

R-R-R-RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

PENTHOUSE

comix

MAY 1997

CATFIGHT!

THEN
PUSSY
PANZERS
ATTACK!!!

PLUS
HARD-SEX
DETECTIVE
STORIES

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BORIS©
97

THE NEW
Comix
1997

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THE CREW

APPRODITE
A HIGH TECH MEDICAL
FUTURE, LOVE HASN'T
CHANGED, NEITHER
HAVE DETECTIVES.
EXCEPT THIS ONE
WEARS HAREM PANTS
BROWN'S DELIGHTS:
GUARDIANS OF THE
FREE WORLD HAVE
NEEDS, TOO
KODAK: JUSTICE
WE ALL LIVE BY
RULES. KAHN, KODAK'S
ARE ABSOLUTE MOST
OF THE TIME
RADIO MURDERS
MICHO NOVELLA, VAN
CIEVE'S PARTNER IS
MURDERED WHICH IS
NOT NICE, BUT HIS EX-
GIRLFRIEND IS
MANARA: HIDDEN
CAMERA PART 6
ONE WITCH'S EXOR
CISM, CAUGHT BY THE
CAMERA CHOW INITIAL
NUDITY, ANYONE?
NEXT ISSUE
WE TURN THE HEAT UP

LATISCHA OF THE LOST WORLD
GODDESS
LIGHT SMILE... AFTER CLASS SEMINAR... BLOOSE
OPEN ONE BUTTON TOO FAR — RECIPES FOR AN A+
BROWN'S DELIGHT: TEACHER'S PET
PUSSY PANZERS
HARE BREASTED HARE BATTLE ACTION, MEN'S
PIMP MAGAZINE STYLE

18
64
58
49
44
33
22
18
4

A woman with long, dark hair is standing on a sandy beach, looking out at the ocean. She is wearing a light-colored, patterned bikini. The background is a warm, orange-hued sunset or sunrise over the water. The entire scene is framed by a dark, textured border that looks like a torn piece of paper or a rough frame.

Latischa

of the lost world

CATFIGHT!

Latischa, having survived the same plane wreck as Libby and by a weird chain of events, is made ruler of a tribe in the Lost World. The only thing that made her happy about her circumstances was the thought that Libby had died in the crash. Oh, boy. Is she gonna be mad!!!

written by

REX EDWARDS

art by

ALEX HORLEY

color rendering

DIGITAL CHAMELEON

lettering

VICKIE WILLIAMS

"LOOK! LIKE LEMMINGS THEY COME.
CRAZED WITH FEAR, THEY ARE
UNABLE TO PUT UP A FIGHT!"



"THEY DO NOT STAND
A CHANCE."



"BUT, WHY?"

"I DO NOT KNOW..."

MAYBE
SOME OF THE
SURVIVORS WILL
TELL US!

WHAT
IF IT IS A
PLAGUE?

THEN WE WILL
ALL SEE HOW GOOD
A WITCH DOCTOR
YOU ARE !!

WHO IS THAT WOMAN
FIGHTING? SHE LOOKS
LIKE SHE IS LEADING
YOUR MEN!







AND NOW WE
MUST WAIT. FOR THE
LEADER OF THE TRIBE TO
HONOR NOT ONLY THE
DEAD OF THE DEFEATED...

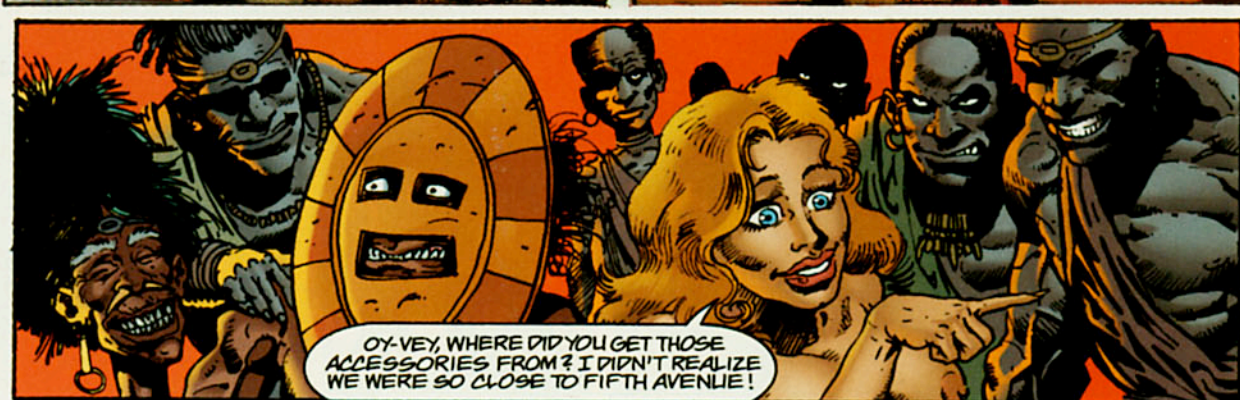
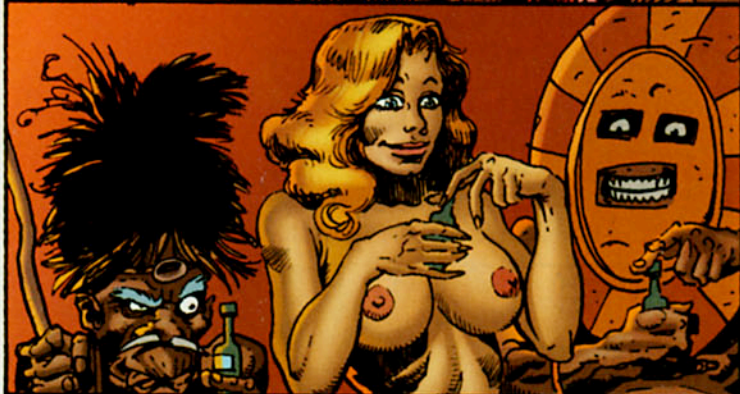
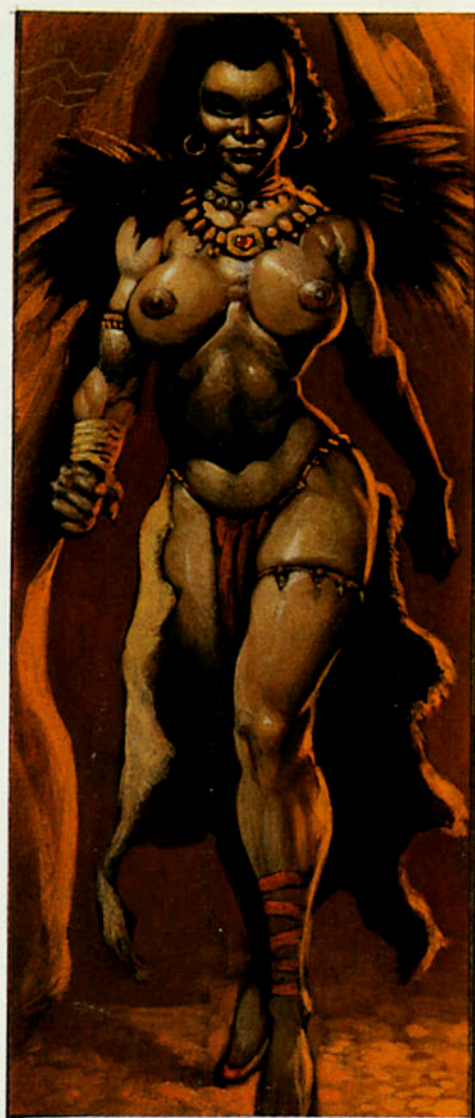


...AND NOT ONLY
FOR THE DEAD
OF OUR OWN
TRIBE...



"...BUT ALSO FOR
THE WARRIORS
WHO FOUGHT
TODAY, SO WE
ALL MAY LIVE
ANOTHER DAY!!"







YOU?!!



I'M SORRY? DO YOU THINK YOU KNOW ME? BELIEVE ME, YOU AIN'T FROM MY PART OF TOWN!



"NOT ENOUGH ICE! TOO HOT! TOO COLD! FLUFF MY CUSHION! I WANT MY DINNER COOKED FRESH! I DON'T EAT IN-FLIGHT FOOD!"

REMEMBER ME NOW?



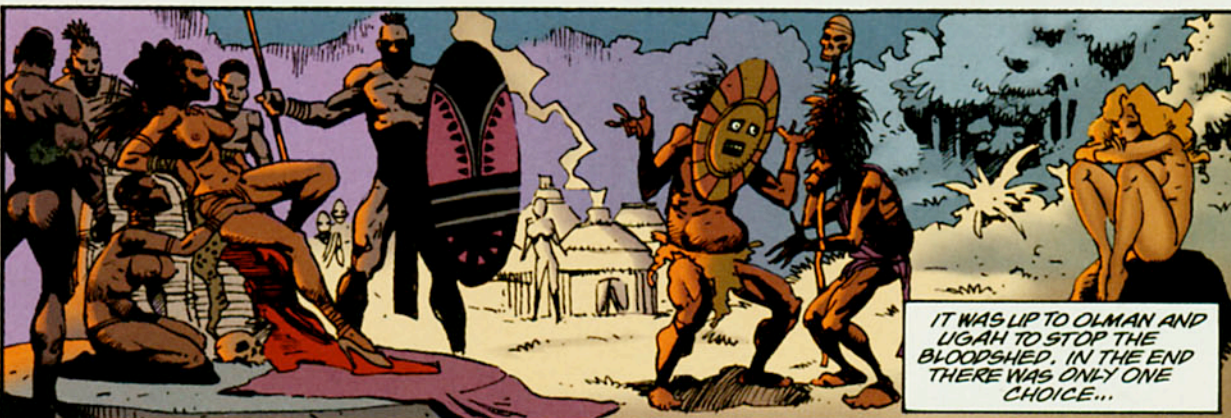
NOOD, I'M SORRY, YOU REALLY MUST HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH SOMEONE ELSE!



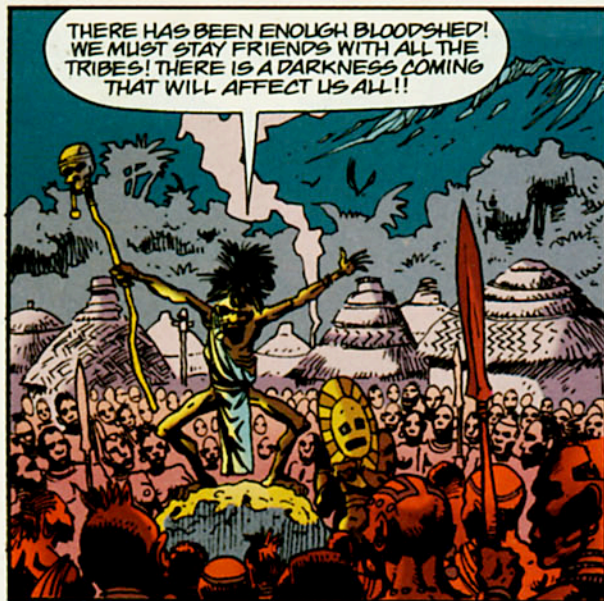
LATISCHA! IT IS AGAINST THE LAWS OF THE TRIBE! THEY ARE OUR GUESTS!!



WELL, THEN! LET'S PARTY, FOR TOMORROW WE GO TO WAR!!!



IT WAS UP TO OLMAN AND UGAH TO STOP THE BLOODSHED. IN THE END THERE WAS ONLY ONE CHOICE...



THERE HAS BEEN ENOUGH BLOODSHED!
WE MUST STAY FRIENDS WITH ALL THE
TRIBES! THERE IS A DARKNESS COMING
THAT WILL AFFECT US ALL!!



WAIT A
MINUTE!
I'M THE
LEAD--

BUT, A DISAGREEMENT IS LEFT
UNRESOLVED! THIS MUST NOT
BE! THEREFORE, ACCORDING TO
OUR LAWS, THE TWO MUST DECIDE
IN UNARMED CONFLICT!



"TOMORROW, WHEN THE SUN
IS AT ITS HIGHEST, WE
WILL MEET BY THE RIVER..."

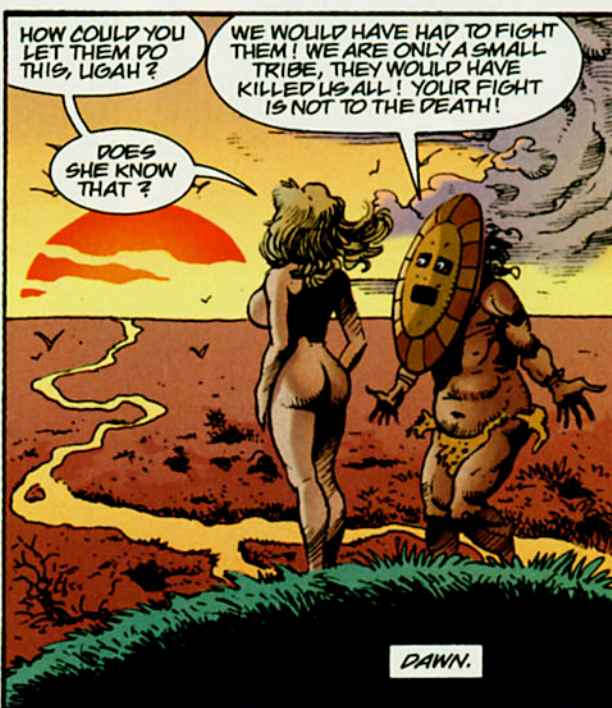


"...AND DECIDE WHO
IS RIGHT AND
WHO IS WRONG!"

WHAT COULD I
HAVE DONE TO ANYONE
TO MAKE THEM DO THIS?



YEA!
CATFIGHT!!

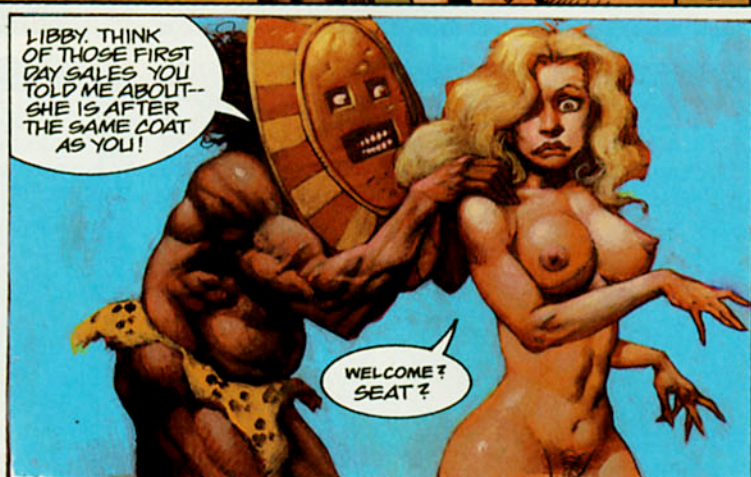
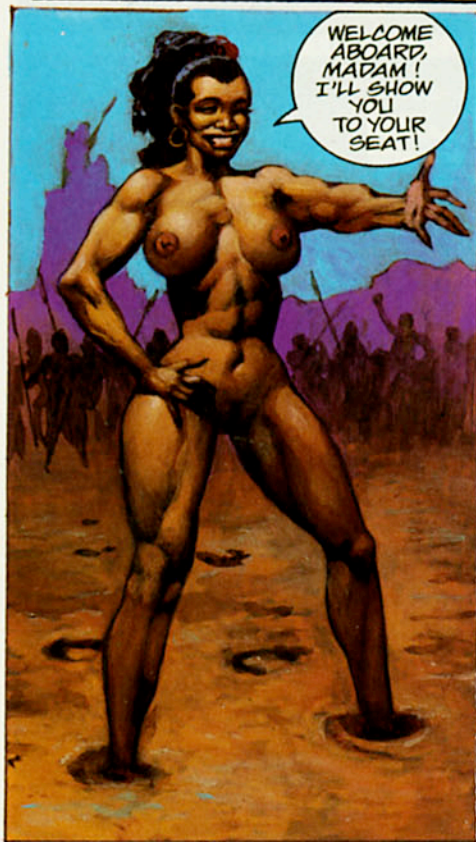
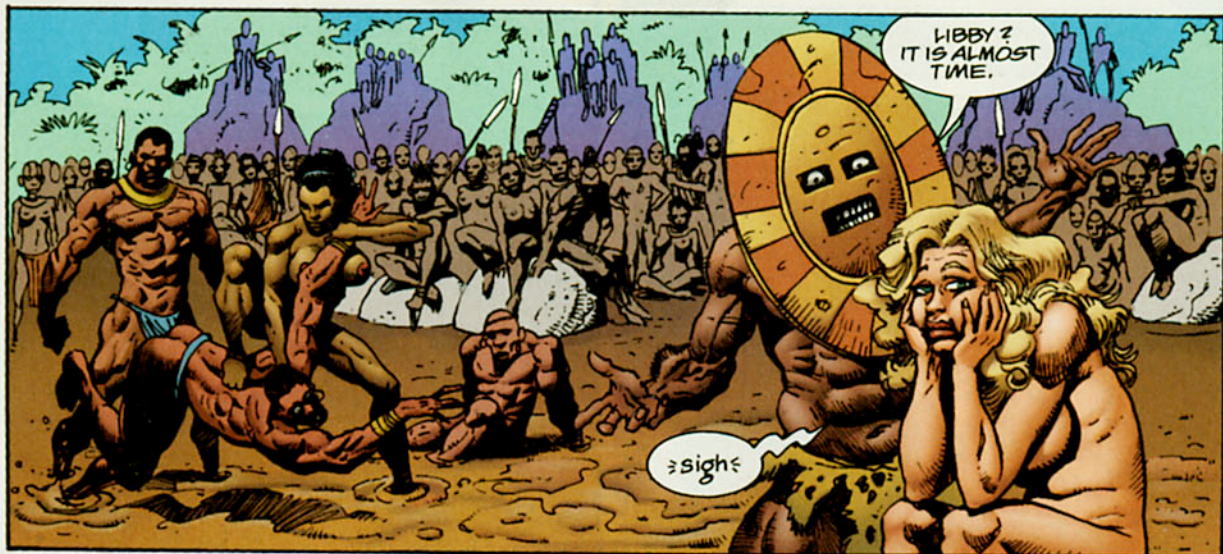


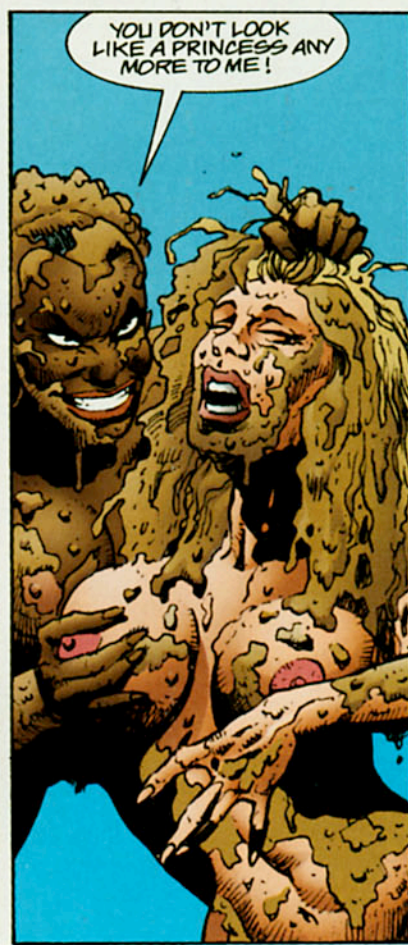
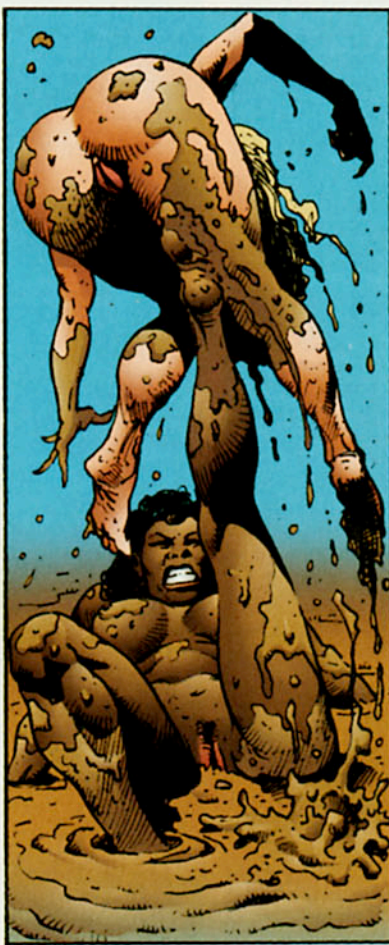
HOW COULD YOU
LET THEM DO
THIS, LIGAH?

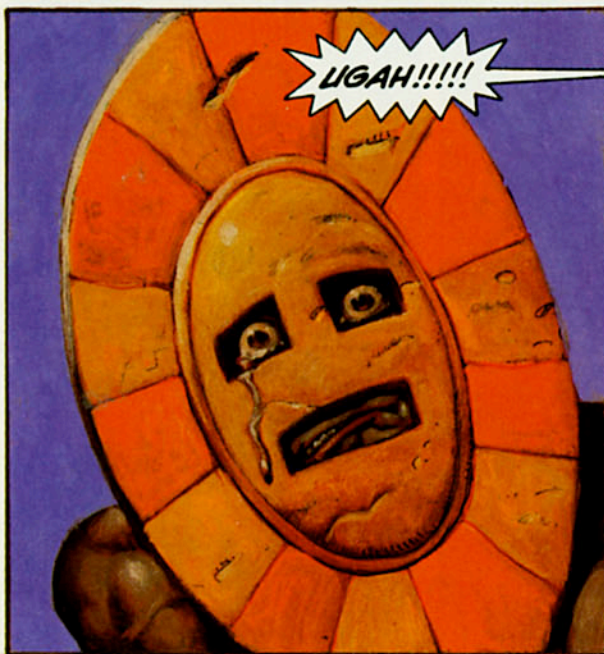
WE WOULD HAVE HAD TO FIGHT
THEM! WE ARE ONLY A SMALL
TRIBE, THEY WOULD HAVE
KILLED US ALL! YOUR FIGHT
IS NOT TO THE DEATH!

DOES
SHE KNOW
THAT?

DAWN.









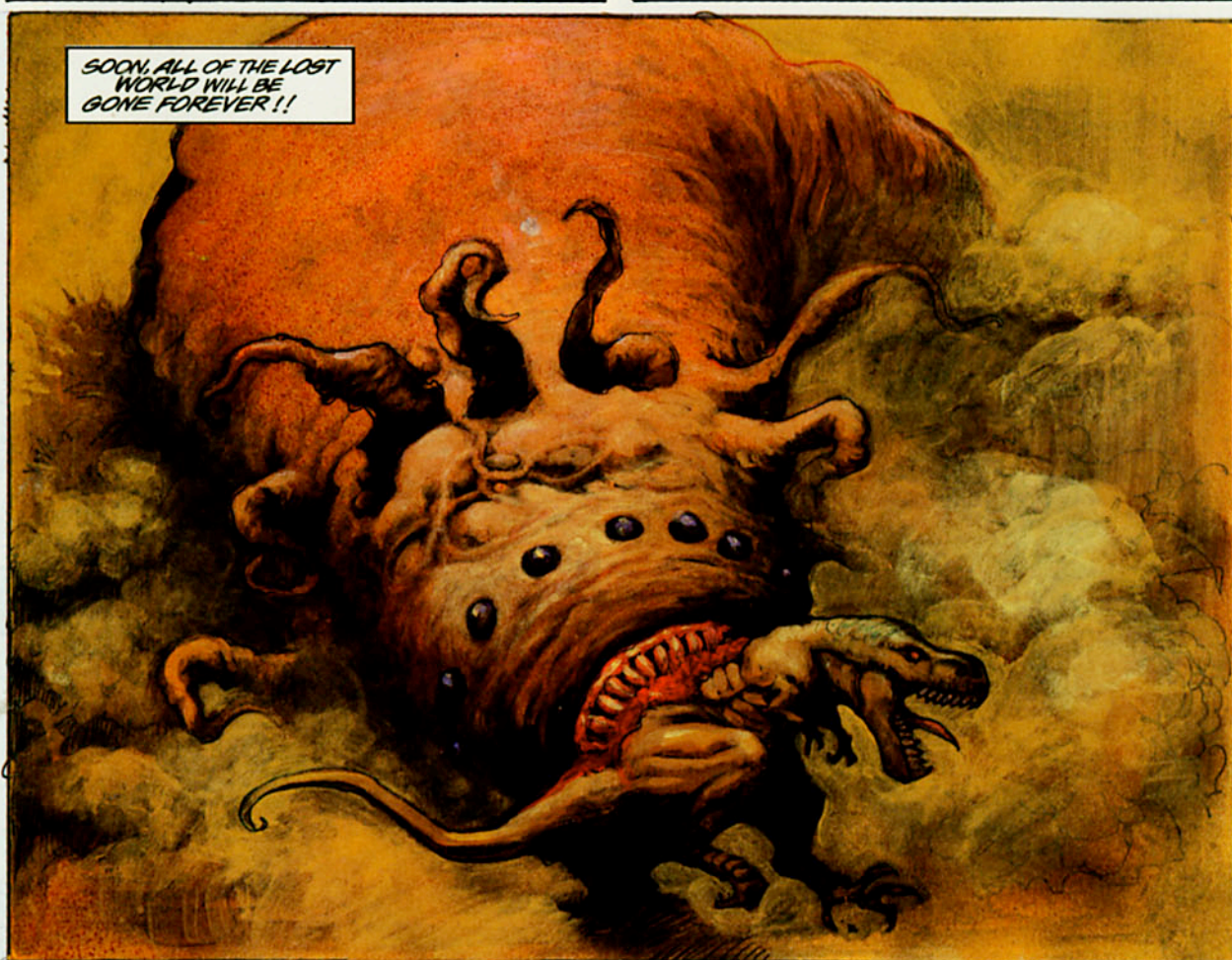
CIVILIZATIONS HAVE COME
AND GONE IN THE LOST
WORLD, BUT THE DINOSAURS
HAVE ALWAYS REMAINED.



SNIFF!
SNIFF!



UNTIL NOW!

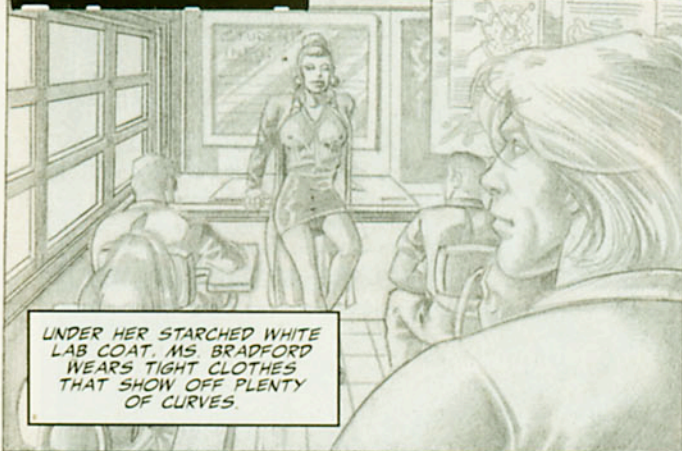


SOON, ALL OF THE LOST
WORLD WILL BE
GONE FOREVER!!

TO BE CONTINUED ✓

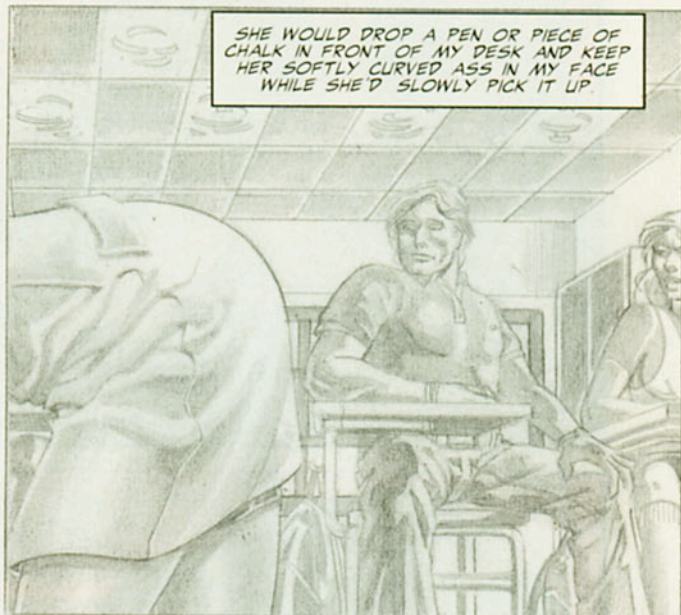
**BROWN'S DELIGHTS:
TEACHER'S PET**
ELIOT BROWN-WRITER
TOMIS GIORELLO-ARTIST
KEN LOPEZ-LETTERER

I AM A COLLEGE FRESHMAN WHO FINDS SCHOOL VERY BORING, BUT I'M TRYING TO HANG. MY DAY LIGHTS UP THOUGH, WHEN MY HOT BIOLOGY INSTRUCTOR FLIRTS WITH ME IN CLASS.



