



THE ART OF
FERNANDO

VOLUME 1

D O F A N T A S Y . C O M

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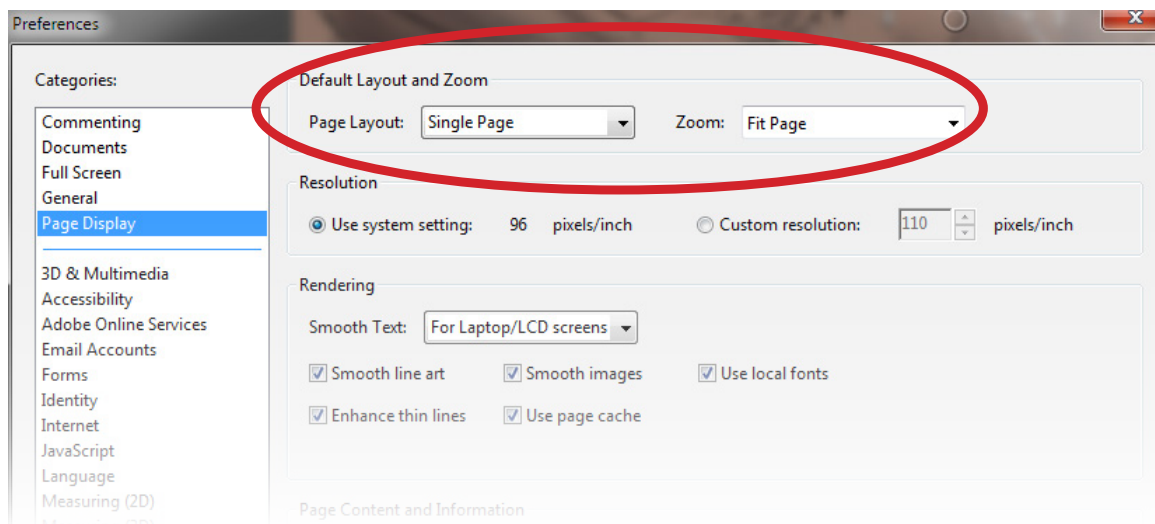
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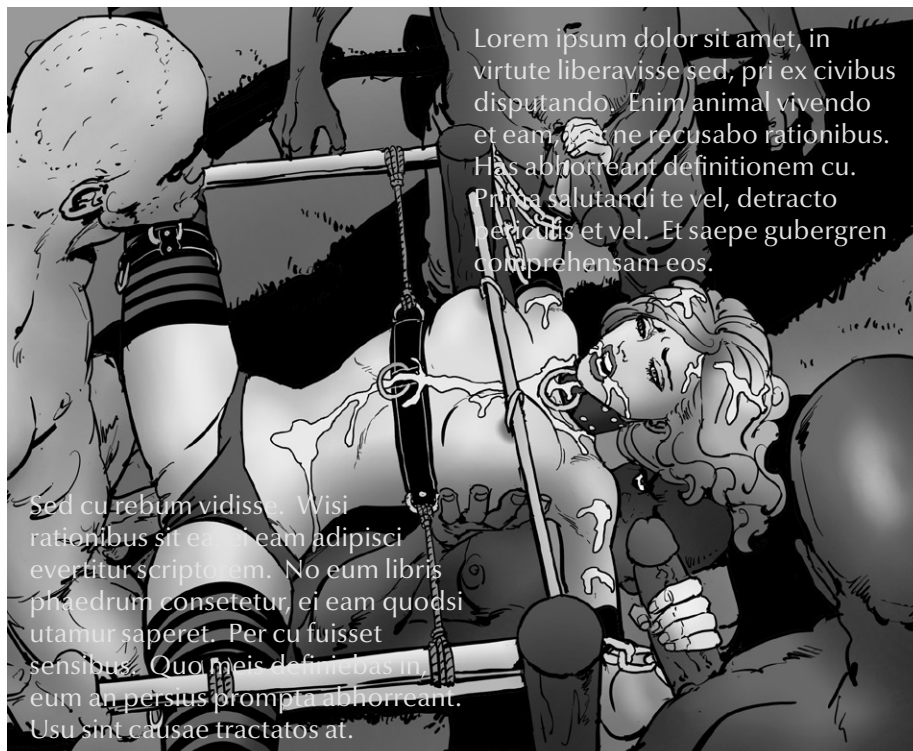
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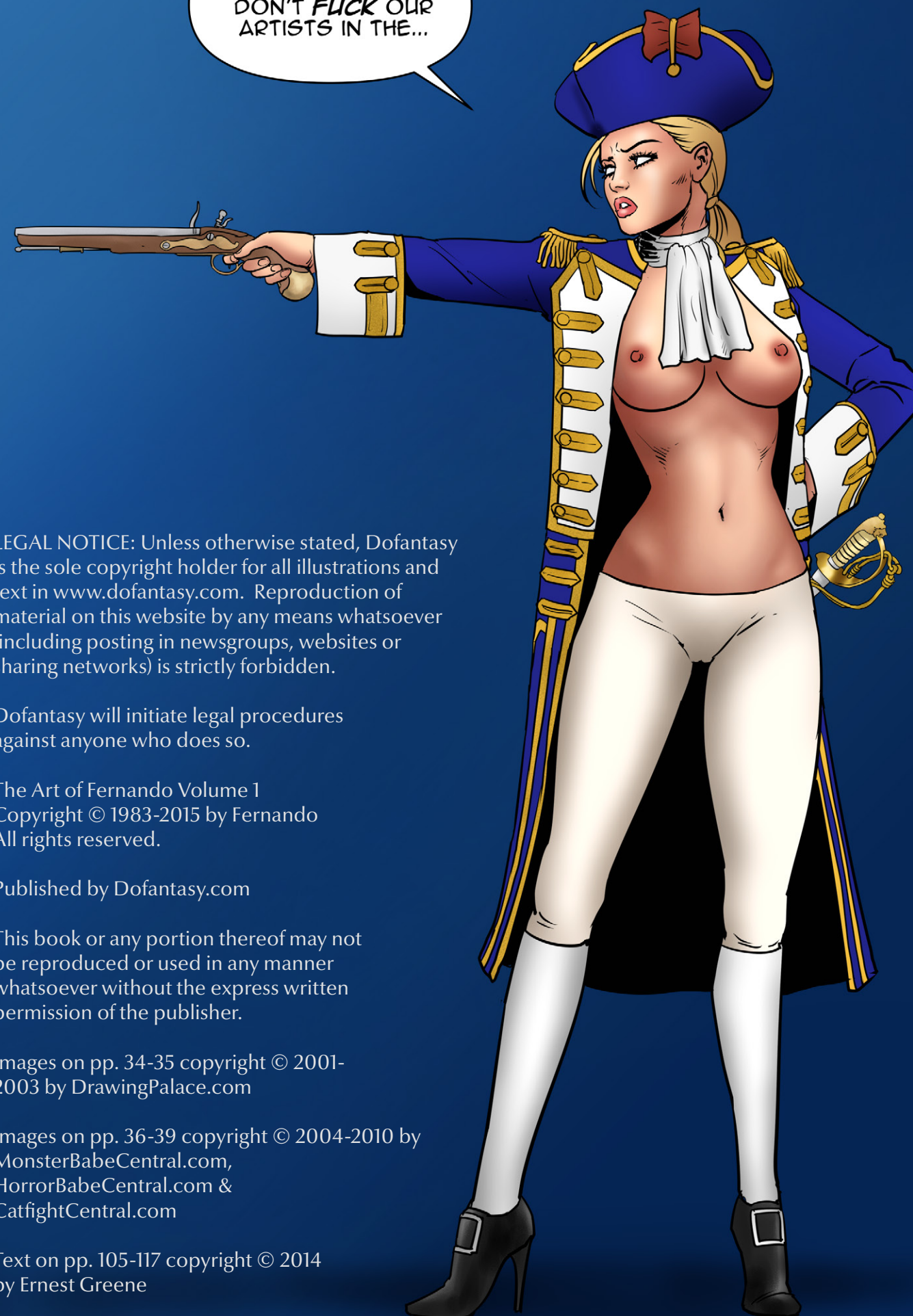
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THE EDITOR



IN OTHER WORDS,
DON'T **FUCK** OUR
ARTISTS IN THE...



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





THE ART OF
FERNANDO
VOLUME 1

PREFACE

In 2003 DOFantasy released my first comic book *A Hike to Hell*. It was a story about three young women enjoying a hike at the Grand Canyon until a fateful decision to take shelter in an empty cabin sealed their fate.

During the ensuing twelve years I've created over fifty BDSM-themed comics set in various times and places under a wide assortment of circumstances. I've done period pieces (*Indentured*, *Captive Convent*), science fiction (*Invaders*, *Sex Wars*, *Women Hunt*, *Space Pirates*, and *Slave Clones*), crime thrillers (*Dark Vengeance*, *Psycho*, and *Slave Collector*) and stories with contemporary settings that appear on the surface to resemble ordinary life (*Cheerleaders*, *Confiscated Twins*, and *Total Control*).

Much as I've enjoyed making these comics, I've sometimes missed the freedom to draw on impulse without having to stick to a plot afforded me by single illustrations absent concerns about context within a surrounding story. Freestyle drawings also afford me the opportunity to experiment with various art styles.

The opportunity to do something completely different came my way in 2014 when renowned BDSM film director Ernest Greene asked me to illustrate his first erotic novel *Master of O*. These drawings were released in early 2015 by Daedalus Publishing as a special, limited edition large, A4-size deluxe full-color version as *The Illustrated Master of O* (get a copy while you can!).

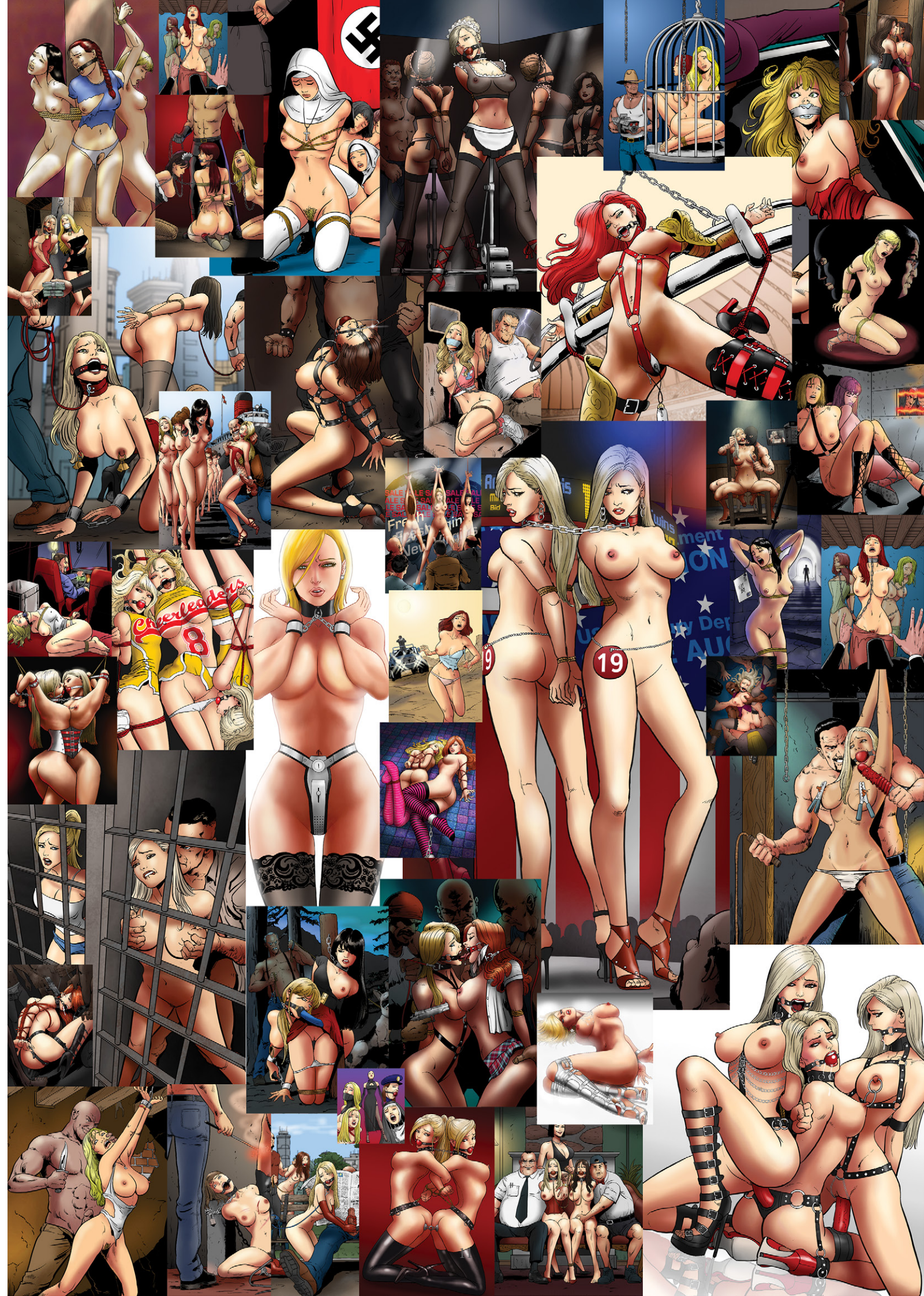
The several months I spent working on it inspired me to assemble a book of illustrations for DOFantasy (the primary publisher for my comics) featuring characters and ideas derived from my previous work with them. I've added other images of all different kinds, featuring beautiful, naked women of course.

And here is the result: Volume One of *The Art of Fernando*, a compendium of drawings of speculative scenes from my existing titles, previously unseen cover art, unpublished comic pages, and erotic art touching on a variety of subjects. Some pieces are solo inspirations from pop culture. Others are ideas with which I'm toying as possible components for future comic series. The oldest pieces go back almost thirty years-long before I retired my real pencil in favor of digital pens. I have also included examples from *The Illustrated Master of O*, many re-colored for better viewing on a computer monitor or tablet.

I hope this book will prove the breath of fresh air for you that it has for me. I still have lots of unpublished material from my archives, sketches waiting to be finished, and ideas in my head itching to be drawn. I wish to share these with you as a series of art collections. I can't hang my artwork on just any wall but this way I hope a lot more people can enjoy it. Comic book fans need not fret. I'll still be making comics for years to come.

Enjoy!

Fernando



ORIGINS

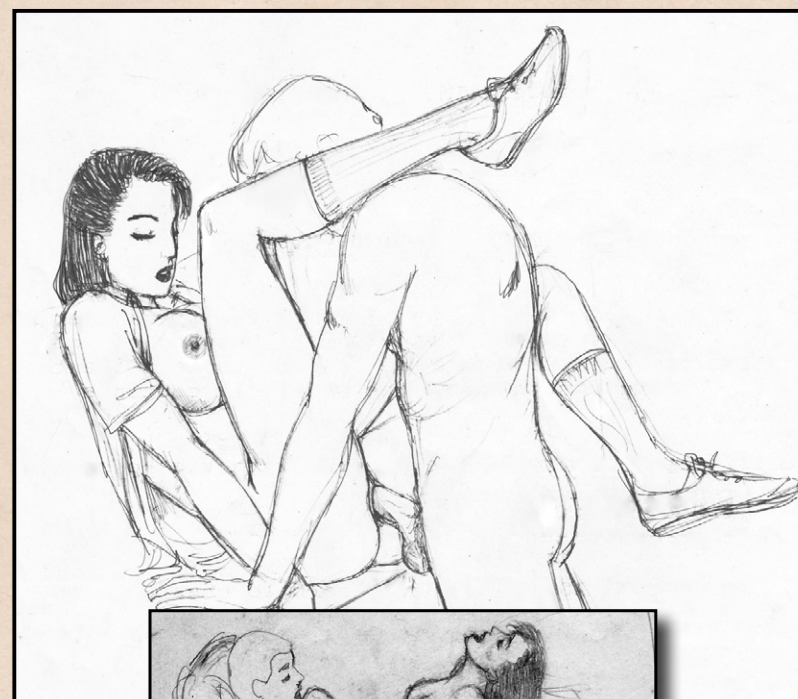
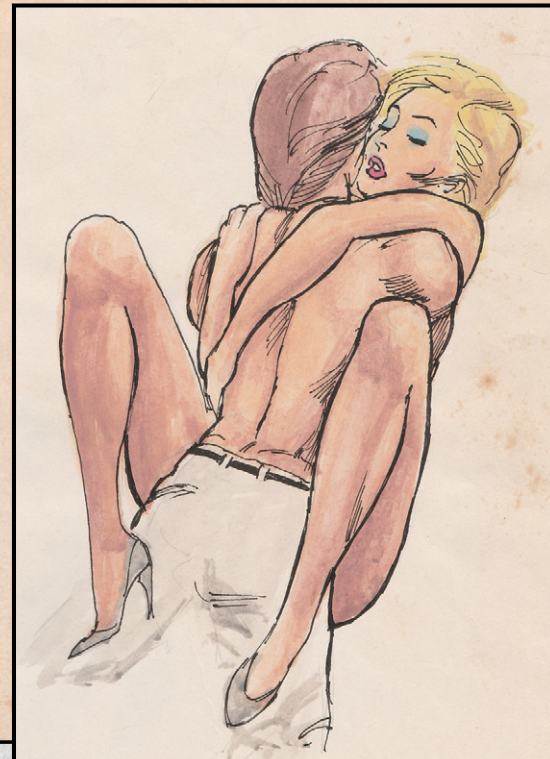


Vanilla sex, circa 1983.

I started drawing before I could read or write. I drew early inspiration from superhero comic books of the early 70's. Batman, Superman, and Spider-man were my favorite characters. Even at a very early age I already enjoyed drawing realistic figures, never having much enthusiasm for the styles of Disney or Hanna-Barbera. I suppose the roots of my professional career lie in school, where I was the go-to guy for other kids wanting pictures of their favorite superheroes. I could render almost any from memory—Captain America, Aquaman, Iron Man, Thor, Hulk, Daredevil, The Flash and many, many more.

