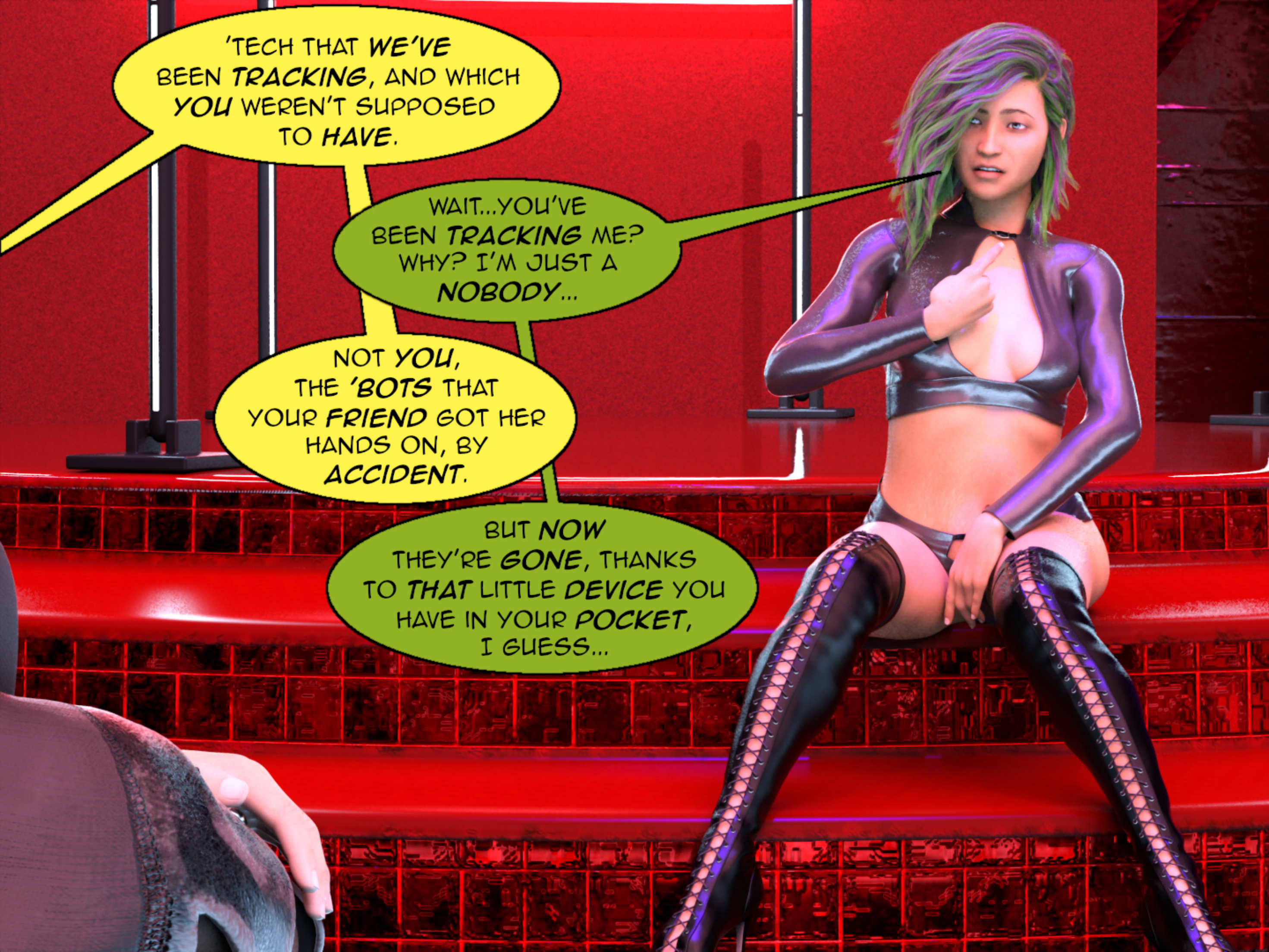




WELL. I
GUESS I SHOULD
TELL YOU *MY* NAME - I'M
KENSINGTON YUE, BUT
MOST PEOPLE CALL
ME *KENZ*.

AND AS FOR
WHO I'M WITH - SO,
I *PROBABLY* DON'T HAVE TO
EXPLAIN TO YOU JUST HOW *BIG*
THE *TRANS-NAT* CORPORATE
INFLUENCE IN YOUR
LIFE IS...

