

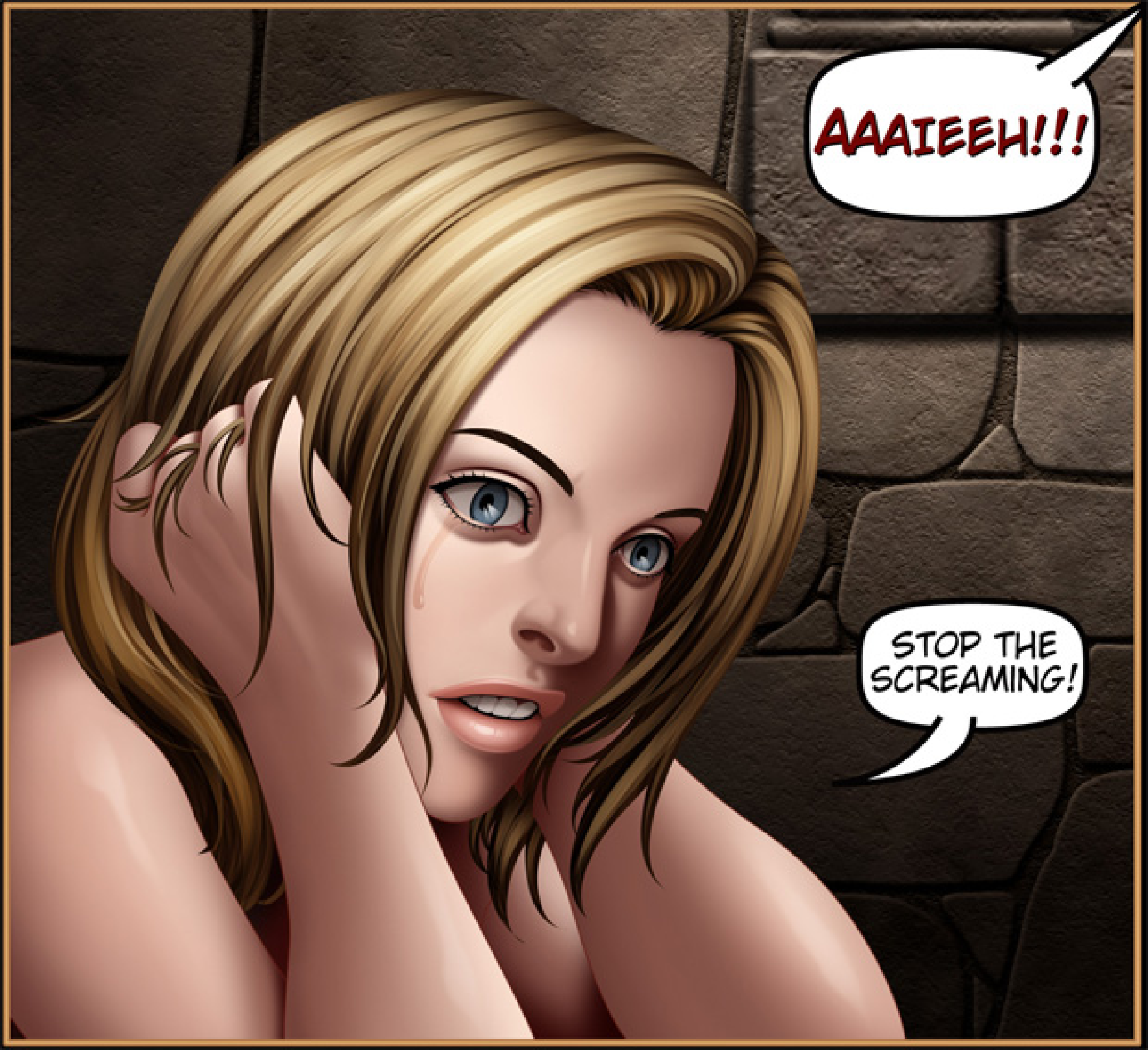
AAAIEEH!!!



SHE'S SCREAMING. WHY WON'T SHE STOP SCREAMING.

