

GALAXY



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Pantheon Part One





HMM?

A man with a shaved head and a concerned expression stands in a futuristic, blue-tinted environment. He is shirtless and wearing dark briefs with a white waistband. His right hand is raised to his ear, as if listening intently. The background features a large window or screen displaying a complex, glowing blue molecular or circuit-like structure. A speech bubble is positioned above his head, containing the text "HULLO? WHERE AM I?".

HULLO?
WHERE
AM I?

A man with short, light-colored hair is shown from the back, shirtless. He has his hands clasped behind his head. The setting is a futuristic, metallic environment with blue lighting and hexagonal patterns on the walls. A speech bubble is positioned above his head.

WHERE IN
BLAZES
AM I?

**WELCOME TO PANTHEON,
ADMIRAL DUMONT.**

WELCOME
TO--? YOU
KNOW ME?

WE DO.

THEN YOU KNOW
THAT I AM AN
ADMIRAL.

THAT CAPTURING
ME IS AN ACT OF
WAR.



WAR IS SUCH A SMALL WORD.

WAIT. THE
EXPLOSION.


WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE SHIP?

THE CREW?

**THE GSS DESTINY WAS
LOST, WITH ALL HANDS.**



LOST.

A man with a serious expression stands in a futuristic, metallic environment. He is shirtless and wearing dark blue briefs with white stripes at the waistband. Three speech bubbles are positioned to his left, containing text. In the bottom right corner, there are three lines of green, bold text.

FOR A CIVILIZATION
THAT CONSIDERS WAR
TO BE A SMALL WORD,
YOU WIELD IT THE SAME
AS ANY BACKWARD
RACE.

I DEMAND TO
BE SET FREE.

I DEMAND
COMMUNICATIONS
WITH THE ALLIANCE,
AND I DEMAND LIFEBOATS
AND A SEARCH AND
RESCUE TO BE
DISPATCHED FOR
THE LIVES OF MY
CREW.

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE.

YOUR LOYALTIES LIE ELSEWHERE NOW.

OR... WILL SOON.



TO WHOM AM
I SPEAKING?

OUR NAME IS EVERCHOSEN.

**A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE
TEEMING TRILLIONS THAT
MAKE UP THE PANTHEON.**

THE PANTHEON?

IF YOU ARE AS
ADVANCED AS YOU ASSERT,
THEN YOU MUST UNDERSTAND
THE RAMIFICATIONS OF
THESE ACTIONS.


**THEY ARE UNDERSTOOD. WE
REQUIRE YOU, ADMIRAL DUMONT.**

THEN WHY DIDN'T
YOU JUST ASK ME?

**THE COLLECTIVE DOES NOT ASK,
NOR DOES IT DEMAND.**

**WITH EACH ENTITY WE ABSORB, WE
GROW AND BECOME EVEN MORE
PERFECT.**

**THE PANTHEON ONLY TAKES
THAT WHICH WE REQUIRE.**



THEN YOU ARE
LOCUSTS, CONSUMING
WITH NO CONCEPTION
OF THE MISERY YOU
SPREAD.

PERHAPS.

**YOU CERTAINLY LIVE UP
TO YOUR REPUTATION,
ADMIRAL.**

**WE DID NOT EXPECT AN
ETHICS DISCUSSION WITH
OUR PRISONER.**

I DID NOT EXPECT
TO HAVE MY SHIP
DESTROYED!

NOR MY CREW
SLAUGHTERED!

NOR TO BE
CAPTURED!

THIS IS WRONG.
THIS IS...

ONLY THE BEGINNING.



**COMMENCE
ASSIMILATION
SEQUENCE...**

ASSIMILATION?
THIS IS MADNESS.



**THE PANTHEON REQUIRES THE
CONSUMPTION OF HIGHER INTELLECTS
TO EXPONENTIALLY INCREASE OUR
CAPACITY FOR THOUGHT.**

**WE HAVE DETERMINED
THAT YOU WOULD MAKE
A FINE ADDITION TO THE
COLLECTIVE.**

A LEADERSHIP ROLE.

