

Sunstone

Volume 1



Stjepan Sejic



Top Cow Productions Presents...

Sunstone[™]

Created by Stjepan Sejic



Published by Top Cow Productions, Inc.
Los Angeles

Top Cow Productions Presents...

Sunstone

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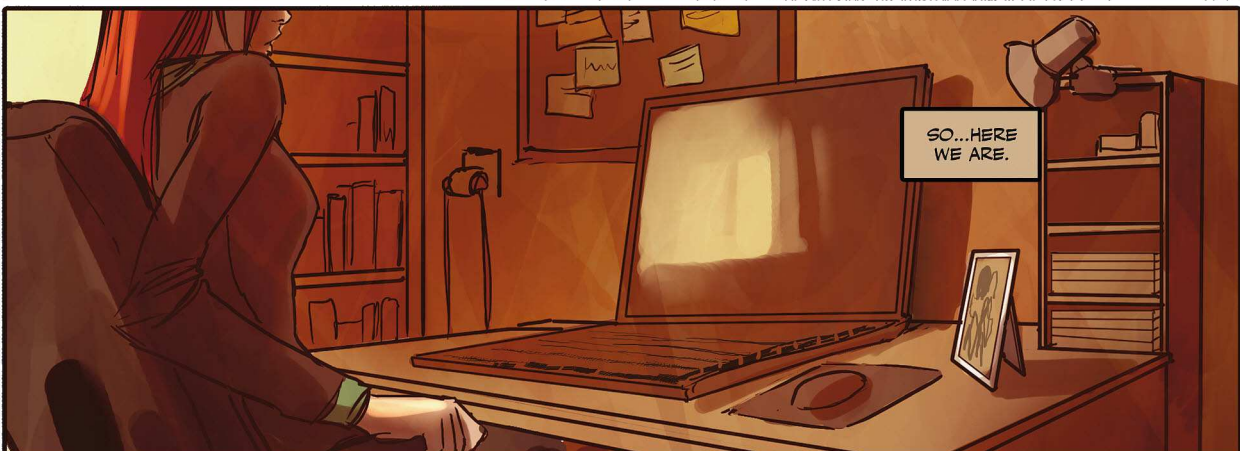
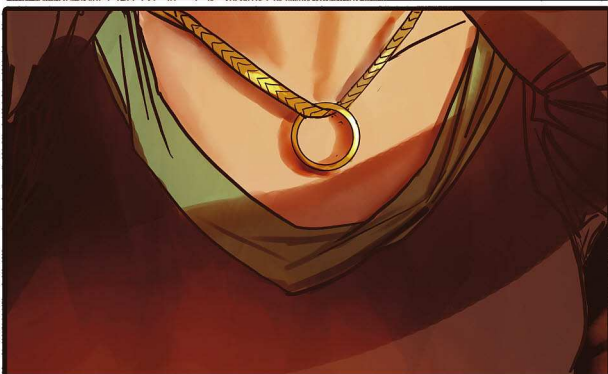


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Sunstone Volume 1 Trade Paperback.

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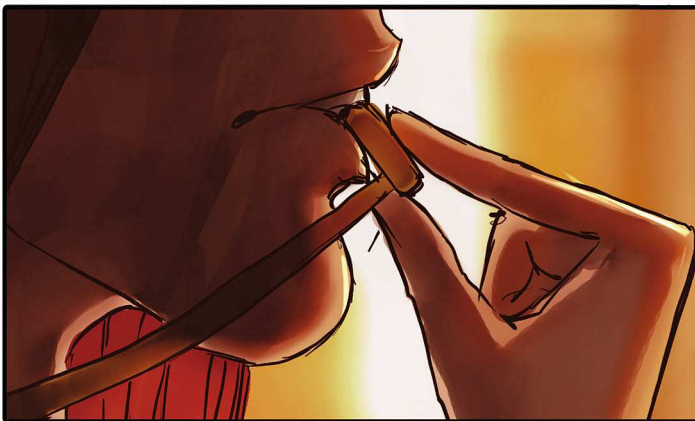
"JUST WRITE THE DAMN THING," THEY SAID...

YOU CAN DO IT...



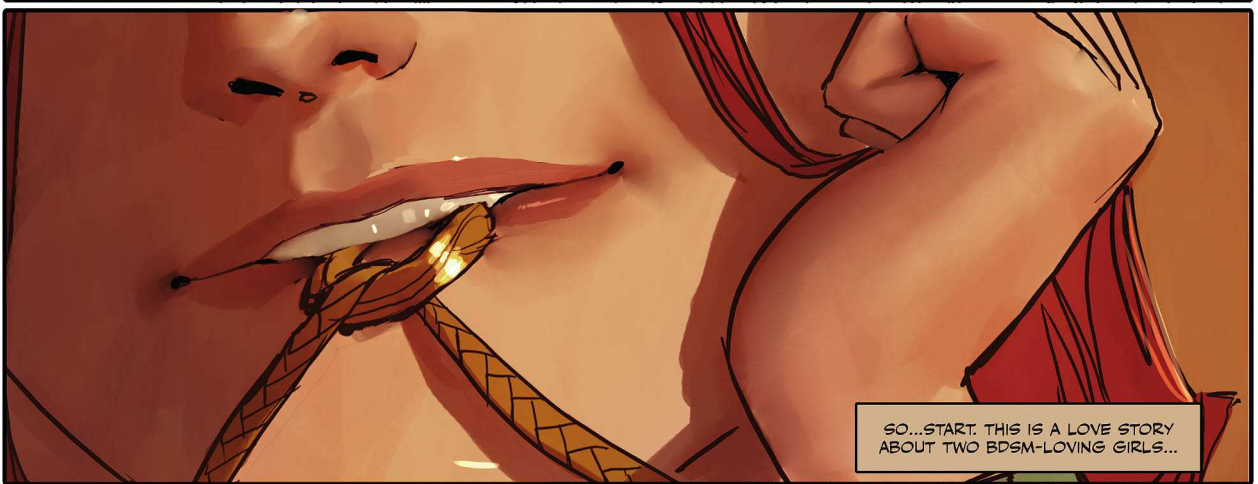
HM...FANTASY IS EASY.

YOU START WITH SOME WAR OR A PROPHECY...AND YOU'RE OFF. HOW THE HELL DO I START THIS?

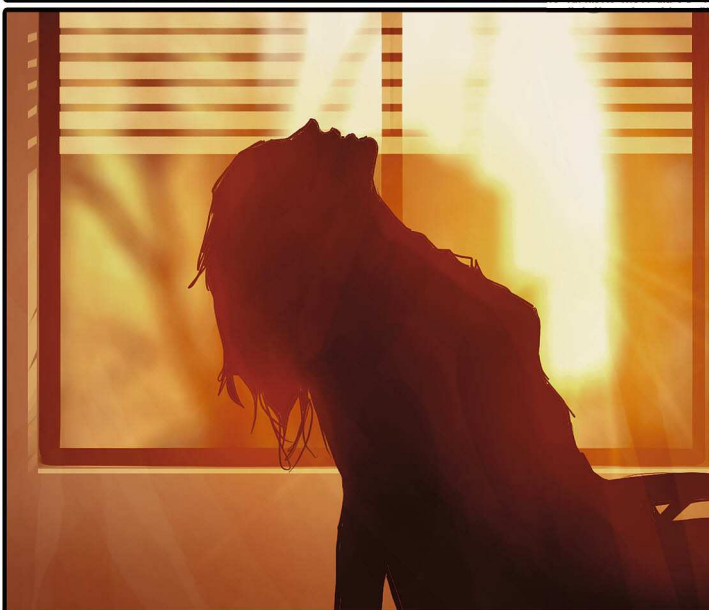


THEY ALL AGREED I SHOULD WRITE IT. HELL, THEY PESTERED ME TO NO END WITH RETELLING THEIR OWN VERSIONS OF EVENTS.

METICULOUSLY FILLING IN THE GAPS OF EACH OTHER'S STORIES. THEY WERE EVEN FINE WITH ME USING THEIR REAL NAMES. YEAH, I'LL PROBABLY CHANGE THAT BIT THOUGH.



SO...START. THIS IS A LOVE STORY ABOUT TWO BDSM-LOVING GIRLS...

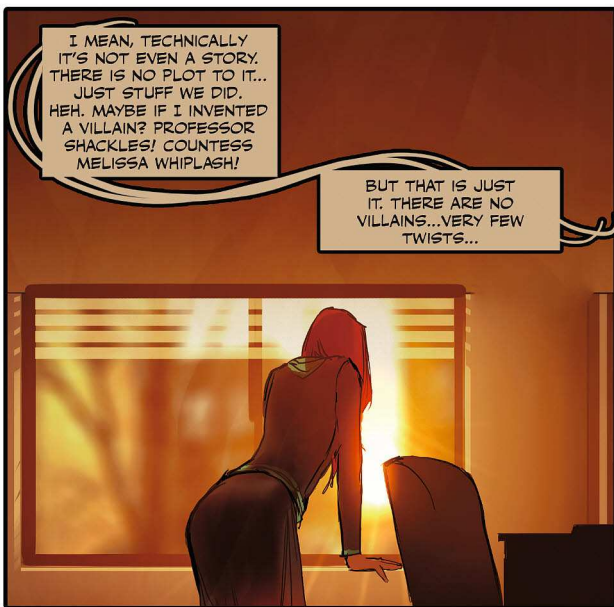


OH YEAH, THAT WILL BRING IN A CERTAIN KIND OF CROWD...

BUT THAT REALLY IS THE PROBLEM. HOW DO I EVEN WRITE THIS? I MEAN, ON SOME LEVEL, IT IS A SEXUALLY-CHARGED STORY, BUT IT IS ALSO A STORY OF HUMAN NATURE...

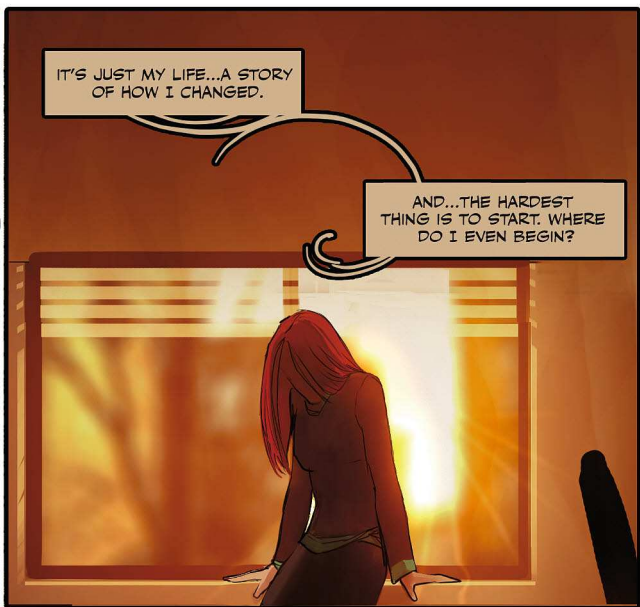
WE ARE ALL TO SOME EXTENT WEIRD, UNBALANCED, A LITTLE BIT INSANE. AND STUPID. WOO-BOY, ARE WE ALL CAPABLE OF BEING MIND-NUMBINGLY STUPID...

IN SHORT, ALL THE TRAITS THAT WE TRY TO KEEP HIDDEN BEHIND OUR EVERYDAY SMILES. SO... WHAT *IS* THIS ABOUT THEN?



I MEAN, TECHNICALLY
IT'S NOT EVEN A STORY.
THERE IS NO PLOT TO IT...
JUST STUFF WE DID.
HEH. MAYBE IF I INVENTED
A VILLAIN? PROFESSOR
SHACKLES! COUNTESS
MELISSA WHIPLASH!

BUT THAT IS JUST
IT. THERE ARE NO
VILLAINS...VERY FEW
TWISTS...



IT'S JUST MY LIFE...A STORY
OF HOW I CHANGED.

AND...THE HARDEST
THING IS TO START. WHERE
DO I EVEN BEGIN?

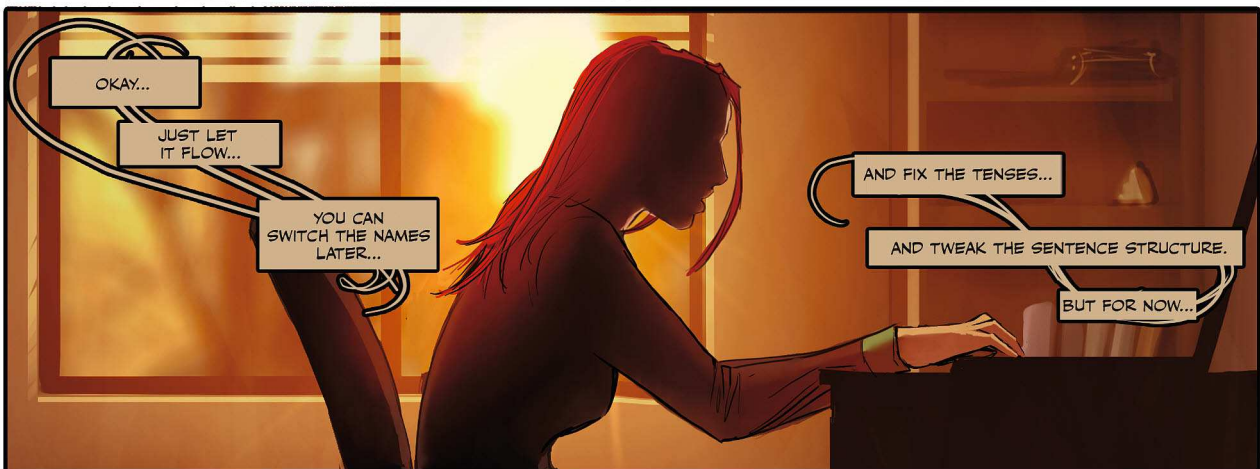


BAH, FUCK IT!
PROCRASTINATION
TIME...



NO! YOU PROMISED YOU
WOULD WRITE IT. THEY SPENT
HOURS UPON HOURS FILLING
YOU IN ON ALL THE DETAILS...
NOT THAT I ACTUALLY ASKED
THEM...BUT STILL. A PROMISE
IS A PROMISE.

IT'S TIME!
LET'S GET DOWN
TO BUSINESS...



OKAY...

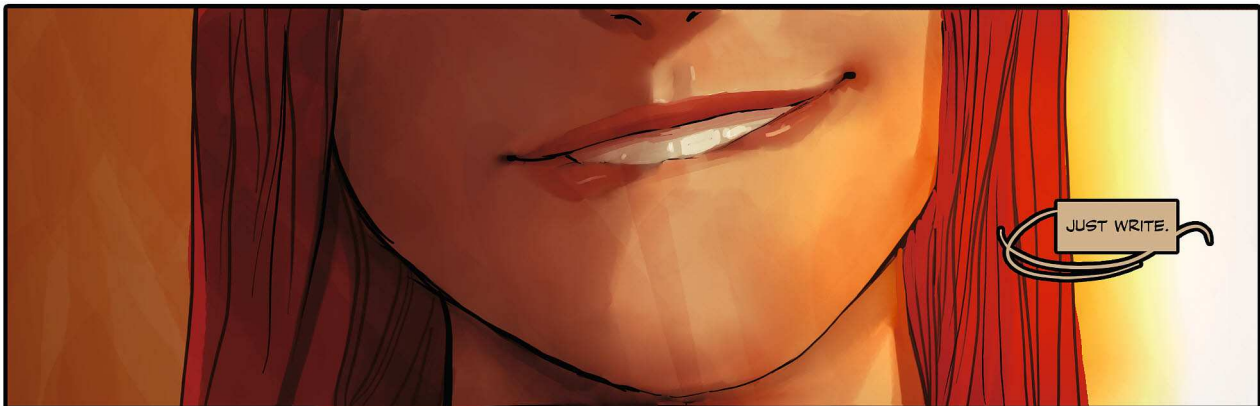
JUST LET
IT FLOW...

YOU CAN
SWITCH THE NAMES
LATER...

AND FIX THE TENSES...

AND TWEAK THE SENTENCE STRUCTURE.

BUT FOR NOW...



JUST WRITE.



DEAR READER, THIS IS THE STORY
OF HOW I MET THE LOVE OF MY LIFE.
THAT ONE PERSON THAT COMPL--

WAIT! DON'T LEAVE YET!
THIS BOOK HAS LOTS OF
HOT LESBIAN BONDAGE SEX!

GOOD. THAT GOT YOUR ATTENTION...

YOU BUNCH OF PERVS...

BUT THAT'S ALRIGHT. YOU
SEE, I'MMA LET YOU IN ON
A LITTLE SECRET...

WE ARE ALL A BIT PERVY
IN OUR OWN WAYS...

AND TO THOSE OF YOU WHO
ARE AT THIS MOMENT THINKING,
"NO, I MOST CERTAINLY AM NOT!"

WELL...

GIVE IT SOME TIME...

ALLY NEVER PLANNED ON HER SEXUAL
TASTES TO EVOLVE TOWARD BEING DOMINANT.
SHE CERTAINLY COULDN'T PINPOINT ANY DEEP
EMOTIONAL REASON FOR IT. SHE WAS RAISED IN
A LOVING FAMILY, HAD FRIENDS, AND A NICE ENOUGH
CHILDHOOD. SHE BLOSSOMED IN HER LATE TEENS
INTO AN ATTRACTIVE, SUCCESSFUL, RESPECTABLE
YOUNG WOMAN...

SHE WAS A DOMME. SHE LOVED IT. LOVED THE
CREATIVE SIDE OF IT, THE PLANNING, AND THE
RUSH OF PRIDE AND SENSE OF ACCOMPLISHMENT
WHEN THE WELL-PLANNED SCENARIO WORKED OUT.
TO HER, THERE WAS NO REASON WHY SHE
STARTED LIKING BDSM...BUT SHE KNEW
WHEN IT ALL BEGAN.



FOR ALLY, IT ALL STARTED THE NIGHT SHE CRACKED THE CABLE PARENTAL CONTROL.

§§

SHE SAW A BDSM MOVIE THAT NIGHT. MOST OF IT FREAKED HER OUT, BUT BETWEEN THE CREEP-OUTS, IT WAS THE IMAGE OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND POWERFUL DOMINATRIX THAT STUCK WITH HER TO THE POINT THAT SHE EVEN STARTED GETTING HER HAIR CUT LIKE THE DOMME FROM THAT MOVIE. FOR THE LONGEST TIME HER FASCINATION WAS A SECRET SHARED WITH NO ONE...

§§

THAT IS...TIL COLLEGE. THERE SHE FOUND ALAN, A KINDRED SPIRIT AS FAR AS TASTES WERE CONCERNED. TOO KINDRED AS IT TURNED OUT, AS THEY BOTH PREFERRED DOMINATING.

§§

THAT WHOLE THING EVENTUALLY WENT UP IN FLAMES...BUT FROM THE ASHES OF A FAILED RELATIONSHIP THEY SALVAGED AN AMAZING FRIENDSHIP.

§§

AFTER COLLEGE ALLY DEVOTED TIME TO HER CAREER, AND BUSINESS WAS BOOMING.

§§

HER LOVE LIFE ON THE OTHER HAND...WASN'T.

§§

THAT'S THE CATCH-22 OF BDSM. IT'S BASED ON TRUST, AND IT REQUIRES TRUST TO EVEN ADMIT HAVING THOSE TASTES.

§§

IT'S HARD FINDING THE COURAGE TO TAKE THAT LEAP OF FAITH TO ADMIT TO ANYONE, "HEY, I'M REALLY INTO BDSM. I HAVE DIFFERENT TASTES. I AM A FETISHIST!" PRECONCEIVED NOTIONS ARE A BITCH.

§§

ALLY FOUND VENTS FOR HER STOCKPILING FRUSTRATION...MOSTLY READING, GAMING, AND LOTS AND LOTS OF PLANNING...

§§

SHE HAD IDEAS, AND SHE WASTED A LOT OF MONEY HOARDING GEAR AND TOYS. PROBLEM WAS FINDING A PLAYMATE.

§§

THANKFULLY, IN THE END SHE FOUND HER COURAGE IN THE ANONYMITY OF INTERNET MESSAGE BOARDS AND CHATROOMS.

§§

THAT WAS HOW WE MET EACH OTHER.

Lisa: I...would li



I ALWAYS LIKED BEING TIED UP. "ALWAYS," OF COURSE, WOULD BE AN OVERSTATEMENT, BUT MY FASCINATION DID MANIFEST ITSELF RELATIVELY EARLY IN MY TEENS...

IN THE RARE PRIVATE MOMENTS, WHEN NO ONE WAS AROUND, I OFTEN PRACTICED SELF-BONDAGE.

THAT SENSE OF EMBARRASSMENT AND THE FEAR OF BEING FOUND OUT WAS A RUSH THAT WAS MINE ALONE. IT WAS A SECRET I COULDN'T SHARE WITH ANYONE.

MY SEXUAL TASTE WAS LIKE AN ITCH ON AN UNREACHABLE SPOT.

I WAS TOO SCARED TO OPEN UP, EVEN TO A MAN I ACTUALLY CONSIDERED MARRYING AT THE AGE OF 22...

FRIENDLY ADVICE HERE... *SHARE* YOUR DESIRES WITH YOUR PARTNER. I DIDN'T. I HINTED, I SIGNALLED...AND SIGNALS JUST DON'T MEASURE TO AN HONEST CONVERSATION.

MY HINTS AT TRYING SOMETHING DIFFERENT WOULD MOSTLY CULMINATE WITH SOME FROM-BEHIND ACTION. IT WASN'T BAD. IT'S JUST, WHEN YOU ARE IN THE MOOD FOR SOMETHING SPICY, THE CRAVING WON'T BE SATISFIED WITH A SCOOP OF ICE CREAM.

I WAS SINGLE FOR TWO YEARS AFTER DAVID. YES, SOME OF YOU MIGHT BE ROLLING YOUR EYES NOW THINKING, "IT'S NOT THAT HARD TO FIND A GUY WHO WOULD DOMINATE YOU!" SURE, BUT THERE IS THAT SMALL THING AT THE FOUNDATION OF BDSM...TRUST.

FOR A SEXUAL-SUBMISSIVE, THE RISK IS IMMENSE. TRUST MEANS ALLOWING ANOTHER PERSON TO TIE YOU UP WITH FAITH IN THEIR WILLINGNESS TO HONOR THE *SANCTITY* OF THE *SAFWORD*. TRUTH WAS...I WANTED IT...AND I WAS SCARED.

THAT FEAR KEPT MY FANTASIES BURIED WITHIN THE PAGES OF MY STORIES...STORIES WHICH I POSTED ONLINE. STORIES THAT ALLY STUMBLED UPON.

TWO MONTHS OF CHATTING, WEBCAMS, AND YES, VIRTUAL SEX--WHAT? I WAS HORNY, AND SHE WAS IMAGINATIVE. I COULD SHARE MY EVERY FANTASY WITH HER, AND ULTIMATELY...

like to meet you.



Allycat: I would love to meet you too. If you want, we can meet at my home this Friday. That is if I understood your intention for us meeting. ;)



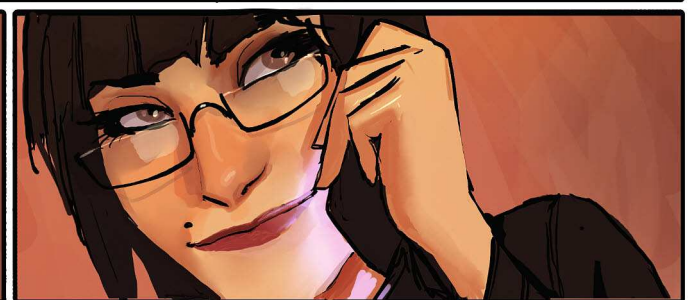
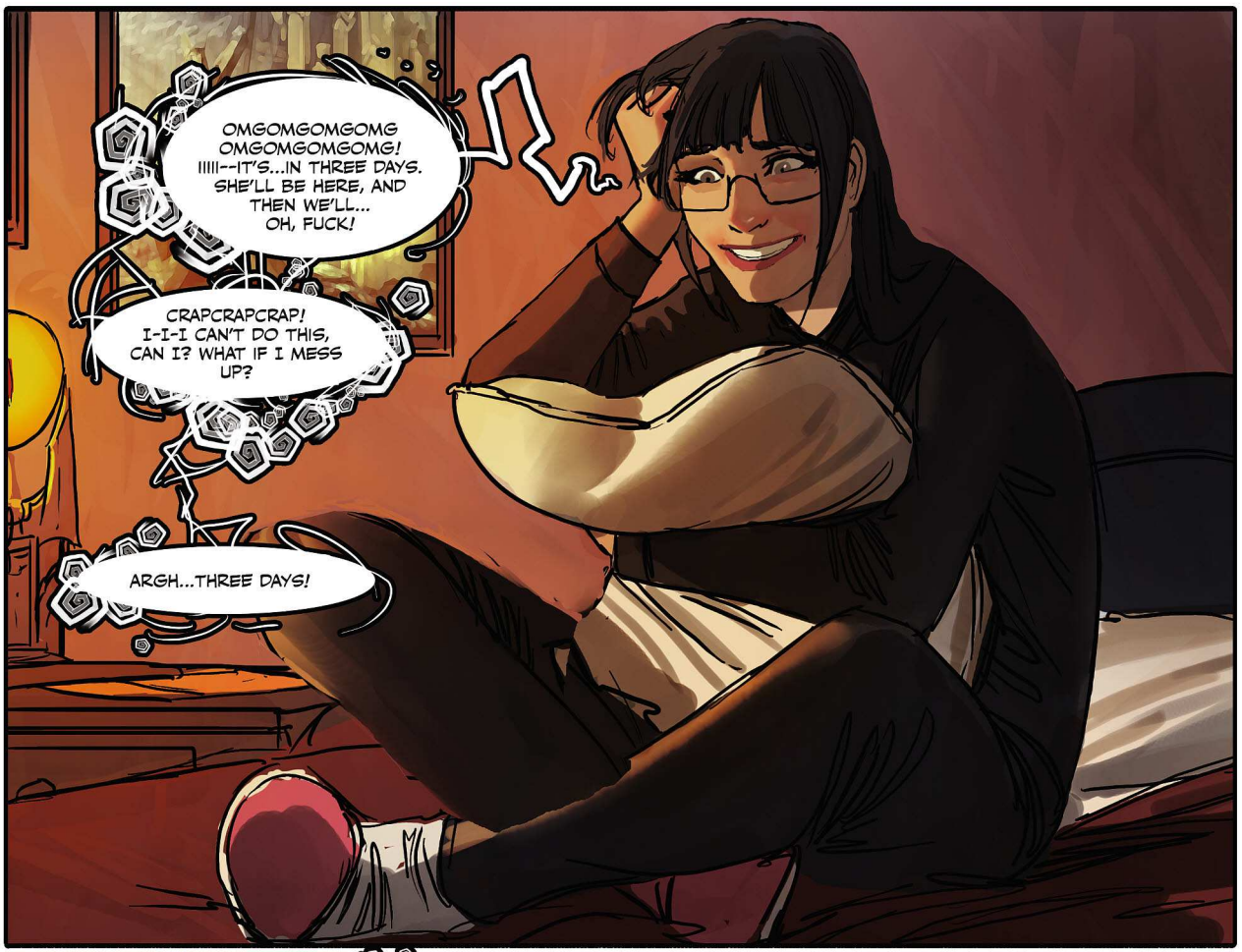


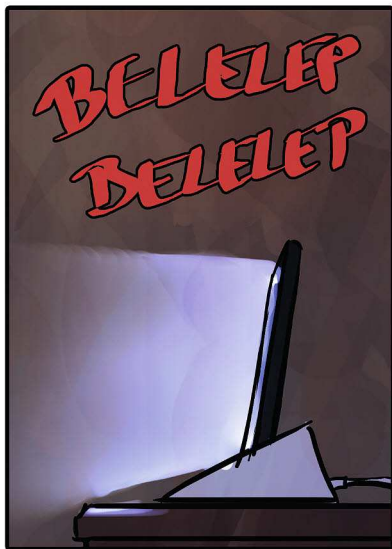
Lisa: Yes, you got my meaning. I want this to happen!



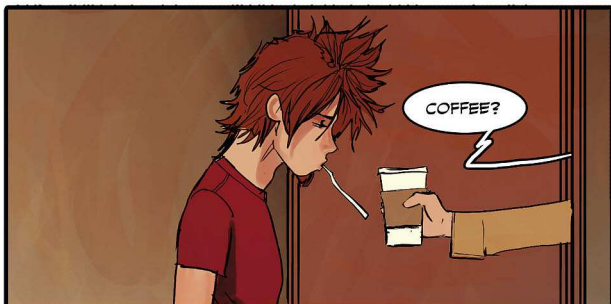
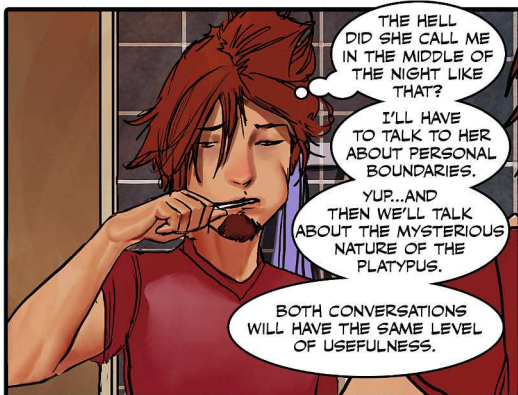
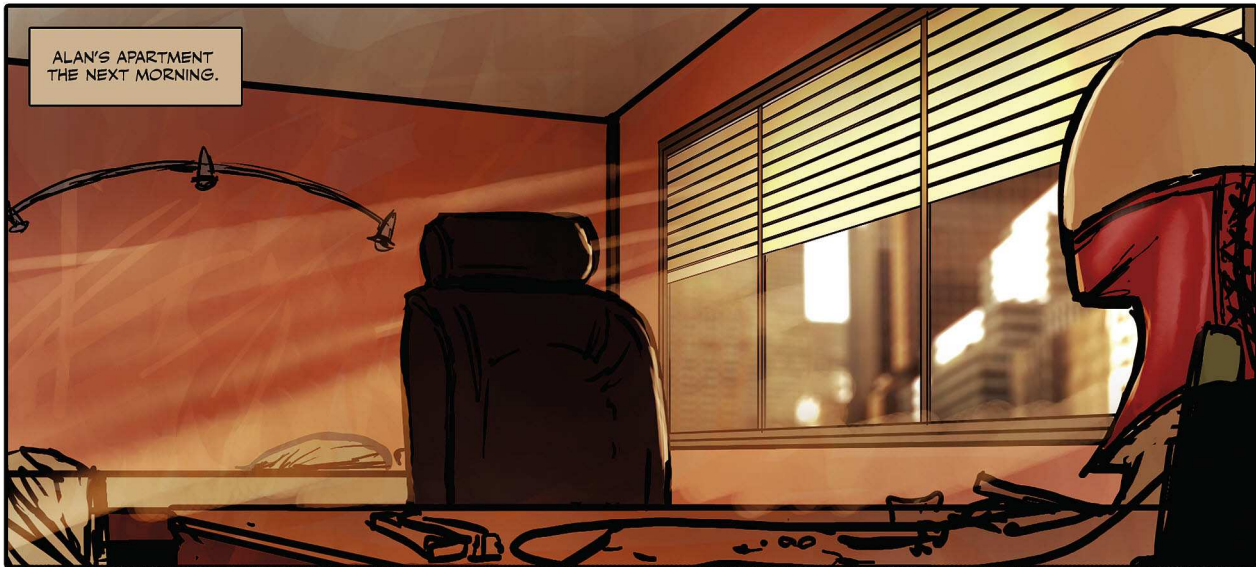
Allycat: Wonderful! I'll email you my address, and I can't wait to see you. <3<3<3







ALAN'S APARTMENT
THE NEXT MORNING.

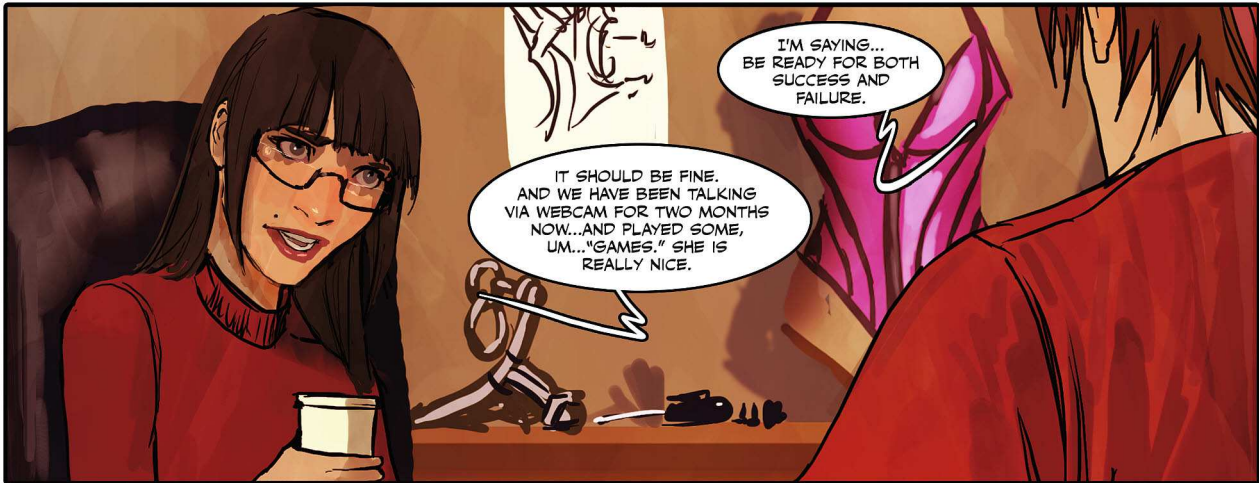




SO...THIS FRIDAY, HUH?



