

Written by
CARNAL FABLES

ISSUE
#01

LOOSE CANNONS



Art by
Devil Mary

**CELISSE, FIRST ORDER MAGE,
SERVING UNDER LIEGE LORD ANGVAR.**

**HURRY IT UP!
GET THOSE
CAGES ONTO
THE SHIP!**

**KREEEN-CREAK!
KREEEN-CREAK!**

CELISSE'S SHIP, THE PRESTIGE.
HER OWN PERSONAL FLOATING FORTRESS.

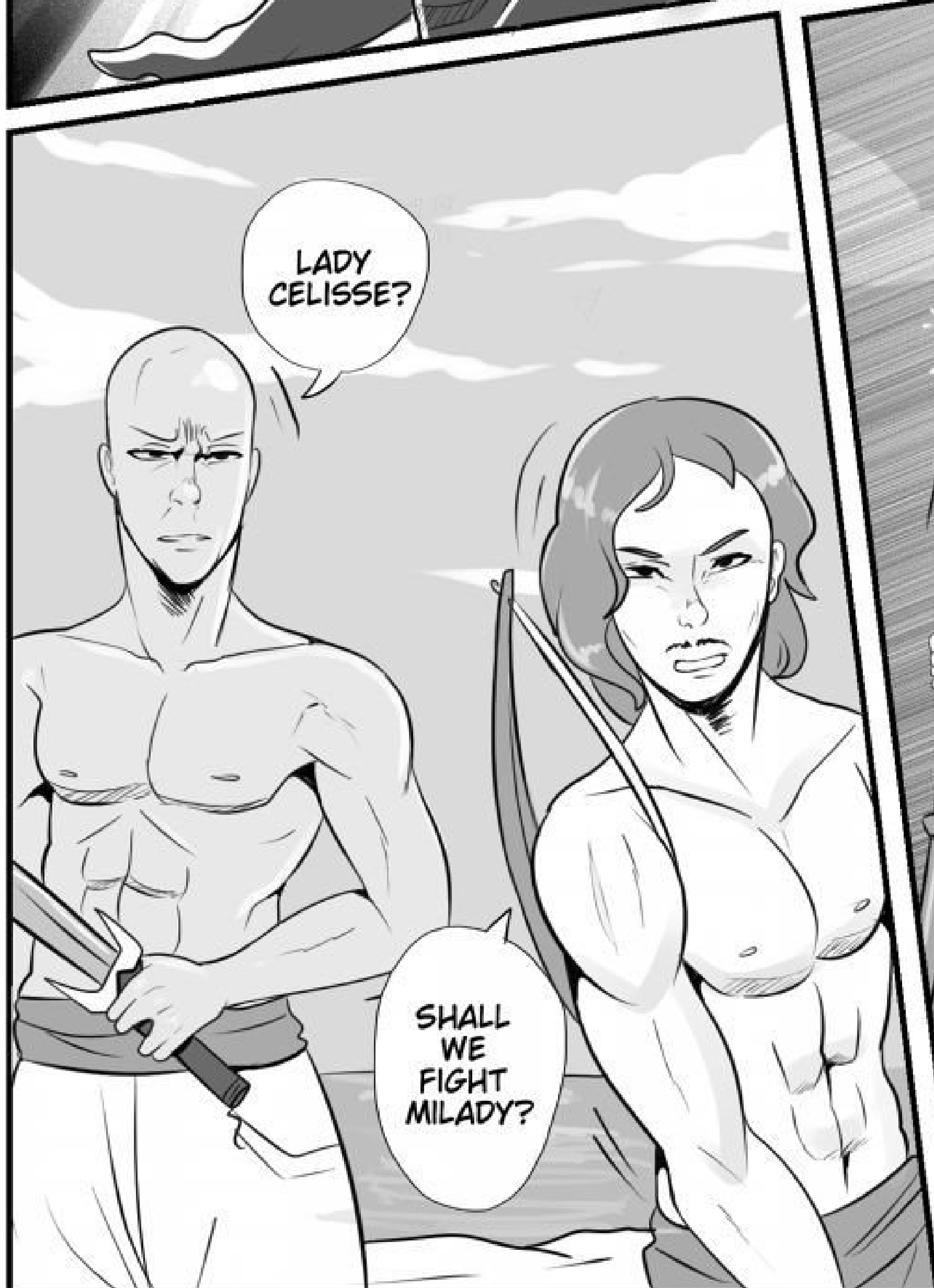


LADY CELISSE!
THE SAVAGES
ARE COMING!





DAMN!
THEY CAUGHT
UP QUICKER
THAN
I EXPECTED.