...AND HOW
MANY DIFFERENT
INDUSTRIES A COMPANY
LIKE *HAYABUSA* HAS ITS HANDS
IN - INCLUDING, MAYBE ABOVE
ALL, NANOTECH. LIKE THE
NANOTECH THAT'S
IN YOU.



'TECH THAT *WE*'VE
BEEN *TRACKING*, AND WHICH
YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED
TO *HAVE*.

WAIT...YOU'VE
BEEN *TRACKING* ME?
WHY? I'M JUST A
NOBODY...

NOT *YOU*,
THE '*BOTS* THAT
YOUR *FRIEND* GOT HER
HANDS ON, BY
ACCIDENT.

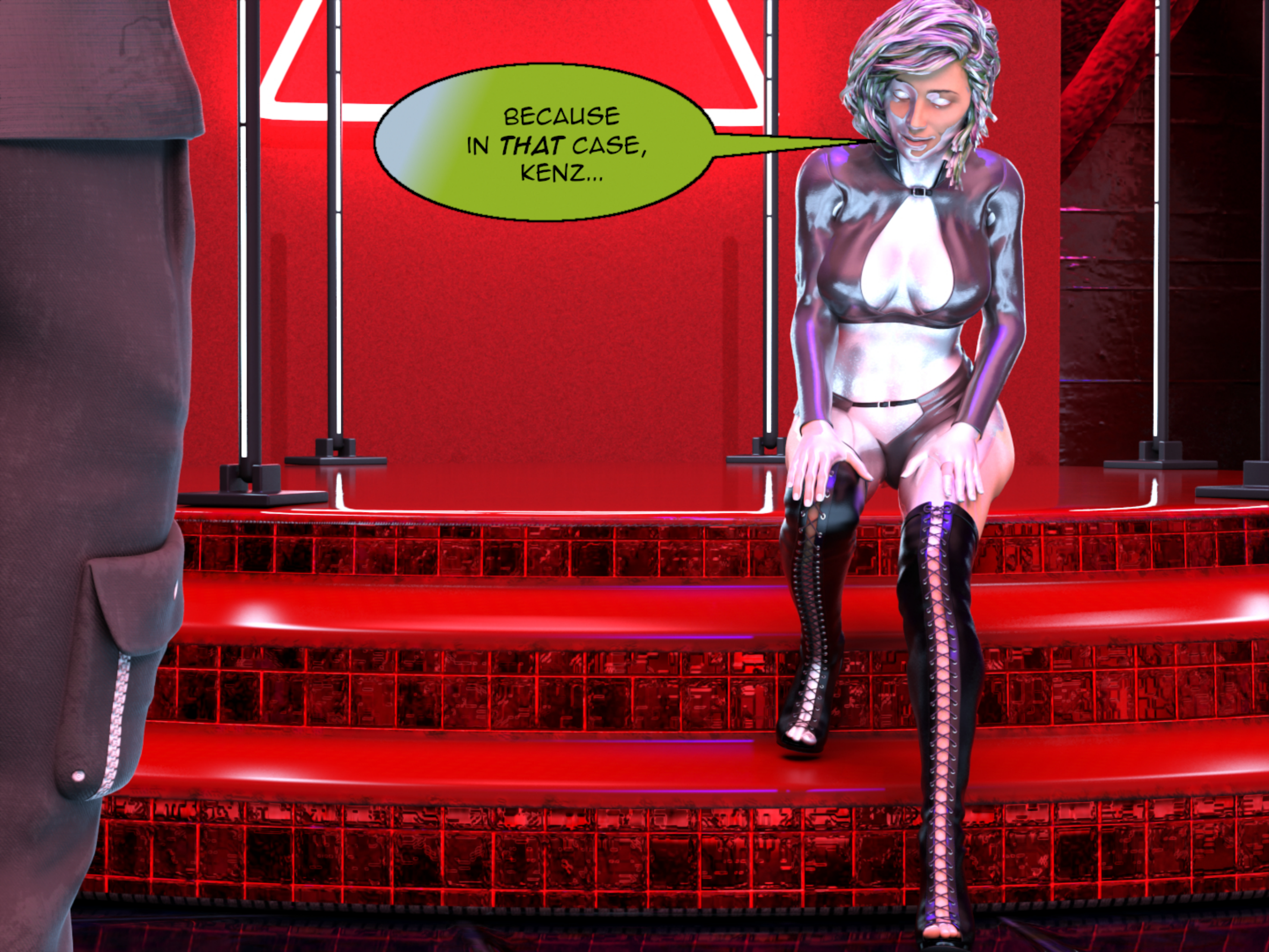
BUT *NOW*
THEY'RE *GONE*, THANKS
TO *THAT* LITTLE *DEVICE* YOU
HAVE IN YOUR *POCKET*,
I GUESS...

