



#3 THE
LEGACY
ADULT READERS

CLASS ACCESS

THE LEGACY

NAKED JUSTICE & SPACE CADET



IT'S
COLD IN HERE,
BRAINBENDER.

I COULD WORK
MORE COMFORTABLY, MORE
QUICKLY IF YOU ALLOWED ME
SOME CLOTHES. A TOOL BELT...
EVEN **POCKETS** WOULD BE
INCREDIBLY HELPFUL!



YOU LOOK
GOOD **NAKED**,
DR. DURAND. I ENJOY
WATCHING YOU
WORK THIS
WAY.



HUMPH!

BESIDES,
NAKED, YOU
CAN'T CONCEAL
ANYTHING
FROM ME.



BUT IF IT'S
STRONGER **MOTIVATION**
YOU REQUIRE TO WORK
MORE EFFICIENTLY...

...LOOK
WHO WE JUST
CAUGHT!

OH, NO...
PLEASE,
NO!

MEMORIES of TOMORROW

THE LEGACY - CHAPTER THREE

D-DADDY...?

BYRON! NO!
I-I'M HERE, SON!
I'M COMING!

AH, AH, MY
DEAR DOCTOR. IF
YOU TRY TO HELP
HIM, I'LL HAVE
HIM *KILLED*.

*THIS SPACE CADET IS A FABRICATION
OF BRAINBENDER'S POWERS, THOUGH
EMIL IS UNAWARE OF THIS. THE PAIN
HE FEELS AT SEEING HIS SON MISTREATED
IN THIS WAY IS ALL TOO REAL.*

YOU
MONSTER.
LET MY BOY
GO!

I DON'T
THINK SO!
BYRON IS HERE
TO ENSURE YOUR
COMPLIANCE!

SUCH A GOOD
LOOKING KID. A CHIP
OFF THE OL' BLOCK,
EH, DOC?

HE'S BLESSED
WITH THE **HOLY GAY**
TRINITY: PERFECT FACE,
PERFECT **COCK**,
PERFECT **ASS**.

IT WOULD BE
SUCH A SHAME TO
HAVE TO **RUIN** ALL
THAT **BEAUTY**!

BZZT!

STOP THIS, YOU
MANIAC... DON'T **HURT**
HIM! I'M WORKING AS
FAST AS I CAN!

UUAAAH!

UHM...
D-DAD?

HERE'S A LITTLE
TASTE OF WHAT
I'LL DO TO YOUR
SON IF YOU DON'T
FIX THAT MACHINE
ON SCHEDULE.

AAAH!
MY **COCK**!

UUAAAH...
F-FUUUUHHCK!

Whup!

Whup!

Whump!





I'LL BE DAMNED! KING COCK-A-TUT! IT'S BEEN A WHILE!

YES, MY BOY! IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO WELL. WOULD THAT THIS WERE A CASUAL VISIT. ALAS... IT IS AN URGENT ONE.

THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WERE **CHOSEN**, FELIX.

THE WORLD IS IN A GRAVE STATE OF TURMOIL. IT IS DISEASED... IMBALANCED, ON THE PRECIPICE OF CATASTROPHE.

IN TRUTH, AN INEVITABLE END IS NEAR. YOU MUST **BEHOLD** THIS FOR YOURSELF IF YOU ARE TO AVERT IT.

MY GOD! IS... IS THIS **GATEWAY CITY**?

WHAT REMAINS OF IT, YES. IT IS THE **GATEWAY CITY** OF THE ALL-TOO NEAR FUTURE.

WHAT **REMAINS**...?! **JESUS!** WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED HERE?

WAR HAPPENED HERE! A **WAR** BETWEEN THE FORCES OF **HEAVEN** AND THOSE OF **HELL**.

