



TALES OF THE TARO DEMON: DEIMOS™

#3 DEIMOS:
TALES OF THE TARO DEMON
ADULT READERS
CLASS ACCESS



DEMON SPORT!

STORY
PATRICK
FILLION
ART
LEON DE
LEON
LETTERS
JAYMES
REED
EDITING
PATRICK
FILLION &
ROBERT
FRASER

FRONT
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CHAN
BACK COVER
LEON DE LEON
SPECIAL THANKS
PHOENIX MONROE
CHOKLIT DADDY
IMPACT
KAJU WIFE
RO



TALES OF THE TARO DEMON: DEIMOS

STORY/
ART/
LETTERS
PATRICK
FILLION
COLORS
HERNAN
CABRERA &
PATRICK
FILLION
EDITING
ROBERT
FRASER

KING DEIMOS!

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

CLASS COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS:

KING DEIMOS!

NOW I LAY ME
DOWN TO SLEEP...

I PRAY THE LORD MY
SOUL TO KEEP.

IF I SHOULD *DIE*
BEFORE I WAKE...

I PRAY THE LORD
MY SOUL TO *TAKE*.

GATEWAY CITY.

A CONDEMNED
APARTMENT BUILDING...

...HOME OF *DEIMOS*,
THE TARO DEMON.

WE HAVE
FOUND HIM,
BOK.

HE IS
PERFECT,
THIS.

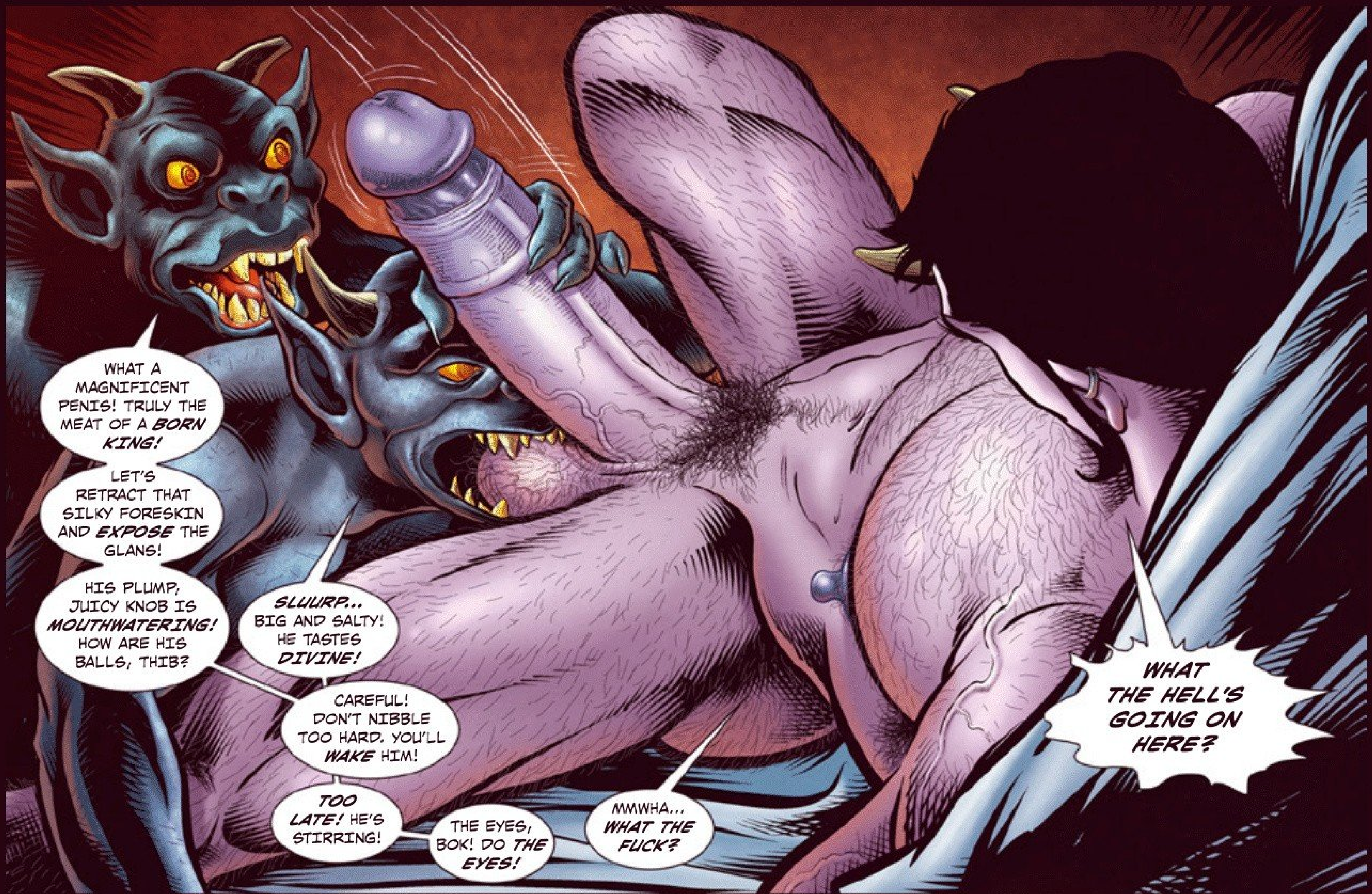
WITH OUR
KING *MURDERED* BY
BOB'S GENERALS, THE
GARGOYLE CLAN
NEEDS A NEW
MONARCH.

THE
TARO DEMON
IS AN *IDEAL*
CHOICE.

HIS BRAVERY
AND PROWESS AS
A WARRIOR ARE
LEGENDARY.

HIS ENDOWMENT
AND VIRILITY EVEN
MORE SO.

LET US
INSPECT OUR
NEW KING!
QUICKLY... WHILE HE
SLUMBERS!



WHAT A
MAGNIFICENT
PENIS! TRULY THE
MEAT OF A *BORN
KING!*

LET'S
RETRACT THAT
SILKY FORESKIN
AND *EXPOSE* THE
GLANS!

HIS PLUMP,
JUICY KNOB IS
MOUTHWATERING!
HOW ARE HIS
BALLS, THIB?

SLUURP...
BIG AND SALTY!
HE TASTES
DIVINE!

CAREFUL!
DON'T NIBBLE
TOO HARD. YOU'LL
WAKE HIM!

*TOO
LATE!* HE'S
STIRRING!

THE EYES,
BOK! DO *THE
EYES!*

MMWHA...
*WHAT THE
FUCK?*

*WHAT
THE HELL'S
GOING ON
HERE?*



LAAAAH...

CALM
YOURSELF,
TARO DEMON. WE
POSE YOU *NO
DANGER!*

M'HEAD...
S... SO
FUZZY...



HURRY,
MY BROTHER.
THE *SPELLS*
OF OLD.

WE MUST
RESTRAIN
HIM WHILE
HE'S DAZED!



AAHHR!
MY SHEETS...
COMIN' TO
LIFE?!



NGGHH!

LEMME...
LEMME GO!

LINF...
WHAT DO
YOU W... WANT
WITH ME?

YOU ARE
TO BE THE
NEW KING OF
THE GARGOYLE
CLAN!

NOW
BEGINS YOUR
CORONATION,
LORD
DEIMOS!

THESE *RINGS*
OF *MYSTICAL LIGHT*
WILL ADORN YOUR
FLESH AND *TEST* YOUR
FORTITUDE.



PLEASE...
DON'T! DON'T
TOUCH MY
ASSHOLE!

NNLIAAH!



GYAAARGH!



UHM, BOK?
WE DON'T HAVE A
RING TO INSERT
INSIDE HIS
COCK!

I KNOW,
THIB! I JUST
LIKE MAKING HIM
SQUIRM!

HUAARRH!



NNNNHHH!
F... FUCKING
JAGOFFS!

THAT RING'S...
STRETCHING ME TOO
WIDE! HUAHH... IT'S
KEEPING MY HOLE...
OPEN!

C'MON...
PLEASE TAKE
IT OUT!

NO CAN DO!
WE LIKE SEEING
DEEP INSIDE
YOU!

BESIDES,
THAT RING IS
JUST THE *FIRST*
OF MANY!

M...
MANY... ?!

YUP!
WE'RE GONNA
PIERCE YOU,
NOW!

N...NO!
I DON'T WANT
THAT! DON'T...
DON'T TOUCH
MY JUNK!