UNDER HER STARCHED WHITE LAB COAT, MS BRADFORD WEARS TIGHT CLOTHES THAT SHOW OFF PLENTY OF CURVES.

SHE WOULD DROP A PEN OR PIECE OF CHALK IN FRONT OF MY DESK AND KEEP HER SOFTLY CURVED ASS IN MY FACE WHILE SHE'D SLOWLY PICK IT UP.

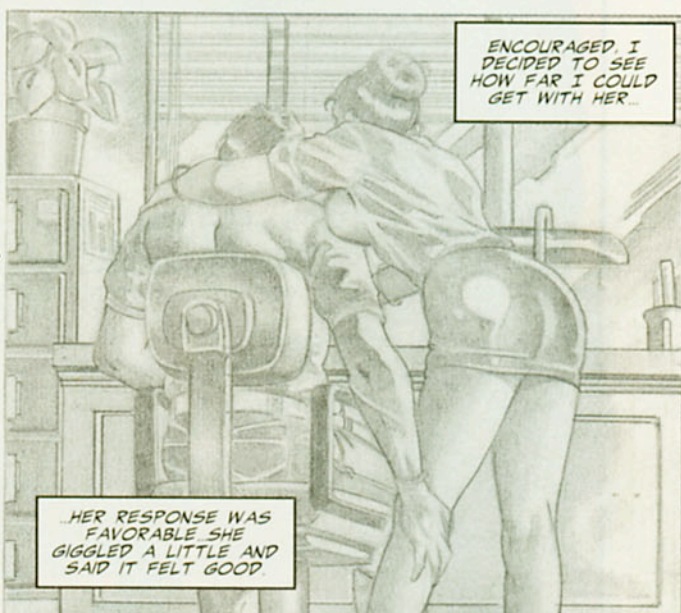


MIDTERMS WERE COMING UP, SO I VISITED DURING OFFICE HOURS TO GET SOME ADVICE, EVEN THOUGH I'D DECIDED TO KEEP MY MIND OFF MY DICK'S DESIRE...



MS BRADFORD LEANED OVER ME AND STARTED TO RUB HER TITS ON ME.

ENCOURAGED, I DECIDED TO SEE HOW FAR I COULD GET WITH HER...



HER RESPONSE WAS FAVORABLE SHE GIGGLED A LITTLE AND SAID IT FELT GOOD.

I LET THE TEXTBOOKS FALL TO THE FLOOR AS I TOOK MS BRADFORD IN MY ARMS AND GENTLY BLEW INTO HER EAR.



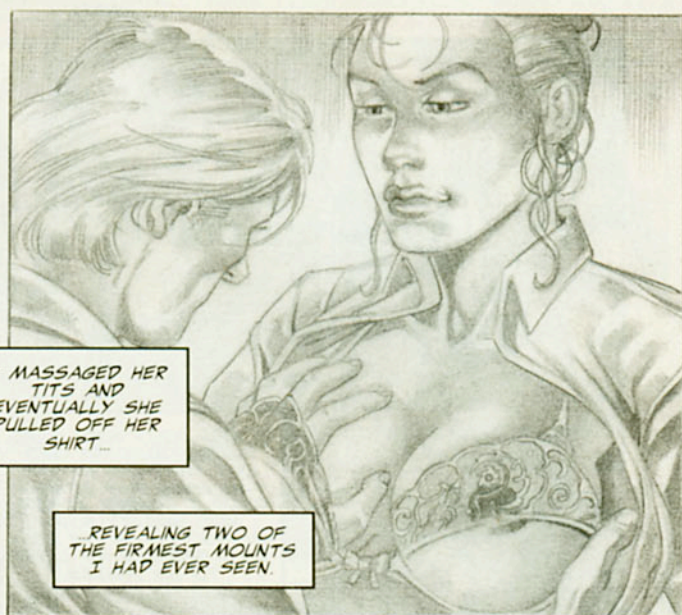
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT...A SLAP OR A WIGGLING TONGUE IN MY MOUTH...



WHAT I GOT WAS A LONG, WET KISS.



MS BRADFORD
PLACED HER
HAND ON MY
BULGING COCK
AND TOOK
ONE OF MY
HANDS AND
PUT IT ON HER
TIT.



I MASSAGED HER
TITS AND
EVENTUALLY SHE
PULLED OFF HER
SHIRT...

REVEALING TWO OF
THE FIRREST MOUNTS
I HAD EVER SEEN.



SHE WAS UNHOOKING HER BRA WHILE I
MADE SHORT WORK OF HER NIPPLES.

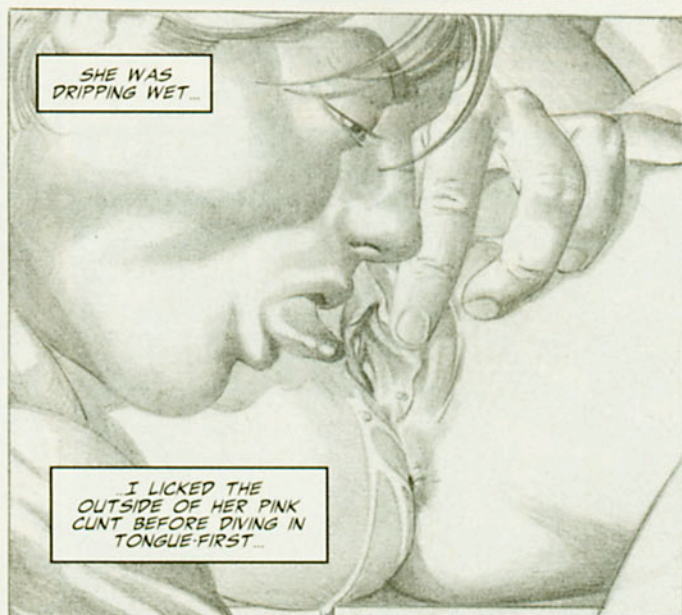


AFTER I HAD SUCKED HER
NIPPLES FOR A WHILE, SHE
STARTED TO FINGER HERSELF.



I PUSHED HER
SKIRT AND
PANTIES PAST
HER SKINNY
HIPS AND SAT
HER DOWN ON
THE DESK...

I WENT
DOWN ON
HER AS SHE
LEANED BACK
ON HER
HANDS.



SHE WAS
DRIPPING WET...

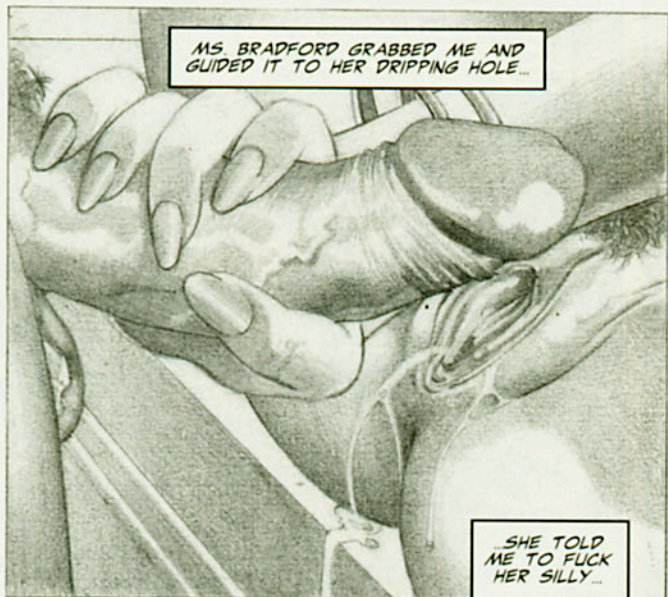
I LICKED THE
OUTSIDE OF HER PINK
CLUNT BEFORE DIVING IN
TONGUE-FIRST...



I WAS DIZZY WITH LUST
AND TOTALLY FREAKED
OUT THAT ONE OF MY
FANTASIES WAS COMING
TRUE! I STARED AT HER
HOT, SWEATY BODY
PROPPED UP ON THE DESK
AS I DROPPED MY LEVIS
TO MY ANKLES.



JUDGING FROM THE
WAY MY BIOLOGY
TEACHER WAS
FINGERING HERSELF,
SHE WAS READY FOR
THE NEXT LEVEL...



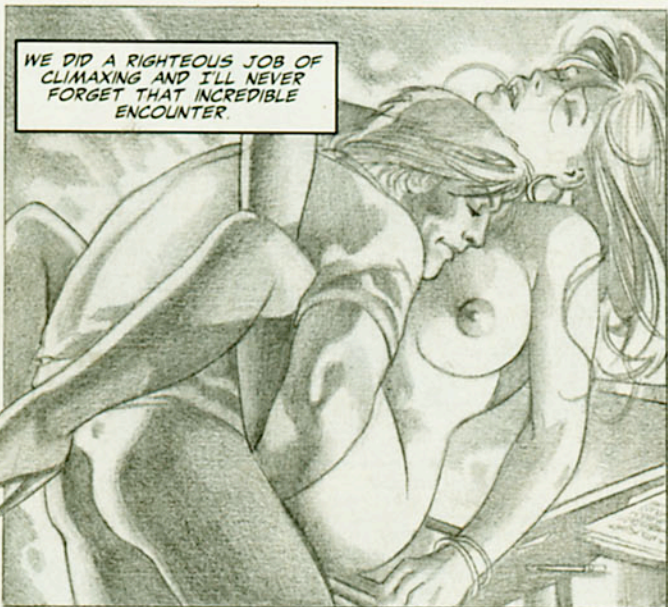
MS. BRADFORD GRABBED ME AND
GUIDED IT TO HER DRIPPING HOLE...

SHE TOLD
ME TO FUCK
HER SILLY...



SO I
RAMMED HER
WET PUSSY.

I WAS HUMMING HER LIKE
SHE WAS THE FIRST PIECE
OF ASS I'D EVER HAD.



WE DID A RIGHTEOUS JOB OF
CLIMAXING AND I'LL NEVER
FORGET THAT INCREDIBLE
ENCOUNTER.



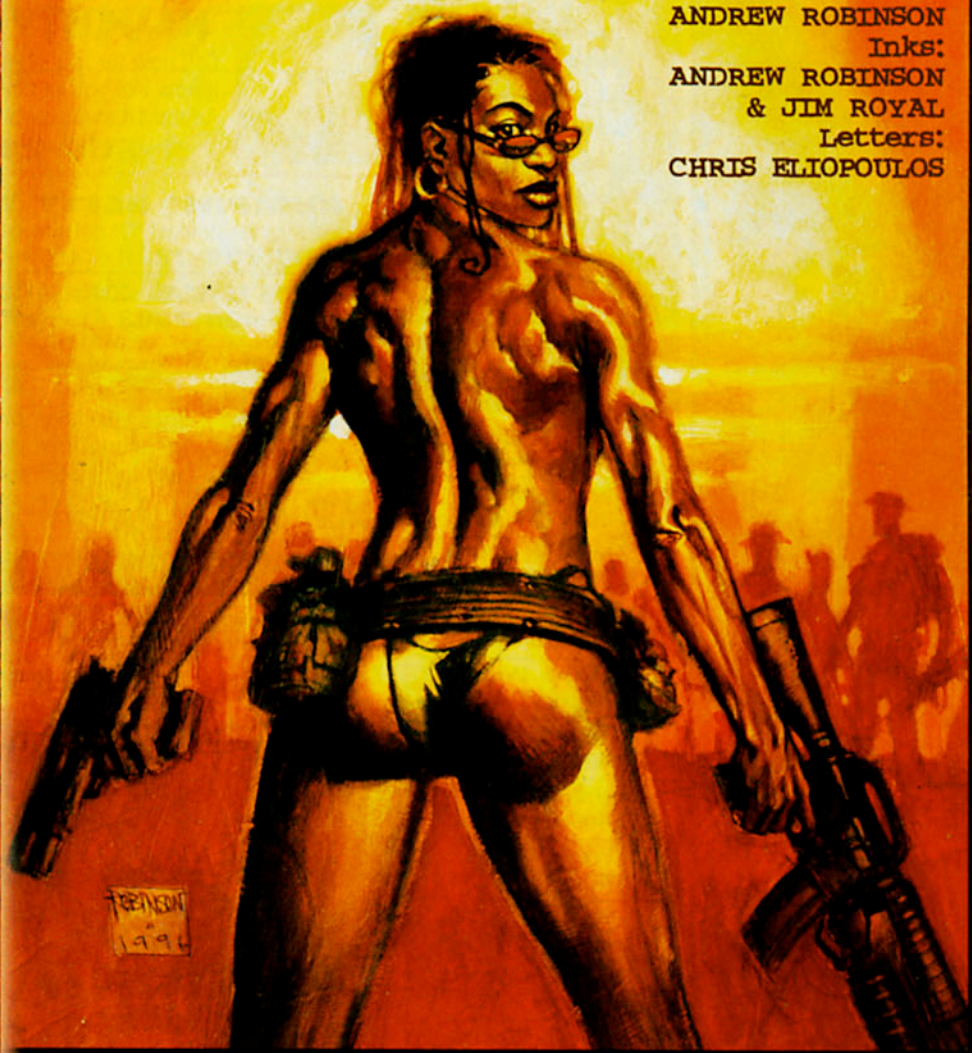
I GUESS THERE'S
A LOT TO BE SAID
FOR A COLLEGE
EDUCATION.

-D.R., GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA

THE PUSSY PANZERS

WHO HUNG HUSSEIN OUT TO DRY!

Story:
CJ HENDERSON
Pencils:
ANDREW ROBINSON
Inks:
ANDREW ROBINSON
& JIM ROYAL
Letters:
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS

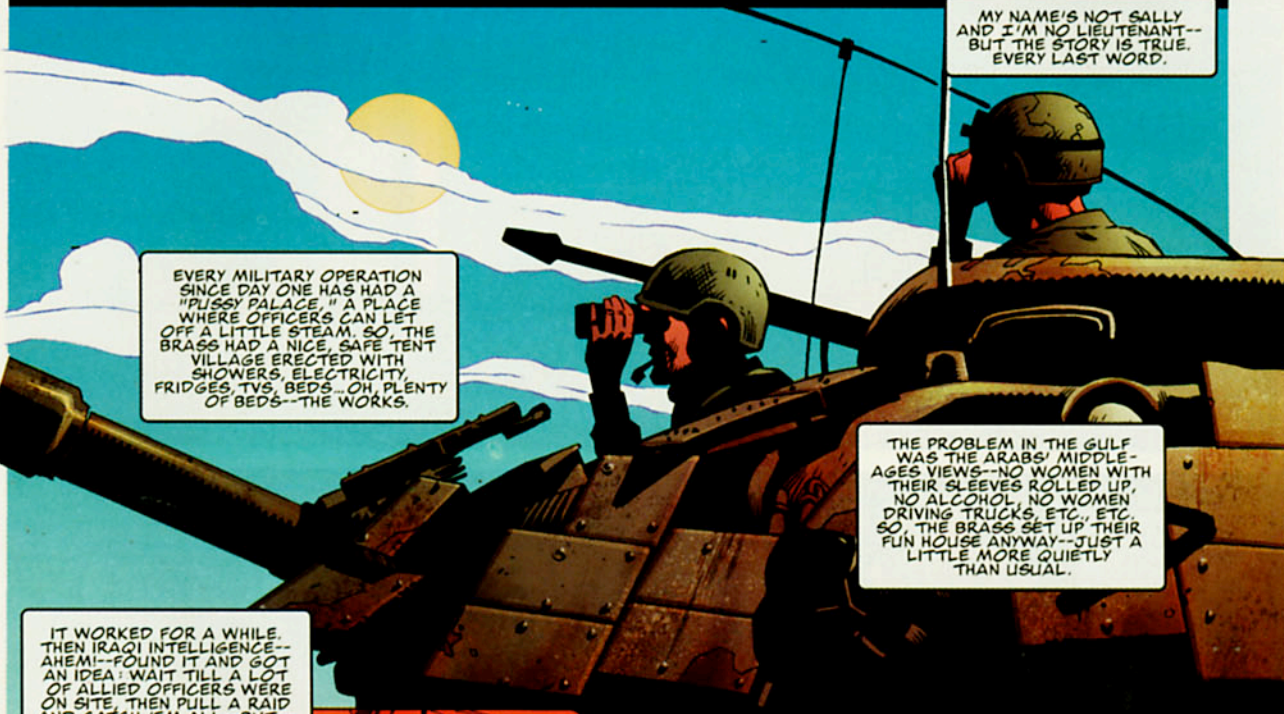


HENDERSON
1996



LISTEN UP, YOU CIVILIANS.
THE MEDIA MADE
OPERATION DESERT STORM
SOUND LIKE SOME SORT
OF PICNIC--I WISH.

FOR MOST OF THE
STAR-SPANGLED GLORY
DOGS, IT WAS, BUT NOT
ME. AND NOT THE GUYS
AND GALS WHO CAME
TO BE KNOWN AS:



MY NAME'S NOT SALLY
AND I'M NO LIEUTENANT--
BUT THE STORY IS TRUE.
EVERY LAST WORD.

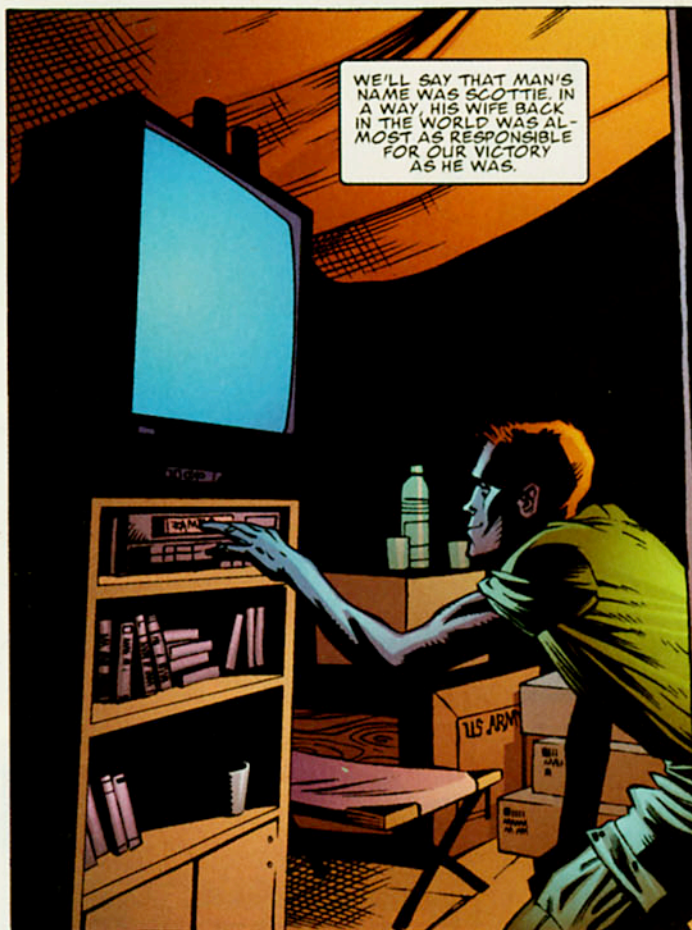
EVERY MILITARY OPERATION
SINCE DAY ONE HAS HAD A
"PUSSY PALACE," A PLACE
WHERE OFFICERS CAN LET
OFF A LITTLE STEAM. SO, THE
BRASS HAD A NICE, SAFE TENT
VILLAGE ERECTED WITH
SHOWERS, ELECTRICITY,
FRIDGES, TVS, BEDS. OH, PLENTY
OF BEDS--THE WORKS.

THE PROBLEM IN THE GULF
WAS THE ARABS' MIDDLE-
AGES VIEWS--NO WOMEN WITH
THEIR SLEEVES ROLLED UP,
NO ALCOHOL, NO WOMEN
DRIVING TRUCKS, ETC., ETC.
SO, THE BRASS SET UP THEIR
FUN HOUSE ANYWAY--JUST A
LITTLE MORE QUIETLY
THAN USUAL.

IT WORKED FOR A WHILE.
THEN IRAQI INTELLIGENCE--
AHEM!--FOUND IT AND GOT
AN IDEA: WAIT TILL A LOT
OF ALLIED OFFICERS WERE
ON SITE, THEN PULL A RAID
AND CATCH 'EM ALL--BUT--



--THIS STORY IS ABOUT ONE MAN,
AND HOW HE SAVED THE DAY INSTEAD
OF LETTING UNCLE SAM GET CAUGHT
WITH HIS PANTS DOWN...SO TO SPEAK.



WE'LL SAY THAT MAN'S NAME WAS SCOTTIE. IN A WAY, HIS WIFE BACK IN THE WORLD WAS ALMOST AS RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR VICTORY AS HE WAS.



SCOTTIE DIDN'T GO TO THE PALACE TO CHEAT ON HIS WIFE. WATCHING TAPES, PLAYING POOL WAS AS WILD AS SCOTTIE GOT. SINCE HIS WIFE HAD SENT HIM A STALLONE MOVIE, HE WROTE HIMSELF A PASS AND CAME OVER TO WATCH IT.



I STOLE A PEEK FROM TIME TO TIME. I LIKE STALLONE. WHAT WOMAN DOESN'T?



HALFWAY THROUGH THE FILM THE FUN STARTED.

I'M COMING FOR YOU, MURTOCH.



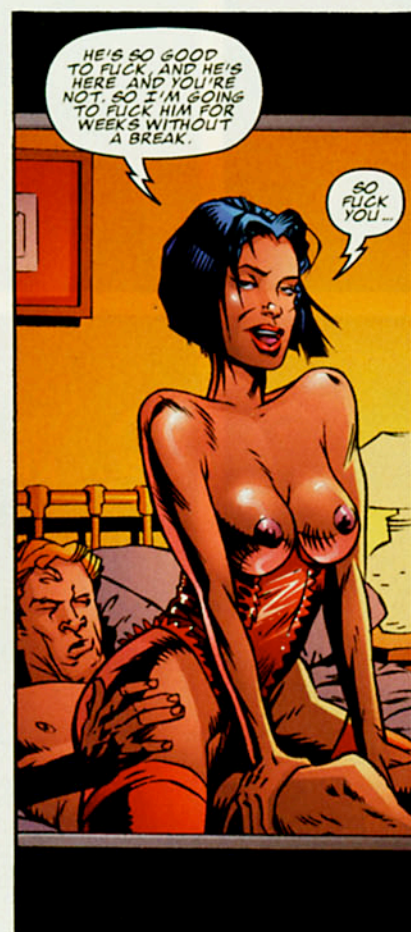
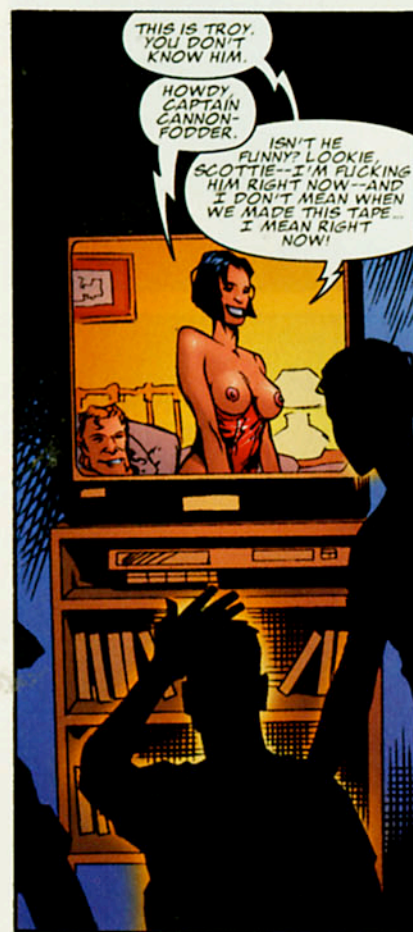
RATATTAATA

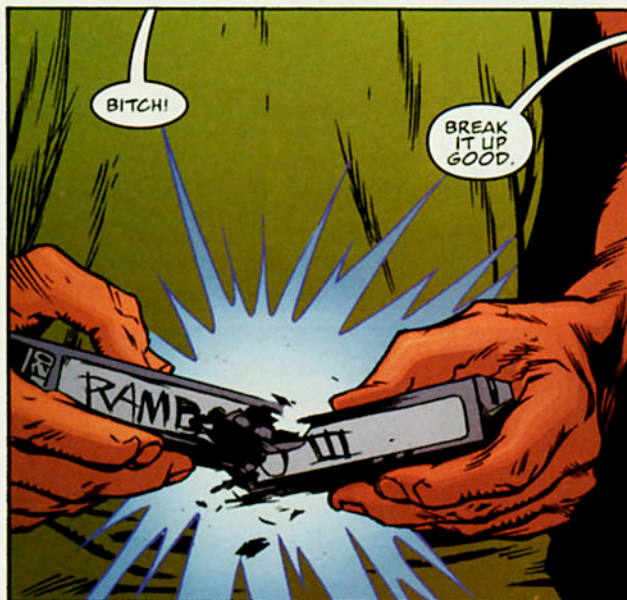
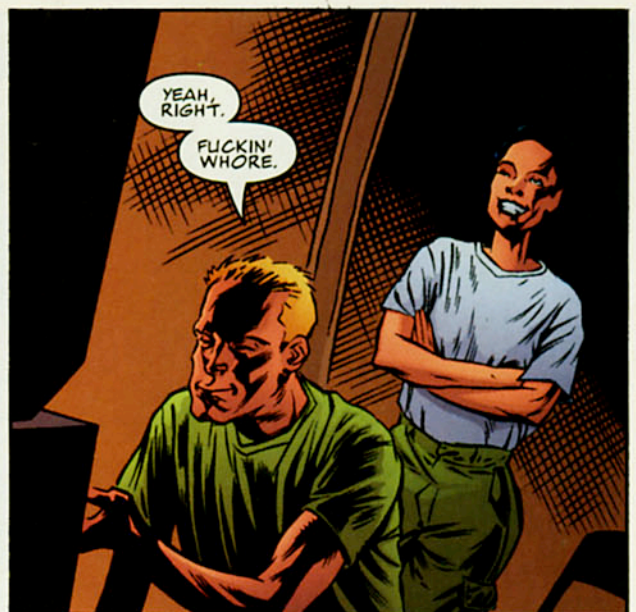
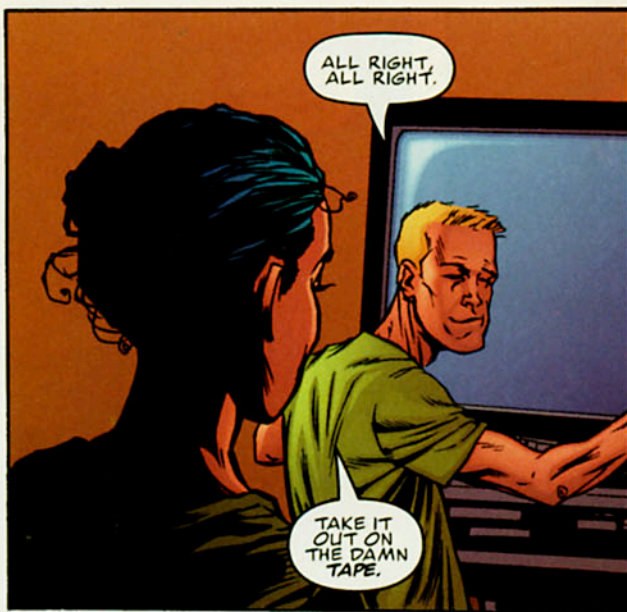
AWHHHHH!!

AHHHHHHH!!

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA

ENJOYIN' YOURSELVES, GUYS?

