

SIZZLING SUMMER SEX!!

PENTHOUSE comix

JUNE 1997

**LIBBY'S BACK
WITH PLENTY OF FRONT!**

THEN
**BOOTY
CALL**
IN THE PUSSY CAMP

PLUS
**GIRL
TROUBLE**
IN LITTLE CHINA!

U.S. \$4.95
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BORIS
097

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PENTHOUSE
COMIX

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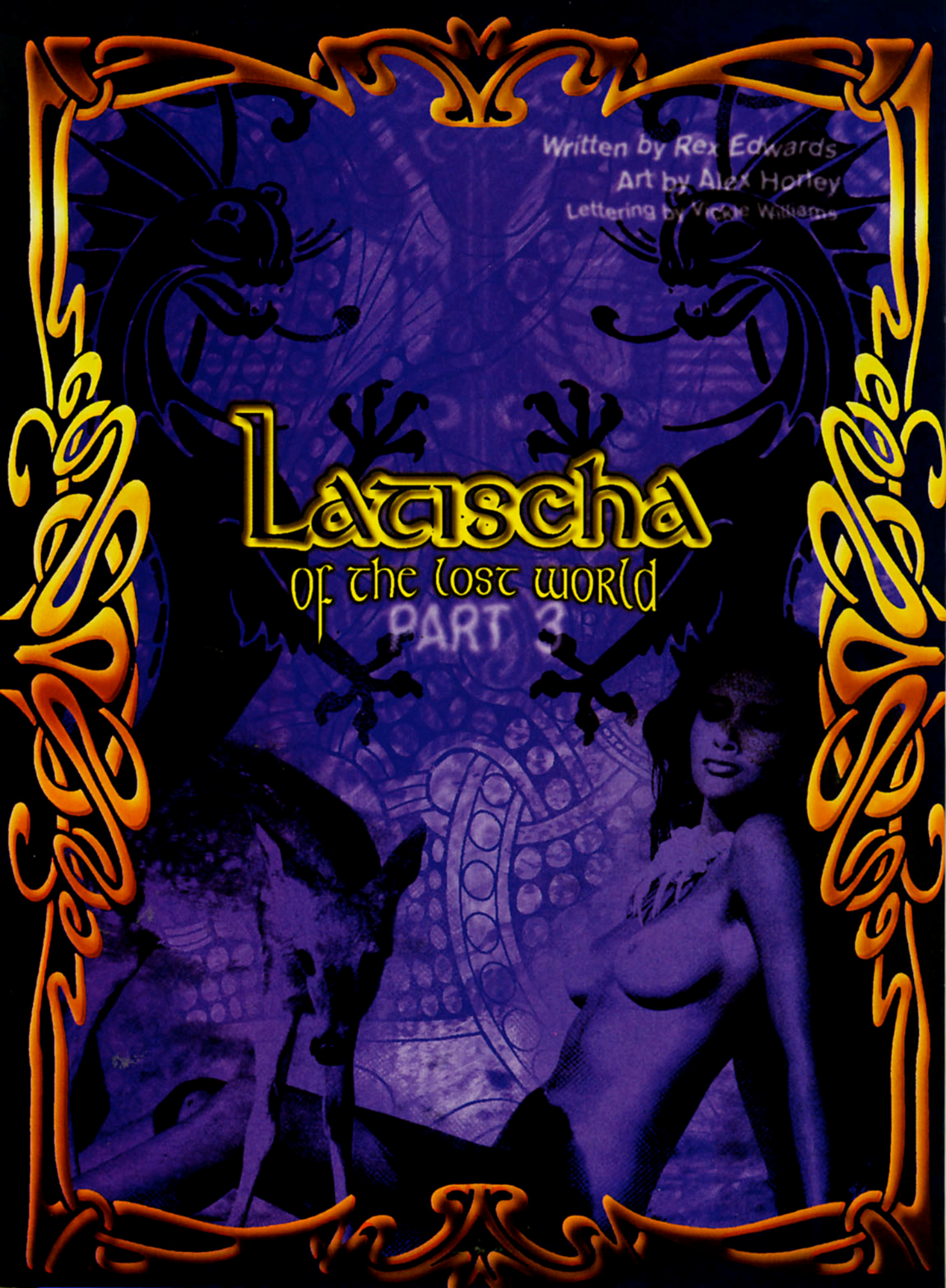
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Latischa

of the lost world

PART 3





OH, GOD!
I NEEDED THIS
SO BAD!!

IT HAD BEEN THREE DAYS
SINCE LIBBY HAD RUN FROM
LATISCHA'S CAMP.

SHE HAD BEEN TIED TO
A POST, LIKE A DOG, FOR
ANYONE'S AMUSEMENT.

BUT THAT FIRST NIGHT, OLMAN HAD SET HER FREE! NOW THREE DAYS LATER, AFTER EATING ONLY FRUIT, LIBBY IS BECOMING DELIRIOUS WITH HUNGER.

WHERE CAN I GO? I CAN'T SHOW MY FACE BACK WITH LIGAH AND THE TRIBE!



MAYBE IT'S ABOUT TIME I TRIED TO GET OUT OF HERE! I NEED TO GO HOME TO NEW YORK!

IF YOU DON'T MOVE, LIBBY, YOU'LL GET A CHANGE OF SCENERY ALL RIGHT!!



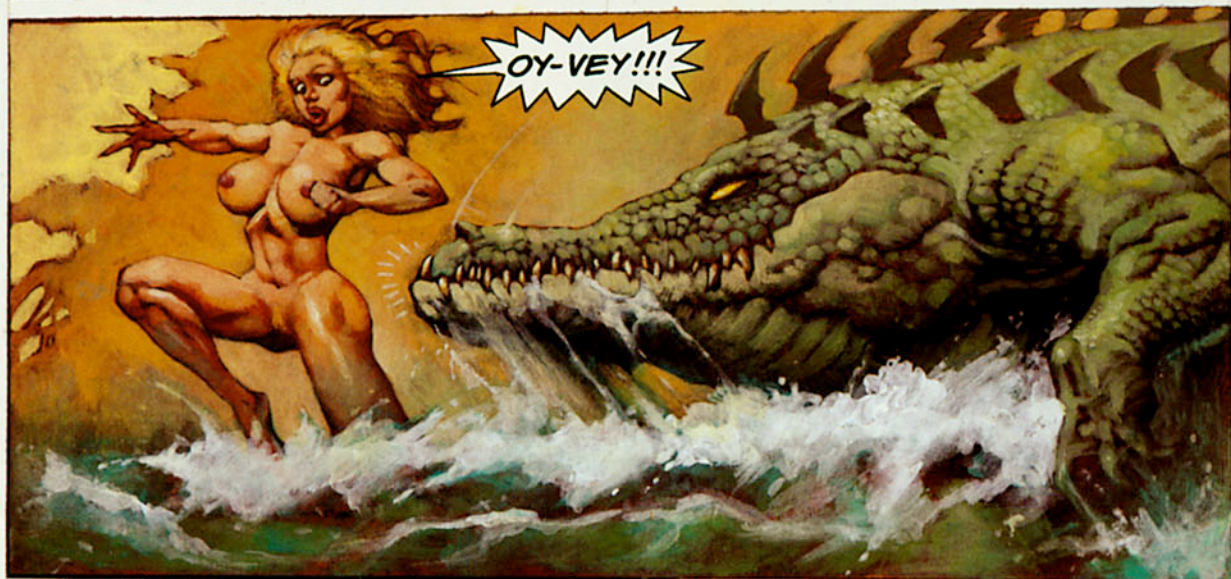
A-A-A-A--



ALLIGATOR!!!!!!



OY-VEY!!!



GOD? IF YOU GET ME OUT OF THIS,
I WILL NEVER BUY ALLIGATOR SHOES
OR HANDBAGS AGAIN! I SWEAR!!

NOOO WAY,
J.J.!!!! I'M
TELLING YOU,
YOU GOTTA BE
BLIND!

MAN, YOU
ONE SAD MOTHER,
WHAT YOU BEEN
DRINKING, NORMAN?
TELL ME WHERE I
CAN GET THE
COCONUT MILK YOU
BEEN TASTING!

HEY, NORMAN!
I'D PUT THAT
AWAY IF I
WERE YOU.
THERE'S A
BIRD OVER
THERE, LICKING
ITS BEAK!
IT MUST'VE
SEEN A JUICY
WORM!!!

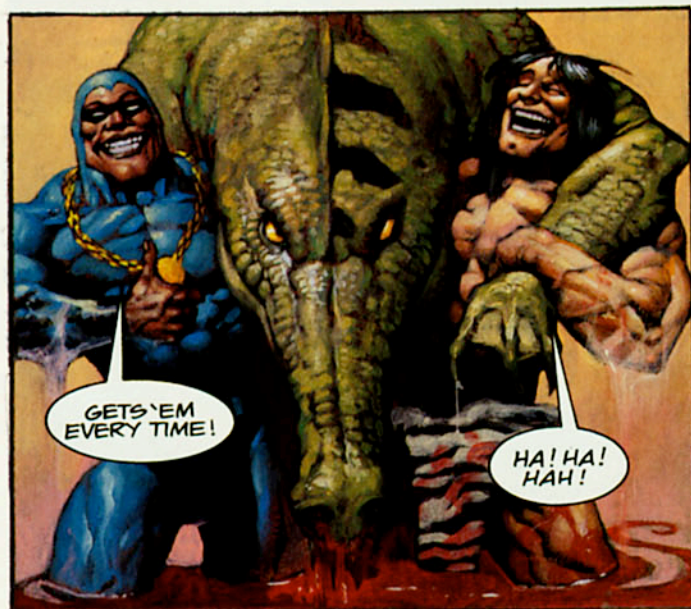
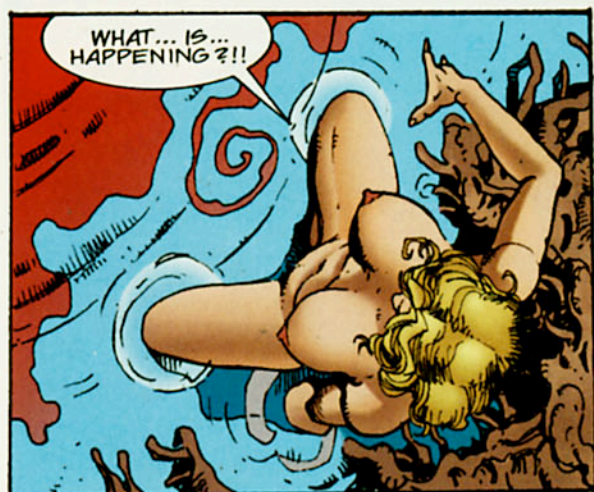
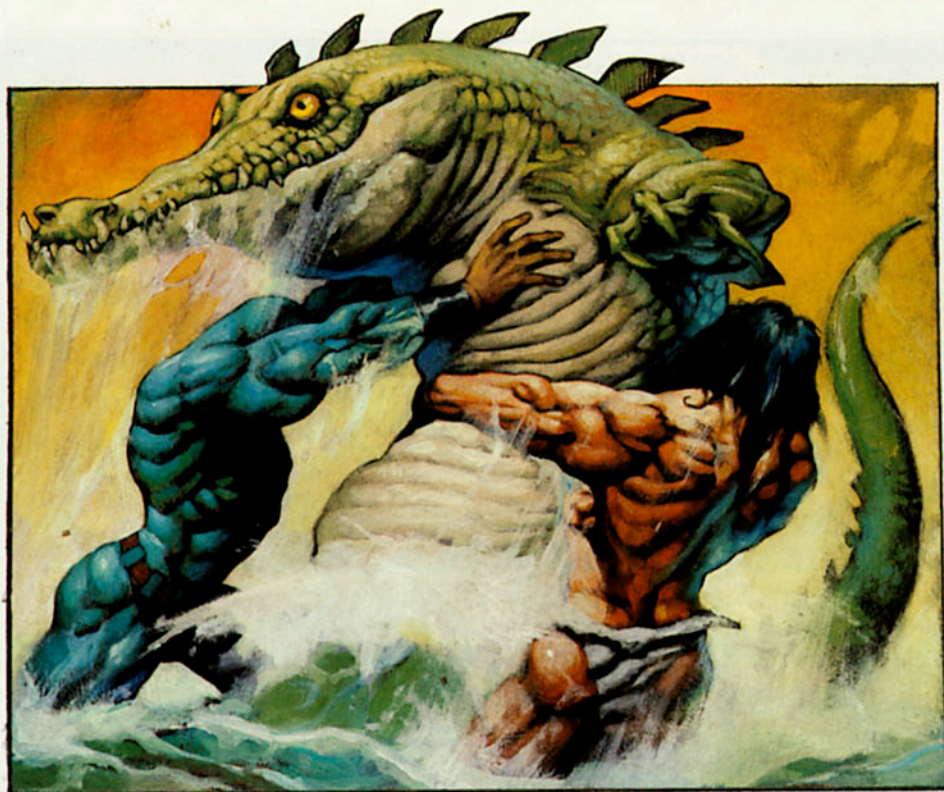
OK!
THAT'S IT!!
WE NEED TO GET
AN IMPARTIAL
OBSERVER!!

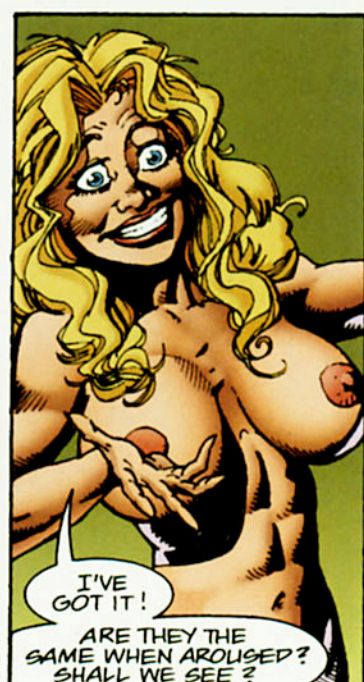
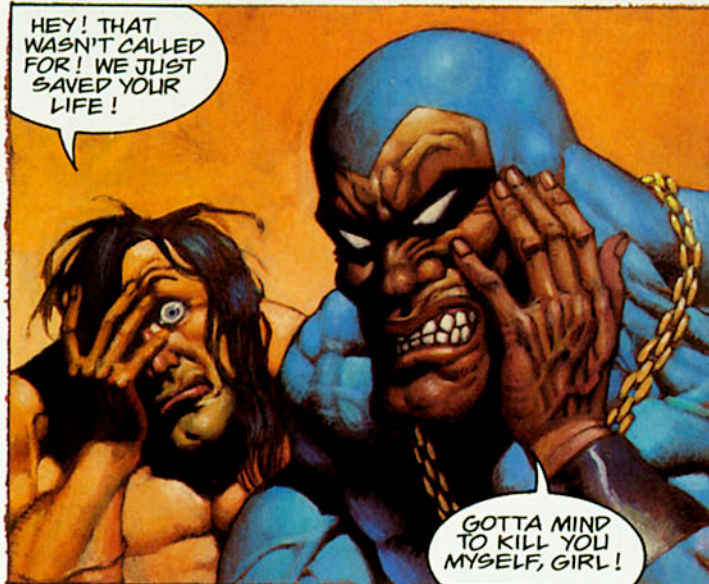
AAGGGHHHHH!!!

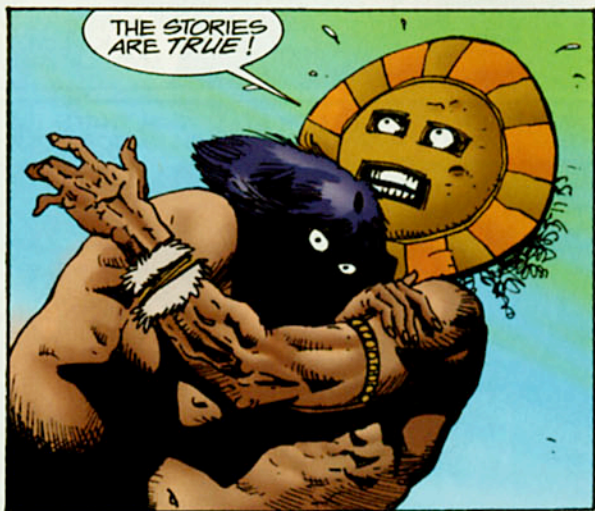
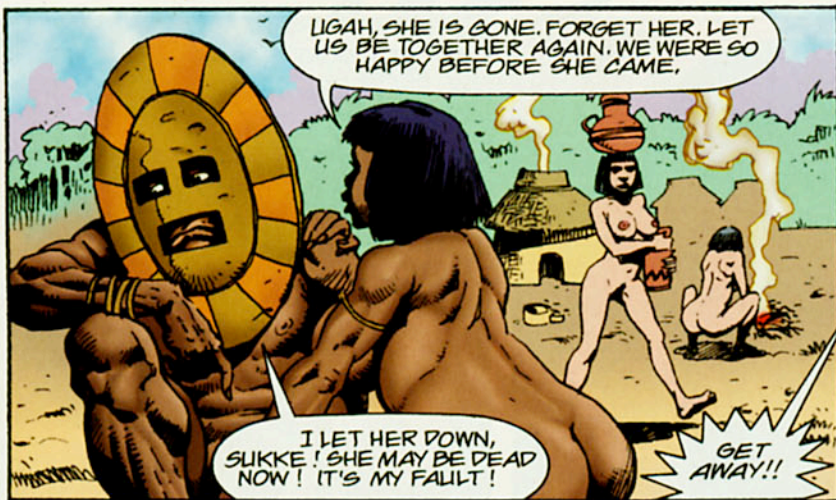
LOOKS
LIKE YOU
FOUND
ONE!

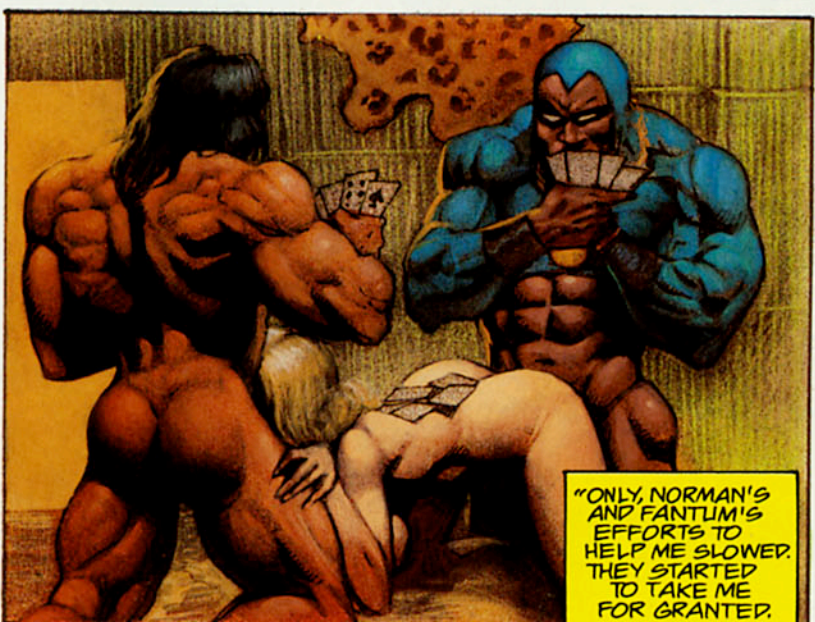
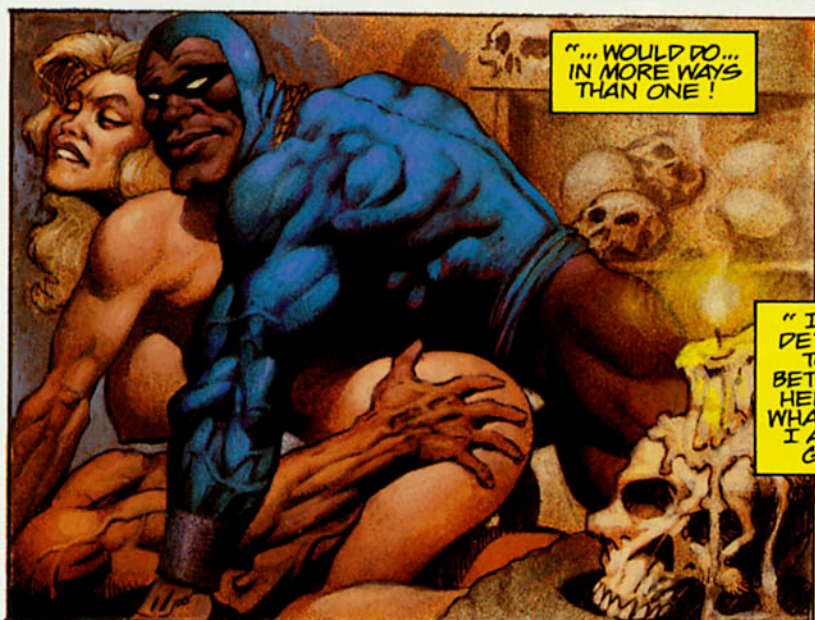
WELL, LET'S MAKE
SURE SHE'S STILL
ALIVE TO JUDGE!!

