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#4

Digital Edition

CYBER FORCE®
HUNTER KILLER®

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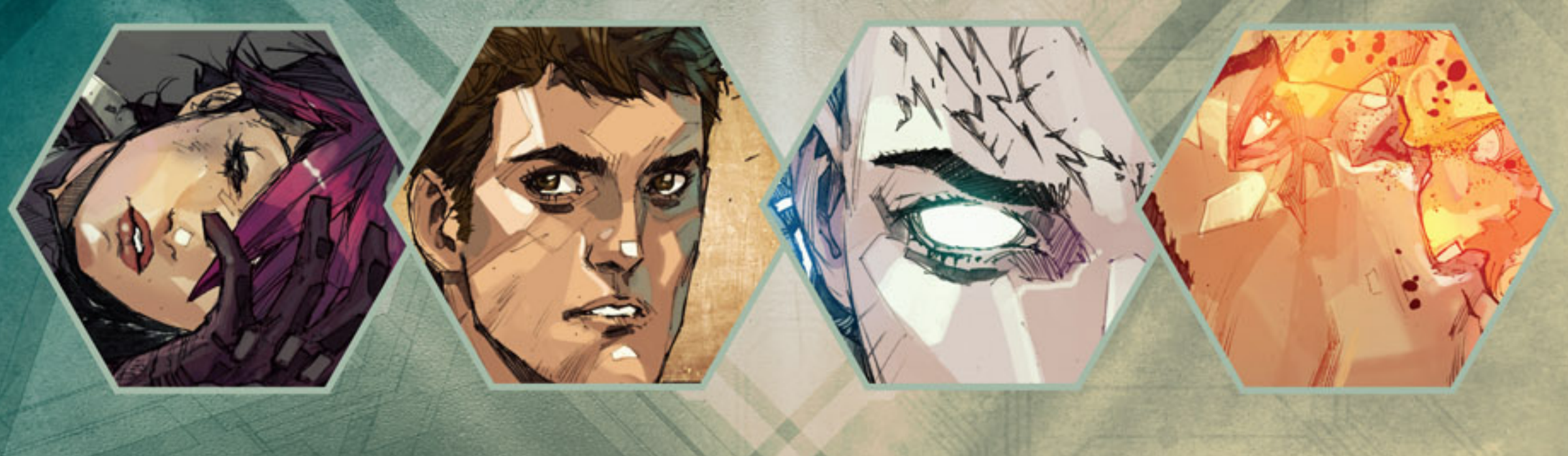
issue #4



YOU *MIGHT* BE ABLE TO RUN FAR *ENOUGH*...

...IF YOU LEAVE THE *WOUNDED* BEHIND.

BUT YOU WON'T.

WHAT AM I, AN *AMATEUR?*

LIKE I'D SET MYSELF *UP* TO PLAY *CATCH?*

OVER AND OUT.

3

2

WHERE--

ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS *STRAIGHT* UP.

...UNNNNNH...

...ELLIS...? WHERE AM I...?

THE SAN FRANCISCO MISSION WENT BUST.

THEY ALL DID.

WE PULLED YOU OUT. TELL US EVERYTHING YOU REMEMBER.

WE...

"...WE WERE AMBUSHED BY ULTRA-SAPIEN GUARDS. I WAS FLITTING IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS. HARD TO KNOW HOW MUCH TIME PASSED, EXCEPT I WAS STILL IN THE BUILDING.

"I WOKE UP IN SOME WEIRD, WHITE VOID. MORNINGSTAR WAS THERE. YOU WERE RIGHT. HE'S INVOLVED.

"HE WAS BUSY WIRING THE OTHERS TO NETWORK. I DON'T KNOW WHY."

"WHEN HE FINISHED WITH THEM, HE CAME FOR *ME.*"

STAY... AWAY... OR I'LL..

VOMIT? WEEP? PEE? GIVE ME A HINT.

RELAX, SAM. I DON'T NEED YOU FOR YOUR BRAIN.

IF I KNOW *ELLIS,* I'LL NEED YOU FOR *BAIT.*

I *REALLY* HOPE HE COMES LOOKING FOR YOU. I HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING I WANT TO *DELIVER.*

"THERE...THERE WAS SOMEONE *ELSE* THERE, *TOO.* I COULDN'T... COULDN'T MAKE HIM *OUT* BEFORE EVERYTHING WENT *BLACK* AGAIN...

"...BUT SOMETHING TOLD ME HE WAS REAL TROUBLE."

SO WHO'S *LEFT,* ELLIS? YOU, ME, SAMANTHA, ROBERT...?

AND NO WAY TO GET BACK IN THE *ACTION.*

TELEPORTERS?

RIPCLAW'S IS *SHOT*, MORNINGSTAR STRIPPED SAM OF *HERS*, AND I JUST SACRIFICED *MINE* TO SAVE OUR *LIVES*.

WE HAVE TO GET THREE THOUSAND MILES *ASAP*. WHAT TRANSPORT DO *YOU* HAVE?

NOTHING THAT THEY WON'T SEE *COMING*.

ARCHITECT. IF I DESCRIBE THE FACILITY TO HIM WELL ENOUGH, HE CAN "DRAW" US THERE. HE'S DONE IT BEFORE.

AND CLOAKER CAN SNEAK US IN.

UNNNNNNHHH

ARCHIE'S IN NO CONDITION TO HELP, AND NEITHER IS CLOAKER. AND WE'D NEED THEM...

...BOTH...

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

THAT IT'S TIME I *UPGRADED*.