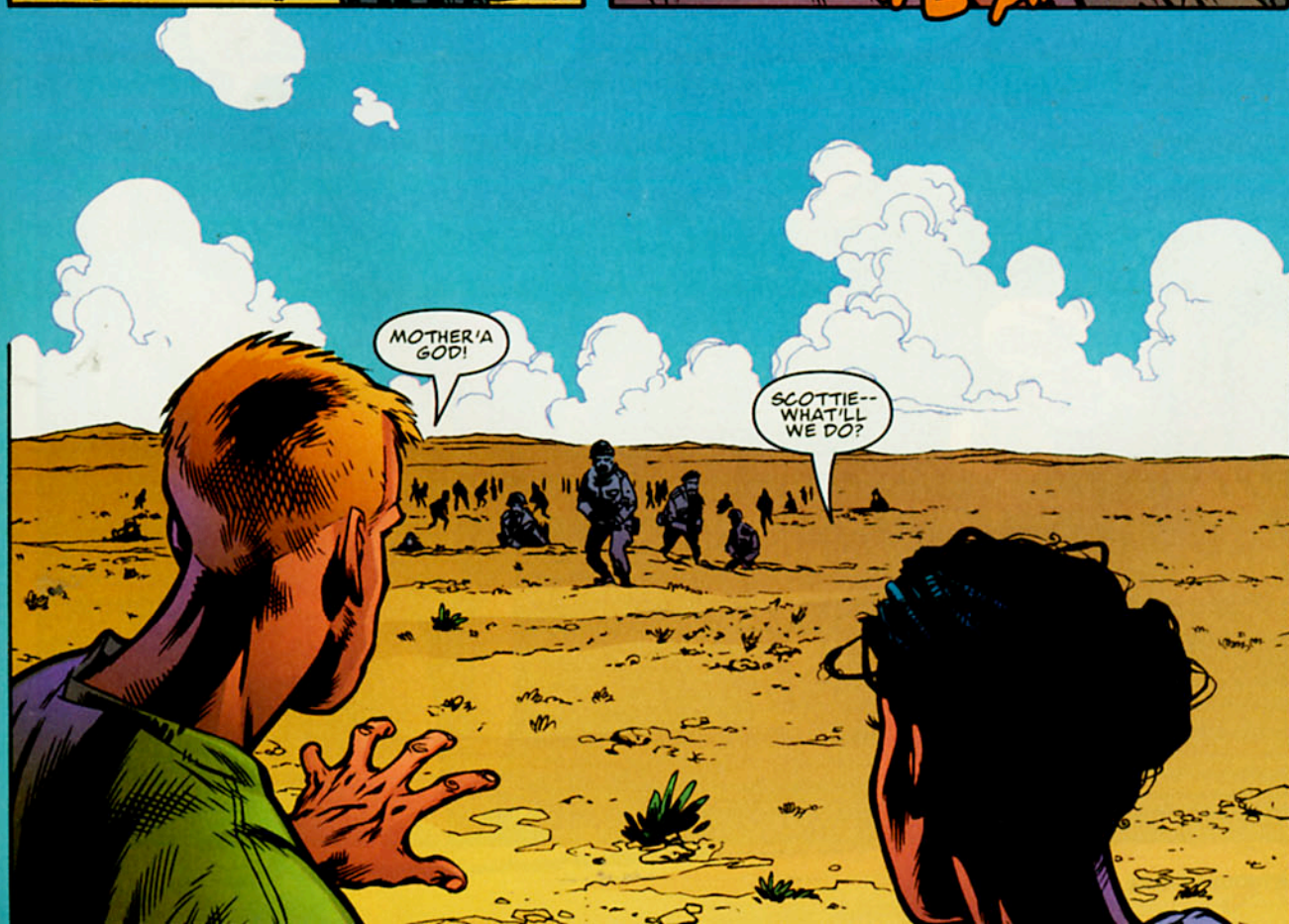


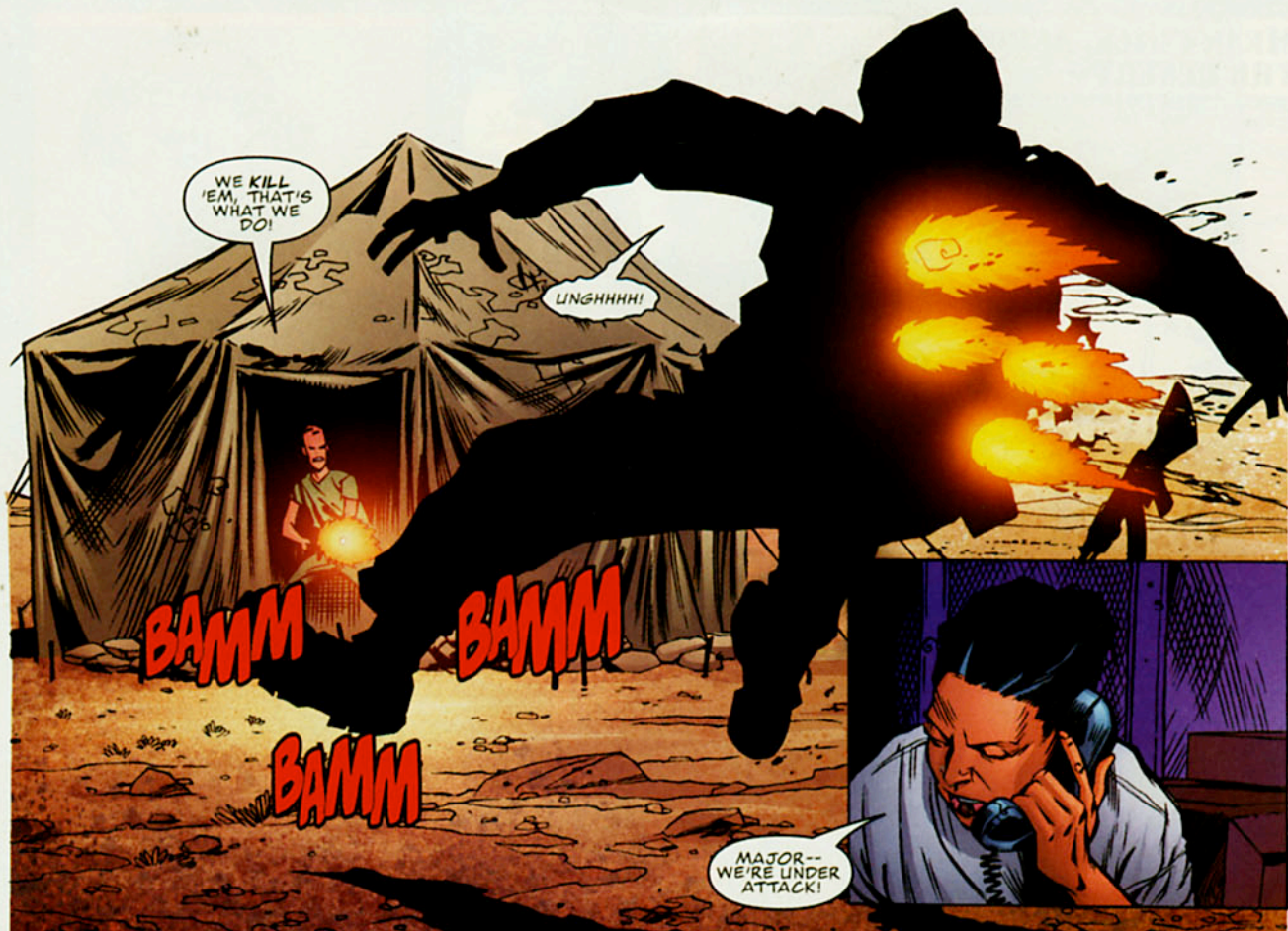






MEANWHILE, ACROSS
THE DESERT--





WE KILL 'EM, THAT'S WHAT WE DO!

LINGHHHH!

BAMM
BAMM
BAMM

MAJOR--
WE'RE UNDER
ATTACK!



WE GOT NO TIME
TO WAIT FOR
THAT REMF...

WE GOTTA
SPREAD THE
WORD HERE!



GET
UP--GET
MOVING!

WHA--
WHAT
IS IT?

WE'RE
UNDER
ATTACK!



YOU'RE
KIDDING,
AREN'T
YOU?

YOU
HEAR THE
GUNS GOING
OFF, DICK
BREATH?

WE'RE
IN THE
WAR, YOU
IDIOT!

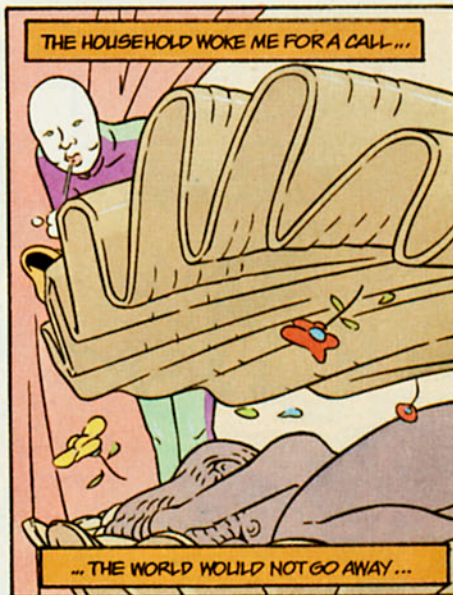
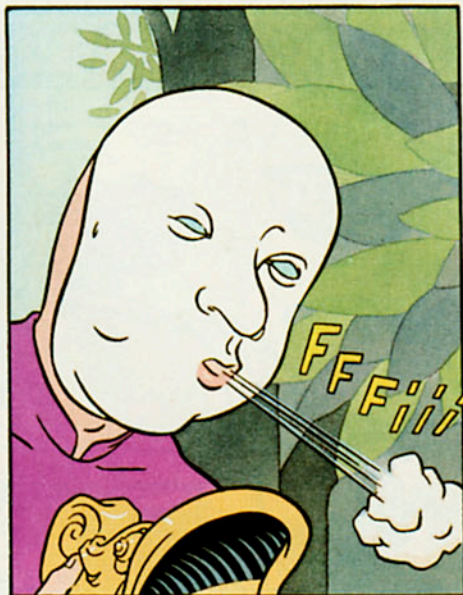


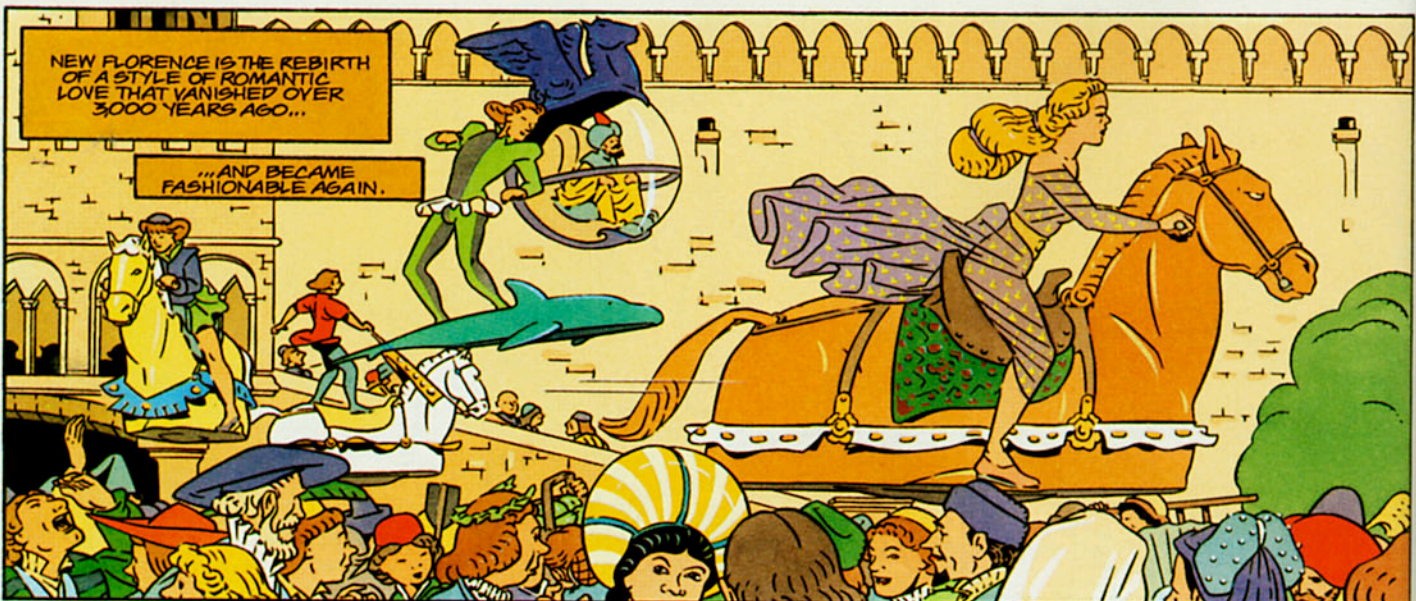
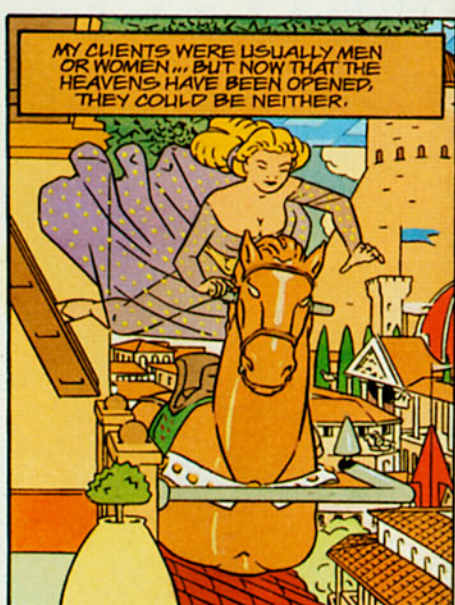
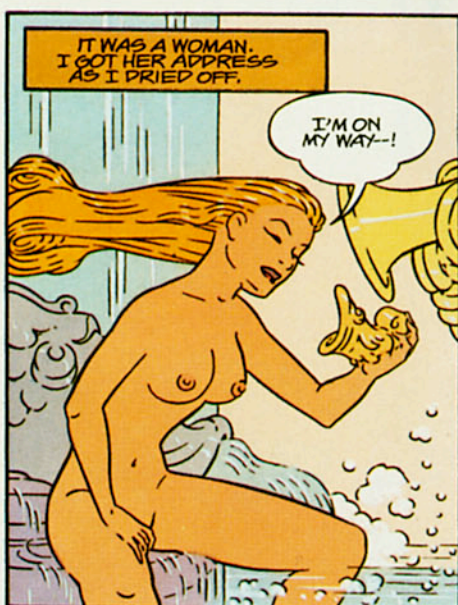
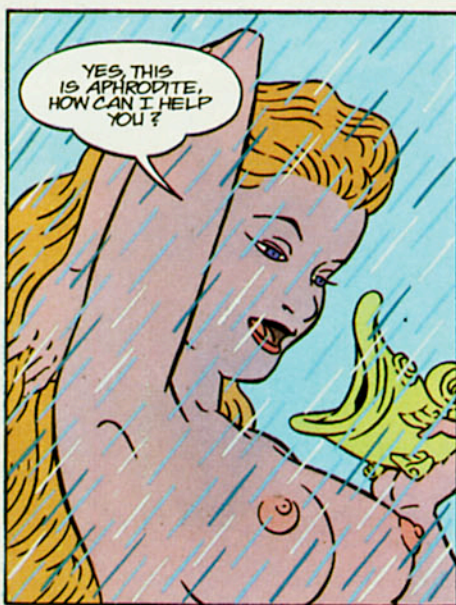
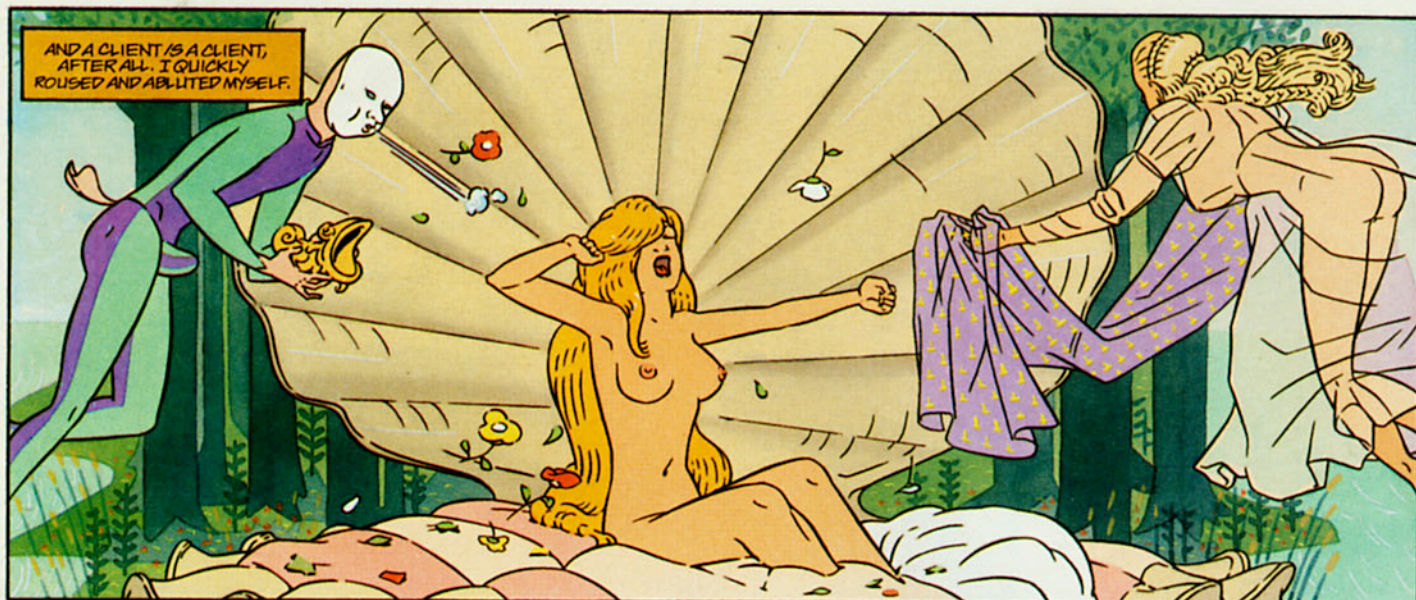
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEW FLORENCE, MID-SECOND
MILLENNIUM OF THE
NEORENAISSANCE ERA.

Aphrodite

Story and Art:
Daniel Torres
lettering:
Vickie Williams





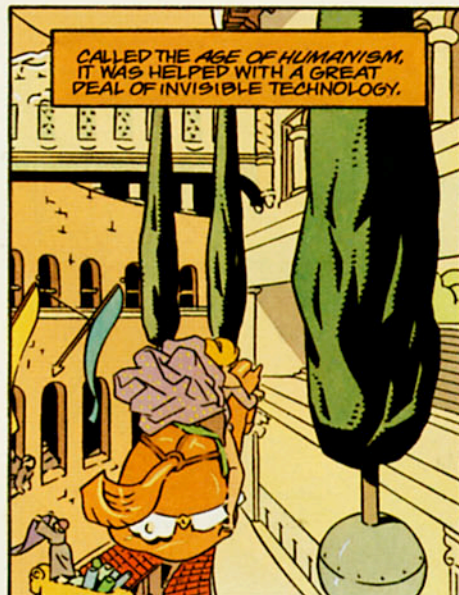
SUDDENLY, THE PAGEANTRY OF ROMANTIC LOVE BLOSSOMED...



...AND SWEEP LIKE A FLOOD OVER THIS LAND AND SKY, CARRYING EVERYONE ALONG ON A LUSH WAVE.



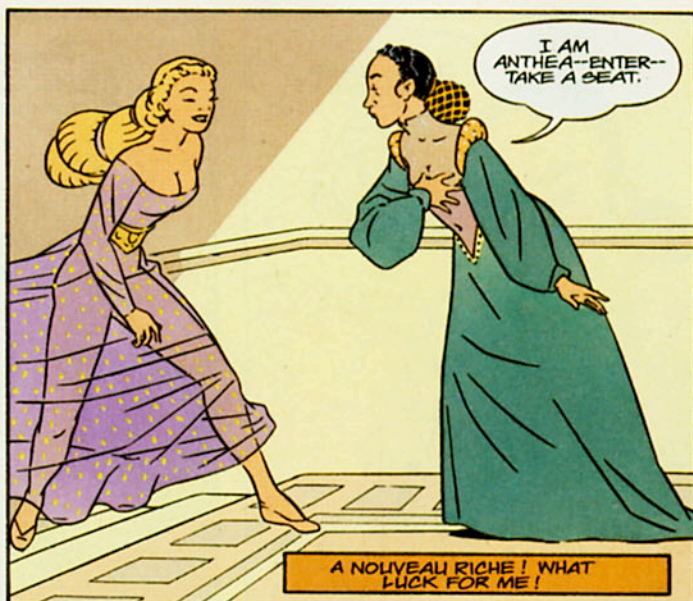
CALLED THE AGE OF HUMANISM, IT WAS HELPED WITH A GREAT DEAL OF INVISIBLE TECHNOLOGY.



BUT AS SURE AS LOVE IS EVERLASTING, IT STILL COMES AND GOES--WHICH IS WHERE I COME IN. THOSE WHO COULDN'T FACE THAT THEY HAD LOST IT, HIRE ME TO FIND IT AGAIN.



I AM ANTHEA--ENTER--TAKE A SEAT.



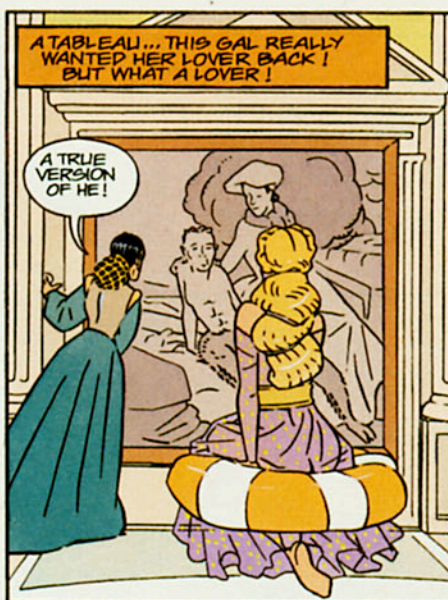
A NOUVEAU RICHE! WHAT LUCK FOR ME!

WITH EACH ORNAMENT AND STATUE, I EDGED UP MY FEE...



I CAN SHOW YOU WHO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR...

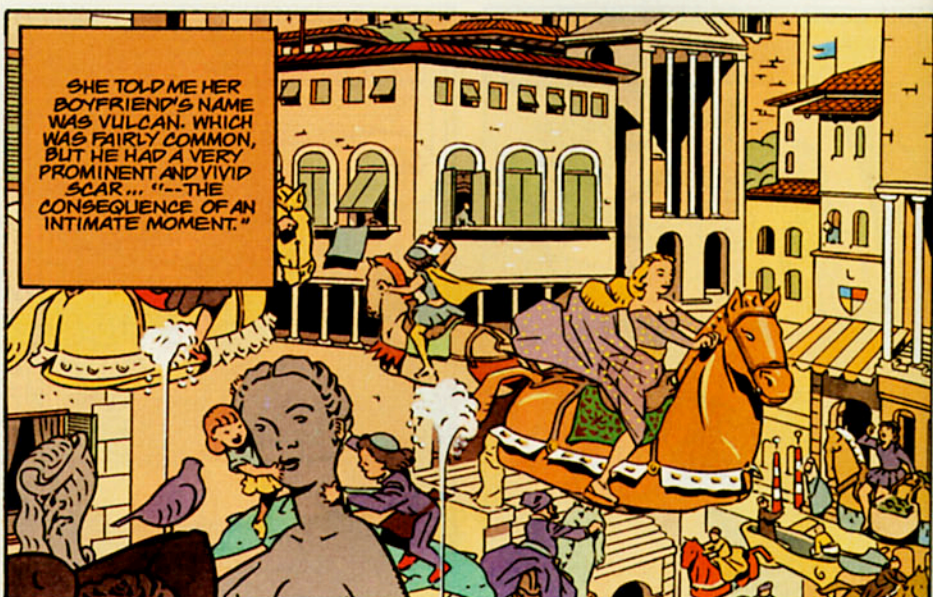
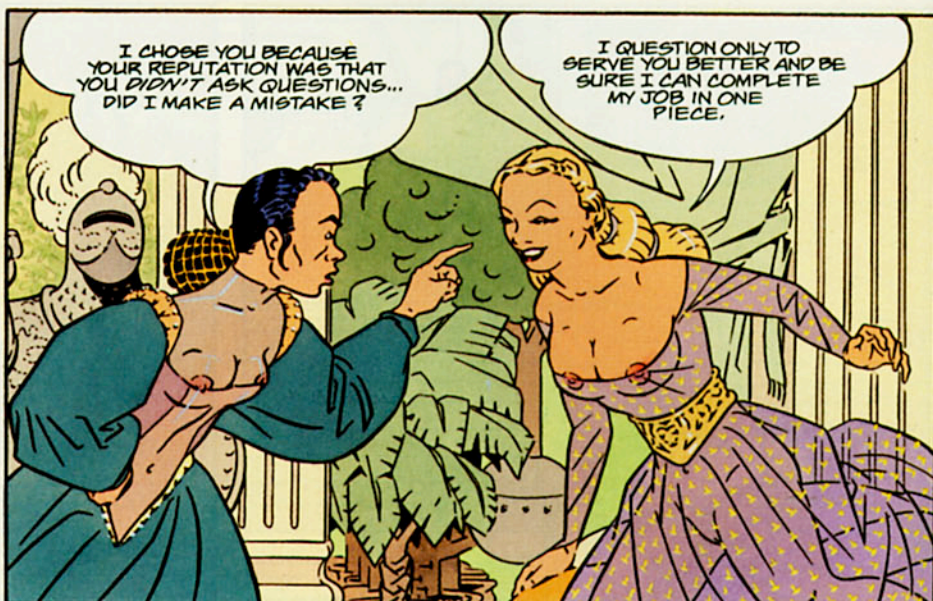
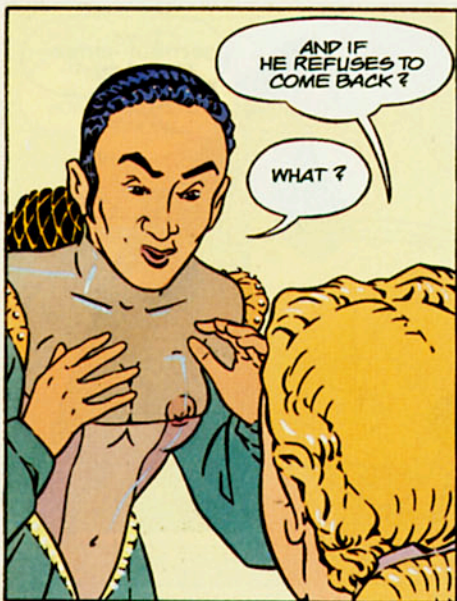
A TABLEAU... THIS GAL REALLY WANTED HER LOVER BACK! BUT WHAT A LOVER!



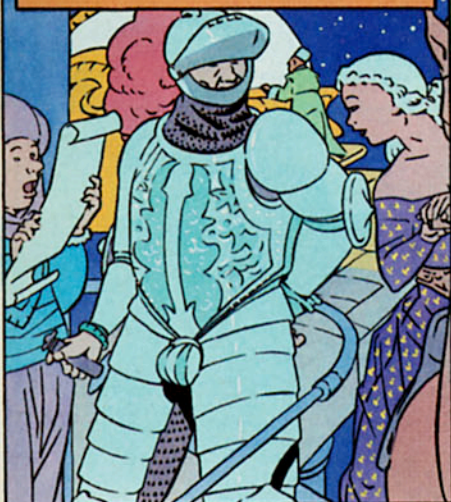
A TRUE VERSION OF HE!

HE IS AVERNIAN?!





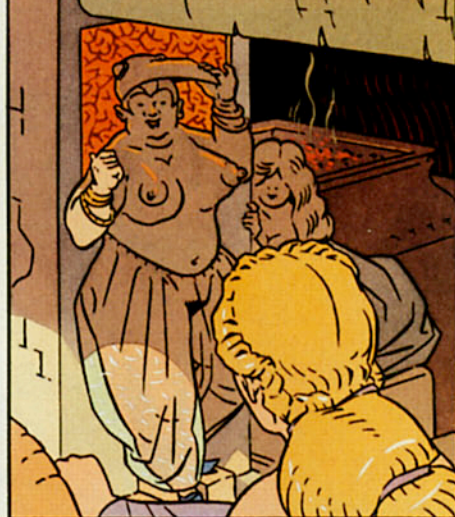
IF AN AGING AVERNIAN MALE DID NOT
RETURN TO MERCURY, THERE WEREN'T
MANY PLACES FOR HIM TO HIDE.



NEW FLORENCE HAD MORE THAN ITS
SHARE AND I KNEW THEM ALL...

