

# Lust

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COMIX

STUDIO  
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# LUST

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## CAGES, Part 2



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...?  
A...  
A CAGE?!



WH-  
WHAT ON  
EARTH  
DOES HE  
PLAN TO  
DO...

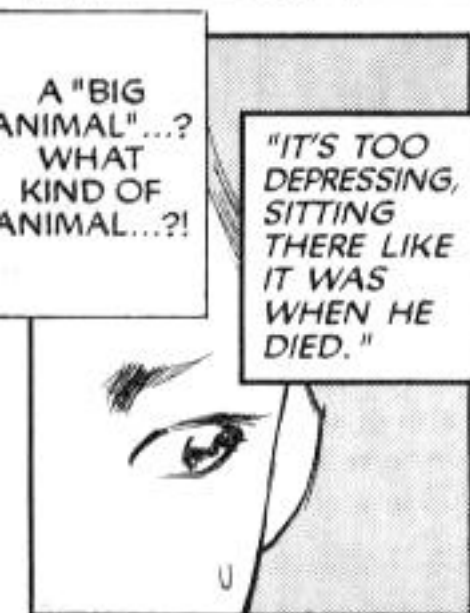
...WITH  
A  
CAGE  
THIS  
SIZE?!



YOU  
MEAN HE  
DIDN'T  
TELL YOU,  
MA'AM?

N-  
NO.

WELL,  
HE SAID  
SOMETHIN'  
TO ME  
ABOUT  
KEEPIN' A  
BIG ANIMAL  
HERE, OR  
SOMETHIN'.



A "BIG  
ANIMAL"...?  
WHAT  
KIND OF  
ANIMAL...?!

"IT'S TOO  
DEPRESSING,  
SITTING  
THERE LIKE  
IT WAS  
WHEN HE  
DIED."



THAT'S  
RIGHT--I'LL  
BE KEEPING  
A LARGE,  
UNCONTROL-  
LABLE  
ANIMAL IN  
HERE.

!!



GOOD  
JOB, MEN.  
WHY  
DON'T  
YOU  
CALL IT A  
DAY?

HUH?  
ALREADY?

DON'T  
WORRY--  
YOU'LL  
GET  
FULL  
PAY.













THIS IS A  
DIARY OF  
YOUR  
SEXUAL  
EXPLOITS,  
KEPT BY  
KAZUYA  
WHILE HE  
WAS ALIVE.

LET'S  
SEE WHAT  
IT SAYS  
ABOUT,  
OH, LAST  
SEPTEMBER  
SEVENTH,  
SAY...

"9/7:  
SHE  
SLIPPED  
AWAY  
FROM  
THE  
FUNERAL  
SERVICE,  
SAYING  
SHE  
DIDN'T  
FEEL  
WELL.

"A BIT  
LATER,  
TWO OF  
HER OLD  
FRIENDS  
LEFT  
TOO  
AND  
JOINED  
HER IN  
THE  
WOODS.

"MY  
SISTER GOT  
PERVERSELY  
EXCITED...

"AND BEGAN  
HUNGRILY  
SUCKING THE  
TWO MEN.

"THEN,  
BRACING  
HERSELF  
AGAINST A  
TREE, SHE  
HAD THEM  
TAKE TURNS  
SODOMIZING  
HER.

"AFTER BOTH MEN CAME, SHE  
CLEANED THEM WITH HER TONGUE.  
AFTER PROMISING TO GET TOGETHER  
AGAIN IN A FEW DAYS, THEY WENT  
THEIR SEPARATE WAYS."



THAT  
WAS THE  
DAY OF  
KAZUYA'S  
FUNERAL.



YOU  
PRETENDED  
YOU  
COULDN'T  
SEE HIM,  
BUT THAT  
WAS A LIE.



NOT  
ONLY *COULD*  
YOU SEE  
HIM, YOU  
WERE  
PUTTING  
ON A *SHOW*  
FOR HIM.

WH-  
WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT?!  
YOU'RE CRAZY!  
I NEVER--



SHUT  
UP!



I'VE  
HEARD  
ENOUGH  
OF YOUR  
LIES.



