



FULL COMIC
SUPERHERO TROUBLES 2

lecter38



amazonias.net

where the strong girls live

ALL DEPICTIONS OF NUDITY, SEXUAL ACTIVITY, PHYSICAL INTERACTION, OR COMBAT IN THIS COMIC ARE ENTIRELY FICTIONAL AND ARE PORTRAYED AS FULLY CONSENSUAL BY ALL CHARACTERS INVOLVED. ANY POWER DYNAMICS, DOMINATION, OR PHYSICAL INTENSITY SHOWN ARE EXPLICITLY CONSENSUAL AND INTENDED AS PART OF A FICTIONAL NARRATIVE.

ALL CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN SEXUAL OR NUDE CONTEXTS ARE AT LEAST EIGHTEEN (18) YEARS OF AGE AT THE TIME OF DEPICTION. NO CHARACTERS REPRESENT MINORS.

DUE TO THE STYLIZED NATURE OF THE GENRE, SOME ADULT CHARACTERS MAY APPEAR YOUTHFUL OR SMALLER IN STATURE; THIS IS A FICTIONAL ARTISTIC CHOICE AND DOES NOT IMPLY AGE.

THIS WORK DOES NOT DEPICT NON-CONSENSUAL ACTS, SEXUAL VIOLENCE, OR THE EXPLOITATION OF MINORS.



LITTLE JAMES HERE,
AND OTHER AMAZONIAS
ARTISTS... THEY PUT IN A
LOT OF EFFORT CREATING
THESE COMICS ABOUT US
AMAZONS. THEY'RE JAMES'
ONLY SOURCE OF
INCOME.

MOREOVER, IF YOU
CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY
COMICS, THERE'S ENOUGH
FREE COMICS ON
AMAZONIAS.NET!

SO IF YOU UPLOAD A
COMIC ANYWHERE OR IF
YOU DOWNLOAD AN
ILLEGAL COPY, IT **HURTS**
HIS BUSINESS, IT HURTS
HIM, AND IT HURTS US,
AMAZONS.

IF YOU SEE PAID
COMICS UPLOADED
ANYWHERE, LET ME
KNOW AT
INFO@AMAZONIAS.NET.
I'LL **REWARD** YOU,
LITTLE ONE...

DON'T DO IT, OKAY,
LITTLE ONE? IT'S NOT
THE WAY TO WORSHIP
US!

MASON SHIELDED HIS EYES AND YELLED AT THE SKY, HE KNEW HE DIDN'T HAVE TO, SHE WOULD HAVE HEARD HIM IF HE WAS WHISPERING A MILE A WAY, BUT HE DID ANYWAY.

I... DON'T...
KNOW.
I DON'T REMEMBER A
FUCKING THING SINCE
YESTERDAY MORNING.

SO PLEASE, GET
DOWN BEFORE YOU
GET TAGGED!

I TOLD YOU,
I DON'T FEAR
ANYONE

I FLY AND
TREAD WHERE I
WANT...





IF ANYONE
IS DUMB ENOUGH
TO ATTACK ME
LET HIM.

THERE IS NOT A
LIVING BEING UNDER
THE SUN THAT CAN
CATCH ME OFF
GUARD!

FOR I-
AM- THE
DAUNTLESS!!!



WAIT- I HEAR-
SOMETHING...

IT'S COMING FAST!

ZZZZT



BOOM!

GASP
OH MY GOD!
DAUNTLESS!!!

THE EXPLOSION WAS SUDDEN
AND MASSIVE. MASON WATCHED
AS THE HEROINE WAS FLUNG
ACROSS THE SKY BY IT'S FORCE.



POW

MASON BROKE INTO A RUN
FOLLOWING THE SMOKING TRAIL IN
THE SKY. THE MYSTERIES OF HIS
PREDICAMENT SUDDENLY FORGOTTEN.

HUFF

HUFF

MEANWHILE, A FEW
MILES AWAY

CRACK



CRASH



THE BUILDINGS COLLAPSED LIKE DOMINOES,
REDUCED TO RUBBLE IN AN INSTANT. BEFORE THE
DUST SETTLED DOWN DEBRIS WAS FLUNG APART
WITH HUGE FORCE.

THROW

THE DAUNTLESS LIFTED AND THREW
AWAY PARTS OF THE BUILDINGS LIKE
THEY WERE MADE OF FOAM. EMERGING
FROM THE DEBRIS IN FURY.

AAARGH!

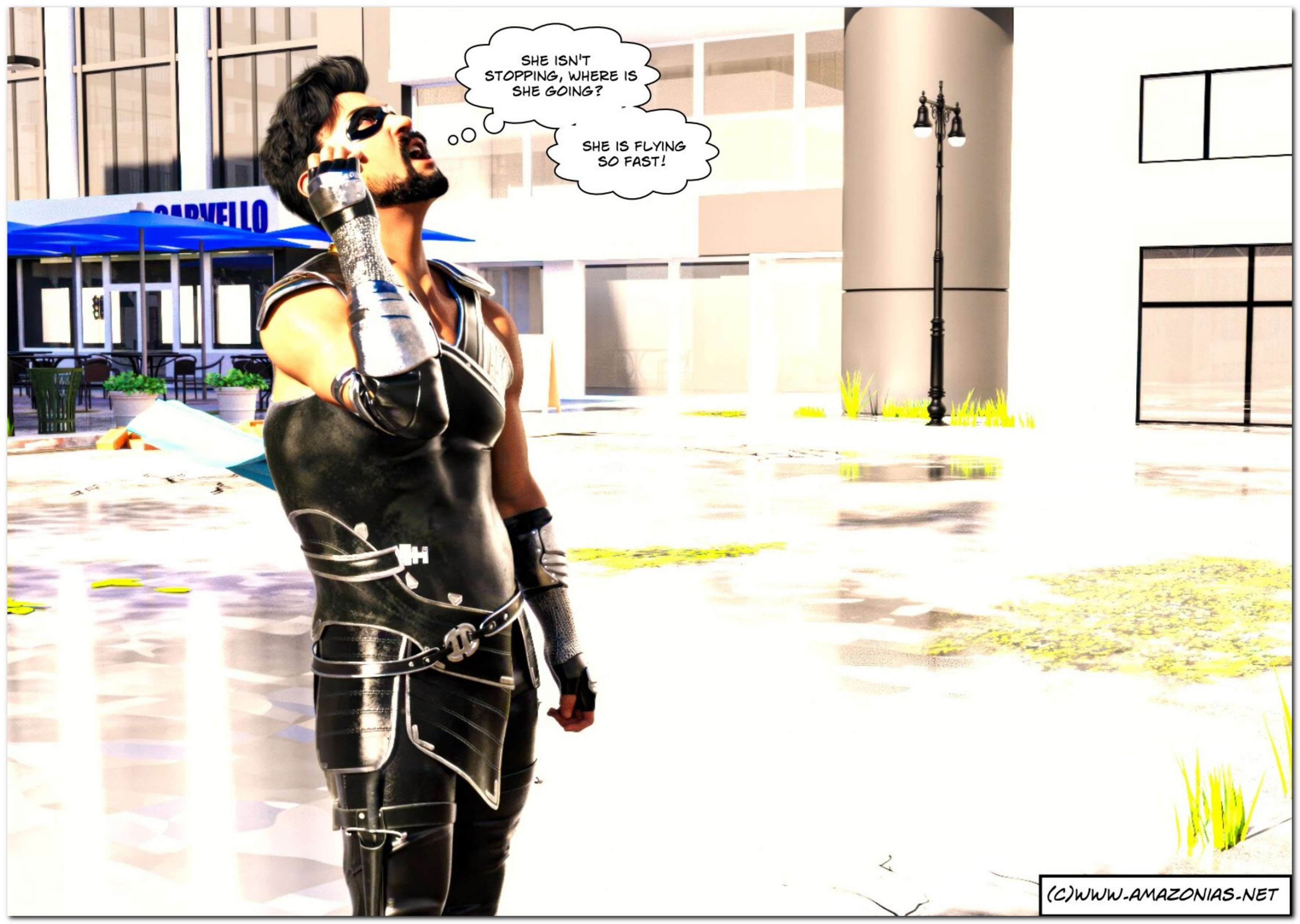


SUCH BRAZEN
ATTACK IS TO BE
LAUDED.

THEY WILL
DIE ALL THE
SAME, BUT
STILL!

MASON WAS IN A DEAD RUN
FOLLOWING THE SMOKE TRAIL WHEN
SUDDENLY SHE REAPPEARED AGAIN IN
THE SKY, HE CAME TO A DEAD HALT.



A man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a black and silver superhero suit with a prosthetic arm, stands in a city square. He is looking upwards with an open mouth, as if in awe or shouting. The background features a modern building with large windows, a blue awning with the word "GARVELLO" in white letters, and a black lamppost. The ground is wet and reflective.

SHE ISN'T
STOPPING, WHERE IS
SHE GOING?

SHE IS FLYING
SO FAST!



SHIT, I DON'T
HAVE MY EARPIECE.

WHAT THE
FUCK
DAUNTLESS...

GOD, I HOPE SHE
DOESN'T START
FUCKING WW4

A female warrior with long brown hair, wearing a purple and silver armored suit, is flying through a city. She has a determined expression and is pointing her right index finger forward. The background shows a blurred cityscape with buildings and a clear blue sky.

THE FUCKING
AUDACITY,
ATTACKING THE
DAUNTLESS.

SOME ONE
WILL HAVE TO
PAY---

MILES AND MILES AWAY, NESTLED
DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS AND HIDDEN
FROM PREYING EYES, THE MILITARY
INSTALMENT HUMMED WITH LIFE.



THE COMMANDER CLIMBED
INTO THE MOBILE COMMAND
CENTRE, UNFAZED BY THE
SCATHING SUN.





A comic book panel set in a dimly lit military control room. In the center, a man with a shaved head, wearing a black tank top, sits in a high-backed chair, looking at a control panel with multiple glowing blue screens. To his left, a woman with short dark hair, also in a black tank top, sits in a similar chair, looking towards him. On the right, a man in a digital camouflage uniform and cap is seen in profile, looking towards the other two. The room is filled with technical equipment, including monitors and control panels with various buttons and lights. Four speech bubbles are present: one from the woman on the left, one from the man in the center, and two from the man in camouflage on the right. The overall atmosphere is serious and focused.

