

THE PROTO

Part Three



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THIS COMIC NEEDS VERSION 9
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THE EDITOR

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COVER ART
STUDIES

THE PROTO

Part Three



The Proto
Part III

BY FERRES



LNHGH...

WEAK!
FAINED WITH JUST A FEW JOLTS AT MEDIUM SETTING.

SNAP!



THIS WON'T DO.



ADMINISTERING ELECTRO-CHEMICAL STIMULANTS.



HNNN...

YOU WILL BE FULLY AWAKE FOR YOUR PROPER QUESTIONING.



AND THIS TIME YOUR NERVE ENDINGS WILL BE ON FIRE.

AAH!



AGH!

WHAT?! NO, I'M STILL HERE. FUCK!



NO!!!



AAAIEEH!!!

"RECORD, ENHANCE AND ENCRYPT. SET DELAYS AND PREPARE FOR HYPERSPACE BROADCAST."

"HAVE WE RE-ESTABLISHED CONTACT WITH OUR PROBE?"

NEGATIVE. MASSIVE GRAVITATIONAL AND MULTI-SPECTRAL RADIATION WAVES DETECTED FROM THE PROBES LAST LOCATION. PROBE LIKELY DESTROYED AS WELL AS ALL MATTER WITHIN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY.

STORE LAST RECORDED DATA FOR PLAYBACK.

AFFIRMATIVE.

HMM... A NEW YEETRIAN IN THE DWARF'S PEN?

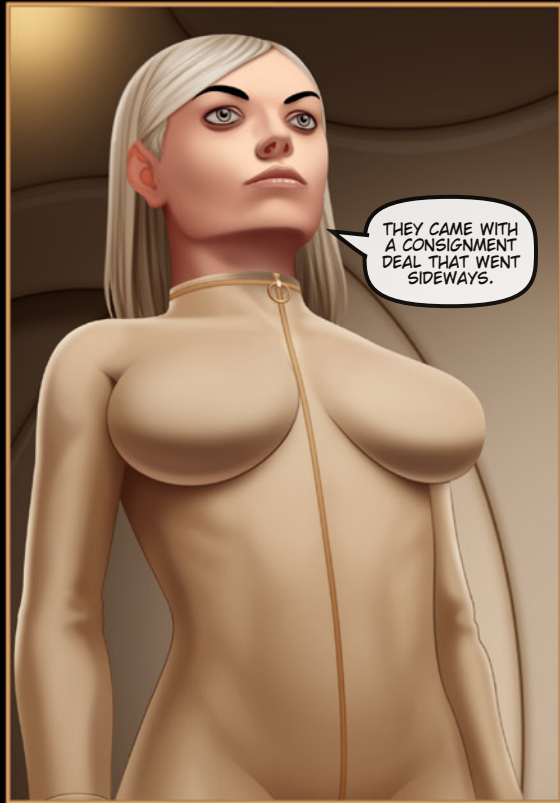
AND THAT GIRL... LOOKS LIKE XAN. IF XAN'S HERE THEN-

INTRUDER ALERT!
INTRUDER ALERT!

CHEAP SYNTHETICS.
DAMN USELESS.



THEY LOOK INTIMIDATING, BUT NOT ALL THAT TOUGH. ESTE, HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY FOR THIS CRAP?



THEY CAME WITH A CONSIGNMENT DEAL THAT WENT SIDeways.



WE NEED TO TALK. SOMETHING ABOUT A MISSING YEETRIAN SHIP. KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?

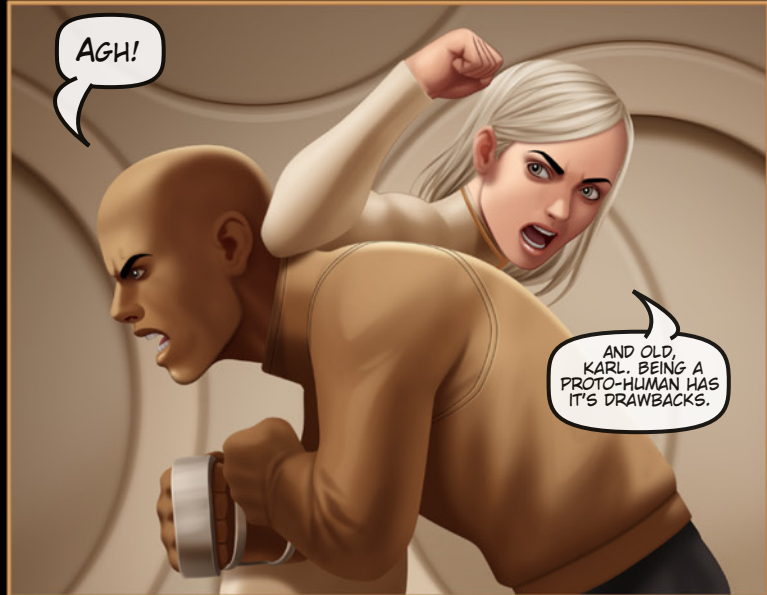


YOU HAVE TO IMPRESS ME FIRST, KARL.



YOU'RE GETTING SLOW.

OOOPH!



AGH!

AND OLD, KARL. BEING A PROTO-HUMAN HAS IT'S DRAWBACKS.



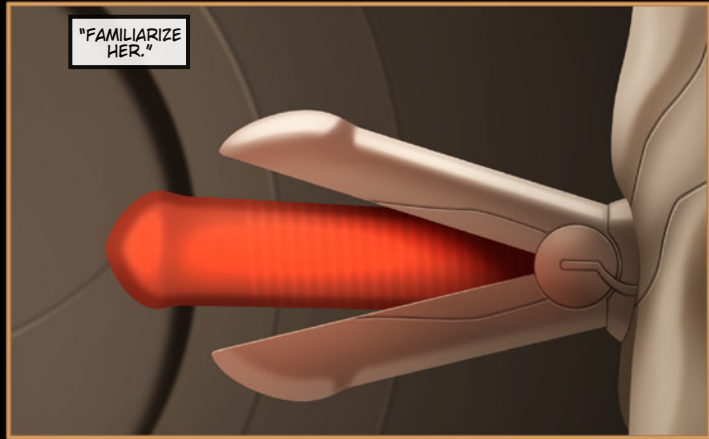
"TIME'S UP, SLUT! THAT WAS A DISAPPOINTINGLY PATHETIC EFFORT."



YOU CLEARLY HAVE LEARN'T NOTHING. BOYS, GIVE HER THE FULL REGIMEN.



"THE NEW SLAVE IS YET UNFAMILIAR WITH HER HOWLS."



"FAMILIARIZE HER."



PLEASE, DON'T! NO!



"YOU'RE IN FOR A TREAT. I RARELY DO THIS TO THE SLUT."



AAAH!!!

"EVEN WITH ACCELERATED HEALING, IT STILL TAKES HER DAYS TO RECOVER."



AAAIEEH!





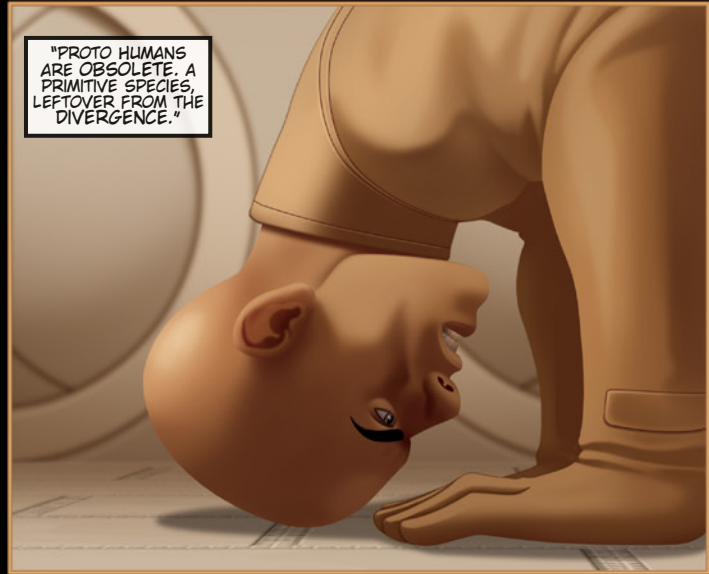
HAH!

ARGH!



AGH!

HYAH!
YOU'RE A FUCKIN' RELIC, KARL. YOU SHOULD ADMIT THAT TO YOURSELF.



"PROTO HUMANS ARE OBSOLETE. A PRIMITIVE SPECIES, LEFTOVER FROM THE DIVERGENCE."



FOOLISHLY TAKING PRIDE IN THEIR OWN SHORT COMINGS. YOU EVEN CLING TO A HOMEWORLD THAT IS BARELY HABITABLE.

"YOU SHOULD STOP USING XAN AS A PAWN. SHE IS BETTER THAN THAT. WHY SHE ALLOWS HERSELF TO SUFFER THESE INDIGNITIES IS BEYOND ME?"



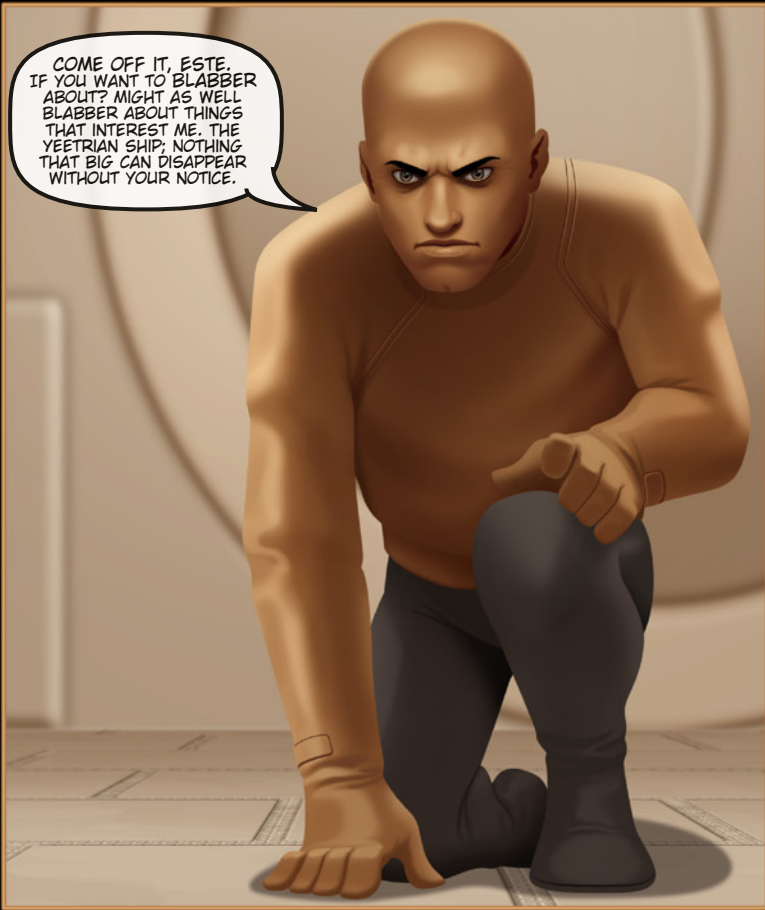
AAAH!!!

AAAIEEEH!!!



"PERHAPS SHE HAS SOME INNER DEMONS IN NEED OF EXORCISING."

COME OFF IT, ESTE. IF YOU WANT TO BLABBER ABOUT? MIGHT AS WELL BLABBER ABOUT THINGS THAT INTEREST ME. THE YEETRIAN SHIP; NOTHING THAT BIG CAN DISAPPEAR WITHOUT YOUR NOTICE.



OH, WELL. SINCE I'M GOING TO BEAT YOU TO DEATH. I'LL TELL YOU A FEW TIDBITS ABOUT...



YEAH, LIKE THAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.

EH?!





"ALRIGHT! SHE'S HAD ENOUGH. WE DON'T WANT TO BREAK HER NECK. THE SLUT HASN'T EARNED HER MONEYS WORTH YET."

