



TALES OF THE TARO DEMON: DEIMOS™

#2 DEIMOS:
TALES OF THE TARO DEMON
ADULT READERS

CLASS ACCESS

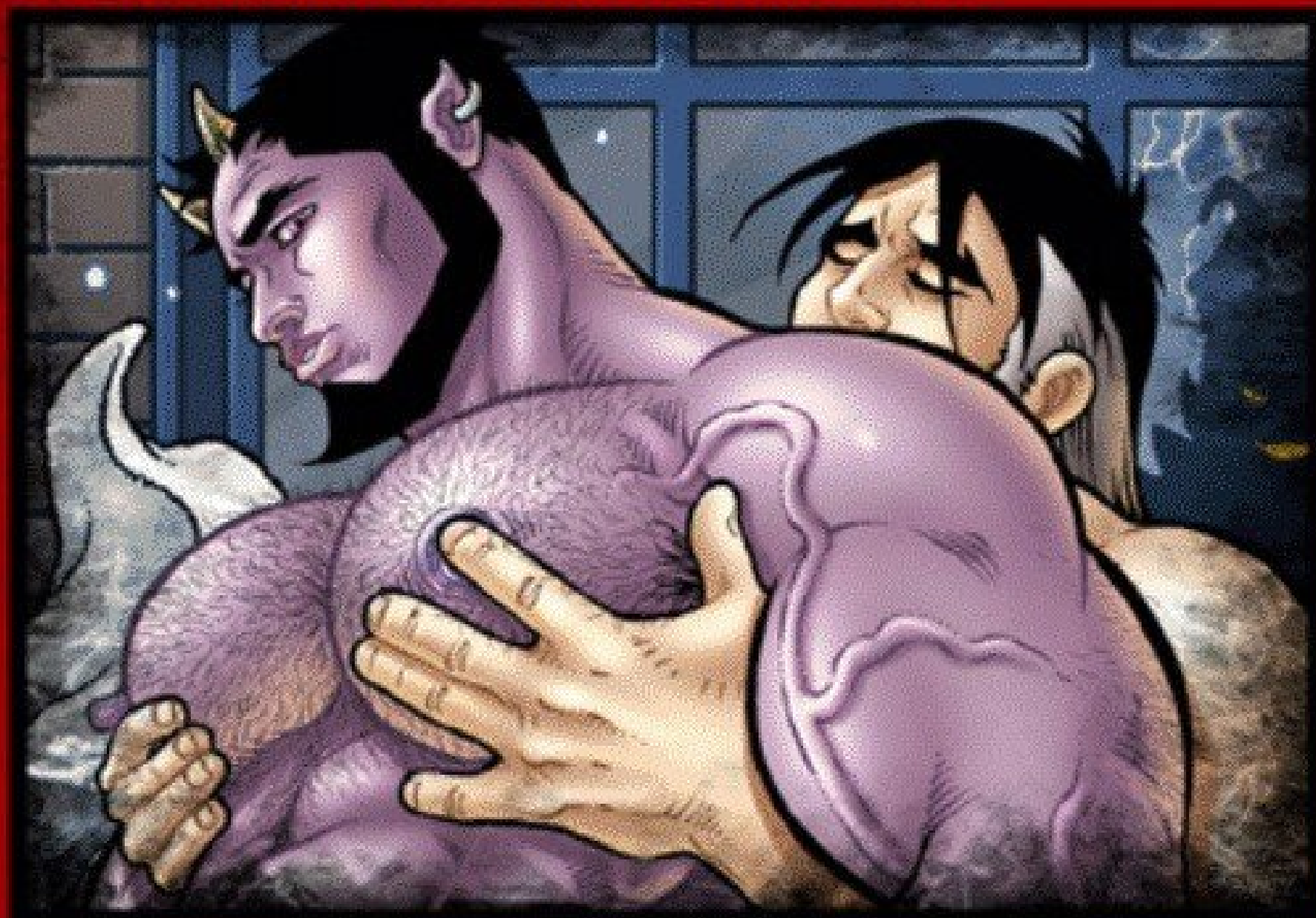


Silverjow

THE BREAKING OF DEIMOS: CHAPTER 1



THE BREAKING OF DEIMOS: CHAPTER 2



THE BREAKING OF DEIMOS: CHAPTER 3



HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DEMON

STORY: **PATRICK FILLION**

ART: **ALEXANDER**

LETTERS: **JAYMES REED**

EDITOR: **ROBERT FRASER**

UNINVITED

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TALES OF THE TARO DEMON: DEIMOS™



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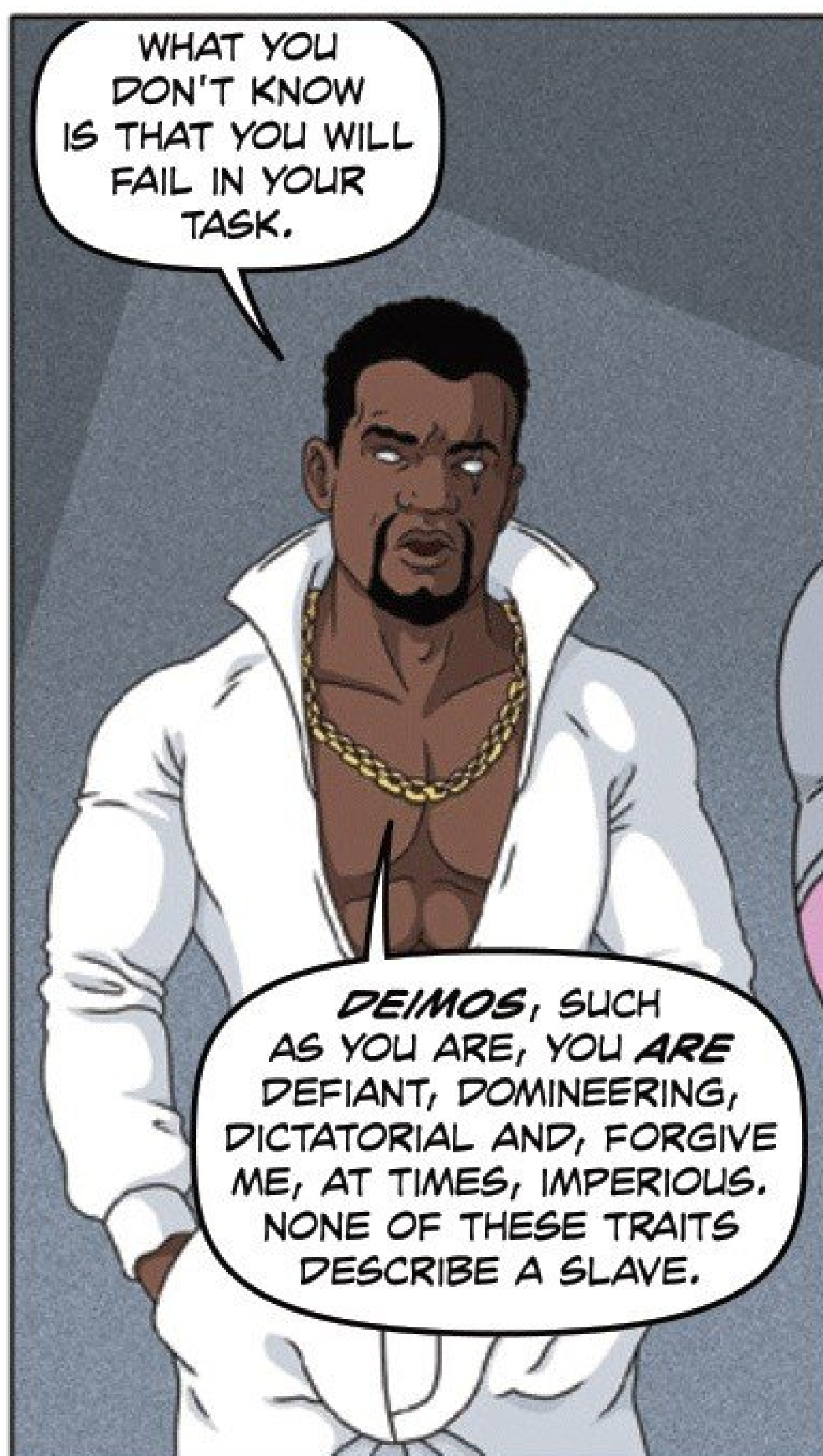
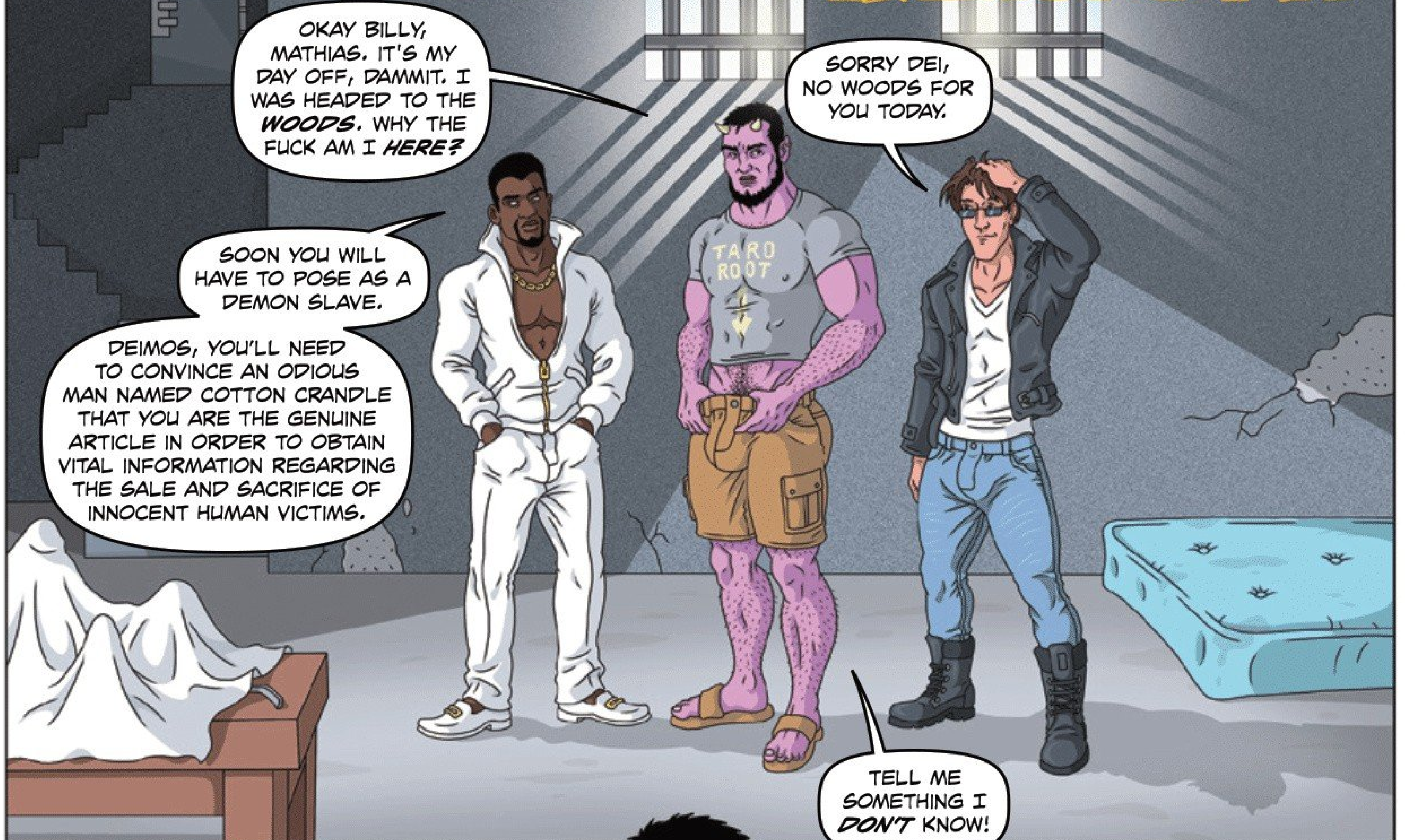
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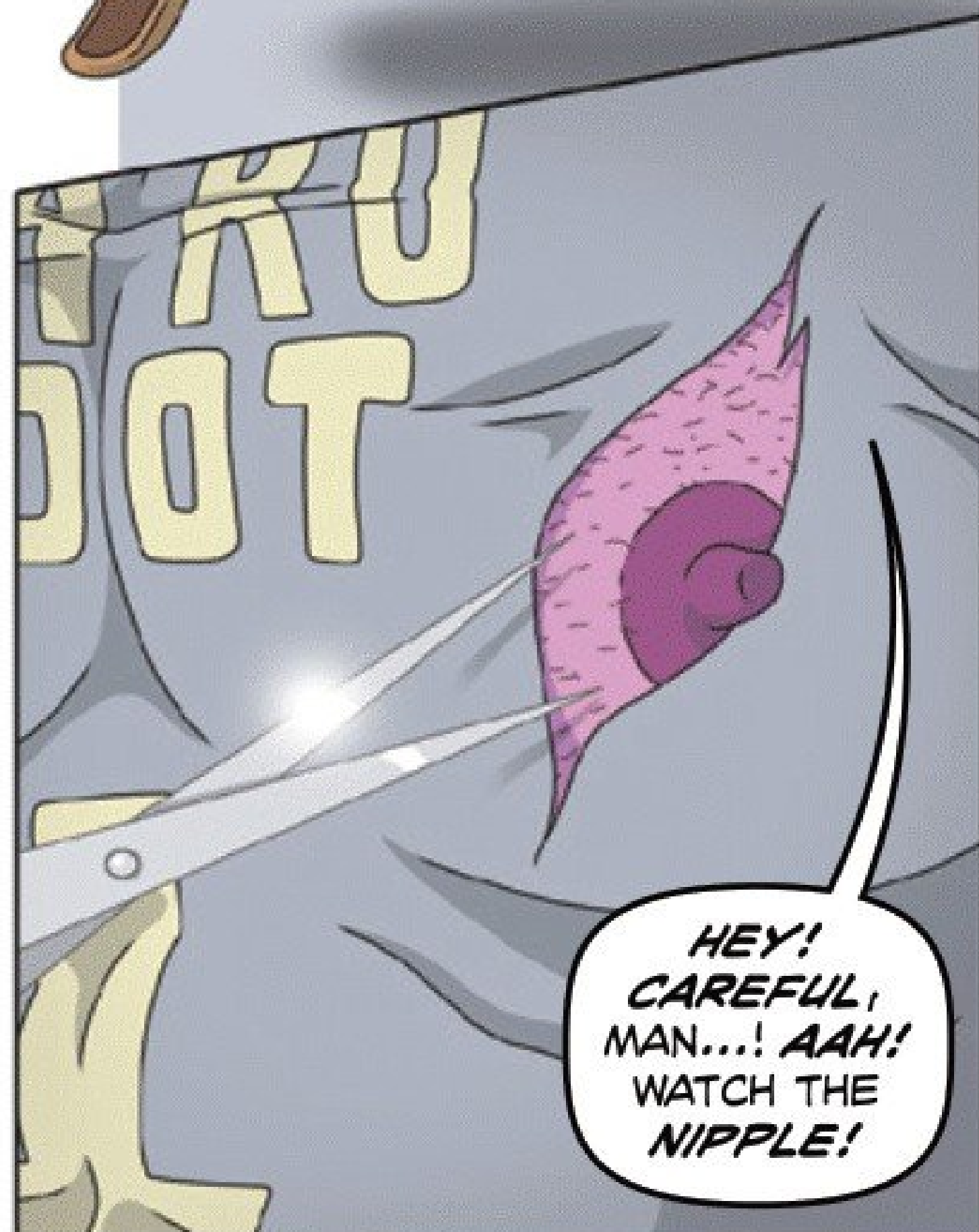
DALE WHO, CHOKLIT DADDY, KAIJU WIFE, DAVID CANTERO

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COMICS ARE FANTASY. IN REAL LIFE, PLEASE PRACTICE SAFE SEX.

HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DEMON!







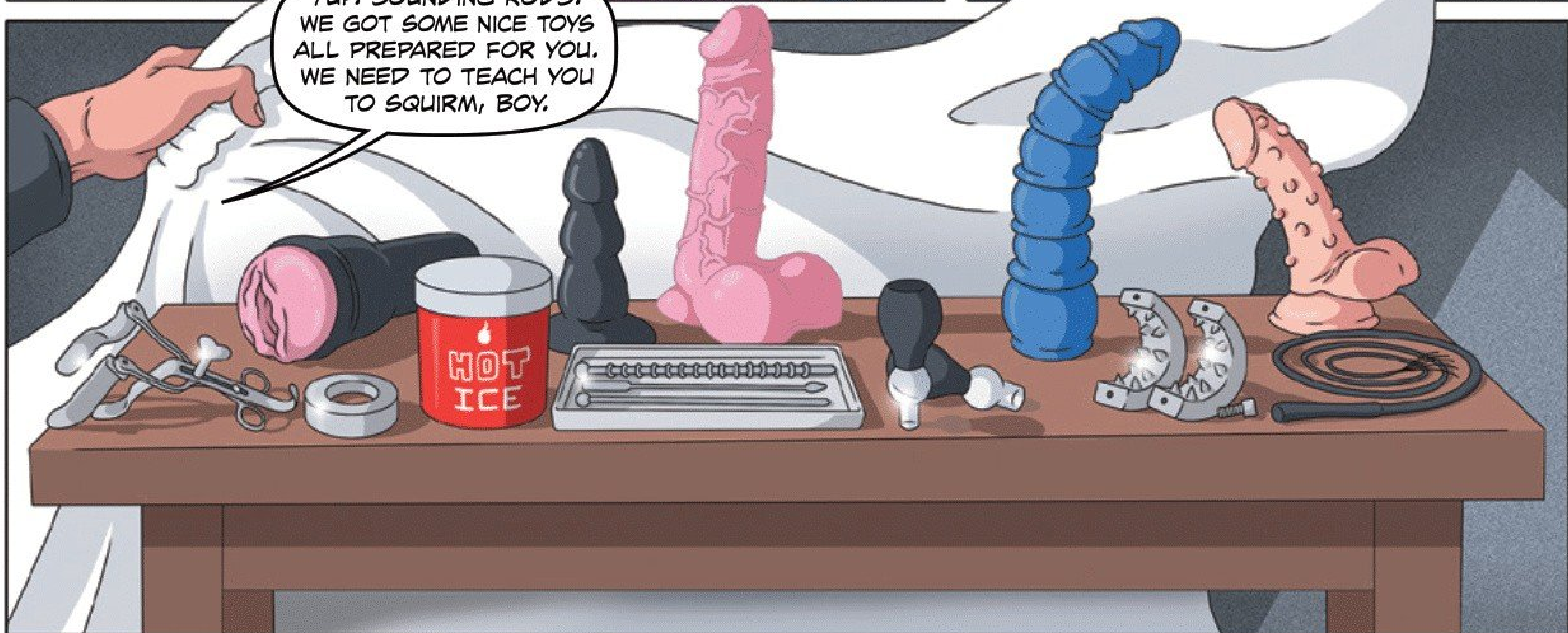
NO. WE CANNOT TAKE THE RISK, AND TIME IS RUNNING OUT.



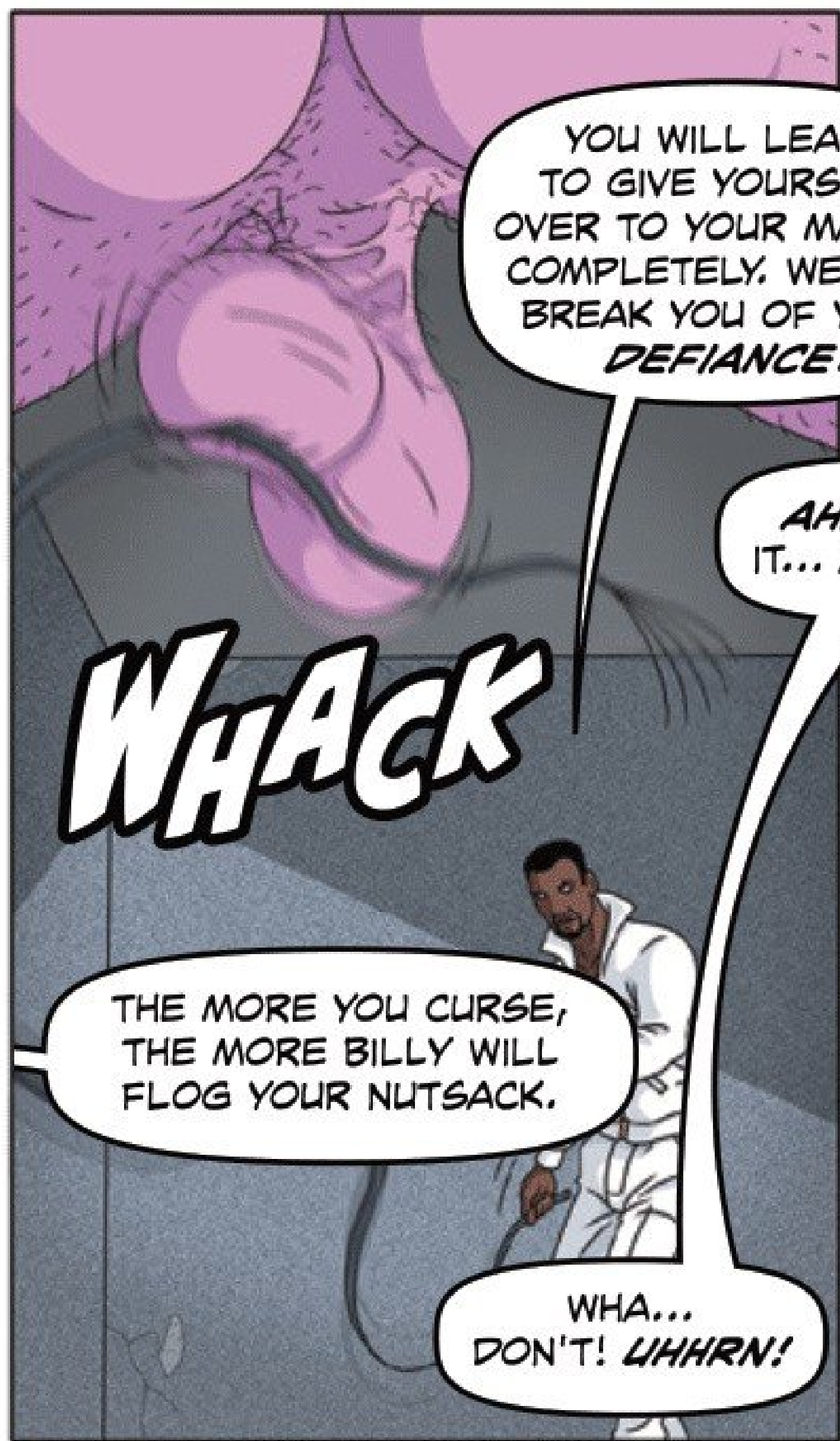
HOLY SHIT. I'D HEARD YOU WERE HUNG, BUT THIS... WOW! I DUNNO IF MY RODS ARE LONG ENOUGH.



ULP... RODS...?



YUP. SOUNDING RODS. WE GOT SOME NICE TOYS ALL PREPARED FOR YOU. WE NEED TO TEACH YOU TO SQUIRM, BOY.



YOU WILL LEARN TO GIVE YOURSELF OVER TO YOUR MASTER COMPLETELY. WE WILL BREAK YOU OF YOUR *DEFIANCE*.

AHH! STOP IT... *FUCKER!*

WHACK

THE MORE YOU CURSE, THE MORE BILLY WILL FLOG YOUR NUTSACK.

WHA... DON'T! *LIHHRN!*

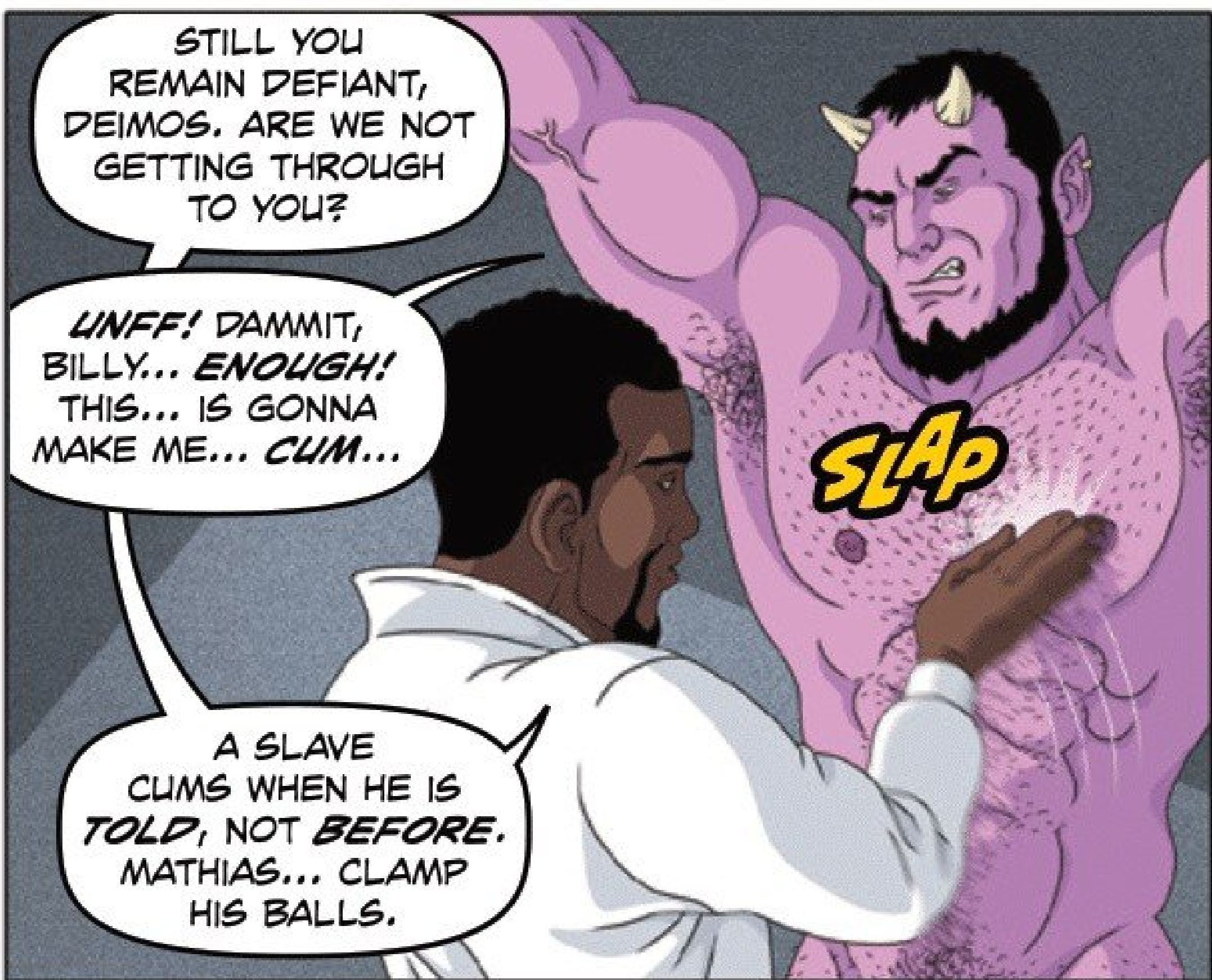
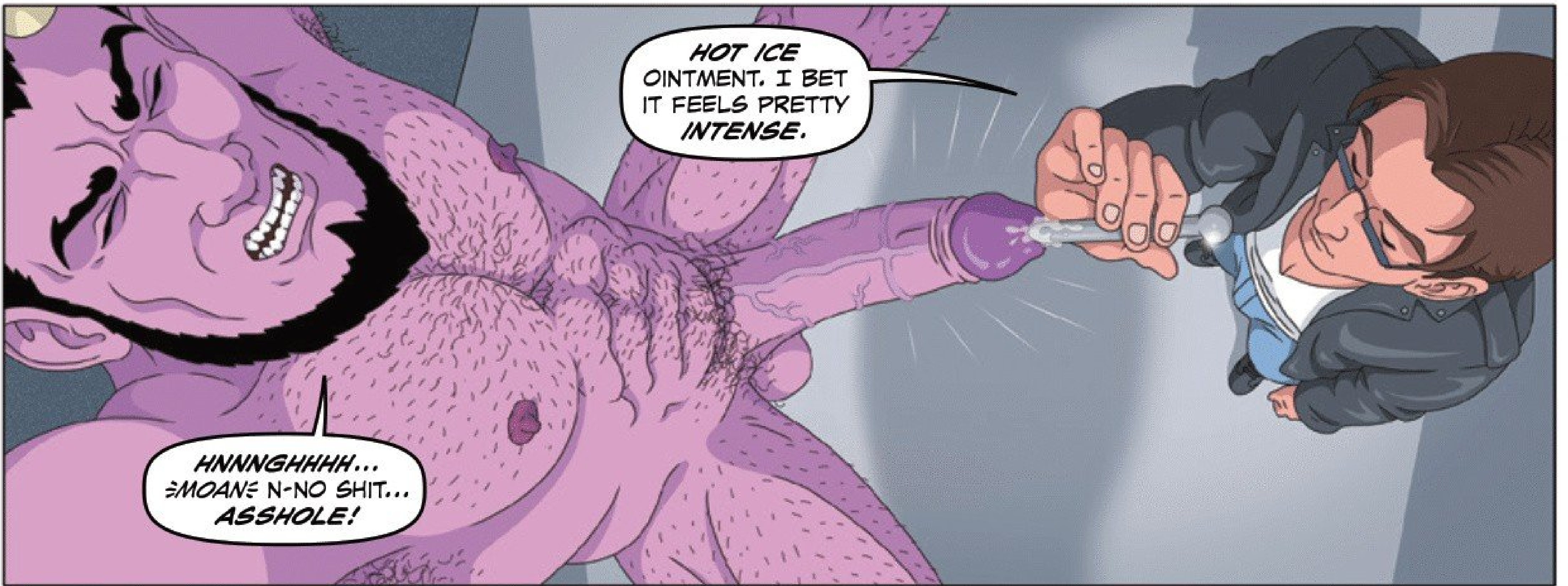
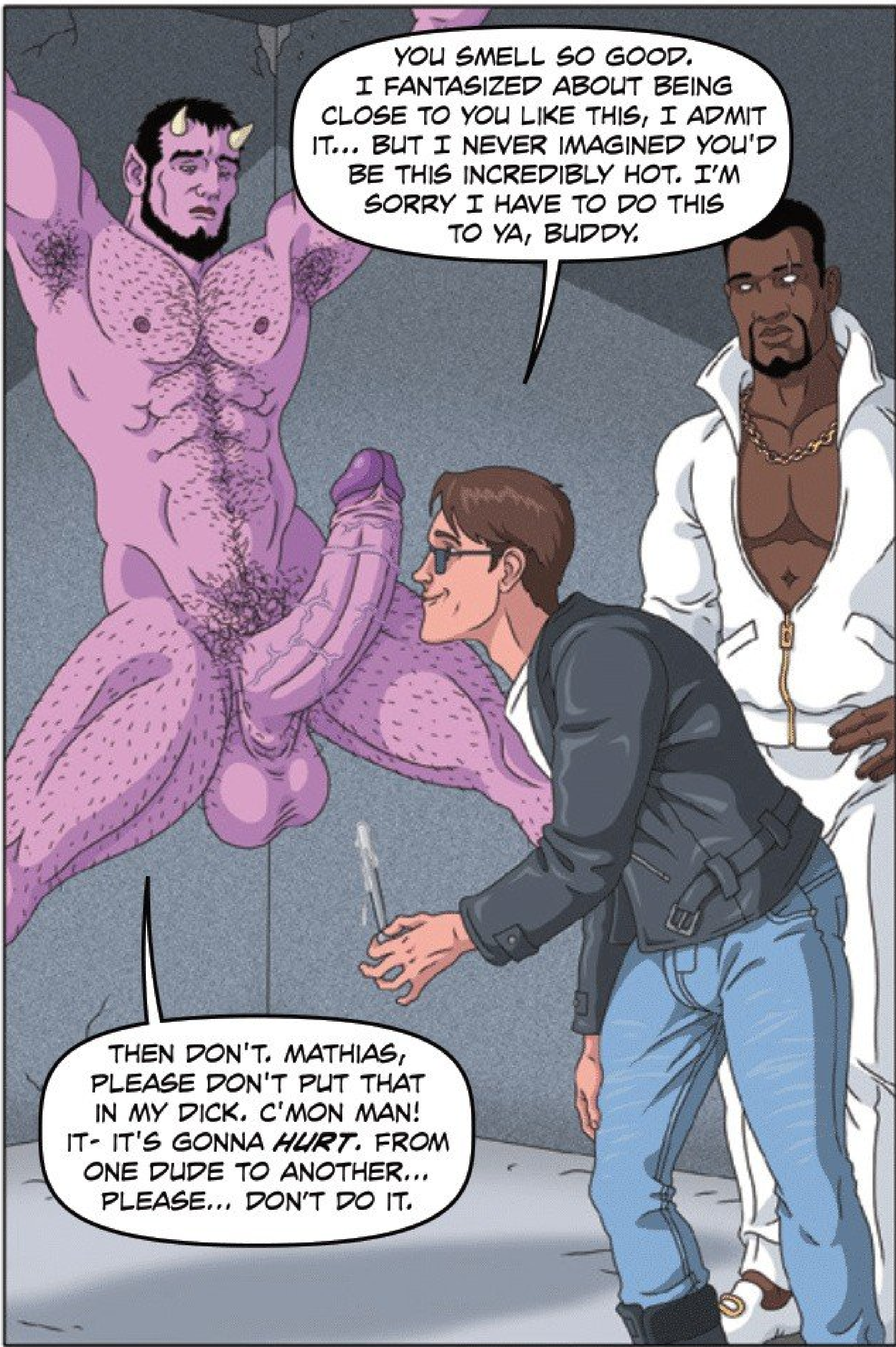


