

A NEW LOOK, A NEW FEEL, A NUDE BEGINNING

PENTHOUSE

comi

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PENTHOUSE comix

4 BANG BANG: DIE HARDLY

Ultra-tense high-rise
hostage scenario. Guess who
starts throwin' out bodies?!

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"ARMED AND DANGEROUS!!!"

Bang Bang

"I'M
JUST
A GIRL
WHO
LIKES
MASSIVE
AMOUNTS
OF FIRE-
POWER.
THAT
DOESN'T
MAKE ME
BAD,
DOES IT?"



10¢

**BY JERRY PARIS &
DIGITAL CHAMELEON**



I DON'T MIND
YOU CHEATING
AT POOL...

BUT KEEP YOUR
HANDS OFF MY
GUINNESS!

WILL YOU BE
KEEPING THE NOISE
DOWN, BANG BANG...
THERE'S SOMETHING
ON THE NEWS...

SH
WT
HR
AK!

HEY, LOOK...
THAT'S ONLY A FEW
BLOCKS FROM
HERE!

WE NOW GO LIVE TO
CENTURY PLAZA, WHERE
OUR REPORTER, CANDY GATES,
HAS THE LATEST ON THE
HOSTAGE CRISIS.
CANDY...

HOSTAGE
CRISIS
UPDATE

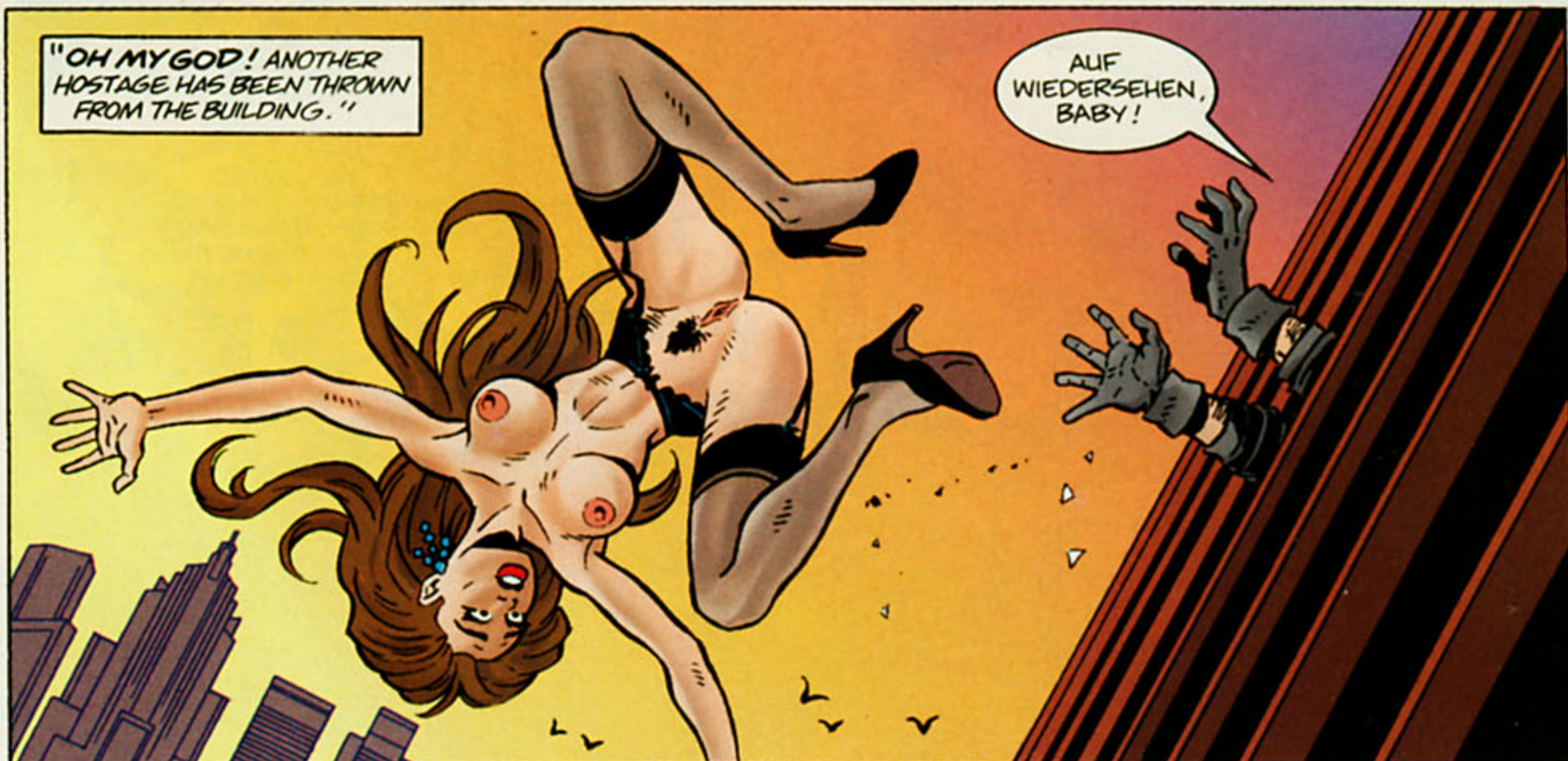
THANK YOU, PHIL...
HERE AT CENTURY PLAZA
THE SITUATION REMAINS
THE SAME...

TERRORISTS, LEAD BY
THE FANATICAL GÜNTHER
VOLMANN, HAVE SEIZED
CONTROL OF
CENTURY TOWER.

HOW
EMBARRASSING,
CANDY.

THEY HAVE KILLED
THREE WOMEN HOSTAGES
ALREADY-- THROWN NAKED
TO THEIR DEATHS
FROM THE 60TH FLOOR!

YES IT WAS, PHIL--
WAIT A MOMENT...
SOMETHING APPEARS
TO BE HAPPENING...



"OH MY GOD! ANOTHER
HOSTAGE HAS BEEN THROWN
FROM THE BUILDING."

AUF
WIEDERSEHEN,
BABY!



"IT'S ALMOST
TOO GHASTLY
TO WATCH."

"ARE WE GETTING
ALL THIS ON
CAMERA?..."



NEED A HAND,
SGT. O'TOOLE?

WOO! WHAT TH--
OH-- BANG BANG!
JEZUS... AM I GLAD
TO SEE YOU!

I CAN TELL,
BIG BOY. WHAT
THE FUCK'S
GOING ON?...



THIS SCUMBAG VOLMANN
WANTS HIS BROTHER RELEASED
FROM THE PEN, ALONG
WITH \$50 MILLION!

WE GAVE 'EM THE MONEY
AND WE'VE GOT THEIR PAL
IN THE P. WAGON OVER THERE...
WE JUST HAD AUTHORIZATION
FROM THE FEDS TO HAND
HIM OVER-- BUT CHRIST!--



THESE BASTARDS ARE
STILL THROWING PEOPLE
OUT! GOT ANY
SUGGESTIONS?

YEAH...

I THINK IT'S TIME
YOU GAVE 'EM BACK
THEIR COMRADE...





HERE'S YOUR COMRADE, GUYS... HE'S LOST A LITTLE WEIGHT...



DAS IS YOUR BROTHER'S HEAD, GÜNTER!!

GOTT! STRAPPED ON HER BACK--SHE HAS A THUNDERSHOCK ASSAULT WEAPON!

FALL BACK, YOU IDIOTS! GET TO THE ELEVATOR!



THOOM!

THOOM!

THOSE FUCKIN' BASTARDS HAVE GOTTEN AWAY!



MY HEROINE... I COULD JUST LICK YOU ALL OVER!

FUCK

JUICY

SUCK

I THOUGHT YOU SAID GANG BANG!

--ME CUM!

TIGHT, WET--

SUCK

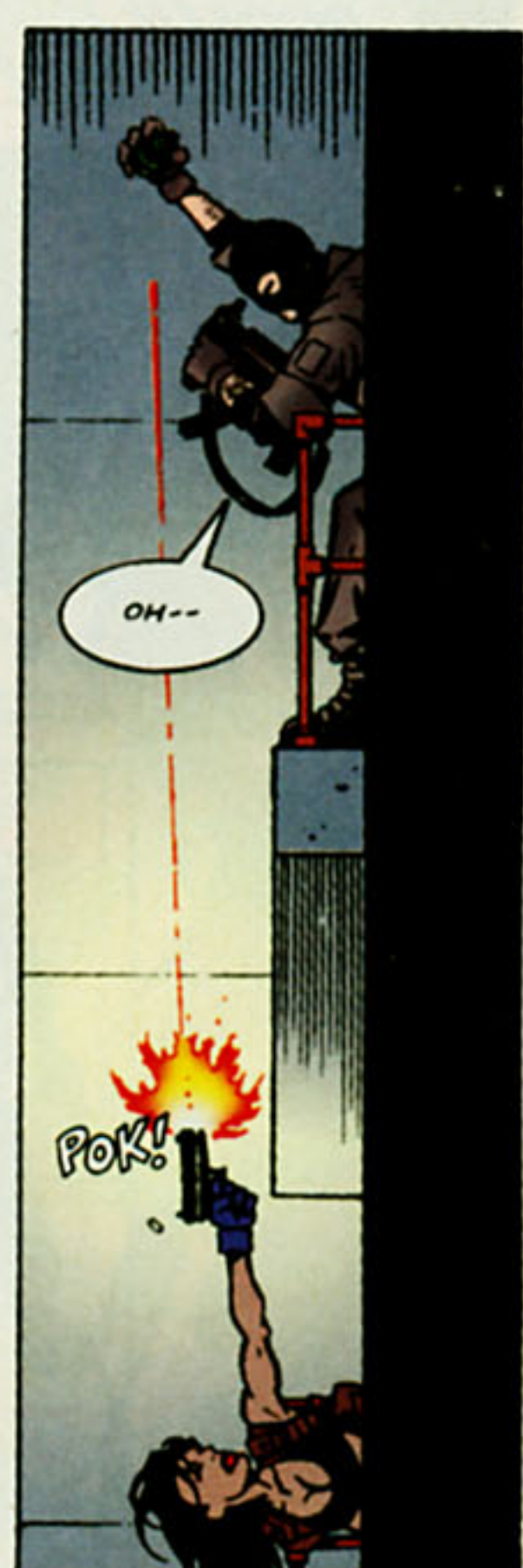
CARESS THESE--

FUCK

KISS INSIDE--



LATER, BABES...





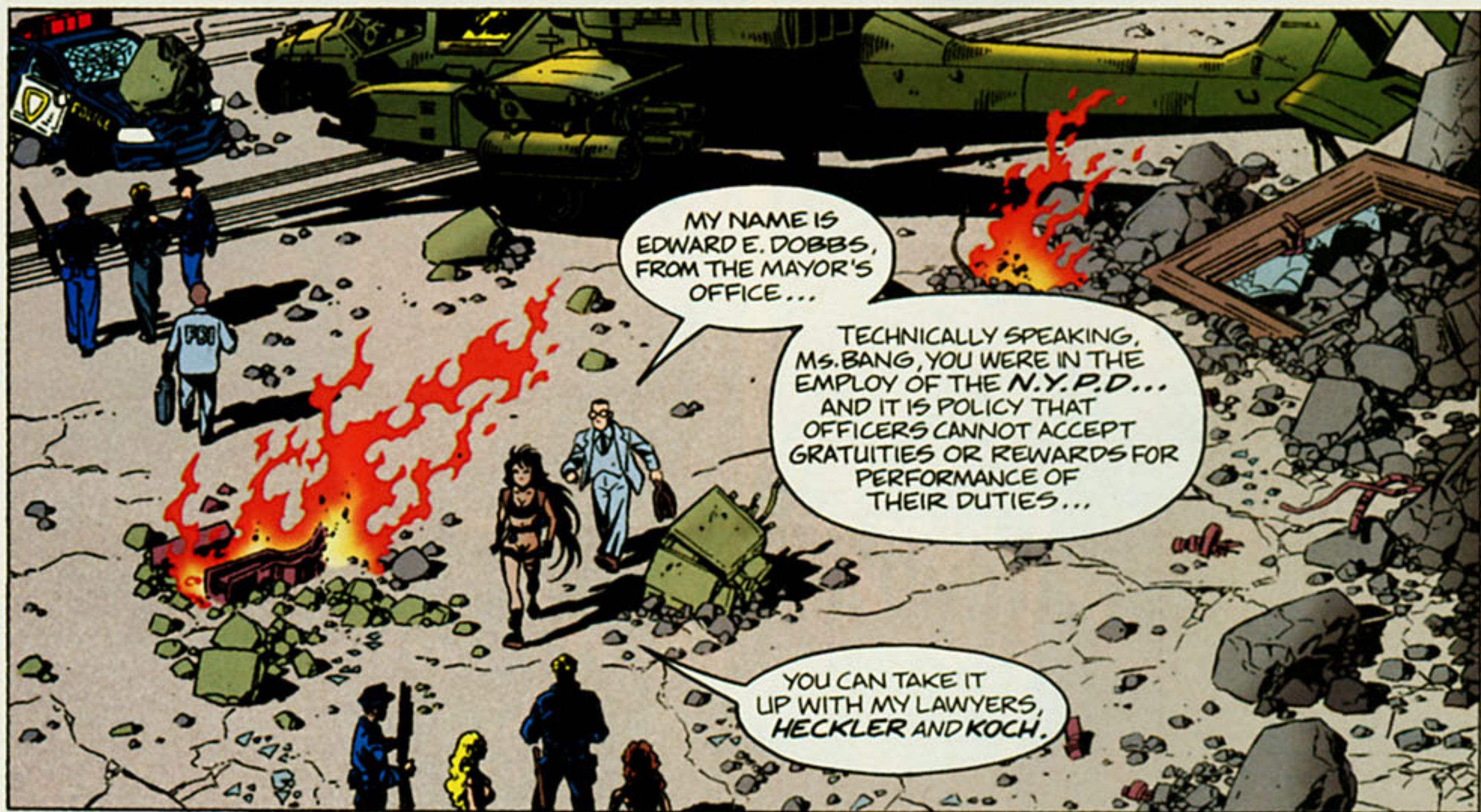
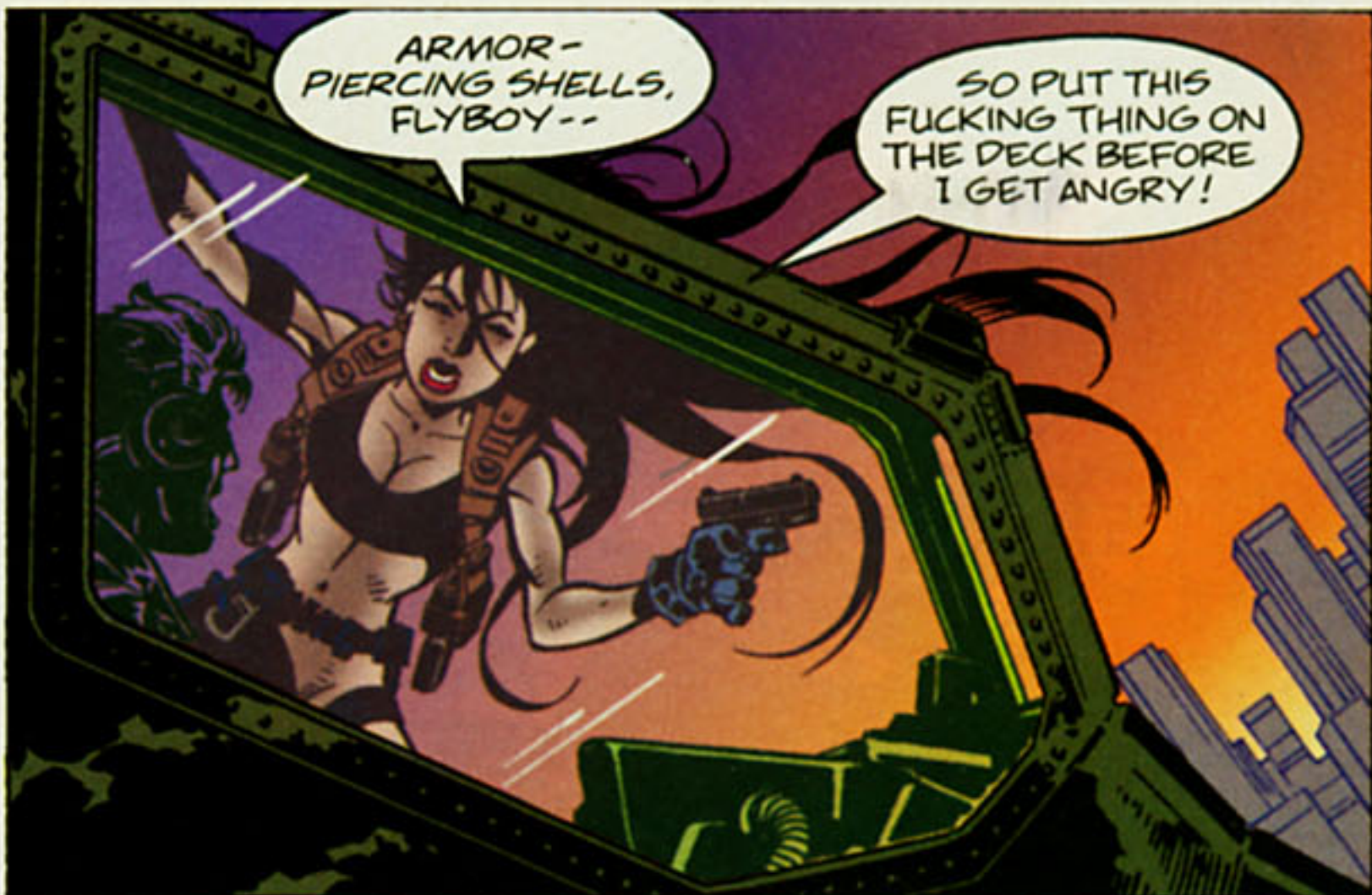
















GLORY! THAR IT IS- AS
EVIL AS EVER. DAMN
ME FER EVER COMIN'
BACK HERE! YOU'D
BETTER GIT YERSELF A
GUD LOOK YOUNG
FELLER, CUZ WE'RE
GITTIN' AOUT O'HERE!

HOLD IT, CAPTAIN. LET
ME GET MY CAMERA.
COULD YOU TAKE A
SHOT OF ME IN
FRONT OF THE
TOWER?

GONE FISHIN'

I WANTED TO DEVOTE A WHOLE CHAPTER OF MY
BOOK, **MONUMENTAL EDIFICES OF OCCULT
SIGNIFICANCE** TO THIS INCREDIBLE ROCK
FORMATION. THE FEW INNSMOUTH NATIVES
WHO'D EVEN ADMIT KNOWLEDGE OF ITS
EXISTENCE DUBBED IT **DAGON'S TOWER**. I HAD
SPENT A LOT OF TIME AND MONEY JUST
GETTING THIS FAR. I COULDN'T LET OLD
CAPTAIN ABEDIAH ELLIOT'S SUPERSTITIONS
STOP ME NOW.

THEN HURRY IT UP
- AND DON'T
TARRY IN FRONT
O' YER MIRROR -

NO! IT CAN'T
BE! PART O'
DEVIL REEF
LEFT JES'
UNDER THE
WATER - WE'R
GONNA HIT -

YHAAAAAA!

E-YAH!!!

WE SLAMMED INTO SOMETHING HARD
AS I HEARD THE CAPTAIN SCREAM. I
WAS THROWN AGAINST THE CABIN
WALL AND REMEMBERED MY OWN
GRIMACING FACE REFLECTION AS
EVERYTHING FADDED INTO NUMB
GRAYNESS.

A GASH OPENED THE
HULL SENDING THE LITTLE
CRAFT QUICKLY INTO
THE ABYSS.



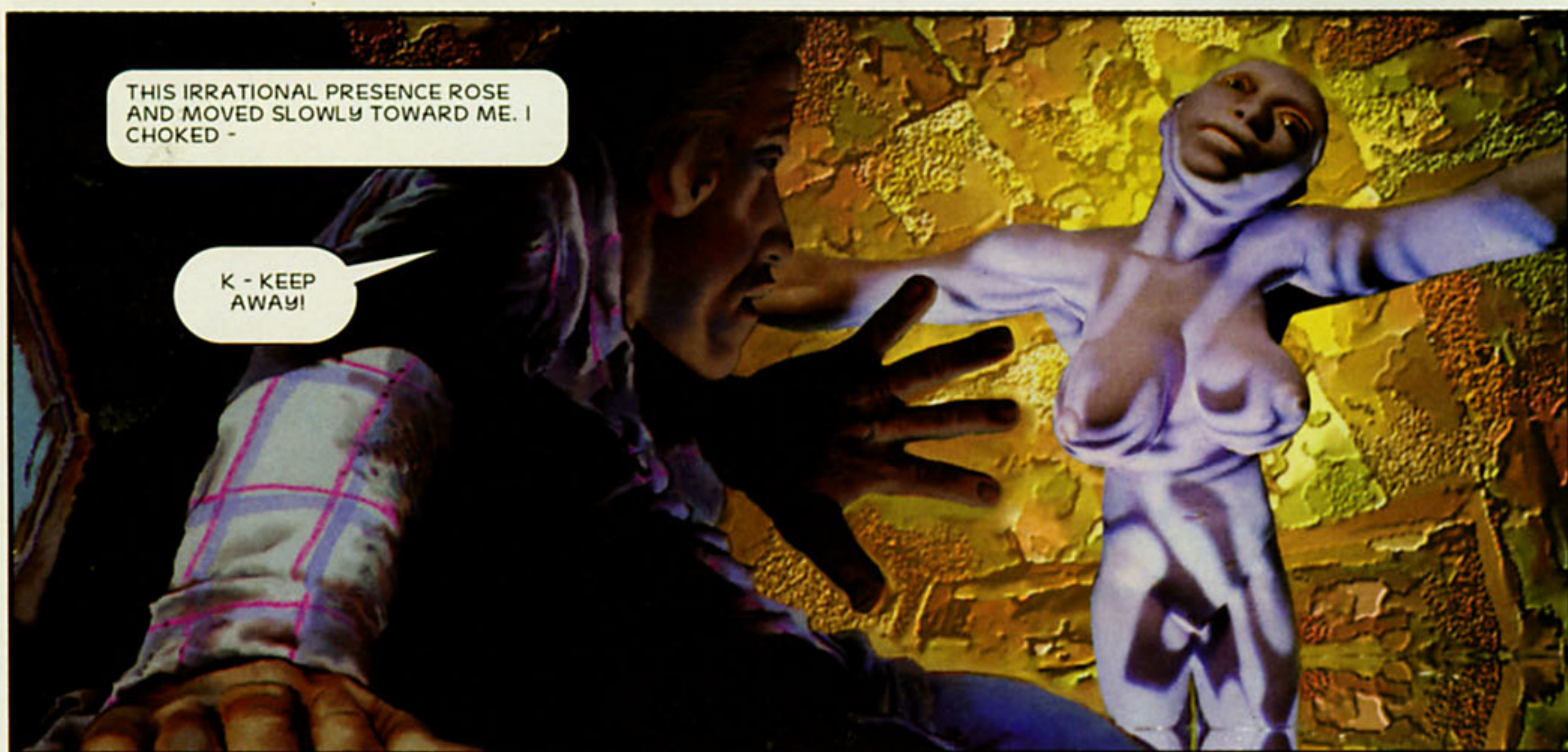
FOR UNKNOWN HOURS - OR DAYS - I DREAMED ALONE ON THE BOTTOM. IT WAS QUIET, DEADLY QUIET.



SLOWLY, THE CLOUDS FADED AND I BECAME AWARE OF MY PREDICAMENT. I HAD SURVIVED IN AN AIR POCKET. THERE WAS A GLOWING UNDULATING MOVEMENT OF THE WATER.



A FACE OF STRANGE BATRACHIAN BEAUTY WAS WATCHING ME DRIFT IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS.



THIS IRRATIONAL PRESENCE ROSE AND MOVED SLOWLY TOWARD ME. I CHOKED -

K - KEEP AWAY!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. THE CREATURE FED ME, MADE LOVE TO ME, CHANGED ME. I FOUND MYSELF SWIMMING IN HER ELEMENT NOT NEEDING AIR. IT WAS LIQUID ECSTASY.



I LIVED WITH THE FISH FOLK. ALL TIME WAS SPENT IN AQUATIC ACROBATICS, EATING AND COUPLING.


IN THAT FORMER LIFE, CAPTAIN ELLIOT'S BOAT HAD STRUCK AN ICHTHYIC CONSTRUCTION AND CRASHED AT IT'S BASE. MY NEW FRIENDS EXAMINED THE WRECKAGE. I FOLLOWED.




SOMETHING FAMILIAR CAUGHT MY ATTENTION. I MOVED CLOSER.



I COULDN'T COMPREHEND WHAT I SAW. THEN THE HORROR OF IT HIT ME. I GASPED WITH A FRANTIC DESPERATE NEED FOR AIR.

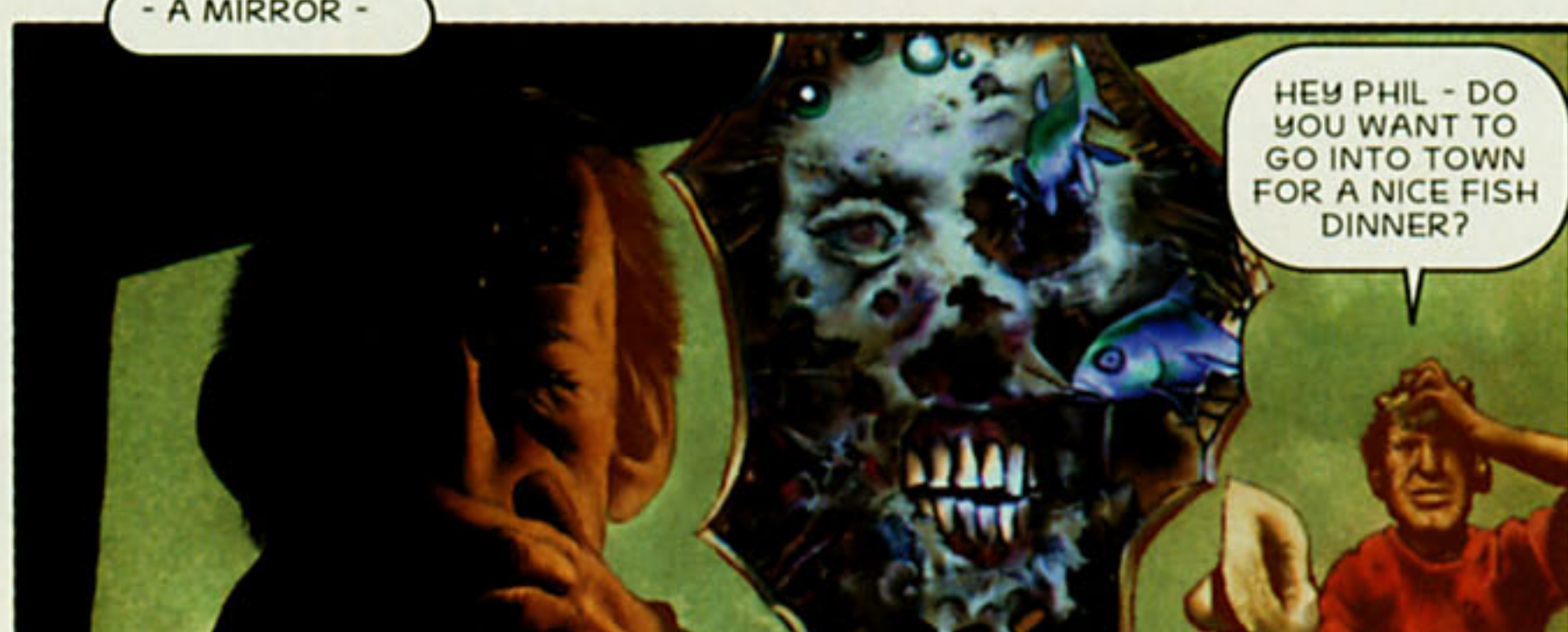


I HAD TO GET AWAY. I STRUGGLED AND FOUGHT THROUGH THE FISH PEOPLE TOWARD THE DISTANT LIGHT OF SALVATION. THEY CLUNG AND GRASPED. I BLACKED OUT.



THAT WAS MONTHS AGO AND NOW I'M HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY FROM ANY OCEAN - AS FAR AS POSSIBLE - VOLUNTEERING TO WORK A JURASSIC DIG IN UTAH. BUT TERRIBLE DREAMS STILL HAUNT ME. DREAMS OF WHAT I SAW.

- A MIRROR -



HEY PHIL - DO YOU WANT TO GO INTO TOWN FOR A NICE FISH DINNER?

THE END

"AND MEN SHALL CALL HIM
THE EJACULATOR!"

A
PULSE-POUNDING
PASTICHE OF
PROJECTED PROTEIN!

~~MISS~~
~~MIS~~
ADVENTURE

PRODUCED BY:
KEITH GIFFEN &
GARY POLKOVITZ
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS-LETTERS
DIGITAL CHAMELEON-COLOR

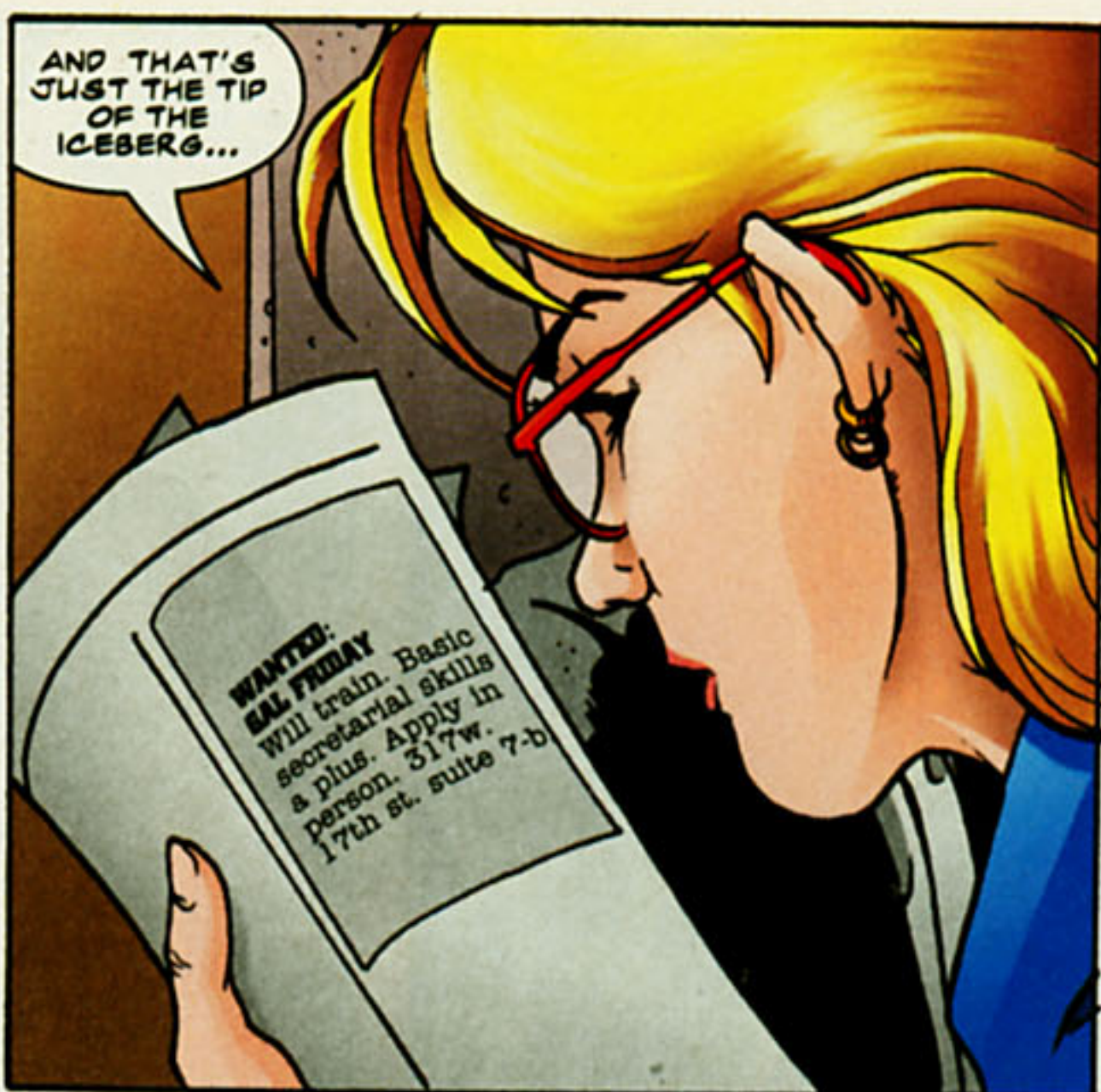


FORTUNES
READ
FORESKIN
DIVINING A
SPECIALTY

SHAGGY DOG
INVESTIGATIONS

—SIGHE-IT'S
FINALLY COME
TO THIS...

NO BIG
SURPRISE,
REALLY. IT'S NOT
LIKE THERE'S A
FORTUNE WAITING
TO BE MADE IN
THE "BURGEONING"
SUPER-DOER
FIELD.



AND THAT'S
JUST THE TIP
OF THE
ICEBERG...

WANTED:
GAL FRIDAY
Will train. Basic
secretarial skills
& plus. Apply in
person. 317w.
17th st. suite 7-b

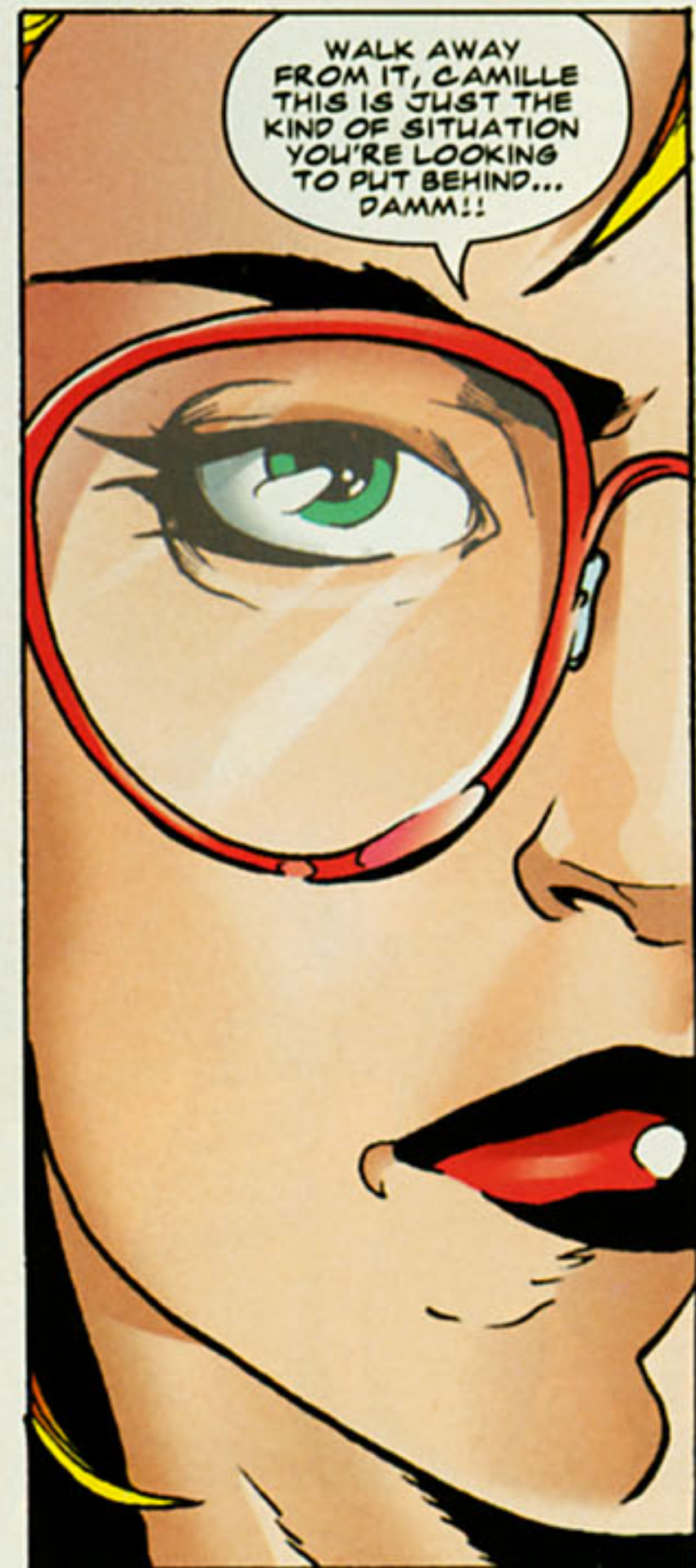
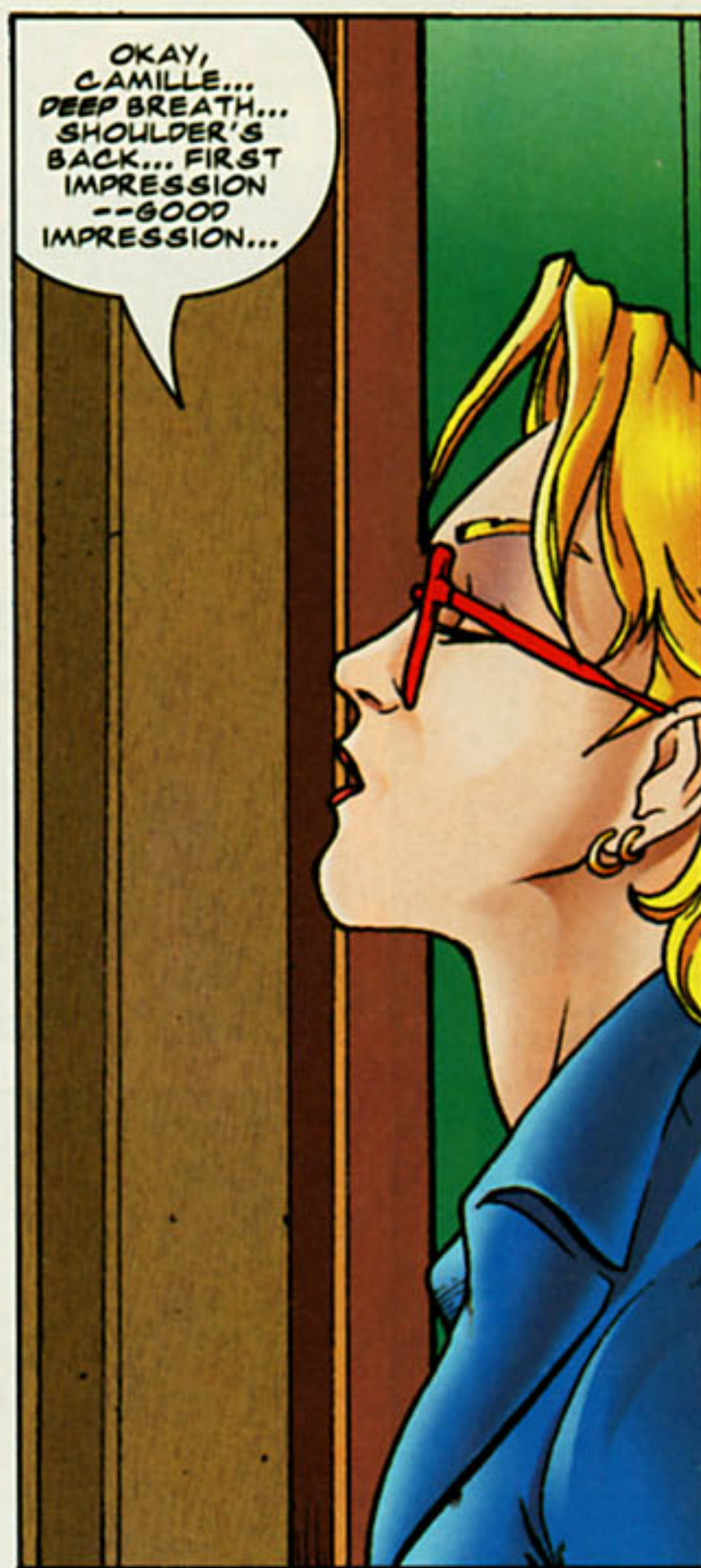


...SEEMS, LATELY,
ALL THESE, SO-
CALLED, SUPER
VILLAINS WANT TO
DO IS "SUCK 'N'
FUCK".