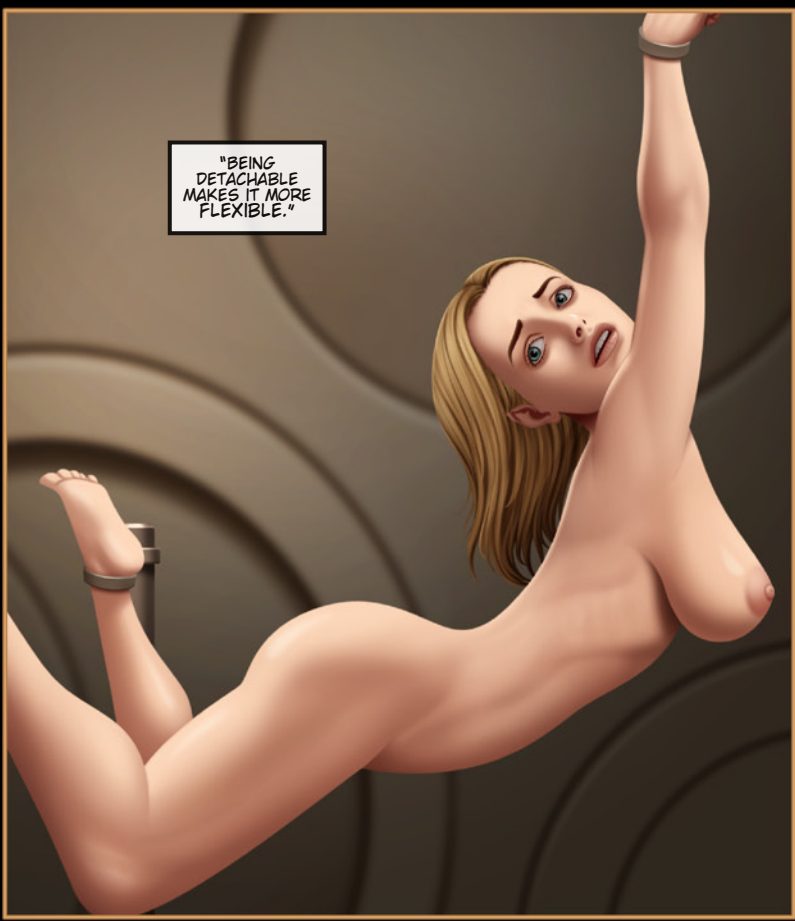
"YOU, GET OVER HERE."



I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW THESE THINGS ARE DETACHABLE. IT HELPS WITH THE CLEAN-UP.



DRY BLOOD AND CUM CAN JANK UP THE WORKS. MAKE IT LESS RELIABLE, AND YOU WOULDN'T WANT THAT.



"BEING DETACHABLE MAKES IT MORE FLEXIBLE."



I LIKE TO WATCH THE GIRLS SQUIRM, BUT THESE BIG OAFS CAN REALLY BLOCK THE VIEW. I HATE THAT.

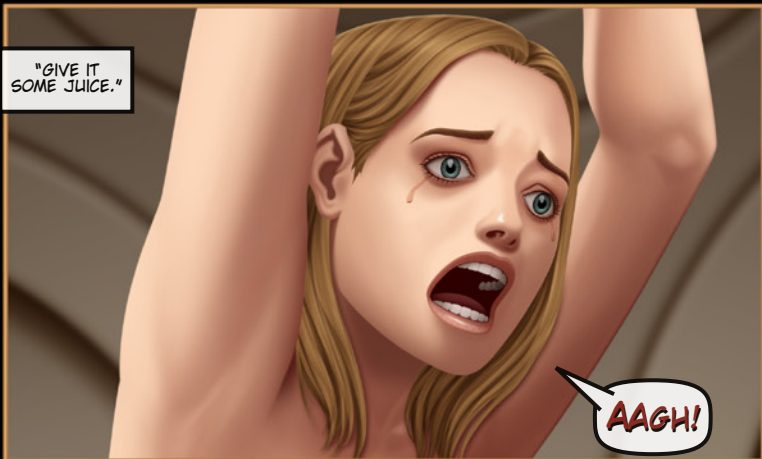


"DETACHED, THESE TOOLS CAN DO ALL SORTS OF THINGS."



"HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU."

LNH!



"GIVE IT SOME JUICE."

AAGH!



"I CAN APPLY EITHER SOOTHING WARMTH OR SEARING HEAT."

NO!
PLEASE!



"OR I CAN CHOOSE TO GO THE OTHER WAY AND APPLY SOME BITING COLD."

HNNNH!

"OH, THAT GOT HER ATTENTION."



CRAWL TO YOUR CORNER, SLUT. NOW YOU GET TO WATCH.

HNNNH!



"OUR NEW FRIEND MUST BE FEELING A LITTLE NEGLECTED."

NO, I'M GOOD. DON'T YOU MIND ME.



AAAGH!

"HAD ENOUGH, KARL? OLD AGE IS WEIGHING ON YOU."



SENILITY MUST BE SETTLING IN. IT WAS EXTREMELY FOOLISH TO VIOLATE MY BASTION WITHOUT...



BACK-UP?!





YOU HAVE A DECENT LEVEL OF TOLERANCE, YEETRIAN. THAT IS GOOD.



"IT TAKES MONTHS OF CONDITIONING BEFORE A SLAVE LEARNS TO SUFFER QUIETLY."



YOU HAVE A STRONG BACK. I FANCY A RIDE.



YOU'RE HEALING ALREADY.

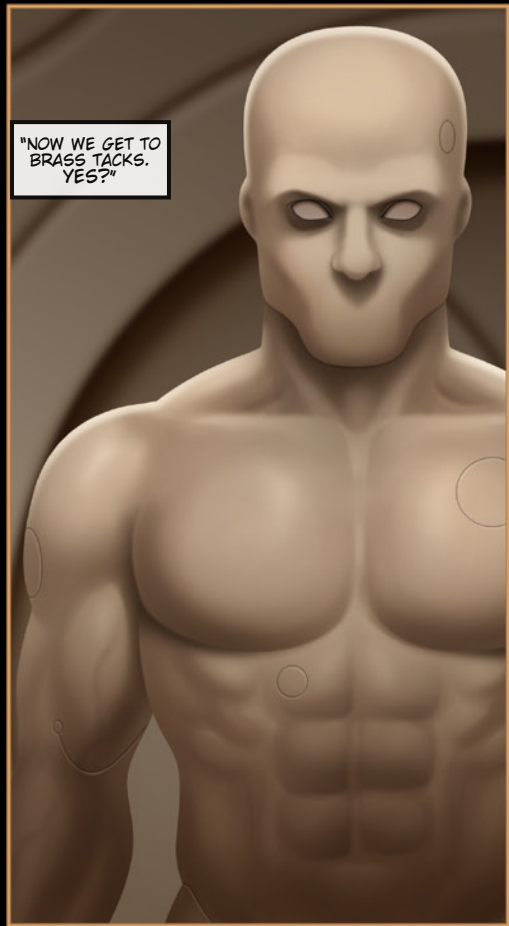


IMPRESSIVE!

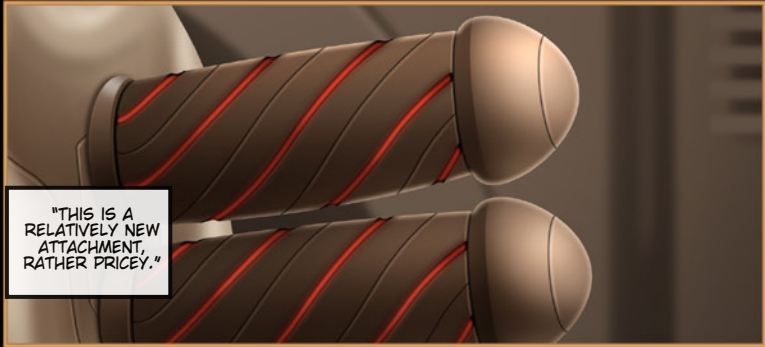


SO MANY THINGS I WILL GET TO DO WITH YOU. THINGS IMPRACTICAL FOR THE TYPICAL SLAVE.

AAH!



"NOW WE GET TO BRASS TACKS. YES?"



"THIS IS A RELATIVELY NEW ATTACHMENT, RATHER PRICEY."



"BUT IT'S OF DUBIOUS WORTH. THE SLAVES..."



ALL SLUCLIMB WITHIN THE FIRST 2 MINUTES. EVEN THE MORE ROBUST SLIT COULD BARELY MANAGED 3.

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING, I FELT TERRIBLY CHEATED.



I HOPE YOU FAIR BETTER.



AAAH!!!



I BELIEVE IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO TO SLEEP AND ME TO TAKE OVER.

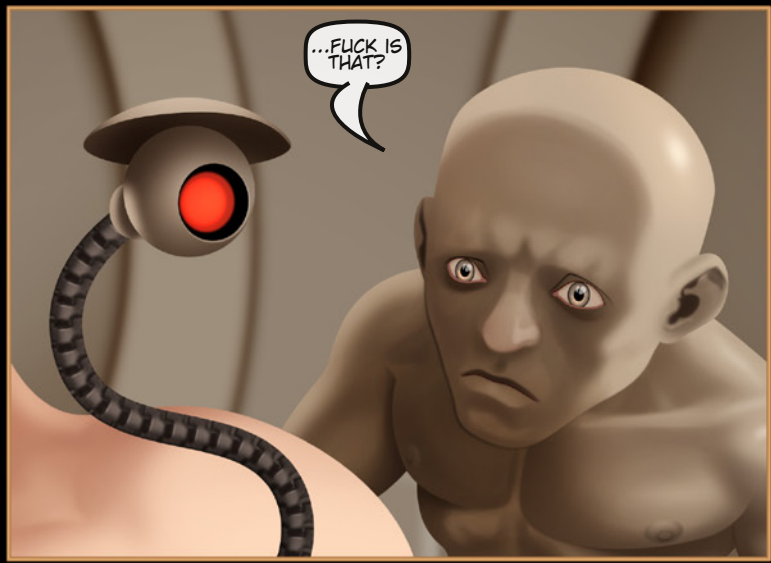


EH, WHAT'S WRONG? YOU BROKEN OR WHAT?



FZZT!

WHAT THE...



