



The Sky Dungeon

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THIS COMIC NEEDS VERSION 9
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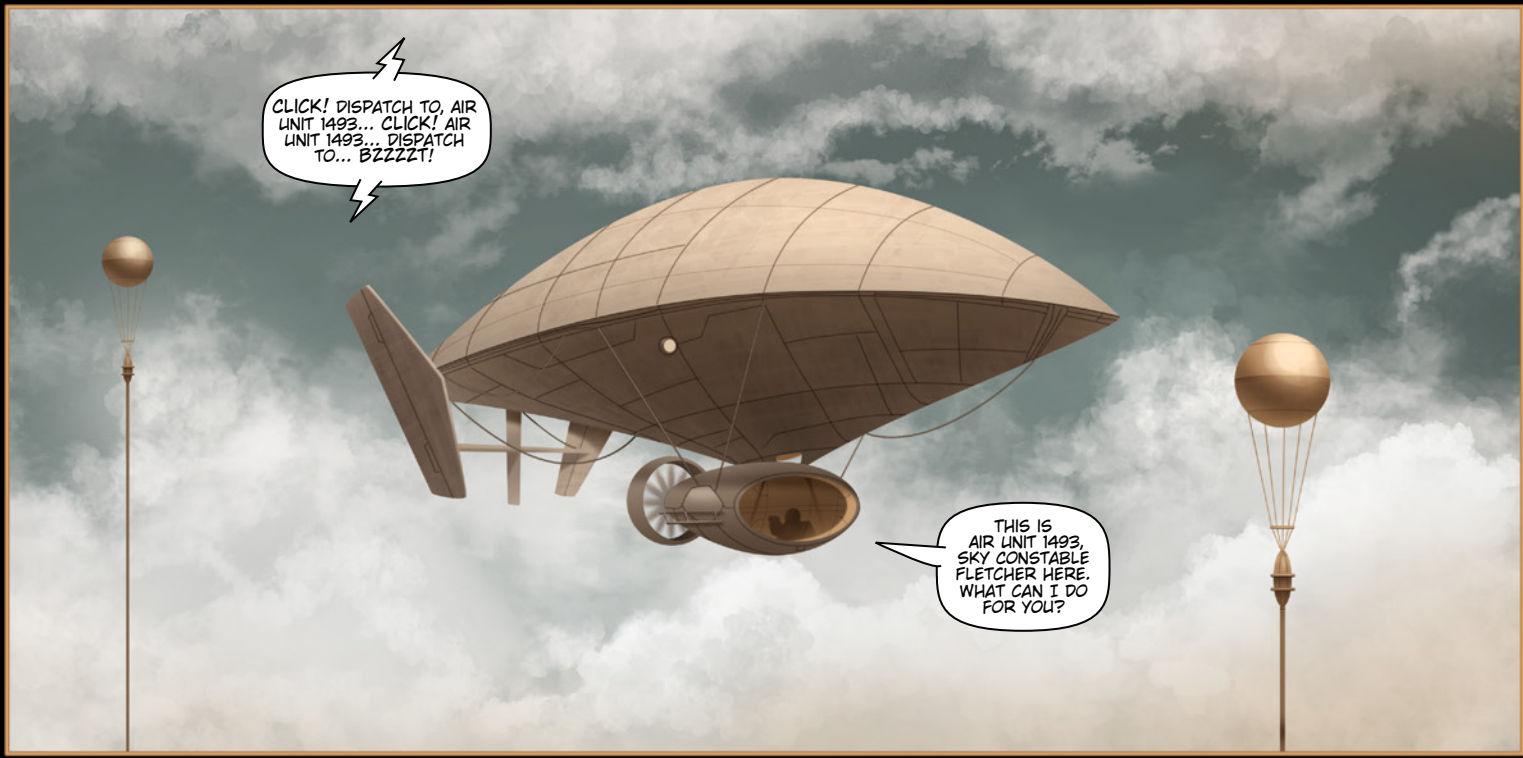
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THE EDITOR

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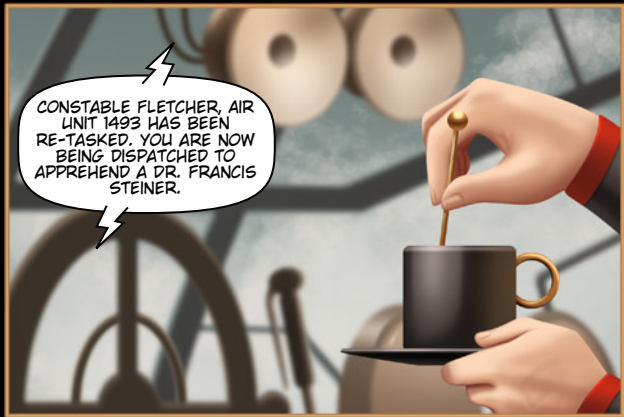
SHORTIES:
The Sky Dungeon

BY FERRES

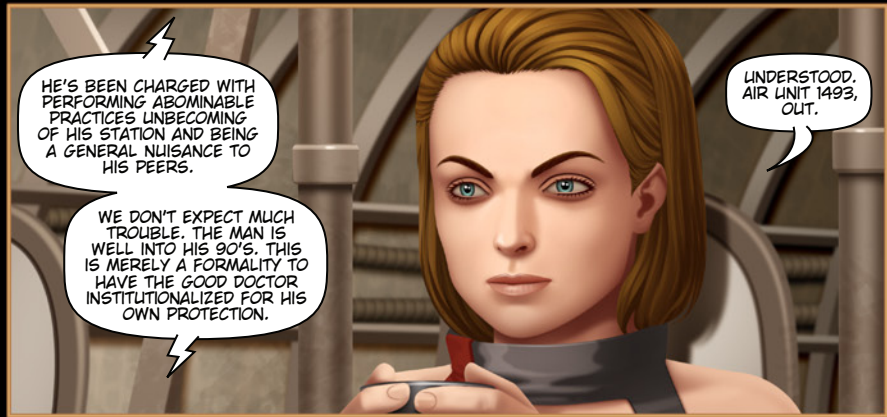


CLICK! DISPATCH TO, AIR UNIT 1493... CLICK! AIR UNIT 1493... DISPATCH TO... BZZZZT!