WHAT IS THE SITREP,
SOLDIERS?

WE GOT A
DIRECT HIT, SIR.

BUT THE TARGET'S
DOWN TIME WAS JUST
UNDER 5 MINUTES

SHE IS ALREADY
FLYING AND ON HER
WAY TO THE
BATTALION.



EXCELLENT WORK
SOLDIERS, ORDER THE
UNITS TO BE ON
STANDBY.

AND I WANT
EVERY SCRAP OF DATA
RECORDED. EVERY
MINUTE DETAIL
LOGGED.

SIR, YES SIR.

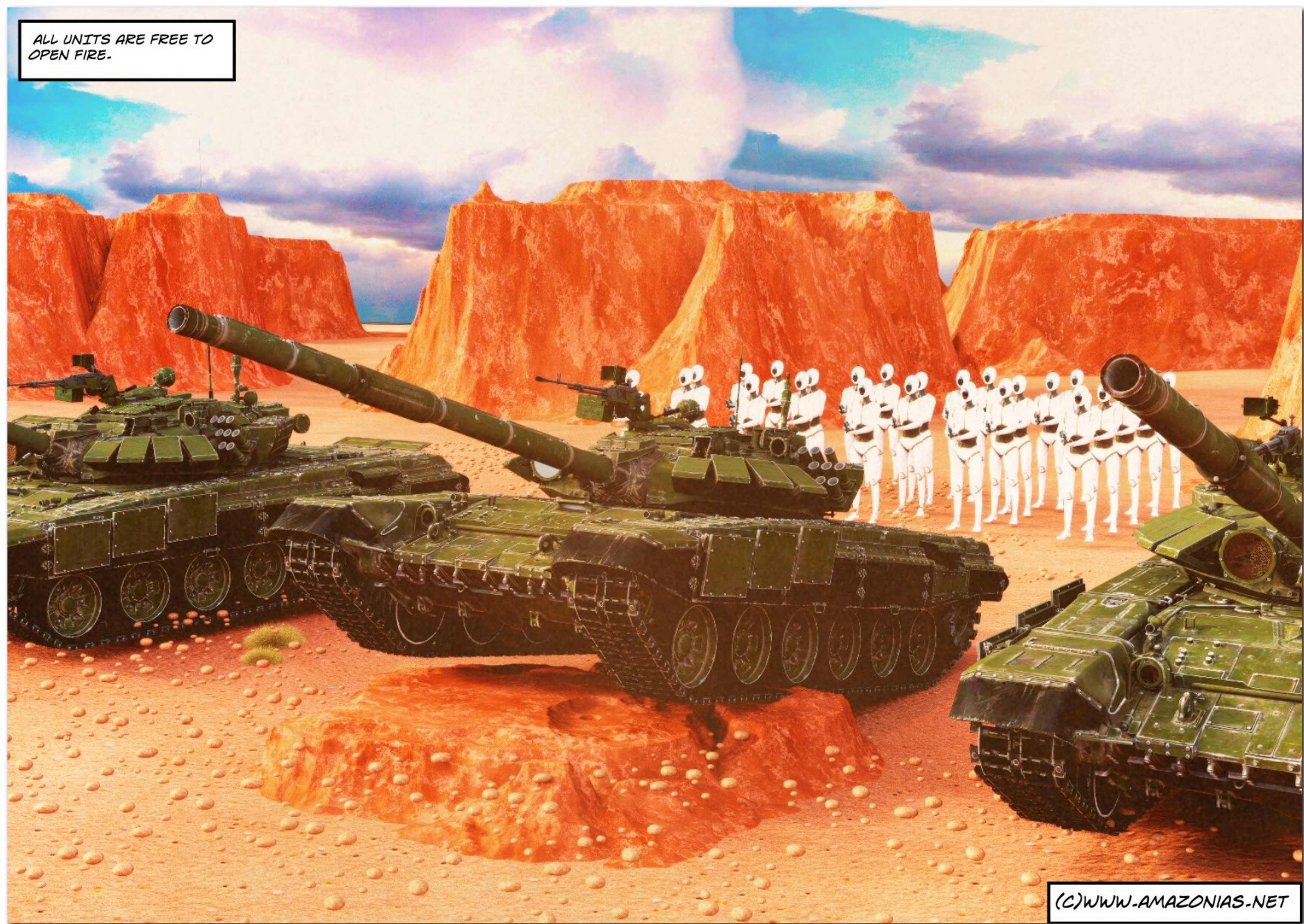
SHE IS
MOVING FAST,
SIR, VERY FAST.

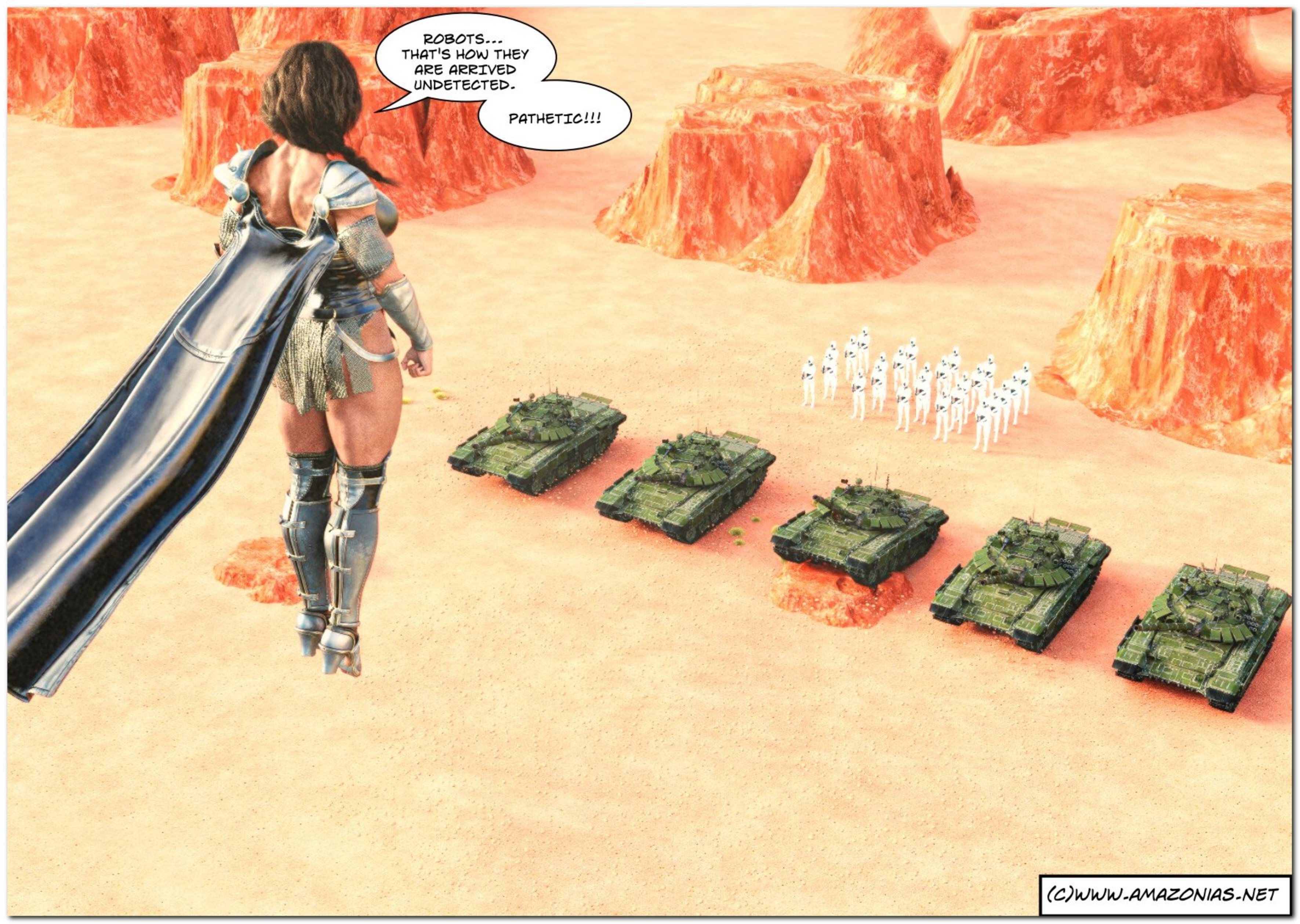


OH MY GOD, SHE IS
ALREADY AT THEIR
LOCATION

SENDING THE CODES
FOR OPEN
ENGAGEMENT.

ALL UNITS ARE FREE TO
OPEN FIRE.





ROBOTS...
THAT'S HOW THEY
ARE ARRIVED
UNDETECTED.

