

SLAVECOP 2

ERENISCH

THE BREED



IMPORTANT ACROBAT READER SETTINGS

THIS COMIC NEEDS VERSION 9
OF ACROBAT READER OR LATER

You can download it for free from www.adobe.com

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- 1- Open de comic normally with ACROBAT READER 9 or later
- 2- Click on VIEW and select FULL SCREEN MODE
Alternatively you can type CTRL L
- 3- Use your keyboard arrow keys to change page
- 4- Click ESC anytime to return to normal screen mode

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'For Monitor' or 'For Laptop/LCD screens'
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THE EDITOR

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HELLO BOYS AND GIRLS,
GLAD TO SEE YOU ALL HERE.
IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME
SINCE WE FIRST MET, RIGHT?

MY NAME IS LIDIA. I'M A KINKY 22 YEAR-OLD GIRL
AND I'M HERE TO TELL YOU A NAUGHTY LITTLE
DETECTIVE MYSTERY STORY. BE WARNED THOUGH,
IT IS KIND OF A ROUGH ONE. IT HAS ALL KINDS
OF SEXUAL SITUATIONS A LOT ON THE KINKY SIDE...
IT HAS MANY MANY GIRLS TIED UP, HUMILIATED,
AND FUCKED ROUGHLY... BUT DON'T YOU WORRY,
IT IS ALL MAKE-BELIEVE, JUST A TITILLATING
DARK FANTASY...

A-S CUMGULPER

AND BEFORE I FORGET,
YES, ALL THE GIRLS
DEPICTED IN THIS STORY
ARE OVER THE AGE OF 18...

ALSO... THIS STORY IS
WRITTEN IN THE FORM
OF A DETECTIVE MYSTERY,
SO DON'T TAKE A PEEK AT
THE END OF THE COMIC, OKAY?
OR YOU'D RUIN THE ENDING...

NOW IF YOU EXCUSE ME, I HAVE
TO GET READY FOR THIS... I WILL
BE REPRISING MY ROLE AS A
TOUGH SLAVECOP IN THIS STORY...
BUT IF YOU HAVE READ ONE OF
THESE COMICS BEFORE, YOU KNOW
THAT I'LL BE MERELY A POOR LITTLE
PLAYTHING IN THE HANDS OF ROUGH
MEN... THEY WILL BE DOING ALL
KINDS OF NAUGHTY THINGS TO MY
DEFENSELESS NAKED BODY, AND
PERFORMING DESPICABLE ACTS
TO MAKE ME SCREAM WITH PAIN
AND PLEASURE...

INTRIGUED? OKAY THEN,
PLEASE FOLLOW ME...

erenisch.-

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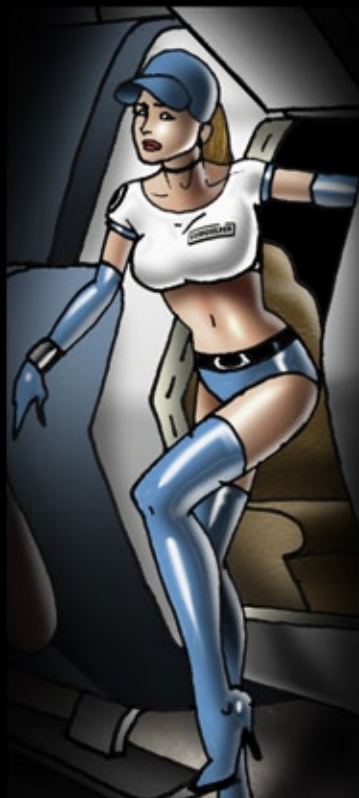
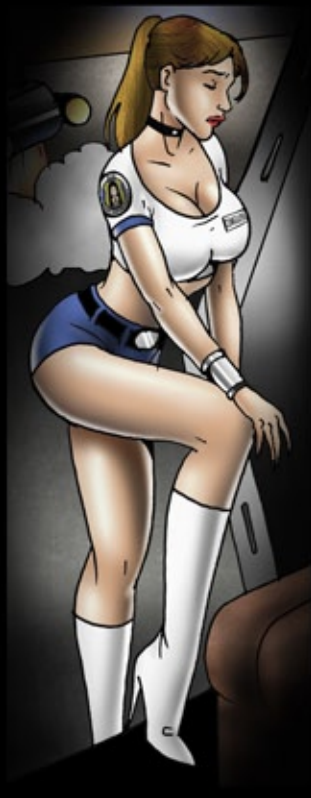
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SLAVECOP 2
THE BREED
by ERENISCH

The year 2022...
Many countries have passed the
'**Compulsory Female Slavery Law**'
that legalizes the sexual-use
and trade in nubile women
over 18 years of age

When a girl reaches slavery age,
she can be bought and sold,
hired and whored, and be used in
every imaginable way... She becomes
her owner's personal property.



As the androcratic regime strengthened, the economy is reshaped by its core principles of gender inequality. Relegated to mere chattel, the female population became the main trade commodity. Naturally, corporations entered into a bitter rivalry to dominate the market by "producing" better goods.

Genetic engineering began to advance again after a long pause that followed the radical revolution. Its main purpose was to create a new female better suited for men's needs...

But the new society and the new economy were still unstable. And instability bred all kinds of trouble...

The system dealt with trouble by the help of a select group of trained slavewomen like **Lidia Cumgulper**, elite cunt tracker scout owned by the infamous Slavery Enforcement and Fugitive Retrieval Unit of the BFA

Enjoy...

SLAVECOP 1:
CUMGULPER VS THE CULT

SLAVE FAIR
YEAR 2

BIRTHDAY GIFT 9
VENGEANCE

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31 MONTHS AGO... SEFR HEADQUARTERS, CENTRAL MAIDENFAIR.

HELLO, THIS IS AGENT-SLAVE
LIDIA CUMGULPER,
LEVEL 7 CUNT-TRACKER...
I'M A SLAVECOP OWNED BY
THE SLAVERY ENFORCEMENT
AND FUGITIVE RETRIEVAL UNIT.

THIS STORY STARTS ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO...
I WAS STILL A ROOKIE THEN. AFTER A MONTH IN SERVICE,
MY RETRIEVAL COUNT WAS STILL IN THE LOW SINGLE DIGITS.
I STILL SLEPT IN THE BOTTOM SHELF AND
ATE THE NASTIEST GIRLFEEED.

LASH!
AAAH!
LASH!
OOOH!
LASH!
AAH!

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I WAS GETTING THE FULL WHIPPING EVERY WEEK.
WE GOT 20 LASH REDUCTIONS FOR EACH RUNNER
WE CAUGHT, BUT I COULD NOT NAB A SINGLE
FUGITIVE FOR WEEKS. I EVEN GOT 10 EXTRA
BECAUSE MY HANDLER AGENT ANDERS HAVE
FOUND MY COCKSUCKING SKILLS WANTING.

OOH!
FOURTY-SIX!
THANK YOU
MASTER
TRAINER,
SIR!

LASH!

AAH!
SEVENTY! THANK
YOU MASTER TRAINER, SIR!

ALL RIGHT.
THAT'S ALL.
YOU CAN
RELAX NOW,
LITTLE GIRL.

HHM.. THANK YOU
SIR. THIS CUNT
IS GRATEFUL FOR
THE DISCIPLINE
SHE RECEIVED,
SIR.

BUT BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE
TO RELAX MY SORE BODY,
I TREMBLED WITH THE SOUND
OF MY HANDLER'S VOICE.

ARE YOU DONE, ROY?
I WILL NEED THAT CUNT
FOR A MISSION IN A
FEW HOURS.

SURE, ANDERS. HERE
SIGN THE PUNISHMENT
SHEET AND YOU CAN
PICK UP YOUR ROOKIE.

ALL RIGHT LIDIA, LET'S SEE IF THE 10 EXTRA WELTS ON YOUR STOMACH PROVIDED THE NECESSARY MOTIVATION FOR YOU.

THEN HE PULLED OUT HIS HUGE COCK...

I WAS OFFICIALLY OWNED BY THE BFA OF COURSE, BUT MY HANDLER WAS MY MASTER IN PRACTICE... I SERVED AND OBEYED HIM FIRST AND FOREMOST... AND ANY OTHERS HE WOULD LEND ME TO.

HEY ANDERS, WHAT ABOUT A SWAP? YOU WANNA HAVE A GO WITH BOUNCYTITS OVER HERE? SHE IS FRESH OUT OF TRAINING, STILL IN MINT CONDITION.

SURE, RUFUS. LET'S DO IT AFTER THE MISSION.

...AND SHOVED IT DOWN MY THROAT.

SUCK! SLURP!

COME ON, ROOKIE. OPEN UP AND SHOW ME WHAT YOU LEARNED SO FAR.

ACTUALLY, HE WAS JUST BEING AN ASS... I WAS ONE OF THE BEST COCKSUCKERS IN THE FORCE ALREADY... MY TRAINERS DIDN'T NAME ME CUMGULPER FOR NOTHING!

DID YOU HEAR THAT CUMGULPER? THIS MEANS THAT YOU HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THIS.

GOOD... THAT IS MUCH BETTER... AND YOU ARE GETTING WET TOO.

MEH. THAT'S ENOUGH. HEY HANNIGAN, LET THIS ONE DOWN.

SLUB! SLUB!

WHEN THEY FINALLY RELEASED ME, I SPREAD MY LEGS INVITINGLY LIKE A SLAVEGIRL SHOULD DO AFTER A FLOGGING. I DIDN'T EXPECT HIM TO GIVE ME A BREAK.

LIKE ALL SLAVECOPS, I KNEW I WAS A FUCKTOY FIRST...

MIND YOUR PRETTY MUG, BABE.

OOV!

THUD!

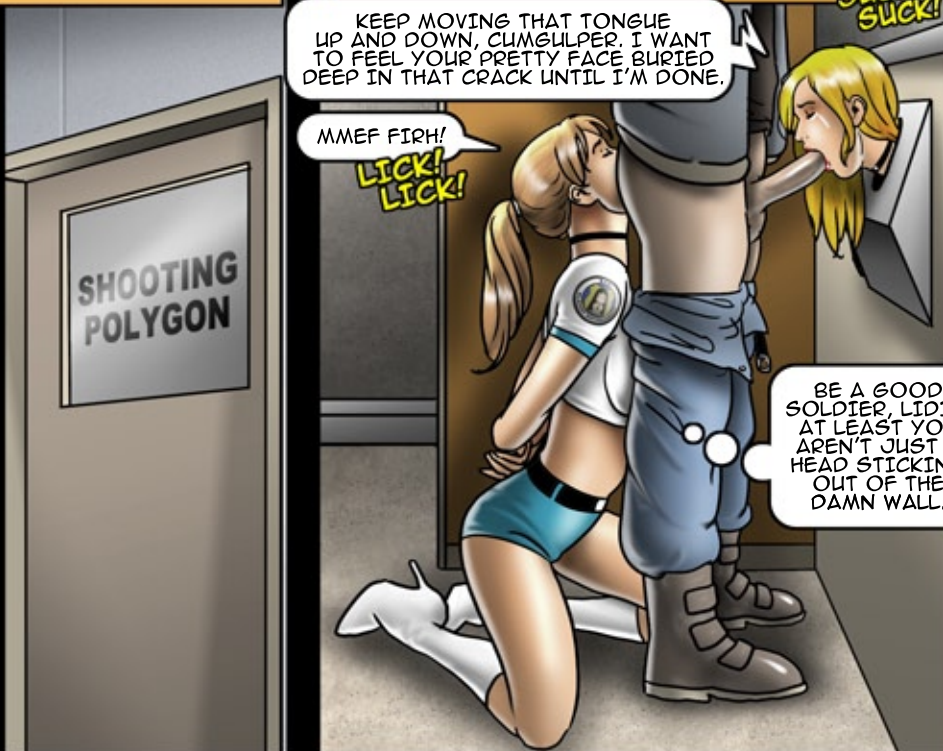
YOU CAN'T GET ENOUGH COCK, EH? NOT YET, ROOKIE. I WANT TO VISIT THE SHOOTING RANGE FIRST. NOW PICK UP YOUR STUFF UP AND FOLLOW ME LIKE A GOOD PUPPY.

OH? YES SIR.

SHOOTING PRACTICE WAS ACTUALLY MY FAVORITE WHEN I WAS A CADETTE. I WAS THE TOP SCORER IN MY CLASS.

OF COURSE, THE SHOOTING RANGE WE PRACTICED AT WAS VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE ONE AGENTS USED... THEIRS HAVE MORE "AMENITIES", ONE MIGHT SAY...

ANDERS WAS A FINE SHARPSHOOTER. BUT HE RARELY USED HIS TRANQUILIZER GUN IN THE FIELD. HE PREFERRED HIS PREY FULLY CONSCIOUS. HE LIKED TO SEE THE TERROR IN THEIR EYES AS HE TIED THEM UP.



KEEP MOVING THAT TONGUE UP AND DOWN, CUMSULPER. I WANT TO FEEL YOUR PRETTY FACE BURIED DEEP IN THAT CRACK UNTIL I'M DONE.

MMEF FIRH!

LICK!
LICK!

BE A GOOD SOLDIER, LIDIA. AT LEAST YOU AREN'T JUST A HEAD STICKING OUT OF THE DAMN WALL.

SUCK!
SUCK!



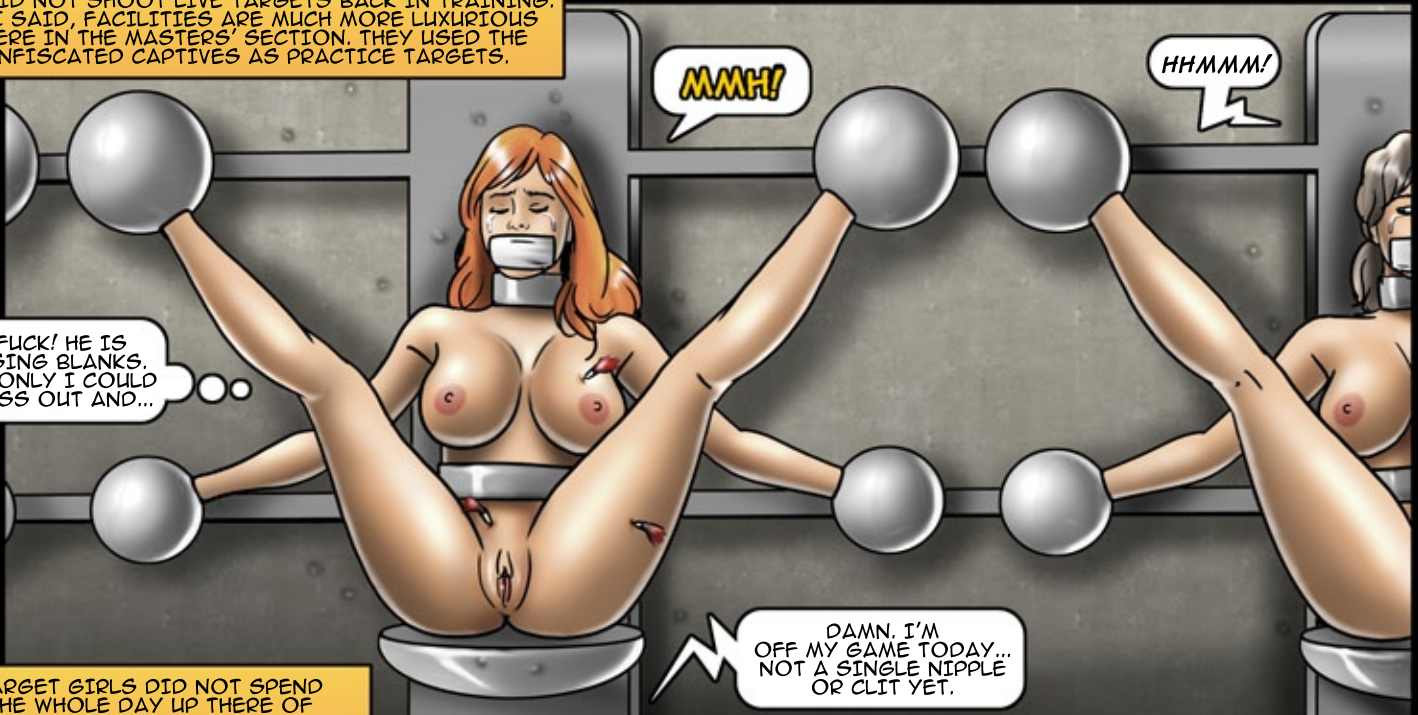
POP!
POP!

POP!

GOOD GIRLS. HOLD IT IN THERE FOR A MOMENT.

SUCK!
SUCK!

WE DID NOT SHOOT LIVE TARGETS BACK IN TRAINING. LIKE I SAID, FACILITIES ARE MUCH MORE LUXURIOUS UP HERE IN THE MASTERS' SECTION. THEY USED THE CONFISCATED CAPTIVES AS PRACTICE TARGETS.



MMH!

HHMMM!

FUCK! HE IS USING BLANKS. IF ONLY I COULD PASS OUT AND...

DAMN. I'M OFF MY GAME TODAY... NOT A SINGLE NIPPLE OR CLIT YET.

TARGET GIRLS DID NOT SPEND THE WHOLE DAY UP THERE OF COURSE. THAT WOULD BE INHUMANE. THEY OFTEN SWITCHED PLACES WITH THE COCKSUCKERS IN THE WALL.

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SLURP!
SLURP!

OOH... GOOD GIRL. YOU MAY SWALLOW THAT.



POP!

AAH! YES! NOW I'LL GET YOU, LITTLE ONE.



BULLSEYE!

HNG!

OF COURSE, HE SPENT MOST OF HIS TIME TRAINING ME, PUTTING SOME MILES ON MY FUCKHOLES. AS A ROOKIE, I STILL HAD LIMITED SERVICE EXPERIENCE.

YOU ARE LUCKY, GIRL. I HAVE A PARTICULARLY BIG ONE, SO ENJOY IT.

UUH! YES SIR, THIS CUNT IS BLESSED, SIR.

GODDAMN FREAK WILL RIP ME APART!

BEEP!

AGENT ANDERS, THIS IS CENTRAL COMMAND, PLEASE RESPOND

SHIT, IS IT TIME ALREADY? I THOUGHT WE STILL HAD TIME FOR SOME GOOD OLD-SCHOOL SODOMY.

LICK! SLURP!

THIS IS ANDERS, WHAT IS GOING ON?

OPERATION SEA BREEZE GOT THE GREEN LIGHT, MASTER ANDERS. PLEASE PROCEED TO THE RENDEZVOUS POINT IMMEDIATELY.

RIGHT NOW?

YES, MASTER ANDERS. OTHER TEAMS ARE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE LAUNCH PAD.

DiFotze computers

BOOBWHORE

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YOU WILL HAVE THE DETAILS OF THE MISSION ON THE WAY.

NO NEED. I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE PLAN ALREADY. ANDERS OUT.

ALL RIGHT CUMGULPER, GET UP... THIS WILL BE A VERY SPECIAL MISSION, NOT A SIMPLE RUNNER-CHASE. YOU'LL NOT BE IN UNIFORM... NOW LET'S GO AND GET YOUR SPECIAL GEAR FROM THE ARMORY.

UUH... YES SIR... BUT WHY NO UNIFORMS?

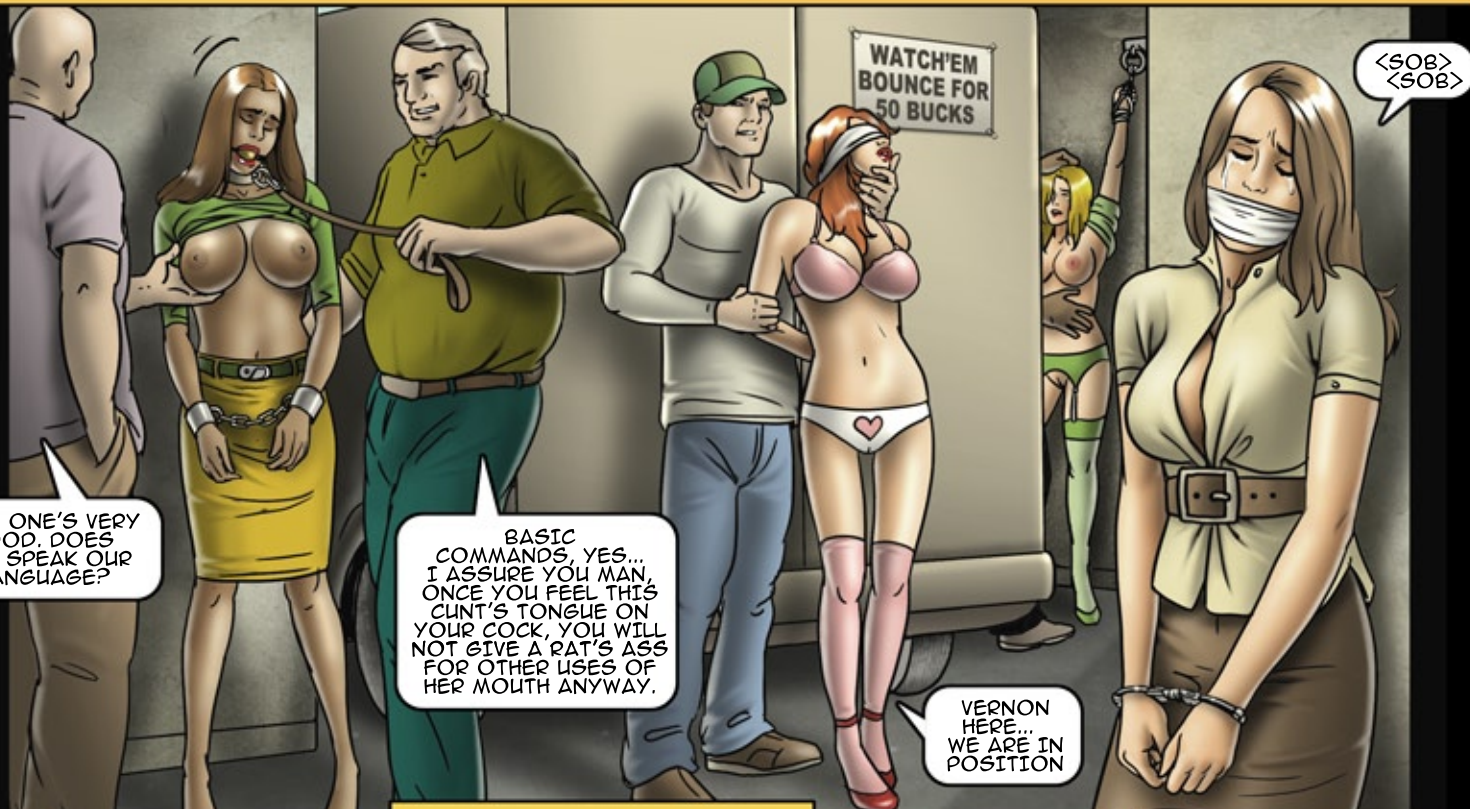
WE ARE GOING TO THE **FREE TRADE ZONE**. THAT'S OUT OF OUR JURISDICTION. YOU KNOW YOU CANNOT RUN AROUND THERE IN YOUR BLUE-AND-WHITES, WITHOUT CAUSING SOME NASTY DIPLOMATIC SHIT-STORM.