HMMM...COME
TO THINK OF IT,
THAT'S ALL THE
HEROES WANT
TO DO...



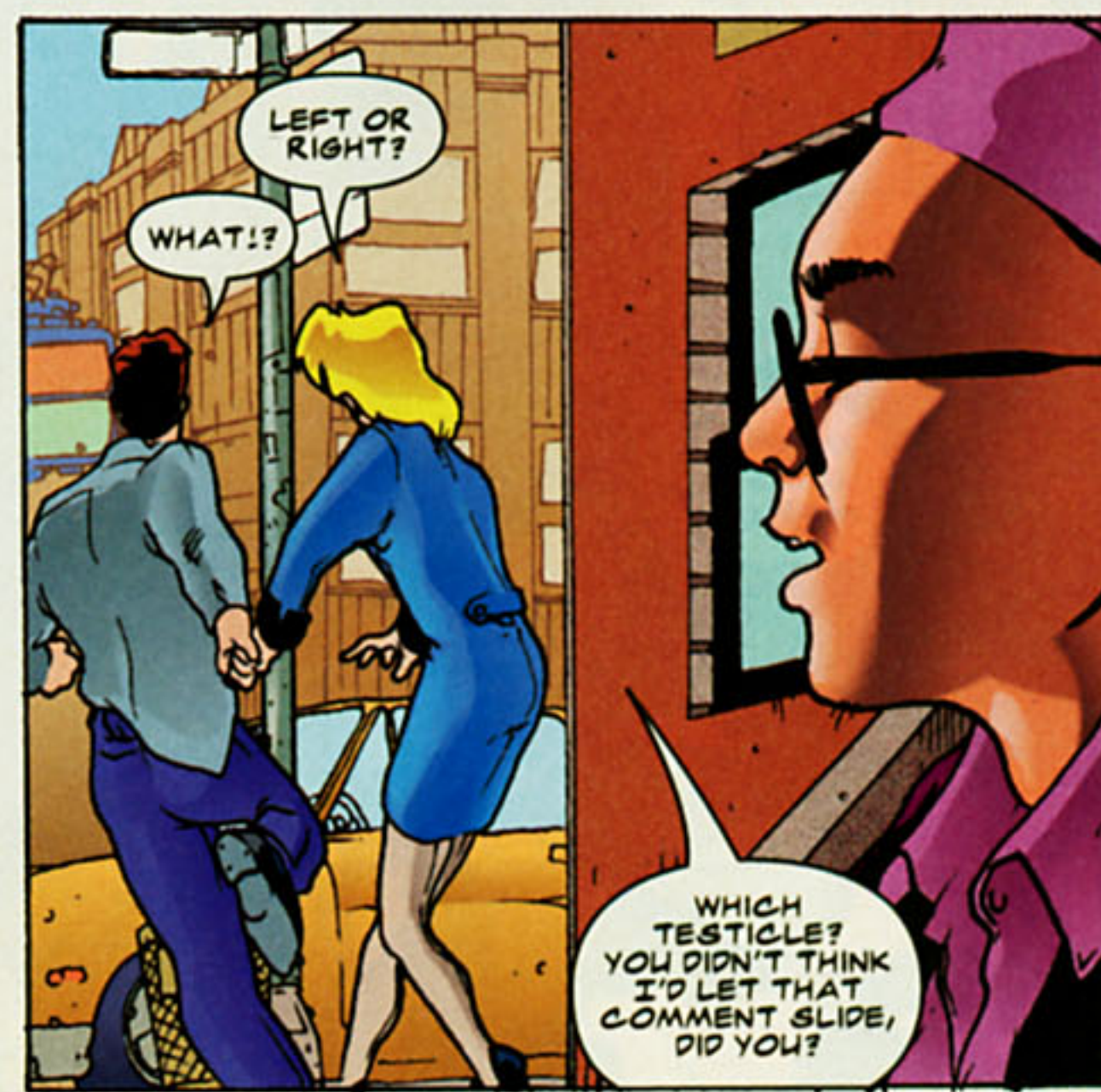
...NOT THE
WISEST CAREER
CHOICE FOR A
VIRGIN WITH AN
INVULNERABLE
HYMEN.





...OF
COURSE...

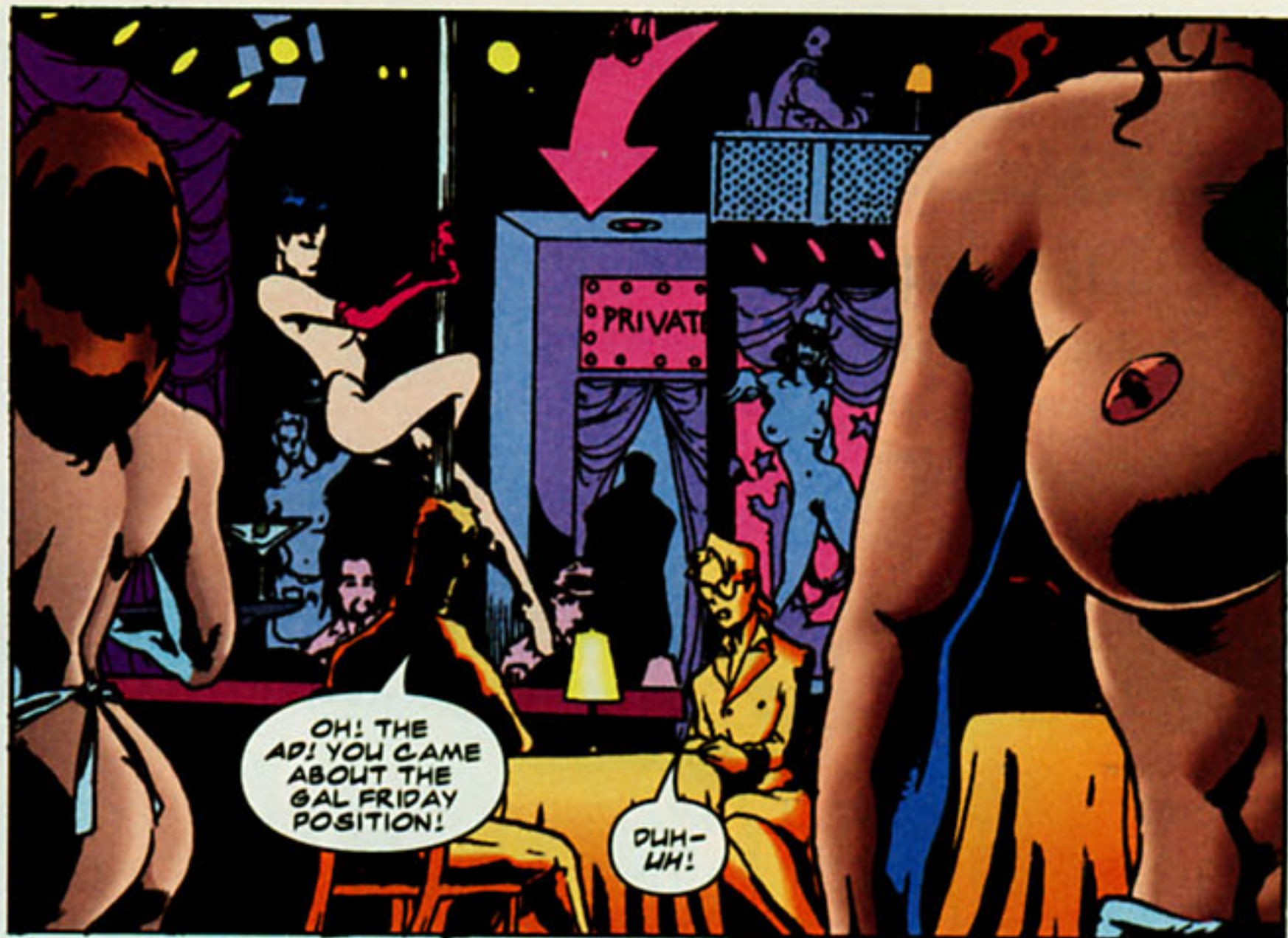
MRPH-
LRF-!
MRFF!!





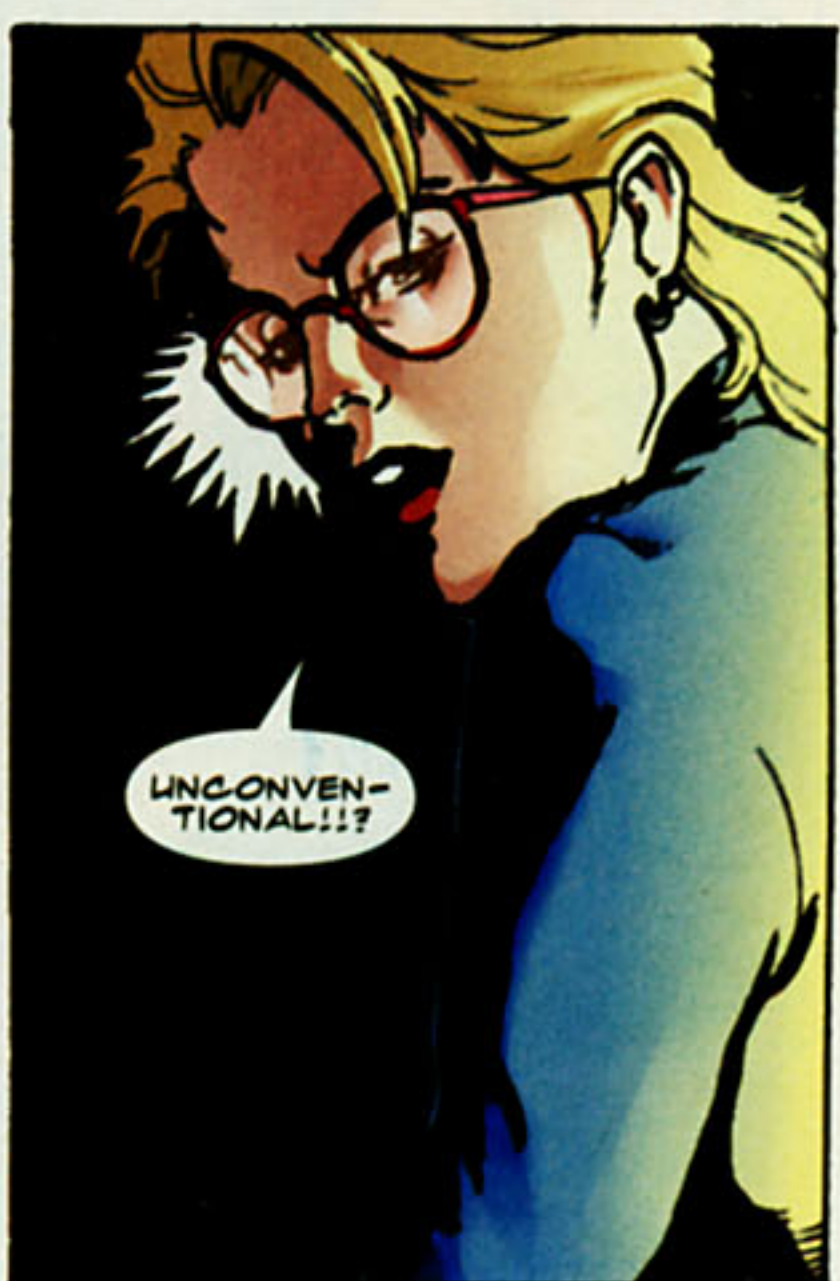
"THIS IS THE WAY YOU CONDUCT JOB INTERVIEWS, IT'S NO WONDER YOU HAVE TROUBLE FINDING HELP!!"

JOB...?



WELL THEN! WILLING, DICK WILLING, P.I. SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS.

CAMILLE PIKE. AND I THINK I'VE CHANGED MY MIND.





I SHOW UP FOR A SIMPLE JOB INTERVIEW TO FIND YOU TIED TO A CHAIR, DRIPPING IN SEMEN! YOU PRACTICALLY THROW ME DOWN THE STAIRS, YOU DRAG ME FOR BLOCKS IN WHITE-HOT PANIC, THEN SHOVE ME INTO, TO THIS... THIS... WHATEVER THIS PLACE IS, ALL THE WHILE HAVING NO IDEA WHO I AM OR WHY I SHOWED UP AT THE HOVEL YOU CALL AN OFFICE, AND YOU HAVE THE BALL'S UP AUDACITY TO CALL IT "UNCONVENTIONAL!!!"



WHAT'S YOUR POINT?



SMACK!



LOOK...IT PAYS FIVE A WEEK, FULL MEDICAL...



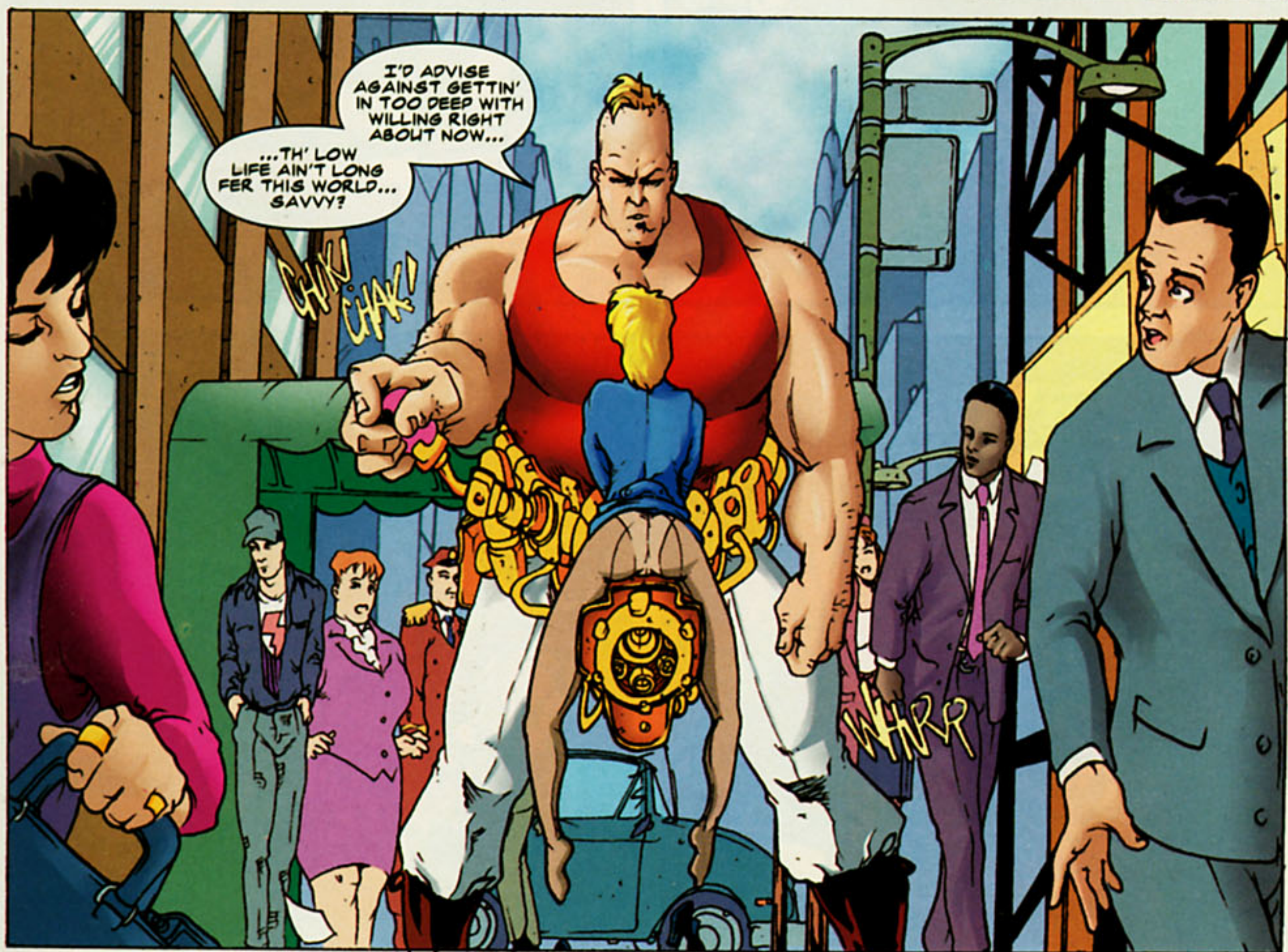
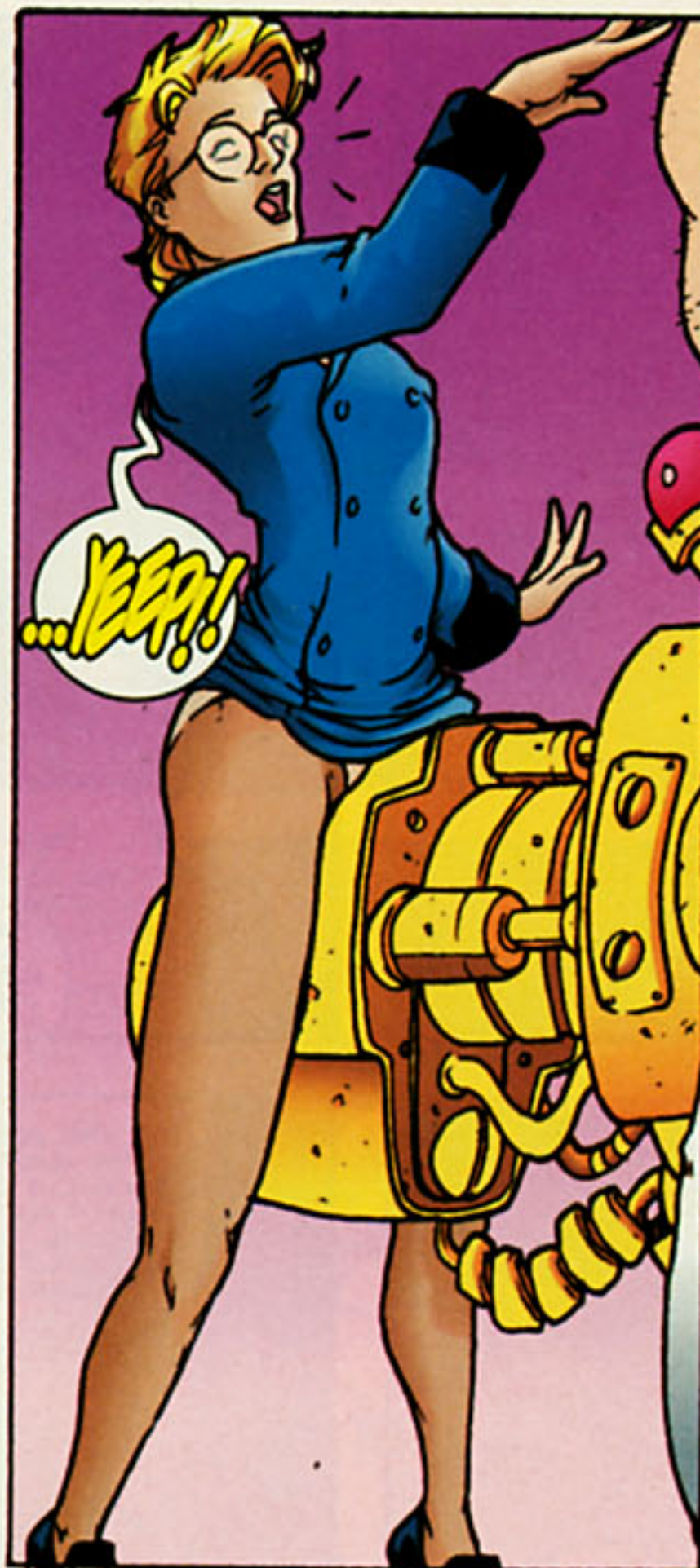
HELLO? HE-LOO-OO... ANYBODY HOME? I SAID, I DON'T WANT THE JOB!

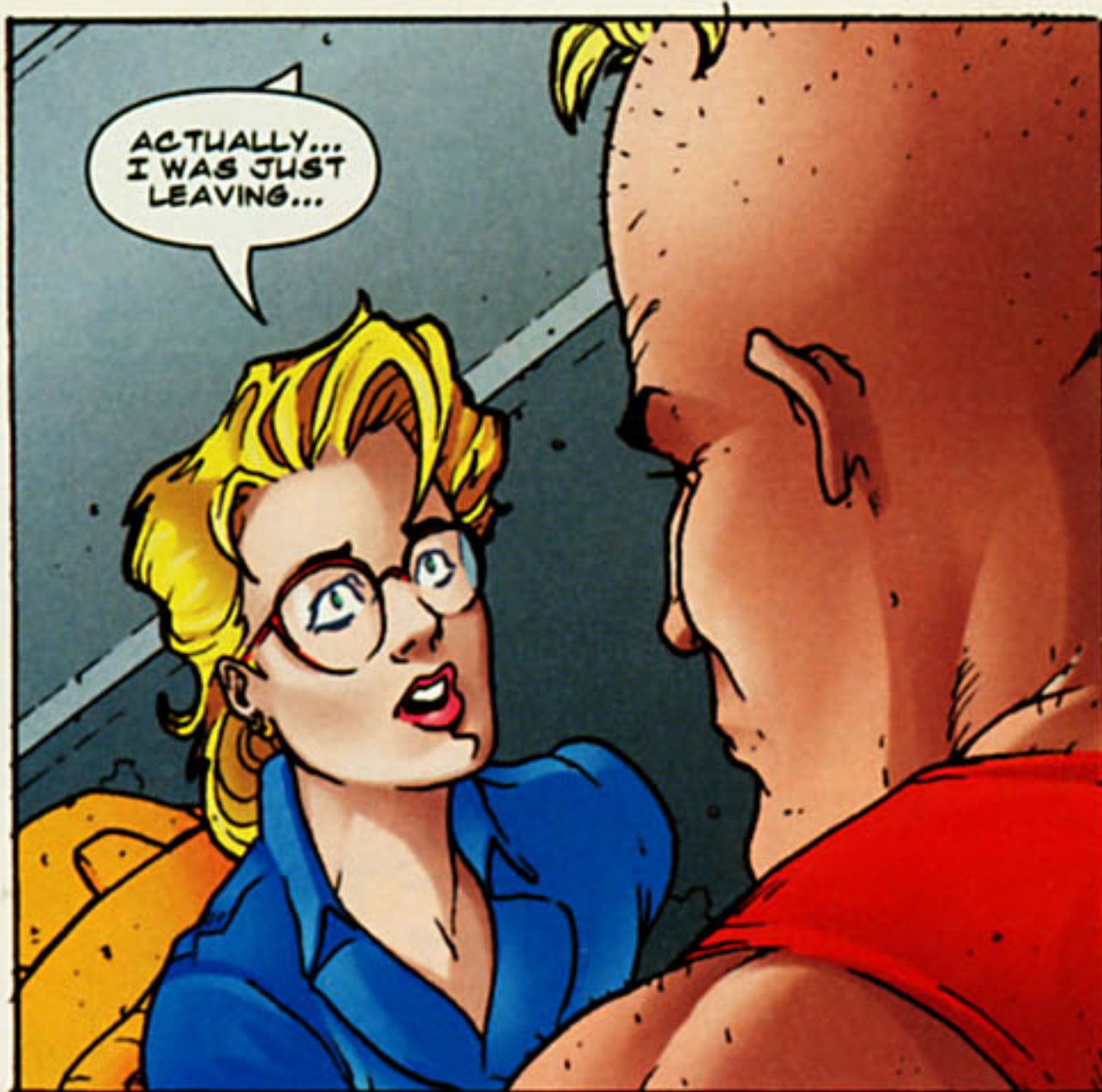


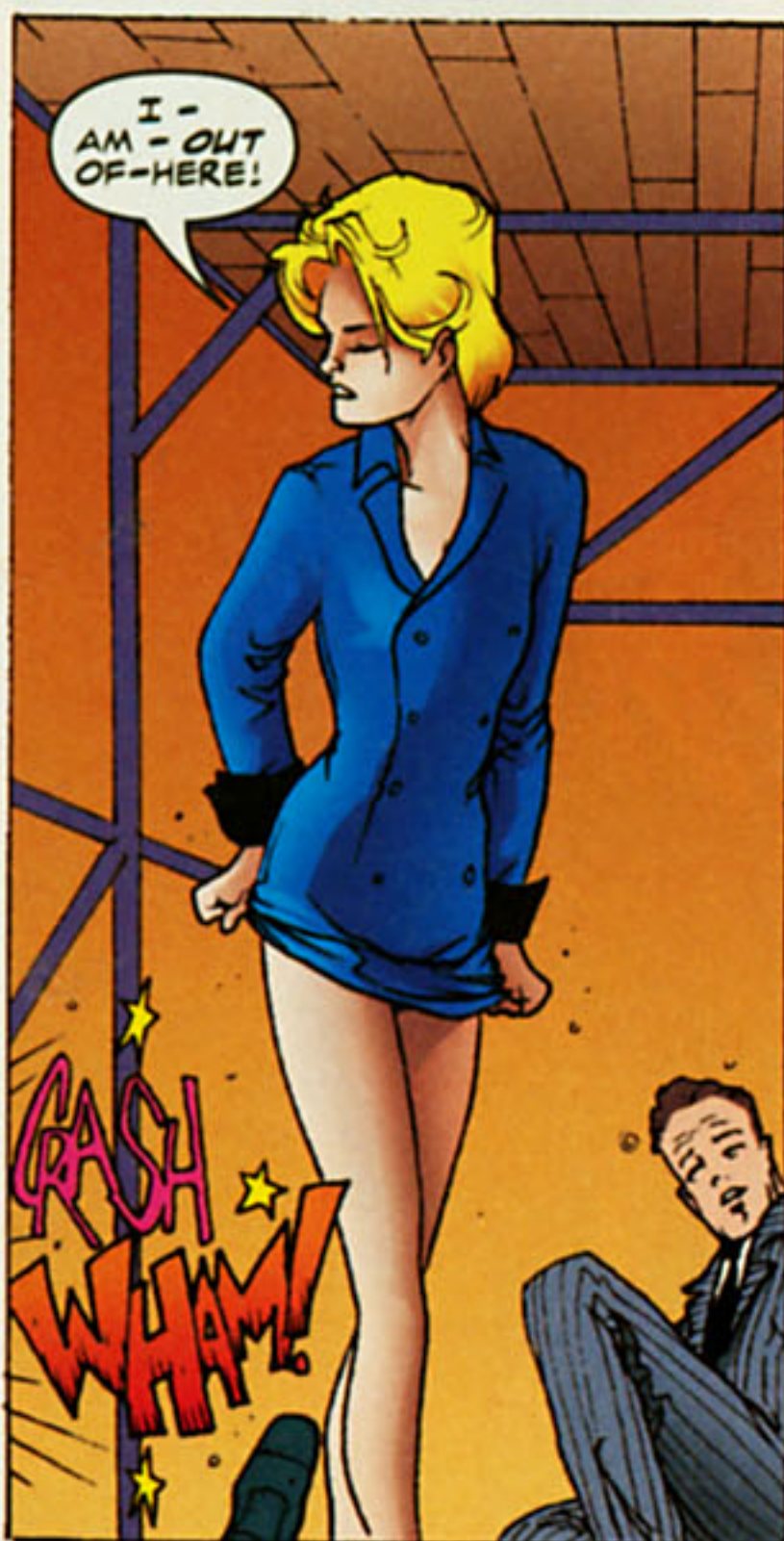
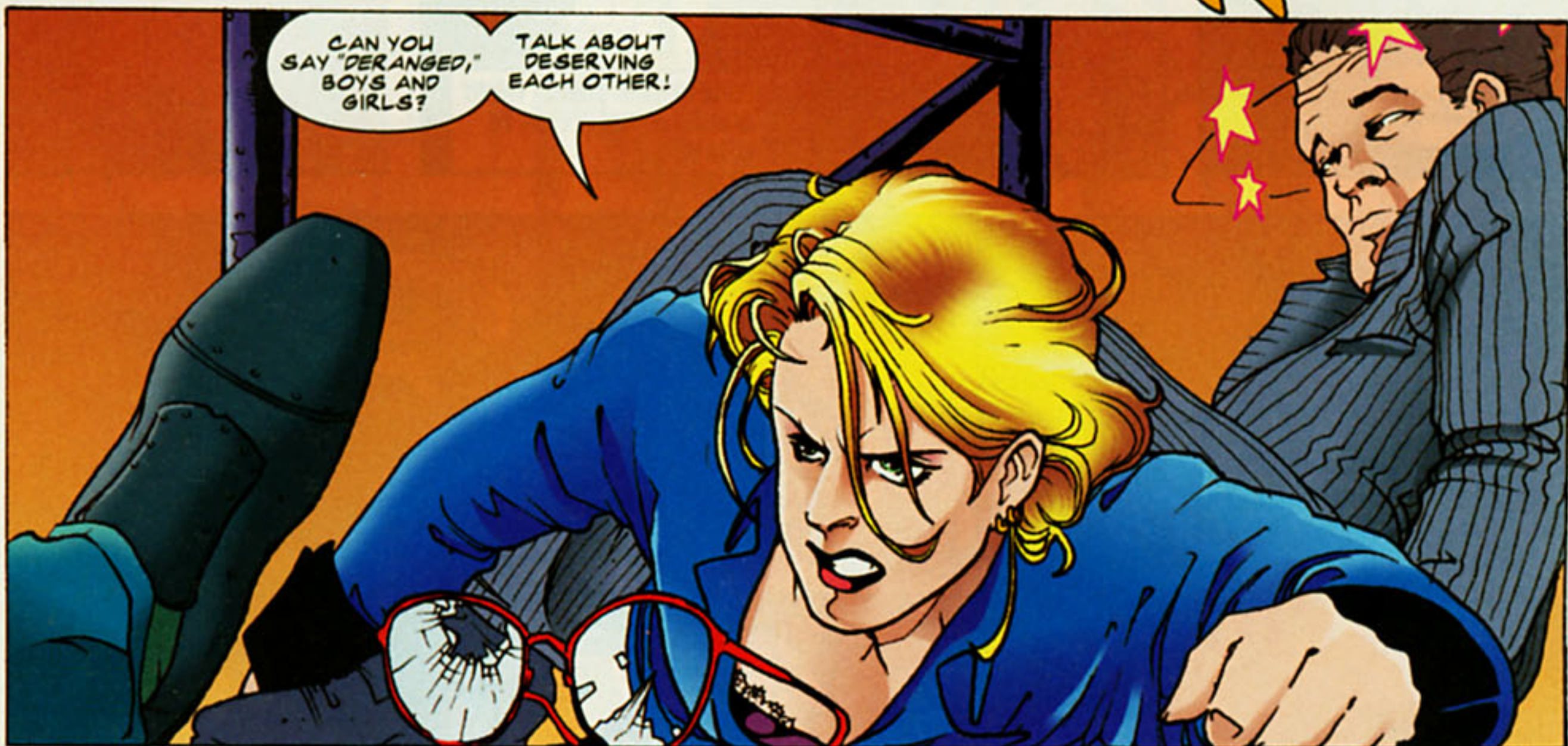
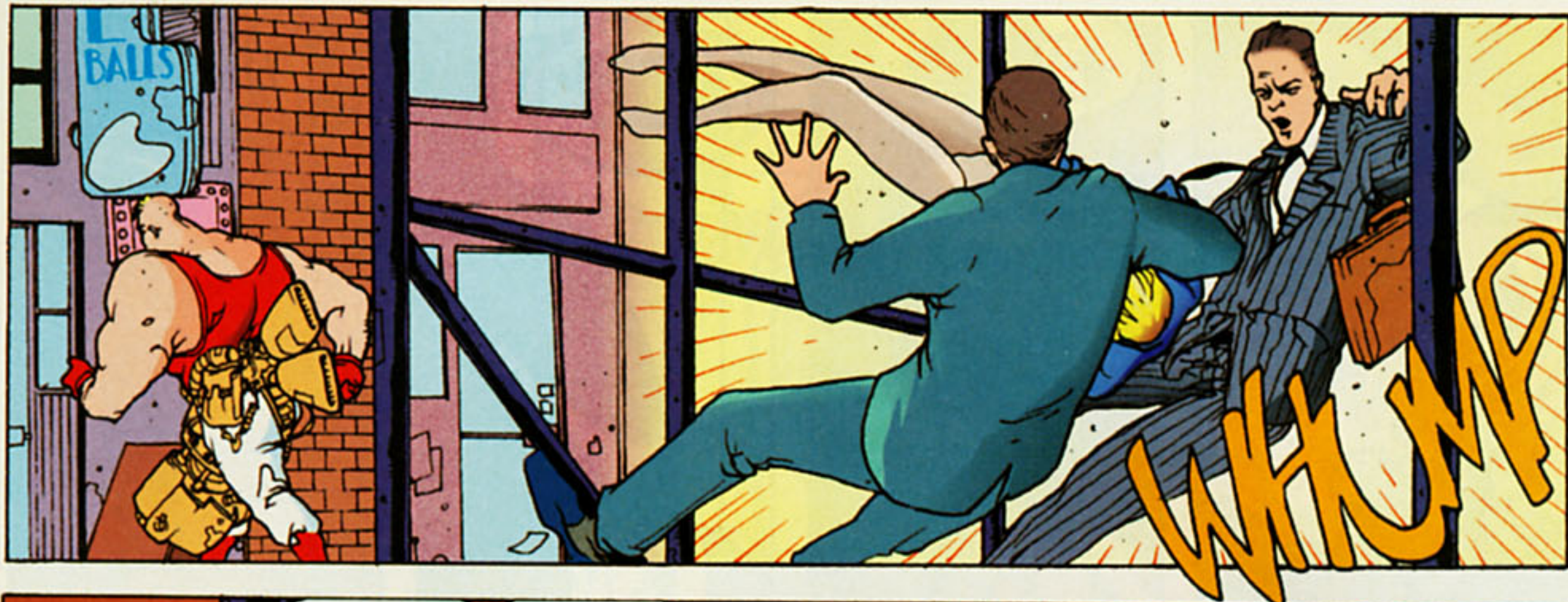
SO, UMM... COULD YOU START ANY TIME SOON?