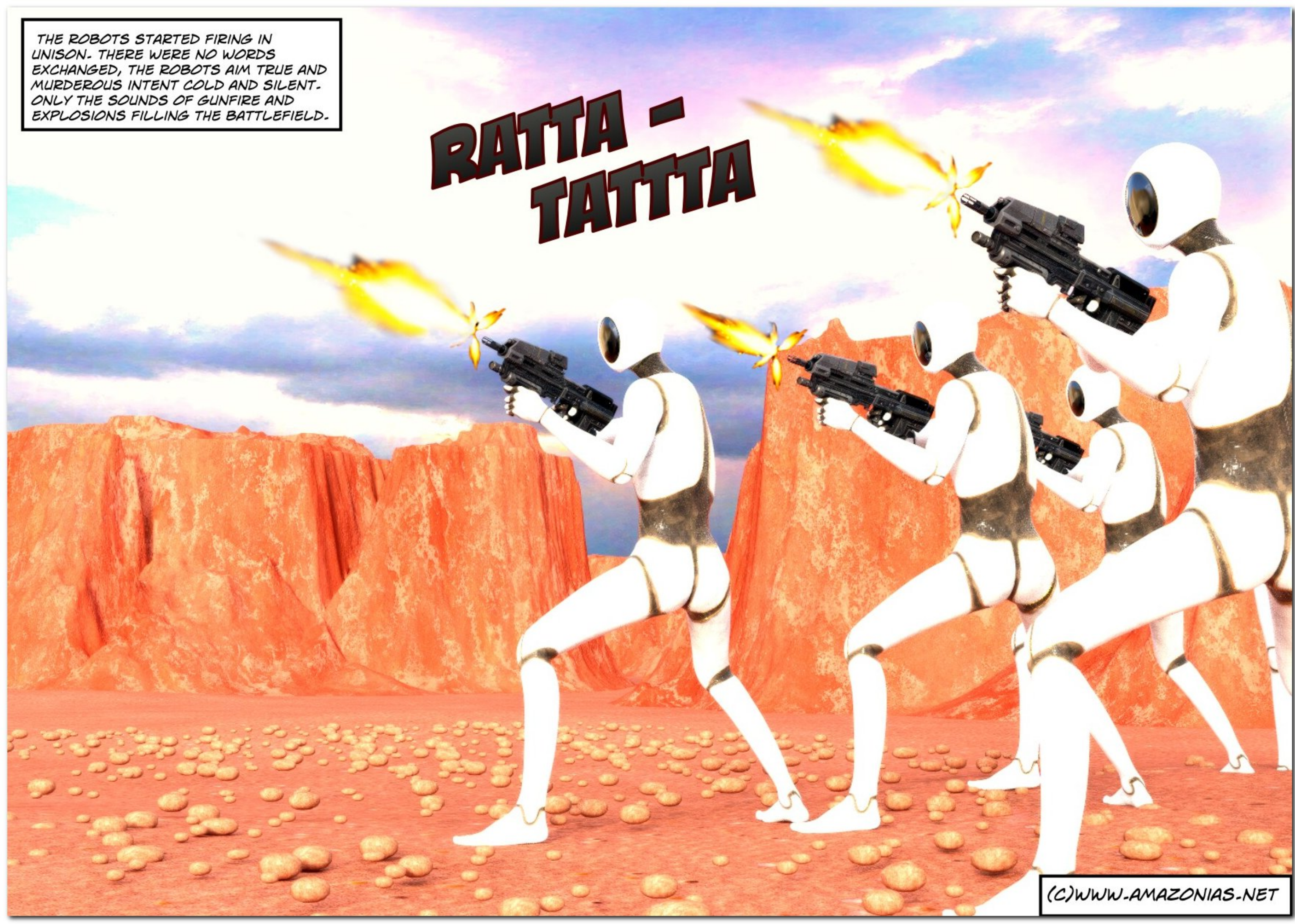
PATHETIC!!!

AS THE TANKS STARTED FIRING, SHE
CHARGED UNBOTHERD IN THE
SLIGHTEST BY THE FLAK EXPLODING
AROUND HER.



THE ROBOTS STARTED FIRING IN UNISON. THERE WERE NO WORDS EXCHANGED, THE ROBOTS AIM TRUE AND MURDEROUS INTENT COLD AND SILENT. ONLY THE SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE AND EXPLOSIONS FILLING THE BATTLEFIELD.

**RATTA -
TATTTA**



SHE DESCENDED LIKE A ROCKET,
FAR MORE EFFECTIVE THAN ANY OF
THEIR WEAPONS.

BOOM



FASTER THAN THE EYE COULD SEE
SHE DESCENDED UPON THE
SECOND TANK, LIFTING IT OVER
HER HEAD WITH SICKENING EASE.

AAAAHHH!!

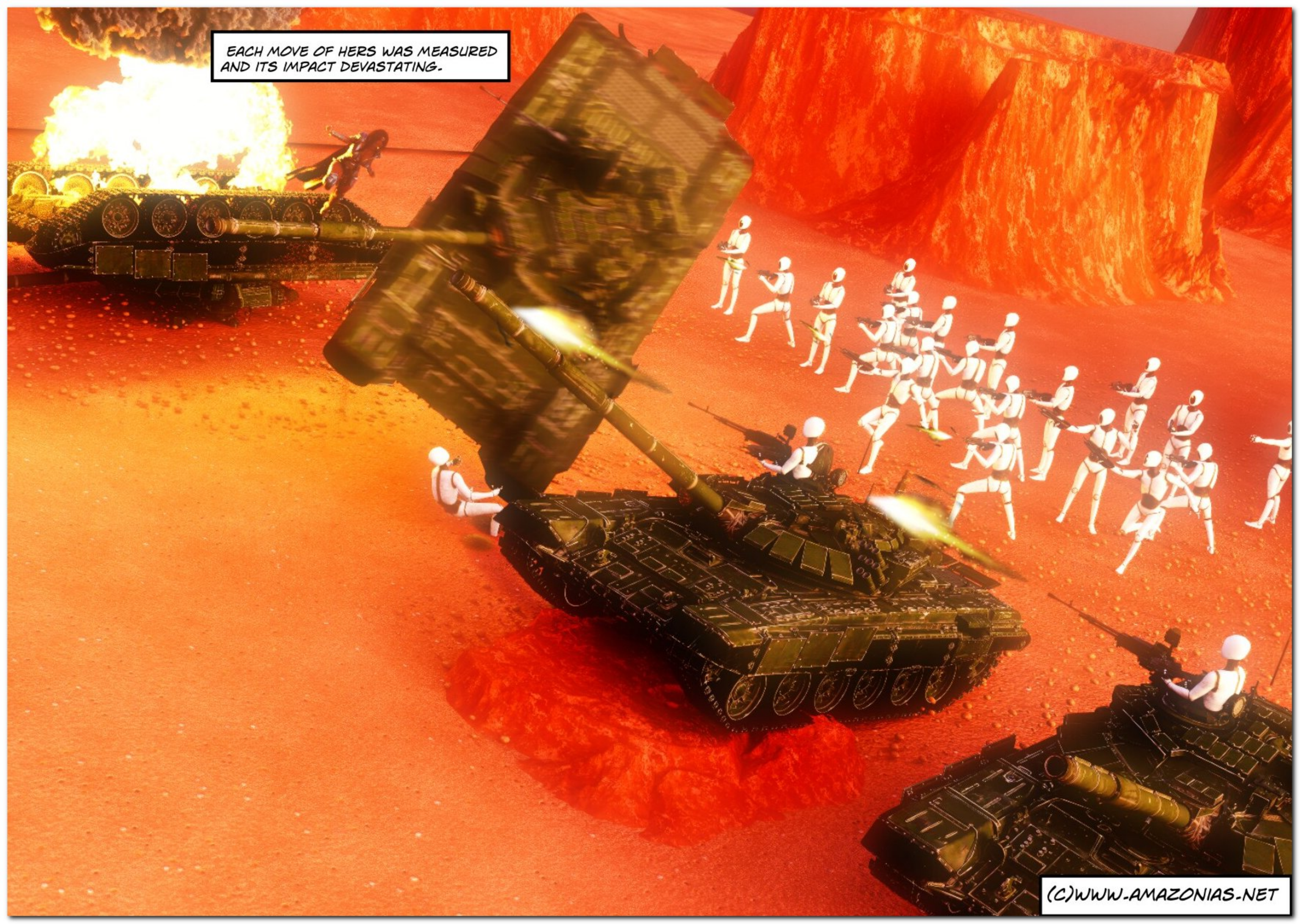
THE NOISE OF THE GRINDING GEARS OF THE TANKS AND THE SPITTING FIRE OF THE GUNS WERE DEAFENING, YOU COULDN'T EVEN THINK. BUT SHE WAS MOVING WITH THE GRACE AND CONFIDENCE OF A VETERAN WARRIOR. THE RICOCHETTING BULLETS NOT EVEN SLOWING HER DOWN.

RATTA -
TATTTA

HMF

LITTLE MEN
AND THEIR LITTLE
TOYS!

EACH MOVE OF HERS WAS MEASURED
AND ITS IMPACT DEVASTATING.



SHE WAS A TRUE MONSTER...

CRASH



GRAWL

DO YOU
THINK THIS CAN
STOP ME?

I LAID WASTE
TO WHOLE
NATIONS.

I MADE GODS
BLEED!

AND YOU SEND
ME TOY?!



SHE WAS SWATTING THE MECHANICAL
SOLDIERS DOWN LIKE FLIES. THEY
WERE MADE OF TOUGHER STUFF THAN
MEN, BUT THAT WASN'T SAYING MUCH.

