

MASQUE

RETURNS!



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"THIS WAS A VERY COSTLY VENTURE, MY CALIPH."

"YES, I KNOW."

"WE LOST MORE MEN THAN EXPECTED. THE VILLAGERS PUT UP A VALIANT DEFENSE."





"BUT WE HAVE FOUND FOOD, WATER AND WOMEN TO ENTERTAIN THE MEN AS WE CONTEMPLATE OUR NEXT MOVE."

HUNGH!

YOU SLUTS HAD BETTER BE WORTH ALL THE BLOOD WE SPILT.

INSIDE, WHORE! WE WILL BE CELEBRATING ALL NIGHT!

"ARE WE REDUCED TO THIS, MY LORD? WE WERE ONCE A GREAT OCEAN OF MEN, SWEEPING CHRISTIAN LANDS INTO THE BOSOM OF ISLAM. NOW WE ARE NOTHING BUT MARAUDERS. NO BETTER THAN THE MURDEROUS CRUSADERS WHO VIOLATED JERUSALEM."

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BUT FOR
HOW LONG,
MY CALIPH?

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE
ME DO? FLOG THEM? THE
MEN ARE WEARY, THEIR
SPIRITS LOW. ABANDONED
BY THE SULTAN IN A
DISTANT LAND. WE'RE AT
KNIFES' EDGE.

MUTINY
IS RIFE!

"NOW, THEY HAVE OTHER THINGS TO OCCUPY THEIR MINDS. EVEN IF IT IS LACKING IN NOBILITY, IT IS STILL BETTER THAN TOTAL ANARCHY, WITH DAGGERS AT OUR THROATS."






AAAAYEEH!!!

HARDER! THE MASTER LIKES THEM COVERED AND TENDERIZED. BEAT THE FIGHT OUT OF THIS SHREW!

"HOPEFULLY THE VILLAGES NEARER THE BORDER WOULD BE LESS HOSTILE."

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HMMM... THEY MAY
HAVE THIS ONE AS
WELL. I TAKE NONE
FOR MYSELF. DO WITH
HER AS YOU WISH.



AAGH! HE HAS
THE BOILS! HE'S
BEEN CURSED
WITH DEATH!

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A SIGN FROM ALLAH, MY CALIPH.

BY THE PROPHET. WHAT IS THAT?!

HE'S DEAD! HE'S DEAD!

AAAIYEEH!!!

HE'S DEAD! HE'S DEAD!

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WHAT HAS
HAPPENED?
SPEAK NOW OR
I'LL CUT OUT
YOUR TONGUES!

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THAT WOULD BE THE 13TH TO DIE OF THE CONTAGION. SURELY ALLAH IS CONVEYING HIS DEEP DISPLEASURE WITH OUR CURRENT ACTIONS.

DO NOT ADVISE ME OF MATTERS YOU KNOW LITTLE OF. YOU ARE NO IMAM, YOU HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUE WORKINGS OF ALLAH. BUT THE MEN WILL BE QUICK TO AGREE WITH YOU.

WE SHALL REGAIN OUR LOST HONOR.





THE MAN IS DEAD, MY CALIPH. SHE'S SOME KIND OF WITCH!

NO! WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!

SILENCE WHORE!

NO, MY CALIPH. BOILS! IT'S THE PLAGUE!

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GATHER
THE MEN!
I SHALL
PERSONALLY
ADDRESS
THEM.

HE TOUCHED ME! HE
CAME INSIDE OF ME!
I WILL DIE FOR SURE
WITH ALL OF YOU.
GOD HAVE MERCY!



SILENCE
THAT CHRISTIAN
HARLOT! HER
SENSELESS
RAMBLINGS
WILL UPSET
THE MEN.



AS YOU
COMMAND,
CALIPH.

AAACK!

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MY SOLDIERS, MY BROTHERS OF THE FAITH. WE HAVE COME TO A FORK IN THE ROAD. WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT WE ARE DEAD MEN, ALL OF US. IF NOT FROM THE PLAGUE; BY THE SWORD OF THE SULTANS BORDER GUARDS.

AN ARMY BEARING THE PLAGUE WOULD NEVER BE ALLOWED TO RETURN, ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF OUR FAMILY, FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN.


WE HAVE BUT TWO CHOICES; CONTINUE AS WE ARE, RAPING AND PILLAGING OUR WAY BACK HOME AND HOPE WE DON'T SPREAD THE PLAGUE TO OUR WIVES AND CHILDREN, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

OR... WE TAKE THE HONORABLE ROUTE. DIE FIGHTING INFIDELS AND UNBELIEVERS.

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THE CHRISTIAN
FORTRESS LAYS BUT
A FEW LEAGUES TO THE
COAST. THERE, WE
SHALL REGAIN OUR
DIGNITY AS MEN AND AS
WARRIORS OF ISLAM.



PERFORM YOUR
ABLUTIONS, MAKE
YOUR PRAYERS,
MY BROTHERS.

I SWEAR BY
BLOOD WE SHALL
MEET AGAIN IN
PARADISE.

A GOOD STRONG SEA BREEZE IS ALWAYS REFRESHING IN THESE WARM SUMMER MONTHS. BLOWS AWAY THE STENCH OF THOSE INFERNAL FUNERAL PYRES!

MY LATE WIFE AND I LOVED TO SIT HERE TO WATCH THE SUNSET.

SHE WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL. SHE HAD LONG BLONDE HAIR SUCH AS YOURS. YOU VAGUELY RESEMBLE HER ACTUALLY. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, HOW MEN FALL IN LOVE WITH THE SAME WOMAN OVER AND OVER.

YOU ARE STANDING IN THE EXACT SAME PLACE I HAD HER PLAYED ALIVE FOR BETRAYING ME TO A FOREIGN MAGGOT.

PLEASE MY PRINCE. ALLOW ME SOME STITCH OF CLOTHING. I GROW COLD.





I LIKE HOW THE
COLD AIR KEEPS
YOUR NIPPLES
ERECT AND
PLUMP.

I DON'T KNOW, BUT
I THINK THESE ARE
STARTING TO GET
LESS SENSITIVE TO
MY TWEAKINGS.



DON'T YOU THINK SO?

AAAYEEH!
NO! MY PRINCE.

GOOD. I WOULD NOT WANT TO HAVE TO USE ANGELO'S PLIERS JUST TO GET THEM EXCITED.

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I APOLOGIZE FOR THE
SHORT LEASH. WE ARE
AT A VERY HIGH PLACE.
YOU MIGHT BE TEMPTED
TO THROW YOURSELF
OVER THE SIDE. NOW,
THAT WOULD BE
UPSETTING.

YOU DO REMEMBER
YOUR OWN LASH? I WAS
PLEASANTLY SURPRISED
BY ITS WEIGHT AND
MAKE. I HAD EXPECTED
A WOMAN'S WHIP TO BE
LIGHTER AND MORE
DELICATE.
TAKE IT!



I'M FAIRLY CERTAIN YOU HAVE USED IT BEFORE. HAVE IT AT 'ER. DON'T HOLD BACK, SHE FULLY DESERVES IT AFTER FAILING YOU.

MISTRESS, NO. PLEASE FORGIVE ME.

"BUT WHAT POINT WOULD THAT BE? I COULD NO LONGER TRUST HER; AND AS LONG AS SHE LIVED, SHE WOULD BE A STAIN TO MY HONOR. DEATH WAS APPROPRIATE. BUT THE MANNER OF DEATH HAD TO BE... SHALL WE SAY EXCEPTIONAL."

"AFTER 2 WEEKS OF FLOGGING, CUTTING, BURNING AND SKEWERING; WITH A PEAR STUCK FIRMLY UP HER ARSE, I HAD HER FLAYED ALIVE. WE HAD TO BRING UP SOME SAND FROM THE BEACH; THE FLOOR HAD GOTTEN SLIPPERY FROM HER BLOOD."

"IT TOOK SOMETIME FOR HER TO DIE. SO I FINALLY GAVE IN TO MERCY. I STRANGLERED HER WITH MY BEAR HANDS UNTIL SHE WAS GONE. I THINK SHE STILL MANAGED TO ORGASM, THE LUSTY HARLOT. HER BODY WAS BROKEN AND BRAIDED TO A WHEEL, LEFT FOR THE CROWS AND VULTURE."

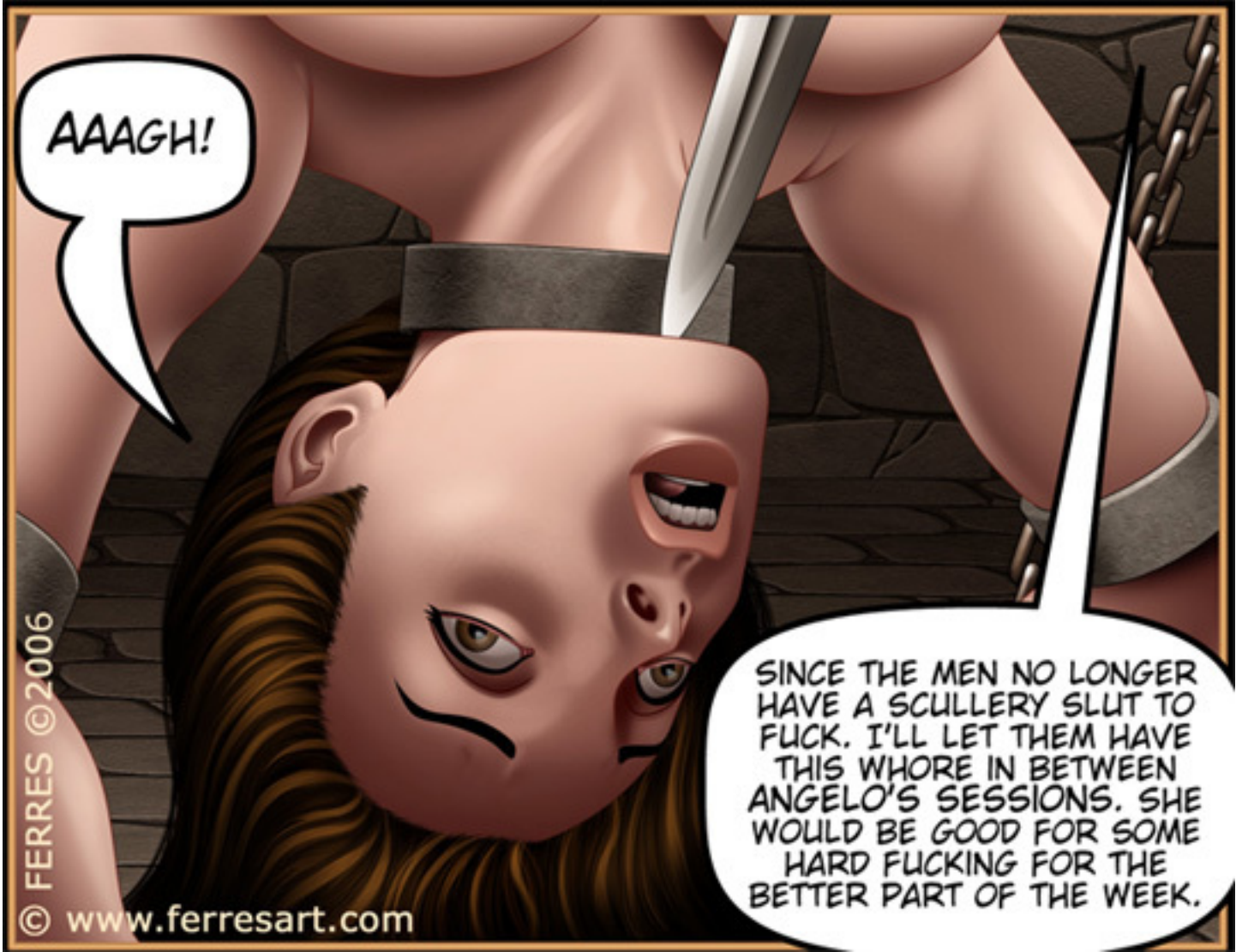


HUNGH!

HER SLUTTY CLEFT LOOKS RAW. ANOTHER OF ANGELO'S HANDY WORK, NO DOUBT. THE BUD IS ALMOST WORN AWAY. IF NOT FOR THE INFERNAL HEAT OF THE LOWER DUNGEONS, I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO SEE THE MAN AT WORK.

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AAAGH!

SINCE THE MEN NO LONGER HAVE A SCULLERY SLUT TO FUCK. I'LL LET THEM HAVE THIS WHORE IN BETWEEN ANGELO'S SESSIONS. SHE WOULD BE GOOD FOR SOME HARD FUCKING FOR THE BETTER PART OF THE WEEK.

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TAKE YOUR
POSITION,
CONTESSA. GIVE
HER YOUR ALL.



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MY PRINCE. I-I DON'T
THINK I CAN DO THIS.
NOT TO HER. HAVE YOU
NOT TORTURED HER
ENOUGH? HAVE PITY.

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NOT NEARLY ENOUGH, CONTESSA. SHE MADE AN AGGRIEVIUS ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE.

HER TORMENT WILL BEAR NO LIMIT AND DEATH WILL BE HER ONLY RELIEF.

UNDERSTAND THIS! I AM WELL WITHIN MY RIGHT TO HAVE YOU BOTH BOUND TIGHTLY TOGETHER AS I AND ANGELO TAKE TURNS SCOURGING THE FLESH FROM YOUR BONES.

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"IF YOU DO NOT WALE ON HER. HER SUFFERING WILL BE FAR GREATER AND YOU WILL SHARE IN IT."

I'M SORRY BUT THIS IS FOR THE BEST.

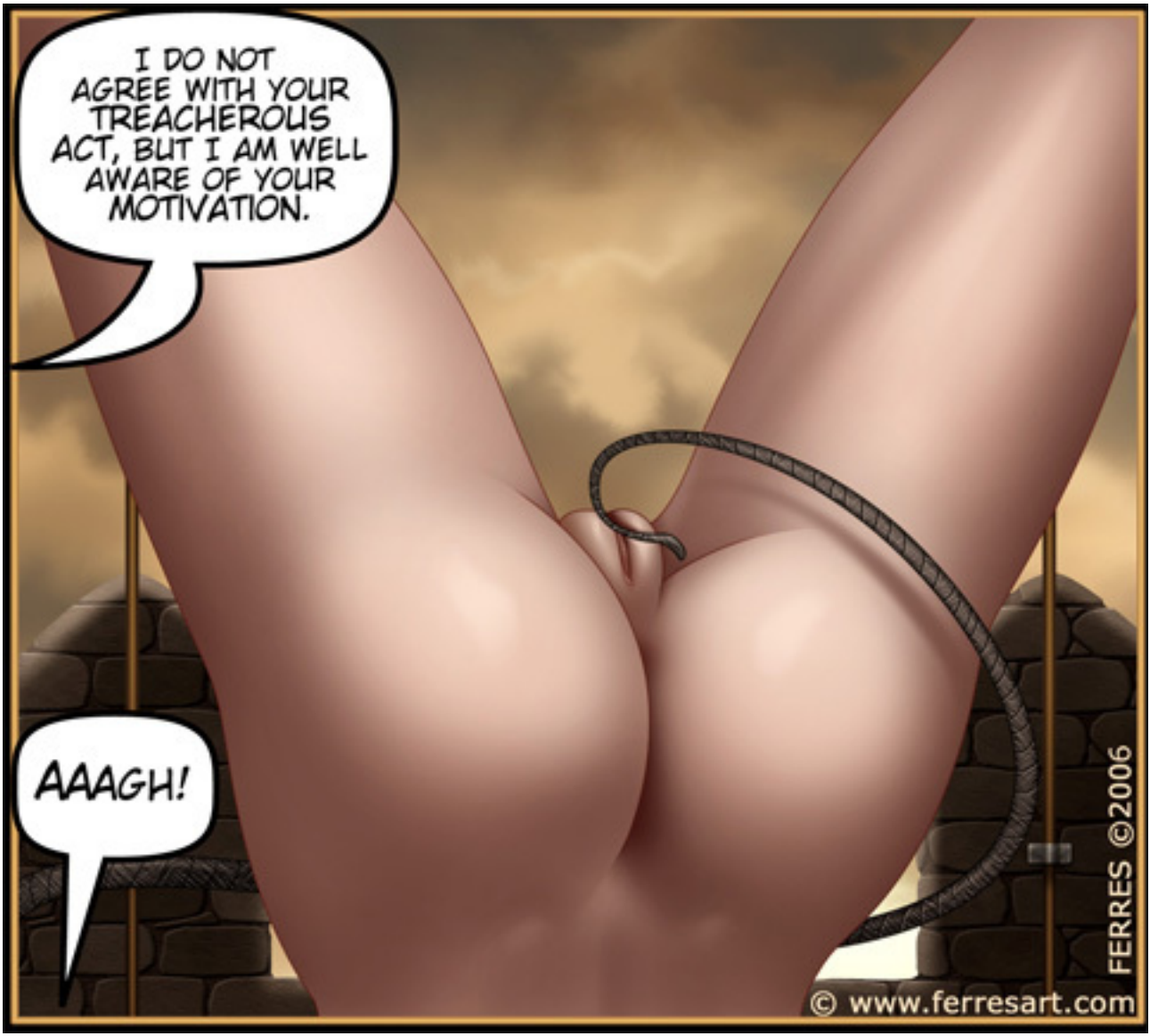
AAIYEEH!
NO,
MISTRESS!

"REGRET NOTHING, DEAR CONTESSA. THE LITTLE HARLOT FAILED YOU. IF SHE HAD SUCCEEDED, YOU WOULD NOT BE BOUND TO ME. NAKED AS YOU ARE AND AT THE MERCY OF MY EVERY WHIM."

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I DO NOT
AGREE WITH YOUR
TREACHEROUS
ACT, BUT I AM WELL
AWARE OF YOUR
MOTIVATION.

AAAGH!

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AAAIYEEH!!!

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"TAKE OUT YOUR
FRUSTRATIONS
ON MAID TESSA.
BELIEVE ME
YOU'LL FEEL
BETTER.
FLOGGING AN
INCOMPETENT
MAID IS VERY
CATHARTIC."



GOOD ONE!
YOU HAVE SOME SKILL
WITH THE WHIP, CONESSA.
YOU ARE CLEARLY NOT A
NOVICE IN THESE MATTERS.
PLEASE CONTINUE.

AAAGH!

**T
H
W
A
A
C
K
!**

FOR THE NEXT HOUR THE
COUNTRESS' EYES GAZED
UNFLINCHINGLY AT HER
QUARRY, UNLEASHING A
BLISTERING SERIES OF
LASHES. THE MAID TESSA
PLEADS AND BEGS, BUT IT
IS AS IF HER MISTRESS
WAS OBLIVIOUS TO HER
PLIGHT. THE MAID'S CRIES
REMAIN UNHEEDED.



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THAT IS ENOUGH.
YOU'RE HAVING WAY
TOO MUCH FUN.

DON'T GET ME WRONG.
I RATHER ENJOY WATCHING
YOU SWING THAT WHIP,
BREASTS SWAYING AND
JIGGLING SO ENTICINGLY.
BUT I DON'T WANT THE
LITTLE ASSASSIN DEAD...
NOT JUST YET.



WHAT HAVE DONE
TO ME! WHAT HAVE
YOU TURNED ME
INTO!

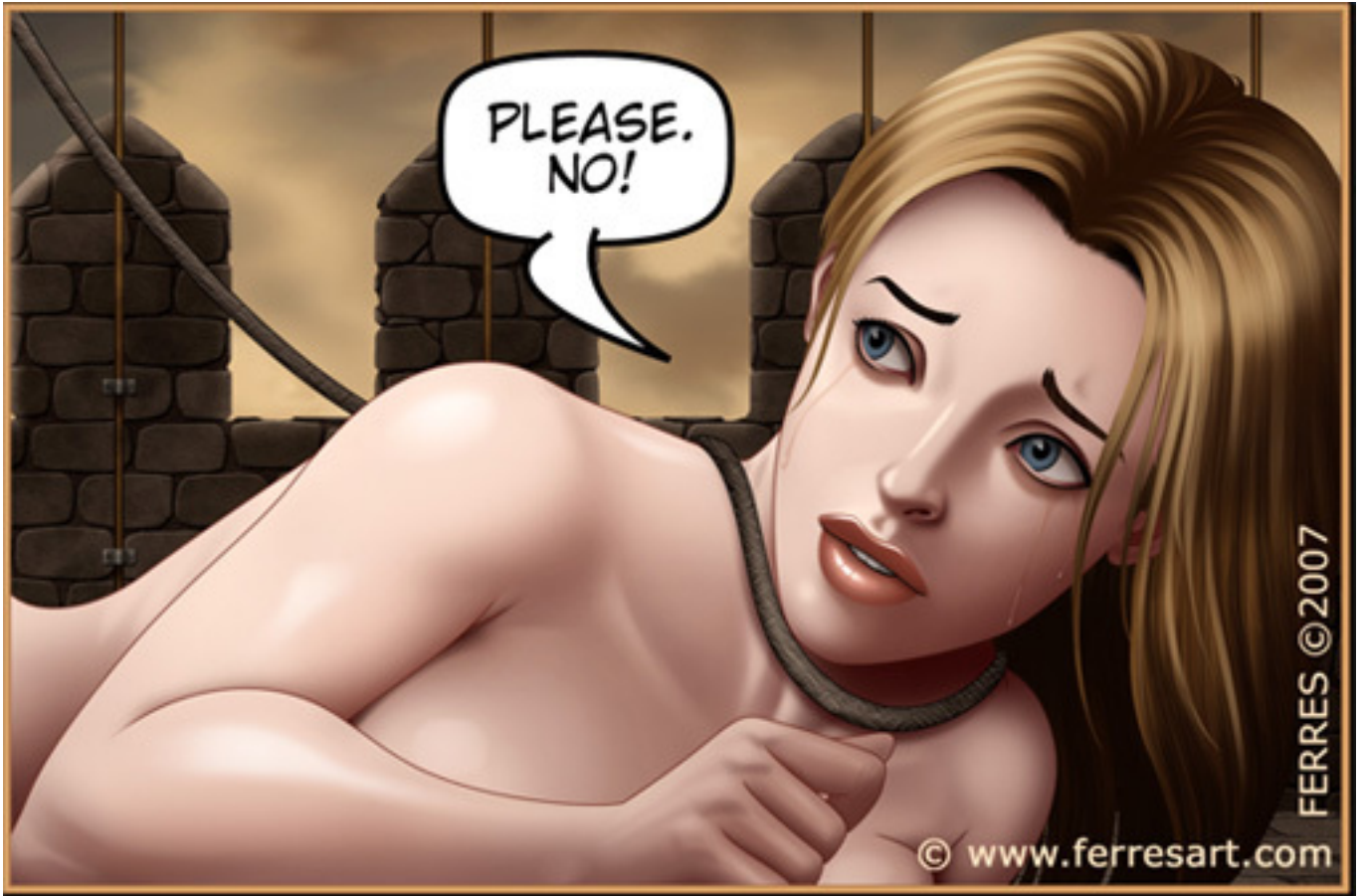
I DID NOT TURN YOU
INTO ANYTHING. YOU ARE
FINDING THE DARKNESS
WITHIN YOURSELF.
EMBRACE IT AND ALL
WILL MAKE SENSE.



