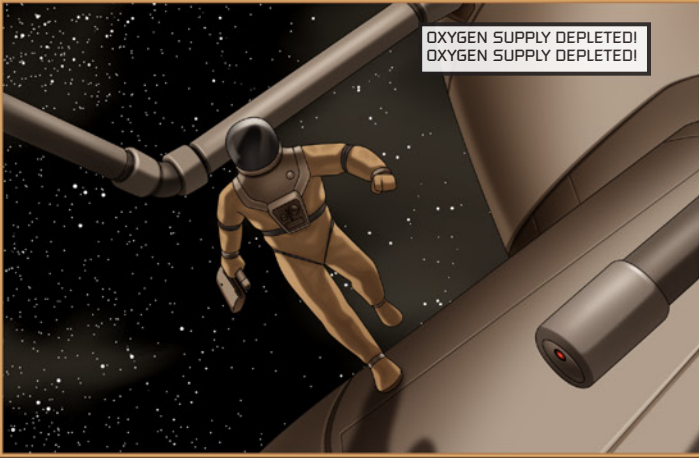
BY FERRES

OXYGEN LEVELS CRITICAL!
OXYGEN LEVELS CRITICAL!

THE FUCK!

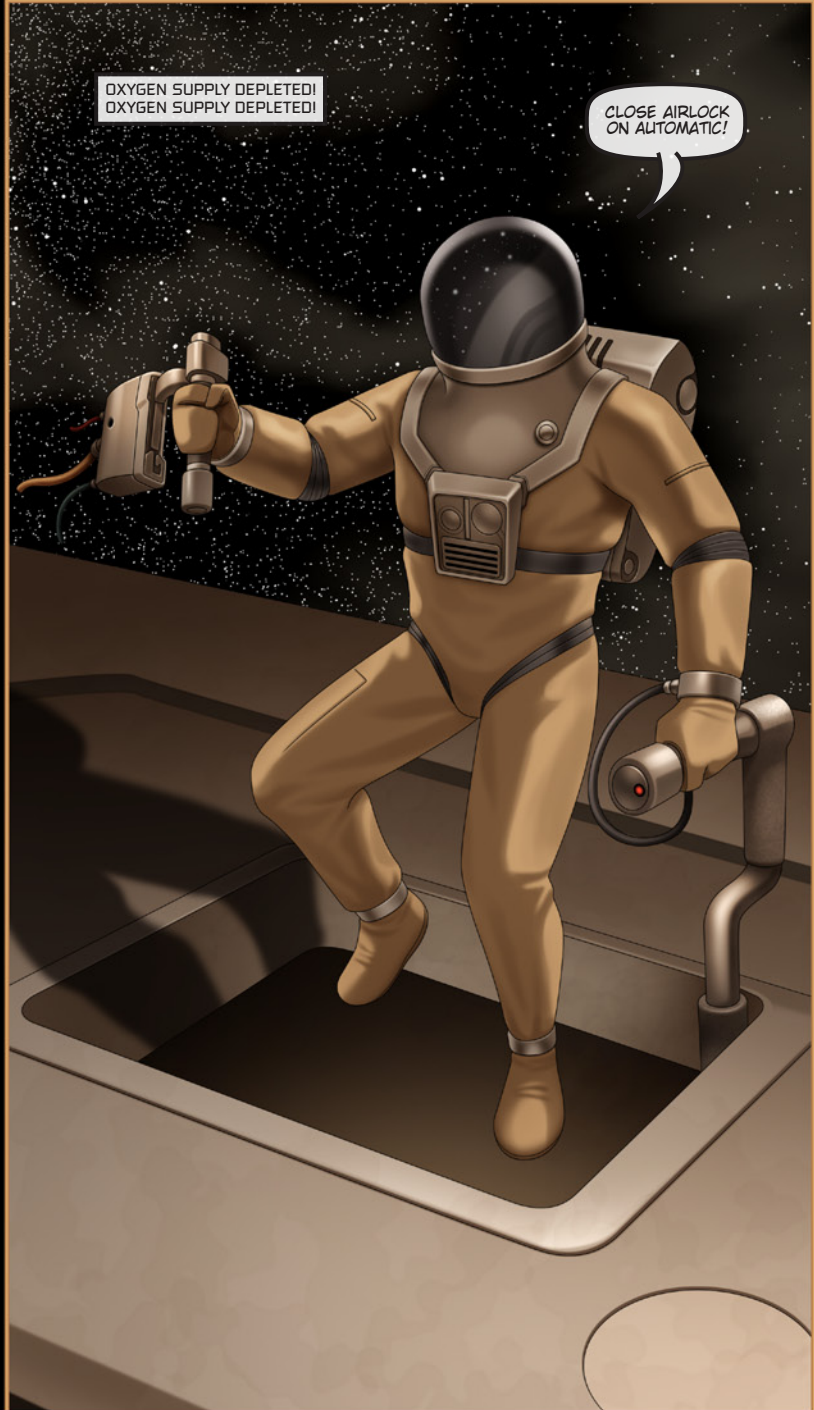


OXYGEN SUPPLY DEPLETED!
OXYGEN SUPPLY DEPLETED!

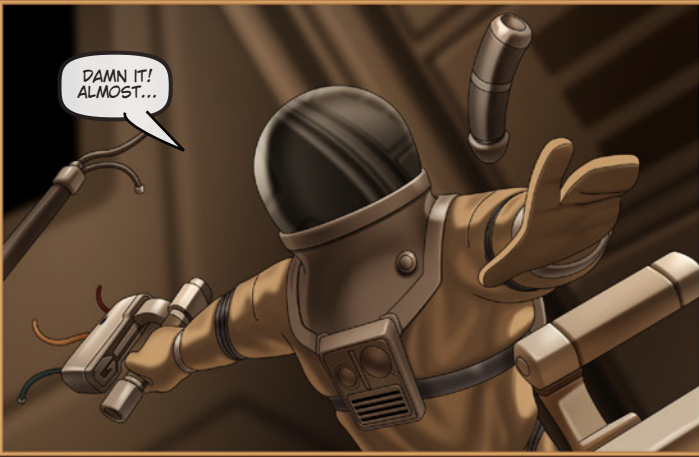


OXYGEN SUPPLY DEPLETED!
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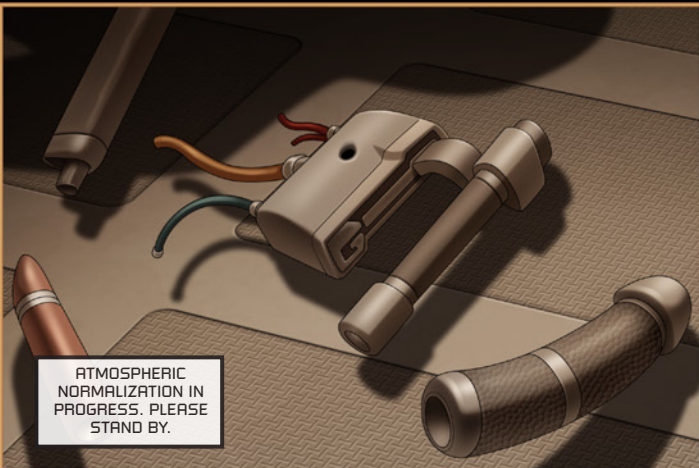
CLOSE AIRLOCK
ON AUTOMATIC!



DAMN IT!
ALMOST...



ATMOSPHERIC
NORMALIZATION IN
PROGRESS. PLEASE
STAND BY.



DO NOT REMOVE HEAD GEAR UNTIL ATMOSPHERIC NORMALIZATION IS COMPLETE. DO NOT REMOVE HEAD GEAR UNTIL ATMOSPHERIC NORMALIZATION IS COMPLETE.



FUCK THAT!



THAT WAS VERY SILLY. YOU COULD HAVE DIED.

NO SHIT. TIME GOT AWAY FROM ME. I THOUGHT I STILL HAD SOME IN THE TANK.



I FOUND YOUR PROBLEM. A PERFORATED IGNITION RELAY TO THE PARTICLE INFUSER. FIXED IT WITH A BYPASS. SHOULD HOLD UP UNTIL YOU GET TO A MIDDPOINT STATION.

IF I WAS A LITTLE PARANOID, I'D THINK IT WAS SABOTAGE. THE HOLE LOOKED MORE LIKE A GUN...

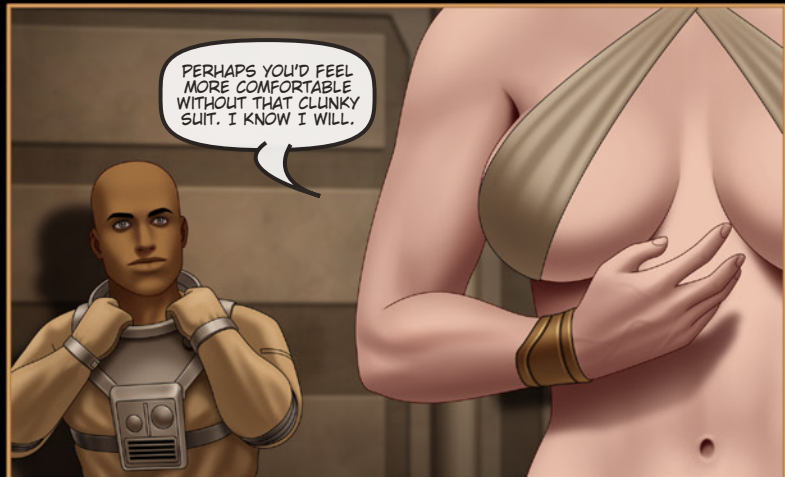
SABOTAGE? WHO WOULD EVEN THINK OF HARMING LITTLE OL' ME?



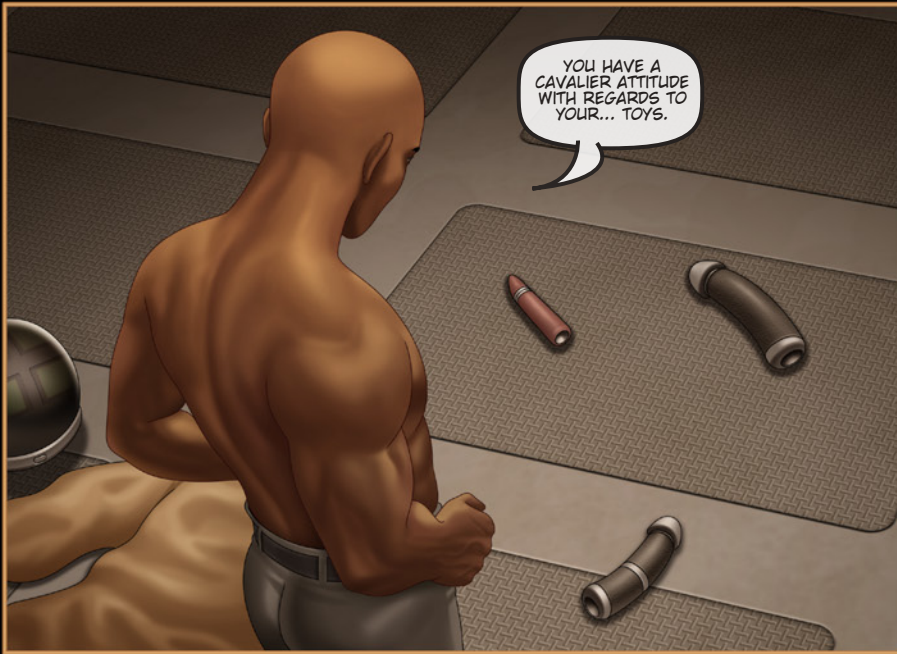
WHO INDEED?



YOU TOOK SOME SERIOUS RISKS IN MY BEHALF. I'M SURE WE CAN FIND A MUTUALLY AGREEABLE MEANS OF RECOMPENSE.



PERHAPS YOU'D FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE WITHOUT THAT CLUNKY SUIT. I KNOW I WILL.



YOU HAVE A CAVALIER ATTITUDE WITH REGARDS TO YOUR... TOYS.



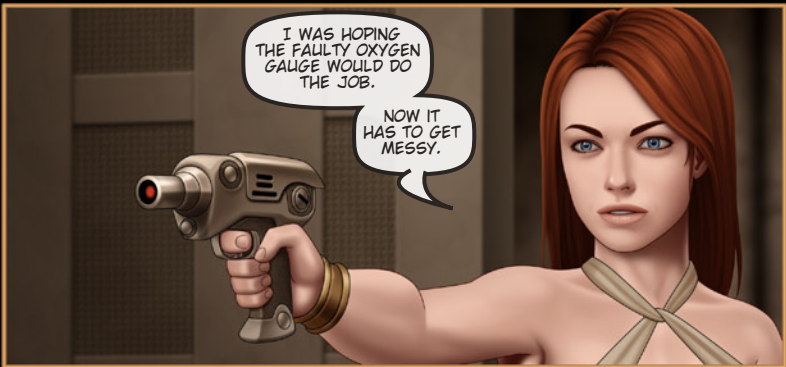
NOT EASY TO COME BY IN THESE PARTS. THE FRONTIER IS A HARD PLACE FOR HARD PEOPLE.

"TOYS?"



OH, THOSE, THEY'RE NOT MINE. THE BELONG TO THE SLUT WHO USED TO OWN THIS SHIP.

THIS AIN'T NO FOREPLAY, IS IT?



I WAS HOPING THE FAULTY OXYGEN GAUGE WOULD DO THE JOB.

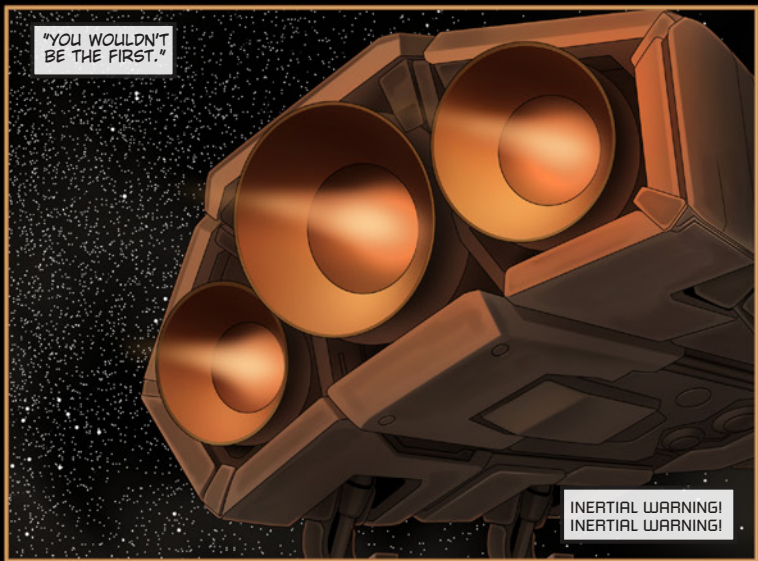
NOW IT HAS TO GET MESSY.



