

SOMEWHERE
IN SIBERIA ...

TIME.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I BELIEVED I WOULD DIE AND THIS TORMENT WOULD AT LAST END. BUT THEN TIME ABANDONED ME.

I REMEMBER BEING DISMEMBERED, PULLED APART, REBUILT, OVER AND OVER.

MY MIND IS LOCKED INTO A PERPETUAL CYCLE, REVOLVING AROUND THE ONE WHO BETRAYED ME. THAT BASTARD. HONOURLESS DOG. MY PATIENCE TURNED TO DUST YEARS AGO. VENGEANCE BURNS WITHIN ME.

BUT I AM NO LONGER ALONE. WHISPERS CREEP INTO MY MIND. THEY ARE NOT MY THOUGHTS.

DEATH IS ALL YOU CRAVE NOW.

HAVE I FINALLY LOST MY MIND!

IT IS MORE THAN A VOICE. IT SEEMS TO HAVE ITS OWN WILL.

IT IS MORE THAN ANGER. IS THIS THE VOICE OF MY LONGING FOR REVENGE?

SPEAK TO ME, SPEAK. YOU ARE NOT A PHANTOM OF TORTURE. YOU ARE REAL. WHAT ARE YOU?

WHISPERS!

INSTINCTS!

POWER!

DOCTOR HIS VITALS JUST SPIKED SUDDENLY.



ALL SENSORS APPEAR NORMAL. NO SPIKES IN NEURAL OR SYNAPTIC TRACES. INTERESTING.

YES, YES I CAN FEEL IT, LIKE A NUMB ARM REGAINING BLOOD. ITS WEIGHT RETURNING.

IT WOULD APPEAR HE IS WAKING UP!

NERVES CALIBRATING THEMSELVES WITH MICRO-TWITCHES. FUCK IT HURTS.

YESSSS.

MOVE, MOVE. YES. DAMN IT,
MY ARMS FEEL LIKE LEAD,
AS THOUGH THE VERY
BLOOD IN THEM IS
THICK LIKE TAR.

OUTSIDE THE TANK IN WHICH
I'M CONFINED, I CAN SEE A LAB.
BUT IT'S NOT THE LAB I
REMEMBER. THOSE VOICES
TOO ARE STRANGE.

THIS IS
INCREDIBLE.
HIS BODY IS
NEUTRALISING HIS
PROGRAMMING.

IS THAT A SWORD!
I CAN JUST GET FREE...
BREAK THIS GLASS...

DOCTOR HE'S
TRYING TO GET
OUT OF THE
TANK!

YESSSSS.

COME ON ARMS,
MOVE. MOVE,
DAMN IT.



COME ON!

YES
DOCTOR.

I THINK NOW
WOULD BE A
GOOD TIME
TO CALL THE
GUARDS.



YES.
YESSSSS.

OH GOD!



FREE!

BLOOD POURING
OFF MY BODY IN A
RED TORRENT.

THIS MAN IN FRONT
OF ME, WHO THE
FUCK IS HE?

KILLLL...

NO SHUT UP

PLEASE YOU
HAVE NOTHING
TO FEAR
MAJOR.

MY NAME!
A SHUDDER
PASSES
THROUGH ME.

MA...

BUT MY BODY IS
STILL SO HEAVY,
MORE LIKE A
CADAVER.

MY LEGS SEEM TO
DISCOVER THEMSELVES,
REMEMBERING LIFE.

MA... J...

PUSHING MY BODY
UP AS THOUGH FROM
A COFFIN. SLOWLY,
SLOWLY.

THE LITTLE NURSE, HER
TINY FRAME SHIVERING.

OH GOD,
PLEASE DON'T
HURT ME.


KILL IT.

NO SHUT
THE FUCK UP

SHE IS NO
THREAT. I AM
FREE. THAT'S
ALL THAT
MATTERS.