OH? YES SIR.

ENOUGH CHATTING, NOW MOVE THAT ASS. WE WILL BE AIRBORNE IN 10 MINUTES.

YES SIR.

IT WAS AN EXTRACTION MISSION AT THE FTZ... OR FRITZ, AS THE LOCALS LIKE TO CALL IT... THE FREE TRADE ZONE OFF THE COAST OF HARLOTPORT. DESPITE THE FANCY NAME, IT WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A STINKING DEN OF THIEVES AND A BOILING CAULDRON OF CRIMINAL ACTIVITY. SMUGGLERS AND MOBSTERS LIKED THIS BARREN ISLAND BECAUSE OF ITS PROXIMITY TO OUR SHORES, AND THE GOVERNMENT HAD TO TOLERATE IT BECAUSE ITS STATUS WAS PROTECTED BY SOME OLD INTERNATIONAL FEMALE-TRADE AGREEMENT SIGNED AT THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION.



THIS ONE'S VERY GOOD. DOES SHE SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE?

BASIC COMMANDS, YES... I ASSURE YOU MAN, ONCE YOU FEEL THIS CUNT'S TONGUE ON YOUR COCK, YOU WILL NOT GIVE A RAT'S ASS FOR OTHER USES OF HER MOUTH ANYWAY.

VERNON HERE... WE ARE IN POSITION

<SOB>
<SOB>

BOUNCIE, ME AND A FEW OTHER GIRLS WERE TRANSPORTED TO THE AREA IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES AND SOME NON-STANDARD EQUIPMENT.

COPY THAT, RUFUS. ALL RIGHT BOYS AND CUNTS. WE ARE READY TO GO.

MOST OF US WERE STILL ROOKIES AND WE HAD NO IDEA ABOUT THE DETAILS OF THE MISSION.

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VERY GOOD. KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED. INTELLIGENCE UNITS ARE ALMOST SURE THAT SHE WILL BE THERE.

AND YOU, LITTLE GIRL. REMEMBER, THIS IS NOT AN OFFICIAL OP. SO USE CODE NAMES ONLY.



YES SIR.

SUCK! SLURP!



CUMMYLIPS IN POSITION. STILL NO EYES ON HER.

AAH!
AAH!

SUCK! SUCK!

Ren'sch..

THE WHOLE ISLAND WAS A BIG SHOPPING CENTER FOR SMUGGLERS. WOMEN FROM ALL OVER THE REGION WERE BROUGHT HERE, EITHER TO BE SOLD AS ILLEGAL SLAVES OR TO SERVE IN UNREGISTERED BROTHELS. YOU COULD FIND EVERY KIND OF PUSSY IN THIS SHITHOLE... TEENS KIDNAPPED FROM FREE COUNTRIES, STOLEN SLAVES, UNLUCKY RUNAWAYS...

MOST OF THE ISLAND WAS RULED BY THE SUKONERYAHSKAN MAFIA AND THE LOCAL IBERNIAN GANGS. THE YASKIES PROVIDED MOST OF THE EXOTIC GOODS, AND THE BERNIES SMUGGLED THEM INTO THE MAINLAND. BUSINESS WAS VERY PROFITABLE AND VERY HARD TO STOP.

I'M TELLING YOU MAN, I GOT THIS ONE AT THE SLAVE FAIR. SHE WAS GOING TO BE TERMINATED BUT I STOLE HER AND REPORTED HER DEAD. IT MEANS SHE LEGALLY DOES NOT EXIST. NO REGISTRATION, NO TAXES, NO GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS...



SO, WHERE THIS ONE COMES FROM?

YOU CAN ASK HER AFTER YOU PAY UP, BOYO. YOU GOT THE DOUGH? NO? THEN GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

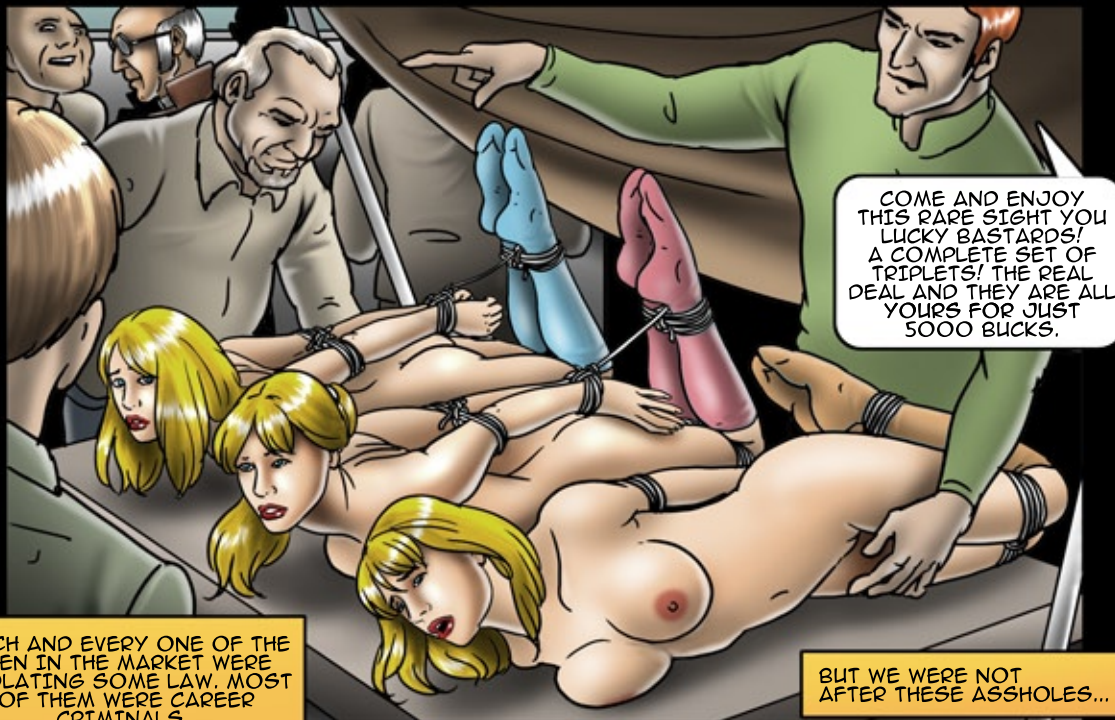


AND HER PUSSY IS UNTOUCHED TOO. SEE? SEWN SHUT.

SOUNDS FINE. HOW MUCH?

1500 AND SHE IS YOURS. SHE CAN COOK TOO.

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COME AND ENJOY THIS RARE SIGHT YOU LUCKY BASTARDS! A COMPLETE SET OF TRIPLETS! THE REAL DEAL AND THEY ARE ALL YOURS FOR JUST 5000 BUCKS.

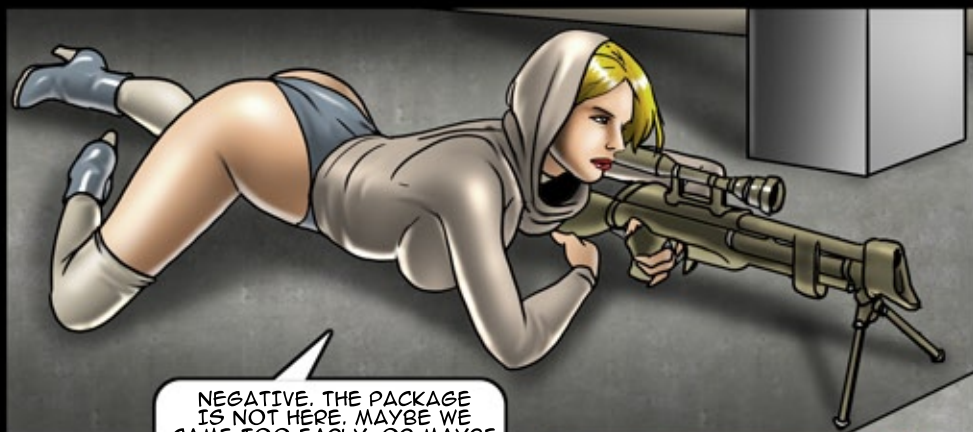
EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THE MEN IN THE MARKET WERE VIOLATING SOME LAW. MOST OF THEM WERE CAREER CRIMINALS.

BUT WE WERE NOT AFTER THESE ASSHOLES...



WE WERE THERE FOR A SPECIFIC TARGET.

FREYA, WE ARE IN POSITION... CAN YOU SEE HER ANYWHERE?



NEGATIVE. THE PACKAGE IS NOT HERE. MAYBE WE CAME TOO EARLY. OR MAYBE THE INTEL WAS BULLSHIT?

DO NOT WORRY ABOUT THAT. JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.



I'M TELLING YOU. SHE IS NOT HERE.

REN'SCH-

I WAS REALLY NERVOUS. ALL I DID BEFORE WAS CHASING RUNNERS AROUND. WE WERE TRAINED TO BE PREPARED FOR UNORTHODOX SITUATIONS LIKE THIS, BUT IT WAS STILL VERY SCARY.



HOLD ON!
INCOMING VEHICLE.
IT FITS THE
DESCRIPTION.



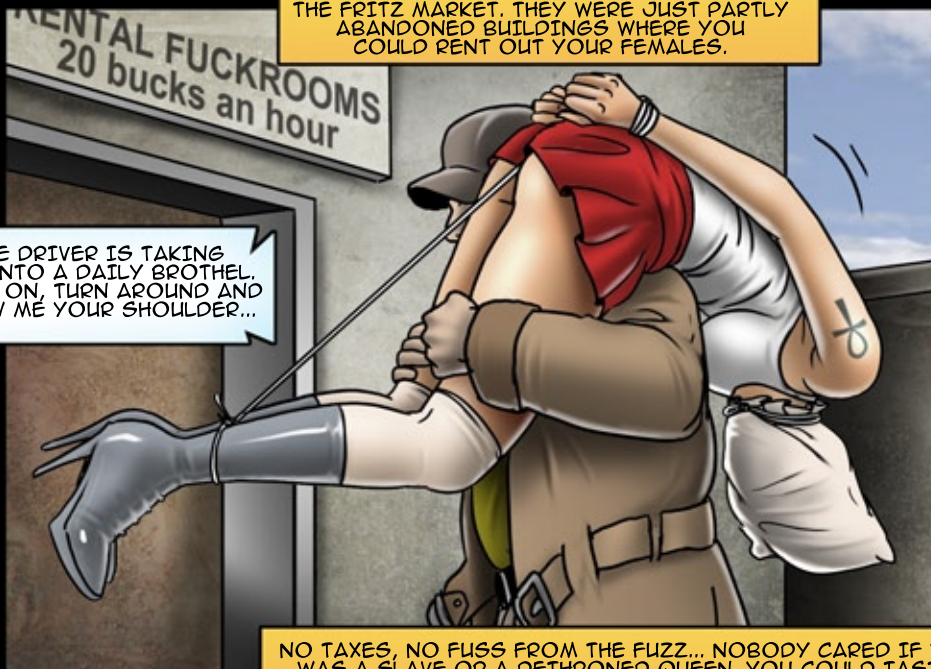
LOOKS LIKE THERE
IS A GIRL IN THE TRUNK.
I'LL TRY TO HAVE A
BETTER LOOK AT HER.

DAMN! I CANNOT
SEE HER FACE.

CHECK OUT HER RIGHT
SHOULDER. DOES SHE
HAVE A TATTOO? AN
ANCIENT SYMBOL OF LIFE...

WAIT. I DON'T
HAVE A CLEAR VIEW...

DAILY BROTHELS LINED THE PERIMETER OF
THE FRITZ MARKET. THEY WERE JUST PARTLY
ABANDONED BUILDINGS WHERE YOU
COULD RENT OUT YOUR FEMALES.



THE DRIVER IS TAKING
HER INTO A DAILY BROTHEL.
COME ON, TURN AROUND AND
SHOW ME YOUR SHOULDER...



WAIT... YES! SHE
HAS THE TATTOO
OF THAT THING,
WHATEVER THAT IS...
THAT'S HER! I
REPEAT, THAT'S
THE TARGET.
MOVE IN!

NO TAXES, NO FUSS FROM THE FUZZ... NOBODY CARED IF THE GIRL
WAS A SLAVE OR A DETHRONED QUEEN. YOU COULD TASTE ANY
KIND OF PUSSY FOR A VERY REASONABLE PRICE IN THERE.

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ALL RIGHT GIRLS,
THIS IS WHERE WE
PROVE OURSELVES...

USE THE BACK
ENTRANCE IN THE ALLEY.
DON'T ATTRACT ANY
ATTENTION.

COPY THAT.



CLICK!

WE'RE ENTERING
THE BUILDING.
IT IS ALL CLEAR...

THE BUILDING WE GOT IN WAS A SMALL ONE, JUST A DOZEN ROOMS OR SO... AND HALF OF THEM WERE UNOCCUPIED.

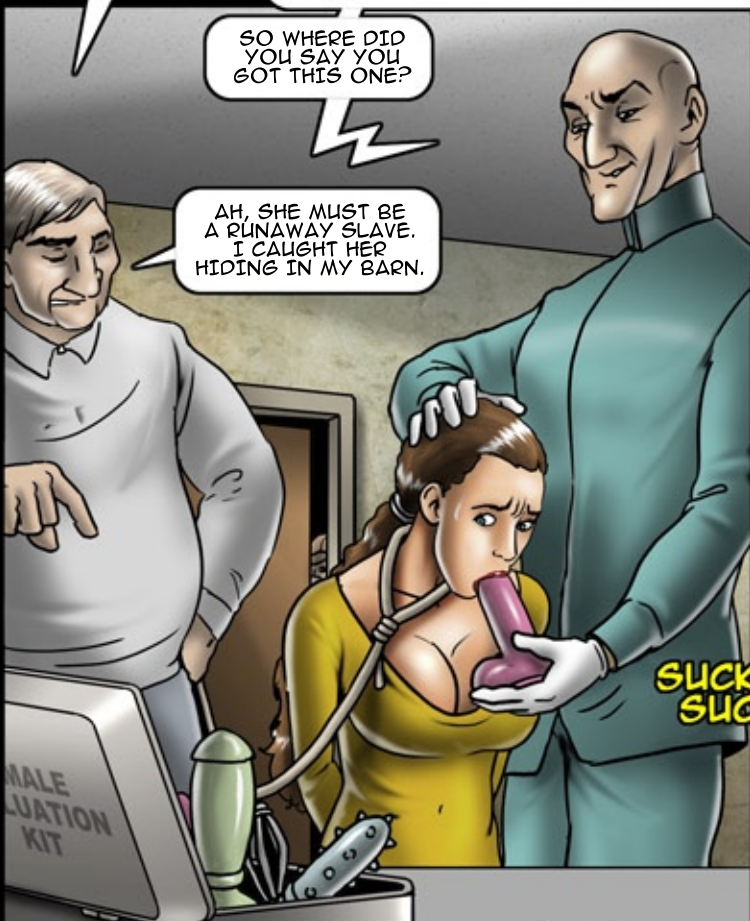


WHICH ONE IS HER?

WE'LL CHECK ONE BY ONE. LET'S START WITH THIS DOOR. CAREFUL NOW...

YOU ARE A WEIRD FREAK, MAN WHAT THE HELL IS THIS... STUFF?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS MY LITTLE FRIEND. LET'S SAY MY CLIENTS REQUIRE FEMALES WITH CERTAIN ENHANCED CAPABILITIES. SO I NEED TEST THEM FIRST.



SO WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU GOT THIS ONE?

AH, SHE MUST BE A RUNAWAY SLAVE. I CAUGHT HER HIDING IN MY BARN.

SUCK! SUCK!



THIS IS NOT HER. SHOULD WE INTERVENE?

NO, IT IS NOT OUR MISSION. WE CANNOT INTERFERE WITH EVERY ONE OF THEM.

PSST... OVER HERE!

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LOOK! THIS IS THE GUY WHO BROUGHT HER IN. HE MUST HAVE LEFT HER IN THAT ROOM WITH A CUSTOMER.

FINE. SHE IS A LITTLE TOO TIGHT BUT SHE'LL DO. HERE YOU GO. GO BUY YOURSELF A LEGAL CLINT.

WILL DO, PAL... THANKS

Ren'sh-

ALL RIGHT, MY SWEET LITTLE PIECE OF ASS... FINALLY, WE ARE ALL ALONE. THIS WILL BE THE LONGEST HOUR OF YOUR LIFE... WE WILL HAVE SO MUCH FUN.

ACTUALLY, I THINK I'LL HAVE ALL THE FUN... UNFORTUNATELY THAT ALSO MEANS YOU WILL BE IN SO MUCH PAIN... AH-HAH-HA!

YOUR PIMP TELLS ME THAT YOU ARE A FORMER FLF FIGHTER? IS THAT TRUE? I HOPE HE IS TELLING THE TRUTH BECAUSE IT WILL MAKE THIS ALL THE MORE FUN. A REAL FLUFFER?... THE MERE THOUGHT IS ALMOST ENOUGH TO MAKE ME EXPLODE IN MY PANTS.



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THERE... LET'S SEE IF YOU FLUFFERS ARE AS FEISTY AS THEY SAY... BE CAREFUL NOW... IF I FEEL TEETH I WILL ROUGH YOU UP SO BAD, YOU'LL WISH TO BE IN AN SEFR CELL.

COME ON, SUCK!



SUCK! SUCK!

GOOD! THAT'S REALLY GOOD... GO ON FLUFFER. IF YOU PLEASE ME WITH THIS, I'LL GO EASY ON YOUR TITS WHEN IT IS FLOGGING TIME.

IS THAT HER?



YES... THE GUY TIED HER IN STRAPPADO, FUCKING HER THROAT... THE VILE BASTARD! LET'S GO IN.

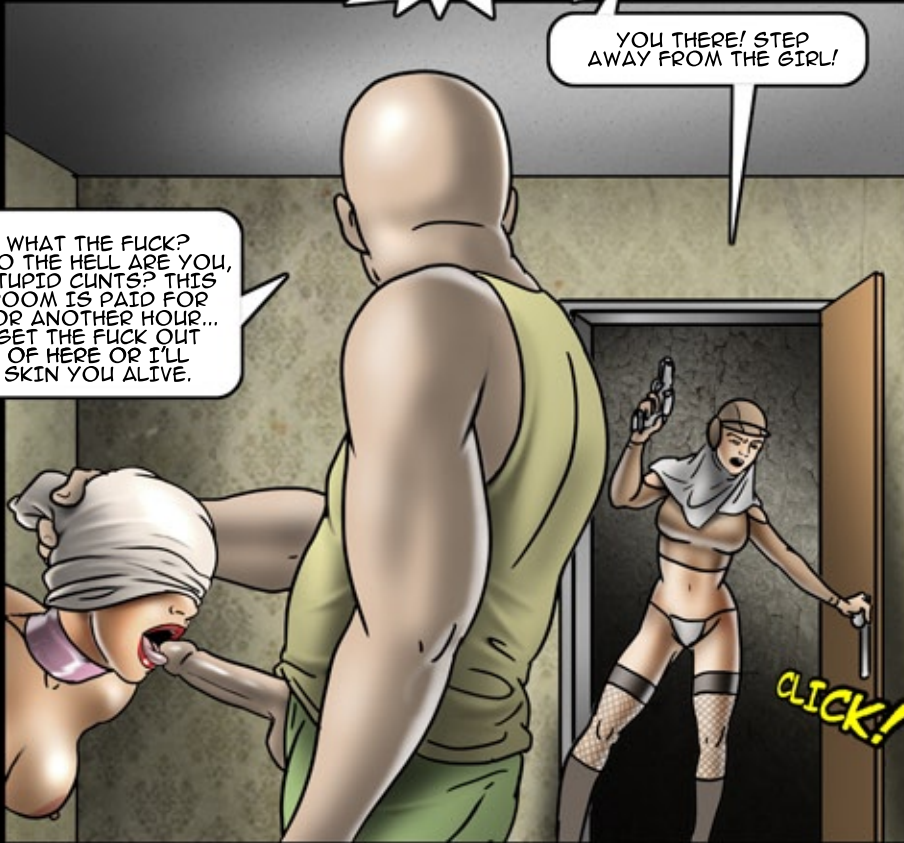
HUSH! GET READY!
ON THREE... 1...2...



THREE!

YOU THERE! STEP AWAY FROM THE GIRL!

WHAT THE FUCK? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, STUPID CLINTS? THIS ROOM IS PAID FOR FOR ANOTHER HOUR... GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE OR I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE.



CLICK!

POP!

YOU SHOULD WORRY ABOUT YOUR OWN SKIN, BUDDY... GOOD NIGHT!



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WHY YOU...
HNG!



YEAH. SADLY THIS WAS JUST A TRANQUILIZER. BUT IT WILL STILL MAKE MY DAY IF YOU FELL ON YOUR HEAD AND DIE.



WELL, NEXT TIME THEN.

THIS ONE IS OUT COLD, GIRLS... LET'S UNTIE HER AND GET OUT OF HERE...

OKAY, HURRY UP!

REN'SCH-

COME ON AURORA,
HURRY UP. I HEAR NOISES FROM
THE CORRIDOR. THE PIMP
MAY COME BACK EARLY.

CLICK!

I'M DOING
MY BEST, PEACH.