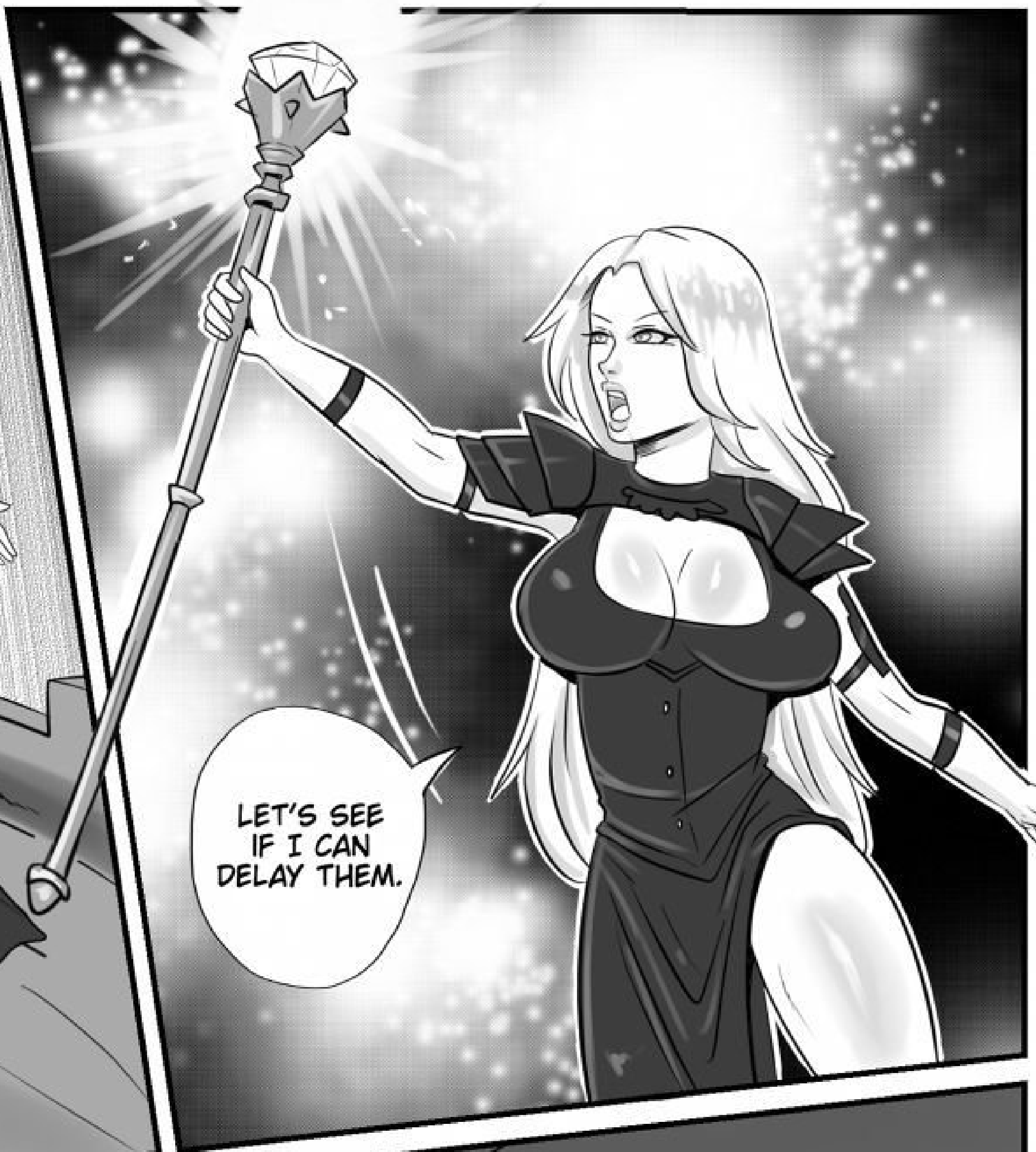


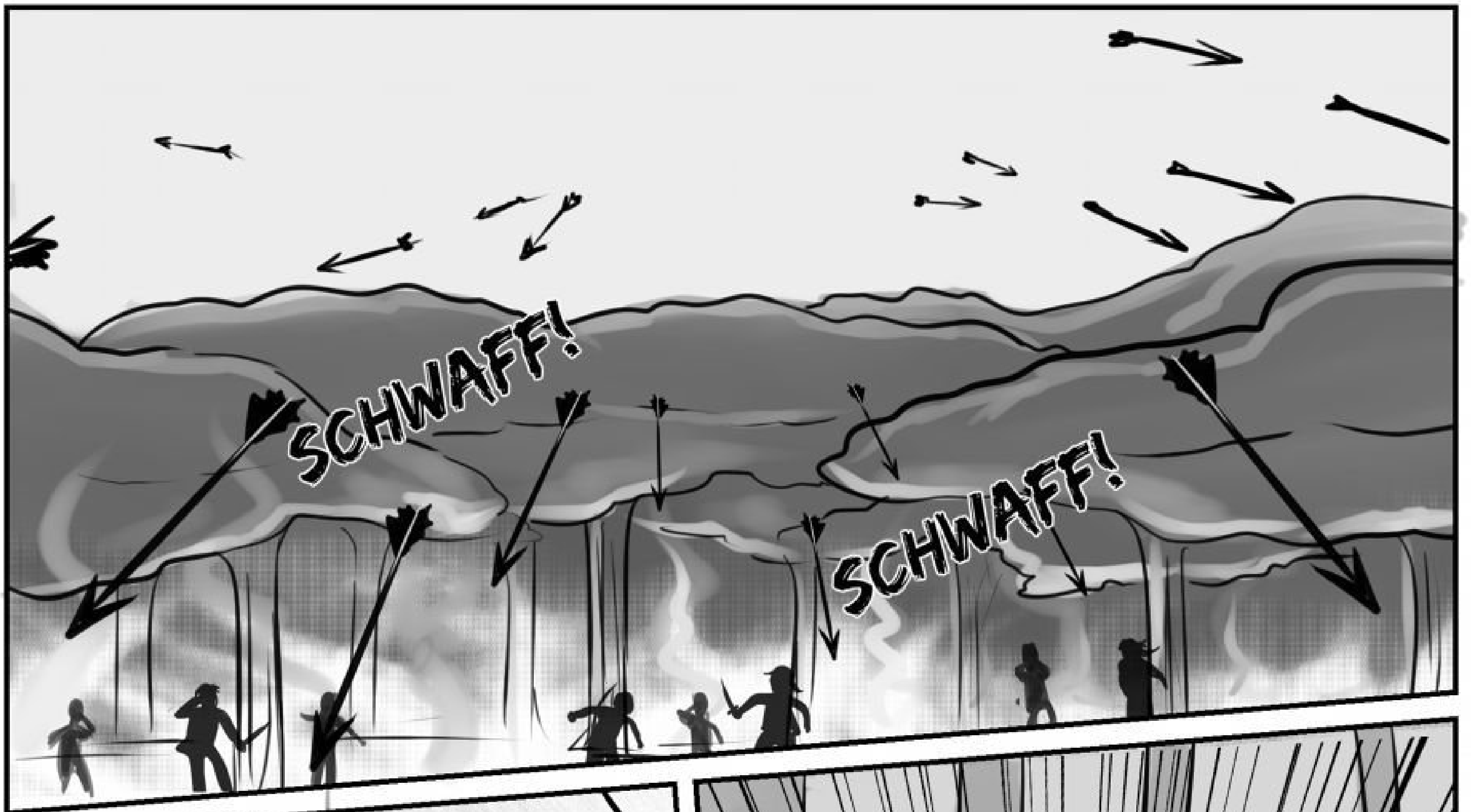
LADY
CELISSE?

