

THE PROTO

Part Two



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- 2- Click on VIEW and select FULL SCREEN MODE Alternatively you
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THE EDITOR

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The Proto

Part II

BY FERRES





THEY NEED TO WEAR SUITS, SO THEY CAN'T BREATHE IN OUR ATMOSPHERE?



"SUITS? THE ANTHROPO-MORPHIC CONTAINMENTS? THEY DON'T NEED TO BREATHE AT ALL."



CONTAINMENT?

DON'T BOTHER YOURSELF WITH MATTERS THAT WILL HAVE LITTLE BEARING ON YOUR CURRENT CIRCUMSTANCES, COMMISSAR NATIS. THIS I'LL SAY; IT'S BETTER THAT THEY'RE IN THOSE SUITS THAN OUT, FOR ALL OUR SAKES.



YOU CAN CALL ME DR. HESS BY THE WAY.



"I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE NEEDING THOSE RESTRAINTS."

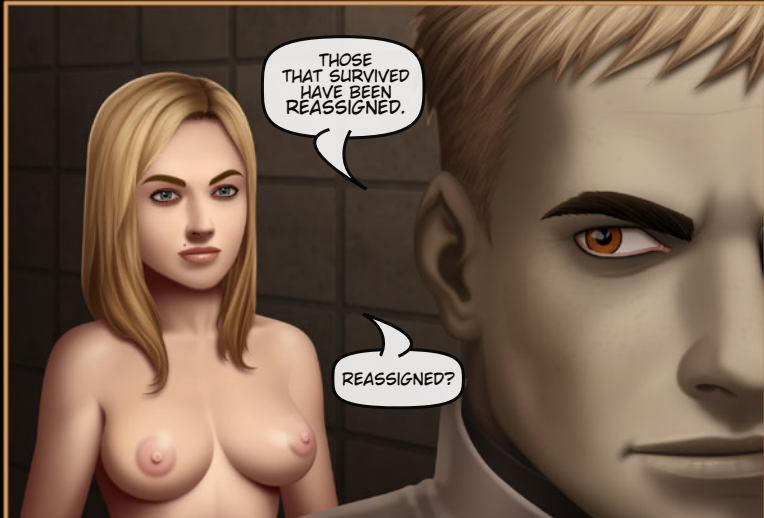
THE CREW OF THE ZOLA, THE COMMANDER. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THEM?



COME, COME. YOU WOULD NOT WANT TO BE HERE SHOULD THEY RETURN.



THOSE THAT SURVIVED HAVE BEEN REASSIGNED.



REASSIGNED?

"YOU'LL SEE."



AREN'T YOU AFRAID THAT I'LL TRY TO ESCAPE.

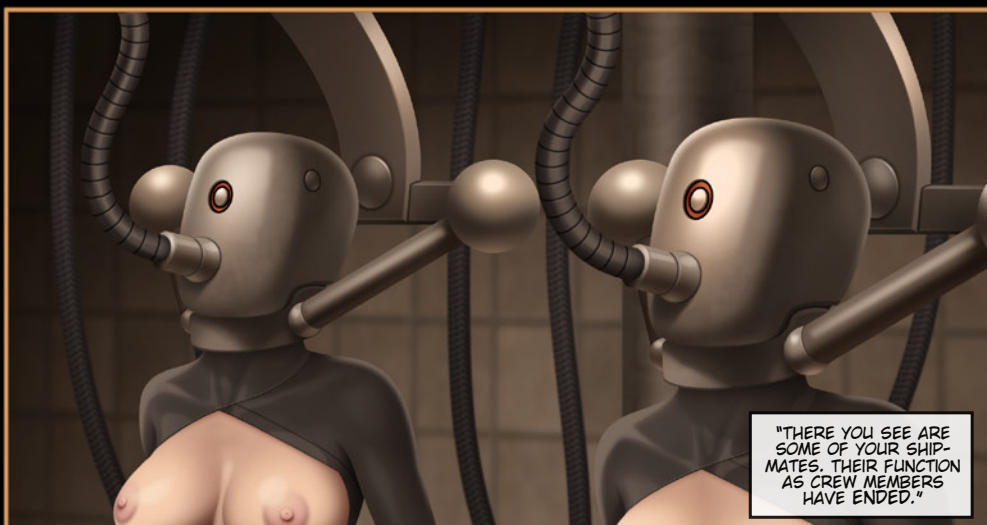


ESCAPE? YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY. AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THE WINDOW, WE ARE NOT ON A PLANET AND WE HAVE NO SHIPS CAPABLE OF LEAVING THIS SYSTEM.

THAT WORLD DOWN THERE IS BIOFAUX 7. AN ANCIENT GENETIC WEAPONS RESEARCH PLANET OF THE FABLED THELESSIANS, THE FIRST EMPIRE BUILDERS. ESCAPE TO THERE ONLY GUARANTEES AN UNIMAGINABLY HORRIFIC DEATH.



"THERE IS OF COURSE THE MARTYR'S OPTION, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE THAT IN YOU."



"THERE YOU SEE ARE SOME OF YOUR SHIPMATES. THEIR FUNCTION AS CREW MEMBERS HAVE ENDED."



"NOW THEY ARE BEING RE-PURPOSED FOR ROLES BETTER SUITED TO THEIR NATURAL TRAITS."

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THERE IS A BOOMING MARKET FOR RE-PURPOSED YEETRIANS AMONG THE SUCCESSOR RACES."



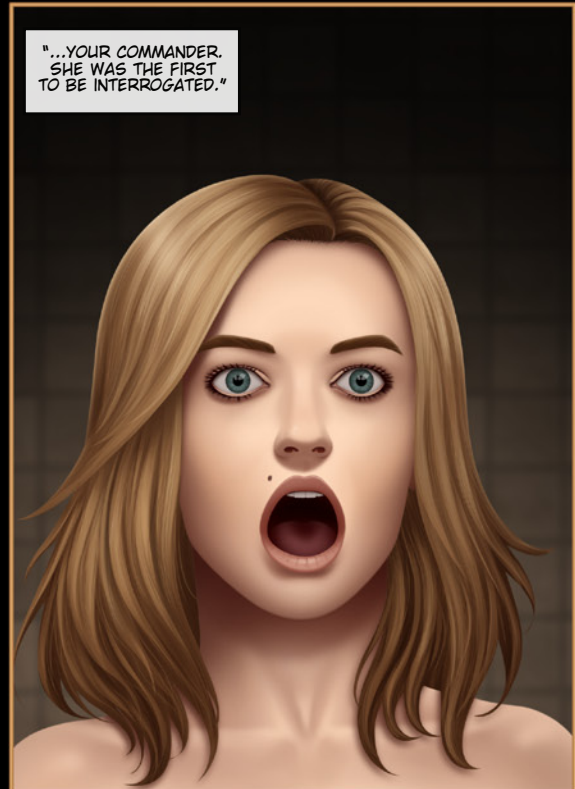
"THE APPARENT STURDINESS OF YEETRIAN BODIES ARE WELL APPRECIATED. LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING."



"YOU'VE SEEN
THE CREW OF
THE ZOLA."



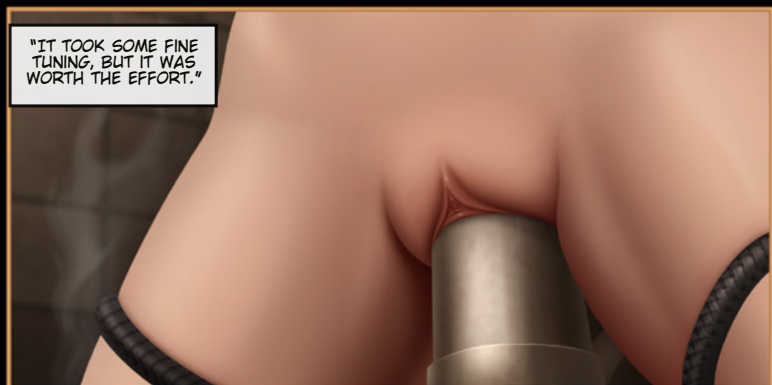
"BEHIND HERE
YOU'LL FIND..."



"...YOUR COMMANDER.
SHE WAS THE FIRST
TO BE INTERROGATED."



"HER STRENGTH OF
CHARACTER HELPED US
CALIBRATE OUR SYSTEMS
FOR FASTER DATA
EXTRACTION."



"IT TOOK SOME FINE
TUNING, BUT IT WAS
WORTH THE EFFORT."



"SHE'S NOW BEEN
RE-PURPOSED."

"I TOOK THIS OPPORTUNITY
TO MANIPULATE HER PAIN AND
PLEASURE RECEPTORS SO
THEY CAN WORK IN UNISON."



"NOW PAIN AND
PLEASURE COMBINE
INTO AN INTRICATE
BALLET OF SENSATIONS."



I CAN'T TELL IF THOSE TEARS ARE FROM PAIN OR PLEASURE, MAYBE BOTH.

I'D LIKE TO MAKE SOME POST OPERATION COMPARISONS BUT HER UNALTERED STATE WAS NOT THOROUGHLY DOCUMENTED AND THE PROCESS IS NOT REVERSIBLE.