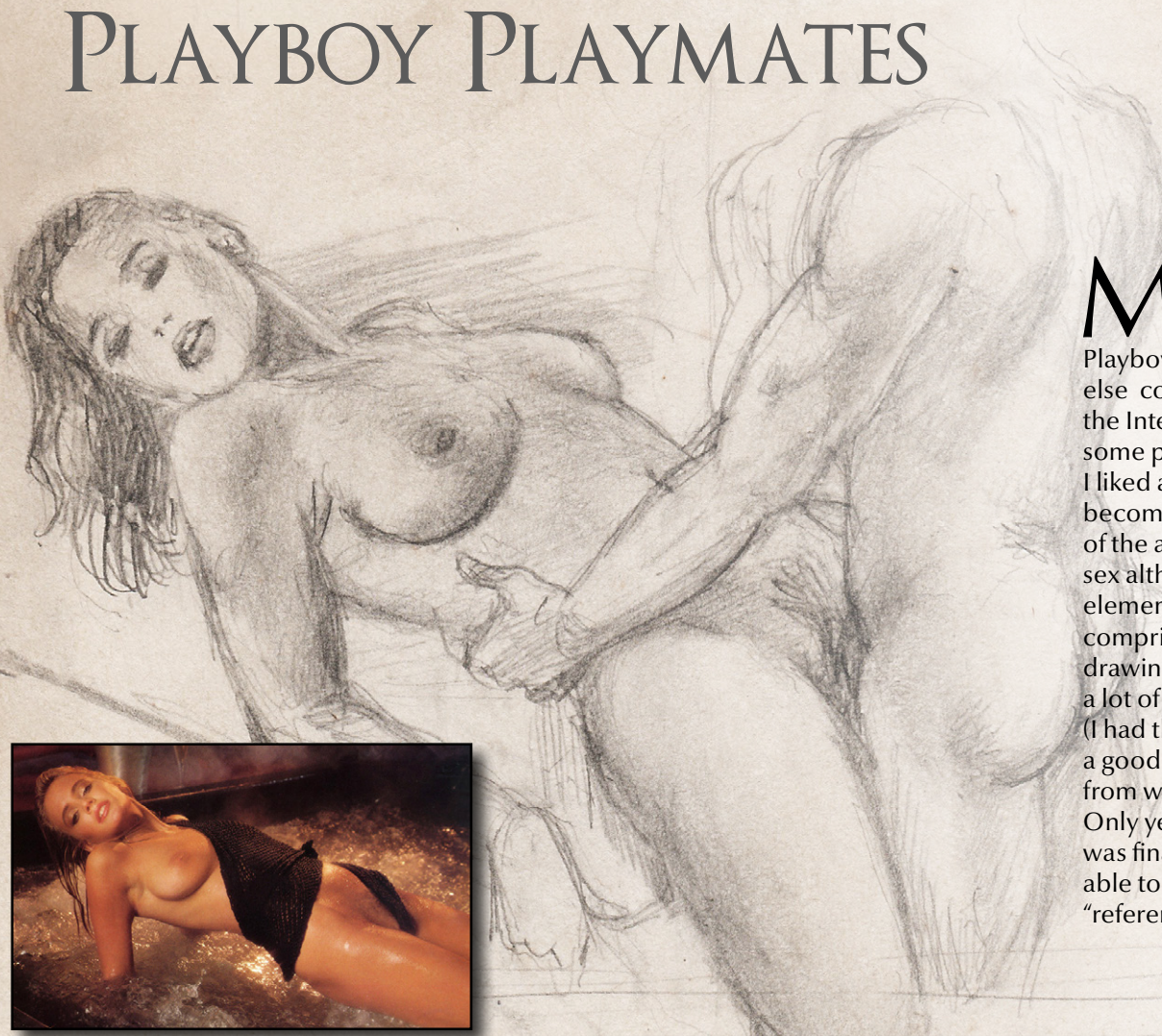
My only limitation (and this may come as something of a shock given later developments) was my inability to draw women. It just never occurred to me to practice drawing the female form. In an all-boys' school, there wasn't much demand for images of Wonder Woman or Supergirl, nor was I interested in creating them for myself. Every now and then my sister would ask me to draw Supergirl. I ended up abandoning every attempt. Having spent years drawing muscle-bound, costumed heroes, I realized I had no idea how to put women on paper!

It wasn't until puberty that I started doing female characters. I still wasn't trying for Supergirl. My interests at that point ran to Playmates and supermodels (though I'm not sure that term had yet been coined). From Marvel and DC comics my references evolved to Playboy and my mother's fashion and lifestyle magazines. It wasn't long before my raging hormones inspired drawings of women that would have given my mother a heart attack and quite possibly made her stop buying Elle and Vogue. In the 80's and 90's I came to know the faces of cover girls, who often graced my art. They appeared as secretaries ravished by their bosses on the desk, leggy women doing two highway patrol officers a favor to avoid a ticket, or female athletes gangbanged in the gym. I sometimes combined earlier interests with later enthusiasms: costumed super-heroines defeated and set upon by archenemies with monstrous appendages. I brought these assorted sexual fantasies to life on the page through the years for my own private amusement and ... umm ... satisfaction. I never dared show these creations to anyone, nor did I ever wish to. Most teenage guys had porn magazines while I had a secret stash of homemade erotic drawings.



Some of my oldest surviving erotic drawings from the mid 1980's. You can more or less see it in the hairstyles. Often they were of wanton sex in places other than the bedroom. Almost none of my drawings featured a fully naked woman, always having articles of clothing still on. Wild and spontaneous was the concept.

EARLY 80's: PLAYBOY PLAYMATES



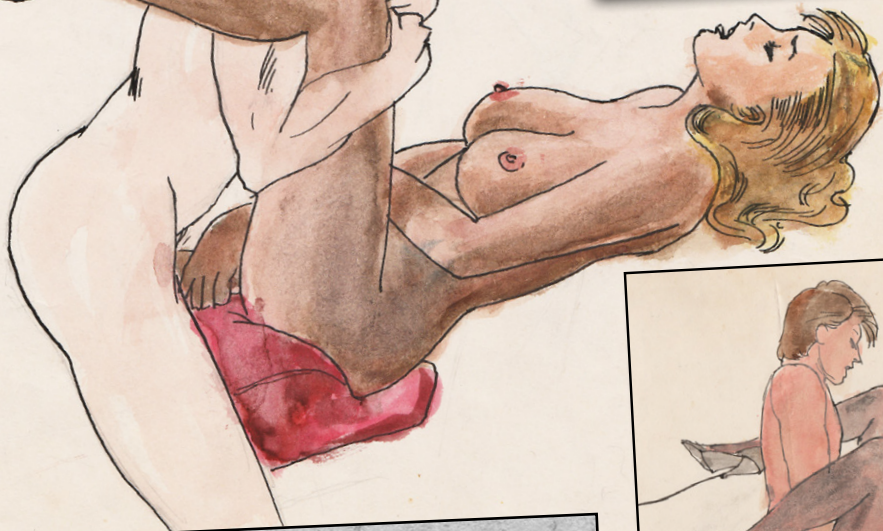
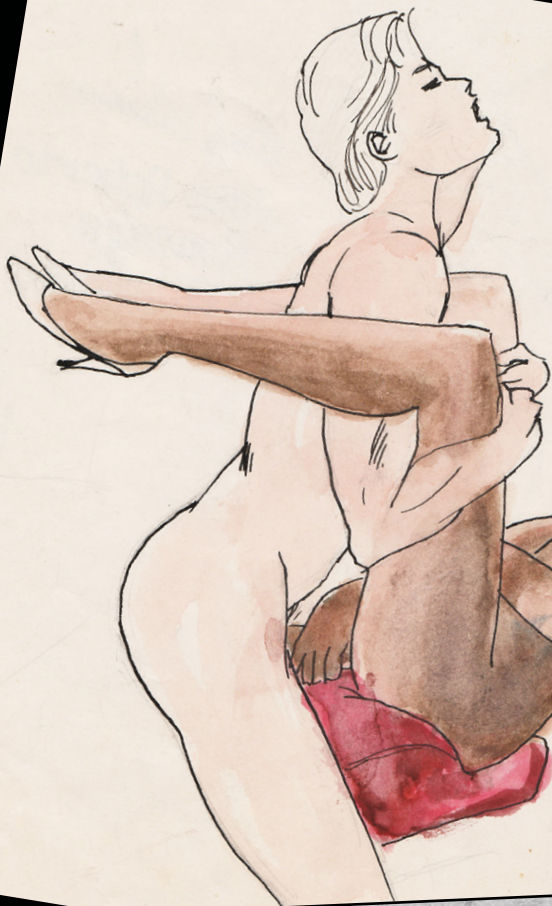
ABOVE: Art inspired by Playboy Playmate Kimberly Evenson around 1985. My art collection would later end up with a number of drawings derived from this photo.

RIGHT: A drawing based on 1985 Playboy Playmate of the year, Karen Velez. As I recall, the challenge for me here wasn't so much drawing the body but composing a face in perspective looking up. It wasn't until many years later that I found a good book on the technical aspects of drawing to help refine my work.

Looking closely you will see I attempted to draw ropes tying the woman's wrists on the post but erased them. This is an early sign of my interest in drawing bondage sex.



My earliest sex art drew a lot of inspiration from Playboy Magazine. Where else could you go before the Internet? I would copy some part of the photo I liked and adapt it to become a sex scene. Most of the art was still vanilla sex although you could see elements of what would comprise most of my erotic drawings later. I didn't have a lot of girly magazines then (I had three!) so I didn't have a good variety of pictures from which to choose. Only years later when I was finally working was I able to afford to buy more "reference material".



More Karen Velez-referenced drawings. These wouldn't be the only ones based on her pictures, by virtue of having a copy of the December 1984 issue of Playboy Magazine.



LATE 80'S/EARLY 90'S: SUPERMODELS

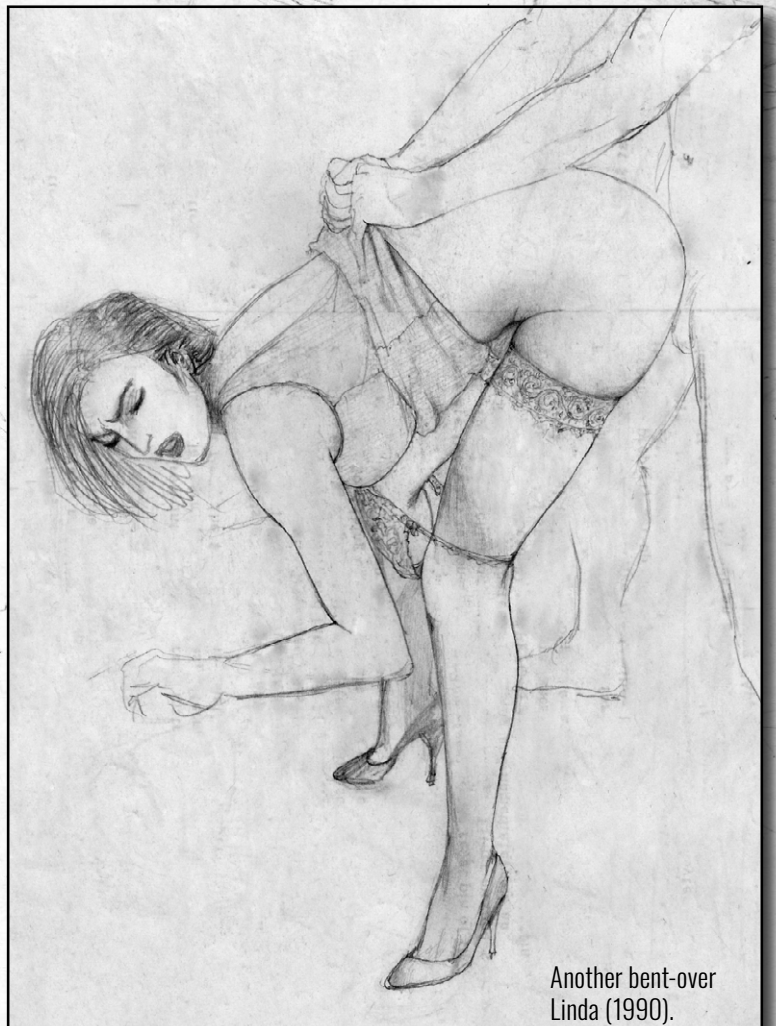
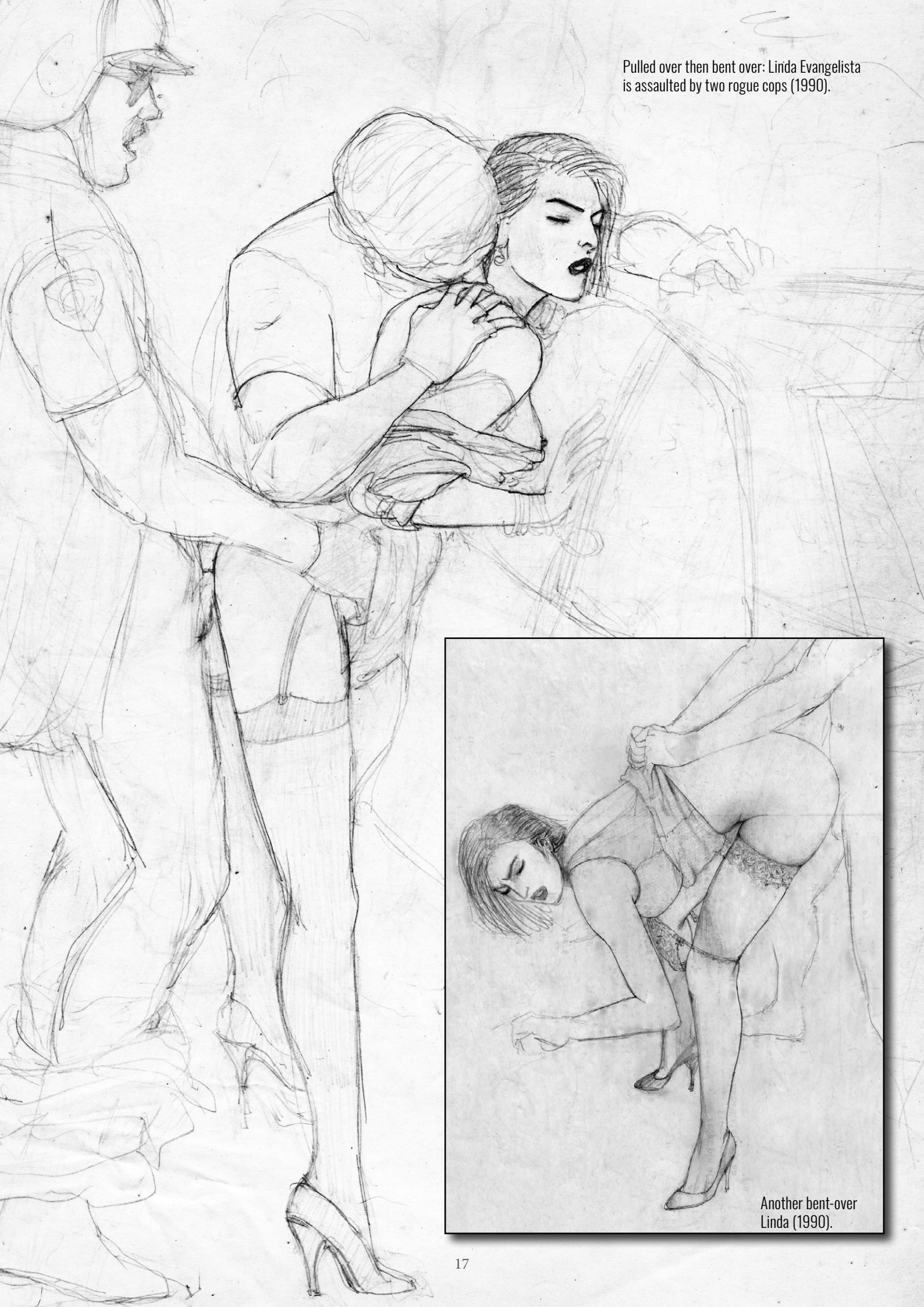


Supermodels were everywhere. At one time hardly anyone cared to know the names of women on the covers of most fashion magazines, people now knew the likes of Cindy Crawford, Linda Evangelista, Stephanie Seymour, Naomi Campbell, and Kate Moss. It was only a matter of time before my imagination absorbed their faces and bodies. I would have no choice but to allow them into my sexual fantasies.

Cindy Crawford's face appeared in more of my drawings than any of the others as a result of her 1990 swimsuit calendar. Its physical size and omnipresence influenced me to draw her most often. The Playboy models were there to inspire only when I took them out from under the bed. Cindy was there staring at me all the time.

Sex with a supermodel look-alike
(pencils 1990, color 2015).

Pulled over then bent over: Linda Evangelista is assaulted by two rogue cops (1990).



Another bent-over Linda (1990).



Stephanie attacked by a muscular alien soldier, probably referenced from February 1993 issue of Playboy Magazine. As with most of my erotic art of this kind, I did not take much time to render the males (1993).



Adapted from the cover of the Cindy Crawford 1990 Swimsuit Calendar.

Stephanie Seymour in a racier swimsuit than those she donned for Sports Illustrated magazine (pencils circa 1990, colors 2015).





"Supermodels for Sale", 2015.

