A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman with long, wavy red hair. She has dramatic purple eye makeup and red, textured contact lenses. Her expression is neutral as she looks down. A speech bubble is positioned to her left. In the bottom foreground, the top of another person's head with black hair is visible.

SO, DO TELL ME.
WHO ARE YOU, AND
WHAT GOT YOU INTO
THIS SITUATION?



COCK
WHORE

SLAVE

DIRTY
CUNT

IF I'M BRUTALLY HONEST,
I HAVE NO IDEA ANYMORE
WHO I AM.

**I HAVE A VAGUE
RECOLLECTION OF BEING
A NAIVE, REBELLIOUS GIRL,
PROUD OF HER FIRST SET
OF TATTOOS, FOLLOWING
A SEDUCTIVE STRANGER
TO A SEXUAL ACT.**



AT FIRST, I DIDN'T
NOTICE THE
SUBTLE CHANGES
MY BODY
UNDERWENT.



**BUT AS HE WROTE
MORE AND MORE
THINGS ONTO MY
BODY, I LOST
CONTROL, AND LET
MYSELF GET LOST IN
EXCITEMENT.**

horny

DIRTY WHORE



WHATEVER HER
WROTE ON MY SKIN, IT
BECAME REAL FOR
ME. I BECAME HIS
LUST OBJECT. HE TOLD
ME MY NEW NAME
WAS TITS. I DIDN'T
RESIST. I COULDN'T.



UNTIL
YOU SAVED ME
FROM THE LUST
HAZE, MISTRESS.
THANK YOU.

DIRTY
SLAVE


DIRTY
SLAVE





LET'S NOT
MAKE A SAINT OUT OF
A SINNER. I SIMPLY PUT
ANOTHER ELEMENT OF
CONTROL ONTO YOU,
FREEING YOU FROM
YOUR FIRST.

BUT I
ALREADY FEEL
BETTER WITH YOU,
MISTRESS. YOU MAKE
ME FEEL MORE
COMFORTABLE THEN
HE EVER DID.



ANYWAYS, WE
SHALL SEE HOW
THINGS DEVELOP. HEY,
ROB, WAKE UP.

THE HELL
HAPPENED? DID
YOU JUST CALL ME
ROB?

WELL, YOU ARE
HALF ROBOT, AND I
GOTTA CALL YOU
SOMETHING.

MEET TITS.
LET'S MOVE ON. WE
STILL NEED TO
ESCAPE HERE.

HI, ROB.
I'M MISTRESS'S
THRALL.

COCK
WHORE

THERE'S
SOMETHING YOU
DON'T HEAR EVERY
DAY.

SEX
SLIP

CUNT

TO BE CONTINUED