WHO ARE YOU?

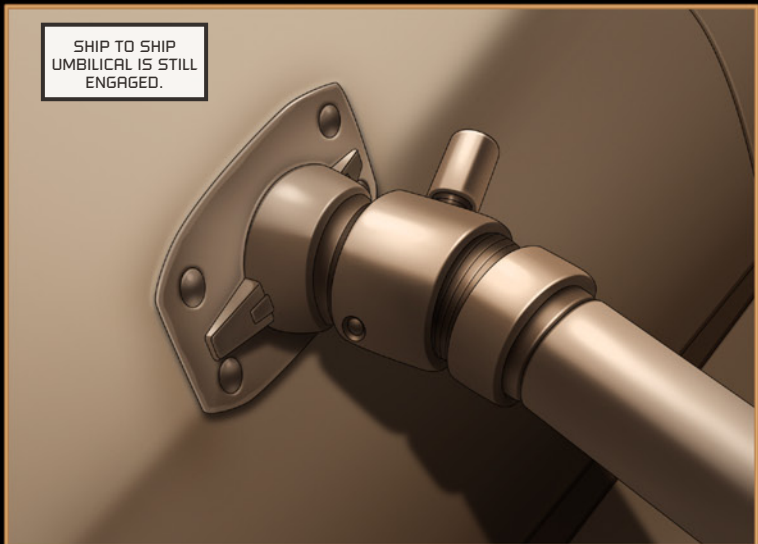
DOES IT EVEN MATTER? YOU'RE SIMPLY AN EMBARRASSMENT THAT NEEDS TO BE ADDRESSED.

STARTING TO REGRET ANSWERING THAT DISTRESS SIGNAL.

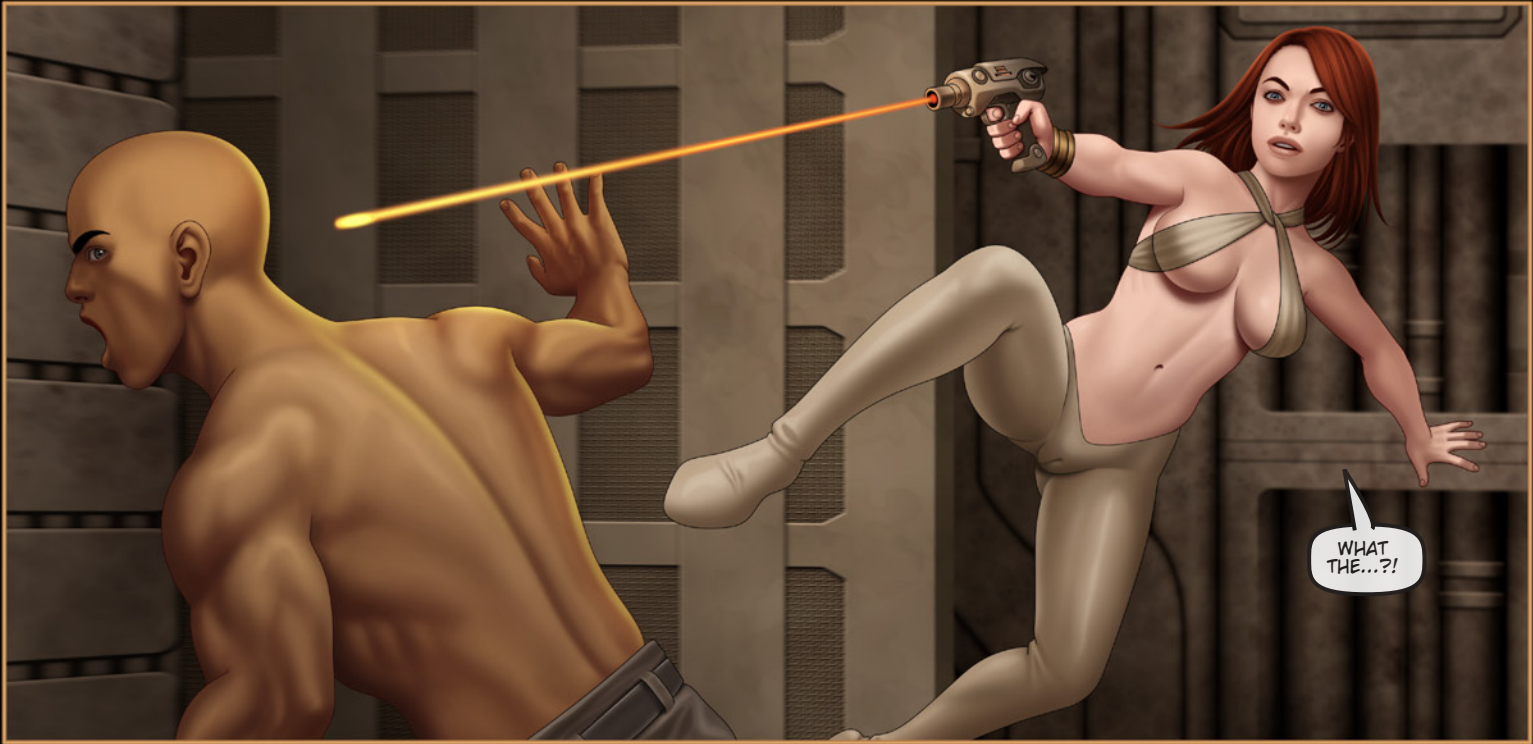


"YOU WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST."

INERTIAL WARNING!
INERTIAL WARNING!



SHIP TO SHIP UMBILICAL IS STILL ENGAGED.

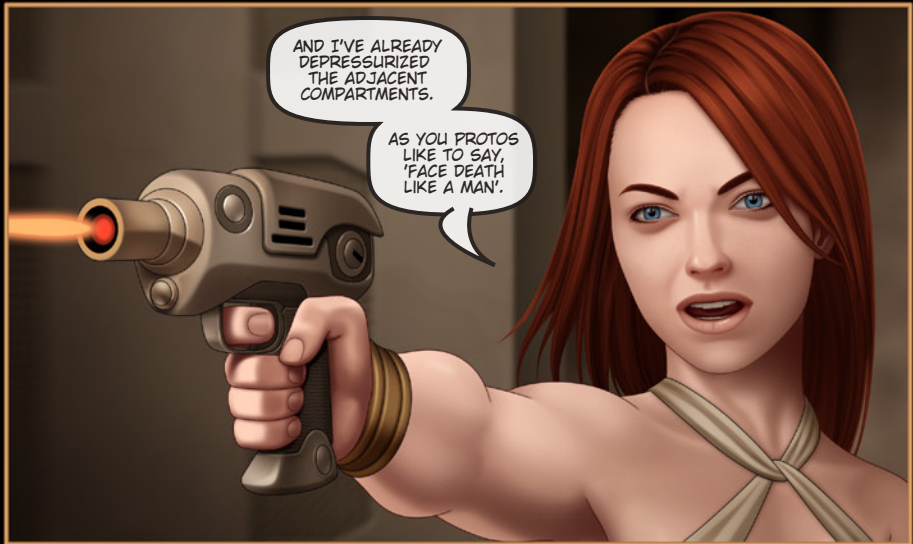


WHAT THE...?!



"NEAT TRICK, PROTO."

"BUT THIS IS A SMALL SHIP, NOT MUCH SPACE TO RUN TO."



AND I'VE ALREADY DEPRESSURIZED THE ADJACENT COMPARTMENTS.

AS YOU PROTOS LIKE TO SAY, 'FACE DEATH LIKE A MAN'.



AGH!

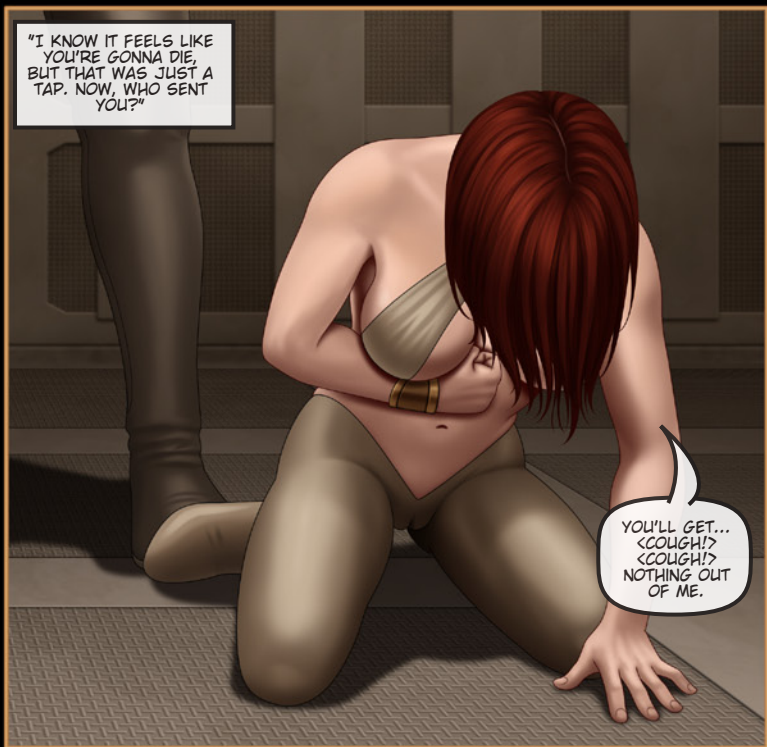


YEAH! BUT ONLY AS A LAST RESORT. UNTIL THEN...



FIGHT DIRTY AND FIGHT LIKE HELL.

AAGH!



"I KNOW IT FEELS LIKE YOU'RE GONNA DIE, BUT THAT WAS JUST A TAP. NOW, WHO SENT YOU?"

YOU'LL GET...
[COUGH!]
[COUGH!]
NOTHING OUT OF ME.



YOUR ATTITUDE ALREADY SAYS A LOT.

NOW, THERE IS SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT PROTOS.



"... WHEN WE'RE DEPRIVED OF OXYGEN."

WHAT?



WE GET MIGHTY AROUSED.

WAIT, NO!



AND SINCE I'M ENTITLED FOR A RECOMPENSE, I'LL TAKE IT OUT ON YOU.

No!



LNGH!



WELL, NOW.

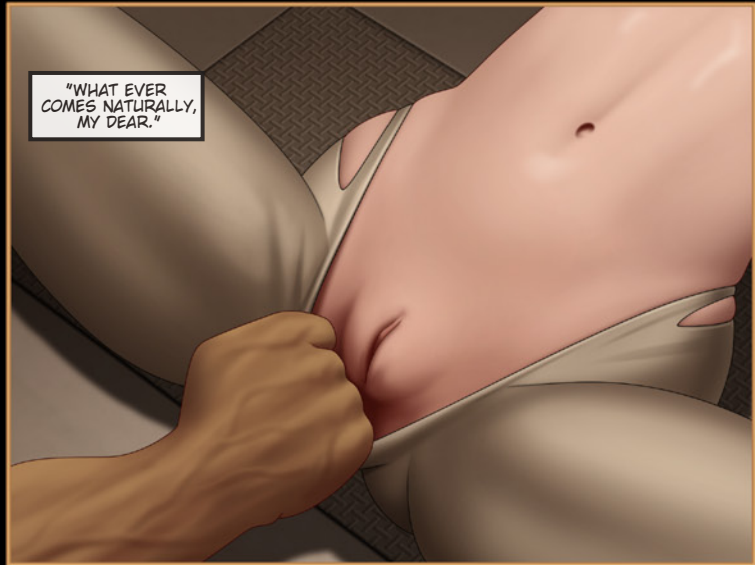


"YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES."



DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT, GIRL. KICK ME IN THE GROIN AND YOU'RE GONNA BE HURTING IN PLACES YOU DIDN'T KNOW COULD HURT.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

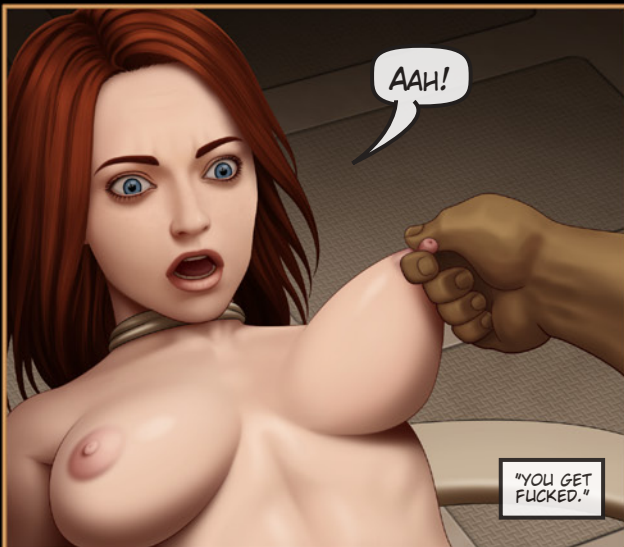


"WHAT EVER COMES NATURALLY, MY DEAR."



CENTURIES OF BIO-ENGINEERING DON'T MAKE YOU BITCHES ANY LESS FUCKABLE.

STOP! PLEASE STOP!





"GO AHEAD, STRUGGLE."

"IT DOES YOU NO GOOD, BUT IT SURE DOES WONDERS FOR ME."

DON'T TOUCH ME!



NOW, LET'S SEE HOW YOU TASTE.



W-WHAT ARE YOU....? NO! LNNH!



LIKE FINE WINE, THERE ARE DISTINCT FLAVORS TO EVERY WOMAN AND THE REGION OF SPACE WHERE THEY BELONG.