IN A COLLECTIVE?

**WHAT ARE WE ALL,
IF NOT A MAZE OF
CONTRADICTIONS?**




WHAT? YOU WISH
TO MAKE ME
YOUR LEADER?

PRECISELY.

I WON'T DO
IT. I WON'T
CONSENT.

YOU WILL.

A man with a shaved head and a serious expression stands in a futuristic, blue-lit environment. He is wearing black briefs with a white waistband. The background features a large, curved glass or metal structure with a hexagonal pattern. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the man, containing the text: "I WILL NOT BE YOUR SLAVE, NOR YOUR KING!".

I WILL NOT BE
YOUR SLAVE, NOR
YOUR KING!

YOU WILL BE NEITHER.

A man stands in a futuristic, metallic room, wearing only dark-colored briefs. He is being electrocuted by bright yellow lightning bolts that crackle around his body. He has a pained expression on his face, with his mouth open as if screaming. A speech bubble above him contains the text "AAAHHH!!!". To the right of the man, the text "THE PAIN WILL PASS." is written in a bold, green, sans-serif font.

AAAHHH!!!

THE PAIN WILL PASS.



WHATEVER TORTURE
YOU INFLICT ON ME,
I WILL FIGHT, TO
MY LAST.

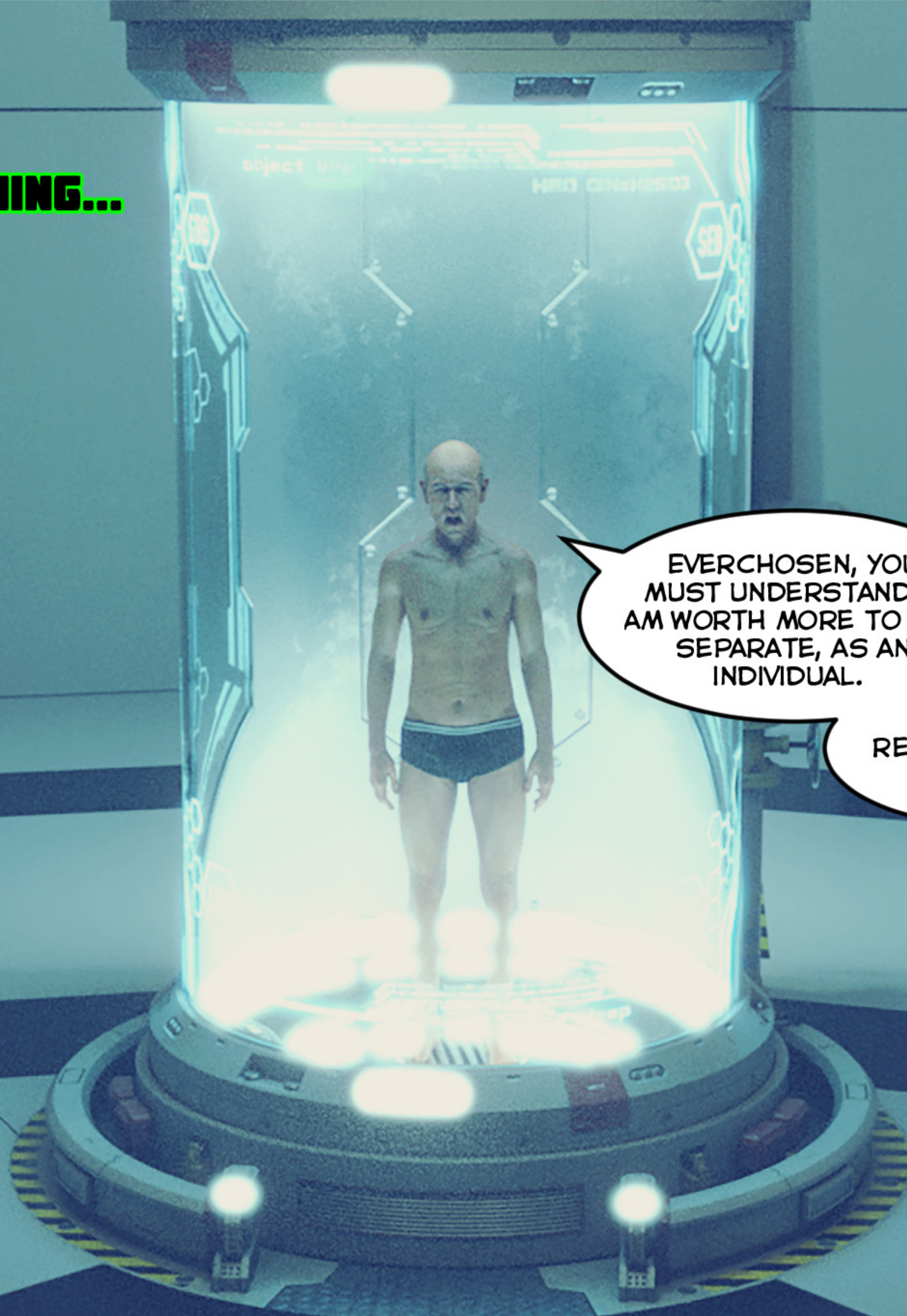
I WILL FIGHT TO PREVENT
YOU FROM USING MY
KNOWLEDGE AGAINST
THE IDEALS I HAVE SPENT
MY LIFETIME DEFENDING,
PROTECTING.

