

HOT & SEXXXY JUNGLE FEVER!!

PENTHOUSE COMIX

APRIL 1997

**RETURN
TO THE
LOST
WORLD**

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LATISCHA OF THE LOST WORLD

Libby was NOT the only air crash survivor

ALTUNA: THE ALIBI

True tales of real love!

EDGE: EARTH VS. THE GODS

The last honest super-hero defends the Earth

HIDDEN CAMERA - THE BALLEBONA

A hot tale of sexual ambition

BROAD'S DELIGHTS

Young where you can find some privacy

LETTERS

Doses of reality

NEXT ISSUE

New treasures/pleasures

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PENTHOUSE
Comix
cover by boris vallejo

"AREN'T YOU DR. ABDUL JALFRAIZI ?
THE RENOWNED PLASTIC SURGEON ?"



AND HE'S WITH ME.



UNDERSTAND, BITCH ?
HAVE YOU GOT IT ?

Y-YES,
I DIDN'T MEAN
ANYTHING.



I'LL GET EVEN WITH
THAT PRINCESS
ONE DAY, ANN ! YOU
MARK MY WORDS !

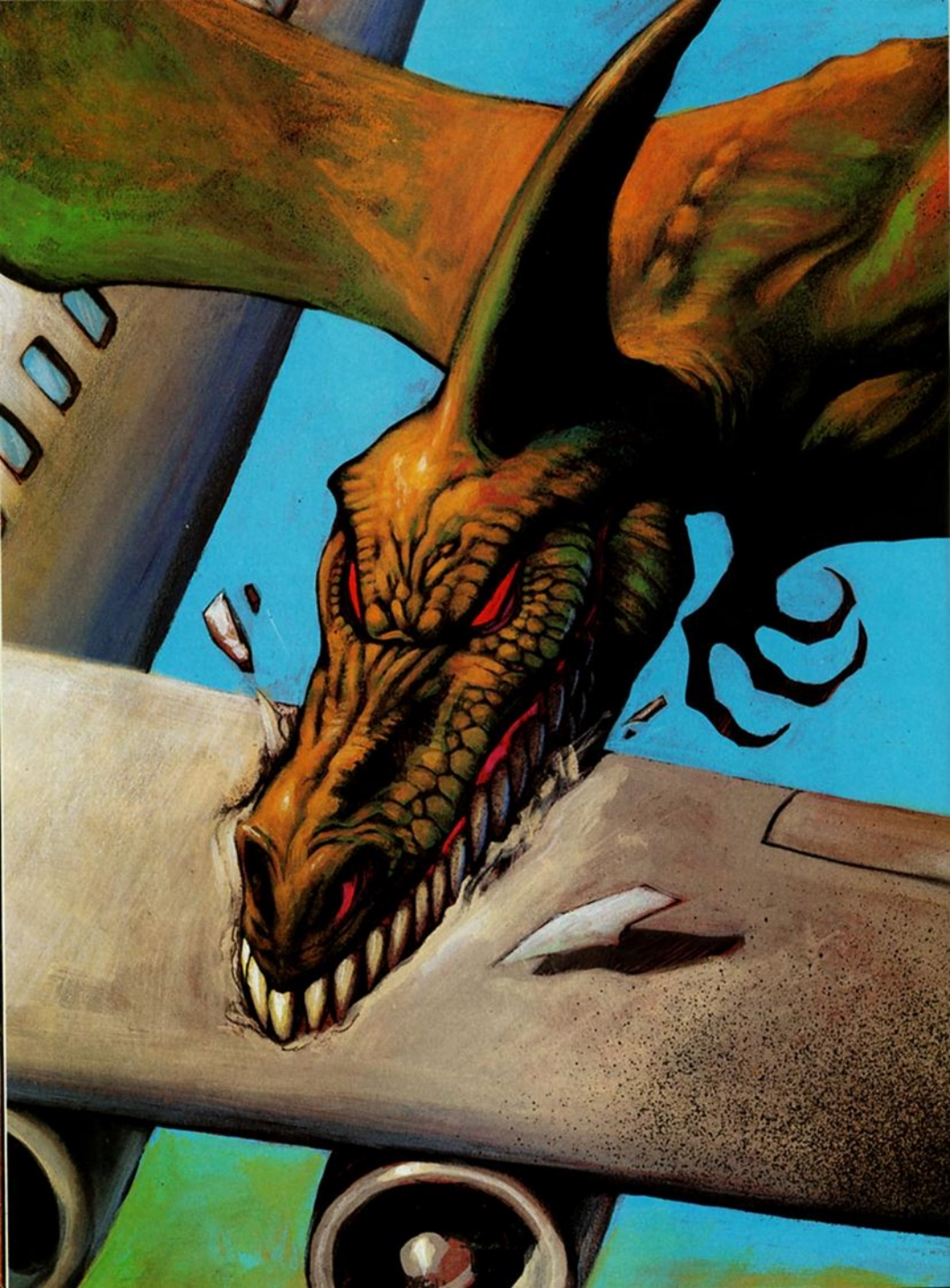


...YOU'LL HAVE
YOUR HANDS
FULL !