YOUR'S ARE FAMILIAR, BUT WITH A HINT OF AFTER TASTE THAT'S NEW. I SEE YOU'VE NO EXPERIENCE WITH THIS.

LIKELY EVEN LESS SO WITH THIS.

HNNNH!



"BRED FOR DEATH, NEVER FOR LOVE. SUCH WASTE."



DAMN, BITCH IS DRY.

HNNNH?!



"OH, HELL! I AIN'T WAITING."

AAH!



AAGH!



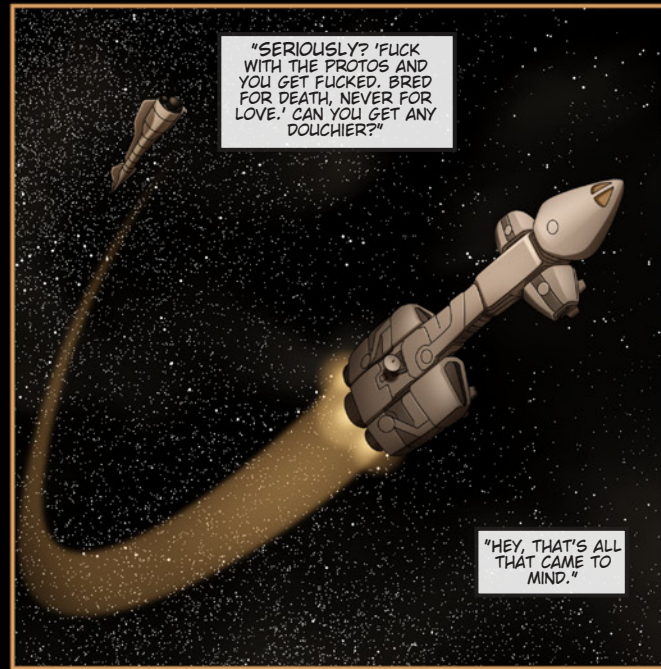
NOT MY FAULT IF IT HURTS. YOU SHOULDA' LUBED UP WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE.

AAH!



WET OR DRY, NO MATTER. I NEED MY BOOTY CALL.

AAAIEEEH!!!



"SERIOUSLY? 'FUCK WITH THE PROTOS AND YOU GET FUCKED. BRED FOR DEATH, NEVER FOR LOVE.' CAN YOU GET ANY DOUCHIER?"

"HEY, THAT'S ALL THAT CAME TO MIND."



"DID YOU ENJOY YOURSELF?"

"QUITE A BIT WITH THAT ONE."



"IT'S ALWAYS MORE SATISFYING WHEN THEY TRY TO KILL ME FIRST. FEEL LESS GUILT WHEN I'M DONE WITH THEM."



"SHE DEAD?"

"NO, BUT I LEFT HER AN ACTIVE BEACON."



"WHEN EITHER THE PIRATES OR THE SLAVERS GET TO HER, SHE'LL WISH SHE WAS."



"YEAH! YOU'RE A FUCKIN' AGGSHOLE. CAN'T BELIEVE I'M STUCK WITH YOU."

THE FAR LIMITS. THE FURTHEST POINT OF YETRAAN CONTROLLED SPACE.

COMMANDER LEINA, THE COMMANDER OF THE TORANIS WISHES TO CONVEY AGAIN HER DISPLEASURE THAT WE ARE TEST MANEUVERING THE ZOLA WITHOUT IT'S FULL COMPLEMENT OF WEAPONRY.



COMMISSAR NATIS, PLEASE EXPLAIN AGAIN TO THE TORANIS COMMANDER THAT THE ZOLA IS A PEACEFUL EXPLORATION VESSEL NOT A WARSHIP.

WEAPONS CAN WAIT. BESIDES, THE TORANIS IS ONE OF OUR MOST POWERFUL CAPITAL SHIPS. IF IT CAN'T HANDLE THE THREAT, NEITHER CAN OUR POTENTIAL COMPLEMENT OF MEAGER WEAPONS.



LOOK THERE. IMPRESSIVE ISN'T SHE? BRISTLING WITH WEAPONS, THE PRIDE OF THE YETRAAN FLEET.

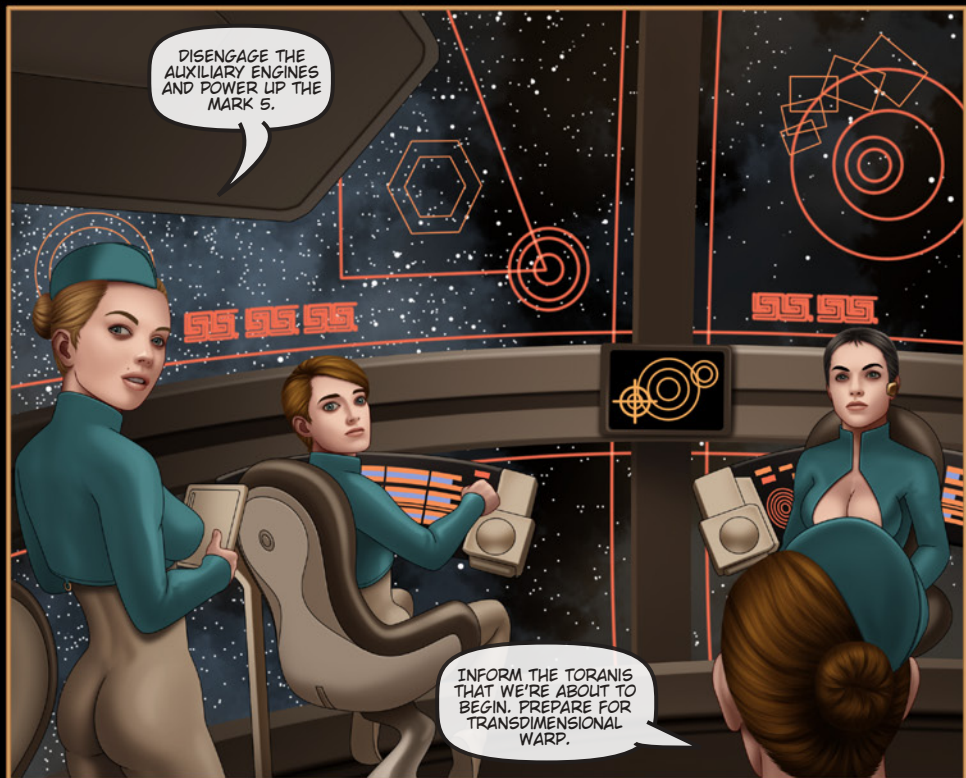


BUT SOMEDAY, SHIPS LIKE THE TORANIS WILL NO LONGER BE NECESSARY. A DREAM THAT MAY POTENTIALLY BECOME REALITY.

BRING THE CREW TO STATIONS. WE'LL TEST THE MARK 5 REACTOR.



DISENGAGE THE AUXILIARY ENGINES AND POWER UP THE MARK 5.

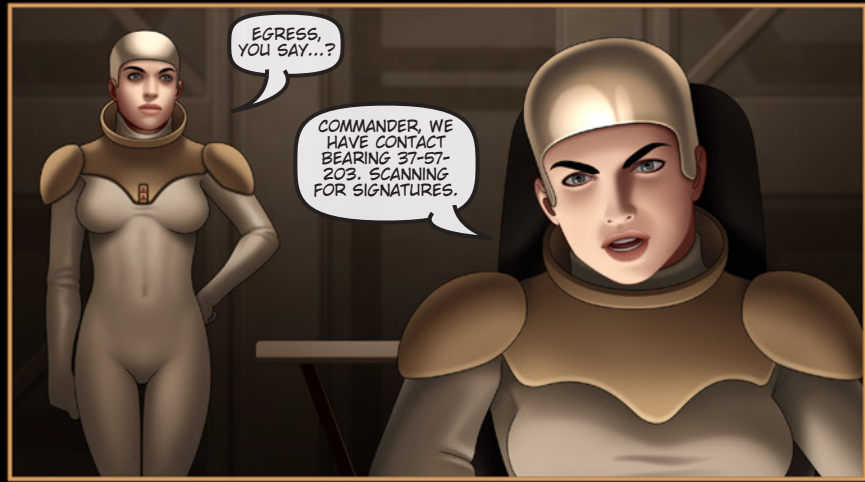


INFORM THE TORANIS THAT WE'RE ABOUT TO BEGIN. PREPARE FOR TRANSDIMENSIONAL WARP.



THEY'RE STARTING THE REACTOR. BUT SENSORS HAVE DETECTED A GRAVITATIONAL ANOMALY ALONG OUR POINT OF EGRESS.

GRAVITATIONAL ANOMALIES ARE TO BE EXPECTED WITH THIS NEW REACTOR. THEORETICALLY, IT'S 1000 TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN OUR OWN. GIVE THE ZOLA A WIDE BERTH.



EGRESS, YOU SAY...?

COMMANDER, WE HAVE CONTACT BEARING 37-57-203. SCANNING FOR SIGNATURES.



"IT'S A SMALL SHIP. PROTOS CONFIGURATION."

"PROTOS... OUT HERE?"



IT'S A VIOLATION. THEY SHOULD KNOW BETTER. ELIMINATE IT.



"TARGETING!"



"DIRECT HIT!"





ENSIGN,
WHAT JUST
HAPPENED?

THERE WAS A MASSIVE
BURST OF EXOTIC HIGH
ENERGY PARTICLES. THEY
WENT THROUGH OUR
SHIELDING LIKE IT WEREN'T
EVEN THERE.

WE'VE LOST
90PERCENT OF ACTIVE
SYSTEMS. ONLY HALF
OF THE AUXILIARY
SYSTEMS ARE COMING
ONLINE.



HALE THE
TORANIS. TELL
THEM WE NEED
EMERGENCY...



THE TORANIS WAS
MUCH CLOSER TO THE
EVENT SOURCE. SHE
LOST 100 PERCENT OF
ALL HER SYSTEMS.
THEIR CONTAINMENT
FIELD HAS FAILED.

LETHAL RADIATION
IS SPREADING RAPIDLY
THROUGH THE SHIP!
AND...



"SOMETHING
ELSE..."

"WE'VE LOST
THE TORANIS!"



ATTENTION, CREW OF THE ZOLA. WE ARE THE RESTORATION. YOUR VESSEL IS DISABLED. YOUR WEAPONS ARE DISABLED.

SUBMIT TO OUR UNDENIABLE POWER. RESISTANCE WILL ONLY BRING HARM UPON YOURSELVES.

"TOO LONG HAS THE NATURAL ORDER OF THE UNIVERSE BEEN DEBASED. THE TIME OF THE RESTORATION IS NIGH."

ERATHENSIS MINOR.

HNNNH...

TRY SOMETHING ELSE.



HNNNH!
HOW LONG DO
I HAVE TO DO
THIS?



I GIVE UP. ALL IT'S
DOING IS MAKING ME
SORE AND RAW
DOWN THERE.



PERHAPS IT'S THE
WRONG KIND OF
STIMULUS.

NOT EVERYONE IS
MADE THE SAME. EVEN
THOSE BORN FROM A
BREEDING FACILITY. YOU
ARE MADE TO BE A HIGH
FUNCTIONING TECH. IT
MAY SIMPLY REQUIRE A
DIFFERENT APPROACH TO
ACHIEVE YOUR GOAL.

I DON'T GET IT.
EVERYONE ELSE GETS
TO REACH ORGASM
JUST FINE WITH FAIRLY
SIMPLE METHODS. WHY
WON'T IT WORK ON ME.



ONE MAYBE FORGIVEN
IN PONDERING WHETHER
YOUR BREASTS ARE
BIGGER THAN YOUR
HEAD.



MY WHAT
IS BIGGER
THAN WHAT?

NEVER YOU
MIND. LET'S
TRY IT THIS
WAY.

BUT
THAT IS...

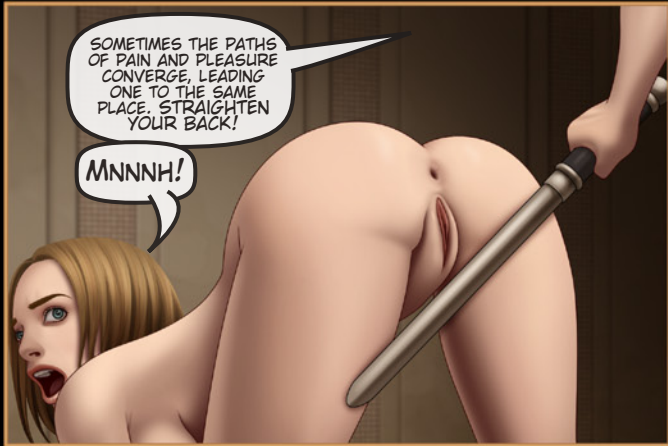


THIS POSITION IS STARTING TO HURT.



PLEASE UNSHACKLE ME. THIS ISN'T GETTING...

HUSH, GIRL. IT'S BEST NOT TO SPEAK.



SOMETIMES THE PATHS OF PAIN AND PLEASURE CONVERGE, LEADING ONE TO THE SAME PLACE. STRAIGHTEN YOUR BACK!

MNNNH!



THE MORE COMPLEX A PERSON THE HARDER IT IS TO FIND THEIR POINT OF RELEASE.

WHAP!

AAH!



I BELIEVE I'VE FOUND YOURS.

WAIT! THAT'S NOT FOR...



SSHOK!

No!



BEEP! BEEP!

AAH!
NO!



EWW!
WET?!

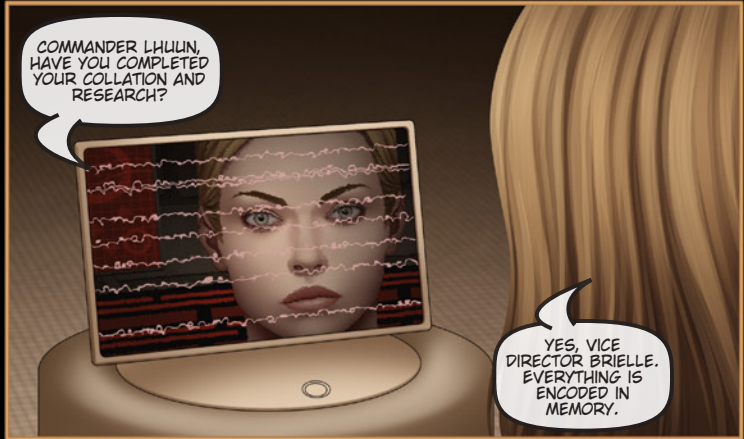
BEEP! BEEP!