THIS IS AIR UNIT 1493, SKY CONSTABLE FLETCHER HERE. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



CONSTABLE FLETCHER, AIR UNIT 1493 HAS BEEN RE-TASKED. YOU ARE NOW BEING DISPATCHED TO APPREHEND A DR. FRANCIS STEINER.



HE'S BEEN CHARGED WITH PERFORMING ABOMINABLE PRACTICES UNBECOMING OF HIS STATION AND BEING A GENERAL NUISANCE TO HIS PEERS.

UNDERSTOOD. AIR UNIT 1493, OUT.

WE DON'T EXPECT MUCH TROUBLE. THE MAN IS WELL INTO HIS 90'S. THIS IS MERELY A FORMALITY TO HAVE THE GOOD DOCTOR INSTITUTIONALIZED FOR HIS OWN PROTECTION.



CONSTABLE RILEY...

LNH...?

WAKEY-WAKEY, RILEY. GET YOUR BUM BACK UP ON DECK!

WHAT, WHY? IT'S YOUR SHIFT.



WE HAVE A NEW ASSIGNMENT. WE'RE BRINGING IN SOME OLD GEEZER.

HUH?! WHAT ABOUT THE SEARCH FOR THAT MISSING APEX CLIMBER ALISTAIR LONGTHWAITE.



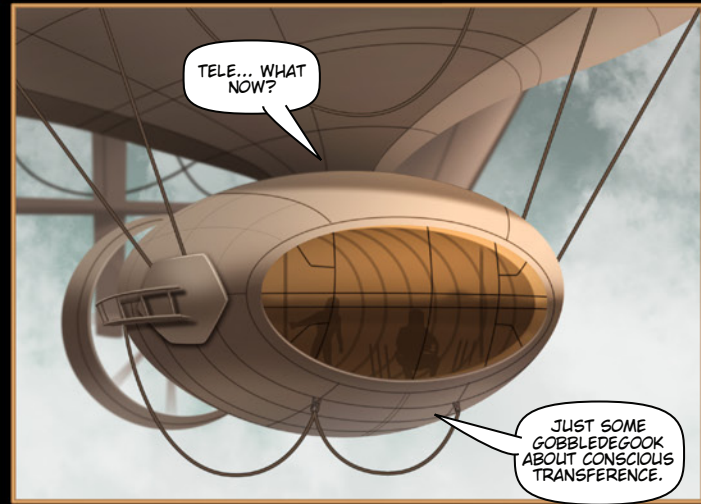
THAT'LL HAVE TO WAIT.



WHAT'S OUR NEW HEADING? WHO ARE WE LOOKING FOR?

SECTOR F-107 ON THE HIGHLAND'S OUTER DISTRICT. A GEEZER NAMED FRANCIS STEI...

DR. FRANCIS STEINER? I THINK I READ SOMETHING ABOUT HIM REGARDING TELE-NEURO SYNCHRONISM RESEARCH.



TELE... WHAT NOW?

JUST SOME GOBBLEDEGOOK ABOUT CONSCIOUS TRANSPERENCE.



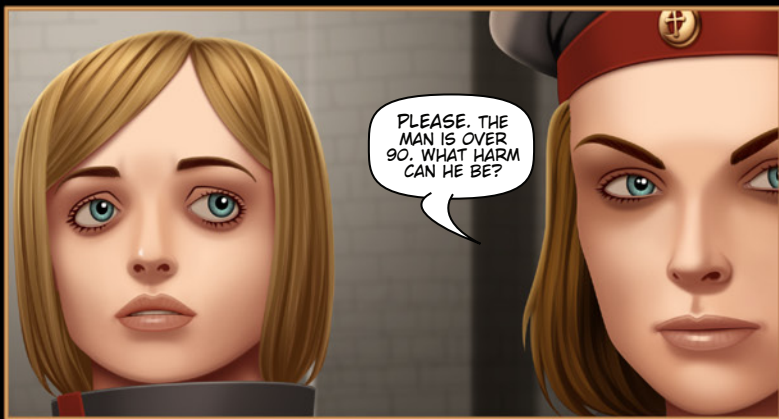
"HMM... I THINK WE DID OUR FIRST SEARCH HERE FOR THAT MISSING CLIMBER."

"REALLY? I DON'T RECALL."



RILEY, KINDLY HOLSTER YOUR FIREARM.

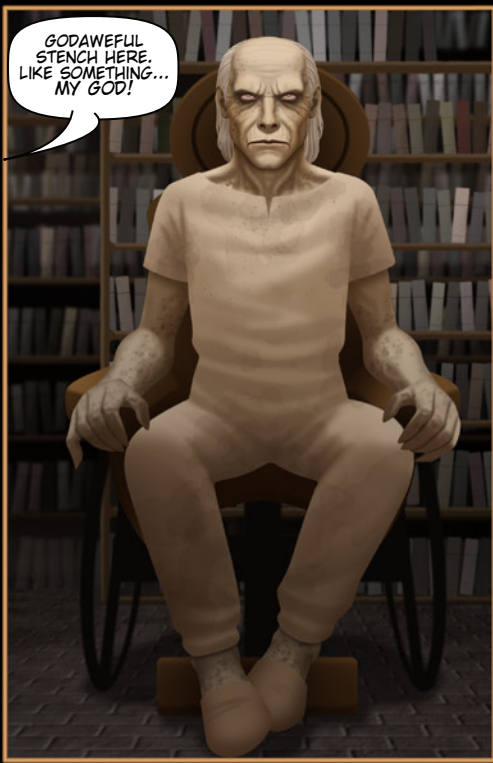
BUT... JUST INCASE. OLD GLYS CAN BE HANDSY.



