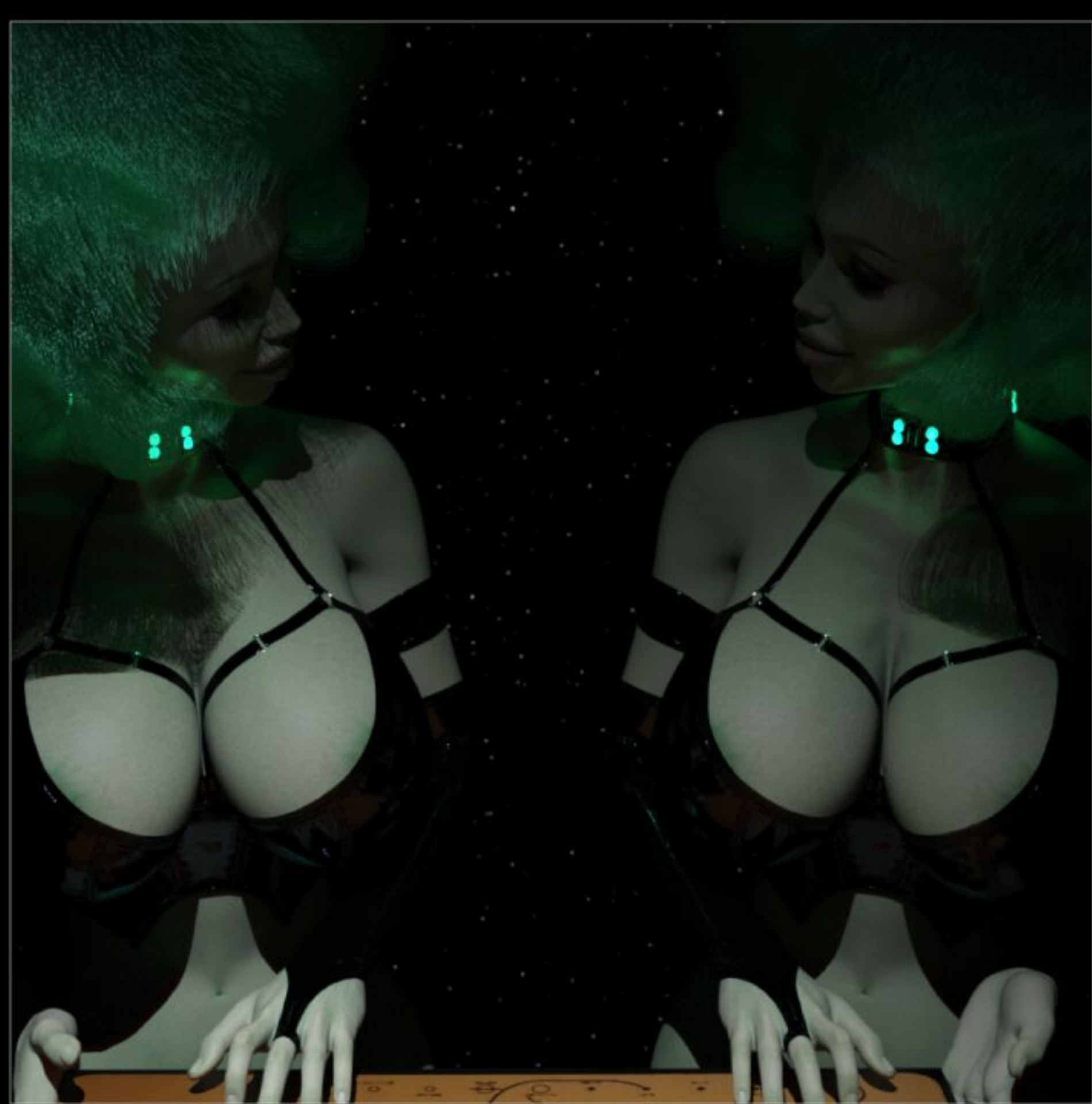
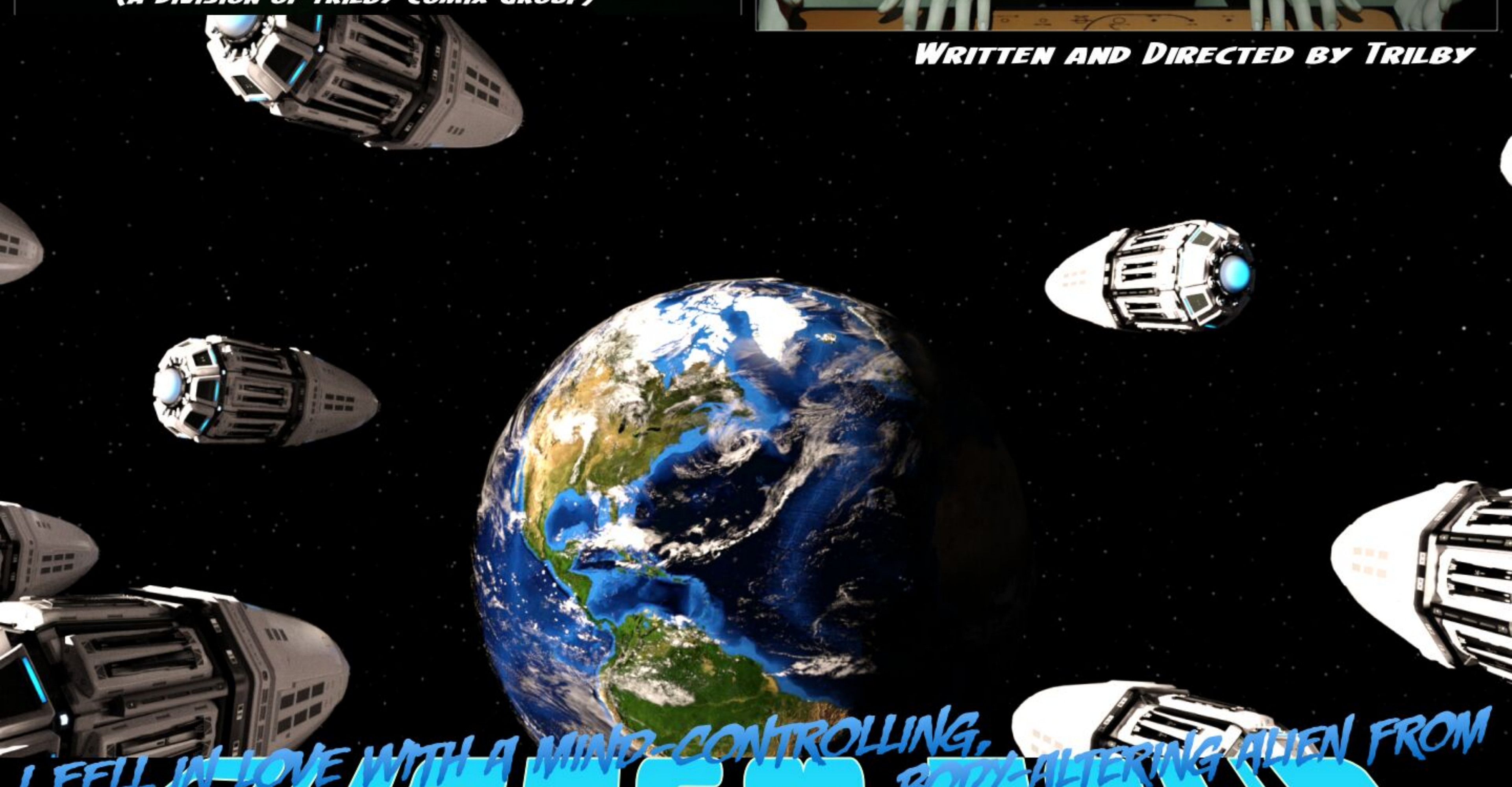


A TRILBY INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
(A DIVISION OF TRILBY COMIX GROUP)



WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY TRILBY

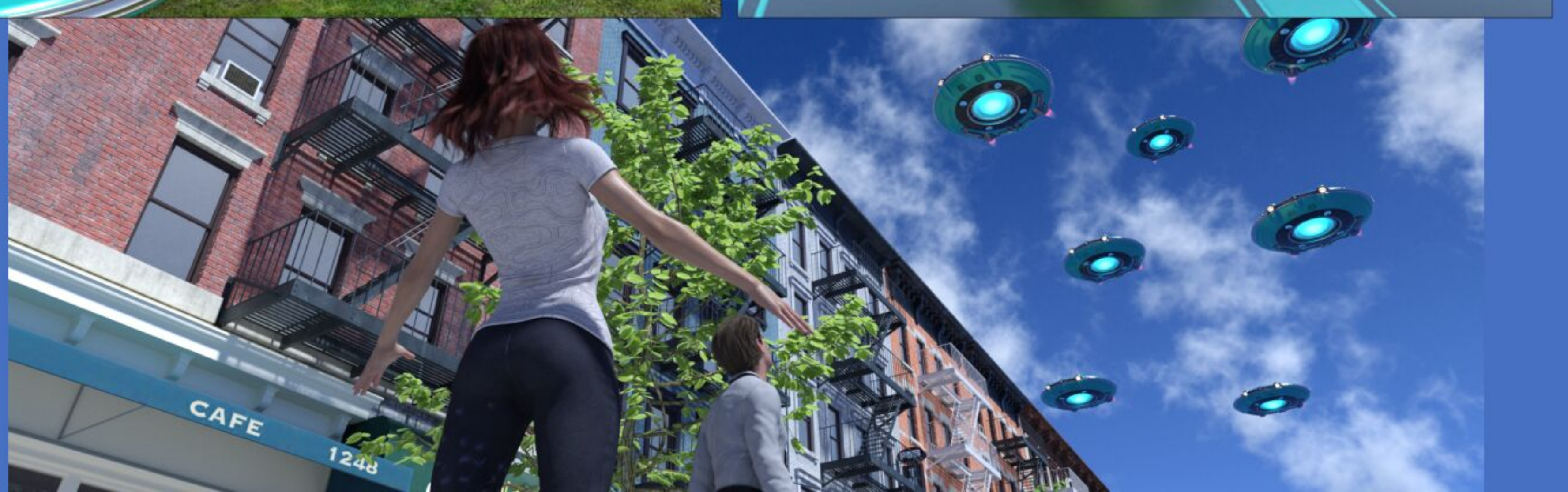


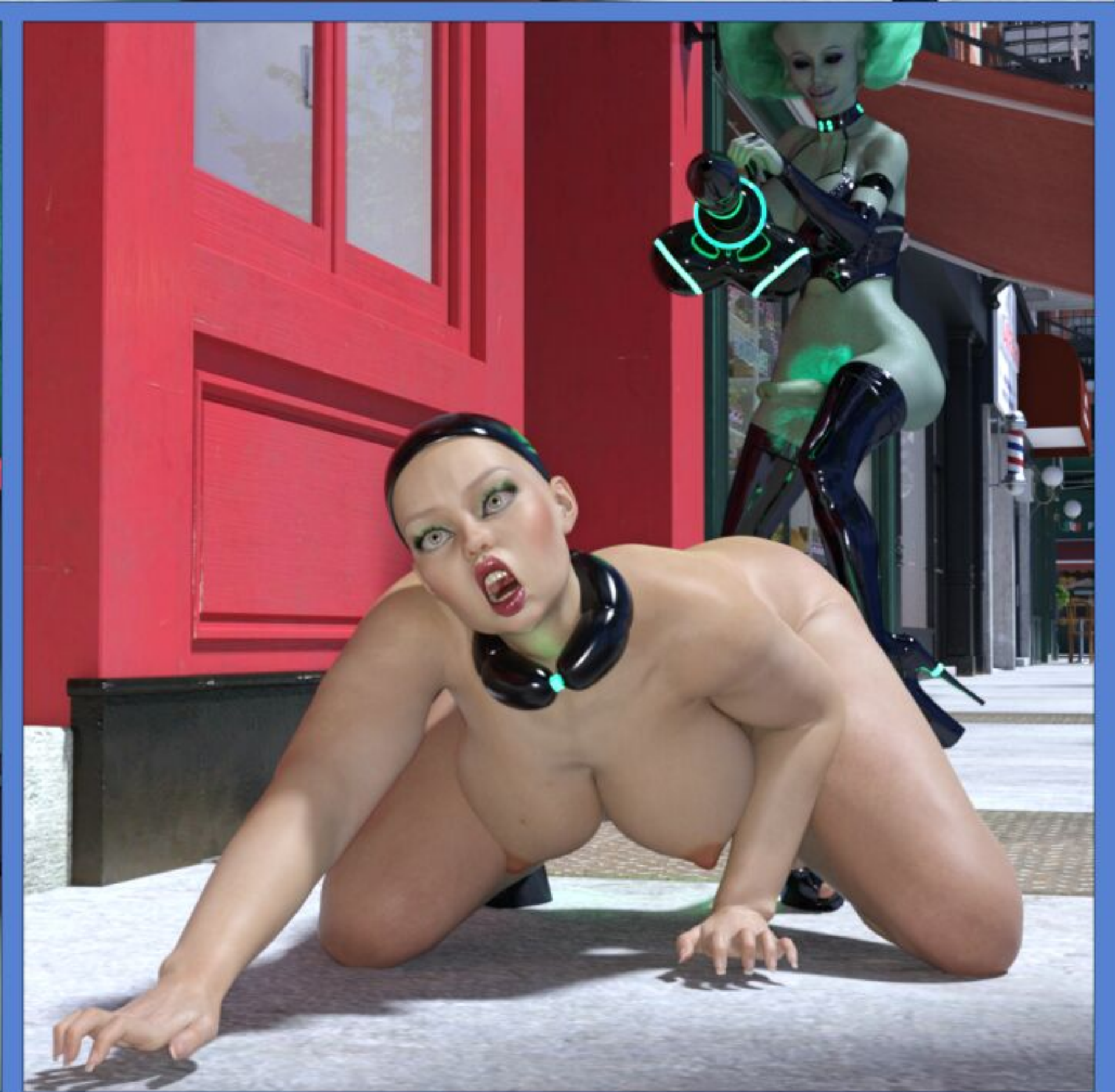
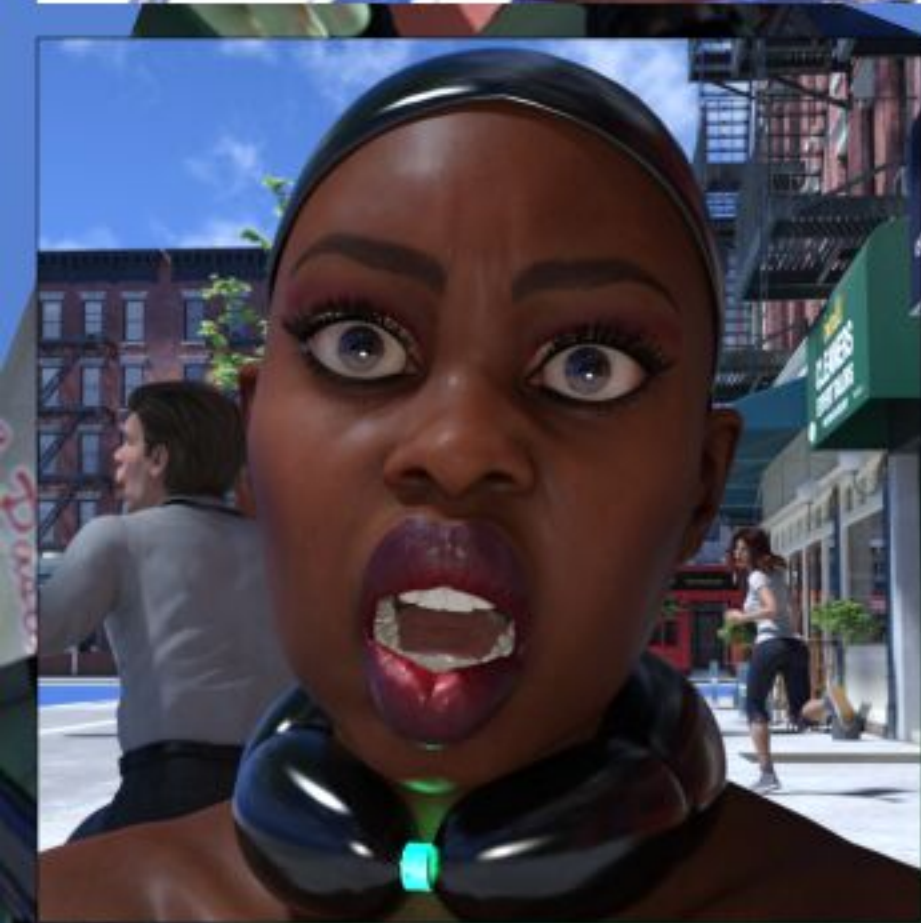
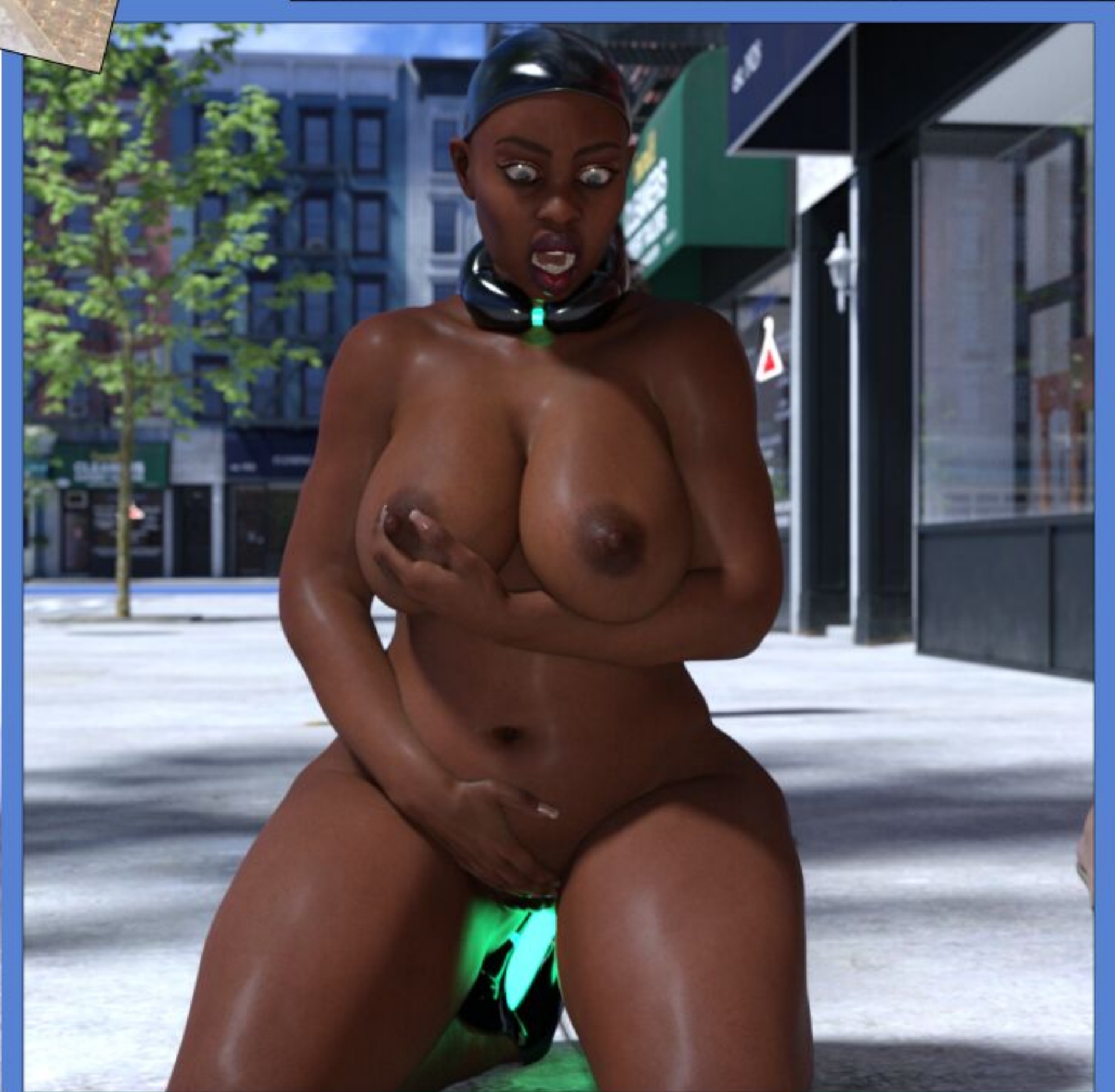
I FELL IN LOVE WITH A MIND-CONTROLLING, BODY-ALTERING ALIEN FROM

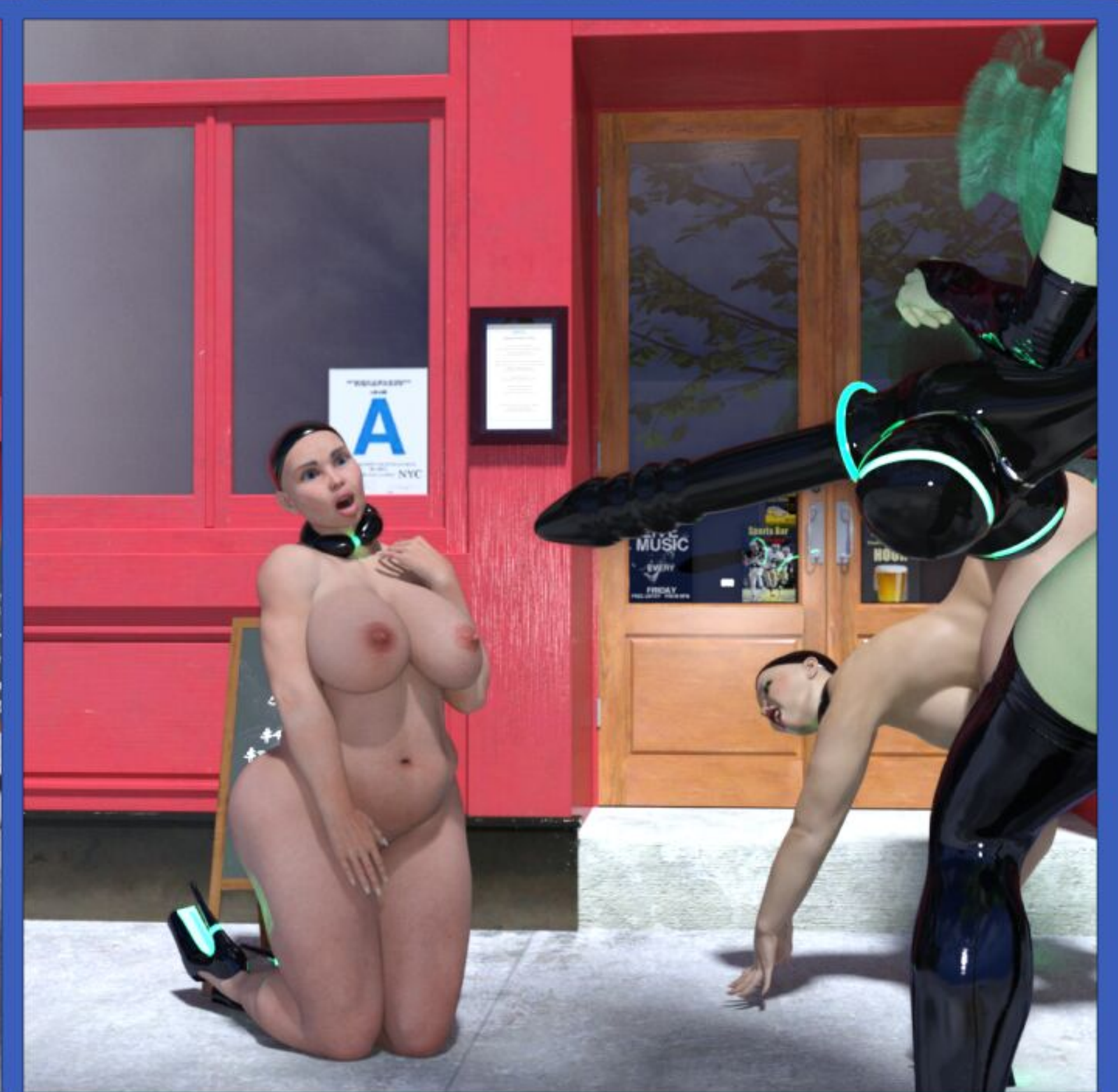
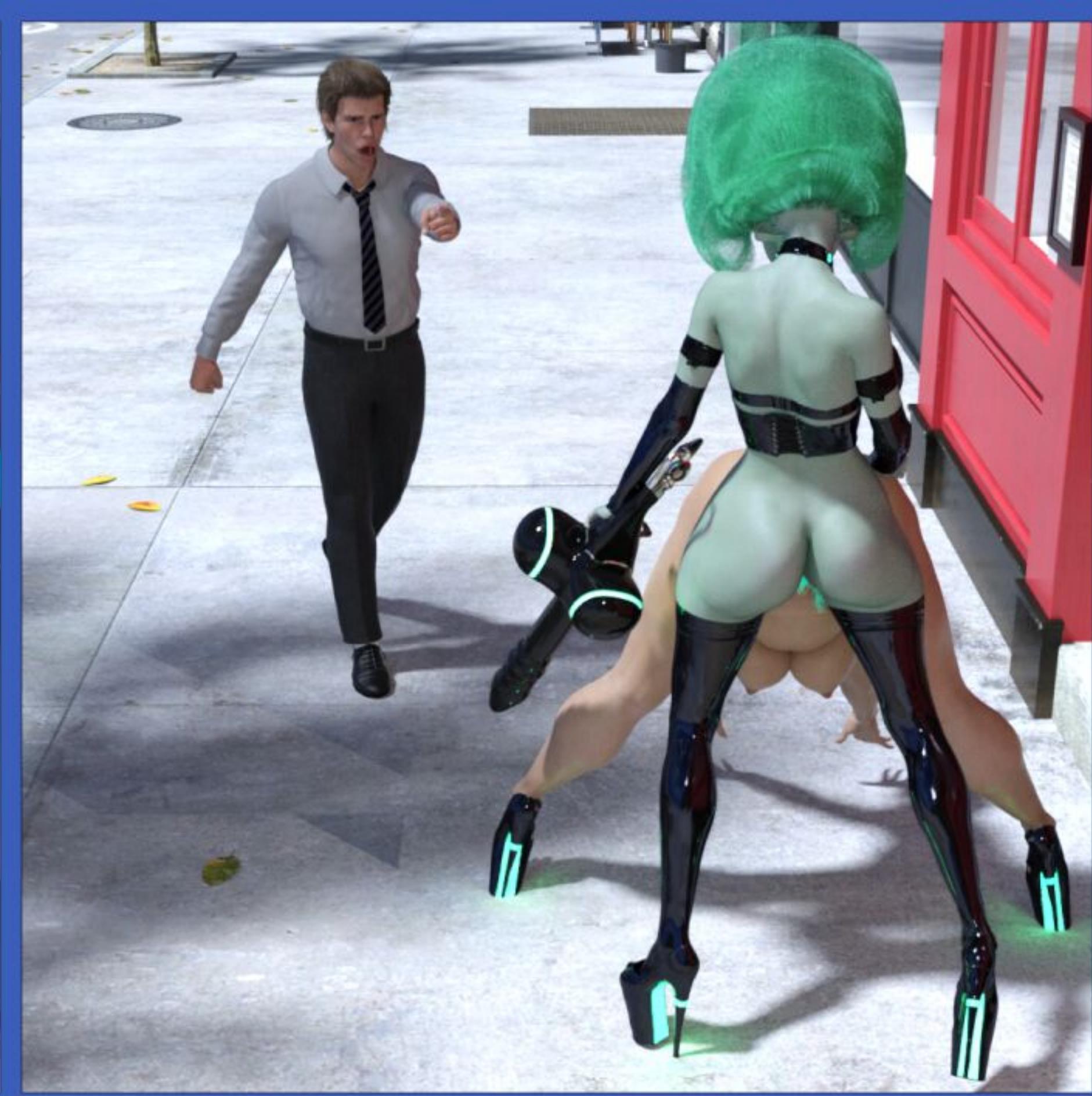
SYSTEM 520

STARRING
MELODY HARPER
DEE DALLAS
KEN PURSLEY
ROGER TRULL

WITH **DUKE HUSTER** **AND INTRODUCING**
SHANI BEAUBILLE **LORNA DELANCE**
AS "CELA"







TWO WEEKS LATER.