BEEP! BEEP!



NOT AGAIN.
ANOTHER ONE OF
THOSE PERVERTED
NIGHTMARES.

BEEP! BEEP!



COMMANDER LHLIUN,
HAVE YOU COMPLETED
YOUR COLLATION AND
RESEARCH?

YES, VICE
DIRECTOR BRIELLE.
EVERYTHING IS
ENCODED IN
MEMORY.



GOOD.
THEN GATHER
YOURSELF AND REPORT
TO ME DIRECTLY. I'M
SENDING YOU ON A
MISSION OF UTMOST
IMPORTANCE.



MISSION?!
BUT I'M NOT AN
OPERATIVE, I'M IN
ANALYSIS AND
DATA COLLECTION.

"YOU'VE BEEN REASSIGNED.
CLEAR YOUR DATA FILES
AND REMOVE ALL TRACE.
DESTROY ALL INFORMATION
REGARDING YOUR CURRENT
ACTIVITIES. I'LL DO THE
SAME FROM HERE."



MNNNH!







YOU KNOW THE DRILL, XAN.



RELAX THAT SPHINCTER.

HNNGH!



COZ' IT'S GOING IN, NO MATTER WHAT.



OOOHH, YEAH! THERE IT GOES.



THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF SMOOTHNESS AND TIGHTNESS.

BEEP! ALERT! BEEP! ALERT!



"YOU HAVE AN INCOMING HIGH PRIORITY MESSAGE REQUIRING VOICE CONFIRMATION."

ROTHE KARL; RECEIVING MESSAGE.

"CONFIRMED, ROTHE KARL. DECRYPTING NOW."

HMNOUFF!



"THIS IS VICE DIRECTOR BRIELLE. I HAVE A MISSION FOR YOU."

VICE DIRECTOR, I AM CONFOUNDED BY THIS TURN OF EVENTS. DID YOU NOT JUST SENT AN ASSASSIN TO TAKE CARE OF THIS 'EMBARRASSMENT'?"

"ASSASSIN? IT HAS COME TO THAT, I SEE."



YEETRAH'S TRANSITION TO A LESS BELLIGERENT ENTITY HAS BROUGHT TO SURFACE A NUMBER OF FACTIONS BENT ON REVERSING THE TREND. YOUR ACTIVITIES WITH YEETRAH INTELLIGENCE IS SEEN AS A BREACH.

IF YOU ACCEPT THE MISSION, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO REDIRECT ANY ACTIVE OPERATION AGAINST YOU.



RATHER CONVENIENT, VICE DIRECTOR.

"YOU KNOW OF THE TORANIS? IT WAS ESCORTING AN EXPERIMENTAL VESSEL WHEN IT WAS DESTROYED BY AN UNKNOWN FORCE."



TORANIS?! I DOUBT MANY A PEOPLE WILL SHED A TEAR FOR IT'S LOSE. AMONG THE SUCCESSOR RACES, IT WAS KNOWN BY ANOTHER NAME. THE PLANET KILLER.

EASY TO GUESS WHAT THE MISSION IS BUT I'M NOT INCLINED TO TAKE IT. I CAN HANDLE A FEW ASSASSINS.

"YEETRAH HAS A REGRETTABLE HISTORY WITH THE OTHER SUCCESSORS."



THEY'RE THE LEAST OF YOUR PROBLEMS. ACCORDING TO THE TORANIS' FINAL TRANSMISSION, THEY DETECTED A PROTO HUMAN CRAFT JUST BEFORE IT WAS LOST.



"THE YEETRAH HIGH COMMAND HAVE AUTHORIZED PUNITIVE ACTION."

PUNITIVE ACTION? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN EXACTLY?

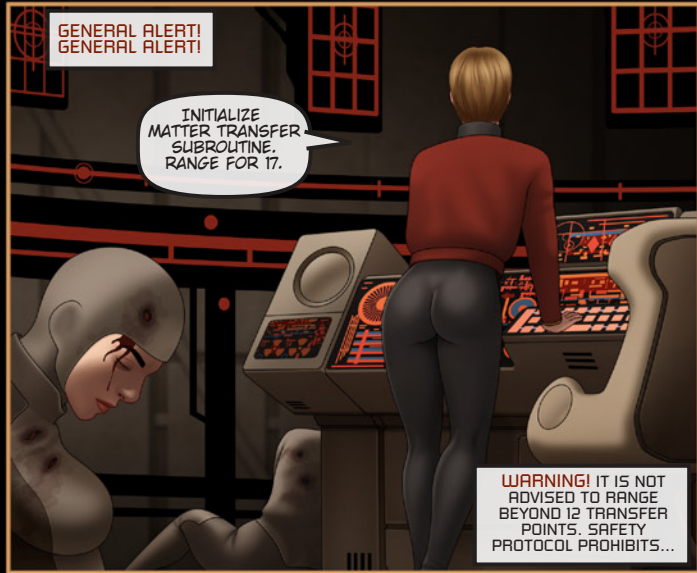
"A FLEET WILL BE DISPATCHED TO EARTH AND OTHER KNOWN PROTO HUMAN SETTLEMENTS. IT WILL BE A REPEAT OF THE EUTRONIAN EXTERMINATIONS."



YOU MAKE A CONVINCING ARGUMENT. THIS WILL COST YOU VICE DIRECTOR.

"YOU WILL BE WELL COMPENSATED, I ASSURE YOU. I'M SENDING YOU COORDINATES. BE THERE IN EXACTLY 47.015 HOURS. EXPECT AN ARRIVAL."

"TRANSMISSION CEASED."



GENERAL ALERT!
GENERAL ALERT!

INITIALIZE MATTER TRANSFER SUBROUTINE. RANGE FOR 17.

WARNING! IT IS NOT ADVISED TO RANGE BEYOND 12 TRANSFER POINTS. SAFETY PROTOCOL PROHIBITS...



AS MUCH AS I WOULD LIKE TO FINISH WHAT WE'VE STARTED...



WE GOT A JOB TO DO. GET THE FUCK OFF ME AND WE'LL FINISH THIS LATER.

HNNUGH!



...ORGANIC-INOORGANIC DESYNCHRONIZATION HIGHLY PROBABLE.

OVERRIDE SAFETY PROTOCOLS. DRAW ALL NECESSARY POWER FOR 17 TRANSFER POINTS.

AFFIRMATIVE.

OH, MY! WHAT JUST HAPPENED?



THEY WERE IN THE WAY. WHAT IS THAT?

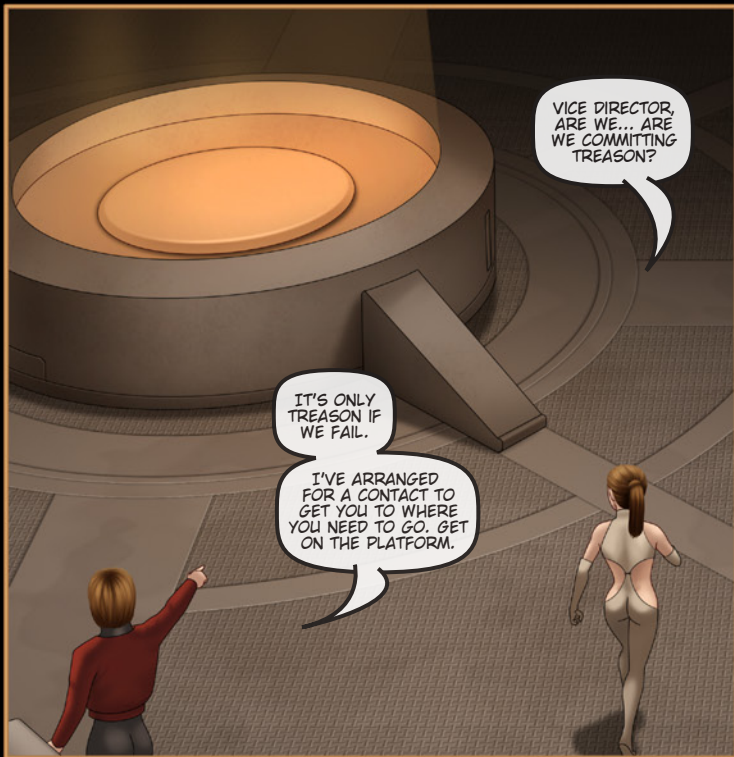


JUST SOME BACK UP INFORMATION IN CASE I...



AAH!

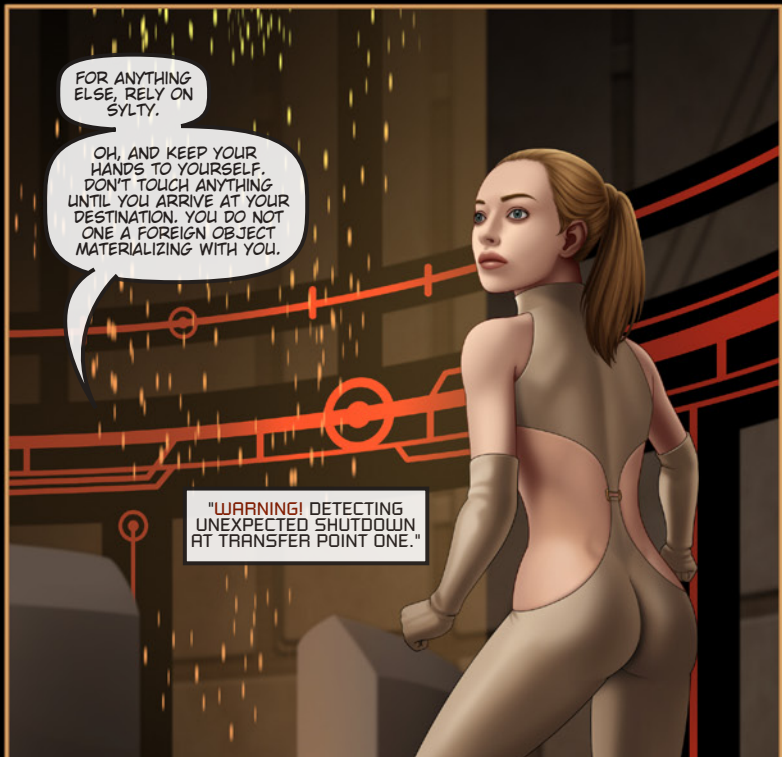
"YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THAT. ALL THAT YOU NEED IS ALREADY IN YOUR HEAD."



VICE DIRECTOR, ARE WE... ARE WE COMMITTING TREASON?

IT'S ONLY TREASON IF WE FAIL.

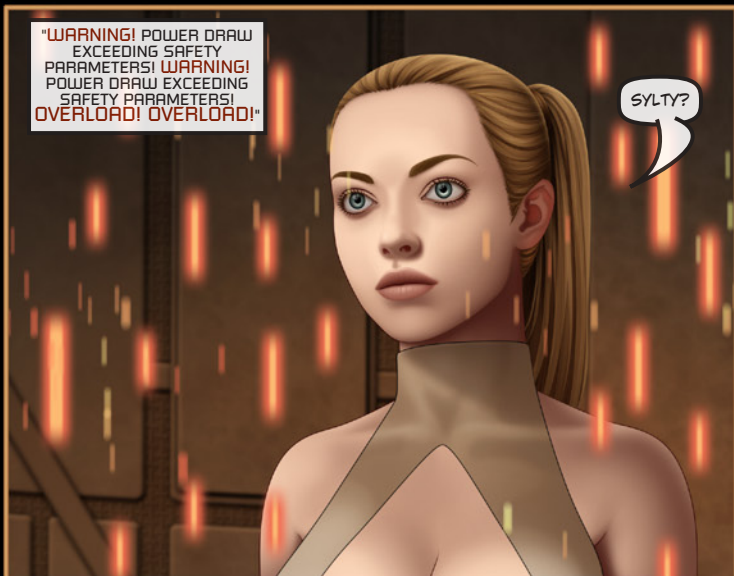
I'VE ARRANGED FOR A CONTACT TO GET YOU TO WHERE YOU NEED TO GO. GET ON THE PLATFORM.



FOR ANYTHING ELSE, RELY ON SYLTY.

OH, AND KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF. DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING UNTIL YOU ARRIVE AT YOUR DESTINATION. YOU DO NOT ONE A FOREIGN OBJECT MATERIALIZING WITH YOU.

"WARNING! DETECTING UNEXPECTED SHUTDOWN AT TRANSFER POINT ONE."



"WARNING! POWER DRAW EXCEEDING SAFETY PARAMETERS! WARNING! POWER DRAW EXCEEDING SAFETY PARAMETERS! OVERLOAD! OVERLOAD!"

SYLTY?



EMERGENCY POWER REDIRECT TO THE PRIMARY BEAM. WE'LL FORCE IT OPEN.



"OVERLOAD!
OVERLOAD!"