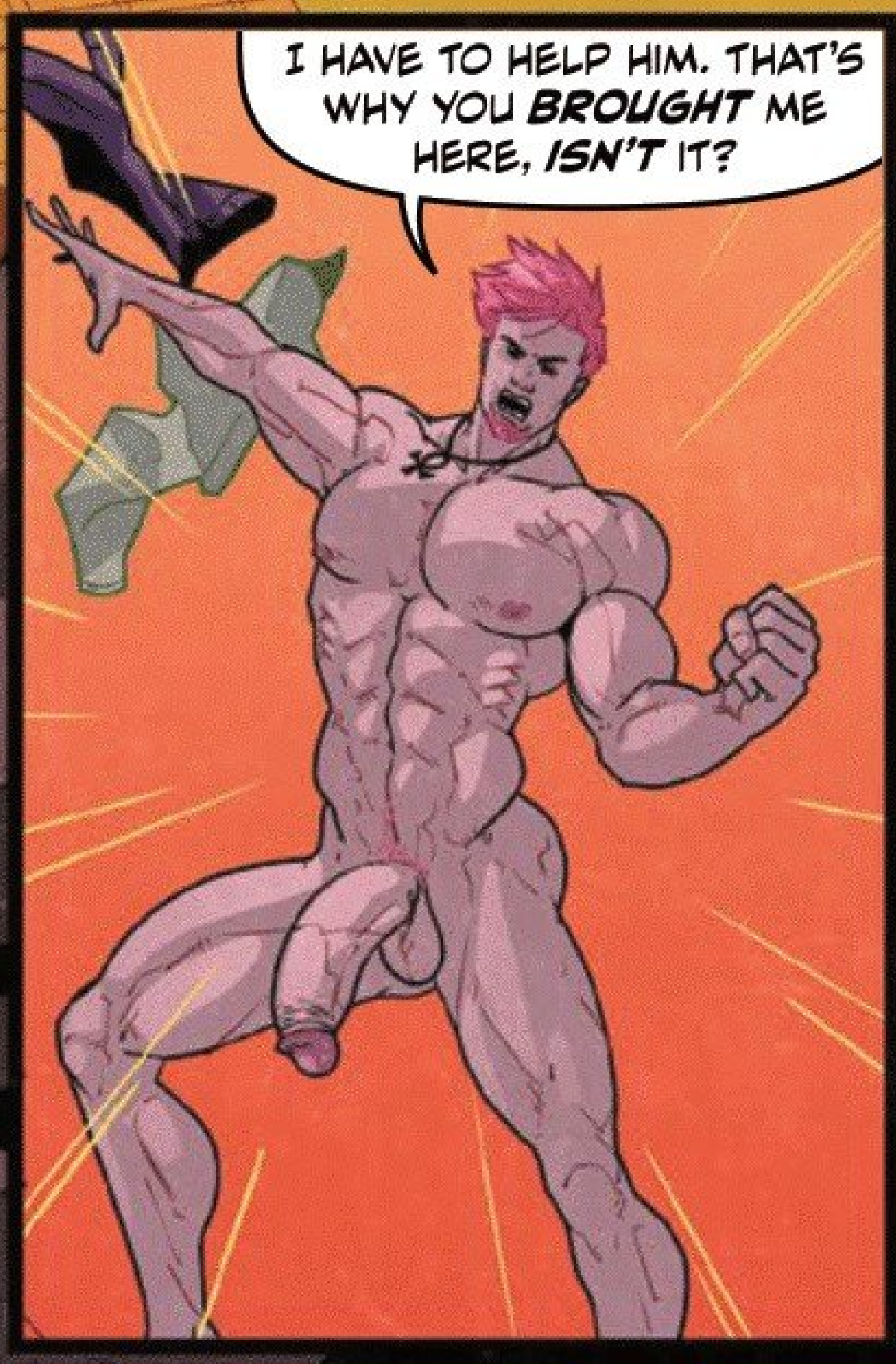
THERE ARE THOSE WHO WOULD LAY DOWN THEIR LIVES TO STOP THIS WAR. YOU'LL NEED SUCH ALLIES. HE'S SUCH A BEING.



THAT IS **DEIMOS**,
THE **TARO DEMON**. DO
NOT LET HIS DIABOLICAL
FORM FOOL YOU. HE
IS A WARRIOR
FOR GOOD.
HE HAS
SLAIN COUNTLESS
FOOT-SOLDIERS OF
HELL... BUT HE IS ONE
MAN. HE CANNOT
HOPE TO PREVAIL
ALONE.



SHIT! THEY'LL
KILL HIM AND
FUCK HIM... IN
THAT ORDER!



I HAVE TO HELP HIM. THAT'S
WHY YOU **BROUGHT** ME
HERE, **ISN'T** IT?