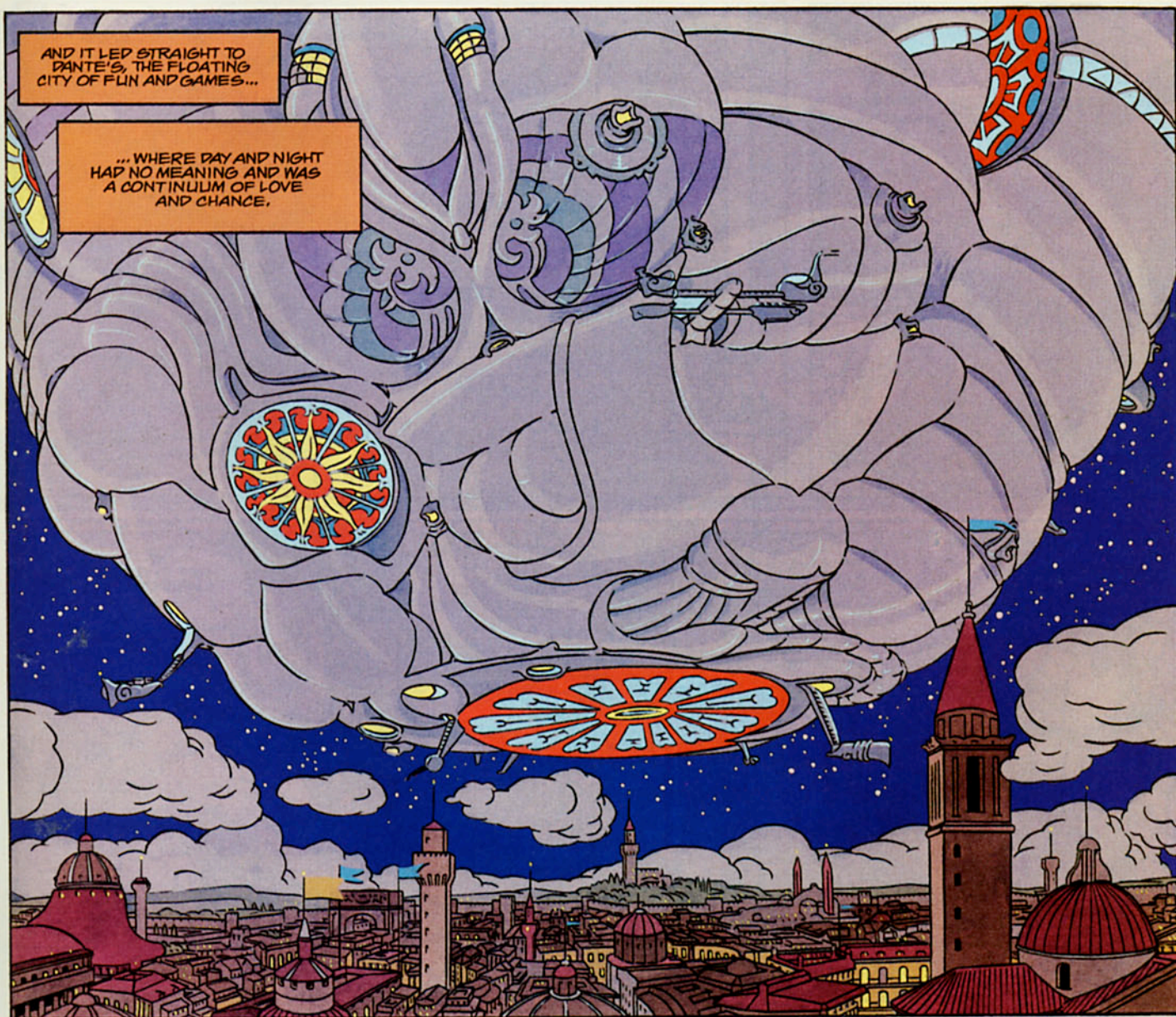


BEFORE LONG, I WAS ON HIS TRAIL.

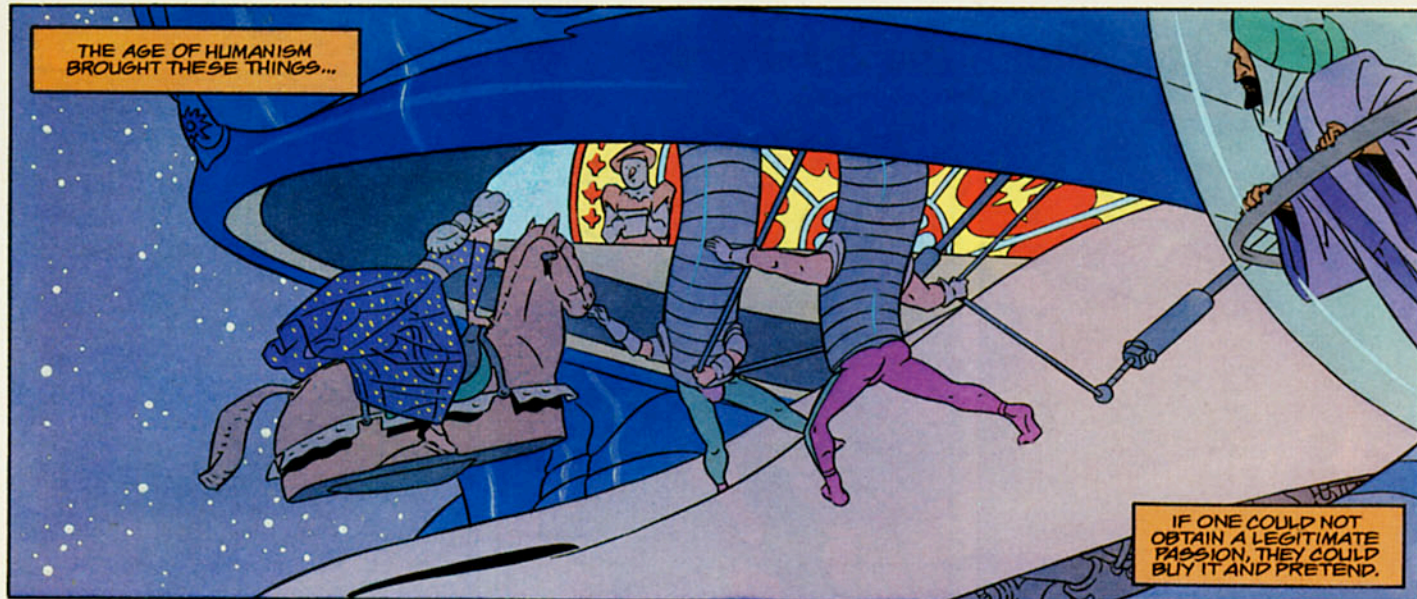


AND IT LED STRAIGHT TO
DANTE'S, THE FLOATING
CITY OF FUN AND GAMES...

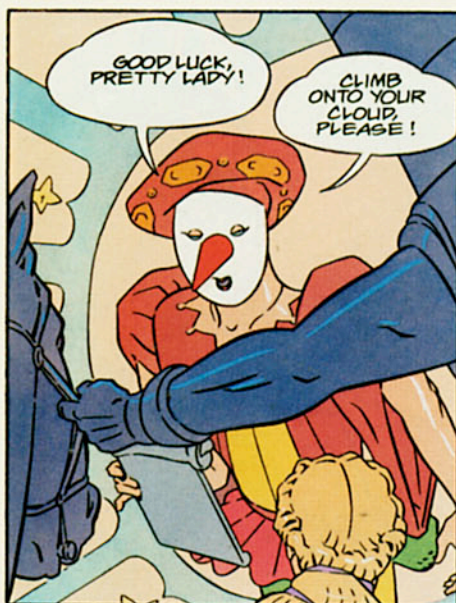
... WHERE DAY AND NIGHT
HAD NO MEANING AND WAS
A CONTINUUM OF LOVE
AND CHANCE.



THE AGE OF HUMANISM
BROUGHT THESE THINGS...

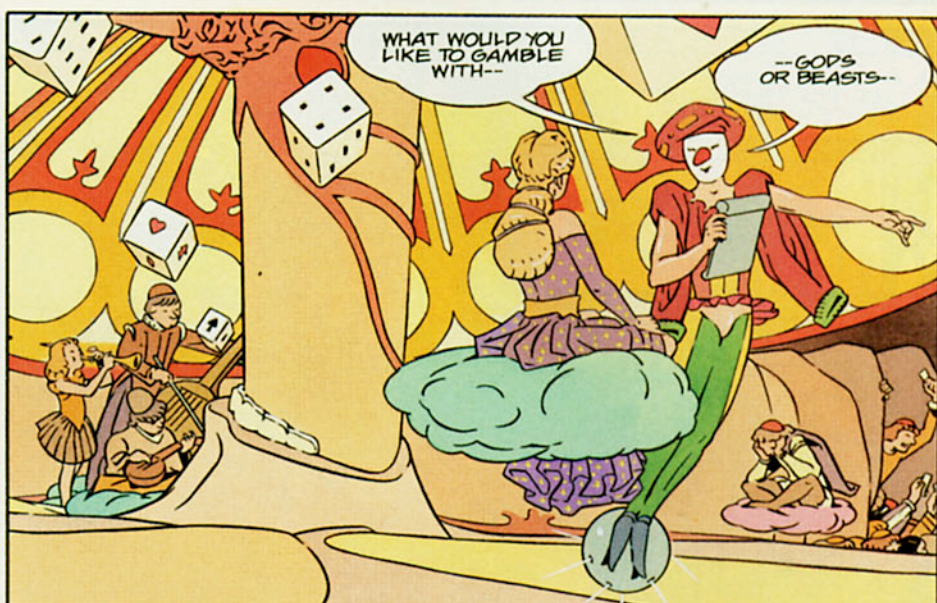


IF ONE COULD NOT
OBTAIN A LEGITIMATE
PASSION, THEY COULD
BUY IT AND PRETEND.



GOOD LUCK,
PRETTY LADY!

CLIMB
ONTO YOUR
CLOUD,
PLEASE!



WHAT WOULD YOU
LIKE TO GAMBLE
WITH--

--GODS
OR BEASTS--

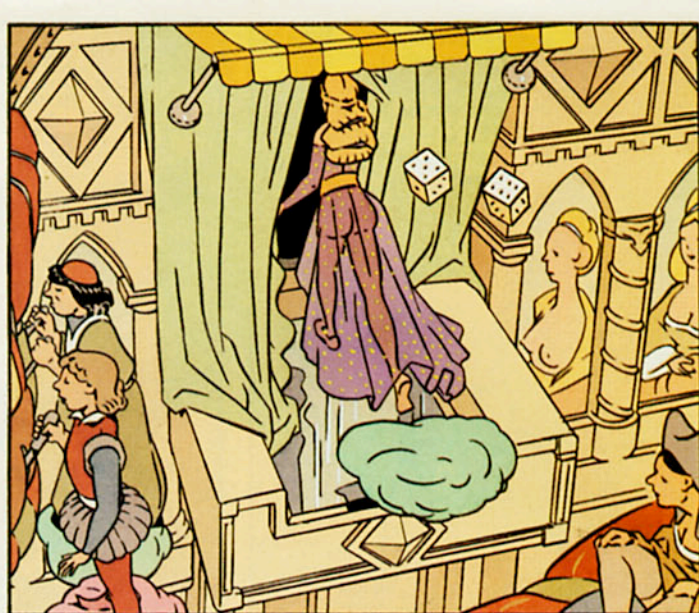


--MACHINES OR
MYSTIC
AMOEBAS--

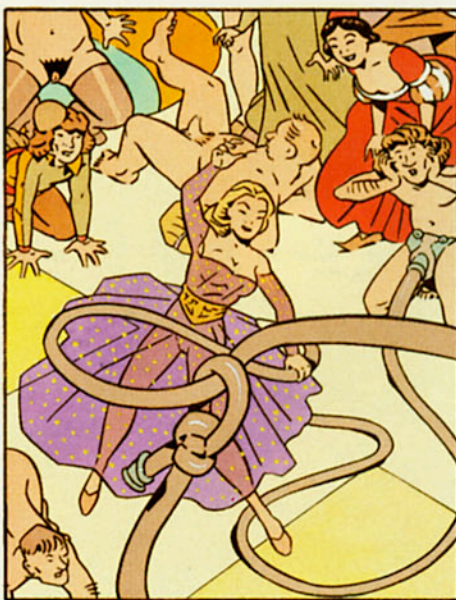
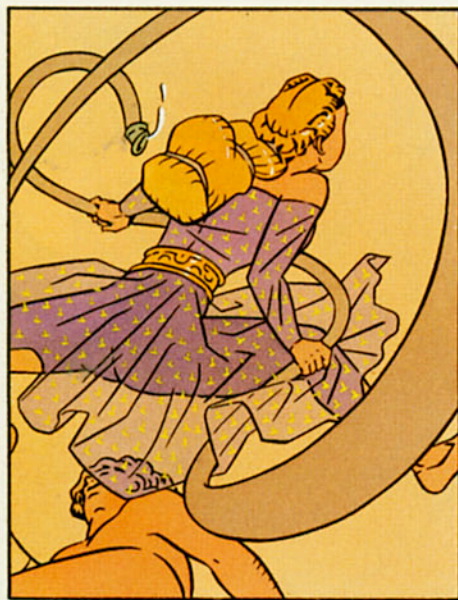
--PERHAPS
A GAME OF
SENSITIVE
CHESS?

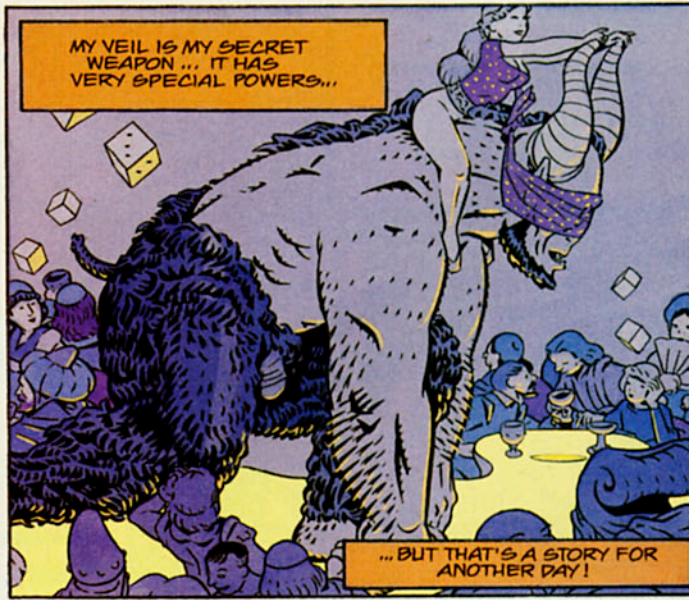
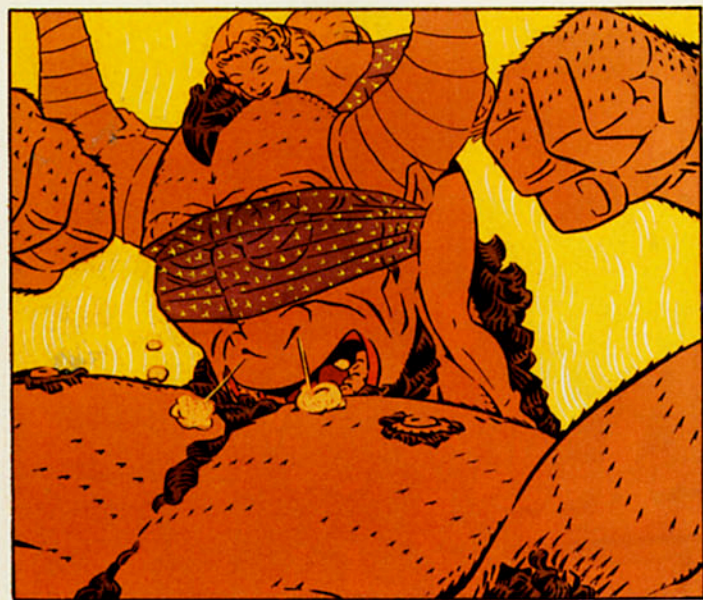
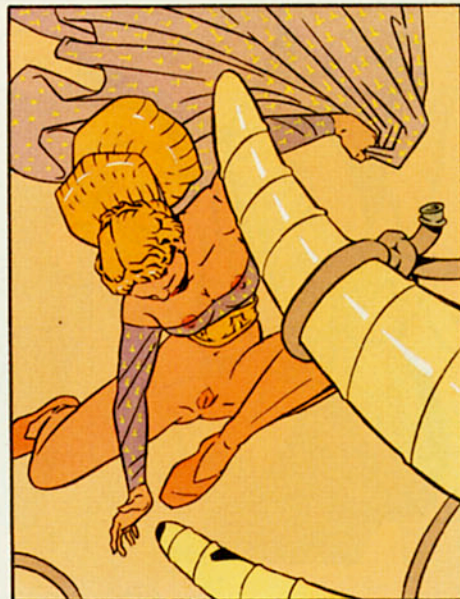
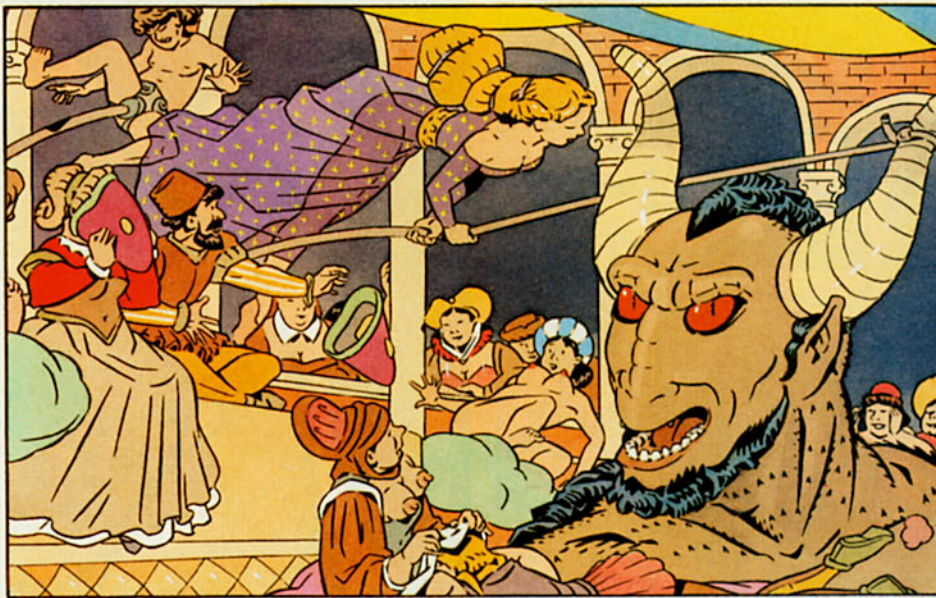
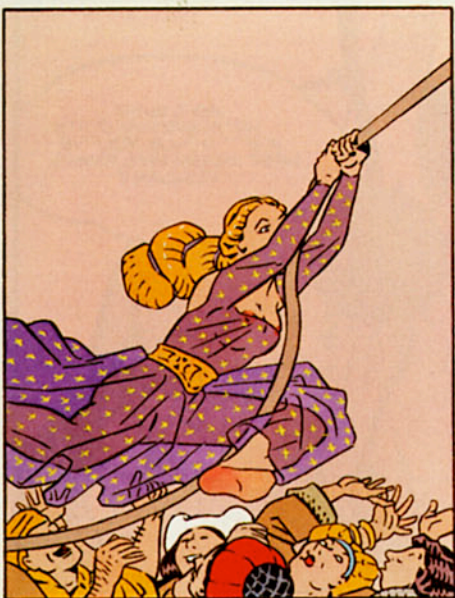
TRY
A HISTORIC
EVENT?

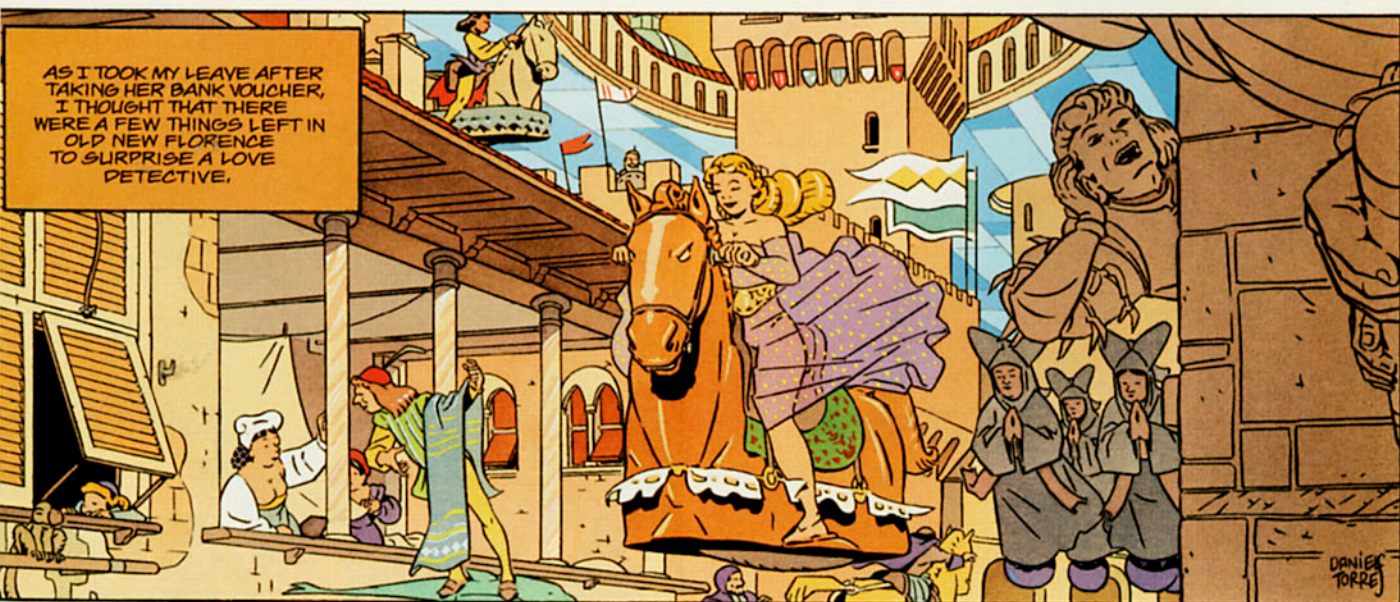
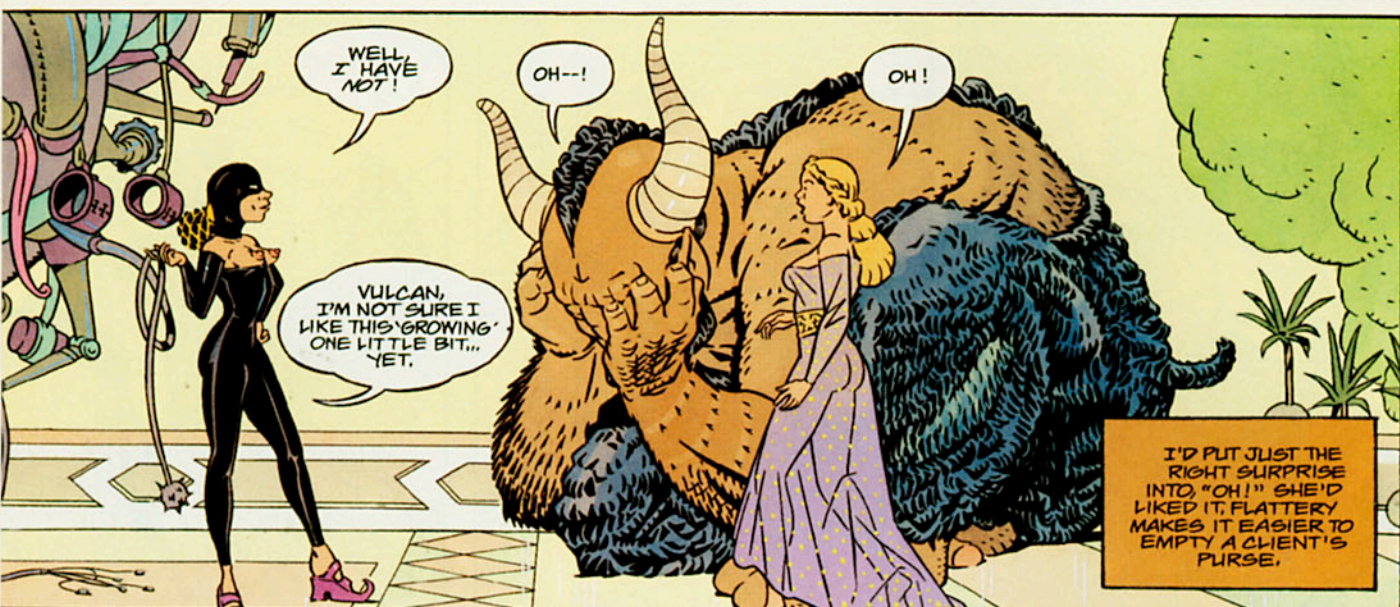
OR--
LET THE DICE
DECIDE?



I'M BUSY
RIGHT NOW--DRAW
A CARD AND WAIT OR
GET OUT.

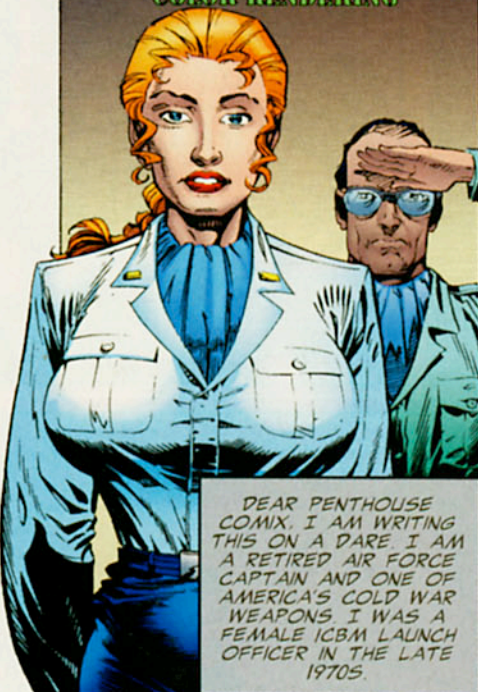






BROWNS DELIGHTS: BOMBS AWAY!

ELLIOT BROWN-WRITER
PARIS CULLINS-PENCILS
GEORGE FREEMAN-INKS
LAURIE E. SMITH-COLORING
DIGITAL CHAMELEON-
COLOR RENDERING



DEAR PENTHOUSE COMIX. I AM WRITING THIS ON A DARE. I AM A RETIRED AIR FORCE CAPTAIN AND ONE OF AMERICA'S COLD WAR WEAPONS. I WAS A FEMALE ICBM LAUNCH OFFICER IN THE LATE 1970S.

WE WERE THE ULTIMATE DETERRENT. OUR ENEMY WOULD NEVER DARE LAUNCH A NUCLEAR MISSILE ATTACK AGAINST US, BECAUSE WE TWO AND MANY OTHER MOTIVATED YOUNG SOLDIERS STOOD READY TO LAUNCH A DEVASTATING RETALIATORY ATTACK.



WE WERE CALLED 'MISSILEERS' WE WERE A VERY TIGHT-KNIT GROUP, HIGHLY TRAINED AND MOTIVATED. THE CONSTANT STRAIN WE WERE ALL PLACED UNDER GAVE US MANY UNSPOKEN TENSIONS.

WE TRAINED AND WERE DEPLOYED IN PAIRS. I'D BEEN WITH CAPTAIN CRAIG A--FOR TWO YEARS DURING THE TOUGH EDUCATION PROCESS AND RELENTLESS TRAINING. WE COUNTED ON EACH OTHER AND KNEW HOW THE OTHER ONE ACTED AND REACTED TO MOST ANYTHING.



A--! I HAVE A POWER-OUTAGE ALERT LIGHT...I AM ACTIVATING BACK-UP...

ROGER THAT, C--...I SEE MISSILE SYSTEMS INTACT. THE BIRD IS GO. ASKING FOR CONFIRMATION...

WE WERE COOL AND COLLECTED DURING ALL THE ALERT DRILLS. THERE WAS LITTLE THEY COULD THROW EITHER OF US.



I WAS BEGINNING TO WONDER IF ANYTHING COULD GET A RISE OUT OF A--

I USED TO BE KNOWN AS A FIVE-ALARMER BACK IN 'THE WORLD.' HAD MY YEARS IN THE MILITARY RUINED MY SEX APPEAL?



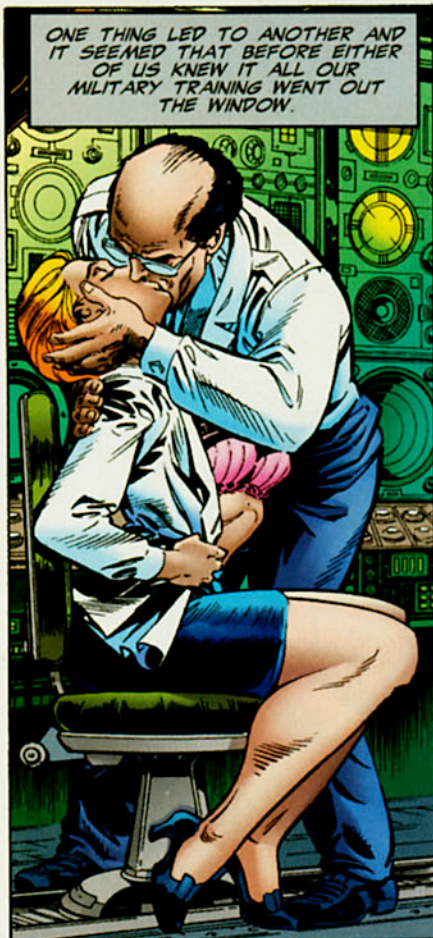
MILITARY PROTOCOL IS VERY STRICT ON FRATERNIZATION, SO I HADN'T EVEN FLIRTED TOO MUCH. AS I DIDN'T WANT TO PUT AN EVEN GREATER STRAIN ON THE TWO OF US.

I HADN'T REALIZED THAT THERE WAS PLENTY OF STRAIN WITHOUT ME DOING ANYTHING...



THEN, DURING A QUALITY ASSURANCE PROCEDURE, HE BROUGHT UP THE TOPIC OF HOW TOUGH IT WAS TO BE TRAPPED IN A HOLE IN THE GROUND WITH ONE OF THE PRETTIEST WOMEN HE HAD EVER KNOWN...