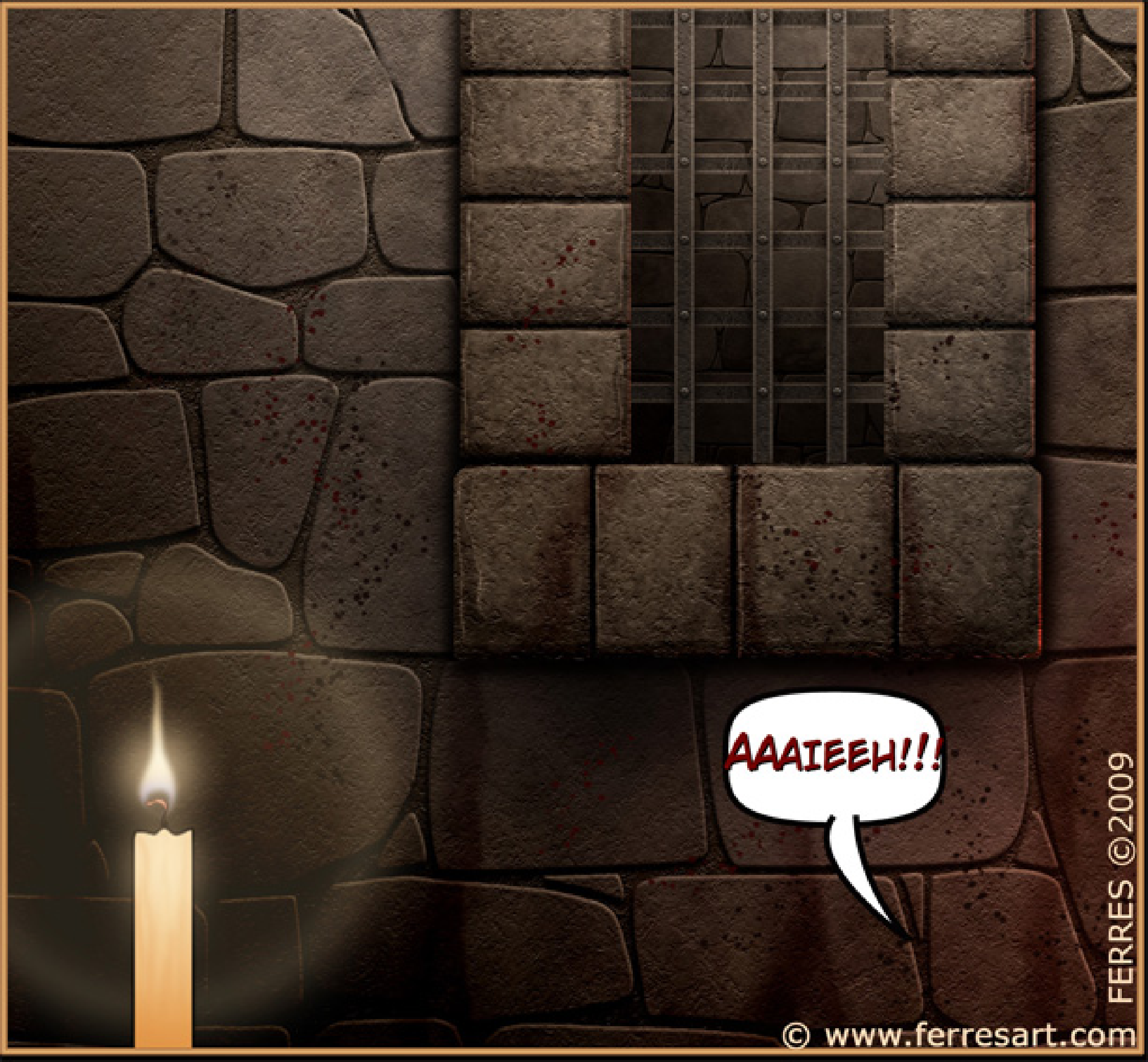
AAAH!!!





AAAIEEH!!!

STOP THE SCREAMING!




AAAIEEH!!!



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.



TELL ME GIRL,
I'LL GIVE YOU
A SIMPLE
CHOICE.



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.

Noooo!!!


AAAH!!!

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

ANGELO, THE
PRINCE WANTS
THE MAID
TESSA. BRING
CHAINS.

NOW!?

WITH ALL
HASTE.



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

PERHAPS HE
WILL SHOW
LENIENCY.

