

SKITOLLI HUB, 94.28.716.
THE FREIGHTER HAND OF ∞
TAKES ON CARGO.

AND PASSENGERS.
IT ALL HELPS TO
KEEP THE LIGHTS ON.

WELCOME
ABOARD,
PEOPLE.

HOPE
THE TRANSIT
WASN'T TOO
BUMPY.

SHIP NEEDS A VOICE SAMPLE
FOR SECURITY.

SAY YOUR
NAMES.

BARBARELLA.

BARBARELLA

MULDOON.

JUBILATI
IMORUM CORBAC
MATANIX KEI,
F.A.C.E.

FERTILE ACRES?
SO YOU'RE--?

I'M OVERSEEING SAFE DELIVERY
OF YOUR CARGO, CAPTAIN PILLBECK.
I WAS ACTUALLY A DESIGNER ON
THE PROJECT.

GOOD
FOR YOU.

WHAT
ABOUT YOU,
LADY? REASON
FOR TRIP?

MY NULL-D
REGULATOR FAILED.
AGAIN.

I'M TAKING
MY SHIP TO THE ORBITAL
WORKSHOPS AT FALLADIM.
AND I DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA
OF TRAVELLING SLOWER
THAN LIGHT.


GOOD CALL.
WE GOT A LOT OF
PIRATES IN THIS
QUARTER.

OKAY,
THAT'S THE DOCKING
KLAXON. HANG ONTO A
STANCHION.



"SHIP JUST LOCKED HER FORCE FIELD WITH THOSE FIVE PLANETS OUT THERE. TOP OF THE RANGE PRODUCTS FROM THE FERTILE ACRES CORPORATE ENTITY, BOUND FOR JANGFAN SYSTEM.

"THAT MEANS WE'RE FULLY LOADED. BUT WE CAN'T FIRE THE ENGINE UNTIL WE'VE CHECKED FIELD STRENGTH AND INTEGRITY ALL THE WAY ALONG THE CHAIN.



ACTUALLY, "GOING HEAVY" IS A MISNOMER. IT'S THE PLANET'S MASS RATHER THAN ITS WEIGHT THAT--OW!

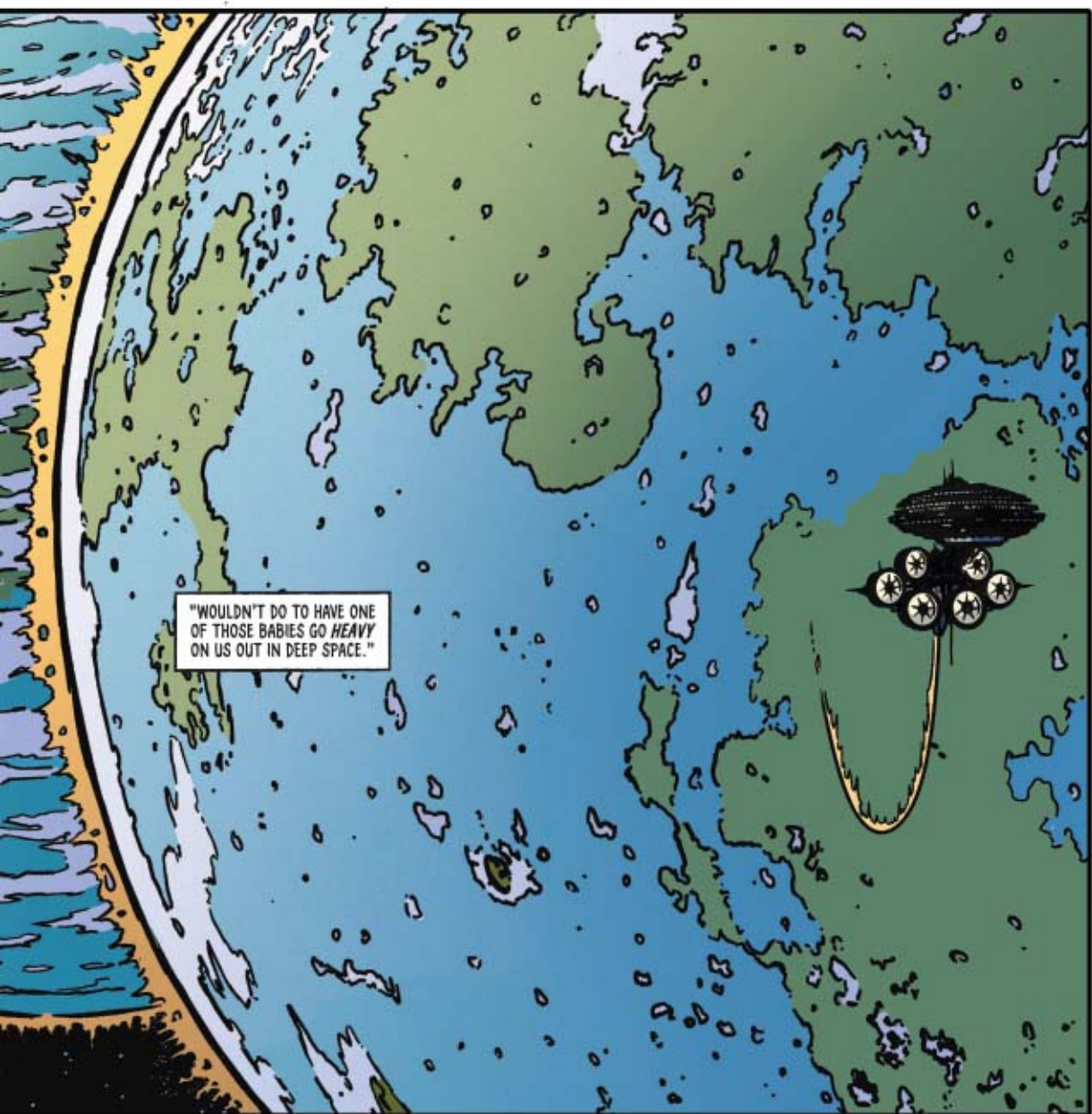
MIND YOUR HEAD ON THAT "MIND YOUR HEAD" NOTICE.

