

RED RIDING HOOD



By Ferres

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This comic contains entirely fictional work based on cartoon characters for adult entertainment. It shows no real people or events. The characters are shown participating in CONSENSUAL role-play for their own personal satisfaction, simulating activities which involve sexual dominance and submission.

No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.

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THE EDITOR

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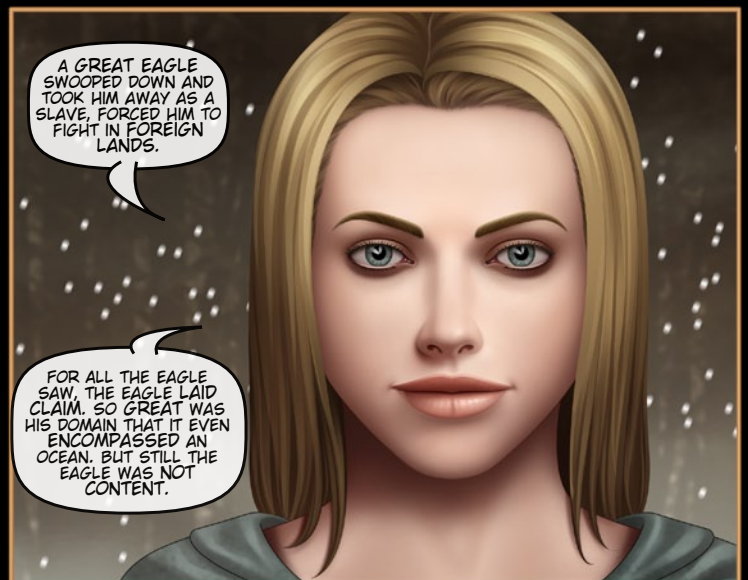
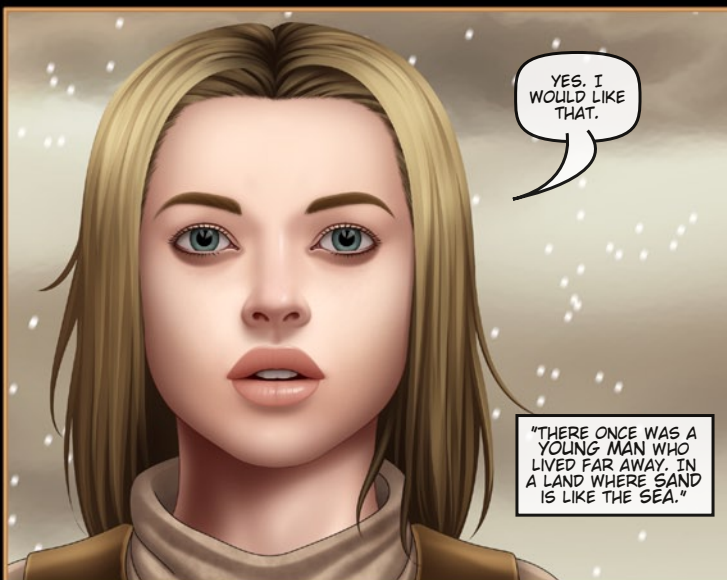
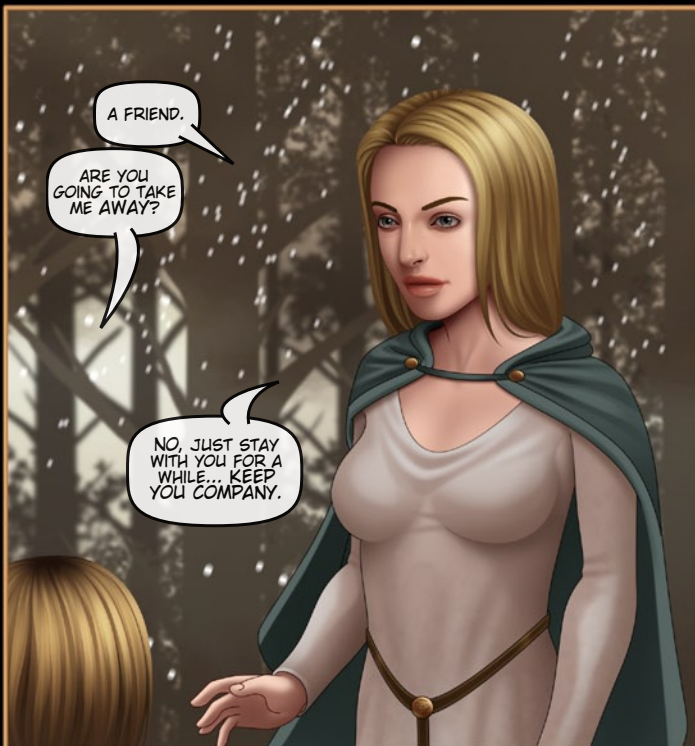
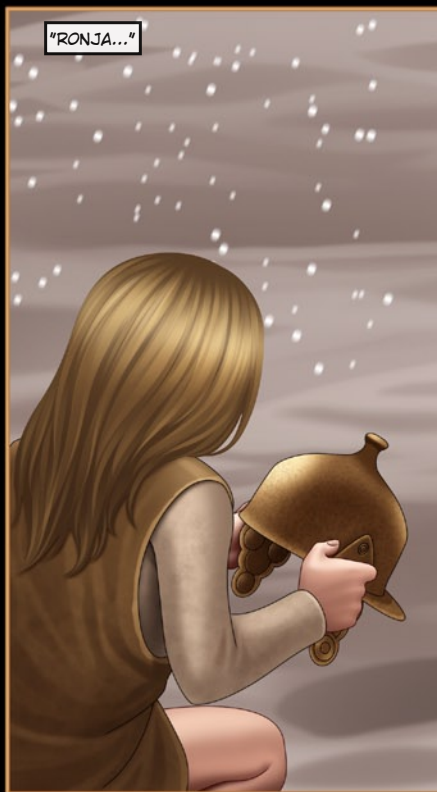
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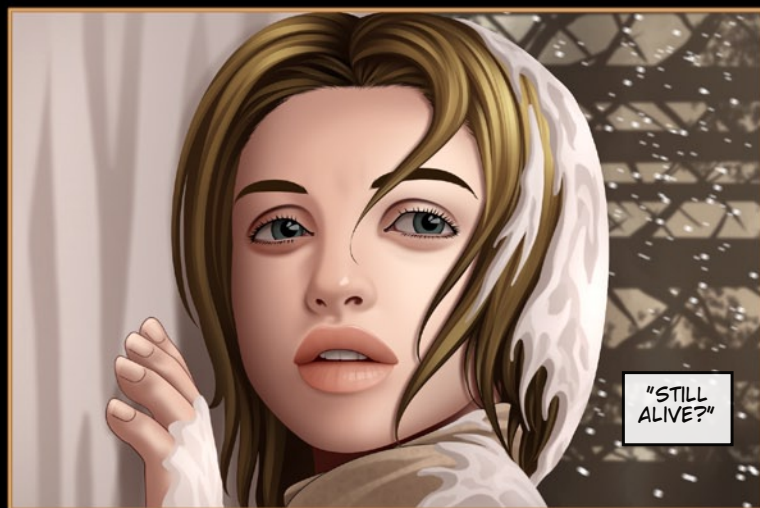
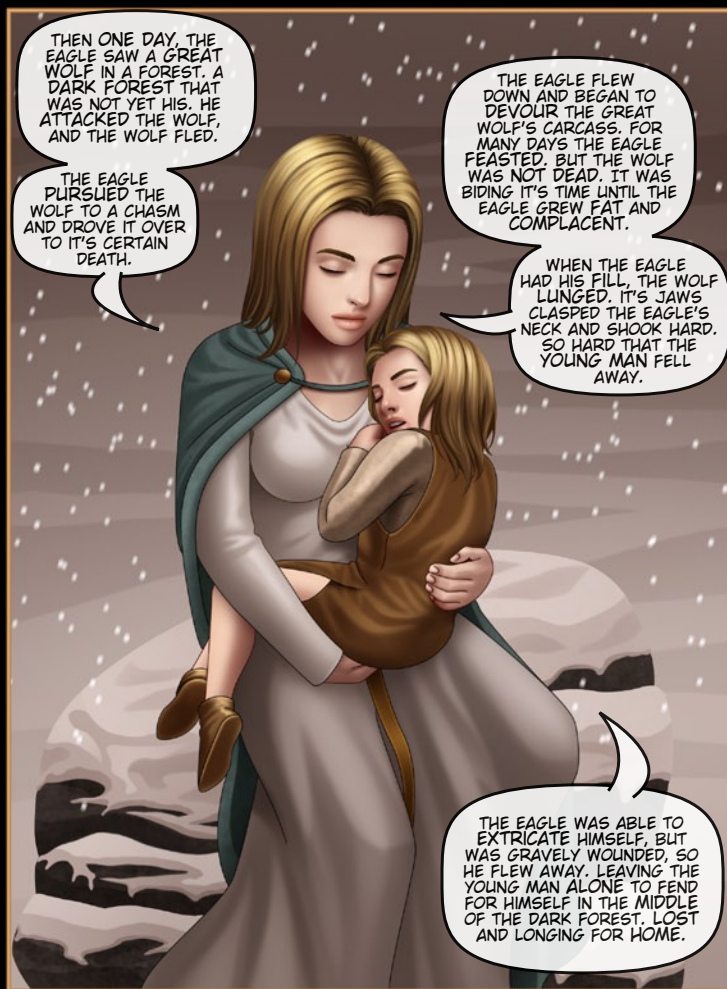
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RED RIDING HOOD FERRES