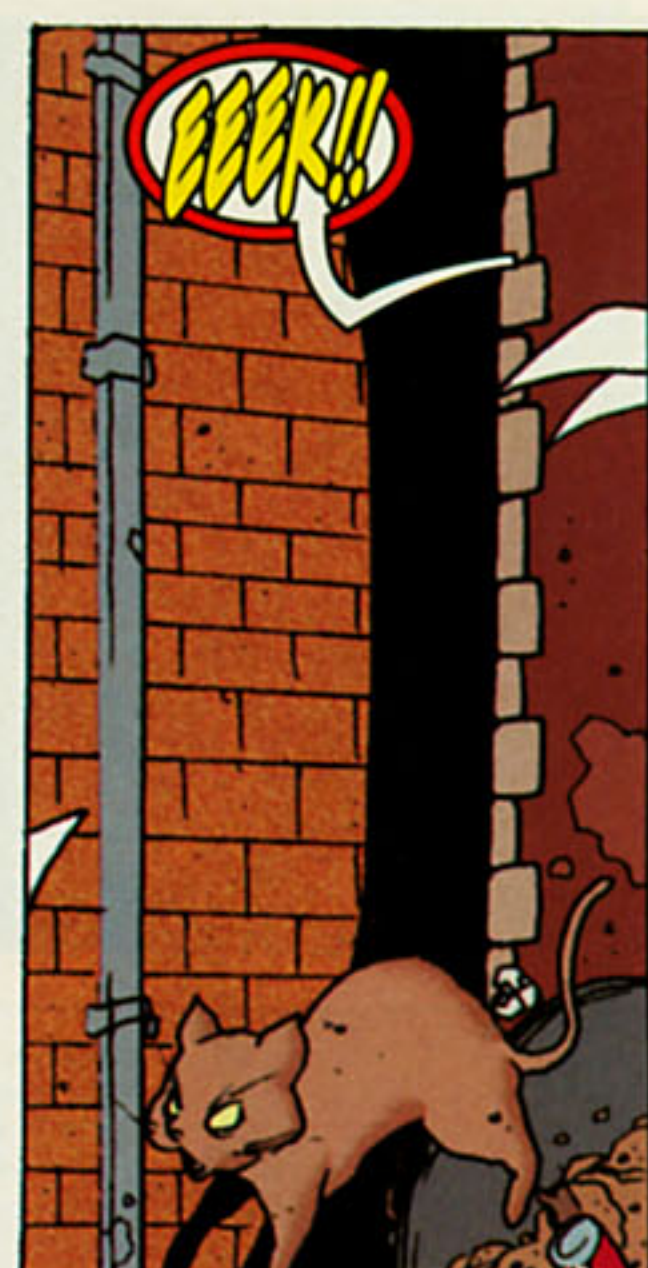


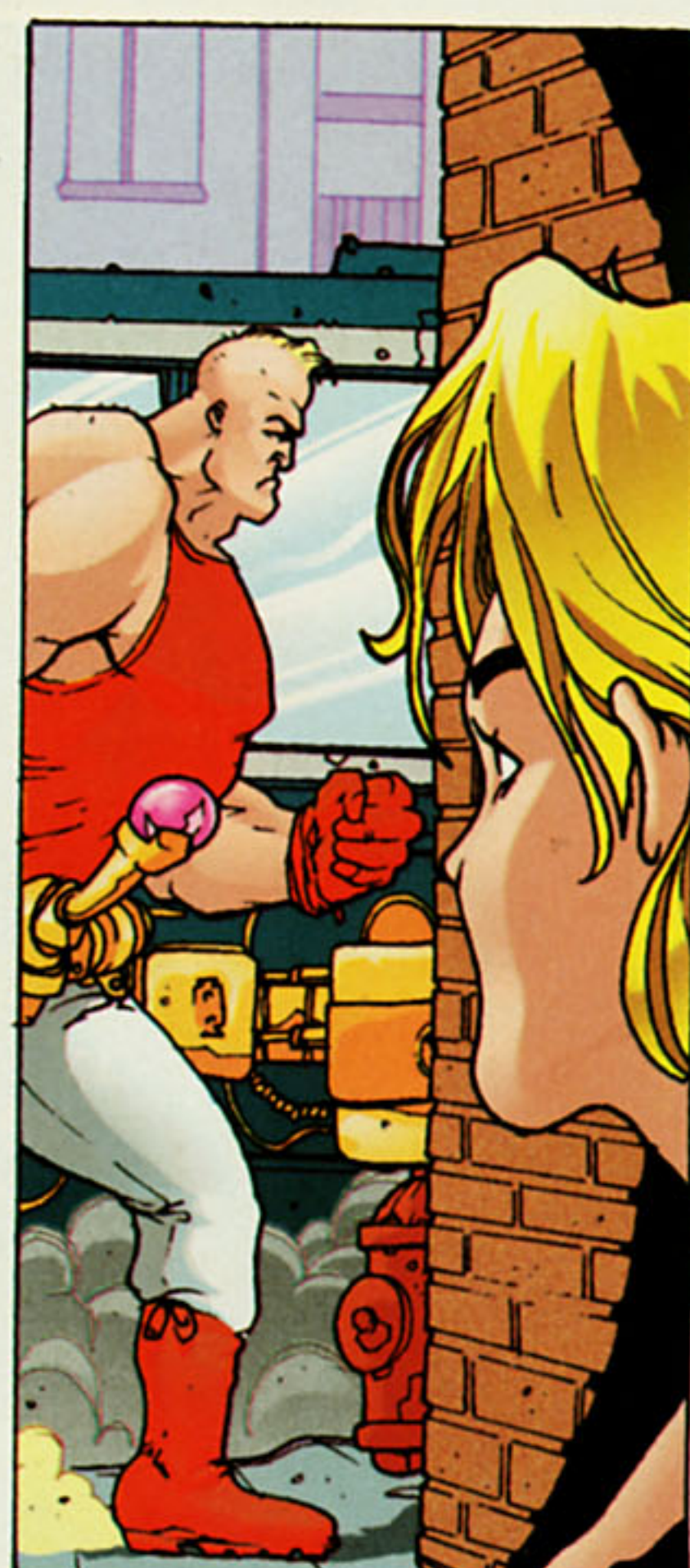
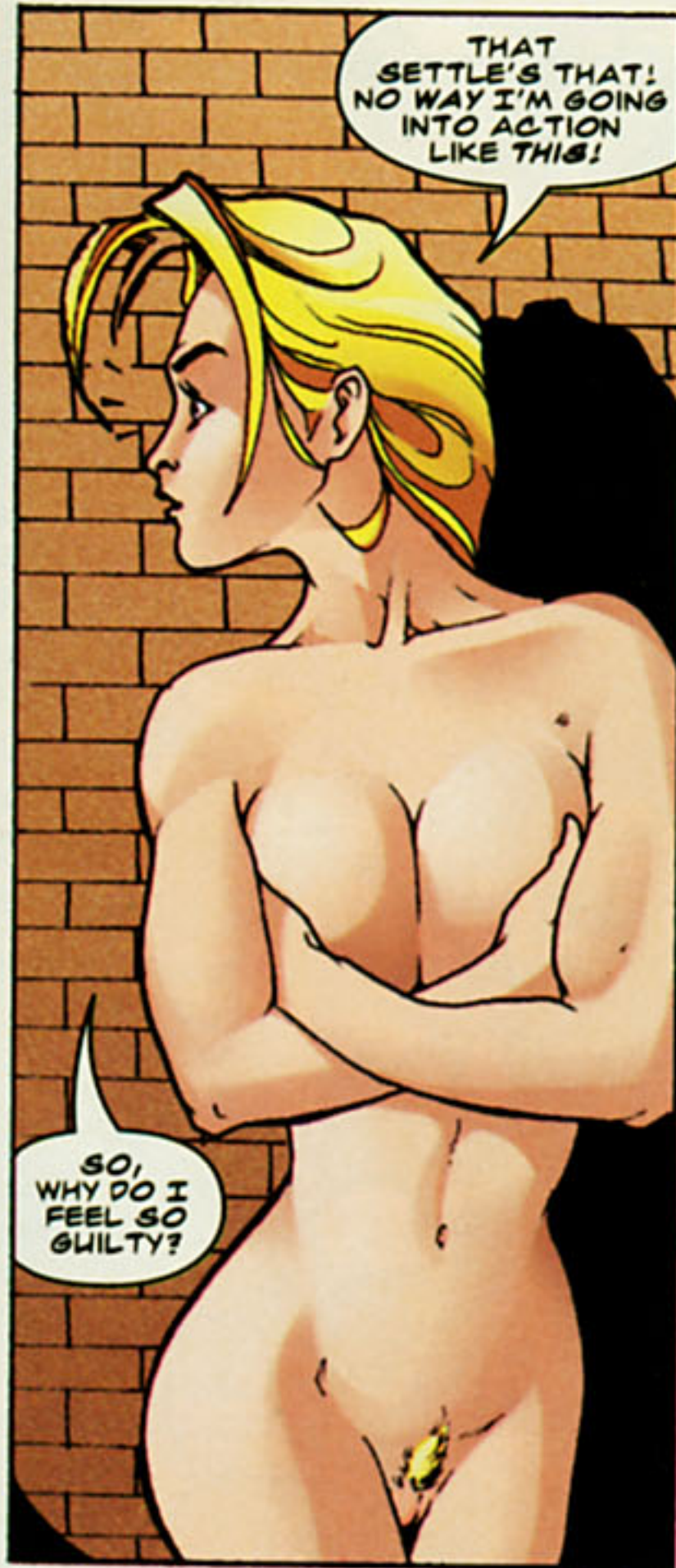
WHAT!!?













OPEN
WIDE...

...DO?

NEXT EPISODE:

Oh...sorry. You took us by surprise. We weren't expecting one of these... uhhh... lessee, um...more cliff shots!!! There, that oughta hold them.

BITCHCRAFT

WRITER:
TONY SKINNER
ARTIST:
KEVIN O'NEILL
LETTERER:
KENNY LOPEZ

HE SAID HE'D ALWAYS LOVE HER--SHE GAVE HIM EVERYTHING SHE'D GOT... SUBMITTED TO EVERY DEPRAVITY...

HE PROMISED THEY'D SOON BE WED--SHE CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S OVER...



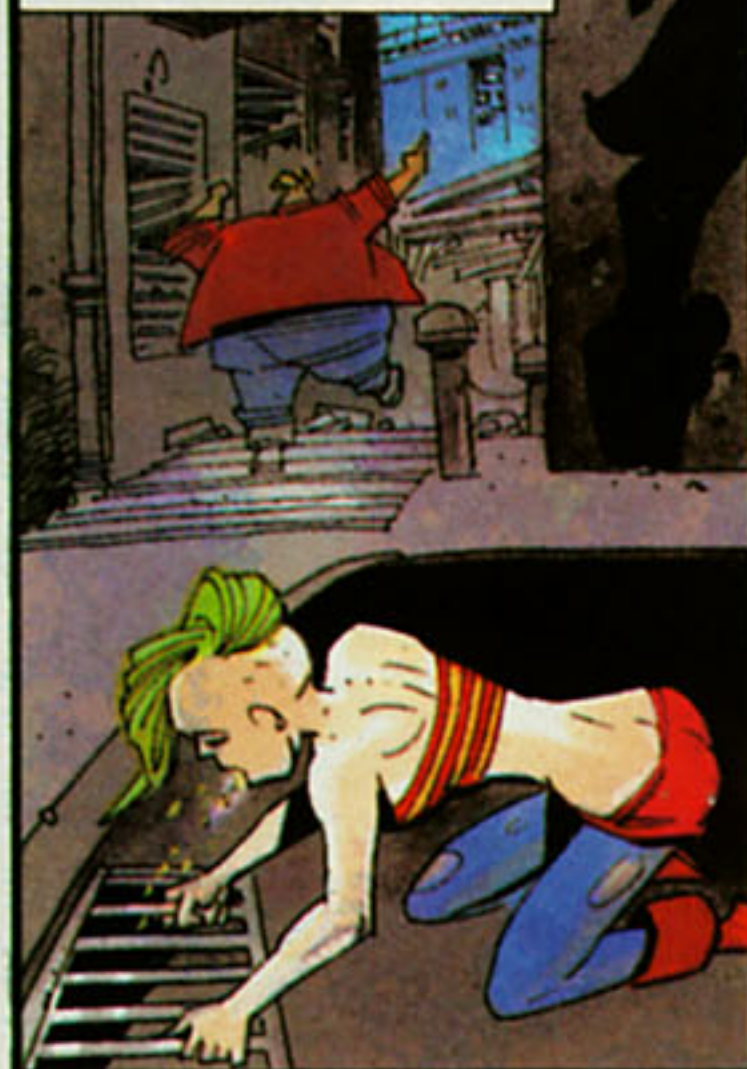
...GUESS SHE BELIEVES IT NOW...

I SAID GET OUTTA MY FACE, YOU DUMB WHORE!

UUUHN!



WITCH BYTCH DOESN'T LIKE IT WHEN MEN TREAT WOMEN THAT WAY! ALTHOUGH SHE'S NOT STRICTLY HUMAN HERSELF...



SHE DOESN'T LIKE SEEING HORNY YOUNG WOMEN BEING TREATED LIKE ANIMALS... UNLESS, OF COURSE, IT'S HER DOING IT...!

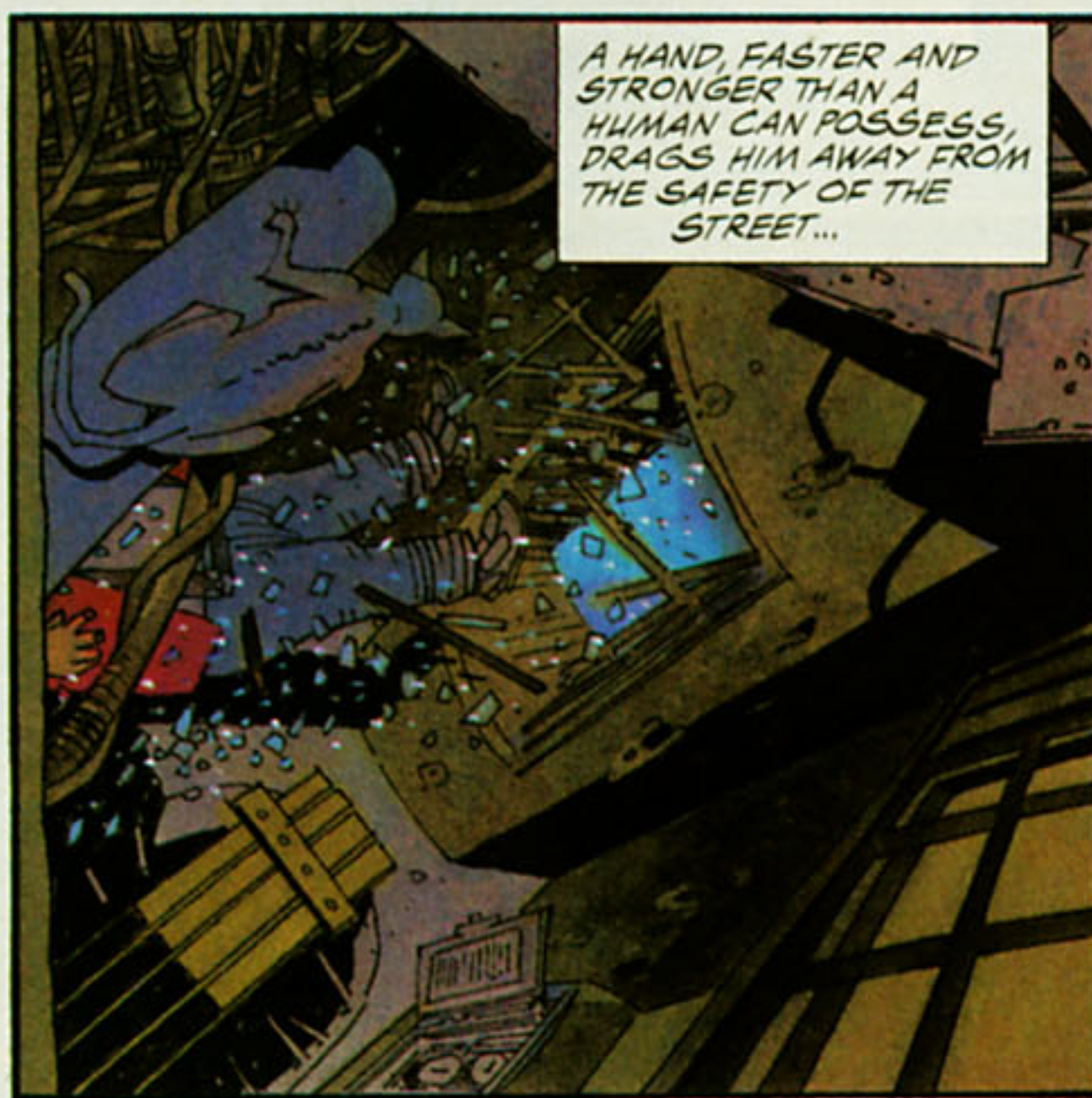
CONSISTENCY ISN'T BYTCH'S STRONG POINT...

SHE'S GOING TO TEACH HIM A FATAL LESSON...!

HEY! WHO'S THERE? I DON'T LIKE BEING JERKED AROUND!...IT MAKES ME MEAN!



A HAND, FASTER AND STRONGER THAN A HUMAN CAN POSSESS, DRAGS HIM AWAY FROM THE SAFETY OF THE STREET...



HER BLOW BREAKS HIS JAW AND SHAKES HIS WHOLE BODY...

LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE BEING SLAPPED AROUND...?

SMACK

SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO THIS WALL? WELL, I COULD SMASH YOU INTO SUBMISSION... BUT I LIKE TO USE A BODY THAT'S IN GOOD SHAPE...

...YOUR CHOICE!

O.K.! O.K.! I'M STRIPPING...!

DUMP HERE

MAN'S TRAITOROUS FLESH... THE SPIRIT MAY BE WEAK, BUT THE DICK IS ALWAYS WILLING...!

SLURP! I'LL SOON GET YOU GOING... MEN ARE JUST DILDOES ON LEGS!

HE'S CUT AND BRUISED... HIS JAW IS KILLING HIM...

... BUT IT AIN'T ALL BAD!

GIDDY-UP, DILDO! BE A GOOD PONY! HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING TREATED LIKE AN ANIMAL...?

THAT'S IT! THAT'S HOW I'LL KILL YOU! LIKE AN ANIMAL!

SLURP! GLOOP! NO! PLEASE, DON'T KILL ME...!

STRIP, YOU STUPID PIECE OF MEAT!

IS MY PUBEY CAVILIAR

BELL BOOK AND CARNAL

13



GET INTO THE GUTTER, ANIMAL... IT'S TIME TO DIE!

THIS IS WHAT MADE HER FAMOUS BACK IN HELL--NO-ONE CAN SHAPE SHIFT LIKE BYTCH!

SHE JUST SAYS THE MAGIC WORDS... AND TO CHANGE BACK SHE SIMPLY HAS TO BARK THREE TIMES!



I TAKE THE FORM THAT I DESIRE! SAKRAM! SAKROM! SAFFIRE!

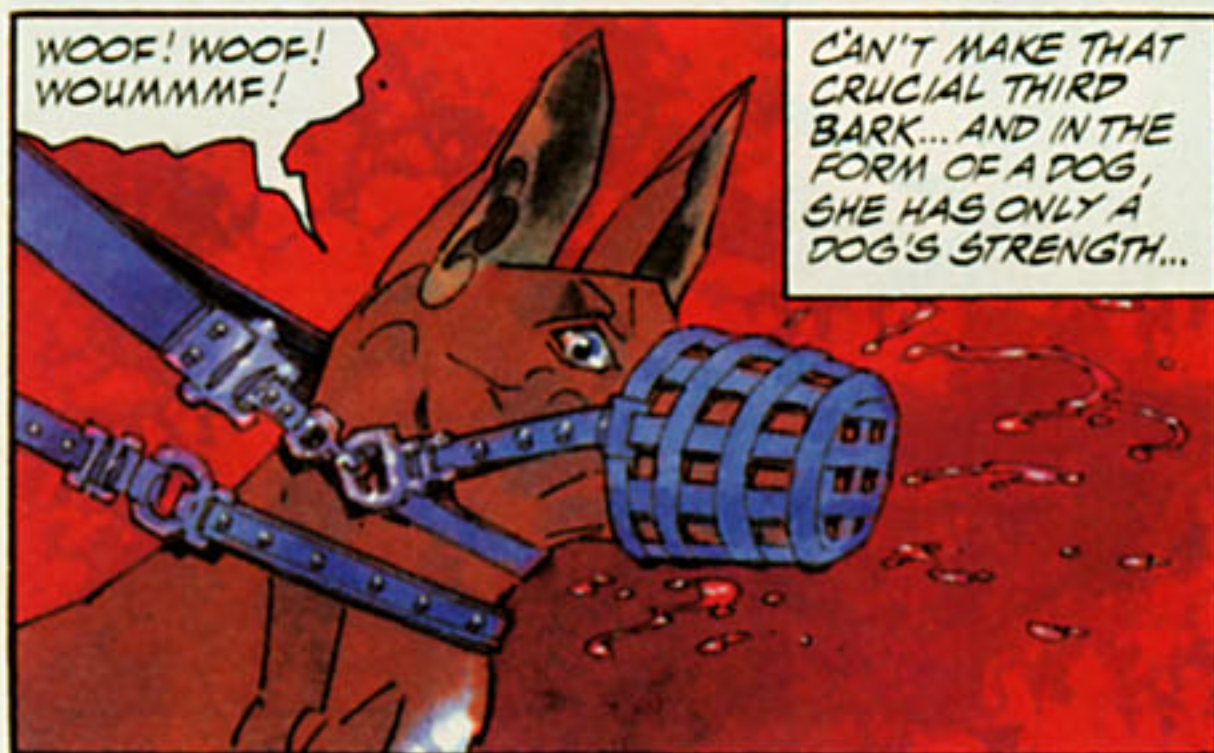


SHE IS SO INTENT ON THE BLOOD SURGING IN HIS NECK ARTERIES... THAT SHE FAILS TO NOTICE THE SHADOW THAT FALLS ACROSS HER...



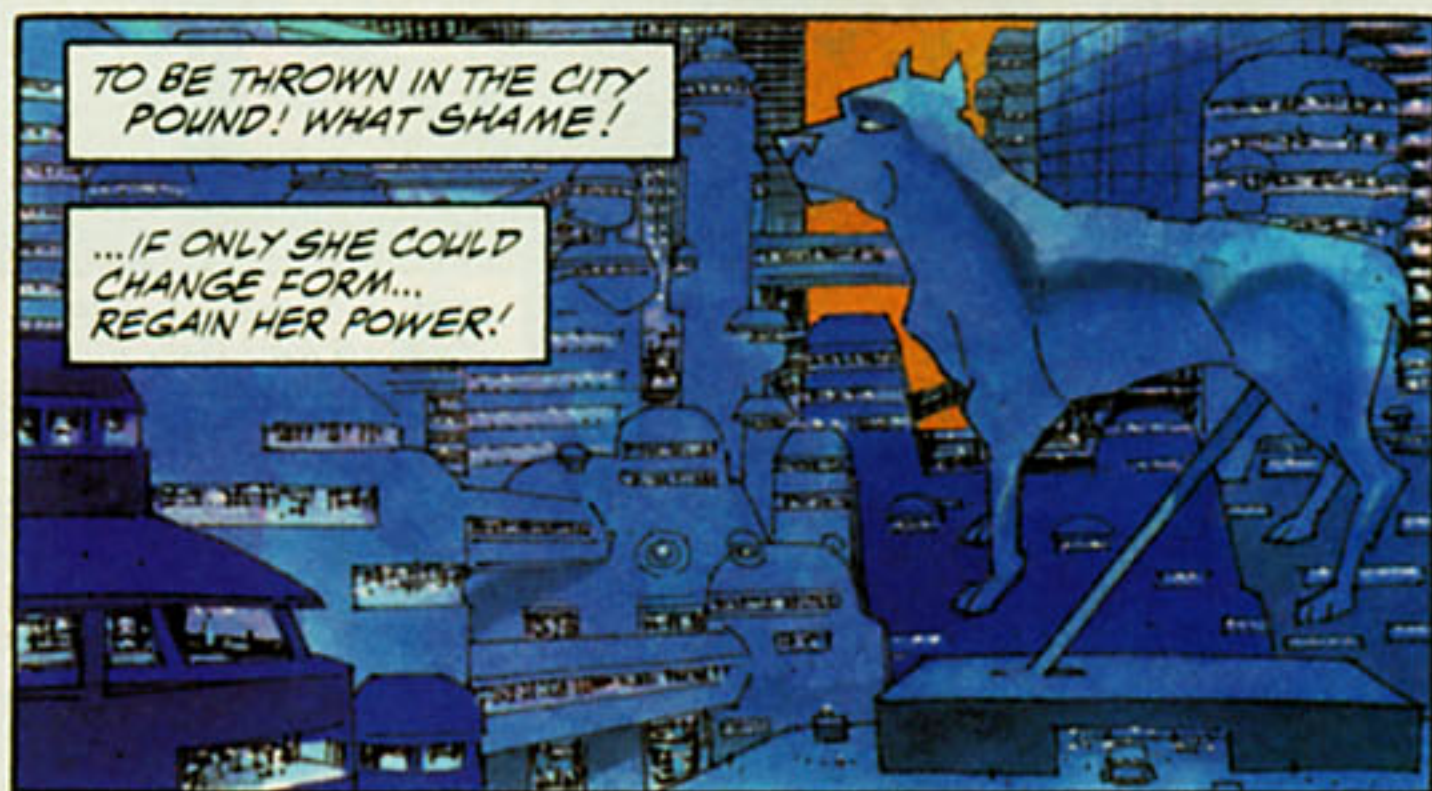
GOTCHA!

...ARE YOU O.K., BUDDY? YOU BETTER GET SOME CLOTHES ON!



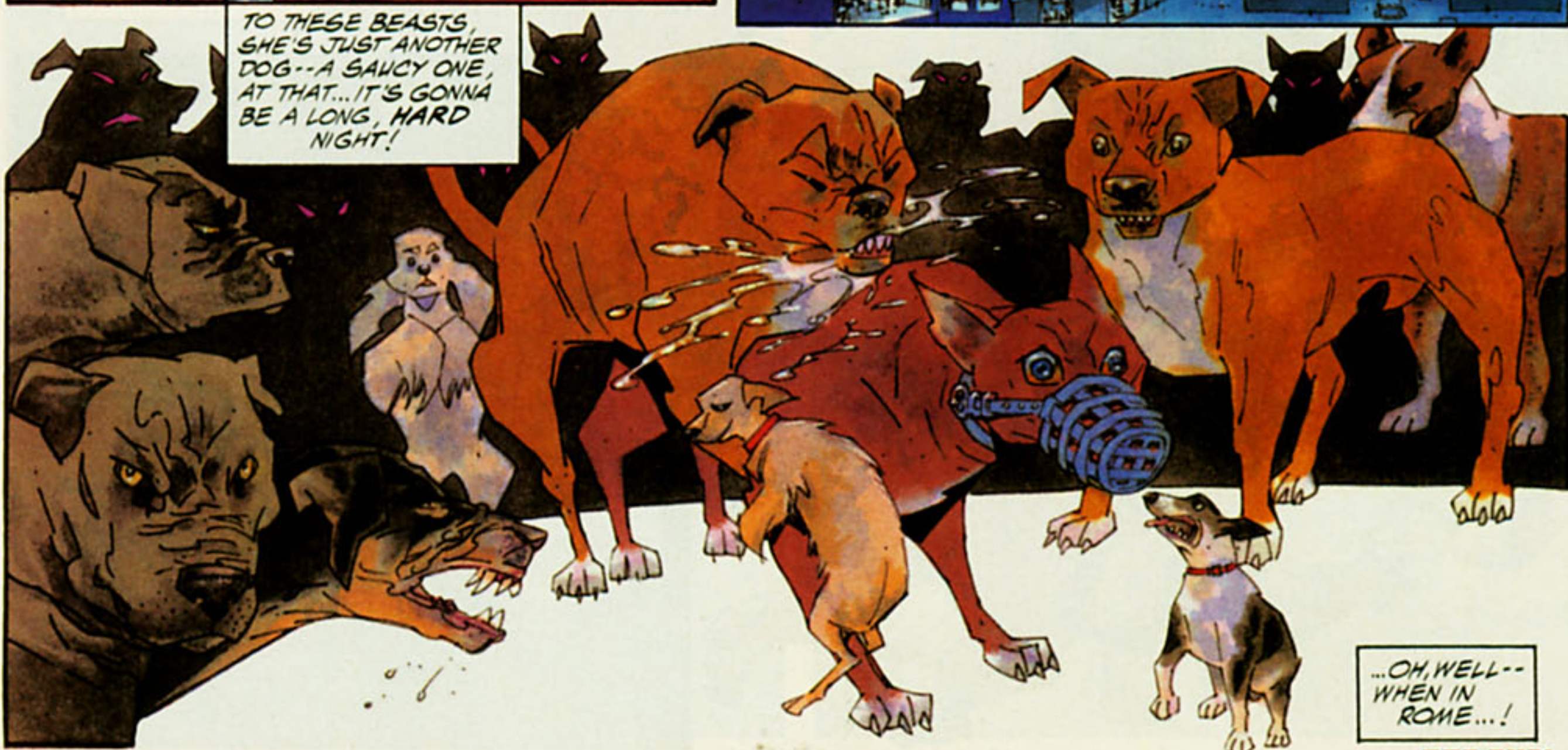
WOOF! WOOF! WOUUMMF!

CAN'T MAKE THAT CRUCIAL THIRD BARK... AND IN THE FORM OF A DOG, SHE HAS ONLY A DOG'S STRENGTH...



TO BE THROWN IN THE CITY POUND! WHAT SHAME!

...IF ONLY SHE COULD CHANGE FORM... REGAIN HER POWER!



TO THESE BEASTS, SHE'S JUST ANOTHER DOG--A SAUCY ONE, AT THAT... IT'S GONNA BE A LONG, HARD NIGHT!

...OH, WELL-- WHEN IN ROME...!

MONKEY JANK

OKAY, SO MOST OF THE WORLD HAD BEEN BLOWN TO ITTY-BITTY PIECES BY THE **FAT MEN** AND **LITTLE BOYS** IN THE LATTER PART OF RECORDED TIME - - BUT LET'S FACE IT, THEY STOPPED RECORDING TIME RIGHT AFTER THAT. DOES THAT MEAN I CAN'T STILL KEEP A SOCIAL CALENDAR? I DON'T THINK SO.

MY BUDDY **CLEVA DEJOON** AND I WERE AMBLING ALONG ONE OF THE VERY FEW VITAL DISTRICTS LEFT WHEN WHAT SHOULD WE HAPPEN UPON?

WORDS & ART
BY BOB
FINGERMAN
©1995

IS *THIS* WHAT I THINK IT IS? SURELY, WITH ALL THE OCEANS AT **HALF EMPTY** THERE COULDN'T STILL BE A **FUNCTIONING SEAFOOD RESTAURANT**?

T.J. McCRUSTY'S
FOR THE CRUSTACEAN-
LOVER IN YOU!!!

I PREFER TO THINK OF THE OCEANS AS **HALF FULL**, MY PESSIMISTIC FRIEND. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, **LANKY MISS JANKY**, BUT I'M WILLING TO TAKE A PEEK. I HAVEN'T HAD A DECENT PIECE OF **LOBSTER** IN YEARS.

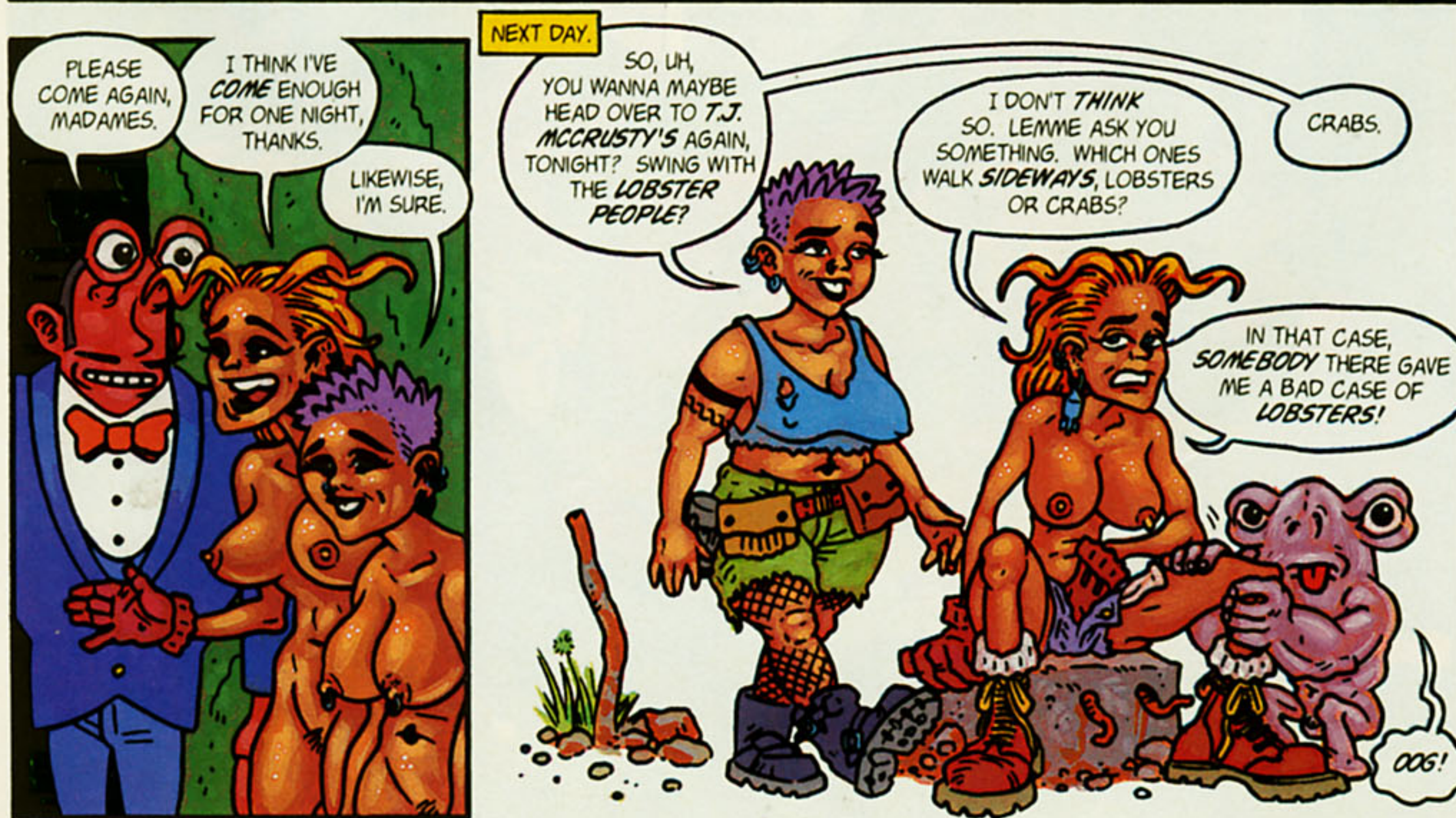
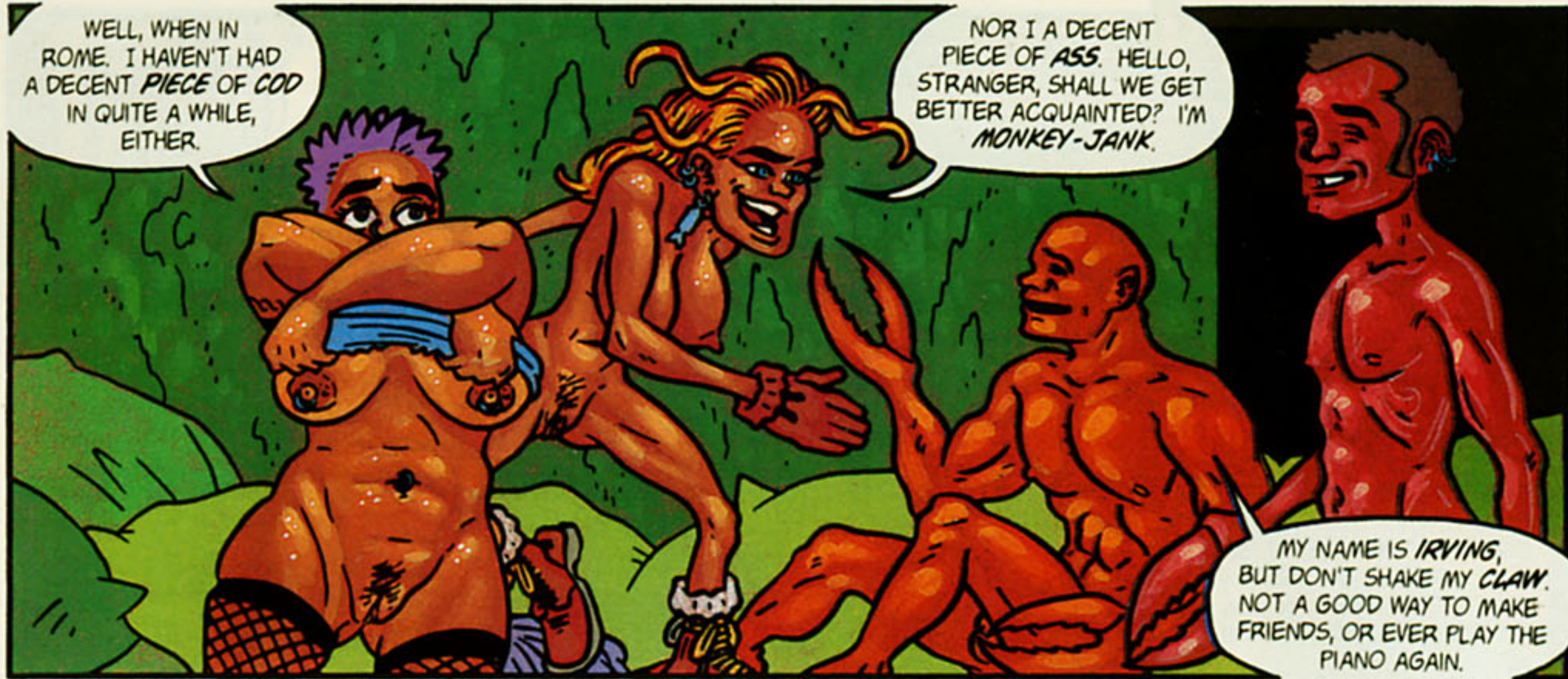


UHHH, I **DON'T** THINK THEY SERVE **SEAFOOD** HERE.

OH, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT *THAT*. THERE'S **PLENTY** ON THE MENU I'D BE INTERESTED IN **SAMPLING**.