IT HANGS A MITE BIT.



CREW LOUNGE IS OVER YONDER. YOU'RE WELCOME TO USE IT WHILE YOU'RE ON BOARD.

SMELLS LIKE A GOAT'S BALLSACK, BUT IT'S HOME.



"WOULDN'T DO TO HAVE ONE OF THOSE BABIES GO HEAVY ON US OUT IN DEEP SPACE."



YOU'RE A NARPISI.

YES. AND YOU'RE FROM EARTH.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE PLANET-FORGING TECHNOLOGIES I USE IN MY WORK ORIGINATED THERE.



HOW'S SHE LOOKING, ALLEGRO?

TIGHT AS A NUN'S HOPE CHEST, CAPTAIN. HEY, IS IT TRUE WE GOT A NARPISI ON BOARD?

YEAH, BUT CREW CAN'T FRATERNISE WITH THE PASSENGERS.

DAMN YOU, PILLBECK.



A BILLION AND A HALF COLONISTS A YEAR FROM EARTH SYSTEM ALONE. TWO BILLION FROM METZ. AT LEAST AS MANY FROM TABI.

THERE JUST AREN'T ENOUGH HABITABLE WORLDS TO TAKE THEM.

WHICH IS WHERE FERTILE ACRES COMES IN.



EXACTLY. F.A.C.E. MAKES WORLDS TO MEASURE, OUT OF SOLAR DEBRIS.

YOU CAN SPECIFY EVERYTHING FROM ORBITAL CYCLE THROUGH TO BIOSPHERE. FOR A PRICE, OBVIOUSLY.

OBVIOUSLY.



WELL, IT'S A *BESPOKE* SERVICE. WAS—WAS YOUR FOX BEING SARCASTIC?

NO. SHE'S NOT SENTIENT.

NOT SENTIENT.

OH. ALL RIGHT, THEN.



I'VE FINISHED MY DRINK.

I SUGGEST WE GO BACK TO YOUR CABIN AND MAKE LOVE.



THAT'S UNUSUALLY FORTHRIGHT.

YOUR RACE ARE EMPATHS. YOU'VE BEEN AWARE OF MY INTEREST SINCE WE CAME ON BOARD.

AND I WAS ABLE TO GAUGE *YOURS* BY MORE CONVENTIONAL MEANS.

IN THAT CASE, YES. AND THANK YOU. I'M TERRIBLE AT RELATIONSHIP PROTOCOLS.

BUT VERY GOOD AT SEX. I WON'T DISAPPOINT YOU.





THERE ARE MANY EMPATHIC RACES IN THE UNIVERSE, BUT ONLY THE NARPISI ARE PROJECTIVE EMPATHS—ABLE TO TRANSMIT EMOTION AND SENSATION TELEPATHICALLY. SEX WITH A NARPISI IS REPUTED TO BE A UNIQUELY INTENSE EXPERIENCE. YOUR OWN FEELINGS COME BACK TO YOU, AMPLIFIED BY THE NARPISI'S RESPONSE TO THEM, AND VICE VERSA—A FEEDBACK LOOP OF PURE PLEASURE.