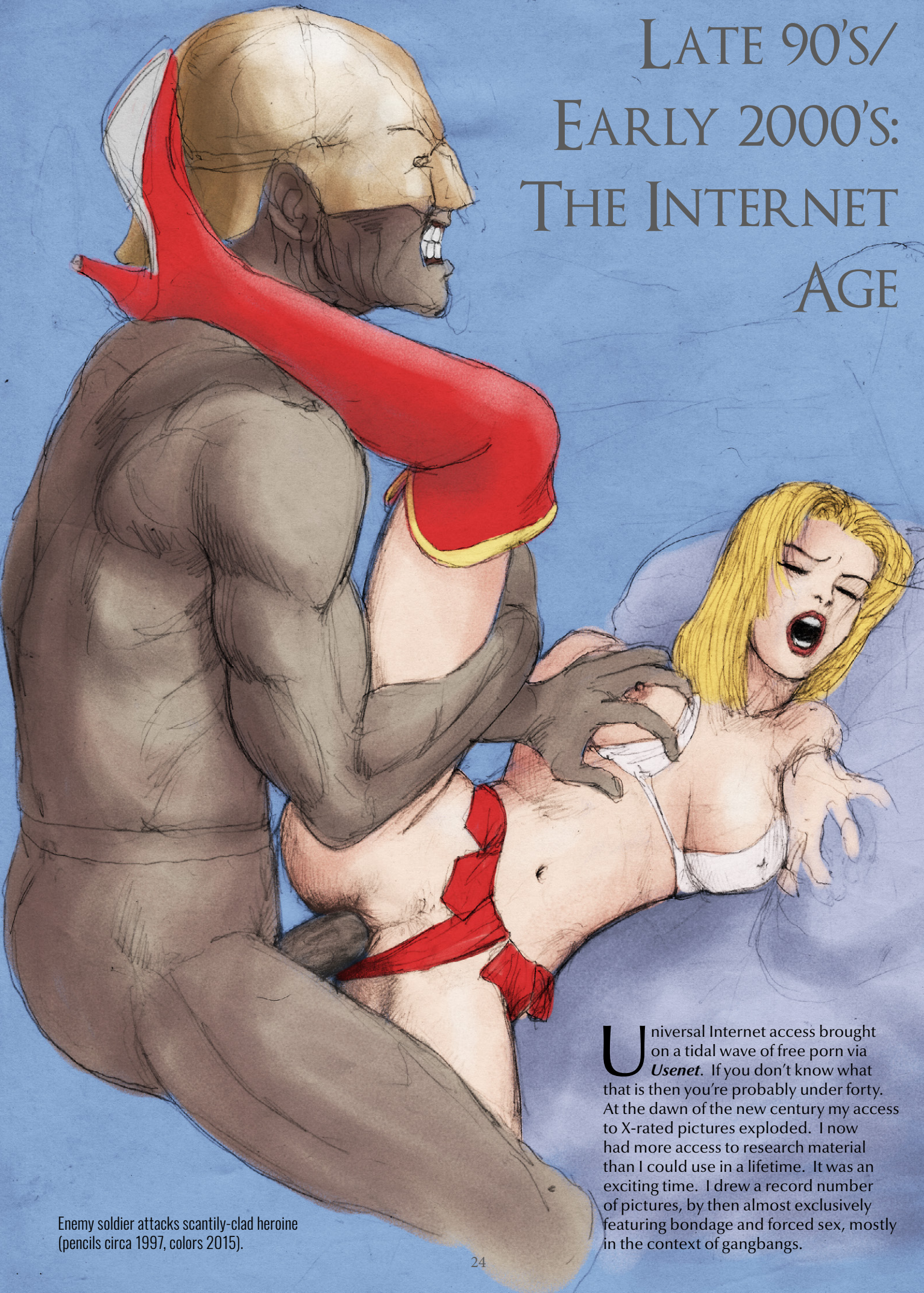
SUPERMODEL



SLAVE SALE



LATE 90'S/ EARLY 2000'S: THE INTERNET AGE

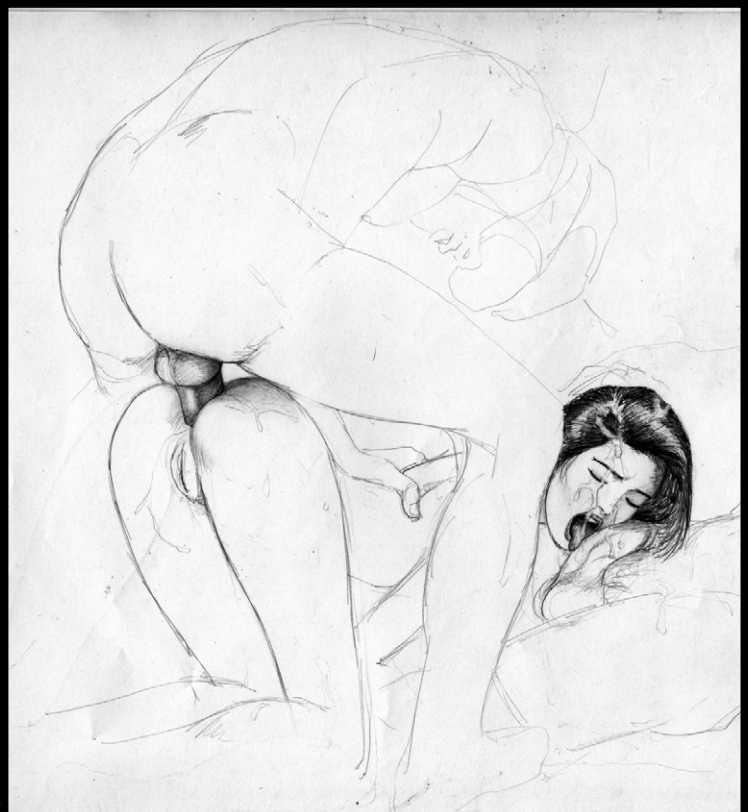


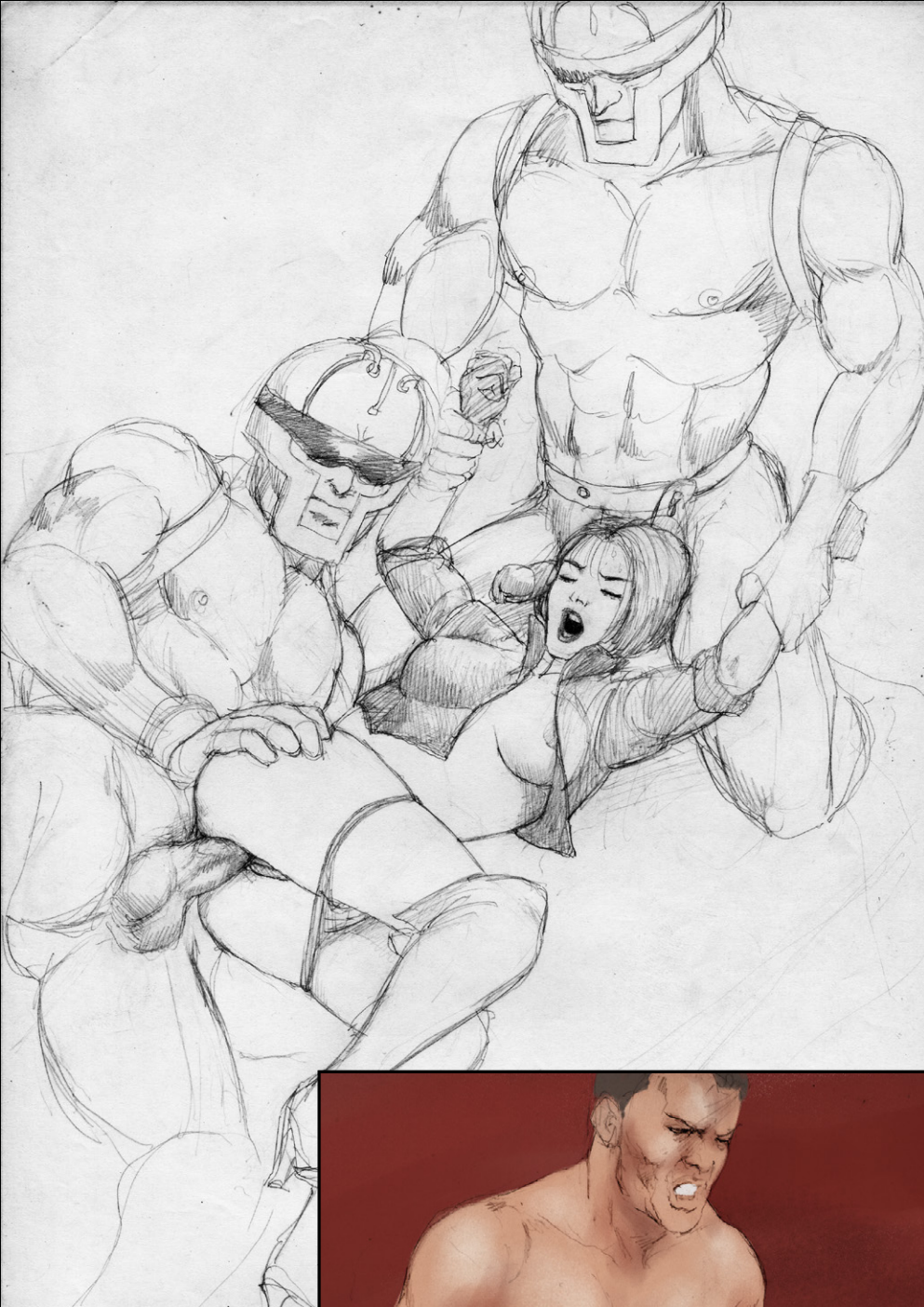
Enemy soldier attacks scantily-clad heroine
(pencils circa 1997, colors 2015).

Universal Internet access brought on a tidal wave of free porn via *Usenet*. If you don't know what that is then you're probably under forty. At the dawn of the new century my access to X-rated pictures exploded. I now had more access to research material than I could use in a lifetime. It was an exciting time. I drew a record number of pictures, by then almost exclusively featuring bondage and forced sex, mostly in the context of gangbans.



Some poses that I really liked ended up with at least two or more different drawings. The two (ABOVE) are most likely taken from a nude photo of British glamour model Jo Guest who could arch her back and raise her buttocks like no one else as attractive could. I turned the image into different types of gangbangs and double-penetrations. The contemporary version places her with two men while the science fiction image pairs her with man and machine. Jo also provided inspiration for the images on the lower half of the page. Looking closely at the image on the right you'll notice the eraser marks where I switched from a legs-open position to one with her legs together.





I love drawing gangbangs probably because I will never join one. I have issues with sharing and am squeamish about crossing swords. I would also prefer to avoid getting other male's secretions on me amid the chaos.

One of the pleasures of being an artist is the freedom it affords to depict the nastiest, hardest, juiciest, most cum-drenched situations imaginable. If you're a fellow gangbang enthusiast, I would recommend my comics *Dark Vengeance 2 & 3* which has among the best group action I've drawn. My comic book *Uncut 2* has an extended gangbang scene of Mrs. Bauer from the *Confiscated Twins* series as well.

My preferred gangbangs show the woman resisting, but not too fiercely, due to exhaustion from fucking by too many men. Once in a while her face may show despair and disgust but her expression soon turns ecstatic as, against her will, another vigorous pounding drives her to orgasm. Japanese porn portrays this process particularly well.

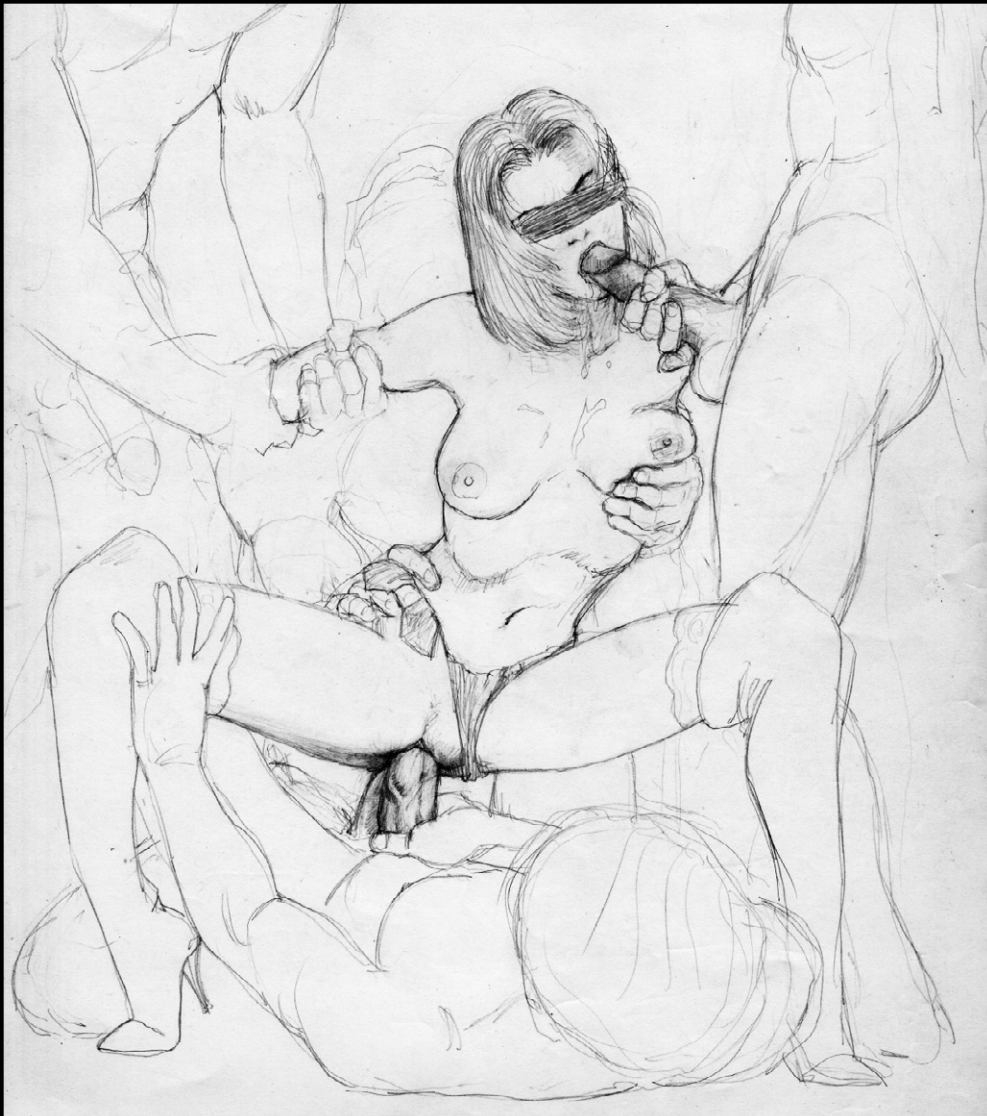
ABOVE: More gangbangs by enemy soldiers on female warriors. RIGHT: Older men on a woman (circa 1997, colors 2015).





ABOVE & BELOW: Two angles of the same gangbang, both making a mess of our poor girl (1998).





Another favorite pose that spawned various drawings. One of the terribly difficult things for me to draw are hands grabbing breasts. I can usually draw any human in any kind of pose and sex position but I usually need references when drawing tit-grabs.







BABES & MONSTERS

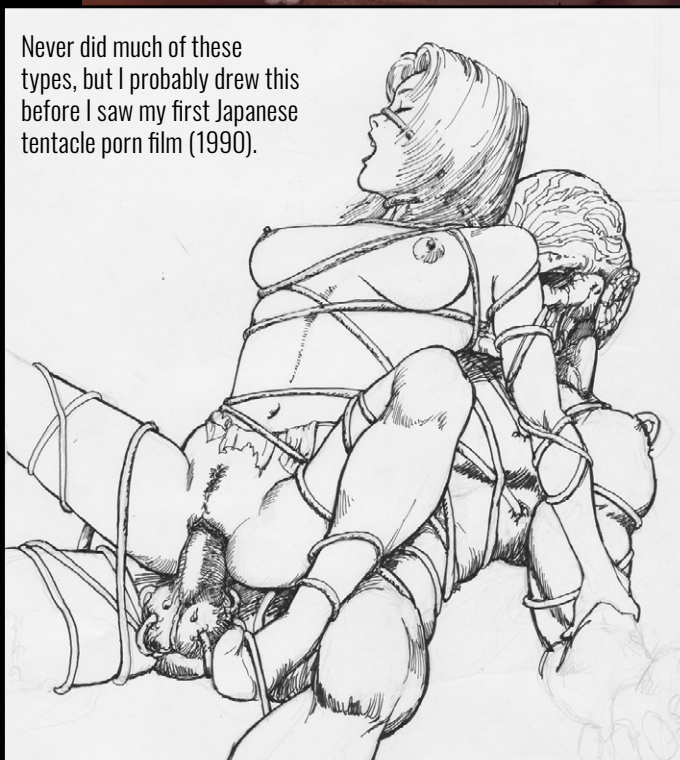
Horny monster warrior takes busty, sheer-lingerie-costumed female warrior (pencils circa 1987-88, colors 2015).

Monster sex is another of my long-time favorite themes. Some of the drawings here date back to the late 1980's. I used up a lot of paper designing female-hero costumes, as well as the terrible monsters that would attack them and tear their wardrobe to shreds.

In line with hero-comic tradition, the women's costumes are very skimpy and ridiculously impractical. They serve no purpose beyond showing off the wearers as appealingly as possible, the more so after a bit of shredding and tearing. The revealing attire also inspires the attackers to waste no time getting their victims' few scraps of fabric out of the way and down to business.



Precursor to ***The Devil Made Me Do It***.
Horned demon angrily procreating (1999).



Never did much of these types, but I probably drew this before I saw my first Japanese tentacle porn film (1990).



Alien using human methods to reproduce (1997).



THIS PAGE: Same pose, different characters (circa 1997).



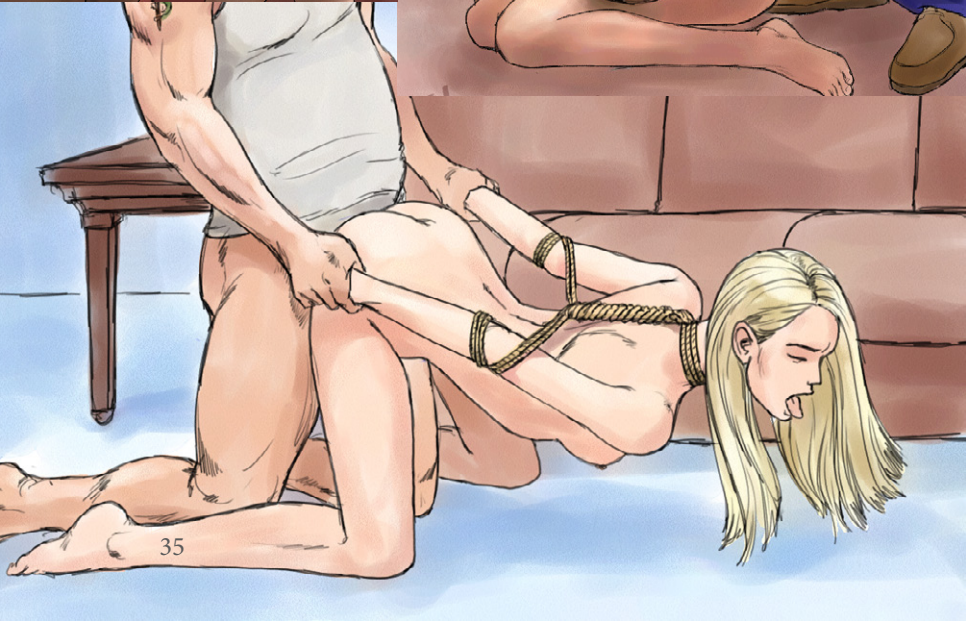
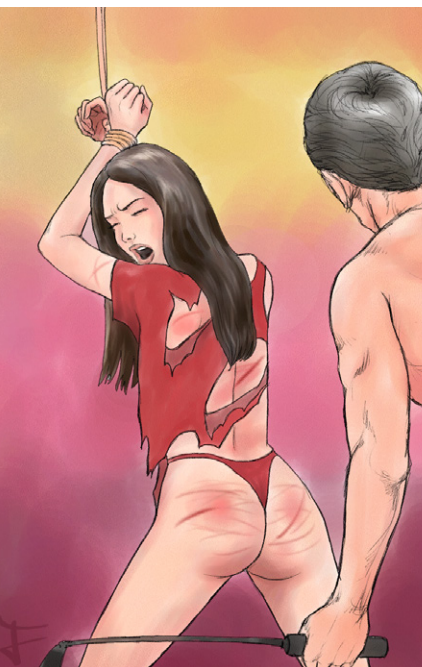
"Tentacles", 2015.