AHH, **WELCOME, WELCOME!** TWO NEW FACES, AND SUCH **COMELY** ONES AT **ZAT**. EET EEZ TRUE - - HOW YOU SAY - - **ZAT SEAFOOD** EEZ **NOT** ON ZE MENU. SUCH BEHAVIOR WOULD BE **CANNIBALISM** FOR US. BUT ZIS DOES **NOT** MEAN **EATING** EEZ PRECLUDED. PLEASE, **ENJOY**.

I WAS **HOPING** YOU'D SAY SOMETHING **SUGGESTIVE** LIKE THAT.



"WHEN TITANS CLASH?"



C.J. HENDERSON
WROTE IT!

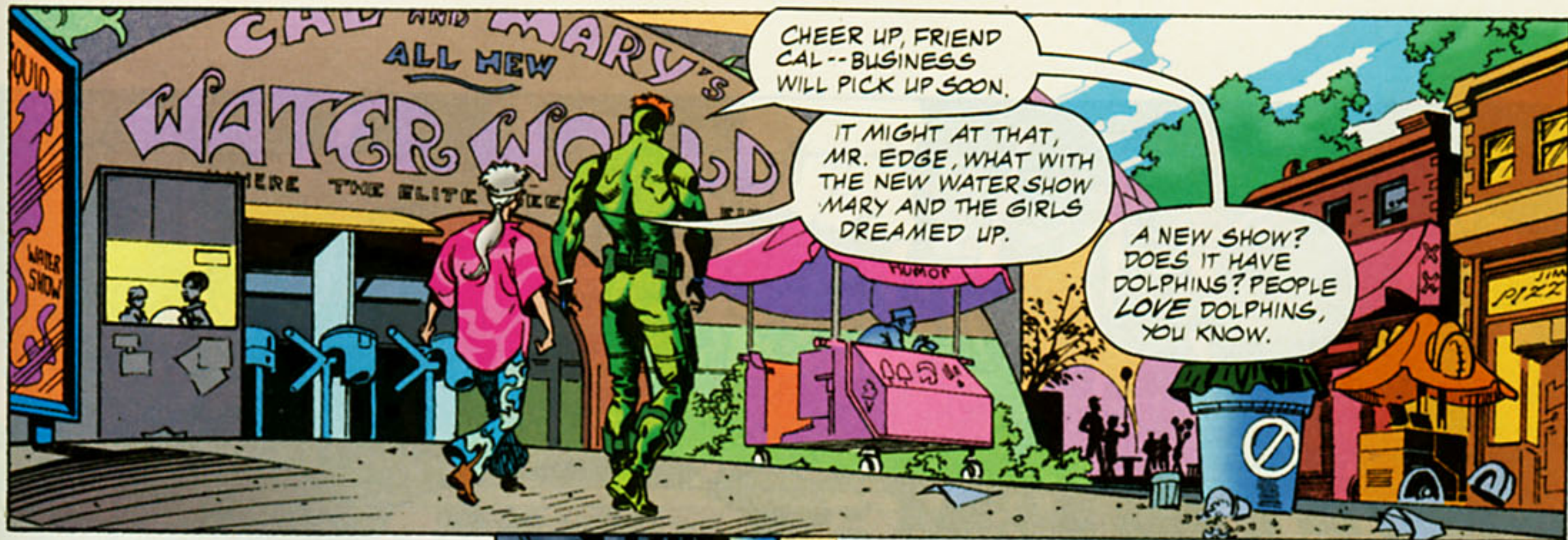
YVEL GUICHET
DREW IT!

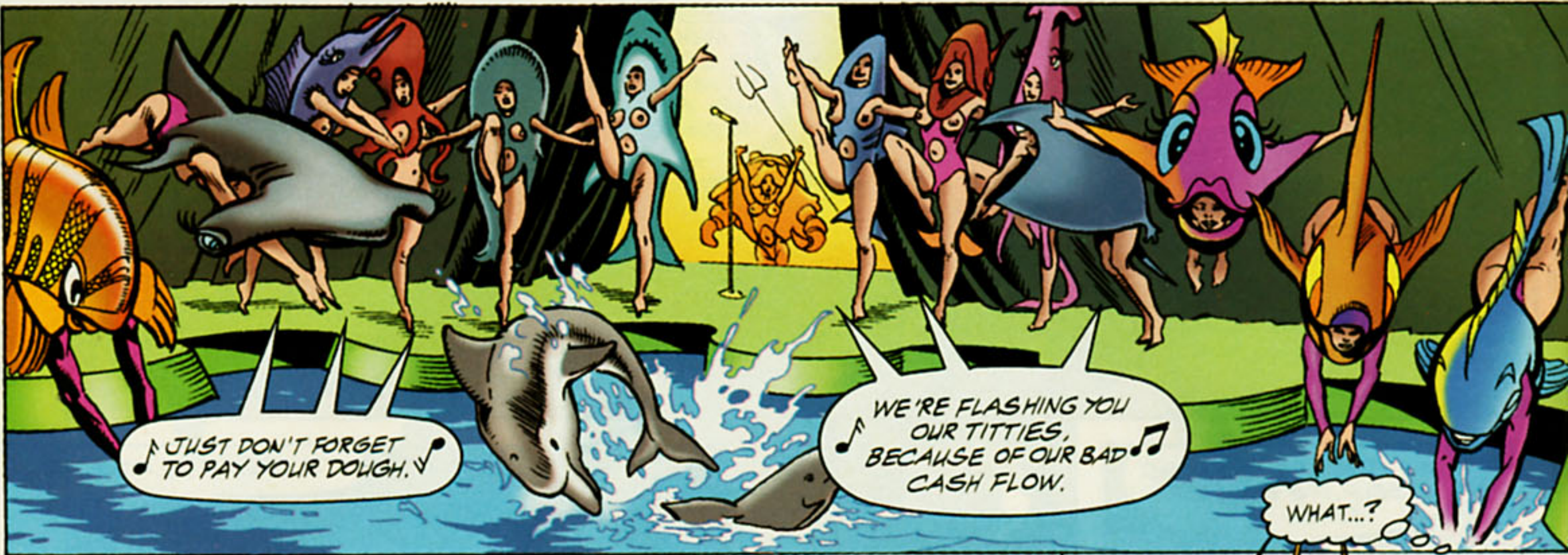
GEORGE FREEMAN
INKED AND COLOR DESIGNED IT!

DIGITAL CHAMELEON
DID THE COLOR RENDERING!

KENNY LOPEZ
LETTERED IT!

NOW THE REST IS UP TO YOU!





♪ JUST DON'T FORGET
TO PAY YOUR DOUGH. ♪

WE'RE FLASHING YOU
OUR TITTIES,
BECAUSE OF OUR BAD
CASH FLOW.

WHAT...?



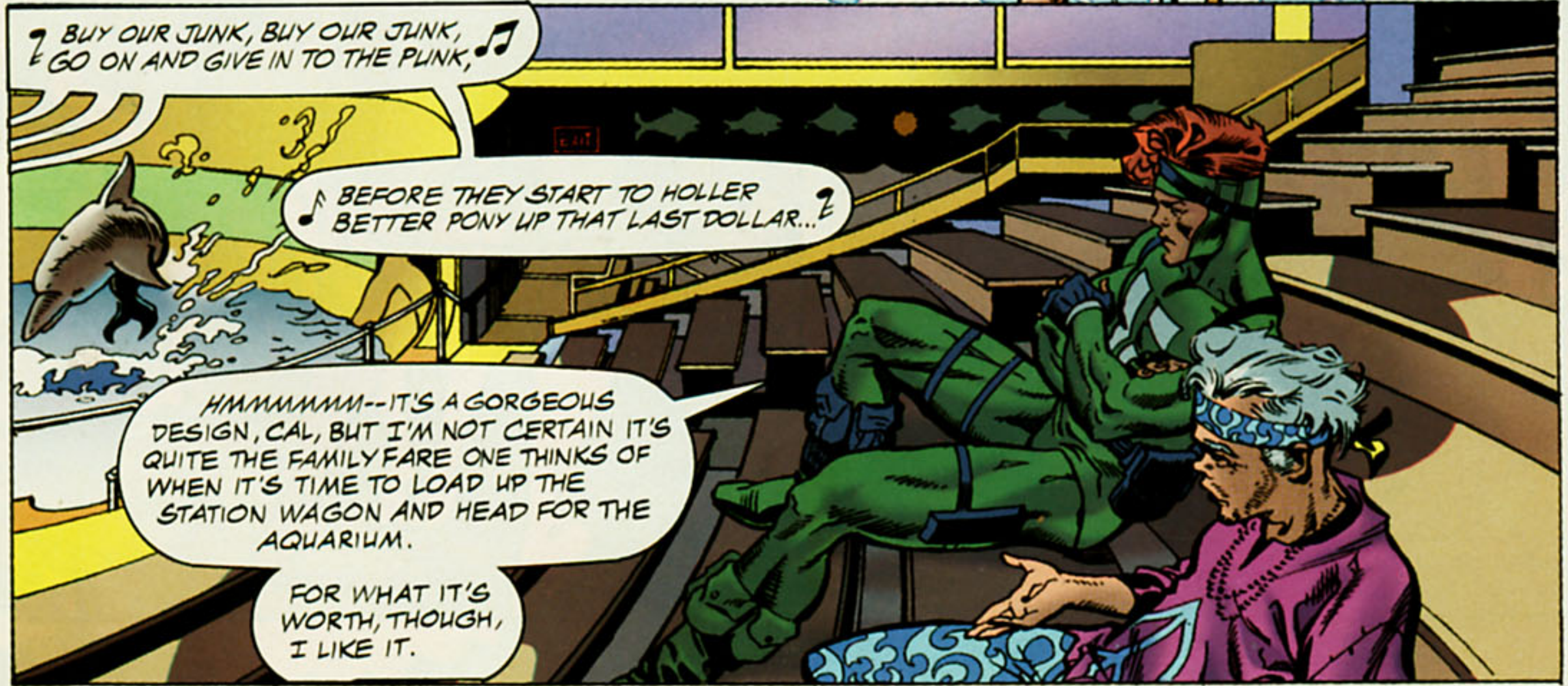
STOP IN OUR SHOP,
BUY OUR JUNK,
FORGET THE CASH
YOU'VE ALREADY SUNK.

MY SWEET,
YOUNG, AND
INNOCENT
SIDEKICK...



♪ GRAB THAT PLASTIC WHALE
AND BUY IT,
TO KEEP YOUR SNOTTY MONSTERS
QUIET! ♪

PATRICIA?

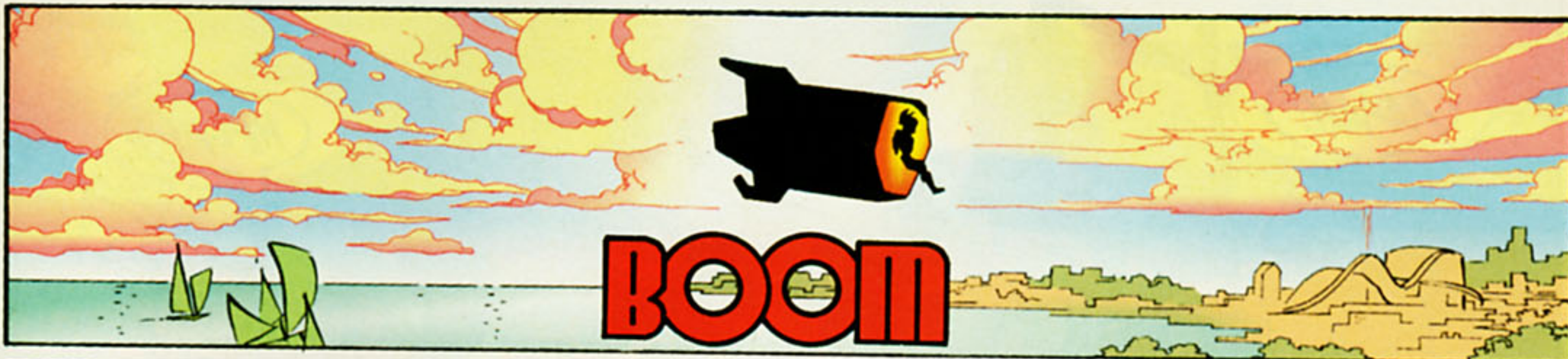


♪ BUY OUR JUNK, BUY OUR JUNK,
GO ON AND GIVE IN TO THE PUNK, ♪

♪ BEFORE THEY START TO HOLLER
BETTER PONY UP THAT LAST DOLLAR... ♪

HMMMMMM--IT'S A GORGEOUS
DESIGN, CAL, BUT I'M NOT CERTAIN IT'S
QUITE THE FAMILY FARE ONE THINKS OF
WHEN IT'S TIME TO LOAD UP THE
STATION WAGON AND HEAD FOR THE
AQUARIUM.

FOR WHAT IT'S
WORTH, THOUGH,
I LIKE IT.

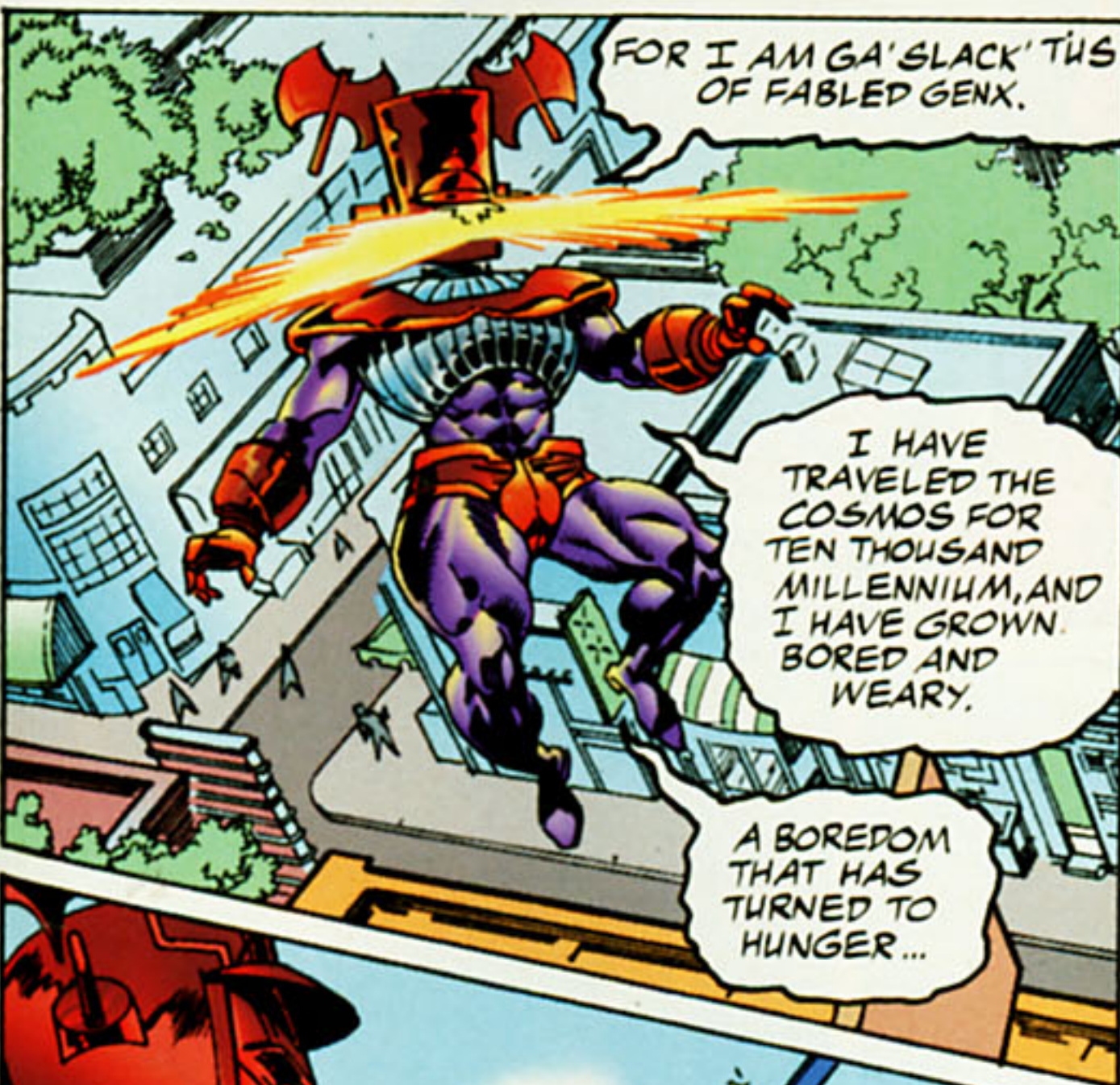


BOOM



WHY WORRY
ABOUT WHAT
IT IS WORTH?

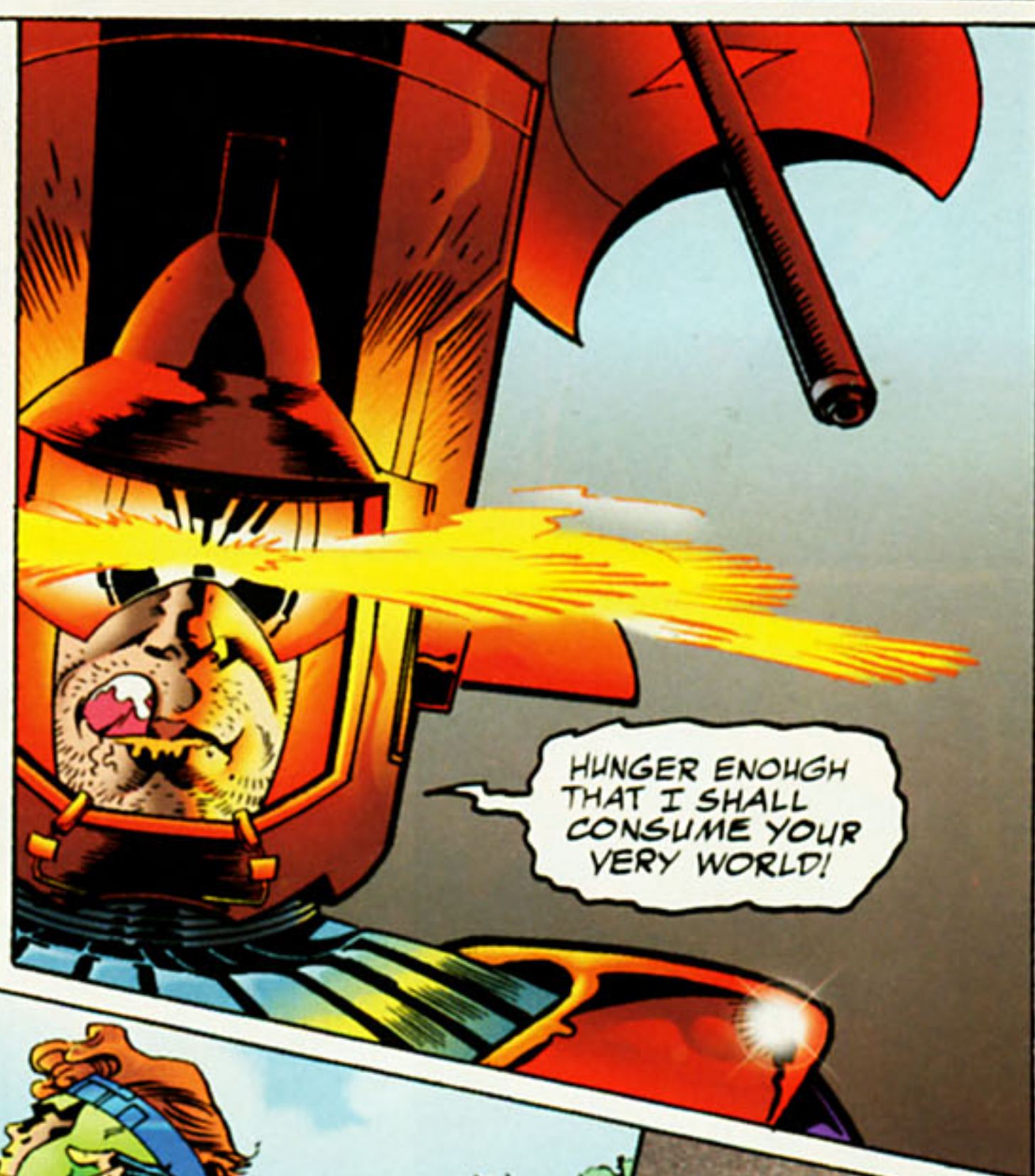
SOON IT
WILL MATTER
NOT, DUDE.



FOR I AM GA'SLACK'TUS
OF FABLED GENX.

I HAVE
TRAVELED THE
COSMOS FOR
TEN THOUSAND
MILLENNIUM, AND
I HAVE GROWN
BORED AND
WEARY.

A BOREDOM
THAT HAS
TURNED TO
HUNGER...

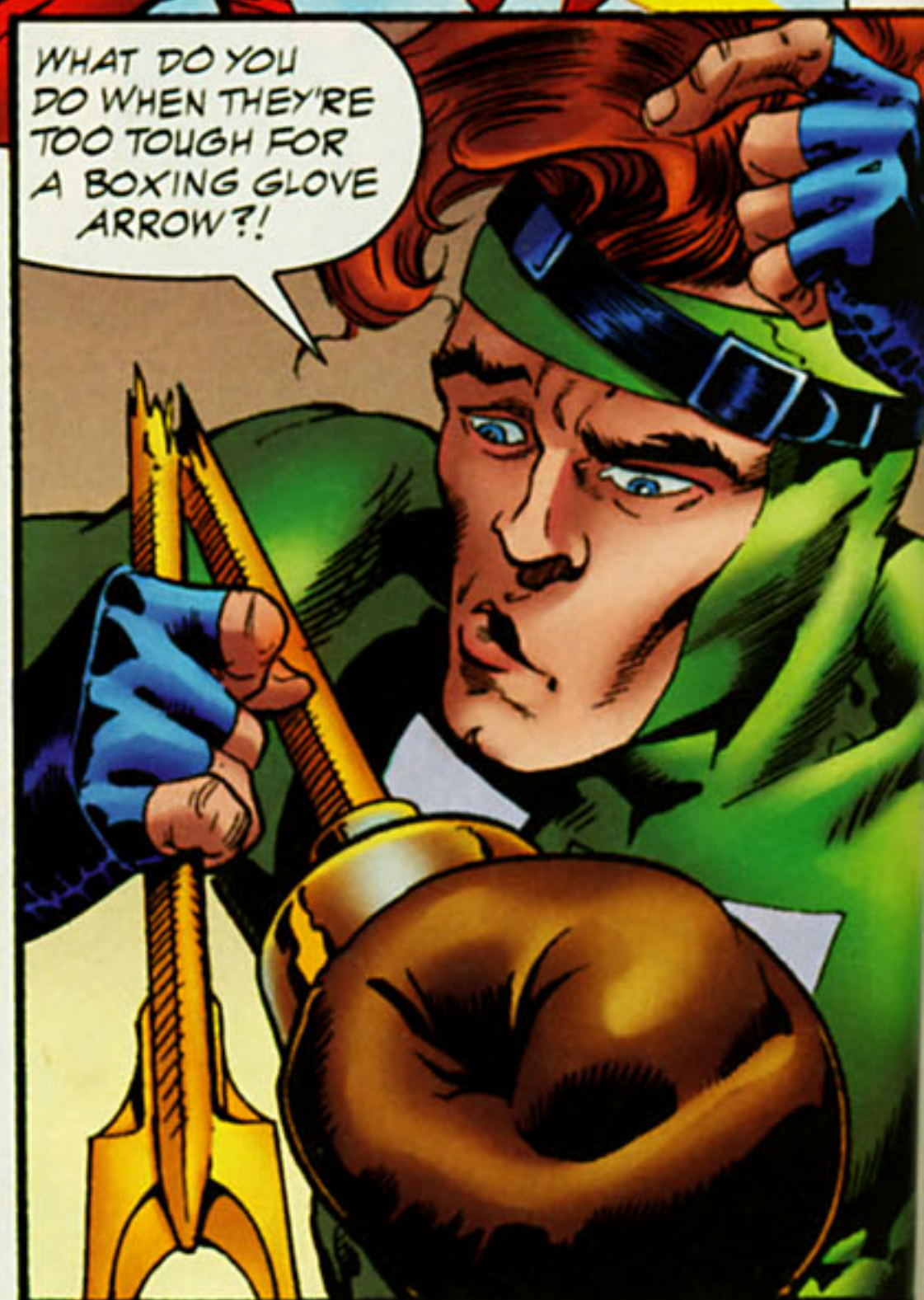
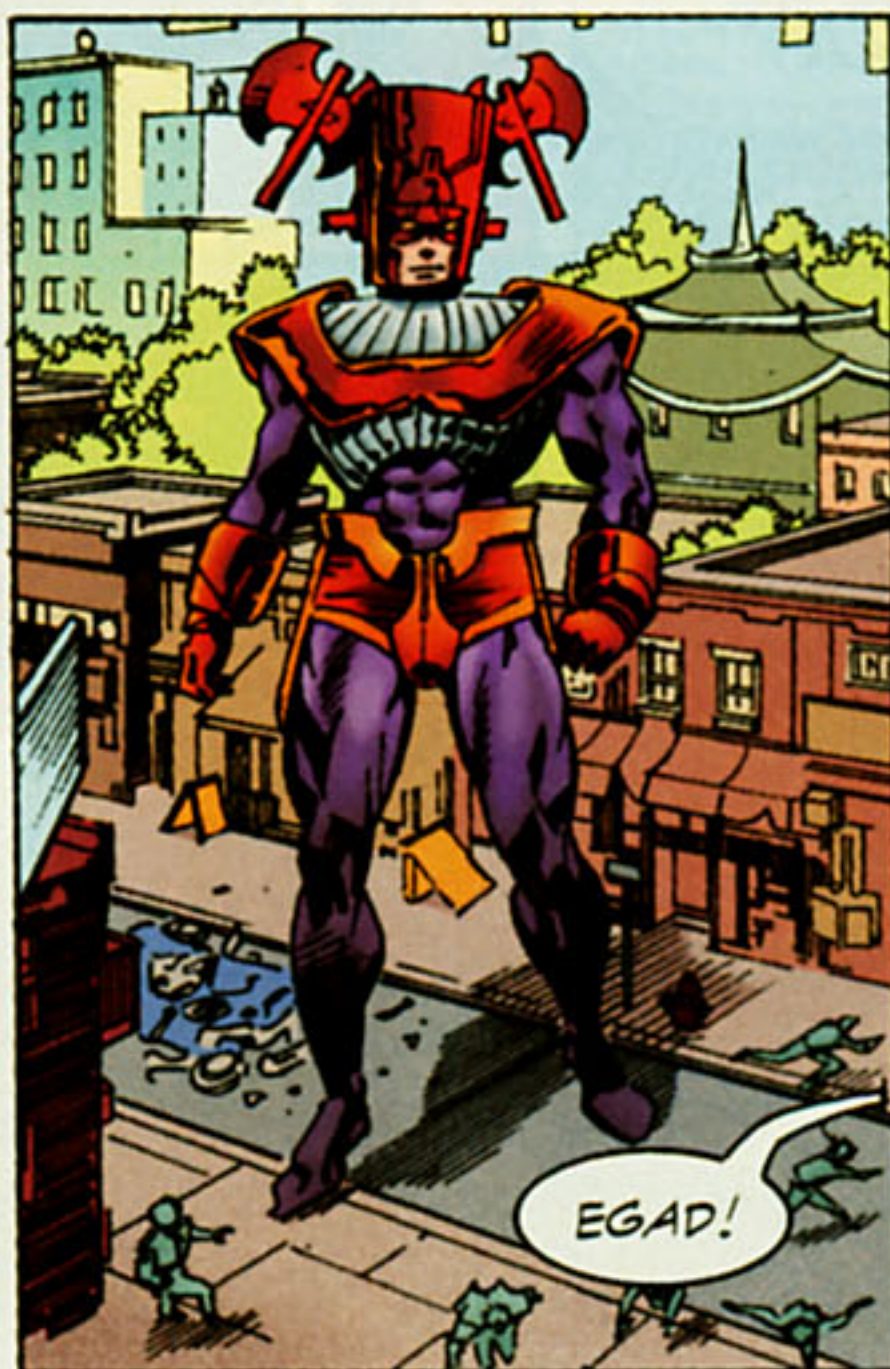
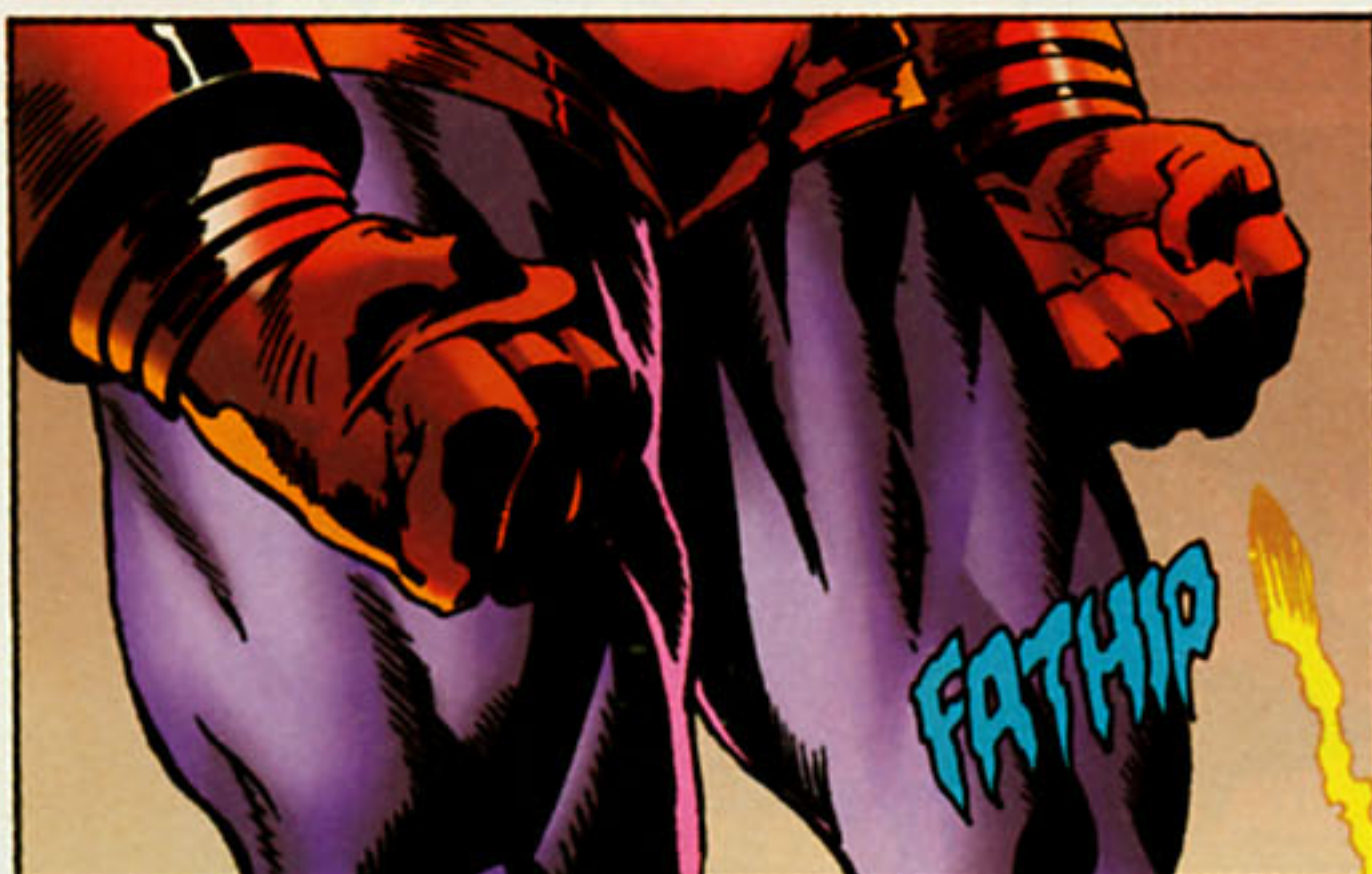


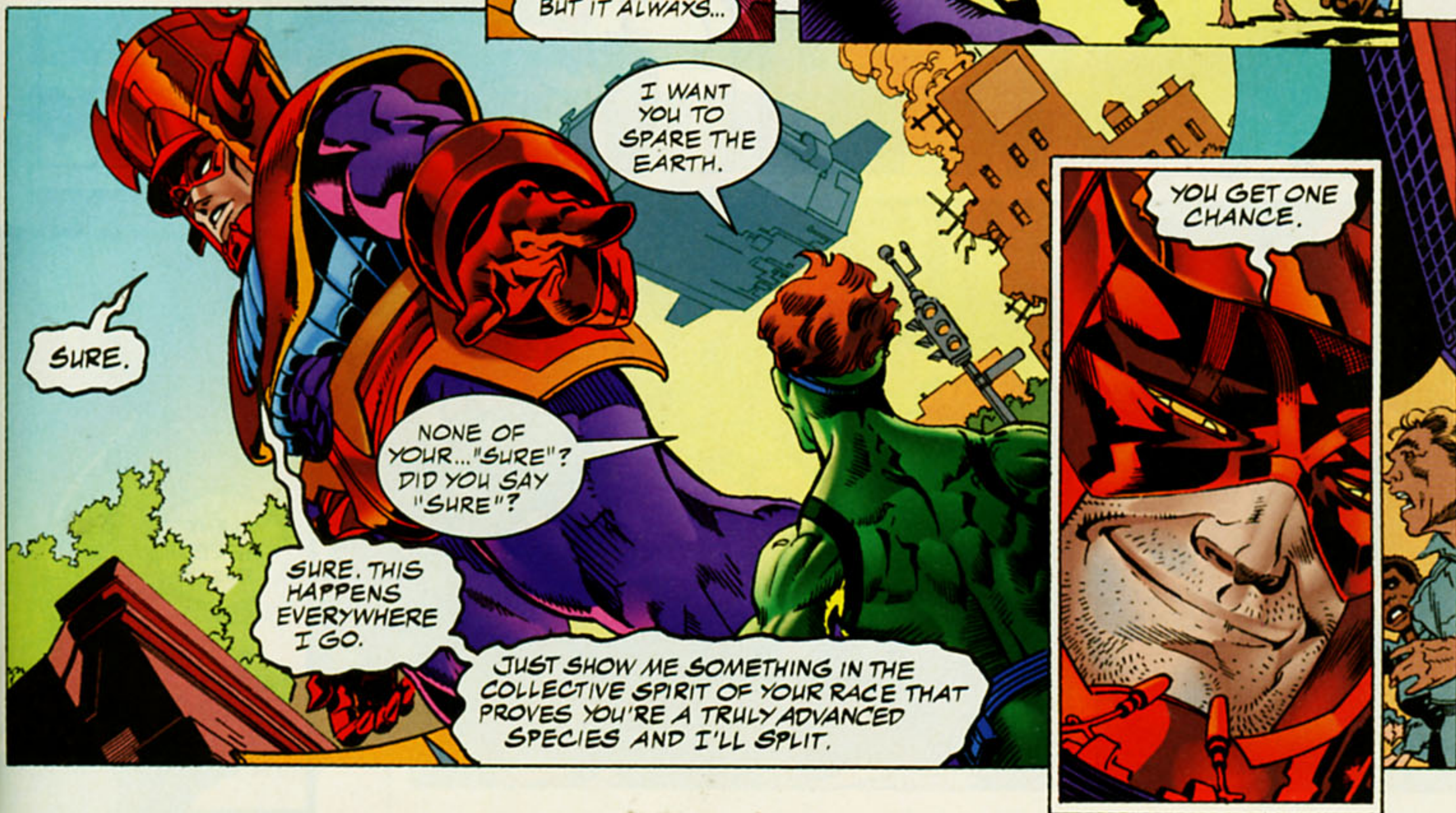
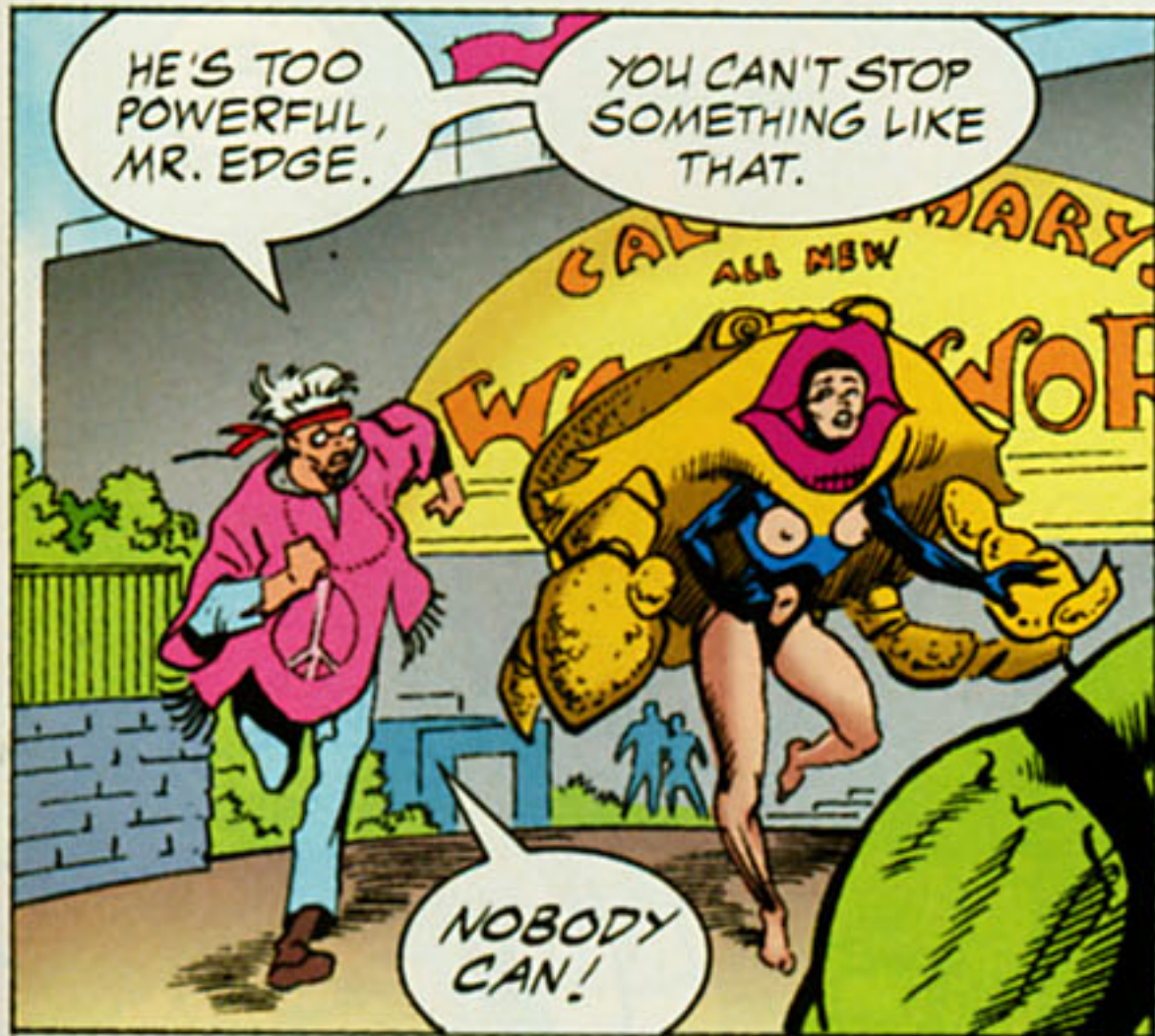
HUNGER ENOUGH
THAT I SHALL
CONSUME YOUR
VERY WORLD!



