


# SLIMED

A Robin Harper Patreon Bonus Comic



I can't believe this power coupler is on the fritz again!





Next time  
we order a  
shipment, I'm  
going to...

...shit!



What the hell!?

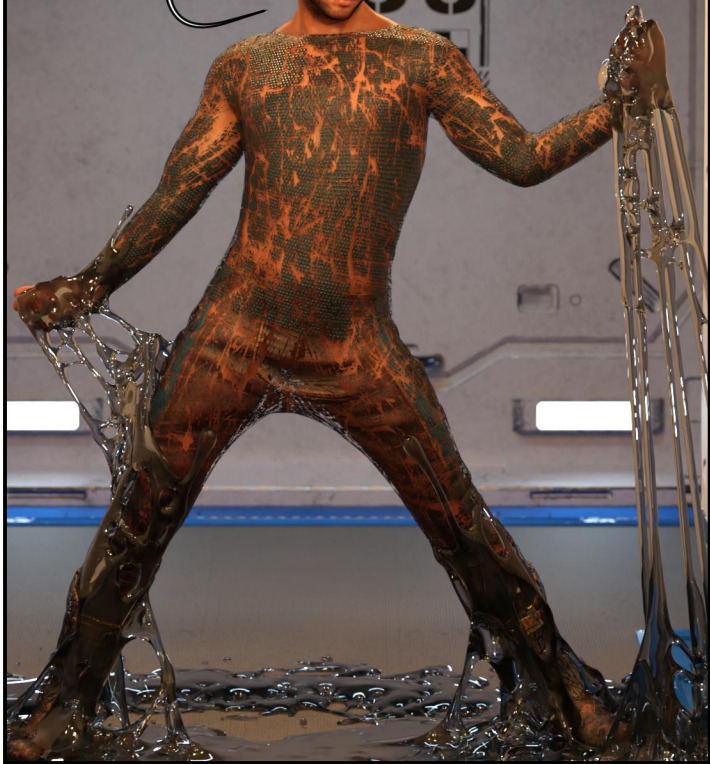
Fuck!  
This stuff  
really doesn't  
want to come  
off!





It almost  
feels as if  
this goo is  
alive!

Wait...  
are these  
nano-bots?







If this stuff  
does anything  
other than make  
me buff like it  
did Mike...

...I'm going  
to give Jenkins  
the pounding of  
a lifetime!





Shit... this  
stuff really  
doesn't want  
to let me  
go...





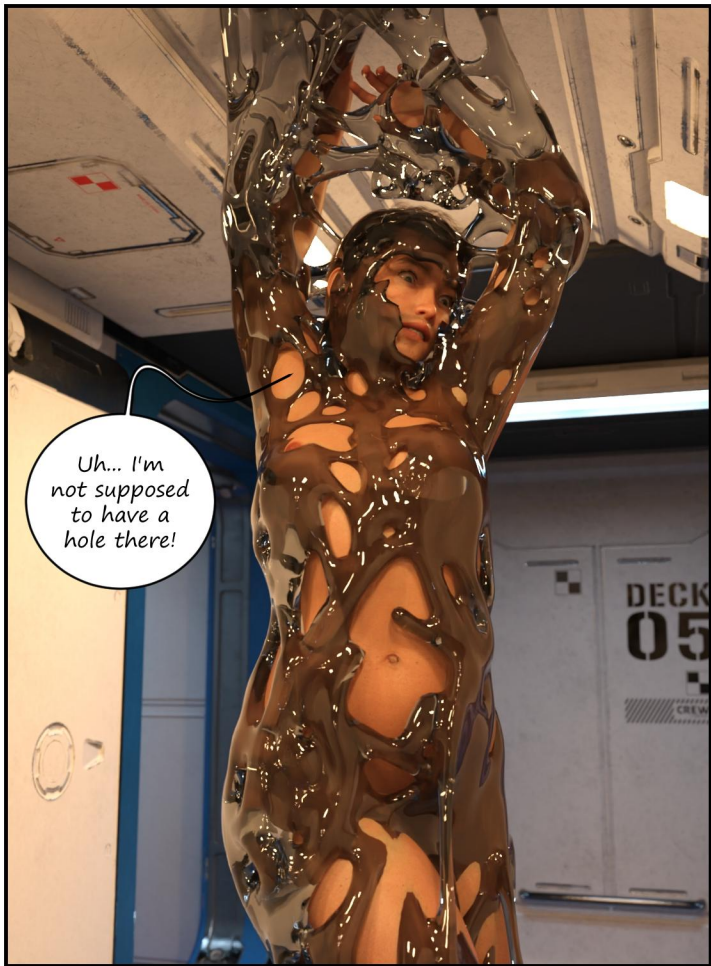
*\*Rargh!\*  
Let me go  
damn it!*

Fuck! Did I just grow a pair of tits?

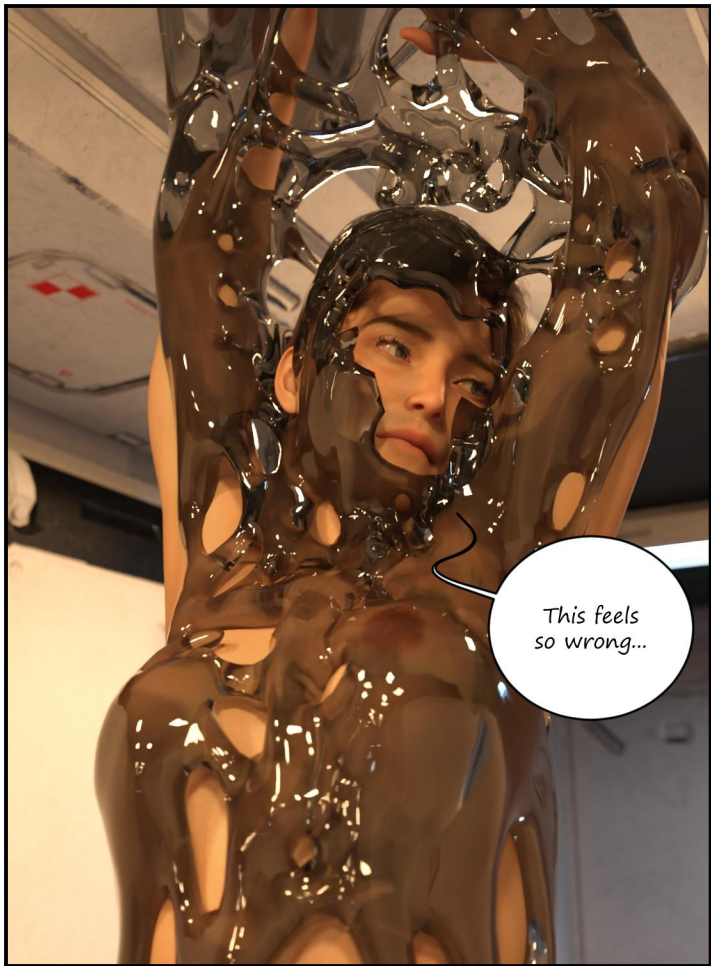




Shit! These nanos definitely don't take no for an answer!

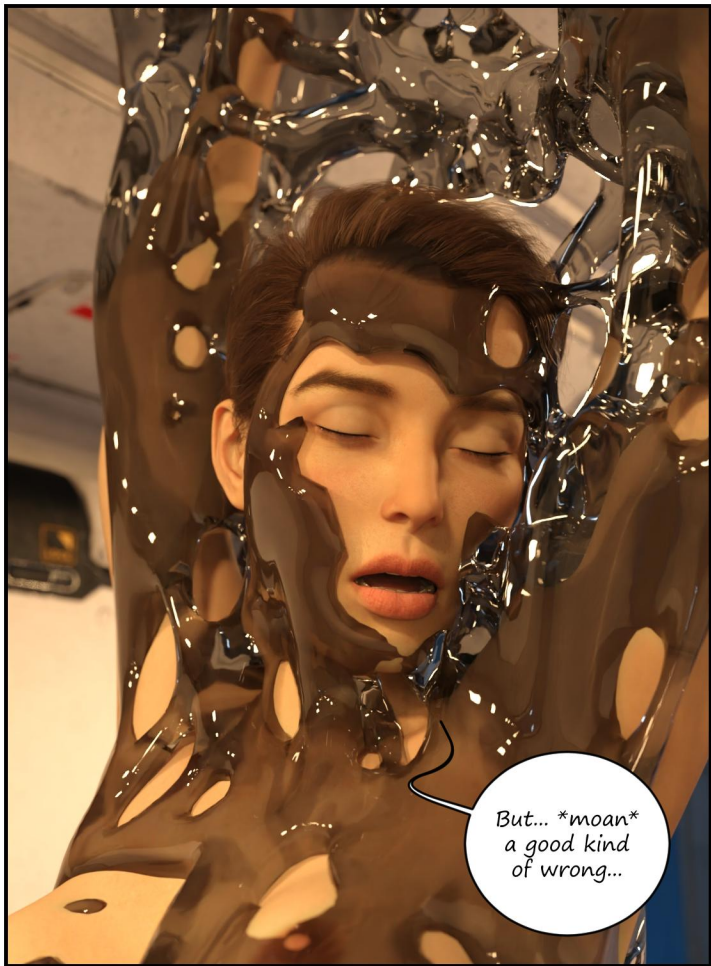


Uh... I'm not supposed to have a hole there!

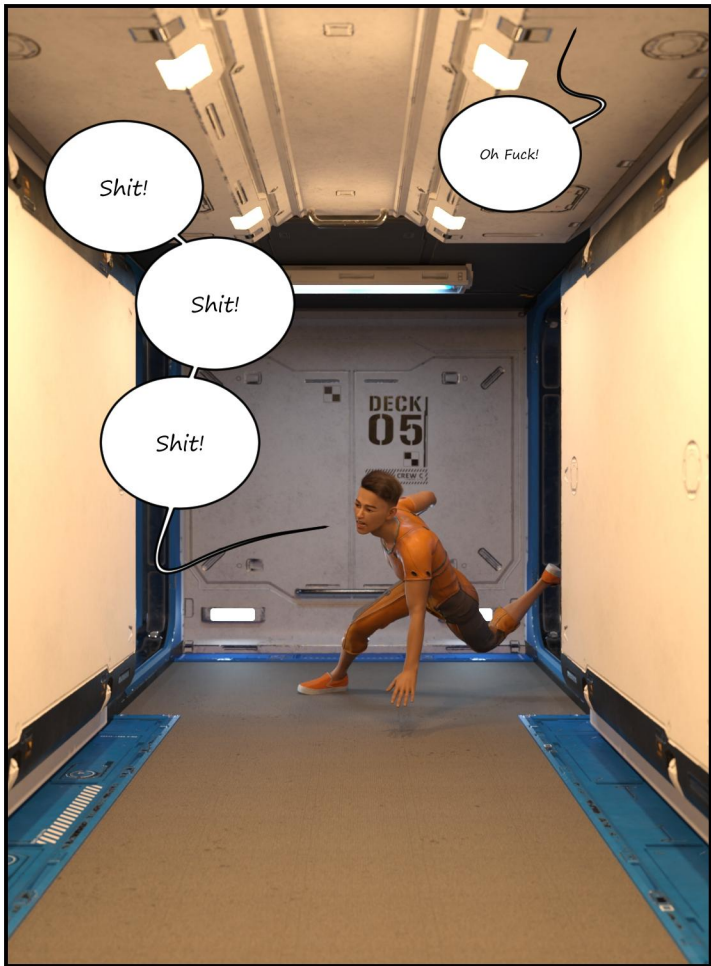


This feels  
so wrong...





But... \*moan\*  
a good kind  
of wrong...



Shit!


Shit!

Shit!

Oh Fuck!

