BUNS
THE ~~BOUNTY HUNTER~~ BREEDER

HELLO?

YES, THIS IS *BUNS THE BOUNTY HUNTER*. WHAT'S THE JOB?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN *"MARTIAN WILDLIFE?"*.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN *"OMNI-SEXUAL BREEDING?"*

WHAT DO YOU MEAN *"DUE TO THE HIGH RADIATION THE MARTIAN WILDLIFE HAS EVOLVED TO CREATE GENETICALLY IDENTICAL COPIES OF ITSELF USING OVIPOSITORS TO LAY EGGS INSIDE ANYTHING THEY CAN?"*

YOU WANT ME TO *FUCK MARTIAN WILDLIFE* AND *SMUGGLE THEIR EGGS* OFF-WORLD IN MY *BODY*.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT A *BOUNTY HUNTER* IS?

YES, I DID FUCK KUMTIDE THE OBLITERATER.

YES, I DID FUCK THE NUTRI-GEL CORPORATION.

YES I DID FUCK URANUS, WHAT'S YOUR POINT?

OH.

AND THAT'S *PER EGG?*

HUH.

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SIGH.

SEVEN HOURS IN THE MARTIAN DESERT AND ***NOTHIN'.***

THE HELL DID SHE MEAN ***"AMBUSH BREEDERS"*** ANYWAY?

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KAR-CHK!

THAT'S A WOMB FLATTENER!

SHLOP

THUD!

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AH!
OH!
FUCK!
UNH!!
AH!
AH!
UH!
FUCK ME!
AH!!
AH!
OH!
GOD!
SHLORP!
SHLORP!
SHLORP!
FOR THE LOVE OF HAMMERSPACE, EITHER KNOT ME OR DON'T!
THE POP POP POPS ARE REALLY ANNOYING!
WAIT, ARE THOSE THE EGGS?!

SQUIRT!

OOOOOHHMM MACARON!!

THAT'S A GOOOOD DOOOOGGY....

GLOOP GLOOP GLOOP

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AAANGH!

WHAT THE *FFFFFUCK* DO YOU NEED THESE EGGS FOR, ANYWAY?

TWO WORDS.

SEX.

BREAKFAST.

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now printing...
thank you for using Corp. Replicators

OLI, I SAID *MAXIMUM VEINS.*

YOU ALSO SAID I WAS PRINTING A HUG PILLOW.

OH I'M GONNA HUG THE *SHIT* OUT OF IT.

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HEY OLI, CAN YOU LOOK UP WHETHER ***BREEDING*** WITH ALIEN ANIMALS AFFECTS YOUR, Y'KNOW, ***GENETIC MAKEUP*** OR WHATEVER?

ARSE LIKE A GODDAMN WEDDING CAKE.

ALL YOU EAT IS BURGERS, WOMAN.

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YOU KNOW WHERE THEY WENT WRONG, DON'TCHA.

THEY HIRED THE GIRL WITH TH

THEY HIRED THE GIRL WITH THE BIG TITS, EXACTLY.

EVERYONE THINKS THE TALL RAVEN HAIRED FEMME FATALE WITH THE TEN GALLON JUGS THAT CAN HIDE A .22 IN HER CLEAVAGE IS THE ULTIMATE IN ESPIONAGE.

'CAUSE SHE CAN SLAP ON A COCKTAIL DRESS AND BLEND IN AT THE FUNDRAISER, POISON THE RIM OF THE MARTINI GLASS.

MEANWHILE US REAL HUNTERS HAVE SNUCK IN THROUGH THE VENTS, ***GOT OUR FAT ARSES STUCK***, BEEN ***STUCK-FUCKED*** BY THE WHOLE SECURITY TEAM, AND BEEN LED STRAIGHT TO THE TARGET BY A ***SEX DRUNK STAFFER*** WHO'D SHOOT THE TARGET HIMSELF FOR ONE MORE CHEEK SLAPPER.

ALL WHILE MISS COCKTAIL PARTY'S DOWNSTAIRS FIDDLING WITH THE VENOM VIALS.

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WHY DID DR. COX DEMAND I HAVE YOU ON MY SHIP?

MORALE OFFICER.

WHICH I TOOK TO MEAN I SHOULD SLAP YOUR ARSE RAW AND CUM IN YOUR HAIR WHEN YOU GET OUT THE SHOWER.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

YOU KNOW I HAVE HOLES BACK THERE, RIGHT?

I'LL GET TO THEM, WHEN IT'S THE MOST INCONVENIENT!

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