PREPARATIONS SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM. IT'S JUST...WELL...YOU TWO ONLY EVER MET ONLINE.



I'M SAYING... BE READY FOR BOTH SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

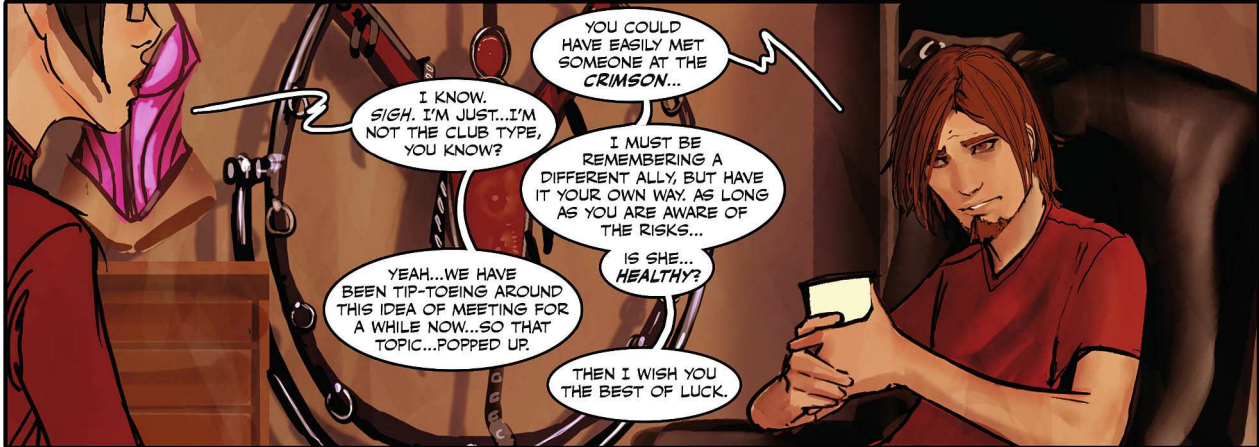
IT SHOULD BE FINE. AND WE HAVE BEEN TALKING VIA WEBCAM FOR TWO MONTHS NOW...AND PLAYED SOME, UM..."GAMES." SHE IS REALLY NICE.



OH, ALLY. OF COURSE SHE'S NICE. WE'RE ALL NICE... WHEN WE WANT SOMETHING. I JUST WANT YOU TO BE READY FOR THE INEVITABLE MOMENT WHEN THE MASK FALLS.



NOT EVERY SMILE IS HELD IN PLACE WITH A RUBBER BAND, ALAN. I KNOW I MAY END UP DISAPPOINTED, BUT FOR YEARS I HAD NO ONE IN MY LIFE...SO AT THIS POINT I FEEL LIKE TAKING THIS RISK.



YOU COULD HAVE EASILY MET SOMEONE AT THE CRIMSON...

I KNOW. SIGH. I'M JUST...I'M NOT THE CLUB TYPE, YOU KNOW?

I MUST BE REMEMBERING A DIFFERENT ALLY, BUT HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY. AS LONG AS YOU ARE AWARE OF THE RISKS...

YEAH...WE HAVE BEEN TIP-TOEING AROUND THIS IDEA OF MEETING FOR A WHILE NOW...SO THAT TOPIC...POPPED UP.

IS SHE... HEALTHY?

THEN I WISH YOU THE BEST OF LUCK.



WHAT ABOUT YOU? ANYONE IN YOUR LIFE SINCE...CRUELLA?

ALLY...WE'RE FRIENDS, SO I KNOW YOU HAVE THE OFFICIAL DUTY TO BE BITCHY ABOUT HER, BUT DON'T. I KNOW YOU LIKED HER AND I'M OVER IT.



YOU STILL MISS HER?



EVERY DAMN DAY.



I'M SORRY, AL...



DON'T STRESS ABOUT THAT, YOU'VE GOT A BIGGER FISH TO FRY. SO, LET'S TALK LOGISTICS FOR FRIDAY.

MEANWHILE:

FOR THE LONGEST TIME, MY ONE GREAT...
AHEM...NON-CARNAL
DESIRE WAS TO BE A WRITER.
IT WAS, FOR THE MOST PART,
A HOBBY I ENJOYED DURING
MY FREE TIME.

MY WRITING EFFORTS
WERE USUALLY SPLIT
BETWEEN EROTIC
FICTION, WHICH I WROTE
AT HOME AND PUBLISHED
ON MY SMALL WEBSITE,
AND A FAR MORE
AMBITIOUS FANTASY
ROMANCE NOVEL..

I PREFERRED WORKING
ON THIS NOVEL IN THE
NEARBY LIBRARY. I
GUESS THE SILENCE AND
THE SMELL OF BOOKS
KEPT ME FOCUSED.

IT SOMETIMES FELT
FUTILE. IN THIS DAY AND
AGE, EVERY IDEA HAS
BEEN DONE, BUT IT'S MY
OWN WAY OF FILLING THE
LONG HOURS OF THE DAY.
A WAY OF ESCAPING INTO
MY OWN WORLD.



LET'S FACE IT...I HAD A FEW
FREE HOURS TO BURN ON
ANY GIVEN DAY, MY LOVE
LIFE HAD BEEN IN A STATE
OF PERPETUAL DROUGHT FOR
THE LAST TWO YEARS...

AND YES...I GUESS
THAT REALLY WAS MY
OWN FAULT...

SO, FOR ONCE IN MY
LIFE I DECIDED TO GO
FOR IT. TO TAKE MY
CHANCE...BE BRAVE
AND FULFILL AT LEAST
THIS ONE SECRET
DESIRE!

NOOO....STOP IT!
THIS BLANK SCREEN
AIN'T GONNA FILL
ITSELF...BACK TO
WRITING! FOCUS!

AND SO I
FOCUSED.

HELEN STOOD BEFORE
THE EMPRESS, STUBBORNLY
REFUSING TO DROP HER
GAZE.

BRAN WAS TERRIFIED, TOO
SCARED TO RAISE HIS EYES
AND OBSERVE THE INEVITABLE
DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

IF HE HAD MUSTERED
THE COURAGE, HE WOULD
HAVE SEEN A SMALL, WICKED
SMILE ADORNING THE
EMPRESS'S FACE AS SHE
ORDERED HER GUARD TO
TAKE HIM OUT OF THE
THRONE ROOM.

AAAND THEN...
MY FOCUS...
DETERIORATED.

HELEN MERELY GLANCED A
SMALL, DESPISING LOOK UPON
HER BROTHER. SHE WOULD NOT
GIVE THE EMPRESS EVEN THE
HINT OF SATISFACTION.

HELEN WAS OF HOUSE RADDAN,
AND SHE BENT NO KNEE TO
THIS TYRANT OF THE NORTH.

THE EMPRESS ROSE FROM HER
THRONE AND WALKED UP TO
HELEN. HER CRIMSON ROBE
MAKING THE ONLY NOISE AS
IT DRAGGED ALONG THE FLOOR
OF THE OTHERWISE PERFECTLY
SILENT THRONE ROOM. SHE
STOOD FACING HELEN'S DEFIANT
GAZE, REVELING IN IT. THEN SHE
BROKE THE SILENCE, HER VOICE
SLICING THE AIR.

"LADY HELEN, OF THE
HOUSE RADDAN. PROUD HOUSE
RADDAN, GREAT HOUSE
RADDAN, THE HOUSE I CRUSHED!
ONLY YOU AND YOUR BROTHER
REMAIN, AND HERE YOU STAND
BEFORE ME, DEFIANT, UNBROKEN.
GOOD...YOUR DEFIANCE WILL
ENTERTAIN ME GREATLY.
HARREN, KARRASH! REMOVE
HER CLOTHES AND BIND HER!"

UM, LISA, ARE
YOU ALL RIGHT?

"I WILL TAKE GREAT
PLEASURE IN..."

BUH. MM-YEAH,
SORRY, WHAT?

NOTHING, DEAR.
IT'S JUST...YOU HAD THIS
"I JUST HAD A STROKE" KIND OF
EXPRESSION, SO I WAS A
LITTLE CONCERNED.

OH, UM, SORRY.
YEAH, I GUESS I WAS JUST
LOST IN THOUGHT.

SUFFICE TO SAY, I DIDN'T
WRITE MUCH OF MY
FANTASY TALE THAT
WEEK. MY EROTIC
FICTION ON THE OTHER
HAND THRIVED.

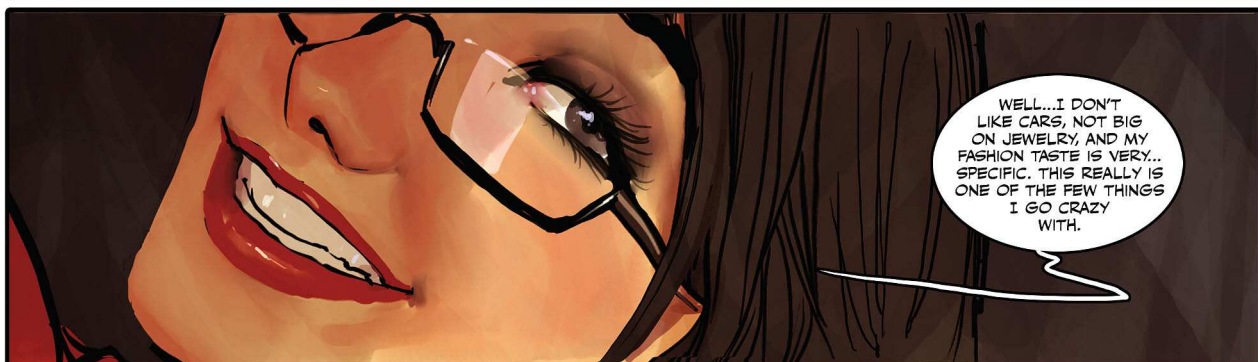
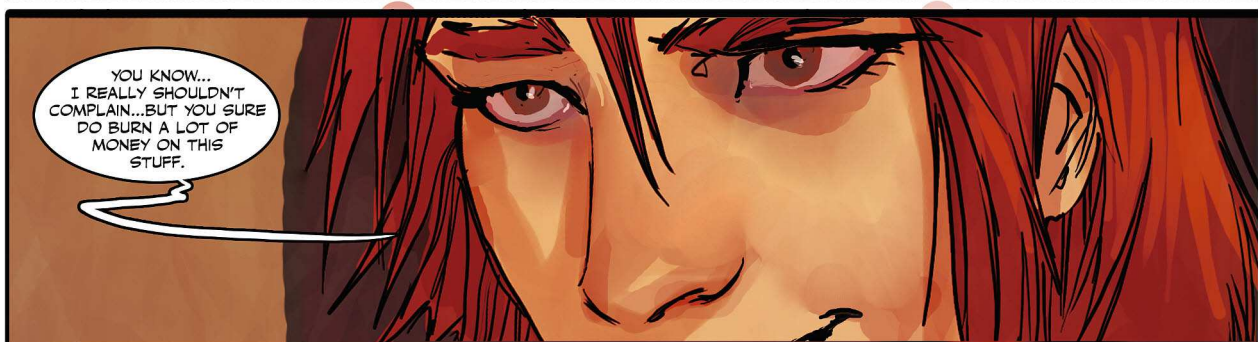
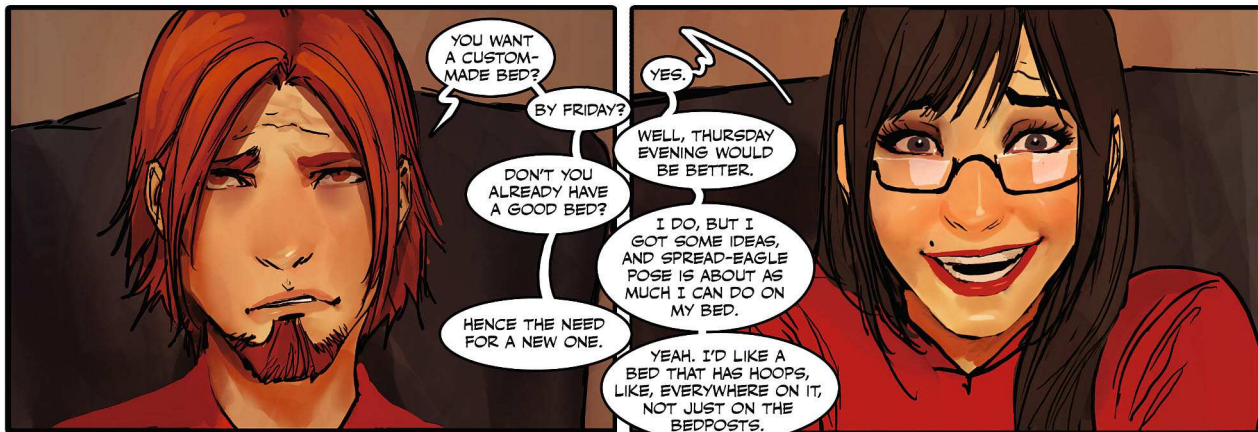
HOLY CRAP! I
ALMOST HAD HELEN AND
THE EMPRESS...FUCK YOU
ONE-TRACK MIND!

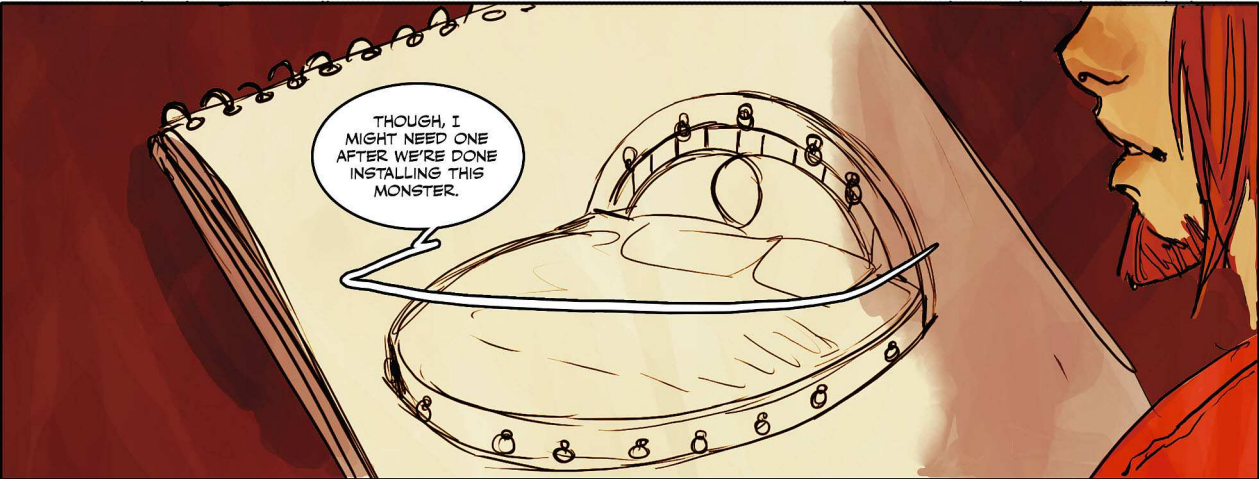
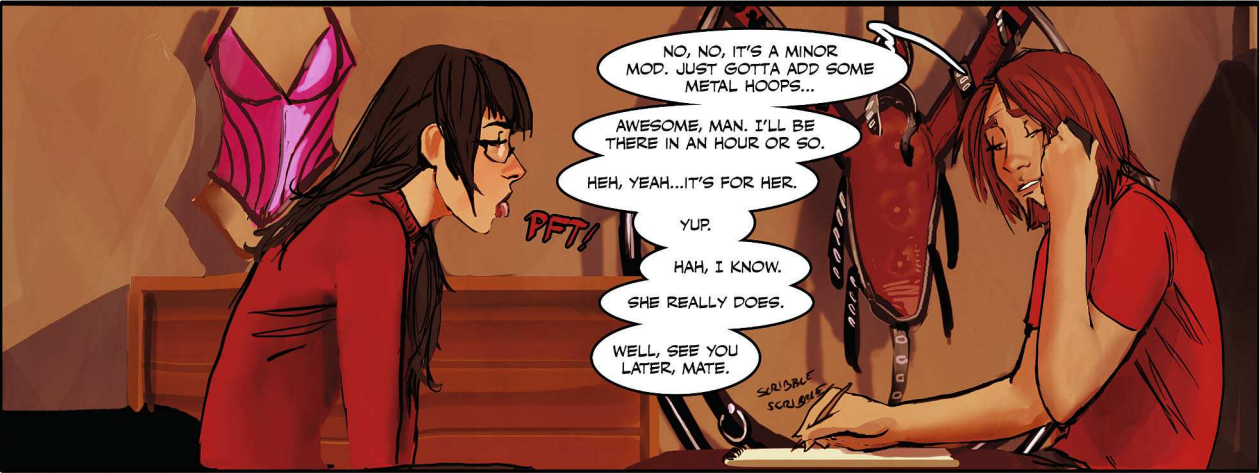
SIGH...

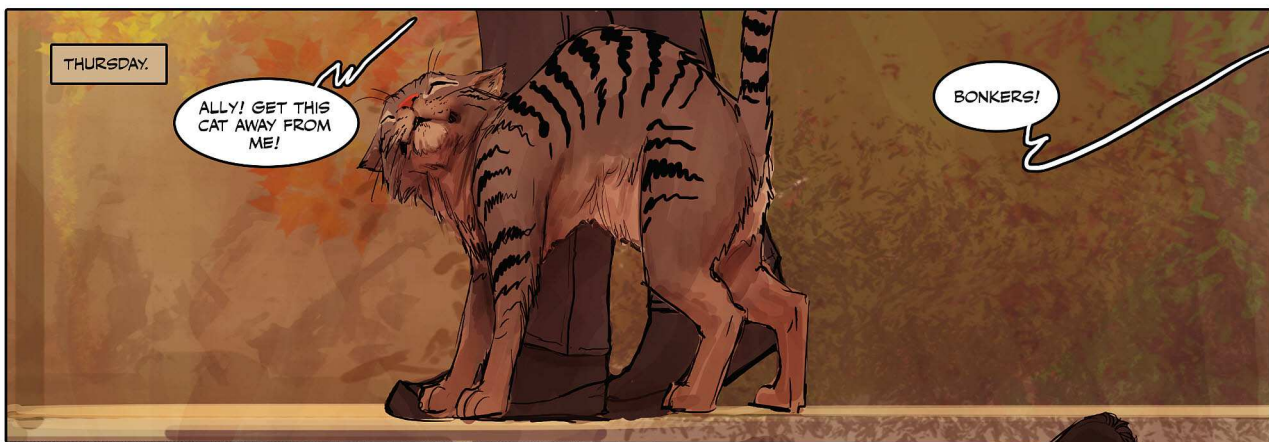
I SEE I'LL BE
LESS THAN USELESS,
AT LEAST 'TIL THIS
FRIDAY.

CRAP!

YOU KNOW...WIN SOME,
LOSE SOME...SILVER
LININGS AND ALL THAT.







THURSDAY.

ALLY! GET THIS CAT AWAY FROM ME!

BONKERS!



WATCH YOUR BACK, ALAN. GO A BIT TO YOUR LEFT!

UH-HUH!

GO HOME, YOU SPOILED BRAT!



I HOPE HE WASN'T PESTERING YOU, ALLISON.

WHAT? OH, NO, MRS. KRAMER. HE'S OKAY, JUST A BIT IN THE WAY.



SORRY ABOUT THAT.
YOU KNOW, I DON'T MEAN TO PRY, BUT YOU SURE DO BUY A LOT OF FURNITURE FROM THAT FELLA. WHAT IS THAT THING ANYWAYS? SOME SORT OF A COAT HANGER?



NO THAT'S, AAAH...

WELL...

A BED.

SHE WASN'T LYING...



WELL, YOU GOT EVERYTHING YOU NEED. HAVE FUN ASSEMBLING IT, ALAN!

CHRIS! DUDE, YOU'RE JUST GONNA LEAVE ME HANGING LIKE THIS?

TOLD YOU I GOT A MEETING WITH THE NEW SUPPLIER. BYE, ALLISON! ENJOY THE BED!

HEH, THANKS.



A FEW HOURS LATER...

SEE?! I FUCKING CALLED IT! I THINK I SLIPPED A DISK!

YOU KNOW, I HAVE A REAL POWERFUL... "BACK MASSAGER" YOU COULD USE.



PRETTY SURE I KNOW WHERE THAT HAS BEEN!



HEY, DON'T SAY I DIDN'T OFFER.



ALLY.
DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, BUT IT'S NOT REALLY A CHEAP BED. I MEAN, WHAT IF SHE DOESN'T COME?



THEN I'LL JUST SLEEP ON THE DAMN THING MYSELF!



WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, GOOD LUCK! CALL IF YOU NEED ME!



THANKS, ALAN.

ALLY SPENT A TOSSING, TURNING, RESTLESS NIGHT ON HER NEW BED, AND THEN...

FRIDAY FINALLY CAME. THE DAY THAT AT TIMES SEEMED IMPOSSIBLY FAR AWAY ARRIVED ONLY TO FIND US...

A BIT NERVOUS...

OKAY. SO... TODAY'S TO-DO LIST!

CLEAN KITCHEN!

TIDY UP THE LIVING ROOM...

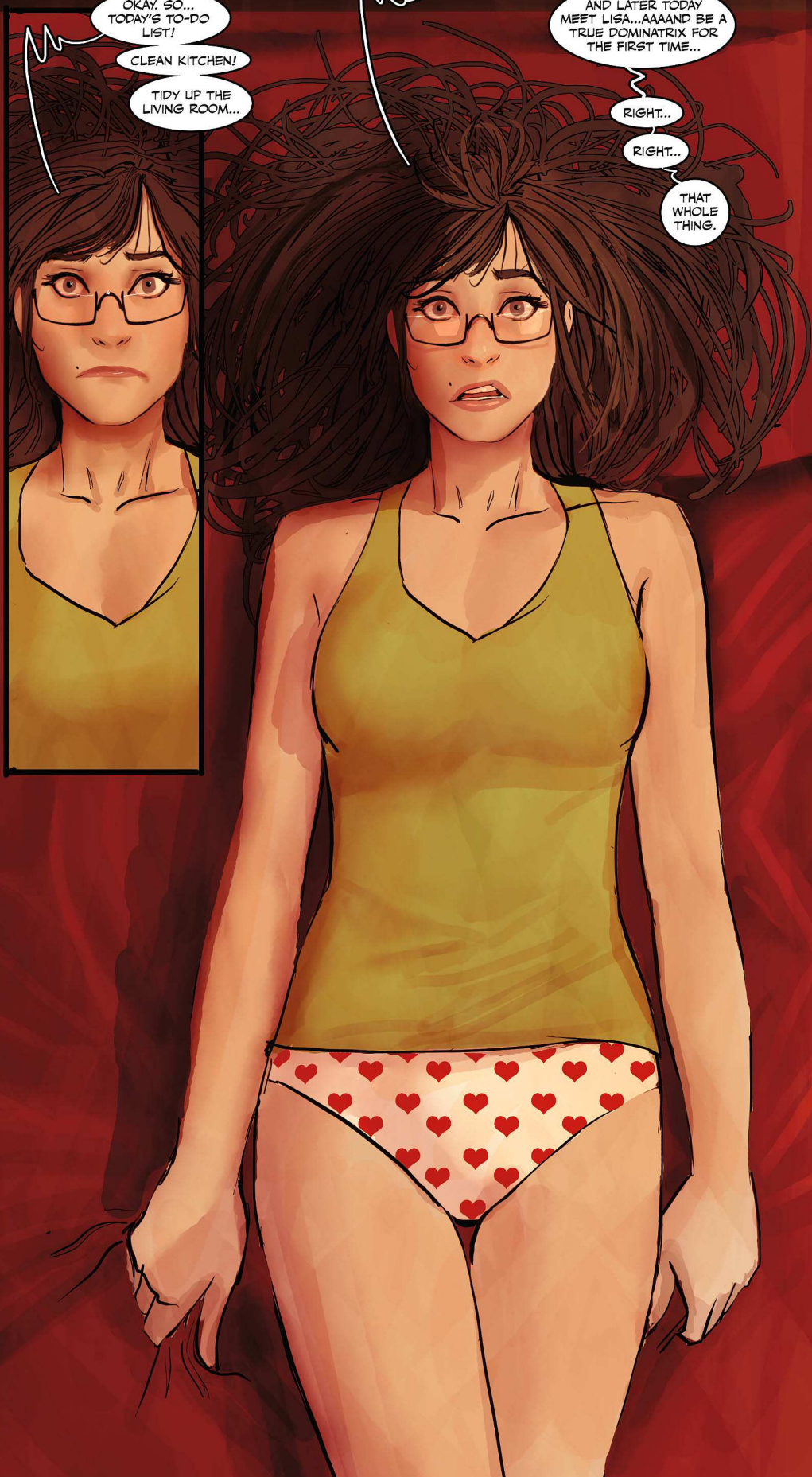
SET AUTO-REPLY ON EMAIL...

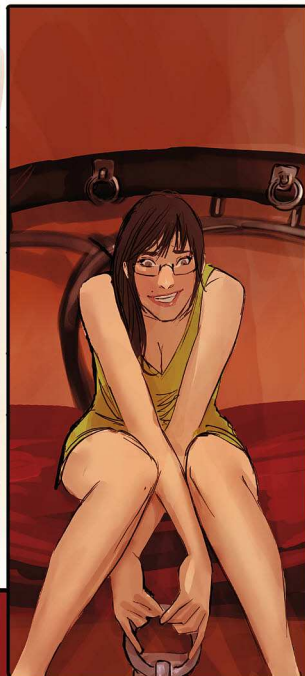
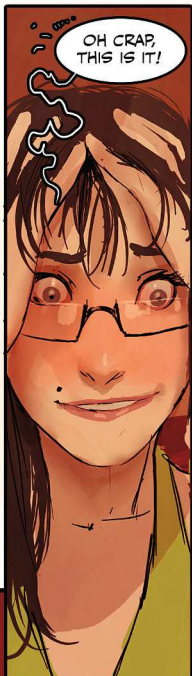
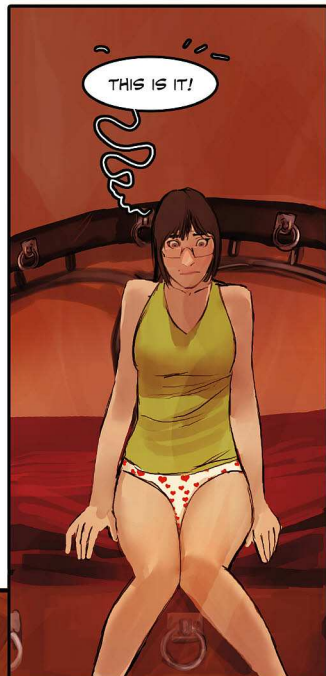
AND LATER TODAY MEET LISA...AAAAND BE A TRUE DOMINATRIX FOR THE FIRST TIME...

RIGHT...

RIGHT...

THAT WHOLE THING.





AHEM...SO, ALLY WAS REASONABLY EXCITED.



HEY, IT'S ME! JUST WANTED TO CHECK IF WE ARE STILL GOOD FOR TODAY?



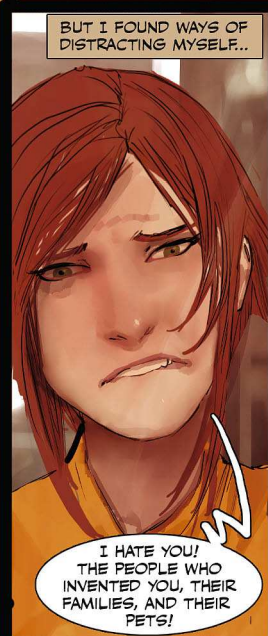
WOULDN'T MISS
IT FOR THE
WORLD! ;P

OH FUCK!



THIS IS IT!
OOOOH SHIT!

YUP...THAT DAY MY
PHONE MESSAGES
PROJECTED CONFIDENCE
WHILE MY STOMACH
SCREAMED, "PANIC!"

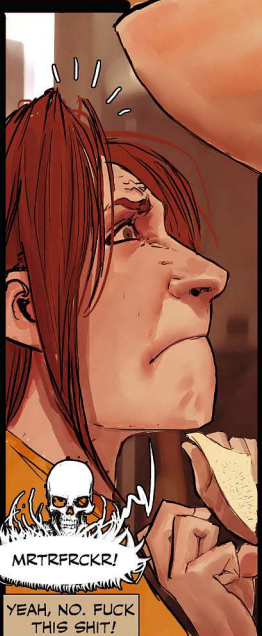


BUT I FOUND WAYS OF
Distracting MYSELF...

I HATE YOU!
THE PEOPLE WHO
INVENTED YOU, THEIR
FAMILIES, AND THEIR
PETS!



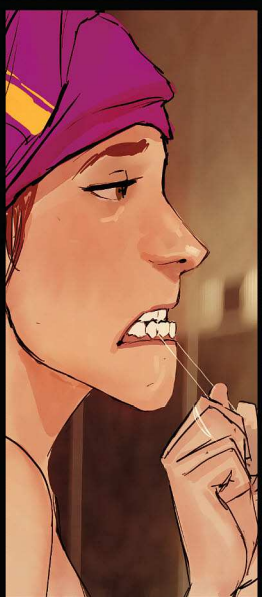
PAIN BEATS
PANIC!



MRTRFRCKR!
YEAH, NO. FUCK
THIS SHIT!



SO I GAVE UP ON WAXING
AND JUST SHAVED...TURNS
OUT THAT WAS A SMART
CHOICE FOR...LATEX
REASONS!



THAT
SHOULD DO,
I GUESS.

UNFORTUNATELY, I STILL
HAD HOURS TO KILL, AND
AS IS THE CASE WITH WAITING,
THE LAST FEW HOURS
FELT THE LONGEST.





FOR ALLY, HOWEVER, THE SITUATION WAS SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.

SIMPLE ENOUGH. NON-INTIMIDATING. THIS SHOULD DO!



SHE HAD FAR MORE EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS TO TAKE CARE OF.



ALLY'S ROOM!



RESPONSIBILITY AND PREPARATION ARE THE BURDENS OF THE DOMME. FOR WITH GREAT POWER...WELL...YOU GET THE GIST OF IT!

YEAH, PROBABLY BEST IF WE START IT OFF HERE.



ALLY'S ROOM!



ALLY'S ROOM!

WHAT? THE TOILET THING? AH, SO IT TURNS OUT WHEN SHE IS EXTREMELY NERVOUS, SHE GETS A BAD CASE OF UPSET STOMACH.



I THINK THAT'S ALL. OH CRAP, IS IT ALL?

YEAH.

YEAH, I GOT EVERYTHING READY!

I HOPE!



UM...YEAH...ALLY LIVES ALONE, AND TENDS TO TALK TO HERSELF AT TIMES...

FLUSH

FLUSH

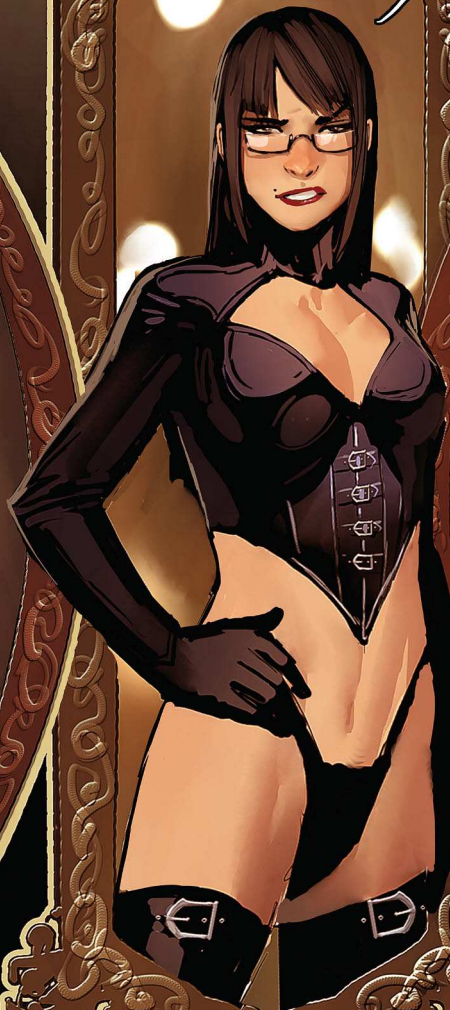
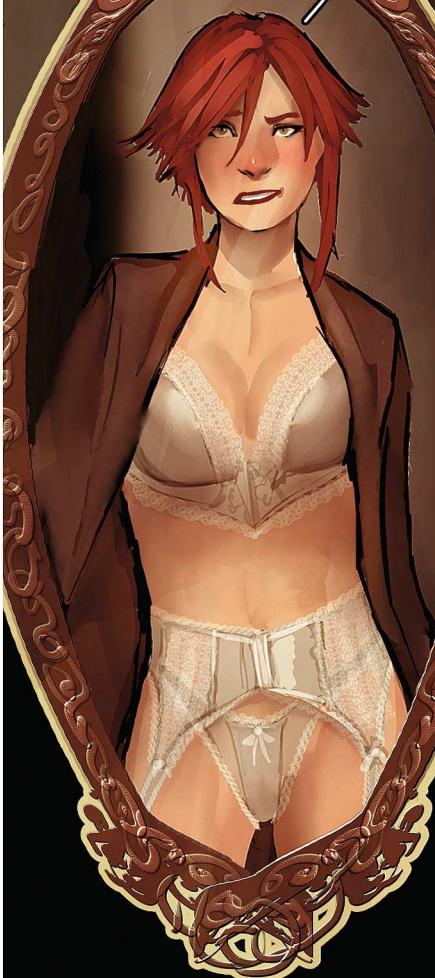
FLUSH

WHY, YES! I TOO
LIVE ALONE. HOW DID
YOU GUESS?