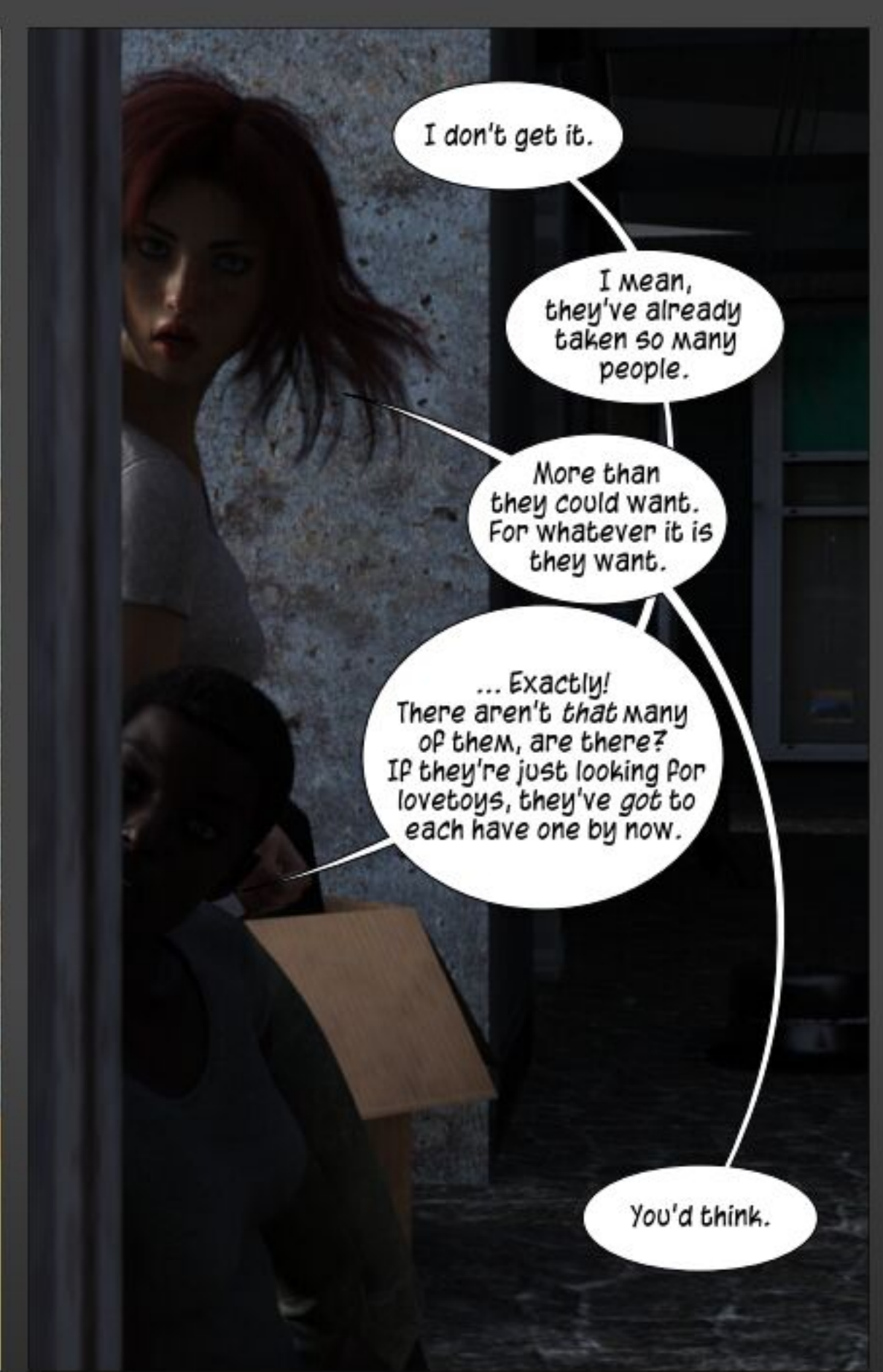


Whoa!

Back up back up back up

They're really all over the place tonight. I think they must be pushing to clear out this whole part.

We need to be somewhere else. Now.



I don't get it.

I mean, they've already taken so many people.

More than they could want. For whatever it is they want.

... Exactly! There aren't that many of them, are there? If they're just looking for loveboys, they've got to each have one by now.

You'd think.



Lina!

Hey!



Alison??

What happened to you? Where's Peter? You both disappeared ...

Just as out of it as ever, huh, Lina? How'd you miss everything?

I don't know where Peter is. He's got a new lover now. Like me!



I'm with Phil now. Isn't she hot? And she's got the best cock.

Wanna come ride with us?



I don't ... I think that's, uh, a really bad--

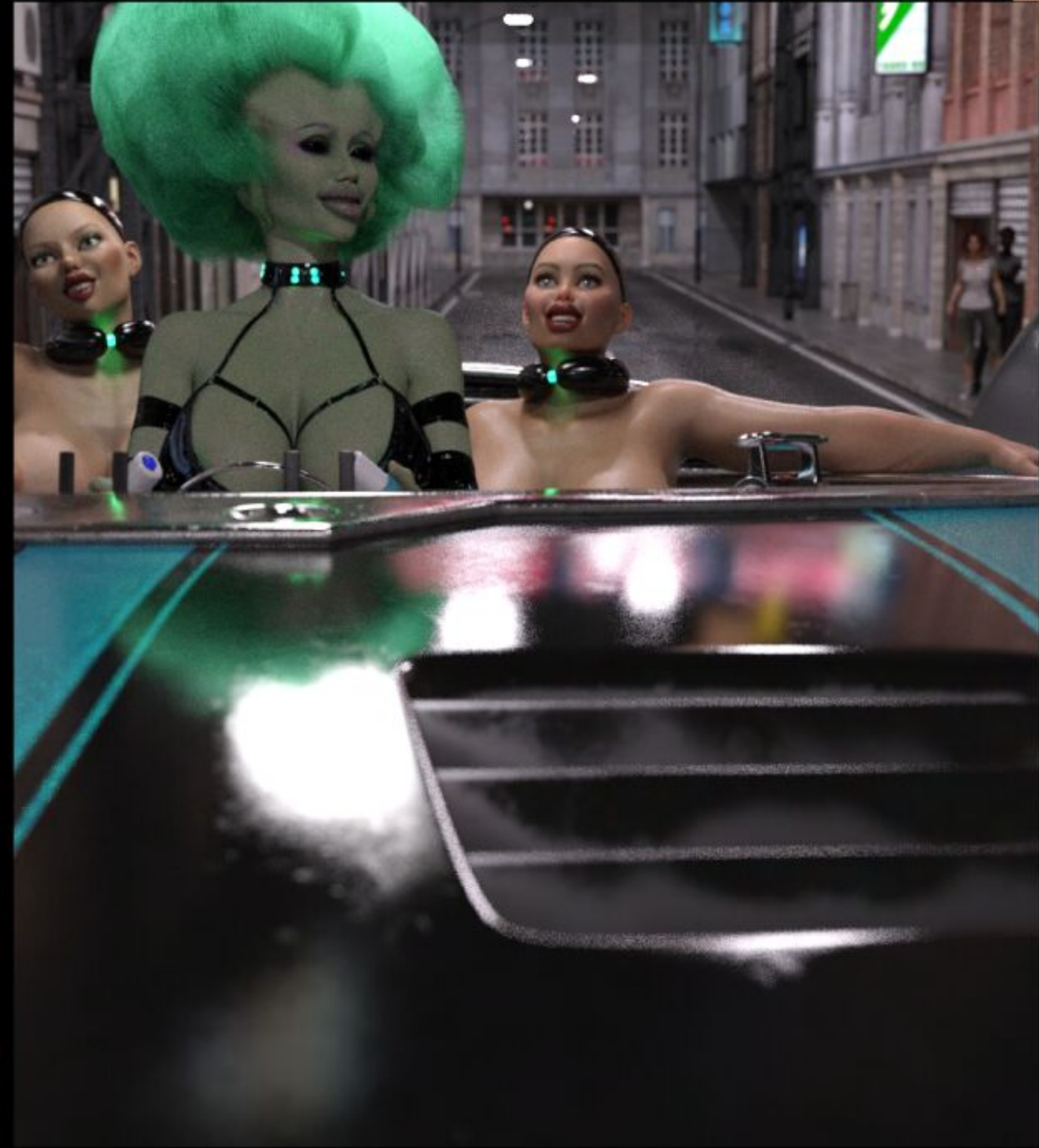


OOOH?

OOOOH!



