

**MAD  
CAVE**

**#1**

# Onla!

*A Boy, a Girl, & her Hungry Monster!*



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# Orla!

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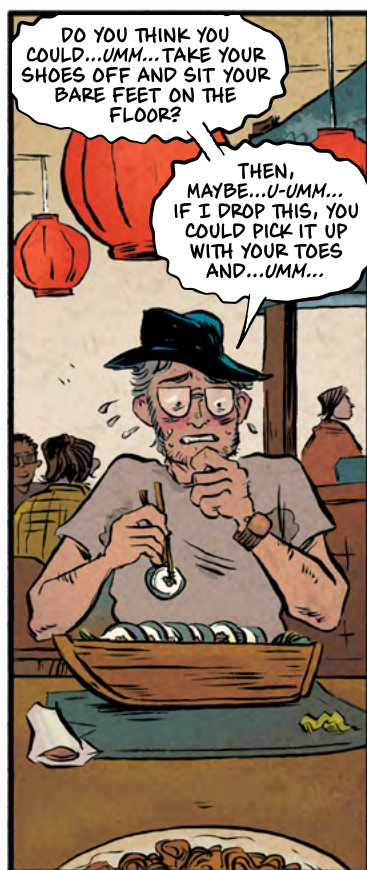
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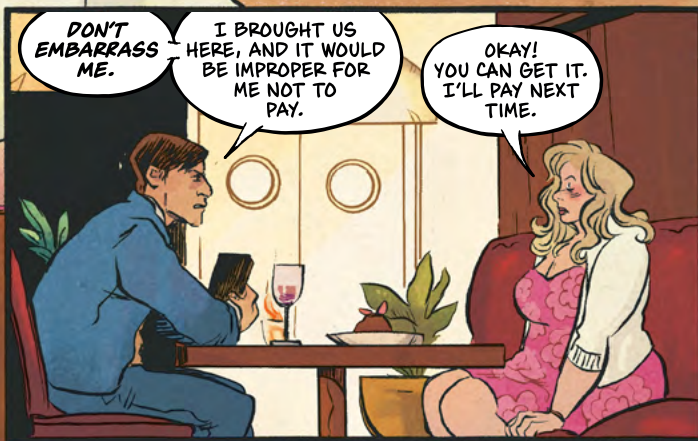
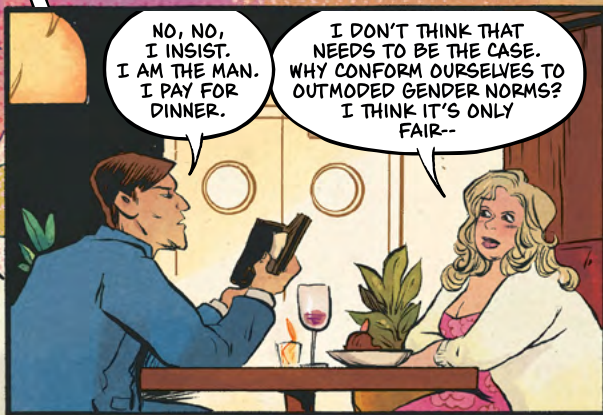


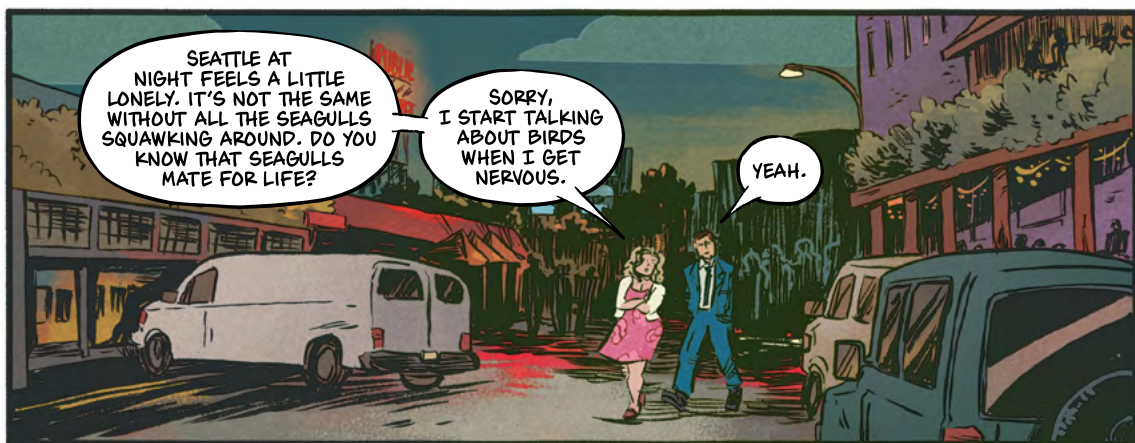
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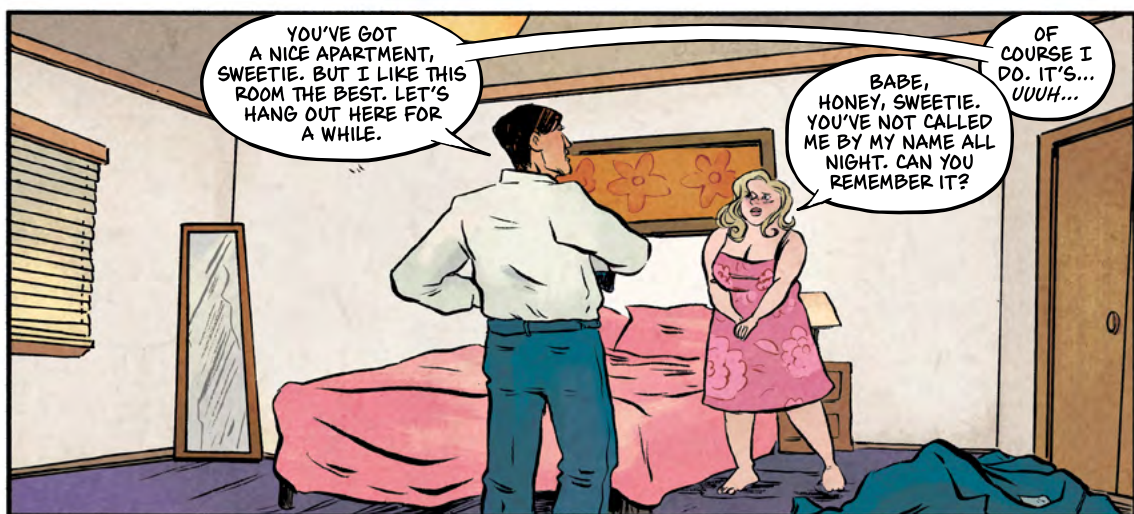