BILLY, PLEASE! FUCKING *STOP...* **AAOOW!**

YOU WILL LEARN TO GET AN ERECTION ON COMMAND. AS A SLAVE, YOUR BODY DOES NOT BELONG TO YOU. IT BELONGS TO YOUR MASTER.



LET'S MAKE THIS MORE INTERESTING...





OOAAH...!



BILLY, PLEASE, MAN... THAT'S ENOUGH NOW... I'LL BE GOOD... I *SWEAR*.

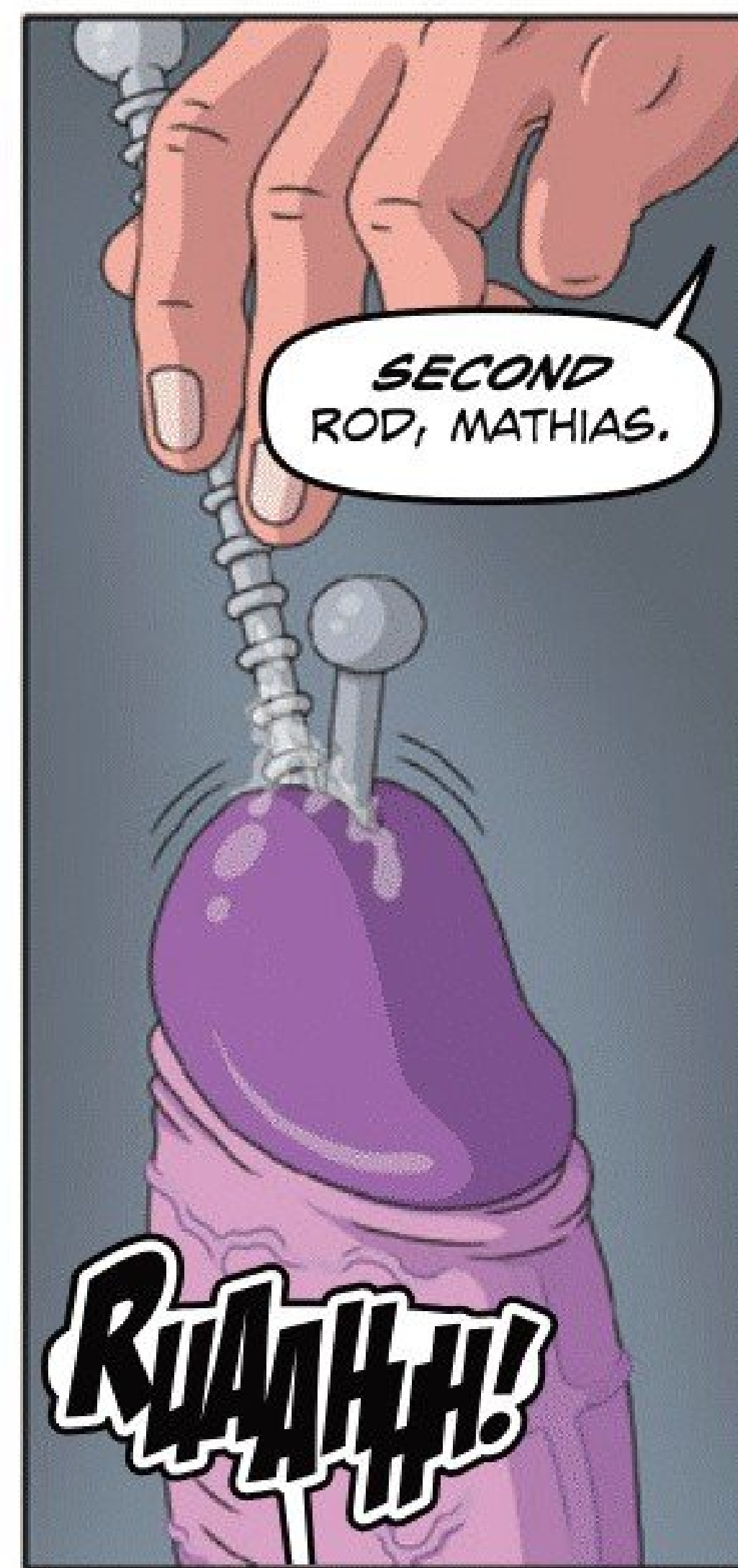
ENOUGH? NOT NEARLY.

YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD AN ISSUE WITH PEOPLE GOING ANYWHERE NEAR YOUR ASS, DEIMOS. I KNOW YOU.

YOU REALLY THINK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LET YOUR "MASTER" SODOMIZE YOU WITHOUT PUTTING UP A FIGHT?

Y-YEAH... SURE. *YES*.

I PROMISE YOU. YOU WILL REGRET THAT LIE.



SECOND ROD, MATHIAS.

RUUUHHH!



NOW. LET'S GET YOU *HORIZONTAL*, SHALL WE?

≡WHIMPER≡
C'MON, BILLY, PLEASE... NO MORE... I'VE HAD ENOUGH.

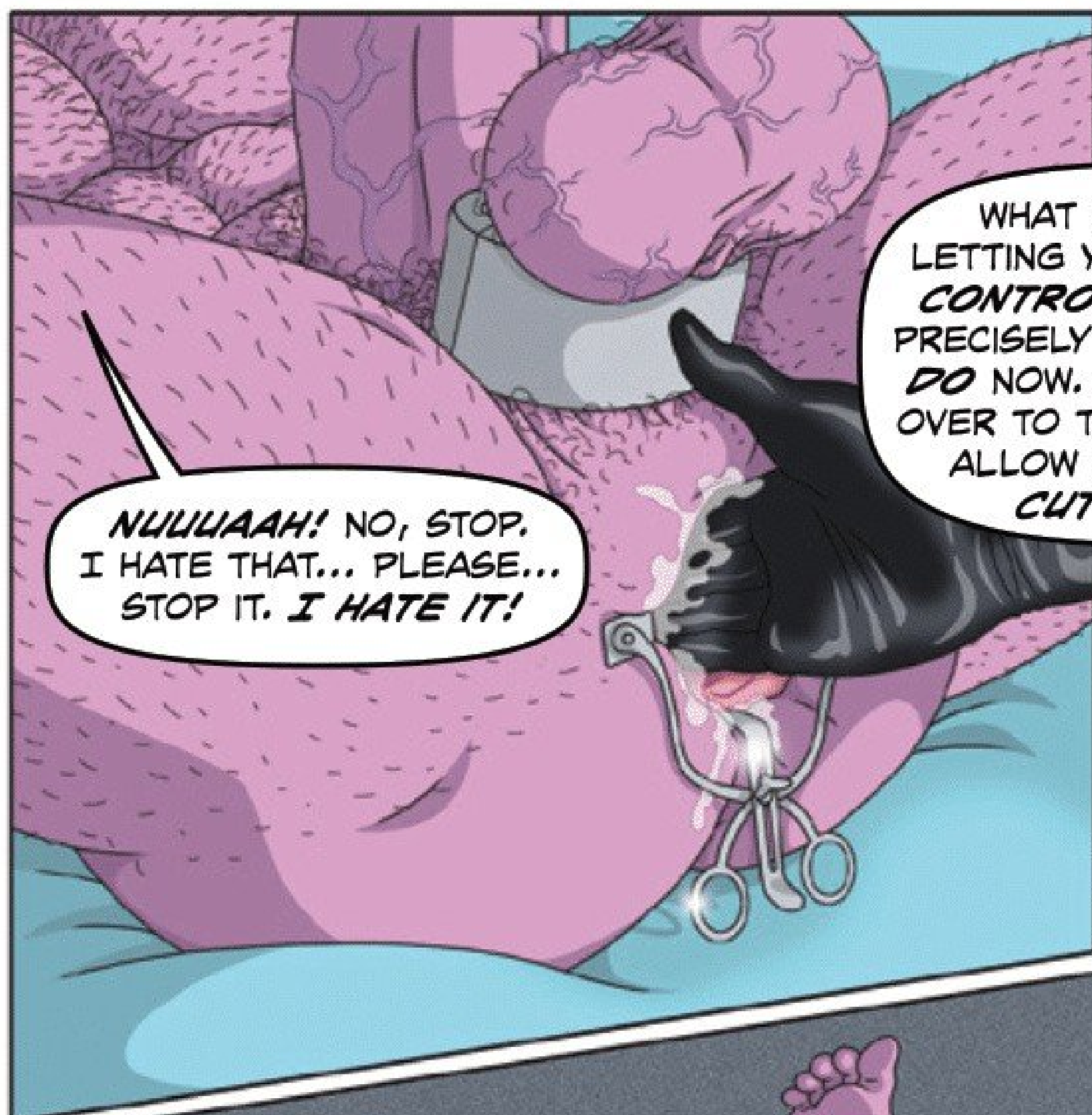
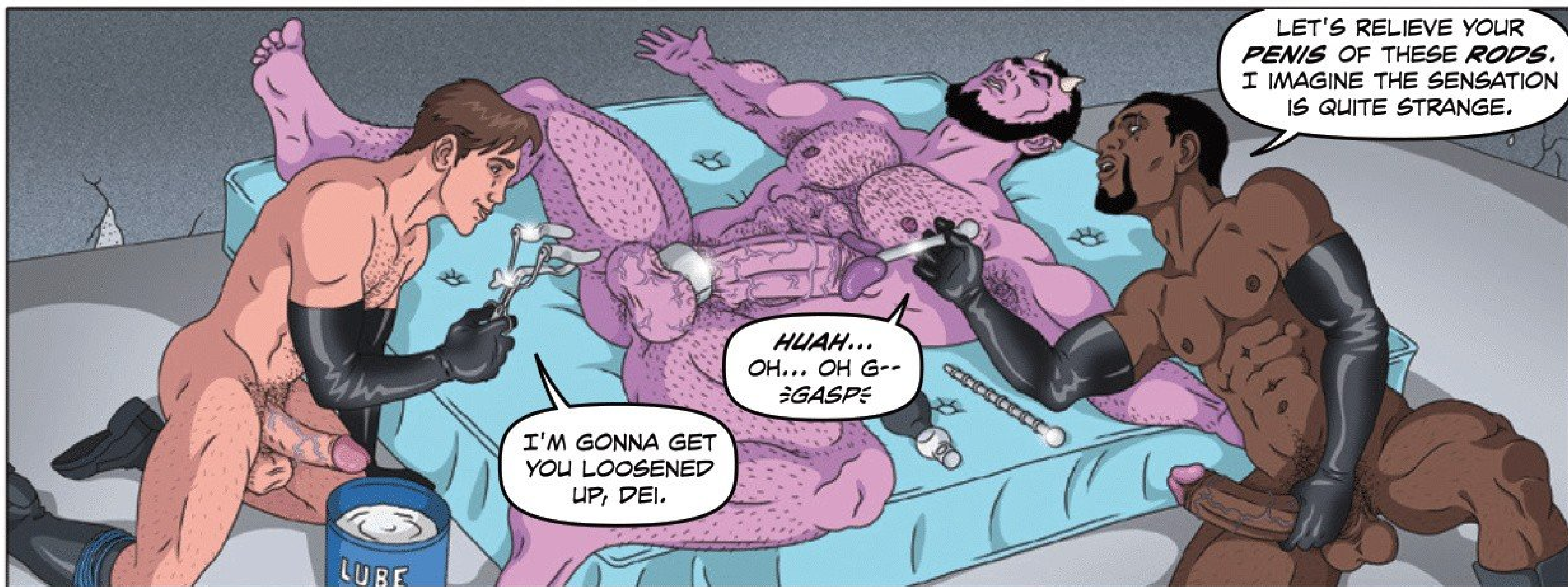


YIPE! LUHHRN!