**DON'T
TOUCH MY
DICK!**



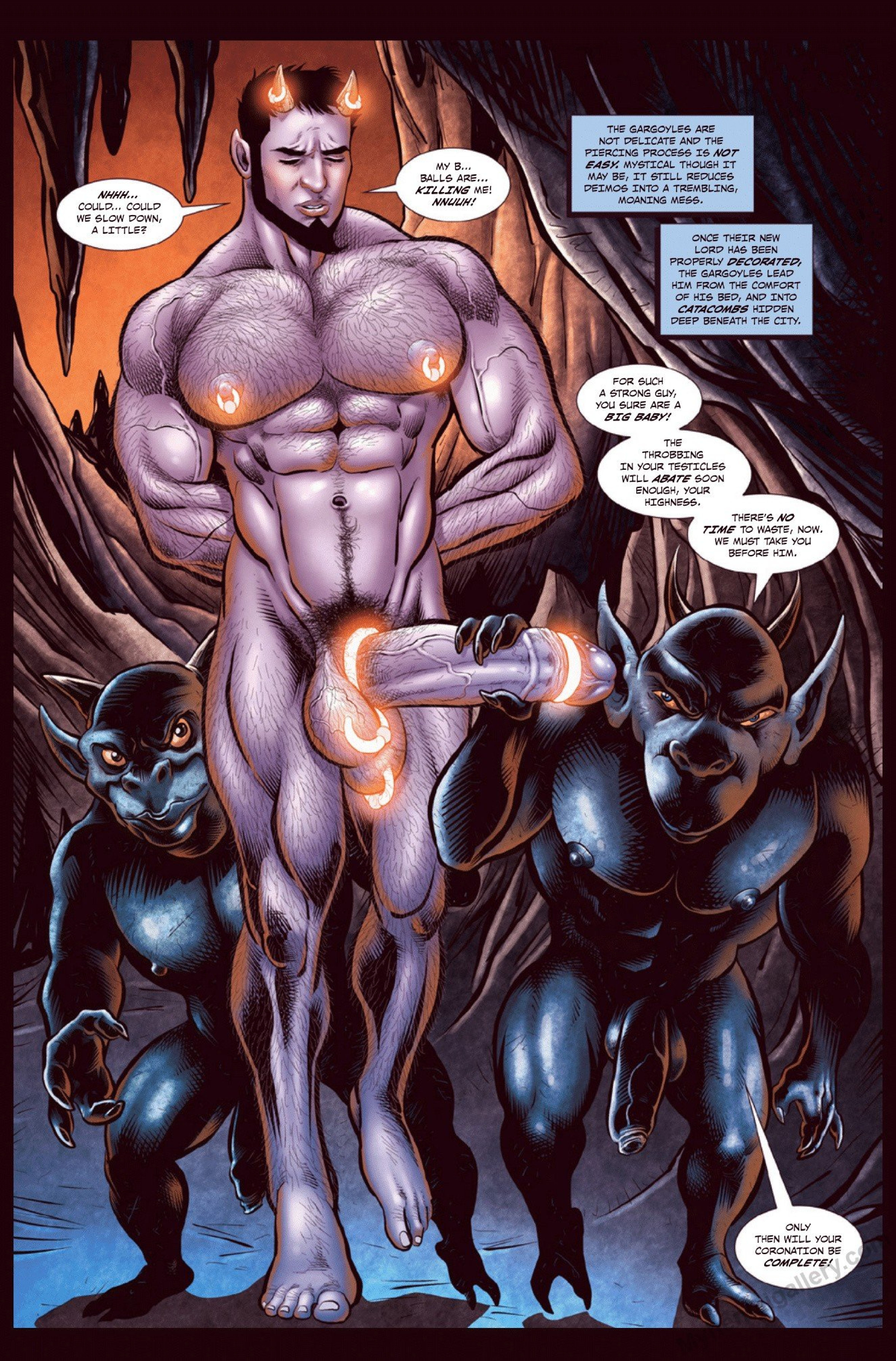
DON'T YOU
THINK HIS BIG
HAIRY BALLS WOULD
LOOK GREAT WITH
RINGS *THROUGH*
THEM, THIS?



ULP...
T... THROUGH
THEM?



**THROUGH
THEM!**



NHHH...
COULD... COULD
WE SLOW DOWN,
A LITTLE?

MY B...
BALLS ARE...
KILLING ME!
NNNNH!

THE GARGOYLES ARE
NOT DELICATE AND THE
PIERCING PROCESS IS **NOT**
EASY. MYSTICAL THOUGH IT
MAY BE, IT STILL REDUCES
DEIMOS INTO A TREMBLING,
MOANING MESS.

ONCE THEIR NEW
LORD HAS BEEN
PROPERLY **DECORATED**,
THE GARGOYLES LEAD
HIM FROM THE COMFORT
OF HIS BED, AND INTO
CATACOMBS HIDDEN
DEEP BENEATH THE CITY.

FOR SUCH
A STRONG GUY,
YOU SURE ARE A
BIG BABY!

THE
THROBBING
IN YOUR TESTICLES
WILL **ABATE** SOON
ENOUGH, YOUR
HIGHNESS.

THERE'S **NO**
TIME TO WASTE, NOW.
WE MUST TAKE YOU
BEFORE HIM.

ONLY
THEN WILL YOUR
CORONATION BE
COMPLETE!



HEH! HEH!
WHY DON'T YOU
FIND OUT, LORD
SUGARCAKES!





YOU ARE AFRAID.

NO, I'M NOT!

POOR BOY!
SO YOUNG TO BE
MADE MONARCH! YOU MAY
BE **THOUSANDS** OF YEARS
OLD, BUT AS DEMONS GO,
YOU ARE JUST A BABY. **NEW**,
INEXPERIENCED...

HUNFF!

O... OKAY...!
YEAH... MAYBE
A LITTLE!

YOU ARE
SHAKING LIKE A
LEAF. YOUR FEAR
IS **QUITE**
EVIDENT.

...BUT YOU
WILL BE
TAUGHT!



NO...
PLEASE, STOP!!
AAAAHHH!

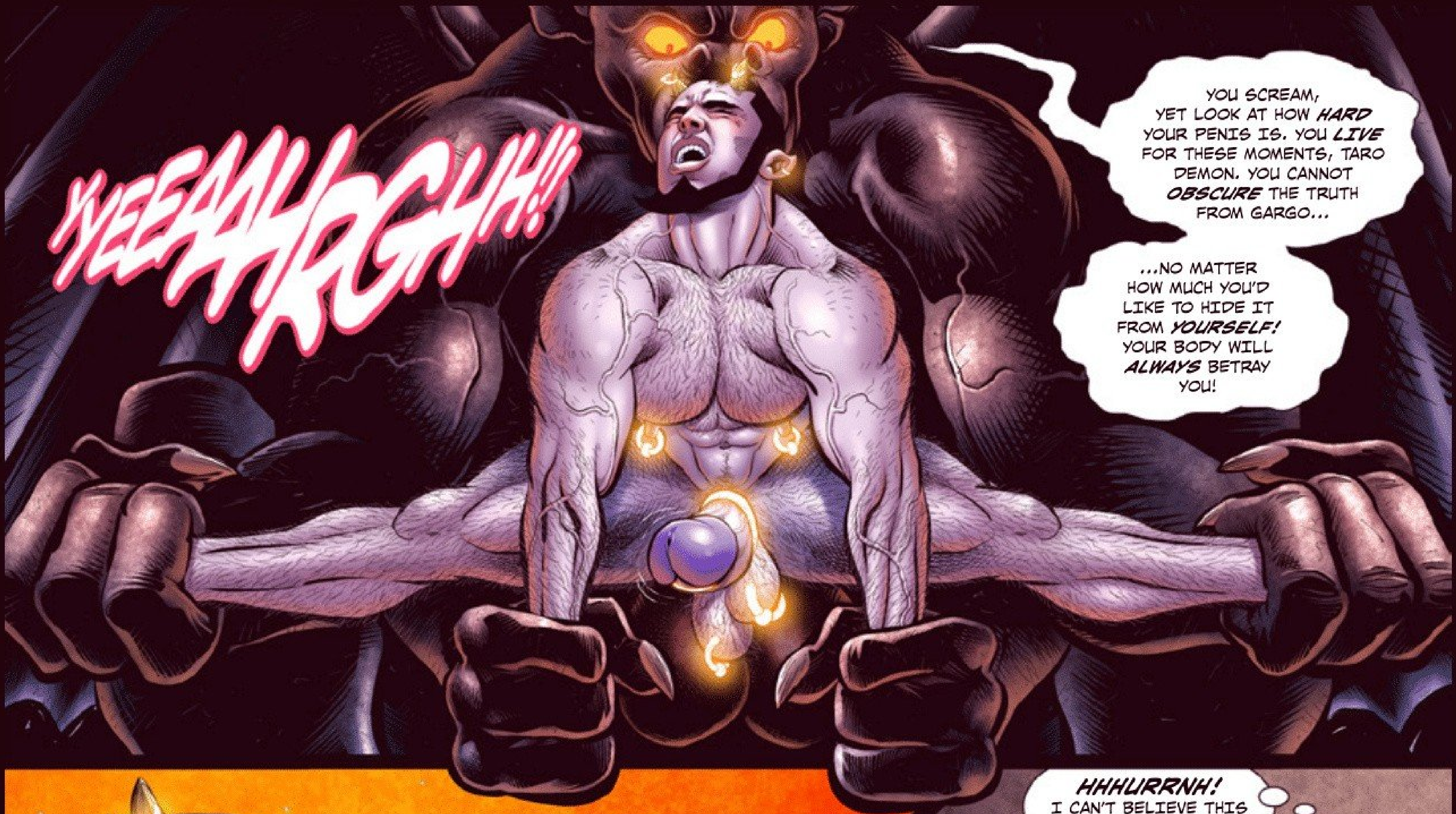
YOU'RE
TOO BIG!
TOO FUCKING
BITTIG!!