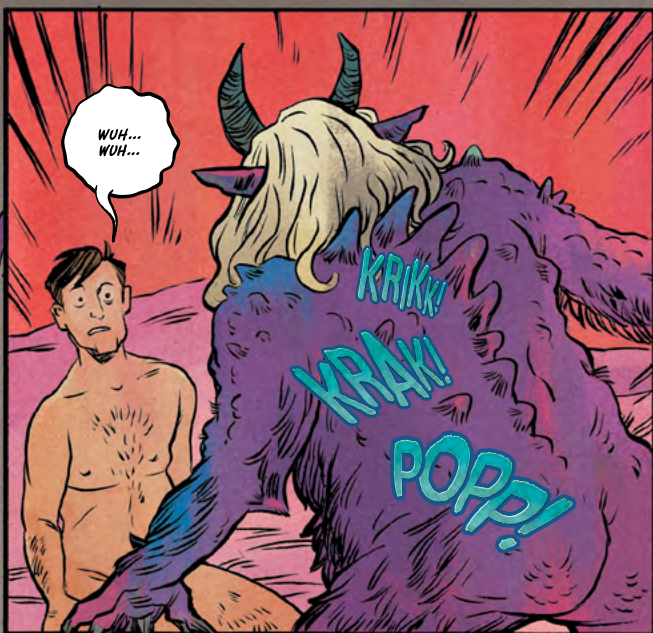


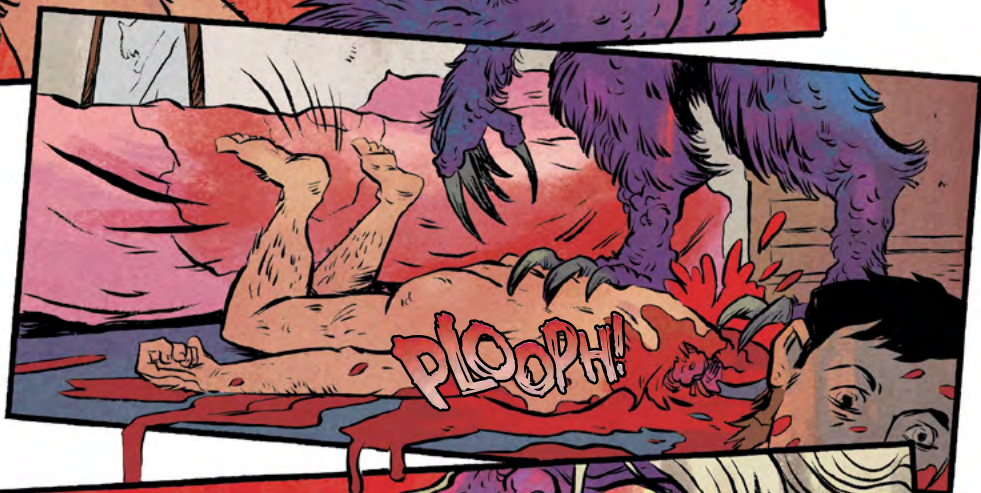


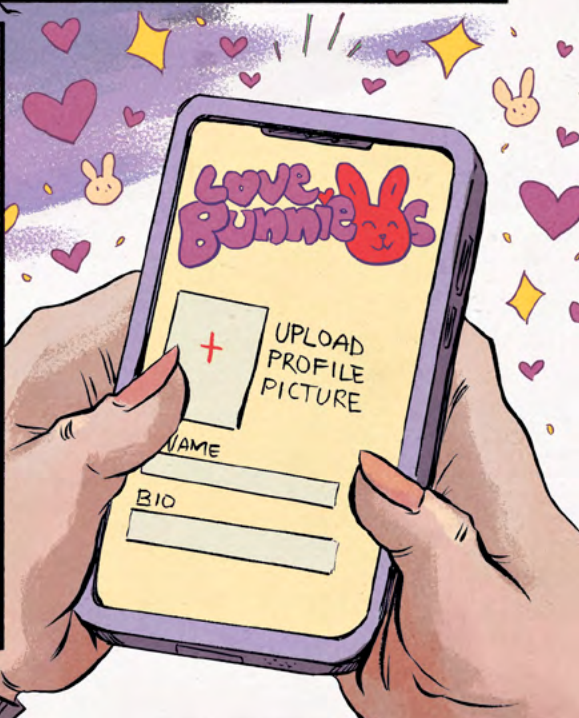
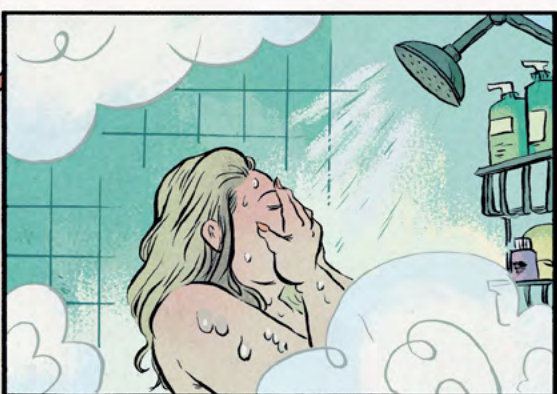
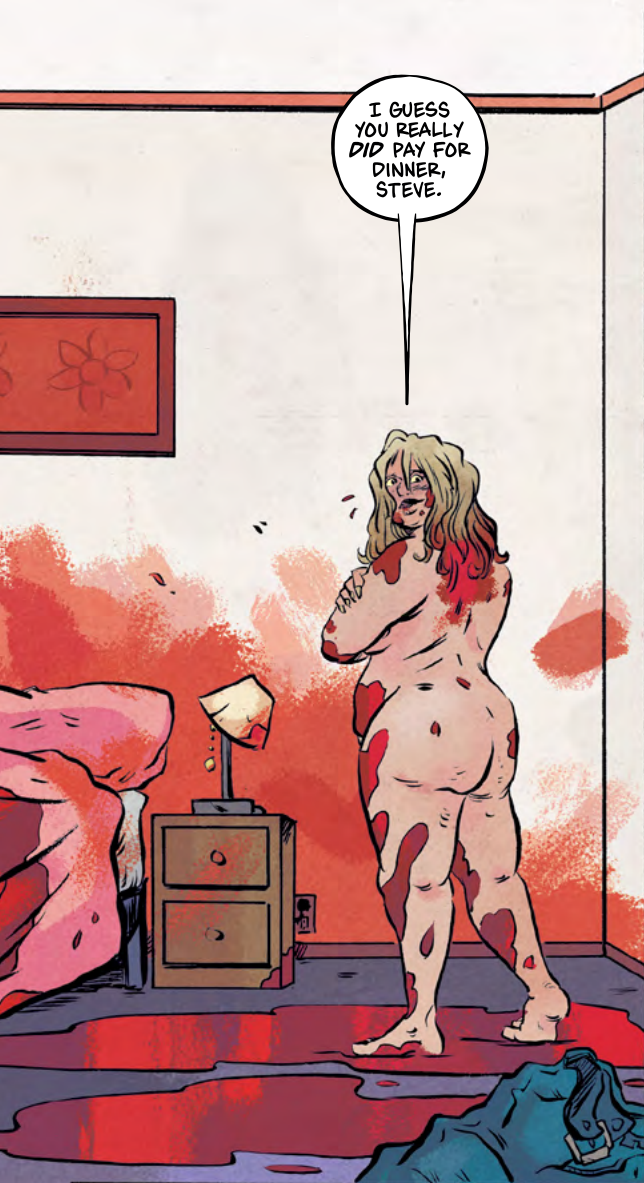










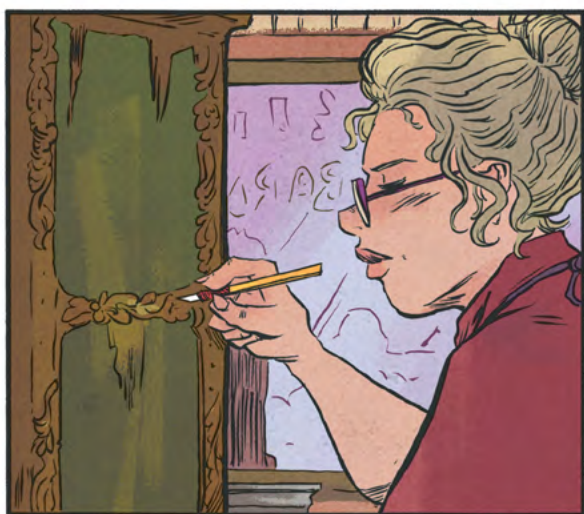




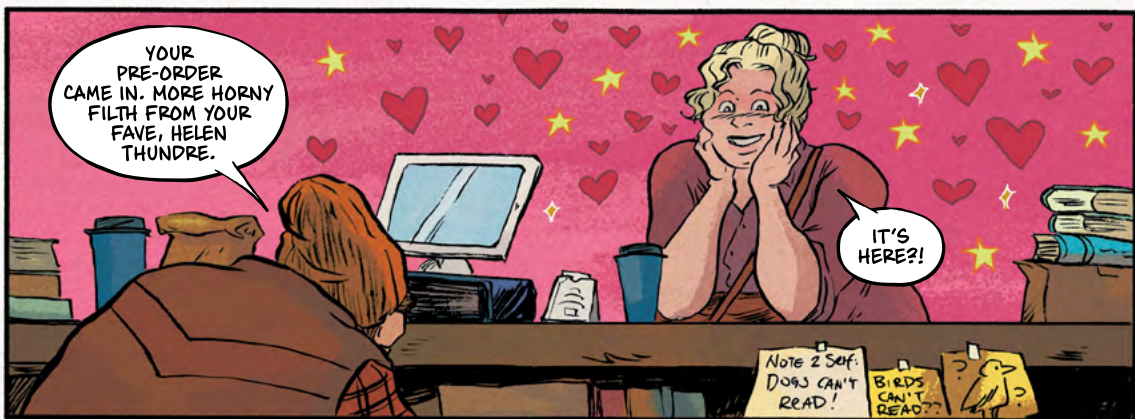