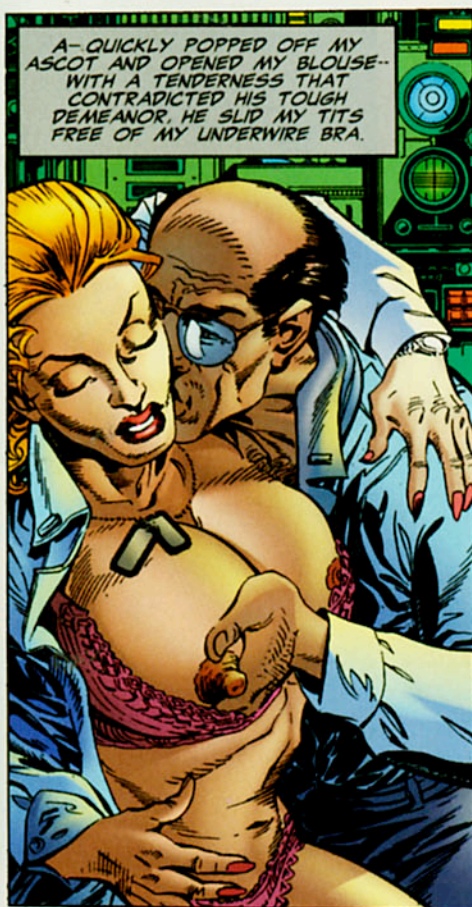
...AND WITH THE LARGEST BREASTS HE HAD EVER SEEN.



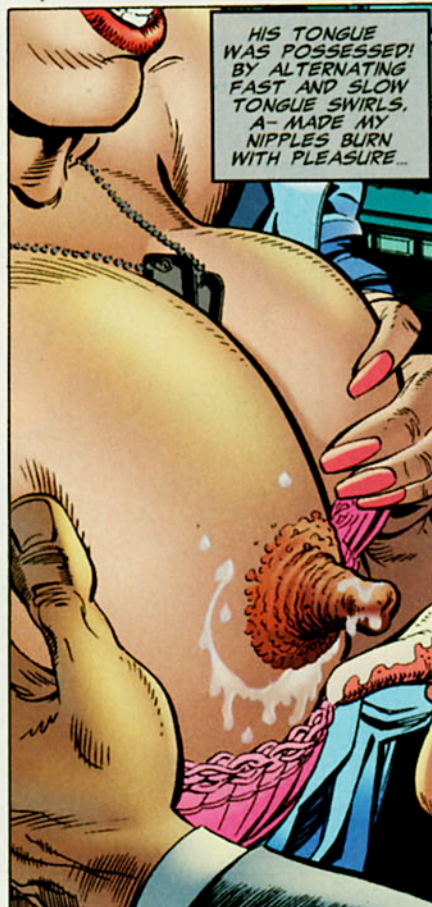
ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER AND IT SEEMED THAT BEFORE EITHER OF US KNEW IT ALL OUR MILITARY TRAINING WENT OUT THE WINDOW.



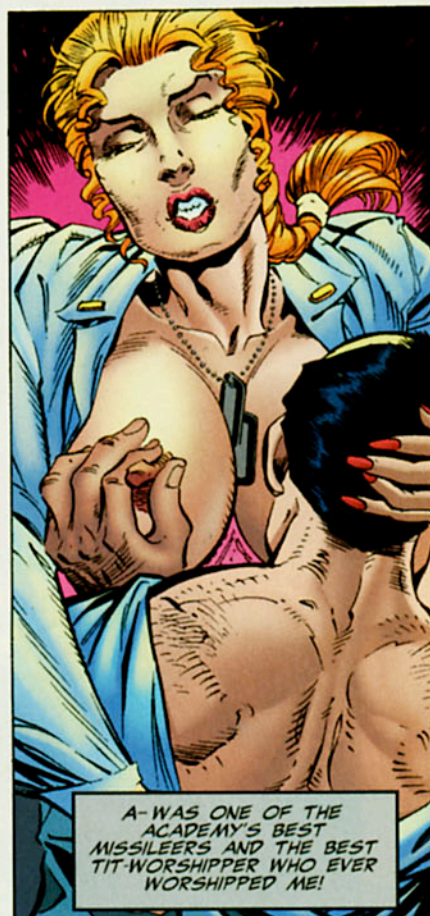
I GUESS I WAS A LITTLE TURNED ON, TOO...REBELLING AGAINST ALL THAT MILITARY PROTOCOL AND FUCKING NEAR THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN THE WORLD!



A- QUICKLY POPPED OFF MY ASCOT AND OPENED MY BLOUSE-- WITH A TENDERNESS THAT CONTRADICTED HIS TOUGH DEMEANOR, HE SLID MY TITS FREE OF MY UNDERWIRE BRA.



HIS TONGUE WAS POSSESSED! BY ALTERNATING FAST AND SLOW TONGUE SWIRLS, A- MADE MY NIPPLES BURN WITH PLEASURE...



A-WAS ONE OF THE ACADEMY'S BEST MISSILEERS AND THE BEST TIT-WORSHIPPER WHO EVER WORSHIPPED ME!

I WENT MINING FOR COCK AND FOUND IT BIG TIME. A WAS THE BIGGEST THE ACADEMY HAD TO OFFER, TOO!

I PULLED OUT A GOOD FIST-FULL AND THERE WAS A BIT MORE LEFT OVER. I GOT HUNGRY FOR MEAT.


HE WAS WILDER THAN I'D EVER EXPECTED.

THE CAPTAIN CAME TO ATTENTION AND I MADE HIM REPORT...

JUST AS WE WERE BUTTONING UP, WE GOT FLASH TRAFFIC FROM THE CO. THAT WAS CLOSE BUT IT WAS WORTH IT! WE'VE SINCE GOTTEN MARRIED.

HE WAS HARDER AND ROUGHER THAN I'D EVER HAD BEFORE. EITHER A WAS A REAL COWBOY! I GOT OFF PRETTY QUICKLY. I MUST ADMIT-IT HAD BEEN A LONG TIME.

...AND IF WE COULD STAND THE PRESSURES OF BEING MISSILEERS WHO FUCK IN THE SILOS, MARRIAGE WAS A BREEZE. BUT WE NEVER DID IT AGAIN, UNDERGROUND THAT IS!
-CPTN. C.D. RETIRED,
GREEN VALLEY, AZ



MOST PEOPLE DON'T KNOW SHIT. MOST PEOPLE'LL BELIEVE THE BIGGEST LOAD OF CRAP IN THE WORLD RATHER THAN HAVE THEIR COMFORTABLE LITTLE LIVES INTERRUPTED.

IF THIS SOUNDS LIKE A HARSH JUDGMENT, DON'T WORRY. I KNOW HOW QUICKLY AND SMUGLY AND COMPLETELY PEOPLE CAN BE SUCKED INTO A COMFORT TRAP. I'M OVER SEVENTY YEARS OLD. I'VE BEEN EVERY KIND OF HORSE'S ASS THERE IS.

I KNOW JUST HOW BIG A FOOL A GUY CAN MAKE OUT OF HIMSELF ONCE PRIDE AND FEAR OF GETTIN' OFF HIS ASS GET THEIR CLAWS INTO HIM.

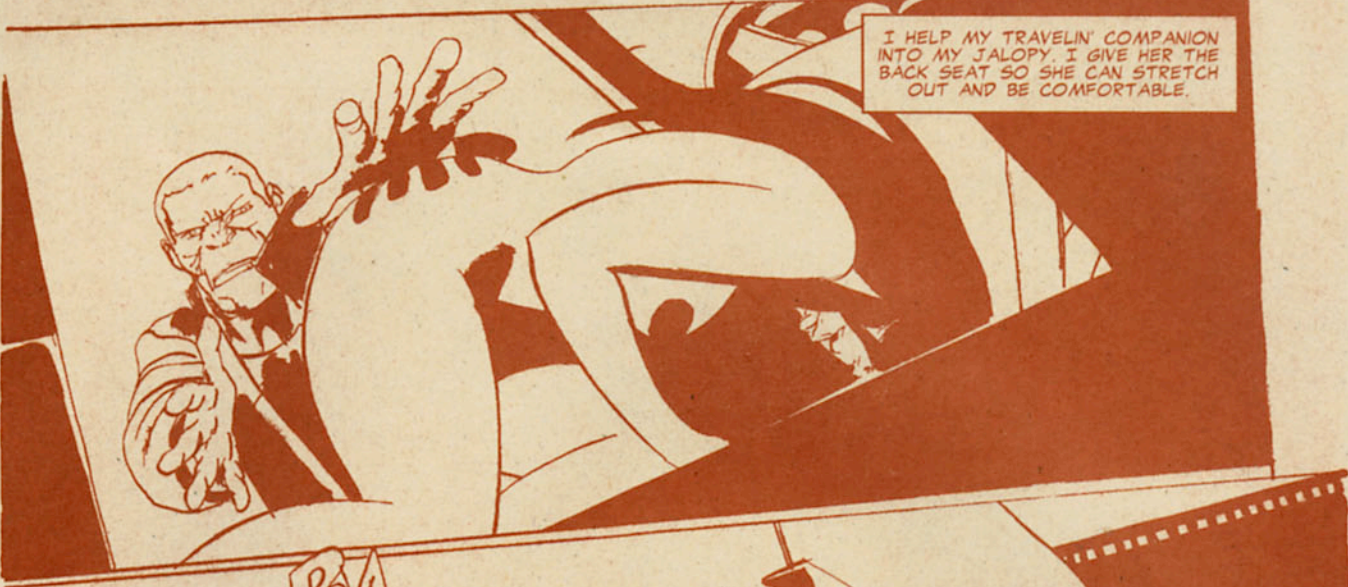
BELIEVE ME, I KNOW.

I DON'T HAVE TO TURN AROUND
TO KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON
BEHIND ME. I CAN HEAR VERY
BAD THINGS BEING SAID ABOUT
ME IN CANTONESE.




OH, YEAH...WE'RE
IN TROUBLE NOW.






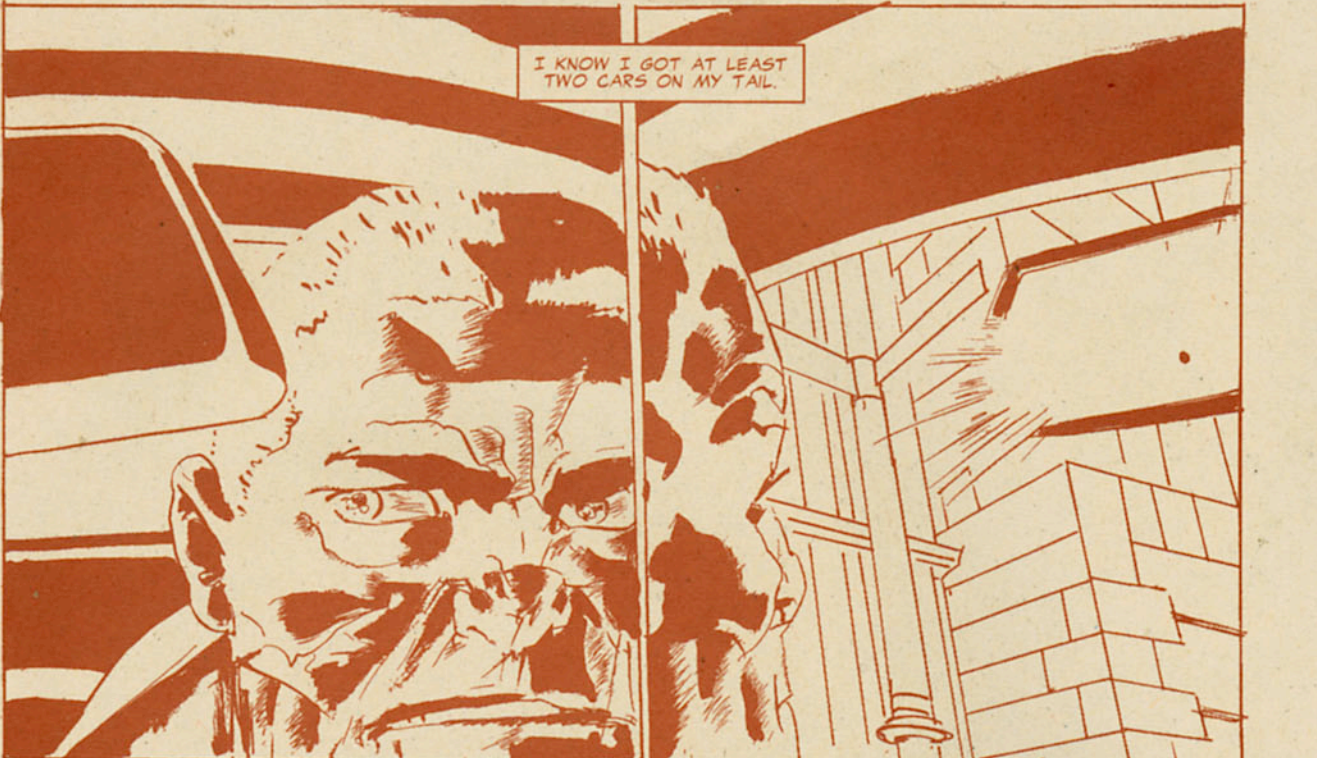
I HELP MY TRAVELIN' COMPANION
INTO MY JALOPY. I GIVE HER THE
BACK SEAT SO SHE CAN STRETCH
OUT AND BE COMFORTABLE.



THEN, I STOP TO TRADE BON
MOTS WITH SOME OF THE
LOCALS. I TRY NOT TO WASTE
A LOT OF TIME WITH IT. FIRST
OFF, I GOT BETTER THINGS TO
DO.



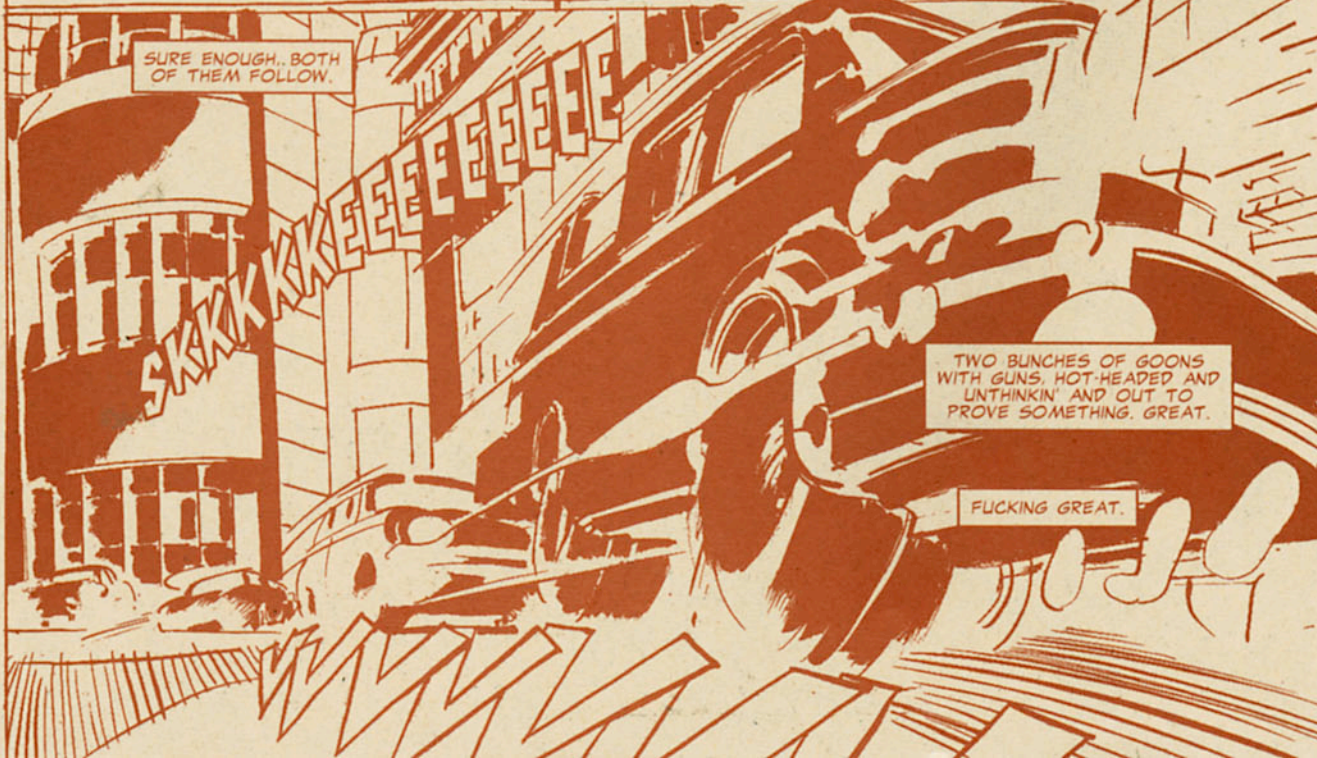
SECOND, IT WAS BEGINNIN' TO
LOOK LIKE I MIGHT NOT HAVE
ANY TIME TO WASTE.



I KNOW I GOT AT LEAST
TWO CARS ON MY TAIL.



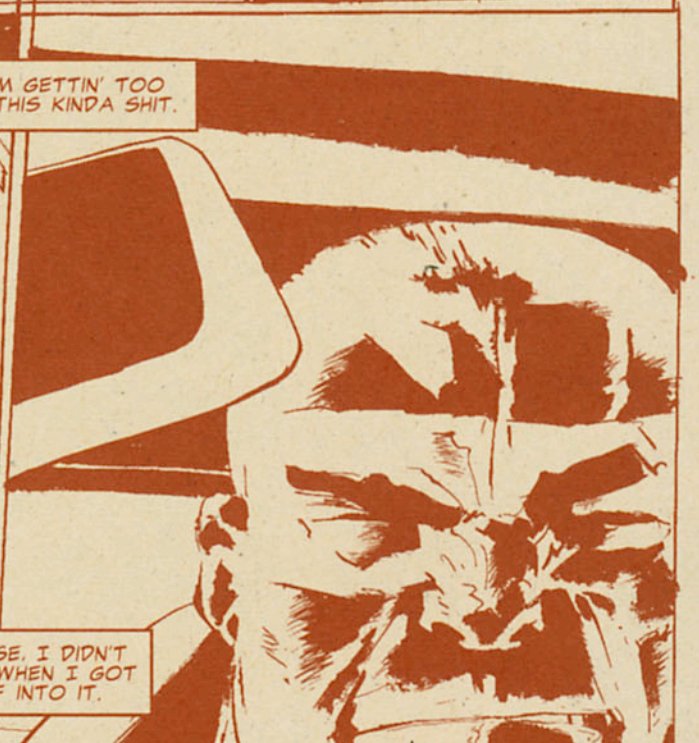
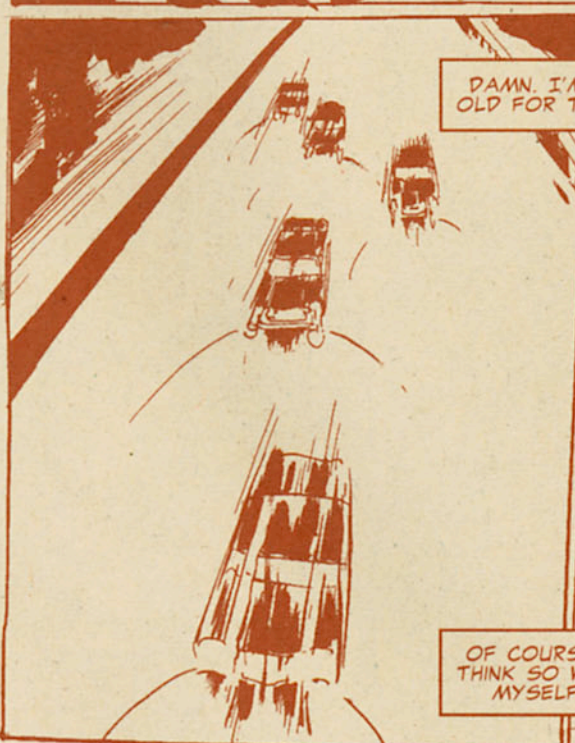
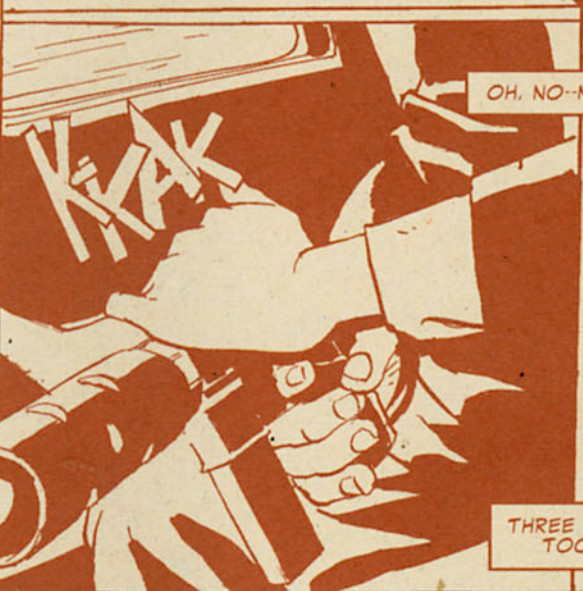
I TAKE AN
UNNECESSARY CORNER
JUSTA MAKE SURE.



SURE ENOUGH.. BOTH
OF THEM FOLLOW.

TWO BUNCHES OF GOONS
WITH GUNS. HOT-HEADED AND
UNTHINKIN' AND OUT TO
PROVE SOMETHING. GREAT.

FUCKING GREAT.



KODAK

"ON & ON"

story: c.j.henderson

art: tony salmons

lettering: kenny lopez

"IT ALL STARTED ONE NIGHT AT MY PLACE."

"I TRY TO RUN A RESPECTABLE JOINT. I TAKE CARE OF MY PEOPLE AS IF THEY WERE FAMILY-- MEMBERS I LIKE, THAT IS."

"NO DRUGS."

"I OWN THE WHOLE BUILDING. LOTS OF SMALL APARTMENTS UPSTAIRS. HALF THE PEOPLE WHO WORK HERE LIVE HERE. FOR THOSE WHO DO, I HAVE VERY FEW RULES."

"NO SEX WITH THE CUSTOMERS ON THE PREMISES."

"NO STEALING."

"BREAK ANY AND YOU'RE OUT THE DOOR WITH NO SECOND CHANCE."

"THAT NIGHT IT WAS ACCIDENTALLY BROUGHT TO MY ATTENTION THAT ONE OF MY DANCERS HADN'T BEEN STUDYING THE RULE BOOK."

"SHE CLAIMED TO JUST BE HOLDING THE STUFF FOR HER BOYFRIEND. I BELIEVED HER."

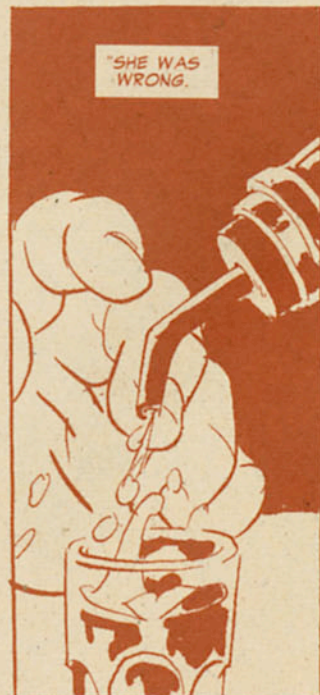
"HERE IN THE LAND OF THE FREE, PEOPLE HAVE LOST THEIR CARS, BOATS, HOMES, ESTATES, BUSINESSES...ALL FOR HAVING A SINGLE DOOBIE ON THE PREMISES."

"HER NAME WAS SUE LU. SHE WAS YOUNG, INNOCENT, REALLY."

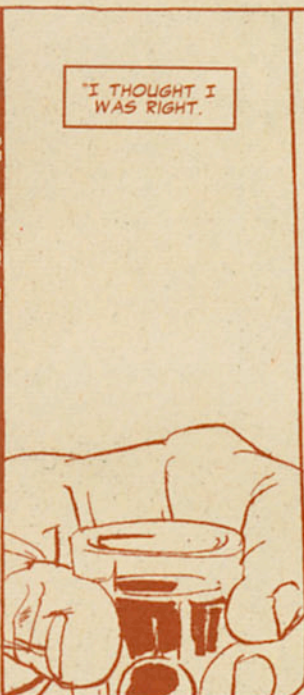
"SHE THOUGHT AS LONG AS SHE WASN'T USING, AS LONG AS SHE WASN'T MAKING DRUGS A PRESENCE IN OUR LIVES, THAT EVERYTHING WOULD BE COOL."

"DIDN'T MATTER, THOUGH."

"SHE HAD AN EXPLANATION, THOUGH."



"SHE WAS
WRONG."



"I THOUGHT I
WAS RIGHT."



"NOT EVERYONE
AGREED WITH ME."

YEAH,
MAXIE...WHAT'S
YOUR BEEF?

ME, BOSS?
I GOT NO
BEEFS.

NO, SIR.
NOT ME.



I'M NOT LIKE THESE
WOMEN AROUND HERE...
CLUCKIN' AND BOO-'OOIN'
OVER YOU THROWIN' OUT
SHE LU... NOT ME.

THANKS.



SO SHE 'AD
NOWHERES TO GO
EXCEPT TO 'ER
SLEEZY BOYFRIEND--
SO WHAT? RULES IS
RULES.

RIGHT?

YEAH--
THEY ARE.



SO 'E SLAPPED 'ER AROUND WHEN
SHE WOULDN'T TURN TRICKS TO
SUPPORT HIS 'ABIT-BEAT 'ER GOOD.
I 'EAR, BUT, SO WHAT?

RULES IS
RULES.

RIGHT?



SO 'E SOLD 'ER
TO DULCHI
DRAGON'S SON...

WHATT!

YEAH--
WORD IS 'E'S
DELIVERIN' 'ER
TONIGHT.



BUT...SO
WHAT?

SHE DONE US BAD,
SHE DID. MAYBE A
LIFE OF BEIN' THE
BELOW-DECK WHORE
FOR SOME TRAMP
STEAMER WILL
TEACH 'ER WHAT'S
WHAT.

MAXIE--



I KNOW JUST WHAT
YOU'RE GONNA SAY.
'SERVES 'ER RIGHT.' I
AGREE.

THEY'LL FEED 'ER A
DIET OF SMACK FOR
A FEW DAYS, PUT 'ER
TO WORK IN ONE OF
THEIR 'OTEL TRUCKS...



THE ONES THEY DRIVE
AROUND TO THE
FATORIES SO THE
SWEAT 'OGS CAN GET
THEIR LUNCHTIME
QUICKIES.

COUPLE
OF YEARS A'
ROUGH TRADE--
THAT'L
TEACH 'ER
'OSE BOSS.



I MEAN, BACK IN, WHAT WAS
IT... '65, '66. YOU KILLED OLD
KULCHI. WHY, HIS SON STILL
AS IT IN FOR YOU... AND 'E'LL
GO THAT MUCH 'ARDER ON
'ER JUST TO GET BACK AT
YOU.

NOT THAT
YOU CARE.



RIGHT,
BOSS?



RIGHT,
BOSS?

"I COULD FEEL THEIR EYES ON
ME AS I WALKED TO MY CAR."

TO BE CONTINUED...

PART 1

THE DOOR CLICKED BEHIND ME AND FRENCHIE WAS HANGING FROM ME, CRYING QUIETLY. "FRENCHIE... I, AH, I'M SORRY ABOUT LAR—"

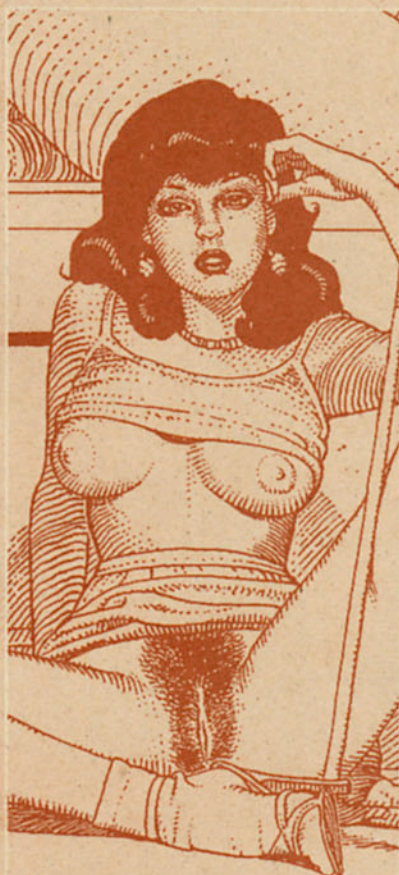
"I BEGAN, BUT SHE HUNKERED DOWN TIGHTER AND CRIED AGAINST MY SHIRT. I WAS AWARE OF HER RACK PRESSED INTO MY RIBS. HER SOBS GROUND THEM INTO ME. I HELD HER AND TRIED TO MOVE US TO THE COUCH — TO TALK. BUT THAT WAS ALL IT TOOK. A SLIGHT MOVE AND HER HIP WAS AT MY GROIN AND HER HANDS INSIDE MY COAT. I HESITATED. I HAD HEARD ABOUT CONSOLING WIDOWS, BUT HADN'T EXPECTED IT TO HAPPEN TO ME. MY DICK DIDN'T HESITATE. UP IT CAME.