SHALL
WE
FIGHT
MILADY?



CONTINUE
LOADING
THE SHIP...
WE CAN'T
AFFORD
TO LOSE
ANYMORE
CREW.





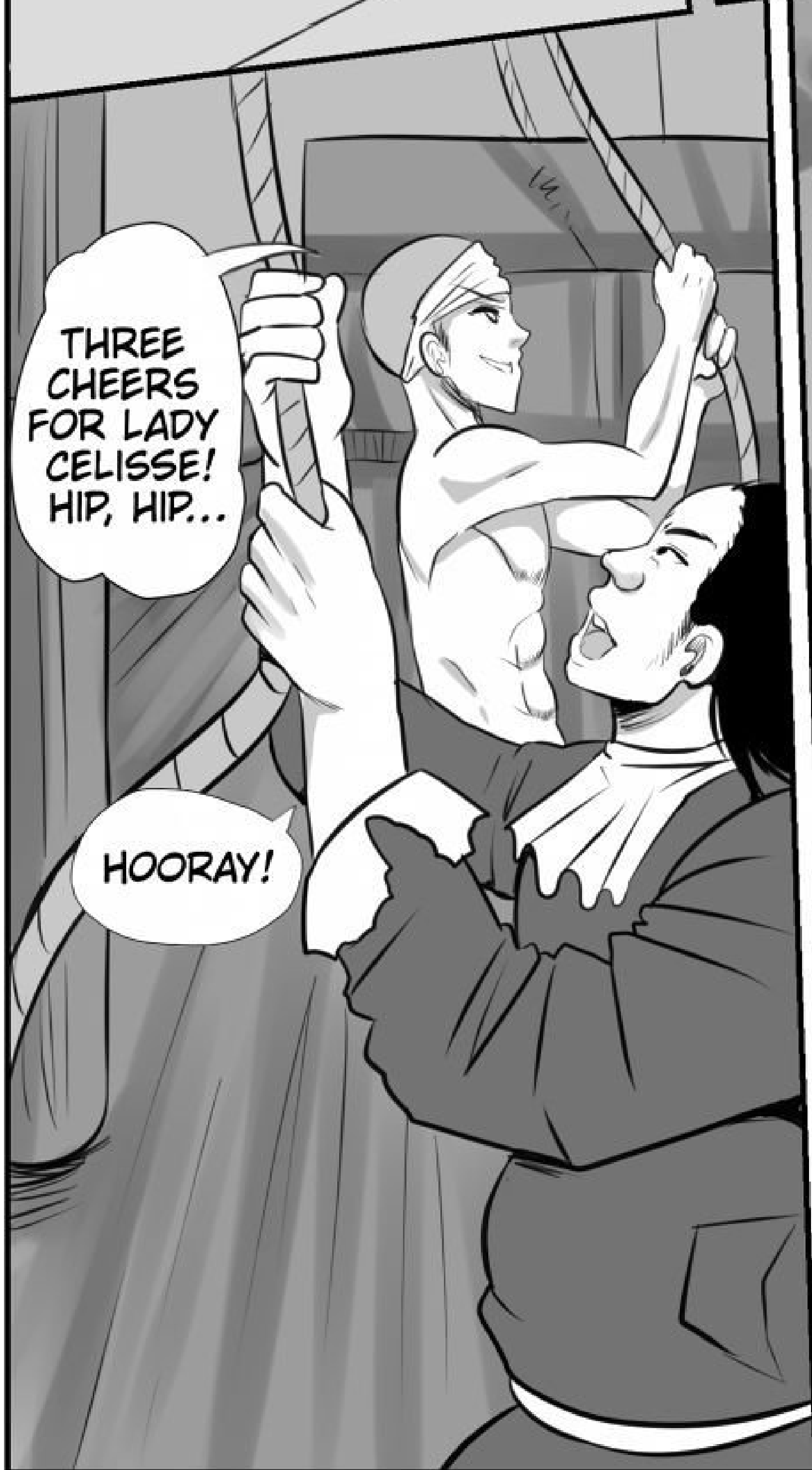




SHUMP!

