

GEORGE PÉREZ'S SIRENS

BOOK TWO ANSWERING THE SIREN CALL

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COVERS C AND D
GEORGE PÉREZ

BOOM! STUDIOS EXCLUSIVE COVER
GEORGE PÉREZ
COLORS BY **LEONARDO PACIAROTTI**

This issue is dedicated to my High School English teacher William Kerrigan, who inspired me to write my first story and thus starting me on the road that would finally lead me here.

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NO!!!

IS THIS WHY WE WERE BROUGHT BACK? TO WITNESS OUR ULTIMATE FAILURE?!

I-- DON'T--

HIGHNESS?!

QUIET! REMEMBER WHERE WE ARE! THIS IS A TIME SHIP!

INTERFACE-- INITIATE AMBUSH PROTOCOL UPON MY SIGNAL.

UPON YOUR SIGNAL, HIGHNESS.

PROFESSOR?



ALREADY ON IT, HIGHNESS. CALIBRATING FOR RET-CON.

ALL STATIONS CONFIRM FOR JUMP-BACK. CONSTANCE--



TRAUMA STABILIZERS CONFIRMED.

TABITHA--

POWER CORE'S IN MID-RECHARGE. DESIREE?

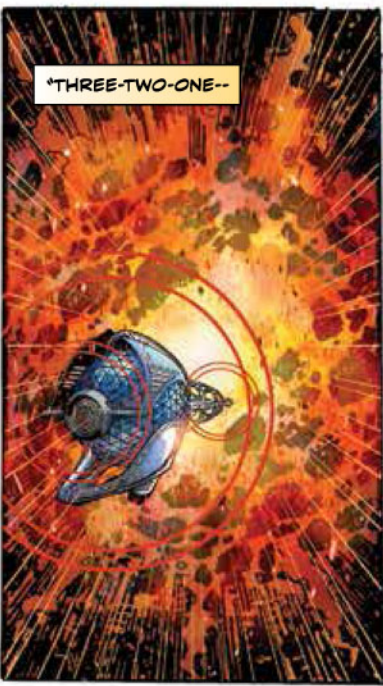
DIVERTING MORE POWER FROM ENVIRO. SHOULD GIVE US THE KICK WE NEED, KALIA?

HELM CONFIRMS POWER FOR RET-CON. LAURA?

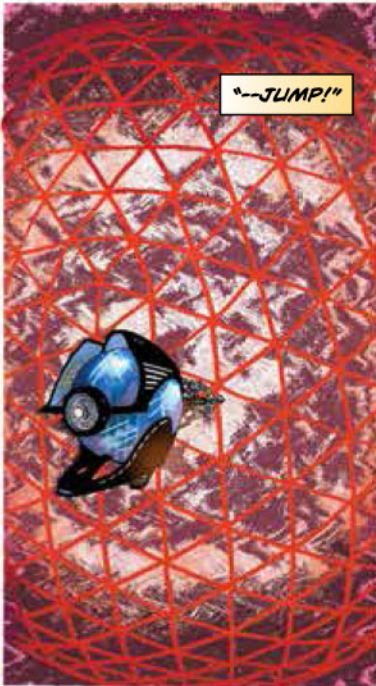
ALL SYSTEMS GO, HIGHNESS.

TEMPORAL FLUX FIELD LOCKED.

OKAY, EVERYBODY. DEEP BREATHS--



"THREE-TWO-ONE--



"--JUMP!"



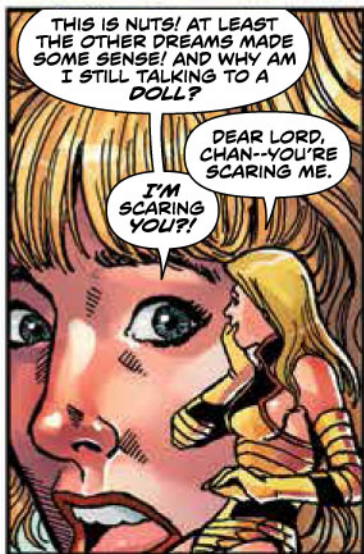


UHHH--WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

WE JUMPED BACK TO THE TIME BEFORE NIADA APPEARED.

YOU KNOW--JUST LIKE WHEN YOU AND THE OTHERS WERE RET-CONNED AFTER THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE.

A 'RET-CON'? NO. THE READERS WILL NEVER BUY THAT!



THIS IS NUTS! AT LEAST THE OTHER DREAMS MADE SOME SENSE! AND WHY AM I STILL TALKING TO A DOLL?

DEAR LORD, CHAN--YOU'RE SCARING ME.

I'M SCARING YOU?!



THIS ISN'T WHAT YOU PROMISED! YOU SAID WE WERE SAVING THE EARTH! NOW WE HAD TO WATCH IT DIE TWICE!?

YOU'LL BE WATCHING IT DIE YET AGAIN, MILLA, IF YOU DON'T STOP WHINING AND GET BACK IN THE GAME.



KALIA REPORTS THE DRONE FIGHTERS CONVERGING AT MINUS FIVE TEMPORAL COORDINATES.

THAT'S ALL THE TIME THE PARADOX COULD STEAL BACK, I'M AFRAID.



FIVE MINUTES IS MORE THAN AGONY NEEDS. IF THERE IS RAW MEAT TO DEVOUR, AGONY IS ALWAYS READY.

OH, HOW I LOVE A GIRL WHO SO LOVES HER JOB.