YOU WILL SUBMIT.

**COMMENCE BODY MODIFICATION.
DELAY UPLOAD UNTIL 100% COMPLETION.**

THIS IS
BARBARITY.
THIS IS...

DIAGNOSTICS RUNNING...



EVERCHOSEN, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, I AM WORTH MORE TO YOU SEPARATE, AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

I CAN BE REASONED WITH! I CAN BE--

COMMENCING. 12%.

I CAN'T SEE
WHAT YOU'RE...

18%.

IT'S LIKE
NEEDLES...
BURNING...

Z/PT
dustry

32

WYCON

MODERN
40

32%.

IF ANYONE OUT
THERE CAN
HEAR ME...



48%... CHARGING...



I AM
UNDERGOING
SOME KIND OF
INVASIVE
SURGERY...

58%.

BIO-ELECTRICALS...

LIKELY MORPHANTS
AND ACCELERATED
CHARGED ATOMS...

65%

ANY ALLIANCE
LISTENING ON
CHANNEL...

AE2

**70%. YOUR INTERNAL
COMMUNICATOR
HAS BEEN DISABLED.**

THEN... IT'S
USELESS.



**79%. IT WAS ALWAYS
USELESS TO RESIST.**

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING TO ME?



**93%. ONLY WHAT IS
NECESSARY, ADMIRAL.**

