

# THE PROTO

Part Two



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- 2- Click on VIEW and select FULL SCREEN MODE Alternatively you  
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- 3- Use your keyboard arrow keys to change page**
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THE EDITOR

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# The Proto

## Part II

BY FERRES





THEY NEED TO WEAR SUITS, SO THEY CAN'T BREATHE IN OUR ATMOSPHERE?



"SUITS? THE ANTHROPO-MORPHIC CONTAINMENTS? THEY DON'T NEED TO BREATHE AT ALL."



CONTAINMENT?

DON'T BOTHER YOURSELF WITH MATTERS THAT WILL HAVE LITTLE BEARING ON YOUR CURRENT CIRCUMSTANCES, COMMISSAR NATIS. THIS I'LL SAY; IT'S BETTER THAT THEY'RE IN THOSE SUITS THAN OUT, FOR ALL OUR SAKES.



YOU CAN CALL ME DR. HESS BY THE WAY.



"I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE NEEDING THOSE RESTRAINTS."

THE CREW OF THE ZOLA, THE COMMANDER. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THEM?



COME, COME. YOU WOULD NOT WANT TO BE HERE SHOULD THEY RETURN.



THOSE THAT SURVIVED HAVE BEEN REASSIGNED.

REASSIGNED?



"YOU'LL SEE."

AREN'T YOU AFRAID THAT I'LL TRY TO ESCAPE.

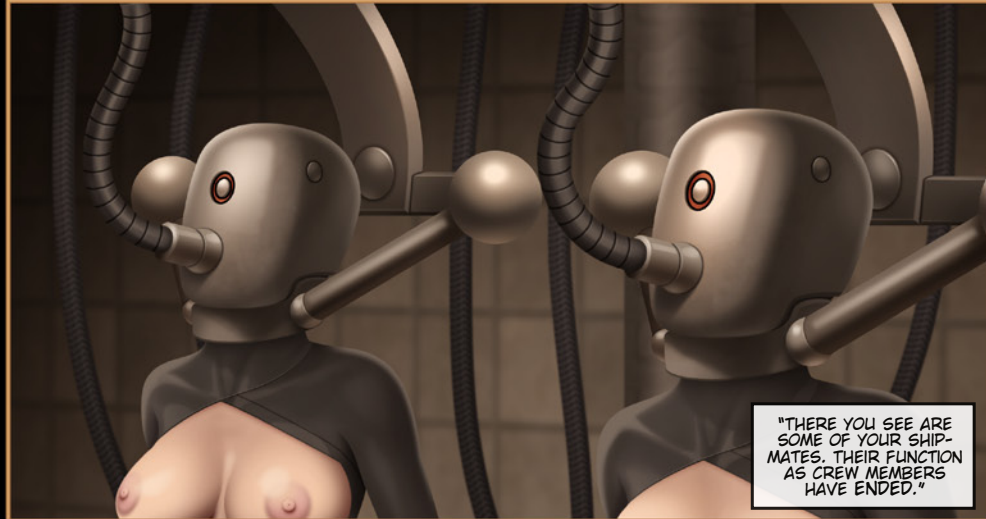


ESCAPE? YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY. AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THE WINDOW, WE ARE NOT ON A PLANET AND WE HAVE NO SHIPS CAPABLE OF LEAVING THIS SYSTEM.

THAT WORLD DOWN THERE IS BIOFALUX 7. AN ANCIENT GENETIC WEAPONS RESEARCH PLANET OF THE FABLED THELESSIANS, THE FIRST EMPIRE BUILDERS. ESCAPE TO THERE ONLY GUARANTEES AN UNIMAGINABLY HORRIFIC DEATH.



"THERE IS OF COURSE THE MARTYR'S OPTION, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE THAT IN YOU."



"THERE YOU SEE ARE SOME OF YOUR SHIPMATES. THEIR FUNCTION AS CREW MEMBERS HAVE ENDED."



"NOW THEY ARE BEING RE-PURPOSED FOR ROLES BETTER SUITED TO THEIR NATURAL TRAITS."

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THERE IS A BOOMING MARKET FOR RE-PURPOSED YEETRIANS AMONG THE SUCCESSOR RACES."



"THE APPARENT STURDINESS OF YEETRIAN BODIES ARE WELL APPRECIATED. LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING."



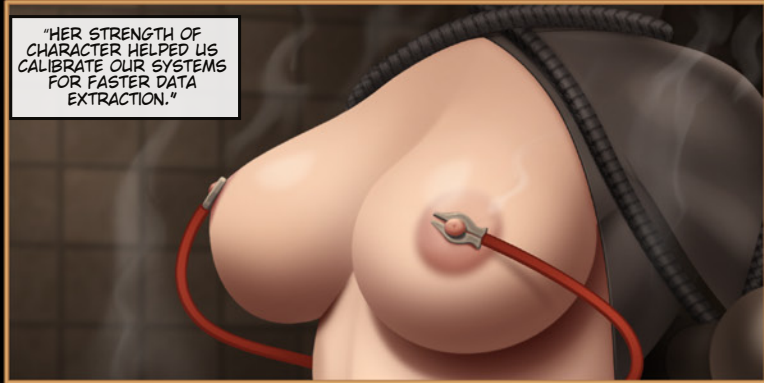
YOU'VE SEEN THE CREW OF THE ZOLA.



BEHIND HERE YOU'LL FIND...



"...YOUR COMMANDER. SHE WAS THE FIRST TO BE INTERROGATED."



"HER STRENGTH OF CHARACTER HELPED US CALIBRATE OUR SYSTEMS FOR FASTER DATA EXTRACTION."



"IT TOOK SOME FINE TUNING, BUT IT WAS WORTH THE EFFORT."



"SHE'S NOW BEEN RE-PURPOSED."

"I TOOK THIS OPPORTUNITY TO MANIPULATE HER PAIN AND PLEASURE RECEPTORS SO THEY CAN WORK IN UNISON."



"NOW PAIN AND PLEASURE COMBINE INTO AN INTRICATE BALLET OF SENSATIONS."



I CAN'T TELL IF THOSE TEARS ARE FROM PAIN OR PLEASURE, MAYBE BOTH.

I'D LIKE TO MAKE SOME POST OPERATION COMPARISONS BUT HER UNALTERED STATE WAS NOT THOROUGHLY DOCUMENTED AND THE PROCESS IS NOT REVERSIBLE.



RELEASE HER!

AARGH! WHY SHOULD I DO THAT?



FEEL THIS?

"WHERE ON EARTH COULD YOU HAVE POSSIBLY HIDDEN THAT?"



IF YOU DON'T RELEASE HER, WHAT I WILL DO TO YOU WILL NOT BE REVERSIBLE.



"VERY WELL."

"I REALLY DON'T SEE HOW THIS WILL END WELL FOR YOU, COMMISSAR."



WE'LL FIND OUR WAY OUT. A SHIP THIS BIG MUST HAVE A WAY INTO HYPERSPACE.

COMMANDER, GET UP.

"COMMANDER ZEINA,  
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?"



NA- NATIS?

COMMISSAR NATIS,  
THIS IS NOT A SHIP.  
WE DO NOT TRAVEL  
ANYWHERE.



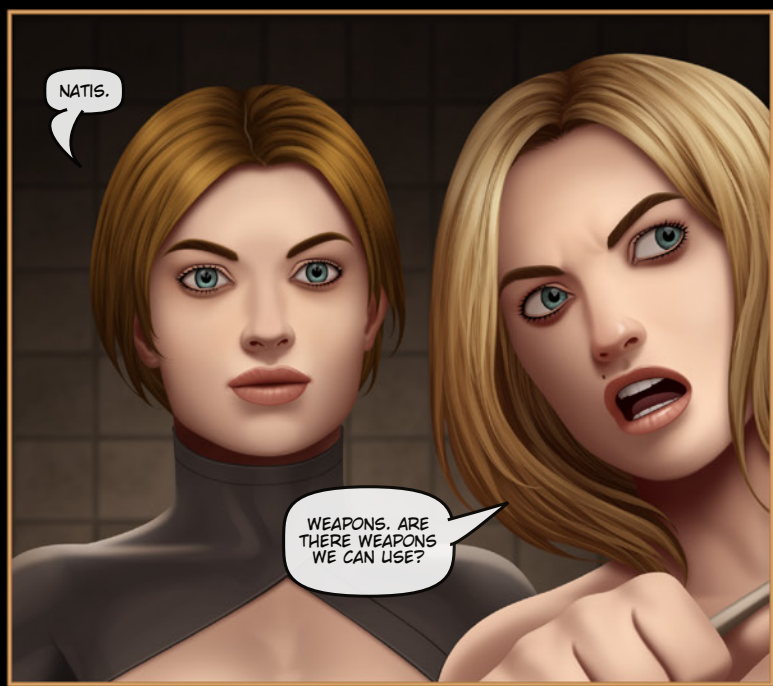
THEN HOW DID  
WE GET HERE,  
HESS?

LONG RANGE  
COMMUNICATIONS,  
YOU MUST HAVE  
THAT?



YES, THAT WE  
HAVE. WILL YOU BE  
CALLING FOR HELP,  
COMMISSAR?

NATIS.



WEAPONS. ARE  
THERE WEAPONS  
WE CAN USE?

AGH!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU... NO!





COMMANDER, LET GO! I'M TRYING TO GET US OUT. WE NEED TO ESCAPE. ACK!



I DID MENTION THAT SHE HAD BEEN RE-PURPOSED. I GUESS I FAILED TO EXPLAIN WHAT THAT IMPLIES.

I WAS HOPING YOU WOULD BE A MORE WILLING SUBJECT AS I REFINE THE PROCESS. I DID NOT WANT TO RESORT TO THIS.



BUT YOU GAVE ME LITTLE CHOICE. I'D LIKE TO BE MORE PRECISE, MAINTAIN AS MUCH OF YOUR DISTINCT PERSONALITY AS POSSIBLE.