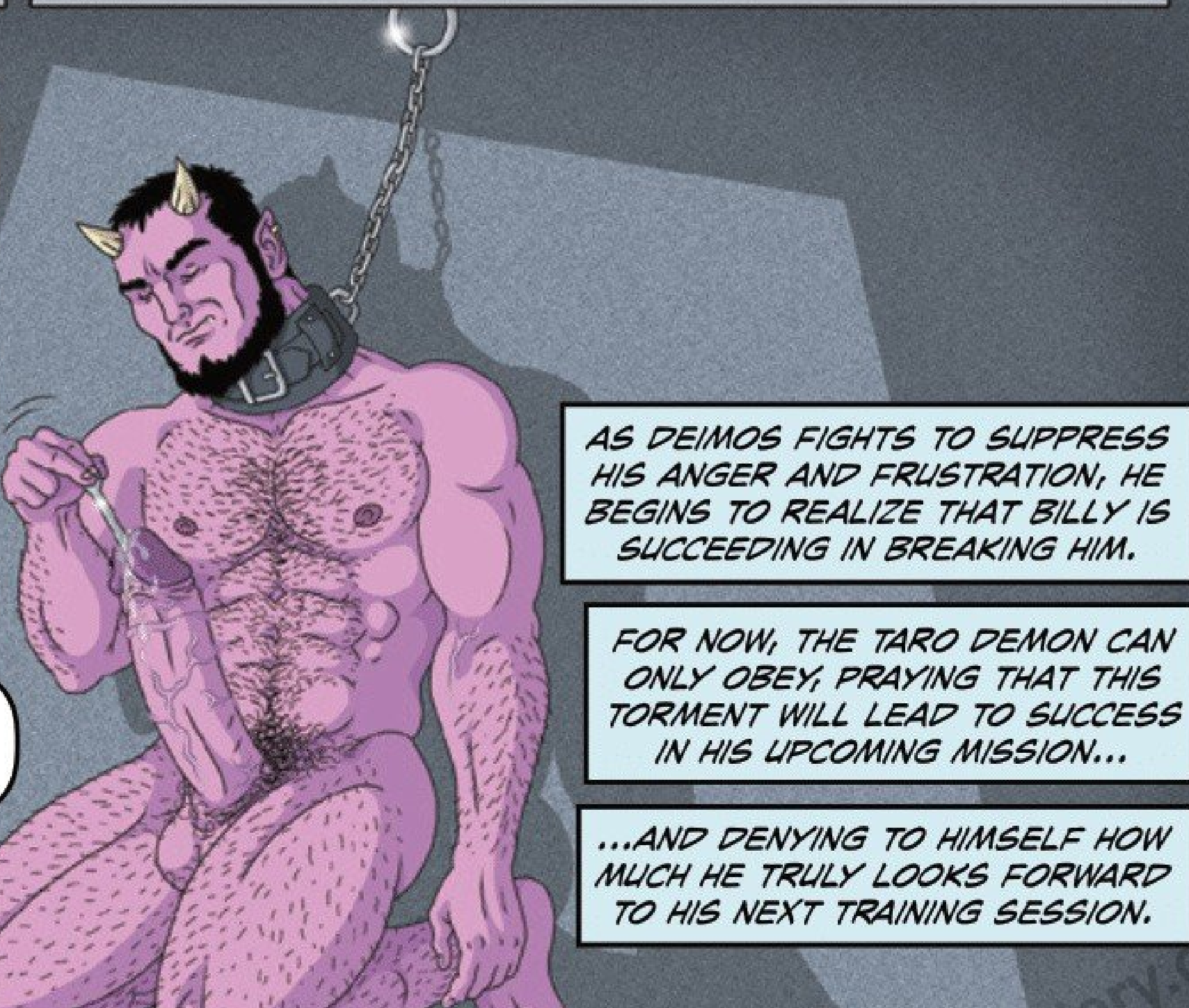
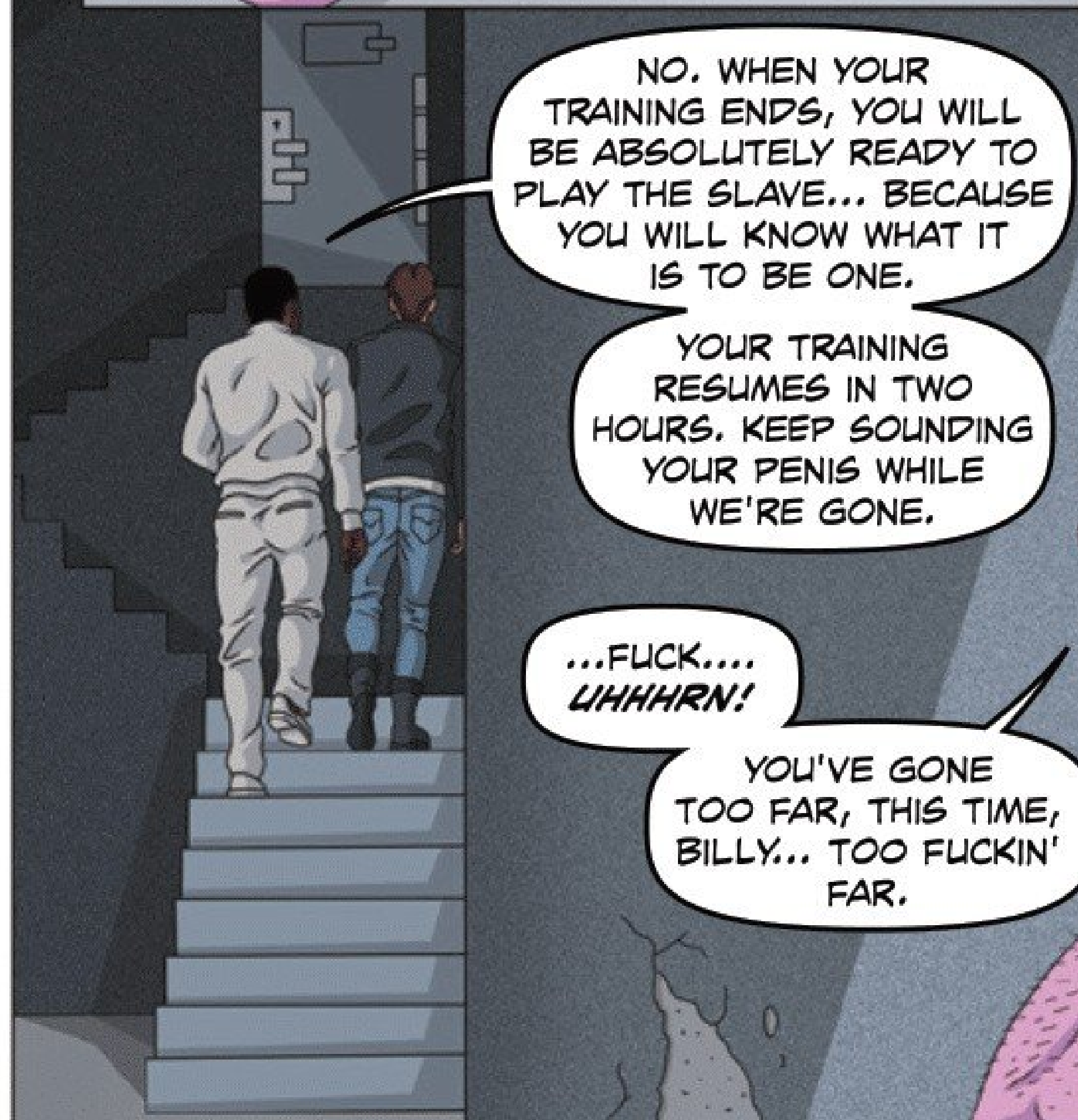
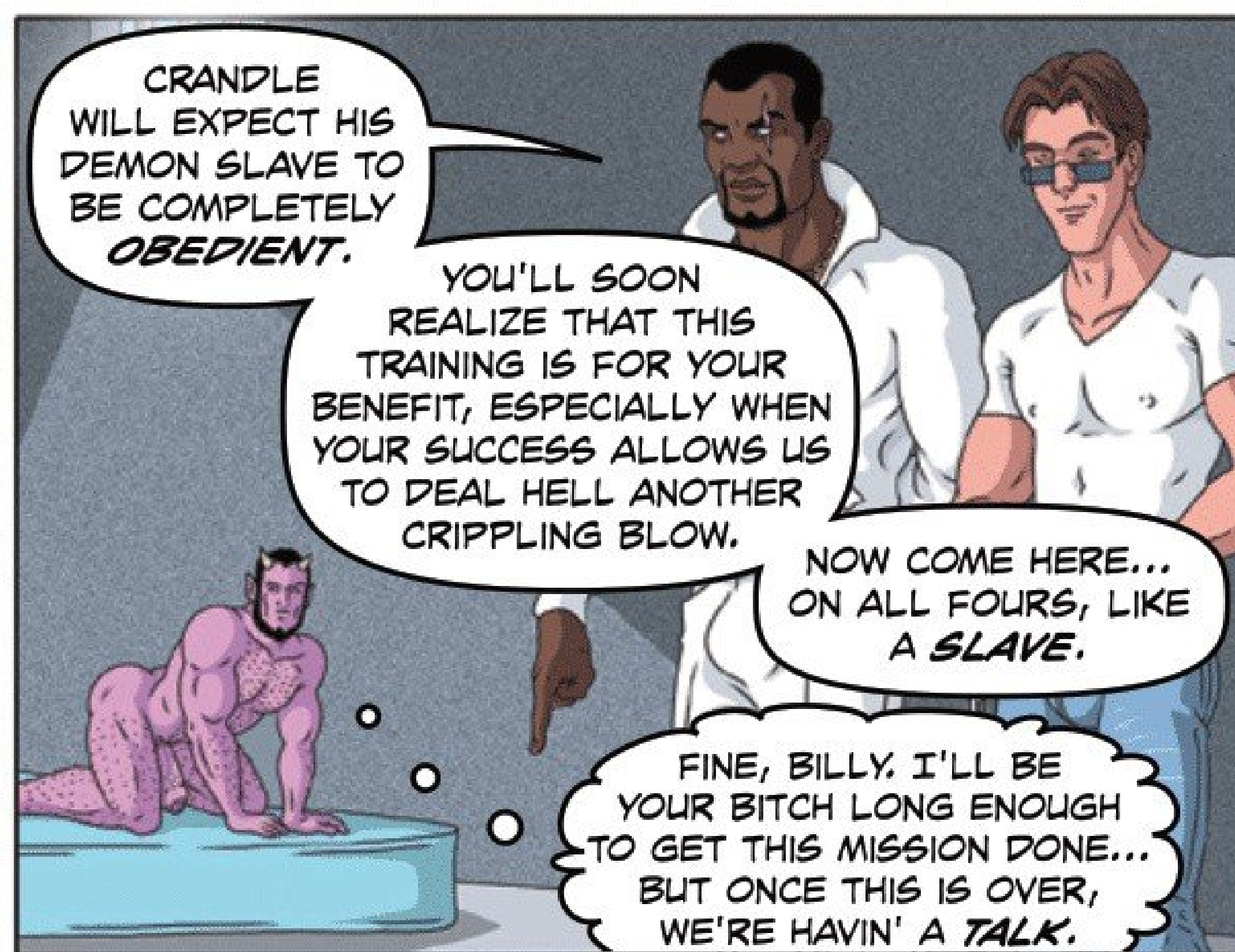
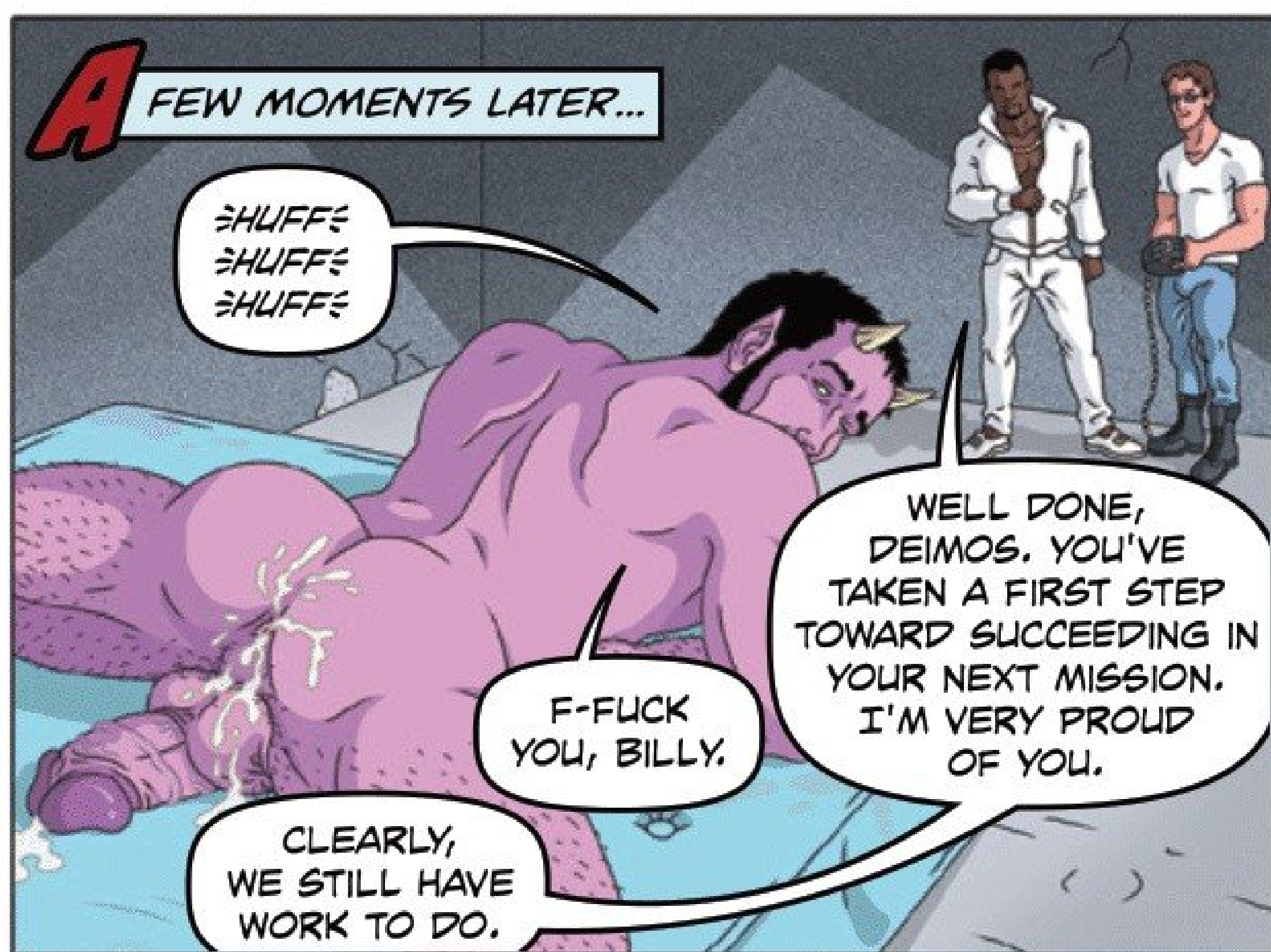
I WILL DECIDE WHEN YOU'VE "HAD ENOUGH".