YOU'VE
GOTTEN ME
VERY EXCITED
WITH THAT
DISPLAY.

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I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME I TAP THAT ASS AGAIN.

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MY PRINCE, PLEASE
DON'T. I AM NOT A
COMMON STREET
WHORE.

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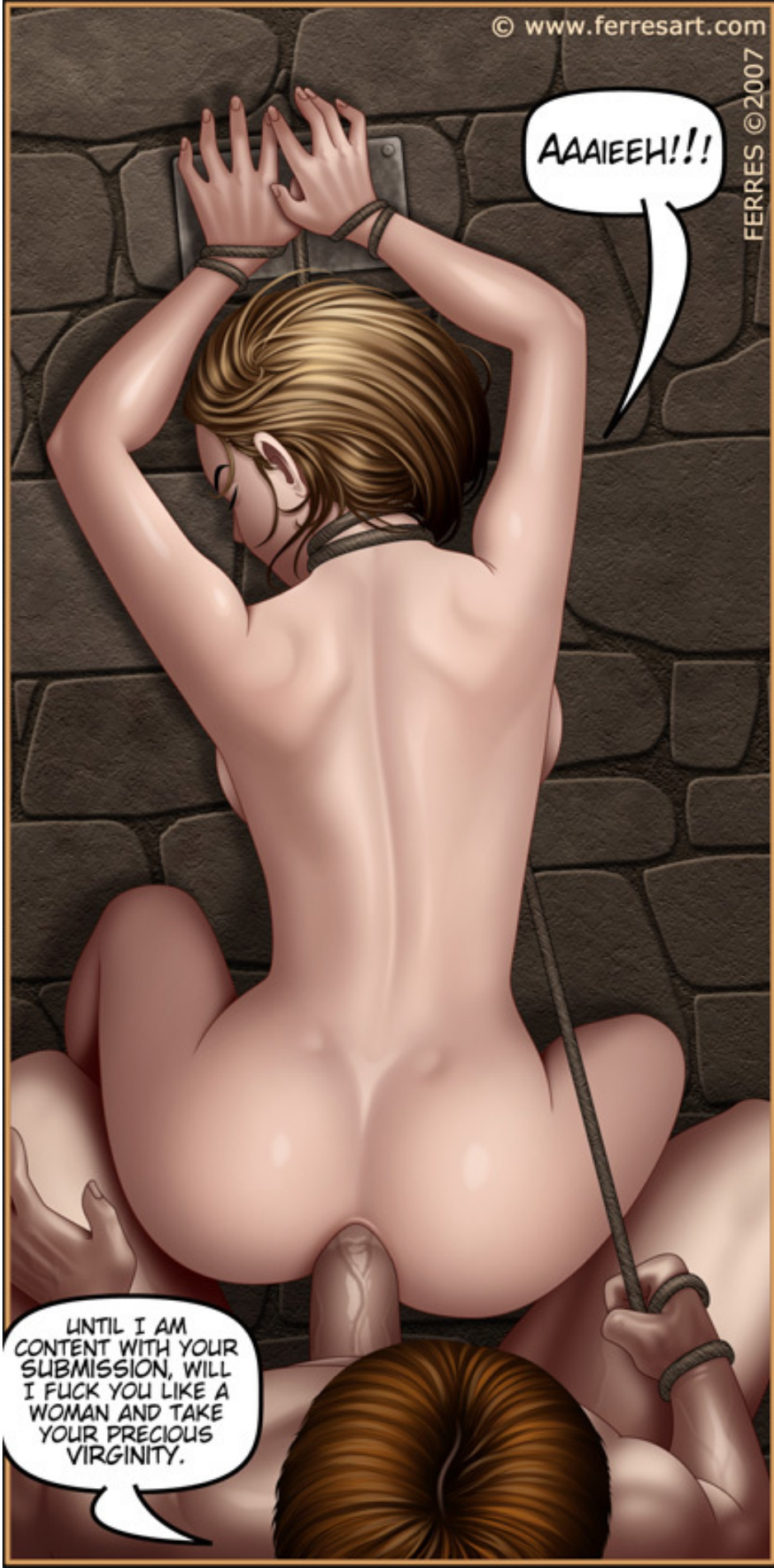


YOU'RE PROPENSITY
TO SPEAK OUT OF
TURN BELIES YOUR
DEFIANT NATURE.

NO!
PLEASE!

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AAAIEEH!!!

UNTIL I AM
CONTENT WITH YOUR
SUBMISSION, WILL
I FUCK YOU LIKE A
WOMAN AND TAKE
YOUR PRECIOUS
VIRGINITY.

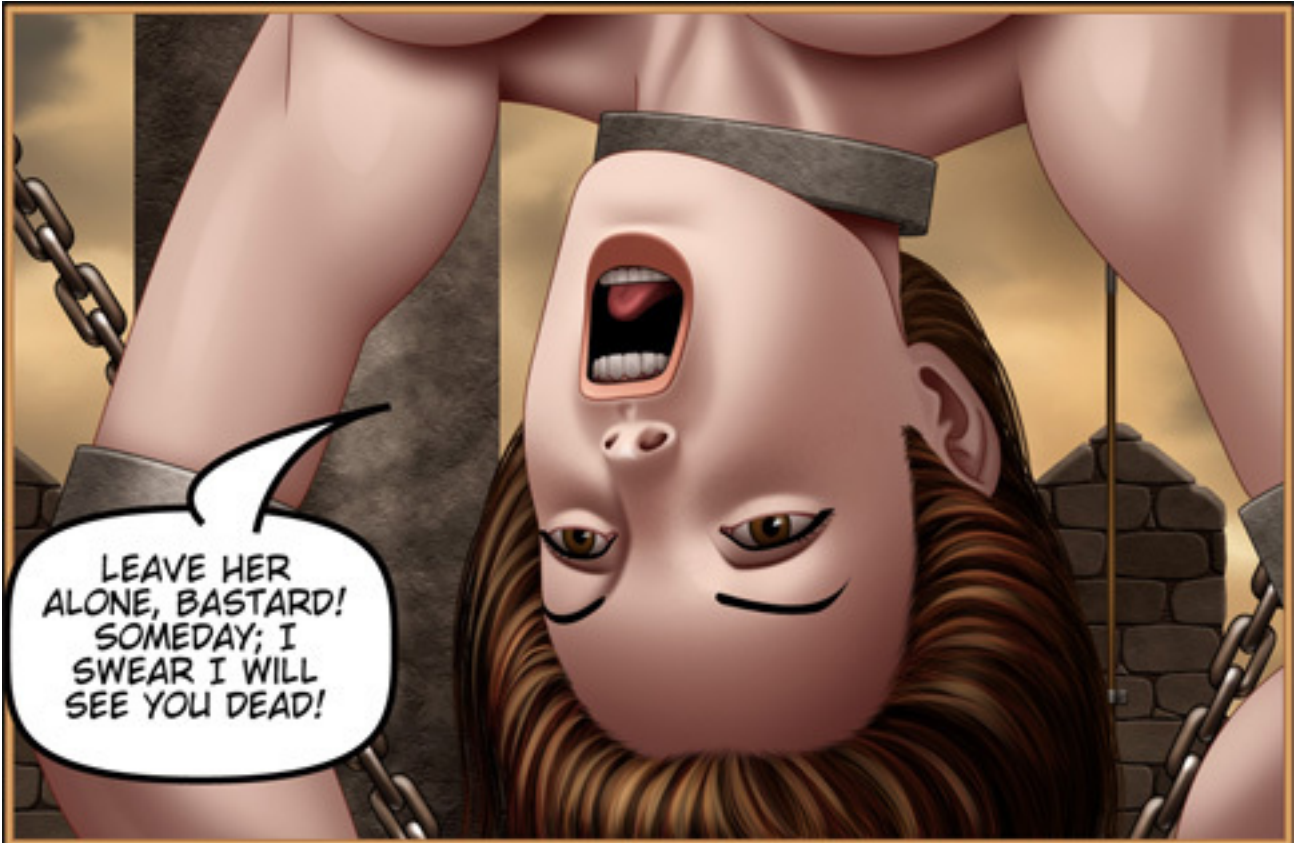


AAGH!

SEEING YOU BARE ASS
AND SO BOUND BRINGS
MY LOINS TO BURSTING,
SO TIGHT AND SMOOTH,
A MAN'S HEAVEN LIES
BETWIXT THY LEGS.

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LEAVE HER
ALONE, BASTARD!
SOMEDAY; I
SWEAR I WILL
SEE YOU DEAD!



YOU ARE JUST
AS STUBBORN AS
YOUR MISTRESS,
WENCH.

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TELL ME, HOW LONG HAVE YOU SERVED, CONTESSA MARJORIE?

F-FOUR YEARS... I-I'M SORRY, YOUR HIGHNESS. PLEASE, I DID NOT MEAN TO SPEAK SO...

FOUR YEARS IS LONG ENOUGH TO DEVELOP CERTAIN HABITS. PROTECTING YOUR MISTRESS' HONOR, OBEYING HER EVERY CAPRICE, EVEN IF IT IS DETRIMENTAL TO YOUR OWN WELL BEING. THAT CAN BE CHANGED.

NO, DON'T! PLEASE!

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PAIN IS A WONDERFUL
TEACHING TOOL. THE
GREATER THE PAIN THE
BETTER THE LESSON.
TODAY, YOU WILL START
LEARNING THE HABIT OF
SILENCE.

PAIN THAT ENDURES
IS A LESSON LONG
LEARNED. EVERY TIME
YOU FEEL PAIN AND
PISS BLOOD, IT WILL
REMINDE YOU TO KEEP
YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

AAAAYEEH!!!



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YOU HAVE AN
ARSE TRULY FIT
FOR BUGGERING
MY DEAR. LUNNGH!

MNNGH!

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THAT WAS VERY SATISFYING. I LOOK FORWARD TO IMPALING THAT FINE ASS AGAIN.

ADOLFUS! GET UP HERE!



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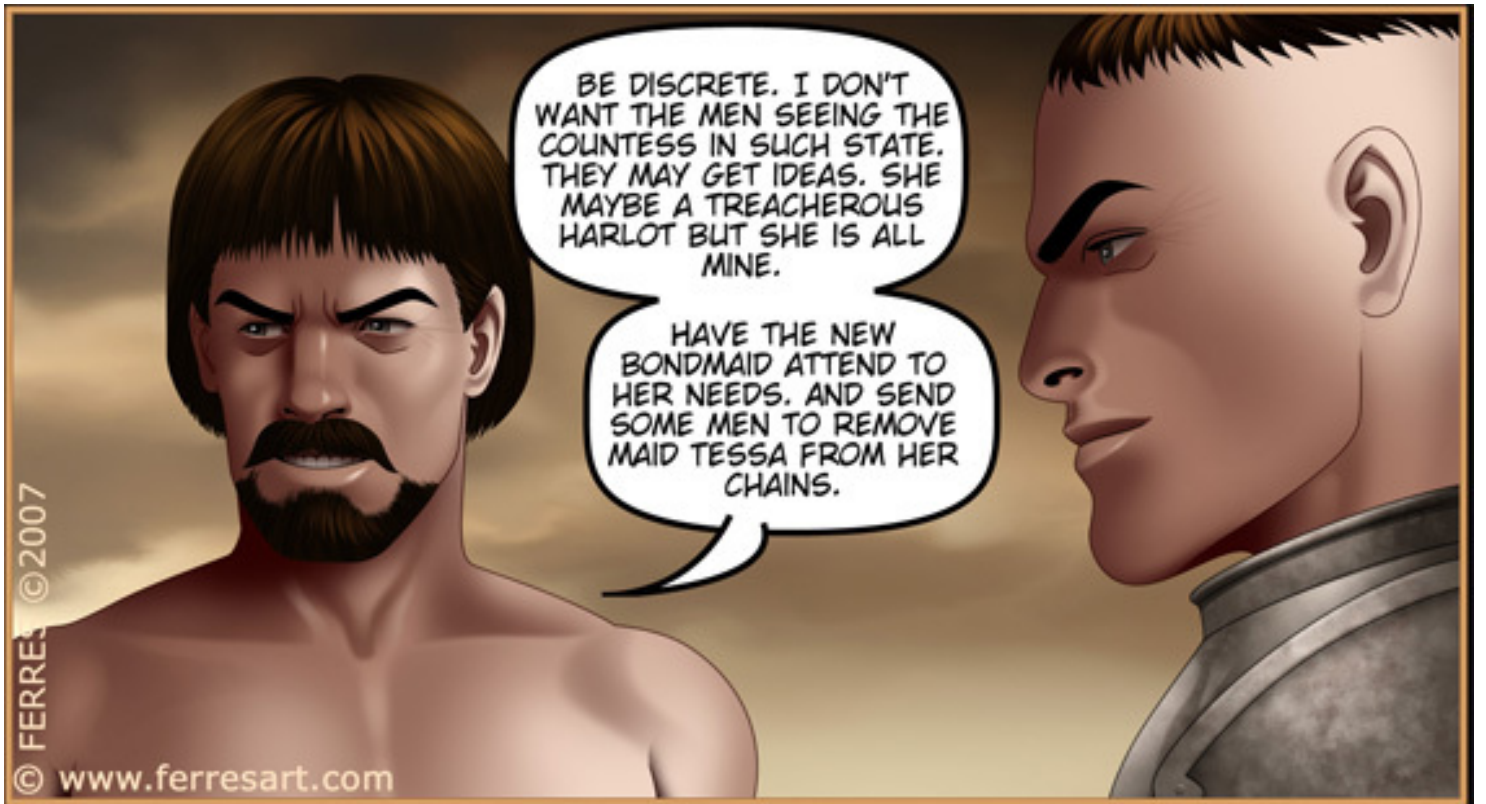


SECURE HER TO THE BED. SHE MAY YET TRY TO END HER OWN LIFE. I WOULD BE VERY VEXED IF THAT WERE TO HAPPEN. DO YOU UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN.

YES, YOUR HIGHNESS.

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BE DISCRETE. I DON'T WANT THE MEN SEEING THE COUNTESS IN SUCH STATE. THEY MAY GET IDEAS. SHE MAYBE A TREACHEROUS HARLOT BUT SHE IS ALL MINE.

HAVE THE NEW BONDMAID ATTEND TO HER NEEDS. AND SEND SOME MEN TO REMOVE MAID TESSA FROM HER CHAINS.

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YOU MEN! TAKE
DOWN THIS HARLOT
AND RETURN THE
CHAINS TO ANGELO.

YOU MAY TAKE YOUR LIBERTIES WITH THIS CUNT BEFORE YOU RETURN HER TO THE DUNGEON. IN FACT, THE WHOLE GARRISON MAY DO SO.

BUT DO NOT LET HER EXPIRE. ANGELO HAS NOT FINISHED WITH HER YET.

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WORRY NOT,
SLUT. YOU'LL BE
HAVING FUN WITH
US TONIGHT.

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BUT OUTSIDE THE WALLS,
THERE IS MUCH AT STIR...

THE GATEHOUSE
APPEARS TO BE
ABANDONED.

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BAKU, TAKE TWENTY MEN AND SECURE THAT GATEHOUSE. WE CAN USE IT AS A STRONG POINT FOR THE SIEGE.

THE REST OF YOU, STAY OUT OF SITE. START DIGGING IN POSITIONS AND FIND A PLACE TO BEGIN UNDERMINING THEIR WALLS. WE MUST MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE CALIPH.



LOOK FOR POSSIBLE
ESCAPE ROUTES. WE
SHALL TRAP THESE
CHRISTIAN RATS HERE.

TO ARMS!
THE CHRISTIANS
ATTACK!

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TAKE IT TO THEM,
LADS! SHOW THESE
HEATHENS THE
VIRTUES OF
CHRISTIAN STEEL.

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BRISTLING PIKES RUSH FORWARD AT THE UNSUSPECTING TURKS, TEARING THROUGH ILL PREPARED LINES.



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PANIC SPREADS QUICKLY AS MEN FLEE, ONLY TO BE STRUCK DOWN BY MORE HIDDEN AMBUSHERS.

DON'T LET THEM REGROUP. GIVE NO QUARTER!

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THOSE WHO
MUSTER TO
FIGHT...

AARGH!

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...DIE JUST AS QUICKLY.

AACK!



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THERE! LOOK TO
THE TREES FOR
STRAGGLERS!

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THE BATTLE ENDS...

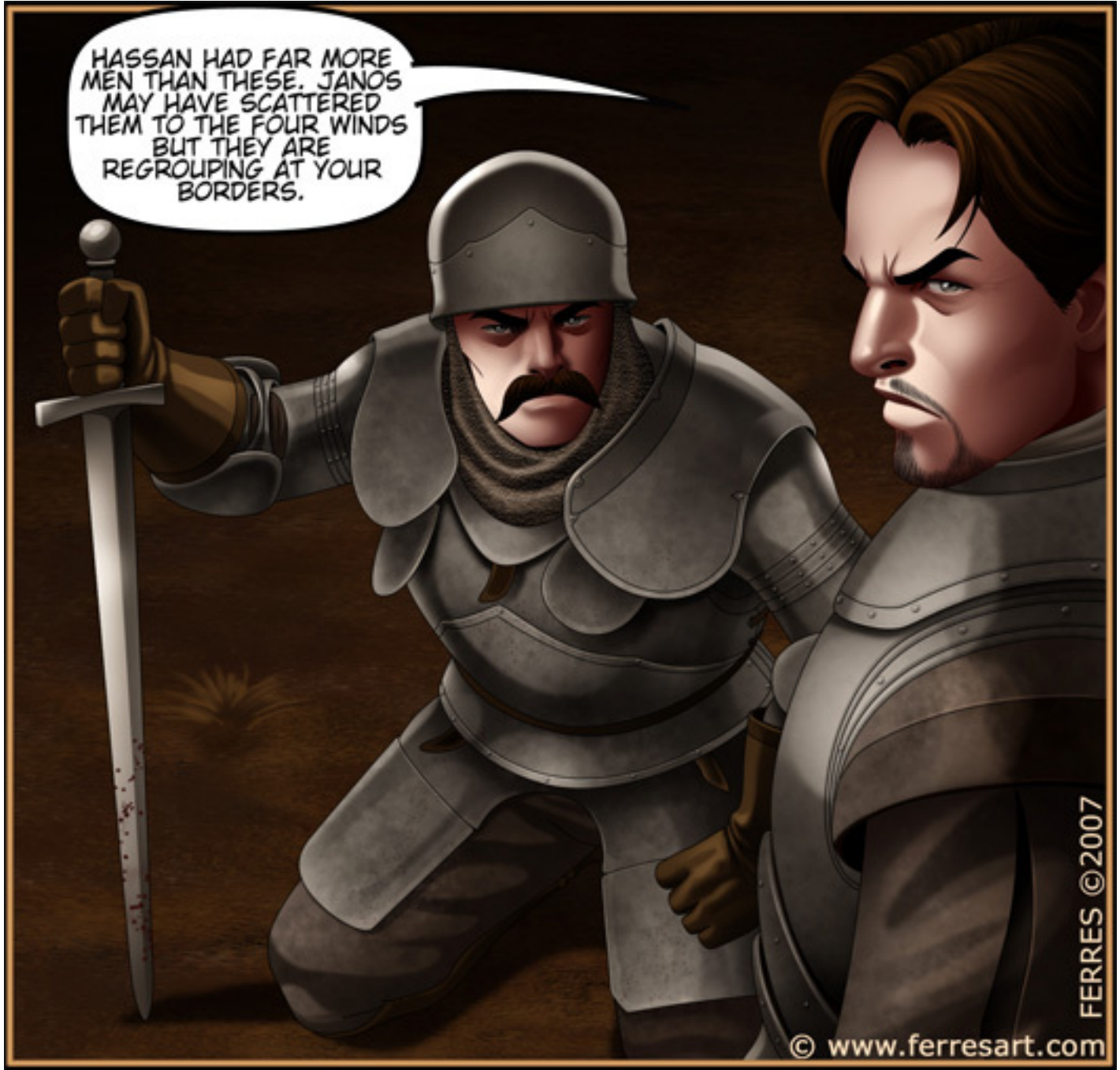


WELL FOUGHT, MERCENARY. WE LOST A FEW BUT WE LITTERLY SLAUGHTERED THEM. BLOODY BUSINESS, THIS IS.

DON'T CELEBRATE YET, SERGEANT. THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

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HASSAN HAD FAR MORE
MEN THAN THESE. JANOS
MAY HAVE SCATTERED
THEM TO THE FOUR WINDS
BUT THEY ARE
REGROUPING AT YOUR
BORDERS.





COUGH! INFIDEL, YOU SHALL ALL DIE WHEN MY MASTER COMES. HE SHALL VISIT UPON YOU TEN FOLDS WHAT YOU DID TO US.

PRAY TO YOUR FALSE GOD FOR A QUICK DEATH, FOR MY MASTER IS SHORT ON MERCY.
COUGH!

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THIS WILL NEED OILING TO RID IT OF THE STENCH OF HEATHEN BLOOD.

THIS TRICK WILL NOT WORK A SECOND TIME. WE WILL EASILY BE SURROUNDED BY THEIR SUPERIOR NUMBERS.

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YOU MAY WANT TO
HAVE THE BODIES
BURNED. THEY SHOW
SIGNS OF THE
GODLESS PLAGUE.

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A BIT OF FIRE ON THE FEET AND YOU ALREADY SQUEAL LIKE A PIG. SAVE YOUR SCREAMS, THIS WILL BE A LONG SESSION.

THEY WILL HAVE THEIR CHANCE TO WREAK VENGEANCE IN GOOD TIME.

AAAIEEH!!!

YOU KILLED A GOOD MAN IN A LAND SHORT OF GOOD MEN. HIS BROTHERS IN ARMS WILL DEMAND SATISFACTION. I COULD RELEASE YOU TO THEIR WAITING ARMS BUT I'M AFRAID THEY WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF YOU; LEAVING YOU DEAD FAR TOO SOON FOR MY LIKING.