"BUT ERADICATE SUPERFLUOUS TRAITS THAT INHIBIT SENSUAL FUNCTIONALITY."



"I FIND IT IRONIC THAT FOR A PEOPLE SO VIOLENTLY OPPOSED TO THEIR SENSUAL NATURE ARE SO UNIQUELY HARDWIRED FOR CARNAL PLEASURES."

YOU SPEAK OF THE ENFORCER CASTE, WE'RE FROM THE SCIENCE CASTE'S EXPLORERS GUILD.



"AH, THE LITTLE KNOWN INTRICACIES OF THE YEETRIAN SOCIAL CLASSES. WE SHOULD EXPLORE THIS FURTHER."



THIS DEVICE WILL ENHANCE ALL THE NERVES OF THE FEMALE CLITORIS, THE ENTIRE CLITORIS AND NOT JUST THE VESTIGIAL BUD.



Noo!!!

"TIME TO UNLEARN THE PURPOSE OF FLESH. IT WOULD BE APPROPRIATE FOR YOU TO SCREAM NOW."



AAAIEEEH!!!



NAP TIMES OVER, BITCH.



AAH!

WAKY-WAKY, MY YEETRIAN HONEY.



WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT WE PROCEED WITH OUR MISSION.



AND WHAT MISSION IS THAT?



THE RESTORATION HAVE TAKEN OUR MOST ADVANCE... WAIT!

WHERE IS KARL ROTHE? I HAVE VITAL INFORMATION FOR HIM ALONE. YOUR NOT... WHO ARE YOU?



XAN, HIS CONFIDANT, FUCK-MATE AND SYSTEMS TROUBLESHOOTER. OH, AND I ALSO SAVED YOUR ASS FROM A RECKLESS, DUMBSHIT MASS TRANSFER.

AND UNTIL WE'RE SURE YOU'RE NOT SOME SLEEPER ASSASSIN, YOU'LL STAY RIGHT THERE, HONEY.



ASSASSIN? NO! I'M AN ANALYST AND DATA COLLATOR. I SPECIALIZE IN FTL REACTORS.



YOU DISPATCHED FIVE MEN, DRESSED AS YOU ARE, WITHOUT WEAPONS AND YOU'RE NOT AN ASSASSIN. REALLY NOW.



THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE. I'M NOT TRAINED FOR THAT LEVEL OF COMBAT. I HAVE NO AFFILIATION IN ANY OF THE FIGHTING GUILDS. I'M COMMANDER L'HULIN FROM THE EXECUTIVE CASTE, ADMINISTRATIVE GUILD.

I'M A BUREAUCRAT. MY COMMANDER DESIGNATION IS PURELY HONORARY WHEN I WAS REASSIGNED TO AN INTELLIGENCE WING.



ANYTHING REGARDING "INTELLIGENCE" FALLS UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE YEETRIAN ENFORCER CASTE AS WELL AS ALL THE SPECIALIZED KILLER GUILDS. WOULD YOU LIKE TO RECONSIDER YOUR STATEMENT?



"WHAT...? HOW WOULD YOU KNOW THIS?"

EVERYTHING IS JUST UNDER THE SURFACE WITH YOU. I'LL NEED TO COAX IT OUT.



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



ISN'T IT FUCKIN' OBVIOUS. THIS AIN'T QUANTUM PHYSICS.



YOU AND I ARE ABOUT TO GET INTIMATE.



AAH!



AAGH!



AGH!  
STOP!

REALLY?



I HAVEN'T  
BROKEN A  
SWEAT YET.

PLEASE,  
STOP!



OPEN TRANS-DIMENSIONAL  
COMMUNICATION LINK. ENCRYPTION  
ENTANGLEMENT PROTOCOL  
ACTIVE.

SEARCHING...  
SEARCHING...  
EARTH LINK ESTABLISHED



WHO THE FUCK IS ACCESSING THIS SECURE...? OH! ASSHOLE, IT'S YOU. HOW'S YOUR EXILE COMING ALONG?

"GREETINGS TO YOU TOO, BROTHER CASSILIS."



WHY ARE YOU WASTING MY TIME?

THERE'S A YEETRIAN FLEET...

PLEASE! WE'RE NOT IDIOTS, KARLINILUS. WE'VE BEEN MONITORING THEM SINCE THEY LEFT YEETRIAN SPACE. WE'VE EVACUATED THE OUTLYING COLONIES AND MAKING HIT AND RUN OPERATIONS ALL ALONG THEIR LINE OF ADVANCE.



THEY'RE TOO STRONG. YOU CAN'T STOP THEM.



AGAIN WITH YOUR DEFEATIST LOGIC. EXILE TAUGHT YOU NOTHING. UNLIKE YOU, WHEN FACED WITH GRAVE ADVERSITY WE STILL MAKE THE HONOURABLE CHOICE.

"MY CHOICE WAS TO PRESERVE..."



EARTH? THAT IS IMMATERIAL. WE WERE ALLIED WITH THE EUTRONIANS. WE WERE HONOUR BOUND TO AID THEM. BUT WHAT DID YOU DO? YOU IDLED OUR FLEET AS THE YEETRIANS ANNIHILATED THEM. YOU LET THEM DIE FOR THE ILLUSION OF PEACE. NOW I HEAR YOU EVEN WORK WITH THOSE BITCHES.

WHAT WILL YOU DO?



DO YOU EVEN HAVE TO ASK? DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, KARL. WE'VE BEEN PREPARING FOR THIS WAR FOR A VERY LONG TIME. WE HAVE NEW ALLIES, POWERFUL ONES WHO HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THE YEETRIANS. WHEN ALL IS DONE THEY WILL KNOW NEVER TO TANGLE WITH THE PROTOS.



CONTACT LOST...  
CONTACT LOST...  
EARTH LINK DISABLED.



"THERE'S STILL SUBSTANTIAL RESISTANCE. I'M ACCESSING A FEW SURFACE DETAILS BUT NOTHING OF IMPORT. I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE."

"COMING OUT UNSCATHED FROM A 17 POINT MATTER TRANSFER IS OBVIOUSLY NO FLUKE FOR YOU. MEMORY PROFILES ARE LITERALLY BEING RECONSTRUCTED AND RANDOMIZED AT WILL. BUT YOU'RE NOT A MACHINE ARE YOU?"

"NO, I WOULD HAVE SENSED THAT EVEN AT THE MOLECULAR LEVEL."

WELL, YOU GIVE ME NO CHOICE. WE'LL BE USING THIS THING. I KNOW IT WOULD BE USEFUL SOMEDAY.

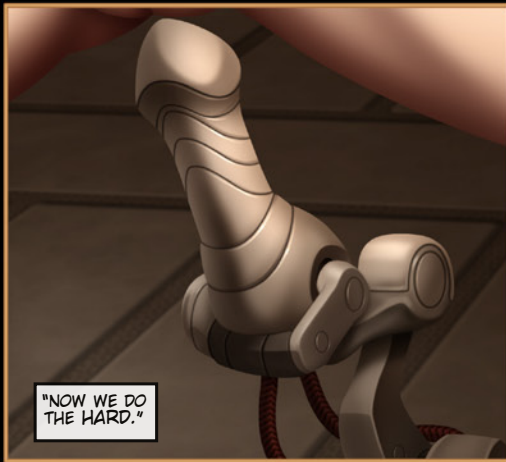
I DON'T NEED YOU TO SAY ANYTHING. JUST OPEN YOUR MIND AND THIS WILL ALL BE OVER.

S-STOP! I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY?



OPEN MY... AH!  
I DON'T... AH!

WE TRIED IT  
THE EASY  
WAY.



"NOW WE DO  
THE HARD."



NO  
PLEASE!



IF IT'S ANY  
CONSOLATION,  
THIS HURTS FOR  
ME TOO.



AAH!

I SHOULD WARN  
YOU, IF YOU TURN  
OUT TO BE A  
THREAT...



AAAH!!!

"THAT THING  
WILL KILL  
YOU..."

"AND NOT IN  
A QUICK AND  
PAINLESS  
WAY."



AAH!

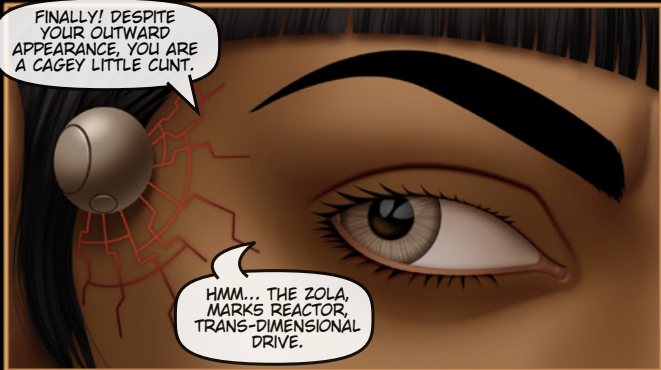


NO! ST...  
AAH!



AAAH!!!

"RESIST ALL YOU WANT. I GOT ALL DAY."



FINALLY! DESPITE YOUR OUTWARD APPEARANCE, YOU ARE A CAGEY LITTLE CUNT.

HMM... THE ZOLA, MARKS REACTOR, TRANS-DIMENSIONAL DRIVE.



A HYPERGATE GENERATOR! THE YEETRIANS HAVE REACHED THAT LEVEL OF TECHNOLOGY?



BUT WHAT IS THAT? SHE'S PULLING ME IN?!



HUH? A SUBCONSCIOUS ENVIRONMENTAL CONSTRUCT. WHY WOULD YOU HAVE ONE OF THESE?



SHE CAN'T BE DOING THIS. SHE'S TOO BUSY PROCESSING ALL THAT SENSORY INPUT TO POSSIBLY GENERATE THIS.



STOP POKING AROUND. YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE!



YOU'VE GOT ALL THE NECESSARY INFORMATION THAT YOU NEED, NOW GET THE FUCK OUT OF OUR HEAD!

CRACK!