COME ON SISTER,
RELAX YOUR ARMS
SO I CAN LINHOOK
THIS THING.

OH, I HAVE A
REALLY BAD FEELING
ABOUT THIS.

UUH!

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THERE, HAVE A SEAT
AND I'LL TAKE THIS OFF.

WAIT! YOU... YOU ARE NOT
CAPTAIN SEYMORE! BUT...

FUCK! AURORA,
WAS THIS THE
WRONG ROOM?

NO. THIS IS THE GIRL...
SHE HAS THE EXACT
SAME TATTOO WITH
THE CAPTAIN...

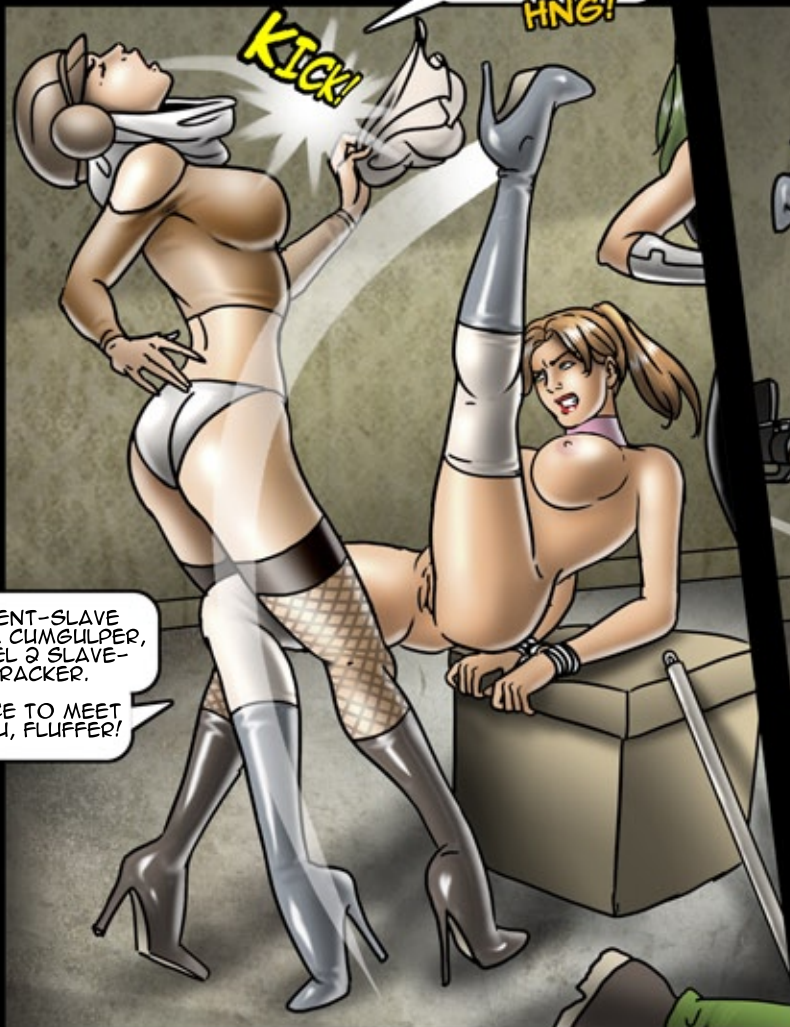
DO NOT WORRY CAPTAIN, WE ARE HERE
TO RESCUE YOU. WE HAVE BEEN TRACKING
YOU SINCE YOU GOT CAPTURED BACK
IN CLINTON. YOU ARE SAFE NOW.

WAIT, THIS IS JUST PAINT!
WHAT THE HELL?... WHO
THE FUCK ARE YOU?

SUDDENLY I WAS NO LONGER NERVOUS. MY TRAINING KICKED IN AND I SPRANG INTO ACTION LIKE A WILD CAT!

WHAT THE... NO, A SLAVECOP? IT'S A TRAP.

I WAS IMPRESSED WITH MYSELF. MY BODY WAS MOVING AS IF IT WAS IN AUTOPILOT.



AGENT-SLAVE LIDIA CUMGULPER, LEVEL 2 SLAVE-TRACKER.

NICE TO MEET YOU, FLUFFER!

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I FELT A SURGE OF POWER RUNNING THROUGH MY WELL TRAINED BODY, MY REFLEXES LED THE WAY. I KNEW WHERE TO HIT, HOW TO HIT AND WHEN TO HIT.

YOU CUNT, STOP, OR... ACK!



I WILL KILL YOU, YOU...

AND TO MY SURPRISE, I WAS RUTHLESS!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I FELT REALLY POWERFUL... I WAS IN CONTROL OF THE SITUATION.

WITHIN SECONDS, ALL THREE FLF TERRORISTS WERE ON THE FLOOR. I WAS THE ONE LEFT STANDING OVER THEM.. BARELY BROKE A SWEAT... AND IT FELT REAL GOOD.

BUT I WAS CARELESS... ROOKIE MISTAKE.

IN THE NAME OF THE ANDROCRATIC ORDER, YOU ARE ALL UNDER ARREST, FLF SCUM.

LUH!

YOU DESPICABLE RAT! FUCKING TRAITOR! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT...

...AND YOU'LL PAY FOR ALL THE INNOCENTS YOU...

HNG!

HUSH! THAT IS ENOUGH OUT OF YOU.

PZZZT!

OH, THANK YOU MASTER ANDERS, SIR.

YOU DID FINE FOR A FIRST-TIMER. BUT YOU WERE CARELESS AT THE END. 10 EXTRA LASHES FOR THAT.

BUT...

YES SIR... THANK YOU SIR.

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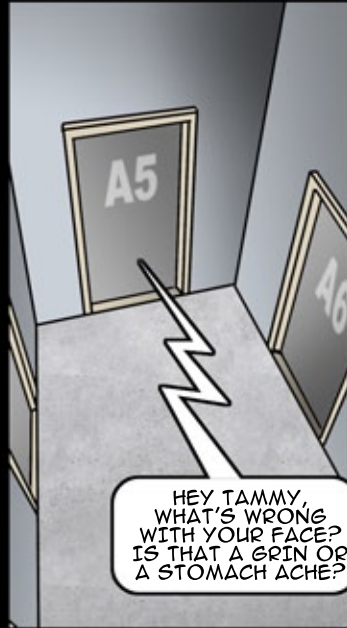
HHH!

Ren'sch...
YEAH, YEAH. YOU CAN RELAX NOW, CUMGULPER. WE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR. THIS IS THE ONE THEY CALL THE TIGRESS. FLF REGIONAL COMMANDER. HER REIGN IS OVER NOW.

THIS ONE WILL SUFFER MUCH MORE THAN A FEW LASHES ON HER BACK. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT THE INTERROGATORS AT DEPARTMENT 101 DO TO THESE FLUFFERS.

WHAT A WASTE! SHE IS SUCH A GREAT BEAUTY.

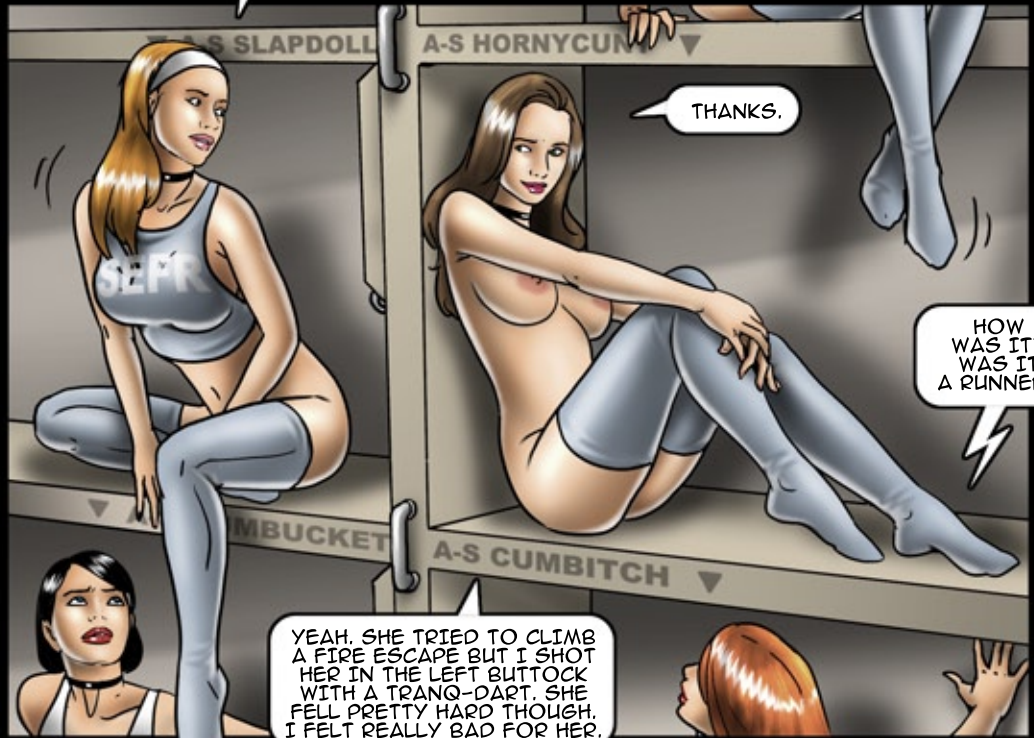
3 YEARS LATER,
PRESENT DAY,
AGENT-SLAVE
HOLDING CELLS...



HEY TAMMY,
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOUR FACE?
IS THAT A GRIN OR
A STOMACH ACHES?

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD
GIRLS? TAMMY SCORED HER
FIRST RETRIEVAL TODAY.

REALLY?
CONGRATULATIONS
SISTER.

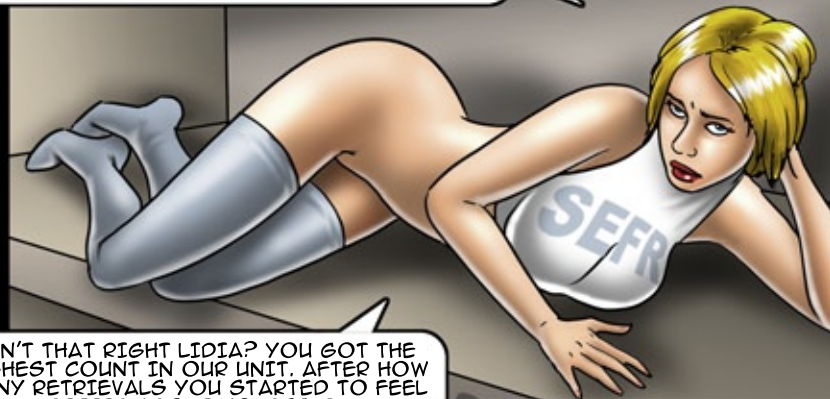


THANKS.

HOW
WAS IT?
WAS IT
A RUNNER?

YEAH. SHE TRIED TO CLIMB
A FIRE ESCAPE BUT I SHOT
HER IN THE LEFT BUTTOCK
WITH A TRANQ-DART. SHE
FELL PRETTY HARD THOUGH.
I FELT REALLY BAD FOR HER.

DON'T WORRY HORNYCUNT, IT FEELS WEIRD
FIRST. THEY ALL START BEGGING AND CRYING
THE MOMENT THEY REALIZE THERE IS NO ESCAPE.
MAKES YOU FEEL GUILTY AND MISERABLE...
BUT IT WILL GET EASIER WITH EACH RETRIEVAL



ISN'T THAT RIGHT LIDIA? YOU GOT THE
HIGHEST COUNT IN OUR UNIT. AFTER HOW
MANY RETRIEVALS YOU STARTED TO FEEL
BETTER ABOUT YOURSELF.

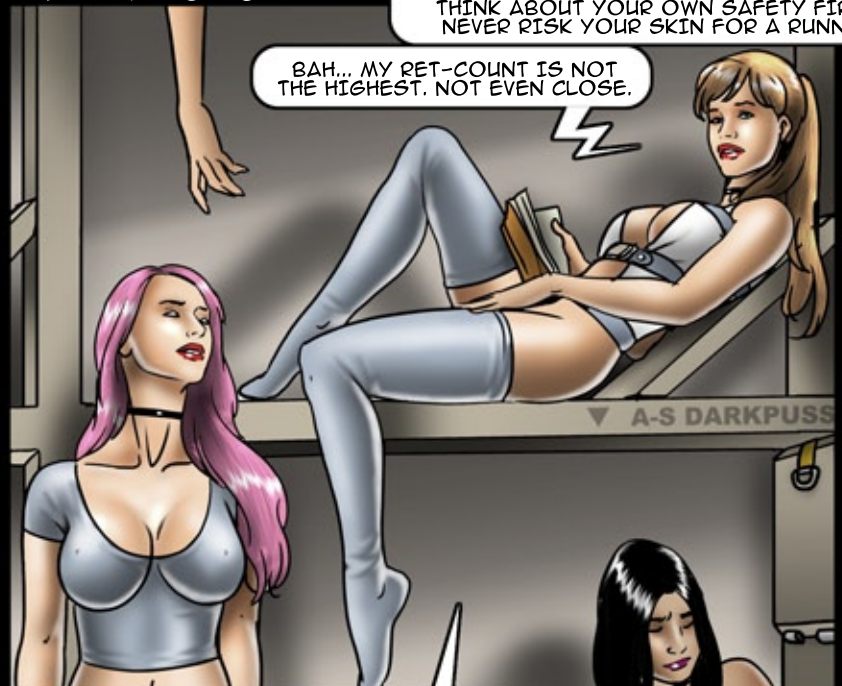


WELL, THE COUNT IS 289, AND I STILL FEEL
SOMEWHAT GUILTY WITH EACH ONE.
BUT JOLENE IS RIGHT TAMMY, YOU GOTTA
THINK ABOUT YOUR OWN SAFETY FIRST.
NEVER RISK YOUR SKIN FOR A RUNNER.

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BAH... MY RET-COUNT IS NOT
THE HIGHEST. NOT EVEN CLOSE.



A-S DARKPUSS

WOW? 289 RETRIEVALS?
THAT IS AWESOME, LIDIA.
YOU MUST BE THE
BEST SLAVECOP EVER.

WHEN I WAS STILL A TRAINEE, WE HAD A MARTIAL
ARTS INSTRUCTOR: AGENT-SLAVE DIANA LEGGYBITCH...
WE CALLED HER LEGS. SHE HAD MORE THAN 400 NABS.
NOBODY REALLY KNEW WHAT THE ACTUAL NUMBER WAS.

THE WOMAN WAS RUTHLESS. SHE MADE US DO THROAT PUSH-UPS FOR HOURS, JUST TO WARM UP.

35... 36... COME ON YOU STUPID BITCHES! PATHETIC LITTLE DADDY'S GIRLS! OPEN THAT THROAT, LET IT SLIDE ALL THE WAY IN...



SUCK!
SUCK!

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HER NAME WAS NOT JUST A NAME. LEGGYBITCH WAS LEGGY... AND SHE WAS A BITCH. SHE LOOKED LIKE A WARRIOR PRINCESS IN THE DOJO.

ALL RIGHT LADIES, STOP AND GET IN LINE FOR MOMMY. TODAY WE WILL LEARN TO USE OUR KOK-STICKS.

THIS THING I'M HOLDING IS A STANDARD ISSUE ELEKTRO-KOK.



YOU WILL HOLD IT WITH YOUR NON-PISTOL HAND.



SUCK!
SUCK!

SUCK!
SUCK!

MOST OF THE RUNNERS YOU WILL FACE WILL BE SCARED LITTLE BUNNIES WHO WILL DROP TO THEIR KNEES AND SURRENDER AT THE SIGHT OF A CUNTHOUND, BUT SOME WILL TRY TO FIGHT BACK. THIS THING COMES IN HANDY WHEN A FEISTY RUNNER CHARGES YOU.

UNFORTUNATELY, SHE NEVER WARMED UP TO ME. IT WAS DISLIKE AT FIRST SIGHT.

NOW, I NEED A VOLUNTEER TO DEMONSTRATE WHAT THIS BABY CAN DO.



OBEDIENCE
AND
SERVICE



GOOD, THEN GRAB A KOK AND ATTACK WHENEVER YOU ARE READY!

I KNEW SHE WOULD KICK MY FIRM LITTLE BUTT, BUT I WAS YOUNG AND STUPID... AND I JUMPED AT THE CHANCE TO HIT THE BITCH.



YAAH!

SLAVE-CADETTE CUMGULPER, YOU WERE THE TOP PERFORMER WITH THE TRANQ-GUN. CARE TO TRY YOUR CHANCE WITH CLOSE COMBAT TOO?

YES MISS.

REN'SCH..

THE FIGHT WAS BRIEF. VERY BRIEF. ACTUALLY SHE KNOCKED ME DOWN WITH A SINGLE WELL-PLACED HIGH-KICK.

OH!

THAT'S DISAPPOINTING. YOU WENT DOWN SO EASILY. I NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO USE MY KOK.

KNOCK!

BUT THAT'S OKAY. WE CAN STILL TURN THIS INTO A GOOD SHOW.

OKAY GIRLS, WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR PREY IN A VULNERABLE POSITION, YOU CAN KNOCK HER OUT WITH A SINGLE JOLT IN THE NECK OR THE HEAD.

BUT YOU MAY BE TEMPTED TO USE IT ON A MORE SENSITIVE AREA FIRST...

OH... NO...

PZZZT!

NOO...
GHH!

I HAVE TO WARN YOU... AS CUMGULPER DEMONSTRATES, A JOLT ON THE PUSSY LIPS WON'T KNOCK THE RUNNER OUT. BUT IT'LL GIVE HER TERRIBLE PAIN.

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THE PAIN WAS UNBEARABLE. I TRIED HARD NOT TO CRY, BUT TEARS GUSHED OUT OF MY EYES.

LET ME MAKE IT VERY CLEAR, GIRLS. THE ELEKTRO-KOK IS NOT A TOY. IT IS MADE TO SUBDUDE THE RUNNER QUICKLY, NOT TO HUMILIATE OR TORTURE HER.

OH GOD...

ANOTHER BAD IDEA IS TO STICK THE KOK DEEP INSIDE THE VICTIM'S ANUS...

...AND FIRE IT UP WITH FULL POWER.

PZZZT!

GHA!

THAT WILL BE EVEN MORE PAINFUL AND HUMILIATING FOR THE GIRL. DO NOT DO THAT EITHER.

SHE WAS A GREAT SLAVECOP AND I LEARNED A LOT FROM HER, BUT IT WAS A GREAT RELIEF WHEN MY TRAINING WAS OVER. SHE WAS AT THE END OF HER SERVICE AND WE WERE HER LAST BATCH OF GRADUATES.

ALL RIGHT YOU LOUSY BUNCH OF MAMA'S BABIES. THE FUN VACATION IS OVER. FROM NOW ON YOU WILL BE SERVING ALONGSIDE OUR MASTERS.

EACH OF YOU WILL BE GIVEN A CUNT-PROTECTOR WITH A UNIQUE PASSCODE. ONLY YOUR HANDLER WILL HAVE ACCESS TO YOUR FUCKHOLES IN THE FIELD.

HERE, PUT 'EM ON NOW.

YES MISS.

HERE IS YOUR OWN KOKSTICK, CUMGLULPER. TRY NOT TO LOOSE IT. I'D STICK WITH THE TRANQ GUN IF I WERE YOU, 'CAUSE YOU ARE LOUSY WITH THE KOK.

YES MISS. THANK YOU.

YOU'LL BE ASSIGNED TO MASTER-AGENTS TOMORROW. HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP AND GET PREPARED. EACH OF YOU WILL HAVE A SHELF TO SLEEP ON IN A 16-GIRL CELL, ACCESS TO A COMMON SHOWER, AND PLENTY OF GIRLFEED.

YOUR HANDLER WILL EVALUATE YOU FOR A WEEK, MOSTLY IN ONE OF THE FUCKROOMS UPSTAIRS. BE RESPECTFUL, OBEDIENT AND ENTHUSIASTIC.

WOW. SHE SOUNDS LIKE A PIECE OF WORK. MY COMBAT INSTRUCTOR WAS **COTTONTUSH**. SHE WAS NOTHING LIKE THAT.

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YEAH. LESS RETIRED RIGHT AFTER MY TIME ANYWAY.

REMEMBER, YOU WILL SERVE THEM FOR THE NEXT 12 YEARS... THAT IS, IF YOU ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO SURVIVE THIS HELL.

OKAY THEN, THAT FULFILLS THE POINTLESS PEP TALK REQUIREMENT. NOW, GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY DOJO, YOU USELESS PIECES OF SHIT.

YES MISS. OBEDIENCE AND SERVICE!

YEAH YEAH, WHATEVER.

I HEARD THAT SHE FOUND A REGULAR DESK JOB AT A CORPORATION OR SOMETHING.



THE NEXT DAY I WAS ASSIGNED TO MASTER-AGENT ANDERS. AND YOU KNOW HOW THE REST OF THE STORY GOES...

