

# THE SISTERHOOD

PART TWO  
BY ABIMBOLE3



STATUS  
REPORT!

WE'VE LOST ALL CONTACT WITH MOST OF THE COLONIES.

THEY'VE BEEN CUT OFF, OR MAYBE WE'VE BEEN CUT OFF FROM THEM, IT'S HARD TO SAY. EITHER WAY, WE CAN'T REACH MOST OF THE EMPIRE.

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?

MY QUEEN, ALL LOCAL SPACE FLEETS AND FORCES WERE FULLY PREPARED FOR ANY ATTACK.

EVERY UNIT STATIONED IN ORBIT AND AWAITING ORDERS, MY QUEEN.



EVER SINCE THE EXPLORATION VESSEL VANISHED INTO THAT WORMHOLE, OUR WORLDS HAVE FALLEN EERILY SILENT.

WHAT ABOUT THE REINFORCEMENTS WE SENT TO INVESTIGATE?

WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM THEM, MY QUEEN. WHATEVER THIS THING IS, IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARD THE MOTHER PLANET.

WE'RE STILL NOT SURE WHETHER WE'VE BEEN ATTACKED OR IF SOMETHING ELSE IS HAPPENING.

THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY FORCE CAPABLE OF STOPPING US FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, EVEN MILLIONS.

MY QUEEN, WHATEVER THIS THREAT IS, WE MUST PROTECT YOU AND THE PLANET.

YOU ARE THE LIVING HEART OF OUR EMPIRE, AND NO HARM CAN BE ALLOWED TO REACH YOU.



I AGREE, MY  
QUEEN. WE CANNOT  
ALLOW YOU TO BE  
COMPROMISED. YOU ARE  
THE HEART OF OUR  
CIVILIZATION, AND YOU  
MUST BE PROTECTED  
AT ALL COSTS.





NO, I WON'T  
ABANDON MY PEOPLE  
IN THEIR DARKEST HOUR.  
ALL OUR SISTERS, THOSE  
WE'VE LOST AND THOSE  
WHO STILL STAND  
WITH US,

NEED THE  
GUIDANCE AND  
PROTECTION OF  
THEIR QUEEN  
MOTHER. I WILL  
STAY.

I WILL  
TRIPLE YOUR  
GUARD, MY QUEEN,  
AND IMMEDIATELY ENACT  
ALL EMERGENCY  
STABILIZATION AND  
SAFETY  
PROTOCOLS.

**VITAL ALERT!**



**ATMOSPHERIC BREACH BY UNIDENTIFIED MOTHERSHIP CONFIRMED. ORIGIN UNKNOWN. RISK LEVEL ELEVATED. RELOCATE THE QUEEN TO MAXIMUM-SECURITY SHELTER IMMEDIATELY.**

**Vital alert!**

WHERE THE HELL  
DID IT COME FROM?  
IT'S LIKE IT JUST  
APPEARED OUT OF  
NOWHERE!

WHAT IS  
THAT THING? HOW  
DID IT GET  
THROUGH OUR  
DEFENSES?

**Initiate emergency protocols!**

DON'T JUST  
STAND THERE,  
SOLDIER! CALL FOR  
REINFORCEMENTS,  
**NOW!**

SWEET  
MOTHER OF  
GOD!

MY QUEEN  
YOU MUST GO!  
NOW!

MOBILIZE!  
WEAPONS FREE!  
PROTECT THE  
QUEEN AT ALL  
COST!

VITAL ALERT! PROTECT THE QUEEN!

**FOR THE  
SISTERHOOD!  
FOR THE  
QUEEN!**

**FOR THE  
SISTERHOOD!**

**FOR THE  
QUEEN!**

**FOR THE  
SISTERHOOD!**





**AUTOMATIC DEFENSE  
SYSTEM ACTIVE!**



SIGNAL INSTABILITY DETECTED... REROUTING... PER



...STAND BY... STAN---DBYyyyyyyyyy.....



FOR THE...  
HUH?!

W-WHAA--  
?!

OMG?!

UH...?!!



LIKE...  
W-WHAT?

QUEEN  
FEELS...  
FUNNY?

GOTTA...  
THINK...  
MORE...