MATHIAS... GET THE *GREASE*.







THE END

UNINVITED!

THE HOME, OR, MORE
PRECISELY, THE BATHTUB
OF WARLOCK WILLIAM
"BILLY" ZAMBU.

A WEARY TARO DEMON SOAKS HIS
ACHING MUSCLES AFTER SEVERAL
DAYS OF ABUSE AT THE HANDS OF
BILLY AND HIS AFFILIATE, MATHIAS.

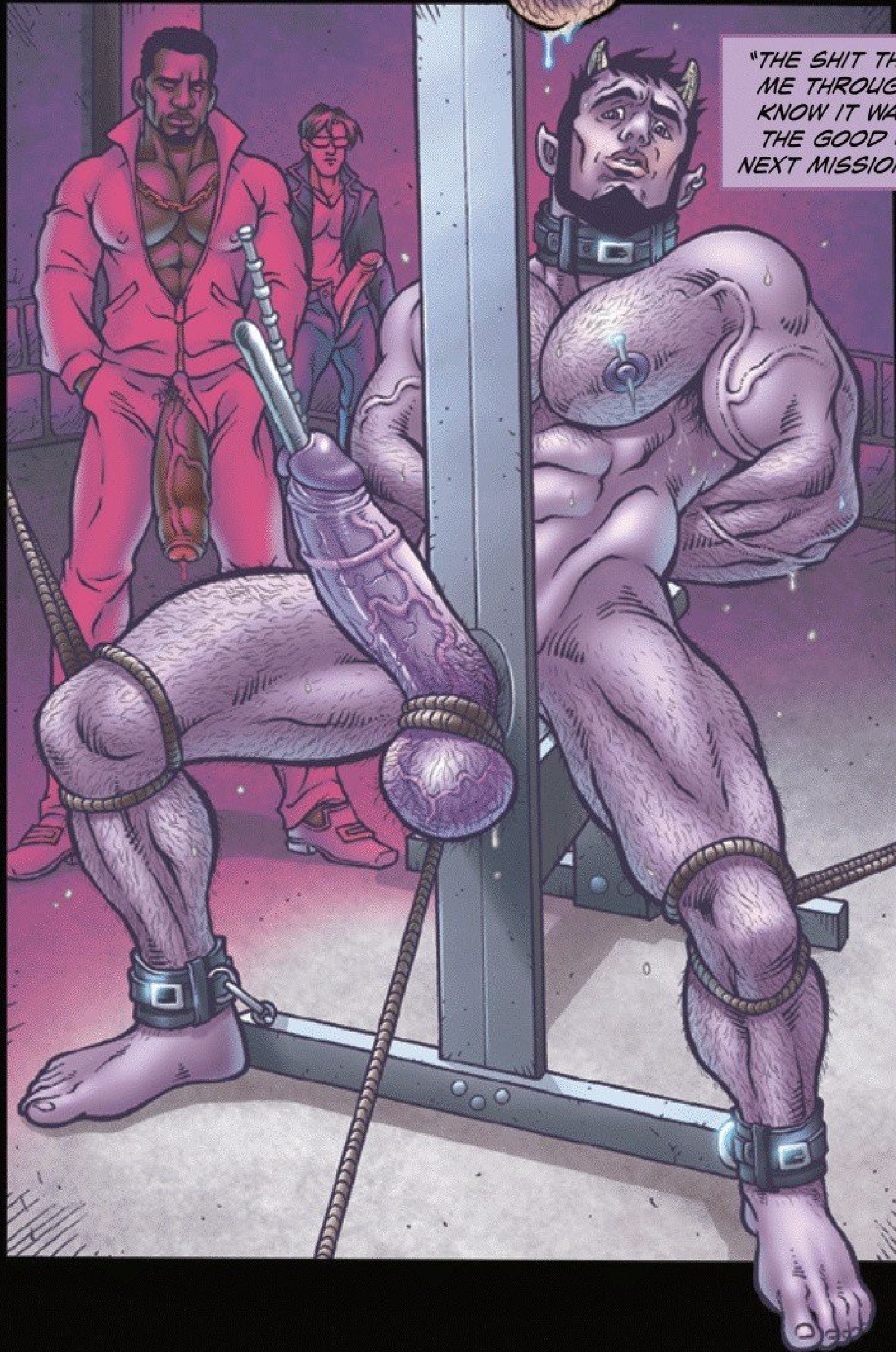
THIS IS THE FUCKIN'
LIFE! GUESS BILLY WAS
FEELIN' GUILTY. HE LET ME
STAY IN HIS PAD WHILE HE
WENT OFF ON SOME
MYSTICAL ERRAND.



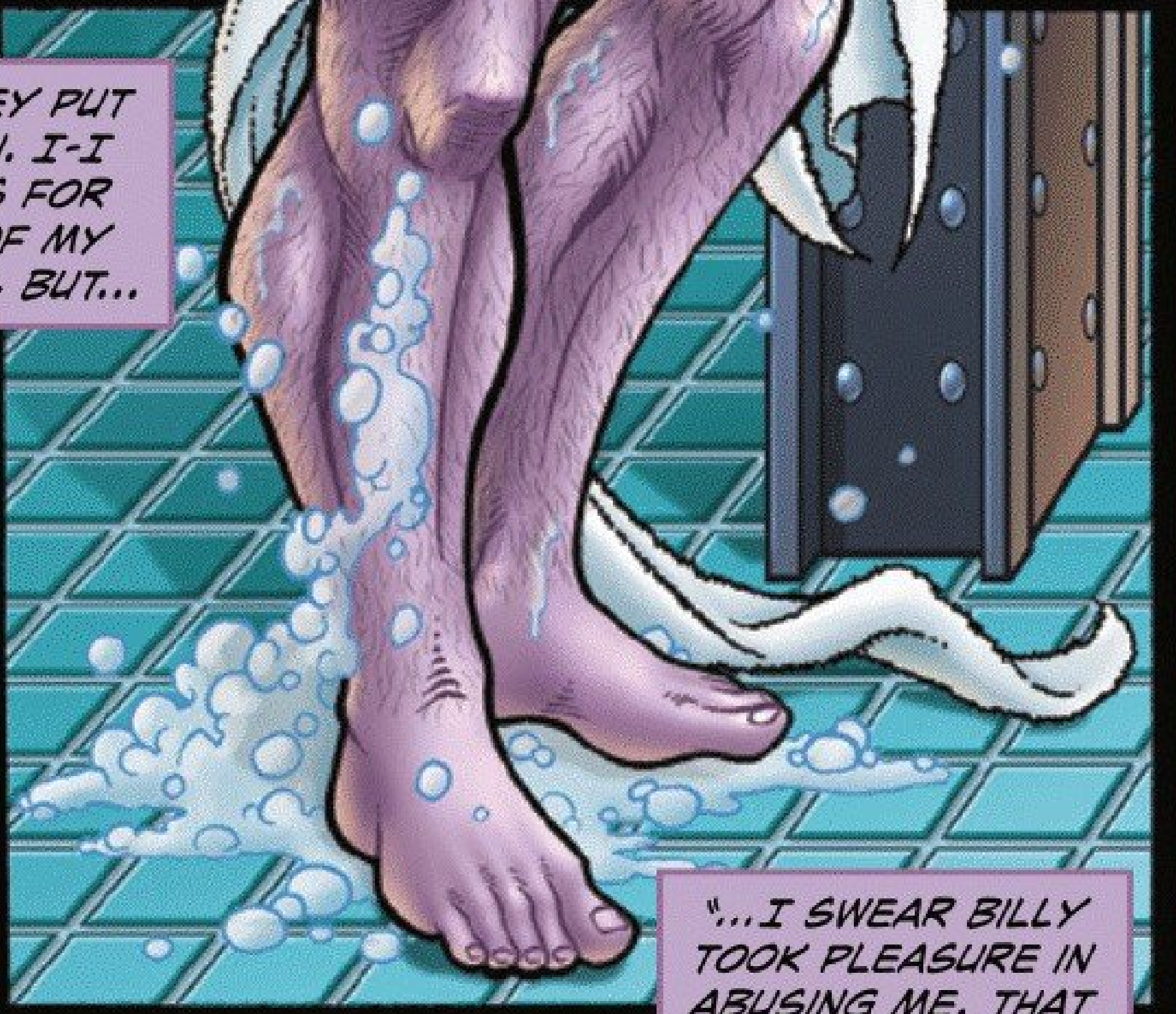


IT'S THE LEAST THAT **BASTARD** COULD DO.

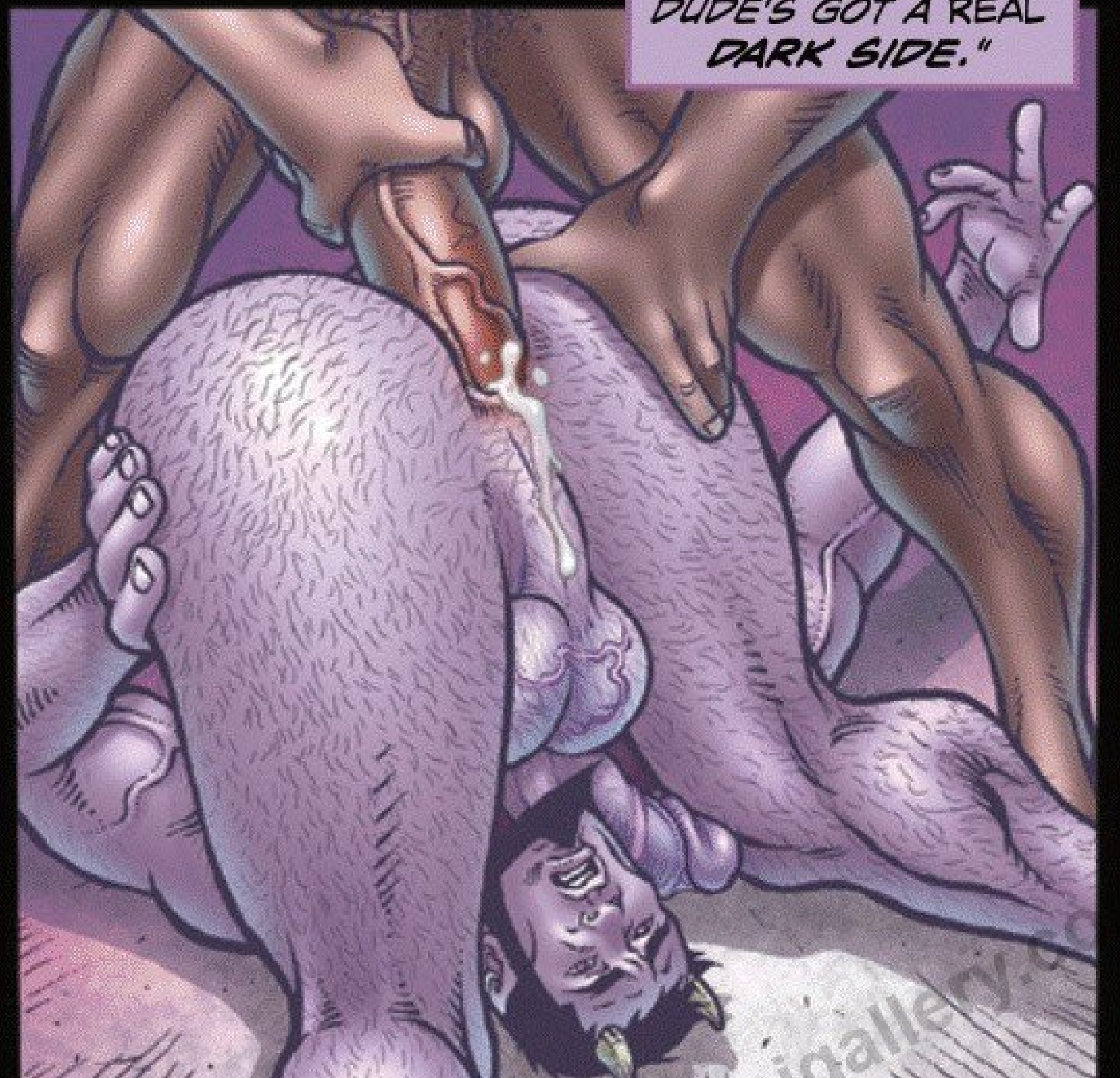
HE AND MATHIAS TORTURED ME FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS. EVERY HOLE ON ME HURTS. THEY TOTALLY DESTROYED MY ASS.