Get in, loser! -- giggle --

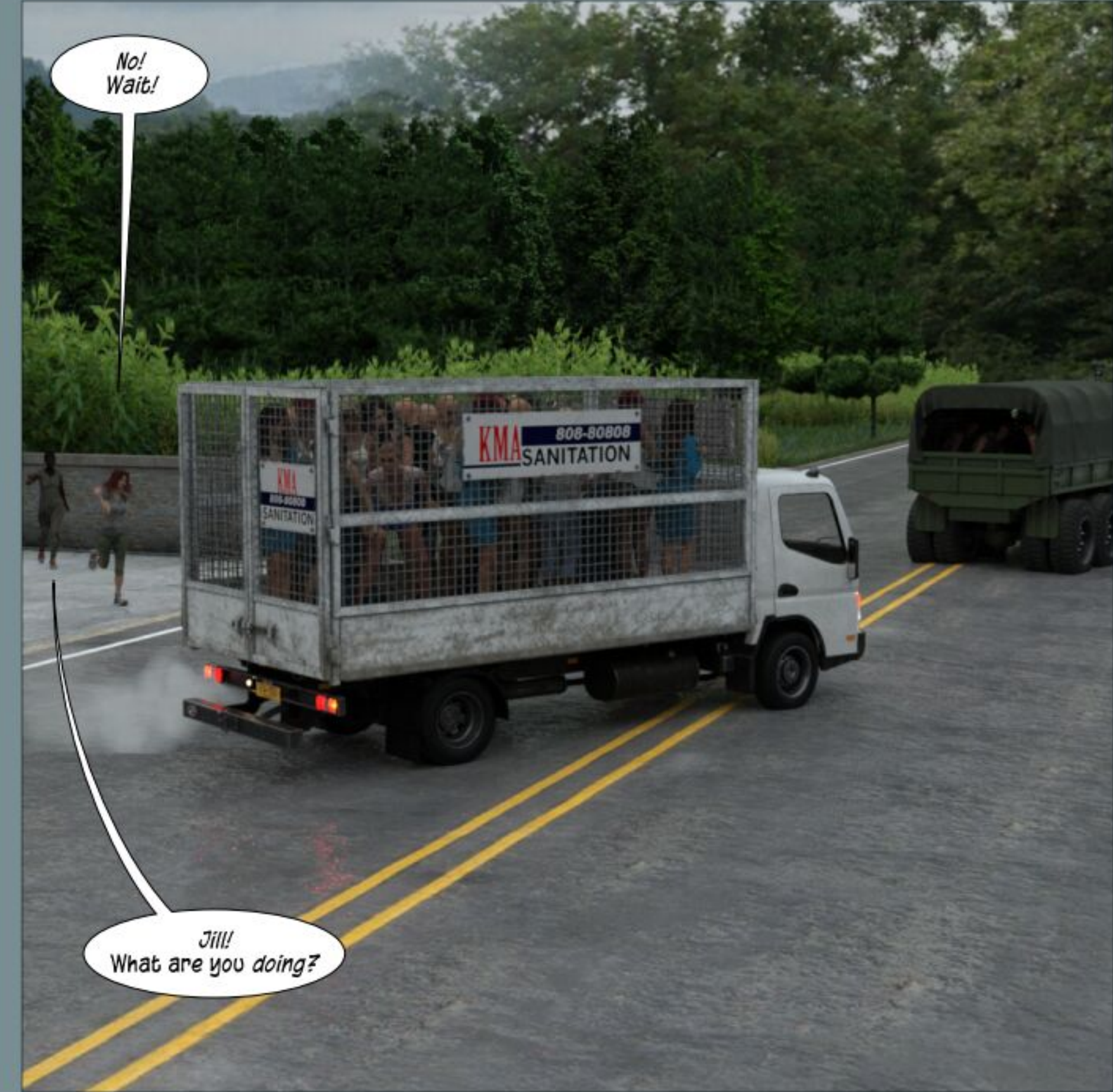
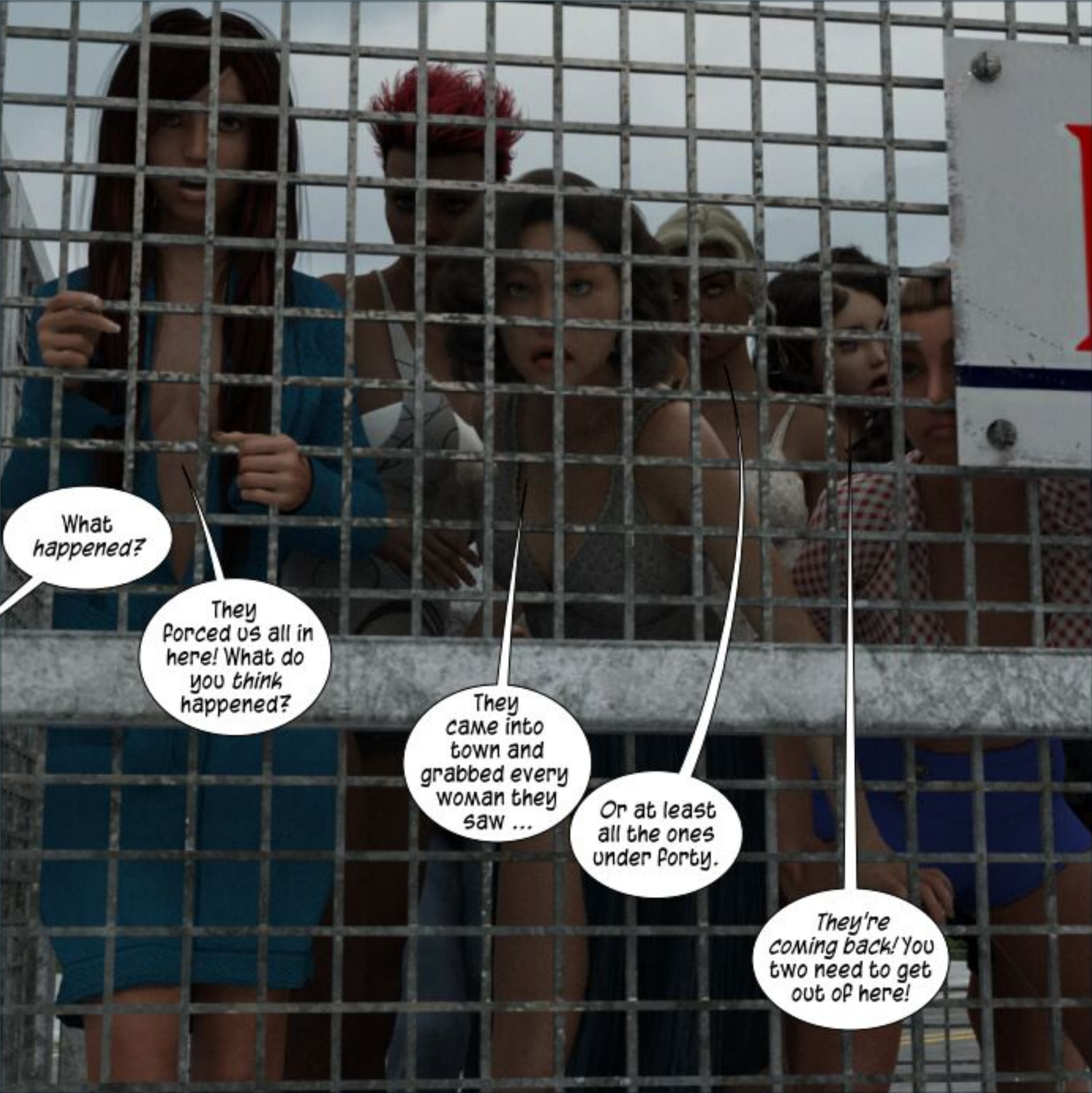
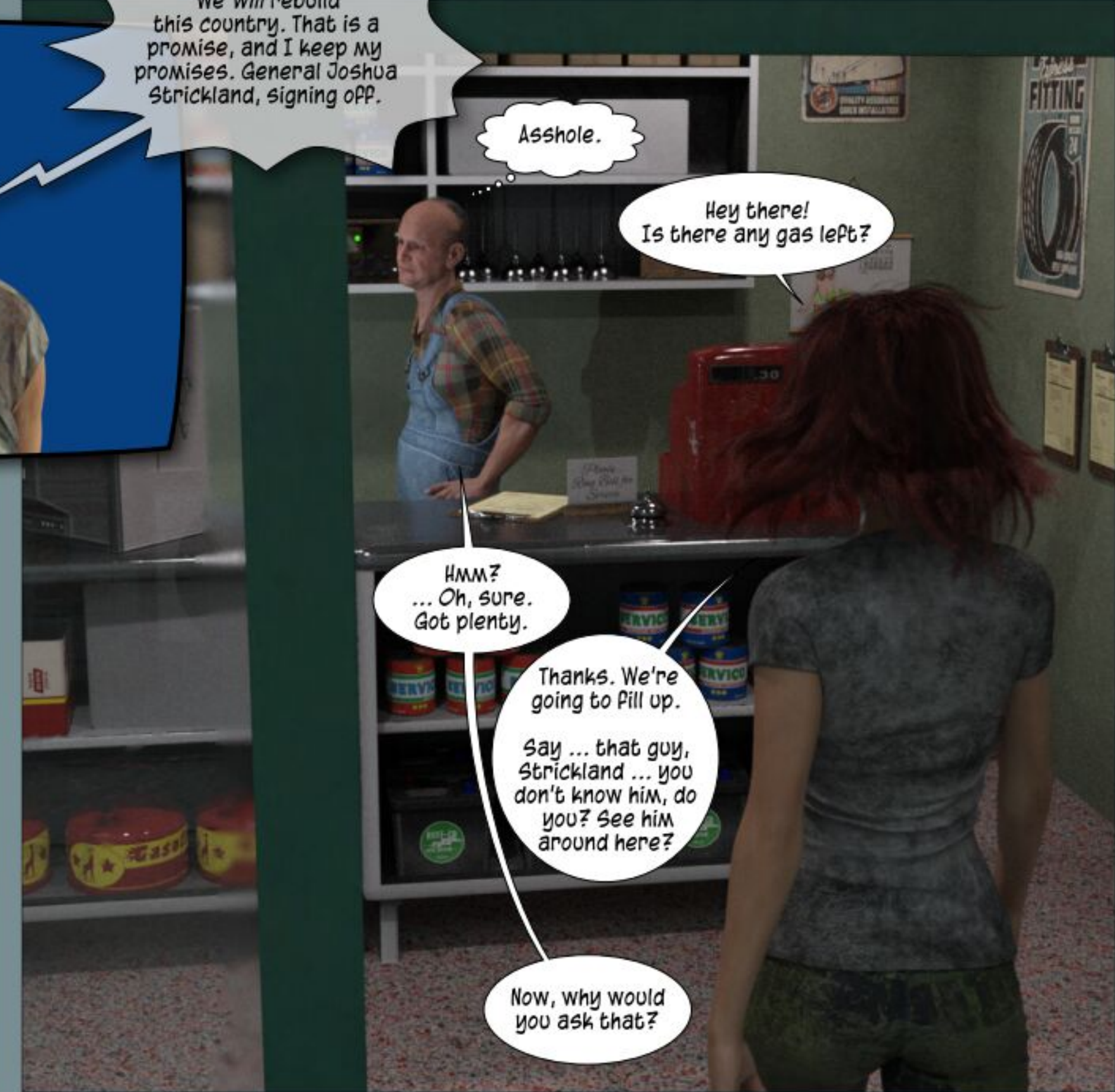
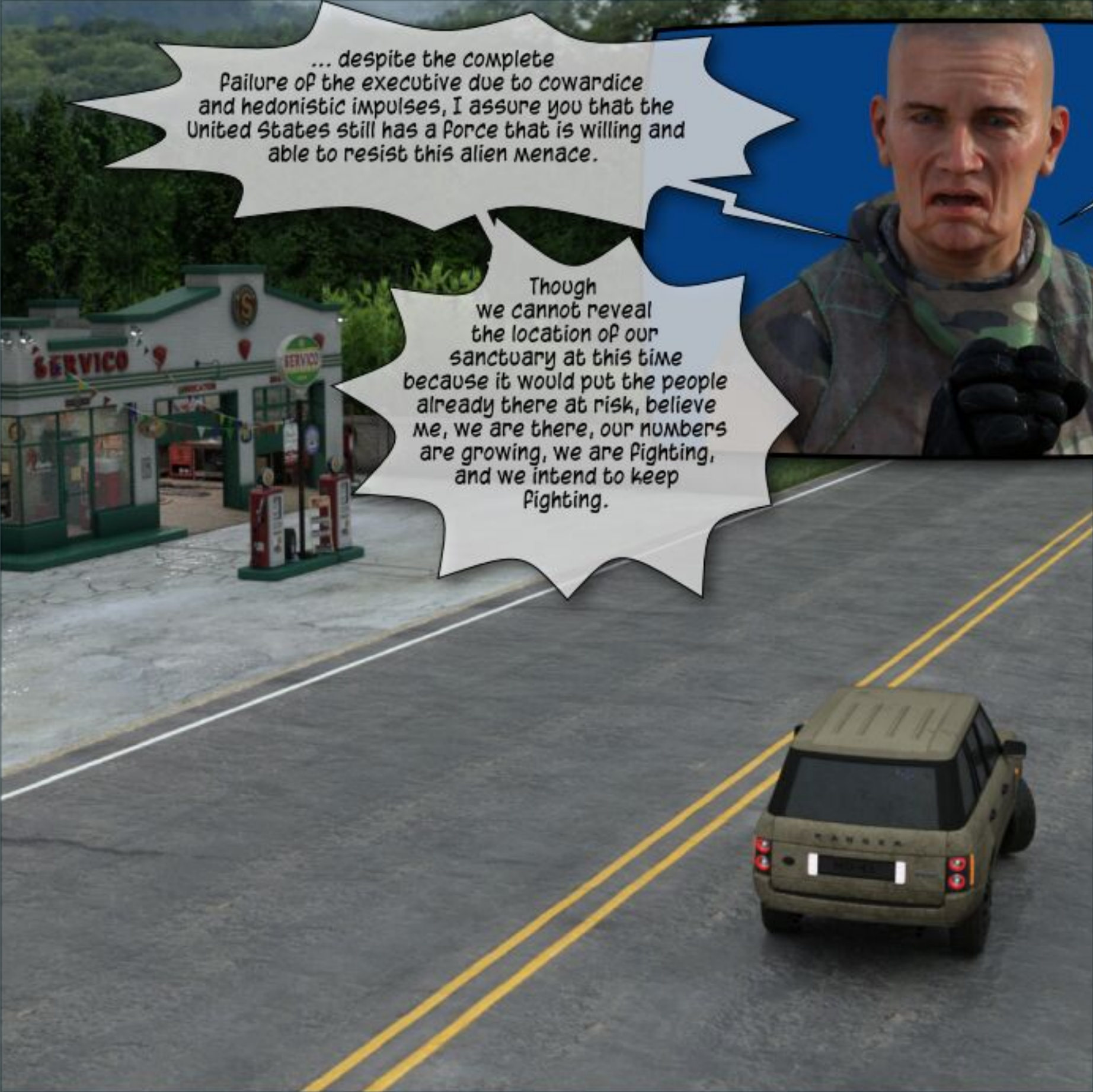


Maybe they're not satisfied with one each.

I need to leave the city. Completely.

... Can I get in on that?

SIX MONTHS LATER.





We're going after them.

Jill, they've got guns. I saw them. And there'll be a lot more of them at their base. If we find it.

I don't care.

You don't have to come if you don't want.



You know this is a really, really dumb idea, right?

Peek, we went weeks thinking this was the big deal. That it was the only hope we had left.

And now it turns out it's a bunch of racist crewcuts playing soldier who kidnap women for ... well, I'm not going to think about that.

I'm pissed off.

I'll take them out one by one for the next twenty years if I have to.



Ladies, I realize it wasn't the gentlest way of bringing you here, but you have to understand:

We are at war. We each have a mission. A vital role to play.

We cannot restore humanity without you. We need you.



Fuck you!

I've got a husband!

You need lovers, maybe you should try asking! Nicely!

You've got a hell of a nerve, Strickland, kidnapping us and then trying to tell us we're noble volunteers.

You want to make your pure little new world? Forcing people into it isn't a good way to start.

And no amount of patriot bullshit is going to cover what we all know is the real reason we're here. The thing you don't want to say aloud-- Go ahead, say it! Or do you want me to?



I think we need to silence that one until her attitude improves.

Yes, sir.



Mhs rrrp swb s! Mhmmmm!!



Now, if you'll follow the gentleman, he'll show you to your new quarters. It will be easier for you and everyone else if you are cooperative.

One by one.

I'll tear their dicks off one by one.

With my teeth.



I'd like to remind you: guns.

And that's a forty-foot drop down to there.

Yeah, with the barbed wire on the inside. They're keeping people in, not out.

But as we were climbing that tree, I saw a big drainpipe-looking thing sticking through the wall further down. Might be able to use that.

You're absolutely nuts, you know that? What are we going to do if we do get in? Two of us, unarmed, against who knows how many of them, plus--

I know, I know. Guns.

I don't know, Peek. Sneak around in the shadows and cut their throats. Something. Anything.

Let's at least climb back down the tree and take a look, OK? It can't hurt to take a look.



It was up here ...

I just heard someone moving.

I knew you'd come see what happened to the other one!

Two in one day! I'm going to be the--



BADABADABADABADA
EEEEEE!!



Don't try it!
Leave it alone. I'm already looking for a reason not to send you to join her--

Grel is not dead!

I must take her to help, quickly!

... I didn't know you could understand me.



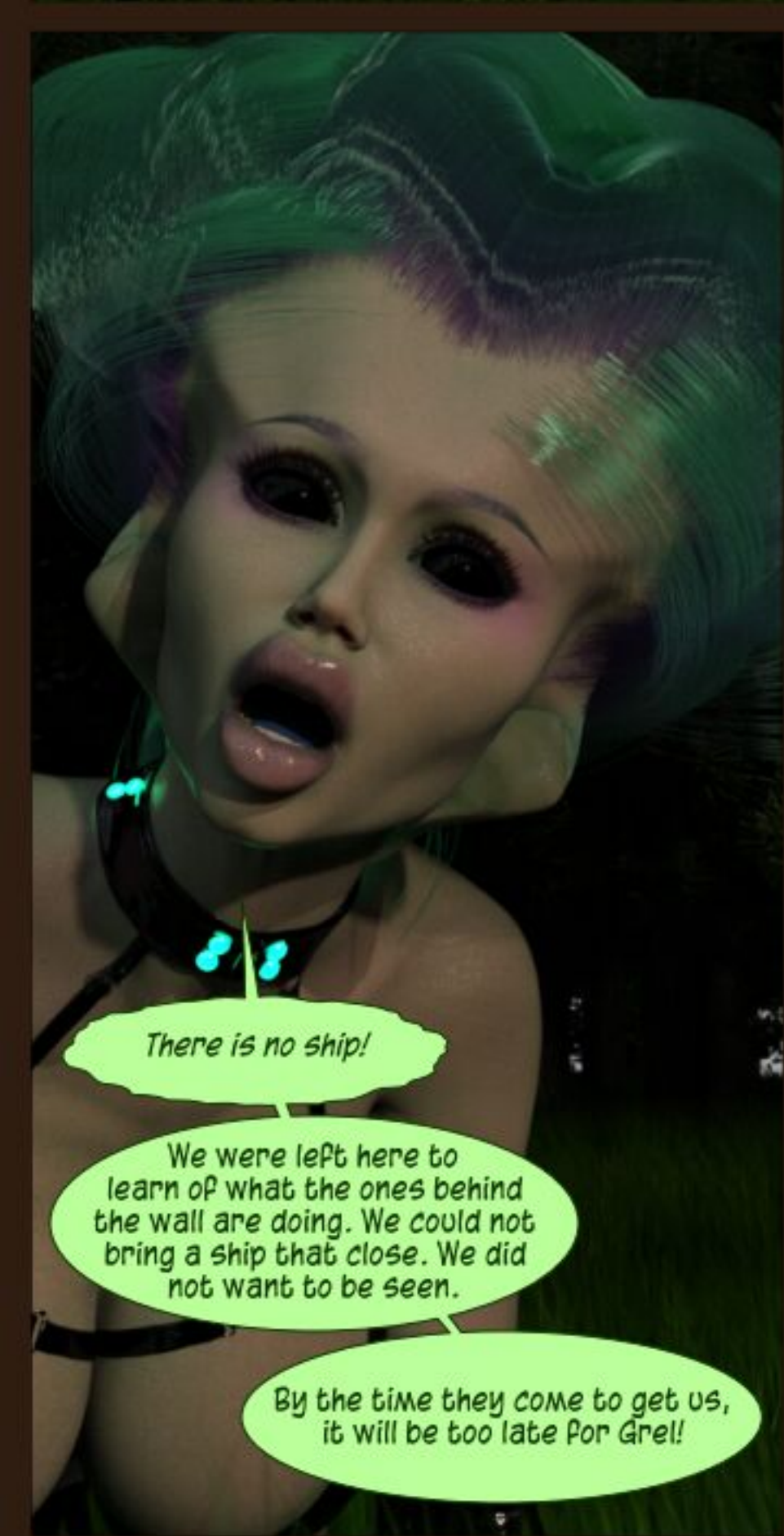
She's right, Jill. Not great, though. Lost a lot of blood. I can stabilize her if we get her to the car, I've got the kit, but she needs a hospital.