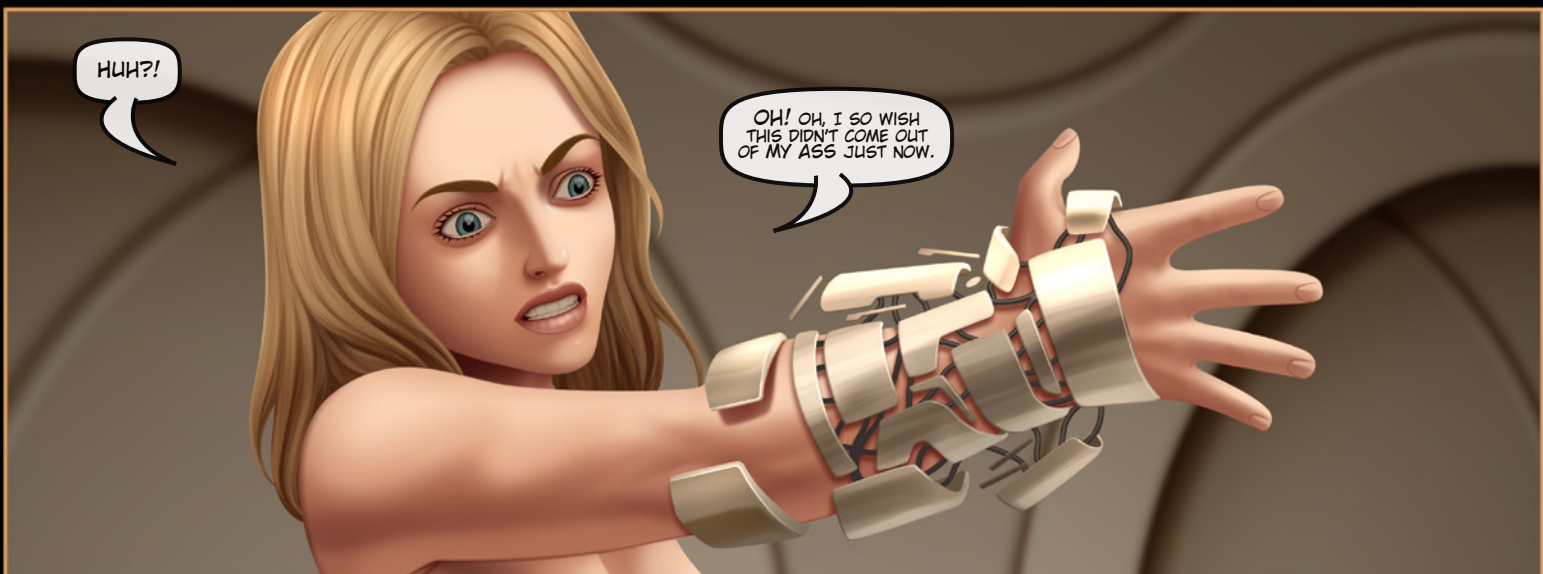
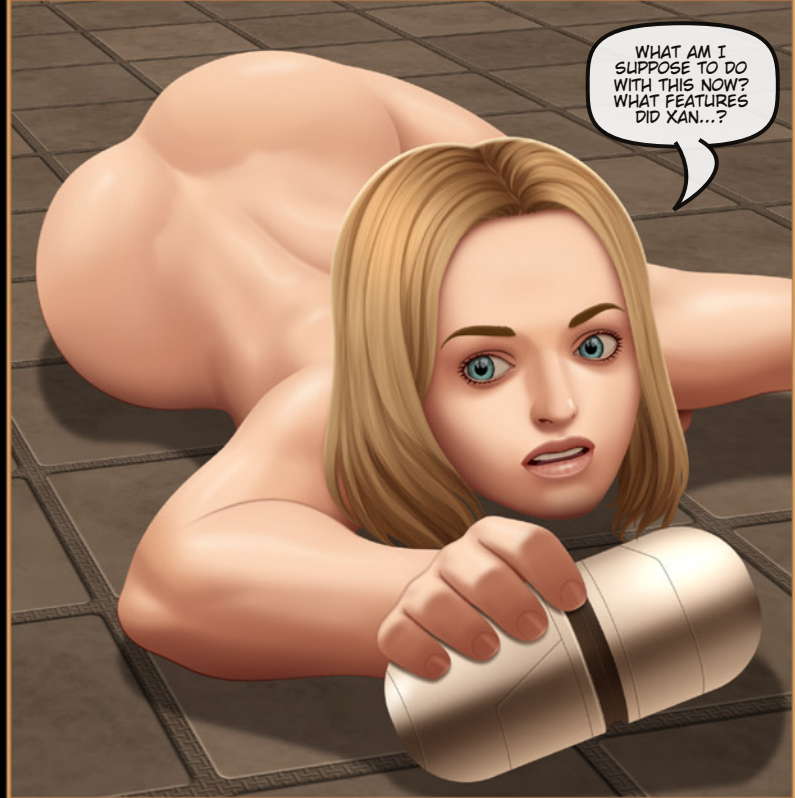
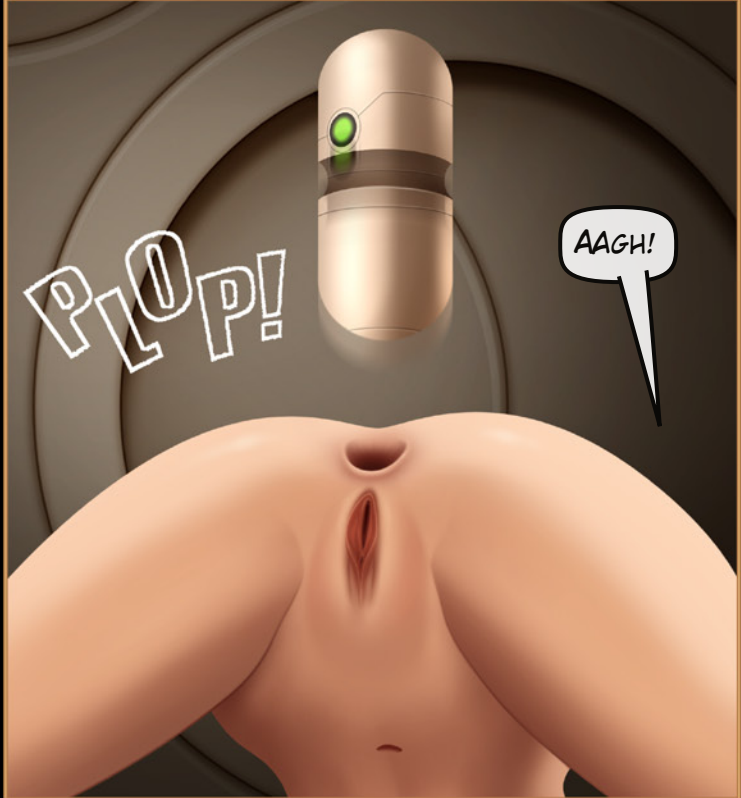
...FLUCK IS THAT?



FZZT!

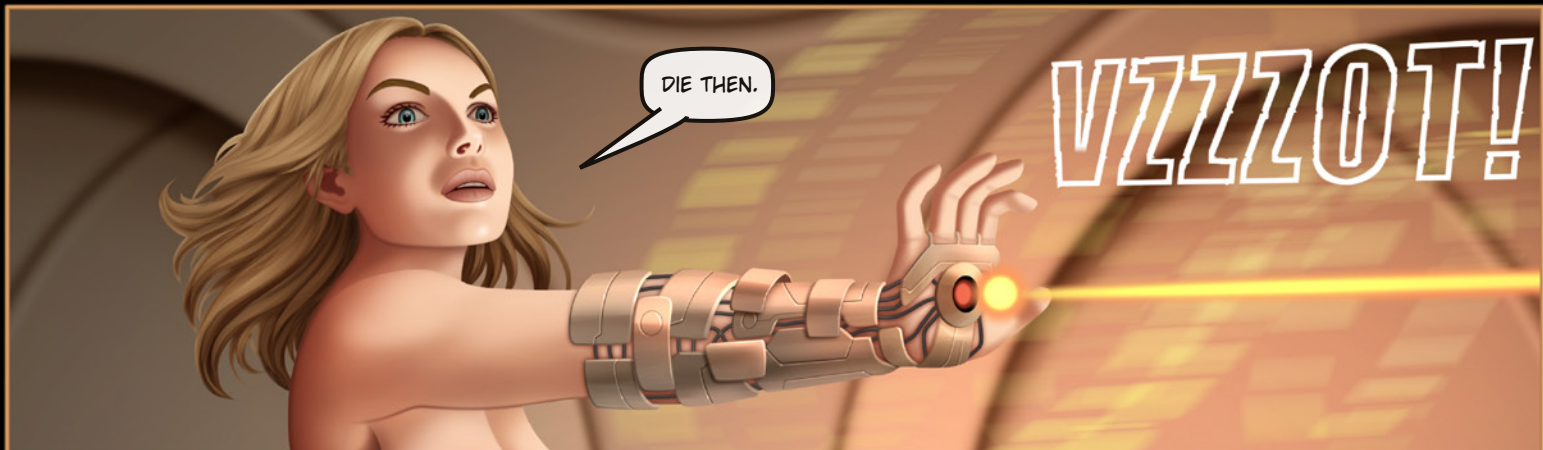


OUMPH!





STAY BACK OR DIE! WHAT EVER YOU ARE.

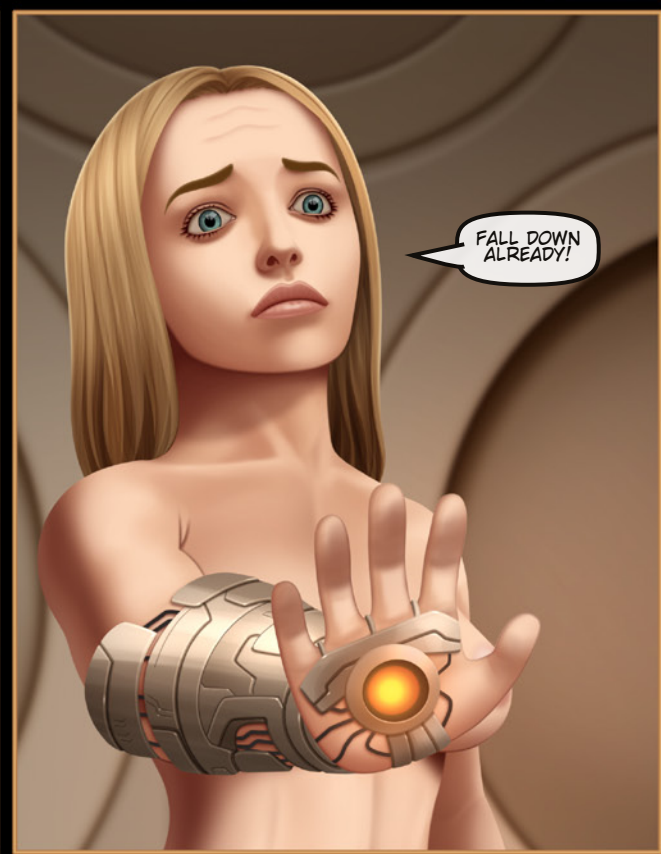


DIE THEN.

VZZZOT!



"SUIT MUST BE SHIELDED. INCREASE TO FULL POWER BLAST."



FALL DOWN ALREADY!



"STILL
STANDING?"



"WAIT, WHAT?"



"OH, FUCKIN'
HELL!"



NOT GOOD!
NOT GOOD!



A
XENOSPECTRE!



LHUUN!
LHUUN!

I NOTICED YOUR
DEVICE HAS BEEN
ACTIVATED. ZERO
IN ON MY
LOCATION ASAP!

XAN?!
I REALLY
NEED HELP.



I CAN'T KILL IT.
I CAN'T FIGHT IT.
BUT MAYBE I
CAN SLOW IT
DOWN.





THIS ONE HAD IT'S SHOCK PENETRATOR PARTIALLY UP MY ASS BEFORE IT FROZE, AND IT'S STILL JUICED UP.

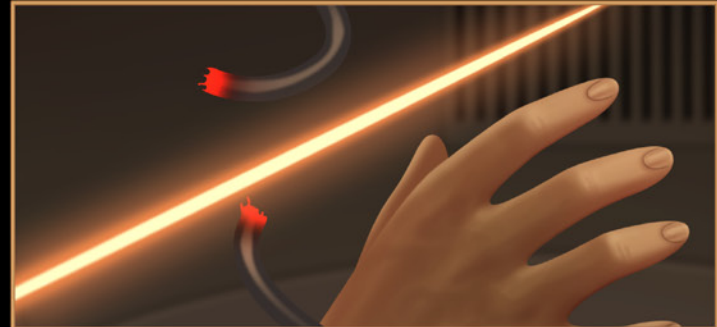


"SO, YOU NEED TO TAKE THIS GUY OUT OF THE WAY FIRST. DETACH IT'S MAIN AND AUXILIARY POWER CORE. THEN CUT MY ROPES."

SORRY, NO TIME.



WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU AIMING...?



NO! AGH!



AAH!



OOMP!
FUCK, THAT
BURNS!



OOPSY!



FUCK YOU!
YOU DID THAT ON
PURPOSE. LUCKY THAT
PENETRATOR WASN'T
LOCKED TO THAT ANGLE.
COULDA' TORN MY ASS
OFF.



AS MUCH AS I
ENJOYED THAT,
WE HAVE MORE
PRESSING
CONCERNS.



THING CAME OUT OF THOSE LITTLE GUYS IN SUITS.

HAVE YOU TRIED SHOOTING AT IT?

OF COURSE I HAVE, DOESN'T SEEM TO BOTHER IT MUCH.