MY HOLE!
LUUUHHHR!
YOU... YOU'LL
RIP ME IN
TWO!

OH GOD...
OH GOD...
HRRRHHH...
OOOOOOH
GOD!

NONSENSE.
THE MYSTICAL ANAL
RING **PERMITS** ME TO
PENETRATE YOU WITHOUT
TEARING YOUR ANUS,
MY LORD.

SIT ON
YOUR **THRONE**,
YOUNG KING!



YEEAAH! RGGH!!

YOU SCREAM, YET LOOK AT HOW **HARD** YOUR PENIS IS. YOU **LIVE** FOR THESE MOMENTS, TARO DEMON. YOU CANNOT **OBSCURE** THE TRUTH FROM GARGO...

...NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU'D LIKE TO HIDE IT FROM **YOURSELF!** YOUR BODY WILL **ALWAYS** BETRAY YOU!



JESUS...
FUCKING...
CHRIST...!
AAARG!

HHHURRNH!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS
HASN'T **KILLED** ME,
Y... YET!



BREATHE,
DEIMOS...
BREATHE!

T... THE
MYSTICAL ANAL RING'S
KEEPING GARGO FROM
SHREDDING MY ASS...
AND MY **INSIDES!**
NNHHH!!

BUT THE WAY H...
HIS **MASSIVE DICK**
IS **SLAMMING** AGAINST
M... MY BLADDER...
GROOOOAN!

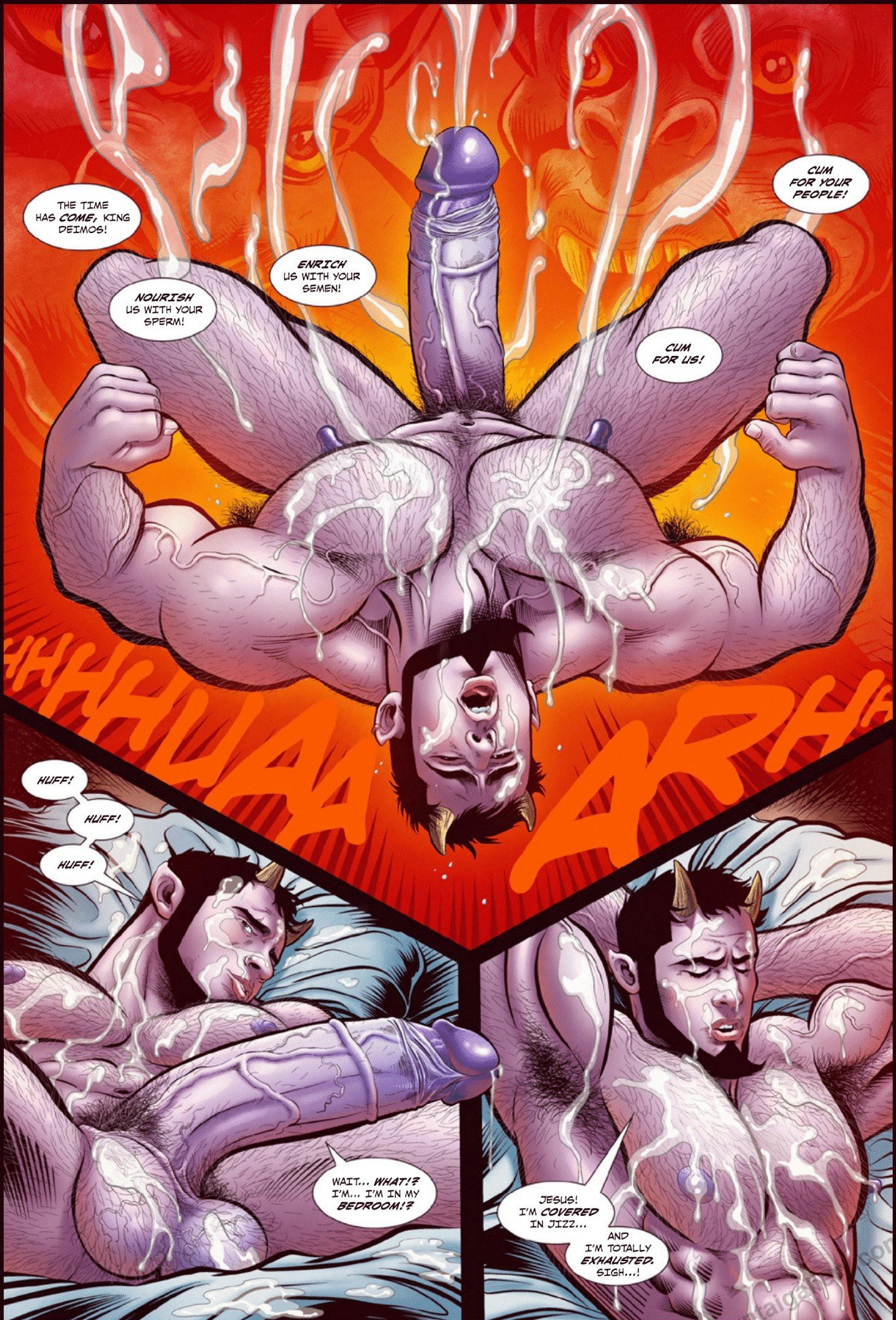


I...
I **CAN'T**
HELP IT...

**I
GÖTTA
PISS!
UUUUHH!!**

gallery.com





THE TIME
HAS *COME*, KING
DEIMOS!

NOURISH
US WITH YOUR
SPERM!

ENRICH
US WITH YOUR
SEMEN!

CUM
FOR YOUR
PEOPLE!

CUM
FOR US!

HUFF!

HUFF!

HUFF!

WAIT... WHAT!?!
I'M... I'M IN MY
BEDROOM!?!

JESUS!
I'M COVERED
IN JIZZ...
AND
I'M TOTALLY
EXHAUSTED.
SIGH...!



THANK GOD
THAT WAS JUST A
MESSSED UP *WET*
DREAM!

NOW MAYBE
I CAN GET SOME
REAL SLEEP!

NOT BLOODY LIKELY,
TARO DEMON.

NOT BLOODY LIKELY
AT ALL!

*the
end!*

SOME SIX MILES BEYOND THE GATEWAY CITY LIMITS...

WELCOME TO
MY HOME, TARO
DEMON.

YOU KNOW THE
RULES OF MY
ARENA. YOU MUST
PLEDGE FOR
ADMITTANCE.

I'M HERE TO COMPETE
AND WIN SOME WEAPONS,
MINERVA. I OFFER MYSELF AS
PAYMENT. ONE WEEK. THAT'S THE
DEAL. THEN I GET TO FIGHT
FOR WHAT I *WANT*.

CLASS COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS **DEIMOS** IN:

DEMON SPORT!

MMMM! I LOVE
A MAN WHO KNOWS
WHAT HE WANTS.

I... UHM, I
THOUGHT ONE OF YOUR
MALE DEMONS--

YOU THOUGHT
ONE OF MY **MALE**
DEMONS WOULD
INSPECT YOU.

YOU'RE NOT INTO
WOMEN AT ALL. THIS
MAKES YOU TERRIBLY
UNCOMFORTABLE, WHICH
IS **EXACTLY** WHY I'M
DOING THIS MYSELF.

UHRN...