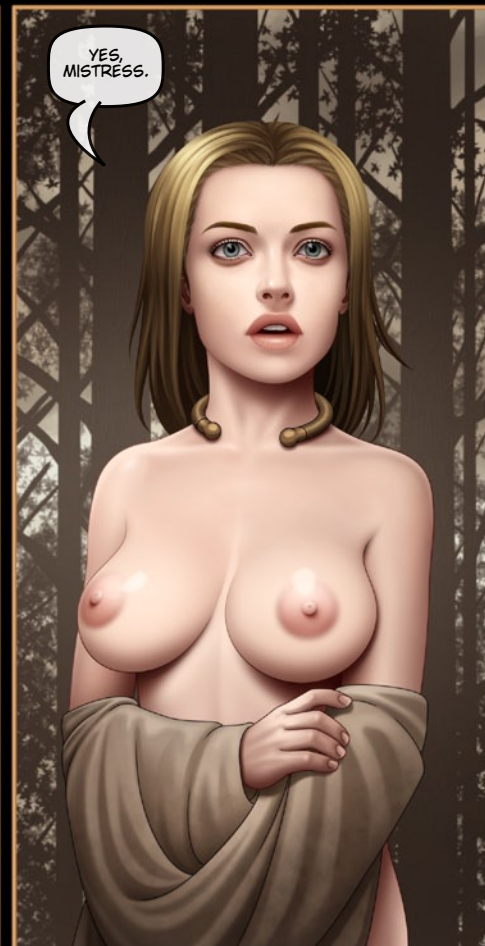
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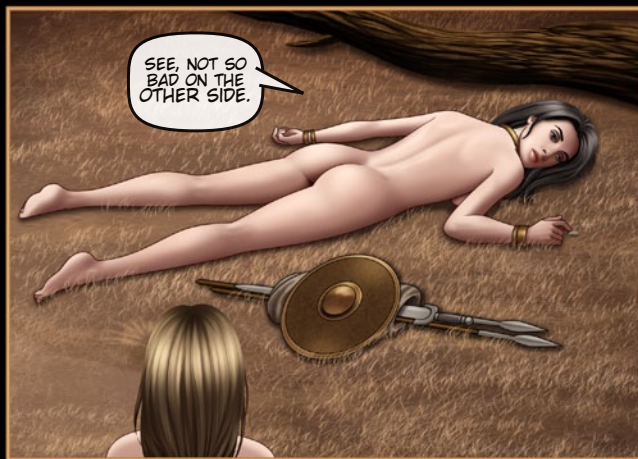
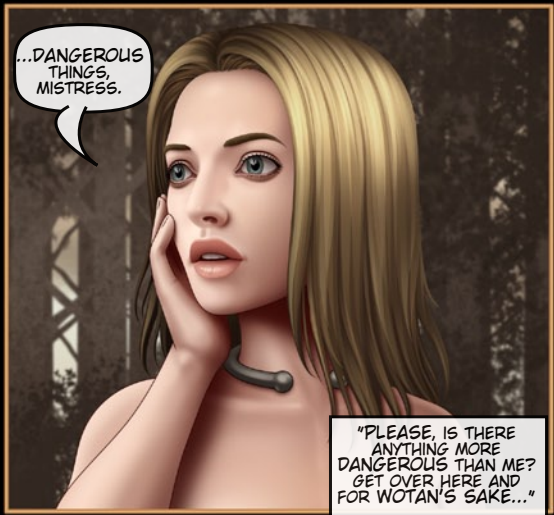
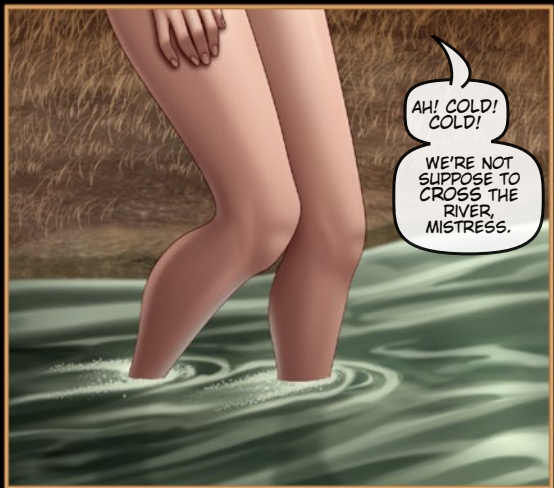