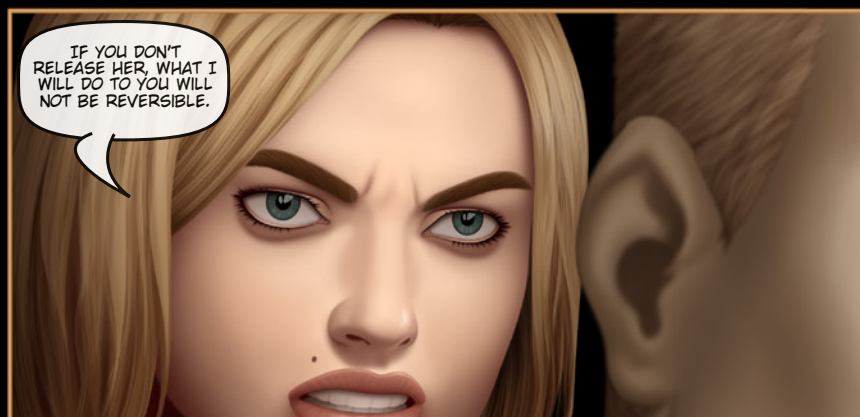
RELEASE HER!

AARGH! WHY SHOULD I DO THAT?



FEEL THIS?

"WHERE ON EARTH COULD YOU HAVE POSSIBLY HIDDEN THAT?"



IF YOU DON'T RELEASE HER, WHAT I WILL DO TO YOU WILL NOT BE REVERSIBLE.



"VERY WELL."

"I REALLY DON'T SEE HOW THIS WILL END WELL FOR YOU, COMMISSAR."



WE'LL FIND OUR WAY OUT. A SHIP THIS BIG MUST HAVE A WAY INTO HYPERSPACE.

COMMANDER, GET UP.

"COMMANDER ZEINA,
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?"

NA- NATIS?

COMMISSAR NATIS,
THIS IS NOT A SHIP.
WE DO NOT TRAVEL
ANYWHERE.

THEN HOW DID
WE GET HERE,
HESS?

LONG RANGE
COMMUNICATIONS,
YOU MUST HAVE
THAT?

YES, THAT WE
HAVE. WILL YOU BE
CALLING FOR HELP,
COMMISSAR?

NATIS.

WEAPONS. ARE
THERE WEAPONS
WE CAN USE?

AGH!
WHAT ARE
YOU... NO!



COMMANDER, LET GO! I'M TRYING TO GET US OUT. WE NEED TO ESCAPE. ACK!



I DID MENTION THAT SHE HAD BEEN RE-PURPOSED. I GUESS I FAILED TO EXPLAIN WHAT THAT IMPLIES.

I WAS HOPING YOU WOULD BE A MORE WILLING SUBJECT AS I REFINE THE PROCESS. I DID NOT WANT TO RESORT TO THIS.



BUT YOU GAVE ME LITTLE CHOICE. I'D LIKE TO BE MORE PRECISE, MAINTAIN AS MUCH OF YOUR DISTINCT PERSONALITY AS POSSIBLE.



"BUT ERADICATE SUPERFLUOUS TRAITS THAT INHIBIT SENSUAL FUNCTIONALITY."

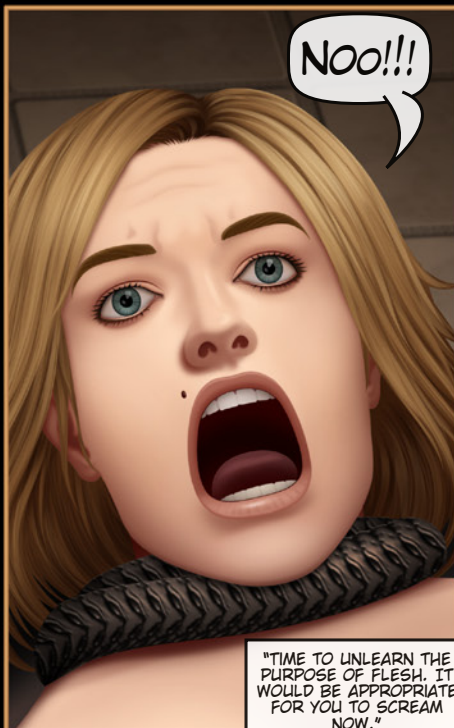


"I FIND IT IRONIC THAT FOR A PEOPLE SO VIOLENTLY OPPOSED TO THEIR SENSUAL NATURE ARE SO UNIQUELY HARDWIRED FOR CARNAL PLEASURES."

YOU SPEAK OF THE ENFORCER CASTE, WE'RE FROM THE SCIENCE CASTE'S EXPLORERS GUILD.



"AH, THE LITTLE KNOWN INTRICACIES OF THE YEETRIAN SOCIAL CLASSES. WE SHOULD EXPLORE THIS FURTHER."





WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT WE PROCEED WITH OUR MISSION.



AND WHAT MISSION IS THAT?



THE RESTORATION HAVE TAKEN OUR MOST ADVANCE... WAIT!

WHERE IS KARL ROTHE? I HAVE VITAL INFORMATION FOR HIM ALONE. YOUR NOT... WHO ARE YOU?

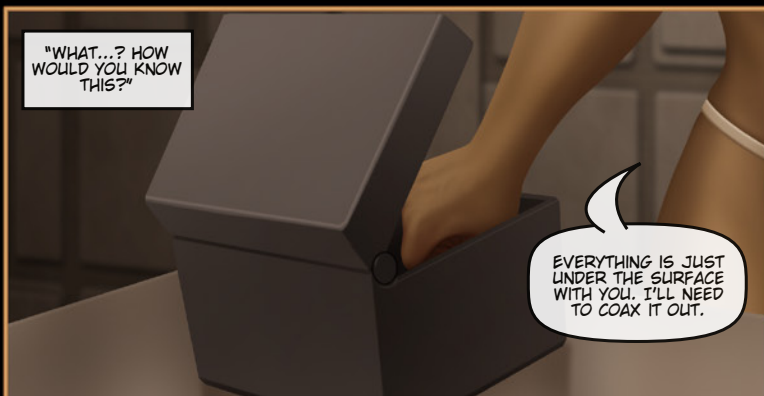


XAN, HIS CONFIDANT, FUCK-MATE AND SYSTEMS TROUBLESHOOTER. OH, AND I ALSO SAVED YOUR ASS FROM A RECKLESS, DUMB SHIT MASS TRANSFER.

AND UNTIL WE'RE SURE YOU'RE NOT SOME SLEEPER ASSASSIN, YOU'LL STAY RIGHT THERE, HONEY.



ASSASSIN? NO! I'M AN ANALYST AND DATA COLLATOR. I SPECIALIZE IN FTL REACTORS.









"THERE'S STILL SUBSTANTIAL RESISTANCE. I'M ACCESSING A FEW SURFACE DETAILS BUT NOTHING OF IMPORT. I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE."

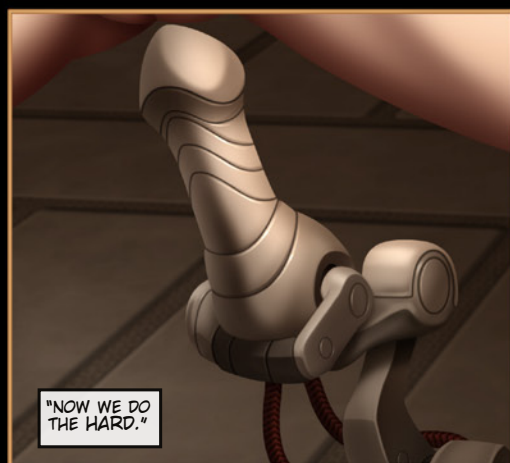
"COMING OUT UNSCATHED FROM A 17 POINT MATTER TRANSFER IS OBVIOUSLY NO FLUKE FOR YOU. MEMORY PROFILES ARE LITERALLY BEING RECONSTRUCTED AND RANDOMIZED AT WILL. BUT YOU'RE NOT A MACHINE ARE YOU?"

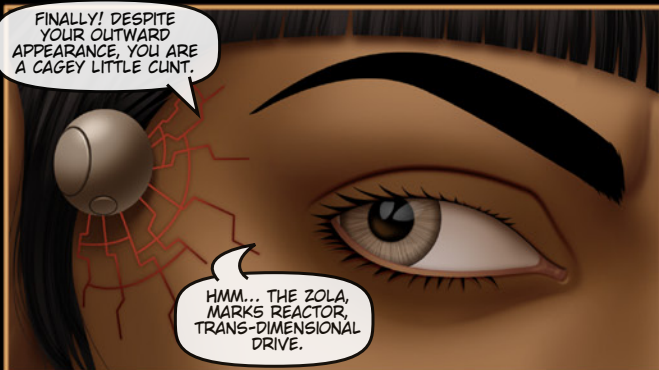
"NO, I WOULD HAVE SENSED THAT EVEN AT THE MOLECULAR LEVEL."

WELL, YOU GIVE ME NO CHOICE. WE'LL BE USING THIS THING. I NEW IT WOULD BE USEFUL SOMEDAY.