SO, HI, UM,
I'M LISA...YEEEAH.
I SO DON'T HAVE
THE GUTS FOR
THIS KIND OF AN
INTRODUCTION.

IF I OPENED
THE DOOR LIKE THIS,
THE ONLY THING I WOULD
SEE IS HER BACK...AS SHE'S
RUNNING AWAY. SOOO, I'MMA
GO WITH NOPE!

TOO...
SCOOPY.



I WAS EXCITED, OH YES...
BUT IT WAS IN THE CAB
THAT IT ALL FINALLY HIT ME.
I KNEW ALLISON JUST AS
SOMEONE FROM THE FORUMS,
FROM CHAT, AND ULTIMATELY
FROM OUR WEBCAM
ENCOUNTERS. AND NOW...
HERE I WAS, ABOUT TO MEET
HER IN PERSON, AND THEN...

SO MANY THOUGHTS CAME
CRASHING IN...ONE OF THE
MOST PERSISTENT ONES
BEING...SHE IS A WOMAN!
WHAT IF...WHAT IF I DON'T...
WHAT IF IT DOESN'T, LIKE,
WORK?

I MEAN, OUR WEBCAM
FLIRTATIONS ASIDE...
WHAT IF SHE TURNS THE
KEY AND MY ENGINE
DOESN'T, LIKE, START
RUNNING?
ARRRRGGHHH...

AND ON TOP OF ALL
THAT, I HAVE TO PEE
SO BADLY...PERFECT!

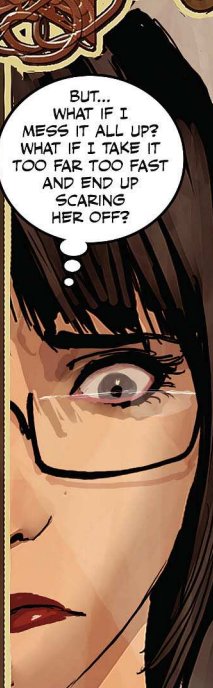


OKAY, ALLY,
JUST...RELAX!

YOU'VE
BEEN TALKING
TO LISA FOR OVER
TWO MONTHS
NOW...

SHE
WANTS THIS,
YOU WANT
THIS.

BUT...
WHAT IF I
MESS IT ALL UP?
WHAT IF I TAKE IT
TOO FAR TOO FAST
AND END UP
SCARING
HER OFF?





AAAH YESSH.
VE HAVE VAYS
OF MAKING YOU
TALK...NAH, TOO
THEATRICAL!

WELL...I GUESS
THIS WILL DO. HOPE
SHE LIKES IT.

HM...SAYS
BOTH WELCOME
AND LICK MY BOOT AT
THE SAME TIME. I DO
BELIEVE WE GOT
A WINNER!



OKAY, LISA.
CALM DOWN...

WOW...
THAT'S A BIG
HOUSE!

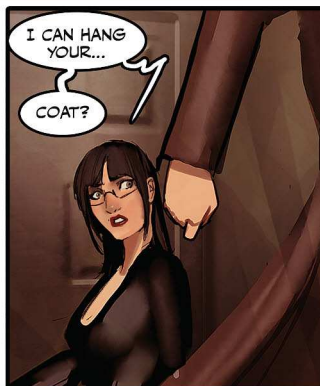
COME ON,
YOU CAN DO
THIS!

HERE
WE GO.

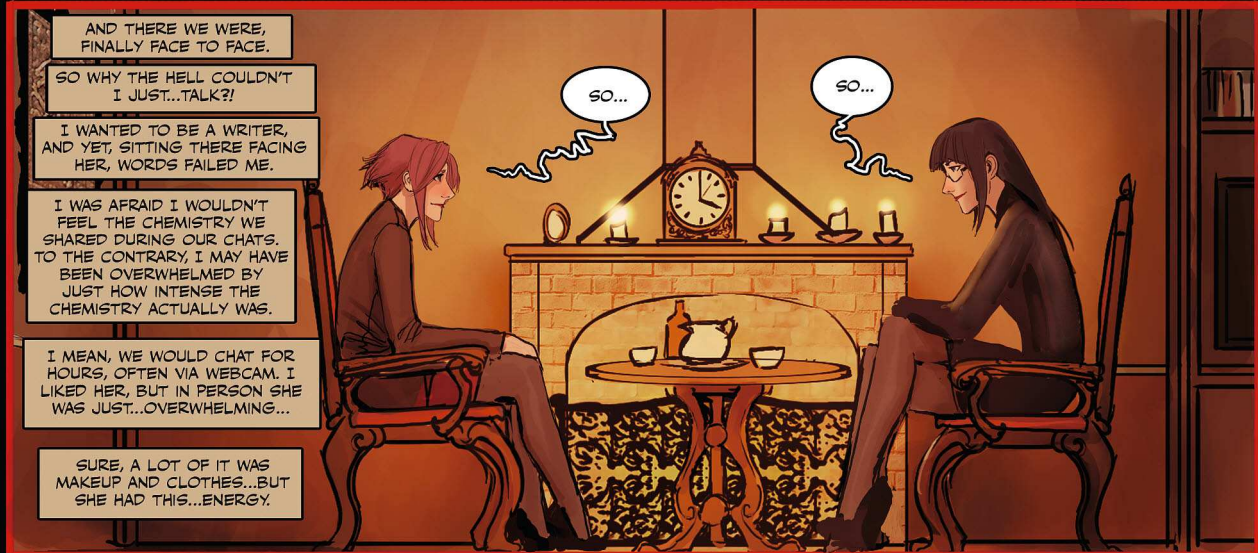
DA-DING
DONG

SHE'S
HERE!

CRAP! I
STILL GOTTA
PEE!







OH...YES...THE IDEA OF KISSING HER FREAKED ME OUT SO MUCH THAT I COULDN'T FALL ASLEEP LAST NIGHT. I SPENT HOURS JUST DIGGING THROUGH OLD MEMORIES.

I DID IT ONCE, KISSED A GIRL I MEAN. IT WAS A DRUNKEN PARTY. I WAS MESSING WITH MY BOYFRIEND AT THE TIME... I REMEMBER THE ARGUMENT WE HAD...BUT NOT THE KISS.

FUNNY THING IS, THERE WAS A REASON FOR THAT KISS...AND I REMEMBER THE REASON... BUT NOT THE KISS ITSELF.

THIS, HOWEVER...
KISSING ALLY...



THIS I WOULD REMEMBER!

WOW...

WOW YOURSELF...

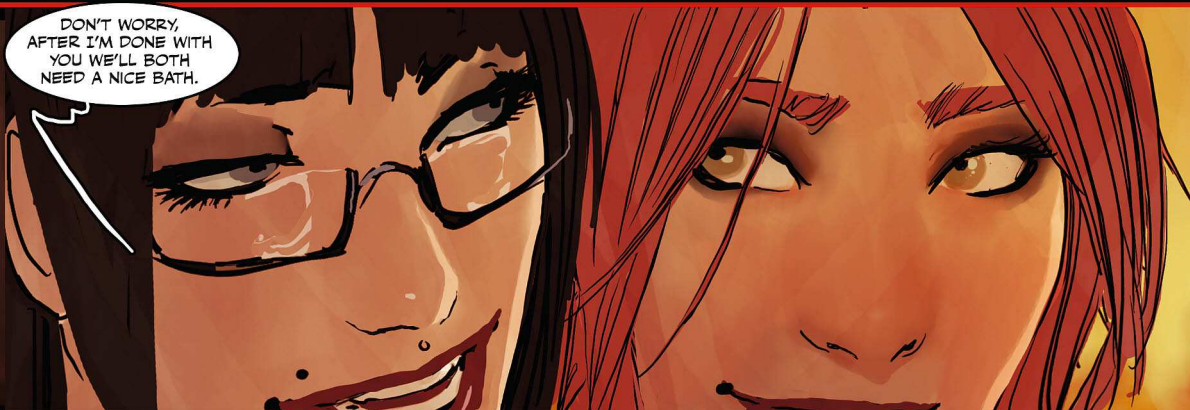



I'VE BEEN LOOKING AT YOU IN THAT COAT FOR QUITE LONG ENOUGH. WHAT DO YOU SAY WE TAKE IT OFF?

OH...UM...YEAH...HEH. ACTUALLY, I'VE GOTTEN A BIT SWEATY...I SHOULD PROBABLY WASH UP...



DON'T WORRY, AFTER I'M DONE WITH YOU WE'LL BOTH NEED A NICE BATH.





NOW, HERE IS THE
BASE RULE OF TODAY'S GAME!
I WILL BE GENTLE, I WILL NOT
BE PUSHING YOUR LIMITS, THERE
WILL BE NO PAIN...NO
DISCIPLINE...UNLESS YOU
CALL ME...*MISTRESS*.

SO IF I WAS TO
CALL YOU *MISTRESS*...
YOU WOULD...DO
THINGS TO ME?

YES...WHETHER YOU
LIKED IT OR NOT...

SO...WHY WOULD
I *CHOOSE*...TO
SAY IT?



WELL...YOU'LL
FIND THAT I CAN
BE QUITE
PERSUASIVE...

AND NOW...TELL ME, LISA. WHAT WILL STOP ME? WHAT IS THE ONE WORD THAT GUARANTEES YOU POWER OVER ME?

OKAY, THIS!

THIS RIGHT HERE!

THIS BIT OF WONDERFULLY CHEESY POWER-PLAY...

COMPLETELY AND TOTALLY PLANNED AND REHEARSED...

CHEESY OR NOT...THE EFFECT WAS ELECTRIC.

MADE ME WEAK IN THE KNEES AND ALL THAT...

WELL...KNEES AND DEEPER PLACES.

AAANYHOW...

MY SAFEWORD IS?

SUNSTONE!

THEN... SHALL WE BEGIN?

BUT, I THOUGHT SUNSTONE IS SUPPOSED TO END IT?

A WISE-ASS, HUH?

THAT'S OKAY. WISE, DUMB...ALL ASSES GET SPANKED!



THE MOMENT WAS RIGHT, THE PERSON WAS RIGHT, AND... WOW...I SOUND LIKE A BONER PILL AD...BUT YOU GET THE POINT.

SHOULDN'T YOU LEAD THE WAY?

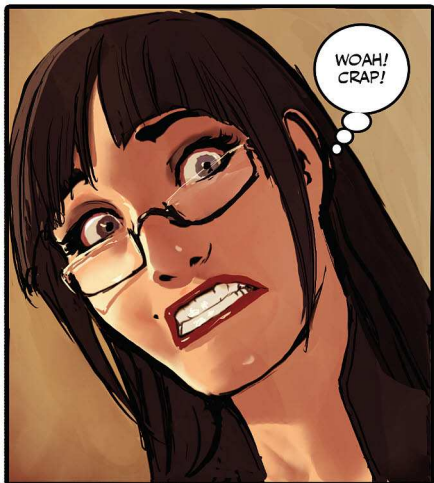
NOPE, I'M ENJOYING THE VIEW.

AAAH... I SEE.

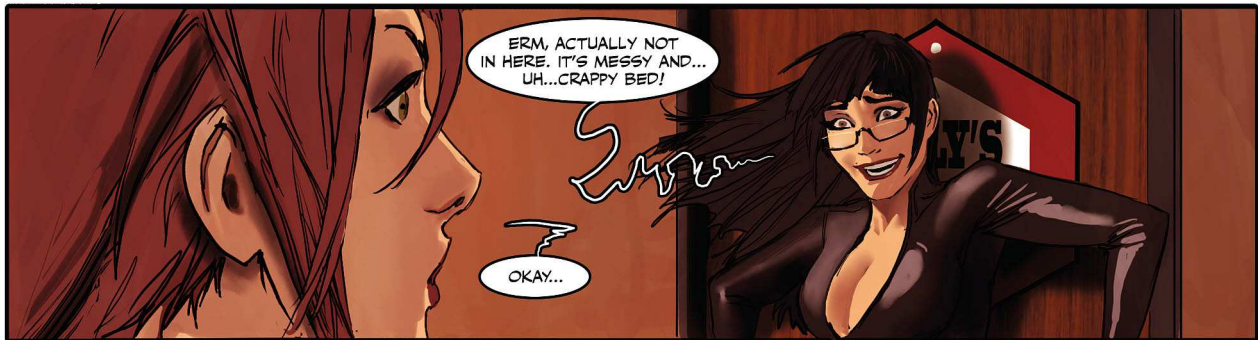
NOPE, I SEE, AND I LIKE!



UM, SO, IN HERE?



WOAH! CRAP!



ERM, ACTUALLY NOT IN HERE. IT'S MESSY AND... UH...CRAPPY BED!

OKAY...



SO...UM... THAT WAY!

SUSPICIOUS

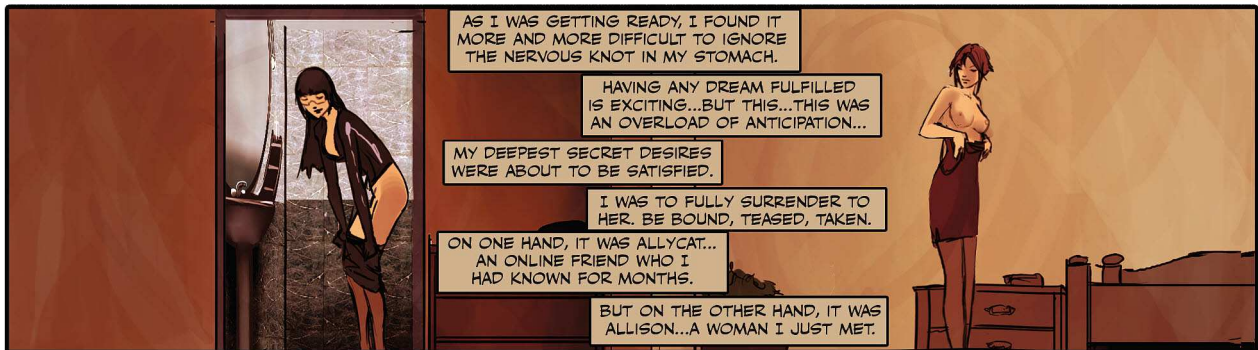
MMKAY... IF YOU SAY SO.

THE HELL WAS ALL THAT ABOUT?

SHE TOO WAS NERVOUS. I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW HER VOICE CRACKED ON "THAT WAY." I PRETENDED NOT TO NOTICE...BUT...I DID. I NOTICED!



DAMN...THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!



AS I WAS GETTING READY, I FOUND IT MORE AND MORE DIFFICULT TO IGNORE THE NERVOUS KNOT IN MY STOMACH.

HAVING ANY DREAM FULFILLED IS EXCITING...BUT THIS...THIS WAS AN OVERLOAD OF ANTICIPATION...

MY DEEPEST SECRET DESIRES WERE ABOUT TO BE SATISFIED.

I WAS TO FULLY SURRENDER TO HER. BE BOUND, TEASED, TAKEN.

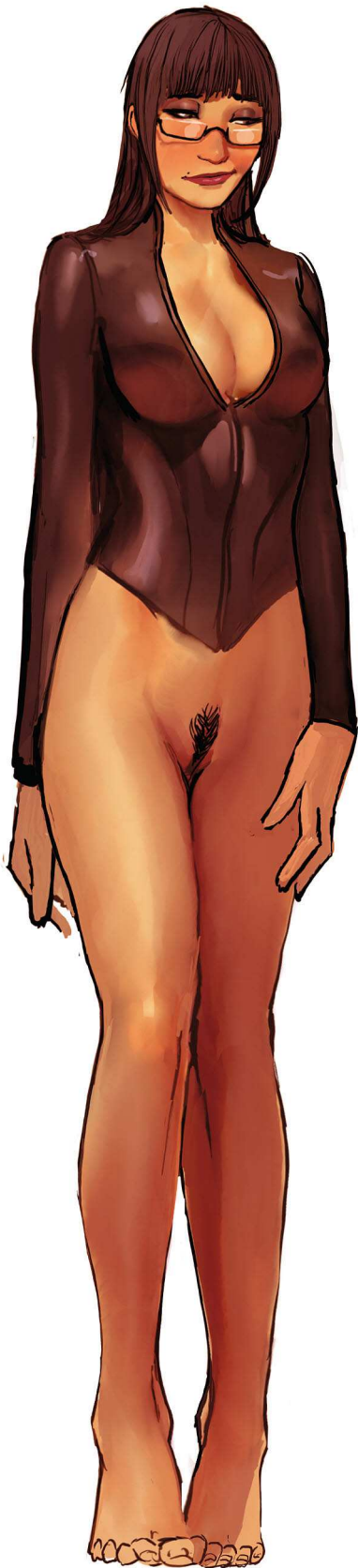
ON ONE HAND, IT WAS ALLYCAT... AN ONLINE FRIEND WHO I HAD KNOWN FOR MONTHS.

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, IT WAS ALLISON...A WOMAN I JUST MET.

BUT WHEN SHE ENTERED THE ROOM, I TRULY SAW IT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

I SAW IT IN HER AWKWARD STANCE, IN HER ATTEMPT TO HIDE THE SHAKING OF HER HANDS...

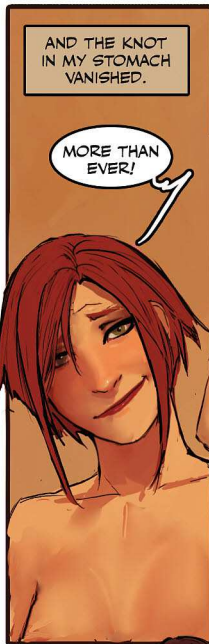
ALLISON AND ALLYCAT WERE ONE...



AND IN HER NERVOUS EYES, I SAW THAT SHE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH.

I WAS HER FIRST REAL SUBMISSIVE.

SO...UH... YOU ARE STILL SURE?



AND THE KNOT IN MY STOMACH VANISHED.

MORE THAN EVER!



SHE PLACED HER HANDS ON ME... CARESSING MY SKIN, BUT THE SHAKE WAS HARD TO MASK. SHE WAS NERVOUS. WE BOTH WERE.



LOSING ONE'S VIRGINITY IS OFTEN A MESSY, UNDERWHELMING EXPERIENCE.

AND IN A WAY, THAT'S WHAT WE WERE DOING. A DOMME AND A SUB...



PLAYING THE GAME FOR THE FIRST TIME...LEARNING THE RULES.

BUT JUST LIKE ANY GAME...THERE ARE THOSE WHO LEARN FAST!

LAY DOWN NOW! AND WE CAN BEGIN.



NOW, USUALLY I'M NOT BIG ON ROPES, BUT THEY WILL SERVE THEIR PURPOSE FOR WHAT I GOT IN MIND.



IT IS A FEELING I'VE LIKED
FOR A LONG TIME.

ROPE BITING INTO
MY SKIN, NOT TOO
TIGHT, BUT UNYIELDING.

RELENTLESS.



AND YES, TURNING
ME ON FASTER THAN
A LIGHTSWITCH.

BUT IT IS
DIFFERENT NOW.

FOR THE VERY
FIRST TIME, I
AM NOT ALONE.



LISA: AGE 18.

BEFORE, SOLITUDE WAS MY BEST FRIEND.
IT WAS QUIET, FREEING, NON-JUDGEMENTAL.
I CHERISHED THOSE MOMENTS OF PRIVACY
WHEN MOM AND DAD WOULD LEAVE AND
MY BROTHERS WERE AWAY.

AS THEY SAY, WHILE THE CAT IS AWAY...

THOSE MOMENTS WERE
MY OWN PLAYTIME...

IN SECRECY AND SOLITUDE
I LOOKED FOR FREEDOM
IN BONDAGE.

ALONE, I KEPT A SECRET I COULD
NOT SHARE WITH ANYONE. MY
OWN DEVIATION FROM THE NORM.



WITH SEXUALITY BEING A TABOO ON A
GOOD DAY, DEVIATIONS WERE ALWAYS
OBSERVED WITH JUDGEMENTAL EYES.

BUT HONESTLY...EVEN THEN I KNEW ONE THING...



PEOPLE TOOK IT TOO DAMN SERIOUSLY.

THEY TOOK THAT SMALL, PERSONAL ASPECT
OF ONE'S LIFE AND PUT A SPOTLIGHT ON IT.

AND UNDER THAT SPOTLIGHT, SEXUALITY
CAST AN UGLY SHADOW ON SOCIETY.

AND SOCIETY FROWNED UPON IT...

BUT THERE WERE THOSE WHO UNDERSTOOD
THAT IT IS A WONDERFUL ASPECT OF THE
HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

WONDERFUL...

EXCITING...

INTIMATE...

SOMETIMES A BIT SCARY...

AND SOMETIMES EVEN
A LITTLE FUNNY.



LISA DEAR,
COULD YOU COME OUT
AND HELP ME UNLOAD
THE GROCERIES?

AW FWAF!



BUT THIS, MORE THAN ANYTHING, THIS IS FREEING.

THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT...IF YOU WERE MADE TO EAT IT...

IF YOU HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO TASTE IT...

COULD YOU NOT THEN LET GO OF THE GUILT?


COULD YOU NOT SIMPLY TASTE IT AND ENJOY IT?

I MEAN...WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO? I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE ANYWAYS.

AS I LAY HERE, STRAINING AGAINST MY BONDS, I KNOW THIS... I FEEL MORE FREE THAN I'VE EVER FELT IN MY LIFE. SO HELL YEAH, I'MMA ENJOY THAT FRUIT!

THIS WILL DO FOR NOW!

SOOO...



HERE IS HOW
WE WILL DO THIS. I
WILL BE TENDER, LOVING...
THAT IS, UNTIL YOU WISH
TO TRULY SUBMIT.

ALL IT TAKES IS
FOR YOU TO CALL
ME *MISTRESS*.

THEN I WILL
PUT THIS AROUND
YOUR NECK...

AND THEN,
YOUR ASS IS
MINE...AS IS
THE REST
OF YOU.

YOU ARE GONNA
MAKE ME SUBMIT
BY...*TENDERNESS*?

YUP!

YEAH...GOOD
LUCK WITH THAT.

AW, HOW
ADORABLE. YOU
THINK YOU CAN
RESIST ME.

OH, I'M PRETTY
SURE I CAN DEAL
WITH THE HORRORS
OF...*TENDERNESS*.

OH WE'LL
JUST SEE ABOUT
THAT...

OKAY...SO I UNDERESTIMATED
ONE SMALL DETAIL OF THIS
SITUATION. I USED TO DO A LOT
OF SELF-BONDAGE.

I FELT PRETTY CONFIDENT
I COULD MATCH ALLY IN HER GAME.



TRUE...THE GOAL OF THE GAME ALWAYS WAS FOR ME TO LOSE, BUT THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LOSING AND THROWING THE GAME...

STILL...I MISSED ONE DETAIL. SELF-BONDAGE, THOUGH FUN, MISSES THAT FINAL ASPECT. THE TOUCH OF ANOTHER PERSON.

PERSISTENT TOUCH...

A TOUCH YOU CAN NOT AVOID. INSTEAD YOU FEEL ITS EFFECTS BEING AMPLIFIED AS YOUR MIND INEVITABLY BEGINS TO OBSESS ABOUT IT.

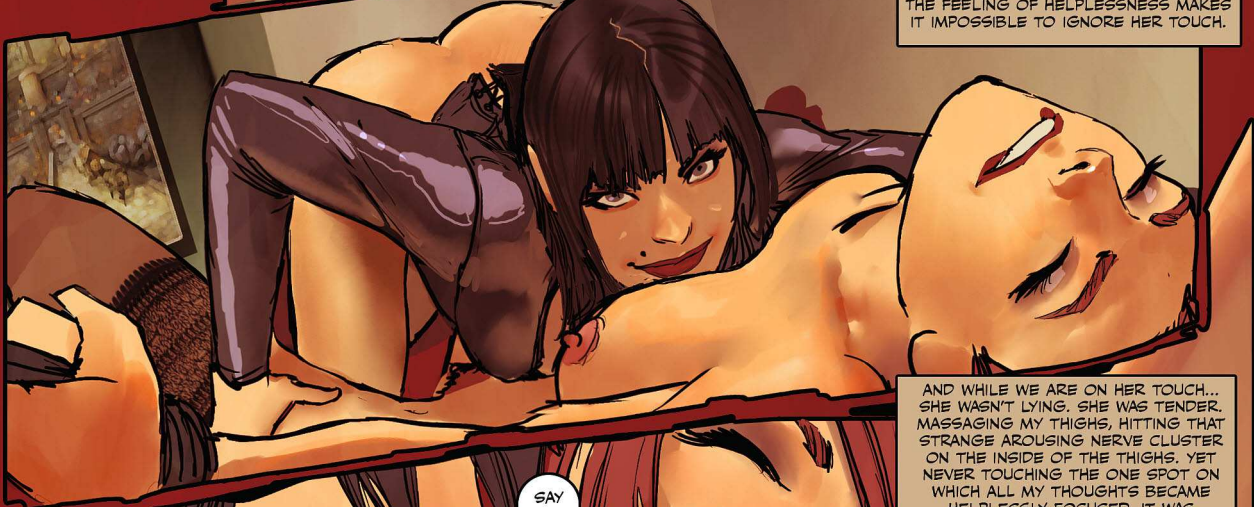


YOU SEEM FLUSTERED.

P-PLEASE. AS IF!

AH YES, AN ELOQUENT RESPONSE FROM A WOULD-BE WRITER...AS IF! SUCK IT, SHAKESPEARE!

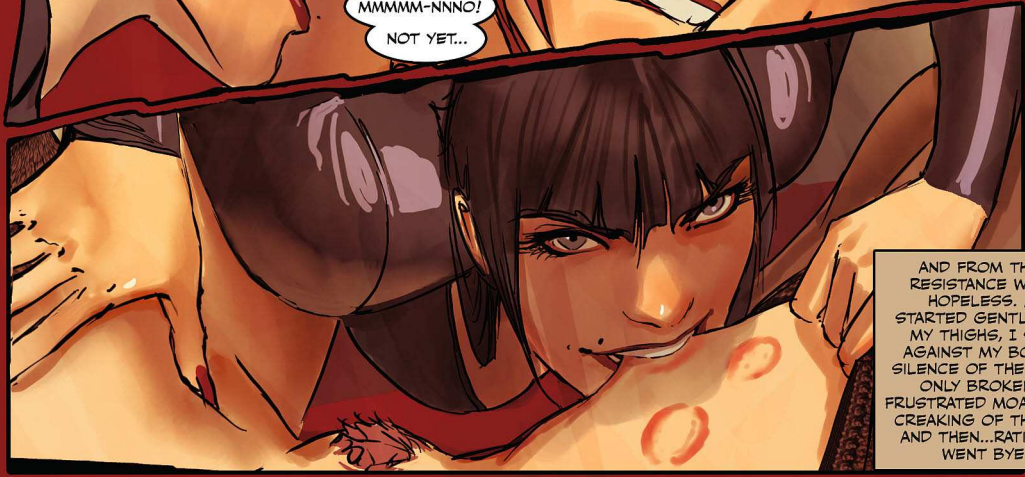
BONDAGE IS IRONICALLY FREEING. THE FEELING OF HELPLESSNESS MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE HER TOUCH.



AND WHILE WE ARE ON HER TOUCH... SHE WASN'T LYING. SHE WAS TENDER. MASSAGING MY THIGHS, HITTING THAT STRANGE AROUSING NERVE CLUSTER ON THE INSIDE OF THE THIGHS. YET NEVER TOUCHING THE ONE SPOT ON WHICH ALL MY THOUGHTS BECAME HELPLESSLY FOCUSED. IT WAS MADDENINGLY FRUSTRATING.

SAY IT!

MMMMM-NNNO!
NOT YET...



AND FROM THERE ON RESISTANCE WAS TRULY HOPELESS. AS SHE STARTED GENTLY NIBBLING MY THIGHS, I STRAINED AGAINST MY BONDS. THE SILENCE OF THE ROOM WAS ONLY BROKEN BY MY FRUSTRATED MOANS AND THE CREAKING OF THE ROPES... AND THEN...RATIONAL LISA WENT BYE-BYE.



EVERY THOUGHT WAS THE SAME...
SO CLOSE...SO CLOSE...

THE LOOSENESS OF THE ROPES
WAS DECEPTIVE AND FURTHER
AGITATED THE FRUSTRATION.

BUT HEY...I FOUGHT
THE GOOD FIGHT.



AND HAPPILY
LOST IN THE END.

ARGHH FINE!
MISTRESS, OKAY?
MY MISTRESS!



NOW THEN,
WAS THAT SO HARD?

AS IF I HAD
A CHOICE...

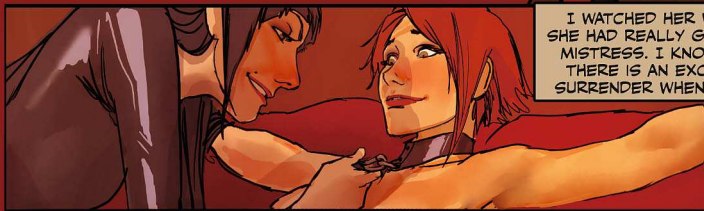


AS IF I HAD A
CHOICE **WHAT?**

OW...
MISTRESS!

THAT'S BETTER! AND
NOW MY PET, IT'S TIME
FOR YOU TO SLIP INTO
SOMETHING MORE
APPROPRIATE.

AND THAT WAS MY
FIRST LESSON: WHEN
YOUR MISTRESS
PINCHES YOUR NIPPLE
HARD...YOU PAY
ATTENTION!



I WATCHED HER WITH ADMIRATION. SHE HAD REALLY GOTTEN INTO IT. MY... MISTRESS. I KNOW IT'S SILLY, BUT THERE IS AN EXCITING SENSE OF SURRENDER WHEN I CALL HER THAT.

NOW, MY PET,
IT'S TIME TO SHOW
YOU MY TOY ROOM.

YOU MAY FEEL
A BIT CHILLY AT THE
MOMENT, BUT I DID
PREPARE A WARM
OUTFIT FOR YOU.

YOU WERE REALLY
CERTAIN I WOULD
SUBMIT...MISTRESS?

IT IS WHY YOU
CAME TO ME...



CALLING HER MISTRESS
WAS STRANGE...GOOD
STRANGE! IT SENT SHIVERS
DOWN MY SPINE...I'M PRETTY
SURE IT WAS THE WORD AND
NOT BEING NAKED AND A BIT
COLD...

IT REALLY WAS
A SIMPLE TRUTH...

I DID COME FOR THIS.
TO SUBMIT, TO BE HERS.

AND CALLING HER MISTRESS
WAS AN ACT OF SURRENDER
AND ACCEPTANCE...

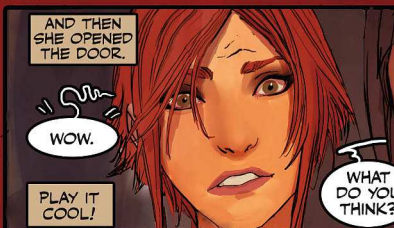
THIS IS WHERE THE GAME
TRULY BEGINS. ROLES HAVE
BEEN CAST...AND THE PLAY
BEGINS...



SHE REMAINED SILENT, BUT I NOTICED HER HANDS SHAKING A BIT TOO...

WHATEVER SHE HAD LOCKED IN THERE WAS GOING TO BE THE MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING I GUESSED, AND HER SILENCE WAS, I'LL BE HONEST, A BIT ALARMING.

HONESTLY...AT THAT MOMENT I WAS GLAD SHE DIDN'T TIE MY HANDS...



AND THEN SHE OPENED THE DOOR.

WOW.

PLAY IT COOL!

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

PLAY IT COOL!

UM...

YEEES?

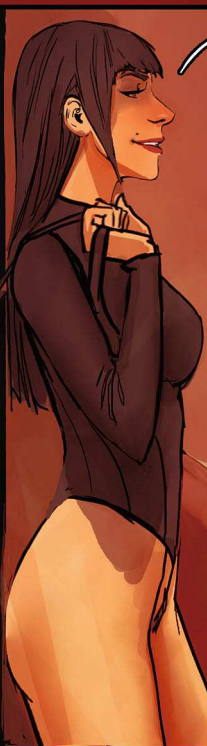


PLAY IT COOL!

AW, MISTRESS... DID YOU GET ALL OF THIS FOR LI'L OL' ME?

ATTA GIRL!

I'VE GOT SOME NICE PADDLES FOR LI'L OL' YOU...SO, BEHAVE!