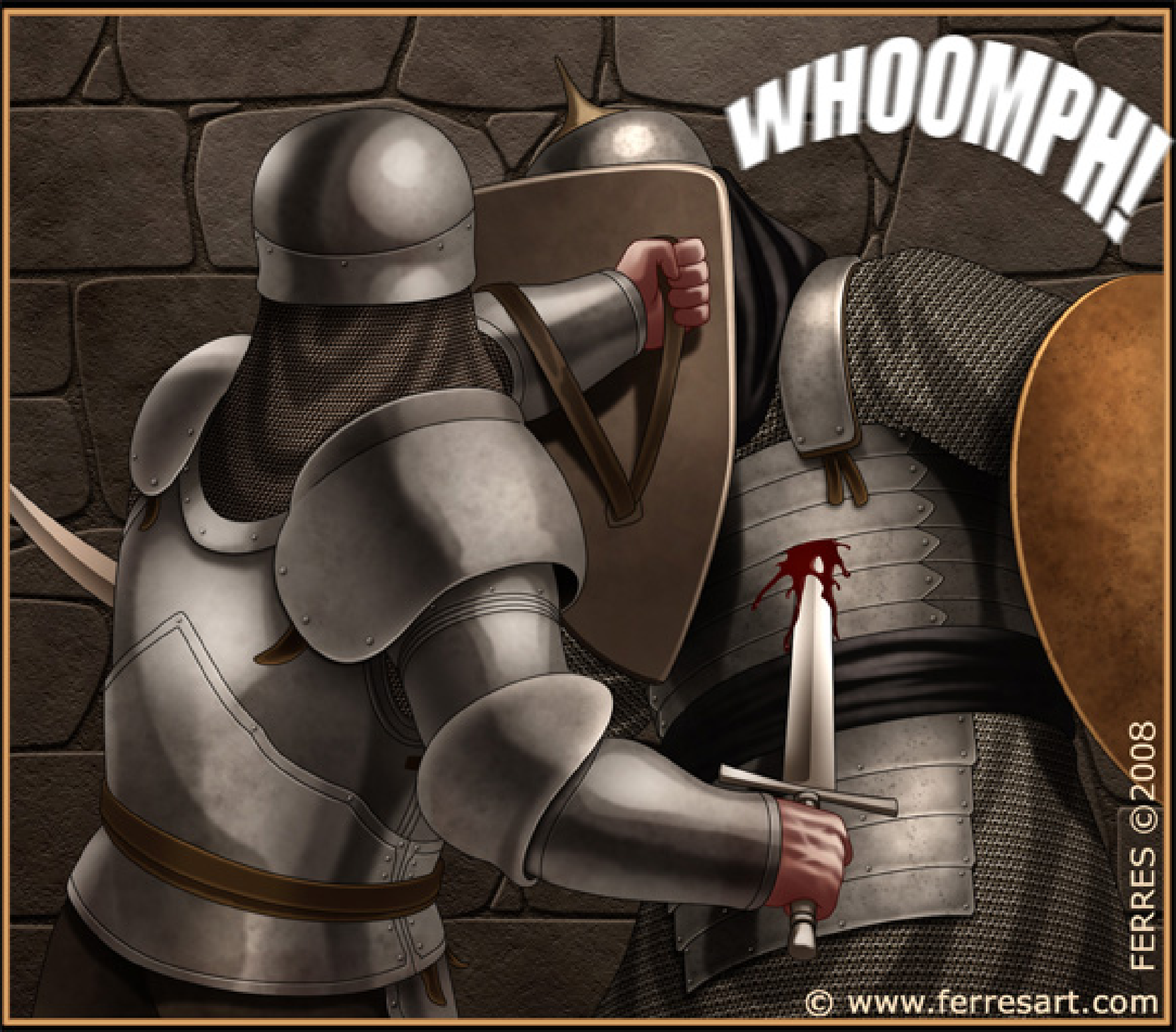
ISHAK, READY THE
OTHER ONE BEFORE I
RETURN. WE SHALL
CONTINUE WITH HER
SESSIONS, SHE'S HAD
ENOUGH REST.

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





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



WHOOOMPH!

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HAH!

BUGGER!



YEEAGH!

...?!



AAAIEEH!!!

YOUR FOUL
ODOR BETRAYS
YOU, TURK!

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.

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.



CURSE THEM!
THEIR POSITION
IS WELL
ENTRENCHED.

TRY THE FIRE
ARROWS.

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MAKE AN
OPENING! THIS
BATTLE IS
OVER.






FIRE!

BOOM!



NO!
PLEASE!
AAH!!!



THIS PRETTY
NUN SHOULD
STILL BE FRESH
AND UNSPOILED.

LET ME GO!
AAAAYEEH!

HUSH!
SOMEONE IS
COMING.

BLAG!

BLAG!

WHAT THE...!?
WHO DARES!

WHOEVER IS UP
THERE, STOP
WASTING THE WINE
AND OILS!

CRASH

IT'S
GREEK FIRE,
YOU FOOLS.

AARGH!

AAAIEEH!!!



A knight with a mustache and a blue sash, wearing detailed silver armor, stands in a stone-walled room. He is looking towards a large, bright fire burning in a stone archway on the left. The fire is intense, with yellow and orange flames reaching upwards. The knight's expression is one of determination or resolve.

AAAIEEH!!!

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

DEAR
FAITHLESS
WIFE, I SHALL
JOIN YOU
SOON.



THEY'RE ALL
DEAD. IT'S
DONE!

ALLAH BE
PRAISED. WE
HAVE
TRIUMPHED!

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?!

THE LAME ONE WILL ONLY SLOW US DOWN. SHE'S DEAD WEIGHT, I SAY WE LEAVE HER. THE CONTESSA IS THE ONE WE NEED.

NO!

IF WE DON'T RUN INTO THE TURKS, WE CAN SELL HER ARISTOCRATIC ASS.

MOORISH SLAVERS WILL PAY A GOOD PRICE FOR HER CLUNNY.




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

HNNNH!

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.