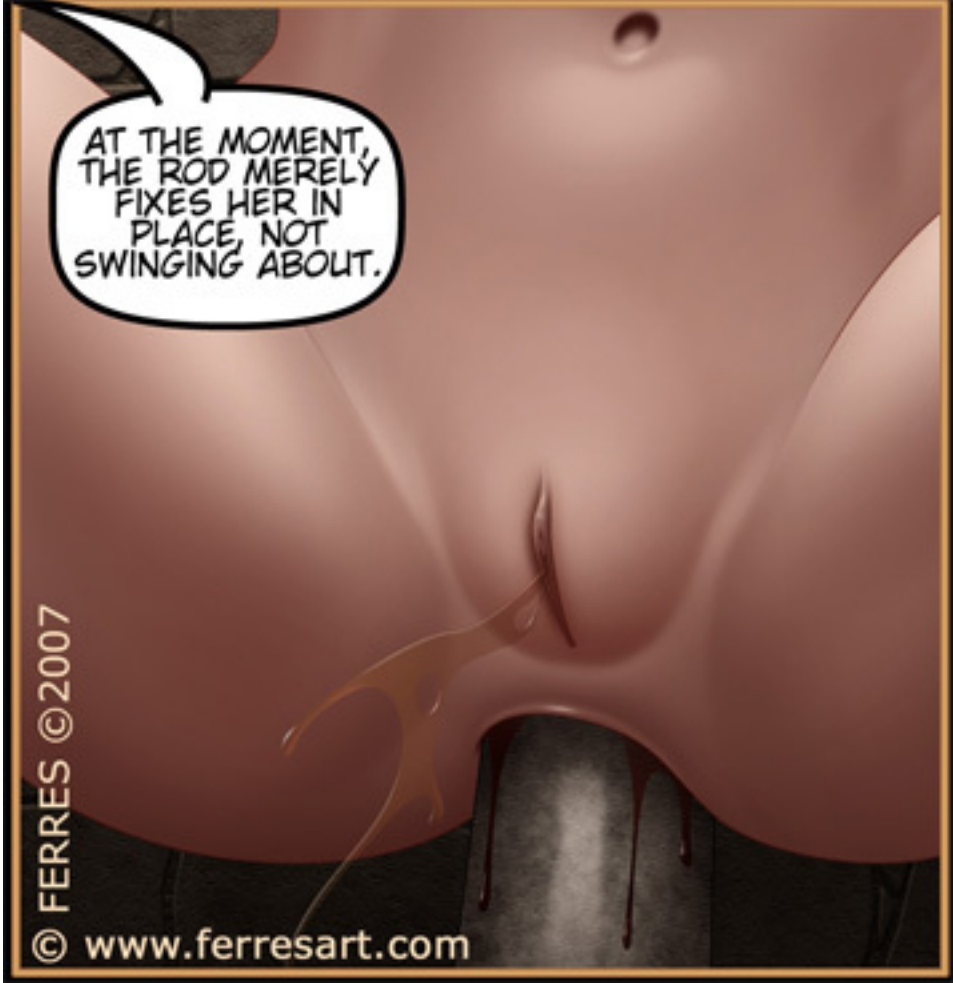


TAKE NOTE, ISHAK. WHEN I BURN HER FEET, SHE BARELY NOTICES THE HOT IRON ROD UP HER ARSE. THE MIND FOCUSES ON ONE PAIN AT A TIME.

AAAIYEEH!

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AT THE MOMENT,
THE ROD MERELY
FIXES HER IN
PLACE, NOT
SWINGING ABOUT.

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AAAIEEH!!!

YOU SHOULD TAKE YOUR TIME. LET HER BE FAMILIAR WITH EACH INSTRUMENT. OTHERWISE; YOU'LL JUST BE WASTING THE SESSION.



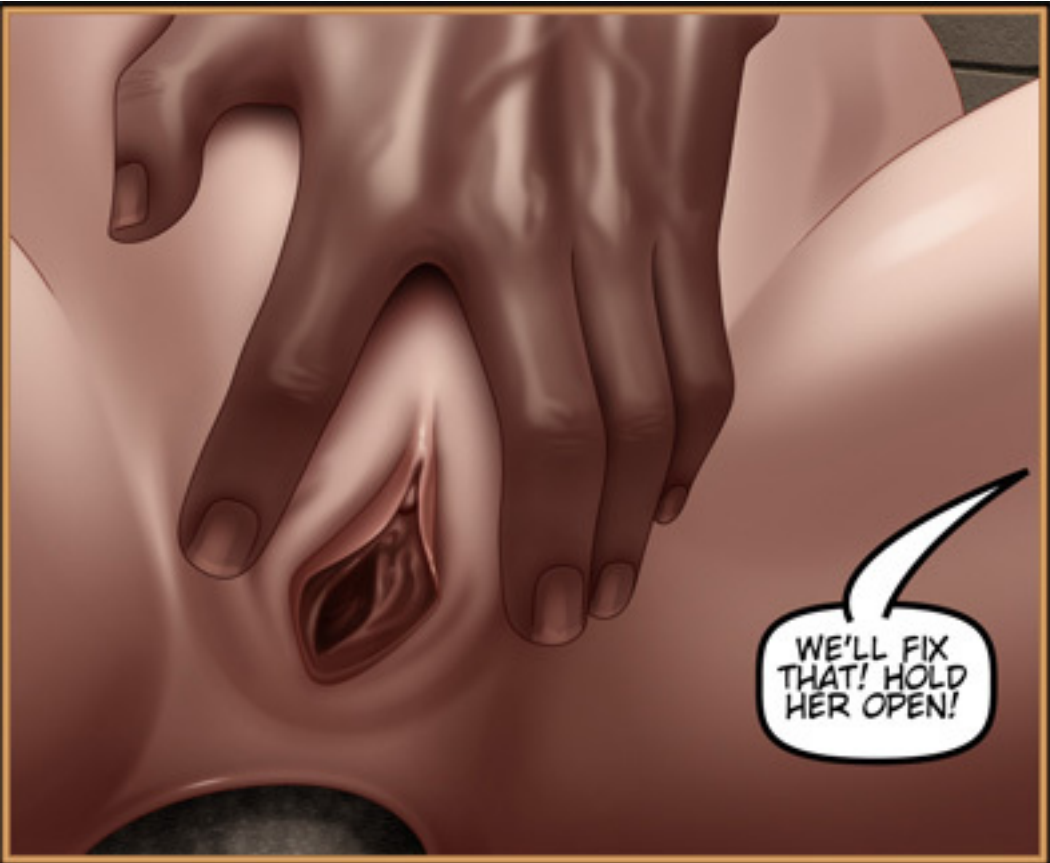
HNNNH!

HMM... I STILL FEEL HER BUD.

I SEE! THESE PEASANT WOMEN ARE SUCH WHORES. THEIR CLITS GROW THICK FROM OVER USE.

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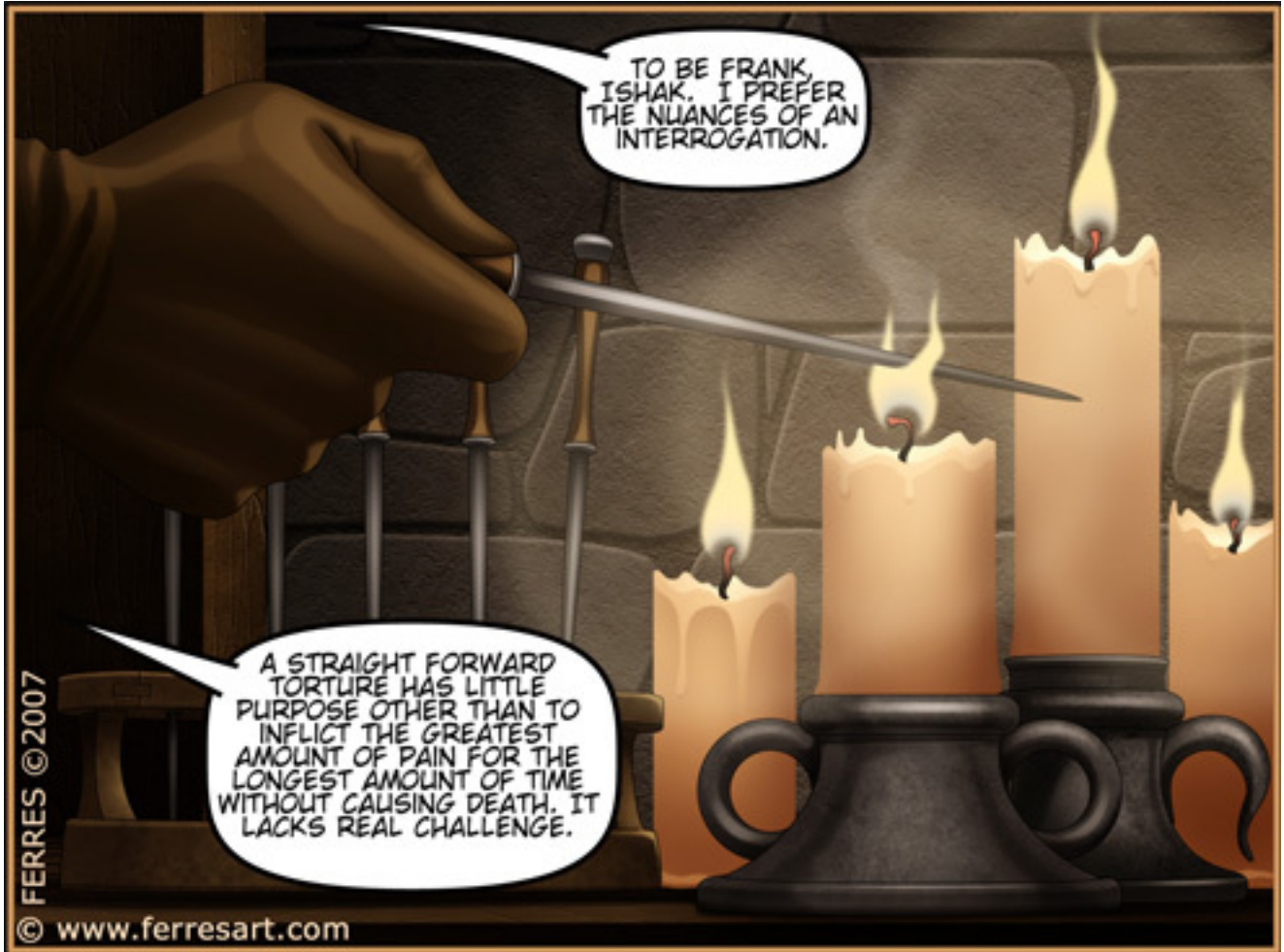
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TO BE FRANK, ISHAK. I PREFER THE NUANCES OF AN INTERROGATION.

A STRAIGHT FORWARD TORTURE HAS LITTLE PURPOSE OTHER THAN TO INFLECT THE GREATEST AMOUNT OF PAIN FOR THE LONGEST AMOUNT OF TIME WITHOUT CAUSING DEATH. IT LACKS REAL CHALLENGE.

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SHOW THEM THE
IMPLEMENTS TO
BE USED.
ANTICIPATION IS A
KEY TOOL.

NEVER HARM
THE EYES UNLESS
YOU ARE FINISHED
AND NO FURTHER
SESSIONS ARE TO
FOLLOW.

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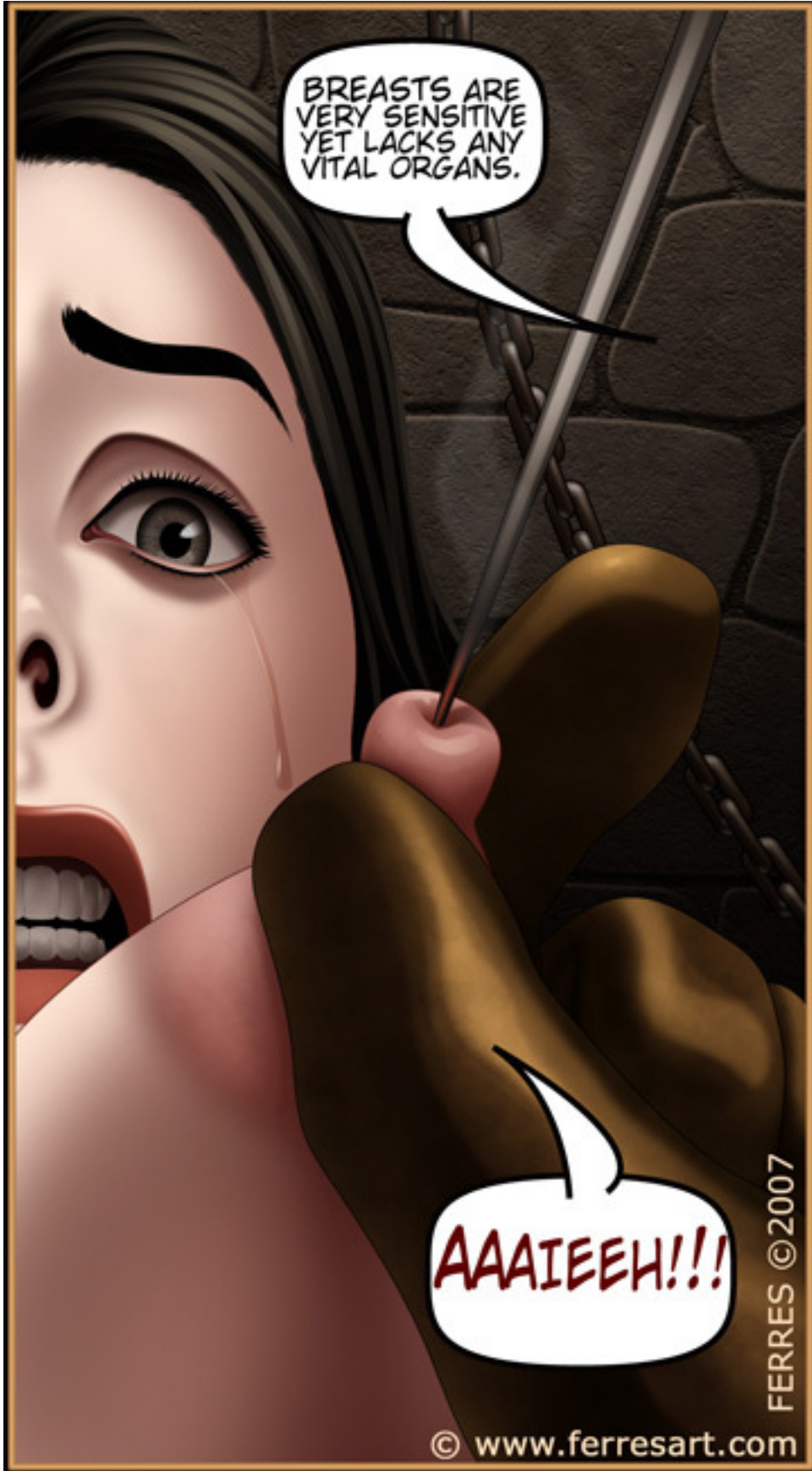


HNNNH!

EXTRACTING CONFESSIONS,
NOW THAT IS A WORTHWHILE
TRADE. CHOOSING THE
RIGHT TOOLS, MEASURING A
PERSONS RESOLVE AND
ULTIMATELY FINDING THE
BREAKING POINT TO COERCE
THAT CONFESSION.

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BREASTS ARE
VERY SENSITIVE
YET LACKS ANY
VITAL ORGANS.

AAAIEEH!!!

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AAGH!

DESPITE THEIR APPARENT SENSITIVITY, THE BREASTS DO NOT BLEED MUCH WHEN SUBJECTED TO PIERCINGS.

MERCY! PLEASE STOP.

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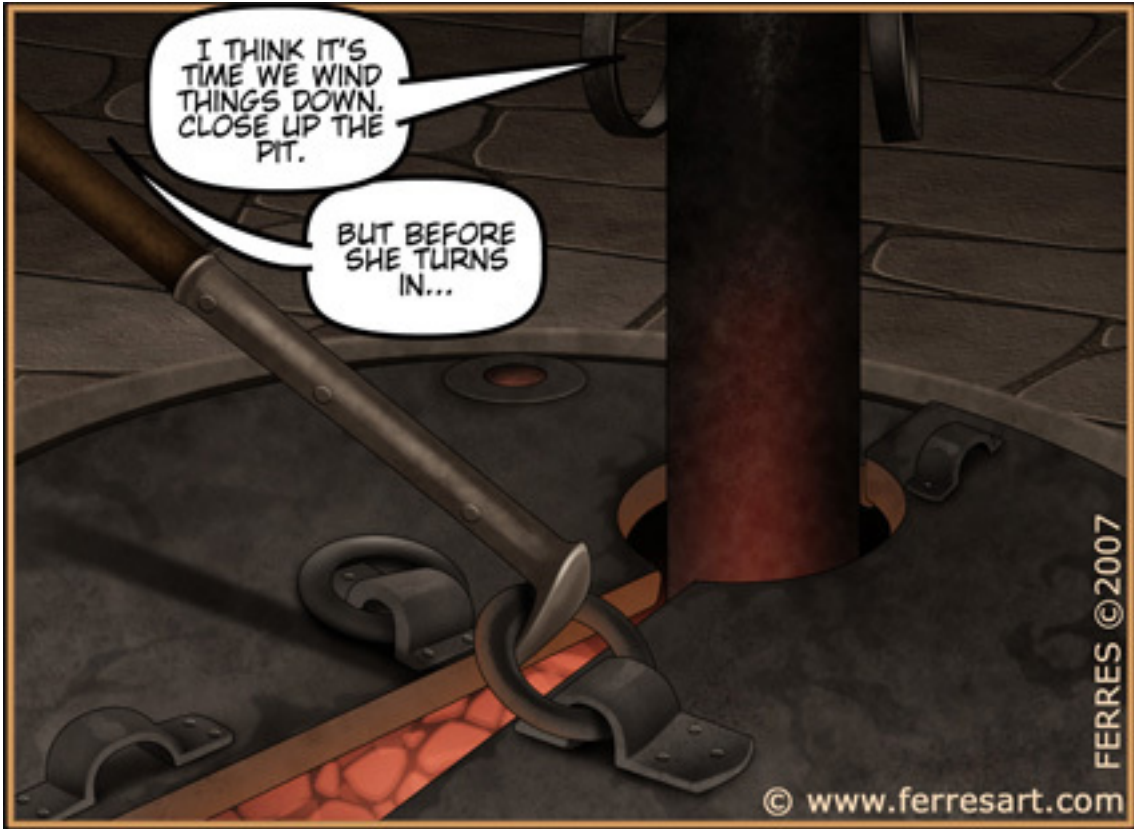
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IF THIS TROLLOP WERE A WITCH.

WE WOULD BE REQUIRED TO EXTRACT A CONFESSION IN ORDER TO JUSTIFY HER EXECUTION. DEPENDING ON HOW MUCH SHE WISHES TO LIVE, SHE WILL RESIST IMPLICATING HERSELF TO AVOID THE FIRES.



SO, WE APPLY AN ESCALATING SERIES OF SESSIONS UNTIL SHE REACHES THAT TIPPING POINT, WHEN SHE WOULD RATHER WELCOME A FIERY DEATH THAN BE SUBJECTED TO FURTHER TORTURES.



I THINK IT'S
TIME WE WIND
THINGS DOWN.
CLOSE UP THE
PIT.

BUT BEFORE
SHE TURNS
IN...

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LET ME
FLICK
HER!

AAIYEEH!!!

BY ALL MEANS. SHE
WON'T BE IN ANY
SHAPE FOR FLICKING
WHEN WE'RE ALL
DONE. MIGHT AS
WELL DO HER NOW
WHILE SHE'S STILL
'PRETTY'.

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DON'T ACT SO SURPRISED, YOU'VE HAD THIS COMING...

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ENJOY IT
WHILE YOU
CAN WENCH!

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JUST THE WAY
YOU HARLOTS
LIKE IT. LONG
AND THICK!





HNNNH!

A SHAME
THESE SOFT
BOUNTIES
WELL BE
RIPPED OFF.





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I COME WITH ILL
TIDINGS, MY
BROTHERS! WHERE
IS OUR MASTER?

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IBRAHIM'S LOSE WILL ONLY STRENGTHEN OUR RESOLVE IN DESTROYING THIS NEST OF RATS. WE HAVE THE MEN AND MACHINES TO BRING THEIR WALLS DOWN.

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THEIR WALLS WILL FAIR
NO BETTER THAN THOSE
OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
THEIRS MAYBE HIGHER,
BUT WEAKER AT THE
BASE. OUR CANNONS
WILL OBLITERATE THEM.

WE HAVE LITTLE
USE FOR
CAVALRY. HAVE
THEM AUGMENT
OUR FOOT.

LET US ALL BE
WELL RESTED
TONIGHT.
TOMORROW WE
EXCISE THIS BOIL.

YOU NEED NOT HAVE ME
ON A LEASH. I WILL NOT
DARE AN ESCAPE NOR
TAKE MY OWN LIFE. IT IS
A MORTAL SIN.



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FORGIVE ME, MILADY.
IT IS BY ORDER OF THE
PRINCE THAT YOU
REMAIN BOUND.



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IF I AM TO REMAIN NAKED, WHY THEN IS MY OWN MAID FULLY CLOTHED. I HAVE YET TO LOSE MY TITLE YET MY BONDMAID HAS GREATER PRIVILEGE THAN I.



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STRIP OFF THOSE RAGS! WHILE YOUR MISTRESS IS BARE YOU SHALL BE AS WELL.

BUT...?!

NOW!

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QUICKLY
NOW.

Y-YES,
MILORD.



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SHE IS BARELY
ADEQUATE FOR MY
NEEDS. UNTRAINED
AND LACKING MANY
NECESSARY SKILLS.
GOOD ONLY FOR
FUCKING.

IF YOU SO
DESIRE CAPTAIN,
YOU MAY TAKE
HER NOW. I WILL
SIT AND WATCH.

FORGIVE ME,
MISTRESS. I
CAN NOT DO
SUCH A THING.

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I WILL NOT
DISHONOR
THIS WOMAN.



EVEN IF SHE
HAS LITTLE
HONOR LEFT?

EVEN
MORE SO.

OF COURSE. YOU
ARE TOO NOBLE,
CAPTAIN. YOU LACK
THE HEART OF A
WILD BEAST. THIS
IS WHY THE PRINCE
TRUST YOU ABOVE
ALL.

BRING THE
WENCH TO HER
KNEES THEN.

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SHE DOES HAVE A PLEASING DISPOSITION FOR A COMMON PEASANT GIRL. I COULD YET MAKE DO WITH HER.

WILL THAT BE ALL, MISTRESS?

AH?!