THE DRAWING PALACE

Probably unknown to many of my readers at DOFantasy is that my first job drawing BDSM art was for another website. I had started a few years earlier for a now defunct site called *The Drawing Palace*. Instead of comics I did a series of single illustrations of hard sex and bondage. Before that I had been secretly drawing these kinds of art for my own amusement and Drawing Palace gave me the chance to show my erotic art to the world for the first time without fear of being judged for them. I got paid too which was nice.

Most of my early work were various images of women in pain from sexual bondage and punishment. It was initially an uncomfortable leap from the softer art I used to make for myself but I was excited to learn what the audience wanted.



By the time I began drawing regularly for the Internet my work had become almost exclusively digital. I drew much faster and the unlimited ability to erase and modify was very liberating. At the time, I used an illustrating program that mimicked conventional art media, often employing vivid, watercolor-like digital “brushes” that looked like ink on paper to the untrained eye.

There were so many visual BDSM references online now at times I didn’t know where to begin. Still, in many instances I stuck to my customary approach, basing drawings on sexy pictures and somehow making bondage scenes out of them.

Looking back at these creations, I fell almost embarrassed showing them. The lines were rough, the girls’ arms and legs too thin at times and the ropes ... I had bondage enthusiasts complaining to me about how easily my girls could have escaped their captors.

Still, it was great fun while it lasted until the U.S. Congress passed The Patriot Act that, among other things, prohibited banks from working with such edgy websites, effectively killing those sites’ ability to process charges from paying subscribers. Soon, The Drawing Palace closed down and the party was over, or at least temporarily suspended.

CATFIGHTS, DANGER BABES AND MONSTERS

Adapting to the times, I returned to earlier subject matter. Much as I enjoy drawing BDSM and forced sex fantasies, which are usually serious subjects, I'm more in my element writing funny stories. Between 2004 to 2010 I scratched my itch to make readers laugh by publishing comics through the websites of *Media Nine*, including *Catfight Central*, *Monster Babe Central*, and *Horror Babe Central*.

My best-known work for Media Nine is probably *The Devil Made Me Do It*. Partly influenced by the manga *Death Note*, I created a series about Sydney Sullivan, a college girl recruited by a devil named Alliamobrasti ("Al" for short) to help him capture a horde of evil, horny souls escaped from the underworld. The escaped hell-dwellers had possessed the bodies of unwitting humans and were up to no good.

The only way to recapture these rogue souls was for Sydney to exorcise them by shagging their host bodies. Sydney's supercharged orifices gave her the ability to induce climaxes so powerful they ejected the wicked souls through their cocks, from whence they could be absorbed and trapped by a small, magical gem. Of course, the gem had to be properly placed for the task.

It was really all just an elaborate set-up so I can draw a sexy girl fucking monsters and demons again.



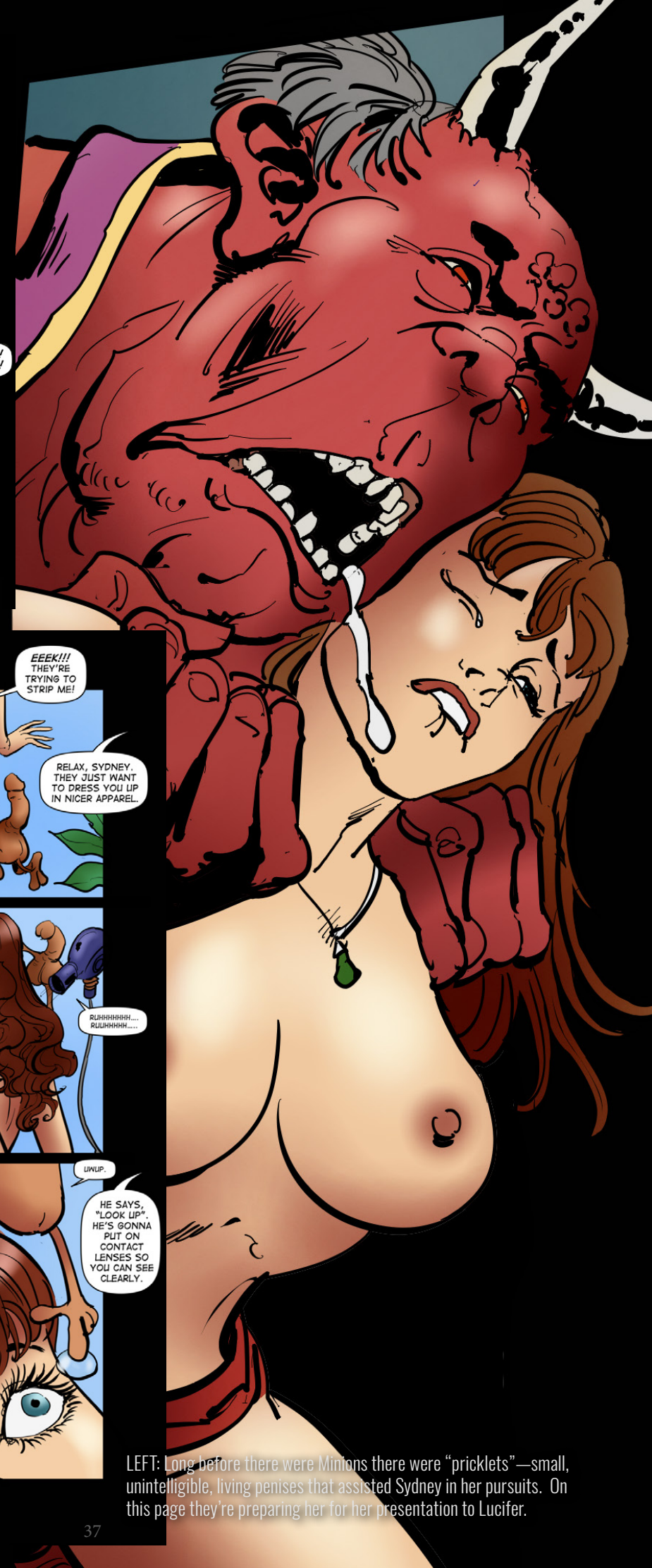
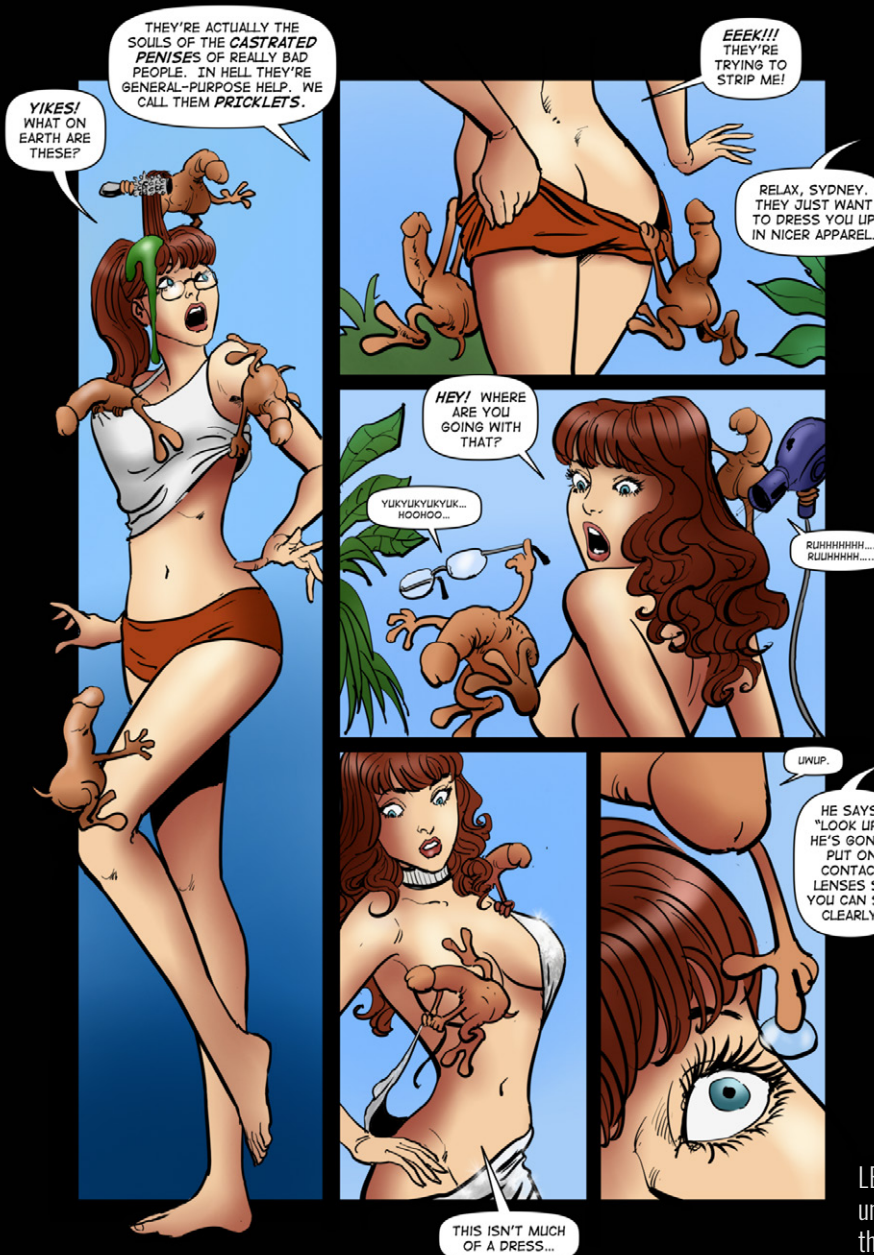
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Lucifer gives Sydney's pussy special powers using his preferred method.



LEFT: Long before there were Minions there were "pricklets"—small, unintelligible, living penises that assisted Sydney in her pursuits. On this page they're preparing her for her presentation to Lucifer.

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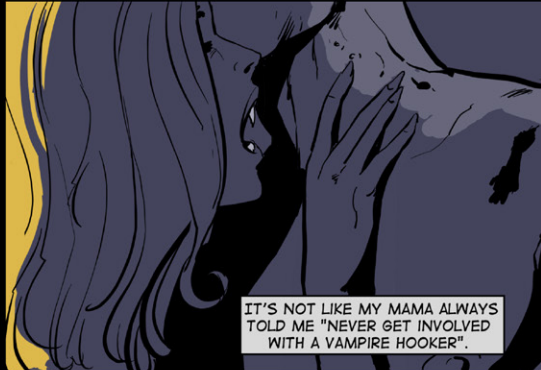


EXCUSE MY BOYS IF THEY'RE EXCITED. YOU SEE THEY'VE NEVER HAD VAMPIRE PUSSY BEFORE.

MUST BE BECAUSE THEY PREFER SNIFFING DOG'S ASSES.



NO FUCKIN' TIME TO THINK ABOUT THIS. THIS IS HOW I GOT INTO THIS MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE... BUT IT'S A MESS I LIKE LIVIN' WITH.



IT'S NOT LIKE MY MAMA ALWAYS TOLD ME "NEVER GET INVOLVED WITH A VAMPIRE HOOKER".

V*ampire City* was also a popular series and my only narrative in this genre. A serious, erotic story with elements of horror, this film-noir-style comic used a darkly lit, moody style with monochromatic tones for each page punctuated with flat shades and highlights. The setting is a fictional ghetto in the U.S. inhabited almost exclusively by vampires and kept fenced away from the human population. The city is racked by a series of prostitute murders at the hands of what appears to be a werewolf. Lacking its own police force, the task of tracking down the serial killer falls to a human detective. The series was probably influenced by ubiquitous images from *Frank Miller's Sin City*, even though I hadn't yet read the graphic novels at the time.



THE CHIEF ALWAYS TOLD ME NEVER TO FRATERNIZE WITH MY INFORMANTS. SORRY, CHIEF... BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT WHEN YOU HIRED A HUMAN DETECTIVE TO ROAM YOUR VAMPIRE CITY. YOU KNOW ANY HOT-BLOODED MALE HUMAN CAN'T RESIST A BITE FROM A VAMPIRE AS BEAUTIFUL AS AMBER.



YES, DEEPER, DEEPER! I WANT YOUR BALLS SLAPPING AGAINST MY BUTT!!



HEY, HONEY. WHAT ARE YOU DOING OVER THERE?



NOTHING, SWEETIE. JUST THESE MURDERS - IT'S GOTTEN ME THINKING.



My earliest Media Nine comics were for *Catfight Central*. The first featured *Cassie Campbell*, a quick-tempered fashion model, who constantly got into tussles with other equally curvaceous and volatile women. By then I'd had years of practice drawing women having sex but none at all with catfights. I had to adapt my superhero comics approach, augmented with new picture references, to be able to draw sexy bodies wrestling with each other.

At first I was a little concerned that my drawings had too much fighting between women (which was, admittedly, the entire point of the whole thing) but not enough sex. I managed to squeeze some of that in from time to time by including a male partner over whom the female characters often ended up fighting.



JAMIE BLONDE, AGENT XX-7.

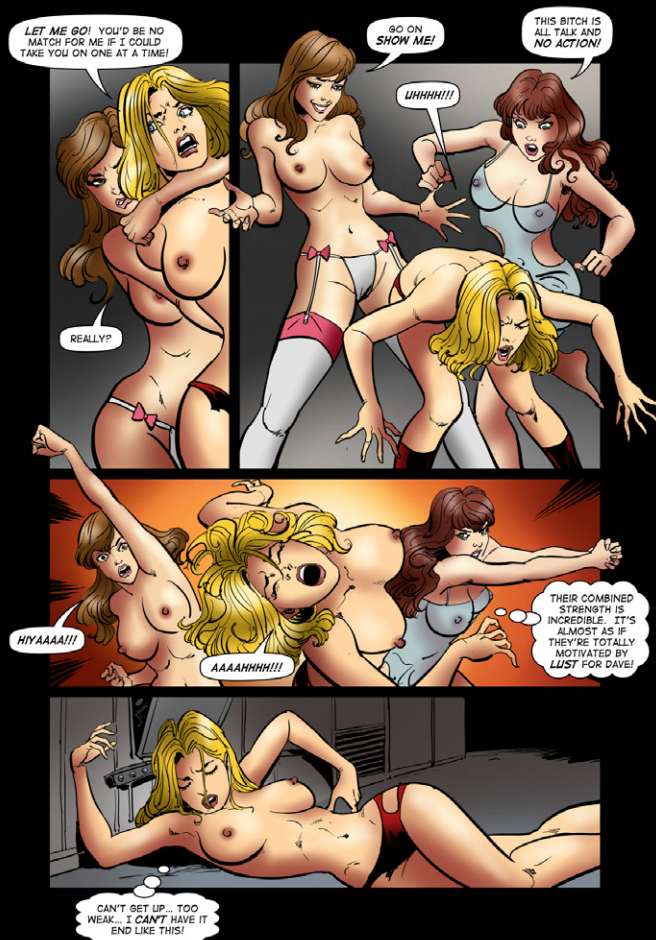
SEXY CRIME-FIGHTING SPY BY DAY,
SLEEPING SEXY
CRIME-FIGHTING SPY BY
NIGHT!

A FREE-SPIRIT, SHE ANSWERS
ONLY TO THE CALL OF "THE BOSS"
!! A MAN WITH NO NAME WHO HEADS
THE SECRET GOVERNMENT
INTERNATIONAL CRIME-FIGHTING
GROUP CALLED "THE AGENCY".

ONLY 23 YEARS OLD, JAMIE
FIGHTS EVIL WHEREVER,
WHENEVER, AND *WHATEVER*
BUST SIZE THEY MAY HAVE!

SHE HAS CONQUERED THE NEFARIOUS VALENTINA AND HER
MINIONS, BUT NOW SHE IS ABOUT TO FACE THE GREATEST
CHALLENGE -- TO BALANCE WORK AND PERSONAL LIFE!

My longer-running series for the same site was *Jamie Blonde, Agent XX-7*. No prize for guessing what this one was spoofing. This strip was inspired by a dream sequence from Cassie's adventures in which she imagined herself a 60's-style secret agent. Media Nine loved it and asked me to do a series derived from its basic concept, so Jamie Blonde was born.



FIRST COMIC FOR DOFANTASY

My initial attempt, called *Father Knows Best*, wasn't the first they published. It was a story about a small-town sheriff who discovered his stepdaughter was a lesbian and decided to punish and train her into going straight. The art was still quite crude—rough digital pencil line with a watercolor-like brush. It would take a couple of more comics before I settled on the coloring style I used for the next few years.



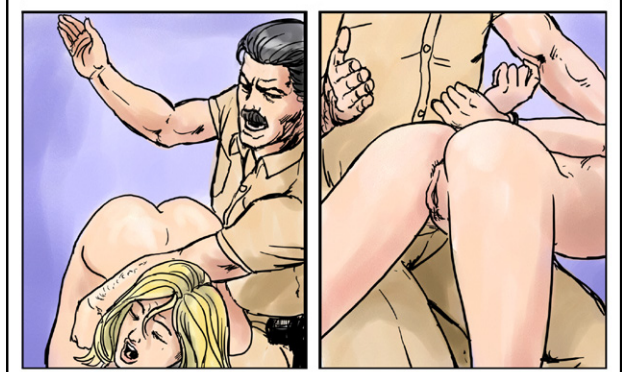
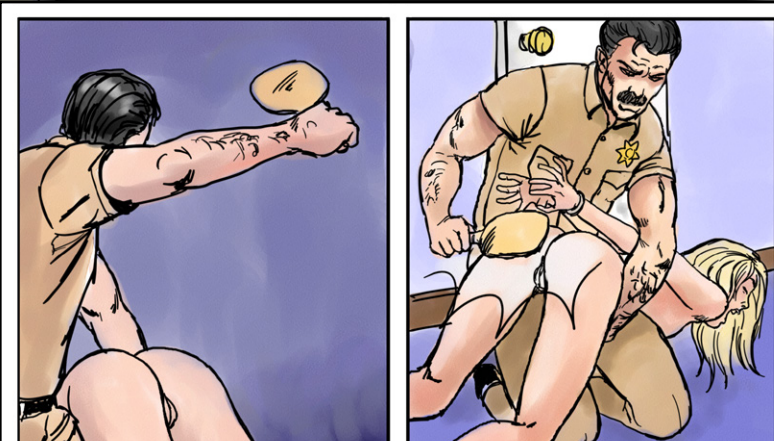
What was supposed to have been the cover of *Father Knows Best*.