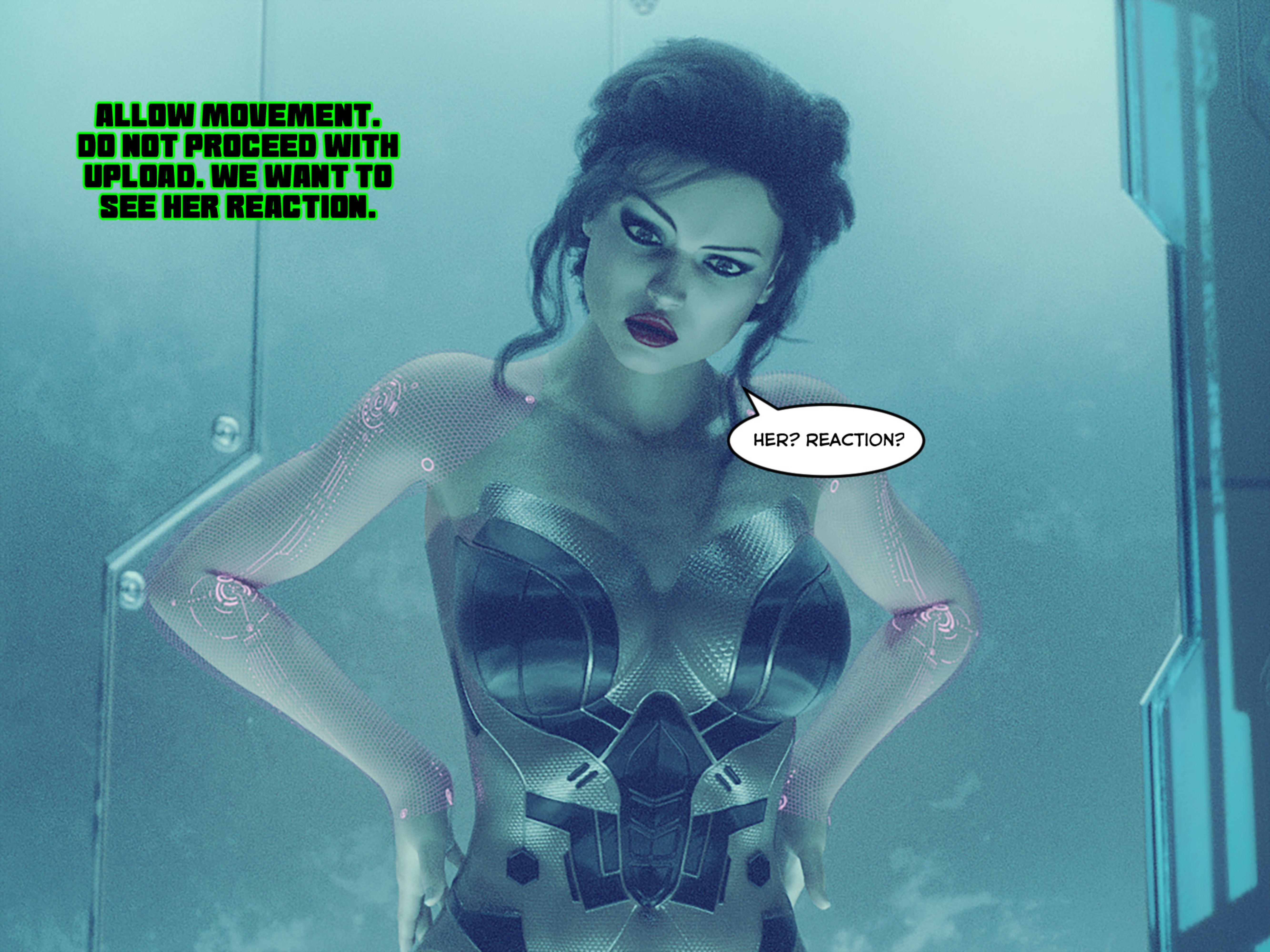


A woman with dark hair is shown in profile, looking towards the right. She is wearing a dark, textured top. The background is a metallic, industrial-looking interior with a window on the left showing a cloudy sky. Overlaid on her body are several glowing pink digital graphics: a small circle on her shoulder, an arrow pointing up on her chest, a circular pattern of concentric lines on her upper arm, and a hexagonal grid pattern on her lower arm. The overall lighting is dim, with a strong blue/cyan tint from the window and the text is in a bright green color.

**100%. ONLY WHAT IS
NECESSARY.**

**ALLOW MOVEMENT.
DO NOT PROCEED WITH
UPLOAD. WE WANT TO
SEE HER REACTION.**

HER? REACTION?



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?

YOU'VE TURNED ME INTO A...

WE DO NOT REQUIRE A KING, ADMIRAL.

WE REQUIRE...





A QUEEN.

PRECISELY.