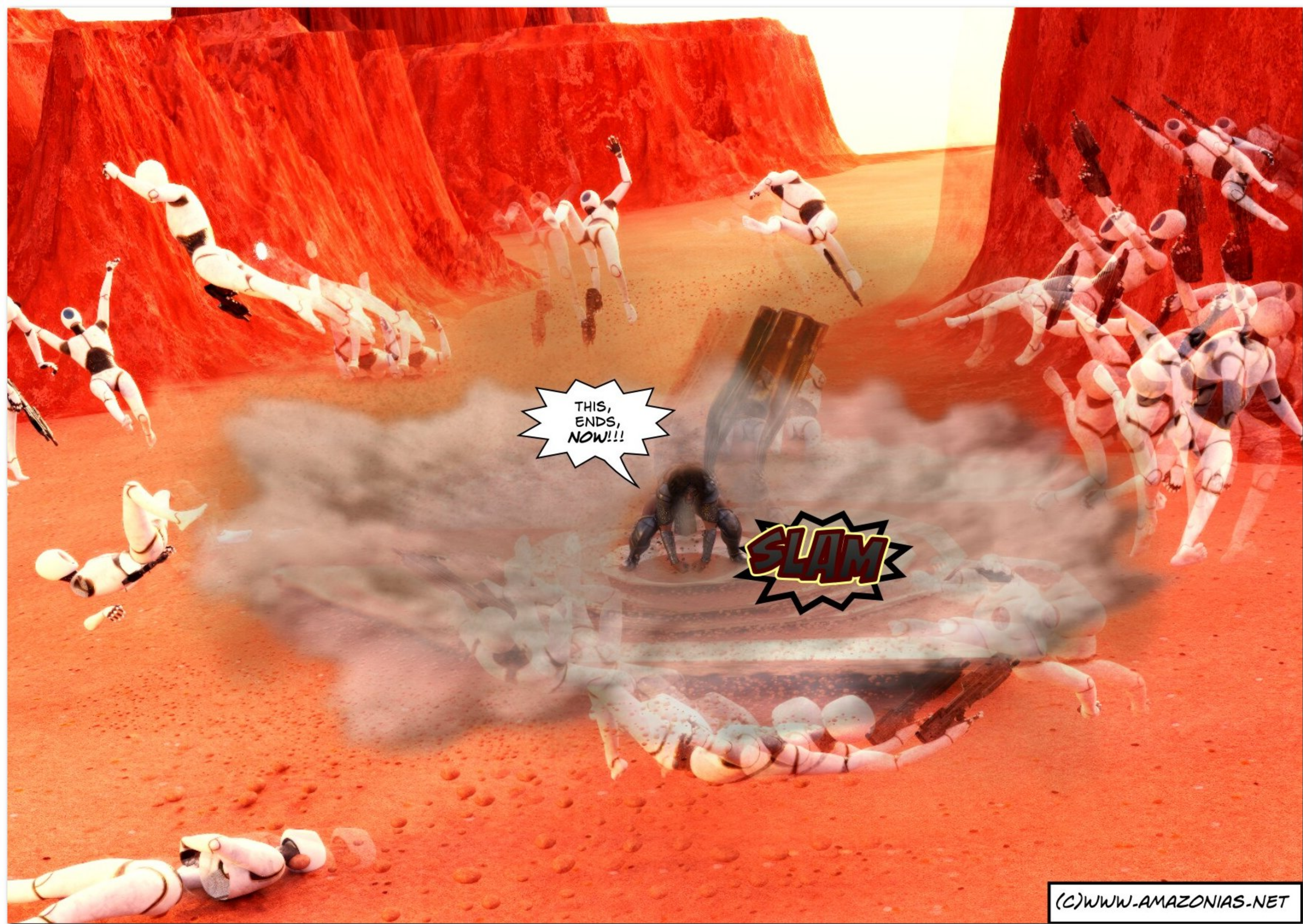


CRUSH

I KNOW YOU
ARE LISTENING, THE
MEN BEHIND THE
MACHINES.

I CAN
ALREADY SENSE
YOUR FAINT
PRESENCE

JUST KNOW
THAT YOU ARE NOT
SAFE, I AM COMING
FOR YOU AFTER I
DISMANTLE YOUR
TOY ARMY.





JUST
PATHETIC!

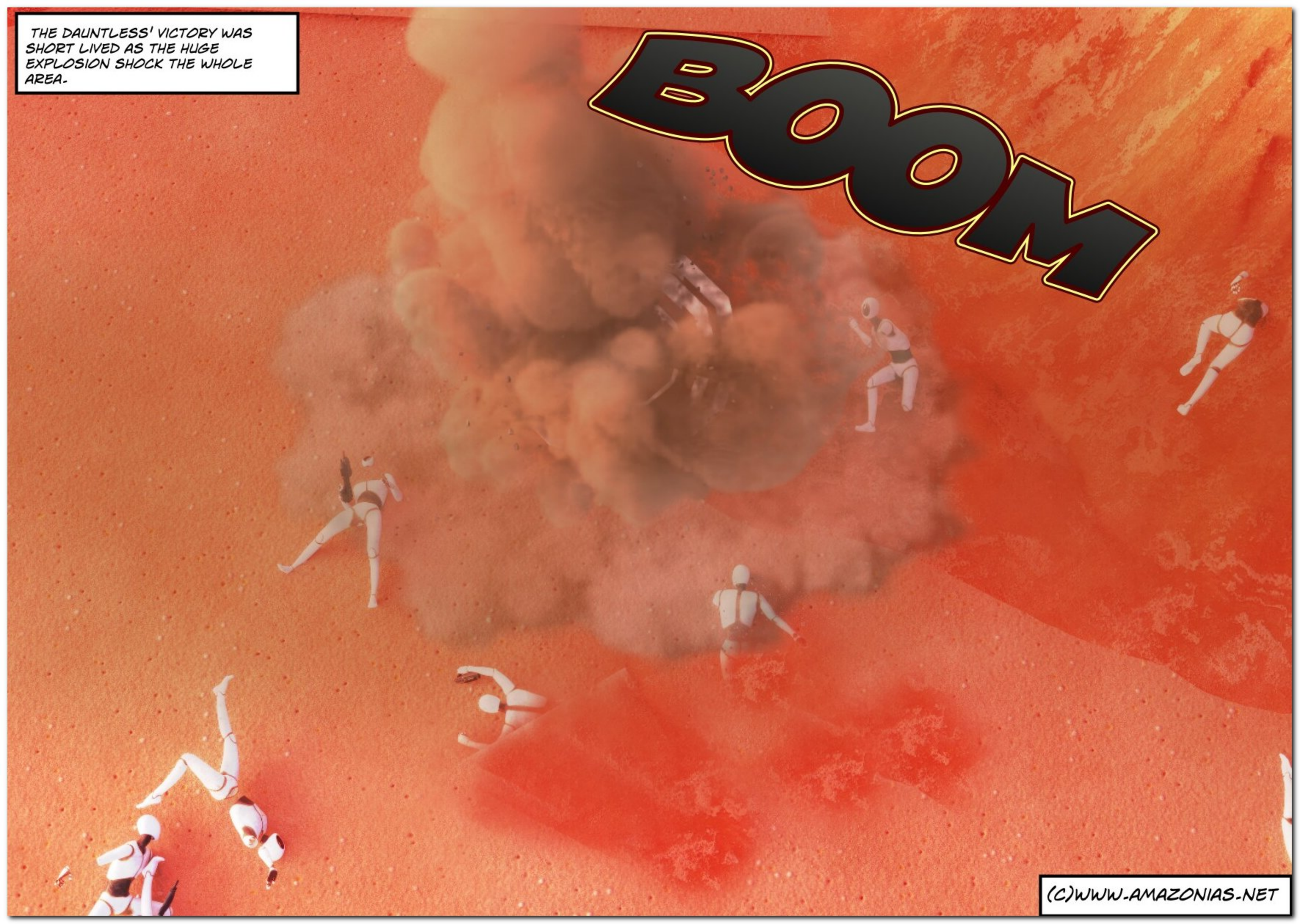
HOW FAR
HAVE THE MEN
OF THE WORLD
HAVE FALLEN.

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a detailed Amazonian-style armor, stands in a red desert landscape. The armor includes a breastplate, arm guards, and a skirt. She has a small horned helmet on her right shoulder and a face mask covering her eyes and nose. She is holding a sword in her left hand. The background features a large red rock formation on the right and a smaller one on the left under a hazy sky.

WAIT, I CAN HEAR...
WHAT IS AN MK-ULTRA?!

THE DAUNTLESS' VICTORY WAS
SHORT LIVED AS THE HUGE
EXPLOSION SHOCK THE WHOLE
AREA.

BOOM



THE DAUNTLESS FOUND HERSELF ON THE BACK FOOT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AEONS, HER NEW ADVERSARY ARRIVED WITH EXPLOSIVE FURY AND NEVER LET UP. BLOW AFTER BLOW LANDING WITH SHOCKING STRENGTH.

SLAM

GRUNT

AGGK!

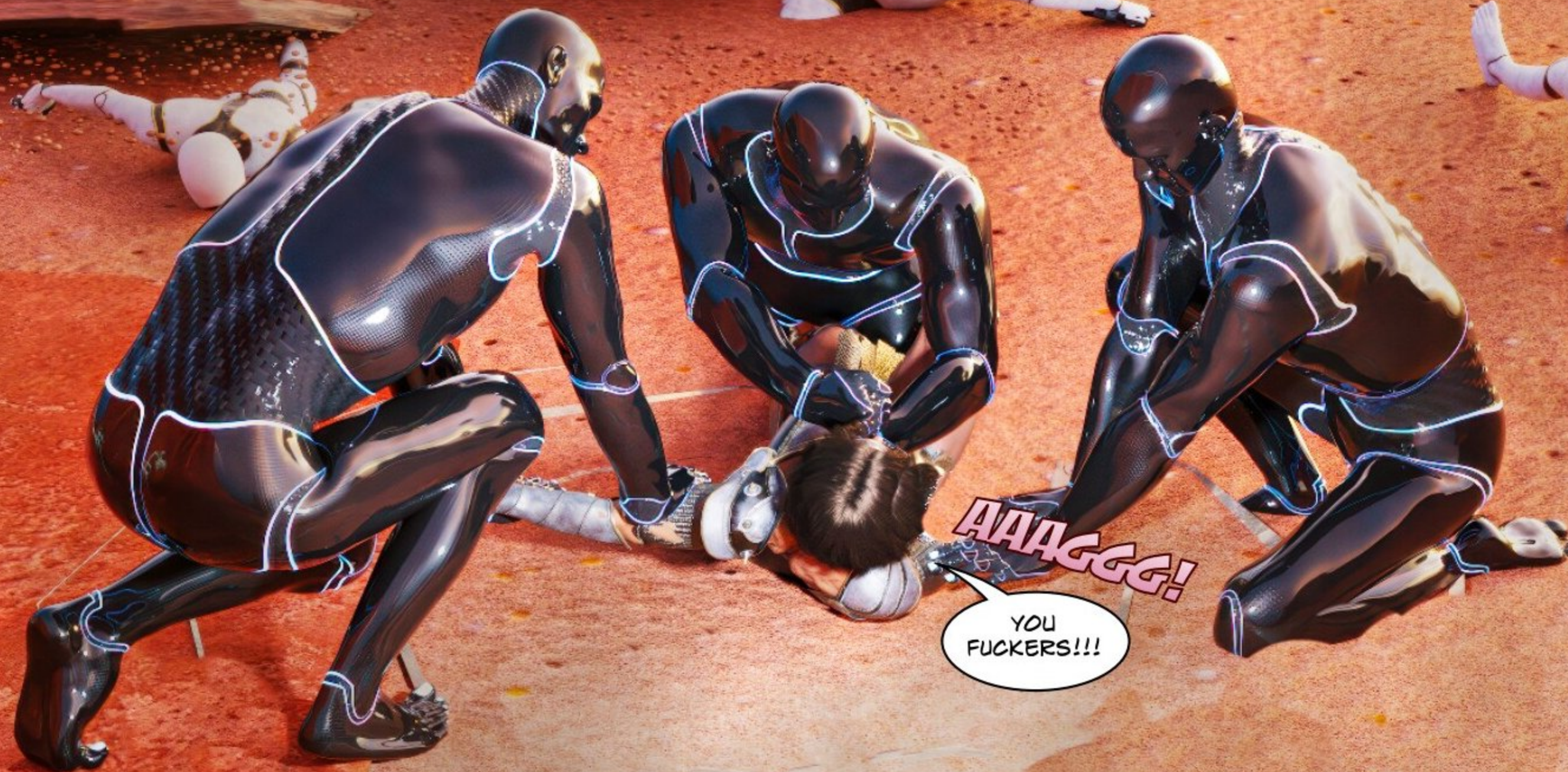
WHA... WHAT
THE FUCK ARE
YOU?