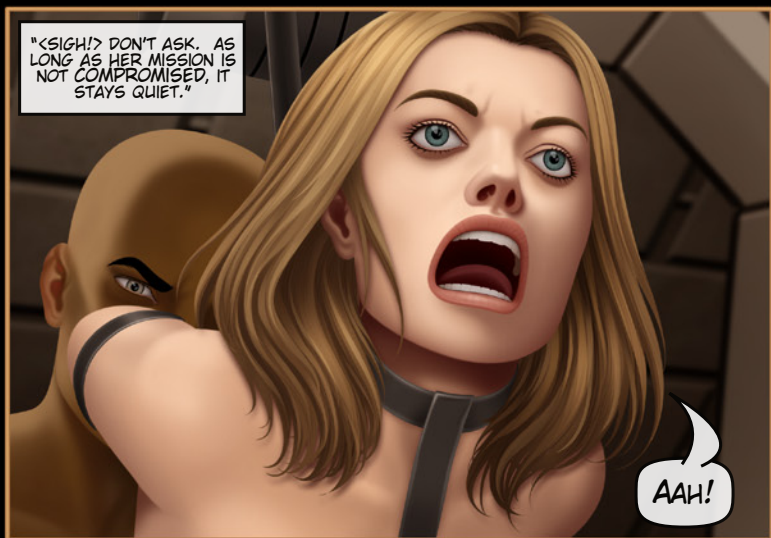
I DON'T NEED YOU TO SAY ANYTHING. JUST OPEN YOUR MIND AND THIS WILL ALL BE OVER.

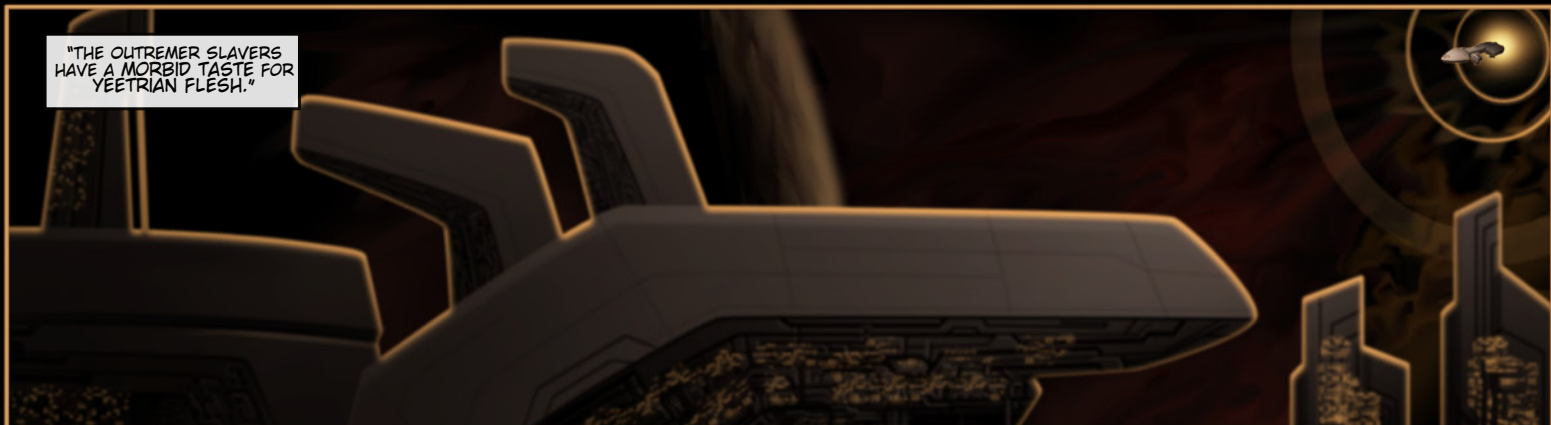
S-STOP! I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY?













IT HAS TO BE THERE. IT HAS A HUB CONNECTION RUNNING THROUGH MUCH OF THE COMPLEX. BUT WE CAN'T PIN POINT IT UNLESS SHE TUNES IN.

SHE'LL TUNE IN, SHE CAN'T HELP BUT WATCH THE SHOW.



WE SHOULD BE FOCUSING ON OUR MISSION. I WILL TELL YOU THIS. THE CONSEQUENCE OF FAILURE IS UNIMAGINABLY CATASTROPHIC.

AND CAN YOU PLEASE GIVE ME SOME CLOTHES!



YOU WON'T BE NEEDING CLOTHES WHERE YOU'RE GOING. AND YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME BRIELLE WAS DEAD. SHE WIRED ME THE CREDITS BUT YOUR ASSASSINS ARE STILL OUT FOR MY HEAD.



DEAD?! SHE'S NOT DEAD.

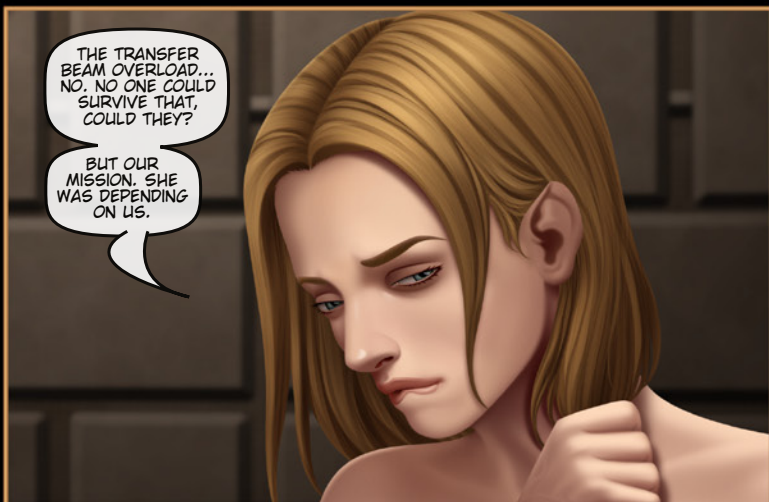


COULD BRIELLE STILL BE...?

ALL I SAW WAS AN ENERGY FLASH WITH THE INTENSITY OF A SUPERNOVA. THEY SAY YOU CAN SURVIVE A NUCLEAR DETONATION IF YOU HIDE INSIDE A REFRIGERATION UNIT. BUT I WOULDN'T FUCKIN' BET MY LIFE ON IT.

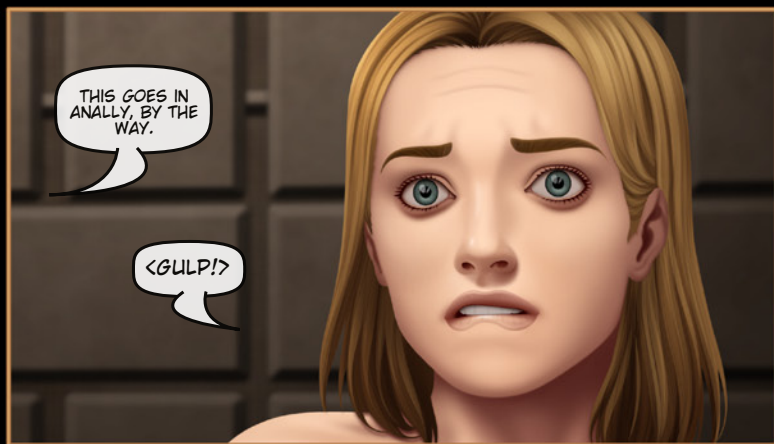


SHE CAN'T BE. THERE WAS JUST THE FLASH BEFORE...



THE TRANSFER BEAM OVERLOAD... NO. NO ONE COULD SURVIVE THAT, COULD THEY?

BUT OUR MISSION. SHE WAS DEPENDING ON US.





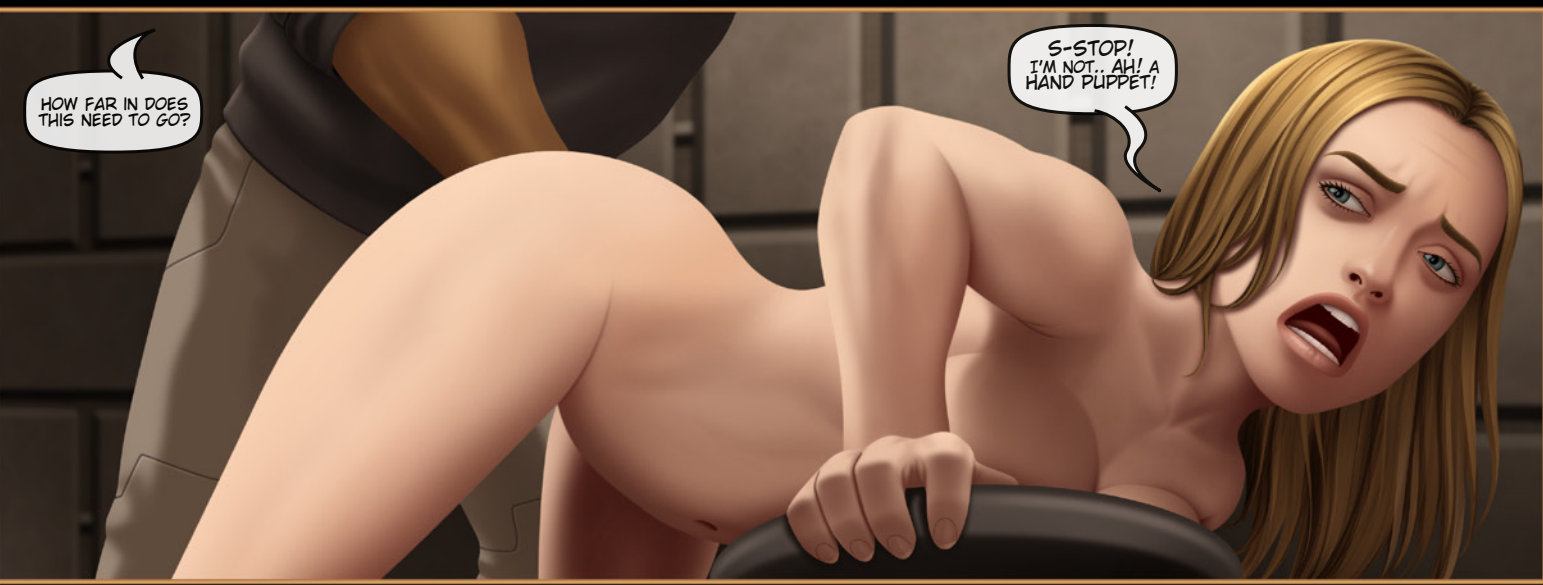


ALL IT REQUIRES
IS ACCURACY AND A
DECENT AMOUNT...