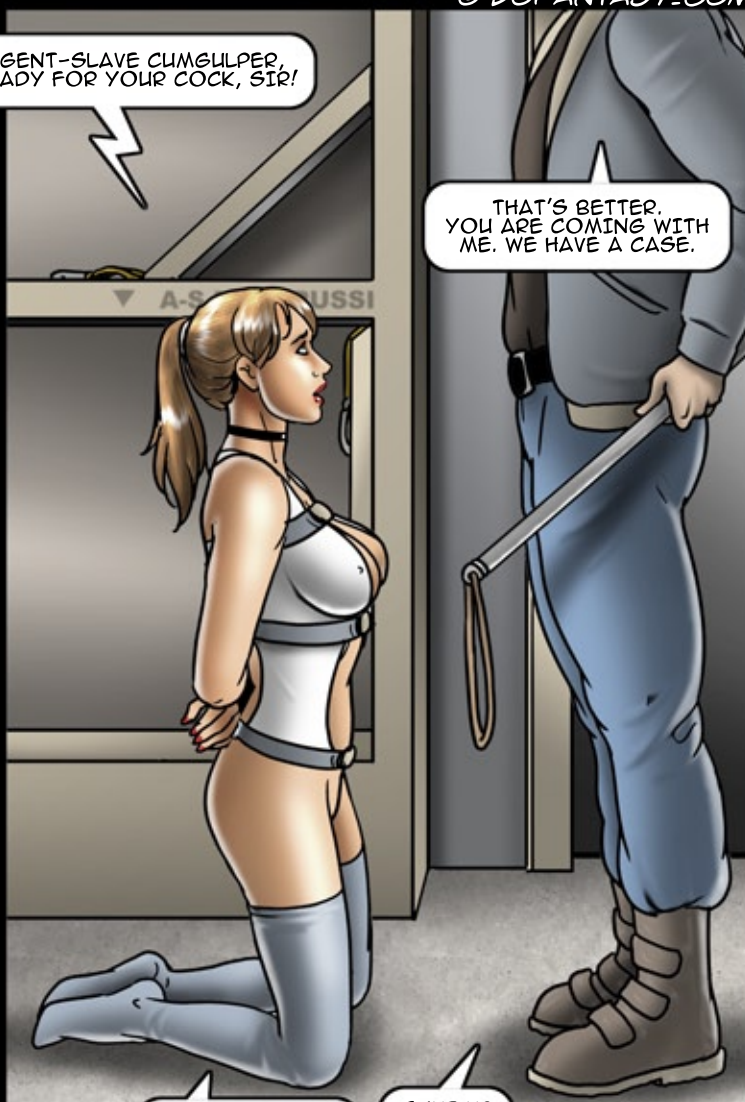
WHAT? YOU ARE NOT TELLING THE STORY OF THE FOLLOWING WEEK? THAT IS MY FAVORITE PART.



OH GOD, MASTER ANDERS? I DID NOT... I WASN'T EXPECTING YOU TO USE ME THIS EARLY IN THE MORNING, SIR.

SHUT UP AND GET DOWN, YOU LITTLE CUNT.
YES SIR!

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AGENT-SLAVE CUMGULPER, READY FOR YOUR COCK, SIR!

THAT'S BETTER. YOU ARE COMING WITH ME. WE HAVE A CASE.

BUT... IT IS MY ONLY REST DAY THIS MONTH, I...

SHUT UP, CUNT!
YES SIR... SORRY SIR.



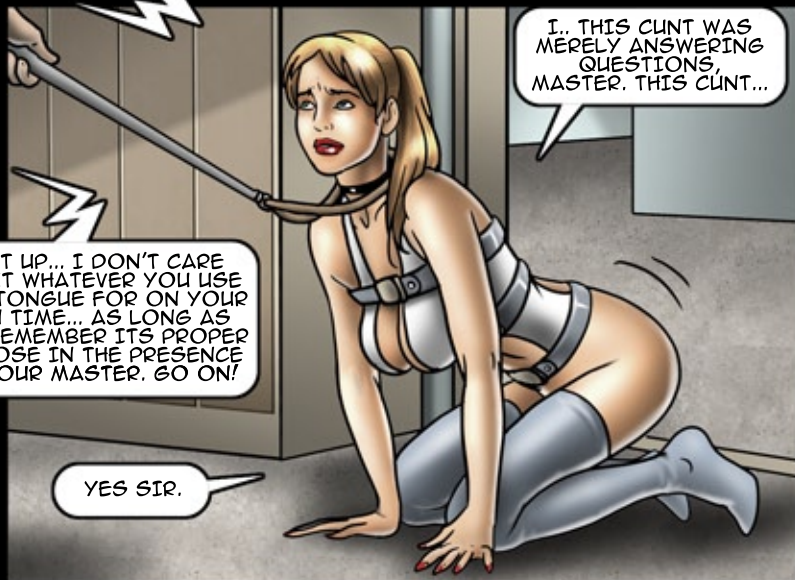
I KNOW IT IS YOUR OFF DAY... BECAUSE IT IS MY OFF DAY TOO, STUPID LITTLE POOCH. IT SEEMS THIS CASE IS LINKED TO ONE OF OUR EARLIER EXPLOITS SO THEY ASKED FOR US.

AND IT MUST BE A HIGH-PROFILE THING TOO, BECAUSE SOME FAT CAT FROM THE BFA EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE REQUESTED US TO BE ON IT.

YES SIR... OF COURSE, THIS CUNT EXISTS TO SERVE AND OBEY...

I SEE YOU HAVE BECOME THE MOTHER HEN OF YOUR CELL NOW. TELLING EMBELLISHED WAR STORIES TO THE ROOKIES... NOT EVEN 22 YET, BUT YOU ARE SPREADING YOUR HARD EARNED WISDOM, EH?

DO YOU REMEMBER THE TIGRESS, THE FLF COMMANDER WE CAPTURED A FEW YEARS AGO? YOU WERE STILL A ROOKIE THEN.



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CUNT-FARM? I HAVE NEVER SEEN ONE BEFORE. I HEARD THE HORROR STORIES OF COURSE...

THAT'S RIGHT, AND SHE'LL BE OUT LIAISON TOO. LET'S GO AND SEE HOW SHE'S DOING, SHALL WE?

YES SIR.

Ren'sch..

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL... WE SLAVECOPS SELDOM GET TO SEE RETIRED COMRADES AFTER THEY GET THEIR BLUE BANDS AND LEAVE. THEY GENERALLY KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN, STAY OUT OF TROUBLE AND ENJOY THEIR FREEDOM TERM IN PEACE.

OF COURSE, US FEMALES WERE NOT TRUSTED WITH WEAPONS WHILE OFF DUTY. OUR HANDLERS PICKED THEM UP FOR US BEFORE MISSIONS. THEY ALSO USED SPECIAL DRUGS THAT MADE THEM IMMUNE TO THE TRANQUILIZERS WERE WERE ALLOWED TO USE. SO OUR DARTS ONLY WORKED ON FEMALES.

IT WILL BE INTERESTING TO SEE WHAT A BLUE-COLLAR'S LIFE IS LIKE.

HERE YOU GO. ONE SLUTSTINGER TRAQUILIZER GUN, LOADED WITH TEN DARTS...

HEY TRENT. PULL OUT CUMGULPER'S HARDWARE, WILL YOU?

SURE THING ANDERS. JUST SIGN THE LOG.

REPLACE AFTER 10 USES

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IT WAS ALL THE SAME FOR ME. I WOULD NEVER EVEN THINK ABOUT TURNING AGAINST MY MASTER OR THE SEFR. THAT WOULD BE SUICIDAL.

WILL THERE BE A MISSION BRIEFING, MASTER?

THIS WALL-HOLE GIRL IS ONE OF MY RETRIEVALS. IT SEEMS SHE WAS CONFISCATED BY THE BUREAU.

NAH. WE ARE LATE. THE K-19 UNIT IS ALREADY THERE, COMBING THE AREA FOR THE RUNNER.

ALL RIGHT 1265, YOU ARE CLEARED TO TAKE OFF.

SWOOSH!

FINALLY! HERE WE GO.

...AND ONE STANDARD ISSUE SCHWARZERSCHWANZ KOKSTICK, FULLY CHARGED.

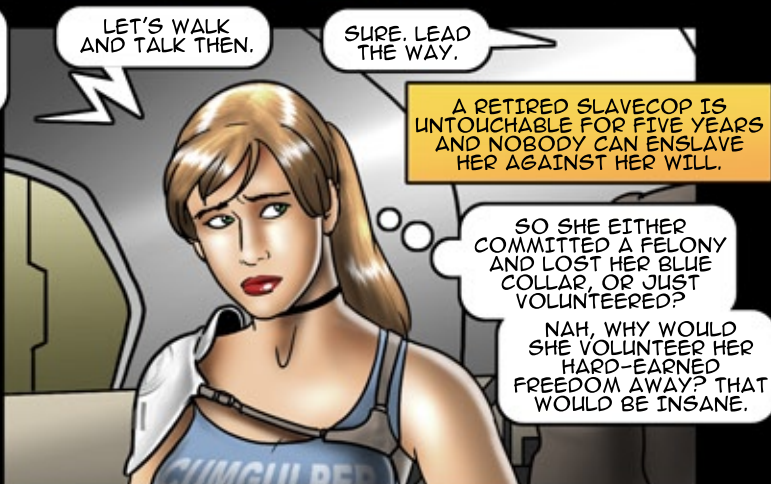
THANKS BUDDY. HAVE A NICE ONE.

aren'tsch-

CUMGULPER

THE FIRM'S TOP BOSS HIMSELF WAS WAITING FOR US AT THE LANDING BAY WITH HIS PERSONAL SEXRETARY. THESE GUYS MUST BE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.

THEN I REALIZED THAT THE SEXRETARY WAS NONE OTHER THAN LEGS... BUT SURPRISINGLY, SHE WAS COLLARED AGAIN.



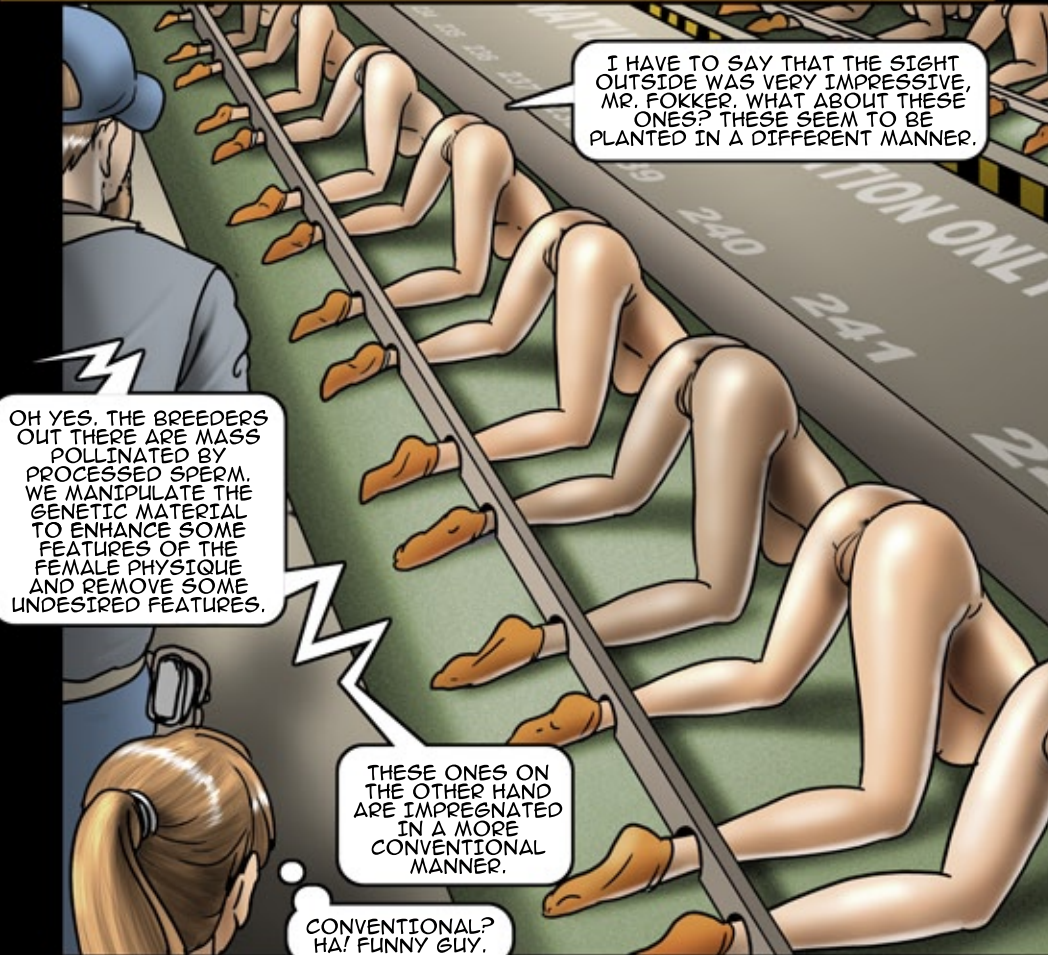
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GOOD, THANK YOU. LET'S GO IN.

SURE. TELL US ABOUT THE INCIDENT THEN, MR FOKKER.

INSIDE THE BUILDING WAS NOT VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE OUTSIDE. ROWS OF RESTRAINED FERTILE WOMEN WERE HELPLESSLY WAITING FOR COCKS TO IMPREGNATE THEM. THEIR HEADS WERE LOCKED IN SMALL CHAMBERS BELOW THE FLOOR, LEAVING THE POOR BREEDERS IN TOTAL DARKNESS AND CRUEL SILENCE. IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO HEAR THEIR DESPERATE SOBS AND WHIMPERS.

THESE ARE EXCEPTIONAL SAMPLES OF THE FEMALE GENDER, EACH ONE HANDPICKED BY OUR EXPERTS. WE KEEP THEM CLEAN, WARM AND COSY INSIDE THIS GREENHOUSE, SPOIL THEM WITH BEST QUALITY GIRLFEED, AND REGULARLY CHECK THEIR HEALTH.



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ONCE AGAIN I WAS GRATEFUL THAT I WAS FORCEFULLY RECRUITED TO THE FORCE AT A VERY YOUNG AGE. THE FATE OF THESE POOR WOMEN WAS INCREDIBLY TERRIFYING.

AND IN THIS LAB, OUR CUSTOMERS COME AND IMPREGNATE THE BREEDER OF THEIR CHOICE PERSONALLY. MOST WEALTHY MEN PREFER TO HAVE THEIR SONS THIS WAY. IT IS SAFER.



FIRST YOU SPECIFY THE FEATURES YOU WANT YOUR CHILD TO HAVE AND THE COMPUTER MATCHES YOUR DNA WITH ONE OF THE FINE SPECIMENS IN OUR STORAGE.



THE PROCESS IS VERY SOPHISTICATED. A PERFECT FEMALE WITH FULLY MAPPED DNA IS BROUGHT OUT BY THE ROBOTIC ARM.



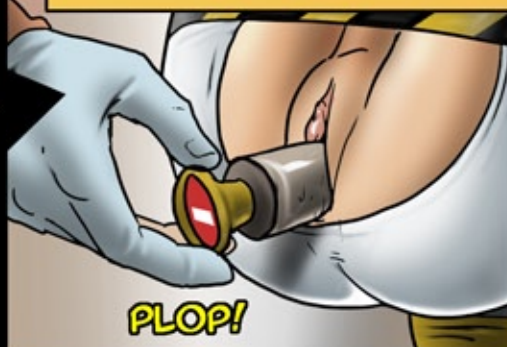
THESE BREEDERS ARE CLEAN VIRGINS SEALED FOR FRESHNESS. SO YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE THE FIRST TO USE THEM.



A ROBOTIC ARM BRINGS 'EM TO YOUR FUCK CHAMBER



WHEN INSEMINATION IS OVER, YOU JUST PLUG THE CUM REPOSITORY WITH A SPECIAL PUSSY CORK...



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...AND RESEAL IT WITH THE ORIGINAL COVER.

PZZZT!



THE GIRLS ARE IN COMPACT PACKAGING FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE. VERY EASY TO STORE AND USE.

THEN THE FUTURE MOTHER OF YOUR CHILD WILL BE LOWERED INTO AN INCUBATOR UNIT AND KEPT IN THERE UNTIL SHE IS SUCCESSFULLY IMPREGNATED... ALL TOO EASY AND HYGIENIC... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO NEXT IS TO COME AND PICK UP YOUR CHILD IN ABOUT 9 MONTHS.

OF COURSE CUSTOMERS DO NOT HAVE TO COME ALL THE WAY HERE PERSONALLY. THEY CAN MAIL IN THEIR SEED IN SPECIALLY DESIGNED CONTAINERS AND WE TAKE CARE OF THE FUN PART OURSELVES...

THERE IS NOTHING WE CANNOT DO, ACTUALLY. TRIPLETS, OCTOPLETS, CLONES, GIANTS... THANKFULLY, GENETICS IS A RELATIVELY UNREGULATED FIELD AND WE ENJOY A LOT OF GOVERNMENT SUPPORT FOR OUR RESEARCH.

WE EVEN HAVE DOOR TO DOOR DELIVERY.

TOR!
TOR!

PZZZT!

PZZZT!

TOR!
TOR!

MMM!

MMH!

HHH!

I'M SORRY, BUT I CANNOT DISCUSS SEPR MATTERS WITH YOU SINCE YOU ARE A CIVILIAN SLAVE NOW.

SO LIDIA, HOW ARE THINGS AT THE HIVE SINCE I LEFT? I SEE THAT YOU ARE A LEVEL 7 NOW. VERY IMPRESSIVE, AND YOU ARE STILL VERY YOUNG.

YEAH... SURE... SORRY FOR BEING NOSEY.

OH, NOW I FEEL BAD FOR HER. SHE LOOKS SO DIFFERENT. SHE IS BROKEN SOMEHOW

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AND HERE WE ARE. THIS IS OUR TOP SECRET LAB. THE VESSEL BROKE OUT OF HERE LAST NIGHT.

I READ ABOUT YOU IN THE PAPER. YOU RETRIEVED ABOUT A COUPLE HUNDRED FROM THAT WACKY CULT, EH?

THANK YOU CUNT LEGGYBITCH. I GOT LUCKY THERE.

ANYTHING SINCE THEN? WHAT WERE YOU WORKING ON BEFORE THIS WILD TURKEY CHASE?

BY VESSEL DO YOU MEAN THE GIRL YOU ARE TRYING TO IMPREGNATE WITH SOME EXPERIMENTAL SUPERSPERM... OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

YEAH... SOMETHING LIKE THAT. WE ARE NOT ACTUALLY TRYING TO DEVELOP A BETTER SPERM. IT IS THE NEXT GENERATION FEMALE WE ARE TRYING TO PERFECT IN HERE.

BEEP!

AND PERFECTED HER WE HAVE

NEOGYN CULTURE LAB A

WE EMPHASIZED THE MOST DESIRED FEATURES IN THE FEMALE FORM AND REMOVED THE DEFECTS. SUBTLY OF COURSE.

SHE WILL BE PLAYFULLY DEFIANT BUT GENUINELY OBEDIENT. SHE WILL BE ATHLETIC AND DURABLE, HORNY, AGILE, FLEXIBLE, RESISTANT TO MALADIES... SHE WILL AGE SLOWER, STAY PERKY AND FIRM LONGER...

WELL, YOU GET THE IDEA.

THAT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

OH, IT IS TRUE, BELIEVE ME. AT LEAST IT WILL BE IN 18 YEARS.

EVENUALLY THESE BABES WILL MAKE THE ONES WE OWN OBSOLETE. RIGHT, LEGGYBITCH? BUT DON'T WORRY. MY SWEET CUNT. YOU WILL BE OLD AND USELESS BY THE TIME THE NEOGYN IS INTRODUCED TO THE MARKET ANYWAY.

ONCE WE WERE IN THE LAB, A WHOLE ARRAY OF LIGHTS AND COMPUTER SCREENS SWITCHED ON. AND A HOLOGRAM OF A PERFECTLY PROPORTIONED FEMALE BODY LIT UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.

WOW. I MUST SAY, I'M IMPRESSED. CAN YOU REALLY BREED A FEMALE WITH THIS EXACT FORM?

THERE... I PRESENT YOU THE NEXT GENERATION FUCKTOY, NEOGYN 2059-G!

SURE WE CAN. ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE WITH OUR CURRENT LEVEL OF TECHNOLOGY.

WE MAPPED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DNA SAMPLES AND COMBINED THE BEST FEATURES IN THREE BASIC MODELS.

IT IS ALL BASED ON METICULOUS MARKET RESEARCH AND PURCHASING PATTERN TREND ANALYSES.

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MR FOKKER, ALL THIS FUTURISTIC EXPOSITION IS FASCINATING, BUT WE HAVE A JOB TO DO. FIRST OF ALL, I SEE THAT THESE GIRLS HAVE NO SLAVEBANDS. WOULD YOU CARE TO EXPLAIN?

THE NEOGYN WILL BE SMART AND CREATIVE ENOUGH TO PLEASE A MAN, BUT NOT STRONG WILLED ENOUGH TO CONTEMPLATE FREEDOM OR BRIGHT ENOUGH TO SCHEME AGAINST HER MASTER.

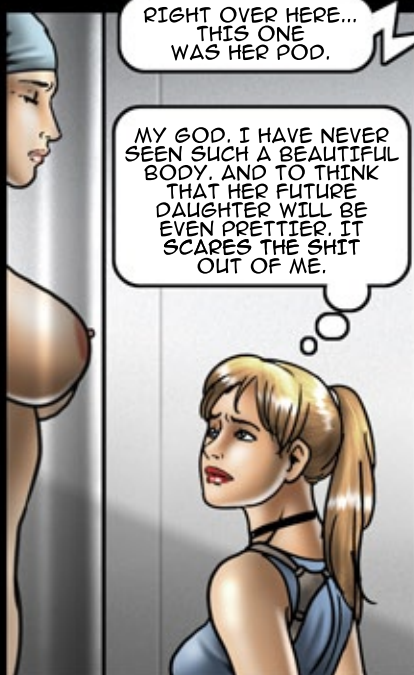
YES, SURE. WE HAVE REMOVED THE SLAVE BANDS AND DEACTIVATED ANY CHIPS THE GIRLS WERE IMPLANTED WITH. THEY INTERFERE WITH OUR PROCEDURES.

WE HAD ALL THE PROPER PERMITS FOR THAT, OF COURSE.

I SEE. THAT WAS A VERY BAD IDEA, MR FOKKER. WE COULD RETRIEVE YOUR VESSEL IN A FEW MINUTES IF SHE HAD HER COLLAR ON.

YEAH. WELL... IT SEEMS WE DIDN'T THINK THIS THROUGH.

Ren'sch..



RIGHT OVER HERE...
THIS ONE
WAS HER POD.

MY GOD. I HAVE NEVER
SEEN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL
BODY. AND TO THINK
THAT HER FUTURE
DAUGHTER WILL BE
EVEN PRETTIER. IT
SCARES THE SHIT
OUT OF ME.



WE DON'T
HAVE STAFF HERE
DURING THE NIGHT,
SO NOBODY
NOTICED.

SHE MUST HAVE USED SOME
LAB EQUIPMENT TO TASER
THE GUARD WHO PATROLS
THIS SECTION WHEN HE
ENTERED THE ROOM. THEN
SHE MUST HAVE USED HIS
KEYCARD TO SNEAK THROUGH
SECURITY POINTS.



WHY ARE YOU
GUESSING? DON'T
YOU HAVE SECURITY
CAMERAS IN HERE?