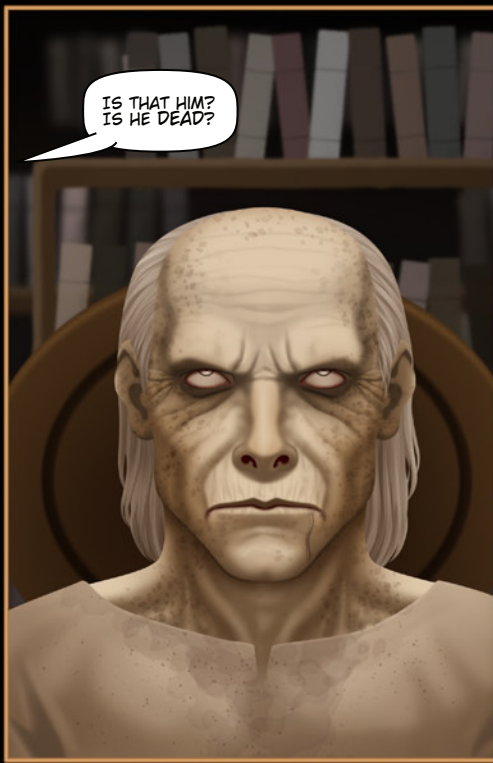
PLEASE. THE MAN IS OVER 90. WHAT HARM CAN HE BE?



"I DON'T WANT ANY ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE. BAD FOR OUR RECORD. NOT TO MENTION A TONNE OF PAPERWORK."



GODAWFUL STENCH HERE LIKE SOMETHING... MY GOD!



IS THAT HIM? IS HE DEAD?



IT IS HIM. AND NO, HE'S NOT DEAD. SNAP TO IT, OLD MAN!

HE'S IN SOME KIND OF TRANCE LIKE CATATONIC STATE.



JEEZ LOUISE, HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN LIKE THAT?



JUDGING FORM THE SMELL, QUITE A WHILE. CALL DISPATCH. GET THEM TO SEND FOR A PARAMEDIC TEAM. THE OLD FLUCKER DIDN'T HAVE THE DECENCY TO DIE ALREADY AND SAVE US THE TROUBLE.



SORRY BUT I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT, CONSTABLE.



AAAGH!

AAAH!!!

"IT'S ALSO RUDE TO COMMENT ON ONE'S HYGIENE RIGHT IN HIS VERY PRESENCE."



LNGH... OH. WHAT'S HAPPENING? NO... DON'T...



WAIT, YOU'RE... THAT'S... ALISTAIR LONGTHWAITE.



WHAT IS THIS? UNSHACKLE ME. I'M AN OFFICER OF THE LAW. THIS VIOLATES...

BE AT EASE, CONSTABLE. YOU ARE ABOUT TO PARTICIPATE IN THE MOST WONDROUS, GROUND BREAKING EXPERIMENTS THAT WILL ALTER THE FACE OF MEDICINE FOREVER.



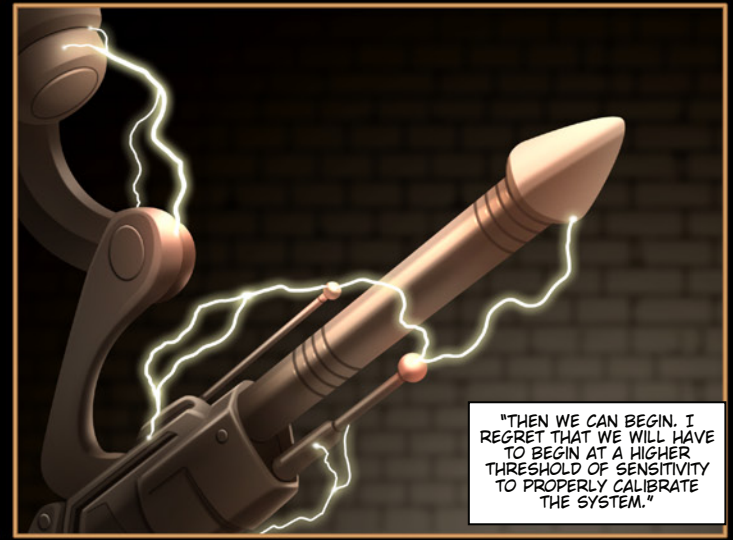
AND REST ASSURED. NOTHING YOU SAY OR DO WILL AFFECT THE COURSE OF THESE PROCEDURES.



"YOUR FRIEND THERE IS NEARLY READY TO MAKE HERE CONTRIBUTION. SUBCUTANEOUS NEURAL SENSORY IMPLANTS ARE IN PLACE."



"ALL IS NEEDED IS THE INSERTION OF THE CORE PRIMER."