There isn't one anywhere around here, I don't think. Even if there were, I don't figure they'd treat her.

From the color, they wouldn't have her blood type anyway ...

Your medicine is not good. She must go to our *escla*. They can fix her easily.

Fine. We'll help you take her to your ship. You can fly off to your whatever. We won't stop you.



There is no ship!

We were left here to learn of what the ones behind the wall are doing. We could not bring a ship that close. We did not want to be seen.

By the time they come to get us, it will be too late for Grel!



You want us to take you to your whatsis?

After everything you've done? Why should we? I'm not even sure why I didn't kill you!

Peek? What do you think?



I'm a RN, Jill. I don't like letting anyone die if I can help it.

Even if they do horrible things.

We do not kill anyone!

No, you just turn us into your chewtoys.

OK, look: If we do this, I want your promise that neither you nor any of your people will try to capture us or use your guns on us. That's assuming your promise is worth anything.

We have honor! More than you.

I give you my word.

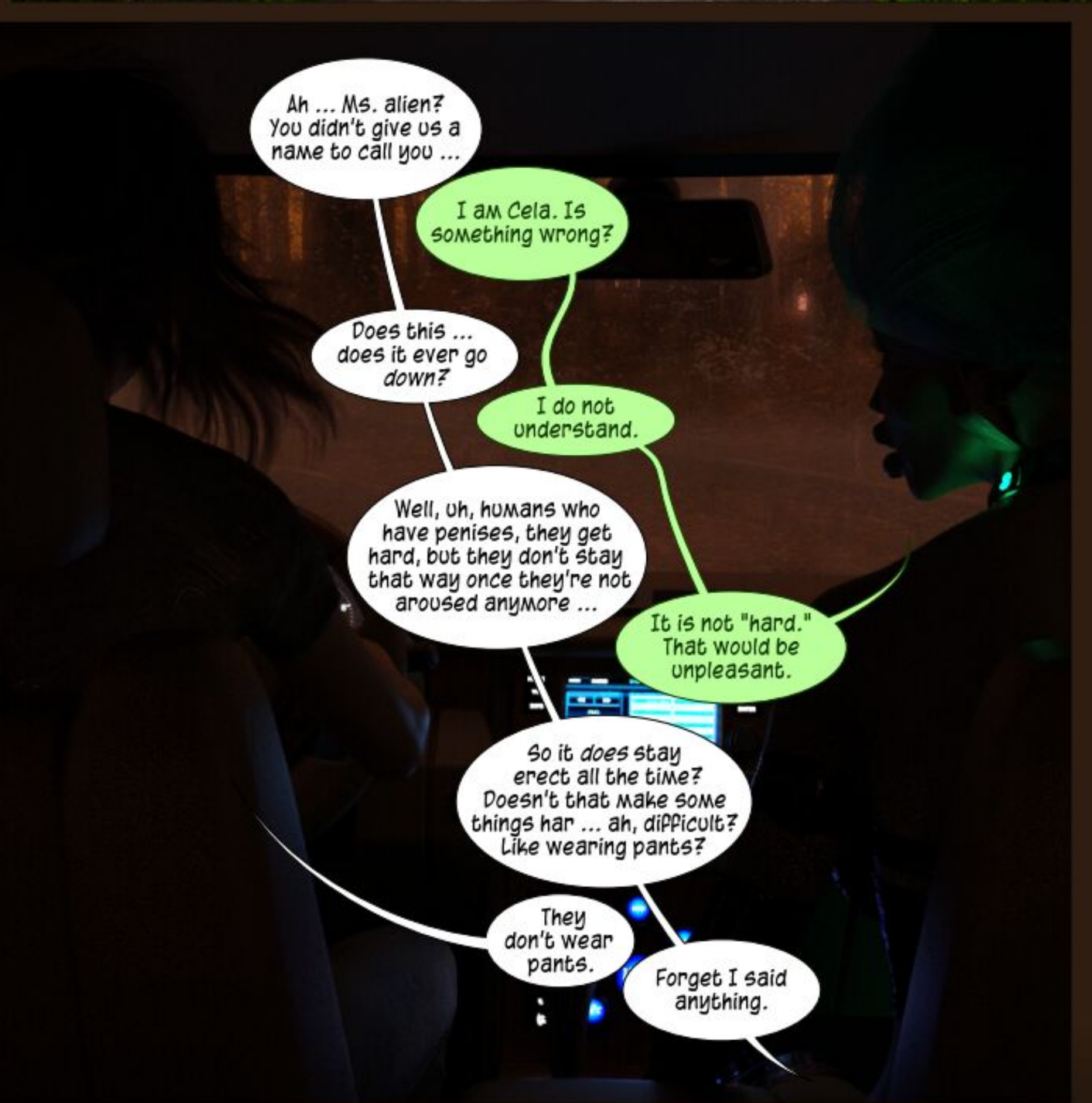


There. She's not losing any more blood, so she should be good for quite a while. I hope so, because that used up most of my heavy packs.

I'd better sit back here with her. I'll put her head on my lap. You may have to bend her knees so she'll fit.

Just take off her shoes and squish her hair. That'll lose at least a foot.

That is not helpful.



Ah ... Ms. alien? You didn't give us a name to call you ...

I am Cela. Is something wrong?

Does this ... does it ever go down?

I do not understand.

Well, uh, humans who have penises, they get hard, but they don't stay that way once they're not aroused anymore ...

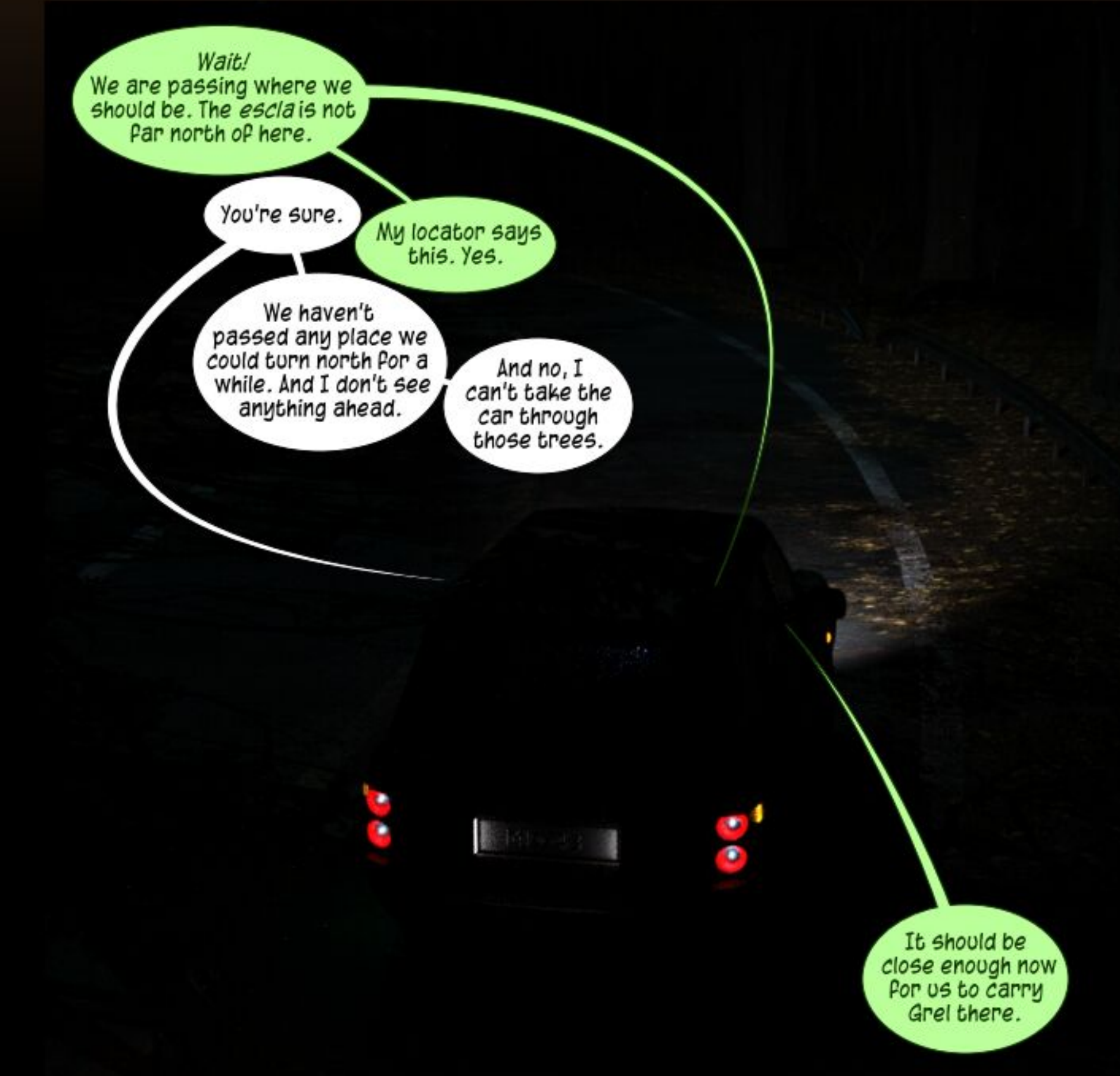
It is not "hard." That would be unpleasant.

So it does stay erect all the time? Doesn't that make some things hard ... ah, difficult? Like wearing pants?

They don't wear pants.

Forget I said anything.

A FEW HOURS OF BACK ROADS LATER.



Wait! We are passing where we should be. The *escla* is not far north of here.

You're sure.

My locator says this. Yes.

We haven't passed any place we could turn north for a while. And I don't see anything ahead.

And no, I can't take the car through those trees.

It should be close enough now for us to carry Grel there.



I'm not carrying someone through a forest in the dark. That's a good way for none of us to make it there.

Can you see in the dark? We can't.

No.

Peek, how's she holding up?

She can go the right, if someone stays awake to watch her ...

I'm pulling off. I'll set up the bedrolls. We'll sleep in shifts.



So, how many of you can understand English?

Most of us, by now, I think. It is not a difficult language.

All the better to take advantage, huh? Any little secret helps.

... You do not like us.

The aliens who mind-control us so they can turn us into their sexboys? What's not to like?



Anyway, why do you care? Doesn't seem like you Polks give a damn what we think of you.

But that is not true. It is important.



Well, then, you've definitely made a bad start.

The thing that gets me is, you didn't need to mess with our heads. Humans will Pock anything. You'd have gotten plenty of takers.

Not to mention that you're weirdly attractive ... I mean, hell, you're not even my type and I think you're hot, but I don't know why ...



Don't you ever take any of that off?

You are wearing clothing ...

I'm wearing underwear. I don't wear clothes in bed. Not even when sleeping rough. I sure don't wear shoes in bed.

I would have to know you far better for you to see me without shoes.

Oh? And how would I get to know you better?



... Whazzh? W'time ist?

About two. Did you doze off?

L'i, maybe ... S'ok, she's fine ...

Go on. Try to get some real sleep.



Oop. I was trying to get in without waking you up ..

You did not wake me up. We sleep much less than you do.



Well, in that case ...