...OF FORCE,
WITH OR WITHOUT
LUBRICATION.

AAGH!



HOW FAR IN DOES
THIS NEED TO GO?

S-STOP!
I'M NOT... AH! A
HAND PUPPET!



"SO, THAT'S WHAT
IT LOOKS LIKE
FROM THIS END."

HOW FAR,
XAN?

GROAN!



WHAT?
OH, YOU'RE GOOD. IT
ONLY NEEDS TO GET
PASS THE SPHINCTER.

YOU DON'T HAVE
TO... WAIT, DID I
REMEMBER TO
TURN IT ON?



SHE APPEARS TO BE YOUR AVERAGE YEETRIAN. PRETTY FACE, BIG TITS. TYPICAL OF HER KIND'S GENETIC MATRIX. WHY HER? WHY THIS?

THERE'S SOMETHING MORE BEYOND THE SURFACE. AN INDOMITABLE SPIRIT THAT I DON'T ENCOUNTER VERY OFTEN.



THEN JUST MINDWIPE HER AND INSTALL A DEFIANT MEMORY CONSTRUCT.

BUT THAT DEFEATS THE PURPOSE. I'M LOOKING FOR UNIQUENESS.



UNIQUENESS? FROM YEETRIANS? IN THEIR BREEDING FACILITIES, THEY GROW MILLIONS OF THESE EVERY DAY. HOW CAN THAT PRODUCE UNIQUENESS.



THEY WERE BRED AS WHORES FOR FRONTIER SPACE, BEFORE THE TIME OF ADVANCE RADIATION SHIELDING. THEY TOOK THE PLACE OF REAL HUMAN FEMALES IN UNDER DEVELOPED COLONIES.

BEING FUCKED AND SUBJECTED TO ALL MANNER OF SEXUAL PERVERSIONS IS THEIR SOLE PURPOSE.

"TRUE THAT. UNTIL THEY REBELLED OF COURSE. MIND YOU, WE TOO WERE BRED."



THEY MERELY FOLLOWED OUR EXAMPLE. WE'RE EUTRONIANS, THE WARRIOR ELITE. WE ENFORCED THELESSIAN RULE. IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE THREW OFF OUR SHACKLES.

"AND BROUGHT CHAOS IN OUR WAKE."



CHAOS? SOME WOULD CALL IT SELF DETERMINATION.

"WARRIOR ELITE WE WERE. YET A BAND OF WELL BRED WHORES DEFEATED US."

WE WERE OUTNUMBERED.



"NUMBERS COUNT LITTLE AGAINST TACTICS. DURING THE SHORT PERIOD OF EUTRONIAN RULE, THEY BIDED THEIR TIME AND LEARNED HOW TO FIGHT AND DEFEAT US."



THEY EVEN BROUGHT A SEMBLANCE OF ORDER IN THE CHAOS AFTER THE SUCCESSION.

THEIR METHODS WERE AS DRACONIAN AS OURS, BUT IT SERVED THEM WELL.



I WANT HER MEMORIES OF FREEDOM AND SELF DETERMINATION INTACT.



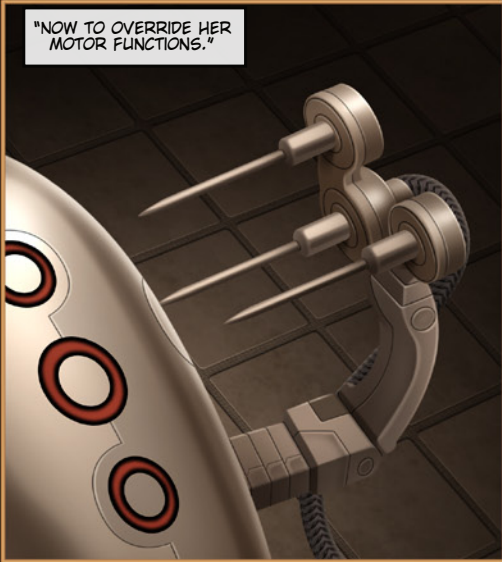
TO HAVE THE CRYSTAL CLEAR KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT WAS TAKEN AWAY.

AND TO TRULY UNDERSTAND THE BURDEN OF FORCED SUBSERVENCE.

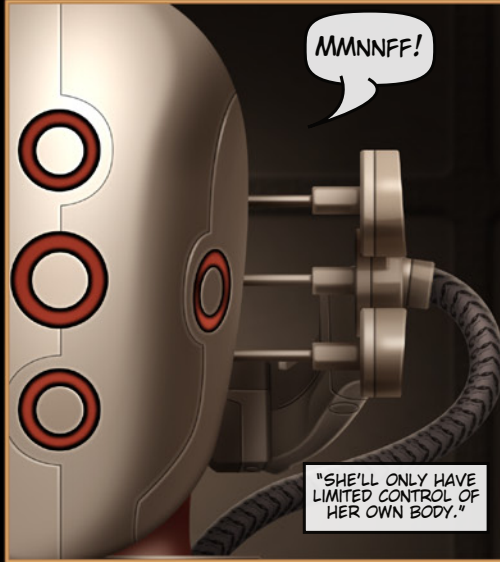


THAT IS WHAT'S MISSING. SOMETHING RE-PURPOSING CAN NEVER ACHIEVE AUTHENTICITY. AND THAT IS WHAT OUR BENEFACOR CRAVES.

MNNNH!

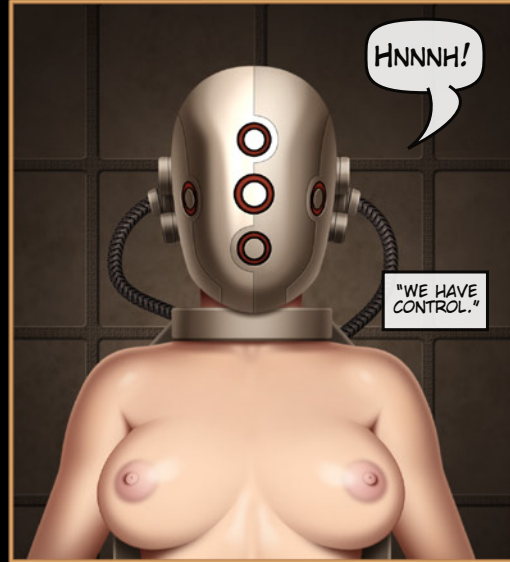


"NOW TO OVERRIDE HER MOTOR FUNCTIONS."



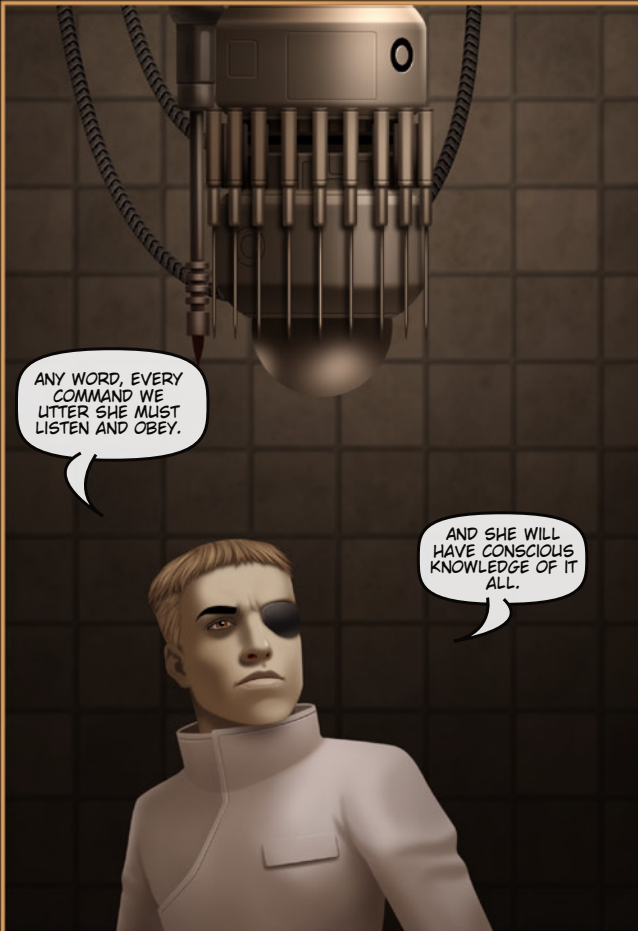
MMNNFF!

"SHE'LL ONLY HAVE LIMITED CONTROL OF HER OWN BODY."



HNNNH!

"WE HAVE CONTROL."