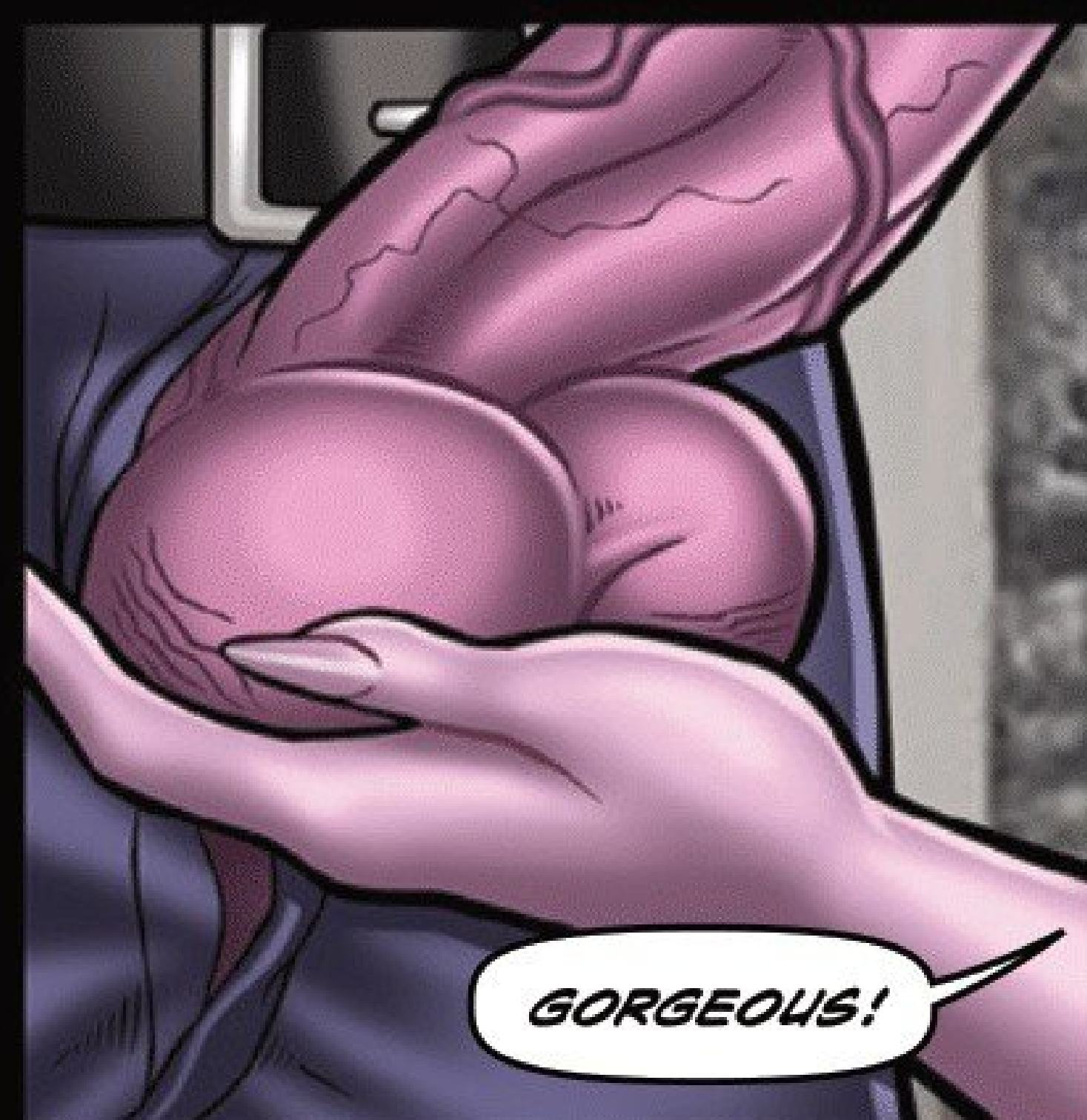
AH...
THERE HE IS.
WHAT A
BEAUTIFUL PURPLE
MONSTER. AS THICK
AS MY FOREARM.



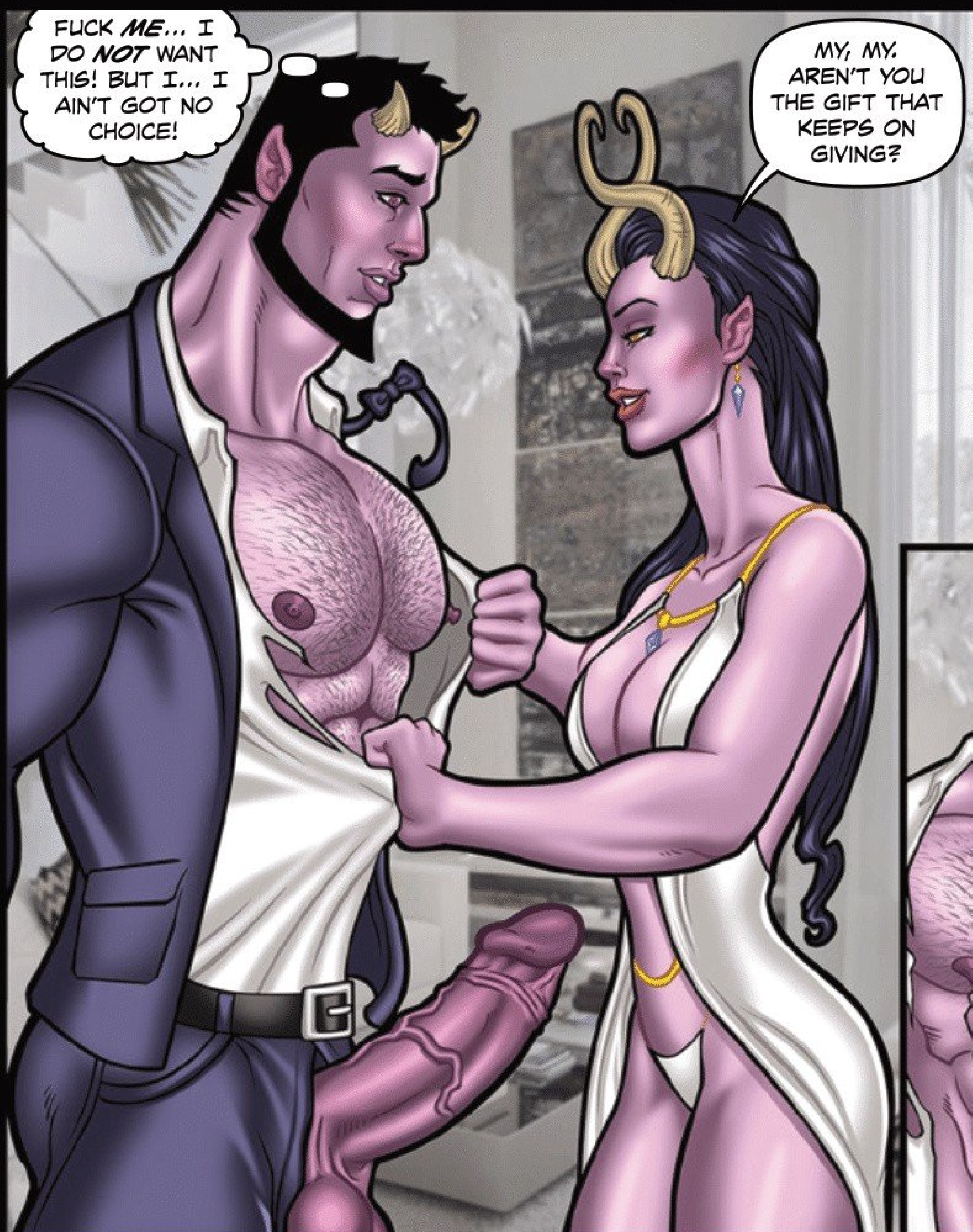
ABSOLUTELY EXQUISITE. BUT OF COURSE... THERE'S MORE.



OOOH! THESE FEEL NICE AND HEAVY!



GORGEOUS!



FUCK ME... I DO NOT WANT THIS! BUT I... I AIN'T GOT NO CHOICE!

MY, MY, AREN'T YOU THE GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING?