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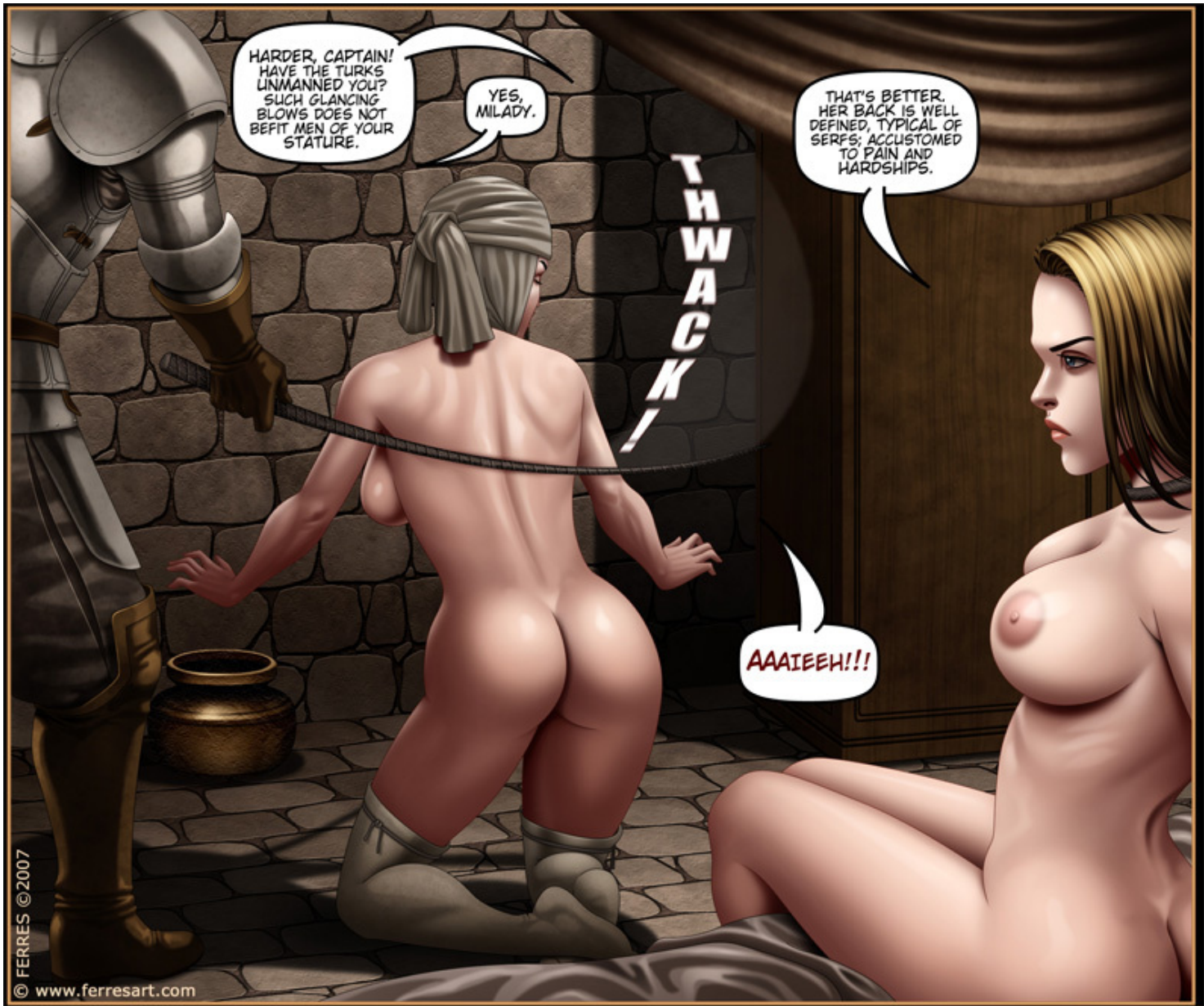
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HARDER, CAPTAIN!
HAVE THE TURKS
UNMANNED YOU?
SUCH GLANCING
BLOWS DOES NOT
BEFIT MEN OF YOUR
STATURE.

YES,
MILADY.

T
H
W
A
C
K
!

THAT'S BETTER.
HER BACK IS WELL
DEFINED, TYPICAL OF
SERFS; ACCUSTOMED
TO PAIN AND
HARDSHIPS.

AAAIEEH!!!




TESSA IS SUFFERING
UNSPEAKABLE TORMENTS.
IN RESPECT FOR HER,
THE SUBSTITUTE SHOULD
AT LEAST KNOW A LITTLE
OF THAT SUFFERING.

GIVE HER
BREAST A PROPER
THRASHING.
TWENTY STROKES
ON EACH, THEN YOU
MAY GO.

AS YOU
WISH,
CONTESSA.

AAAIEEH!!!



SPLENDID
WORKMANSHIP,
ANGELO. WILL IT
HOLD HER WEIGHT
AND THAT OF THE
MEN?

MERCENARY, THIS IS
MADE FROM TOLEDO
STEEL, SUITED FOR
ARMOR AND
SWORD. IT WILL
HOLD.

THOSE WHO FOUGHT IN THE SKIRMISH WILL BE TAKING THEIR LEAVE ON THIS HARLOT'S BODY. THE CHAIR WILL KEEP HER PRONE, EVEN AFTER SHE'S DEAD.

GOD DAMN THAT ANGELO! HE'S TAKING FOREVER, SETTING UP THAT CONTRAPTION OF HIS. JUST LAY THE BITCH OUT AND WE'LL DO THE REST. WE'RE GONNA FUCK THE CUNT, NOT HAVE A PILGRIMAGE TO HER PUSSY.



I HEAR WE GET TO BUGGER THE CONTESSA'S HANDMAID.

THAT ARROGANT FOREIGN BITCH? HAH! SHE'S GOING TO REGRET EVER SPURNING US. THE THINGS WE'LL DO TO HER...

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THEY'VE BEEN TOLD
THEY WILL GET TO
FLUCK THE ASSASSIN
GIRL. THEY WILL BE
EXTRA ROUGH.



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GIVE THE ROPE
A NICE TUG AND
YOU'LL SEE HER
EYES POP OUT.

AAAIEEH!!!

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GHUULK!!

RELEASE THE ROPES...

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AAAIYEEH!

...AND HER
BODY TUMBLES
OVER UNTO THE
BUCKET.





MORE PISS THAN
WATER, REALLY.
WATER IS SCARCE
IN PREPARATION
FOR THE SIEGE.

NO!



HARDLY
MADE THE
BRIM...

GHLK!

YOU'RE
WELCOME TO
MAKE A
CONTRIBUTION.

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A muscular man with long brown hair and a goatee is shown in a stone dungeon. He is shirtless and has a determined, slightly menacing expression. He is pulling on a metal cage that is restraining a woman. The woman is also shirtless and has a look of extreme pain or fear on her face, with her mouth wide open in a scream. She is being pulled back by the cage, which is attached to ropes and metal hooks. The background consists of stone walls and several lit candles in sconces, providing a dim, atmospheric light. The overall style is that of a comic book illustration.

LET'S GIVE
THIS BITCH A
TRY.

REQUIRES A
TAD BIT OF
MANEUVERING
BUT THIS WILL
DO.

AACK!

AAGH!

I HAVE A SOFT SPOT FOR CASTLE SLUTS. DELICATE SKIN, PLEASANT SMELL... I CAN DO WITHOUT THE FIRM ASS OF A PEASANT GIRL.





SARGENT, YOU
CAN SEND YOUR
BOYS IN BUT NOT
ALL AT ONCE.

YEAH, YEAH!
JUST GET OUT
OF THE FUCKING
WAY.



GHLK!

JESUS! THESE
BONDMAIDS HAVE
THE SERPENTS
TONGUE IN MORE
WAYS THAN ONE.

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HAVE A GOOD
PISS, BROTHERS.
DON'T LET IT GO
EMPTY.

OUR
PLEASURE,
MERCENARY.

GRRGLE!
GLKGH!



I CAN'T HEAR HER ANYMORE. HAVE THESE DEVILS SLAIN HER?!

SHE PROBABLY HAS SOMETHING IN HER MOUTH.

YOU SHOULD EAT, MISTRESS.

OF COURSE... YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE HABITS OF THESE WILD DOGS IN MEN'S GUISE.

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GET THAT SLOP AWAY! LEAVE ME BE. WAIT... I DO HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO.

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PERFORM YOUR
ORAL DUTIES.
ALLOW ME
RESPITE FROM MY
BURDENS.

YES,
MISTRESS.



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NO NEED FOR
TENDERNESS.
STIFFEN THAT
TONGUE AND SUCK
ON IT AS YOU DID
BEFORE.

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THE FRIVOLITIES OF
LOVE MAKING ARE NOT
FOR THE JADED AND
THE FORSAKEN...

YES! MOVE THAT
TONGUE FASTER
AND DEEPER.

MMNN...YES,
MISTRESS.
MMNH...



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PLEASE LEAN BACK,
MISTRESS. IT WILL
BE BETTER THAT
WAY. MMMM...

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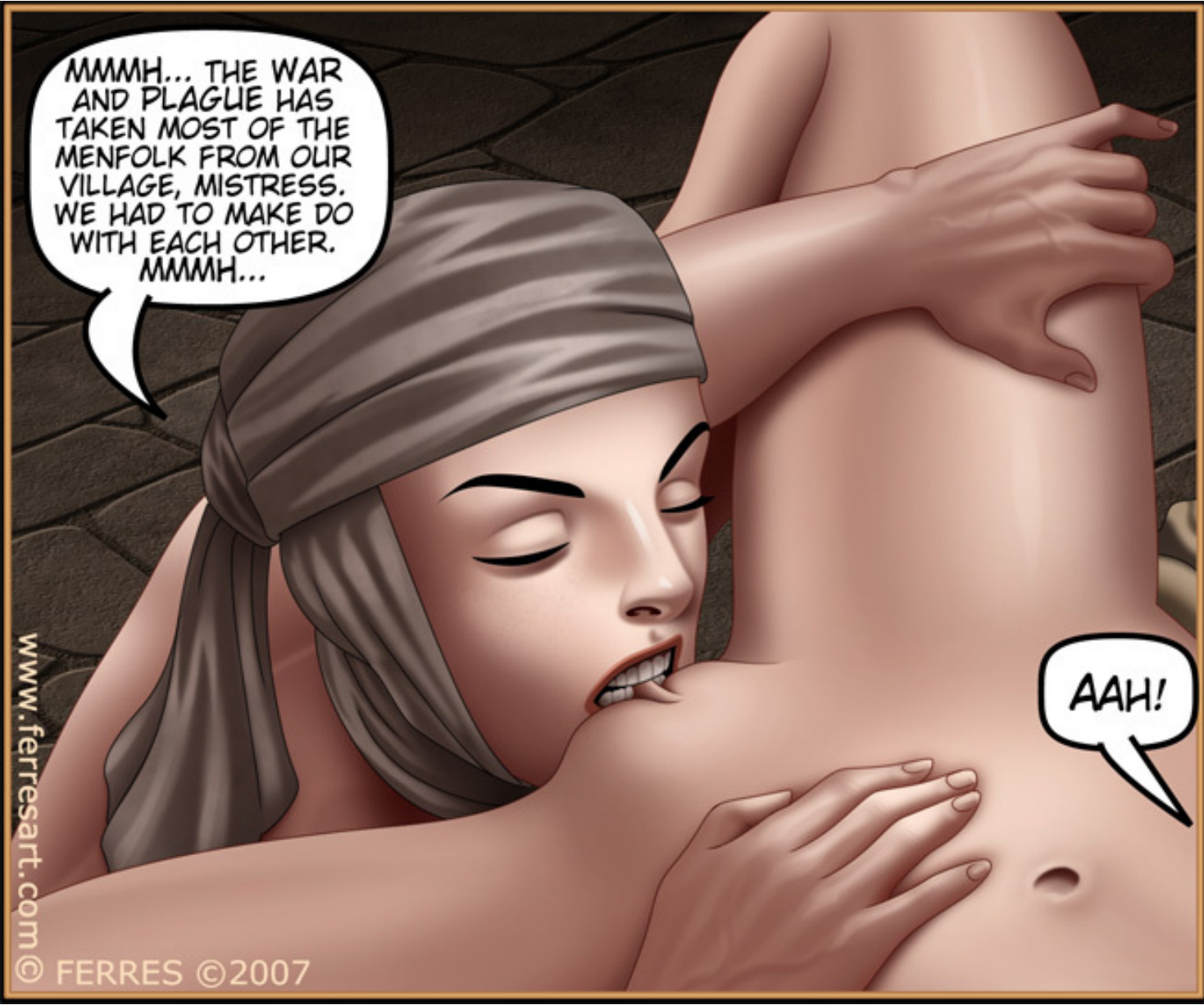
MMNH...
MMNH...

I DID NOT WANT
TO SAY BEFORE,
BUT YOU ARE MORE
THAN ADEQUATE
FOR MY NEEDS.

YOUR TONGUE IS
WELL VERSED, IT
BETRAYS YOUR
EXPERIENCE WITH
SAPPHIC PLEASURES.


YOU ARE NO
NOVICE IN THE
LOVE MAKING
OF WOMEN.





MMM... THE WAR
AND PLAGUE HAS
TAKEN MOST OF THE
MENFOLK FROM OUR
VILLAGE, MISTRESS.
WE HAD TO MAKE DO
WITH EACH OTHER.
MMM...

AAH!



THERE IS ONE
MORE TASK I WANT
YOU TO DO. AND
THIS YOU MUST
KEEP SECRET.

TAKE YOUR
HAND AND
FORCE IT INTO
ME.

BUT
MISTRESS...

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MMNHHH... SUCH ACTS... IS USUALLY FROWNED UPON BUT THE NEEDS... OF THE FLESH OUT WEIGHED THE FEARS OF... PERSECUTION... HMNNNGH!

HHHHNNGH! THAT WAS VERY SATISFYING.

MMNNGH... MNNH...

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BUT, MISTRESS.
YOU ARE STILL A
VIRGIN. IF I PUSH
FURTHER YOU WILL
NO LONGER BE...

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MNNH! I
KNOW THAT,
YOU STUPID
PEASANT!

LINGH! DO AS I
COMMAND! QUICKLY,
BEFORE I LOSE MY
NERVE AND FALL
VICTIM TO
COWARDICE.











AWAY WITH YOU!
SOLDIERS, SEND
THESE EASTERN
DOGS BACK INTO
THE BLACK ABYSS!

AARGH!

THEIR OVER
THE WALLS!



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STEADFAST,
MY SOLDIERS!
STEADFAST FOR
YOUR PRINCE AND
CHRISTENDOM!

MY PRINCE, WE
CANNOT HOPE TO HOLD
THE GATEHOUSE.
YOUR HIGHNESS MUST
DRAW BACK TO THE
KEEP AND COLLAPSE
THE DRAWBRIDGE
BEHIND THEE.

THESE TURKS ARE
MAD! THEY THROW
THEMSELVES AT OUR
STEEL WITH LITTER
ABANDON. THEY
REFUSE TO RETREAT
AND FIGHT TO THE
DEATH.

THEN SO
SHALL WE,
SERGEANT.

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AAAGH!

WITH ALL DUE
RESPECT, YOUR
HIGHNESS. WE WILL
NOT LAST THE DAY
IF WE DO SO.

THEY
HAVE THE
NUMBERS,
WE DON'T.

THEY'VE TAKEN
THE TOWER! THE
GATEHOUSE IS
LOST!



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BOWMAN!
GIVE CAPTAIN
ADOLFUS THE
SIGNAL.

"WITH THE THREAT OF THE TOWERS
NEGATED. THEY WOULD THINK TO
BRING THEIR SIEGE GUNS CLOSER."



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WITHIN SIGHT OF
THE CASTLE WALLS.
HOPING TO BRING A
QUICK RESOLUTION
TO THE SIEGE, THAT
WILL COST THEM.









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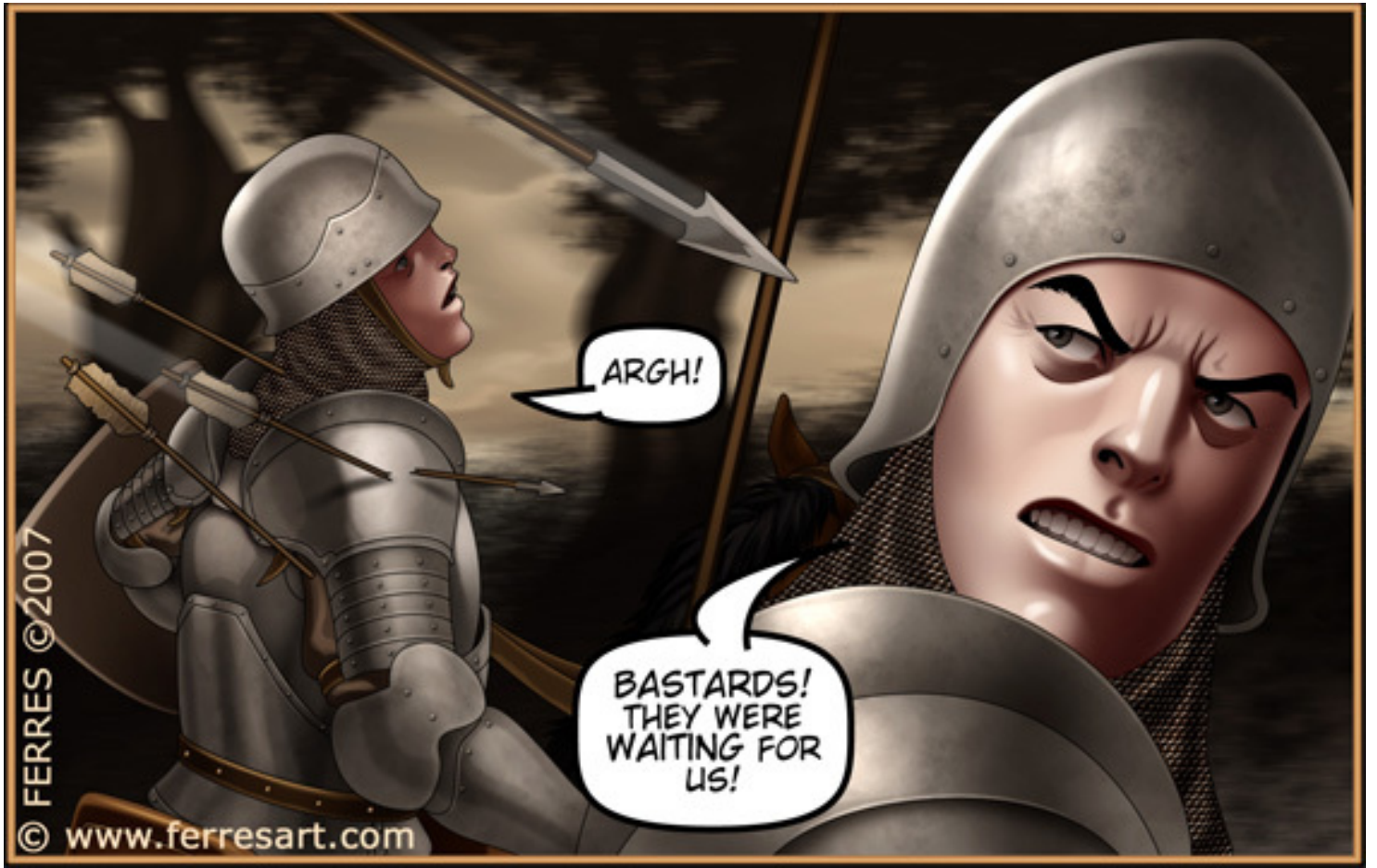
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ARCHERS!
BRING THEM
DOWN!

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SPEARS AT THE
READY! PREPARE
TO MEET THEIR
CHARGE!

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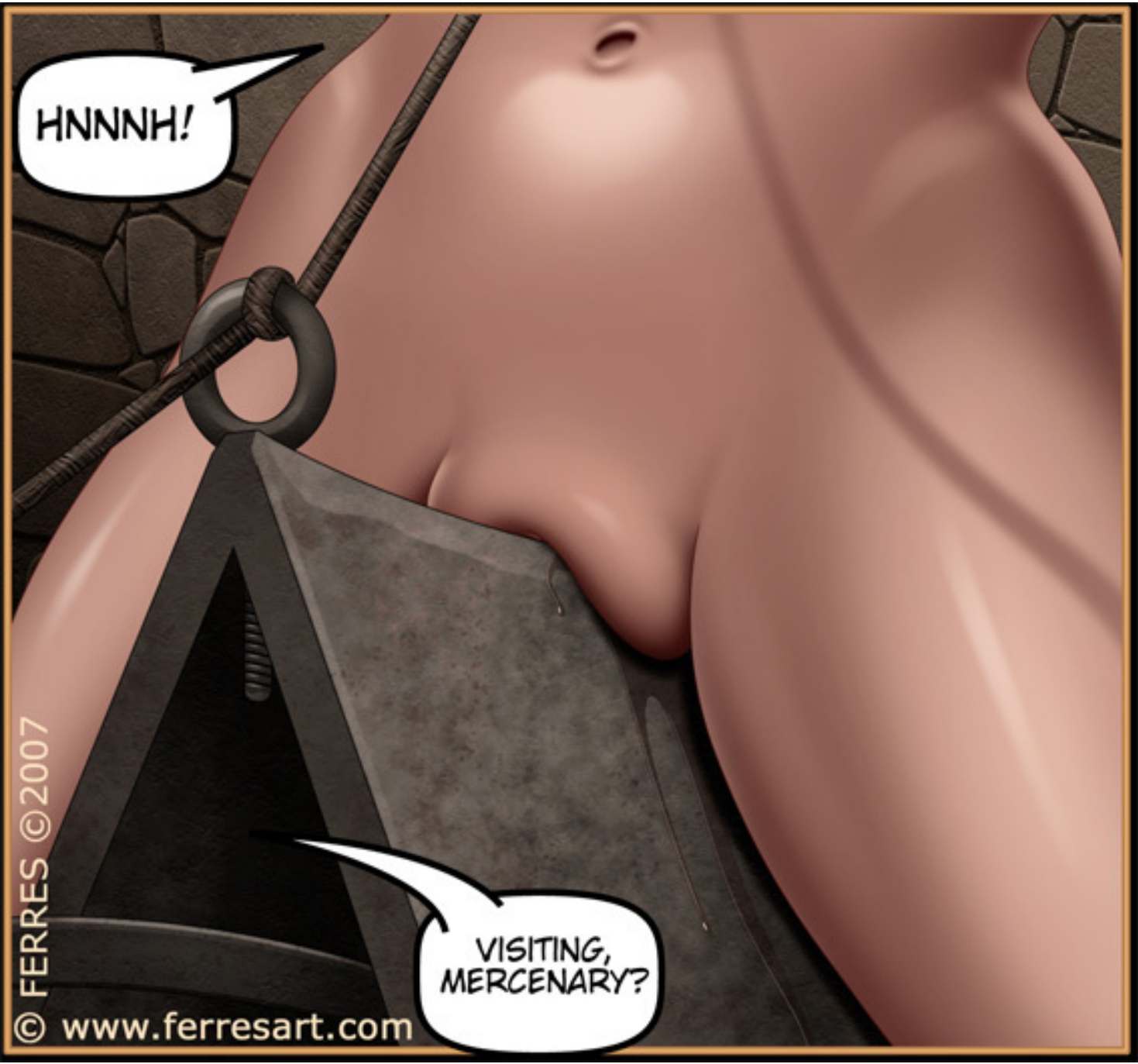
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FOR GOD AND THE PRINCE!
YEEAH!