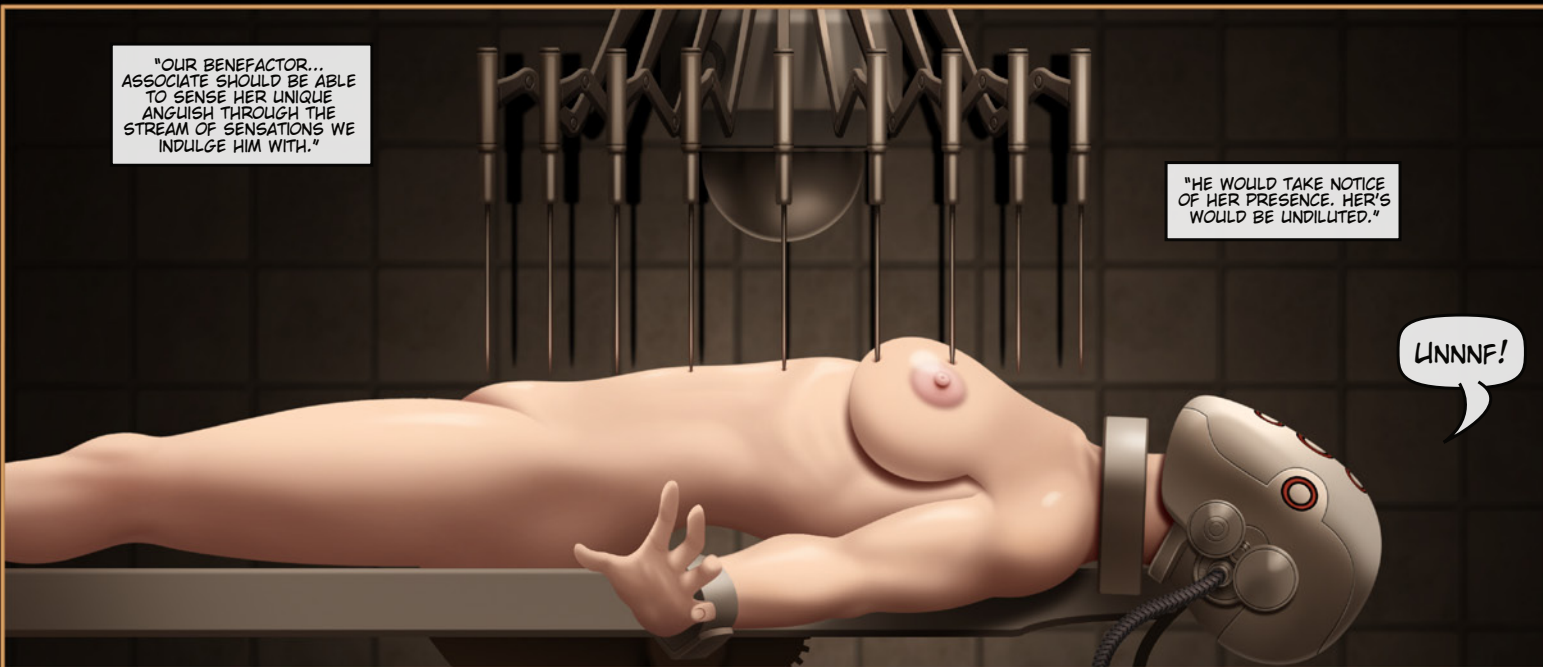
ANY WORD, EVERY COMMAND WE UTTER SHE MUST LISTEN AND OBEY.

AND SHE WILL HAVE CONSCIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF IT ALL.



LNNNH!

"NOW, FOR THE HYPER-SENSITIZATON."



"OUR BENEFACATOR... ASSOCIATE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SENSE HER UNIQUE ANGUISH THROUGH THE STREAM OF SENSATIONS WE INDULGE HIM WITH."

"HE WOULD TAKE NOTICE OF HER PRESENCE. HER'S WOULD BE UNDILUTED."

LNNNF!



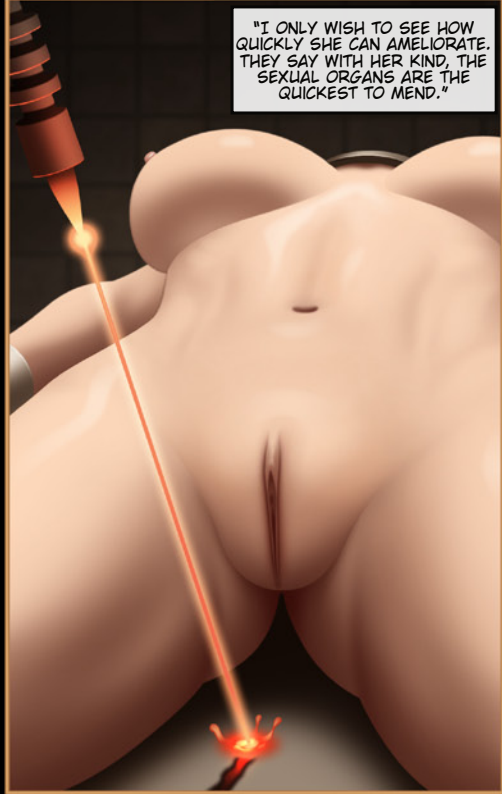
"HESS, BEFORE YOU FINISH. I WISH TO TEST THE VAUNTED HEALING POWERS OF THE YEETRIAN."

MNNNH!



"INITIATE SURGICAL LASER!"

"THIS IS UNWISE. IT WILL RUIN THE PRODUCT."

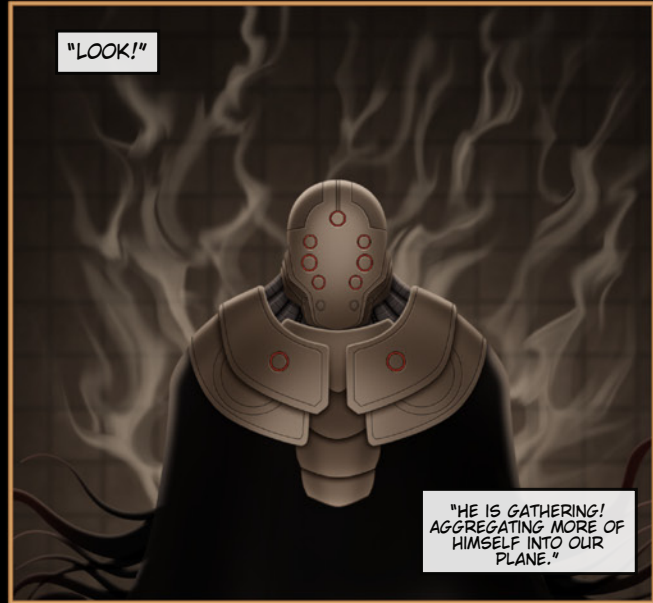


"I ONLY WISH TO SEE HOW QUICKLY SHE CAN AMELIORATE. THEY SAY WITH HER KIND, THE SEXUAL ORGANS ARE THE QUICKEST TO MEND."



HALT THE BEAM. OUR ASSOCIATE IS STIRRING.

HE SENSES HER. THE HUMILIATION, THE MISERY, THE PAIN, THE FEAR, THE CONFLICT WITHIN. POTENT AND ROBUST. HOW WILL HE REACT?



"LOOK!"

"HE IS GATHERING! AGGREGATING MORE OF HIMSELF INTO OUR PLANE."

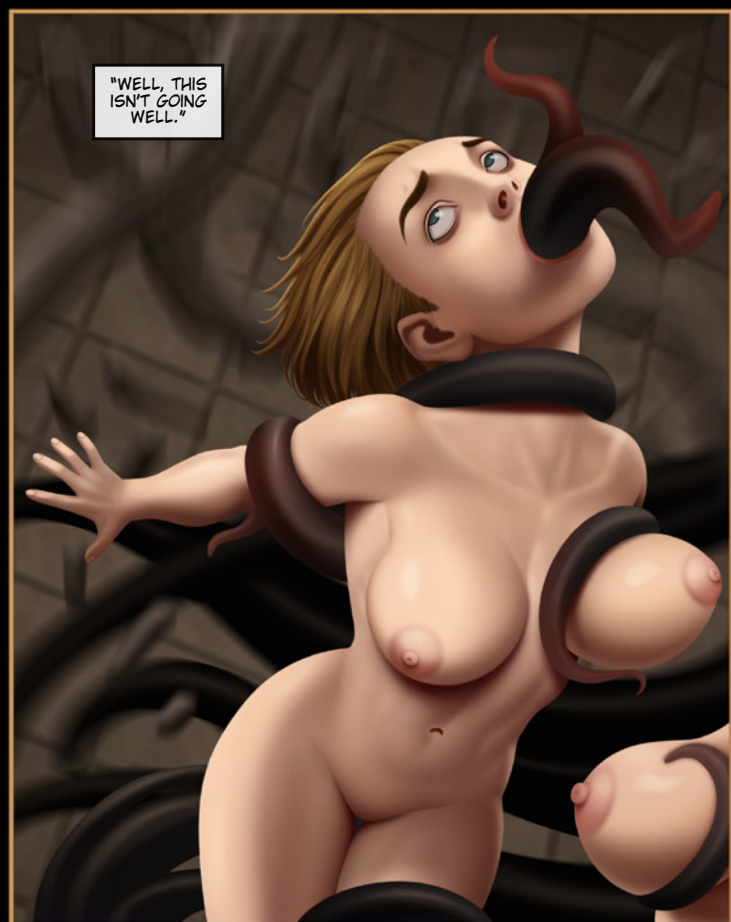


"WHAT IS HAPPENING?"

"I BELIEVE, MY DEAR. WE HAVE PROVOKED A REACTION."



"HE IS AROUSED!"





SUCH WASTE.

