

*It took three years
to find a name.
Another two years
to find the person.*

LADIES AND
GENTLEMAN, WE
BEGIN OUR
EVENING WITH LOT
EIGHT-ONE-NINE.
ARCANIC, BUT WITH
A FULLY HUMAN
APPEARANCE.

SEVENTEEN
YEARS OLD.
VIRGIN.

BIDDING WILL
START AT FIVE
PIECES OF
GOLD.

*And now
I'm here.*



I promised myself I would never be in this position again.

ARE YOU CERTAIN SHE'S AN ARCANIC? WE WOULDN'T WANT TO BUY A **HUMAN** BY MISTAKE. WE'RE CRIMINALS, NOT **SAVAGES**.

DON'T BE SILLY, SIR CONROY. WOULD I EVER SELL ONE OF US?

BESIDES, YOU KNOW THAT NOT ALL ARCANICS RESEMBLE MONSTERS. WE PROVIDE SCOPES IF YOU WISH TO CONFIRM.

HMPH.

AND HER MISSING ARM? THAT BRAND? EVEN IF SHE IS A MONSTER, SHE'S DEFORMED.

I thought I'd rather die.

NO HUMAN HOUSE DESIGNED THAT BRAND, SIR CONROY. HER OWN PEOPLE MARKED HER. A BARBARIAN RITUAL.

AS FOR HER ARM? YES, IT'S UNSIGHTLY. NOT THAT MOST OF YOU STILL HAVE ALL YOUR LIMBS.

THE WAR TOOK ITS TOLL FOR BOTH SIDES.

AND YET, LOOK AT HER FACE. **WILD BEAUTY, FOR YOUR WILD TASTES.**

I was wrong.

Taya says I've lost my mind.

SO, SHALL WE COMMENCE WITH THE BIDDING?

NO. WE SHALL NOT.

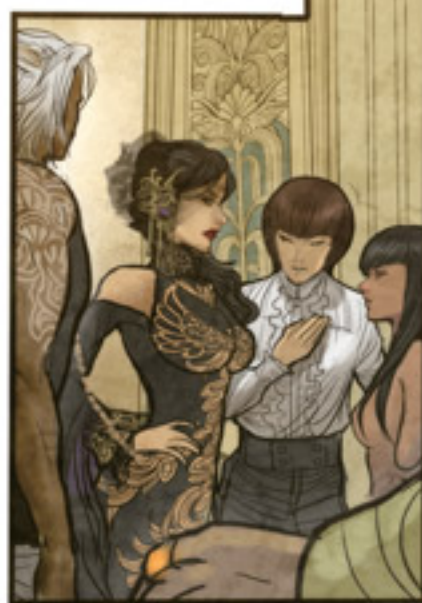
I wish I could tell her...

...that's exactly what I'm trying to prevent.



MY LADY.

HOW MAY I SERVE THE CUMAEA?



YOU MAY DONATE THIS ARCANIC TO OUR ORDER.

AND THE FOX CUB, THE CYCLOPEAN FREAK, AND THE STUBBY ONE WITH THOSE USELESS WINGS.

OF COURSE, MY LADY.

...CORRUPT... ARROGANT NUNS... THINKING THEY RULE US... THIS IS NEUTRAL TERRITORY, GODDAMNIT...



SIR CONROY.

TWO MONTHS FROM NOW, YOUR WIFE IS GOING TO FIND YOU IN BED WITH ANOTHER MAN.

SOON AFTER YOU'LL BE FOUND STONE COLD DEAD. CURIOUSLY, NO ONE WILL BE CHARGED.

REFLECT ON THAT.



ILSA? HAVE THE ARCANICS SENT TO MY LAB AT THE CUMAEA COMPOUND.

AS YOU WISH, MY LADY.