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING, HIGHNESS. BUT, ALL THOSE TEMPORAL TELEPORTS TOOK A LOT OF HER. IT'S A BIG GAMBLE.

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES. FANISHA.



ONE SHOULD BE PROPERLY DRESSED FOR THE JOURNEY.



OH MY.

SLICK, SHINY, TIGHT. JEWELLED COLLAR, KILLER HIGH HEELS TOTALLY INAPPROPRIATE FOR COMBAT--

PERFECT!



WELL THEN, IF ONE MUST RIDE INTO THE STORM--



NIKKI, HOW LONG UNTIL TEMPORAL ALIGNMENT OF PREDATOR EMERGENCE?



NEO AND RETRO TIMELINES ALIGNING IN TEN TERRAN SECONDS.

BRACE YOURSELVES, SIRENS. CONVERGING... RIGHT...



"--NOW!"

LIKE CLOCKWORK.



*ATTENTION, PARADOX CREW! ALL COM-LINKS ON NARROW.

COUNTDOWN FROM DRONE ATTACK HAS COMMENCED!



INCURSION SQUADS TO THEIR STATIONS. ACKNOWLEDGE!



JOHNSON AND RINCÓN TO HANGAR!



DODDS AND FRENCH TO ARMORY!



DURBIN AT CONVEYOR. PREPPING COORDINATES. AWAITING PREDATOR REVEAL.

AND THERE IT IS. THE PERDITION PREDATOR, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.



AND LET'S MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T SUSPECT OTHERWISE. EVERYBODY, REMEMBER YOUR PARTS.

IT'S HAILING US. AND, SHE'S ASKING FOR YOU, HIGHNESS. ALL JUST LIKE IT WAS.

OKAY. PUT HER ON.

INTERFACE-- INITIATE AMBUSH PROTOCOL.

A woman with long black hair, wearing a black and red corset and high boots, sits on a throne. She is surrounded by a futuristic, industrial environment with various mechanical parts and a large green alien head on the right.

AHHH--
MY DEAR, SWEET
TREACHEROUS
MADAME
VIZCARRA--

--AND THE
REMAINING
CONCUBINES WHO
MADE THE
ULTIMATE MISTAKE
OF FOLLOWING
HER.

MOST THOUGHT
YOU WERE ALL DEAD,
HISTORICAL FOOTNOTES,
BUT, OH, I KNEW BETTER.
I KNEW THAT SOMEDAY,
SOMEHOW, OUR PATHS,
OUR DESTINIES WOULD
CROSS AGAIN.

ALL I
NEEDED TO
DO WAS BIDE
MY TIME--
AND WAIT.

A group of women are shown in profile, looking towards the right. They are wearing various styles of clothing, including a hat with a feather and a blue hood.

OH LORD--NOW
I'M DREAMING
IN RERUNS!

SORRY
WE'RE NOT
DEAD,
NIADA.

ALTHOUGH
WE DID BELIEVE
YOU WERE.

AND
STILL
DO.

"BELIEVE WHAT YOU WILL,
SIRENS! YOU ALSO BELIEVED
THAT PERDITION COULD
BE SO EASILY CHEATED OF
HIS RIGHTFUL DESTINY! YOU
WERE WRONG THEN! YOU
ARE WRONG NOW! THE
SANCTITY OF REALITY
THAT YOU SO DESECRATED
WILL BE RESTORED--
AND AVENGED!"

"I KNEW YOU COULD NOT
RESIST RETURNING TO THIS
PATHETIC ROCK, THINKING YOU
COULD VINDICATE YOURSELVES
BY SAVING IT FROM A FATE IT
CAN NEVER TRULY ESCAPE."

Madame Vizcarrá is shown in a futuristic cockpit, holding a cigarette. She is surrounded by other people in the cockpit, and a large green alien head is visible on the right. The background shows a space scene with planets and a spaceship.

AS
SHALL BE
PROVEN THIS
DAY, IN THIS
REALITY!

"WELCOME BACK
HOME, SIRENS.

"NOW--AT
LONG LAST--
WATCH IT
DIE!!"

?



CURSE YOU, CRAY-MAK, WHY HAVEN'T YOU FIRED!?

I DID, MISTRESS NIADA! BUT SOMETHING'S INTERFERING WITH THE WEAPONS SYSTEM!



IT'S NOT JUST THE WEAPONS, MISTRESS. NAVIGATION, COMMUNICATIONS, ENVIRO-CONTROLS. NONE OF THEM WILL RESPOND!

AS IF SOME VIRUS HAS INFECTED OUR ENTIRE COMPUTER SYSTEM...



NO. RAIM-EE, NOT A VIRUS.

CURSE ME FOR BEING SO EASILY DUPED!

"SHERITA!"



INTERFACE ACCOMPLISHED, HIGHNESS, BUT I CAN'T CALCULATE FOR HOW LONG.

A LOT OF NEW FIREWALLS HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED SINCE LAST I ATTEMPTED THIS. I CAN FEEL NIADA ALREADY PROGRAMMING IN REINFORCEMENTS.

I SUGGEST YOU HURRY.

WILL DO.



FOCUS ON MAINTAINING CONTROL OF THE PREDATOR. WE'LL PROVIDE YOUR REINFORCEMENTS!



ALL PERSONNEL IN ARMORY, HANGAR AND TELE-CONVEYOR ARE READY. SIRENS!

FANISHA, PLEASE-- DR. KATSAFANIS NEEDS YOU BACK AT THE TEMPORAL TELEPORTER CHAMBER--NOW!

EH? WHY? WHAT'S WRONG?

IT'S CHAN.