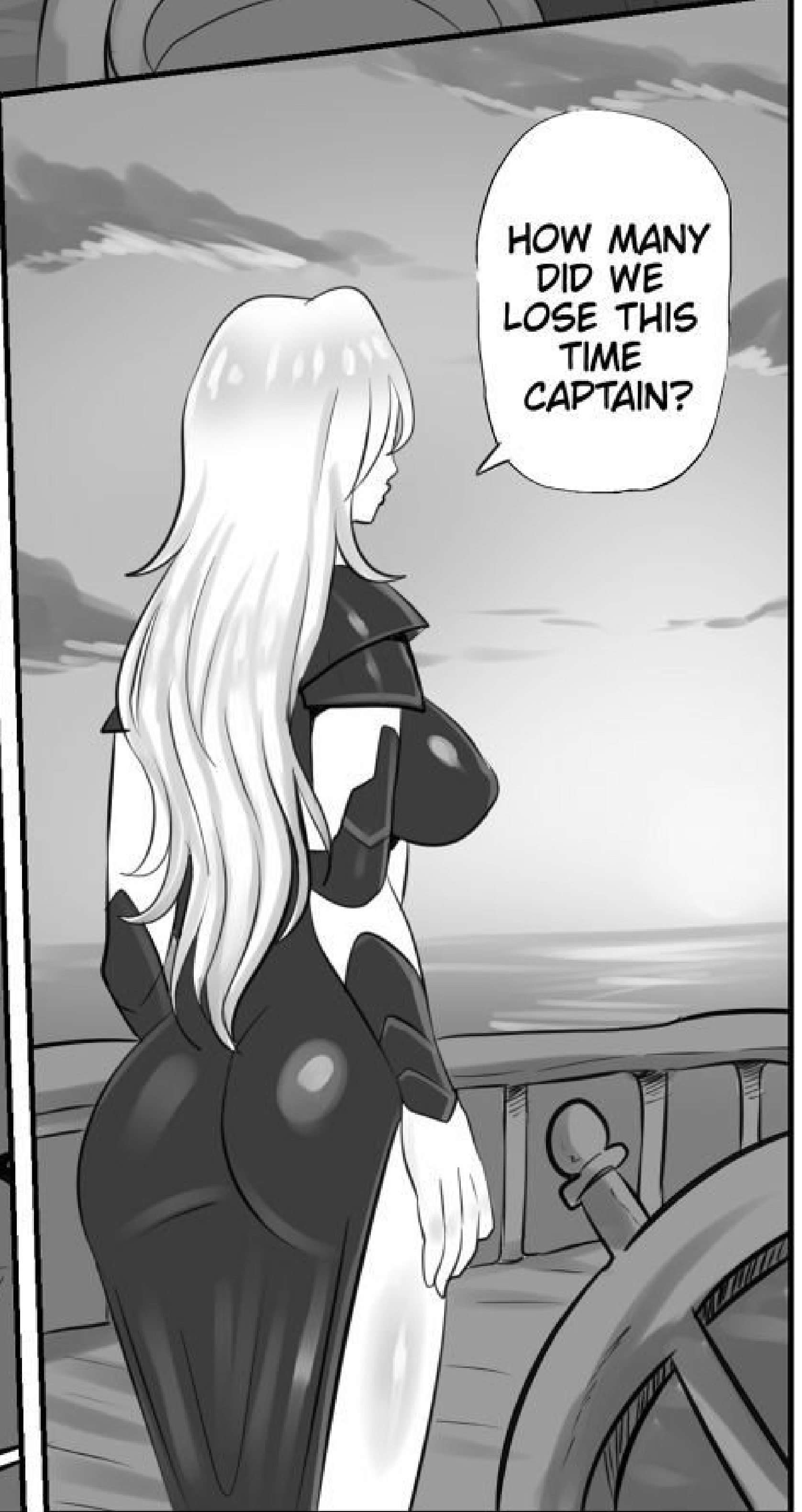


RELAX MEN,
THEY WON'T
GIVE CHASE,
WE HEAD