DECK  
05

CREW C

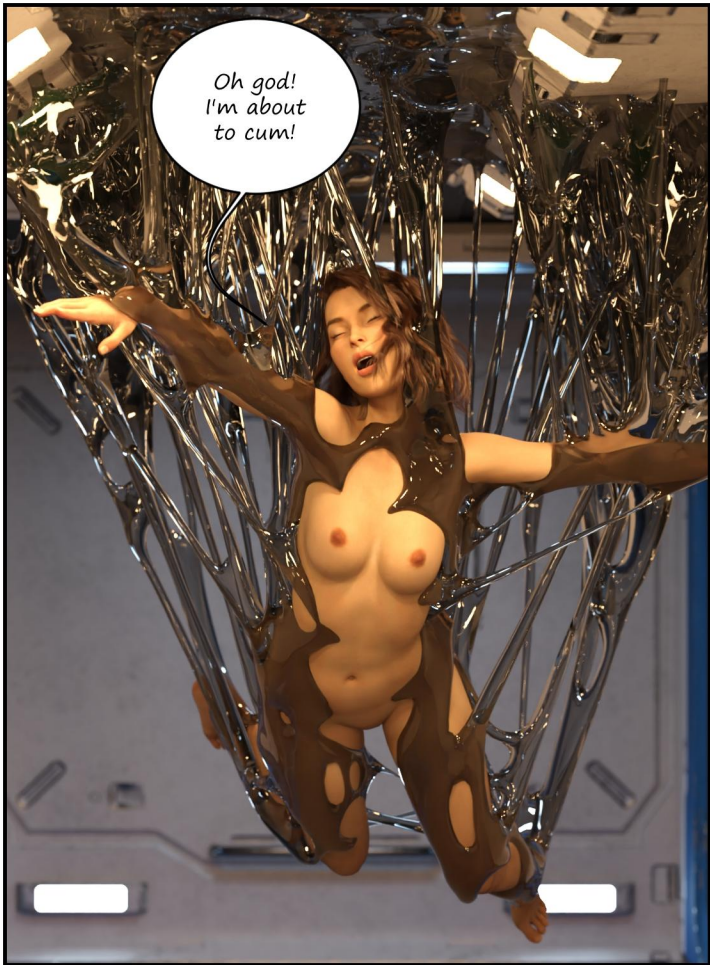


Oh crap!  
I am going  
to be in so  
much shit!

\*Moan\*



Oh god!  
I'm about  
to cum!



Computer!

Disable  
nano-swarm  
ID 9-4-6-A  
on Deck 5!

Ah!

Ah...!

Acknowledged.  
Nano-Swarm  
946A disabled.



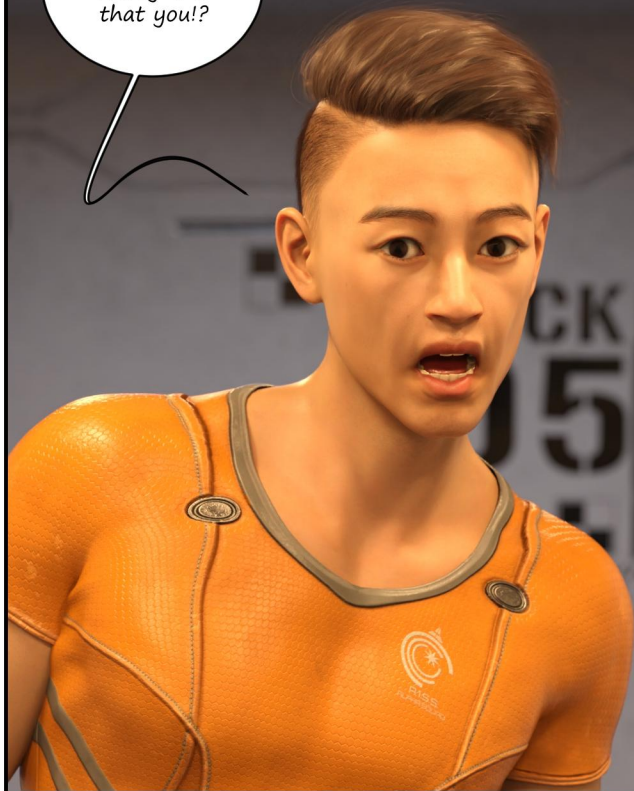
Eeek!




What the  
hell Jenkins!

You told me  
that you fixed  
the containment  
system!

Oh shit!  
Harry...? Is  
that you!?






A woman with long brown hair is crouching on a grey floor in a futuristic, industrial-looking environment. She is looking towards the viewer with a slightly annoyed or determined expression. In front of her is a large, dark, reflective puddle of liquid. The background shows blue and white panels, with a sign that says "CREW C".

Damn  
right this  
is me!

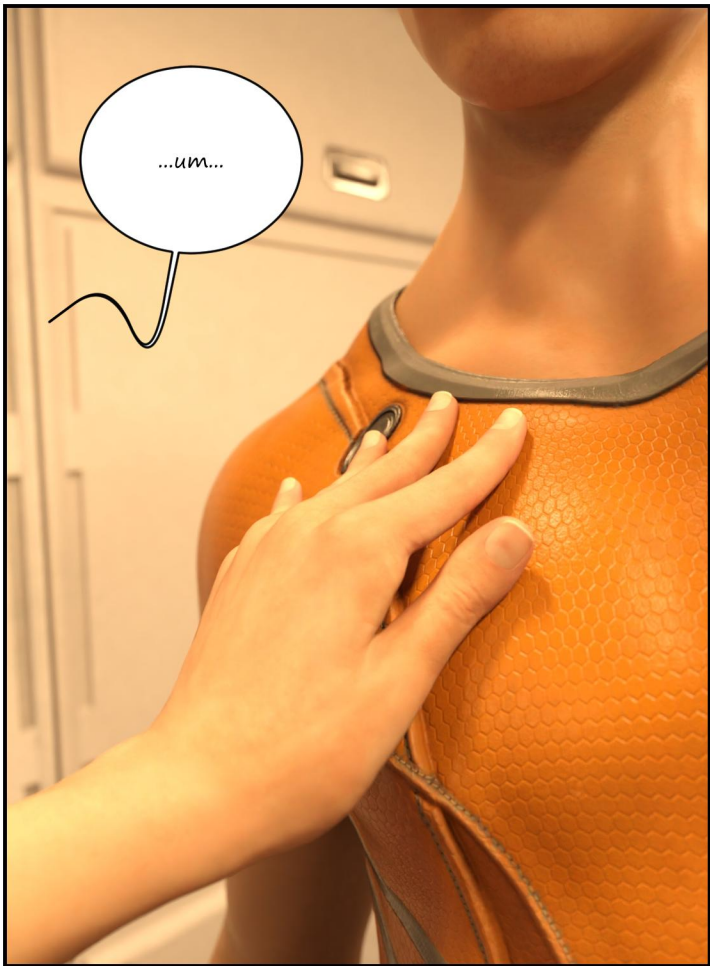
No thanks  
to your stupid  
nano-bots!

Now I  
sound like a  
chipmunk!



Those damn  
machines took  
my dick, my  
balls...

...and more  
than a third  
of my body  
mass!





...this might  
sound weird  
but...

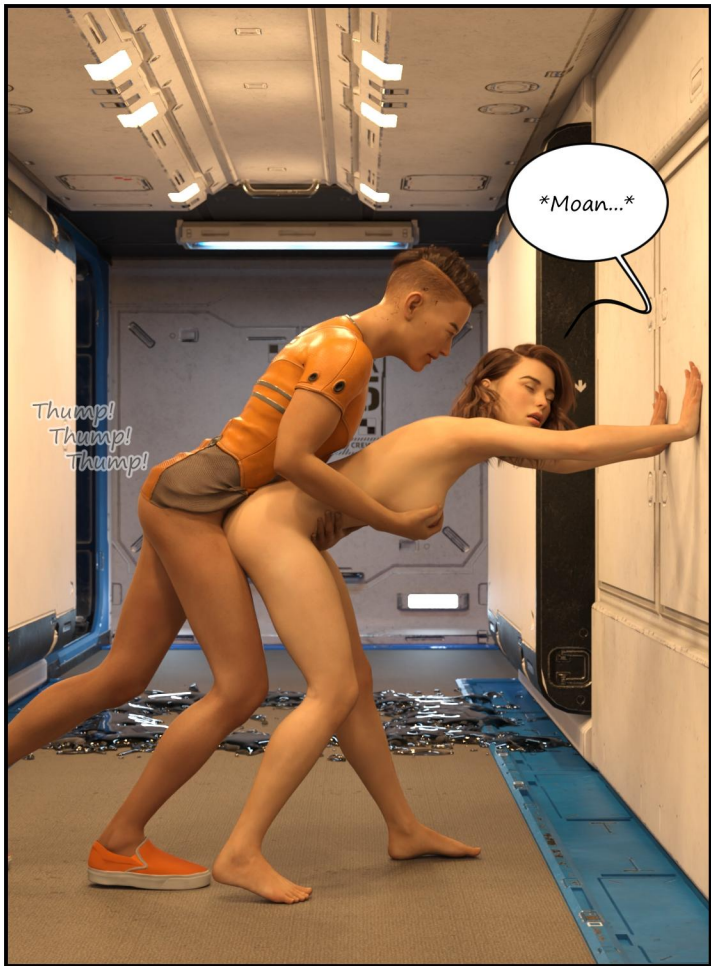


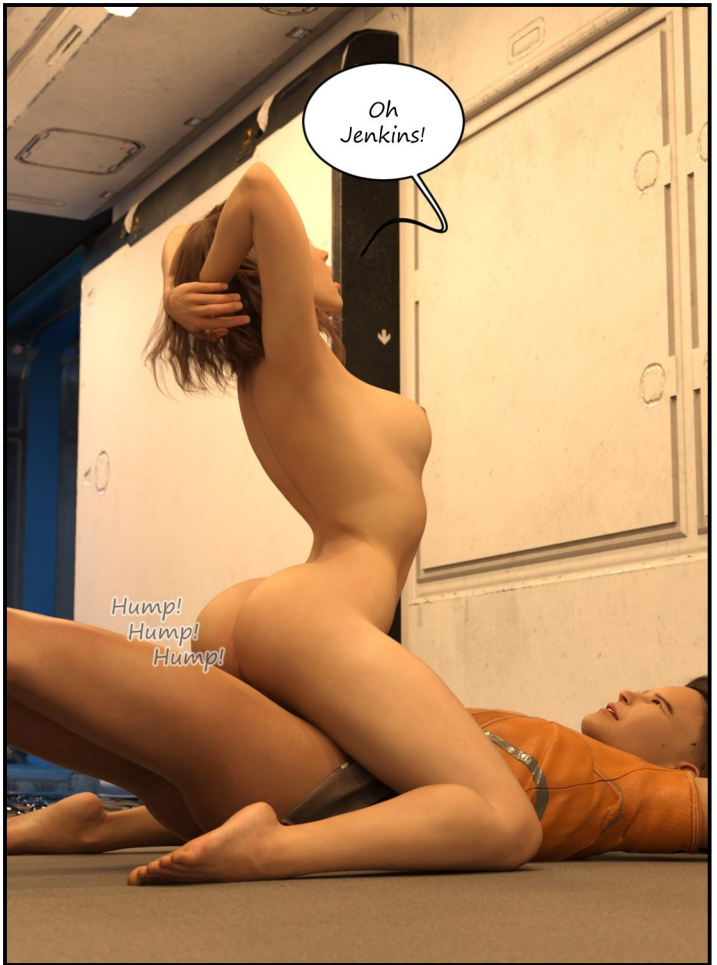


...have you  
been working  
out?



Oh  
Fuck!







Thump!  
Thump!  
Thump!

\*Mmmm\*





What is  
going on in  
here!?

Ah! Ah!







Holy shit!



*Congratulations,  
the two of you  
have left me  
utterly  
speechless.*



I'd ask  
what the hell  
you were  
thinking...

...but clearly  
neither of you  
were thinking  
at all!



Frankly, I  
should fire you  
two boneheads  
right here on  
the spot!







Wait!

It's not  
my fault!  
I swear!

I fixed the  
containment  
system, triple  
checked it!

And Nano  
Batch 632A  
are from the  
cosmetics  
line!

They're  
not supposed  
to...!

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a black long-sleeved top with a keyhole cutout and gold jewelry. She has a stern, angry expression. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned in the upper left corner, containing the text "Shut up Jenkins!". The background is a blurred blue wall with a grid pattern.

Shut up  
Jenkins!


Corporate doesn't care about excuses, they care about results!

You are going to go back to your lab, quadruple check that the safety systems are fixed...

Then you are to collect whatever remains of Nano Batch 632A and bring the sealed container here to my office for safekeeping!

We need to ensure nobody tampers with it before I send it to Quality Assurance for analysis!




A 3D rendered character with short, dark hair, wearing a yellow, textured, form-fitting suit with grey accents and a small circular logo on the chest. He is standing in a futuristic, industrial-looking environment with blue and white panels and equipment in the background. He has a slightly open mouth and a questioning expression, with his hands held out in front of him. There are four speech bubbles around him: one at the top left, one at the bottom left, one at the bottom center, and one at the bottom right.

You're not  
suggesting  
sabo...

I'm not  
suggesting!

I'm  
ordering!

Now get  
out of here  
before I change  
my mind!