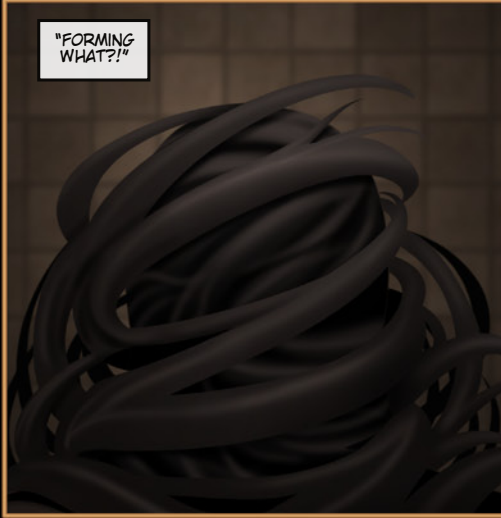
YOU THINK? THIS OVER INDULGENCE IS DESTROYING ALL MY WORK.



"WAIT, LOOK!"



IT'S FORMING.



"FORMING WHAT?!"



AND IT'S OUTSIDE THE ANTHROPOMORPHIC CONTAINMENTS. BEFORE, IT WAS JUST THE EXTREMITIES.



"I THINK WE HAVE REACHED THE NEXT PHASE."



"IF THIS IS THE NEXT PHASE, WHAT WOULD BE THE FINAL PHASE?"

MMNNFF!



"THE LONGER THE ASSOCIATE STAYS IN OUR PLANE, THE GREATER HIS CORPOREAL HOLD WILL BE."



"IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE HE IS UNTETHER BY THE LIMITATIONS OF OUR MACHINES. WHEN THAT DAY COMES, WE WILL BE ABLE TO STRIKE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE."



YOU INTEREST HIM, YEETRIAN. OFFER YOURSELF TO HIM IF YOU DESIRE TO REMAIN INTACT.

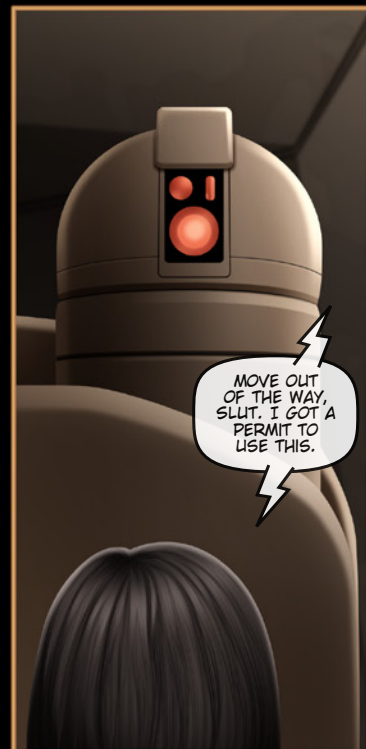
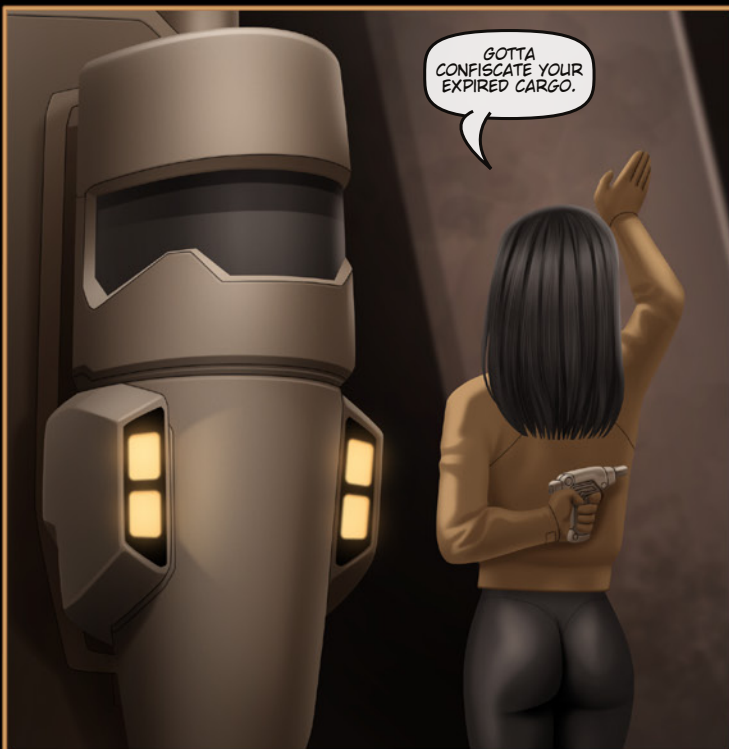


"YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE."



"BE PREPARED TO TRANSCEND. IT WILL NO DOUBT BE EXCRUCIATING."







"LET'S OPEN HER UP, SHALL WE?"



OH, SHE'S NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS PART. YEETRIANS DIED IN THE MILLIONS FIGHTING AGAINST THIS.

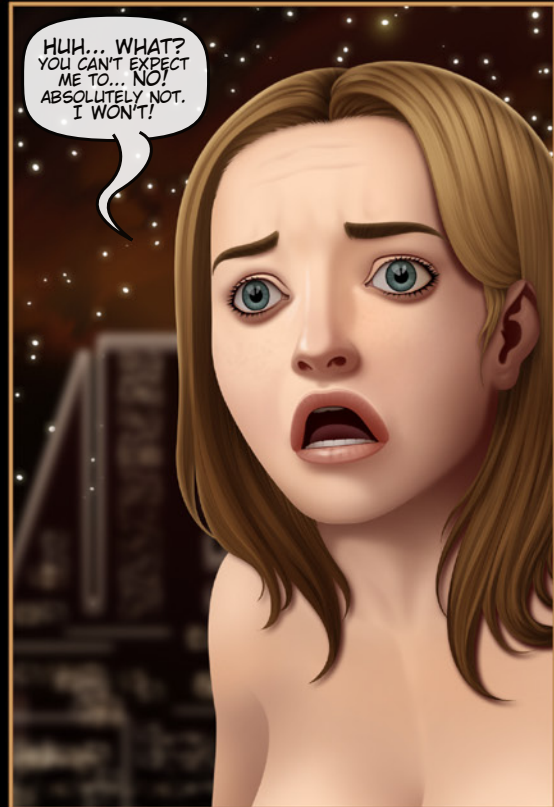
SHE HAS NO CHOICE. IT'S HER MISSION.

WELL, I'M NOT THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO BREAK IT TO HER.

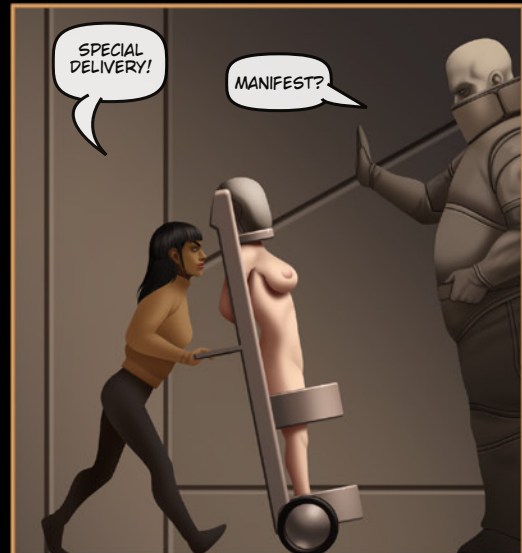


"SHE'LL HAVE TO GIVE IT HER ALL, IMPERSONATING A NEWLY ACQUIRED SLAVEGIRL."

"SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD. YEETRANS WERE INITIALLY BRED FOR THIS."



HUH... WHAT? YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO... NO! ABSOLUTELY NOT. I WON'T!



SPECIAL DELIVERY!

MANIFEST?

SOMETHING'S
WRONG. IT
DOESN'T MATCH
OUR COPY.

SHE APPEARS
SHORTER AND
THE BREASTS
ARE BIGGER.

NOT RIGHT AT
ALL. OUR ORDER
MANIFEST
CERTIFIES FOR
A RED HEAD.

THIS HERE
IS A BLOND.

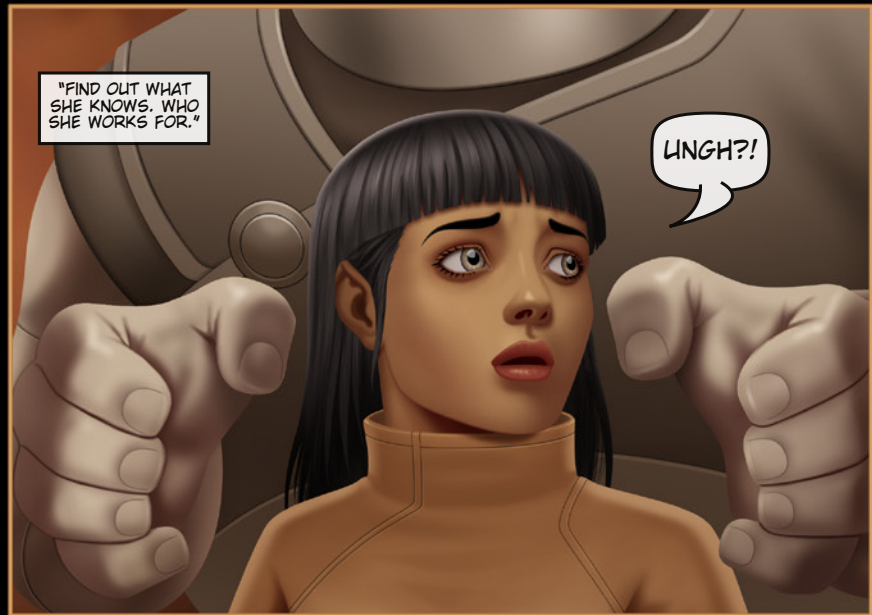
TAKE THE
MASK OFF.