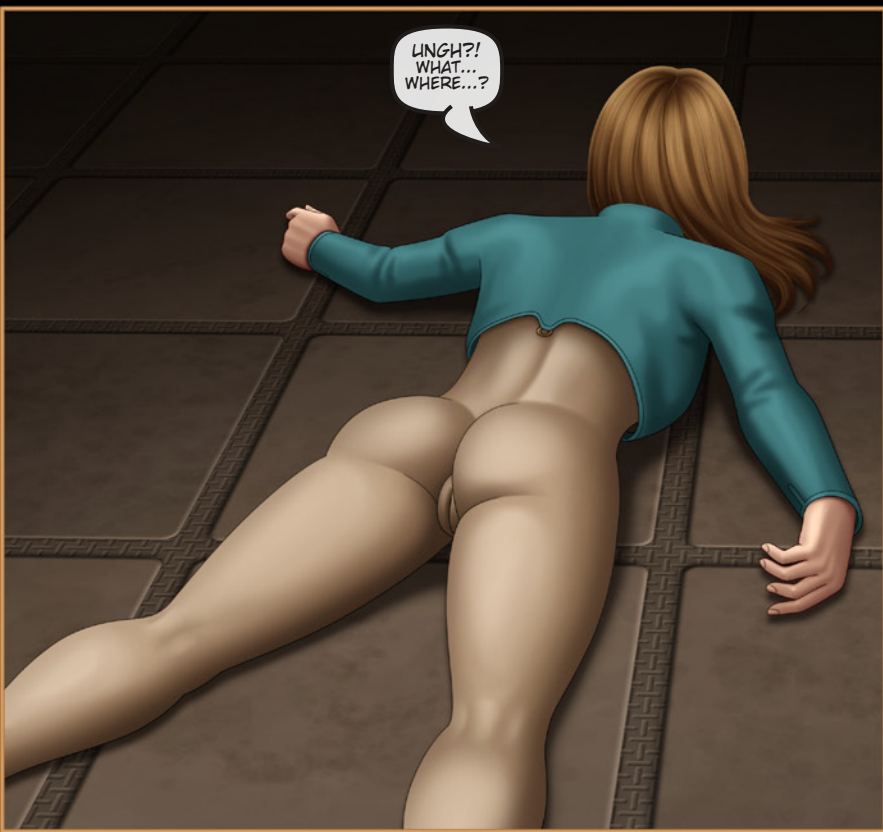


AAATEEH!!!

"OVERLOAD!
OVERLOAD!
EVACUATE!
EVACUATE!"



"EVACUATE!
EVAC...!"



UNGH?!
WHAT...
WHERE...?



DARK... HOW DID I... IS THIS SOME KIND OF CELL?

"YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER BUT THEY HAD TO STUN YOU A FEW TIMES, MAYBE WHY YOU'RE A LITTLE..."



LEINA! WHERE'S COMMANDER LEINA? WHERE IS EVERYONE? FROM WHAT SECTION ARE YOU? SPEAK!

FUZZY... 2ND ENGINEERING, COMMISSAR. THE COMMANDER.. SHE WAS NEVER WITH US.



ARE WE THE ONLY ONES?

THERE WERE OTHERS. B-BUT THEY TOOK THEM, ONE BY ONE.

AND THEY NEVER CAME BACK, BUT I HEARD THEIR SCREAMS.



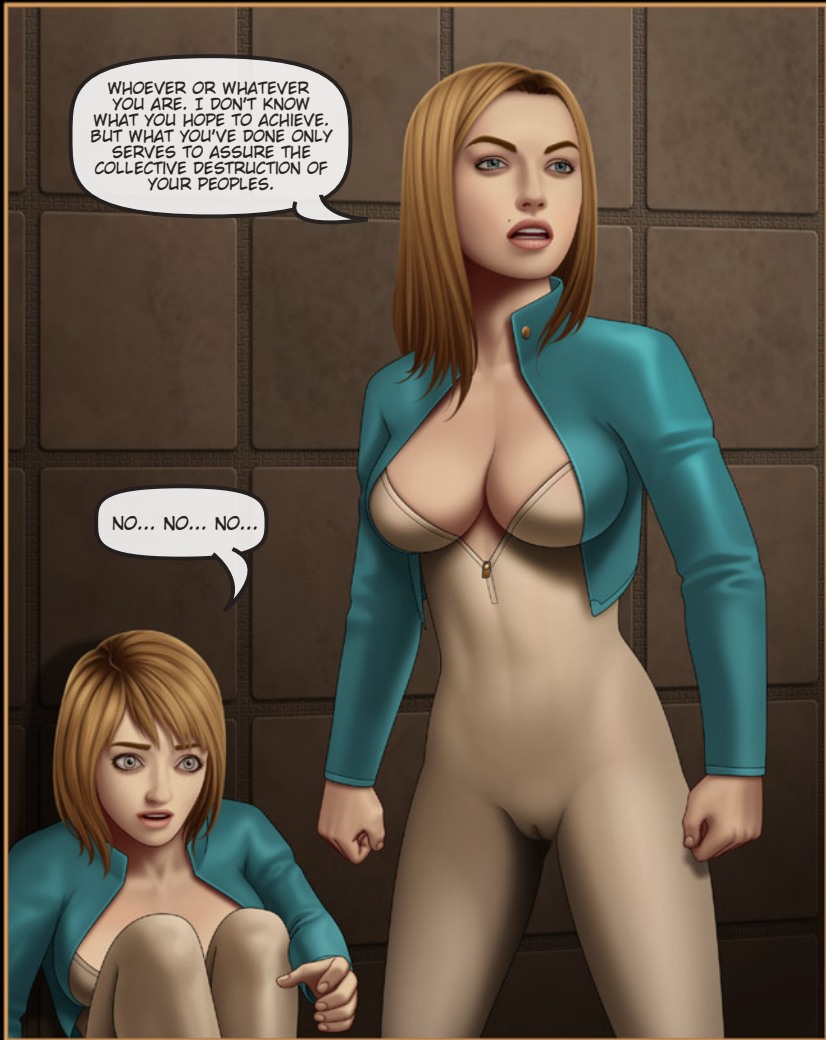
THEY WERE BEGGING THEM TO STOP, THEN LATER, THEY WERE BEGGING TO DIE!



DON'T LET THEM TAKE ME!

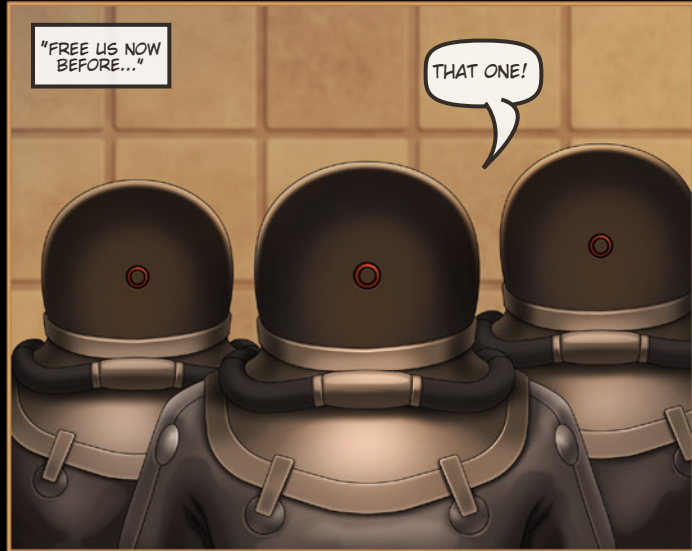


THEY'RE HERE!



WHOEVER OR WHATEVER YOU ARE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU HOPE TO ACHIEVE, BUT WHAT YOU'VE DONE ONLY SERVES TO ASSURE THE COLLECTIVE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR PEOPLES.

NO... NO... NO...



"FREE US NOW BEFORE..."

THAT ONE!



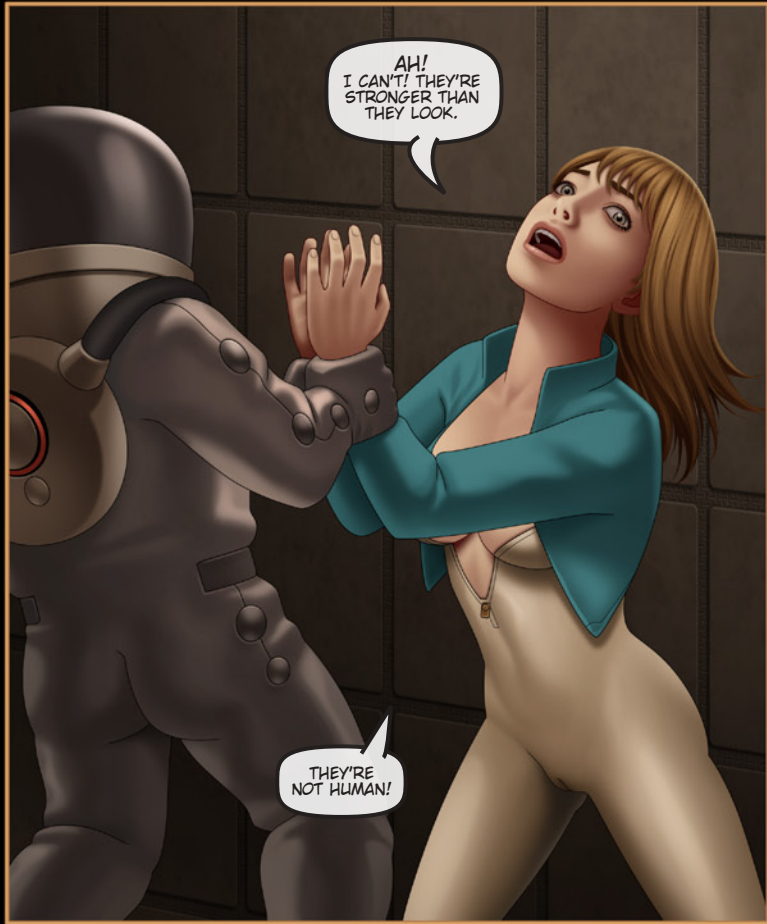
NO DON'T TAKE ME! SHE'S A COMMISSAR, SHE KNOWS FAR MORE THAN I.



GET AWAY FROM US YOU IMPS!

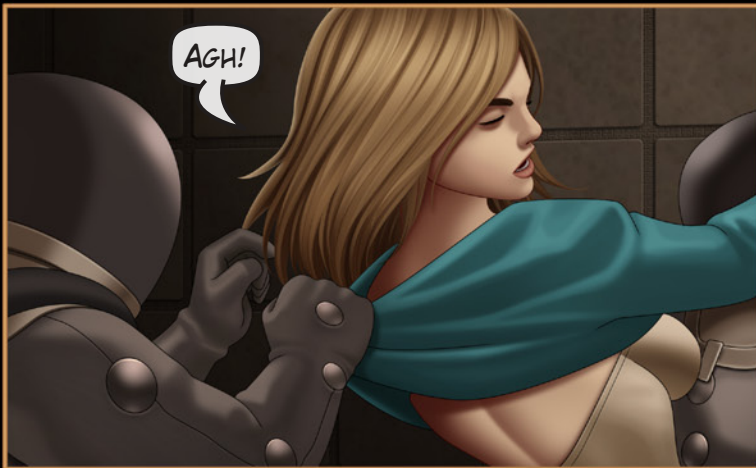


YOU FOOL, FIGHT THEM!



AH! I CAN'T! THEY'RE STRONGER THAN THEY LOOK.

THEY'RE NOT HUMAN!



AGH!



AAH!



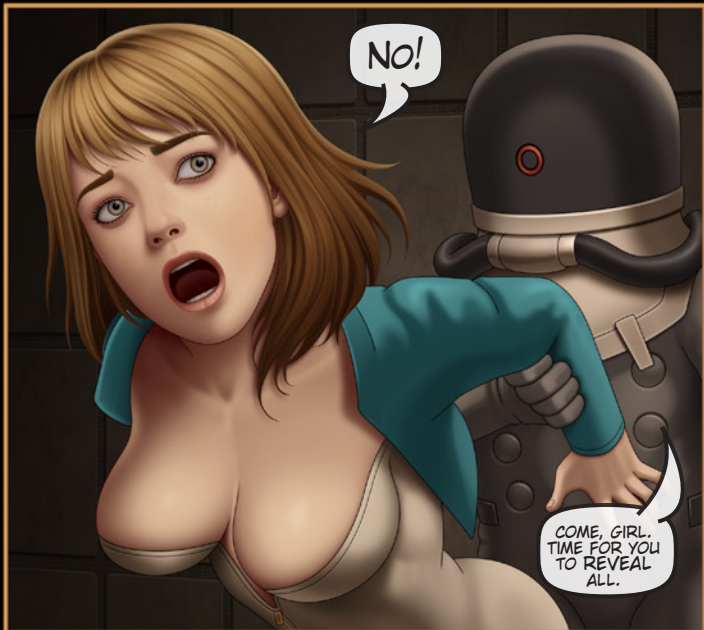
THIS ONE HAS A CONSISTENTLY TROUBLEFUL NATURE. REFUSES TO SUBMIT. REQUIRES CORRECTIVE ACTION.



THIS TIME SHE WILL LEARN.



"24 HOURS WITH A HARNESS WILL TEMPER HER ATTITUDE."



No!

COME, GIRL. TIME FOR YOU TO REVEAL ALL.



NOTHING REMAINS HIDDEN FROM US.

AGH! WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH... HER?



"NOTHING SHE'LL LIKE."



FRESH MEAT. YUMMY!

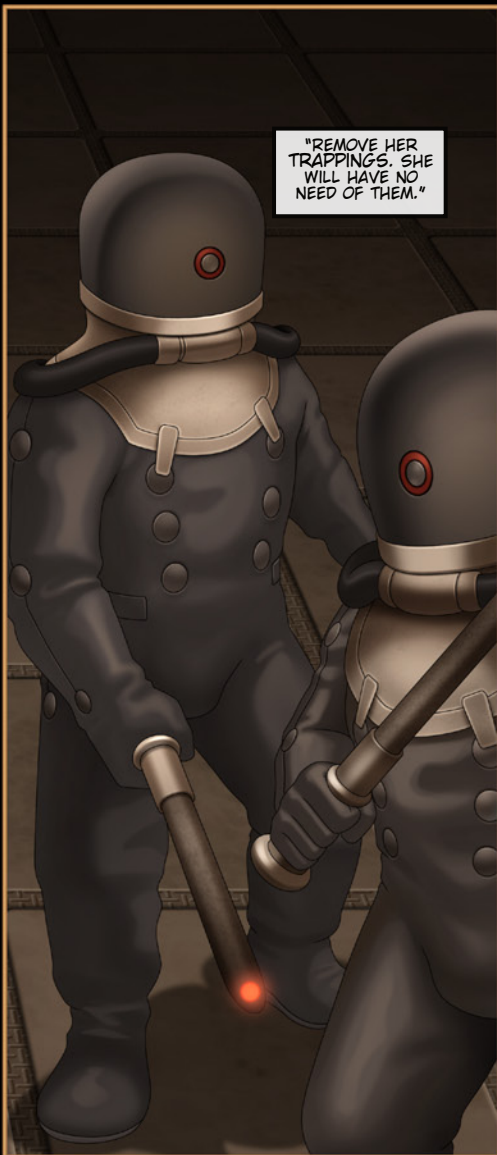


NO! NO!