Was it  
as bad as  
it sounded?


Could have  
been worse.

I can't  
imagine what  
she's going to say  
to Harry!

What's her  
beef with him  
anyway?

It seems like  
she hauls him into  
her office everyday  
for a screaming  
session...






Well, she's probably the only woman on this station he hasn't get lured into his bed.

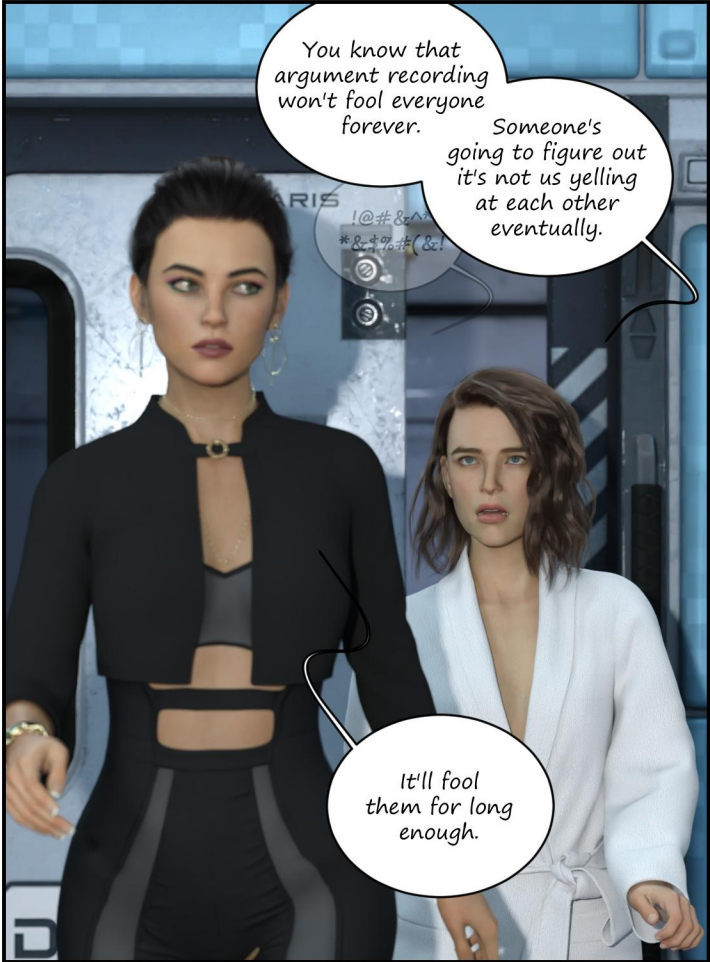
He probably tried and she's never forgiven him.

!@#&^%  
\*&\$%#(&@!

Well, the way they're going at it now, maybe they should just bang and get it over with!



Harry and Gwen?  
She wouldn't touch  
him even if he was  
the last living man  
in the universe!



You know that  
argument recording  
won't fool everyone  
forever.


Someone's  
going to figure out  
it's not us yelling  
at each other  
eventually.

It'll fool  
them for long  
enough.

And why did you even bother turning that fake audio on anyway?

It's not like I'll be able to satisfy you when I'm like this!




A woman with dark hair and green eyes, wearing a black one-piece outfit with a cutout at the waist and black high-heeled shoes, is crouching in a futuristic, metallic environment. She is looking towards the viewer with a serious expression. Two speech bubbles are positioned above her. The background features blue-tinted windows and various control panels and screens.

Oh sweet  
Harry...


...are you  
telling me that  
this entire time  
you thought I was  
only interested  
in you for your  
dick?






Sure the sex is nice, but what I truly treasure is your company...

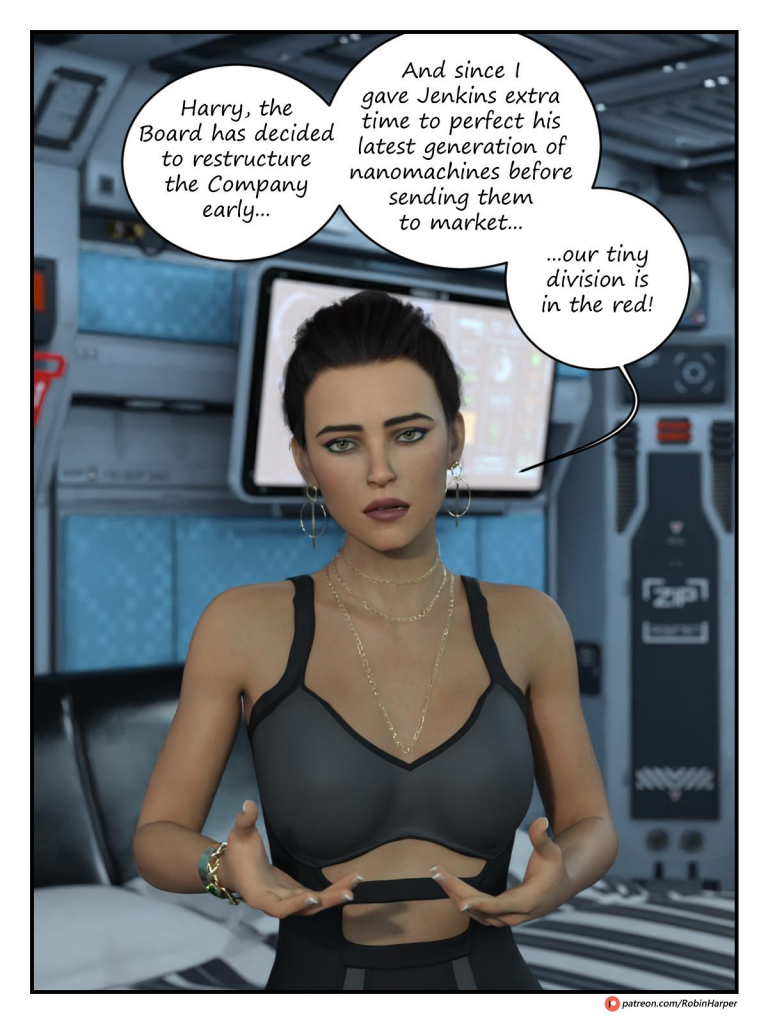
You're the only person on this station who isn't afraid to treat me like an ordinary person.

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a black tank top, gold chain necklaces, and large hoop earrings. She is in a futuristic, blue-lit environment with a screen in the background. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

*So I hope you  
can forgive me  
for doing this  
to you...*



Gwen, what  
are you  
saying?

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a black halter-neck crop top and gold jewelry, stands in a futuristic control room. She has a serious expression and her hands are held out in front of her. The background features blue-lit panels and a central monitor. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

Harry, the Board has decided to restructure the Company early...

And since I gave Jenkins extra time to perfect his latest generation of nanomachines before sending them to market...

...our tiny division is in the red!



*Oh shit!*



It's all my  
fault!

I was so  
certain we had  
at least another  
year to turn  
things around!



If I don't do anything drastic, this lovely little insignificant money losing division of mine will be done for!


Fortunately, Carol, who heads Human Resources, threw me the lifeline I need to save us!



In exchange for helping her remove some roadblocks ahead of her on the corporate ladder...

She'll use her new authority to ensure that our little department gets through this restructuring unscathed!






Uh Gwen...  
you're not... um...  
planning anything  
illegal are you?

What if  
you get  
caught!?





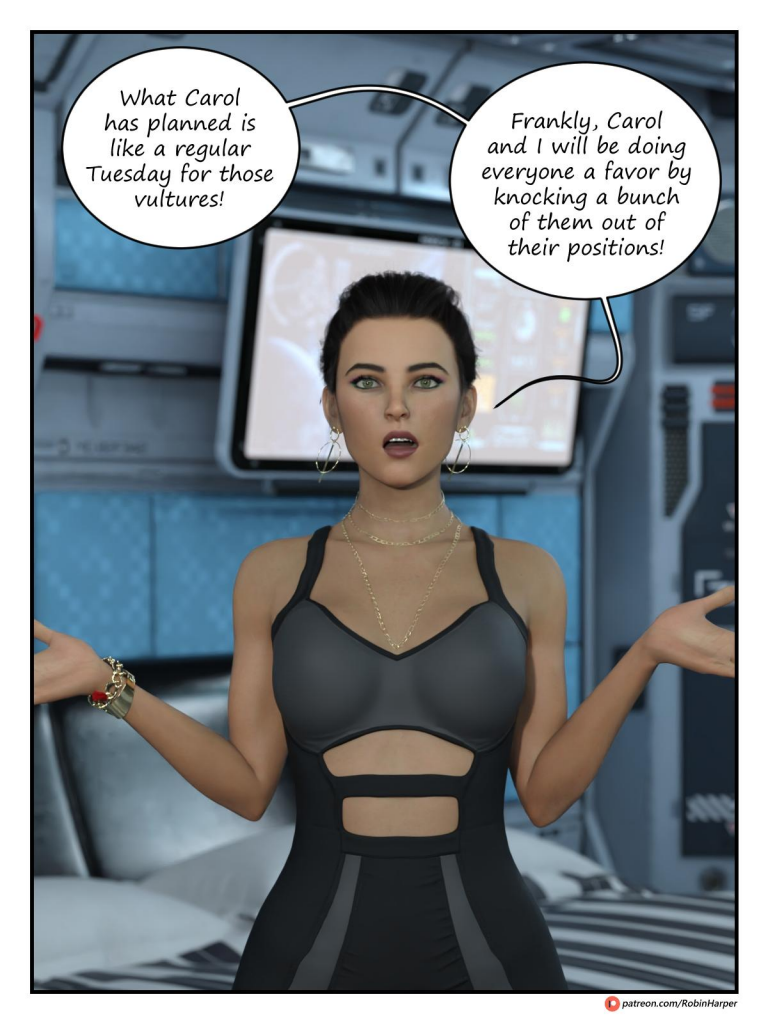
Oh don't  
worry your  
sweet little  
head!

Nobody who's  
afraid to take  
any risks lasts  
long in the  
Executive!

Heck, it's nearly  
all psychopaths  
at the top!

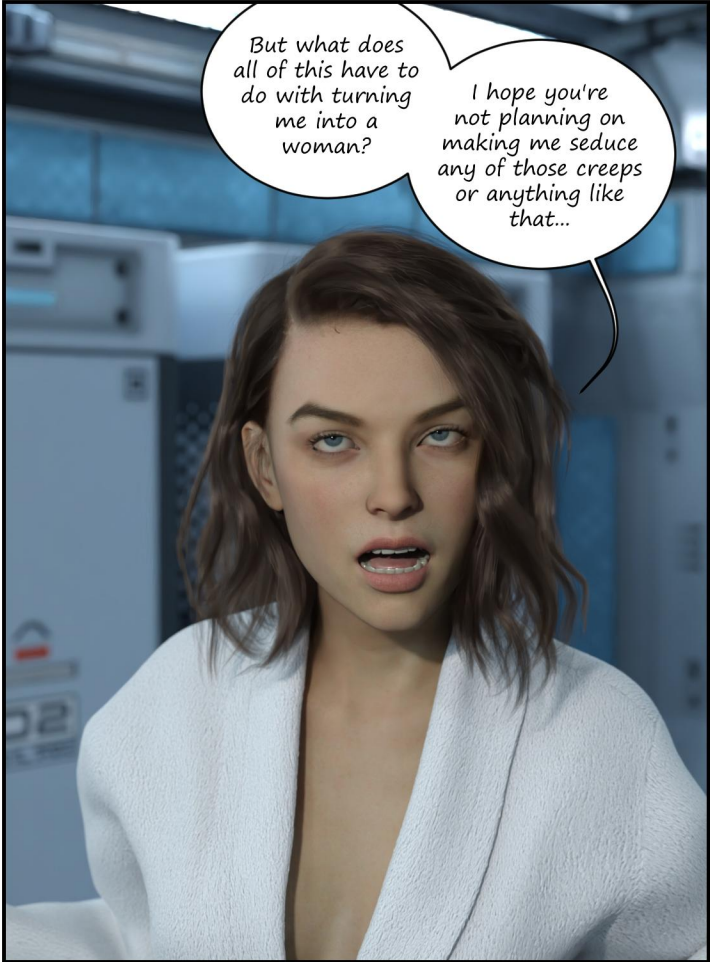
And those of  
us up there who  
aren't have to act  
like we are just  
to survive!



A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a black and grey cutout dress, gold jewelry, and large hoop earrings. She is standing in a futuristic, blue-lit environment with a large screen behind her. Two speech bubbles are positioned above her, one on the left and one on the right, both containing text. Her arms are slightly out to her sides.