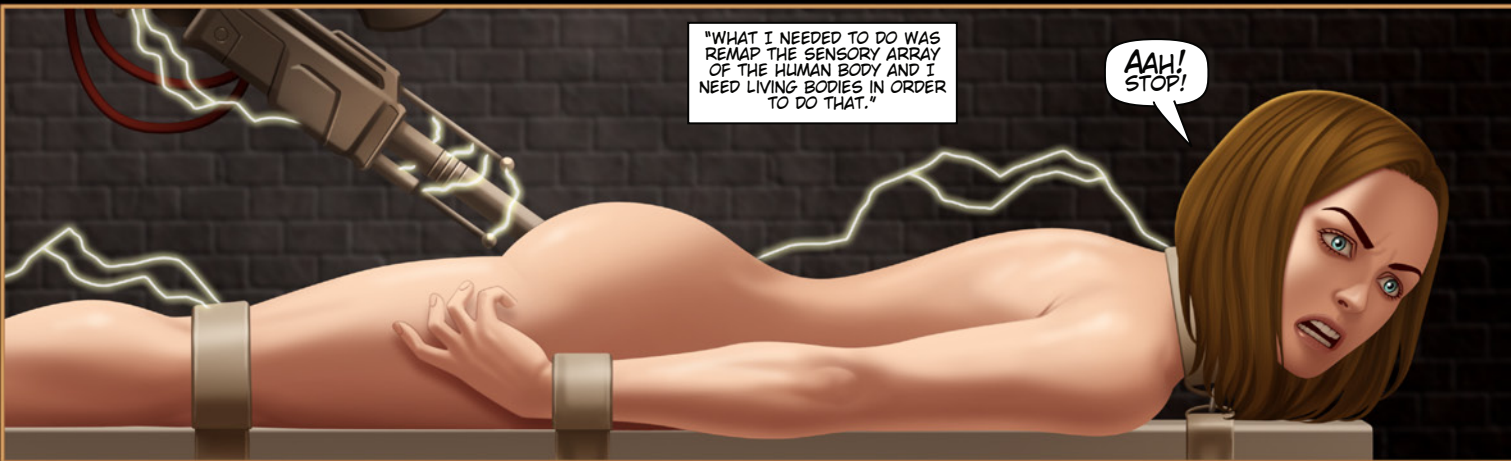


"THEN WE CAN BEGIN. I REGRET THAT WE WILL HAVE TO BEGIN AT A HIGHER THRESHOLD OF SENSITIVITY TO PROPERLY CALIBRATE THE SYSTEM."

"IN MY MANY EXPERIMENTS, I HAVE FOUND THAT CONSCIOUS TRANSFERENCE IS VERY MUCH ACHIEVABLE, ALBEIT WITH A FEW DRAWBACKS."

"IT WAS INTENDED THAT THE RECENTLY DECEASED BUT OTHERWISE HEALTHY BODIES COULD BE USED FOR TRANSFERENCE, BUT SENSORY DEGRADATION WAS UNAVOIDABLE."

"I'VE BEEN LIMITED TO ONLY RECONSTITUTING RUDIMENTARY TACTILE FUNCTIONS."



"WHAT I NEEDED TO DO WAS REMAP THE SENSORY ARRAY OF THE HUMAN BODY AND I NEED LIVING BODIES IN ORDER TO DO THAT."

I SHALL ENDEAVOUR TO LIMIT ANY LONG TERM PHYSICAL TOLL THAT YOU WILL LIKELY INCUR IN THE COMING PROCEDURES.

SACRIFICES MUST BE MADE IN ORDER TO BETTER MANKIND.

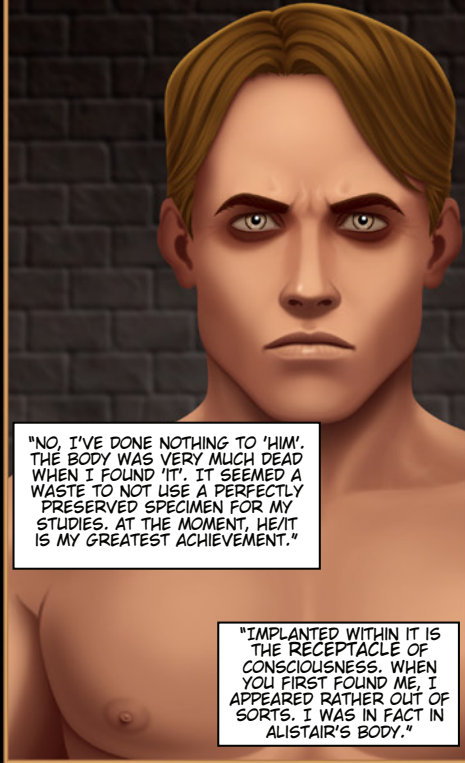
PLEASE, LET US GO.



WAIT! THAT MAN THERE, ALISTAIR. WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?



"YES, SO UNFORTUNATE. HE WAS UNFAMILIAR WITH THE MICRO CLIMATIC BURSTS THAT HAPPEN HERE ON OCCASION."



"NO, I'VE DONE NOTHING TO 'HIM'. THE BODY WAS VERY MUCH DEAD WHEN I FOUND 'IT'. IT SEEMED A WASTE TO NOT USE A PERFECTLY PRESERVED SPECIMEN FOR MY STUDIES. AT THE MOMENT, HE/IT IS MY GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT."

"IMPLANTED WITHIN IT IS THE RECEPTACLE OF CONSCIOUSNESS. WHEN YOU FIRST FOUND ME, I APPEARED RATHER OUT OF SORTS. I WAS IN FACT IN ALISTAIR'S BODY."

"I AM GRATEFUL FOR YOUR TIMELY ARRIVAL."



I HAD NEGLECTED THE PASSAGE OF TIME, ANY LONGER AND MY ORIGINAL BODY WOULD HAVE DIED.



ALISTAIR'S BODY, THOUGH PERFECTLY SUITED, STILL REQUIRES EXTENSIVE SENSORY REMAPPING. THIS IS WHY YOU ARE HERE. YOU WILL BE 'TEACHING' THE BODY TO FEEL AGAIN THROUGH YOUR OWN.

YOU, MY GIRL, WILL SERVE AS OUR CONTROL ELEMENT WHILE YOUR PARTNER SERVES AS THE PRIMARY NEURAL HOST.



"SEVENTEEN, KINDLY HARNESS THE YOUNG WOMAN, AND TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES FOR SIMULATED COPULATION."

LINGH!



"IF YOU'RE WONDERING, SEVENTEEN IS MY FIRST SUCCESS WITH RECONSTITUTED RE-ANIMATION."

UNFORTUNATELY, HE'S BODY IS TOO FAR GONE TO BE USED FOR TRANSFERENCE. HE HAS NO TACTILE SENSE WHATSOEVER. BUT HE IS OBEDIENT.





MISS, TRY TO RELAX. THIS WILL ALL BE OVER SOON ENOUGH.