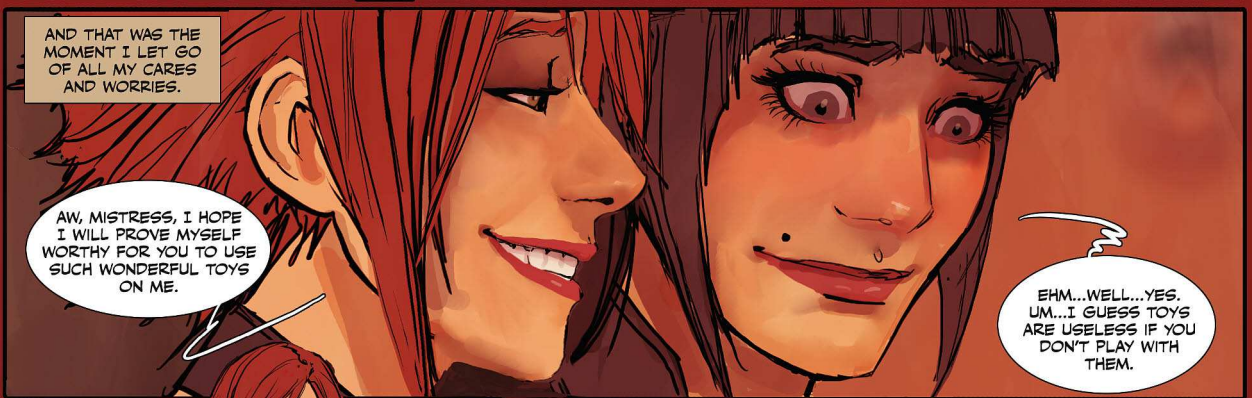
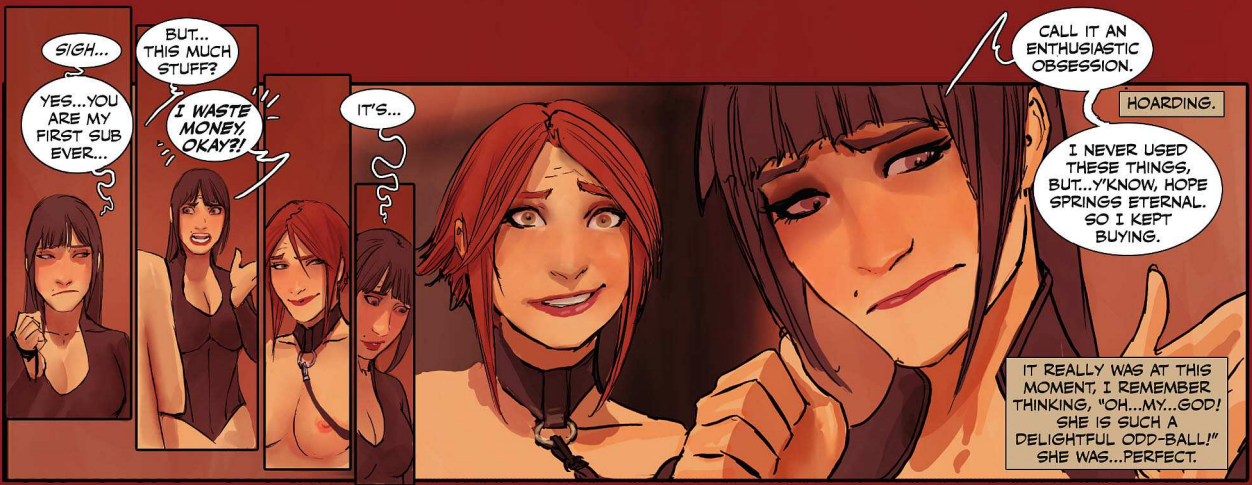
OKAY SERIOUSLY, MISTRESS, WHERE DO YOU GET THINGS LIKE THAT? I MEAN, YOU CAN'T JUST ENTER ANY STORE AND BUY THAT...

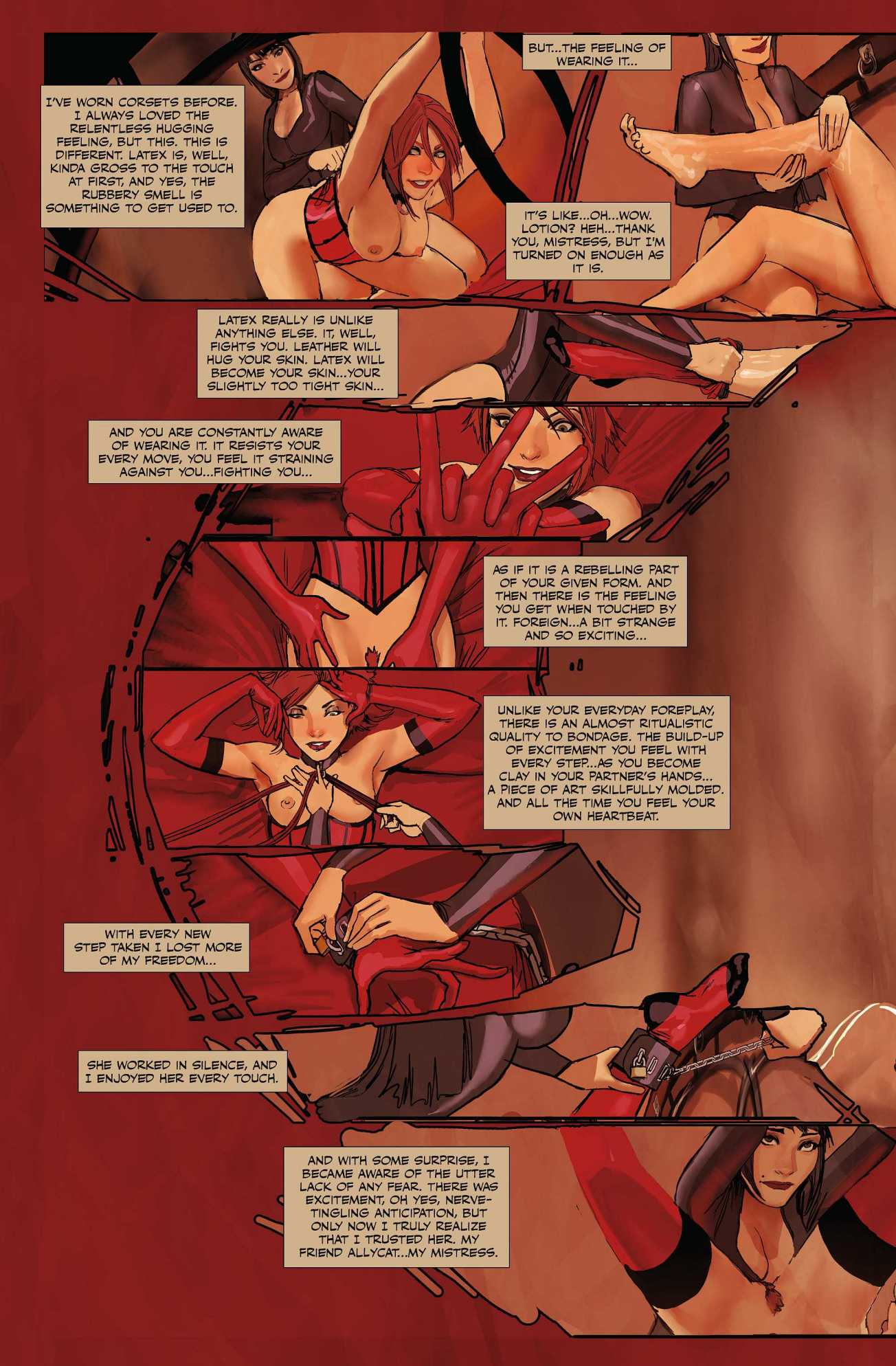
I HAVE A VERY TALENTED FRIEND.

WAIT, WAIT! SUNSTONE! HOLD THE PHONE HERE! YOU SAID I WAS YOUR FIRST. ALLY?

YEAH, AND?

THIS IS A FUCK-TON OF GEAR FOR SOMEONE WHO HAS NEVER USED IT!





I'VE WORN CORSETS BEFORE. I ALWAYS LOVED THE RELENTLESS HUGGING FEELING, BUT THIS. THIS IS DIFFERENT. LATEX IS, WELL, KINDA GROSS TO THE TOUCH AT FIRST, AND YES, THE RUBBERY SMELL IS SOMETHING TO GET USED TO.

BUT...THE FEELING OF WEARING IT...

IT'S LIKE...OH...WOW. LOTION? HEH...THANK YOU, MISTRESS, BUT I'M TURNED ON ENOUGH AS IT IS.

LATEX REALLY IS UNLIKE ANYTHING ELSE. IT, WELL, FIGHTS YOU. LEATHER WILL HUG YOUR SKIN. LATEX WILL BECOME YOUR SKIN...YOUR SLIGHTLY TOO TIGHT SKIN...

AND YOU ARE CONSTANTLY AWARE OF WEARING IT. IT RESISTS YOUR EVERY MOVE, YOU FEEL IT STRAINING AGAINST YOU...FIGHTING YOU...

AS IF IT IS A REBELLING PART OF YOUR GIVEN FORM. AND THEN THERE IS THE FEELING YOU GET WHEN TOUCHED BY IT. FOREIGN...A BIT STRANGE AND SO EXCITING...

UNLIKE YOUR EVERYDAY FOREPLAY, THERE IS AN ALMOST RITUALISTIC QUALITY TO BONDAGE. THE BUILD-UP OF EXCITEMENT YOU FEEL WITH EVERY STEP...AS YOU BECOME CLAY IN YOUR PARTNER'S HANDS... A PIECE OF ART SKILLFULLY MOLDED. AND ALL THE TIME YOU FEEL YOUR OWN HEARTBEAT.

WITH EVERY NEW STEP TAKEN I LOST MORE OF MY FREEDOM...

SHE WORKED IN SILENCE, AND I ENJOYED HER EVERY TOUCH.

AND WITH SOME SURPRISE, I BECAME AWARE OF THE UTTER LACK OF ANY FEAR. THERE WAS EXCITEMENT. OH YES, NERVE-TINGLING ANTICIPATION, BUT ONLY NOW I TRULY REALIZE THAT I TRUSTED HER. MY FRIEND ALLYCAT...MY MISTRESS.



I SURE DO HOPE
YOU ARE FEELING
COMFORTABLE, 'CAUSE
THIS IS GONNA BE A
LONG...FUN...NIGHT.

AND IT WAS...
IT REALLLY
REALLLLLLLY
WAS.



YOU KNOW THAT
WINDOWS TUNE YOU
HEAR WHEN YOU
RESTART YOUR PC?

BY THE WAY, SORRY
MAC USERS...



HOLY...
CRAP.

ANYWAYS, IF THAT TUNE
HAD A FACE...

THIS WOULD BE IT...

PLEASE WAIT, LOADING
BRAIN. BRAIN NOT
FOUND...RETRY!

THERE YOU ARE
BRAIN. WELCOME BACK!



A comic book page with four panels. The background is a deep red with swirling, flame-like patterns. The first panel shows two women from the waist up. The woman on the left has long black hair and is wearing a black corset. The woman on the right has long red hair and is wearing a red corset with black arm bands and a choker. They are both looking at each other. The second panel is a close-up of their faces as they talk. The third panel is another close-up, with the woman on the right smiling. The fourth panel is a close-up of their hands clasped together.

SO...YOU FEEL
UP FOR THAT
SHOWER NOW?

GIMME A MOMENT.
I'M NOT EVEN SURE
I CAN STAND.

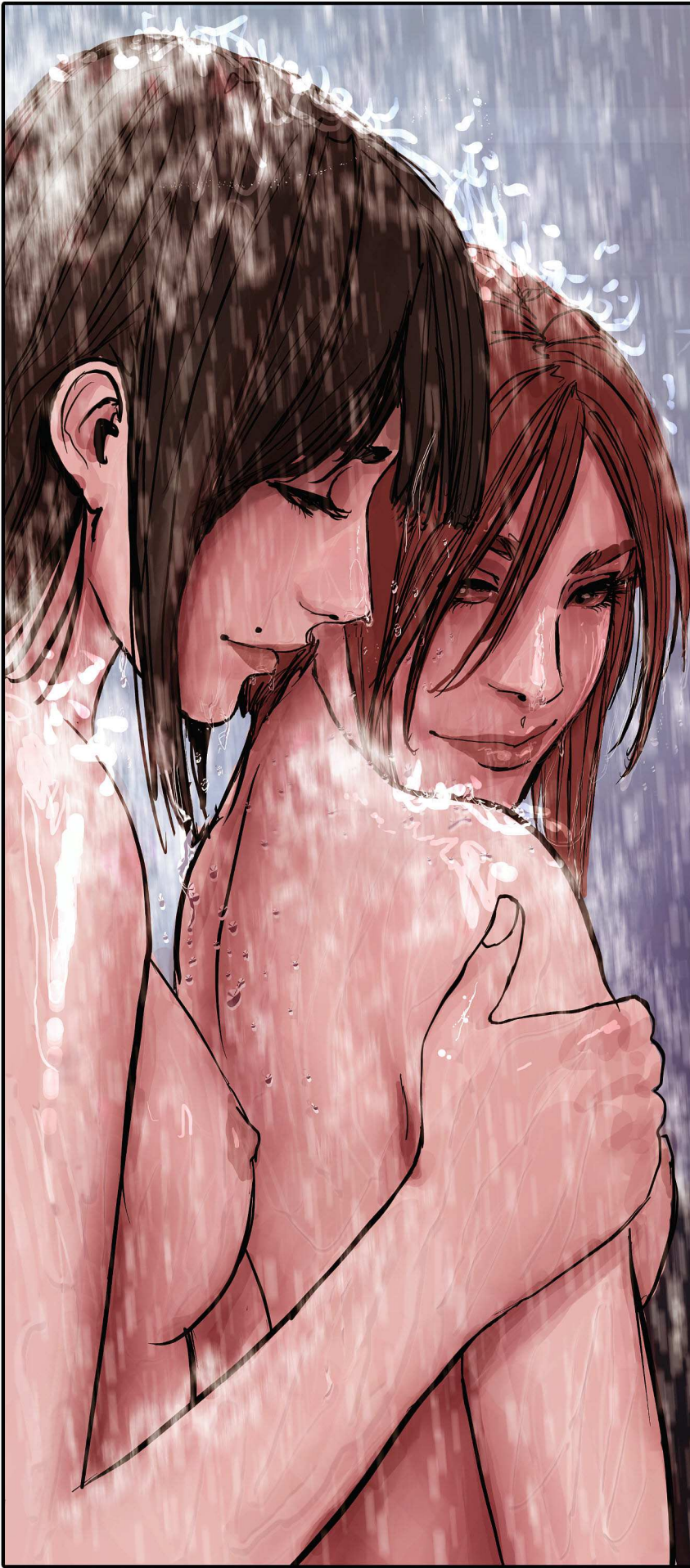
SO I GUESS GOING
HOME WOULD BE OUT
OF THE QUESTION.

WELL...IT WOULD
BE DIFFICULT.

SO I GUESS
YOU'LL JUST HAVE
TO SPEND THE
NIGHT WITH ME.

AW, MISTRESS...
IS THAT AN ORDER?

YES!



WE CALL IT
AFTERCARE.

WHY YES, IT IS PRETTY
MUCH A BDSM PHRASE
FOR SNUDDLING.
HOW DID YOU GUESS?!

SO, WHY DID WE
FEEL THE NEED TO RENAME
SOMETHING AS MUNDANE
AS SNUDDLING?

TWO
REASONS,
REALLY.

ONE, DUE TO THE PHYSICAL
AND EMOTIONAL INTENSITY OF
A BDSM SESSION, WE FIND
IN THIS SNUDDLING THE
WAY TO UNWIND, TO
REAFFIRM THE KINDNESS
AND RESTORE THE HUMANITY
WE RELINQUISH FOR THE
SAKE OF THE ROLES WE
PLAY IN OUR GAME.

AND TWO, BECAUSE WE ARE
NERDS AND WE LIKE TO
MAKE UP NAMES FOR SHIT.

THAT IS WHAT BDSM
PEOPLE ARE...BEHIND
ALL THE PRETENSE.

SEXUAL NERDS.

A BUNCH OF SEXUAL
COSPLAYERS AND
LARPER'S REALLY...

WE PLAY ROLES...

IT'S ABOUT THE ATTITUDE.
ATTITUDE "SELLS" THE ROLE:
IMPOSING, PERSUASIVE. A
DOMME MAKES YOU SUBMIT BY
HIS OR HER PRESENCE ALONE.

IT TRULY IS AN ELABORATE
SEXUAL PLAY, AND ALL THE
ACTORS MUST GIVE IT THEIR
ALL. WE BUILD THIS ILLUSION
TOGETHER. EVERYTHING
DEPENDS ON BELIEVABILITY
OF ONE'S ATTITUDE.



AND ALLY HAD THAT BELIEVABILITY
IN SPADES. IT IS A COMFORTABLE
ROLE TO HER. SHE LOVES IT, AND I
PRETEND TO PROTEST...TO STRUGGLE
AND THEN...TO RELUCTANTLY SUBMIT.

AND SO WE END
UP FULFILLING EACH
OTHER'S NEED.

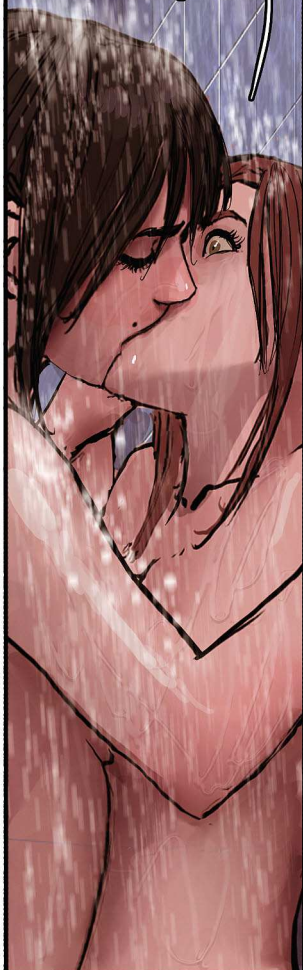


IT IS ACTUALLY QUITE
AMAZING HOW EASILY
SHE SWITCHES BETWEEN
ALLYCAT AND MY
MISTRESS.

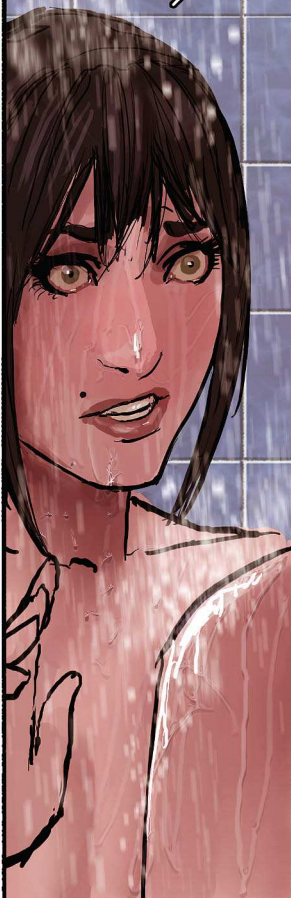


WELL...USUALLY.
Y'KNOW...WHEN
EVERYTHING WORKS
AS INTENDED.

MMPH!



WHAT?
WHAT IS IT?



TILES...COLD!

COLD TILES!



INEVITABLY I END UP FEELING
BOTH HAPPY...AND EXCITED.
IT'S STRANGE. A SMALL REMINDER
AS THE FEELING OF THE COLLAR
ON THE SKIN OF MY NECK
KEEPS REMINDING ME THAT THIS
IS REAL. EVEN AS WE JOKE AND
LAUGH, THERE IS THIS TWINGE
OF EXCITEMENT...





YOU KNOW,
THE COLLAR REALLY
SUITS YOU! LIKE...WEARING-
IT-IN-PUBLIC KIND OF
SUITS YOU.

SURE. SCREW
CASUAL FRIDAYS,
LET'S HAVE S-AND-
M MONDAYS.

JUST TELL
THEM YOUR
MISTRESS
COMMANDS
IT!

SO, MY
MISTRESS
TOPS MY
BOSS?

MUACK!

NOPE.
I ONLY TOP
YOU!

I'LL ORDER
US SOME CHINESE.
THAT OKAY WITH
YOU?

SURE!

YOU
COMING?

YES,
MISTRESS...

YOU KNOW...IT'S
NOT THE SAME WHEN
YOU'RE NO LONGER
HORNY...

IN FACT THAT'S WHEN
YOU REALIZE IT'S INHERENT
SILLINESS...BUT THAT'S FINE.
THAT'S JUST MY KIND OF
SILLY.

SO THE NIGHT WENT ON...AND
EVEN AS I WAS WATCHING A SILLY
MOVIE WITH ALLYCAT...THE COLLAR
WAS THERE...LIKE A PRECIOUS
TROPHY.

SERIOUSLY?
SHE IS CHOOSING
BETWEEN NECROPHILIA AND
BESTIALITY, AND WE'RE THE
PERVERTS HERE?

I KNOW, RIGHT?

AND THEN IT WAS TIME
TO SLEEP...AND HONESTLY,
I NEEDED IT...

**ALLY'S
ROOM!**

SO IN
HERE, OR?

NO, NO...
THIS WAY.

WELL...
GOODNIGHT...

UH-HUH...

UM...REALLY?
YOU...AREN'T,
LIKE, TIRED?

SILENCE!

GIGGLE
YES,
MISTRESS.

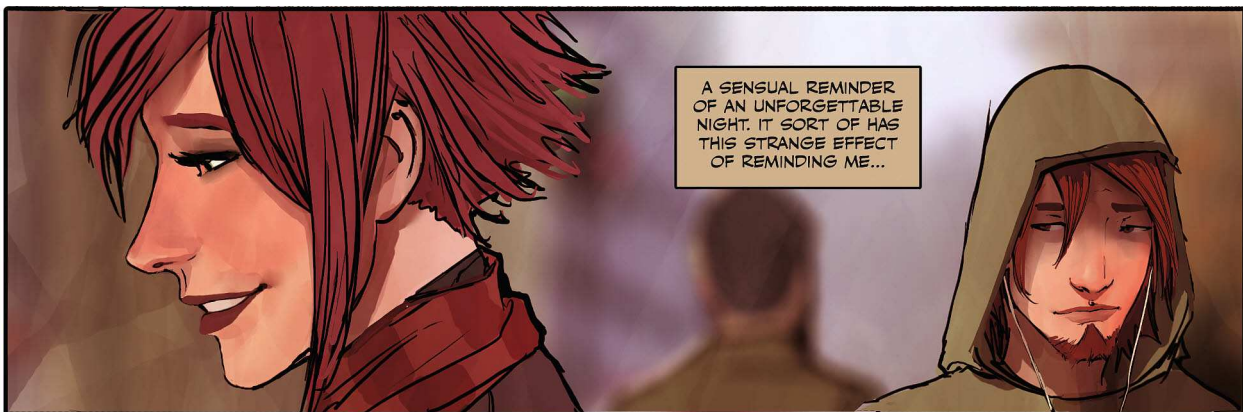




I COULD HAVE TAKEN
A CAB...BUT THERE IS
SOMETHING ABOUT BEING
OUTSIDE AMONG PEOPLE
WEARING MY COLLAR...

I LAUGHED IT OFF LAST NIGHT,
BUT TRUTH IS...WELL...IT WAS
AN AWKWARD LAUGH. THE LAUGH
YOU GIVE WHEN SOMEONE GETS
A BIT TOO CLOSE TO THE TRUTH
YOU MAY NOT WANT TO SHARE...

AND THE TRUTH WAS...
I LOVED IT!



A SENSUAL REMINDER
OF AN UNFORGETTABLE
NIGHT. IT SORT OF HAS
THIS STRANGE EFFECT
OF REMINDING ME...



ANY MOVEMENT OF THE NECK
AND I HEAR THE LEATHER CREAK.
ALMOST LIKE A WEIRD, SECRET
WEDDING RING, IT WAS THERE
TO REMIND ME I WAS HER...



BROKEN BY HER,
TAKEN BY HER...
COLLARED AS
HER OWN...

YUP...GONNA
NEED NEW PANTIES!

YEAH...IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT
FOR THE REST OF THAT SATURDAY
I WAS GONNA HAVE TO ACCEPT THE
SINGLE-TRACKED NATURE OF MY
THOUGHTS...

MY
MISTRESS.





SHE'S
COMING BACK
TONIGHT!

YESYESYESSSSS!
SHOULD I
CALL ALAN? YEAH.
WAIT...NO! FIRST I
SHOULD CLEAN UP
THE PLACE...SHE
IS COMING AGAIN
TONIGHT...

DAMN...I
WASN'T PLANNING
FOR THIS TO GO THIS
WELL...I HOPED, BUT...
AW, CRAP! NOW I
GOTTA PLAN FOR
TONIGHT.

CLEAN
HOUSE...

OR CALL
ALAN?

YEAH...
I'LL CALL
ALAN.

HE'LL
PROBABLY WANT
TO KNOW ABOUT
LAST NIGHT.

WHAT THE HELL
DO I EVEN SAY?

ALAN...I JUST
HAD THE BEST NIGHT
OF MY LIFE?



SHE WAS SO WONDERFULLY HELPLESS.



BUT PLAYFUL.



AND...THAT DEVIOUS LITTLE LIP-BITE OF HERS THAT...



...



OWWWH.

HELLOOO BEGINNING OF MOST PORN MOVIES!

MUST...THINK OF A CLEVER LINE...

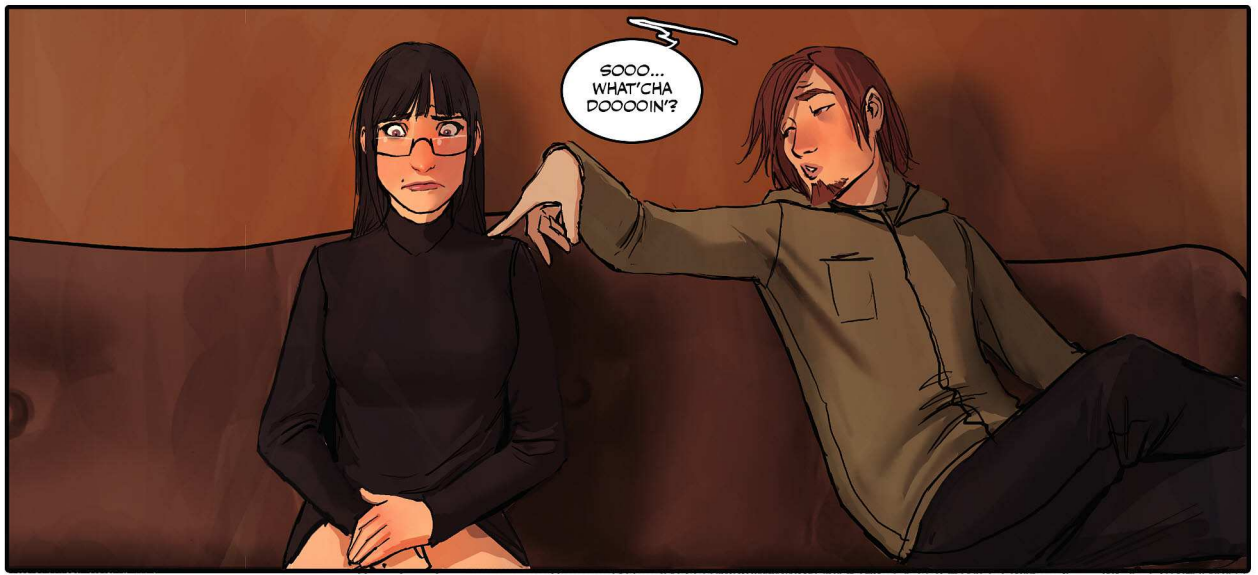


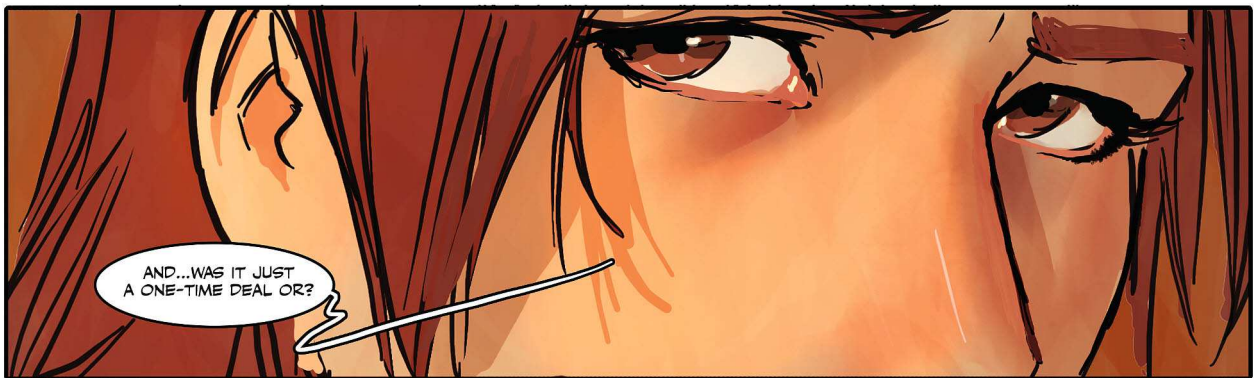
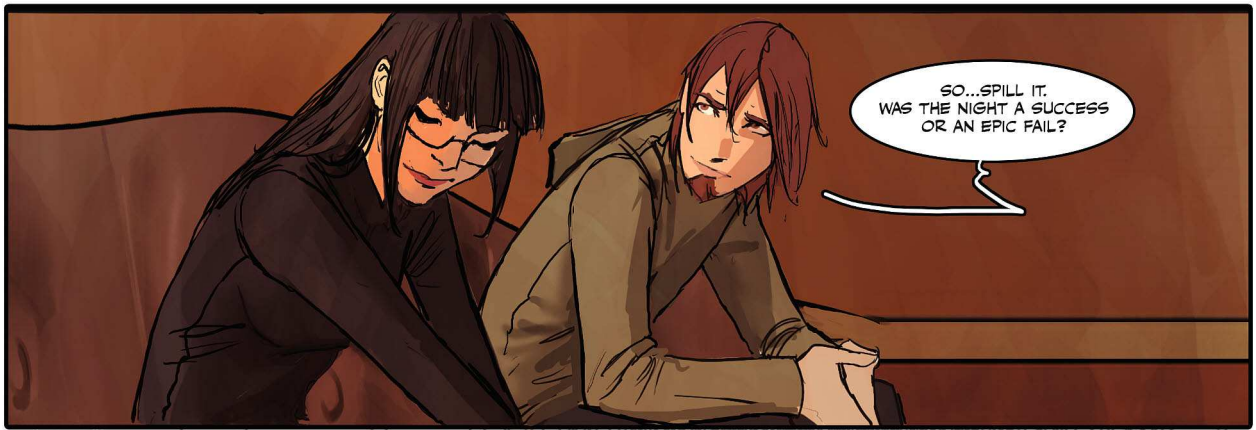
MMKAY. SO EITHER LAST NIGHT WAS SO GOOD THAT YOU'RE STILL..."INSPIRED"...

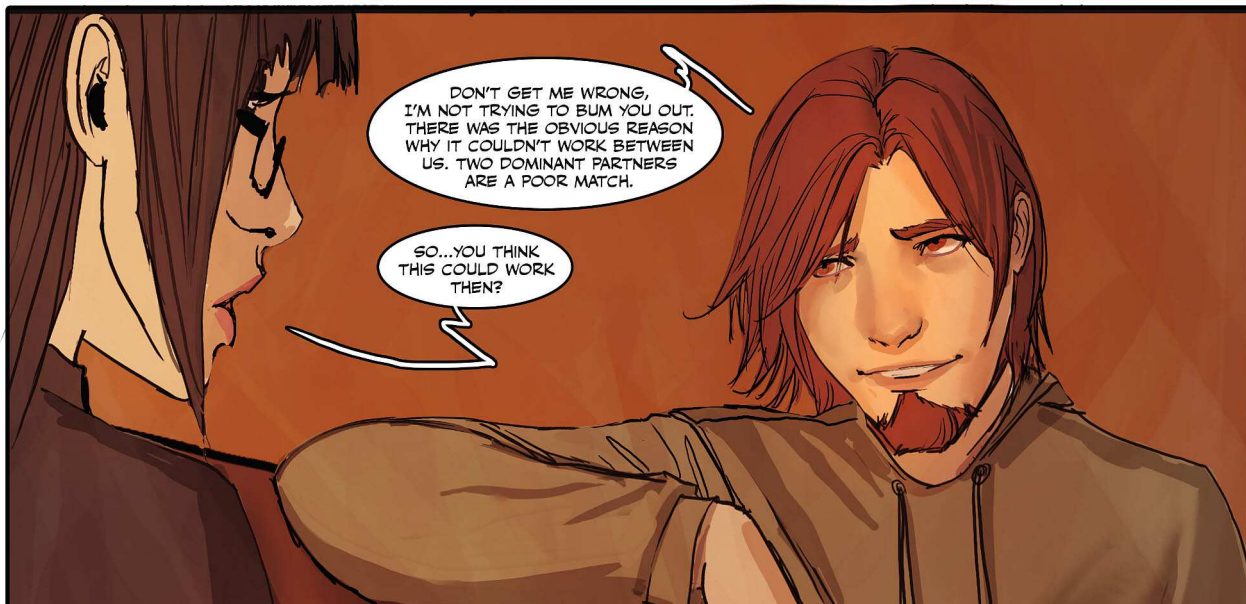
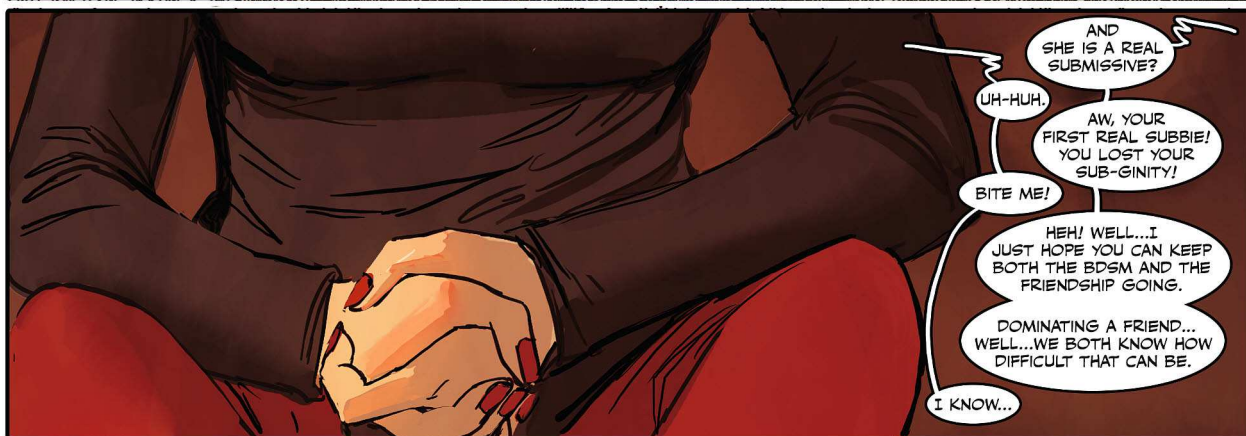
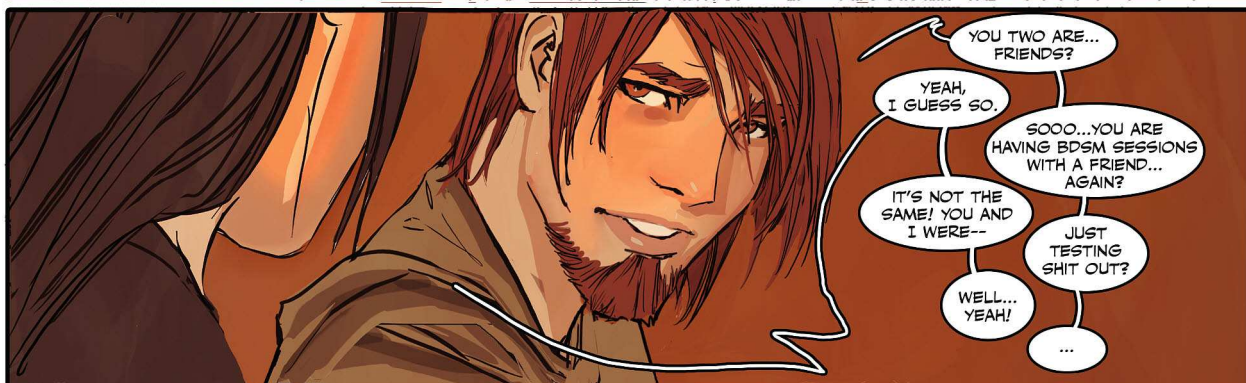
OR SO BAD THAT YOU'RE CATCHING UP?