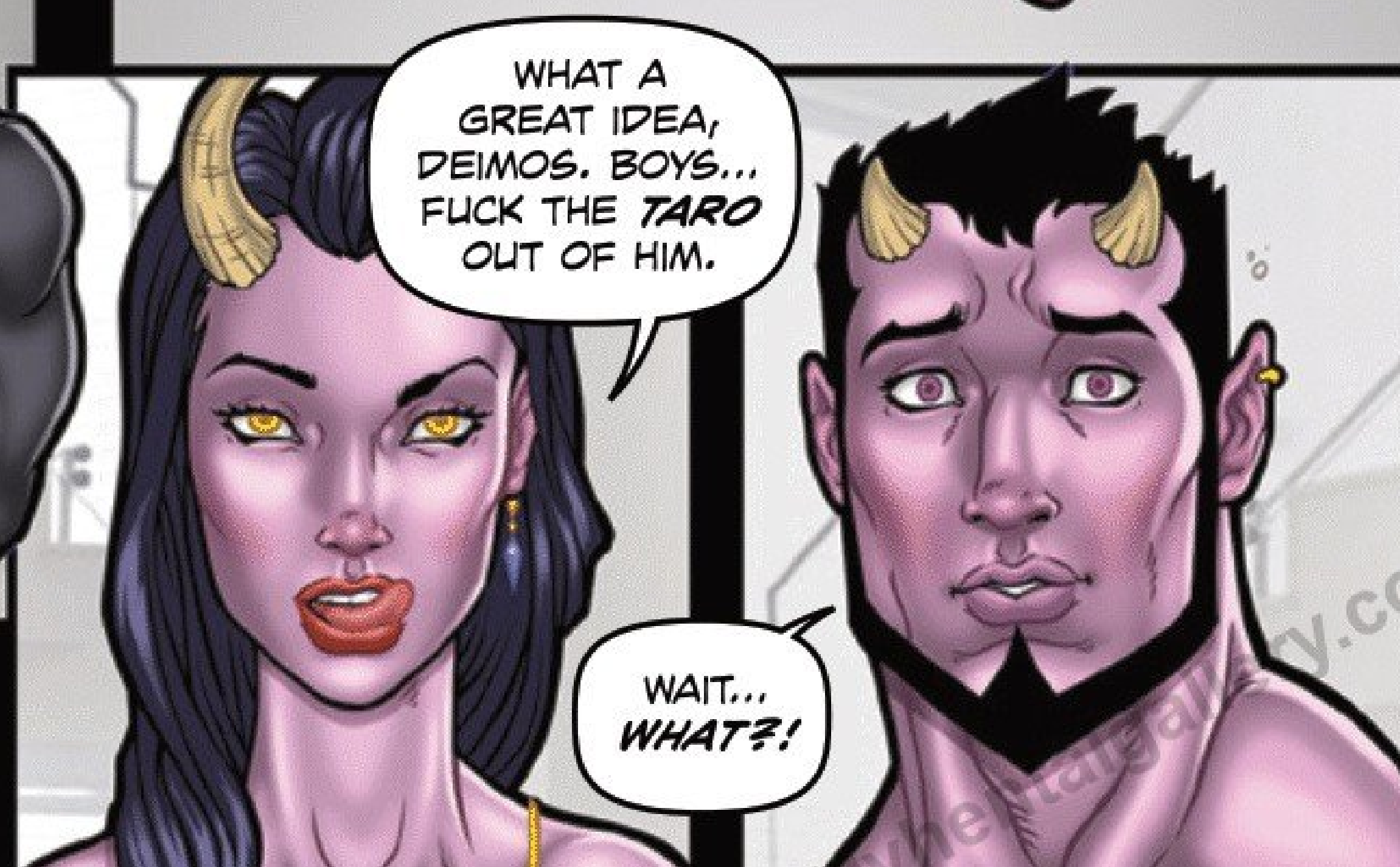


YOU ARE SO DELICIOUSLY HAIRY. *MMMMMM*... I LOVE A MAN WHO KEEPS IT NATURAL.



DARLING, YOU HAVE BIGGER TITS THAN I DO. I COULD MOTORBOAT YOUR HAIRY CLEAVAGE FOR DAYS...

UHHH!







WHAT THE SHIT? RRGH! WHAT GIVES?

I'M NOT WASTING A SINGLE DROP OF YOUR SPUNK, TARO DEMON. MY GUESTS HAVE DROPPED A LOT OF DOUGH TO ENJOY YOU.

BOYS, TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF HIM.



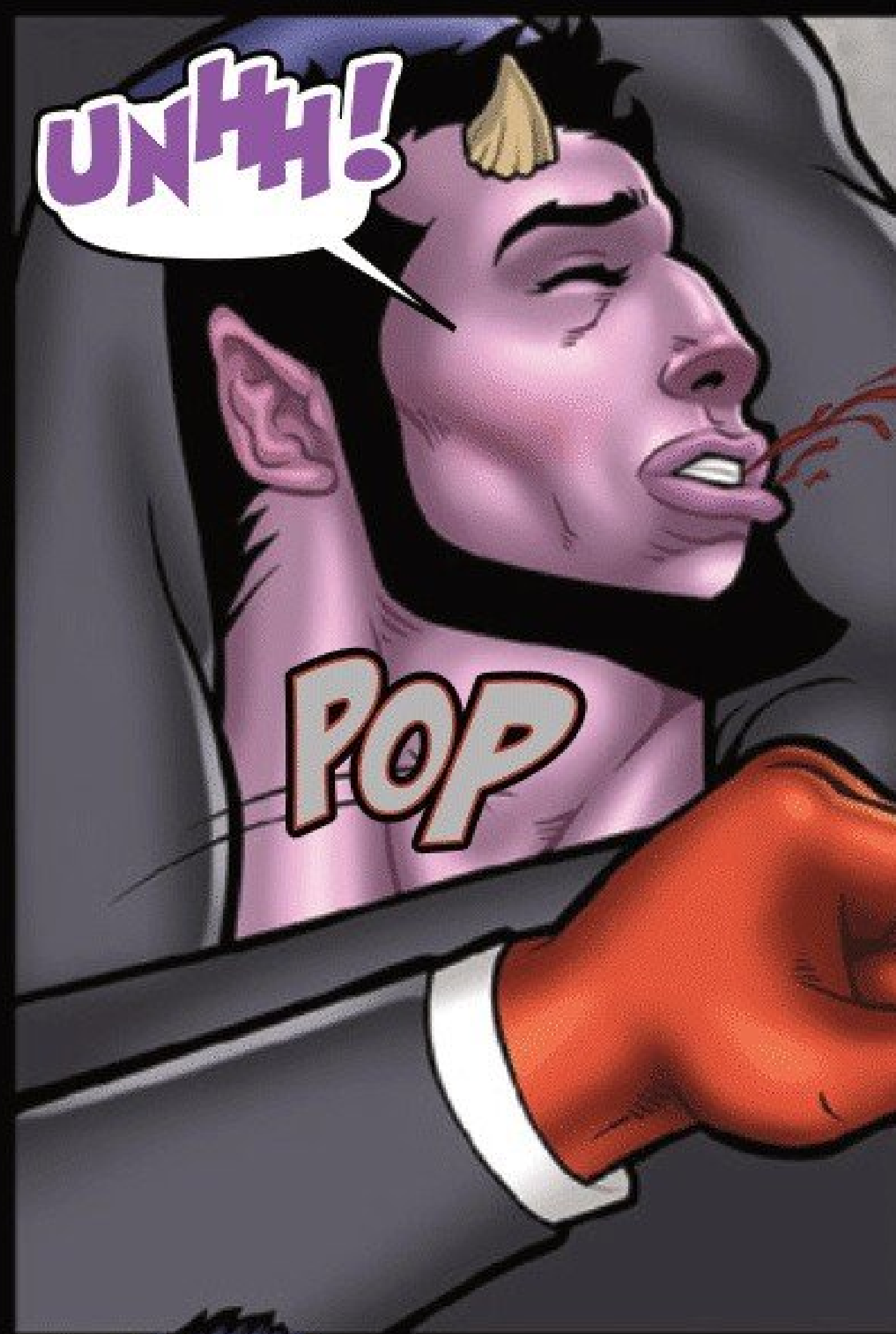
UGGH!

WHAM!



ARRH!

KARACK



UNHH!

POP



THAT DID IT. HE'S OUT COLD!



GOOD. TAKE HIM TO THE KITCHEN. HE NEEDS TO BE PREPARED FOR THE BANQUET.

SADLY, CHEF GORDY WILL WANT TO SHAVE HIM.

SIGH THE THINGS I PERMIT FOR MY PATRON'S PLEASURE!

Some time later, in Minerva's kitchen...

A-ARE YOU GONNA... FUCKING COOK ME?

HA! HA! HA! DON'T BE REVOLTING, STUP. WE'RE NOT CANNIBALS, FOR BOB'S SAKE!