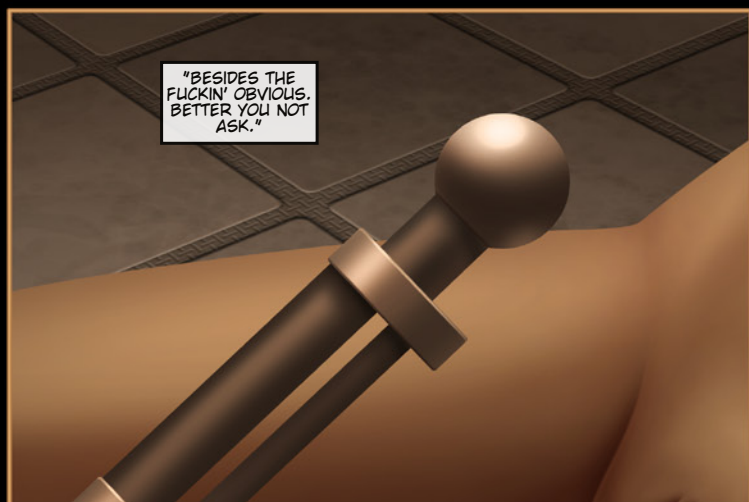
I SEE.

IF YOU CHECK THE PREVIOUS
REQUEST PAGE, THERE'S
STANDING PRIORITY ORDER FOR
AN AUTHENTIC YEETRIAN
SLAVEGIRL OF NO PARTICULAR
TYPE. VERY HARD TO COME BY.
SO AS SOON AS ONE BECAME
AVAILABLE IT SUPERSEDED THE
PREVIOUS ORDER.

WE'LL HAVE TO
MAKE A THOROUGH
INSPECTION FOR
TRACERS AND
TRACKERS. SPECIALLY
THOSE THAT HAVE
ORGANIC BLENDING
PROPERTIES.











YOU'RE LIKELY CONTEMPLATING ON ESCAPE. TAKING INTO ACCOUNT THE OBVIOUS DIMINUTIVE STATURE OF YOUR CAPTORS.



"BEST YOU FORGET SUCH NOTIONS. WE'RE NOT WHAT WE APPEAR."

"I'M AN OLD VETERAN OF THE CODERIAN CAMPAIGNS, FOUGHT IN EVERY THEATER. THE FORGOTTEN WARS OF THE EARLY SUCCESSION PERIOD. BACK THEN, THEY NEEDED TO PACK AS MANY TROOPS AS POSSIBLE INTO THEIR DROPSHIPS."



SO THEY ENGINEERED SMALLER SOLDIERS LIKE MYSELF.

AND THESE FELLOWS? WELL, I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE. BUT THEY'RE REMARKABLY STRONG, RESILIENT AND LETHAL.



IF THOSE ODDS DON'T DISSUADE YOU. WE HAVE OTHER WAYS OF INSTILLING COMPLIANT BEHAVIOUR.

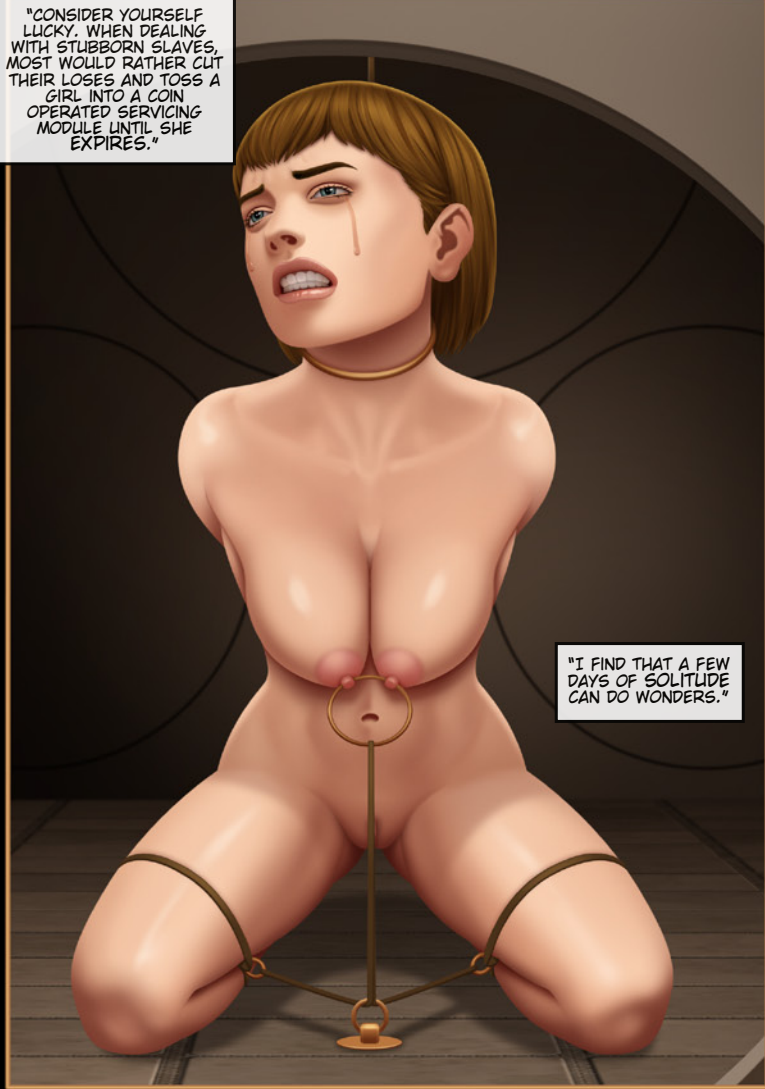


AGH!

I DON'T MIND ADDING A FEW MORE WALL FIXTURES. THEY MAKE GREAT CONVERSATION STARTERS.

COME, COME! IT'S NOT POLITE TO STARE.

"CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY. WHEN DEALING WITH STUBBORN SLAVES, MOST WOULD RATHER CUT THEIR LOSSES AND TOSS A GIRL INTO A COIN OPERATED SERVICING MODULE UNTIL SHE EXPIRES."



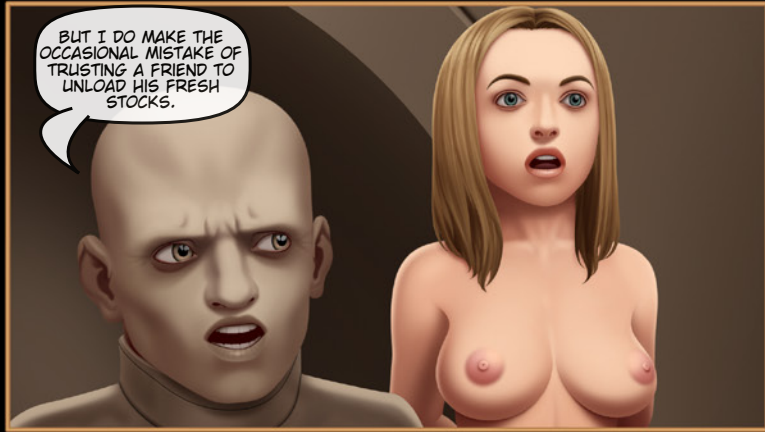
"I FIND THAT A FEW DAYS OF SOLITUDE CAN DO WONDERS."

"I'M A PATIENT MAN. I TAKE THE TIME AND EFFORT TO ACCLIMATE THE GIRLS TO A LIFE OF SEXUAL SERVITUDE, AND NONE OF THAT RE-PURPOSING BULLSHIT. THE BLUFFOONS. THEY MIGHT AS WELL BUY A SEXBOT."



"SOMETIMES, JUST SEVERAL HOURS A DAY OF VIGOROUS POKING IS ALL IT TAKES TO BRING ABOUT AN IMPROVED ATTITUDE."

BUT I DO MAKE THE OCCASIONAL MISTAKE OF TRUSTING A FRIEND TO UNLOAD HIS FRESH STOCKS.



"AND I WIND UP WITH THIS."

"SHE'S CLASSIFIED AS YEETRIAN. BUT IN TRUTH IS JUST A FAST HEALING, RUN OF THE MILL, BASIC FRONTIER SLUT."



"FRONTIER SLUTS ARE STUPID, HARDY AND CHEAP."



"DAMAGED GOODS.
CAN'T RESELL THEM.
SO I USE HER FOR
SHOW."

"I PREFER THE SYNTHETICS
FOR THIS TYPE OF WORK.
THEY CAN KEEP ON FUCKING
FOR MONTHS WITHOUT NEED
OF REST."



"THEY RUN THE
BITCH RAGGED."



"WHEN THEY TURN UP
THE HEAT, SHE CAN
REALLY PUT OUT A
SCREAM."