FOR HOME.

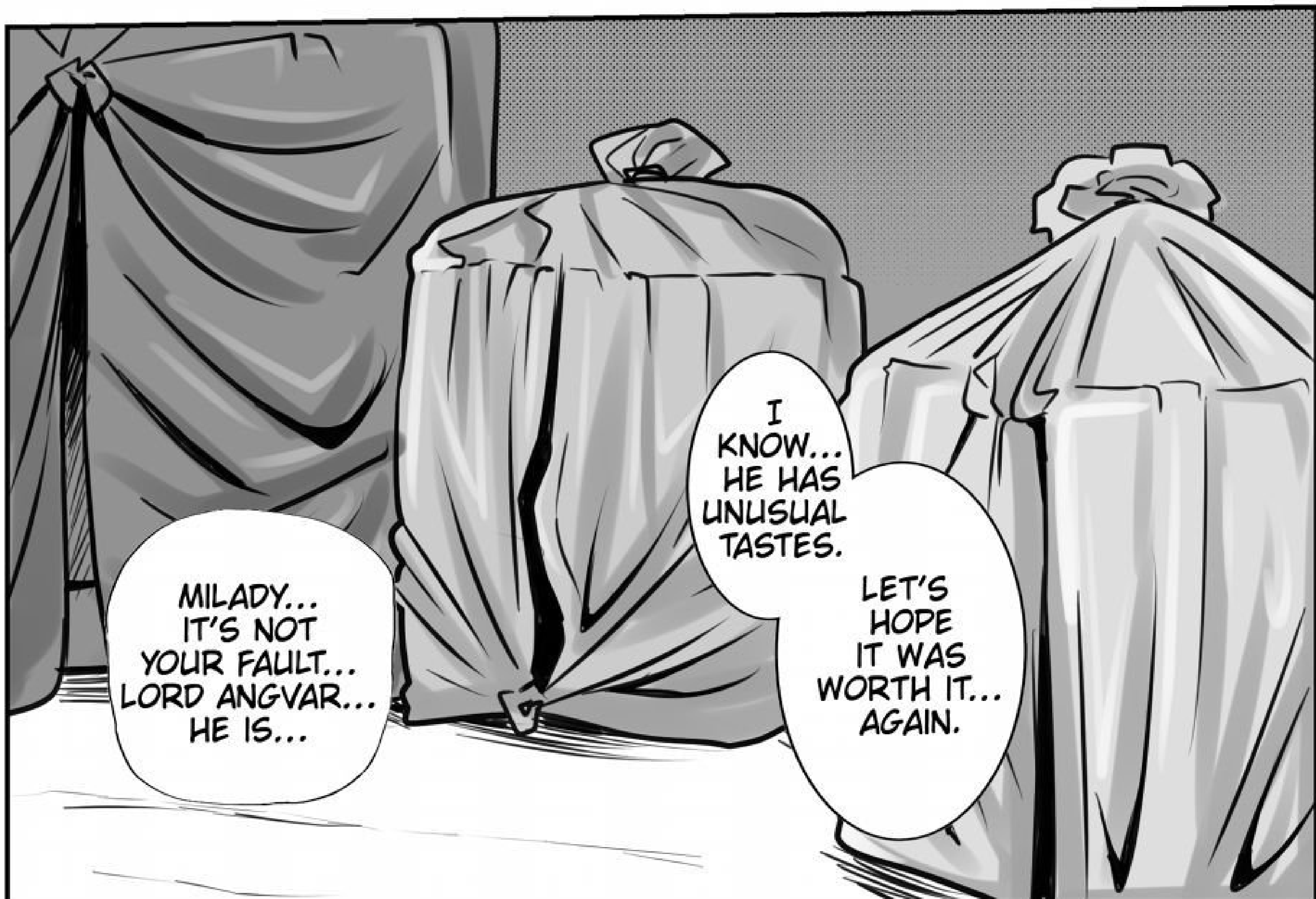
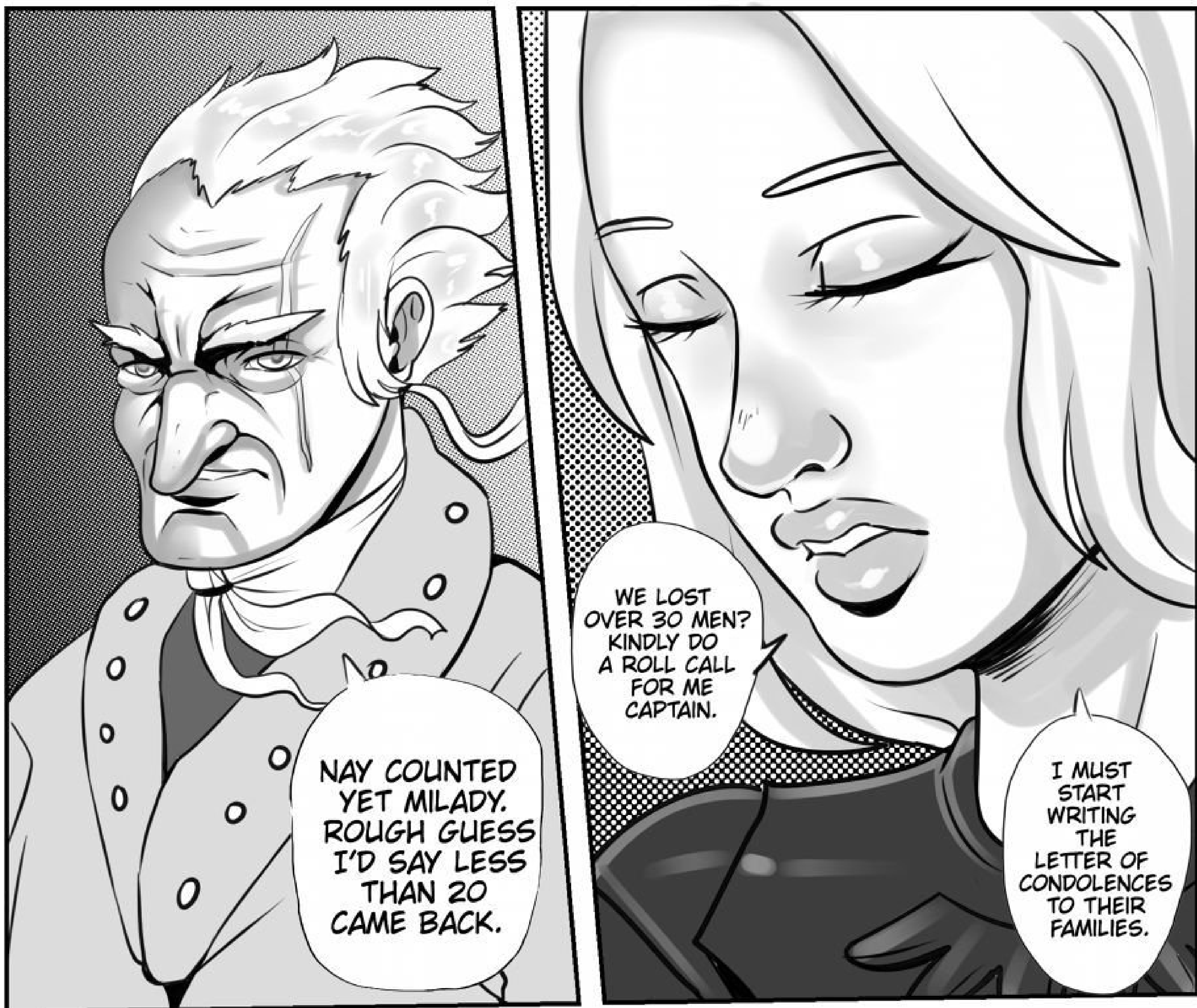