BUT I **AM** GOING TO SHAVE YOU DOWN. AS IS, YOU'RE MUCH TOO HAIRY TO SERVE FOOD ON.

SERVE FOOD...? WHAT THE **HELL** ARE YOU **WEIRDOS** GONNA DO TO ME?

AND SO BEGINS A WEEK OF BIZARRE HUMILIATIONS FOR THE TARO DEMON.

THE DEIMOS. CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? I'M TOLD HE'S TO COMPETE AT THE END OF THE WEEK.

HIS BODY BECOMES THE PLAYTHING OF HUNDREDS OF MINERVA'S GUESTS.

INCREDIBLE! I'M ACTUALLY EATING SUSHI OFF OF THE LEGENDARY TARO DEMON.

THAT IS ONE LUCKY OCTOPUS.

THIS IS NOTHING. HE'S PART OF THE JUICE BAR AFTER DINNER.





0 N THE SEVENTH DAY OF DEIMOS' "PAYMENT"...

YEAH! EAT YOUR OWN DICK, FUCKER!

MMRMEFF!

TIME'S UP, MY FRIENDS. THE TARO DEMON HAS *PAID* FOR HIS ADMITTANCE.



GASP...!

CONGRATULATIONS, DEIMOS. YOU'LL BE GIVEN A NIGHT TO REST. TOMORROW MORNING, YOU ENTER THE ARENA.



BITCH! YOU TRICKED ME! YOU... YOU NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT BEING A FUCKING SEX TOY FOR YOUR DOUCHE-BAG GUESTS... IF I'D KNOWN...



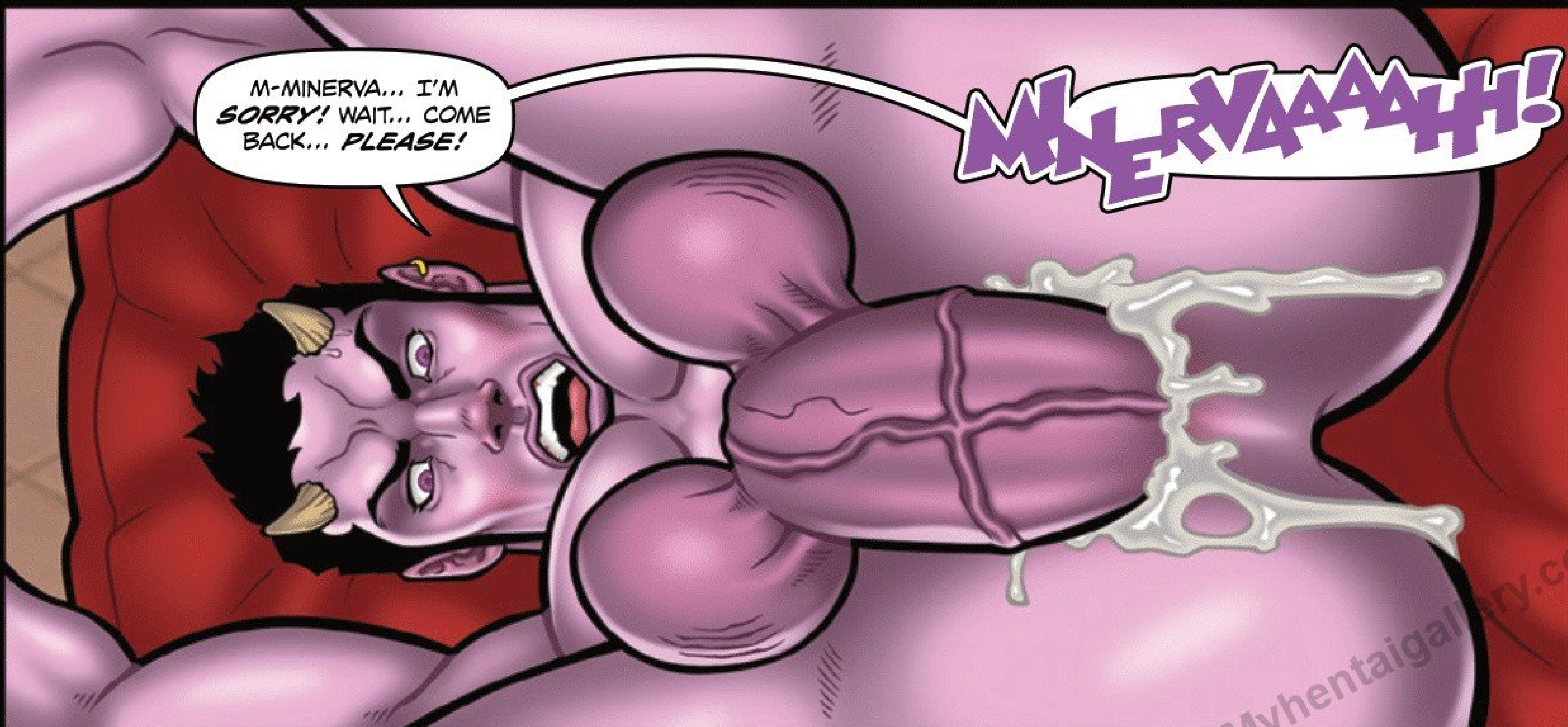
TSK. TSK.

I REALLY HATE THE "B" WORD!

FUUHICK!



THE PRICE JUST WENT UP TO AN ENTIRE MONTH.



M-MINERVA... I'M SORRY! WAIT... COME BACK... PLEASE!

MINERVAAAAHH!



LITERALLY, A WHOLE FUCKING MONTH LATER...

JESUS! I NEVER THOUGHT THIS DAMN DAY WOULD COME.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WELCOME TO MY ARENA. THE LEGENDARY DEIMOS WILL BATTLE FOR A PAIR OF MYSTICAL BLADES. IF HE SURVIVES AGAINST FIVE OPPONENTS, THE BLADES ARE HIS. IF NOT... HE REMAINS MY PROPERTY FOREVER.



LET THE BATTLES... BEGIN!



I'M GONNA KILL YOU SO DEAD, TARO TWAT!

LET'S SEE YOU TRY, SHIT-BAG!

DEIMOS STEELS HIMSELF FOR COMBAT.



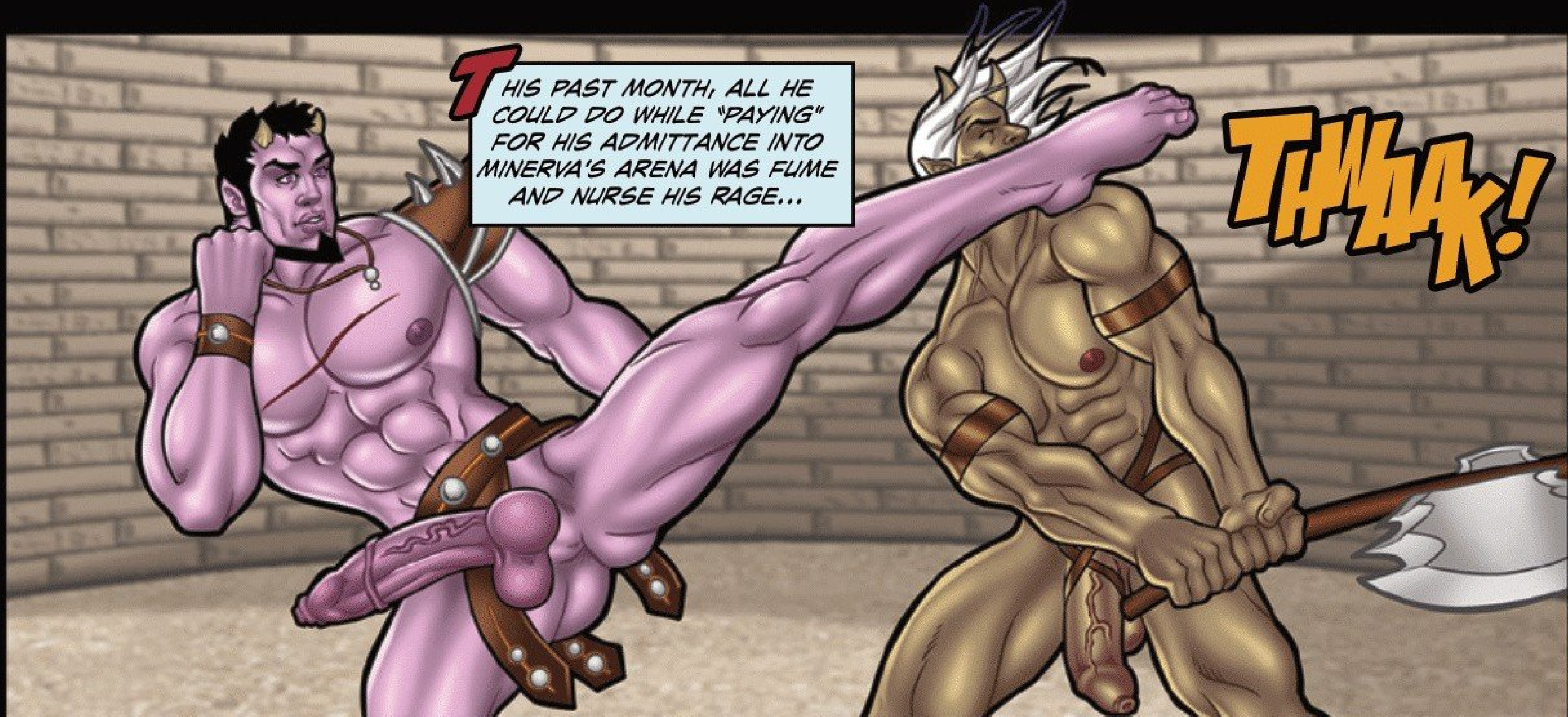
EACH OPPONENT HE FACES IS A DEMON FROM THE DEEPEST, DARKEST BOWELS OF HELL. ALL ARE TRAINED WARRIORS; KILLERS WHO DELIGHT IN INFLECTING PAIN AND RENDING FLESH FROM BONE.