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NO. CAMERAS CAN BE EASILY
HACKED EVEN BY A DRUNK MONKEY
NOWADAYS, AND WE ARE EXTREMELY
WORRIED ABOUT OUR COMPETITORS'
EFFORTS TO SPY ON WHAT WE HAVE
BEEN DOING DOWN HERE. SO NO
CAMERAS OR ONLINE DEVICES ARE
ALLOWED IN THIS AREA.

HE CAN'T
BE SERIOUS!
THIS ONE
WILL TAKE
FOREVER
THEN...



BUT I CAN GIVE YOU SOME
PHOTOS CLEARED BY OUR
SECURITY STAFF. HERE, THIS IS THE
FILE OF THE MISSING VESSEL.



Subject De
Aurora Da

AC:23464

FG:435676

HH:653

OP:555r4

rr7h

YES, I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE RUNNER, REMEMBER?
THAT'S WHY THE CHIEF DRAGGED OUR ASSES OVER
HERE ON OUR VACATION DAY. WE CAPTURED THIS
BITCH BEFORE, SO SOME IDIOT UP HIGH THINKS
THAT FACT WILL HELP US IN THIS COMPLETELY
IRRELEVANT SITUATION.



OH? SO YOU ARE THE ONE
WHO CAUGHT HER, EH?...
THE ELUSIVE TIGRESS...
YOU CONTINUE TO IMPRESS
ME, CUMGULPER. STRANGE,
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOU.

WELL, IT WAS
A COVERT OP
AND THE DETAILS
WERE CLASSIFIED.

OH, I SEE...
OUT-OF-JURISDICTION
MISSION, RIGHT?
SAY NO MORE.

I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND
HOW A DANGEROUS TERRORIST
ENDED UP IN YOUR HANDS, MR. FOKKER.
CARE TO EXPLAIN THAT FIRST?

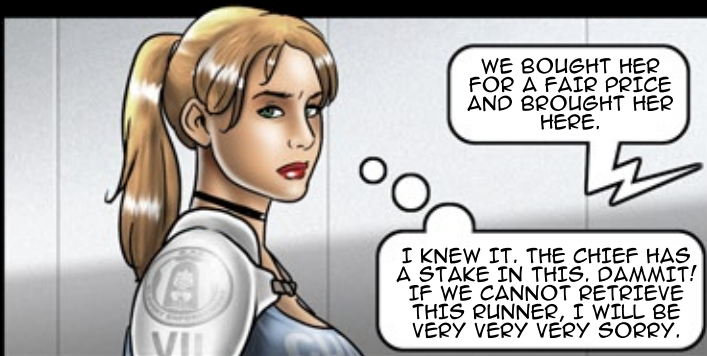
SURE. AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, WE CONSTANTLY SEARCH FOR SUITABLE VESSELS FOR OUR SPECIAL PROJECTS. DURING A ROUTINE SEARCH IN THE BFA REGISTRY, ONE OF OUR RESEARCHERS NOTICED THIS BROKEN LITTLE TOY ROTTING IN ONE OF YOUR GOD-FORSAKEN HELLHOLES. HER MEDICAL RECORDS AND VISUAL ASSESSMENT WAS A PERFECT MATCH FOR THE PROJECT.

THE MATCH WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, SO WE HAD TO HAVE HER AT ALL COSTS. AS A TRUE BELIEVER IN SCIENCE AND A BRIGHT MAN WHO SAW THE VALUE IN THIS INVESTMENT, YOUR CHIEF EVENTUALLY AGREED TO LIFT THE MORATORIUM ON THE PROPERTY.



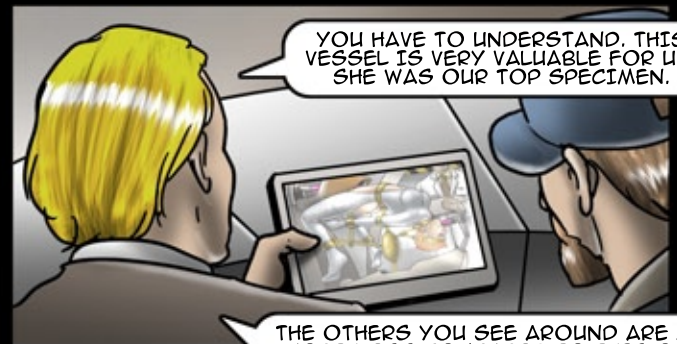
AND YOU'LL REPLACE THEM WITH NEW 18 YEAR-OLD AVIRGINS EVERY YEAR, RIGHT?

THAT'S THE DEAL, CHIEF.



WE BOUGHT HER FOR A FAIR PRICE AND BROUGHT HER HERE.

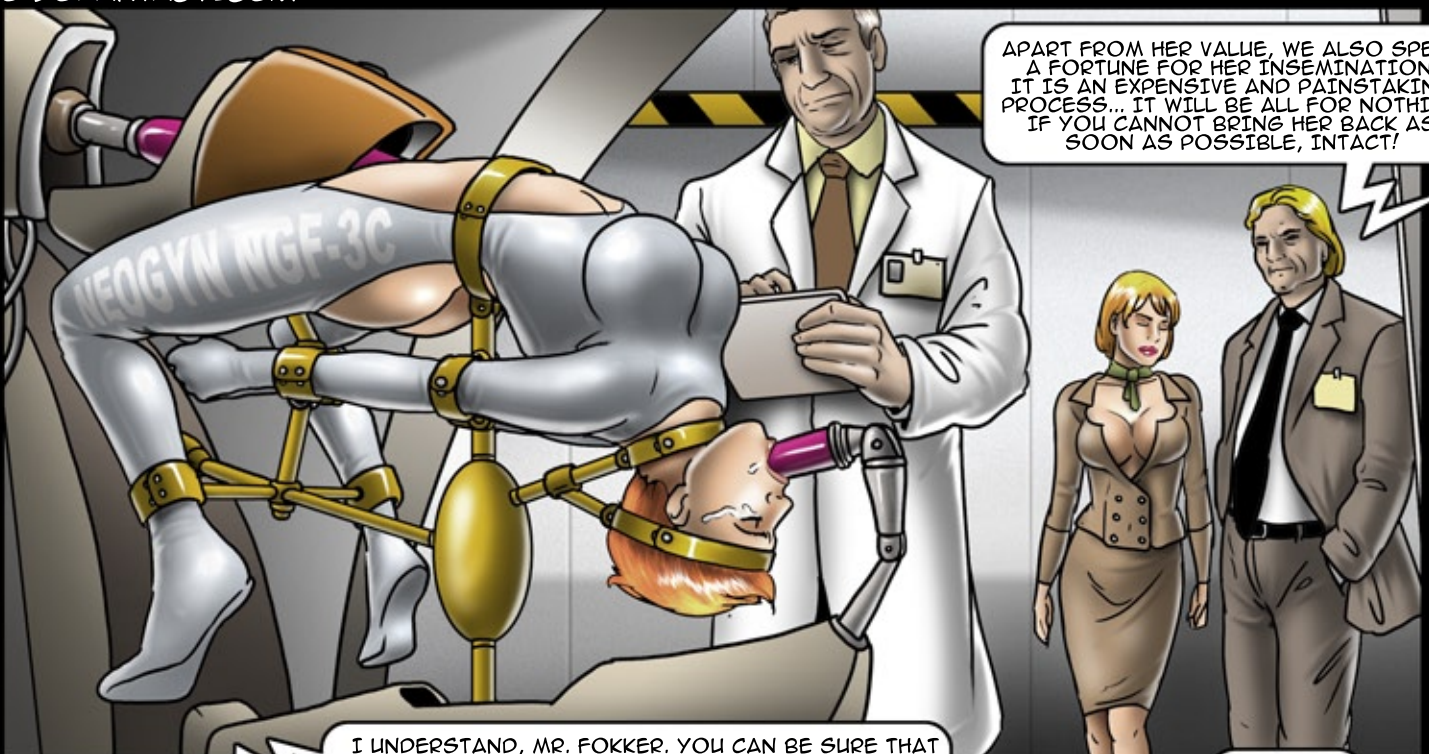
I KNEW IT. THE CHIEF HAS A STAKE IN THIS. DAMMIT! IF WE CANNOT RETRIEVE THIS RUNNER, I WILL BE VERY VERY VERY SORRY.



YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND. THIS VESSEL IS VERY VALUABLE FOR US. SHE WAS OUR TOP SPECIMEN.

THE OTHERS YOU SEE AROUND ARE ALL WORTHLESS COMPARED TO THIS ONE.

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APART FROM HER VALUE, WE ALSO SPENT A FORTUNE FOR HER INSEMINATION. IT IS AN EXPENSIVE AND PAINSTAKING PROCESS... IT WILL BE ALL FOR NOTHING IF YOU CANNOT BRING HER BACK AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, INTACT!

I UNDERSTAND, MR. FOKKER. YOU CAN BE SURE THAT THE SEFR WILL MOBILIZE ALL ITS RESOURCES TO RETRIEVE YOUR RELUCTANTLY EXPECTANT MOMMY.

NOW, ANYTHING ELSE?

YES, SHE ALSO GRABBED SOME OF THE SPECIMEN VIALS ON HER WAY OUT.

VIALS?



LUCKILY THEY WERE NOT RELATED TO THE CURRENT PROJECT. JUST SOME EARLIER EXPERIMENT ON STRENGTH AND INTELLIGENCE ENHANCEMENT. SHE MUST HAVE TAKEN THEM BY MISTAKE BECAUSE OF HER DISORIENTATION. BUT THEY ALSO CONTAIN HIGHLY CLASSIFIED MATERIAL AND MUST BE RECOVERED AT ALL COSTS.



I SEE. NAB THE GIRL, GRAB THE VIALS. GOT IT.

WE BETTER GET GOING. BUT BEFORE THAT, LET ME SEE IF THE K-19 UNIT FOUND ANYTHING IN THE PERIMETER.

K-19 COMMAND, THIS IS ANDERS. DO YOU COPY?



ANDERS? YES I HEAR YOU, YOU UGLY BASTARD... HOLD ON A SECOND... AH YESS!



QUIT SCREWING AROUND, JIMBO. WE ARE ON A TIGHT SCHEDULE HERE. HAVE YOU OVERPAID DOG-WALKERS FOUND ANYTHING YET?

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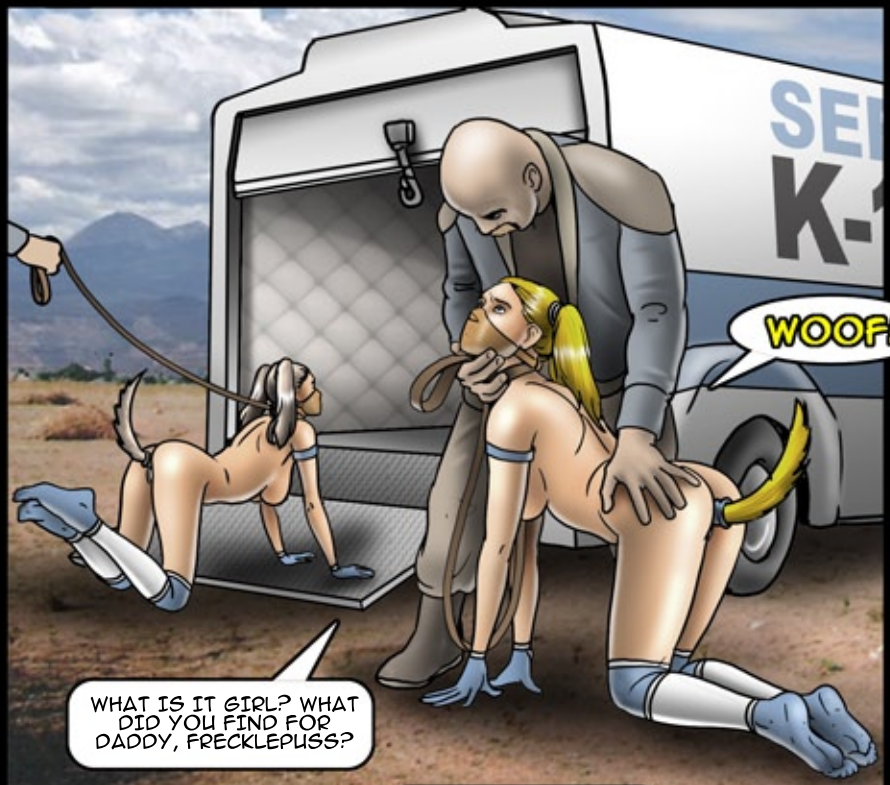
WE FOLLOWED HER SCENT FOR A FEW MILES BUT THE PUPPIES GOT CONFUSED A BIT AROUND HERE.

IT IS POSSIBLE THEIR SUPER-SNIFFERS ARE MALFUNCTIONING TOO. THIS NEW EQUIPMENT IS NOT VERY RELIABLE IF YOU ASK ME.



AND IT IS WORSE THAT THESE UNSIGHTLY THINGS PREVENT ACCESS TO THEIR MOUTHS TOO.

OKAY, LET ME KNOW IF YOU FIND SOMETHING.



WOOF!

WHAT IS IT GIRL? WHAT DID YOU FIND FOR DADDY, FRECKLEPUSS?

HOLD ON... I THINK GEOFF'S NEW POOCH GOT SOMETHING.



THERE... I THINK IT IS THE KEYCARD SHE STOLE FROM THE GUARD.



HEY, WE HAVE SOME TIRE TRACKS OVER HERE... SHE MUST HAVE GOTTEN ON A MID SIZE VEHICLE... A VAN, MAYBE.

GOOD JOB BOYS. KEEP US INFORMED.



IT SEEMS SOMEBODY WAS THERE TO PICK HER UP. CAN THIS BE A CASE OF INDUSTRIAL ESPIONAGE? ANY SUSPECTS COME TO MIND, MR FOKKER?

AH, ANY ONE OF OUR RIVALS COULD HAVE DONE THIS.

ALL COMPANIES WORK ON SOME NEXT GENERATION FUCKTOY PROJECT ANYWAY.

WE ARE JUST MUCH MORE ADVANCED IN NGF-TECH THAN THOSE ASSHOLES.

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DO NOT WORRY, MR FOKKER. LEAVE THIS IN OUR CAPABLE HANDS. SEFR HAS YEARS OF EXPERIENCE IN TRACKING DOWN FEMALES WHO ARE RELUCTANT TO BE FOUND. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, LEGS?

SMACK!

OOV!



WELL, I MIGHT JUST DO THAT, AGENT, THANK YOU FOR THE SUGGESTION. BUT NOT BEFORE I FLOG THIS CUNT'S HIDE OFF FIRST.

OH GOD.

WHATEVER WORKS FOR YOU BUDDY.

OH MAN... WHEN I GET MY OWN BLUE-COLLAR, I WILL NEVER GO NEAR A MAN AGAIN. THEY ALWAYS FIND A WAY TO GET YOU...

SO WHY DON'T YOU PUT YOUR FEET UP AND RELAX WITH A GOOD CUNT WRAPPED AROUND YOUR COCK? JUST GRAB THIS ONE BY HER HAIR AND PUMP HER ASS UNTIL SHE BEGS FOR MERCY. WE WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING ELSE.

AFTER A WHILE WE WRAPPED UP THE PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATION AND HEADED BACK TO THE HQ. ANDERS WAS SURPRISINGLY UPBEAT FOR SOME REASON.

HEY GIRL, SEE IF THE CHIEF IS AVAILABLE RIGHT NOW. HE REQUESTED TO BE BRIEFED ABOUT THIS CASE.

YES MASTER ANDERS. I WAS INSTRUCTED TO LET HIM KNOW AS SOON AS YOU RETURN. I'M PUTTING YOU THROUGH TO HIS COM-LINK

THIS IS 1265. FIND ME A LANDING BAY, BABE.

CERTAINLY MASTER ANDERS. PLEASE PROCEED TO BAY 5.

SUCK!
SLURP!

HEY CHIEF!

THIS WILL BE A TRICKY ONE, CHIEF. THIS RUNNER WILL BE REAL HARD TO FIND. SHE IS RUNNING BARENECK, AND I THINK SHE MANAGED TO HITCH A RIDE AFTER HER BREAK-OUT.

HMM. NOT GOOD. AND THE BASTARDS UPSTAIRS ARE PRESSURING ME ON THIS CASE TOO. APPARENTLY SOME OF THE BFA HIGH COUNCIL MEMBERS HAVE STOCK IN THIS COMPANY.

AH, ANDERS, I WAS JUST REVIEWING SOME EVIDENCE. SO, WHAT ABOUT THE CASE?

1265

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WE ARE LANDING RIGHT NOW. I'LL BE THERE IN A FEW MINUTES.

BACK TO YOU, SWEETIE. YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D LET YOU STARVE IN THERE, DID YOU?

UNCLAIMED

EVIDENCE
CASE456X-24A

GOOD. I'LL BE DONE THEN.

DON'T WORRY YOU WON'T BE SPENDING THE REST OF YOUR LIFE LOCKED IN THAT DESK. I ORDERED A MUCH SPACIOUS CAGE, JUST FOR YOU TWO.

THE CHIEF IS THE TOP OFFICER OF THE SEFR AND HE REPORTS ONLY TO THE BFA HIGH COUNCIL. I ALWAYS DREADED HIM. HE WAS A NASTY MAN WITH A TERRIFYING REPUTATION.

THE BASTARD'S PANTS ARE ON FIRE BECAUSE HE IS THE ONE WHO LET THESE GUYS BUY THE TIGRESS. PROBABLY GOT SOME PAY-OFF TOO... I'M ENJOYING THIS A LITTLE, YOU KNOW. THIS INFO CAN BE USEFUL IN THE FUTURE.

CHIEF
D. NAGEL

HEY CHIEF.

WELCOME ANDERS.
PLEASE HAVE A SEAT.

I HAVE JUST
REQUESTED A FULL
REPORT ON THIS
RESEARCH FARM.

BFA'S INTELLIGENCE
DEPARTMENT HAVE EXTENSIVE FILES
ON EVERY DAMN THING IN THIS
COUNTRY, SO WHY NOT USE IT!

SO, TELL ME
ANDERS, WHAT
IS YOUR TAKE
ON THIS?

WELL, MY GUT TELLS ME
THERE IS SOMETHING
FISHY ABOUT THIS CASE.
IT SEEMS THE TIGRESS
GOT TOO LUCKY TOO
MANY TIMES DURING HER
ESCAPE. FOR A SECRET
RESEARCH FACILITY,
THEY HAVE A RIDICULOUS
SECURITY SYSTEM OVER
THERE.

YOU THINK
THERE IS
FAUL PLAY?

MAYBE. IT COULD
BE A CORPORATE
ESPIONAGE INCIDENT.

IT IS MIRACULOUS THAT A
DRUGGED GIRL MANAGED TO
SNEAK UP ON THE GUARD AND
OVERPOWER HIM AFTER BEING
KEPT IN A POD TOO LONG.

MAYBE ONE OF THE
RIVAL FIRMS PAID-OFF
SOMEONE INSIDE,
GRABBED THE SECRET
GOO THOSE BOZOS
WERE WORKING ON,
AND THEN TOOK THE
GIRL WITH THEM TOO.

OH-OH!
NOT AGAIN...

THEY WILL
DOUBLE-END
ME AGAIN?
OH MAN,
I JUST
CLEANED UP.

AND YOU
SAID SHE
FOUND
A RIDE?

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THE K-19 UNIT
FOLLOWED HER
SCENT TO SOME
TIRE TRACKS.
MAYBE SHE
HITCHHIKED.

ZIP!

Revisch-

MAYBE SOMEBODY WAS
WAITING FOR HER. MAYBE IT
WAS THE EXTRACTION POINT
FOR THE CORPORATE SPIES.

SIR,
MAYBE
IT'S...

...THE-OUUHM!

HUSH,
SLAVEGIRL!

THERE ARE ONLY TWO OTHER BIG COMPANIES
WORKING ON SUPER-FUCKTOY PROJECTS. I WILL
SEND TEAMS TO TALK TO THEM. ALSO, LET'S WATCH
THEIR FACILITIES FOR ANY UNUSUAL ACTIVITIES.

GOOD
IDEA.

GOOD AFTERNOON, CHIEF. I HAVE PULLED TOGETHER THE DATA YOU REQUESTED.

AH, MINERVA. SO NICE OF YOU TO BRING IT ALL THE WAY UP HERE PERSONALLY. COME IN SWEETHEART. DON'T BE A STRANGER.

YES, OF COURSE...

KNOCK! KNOCK!

AH, THAT MUST BE THE INTELLIGENCE FILE I REQUESTED.

COME IN!

ANDERS, MEET MINERVA MACKLUGE. SHE IS OUR TOP ANALYST. HER IQ IS PROBABLY HIGHER THAN BOTH OF OURS COMBINED. WE ARE LUCKY TO HAVE HER WORKING FOR US.

THANK YOU CHIEF. YOU ARE EXAGGERATING, OF COURSE.

FOR THAT TO BE CORRECT MATHEMATICALLY AT LEAST ONE OF YOU WOULD BE AN... SORRY SIR, I'M BABBLING.

A GENIUS EHP? WHY ARE YOU WORKING HERE THEN? PRIVATE SECTOR PAYS SLUTS MUCH BETTER.

WELL, STATISTICALLY A STATE-EMPLOYED FEMALE HAS A BETTER CHANCE OF STAYING FREE, AGENT ANDERS. INVOLUNTARY ENSLAVEMENT OF FEMALE EMPLOYEES IS 34% HIGHER IN THE PRIVATE SECTOR.

YOU SEE, ANDERS, SHE USES A STATISTICAL MODEL TO CALCULATE HER CHANCES OF REACHING THE AGE 30 AS A FREE WOMAN. SHE MAKES PURELY RATIONAL CHOICES TO MAXIMIZE HER ODDS.

EH HEH. SO WHAT IS THE CURRENT NUMBER, HONEY?

22%, SIR.

OH? DOWN 2 POINTS SINCE LAST WEEK.

YES SIR. LAST WEEK'S CURRENCY DEVALUATION AND THE SUBSEQUENT DROP IN FEMALE IMPORTS INCREASED DEMAND IN DOMESTIC PUSSY. I TRIED TO BALANCE THE NEGATIVE EFFECT BY SWITCHING TO A LESS DESIRABLE HAIR COLOR SHADE. I ALSO...