What Carol has planned is like a regular Tuesday for those vultures!

Frankly, Carol and I will be doing everyone a favor by knocking a bunch of them out of their positions!



But what does  
all of this have to  
do with turning  
me into a  
woman?

I hope you're  
not planning on  
making me seduce  
any of those creeps  
or anything like  
that...



Oh no! The sex change and increased libido are just to throw everyone off the scent!

Few people know this, but Jenkins' latest prototype nanos can rewrite people's personalities!


So, Carol and I are going to knock those unfeeling bastards out of the game by giving them the ability to feel empathy!

*They're going to have a hard time backstabbing and cutting people loose if they feel an irresistible urge to help everyone!*





You  
brainwashed  
me!?



You're  
the only other  
person on this  
station who I can  
trust with this  
information!

Testing those  
prototype nanos  
on anyone else  
would have been  
much more  
risky!




Well, that's great for you, but what about the trust I had in you?

These Nanos you tested on me sound fucking dangerous!

What if you can't turn me back into who I used to be?






Oh Jenkins  
already has a  
way to undo it  
all figured  
out.


And I think  
he already has  
an inkling of which  
batch of Nanos  
actually hit  
you.

So, he'll have  
a fix for you  
by the end of  
the day...




I mean,  
Jenkins already  
has his prototype  
nanos working  
perfectly...


...the only  
thing really holding  
us back from going to  
market is that we  
wanted to have some  
safety measures in  
place so that people  
can't do what we are  
about to do to those  
Executives!



You really  
think you have  
this all figured  
out, don't  
you?

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair and green eyes is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a dark grey, low-cut top and several pieces of jewelry: a gold chain necklace, a gold bracelet with a red gemstone, and a ring. Her hands are placed on her shoulders. The background is a blurred, futuristic interior with blue lighting and various panels. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right corner.

Oh no, I'm  
sure some part  
of this plan will  
go horribly  
wrong...



...so we should  
take a moment  
to have some fun  
with this cute new  
body of yours before  
shit hits the  
fan!





*But Gwen!  
I'm a girl  
right now!*

I already  
told you that I  
love you for more  
than just your  
dick!



*And it's been  
far too long since  
I've had a chance  
to invite another  
lady into my  
bed!*

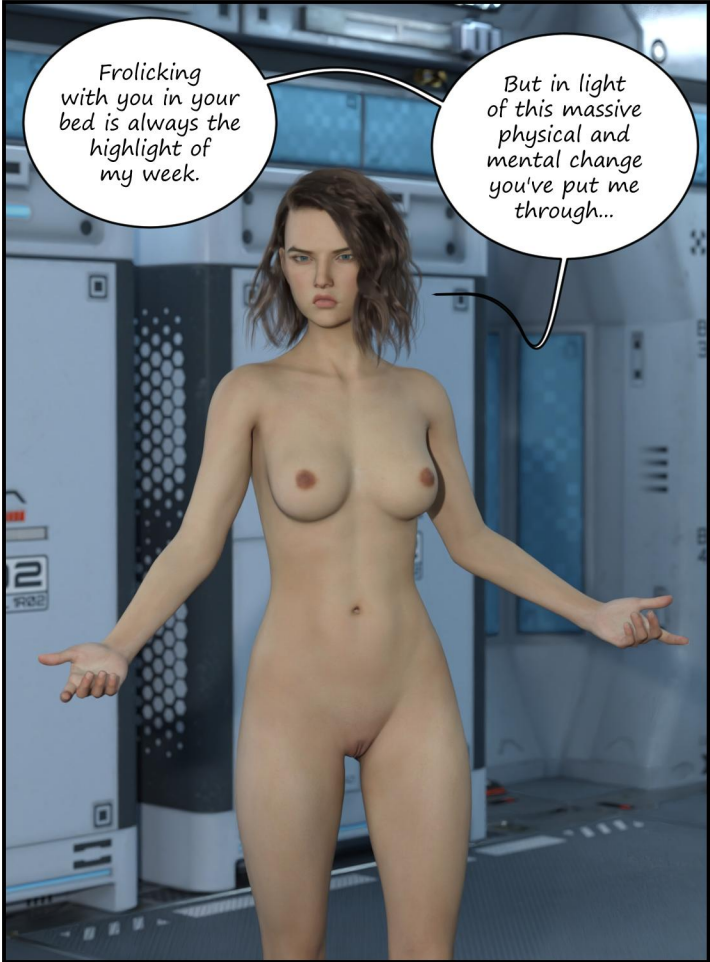






Gwen...

I was flying high on a brand new mix of hormones when I banged Jenkins in that hallway...



Frolicking  
with you in your  
bed is always the  
highlight of  
my week.

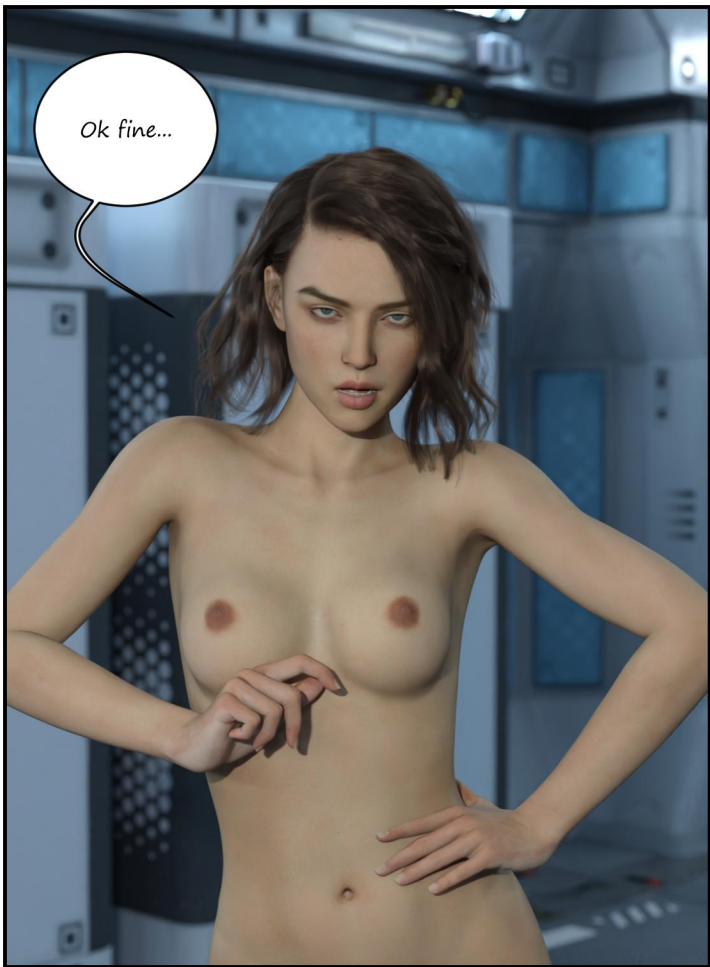
But in light  
of this massive  
physical and  
mental change  
you've put me  
through...





I'm really  
not feeling like  
I can do...

Ok fine...



...but I'm  
doing this for  
you, not  
me...






*So please don't  
make this any  
more awkward  
than it already  
feels...*

...because this  
distracting feeling  
of my swollen tits  
rubbing against your  
chest is almost more  
than I can  
take!

Rub  
Rub  
Rub

Mmm...




Although...  
at least things  
are still similar  
enough that I can  
still make you  
scream!

Rub  
Rub  
Rub

Ah!  
Ah!





Oh Harry,  
honey, stop  
concentrating on  
just what's still  
the same!

Because I'm  
not the only  
screamer in this  
bed anymore!

*Gasp!*

*Squeeze!*

Stop  
limiting  
yourself to a  
man's role!

Let your  
body squirm  
with desire!

Mmm...





Embrace  
the  
change!

*Thump!*


Don't hold  
your tongue...

...Moan,  
scream!

You are a  
girl, an erotic  
musical  
instrument...


...your  
movements,  
voice, guided by  
my fingers!

\*Moan...\*



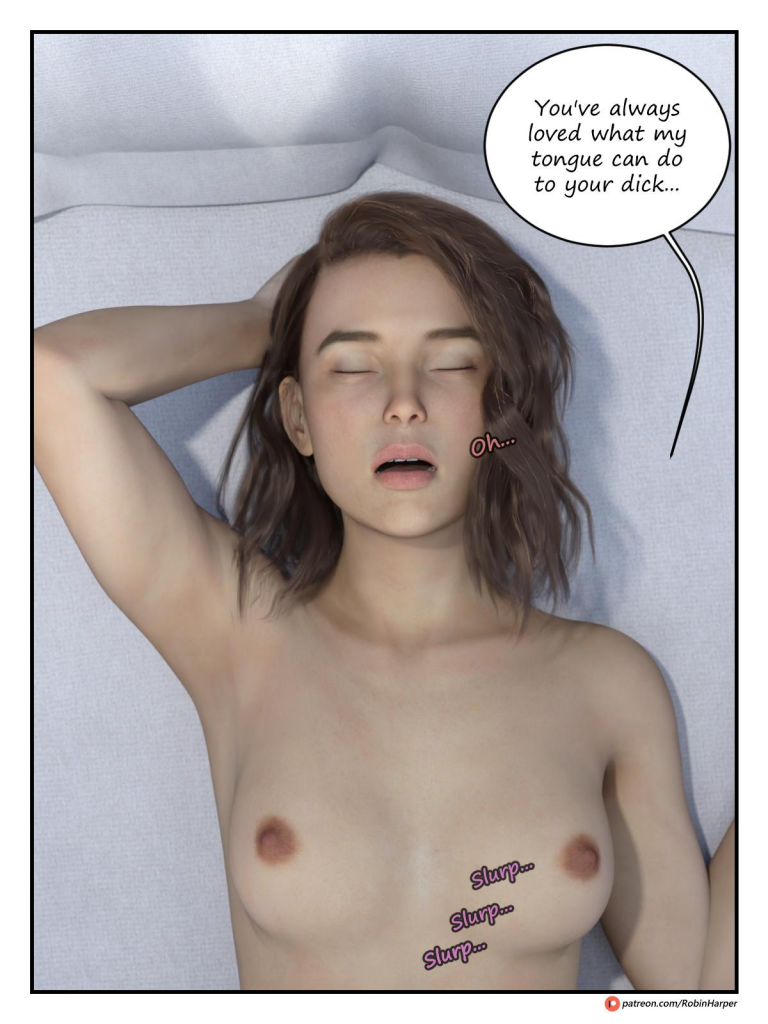
Let your  
pleasure rise  
to a  
crescendo!

Oh! Oh Gwen!  
Don't stop!

A woman with long brown hair is lying on her back on a bed with white linens. She has her eyes closed and a serene expression. Her right arm is raised behind her head. In the foreground, the back of another person's head and shoulders is visible, suggesting they are in a close, intimate position. A speech bubble originates from the right side of the frame, containing text.

And if you  
think your first  
climax signaled the  
end of this avalanche of  
pleasure, lie back, because  
there are many more  
climaxes to come!



A photograph of a woman with long brown hair lying on a light blue bedsheet. She has her eyes closed and her mouth slightly open. Her right arm is raised behind her head. The image is framed as a comic panel with a black border. A speech bubble in the upper right corner contains the text "You've always loved what my tongue can do to your dick...". There are three sound effect words "oh...", "slurp...", and "slurp..." scattered around her face and chest area.

You've always loved what my tongue can do to your dick...

oh...


slurp...  
slurp...  
slurp...



oh!  
oh!

But I'm sure  
\*slurp\* you can  
agree that nothing  
compares to what  
my tongue can do  
to your pussy!

slurp...  
slurp...  
slurp...

A woman with short brown hair is sitting on a bed, looking down. She is nude. In the foreground, the legs of another person are visible, resting on the bed. The background shows a window with blue curtains. There are speech bubbles and sound effects scattered around the scene.

So just  
relax and let  
your desires  
guide you...