BWAH?!

NOOOO... SHOULD HAVE GONE WITH, "NEED A HAND?"









HOW SHOULD I KNOW?
I NEVER EVEN MET THE GIRL.
DID YOU LIKE HER?

YES.

DID YOU GET THE
FEELING SHE LIKED YOU?

UM...YEAH.

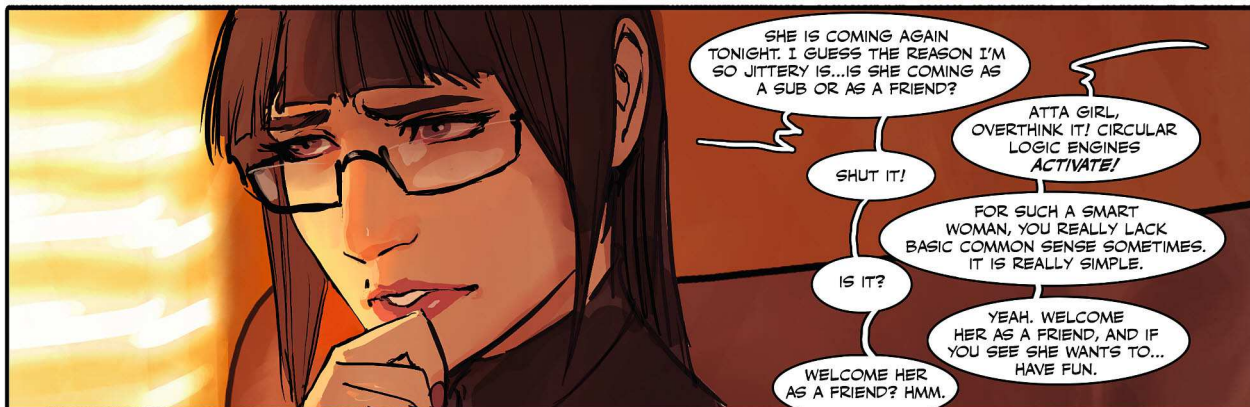
THEN JUST DO
WHAT FEELS RIGHT. RELAX,
DON'T OVERTHINK IT. DID
IT FEEL RIGHT?

WELL...
WE'RE JUST...HAVING
SOME FUN.

YEAH, YEAH...
DID IT *FEEL* RIGHT?

YES.

SO, I GUESS
IT WORKS.



SHE IS COMING AGAIN
TONIGHT. I GUESS THE REASON I'M
SO JITTERY IS...IS SHE COMING AS
A SUB OR AS A FRIEND?

ATTA GIRL,
OVERTHINK IT! CIRCULAR
LOGIC ENGINES
ACTIVATE!

SHUT IT!

FOR SUCH A SMART
WOMAN, YOU REALLY LACK
BASIC COMMON SENSE SOMETIMES.
IT IS REALLY SIMPLE.

IS IT?

YEAH. WELCOME
HER AS A FRIEND, AND IF
YOU SEE SHE WANTS TO...
HAVE FUN.

WELCOME HER
AS A FRIEND? Hmm.



SPEAKING OF WHICH, HOW
COME YOU HAPPENED TO DROP
BY ALL OF A SUDDEN?

AH...WELL, I
DECIDED TO TAKE A
BREAK...TO COME AND
SEE IF YOU'RE UP FOR
SOME DIGITAL
ASS-WHOOPIN'.

YOU JUST
WANTED TO SEE
IF SHE WAS STILL
HERE.

YEAHAH...
BUT ALSO TO
WHOOPE YOUR ASS...
IN-GAME,
I MEAN.

OH, WE'LL JUST
SEE ABOUT THAT.



OH...YOU
MAY WANNA
WASH YOUR
HANDS FIRST...
Y'KNOW.

EHM...
YEAH.

ON AN IRONIC SIDENOTE,
ALLY HAD A KEY TO ALAN'S
APARTMENT. SHE STILL
RANG THE BELL BECAUSE...
WELL...SHE DIDN'T WANT
TO WALK IN ON HIM
MASTURBATING.

NOW, WHILE ALLY AND ALAN WERE DOING THEIR THING, I WAS REGRETTING PROMISING MY BOSS THAT I WOULD COME TO THE DINER THAT DAY. I MEAN... FINANCIALLY A BONUS SHIFT IS ALWAYS USEFUL, BUT THAT SATURDAY MY MIND WAS SOMEWHERE COMPLETELY DIFFERENT.

OKAY...MAYBE KEEPING THE COLLAR ON WASN'T THE BEST IDEA I EVER HAD...

BUT I GUESS I COULD BE EXCUSED...I REALLY WANTED TO KEEP IT ON. A REMINDER OF LAST NIGHT...LIKE A PERMANENT TOUCH ON MY SKIN.

SO I MESSED UP, LIKE WHAT? SIX ORDERS...

HM...LUCKY FOR ME THAT SATURDAY AFTERNOON SHIFT IS USUALLY A SLOW ONE. THOUGH THERE IS A DOWN-SIDE BEYOND NOT BEING WITH ALLY...

WOW...AM I THAT CLINGY?

ANYWAYS...THE OTHER DOWN-SIDE:

VALERIE. A FUNNY THING... ALL MY LIFE I HAD THIS MESSED UP PERSISTENT COINCIDENCE, I GUESS... EVERY SINGLE BLONDE I KNEW...WAS A BITCH. OH YEAH, I'M WELL AWARE IT IS MERELY BAD LUCK, BUT...EVERY SINGLE ONE?

SO...LISA... WHAT'S WITH THE SCARF THERE?

OH...WELL. I...GOT A BAD HICKEY.

OOOH! A WILD NIGHT, HUH?

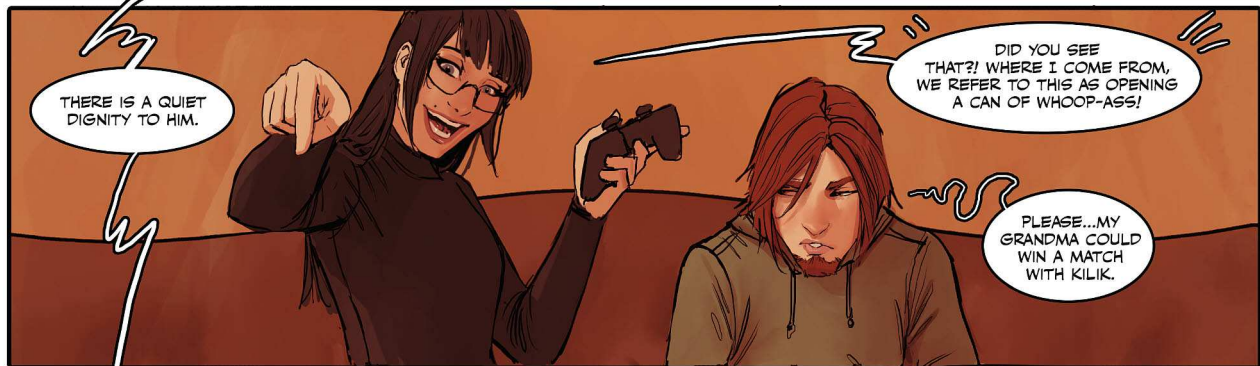
YEAH... YOU MIGHT SAY SO.

SO? WHAT'S HE LIKE?



HE?

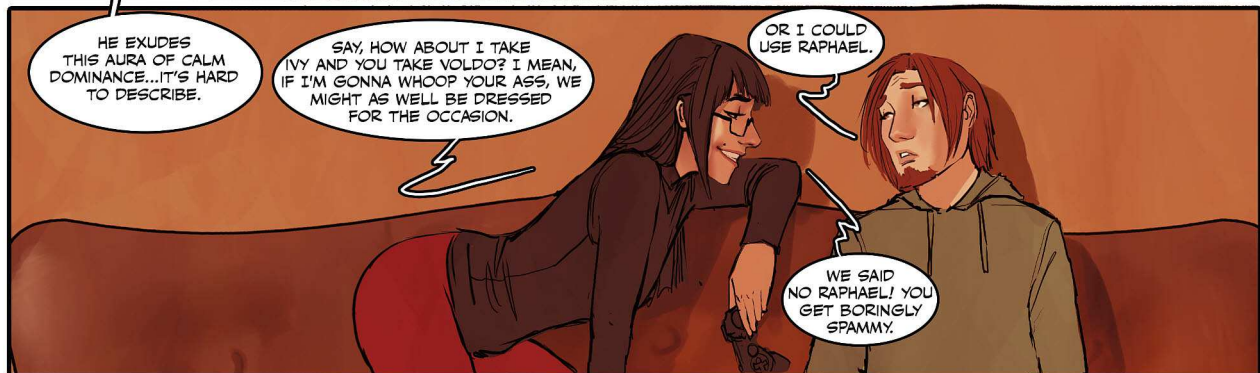
WELL...HE...
IS SOMETHING ELSE.



THERE IS A QUIET
DIGNITY TO HIM.

DID YOU SEE
THAT?! WHERE I COME FROM,
WE REFER TO THIS AS OPENING
A CAN OF WHOOP-ASS!

PLEASE...MY
GRANDMA COULD
WIN A MATCH
WITH KILIK.

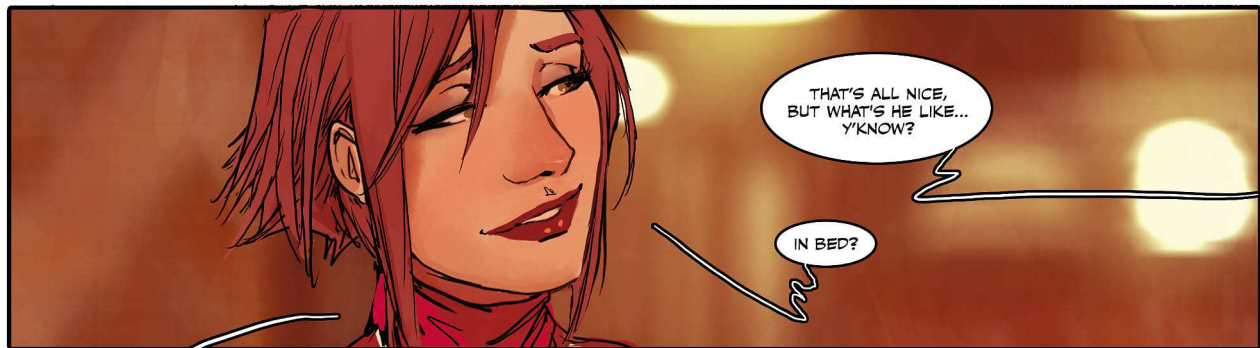


HE EXUDES
THIS AURA OF CALM
DOMINANCE...IT'S HARD
TO DESCRIBE.

SAY, HOW ABOUT I TAKE
IVY AND YOU TAKE VOLD? I MEAN,
IF I'M GONNA WHOOP YOUR ASS, WE
MIGHT AS WELL BE DRESSED
FOR THE OCCASION.

OR I COULD
USE RAPHAEL.

WE SAID
NO RAPHAEL! YOU
GET BORINGLY
SPAMMY.



THAT'S ALL NICE,
BUT WHAT'S HE LIKE...
Y'KNOW?

IN BED?

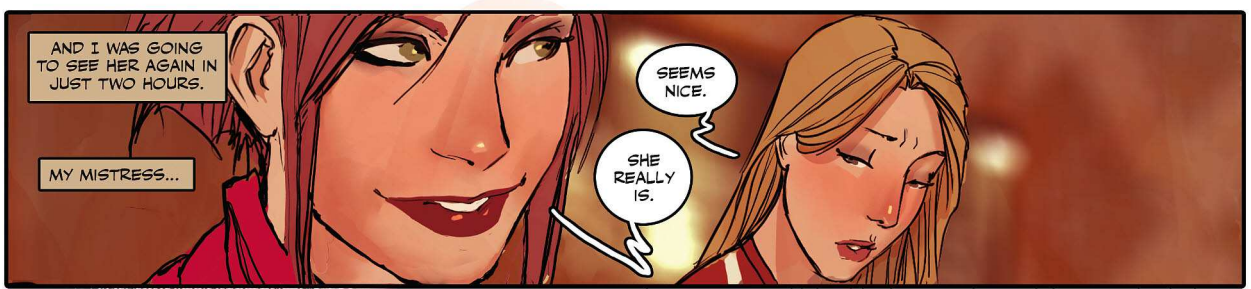


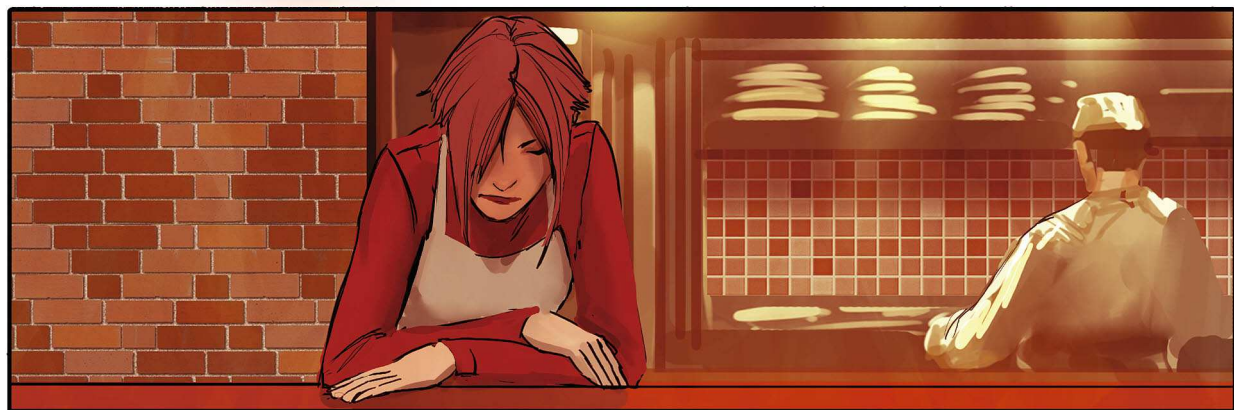
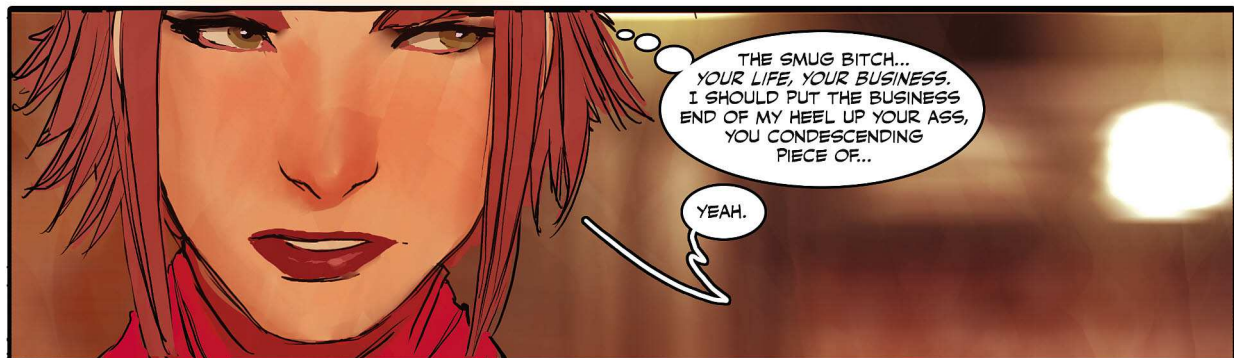
LET'S PUT IT LIKE
THIS, HE CAN HIT
ALL MY SPOTS WITH
HIS EYES CLOSED.


HEY, ALAN!
LOOK, NO EYES!

OH SCREW YOU!
WHILE YOU WERE PUNCHING
KEYS, I SPENT THE LAST THREE
DAYS PUNCHING HOLES IN A LEATHER
HARNESS! I GOT FUCKING
CARPAL TUNNEL!


GOOD! I FEED
ON EXCUSES!







NEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I
RUSHED HOME FROM
WORK SO VIGOROUSLY.
THERE IS THAT FEELING
THAT JUST KEEPS BUILDING
UP. THAT GIDDY ANTICIPATION.



IT COMPLETELY TAKES OVER YOU,
AND THIS TIME, UNLIKE YESTERDAY,
I AM FREE FROM THE NERVOUS FEAR.
I'M OFF TO SEE ALLYCAT AGAIN...
AND I'M OFF TO SEE MY MISTRESS,
AND BOTH SIDES OF THE COIN
MAKE ME SO HAPPY I COULD BURST.

THE SENSE OF URGENCY
AND EXCITEMENT GAVE
ME THE COURAGE TO
DO SOMETHING CRAZY.



AND, BELIEVE IT OR
NOT, I WAS NEVER THE
CRAZY, RISK-TAKING
TYPE...



BUT...IT COULDN'T
BE HELPED. I WAS
IN A HURRY!



I RUSHED DRIVEN BY ONE
THOUGHT. EVERY SECOND
I'M HERE IS TAKING TIME
AWAY FROM HER.

AND WE CAN'T
HAVE THAT!



BY THE WAY,
EXCITEMENT AND
PUTTING ON
MAKEUP ARE POOR
BED-FELLOWS.



I REMEMBER TWO
THOUGHTS BATTLING
THAT EVENING.

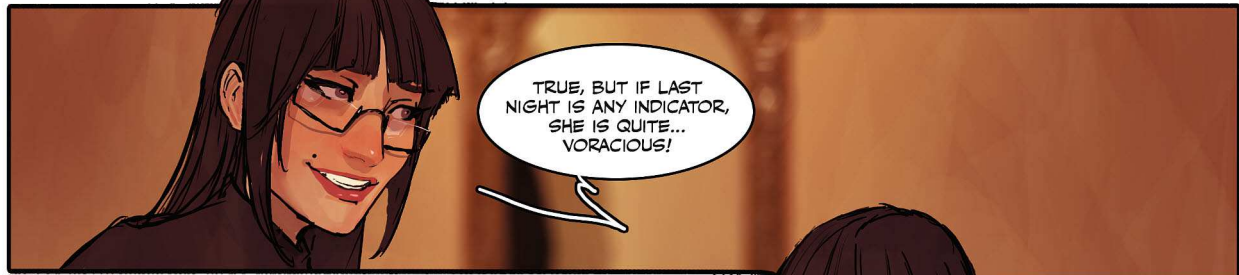
ONE, DRIVE...FASTER!



AND TWO, HOLY FUCK, I'M
NAKED UNDER THE COAT!
WHAT IF SOMEBODY NOTICES?
WHAT IF THE CAB DRIVER
NOTICES?



MY MIND WAS A CRAZY
MIX OF EXCITEMENT AND
PANIC.



THE COIN LANDED
ON HEADS...

DA-DING
DONG

ALLY TOLD IT TO
GO FUCK ITSELF.

WHAT TOOK
YOU SO LONG?

HEH. ACTUALLY, I
WASN'T SURE IF I SHOULD
WEAR THIS...Y'KNOW. DIDN'T
KNOW IF YOU WERE COMING
AS A FRIEND...OR...
YOU KNOW.

WOAH...GO
TEAM, GO! I GOTTA
SAY, YOU DO HAVE SOME
WONDERFUL ITEMS IN
YOUR WARDROBE.

AW, COME
ON, ALLY...

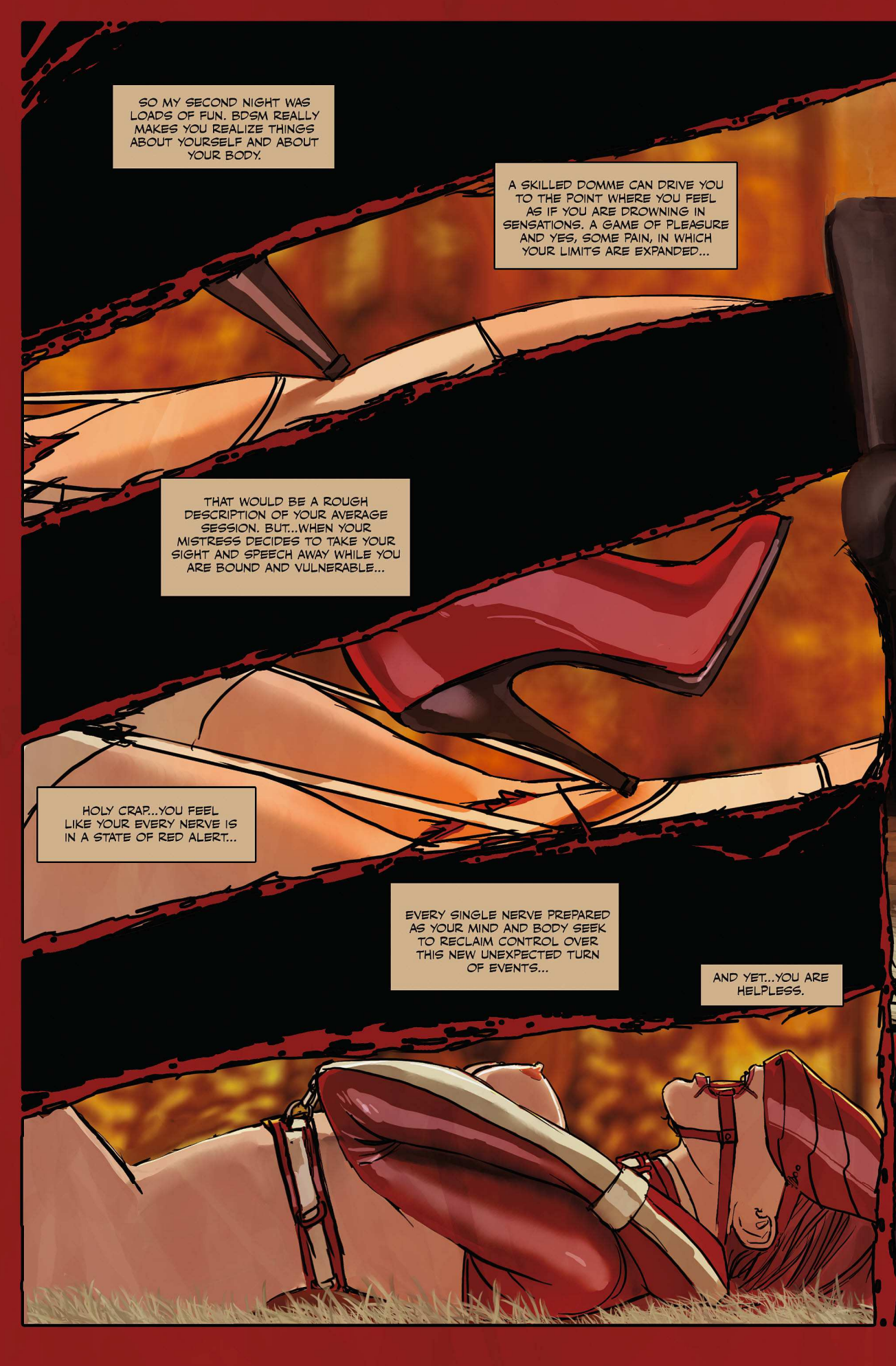
I THINK WE
PROVED LAST NIGHT
THAT WE CAN
HAVE BOTH.

TWO THINGS!

ONE, YES, I ACTUALLY
DID THIS! IT WAS AN OLD
PERSONAL FANTASY OF
MINE. SO...YEAH...THAT
NIGHT, I NAILED IT!

AND TWO, THE WHOLE
"HAVING BOTH" THING...
AHHAHAHAHAHAHA!
OH WOW...GOOD ONE,
PAST ME! GOOD ONE!

THEN I PRESUME
YOU HAVE SOME FREE
TIME ON YOUR HANDS...
BECAUSE I HAVE SO
MANY IDEAS.



SO MY SECOND NIGHT WAS
LOADS OF FUN. BDSM REALLY
MAKES YOU REALIZE THINGS
ABOUT YOURSELF AND ABOUT
YOUR BODY.

A SKILLED DOMME CAN DRIVE YOU
TO THE POINT WHERE YOU FEEL
AS IF YOU ARE DROWNING IN
SENSATIONS. A GAME OF PLEASURE
AND YES, SOME PAIN, IN WHICH
YOUR LIMITS ARE EXPANDED...

THAT WOULD BE A ROUGH
DESCRIPTION OF YOUR AVERAGE
SESSION. BUT...WHEN YOUR
MISTRESS DECIDES TO TAKE YOUR
SIGHT AND SPEECH AWAY WHILE YOU
ARE BOUND AND VULNERABLE...

HOLY CRAP...YOU FEEL
LIKE YOUR EVERY NERVE IS
IN A STATE OF RED ALERT...

EVERY SINGLE NERVE PREPARED
AS YOUR MIND AND BODY SEEK
TO RECLAIM CONTROL OVER
THIS NEW UNEXPECTED TURN
OF EVENTS...

AND YET...YOU ARE
HELPLESS.



A MERE PLAYTHING...TOUCHED...
POKED...TEASED...UNABLE
TO RESIST. SQUIRMING AND
IMAGINING HER PREDATORY,
AMUSED LOOK...

THAT AND BEING SO
MADDENINGLY TURNED ON
THAT IF I COULD, AT THIS
POINT, I'D HUMPH HER
LEG. UGH...

NOT MY MOST
DIGNIFIED MOMENT.

AND THERE SHE WAS...
MY MISTRESS REVELLING
IN MY HELPLESSNESS.

SHE REALLY IS
AMAZING. A TRUE
DOMINATRIX...



AND THEN...AFTER REALIZING
THE FUN POTENTIALS OF A
SPIDER GAG...MY MEMORIES
KINDA SORTA FADE TO BLACK.

DON'T GET ME WRONG, ALL JOKING
ASIDE, THERE ARE TWO REASONS WHY I
AM STOPPING MY DESCRIPTIONS AT
CERTAIN POINTS, AND NEITHER OF THEM ARE
EMBARRASSMENT.

REASON ONE: PRETTY MUCH
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF AN
ORGASM HAS BEEN WRITTEN
ALREADY...SO I WILL JUST SKIP
THE WHOLE OPENING OF MY INNER
FLOWER, CRESTING THE TIDES
OF PLEASURE CRAP.

AND REASON TWO: MY MEMORIES PAST
A CERTAIN POINT USUALLY DEVOLVE
TO "ASDFGAFFGSDASDDADADSADSA"...

WHAT CAN I SAY? ALLY KNEW WHAT
SHE WAS DOING, AND WHAT SHE DIDN'T
KNOW, SHE LEARNED FAST.

ALLY WAS A TRUE
DOMME.
MY MISTRESS.



AND AT THE SAME TIME...A TRUE FRIEND.

YEAH, I LIKED THE BOOK, BUT THEN CAME THAT SCENE WITH ALIENOR...

AND?

AND THEN I LOVED THE BOOK.

UH-HUH...A RICH DOMINATRIX IN A BIG-ASS CASTLE... THOUGHT YOU MIGHT RELATE!



SPEAKING OF WHICH...

HERE IT COMES...

YOU LIVE HERE...ALONE?

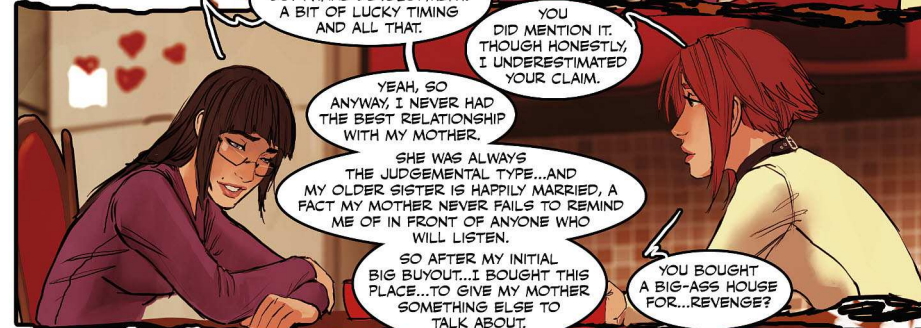
UH-HUH.

UM...WELL... WERE THERE NO AVAILABLE CASTLES?

FUNNY...

I'M JUST SAYIN'...

THAT IT'S WEIRD I GOT A HOUSE THIS BIG...ALONE.



I MADE MY MONEY WITH SOFTWARE DEVELOPMENT. A BIT OF LUCKY TIMING AND ALL THAT.

YOU DID MENTION IT, THOUGH HONESTLY, I UNDERESTIMATED YOUR CLAIM.

YEAH, SO ANYWAY, I NEVER HAD THE BEST RELATIONSHIP WITH MY MOTHER.

SHE WAS ALWAYS THE JUDGEMENTAL TYPE...AND MY OLDER SISTER IS HAPPILY MARRIED, A FACT MY MOTHER NEVER FAILS TO REMIND ME OF IN FRONT OF ANYONE WHO WILL LISTEN.

SO AFTER MY INITIAL BIG BUYOUT...I BOUGHT THIS PLACE...TO GIVE MY MOTHER SOMETHING ELSE TO TALK ABOUT.

YOU BOUGHT A BIG-ASS HOUSE FOR...REVENGE?



HEH...ALAN...MY BEST FRIEND... WELL...PRETTY MUCH MY ONLY FRIEND NEXT TO YOU... ASKED ME THE EXACT SAME QUESTION.


AND, WELL...I DON'T KNOW. THAT'S THE THING. I LIVED IN AN APARTMENT MY WHOLE LIFE WITH A MOTHER THAT HAD LITTLE RESPECT FOR MY PRIVACY. IT GOT WORSE AFTER MY DAD PASSED AWAY, SO I GUESS, ON SOME LEVEL I ALWAYS WANTED THIS.

I DON'T KNOW...OVERALL I AM HAPPY HERE...BUT THERE ARE DAYS WHEN IT FEELS TOO BIG.



PEOPLE ARE COMPLEX. YOU USUALLY SEE ONE SIDE OF THEM... ON ANY GIVEN DAY THEY ARMOR UP TO MEET SOCIETY. THE SOCIETY THAT LOVES BRANDING ITS MEMBERS.

ALLY...IS A DOMINATRIX... BUT ALLY IS MY FRIEND... MY LONELY FRIEND.



NOW, R1 AND
JUMP TO THE SIDE!

OH, IS
THAT ALL?

ALLY, LAST TIME I
PLAYED A GAME WAS,
LIKE, TEN YEARS
AGO!

SHE HAD ONLY TWO FRIENDS...
THIS BUGGED ME AT FIRST.
I TRIED NOTICING WHAT ASPECT
OF HER WOULD CONDEMN
HER TO THIS ISOLATION.

SHE WAS AN ATTRACTIVE
YOUNG WOMAN.

PLAYFUL, FUNNY, SMART.



BESIDES HER SEXUAL
TASTES, NOTHING ABOUT
HER STOOD OUT.




JUST A NORMAL PERSON.

WHAT DO
YOU THINK?

SURPRISINGLY
CATCHY!



BUT, IN THE END, DOES
IT EVEN MATTER?



IF I WAS TO THINK CAREFULLY...
HOW MANY PEOPLE COULD I
CALL MY TRUE FRIENDS...

AT THIS MOMENT...

OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD...

I GUESS...



THERE WAS ALLY...
AND I GUESS THAT'S
ALL RIGHT.





HOW THE HELL DID THIS HAPPEN? IT WAS THE SECOND MORNING OF ME WAKING UP NEXT TO HER... AND I WAS HAPPY... GENUINELY...HAPPY.

I MEAN, IF I WAS GONNA BE COMPLETELY HONEST, THIS WAS ABOUT SEX. WE STARTED CHATTING BECAUSE OF OUR, WELL, SPECIFIC TASTES. WE MET TO SATISFY THOSE DESIRES.