NIGEL !!?



I HAD A
FEELING WE
WERE GOING TO
BE TOGETHER
FOR THE REST
OF OUR LIVES...
JUST YOURS,
I GUESS!



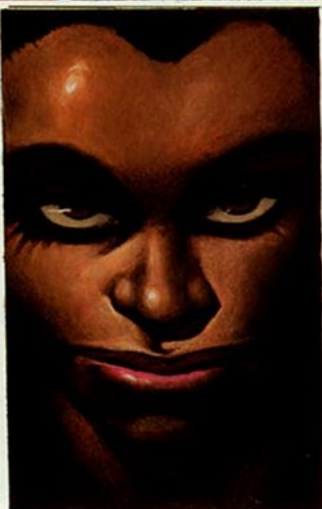
BRING
HIM BACK, YOU
BASTARD! DON'T
YOU DARE EAT
HIM!















BUT, YOU ARE PROUD. YOU ARE STRONG. YOU KILL CUNTA!



THAT MAKE
YOU
LEADER!!!



IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO SNEAK INTO THE CLUB. LAURA'S ALONE AND WILL STAY THAT WAY BECAUSE SERGIO'S BUSY WITH ANOTHER.

Horacio Altuna ©



I LIKE ROBERTO AND I THINK THAT I WANT TO FLIRT...



I DREAM ABOUT THIS WOMAN...



TOO BAD THAT SERGIO'S ON HIS WAY OVER. IF HE WASN'T, I DON'T KNOW WHAT COULD HAPPEN.



OOOPS! ROBERTO BEAT ME!

YOU WERE DISTRACTED. WHAT WERE YOU THINKING ABOUT?



MADAM, YOUR HUSBAND IS ON THE PHONE.

THAT'S ENOUGH, ROBERTO. ANYWAY, I WAS GOING TO WIN.

I'D LET YOU WIN, LAURA. JUST TO SEE YOU SMILE.



HOW CAN I GET HER INTO BED?

HI, SERGIO! I WAS WAITING FOR YOU!



RIGHT NOW I'M WITH ROBERTO, UP TO MY EARS IN WORK. I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT LOVE. BYE BYE!



HOW CAN HE BE WITH ROBERTO IF ROBERTO IS HERE? WHAT AN IDIOT! HE'S CHEATING ON ME!

YOU LOOK ANGRY, LAURA.



WELL, I'VE DISCOVERED THAT MY HUSBAND IS AN IDIOT!

OH!



WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED WITH SERGIO? DID SHE FIND OUT THAT HE'S CHEATING?

I'M PLAYING THE SAINT AND THAT BASTARD IS SCREWING AROUND ON ME.





HORROR ARTIST ©



the EPGs

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Earth vs the Gods



NO! THOU SHALT NOT
STRUCTURE THIS CONTEST IN
THY FAVOR.

BUT
DAD...

SILENCE!



THAT
MITHGARTH BARD,
LEE-WOULDST
THOU WERE HALF
THE NOBLE SOUL
HE MADE YOU
OUT TO BE.

THOR, MY SON, IT
PAINS ME TO
ADMIT THOU ARE
NOT THE GOOLING
I HAD HOPED YOU
WOULD BECOME.



SAY THEE
NO MORE--I SHALL
PICK THE LAST
CHAMPION FOR THE
HUNDRED YEAR'S
GAMES--

THE FINEST
WARRIOR
MITHGARTH HAS
TO OFFER...

HELOISE WAS RIGHT--
A SPRINKLING OF
INSTANT POWDERED
ORANGE BREAKFAST
DRINK DOES REMOVE
THOSE STA-EHT





BUT--THE
ALLFATHER IS NOT
OF THEIR BASE
NUMBER, NOBLE
EDGE.

I SAY TO THEE
INSTEAD...
WELCOME TO
ASGARD!

"HOME OF THE
GODS..."



"HOST TO THE
UNIVERSE."