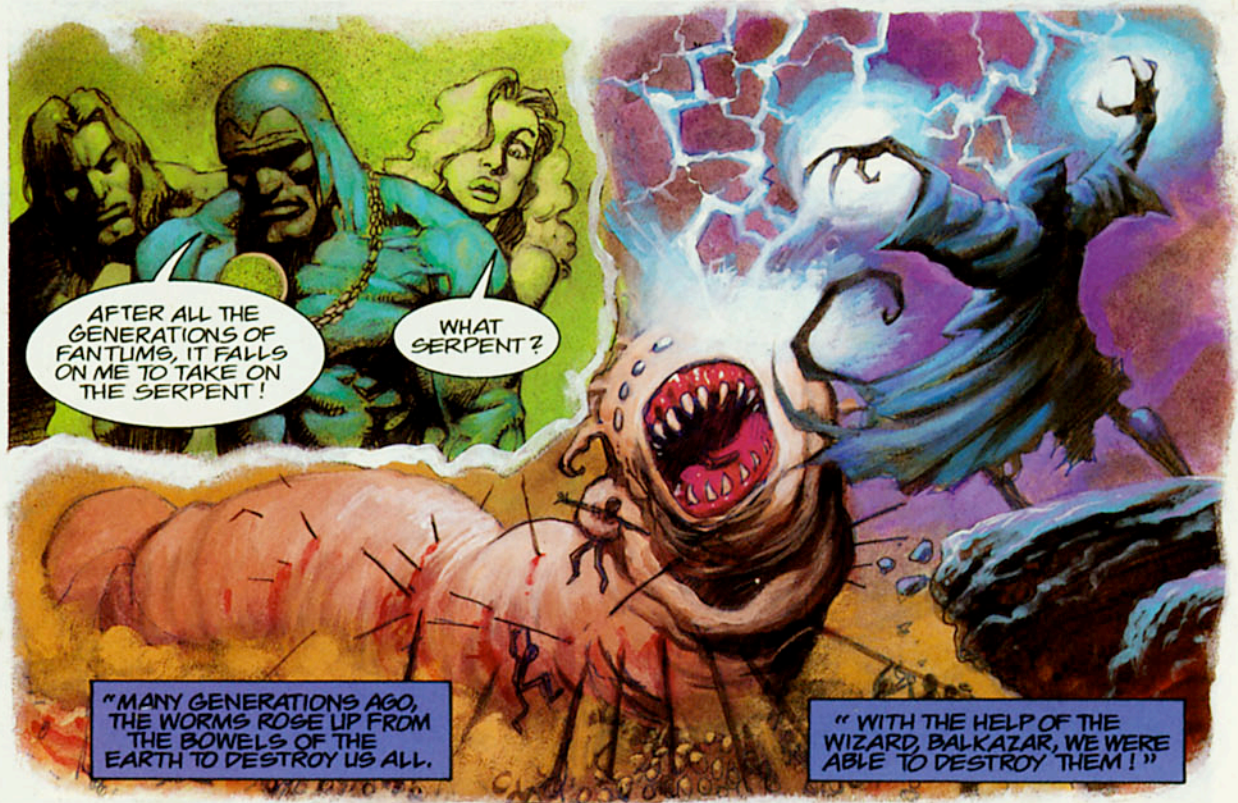
LOOKS LIKE
GOD DOESN'T
BELIEVE ME!









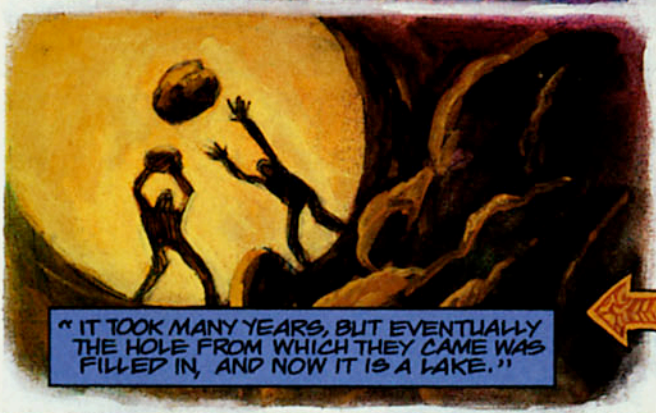




"IT WAS AT THE COST OF HIS LIFE. BUT, EVEN IN DEATH, BALKAZAR GAVE US THE KEY TO STOP THE WORMS, SHOULD THEY RETURN."



"IT WAS THE FIRST FANTUM WHO BURIED HIM IN A TEMPLE ON THE EDGE OF THE PIT FROM WHENCE THEY CAME, THE VERY HEART OF THE LOST WORLD!"

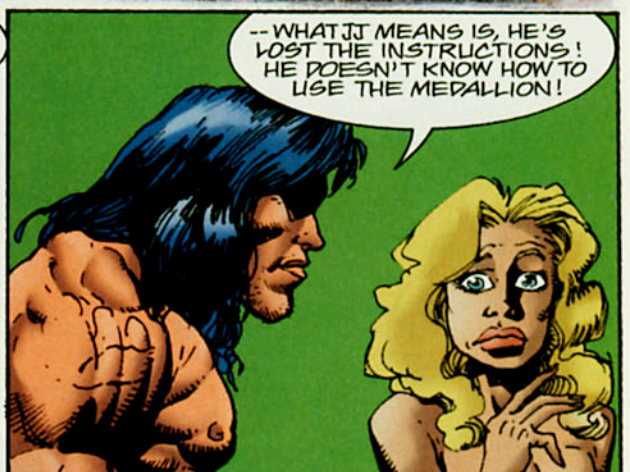


"IT TOOK MANY YEARS, BUT EVENTUALLY THE HOLE FROM WHICH THEY CAME WAS FILLED IN, AND NOW IT IS A LAKE."



OK. BUT YOU HAVE THE MEDALLION! WE CAN BEAT IT! CAN'T WE?

IT'S NOT AS EASY AS YOU THINK. THERE ARE CERTAIN SPELLS AND--



--WHAT IT MEANS IS, HE'S LOST THE INSTRUCTIONS! HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO USE THE MEDALLION!



HEY! IT WAS MY GREAT GRANDFATHER WHO LOST THEM!

ANYWAY, THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD HAVE HELPED MUST BE DEAD. HIS TRIBE'S VILLAGE WAS JUST DESTROYED BY THE SERPENT!

WHO WAS THAT?



THE WITCH DOCTOR, UGAH BOOGAH!



LIBBY'S... MY TRIBE'S GONE. HOW MANY MORE MUST DIE?!

AND FANTUM DOESN'T WANT THE JOB ANYMORE? WHAT IF EVERYONE ASKS FOR THEIR MONEY BACK?

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL? ASKED TO STAND IN FRONT OF A DEMON FROM HELL AND STOP IT! WHAT'S HE GONNA DO? ASK IT TO ROLL OVER AND PLAY DEAD?

MAYBE NOT, BUT HE CAN'T PRETEND HE DOESN'T HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO TRY!

LEAVE IT TO ME.

"I'LL SORT HIM OUT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!"

TELL ME, ANCESTORS, WHAT HAVE I BECOME? A FANTUM, A COWARD??! TELL ME WHAT TO DO!

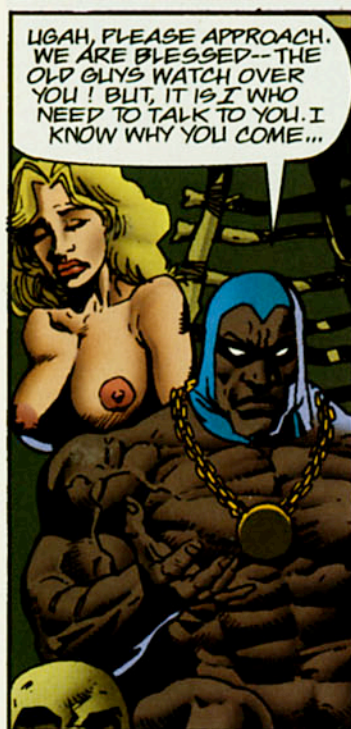
JJ?

WHY ASK THE DEAD FOR HELP? LOOK WITHIN YOURSELF. YOU HAVE A DESTINY TO FULFILL!

BUT, LIBBY! I-I DON'T... KNOW... WHAT TO DO!

WE WILL HELP FIND THE ANSWER WITHIN YOU!

"YOU WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT!"



EACH GENERATION OF WITCH DOCTOR HAS PASSED IT ON TO THE NEXT!

NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET TO THE CENTER OF THE LOST WORLD.

IF THIS FANTUM IS SUCH A HOT SHOT AROUND HERE, WHY HAVE YOU NOT INTRODUCED ME BEFORE?

WELL, LATISCHA...

AND WHY DO WE HAVE TO STAND OUTSIDE, WHILE THAT TWERP, UGAH, GETS TO GO INSIDE? I'M LEADER OF OUR TRIBE. HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE ONE ANYMORE!

HULLO, SWEET CHEEKS!

YOU!

HIYA, BABE! NICE TO BE REMEMBERED!!

NOT THAT I EXPECTED FLOWERS OR ANYTHING...



BUT, YOU DON'T
FUCK A GIRL AND THEN
LEAVE HER IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE JUNGLE!



ahem...
JJ FANTUM,
I WOULD LIKE
TO INTRODUCE
YOU TO...



LATISCHA!
YOU FUCKIN'
BITCH CLINT !!!

OL MAN! WE MUST TRAVEL TO
THE CENTER OF THE LOST WORLD. WE
MUST KILL THE SERPENT! THERE
IS NO TIME TO WASTE!

UGAH HAS ALREADY
TOLD US EVERYTHING.
WE ARE READY. IT
WILL TAKE SIX DAYS
BY FOOT...

WE
DON'T
HAVE SIX
DAYS TO
SPARE!!

...OR IT
WILL TAKE
TWO DAYS...



"...BY AIR!"

I KNOW IT IS OVER BETWEEN
UGAH AND ME, BUT IT FEELS ODD
TO HAVE SOMEONE ELSE HOLDING
ME WHEN HE IS SO CLOSE.

THERE!
IN THE
DISTANCE,
WE ARE
HERE...

YOU HAVE BEEN
DISTANT THESE LAST
TWO DAYS, LIBBY. WHAT
IS THE MATTER?





WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH HER?



YIKES!!!



IF THAT'S A WORM, I HOPE THERE'S NO SNAKES AROUND HERE!



IF WE GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE, IT'S GONNA BE A LONG WALK HOME. IT JUST ATE ONE OF OUR RIDES!

LOOK! IT GETS BRIGHTER JUST AHEAD

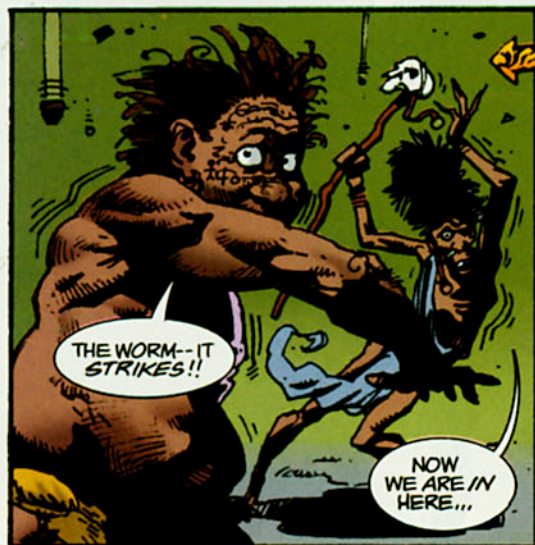
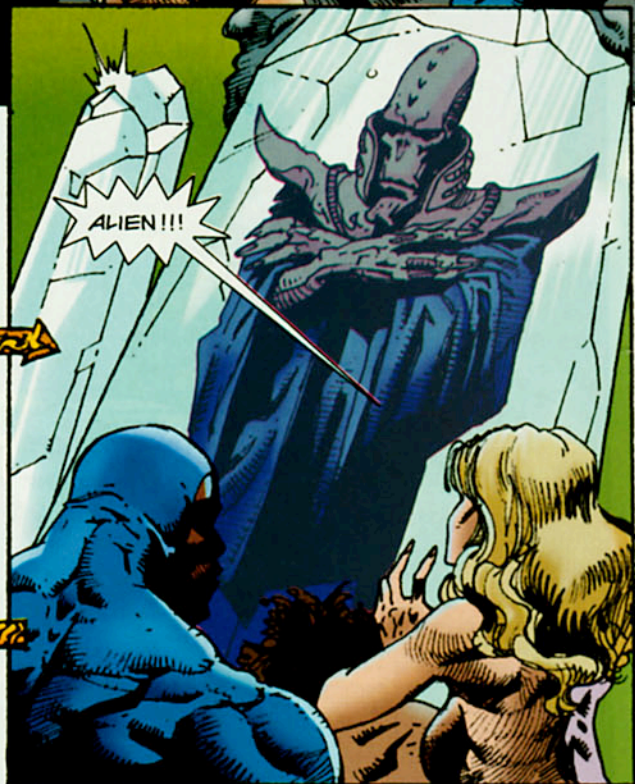
THAT MUST BE THE BURIAL CHAMBER.

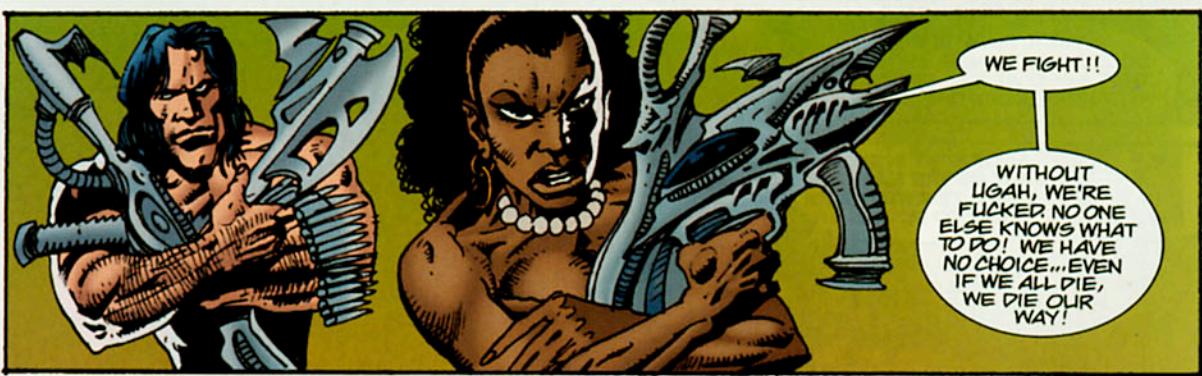


FROM WHERE IN THE WORLD...



THERE YOU ARE, FANTOM.
YOUR WIZARD WAS
AN...







OH, GOD!! THAT THING
HAS A TONGUE!! IT'S
LICKING ITS LIPS!!!

LIBBY, PLEASE
REMAIN CALM.
LET ME
EXPLAIN.

THE CRYSTALS YOU SEE HERE ARE A WEAPON THAT WILL
OPEN A PATHWAY TO THE HEART OF THE WORM. THEY CAN
ONLY BE ACTIVATED BY A CONCENTRATED BLAST OF
KINETIC ENERGY. I CAN SUMMON THE NECESSARY
VOLUME OF POWER IN TWO WAYS...

I CAN MEDITATE, WHILE
RECITING THE KUO'CHUA,
A CHANT FOR SUMMONING
ALL THE PSIONIC ENERGY
FROM THE AIR...

...UNFOR-
TUNATELY,
THAT TAKES
AT LEAST
THREE
DAYS, WHICH
WE DON'T
HAVE.

NOW... THE SAME ENERGY CAN BE
RAISED USING TANTRIC SEX. AT
THE MOMENT OF EJACULATION,
I DIVERT THE SPERM INTO MY
BLADDER. THIS ACTION...

YOU DIVERT
SPERM?...

... INTO YOUR
BLADDER?!

ECHHH!!!

ENOUGH!
YOU MUST ALL
PLAY YOUR PARTS.
YOU WILL ONLY
HAVE ONE
CHANCE! WHEN
THE HEART IS
REVEALED, YOU
MUST CUT IT OUT!
YOU MUST BE
WILLING TO DIE IF
NECESSARY!

I WILL,
IF I HAVE
TO FIT THAT
THING THE
WHOLE WAY
IN!



SO, BALKAZAR, BEFORE YOU GET IT ON WITH THE PRINCESS, DO YOU MIND TELLIN' US HOW WE SPOSE'TA USE THESE?



WHA' THE FUCK ???!

OUCH!
IT BIT ME!



YOUR WEAPONS ARE MERGING WITH YOU. THEY WILL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT.

I HOPE THIS DOESN'T BITE.



AHHHHH!!! OH, GOD!!! CAN'T YOU STOP IT FROM DOING THAT?!



HAH! I WISH I COULD STAY TO SEE THIS, BUT I HAVE TO STICK MY HEAD IN THE LION'S MOUTH. SO PLEASE, FOR ALL OUR SAKES, DON'T BOTHER TOO MUCH WITH FOREPLAY, OK?

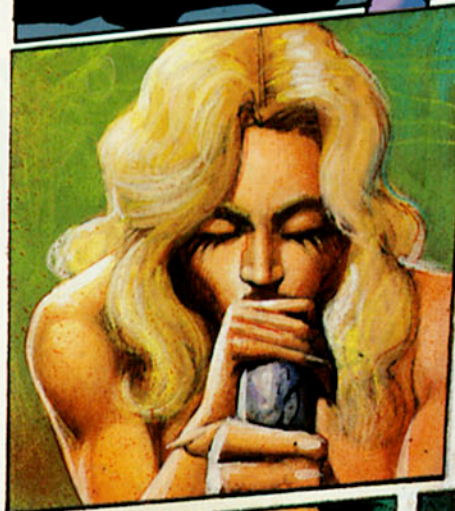
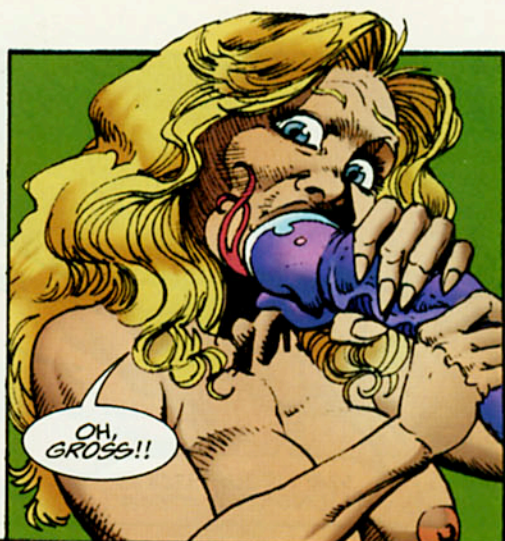
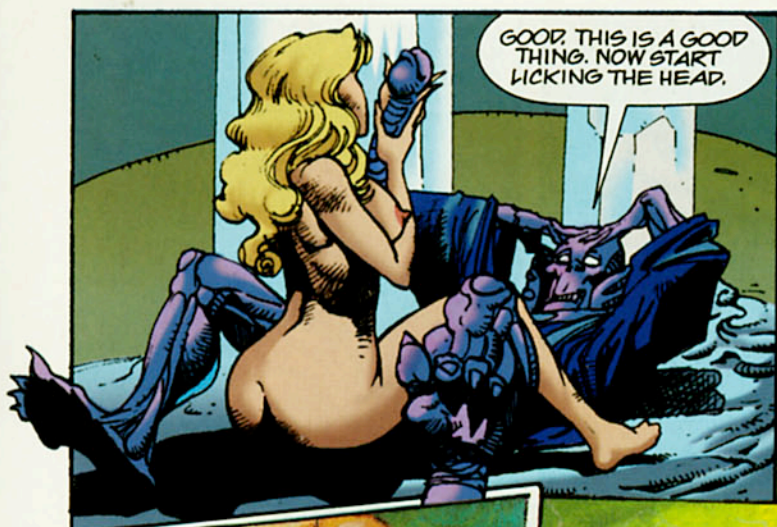
IF ONLY I COULD DO SOME GOOD...