WE WERE FRIENDS. AND SURE, ON A CERTAIN LEVEL, SHE KNEW ME BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE EVER DID...SO IT MADE PERFECT SENSE FOR ME TO CARE ABOUT HER.

WE HAD OTHER STUFF IN COMMON... BESIDES THE BDSM STUFF THAT IS. SHE LIKED BOOKS, HAD A GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR...

I WAS WELL AWARE THAT WE ONLY REALLY MET TWO DAYS AGO...

AND YET, LOOKING AT HER SLEEPING, I FELT THIS OVERWHELMING NEED TO KISS HER. AND IT WAS THE SHEER LACK OF SEXUAL DESIRE THAT TRIGGERED ALL SORTS OF ALARMS IN ME...

I TRIED TO RATIONALIZE THESE THOUGHTS AWAY.



AFTER LAST NIGHT, I CAN'T HELP MYSELF...SHE IS TRYING TO HIDE IT, BUT SHE IS LONELY.

THAT WAS PROBABLY WHY I FELT THIS...WHATEVER THIS WAS!

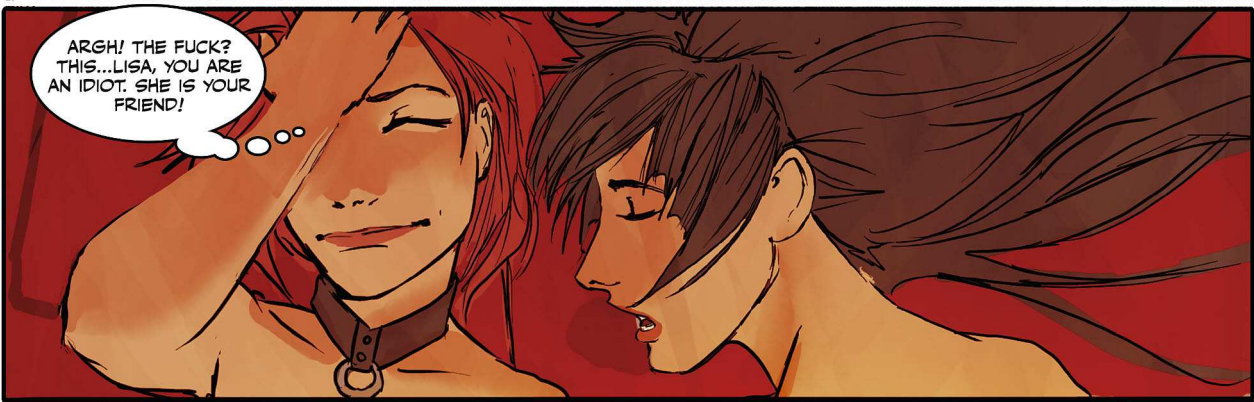
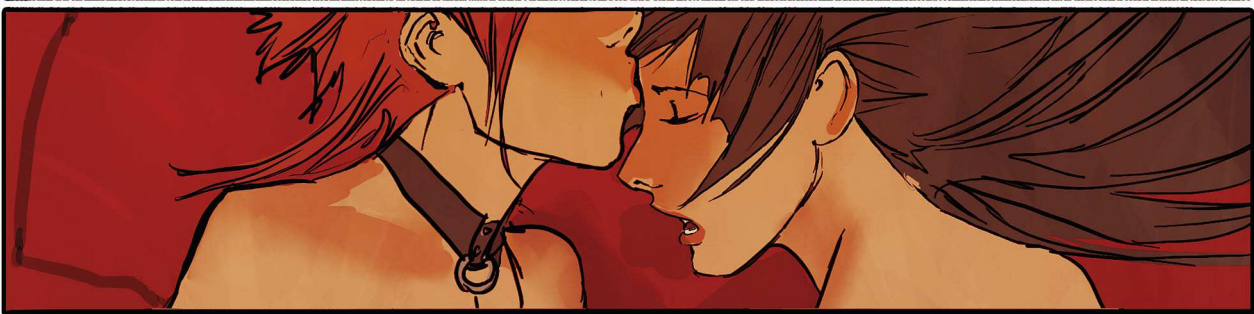
YEAH...THAT'S IT...



"THE FEW FRIENDS I HAD EITHER LEFT ME ONCE I GOT SUCCESSFUL, OR TRIED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE." SHE SAID THAT THE NIGHT BEFORE WITH A STRANGE, ALIEN SMILE THAT NEVER TOUCHED HER EYES...BUT WHEN SHE SMILES AT ME...



MY ALLY.



ARGH! THE FUCK? THIS...LISA, YOU ARE AN IDIOT. SHE IS YOUR FRIEND!



BEFORE ALL THIS, I HAD MY LIFE
FIGURED OUT TO SOME EXTENT...

THE MUNDANE NATURE OF IT
WAS LIKE A FAMILIAR PAINTING
ON THE WALL. THE ONE YOU LIVED
WITH LONG ENOUGH THAT YOU
DON'T EVEN NOTICE IT ANYMORE.

BUT THAT MORNING, SOMETHING
CHANGED. THAT MORNING I NOTICED A
FLAKE OF PAINT FALLING OFF FROM IT.

THERE SEEMED TO BE A WHOLE
OTHER PAINTING UNDERNEATH IT...



A RESTLESS PART OF ME
MUSED ABOUT THE HIDDEN
POSSIBILITIES OF THIS NEW
PAINTING...CONSIDERED TEARING
DOWN THE LAYER OF FAMILIARITY
FOR A CHANCE OF SOMETHING
AMAZING.

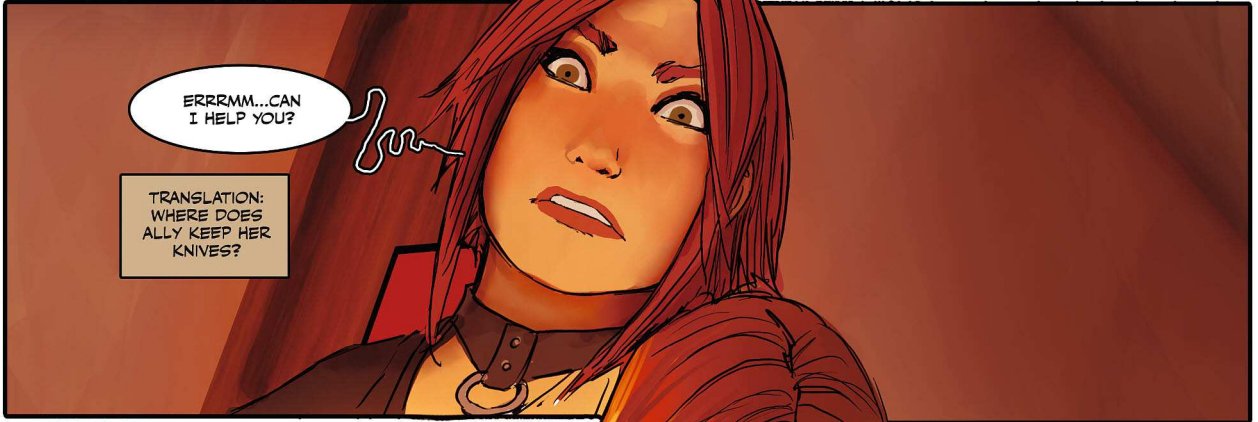
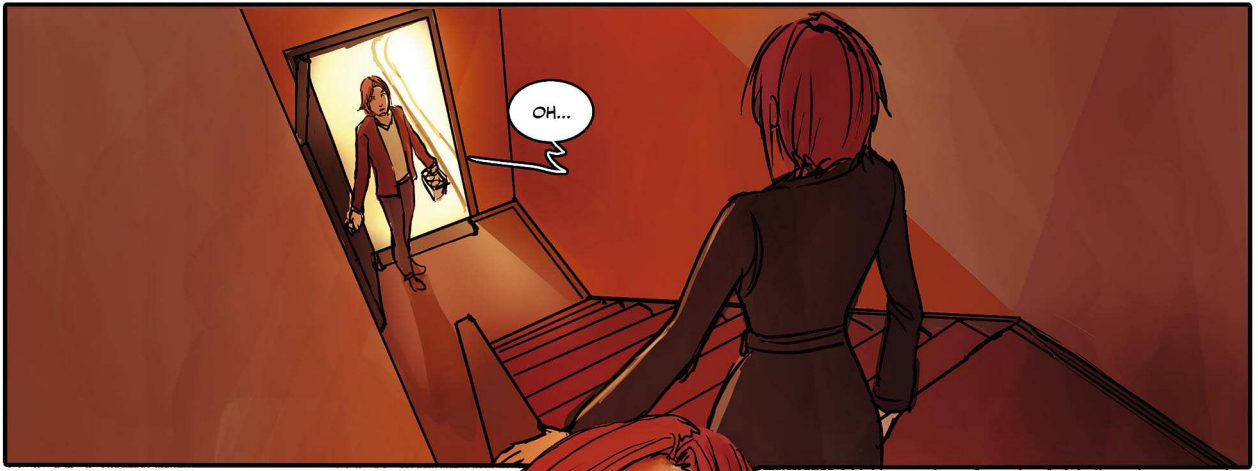
AND NOW FOR
A FAR LESS POETIC
TRANSLATION, I WAS
OVERTHINKING A *TWINGE*
OF AFFECTION I FELT
FOR A FRIEND I WAS
SLEEPING WITH FOR
TWO DAYS.

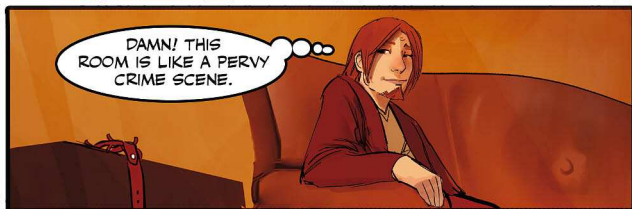
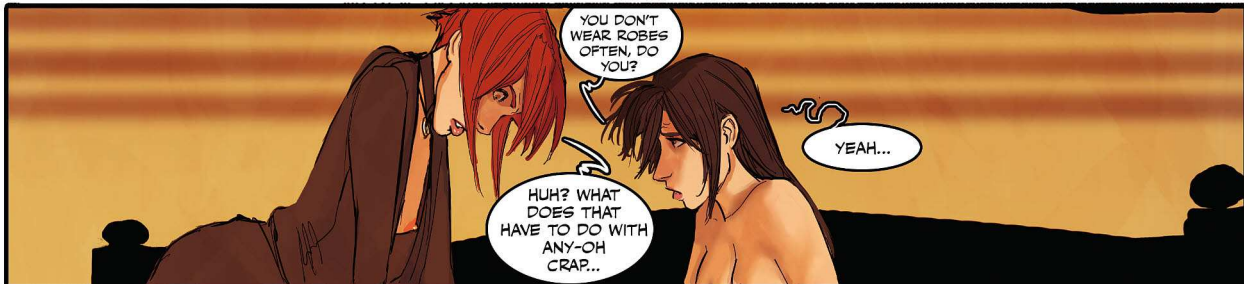


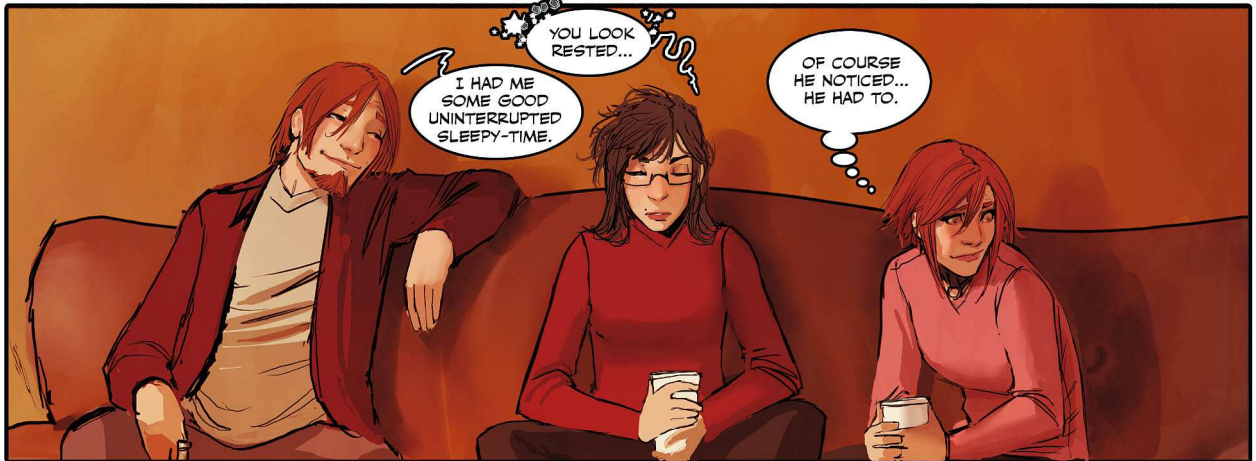
THE HELL?

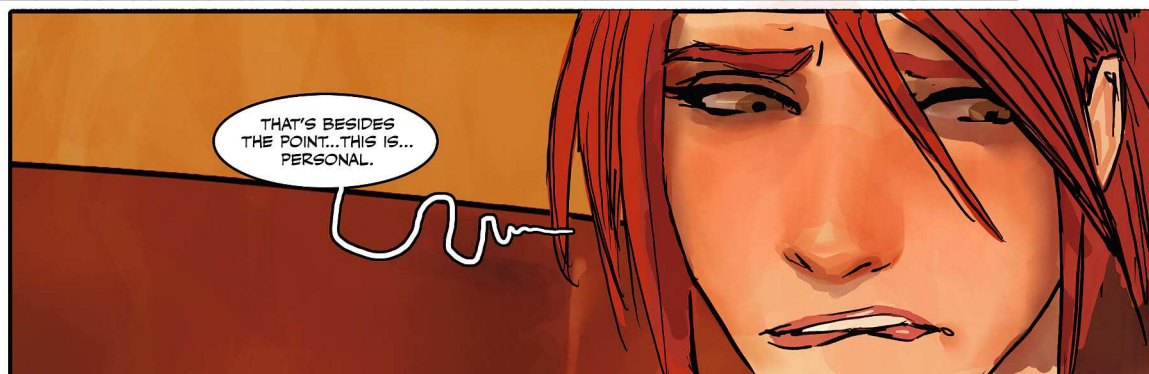
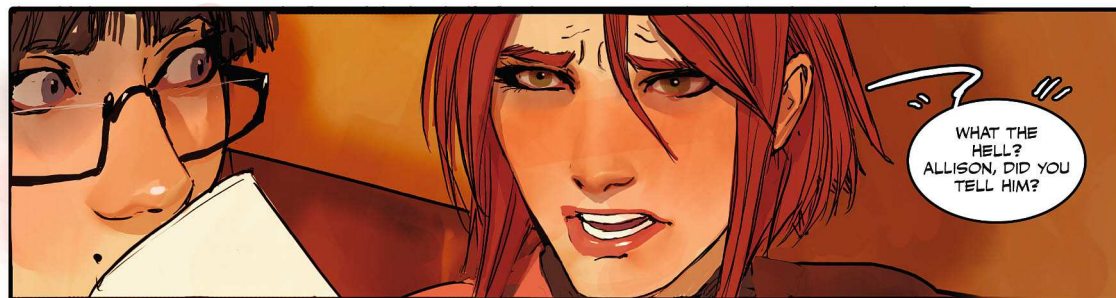


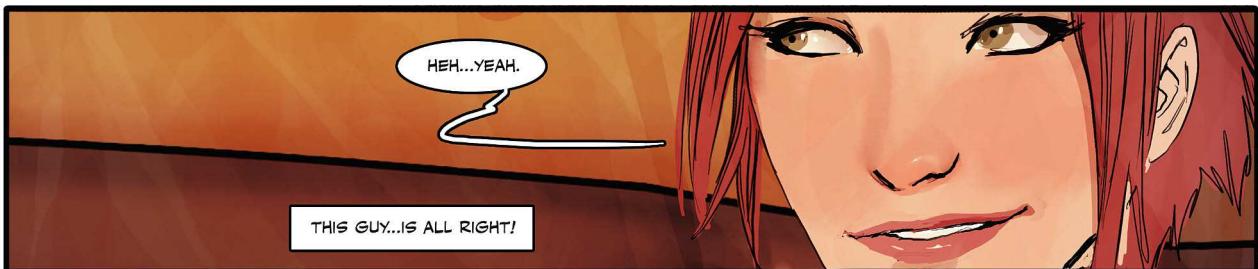
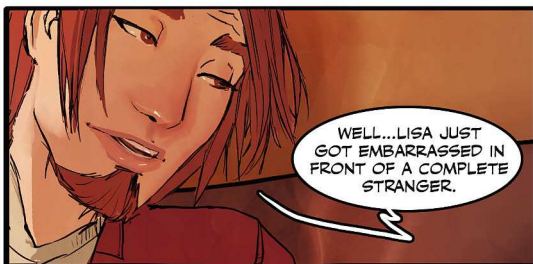
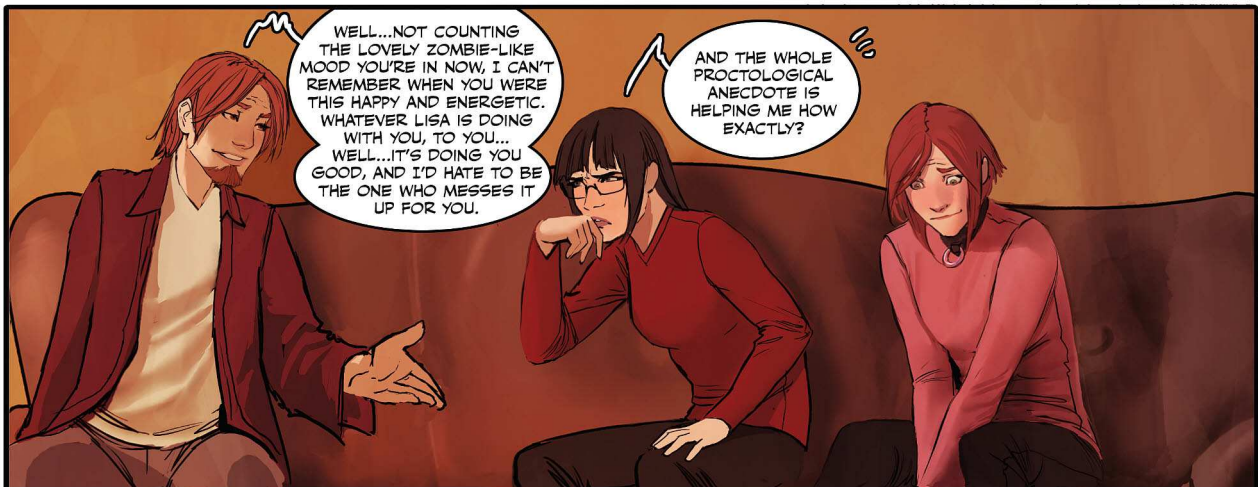
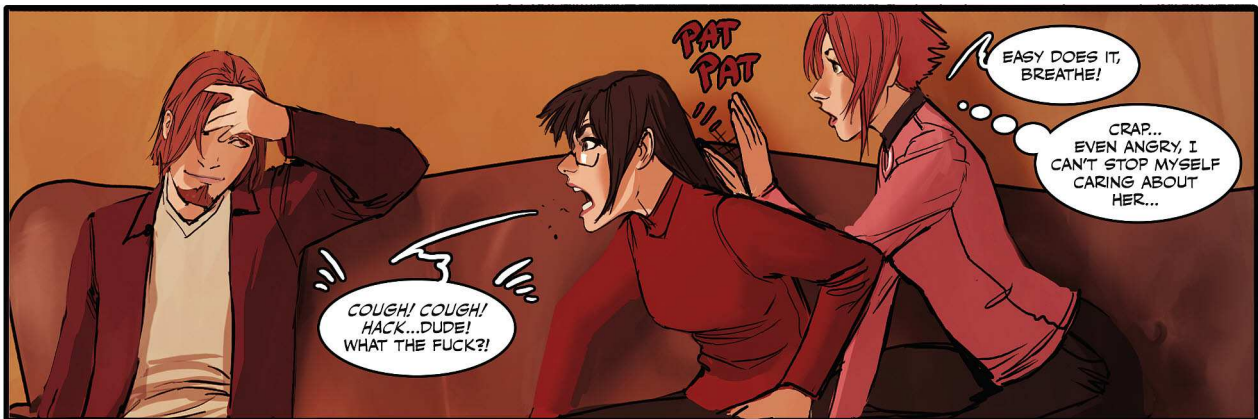
YO, ALLY.
PAYBACK TIME!











IT WAS A WEIRD PREDICAMENT I FOUND MYSELF IN THAT DAY. I WAS IN THIS BIG HOUSE ALONE WITH TWO DOMMES. NO ONE KNEW I WAS HERE...IT WAS A SITUATION THAT WOULD SCARE ME...IF IT WASN'T FOR ONE SIMPLE TRUTH.

BDSM PEOPLE ARE SEXUAL NERDS...

I KNOW I SAID THIS BEFORE... BUT SEEING THESE TWO BRAINSTORMING ABOUT SOME RIG DESIGN ALAN WAS COMMISSIONED TO MAKE...

IT WAS LIKE WATCHING ENTHUSIASTS HAVING A HEARTFELT CONVERSATION ABOUT A COMMON HOBBY.

LIKE GOURMAND CHEFS DISCUSSING CONTENTS OF SPICE RACKS.

SO I FIGURE THIS WOULD DISTRIBUTE THE WEIGHT EVENLY WHILE KEEPING CIRCULATION UNOBSTRUCTED.

YEAH, BUT THE PRESSURE ON THE FUN PARTS IS GONNA SPOIL THE FUN. THIS RIG RELIES HEAVILY ON KEEPING THE EROGENOUS ZONES STIMULATED, BUT THE CROTCH AREA AS IT IS WOULD ONLY CAUSE PAIN, TRUST ME ON THIS ONE.

HM, POINT TAKEN. I'LL TALK IT OVER WITH THEM.

IF THEY DECIDE TO GO WITH IT AS IT IS... WELL, I GUESS THEY LIKE IT REAAAALLY SPICY.

IT WAS FUNNY ACTUALLY, THIS WAS MY FIRST EVER SEX TALK WITH FRIENDS...AND BOY DID THESE TWO HAVE SOME CRAZY ONES. ALAN HAS BEEN MAKING PERSONALIZED GEAR FOR CLUBS, PERFORMANCES, AND INDIVIDUALS FOR YEARS. A JOB LIKE THAT OFTEN HAS SOME FUN STORIES LINKED TO IT.

...AND HER IDEA WAS TO HAVE A CORSET THAT WOULD BE HELD IN PLACE BY HER PIERCING.

THAT ACTUALLY SOUNDS COOL!

YUP, SOUNDED COOL...TIL SHE SNEEZED.



21
ALRIGHT,
I'M GOING IN!
COVER ME!

M-HM...

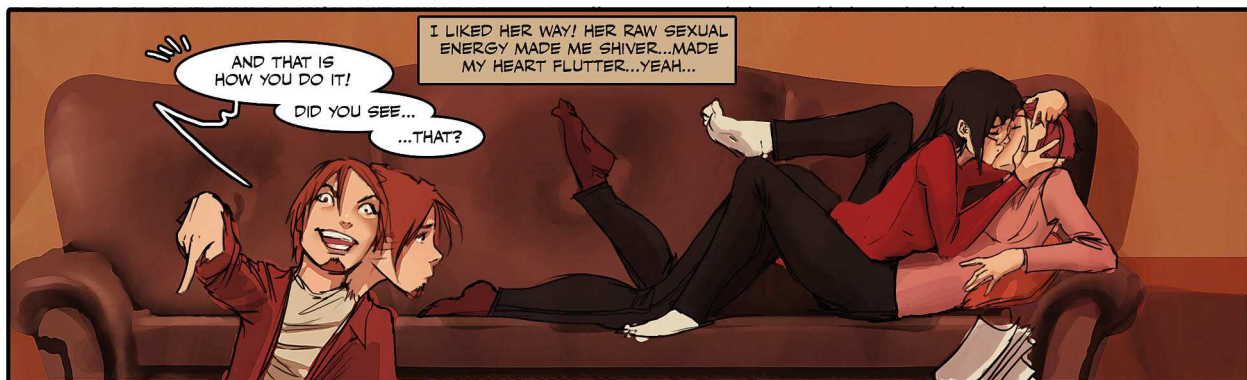
ALLY AND ALAN WERE GAMERS. I LIKED VIDEO GAMES, BUT MY ENTHUSIASM FOR THEM SUBSIDED IN MY LATE TEENS DUE TO MY FOCUS SHIFTING TO WRITING, AND MY BROTHERS' RELENTLESS HOGGING OF THE PLAYSTATION.

I AMUSED MYSELF WITH A BUNCH OF FETISHWEAR CATALOGUES ALLY HAD. IT WASN'T LIKE I WAS BORED...



BUT ALLY, WELL, LET'S JUST SAY SHE REALLY WANTED TO KEEP ME FROM FEELING LIKE A THIRD WHEEL. SHE HAD A GREAT WAY OF ACCOMPLISHING THAT.

ALRIGHT,
YOU SON OF
A BITCH, YOUR
ASS IS MINE!



AND THAT IS
HOW YOU DO IT!

DID YOU SEE...

...THAT?

I LIKED HER WAY! HER RAW SEXUAL ENERGY MADE ME SHIVER...MADE MY HEART FLUTTER...YEAH...



JUST...SEXUAL ENERGY...YUP!

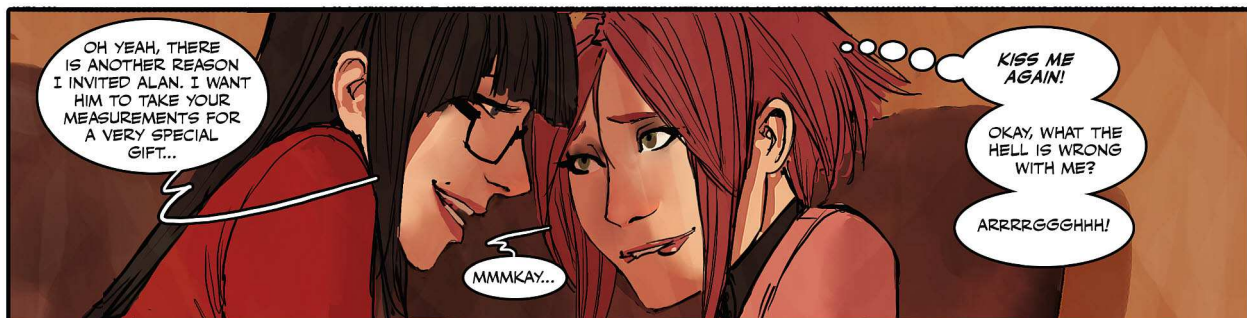
NOT COOL!

WHAT?

WE MAY BE FRIENDS,
BUT I AM A GUY DAMMIT!
AND YOU ARE TWO HOT
CHICKS MAKING OUT!

OH...UM.
SORRY?

HRMPF...



OH YEAH, THERE IS ANOTHER REASON I INVITED ALAN. I WANT HIM TO TAKE YOUR MEASUREMENTS FOR A VERY SPECIAL GIFT...

MMMKAY...

KISS ME AGAIN!

OKAY, WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH ME?

ARRRRGGGHHH!

IT'S OKAY, LISA...
YOU ARE JUST A LITTLE
BIT...HORMONAL.

IT'S 'CAUSE OF YOUR
LONG DRY STREAK...

THAT'S IT!

SHE IS YOUR
FRIEND, SOMEONE YOU
FEEL *COMFORTABLE* WITH,
HAVE TALKED TO FOR TWO
MONTHS NOW, AND SHE
IS YOUR MISTRESS...

A BIT OF AFFECTION
IS *PERFECTLY*
UNDERSTANDABLE.

AND THAT'S WHY
YOU'RE FANTASIZING
ABOUT KISSING HER
FOR *HOURS* ON A
BEACH.

YUP! MAKES
PERFECT SENSE!

STOP THINKING ABOUT
IT! THINK OF SOMETHING
ELSE! ANYTHING!

EXTEND YOUR
FINGERS PLEASE.

UM, PLANNING
ON LONGER
SLEEVES?

YOU MIGHT SAY
SO. THIS IS GONNA BE
SOMETHING SPECIAL.

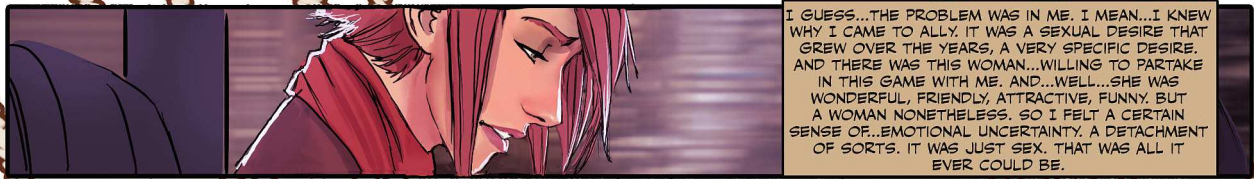
SPECIAL LIKE?

PAJAMAS!

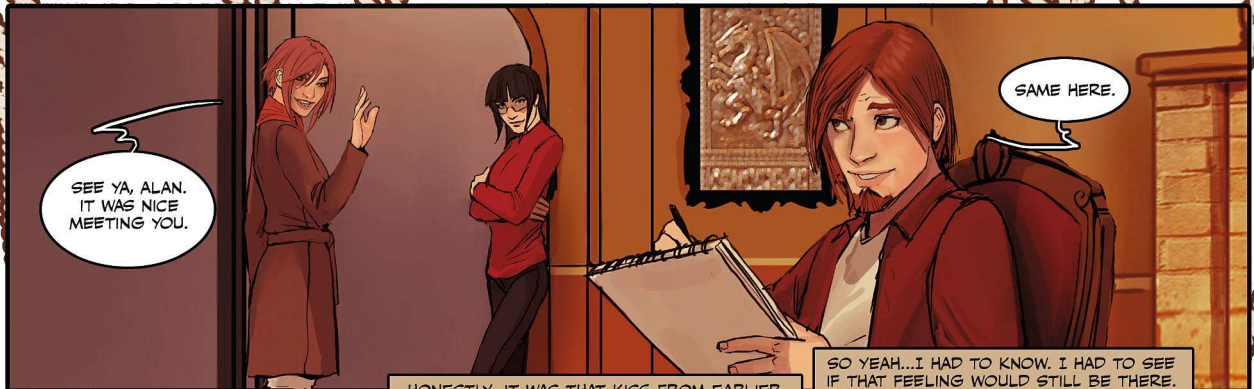


THIS...IS NOT HOW I SAW THIS WHOLE SITUATION UNFOLDING. AND YET...AFTER THREE DAYS OF BASICALLY HAVING MY DEEPEST SEXUAL ITCHES SCRATCHED...

I FEEL...THIS STRANGE VOID IN THE PIT OF MY STOMACH.



I GUESS...THE PROBLEM WAS IN ME. I MEAN...I KNEW WHY I CAME TO ALLY. IT WAS A SEXUAL DESIRE THAT GREW OVER THE YEARS, A VERY SPECIFIC DESIRE. AND THERE WAS THIS WOMAN...WILLING TO PARTAKE IN THIS GAME WITH ME. AND...WELL...SHE WAS WONDERFUL, FRIENDLY, ATTRACTIVE, FUNNY. BUT A WOMAN NONETHELESS. SO I FELT A CERTAIN SENSE OF...EMOTIONAL UNCERTAINTY. A DETACHMENT OF SORTS. IT WAS JUST SEX. THAT WAS ALL IT EVER COULD BE.



SEE YA, ALAN. IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU.

SAME HERE.

AH, HINDSIGHT... I COULD HAVE SAID SO MANY DIFFERENT THINGS.

HONESTLY...IT WAS THAT KISS FROM EARLIER THAT DAY. I MEAN, WE KISSED BEFORE THAT TOO...BUT...THIS TIME IT SHOOK ME UP. MY MIND WAS OBSESSING.

SO YEAH...I HAD TO KNOW. I HAD TO SEE IF THAT FEELING WOULD STILL BE THERE. THIS TIME I WENT FOR IT. I HAD TO TAKE THE DOMINANT ASPECT OF ALLY THAT EXCITED ME SO MUCH OUT OF THE EQUATION. I KISSED HER. I TOOK HER BY SURPRISE. FELT HER BODY STIFFEN FOR A SPLIT SECOND, AND THEN SHE GAVE INTO IT...AND YUP.

SOMETHING CLEVER...

SOMETHING FUNNY...

ANYTHING...I'M A DAMN WRITER. AND I JUST STOOD THERE...

UM...SO... WANNA DO THIS AGAIN SOMETIME?

OF COURSE.

NEXT WEEKEND OKAY WITH YOU?

YES...



THE FEELING WAS STILL THERE. CRAP...THIS WAS NOT PART OF THE PLAN.

THERE IS A SAYING ABOUT THE BEST LAID PLANS, AND I THINK IT APPLIES TO SEXUALLY-SUBMISSIVE WRITERS AS WELL...

I THINK IT GOES SOMETHING LIKE, **FUCK YOUR PLANS!**





HOME SWEET HOME...



THREE OF THE BEST...



MOST EXCITING DAYS OF MY LIFE...



AND I'M BACK...
IN MY FAMILIAR ROOM...
ALMOST LIKE NOTHING
HAPPENED.



SIGH.



BUT THERE IS ONE
SMALL REMINDER...
OF THE WEEKEND.



OF HER...

MY ALLYCAT...

MY MISTRESS...

SIGH.

ALRIGHT...A SHORT NAP,
AND THEN GET SOME
WORK DONE.