A man with dark hair, wearing a black tactical suit with a high collar and fingerless gloves, is crouching against a dark wooden wall. He is looking towards the right with a slight smirk. The floor is made of dark wooden planks.

HAHA, NO...
THAT *MICRO-EMP* ONLY
DEACTIVATES *NANOBOTS* FOR
A FEW *SECONDS*.

IT'S A USEFUL
TRICK FOR GETTING AWAY
FROM *NANO-ENHANCED TRANSNAT*
AGENTS, BUT THE LITTLE FLICKERS
ARE *TOUGH* AS HELL.

WAIT, SO...
I CAN *COMMAND* THEM
TO *TRANSFORM* ME
STILL, THEN?

A woman with short, wavy blonde hair is sitting on a red brick ledge. She is wearing a black, form-fitting bodysuit with a large white teardrop-shaped cutout at the chest. She is also wearing black thigh-high boots with white lacing. She is looking down and slightly to the right with a slight smile. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing the text "BECAUSE IN THAT CASE, KENZ...". The background is a red wall with a white geometric pattern. To the left, a portion of a person's leg in a black suit is visible.

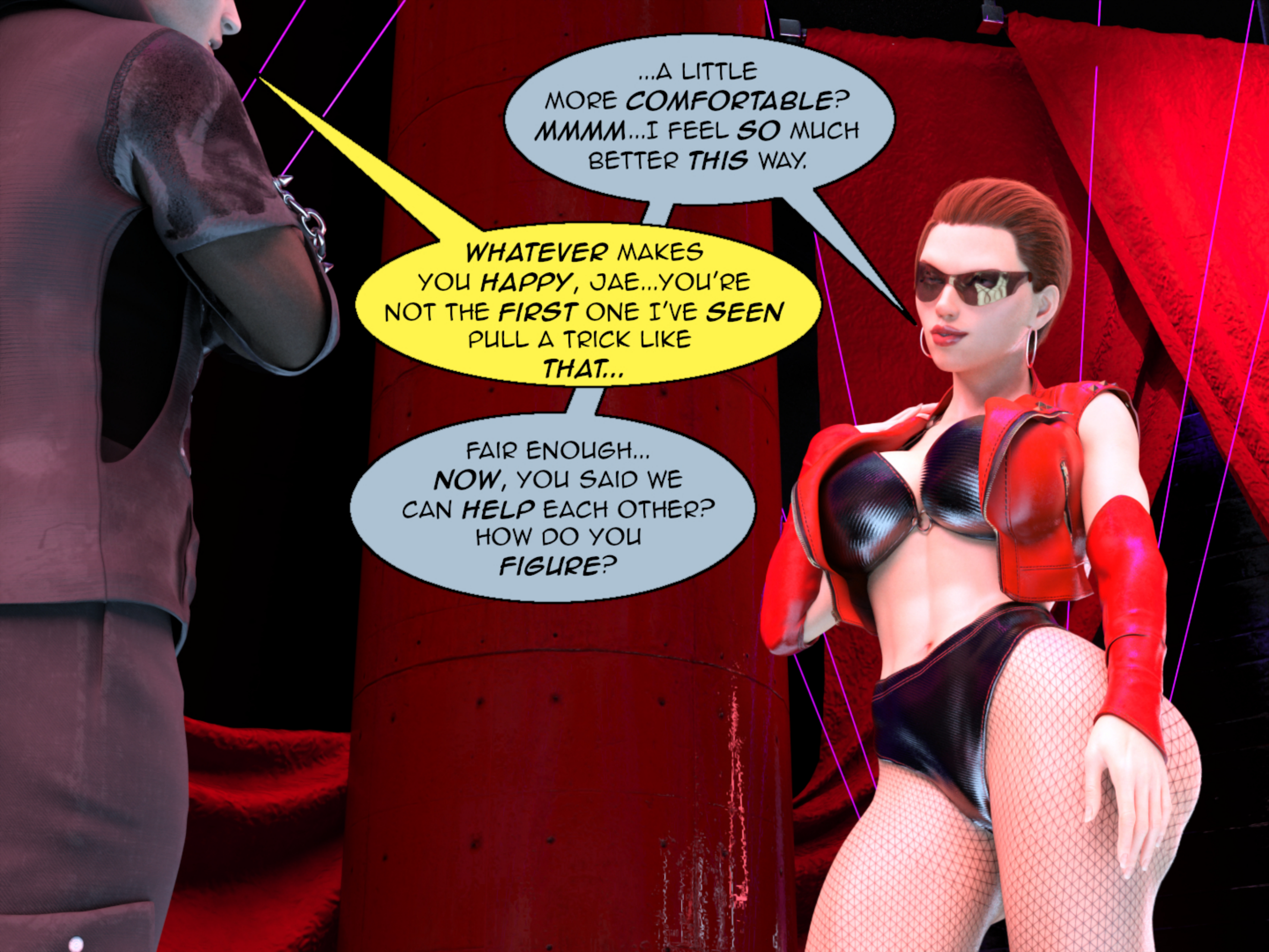
BECAUSE
IN *THAT* CASE,
KENZ...