GREETINGS FROM THE RESTORATION.

WE WILL BEGIN YOUR PROCESSING SHORTLY BUT FIRST...



"REMOVE HER TRAPPINGS. SHE WILL HAVE NO NEED OF THEM."



"DON'T WORRY. THOSE DEVICES ARE ONLY TUNED TO DISRUPT THE MOLECULAR BONDS OF SYNTHETIC MATERIAL."

AH!



"BUT THEY DO OFFER A NASTY STING."

AAH!



PLEASE... YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS. I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW. PLEASE!



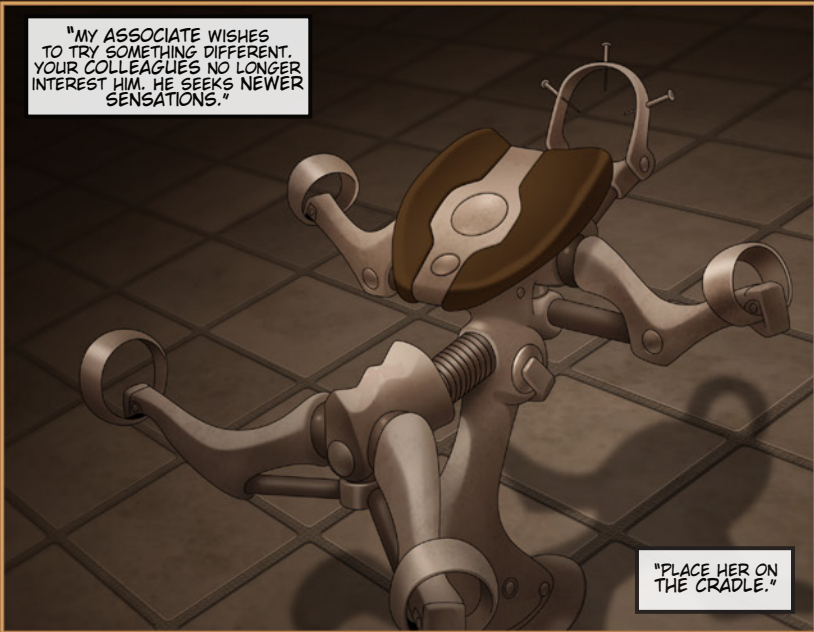
WE FIND THAT THE CONVENTIONAL MEANS OF DIVULGING INFORMATION TENDS TO BE SLOW, TEDIOUS AND PRONE TO MISINTERPRETATION. IT IS MORE EFFICIENT TO EXTRACT INFORMATION WHOLE DIRECTLY FROM THE BRAIN WHILE DISTRACTING THE CONSCIOUS MIND WITH BOTH PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT STIMULI.

HNNNH!

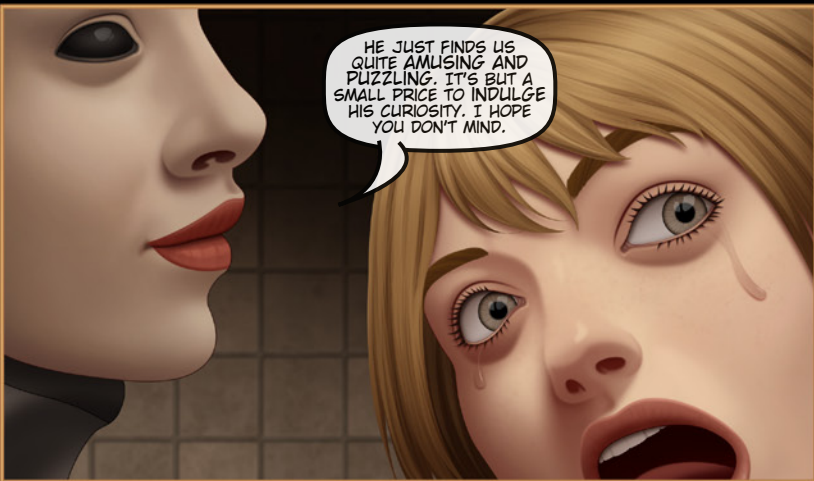


PLEASE! I'LL TELL YOU ALL...

"MY ASSOCIATE WISHES TO TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT. YOUR COLLEAGUES NO LONGER INTEREST HIM. HE SEEKS NEWER SENSATIONS."



"PLACE HER ON THE CRADLE."



HE JUST FINDS US QUITE AMUSING AND PUZZLING. IT'S BUT A SMALL PRICE TO INDULGE HIS CURIOSITY. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND.

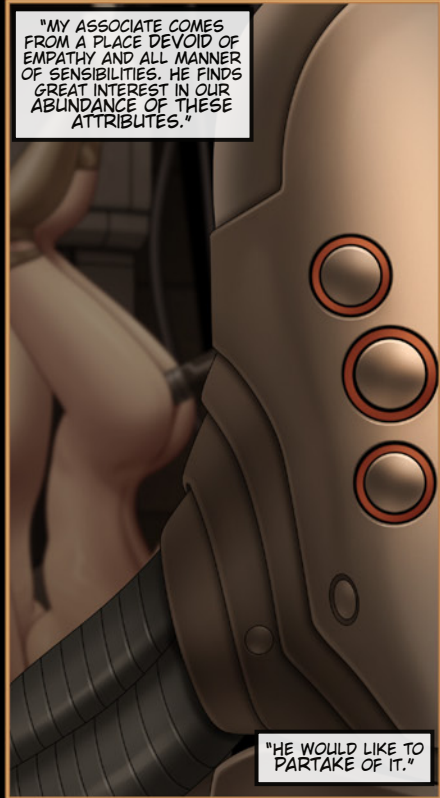
"SINCE WE'RE ALMOST DONE..."



"RESTRAIN HER FULLY. WE DON'T WANT HER FLYING ABOUT."



SHE COULD UNWITTINGLY HURT HERSELF.



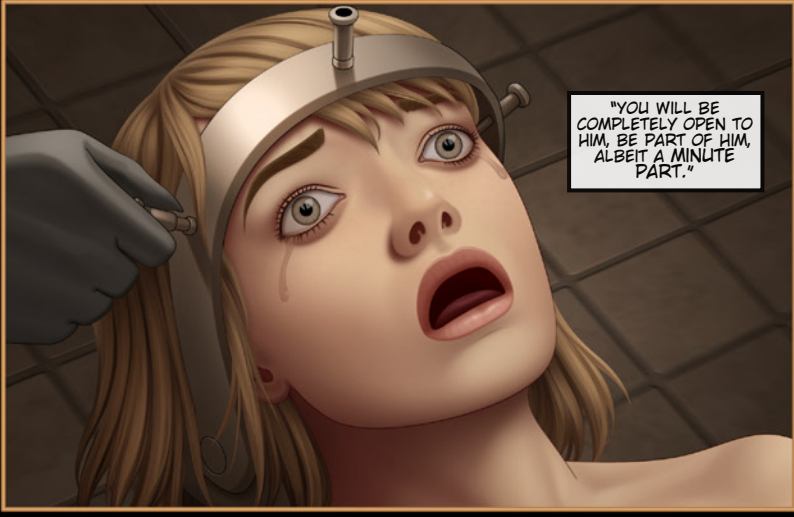
"MY ASSOCIATE COMES FROM A PLACE DEVOID OF EMPATHY AND ALL MANNER OF SENSIBILITIES. HE FINDS GREAT INTEREST IN OUR ABUNDANCE OF THESE ATTRIBUTES."

"HE WOULD LIKE TO PARTAKE OF IT."

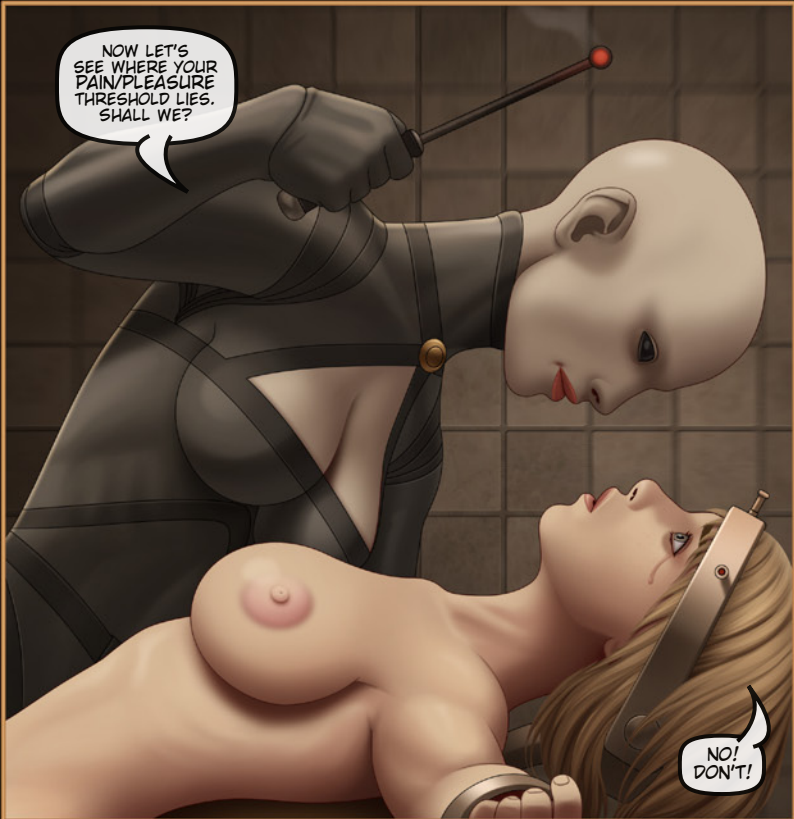


I CAN'T MOVE!

THIS DEVICE ALLOWS HIM TO SHARE IN YOUR EXPERIENCES. PAINS, PLEASURES, ALL MANNER OF HUMAN SENSATION. BUT DUE TO THE NATURE OF HIS PHYSIOLOGY, WE NEED TO SIGNIFICANTLY ENHANCE THOSE RELATIVE SENSATIONS FOR HIM TO APPRECIATE THEM.



"YOU WILL BE COMPLETELY OPEN TO HIM, BE PART OF HIM, ALBERT A MINUTE PART."



NOW LET'S SEE WHERE YOUR PAIN/PLEASURE THRESHOLD LIES. SHALL WE?

NO! DON'T!



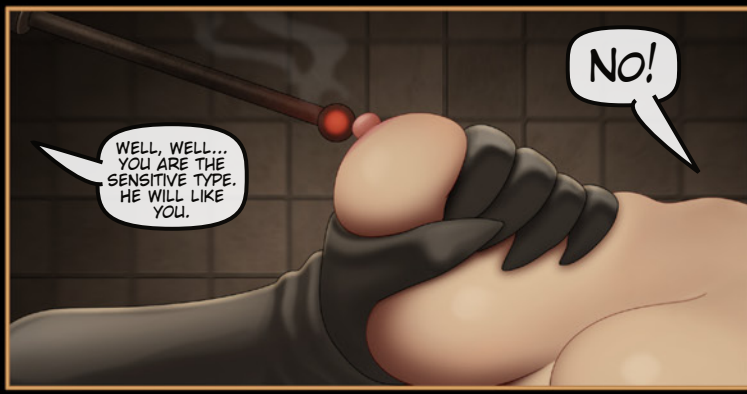
ALWAYS THE MOST RECEPTIVE...

AAH!



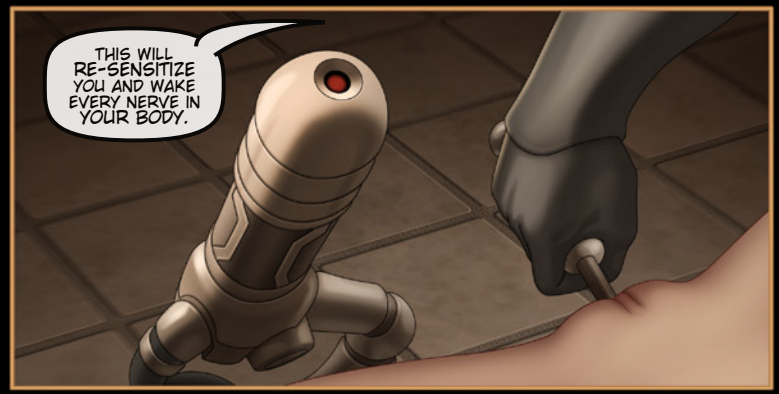
EVEN MORE SO FROM THE INSIDE.

AAH!
TAKE IT OUT!
TAKE IT OUT!



No!

WELL, WELL... YOU ARE THE SENSITIVE TYPE. HE WILL LIKE YOU.