SHUT UP AND GIVE ME AN EXECUTIVE SUMMARY OF THIS, WILL YA?

SORRY SIR. SECURITY LOGS INDICATE THAT ONLY THE GUARDS AND THE CEO HIMSELF HAD ACCESS TO THE LAB. THE CEO'S CARD WAS USED THAT NIGHT, BUT THERE IS A PERIOD OF 4 HOURS BETWEEN THAT AND THE ESCAPE.

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HMM. HE DID NOT MENTION THAT. I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT SHADY BASTARD.

THE TWO EARLIER ATTEMPTS WERE UNSUCCESSFUL SIR. WE WON'T BE ABLE TO KNOW IF IT WAS A TOTAL FAILURE UNTIL WE CATCH THE FUGITIVE

MAYBE THE PROJECT WAS A DUO, AND THE GUY PLANNED THIS HIMSELF. WAS THE GIRL INSURED?

YES SHE WAS. EACH OF THE THREE GIRLS WERE INSURED FOR 30 MILLION BUCKS...

RELAX, THERE IS NO REASON TO SUSPECT HIM AND... WAIT A MINUTE!

THIS REPORT SAYS THAT THE PRELIMINARY RESULTS FOR THE NEOSYN PROJECT WERE NEGATIVE. SO THE PROJECT FAILED?

FUCK! INSURANCE SCAM? CAN IT BE THAT SIMPLE?

WELL, EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW IS IN THAT REPORT, CHIEF. MAY I GO BACK TO MY...

REN'SH-

WHAT IS THE RUSH, HONEY. WE HAVE JUST MET.

OH, BUT I...

YES, MINERVA. STAY A WHILE. LET US ALL CHAT AND KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER. AFTER ALL, WE ARE COMRADES.

BUT... WHAT ABOUT THE GUY... HE MIGHT ESCAPE AND...

AH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. THIS CASE LOOKS SIMPLE ENOUGH FOR AN AGENT-SLAVE TO HANDLE ALL BY HERSELF. DON'T YOU AGREE LIDIA?

ME? ALONE?

OF COURSE. YOU ARE A LEVEL 7, AREN'T YOU? IT IS HIGH TIME THAT YOU RUN SOME SIMPLE ERRANDS WITHOUT SUPERVISION. COME ON, GO AND BRING THAT BASTARD IN.

BUT, MASTER... WHAT IF HE REFUSES TO COME? I DO NOT HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO ARREST A MEMBER OF THE SUPERIOR GENDER.

HE WILL COME YOU REPRESENT THE BFA, SWEET LITTLE CUNT. REMIND HIM ABOUT THAT, POLITELY.

DON'T COME WITHOUT HIM, CUMGULPER. OR YOU'LL SEE AN EXTRA 50 LASHES ON YOUR PUNISHMENT SHEET THIS WEEK.

YES SIR, MASTER ANDERS.

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

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NOW, BACK TO THE TOPIC AT HAND. YOU ARE AN EXPERT ON STATISTICAL ANALYSIS, MINERVA. WHAT ARE THE ODDS OF YOU LEAVING THIS ROOM UNFUCKED?

I... GIVEN YOUR ATTITUDE, IT SEEMS VERY UNLIKELY SIR.

WHAT ABOUT THE LIKELIHOOD OF GETTING SLAPPED SILLY.

SLAPPED, SIR?

WHENEVER YOU ARE READY MINERVA. TAKE YOUR TIME.

YES... YES SIR...

NOW, DO YOU THINK LIDIA CAN BRING THE GUY IN?

YES, SLAPPED... I SAY IT IS VERY LIKELY TOO. BUT THERE ARE PARTICULAR BEHAVIOR PATTERNS YOU COULD ADOPT TO DECREASE THAT PROBABILITY.

OH? LIKE...

ON YOUR KNEES, NOW!

OH GOD.

AH-HAH-HAA! OF COURSE NOT. SHE WILL PROBABLY GET SPANKED BY HIS SECURITY STAFF. YOU GO GET THE GUY YOURSELF AFTER WE ARE DONE WITH THIS SLUT.

MY HEART WAS POUNDING. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I WAS LET OUT ALL BY MYSELF. I WAS GOING TO ARREST A MAN... A MEMBER OF THE SUPERIOR GENDER. HE WOULD PROBABLY LAUGH HIS LUNGS OFF AND SLAM THE DOOR TO MY FACE.

FOKKER IS REPORTED TO BE AT THE CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS. I'M UPLOADING THE COORDINATES TO YOUR NAVIGATOR.

AGENT-SLAVE CUMGULPER, DO YOU COPY? THIS IS THE CENTRAL COMMAND.

THANKS COMMAND, I'M ON MY WAY.

HOLD ON A SECOND, AGENT ANDERS WANTS TO TALK TO YOU... PATCHING HIM THROUGH.

YES, THIS IS CUMGULPER.

LIDIA, WE JUST LEARNED THAT FOKKER'S PRIVATE PLANE IS SCHEDULED TO TAKE OFF IN 15 MINUTES. HE MIGHT BE TRYING TO GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY.

I WANT YOU TO KEEP HIM IN HIS OFFICE UNTIL WE COME. UNDERSTAND? DO NOT LET HIM LEAVE AND REACH THE AIRPORT.

YES SIR.

ALL RIGHT. I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO ARREST HIM AND TAKE HIM BACK TO THE SEFR, BUT SURELY I CAN MANAGE TO KEEP HIM THERE FOR A WHILE.

THERE IT IS, SCHNEIDEN/FOKKER CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

I WAS GREETED BY A OVERENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTIONIST. SHE WAS A SLAVE BUT SEEMED GENUINELY HAPPY.

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YES, COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO MR. FOKKER'S OFFICE?

WELCOME TO SCHNEIDEN-FOKKER. HOW CAN THIS CUNT HELP YOU?

OH, WHAT AN HONOR! A REAL SLAVECOP? YOU MUST BE HERE FOR THE FARM INVESTIGATION. OF COURSE, PLEASE FOLLOW ME.

Ren'sch-

YOU GIRLS ARE SO COOL, I CANNOT BELIEVE I'M WITH A GENUINE SLAVECOP. YOU GUYS HAVE THE BEST LIFE... FLYING AROUND IN AEROCARS, SHOOTING GUNS AN' ALL... OH, I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL ABOUT THIS TO MY CELLMATES TONIGHT.

I'M 30,
BY THE WAY.

30? YOU LOOK
SO MUCH YOUNGER.



NO SILLY. IT IS MY NAME. IT IS BECAUSE I WAS THE 30TH GIRL THEY BRED. IT IS SPELLED TIRTIE. ISN'T THAT FUN?

OF COURSE HE DID NOT STOP FUCKING HER OR ACKNOWLEDGE MY PRESENCE FOR A WHILE. I RESPECTFULLY WAITED FOR HIM TO ADDRESS ME FIRST.



AHM... GOOD...
SQUEEZE IT,
WOMAN!

AAH!
YES SIR.

I STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND HOW
HE COULD ENSLAVE
DIANA DURING
HER IMMUNITY
TERM.

I CAN'T IMAGINE HER
COMMITTING A FELONY
AND LOSE HER FREEDOM. SHE
ALWAYS HAD BEEN A STICKLER FOR
THE LAW AND REGULATIONS

WHILE THE ANNOYING CHATTY SECRETARY LED ME THROUGH THE LONG CORRIDORS, I WAS STILL TRYING TO GATHER MY COURAGE AND PLAN WHAT TO SAY WHEN I CONFRONTED HIM.

AH, HERE WE ARE.

FOKKER WAS STILL THERE, ENJOYING THE TIGHT HOLES OF A RELUCTANT LEGGYBITCH. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS TO KEEP HIM HERE FOR A WHILE.



EXCUSE THIS CUNT,
MASTER FOKKER,
A SLAVECOP IS
HERE TO SEE YOU.

A SLAVECOP?
ALONE?
ALL RIGHT,
SEND HER IN.

YES SIR.

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WE DIDN'T LIKE EACH OTHER MUCH BACK THEN, BUT I WAS DISAPPOINTED TO SEE DIANA TREATED LIKE THIS. SLAPPED AROUND LIKE A COMMON FUCKSLAVE.



SLAP!

NOW TURN
AROUND
USELESS
WHORE.

OOV!
YES
MASTER.



YOU WORTHLESS PIECE
OF SHIT. IT SEEMS
THAT YOUR GLORY DAYS
ARE BEHIND YOU.

IF YOUR
FUCKHOLES
GET ANY
LOOSER, I'LL
GET RID OF
YOUR ASS
IMMEDIATELY.

AAH!
THIS CUNT IS
SORRY MASTER.

I ALWAYS IMAGINED MY LIFE WOULD BE BETTER AND MORE DIGNIFIED WHEN I RETIRE. WAS THIS THE LIFE I SHOULD LOOK FORWARD TO?

Ren'schi-

ONCE HE SHOVED HIS COCK DEEP IN DIANA'S ASS AND STARTED TO REAM HER WITH A MORE RELAXED RHYTHM, HE FINALLY SPOKE TO ME.

OH... SO, SLAVECOP... DID THEY SEND YOU TO INFORM ME ABOUT THE CASE, CAUGHT THE VESSEL YET?

WHAT? IS THIS SOME KIND OF A JOKE? YOU ARE HERE TO ARREST ME? IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE SAYING, YOU STUPID LITTLE SLAVEGIRL?

REN'SH-

THAT IS NOT THE REASON OF THIS CLINT'S VISIT, MASTER FOKKER. YOU ARE IDENTIFIED AS A LIKELY SUSPECT FOR THE BREAK-IN, ASSAULT ON THE GUARD, AND THE THEFT OF AN ENSLAVED FEMALE.

HHH!
GHH!

I... YES SIR... THESE ARE MY ORDERS. SO WOULD YOU PLEASE KINDLY COME WITH ME AND...

AAH!
OOH!

THIS CLINT IS HERE TO ESCORT YOU TO THE SEFR HEADQUARTERS...

YOU INSOLENT PIECE OF SHIT! HOW DARE YOU TALK TO A MALE LIKE THAT! YOU ARE JUST A LITTLE BUG!

GHAH!

PLEASE CALM DOWN, SIR... I...

OH NOW YOU ARE ORDERING ME CALM DOWN, BUG?

NO SIR, I BEG YOU...

AND WHAT IS THIS RIDICULOUS ALLEGATION THAT I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS CRIME? YOU INCOMPETENT BUFFOONS LOST YOUR MINDS?

THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO INSURANCE FRAUD, SIR. YOU ARE AT THE TOP OF THE SUSPECT LIST.

ALSO, WE KNOW ABOUT THE PLANE WAITING FOR YOU, ARE YOU PLANNING TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY, SIR?

WHAT THE FUCK? THE AUDACITY! THIS IS TOTAL BULLSHIT.

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YOUR PHONE RECORD LOGS A CALL FROM THIS OFFICE TO THE AIRPORT. HERE, YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF.

HHH...

GIVE ME THAT... I'LL CHECK THIS OUT MYSELF. THIS IS OBVIOUSLY A MISTAKE. YOU GOVERNMENT STOOGES ARE ALL BRAINLESS IDIOTS.

AS YOU WISH, SIR.

NOW, WOULD YOU PLEASE COME TO THE HQ AND TELL US ABOUT YOUR SIDE OF THE STORY?

NO, YOU IMBECILE! I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITH THE WORD OF A STUPID LITTLE SLAVEGIRL. WHAT IS THIS PLANE BULLSHIT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT?

AS I PREDICTED THE GUY WAS FURIOUS, I TRIED TO KEEP MY CALM AS HE KEPT SHOUTING AT UNDERLINGS. STRANGELY, IT DID NOT LOOK LIKE HE WAS STALLING FOR TIME OR ANYTHING. HIS INDIGNATION SEEMED GENUINE.

SUCKTRAMP, CONNECT ME TO OUR PRIVATE HANGAR AT THE AIRPORT. I WANT TO TALK TO THE HALFWIT IN CHARGE THERE... I HAVE A BLUE PUSSY HERE CLAIMING THAT MY PRIVATE JET IS GETTING READY FOR TAKE OFF...

WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT IS ALREADY ON THE RUNWAY WITH THE SPECIAL CARGO? WHAT SPECIAL CARGO?

THAT'S RIDICULOUS. THEN CONNECT ME TO THE PILOT IMMEDIATELY SO I CAN ST-

BANG!
ACK!

OH NO YOU DON'T

WHAT THE HELL?! LEGS, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

SOMETHING I HAVE BEEN WANTING TO DO FOR A LONG TIME.

AND I'M NOT DONE YET...

OH MY GOD! YOU SHOT HIM WITH REAL BULLETS... YOU KILLED HIM?! YOU KILLED A MALE... YOU KILLED YOUR OWN MASTER!!!

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DROP IT! RIGHT NOW. DON'T MAKE ME SHOOT YOU. I'LL NOT MISS FROM THIS DISTANCE.

MMH!

CLICK!

SURE, HERE YOU GO. IT DOES NOT MATTER ANY MORE. THE PLANE CANNOT BE STOPPED AFTER THIS POINT. YOU ARE TOO LATE.

YOU... WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS PLANE?

OH, I SCHEDULED THE FLIGHT MYSELF... I'M... I MEAN I WAS HIS SECRETERARY AFTER ALL. THOSE IDIOTS HAVE NO REASON TO SUSPECT THE ORDERS I "RELAY" TO THEM...



YOU STUPID WOMAN! HE IS DEAD.

OH BOO-HOO.

THE SPECIAL CARGO. IT IS THE TIGRESS, ISN'T IT?

SURE... AND YOU'LL NOT BE CATCHING HER AGAIN. I MADE SURE OF IT.

THE PILOTS WILL LEAVE OUR AIRSPACE IN A FEW SECONDS. THEY WILL THEN OPEN THE SEALED ORDER TO LEARN THEIR REAL ITINERARY

WE CAN CONTACT THEM AND...

NO, SWEETHEART. THE PILOTS WILL KEEP RADIO SILENCE UNTIL THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION. YOU THINK I'M AN IDIOT?

Ren'sch-

YOU BITCH!
YOU ARE FLF!

FLF? AH-HAH! NO,
NOT AT ALL... I WISH!...
THIS HAS NOTHING TO
DO WITH THE FLUFFERS.

THE TIGRESS... AURORA...
SHE IS MY BABY SISTER.

WHAT? THAT
IS IMPOSSIBLE. WITH
A FLUFFER IN YOUR
FAMILY, YOU'D BE
RED-FLAGGED...

ACTUALLY, THAT ISN'T
COMPLETELY TRUE. THOSE
FRIGID DYKES DID HELP
ME GET MY HANDS ON
SOME FAKE PASSPORTS
AND PERMITS.

THEN WHY?

MY FATHER SEND
HER AWAY TO A
SECLUDED COMMUNE
BEFORE SHE TURNED
18, SO THE BFA HAS
NO RECORDS ON HER.
SHE NEVER LEGALLY
EXISTED.

SHE WAS RAISED BY
RADICAL ABOLITIONISTS
AND THEN JOINED THE
FLF WHEN SHE CAME OF
AGE. I LOOKED OUT FOR
HER AND DID MY BEST
TO KEEP HER OUT OF
HARM'S WAY WHILE I
WAS IN THE SERVICE.

WHEN I RETIRED
I GOT A DESK JOB
AT THIS COMPANY.

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YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO THE FLUFFERS WHEN THEY ARE CAUGHT, GULPIE.
I HAD TO GET HER OUT OF THAT HELLISH PLACE BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE.

SO I
QUICKLY
DEvised
A PLAN...
A LONG
TERM PLAN

AFTER THAT I WAS NO
LONGER ABLE TO WARN
HER ABOUT SEFR OPERATIONS.
SO THE INEVITABLE HAPPENED
A COUPLE MONTHS LATER.
I READ IN THE NEWSPAPER
THAT MY SISTER WAS CAPTURED
DURING A SECRET OPERATION.
NOW I LEARN THAT IT WAS YOU
WHO NABBED HER.

BUT THE PRICE WAS TOO HIGH. I HAD TO
SACRIFICE THE MOST VALUABLE THING
I HAVE EARNED... THE THING I ENDURED
THE MOST VILE TORTURES AND
HUMILIATIONS FOR... FOR MORE THAN
A DECADE... MY FREEDOM.

TO MAKE THE
PLAN WORK, I HAD
TO GIVE UP MY
PRECIOUS BLUE
COLLAR.

IT TOOK A LONG TIME TO GAIN HIS
TRUST. IT WAS A PAINFUL PROCESS...

SO I WAITED FOR A GOOD CHANCE TO GET CLOSE TO
THE BIG BOSS... THEN I BEGGED HIM TO ENSLAVE ME...
MAKE ME HIS PERSONAL FUCKTOY... AND I GAVE HIM
THE BEST PERFORMANCE OF MY LIFE...

LICK!
LICK!

HE WAS A LITTLE SURPRISED TO SEE A BLUE COLLAR
VOLUNTEERING TO BE A PRIVATE SLAVE AT FIRST,
BUT I MANAGED TO DISPELL HIS SUSPICIONS IN TIME...

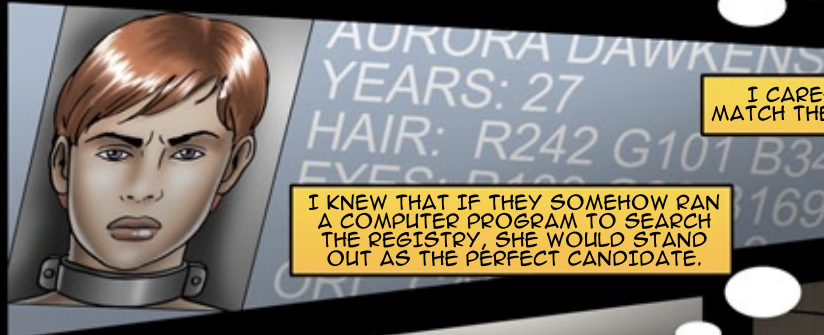
HE MADE ME DO THE MOST
HUMILIATING TASKS FOR MONTHS.
IT TOOK ME 7 MONTHS TO HAVE
PERMISSION TO TOUCH HIS COCK.

FOR A WHILE HE KEPT ME AS A PRIVATE FUCKTOY IN A CAGE IN HIS BASEMENT. ANOTHER 5 MONTHS PASSED BEFORE HE LET ME IN HIS OFFICE. THERE I WORKED HARD AND PROVED MY WORTH AS AN OFFICE SLAVE... I WATCHED, LEARNED, AND EXCELLED IN EVERY OFFICE TASK...

FINALLY I COULD START THE SECOND PHASE OF MY PLAN. I MANAGED TO ACCESS THE BFA REGISTRY AND CHANGED A FEW MEDICAL RECORDS.



YOU KNOW, PROPERTY RECORDS HAVE INCREDIBLE SECURITY, BUT MEDICAL RECORDS RE SURPRISINGLY VULNERABLE TO CYBER ATTACKS.



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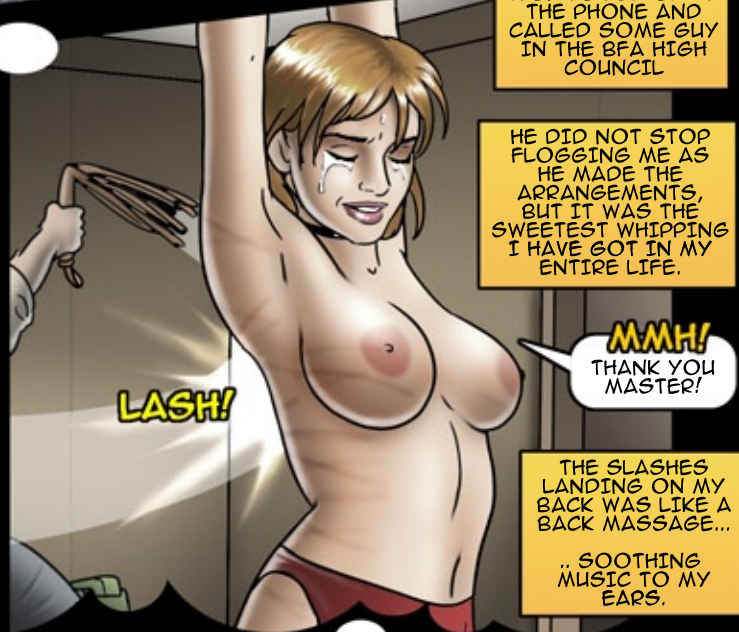
I CAREFULLY ALTERED MY SISTER'S SPECIFICATIONS TO MATCH THE SPECIAL FEMALE THE COMPANY WAS LOOKING FOR.

I KNEW THAT IF THEY SOMEHOW RAN A COMPUTER PROGRAM TO SEARCH THE REGISTRY, SHE WOULD STAND OUT AS THE PERFECT CANDIDATE.

AFTER THAT, ALL I HAD TO DO WAS WAIT AND LET THE SCIENTISTS DO THEIR JOB.

THEN HE PICKED UP THE PHONE AND CALLED SOME GUY IN THE BFA HIGH COUNCIL

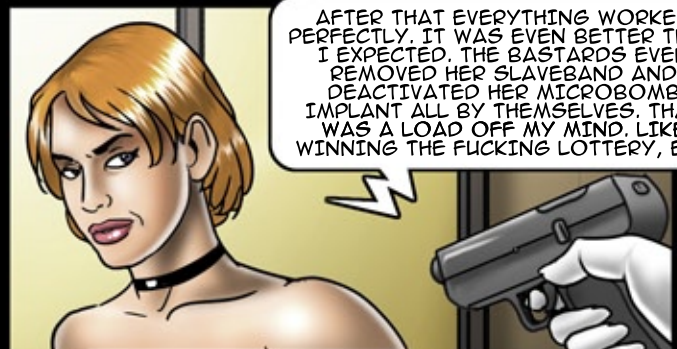
HE DID NOT STOP FLOGGING ME AS HE MADE THE ARRANGEMENTS, BUT IT WAS THE SWEETEST WHIPPING I HAVE GOT IN MY ENTIRE LIFE.