"HUUUUUUUUUU. EDGE ME BOY--WE MIGHT HAVE TO THINK ABOUT BEN A WEE BIT CAREFUL HERE."



TO THE HUNDRED
YEAR'S GAMES.

"AND ALL ITS
CONTESTANTS!"



MY SON WANTED ME TO PICK
SOME REGIS PHILBIN CHARACTER TO
REPRESENT MY BELOVED
MITHGARTRH...

REGIS
WOULD HAVE
BEEN GOOD.



BUT I SAID HIM
NAY--AND CHOSE
A TRUE CHAMPION
INSTEAD.

AND, NOW
THAT THOU
ART HERE...



LET THE
GAMES
BEGIN!

I HOPE
IT'S AN
ARCHERY
CONTEST.

I'M NOT CERTAIN I UNDERSTAND ALL THIS.

IT'S SIMPLE. EVERY HUNDRED YEARS, EVERYONE IN DA KNOWN CONTINUUM RUMBLES. WINNER CALLS DA SHOTS FOR THE NEXT CENTURY.

YOUR BOY TOOK ALL THE EGGS LAST TIME.

PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT ENGAGED THE LIKES OF THESE BRUTES AND TRIUMPHED.

OH, YEAH.

HE CREAMED THEIR CHEESE, THEN DECLARED NO WAR, LOOTIN', ATTACKIN', SACKIN', PILLAGIN', POLKIN' OR NUTHIN' FOR DA NEXT HUNDRED YEARS.

AND MAN DID DAT GET EVERYONE TICKED.

THEY ALL WANTED TO TRASH THE EARTH AND MAKE OFF WITH ITS GOODIES.

LOTTA GREAT STUFF DOWN THERE.

BUT-RULES IS RULES- SO THEY HADDA WAIT.

BUT, YOU CAN BE SURE THEY'RE ALL GONNA DO THEIR BEST TO TRASH YOUR ASS...JUST TO GET BACK AT ROOSEVELT.

AND FOR THE CHANCE TO RAPE DA SHIT OUTTA YER WORLD, OF COURSE.

WELL, YES- OF COURSE.

THE NEXT CONTESTANTS...

"XERGO OF BLINTHIK..."

"AND EDGE OF MITHGARTH."

HEY, THAT'S YOU.

HUMMM... AH, YES.

SO IT IS.











FINALLY--THE LAST DAY
OF THE GAMES--

ARE THERE
ANY MORE
OYSTERS?

TO THE LAST CONTEST.
THE ONE TO DECIDE THE
WINNER OF THE HUNDRED
YEAR'S GAMES.

OYSTER
SAUCE.
MAYBE?

MUCH HAS BEEN
TESTED SO FAR--
COURAGE, STRENGTH,
TACTICS, MARTIAL
SKILLS, ENDURANCE...

OH, YEAH--LOVE
THE ENDURANCE
TEST.

BUT WHAT PROFIT A WARRIOR
ALL OF THESE IF HE HAS NOT
THE WILL TO USE THEM?

THUS, IN THIS LAST CONTEST,
YOUR RESOLVE, YOUR SELF-
CONTROL, YOUR GUIDING WILL
SHALL BE PUSHED TO THE
BREAKING POINT TO DETERMINE
WHO IS THE GREATEST OF
YOU ALL.

YOU FIVE ARE THE LAST
CONTESTANTS REMAINING IN
THIS CENTURY'S GAMES.
BUT ...

THERE CAN
BE ONLY
ONE!





MILO MANARA's



THE BALLERINA

That demanding camera crew follows the backstage tension of The Ballet. Take a bunch of young girls, work them like draft animals 16 hours a day for months and then make them perform perfectly. Performance pressure brewing? Let the unblinking eye of the camera show us...

part 5

HIDDEN CAMERA



YES, IT'S
THE 'MISS ITALY'
BEAUTY PAGEANT
BUT YOU'LL ONLY
PRETEND TO BE
A CONTESTANT.
I KNOW YOU DON'T
LIKE IT, BUT...



LISTEN, HONEY
JUST CARRY THIS BAG
AROUND WITH YOU ALL
THE TIME - IN THE
DRESSING TENT, ON STAGE,
EVERYWHERE. THE CAMERA
IS HIDDEN INSIDE.



YOU KNOW WHAT
WE WANT, RIGHT?
BEHIND THE SCENES
STUFF, HUMAN INTEREST...
DON'T LET ANYONE
CATCH ON!...

...BECAUSE THE
RIGHTS ARE GOING TO
THE NATIONAL NETWORK.
WE DO HAVE A JURY
MEMBER IN ON IT,
THOUGH.