BUT DEIMOS IS NOT WITHOUT MIGHT OR CONSIDERABLE SKILL.

FUCK! HE NEARLY SLICED MY NIPPLE CLEAN OFF!



YEARS OF FIGHTING BOB'S MINIONS HAVE MOLDED HIM INTO A FORMIDABLE WARRIOR.



THIS PAST MONTH, ALL HE COULD DO WHILE "PAYING" FOR HIS ADMITTANCE INTO MINERVA'S ARENA WAS FUME AND NURSE HIS RAGE...

THWAK!



MINERVA, DEIMOS IS WINNING. THAT WAS ROUND FOUR.

INCREDIBLY, DESPITE HIS MONTH OF SEXUAL ABUSE, HE FIGHTS LIKE A BEAST! SHOULD WE... INTERVENE.



"CHEAT", YOU MEAN? *MMMM...* NO. HE HASN'T WON YET, BUT IF HE DOES, I WILL HONOR OUR DEAL.



...RAGE WHICH TODAY...

I FUCK LITTLE DEMON WITH NICE DICK TO DEATH!

URRH!

SHRRP!



...SERVES THE TARO DEMON...

WHOMP!



...EXTREMELY WELL.

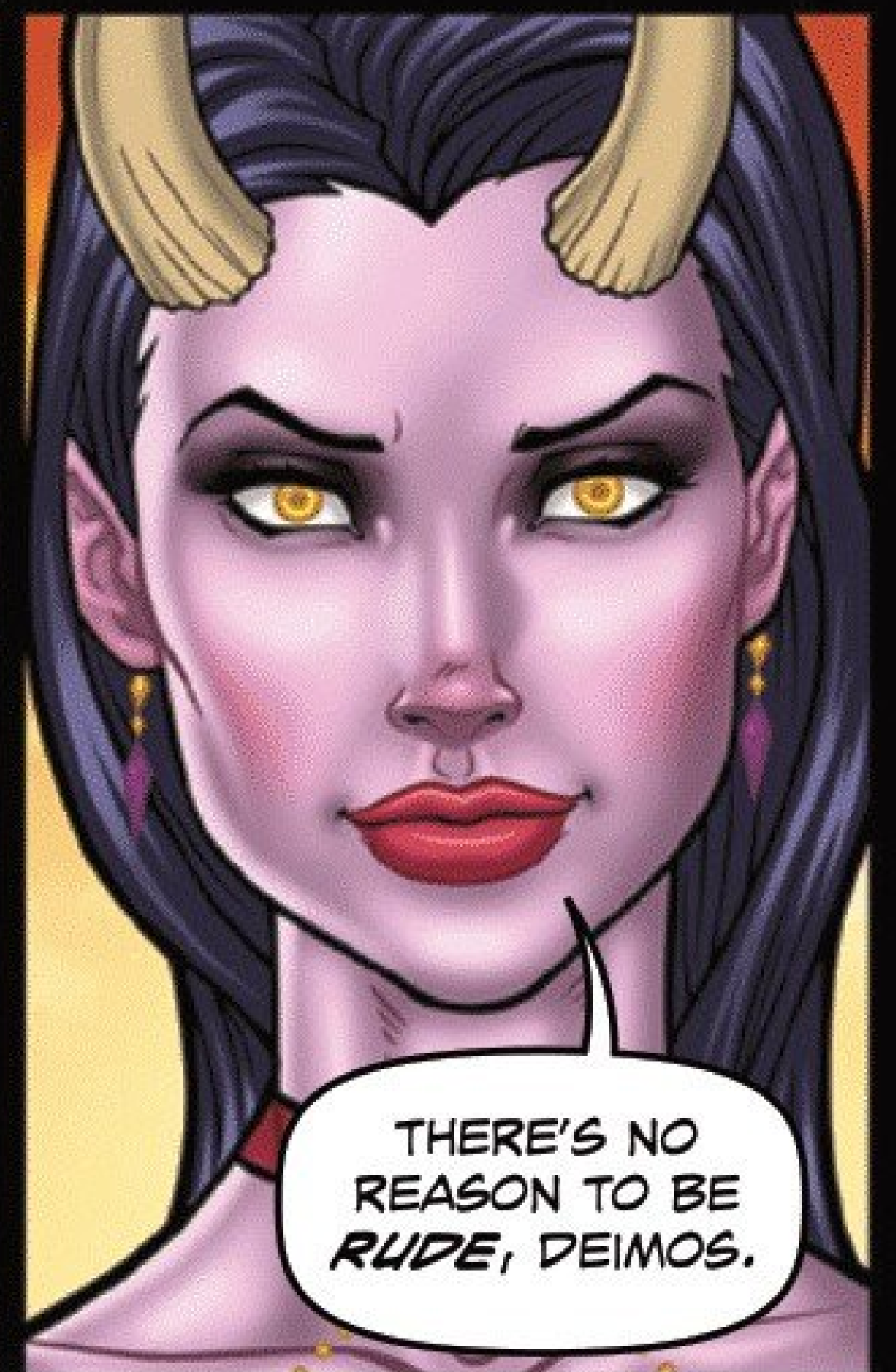
NOT TODAY, ASSHOLE!



MINERVA! I
BEAT YOUR
GOONS!

HOLD UP
YOUR END OF
THE BARGAIN!

THE
BLADES...
NOW!