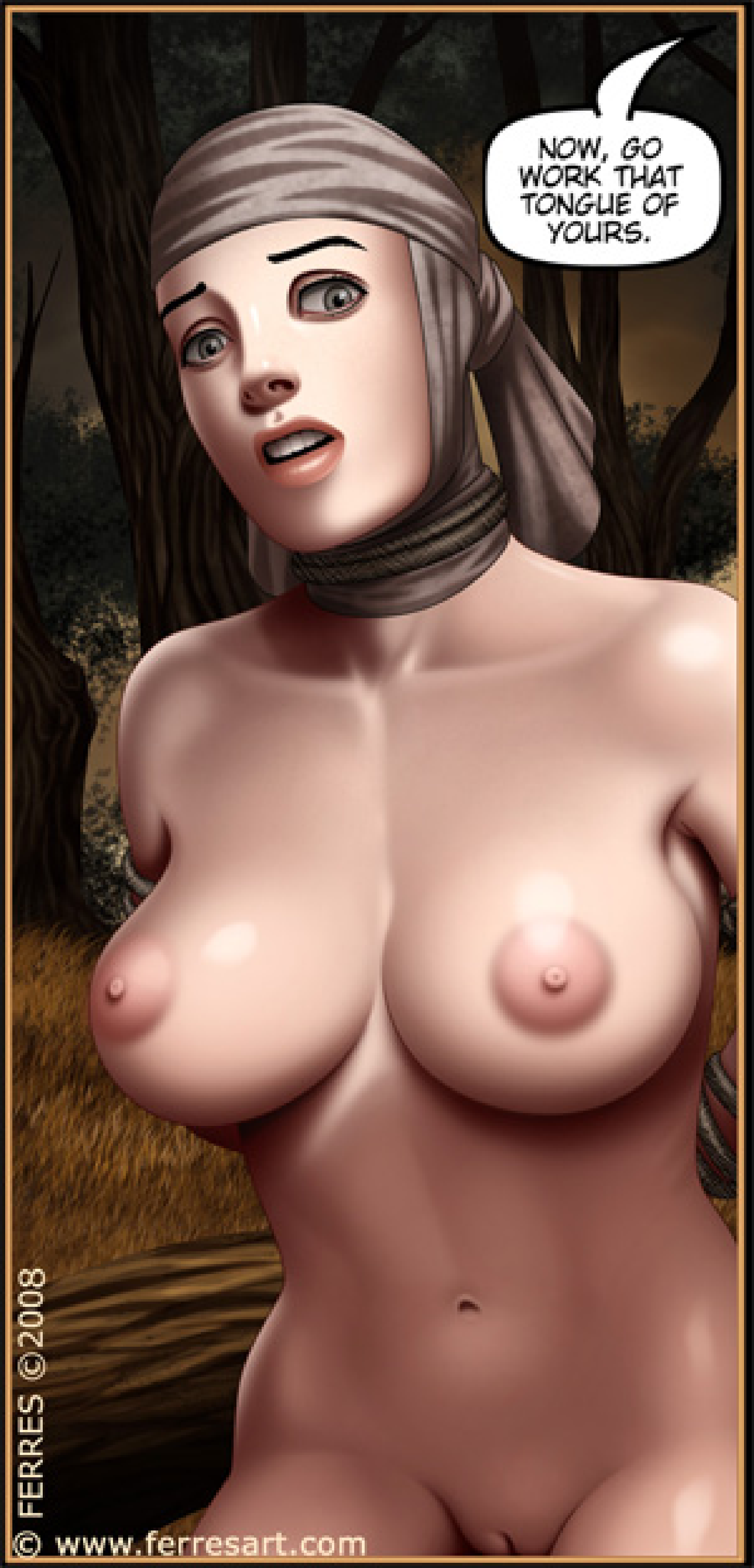
BUT IF YOU LOVE
YOUR SISTER SO
MUCH, GO GIVE
HER A PROPER
SEND OFF.

HNNNH!

AAGH!

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






NOW, GO
WORK THAT
TONGUE OF
YOURS.

T

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

AAH!



USE YOUR TEETH
AND GIVE HER A
GOOD BITE.

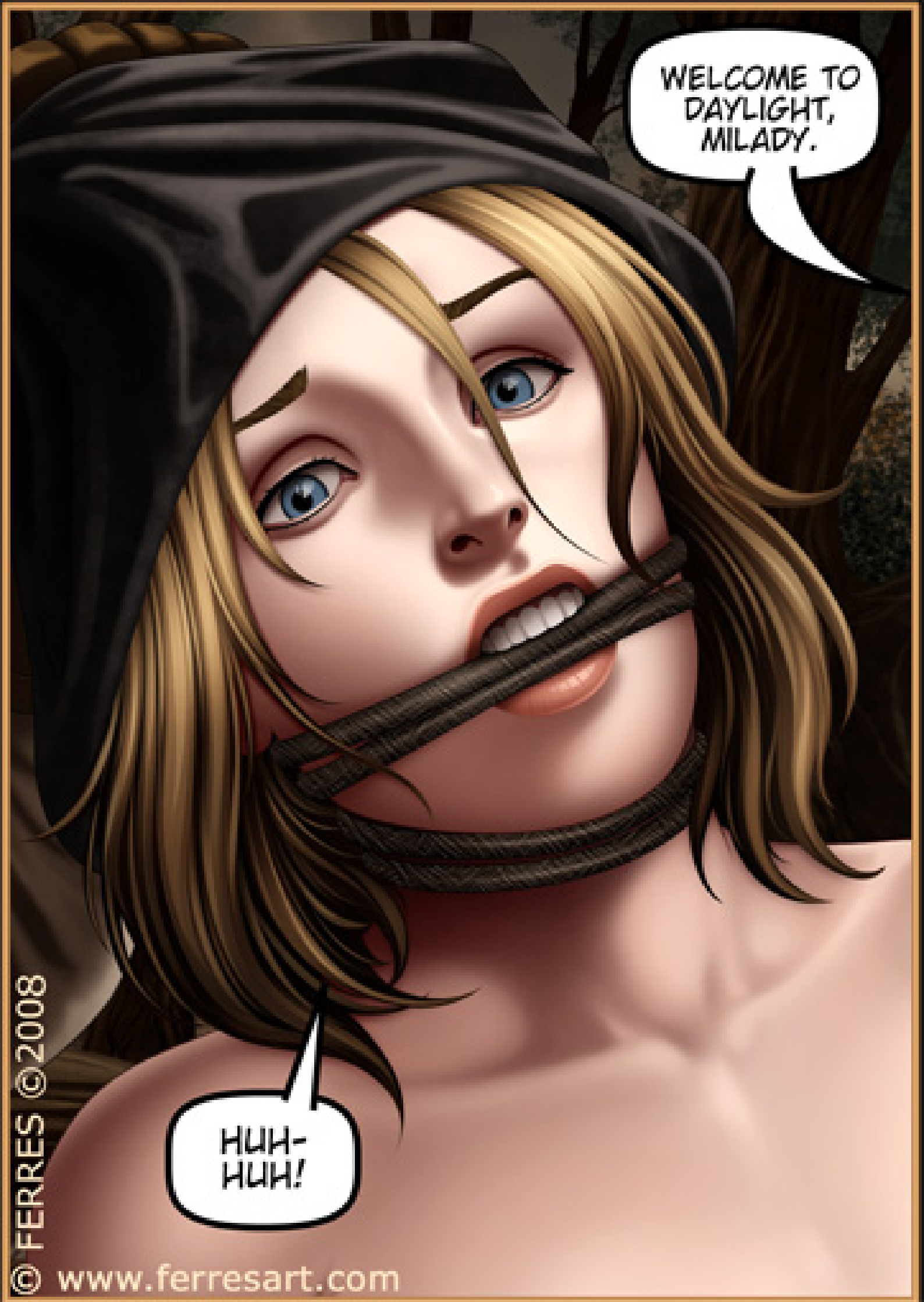
MNNFF!