IT IS **NOT**! WE
ARE **SPECTATORS**
HERE. I MEAN FOR YOU
TO WATCH AND LEARN,
NOTHING FURTHER.

BOLLOCKS!

WOW!



G-GET OFFA
ME, SHIT-HEADS!
AARRHH!



STRIPPED AND
SUBDLIED, THE TARO
DEMON IS HELPLESS AS
THE DEMONS RAVAGE
HIS PERFECT FORM.

BRUTALLY, THEY
PENETRATE HIM.

HE MEWLS AND
MOANS AS HIS
EVERY HOLE IS
STUFFED WITH
DEMON DICK.

FINDING HIMSELF WITH THREE ENEMY COCKS STUFFED CRUELLY UP HIS DESTROYED ASSHOLE, DEIMOS IS PUSHED BEYOND HIS LIMITS.

QUITE DESPITE HIMSELF, HE CUMS HARDER THAN HE EVER HAS BEFORE.

WHY NOT LET ME HELP HIM? WHAT **HARM** WOULD IT DO?

DEIMOS WILL **PREVAIL**... THIS TIME.

LIKE YOU, HE HAS A GREATER PURPOSE.

EVENTUALLY, HE'LL BE REINSERTED INTO ANOTHER POINT IN TIME, BUT... NOT TODAY.

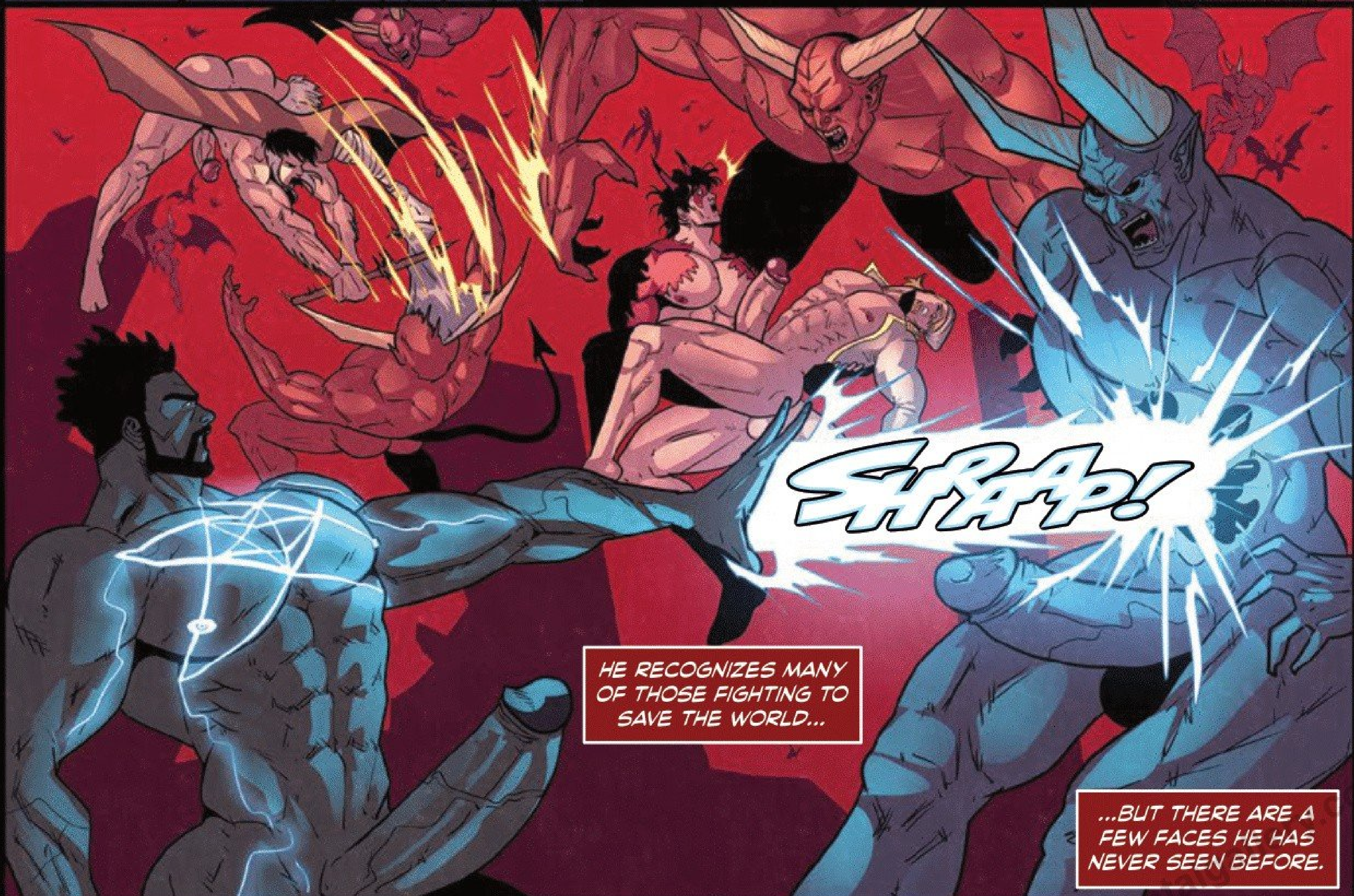
WHERE THE HELL ARE WE NOW?