WHO'S THE
JURY MEMBER?
WHAT'S HIS
NAME?

I DON'T
KNOW... SOME
COMICS ARTIST.



LATER,
IN THE
DRESSING
AREA...



ALL RIGHT, GIRLS.
WE'LL BE GOING LIVE
IN LESS THAN AN
HOUR.

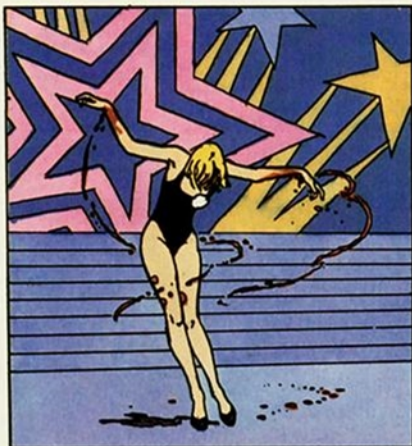
I KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE THINKING. YOU
THINK MY TITS AREN'T
BIG ENOUGH, RIGHT?
I KNOW THAT...











A woman with dark hair, wearing a red dress, is positioned in the center of the frame. She is looking upwards and to the right. The background is a dark, textured surface with a large, stylized 'LARA X' title in a metallic, orange-brown font. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, blacks, and reds, with the title providing a strong contrast.

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BO HAMPTON

color design:
JESSICA KINDZIERSKI

color rendering:
DIGITAL CHAMELEON

lettering:
VICKIE WILLIAMS

The Earth as we know it is a dim and distant memory. Basic resources are now unimaginably scarce. If you can't pull your own weight, your fate is uncertain. The gloss of childhood will slip away most quickly as each child must prove themselves at an unbearably young age. Parental pressures are no less dramatic; early death common — the rise of X-designators for wards of the system all too numerous. Lara knows she must make her own way in this most hostile of worlds and uses every natural skill she possesses. If she cannot make this world hers, she will find a new one...





ON EARTH?
NAH...NO WAY.



C'MON, LARA.
I KNOW SOMETHIN'
FUN WE CAN DO.



LARA X WAS A "POUND
DOG," A RESIDENT OF
THE LUNAR ORPHANAGE
COMPOUND.

ONE WEEKEND PER
MONTH THE L.O.C.
FORCED A LOCAL
FAMILY TO TAKE
HER IN.

THIS MONTH THE TASK HAD
FALLEN TO THE MORTONS;
JIMMY, HIS OLDER BROTHER
MICK, AND THEIR PARENTS,
BILL AND JEAN.



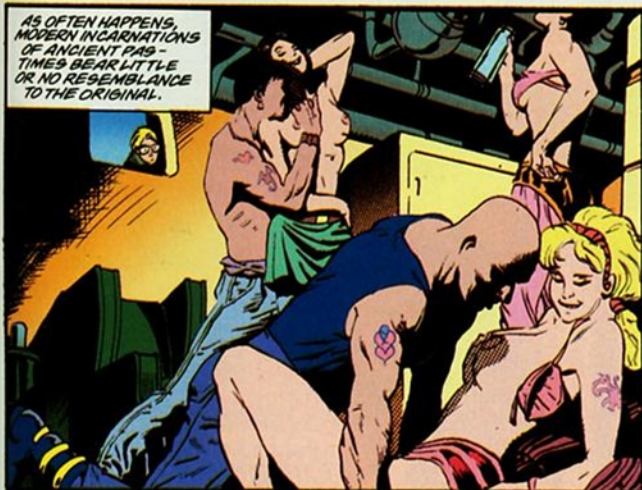
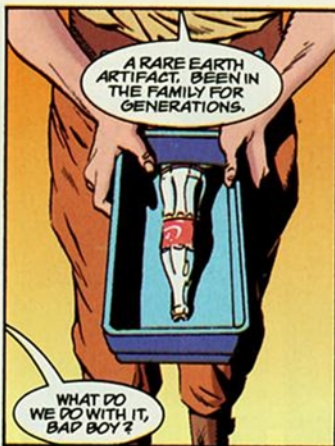
BILL AND JEAN HAD RESPONDED TO
LARA'S VISIT BY TAKING A MUCH
NEEDED JAUNT TO THE MOON'S DARK
SIDE, WHICH LEFT THE HOUSE TO MICK
AND LARA WITH JIMMY.