A woman with short blonde hair, wearing a black, form-fitting, long-sleeved bodysuit with a high-cut bottom and black lace-up thigh-high boots, stands on a red stage. She is looking towards the left. A speech bubble points to her from the left. The background is a red wall with white geometric lines. To the left, a person in a dark suit is partially visible. Several black stanchions are positioned around the stage.

...I HOPE
YOU WON'T
MIND...



...IF I GO
AHEAD AND CHANGE
INTO SOMETHING - OR
SOMEONE ...



...A LITTLE
MORE *COMFORTABLE*?
MMMM...I FEEL *SO* MUCH
BETTER *THIS* WAY.

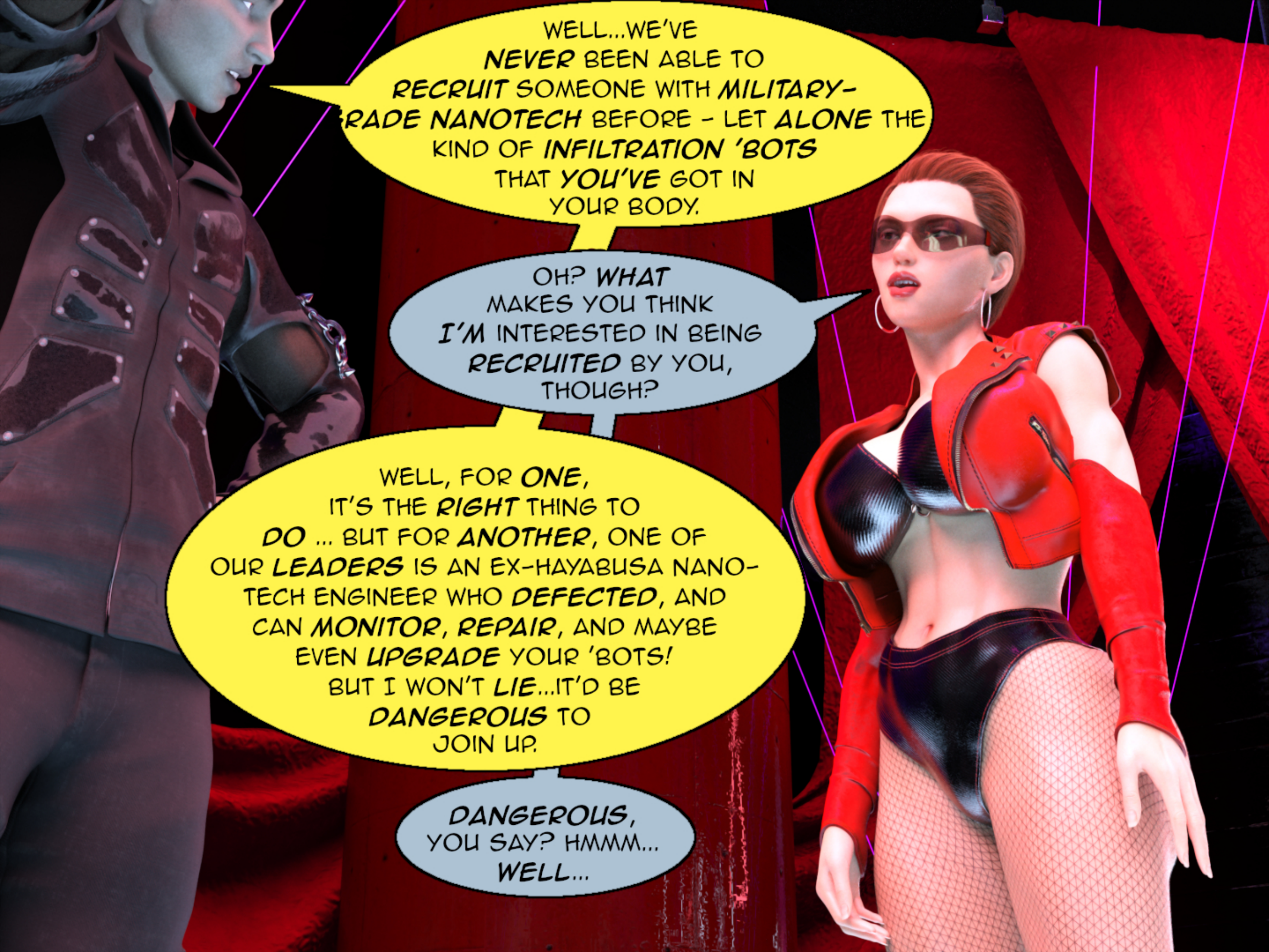
WHATEVER MAKES
YOU *HAPPY*, JAE...YOU'RE
NOT THE *FIRST* ONE I'VE *SEEN*
PULL A TRICK LIKE
THAT...