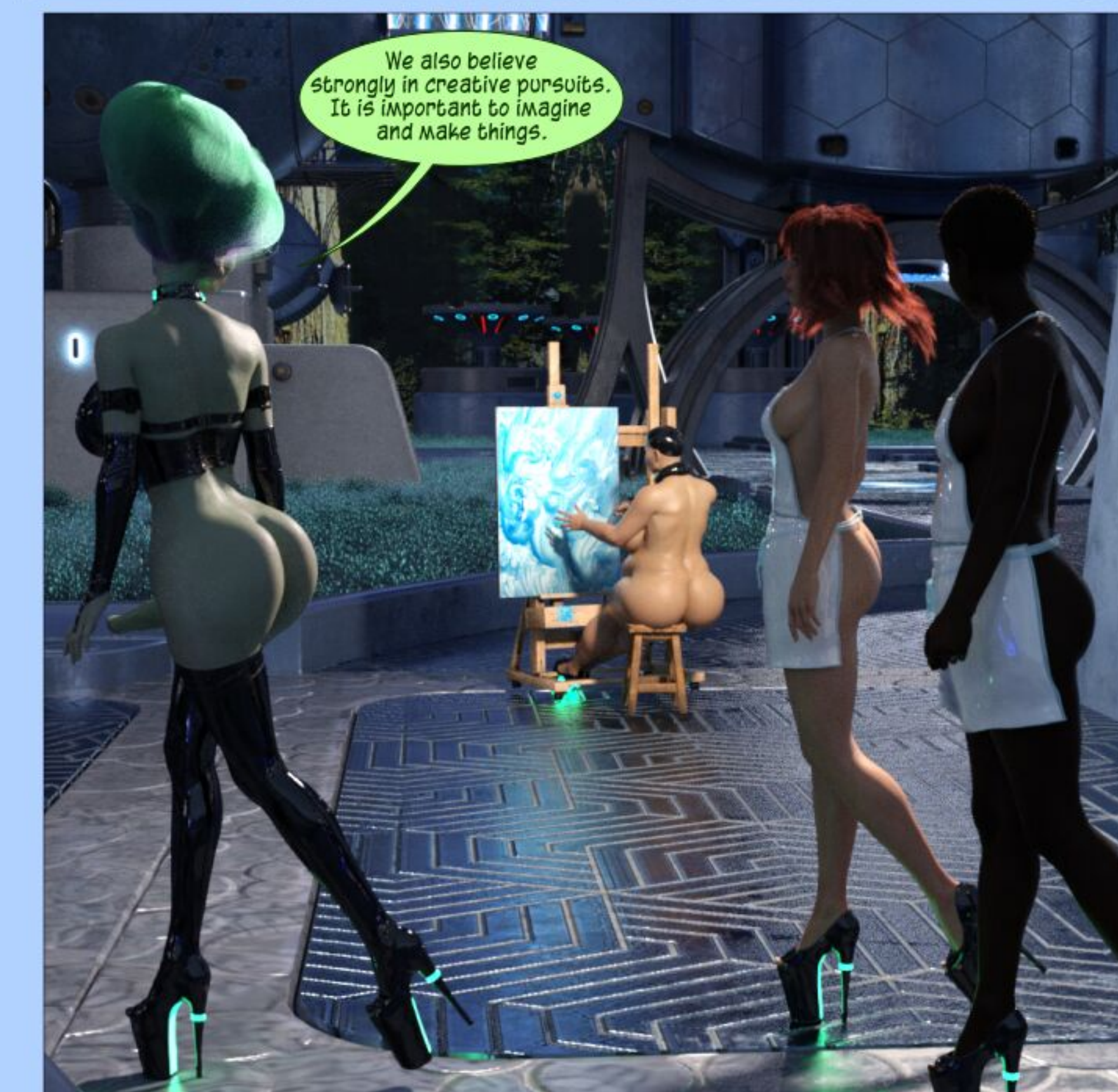
You are more direct than your friend.

Which is hilarious, because she's the headstrong one.

You're right, though ... It's not hard. But it sure isn't soft.



-- ohhhhhhh!--



MEANWHILE ...





And you know what will happen when we do.
'Bye!



Aagh!

... Oh.
Lieutenant.
How much of that did you hear?

Uh ... not much, sir.

They must never find us.

No, sir.



Sir, the women are becoming a real issue.

I know you hoped they would, ah, come around, but they're not. They won't even talk to us.

And some of the men are getting a little ... impatient.

All right.

Lt. Fisher's ordained. Starting tomorrow we'll begin evaluating matches, and we'll have him marry them all off.

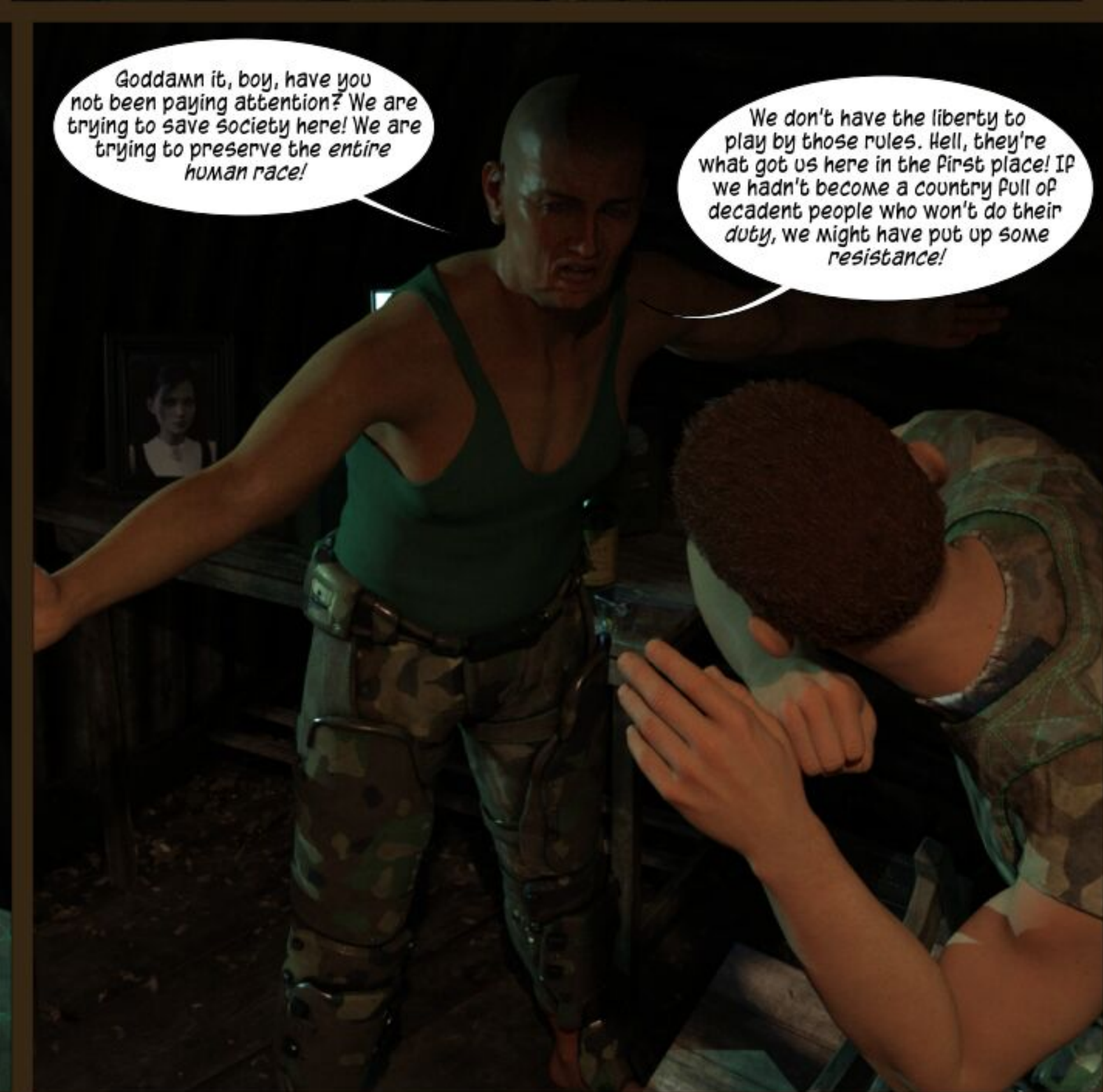


Uh, sir ...

You have a problem with that, Lieutenant?

Well, it's ... ah ... it's still rape.

And you think I don't know that?



Goddamn it, boy, have you not been paying attention? We are trying to save society here! We are trying to preserve the entire human race!

We don't have the liberty to play by those rules. Hell, they're what got us here in the first place! If we hadn't become a country full of decadent people who won't do their duty, we might have put up some resistance!



We've got to purge it all, Lieutenant! Every bit of it! The homosexuals and the deviants and the Preaks and the heretics--they're what's destroying us!

We've got to get rid of all the undesirables! We are past the point where we can indulge that kind of weakness! We're at war!

There's a lot coming, Lieutenant, and it's not going to be neat and it's not going to be pleasant, and you're worried about a few women?

Think about that. Think about your priorities. Think about what you value.
Now get out of my sight.



Marion ...
oh, Marion ...
none of this ... it would all be all right if you were here ...
everything would be all right ...



I thought we weren't meeting until after lights-out ...

This is dangerous.

More than you think.

We've got to get out of here.



I'm almost getting the hang of walking in these ...

Don't bother. Our clothes are here. Get changed, then we're heading out.

Wait, you want to leave? But Cela said the spreth wanted to talk to us ...

Who cares?

... OK, what's the problem now?



You're the nurse and you didn't notice? Were you too busy trying to decide whether you wanted to stay here?

I noticed a couple of them were pregnant ...

This isn't a settlement. It's a baby farm. They don't want sextoys, they want breeders. To have little aliens for them.

Jill, c'mon ...

Give me another theory that works. You like this place, but you still want to stay if it means being an alien baby momma?

They were all pregnant, Peek. Every human here is pregnant.

... I'll get changed.



This is the direction we came in, so it shouldn't be hard to get back to the car ... if it's still there--

There you are! The spreth is ready to talk to you. I will take you to her.

Forget it. We don't want to hear anything she has to say. We're leaving.

Leaving? You ... you do not want to stay here? I thought ...

Leaving. And you're going to keep your promise and let us go. Or was that another lie?

Another lie? I do not understand.



You people control humans so you can get them pregnant. You didn't mention that little detail. I guess it wasn't technically a lie.

Do you have any idea how it feels? We hunt for Strickland's place for weeks and then find out he only wants to use us to have babies, and then you come along and we find out you want the exact same thing. You can all go to hell. You're just as bad as he is.

We do not have any choice! That is how we reproduce. It is the only way we can reproduce! If we do not use other species to bear our offspring, we will cease to exist!

... OK, uh ... but even so ...

It's just really bad, all right?

And, again: if you didn't use the damned mind control, you probably wouldn't have a problem! You'd get volunteers!



I agree with you.

You do?

I have had similar doubts myself at times.

I presented your thoughts to the spreth. That is why she wants to speak with you.

Will you at least hear what she has to say? ... Before you leave?



... I mean, I knew it was a problem, I've been his adjutant for four years ... but I didn't realize he'd gotten that bad ... he's lost his damned mind, talking about purges ...

Ssh! We're not far enough away yet. Someone might hear.

Yiii!

Careful!



I've never gotten a close look at one before ... I didn't realize they were so ... uh ...

I don't think you'd like having this used on you. Anyway you want that to mean.

I guess we take it with us. Not sure I could even figure out how to fire it, though.

Tripped over something ... What the hell?



Think we're far enough away now to make camp?

S'pose so. We probably both could use some sleep.

I thought the idea was to sleep.

I think I may need some help getting there.



I really do think you must be the horniest man I've ever known.

Probably.



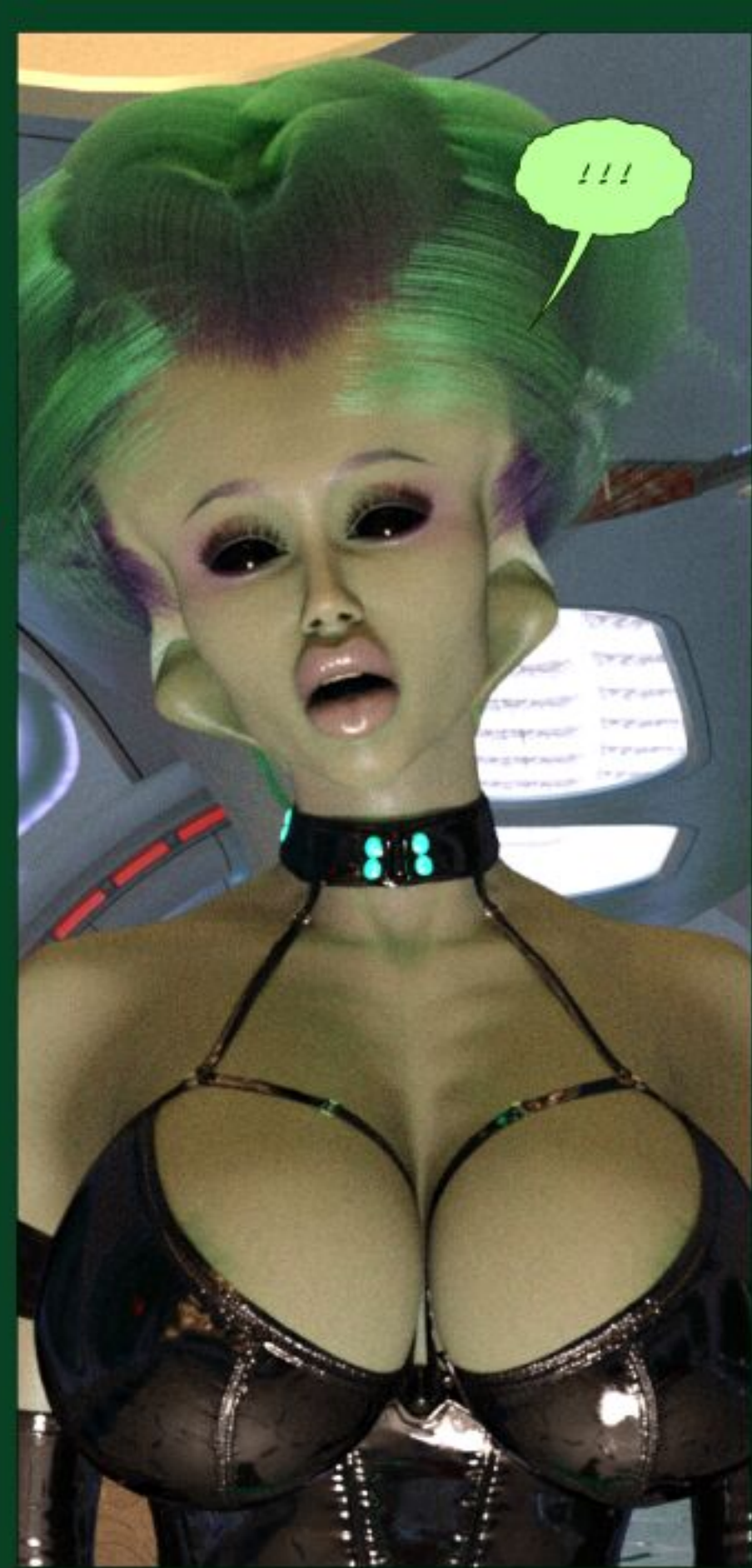
So the sprath is the leader of the esclá?

Yes, but not exactly.

That is why I do not have a word in your language.

'Administrator,' perhaps?

It means the esclá is her responsibility. It is considered a duty more than a privilege--



!!!