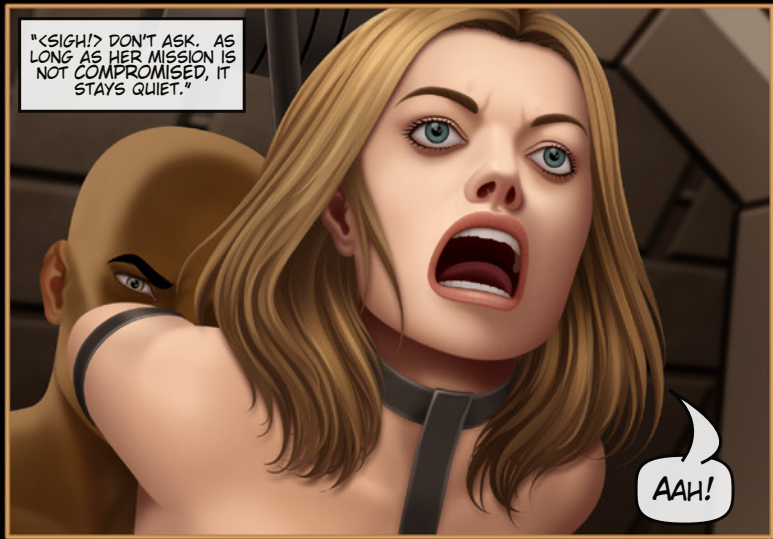
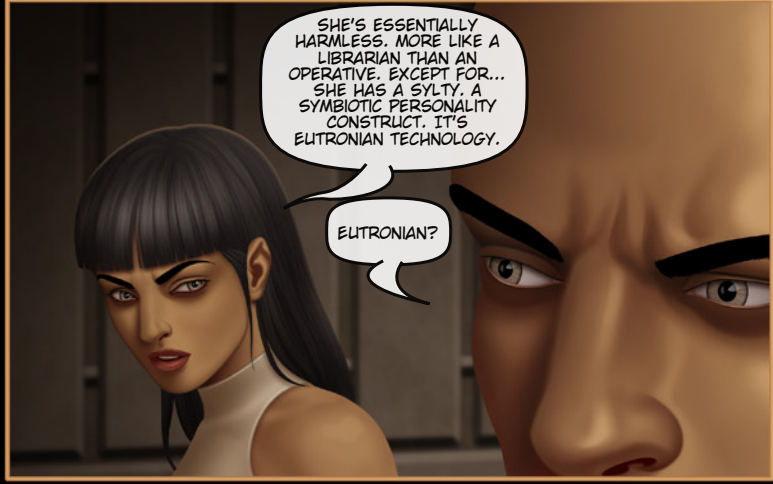


AW, FUCK!





"WELL? IS SHE  
GOING TO BE A  
PROBLEM?"





GOOD TO KNOW.

AAH!!!



JOIN IN. THIS ONE COULD BE A HANDFUL.



SHOULDN'T I BE AT THE HELM?

NO!



WE'RE NOW IN WELL NAVIGATED INTERSTELLAR SPACE. THE AUTOMATIC PILOT CAN HANDLE THAT. JUST FOLLOW THE BEACONS.

WE'LL BE ARRIVING AT THE OUTREMER'S OUTPOSTS IN A FEW HOURS.

"THE OUTREMER SLAVERS HAVE A MORBID TASTE FOR YEETRIAN FLESH."



IT HAS TO BE THERE. IT HAS A HUB CONNECTION RUNNING THROUGH MUCH OF THE COMPLEX. BUT WE CAN'T PIN POINT IT UNLESS SHE TUNES IN.

SHE'LL TUNE IN, SHE CAN'T HELP BUT WATCH THE SHOW.



WE SHOULD BE FOCUSING ON OUR MISSION. I WILL TELL YOU THIS. THE CONSEQUENCE OF FAILURE IS UNIMAGINABLY CATASTROPHIC.

AND CAN YOU PLEASE GIVE ME SOME CLOTHES!



YOU WON'T BE NEEDING CLOTHES WHERE YOU'RE GOING. AND YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME BRIELLE WAS DEAD. SHE WIRED ME THE CREDITS BUT YOUR ASSASSINS ARE STILL OUT FOR MY HEAD.

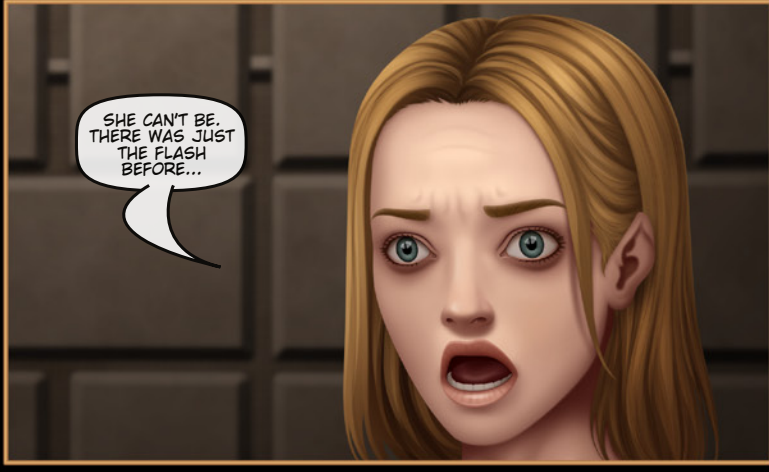


DEAD?! SHE'S NOT DEAD.

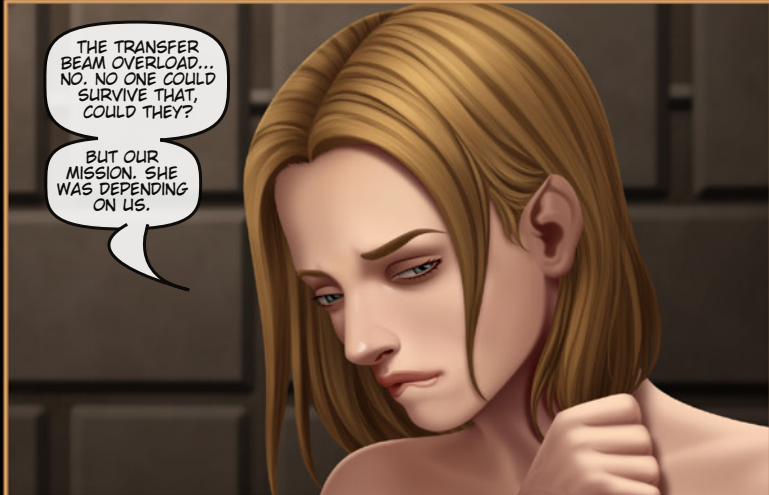


COULD BRIELLE STILL BE...?

ALL I SAW WAS AN ENERGY FLASH WITH THE INTENSITY OF A SUPERNOVA. THEY SAY YOU CAN SURVIVE A NUCLEAR DETONATION IF YOU HIDE INSIDE A REFRIGERATION UNIT. BUT I WOULDN'T FUCKIN' BET MY LIFE ON IT.

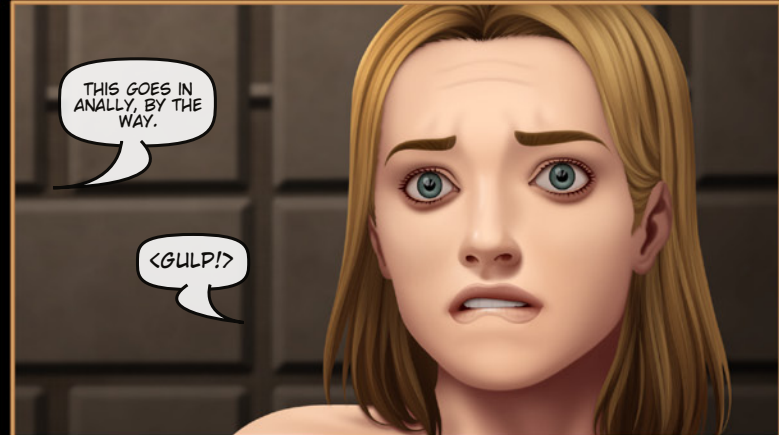
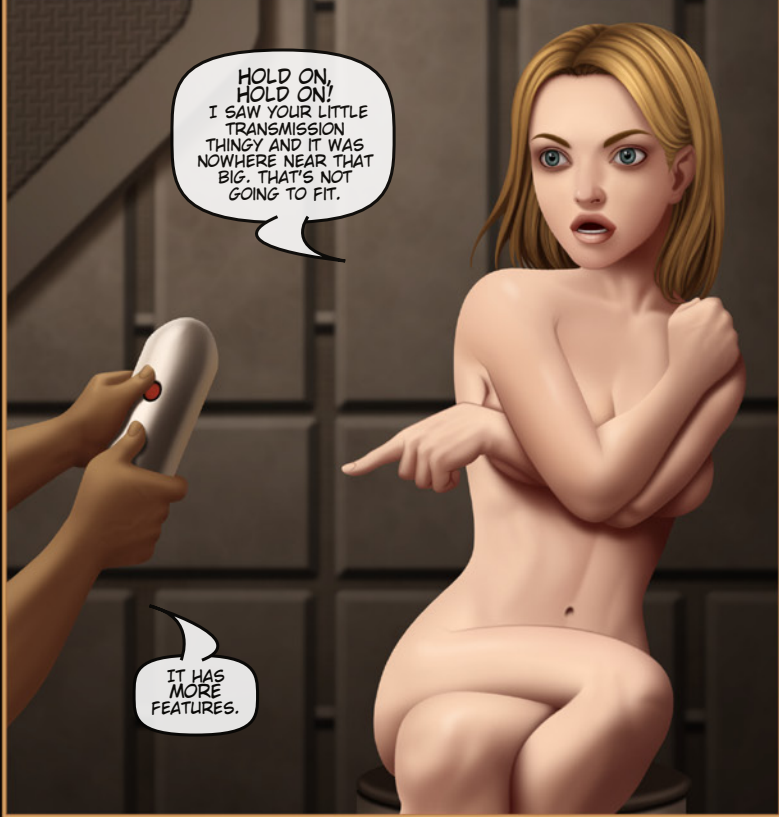


SHE CAN'T BE. THERE WAS JUST THE FLASH BEFORE...