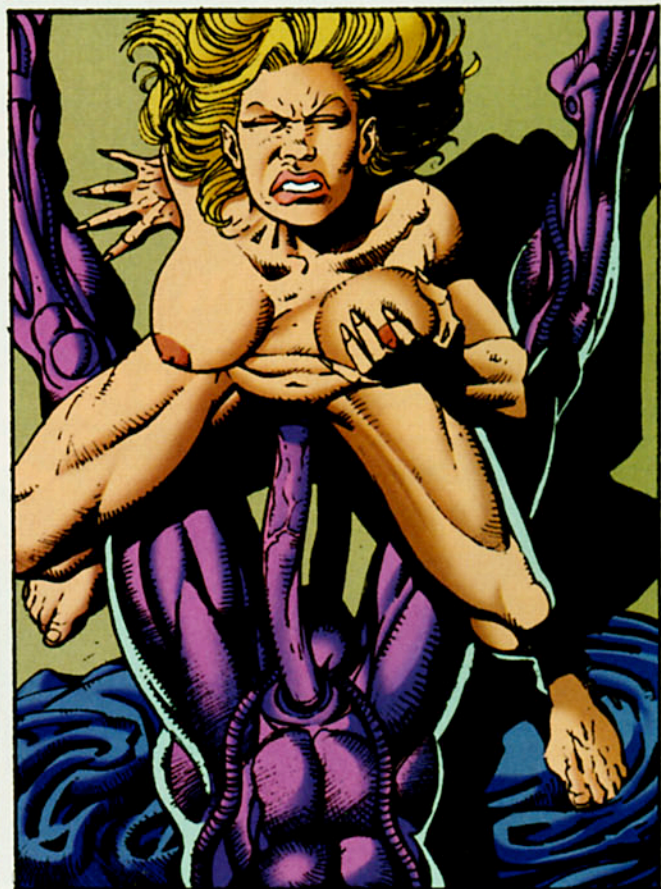
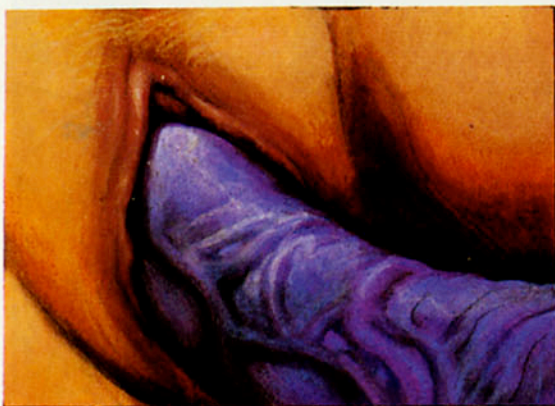
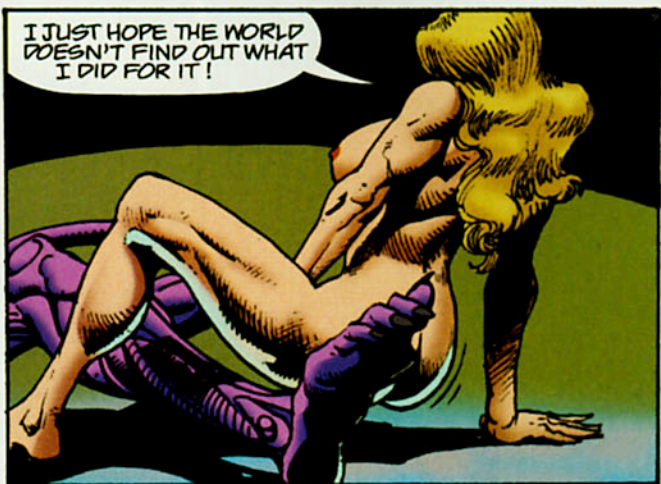
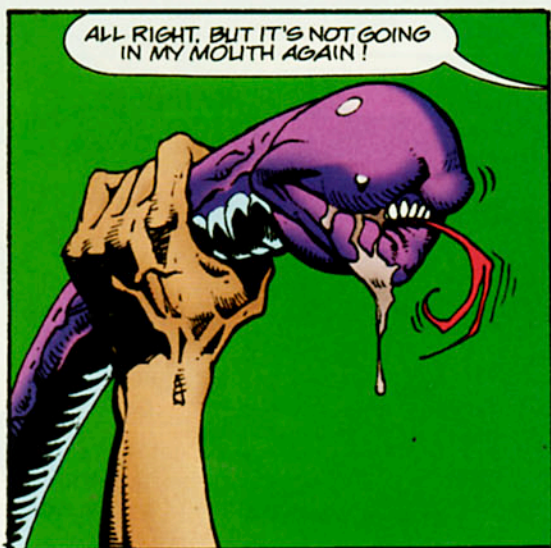
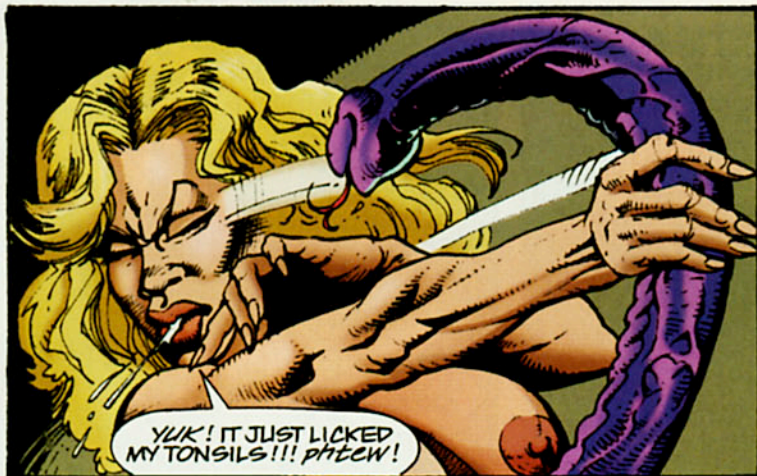


OHhhh, SHIT!!



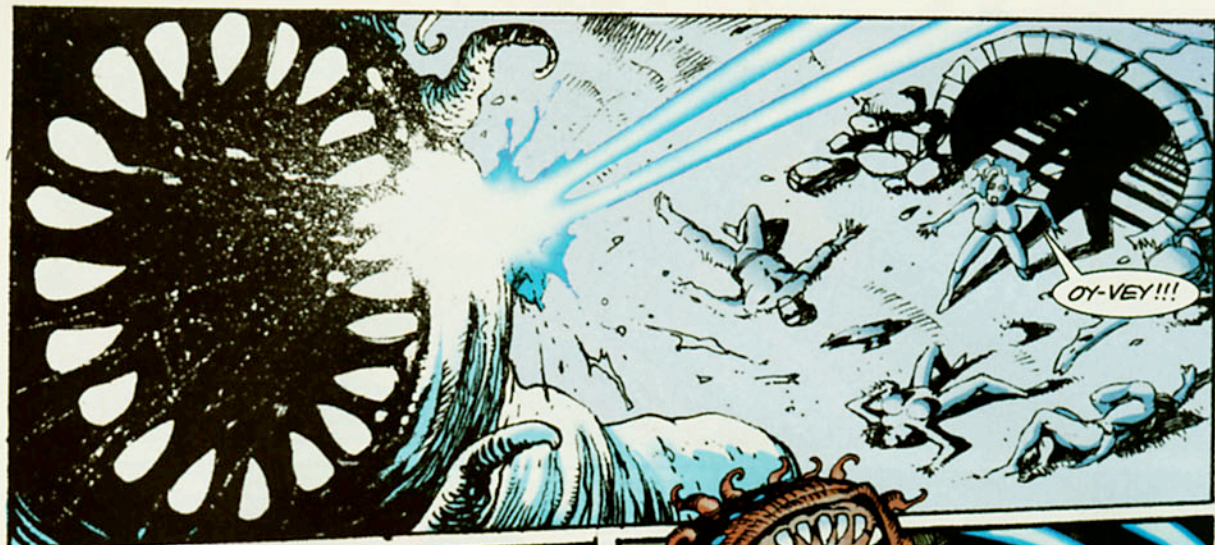
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU GUYS, BUT MY WEAPON SEEMS NOT TO HAVE ANYTHING TO TELL ME!









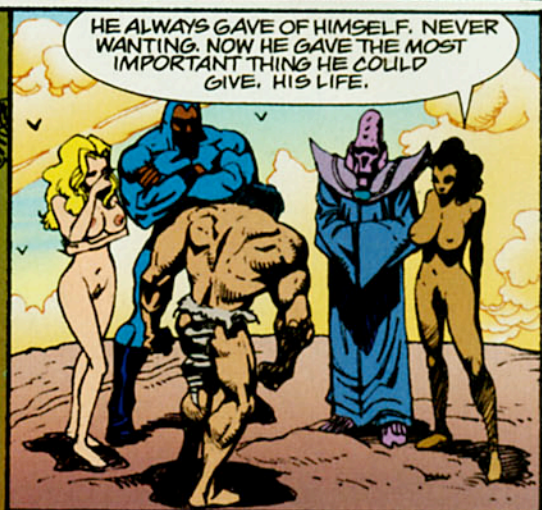


OY-VEY!!!

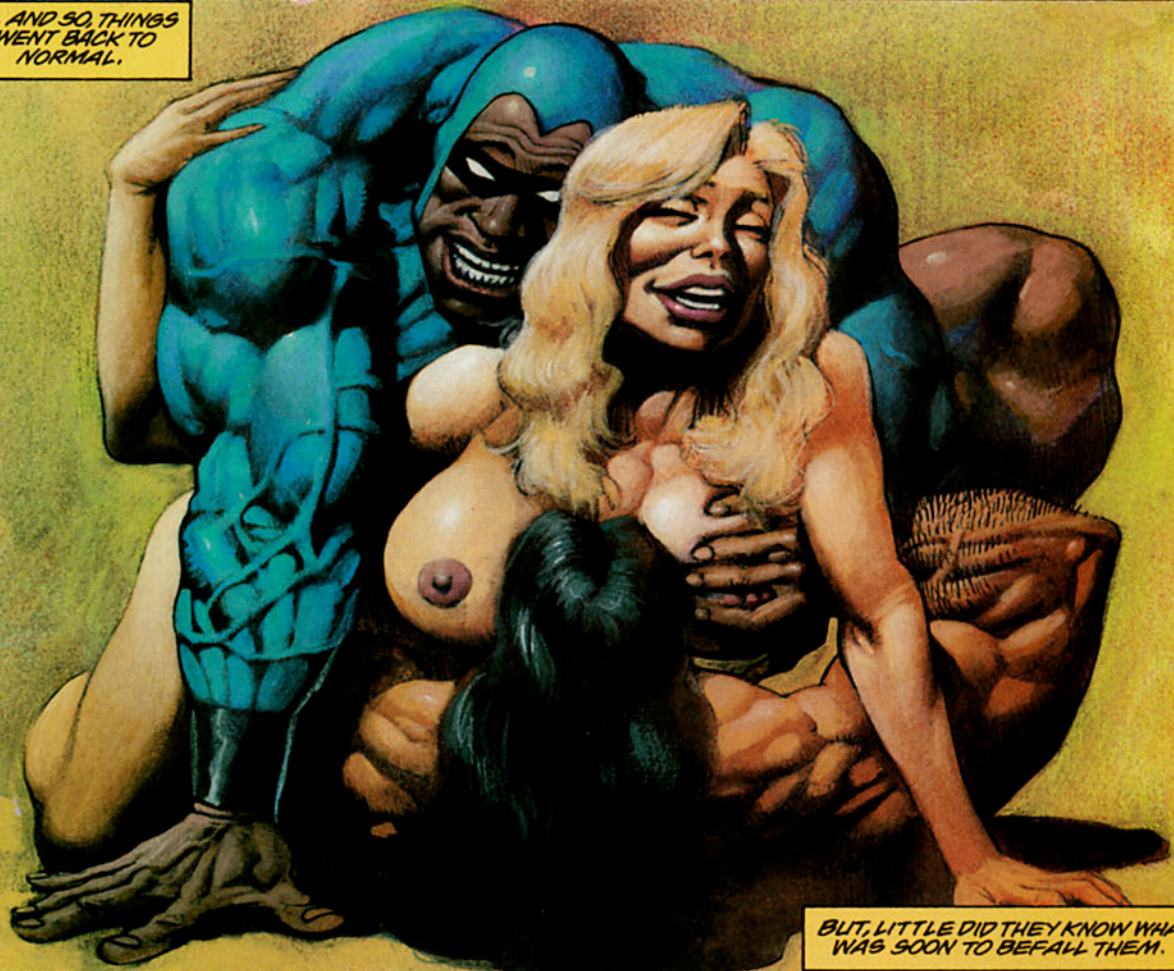


FOR LIFE!!

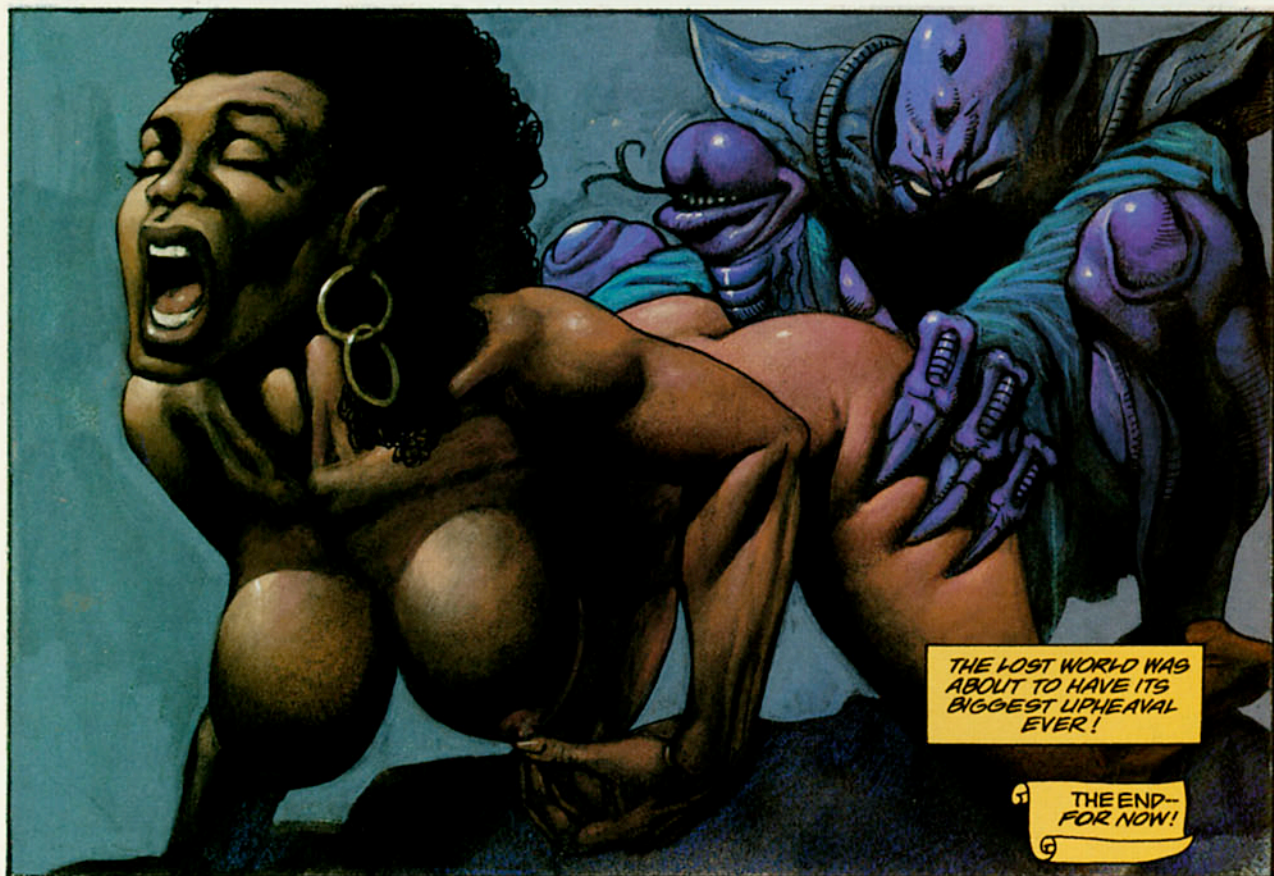




... AND SO, THINGS
WENT BACK TO
NORMAL.



BUT, LITTLE DID THEY KNOW WHAT
WAS SOON TO BEFALL THEM.



THE LOST WORLD WAS
ABOUT TO HAVE ITS
BIGGEST UPRHEAVAL
EVER!

THE END-
FOR NOW!



THE DEATH KILLER SQUAD

i n
"I Can't Help You Till
It Gets a lot Worse."

Buzz Story by Dixon
by Art Cully Hamner
Brown Color Design by Dan
Digital by Color Rendering
Chameleon
Elopoulos Chris by Lettering

THE TEAM
SUPREME TARGET
RANGE...

DEATHKILLER TEST
FIRES HIS NEW ELECTRO-
WAND...

A WEAPON IMPOSED
ON HIM BY HOTBLOOD...

SIGH-
WHAT I
WOULDN'T
GIVE FOR A
GOOD OLD
1911 ARMY
COLT .45!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

DEET EAGLE - 01/04 MAGNUM PISTOL
ISRAELI MILITARY INDUSTRIES

THOUGHT THE
LITTLE LADIES MIGHT
ENJOY SEEING HOW A
REAL MAN HANDLES
HIS WEAPON.

HOPE I
DIDN'T SCARE
YOU INTO DAMAGING
YOUR FAIRY WAND--
HAW! HAW!

OH, SEÑOR
HOTBLOOD--
TEE-HEE!

KA-
POW

@@@%

GEE
HOTBLOOD,
DOES THIS
MEAN WE'RE
NOT GONNA
USE THE
SAUNA?

AND SO CLOSES
ONE CHAPTER OF
DEATHKILLER'S
CAREER...

...WITH A NEW
ONE ABOUT
TO OPEN!

HOTBLOOD HAS
FROSTED MY BALLS
FOR THE LAST TIME--

--I'M QUITTING
THE TEAM SUPREME,
EFFECTIVE TODAY!

DEPARTMENT
DEFENSE
SPECIAL OPERATIONS
TRAINING
CENTER



SHORTLY...

IVAN GROMBONOVICH, CODE NAME VODKA, FORMER SOVIET BATTALION COMMANDER. YOUR FIELD ADVISOR.

MISO HORNI, CODE NAME BLOW JOB, DEMOLITIONS.

YOUR SQUAD, DEATHKILLER.

DUTOINE PARKER, CODE NAME SPIKE, BORN ELECTRONICS GENIUS.

~URP~

'CAUSE AFRICANS WERE FIRST TO DISCOVER ELECTRICITY. YOU KNOW BEN FRANKLIN WAS BLACK?

CAN IT, SPIKE. LAST BUT NOT LEAST, LANCE MILLER, ISRAELI INFILTRATION EXPERT--

YEAH, I'M ISRAELI. GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?

--CODE NAME, CHUTZPAH.

NO, SOME OF MY--

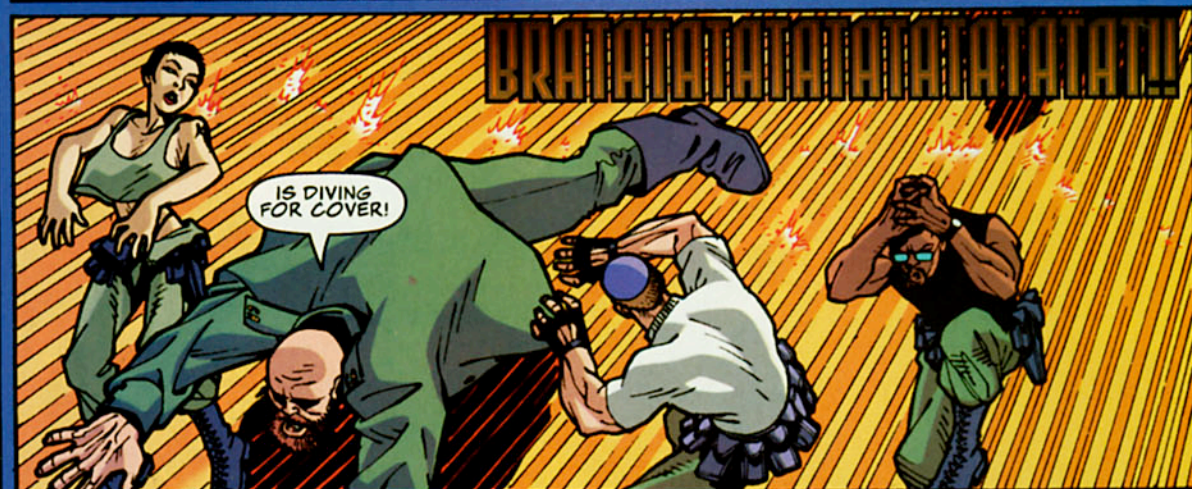
CAN THE "SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS" CLICHES.