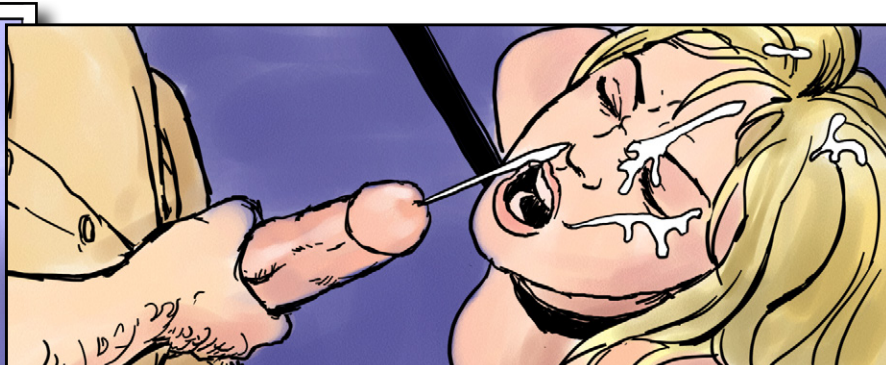
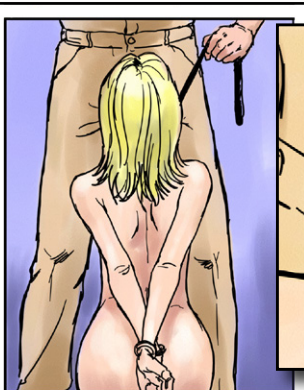
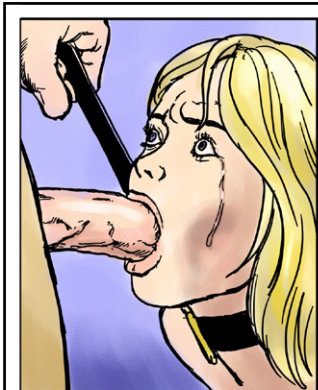
The story: Sheriff Smith lives alone with his 18 year-old stepdaughter Tiffany. One day he comes home early he finds her masturbating to his homemade bondage sex videos (a roughly similar embarrassment happens to Clara in *Uncut 1*).



Furious at Tiffany's intrusion into his most personal belongings, the sheriff gives the naked girl a heavy dose of spanking and ass-whipping. She begs for mercy but he ignores her pleadings. "You're just like your mother," he shouts, "a lying, cheating, stealing whore!"



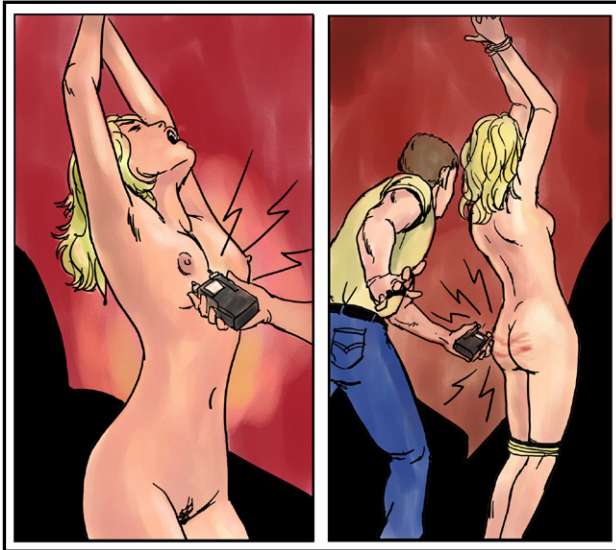
Rage turns into lust as the stepfather finds himself profoundly aroused. Drunk on whisky and desire, he does the unthinkable, commanding Tiffany to suck his cock in atonement for her "sins." He's done this many times before in his own mind but never imagined he'd find the real experience so immensely more satisfying.



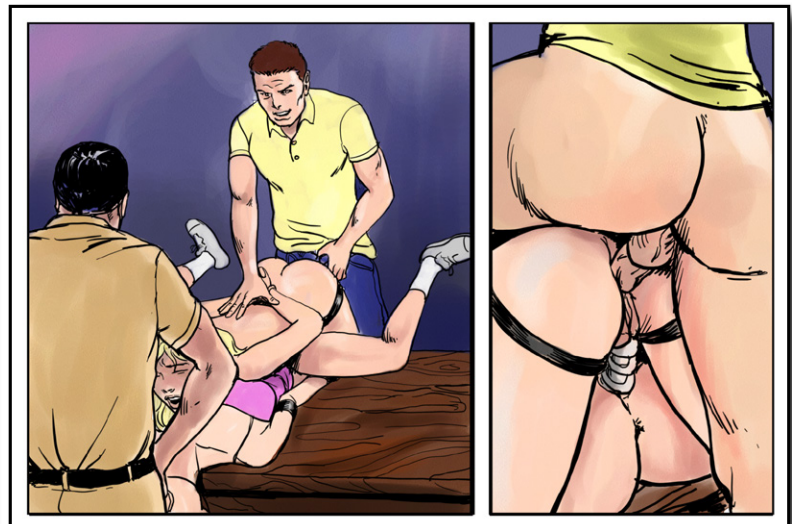
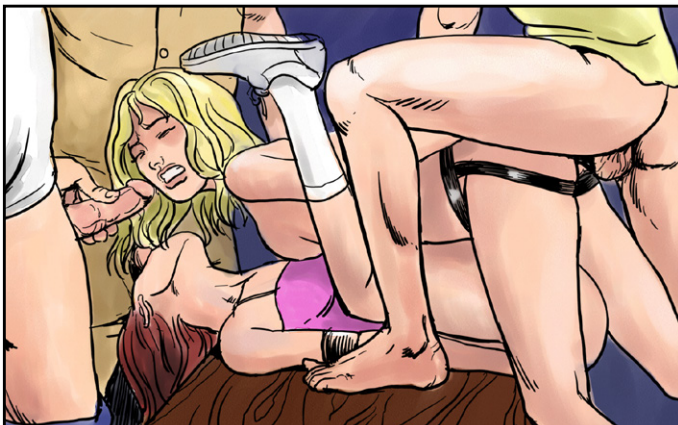
As the sheriff washes his stepdaughter up, he discovers she's been hiding away girly magazines of her own. Now further enraged by her "confused sexuality," he summons his friends to help him set Tiffany straight.



The gang of older men arrives (a scene later echoed at the end of *Cheerleaders 1*) and start to give Tiffany the punishment and abuse of her life. Sheriff Smith tells them not to go easy on her, that what they're doing is for her own good. Tiffany's pleas only excite them further.



Later, Tiffany's girlfriend Amy drops by for a visit. The gang now has two lesbians to work on "setting straight."





A few days later we see Tiffany with a boy from school. He tells her he's relieved that she's really into men. There had been rumor that she was a lesbian. She assures him she was just experimenting. Her stepfather's intervention made her realize who and what she really was. The comic ends with Amy still in the basement getting gangbanged by even more men. She'd also promised to go straight and never date Tiffany again but somehow the Sheriff and his friends weren't convinced. Or perhaps they believed her but didn't care. **THE END.**

DOFantasy didn't want to publish this comic, saying it was too "soft." I wasn't sure what Nuria meant then and remain now. Maybe it was because there was some sort of happy ending for at least one of the girls.

They work on the pair every night for weeks as the training turns into a non-stop sex party. No holes are left unprodded or unprobed. They play the girls against each other each to turn on the other by participating in each other's punishments in exchange for some temporary relief. Exhausted and finally broken, Tiffany finally gives in to her stepfather's demands, breaks up with Amy and swears off dating women. The men take turns fucking her to celebrate, and to make sure she really prefers men now.



CLARA

Clara Murphy from the Confiscated Twins series is one of my most popular characters. Not surprisingly, she is also one of the most complex and unusual. A sexy co-ed who is smart, horny, uninhibited, and not a slave. She is radically different from the usual bitchy, blonde, feisty victims that eventually turn pliant in captivity.

What began a minor supporting role for Clara has evolved into a leading part. Clara's combination of beauty, shamelessness, and rebellious spirit gives me the chance to explore stories built around a female "victim" that I couldn't do in other titles. She is definitely unique and in the DOFantasy comics (mine included) featuring a disproportionate concentration of blonde prey in high heels, she demonstrates her uniqueness with her black hair, goth-emo attire, and thick-soled punk boots.



Fernando

Clara's amalgam of goth, punk, and emo fashion style was inspired by a character named Misa Amane from the famous manga *Death Note* I was reading at the time I made the first Confiscated Twins episode. I'm not particularly into this look but I tried it on Clara just to draw something different and it stuck. I think it has helped greatly in giving her character uniqueness in shape and substance. You cannot possibly confuse her with any character from my other comics.

That same manga also gave me the idea for *The Devil Made Me Do It* for the website MonsterBabeCentral.com. As in the manga, my comic had a lead character with a demon sidekick, though in a very different situation from the original that inspired it.



Misa Amane from *Death Note*

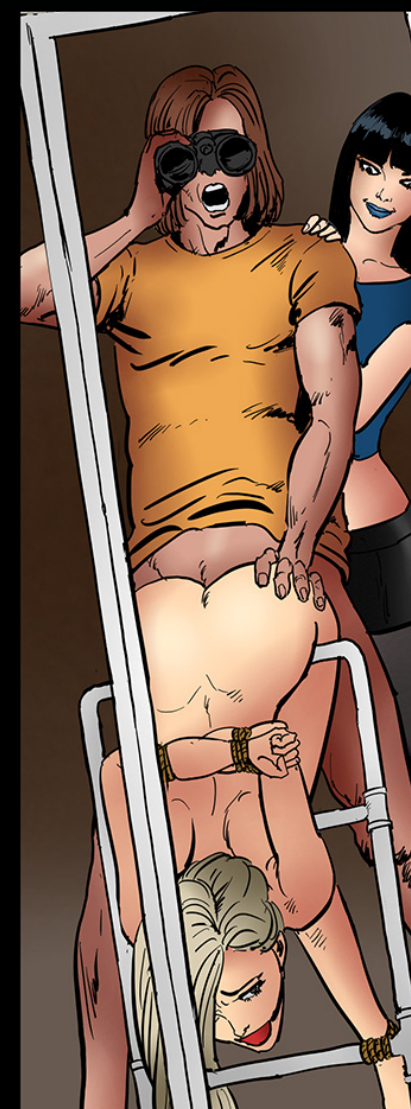
BELOW: Some of the various emo/goth outfits worn by Clara through the years.



In the first *Twins* comic Clara is a nosy older sister who frequently interrupts her brother Roy as he masturbates to the view of their sexy twin neighbors outside his window. Over time, Clara's intrusions become routine and the scenes of Roy beating his meat in his sister's presence while discussing something important become normal occurrences.



When Roy still owned the twins Clara usually joined in on the action, never feeling weird being around her naked brother while he's busy pleasuring himself with the blonde pair. However, in *Twins 4* we find that the siblings have unwittingly advanced far beyond just hanging around each other.



(VERY) SHORT VISUAL STORY:

A LESSON FOR CLARA

Clara hated most of her relatives and dreaded any occasion that brought them together. When her cousin, Amber Murphy, sent the wedding invitation Clara was particularly livid. Amber had stolen her boyfriend Jackson when Clara was 16 by spreading malicious lies about her. Now three months pregnant, Amber was marrying the man to whom Clara had given her virginity.

Clara offered all kinds of excuses, feigning sickness and injury. She had even offered to wash her dad's car for a month, all to no avail. He would have none of it. As head of the U.S. government agency tasked with confiscating young women from their delinquent families, he had heard it all.

To Colonel Dan Murphy this was the chance to show off his shiny, sexy new wife Amanda to his assembled clan. The presence of his children was paramount—a sign that all was well with his family even though he had dumped their old hag of a mother by committing her to an institution.

“Well,” Clara fumed inwardly, “if they force me to go, I’ll make them regret it.”

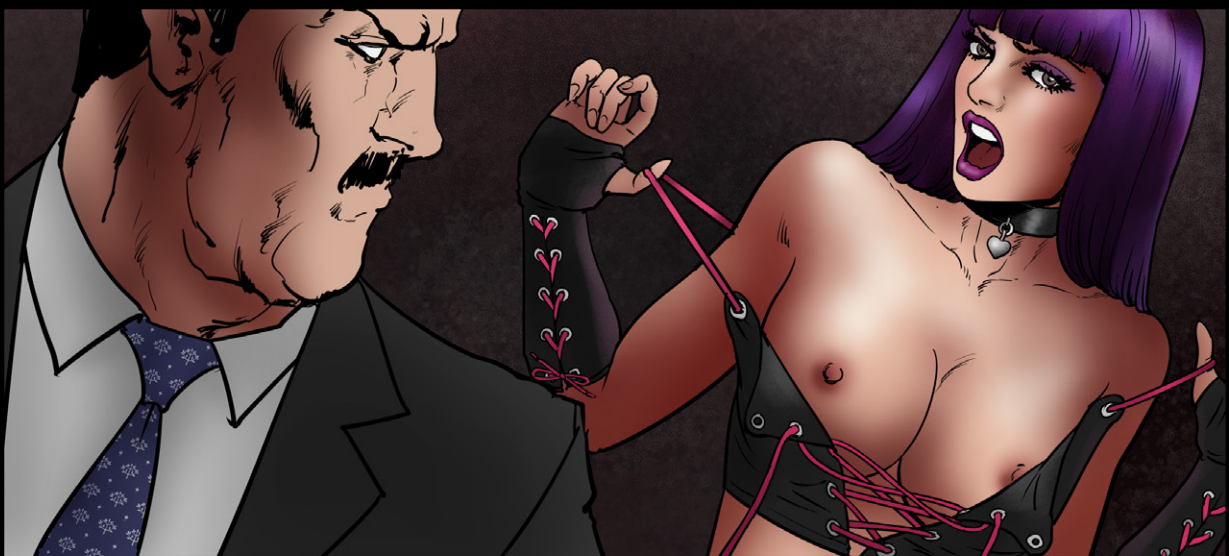
A rebel at heart and a flirt since puberty, she chose to wear the most outrageously racy attire she could put together. “Let Jackson try to say ‘I do’ to that bitch when he sees me in this.”





“You are not going to your cousin’s wedding **looking like a tramp!**
Go change your clothes! And what’s with all this? You don’t even have the
decency to hide your toys. What if Roy walks in and sees this?”

Hmmmph... Roy’s seen
and touched a lot more
than you think.



Fernando

Okay, fine, **whatever!** I never see you getting
this upset when **that slut Amanda's**
wearing next to nothing.



“That’s your stepmother and my wife you’re —
insulting. It’s your damn mother’s fault you grew up
a **spoiled brat**. I always said we should be
tougher on you kids! Well now she’s not around here
anymore to **save your ass.**”

Fernando



“Things are going to change a lot around here, you ingrate! From now on you will do as I say without question or attitude! If I ever catch you disrespecting Amanda again you’re going to get a taste of what the daughters and wives of those deadbeats get.

“OWWW! Let me go you old pervert!
You’re hurting me!”

As soon as Clara muttered those words she realized her mistake. She felt her father’s grip grow firmer and the whipping even more forceful. On her left thigh she sensed the hard flesh underneath his pants—something she was very familiar with from her days of rubbing up herself against the crotches of her crushes in high school. She had pushed his anger over the edge and was going to pay dearly for it.

“No Daddy, please!
I’ll be a good girl from now on!
I swear I’ll always do what you ask!”

“Damn right you will, Clara.

Damn right you will!”



Fernando

Impulse swept away all good judgment as Col. Murphy shoved his cock in one quick thrust. His many years at the Federal Slave Correctional Institute instinctively moved him to fuck her ass without much ceremony.

“A surprise assfuck gives little to no chance they’ll enjoy it. They’ll clench and pucker up their hole and make it even worse for them. Just be strong enough not to come too soon,” he tells his subordinates. “No ass gets a free pass!”

For the next few hours Clara was the object of his wrath as he worked on disciplining his ill-mannered daughter for the rest of the night.



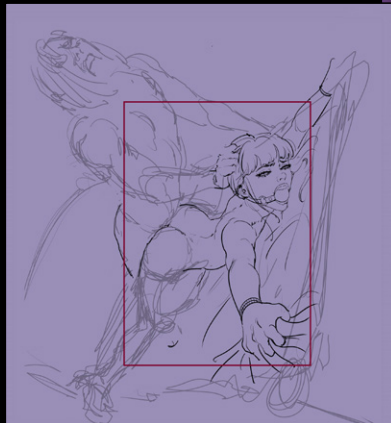
“You got your wish, Clara. You’re not going to the wedding tonight!”



COVER DESIGN: CONFISCATED TWINS 5

The cover of *Confiscated Twins 5* was a departure from the previous four installments for two reasons: it featured Clara instead of the Bauer twins and it was the raunchiest cover so far among all my comics, with a cum-stained Clara bound and fucked from behind. I didn't want to show who was on top of her to preserve whatever sliver of surprise there might be. I cropped the original sketch and made a shallow depth-of-field camera lens effect in the final cover to keep the focus on Clara. However, the original drawing is very sharp and clearly shows younger brother Roy on top.

It's among my favorite covers and with over fifty comics published was only the second one to show explicit sex (the first was *South of the Border*). Later I would also do an explicit cover for *Uncut 2*.



Some of the preliminary cover sketches. After doing a few roughs of Clara in various poses tied to the bed, I felt something was missing. It needed harder action as distinct from the usual seductive pin-up poses

Clara and Roy in full splendor. The full drawing was very bare since it was going to be cropped anyway.