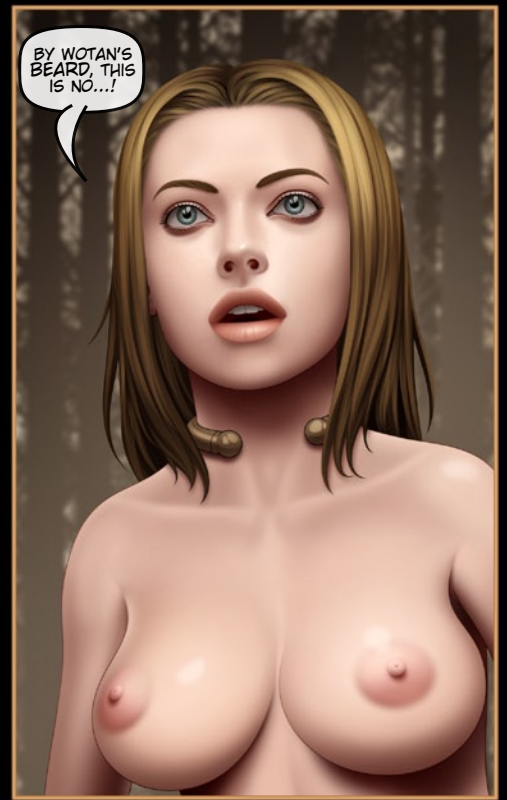




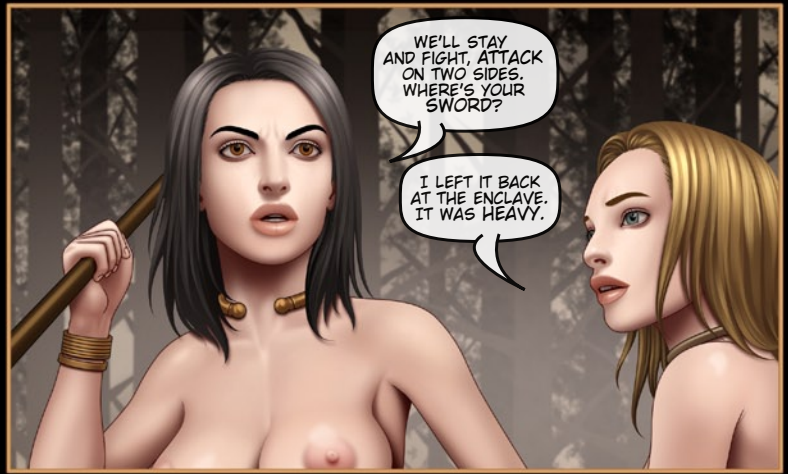


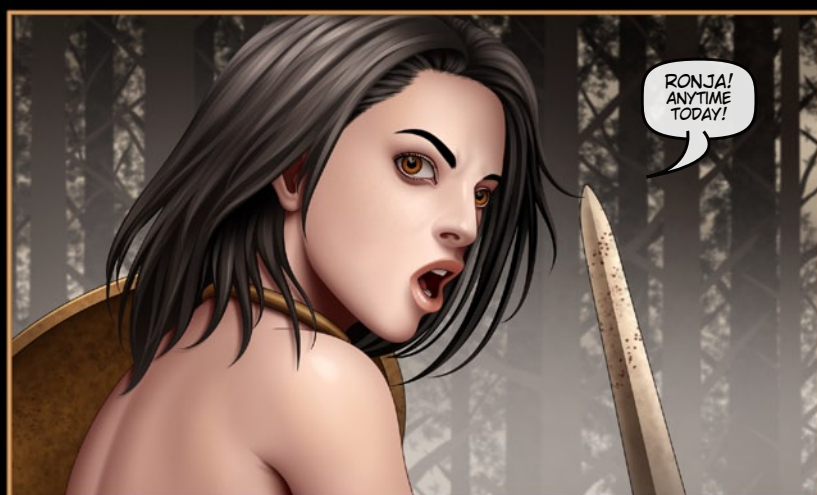


















NOO!!!



HNNNH!



GET AWAY FROM HER, FOUL MONSTER. I WILL KILL YOU WITH MY BEAR HANDS!



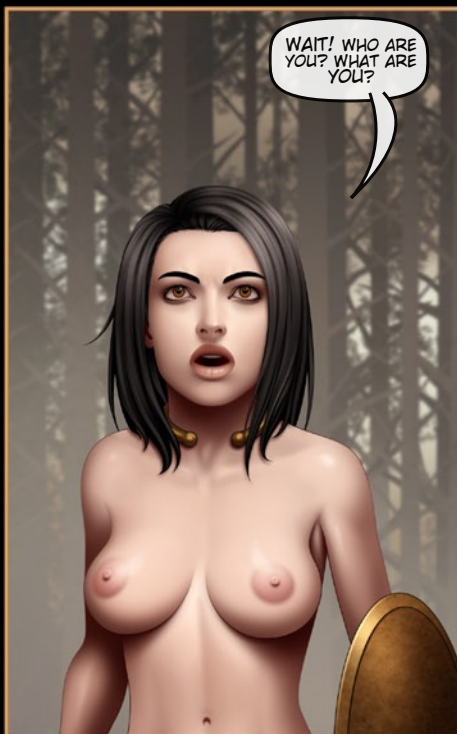
NO! NO! STOP!

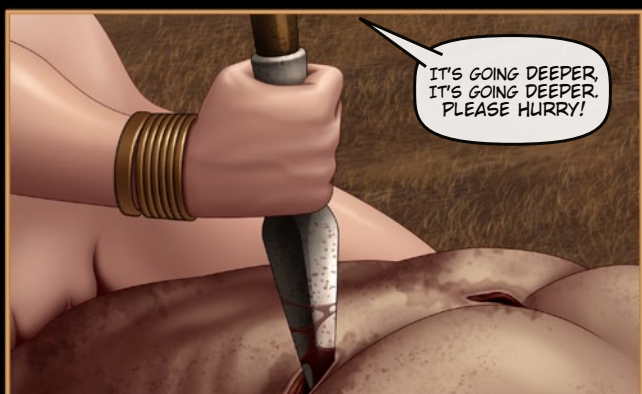


HRRRR!



WOTAN...!







RONJA,
YOU'RE
FALLING
BEHIND.



I CAN'T RUN
ANYMORE. I'M
TIRED AND I'M
COLD... MISTRESS
SEIGFINNA...



"RONJA."



MILADY, I
HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU IN A LO...
BLOOD!

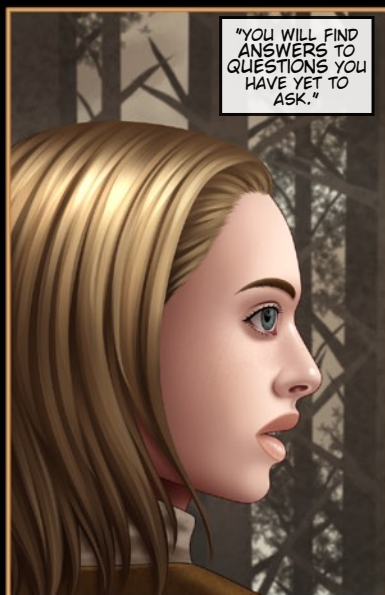


SO MUCH
BLOOD. YOU'RE
HURT?!

IT'S NOT MY
BLOOD YOU
SHOULD WORRY
ABOUT.



THERE...
GO, RONJA.



"YOU WILL FIND
ANSWERS TO
QUESTIONS YOU
HAVE YET TO
ASK."



BEHIND THAT
TREE... I SEE...
RED?!



"A RED CLOAK!"



IT'S
BEAUTIFUL.

"IT'S A WARM
CLOAK. TAKE IT,
IT'S YOURS."



FURTHER
<HUFF-HUFF>
THAN I
THOUGHT.



I GOT IT!

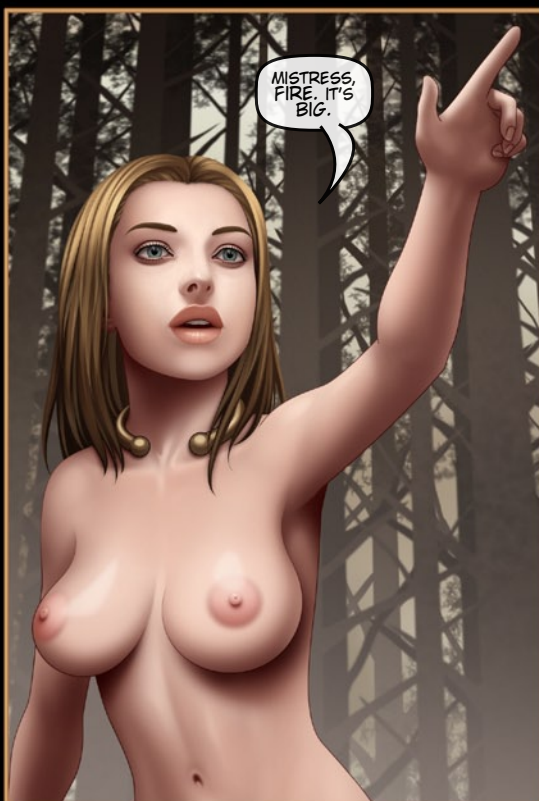


HMPH! WHO
DARES?!