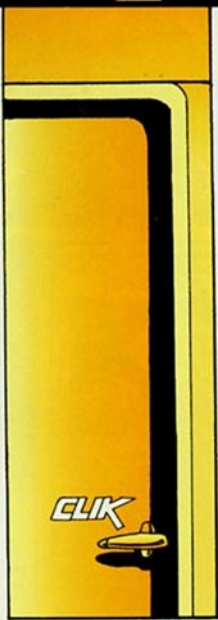


Shhh.

OOOH, MICKEY...
YOU ARE HAPPY
TO SEE ME.

LET'S
PLAY SOMETHIN',
MICKEY--C'MON!





THE NEXT DAY LARA WAS GONE AND SO WAS THE RARE EARTH "BOTTLE."



THE ONLY COMMUNICATION JIMMY EVER GOT FROM LARA WAS A LETTER POST-MARKED: DARKSIDE, LUNA.

MAYBE THE RUMORS JIMMY HAD HEARD ABOUT "POUND DOGS" BEING "PUT TO SLEEP" IF THEY COULDN'T FIND PLACEMENT WERE TRUE.



AN ORPHAN COULD GET LOST ON THE DARKSIDE.

THERE WAS NO NOTE ENCLOSED... JUST A PHOTO OF LARA...



...WEARING A PAIR OF BLACK ONYX EARRINGS.

...AND THANK YOU FOR ATTENDING. THE PURPOSE OF THIS GATHERING...



...IS TO SELECT THE 6-MEMBER CREW FOR THE HIGHLY EXPERIMENTAL AND DANGEROUS FIRST MANNED HYPER-DRIVE MISSION INTO ANOTHER GALAXY.



TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO TODAY, OUR EARTH WAS DESTROYED THROUGH THE NUCLEAR HORRORS OF THE LAST WAR. WE, OF LUNAR BASE, WERE THE ONLY SURVIVORS.



BUT NOW, NUCLEAR POWER HAS GIVEN US THE KEY TO HYPER-DRIVE TRAVEL.

A GREEN WORLD HAS BEEN CHARTED IN THE PEGASI SYSTEM, PLANET 51... AND I'M PROUD TO SAY THAT THE FIRST MEMBER OF "CREW 51" WILL BE THE INVENTOR OF THE FUNCTIONAL HYPER-DRIVE ENGINE...



DR. AMOS
WITHERS.



ALL THE CANDIDATES HAD THEIR OWN REASONS FOR OFFERING THEMSELVES UPON THE ALTAR OF CHANCE. AN INVENTOR, DYING OF HEART DISEASE, HOPING TO SEE HIS LIFE-LONG DREAM REALIZED.

CAPTAIN
SID BLACK.



...A FORMER NAVAL COMMANDER WHO HAD LOST HIS FIRST SHIP AND ALL HANDS ABOARD.

ENGINEERS
RALPH HANNA
AND NICHOLAS
BUCKMAN...



...EX-CONS HOPING TO HAVE THEIR RECORDS WIPED CLEAN.

SHIP'S
DOCTOR FRANCIS
HERBERT...



...A PHYSICIAN WHO HAD PRESCRIBED FOR HIMSELF MORE OFTEN THAN HIS PATIENTS...

...AND THE FINAL
CANDIDATE SELECTED...
3 AHENS ... IS ...



THE DIRECTOR'S THROAT CONSTRICTED
ON THE NAME HE DIDN'T WANT TO SAY.
WHY HAD HE DONE IT?



THE PREVIOUS NIGHT...



OH,
LIONEL, YOU'RE
TOO BIG... IT'S
TOO MUCH.

COME ON,
BABY... STRAP
YOUR LEGS
ACROSS MY
ENGINE...



WHAT'S THAT?
A FUCKING
RECORDER?!

YEAH, I'M
GONNA DO A
NON STOP ON YOU,
CHOO-CHOO...



...THE FINAL
CANDIDATE
SELECTED
IS...



LARA X,
RADIATION
TECHNICIAN,
CONGRATU-
LATIONS
AND
GOOD LUCK,
CREW 51...

"AND I'M SURE WE WILL ALL SEND
PRAYERS TO THE PROPER DEITIES
FOR YOUR SAFE RETURN..."

"THAT GODDAMN LARA X!
THAT FUCKING BITCH WHO'RE
BLACKMAILED ME! IF MY
WIFE WASN'T SUCH A
COMPLETE IDIOT I DON'T..."



"DIRECTOR? UH... SIR, YOUR
LAPEL MIKE IS STILL ON."

"HUNK!?!"



IT TOOK ONE FULL
PAY TO REACH THE
JUMP CORRIDOR TO
THE PEGASI STAR
SYSTEM...