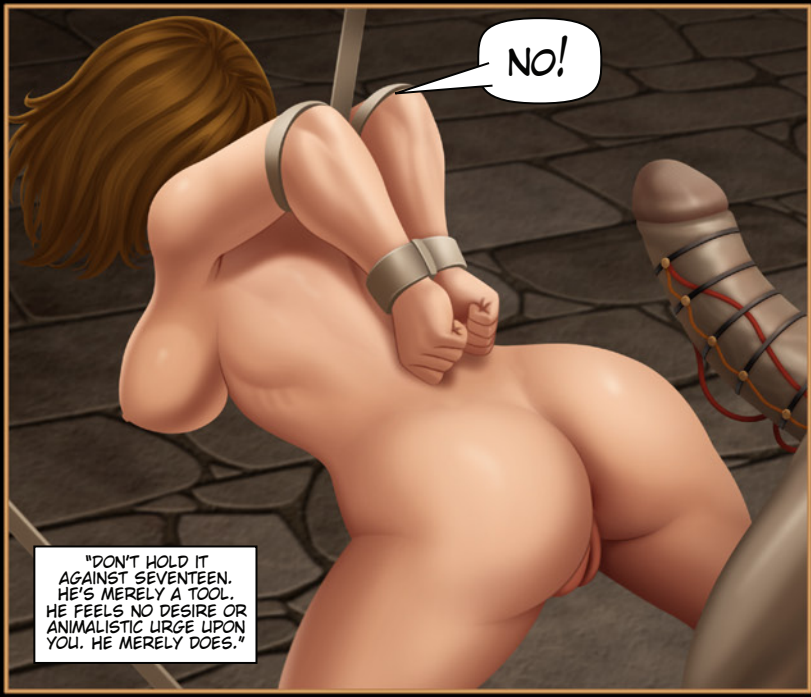
THE NAME IS SKY CONSTABLE KATYA FLETCHER AND YOU WILL BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR WHATEVER HARM BEFALLS US. LET US GO NOW BEFORE...

"BEFORE WHAT?"



"I AM A DYING OLD MAN, CONSTABLE FLETCHER. NOTHING YOU CAN POSSIBLY DO CAN SWAY ME."

"SEVENTEEN, SIMULATE COPULATION AND APPLY SOME VIGOUR."



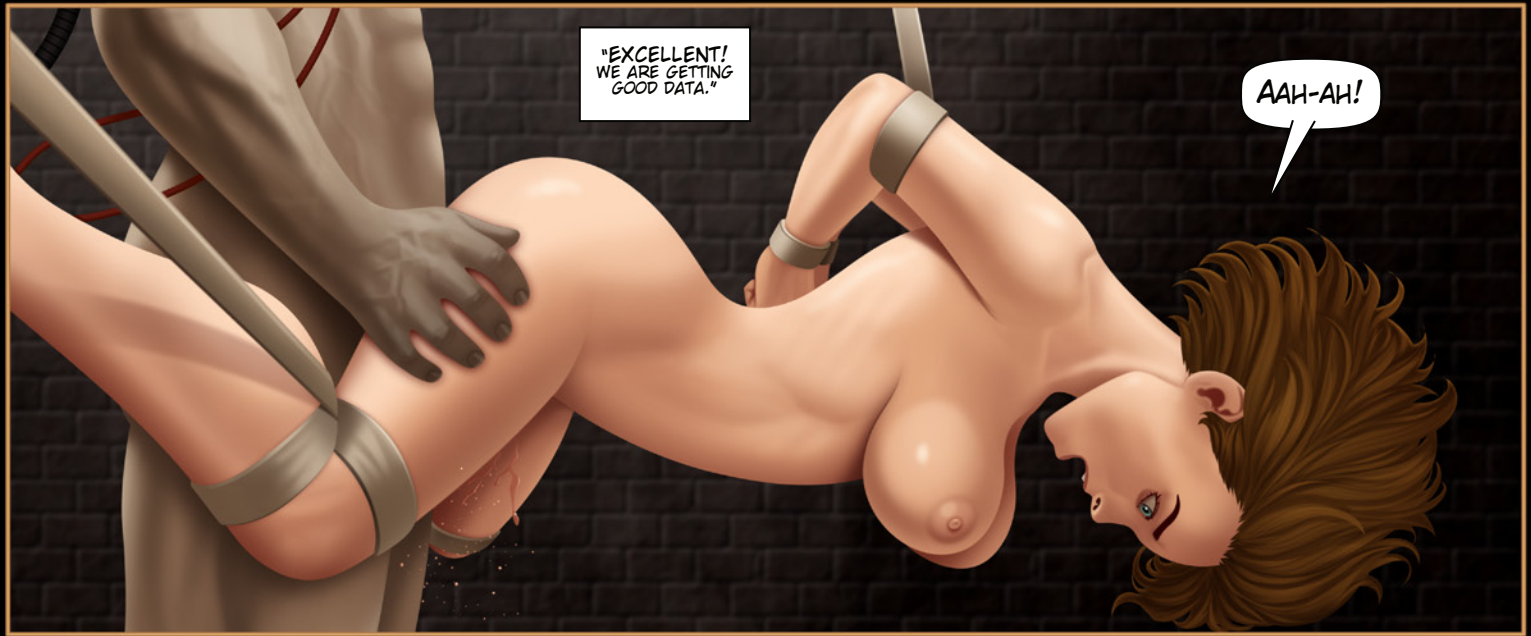
NO!

"DON'T HOLD IT AGAINST SEVENTEEN. HE'S MERELY A TOOL. HE FEELS NO DESIRE OR ANIMALISTIC URGE UPON YOU. HE MERELY DOES."