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HNNNH!

VISITING,
MERCENARY?

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HOW GOES THE BATTLE, MERCENARY?

DONE FOR THE DAY. BUT IT DID NOT GO WELL. NOT WELL AT ALL.

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I'M AMAZED SHE'S STILL ALIVE.

YES, LAME BUT ALIVE. WE ARE SKILLED CRAFTSMEN NOT SADISTIC, BLOOD THIRSTY BRUTES. WE TAKE OUR TIME.


AAAIYEEH!



THE TURKS HAVE ENDED
THEIR ASSAULT, FOR NOW.
BUT THEY'VE TAKEN THE
GATEHOUSE, FILLED IN THE
MOTE AND DISABLED THE
DRAWBRIDGE. THEY SENT
MEN TO COVER THE
COASTAL GATE AS WELL.

WITH BARELY
FIFTY MEN LEFT TO
DEFEND THE KEEP.
IT'S JUST A
MATTER OF TIME.

I FIGURED AS
MUCH. JUST
BETWEEN US, I
INTEND TO KEEP
THIS BITCH ALIVE.



SHE HAS A PRETTY
FACE. WE CAN USE HER
TO BARGAIN OUR WAY
OUT. I UNDERSTAND THE
TURKS TOOK A LIKING
FOR HER.

AAGH!



WE CAN FIX HER UP,
I DOUBT SHE'LL BE
NEEDING TO DO MUCH
WALKING. SHE ONLY
HAS TO LAY BACK
AND SPREAD HER
LEGS.

HUH-
HUH!

SEE HER
SWOLLEN CUNNY.
HER PUSSY WILL
BE TIGHT AS A
VIRGIN'S.

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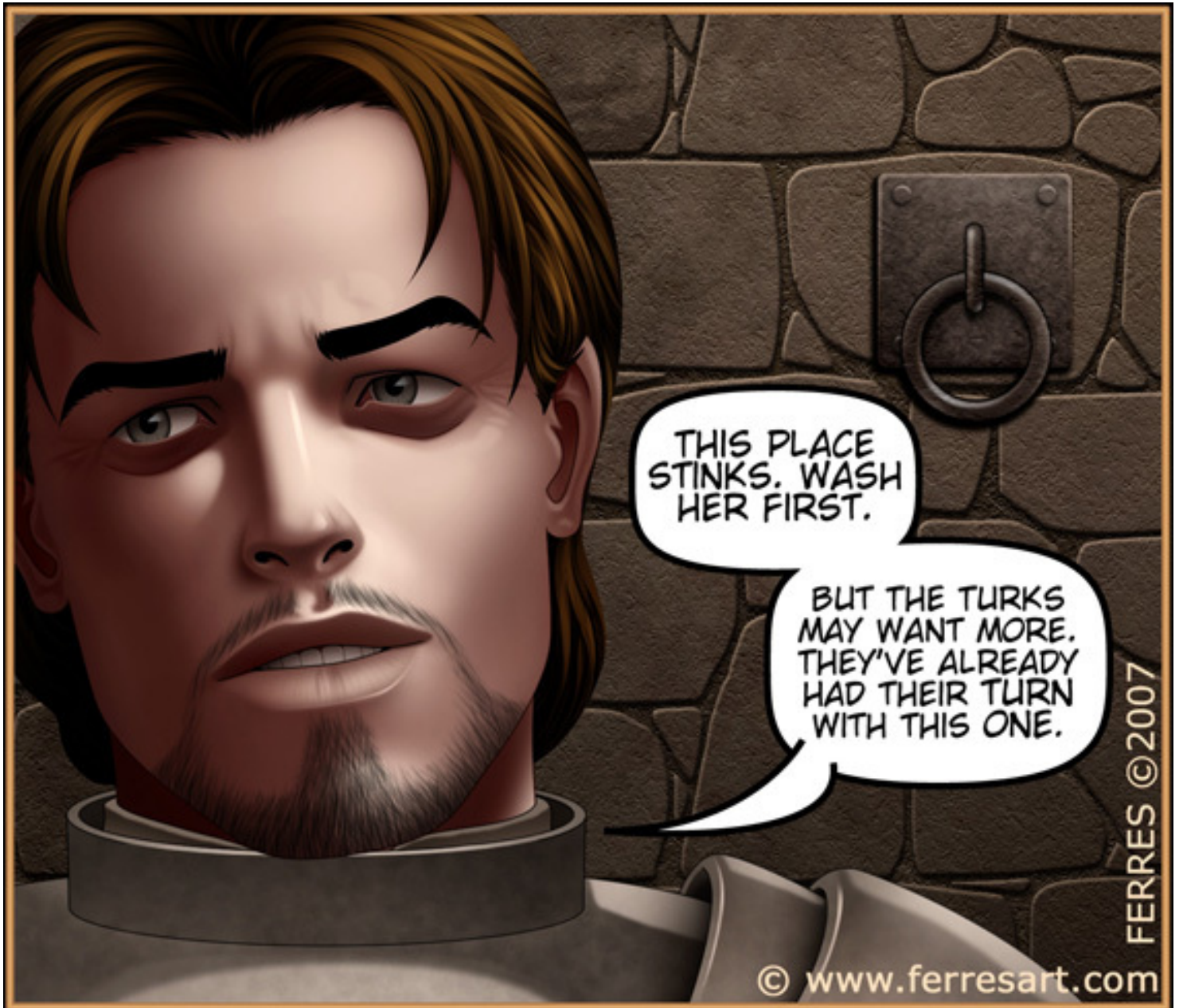


HER NIPPLES ARE ALL PIERCED. THEY CAN BE DECKED WITH GOLD RINGS TO ADD SPARKLE.

AAGH!

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THIS PLACE STINKS. WASH HER FIRST.

BUT THE TURKS MAY WANT MORE. THEY'VE ALREADY HAD THEIR TURN WITH THIS ONE.

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PERHAPS HER SISTER CAN JOIN HER. MAYBE EVEN THAT HARLOT, TESSA. NO?

AAAIEEH!!!

THWACK!

COME ON GIRL, PRESENT THAT LOVELY ASS TO THE MERCENARY.

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AAAGH!

CARE TO GIVE HER ONE MORE SHOT BEFORE WE CLEAN HER OUT.

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BAH! SHE'S A FINE
FUCK AND ALL; BUT
I'VE ALREADY HAD HER
WHEN SHE WAS STILL
FRESH AS A DAISY.
SHE'S ALL MESSED UP
AND A CRIPPLE TO
BOOT.

NO BETTER
THAN KICKING
A COWERING
DOG.



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I DO FANCY THE BARONESS THOUGH. NOW THAT IS A FINE ARISTOCRATIC ASS. BUGGERING A FINE WOMAN OF PRIVILEGE IS FAR MORE REWARDING.

I...AND DANGEROUS. YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, MERCENARY. THE PRINCE WILL HAVE YOUR HYDE AND BALLS IF HE HEARS OF SUCH TALK.


FIRST, SOME ARM OILS, THEN THE SCENTED WATER.

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YOU'LL HAVE MY SWORDARM.
I DON'T PLAN ON DYING FOR
A PRINCE I BARELY KNOW.
HIS INFATUATION FOR THE
BARONESS PREVENTS HIM
FROM FLEEING. I DO BELIEVE
HE INTENDS TO DIE HERE
ALONG WITH HIS MEN.

HOW IS THAT
TESSA BITCH?
CAN SHE STILL
WALK?

AH, YES.
MAID
TESSA...

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EARLIER...

SHE BE READY
AND RANDY FOR OUR
VALIANT BROTHERS.
CAPTAIN ADOLFUS
SHOULD BE THE
FIRST.

SHE STILL HAS
THE SCENT OF
MARES PISS.

HNNH!?



THE MEN WON'T CARE, THE SMELL OF BLOOD PERMEATES THE AIR. GRAB A PADDLE.

SHE CAN SWEAT THE SCENT OFF.

HER SHINNY, SWEATY ASS WILL GREET OUR RETURNING BROTHERS. THE PRIZE FOR THEIR HEROIC DEFENSE.

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ONE LAST
FLICK BEFORE
THE GATES OF
HEAVEN,
BROTHER.

TO DIE FIGHTING THE
HEATHEN TURKS
ENSURES THE PATH TO
PARADISE. NO SIN WILL
GO UNPARDONED.

W
H
O
O
M
P
H
!

AAIEEH!!!

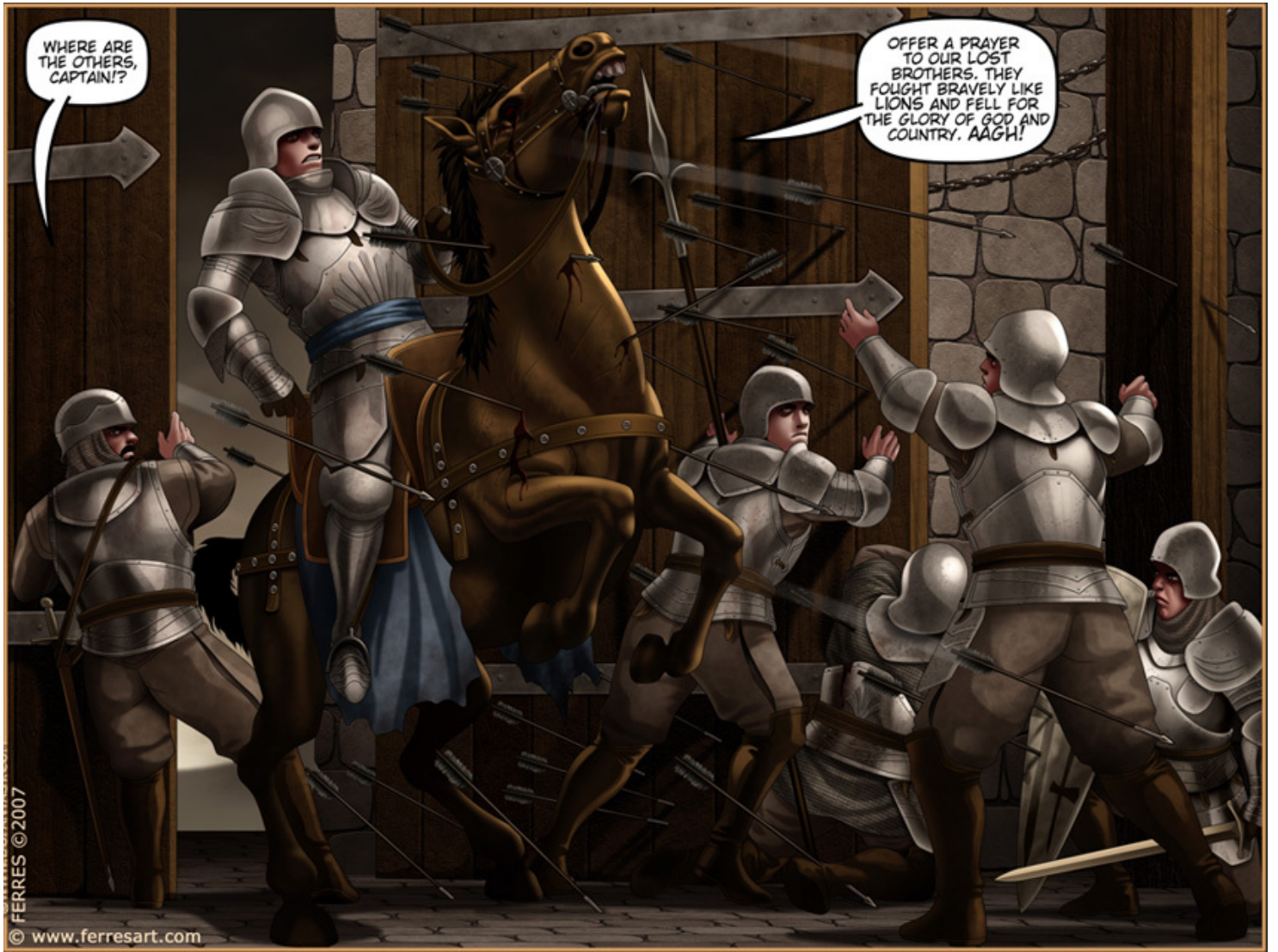
OPEN UP!
ADOLFUS HAS
RETURNED AND HE
RIDES ALONE!

EH!?



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WHERE ARE THE OTHERS, CAPTAIN!?

OFFER A PRAYER TO OUR LOST BROTHERS. THEY FOUGHT BRAVELY LIKE LIONS AND FELL FOR THE GLORY OF GOD AND COUNTRY. AAGH!

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HE'S INJURED.

GET HIS HORSE!

FORGET THE HORSE! ATTEND TO YOUR CAPTAIN!

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THE HORSE'S
GONE WILD.
WOUNDS HAVE
DRIVEN IT MAD!

KILL IT
THEN!

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MAKE WAY
YOU FOOLS!
WILD HORSE!

OH, HELL!
YOU'RE SO
FUCKED NOW,
BITCH!

WHA?!





OH,
GOD!

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GOD, NO!
HELP ME!

PLEASE!
HELP ME!

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YOUR
HIGHNESS,
SHALL WE
INTERVENE?

LEAVE THE
BEAST IT'S PRIZE.
IT'S BOUND TO
DIE SOON
ENOUGH.

THE
HORSE?

DOESN'T MATTER.
IT'S THE WILL OF
GOD THAT WE ALL
PERISH. SOME
SOONER THAN
OTHERS.



HOW IS HE?

EXHAUSTED, YOUR HIGHNESS. WOOD SHARDS HAVE TAKEN HIS SIGHT. HIS WOUNDS ARE NOT MORTAL, BUT I DOUBT HE CAN STILL FIGHT.

NONSENSE! FACE ME TOWARDS THE ENEMY WITH SWORD IN HAND; I'LL SHOW YOU I CAN FIGHT.

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ALWAYS THE BRAVE
FACE FROM MY TRUSTED
CAPTAIN AT ARMS.
HONORABLE MEN ARE
WASTED IN THESE
INCONSEQUENTIAL
WARS.

HERE ME, ALL OF
YOU! YOU SHALL ALL
JOIN ME IN WINE AND
SONG WHEN WE REACH
PARADISE, VALHALLA OR
WHEREVER GOD SEES
FIT TO SEND US.

IF HELL BE
OUR PLACE,
FEAR NOT. IT
CAN BE NO
WORSE THAN
HERE.

COUNTESS
MARJORIE, T'IS
TIME I PLUCK
THAT FLOWER.

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THIS DAY I SHALL TAKE YOU AS IF YOU WERE MY BETROTH. NO MORE GAMES. YOU SHALL BE FUCKED AS A NOBLE WOMAN.

MISTRESS, HE COMES.

KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU AND HOLD YOUR TONGUE.



A man in medieval-style clothing, including a grey tunic, a white headband, and brown boots, stands with his back to the viewer. He is positioned next to a large wooden door with ornate metal hinges. He holds a long sword in his right hand. The background is a stone wall. A speech bubble is positioned above him, containing text. In the bottom right corner of the scene, there is a small, round, brown pot on the floor.

CONTESSA, MY
PASSION, MY ANGUISH.
THE CORNUCOPIA THAT
HOLD MY DESIRES AND
THE POISONED THORN
THAT PIERCES MY
SIDE.

HARLOT,
PRESENT
YOURSELF TO
YOUR MASTER.

...AND HOW WAS
YOUR DAY, MY
ACCURSED LOVER?
THE TURKS HAVE
GIVEN YOU
TROUBLE?



BE VERY CAREFUL,
SLUT. I AM A WILD
BOAR, CORNERED BUT
NOT CONQUERED,
WOUNDED BUT NOT
BEATEN.





SO, WE ARE IN
EQUAL TERMS NOW.
WE ARE BOTH
TRAPPED. NO WAY
OUT BUT DEATH.

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NO! NOT ANYMORE.

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I SHALL, CONTESSA. BUT BE REST ASSURED, IT WILL NOT BE AT YOUR PLEASURE.

AAAGH!





THE CONJUGAL
BED AWAITS YOU,
MY LOVE.

AAAIEEH!!!

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I SHALL MISS THAT FINE ASS OF YOURS, CONTESSA. IT HAS GIVEN ME MANY NIGHTS OF DELIGHTFUL SATISFACTION.

IF THE HEATHEN TURKS HAVE THEIR WAY, THAT BUM WILL BE GREASING TURKISH COCK IN THE COMING DAYS.

AAAIYEEH!

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BY ALL THE SAINTS,
IF YOU DON'T STOP
SQUIRMING, I SHALL
BREAK YOUR INSIPID
NECK.

AAAIEEH!!!





TAKE IT ALL,
HARLOT! TAKE
IN ALL OF YOUR
LORD AND
MASTER!

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WHY, MY LORD? DO I NOT PLEASE YOU?



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HOW CAN THIS BE? I WAS ASSURED OF YOUR VIRGINITY ...GUARDED, ALWAYS! ONE OF MY OWN MEN...? ADOLFUS, MY MOST TRUSTED CAPTAIN...?

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COME NOW, MY LOVE.
WILL SUCH A SMALL
THING STAND IN THE
WAY OF OUR NUPTIAL
CONSUMMATION?
COME TO BED, IT'S
STILL WARM.




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HAHAHAH!
FIND IT OUT FOR
YOURSELF. PUT
YOUR MEN TO THE
QUESTION.

I SHALL
CELEBRATE IN THE
KNOWLEDGE THAT
YOU WILL DIE WITH
BETRAYAL CARVED
DEEP IN YOUR
BLACK HEART.

DIE A RUINED
MAN! DIE A
FOOL AND NOT
A PRINCE!



IF YOU WILL NOT ANSWER ME... AND ALL THAT COMES FROM YOUR LIPS IS VENOM, THEN BE SILENT ...FOREVER! I SHALL STAND NO MORE THAT POISON TONGUE.

I BANISH YOU TO THE GATES OF HELL, WICKED WOMAN. MAY THE DEVIL TORMENT YOU FOR ALL ETERNITY!





M-MY LORD. I
CAN NOT ENDURE
THIS GUILT. I...
I AM THE ONE!

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HUH!? WHAT ARE YOU ON ABOUT, MAID? HOW CAN A WOMAN DEFLOWER ANOTHER?

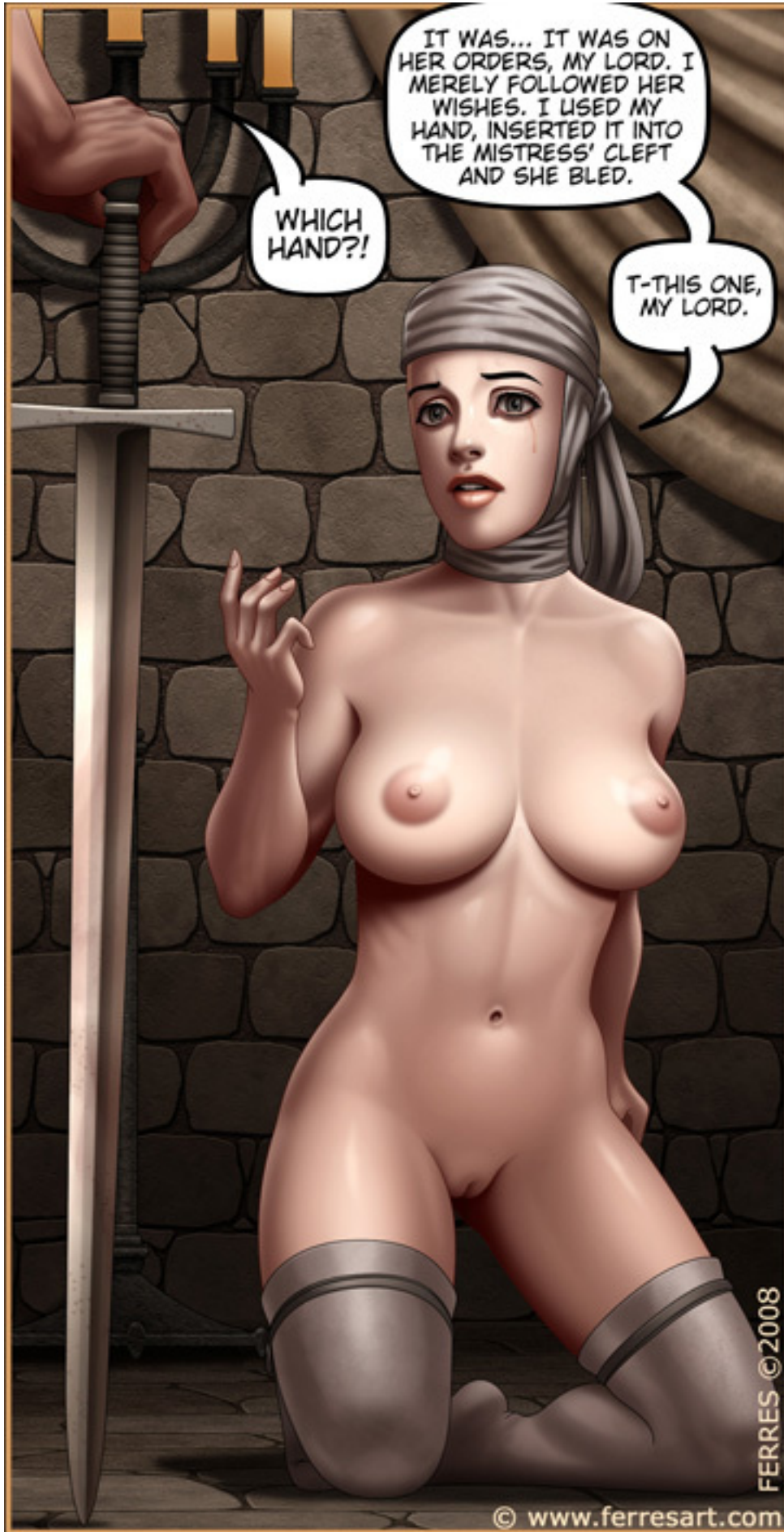


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COME NOW. SPEAK THE TRUTH AND I SHALL BE MERCIFUL. MIND YOU, MY PATIENCE IS SPENT. I SENSE EVEN A WHIFF OF DECEPTION AND I SHALL CLEAVE YOU IN HALF AND THROW YOU OVER WALLS.





