



BELLA, BELLA!
BELLISSIMA!

GOD, BETH.

YOU'RE
SUCH A
FUCKING
DUMB-
ASS.

DRACULAVOICE.COM
PROUDLY PRESENTS:

MANHUNT: XX

BY GRETCHEN FELKER-MARTIN

ADAPTATION: CARMILLA MARY MORRELL

LETTERING: ANDREW J. RICKS



THE PLAGUE, T.REX,
WAS AS RELIABLE
AS THE ATOMIC
FUCKING CLOCK.

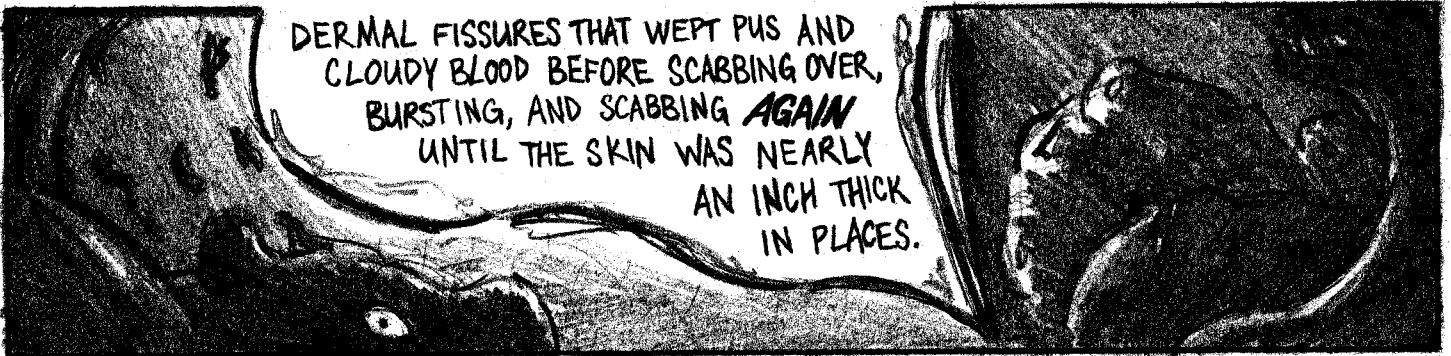
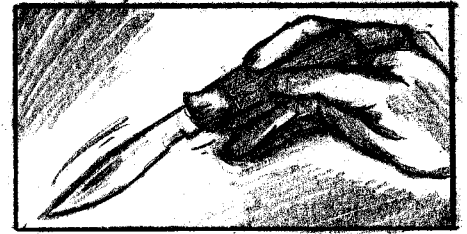


FIRST:

RELENTLESS
HUNGER PANGS.

MOOD SWINGS.

FEVER.



DERMAL FISSURES THAT WEPT PUS AND
CLOUDY BLOOD BEFORE SCABBING OVER,
BURSTING, AND SCABBING **AGAIN**
UNTIL THE SKIN WAS NEARLY
AN INCH THICK
IN PLACES.

DELIRIUM.

INTENSE
SPIKES OF
AGGRESSION.

UNTIL SOMETHING
FINALLY **CLICKS** INSIDE
WHATEVER REMAINS OF HIS
BRAIN, AND HE STARTS LOOKING
FOR THINGS TO RAPE,
MAIM, AND LEAVE
HALF-DEAD.

LIKE THOSE
WASPS THAT
LAID THEIR
EGGS IN
LIVING
TARANTULAS.

THE PLAGUE MADE THESE THINGS OUT OF EVERYONE IN THE COUNTRY WITH ENOUGH
TESTOSTERONE IN THEIR SYSTEM TO PUT OUT A DECENT CROP OF **BACK HAIR.**

MOST OF
THE MEN.

SOME OF
THE WOMEN.

HIGH TESTOSTERONE,
NO CHANCE.

BUT...

...TURNS OUT,
YOU CAN GET
ESTROGEN
FROM THE LAST PLACE
YOU MIGHT THINK TO LOOK.

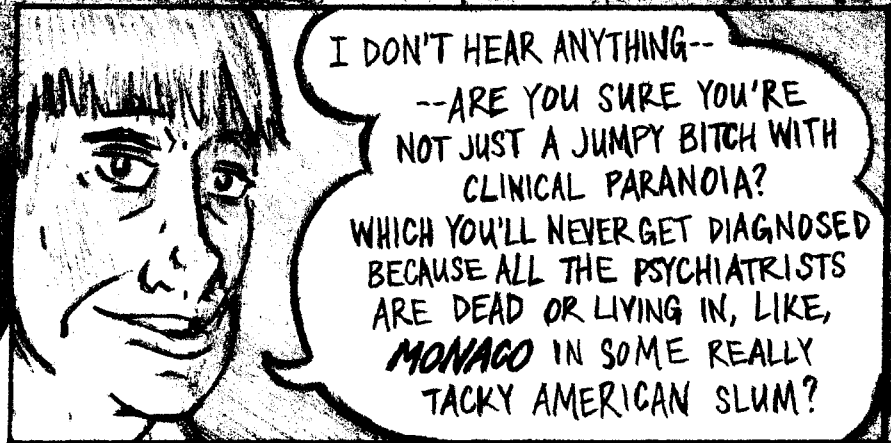


YOU GOOD?

YEAH. LET'S
BOOGIE.



WAIT. HANG ON.



I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING--
--ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE
NOT JUST A JUMPY BITCH WITH
CLINICAL PARANDIA?
WHICH YOU'LL NEVER GET DIAGNOSED
BECAUSE ALL THE PSYCHIATRISTS
ARE DEAD OR LIVING IN, LIKE,
MONACO IN SOME REALLY
TACKY AMERICAN SLUM?



SHUT THE
FUCK UP AND
FOLLOW ME.
AND BE
QUIET.



OH. FFFFUCK.



IT'S THE
FUCKING CHROMOSOME
CRUSADERS.

TERFS.

WE CAN WAIT
THEM OUT. WORST CASE
IS THEY TAKE OUR BIKES
AND WE WALK HOME.

WE HAVE
ENOUGH MEDS,
I THINK.

IT SHOULD BE FINE.

IT'LL PROBABLY
BE FI--



OH
MOTHER FUCK
ME.
FRAN...

THAT'S
QUEEN
TERF.

THAT'S
FUCKING
TEACH.


WHAT? OH MY
GOD, THAT'S...

OH.

OH MY GOD.
BETH--


BETH!

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?



WHAT THE
FUCK ARE
YOU DOING?

MAKING THE WORLD A
KINDER, GENTLER PLACE.



I'M GOING TO
PUT ONE THROUGH HER
FUCKING **NECK.**



TO BE
CONTINUED IN
CHAPTER TWO...
"CROTCH ROCKET!"