

# Probably Dreaming

Issue #2: Fangs for the Dream

Jet treats every nightmare like a lucid dream.



Dracula chose the wrong breakfast.

Before dawn,  
Dracula slipped  
into Jet's  
apartment as fog.



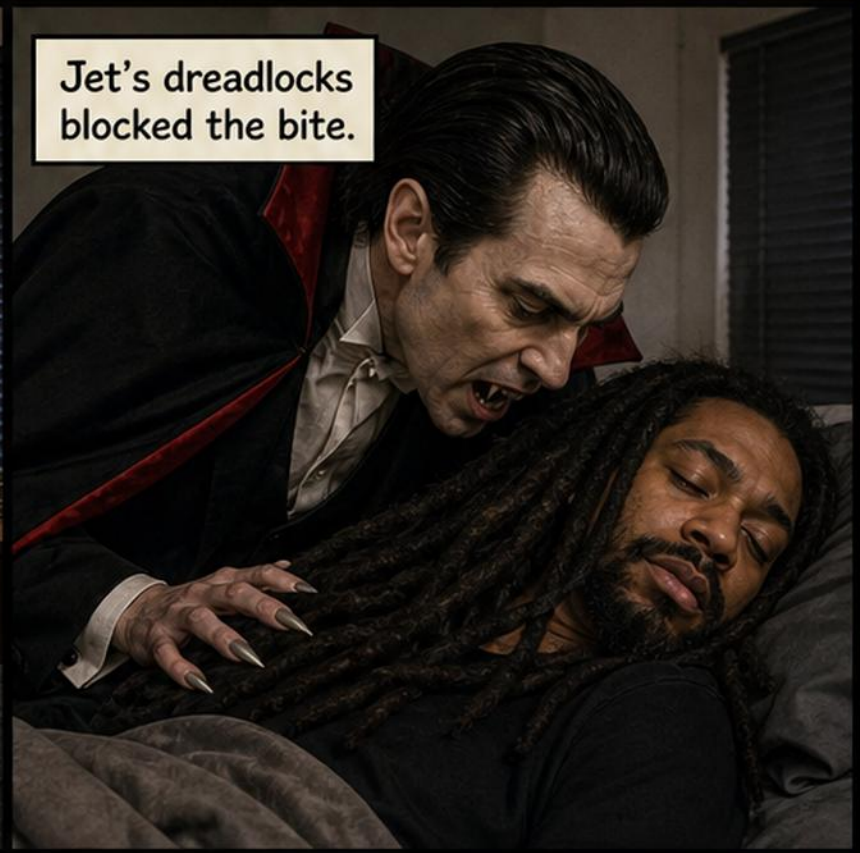
After hunting  
the skies of  
Huntsville, he  
was hungry.



Jet's blood was  
supposed to be  
breakfast.



Jet's dreadlocks  
blocked the bite.



It is time  
to feast.