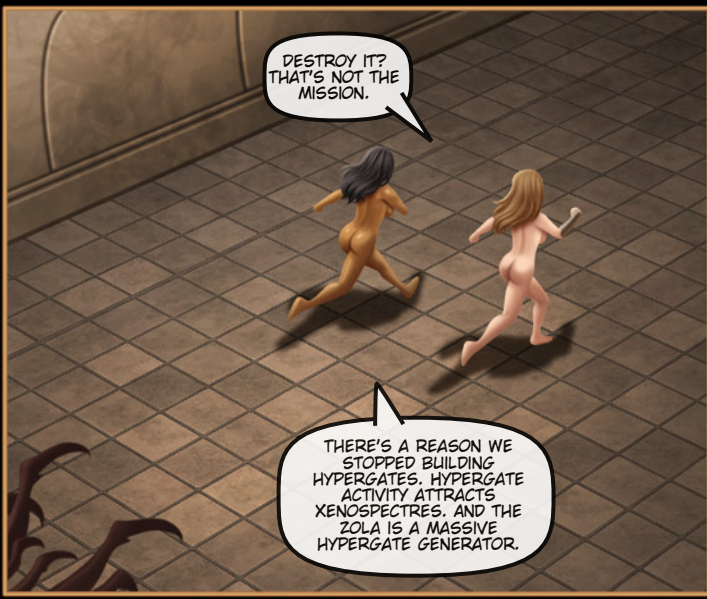
THEN I SUGGEST WE RUN!



THAT'S A XENOSPECTRE! BUT IT'S LIKE NOTHING I'VE SEEN BEFORE. IT SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO MAINTAIN PHYSICAL FORM THIS FAR FROM A HYPERGATE, UNLESS...

WAIT! XENOSPECTRES ARE REAL? AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY 'SEEN BEFORE'?

LISTEN, WE REALLY NEED TO FIND YOUR MISSING SHIP AND DESTROY IT.



DESTROY IT? THAT'S NOT THE MISSION.

THERE'S A REASON WE STOPPED BUILDING HYPERGATES. HYPERGATE ACTIVITY ATTRACTS XENOSPECTRES. AND THE ZOLA IS A MASSIVE HYPERGATE GENERATOR.



'WE'? XAN, YOU'RE NOT REALLY A PROTO HUMAN ARE YOU?



NEVER SAID I WAS. WITH MY COMPLEXION, THEY JUST ASSUME.

"WAIT! THE DARK SKIN TONE? THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER SUB-GROUP..."

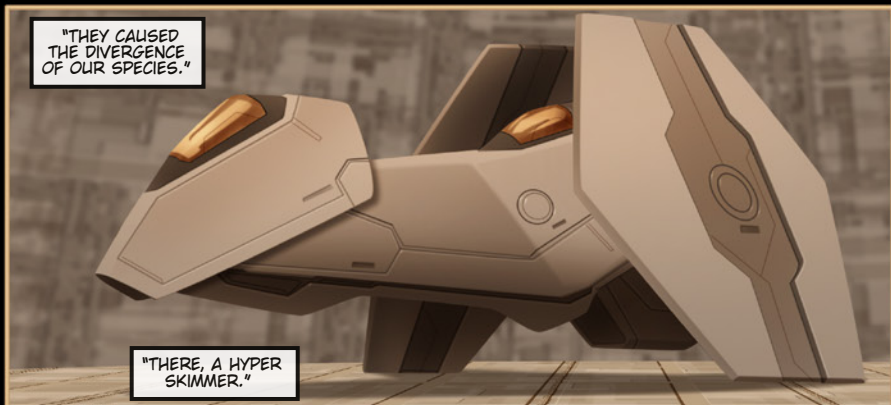


PLEASE. YOU'RE A SUB-GROUP.

THELESSIAN?

NO. I AM OR I WAS A COLONIST. THE FIRST COLONISTS.

THELESSIA WAS ONE OF THE FIRST INTERSTELLAR COLONIES THAT EVENTUALLY BECAME AN EMPIRE.

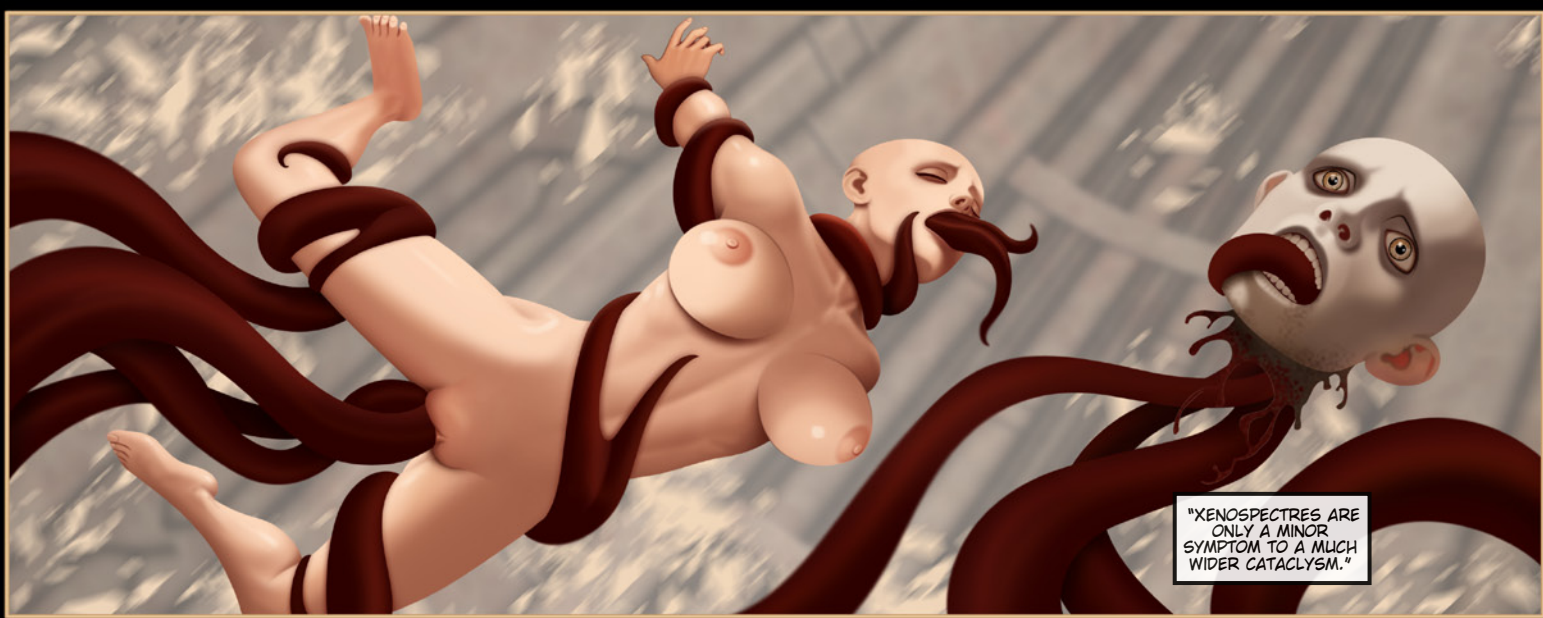


"THEY CAUSED THE DIVERGENCE OF OUR SPECIES."

"THERE, A HYPER SKIMMER."



"I'LL EXPLAIN LATER BUT THINGS ARE A LOT WORSE THAN YOU THINK."



"XENOSPECTRES ARE ONLY A MINOR SYMPTOM TO A MUCH WIDER CATAclySM."



WOULD'VE BEEN A LOT EASIER ON YOU IF YOU JUST POINTED ME TO THE CONSUL.

ALL I NEEDED WAS THE BLACK MARKET INVENTORY RECORDS OF TRANSFER.



"IT WOULD APPEAR THAT UNUSUALLY LARGE SHIPMENT OF MATERIALS WERE BEING SENT TO BIOFAUX 7. COINCIDENTALLY, YOUR PROBES DETECTED SUDDEN GRAVITATIONAL ANOMALIES FROM WITHIN THE BIOFAUX SYSTEM."



XAN, PROVIDED ME WITH A DATA SPONGE JUST IN CASE I MISSED SOMETHING.



NOW, WHERE WERE WE?



LATER.

THE DWARF LENT YOU HIS SHIP?

NOT EXACTLY. WE WERE IN A RUSH, AND THIS THING HAS A HYPERSPACE NAVIGATIONAL ALGORITHM. I DON'T HAVE TO FRY MY BRAIN ANYMORE.



INPUT THESE COORDINATES.

DID YOU EVEN BOTHER TO GET A HOLD OF MY STUFF FROM THE OTHER SHIP.

I GOT MY STUFF. YOU CAN GET YOUR SHIT FROM ANY BLACK MARKET OUTPOST.



THEY HAD SENTIMENTAL... OH, FUCK IT.



XAN, IS THIS REALLY ALL YOU GOT. IT STILL ISN'T MUCH.



YOU'RE LUCKY WE WERE ABLE TO SCROUNGE SOMETHING. I STILL HAVE TO DUCT TAPE MINE TOGETHER.

YOU WERE LIKE NAKED WHEN WE MET YOU. HAVEN'T YOU GOTTEN USED TO IT BY NOW?



WELL, I'M FUCKIN' FREEZING MY ASS OFF.



WE CAN REMEDY THAT.



WE HAVE SOME TIME TO KILL BEFORE WE GET TO OUR FINAL DESTINATION.



"XAN, COME HERE AND WARM THINGS UP."

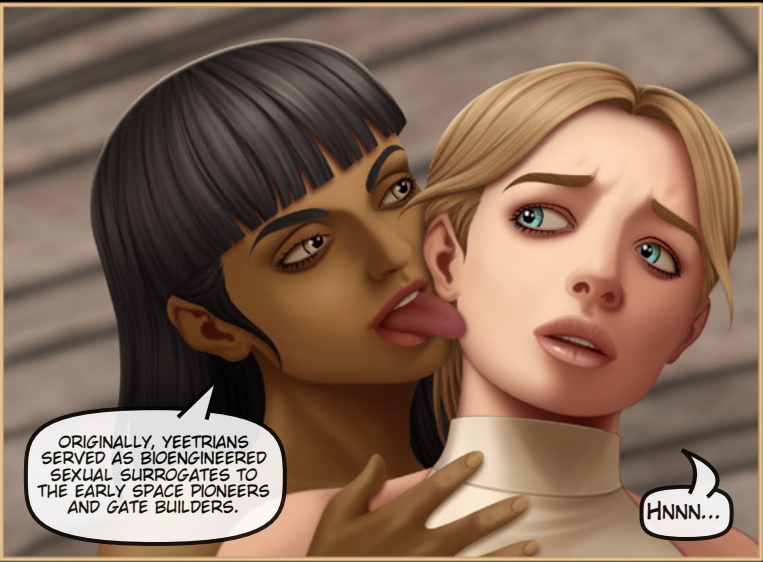


I DON'T KNOW WHY BUT IT DOES SEEM LIKE YEETRIANS GET OFF TO A LITTLE BIT OF PAIN.

HEY! NOT THIS AGAIN.



THAT SHOULDN'T BE A SURPRISE. THEY USE THE SAME CLUSTER OF NEURONS TO PROCESS PAIN AND PLEASURE.



ORIGINALLY, YEETRIANS SERVED AS BIOENGINEERED SEXUAL SURROGATES TO THE EARLY SPACE PIONEERS AND GATE BUILDERS.

HNNN...



STERILIZING RADIATION MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO SEND WOMEN OUT BEFORE A GATE WAS OPERATIONAL. SO, THEY SENT SURROGATES OUT FIRST.

YOU'RE JUST BRIMMING WITH USELESS INFORMATION, XAN.









OUMMH!

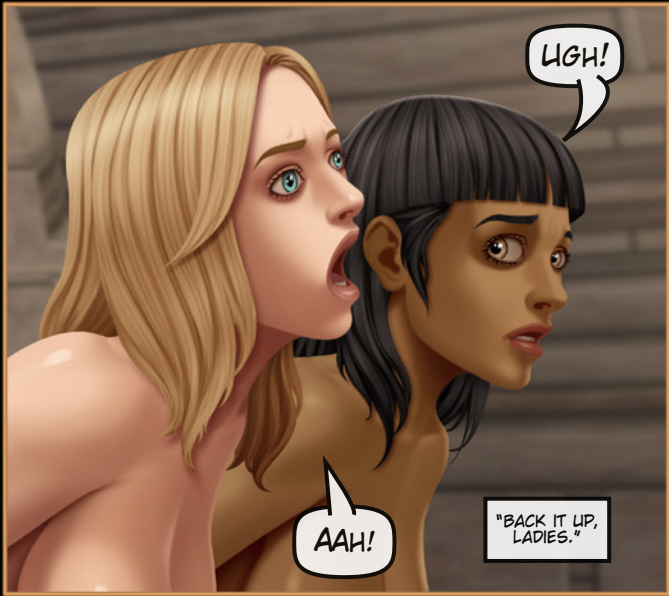
AND MORE DEEPLY.