THE TRANSFER BEAM OVERLOAD... NO. NO ONE COULD SURVIVE THAT, COULD THEY?

BUT OUR MISSION. SHE WAS DEPENDING ON US.





ALRIGHT, RELAX THAT SPHINCTER.



AW! I TOLD YOU. IT'S WAY TOO BIG. AH!



COME ON! CAN YOU BACK UP A LITTLE SO I CAN PUT MY WEIGHT ON IT?

AH! THIS IS STUPID.



FOR THE LOVE OF... XAN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

JUST HAVING SOME ANATOMICAL ISSUES.



MAYBE IT IS TOO BIG. I CAN PURCHASE ANOTHER IN THE BLACK MAR...

SPIT ON IT.

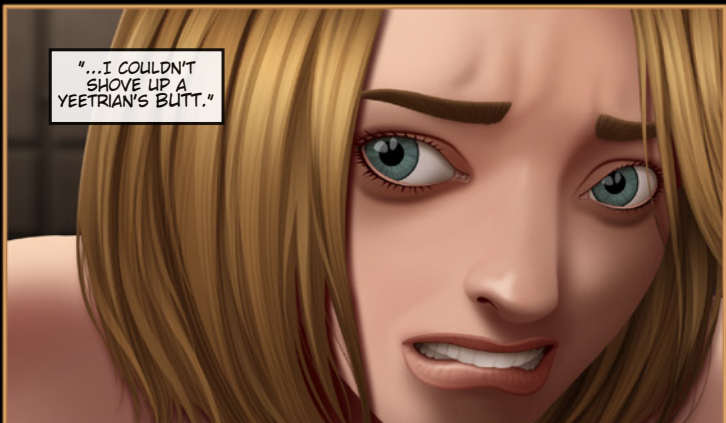
REALLY?



I HONESTLY DOUBT ANY AMOUNT OF LUBRICATION WILL WORK. <SPITEW!>



XAN, IN ALL MY YEARS, I HAVEN'T FOUND A THING...



"...I COULDN'T SHOVE UP A YEETRIAN'S BUTT."



ALL IT REQUIRES IS ACCURACY AND A DECENT AMOUNT...



...OF FORCE, WITH OR WITHOUT LUBRICATION.

AAGH!



HOW FAR IN DOES THIS NEED TO GO?

S-STOP! I'M NOT... AH! A HAND PUPPET!



"SO, THAT'S WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE FORM THIS END."

HOW FAR, XAN?

GROAN!



WHAT? OH, YOU'RE GOOD. IT ONLY NEEDS TO GET PASS THE SPHINCTER.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO... WAIT, DID I REMEMBER TO TURN IT ON?



SHE APPEARS TO BE YOUR AVERAGE YEETRIAN. PRETTY FACE, BIG TITS. TYPICAL OF HER KIND'S GENETIC MATRIX. WHY HER? WHY THIS?

THERE'S SOMETHING MORE BEYOND THE SURFACE. AN INDOMITABLE SPIRIT THAT I DON'T ENCOUNTER VERY OFTEN.



THEN JUST MINDWIPE HER AND INSTALL A DEFIANT MEMORY CONSTRUCT.

BUT THAT DEFEATS THE PURPOSE. I'M LOOKING FOR UNIQUENESS.



UNIQUENESS? FROM YEETRIANS? IN THEIR BREEDING FACILITIES, THEY GROW MILLIONS OF THESE EVERY DAY. HOW CAN THAT PRODUCE UNIQUENESS.



THEY WERE BRED AS WHORES FOR FRONTIER SPACE, BEFORE THE TIME OF ADVANCE RADIATION SHIELDING. THEY TOOK THE PLACE OF REAL HUMAN FEMALES IN UNDER DEVELOPED COLONIES.

BEING FUCKED AND SUBJECTED TO ALL MANNER OF SEXUAL PERVERSIONS IS THEIR SOLE PURPOSE.

"TRUE THAT. UNTIL THEY REBELLED OF COURSE. MIND YOU, WE TOO WERE BRED."



THEY MERELY FOLLOWED OUR EXAMPLE. WE'RE EUTRONIANS, THE WARRIOR ELITE. WE ENFORCED THELESSIAN RULE. IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE THREW OFF OUR SHACKLES.

"AND BROUGHT CHAOS IN OUR WAKE."



CHAOS? SOME WOULD CALL IT SELF DETERMINATION.

"WARRIOR ELITE WE WERE. YET A BAND OF WELL BRED WHORES DEFEATED US."

WE WERE OUTNUMBERED.



"NUMBERS COUNT LITTLE AGAINST TACTICS. DURING THE SHORT PERIOD OF EUTRONIAN RULE, THEY BIDED THEIR TIME AND LEARNED HOW TO FIGHT AND DEFEAT US."



THEY EVEN BROUGHT A SEMBLANCE OF ORDER IN THE CHAOS AFTER THE SUCCESSION.

THEIR METHODS WERE AS DRACONIAN AS OURS, BUT IT SERVED THEM WELL.



I WANT HER MEMORIES OF FREEDOM AND SELF DETERMINATION INTACT.



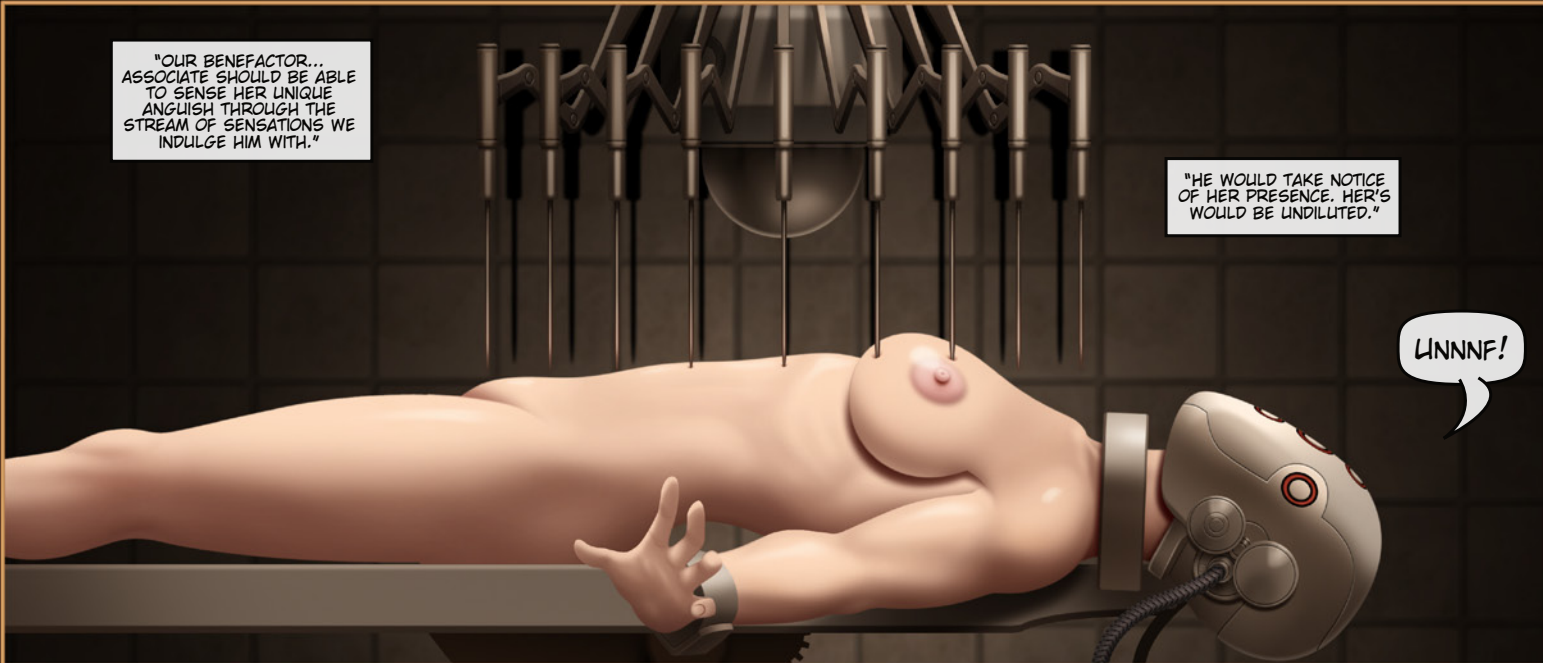
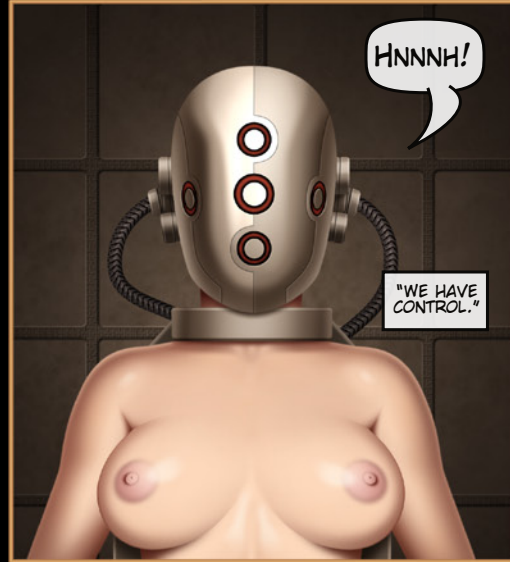
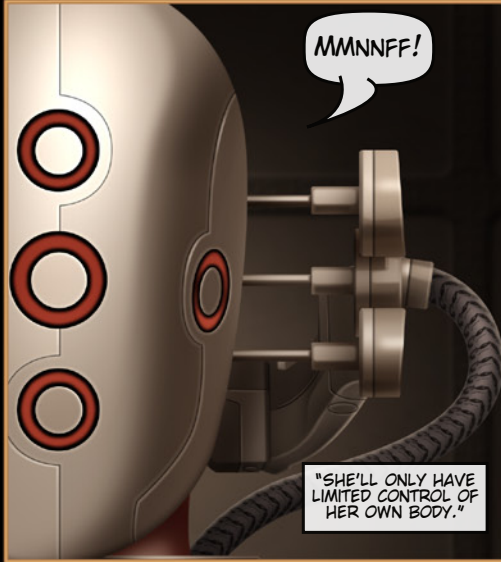
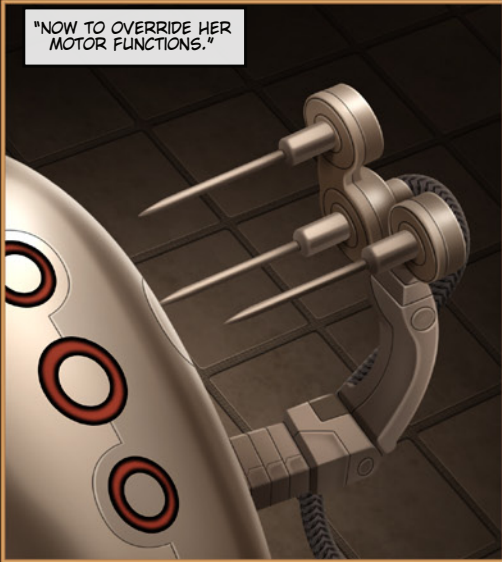
TO HAVE THE CRYSTAL CLEAR KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT WAS TAKEN AWAY.