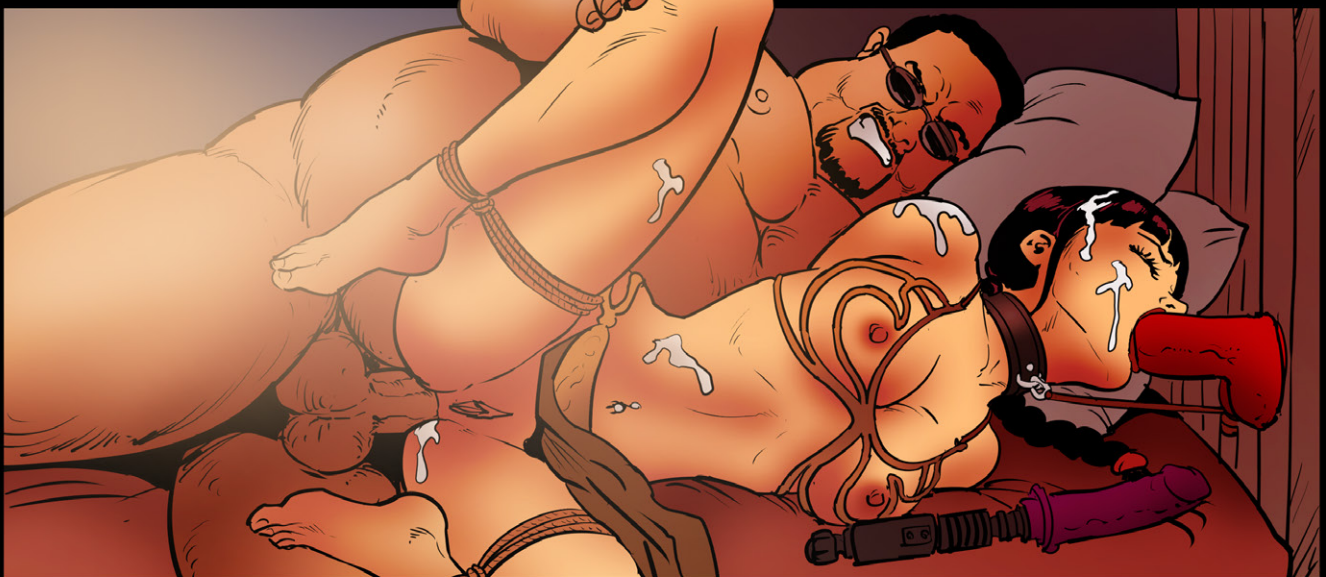
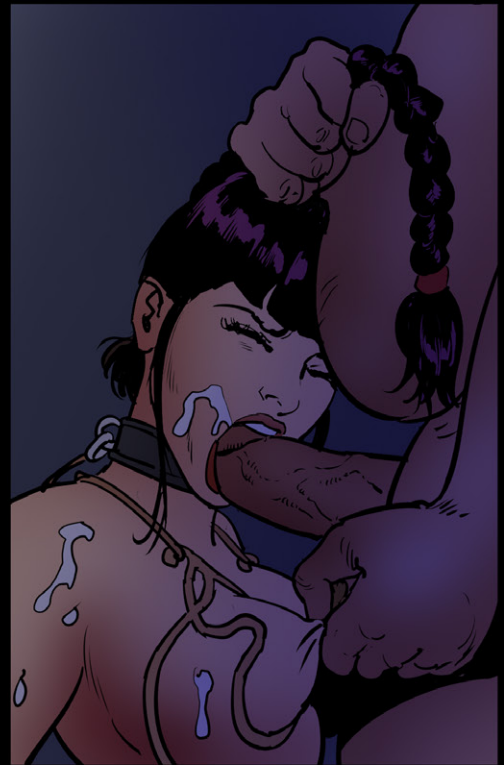
A full wallpaper version of the same action but with a slightly different pose for Roy and more details added.

CUTTING ROOM FLOOR

In *Confiscated Twins 5*, Clara and Roy are blackmailed by their stepmother Amanda into having sex as she records their sessions on her laptop. In a scene I removed from the comic Clara enlists the help of a hacker schoolmate, Josh (whose looks I based on the famous Francis, a.k.a. Boogie298 on YouTube) to delete the racy videos from

Amanda's laptop. His help wasn't going to come without a cost. Dressed in a kinky "Slave Leia" costume, Clara shows up at Josh's apartment to deliver an "advance." She figures the guy is overweight, sedentary and celibate so it'll probably be over in five or ten minutes, tops."





Clara is surprised by Josh's strength and endurance. Unknown to her, he was not only a huge Star Wars fan but was one of the state's best amateur sumo wrestlers. All that discipline and

training had given Josh complete control over his orgasms. He took his sweet time with Clara, coming in her ass and mouth repeatedly in an overnight session of wild, frenzied humping.

SHORT VISUAL STORY:

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

As you've seen in my old drawings, one of my enduring, though not often illustrated sexual fantasies, is that of rouge cops having their way on the highway with some sexy victims. In the case of my comic *South of the Border*, the targets of our villain are two rich and beautiful girls, Jody and Amanda (two names later recycled in *Slave Girls of Dead Shark Island* and *Confiscated Twins*). The girls are in a small town in Texas on their way to Mexico for the weekend. Their car breaks down and the sheriff finds them out on the highway trying to hitch a ride.

In the original story the girls are abducted by a lone cop who throws them into a hidden, underground prison where they're made to suffer his abuse, then sold into slavery to Mexico. In this alternate version Jody and Amanda are manhandled by two cops along the highway where their ordeal starts much sooner.



Fernando

"I figured they had something on them, Officer Jenkins. Just because **marijuana's legal** in California these dumb blondes think it's legal here too. She don't look like she has cancer to me, so this can't be for that 'medicinal purposes' bullshit those wimps use all the time. Waddaya say, Jenkins? Let's give 'em bitches a full cavity search to see if there's anything else they're hiding."



“Stop whining and stay still, **bitch!**
You want me to search with my
fist up your pussy instead?”

“Her mouth’s clean, boss. Well it
was clean before I came in it.
Ha ha ha!”



Fernando

“Hey Ramirez, I got a treat for you. You can have her for the ride to San Antonio if you promise to stop pestering us for a bathroom break.”

“What can I do, Officer? I got diabetes from the shit you fed me at El Paso. Maybe I can pee in her pretty little mouth after I come in her tight little pussy.”

“Oh the **bitch** can swallow,
I’ll testify to that!”



“This bitch! She got **coño apretado** y muy **sabroso!**”
Tell you what officers. You let me keep her with me in my cell and I’ll
have my son deliver you another fifty thousand. Each.”



Fernando



COVER DESIGN: SOUTH OF THE BORDER



THIS PAGE: The various sketches for the unused cover on the left (2008). I liked this one though it didn't feature the main characters so it had no chance of being used.
OPPOSITE PAGE: Amanda and Jody as the strippers (2015).



DARK VENGEANCE



Brooke Miller and Holly Royce are arguably the most innocent victims in the world of Fernando comics. Looking to avenge long prison sentences they blame on Holly's father Duncan, three men descend on the former state attorney's private island home to pillage what they can. To their delight they find the two young women lazing alone in the mansion. Convicted violent sex offenders, they waste no time deciding what to do with their lucky find. They turn the girls into sex slaves, used in turn by the horny criminals. Worse lies in store. Holly and Brooke become instruments of torment when the escaped thugs abduct Holly's father, forcing him to witness the abuse the gang heaps on the two women.

My ongoing themes of gangbangs and forced sex come together in the *Dark Vengeance* series. I realize there might be some controversy over the race issue the series addresses but I figure most readers are smart enough to know that, like other themes in DOFantasy comics, the context here is fantasy as the name of the publisher implies. I have no wish to portray any race, religion or other group of people in a bad light. I have absolutely nothing against blondes and redheads either and they come in for the rudest treatment of anyone in my work. :-)

Dark Vengeance was probably the longest in the making of all my comics. Most of it was drawn during my free time between other projects, of which there is precious little. The first few pages I did date to early 2008 and it wasn't until late 2009 that I was able to release the first *DV* comic. I'd edited so much out of it I could probably have made a second installment with the outtakes but most of that material consists of disjointed scenes that wouldn't have made sense put together.

Dark Vengeance has proven to be one of my most successful series so far and with only three volumes to date, there's definitely more of this story to be told.

COVER DESIGNS



I wanted *Dark Vengeance 2* to be more graphic and intense. I made a first sketch, then a dozen or so variations of it: ropes, leather straps, ropes and leather straps, gangbang, anal plugs, dildos, a 69 with the second girl, cocks near mouth, cocks not shown, etc.

I really, really wanted to use the gangbang version and thought about just blocking the view somehow with text or graphics but I couldn't make it work. Every attempt just made the wonderful view of the victim's rear end less than spectacular.



Full version of the original cover I had in mind for *Dark Vengeance 2*.

Preliminary cover sketches for Dark Vengeance 3

The final Dark Vengeance 3 cover (2012)



For the cover of *Dark Vengeance 3* I wanted to emphasize the women's asses as though they were inviting the reader to come and partake. Some of the sketches are shown here, as well as the original illustration (opposite page). As is evident, the first version was quite a bit tamer—less ropes, no shackles, plus my perennial favorite: articles of clothing and underwear hanging on for dear life. I also decided to experiment with using pinks and purples since they were not often seen on DOFantasy covers. This also emphasizes the element of youth that the final cover conveys. In retrospect though, I should have gone with the reds and blacks.





THIS PAGE: More preliminary sketches for DV3 with attempts to follow through on my earlier ideas for the DV2 cover (2012).

OPPOSITE PAGE: One of the sketches as final art (2015).



CUTTING ROOM FLOOR

The following sequence consists of original pages I cut from *Dark Vengeance 2*. The initial idea was for the newly arrived gang members to have a contest over who gets some solo time with Brooke. Fat man Tevon wins and gives our blonde protagonist a taste of his cock while he gets to taste pussy, soda, sandwiches, and chips. The edit was necessary because the comic was already too long and there was no room for the contest until *Dark Vengeance 3*, where the winner and the whole scene were radically changed.

I was still able to use some of the drawings and reworked them to the pages shown (with the white border) on the same comic. Original gang member Dozer replaced Tevon and some panels were edited, rearranged, or redrawn.



ABOVE: "Re-engineered" page from *Dark Vengeance 2*.





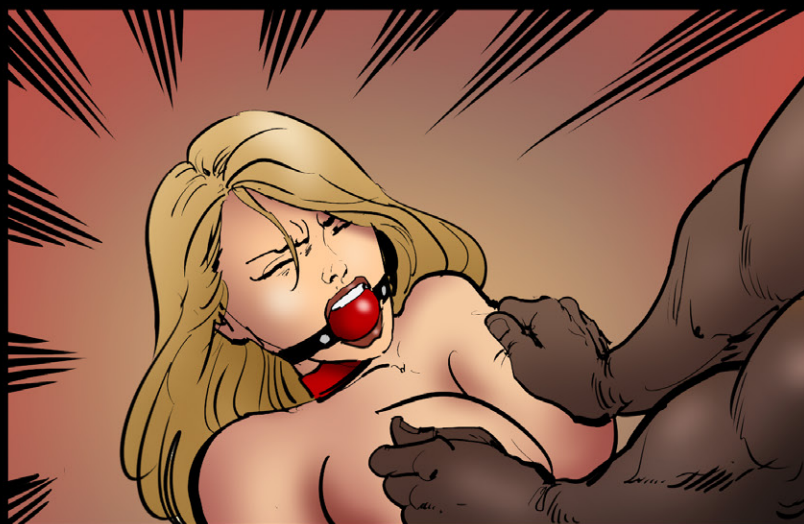
ABOVE & BELOW: The pages from Dark Vengeance 2. RIGHT: Page 3 of 6 of the cut scene.

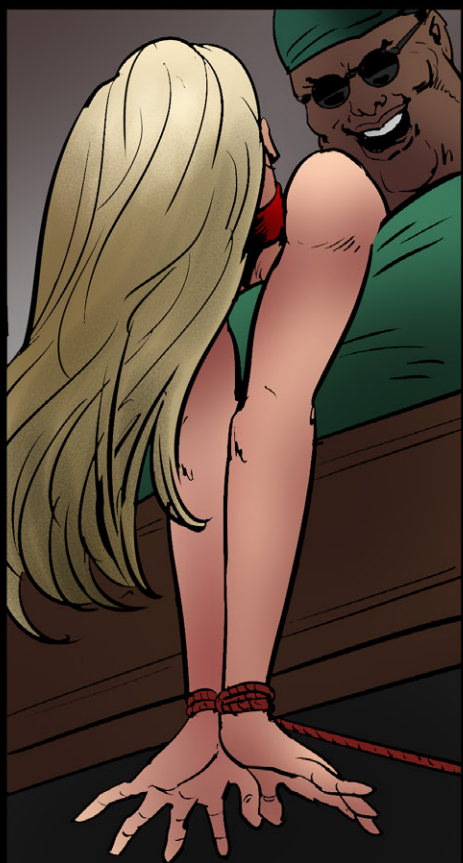


There are some drawings I've done in my life that when I look back on I think to myself, "Did I do that? Gee that's really hot." For some reason the two pages you see here (with white border) from Dark Vengeance 2 are some of those. The combination of the utter despair on Holly's face, the toe-licking and sucking, the asymmetry of her pose (I'm not O.C.) and her full and firm breasts jutting out for Dozer to play with all combine for a wonderful sequence.



The next few pages weren't reused and in this case one panel's composition ended up being used in **Confiscated Twins 4**. Can you spot the big, glaring error on this and the next pages?







Fernando



EXTREME DARK VENGEANCE

In a comic book I haven't dared make so far, I imagine what happens if we crossed *Dark Vengeance* with *Cheerleaders*: a gang of eight masked men break into a house where six sexy high school seniors are having a pajama party. Did the men plan on breaking in that night because they knew the girls would be there or was it all just a coincidence? Did they know the girls were planning to sleep over for a week? If so, how did they find out? Did they know the victims personally? Did they know the girls told nobody where they were going and left their cell phones behind in an attempt to disconnect from the world for a few days, thus insuring no one would know where to find them. Was the gang aware that the owners of the house were out of the country for a month? Do these men realize they can take their time using each of the girls over and over and over again? Do all these questions really matter? Who cares? Let's just see what happens.

“Hey Jenna, step it up or there’s gonna be a new Dance Central queen!”

Oblivious to the menace lurking behind them, the girls from the Jefferson High School cheerleading squad egged on their two best dancers. The intruders were transfixed by the sight of girls gyrating to the music of the video game. Only Piper was aware of what was happening but then was too frightened to scream.



Fernando





Fernando

BEFORE



Fernando

AFTER



Fernando



4 friends

As the men drank, laughed and fucked, the girls sobbed and pleaded. Haley felt herself cumming but bit her lip to hide her unwanted pleasure. Nicole cried the loudest, being the most sensitive to pain, when violated in the most sensitive place possible. It was no consolation to Terry that the disgusting man licking her face actually bothered using breath mints. The two best dancers couldn't say much with their mouths occupied.

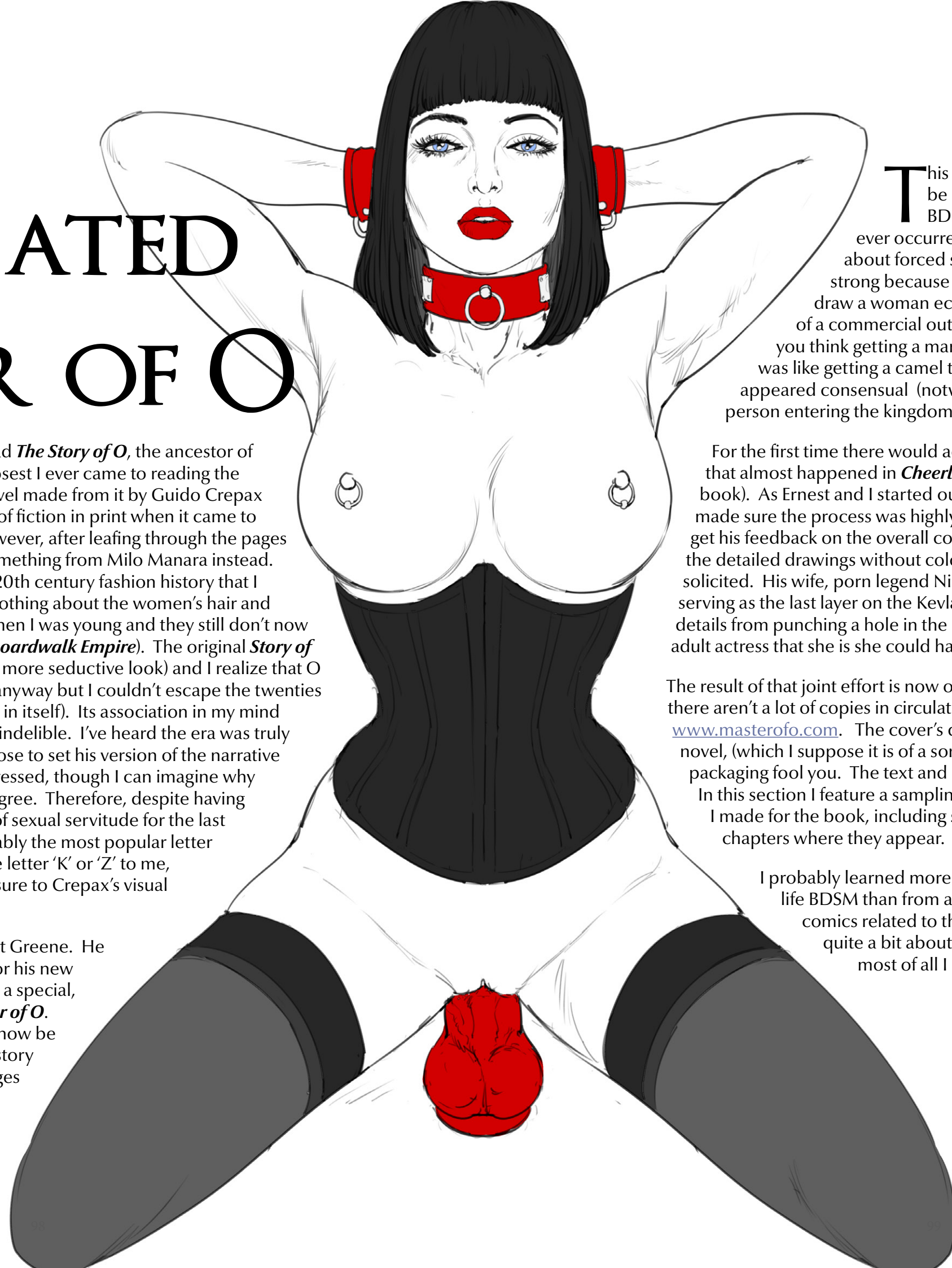
In all the commotion no one noticed the TV flashing the Xbox error message:

“No player detected”

THE ILLUSTRATED MASTER OF O

I have a confession to make. I have never read *The Story of O*, the ancestor of Ernest Greene's novel, *Master of O*. The closest I ever came to reading the original story was looking at the graphic novel made from it by Guido Crepax in a comic book store. I was not a big reader of fiction in print when it came to erotica, but I did enjoy it in comics form. However, after leafing through the pages of Crepax's work I put it down and bought something from Milo Manara instead. The reason was simple. If there's a period in 20th century fashion history that I consider the least sexy it's the roaring 20's. Nothing about the women's hair and clothing styles of that time appealed to me when I was young and they still don't now (though that did not stop me from watching *Boardwalk Empire*). The original *Story of O* was set in the early 50's (which had a much more seductive look) and I realize that O and the other characters were mostly naked anyway but I couldn't escape the twenties bob cut (that I admit is not necessarily unsexy in itself). Its association in my mind with those ruler-straight, shapeless dresses is indelible. I've heard the era was truly hedonistic and perhaps that's why Crepax chose to set his version of the narrative back then, but I didn't see it from how they dressed, though I can imagine why people from the late Victorian age might disagree. Therefore, despite having drawn thousands of images of various forms of sexual servitude for the last thirty-odd years, the name 'O', which is probably the most popular letter to the BDSM community, might as well be the letter 'K' or 'Z' to me, thanks to the impression formed by my exposure to Crepax's visual conception of Pauline Reage's tale.