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

AAH!

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WELCOME TO
DAYLIGHT,
MILADY.

HUH-
HUH!



I STILL SEE THE
RAGE AND
ARROGANCE IN
YOUR EYES.

HUNGH!




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.

HIS AFFECTION FOR YOU CLOUDED HIS JUDGMENT. MAKING THREATS THAT HE WOULD NEVER CARRY OUT.

HNNNH!



THREATS THAT
YOU KNOW HE
WOULD NEVER
CARRY OUT.

HNNGH!

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




HNNNFF!

...MUCH MORE.
AND WE HAVE
BARELY
SCRATCHED
THE SURFACE.




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

MNNFF!



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!



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.



BUT WE NEVER
ATTACKED THE
COASTAL GATES,
HOW COULD IT
HAVE...?

AAAIYEEH!!!

MERCIFUL ALLAH!
WHAT WOULD
MAKE A MAN
SCREAM LIKE THAT.

AAAIEEH!!!





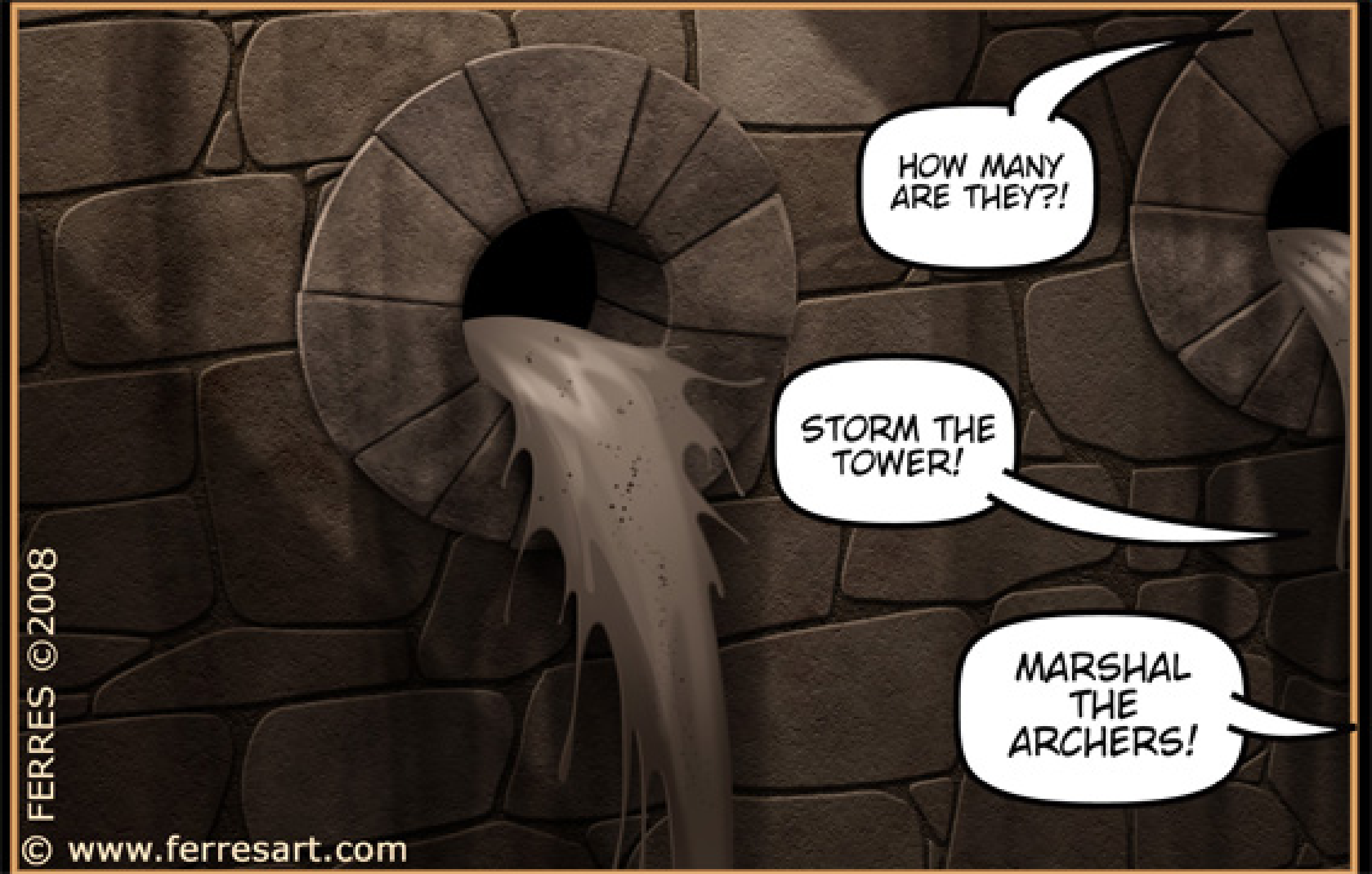
WHO
DARES?!