YOU TWO-- THAT WAREHOUSE WHERE OUR GUYS ARE BEING HELD-- PULL UP AS MANY STREET VIEWS AND INTEL AS YOU CAN FIND.

...WHAT'S GOING ON...? IS THAT *YOU,* ELLIS? HELP ME, MAN! ***HELP ME!***

WORKING ON IT. GIVING YOU A ***SEDATIVE.*** WE'LL COME BACK FOR YOU AS SOON AS WE *CAN.*

TFFT

FEEL FREE TO EXPLAIN.

I CAN MIRROR THE POWERS OF THE CLOSEST ULTRA-SAPIEN. BUT ONE SET OF POWERS DOESN'T DO US ANY GOOD RIGHT NOW.

I NEED *TWO* SETS.

I TAKE IT THIS IS *NEW* FOR YOU?

YEAH. I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT I'M DOING...

HNNNGH!

...EXCEPT THAT IT ***HURTS*** LIKE A ***MOTHER...!***

♫♫♫♫

RIIIGHT ABOUT... THERE.

10001010O!

1001001000

Assuming control of subjects' breathing and vocal functions.

Can you hear us, Morningstar?

LOUD AND CLEAR.

THIS IS A *MASSIVE* IMPROVEMENT IN COMMUNICATION. I *LOATHE* SUBTITLES.

The implants in this one--

--THE *CYBERNETIC* IMPLANTS, THAT IS--

--have BIO-EVOLVED, but not unmanageably so.

The underlying technology behind this one's abilities is compatible with ours.

AS I BELIEVED I *PROMISED* IT WOULD BE.

HOW COMPATIBLE, THOUGH? I MEAN, HUMAN DNA IS 98% COMPATIBLE WITH A *CHIMP'S*--

--BUT UNLESS YOU THINK MANKIND'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IS *WINE IN A BOX*, THAT'S STILL A BIG *TWO PERCENT.*

Sequencing DNA now.

SAVE SOME BANDWIDTH FOR *DATA LINKAGE.* THIS LITTLE BABY HAS ALLOWED US TO BUILD PROFILES ON MORE THAN HALF THE *INDUSTRIALIZED WORLD*, AND *COUNTING.*

IT'S ABOUT TIME TO PUT *THAT* INTO PLAY, AS WELL. WE STILL HAVE A *TARGET* TO ACQUIRE, REMEMBER.

Agreed.

Final query: was it truly necessary to eliminate subjects Ellis, Samantha Argent, Ripclaw and Ballistic?

ELLIS, YES. THE OTHERS ARE COLLATERAL. AND I'LL BE HONEST, I'LL MISS SAM. SHE WAS LOYAL.

BUT SHE ALWAYS HAD A SOFT SPOT FOR ELLIS, AND THAT'S HER *FATAL FLAW.*

ELLIS!

KEEP HER BACK! I SURE AS HELL CAN'T HANDLE THREE!

IT'S *WORKING!* I CAN *PICTURE* IT-- WHERE WE'RE *GOING!* I SEE IT THE WAY *ARCHIE* WOULD!

I--

AAAAAAAAHH--!

ELLIS, DON'T!

STOP!

MY GOD...

WELL, THAT WAS... WEIRD.

WE'RE *HERE*, I THINK. WE'RE CERTAINLY *SOMEWHERE.*

THIS IS IT. ELLIS, DROP THE POWERS.

NOT... NOT *YET...*

ELLIS, IT'S *KILLING* YOU!

WE CAN SMELL YOUR *SKIN* COOKING! I'M *ORDERING* YOU TO LET THIS *GO!*

LET'S FIND... THE *WHITE ROOM* FIRST. SNEAK PAST THE *GUARDS.*

I THINK I CAN KNIT THESE TWO POWERS *TOGETHER* TO LEAVE US *TOTALLY CLOAKED...*

...IF EVERYONE SHUTS THE HELL *UP.*

-:SNIFF:-
-:SNIFF:-

GO!
GO!

OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE.

WHAT DOES IT *TAKE* WITH YOU PEOPLE?

CUT 'EM DOWN! NOW!

!

WHAT? WHAT IS IT?

THIS... THIS ISN'T *WORKING...?*

GUYS, WAKE *UP!* CAVALRY'S *HERE!* C'MON!

UHHHHH...

WHAT'S WRONG? FEELING A LITTLE *WASHED OUT,* YOU AND SAM?

I'M NOT SURPRISED.

CHRIST...

ELLIS, THAT'S *HIM!* THE MAN I SAW *BEFORE!*

DAMPER?

I DON'T CARE IF IT'S *MICHAEL JACKSON* COME BACK FROM THE *DEAD.*

YOU PULL THE PLUG ON WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT PLANNED HERE, OR I PULL THE PLUG ON YOU.

NOT SO FAST.

LEAVE *ME* A POUND OF FLESH.

SHUNK

GHAAAH!

AIEEEEE!

ELLIS TOLD US *EVERYTHING*, MORNINGSTAR!

ABOUT THE *JETT UNITS*. ABOUT HOW YOU AND *CYBERDATA* ARE *MINING* THEIR *USER DATA* SO YOU CAN SPY ON THE *ENTIRE WORLD*.

HE...HE TOLD YOU *THAT...?*

ARE YOU...

...ARE YOU *KIDDING ME?*

BWAH HA HA HA HA HA!

OH, MY *GOD!* HE *TOTALLY MISUNDERSTOOD!* THAT'S NOT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT *AT ALL!*

WE'RE NOT USING THE JETTS TO *RECEIVE* DATA, YOU MORONS!

WE'RE TRANSMITTING!