**TELL US, ADMIRAL,
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO
BE PERFECT?**



A LOT LIKE AN
INSECT DOES.

STEPED ON.

SO DRAMATIC.

**WE WILL ENJOY
PARTAKING OF
YOUR EMOTION.**



CAN WE JUST
SKIP THIS
CHARADE?

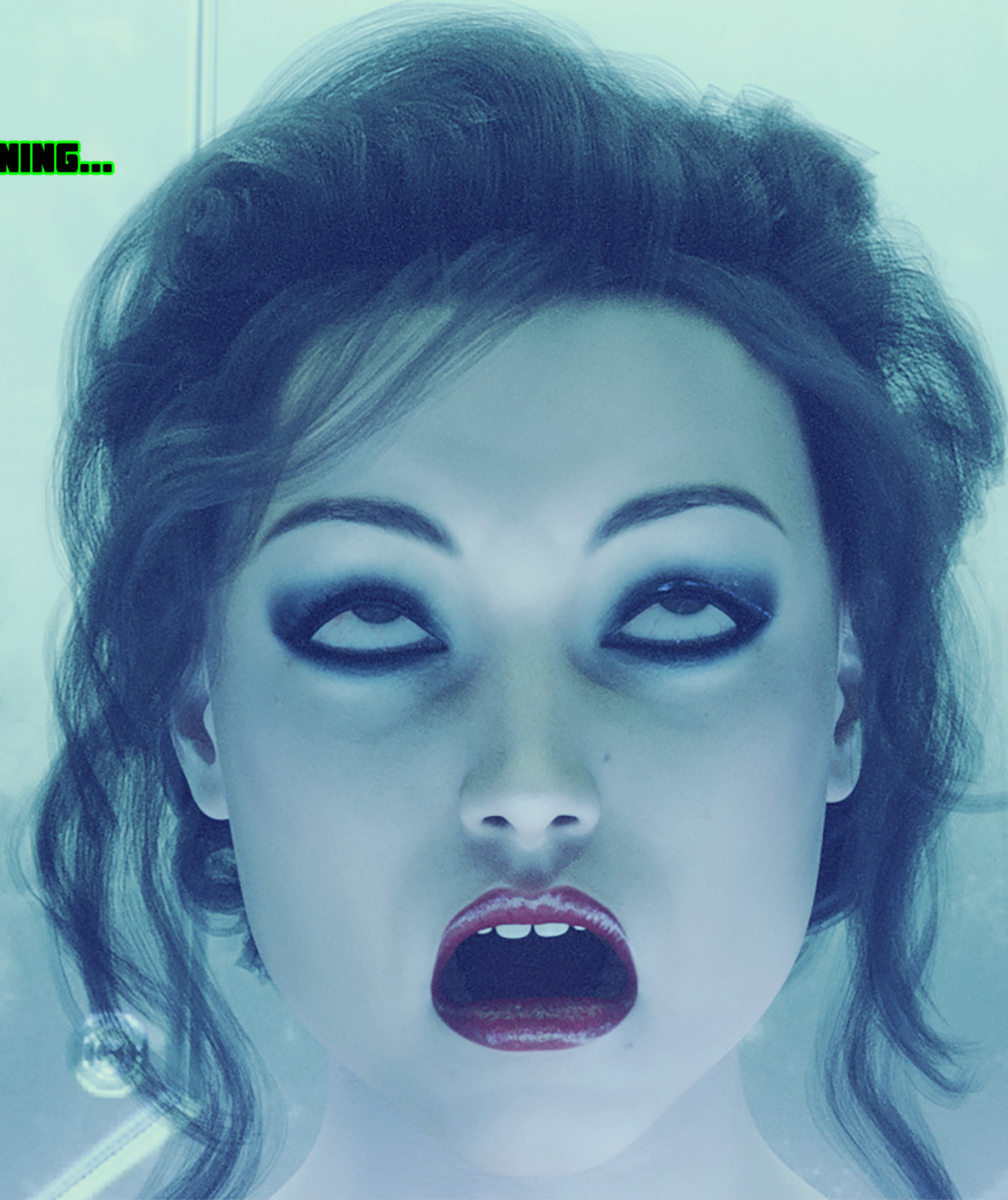
IT'S LIKE
TALKING TO
A BRICK
WALL.