DON'T MAKE THAT FACE, XAN. I'M IN A FORGIVING MOOD.



ALINGH!



LIGH!

AAH!

"BACK IT UP, LADIES."



TWERK 'EM BOOTIES.

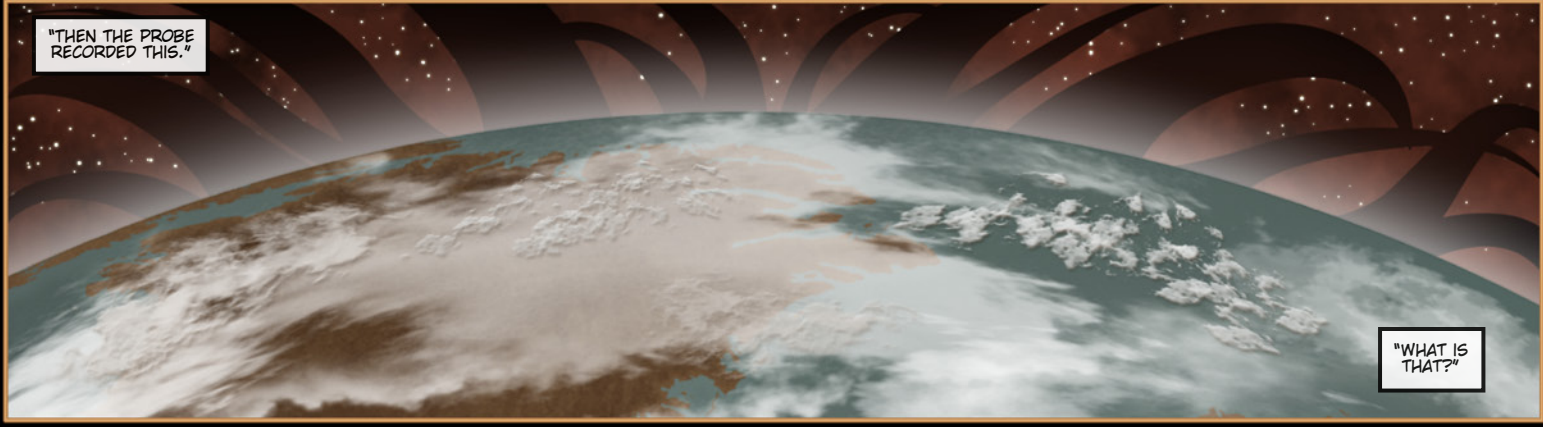


WHAT AM I LOOKING AT?

A PROBE RECORDED THIS NEAR EARTH SPACE. A BATTLE BETWEEN THE PROTO DEFENSE FLEET AND A YEETRIAN FLEET.

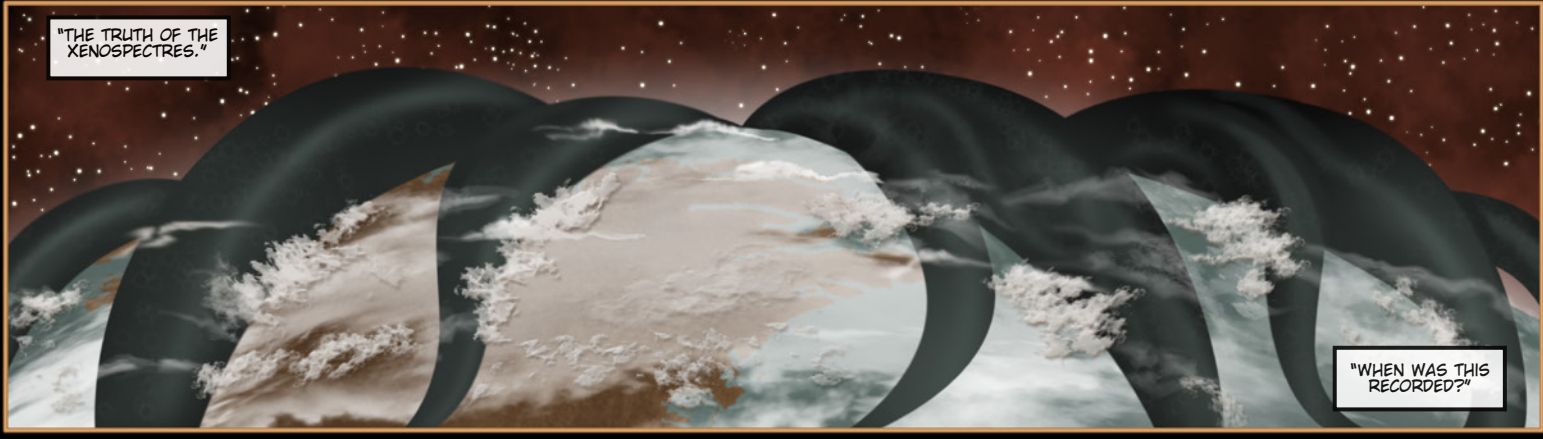


"BOTH WERE DESTROYED BY AN UNKNOWN FORCE."



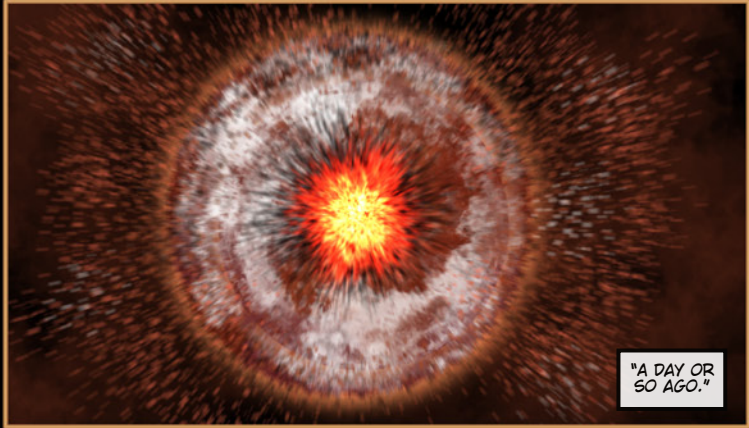
"THEN THE PROBE RECORDED THIS."

"WHAT IS THAT?"



"THE TRUTH OF THE XENOSPECTRES."

"WHEN WAS THIS RECORDED?"



"A DAY OR SO AGO."



"THE PROTOS ARE FINISHED. THEIR ALLIANCE WITH THE RESTORATION PROVED LINWISE."

XAN, TELL ME WHY THIS HAPPENED.



I AM A GATE BUILDER, PIONEERS OF THE EARLY DRIVE FOR INTERSTELLAR COLONIZATION. WE PREDATE THE THELESSIANS BY A LOT. THIS IS WHAT I KNOW SO FAR.

WHEN FTL DRIVES WERE PERFECTED, THE HYPERGATES WERE CONSIDERED OBSOLETE AND SUBSEQUENTLY DECOMMISSIONED.

BUT AFTER A FEW TINKERING WITH MULTI-DIMENSIONAL EQUATIONS WE WERE ABLE TO ACHIEVE GATE TRAVEL AT PHENOMENAL DISTANCES FAR IN EXCESS OF WHATEVER FTL COULD OFFER. THE EQUATION WASN'T FULLY RECONCILED BUT REGARDLESS, MORE GATES WERE BUILT.



AROUND THIS TIME MICROSCOPIC XENOSPECTRES STARTED APPEARING AROUND THE GATES.

THEY WERE HARMLESS SO WE IGNORED THEM. BUT AS MORE GATES WERE BUILT, THE MORE NUMEROUS THEY BECAME.



THEN IT HAPPENED. AN ERRONEOUS INPLIT TO A HYPERGATE DESTINATION OPENED TO THE PLACE WHERE THE XENOSPECTRES CAME FROM.

ANOTHER UNIVERSE, PRIMORDIAL, UNLIKE ANYTHING WE'VE SEEN. A UNIVERSE THAT NEVER EXPANDED BUT FAR MORE MASSIVE THAN OURS, THOUSANDS OF TIMES MORE. MADE OF EXOTIC MATTER THAT WAS INCOMPATIBLE TO OUR UNIVERSE.



THE HYPERGATES WERE CAUSING THAT EXOTIC MATTER TO SEEP INTO OUR UNIVERSE WHERE THEY BECAME XENOSPECTRES. WITH MORE GATES THAT SEEPAGE WOULD BECOME A FLOOD. AND THAT OTHER UNIVERSE WILL TEAR INTO OURS. THE ZOLA'S HYPERGATE GENERATOR IS EQUIVALENT TO A HUNDRED GATES OPENING AT ONCE.

THERE'S ALSO SOMETHING ELSE. A CONSCIOUSNESS. SOMEHOW SENTIENCE EVOLVED THERE. A SINGLE ENTITY FORMED FROM THE VASTNESS.



JUST TELL US HOW TO KILL IT, XAN.

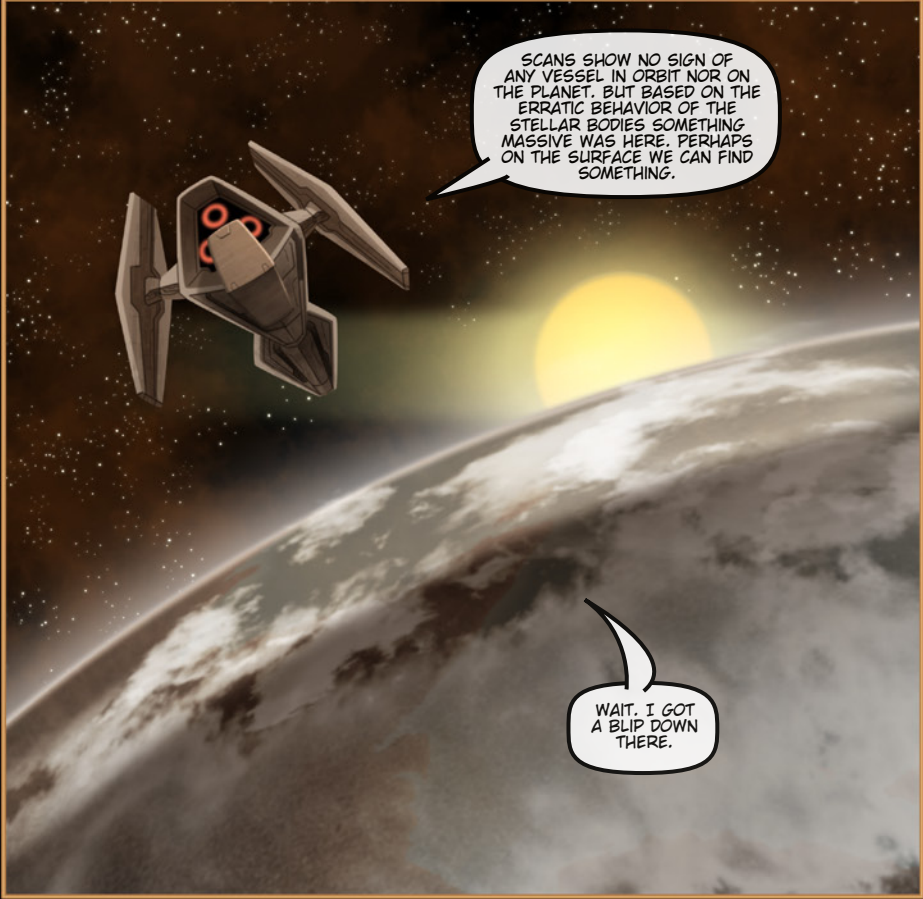


ARE YOU NOT LISTENING TO ME? IT CAN'T BE KILLED. IT'S A FLUKIN' UNIVERSE.



SO, WHAT DO WE DO THEN?

"DESTROY THE ZOLA AND HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE."



SCANS SHOW NO SIGN OF ANY VESSEL IN ORBIT NOR ON THE PLANET. BUT BASED ON THE ERRATIC BEHAVIOR OF THE STELLAR BODIES SOMETHING MASSIVE WAS HERE. PERHAPS ON THE SURFACE WE CAN FIND SOMETHING.