AND TO TRULY UNDERSTAND THE BURDEN OF FORCED SUBSERVIENCE.



THAT IS WHAT'S MISSING. SOMETHING RE-PURPOSING CAN NEVER ACHIEVE, AUTHENTICITY. AND THAT IS WHAT OUR BENEFACTOR CRAVES.

MNNNH!





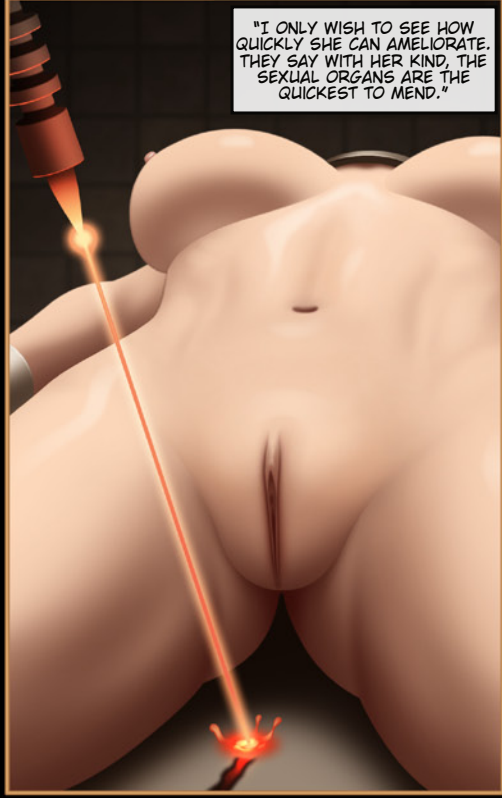
"HESS, BEFORE YOU FINISH. I WISH TO TEST THE VAUNTED HEALING POWERS OF THE YEETRIAN."

MNNNH!



"INITIATE SURGICAL LASER!"

"THIS IS UNWISE. IT WILL RUIN THE PRODUCT."

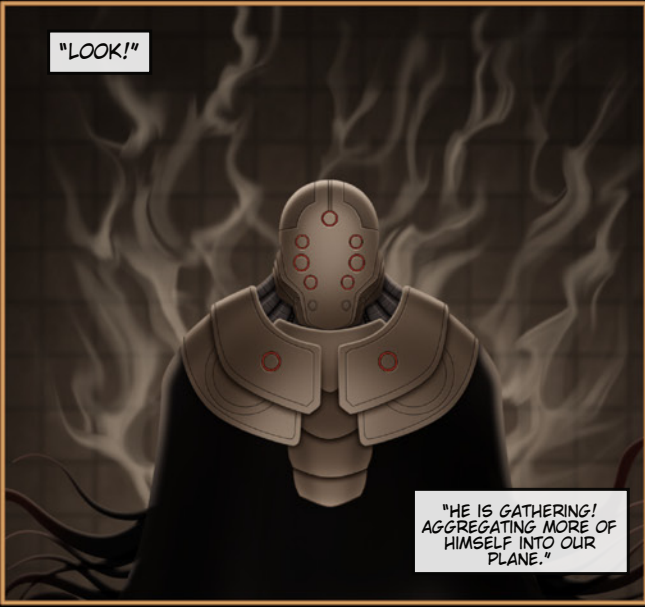


"I ONLY WISH TO SEE HOW QUICKLY SHE CAN AMELIORATE. THEY SAY WITH HER KIND, THE SEXUAL ORGANS ARE THE QUICKEST TO MEND."



HALT THE BEAM. OUR ASSOCIATE IS STIRRING.

HE SENSES HER. THE HUMILIATION, THE MISERY, THE PAIN, THE FEAR, THE CONFLICT WITHIN. POTENT AND ROBUST. HOW WILL HE REACT?



"LOOK!"

"HE IS GATHERING! AGGREGATING MORE OF HIMSELF INTO OUR PLANE."



"WHAT IS HAPPENING?"

"I BELIEVE, MY DEAR. WE HAVE PROVOKED A REACTION."



"HE IS AROUSED!"





SUCH WASTE.

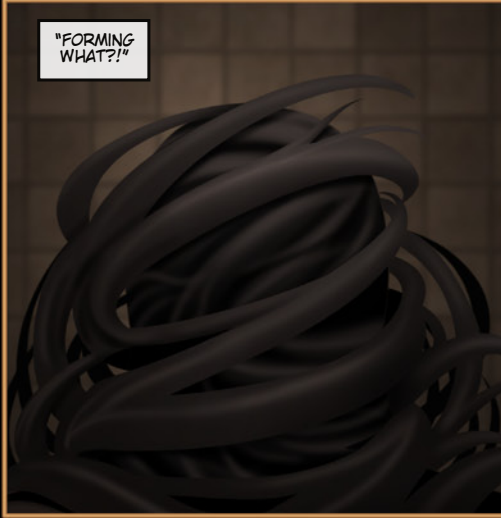
YOU THINK? THIS OVER INDULGENCE IS DESTROYING ALL MY WORK.



"WAIT, LOOK!"



IT'S FORMING.



"FORMING WHAT?!"



AND IT'S OUTSIDE THE ANTHROPOMORPHIC CONTAINMENTS. BEFORE IT WAS JUST THE EXTREMITIES.



"I THINK WE HAVE REACHED THE NEXT PHASE."



"IF THIS IS THE NEXT PHASE. WHAT WOULD BE THE FINAL PHASE?"

MMNNFF!



FINAL PHASE?  
ENTROPY. TWO  
INFINITELY MASSIVE  
OBJECTS CANNOT  
OCCUPY THE SAME  
SPACE AT THE SAME  
TIME.



ENTROPY!  
THE OTHER MEMBERS  
OF THE RESTORATION  
CAN NOT POSSIBLY  
AGREE TO SUCH A  
THING.



AGREE OR DISAGREE.  
THE PROCESS HAD  
STARTED LONG BEFORE  
WE BROUGHT THE  
ASSOCIATE INTO THE  
EQUATION. ENTROPY IS  
INEVITABLE.

WHAT WE  
OFFERED THEM WAS  
THE POSSIBILITY OF  
LIFTING THE  
YEETRIAN YOKE.



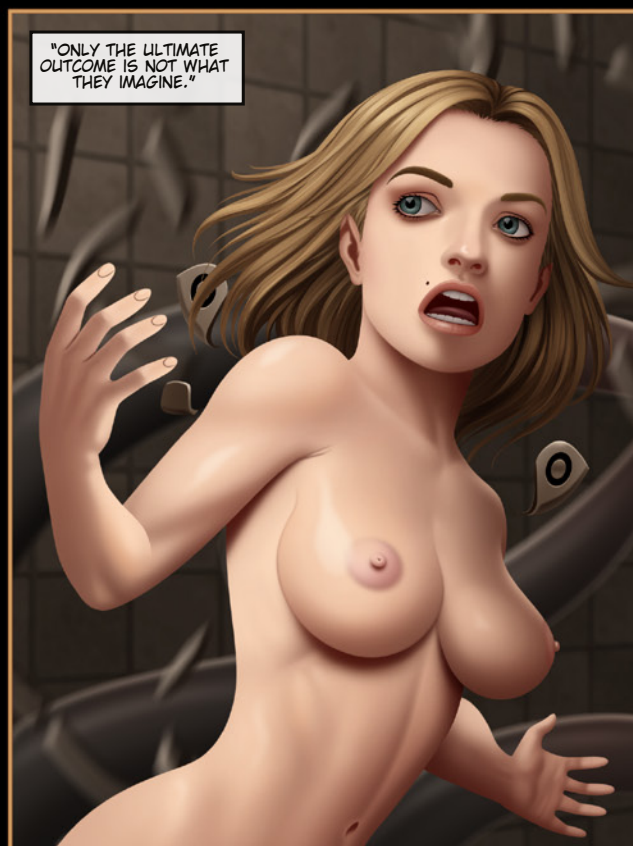
"IN THE FACE OF  
DESPERATION. THEY WILL  
CLING TO ANY SOURCE OF  
HOPE, NO MATTER HOW  
ILLUSORY."



"BUT THEY WERE NOT  
MISLED. WE DID NOT  
GIVE THEM FALSE  
HOPE."



"WHAT WE  
OFFER IS REAL  
AND TANGIBLE."



"ONLY THE ULTIMATE  
OUTCOME IS NOT WHAT  
THEY IMAGINE."