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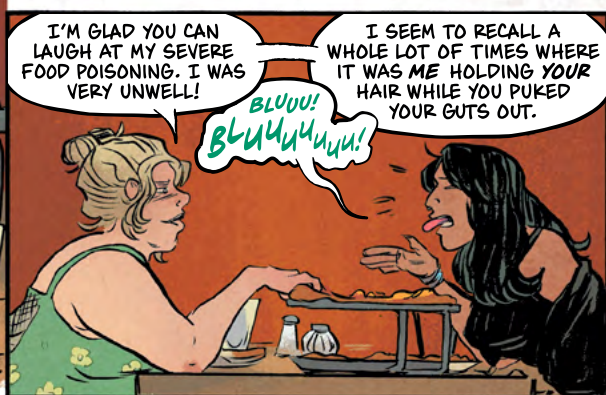
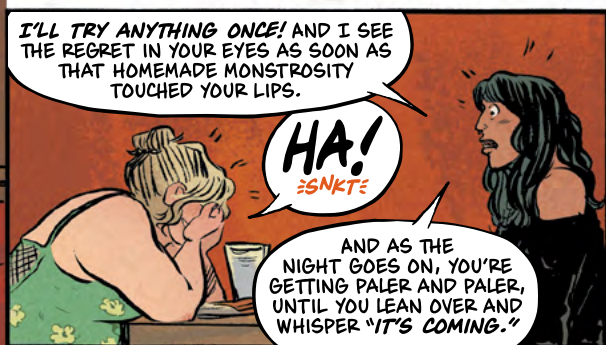
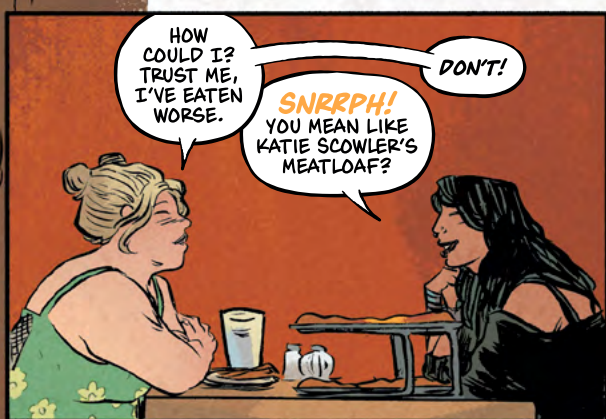
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COLORED BY DEARBHLA KELLY  
ILLUSTRATED BY SALLY CANTIRINO  
LETTERED BY LUCAS GATTONI