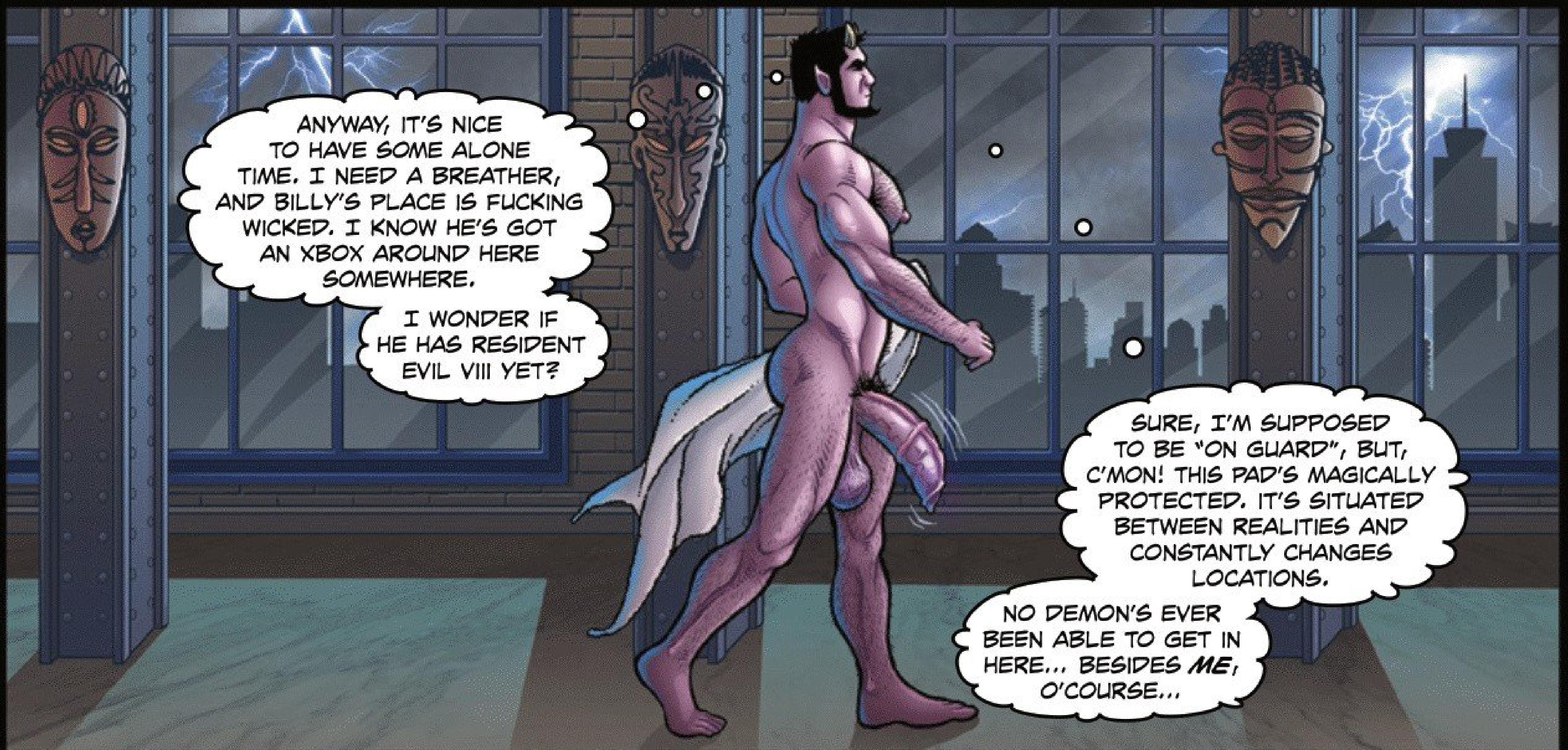


"THE SHIT THEY PUT ME THROUGH. I-I KNOW IT WAS FOR THE GOOD OF MY NEXT MISSION, BUT...



"...I SWEAR BILLY TOOK PLEASURE IN ABUSING ME. THAT DUDE'S GOT A REAL DARK SIDE."





ANYWAY, IT'S NICE TO HAVE SOME ALONE TIME. I NEED A BREATHER, AND BILLY'S PLACE IS FUCKING WICKED. I KNOW HE'S GOT AN XBOX AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE.

I WONDER IF HE HAS RESIDENT EVIL VIII YET?

SURE, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE "ON GUARD", BUT, C'MON! THIS PAD'S MAGICALLY PROTECTED. IT'S SITUATED BETWEEN REALITIES AND CONSTANTLY CHANGES LOCATIONS.

NO DEMON'S EVER BEEN ABLE TO GET IN HERE... BESIDES *ME*, O'COURSE...



AND NOW ME, TARO DEMON. WILLIAM ZAMBU IS QUITE CORRECT. YOU ARE FAR TOO SELF-CONFIDENT.

LOOK AT YOU NOW. WET, NAKED, VULNERABLE AND COMPLETELY IMMOBILIZED BY MY BEWILDERING SPELL.

I AM CALLED *EFFIGY*. I SEEK AN ARTIFACT OF IMMENSE POWER. I KNOW *ZAMBU* HAS HIDDEN IT WITHIN THESE WALLS.

YOU WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY OPPOSE ME IN MY SEARCH. MY CONFLICT IS NOT WITH YOU, SO I WON'T KILL YOU, BUT I WILL DISTRACT YOU...

...WITH WHAT YOU DESIRE *MOST*.





GASP!
W-WHO?



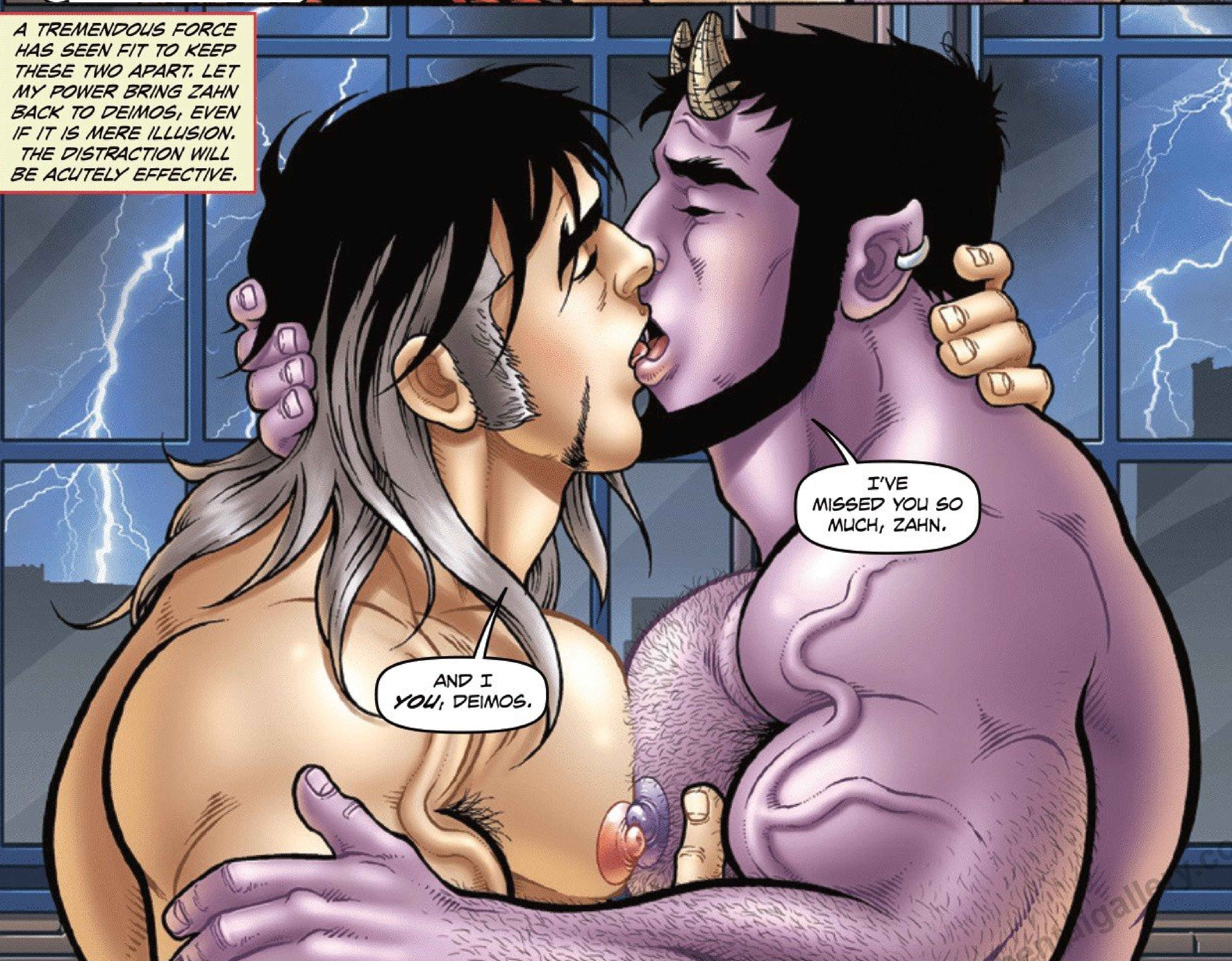
SHHH,
MY TARO DEMON.
IT'S ME.

ZAHN!



FASCINATING. DEIMOS
DOES NOT CONSCIOUSLY
REMEMBER THE BARBARIAN.
AND YET, PERMITTED TO SEE
HIM AGAIN, HIS MEMORIES
COME RUSHING BACK.

A TREMENDOUS FORCE
HAS SEEN FIT TO KEEP
THESE TWO APART. LET
MY POWER BRING ZAHN
BACK TO DEIMOS, EVEN
IF IT IS MERE ILLUSION.
THE DISTRACTION WILL
BE ACUTELY EFFECTIVE.



I'VE
MISSED YOU SO
MUCH, ZAHN.

AND I
YOU, DEIMOS.



STOP TEASING,
DAMMIT. STICK IT
IN! PLEASE!

EVER THE
HUNGRY BOTTOM,
I SEE.

NOT YET. SUCK
MY COCK, FOR A BIT.
SHOW ME HOW MUCH
YOU WANT IT.

ZAHN IS NOT
TRULY HERE, BUT
EFFIGY'S ILLUSION
IS SO CONVINCING,
THAT DEIMOS' BODY
REACTS COMPLETELY
TO THE UNDENIABLE
SUGGESTION.

AS HE SWALLOWS
ZAHN'S THICK UNCUT
MEAT, HIS THROAT
CONSTRICTS AND
GAGS AT BEING
SO FILLED.

DEIMOS DOESN'T
EVEN KNOW IT, BUT
HE HAS DEEPLY
MISSED ZAHN... ONE
OF ONLY TWO MEN
THE TARO DEMON
HAS EVER TRULY
FELT "LOVE" FOR.



HUARRHH! OH
FUCK... ZAHN...
I'M CUMMIN'!

SHOOT YOUR
LOAD FOR ME,
DEIMOS... UHHH!

IT MUST BE
HERE. I CAN SENSE ITS
POWER. IF I WERE ZAMBU...
WHERE WOULD I HAVE
HIDDEN IT?



AH! OF
COURSE.



IN
PLAIN
SIGHT!



AT LAST
I POSSESS IT!

"I HOPE YOU HAVE ENJOYED THIS TIME
WITH YOUR LONG-LOST LOVER, DEIMOS.
MY TASK IS COMPLETE, BUT I WILL LEAVE
YOU WITH YOUR HEART'S DESIRE."





THE VISION OF ZAHN CONTINUES TO EMBRACE DEIMOS. IN THE TARO DEMON'S MIND, IT IS PURE BLISS...

...A BLISS THAT IS INTERRUPTED BY THE RETURN OF BILLY. IN THIS MOMENT, DEIMOS COMPLETELY FORGETS EFFIGY, AND - NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME - ZAHN AS WELL.

SSIGH

DEIMOS. SNAP OUT OF IT.

MRRNN...



WHA...? BILLY! SHIT... MY HEAD FEELS LIKE IT'S GOING TO SPLIT IN TWO! W-WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED?



I FOUND YOU EJACULATING ON MY FLOOR, UNDER SOME SORT OF SPELL. I BROKE IT.

I LEFT YOU HERE TO WATCH MY HOME, DEIMOS. CLEARLY THAT WAS TOO GREAT A TASK FOR YOU. AN EVIL PRESENCE FOUND ITS WAY IN FOR SOME AS YET UNREVEALED PURPOSE.

AS ALWAYS, YOU SUCCUMBED.

I SENSE WE HAVE SUFFERED A TERRIBLE SETBACK BECAUSE OF YOU.



OKAY, BILLY. GET OFF MY FUCKING BACK. YOU'VE BEEN RIDIN' MY ASS FOR WEEKS NOW. THIS WASN'T MY FAULT.



IT'S NEVER YOUR FAULT, IS IT?



I AM DEEPLY DISAPPOINTED IN YOU. TOO OFTEN DO YOU THINK WITH YOUR PENIS INSTEAD OF YOUR BRAIN.

TOMORROW, YOU WILL MEET COTTON CRADLE... BUT PERHAPS TONIGHT SOME MYSTICAL COCK CRIMPING AND BALL TWISTING TORMENT WILL MAKE YOU APPRECIATE THE HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS OVER THE ONE BETWEEN YOUR LEGS!

UAAHH! W-WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU... DOING TO MY JUNK?

OH GOD!



EVERY ORGASM WILL CAUSE YOU EXCRUCIATING PAIN. IT IS ALL YOU DESERVE, OLD FRIEND.

I'D BID YOU "GOOD NIGHT"... BUT IT WILL *NOT* BE.



THE END

PARADIGM

NIGHT HAS COME TO THE RAVAGED
WASTELAND OF GATEWAY CITY.

MEET **COTTON CRANDLE**. A PETTY
CRIMINAL WHO'S CHOSEN TO TURN HIS
BACK ON HUMANITY TO TURN A PROFIT.

CRANDLE DEALS IN "SACRIFICE
TRADE", PROVIDING DEMONS WITH HUMAN
OFFERINGS IN EXCHANGE FOR SAFETY IN
THIS WAR BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL.

TONIGHT, HE'S TAKING
THE EVENING OFF, DOING
WHAT HE LOVES **BEST**:
RUBBING ONE OUT.

FUCK YEAH.
YOU WANNA PLEASE
DADDY, DONTCHA BOY!
THAT'S RIGHT.
MMMM...



MANTOY!

BEAUTIFUL,
AIN'T HE? DID I DO
GOOD, OR *WHAT?*

HRM!
HERE WE
GO...



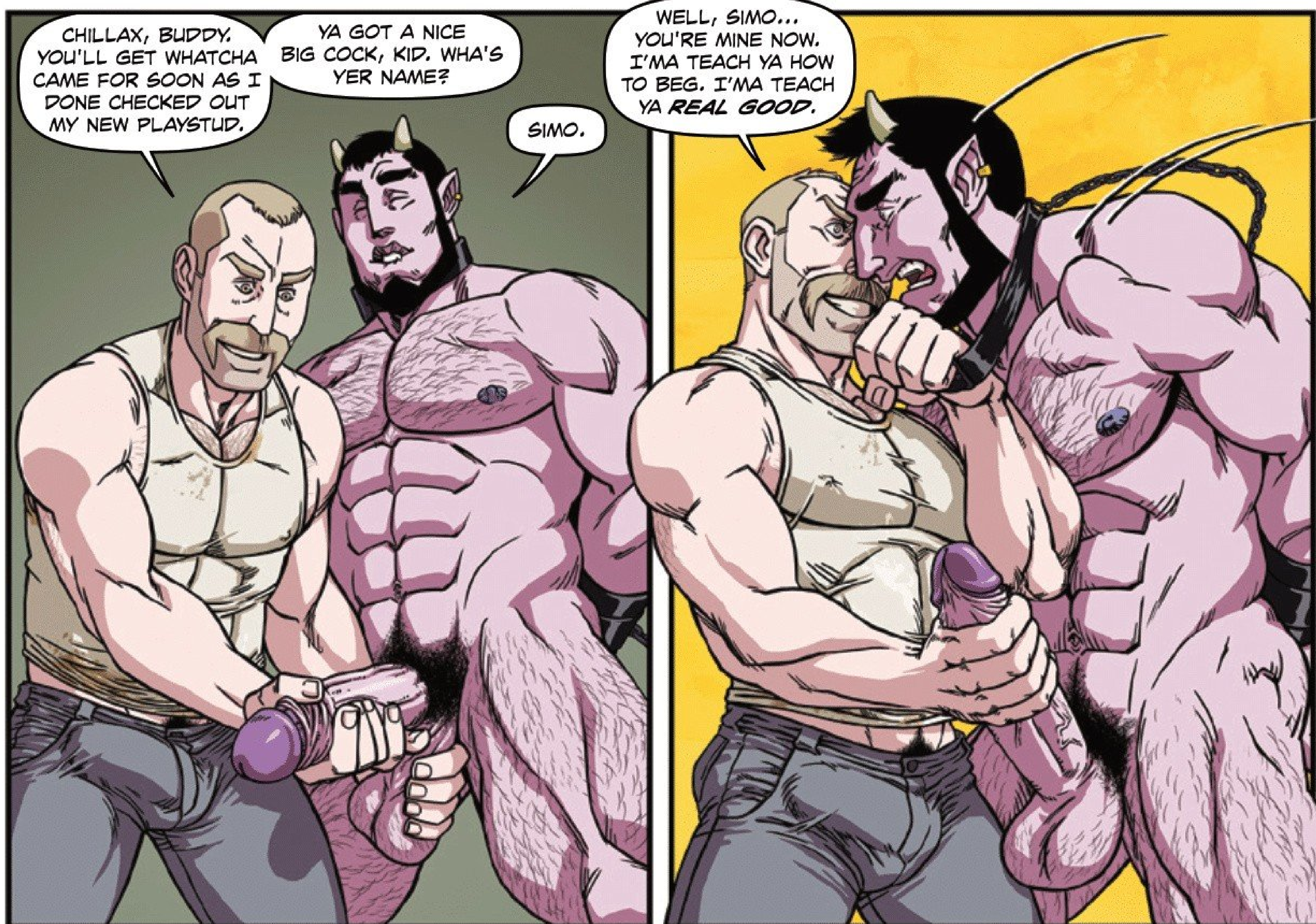


UNH...