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE **WAR**, AND FOR MANY OF YOUR FRIENDS...

"...THE
END."

FELIX CAN HARDLY
BELIEVE HIS EYES.
TEARS THREATEN TO
OVERCOME HIM.

HOW COULD THEY NOT
AS HE WITNESSES MANY
OF HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS
-HEROES ALL- BRAVELY
FIGHT THE HORDES OF HELL...
AND BEGIN TO DIE?



SHRAP!

HE RECOGNIZES MANY
OF THOSE FIGHTING TO
SAVE THE WORLD...

...BUT THERE ARE A
FEW FACES HE HAS
NEVER SEEN BEFORE.



IS-IS THAT?
WOW... **BYRON!** HE-HE
LOOKS **AMAZING...** AND
SO **POWERFUL.** AND...
DIFFERENT!

YOU AND YOUR
YOUNG FRIEND,
BYRON, FELIX. YOU
ARE **KEY** IN ALL
OF THIS.



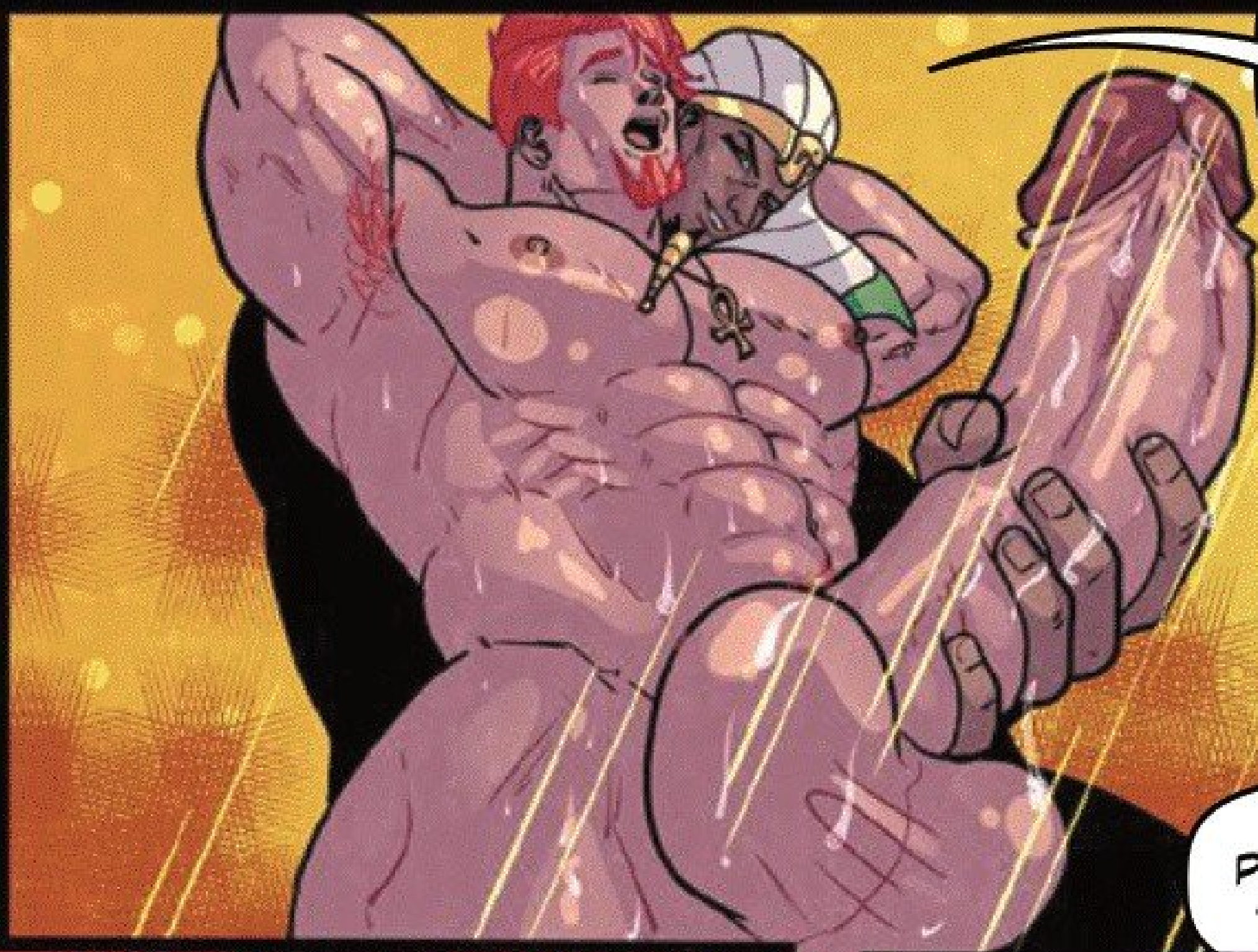
IS THIS ALL
UNAVOIDABLE?
THE **SUFFERING,**
THE **PAIN...**
THIS **WAR?**