NONE MAY
APPROACH,
BARBARIAN!

NO!





"THIS ONE'S STILL ALIVE."



FINISH HIM QUICKLY AND CONTINUE THE COUNT.



"DON'T MISS ANYONE. WE NEED A FULL ACCOUNTING OF OUR KILLS."



...SO WE CAN MAKE A PROPER OFFERING TO THE GODS.



GHAK!

"DON'T BOTHER WITH THE SPOILS."



TO ARMS! WE HAVE COMPANY.



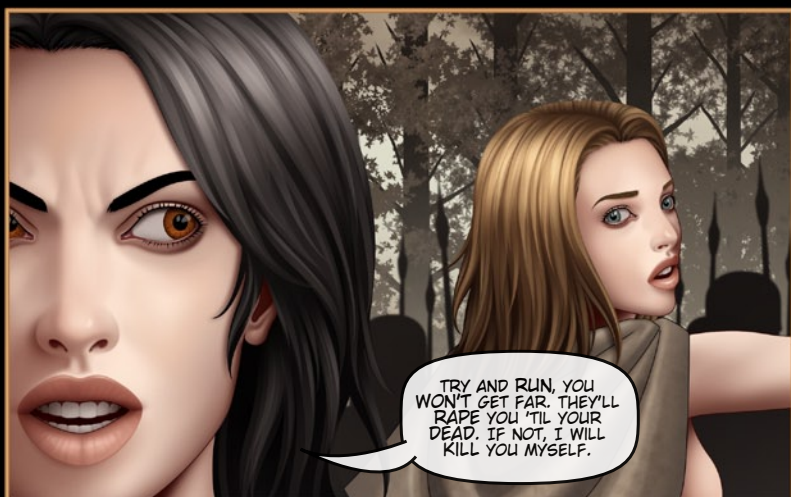
YOU HAVE STAINED THIS GROUND WITH THE BLOOD OF MY PEOPLE. YOU WILL NEITHER RETURN TO YOUR FAMILIES NOR WORSHIP YOUR GODS EVER AGAIN.

RONJA, IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO USE YOU AS A SHIELD, PICK UP A SWORD.















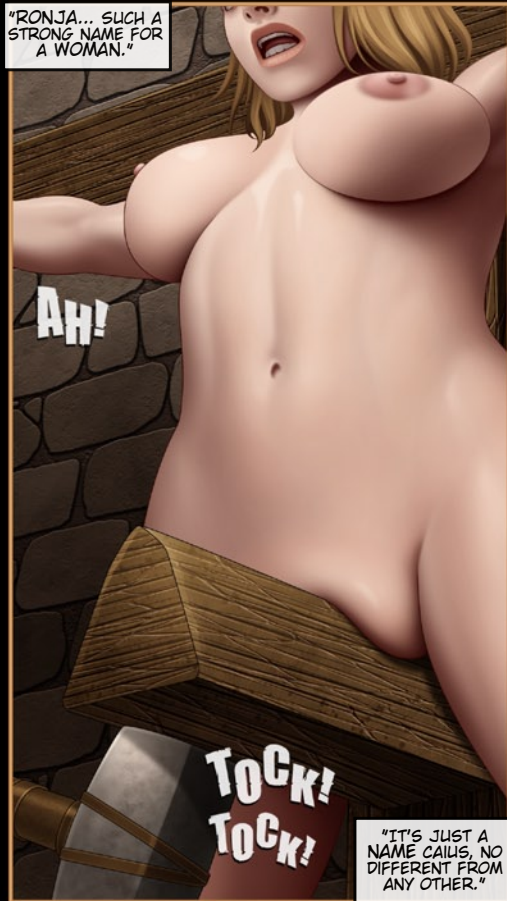








"RONJA... SUCH A STRONG NAME FOR A WOMAN."



"SHE DID MANAGE TO DISPATCH A NUMBER OF YOUR SEASONED MEN. NO MEAN FEAT."



"DON'T REMIND ME. EACH MAN HAS A WIFE AND FAMILY TO PLACATE BACK IN PANNONIA."



CALL HER RONJIANA. PRESENT HER AS A GODLESS WARRIOR WOMAN FROM SOME MONSTROUS NORTHERN TRIBE AND BE DONE WITH IT.

WHY NEED BOTHER WITH HER STORY? SHE'S ONLY A SLAVE NOW. MAKE ONE UP.







AAGH!



MASTER CALIUS, I WILL TAKE THE PRIVILEGE OF BEDDING WITH THIS GIRL. I RESERVE THAT RIGHT AFTER BESTING HER IN COMBAT.



GO AHEAD, RUFIO. TAKE CARE NOT TO SOW ANY SEEDS. WE DON'T NEED TO SEE ANYMORE STUNTED RUFIOS FUSSING ABOUT.



<SIGH> WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, MASTER. MY CONDITION IS NOT HEREDITARY.



"SO YOU SAY, RUFIO. BUT DON'T GET TOO ATTACHED. THE SANDS OF THE ARENA AWAITS THE TASTE OF HER BLOOD."



DID SHE JUST...?



I DON'T OFTEN FIND WOMEN WHO CAN SO READILY CUM, STRADDLING A WEDGED CROSS. YOU'RE CURIOUSLY INTERESTING.

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ME, GIRL. MY PROWESS IN BED IS EQUAL TO MY PROWESS IN BATTLE.

HNNNH!

"HE'S ASLEEP...
FOR NOW. HIS
WOUNDS ARE..."



WHEN HE'S BETTER,
WE'LL LEAVE FOR
CHAUCI TERRITORY.
HOPEFULLY, THEY'LL
TAKE US IN.

BETTER
HE DIED.



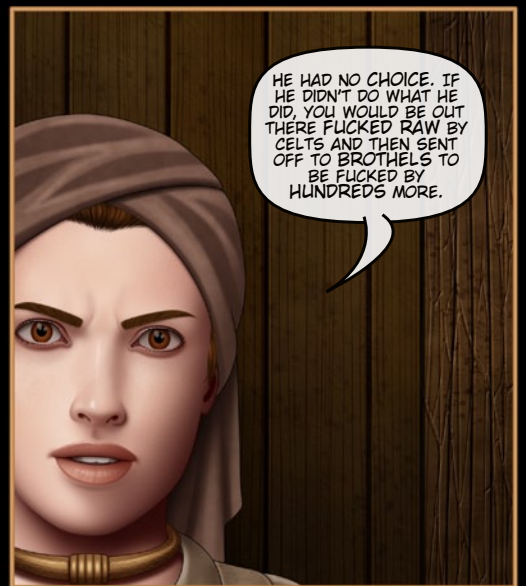
ASFRID!



IT SHAMES ME...
WHAT HE DID. SHE
WAS OUR QUEEN!



HE HAD NO CHOICE. IF
HE DIDN'T DO WHAT HE
DID, YOU WOULD BE OUT
THERE FUCKED RAW BY
CELTS AND THEN SENT
OFF TO BROTHELS TO
BE FUCKED BY
HUNDREDS MORE.