THE SUITE WAS DARK, WITH THE DRAPES PULLED AND NO LIGHTS ON. STILL, I COULD SEE HER HANDS PULLING AT MY BELT AND TROUSERS. OUT FLOPPED MY ROD. FROM SOME PIN-POINT OF LIGHT, I COULD SEE HER TONGUE GLISTEN AS IT STRETCHED OUT TO MEET THE END OF MY PENIS. BIG TONGUE. WHICH WAS GOOD AS I HAD A BIG DICK. FRENCHIE DIDN'T SEEM TO NOTICE. HER HEATED LIPS WERE CLAMPED ON THE MIDDLE OF IT AND SHE WORKED HER WAY DOWN.

I'D FINISHED HARDENING AND MUCH TO MY SURPRISE, FRENCHIE BEGAN RAMMING MY MEAT TO THE BACK OF HER THROAT. A LOT OF GALS CAN'T DO THAT. HER LIPS AND TONGUE WERE WRAPPING AND UNWRAPPING THEMSELVES ALL OVER MY RIGID PENIS. ONE HAND WAS PULLING AT MY ASS, TAKING ME BACK TO THE FIREWALL OVER AND OVER AGAIN WHILE THE OTHER WAS RATHER EXPERTLY TWISTING MY BALLS.

SHE SANK DOWN TO THE

She grabbed it with both hands, reared her ass up and rammed the big nut right into her gash.



FLOOR, I FOLLOWED. WE WERE ON A NICE PIECE OF CARPET AND NOT FAR FROM THE DOOR. I COULD SEE HER PULLING AT HER SKIRT AND BLOUSE. HER GARTER SNAPS GLEAMED AND THE LIGHT PLAYED ON HER FULL HIPS. SHE LET GO OF ME AND LOOKED UP AT MY COCK POKING OUT BETWEEN MY SHIRT FRONT. "GOD, FREDDIE, USE THAT BAT ON ME — HARD!"

HER EYES GLITTERED IN THE FAINT LIGHT. HER TONGUE PASSED OVER HER DARK LIPS. WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT, SHE FELL BACK AND PULLED HER BRA STRAPS DOWN TO LET HER TITS FLY FREE. THAT WAS IT — I MOVED.

I KICKED FREE OF MY PANTS AND KNELT DOWN. I SLID MY FINGERS UNDER HER PANTIES, BRIEFLY FEELING HER SOFT SKIN AND COILED HAIR. THE PANTIES GOT YANKED TO ONE SIDE, WHICH GOT A PLEASED GRUNT FROM HER. I HUNG OVER HER TO PLANT MY MOUTH ON HERS AND GOT A MOUTHFULL OF TONGUE. FRENCHIE INVENTORIED MY MOLARS AS MY IRON-HARD COCK POKED HER BELLY. I HAD A SHAFT-FULL OF THICK FLUID THAT MADE THE HEAD SLIDE AROUND. SHE GRABBED IT WITH BOTH HANDS, REARED HER ASS UP AND RAMMED THE BIG NUT RIGHT INTO HER GASH.

SHE GROANED INTO MY MOVING MOUTH. HER TONGUE THRASHED PAST MY LIPS AND WAS SLAPPING AROUND MY CHEEK. MY LEMON-SIZED COCK HEAD SPREAD HER WET WARMTH LIKE A FINGER IN SOFT BUTTER. SHE WAS FRANTICALLY THRUSTING JUST THE FIRST COUPLE OF INCHES INTO HER WITH THAT TWO-HANDED GRIP. I COULD HEAR A SUDSY SWISHING AND FEEL MY BALLS SWINGING AGAINST HER KNUCKLES. HER QUICK BREATHING WAS PUFFING PAST MY FACE. I STILL HAD THAT HANDFULL OF PANTIE AND WITH A BIG YANK, TORE IT FREE.

SHE GAVE A SAVAGE GROAN AND SWITCHED HER GRIP TO MY BUT-

TOCKS. I COULD FEEL A FOOT PLANT ITSELF NEXT TO HER HAND. THE HIGH-HEELED SHOE PROVIDED JUST ENOUGH SOLID POUNDING FOR ME TO TRY HARDER. THE ANGLES WORKED OUT SO THAT I SHOVED STRAIGHT DOWN. I WAS TOO BIG TO MAKE IT ROUND THE BEND AND FRENCHIE YELPED IN A MIX OF PAIN AND PLEASURE. THE NEXT THRUST MADE IT AND WITH A WET SMACK, OUR HAIRS WERE SCRAPING.

HER BREASTS WERE BOBBING UP AND DOWN AROUND THE HALF-HARNESSED OF HER BRA. THEY HIT HER CHIN AND RUBBED NICELY AGAINST MY CHEST ON THE REBOUND. HER LIPS WERE DRAWN BACK AND TEETH CLENCHED. BREATH HISSED IN AND OUT OF HER. I WAS POUNDING LIKE A MACHINE AND MOST EVERY SLAM WAS MET WITH A POWERFUL RETURN THRUST FROM HER THAT FAIRLY SENT HER HONEY FLYING OUT FROM BETWEEN US.

WE WERE TRUCKING ALONG NICELY LIKE THIS WHEN HER HEAD ARCHED BACK AND SNAPPED LEFT-RIGHT. HER HARD BREATHING TURNED INTO A RASPING GRUNTING THAT ALMOST BECAME A BARKING. HER OTHER FOOT CAME UP TO JOIN THE FIRST AND MY ASS GOT SHOVED. IN WENT MY PENIS AND PROBABLY HALF MY BALLS. I'D BEEN HOLDING US UP MOSTLY BUT WITH HER FOOT OFF THE FLOOR, DOWN WE WENT. NOW THE FULL LENGTH OF MY DICK WAS IN HER AND ALL MY WEIGHT ON HER CUNT. SHE STARTED HAVING THE DEEPEST VAGINAL ORGASM I'D EVER FELT. HER HOLE WAS CLASPING AT MY MUSCLE AND I BEGAN TO FEEL A FAMILIAR BUILD-UP.

SHE SLOWED DOWN A BIT, HER BREATHING BECOMING MORE REGULAR. I STARTED TO SPEAK, BUT SHE PUT A FINGER ON MY LIPS. SHE SLOWLY PULLED MY HARD AND READY ROD OUT OF HER AND MOTIONED FOR ME TO GET ON MY KNEES. THE CARPET SQUELCHED UNDER HER ASS. THE



Then she took more and more in until the top of my nut rubbed the top of her mouth.

ROOM SEEMED MUCH BRIGHTER NOW AND THERE WAS A STREAK OF LIGHT THAT FELL ACROSS HER FLOUNGING BOSOM. HER NIPPLES WERE LARGE AND VERY DARK.

WITH AN EXPERT TOUCH AND FEELING A FLASH OF SUSPICION OVER, SHE QUICKLY TOOK HOLD OF THE ROOT OF MY MEAT. SHE SQUEEZED AND MY HEAD, ALREADY DARK RED WITH PRESSURES, SWELLED EVEN LARGER. A THICK BEAD OF SAUCE RAN OUT AND DOWN TO THOSE SMOOTH WHITE TITS.

HER MOUTH YAWNED WIDE AND WITH LIGHT, SHORT MOVEMENTS, MY FAT COCK HEAD DANCED IN AND OUT. THE GENTLE FLICKS OF HER TEETH AND LIPS GOT MY THROBBING LOB WOUND UP TIGHTER AND TIGHTER. EACH TIME HER MOUTH DESCENDED, HER TONGUE HIT A NEW SPOT. THEN SHE TOOK MORE AND MORE IN UNTIL THE TOP OF MY NUT RUBBED THE TOP OF HER MOUTH.

TWO MORE OF THOSE AND BANG, OFF I WENT. HEAVY SPATTERS WENT DOWN HER THROAT AND DURING A COUPLE OF WITHDRAWALS, THICK STREAKS WENT UP HER CHEEK AND HAIR. SHE SLOWED, KEEPING PACE WITH MY DIMINISHING SHOTS. FINALLY, SHE TOOK THE WHOLE HALF-HARD COCK IN HER MOUTH AND SUCKED THE LAST DROPS FROM MY QUIVERING DICK.

WITH A LIP SMACK THAT LEFT A TRAIL OF SEMEN BETWEEN MY COCK AND HER CHIN, SHE LOOKED UP AT ME. THOSE EYES WERE LARGE AND IN THE GLOOM, THEY LOOKED LIKE BUCKETS OF BLACK PAINT. JUST RIGHT FOR ME TO STEP INTO. WHICH WAS BAD. IN FACT, THIS WHOLE SCENE WAS BAD. I JUST FUCKED MY DEAD PARTNER'S GIRL. BAD FORM FOR A PRIVATE DICK WHOSE DICK JUST GOT A LITTLE TOO PUBLIC.

"FREDDIE... DON'T BE MAD." SHE MUST'VE SEEN THE EXPRESSIONS ON MY FACE. "WHEN I KNEW LARRY WAS DEAD, I WAS SO SCARED I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO..." I KNEW WHAT SHE WAS FEELING. I'D SPENT A PLEASANT EVENING WITH A DOZEN OF NEW YORK'S FINEST IN THE BASMENT OF THE 13TH PRECINCT HOUSE. NATURALLY, THEY'D THOUGHT THAT I'D KILLED MY PARTNER. I DIDN'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY, THOUGH. JUST LIKE WITH MOST SUDDENLY DEAD SPOUSES,

MURDER

USUALLY THE SURVIVING SPOUSE DID IT. BESIDES, I KNEW ALL THE GUYS. I'D WORKED WITH MOST OF THEM WHEN WE WERE ALL ROOKIES. THEY KNEW ME AND I KNEW THEM. THIS WAS A SORT OF A TIGHT-LIPPED PARTY. I FINALLY CONVINCED THEM THAT I REALLY DIDN'T DO IT.

I'D LEFT LARRY AT ABOUT 2:30 AM IN A BOOTH AT CHILD'S BAR WITH HIS GIRL, FRENCHIE. ACCORDING TO THE LINE OF QUESTIONING, AFTER AN HOUR HE LEFT FRENCHIE AND, SO IT SEEMS, TWO HOURS LATER, HE WAS RUN OVER BY A BIG TRUCK UNDER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. PLENTY OF WITNESSES FOR EVERYTHING, EXCEPT THE VERY END. HE WAS FOUND WITH HIS GUN WHICH HE'D FIRED TWICE, BUT NOT AT THE TRUCK AND WITH NO LEAD PICKED UP ANYWHERE IN THE AREA.

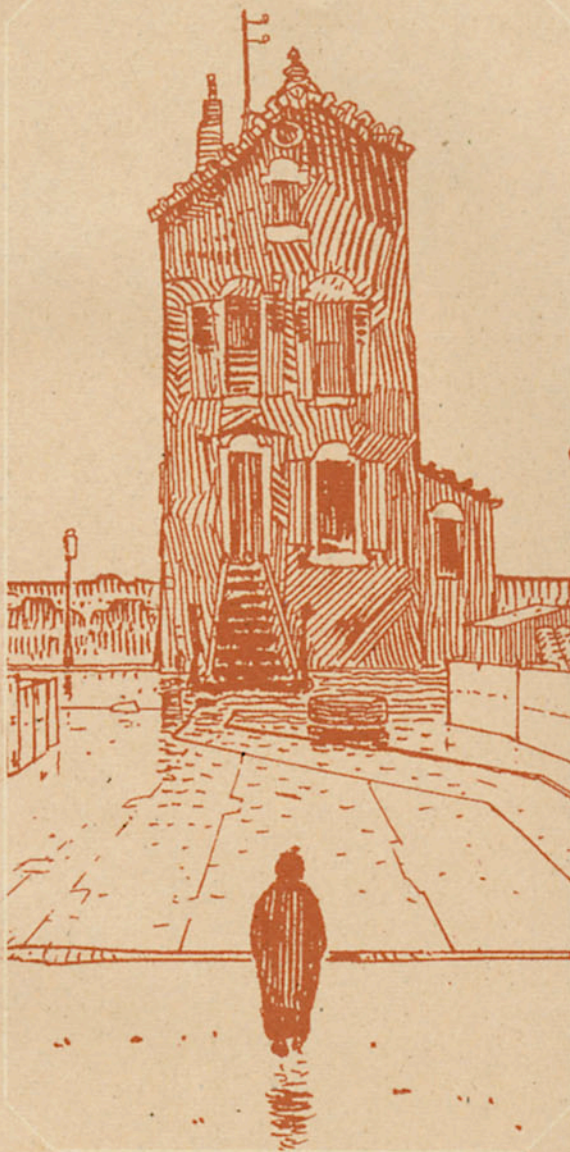
I'D GOTTEN OUT PRETTY LATE IN THE DAY AND BLINKING IN THE SUNLIGHT, I MADE MY WAY OVER TO MY LATE PARTNER'S APARTMENT. SURE, THE COPS HAD BEEN ALL OVER LARRY'S PLACE. BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW LARRY LIKE I DID.

LARRY'S PLACE WAS IN A QUIRKY WESTSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD ON 53RD STREET. I LET MYSELF IN WITH MY KEY AND HAD TO SAY, MAYBE THE COPS DID KNOW LARRY LIKE I DID. THEY'D OPENED UP HIS LOOSE FLOORBOARD AND PULLED AWAY HIS MEDICINE CHEST. THAT WAS THAT. I LOOKED AROUND. LARRY HADN'T LEFT ME ANYTHING THAT THE COPS DIDN'T HAVE.

LARRY HANSEN WAS A FUNNY GUY. NOT A BAD COP, WHEN HE WAS ONE, JUST LAZY. BUT NOT LAZY THE TIME HE CARRIED A WOUNDED PARTNER OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE. SO I OWED HIM FOR THAT AND BESIDES, HE WAS MY PARTNER. NOT THE BEST GUY IN THE WORLD MAYBE, BUT WHEN SOMEONE RUNS YOUR PARTNER DOWN, YOU SHOULD AT LEAST FIND OUT WHO. OF COURSE, THEY MIGHT FIND YOU FIRST AND, AFTER ALL, ONCE YOU'VE WARMED UP WITH ONE PARTNER, THE NEXT ONE IS EASIER.

I STARTED TO GO WHEN I CAUGHT SIGHT OF SOMETHING NEW. ON TOP OF HIS FLOOR MODEL RADIO, WERE TWO SMALL, IDENTICAL RADIOS. LARRY LIKED MUSIC AND KEPT HIS ON WHEN HE WAS HOME EVEN WHEN HE SLEPT. HE LIKED WAKING UP TO THE MILKMAN'S MATINEE. BUT TWO PORTABLE RADIOS? LARRY COULD BE LOOSE WITH MONEY BUT NOT

THAT CRAZY. I PICKED ONE UP. IT WAS HEAVY WITH ITS BATTERY INSIDE. MADE BY STROMBECKER CARLSON WITH A WOOD BOX AND A LEATHER HANDLE ON TOP. MAYBE HE'D GOTTEN THEM AS GIFTS AND MAYBE ONE OF THEM WAS FOR ME. I TOOK IT WITH ME JUST IN CASE.



I lit up.

IN THERE THAT ISN'T BATTERY CRAP IT COULD BE UNHEALTHY." I SCOOPED EVERYTHING UP. I TOLD HIM TO KEEP THE CHANGE AND SAID MY GOODBYES.

I WENT ACROSS THE STREET TO MY OFFICE. I WAS RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO THE ASTOR HOTEL. TIMES SQUARE WAS PRETTY QUIET, I NEARLY LOST MY LIFE ONLY THREE TIMES. THE GILT ON THE DOOR SAID, "HANSEN & VAN CLEVE PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS." SO MUCH FOR THOSE HIGH IDEALS. WE'D HAD OUR SHARE OF DUMB JOBS, FROM BONDED DELIVERIES TO SKIP TRACING AND CHASING DOWN WAYWARD HUSBANDS AND WIVES. NOTHING LIKE WHAT WE HAD DREAMED. NOT SOLVING THE SOPHISTICATED PROBLEMS OF UPTOWN SWELLS OR MAYBE A LEGGY BLONDE IN TROUBLE. NOPE. JUST WORKING FROM ONE ANGRY PHONE CALL FROM THE LANDLORD TO THE NEXT.

OUR GIRL FRIDAY, MARY WAS A LITTLE SNUFFLY

I WENT OVER TO CHILD'S BAR. MICKEY WAS JUST OPENING UP FOR THE AFTERNOON DRINKERS. HE GAVE ME A LOOK WHEN I SLID INTO MY REGULAR SPOT. "WHAT IS IT, MICK? DON'T LIKE THE LAW SNIFFIN' AROUND?" I PARKED MY RADIO ON THE BAR.

"YOU KNOW MOST OF MY FAMILY'S ON THE JOB, VAN. I LOVE COPS." HE WAS INDUSTRIOUSLY TRYING TO POLISH A GLASS INTO DUST.

"YOU MEAN MOST OF YOUR FAMILY'S ON THE TAKE — YEAH, I LOVE 'EM ALL, TOO. HOW 'BOUT USING THAT GLASS FOR BOOZE?" I LIT UP. HE MADE SOME MOVES AND I HAD A FINGER OF OLD FAITHFUL IN FRONT OF ME. I DID SOME MOVES AND A TEN SPOT WAS SHYLY PEEKING AT HIM FROM UNDER MY NAPKIN.

"NICE RADIO, VAN. HOW'S THE SOUND ON THEM LITTLE GUYS?" I HAD TO ADMIT I HADN'T TURNED IT ON YET. WHEN I TRIED, IT WAS DEAD. MICKEY SAID HE KNEW ALL SORTS OF THINGS ABOUT ELECTRICITY AND BATTERIES. I SAID GO AHEAD AND OPEN HER UP.

THE RADIO LOOKED LIKE A RADIO. THE BIG BATTERY SLID OUT AND MICKEY UNDOED THE WIRES. HE POKED AROUND A BIT PRONOUNCED THE PATIENT HEALTHY. HE FOOLED WITH THE BATTERY AND SAID, "HEY, SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT HERE." HE SHOWED ME SOME SCUFFS NEAR THE BOTTOM. I SAID HE MIGHT WANT TO STOP.

"MICK, IF THERE'S SOMETHING

YET. SHE'D HAD A THING FOR LARRY, BUT LARRY COULDN'T SEE HER FOR DUST. SHE WAS OKAY, BUT SHE WAS NO FRENCHIE. "A FEW PEOPLE CALLED ABOUT LARRY, NO RELATIVES AND NO LEADS. DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING, FREDDIE?" SHE ASKED. I HELD UP THE RADIO.

"DID LARRY EVER SAY ANYTHING ABOUT RADIOS?" SHE SHOOK HER HEAD. I WENT INSIDE AND SAT DOWN. I HAULED THE BATTERY OUT OF THE RADIO AND OPENED MY PEN KNIFE. I POKED AT THE SCUFF MARKS AND THE BOTTOM PRIED AWAY EASILY.

FAR FROM BATTERY INSIDES, OUT FELL A METAL BAR, SOME PACKING AROUND IT AND A SMALL ENVELOPE. IN THE ENVELOPE WAS A KEY TO A LOCKER AT THE EAST SIDE BUS TERMINAL. "JESUS, LARRY," I MUTTERED, "WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU GOTTEN INTO?"

THE BAR OF METAL LOOKED RAW, HAND MADE. MAYBE IT WAS JUST A WEIGHT TO MAKE THE BATTERY SEEM HEAVY ENOUGH. IT WAS VERY DENSE. COULD BE LEAD. I DRAGGED IT ON MY BLOTTER. NO MARK. "LARRY..." I MUTTERED AGAIN.

MARY STUCK HER HEAD IN. IT WAS THE END OF THE DAY ALREADY. I HELD UP THE BAR, "KNOW WHAT THIS STUFF IS?" SHE STEPPED INSIDE, PERCHED ON THE EDGE OF THE DESK. "IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER, I'D SAY THAT STUFF LOOKS LIKE MY MOM'S PLATINUM WEDDING RING. HEH-HEH, BUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS 'CAUSE THEN YOU'D BE HOLDING ABOUT \$200,000 SMACKERS IN YOUR HAND. WHAT IS THAT, A NEW PAPER WEIGHT? IS IT YOUR BIRTHDAY, BOSS?"

"NO, DOLLFACE, IT'S YOURS; HERE, TAKE THIS HOME AND STICK IT IN WITH YOUR NIGHTIES. PRETEND IT'S A PAIR OF BRONZED BABY SHOES." SHE STARTED TO PROTEST, BUT ONLY A LITTLE. "IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM ME FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, BLOW TO RIO AND NAME YOUR FIRST CHILD AFTER ME." SHE LOVED IT WHEN I TALKED TOUGH.

"FREDDIE, YOU ALWAYS SAY SOMETHING DUMB LIKE THAT." SHE CAME AROUND THE DESK. "YOU KNOW I'M NOT GOING TOO FAR FROM THAT KNOB." SHE WAS SWEET LIKE THAT. I'D ALWAYS WONDERED WHETHER I SHOULD BE DOING MY SECRETARY. MARY WAS A PRETTY COOL NUMBER, THOUGH. SHE NEVER LET HER BUSINESS INTERFERE WITH MY BUSINESS. HER INTERESTS LAY IN GETTING PLOUGHED ON MY DESK, USUALLY FROM BEHIND. WHICH OFTEN COINCIDED WITH MY INTERESTS. SHE NOTED THAT THE DOOR WAS LOCKED. I GOT UP AND PULLED DOWN THE SHADES.

I TURNED, SHE WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME AND MELTED INTO MY ARMS. LARRY'S DEATH HAD UNNERVED HER AND A LITTLE OF THE VAN CLEVE TONIC WAS WHAT SHE NEEDED. NOT MUCH TIME LATER, SHE WAS UP ON MY DESK



Not much
time later,
she was up
on my desk
on all fours
choking
on my
cock

ON ALL FOURS CHOKING ON MY COCK. SHE WAS SPUTTERING AND POINTING TO HER BACKSIDE. I MOVED AROUND AND PULLED UP HER SKIRT AND SLIP.

HER NARROW ASS WAS STICKING UP AT ME. I FELT AROUND ROUGHLY AND PUT A THUMB IN HER PUSSY. SHE JUMPED. MY COCK HEAD FOLLOWED AND SHE MOANED. IT WAS KIND A TOO BIG TO GET REALLY USED TO. IN THREE PUSHES, I FELT MY BALLS SLAP HER CUNT HAIRS. SHE WAS PANTING AND HUMMING HER ASS. I GRABBED HER BY HER HIP BONES AND BEGAN SLIDING HER OUT AND BACK. AFTER A BIT, I TOOK THAT SAME THUMB AND SLOWLY WORKED IT IN TO HER TINY PINK ASSHOLE. MARY'S PANTING TURNED INTO GASPS AND CAUTIOUS PHRASES LIKE, "WATCH OUT, NOT SO FAST," AND "DEEPER!" I COULD FEEL MY OWN COCK MOVING AROUND THROUGH THE THIN MEMBRANE THAT SEPARATED THE TWO OPENINGS.

MARY GAVE A FEW SERIOUS CONVULSIONS AND FELL FORWARD. I PULLED OUT AND FISTED MY OWN HARDENED FLESH. MARY FLIPPED OVER AND SQUIRMED AROUND TO TAKE MY PENIS IN HER OWN HANDS. SHE TOOK THE BULBOUS HEAD IN HER SMALL MOUTH AND THROTTLED MY COCK INTO POURING ITS LOAD DOWN HER THROAT. HER BRIGHT RED LIPS WERE A TIGHT CIRCLE ABOVE HER JERKING FIST AS SHE GAGGED ON THE FIRST FEW BIG SHOTS. A THICK TRICKLE OF OF SEMEN RAN DOWN HER CHIN AND ARM. SHE CAUGHT THE REST OF IT.

WE SAID OUR GOODBYES AND I CAUTIONED HER ABOUT THE PIECE OF METAL. SHE SHUSHED ME AND LEFT. IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON AND I HAD TO FIND FRENCHIE AND GET TO THE BUS TERMINAL.

FRENCHIE WAS A MANICURIST AT THE DIPLOMAT HOTEL, NOT FAR FROM MY OFFICE. I SPOTTED THE YOUNG PLAINCLOTHES COP PROPPING UP A CONCESSION STAND BEFORE I CLEARED THE REVOLVING DOORS. I WALKED UP TO HIM AND HE FURIOUSLY FLAPPED HIS NEWSPAPER. I LOUDLY BOUGHT SOME CIGARETTES, MAKING TERRIBLE JOKES ABOUT COPS TO THE STORE OWNER. THE KID WAS STRAINING TO READ SOME SMALL TYPE AS I BANGED THE COUNTER FOR A PUNCH LINE.

I HIT THE NAIL SHOP. THE MANAGER SAID FRENCHIE HADN'T SHOWED UP THE PAST COUPLE DAYS AND SHE HADN'T HEARD FROM HER. AS I WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE, ONE OF THE LOOKERS GAVE ME THE EYE AND SAID, "MANICURE, SIR?" I GAVE HER A SMILE AND SAT DOWN? HER

NAMETAG SAID ZOE.

TURNED OUT I'D HEARD OF ZOE. SHE WAS A PAL OF FRENCHIE'S. ZOE DID A NICE JOB OF MAULING MY FINGERS AND TOOK MY MONEY. WHEN SHE HANDED ME HER CARD, SHE MADE SURE NOT TO LET THE MANAGER SEE THE SIDE SHE HAD WRITTEN A ROOM NUMBER ON. I THANKED HER AND LEFT.

JUNIOR TRIED TO GET UP QUIETLY AS I WALKED OUT AND HE ONLY KNOCKED AN ASHTRAY OVER. I WENT UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS, PUSHED OPEN A SHOP DOOR AND RAN TO THE NEXT STAIR DOWN BEFORE JUNIOR SAW ME. I COULD HEAR HIS HEAD RATTLE AS HE LOOKED AROUND FOR ME. I HOOLED IT TO THE SECOND STAGE OF ELEVATORS AND TOLD THE OPERATOR TO GO TO ELEVEN. I KNOCKED AT ROOM 1121. THERE SHE WAS. AS I SLID INTO THE ROOM, I LOOKED INTO FRENCHIE'S BIG, TEAR-FILLED EYES.

FRANCHIE PULLED HER TITS INTO HER FANCY BRASSIERE. SHE TOOK A HANKIE FROM SOMEWHERE AND DABBED AT HER INNER THIGH. SHE GAVE ME A SMILE AND WIPED SOME AFTER-DROP FROM MY PENIS. SHE HANDLED MY HALF-HARD ROD WITH A ROUGH FAMILIARITY I LIKED.

BUT MOST GIRLS WOULD BE BUSY BUTTONING UP UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES. I HAD THE UNEASY FEELING OF SOMEONE CLOSING A DEAL. LARRY HAPPENED TO BE UNAVAILABLE BUT HERE I WAS. ME AND MY BIG DICK GETTING ME INTO TROUBLE. SHE'D FOUND SOME MORE LIQUID IN MY MEAT AND HAD TAKEN THE HEAD IN HER MOUTH TO GET IT ALL.

I DIDN'T KNOW HOW BUSINESS-LIKE TO BE. UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES. "HEY, FRENCHIE... I NEED TO KNOW A FEW THINGS, UH..." SHE FELT ME START TO HARDEN AGAIN AND BEGAN REALLY WORKING THE MEAT. "FRENCHIE, NO, BABY... I REALLY NEED TO HEAR WHATEVER YOU CAN TELL ME." SHE WAS TOO FAR GONE AND SO WAS I. AT LEAST THE NEXT COUPLE OF TIMES WE USED A BED.



TO BE CONTINUED...

MILO MANARA's

HIDDEN CAMERA



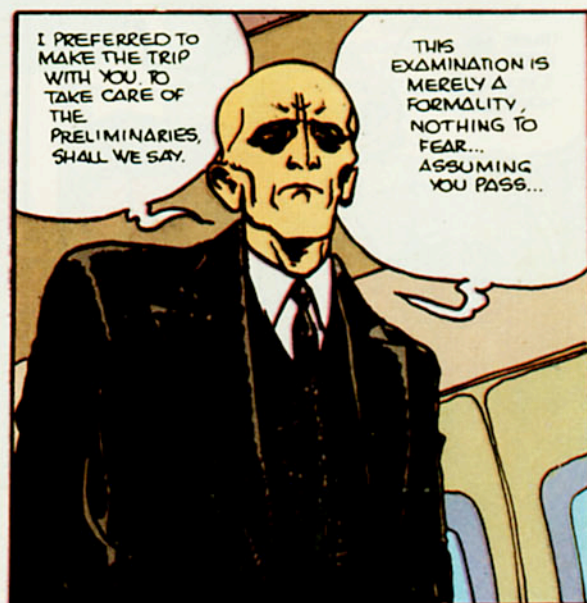
Part 6 - THE RITUAL



SURPRISED,
SIG NORA CAMELLI?
I THOUGHT YOU'D
BEEN NOTIFIED
OF MY ARRIVAL.



YES, BUT I
THOUGHT WE'D
MEET IN
VENICE.



I PREFERRED TO
MAKE THE TRIP
WITH YOU, TO
TAKE CARE OF
THE
PRELIMINARIES,
SHALL WE SAY.

THIS
EXAMINATION IS
MERELY A
FORMALITY,
NOTHING TO
FEAR...
ASSUMING
YOU PASS...