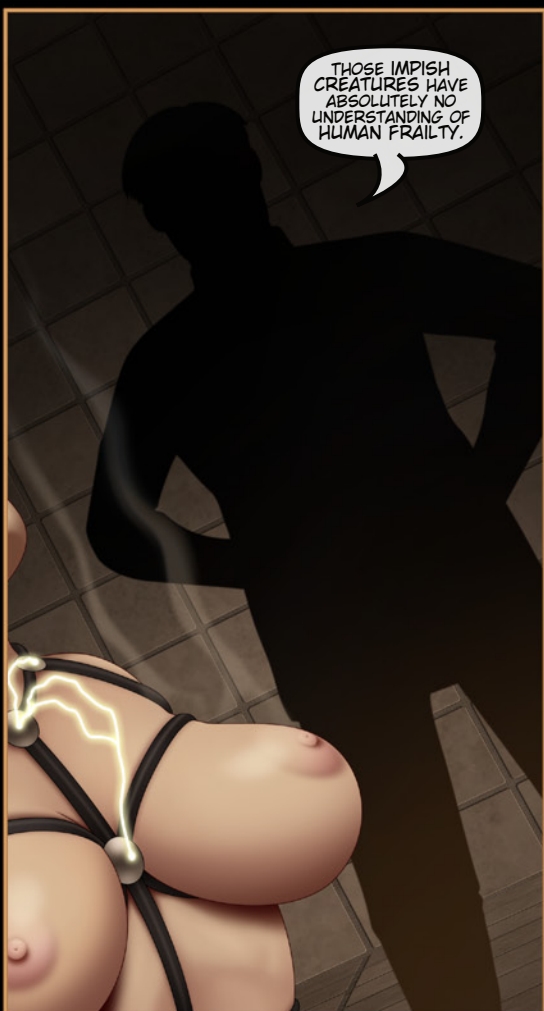
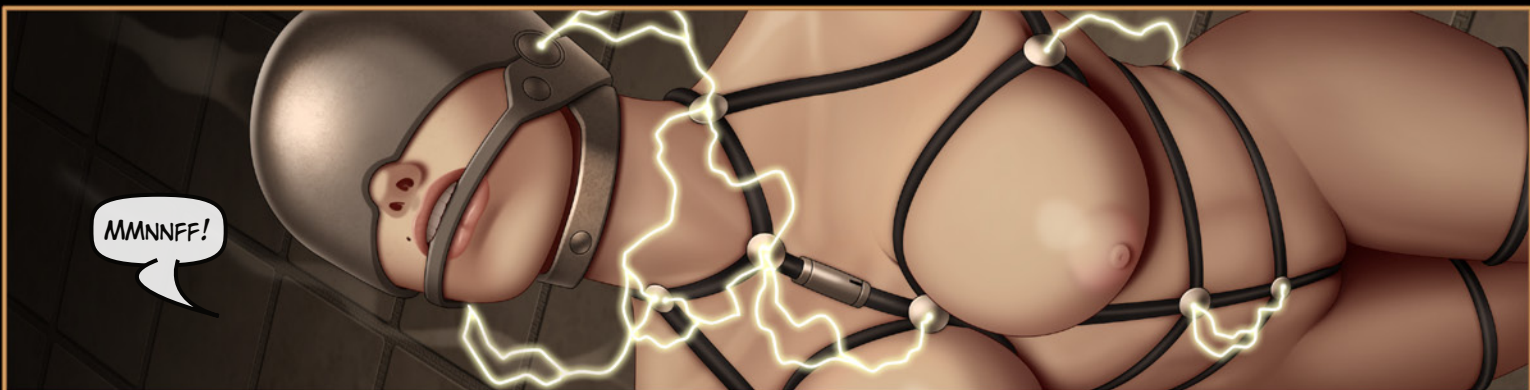


THIS WILL RE-SENSITIZE YOU AND WAKE EVERY NERVE IN YOUR BODY.



NONSENSE! WE'VE YET TO BEGIN.

AH!
THE PAIN!
IT'S KILLING ME!

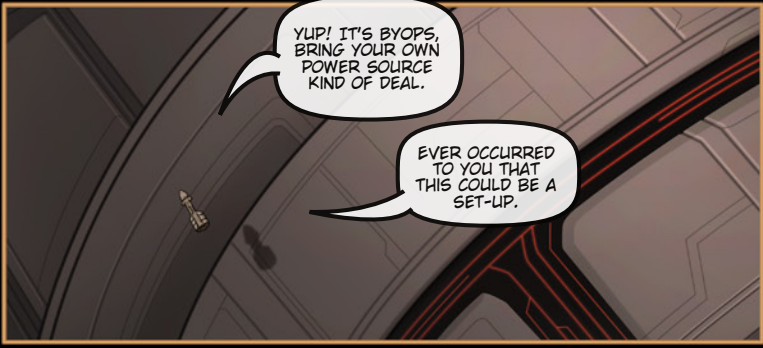




WE'RE HERE. SHIFTING BACK TO NORMAL SPACE NAVIGATIONS. POWERING DOWN H-DRIVE, POWERING UP STANDARD ENGINES.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY'RE STILL CALLING THAT A HYPERGATE. IT CAN BARELY GENERATE ENOUGH POWER TO SEND A SHUTTLE THROUGH.

BLAME THAT ON THE SECESSIONS. IT'S TOO FAR OUT TO RISK MAINTAINING BY ANY SIGNIFICANT REGIONAL POWER.



YUP! IT'S BYOPS, BRING YOUR OWN POWER SOURCE KIND OF DEAL.

EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THAT THIS COULD BE A SET-UP.



WE'RE NEARLY DRAINED. WE'LL HAVE TO USE THAT PIECE OF SHIT OF A HYPERGATE TO GET TO ANYWHERE.

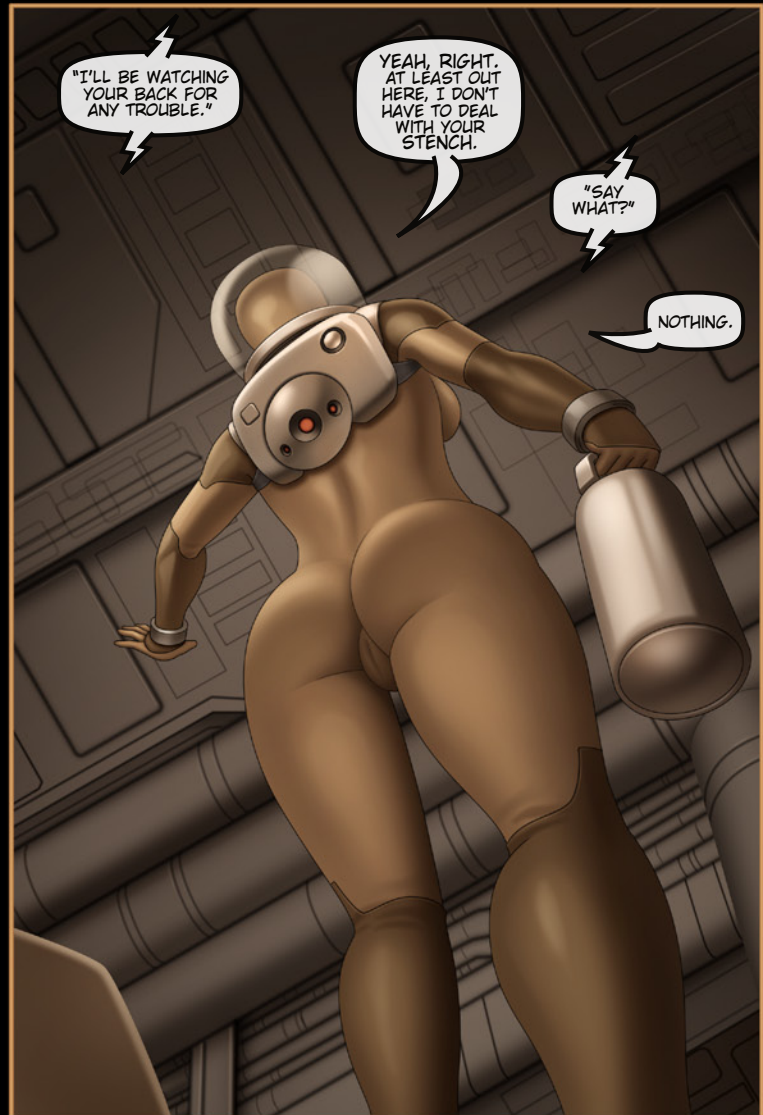


THAT'S WHY WE'RE NOT AT THE FRONT GATE, XAN. PUT ON A SUIT, YOUR GOING OUT.



FUCK! WHY AM I THE ONE OUT HERE AGAIN.

"BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ONE WHO KNOWS HOW THOSE THINGS WORK. A MASS TRANSFER IS COMING THROUGH. WE NEED TO MAKE SURE IT COMES THROUGH INTACT."



"I'LL BE WATCHING YOUR BACK FOR ANY TROUBLE."

YEAH, RIGHT. AT LEAST OUT HERE, I DON'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH YOUR STENCH.

"SAY WHAT?"

NOTHING.



I'M INSIDE.

"GOOD, NOW GO DO YOUR JOB."



AIR IS A STALE BUT BREATHABLE.

"I'M DETECTING SOME ERRATIC LIFE SIGNS BUT THEIR TOO FAR AWAY TO GET A..."



LIFE SIGNS YOU SAY?



HEY, KARL. I GOT FIVE DEAD BODIES HERE. IRREGULAR MILITARY TYPES, MAYBE PIRATES OR SCAVENGERS.



AND BY THE LOOKS OF IT, THEY DIED FAIRLY RECENTLY.

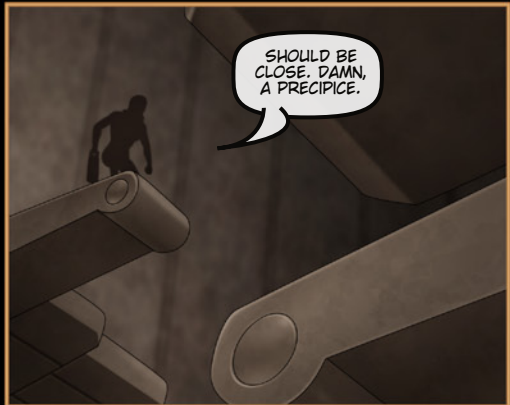


STAY ON MISSION. WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.



"DETECTING A SMALL REGION OF MICRO GRAVITY AHEAD."

OKAY, BOSS.



SHOULD BE CLOSE. DAMN, A PRECIPICE.



THERE MUST BE SOME RAMP SOMEWHERE.

"CLOCK IS TICKING, XAN."

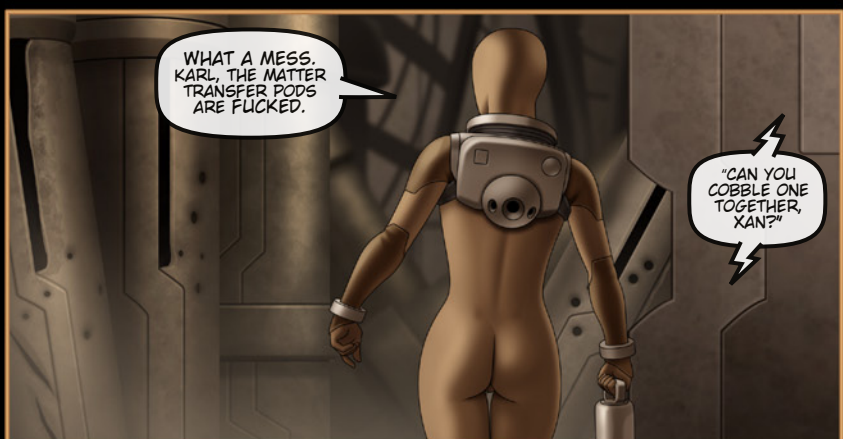
WAIT, I FORGOT...



MICRO GRAVITY.



HERE WE ARE. AW, SHIT!



WHAT A MESS. KARL, THE MATTER TRANSFER PODS ARE FUCKED.

"CAN YOU COBBLE ONE TOGETHER, XAN?"



"COBBLE... YOU KIDDING RIGHT? WAIT... I SEE ONE POD LOOKS SERVICEABLE. WELL... FIXABLE."

"WORK FAST, XAN."



RE-ROUTING CABLES.



LOADING TRIFUSION POWER CELL.

"WARNING! POWER INSUFFICIENT. WARNING! POWER INSUFFICIENT."



A SWIFT KICK TO GET THINGS GOING.

"WARNING! POWER... BOOT SEQUENCE INITIATED!"



"MATTER TRANSFER POD 66-81 IS ONLINE."



"DETECTING INCOMING MATTER STREAM FROM TRANSFER POINT 16."

ORGANIC..?



WITH 17 TRANSFERS?! THAT'S INSANE!

"RECEIVING INCOMING MATTER STREAM. PRIORITY BUFFER ACTIVATED FOR ORGANIC MATTER REINTEGRATION."



"AUTOMATIC SECONDARY BUFFER ACTIVATED FOR INORGANIC MATTER REINTEGRATION."

"EMERGENCY ALERT!
INSUFFICIENT POWER FOR
SECONDARY BUFFER.
EMERGENCY ALERT!
INSUFFICIENT POWER FOR
SECONDARY BUFFER.
RE-BALANCING POWER..."

FUCK,
NO! NO!

"DIGABLE SECONDARY
BUFFER. TRANSFER ALL
AVAILABLE POWER TO
THE PRIMARY BUFFER.
PRIORITIZE ORGANIC..."

AAH!

"INORGANIC MATTER STREAM
CORRUPTED! SYSTEM
INSTABILITY DETECTED!
CASCADING SYSTEMS FAILURE!
MATTER TRANSFER POD
FAILURE!"

"MATTER TRANSFER
INCOMPLETE! MATTER
TRANSFER INCOMPLETE!"

SENDING A HUMAN BODY
THROUGH 17 TRANSFER
POINTS IS FUCKING NUTS.
THERE'S NO GUARANTEE
YOU'LL COME OUT INTACT
EVEN WITH ALL BUFFERS
LOADED.

XAN, DID
WE GET IT?



"GET HER", YOU MEAN.

"A YEETRAN AGENT?"



I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE. I DON'T THINK SHE'LL BE MUCH USE. THE TRANSFER FUCKED HER UP. I'M GIVING HER A SHOT OF NANITES. THEY'LL BOOST THE NATURAL ACCELERATED HEALING OF YEETRAN PHYSIOLOGY, BUT THEY CAN DO NOTHING ABOUT HER MIND.