THE SLASHES LANDING ON MY BACK WAS LIKE A BACK MASSAGE...

.. SOOTHING MUSIC TO MY EARS.

AFTER THAT EVERYTHING WORKED PERFECTLY. IT WAS EVEN BETTER THAN I EXPECTED. THE BASTARDS EVEN REMOVED HER SLAVEBAND AND DEACTIVATED HER MICROBOMB IMPLANT ALL BY THEMSELVES. THAT WAS A LOAD OFF MY MIND. LIKE WINNING THE FUCKING LOTTERY, EHP?



LUCKILY I DID NOT HAVE TO WAIT TOO LONG. ONE DAY, ONE OF THE LABCOATS BURST INTO THE ROOM ALL EXCITED... HE LET THE BASTARD KNOW THAT THEY HAVE FOUND THE PERFECT FEMALE SPECIMEN.

VERY IMPRESSIVE BUT IT IS OVER. YOU KNOW I HAVE TO ARREST YOU NOW. PUT YOUR HANDS UP!

MY HANDS?

YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW THAT IT IS NOT MY HANDS YOU HAVE WORRY ABOUT, LITTLE BITCH!

KNOCK!

LOOK AT YOU... STILL SO YOUNG, BUT YOU HAVE THE REFLEXES OF AN OVERUSED PUBLIC BROTHEL SLAVE.

SO DISAPPOINTING. I WONDER HOW COULD YOU GET PROMOTED TO LEVEL 7? ARE YOU THAT GOOD A FUCK?

UMPH!

THUD!

OWH!

YOUR MEMORY SEEMS DEFECTIVE. I ON THE OTHER HAND, CLEARLY REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE TOTALLY USELESS WITHOUT A TRANQ-GUN IN YOUR HAND.

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IT IS SAD, ACTUALLY. IT MEANS THAT I FAILED AS A HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT INSTRUCTOR. MAYBE WE SHOULD START OVER AND GO BACK TO BASICS, EH? LET'S START WITH...

HEY?!

SWOOSH!

WE ADOPTED A FEW NEW COUNTERING TECHNIQUES.

WHOA!... HOW THE HELL DID YOU...

WE ALSO GOT NEW EQUIPMENT. THE NEW STUFF IS...

PZZZT!

... LONGER, THICKER, AND PACKS A BIGGER PUNCH!

I'D LIKE THAT, ACTUALLY. BUT I HAVE TO WARN YOU... OUR STANDARDS CHANGED A LOT SINCE YOU LEFT THE SERVICE.

NOO... **GHAA!**

IRONIC ISN'T IT? MINE WAS PROBABLY THE LAST BUM YOU HAVE EVER SHOCKED WITH THE ELEKTRO-KOK. AND LOOK AT US NOW... LIFE, EH?

OH THAT'S RIGHT. YOU TAUGHT US THAT A JOLT ON THE NECK WOULD BE THE MERCIFUL CHOICE. THE RUNNER WILL PASS OUT AND BE SPARED FURTHER HUMILIATION AND PAIN.

YOU BITCH! YOU FRIED MY ASS...

NO... NO, PLEASE... I GIVE UP! DON'T KNOCK ME OUT...

I DON'T WANT TO WAKE UP IN A TORTURE CELL...

IF YOU WISH. NOW GET DOWN.

SHUT UP! IT IS MY DUTY. OBEDIENCE AND SERVICE!

PZZZT!

GHAA!

SO WHEN YOU TAKE ME IN, I WILL DEFINITELY BE TORTURED AND EXECUTED. THEY WILL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OUT OF ME... MY BLOOD WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS...

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FUCK OBEDIENCE! AND FUCK SERVICE! AND FUCK MEN! LOOK WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO US. THEY TURNED US AGAINST EACH OTHER. WE SHOULD BE SISTERS

BAH! I WONDER IF I SOUNDED THAT STUPID WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.. POOR LITTLE FOOL. THEY GAVE US NOTHING. THEY TOOK EVERYTHING FROM US.

OUR FREEDOM, OUR DIGNITY, OUR FREE WILL...

THEY RELEGATED US INTO FUCKTOYS... JUST CHEAP MEAT WITH A SET OF COCKHOLES. THERE WAS A TIME WHEN WOMEN WERE CONSIDERED HUMAN, EQUAL TO THOSE BOZOS WITH DICKS.

IT IS NOT OUR PLACE TO QUESTION THE NATURAL ORDER, LESS. MALES ARE OUR SUPERIORS. THEY LOOK AFTER US. THEY GIVE US PURPOSE.

THAT IS ENOUGH. I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR BLASPHEMOUS BULLSHIT.

COME ON, LIDIA. YOU DO NOT BELIEVE YOUR HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY BOOKS, DO YOU? IT IS ALL PURE FICTION. YOU KNOW IT IS TRUE... YOU KNOW THAT THESE BELONGED TO US BACK THEN, NOT MEN. WE ENJOYED THEM OURSELVES... WE USED IT FOR PLEASURE... WE DECIDED WHEN AND FOR WHOM WE OPENED OUR LEGS... AND THEY HAD TO ASK NICELY TOO...

THAT'S... ALL RIGHT, STOP THIS RIDICULOUS SHOW. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL OFF?

OH, NOTHING... JUST TALKING... YOU KNOW, YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY A GOOD SOLDIER AND YOU'LL TAKE ME IN. SO I'M AS GOOD AS DEAD...

SO I'M THINKING, WHY DON'T I GO OUT WITH A BANG. I HAVE NEVER HAD A REAL ORGASM IN MY LIFE, I MEAN, A REAL ONE. AN UNADULTERATED, PURE, MIND-NUMBING EXPLOSION OF PLEASURE...

NOT ONE YOU HAVE TO BEG PERMISSION FOR... NOT THINKING ABOUT THE PLEASURE OF THE MASTER SODOMIZING YOU... WHILE NOBODY IS SHOVING A STINKY FAT COCK DOWN YOUR THROAT...

IS THIS YOUR PLAN? REALLY? YOU ARE TRYING TO SEDUCE ME?

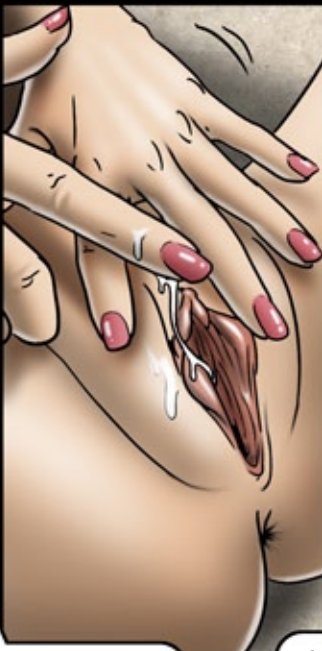
THAT'S DISAPPOINTING, LEGS. YOU MUST HAVE A VERY LOW OPINION OF MY INTELLIGENCE...

ALL RIGHT. YOU ARE NOT AN IDIOT. BUT YOU ARE A WOMAN AND I CAN SENSE THAT YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SEE...

COME ON... HANDCUFF ME IF YOU LIKE... TIE MY ANKLES APART... LEASH ME... JUST COME OVER HERE AND TAKE ME.

LET'S ENJOY EACH OTHER'S WARMTH AND DESIRE FOR A MOMENT BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE. CONSIDER IT MY LAST WISH BEFORE THE INEVITABLE, MOST PAINFUL EXECUTION..

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LOOK AT ME. I'M DRIPPING FOR YOU, BABY...



COME ON. YOU WANT TO TASTE THIS AS MUCH AS I WANT TO LICK OFF YOUR FRESH JUICES... HAVE YOU EVER FELT A WOMAN'S TONGUE IN THERE?



OH, IT APPEARS THAT I STILL HAVE SOME STUFF TO TEACH YOU AFTER ALL. JUST DROP YOUR PANTS AND COME OVER HERE, SWEETLIPS.

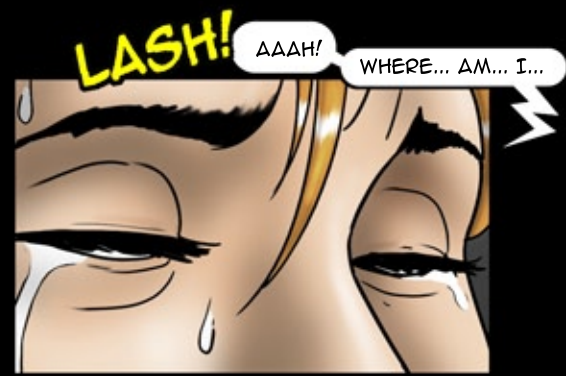


DAMN!... SORRY, LEGS. I THINK I HAVE TO DECLINE YOUR KIND OFFER THIS TIME.

PZZZT!

NO. WAIT!... GHAA!

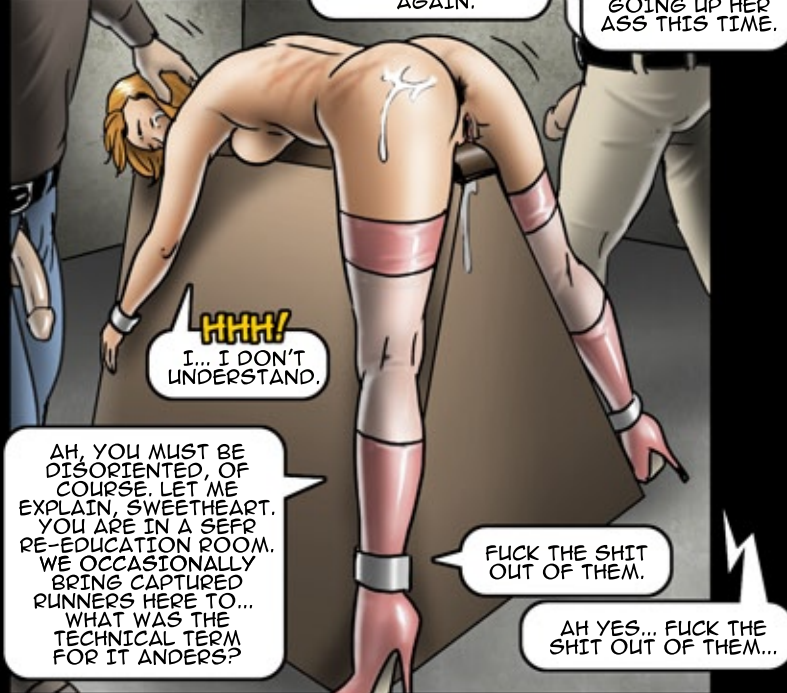
A FEW HOURS LATER...



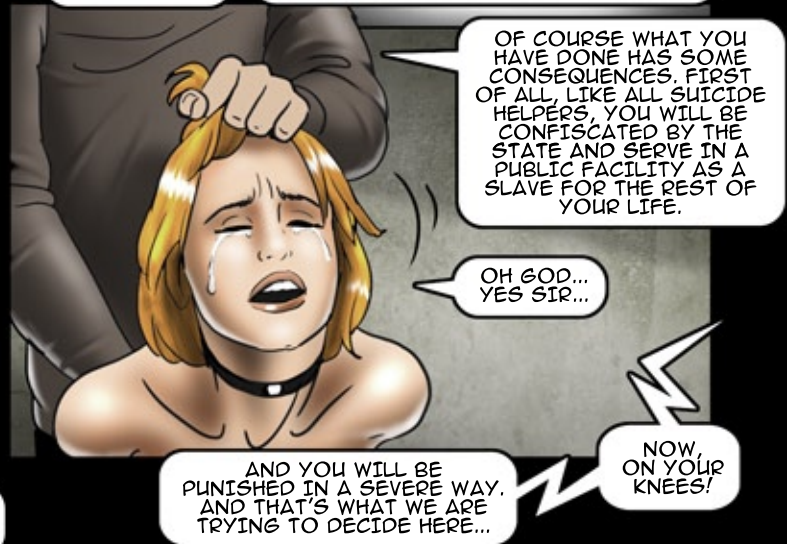
AH, SHE IS AWAKE. WELCOME HOME, LEGGYBITCH. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, WE HELPED OURSELVES TO YOUR FLUCKHOLES WHILE YOU WERE OUT.

COME ON, ANDERS. IT IS YOUR TURN AGAIN.

ABOUT TIME! GOING UP HER ASS THIS TIME.



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YOU MEAN...
YOU ARE NOT
GOING TO
KILL ME?

RELAX, DIANA.
YOU WILL BE FINE.

NOW, FIRST THING'S
FIRST. LET'S RE-BAPTIZE
YOU AND ACCEPT YOU
BACK TO THE RANKS OF
THE SEFR. WHAT SHOULD
I RENAME YOU? WHAT
ABOUT... **CLUMWIPE**?

THIS CUNT IS
YOURS TO NAME,
MASTER. THANK
YOU.

I DO NOT REALLY KNOW WHY I LIED TO SAVE LESS. BUT IT FELT REALLY GOOD. MAYBE I DIDN'T WANT TO SEND HER TO THE EXECUTIONERS WITH MY OWN HANDS. MAYBE HER PATHETIC ATTEMPT TO SEDUCE ME WAS PARTLY SUCCESSFUL.. SHE WAS DEFINITELY A GREAT FEMALE SPECIMEN... AND SHE LOOKED REALLY REALLY YUMMY ON HER KNEES...



ANYWAYS, SHORTLY AFTER THAT I WAS PROMOTED TO LEVEL 8. I WAS THE YOUNGEST AGENT-SLAVE TO REACH THAT RANK. NOW I HAD THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE A LOWER LEVER SLAVE TO "MENTOR" MYSELF... AND I HAD MY EYES ON ONE ALREADY.

AH-HAH!
LOOK HOW
HAPPY YOU ARE.

THANK YOU
MASTER... THANK YOU...
I WILL SERVE YOU
GOOD... I PROMISE.

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MEANWHILE, FAR FAR AWAY...

I DID NOT INCLUDE THE PART ABOUT THE PLANE IN MY REPORT. THE BUREAU CONCLUDED THAT FOKKER MURDERED THE TIGRESS, BUT OF COURSE HER BODY WAS NEVER RECOVERED. AFTER THE SCANDAL, SCHEIDEN/FOKKER CORP WENT BANKRUPT IN A FEW MONTHS, AND THE SUPER-FUCKTOY PROJECT WAS SCRAPPED.

PRIVATE CARGO
CARRIER SF-1
REQUESTING
PERMISSION
TO LAND.

GRANTED...
PROCEED
TO STRIP 3.

WELCOME TO
ERNIA REPUBLIC

WELCOME TO
OUR COUNTRY,
MISS AD... ADER...

ADRESTIA.

YES OF COURSE,
MISS ADRESTIA.



ARE YOU HERE
FOR BUSINESS
OR PLEASURE?

BUSINESS.
I HAVE SOME
UNFINISHED
BUSINESS...

WELL THEN, ENJOY YOUR
STAY, MISS ADRESTIA.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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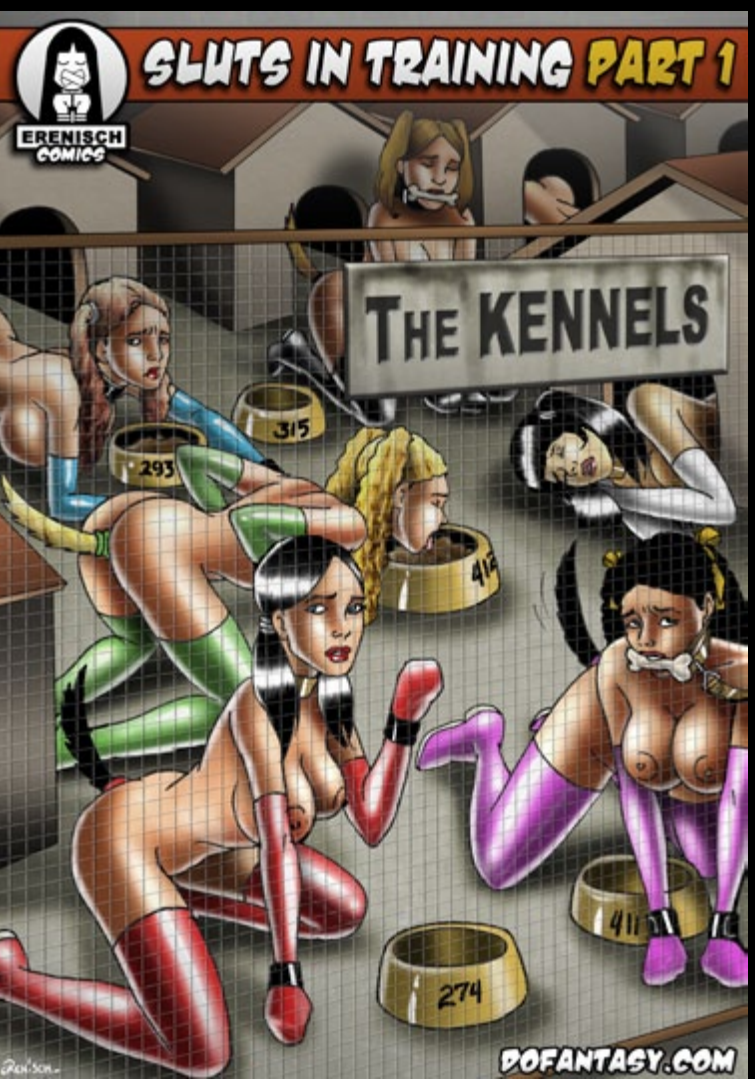


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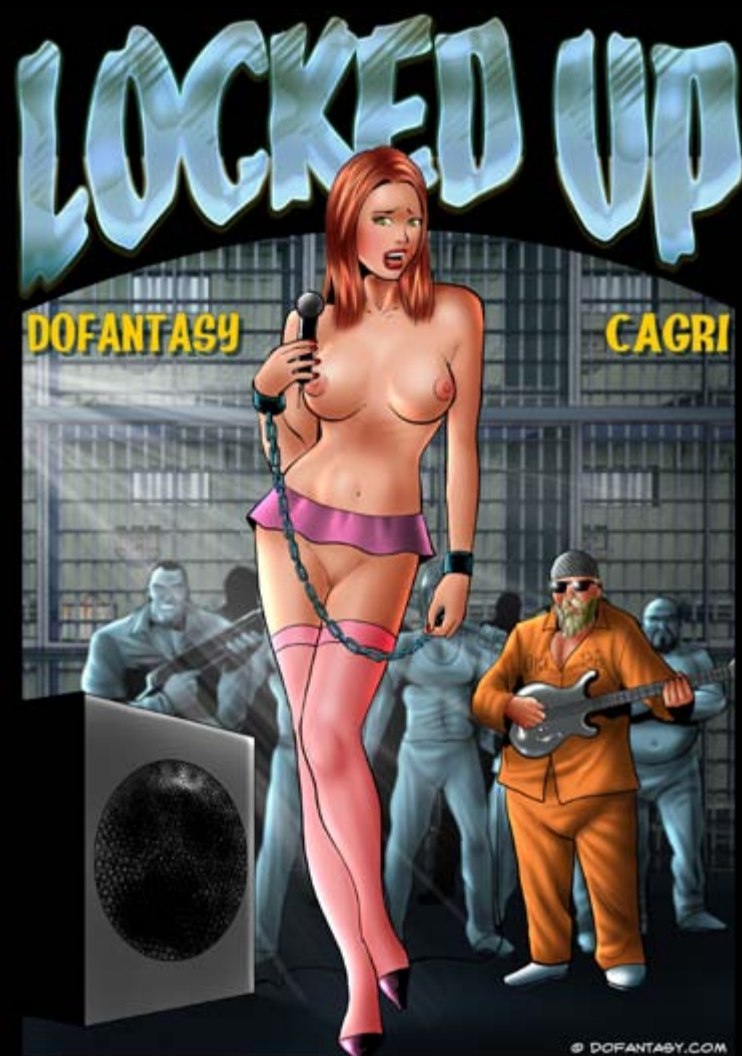


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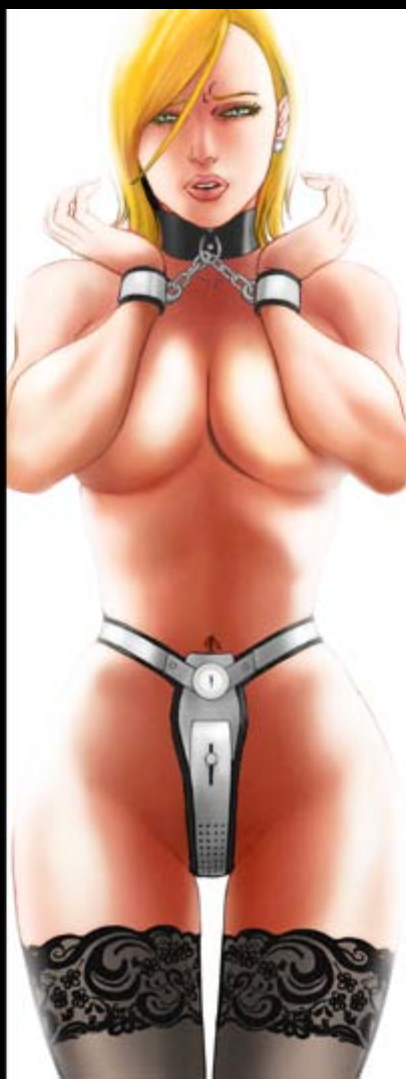
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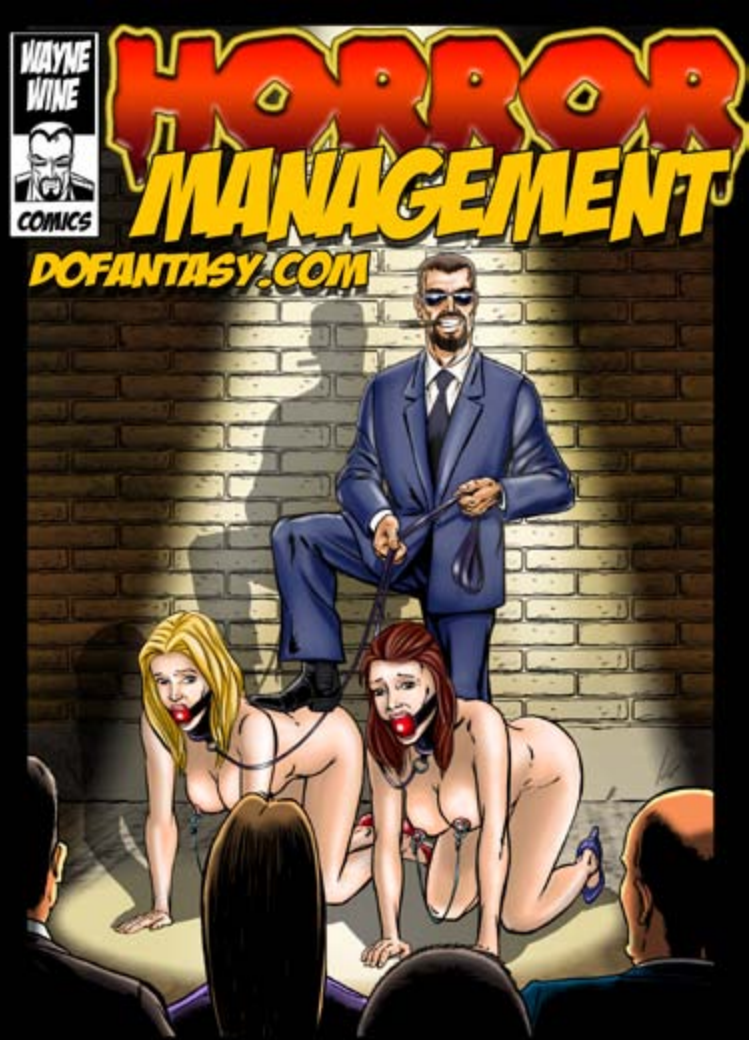