WAIT. I GOT A BLIP DOWN THERE.



THIS THE RIGHT PLACE?

"IN THE APPROXIMATE NEIGHBORHOOD. GRAVIMETRIC DISTORTIONS WON'T GIVE US AN PRECISE LOCATION."



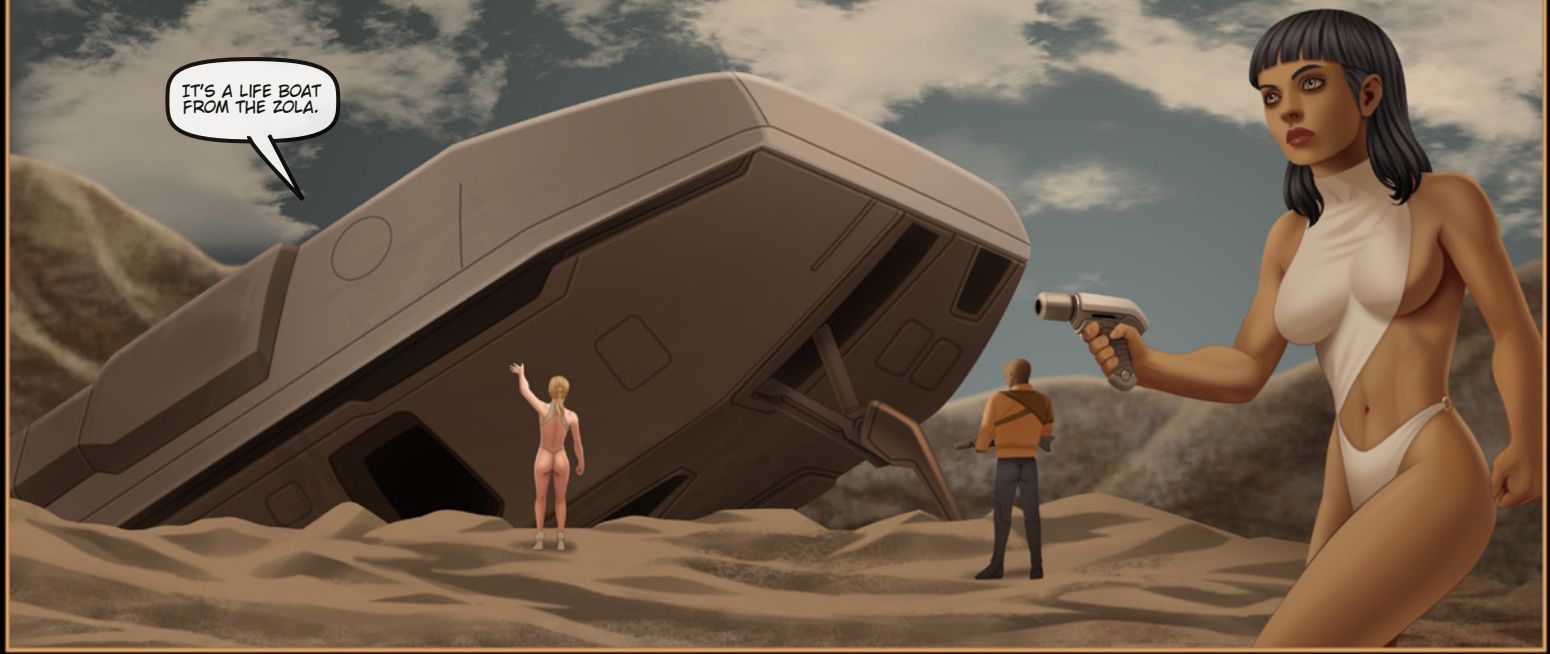
KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU, LHMUN. BIOFAUX 7 IS A THELESSIAN BIO-WEAPONS R & D FACILITY. BEFORE IT WAS ABANDONED, THEY WERE WORKING ON THINGS SPECIFICALLY TARGETING YEETRIANS.

STUFF OF NIGHTMARES.



"THEY INTENDED TO SEED WORLDS MAKING THEM INHOSPITABLE FOR YEETRIAN COLONIZATION. BUT BIO-WEAPONS BY THEIR VERY NATURE ARE UNPREDICTABLE HENCE IT WAS ABANDONED."

"OVER HERE!"



IT'S A LIFE BOAT FROM THE ZOLA.



IT'S BEEN HERE A WHILE, BUT THE BEACON WAS DISABLED, SO IT'S LIKELY THEIR PURSUERS WERE NEAR BY.

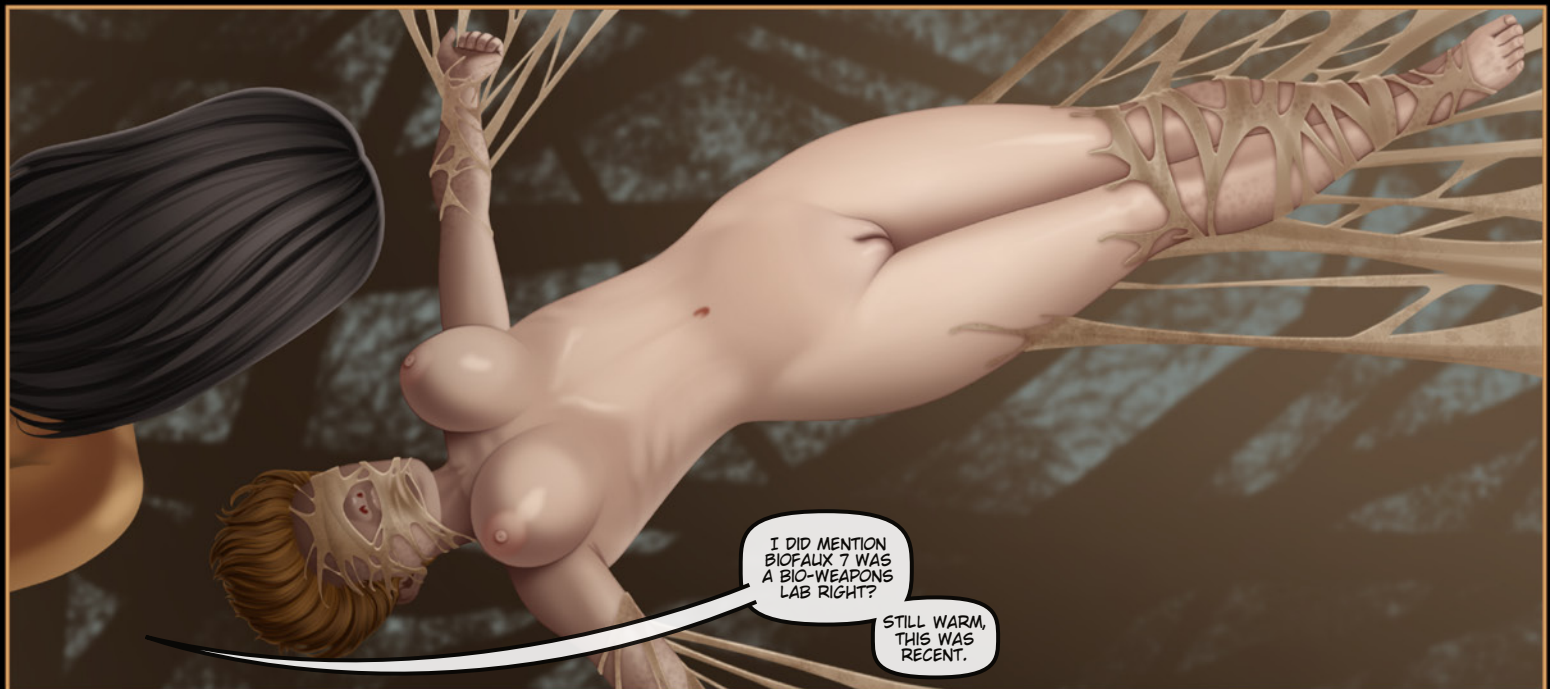


SO, WHERE ARE THE PASSENGER?

THEY CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN TOO FAR. LOOK FOR A TRAIL.



KARL, LHUUN! GET OVER HERE. NOW!



I DID MENTION BIOFAUX 7 WAS A BIO-WEAPONS LAB RIGHT?

STILL WARM, THIS WAS RECENT.

LET'S GO!
THERE'S NOTHING
HERE. WE'LL GO
LOOK ELSEWHERE.



AAGH!



THERE!



WAIT!



AAAGH!



"A MONSTER!"

HSSSS!



LNGH!



MMNFF!



HNNNH!



"JUST ONE OF THE MANY INSIDIOUS CREATURES THE THELESSIANS MADE IN THEIR WAR WITH YOUR PEOPLE."



"THEY WERE DESIGNED TO SOW FEAR IN YOUR RANKS."



"THEY ATTACK IN THE MOST VILE OF FASHIONS."



"THEY WANTED A VISCERAL RESPONSE."



WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING.

NO! LOOK UP THERE.



"WE'RE NOT ALONE."



"THEY LOOK LIKE YEETRIANS BUT... MODIFIED."



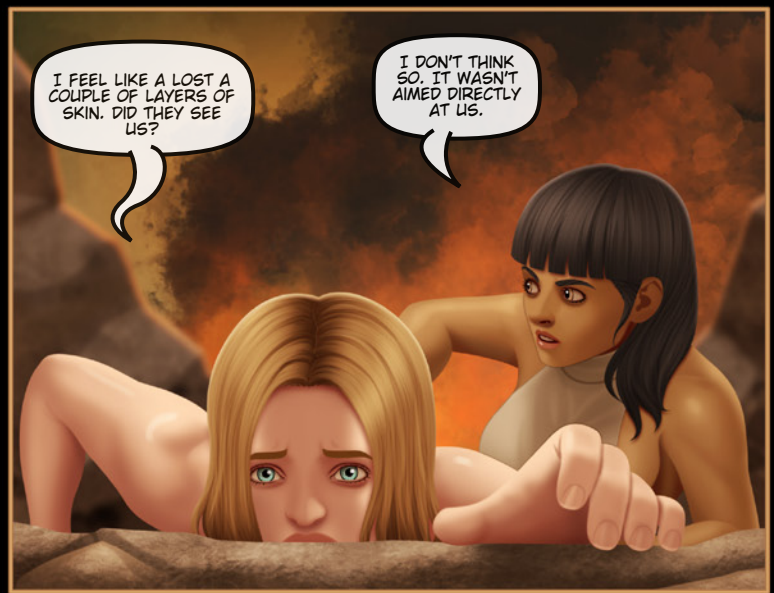
SHSHSHS!

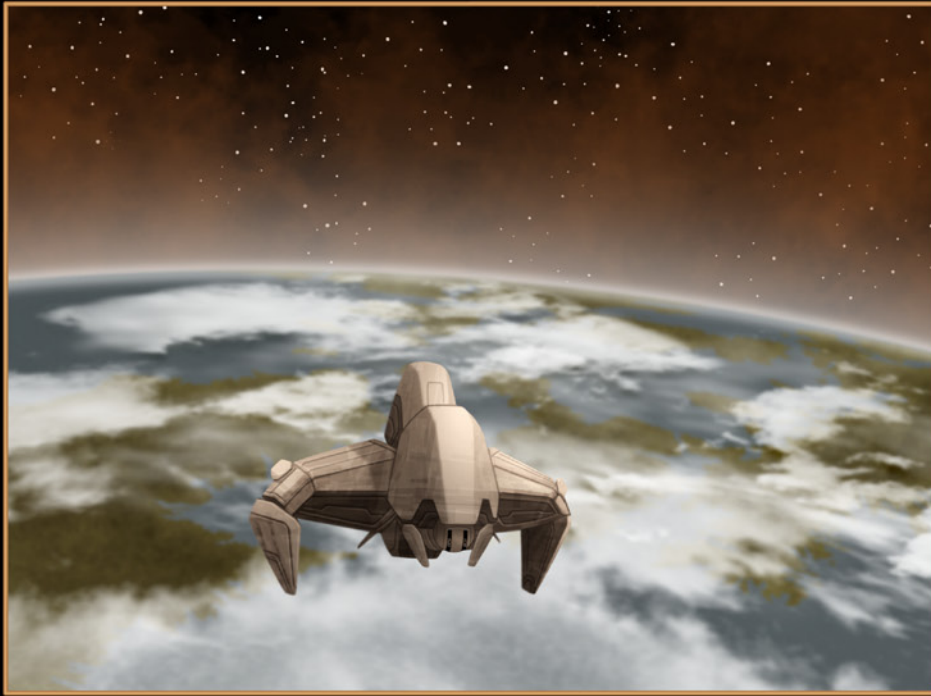


MLIMMH!