THE WAR IS
UNAVOIDABLE. THE
OUTCOME, PERHAPS,
CAN BE CHANGED.

FOR ALL MY
POWER, I CANNOT
SEE **BEYOND** THIS
POINT. BUT I BELIEVE
THERE IS HOPE.



YOU WERE MEANT FOR GREAT THINGS, FELIX HIMNER, BUT YOU CANNOT DO IT ALONE.



THE MANTLE OF NAKED JUSTICE IS A GREAT HONOR AND A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY...

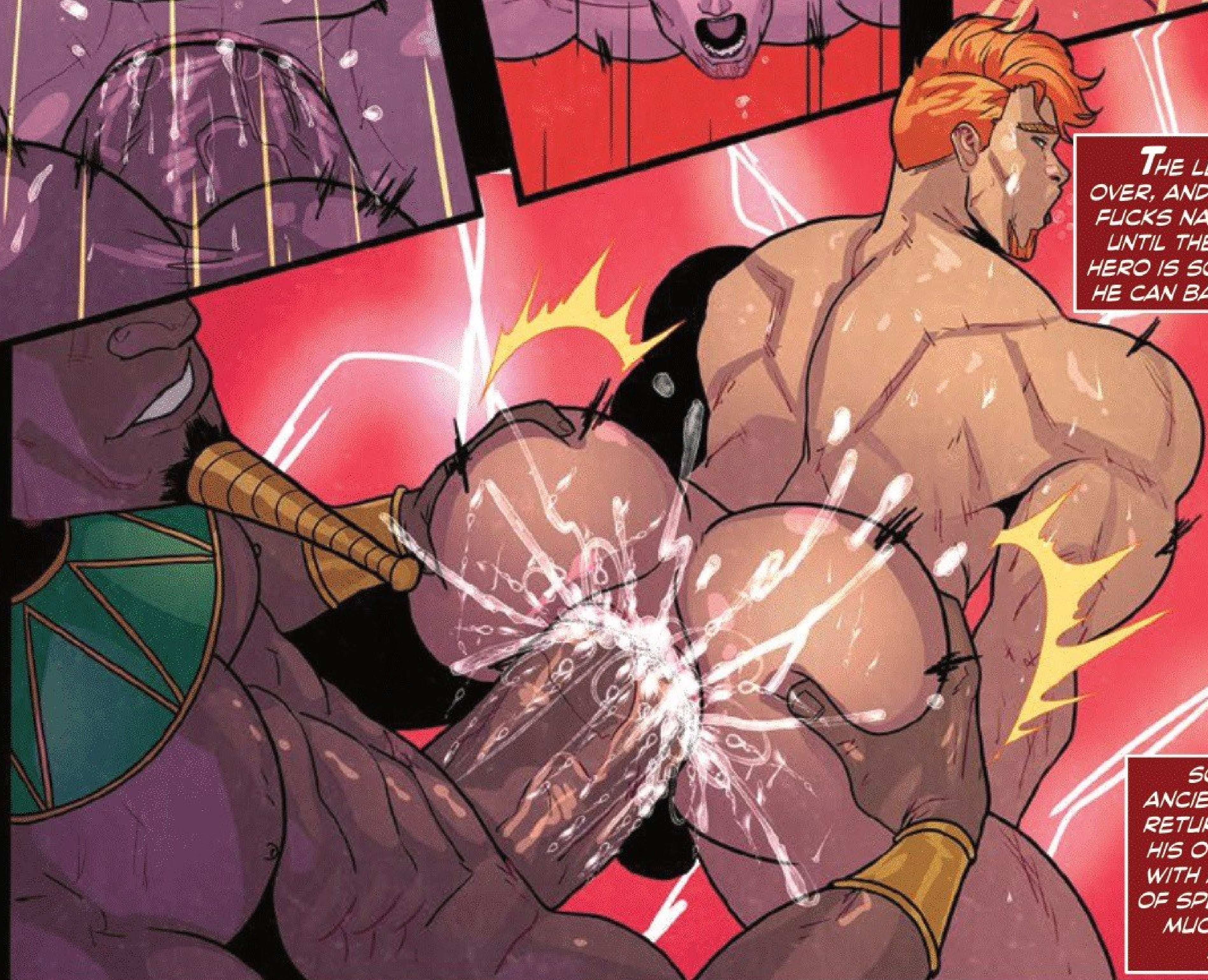
YOU ARE NOT THE FIRST AND YOU WILL NOT BE THE LAST TO ASSUME IT.

BUT YOURS IS THE INCREDIBLE RESPONSIBILITY TO MOLD ALL NAKED JUSTICES TO COME.

ONLY THEN... PERHAPS... CAN THE WORLD BE SAVED.



THE LESSON IS OVER, AND COCK-A-TUT FLUCKS NAKED JUSTICE UNTIL THE MUSCULAR HERO IS SO EXHAUSTED HE CAN BARELY STAND.



SOON, THE ANCIENT PHARAOH RETURNS FELIX TO HIS OWN TIMELINE WITH AN ASS FULL OF SPENT CLIM AND MUCH TO THINK ABOUT.

SOME TIME LATER,
BACK IN THE LEGACY'S
MYSTERIOUS LAB.

I'M NOT
SURE YOUR
SON CAN **TAKE**
MUCH MORE OF
THIS ABUSE,
EMIL.

UUUAAAHH...
WHIMPER... SOB...
HHNNHH...

STOP
TORMENTING
HIM! IT'S **DONE**... THE
MACHINE... I'VE
REPAIRED IT.

NOW, FOR GOD'S
SAKE... LEAVE MY
BOY **ALONE**!

EXCELLENT
WORK, DR. DURAND!
I KNEW YOU COULD DO
IT... WITH THE PROPER
MOTIVATION!

FZZZ!