THREE
CHEERS
FOR LADY
CELISSE!
HIP, HIP...

HOORAY!



HOW MANY
DID WE
LOSE THIS
TIME
CAPTAIN?

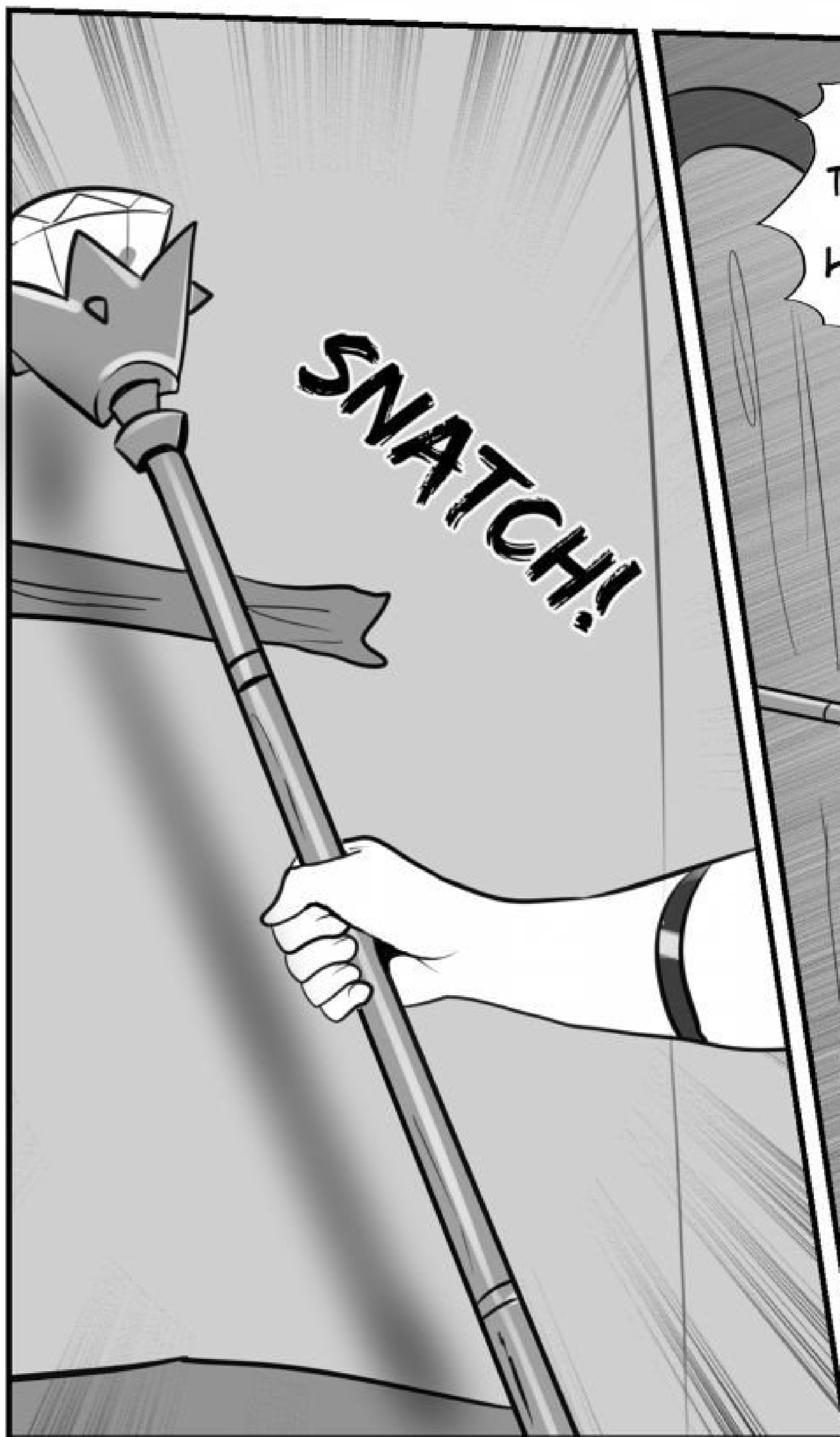


CELISSE
COULD
NEVER
SLEEP