LARA HAD SPENT THE LAST WEEK IN INTERSTELLAR TRAINING UNDER CLOSE OFFICIAL SCRUTINY.

OH, CAPTAIN BLACK... OR MAY I CALL YOU SID?

SHE WAS RAVENOUS.



YOU KNOW, SID... LUNAR COMMAND HAD ANOTHER REASON FOR SENDING A FEMALE CREW MEMBER ALONG.



IF WE DON'T GET BACK, I'M THE BREEDER...

WE START OVER ON PLANET 51, SID.



SID... I'M FRIGHTENED. HOLD ME TIGHTER. KISS ME!

BABY...

THE SHIP'S DOCTOR OBSERVED WITH SOMETHING LESS THAN CLINICAL DETACHMENT AS LARA MADE HER "ROUNDS."

OH, NO... NOT THEM!

YOU KNOW, RALPH... NICKY... THERE'S A REASON WHY LUNAR COMMAND...



YOU THINKIN' WHAT I'M THINKIN', NICKY?

SHIT MAN, I HOPE WE NEVER GET BACK!



THE HYPER-JUMP WAS JOLTING BUT THE SHIP HELD TOGETHER. THE ONLY CASUALTY WAS AMOS WITHERS' HEART, WHICH HAD TO BE RESTARTED--TWICE!

THAT NIGHT, TOUCH-DOWN ON THE PROMISING "GREEN" WORLD OF PLANET 51 WAS CONSIDERABLY LESS EXHILARATING...



THE CREW BEGAN THEIR DOLEFUL EXPLORATIONS IN PAIRS. FRANCIS HERBERT DREW RALPH, THE BURLY ENGINEER, FOR A PARTNER... THE OLD SCIENTIST RODE WITH LAURA...

I GOTTA TELL YA, FRANCIS, OUR LITTLE MISS LARA X IS ONE HELL CAT IN THE SACK! BUT I GUESS YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT... ANYWAY, AND WHEN SHE GRABBED MY...

AND THE AIR IS UNCONTAMINATED... WHICH SUGGESTS A CALAMITY SIMILAR TO THE ONE THAT BEFELL OUR EARTH STRUCK HERE... BUT LONG AGO, WOULD YOU AGREE, MISS X?

MISS X?

AMOS WITHERS WONDERED ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL. HE KNEW THE "X" DESIGNATION MEANT SHE WAS AN ORPHAN AND COULD ONLY GUESS AT THE MISERY THAT IMPLIED.

HE FORCED HIMSELF TO RETURN TO THE MISSION AT HAND.

SO, MISS X, AM I CORRECT IN ASSUMING THE SOIL IN THIS AREA IS RADIOACTIVE?

IT'S VERY "HOT," DOCTOR WITHERS, BUT NOT ON THE SURFACE--I GET READINGS STARTING AT 10 METERS DOWN.

THE THING HAD APPARENTLY EMERGED FROM UNDERGROUND, BUT UPON SEEING THE DOCTOR IT HAD FROZEN...

DOC-- DON'T MOVE...

IT WAS A BURROWER THAT RARELY SURFACED. THE FLASHLIGHT HELD IT MESMERIZED...



... JUST LONG ENOUGH.

ZZZRACCKK!



DEAR GIRL...
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

I'M OKAY, DOC...
IT DIDN'T BREAK THE
SKIN... I'M AT LEVEL 2.
I'LL DETOX BACK ON BOARD.



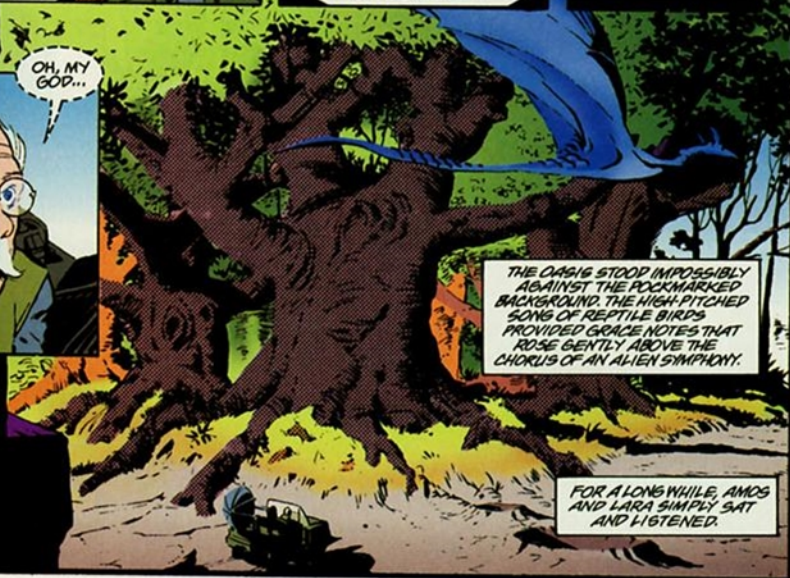
THE ANIMAL IS
OBVIOUSLY A MILITANT--NOTE
THE BOWLS AND PISTOL-LIKE
SOME COMETS AND ASTEROIDS
FILLED WITH RADIOACTIVE
ORE HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED
IN OUR OWN GALAXY. IF ONE
STRUCK HERE...