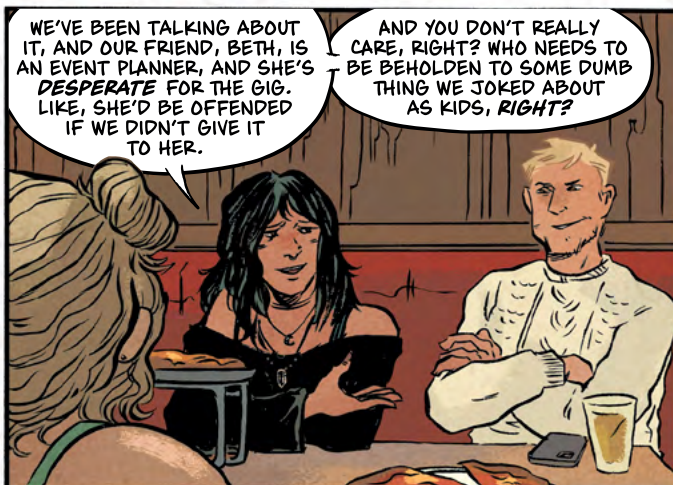
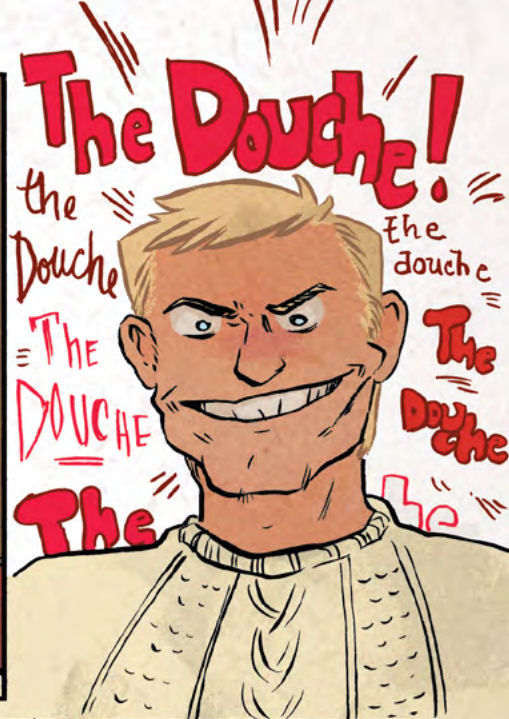
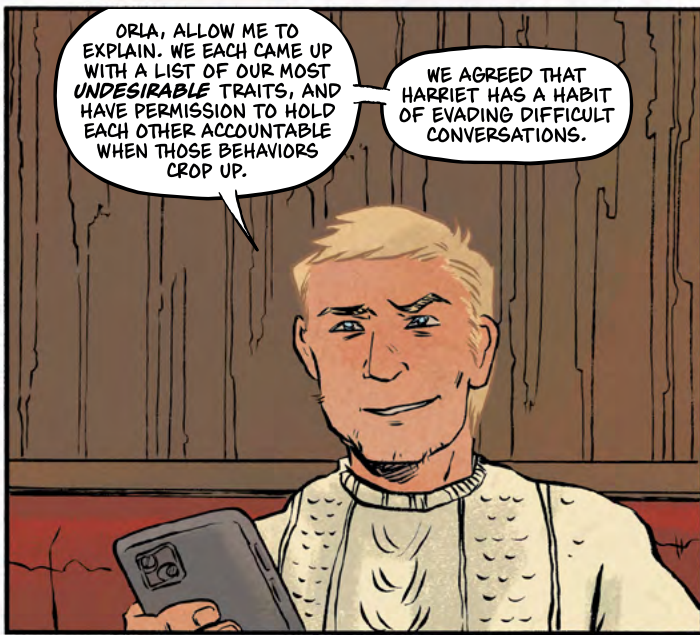