BETTER THAN EXPECTED. WHERE DID YA FIND THIS TALL DRINK OF DEMON DICK?

HEY, I GOT MY *WAYS*, MAN.

YOU SAID THE PRICE FOR CUTTING ME INTO YOUR RACKET WAS YOUR OWN DEMON MANTOY. THESE FUCKERS AIN'T EASY TO COME BY, BUT I DONE RIGHT BY YOU. I WANT WHAT'S MINE NOW.



CHILLAX, BUDDY. YOU'LL GET WHATCHA CAME FOR SOON AS I DONE CHECKED OUT MY NEW PLAYSTUD.

YA GOT A NICE BIG COCK, KID. WHA'S YER NAME?

SIMO.

WELL, SIMO... YOU'RE MINE NOW. I'MA TEACH YA HOW TO BEG. I'MA TEACH YA *REAL GOOD*.

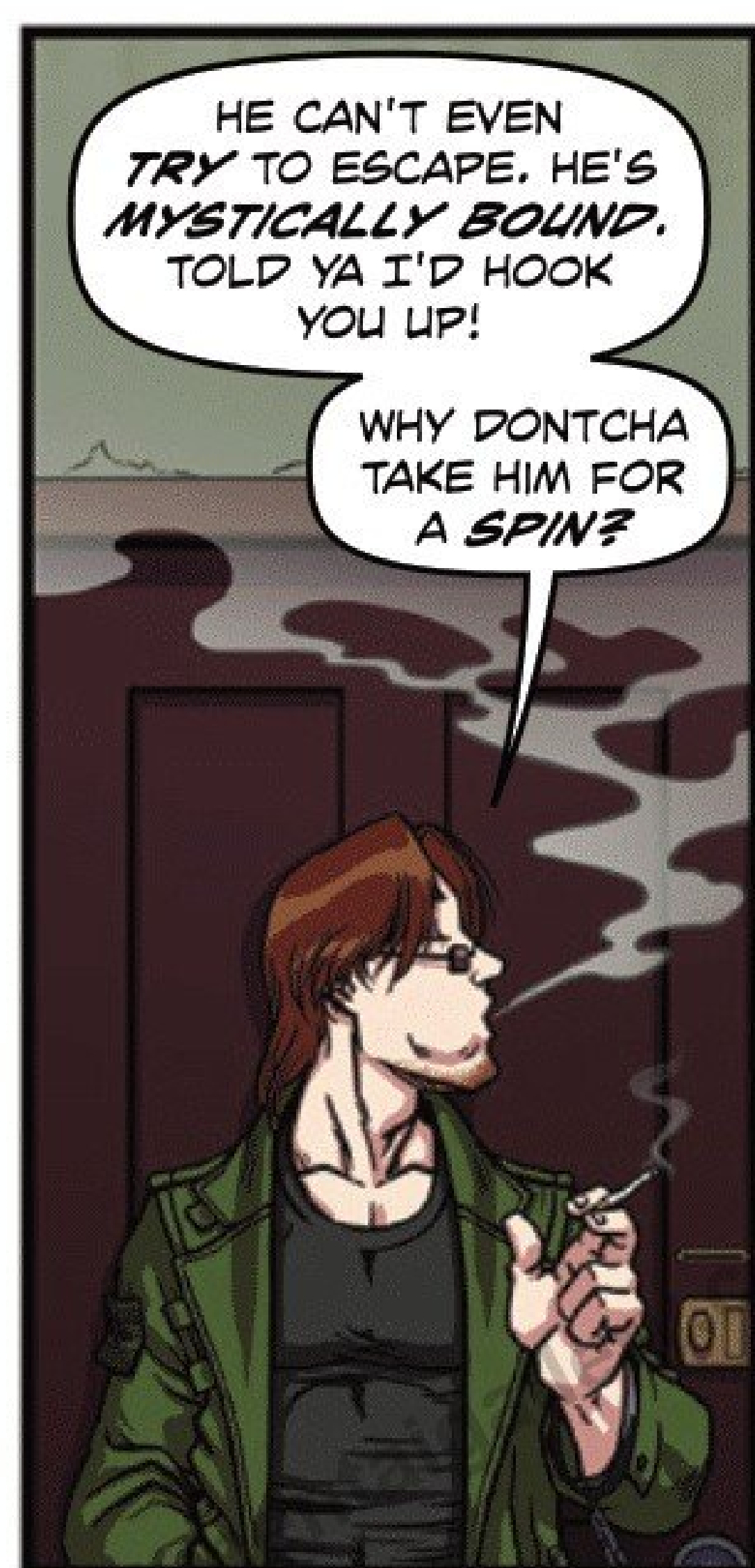


HE *NEUTERED* O' HIS DEMON POWERS, MATHIAS?

URM...



WHAT AM I, A FUCKING AMATEUR? HE'S BEEN STRIPPED OF HIS ABILITIES BY THE BEST WARLOCK IN THE BIZ.



HE CAN'T EVEN TRY TO ESCAPE. HE'S *MYSTICALLY BOUND*. TOLD YA I'D HOOK YOU UP!

WHY DONTCHA TAKE HIM FOR A *SPIN*?





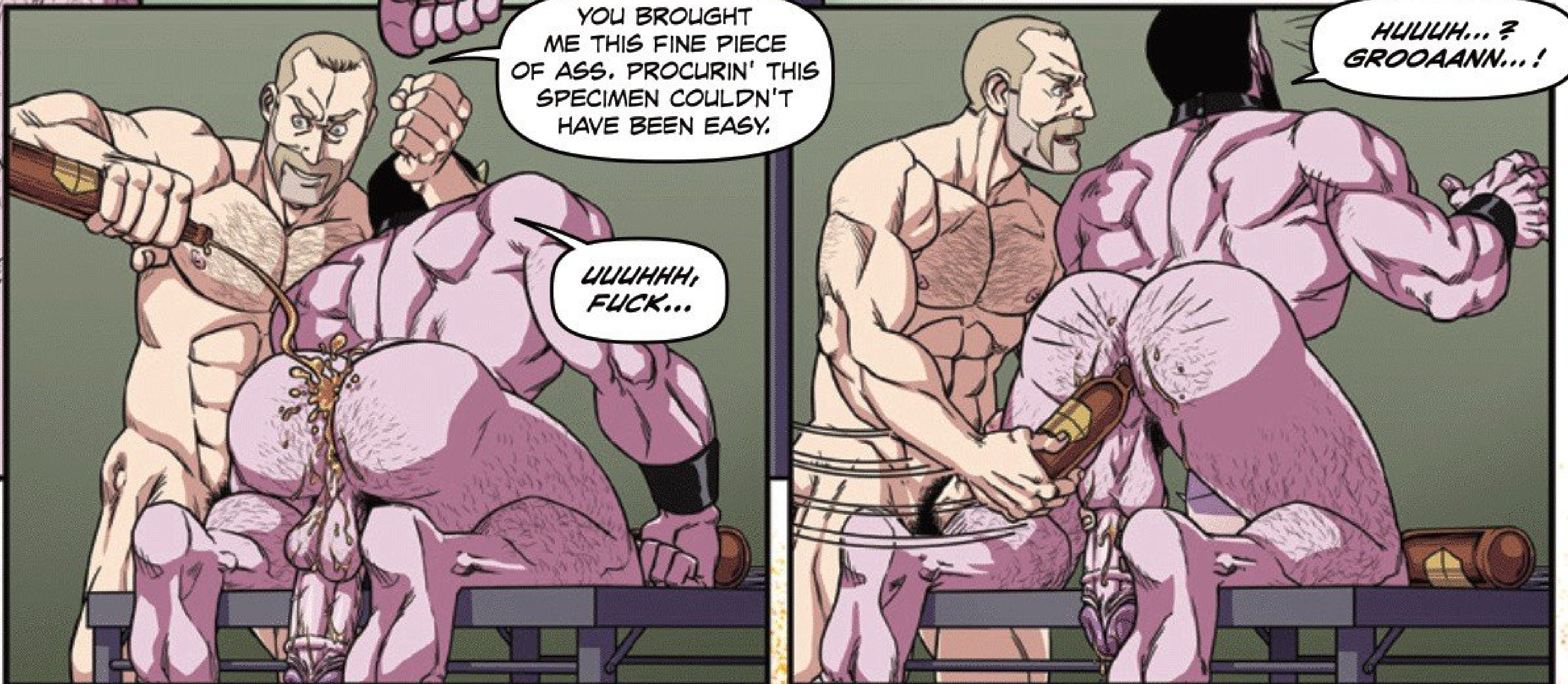
IS THIS HOW YOU WANT ME, MASTER?

DAMN, PURPLE BOY. YOU GOT THE FINEST ASS I EVER DID *SEEN!* YEAH, THAT'S GOOD, RIGHT THERE.

YOU DONE GOOD BY ME, MATHIAS.

I'VE PROVEN I CAN BE TRUSTED. I WANT IN ON THIS SACRIFICE BUSINESS. WHO DO YA REPORT TO, MAN?

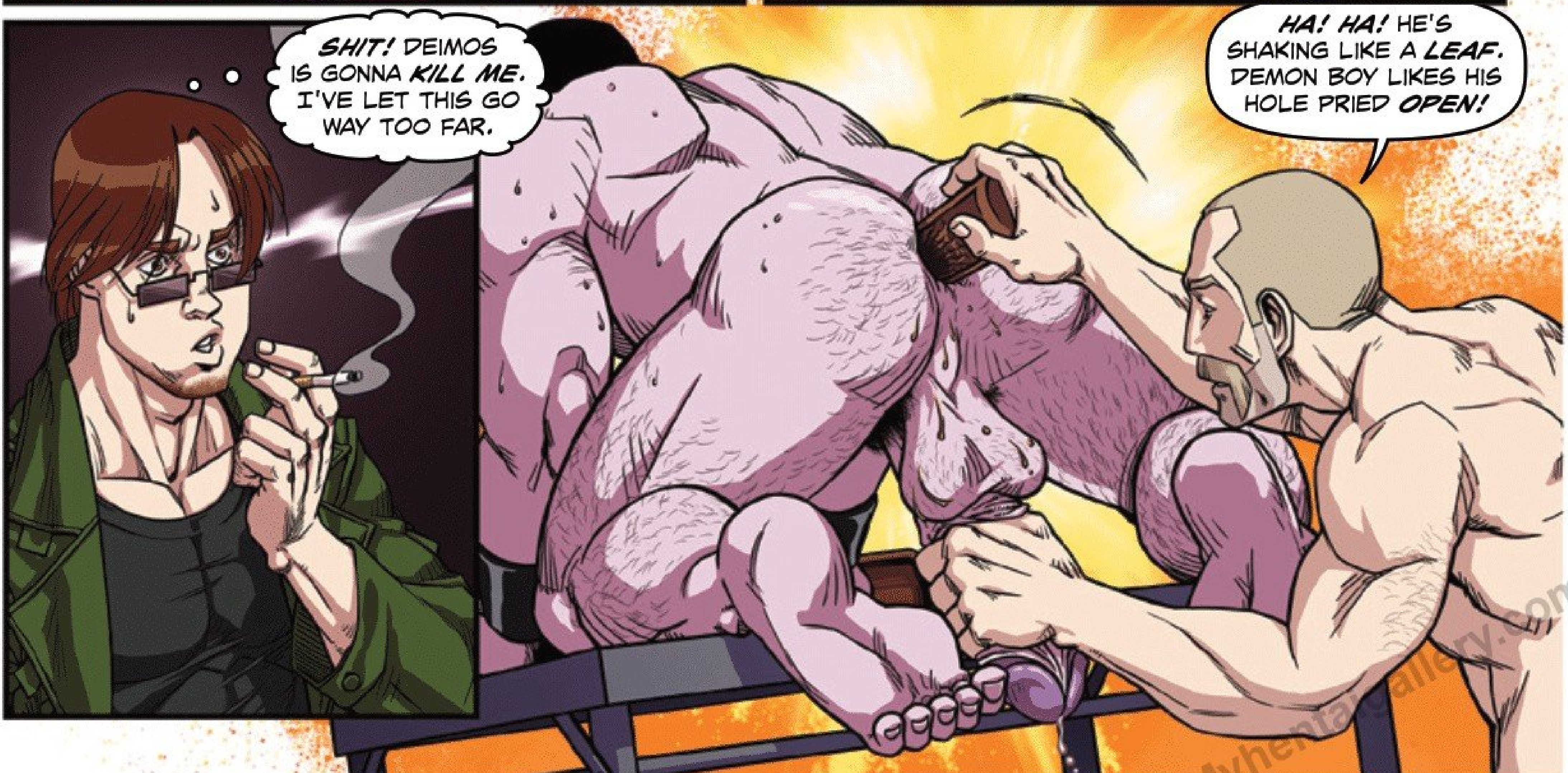
NOT SO FAST. WE'LL GET TO THAT SOON ENOUGH.



YOU BROUGHT ME THIS FINE PIECE OF ASS. PROCURIN' THIS SPECIMEN COULDN'T HAVE BEEN EASY.