WHUDDO

NOW  
YOU'LL  
LISTEN  
TO  
ME!



MMNG!

YOU  
GREW UP  
WITHOUT  
EVER LACKING  
FOR  
ANYTHING.  
YOU GOT  
WHATEVER  
YOU  
WANTED.

EVERYONE  
AROUND  
YOU SPOILED  
YOU ROTTEN,  
TOLD YOU  
HOW CUTE  
AND PRETTY  
YOU  
WERE...

YOU BEGAN  
TO GET PLEASURE  
FROM AROUSING  
YOUR DISABLED  
BROTHER,  
KAZUYA--YOU  
ENJOYED  
MAKING HIM  
SUFFER.

...BUT  
THAT WASN'T  
ENOUGH FOR  
YOU AFTER A  
WHILE.

PARADING  
IN FRONT OF  
HIM IN YOUR  
UNDERWEAR...  
PRETENDING  
YOU WERE  
GIVING HIM  
BATHS OUT OF  
KINDNESS...

AT SOME  
POINT KAZUYA'S  
SPIRIT BEGAN  
LEAVING HIS  
BODY AND  
APPEARING IN  
THE BEDROOM,  
OR THE BATH-  
ROOM.

IT  
WAS *YOUR*  
DESIRES  
THAT  
FORCED  
HIM OUT OF  
HIS OWN  
BODY!

BUT YOU  
PRETENDED  
YOU  
DIDN'T  
NOTICE...

...AND  
THAT'S  
WHEN  
YOUR  
OWN SEX  
MADNESS  
BEGAN.

NGNK!

SLAM  
SLAM  
SLAM

MNE!

FROM  
NOW  
ON, I'M  
KEEPING  
YOU IN  
THIS  
CAGE.

NOT  
BECAUSE  
YOU'VE  
BEHAVED  
BADLY...



...BUT  
BECAUSE  
YOUR  
DESIRES  
ARE STILL  
TRAPPING  
KAZUYA  
HERE...

...EVEN  
FORCING  
HIM TO  
CONTINUE  
KEEPING  
HIS DIARY  
AFTER HIS  
DEATH.

I-I  
CAN'T  
SEE  
HIM...

I CAN'T  
SEE HIM,  
NOT  
ANYMORE--  
IT'S THE  
TRUTH, I  
**SWEAR!**

THE  
ONLY  
REASON I  
KNOW HE'S  
STILL HERE  
IS BY YOUR  
REACTIONS!

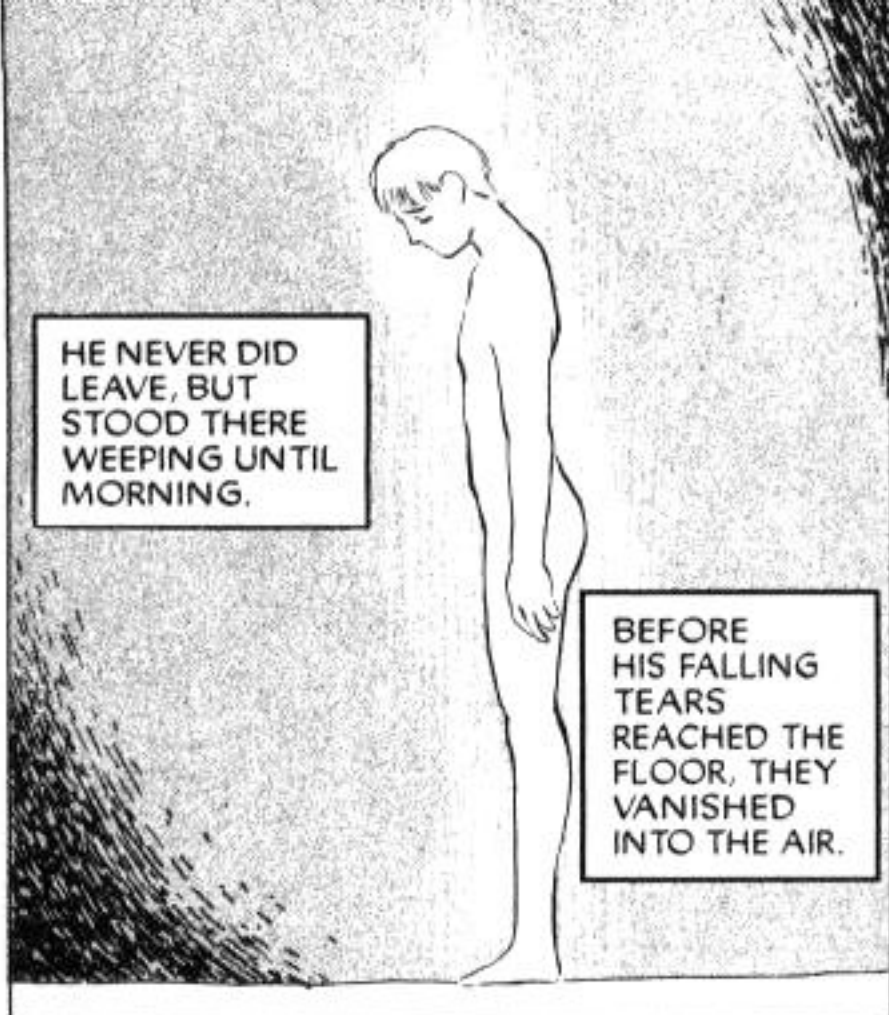
IF  
KAZUYA  
IS STILL  
HERE,  
IT'S B-  
BECAUSE...