IT DOESN'T
MATTER, I WILL
BREAK YOU JUST
THE SAME.

THE AUTOMATON NEVER ACKNOWLEDGED
HER WORDS, NEVER SLOWED DOWN. THE
BLOWS NOT LOSING IN INTENSITY OR
POWER.



AND JUST WHEN THE HEROINE WAS
GATHERING POWER TO KNOCK HER
ATTACKER OFF WITH A POWERFUL BLOW,
TWO MORE WERE ON TOP OF HER
SEIZING HER ARMS.



AAAAGGGG!

YOU
FUCKERS!!!

FOR THE BRIEFEST MOMENT, THE
DAUNTLESS FELT FEAR. SHE
LOOKED UP AT THE LIFELESS,
MERCILESS AUTOMATONS AND
SHIVERED.

GASP

BUT THAT MOMENT VERY QUICKLY
PASSED, AND SHE WAS PISSED.

YOU DARE...

YOU DARE

I- AM-
THE DAUNTLESS!!!

BACK IN HQ

GASP

SIR, WE LOST
CONTACT WITH THE
MK- ULTRAS.

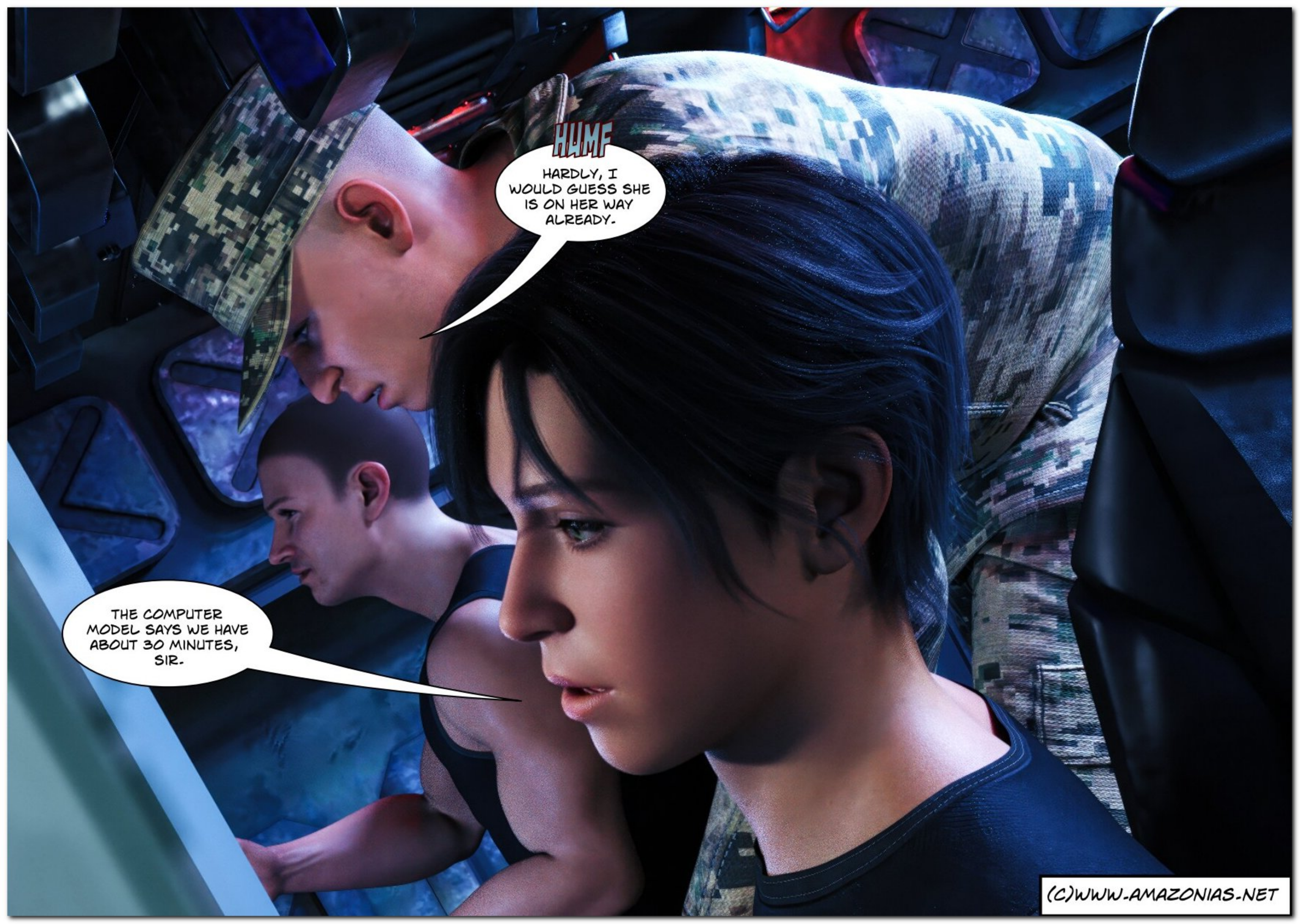
EVERYTHING
IS GONE, SATE,
WIRELESS...
IT COULD BE AN
EQUIPMENT ERROR, WE
WILL DO A
REBOOT...

A soldier in a digital camouflage uniform is seen from behind, working at a console in a dark, high-tech control room. The room is filled with various equipment, including monitors, keyboards, and large ventilation grilles with 'X' patterns. The lighting is dim, with some blue and red highlights from the equipment.

LET ME SEE,
HMMM
THAT'S NOT
EQUIPMENT ERROR
SOLDIER.

IT WAS
HER...

TRY TO GET
THE SAT LINK
BACK UP. WE NEED
HEADS UP BEFORE
SHE SHOWS UP
HERE.



HUMF

HARDLY, I
WOULD GUESS SHE
IS ON HER WAY
ALREADY.

THE COMPUTER
MODEL SAYS WE HAVE
ABOUT 30 MINUTES,
SIR.



SIR, WE NEED YOU
OUT HERE.

SIGH

SPEAK OF THE
DEVIL.



WHAT DO YOU
HAVE FOR ME
SOLDIER.

I AM ALREADY
HERE COMMANDER.

I TOLD YOU I
WOULD FIND YOU.

THE RADAR
IS PICKING UP A
FAST MOVING
OBJECT.

HER VOICE WAS BOOMING, THE COMMANDER
ACTUALLY FLINCHED BEFORE LOOKING UP. HE WOULD
HAVE SAID SHE LOOKED ANGELIC AS SHE SEEMED TO
BE ACTUALLY GLOWING, IF NOT FOR THE MECHANICAL
CARCASS HANGING FROM HER GRIP

ARROGANT
BITCH...



SHE DESCENDED SLOWLY AND
MAJESTICALLY, UNCARING ABOUT THE
TRAINED GUNS ON HER OR THE PEOPLE
HOLDING THEM.

I AM NOT
ARROGANT, NOR
AM I A BITCH.

BUT WHAT I AM IS
BEYOND YOU...

FOR I AM
THE
DAUNTLESS!



AND THAT'S
THERE IS PURE
ARROGANCE.
WHAT IS THIS?

I CAME TO
RETURN YOU
PRECIOUS LITTLE
TOY.

I AM AFRAID I
HAVE BROKEN THEM
ALL.



YOU ATTACKED ME
UNPROVOKED, HONOR
DEMANDS YOU PAY WITH
BLOOD, NOT WIRES
AND GEARS....

YOU BROKE
INTERNATIONAL LAW AND
FLAUNTED IT IN OUR
FACES

I DIDN'T BREAK ANY
LAWS, I GO WHERE I
PLEASE.

PLUS I WAS
RESCUING
SOMEONE DEAR
TO ME.

YOU- BROKE-
INTERNATIONAL LAW.

THE ONLY
REASON THAT WAR
WASN'T ALREADY
DECLARED IS THAT WE
KNOW WHY YOU
ARE HERE.



THEN YOU WILL TELL
ME RIGHT NOW, WHO
TOOK HIM AND HOW DID
HE GET HERE.

I WILL DO NO
SUCH THING, YOU ARE
NOT WELCOME HERE
AND YOU BETTER GET
YOUR BUTT BACK OVER
TREATY LINES.

THE DAUNTLESS GROWLED AND
HOVERED IN THE AIR LOOMING
THREATENINGLY OVER THE COMMANDER

YOU DARE
THREATEN ME?
YOU? A MAN?

BETTER AND
MORE POWERFUL
CREATURES THAN
YOU DIED DOING
EXACTLY THAT.

THEN WHY DON'T
YOU JUST KILL ME
INSTEAD OF TELLING
ME ABOUT IT.

PLANETARY



YOU ARE A BRAVE
MAN, I WILL GIVE YOU
THAT.

BUT YOU HAVE
ALREADY TOOK YOUR
SHOT AND FAILED.

YOU THREW
EVERYTHING YOU HAD
AT ME AND CAME UP
SHORT.

IN A FLASH OF SPEED THAT ROCKED THE COMMANDER AND HIS SOLDIERS, SHE ZOOMED AND LIFTED OFF THE GROUND, HOLDING AN ASSAULT VEHICLES OVER HER HEAD WITH ONE ARM, FLYING INTO THE SKY.



YOU
FAILED ARMY
MAN, YOUR

AND I AM
TAKING THIS



BITCH!

SIR?

NVM
SOLDIER.

HEAD OUT
TO THE
COMMUNICATION
HUB AND SEND TO
COMMAND

OPERATION
SUCCESS.



HOW DO WE CALL
THIS A SUCCESS.

EXCUSE ME,
SIR?

THIS IS ABOVE
YOUR PAY GRADE,
SOLDIER.

SORRY SIR.