I WOULD HAVE
FOUGHT, LIKE THE
OTHER WARRIORS.
LIKE RONJA...

AND WHEN
HAVE YOU EVER
HANDLED A
SWORD?



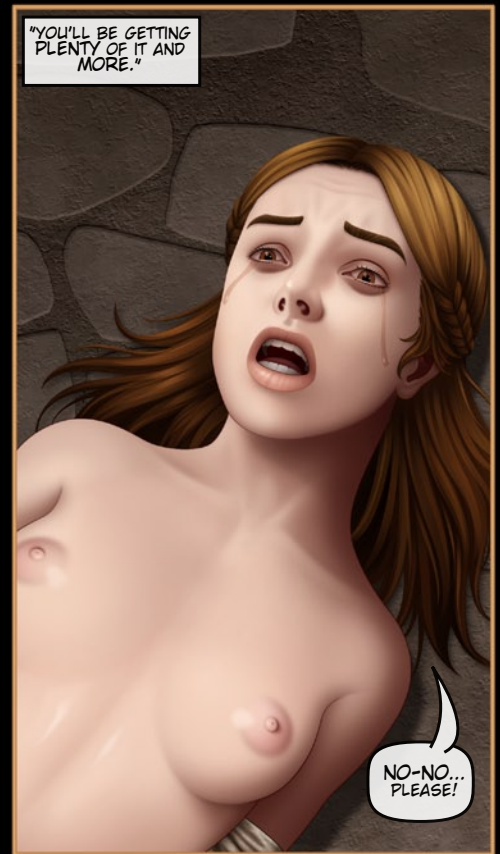
RONJA?
SHE'S THERE, SPLAYED
AND TEETERING, WITH
HER CUNNY ON A WEDGE.
IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT
FOR YOURSELF? BE
SENSIBLE!

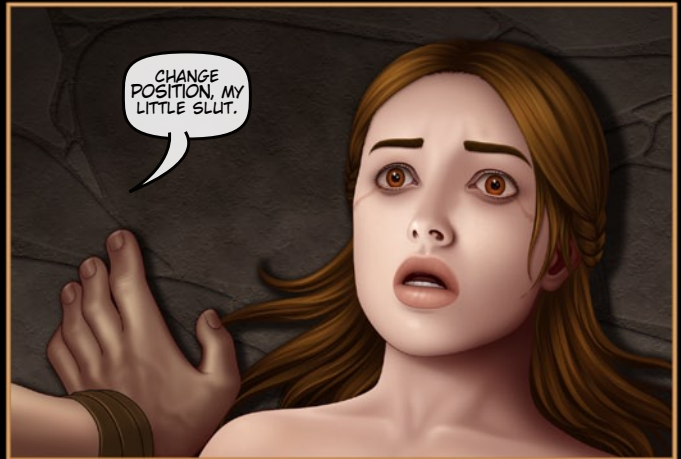
WELL, WELL. SEE
HERE BROTHERS?
TWO WILY BIRDS TO
HELP TEMPER
YOUR CACKLING.

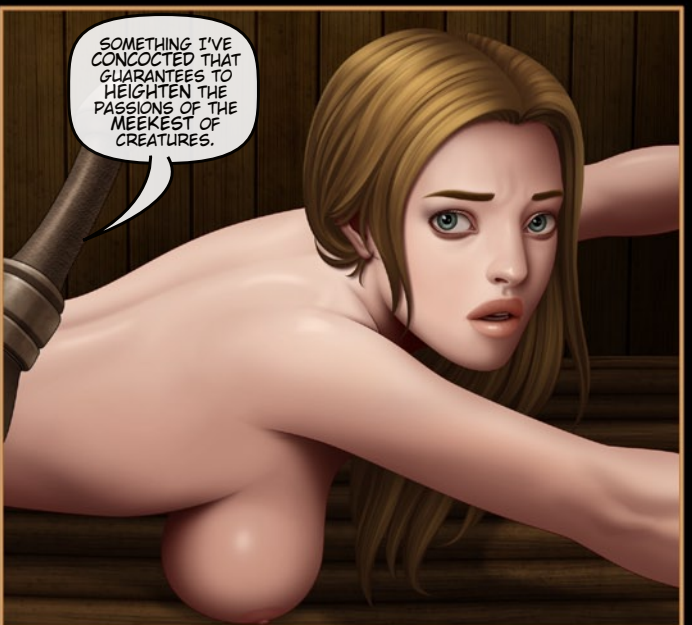


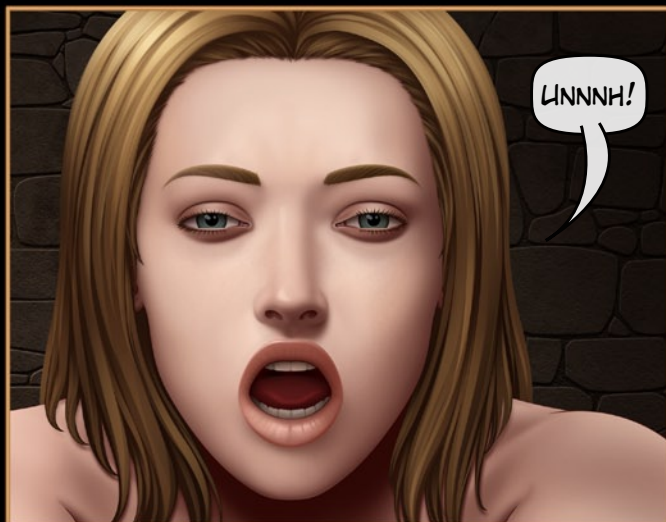
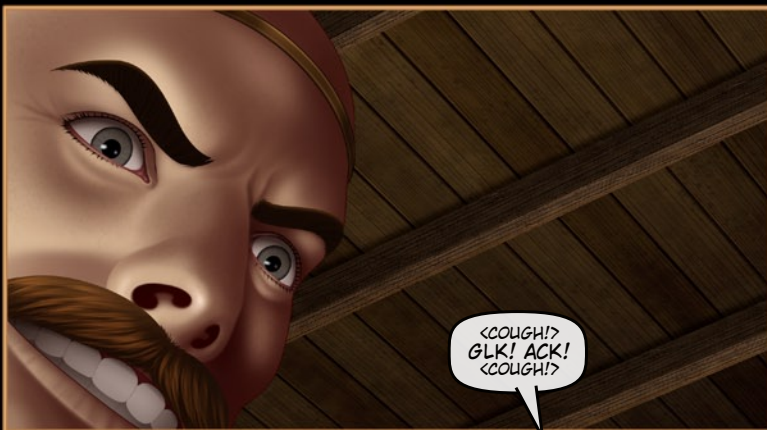