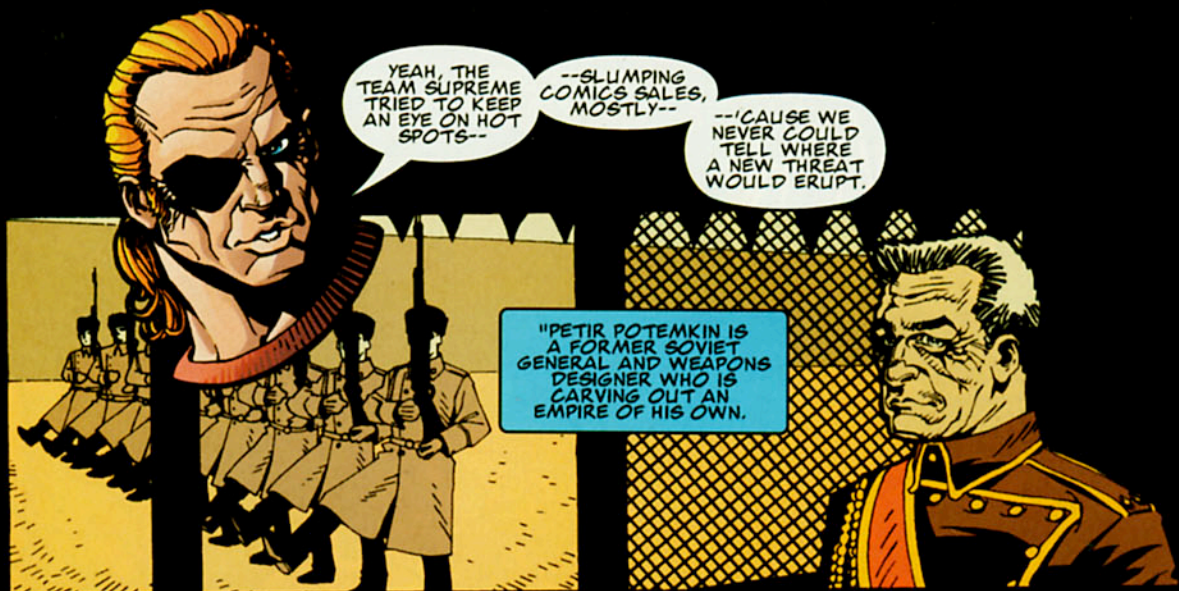
I WAS GONNA SAY, SOME OF MY TOUGHEST FOES HAVE BEEN JEWISH. YOU GUYS CAN BE REAL BAD ASSES.*

*FLAWLESS YIDDISH, OF COURSE.--ED

OH, YOU LIKE PICKING ON US, EH? AS IF WE HAVEN'T SUFFERED ENOUGH--

'SCUSE ME, BUT IF WE'RE GONNA TALK 'BOUT FOLKS SUFFERING, LET'S LOOK AT WHAT YOUR PEOPLE DID TO THE AFRICANS.



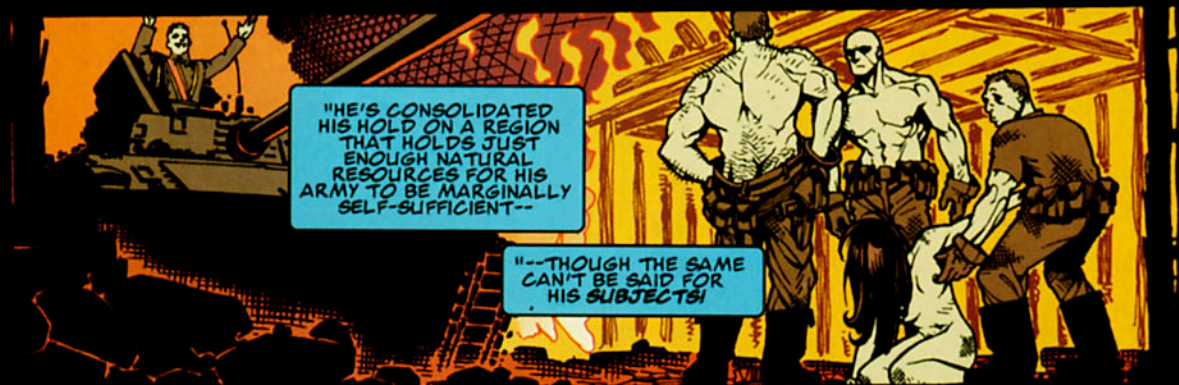


YEAH, THE TEAM SUPREME TRIED TO KEEP AN EYE ON HOT SPOTS--

--SLUMPING COMICS SALES, MOSTLY--

--'CAUSE WE NEVER COULD TELL WHERE A NEW THREAT WOULD ERUPT.

"PETIR POTEKIN IS A FORMER SOVIET GENERAL AND WEAPONS DESIGNER WHO IS CARVING OUT AN EMPIRE OF HIS OWN.



"HE'S CONSOLIDATED HIS HOLD ON A REGION THAT HOLDS JUST ENOUGH NATURAL RESOURCES FOR HIS ARMY TO BE MARGINALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT--

"--THOUGH THE SAME CAN'T BE SAID FOR HIS SUBJECTS!



"THAT'S NOT THE HALF OF IT, DEATHKILLER.

"POTEKIN'S MOTHER IS A REAL BALL-BUSTER. THE DAUGHTER AND WIFE OF FORMER POLITBURO MEMBERS, SHE GREW UP USED TO LUXURIES FORBIDDEN HER SOVIET COMRADES.



"SINCE THE COMMIES WERE KICKED OUT, SHE'S BEEN SCHEMING AND PUSHING HER SON TO PUT HER BACK IN THE LUSH LIFE."

INTELLIGENCE SAYS SHE BRINGS BRAND NEW MEANING TO THE WORDS "CASTRATING BITCH."





SCROGGINS



*FILL IN YOUR OWN JOKE, GUYS.--ED.

36 HOURS LATER...

DAMN, SCROGGINS--
WHERE DID
YOU LEARN
TO FLY?

MY COUSIN
LOTHAR, TH'
ARKANNY 'CROP
DUSTER, LEARNED
ME T' FLY WHEN AH
WEREN'T NO BIGGER
THAN KNEE HIGH
T' A JUNE BUG.

WE JIST CROST
INNA POTEKIN'S
TERRITORY. HOW'S
YO' SQUAD
HOLDIN' UP?

JUST
FLY. I'LL
WORRY
ABOUT MY
SQUAD.

GOT
ANY MORE
AIR-SICK BAGS?
VODKA'S BLOWING
CHOW SOMETHING
FIERCE AND EVEN
SPIKE'S LOOKING
KINDA GREEN.

POTEKIN'S
DACHA...

SO WHEN ARE YOU
GETTING ME A
NEW PLACE?

MY SON THE BIG GENERAL.
TOO IMPORTANT TO SEE
HIS POOR MOTHER ENJOYS
ANY COMFORTS.

PLEASE,
MAMA, I'M
TRYING--

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

GENERAL...?

I-I-INTRUDER
AIRCRAFT
REPORTED,
SIR!

YOU
NEVER STAY
HOME WITH
YOUR POOR
MOTHER!

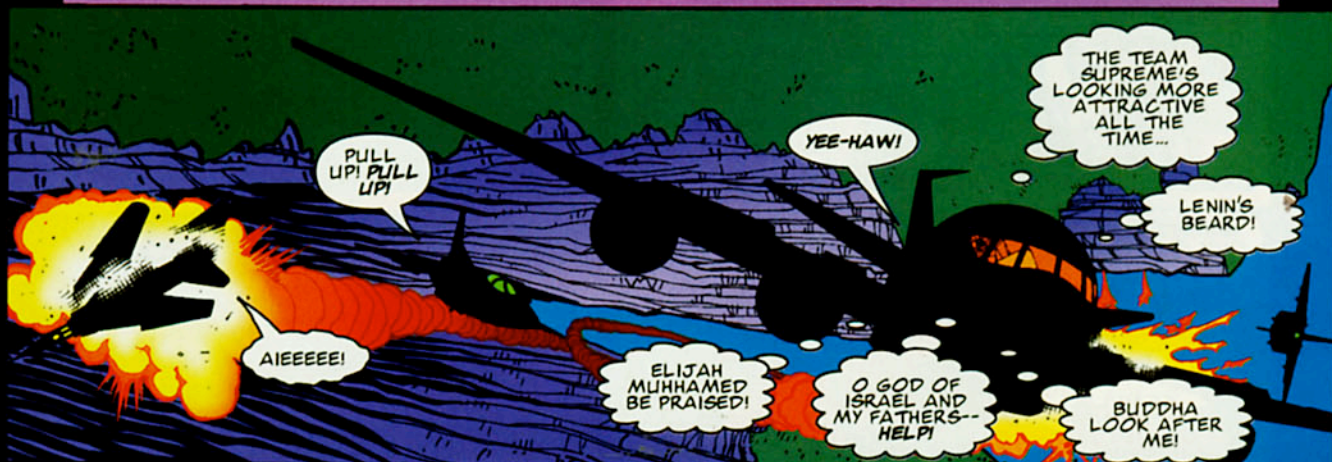
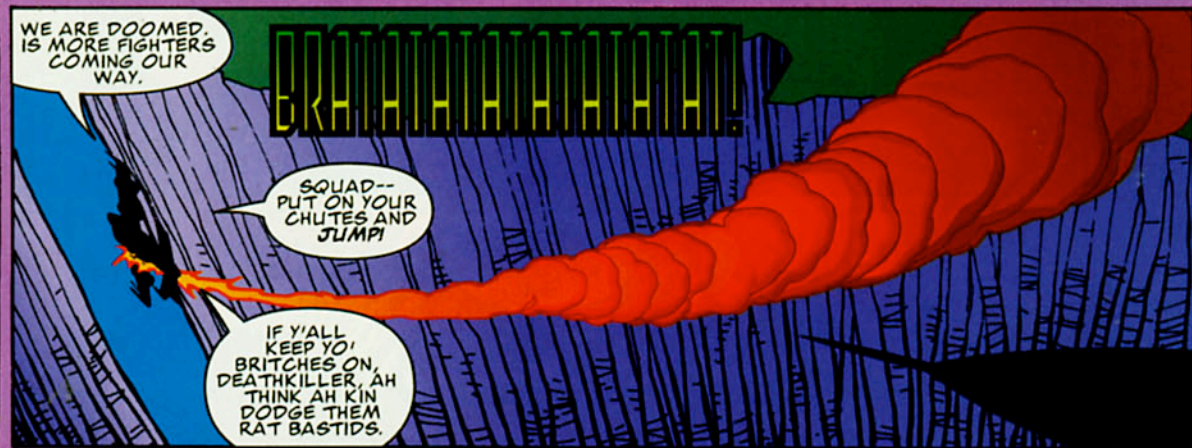
WHEW!
FORCE
IT DOWN,
DON'T BLOW
IT FROM THE
SKY.

THAT
WILL KEEP
ME AWAY ALL
NIGHT WHILE
WE HUNT FOR
SURVIVORS!

BANDITS! SIX
O'CLOCK HIGH,
SCROGGINS!

Y'ALL DISCOURAGE
'EM, DEATHKILLER,
WHILST AH TRY T'
OUT MANEUVER
'EM!

CRAWLIN'
ALL OVER
US JIST LIKE
CHIGGERS ONNA
HOUND DAWG!





DA-YAMN!
AH GOTS T'
TRY THAT AGIN
SOMETIME!

OUT!
OUT! GO
GO GO!



BLAH-BOOOON!

MOVE IT,
MOVE IT--
SHE'S GONNA
BLO--



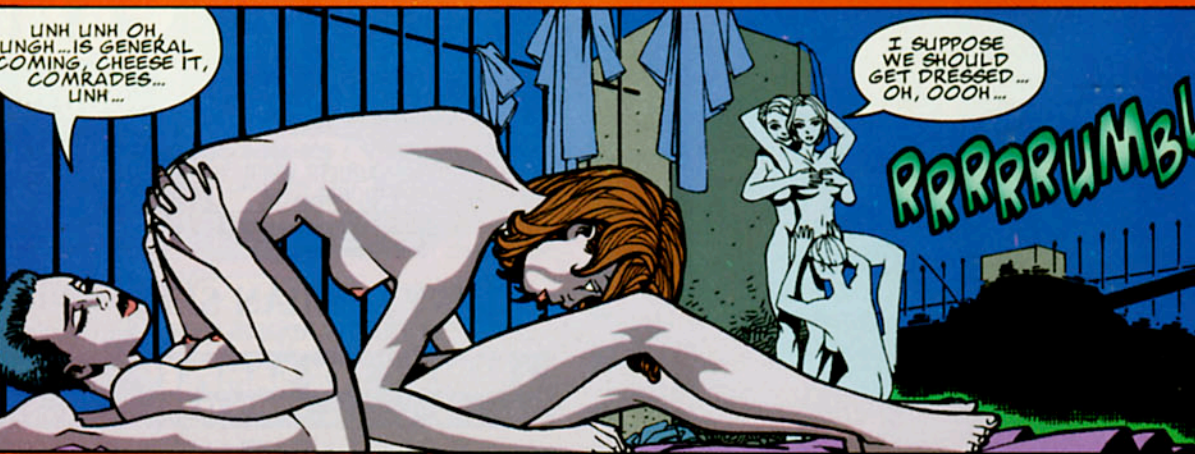
SHEE-YUT!
AH HATES
WHEN THAT
HAPPENS...

NONE OF
YOU THOUGHT
TO GRAB SOME
FOOD, SOME AMMO,
MAYBE A RADIO...
NUTHIN? THAT'S IT--
WE'RE OUT OF
OPTIONS--MISSION
ABORTED!



NEAR A CENTRAL
ASIAN VILLAGE...

LINH
LINH
LINH...



LINH LINH OH,
LINH... IS GENERAL
COMING, CHEESE IT,
COMRADES...
LINH...

I SUPPOSE
WE SHOULD
GET DRESSED...
OH, OOOH...

RRRRRUMBLE



SLURP-DA,
WE SHOULD PUT
SOMETHING ON...
OR THAT PIG WILL
WANT ONE OF US...



MY BEAUTIFUL
LADIES...
ATTENTION!



I WILL PERSONALLY CONDUCT THE SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS.

ANYTHING TO KEEP AWAY FROM SHUDDER MOTHER...



AH LOST TWO GOOD MEN GITTIN' Y'ALL HERE!

CAN'T BE HELPED. THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN COMPLETE THE MISSION.

Y'ALL CAIN'T BACK OUT! WE'S JUST A DOG TROT OVER FROM WHERE THEY'S KEEPIN' TH' MISSILES!



SHALTI!

YO! CHECK IT OUT! UNFRIENDLIES ABOVE US!

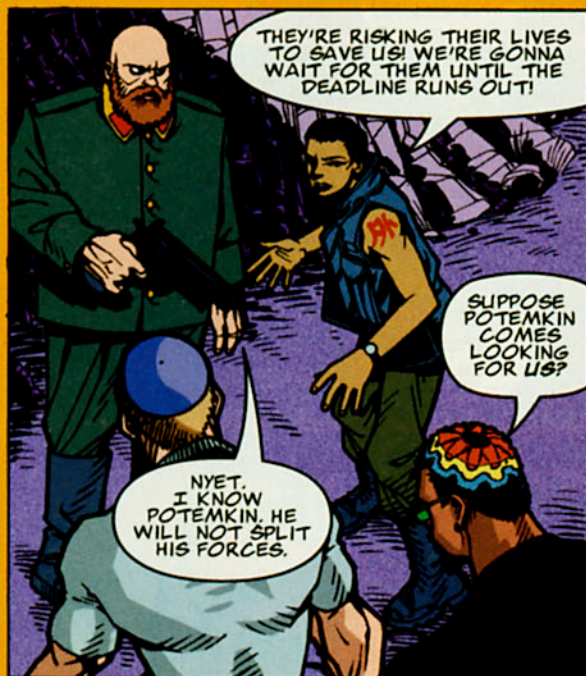
AIEEEE!

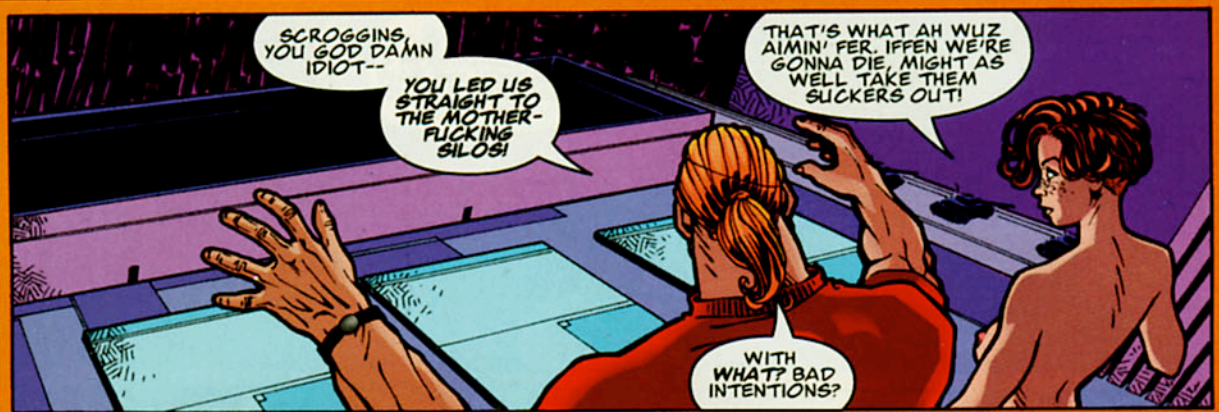


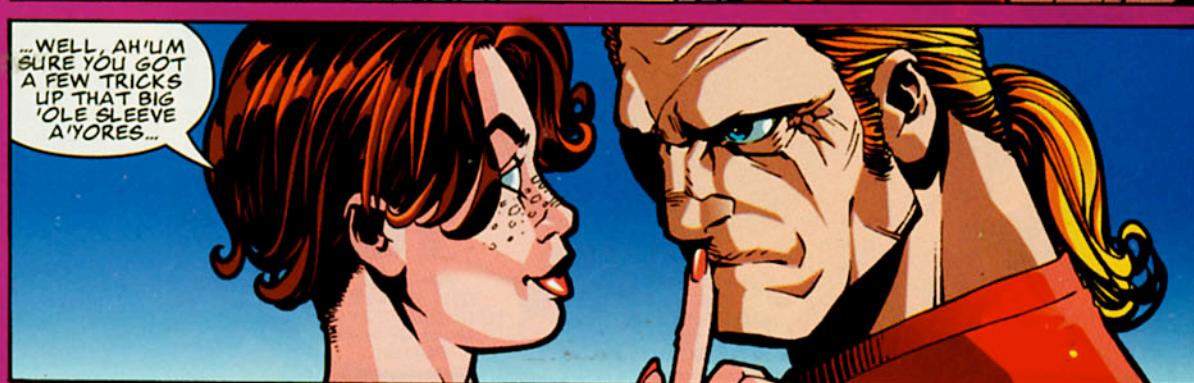
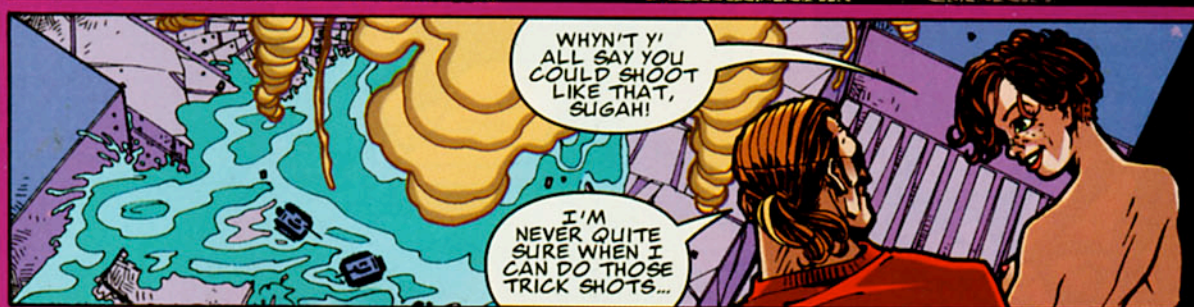
HEAD FOR HER EXTRACTION POINT! I'LL COVER YA!