BUT I WILL
HUMOUR YOU
ANYWAY, DO YOU
KNOW WHAT THIS
FIGHTING MACHINE
IS CALLED?

NO

THE MK-
ULTRA SERIES
1



THE MK- U
SERIES 12 ARE
BEING ROLLED OUT
RIGHT NOW.

AND DID YOU
NOTICE? HER CAPE
WAS GONE.

SIR?

SHE WENT ALL
OUT AND SHE
LOST IT IN THE
PROCESS...

AND WE ARE
JUST GETTING
STARTED, I WOULD
CALL THAT A
SUCCESS.

PLUS WE
KNOW THERE IS
A NEW PLAYER IN
TOWN, SOMEONE
VERY
POWERFUL

AND THEY ARE
NOT ON THE
SAME SIDE.

IF YOU SHARE YOUR COMIC WITH ANYONE,
IF THIS COMIC GETS UPLOADED ANYWHERE,
YOU ARE DAMAGING MY BUSINESS
AND DISCOURAGING ME FROM CONTINUING
TO CREATE COMICS.

IF YOU WANT TO KEEP READING THESE COMICS,
PLEASE KEEP YOUR PURCHASES TO YOURSELF
ONLY.

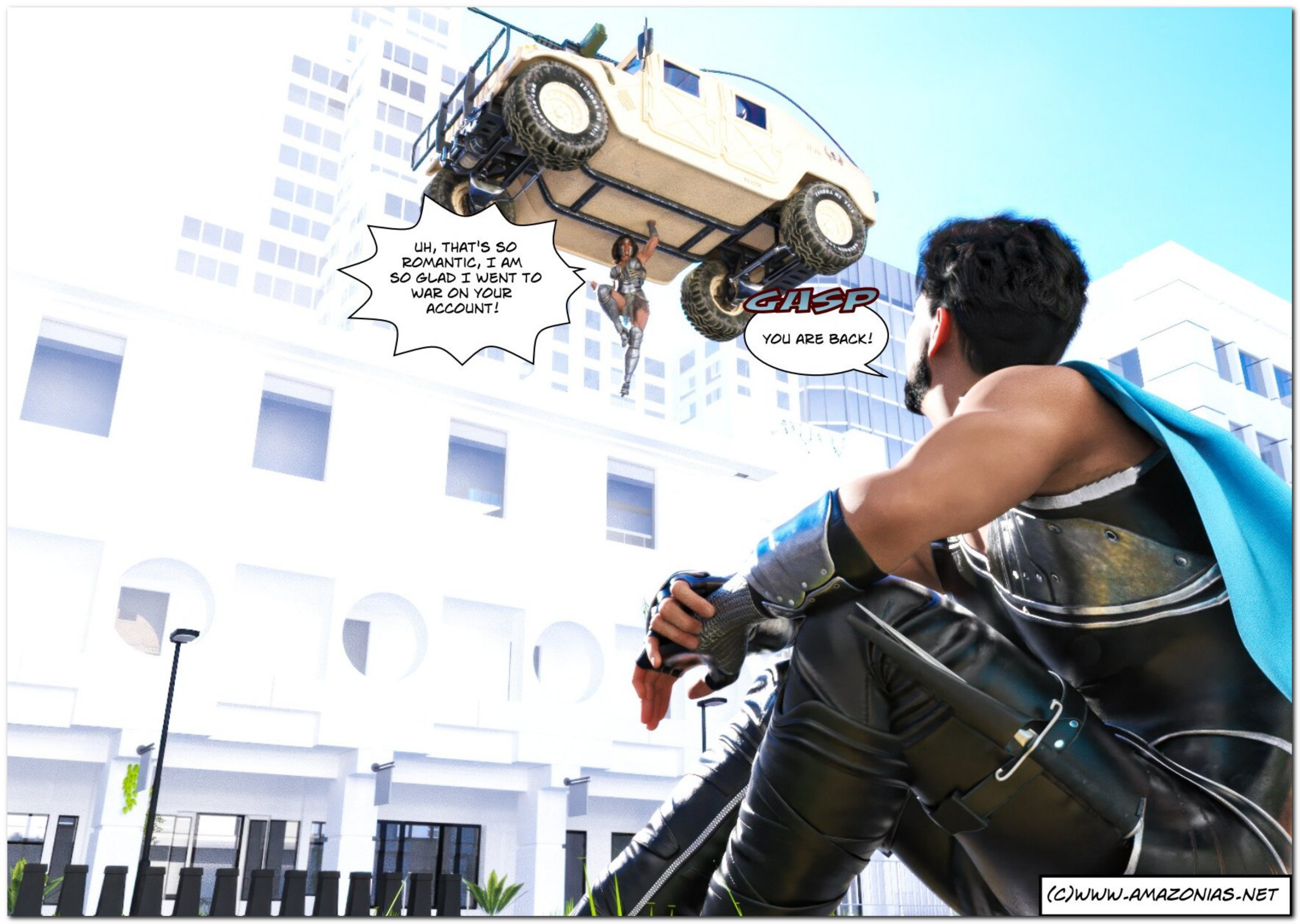
I'M JUST A SMALL ONE MAN BUSINESS.
THANKS FOR KEEPING THAT INTO ACCOUNT.

JAMES

MEANWHILE, MASON WAS WORRIED SICK. HE HAD LOST TWO DAYS OF HIS LIFE, AND NOW HE PUT THE WOMAN HE LOVED IN DANGER.

HUF

I SWEAR,
IF SHE ISN'T
ALREADY DEAD,
I WILL KILL
HER!



UH, THAT'S SO
ROMANTIC, I AM
SO GLAD I WENT TO
WAR ON YOUR
ACCOUNT!

GASP

YOU ARE BACK!

HE WATCHED HER SET THE ATV GENTLY, HE COULDN'T HELP BUT ADMIRE HER POWER AND GRACE.

I KNOW I
KNOW...
I AM SORRY
MASON.

YOU
WARNED ME,
BUT I WAS
JUST SO...

SIGH

I WAS SO
WORRIED ABOUT
YOU.

WHAT
HAPPENED?
DID- DID YOU
KILL ANYONE?



DON'T WORRY MR
HALL MONITOR, I KEPT
THE DAMAGE TO A
MINIMUM.

WE JUST HAD A
LITTLE CHAT, THEY
EVEN GAVE ME THIS
VEHICLE SO I CAN TAKE
YOU HOME

ARE WE- ARE
WE DRIVING
HOME?

GIGGLE

NO SILLY, I AM GOING TO
BE FLYING REALLY FAST AND
I DON'T WANT YOU TO TURN
TO JELLY



I LIKE TOO MUCH TO
LET YOU TURN INTO... OH
MY

I WAS VERY
WORRIED ABOUT YOU,
YOU BIG JERK.



THE DAUNTLESS WAS A SEASONED
WARRIOR, NOTHING MUCH FAZED HER.
BUT SHE WAS ROCKED BY HIS SUDDEN
BURST OF EMOTION.

OH BABY, I
AM SORRY. I WAS
WORRIED SO MUCH
ABOUT YOU, THAT I WAS
PISSED OFF.

AND THEN WITH THE
SUDDEN ATTACK, I JUST
LOST CONTROL

I AM SO SO
SORRY FOR JUST
LEAVING YOU HERE.

MASON JUST RELAXED IN
HER ARMS AS SHE EASILY
LIFTED HIM IN HER ARMS.

NOW LET'S GET
YOU HOME, YOU MUST
BE EXHAUSTED.



I WANT YOU PUT
YOUR SEAT BELT ON
AND ROLL UP YOUR
WINDOWS, I AM GOING
TO BE FLYING AT
GREAT SPEED.

SERIOUSLY?
I HAVE FLOWN
WITH YOU
BEFORE!

HONEY, WE
HAVE NEVER FLOWN
OVERSEAS, AND NEVER
WHEN I WAS THIS
CHARGED UP. JUST
LISTEN TO ME
PLEASE.

A woman with short brown hair, wearing a black strapless top, red pants, and black thigh-high boots, is clinging to the back of a yellow military vehicle. The vehicle has large, treaded tires and a complex mechanical structure. The scene is set outdoors on a paved surface with some greenery in the background. A speech bubble is visible above the woman.

THE GOOD NEWS IS,
IT IS GOING TO BE A
VERY SHORT FLIGHT.
HANG ON TIGHT.

MASON WAS STILL SCEPTICAL UNTIL HE WAS VIOLENTLY THROWN BACK AGAINST HIS SEAT. SHE HAS TAKEN OFF AT SUCH GREAT SPEED, HE COULD BARELY SEE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW. AND SUDDENLY HE WAS AFRAID FROM THE SOUNDS OF GRINDING METAL COMING OFF THE VEHICLE.



TRUE TO HER WORD, THE TRIP WAS VERY TURBULENT, EVEN NESTLED AS HE WAS IN THE ARMoured VEHICLE. BUT IT WAS A SURPRISINGLY SHORT ONE. SHE LANDED JUST OUTSIDE THEE CITY, THEN CARRIED HIM MUCH GENTLY IN HER ARMS TO HER APARTMENT.

HOME SWEET HOME.

SIGH

ITS SO GOOD
HAVING YOU IN MY
ARMS, I WAS
GOING MAD WITH
WORRY.





IT FEELS GOOD
TO BE HOME, WITH
YOU!

GET USED TO IT,
IT WILL BE A LONG
TIME TILL I LET YOU
LEAVE MY SIDE, OR MY
BED FOR THAT
MATTER.