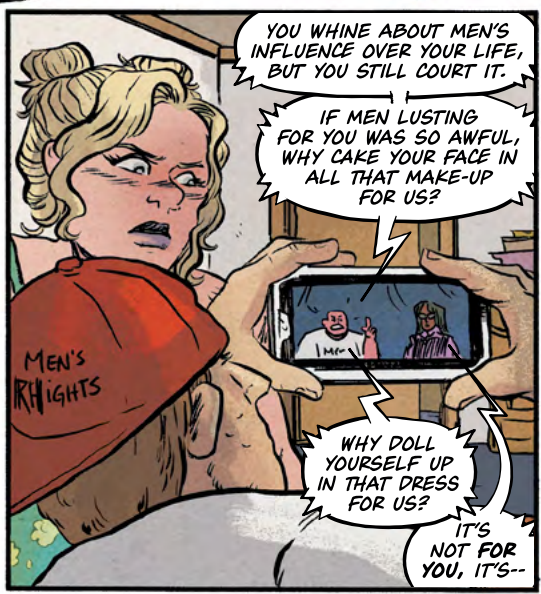


"BACK ON YOUR PHONE, KEVIN?"



HERE'S ANOTHER RICK HOLESTER VIDEO. YOU'LL LIKE THIS ONE!

OH?



YOU WHINE ABOUT MEN'S INFLUENCE OVER YOUR LIFE, BUT YOU STILL COURT IT.

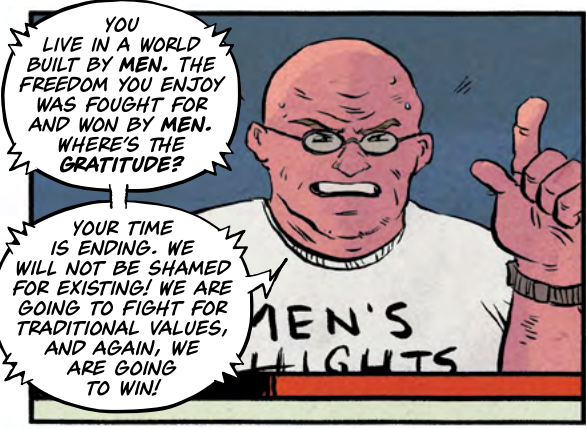
IF MEN LUSTING FOR YOU WAS SO AWFUL, WHY CAKE YOUR FACE IN ALL THAT MAKE-UP FOR US?

WHY DOLL YOURSELF UP IN THAT DRESS FOR US?

IT'S NOT FOR YOU, IT'S--

Dudetube

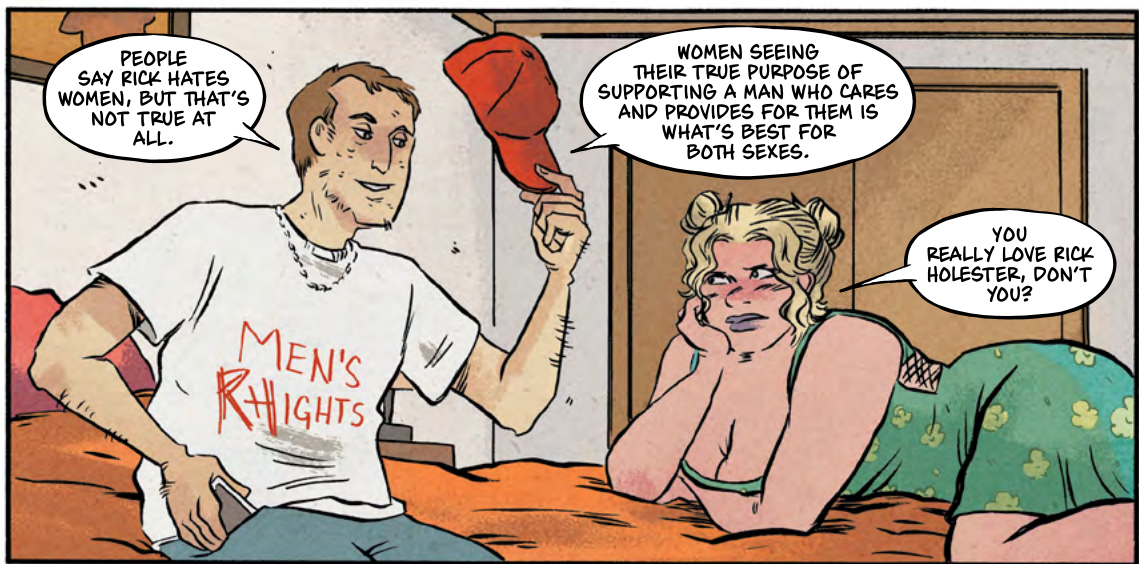
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YOU LIVE IN A WORLD BUILT BY MEN. THE FREEDOM YOU ENJOY WAS FOUGHT FOR AND WON BY MEN. WHERE'S THE GRATITUDE?

YOUR TIME IS ENDING. WE WILL NOT BE SHAMED FOR EXISTING! WE ARE GOING TO FIGHT FOR TRADITIONAL VALUES, AND AGAIN, WE ARE GOING TO WIN!