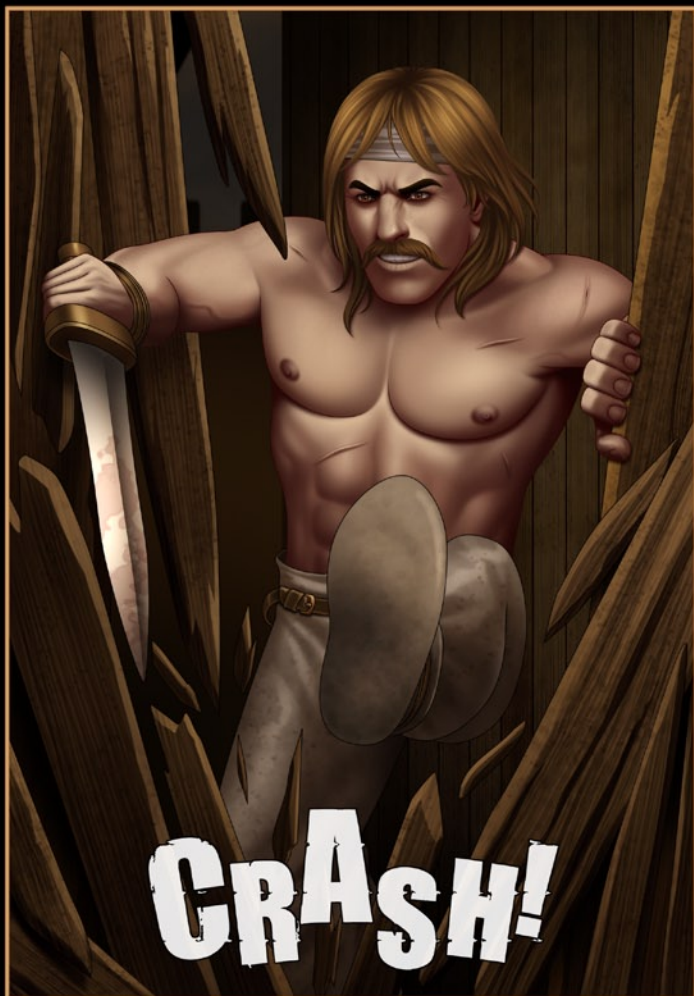


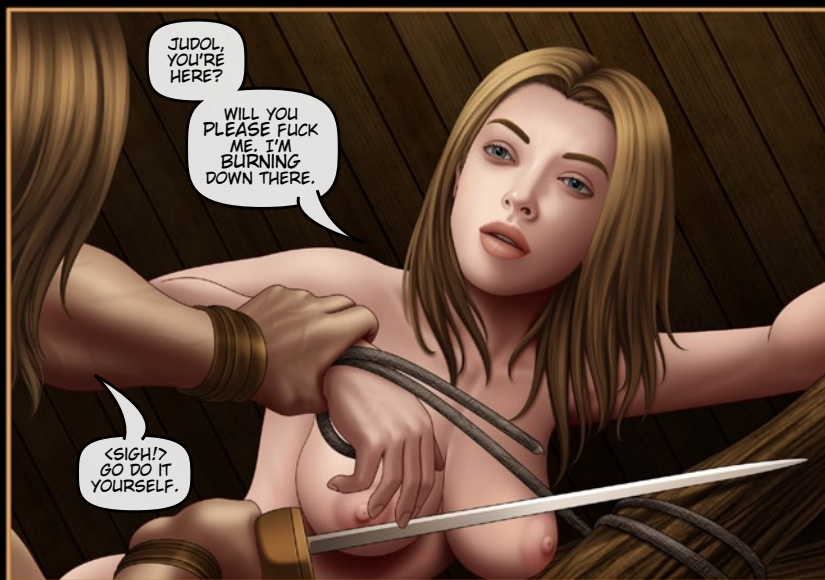


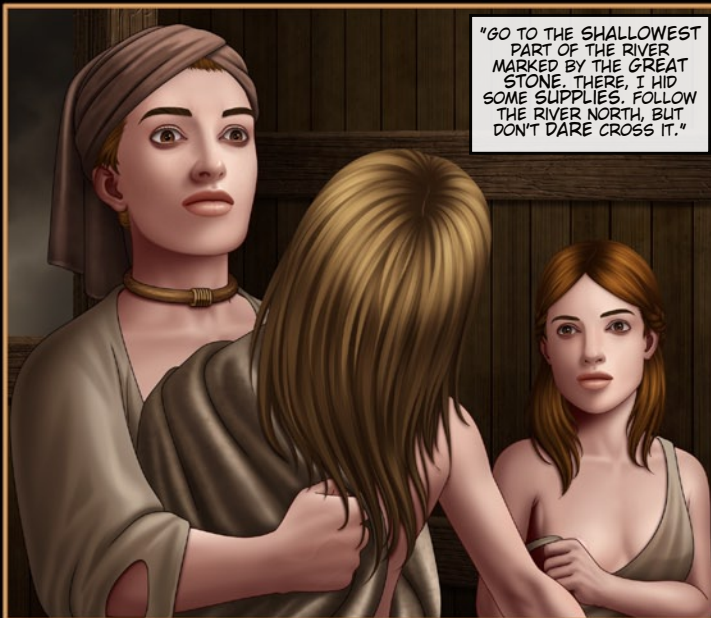










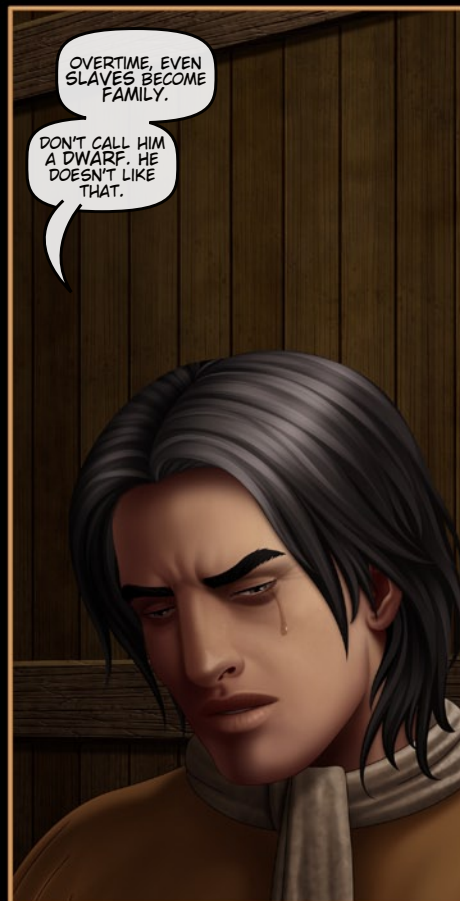




POOR RUFIO,
YOU WILL BE
AVENGED. I
SWEAR IT.



I DIDN'T THINK
YOU CARED FOR
THE DWARF ALL
THAT MUCH.



OVERTIME, EVEN
SLAVES BECOME
FAMILY.

DON'T CALL HIM
A DWARF. HE
DOESN'T LIKE
THAT.



WE HAVE JUDOL
CORNERED NEAR
THE GREAT HALL!

AND THE
OTHERS?

NOWHERE TO
BE FOUND,
MASTER.



THEY'RE BEYOND THE
WALLS BY NOW. SEND
THE SCOUTS TO FIND
THEM.



"I'LL DEAL WITH
THAT TRAITOR
JUDOL."

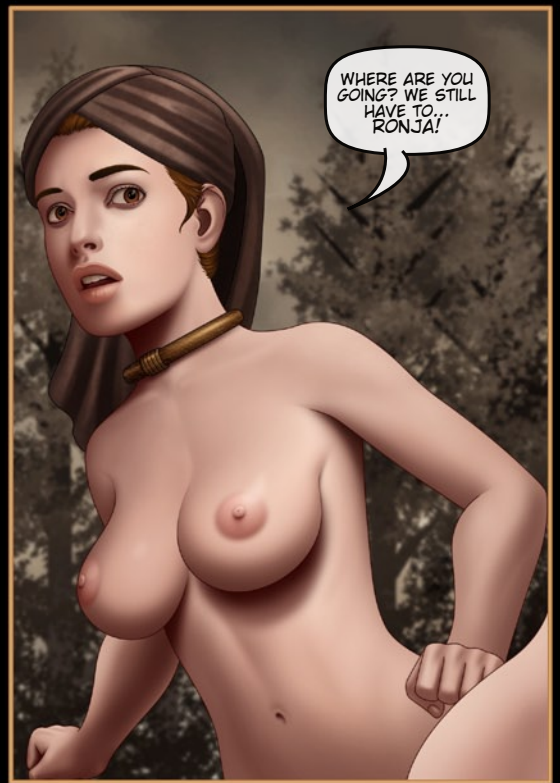
WHO WISHES TO
FOLLOW? MAKE IT
SPORTING AT LEAST
YOU COWARDS.