BECAUSE  
OF...

...







HE NEVER DID  
LEAVE, BUT  
STOOD THERE  
WEEPING UNTIL  
MORNING.

BEFORE  
HIS FALLING  
TEARS  
REACHED THE  
FLOOR, THEY  
VANISHED  
INTO THE AIR.



THE NEXT MORNING,  
HIS HEART HAD  
STOPPED BEATING.

I SUPPOSE IT WAS  
TOO MUCH OF A  
STRAIN ON HIM TO  
STAY IN THAT STATE  
FOR SO LONG.



THAP



SO...



...IN  
A WAY,  
I GUESS  
I KILLED  
YOU.

EH,  
KAZUYA  
...?













IF  
ONLY  
HE  
COULD  
HAVE...







WHEN  
I WAS  
STILL ABLE  
TO TALK  
TO YOU,  
WHY  
DIDN'T  
I...?

IF  
ONLY...

IF  
ONLY I  
HADN'T  
SEEN  
YOU.

WHY  
WAS I  
FORCED  
TO  
SEE  
YOU...?

IF  
ONLY  
I  
HADN'T...

WE'D  
STILL  
BE ONE  
HAPPY  
FAMILY.

KATINK

KATINK



Nok  
Nok



IT'S  
BEEN SO  
HOT TODAY...  
WOULD YOU  
LIKE SOME  
ICED TEA?

HEY,  
THAT'D  
BE  
GREAT,  
MA'AM!



GREAT  
TIMING,  
TOO--  
WE'RE  
JUST  
ABOUT  
DONE!

OH,  
REALLY  
...?