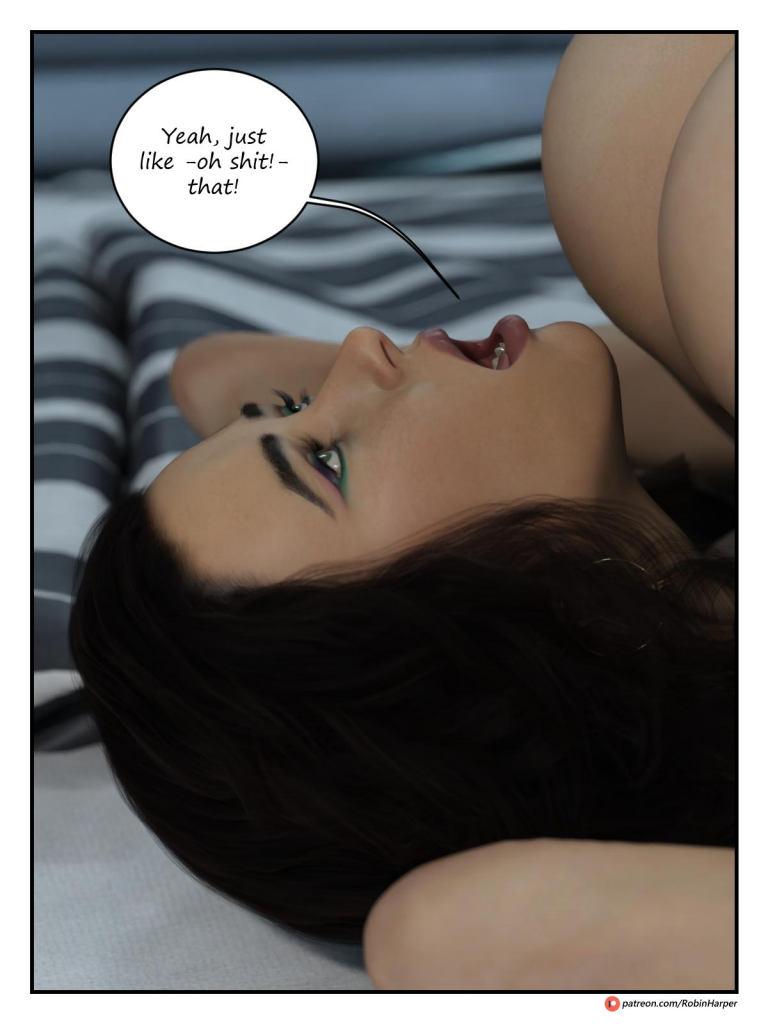
Mmm...

Slurp...  
Slurp...  
Slurp...

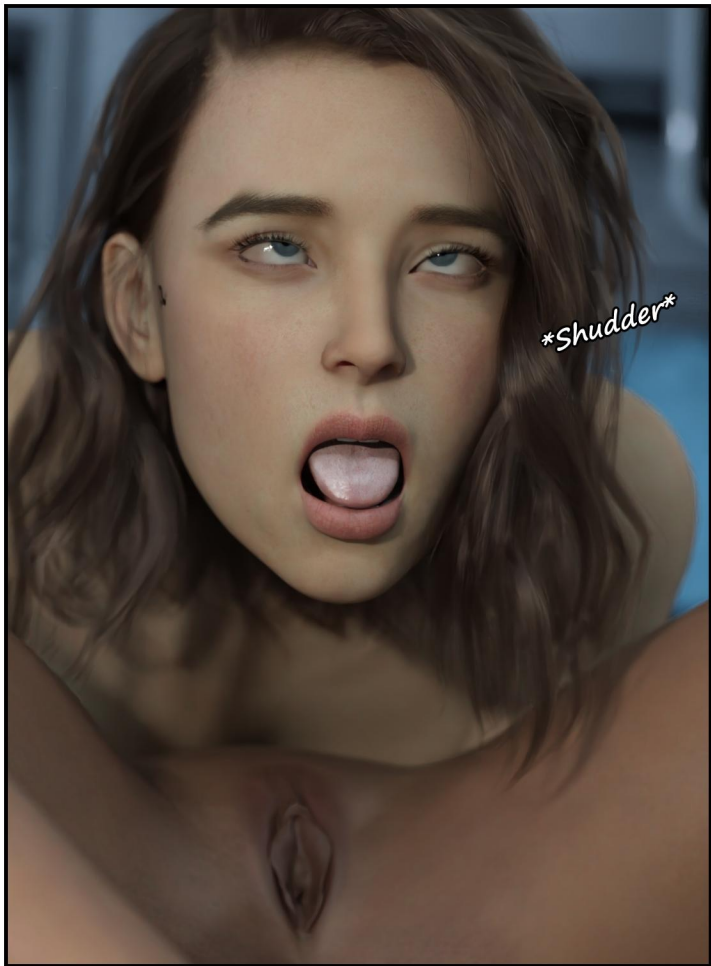
That's a  
good \*groan\*  
girl!

Slurp...  
Slurp...  
Slurp...

Slurp...  
Slurp...  
Slurp...

A woman with long dark hair and blue eyes is lying on her back on a blue and white striped surface. She has a surprised or shocked expression on her face, with her mouth open. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing the text "Yeah, just like -oh shit!- that!".

Yeah, just  
like -oh shit!-  
that!



*\*Shudder\**





Shit Gwen,  
that was  
something  
else...



*Click*  
*Click*  
*Click*



Is it ready?

Click

Click

Click

Yeah, it's  
all ready  
to go!

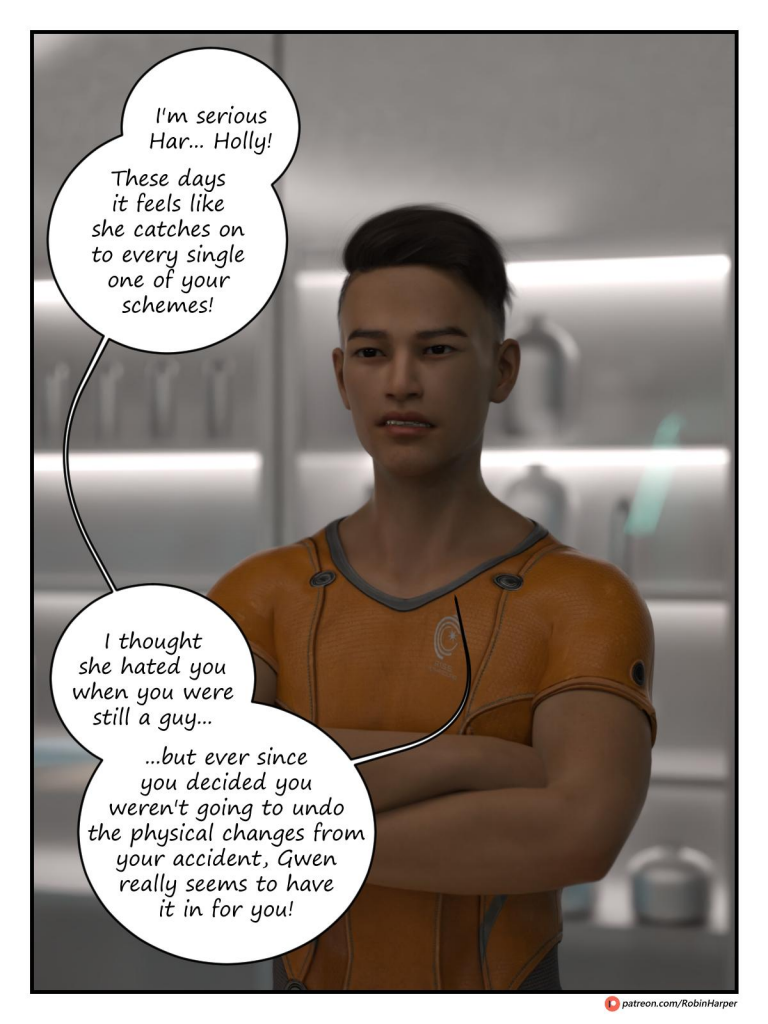




Gwen  
can't know  
about this,  
okay?








I'm serious  
Har... Holly!

These days  
it feels like  
she catches on  
to every single  
one of your  
schemes!

I thought  
she hated you  
when you were  
still a guy...

...but ever since  
you decided you  
weren't going to undo  
the physical changes from  
your accident, Gwen  
really seems to have  
it in for you!

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a dark, form-fitting, high-tech suit, stands in a futuristic, industrial-looking environment. She is holding a small, glowing device in her right hand. The background features metallic surfaces, pipes, and blue lighting accents.

Jenkins, what I do in the privacy of my bedroom is nobody else's business!


It's not like I'm going to bang my girlfriend in the middle of the hallway!

I'll be discreet!


Holly,  
we're talking  
about unauthorized  
use of company  
property here!

Unlike you,  
I don't enjoy  
being hauled into  
Gwen's office!



A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a dark, form-fitting, high-tech suit, stands in a futuristic, industrial environment. She is holding a small, cylindrical container in her hands. The background features metallic surfaces, glowing blue and green lights, and a yellow sign that reads "SEC 2". A large speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing text.

*And I certainly don't want to be chewed out for using company resources to design a batch of Nanos that give a girl a temporary dick for a few hours!*



Also, I've  
been meaning  
to ask...

Who's this  
new girlfriend  
of yours  
anyway?

Normally  
I would have  
heard gossip  
about it by  
now...

...but oddly  
enough, I've  
heard  
nothing!





Oh, for the  
love of...! Doesn't  
anyone have  
the decency to  
knock any-







Oh...  
for fuck's  
sake!

Oh don't  
be upset,  
Dr. Jenkins!

In fact,  
you should  
feel elated!



Carol!?

Despite the involvement of defective samples of your product in that terrible accident during the former Board's tour of a QA facility two weeks ago...

Everyone on the replacement Board agrees that your latest design shows extraordinary potential!




So much potential in fact that your latest iteration of your nano-machines will no doubt carry our beloved Company to new heights!






And once  
the geeks at our  
skunkworks lab got  
their hands on it, well  
you won't believe how  
many additional  
improvements they've  
been able to add to  
your design!



A man with short dark hair, wearing a glowing orange and blue patterned suit, stands in a futuristic laboratory. He is looking down at a control panel on a table in front of him. The panel has a green surface with white circular diagrams and a row of small vials with green liquid. In the background, there are shelves with various bottles and containers, some of which are glowing. A large speech bubble is positioned above him, containing text.

They say you're a genius Jenkins, but for such a smart guy, you seem to have a severe lack of imagination when it comes to the potential uses for your product!

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a brown patterned top, is leaning over a white table in a laboratory. On the table, there is a glowing green interface with various icons and a row of test tubes containing green liquid. In the background, there are shelves with bottles and a wall with three circular warning signs: a radiation symbol, a biohazard symbol, and a chemical symbol. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, one pointing to the top left and one pointing to the bottom right.

The lab techs  
said that there were  
a shocking number of  
limitations and restrictions  
built into your original  
version of the  
product!

Your design  
was filled with so  
many speed-bumps  
and inefficiencies that  
were holding it back  
from it's full  
potential!



So, I'm sure you'll be excited to know that we've successfully removed nearly every flaw in your original design!



And as you can see for yourself, your Nanos work so much better now!



*In particular, the Board has been quite impressed with the Nanos' ability to enhance a user's brain functions!*





And while we applaud your idealist yet misguided attempt to improve society...

...with a Nano that improves a person's capacity for wisdom, intelligence, creativity and empathy...



...you forget  
that too much  
knowledge can  
be stressful;


creativity a  
distraction from  
responsibility;

and  
empathy  
a painful  
burden.



*Sometimes  
the path to a  
happy life is  
the path of  
ignorance...*

*Sometimes  
it's better to let  
others worry about  
the big problems  
for us...*



Don't  
you agree,  
Dr. Jenkins?




Uh...

Yes!

It all makes  
perfect sense  
now!