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PLEASE, MY LORD.
MERCY! I ONLY
FOLLOWED HER
INSTRUCTIONS.

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HUH-
HUH!

I WILL BE
KEEPING
THIS.

NOW GO! LEAVE US.
FLEE THIS PLACE IF
YOU DARE. DO
WHATEVER WOMEN
DO TO SURVIVE.
JUST BE AWAY
FROM MY SIGHT.

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I TOOK THE ROPES AWAY TOO SOON, CONTESSA. I WAS HOPING WE COULD HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING, NOW THAT WE ARE AT THE VERY DOORS HELL. BUT ALAS, YOUR HATE FOR ME FAR EXCEEDS THAT OF THOSE HEATHEN TURKS. WE ARE DONE.

YOU ARE MY ENEMY AND I SHALL TREAT YOU AS ONE. WITH YOUR CHARMS YOU MAY EVEN SURVIVE ME, BUT YOU WILL NOT FORGET ME.

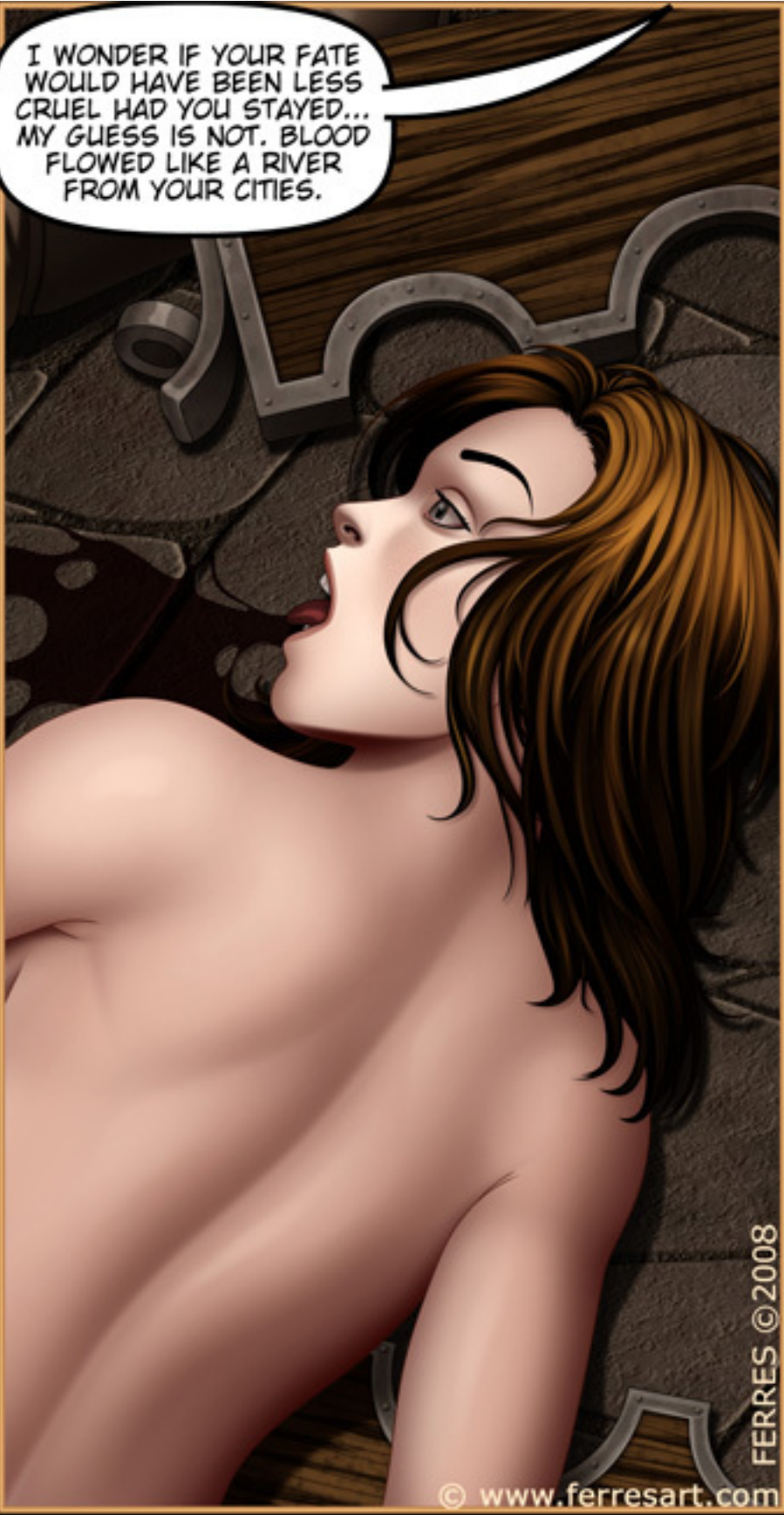


WHAT A MESS!
NOT AT ALL WHAT
I EXPECTED WHEN
I TOOK THIS PATH.

A DYING MAN
SAID YOU
HAILED FROM
BYZANTIUM.

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I WONDER IF YOUR FATE
WOULD HAVE BEEN LESS
CRUEL HAD YOU STAYED...
MY GUESS IS NOT. BLOOD
FLOWED LIKE A RIVER
FROM YOUR CITIES.

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...AND THE BUTCHERS WORK IS YET UNFINISHED.

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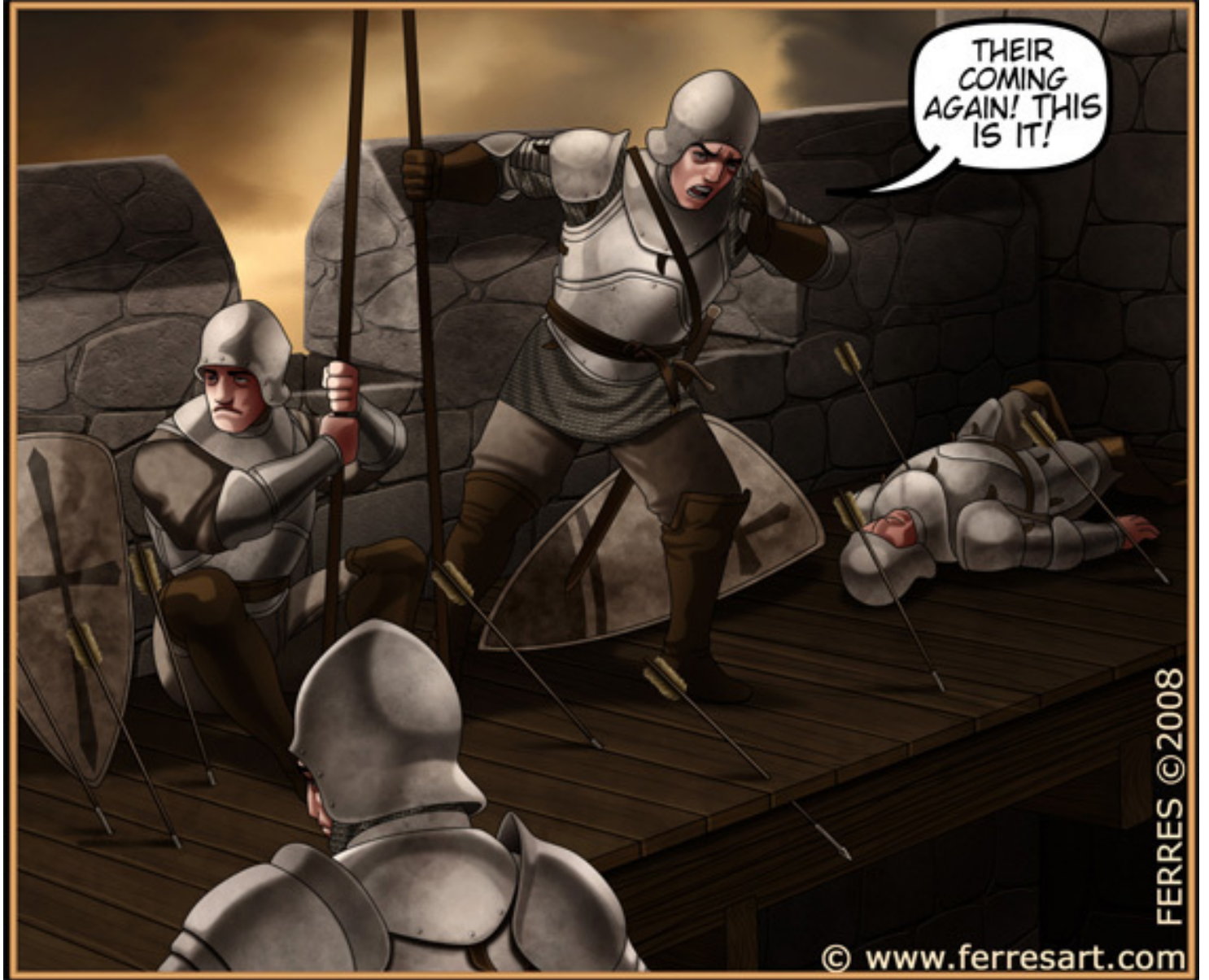


ONE LAST CHARGE THEN!

WE MAKE FOR THE BREACH! RALLY TO ME! LET US FINISH THIS BATTLE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. ALLAH AKBAR!

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THEIR
COMING
AGAIN! THIS
IS IT!

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W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?
WHY WON'T YOU JUST KILL ME AND
END THIS INSANITY?

I WILL NOT TAIN MY HANDS WITH YOUR BLOOD,
CONTESSA. THAT WOULD BE SIMPLE MURDER, THE
WORKINGS OF THE BROKEN AND THE DISHEARTENED.

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I STILL HAVE RAGE IN ME. A RAGE THAT I DARE NOT BRING INTO THE AFTER LIFE. BEST TO UNLEASH IT UPON THE LIVING.

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WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! WHAT IS THAT?!

SOMETHING YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN INTIMATE WITH.

NO!

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IF I HAD KNOWN
YOU FAVORED THIS
SORT OF DEPRAVITY,
I WOULD HAVE
OBLIGED YOU
SOONER.



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NOW FOR SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

NO! PLEASE! NOT THAT WAY!

WHY SHY AWAY NOW? YOU'VE LONGED FOR THIS.

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AAAGH!

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AAIEEH!!!

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HOW FAR WILL IT GO? UP TO THE ELBOW?

TAKE IT OUT! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, TAKE IT OUT!

YOU LIKE IT THAT WAY YOU FUCKIN' HARLOT! SAY IT!

NO!

SAY IT!

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THERE! IT'S
THEIR PRINCE
AND HIS...!?

WHOOOMPH!!!



YOU DESERT
JACKALS MAKE
MORE DIN THAN
WOODEN HOOVED
DONKEYS IN A
CATHEDRAL.

I'M THE MASTER
OF THIS CASTLE
AND THIS HARLOT
BEFORE YOU.

THE HARLOT, YOU
MAY HAVE FOR
FREE. THE CASTLE,
YOU PAY IN
BLOOD.

ENOUGH
HUBRIS,
CHRISTIAN
DOG!



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GHAACK!

...AND I
CHARGE BY
THE GALLON.

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SURROUND THE INFIDEL! HE IS UNARMORED!

I NEED NO ARMOUR TO RID MYSELF WITH THE LIKES OF YOU, HEATHEN.

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AARGH!





COWARDLY
SCUM! IT TAKES
MORE THAN THAT
TO BRING ME TO
HEEL.

AAAIYEEH!

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PARDON OUR DELAY,
YOUR HIGHNESS. THE
CORRIDORS ARE
CRAWLING WITH
THESE SCOUNDRELS.

GHLGK!

MERCENARY, WHY
ARE YOU HERE? YOU
SHOULD BE AT THE
BATTLEMENTS!



AYE, MILORD.
THESE ARE THE
BATTLEMENTS.
THE KEEP IS
OVERRUN. IT'S
EVERY MAN FOR
HIMSELF.

THE SERGEANT AT
ARMS IS STILL
HOLDING THE TUNNEL
PASSAGE WITH
CAPTAIN ADOLFUS AND
A HANDFUL OF MEN.

VROLFF!

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MY PRINCE, THIS WOUND IS MORTAL IF LEFT UNTREATED.

LEAVE IT.

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YOUR HIGHNESS.
THE CONTESSA,
SHOULD WE
DRESS HER?



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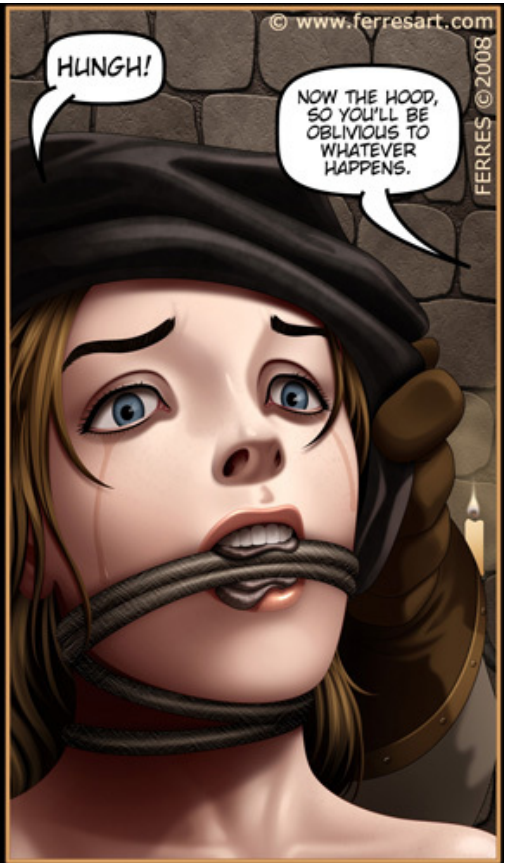
SHE NO LONGER
CONCERNS ME. TAKE
HER FOR YOURSELF IF
YOU WISH. CONSIDER
IT PAYMENT FOR YOUR
SERVICES.




MUCH
OBLIGED, YOUR
HIGHNESS.

MIND YOU, SHE
IS MORE
TROUBLE THAN
SHE'S WORTH.

WELL
THEN...





BLINDERS WILL KEEP
HER CALM AS IT DOES
JITTERY MARES. BUT
WE SHOULD NOT
FORGET THE REIGNS.

I DON'T PLAN
ON CARRYING
YOU OUT OF
HERE.

I SEE YOU ARE
FAMILIAR WITH
HANDLING SHREWS
AND VILE TONGUED
WITCHES.



A MERCENARY,
MILORD, NEED
SKILLS OTHER
THAN WARFARING.

FAREWELL,
CONTESSA. GOD
WILLING, WE SHALL
NOT MEET AGAIN, IN
THIS LIFE NOR THE
NEXT.

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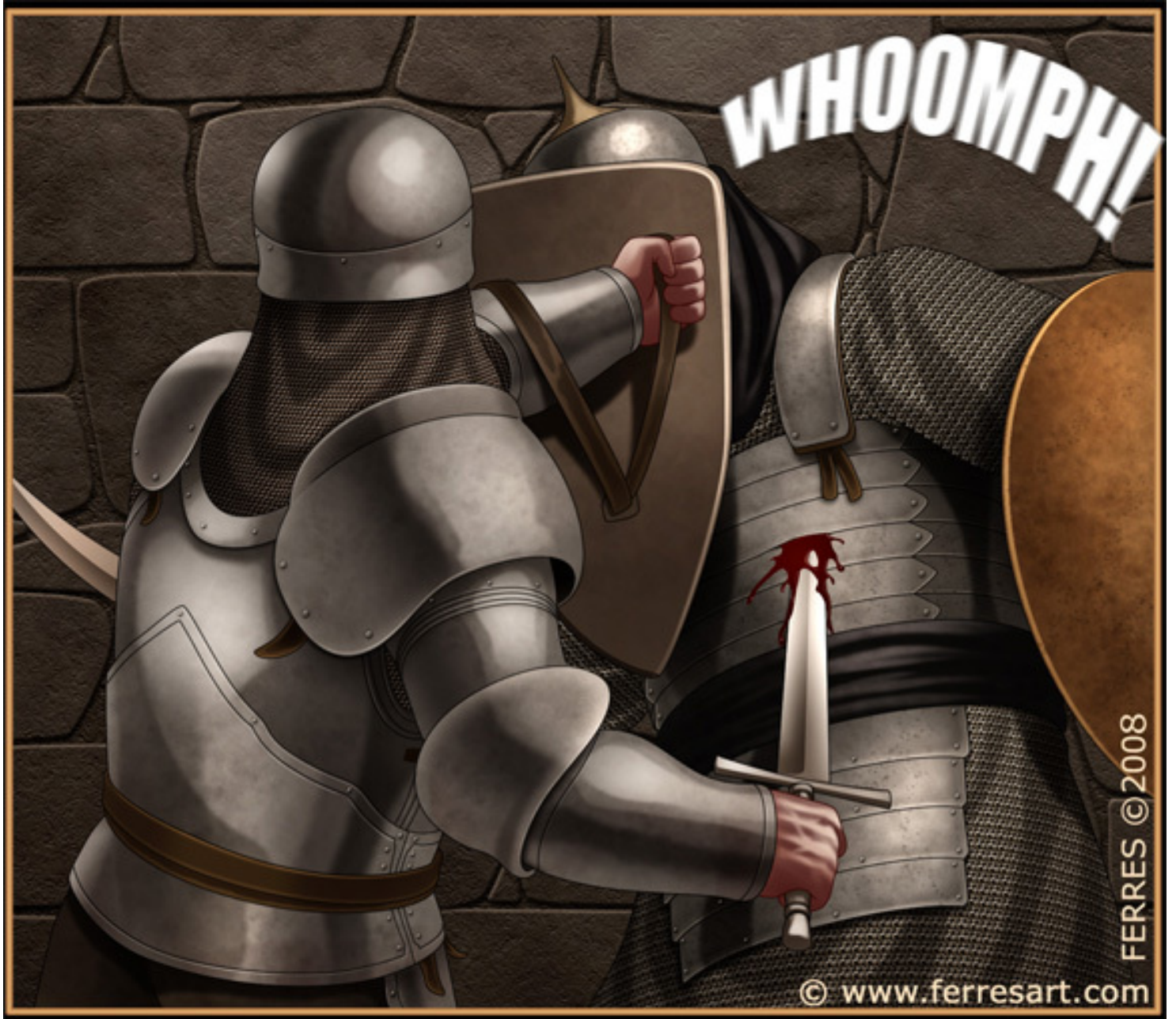
THE PASSAGE...



BROTHERS, T'IS
TIME TO MAKE YOUR
PEACE WITH THE
ALMIGHTY. IT IS
LIKELY YOU WON'T
HAVE A SECOND
CHANCE.

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AAAIEEH!!!

YOUR FOUL
ODOR BETRAYS
YOU, TURK!

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CAPTAIN, HOW CAN YOU STILL FIGHT?

I'VE KNOWN HOW THESE MEN MOVE AND FIGHT. FOLLOW THEIR STENCH, THE SOUND OF THEIR ARMOUR AND THE REST IS INSTINCT.

CAPTAIN, LEAVE THIS TO US. TAKE THE PASSAGE.

SERGEANT, I WAIT FOR THE PRINCE. I HAVE SERVED HIM ALL MY LIFE. I SHALL NOT ABANDON HIM NOW.

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BROTHERS OF THE FAITH, OUR TASK IS ALL BUT DONE! THIS IS THE LAST OF THEM. FINISH THESE UNBELIEVERS AND OUR PATH TO PARADISE IS CLEAR.

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CURSE THEM!
THEIR POSITION
IS WELL
ENTRENCHED.

TRY THE FIRE
ARROWS.

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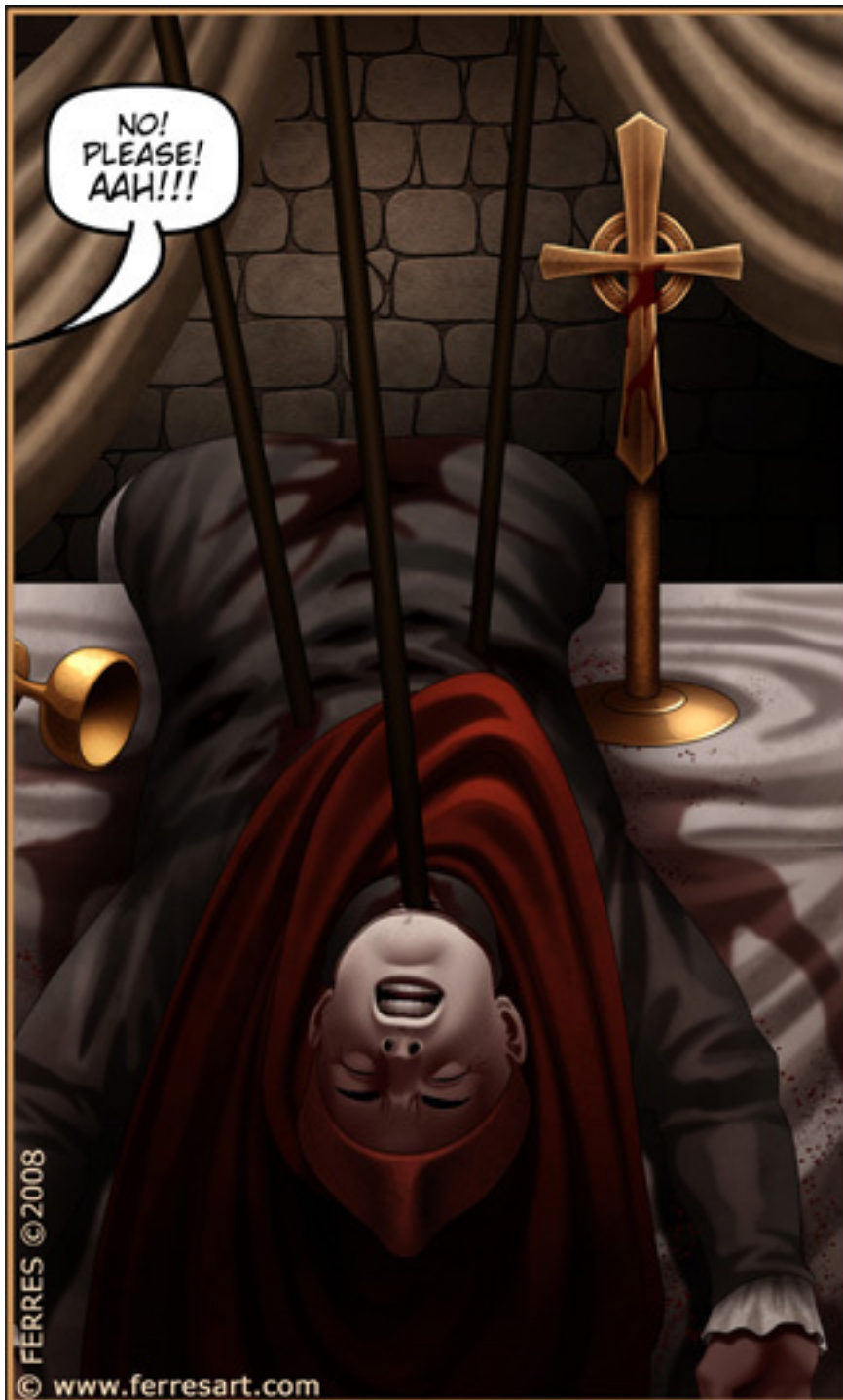
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THIS PRETTY
NUN SHOULD
STILL BE FRESH
AND UNSPOILED.