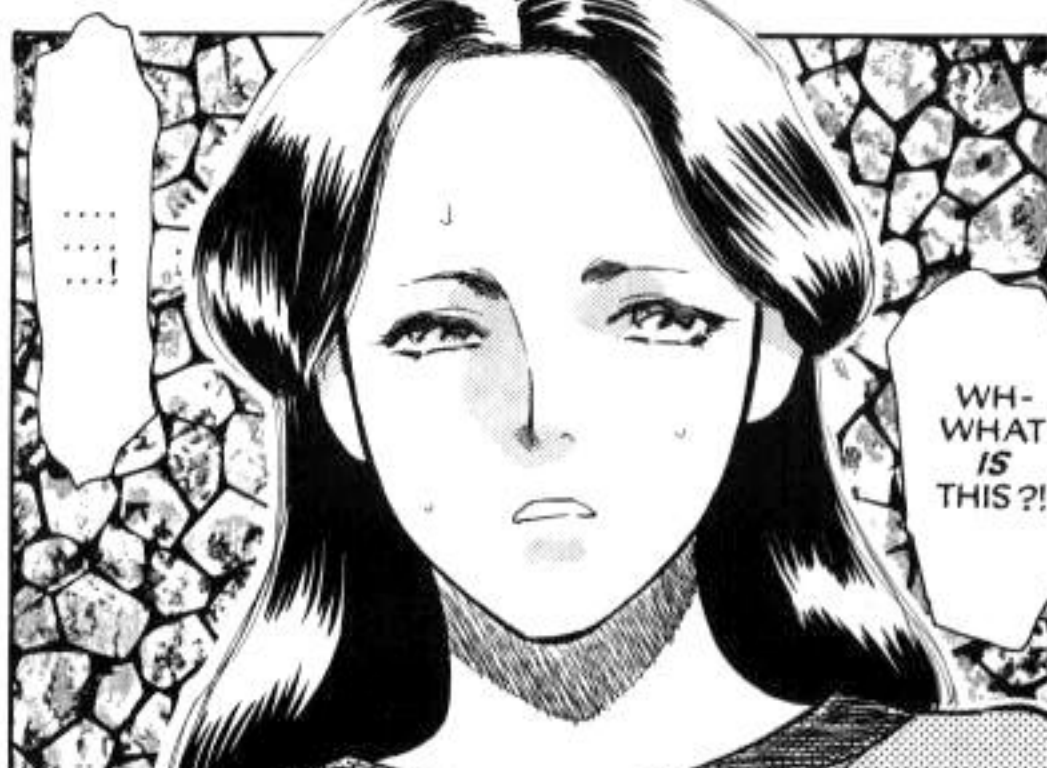
THAT  
DIDN'T  
TAKE  
LONG...

!?



WELL,  
IT  
WASN'T  
THAT  
HARD A  
JOB.

A  
LITTLE  
BIT OF  
WELDING,  
AND  
THAT'S  
ABOUT IT.



WH-  
WHAT  
IS  
THIS?!





I  
DESIGNED  
THIS  
HOUSE.



QUITE  
A  
MANSION,  
EH?

THAT'S  
HOW  
I  
WANTED  
IT.

I  
WANTED  
TO LIVE IN  
A FANCIER  
HOUSE  
THAN  
ANYONE  
ELSE...




...BECAUSE  
I ALWAYS  
WANTED  
A REAL  
HOME  
OF MY  
OWN.

THE  
ONLY  
PLACE I EVER  
CALLED  
HOME WAS  
TAKEN  
AWAY FROM  
ME.



WHEN I  
WAS JUST  
A KID, I  
LIVED WITH  
MY DAD  
IN A  
RUN-DOWN  
OLD  
TENEMENT.



WE BARELY  
SURVIVED  
ON HIS  
WAGES AS A  
DAY LABORER,  
BUT I DIDN'T  
MIND.

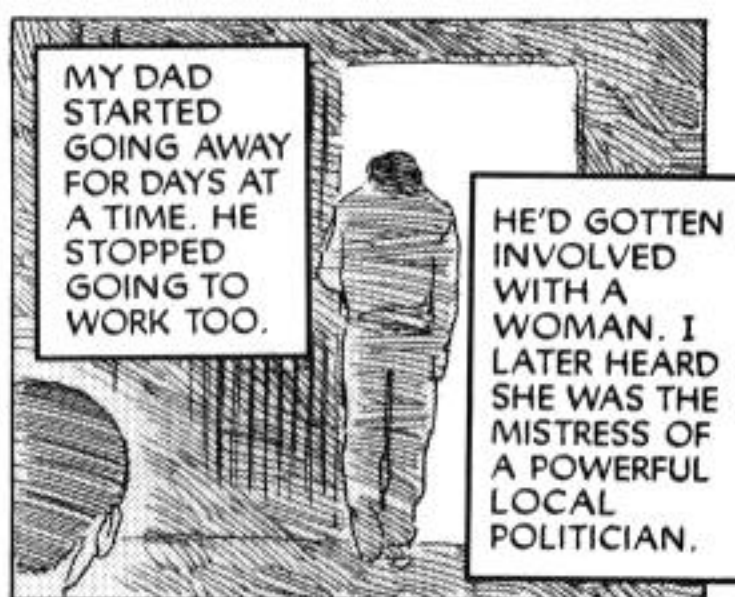
TOGETHER,  
WE HAD A  
REAL HOME.  
I DIDN'T FEEL  
POOR AT  
ALL. IT WAS  
A GREAT  
HOME.