RICK HOLESTER OWNS WOKE FEMINIST PROFESSOR

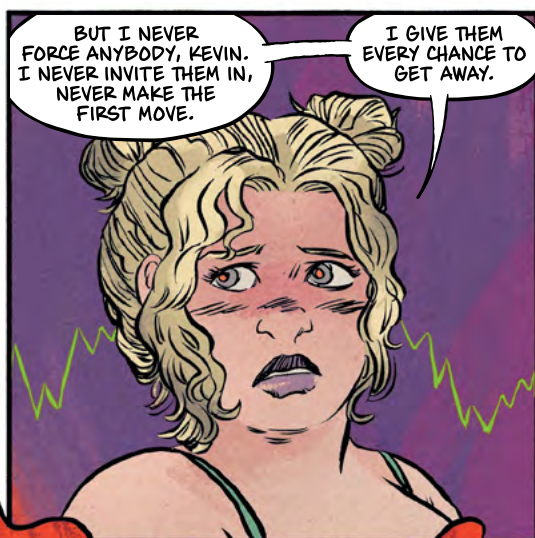
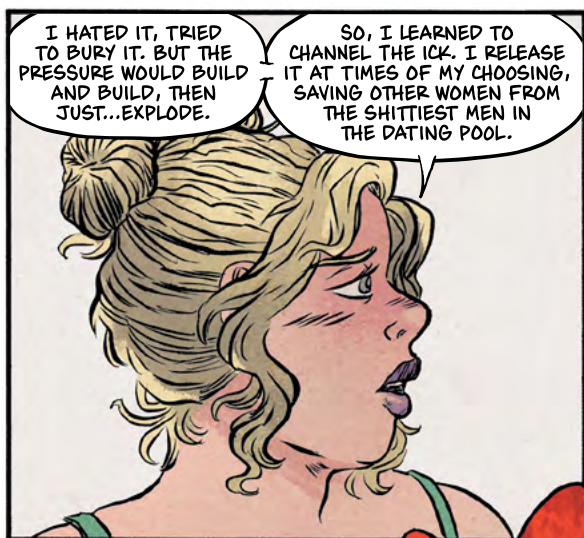
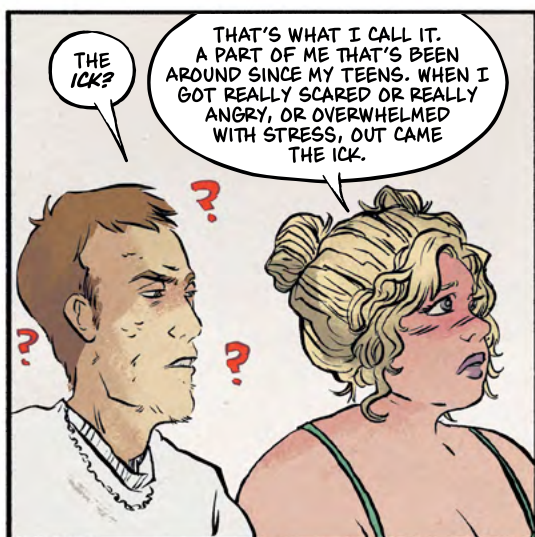
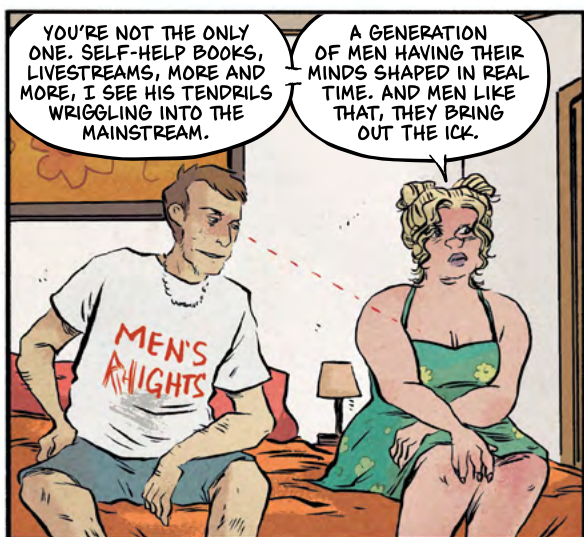


PEOPLE SAY RICK HATES WOMEN, BUT THAT'S NOT TRUE AT ALL.

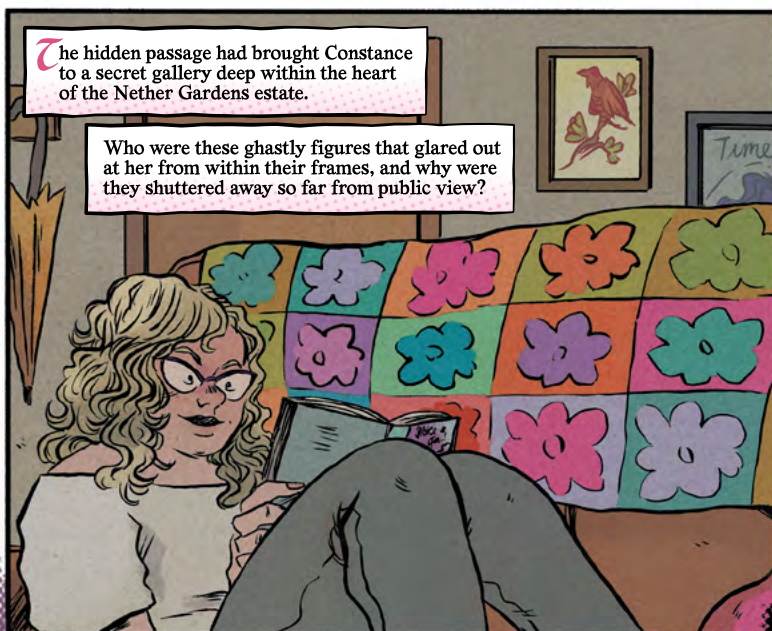
WOMEN SEEING THEIR TRUE PURPOSE OF SUPPORTING A MAN WHO CARES AND PROVIDES FOR THEM IS WHAT'S BEST FOR BOTH SEXES.

YOU REALLY LOVE RICK HOLESTER, DON'T YOU?