HM...EASIER SAID THAN
DONE.



WHAT THE HELL? I SHOULD
BE FEELING HAPPY, ENERGETIC,
AND I CAN'T GET MYSELF TO
DO ANYTHING...

I MEAN...WE DID ARRANGE OUR
NEXT MEETING FOR THIS NEXT
WEEKEND...

THAT'S JUST FIVE DAYS AWAY.
IT'S NOT THAT BAD.

ARGH, I CAN'T GET HER
OUT OF MY MIND. SNAP OUT
OF IT, ALLISON!



YOU DON'T WANT HER
TO SEE YOU
AS DESPERATE...

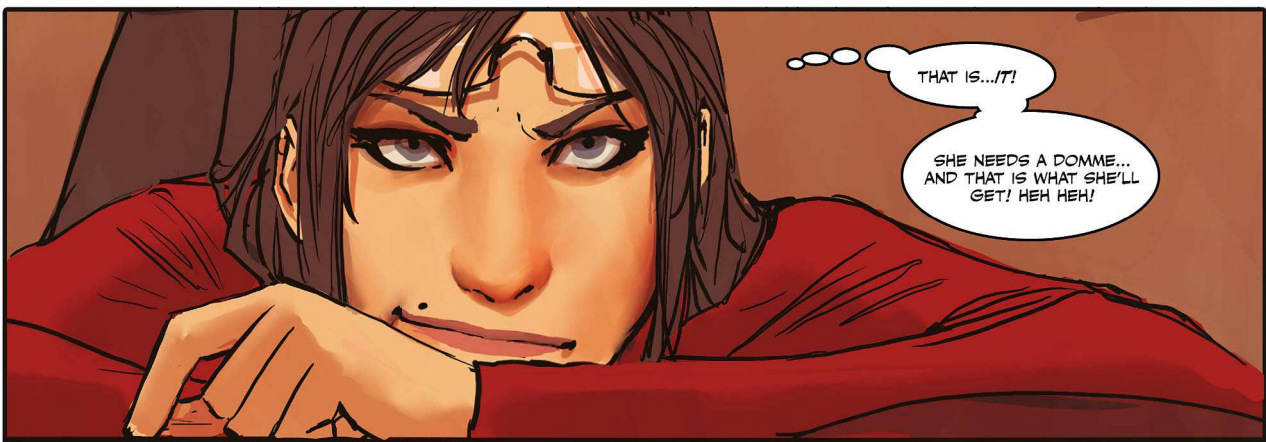
IT'S
NOT REALLY
DOMINATRIXEY.

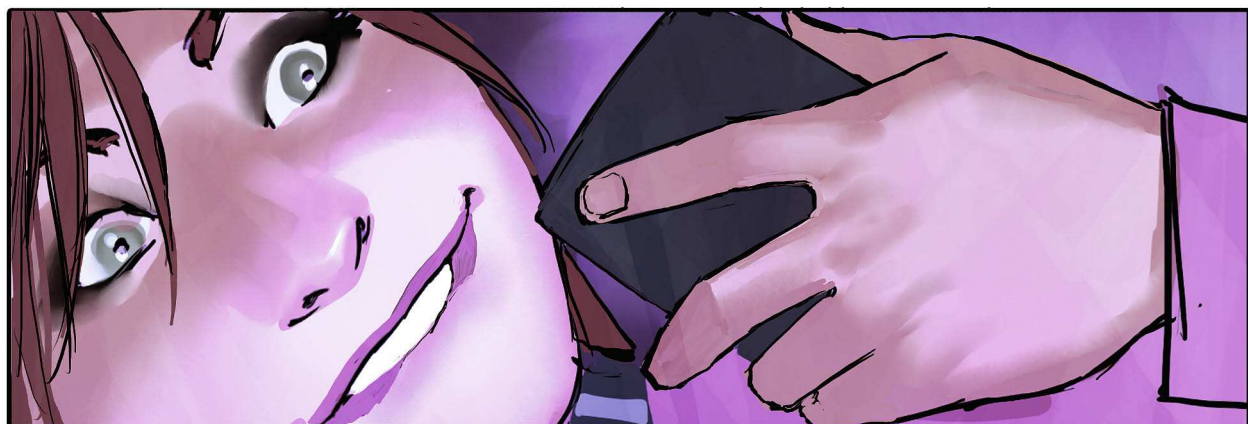
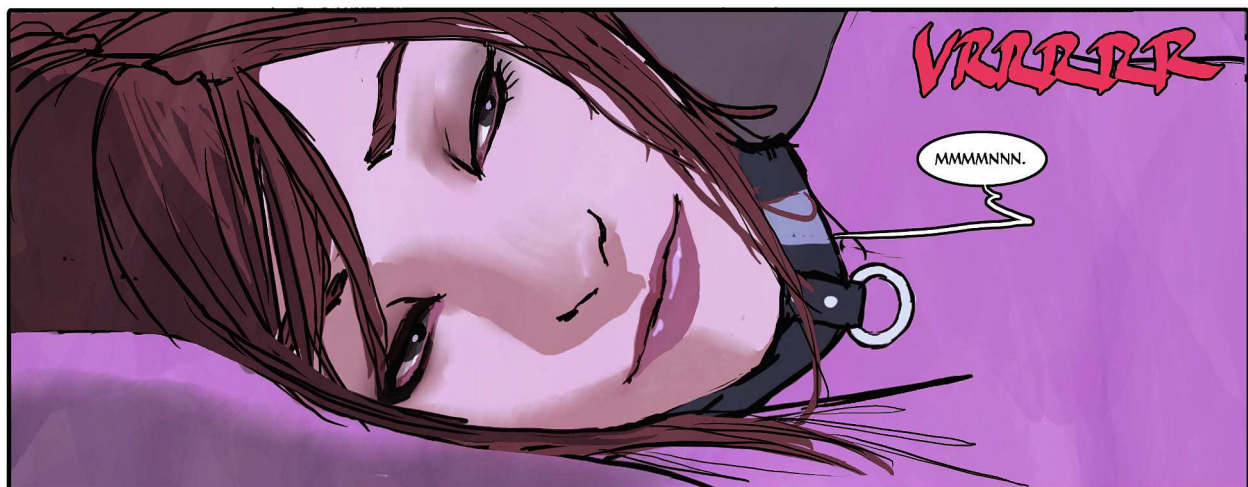
I HAVE MY ROLE...
THAT IS WHY SHE
CAME TO ME...

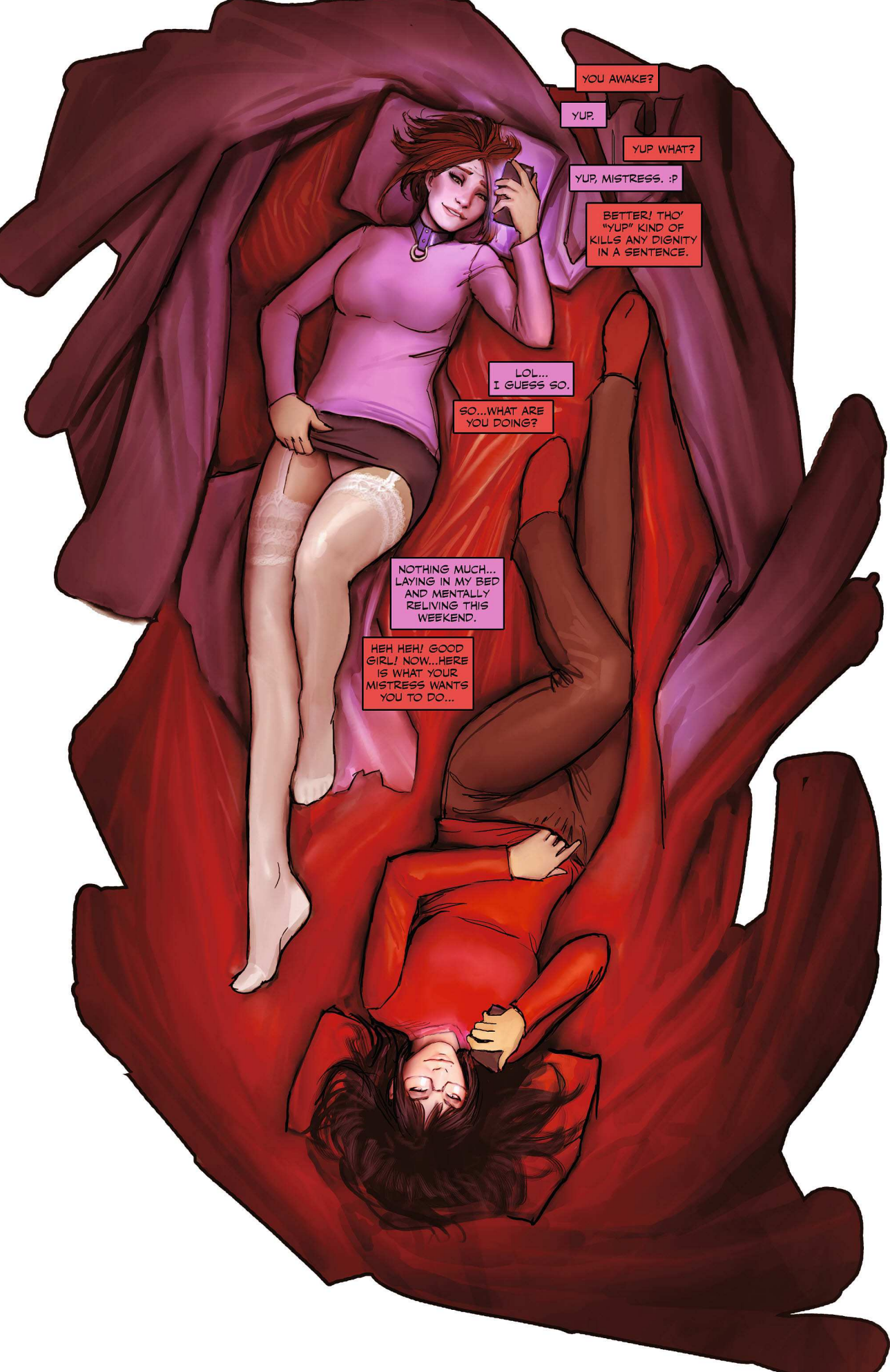
THAT IS WHAT SHE
NEEDS FROM ME.

THAT IS...IT!

SHE NEEDS A DOMME...
AND THAT IS WHAT SHE'LL
GET! HEH HEH!







YOU AWAKE?

YUP.

YUP WHAT?

YUP, MISTRESS. :P

BETTER! THO' "YUP" KIND OF KILLS ANY DIGNITY IN A SENTENCE.

LOL... I GUESS SO.

SO...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

NOTHING MUCH... LAYING IN MY BED AND MENTALLY RELIVING THIS WEEKEND.

HEH HEH! GOOD GIRL! NOW...HERE IS WHAT YOUR MISTRESS WANTS YOU TO DO...





I JUST
HAD SEX!

AND NOW FOR SOME
MAKING OF BONUS
MATERIAL, SKETCHES,
PIN-UPS...STUFF LIKE
THAT.

HOW THE HELL DID WE END UP HERE?

I CERTAINLY HAD NO INTENTIONS OF MAKING THIS COMIC. THERE WAS, IN FACT, NO COMIC TO BE MADE. *SUNSTONE* WAS THE END RESULT OF THE DEEPEST ART-BLOCK AND BURN-OUT I HAVE EVER EXPERIENCED IN MY LIFE.

IT WAS THREE YEARS AGO. I HAD JUST FINISHED MY LAST ISSUE OF *WITCHBLADE*, A COMIC THAT I LOVED AND HATED AT THAT POINT.

COMICS ITSELF HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT...TRUTH WAS, ARTISTICALLY SPEAKING, I HIT A WALL AND THERE WAS NO WAY PAST IT. IN MY EYES, I WASN'T A STORYTELLER ANYMORE. I WAS JUST A GRINDER GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS.

AND I WAS BURNT OUT.



SO THERE I WAS SITTING AND HATE-STARING MY COMPUTER MONITOR...
FOR WAY...TOO...LONG...



HATE

SOMETHING HAD TO CHANGE. I HAD TO FIND THE SPARK, WHICH BY THAT TIME, I HAD OBVIOUSLY LOST. I STARTED REMINISCING ABOUT THOSE GREAT BURSTS OF INSPIRATION AND DRIVE I EXPERIENCED IN MY PAST.

AND THERE, I REMEMBERED IT. THE MOST EXCITING MOMENT OF MY CAREER. IT WAS JUST BEFORE I GOT HIRED BY TOP COW. I WAS IN MY EARLY TWENTIES, AND MY DREAM WAS TO BECOME A COMIC ARTIST. CHANCES OF THIS LIVING IN CROATIA WERE SLIM TO NONE, BUT MY WORK WAS NOTICED, AND I GOT ASKED TO DO A FETISHISTIC EROTIC COMIC.

NOT ALL THAT UNUSUAL IN EUROPE.

I WAS ECSTATIC. FOR THE FIRST TIME I WOULD BE ABLE TO HELP MY FAMILY BY DOING SOMETHING I LOVE. I REMEMBER DRAWING UP A STORM. I DREW OVER 30 SAMPLE PAGES, AND THEN CRAZILY ENOUGH, TOP COW'S OFFER CAME IN.

I HAD TO MAKE A CHOICE. AND IT WAS A CHOICE I NEVER REGRETTED.

BUT I REMEMBERED SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE LONG LOST SAMPLE PAGES...THEY WERE EXPRESSIVE.

THERE WAS SO MUCH ENERGY TO THEM...ENERGY THAT GOT LOST IN MY WORK OVER TIME AS A RESULT OF TRYING TO EMULATE OTHER PEOPLE'S WORK.

I SHRUGGED...SAID, "FUCK IT!" TURNED TO LINDA, AND TOLD HER ABOUT MY IDEA...

I WOULD MAKE AN ALTERNATE ACCOUNT ON DEVIANTART AND JUST USE IT TO POST SOME FETISHY PIN-UPS, SIMPLE JOKES, CRAP LIKE THAT. NOTHING SERIOUS. JUST, I DON'T KNOW, A BREAK FROM THE WHOLE REALISM THING.

THE IDEA WAS A SIMPLE ONE. I WOULD MAKE THIS ACCOUNT AND SEE IT GROW ON ITS OWN. I WASN'T GOING TO CROSS PROMOTE IT WITH MY MAIN ACCOUNT. TO ME, IT WAS LIKE MAKING A NEW CHARACTER IN A MMO.

OF COURSE, IF I WAS TO CONTINUE AND USE A MMO AS A METAPHOR FOR MY NEW ACCOUNT, THEN I ALSO CHOSE THE MOST OP, UNBALANCED CLASS THAT HELPED IT LEVEL AT AN INSANE RATE...

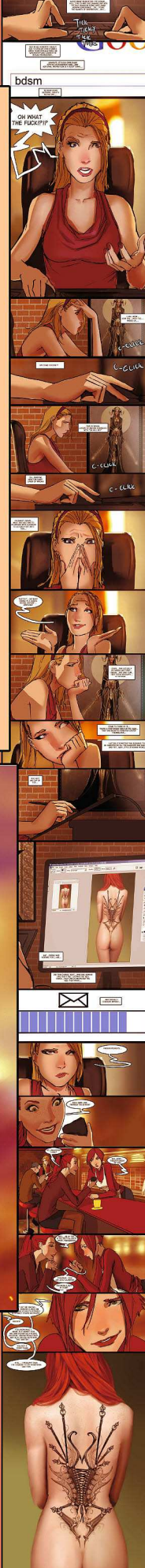
IN THIS CASE, FETISHISTIC EROTIC IMAGERY.



THE REAL PROBLEM WAS FINDING A NAME FOR THE ACCOUNT. WE SPENT ABOUT FOUR HOURS JUST THINKING UP NAMES, ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM WAS TAKEN. BETWEEN LINDA AND ME, WE MUST HAVE TRIED OVER A HUNDRED OPTIONS.

IN THE END, WE WENT: LATEX IS SHINY...FUCK IT! IT'S **SHINIEZ!**

AND THEN...IT HAPPENED. A SINGLE PICTURE RESULTED IN A DECISION THAT GOT US HERE.





IT WAS THIS
PICTURE, AND HERE IS HOW
IT UNINTENTIONALLY
STARTED EVERYTHING...



HEY, LINDA,
WHAT DO YOU THINK
OF THIS IDEA?

I'M THINKING
THESE TWO
CHARACTERS WOULD
BE THE THEME OF THIS
WHOLE ACCOUNT.

JUST...Y'KNOW...
PICTURES...MAYBE SOME
SIMPLE JOKE STRIPS...



SURE,
WHY NOT?
YOU GONNA MAKE
A STORY OUT
OF IT, OR?



FUCK NO!

I'M **DONE**
WITH STORIES! I JUST
WANT TO DRAW SOME
SIMPLE STUFF...



NOTHING
SERIOUS...





AND NOW FOR THE OBVIOUS, AND YET EVER SO JUSTIFIED:

WELL, THAT ESCALATED QUICKLY.

THE PROCESS OF *SUNSTONE* ACTUALLY BECOMING *SUNSTONE* WAS A STRANGE ONE. AT FIRST, THE ONLY PURPOSE TO THESE CHARACTERS WAS TO REKINDLE AN EXTINGUISHED CREATIVE FLAME, AND IT WORKED. BUT THEN...THEY STARTED TALKING... MORE AND MORE. THEY HAD NAMES, THEY HAD THEIR OWN THING GOING.

THERE WAS NOTHING SERIOUS ABOUT THE CONCEPT. NOT YET. IT WAS AT FIRST A SILLY SERIES OF STRIPS ABOUT THIS DOMINATRIX AND HER TWO SUBMISSIVES. THE CONCEPT WAS SIMPLE. THE JOKES WERE SIMPLE.

AND I THOUGHT...OKAY, THIS IS COOL, SIMPLE FETISHISTIC HUMOROUS FUN...

I GUESS THE MOMENT THINGS STARTED SHIFTING WAS WHEN I STARTED DOING A HOLIDAY-THEMED SERIES OF PICTURES AND STRIPS. THIS WAS WHEN I DREW ALLY'S SILLY, DRUNKEN CONFESSION OF LOVE FOR LISA.

IT IS COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTINUITY NOW, BUT THIS WAS THE SCENE THAT MADE ME ASK THE QUESTION...HOW DID THEY EVEN MEET?

THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE CHAOTIC CLUSTER-FUCK THAT WAS, FOR A WHILE, DRIVING MANY OF MY FANS NUTS. (SORRY Y'ALL!)

I WAS DOING TONS OF UNCONNECTED, RANDOMLY TIME-SKIPPING STRIPS. FANS WERE TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF CONTINUITY, OFTEN RESULTING IN LONG DISCUSSIONS OF STRIPS' ORDERS.

THIS WAS UNPLANNED. I HAD NO STORY IN MIND. IN FACT, THE RANDOM NATURE OF OUT OF ORDER STRIPS WAS ALMOST LIKE MISTS CLEARING AND A STORY TAKING SHAPE. ONCE I SAW WHAT THIS NEEDED TO BE, I SWITCHED TO POSTING PAGES IN ORDER.

THIS WAS WHEN *SUNSTONE* TRULY BEGAN.

OH YEAH, THAT'S SUBTLE!

ANNE'S ROLE MAY HAVE CHANGED OVER TIME, BUT SOMEHOW THIS PICTURE STILL HOLDS TRUE.

AW. 'TIS AWL GONE...WHERE'S ANNE? MAYBE SHE HAS SOME MORE?

SHE WENT TO BUG ALAN SOME MORE. YOUR LITTLE STORY GOT HER, HM, INSPIRED. AND ANYWAYS, I THINK YOU HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH!

Y'KNOW... SHE'S A NICE GIRL, I LIKE HER ALOT...BUT...MMM, DONT TELL THIS TO YOURSELF, BUT I FELL IN...I FELL BIG-TIME IN LOVE WITH MY LITTLE LISIE... BUT YOU MUST PROMISE YOU'LL...YOU'LL KEEP THIS A SECRET... 'KAY?!

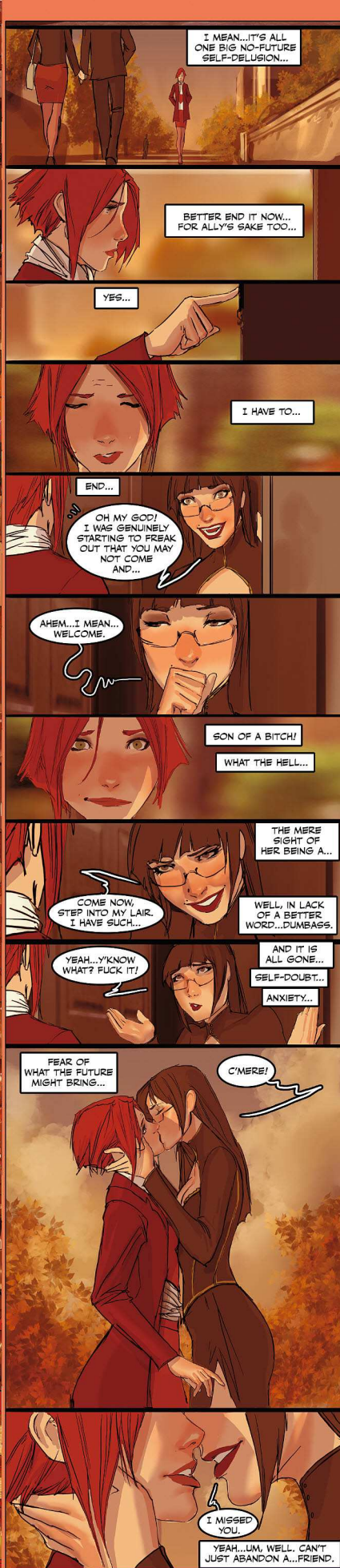
YOU... LOVE ME?

YEP! NOW, 'ERE!

MMNNN!

ALLY...

Z



ONCE I STARTED WRITING THE ACTUAL STORY, IT BECAME APPARENT THAT THIS WASN'T GOING TO BE A STORY ABOUT ONE DOMME AND TWO SUBMISSIVES. IT JUST MADE NO SENSE. A SIMPLE, SERIOUS LOOK AT THE CHARACTERS AND THEIR SITUATION TRANSFORMED IT INTO A STORY ABOUT TWO WOMEN, TWO ONLINE FRIENDS, WHO MET FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF SCRATCHING A VERY SPECIFIC SEXUAL ITCH.

AND THEN, THE UNPLANNED ELEMENT OF ROMANCE MESSED UP THEIR PLANS. IT WAS A STORY ABOUT THEM DEALING WITH THEIR EMOTIONS, TRYING AT FIRST TO DENY THE CRUSH. THEN, AS IT GREW TO LOVE, IT BECAME ABOUT THEM STRUGGLING TO FIND A WAY TO ADMIT IT.

IT WAS A VERY INTREAGUING WRITING PROCESS, AS THE CONFLICT WITHIN THEIR STORY WAS INTERESTING, HUMAN, AND LOADED WITH IRONY.

THAT IS THE AMAZING THING ABOUT WRITING ROMANCE. YOU START REALIZING JUST HOW MUCH LOGIC IS CHUCKED OUT THE WINDOW.

WHEN WE ARE SECRETLY IN LOVE, WE MAKE MISTAKES. WE MAKE STUPID DECISIONS AND JUSTIFY THEM WITH THE DUMBEST OF REASONS. THESE REASONS MAKE SENSE AT THE TIME...THEY MAKE PERFECT SENSE TO US...

AND THOSE REASONS, THOSE PERSISTENT SELF DELUSIONS PISS OFF EVERYONE AROUND US WHO CAN SEE THE OBVIOUS.

SO YEAH...ALLY, LISA, ALAN, AND ANNE...THEY ALL CHANGED FROM THEIR INITIAL CONCEPTION.

MORE AND MORE OF THEIR PASTS, THEIR MOTIVATIONS, AND THEIR INTERESTS WERE REVEALED. EVERYTHING FROM LISA'S LOVE OF JIGSAW PUZZLES, TO WHY AND WHEN ALLY STARTED SPORTING HER DOMINATRIX LOOK HAIRDO.

FROM MY OWN EXPERIENCE, THE FUNNY THING ABOUT WRITING IS HOW THE CHARACTERS RARELY REMAIN WHAT YOU INITIALLY THOUGHT THEY WOULD BE.

AT FIRST, RAVINE INCLUDED TIME TRAVEL.

DEATH VIGIL USED TO BE ABOUT THIS GRIM, GRITTY, GRUMPY DUDE NAMED SAM.

AND SUNSTONE, BEFORE IT WAS EVER SUNSTONE, WAS A BUNCH OF FETISHISTIC PICTURES AND STRIPS ABOUT ALLY, LISA, ALAN, AND ANNE...

I HONESTLY NEVER WANTED TO MAKE A STORY. I HAD MY PLATE FULL WITH RAVINE AT THE TIME, AND BEING JADED AND CYNICAL IN THOSE DAYS, I THOUGHT THERE WERE NO MORE STORIES LEFT IN ME TO TELL...

SUNSTONE CHANGED THAT. THIS COMIC CHANGED ME, IT MADE ME FIND MY LOVE OF WRITING. MADE ME RECONSIDER THE IMPORTANCE OF CHARACTER WRITING, AND THAT REFLECTED IN ALL OF MY OTHER WORKS.

WITH THIS CHANGE IN ATTITUDE, SUNSTONE WENT FROM BEING A BUNCH OF PICTURES PERTAINING TO THIS FETISH, TO A STORY ABOUT THESE SPECIFIC FETISHISTS.

TRUTH IS, THERE ARE GOOD SIDES AND BAD SIDES TO BDSM, AND WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE IS THE HUMAN ELEMENT. JUST LIKE ANY OTHER ACTIVITY PEOPLE DO FOR FUN.

AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT INTERESTS ME THE MOST. THE SUCCESSES, AND THE MISTAKES. HOW ONE'S FETISH RELATES TO THEIR EVERYDAY LIFE. THE PRIDE AND FEAR OF IT ALL. THE JOYS AND THE SORROWS.

IN SHORT THE HUMANITY OF THESE CHARACTERS.





FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS THIS COMIC HAS HELPED ME DEVELOP AS A CREATOR, BUT THERE WAS YET ANOTHER UNFORSEEN CONSEQUENCE. SEE, MY WIFE LINDA WAS ALWAYS THERE TO HELP ME WITH IT, BE IT BY OCCASIONALLY FLATTING SOME COLORS, OR AS AN ACTIVE PARTICIPANT FOR BOUNCING OFF JOKE IDEAS. SHE WAS THE ONE WHO I WOULD ASK ABOUT CERTAIN ASPECTS OF FEMININITY WHICH I COULD OTHERWISE ONLY AT BEST GUESS ABOUT.

AND THEN...AFTER TWO TRAGIC DEATHS ON HER SIDE OF THE FAMILY...SHE TOO FOUND HER CREATIVE FIRE IGNITED BY STARTING OFF HER OWN WEBCOMIC, *BLOODSTAIN*.

AND YES, *SUNSTONE* AND *BLOODSTAIN* ARE COMPLETELY IN CONTINUITY; HOWEVER, *SUNSTONE* TAKES PLACE ROUGHLY SIX MONTHS BEFORE. FOR THIS REASON, ELLY AND VLAD ARE ALREADY DEPICTED AS ALLY'S GUILDMAATES IN THE MMO THEY ALL PLAY TOGETHER. SO THE ARTWORK ON THIS PAGE IS DONE BY HER. :)

ELLY?

YES?

END OF CHAPTER TWO



THIS WAS THE INITIAL COVER FOR BOOK ONE OF *SUNSTONE*. OVER TIME I GAVE UP ON IT FOR THE SIMPLE REASON THAT THE BOOK IS ABOUT BOTH ALLY AND LISA, SO I WANTED THEM BOTH ON THE COVER. I AM, HOWEVER, STILL FOND OF THIS ONE.

THIS SERVED BOTH AS A DESIGN SHEET
FOR THE MMO APPEARANCES OF BOTH LINDA'S AND MY
OWN CHARACTERS IN THEIR MMO, AND AS A BIT OF A
LAYERED JOKE ON SOME MMO TROPES.

ELLYOLDCOOT:
LVL. 98 HEALER

BLOODSTEIN:
LVL. 99 PALE KNIGHT
(CASHOAR SUPREME)

TOOK OVER A YEAR
TO LEVEL UP AND EQUIP
HER CHARACTER...STILL
NOT DONE.

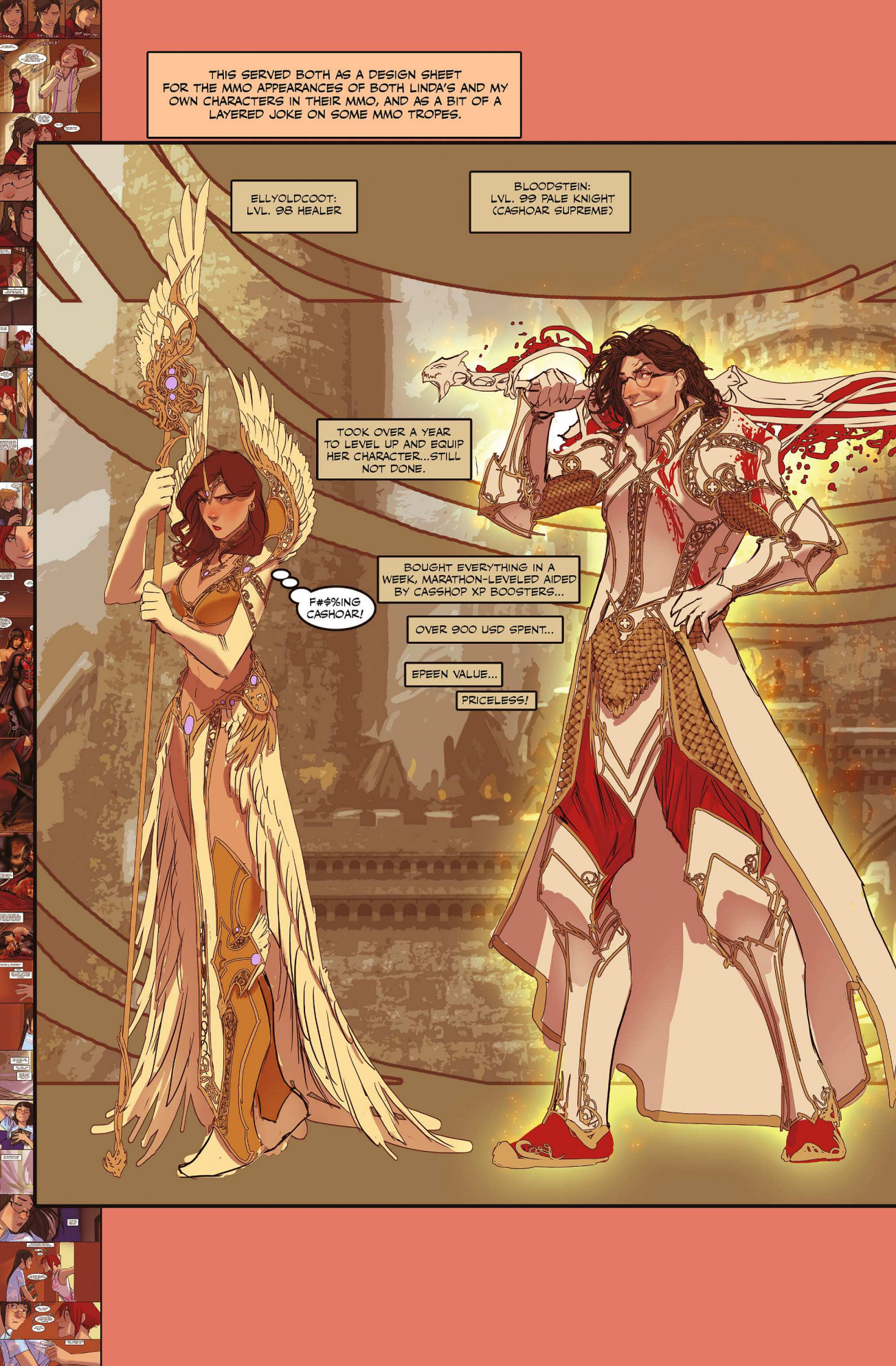
F#%ING
CASHOAR!

BOUGHT EVERYTHING IN A
WEEK, MARATHON-LEVELED AIDED
BY CASHOP XP BOOSTERS...

OVER 900 USD SPENT...

EPEEN VALUE...

PRICELESS!



ALLYCAT:
LVL. 97 DARK MAGE

LIIIIIIIIISA-
LVL. 1 ASSASSIN
(NOOB)

COME OOOON!
LET'S GO!

SHUSH! I WANNA SEE WHAT THIS QUEST LOG THING IS ALL ABOUT.

BUT...
WHY?!