"THE LONGER THE ASSOCIATE STAYS IN OUR PLANE, THE GREATER HIS CORPOREAL HOLD WILL BE."



"IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE HE IS UNTETHER BY THE LIMITATIONS OF OUR MACHINES. WHEN THAT DAY COMES, WE WILL BE ABLE TO STRIKE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE."



YOU INTEREST HIM, YEETRIAN. OFFER YOURSELF TO HIM IF YOU DESIRE TO REMAIN INTACT.



"YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE."



"BE PREPARED TO TRANSCEND. IT WILL NO DOUBT BE EXCRUCIATING."





STOP!  
MEAT  
INSPECTION.



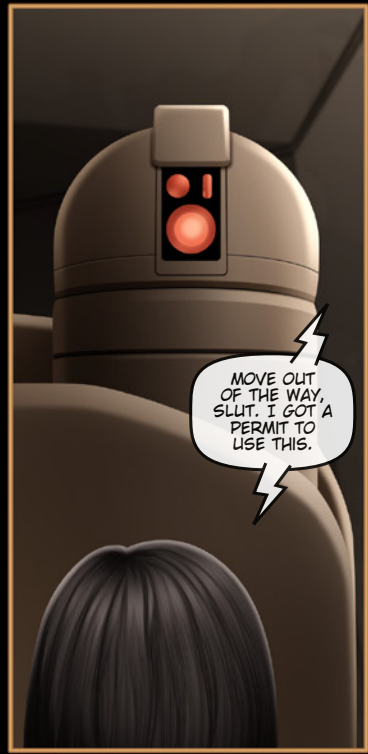
WHAT THE...?



GOTTA  
CONFISCATE YOUR  
EXPIRED CARGO.



YOU'VE  
GOT TO BE  
SHITTING ME.



MOVE OUT  
OF THE WAY,  
SLUT. I GOT A  
PERMIT TO  
USE THIS.



FUCK,  
FUCK!



POW!



"LET'S OPEN HER UP, SHALL WE?"



OH, SHE'S NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS PART. YEETRIANS DIED IN THE MILLIONS FIGHTING AGAINST THIS.

SHE HAS NO CHOICE. IT'S HER MISSION.

WELL, I'M NOT THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO BREAK IT TO HER.

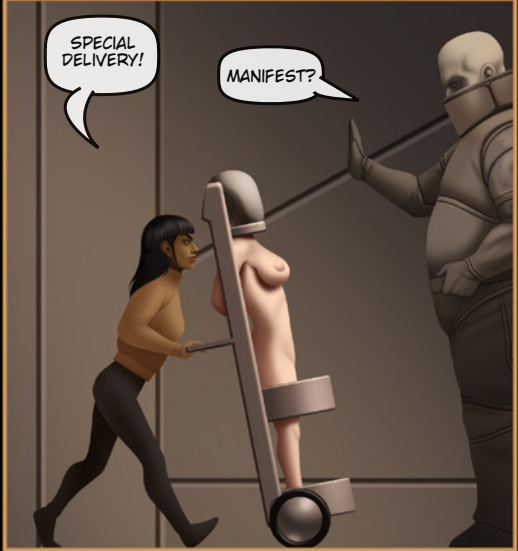


"SHE'LL HAVE TO GIVE IT HER ALL, IMPERSONATING A NEWLY ACQUIRED SLAVEGIRL."

"SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD. YEETRANS WERE INITIALLY BRED FOR THIS."



HUH... WHAT? YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO... NO! ABSOLUTELY NOT. I WON'T!



SPECIAL DELIVERY!

MANIFEST?



SOMETHING'S WRONG. IT DOESN'T MATCH OUR COPY.



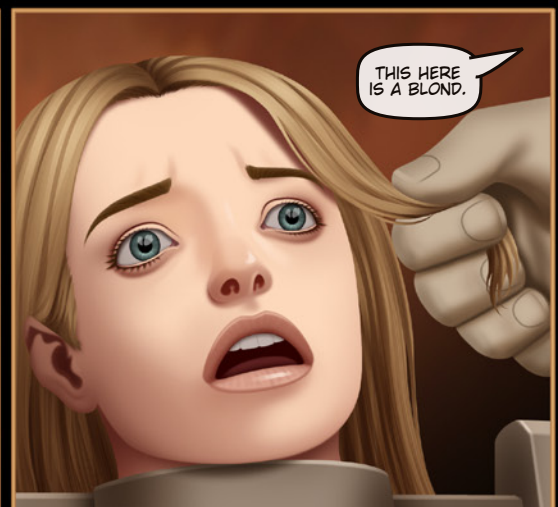
SHE APPEARS SHORTER AND THE BREASTS ARE BIGGER.



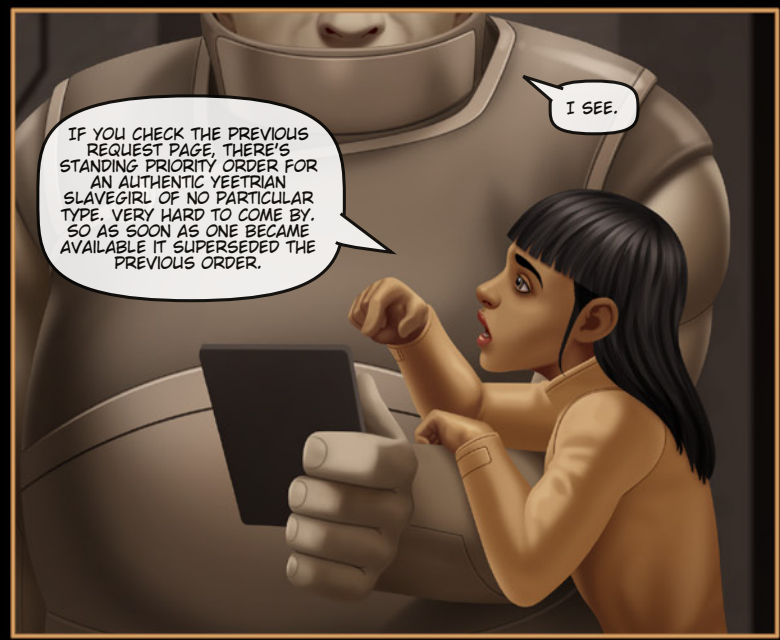
TAKE THE MASK OFF.



NOT RIGHT AT ALL. OUR ORDER MANIFEST CERTIFIES FOR A RED HEAD.

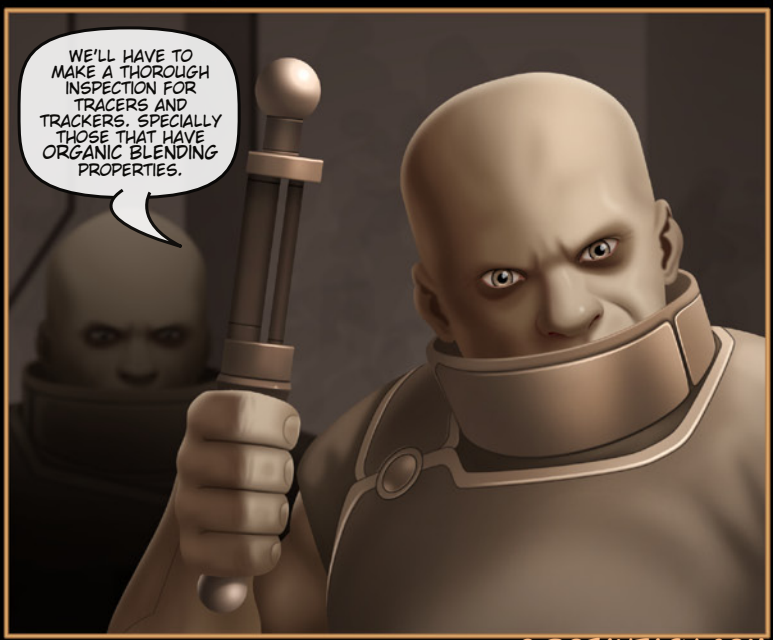


THIS HERE IS A BLOND.



IF YOU CHECK THE PREVIOUS REQUEST PAGE, THERE'S STANDING PRIORITY ORDER FOR AN AUTHENTIC YEETRIAN SLAVEGIRL OF NO PARTICULAR TYPE. VERY HARD TO COME BY. SO AS SOON AS ONE BECAME AVAILABLE IT SUPERSEDED THE PREVIOUS ORDER.

I SEE.



WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A THOROUGH INSPECTION FOR TRACERS AND TRACKERS. SPECIALLY THOSE THAT HAVE ORGANIC BLENDING PROPERTIES.





SHE'S THE REAL DEAL. BRING HER UP.

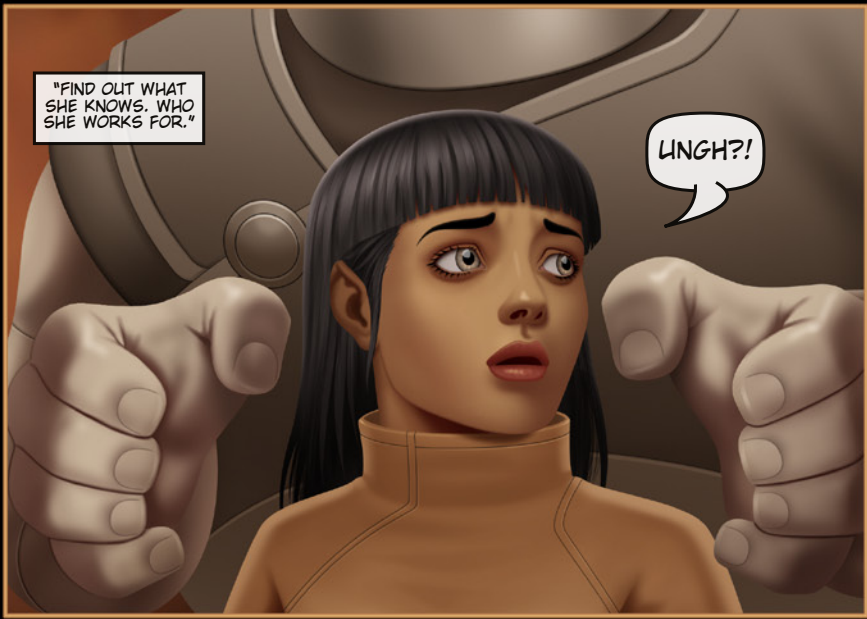


JUST SIGN THE RELEASE FORM AND I'LL TAKE HER UP TO YOUR SPECIAL ROOM.