*My work  
suffered because I  
was worrying too  
much about all sorts  
of inconsequential  
things!*

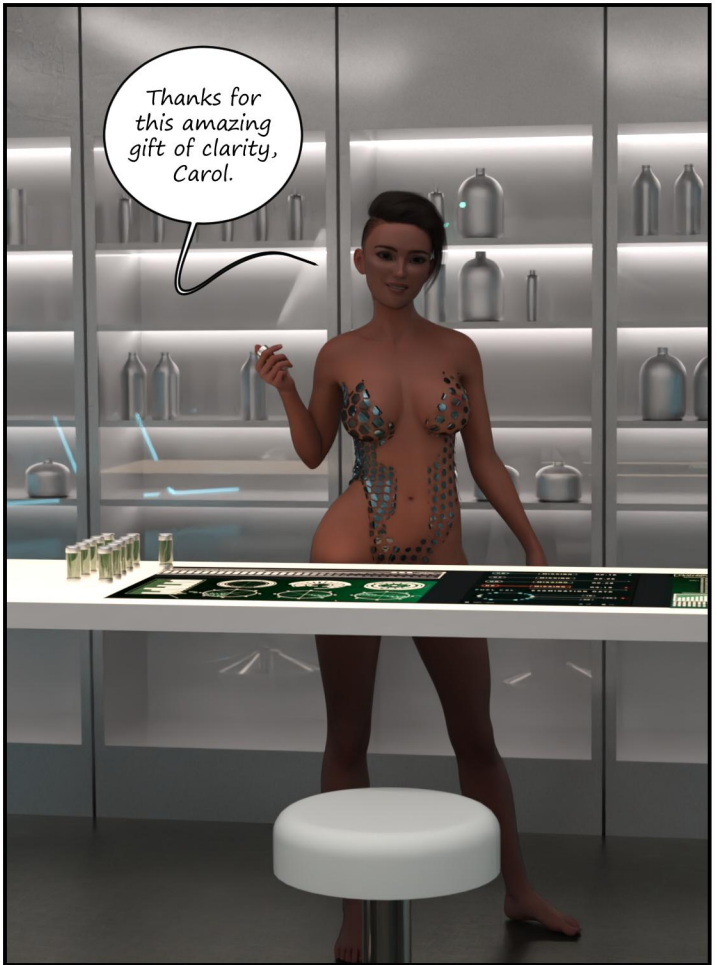
*I wasn't  
focused enough,  
and always got  
lost exploring  
unnecessary  
features!*

A 3D rendered woman with dark hair, wearing a red bikini, stands in a futuristic laboratory. She is looking towards a control panel on a white machine. In the background, there are shelves with several blue, cylindrical containers. The scene is lit with soft, blue-toned lights.

And I held back  
useful features  
because I was paranoid  
that one idiot might  
do something stupid  
with it.

Hell, if I had  
just concentrated  
on what was  
important, I could  
have finished my  
latest design  
weeks ago!

Thanks for  
this amazing  
gift of clarity,  
Carol.




*Now I can  
focus on my  
work with no  
distractions!*



What the fuck did you do to him!?





Oh sweet  
Holly...

I've freed  
him from his  
suffering!




Jenkins' brilliance comes with many complications:

He worries too much about the little things.

He gets distracted with side projects.

Instead of stopping at great, he wears himself out and blows the budget by pushing for perfect!






What I've  
done is given  
him the discipline  
he needs to stay  
focused on the  
work at hand!

Along with  
some boldness to  
share his big ideas  
before every issue  
is fleshed out!

And an  
unwavering faith  
in the Company, so  
that he no longer has  
to worry about any  
ethical concerns that  
were never his job  
to resolve in the  
first place!



I've also gifted  
him with a  
gorgeous body!

One with  
enough charisma  
to give him the  
power and respect  
he deserves from  
his peers!

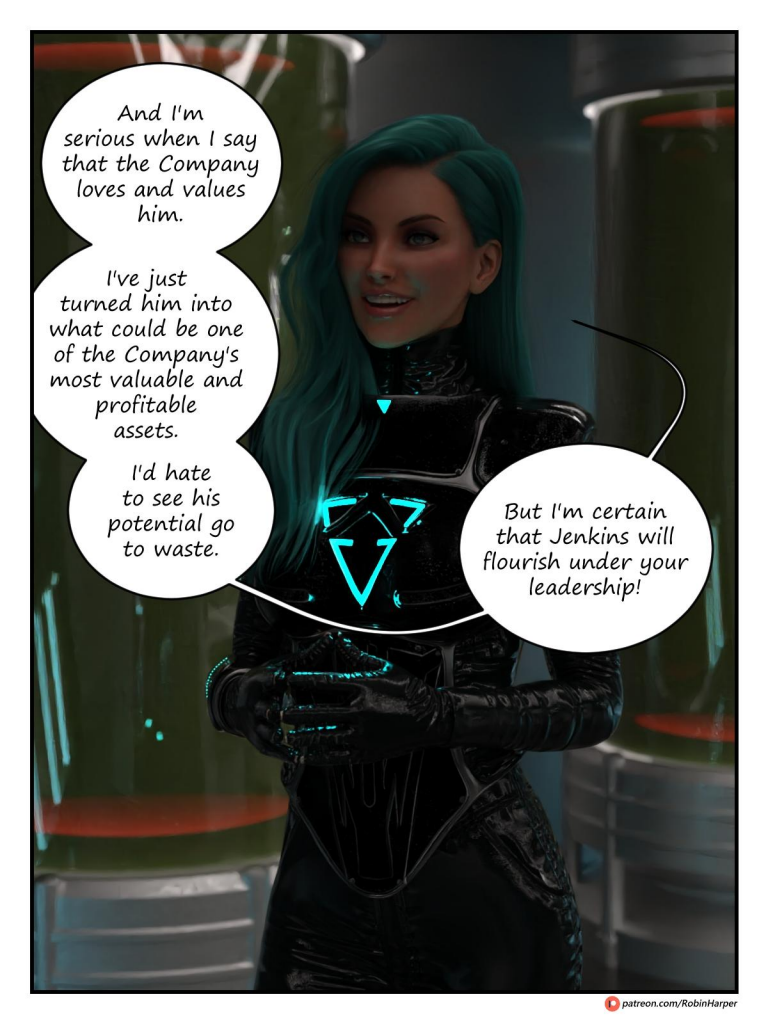


And despite his significant new assets, he no longer has any need for physical sex.



His work now gives him more pleasure than any man or woman could.

He is in love with the Company and the Company loves him in return!



And I'm serious when I say that the Company loves and values him.

I've just turned him into what could be one of the Company's most valuable and profitable assets.

I'd hate to see his potential go to waste.

But I'm certain that Jenkins will flourish under your leadership!



My  
leadership?

Hold on,  
what about  
Gwen!?




Well... I hate to be the bearer of bad news Holly...

But it appears that the tragedy that befell the former Board wasn't entirely an accident!

And Gwen seems to have been a primary actor in the scheme!



A woman with reddish-brown hair pulled back, wearing a dark, form-fitting, high-tech suit, is pointing her right index finger directly at the viewer. She has a stern, angry expression with furrowed brows and an open mouth as if speaking. The background is a dark, futuristic interior with blue glowing lights and panels. A white speech bubble is positioned in the upper left corner.

You back-  
stabbing...!



Hold on  
Holly!


Don't throw  
your career away  
for someone who  
hated you with  
such passion!



Wait... hold on, if she hates you so much, why would she...



Matthew,  
honey, could  
you invite dear  
Gwen into the  
room?




Originally  
this was going  
to be my parting  
gift to you.

Click

Click

Click



Some  
compensation  
for all of her silly  
nonsense that you  
had to put up with  
for all these  
years...

Click

Click

Click

But it appears that I've made some incorrect assumptions regarding the nature of your relationship with each other...

...so I hope for your sake that she hasn't foolishly concealed any loose ends from me!







*Because Gwen was never very good at playing the game.*

*So, she's just discovered what happens to silly little otters who think they can swim alongside the sharks!*



Isn't that  
right Gwen?

Yeah...


...I made a  
huge mistake  
by going into  
management...

It wasn't  
something,  
you know, that  
I was any  
good at...



But I  
imagine you're  
very excited  
about your  
new role!





I'm going to  
be an  
Administrative  
assistant!

And I have  
no idea why I  
never thought  
to become one  
sooner!

I really love  
helping people,  
but when you're  
in management,  
they really don't like  
it if you get too  
friendly with the  
rest of the  
staff!

They complain  
that it can lead  
to favouritism  
and affect our  
judgement!



*But as a  
Administrative  
Assistant, it's  
going to be my  
job to help  
people!*

*It'll be so  
awesome!*



So  
Gwen...

...one last  
question before  
we go...

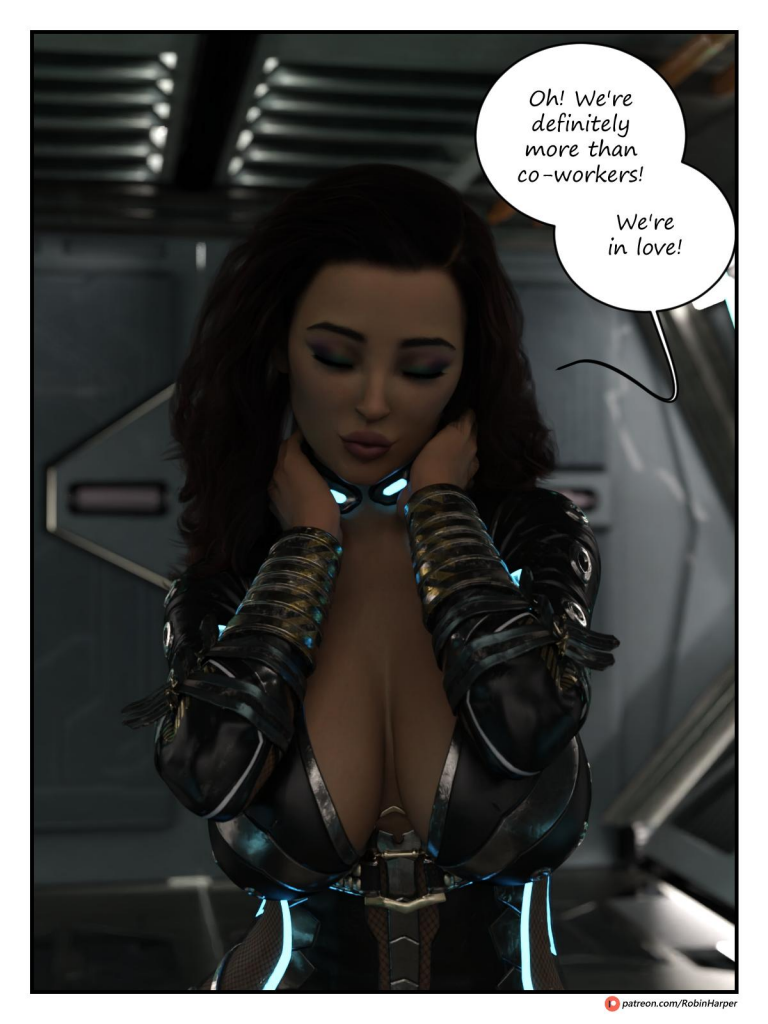
What sort of  
relationship do  
you have with our  
dear friend  
Holly?

Just  
co-workers?

Rivals?


Or  
something  
else?





Oh! We're  
definitely  
more than  
co-workers!

We're  
in love!



Oh Gwen...  
Honey... you know  
that romantic  
relationships between  
supervisors and their  
underlings is against  
company policy!

But I won't  
tell anyone about  
your little mistake  
if you can promise  
me that you haven't  
told Holly anything she  
shouldn't know  
about...



You can  
promise me  
you haven't  
been telling  
Holly any dirty  
little secrets,  
can't you?



I uh...

...umm...

Gwen.

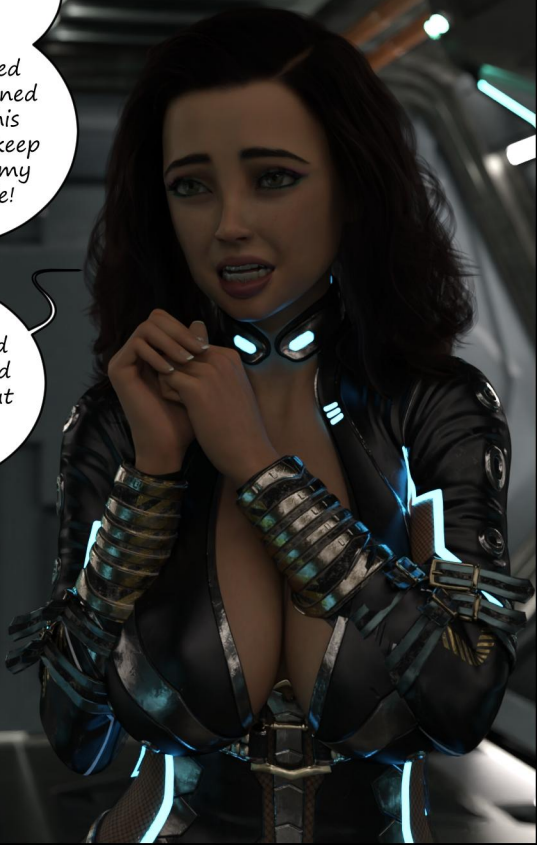
How much  
does Holly  
know about  
what happened  
to the former  
Board!?




Carol...

You promised  
that if I resigned  
and took this  
Nano, you'd keep  
everyone in my  
division safe!

You promised  
me that you'd  
keep them out  
of this!






That was  
before I knew  
that **you** were  
keeping secrets  
from **me**!

That you  
broke **your**  
promise about  
not telling  
anyone!