BEFORE
SHE HAD
WRITTEN
THOSE
LETTERS.

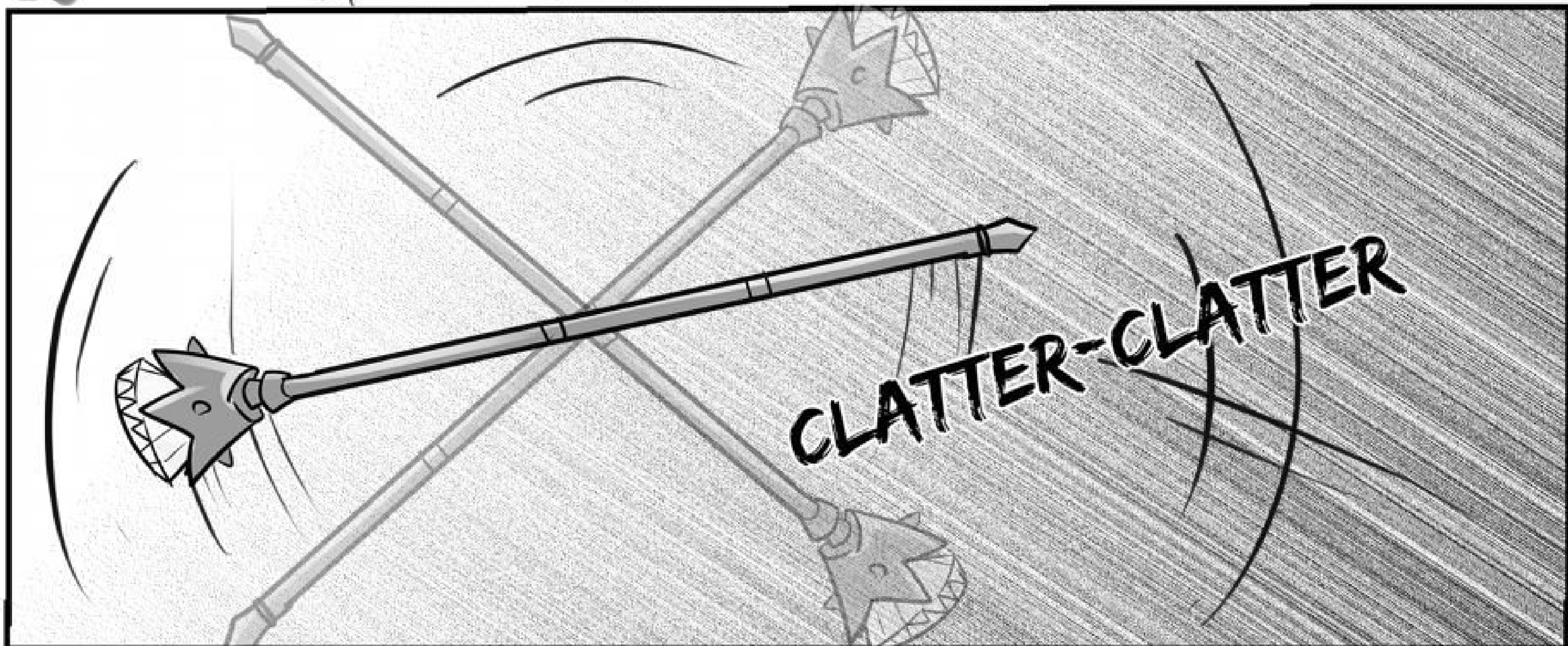
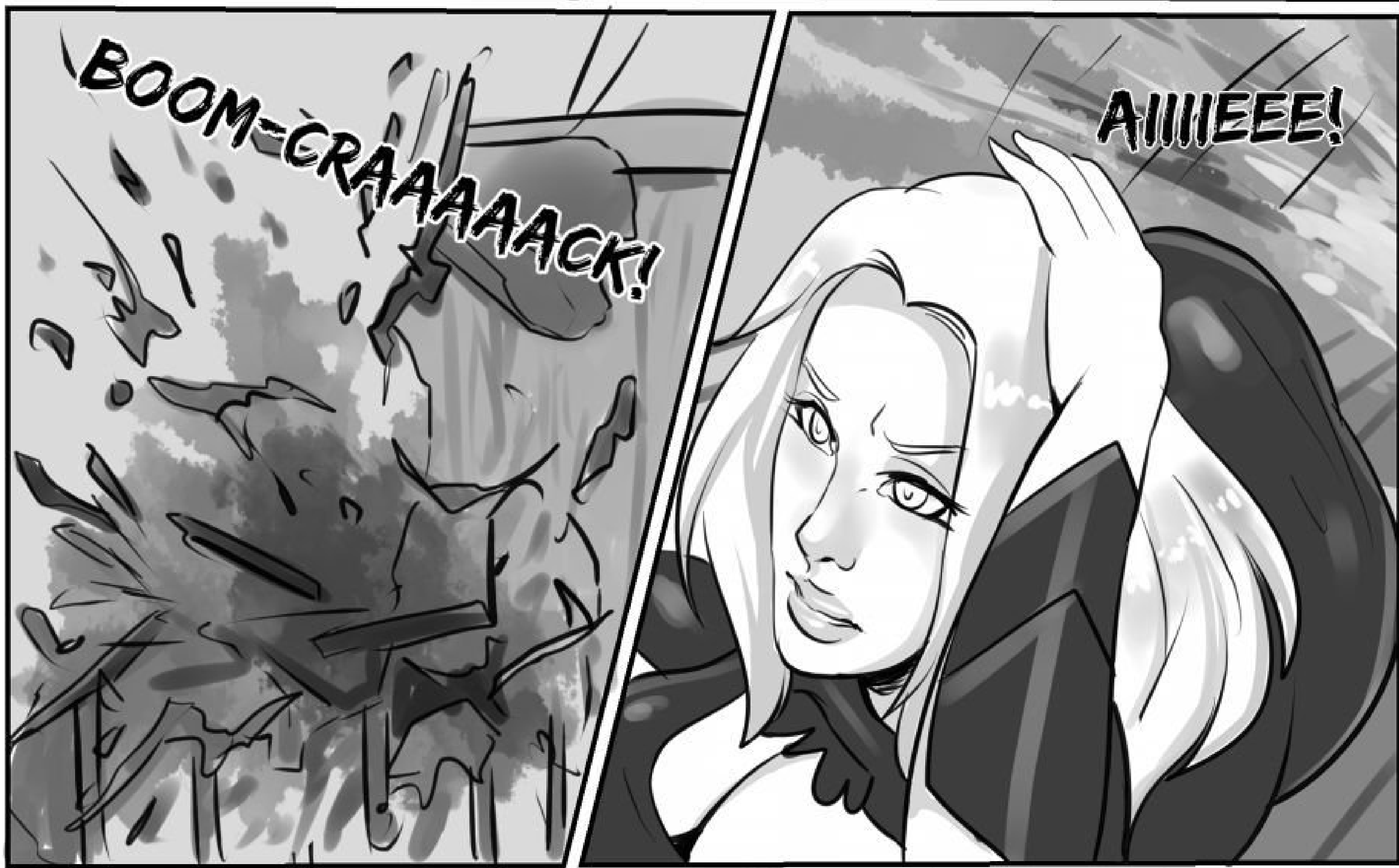
IT WAS
THE ONLY
WAY TO
CLEANSE
HER
THOUGHTS.