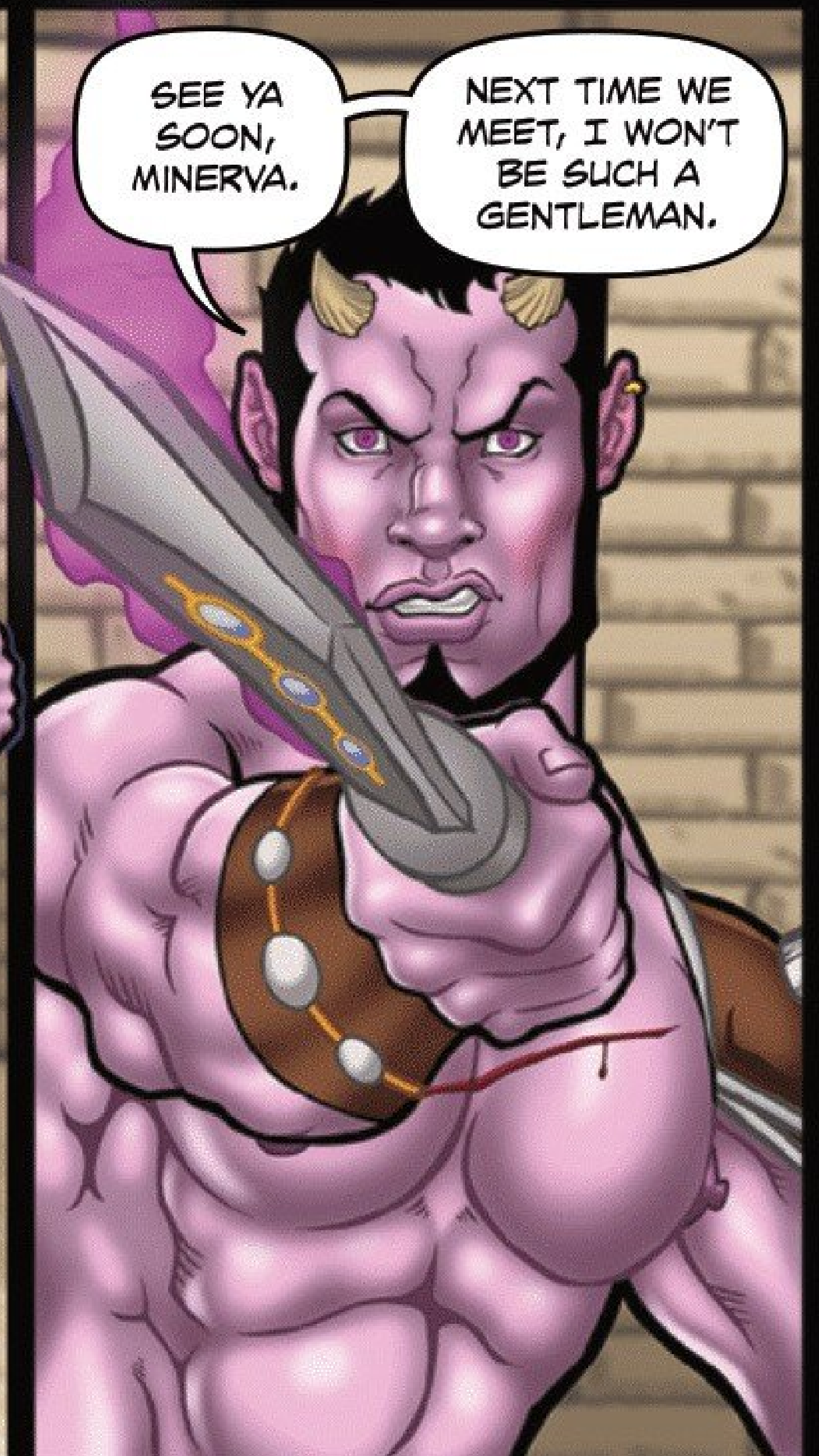


THERE'S NO
REASON TO BE
RUDE, DEIMOS.



YOU WON FAIR
AND SQUARE. I'M
A WOMAN OF
MY WORD.

YOUR TWIN
MYSTICAL BLADES,
AS AGREED.



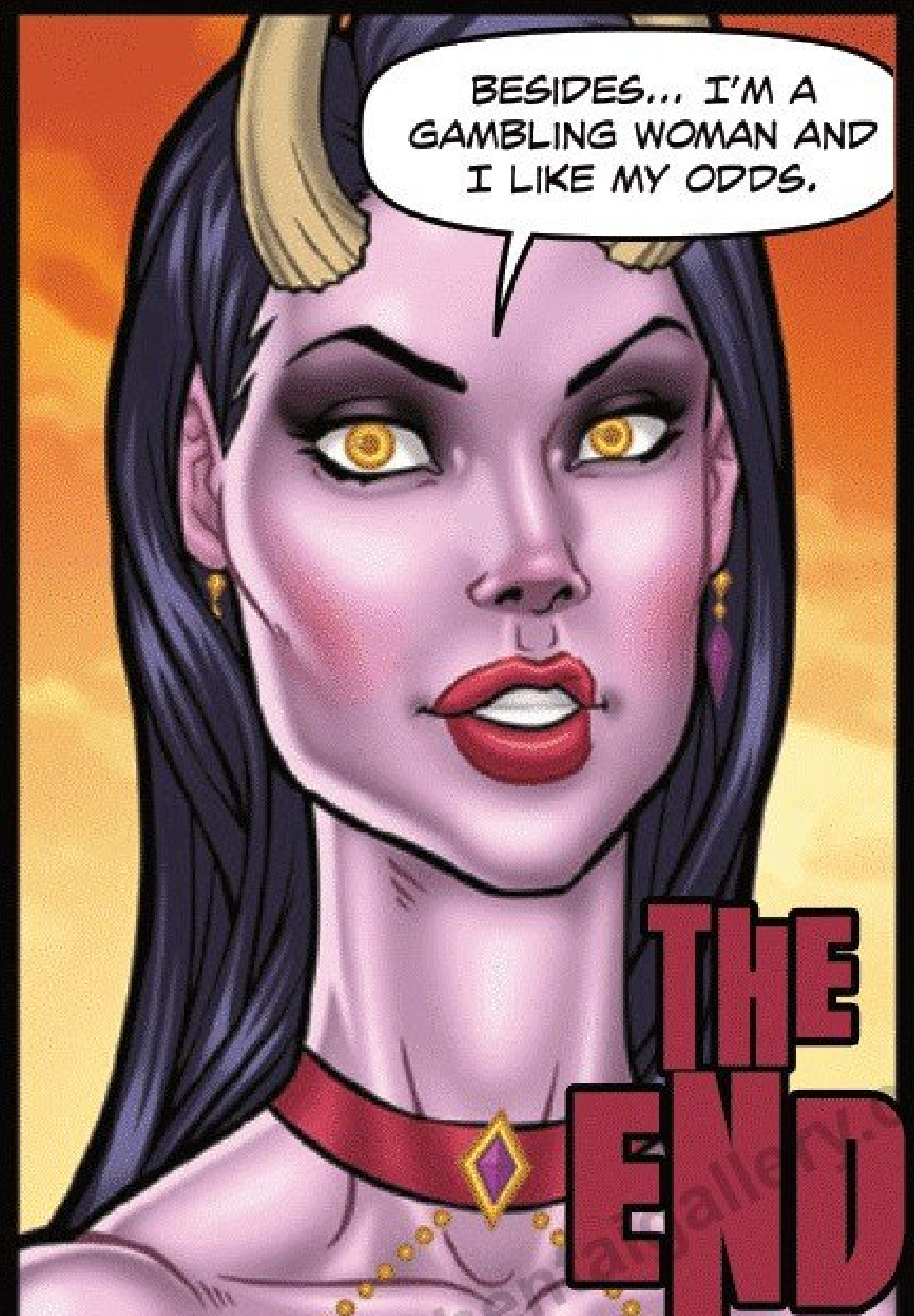
SEE YA
SOON,
MINERVA.

NEXT TIME WE
MEET, I WON'T
BE SUCH A
GENTLEMAN.



YOU'RE JUST
LETTING HIM GO?
BUT HE HAS THE
BLADES. HE COULD
USE THEM AGAINST
YOU SOMEDAY!

HE MIGHT
TRY, BUT I'LL
BE READY.



BESIDES... I'M A
GAMBLING WOMAN AND
I LIKE MY ODDS.

THE
END

EPILOGUE.

A FEW MONTHS AFTER DEIMOS' CORONATION, THE GARGOYLES RETURN TO TORTURE THE TARO DEMON, THEIR NEW KING!

AWW,
COME ON,
GARGO! NOT
AGAIN!

LEMME GO, GUYS!
PLEASE! I... I CAN'T
TAKE *ANOTHER* NIGHT
LIKE THIS!

HIS BIG
HAIRY BALLS ARE
SO *PLUMP* AND *FULL*
AGAIN, *THIS!*
HEH! HEH!

NONSENSE!
YOU *QUIVER* IN
ANTICIPATION.

YOUR FEAR
ONLY *SWEETENS*
YOUR SEMEN, *LORD*
SUGARCAKES!

YOU WILL
EJACULATE A *HUNDRED*
TIMES IF NECESSARY. YOUR
SUBJECTS WILL *FEAST* ON
YOUR ROYAL SEED. SUCH IS
THE *ROLE* OF THE
KING!

F... FUCK!

THEN LET US
MILK HIM AND
EMPTY THEM,
BOK!

UUAANG!!

Y... YOUR
HAND... IT'S
TOO BIG!

IT WILL *FIT*,
MY YOUNG KING! AS
YOUR LOYAL SERVANT,
I GIVE YOU *MY*
WORD!

STROKE HIM
FASTER! I *HUNGER*
FOR HIS DELICIOUS
NECTAR.

WE WILL
GORGE OURSELVES
TONIGHT, MY
BROTHERS.

HRRRNH!

WEAKENED BY THE GARGOYLE'S
SPELLS, DEIMOS CAN DO *NOTHING*
TO STOP THE CREATURES FROM
MANHANDLING HIS VULNERABLE
BODY. INSTINCTIVELY, HE KNOWS
HE'S IN FOR A VERY *LONG* NIGHT.

APPARENTLY, A
KING'S WORK IS
NEVER DONE!





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