SHOW
ME SOME
HONOR.

HONOR IS
RESERVED FOR
THOSE WHO MERIT
IT. NOT FOR
TREACHEROUS
DOGS LIKE YOU.





















MOTHER!
MOTHER!
WHERE DID
SHE GO?

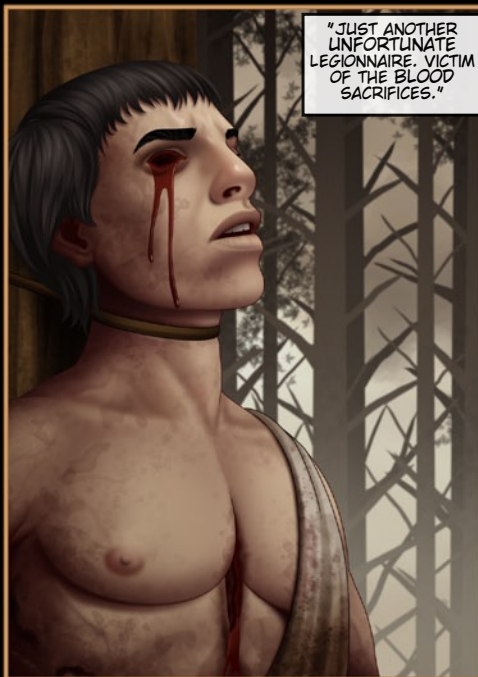
SHE'S
ALREADY
DEAD.



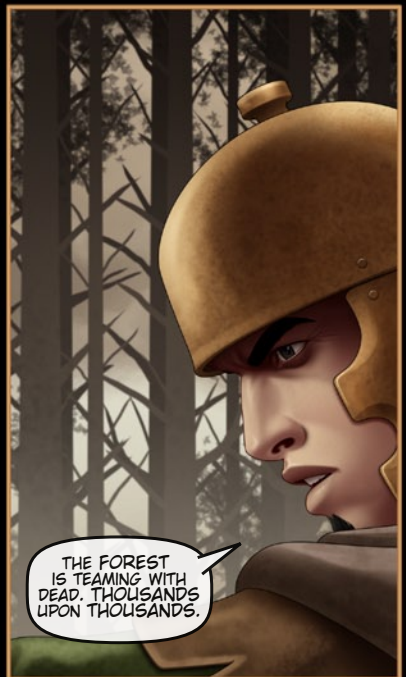
"EVERYTHING YOU SEE
HERE HAD ALREADY COME
TO PASS. YOU ARE
STROLLING THROUGH THE
ECHOES OF TIME. YOU CAN
DO NOTHING BUT BEAR
WITNESS."



YOU TALK
OF STRANGE
THINGS, ARCHER.
WHO WAS HE?



"JUST ANOTHER
UNFORTUNATE
LEGIONNAIRE. VICTIM
OF THE BLOOD
SACRIFICES."



THE FOREST
IS TEAMING WITH
DEAD. THOUSANDS
UPON THOUSANDS.



I SHOULD
WARN YOU THAT
THE VOLUR
ARE PREPARING
A SUMMONING.

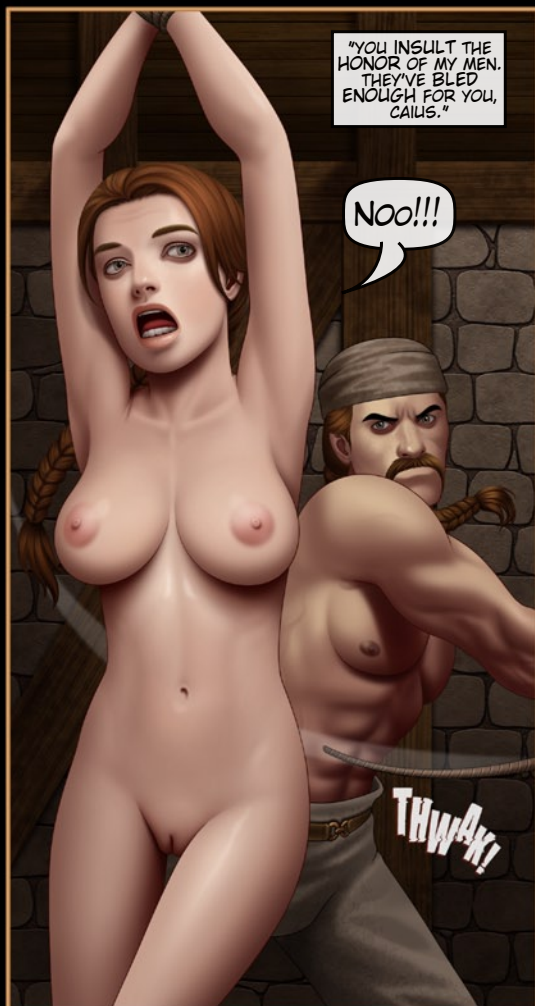


"WHEN IT BEGINS
AND YOU'RE STILL
HERE, YOU WON'T
BE ABLE TO
RETURN."

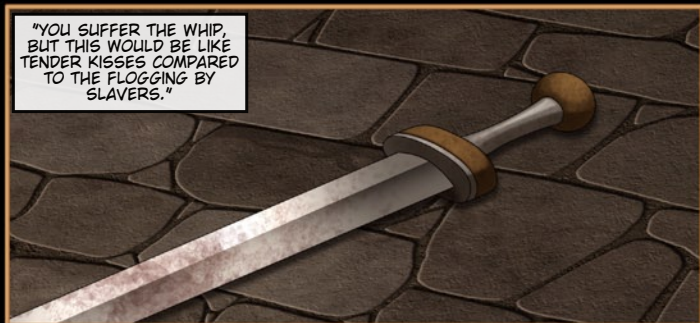




"THAT ACCURSED JUDOL WOULD NOT SCREAM. NARY A WHIMPER, EVEN AS I RIPPED AT HIS GULLET."











"A BIG CELTIC
ROD UP THE ASS
ALWAYS MAKES
THE CUNNY
PUCKER AND
TAUT."



NOW, ARE SLUTS
LIKE THESE WORTH
20,000 ROMAN
LIVES? NO?

WIDER, VINDEK.
GIVE US A GOOD
VIEW OF THAT
CIMBRII CUNT.

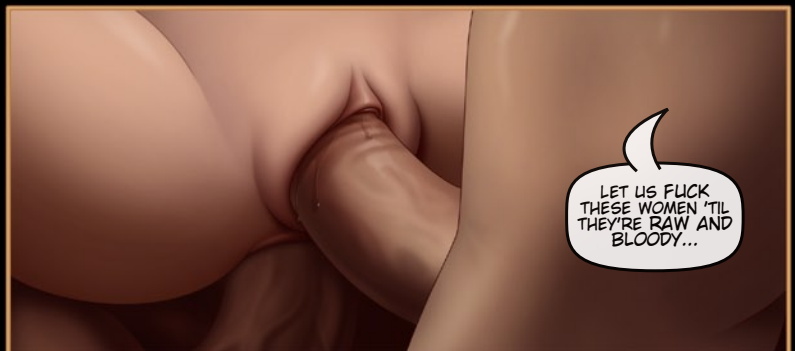


"HOLD HER FAST. I
GET A KICK IN THE
GROIN, YOU LOSE
YOURS."