The one standing is the varjo. She is to the sprath as the sprath is to us.

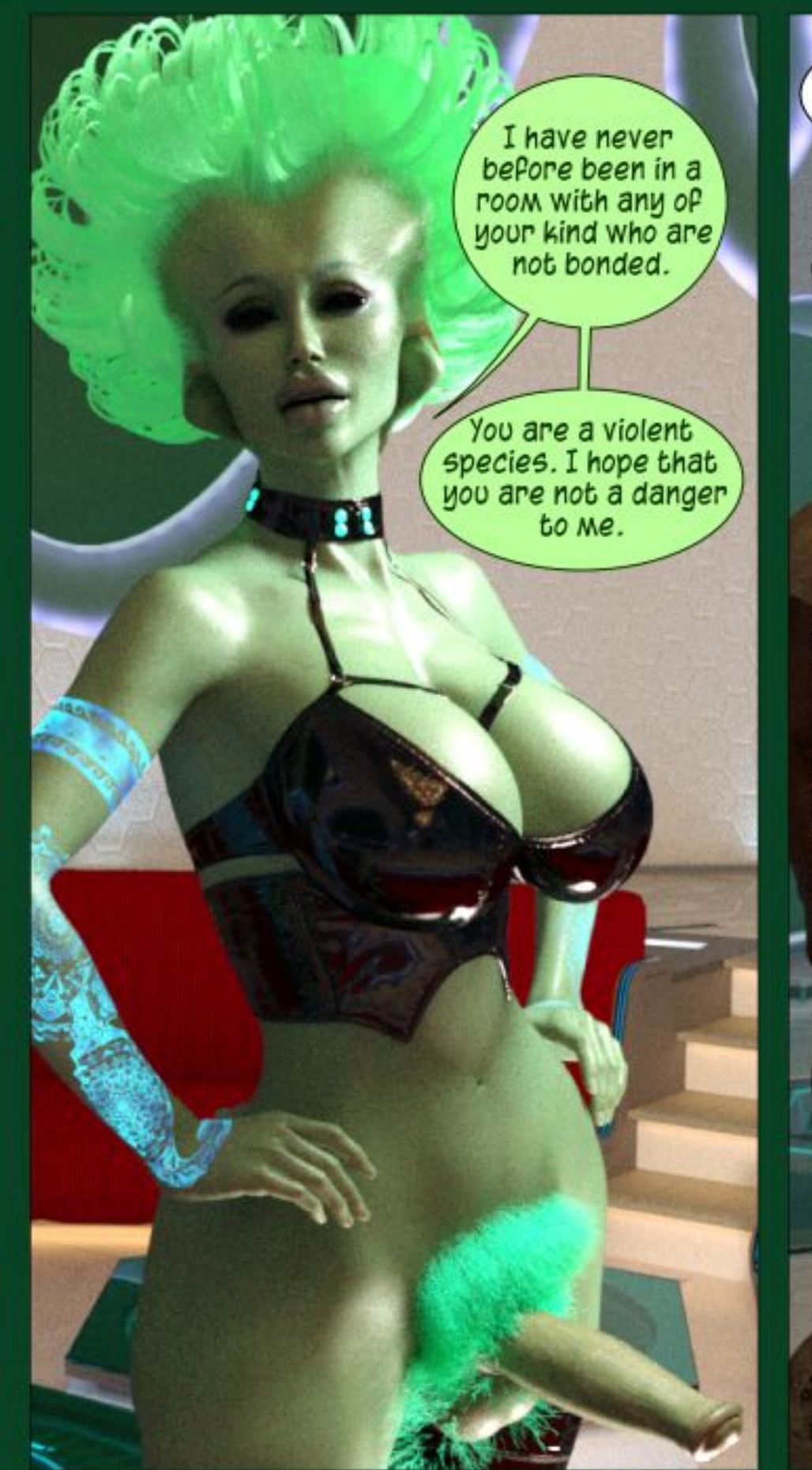
Эдвд7м7 YK7D: 1 717 7D7 V7D7777 7D77 077777777777

↓EM 717D77777777 77777777 7D 77777777 77777777

Grandboss. Got it.

I did not expect her to be here. She is very important--

That means be good, Jill.



I have never before been in a room with any of your kind who are not bonded.

You are a violent species. I hope that you are not a danger to me.



I'm very tempted to be.

Jill ...

If I came over there and strangled you, you'd deserve it.

But I'm not going to, out of respect for Cela.

You know, you just said you've never been in a room with a human you people haven't controlled. How the hell would you know if we're violent? And anyway, if we are, it's probably because we're reacting to the things you're doing.

You can't do horrible things to us against our will and then claim we're violent because we try to fight back!



Some things in what you have said are wrong.

You were violent before we ever came. We examined your history. You are a cruel and selfish people who hoard or misuse your abundant resources.

We do not do horrible things to you. We offer you a world of joy, where there is no hunger, no war, no hatred. A world you seem unable to make for yourselves.

And all you ask in return is we become your baby machines.

You do not consider that an acceptable exchange. I understand. Though others of your species might disagree with you.

Not that you'd know, because you didn't ask!

-- sigh -- Yes. I have taken your point already.

There is also another factor.



As you have already concluded, when we adapt one of your species to our needs, they no longer have offspring of your species, but of ours.

You have a large population, and our gestation period is quite long by your standards ... but eventually, your species will cease to exist. Only our species will remain on this planet.

Oh, shit!

They can't have babies without hosts. No more human hosts left, no more alien babies.

Peek?

Exactly. And then we must search for a suitable new species ... we have been aware for a very long time that this is a problem.

Before you shout again, rash one: I am fully aware this is an even more unsatisfactory outcome for your species than it is for ours.



Why convert the entire population, then? Why not leave a reserve? That must have occurred to you by now.

Of course. But our fear is that the unconverted population will ... cause difficulties for us.

Yeah, I'd call that a legit fear.

We are not a belligerent people. We do not like to fight. This is part of the reason we bond you--so we will not have to fight.

But your point, as I have said, is taken. And others--among our own--have been saying similar things.

I believe that we should try to do without the bonding. Or, at least, have it be a voluntary decision.

But if we do this, we know we will sometimes have to protect ourselves. You would fight those who would destroy you, yes?

Which brings me to this: If I am to proceed, first I demand a service from you.



Loyalty test, huh?

If you like. But it is a requirement, no matter what purpose you attribute to it.

I cannot begin this change of policy while there is a force that wishes to destroy us all, nearly on the threshold of this very esclá.

My renjo has left her task incomplete. I ask that you help her return to it, and render Joshua Strickland no longer a danger to us.



You're the renjo, aren't you? I have questions.

Ah, Ms. varjo ... I don't know how to address you ...

... in the interest of honesty, I should tell you that as soon as we left we were going to go after Strickland's ass again anyway.

So it's not going to be much of a test.



Excellent! That means you will bring zeal and energy to the task.

I look forward to the results of your efforts.



The question is where we're going to go. I mean, sure, Strickland was batshit, but it was safe ...

There's got to be someplace.

I'd Peel a lot better about this if we had some weapons.

Wasn't possible. No way we could have gotten them out of the armory.



With a little more warning, I'd have been able to hide a couple and claim they'd gotten--

BADABADABADABADA

Down!!



Traitors!

The general's going to love it when I bring you two in.

Though, you know, it'd be a lot easier just to say you tried to run ...



Jesus!

Well, what did you want me to do? He was about to kill you.

ooooouuhhhh ...



please ... uuuh ... help

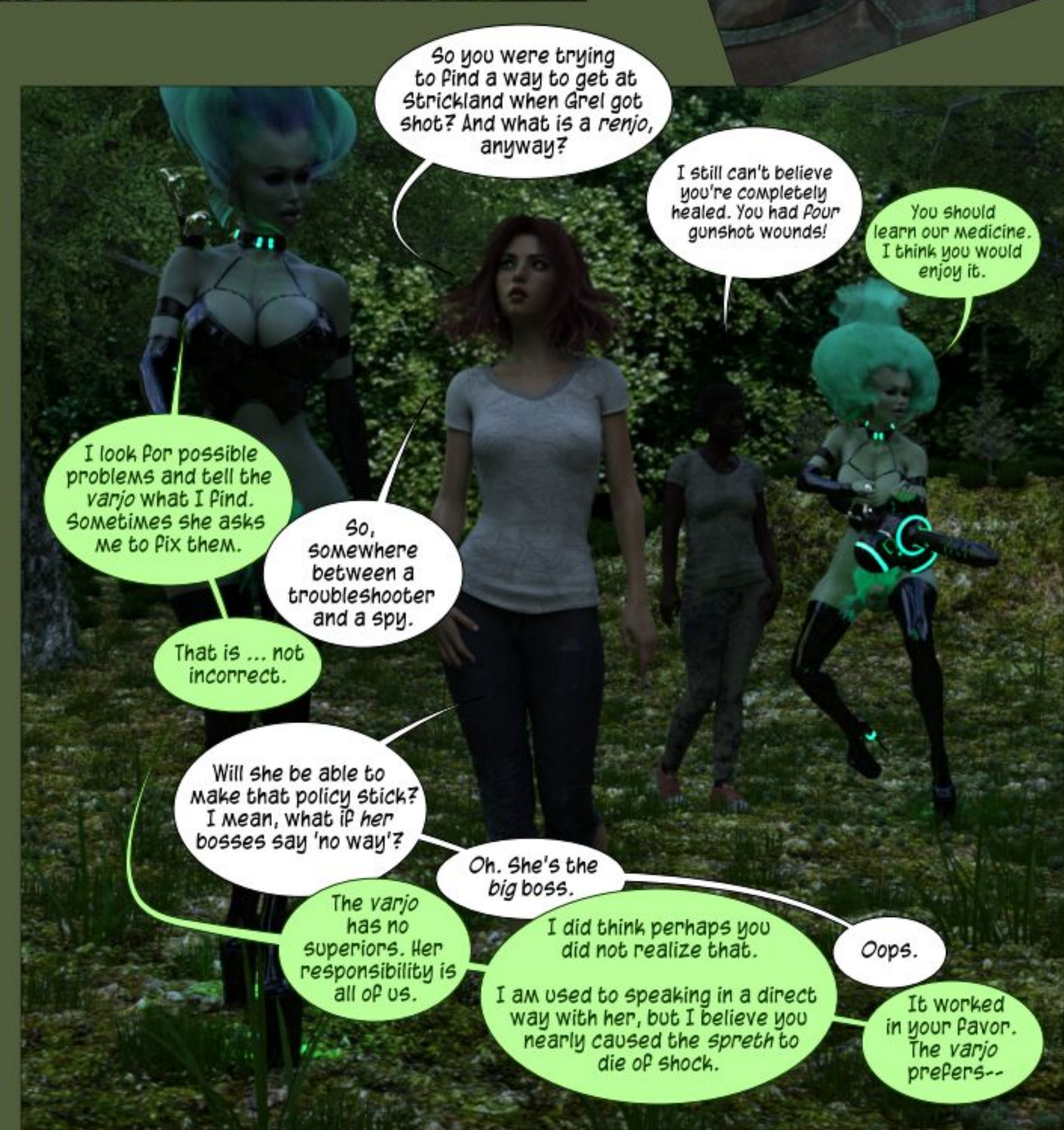
Fuck me!!
I need it! You have to Fuck me! Please!!

Fuck! help!

Oh, god!



please ...



So you were trying to find a way to get at Strickland when Grel got shot? And what is a renjo, anyway?

I still can't believe you're completely healed. You had four gunshot wounds!

You should learn our medicine. I think you would enjoy it.

I look for possible problems and tell the varjo what I find. Sometimes she asks me to fix them.

So, somewhere between a troubleshooter and a spy.

That is ... not incorrect.

Will she be able to make that policy stick? I mean, what if her bosses say 'no way'?

Oh, she's the big boss.

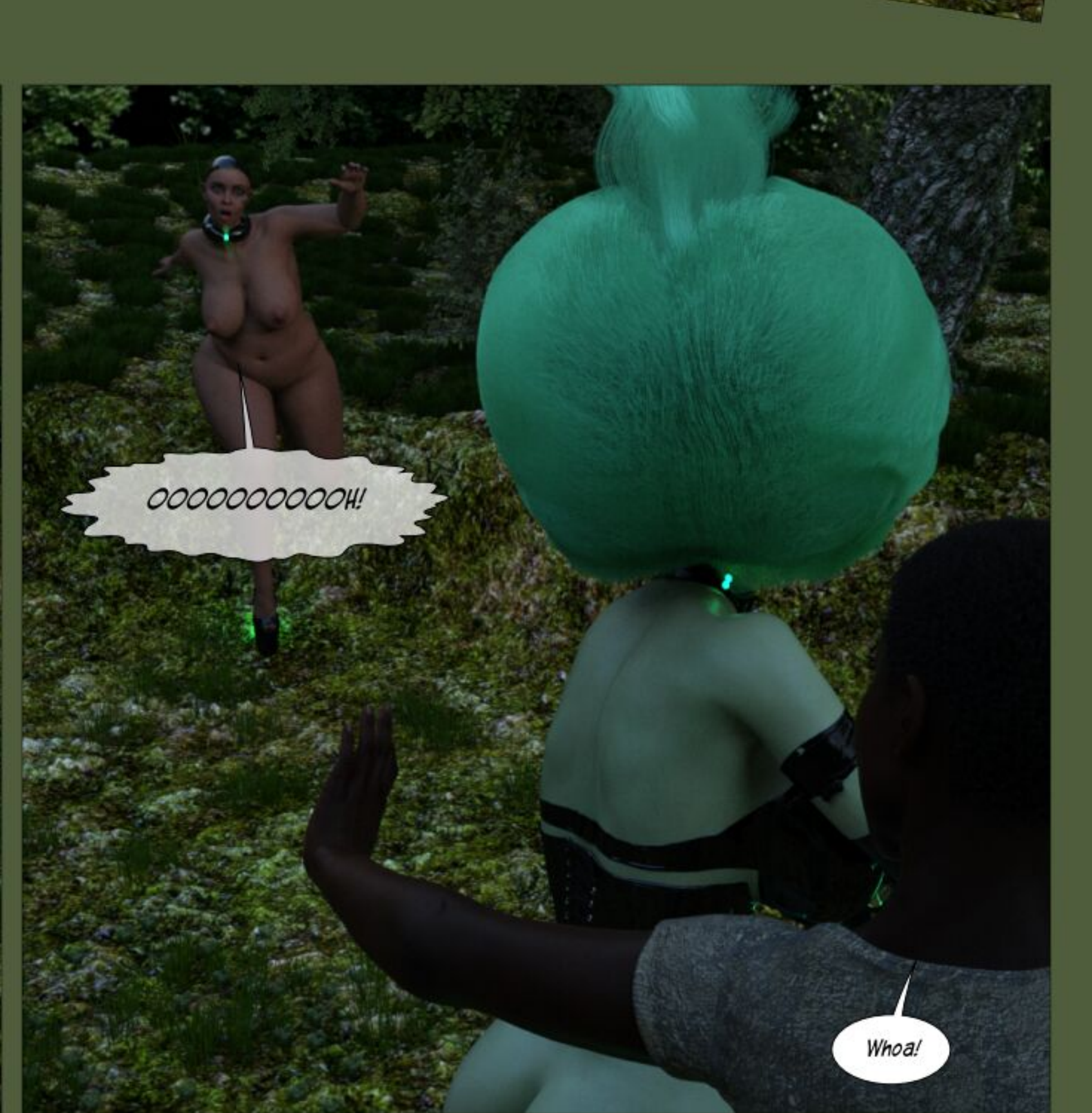
The varjo has no superiors. Her responsibility is all of us.