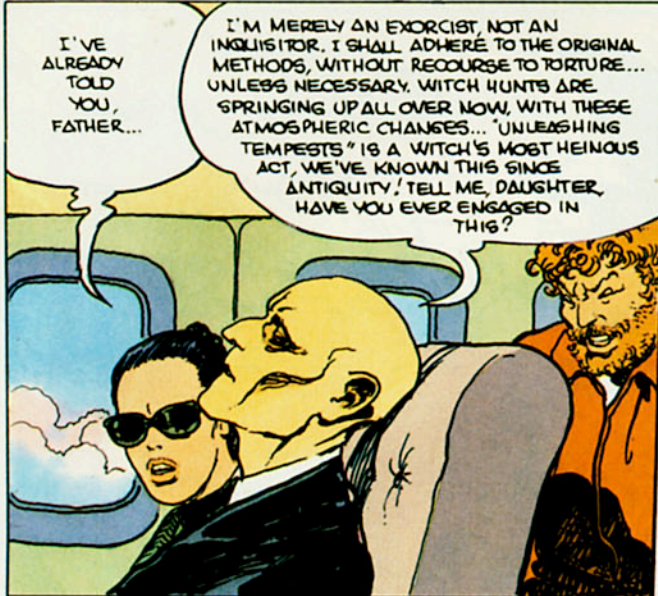
EVERYONE KNOWS
I'VE SPLIT COMPLETELY
FROM THAT WHOLE
WORLD.

INDEED,
INDEED. BUT
THOSE UPSTAIRS"
INSIST ON A
BRIEF EXAMINATION
NONETHELESS. THE
DAYS OF THE
INQUIRY ARE OVER,
BUT YOUR PAST ERRORS
WARRANT THIS, DON'T
YOU AGREE?



THERE'S NO DIRECT EVIDENCE THAT
YOU'RE A WITCH... AND YET... YOU ONCE
WERE, ADMIT IT, MY CHILD. YOU'RE IN
A POSITION TO KNOW THEY STILL
EXIST, AND HOW MUCH HARM THEY
CAN DO. YOU MUSTN'T REFUSE
THIS INVESTIGATION - ESPECIALLY
IF YOU'RE INNOCENT.

WELL,
WELL!



I'VE
ALREADY
TOLD
YOU,
FATHER...

I'M MERELY AN EXORCIST, NOT AN
INQUISITOR. I SHALL ADHERE TO THE ORIGINAL
METHODS, WITHOUT RECOURSE TO TORTURE...
UNLESS NECESSARY. WITCH HUNTS ARE
SPRINGING UP ALL OVER NOW, WITH THESE
ATMOSPHERIC CHANGES... 'UNLEASHING
TEMPESTS' IS A WITCH'S MOST HEINOUS
ACT, WE'VE KNOWN THIS SINCE
ANTIQUITY. TELL ME, DAUGHTER,
HAVE YOU EVER ENGAGED IN
THIS?



WE'LL I'LL BE
GODDAMMED!



TRUST ME.
REST EASY.
I'M ON
YOUR SIDE.

HAVE YOU EVER
TAKEN PART IN
THIS... ER...
RITUAL? TELL ME
THE TRUTH.



NO, I'VE NEVER
KISSED THE
DEVIL'S BACKSIDE,
IF THAT'S WHAT
YOU MEAN!

LISTEN...
EXACTLY WHAT'S
INVOLVED IN
THIS
EXAMINATION?

THE OBSCENE KISS - ED. NOTE



FOR MY PART, I SIMPLY RECORD YOUR
STATEMENTS AND TAKE APPROPRIATE MEASURES
TO MAKE CERTAIN YOUR BODY DOES NOT BEAR
THE MARK OF THE DEVIL. I'D PREFER TO SPARE YOU
IMMERSION... EVEN IF THEY DO REQUIRE IT 'UPSTAIRS'.



HOLY SHIT! LOOK
AT THAT! WITH
LUCK, THIS COULD
BE AN INCREDIBLE
'HIDDEN CAMERA'
SEQUENCE!
I'LL GET ON IT
RIGHT NOW!

IMMERSION IS STILL THE ONLY
FOOLPROOF METHOD OF
UNMASKING A WITCH, MY CHILD.
AND DECIDEDLY THE MOST
HUMILIATING, SINCE IT
MUST BE DONE IN PUBLIC.

I WON'T DO
IT, FATHER...
THERE'S NO POINT
GOING ANY
FURTHER.

LOOK AT THAT... IT'S TOO HARD ON A
WOMAN, ESPECIALLY IN A WINTER
THIS COLD!

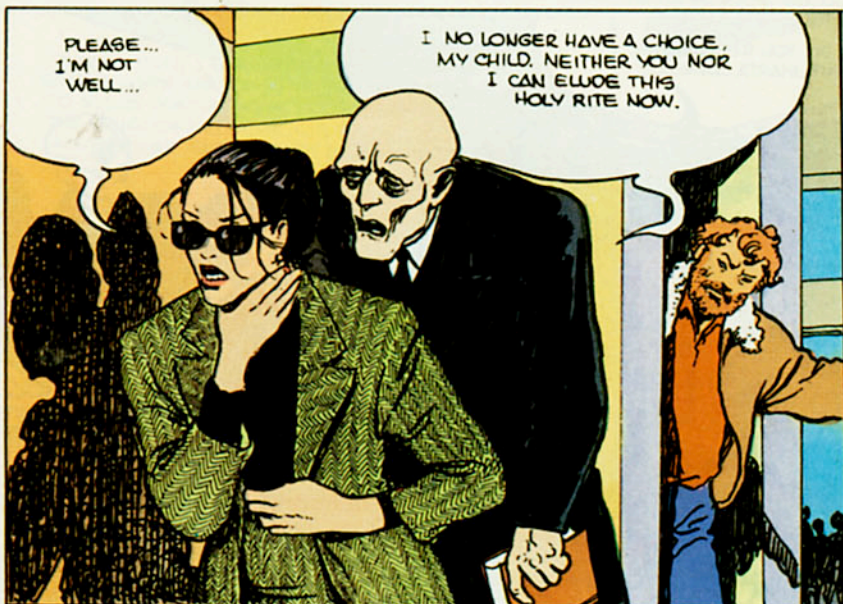
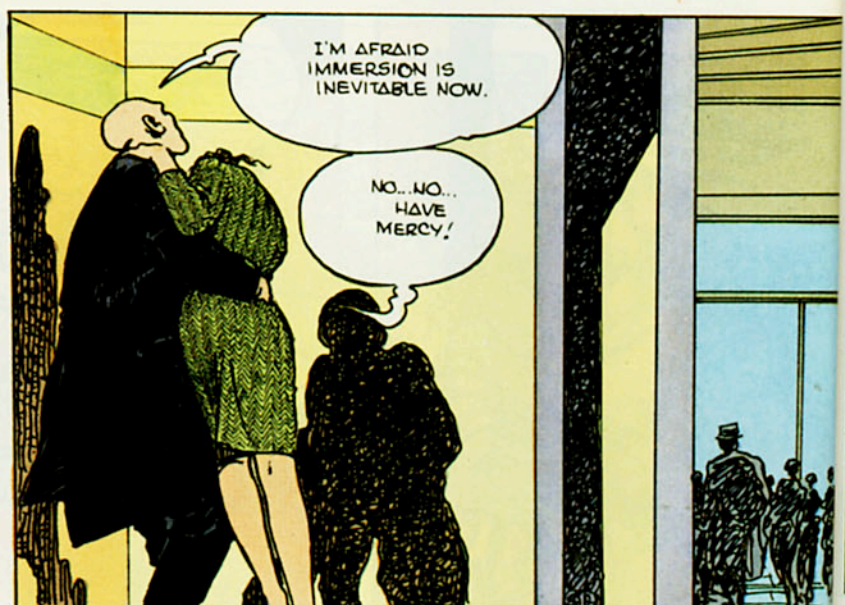
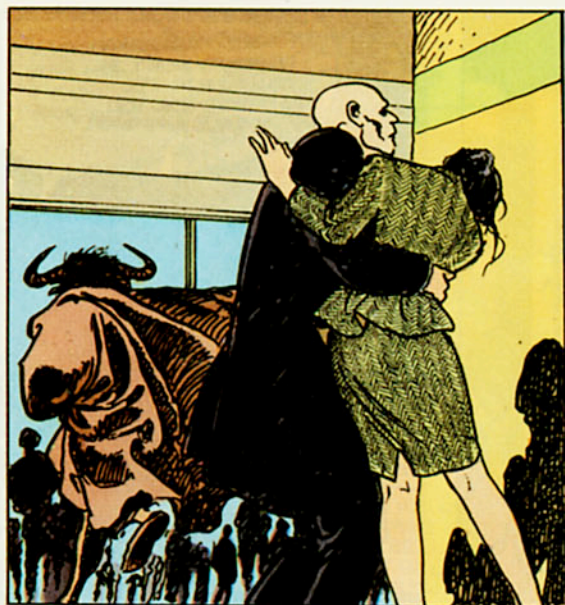
RIGHT, THAT'S
WHAT TO DO.
EXACTLY. BUT GET
YOUR ASS IN
GEAR!

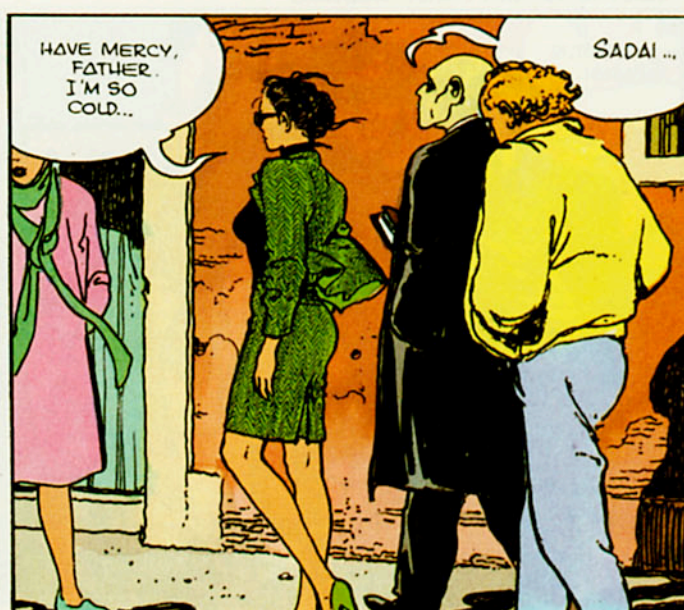
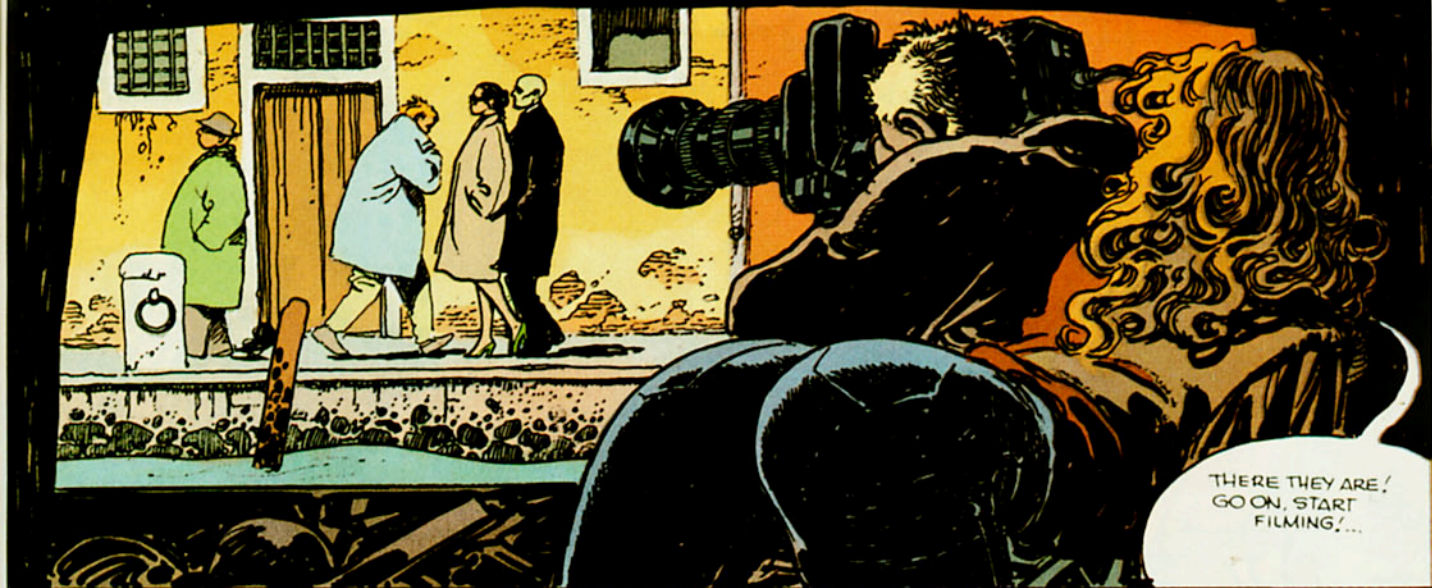
I HOPE HE
UNDERSTOOD
IT ALL.

WELL, IMMERSION
PROBABLY WON'T BE
CALLED FOR. I'LL
ANSWER FOR YOU
MYSELF, "UPSTAIRS."

FIRST, SIGN THIS DECLARATION
OF INNOCENCE, MY CHILD. WE'LL
HAVE THE EXAMINATION AT
THE HOTEL.

DO YOU RECOGNIZE
ME, MARTA CAMELLI?







* INVOCATIONS OF GOD IN HEBREW, GREEK AND LATIN.



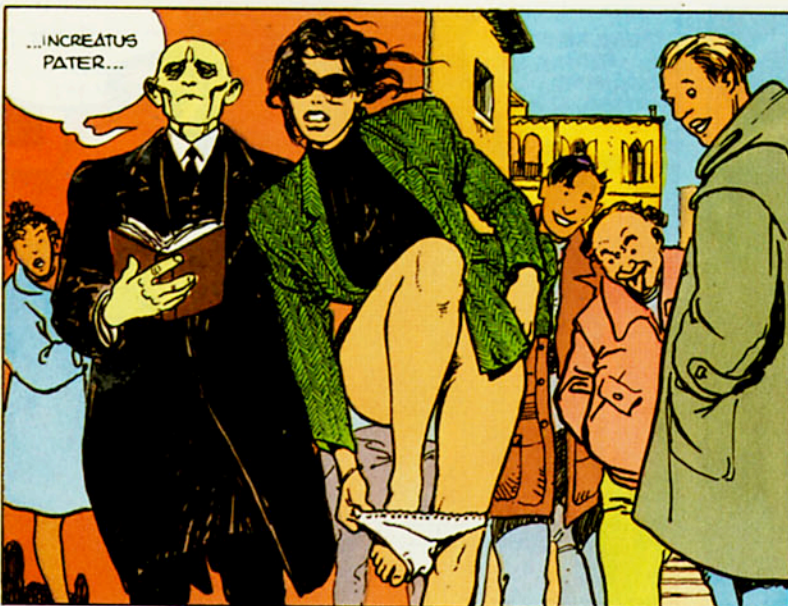
THE BEGINNING AND THE END, HOLY ONE, STRONG ONE, IMMORTAL ONE.



MAN AND MESSIAH. CHRIST CONQUERS



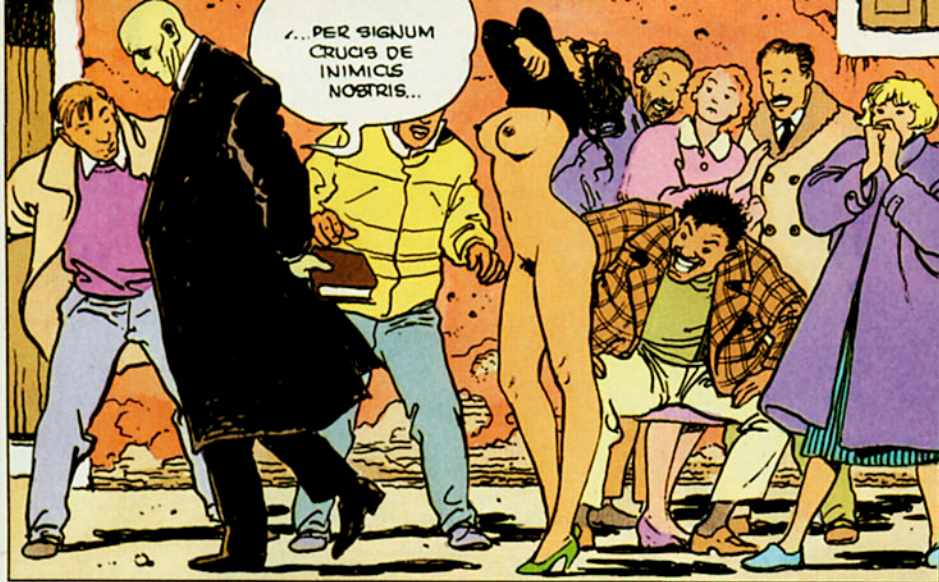
CHRIST RULES, CHRIST OVERCOMES



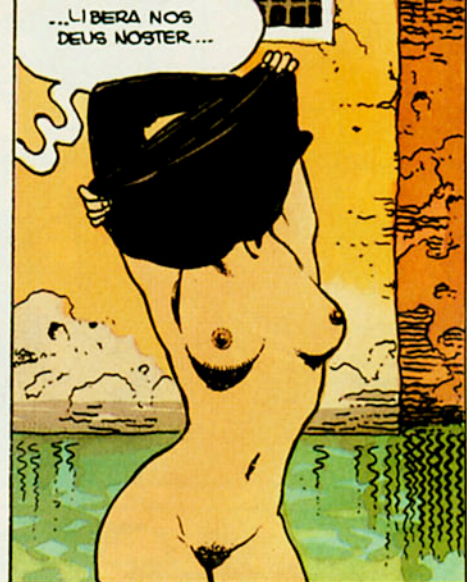
THE FATHER IS UNCREATED
70 PENTHOUSE COMIX

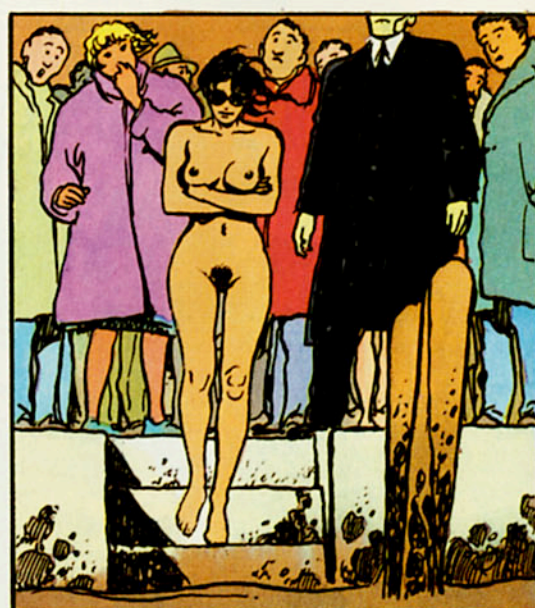
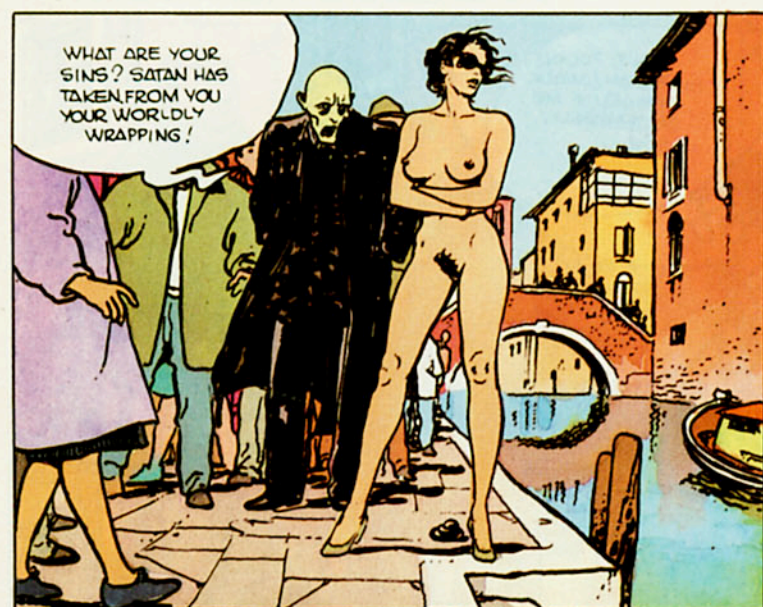
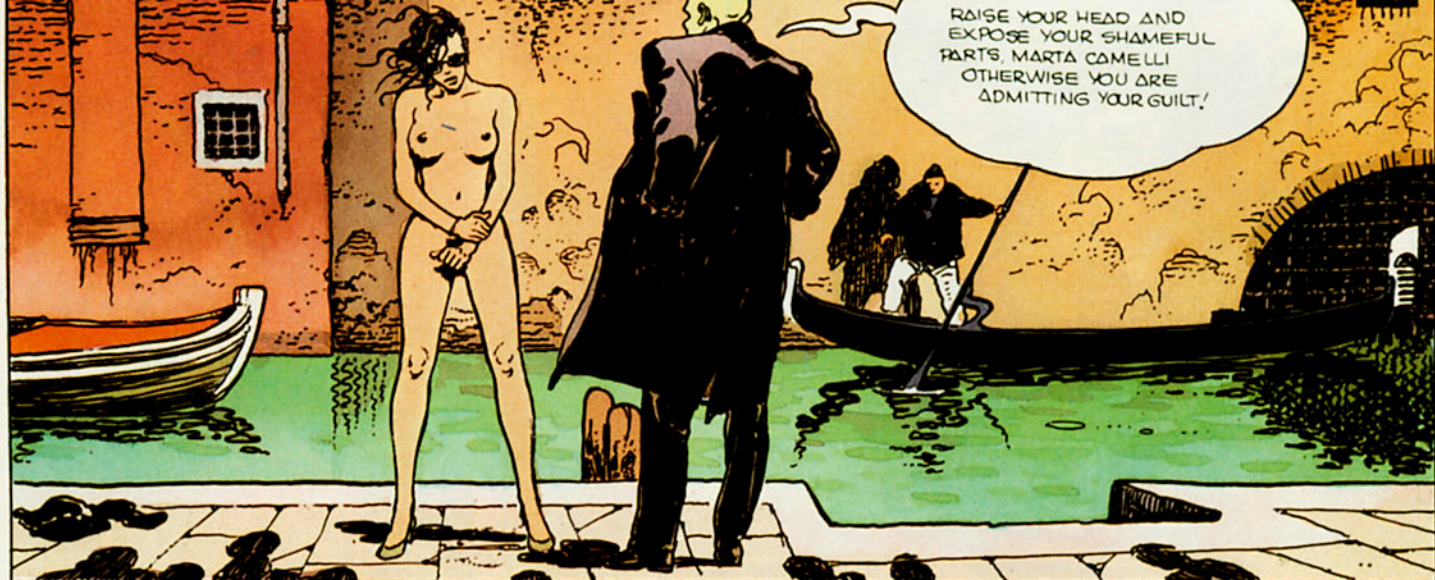


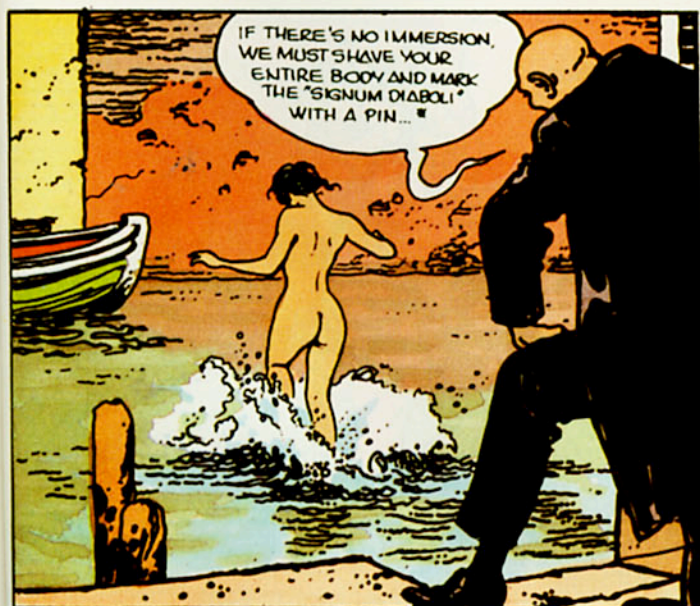
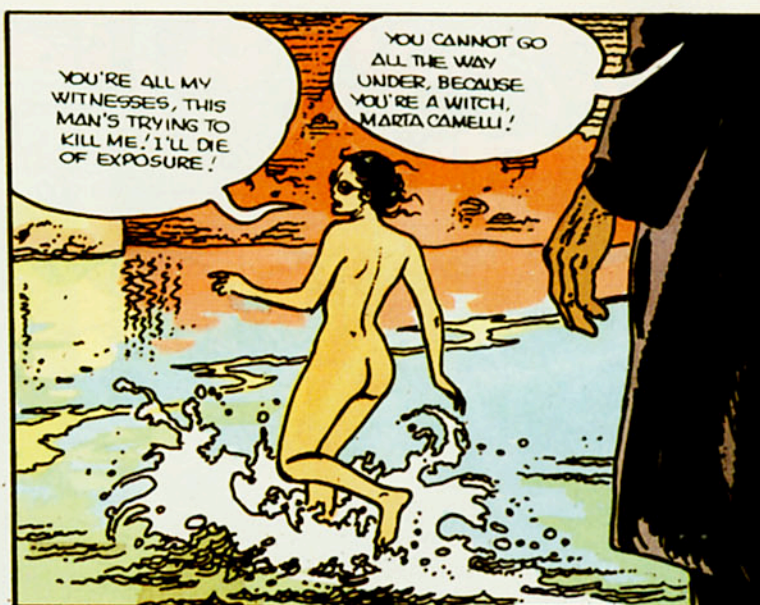
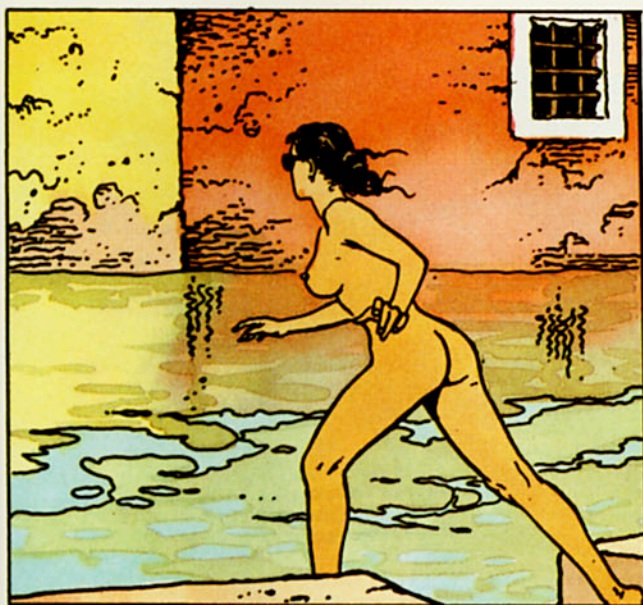
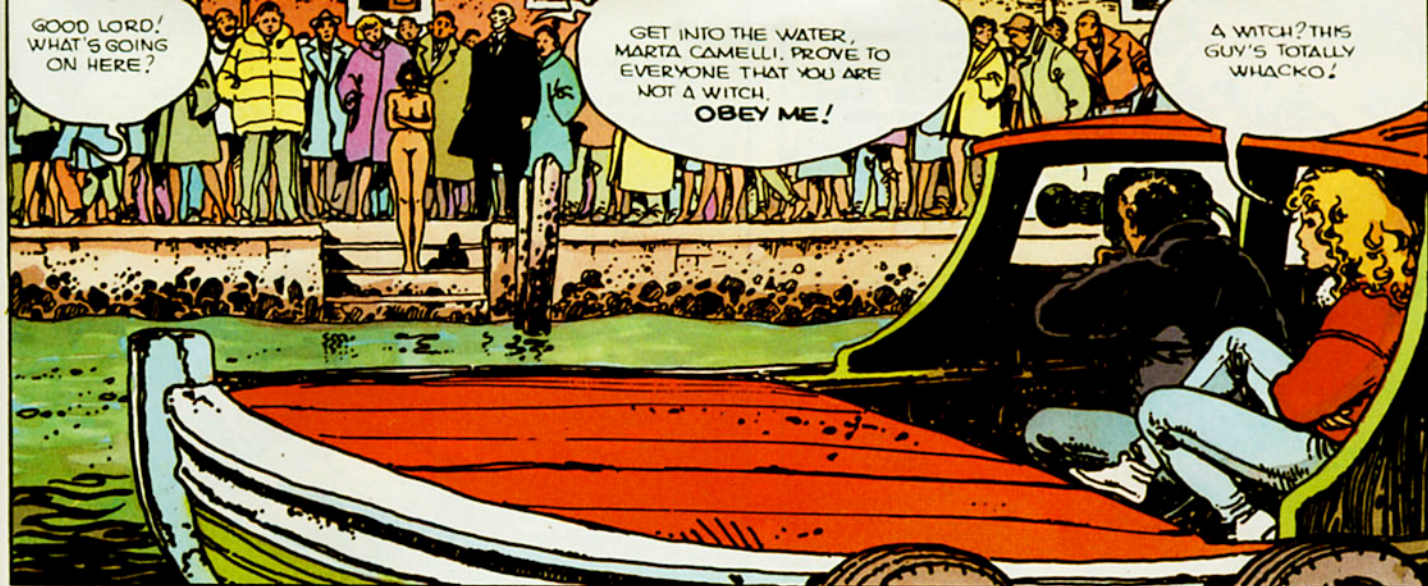
THE SON IS UNCREATED, THE HOLY SPIRIT IS UNCREATED