AND I
SAY NAY,
VILLAIN...

FOR I
SHALL STOP
YOU!







WHATEVER YOUR IDEA IS--
AND I'M CERTAIN IT'S SWELL--

--COULD YOU PLEASE...
JUST FOR ME...

...MAKE SURE
IT'S A REALLY
GOOD ONE?

THINK
STRAIN
WINCE
SQUINT

WE ONLY
GET...

THINK
STRAIN
WINCE
THINK-SOME-
MORE

THE ONE
CHANCE...

YOU
KNOW.

HUZZAH!



YOU WANT TO
KNOW WHY
THE EARTH
SHOULD BE
SPARED...

WHAT
MAKES US
A HIGHER
SPECIES...

THIS
DOES!

AND
THIS!

AND
THIS!

AND
THIS!

THAT'S
RIGHT,
MISTER.

THIS IS
WHAT MAKES
EARTH
GREAT!

WOO!



FREEDOM
OF CHOICE...

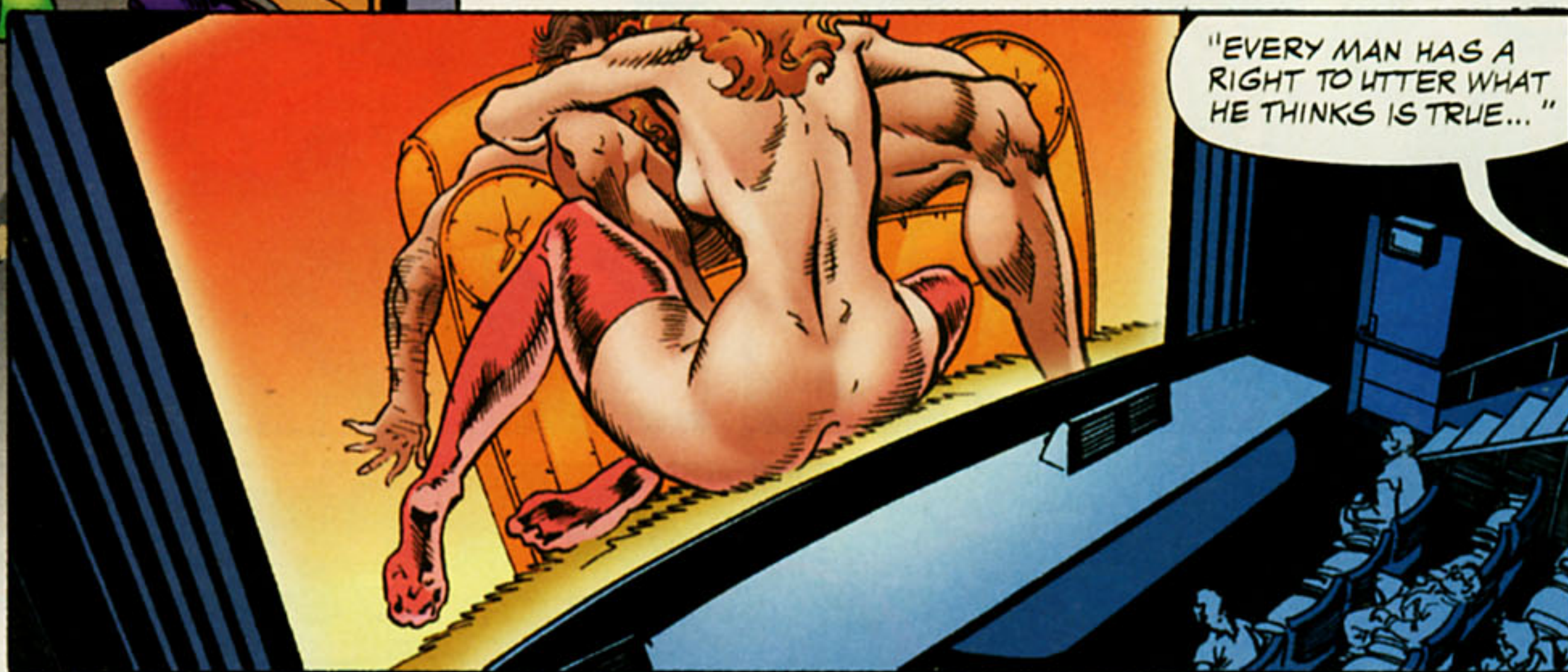


THE
RIGHTEOUS
PATH OF SELF-
DETERMINATION...

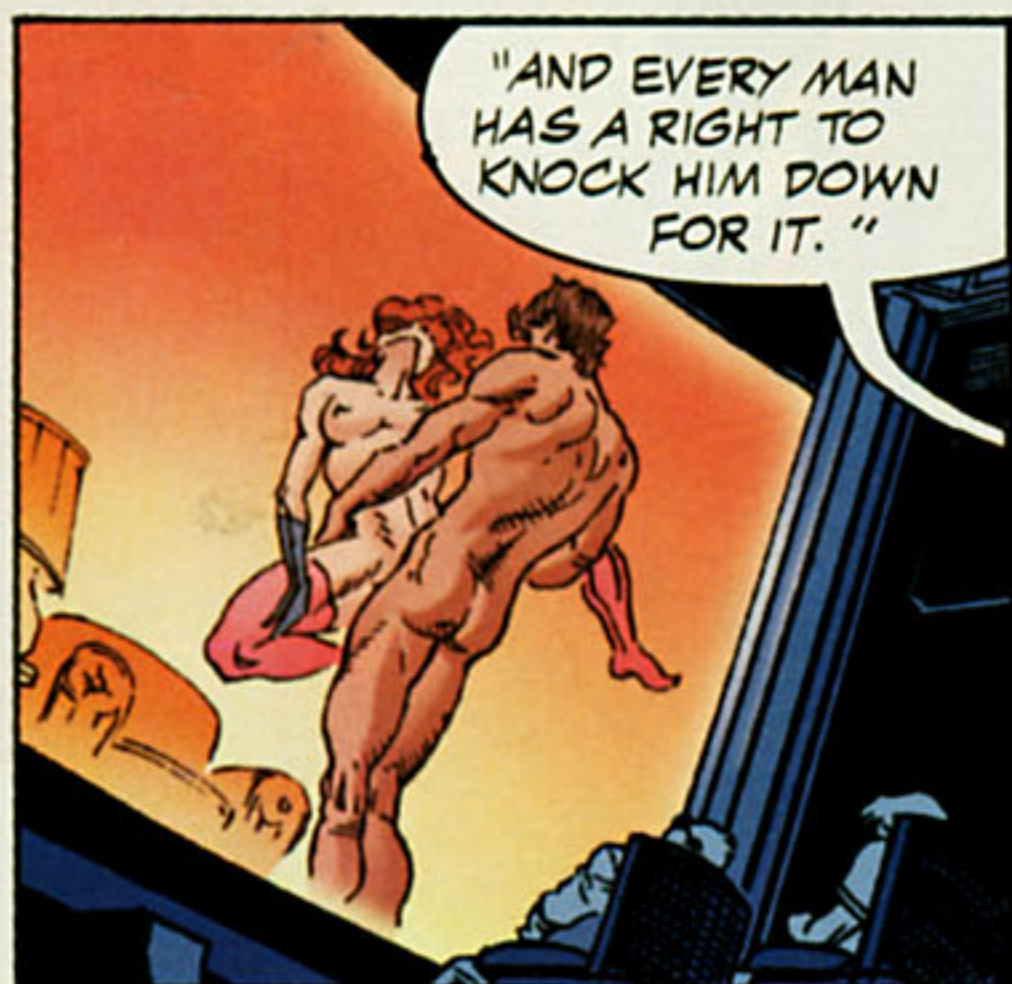


BELIEVE IT,
MISTER...

WE HAVE THE LIBERTY TO
KNOW, TO UTTER, AND TO ARGUE
FREELY--EACH ACCORDING
TO THEIR CONSCIENCE.



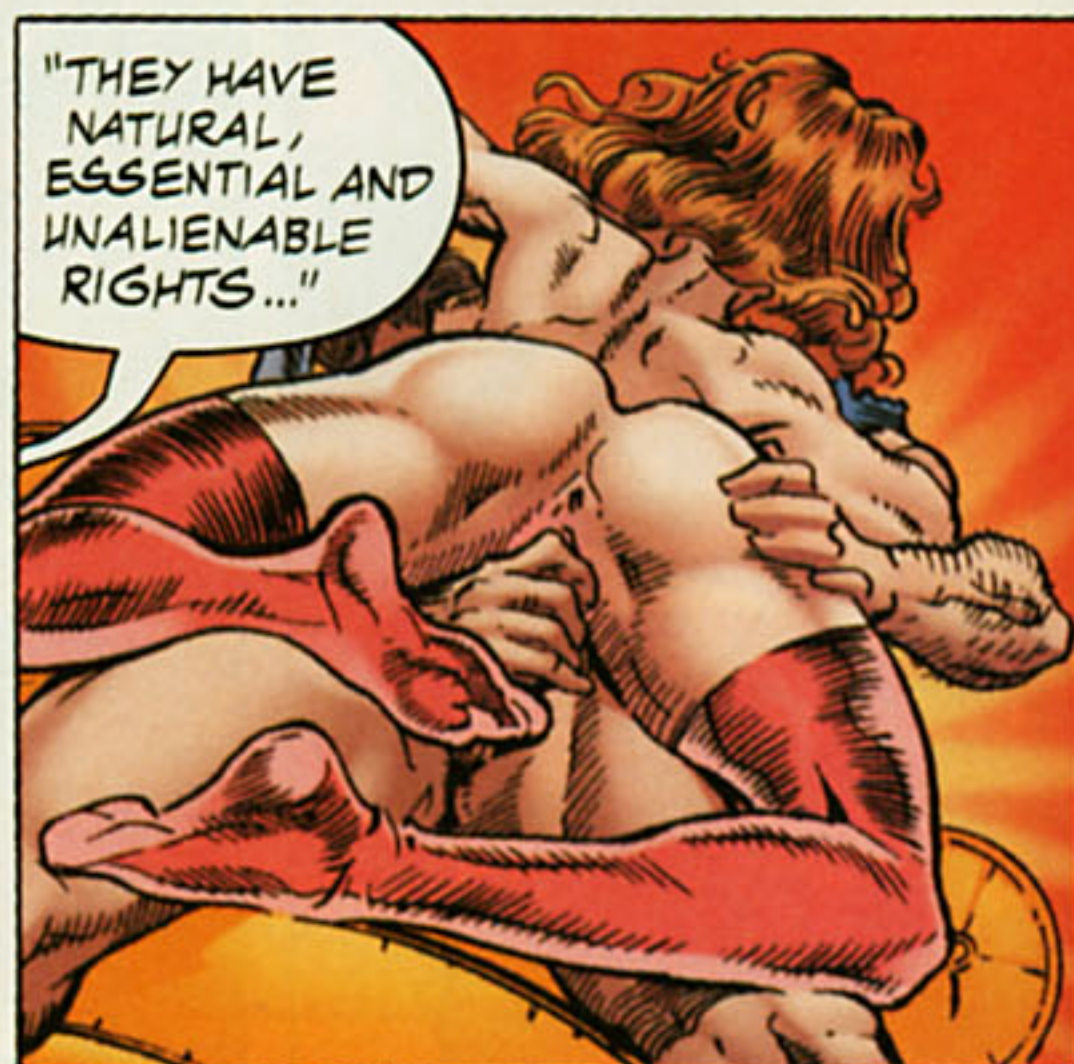
"EVERY MAN HAS A
RIGHT TO UTTER WHAT
HE THINKS IS TRUE..."



"AND EVERY MAN
HAS A RIGHT TO
KNOCK HIM DOWN
FOR IT."



"ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE
AND EQUAL HERE..."



"THEY HAVE
NATURAL,
ESSENTIAL AND
UNALIENABLE
RIGHTS..."





I DECREE THIS PLANET
A RIGHTEOUS THINKER'S
PARADISE.

EARTH--
THOU ART
SPARED.



THE EARTH
IS SAVED!

WOOPS!



AND SO IS
WATER WORLD!!

IT IS...
HOW?

LOOK!
GA'SLACK'TUS!
SPERM...

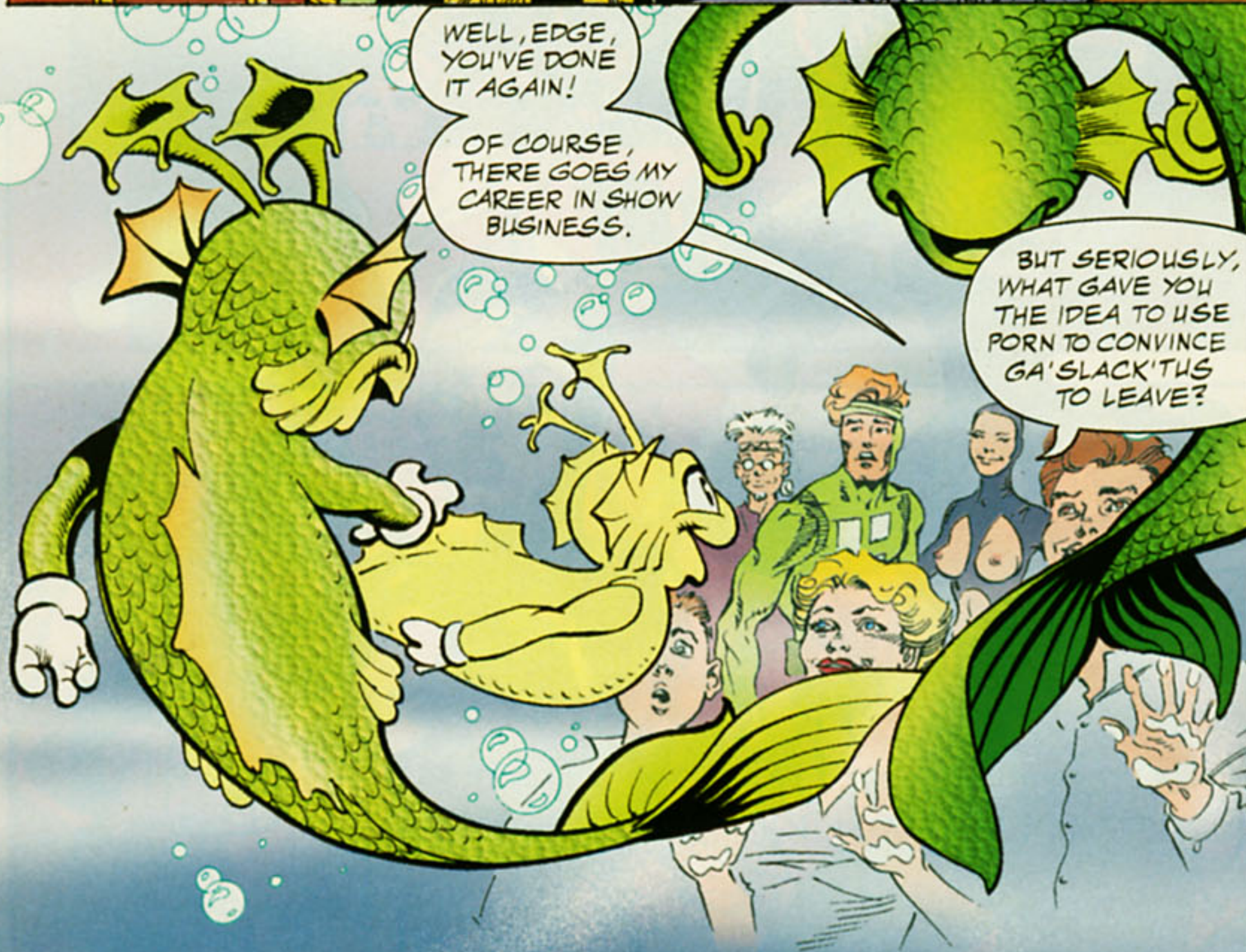


CAL & MARY'S
ALL NEW
SEAMONKEY PALACE

OH, THEY'RE
SO CUTE.

HEY, ETHEL...
SEA
MONKEYS!

MOMMY,
MOMMY--
LOOKIT,
LOOKIT!



WELL, EDGE,
YOU'VE DONE
IT AGAIN!

OF COURSE,
THERE GOES MY
CAREER IN SHOW
BUSINESS.

BUT SERIOUSLY,
WHAT GAVE YOU
THE IDEA TO USE
PORN TO CONVINCE
GA'SLACK'TUS
TO LEAVE?

I WAS SIMPLY
FORCED TO USE
THE TOOLS AT
HAND.

AND
GA'SLACK'TUS
--HA HA-- HE USED
THE TOOL IN
HAND.

I REALLY
MUST SPEAK TO
YOUR MOTHER.



THE END

Pinocchio

A detailed illustration of a woman with short black hair and blue eyes, wearing a white bikini, sitting on a workbench in a cluttered workshop. The workshop is filled with various tools, toys, and mechanical parts. In the background, there are shelves with tools, a workbench with a lamp, and several small figures, including a man in a top hat and a woman in a blue dress. The overall style is a blend of realism and whimsy, with a focus on the woman's figure in the center.

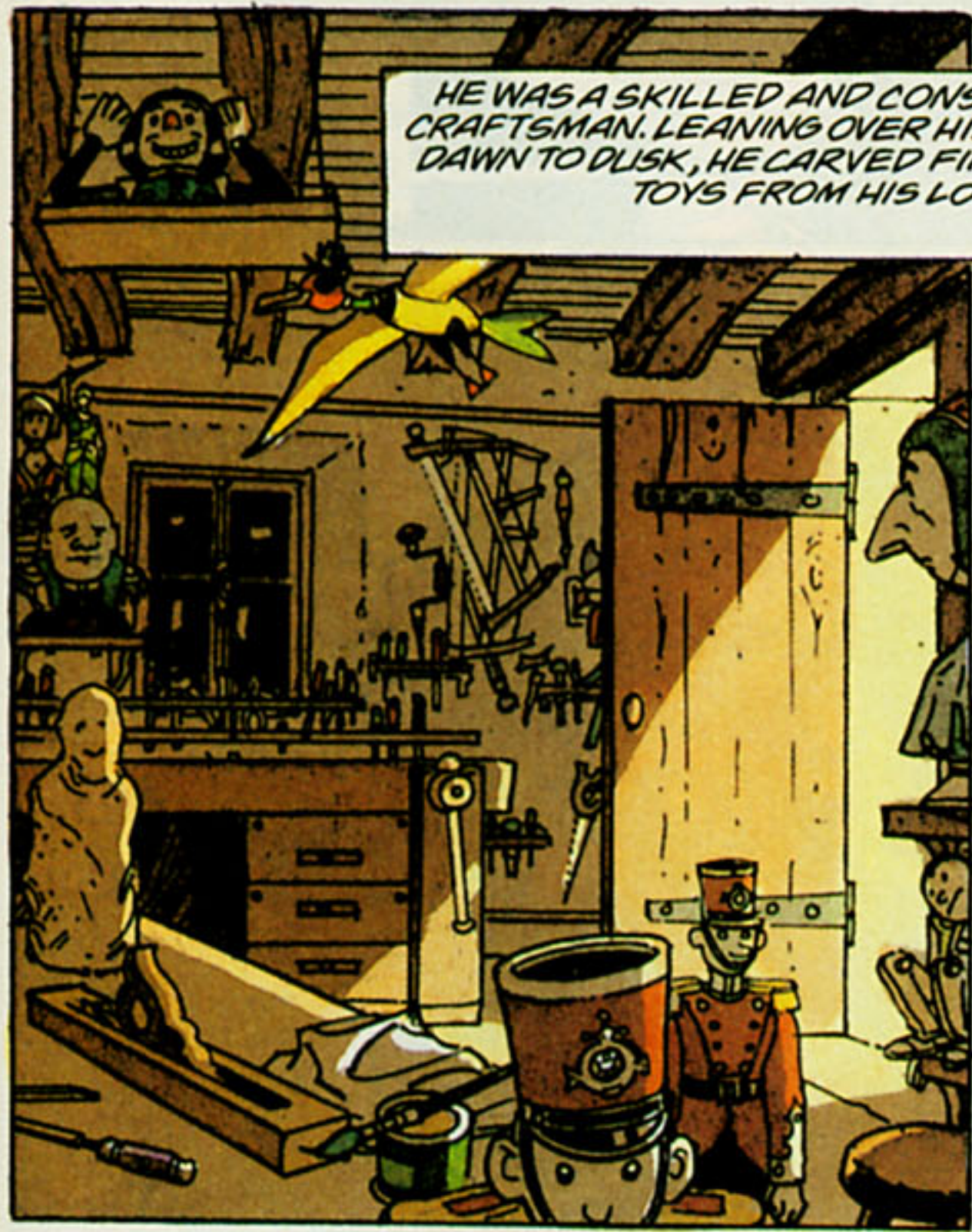
Story by GIBRAT Art by LEROI

Lettering by V. WILLIAMS Translated by J. LECLERC

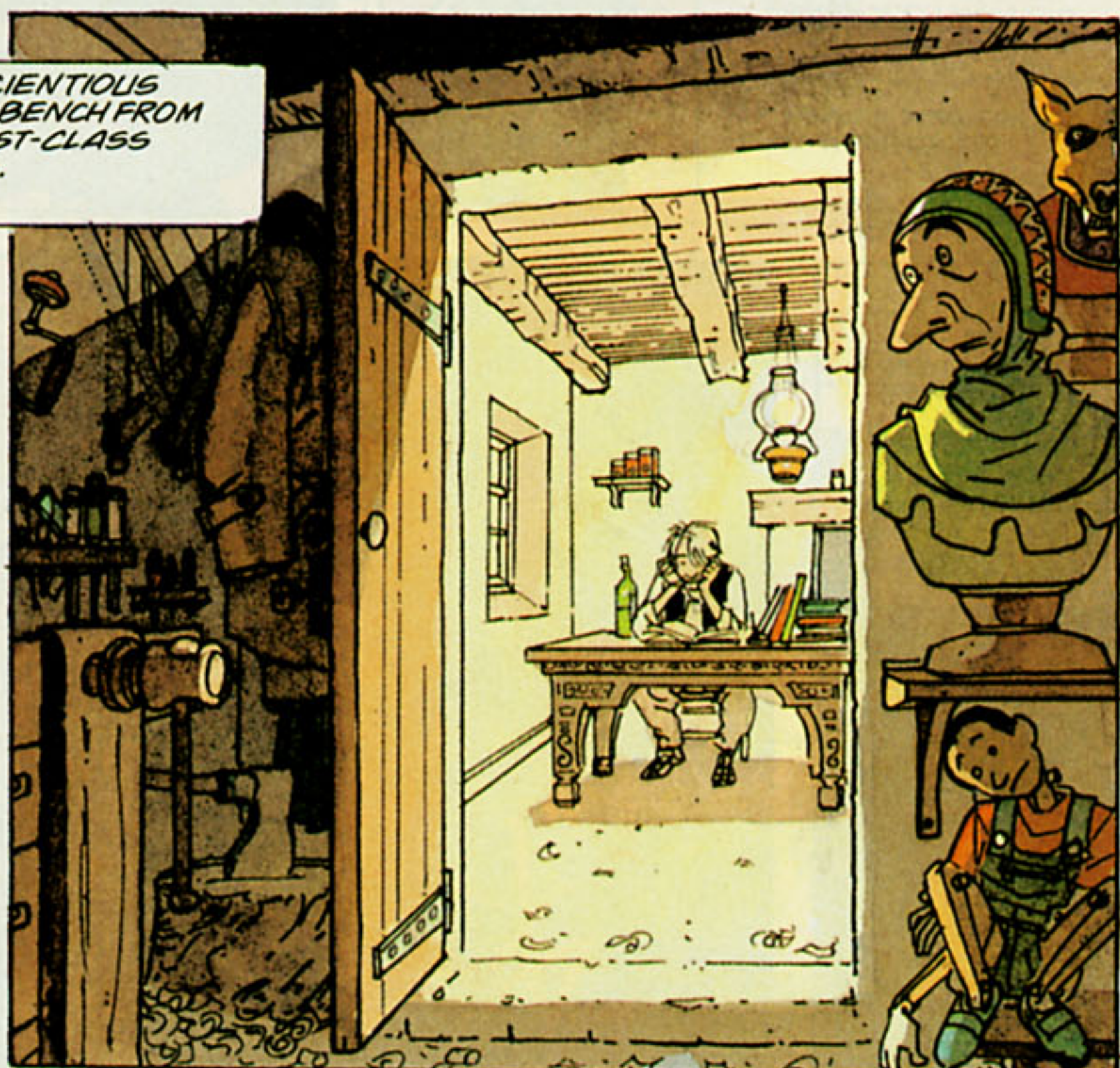
© Editions Albin Michel/Sefamy.



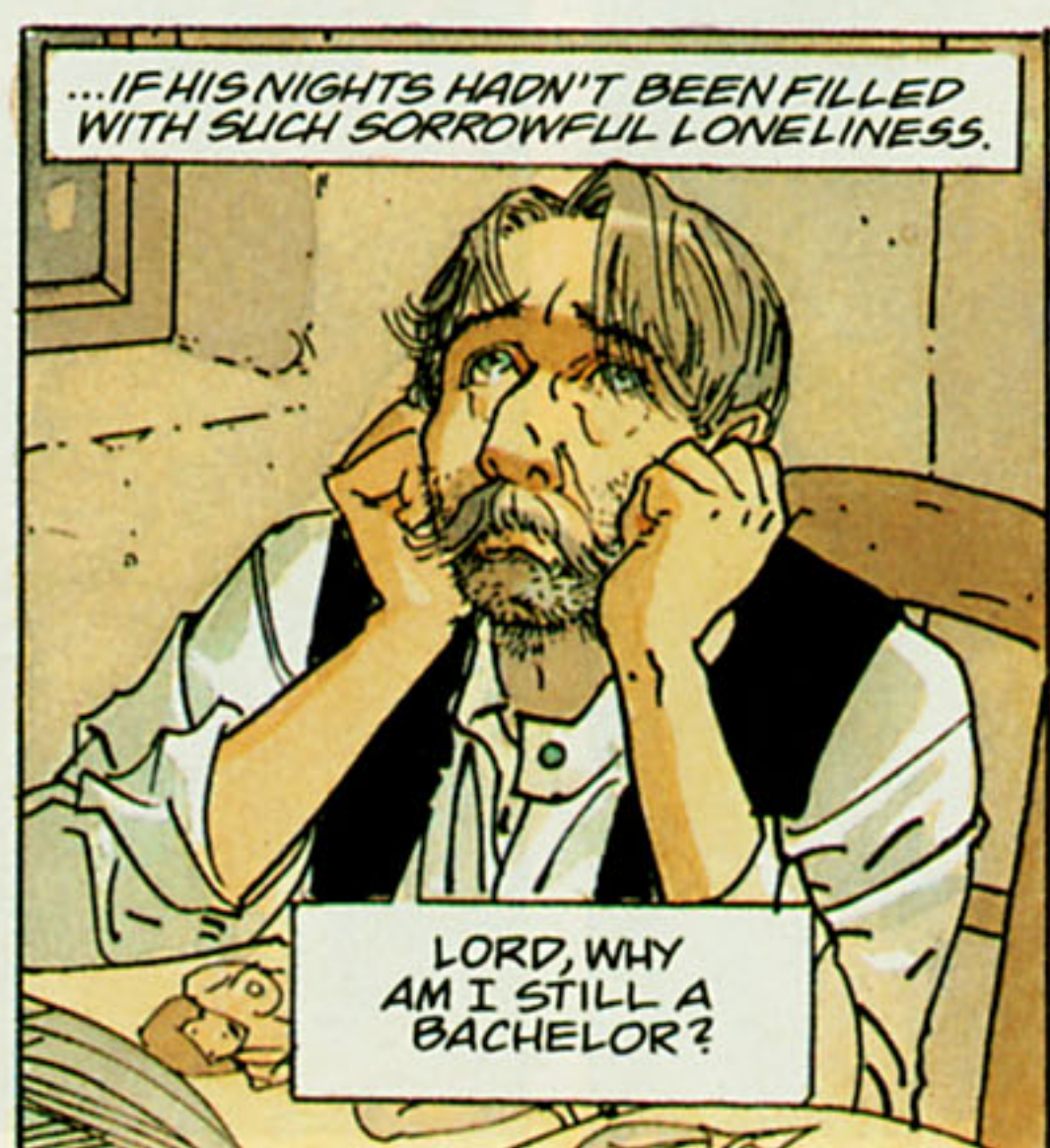
ONCE UPON A TIME IN A LITTLE OLD SHACK FAR FROM THE VILLAGE, THERE LIVED AN OLD CARPENTER IN A TERRIBLE STATE OF MORAL AND PHYSICAL SOLITUDE.



HE WAS A SKILLED AND CONSCIENTIOUS CRAFTSMAN. LEANING OVER HIS BENCH FROM DAWN TO DUSK, HE CARVED FIRST-CLASS TOYS FROM HIS LOG.

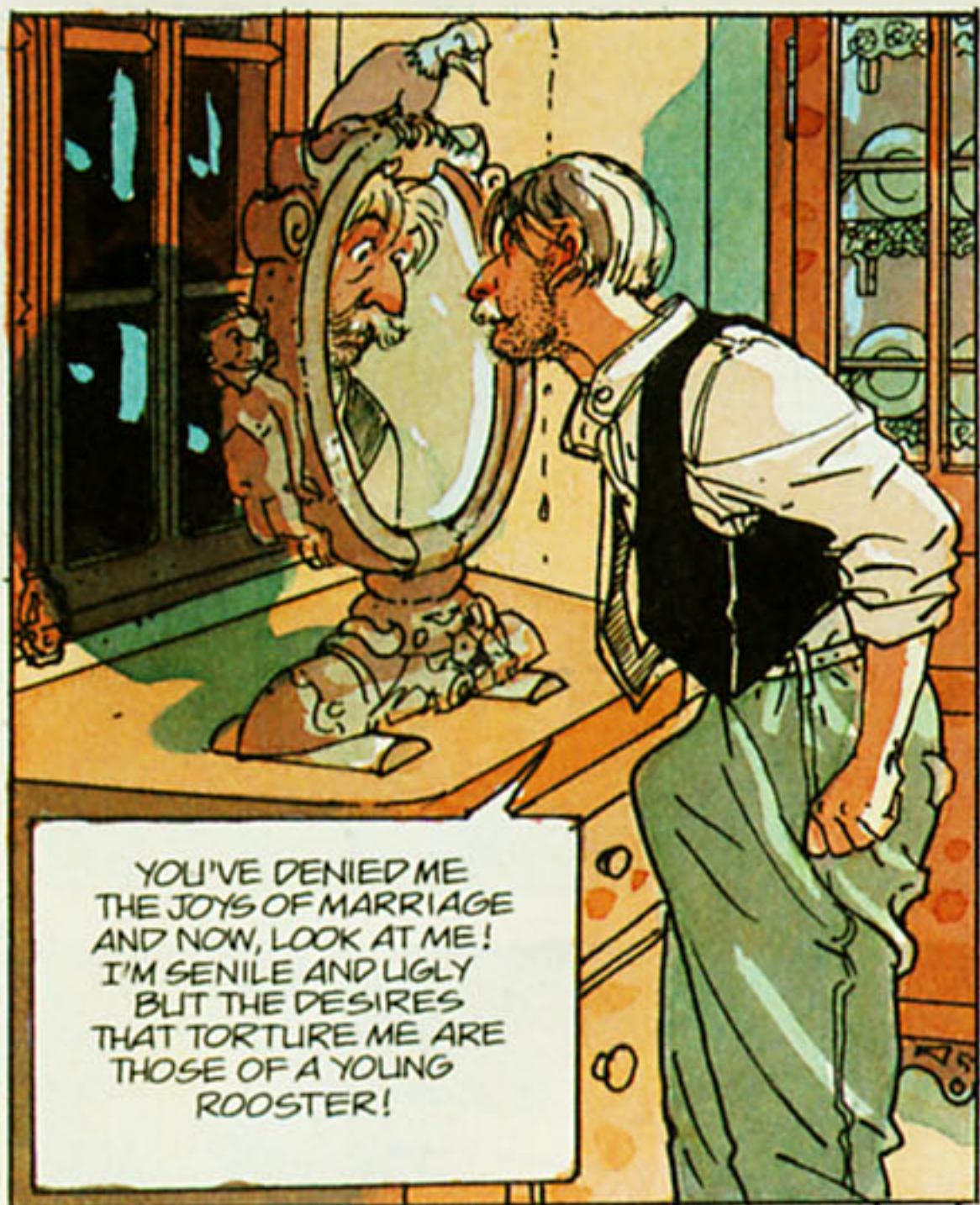


OLD GALIPETTO COULD HAVE HAD A LIFE OF PERFECT BLISS JUST BY HANDLING THE CHISEL AND THE POLISHER...



...IF HIS NIGHTS HADN'T BEEN FILLED WITH SUCH SORROWFUL LONELINESS.

LORD, WHY AM I STILL A BACHELOR?



YOU'VE DENIED ME
THE JOYS OF MARRIAGE
AND NOW, LOOK AT ME!
I'M SENILE AND UGLY
BUT THE DESIRES
THAT TORTURE ME ARE
THOSE OF A YOUNG
ROOSTER!



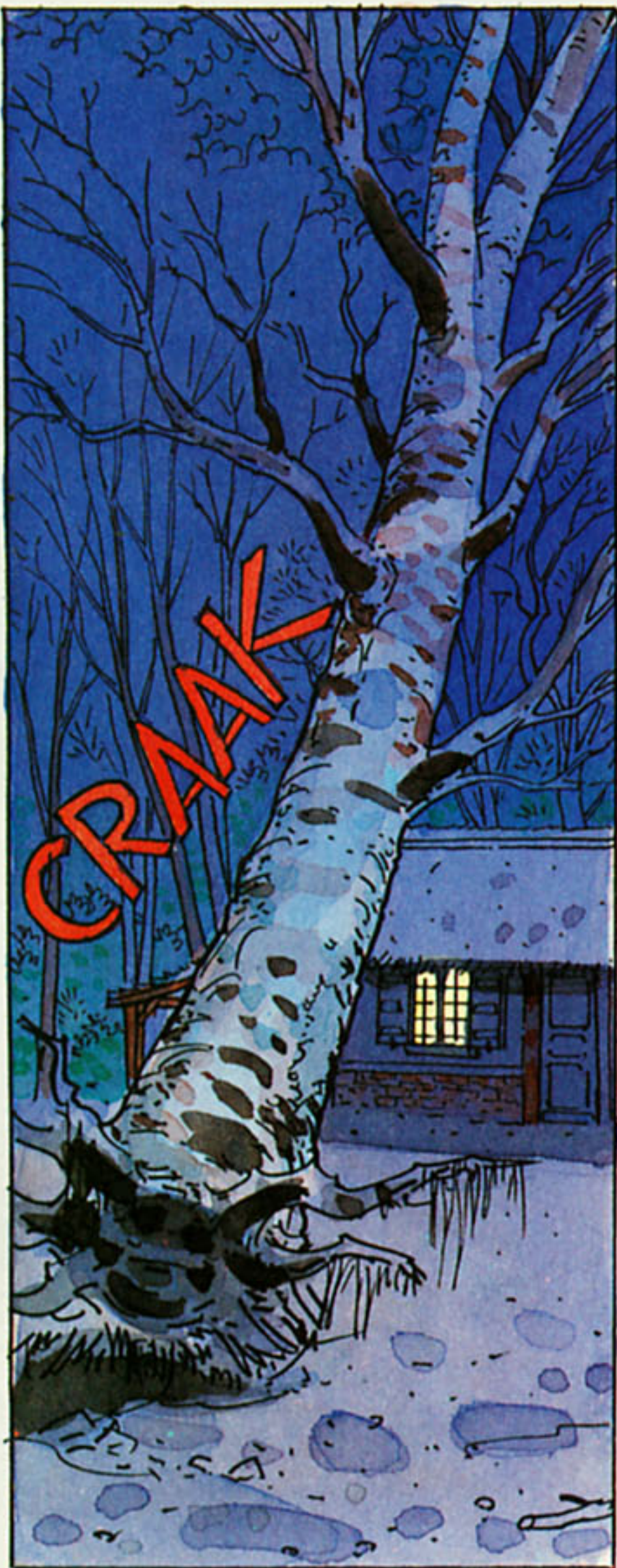
WHY DON'T
YOU TAKE
CARE OF IT
YOURSELF,
INSTEAD OF
CRYING
ABOUT IT?