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



I SEE HIM.


THERE!
I SEE HIM ON
THE ROOF!



HOW MANY
ARE THEY?!


STORM THE
TOWER!

MARSHAL
THE
ARCHERS!

A knight in full plate armor, including a helmet with a visor, is shown from the waist up. He has a dark beard and mustache and is looking upwards with a stern, angry expression. He is holding a sword with a wooden hilt. A purple sash is draped across his chest. The background is a dark, rocky interior.

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

NOW, ALL SHALL BE CLEANSED!



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

ARCHERS
KILL HIM!

A group of medieval archers in a stone castle, aiming bows and spears. A speech bubble says "LET FLY!". The archers are wearing chainmail and helmets, and are holding bows and spears. The scene is set in a stone castle with a battlement in the background. A speech bubble in the top right corner contains the text "LET FLY!".

LET FLY!



AAGH!



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!





NEVER MIND
THAT, WE HAVE
WON!



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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.



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.



LET ME
HELP YOU
OUT.



HNNNH!



A FEW
TWISTS...

AHH!



ON YOUR KNEES!

AAGH!

WET ALREADY?
YOUR CUNNY
JUST DRIPS WITH
ANTICIPATION.



NOW, SHOW
ME THAT
ASS.

BUT...

FALL
FORWARD!



NEED A
BOOT?

NEVER
HESITATE AN
ORDER,
FUCKIN' CLINT!

AGH!

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

HUH-
HUH!



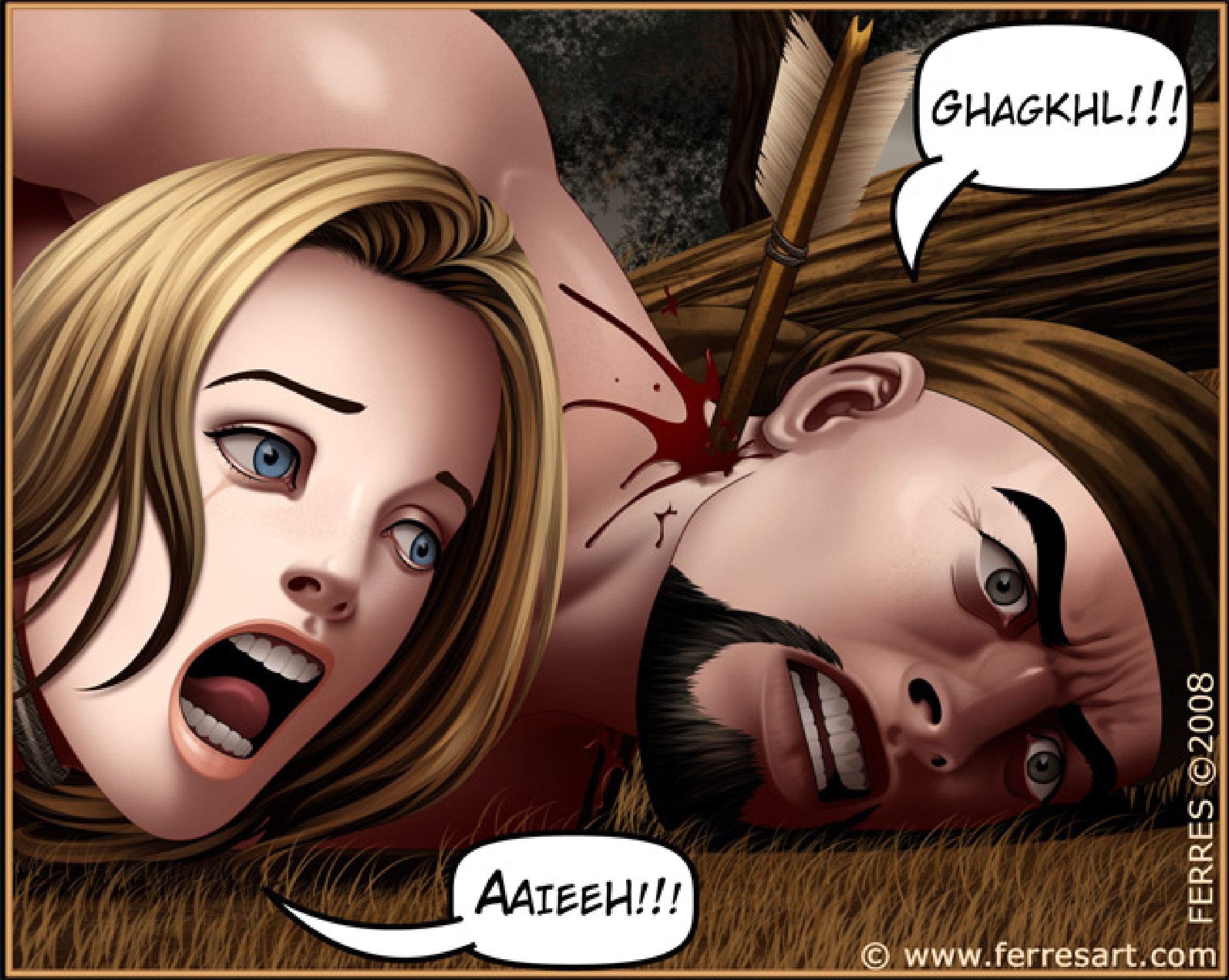
SO, THIS SHOULD BE
OLD HAT TO YOU BY
NOW. SPREAD THOSE
LOVELY ASS CHEEKS
AND MAKE ROOM FOR
A NEW TENANT.