I WAS  
HAPPY  
IN  
THOSE  
DAYS.

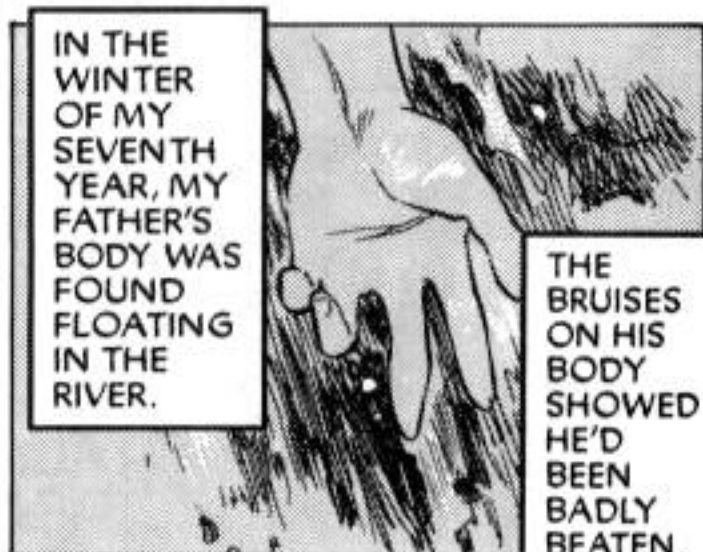


BUT  
THEN...



MY DAD  
STARTED  
GOING AWAY  
FOR DAYS AT  
A TIME. HE  
STOPPED  
GOING TO  
WORK TOO.

HE'D GOTTEN  
INVOLVED  
WITH A  
WOMAN. I  
LATER HEARD  
SHE WAS THE  
MISTRESS OF  
A POWERFUL  
LOCAL  
POLITICIAN.



IN THE  
WINTER  
OF MY  
SEVENTH  
YEAR, MY  
FATHER'S  
BODY WAS  
FOUND  
FLOATING  
IN THE  
RIVER.

THE  
BRUISES  
ON HIS  
BODY  
SHOWED  
HE'D  
BEEN  
BADLY  
BEATEN.



I STOOD  
THERE  
IN A  
DAZE...

...AT  
THE GATE  
OF THE  
MANSION  
BELONGING  
TO THE  
MAN WHO  
KEPT MY  
FATHER'S  
LOVER  
AS HIS  
MISTRESS.

SOMEHOW  
IT DIDN'T  
MATTER  
THAT HE'D  
KILLED MY  
FATHER--  
I WAS  
ENTRANCED  
BY HIS  
BEAUTIFUL  
HOUSE.

IT SEEMED  
PERFECTLY  
NATURAL  
TO ME  
THAT HE'D  
DESTROYED  
MY PITIFUL,  
WORTHLESS  
HOME.



FROM  
THEN ON,  
I WAS  
OBSESSED  
WITH  
POWER  
AND  
MATERIAL  
WEALTH.

THE DESIRE  
FOR RICHES  
DROVE ME  
TO WORK  
HARD,  
EVEN RISK  
MY LIFE.



AND  
NOW, I  
CAN HAVE  
ANYTHING  
I WANT.

ANYTHING.

BUT  
ONLY  
THINGS.

HAVE  
I, IN  
MY LUST  
FOR POSSES-  
SIONS...

...LOST  
MY RIGHT  
TO THE  
HAPPINESS  
OF A  
REAL  
HOME?

EVEN  
SHIZUE...

...SHE'S  
JUST  
ANOTHER  
THING,  
TOO.

MAYBE  
MY  
HEART,  
SO SICK  
OF  
MATERIAL  
THINGS...

...FOUND  
RESONANCE  
WITH YOUR  
SPIRIT--  
YOU, WHO  
ARE THE  
VERY  
ANTITHESIS  
OF  
MATERIAL.