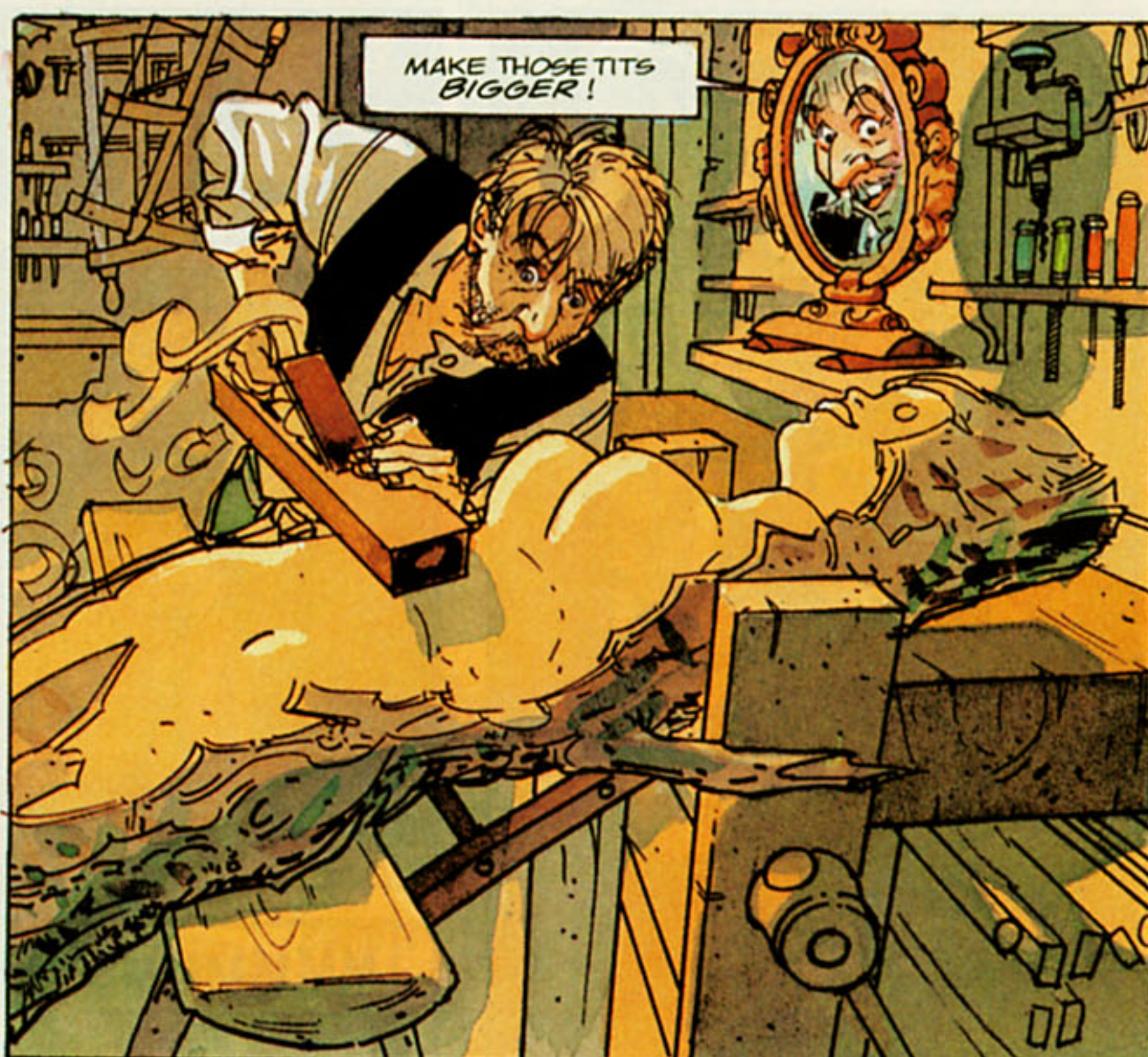
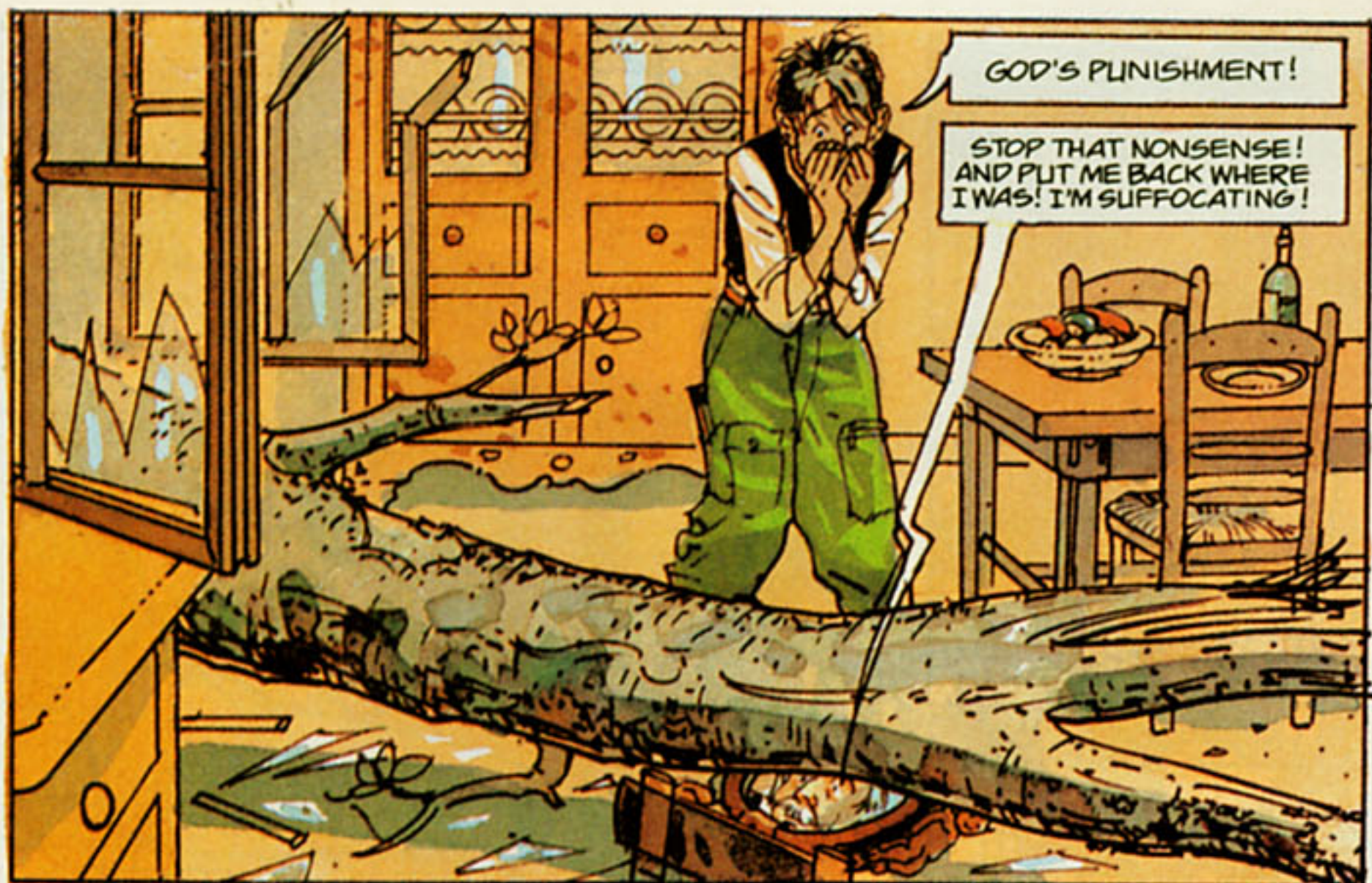


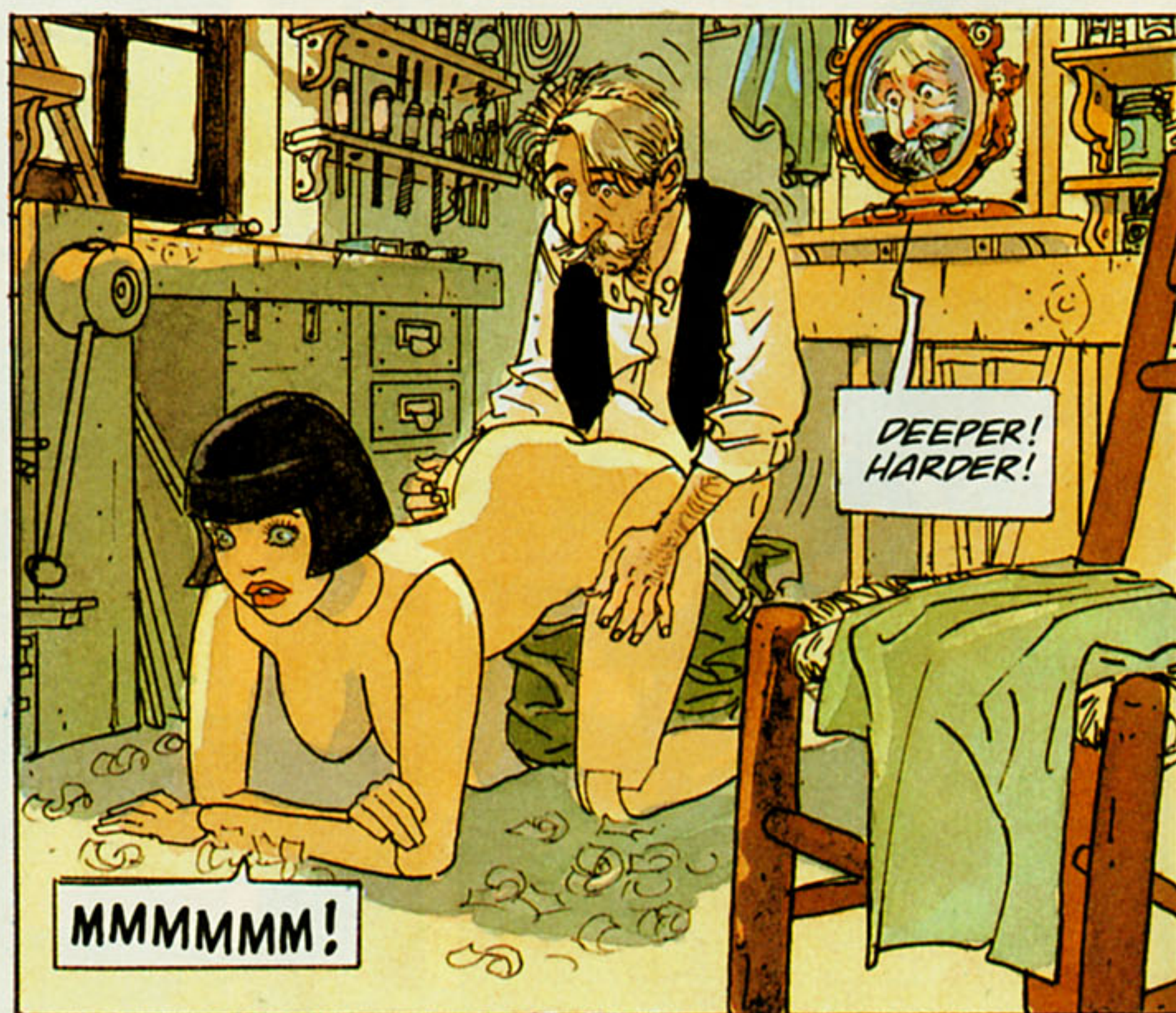
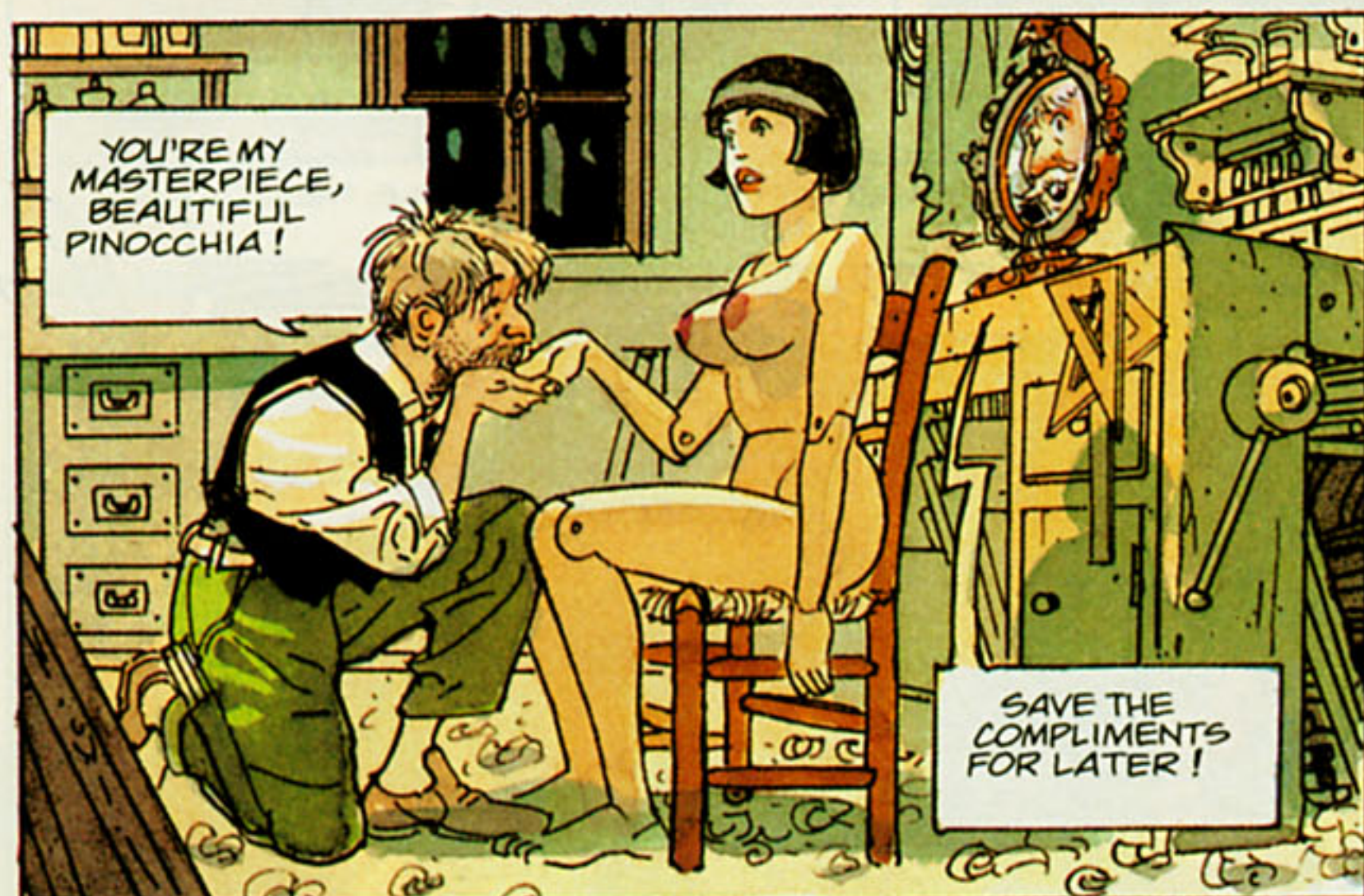
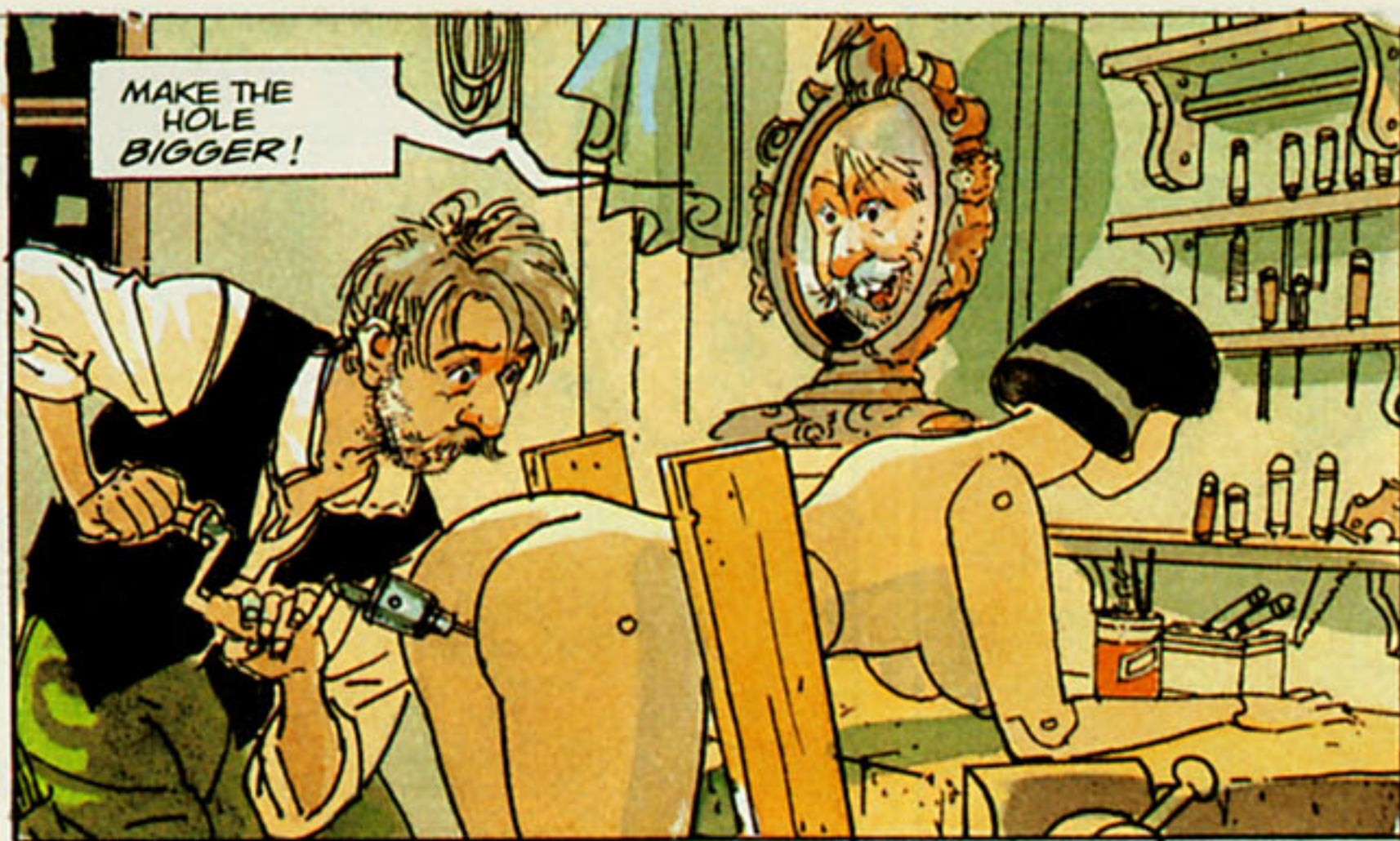
SHUT UP,
STUPID MIRROR!
IF I QUENCH THE
FIRE OF MY FLESH
WITH MY OWN HANDS,
MY SOLITUDE WILL
BE COLDER THAN
A TOMB!

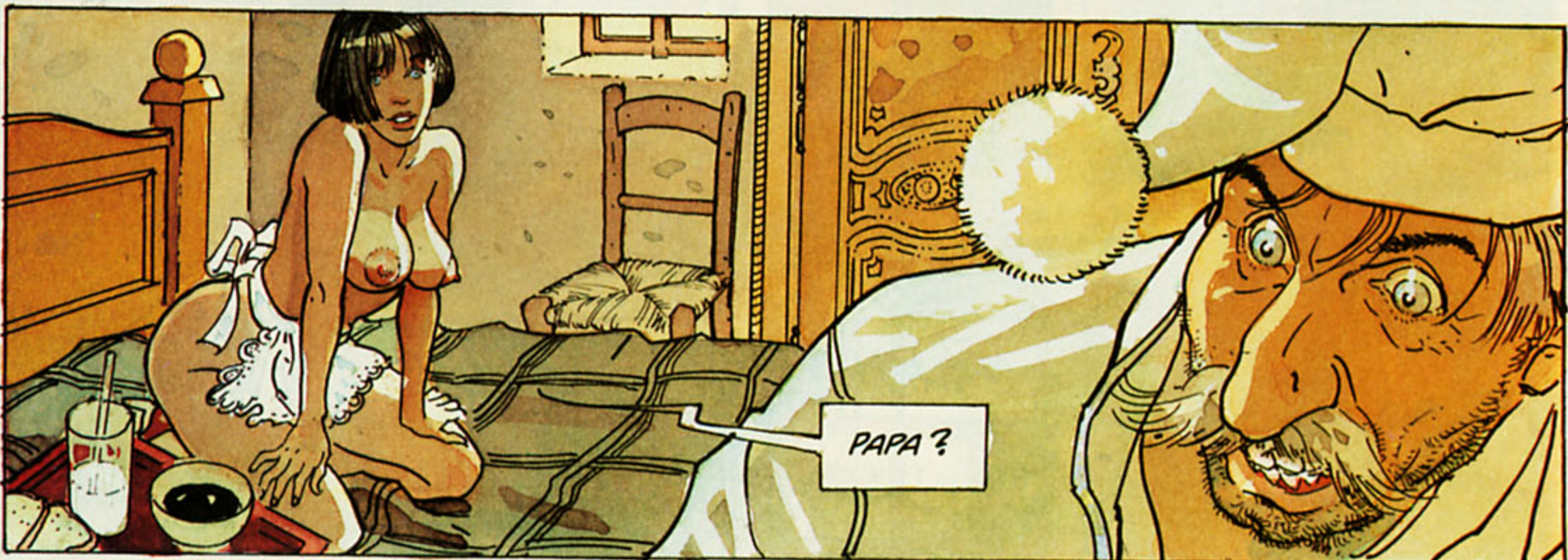
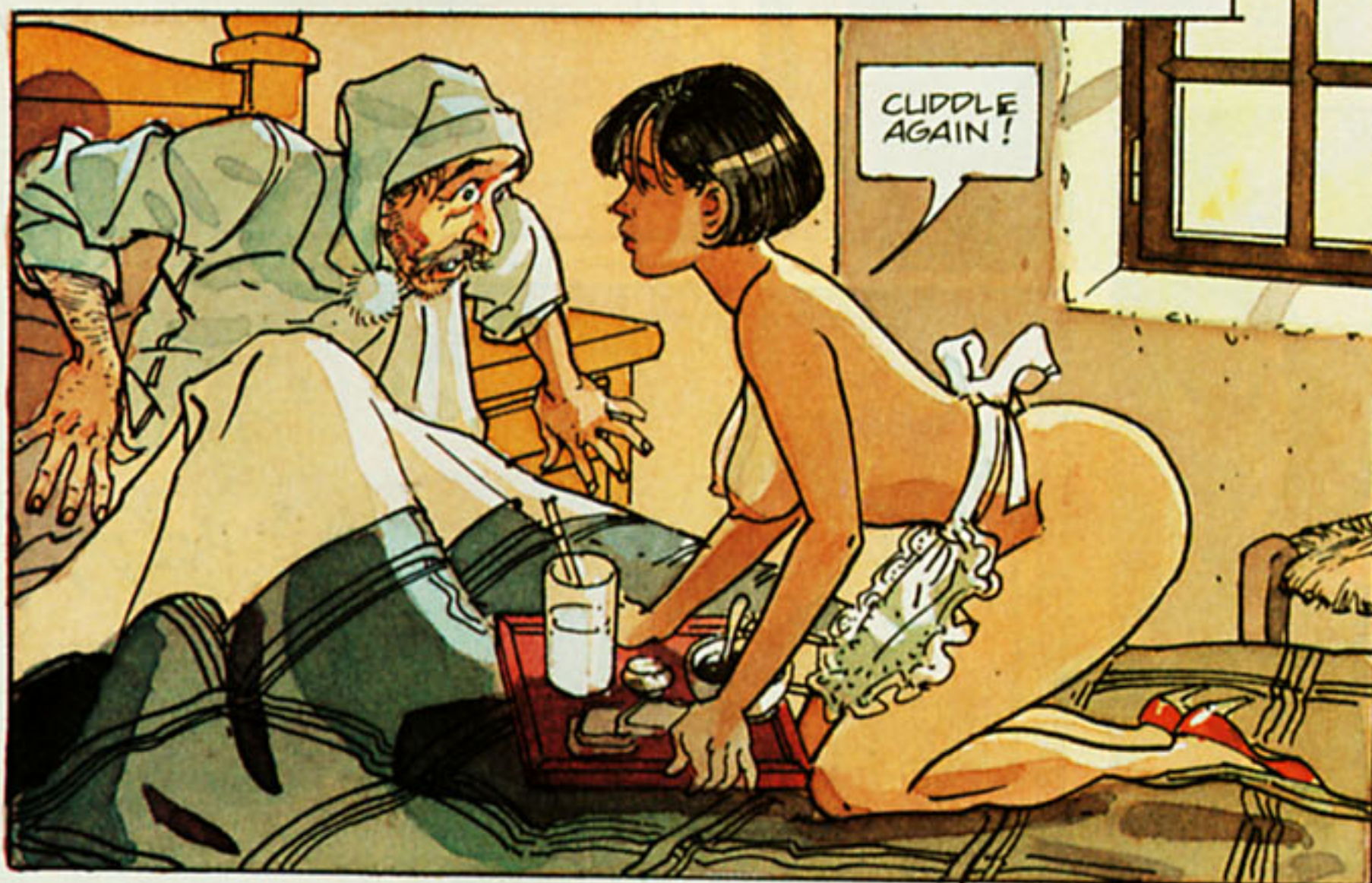
WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT? YOU'VE
NEVER EVEN
TRIED!

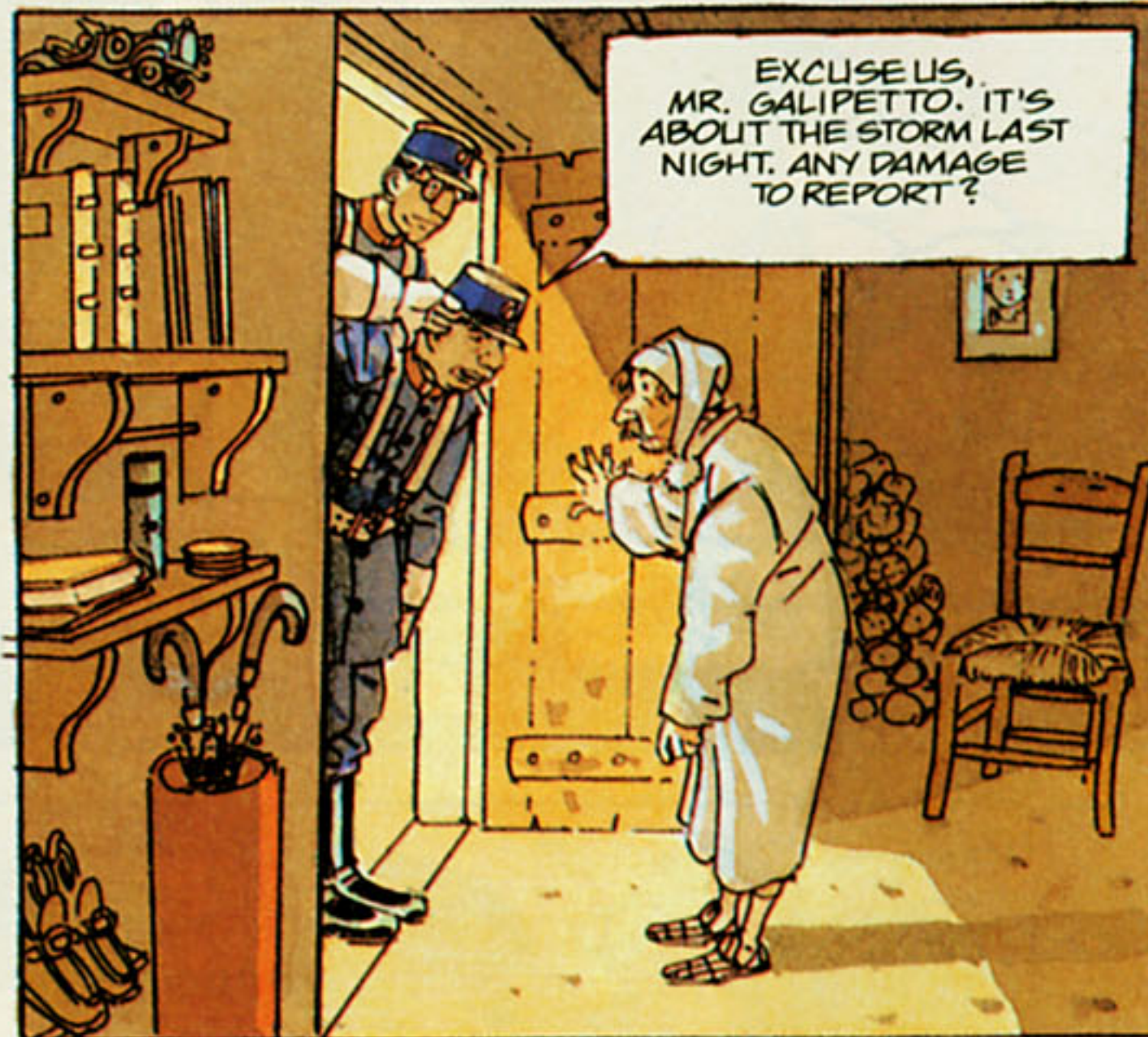
BUT
SOMETIMES,
FATE COMES
TO THE
RESCUE OF
MEN OF
GOODWILL.



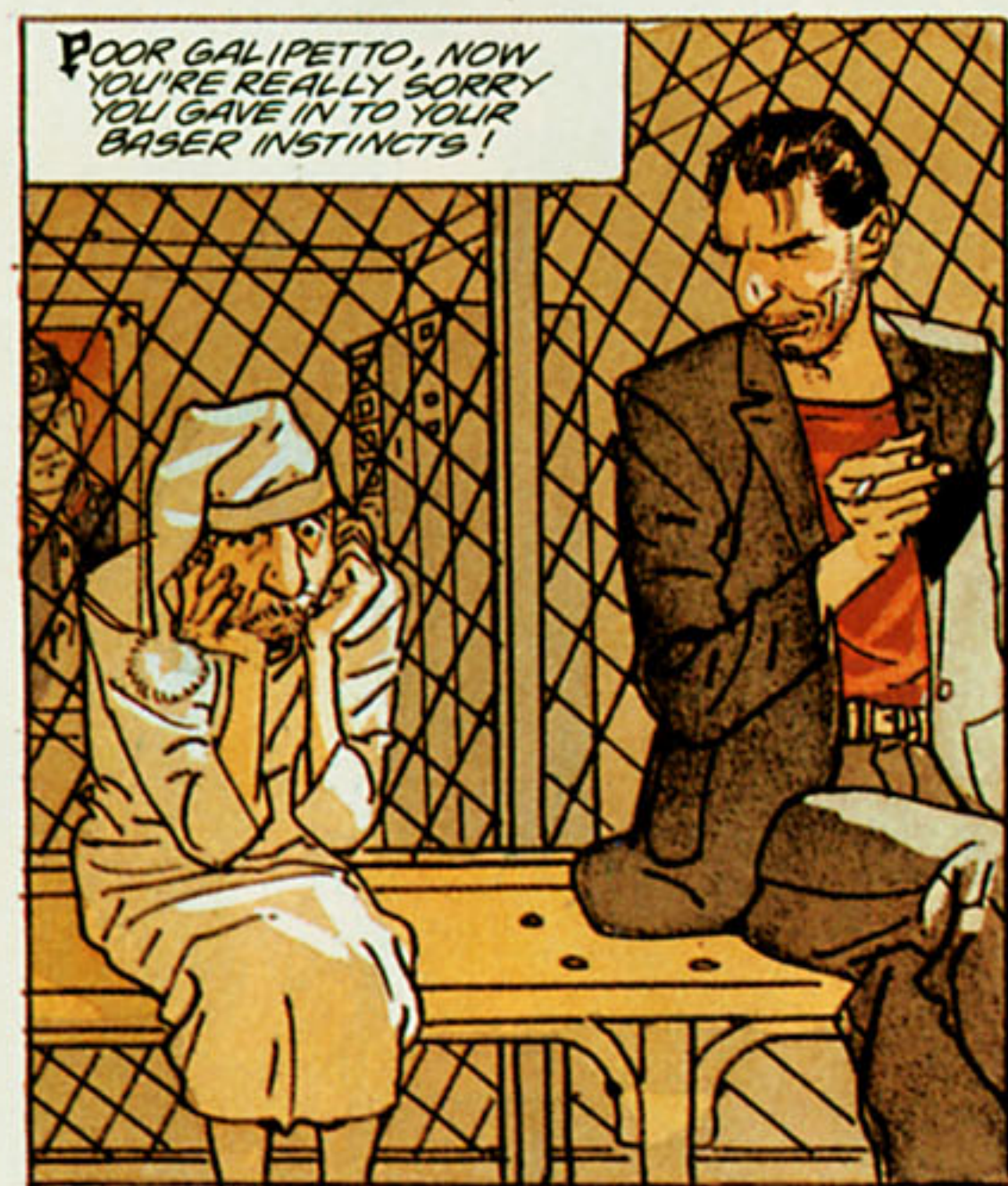












LET ME TELL YOU, CHILDREN, THAT WHILE GALIPETTO WAS UNJUSTLY IMPRISONED, PINOCCHIA WAS RUNNING HOME AS FAST AS HER LEGS WOULD CARRY HER.

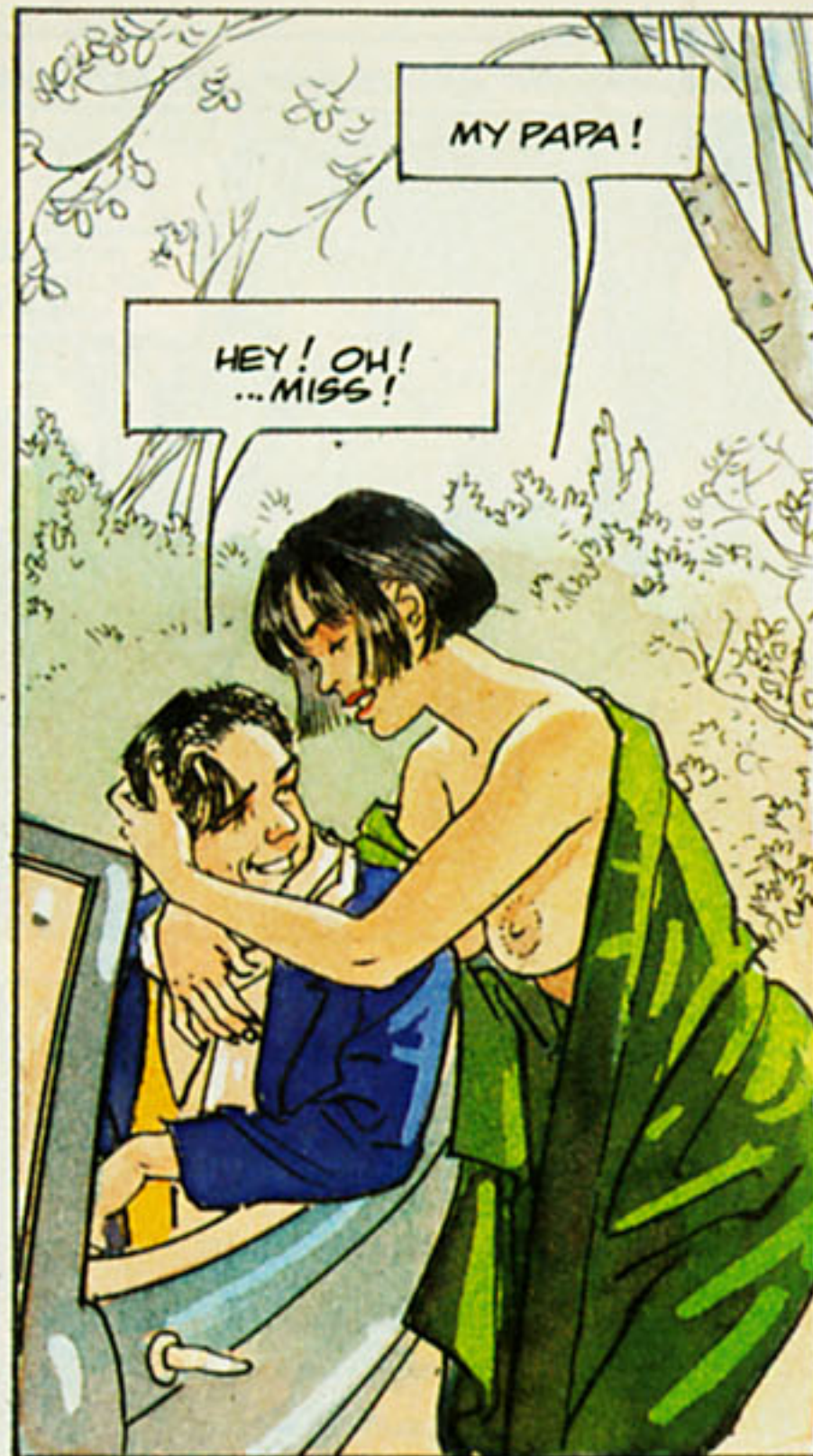


WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING TO, BEAUTIFUL? CAN I BE OF ANY ASSISTANCE?