NO!



HAPPY NOW,
FRIEND
BRENNUS?

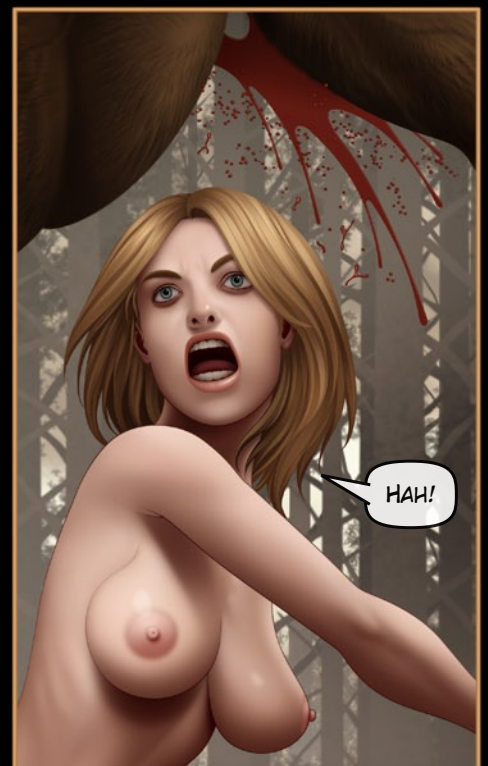


LET US FUCK
THESE WOMEN 'TIL
THEY'RE RAW AND
BLOODY...



"AND TOMORROW, WE
CROSS THAT RIVER
IN FORCE AND ROOT
OUT YOUR FOREST
GHOSTS."

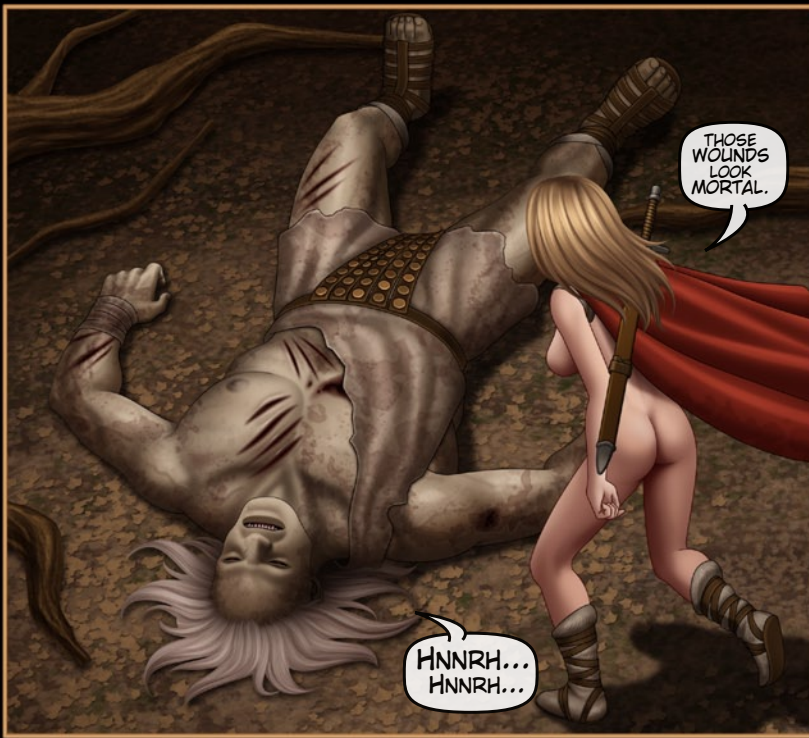












THOSE WOUNDS LOOK MORTAL.

HNNRH...
HNNRH...



I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE THE SAME CREATURE THAT SAVED ME FROM BEFORE BUT...



I DON'T HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE TO HEAL YOUR WOUNDS NOR EASE YOUR SUFFERING.



ALL I CAN DO IS HASTEN YOUR WAY TO WHATEVER...



...AFTERWORLD YOUR KIND GOES TO.



I'M SORRY.



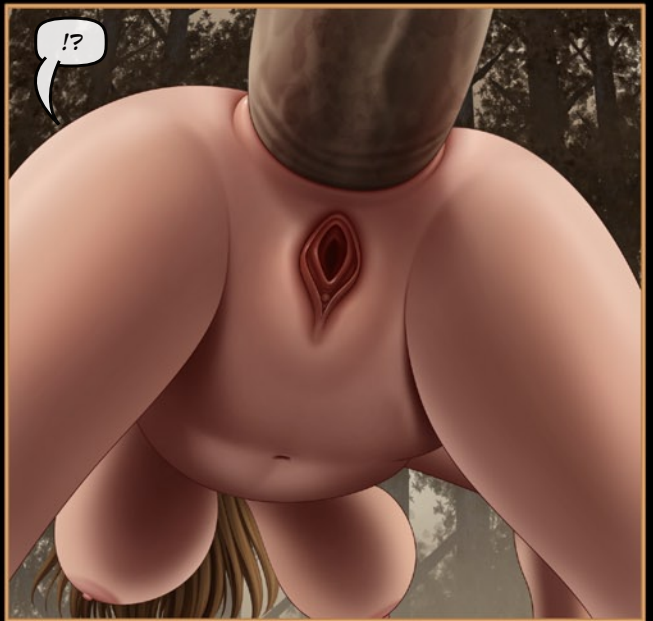
HUNGH?!

















WE FOUND THIS, IT LOOKS ROMAN.



IT IS, YOU IDIOT! HAND IT OVER. YOU SULLY IT WITH YOUR FILTH.



BRENNUS, LOOK HERE. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS?



THIS IS THE SHAFT OF AN EAGLE STANDARD. WHO WOULD'VE BELIEVED THAT VARUS' LEGIONS REACHED THIS FAR.

BE OF GOOD CHEER. ONCE WE FIND THE EAGLE THAT TIPS THIS STANDARD WE CAN GO HOME WITH HONOR AND TRIUMPH.



"BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY DO YOU DRAW BACK?"



WE HAVE DONE ALL THAT ROME HAD ASKED OF US. FOUGHT, BLED AND DIED. WE ARE DONE.

MY MEN WILL NOT FOLLOW COWARDS, BUT NEITHER WILL THEY FOOLS.



BRENNUS, YOU KNOW THE WEIGHT OF MY WORDS. SO LISTEN CAREFULLY.

ONCE THIS BETRAYAL IS MADE KNOWN, YOUR PEOPLE WILL BLEED LIKE NEVER BEFORE. YOUR VILLAGES WILL BURN, YOUR MEN SLAUGHTERED, YOUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN DEFILED.



"THE BOII TRIBE WILL CEASE TO EXIST."

"THE PRICE FOR TREACHERY IS HIGH INDEED."



WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES. WE ARE DEEP IN HOSTILE TERRITORY, DEAR CAIUS.

THE DEATH OF A ROMAN OFFICER, FIGHTING ALONG SIDE AN ALLIED FORCE, THAT WOULDN'T BE HARD TO BELIEVE.



"THE CASUALTIES WE'VE SUSTAINED IS PROOF ENOUGH."

THOSE WILL NOT BE THE LAST OF YOUR CASUALTIES, FRIEND BRENNUS.



COME ON! THE THIRST OF MY BLADE IS YET TO BE SATIATED.



TSK, TSK! BRAVADO WILL NOT SERVE YOU TODAY.

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND, ARCHERS!



RED



RED



RED RIDING HOOD



RED RIDING HOOD



VOLUME 2



coming next

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