GOTTA DO...  
WHAT?



G-GODS?

OUR...  
GODS?!

GODS!

SKY  
PEOPLE!



WAIT... IS THAT... OUR SHIP?

I DON'T KNOW... IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT.





UHMM... ME  
FEEL FUNNY...

UH! ME NO  
LIKE THIS....  
GOTTA FIGHT...  
MUST...  
REMEMBER...

A digital illustration of two women in a forest setting. The woman on the left has long, straight, reddish-brown hair and is wearing a necklace with a bone pendant and a skirt made of animal fur. She has a white circular mark on her forehead and is holding a wicker basket filled with red and yellow apples. The woman on the right has her hair pulled back and is wearing a grey, wrap-around skirt. She has white circular marks on her forehead and legs, and black armbands on her upper arms. She is also holding a wicker basket filled with red and yellow apples. The background shows a forest with trees and a stone structure. Two speech bubbles are present: a pink one on the left and a white one on the right.

PICK APPLES.  
TRIBE HUNGRY.  
MUST FEED  
THEM.

MUST GATHER  
MANY APPLES.  
CELEBRATION  
COMES. SKY GODS  
ARE COMING.



OH MY GOD, THAT SHIP IS ENORMOUS! HOW DOESN'T IT TEAR THE PLANET...?

HUUUH...?? ME  
CAN'T THINK...  
STRAIGHT...



S-SKY... SKY  
GODS?! THEY'RE  
BACK! MUST  
CHANT!



RITUAL FIRE GOOD!  
ME SUMMONED SKY  
GODS GOOD! HERE TO  
PROTECT AND MAKE  
TRIBE THRIVE!





SHAMAN DID  
GOOD! ME GOOD!



UH...  
ASSISTANT?  
WHAT IS THAT?


AN UNIDENTIFIED VESSEL HAS  
EMERGED ABOVE THE PLANET. IT IS  
NOT DESCENDING; IT IS UNFOLDING.  
THE SKY IS BEING REPLACED BY ITS  
STRUCTURE.



FOR FURTHER INSTRU-RU-RU---  
aahh... USER... e-e-e MUST... SUCH...  
COCK... a-a-a-a W-WWOWHSP...

SKY GOD'S  
ARE BACK!  
MUST KNEEL! WE  
ALL MUST  
SERVE!





GODS...  
PROTECT!

MUST...  
CARRY  
WATER?

OUR  
GODS ARE  
BACK!

TRIBE  
PROUD! GOOD  
SIGN!





ME... HUNT,  
PROTECT.. ME  
GOOD HUNTER!

KNEEL!

SKY  
GOD'S  
PRESENT  
HONOR!



YOU! WHY  
NO KNEEL?!  
QUEEN SAY!  
YOU DO!

ME... NO! ME  
NO, KNEEL! ME  
WANNA RITE OF  
TITS!



A woman with large breasts and tribal tattoos is speaking to a man in a tribal setting. She has a speech bubble above her head that says "TRIBE RULES! BIGGEST TITS LEAD! QUEEN MUST BE ME!". She is wearing a headband with a gem, a choker, and armbands. The man is wearing a white tunic and a dark shawl. The background is a dimly lit interior with wooden beams and a thatched roof.