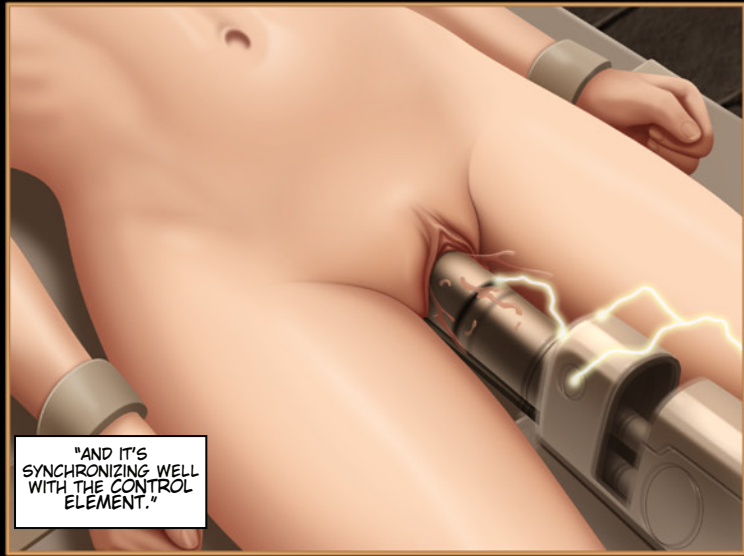
"HIS ERECTION IS PURELY THE RESULT ELECTRO-STIMULATION, NOT BASE LUST."

AH! AH!



"EXCELLENT!
WE ARE GETTING
GOOD DATA."

AAH-AH!



"AND IT'S
SYNCHRONIZING WELL
WITH THE CONTROL
ELEMENT."



HEE-AAIEEH!

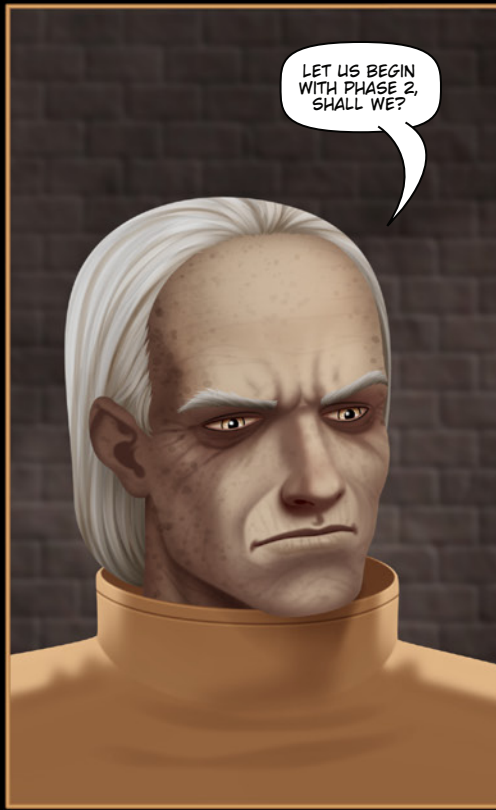
"5 MORE HOURS
AND WE'LL BE DONE
FOR THE DAY."



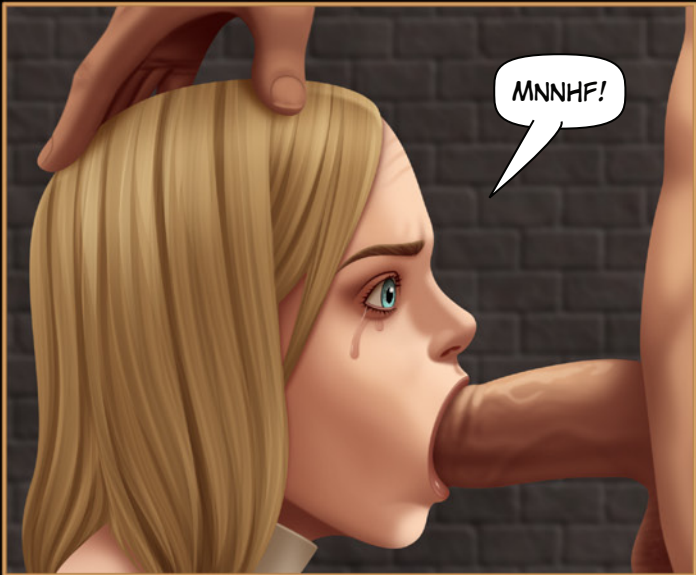
DAY 2.



"SENSORY DEPRIVATION
HEIGHTENS THE OTHER
SENSES. COMPARATIVE
DATA WITH THE CONTROL
ELEMENT WILL HELP
ISOLATE SOME
ABNORMALITIES THAT
MIGHT TRANSPIRE."



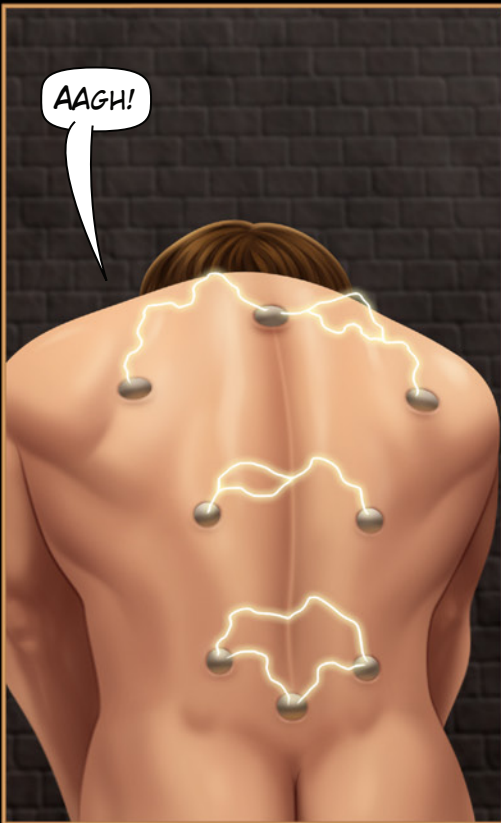






NO!

"NOW."



AAGH!



MMNNFF!



"TO SEE IF THAT STIMULATION IS ADEQUATE..."

PLMNFS!



"TO PERFORM COPULATION EXERCISES."



HUNNMF!



LINGH!
MNGH!



HNNH-HNNH!
HNNH-HNNH!



HNN-?



HMMN...?!



!!!



MMNNFF!
OUMNNF!