LET ME GO!
AAAIYEEH!

HUSH!
SOMEONE IS
COMING.

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BLAG!

BLAG!

WHAT THE...!?
WHO DARES!

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IT'S
GREEK FIRE,
YOU FOOLS.

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AAAIEEH!!!

NOT LONG NOW,
THIS LIVING
NIGHTMARE WILL
ALL BE OVER.

DEAR
FAITHLESS
WIFE, I SHALL
JOIN YOU
SOON.

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THEY'RE ALL DEAD. IT'S DONE!

ALLAH BE PRAISED. WE HAVE TRIUMPHED!

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NOT FAR IN THE WOODS...

THE BATTLE MUST BE OVER BY NOW. BUT A FIRE HAS STARTED AT THE CHAPEL.

WE'LL STAY HERE TIL' NIGHTFALL, THEN HEAD EAST IN THE COVER OF DARKNESS.

YOU BITCHES MAKE ANY NOISE AND I SWEAR YOU'LL GET COLD STEEL UP YOUR ASSES.

MNNNH?!







BUT UNTIL THEN,
SHE'LL HAVE TO
EARN HER KEEP.
HEH-HEH!

HNNNH!

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PLEASE, DON'T
ABANDON HER. WE'LL
DO ANYTHING YOU
WANT. PLEASE!

DON'T LEAVE
ME LIKE THIS.
I'LL DIE!



NOTHING YOU SAY WILL CHANGE MY MIND.

BUT IF YOU LOVE YOUR SISTER SO MUCH, GO GIVE HER A PROPER SEND OFF.

HNNNH!

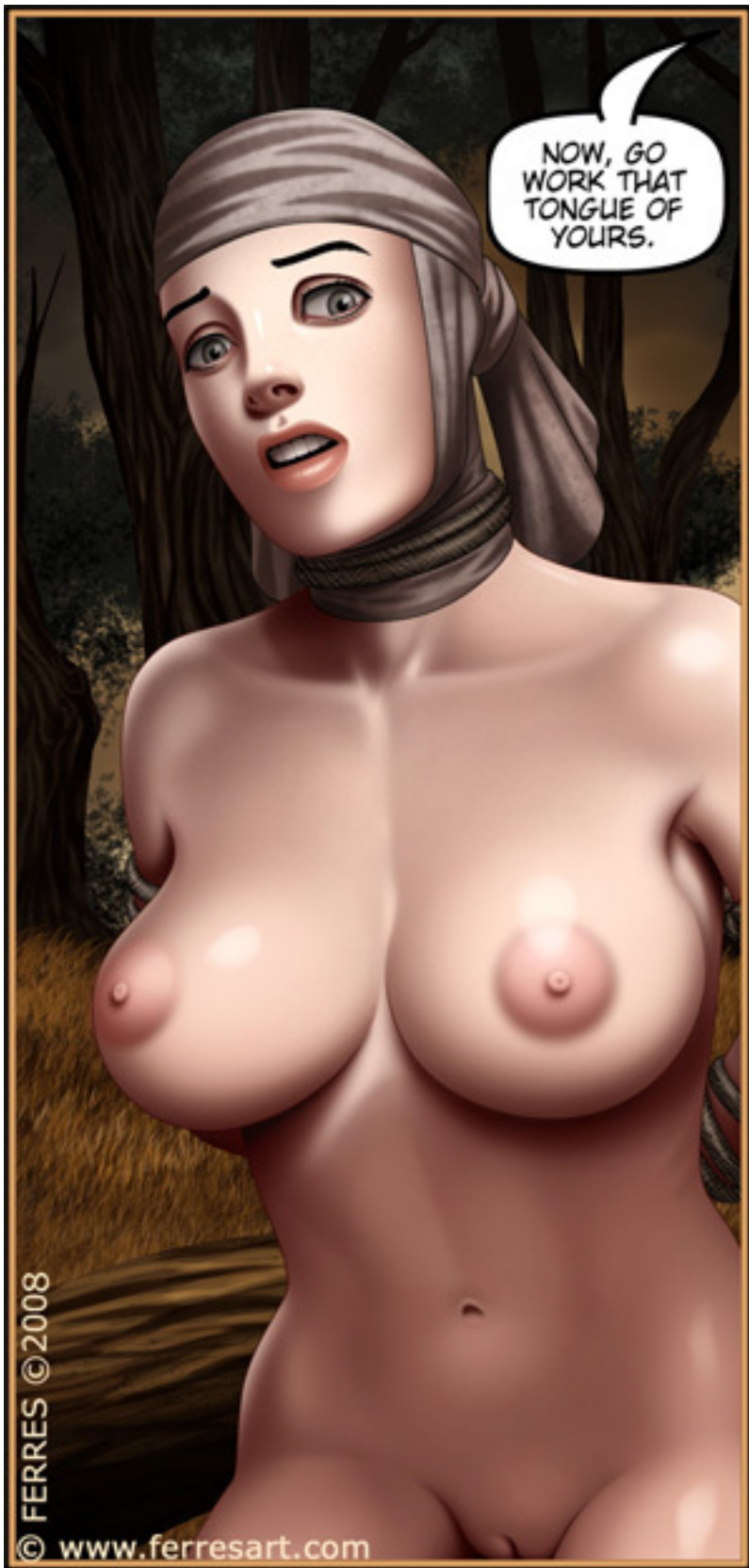


SPREAD THOSE LEGS, HARLOT. SHOW HER THAT CLITLESS HOLE.

AAGH!

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NOW, GO
WORK THAT
TONGUE OF
YOURS.

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T

YOU'LL NEED TO
BE EXTRA HARD
WITHOUT A CLIT
TO NIBBLE ON.

AAH!

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USE YOUR TEETH
AND GIVE HER A
GOOD BITE.

MNNNFF!

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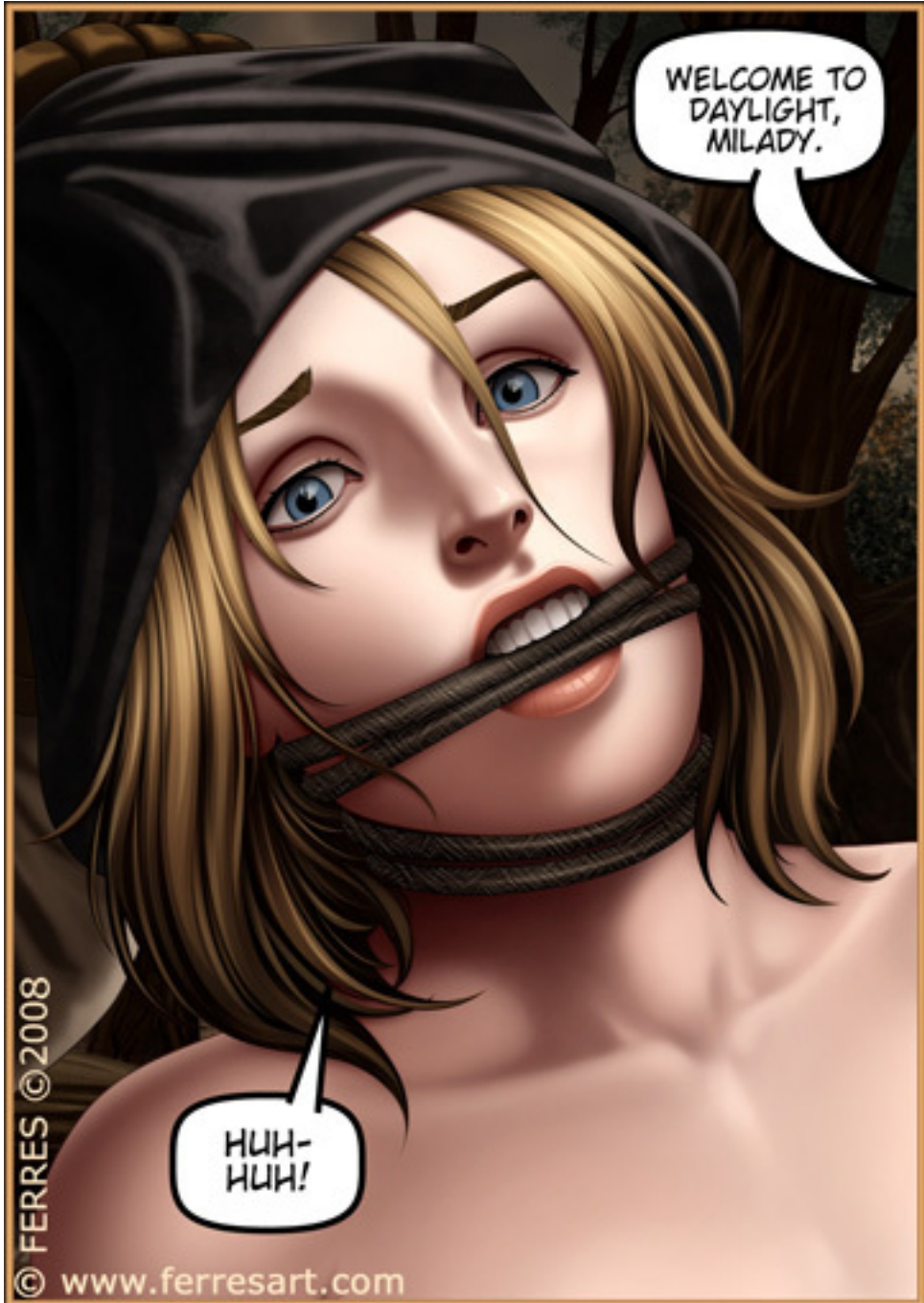
A comic book panel featuring a woman with a grey headscarf and a dark top, looking upwards with a surprised expression. Her mouth is open, and a small, fleshy, pinkish object is protruding from it. The background shows a forest with large trees. A speech bubble in the upper left contains the text "THERE YOU GO, SHE'S GETTING INTO IT NOW." Another speech bubble in the upper right contains the text "AAH!".

THERE YOU GO,
SHE'S GETTING
INTO IT NOW.

AAH!

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WELCOME TO
DAYLIGHT,
MILADY.

HUH-
HUH!

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I STILL SEE THE
RAGE AND
ARROGANCE IN
YOUR EYES.

HUNGH!

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THE PRINCE, WITH HIS HALF-HEARTED EFFORTS, FAILED TO BREAK YOU.

HIS MISTAKE WAS NOT ALLOWING PROFESSIONALS TO DO THE JOB FOR HIM.

COMPARED TO ME AND ANGELO, YOUR TIME WITH THE PRINCE WOULD SEEM LIKE PARADISE.

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THREATS THAT
YOU KNOW HE
WOULD NEVER
CARRY OUT.

A LITANY OF
THREATS LOSE ALL
POWER IF NOT
EVEN ONE IS
CARRIED OUT IN
FULL.

HNNGH!



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NOW, THAT IS A
REAL FLOGGING.
AND I BARELY
BROKE A SWEAT.

MNNNFF!



YOU LOST YOUR LEGS? THAT ALWAYS HAPPENS. THIS IS WHY WE USUALLY CHAIN UP THE VICTIMS.

HUNGH!

BUT SEE... NOW
THE ARROGANCE IS
GONE FROM YOUR
EYES. YOU NOW
KNOW TRUE FEAR.


NOW, I CAN DO
WHATEVER I WANT TO
YOU, AND ALL YOU'LL
THINK ABOUT IS WHAT
PUNISHMENT AWAITS
YOU SHOULD YOU
DISPLEASE ME.

HUH-
HUH!

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MASTER, BOTH THE MAIN
GATE AND COASTAL
GATE ARE AFLAME. OUR
MEN ARE TRYING TO PUT
IT OUT BUT...

THAT LEAVES US
ONLY THE
PASSAGE, BUT IT
IS YET TO BE
EXPLORED.



AAAIEEH!!!



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WHO
DARES?!

ALLAH! READY
ARMS! OUR FIGHT
IS NOT YET OVER!

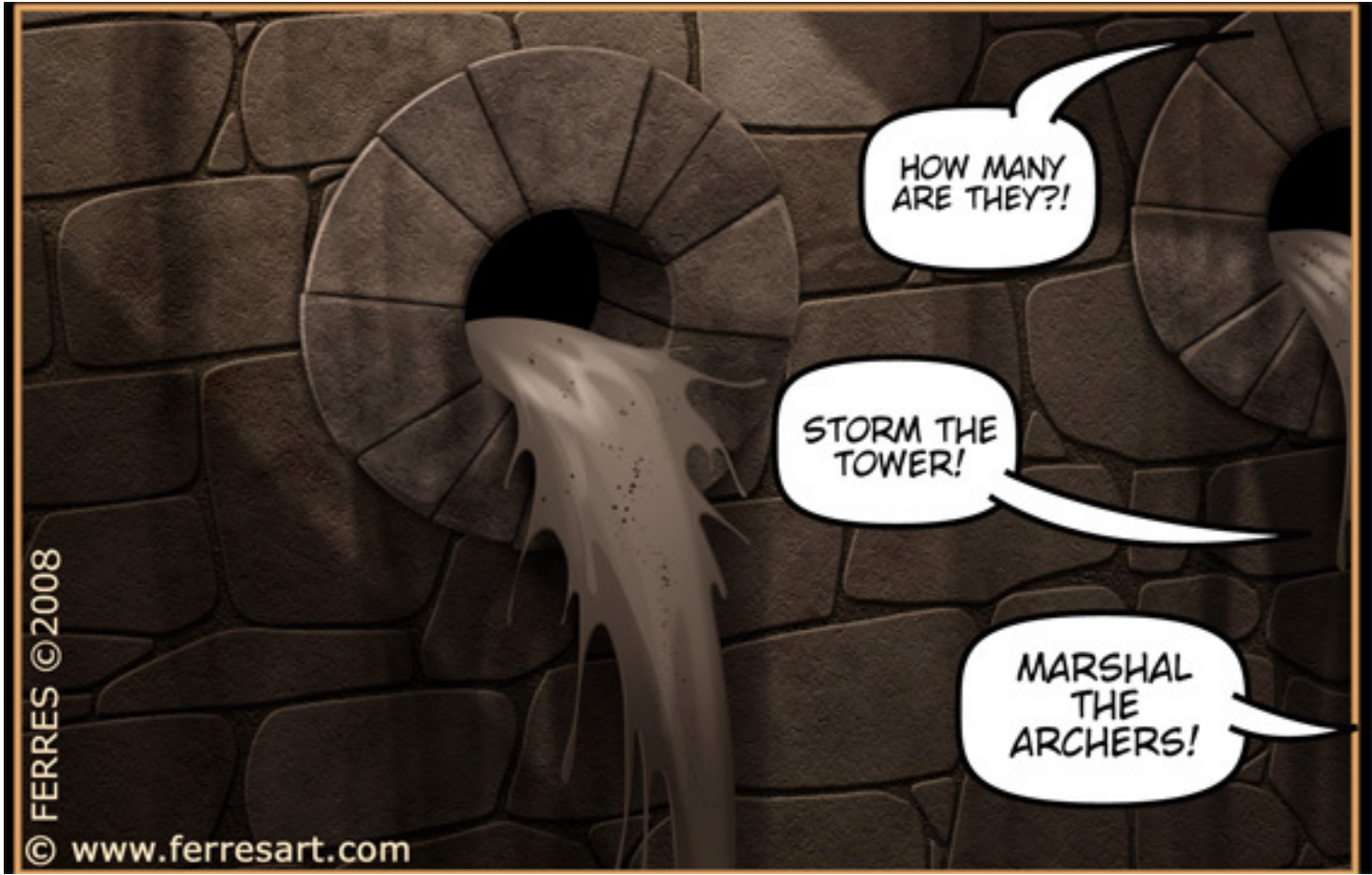


I SEE HIM.

THERE!
I SEE HIM ON
THE ROOF!

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YOU ARE IN MY HOUSE AND YOU HAVE DESECRATED IT WITH YOUR FILTH!

NOW, ALL SHALL BE CLEANSSED!

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IT IS OUR CUSTOM
TO SHOW LENIENCY
TO OUR ENEMIES,
BUT NOT TODAY.

ARCHERS
KILL HIM!



LET FLY!

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THE
DEVIL
FALLS!



PRAISE BE
TO ALLAH!

HE TWITCHES,
IS HE TRULY
DEAD?

HE HAS TO BE.
NO ONE CAN
SURVIVE SUCH
A FALL.



NOW,
THERE IS
NO DOUBT!

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THE FIRE SOMEHOW
REACHED THE OIL
BARRELS. IT'S AS IF
THE PRINCE BROUGHT
HIS CASTLE TO HELL
WITH HIM.

WE SHOULD BE
SAFE FROM THE
TURKS FOR A
WHILE.

A comic book panel set in a forest. In the foreground, a blonde woman with blue eyes is tied up with ropes. She has a shocked expression with her mouth wide open and a tear on her cheek. In the background, a man with a beard and a bald head, wearing a metal chest plate and gauntlets, stands with his back to the viewer, looking towards the woman. The scene is lit with dramatic, low-key lighting, emphasizing the textures of the ropes and the woman's skin.

ISHAK, GO FINISH
YOUR BUSINESS
WITH THE CONTESSA
BEFORE THE
MERCENARY
RETURNS.

HNNNH!

AVOID HER
CUNNY, AN
OVERWROUGHT
CUNNY
DEVALUES HER
SIGNIFICANTLY.

NOT TO WORRY.
I PREFER TO
BUGGER THE
BITCH.

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LET ME
HELP YOU
OUT.

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HNNNH!



A FEW TWISTS...

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ON YOUR
KNEES!

AAGH!

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WET ALREADY?
YOUR CUNNY
JUST DRIPS WITH
ANTICIPATION.



NOW, SHOW ME THAT ASS.

BUT...

FALL FORWARD!

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THE PRINCE
FREQUENTLY
BUGGERED YOUR
ASS, MADE IT A COZY
LITTLE INN FOR HIS
ROYAL PECKER.

HUH-
HUH!

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SO, THIS SHOULD BE
OLD HAT TO YOU BY
NOW. SPREAD THOSE
LOVELY ASS CHEEKS
AND MAKE ROOM FOR
A NEW TENANT.

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BY YOUR PETTY SQUEALS, MY GUESS IS I'M SOMEWHAT BIGGER THAN YOUR PREVIOUS LODGER.

OH, GOD! PLEASE, NO MORE! NO MORE!

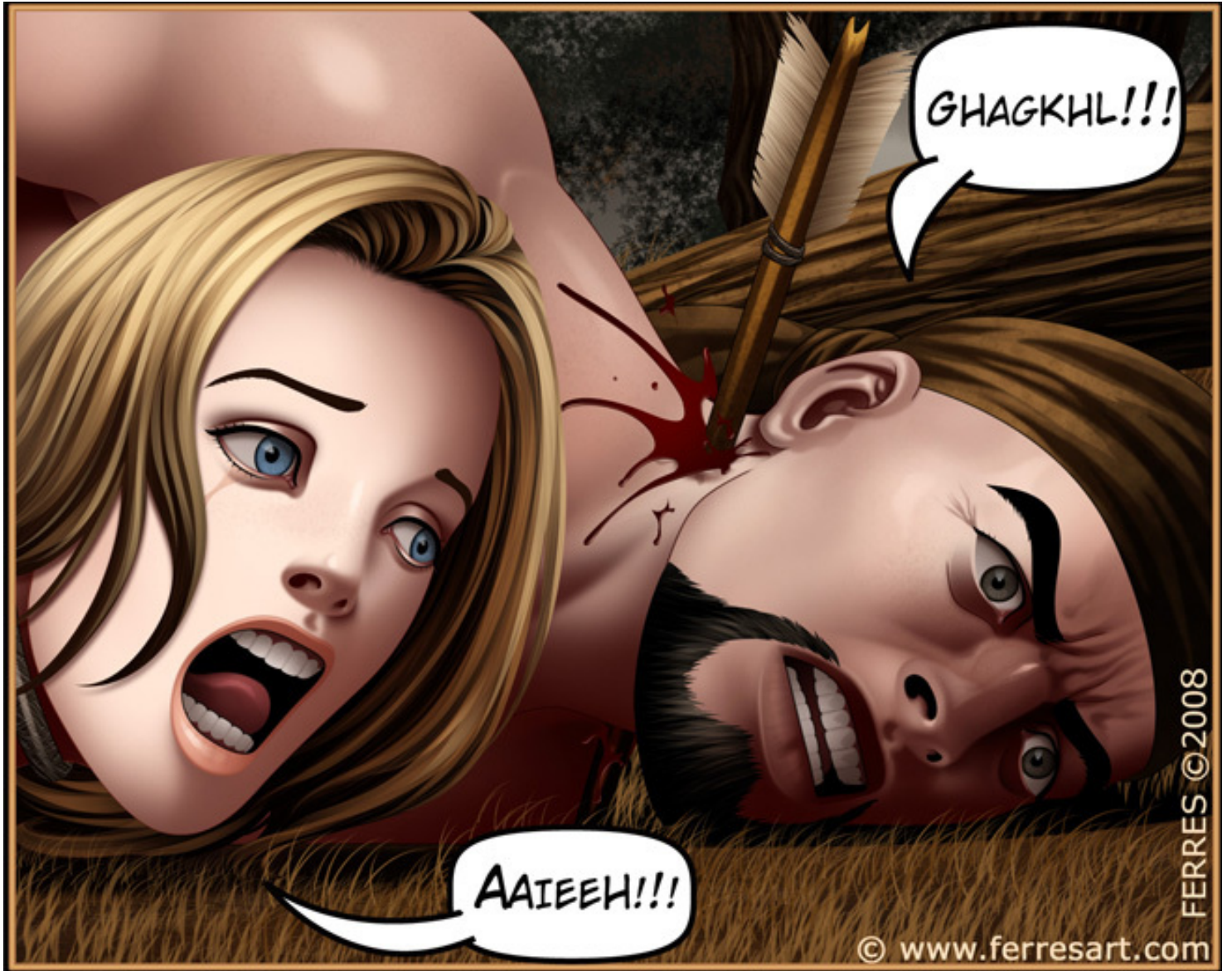


SHUT UP, SLUT!
I'LL MAKE THIS
QUICK... LINGH!