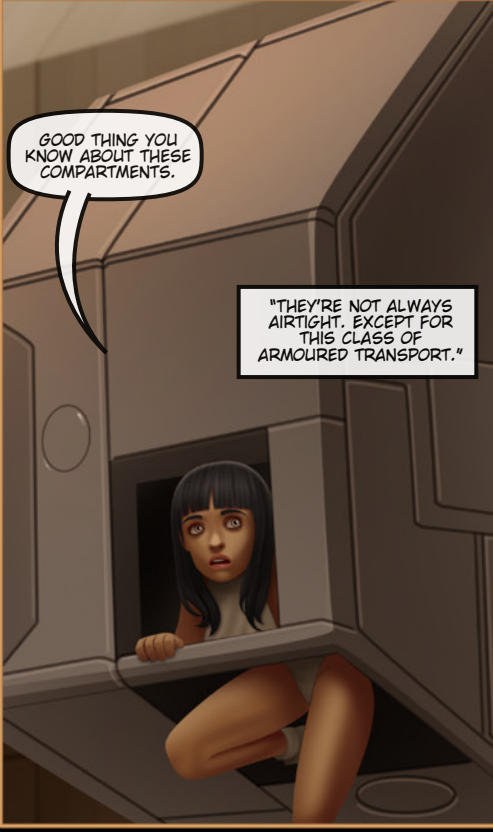
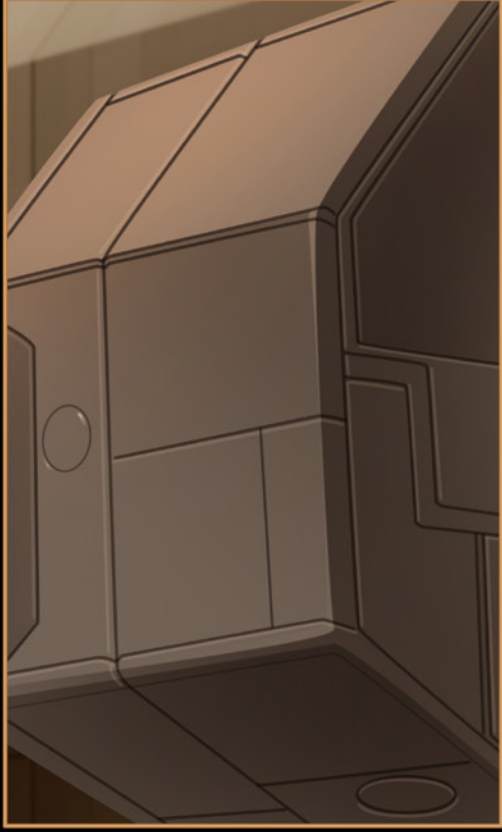
THIS IS A TRANSPORT SHIP? YOU YEETRIANS REALLY LIKE TO LIP GUN EVERYTHING.



AGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING? I FEEL LIKE I WEIGH A TON.



WE'VE STOPPED FOR QUITE AWHILE NOW. I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING ANYMORE. BUT I STILL FEEL A LOT HEAVIER.



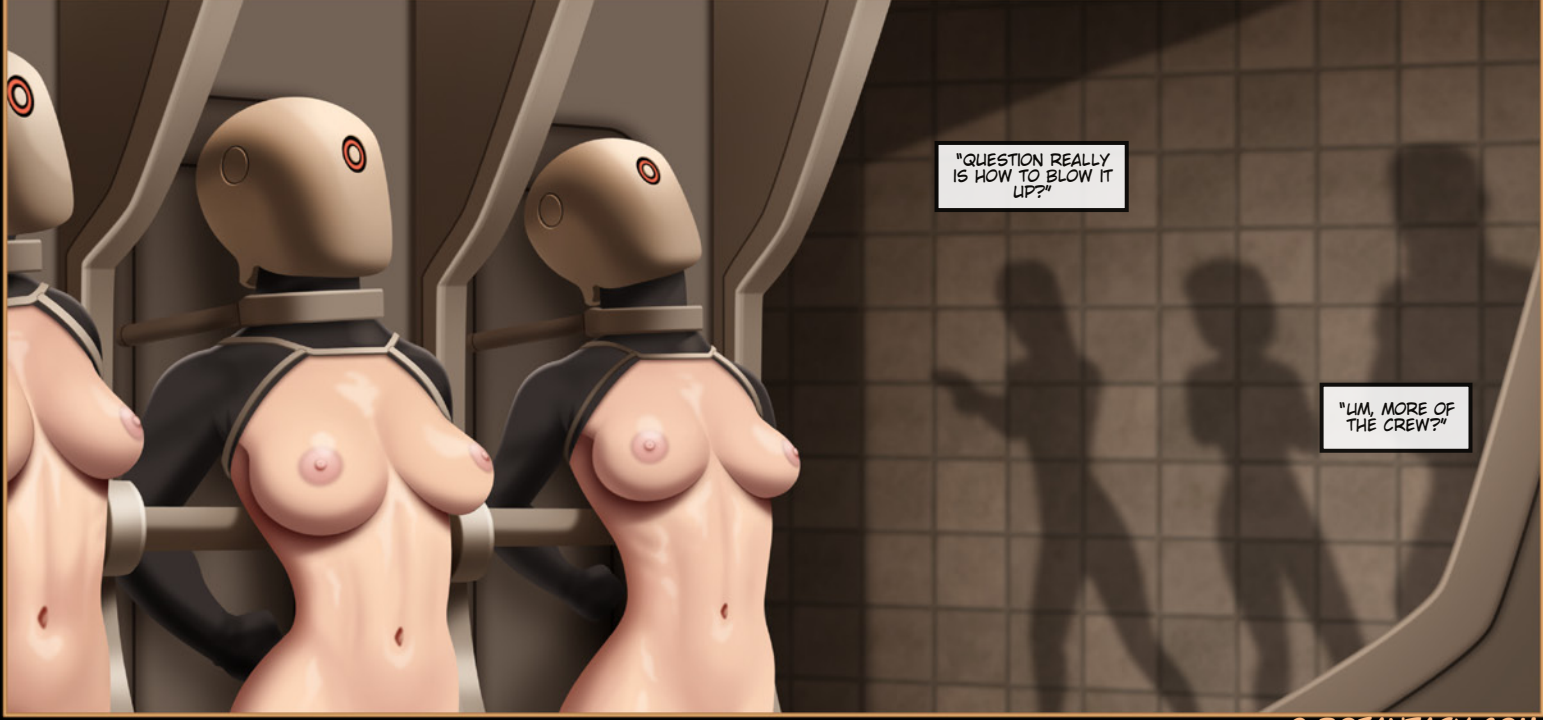
GOOD THING YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE COMPARTMENTS.

"THEY'RE NOT ALWAYS AIRTIGHT. EXCEPT FOR THIS CLASS OF ARMoured TRANSPORT."



YOU THINK WE'RE IN THE RIGHT PLACE?

MICRO GRAVITY FLUCTUATIONS SIMILAR TO A HYPERGATE. NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.



"QUESTION REALLY IS HOW TO BLOW IT UP?"

"UM, MORE OF THE CREW?"



WHAT IS THIS PLACE?



"LOOK THERE. RE-PURPOSED YEETRIANS?"

"I DON'T THINK SO. WHATEVER THEY ARE, THEY'RE BEYOND ANY RESCUE."



LHULUN, DO YOU RECOGNIZE ANYTHING OF THIS PLACE? ANY IDEA WHERE THE ZOLA'S GENERATOR COULD BE LOCATED?

NO, THIS PLACE IS MADE UP OF AMALGAMS OF HUNDREDS OF SHIPS. I SEE SMALL SECTION OF THE ZOLA AND OTHER PIECES I DON'T EVEN RECOGNIZE.



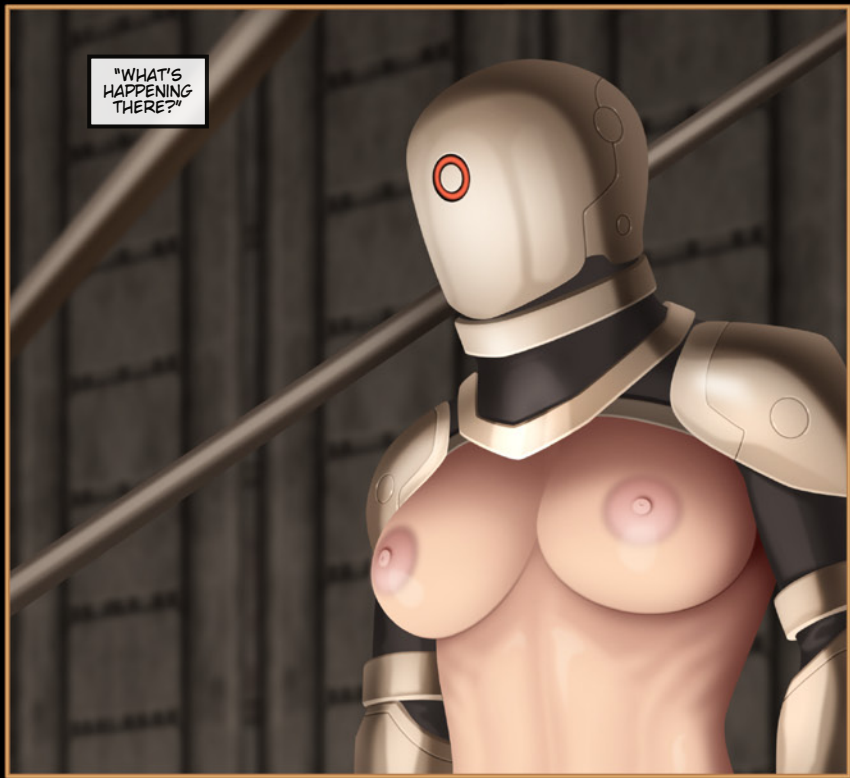
THINK OF THE MOST LOGICAL PLACE IT COULD BE. IT A HYPERGATE GENERATOR IT HAS TO BE IN A...



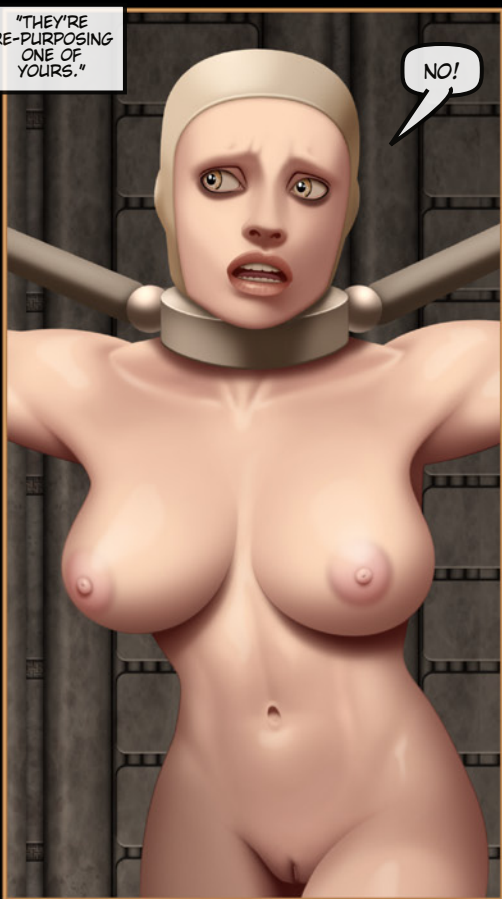
LISTEN! WE ARE NOT DESTROYING THE HYPERGATE GENERATOR. THIS IS OUR SHIP. WE'RE TAKING IT BACK TO YEETRAH.