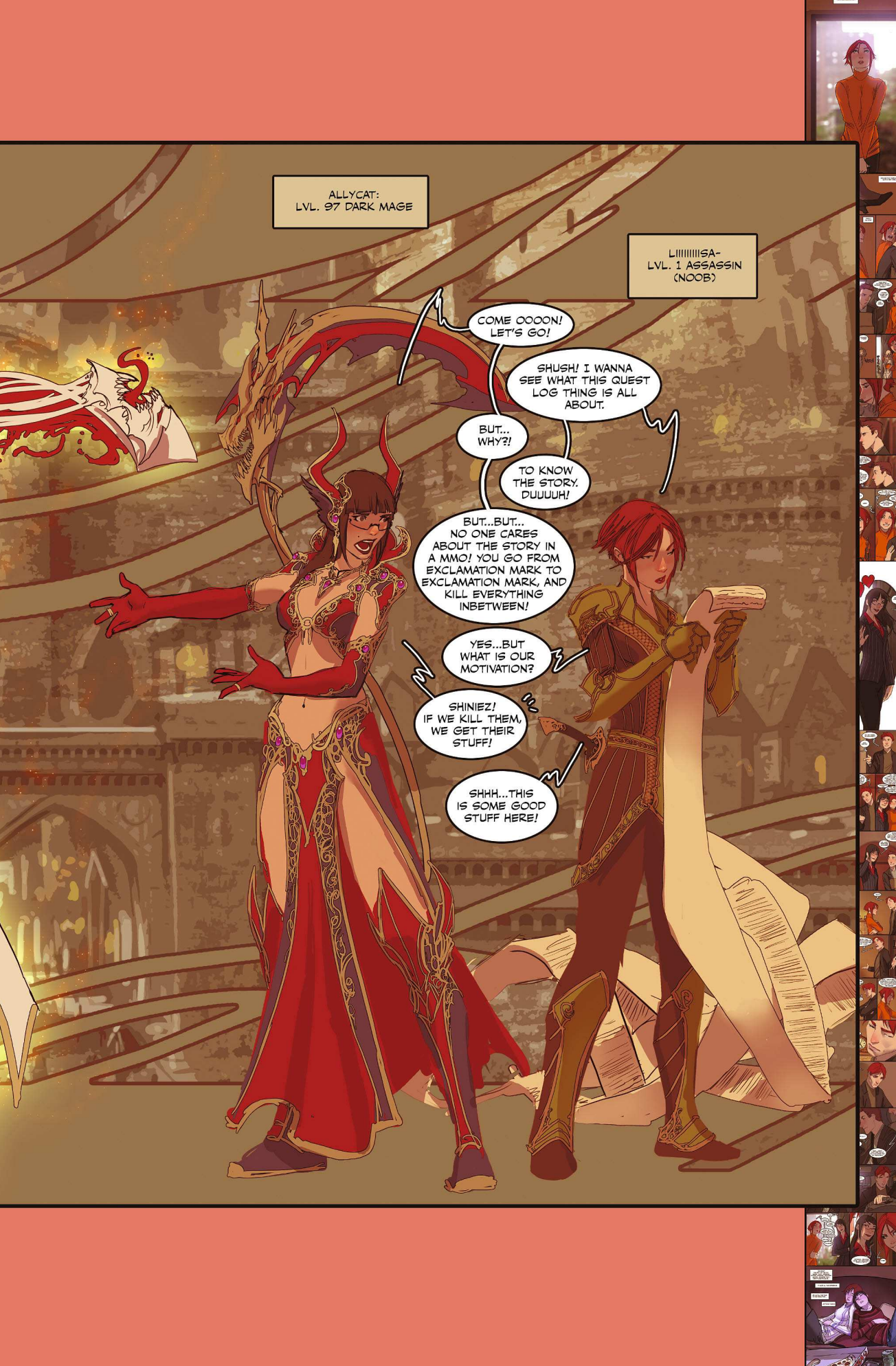
TO KNOW
THE STORY.
DUUUUH!

BUT...BUT...
NO ONE CARES
ABOUT THE STORY IN
A MMO! YOU GO FROM
EXCLAMATION MARK TO
EXCLAMATION MARK, AND
KILL EVERYTHING
INBETWEEN!

YES...BUT
WHAT IS OUR
MOTIVATION?

SHINIEZ!
IF WE KILL THEM,
WE GET THEIR
STUFF!

SHHH...THIS IS SOME GOOD STUFF HERE!





HOLY
CRAP!



I REMEMBER DABBLING
IN MANY STORIES THAT
YEAR...EVEN TACKLING
THE OBLIGATORY VAMPIRE
GENRE...



I KNOW,
RIGHT?!

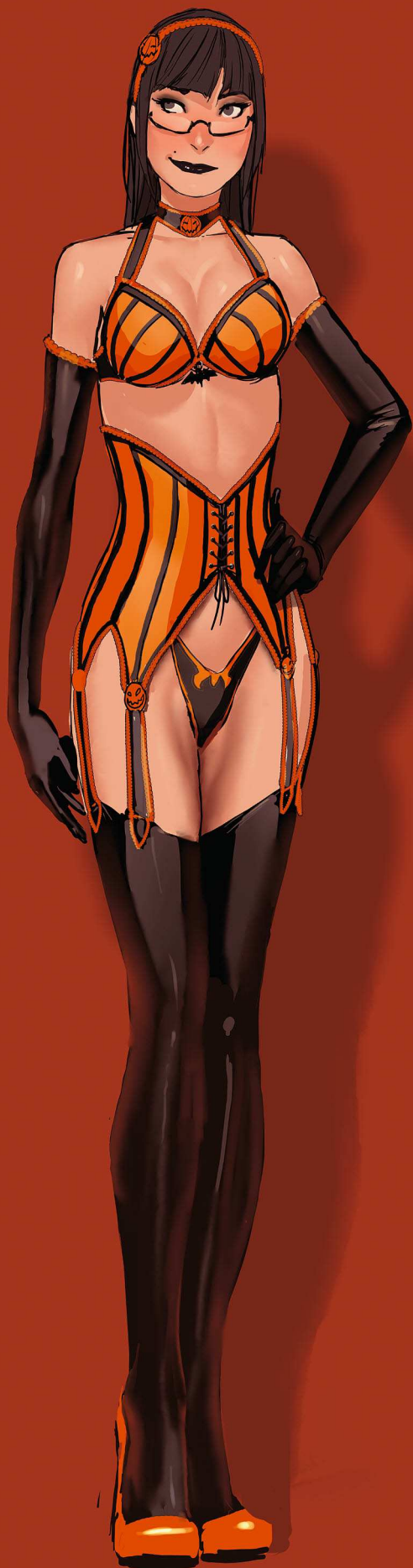


FEAR ME NOT
LYSANDRE....I HAVE
NO DESIRE TO
EXTINGUISH THE
EXQUISITE FLAME
OF YOUR LIFE.

ALYA THE
VAMPIRE QUEEN
SMILED A SLY,
PREDATORY
GRIN AS...

FUCK! I JUST
MARY SUED THE EVER-
LIVING-CRAP OUT OF THIS
EVER-LIVING-CRAP!

SUFFICE TO SAY, IT WAS
A SHORT EXPERIMENT
THAT CRASHED AND BURNED.











YEAH, IT'S A CUTE JOKE, ALAN, BUT IT FAILS 'CAUSE IT'S SPELLED "STRAITJACKET" NOT "STRAIGHT JACKET."

OKAY...NOTE TO SELF...REMIND ALLY TO REMOVE THAT STICK OUT OF YOUR...

**THE ONLY
STRAIGHT
THING ABOUT ME
IS MY JACKET**







YOU KNOW...
I AM ABSOLUTELY,
UNTREATABLY CRAZY
ABOUT YOU.

D'AWWW...
YOU HAD ME AT,
"LICK MY BOOT!"

I'M SERIOUS!

AND YET,
SOMEHOW I'M THE ONE
WHO ALWAYS ENDS UP
IN A STRAITJACKET!

FUNNY HOW
THAT WORKS,
HUH?

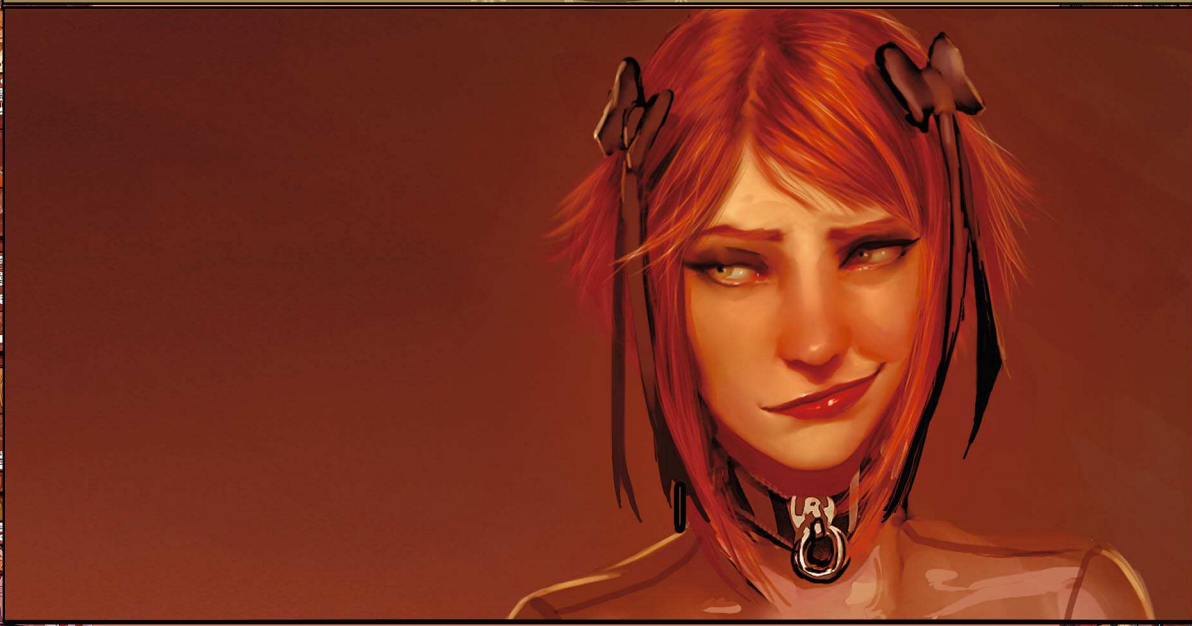
HEY, I'M NOT
COMPLAINING!

BDSM PEOPLE
WHENEVER SOMEONE
GETS TIED UP IN A
MOVIE...

OH GOD!

OH PLEASE!







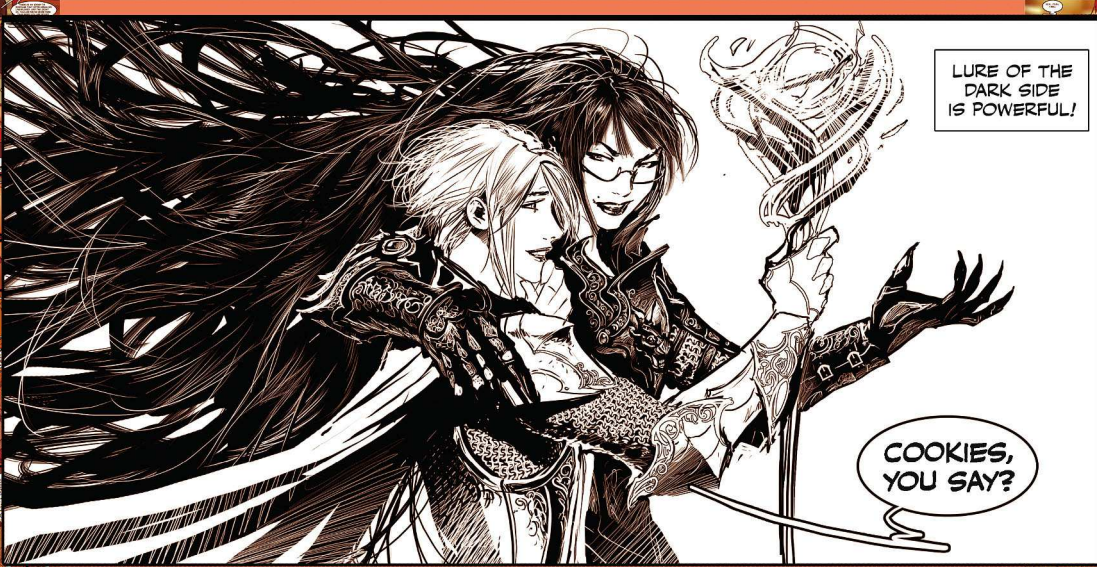
AND NOW
THAT I GOT YOU ALL
DRESSED UP...WHAT
DO YOU SAY WE...

ALLY...I SWEAR,
MY *LIVER* IS SWEATING
RIGHT NOW! I DON'T EVEN THINK
LIVERS *HAVE* PORES!

JUSTLATEXFETISHISTSINSUMMERTINGS



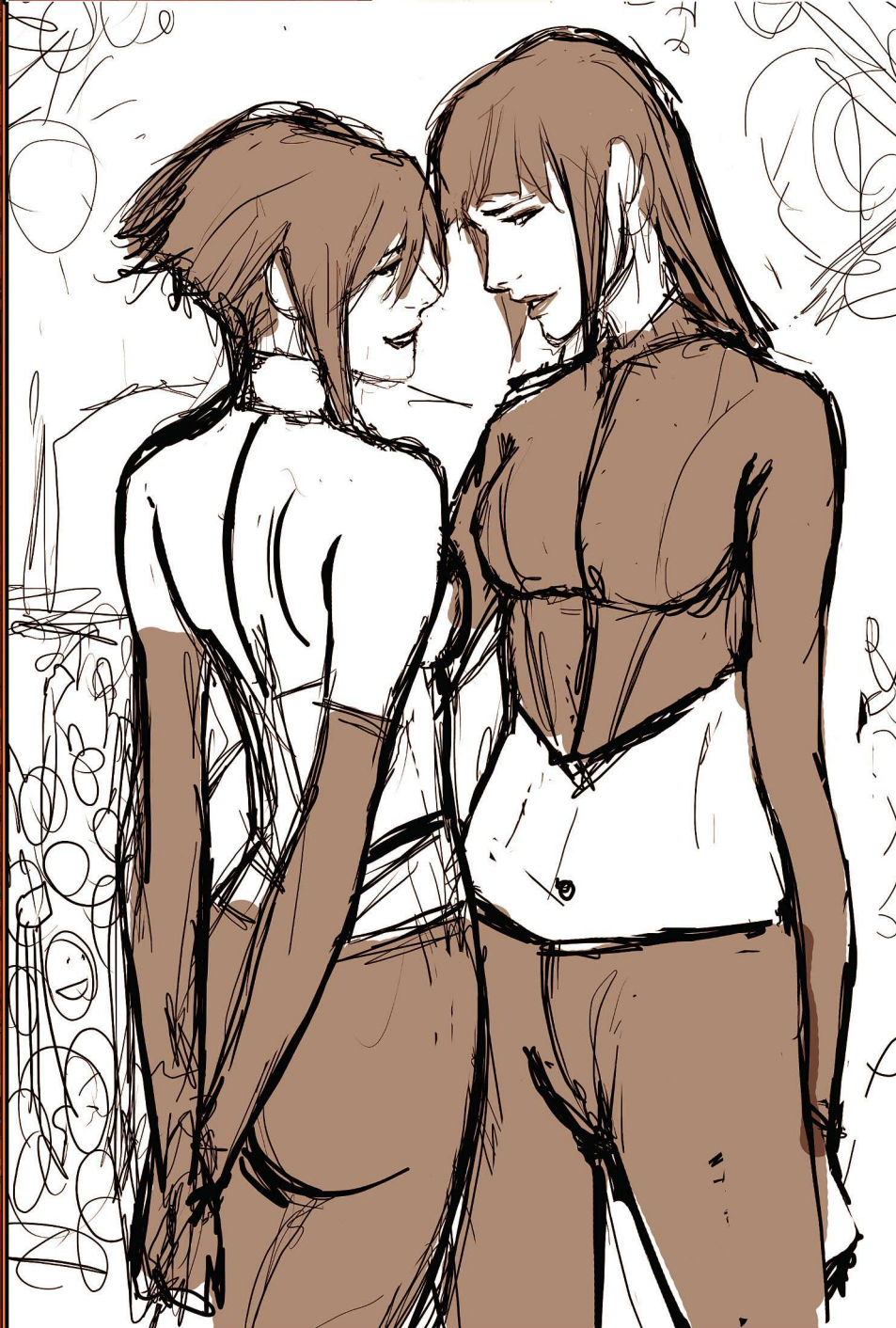
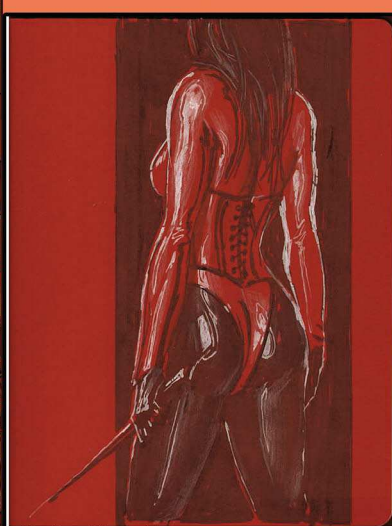
THIS OUTFIT RIGHT HERE...
PEOPLE ACTUALLY MADE IT!
NO JOKE!

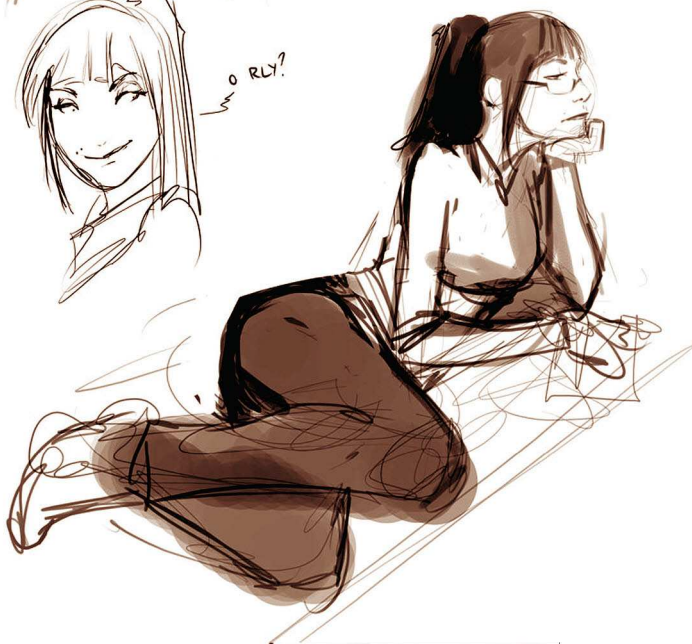


LURE OF THE
DARK SIDE
IS POWERFUL!

COOKIES,
YOU SAY?



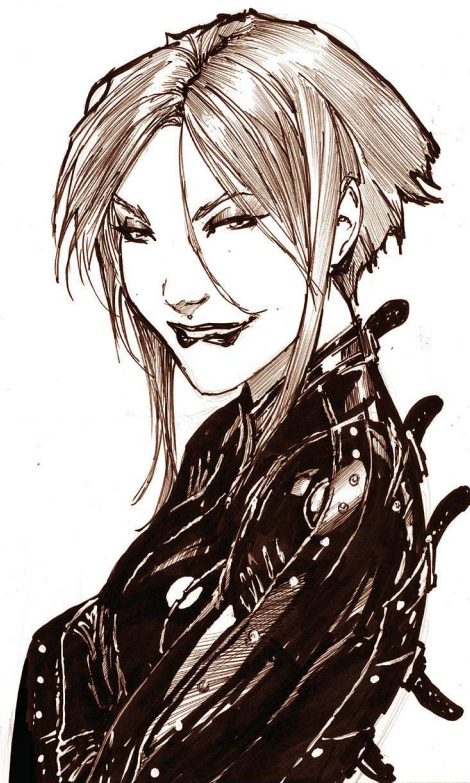


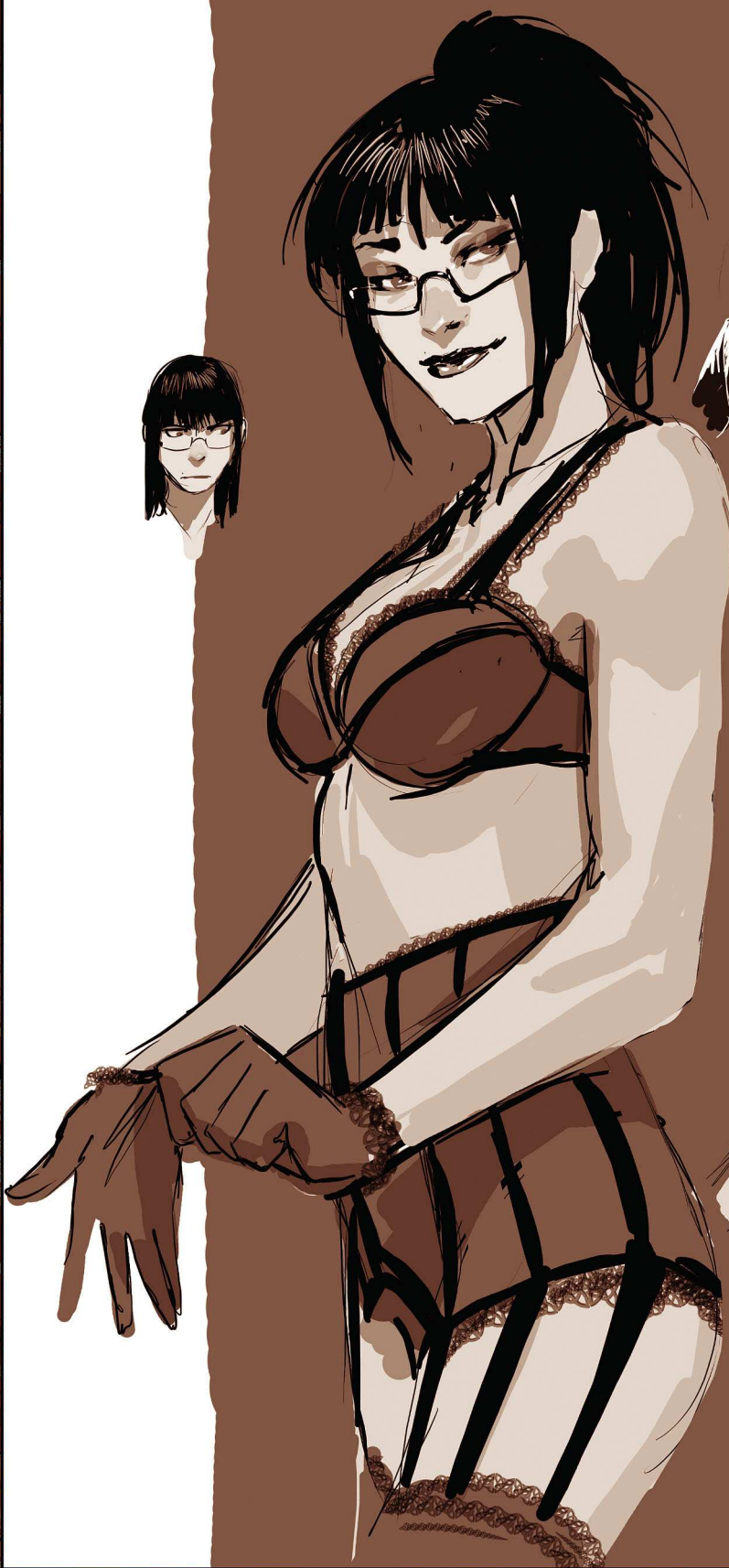


WE ARE ALL CRAZY IN OUR OWN
WAYS --- I AM FUN CRAZY!



OH...THE
OUTFIT?...
UM...I'M
COSPLAYING
ARASS...
A SUPER...
UM...
HERO?
VILLAIN?
THING?







HUA-HA-HA



Sunstone



THIS IS THE MAIN COVER FOR BOOK TWO OF *SUNSTONE*. AND IT IS SOMEWHAT LOADED WITH A BIT OF IN YOUR FACE, STORY-RELATED SYMBOLISM.

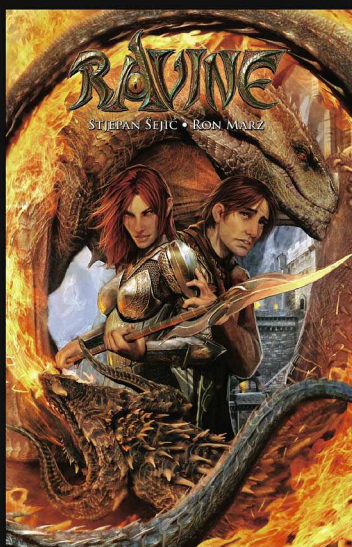
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RAVINE VOL. 1

*Writers: Stjepan Sejic & Ron Marz
Artist: Stjepan Sejic*

In a fantastic world far from our own, an ancient magic spell almost split the world in two and left an endless ravine in the north. One man, Nebezial Asheri, driven by the deaths of his wife and daughters will attempt to reclaim that magic and bring his loved ones back to life. The forces of an entire city, Palladia, will rise to oppose him, but his greatest foes will be a ragtag band of an outcast wizard, a dragonrider, and their allies.



RAVINE VOL. 2

*Writers: Stjepan Sejic & Ron Marz
Artist: Stjepan Sejic*

The balance of power in the kingdom of Palladia is threatened, as schemers plot to overthrow the rightful king. Amid this turmoil, a sorcerer named Stein Phais and a dragon rider named Lynn de Luctes are Wanderers, blessed with great power and destinies that can shape the fate of nations. How long will it be before they are drawn into the conflict?

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DEATH VIGIL

*Writer: Stjepan Sejic
Artist: Stjepan Sejic*

Gifted? Join the Death Vigil in their ongoing war against the ever-growing power of the Primordial Enemy! The only catch is you have to die first. Become a corporeal immortal Death Knight and obtain reality-altering weaponry in the never-ending battle between good and evil.

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APHRODITE IX: REBIRTH VOL. 1

Writer: Matt Hawkins
Artist: Stjepan Sejic

Hundreds of years after a cataclysmic event scorched the surface, Earth and its inhabitants have been forever altered and a new landscape and political struggle has taken hold between two distinct factions fighting for control. Aphrodite IX is both anachronism and advanced technology in a world that she no longer recognizes. To survive in this future, she must choose sides in a war that she wants no part in.

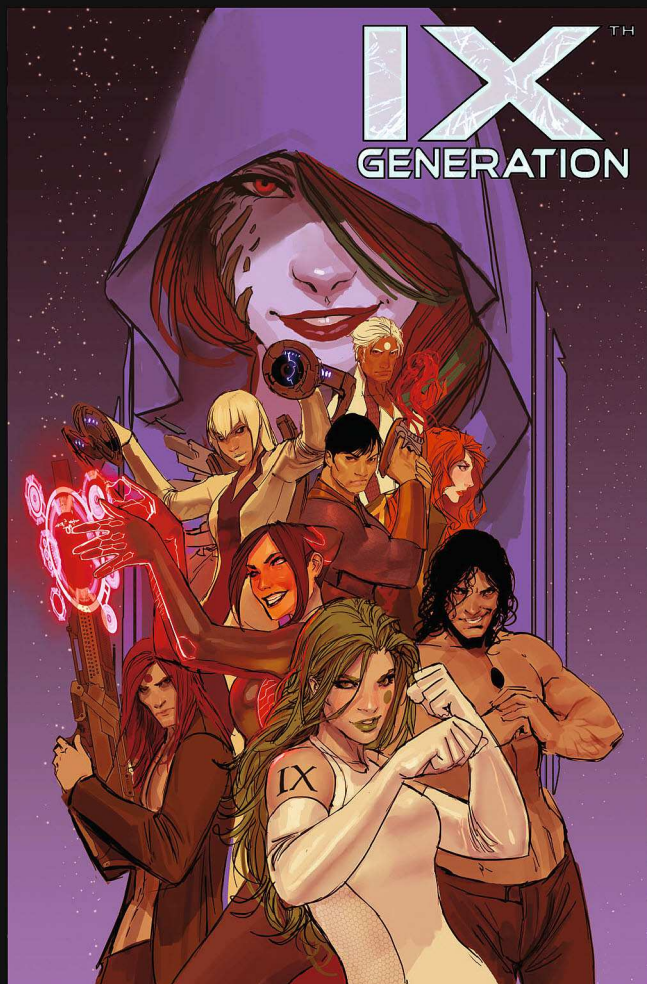


APHRODITE IX: REBIRTH VOL. 2

Writer: Matt Hawkins
Artist: Stjepan Sejic

Determined to never be controlled by outside forces again, Aphrodite IX seeks revenge against those who manipulated her. Plus the secrets behind the generational models revealed by Aphrodite XV and Artemis IX.

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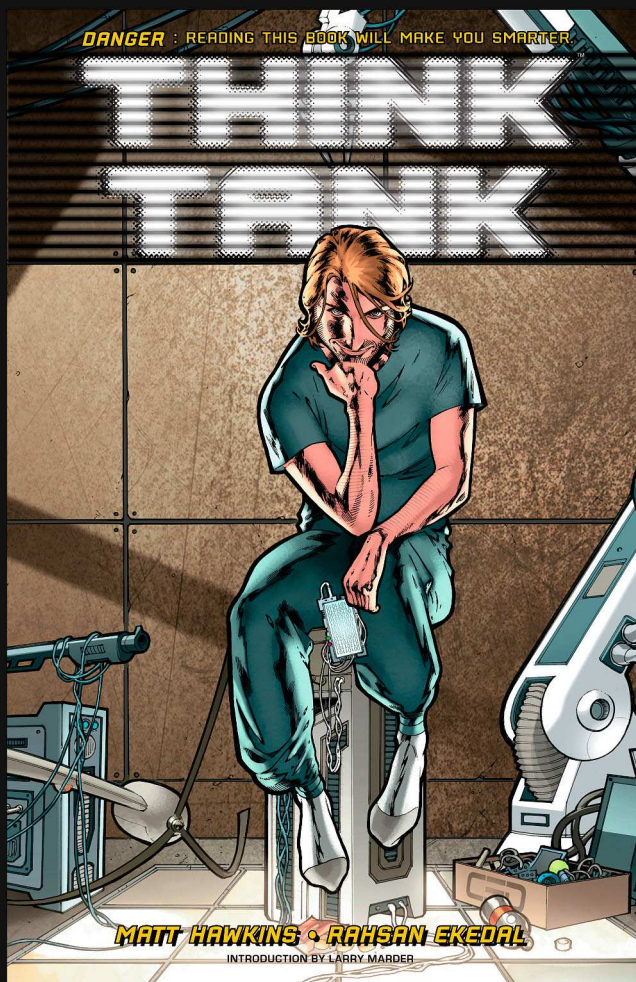


IXTH GENERATION

Writer: Matt Hawkins
Artist: Stjepan Sejic

In the future there is no more natural death, no needs unfilled and everything you could ever want is yours...as long as you're one of the chosen ones to live in this new Utopia and you're willing to subjugate yourself to these new self-proclaimed gods with IX's emblazoned on them. Do the ends truly justify the means? Is a utopia built on genocide worth the price? Aphrodite, Velocity, Hades and the other Nines establish fiefdoms in this new world and attempt to rule. Their internal clashes have escalated, but they are forced to put that aside as they face off against the relentless hordes of the Darkness. The sins of the past have come to claim those who would pretend to be Gods. The cybernetic future established in Aphrodite IX and Cyber Force finally comes face to face with the supernatural Artifact side of the Top Cow universe!

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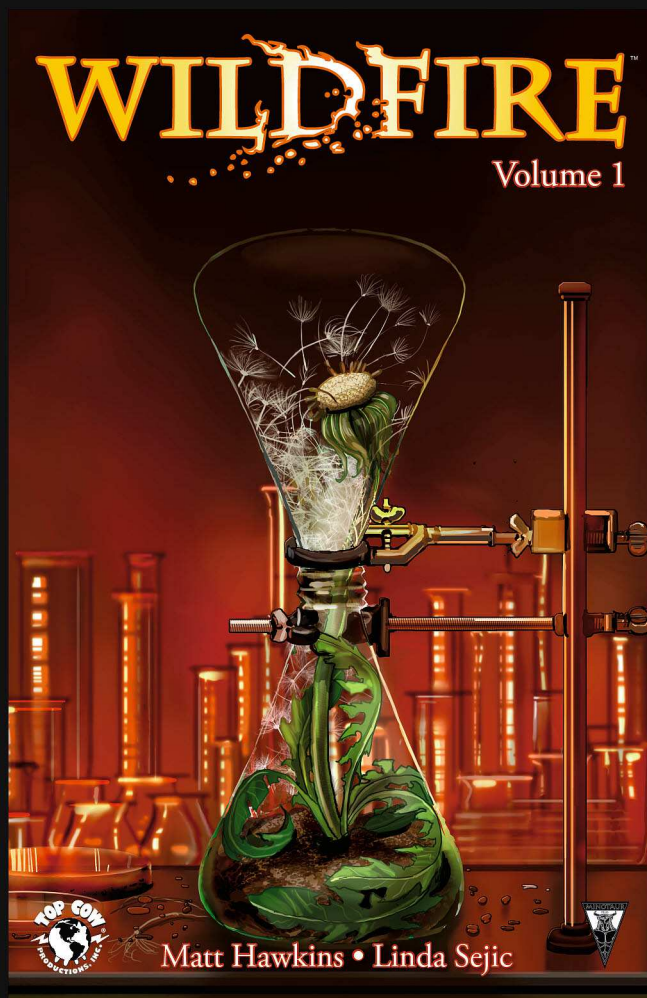
THINK TANK

*Writer: Matt Hawkins
Artist: Rahsan Ekedal
Cover: Rahsan Ekedal & Brian Reber*

Dr. David Loren is many things: child prodigy, inventor, genius, slacker... mass murderer. When a military think tank's smartest scientist decides he can no longer stomach creating weapons of destruction, will he be able to think his way out of his dilemma or find himself subject to the machinations of smaller men?

Collecting the original series in its entirety, this trade paperback also is jam packed with a complete cover gallery, bonus articles, behind-the-scenes sketches, and more!

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WILDFIRE

*Writer: Matt Hawkins
Artist: Linda Sejic*

Is genetically modified food an end to world hunger or a first class ticket to the apocalypse? Dan Miller is a plant biologist working with a small team perfecting an accelerated plant growth process. When things go wrong, Los Angeles pays the price in a disaster story unlike any before.



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