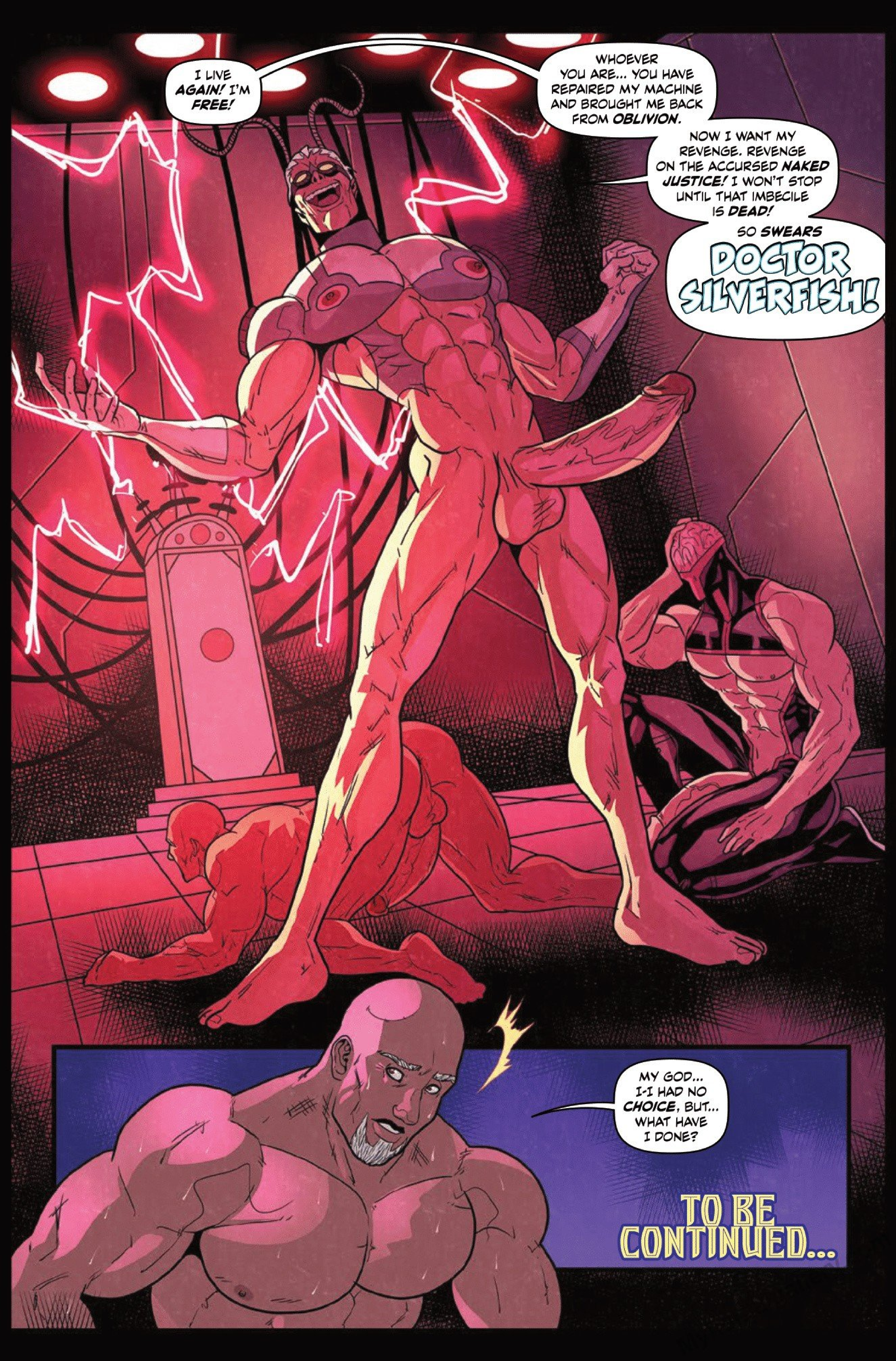
YOU SICK **BASTARD**!
YOU FORCED ME TO
WATCH FOR DAYS AS YOU
TORMENTED... A VISION
OF MY POOR SON?

ALL SO YOU'D
ACCOMPLISH YOUR
TASK, EMIL. THE
MACHINE BETTER
WORK, OR...

UARGHH!

NGHHH!

BA-WHOOM!



I LIVE
AGAIN! I'M
FREE!

WHOEVER
YOU ARE... YOU HAVE
REPAIRED MY MACHINE
AND BROUGHT ME BACK
FROM **OBLIVION**.

NOW I WANT MY
REVENGE. REVENGE
ON THE ACCURSED **NAKED
JUSTICE!** I WON'T STOP
UNTIL THAT IMBECILE
IS **DEAD!**

SO SWEARS
**DOCTOR
SILVERFISH!**

MY GOD...
I-I HAD NO
CHOICE, BUT...
WHAT HAVE
I DONE?

**TO BE
CONTINUED...**

THE LEGACY

NAKED JUSTICE & SPACE CADET
GALLERY