THEY GOTS DAWGS UP THERE, DEATHKILLER! AH GOTS AN IDEER T'LURE 'EM AWAY FROM YORE SQUAD!











DON'T
Y'ALL THANK
THIS IS A LITTLE
EXCITIN', DEATHIE-
HONEY...

CAPTAIN...UH,
SCROGGINS...!

MAKE
THAT, "ELLIE"
'CAUSE Y'ALL
ARE IN FOR SOME
HUMPIN' HOUND
DOG ACTION,
SUGAH!



WELL,
HOW DO,
MR. COCK-AND-
A-HALF, SIR?
MMM, MMM, I
AM PLEAS'D TO
MEAT'CHA!



EL-LLLL-IE
MAY!

OH,
DEATHIE...
MMM-RUK!
GRRK!



DEATHIE, Y'ALL
AS HARD AS
COLLEGE CALCULUS,
HONEY...GIT ON
DOWN HERE...

ELLIE MAY...
WHATEVER ELSE
YOU ARE...YOU
GIVE GREAT
HEAD...

SHUCKS,
YOU SILVER-
TOUNGED DEVIL--
AH'M GONNA
BLUSH...



OH
AH YEE-
HAW

WHOAH...
UH YASSUH,
JEEZ, OH...

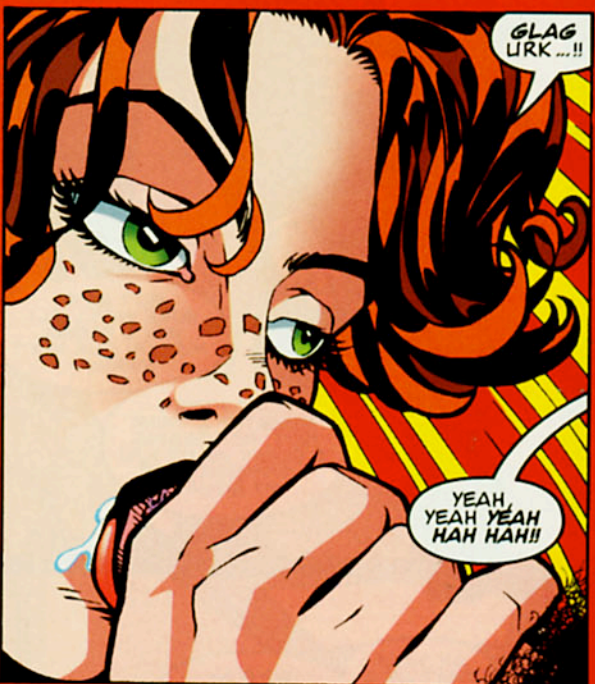


YOU ARE
THE TIGHTEST
CAPTAIN IT'S
BEEN MY
PLEAS--OOOH!



AH, SHIT! IF YOU
DON'T LET GO...
I'M GONNA LET
LOOSE...OH!

UGH... SEEM' AS
"HOW I'VE COME TEN
TIMES ALREADY... UNH...
C'MERE YAH BIG LUG...



GLAG
URK...!!

YEAH,
YEAH YEAH
HAH HAH!!



KIND'A NICE
HERE, BY THE
FIRE...

I ACTIVATED
THE DISTRESS
BEACON, WE'LL
BE PICKED UP IN
ABOUT 30
MINUTES.

WHY'N'T
YAH SAY SO
BA'FORE? I'M
GITTIN' BACK
ON FOR
TWENS-IES!

A SHORT
WHILE LATER...

--FOR
CONSPICUOUS
GALLANTRY, ABOVE
AND BEYOND THE
CALL OF DUTY, YOU
HAVE HERE BY BEEN
AWARDED THE
CONGRESSIONAL
MEDAL OF HONOR--

--WITH
OAK LEAF
CLUSTER!



RIGHT
PURTY MEDAL
YA GOT THERE,
DEATHKILLER.

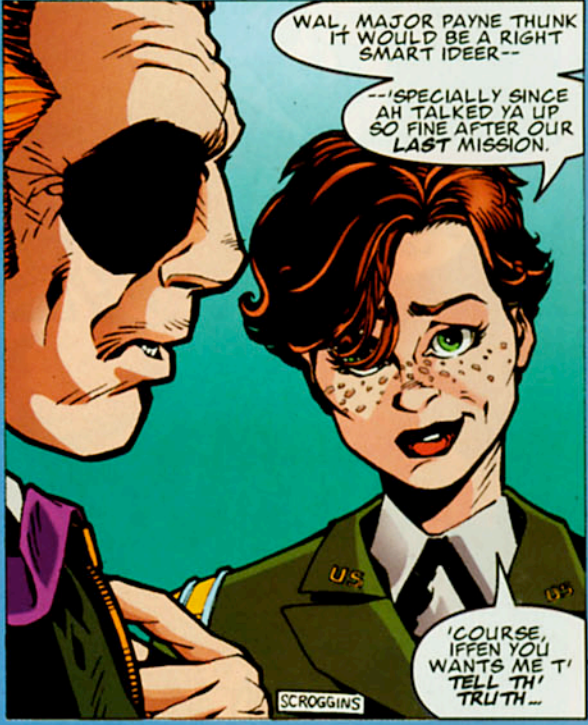
BUT AH'S
SURE WE'LL ALL
WIN A PASSEL
MO' ON OUR NEXT
MISSION.

"OUR" NEXT
MISSION? I THINK
NOT, SCROGGINS.
I DON'T WANT YOU
ANYWHERE NEAR
MY SQUAD!



WAL, MAJOR PAYNE THINK
IT WOULD BE A RIGHT
SMART IDEER--

--SPECIALY SINCE
AH TALKED YA UP
SO FINE AFTER OUR
LAST MISSION.



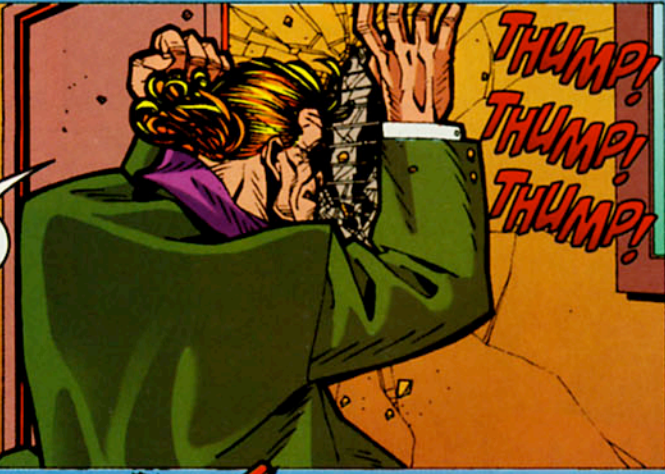
'COURSE,
IFFEN YOU
WANTS ME T'
TELL TH'
TRUTH...



AH TAKE
THAT AS A
"YES"--

--SO'S AH
RECKON AH'LL
BE SEEN' YA
BACK AT TH'
CAMP. SO LONG,
DEATHKILLER!

WHY WHY
WHY DID I EVER
LEAVE THE TEAM
SUPREME?



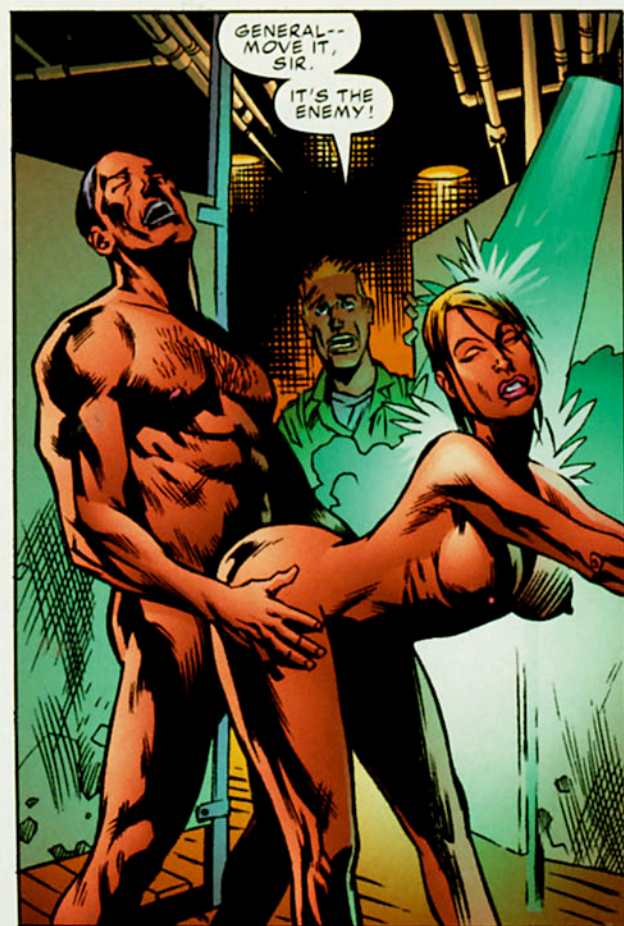
THE END.

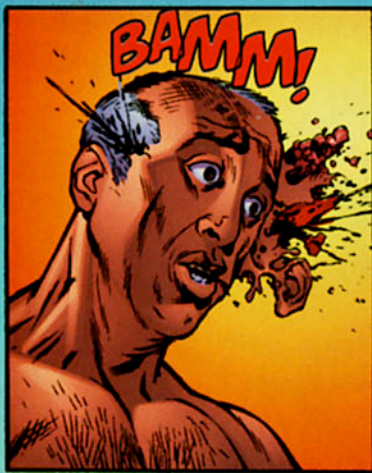
THE PUSSY PANZERS

A woman with dark hair and a slight smile is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark, textured garment. She is positioned in the center-left of the frame. The background is a dense, textured orange-brown surface, possibly a wall or a forest floor. The overall tone is dark and moody.

CJ HENDERSON - STORY
ANDREW ROBINSON - PENCILS
JIM ROYAL - INKS
BAD\$\$\$ - COLOR
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS - LETTERS

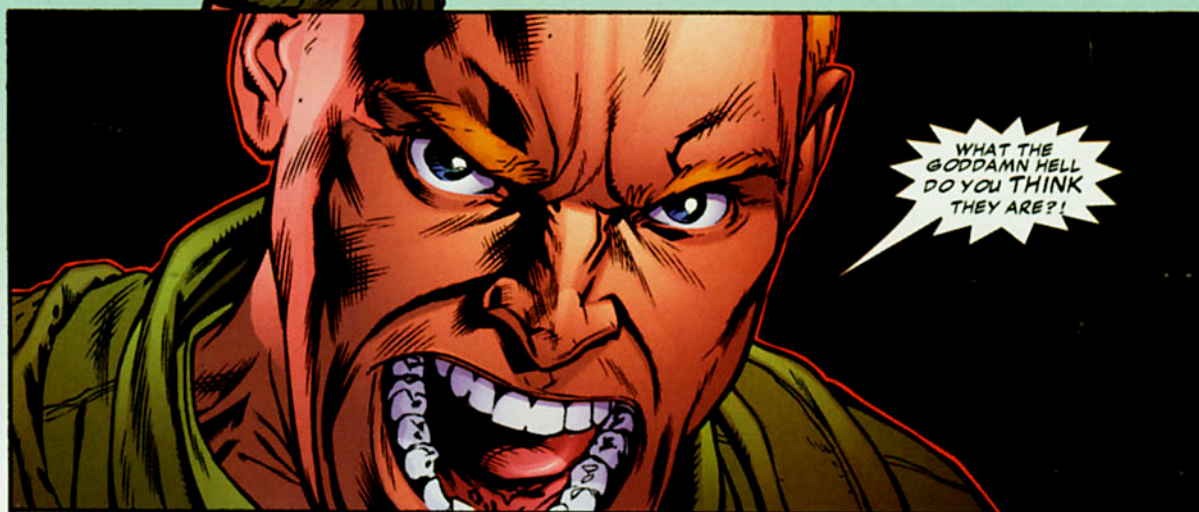


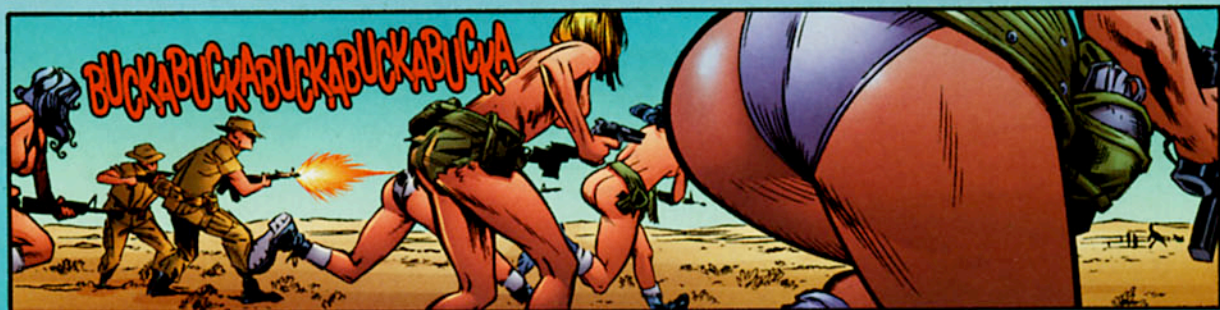




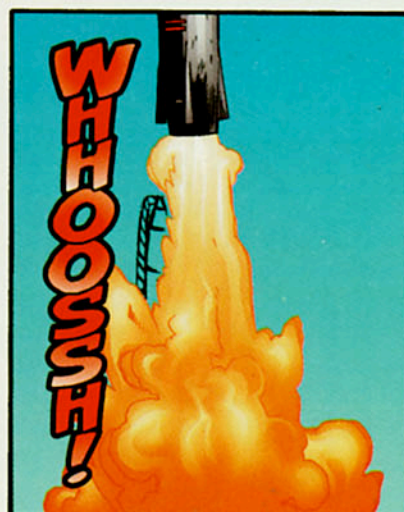
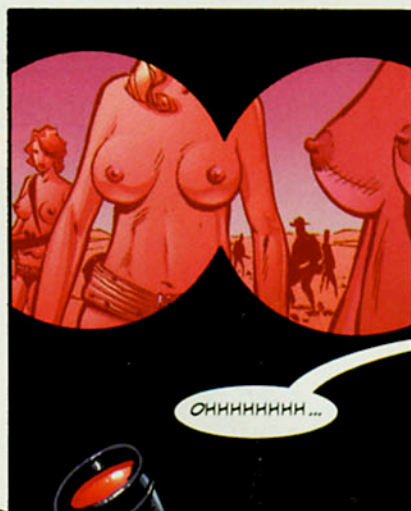
WHAT'RE YOUR ORDERS, SIR?

MY ORDERS?









KA-DAKA- WHATA-BOOM!



"AND...THAT WAS
BASICALLY THAT."

"THE IRAQIS LOST MOST
OF THEIR HIGH COMMAND
AND HEAVY ARMAMENT IN
ONE FELL SWOOP."

"THE PUSSY PALACE WAS
DISMANTLED ASAP, A COVER
STORY WAS RELEASED FOR
THE MEDIA, AND EVERYONE
WENT HOME HAPPY."



"SCOTTIE
WAS LOADED
DOWN WITH
MEDALS AND
SENT BACK TO
THE WORLD ...

"TO A NEW
JOB AT THE
PENTAGON ...

"TESTING THE
EFFECTIVENESS OF
THE BARE ASS AND
WILLING MANEUVER ON
OTHER POTENTIAL
THIRD WORLD-TYPE
TROUBLEMAKERS.



"I HEAR THAT AFTER THE
DIVORCE, SCOTTIE'S EX
ENDED UP AS A DISHWASHER
IN A GREEK DINER ON THE
ALABAMA INTERSTATE ...

"DOING TRUCKERS
FOR DOLLAR TIPS
IN BETWEEN MEAL
RUSHES.

"AND ME ... ?

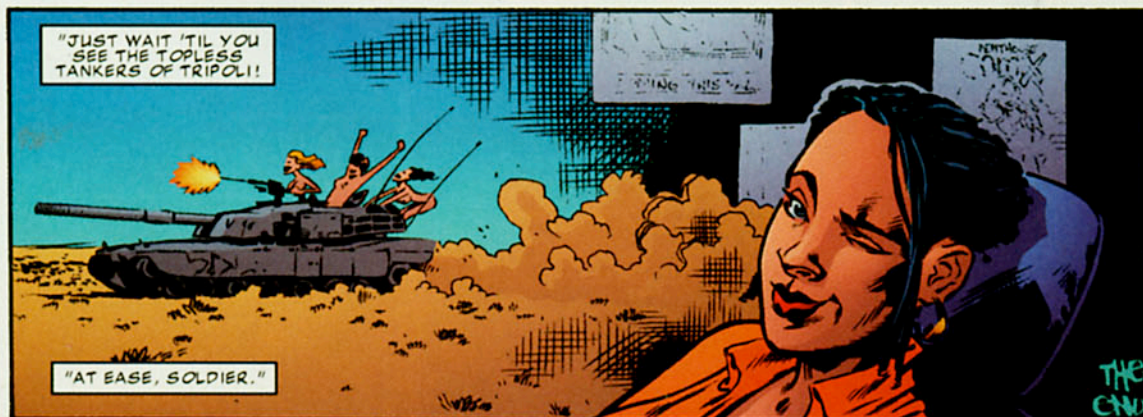
"I GOT A
JOB AT
PENTHOUSE
COMIX,
WRITING UP
THIS AND
OTHER TRUE
TALES OF
OUR ARMED
FORCES' VIOLENT
VIXENS.

"YOU THINK
I'M KIDDING?




"JUST WAIT 'TIL YOU
SEE THE TOPLESS
TANKERS OF TRIPOLI!!

"AT EASE, SOLDIER."



**THIS ISSUE IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
DAN BARRY 1925-1997**



When Dan Barry was born, the world was a simpler, smaller place. After the usual apprenticeship to working in the comic field, being a lumberjack, a boxer and a carney roustabout, Dan found himself doing work on the Tarzan dailies. Not long after that, he was chief cook and bottle washer on the Flash Gordon dailies. The rest is strip art history.

If a tough, New York City kid and wiry physical culturist was the ideal specimen to do an action strip set in interplanetary space, none better than Dan Barry could be found. His 30+ years doing Flash Gordon will stand as a record. The work will take its place as a high-water mark for future storytellers to measure up against. Few people know the unrelenting schedule that must be kept for dailies and Sundays, but Dan managed to do it in style from the back of a studio built into a station wagon, all the while touring Europe. On occasion, he and his buddy, science-fiction legend Harry Harrison, would get together for a weekend of fine liquor and cigars and plot a years' worth of strips in ten minutes. Sounds like fun. He managed to mix his love for studying fine art with mountain climbing, skiing, scuba diving and even worked in teaching and lecturing. Sounds like more fun.

Dan was one hysterically cantankerous man. Sharp, worldly and witty, he could be abrupt and precise in his skewering of just about anything. He could be generous with his praise and time. Either way, you found yourself laughing out loud — always with him.

We all enjoyed his professionalism and his ability to work with all us whippersnappers. We mostly just enjoyed talking to him. His historical asides hinted at about three or four lifetimes of travel and adventure. The work he did for us here at Penthouse and (the late) Men's Adventure Comix gives us a glimpse through a window in time of another era. Not just a time of real art, funny characters and good stories... but a time when we knew Dale would be vulnerable yet strong, Ming and his hordes would fail by their own evilness and Flash would win in the end... Earth would be safe at last.

Now who will save us?

For quite a while, Dan made the world a bigger, grander place. The world is suddenly much smaller again.

KODIAN

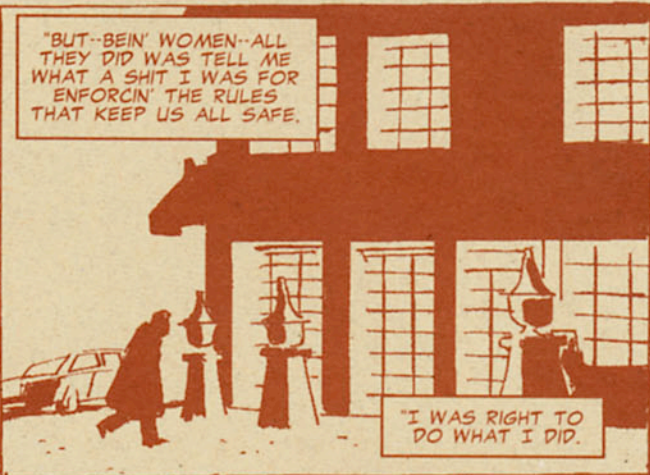
ON 6 ON PART 2

*story: c.j.henderson
art: tony salmons
lettering: kenny lopez*



"THE DAMES
HAD BEEN
SQUAWKIN' AT
ME ALL WEEK
TO GET S'IE LU
BACK...