"SPECIAL ROOM? HA HA HA! FUNNY, YOU."



FEMALE COURIERS ARE RARE IN THESE PARTS AND NONE IN MY SERVICE. BOYS TAKE CARE OF THIS- WHOEVER SHE IS.



"FIND OUT WHAT SHE KNOWS. WHO SHE WORKS FOR."

LNHGH?!



AAH!

"AND BE ESPECIALLY THOROUGH."





No!



AAH!



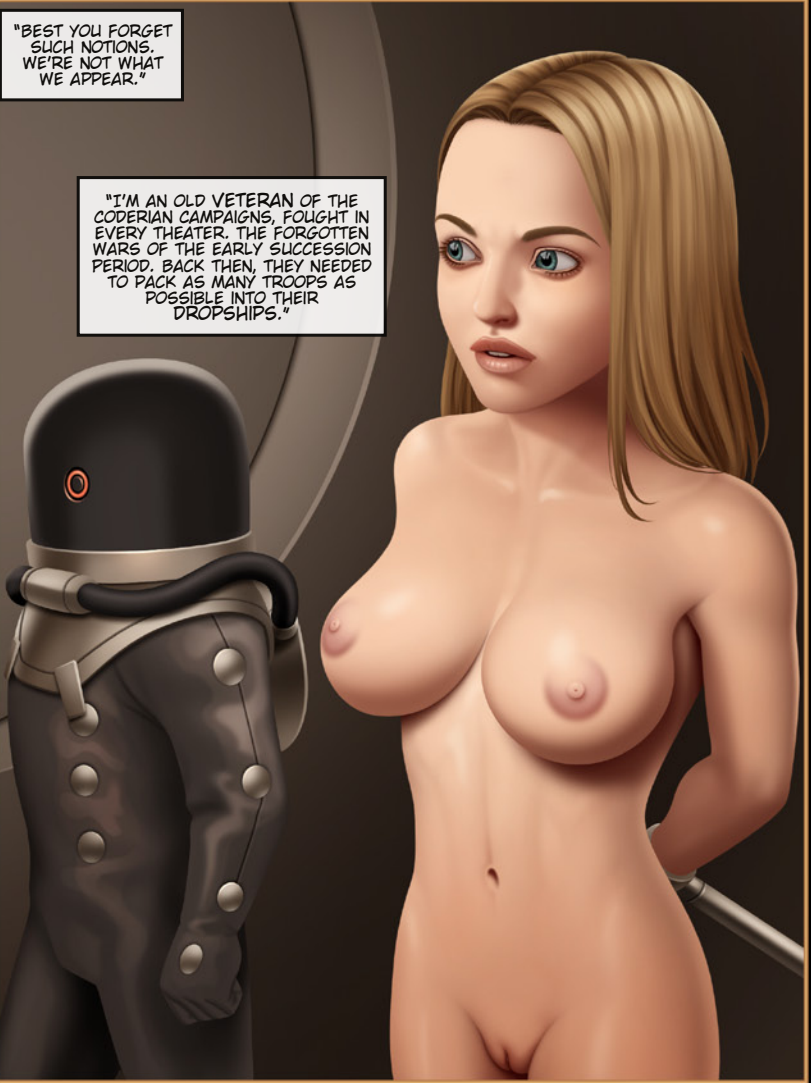
AAAIEEH!!!



THIS!



YOU'RE LIKELY CONTEMPLATING ON ESCAPE. TAKING INTO ACCOUNT THE OBVIOUS DIMINUTIVE STATURE OF YOUR CAPTORS.



"BEST YOU FORGET SUCH NOTIONS. WE'RE NOT WHAT WE APPEAR."

"I'M AN OLD VETERAN OF THE CODERIAN CAMPAIGNS, FOUGHT IN EVERY THEATER. THE FORGOTTEN WARS OF THE EARLY SUCCESSION PERIOD. BACK THEN, THEY NEEDED TO PACK AS MANY TROOPS AS POSSIBLE INTO THEIR DROPSHIPS."



SO THEY ENGINEERED SMALLER SOLDIERS LIKE MYSELF.

AND THESE FELLOWS? WELL, I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE. BUT THEY'RE REMARKABLY STRONG, RESILIENT AND LETHAL.



IF THOSE ODDS DON'T DISSUADE YOU. WE HAVE OTHER WAYS OF INSTILLING COMPLIANT BEHAVIOUR.



AGH!

I DON'T MIND ADDING A FEW MORE WALL FIXTURES. THEY MAKE GREAT CONVERSATION STARTERS.

COME, COME! IT'S NOT POLITE TO STARE.

"CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY. WHEN DEALING WITH STUBBORN SLAVES, MOST WOULD RATHER CUT THEIR LOSSES AND TOSS A GIRL INTO A COIN OPERATED SERVICING MODULE UNTIL SHE EXPIRES."



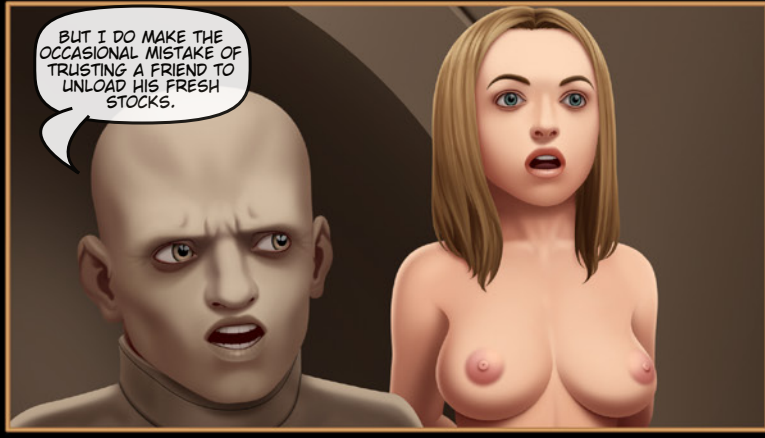
"I FIND THAT A FEW DAYS OF SOLITUDE CAN DO WONDERS."

"I'M A PATIENT MAN. I TAKE THE TIME AND EFFORT TO ACCLIMATE THE GIRLS TO A LIFE OF SEXUAL SERVITUDE, AND NONE OF THAT RE-PURPOSING BULLSHIT. THE BLUFFOONS. THEY MIGHT AS WELL BUY A SEXBOT."



"SOMETIMES, JUST SEVERAL HOURS A DAY OF VIGOROUS POKING IS ALL IT TAKES TO BRING ABOUT AN IMPROVED ATTITUDE."

BUT I DO MAKE THE OCCASIONAL MISTAKE OF TRUSTING A FRIEND TO UNLOAD HIS FRESH STOCKS.



"AND I WIND UP WITH THIS."



"SHE'S CLASSIFIED AS YEETRIAN. BUT IN TRUTH IS JUST A FAST HEALING, RUN OF THE MILL, BASIC FRONTIER SLUT."



"FRONTIER SLUTS ARE STUPID, HARDY AND CHEAP."



"DAMAGED GOODS, CAN'T RESELL THEM. SO I USE HER FOR SHOW."

"I PREFER THE SYNTHETICS FOR THIS TYPE OF WORK. THEY CAN KEEP ON FUCKING FOR MONTHS WITHOUT NEED OF REST."



"THEY RUN THE BITCH RAGGED."



"WHEN THEY TURN UP THE HEAT, SHE CAN REALLY PUT OUT A SCREAM."



"SO I HAD TO HER GAGGED. SOUND TRAVELS HERE."

"ALRIGHT. GIVE HER A REST, BOYS."



CARE TO TAKE HER SPOT?



AGH!

"GET OVER HERE."



THE SLUT HERE WILL GET TO WATCH FOR A CHANGE. SHE MAY EVEN PARTICIPATE IN THE FUN LATER.



THIS WILL BE YOUR FIRST INITIATION. ONE OF MANY. TAKE YOUR POSITION. PLEASE!



"WE'LL HAVE TO ESTABLISH YOUR SPECIFIC PAIN AND PLEASURE THRESHOLD."