DAWN FINDS
THE PAIR
RANGING
DANGEROUSLY
FAR FROM
THE SHIP...
BEYOND RADIO
CONTACT...



OH, MY
GOD...



THE CARIS STOOD IMPOSSIBLY
AGAINST THE ROCK-MARKED
BACKGROUND. THE HIGH-PITCHED
SONG OF REPTILE BIRDS
PROVIDED CHOICE NOTES THAT
ROSE GENTLY ABOVE THE
CHORUS OF AN ALIEN SYMPHONY.

FOR A LONG WHILE, AMOS
AND LARA SIMPLY SAT
AND LISTENED.



A
"COLD" SPOT...
AN ACTUAL
SPOT!

COLD? ARE
YOU KIDDING? IT
MUST BE 90 DEGREES
OUT HERE.

MISS X, I'VE THEORIZED FOR
YEARS THAT AREAS OF
STRONG MAGNETIC ENERGY
FOLLOWING MASSIVE
IRRADIATION CAN CREATE
SAFE HAVENS THAT
ACTUALLY REPEL
FALL OUT!



AND NOW, HERE
IT IS IN FRONT OF OUR
EYES!! MY GOD, IT'S
TRUE!

YOU EVER TELL
ANYBODY ABOUT YOUR
THEORY, DOCTOR?



NO, NO... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THIS IS A "COLD" SPOT... AN AREA
FREE OF RADIOACTIVITY... CHECK
THE SOIL, MISS X. YOU'LL FIND IT
IS COMPLETELY CLEAN!



AND LOOK!
THE ANIMALIA IS FREE
OF THE BOILS AND
PUSTULES THAT MARK
THE MUTATION!

NO! NO! MY
HYPER-DRIVE TRAVEL
IS STILL CONSIDERED
THEORETICAL RAVING BY
MOST OF THE SCIENTIFIC
COMMUNITY...



...BUT NOW I CAN TELL THE WORLD!!
THERE MAY BE AN EVEN LARGER
COLD SPOT ON EARTH!!



RAISING CROPS AND
LIVE STOCK WOULD BE
FEASIBLE THERE! WE COULD
SEND HUNTER/GATHERERS
BACK TO RECLAIM THE EARTH FOR
HUMANITY! LARA, WE COULD ALL
GO HOME!

LARA TRIED TO SHARE THE
SCIENTIST'S EXCITEMENT,
BUT FOR HER THE IDEA OF
"HOME" WAS A TRULY
ALIEN CONCEPT.





TWO HOURS LATER, LARA RADIOED THE SHIP FOR RESCUE. HER ALIBI HAD BEEN CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED.



LARA!

THANK GOD!
I WAS WORRIED ABOUT
YOU AND AMOS...ARE
YOU ALRIGHT?

AMOS DRIVING...
ATTACKED BY ALIEN
THINGS... HORRIBLE...



...ALL
OVER AMOS...
HE PUSHED
ME OUT...

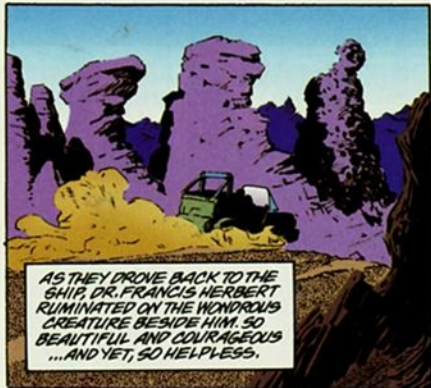
...DROVE OVER CLIFF...
SAVED ME. POOR AMOS...
OH, GOD...



IT'S
ALRIGHT.
YOU'RE
SAFE
NOW.

...I WAS LOST... BUT I
DISCOVERED SOMETHING...
INCREDIBLE...

...OH,
I'M FAINTING...
HOLD ME.