Then in early 2014 I got a proposal from Ernest Greene. He asked me if I could create illustrated scenes for his new BDSM novel, of which he intended to publish a special, limited-edition version: *The Illustrated Master of O*. The irony of the invitation was clear. I would now be making the images for a modern version of a story that I never read because I didn't like the images someone else had made for a previous version. I accepted the proposal knowing full well that the story happens in the 21st century and O's bob cut was shoulder-length to boot.



This was not going to be a walk in the park. It would be my first time drawing scenes of *consensual* BDSM, which I have to confess, never ever, ever, ever occurred for me to draw. My personal fantasies are all about forced sex and I think the images of my fantasies are strong because they remain fantasies. Even if I wanted to do draw a woman ecstatic from being whipped there wasn't much of a commercial outlet for such a thing of which I was aware. If you think getting a marginally "happy" ending in a *DOFantasy* comic was like getting a camel through the eye of a needle, then anything that appeared consensual (notwithstanding those disclaimers) was like a rich person entering the kingdom of God.

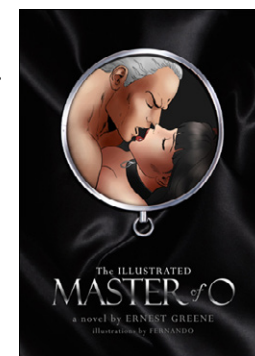
For the first time there would actually be an 'M' in my BDSM art (though that almost happened in *Cheerleaders 8*, but that's another story for another book). As Ernest and I started our collaboration to bring those images to life, I made sure the process was highly interactive. I would make rough sketches to get his feedback on the overall composition. Upon approval I would then make the detailed drawings without color from which more editorial comments were solicited. His wife, porn legend Nina Hartley, was deeply involved as well, often serving as the last layer on the Kevlar vest stopping bullet fragments of erroneous details from punching a hole in the illustration. If she weren't the world-famous adult actress that she is she could have been an accountant.

The result of that joint effort is now out. It's a purposely limited edition and there aren't a lot of copies in circulation but you can order one from the website www.masterofo.com. The cover's drawn like that of a romance novel, (which I suppose it is of a sort), but don't let its PG-rated packaging fool you. The text and illustrations are anything but. In this section I feature a sampling of the forty-plus images I made for the book, including short excerpts from the chapters where they appear.

I probably learned more from this project about real-life BDSM than from all the years I'd spent drawing comics related to the subject. In fact I learned quite a bit about Ernest and Nina as well. But most of all I realized two things:

One: That I would make a terrible master, for I'm a slob and would trip and injure myself over the bondage gear that I didn't put away after use. If I did become a master my first slave would be a French maid and she would actually do cleaning.

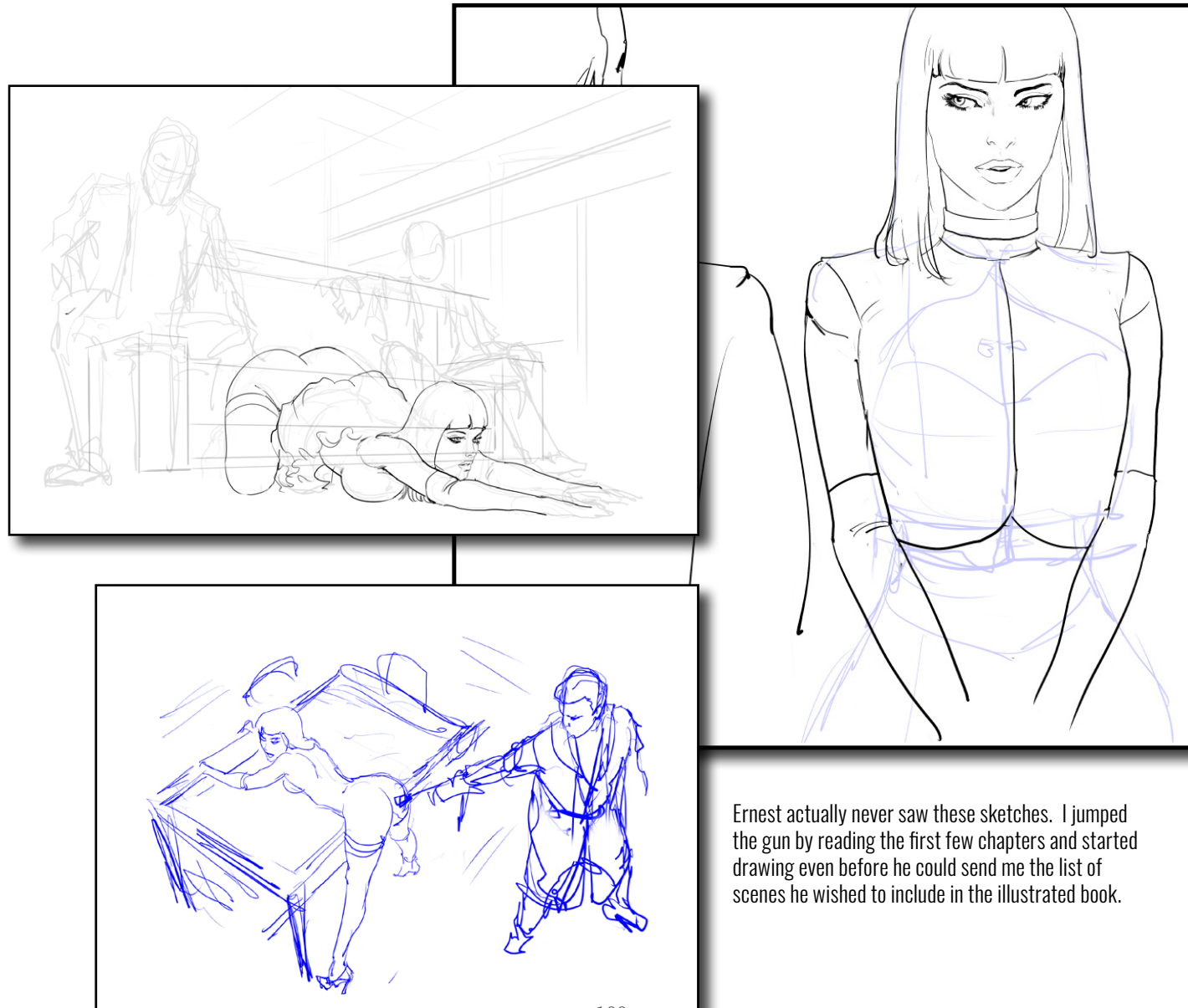
Two: Consensual BDSM can be sexy to draw.



SKETCHES

I've been working on my own stories as comics so long I've almost forgotten how it is to illustrate somebody else's vision. To ensure that Ernest and I were constantly in sync I sent him preliminary sketches as well as works-in-progress. Mistakes and issues could be spotted before I got in too deep into each of the illustrations.

I learned much from Ernest in the months we worked on this project: the dynamics of a flogger as it flies through the air, the differences in marks left by different whips, why a slave always trims her fingernails, the distances at which one stands from a slave being whipped depending on the tool employed, the importance of showing lube was used on a slave before she's ass fucked (unlike in DOFantasy!), and who Christian Louboutin is.



Ernest actually never saw these sketches. I jumped the gun by reading the first few chapters and started drawing even before he could send me the list of scenes he wished to include in the illustrated book.



This first sketch was way off the mark. O shouldn't be happy and should be standing in a formal manner as she is a slave presenting herself to her Mistress.

There were two problems with this sketch: O's feet should be parted, and her expression more apprehensive.

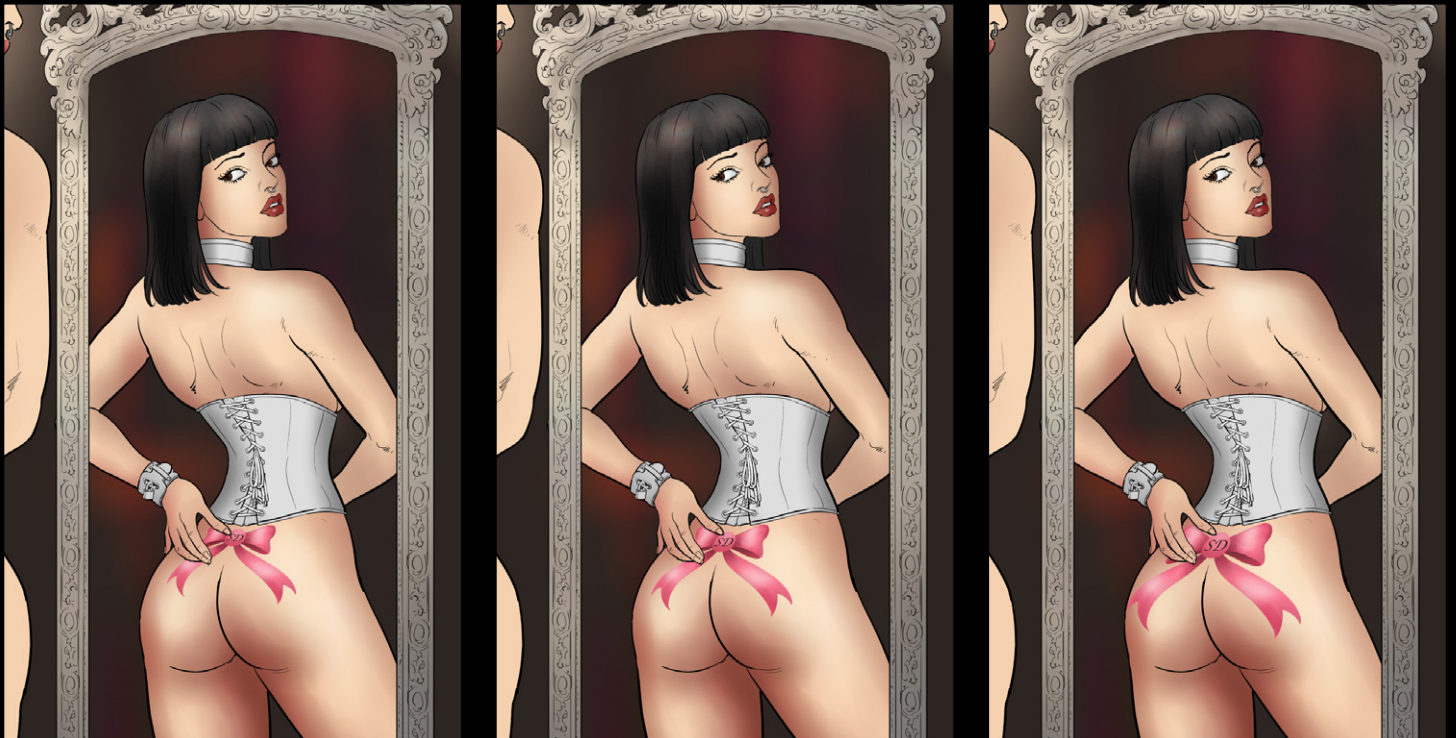


Slightly wider now, but still two problems: O still not apprehensive, and feet should be wider apart.



Tried to make the presentation of O to Steven scene work in portrait mode and with a lower angle but couldn't make it work as well. I couldn't find a way to show Ray in the frame without diminishing O's presence. The solution was to show him as a reflection on the glass window.





I don't often draw corsets, at least not in the manner they're supposed to be worn according to the genre, which is extra tight and restrictive. Illustrating a corset right is not as simple as it seems. You have to strike the right balance between how narrow the waistline gets and how realistic it looks. I think I did a fairly good job with it in this illustration and in the other pictures in the book.

Getting the size of O's tattoo right was also crucial, as it appears in more than one illustration. Like Goldilocks, I had to try several sizes of O's ribbon tattoo to find which one was just right as the author envisioned it (answer: the left-most one). The funny thing was that after Ernest and I had settled on the tattoo size and presented the final art, Nina correctly pointed out that O should not be wearing a corset in the first place in this part of the story.

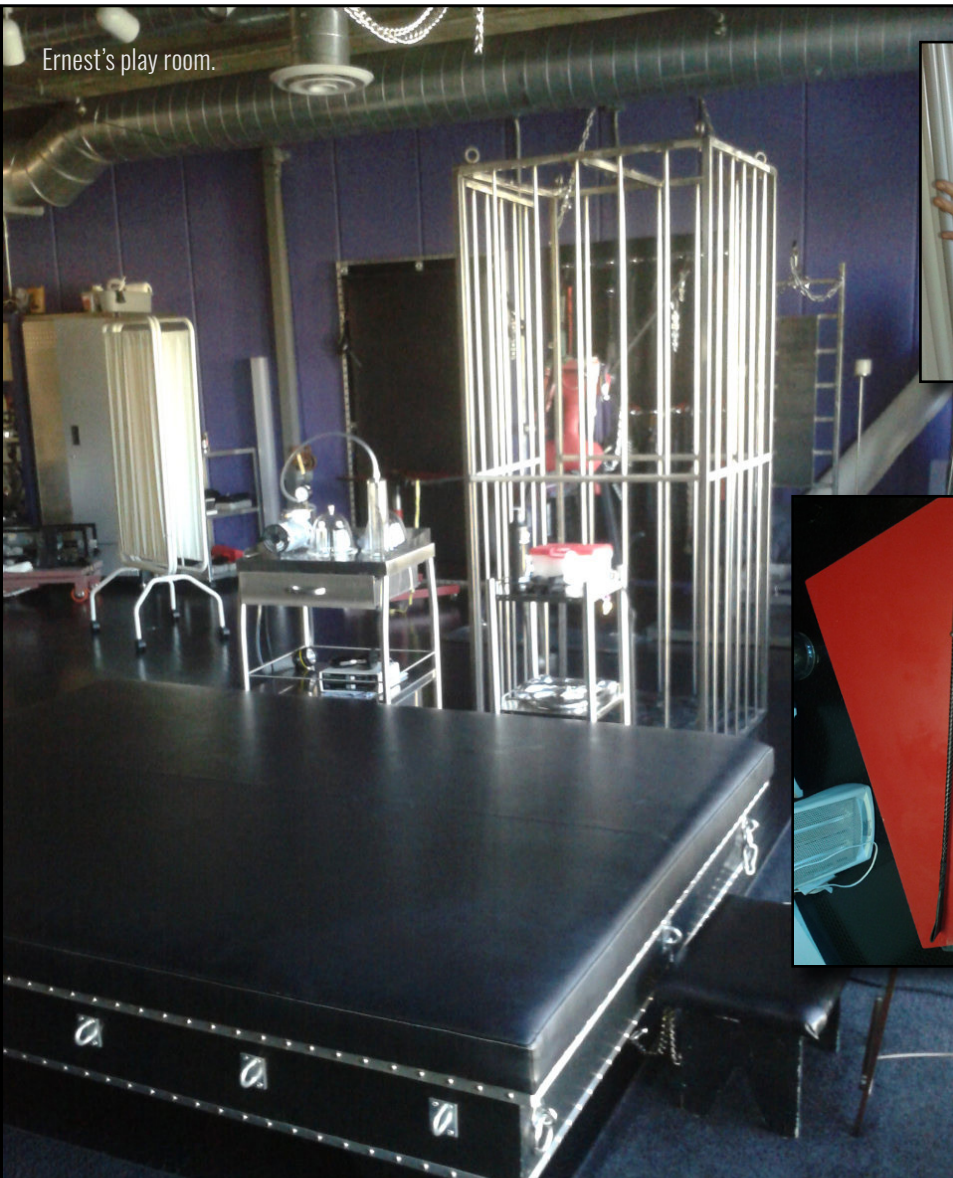


REFERENCES

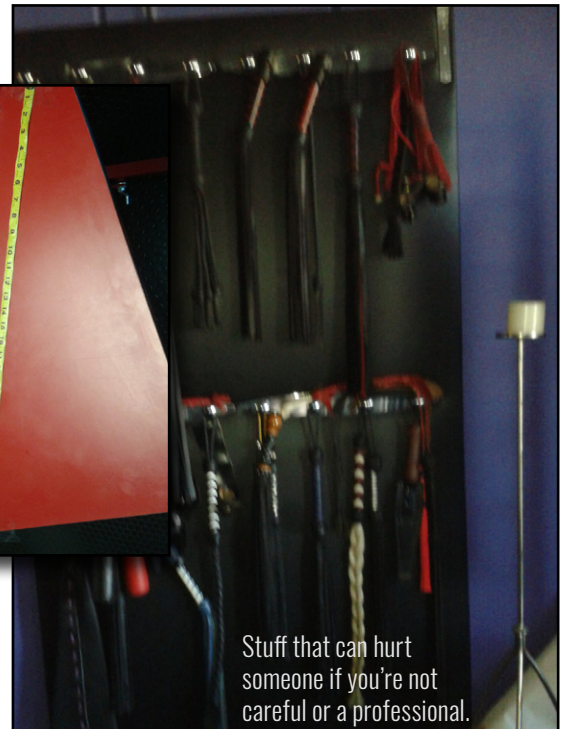
Most projects are chronically short on important things: time, money, people, or a firm deadline for all involved. If there was one thing our project did not lack it was photo references. Getting by on three Playboy issues was distant history. I was now in the big league. Ernest's personal dungeon was the basis for Master Steven's own. Seeing how well equipped and

designed Ernest's playroom was, there seemed no reason to search elsewhere. With all its leather cuffs, collars, whips, floggers, canes, chain hoists, suspension bars and cuffs, vacuum air compressors, beds, cages, vibrators, dildos, anal plugs of all shapes, sizes and preferences the place could be a museum of modern BDSM.