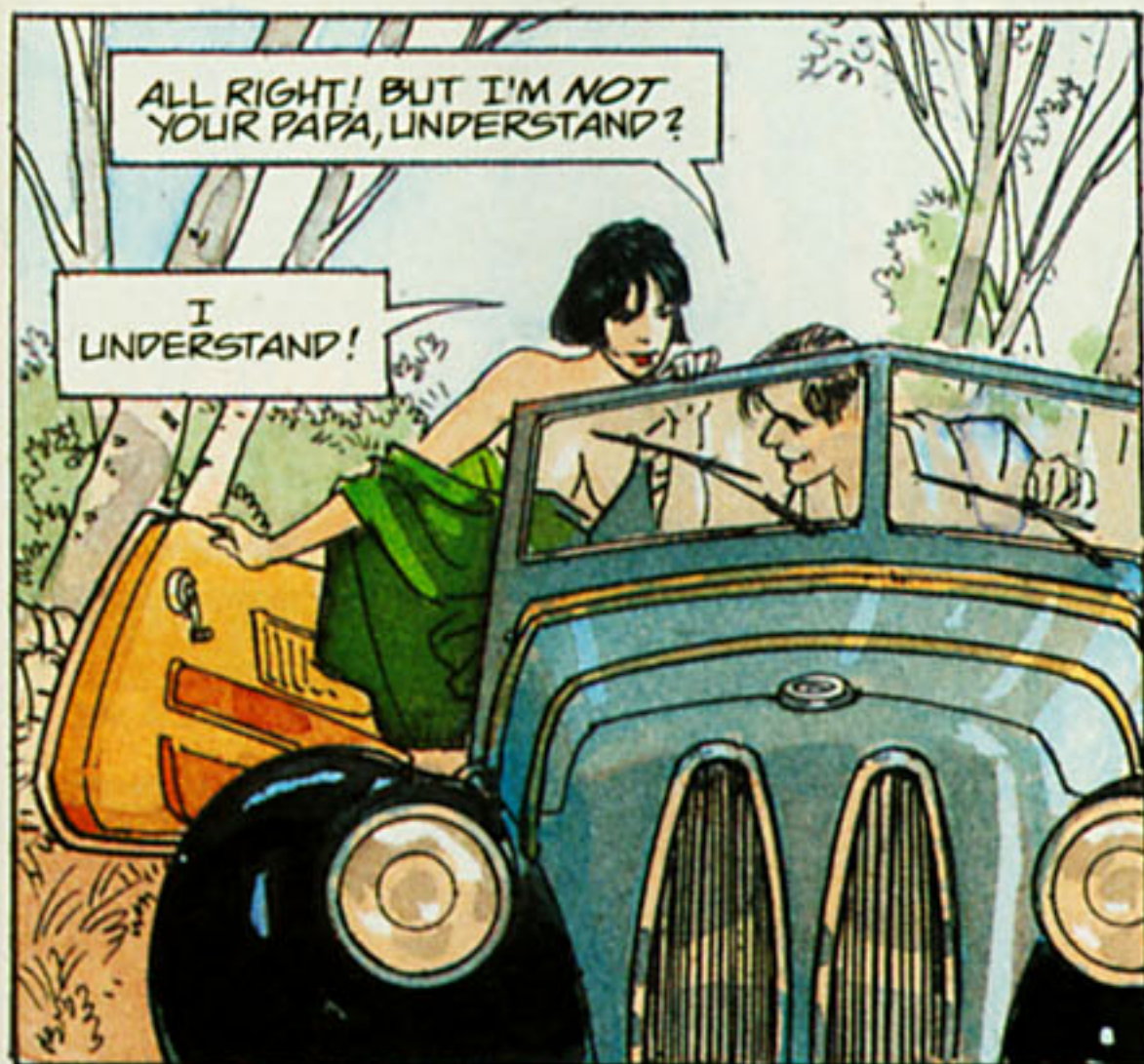
MY PAPA!

HEY! OH! ...MISS!



ALL RIGHT! BUT I'M NOT YOUR PAPA, UNDERSTAND?

I UNDERSTAND!



YOU'RE NOT MY PAPA!

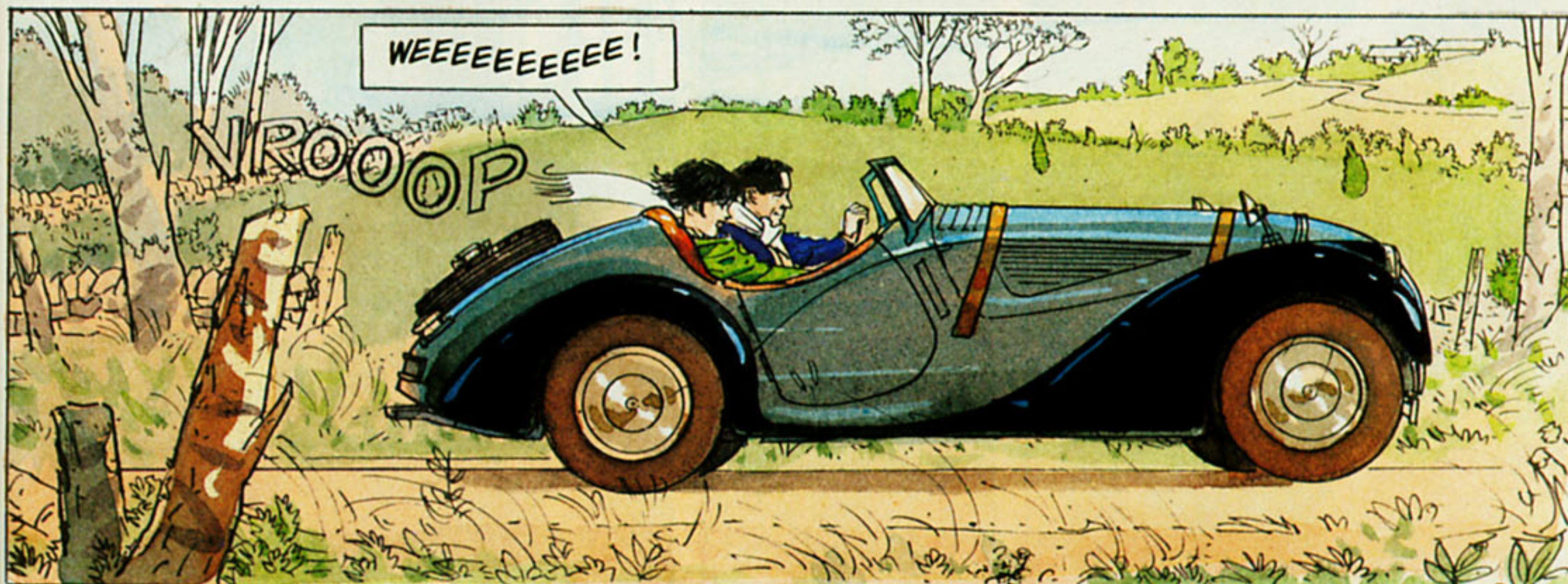


I'LL TAKE YOU TO MY PLACE! DO YOU LIKE GOING FAST?



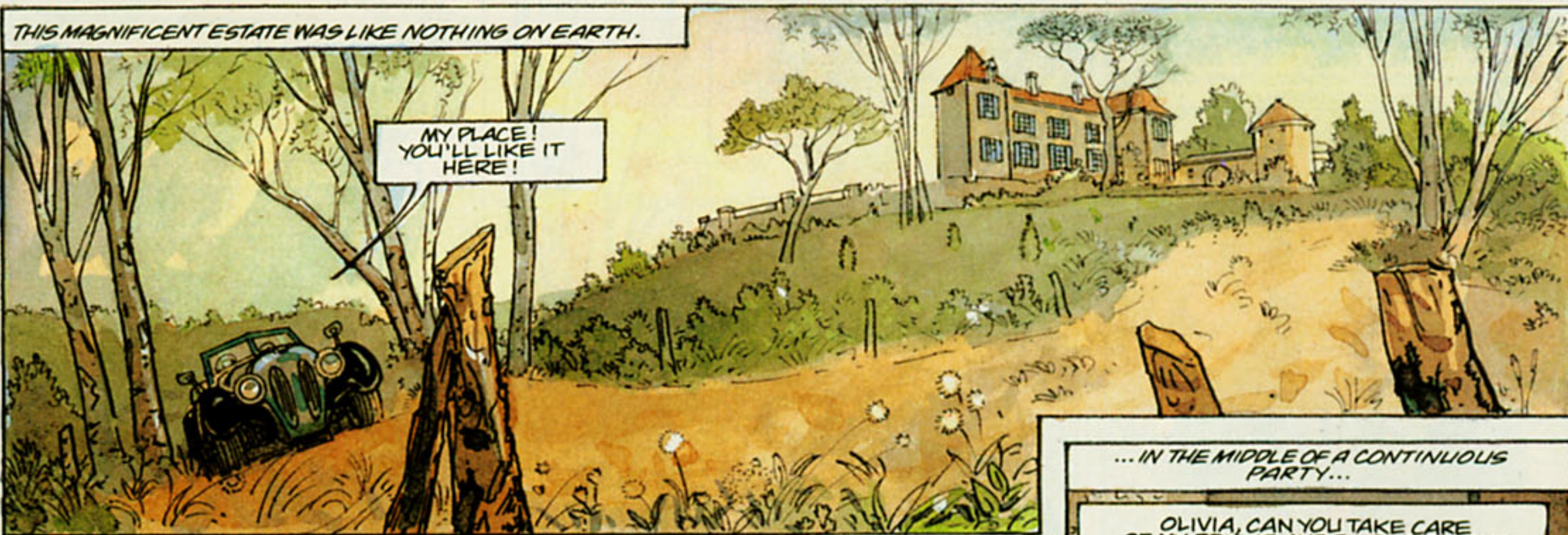
WEEEEEEEEEE!

VROOOOP



THIS MAGNIFICENT ESTATE WAS LIKE NOTHING ON EARTH.

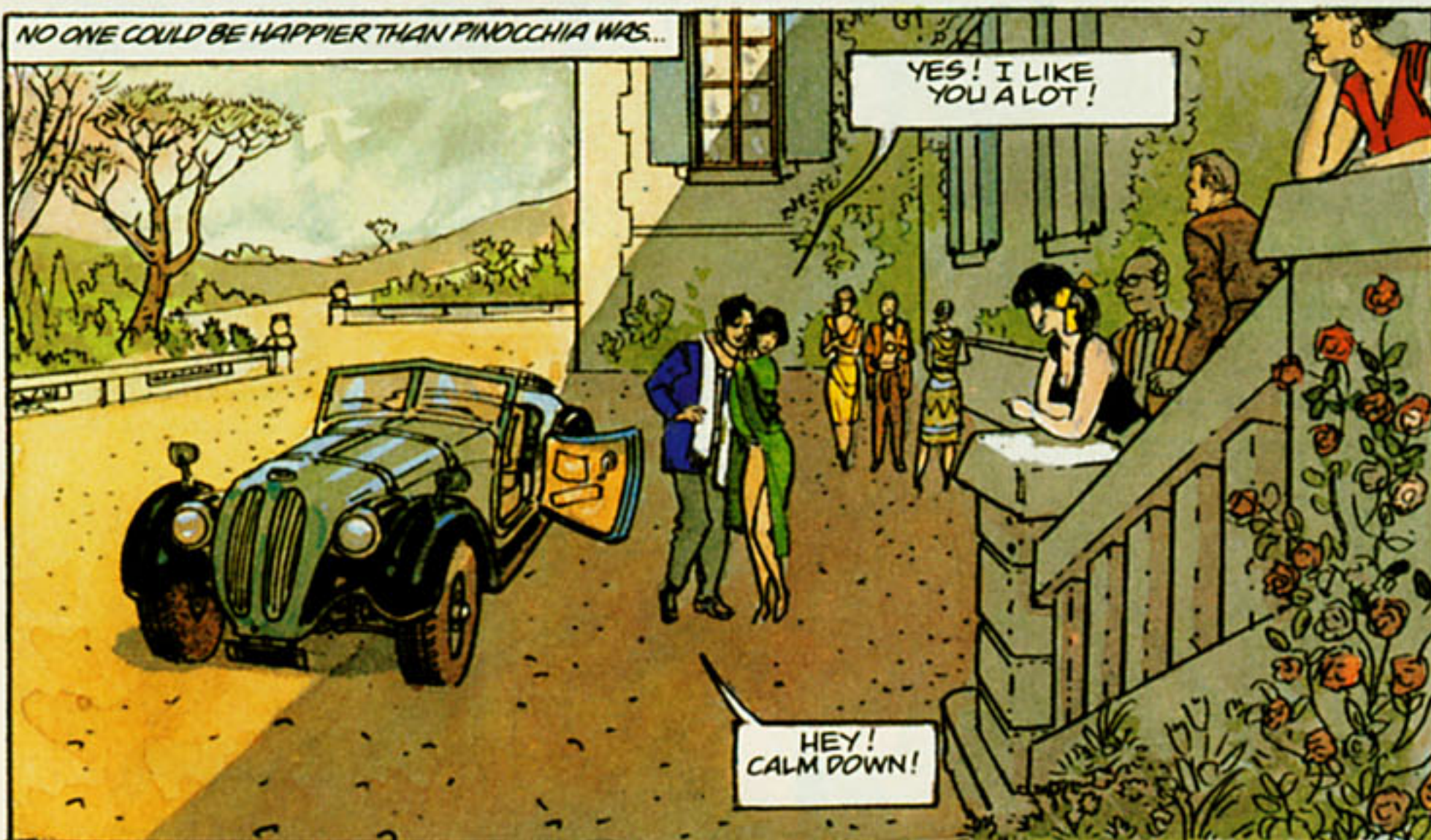
MY PLACE!
YOU'LL LIKE IT
HERE!



NO ONE COULD BE HAPPIER THAN PINOCCHIA WAS...

YES! I LIKE
YOU A LOT!

HEY!
CALM DOWN!



...IN THE MIDDLE OF A CONTINUOUS
PARTY...

OLIVIA, CAN YOU TAKE CARE
OF MY FRIEND AND FIND HER SOME
DECENT CLOTHING?



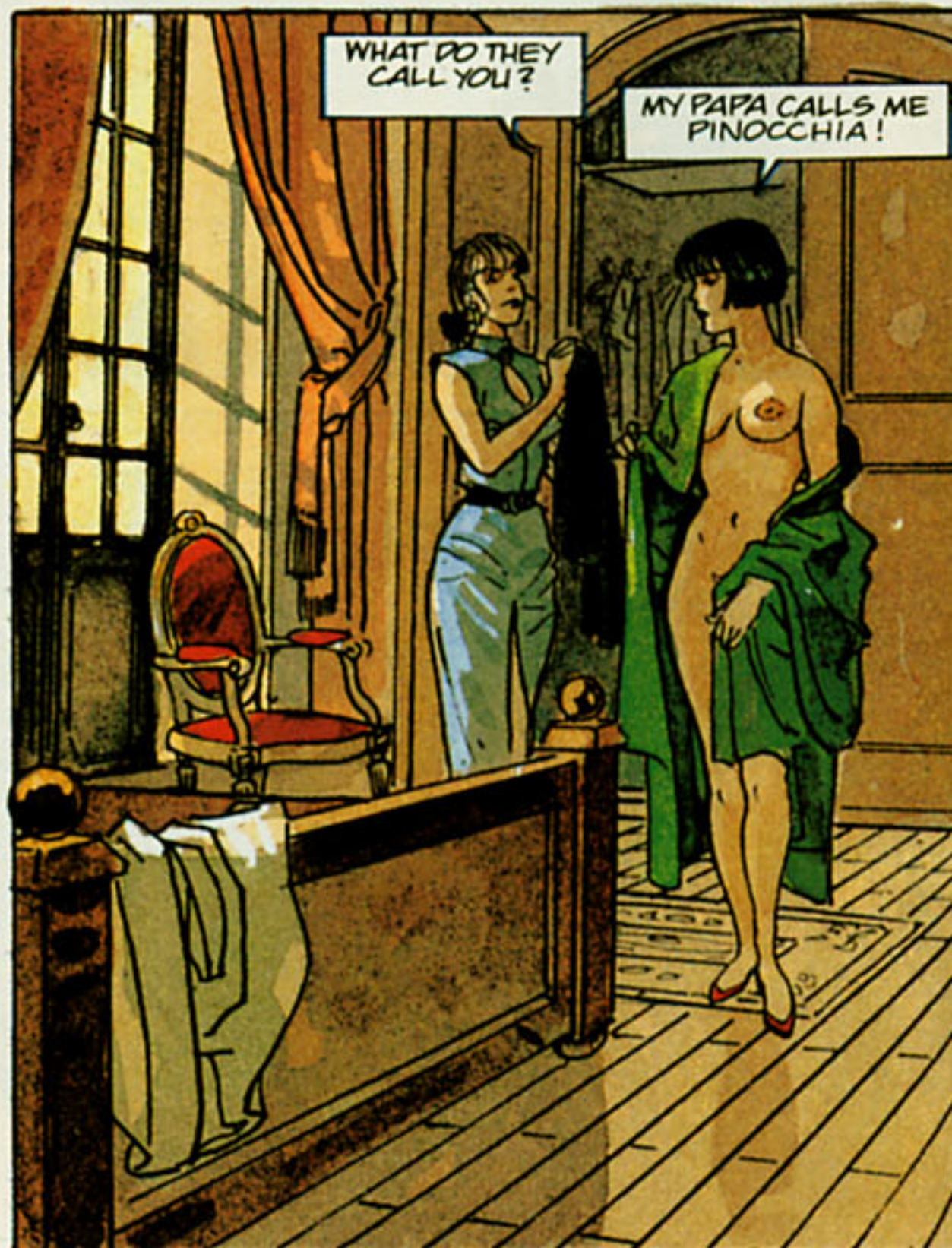
...UNTIL SHE DISCOVERED THAT HER LORENZO
WAS SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

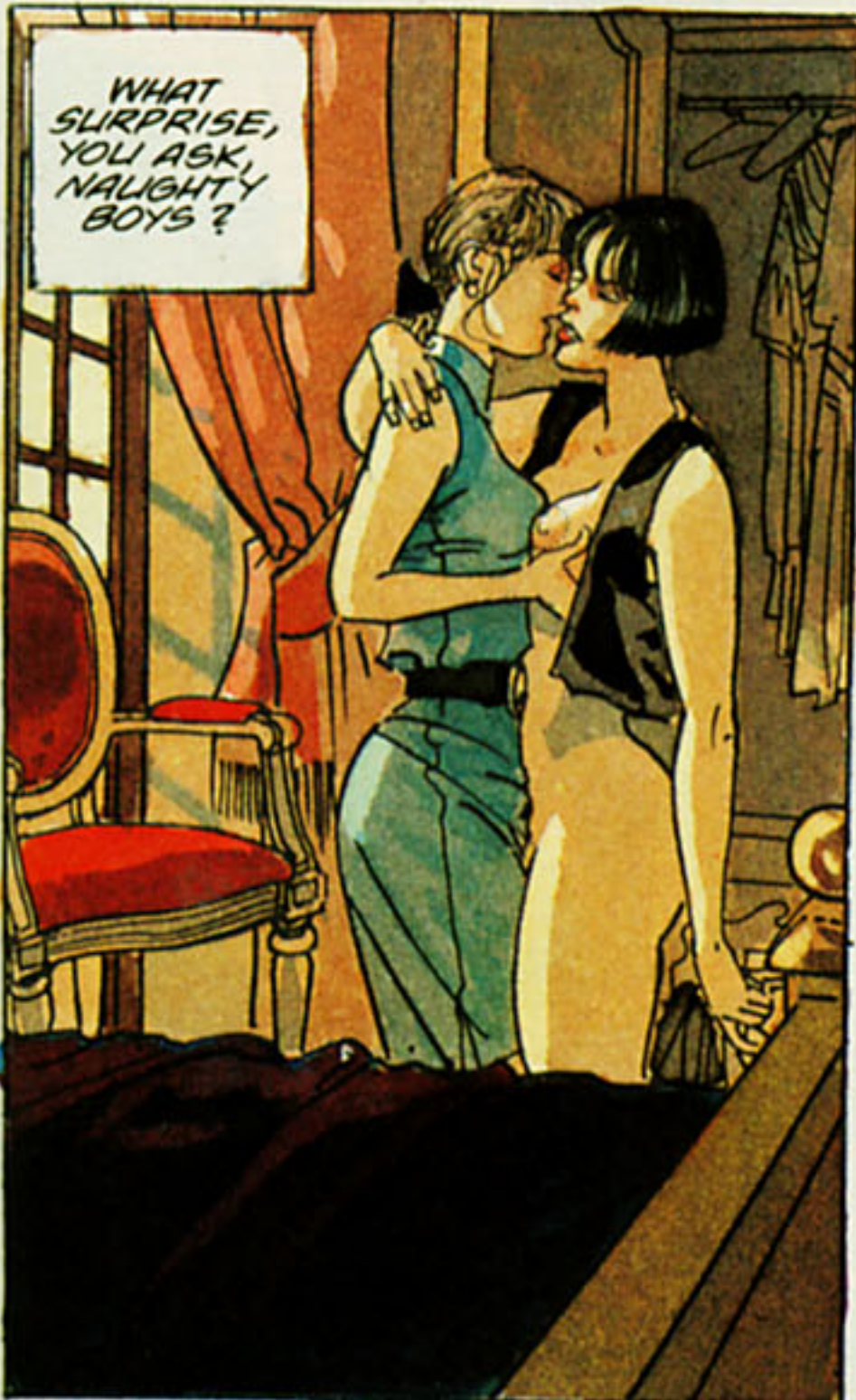
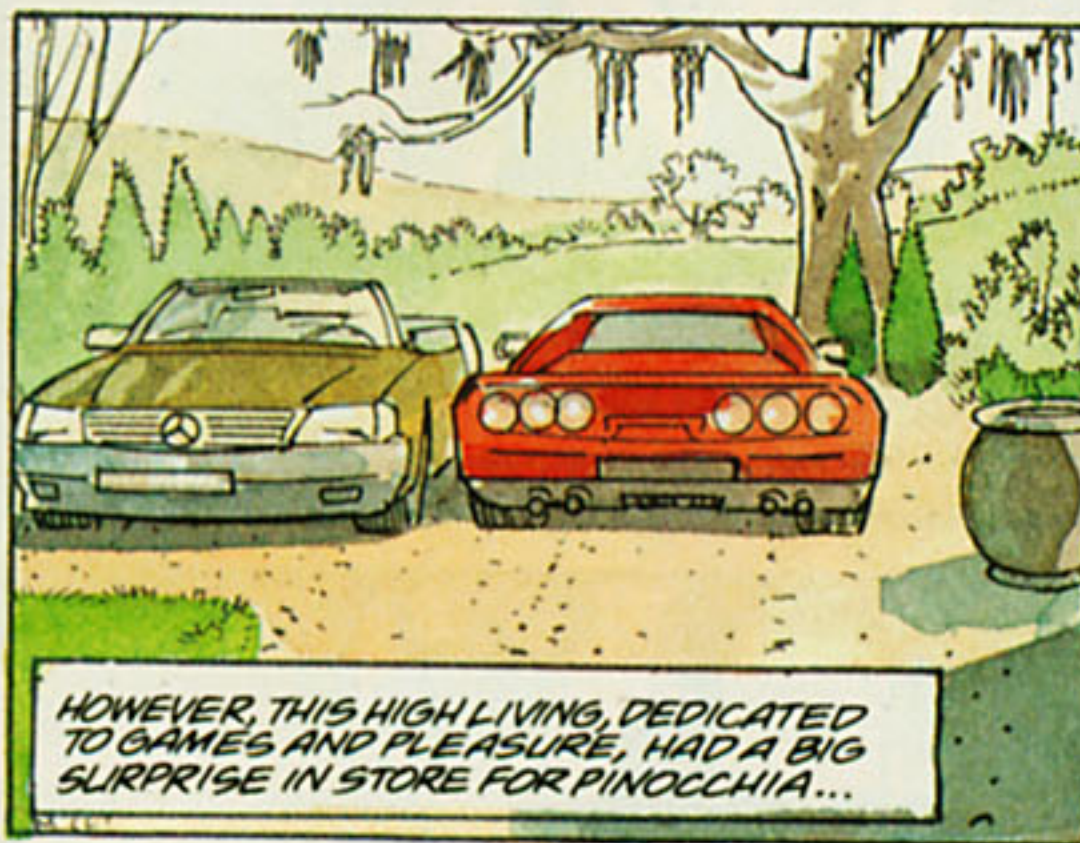
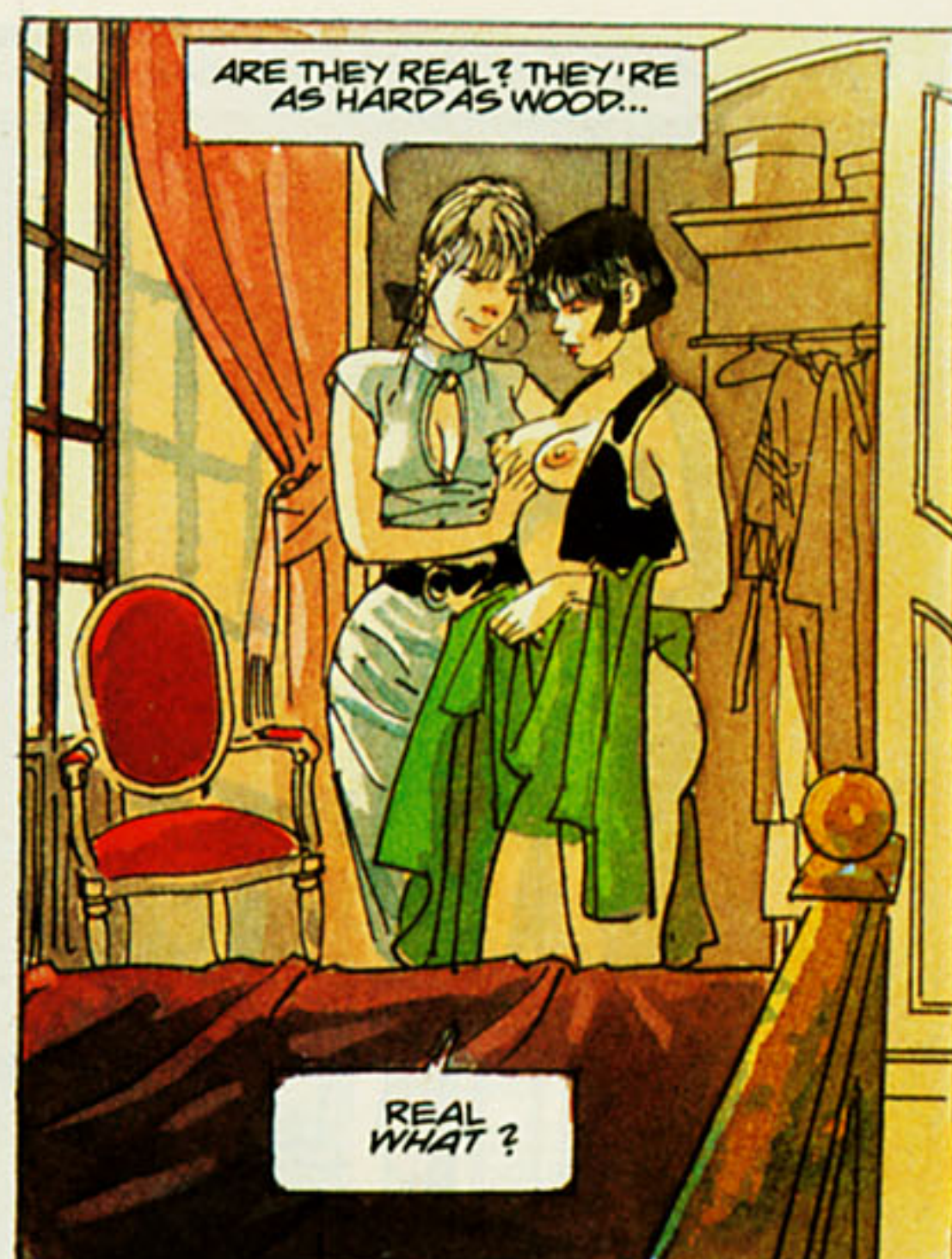
COME WITH
ME! WHAT'S YOUR
NAME?



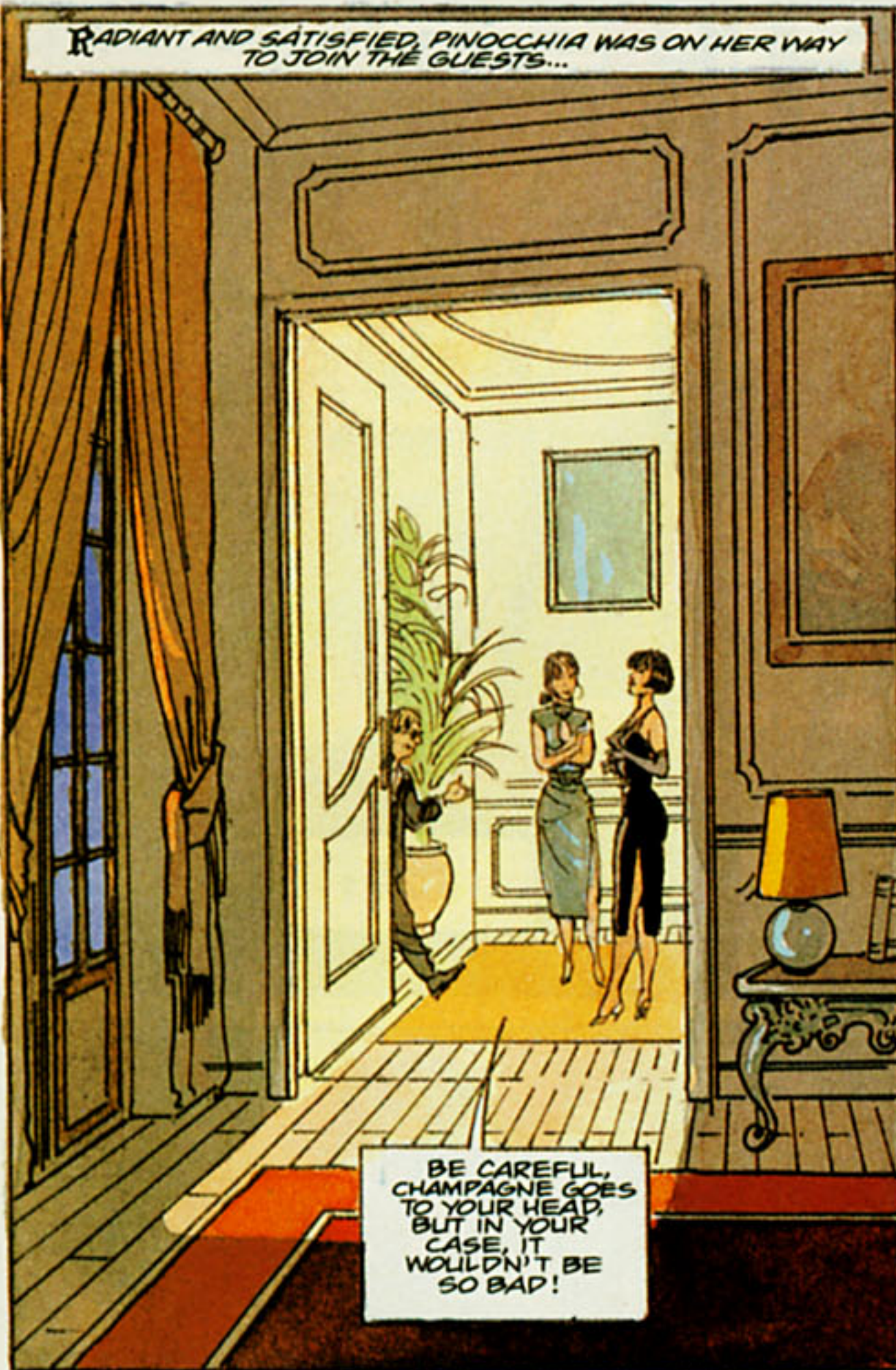
WHAT DO THEY
CALL YOU?

MY PAPA CALLS ME
PINOCCHIA!

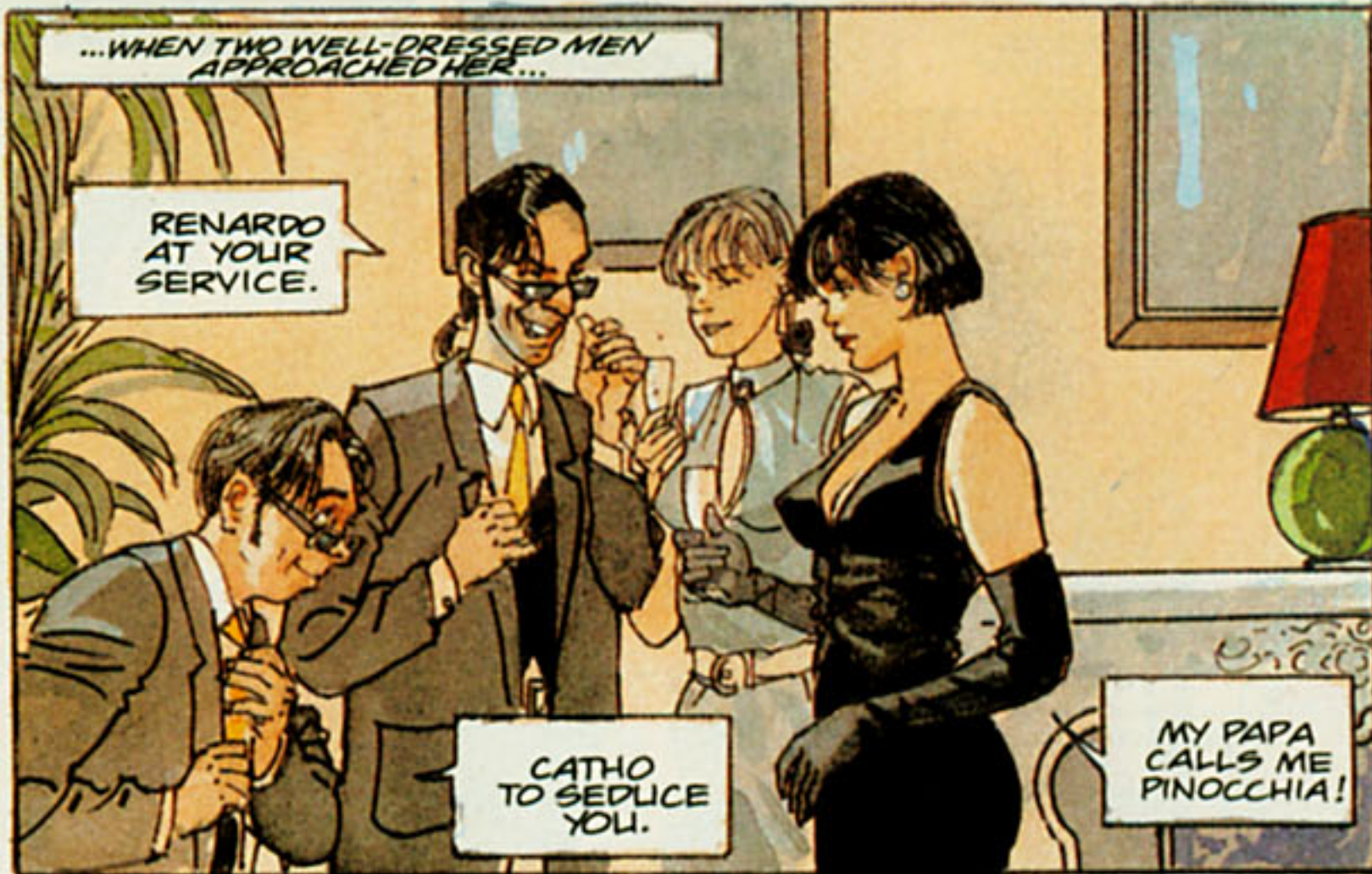




RADIANT AND SATISFIED, PINOCCHIA WAS ON HER WAY TO JOIN THE GUESTS...



...WHEN TWO WELL-DRESSED MEN APPROACHED HER...



PINOCCHIA? WHAT AN ADORABLE NAME!



NO SOONER HAD SHE TAKEN A FEW STEPS TOWARD HER HANDSOME KNIGHT...

I SEE THAT YOU'VE GOT YOUR EYE ON THE HANDSOME LORENZO, BEAUTIFUL PINOCCHIA.



THE TWO MEN THEN MOVED IN...

UNFORTUNATELY, A LOT OF YOUNG GIRLS ARE TAKEN IN BY HIM. HIS LIST OF BROKEN HEARTS...