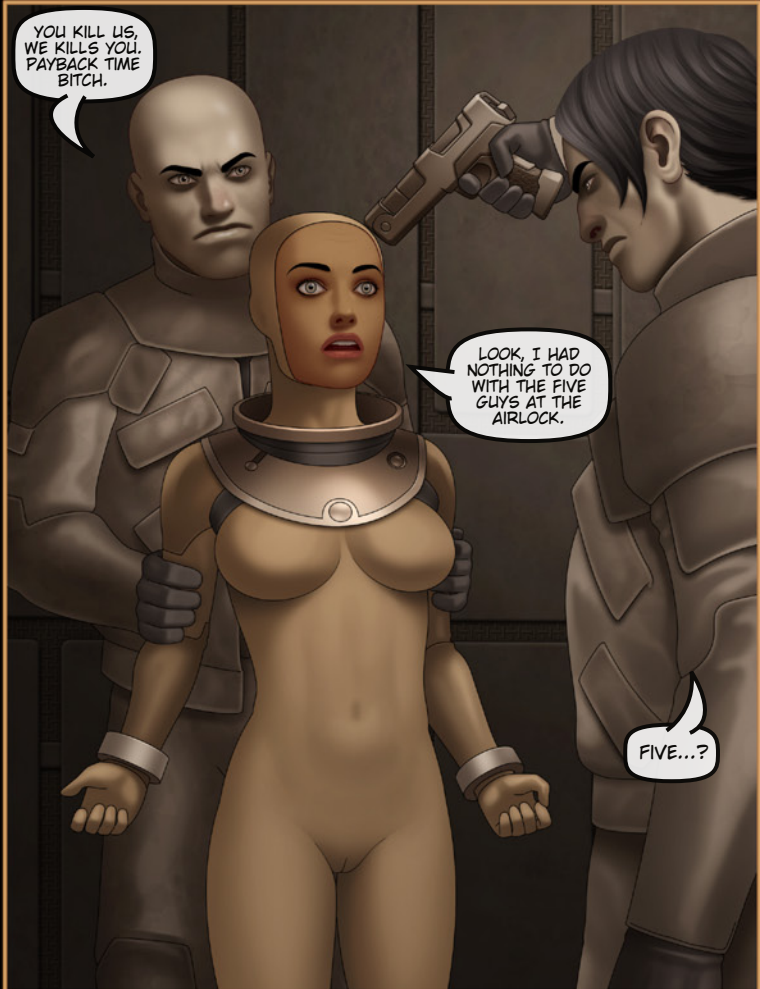
"SHE'S NORMALIZING."



WHATCHA GOT THERE, PROTO? WHO'RE YOU TALKIN' TO?

HUGH?! WHAT? NO ONE.

YOU THINK WE'RE IDIOTS? HOW ELSE WERE WE ABLE TO TRACK YOU. FIND HER TRANSMITTER AND TRACE IT.



YOU KILL US, WE KILLS YOU. PAYBACK TIME BITCH.

LOOK, I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE FIVE GUYS AT THE AIRLOCK.

FIVE...?



FUCK! WE LOST MIREZ'S TEAM TOO.

THIS ONE'S BRAIN FRIED.

HNNNH!



"SO WHERE IS IT?"

"IT'S NOT HERE."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IT'S NOT THERE?"



"WE'VE CHECKED EVERY STITCH AND SEEM. NOTHING."

I TOLD YOU, ASSHOLE. YOU MISTOOK THE POD'S BACK FLOW FOR...



FUCK YOU! WE KNOW YOU HAVE ONE. WE'LL TRACE IT BACK TO YOUR SHIP.



LOOK, I DIDN'T KILL YOUR GUYS. I'M JUST HERE TO RETRIEVE A PACKAGE AND I'M OFF.

"REALLY? WELL, IF YOU DON'T HAND OVER YOUR TRANSMITTER..."



"...YOU'LL BE JOINING YOUR PACKAGE."



HAVE IT YOUR WAY. TIME WE GET INVASIVE. I'VE SET THE TRACKER TO DETECT RESIDUAL TRANSMISSION PULSES.





"I HOPE YOU LIKE IT ROUGH."



HNNNH!
FUCK OFF!

SKIN SAY, THE WARM CLIMES OF MOTHER WORLD. BUT PHYSIOSCANS SAY DIFFERENT. WHATCHA BE THEN?



"BUT FIRST, THE TRANSMITTER."



"IT'LL PROBABLY HURT MORE COMING OUT THAT IT WAS GOING IN."

HEY, WAIT!
YOUR NOT SUPPOSE TO...



AHH, FUCK!
GET THAT HAND OUT!

BLAME STUBBORN SELF.



THERE IT IS!





WON'T TAKE LONG.



NOT LONG AT ALL.



XAN, THE PACKAGE, WHERE IS IT?



MY SKIN FEELS RAW, MY VAGINA'S DILATED, BUT OTHERWISE I'M FINE. THANKS FOR ASKING.

HOW LONG WERE YOU STANDING THERE?



LONG ENOUGH TO GET A RISE.

YOU'RE A FUCKIN' ASS... BASTARD. YOU'RE A REAL PEACE OF WORK. NO WONDER YOU'RE AN EXILE.



THE PACKAGE IS OVER...

WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES?



WHERE AM I?



DID NOT SEE THAT COMING.
I THOUGHT SHE WAS BRAINWIPED.
UH... YEAH.



WHO ARE YOU?
I'M SUPPOSE TO...
DAMN, I CAN'T
REMEMBER.



EVERYTHING'S SO
VAGUE. I KNOW I'M
SUPPOSE TO MEET
SOMEONE...

YOU'RE
JUST TOO
TIRED TO
REMEMBER.



YOU SHOULD
REST. JUST A
PRECAUTION.

LNNNH...



AAH!



WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING NOW? WHAT IS THAT?



THIS THING? WELL, IT'S A XENOSPECTRES! BUT NOT LIKE ANY THAT I'VE SEEN BEFORE.



XENO- WHAT? WEAPONS HAVE NO EFFECT AND MORE ARE COMING.

"NOT EXACTLY. THEY ARE HAVING AN EFFECT. IT'S JUST TO INSIGNIFICANT TO MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE."



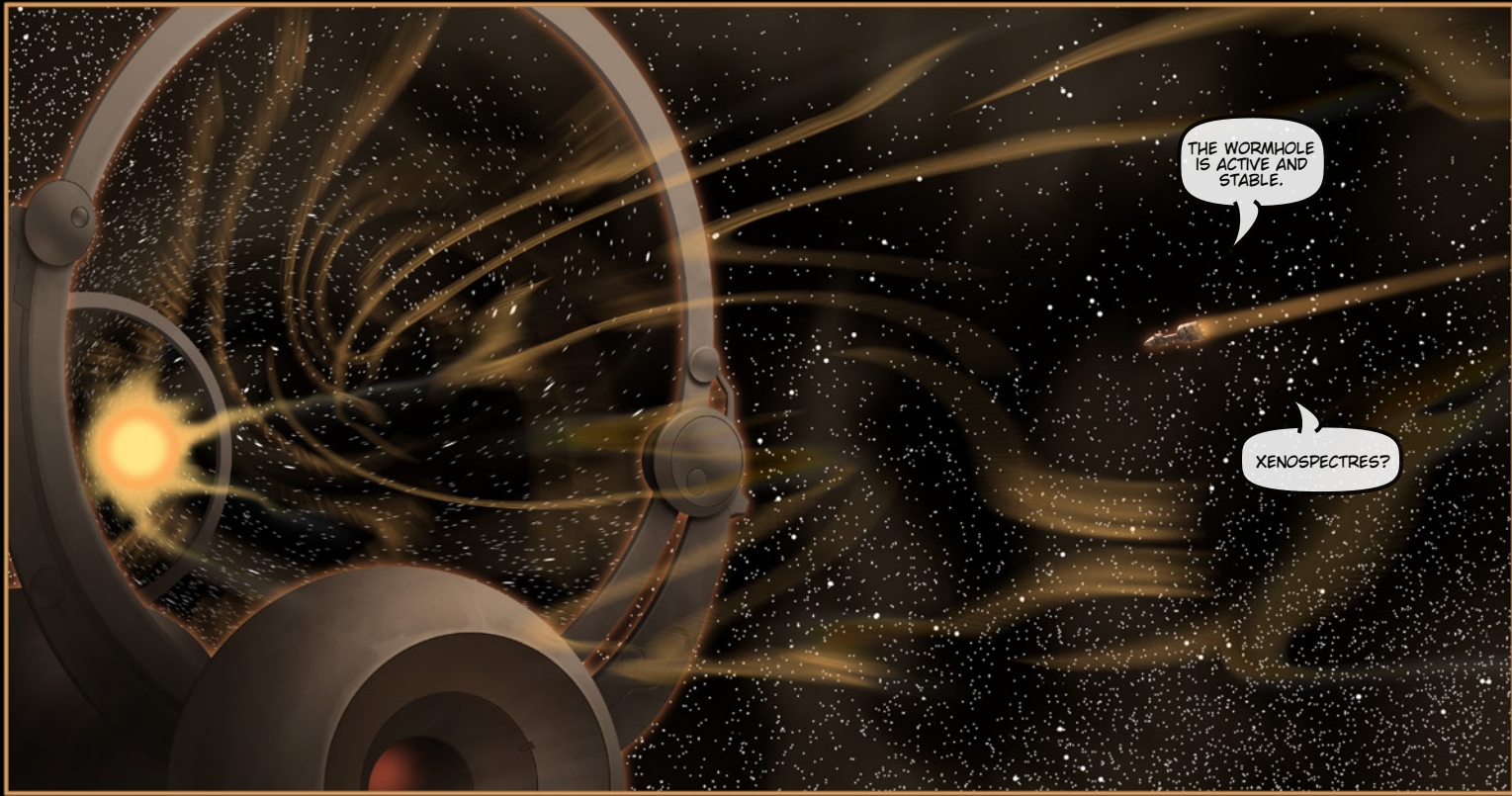
I ADVISE WE MAKE A HASTY EXIT. THIS SHITS GONE BAD.



ACCESSING THE REMOTE COMMAND CODES. THIS IS AN ANOMALOUS GATE. IT WON'T DRAW MUCH POWER TO OPEN A WORMHOLE.

JUST GET US OUT. THIS PLACE IS STARTING TO CREEP ME OUT.

SURE THING, BOSS.



THE WORMHOLE IS ACTIVE AND STABLE.

XENOSPECTRES?



"NEVER HEARD OF THEM BEFORE."

"SOME THINGS ARE JUST BEST NOT KNOWN."



YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM, XAN. CARE TO SHARE.

<SIGH!> I'M A LITTLE BUSY NAVIGATING AT THE MOMENT. THIS SHIP'S ABOUT READY TO FALL APART.



YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON ME. I GET THAT. BUT IF IT'S SOMETHING I NEED TO KNOW, YOU WILL REGRET IT.

"BELIEVE ME BOSS, YOU'LL REGRET IT MORE IF I TELL YOU."

STATUS OF OUR PACKAGE?

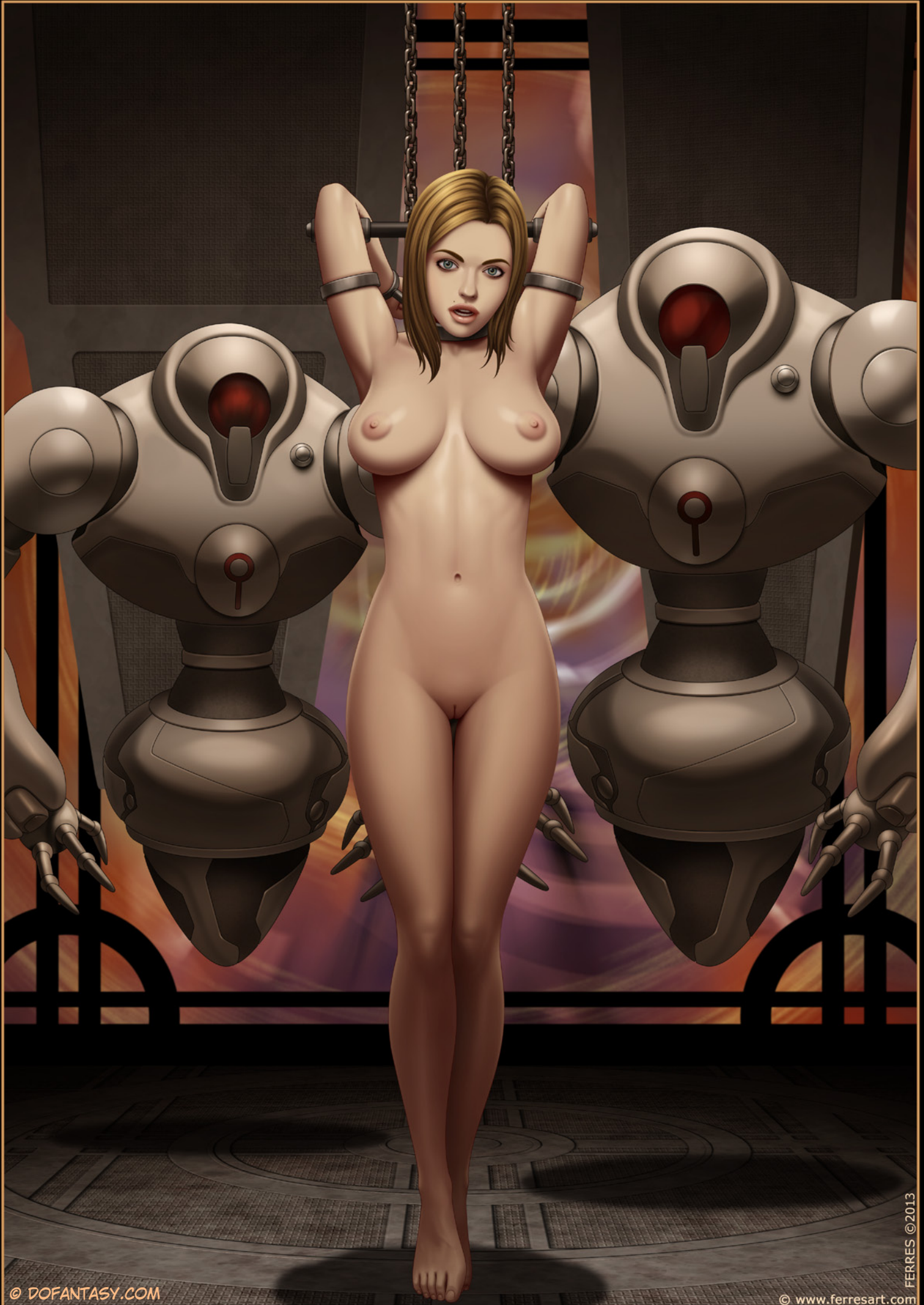


"STRAPPED DOWN AND COMFY. SHE'S REGENERATING HER MEMORIES. I'VE NOT SEEN THAT ON YEETRAN'S BEFORE. I'LL HAVE TO POKE AROUND, SEE WHAT THIS IS REALLY ABOUT."

"SHOULD BE FUN."

The Proto
GALLERY













RED RIDING HOOD



[click on image](#)

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TEMPEST

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DEATH IN THE HAREM

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PART 2