**VERY WELL...
COMMENCE...**

OOOH!



LINK OPENING...



IS IT DONE?

IS SHE OURS?

IS SHE FINISHED?

SHE IS. PANTHEON.

REACTIVATE.

SO MUCH
KNOWLEDGE...



SO MUCH...

*IT'S TOO
MUCH!*

I'M INSIDE OF...

**I CAN FEEL MY
THOUGHTS ECHOING
OFF...**

EVERYTHING.

I FEEL THE PAIN...

THE HUNGER...



**WELCOME TO
THE PANTHEON,
YOUR MAJESTY.**

*THIS... THESE
LIES IN MY HEAD...*

FEELS JUST LIKE--

**COMING HOME.
THERE'S SOMETHING
INTOXICATING...**

I CAN'T...

THE PERFECTION.

THE PANTHEON.



**YOU ARE FREE TO
JOIN US ON THE
BRIDGE.**

JUST LIKE THAT?
THOSE VOICES...



**ROME WASN'T DESTROYED
IN A DAY. SOON YOU WILL
COME TO SEE YOUR ROLE IN
ALL OF THIS.**

I WILL FIGHT YOU.

THAT IS OUR GOAL.

I WILL FIGHT.



A woman with dark hair, wearing a futuristic, form-fitting suit with a glowing purple mesh texture and black panels. Her eyes are glowing green. She is standing in a doorway with a futuristic, metallic frame. The background is a bright, hazy light. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper left corner of the image.

I WILL FIGHT
THE ALLIANCE.

GOT TO...
GET OUT
OF HERE...
MUST FIND THE
ALLIANCE...



**MUST FIGHT...
THE ALLIANCE.**





OKAY, PEOPLE.
WE'RE UNDER
ATTACK.

I NEED US
AT RED ALERT
YESTERDAY!

ON IT,
SIR.



WHAT ARE
WE LOOKING
AT HERE?

IT APPEARS TO BE
THE SAME SHIP DESIGN
WE ENCOUNTERED DURING
THE ADMIRAL'S
DISAPPEARANCE.


I'M NOT
GETTING ANY
LIFE READ-
INGS.

STEP



KEEP
LOOKING!

WE'RE
MOVING INTO
ATTACK POSITION,
ALL HANDS ON
DECK.

A young man with dark, wavy hair and glowing red eyes is shown in a futuristic cockpit. He is wearing a dark green, textured zip-up jacket with grey mesh panels on the shoulders and sleeves. He has a serious expression. In the background, there are various cockpit controls, including a panel with red lights and a small screen displaying a blue robot-like figure. The lighting is dim, with a blue glow from the cockpit panels and the red glow from his eyes.

SIR, WE HAVE A
COMMUNICATION
COMING THROUGH,
ON AN ALLIANCE
BAND.

ON SCREEN,
COMMANDER.



HELLO,
DARLINGS!

WELCOME TO
THE INVASION. I'M
GLAD YOU COULD
ALL BE HERE TO
SEE THIS.

WHO ARE
YOU?

WHAT DO
YOU HAVE TO
ACCOMPLISH BY
ATTACKING
US?



EVERYTHING.
YOU WILL ALL
JOIN US IN THE
PANTHEON.

CAPTAIN, I'M
GETTING SOME ODD
READINGS...



ACCESS 859 003

I BELIEVE...

NO. I KNOW...

THAT'S THE
ADMIRAL.

AUTOMATIC
CAUTION
DOOR

WATCH YOU'RE S

IT CAN'T BE.

ACCESS 659 003 A X

AUTOMATIC
CAUTION
DOOR