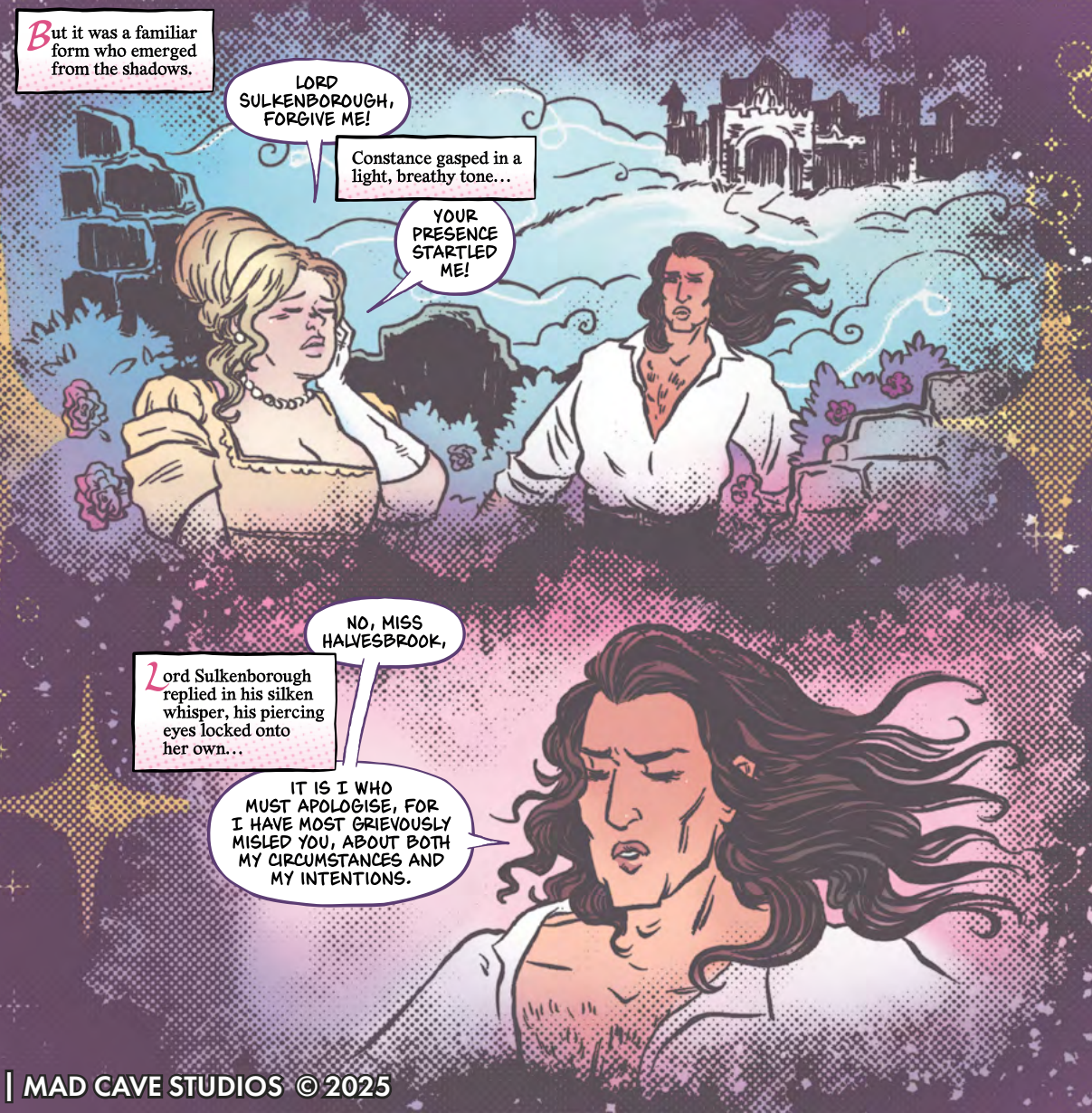
The hidden passage had brought Constance to a secret gallery deep within the heart of the Nether Gardens estate.

Who were these ghastly figures that glared out at her from within their frames, and why were they shuttered away so far from public view?



A cold, prickling sensation on the back of her neck told Constance that she was not alone in this gloomy, forgotten place.

She screamed.



But it was a familiar form who emerged from the shadows.

LORD  
SULKENBOROUGH,  
FORGIVE ME!

Constance gasped in a  
light, breathy tone...

YOUR  
PRESENCE  
STARTLED  
ME!

NO, MISS  
HALVESBROOK,

Lord Sulkenborough  
replied in his silken  
whisper, his piercing  
eyes locked onto  
her own...

IT IS I WHO  
MUST APOLOGISE, FOR  
I HAVE MOST GRIEVOUSLY  
MISLED YOU, ABOUT BOTH  
MY CIRCUMSTANCES AND  
MY INTENTIONS.



Constance stepped towards him, but he turned from her gaze.

PLEASE, STAY BACK!

He cried...

MY FAMILY LINE IS BLACKENED WITH TYRANTS, MADMEN AND MURDERERS. I FEAR THAT I, TOO, SHALL SUCCUMB TO THEIR CURSE.

I SOUGHT TO CONCEAL MY SHAME BECAUSE I LOVE YOU, CONSTANCE HALVESBROOK. BUT I CAN LIE NO MORE. OH, FLEE THIS PLACE! SAVE YOURSELF!

PLEASE, LORD SULKENBOROUGH, DO NOT SEND ME AWAY FROM YOUR SIGHT.

Lord Sulkenborough bridged the gulf between them, pressing his lips into hers.

There was a time when she had forbidden herself from even imagining this moment, and now it was a reality, as she luxuriated in his taste.

Taking his touch and his heavy breath as permission, she gave life to further imaginings, and took the Lord's rear within her grasp.

Extensive horse-riding had left his hind quarters firm and muscular, but there was cushion yet to accommodate her exploring fingertips, and as she grew bolder, her nails...





**OBSERVATION UPDATE.** MAN WAS SEEN ENTERING APARTMENT BUILDING WITH SUBJECT, ORLA BARD. FIVE HOURS LATER, MAN HAS NOT EXITED.

IT WOULD APPEAR THAT OUR ORLA HAS HAD HER WAY WITH ANOTHER ONE.