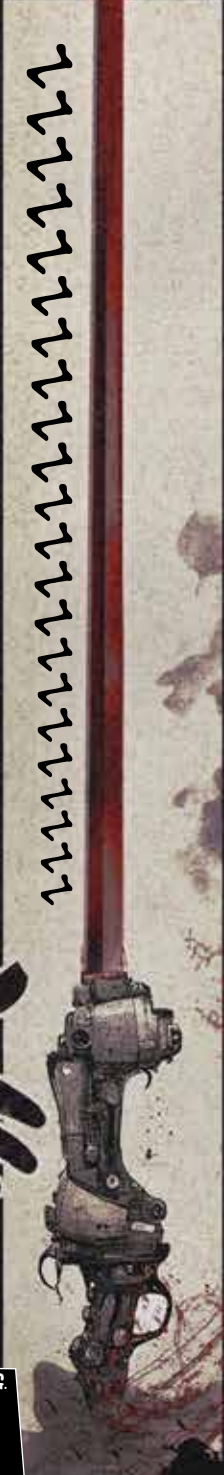
PLEASE
PLEASE!

MA... JOR.



AS I HEAR MYSELF SAY
MY NAME, THE OTHER
VOICE DIES OUT.

MAJOR.



AS MY FINGERS UNCURL
AND REACH FOR THE BLADE,
I FEEL ITS DRAW AS
THOUGH IT IS PART OF ME.

IT MAKES ME FEEL STRONG.
LIKE I'VE NOT FELT IN
ALL THOSE YEARS OF
CONFINEMENT.



I AM
MAJOR
ALEX KHAN!

STANDING FREE
AMONGST
THE BLOOD THAT
SMOTHERED ME
FOR ALL THOSE
YEARS, I FEEL BORN
ANEW.

EMBOLDENED, I SEE
RAW FEAR
IN THE EYES OF
MY CAPTORS.
BUT I NEED
INFORMATION....

WHERE AM I
AND WHAT
FUCKING YEAR
IS THIS.

2067.
YOU'RE IN
BRANSKIY.



TEN
YEARS.
FUCK.

FEELING MY FACE,
I CAN TELL SOMETHING
HAS CHANGED.
SOMETHING.

PLEASE
DON'T
HURT ME.

LOOKING AT MYSELF IN
THE MIRROR... WHAT
HAVE I BECOME?

YOU AND
THE DOCTOR HAD
BETTER GET THE
FUCK AWAY
FROM ME.

CYBERNETICS! AND
METAL. PART MAN,
PART SOME SORT OF
BASTARD CREATION.

HMMM.

NURSE,
WE LEAVE
NOW I
THINK...

YES,
DOCTOR!

THEY'VE GONE. THAT'S
FOR THE BEST - BEFORE
I DO SOMETHING THEY'LL
NOT LIVE THROUGH.



YEARS STOLEN FROM ME,
MY BODY REFORMATTED
INTO THIS! I AM LIVING A
NIGHTMARE.

FEARRRR.

THAT DAMN VOICE IN
MY HEAD MUST HAVE
SOMETHING TO DO
WITH THIS.

YESSSS.

WHAT HAVE THEY
DONE TO ME? MY
BRAIN IS NOT
MY OWN. AND I'M STILL
IN FUCKING RUSSIA.

SHUT
UP.

FAITILD.

YES, THE MISSION
FAILED. WE WERE
BETRAYED. ALL MY
RAVEN TEAM WERE
KILLED, I WAS HIT IN
THE HEAD, AND AS I
LAY DYING, THERE
WAS AN EXPLOSION...

YESSSS.



FOCUS! DROWN THE VOICE
OUT. I NEED MY WITS
ABOUT ME IF I'M GOING TO
GET OUT OF HERE.

BEFORE...
OH!

FUCK,
YOU MUST BE
THOSE GUARDS.

YOU SHOULD
LEAVE WHILE
YOU CAN.

NYET!
SERIOUSLY WE THE
SOLDIERS OF CERBERUS
FEAR NO MAN.

DO YOU GET
MY POINT.

SUBTLE.

IT WOULD APPEAR
THAT MANY THINGS
HAVE CHANGED IN
A DECADE.

AND
SOME THINGS
HAVE STAYED
THE SAME.



LISTEN UP BITCHES OF CERB ASS. I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.


SISTERS HOLD YOUR GROUND.



HE JUST CALL US BITCHES.

I BELIEVE HE DID GODY.

THESE DOG SOLDIERS SPEAK GOOD ENGLISH FOR RUSSIAN GUARDS.

A close-up, high-contrast black and white illustration of a character's face. The character has long, dark, messy hair and a determined, intense expression. The lighting is dramatic, with deep shadows and bright highlights, emphasizing the texture of the skin and the intensity of the gaze.