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Fernando

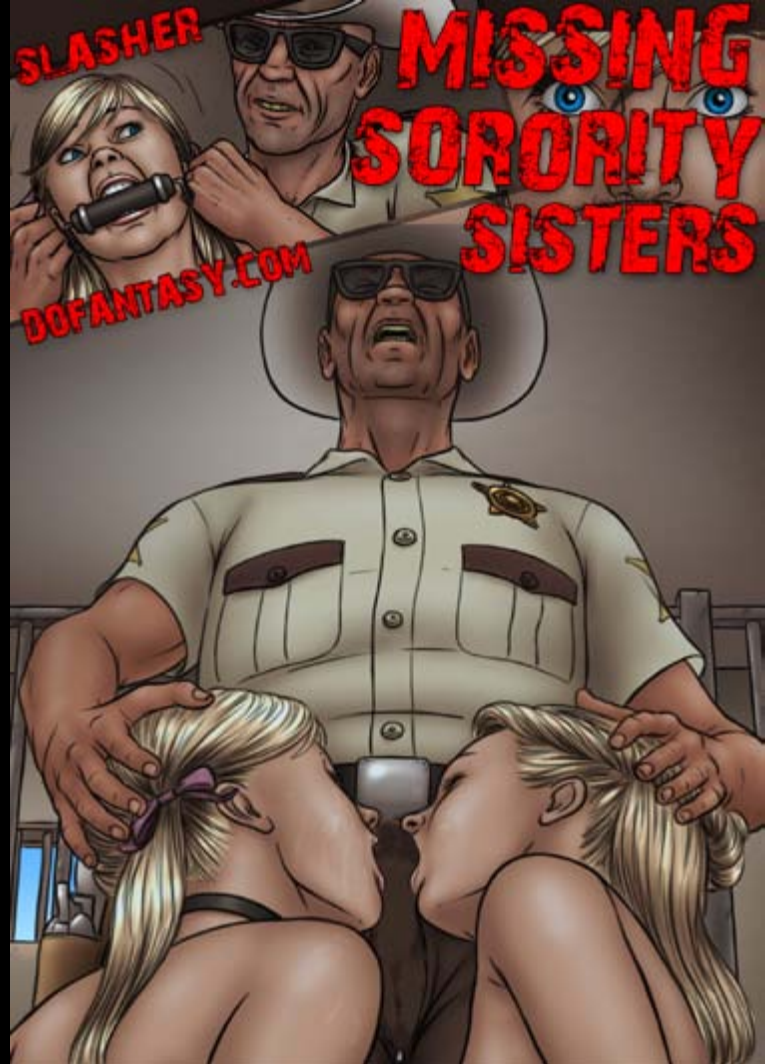
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SNATCHED!

HAREM HORROR HELL



GALACTIC HAVOC



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SEX FIGHT

GLANDUX



STARLET TRYOUT





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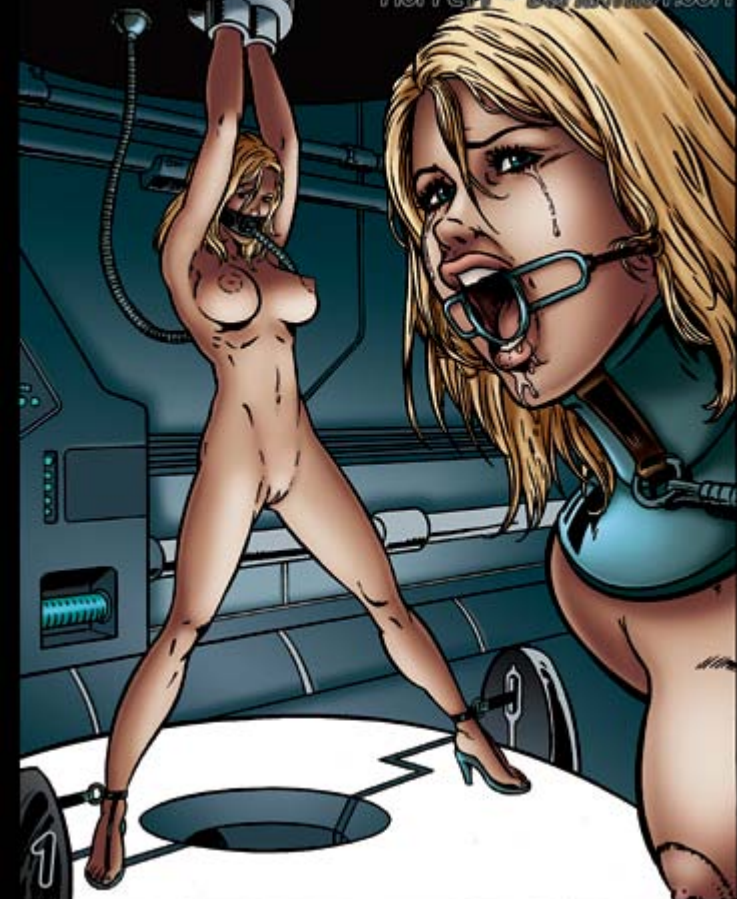
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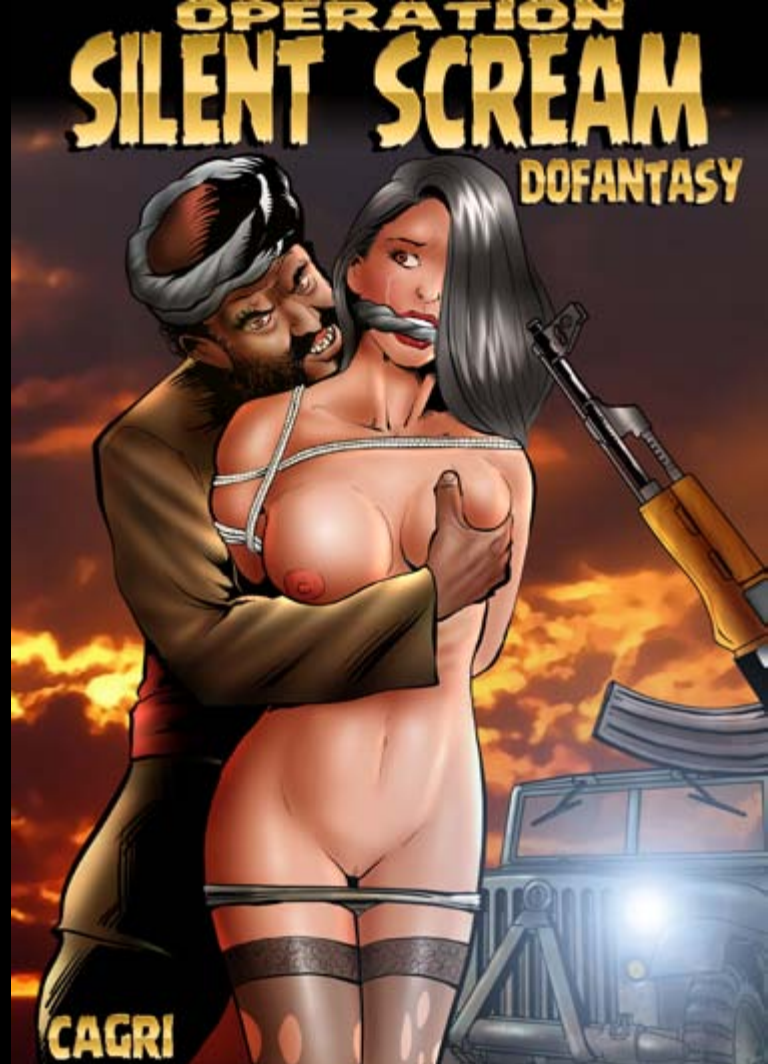




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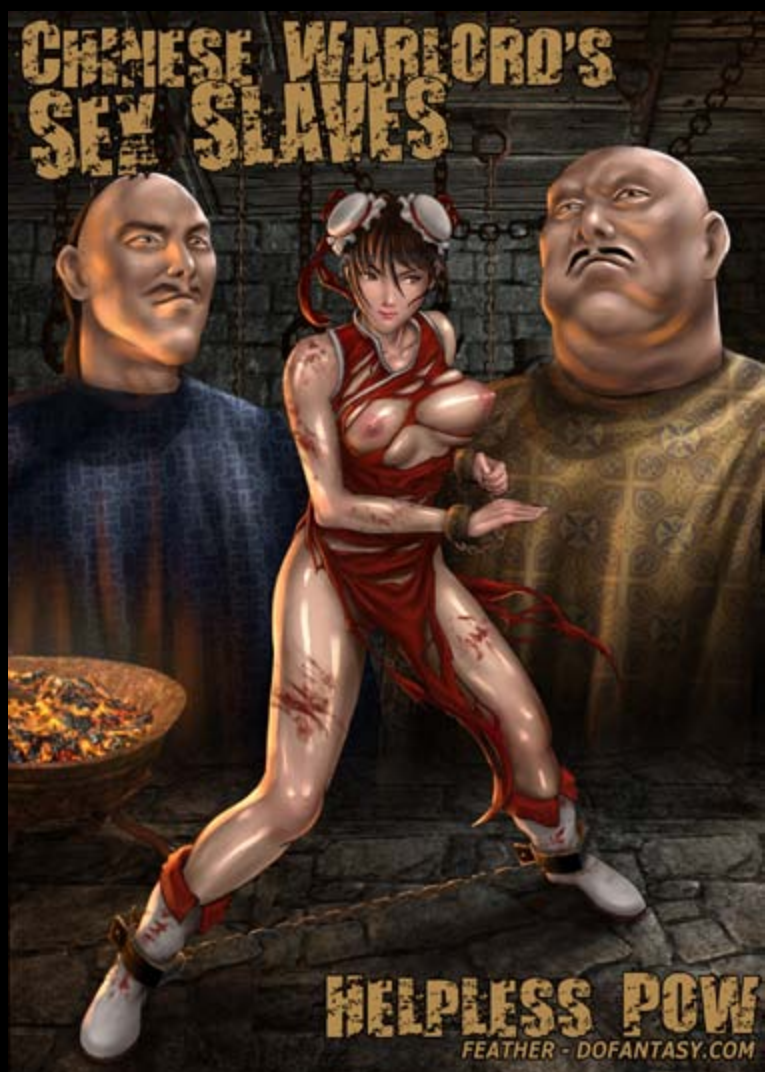


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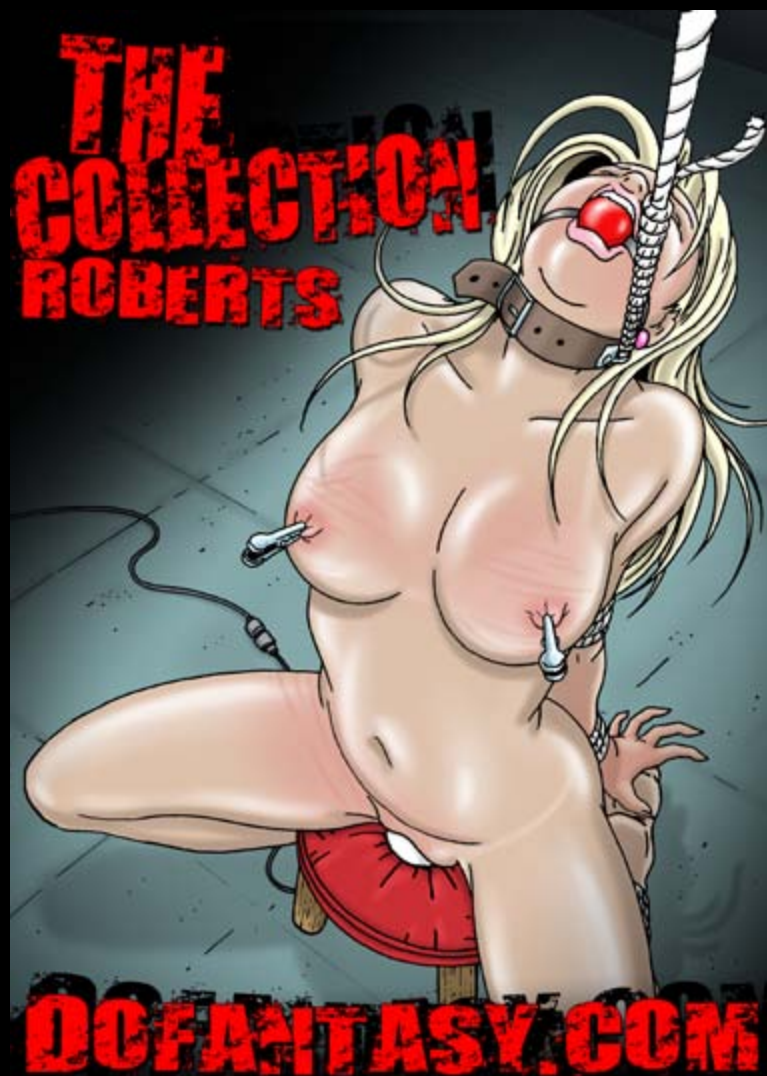


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HENTAI Band Horror ORGY



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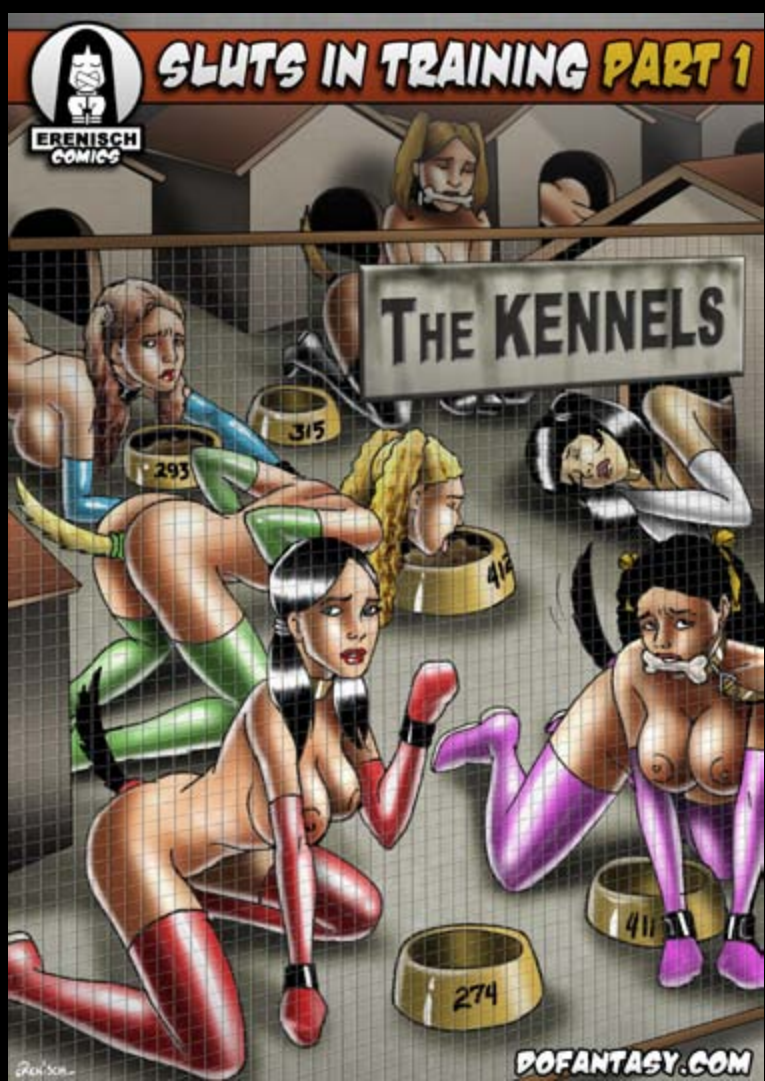


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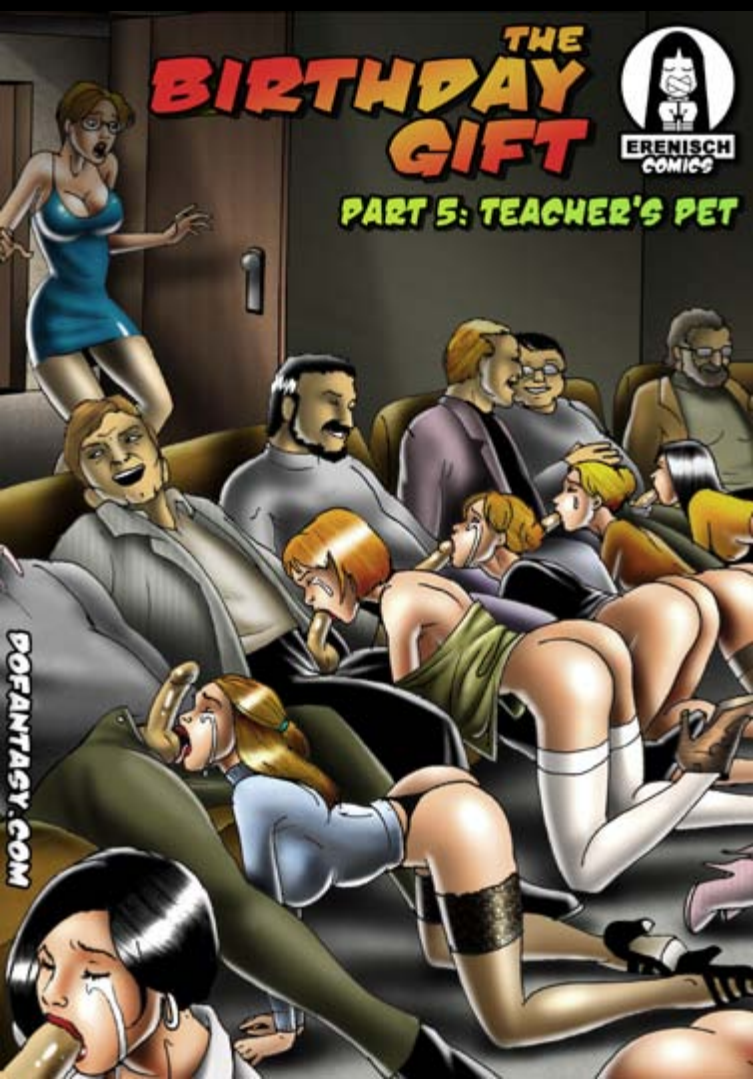
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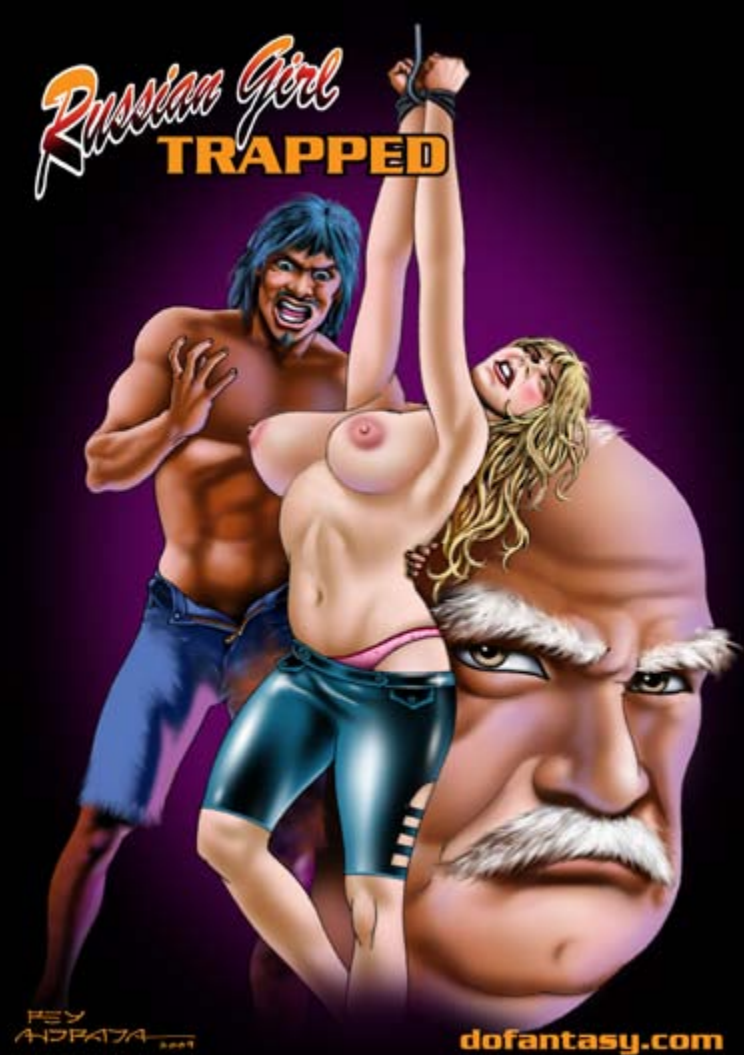
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