You might  
love Holly, but you  
should **never** assume  
that she'll keep all of  
your dirty laundry  
a secret forever!






What if the two of you have a fight?

What if you two break up?

By telling Holly, you've left the **both** of us vulnerable to blackmail!

Frankly, this is just further proof that bleeding-hearts like you have no place in a managerial role!

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a dark, form-fitting, high-collared suit with a textured, segmented design. She is holding a small, clear vial with a yellow substance inside in her right hand, and her left hand is held out palm-up. The background is a futuristic, dimly lit interior with blue and white lighting, featuring panels and a sign that says "FOY".

Wait  
Carol, let's  
not be rash  
here...

I'm sure  
we can all  
work something  
out that will  
keep everyone  
happy...


A woman with long, flowing teal hair is shown in a black, form-fitting tactical suit with glowing blue accents. She stands in a futuristic laboratory setting, with a large cylindrical glass container filled with a green liquid behind her. The scene is dimly lit with blue and green ambient lighting.

Hard  
pass.

I've already  
made a mistake  
by thinking that  
I could trust  
Gwen!

So I'm  
certainly not  
going to repeat  
that mistake by  
trusting a loose  
cannon like  
you!

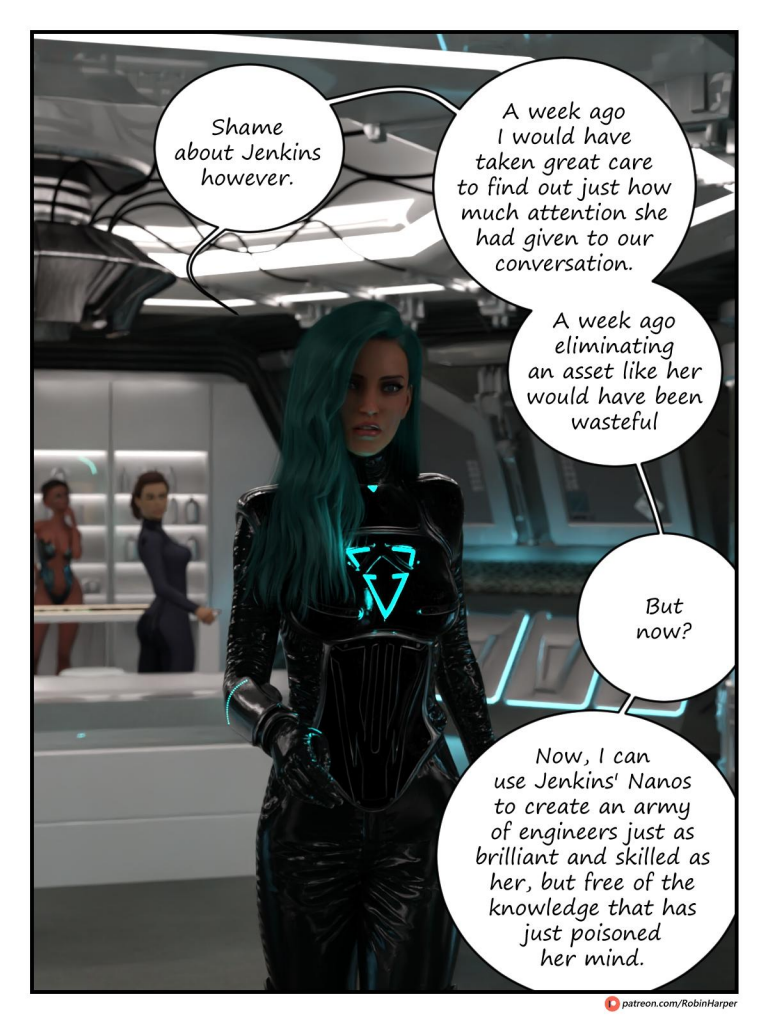
No, the  
safest course is  
to simply remove  
the lot of you  
from the  
equation.



But don't worry, nobody's going to kill you...

...with these Nanos, there's no need anymore for anything barbaric like that for people who don't have the sense to keep a secret.

We are at the dawn of a new, more civilized age.



Shame  
about Jenkins  
however.

A week ago  
I would have  
taken great care  
to find out just how  
much attention she  
had given to our  
conversation.

A week ago  
eliminating  
an asset like her  
would have been  
wasteful


But  
now?

Now, I can  
use Jenkins' Nanos  
to create an army  
of engineers just as  
brilliant and skilled as  
her, but free of the  
knowledge that has  
just poisoned  
her mind.

Matthew,  
transform Holly  
first and let Gwen  
observe the  
consequences  
of loose lips!

I've heard  
our pleasure  
domes on Venus  
are short on  
staff.





With these  
Nanos, we no  
longer need to dig  
through resumes and  
and suffer through  
interviews to find the  
candidate who has  
the skills we  
desire!

Thunk!

Now we  
can pull any  
random person  
off the street and  
mould them into  
the very candidate  
we need!



And don't be upset Holly! This new position I'm giving you is more of a reward than a punishment!

Your new job will feel less like work and more like a vacation!




*You will  
be pampered!*

*Pleased!*

*Your  
every need  
and desire  
granted!*





So what  
if you will no  
longer be able to  
string a sentence  
longer than three  
words together?

So what  
if you can no  
longer remember  
yesterday?

Why worry  
when your life  
will be free  
of worry!

Uh...  
Ma'am?



What  
is it!?

Um...  
it doesn't look  
like anything is  
happening  
to her!

Then  
shoot her  
again!!!



*Oh,  
don't waste  
your time!*

*It's not  
going to  
work!*



*Not when  
Holly has my  
latest generation  
of Nano-bots  
floating around  
inside of her!*






A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a futuristic, metallic blue bodysuit with a corset-like top and a high-cut bottom. She is smiling and looking slightly to her right. She holds a small yellow and silver vial in her right hand. Her left hand is held out in a shrugging gesture. The background is a laboratory with shelves of various glassware and equipment, some with blue glowing lights.

Oh, I'm  
sorry...!


Did you idiots  
honestly think that  
I'd willingly send  
samples of my prized  
design over to those  
boneheads in QA  
to pick apart?



Like, as soon as I discovered which batch of Nanos actually escaped and attacked Holly, it was obvious that someone was screwing around with my stuff!

I mean, it would take much more than a simple error in code to safely turn someone into a sex crazed nymphomaniac!

There are so many variables involved in such a process!




And frankly,  
the only person on  
this station with the  
talent to not  
only break into my  
files without me  
knowing...

...and  
understand  
and edit my code  
competently...


...is  
Gwen!

The very  
person who  
was ordering me  
to hand over the  
corrupted  
Nanos!



So I gave her  
an older, less  
efficient version  
of my design.

And then I  
began implementing  
safety protocols in  
preparation for the  
moment you morons  
would inevitably try  
and screw things  
up!



And, oh boy, did you idiots really screw things up!

You left wireless access enabled in your release version?

Added the capability for remote connections?

Stripped out all the safety protocols?

Removed the anti-virus daemon?

Allowed for user access to the fucking kernel!?



Shoot her!

And worse than that, you've programmed these insecure nano-bots to stick around in the body long their

Put a fucking bullet between her eyes before she can

I can't!

My gun's jammed!

*Oh, I'm  
sorry!?*

*Are you  
suffering from  
the consequences  
of your own  
actions?*





A close-up illustration of a person's hand pointing at a glowing green interface. The interface features several circular patterns, some resembling stylized wheels or gears, and others resembling molecular or network diagrams. The background is blurred, suggesting a futuristic or laboratory setting.

As fun as it  
was to pretend  
that you were  
ever in control of  
the Nano-bots  
inside of  
me...

...playtime  
is over!



Thanks for the makeover though, my new body is kind of cute!

But I think everyone here can agree that giving you, of all people, the power to change other people's identities was a huge mistake!

So I'm going to have to make sure that you never have the power to do that again!



You Bitch!

If you don't stop whatever you are doing to me right now... I swear I'll have you transformed into a bucket of goo!

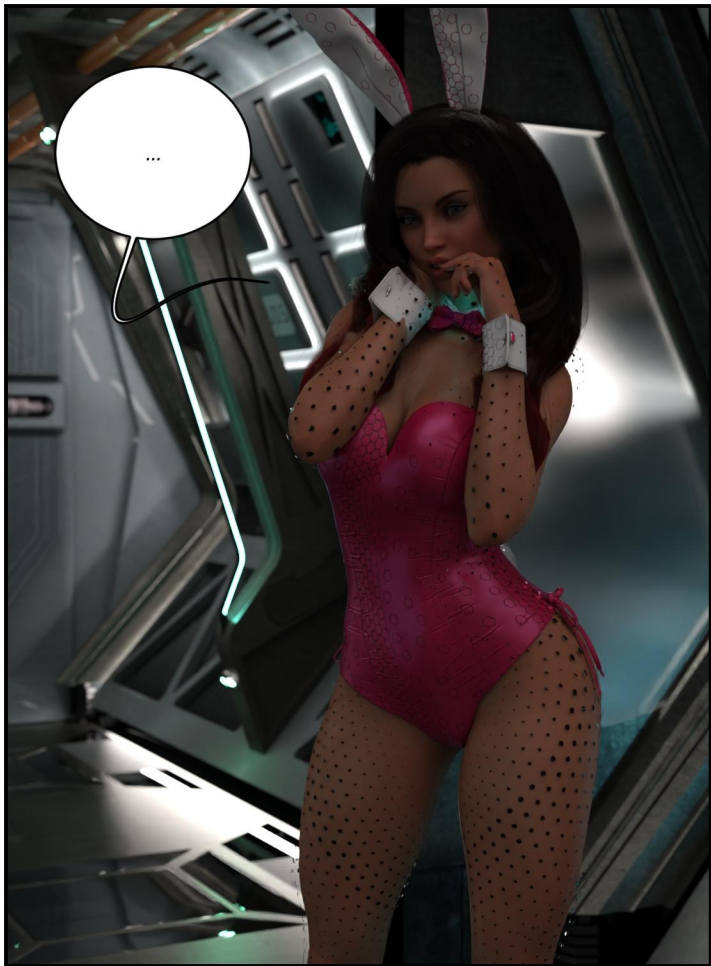



I'm  
serious! I'm  
irreplaceable!

The  
company  
needs me!



You're  
making a  
huge...!





Why are you upset?

Someone so handsome shouldn't be so sad...



SEC 2

I'm upset  
because of  
what you did  
to me!

Do you have  
any fucking idea  
how many fucking  
dick's I've sucked  
in the last two  
weeks!?

Eeek!!

Easy dude,  
Carol's not  
all there  
anymore...


All that's  
left in there is a  
simple minded girl  
who's only interested  
in making other  
people happy...





Making people  
happy as in  
being brainwashed  
into being a  
fuck-toy?

That's  
sick, lady!



Well that's  
what she had  
planned for the  
rest of us!

I'd say she  
deserves it!

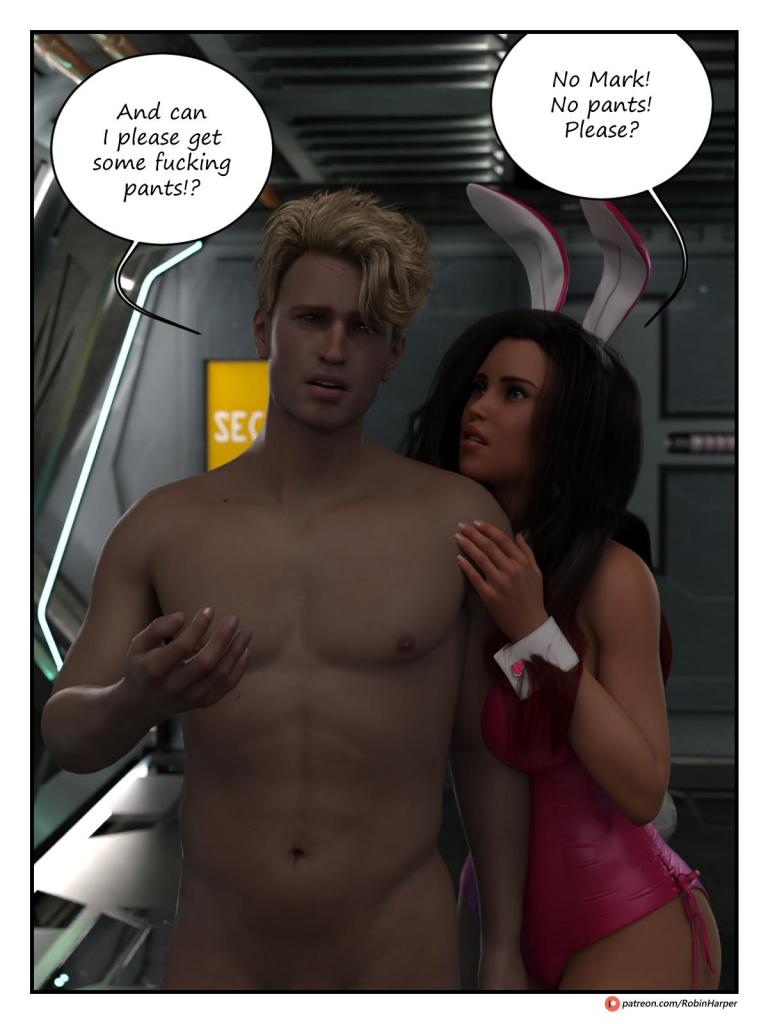
Still not  
an excuse to  
do that to  
someone!