"TO GIVE HER
ANOTHER CHANCE.



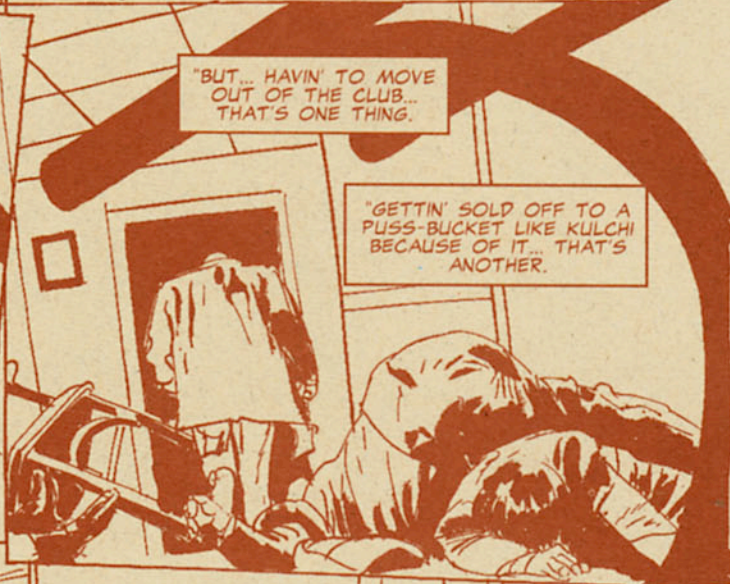
"BUT--BEIN' WOMEN--ALL
THEY DID WAS TELL ME
WHAT A SHIT I WAS FOR
ENFORCIN' THE RULES
THAT KEEP US ALL SAFE.

"I WAS RIGHT TO
DO WHAT I DID.



"AND SHE
WAS WRONG.

"CASE CLOSED.



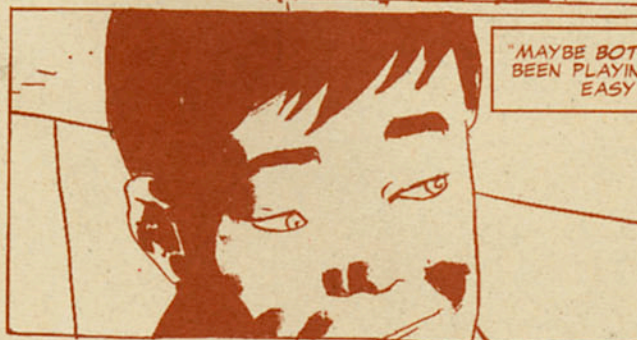
"BUT... HAVIN' TO MOVE
OUT OF THE CLUB...
THAT'S ONE THING.

"GETTIN' SOLD OFF TO A
PUSS-BUCKET LIKE KULCHI
BECAUSE OF IT... THAT'S
ANOTHER.

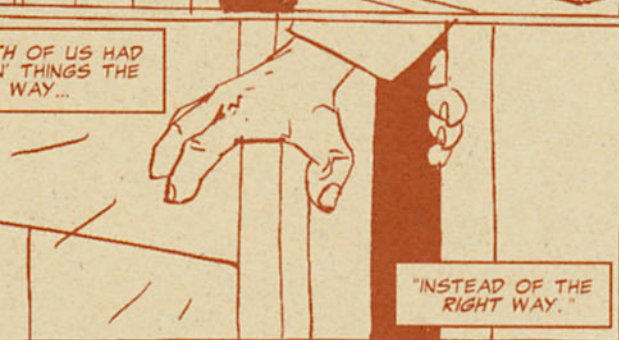


"MAYBE I HAD
STARTED THINKIN' OF
MYSELF AS GOD AND
KARL'S AS EDEN.

"MAYBE S'IE LU AND
ME HAD SOMETHIN'
IN COMMON.



"MAYBE BOTH OF US HAD
BEEN PLAYIN' THINGS THE
EASY WAY...



"INSTEAD OF THE
RIGHT WAY."

"FOUR OF 'EM. ALL OF THEM
WITH MORE ARMAMENT AND
FASTER WHEELS THAN US."

"BIG HAIRY DEAL."

"DRIVIN' IS A SKILL."

"A LEARNED SKILL."

"NOT ONE OF THE
PUNKS BEHIND US
IS A DAY OVER
TWENTY-FIVE."

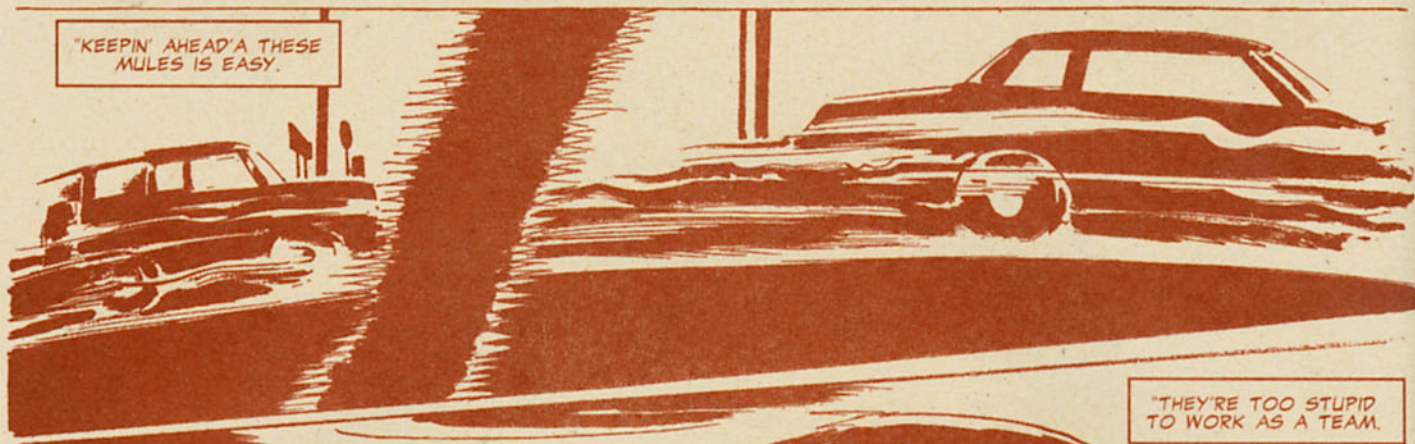
"I'VE BEEN DRIVIN' THE
STREETS 'A THIS TOWN
FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS."

"I CAN'T EVEN
PRETEND THIS IS
GONNA BE HARD."

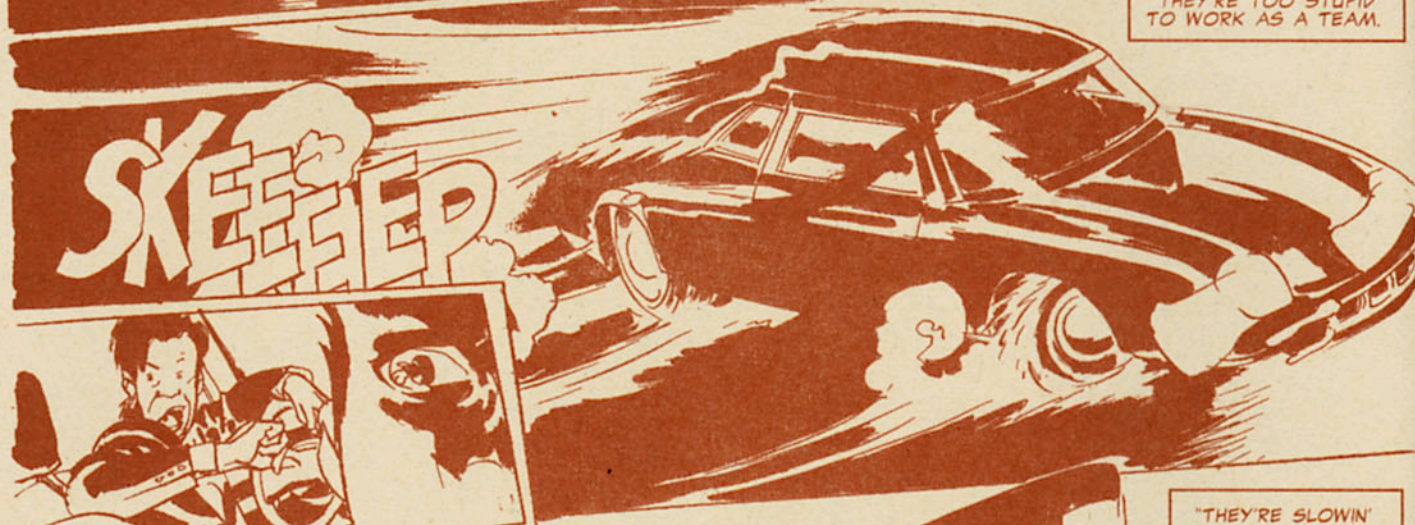
"THIS TIME 'A NIGHT
WE'RE OVER THE
MANHATTAN BRIDGE AND
INTA BROOKLYN IN LESS
THAN TEN MINUTES."

"NOW, BOYS--LET'S
ALL PLAY NICE."

"KEEPIN' AHEAD'A THESE
MULES IS EASY."



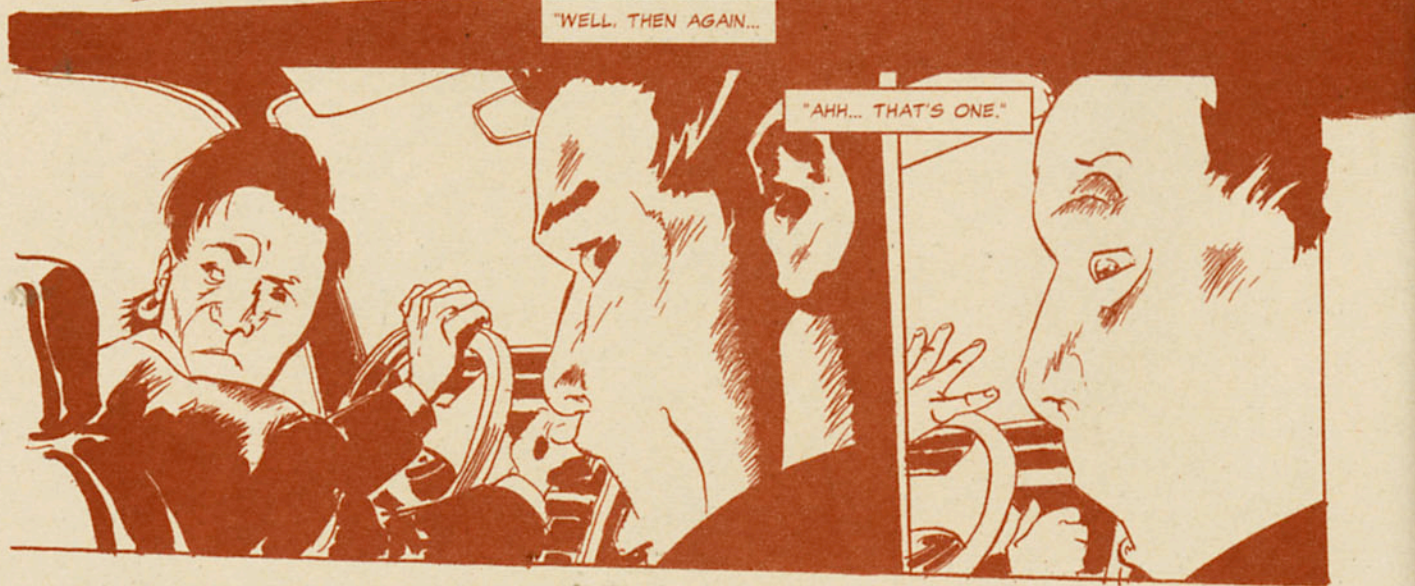
"THEY'RE TOO STUPID
TO WORK AS A TEAM."



"THEY'RE SLOWIN'
THEMSELVES DOWN
MORE THAN ANY
TRICKS I COULD
PULL ON THEM."



"WELL, THEN AGAIN..."



"AHH... THAT'S ONE."



"SEEN' SOME OF THEIR
GROUP GO DOWN HAS MADE
MY LITTLE PLAYMATES MAD."

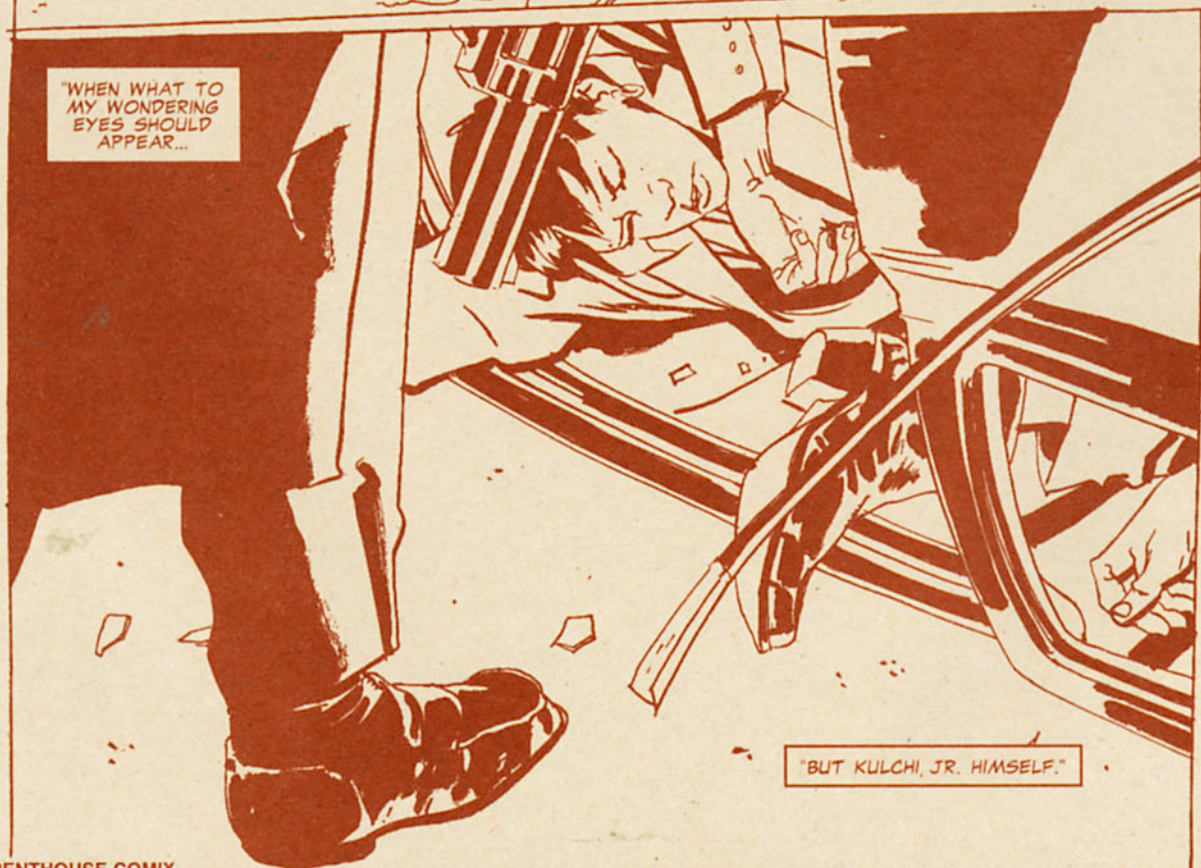
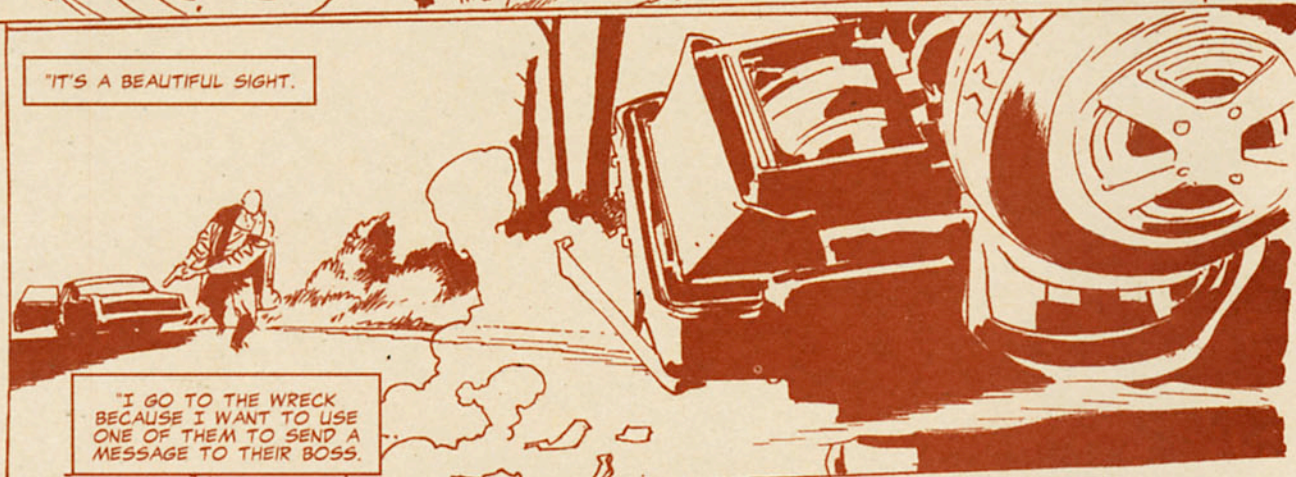
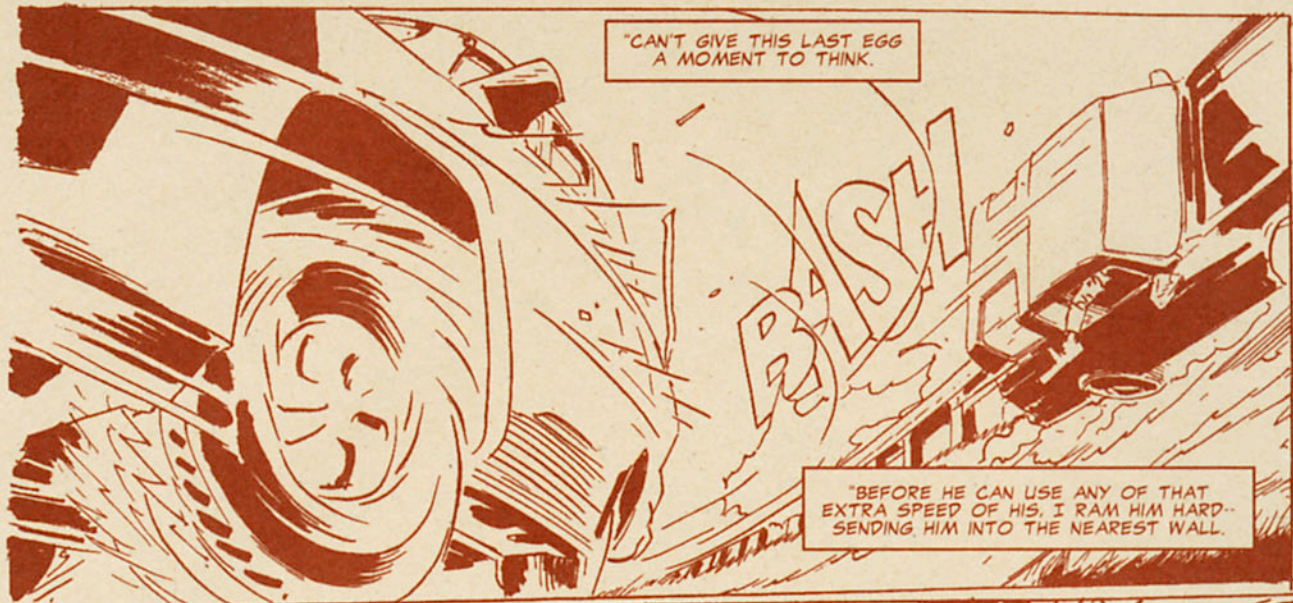


"WHICH IS GREAT."

"MAD PEOPLE DON'T
THINK. THEY ONLY REACT."