"SEVENTEEN,
ENOUGH! SHE'S
NOT SUPPOSE TO
TAKE PLEASURE
FORM THIS?"



YOU ARE DISTORTING
THE MAPPING DATA.
SEVENTEEN, GO AND
ASSIST ALISTAIR.

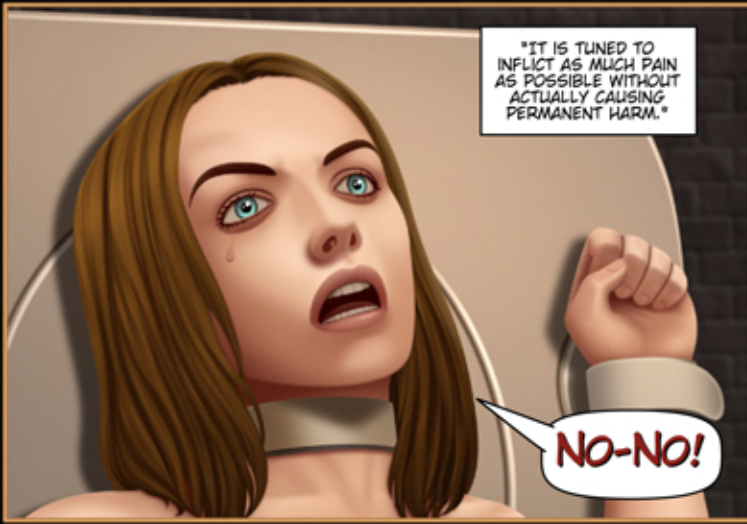
I'LL HAVE TO
RESORT TO
OTHER MEANS.



"I WAS HOPING
NOT TO USE THIS BUT
CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE
MADE IT NECESSARY."

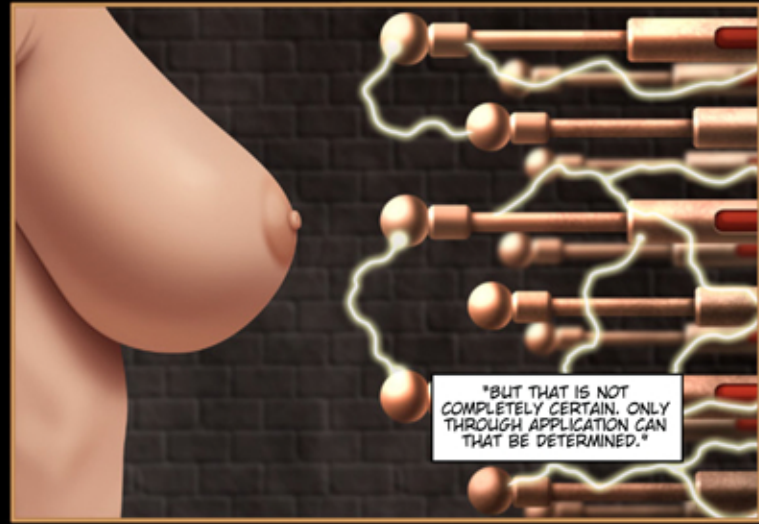


"THIS IS A MICROWAVE
PAIN INDUCER. YOU WILL
FEEL AS IF YOUR WHOLE
BODY IS BURNING FROM
THE INSIDE AND OUT."



"IT IS TUNED TO INFLICT AS MUCH PAIN AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT ACTUALLY CAUSING PERMANENT HARM."

NO-NO!



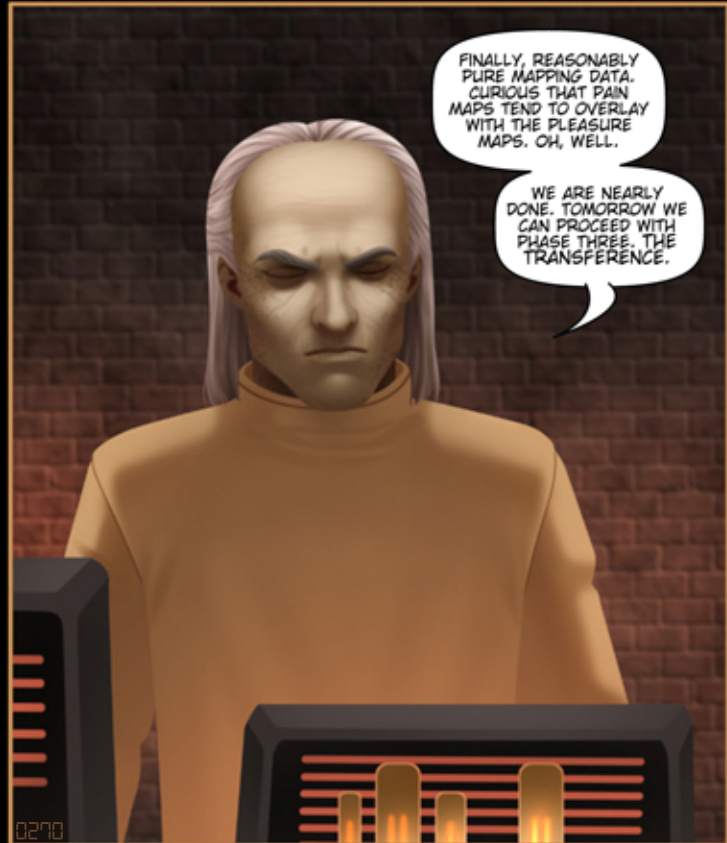
"BUT THAT IS NOT COMPLETELY CERTAIN. ONLY THROUGH APPLICATION CAN THAT BE DETERMINED."



HMMNGH!
NMMMH!



AAAIEEH!!!



FINALLY, REASONABLY PURE MAPPING DATA. CURIOUS THAT PAIN MAPS TEND TO OVERLAY WITH THE PLEASURE MAPS. OH, WELL.

WE ARE NEARLY DONE. TOMORROW WE CAN PROCEED WITH PHASE THREE, THE TRANSFERENCE.