LAST CHANCE
TO LEAVE. MY FIGHT
DOESN'T LIE WITH
YOU, BUT THAT WON'T
STOP ME TEARING
YOU APART.

I FEEL A RAGE LIKE
TEN YEARS OF HATE
POURING THROUGH ME.
READY TO ERUPT.

A full-body illustration of the character in a combat stance. The character is wearing dark, tactical armor with visible straps and buckles. They are holding a long, straight sword horizontally across their chest with their right hand. The background is a light, textured surface, possibly a wall or ground, with some dark spots. The overall style is gritty and detailed.

KILLLL!

I'M EAGER TO OPEN UP
THESE SOLDIERS - A BLOOD
LUST I'VE NOT FELT BEFORE.



ENOUGH
TALK.



KILLLL!

IT'S TIME TO
START LISTENING TO
THAT VOICE.

HMM.!



THE SWORD TEARS
THROUGH THESE
GIRLS LIKE THEY'RE
BUTTER.

THE EASE IS MAKING
IT MORE ENTICING....



I'VE NEVER BEEN
BLOODTHIRSTY
BEFORE IN ANY OF MY
TOURS.... WHAT HAVE
THEY DONE TO ME?

NOT
BAD.

EEER!

BUT I DON'T
THINK YOU'LL
CUT IT.

KILLLL!

PARTING
IS SUCH
SWEET
SORROW.

SOMETHING IS
WRONG. I'VE NEVER
ENJOYED KILLING
BEFORE.

I FEEL
NO GUILT.



AARRH!

FUCK.

AS THE SWORD
PIERCES MY CHEST,
I REALISE SOMETHING
ELSE IS WRONG.

KILLLL!

I FEEL PAIN,
BUT NOT
THE WAY I
SHOULD.

AND I AM
NOT DYING.



HOW
THE F-

BUT THESE GIRLS
ARE NOT DYING EITHER.
I'VE DISMEMBERED AT
LEAST
TWO OF THEM.


AND BEHEADED THE
SHORT ONE. WHAT IS
GOING ON?

WHAT
THE
FUCK.



YOU READY TO
SURRENDER!

NO I THINK
I'LL TAKE ANOTHER
STAB AT IT.



THEIR BODY PARTS
FALL AT MY FEET BUT
STILL THEY COME AT ME.

GRADUALLY THEY ARE STARTING TO DODGE MY ATTACKS AND ANTICIPATE MY STRIKES.



AEER!

THROUGH THEIR DEATHS THEY HAVE BECOME STRONGER, MORE KNOWLEDGEABLE.



SOMEHOW INSTANTANEOUSLY REPAIRING THEMSELVES AND AUGMENTING THEIR SKILL.

A high-contrast, black and white comic book illustration of a violent fight. A woman with dark hair, wearing a light-colored top and dark pants, is shown from behind, swinging a sword. She is attacking a man in a dark, tactical suit who is being thrown or falling. The scene is filled with splatters of blood and debris. The background is a light, textured surface.

ARE YOU
GETTING IT
YET.

ARRGH
FUCK.

WE
CANNOT
DIE.

I CAN SEE THEY ARE GOING
TO MAKE ME PAY FOR THAT
BITCH COMMENT.

MEN LIKE YOU
BELONG IN THE
PAST.

AND AS HER SWORD CUTS
THROUGH MY ABDOMEN,
I FEEL JUST HOW ANGRY
SHE TRULY IS.



OW! OW!
OW!

OK I'VE HAD
ENOUGH OF
THIS GUY.

THEN JUST LIKE THAT
THEY STOP AND
LOOK AT ME.



WE
SURRENDER.

WAIT
WHAT.

HE'S JUST
DISMANTLED US!
CUT OFF WILLOW'S
HEAD, AND HERE'S
MY ARM.

DOCTOR'S
ORDERS.

THEY MUST HAVE
SOME SORT OF SUBDERMAL
COMMUNICATORS AS PART
OF THEIR AUGMENTS.



JUST LIKE THAT, YOU STOP!