LATER
THAT
NIGHT...

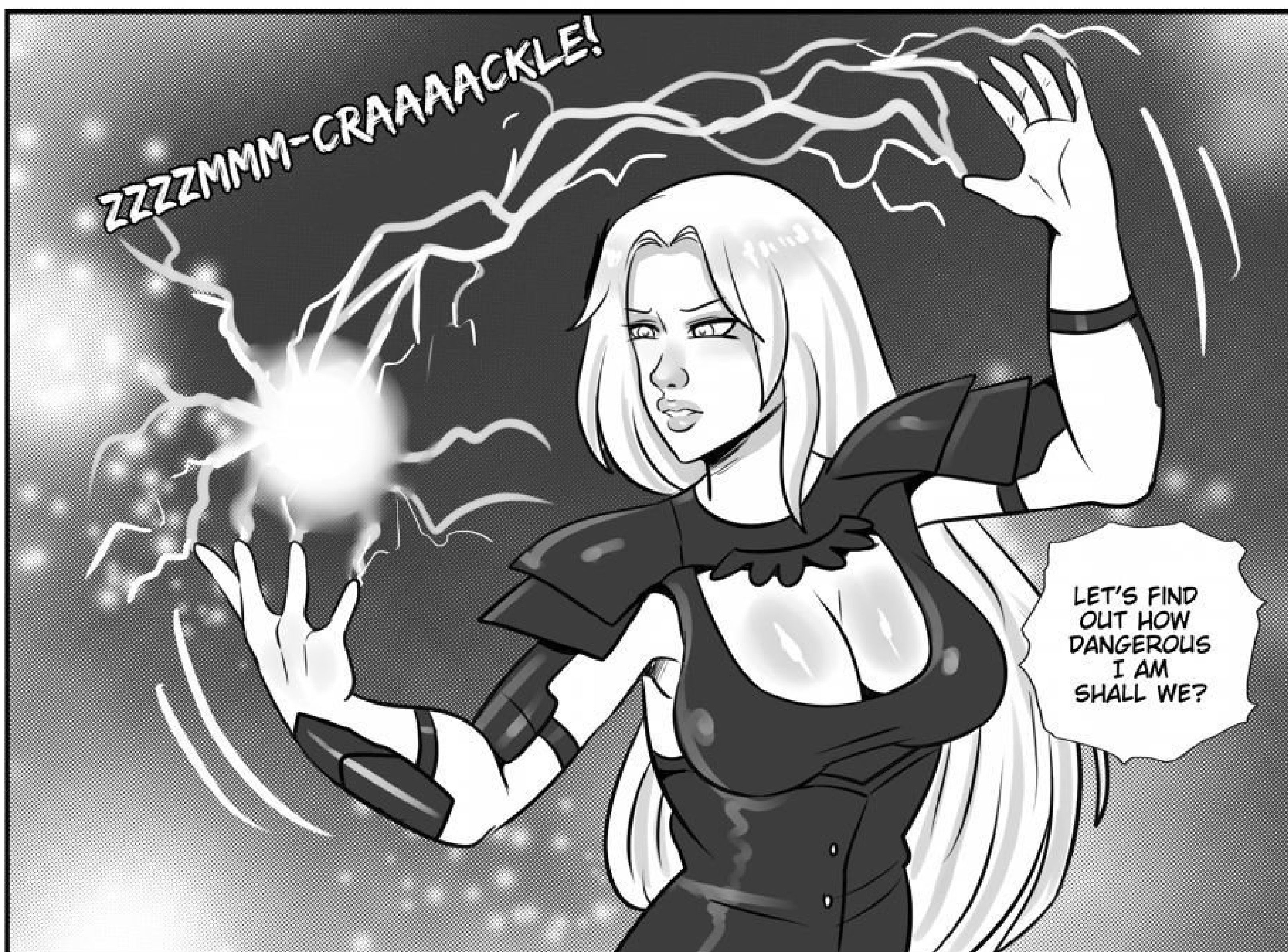
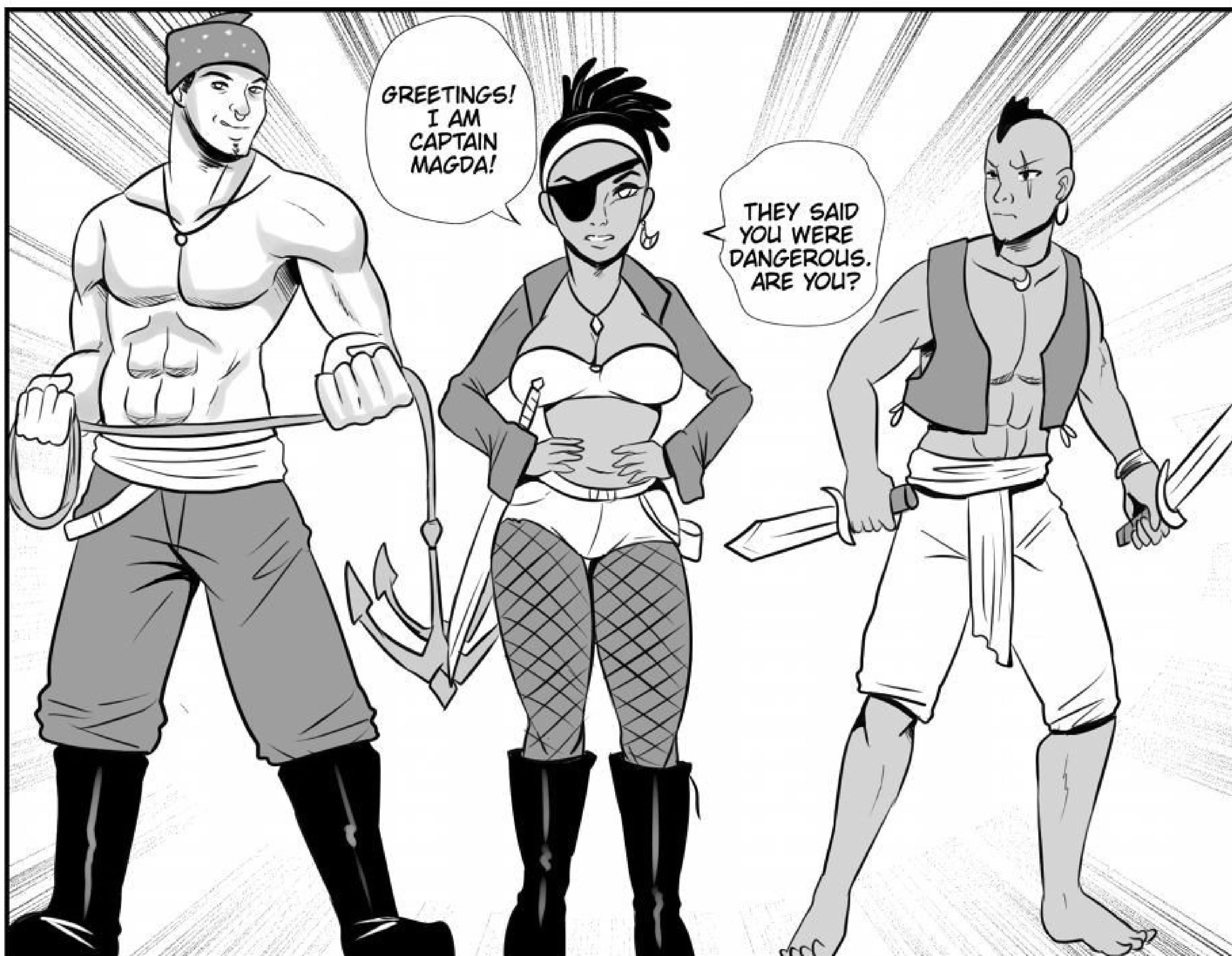
APOLOGISING
AND
SYMPATHISING
ON BEHALF
OF LORD
ANGVAR WAS
BECOMING
INCREASINGLY
REGULAR.













WE HAVE
A DOZEN
OF YOUR
CREW
CAPTIVE.

ONE
FALSE
MOVE
AND
THEY DIE.



CURSE YOU!
YOU
PIRATE
SCUM!



SCUM!?
SCUM!?
I SPARE
YOUR
CREW
AND YOU
CALL ME
SCUM!?



I WAS
GOING TO
GO EASY
ON YOU
BUT I'M
NOT SURE
I LIKE YOU
VERY MUCH.

MEN?
WOULD
YOU
TEACH
HER
SOME
MANNERS?





LET ME
OUT OF
HERE!
I'M SORRY
FOR WHAT
I SAID!



TOO LATE FOR
APOLOGIES!
IF YOU
WANT YOUR
CREW TO
SURVIVE
THEN DO
WHAT I SAY!

I HAVE
CERTAIN
INTERESTS...
HOW DO
YOU SAY?

IN THE
BREEDING
HABITS OF
CERTAIN
MONSTERS
AND HUMANS.



WHAT!?
THAT
IS SICK!



YOU INSULT
ME AGAIN!
PREPARE
TO SUFFER!



NO WAIT!
DON'T LET
THOSE
THINGS
IN HERE!