"SEVENTEEN?"



HNNH? YES, I BELIEVE IT WORKED. SEVENTEEN, PLEASE HELP ME UP.



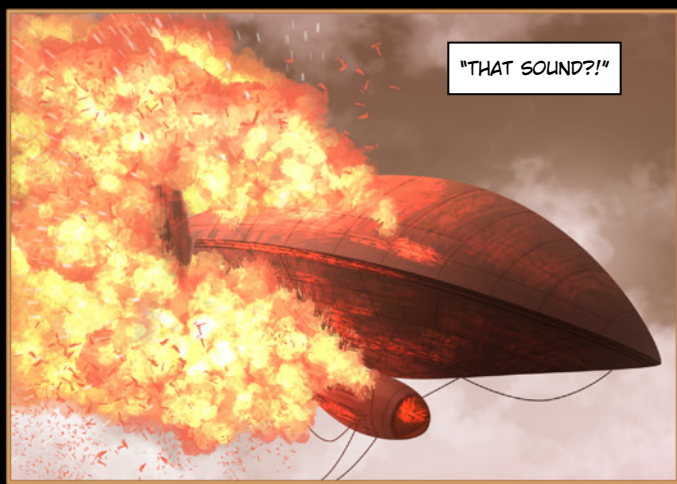
"WAIT, WHAT ARE YOU...? NO!"



GRCK-GRCK!



OUMNF!



"THAT SOUND?!"



THE AIRSHIP!



RILEY, GET UP!
OUR AIRSHIP'S
BEEN SET ALIGHT.

WHAT?
THE RADIO
TRANSPONDERS!
WE'LL HAVE NO
WAY TO CALL FOR
HELP.



BUT WHERE IS
DR. STEINER,
THAT MAD MAN?



I DON'T KNOW.
HE MUST HAVE
CONCLUDED HIS
EXPERIMENTS AND
ABANDONED US TO
OUR OWN DEVICES.

THERE HAS TO
BE SOME FORM OF
COMMUNICATION
GEAR IN THIS
PLACE.

...AND
CLOTHES.



THERE, THAT
MUST BE THE
EXIT.



OUR PRIORITIES
ARE CLOTHES AND
A MEANS OF COMMUNI...



STEINER'S EXPERIMENTS!

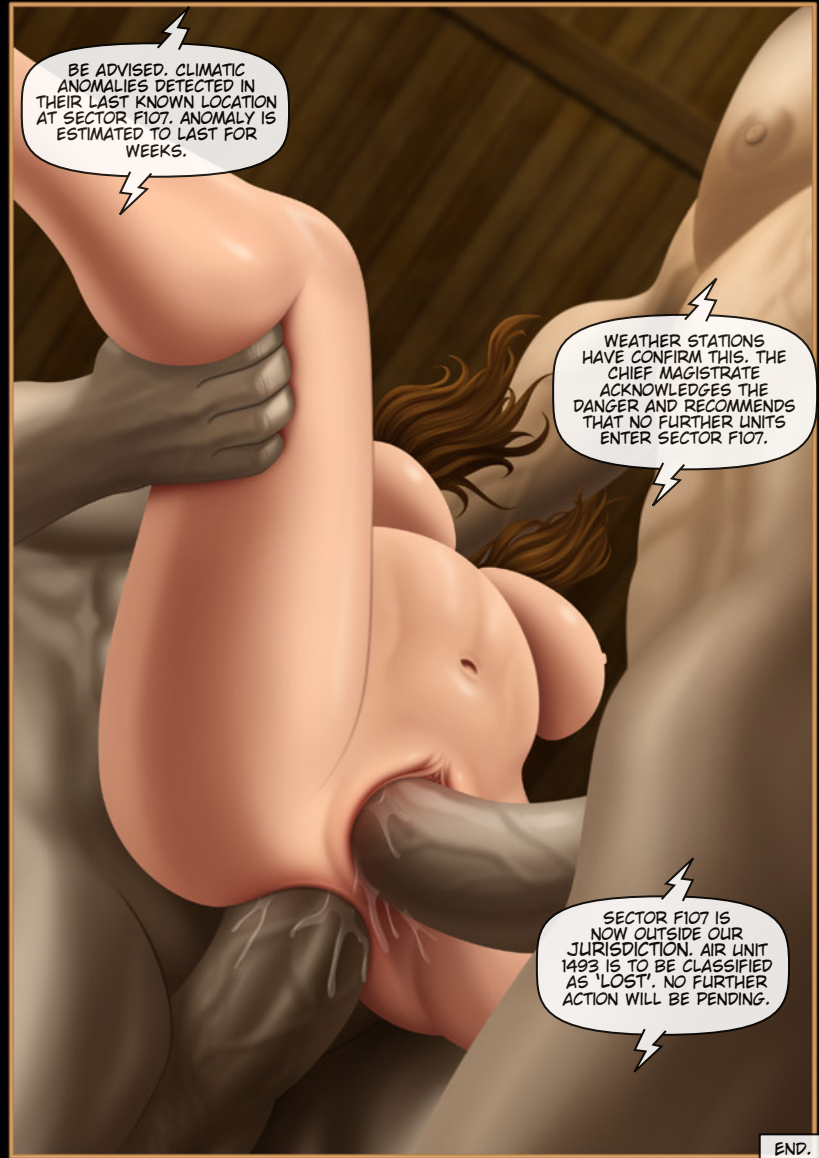


"BUT WHY ARE THEY STILL HERE?"



AH! NO, STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GET AWAY!

OHHLCK!



The Art
GALLERY













CLICK ON THE FOLLOWING
COVERS TO READ A FULL
DESCRIPTION OF EVERY COMIC

THE PROTO

Part One



By Ferres

RED RIDING HOOD



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TEMPEST

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DEATH IN THE HAREM

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THE STEEL TRAP MAIDEN

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**SCI-FI COMIC
NO BDSM CONTENT**

*She's Not A Girl
She's A Weapon*

The ART OF FERRES



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