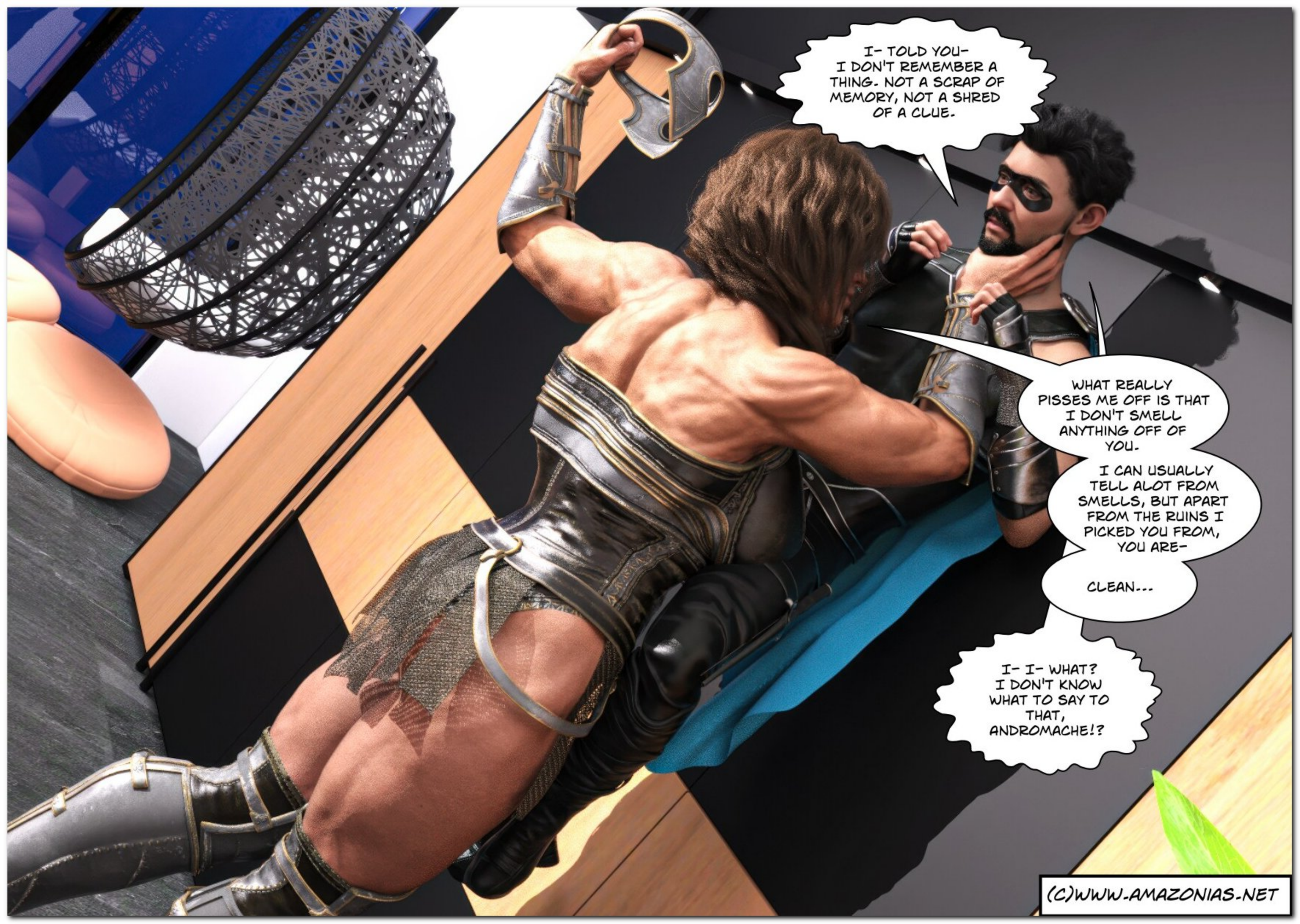
THE AIR OF THE APARTMENT CHANGED THE MINUTE THEY ENTERED THE BEDROOM. MASON GROANED AS SHE SLAMMED HIM AGAINST THE CLOSET DOOR, HIS BREATH KNOCKED OUT.

GROAN
SLAM

EASY
THERE, MY
WHOLE BODY IS
SORE...

OH YEAH?
WHY ARE YOU SORE?
WHERE HAVE YOU
BEEN?

WERE YOU
TAKEN?
WERE YOU HIDING
FROM ME?



I- TOLD YOU-
I DON'T REMEMBER A
THING. NOT A SCRAP OF
MEMORY, NOT A SHRED
OF A CLUE.

WHAT REALLY
PISSES ME OFF IS THAT
I DON'T SMELL
ANYTHING OFF OF
YOU.

I CAN USUALLY
TELL ALOT FROM
SMELLS, BUT APART
FROM THE RUINS I
PICKED YOU FROM,
YOU ARE-

CLEAN...

I- I- WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO SAY TO
THAT,
ANDROMACHE!?



THIS JUST PISSES ME
OFF SO MUCH, I AM
JUST BURNING UP ON
THE INSIDE.

AND I NEED A
RELEASE.

I WANT YOU TO
REALIZE, THIS IS GOING
TO BE ROUGH, AND I
WANT YOU TO TELL ME
YES...

TELL ME YOU
WANT THIS...

MASON HARDLY EVEN FLINCHED, HE ANSWERED HER WITHOUT THOUGHT. HIS NERVES TINGLING IN ANTICIPATION.

YES...

LOUDER

YES

YES WHAT?

I WANT YOU...
I WANT IT
ROUGH!

RIIIP

YOUR WISH IS MY
COMMAND....

WOAH!!!

MASON WAS GASPING FOR BREATH, HER HAND WAS TIGHT ENOUGH TO RESTRICT HIS BREATHING BUT NOT ENOUGH TO CHOKE. BUT AS SHE TORE HIS SHIRT OFF HE WAS JERKED AROUND LIKE A RAG DOLL.

GASP

EASY-
EASY THERE

TOUGHEN UP BIG
BOY, WE HAVEN'T EVEN
STARTED YET.

SHOW ME THE
FAMOUS NIGHTSTALKER
GRIT.

AFTER MAKING SHORT WORK OF HIS PANTS, SHE OPENED HER HAND SUDDENLY, LETTING HIM DROP TO THE GROUND IN A HEAP.

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, I AM GOING TO REMOVE MY ARMOUR.

AND THEN THINGS WILL START GETTING REAL TOUGH.

COUGH
COUGH

A FEW MINUTES LATER, MASON
HEARD THE BEDROOM DOOR OPENING.

I AM BACK MASON,
HOPE YOU ARE READY
FOR ME!

OH YEAH!

A man with a beard and glasses, wearing black fingerless gloves, is in a dynamic fighting pose. He is holding a pair of scissors in his right hand, with a small object flying through the air near his left hand. The background is a blurred indoor setting with blue and yellow walls. A speech bubble is positioned above his head.

I AM MORE
THAN READY FOR
YOU THIS TIME.

A photograph of a woman's bare chest. Two swords are piercing her breasts. The sword on the left is positioned horizontally, with its tip pointing towards the center of her chest. The sword on the right is positioned vertically, with its tip pointing downwards. The woman's skin is fair, and her breasts are large and full. The nipples are a reddish-brown color. The background is a brick wall with some green leaves on the left side.

YOU HAVE
GOT TO BE
KIDDING
ME!?

CLANK

CLANK



OOH, THAT
TICKLED. COME ON
MASON, STEP IT UP A
LITTLE. LOOK AT WHAT
I AM BRINGING TO
THE TABLE.

SHOW ME THAT
FIGHTING SPIRIT, COME
GET YOUR PRIZE BIG
BOY!

MASON COULDN'T HELP BUT STARE, IT TOOK HIM A BIT TO CENTRE HIMSELF. SHE WAS JUST- MAGNIFICENT. HER BATTLE TESTED BODY WAS A STUDY IN MUSCULATURE. AND YET RETAINED EVERY OUNCE OF FEMININITY.

OH YEAH?
EASY FOR YOU
TO SAY...

OH YOU THINK
SO?
DO YOU KNOW HOW
HARD I AM FIGHTING
EVERY SECOND NOT TO
BREAK EVERYTHING
AROUND ME?

A SIMPLE
HANDSHAKE
COULD TEAR
SOMEONE'S ARM. A
HUG COULD
PULVERIZE A
TORSO.

YET HERE I
AM, A PICTURE OF
SELF CONTROL. SO
JUST LET ME HAVE
THIS.

NO- FIGHT ME
FOR IT, MAKE ME
WORK FOR IT.



AND THIS IS YOUR
REWARD, A FITTING ONE
IF I WOULD SAY SO
MYSELF.

SO, ARE YOU
BRAVE ENOUGH NIGHT
STALKER?
CAN YOU EVEN MOVE
LIL OL ME?

SHE IS-
BEYOND
WORDS...

MOAN

YES... YESSS!
HARDER NIGHT
STALKER, GIVE ME ALL
YOU GOT.

I CAN ALMOST
FEEL YOUR STEEL
TIPPED GLOVES.

JUST A LITTLE
MORE, PUT MORE
POWER INTO IT.

MASON WASN'T A LARGE MAN, BUT WITH HIS
CONDITIONING HE WAS A FORCE TO BE
RECKONED WITH, BLINDINGLY FAST AND VERY
STRONG. HE PUT DOWN MEN TWICE HIS SIZE,
SUPER POWERED ONES EVEN. BUT AGAINST
HER, HE FELT SMALL AND WEAK.

GRUNT
GRUNT

SMACK

MASON DIDN'T RELENT, PUNCHES AND ELBOWS LANDING IN A FURY. PUTTING HIS WHOLE WEIGHT BEHIND EVERY HIT, BLOWS THAT WOULD HAVE FELL GIANTS.

MOAN

OH YES...
KEEP GOING, I
FEEL A TICKLE IN
MY ABS.

PANT

YOU ARE
A FUCKING
MONSTER...

PANT



OOOH,
THAT'S A NICE
ONE.

PANT
BUT I-
WILL- BRING
YOU DOWN,
WOMAN!
PANT

THUD

HER HAND SHOT OUT, FASTER THAN THE EYE
COULD SEE, AND SNATCHED MASON MID AIR,
HER HAND AROUND HIS THROAT YET AGAIN.

OKAY, THAT'S
ENOUGH OF THAT.
IT IS MY TURN
NOW!

AGHHH!

A close-up, profile view of a man and a woman facing each other. The man on the left has dark, wavy hair and a beard, wearing black sunglasses. The woman on the right has long, wavy brown hair. They are both looking at each other with serious expressions. In the background, a black metal chair with a circular, lattice-like backrest is visible. The scene is lit with warm, indoor lighting.

YOU HAD YOUR
CHANCE BIG BOY!
ALL YOUR EFFORTS
COULDN'T EVEN MOVE
ME AN INCH.

COUGH

YEAH?
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO
ABOUT IT?

GASP

OH GOD!
ANDY...