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!




GHAGKHL!!!

AAIEEH!!!

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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?



HOW...?
LINGH!

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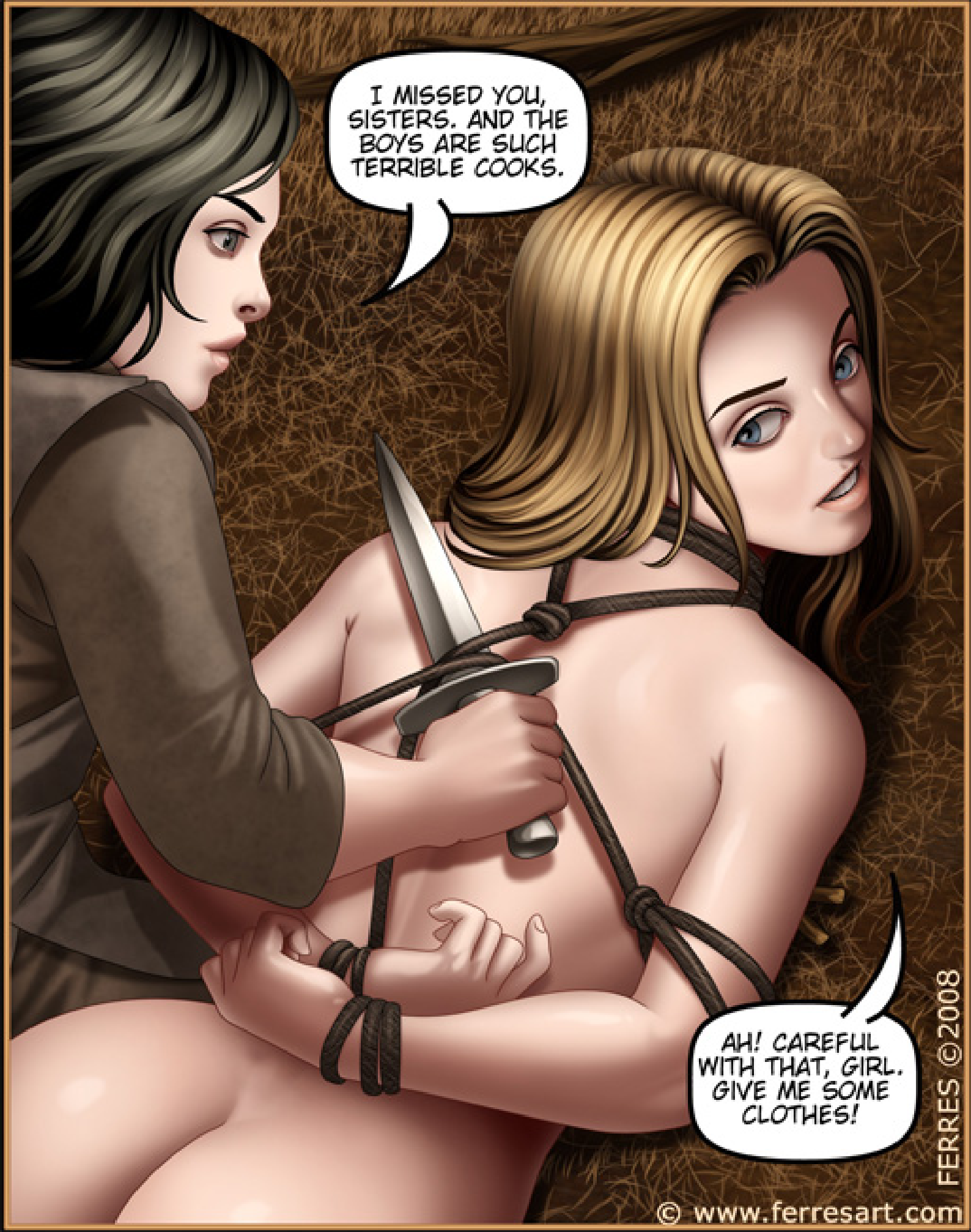
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A young woman with long, dark, wavy hair and light-colored eyes is the central figure. She is wearing a simple, olive-green tunic with a high collar. Her hands are clasped together, holding a silver knife vertically. The blade of the knife is stained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

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

HAAAH!!!