"AND USUALLY, THEY DON'T
REACT FAST ENOUGH..."






"KULCHI KNEW
I'D SAVED
HIS LIFE.

"FOR THE MOMENT, AT LEAST,
IT WAS OVER BETWEEN US.

"WHICH MEANS ALL I HAD TO DO WAS
SQUARE THINGS BETWEEN ME AND SIE LU...
AND EVERYONE ELSE THAT WORKS FOR ME.

"I ALSO TELL HER THAT IF SHE
THINKS ONE LITTLE KISS IS GOING
TO SQUARE THINGS BETWEEN US
THAT SHE IS SADLY MISTAKEN."

"I TRY TO MAKE IT EASY.
AFTER A BIT OF A LECTURE
I TELL SIE LU THAT HERE IS
THE FIRST AND ONLY
SECOND CHANCE I EVER
PLAN TO GIVE OUT.



"I RISKED BULLETS FOR HER
ASS. HEALING FACTOR OR
NOT, THAT SHIT HURTS.

"BESIDES, I'M A
BIG GUY. I'M
ALSO AN OLD
GUY. I'VE GOT
NEEDS UNLIKE
ANYONE ELSE
ON THE PLANET.

"NEEDS I INTEND
FOR HER TO
TAKE CARE OF...
EVEN IF IT TAKES
ALL NIGHT."

HEY...
A LITTLE
LOWER...

OH, YEAH...
OH, YEAH...
THAT'S THE
SPOT.



"THAT'S IT."

THE END X

RADIO MURDER

Written by
Eliot R. Brown

Illustrations by
Moebius

PART 2

IT WAS MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT. FRENCHIE AND I WERE TRYING FOR AN ENDURANCE RECORD. NOT THAT I MINDED, THE GIRL COULD FUCK. SHE WAS POSTING UP AND DOWN ON ME LIKE A FRESH JOCKEY AT HIALEAH AND THIS HAD TO BE HER SECOND HOUR. I WAS AMAZED AT THE GIRL BUT DESPITE MY SURROUNDINGS, I WAS FEELING WORSE THAN EVER. I REALLY SHOULD HAVE BEEN GETTING EVERY LAST DETAIL OUT OF HER ABOUT LARRY'S LAST HOURS ON EARTH INSTEAD OF FUCKING HER LIKE A SCHOOLBOY.

ON THE OTHER HAND, HER ROTATING HIPS WERE BRINGING ME TO THE EDGE FOR THE FOURTH TIME IN A LONG AFTERNOON.

SHE SMILED AT MY CHANGE IN GRUNTING, GOT OFF ME AND MOTIONED FOR ME TO HANG ONTO THE HEADBOARD. ONCE AGAIN, SHE WENT FOR HER PATENTED METHOD OF USING HER FACE AS A COME-CATCHER. SHE JERKED ME OFF WITH THAT TRULY EXPERT GRIP AND THEN DID SOMETHING THAT REALLY SURPRISED ME.

SHE TOOK MY COCK HEAD IN HER MOUTH AND SAVAGELY JACKED THE LENGTH OF IT AROUND HER FIST. I STARTED GOING FROM WOOD-HARD TO ROCK-HARD. SHE QUICKLY BUT GENTLY SHOVED MY STRAINING COCKEND DOWN HER THROAT. THE EXTRATIGHT CIRCLE OF MUSCLES OR WHATEVER WAS THERE WAS ALL IT TOOK. I STARTED SPASMING ANOTHER HOT LOAD SOMEWHERE DEEP IN HER NECK. HER HOT LIPS WERE TIGHT AROUND THE ROOT AND I COULD SEE TEARS SQUEEZED FROM HER EYES AT THIS EFFORT. I MAY HAVE INDICATED THAT I WAS KINDA' BIG IN THE DICK DEPARTMENT, BUT I NEVER WOULD'VE GUESSED THAT ANYONE COULD DO WHAT SHE DID WITH MY NINE-INCH JOINT.

SHE HASTILY PULLED OFF, GASPED AND CLEARED HER THROAT. A THICK STRAND OF COME HUNG BETWEEN HER LIPS AND MY ROD. SHE WAS IDLY PLAYING WITH MY BALLS AND LICKING AT THE END OF MY DICK. SHE CLEARED HER THROAT A FEW TIMES MORE. SHE WAS SOMETHING, OKAY. I COULD SEE A MIX OF OUR SAUCES DRIPPING FROM HER SNATCH TO THE BED. CHRIST.

"FREDDIE," SHE SPOKE WITH A SLIGHTLY HUSKIER VOICE. "FREDDIE, I GUESS WE HAVE TO TALK ABOUT LARRY." MY COCK WAS FINALLY LIMP IN HER GRIP. IT HUNG OVER HER KNUCKLES AND WAS LEAKING DOWN HER WRIST. "START ANYWHERE, BABY." I SUGGESTED, MAKING MYSELF COMFORTABLE.

IT SEEMS LARRY HAD BEEN A VERY BUSY FELLOW IN HIS OFF-HOURS. FRENCHIE BUILT UP A CONFUSED IMPRESSION OF A MAN WITH ABOUT THREE JOBS. NOT INCLUDING THE ONE I THOUGHT HE HAD IN PARTNERSHIP WITH ME. THEY SEEMED TO INCLUDE THE JEWELRY TRADE, INTERSTATE TRUCKING AND OVERSEAS IMPORTS. THAT LAST WAS A SURPRISE. LARRY HATED FOREIGNERS. AT LEAST HE HAD IN FRONT OF ME.

WE WERE INTERRUPTED BY A DISCREET KNOCKING AT THE OUTER DOOR. FRENCHIE SAID SHE KNEW THE KNOCK AND JUMPED UP TO GRAB A ROBE. I COULD HEAR THE RATTLE OF CROCKERY BEING ROLLED IN. THERE WAS A COUPLE OF WHISPERED EXCHANGES. IN CASE OF TROUBLE, I QUIETLY MOVED TO THE DOOR AND COULD SEE FRENCHIE TALKING TO A ROOM SERVICE WAITER. FRENCHIE ROLLED THE FOOD IN. I FLIPPED THE LIGHT ON. SHE SMILED EASILY AT ME. I SMILED BACK. "WE EAT!"

Once again,
she went for her
patented method of
using her face as a
come-catcher.

KEEPING QUIET. THERE WASN'T MUCH MORE. THE PACKAGE WAS ARRIVING AT 6AM OVER IN JERSEY. I WANTED TO KNOW WHERE IN JERSEY. SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE, BUT DID KNOW THE NAME OF THE SHIPPING COMPANY. HINDENBURG. SHIT.

THE HINDENBURG WAS NEITHER A SHIPPING COMPANY NOR GOOD NEWS. I'D BEEN PICTURING A NICE, FAMILIAR TRUCKING FIRM. THE HINDENBURG WAS A REALLY BIG AIRSHIP THAT TOUCHED DOWN IN LAKEHURST. ONE OF THOSE FLYING BALLOONS FILLED WITH A LIGHTER-THAN-AIR GAS. IT WAS ALSO A SYMBOL OF SOME UNPOPULAR PEOPLE IN GERMANY, THE NAZIS. BRAINY TYPES SAID WE'D BE IN A WAR SOON, BUT I KNEW AMERICA WOULDN'T GET INVOLVED IN THE POLITICS OF ANOTHER COUNTRY.

NOW LARRY HAD GOTTEN INVOLVED WITH SOMEONE IN GERMANY WHO TRAVELLED IN STYLE. BUT THERE WAS STILL THE LOCKER IN THE LESS STYLISH BUS DEPOT. FRENCHIE AND I GOT DRESSED AND OUT OF THE HOTEL BY VARIOUS BACK DOORS. FRENCHIE WAS SAYING GOOD-BYES TO A LOT OF PEOPLE. BY THE TIME WE GOT TO THE EAST SIDE BUS TERMINAL IT WAS 2:30AM.

THAT PART OF TOWN WAS PRETTY QUIET THAT TIME OF THE MORNING. THE USUAL SAILORS, WINOS AND BUS DRIVERS WERE ALL THERE. AND US. I'D PARKED MY OLD FORD A BLOCK DOWN FIRST AVENUE AND WE MADE OUR WAY INTO THE TERMINAL. IT WAS FAIRLY GLOOMY INSIDE BUT IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO FIND THE PARTICULAR LOCKER. I WAS LOOKING AROUND A GOOD DEAL, BUT NO ONE SHOWED ANY INCREASED INTEREST IN OUR ACTIVITY. FRENCHIE AND I PULLED OUT A SMALL BUNDLE WRAPPED IN BROWN PAPER AND TWINE FROM THE LOCKER. WE WAITED TILL WE GOT BACK TO MY CAR TO OPEN IT.

I WAS ONLY MILDLY SURPRISED TO FIND ANOTHER RADIO INSIDE. IT LOOKED A LOT LIKE THE ONES I'D GOTTEN OUT OF LARRY'S PLACE. BUT THIS ONE HAD AN ANTENNAE. I HADN'T NOTICED, BUT FRENCHIE YANKED IT OUT. IT ALSO WORKED. WE GOT SOME MUSIC OUT OF THIS ONE AND A VERY LOUD AD FOR BOND'S CLOTHING STORE. BY NOW IT WAS 3AM. I DUG OUT AN ESSO ROAD MAP AND WE HEADED OFF FOR JERSEY.

THE NAVAL AIR STATION AT LAKEHURST WAS ALIVE AT 5:30AM WHEN WE ROLLED UP. I PARKED OVER IN A FAR CORNER OF THE LOT. THE PRESS NO LONGER PAID SO MUCH ATTENTION AND ONLY A HANDFUL OF NEWS-PAPER GUYS AND RADIO TRUCKS WERE AROUND. THERE WERE A COUPLE OF NEWSREEL SETUPS AND OF COURSE, THE GUYS WERE PLAYING CARDS. THERE WERE A LOT OF SAILORS JUST HANGING AROUND — MAKING A LOT

SHE LAUGHED. SHE MUST HAVE ASKED FOR THE FUCK FEST PLATTER. IT WAS PROBABLY WHAT WAS LEFT OVER IN THE KITCHEN. THERE WAS BEER, WINE AND A POT OF COFFEE. BRISKET SANDWICHES, SOME FANCY SPAGHETTI DISH AND EVEN A FEW OYSTERS. THERE WERE PASTRIES AND A WHOLE BOSTON CREAM PIE.

SHE WOULD'VE MANHANDLED ME INTO ANOTHER GO 'ROUND IF I HADN'T STEERED THE CONVERSATION BACK TO LARRY AND HIS FINAL HOURS. LARRY HAD BEEN EXPECTING AN IMPORTANT PACKAGE THAT WAS ARRIVING EARLY NEXT MORNING. I NOTED THAT IT WAS ABOUT MIDNIGHT RIGHT THEN. FRENCHIE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN THE PACKAGE, BUT LARRY CARED A LOT ABOUT IT. HE'D GOTTEN EXTRA GUNS.

WHEN LARRY AND I HAD BEEN COPS, WE KNEW AS SURE AS ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT THE JOB; WHEN YOU HAVE A GUN, IT TENDS TO GET USED. IT WASN'T LIKE LARRY TO CARRY EXTRA GUNS. ON THE OTHER HAND, I WAS GETTING A PICTURE OF A LARRY I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE.

I LET HER GO ON, MOSTLY KEEPING QUIET. THERE WASN'T MUCH MORE. THE PACKAGE WAS ARRIVING AT 6AM OVER IN JERSEY. I WANTED TO KNOW WHERE IN JERSEY. SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE, BUT DID KNOW THE NAME OF THE SHIPPING COMPANY. HINDENBURG. SHIT.

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THAT PART OF TOWN WAS PRETTY QUIET THAT TIME OF THE MORNING. THE USUAL SAILORS, WINOS AND BUS DRIVERS WERE ALL THERE. AND US. I'D PARKED MY OLD FORD A BLOCK DOWN FIRST AVENUE AND WE MADE OUR WAY INTO THE TERMINAL. IT WAS FAIRLY GLOOMY INSIDE BUT IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO FIND THE PARTICULAR LOCKER. I WAS LOOKING AROUND A GOOD DEAL, BUT NO ONE SHOWED ANY INCREASED INTEREST IN OUR ACTIVITY. FRENCHIE AND I PULLED OUT A SMALL BUNDLE WRAPPED IN BROWN PAPER AND TWINE FROM THE LOCKER. WE WAITED TILL WE GOT BACK TO MY CAR TO OPEN IT.

I WAS ONLY MILDLY SURPRISED TO FIND ANOTHER RADIO INSIDE. IT LOOKED A LOT LIKE THE ONES I'D GOTTEN OUT OF LARRY'S PLACE. BUT THIS ONE HAD AN ANTENNAE. I HADN'T NOTICED, BUT FRENCHIE YANKED IT OUT. IT ALSO WORKED. WE GOT SOME MUSIC OUT OF THIS ONE AND A VERY LOUD AD FOR BOND'S CLOTHING STORE. BY NOW IT WAS 3AM. I DUG OUT AN ESSO ROAD MAP AND WE HEADED OFF FOR JERSEY.

THE NAVAL AIR STATION AT LAKEHURST WAS ALIVE AT 5:30AM WHEN WE ROLLED UP. I PARKED OVER IN A FAR CORNER OF THE LOT. THE PRESS NO LONGER PAID SO MUCH ATTENTION AND ONLY A HANDFUL OF NEWS-PAPER GUYS AND RADIO TRUCKS WERE AROUND. THERE WERE A COUPLE OF NEWSREEL SETUPS AND OF COURSE, THE GUYS WERE PLAYING CARDS. THERE WERE A LOT OF SAILORS JUST HANGING AROUND — MAKING A LOT

OF DOUGH EACH ADDITIONAL HOUR. WE NOSED AROUND TO FIND THAT THE WEATHER WAS BAD AND THERE WOULD BE A HELL OF A DELAY. THE AIRSHIP WOULD BE AT LEAST A FEW HOURS LATE. I GRABBED SOME COFFEE AND DONUTS FOR FRENCHIE AND ME.

FRENCHIE WAS LOST IN THOUGHT AT THAT NEWS. I WAS SURPRISED AT HER INTEREST. SHE PERKED UP AFTER SOME FOOD. WE WERE BOTH A LITTLE TIRED SO WE LOWERED THE SEAT BACKS A BIT AND ARRANGED OUR COATS FOR SOME SHUT-EYE.

I WAS AWOKEN IN THE MIDDLE OF AN OLD-FASHIONED BLOW-JOB OVER THE STICK SHIFT. FRENCHIE PERFECTLY AVOIDED SMEARING THAT BRIGHT RED LIPSTICK ON MY SHIRT AND PANTS. WE DID SOME WINDOW-STEAMING AND SHE JUMPED ON TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE DOWNED SEAT BACK. THAT ONE SOUEAKY SPRING OVER THE LEFT REAR TIRE WAS LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE DEAD. FRENCHIE WAS CLAWING THE CEILING AND GROANING IN TIME WITH THE SPRING. I LOST TRACK OF HOW MANY TIMES SHE CAME AND I RACKED OFF A COUPLE OF GOOD ONES TOO.

BY THE TIME WE SETTLED DOWN, IT WAS ABOUT 3:00PM. WE CLEANED UP AND MOSEYED OUT FOR SOME CHOW AND NEWS. THERE WAS EVEN WORSE WEATHER OVER JERSEY. FRENCHIE WENT OFF TO GET THE FOOD FOR US. I CRASHED A CARD GAME WITH THE NEWSBOYS. THE WORD WAS IT WOULD BE MORE HOURS BEFORE THE HINDENBURG WOULD LAND.

I CAUGHT SIGHT OF FRENCHIE SCAMPERING AROUND WITH A COUPLE OF SAILORS. THEY WERE POINTING STUFF OUT TO HER ON THE GIGANTIC MOORING MAST. I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST HER TO FUCK THOSE TWO SQUIDS SILLY. WITH A SIGH, I GOT BACK TO THE POKER GAME. I WAS EVEN AHEAD.

I WAS SURPRISED WHEN THE HINDENBURG CAME DRIFTING UP. THE GUYS HAD TOLD ME THAT IT WASN'T LANDING BECAUSE OF THE WIND. IT WAS AROUND 4PM AND IT HAD RAINED NOT TOO LONG BEFORE. I WAS GETTING BORED BY CARDS. FRENCHIE HAD BROUGHT SOME FOOD BY FOR ME AND EVEN SOME FOR THE GUYS. THEN SHE DRIFTED OFF.

FRENCHIE HAD SAID THE GUY WE WERE EXPECTING WAS A FRIEND OF LARRY'S. I USED TO THINK THAT ANY FRIEND OF LARRY'S WAS A FRIEND OF MINE, BUT I COULDN'T REALLY DO THAT ANYMORE. IF THIS WAS SOME KIND OF GERMAN PRECIOUS METAL SMUGGLING OPERATION, I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE PLAYED IT SAFE AND CALLED THE COPS. BUT I WAS THINKING OF DUMB THINGS LIKE CLEARING LARRY'S NAME, PERHAPS MINE TOO. JUST BEING HERE MIGHT MAKE ME AN ACCESSORY.

THEN THERE WAS FRENCHIE. SHE MIGHT HAVE MORE OOMPH THAN ANY FIVE GIRLS BUT I GUESS I ALSO LIKED HER. I WANTED TO KEEP HER CLEAR OF ANY TROUBLE THAT I DIDN'T HAVE IN MIND FOR HER. I SUPPOSE ALL THAT WAS PRETTY ARROGANT OF ME. BUT, HELL, I HAD JUST FINISHED THE PAYMENTS ON MY SUIT OF ARMOR AND HORSE.

MY POKER BUDDIES WERE GRIMLY PLAYING CARDS THROUGH A QUICK DOWNPOUR BUT SUDDENLY THEY WERE NEWSBOYS AGAIN. THE BUZZ WAS THE HINDENBURG WAS MOVING UP FROM ITS JOYRIDE OVER ATLANTIC CITY AND WOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE. FRENCHIE APPEARED WITH TWO HALVES OF A HAM SANDWICH AND TWO BEERS. IT WAS SOMEWHERE AROUND 7PM. WE WERE MUNCHING ON FOOD WHEN THE HINDENBURG MOVED UP FROM THE SOUTH. IT WAS BIG ALRIGHT.

FRENCHIE DRAGGED ME OFF TO THE BIG GROUP OF SAILORS. THESE WERE THE GUYS WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO HANG ON THE ROPES FROM THE AIRSHIP. THEIR WEIGHT AND LEG POWER WOULD MANEUVER THE THING AROUND. SHE PRODUCED TWO GROUND CREW BADGES AND PINNED ONE ON ME. WE MINGLED WITH THE CROWD AS THE BUILDING-SIZED SHAPE FLOATED OVERHEAD. I COULD SEE THOSE BIG SWASTIKAS ON THE RUDDERS. THE SQUIDS NEAR ME WERE CURSING AT THE WAIT, THE WEATHER AND EACH OTHER.

I WAS NEAR THE FRONT OF THE SHIP. THERE WAS THIS BIG SLOB YELLING AT US TO GRAB A ROPE. UNTIL I COULD SEE PEOPLE IN THE WINDOWS LOOKING DOWN AT US, I HAD NO IDEA HOW FAR UP THE THING WAS. SOMEBODY UP THERE WAS WAVING. IT WAS PROBABLY NOT TO US, BUT FRENCHIE WAS WAVING BACK ANYWAY. FRENCHIE WAS WAY OFF TO ONE SIDE AND LOOKED LIKE SHE WAS PLAY-ACTING HOLDING ONTO A ROPE. I LOOKED AT MY WATCH, IT WAS ABOUT 7:10. IN THE CLOUDY GLOOM I COULD JUST SEE FRENCHIE CATCH A SMALL BAG THAT SLID DOWN THAT PRETEND ROPE.

THERE WAS A LOT OF RUNNING TO GRAB A COUPLE OF REAL ROPES. THEN THERE WAS A GREAT SILENCE. THE ENGINES HAD STOPPED. I ADMIT I WAS A BIT DISTRACTED FROM WHAT FRENCHIE WAS DOING. I CAUGHT SIGHT OF HER RUNNING, SAW HER TURN, LOOK UP AND FUMBLE IN HER PURSE. A BIG WHOOMPH SOUND CAME FROM ABOVE. AH, CRAP, I THOUGHT. THIS THING BLEW A GASKET.