FALSE
BRAVADO...
I CAN'T SAY I AM A FAN,
SPECIALLY WITH SO
MANY THINGS I CAN
ACTUALLY DO.

AND SO MANY
VULNERABILITIES I
CAN EXPLOIT.

DAUNTLESS (ANDROMACHE- ANDY) EASED UP A LITTLE ON HIS THROAT AND MASON WAS VERY QUICK TO CAPITULATE, HE NIMBLY REPOSITIONING AS SHE JUST SEEMED CONTENT TO LET HIM.

AN ARM BAR, WORKING ON MY JOINTS, GOOD IDEA IF NOT BORING!

AND IF I COULDN'T LIFT TANKS WITH THAT ARM IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WORRYING.

GROWL

LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS....

ANDY SLOWLY AND SURELY CURLED HER
ARM, AND WITH IT MASON'S UPPER BODY.

OH HH!
WHAT DO WE HAVE
HERE?!

NOW THAT'S
WHAT I AM
TALKING ABOUT.

A REAL
CHALLENGE.

OH MY GOD!

AHHH!

GURGL
AND I LOVE
CHALLENGES...

SHE TOOK HIM TO THE HILT, MAKING HIM SCREAM IN PLEASURE AS HER MOUTH AND THROAT CLOSED AROUND HIS LENGTH. BUT IT WAS SHORT LIVED AS SHE SUDDENLY PULLED HIM OUT AND THREW HIM TO THE BED. IT WAS SO SUDDEN HE HARDLY HAD TIME TO OBJECT.

THAT'S NOT HOW THE NIGHT WILL END, I WANT YOU PRIMED AND READY FOR THE MAIN EVENT.

WOAH!

IN THE MOMENTS IT TOOK
MASON TO LAND ON THE BED
ANDY CLEARED THE SPACE
AND WAS ON TOP OF HIM

OFF!

OH MY...



I PREFER-
AND OFTEN WENT
BY- QUEEN
ANDROMACHE.

BUT GOD-DESS,
WORKS FINE FOR
ME.

MASON'S WORLD SUDDENLY
WENT DARK AS SHE COVERED
HIM IN HER CORE.

NOW GET TO WORK,
BIG BOY!

REMIND ME WHY I
KEEP YOU AROUND.

MFFF!



AH AH

MASON,
MASON, MASON!

AH

SO
FUCKING
GOOD!!!

AAAAHHH!!

FUCK YEAH, YOU
ARE ONE OF THE
BEST I HAVE EVER
HAD.

AND I HAVE BEEN
AROUND FOR A LONG
TIME!

IN HER THROES OF PASSION,
SHE GATHERED MASON IN HER
ARMS, HIS MANHOOD BURIED IN
HER CLEAVAGE, AND SHE JUST
FLOATED OFF THE BED HER
BODY GLOWING.

AAAAHHH!

MASON WAS LOST IN HIS TASK, HE WAS
LIKE A MAN POSSESSED. HER BODY COILING
AROUND HIM WAS KEEPING HIM AROUSED
AND ON THE BRINK. WHEN SHE TOOK HIM IN
THE AIR HE DIDN'T ACTUALLY REALIZE WHAT
WAS HAPPENING, JUST THE FEELING OF
BEING WEIGHTLESS IN HER ARMS.

HER CLIMAX WAS TUMULTUOUS, HER SCREAM ROCKING THE WALLS AND HER GLOW WAS OVERWHELMING, SEEMINGLY STEALING THE LIGHT FROM THE ROOM.

ARGHHH!

MASON OPENED HIS EYES TO THE SHOCK OF BEING AIRBORNE, HE WAS ACTUALLY PINNED TO THE CEILING BY HER BODY. SHE DEFTLY REPOSITIONED HIM LINING HIM UP.

YESSS!

OH GOD,
OH GOD, OH
GOD!!!

FOR A MOMENT, MASON WAS LITERALLY
AND FIGURATIVELY FLYING ON A CLOUD NINE.
HE LOOKED AT HER FACE SO CLOSE TO HIM
AND HE WAS OVERWHELMED WITH EMOTION.

I LOVE YOU...
GOD!
I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!!!

AND I LOVE YOU
TOO, AND IN ALL MY
LONG LIFE, THERE ARE
VERY PRECIOUS FEW THAT
I CAN HONESTLY SAY
THAT ABOUT THEM.



MASON WAS HIT BY THE WEIGHT OF
HIS WORDS, AND THE REALIZATION
OF THE TRUTH OF HIS FEELINGS.

OH MY GOD

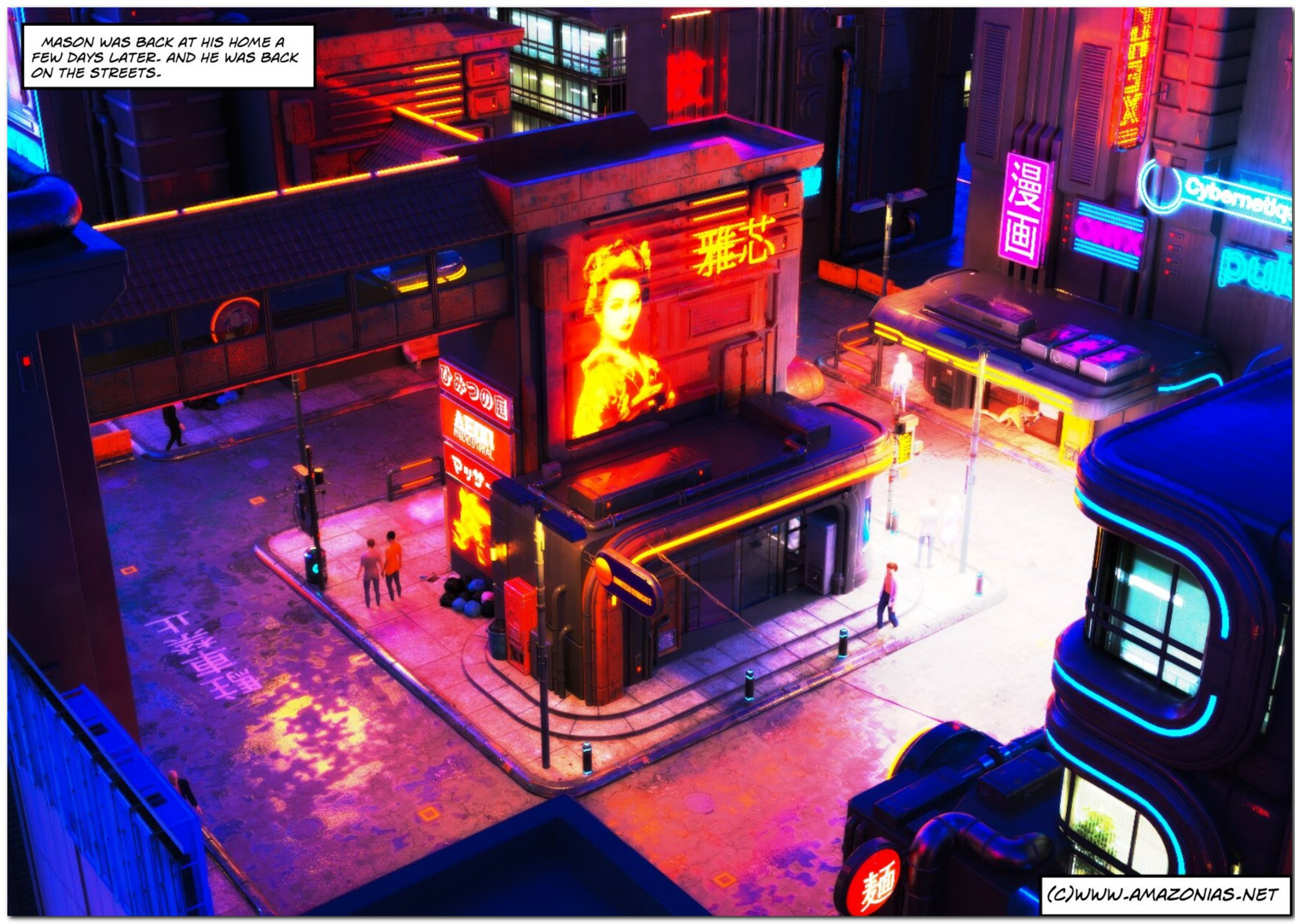
COME HERE YOU...

THE LOVE MAKING WAS GENTLE
AND TENDER, THE OPPOSITE OF
HER PREVIOUS ATTITUDE AND THAT
MADE IT HIT ALL THE HARDER.



SHE MASTERFULLY KEPT HIM ON
THE EDGE PROLONGING THE
EXPERIENCE FOR SUCH A LONG
TIME. BY THE END MASON WAS
WRUNG OUT AND EXHAUSTED.

MASON WAS BACK AT HIS HOME A
FEW DAYS LATER. AND HE WAS BACK
ON THE STREETS.



BUT HE WAS HIS CIVILIAN SELF,
HIS FRIDGE WAS EMPTY, AND HE
NEEDED TO REFUEL HIS BODY.





THAT WAS
WOMAN IS JUST
TOO MUCH, TOO
OVERWHELMING.

I THINK I AM
WELL OVER MY
HEAD WITH THIS.

NOT TO
FORGET THERE
IS THE WHOLE 2
MISSING DAYS OF
MY LIFE.

WHY THE HELL
DID I GET HALF
WAY AROUND THE
WORLD.

AND WHY
THERE?

SUDDENLY...

HEY...

EXCUSE ME.

BUMP

MASON LOOKS UP, THEN UP
SOME MORE. SHE WAS SO BIG.

I AM SORRY LITTLE GUY,
ARE YOU OK?

HUH...
YOU...
I- I

BUT THAT WASN'T WHAT CAUGHT
HIS ATTENTION, HER DEEP GREEN
EYES THAT SEEMED TO JUST DRAG
HIM DOWN A WELL.



A WELL OF MEMORIES THAT SEEMED TO SURFACE FOR A MOMENT, GLIMPSES THAT HE COULDN'T PLACE OR RECOGNIZE . BUT THEY WERE ENOUGH FOR HIM TO GASP AND SPUTTER IN CONFUSION.

I- I
KNOW YOU...
IT'S YOU...
IT'S REALLY
YOU!!!



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