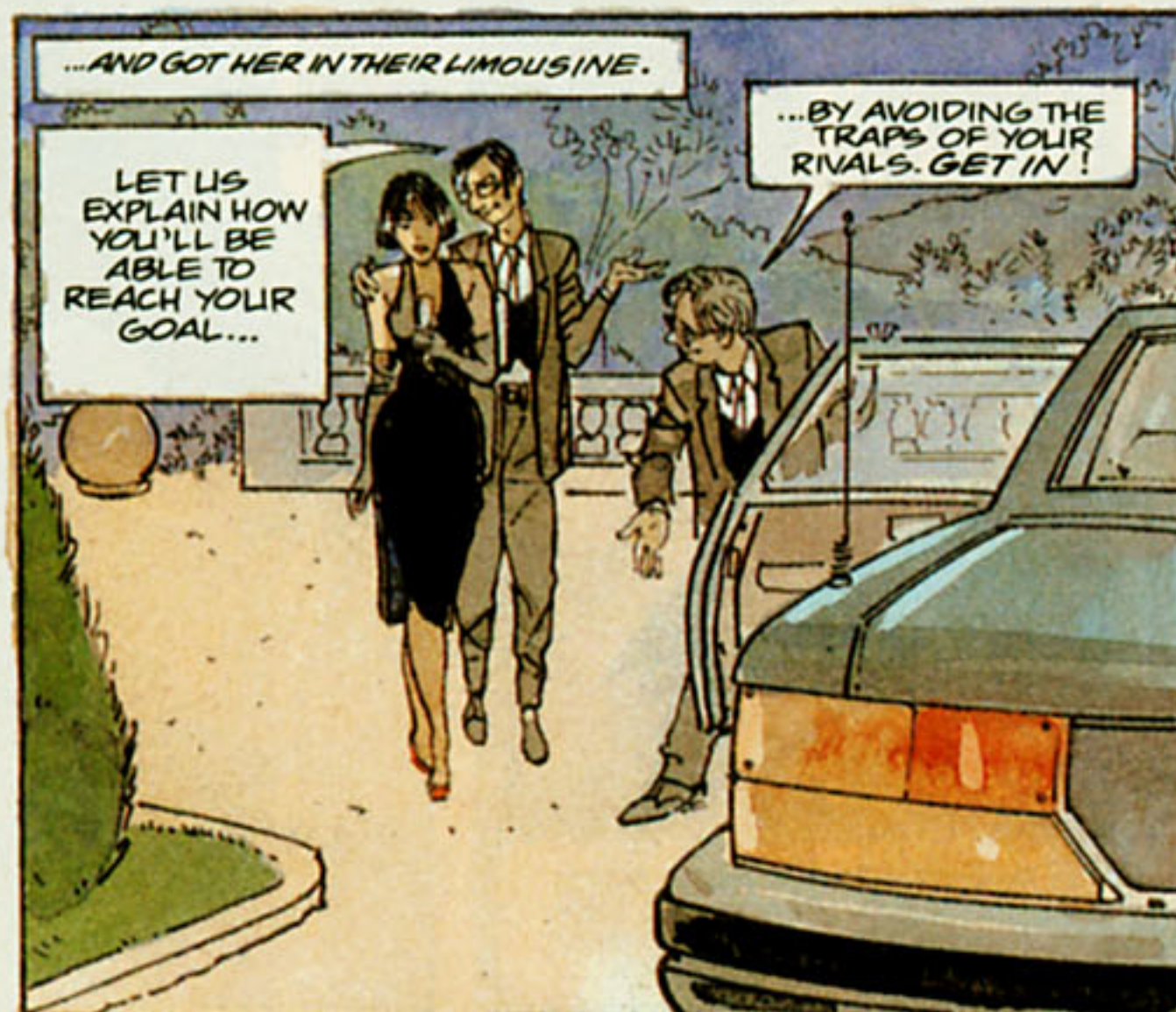
...IS LONG.



...AND GOT HER IN THEIR LIMOUSINE.

LET US EXPLAIN HOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO REACH YOUR GOAL...

...BY AVOIDING THE TRAPS OF YOUR RIVALS. GET IN!



BY SUNSET, THEY HAD ARRIVED AT THE "PINK PUSSY" INN.

LET'S STOP
HERE AT THIS INN
FOR A BITE...

...AND DISCUSS
BUSINESS!

ONCE IN THE INN, THEY SAT DOWN
TO EAT BUT NONE OF THEM
WAS HUNGRY.

YOU ARE THE IMAGE
OF INNOCENCE, BEAUTY,
CHARM, AND ELEGANCE
PERSONIFIED.

POOR CATHO, WHO WAS FEELING
ILL, WAS ONLY ABLE TO
SWALLOW THREE PORTIONS OF
CAVIAR AND TWO CAPONS.

RENARDO HAD TO BE SAT-
ISFIED WITH THREE BOTTLES
OF CHAMPAGNE TO WASH
DOWN TWO FRESH SALMON
AND THREE PIECES OF
CHOCOLATE CAKE. OTHER-
WISE, HE EATS LIKE A
WOLF.

YOUR BEAUTY WILL
MAKE YOU RICH AND
YOU'LL BE ABLE TO WIN
LORENZO'S HEART.

THESE DAYS,
THAT'S WORTH
GOLD ON THE
MARKET.

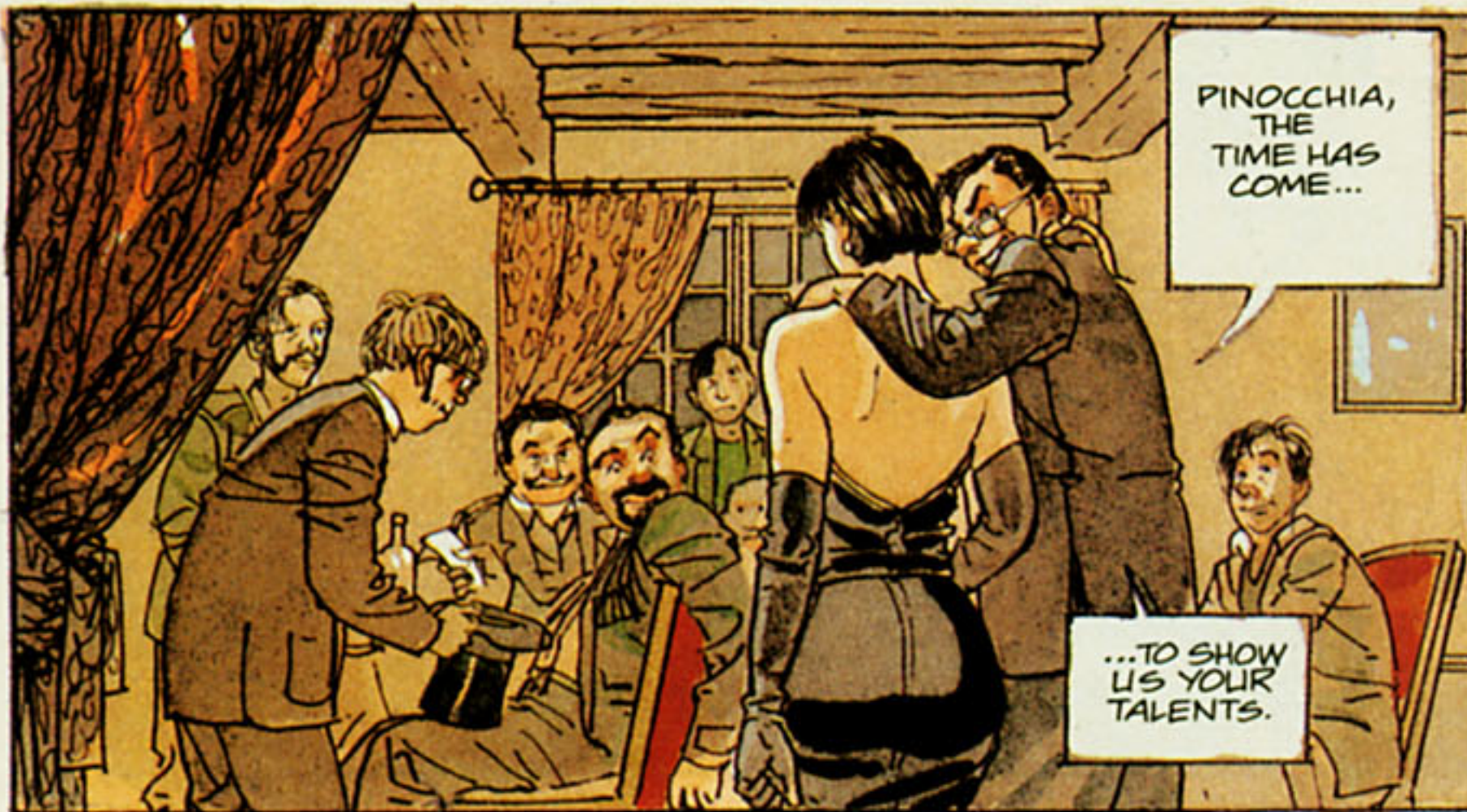
RIGHT BESIDE THEM, SOME
HUNTERS WERE
FEASTING NOISILY...

GOLD?
GET RICH? WHY?

SO YOU WON'T
BE A GOLD DIGGER
LIKE THOSE OTHER
GIRLS.

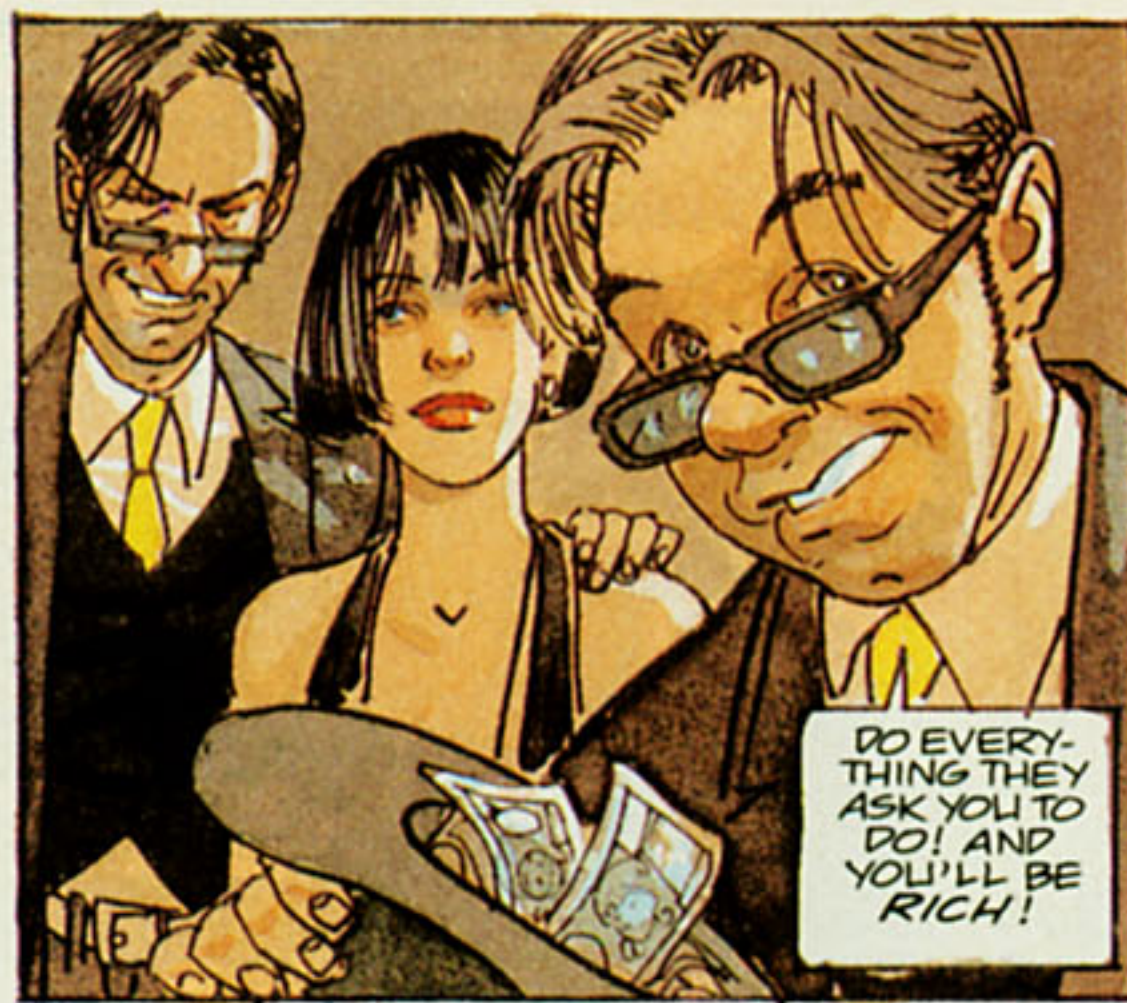
...SUGGESTED A BUSI-
NESS DEAL WITH THE
OTHERS...

LET'S GET
STARTED RIGHT
AWAY!



PINOCCHIA,
THE
TIME HAS
COME...

...TO SHOW
US YOUR
TALENTS.



DO EVERY-
THING THEY
ASK YOU TO
DO! AND
YOU'LL BE
RICH!



NO WORDS CAN DESCRIBE THE JOY
THAT PINOCCHIA FELT...

...AS SHE WAS CHEERED BY THE HUNTERS WHO WERE EXCITED BY THE
PLEASURES OF THE FLESH AND FLOWING WINE, WHILE HER TWO
COMPANIONS FILLED THEIR POCKETS...



DON'T EVER TRUST ANYBODY WHO PROMISES YOU TO
GET RICH OVERNIGHT, DAUGHTER OF MINE!



THEY ARE EITHER CRAZY...



...OR CROOKS!

STEP ON
IT!

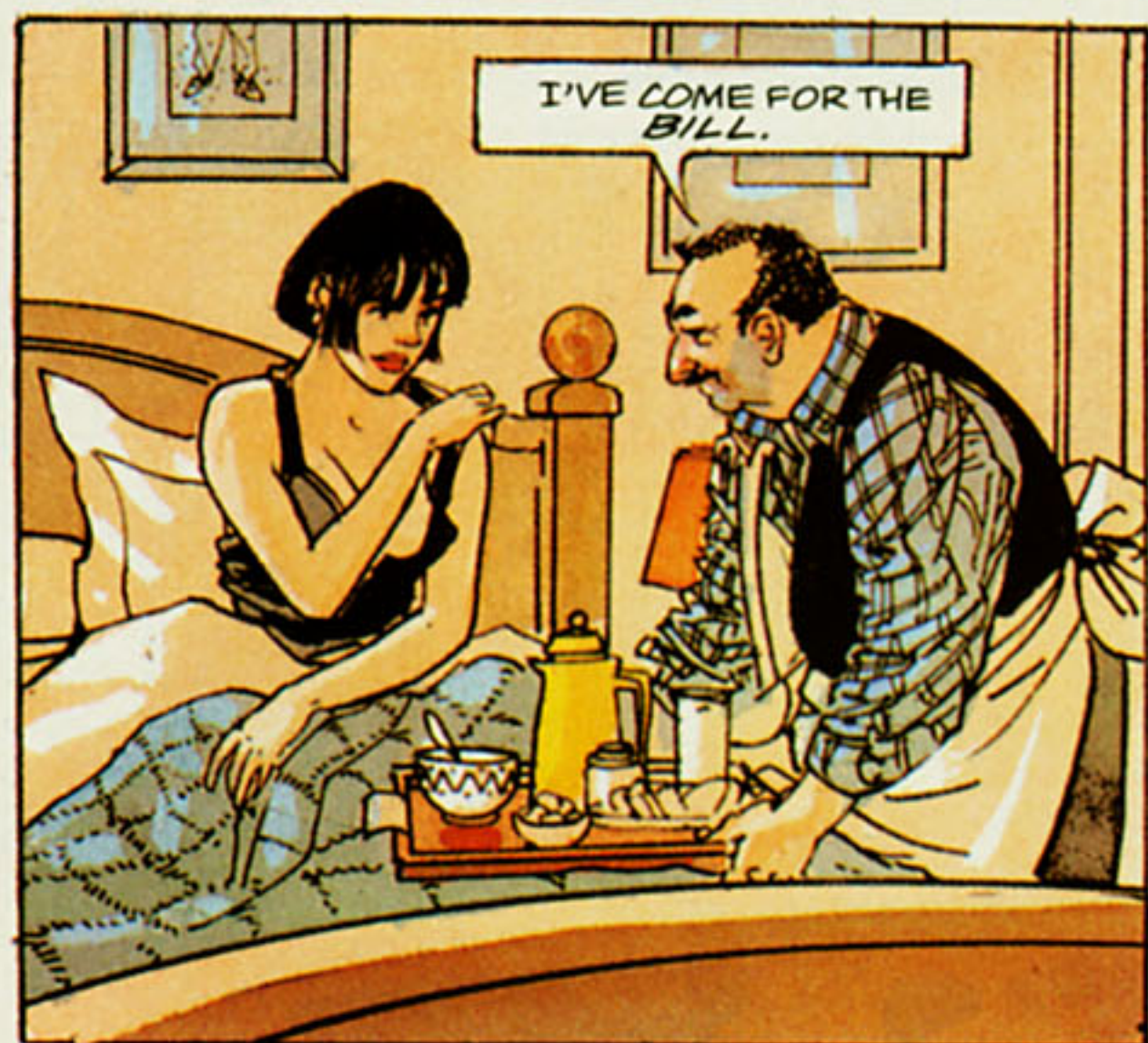


IN THE EARLY MORNING HOURS, THINKING SHE WAS RICH, AN EXHAUSTED PINOCCHIA CRAWLED INTO A WARM, COZY BED.



PAPA? ARE YOU MY PAPA?

I'M THE INNKEEPER.



I'VE COME FOR THE BILL.



BILL? WHAT BILL?



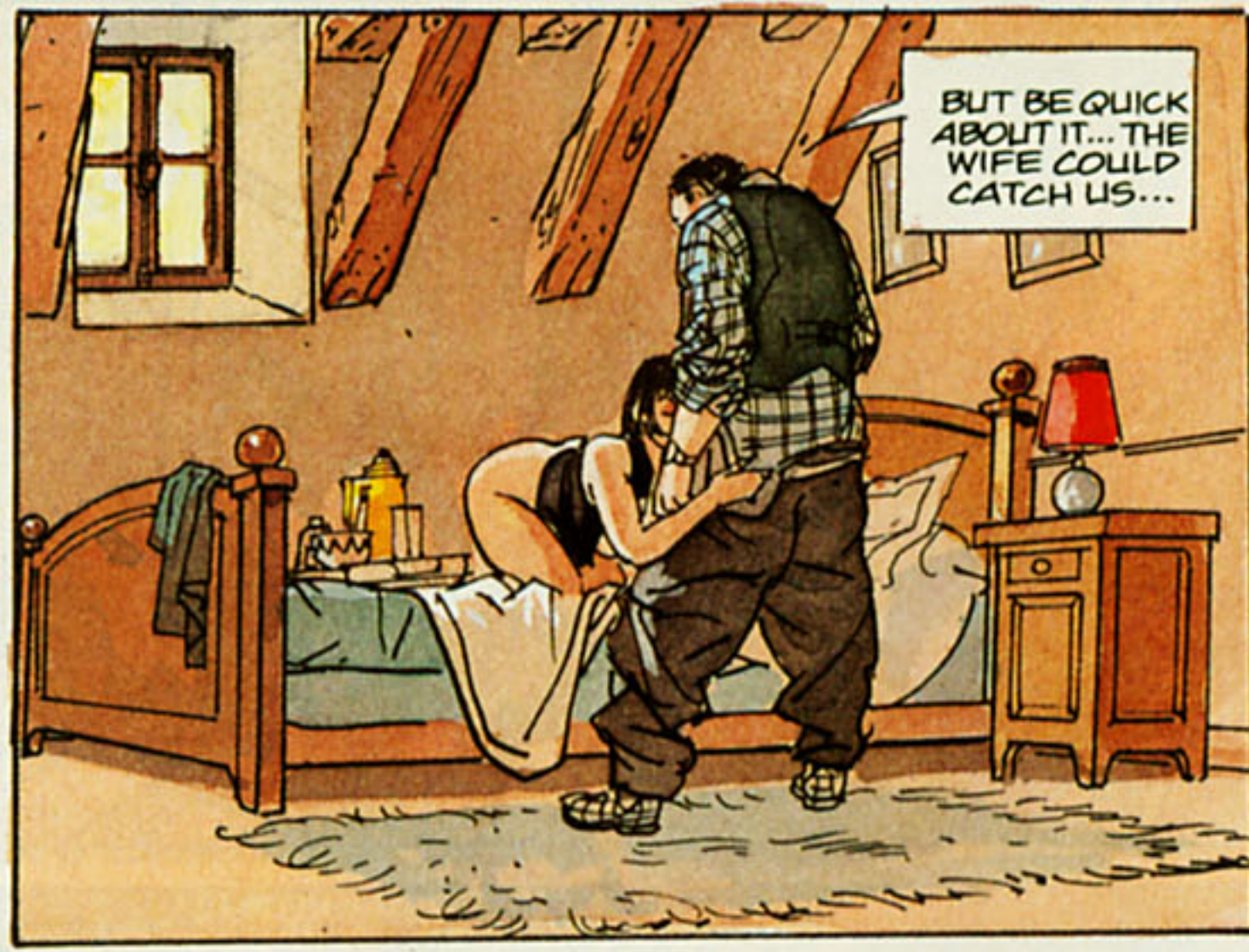
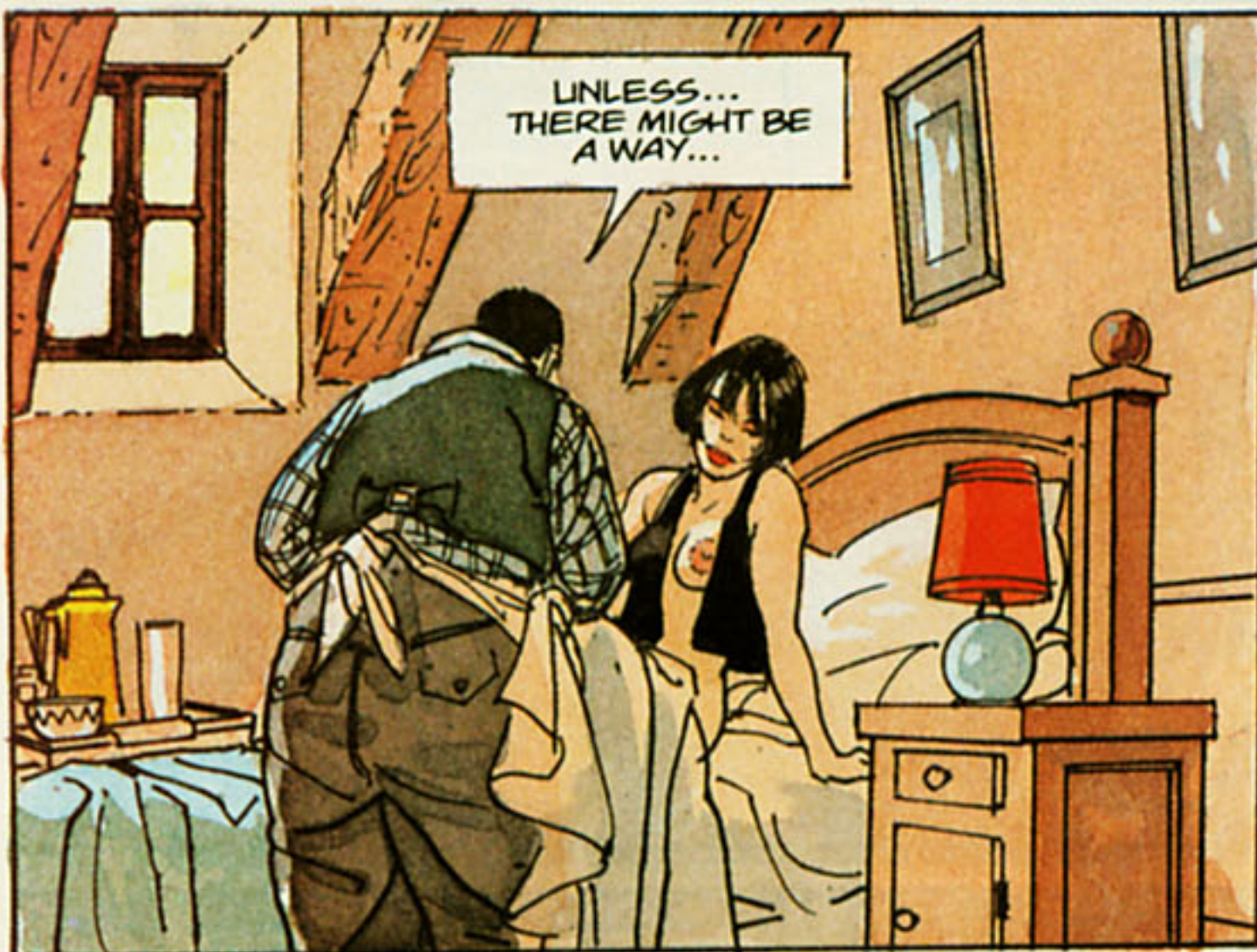
YOUR FRIENDS RAN OFF WITHOUT PAYING THE BILL!



POOR PINOCCHIA! YOU'VE BEEN FOOLED, TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF AND SWINDLED BY THE TWO SCOUNDRELS WHO RAN OFF WITH YOUR GOLD!

BEGGING IS VERY SERIOUS! YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO JAIL, DO YOU, MY PET?

OH NO! JAIL! MY PAPA'S IN JAIL!



BROWN'S
DELIGHTS

100% Pure Brown

Rebound Love

Devon's car...I'd heard her boyfriend had been stolen by her roommate and was being tormented by their nightly romps in the bedroom next to hers.

No doubt my wife was lending her a consoling shoulder to cry on.

HI, ANITA, OH, DEVON, DON'T LEAVE ON MY ACCOUNT.

THAT'S OKAY, BRAD...I DON'T WANT YOU TO SEE ME LIKE THIS...

THEY'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED. B-BUT I STILL LOVE HIM!

NOBODY CARES ABOUT ME! NOBODY... NOBODY...!

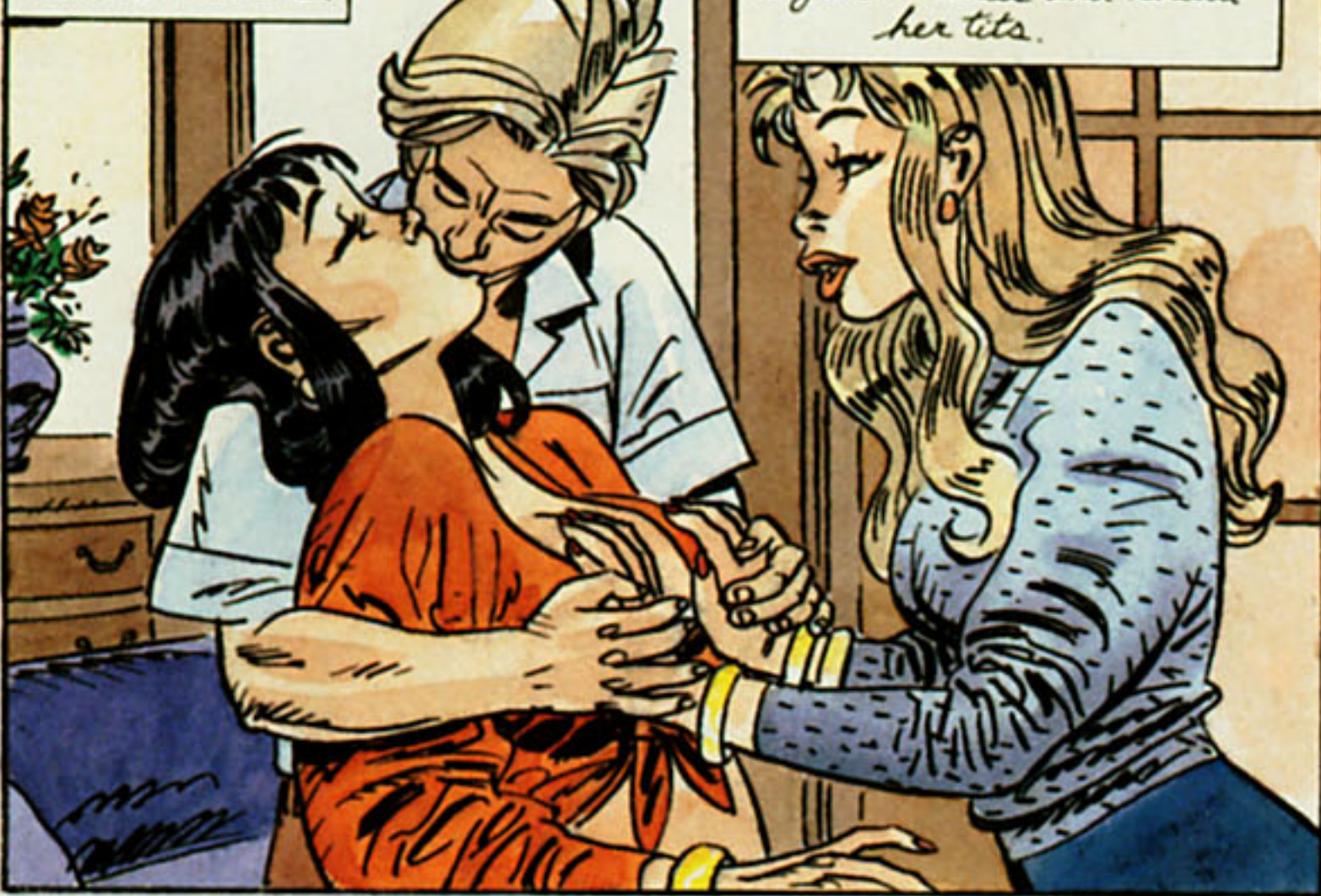
DEVON, WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS... WE LOVE YOU...

My tongue explored Devon's mouth, which was salty with tears but unmistakably sweet in its own way.

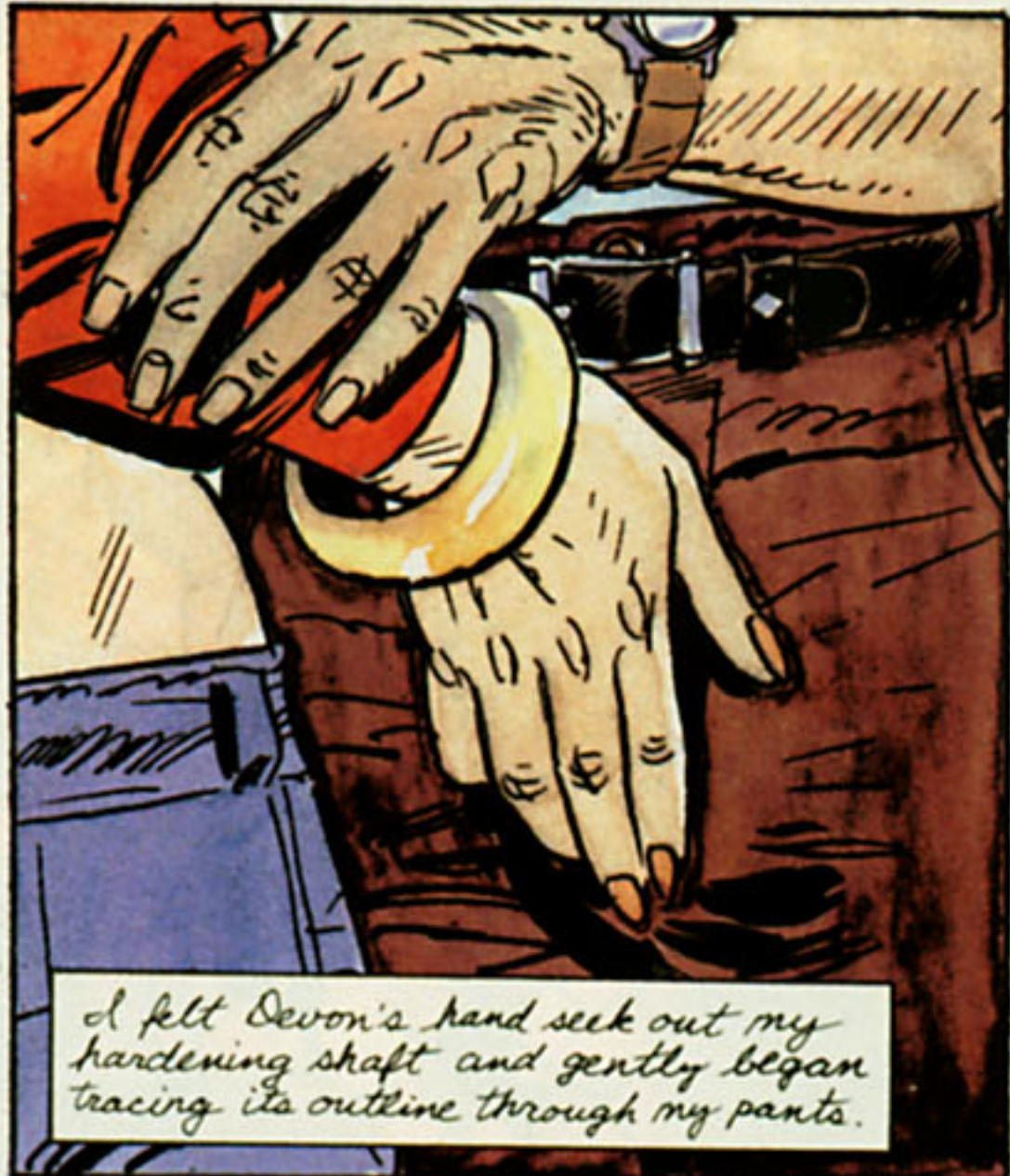
DO YOU GUYS REALLY CARE--OH!

I reached down and took hold of my wife's hands...

...bringing them
up slowly until
they were on
Devon's breasts.



I felt a sharp intake of
breath from Devon as Anita
began to caress and knead
her tits.



I felt Devon's hand seek out my
hardening shaft and gently began
tracing its outline through my pants.

My wife began
pulling Devon's
blouse and bra
off...



Anita dropped my
pants as she was
licking my ass.

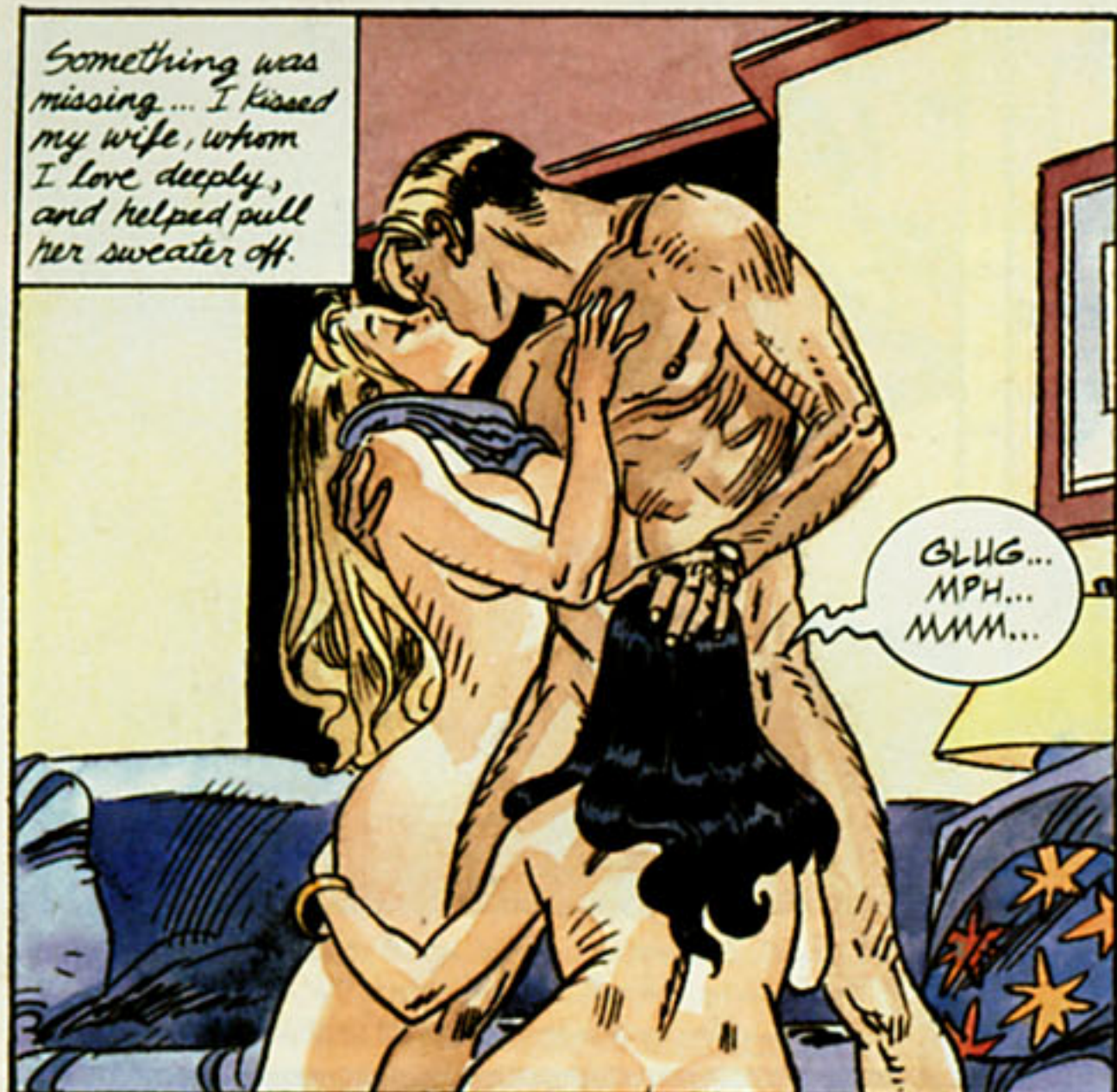
Devon was cupping
my balls -- I
returned the favor
with her tits.



As my pants were
being pulled down,
Devon followed them
with her tongue...



Devon seemed to be a lot less depressed. I
decided her boyfriend must've been a real
idiot to leave behind a mouth like this.



Something was missing... I kissed my wife, whom I love deeply, and helped pull her sweater off.

GLUG...
MPH...
MMM...



I began licking Anita's nipples and she gasped. Her moans quickly built to a crescendo as Devon fingered her.



OH, FUCK THAT!



It was like an oven in there, and my cock was immersed in juices hot as lava. Anita put her mouth around my balls and cruised back and forth as I piped her friend.



I...I'M COMING...!

Instinctively, Anita had pulled my cock from Devon's pussy and rubbed the head against Devon's clit...

...soon, I came too.



I'm happy to say that Devon has completely recovered from her depression. Perhaps spending all her free time sucking and fucking Anita and me has something to do with it.

--B.D.,
Burlington
Vermont