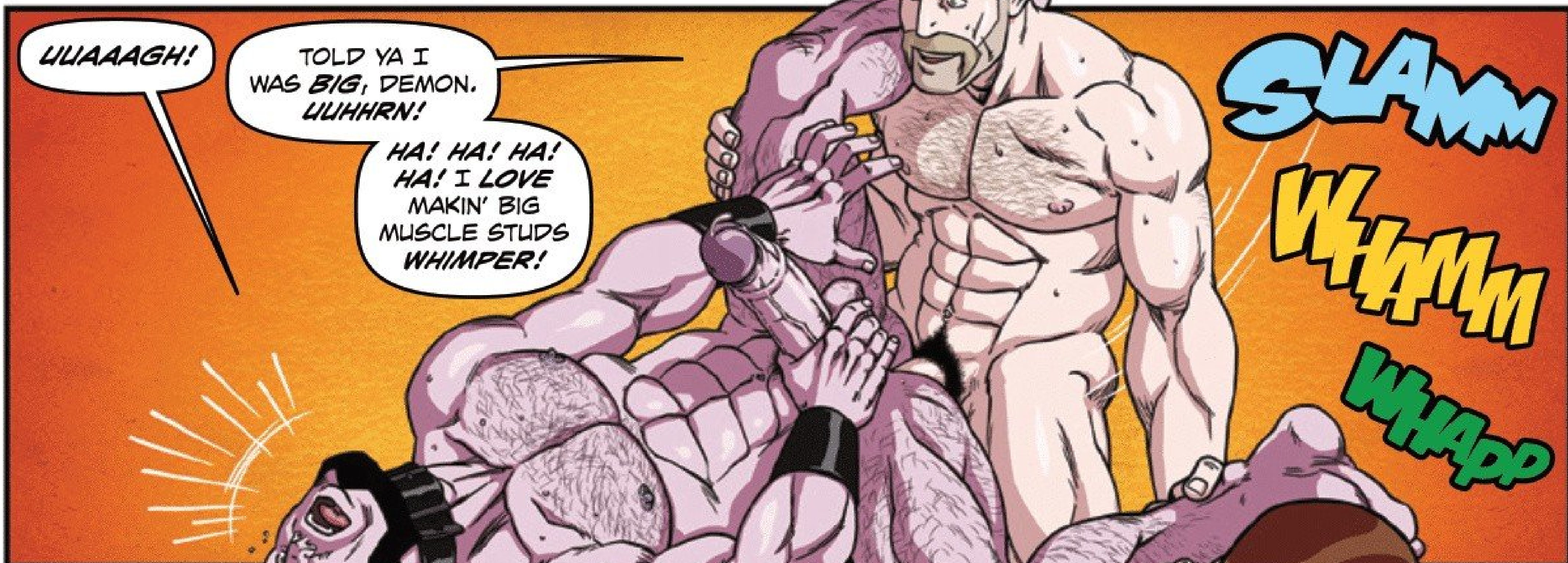
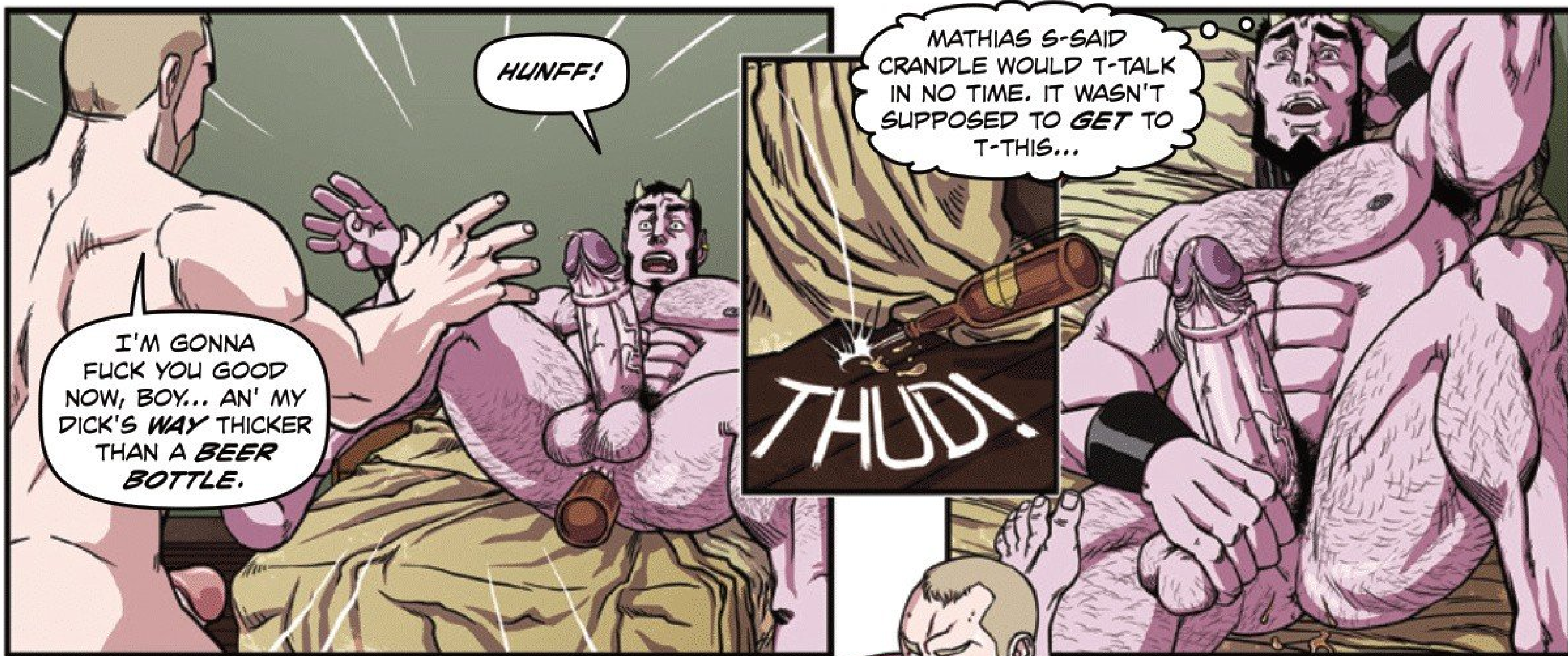
HUUUH... ? GROOAANN...!

UUUHHH, FUCK...

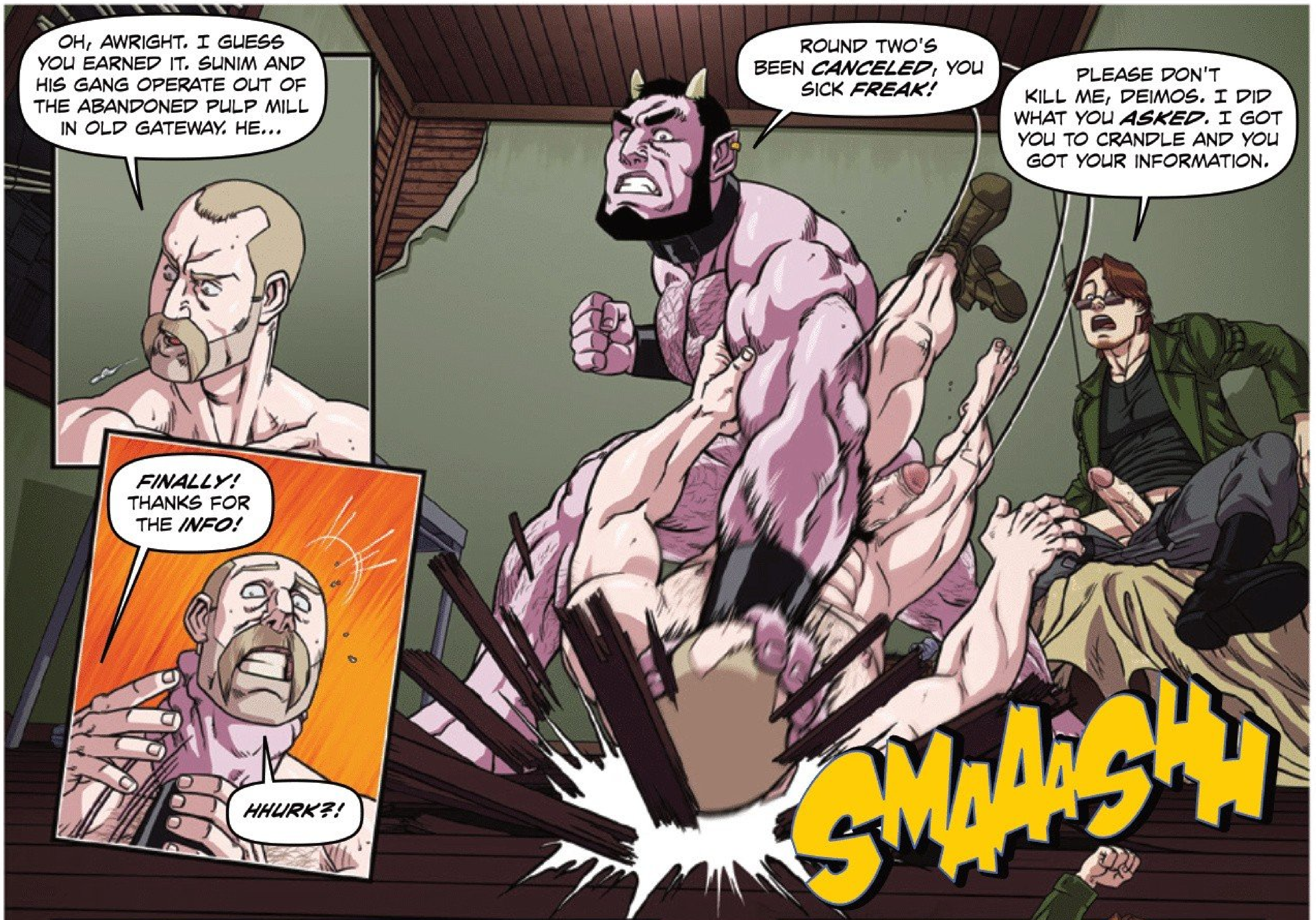


SHIT! DEIMOS IS GONNA KILL ME. I'VE LET THIS GO WAY TOO FAR.

HA! HA! HE'S SHAKING LIKE A LEAF. DEMON BOY LIKES HIS HOLE PRIED OPEN!







OH, AWRIGHT. I GUESS YOU EARNED IT. SUNIM AND HIS GANG OPERATE OUT OF THE ABANDONED PULP MILL IN OLD GATEWAY. HE...

ROUND TWO'S BEEN *CANCELED*, YOU SICK FREAK!

PLEASE DON'T KILL ME, DEIMOS. I DID WHAT YOU *ASKED*. I GOT YOU TO CRADLE AND YOU GOT YOUR INFORMATION.

FINALLY! THANKS FOR THE *INFO*!

HHURK?!

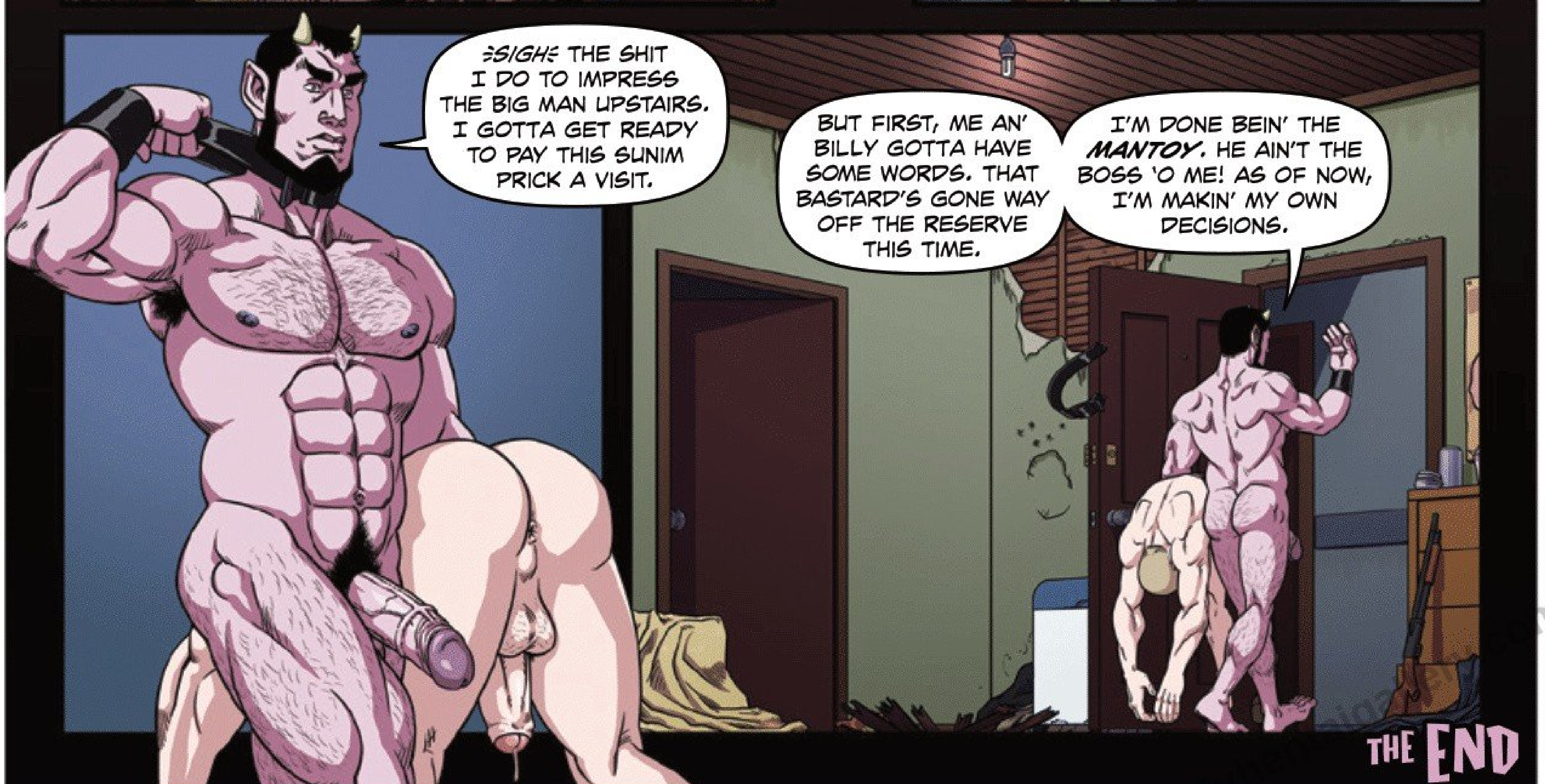
SMASHH



I'M OUTTA HERE, OKAY? NO HARD FEELINGS, RIGHT?

GET LOST, MATHIAS. STEER CLEAR 'O ME FOR A WHILE.

YOU GOT IT, BIG GUY! NO PROB! H-HAVE A GREAT NIGHT!



SIGH THE SHIT I DO TO IMPRESS THE BIG MAN UPSTAIRS. I GOTTA GET READY TO PAY THIS SUNIM PRICK A VISIT.

BUT FIRST, ME AN' BILLY GOTTA HAVE SOME WORDS. THAT BASTARD'S GONE WAY OFF THE RESERVE THIS TIME.

I'M DONE BEIN' THE *MANTOY*. HE AIN'T THE BOSS 'O ME! AS OF NOW, I'M MAKIN' MY OWN DECISIONS.

THE END