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

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

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!

???

FREE AT
LAST!






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.

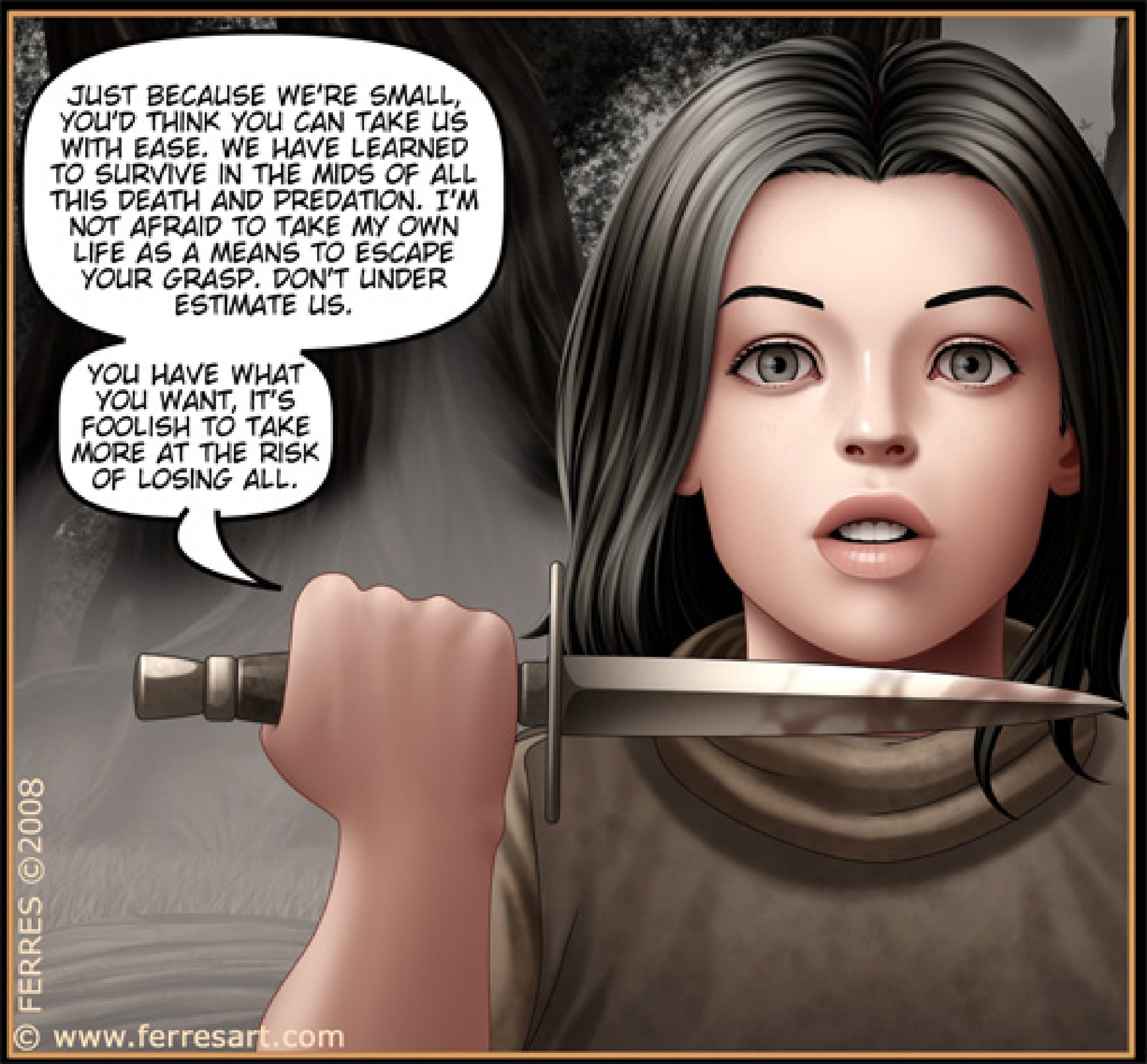
HMMM... I RECALL THERE WERE THREE OF YOU. WHERE IS THE OTHER ONE?

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a grey tunic and boots, stands in a field of tall grass. She holds a dagger in her right hand and looks slightly to her left with a nervous expression. To her left, the lower legs and feet of another person are visible. The scene is set outdoors with a large tree branch in the background.

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?



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.



IT'S A SHAME
TO BE BESTED
BY FOUNDLINGS.



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.

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
CUNNY 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.