FAIR ENOUGH...
NOW, YOU SAID WE
CAN *HELP* EACH OTHER?
HOW DO YOU
FIGURE?



MAYBE YOU'VE
GUESSED BY NOW,
BUT...I'M WITH A *RESISTANCE*
CELL. RESISTANCE TO THE EROSION
OF OUR *FREEDOMS* BY THE
GROWTH OF *TRANS-NAT*
NANOTECH...

HAHA, YOU GUYS
THINK *YOU* CAN ACTUALLY
DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT?! I DON'T
WASTE MY *TIME* - BETTER JUST TO *KEEP*
YOUR *HEAD* DOWN AND HAVE AS MUCH
FUN AS YOU *CAN* WITHOUT INVITING
TOO MUCH *TROUBLE*,
I THINK.



WELL...WE'VE
NEVER BEEN ABLE TO
RECRUIT SOMEONE WITH *MILITARY-*
GRADE NANOTECH BEFORE - LET ALONE THE
KIND OF *INFILTRATION 'BOTS*
THAT *YOU'VE* GOT IN
YOUR BODY.

OH? *WHAT*
MAKES YOU THINK
I'M INTERESTED IN BEING
RECRUITED BY YOU,
THOUGH?

WELL, FOR *ONE*,
IT'S THE *RIGHT* THING TO
DO ... BUT FOR *ANOTHER*, ONE OF
OUR *LEADERS* IS AN EX-HAYABUSA NANO-
TECH ENGINEER WHO *DEFECTED*, AND
CAN *MONITOR, REPAIR*, AND MAYBE
EVEN *UPGRADE* YOUR 'BOTS!
BUT I WON'T *LIE*...IT'D BE
DANGEROUS TO
JOIN UP.

DANGEROUS,
YOU SAY? HMMM...
WELL...



WAIT,
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING...

...I THINK I'VE
LEARNED TO CONTROL
MY NANO-BOTS PRETTY WELL
BY NOW, YOU KNOW...

...AND IF
I *WERE* TO GET
INTO A *REALLY* DANGEROUS
SITUATION...





OH GOD...

...I'M PRETTY
SURE I COULD GET
THEM TO MAKE ME INTO
something that can
handle whatever
comes...



Well?
What do you *think*,
humanoid?

HOLY *SHIT*...!

Does *this*
form give you
a sense of how *far* my
transformative ability
has grown?

Or *perhaps* you
desire a further...
demonstration?