Ernest's play room.



Nina's arms modeling some suspension cuffs.



Stuff that can hurt someone if you're not careful or a professional.





“O is the best slave I’ve ever had.
She’s the best slave any Master ever
had.”

O looked down at the floor now, her spine
stiffening uncomfortably. It was her job to please
and that of her Masters to judge.

“Evidently she hasn’t been trained to properly take
a compliment.”

“Thank you, Sir,” O whispered in desperate haste.



Jacqui rubbed her long hands together gleefully.

“So what’s happening to me today?”

“Just the usual. **Rigid shackles, torture, fucking.** Like I told you on the phone, you can pass on anything you don’t want to do. It’s not an endurance contest.”

Fernando

"Now that's my idea of a good whipping," Steven said.

"You could whip me like that if you wanted," O replied without an instant's hesitation, eager at the prospect.

Steven looked over at her gravely.

"Careful what you offer. You know I'll do it."

"Why would I offer otherwise?"



Fernando

Steven had done this with many, many women over many, many years. Though most enjoyed it thoroughly, he'd never found one so completely accommodating before. O truly loved it. She loved it because it was wrong and dirty and sometimes hurt. She loved it because she was more sensitive there than anyplace on her body. She loved it because it was so inherently violative.



Fernando

“Don’t you ever represent any innocent people, Sir,” O said through clenched teeth.

“Innocent people can’t afford me. Besides, it’s less of a challenge.”

“You enjoy getting bad guys off?”

“Not as much as I enjoy getting good girls off.

Be a good girl and bend over the desk.”

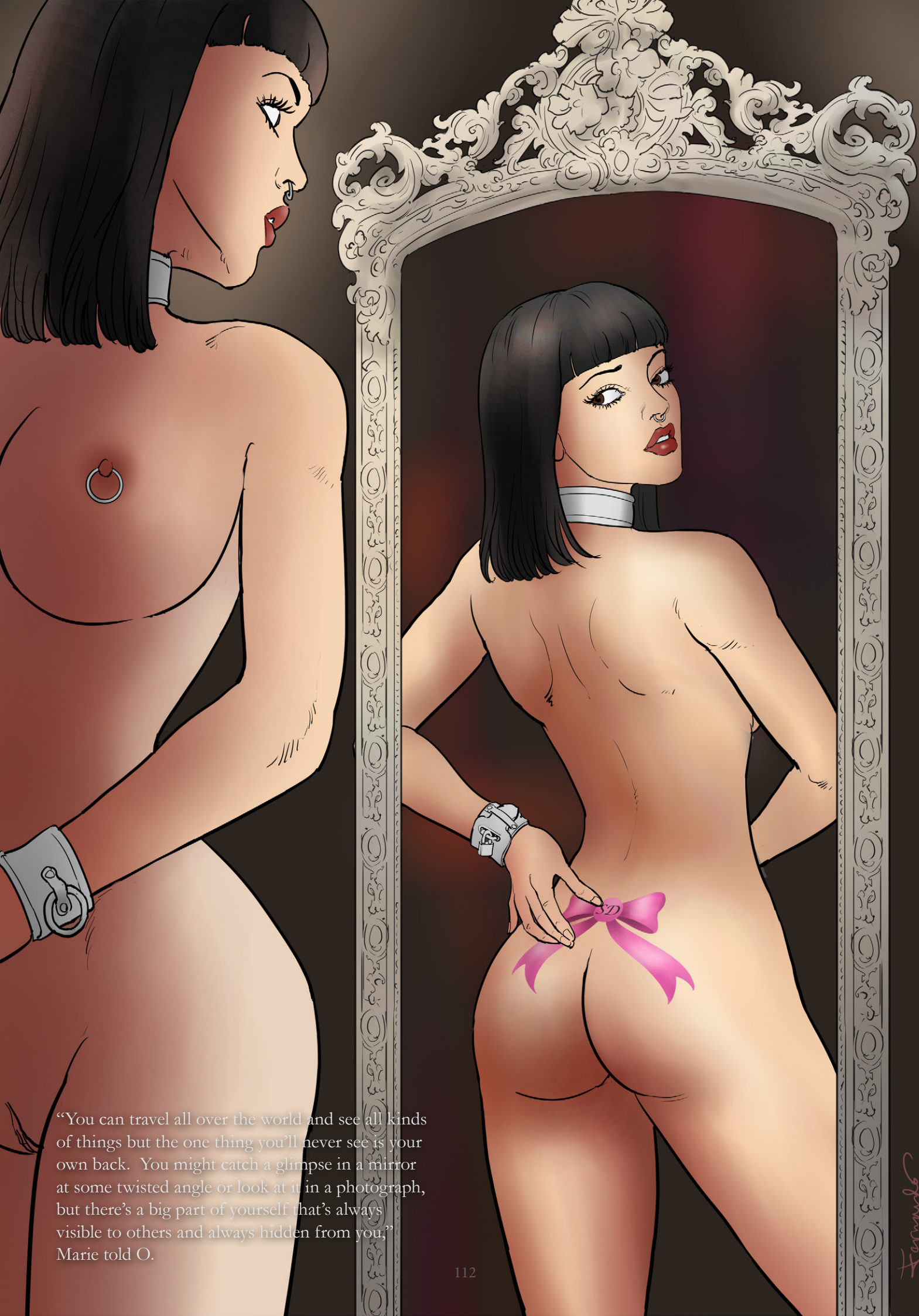


Steven parked the tray up against O's belly and instructed her to hold it there so he could buckle the belt snugly around her middle. The narrow straps were equipped with snap-hooks that attached neatly to her collar rings, holding the tray level at right angles to her ribcage. Steven walked her over to the big mirror and had her do a turn so she could appreciate the effect. It was quite lewd, presenting O's breasts on the tray along with whatever libations she expected to serve. The makeup was heavy enough to make her look like the fuck-doll she knew she would soon be. But for whom? O would have served them at Steven's command if they'd been a scouting party of Vikings.



“That’s the one part of you that will never be covered during your stay here. The girls will be encouraged to touch you there at any time and required to on occasion. You’ll do the same with them. You may not touch yourself or prevent yourself from being touched by the others. You will depend on your slave sisters and on me for the relief you’ll require frequently. Other than Steven, who can visit when he wants and put you to whatever use he pleases, you’ll serve no men here. But you will serve me and you will be generous with your sisters. I’m sure you won’t find that too unpleasant.”





“You can travel all over the world and see all kinds of things but the one thing you’ll never see is your own back. You might catch a glimpse in a mirror at some twisted angle or look at it in a photograph, but there’s a big part of yourself that’s always visible to others and always hidden from you,” Marie told O.



Ray wove more rope, this time spliced with the braid of Jacqui's hair. The loose end was firmly secured through the eye of the hook's shank while the cold hardness of the ball at the other end invaded her most private entrance. A few more rope wraps and Jacqui could feel the traction on her head. If she didn't keep her skull back, the hook would be pulled in deeper than she might prefer. That was the essence of predicament bondage. Whatever she suffered from it would be largely self-inflicted but inevitably she'd have no choice."

“The carefully contrived atmosphere of strictness combined with lassitude would inevitably give rise to the spontaneous drama on which the whole sinful sorority thrived. Of all the girls’ schools to which O had been consigned during her sullen, defiant, reprobate youth, none had been so well suited. Too bad her family couldn’t have packed her off to this place. Much conflict would have been avoided. O had given herself up to pleasure without troubling herself over what would happen later. Three orgasms from three pretty girls in under an hour was hardly a challenge for her.





“Shall we open you for business, slave?” Ray asked.

“Please, Sir. I’m starting to trickle down my thighs,” she answered, inflecting the script with a touch of sass.

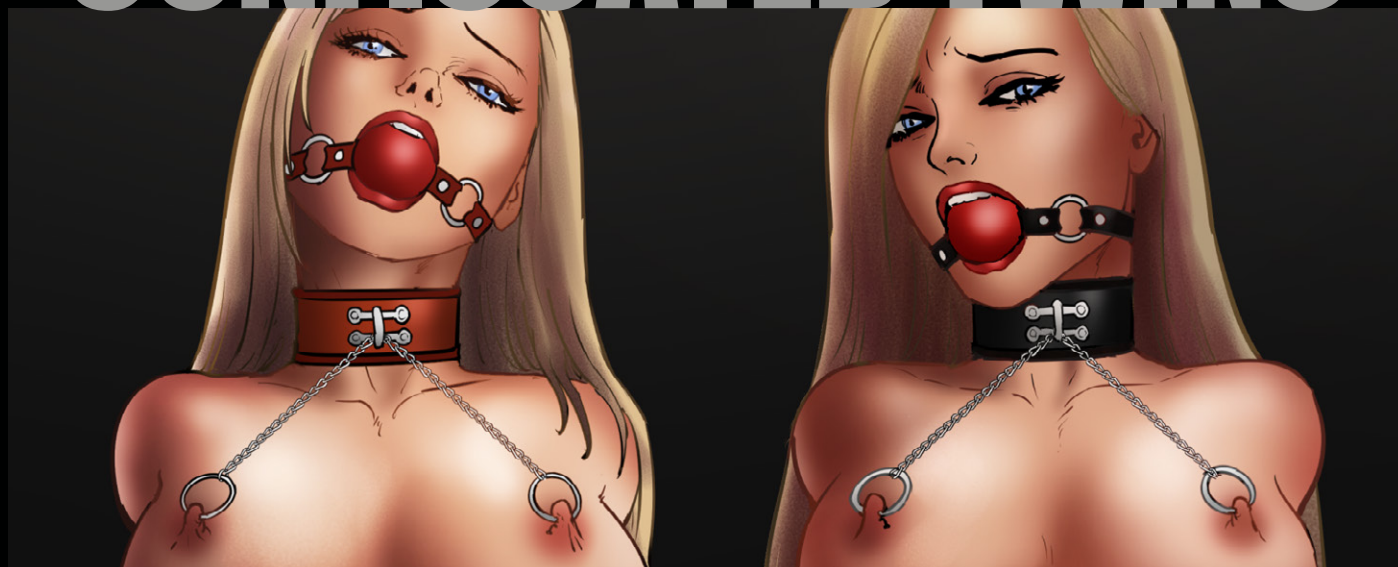
Ray popped the lock, slipped it out of the rings with a magician’s wrist-flourish and put it in his pocket.



SNEAK PREVIEW

Featuring the following in the next volume of
The Art of Fernando:

CONFISCATED TWINS



SUPER- BABES & MONSTERS

SUPERMODELS

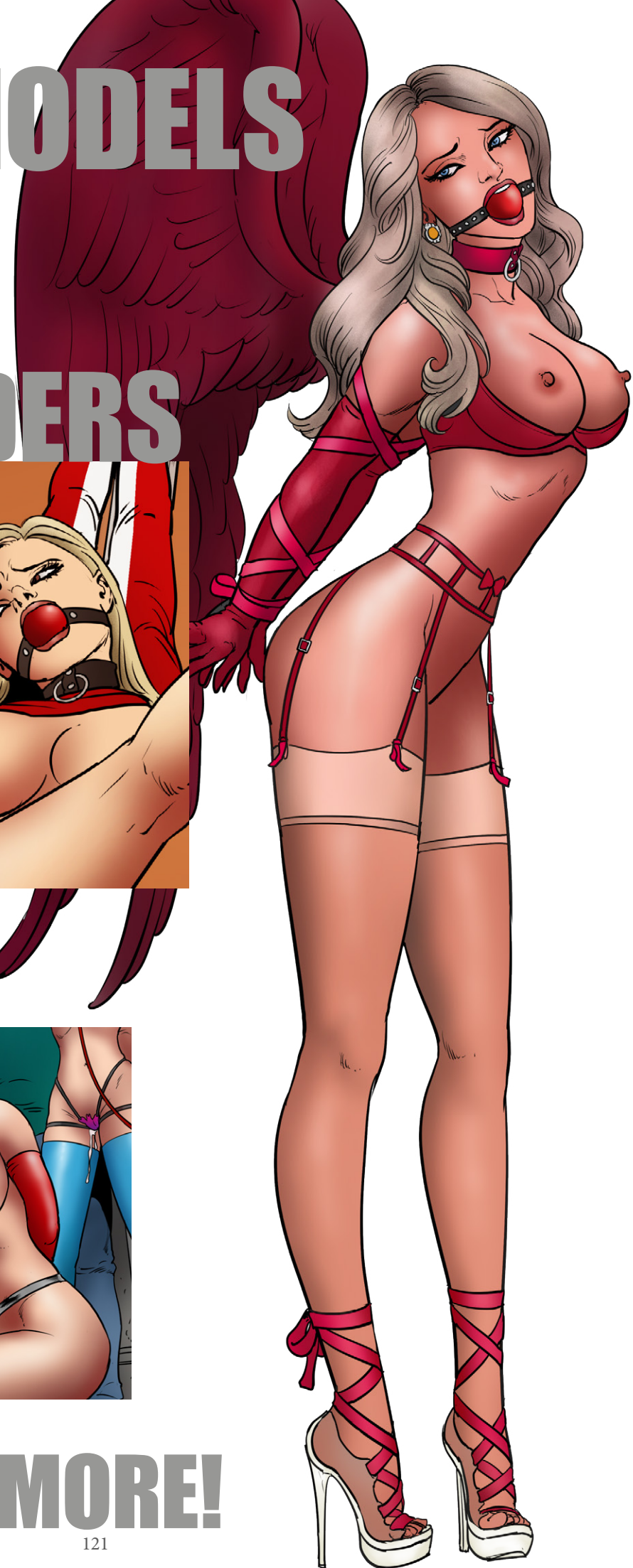
CHEERLEADERS



INVADERS



AND MUCH MORE!



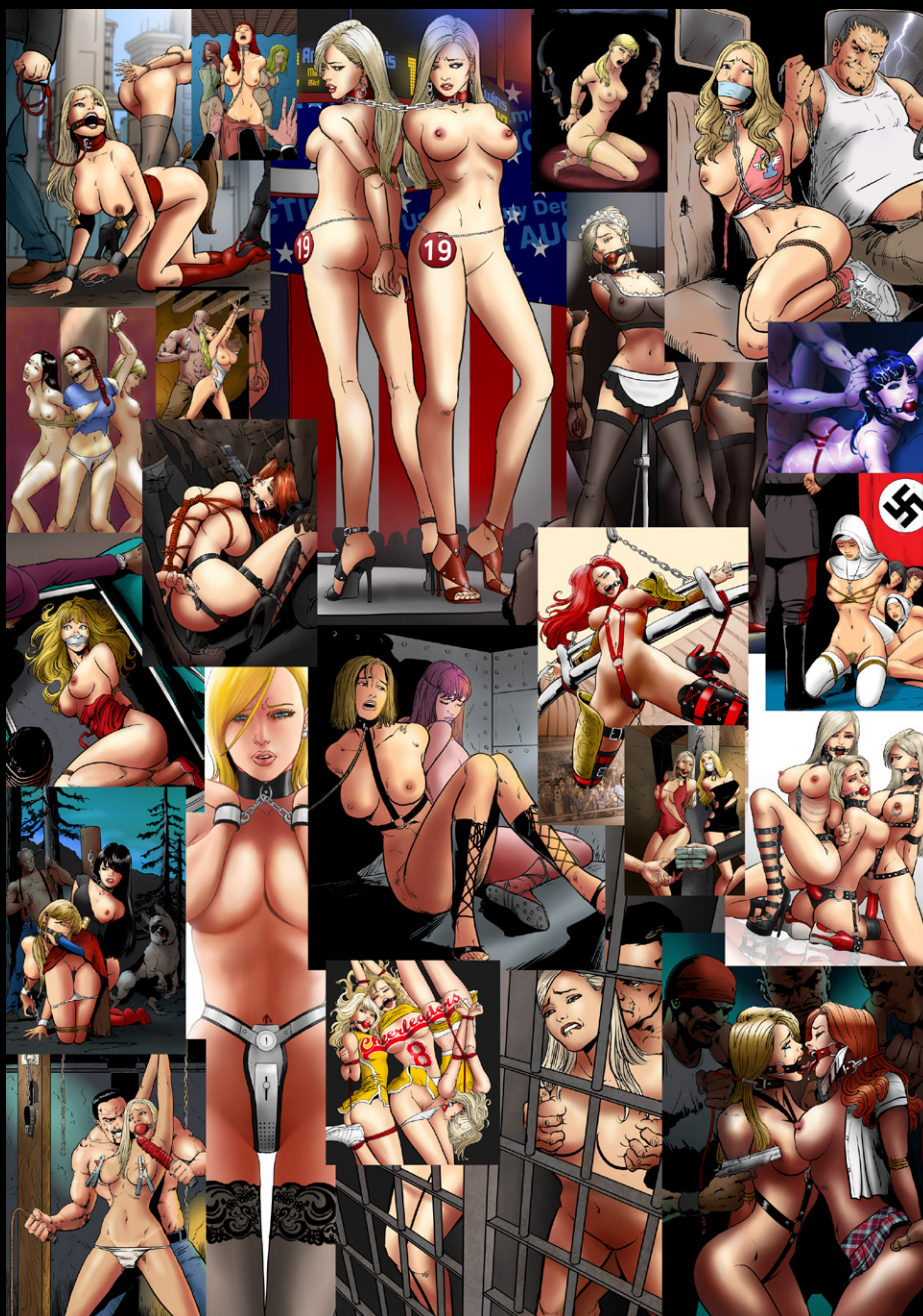


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