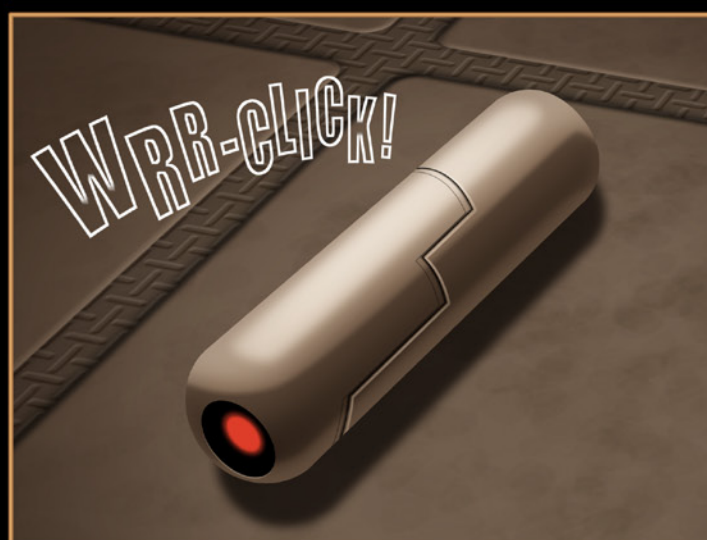
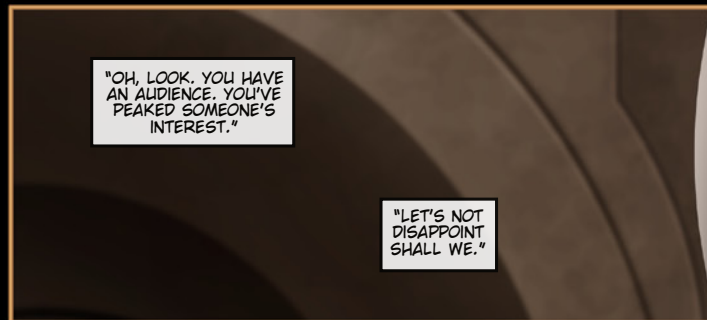
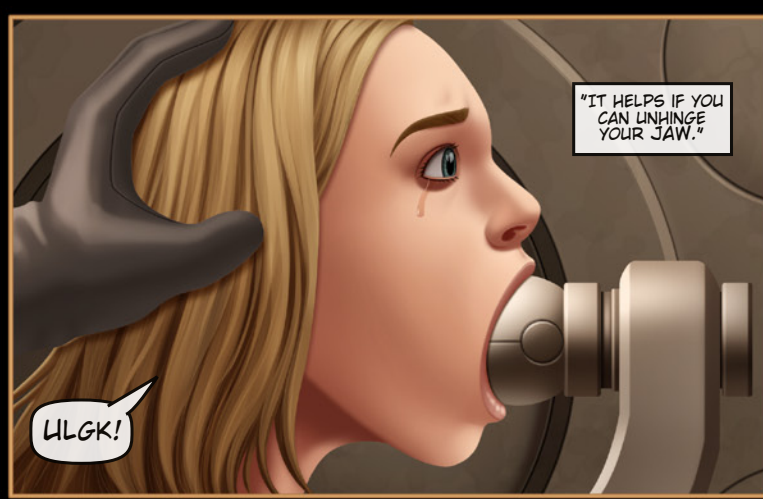
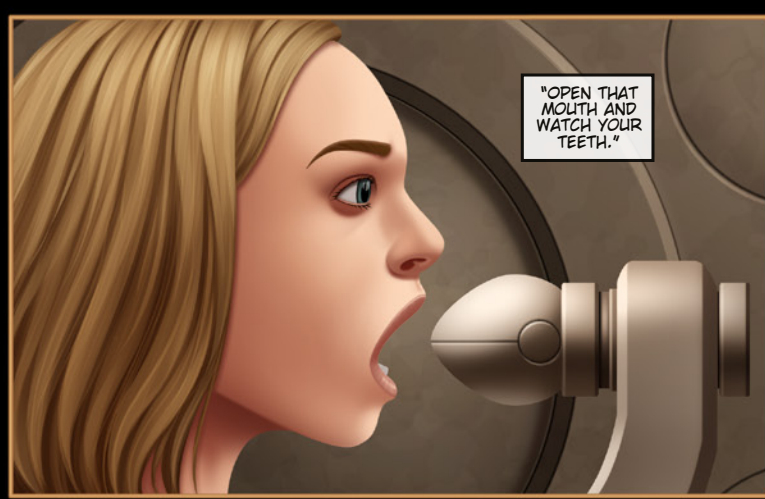
"SO I HAD TO HER
GAGGED. SOUND
TRAVELS HERE."

"ALRIGHT. GIVE
HER A REST,
BOYS."

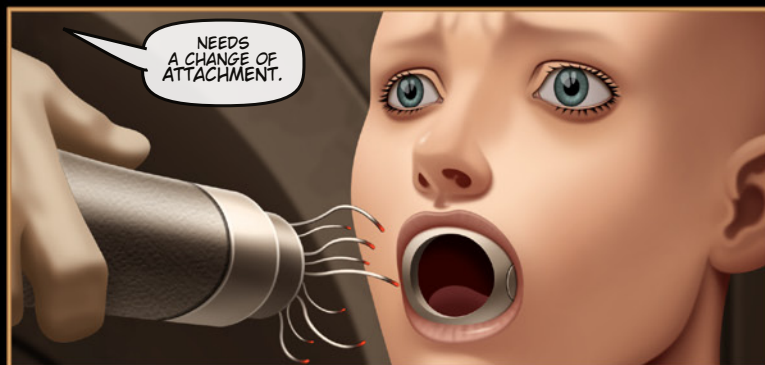


CARE TO TAKE
HER SPOT?









The Proto
GALLERY



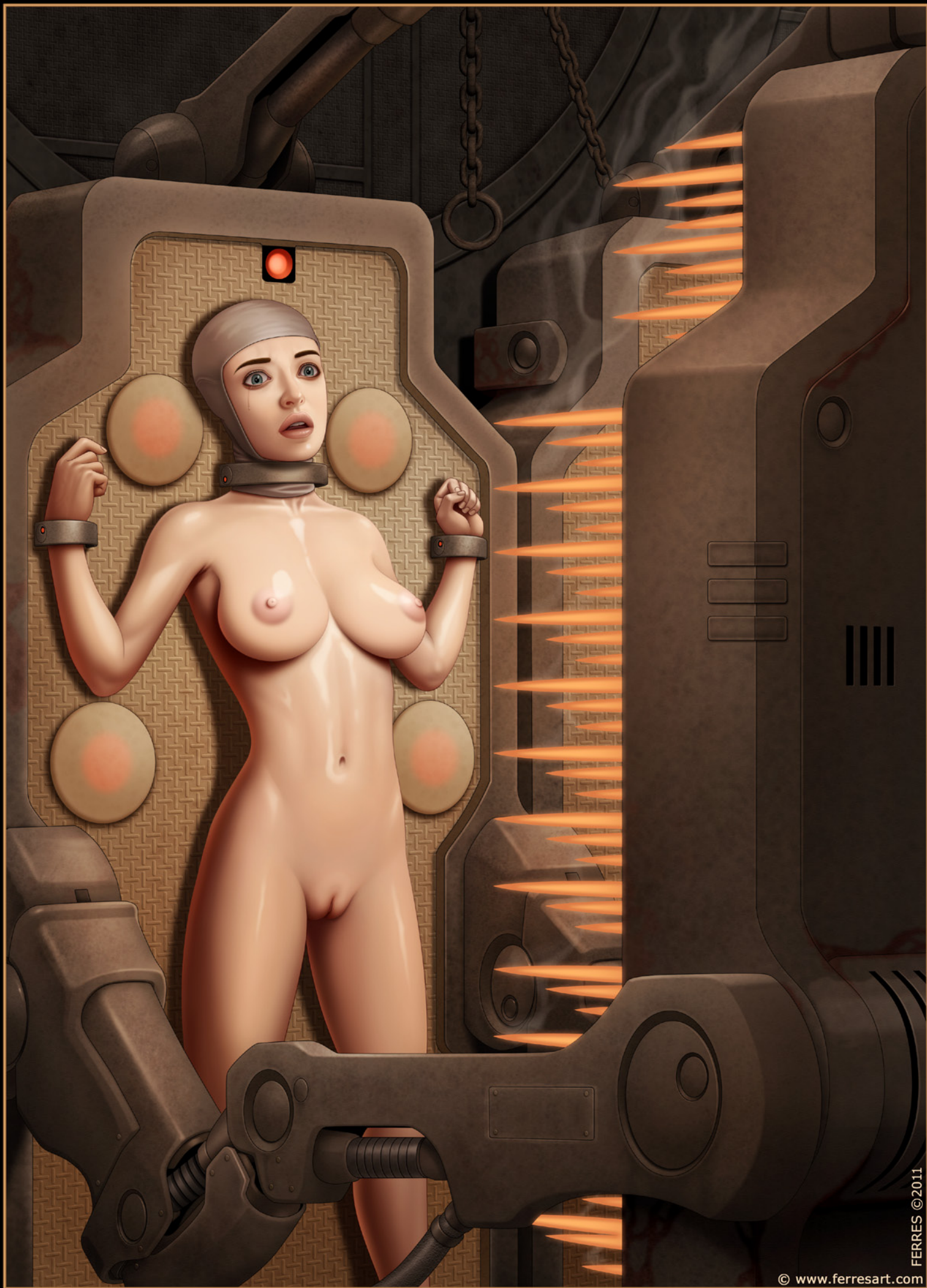
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THE PROTO

Part One



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RED RIDING HOOD

PART 2



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