HNNNH!

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AAIEEH!!!

GHAGKHL!!!

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WHA...?! THE
MERCENARY!

MERCENARY, I KNEW YOU
WOULD BETRAY US AT SOME
POINT. I DID NOT DARE THINK
YOU'D DO SO WITHIN SIGHT OF
THE CASTLE. TO BE HONEST,
WE INTENDED TO KILL YOU
WHEN YOU CAME BACK WITH
THE HORSES. NO REASON TO
SHARE IN THE LIMITED
SPOILS.

COME OUT!
LET'S DO THIS
HONORABLY,
WITH OUR
BLADES.



OKAY.

AAGH! BY MY OWN KNIFE, B-BUT HOW?

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HOW...?
UNGH!

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A young woman with long, dark, wavy hair and light-colored eyes is the central figure. She is wearing a simple, olive-green tunic with a high collar. Her hands are clasped together, holding a silver knife vertically. The blade of the knife is stained with blood. She has a neutral, somewhat somber expression. The background is a dark, misty forest with tall, thin trees and some dry grass in the foreground. The overall tone is dark and atmospheric.

I LIKE THIS
KNIFE. IT'S A
GOOD KNIFE. I
WILL KEEP IT.

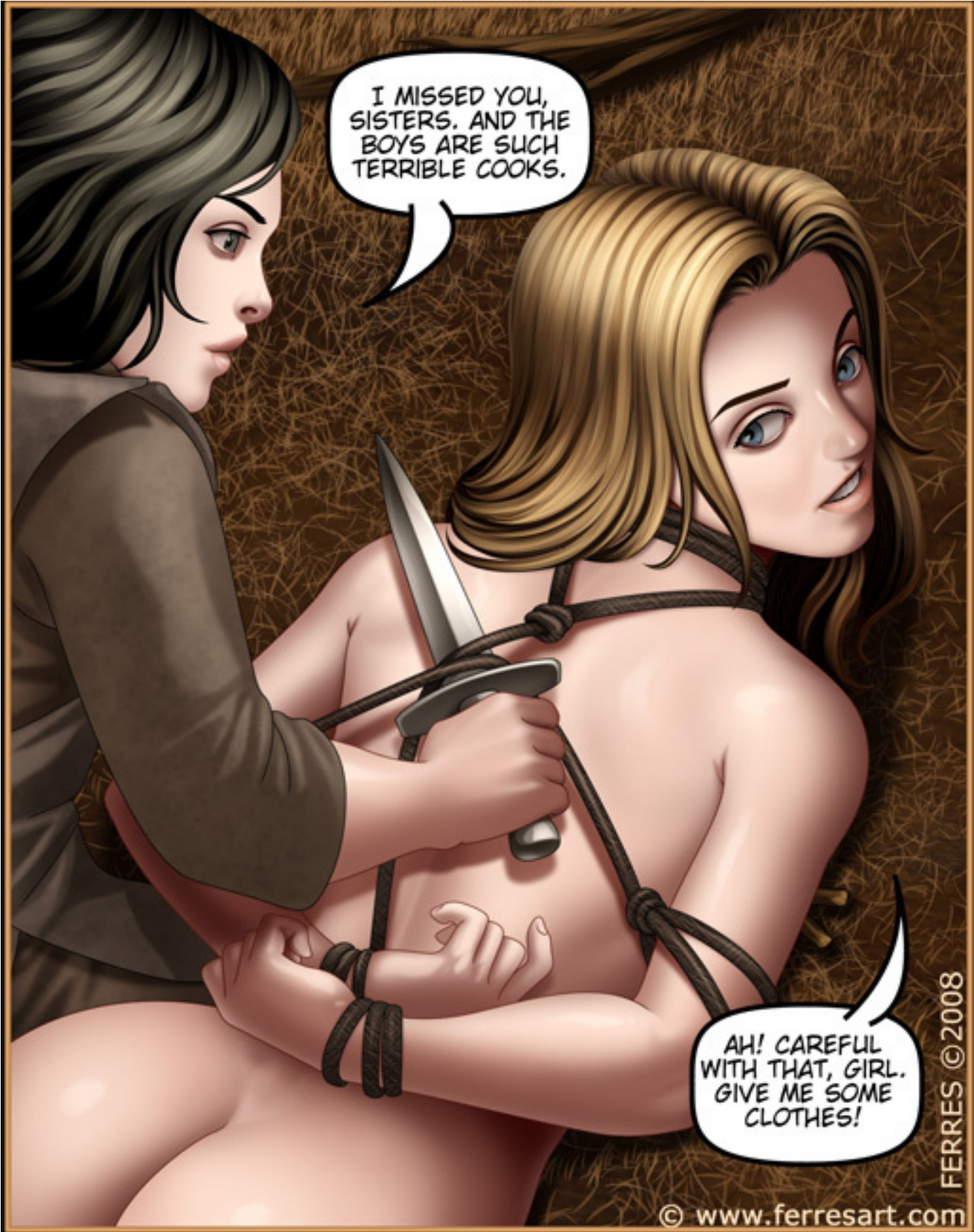
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I MISSED YOU, SISTERS. AND THE BOYS ARE SUCH TERRIBLE COOKS.

AH! CAREFUL WITH THAT, GIRL. GIVE ME SOME CLOTHES!

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THERE'S ONE MORE. THE MERCENARY.

YES, THE MERCENARY. HE IS VERY DANGEROUS, IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE. BEST TO AVOID HIM.





NO! LEAVE ME ALONE. ALL OF YOU STAY AWAY FROM ME!

???

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WELL, WELL!
WHERE ARE YOU
OFF TO, MY
LUSCIOUS
CONTESSA?

NOOO!!!



KEEP YOUR
DISTANCE, SWORD
MASTER. I AM
GOOD WITH THIS
WEAPON.

YOU HAVE YOUR
PRIZE. NOW GO,
IT'S TIME FOR
YOU TO LEAVE.



WHY SHOULD I? YOU HAVE BUT ONE SHOT BEFORE RELOADING. IF YOU MISS, I TAKE YOU DOWN AND THE REST OF YOU ARE MINE TO SELL AS SLAVES. BUT NOT BEFORE I PUT YOU BOTH OVER MY KNEE FOR A FAIR AMOUNT OF SPANKING.

AND I CAN ALWAYS FIND A BUYER FOR A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL.

HMMM... I RECALL THERE WERE THREE OF YOU. WHERE IS THE OTHER ONE?

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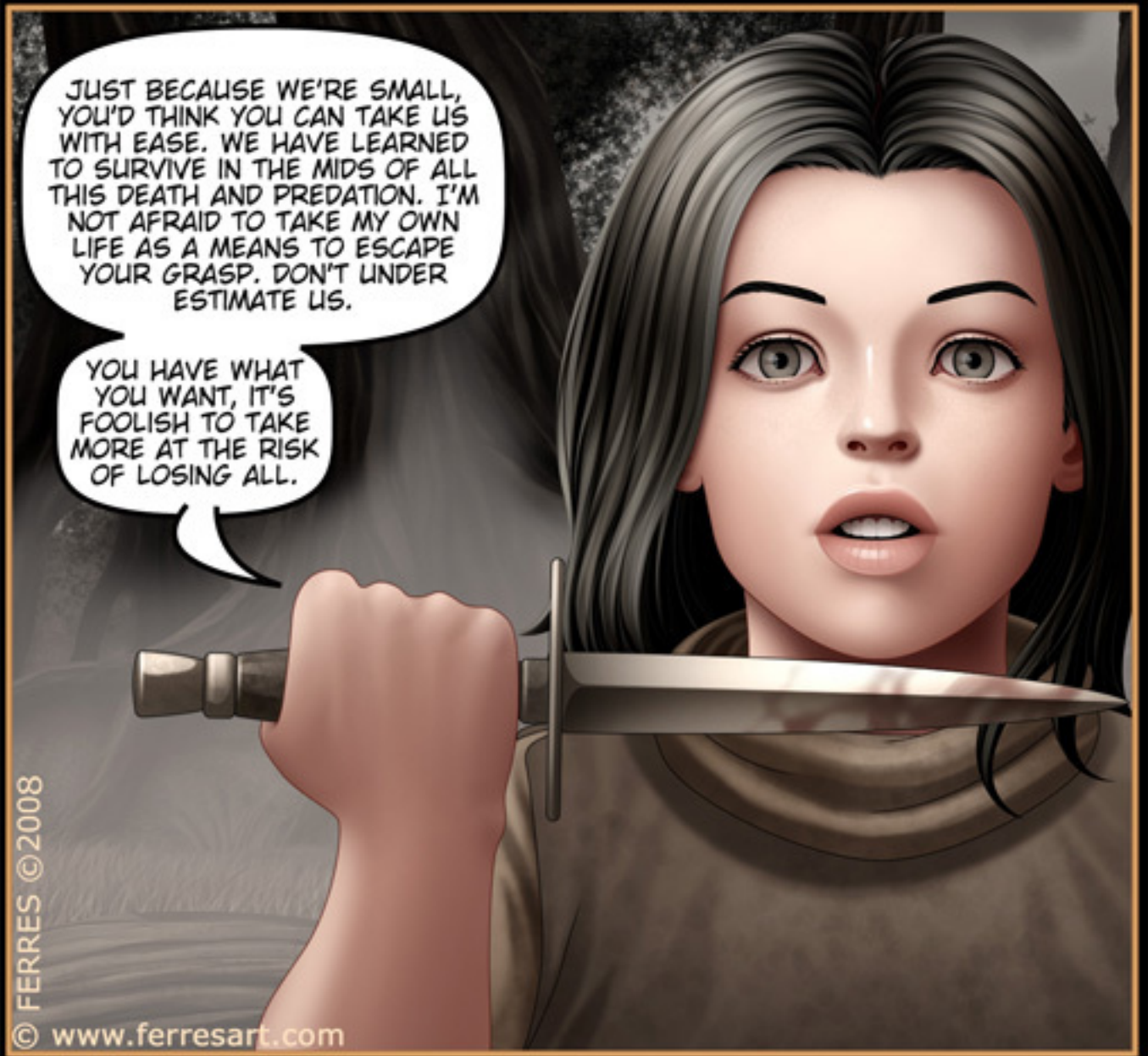
HIDDEN, WITH TWO CROSSBOWS, ONE OF WHICH IS AIMED AT YOUR HEAD.

YOU MAY DODGE A BOLT IF YOU KNOW WHERE IT'S COMING FROM, BUT FROM ONE YOU DON'T KNOW?

WILL YOU TAKE THE GAMBLE WITH YOUR LIFE, MERCENARY?


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JUST BECAUSE WE'RE SMALL,
YOU'D THINK YOU CAN TAKE US
WITH EASE. WE HAVE LEARNED
TO SURVIVE IN THE MIDS OF ALL
THIS DEATH AND PREDATION. I'M
NOT AFRAID TO TAKE MY OWN
LIFE AS A MEANS TO ESCAPE
YOUR GRASP. DON'T UNDER
ESTIMATE US.

YOU HAVE WHAT
YOU WANT, IT'S
FOOLISH TO TAKE
MORE AT THE RISK
OF LOSING ALL.



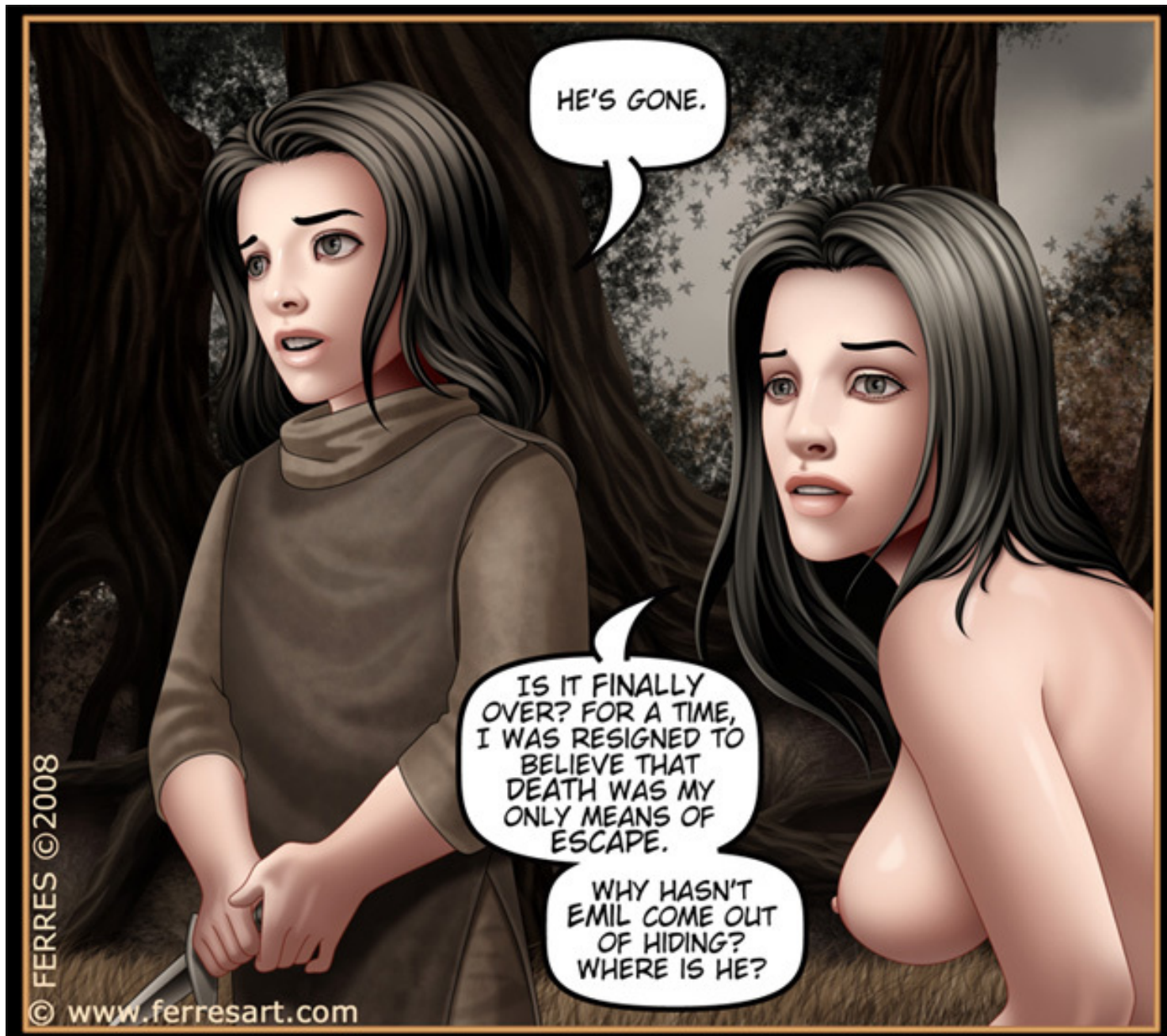
I LIKE YOU, GIRL. YOU
HAVE THE SPIRIT OF WOLF
AND THE CUNNING OF A
FOX. THERE IS NO PROFIT
IN ANYMORE KILLING. I
GIVE YOU THE FIELD.





COME ALONG,
CONTESSA. WE
HAVE A LONG
WAY TO GO.

NOOO!!!



HE'S GONE.

IS IT FINALLY
OVER? FOR A TIME,
I WAS RESIGNED TO
BELIEVE THAT
DEATH WAS MY
ONLY MEANS OF
ESCAPE.

WHY HASN'T
EMIL COME OUT
OF HIDING?
WHERE IS HE?



YOU WERE AWAY FOR SO LONG, AND WE WERE SO HUNGRY...

NO... GOD FORGIVE US.

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TRAVERSING THE COAST,
A FEW DAYS LATER...

I'M SPENT,
PLEASE LET
ME REST.

KEEP GOING, WE'LL
REST WHEN I SAY SO.
A BIT OF EXERCISE
WILL DO YOU GOOD
AFTER BEING TIED TO
A BED POST.

SARONA, A MILITARY
TOWN SHOULD BE JUST
AHEAD. YOU'LL EARN
ME GOOD COIN THERE.
YOU'LL BE SWIMMING
IN PATRONS.

NEED NOT WORRY, I'LL
BE SURE TO HAVE YOUR
CLINNY SEWN SHUT FOR
THE DURATION OF OUR
STAY. WOULD NOT WANT
IT TOTALLY RUINED BY
HUNDREDS OF OVER
EAGER PRICKS.

THEN OFF TO THE
MOORISH SLAVERS.
THE TURKS WILL WANT
TO DROWN THEIR
SORROWS IN WINE AND
WOMEN, PREFERABLY
CHRISTIAN WOMEN.



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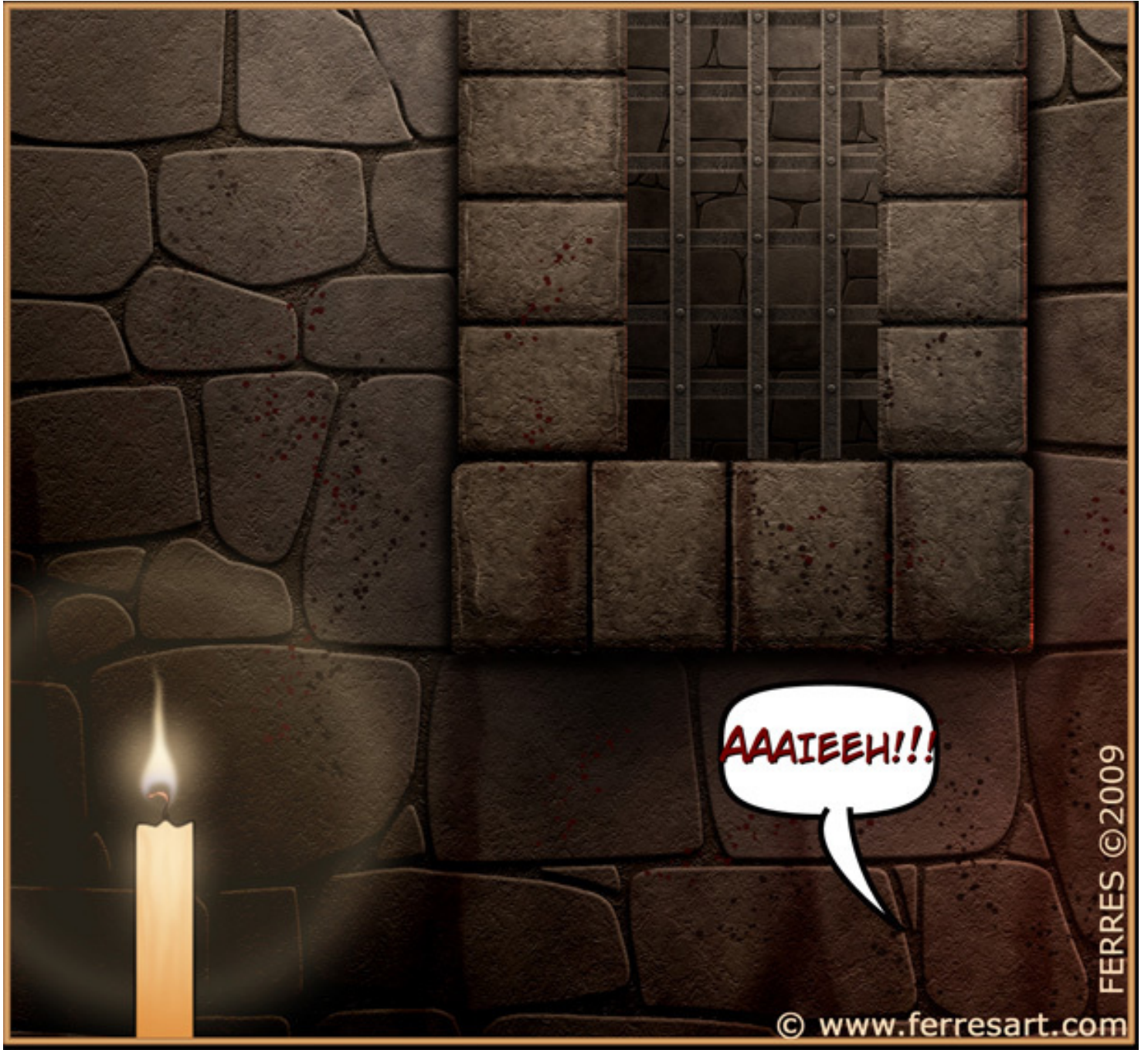
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AAAIEEH!!!

STOP THE SCREAMING!




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AAAGH!

EVER
TORTURED
ONE TO
DEATH?



SILLY QUESTION. EVERY EXPERIENCED TORTURER HAVE CUT HIS TEETH WITH ENDING A LIFE, USING THE MOST HORRID OF MEANS. PUBLIC EXECUTIONS THROUGH TORTURE IS A COMMON CROWD PLEASER. THEY ESPECIALLY LIKE IT WHEN THE SUBJECT IS A WOMAN.

HNNNH!



TO THE PEASANTRY, WHAT WE DO IS HIGH DRAMA. T'IS UNFORTUNATE THAT THE PLAGUE HAS TAKEN THE TOWNS. YOU WOULD'VE HEARD WILD CHEERS AS WE WORK ON THIS GIRL.

Noo!!!

BESIDES PERFORMING OUR DUTIES FOR THE PRINCE, WE ARE ALSO ENTERTAINERS AND WE NEED TO BE CREATIVE IN OUR CRAFT.

BUT UNLIKE THOSE LOWLY BARBS AND MUSICIAN, WE GIVE THE AUDIENCE EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANT. NO LIES, NO DECEPTIONS, NO FANCY WORDS. WE GIVE THEM REAL FEAR, REAL BLOOD, REAL DEATH.

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A QUICK BUT PAINFUL DEATH OR ENDURE FURTHER SUFFERING WITH THE VAGUE HOPES OF FREEDOM.

PLEASE DON'T KILL ME. I DON'T WANT TO DIE.



GOOD. THIS ONE IS A SURVIVOR.

Nooo!!!



AAAH!!!

SURVIVORS ARE FAR MORE ENTERTAINING. ENDURING ALL FOR THE SAKE OF LIFE.

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OF COURSE...
LUCKY GIRL, DESPITE
YOUR MURDEROUS
ATTEMPT, YOU STILL
GET AN AUDIENCE
WITH THE PRINCE.

PERHAPS HE
WILL SHOW
LENIENCY.

ISHAK, READY THE
OTHER ONE BEFORE I
RETURN. WE SHALL
CONTINUE WITH HER
SESSIONS, SHE'S HAD
ENOUGH REST.

SHE HAS
COMMITTED BLOODY
MURDER UPON ONE OF
OUR OWN. WE SHALL
SPARE NOTHING. OUR
BROTHERS DEMAND IT.