I LOOKED UP. DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE SHIP THERE WAS A BRIGHT SPARK OF LIGHT. I SQUINTED REAL HARD. THAT LIGHT WAS AWFULLY FIRE-LIKE. THEN BANG, ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE. FIRE WASN'T THE HALF OF IT. THE DAMN THING WAS FALLING ON ME. I STARTED RUNNING. I DIDN'T REALLY HAVE TIME TO PICK A DIRECTION. A BIG SAILOR RAN INTO ME AND DOWN I WENT. I HAD A NICE VIEW OF THE BURNING AIRSHIP HITTING THE GROUND IN FRONT OF ME.

I WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE THE CONTROL ROOM THING HIT THE GROUND AND WATCH THE SHIP'S OFFICERS SCRAMBLE TO GET CLEAR. I HAD THROWN MY ARMS IN FRONT OF MY FACE. THE HEAT WAS GREAT ENOUGH TO MAKE AN UN-SINGED CRISS-CROSS PATTERN ON MY COAT AND FACE. I DECIDED TO KEEP MOVING. I STUMBLED TO MY FEET AMID THE HUGE NOISE AND CRASHING OF JUNK. I HEADED FOR THE OPEN-STEEL FRAMEWORK OF ONE OF THE MOORING MASTS.

SOMEONE WAS YELLING AT ME. UNLIKE ALL THE OTHER YELLING AND SCREAMING, I KNEW THIS VOICE. IT WAS FRENCHIE. I WAS GLAD TO SEE WAS OKAY. SHE WAS STANDING BY ONE OF THE BUILDINGS ON THE FUNNY, ROTATING STEEL FRAMEWORK.

"OH, FREDDIE," SHE GASPED, "YOU MADE IT OUT OF THERE." I RAN TO HER. "HOW LUCKY OF YOU." THEN I SAW THE GUN. IT HAD A BIG ROUND CYLINDER ON THE BARREL. I GUESSED IT WAS A SILENCER. I'D NEVER SEEN ONE BEFORE. MY HANDS AUTOMATICALLY LIFTED TO EITHER SIDE.

"FRENCHIE, WHAT THE HELL?" THEN, WHAT I'D ASSUMED WAS A PILE OF RAGS ON THE GROUND ROLLED OVER AND LOOKED AT ME. A SMOKE-STAINED FACE GAVE ME AN UNEVEN GRIN. "HELLO,

LARRY. SO YOU ARE THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN OF SUCH HELP TO MY WIFE?" THE ACCENT WAS GERMAN AND THICK. I LOOKED AT FRENCHIE. I WASN'T ALWAYS PICKY ABOUT MY WOMEN, BUT IF TOLD, I TRIED TO AVOID THE MARRIED ONES. I GUESS I HADN'T TRIED HARD ENOUGH THIS TIME.

FRENCHIE GOT ME TO CLEAN HIM UP AND HELP HIM TO WALK BACK TO MY CAR. APPARENTLY FRITZ, THAT WAS HIS NAME, HAD BEEN ON THE HINDENBURG. WHEN THE SHIP WENT UP, HE WAS FAR FORWARD AND SIMPLY STEPPED OUT OF THE SHIP AS THAT END ALMOST GENTLY TOUCHED DOWN. STILL, THE BACK OF HIS TRENCH COAT HAD BEEN BURNED AWAY.

I LOANED FRITZ MY TRENCH COAT. I ALSO HADN'T BOTHERED TO CORRECT HIS IMPRESSION OF WHO I WAS. I THOUGHT THAT MIGHT KEEP ME ALIVE LONGER. FRENCHIE SEEMED TO HAVE HER OWN IDEAS ABOUT WHAT WE WERE DOING. SHE WAS KEEPING HER DISTANCE FROM ME. AND FRITZ, TOO, I NOTICED. THEY SAID VERY LITTLE TO EACH OTHER.

NOBODY WAS PAYING TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO US AS WE MADE OUR WAY OFF THE FIELD. I WAS DISAPPOINTED IN THE LOCAL COPS. THE NAVY SEEMED EASILY DISTRACTED BY A SIMPLE GIGANTIC EXPLOSION. WE JUST WALKED OFF. SURE, THERE WERE A HELL OF A LOT OF PEOPLE RUNNING ALL OVER THE PLACE, A LOT OF AMBULANCES AND EVEN FIRE ENGINES. I COULDN'T REALLY ENJOY THE SHOW AS I HAD THIS GUN AT MY BACK.

WE ROLLED OUT OF THE PARKING LOT AND PAST ALL THE ACTIVITY. FRENCHIE WAS IN THE BACK SEAT WITH A ROCK-STEADY GRIP ON THE PISTOL. SHE GUIDED ME BACK INTO MANHATTAN AND DOWN TO THE WEST SIDE DOCKS. FRITZ ASKED FRENCHIE A QUESTION IN GERMAN. WHEN FRENCHIE REPLIED IN PERFECT GERMAN, I DIDN'T TWITCH. IT MADE A SORT OF SENSE.

I HAD A MINUTE TO THINK WHILE I WAS AT THE WHEEL. I COULDN'T SHAKE THE IMAGE OF FRENCHIE WITH HER HAND IN HER PURSE, LOOKING UP AT THE GAS BAG AND THEN HEARING THE EXPLOSION. AND WHAT I'D TAKEN FOR PLAY-ACTING WITH A WIRE, WAS SHOWN TO BE ALL-TOO REAL AS SOME KIND OF BAG SLID DOWN INTO HER ARMS.

THEN IT CLICKED. I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ALIVE AND

I could see
that huge log
sliding all the
way out and
then all the
way in.

NEITHER WAS FRITZ. I WONDERED IF HE'D FIGURED IT OUT. HE MIGHT SIMPLY BE IN A STATE OF SHOCK OR DENIAL. HE HAD AFTER ALL, STEPPED OUT FROM A 1,000-FOOT FIREBALL. CUSTOMS WAS STILL DICEY ON THE AIRSHIP ROUTE AND SMUGGLING WAS EASY IF YOU WERE WILLING TO TAKE RISKS. FRENCHIE HAD SNUCK ONTO THE FIELD AND SNAGGED A BAG OF SOMETHING OR OTHER TO GET AROUND U.S. CUSTOMS. AT A WILD GUESS, THE BOMB WAS SUPPOSED TO PROVIDE A DIVERSION AFTER FRITZ DISEMBARKED AND WHILE THEY GOT OFF THE FIELD. I ALSO GUESSED THAT I MUST'VE BEEN A STAND-IN FOR LARRY. LARRY WOULD'VE PROVIDED THE CAR AND MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE BEEN SCHEDULED TO DIE TOO.

THAT WAS THE NEXT PUZZLE PIECE FOR ME. WAS LARRY A FALL GUY OR HAD FRENCHIE INTENDED A QUICKIE DIVORCE? OR BOTH? FRENCHIE SEEMED LIKE SHE COULD GO THROUGH MEN LIKE ANY DOZEN OTHER WOMEN WOULD GO THROUGH SALTED PEANUTS. IT WAS HARD TO FIGURE THE ANGLES. EVEN FRITZ WAS SLEEPING THROUGH IT ALL. THE ONLY CERTAIN THING WAS FRENCHIE'S GUN AT THE BACK OF MY HEAD.

IN THE LATE EVENING, WE SHOT INTO THE CITY WITH NO TRAFFIC PROBLEMS. FRENCHIE DIRECTED ME DOWNTOWN AND TO THE WEST SIDE. WE FINALLY PULLED INTO A BIG COMMERCIAL BUILDING'S COURTYARD AND SNUGGLED OURSELVES INTO A VERY DARK CORNER. WE WERE ON 19TH STREET SOMEWHERE NEAR 7TH AVENUE. FRENCHIE TOSSED ME SOME KEYS. I FUMBLERED WITH THEM IN THE GLOOM, GOING THROUGH SEVERAL TO FIND THE RIGHT ONE. WE ENTERED THE BUILDING, WITH ME HELPING FRITZ.

WE WENT PAST A BEAT-UP OFFICE AREA AND MOVED INTO A MODEST WAREHOUSE SPACE. THERE WERE STACKS OF BOXES AROUND LOTS OF METAL SHELVING. FRENCHIE RUMMAGED IN A BOX AND PULLED OUT A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS. I WATCHED CAREFULLY AND NOTED THAT THE GUN IN HER HAND NEVER WAVERED FROM MY CHEST. SHE TOSSED ME THE CUFFS AND TOLD ME TO FACE OUTWARDS AND HOOK MYSELF UP TO A METAL SHELF UPRIGHT.

FRITZ WAS ATTACKING A TIN OF SARDINES AND A BOX OF CRACKERS. I COULD HAVE USED A COUPLE. FRENCHIE POKED AROUND AT MY HANDWORK. SHE TOOK THE KEYS BACK. THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT SOMETHING OR OTHER AND I WAS DOING MY BEST TO LOOK AROUND WITH ALL THE INNOCENCE I COULD MUSTER. I COULD SEE NOTHING IN THIS DUMP THAT MIGHT BE OF ANY USE.

"FRENCHIE," I STARTED, NOT KNOWING REALLY WHERE TO GO, "WHERE DO THE RADIOS FIT IN?" IF I KEPT HER TALKING AT LEAST I WOULDN'T DIE OF BOREDOM. SHE MOVED AROUND TO A BOX AND OPENED IT UP. OUT CAME ONE OF THOSE DAMNED RADIOS.

"OH, LARRY," HER VOICE NOW HAD A SLIGHT ACCENT. "YOU AMERICANS THINK YOU ARE INVINCIBLE." SHE WALKED OVER TO ME AND PLACED SEVERAL RADIOS AT MY FEET. "I AM IN THIS COUNTRY TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU FIND OUT YOU ARE NOT." I LOOKED OVER AT FRITZ. "HE IS MY PARTNER IN ALL THINGS."

"ALL?" I EXCLAIMED. I WONDERED HOW SHE HAD EXPLAINED HOW THE BOMB WENT OFF WITH HIM STILL ON BOARD. I WAS STILL WILLING TO PLAY LARRY. BUT I WAS ANXIOUS ABOUT SAYING THE WRONG THING OUT OF IGNORANCE. "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?"

FRENCHIE MOVED CLOSER. "I AM NOT SURE. I WILL BLOW THIS WAREHOUSE SKY HIGH. I AM NOT SURE YOU WILL BE IN IT." SHE CHANGED THE SUBJECT BY GENTLY PROBING MY GROIN WITH THE SIDE OF THE SILENCER. "YOU HAVE PROVEN TO BE A WONDERFUL PARTNER HERE IN AMERICA." DAMN ME IF MY DICK DIDN'T START TO HEAT UP. FRENCHIE NOTICED IT.

"I SEE YOU ARE AS EXCITED BY BEING SO CLOSE TO DANGER AS I." THE SILENCER WAS POKING AT MY HARD-ON THROUGH MY PANTS AND UNDERWEAR. I SQUIRMED. IT WAS A GUN POKING AT MY VITALS. I ALSO WASN'T USED TO PERFORMING IN FRONT OF STRANGERS. FRITZ WAS DOWNING A BEER AND LOOKING ON WITH A SMILE.

"SHE IS QUITE SOMETHING, DON'T YOU THINK?" FRITZ FINISHED THE LAST OF HIS BEER AND STOOD. "LISA, OR FRENCHIE, AS YOU CALL HER, IS A CONSUMMATE AGENT OF THE GERMAN NATIONALIST PARTY. BUT DON'T LET THAT INTERFERE WITH YOUR FUN... SHE IS A 'HOT PIECE OF TAIL' —YES?" I NODDED AT HIM.

WITH ONE HAND, SHE UNDOED MY BELT AND MY PANTS HIT THE FLOOR AROUND MY ANKLES. UP CAME MY LITTLE TRAITOR. FRENCHIE, OR LISA, SLID THE COOL GUN BARREL UNDER MY HALF-HARD SHAFT. SHE SPOKE TO FRITZ WHO CAME OVER AND SAID SOMETHING BACK TO HER. "THAT'S NOT BAD, LARRY," HE SAID. "BUT LET ME SHOW WHAT FORMS THE BOND BETWEEN LISA AND I."


ALMOST CHEERFULLY, HE PULLED OPEN THE FLY OF HIS PANTS AND HAULED OUT A VERY LARGE PENIS. LISA WAS HOLDING ON TO MY COCK BUT WAS LOOKING AT HIS. HE GAVE THE FLESHY SHAFT A FEW

TUGS AND IT STRAIGHTENED OUT TO ITS FULL, AMAZING LENGTH. "HAH? WHAT DO YOU THINK?" 32 CENTIMETERS." LISA LOOKED UP AT ME. "MORE THAN 12 INCHES AND A GREAT, FAT HEAD." THE HEAD HAD SWOLLEN TO THE SIZE OF A BASEBALL.

I'D TAG-TEAMED WOMEN WITH OTHER GUYS BEFORE. BEING IN THE SAME ROOM WITH A DICK DIDN'T UPSET ME, EVEN THOUGH I WAS USUALLY THE LARGEST. BUT I'D NEVER BEEN IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS BEFORE. ONCE AGAIN, I GOT THE IMPRESSION I WAS CLOSING A DEAL. BUT WHICH WAY? FOR ME OR FRITZ?

FRITZ MOVED AROUND TO LISA'S REAR END, HIS HUGE STIFF COCK BOBBING. SHE SMILED UP AT ME AND SLID HER LIPS OVER THE END OF MY COCK. HER VIGOROUS MOVEMENTS GOT ME WOOD-HARD IN NO TIME. ALMOST WITH RELIEF, I COULD SEE HER FINGER OFF THE TRIGGER AND ALONGSIDE THE TRIGGER GUARD. THAT WAS GOOD, AS SHE WAS STROKING MY BALLS WITH THE SILENCER. IT WOULDN'T DO FOR HER TO GET TOO EXCITED WITH HER FINGER ON THE TRIGGER.

FRITZ PULLED UP LISA'S SKIRTS AND PETTICOATS. I SAW HIM FONDLE HER CUNT. I FELT HER INHALE AROUND MY DICK. FRITZ SPOKE LOVINGLY TO HER ASS IN GERMAN. SHE TOOK MORE OF MY MEAT IN



HER MOUTH. FRITZ HAULED UP HIS HEAVY LOB WITH HIS FREE HAND AND SHOWED ME AN AWFUL LOT OF LISA'S CUNT JUICE ON HIS HAND. HE GAVE A LAUGH AND SAVAGELY YANKED AT HIS STRAINING, DARK RED HEAD. WITH GREAT DELIBERATION, HE BROUGHT THE GIANT COCK DOWN AND INTO POSITION.

LISA WAS RAMMED DEEP. I FELT HER WHOLE BODY GO THUMP. SHE PAUSED WITH HER MOUTH STILL TIGHT ON MY DICK. FRITZ STARTED SLOGGING IN AND OUT OF HER WITH EVERY INCH HE HAD. LISA'S ASS WAS WAY UP IN THE AIR AND SHE WAS EVEN UP ON HER TOES. I GOT SOME OF THE BENEFIT OF THE SLAMMING. I COULD SEE THAT HUGE LOG SLIDING ALL THE WAY OUT AND THEN ALL THE WAY IN. LISA'S MOUTH WAS KEEPING TIME AROUND MY COCK.

I COULD FEEL A GROWING HEAT IN MY BALLS THAT MASKED THE TWITCHING COOLNESS OF THE GUN'S SILENCER UNDER THEM. I HAD GONE TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO KEEP MY COOL UP TO THIS POINT. I HAD SWIPED THE CUFF KEY OFF THE KEY RING AND WAS NOW USING IT TO QUIETLY OPEN ONE OF THE CUFFS. I MADE SOME WHAT I HOPED WERE APPROPRIATE GRUNTING NOISES. IT SURE IS DIFFERENT WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO ACT NATURAL WITH A GUN AT YOUR BALLS. I WAS HOPING THAT SHE WOULD TRY THAT SPECIAL BLOW JOB MOVE AGAIN.

UNDER OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES, THIS MIGHT'VE BEEN ONE OF THE SEXUAL HIGHLIGHTS OF MY LIFE. SHE INCHED FURTHER AND FURTHER DOWN ON MY SHAFT. I FELT THE SHUDDERS AS FRITZ'S RAMROD SEATED EVERY FEW SECONDS. THEN MY HANDS WERE FREE.

I SEIZED THE BACK OF LISA'S HEAD AND SHOVED THE LAST INCH INTO HER FACE. AT THE SAME TIME, I GOT THE SILENCER AND TWISTED IT AWAY SO THAT IT POINTED DOWN. LISA WAS STRANGLING, WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO GET MY DICK OUT OF HER THROAT, SHE COULDN'T BREATHE. SHE STRUGGLED FIERCELY, BUT I HAD A GOOD GRIP ON HER HAIR. HER FINGER FOUND THE TRIGGER. THE GUN WENT 'CHUFF!'

LISA'S BACK ERUPTED IN A BLOODY EXPLOSION. THE BULLET HAD RICOCHETED OFF THE FLOOR. HER BODY JUMPED INHUMANLY. FRITZ WAS KNOCKED BACK. WITH A HORRIBLE BELLOW, HER HEAD JERKED OFF MY COCK. SINCE I WAS HOBBLING BY MY PANTS, I WENT SIDEWAYS, STILL HOLDING ONTO THE SILENCER IN CASE LISA'S FINGER WAS STILL ENGAGED.

BLOOD HAD SPRAYED INTO MY FACE. ONE EYE

"Hey, fucker,"
she croaked and
smiled weakly,
"did you come?"
I... did."

WAS CLOSED IN PAIN. BUT I HAD THE GUN. FRITZ WAS SPRAWLED WITH HIS STILL HUGE ROD THROBBING. THE BULLET HAD MISSED HIM, BUT THE SLAP OF THE BULLET AS IT RIPPED THROUGH LISA MUST STILL BE STINGING. I COVERED HIM AND CRADLED THE CRUMPLED LISA. SHE WAS GUT SHOT; NOT GOOD. SHE MUMBLED IN GERMAN.

"TAKE IT EASY, KID," I WHISPERED, "WE'LL GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL." THE CIRCLE OF HER BLOOD WAS SPREADING IN HER CLOTHES. SHE LOOKED UP AT ME.

"HEY, FUCKER," SHE CROAKED AND SMILED WEAKLY, "DID YOU COME? I... DID." SHE GAVE A CHOKED MOAN AND SLUMPED. I SET HER DOWN AND MOTIONED FRITZ OVER. I TRANSFERRED THE HANDCUFFS TO BOTH OF THEM. THEN I PULLED MYSELF TOGETHER AND RAN FOR A PHONE.

LISA WOULD PULL THROUGH. FRITZ WAS NEVER BETTER. DETECTIVE SAMUALS, AN OLD PAL, WAS HARDLY HAPPY WITH HAVING THIS CASE SOLVED. THE JERKS UP FROM WASHINGTON, FROM A CONFUSING MESS OF LETTERED AGENCIES, WERE ONLY A LITTLE HAPPIER. THE DETAILS OF MY INVOLVEMENT FASCINATED THE F. B. I. GUYS.

FRITZ AND LISA WERE INTERNATIONAL SMUGGLERS AND SABOTEURS. THE PORTABLE RADIO GIMMICKS WERE BOTH A MONEY IMPORTING SCHEME TO FINANCE THEIR ACTIVITIES IN AMERICA AND ALSO CONVINCING DUPLICATES OF REGULAR RADIOS THAT WOULD EXPLODE ON COMMAND. LISA HAD NO CONFIDENCE IN HER COUNTRY OR HER PARTY. BUT SHE DID SEE A HELL OF NICE PLACE TO HAVE A LOT OF MONEY. MANHATTAN. OF COURSE, SHE WAS GOING TO HAVE TO KILL OFF FRITZ AND LARRY. LARRY MUST'VE GOTTEN IN HER WAY AND WASN'T AS LUCKY AS ME. NEITHER WERE THE POOR DEVILS ON THE HINDENBURG.

I WAS SWORN TO SECRECY IN THE INTERESTS OF NATIONAL SECURITY. I WAS ALSO GIVEN AN IDEA OF JUST HOW STIFF THE PENALTIES WOULD BE IF I EVEN TALKED IN MY SLEEP ABOUT IT. I DID DO ONE SMART THING IN ALL OF THIS. I CLAIMED THAT I'D FOUND ONLY ONE RADIO RATHER THAN TWO IN LARRY'S APARTMENT, THUS KEEPING THE PLATINUM INGOT OUT OF THE STORY. GETTING IT BACK FROM MY SMARTER-THAN-AVERAGE SECRETARY, MARY, WAS A TOUGHER JOB. I'M STILL FUCKING HER AS PART OF THE DEAL.

WHICH ISN'T BAD FOR AN EX-PRIVATE DICK.

FINIS