**Dracula expected fear.**



**Jet looked thrilled instead.**



**A vampire dream? Perfect.**

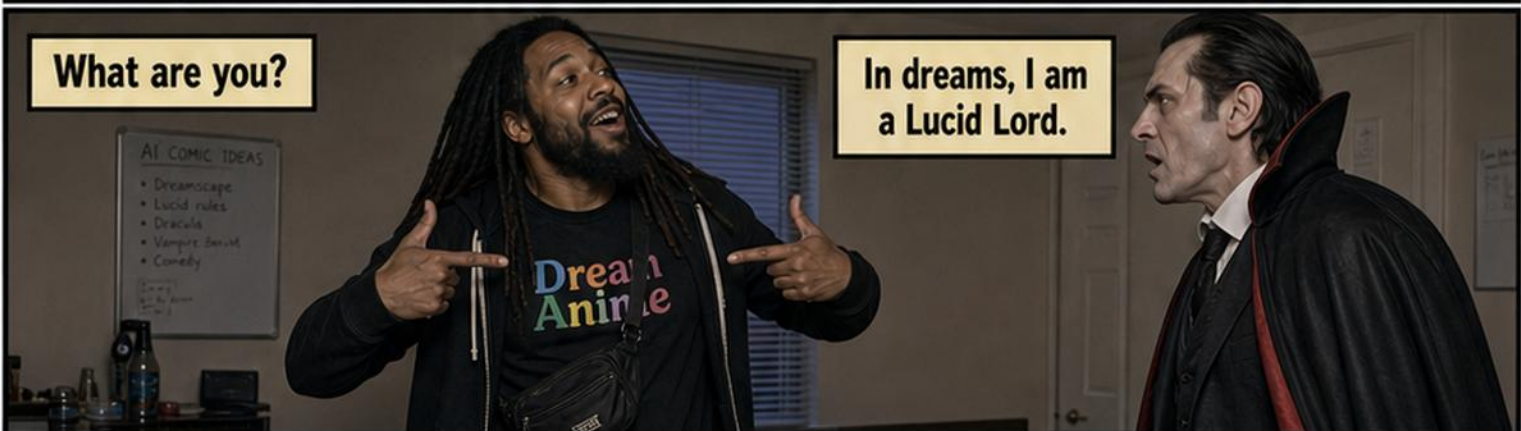


**Jet hit harder than Dracula thought possible.**



**What are you?**

**In dreams, I am a Lucid Lord.**



**Jet tried to summon  
a sword of Lucid Light.**



**He focused as  
hard as he could.**



**Nothing formed  
in his hand.**



**Is the sword  
invisible?**



**Sometimes I need a  
Lucid Conduit first.**



**Then you have  
no chance.**



With that strength, you could serve me.



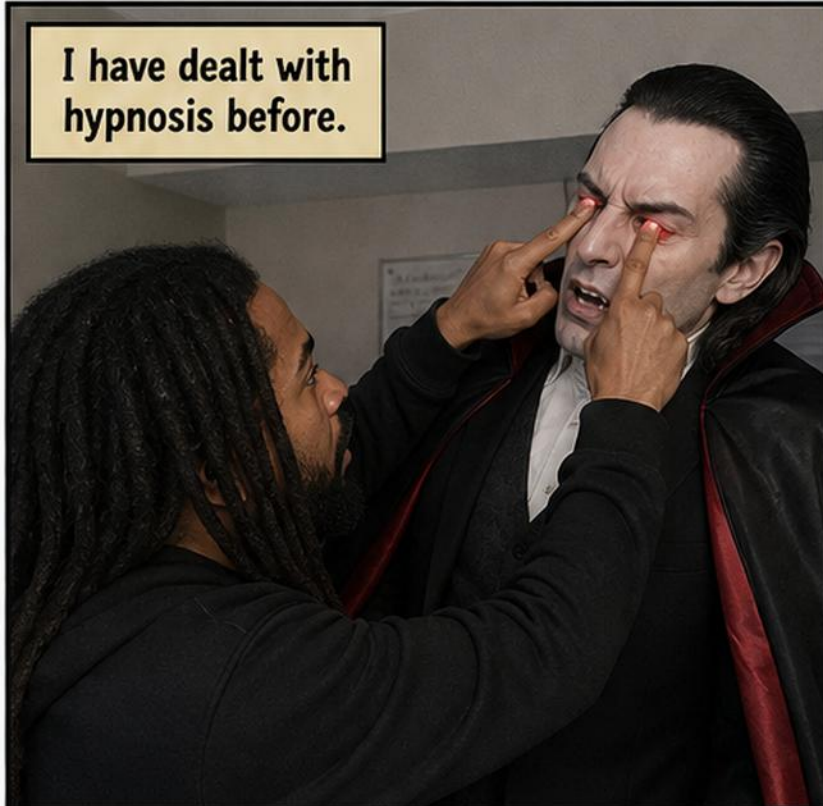
Dracula opened his hypnotic vision.



Jet did not wait for the spell to settle.



I have dealt with hypnosis before.



Past Life Regression taught me resistance.



Was your past life Van Helsing?



No. I was an interdimensional alien.



Dracula became more confused than before.



I do not know what to believe.



But I will still feast.



He became a wolf and pounced.



The wolf pinned Jet down.



Then Dracula's paws began to burn.



Your faith that this is a dream...



It weakens me like holy faith.



While Dracula panicked, Jet moved.



One uppercut ended the fight.



With Dracula down,  
Jet searched for a  
Lucid Conduit.



Maybe the conduit  
is outside.



Dawn answered  
before Jet noticed.



Sunlight turned  
Dracula to dust  
behind him.



Guess I was  
dreaming.



Probably.