QUIET, YOU TWO.

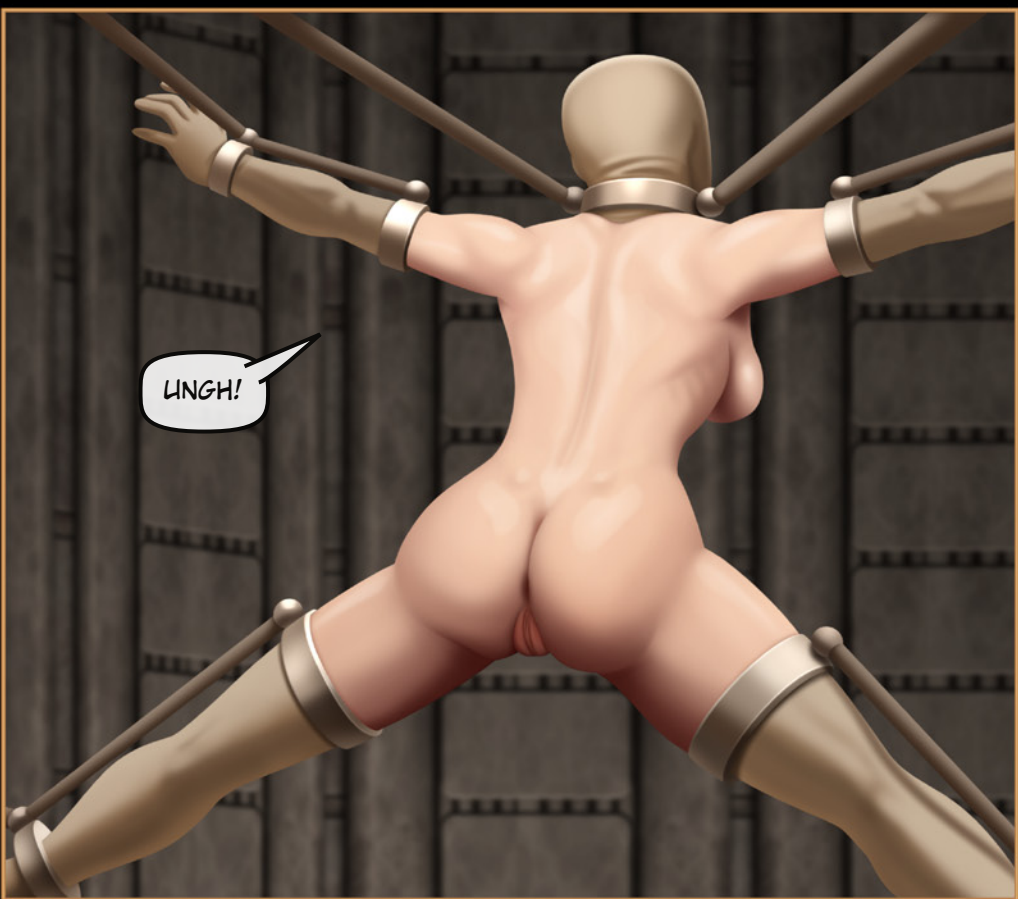


"WHAT'S HAPPENING THERE?"



"THEY'RE RE-PURPOSING ONE OF YOURS."

NO!



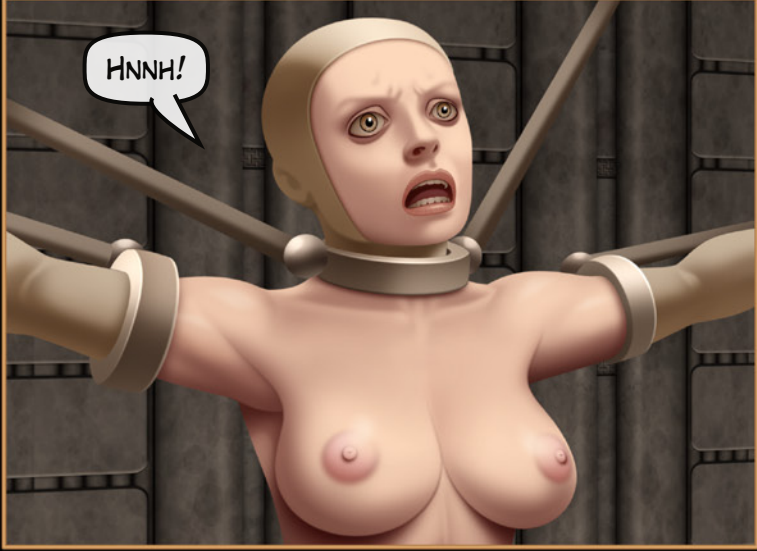
LINGH!



"THE HELL THEY DOING?"



"THAT'S NOT HOW RE-PURPOSING WORKS."



HNNH!

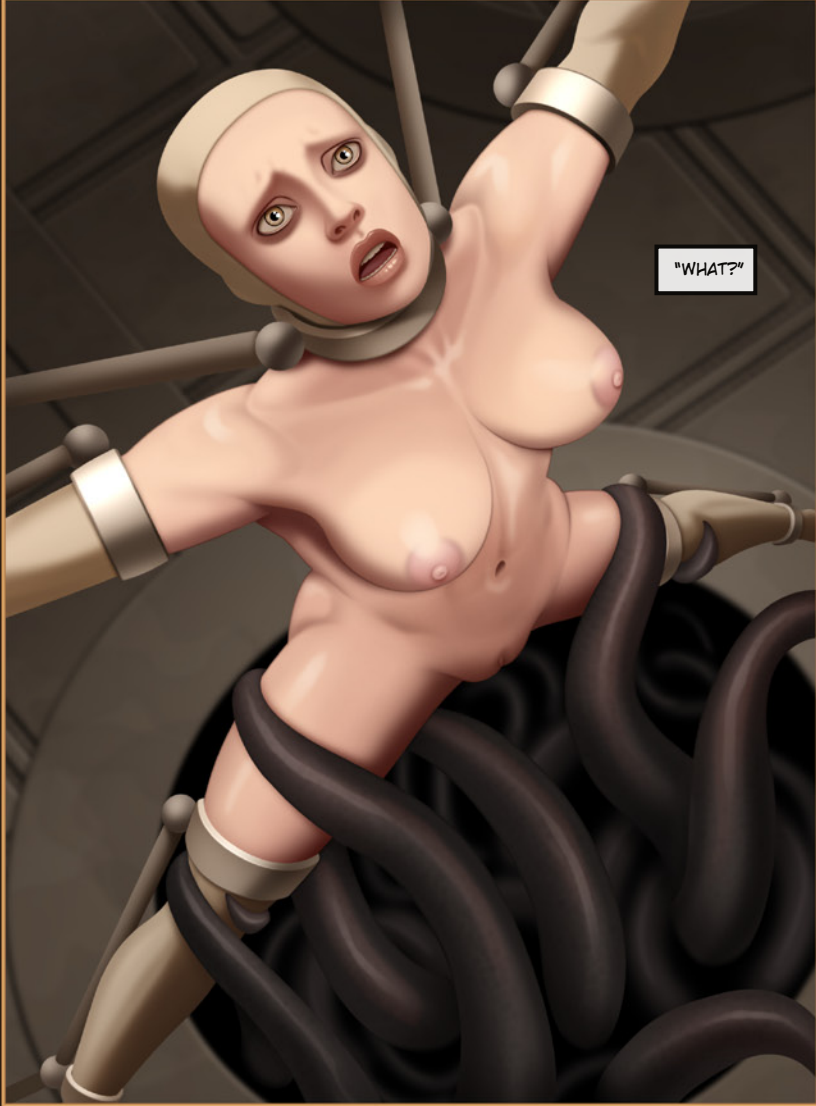


"NO. THIS IS NOT A RE-PURPOSING PROCEDURE."



AAH!

"IT'S THAT THING. IT'S USING HUMAN BODIES AS CONTAINMENT SUITS."





TO BE CONTINUED

ART
GALLERY





Reknowned Actress
Remains Missing

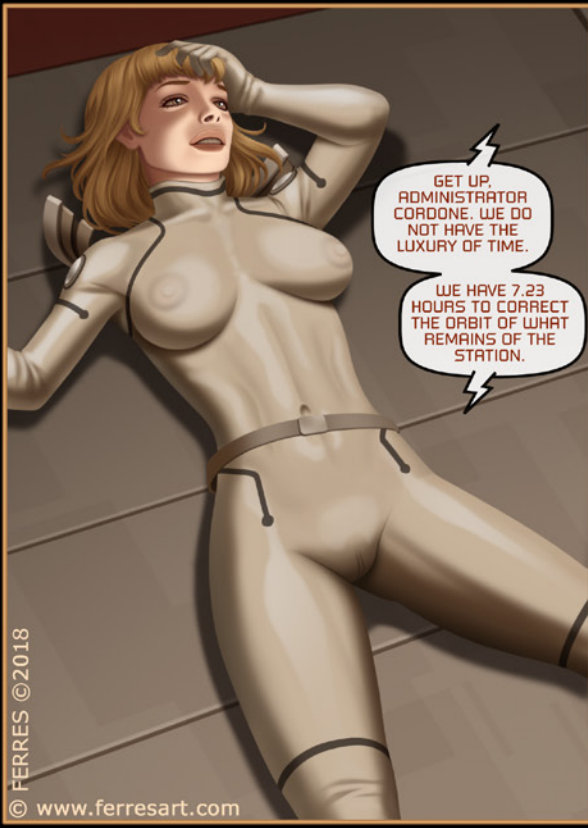
Reknowned Actress
Remains Missing

Reknowned Actress
Remains Missing



DARK UNIVERSE PREVIEW





GET UP, ADMINISTRATOR CORDONE. WE DO NOT HAVE THE LUXURY OF TIME.

WE HAVE 7.23 HOURS TO CORRECT THE ORBIT OF WHAT REMAINS OF THE STATION.

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7.23? I THOUGHT WE HAD MORE...

THE CALCULATIONS HAVE BEEN UPDATED FOR ORBITAL DECAY. THE ANGLE OF DESCENT HAD BEEN ALTERED BY THE FURTHER BREAK-UP OF THE STATION AND THE UNFORESEEN DETONATION OF A CRUSH GRENADE JUST OUTSIDE THE MAGNETIC FIELD.



ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT. DIRECTIONS?

DARK UNIVERSE PREVIEW



NEED 130 METERS THERE IS AN ACCESSIBLE POINT TO THE UPPER LEVEL. YOU WILL NEED TO CLIMB.

BE WARNED A SINGLE BIO-WEAPON IS LOCATED AT THE END OF THAT HALLWAY.



BIO-WEAPON NEUTRALIZED.



I THINK I'M GETTING A HANDLE ON THIS.

THIS IS NO TIME FOR SELF CONGRATULATIONS, ADMINISTRATOR CORDONE.



THE LEVITE PREVIEW



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LORD MAGISTRATE,
I'M HONOURED BY
YOUR PRESENCE.
WHAT CAN I DO FOR
YOU?

THE NEW DRAFTS,
STABLE MASTER.

AH, YES. I AM AWARE
OF YOUR TROUBLES
WITH THESE CETINII
PULLERS. THEY'RE
QUICK TO TIRE AND NEED
YEARS OF CONDITIONING.

WORLD FIST 2 PREVIEW

ATHNEAN PULLERS
HAVE FAR MORE
STAMINA. YOUR
BROTHER GRACIOUSLY
DELIVERED A LARGE...

DO BOTHER ME
WITH THE DETAILS.
ARE ANY READY
FOR MY CHARIOT?

"YES, LORD MAGISTRATE.
IN FACT, AFTER OUR
TRIALS, THEY PROVED
STURDIER THAN
EXPECTED. HIS LORD
MAGISTRATE WILL NEED
ONLY 2 INSTEAD OF THE
CUSTOMARY 4 PULLERS."

BUT DON'T
THEY NEED A
FAIR AMOUNT OF
SEASONING
THOUGH?

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

THE PROTO

Part One



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THE PROTO

Part Two



WorldFist

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EMMA'S GRIEF



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The Sky Dungeon



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RED RIDING HOOD



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RED RIDING HOOD

PART 2



inni

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THE STEEL TRAP MAIDEN

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