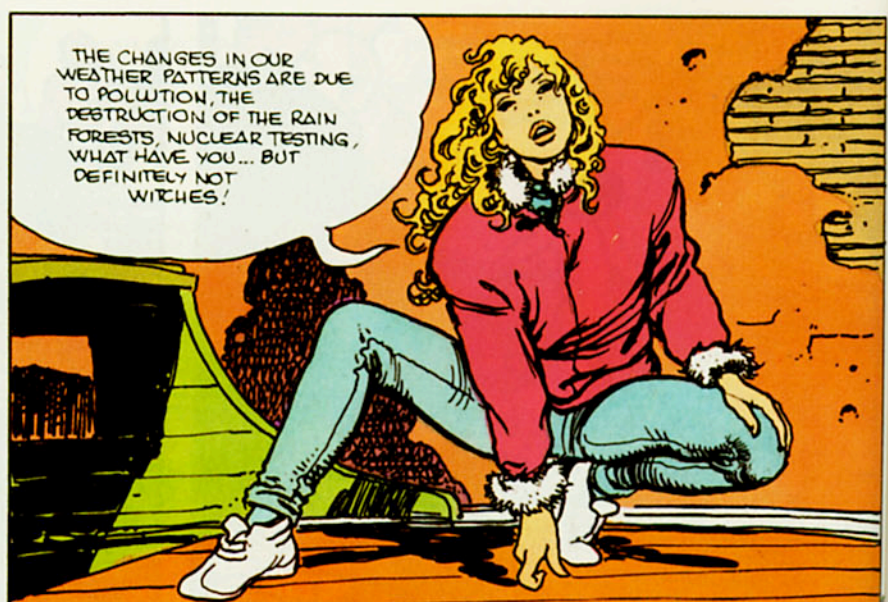
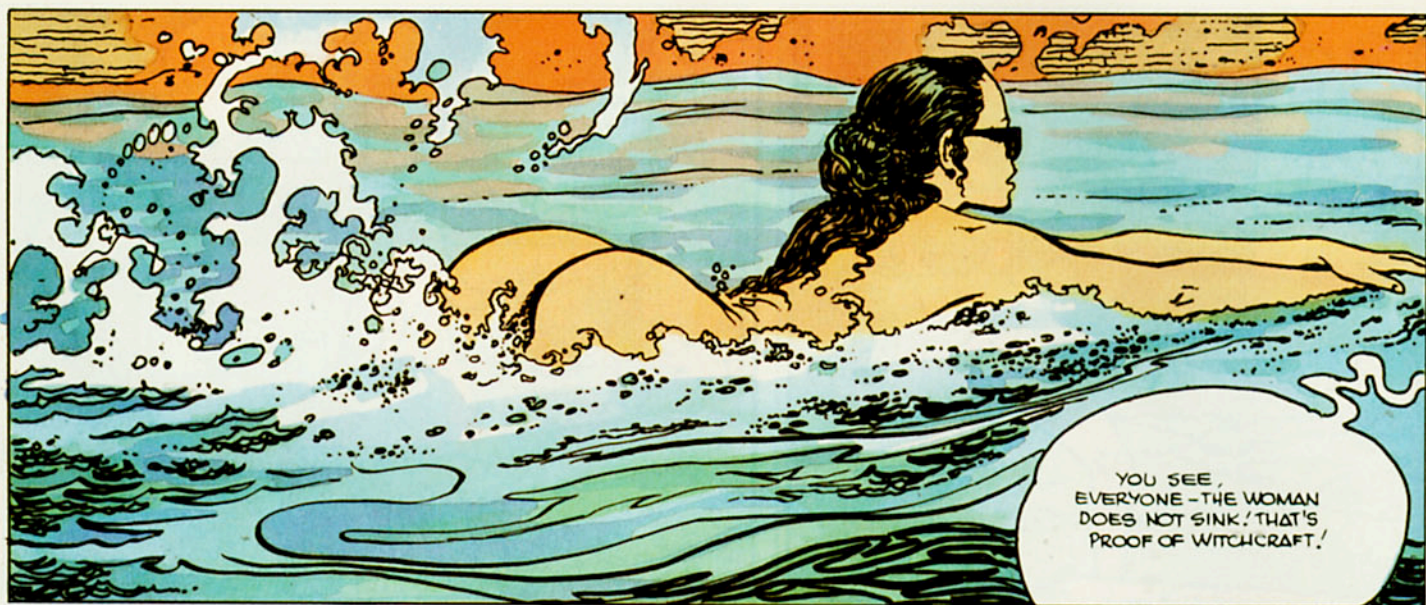
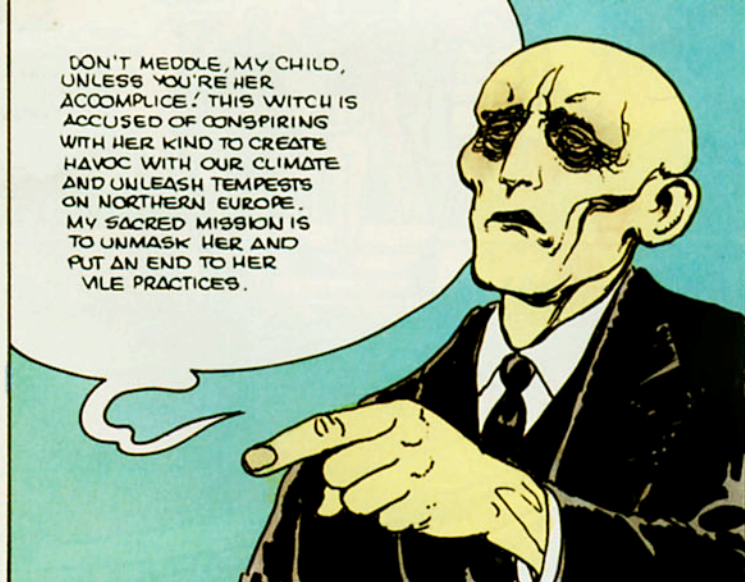
BY THE SIGN OF THE CROSS, O LORD

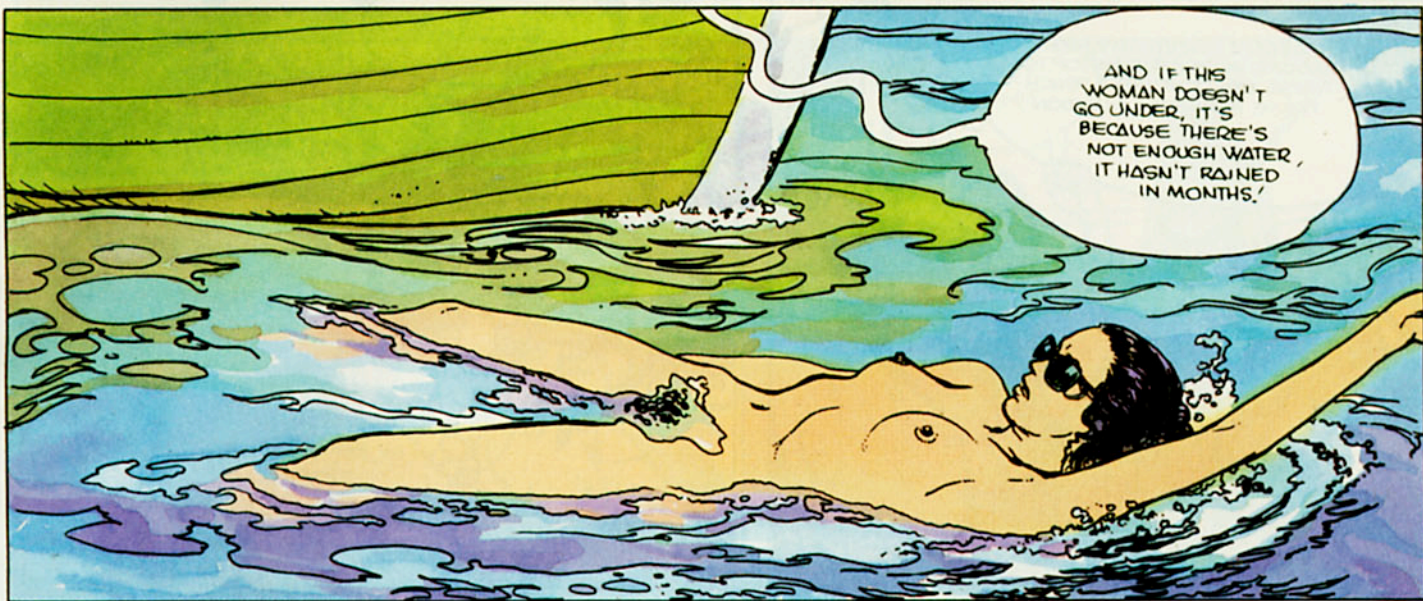




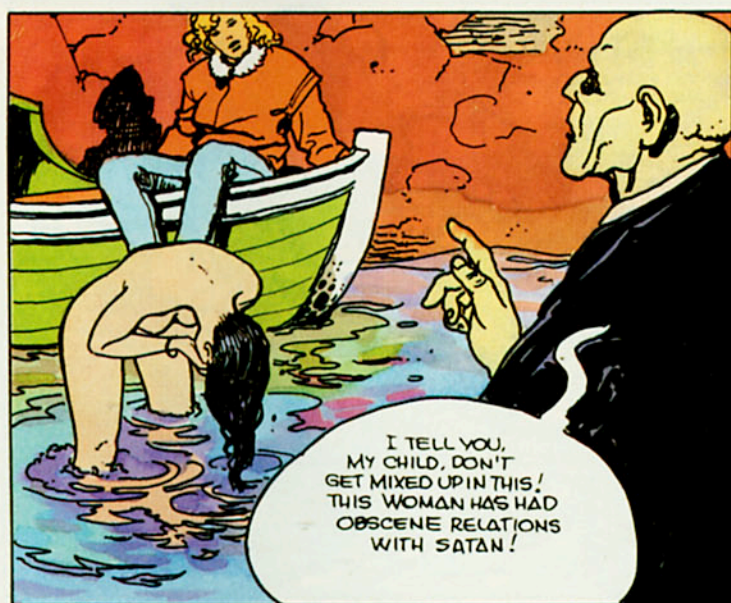


"SIGNUM DIABOLI": MARK OF THE DEVIL. - ED NOTE





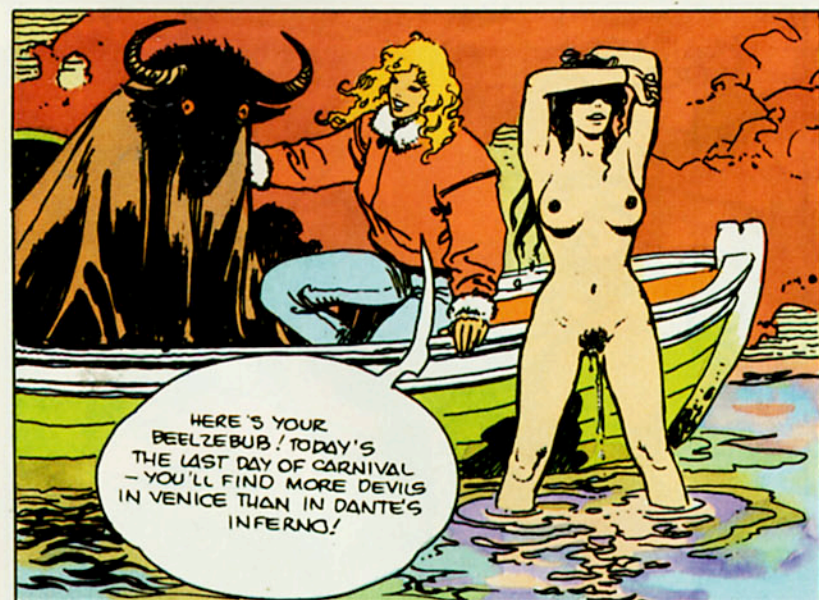
AND IF THIS WOMAN DOESN'T GO UNDER, IT'S BECAUSE THERE'S NOT ENOUGH WATER, IT HASN'T RAINED IN MONTHS!



I TELL YOU, MY CHILD, DON'T GET MIXED UP IN THIS! THIS WOMAN HAS HAD OBSCENE RELATIONS WITH SATAN!



HA! HA! OKAY, I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR SATAN! HEY, GUY! COME ON OUT! SHOW HIM!

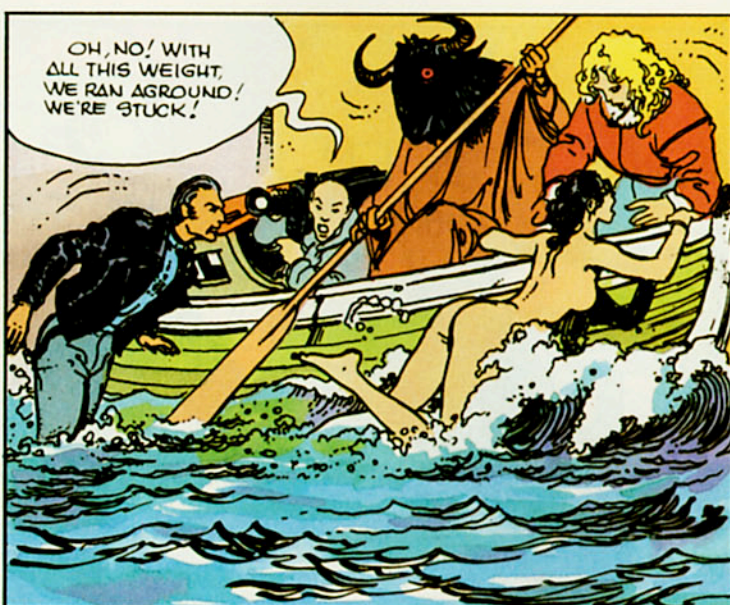
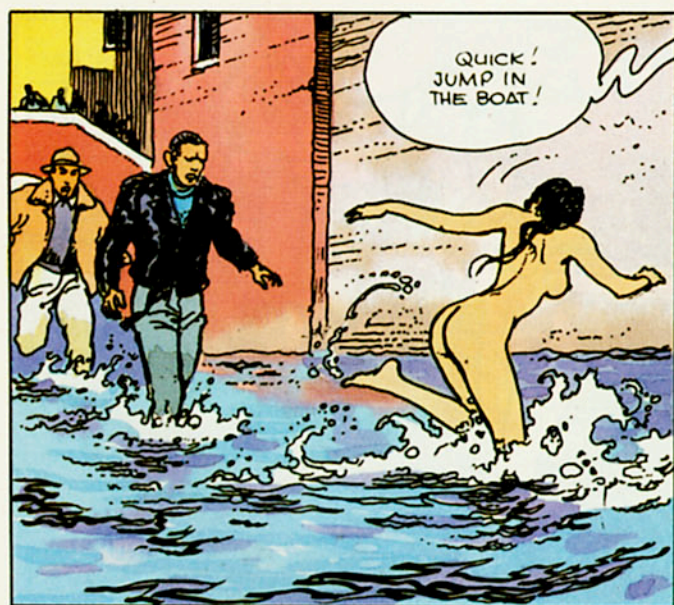


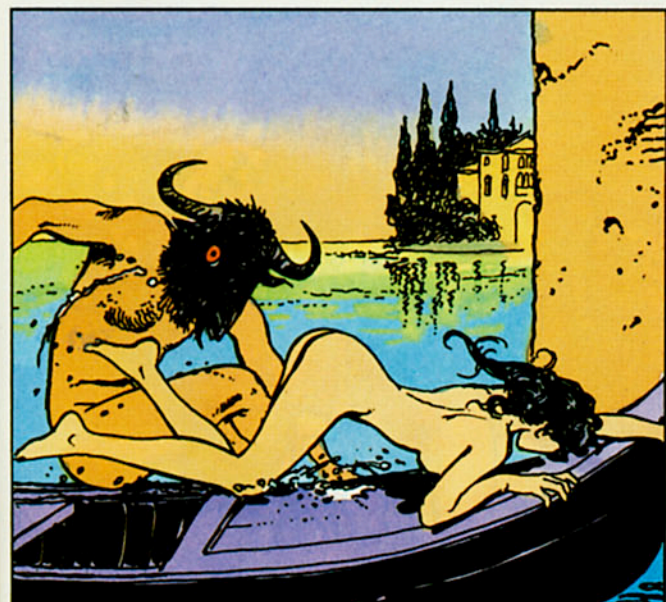
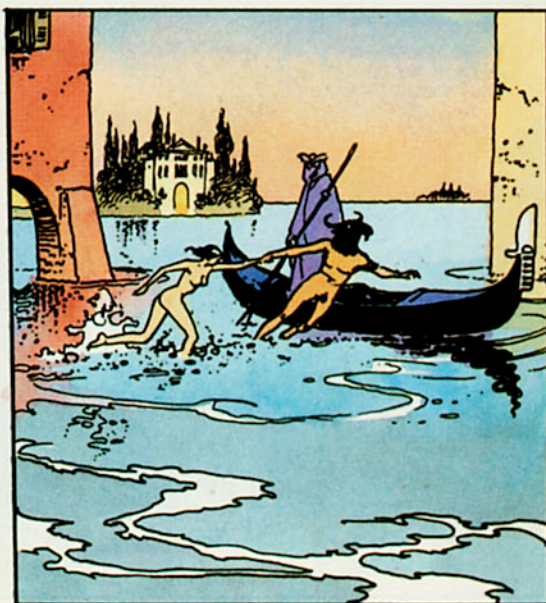
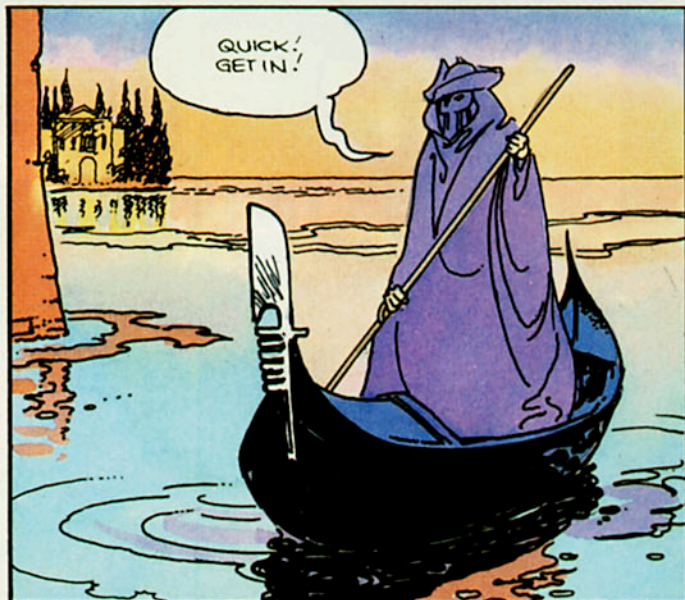
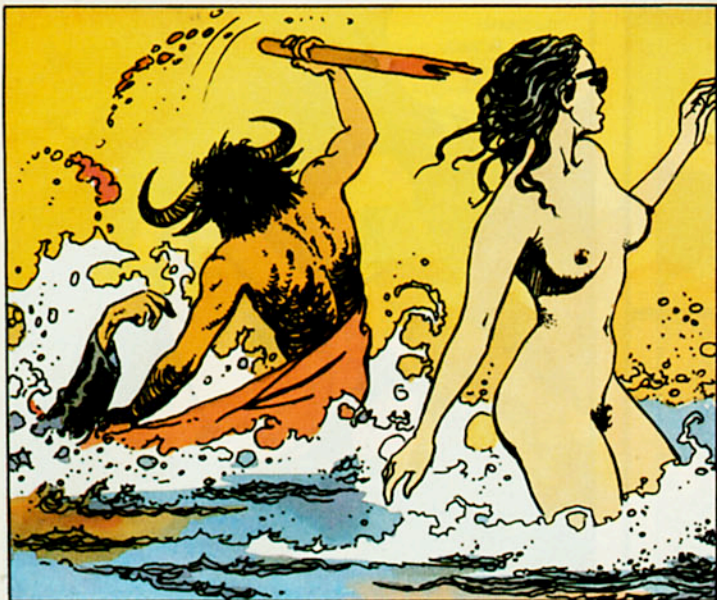
HERE'S YOUR BEELZEBUB! TODAY'S THE LAST DAY OF CARNIVAL - YOU'LL FIND MORE DEVILS IN VENICE THAN IN DANTE'S INFERNO!

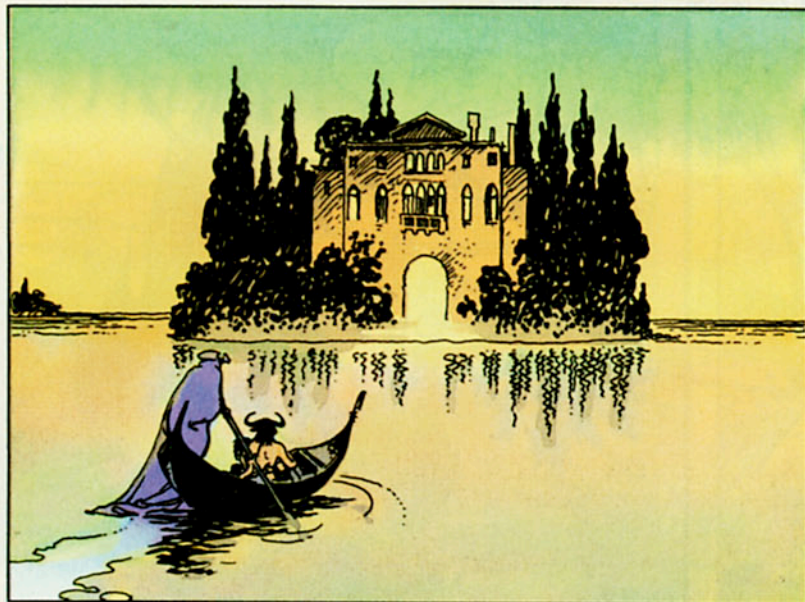


YOU REALLY THINK THE DEVIL LOOKS LIKE... THAT?

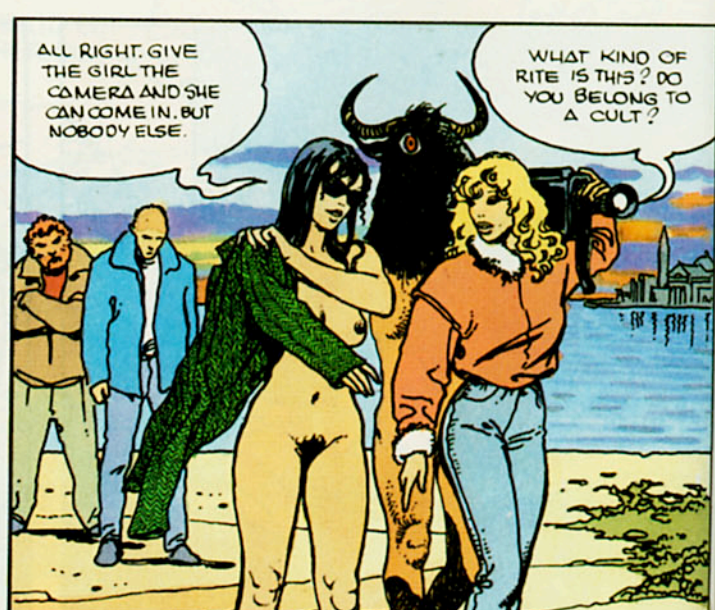
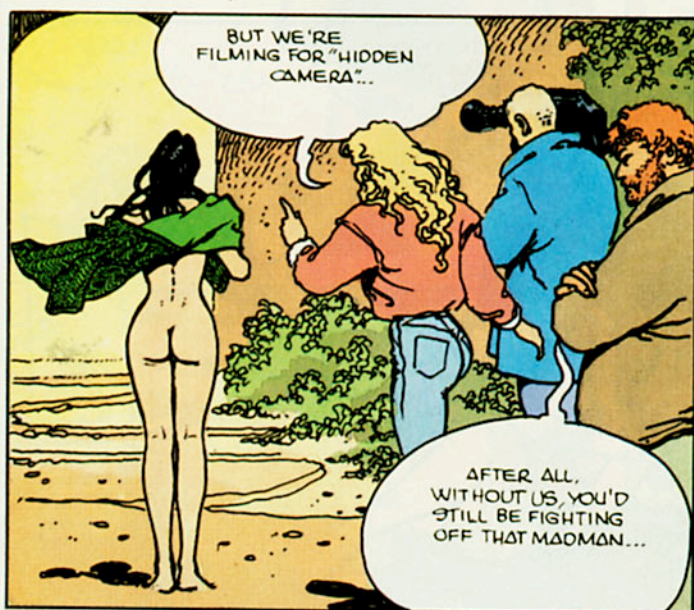
MAYBE YOU RECOGNIZE ME BETTER THIS WAY! YOU OLD FART! HA! HA!







* WE DO NOT BEGIN IN ALL GOOD WORKS ...-ED NOTE



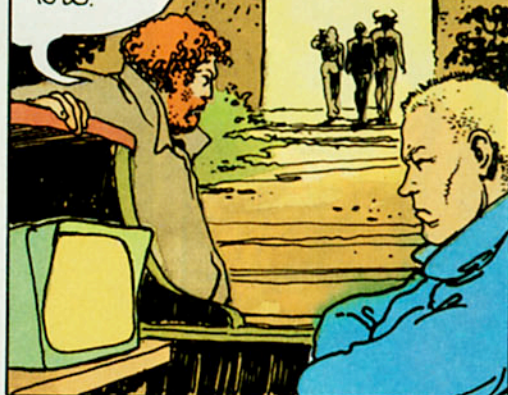
THE EXORCIST WAS RIGHT - I AM A WITCH. BUT WITCHES AREN'T ALWAYS EVIL... WE'VE GATHERED ON THIS ISLAND TO MAKE IT RAIN. THE RAM WILL FIGHT THE ASS. EACH TRIES TO GET THE OTHER'S SPERM. THE ONE WHO MANAGES TO CONTAIN HIMSELF WILL GIVE IT TO US, AND WE'LL CHANGE IT INTO RAIN OR STORMS... DEPENDING ON WHO WINS.



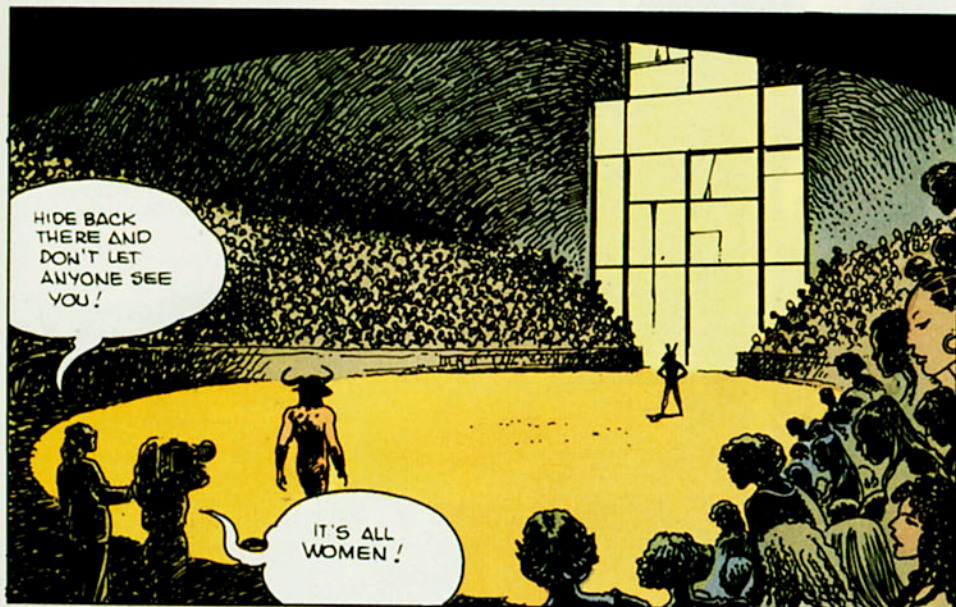
I THOUGHT THE GUY WAS OUT OF IT, BUT YOU BOTH BELONG IN STRAIT JACKETS!



IF HONEY GETS GOOD SHOTS, WE CAN WATCH IT ON THE MONITOR. THAT'LL HAVE TO DO.



HIDE BACK THERE AND DON'T LET ANYONE SEE YOU!



IT'S ALL WOMEN!

NOT EXACTLY!

OH! THAT'S THE ASS...



I DON'T GET THIS AT ALL... GUESS I'LL JUST WATCH...