A close-up shot of a person's hand pointing at a glowing green interface. The interface features a large, intricate circular pattern with concentric rings and radial lines, resembling a stylized sun or a complex data visualization. The background is blurred, showing what appears to be a futuristic or industrial setting with metallic surfaces and lights.

Fine! I'll alter her to be just a simple idiot, not a horny one, happy?


No, but she'll be the end of everyone if you turn her back into the person she's supposed to be...

So while I don't like it, I don't see much of a choice!



And can  
I please get  
some fucking  
pants!?

No Mark!  
No pants!  
Please?




Now, let's  
get out of  
here!

This outfit  
sucks, Mark!  
The bunny one  
was so much  
cuter!

You know,  
ignoring how  
easily I spread my  
legs for all of those,  
guys, I rather  
liked my girl  
body!





Jenkins,  
you have to  
destroy your  
Nano-bots!

They're too  
dangerous!

We were  
lucky this  
time,

but what  
if next time,  
the person who  
tries this has  
a brain!?


A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a futuristic, metallic blue and black bodysuit, stands in a high-tech laboratory. She has a serious expression. The background shows shelves with various futuristic equipment and glowing lights.

I can't  
destroy  
them!

I didn't  
create these  
Nanos from  
nothing...

...I, like every  
other inventor,  
developed my design  
by improving what  
came before!

If I destroy  
my Nanos, in a  
year, maybe ten,  
someone else will  
come up with  
something  
similar.

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a futuristic, form-fitting bodysuit with blue and black metallic-looking panels. She has her hands outstretched in a questioning or pleading gesture. The background is a brightly lit, modern interior with shelves and cabinets.

And then  
what if that  
someone else  
is like Carol?



No, the safest thing to do is to stay ahead of the curve...


...lead the way faster than those idiots can catch up.

But safest  
doesn't mean  
easiest.

Just like our  
immune system  
constantly has to  
learn and adapt  
to forever evolving  
bacterial and  
viral threats...

...we will now  
forever be stuck  
in an endless fight  
to keep malicious  
nano-bots like  
Carol's at  
bay.



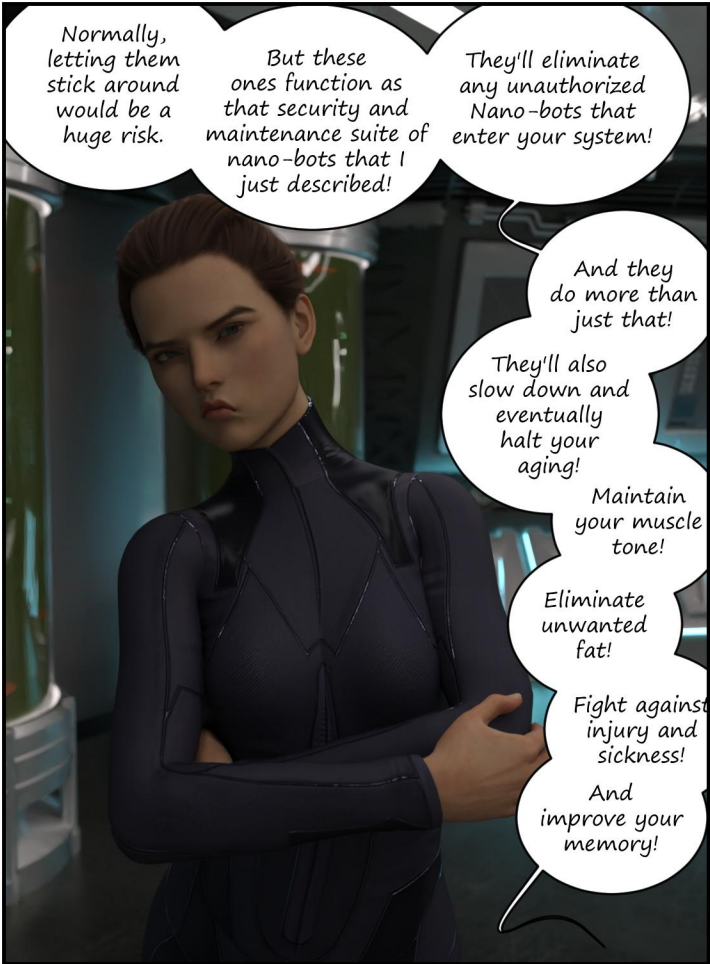


But I have to say Holly, those nano-bots I injected in you last week?

The ones designed to lower your libido back down to normal levels?

...well...

...truthfully they are still actively swimming around inside of you as we speak!



Normally, letting them stick around would be a huge risk.

But these ones function as that security and maintenance suite of nano-bots that I just described!

They'll eliminate any unauthorized Nano-bots that enter your system!

And they do more than just that!

They'll also slow down and eventually halt your aging!

Maintain your muscle tone!

Eliminate unwanted fat!

Fight against injury and sickness!


And improve your memory!



A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a futuristic, form-fitting bodysuit with blue and black panels. She is standing in a laboratory or medical facility with shelves of bottles and equipment in the background. She has a slight smile and is gesturing with her right hand towards her chest. Two speech bubbles are positioned above her, containing text.

Almost everyone will want them!

And everyone who gets them will be nearly immune to Nano's like Carol's!




Great. And when there's demand, there's opportunity for profit.

Make people pay through the noise for their security?

So what happens when those assholes on the Board decide to stick their greasy fingers into your grand scheme?

Turn it into a subscription scheme?

Or add a backdoor?



*Well that's  
where Carol  
has done us a  
huge favour!*

Our new friends  
Mark and Matt  
are in a bit of a  
predicament...



*Their one and only job  
as Executive Security  
Guards is to protect  
their Executive.*

*But they failed and  
their Executive isn't  
much of an Executive  
anymore!*





*And they will be well aware that whoever replaces Carol is going to have no need for the bodyguards who failed their predecessor!*

They are  
trapped!

If they return  
without Carol,  
their careers  
will be over!

But if they restore  
her, they know that  
if they stay in her  
service, she will  
gradually brainwash  
them into mindless  
servants.





But I have a third option for them.

Instead of restoring Carol, I will give them a new Carol.

A Carol who won't brainwash them.

A Carol who will allow them to keep their cushy jobs...

Frankly, I'd be surprised if they refuse.

I still can't  
believe I let  
Jenkins talk me  
into wearing  
this bitch's  
face!



Yeah, well  
at least you got  
your dream  
job, 'Carol'!

I'm wasting  
my talents as  
your new  
Personal  
Assistant!

A job, it feels  
like, that the  
only prerequisite  
are these fucking  
melons Jenkins  
saddled me  
with!



But Holly, here  
at headquarters,  
they are a  
prerequisite!

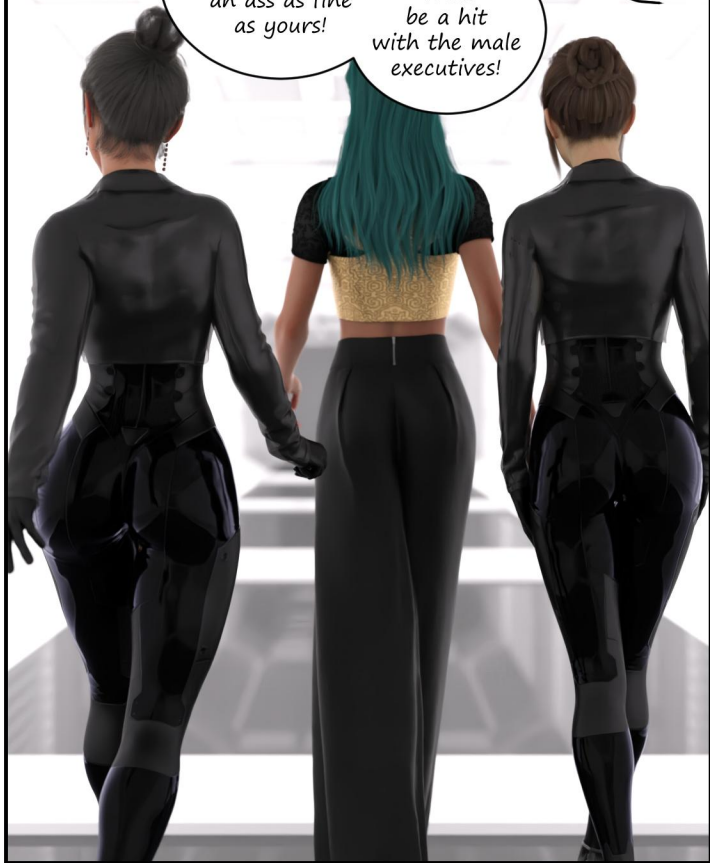
The staff here  
have been altering  
their bodies with  
cosmetic nanobots long  
before Jenkins figured  
out how to use them  
to mess with  
people's heads!

The body  
you're wearing  
is just what's  
expected of  
the job!



You should be thankful Jenkins gave you tits and an ass as fine as yours!

You'll be a hit with the male executives!



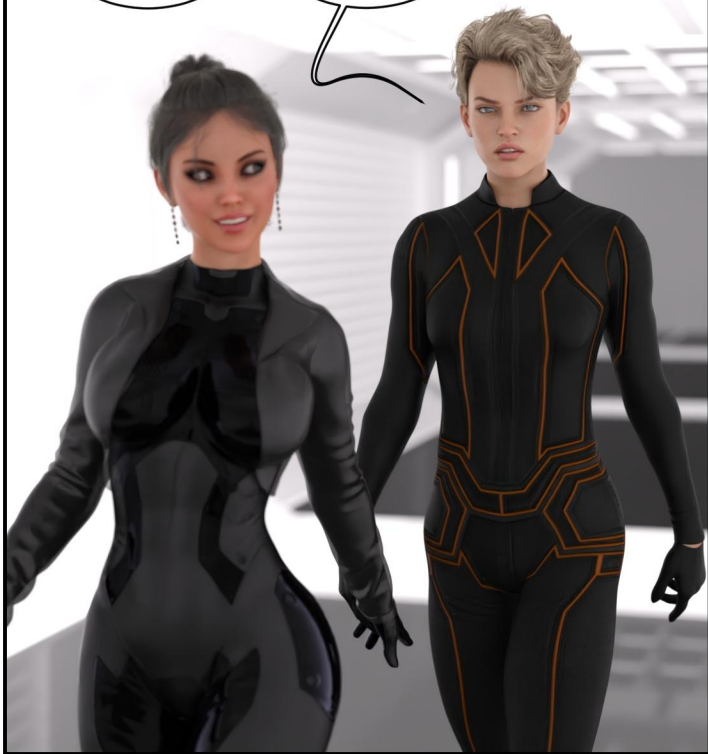
Don't fucking remind me, Matthew!

Those perverts slapped my ass raw during "Carol's" lunch with them yesterday!

Frankly, when the Company successfully lobbied for sexual harassment to be legalized to reduce red tape, it was a step backwards!

Just be thankful you aren't constantly misgendered!

People just look at my tits and face and assume I'm a woman!






I can't even get HR, the very department 'Carol' here is in charge of, to let me use the pronoun 'they'!

'More than two genders wastes space on forms and in the database!'

It's bullshit!

You should have just gone all the way like I did, I feel great!



No Matt,  
Mark is perfect  
just the way  
they are!

They're the  
best of both  
worlds!

Look, the old Carol had specific and well known tastes.

She liked her staff to look a certain way.

She liked to run things a particular way.



Old Carol  
was such an  
asshole!

I'm so glad  
I'm not her  
anymore!



Right, but people will get suspicious if I suddenly stop acting like her!

So woman up, remind yourself that all of this is just temporary...



...and let's  
take over this  
god forsaken  
company!