I did think perhaps you did not realize that.

Oops.

It worked in your favor. The varjo prefers--

I am used to speaking in a direct way with her, but I believe you nearly caused the spreth to die of shock.



ooooooooooooo!!

Whoa!



ooooooooahaha!!

07VJ: 0EM7M
717 KA
0A8DA7V17
402V 27021

NEV
JVTKDVI7
K 2 7M:



We might as well try to strategize a little. It will take a while for Grel to calm the poor thing down enough to travel.

Cela, I Peel like I'm missing something.

oooo
ooo
aaaaah

She was unbonded. Our weapons are designed to create a bond between the target and the shooter. When the target is bonded, they become the responsibility of the shooter.

She should not have been unbonded. It is not supposed to happen. It leaves the target in a mental state they should not be in. Until they find one of our species. They will bind to the first one they encounter.

Poor Grel. Now was not a good time for that.

So what could have caused it?

A human has been using one of our weapons. That is the only plausible way. But where and how--



“We're not hostile! We might even be able to help you!”

“Don't shoot!”

“Please, please don't shoot.”

“We're not hostile! We might even be able to help you!”



“They are Prom Strickland.”

“We're not! I mean, we were, but we left! Strickland's crazy!”

“Jill? What do you think?”

“Ah ... What did you mean, you might be able to help us?”

“You're trying to get at Strickland, right? There's no other reason you'd be prowling around here. We might be able to give you useful information ...”

“You have one of our weapons. Did you cause that difficulty you see over there?”

“He was trying to kill us! I had no other weapons. I found this as we were leaving the compound.”

“I will want it returned. I suspect it belongs to me.”



“We do not want to hurt anyone. Not unless it is absolutely necessary. Not even Strickland. But we do need to prevent him from continuing this.”

“We believe that without Strickland leading it, his movement will collapse. Do you think that is correct?”

“Uh ... there are a lot of guys in there who really believe in him. They don't just want a haven, they think they're all going to be kings and down in pussy. They won't go easy.”

“HM. There may be no point in thinking about it yet. We do not have a way to get to him. We can get in, easily, but we would never make it to Strickland ... unless we sent in an army, which would result in unnecessary harm.”

“I think you have a way to get to him, no fighting.”

“If she's willing to try it.”

“Me?”



“The general's wife, Marion, died years ago, but he's never gotten over her. He keeps a photo of her in his quarters. He talks to it. All the time.”

“You look almost like that photo. You'd need to change your hair, and cover up the freckles, and that's about it. The general's not just half-crazed, he's been drinking a lot. If Marion's ghost showed up, he'd buy it. I'd bet on it.”

“I know a way in that can get you to his quarters without the night sentries seeing, if we time it right.”

“... OK ... but what would I do if I got in?”

“We already said we don't want to kill him, and anyway if I shot him I probably wouldn't get out alive ...”

“I know exactly what you will do. Leave that to me.”

“We will need retrieval now. We must return to the escla to make the necessary arrangements.”



“This is so weird! I don't feel like I'm me.”

“You can change it back, right?”

“Oh, yes, easily. Your species' hair is not complicated.”

“I know some people who'd disagree with that.”



“Does this look the way you think it should?”

“Perfect. It's exactly like the photo.”

“You must have looked at this photo a lot.”

“I pretty much had to wait on the general hand and foot for years. I could hardly avoid it.”

“I will send in the next technician.”



“Hi there! They tell me I'm here to do your makeup.”

“This will be fun! I don't get many opportunities.”

“I ... didn't expect they'd send a human for this. Uh, not that it's a problem.”



“Oh, they don't understand makeup. They don't wear it themselves and they sure don't know how to put it on anybody else.”

“Wish I could get more of our Polks to wear it. I think we should start doing bodypaint. We walk around naked anyway, why not take advantage?”

“I'm Keira, by the way. Now, they said we need to cover up the freckles?”

“And a little paler. Also, a little dark under the eyes. Though I guess that could have been eyeliner.”

“OK! Now, let's see ...”



“There we go! Now, I need you to open up your robe a bit.”

“... Why?”

“Gonna blend the color a long way down. Past the neck. Just in case ...”

“If you're uncomfortable, we can get Mr. Camo to leave the room ...”

“No, it's not that--”

“He will need to leave anyway. As will you, Keira, as soon as you finish.”

“The final part of her preparation is ... personal.”

I really don't feel good about this.

You don't have time to feel bad about it.
Come help me with this grate. The sentry will pass soon, and when he does, you'll only have maybe five minutes to get inside the general's hut.

It will be fine. This is the correct solution.

We will wait for the disruption. Then we will come in.

uuumh ... perdition ... fine ... no ...

uh?

... Marion?

Hello, Joshua.
Did you miss me?

So much ... I've missed you so much ... everything is wrong without you ... the world's crazy ... I ...

Sssh.
It's all right.
I'm here.

Do you want me, Joshua?
Do you need me?

Yes! So much ... But ...

Marion ... you can't be here ... you're dead ...

I know.

I'll only be here a short time.

I've been sent to you, Joshua.
To bring you what you deserve. What you've needed for so long.

Yes ... That would be ... uh ...

Just let me take this opp. I've got something for you under it!

Always knew ... knew one day the Lord would reward me ...

I didn't say it was a reward, Joshua.

AAAAAAAAAAAA!!



End times!
End times are upon us!

Judgement!
Fire! Blood!

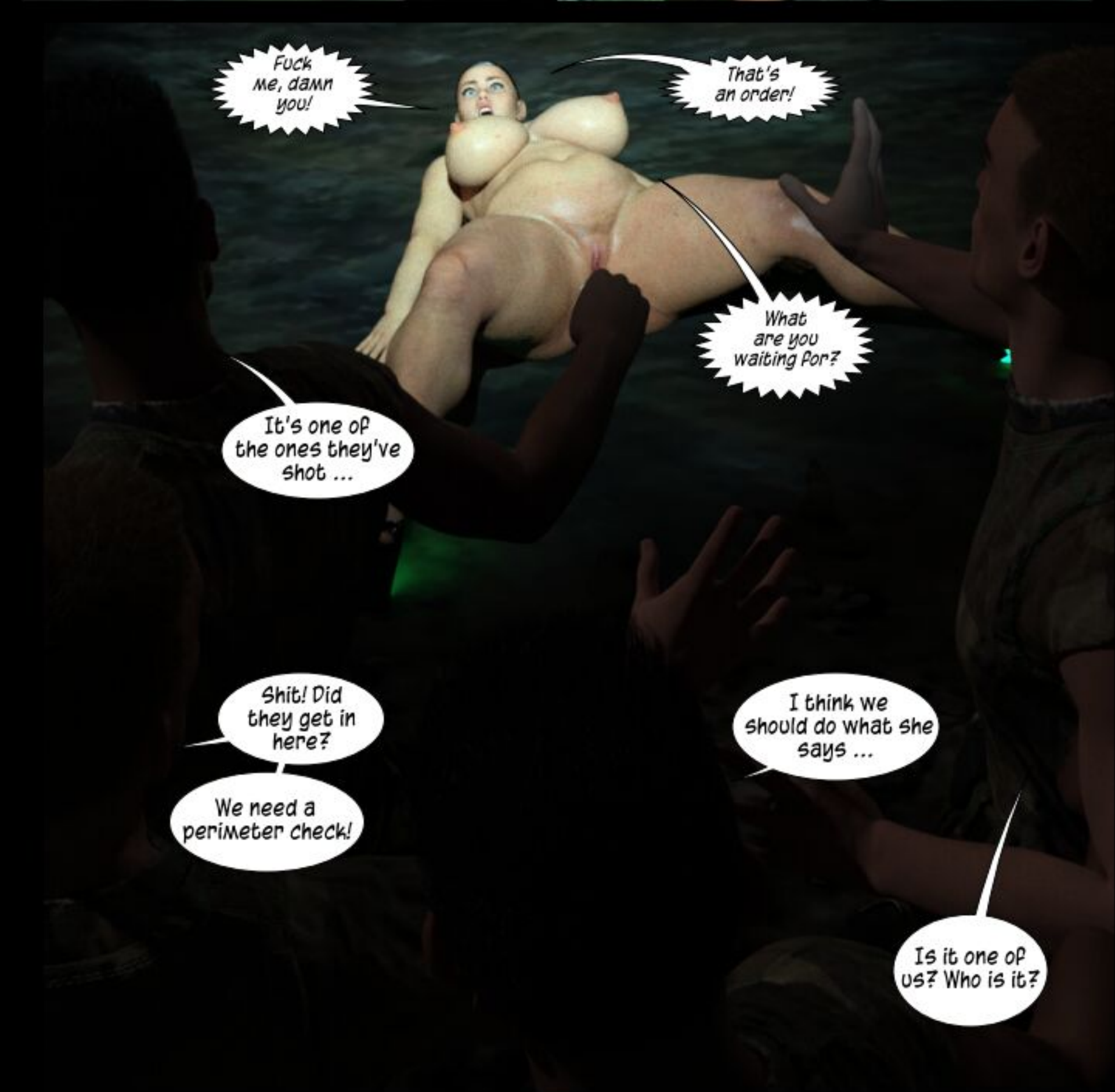
Rapture!
Only rapture can save us!

Fuck me!
Someone Fuck me!
Fire!
Judgement!
End times!
Fuck!



What the hell ...?

No clue.



Fuck me, damn you!

That's an order!

What are you waiting for?

It's one of the ones they've shot ...

Shit! Did they get in here?

We need a perimeter check!

I think we should do what she says ...

Is it one of us? Who is it?



That is your general.

Your operation is disbanded. Your movement is over as of this moment.

If you surrender, and agree to good behavior, we will not fire upon you.

What??

No ... it can't be ...



No way!

They can't hit us from up there, people.

Get to the armory! We're going to shoot every last one of those bitches off that wall--



aaauuh!



They're in the compound!

Run!
Everybody!
Save yourselves!!



He really did do a good job matching this.

Marion ...
Wonder if you really did love him. Maybe you did. Maybe he wasn't the same person back then ...

Or maybe he was, and you were just as bad ...



Jill?

It is safe to come out.



You see we keep to the new policy. The only ones we altered were the ones who made it necessary.

There were fewer of those than I expected. Strickland and two others. They are bonded now.

Everyone else can return home, or go make a new home for themselves somewhere.

Mmm. And where do I go? Where does Peek go?

Wherever you like.

A FEW DAYS LATER.



... I mean, it's a nice place, and they haven't given us any grief at all ... gave us a place to stay and everything ... but I think we're going to have to go.

We're the only two men among the humans, and we're not interested in any of them, so it kind of stands out ... and the aliens don't know what to do with us ...

Well, you haven't really shown them what they can do with you yet.

You've got all kinds of skills ... you could be useful here ...

But I see where you're coming from.



The other thing is, I'm not sure I want to be cooperative. I mean, they are trying to take over the planet, and I don't have to like that.

On the other hand, they don't want to cull you because you're gay ...

Yeah, I know. Strickland was crazy. But maybe there's someone out there getting up a rebellion that isn't. We might take our chances on something like that.

Or we might not.

Or we might not.

I'd appreciate you not mentioning any of that to our overlords.

I won't ... though if it comes to a fight I might be on the other side.

You really are going all-in, huh? How's Jill Peel about it?



She Peels the same way I do.

Look, I'm not 100% behind them either. I've still got some issues.

But I like the way they do things ... I mean, past treatment of humans aside. And I think they're going to do better.

Also, we've got ... uh ... call it a personal issue. I think Jill might be working on that right now, actually.



I've learned something about you.

At this point, I would be surprised if you had not.

No, I mean I've learned something about you I'm pretty sure you don't want me to know.

You don't want to have anyone bonded to you.



I've never seen you fire one of those weapons.

When Grel was shot you left it in the woods. Or, OK, I left it, but you either didn't notice or didn't care.

On the mission to get Strickland you didn't even bring one. And you had someone else deliver the ultimatum--because you didn't want the general to see you first and bond to you. In fact you only came in after all three of them had bonded, didn't you?

You told me having someone bonded to you was a responsibility. Is that it? You don't want the responsibility? Or have you just not liked the idea all along?

... Both of those. And a third thing.

Being renjo, I must go where the varjo asks. I like this escla, but I cannot stay here now that Strickland is under control. There will be a new task.

It is not a suitable situation for having a ... family.



No, but it's a great situation for us.

Jill, you cannot--

No, listen. I love you. I love you without mind control. I love you without bonding. I don't know why, but I do. In a few years, when you're tired of being renjo, I might even want you to give me a baby.

Until then ... you're going to be investigating trouble, right? It might be helpful to have two unaltered humans with you.

Two? Peek agrees with this?

Peek's the one who first suggested it. We talked about it and neither of us wants to stay here. We want to be where you are.

... What'd I do?

Hey, did you Pinks start without me?