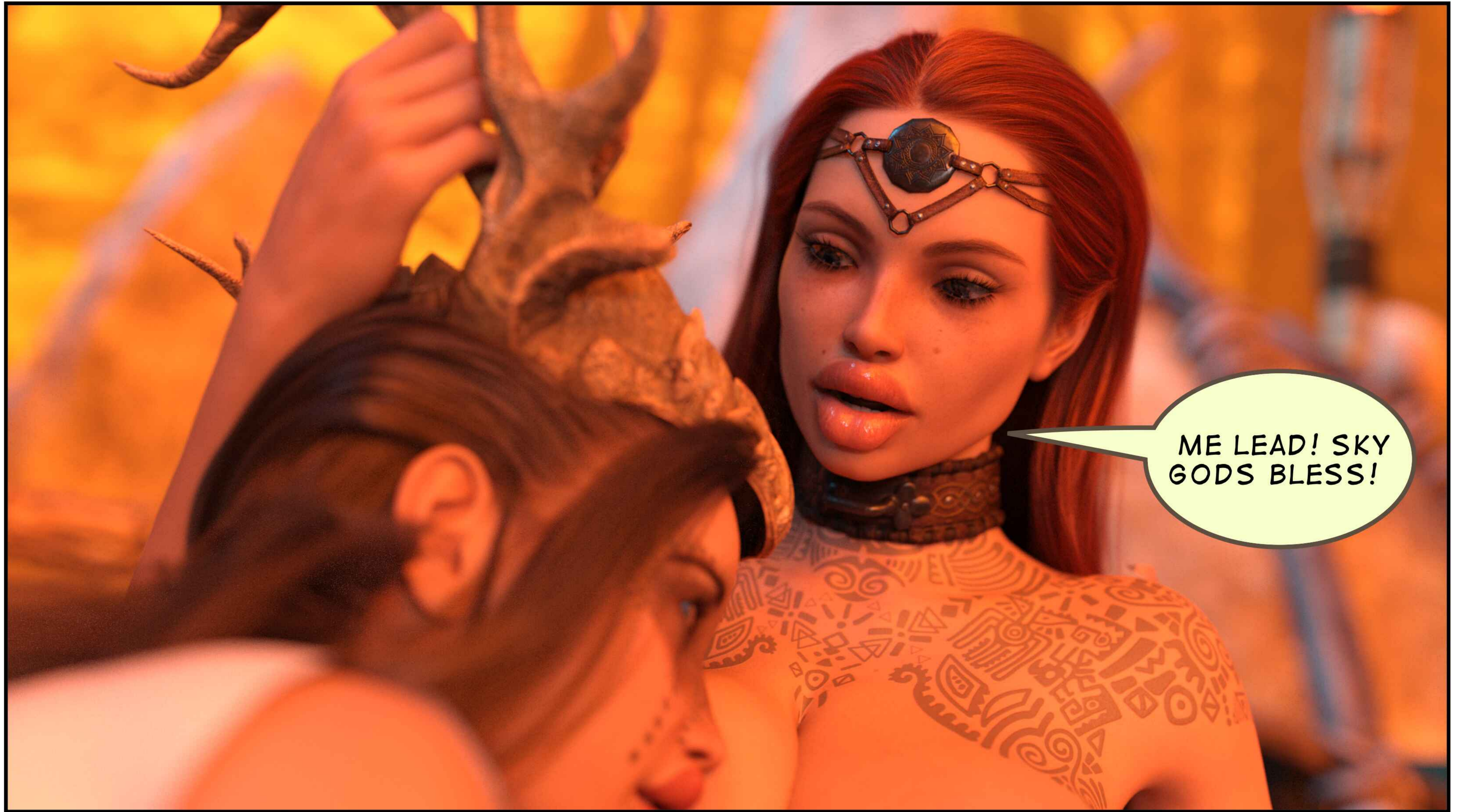
TRIBE RULES!  
BIGGEST TITS  
LEAD! QUEEN  
MUST BE ME!



BUT...  
BUT.. SKY  
GODS! ME...  
QUEEN FOR SO  
LONG!

RITE OF  
TITS! ME  
QUEEN! NOW!  
KNEEL!





ME LEAD! SKY  
GODS BLESS!

YOU, NO RULE!  
ME QUEEN! YOU  
BOW!



PROVE  
LOYALTY!

BOW, KISS,  
RITE OF TITS  
RULE!







ME  
ACCEPT! YOU  
QUEEN... MY  
QUEEN! ME  
SERVENT.

REMOVE  
WRAPPING!  
BELONGS  
QUEEN!



ME QUEEN!  
RISE  
CHILDREN!



PRAISE SKY  
GODS! THEY GIVE,  
WISDOME!



GO! ME PROTECT!

STRONG WARRIOR HELPS! PRAISE!





GO HUNT!  
FEED TRIBE!  
PRAISE SKY  
GODS!



GOOD! MAKE  
QUEEN HAPPY!



YOU QUEEN'S  
PERSONAL LOVE  
MAKER! GO, READY!  
WAIT IN QUEEN'S  
TENT!

AS YOU WISH  
MY QUEEN!

**THE END**