PERMISSION TO COME IN, MISS QUISCH?

PERMISSION NOT GRANTED, EVE.

WHEN YOU WITNESS THE SUBJECT LEAVING HER APARTMENT, ALONE, THEN YOU'LL HAVE DONE YOUR JOB.



UNTIL THEN, HOLD YOUR PISS.

**KLK**

SHE'S PICKING HER TARGETS FROM DIFFERENT SOURCES--ONLINE, BARS, WHATEVER--AND SPACING THEM OUT. BUT SHE'S SETTLED IN ONE PLACE. SLOPPY. SHE'S LUCKY THE POLICE HAVEN'T COTTONED ON.

MARIE, I SENSE A QUESTION HOVERING OVER YOUR HEAD.

WHAT'S OUR MOVE NOW, QUISCH? DO WE BRING HER IN?

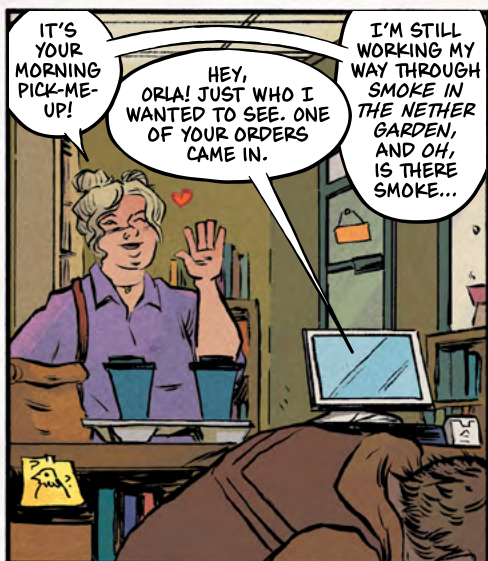


WE DO NOT. RIGHT NOW, THERE'S A COMPELLING CASE THAT ORLA BARD IS KILLING MEN. BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR, IS IT?

WE'RE LOOKING FOR OUR WILD MAN-EATER, AND WE NEED DEFINITIVE EVIDENCE THAT WE'VE FOUND IT. AND IF WE HAVE? WELL....



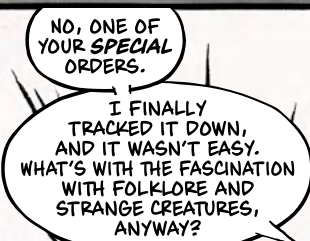
"...THAT WOULD MAKE ORLA BARD THE MOST DANGEROUS WOMAN IN AMERICA."



IT'S YOUR MORNING PICK-UP!

HEY, ORLA! JUST WHO I WANTED TO SEE. ONE OF YOUR ORDERS CAME IN.

I'M STILL WORKING MY WAY THROUGH SMOKE IN THE NETHER GARDEN, AND OH, IS THERE SMOKE...



NO, ONE OF YOUR SPECIAL ORDERS.

I FINALLY TRACKED IT DOWN, AND IT WASN'T EASY. WHAT'S WITH THE FASCINATION WITH FOLKLORE AND STRANGE CREATURES, ANYWAY?



IT'S RESEARCH FOR A PROJECT. AND, I DON'T KNOW, I FIND LOSING MYSELF IN A TEXT AS OLD AS THIS TO BE COMFORTING. ILLUMINATING, EVEN.

SOMETIMES... SOMETIMES, I FEEL LIKE A MONSTER.

DON'T SAY THAT.



NO, I MEAN...I LIKE TO BELIEVE THAT TRUE LOVE AND HAPPILY-EVER-AFTER IS A THING THAT CAN HAPPEN.

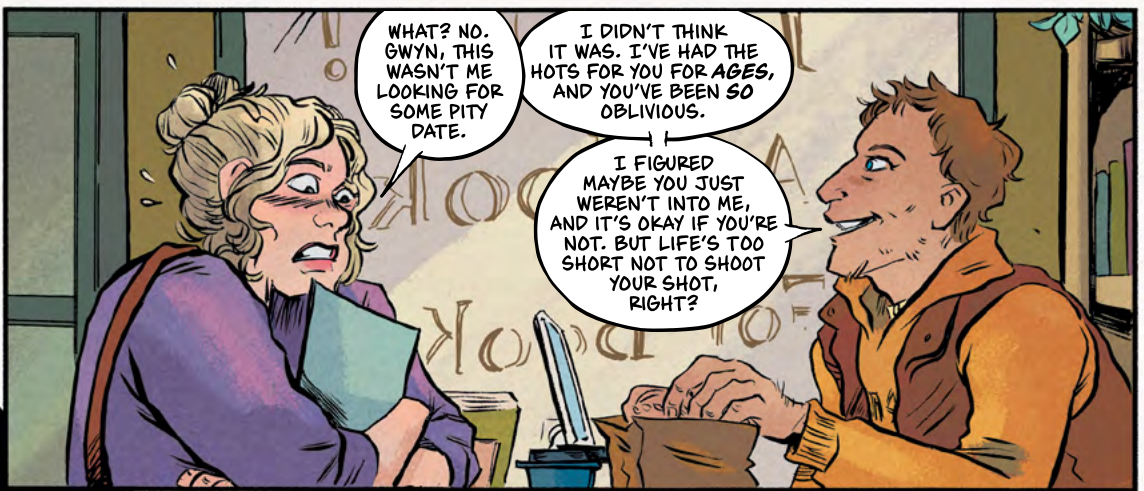
BUT WHETHER I LEFT IT TOO LATE OR I'VE...SEEN TOO MUCH, I THINK I'D BE BETTER OFF JUST ACCEPTING IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN FOR ME.



OH, FUCK IT.

ORLA, WILL YOU GO OUT WITH ME?





Next. **FIRST DATE!**





MAD  
CAVE