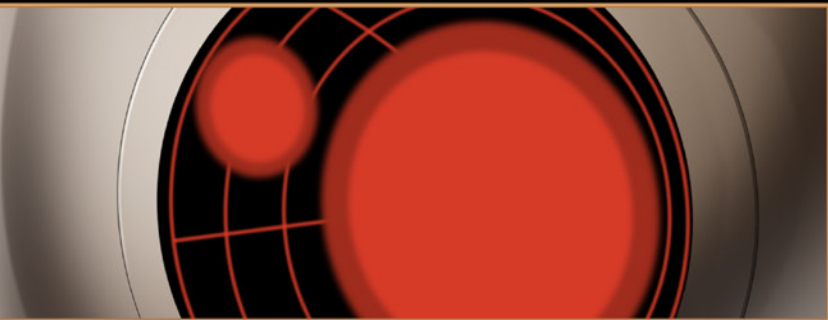
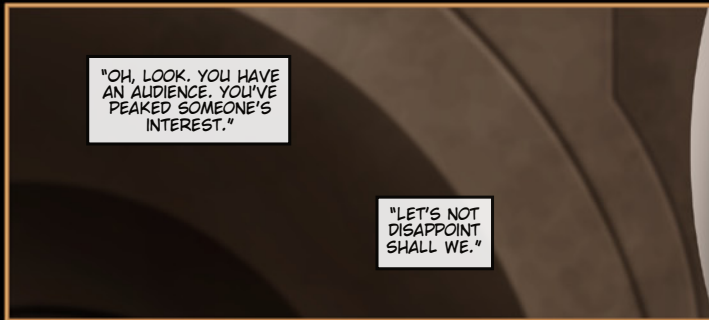
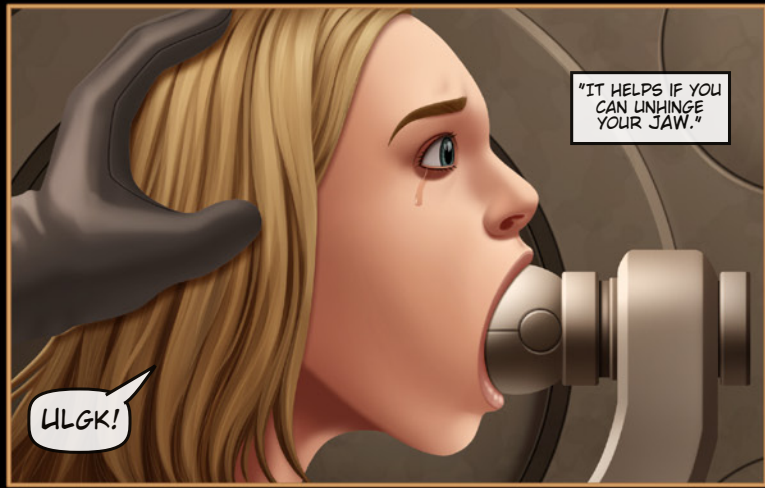
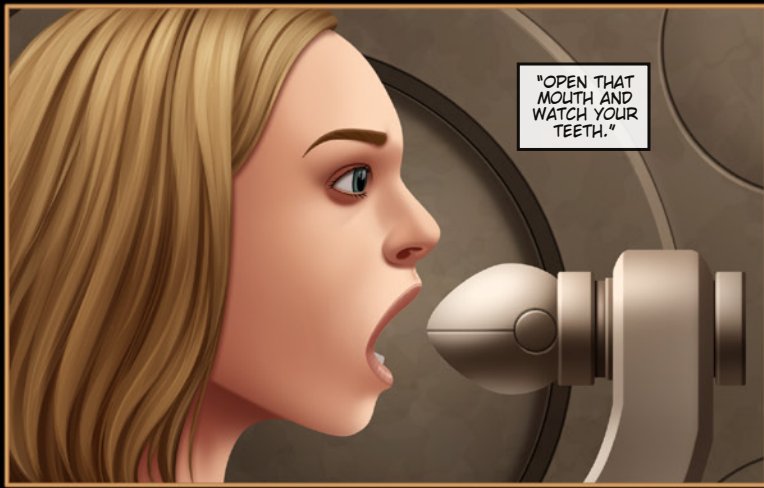


"DON'T PULL AWAY. REST YOUR CUNNY RIGHT ON THERE."



AAH!?

"THERE YOU GO. NOT SO BAD, EH?"





NO!

HNNH!

"I GUESS YOU KNOW WHERE THIS IS GOING."



AAATEEH!!!

VZZZOT!



NO, PLEASE! DON'T!

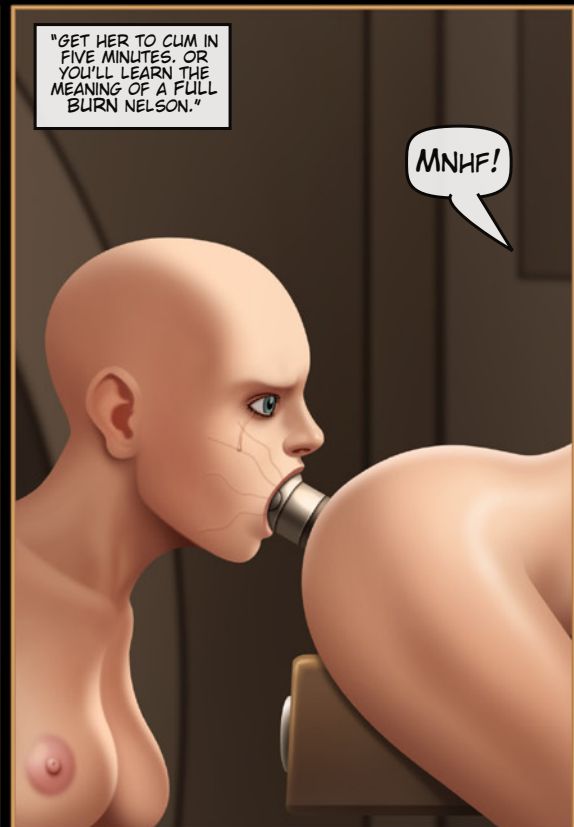
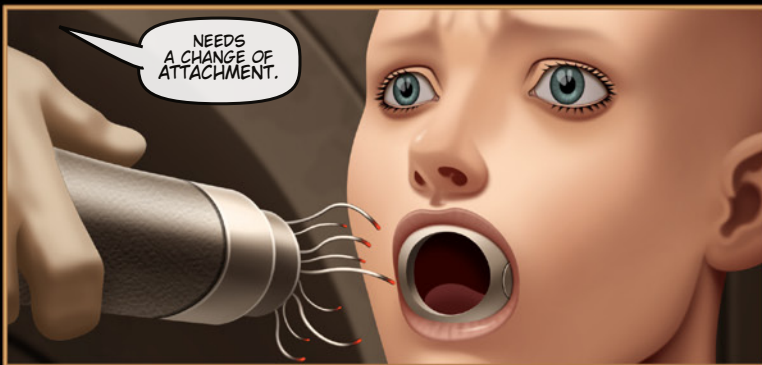
"IF YOU LIKED THAT, YOU'LL LIKE THIS EVEN MORE."

VRZZT!



SIGNAL TRIANGULATION COMPLETE. TARGET LOCATION VERIFIED.

ABOUT TIME.



The Proto  
GALLERY

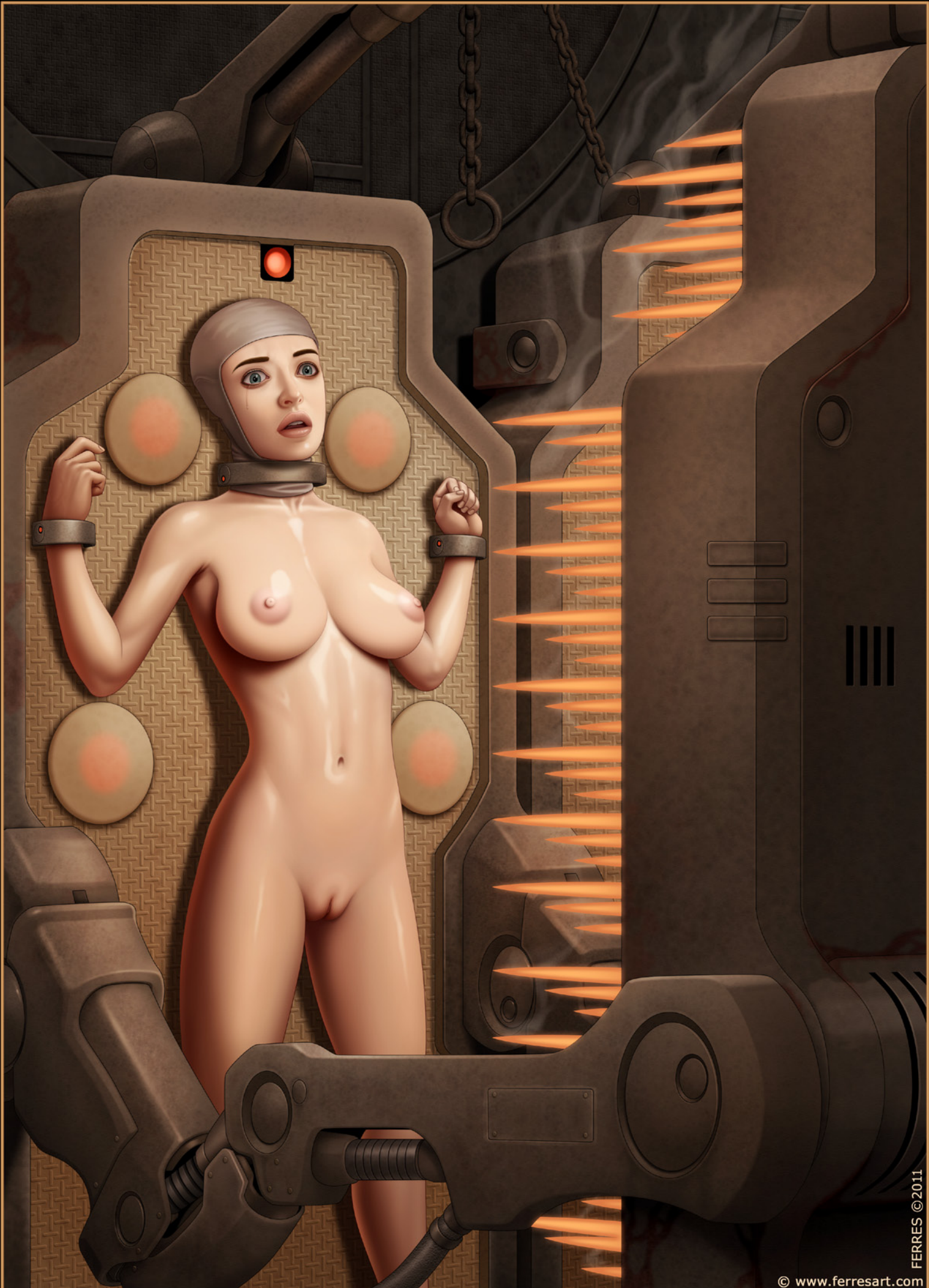


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COVERS TO READ A FULL  
DESCRIPTION OF EVERY COMIC

# THE PROTO

Part One



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# EMMA'S GRIEF



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# Alienation

## The Sky Dungeon



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# RED RIDING HOOD



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# RED RIDING HOOD

PART 2



# inni

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