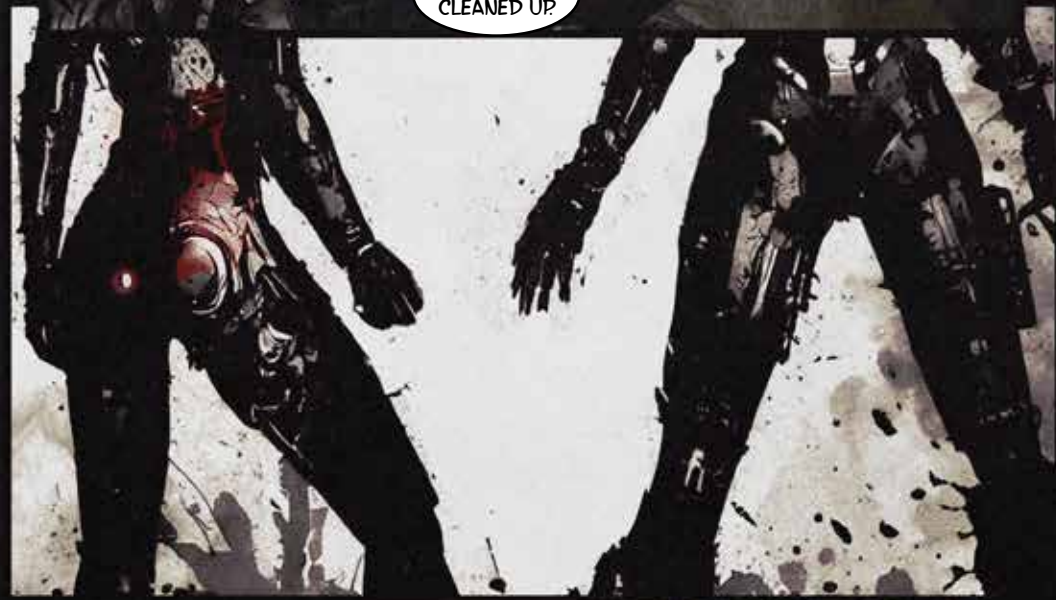
DOCTOR THINKS YOU'RE HOT *DER'MO*.
HE SAVED US SO WE FOLLOW.

SAVED YOU FROM WHOM?

WE HAVE A COMMON ENEMY.
WE WILL TALK MORE WHEN YOU HAVE CALMED DOWN.



AND WE HAVE CLEANED UP



CODY, WILLOW,
TAKE HIM AND GET HIM
CLEANED UP.



YES
SIR.

YOU COULD
HAVE STARTED
WITH THE COMMON
ENEMY BIT.

YOU WANTED
A FIGHT.



AND I WANTED
TO SEE IF YOU WERE
WORTH ALL THE EFFORT
WE WENT TO RESCUE
YOU.

AND?

SHE DOESN'T ANSWER,
BUT HER COLD GAZE
TELLS ME ALL I NEED
TO KNOW. THESE GIRLS
NEED MY HELP

CODY,
WILLOW.

GIVE
HIM YOUR
QUARTERS, TILL
THE DOCTOR IS
READY TO SEE
HIM.

WHEN YOU SAY
TAKE HIM AND GET
HIM CLEANED UP,
I'M THINKING...

ERRR!
WILLOW!

I KNOW
THAT
LOOK.

YOU WORRY
TOO MUCH.
WE'RE JUST
GOING TO HAVE
A LITTLE
ERRR FUN.

SHERRY
NOT GOING
TO LIKE IT
IS SHE.

SO THE LEADER'S NAME
IS SHERRY. THESE TWO
SEEM SO DIFFERENT TO
HER. LIKE ROOKIES.

A dark, atmospheric illustration of two female warriors standing in a ruined, war-torn city. They are silhouetted against a bright, hazy light source, possibly a fire or explosion in the background. Both characters are dressed in tactical, dark armor with intricate details and are equipped with long, slender blades. The character on the left has long, dark hair, while the one on the right has a more spiky, dark hairstyle. The ground is littered with debris and what appears to be bloodstains. The overall mood is gritty and somber.

ALL WORK AND
NO PLAY MAKE
SHERRY DRY.

WILL I
LIKE IT?

YOU'RE
GOING TO
LOVE IT.

I'LL PLAY ALONG
FOR NOW. UNTIL I
KNOW MORE ABOUT
THIS FUTURE TIME.

AND WHAT PUTS FEAR
INTO THE EYES OF AN
UNKILLABLE WARRIOR.

BLOOD

RED RAVEN

