

WELCOME TO MY PLACE.

ESTABLISHING A PERIMETER, CHECKING FOR SEEDLINGS.



YOUR PLACE
IS NICE.

THANKS.

HOW DID WE
END UP HERE, JOHN?
WHAT IS THIS BIZARRE
SITUATION?



I'VE GOT
NOTHING, LIZ.

THOSE
STRANGE CREATURES
SEEM TO BE
RESPONSIBLE,
MOSTLY.



AT LEAST THEY
ARE FOR ME NOW
HAVING A WOMAN'S
BODY.



NOT ALL WOMAN,
THOUGH.

**CAN YOU BLAME ME?
LIKE YOU FEEL DIFFERENT
AFTER THE SEX WE HAD.**

**FANCY MY PENIS, HUH?
YOU'VE GOT A DIRTY MIND.**



FAIR POINT.
I'LL GO AND CHECK
IF ANY OF MY OLD
CLOTHES STILL FIT
ME.

MAYBE I CAN FIND
SOMETHING FOR YOU
AS WELL.





GIII...

JOHN! LOOK OUT!

NO!

Gill...



MY... MY ANUS...
NOT INTO MY
ANUS...

FUCK!

SLOTT





JOHN!
ARE YOU
OKAY?

MFRGL BLIMBLE
SKITZ...



JOHN!
TALK TO
ME!

I WANT
BABIES.

**CAN
YOU FUCK
ME?**



**HELP!
WE NEED
HELP!**



I NEED
TO BREED.

SHE HAS BEEN
CORRUPTED.
THE SEEDLING INJECTED
HER WITH NEED FOR SEX,
AS IT DOES WITH ANYONE
HAVING A MALE
GENITALIA.



THAT'S HORRIBLE. CAN YOU CLEANSE HER AGAIN?

BABIES, INSIDE ME.



FUCK ME.
PREG ME.

NO.
HER MIND IS
MOSTLY GONE.
REPLACED BY A BASIC
BREEDING INSTINCT.
LOOKING TO CARRY A
CHILD. WHICH WILL BE
IMPOSSIBLE, GIVEN
HER LACK OF
WOMB.

LIKELY
SCENARIO WILL
MAKE HER GO INSANE
IN A FEW HOURS IN
PURSUIT OF THE
IMPOSSIBLE GOAL.





**FUCK!
IS THERE NOTHING
YOU CAN DO?**



SHE CAN BE TRAVERSED. SEND TO A TIME BEFORE HER MIND BROKE. HER SPIRIT MAY SURVIVE, POSSIBLY.

FUCK ME, SOMEONE!



DO IT.

I WANT A
BABY BUMP!

A close-up, cinematic shot of a woman with a serious, intense expression. Her eyes are a vibrant, glowing purple. She has a faint, vertical scar on her right cheek and another on her left shoulder. Her hair is dark with purple highlights. In the foreground, the back of another person's head with long, dark, wavy hair is visible. A speech bubble with a purple border and white text is positioned near her shoulder. The background shows a modern interior with a staircase and a white wall.

**STAND BACK.
THIS IS A VIOLENT
EVENT.**



HOLY SHIT!

BOOOOOOOOM





GASP!



BLINK

LIZ?



WHAT...
WHAT HAPPENED
TO ME?





JOHN?
IS THAT
YOU?

YEAH,
WHAT'S LEFT
OF ME.

THE ROBOT GIRL
SEND ME BACK IN TIME,
ATTACHED ME TO HER AS
SHE ARRIVED HERE.

I WAS ALONG
FOR THE RIDE, BUT IT
FEELS LIKE I WAS IN A
TRANCE, OR
SOMETHING.