AS THEY DROVE BACK TO THE
SHIP, DR. FRANCIS HERBERT
RUMINATED ON THE MONDROUS
CREATURE BESIDE HIM. SO
BEAUTIFUL AND COURAGEOUS
...AND YET, SO HELPLESS.


AT THAT MOMENT,
THE REALIZATION
CAME...



HE HAD FALLEN
IN LOVE...


...WITH AN ANGEL.






THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF
CREW 51 TOOK A BLESSED HOLE
IN THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE.

THEY FELT
BOTH ELATED
AND CURSED.



THE OLD MAN'S BODY HAD
BEEN STASHED AWAY IN
THE SHIP'S MEDICAL BAY
AND HER CREW BUSIED
ITSELF WITH FLIGHT
PROCEDURES FOR THE
IMMINENT RETURN TO
LUNAR BASE...




... WITH ONE EXCEPTION.

SHIP'S DOCTOR, FRANCIS HERBERT,
POSTPONED THE DREADED AUTOPSY
OF HIS FRIEND, AMOS WITHERS.

INSTEAD, HE RETIRED TO
THE SHIP'S COMPUTER IN
PURSUIT OF A POWERFUL
NEW OBSESSION...

... THE LIFE AND TIMES
OF THE ALLURING LARA X.

FRANCIS KNEW THE "X"
DESIGNATION MEANT LARA
WAS AN ORPHAN. MANY
RESIDENTS OF THE L.O.C.
KEPT ONLY THE FIRST
LETTERS OF THEIR FAMILY
NAMES, PREFERRING TO
DISTANCE THEMSELVES
FROM PARENTS WHO HAD
ABANDONED THEM...



... BUT HAD SHE
BEEN ABANDONED?

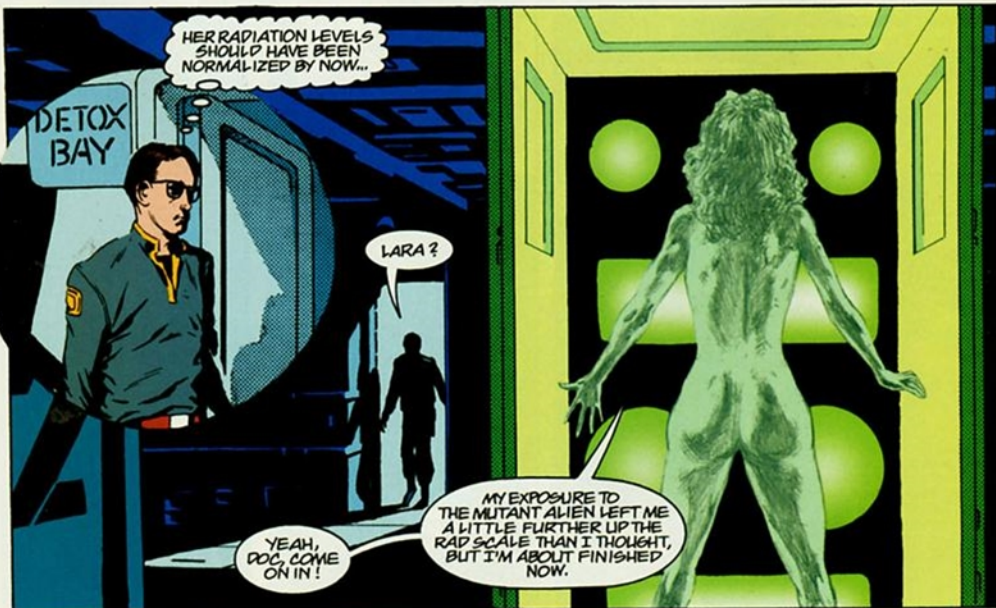
FROM LUNAR TIMES-
ISSUE 156-JAN. 9-2040

(EXCERPTED FROM EDITORIAL):

LARA XAVIER, THE CHILD BORN
AT LUNAR MEMORIAL 9 YEARS
AGO, AT THE EXACT MOMENT OF
EARTH'S DESTRUCTION, SYMBOLIZED
THE HOPE BORN OUT OF DISASTER
FOR THOUSANDS OF LUNAR COLONISTS.
LAST NIGHT AT 1:05 A.M., THE CHILD
SUFFERED HER OWN PRIVATE DISASTER.



BEATEN AND BRUISED. SHEEN THE GIRL REPORTED THE MURDERS OF HER PARENTS, STABBED TO DEATH WHILE THEY SLEPT. NO MOTIVE HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED, ALTHOUGH ROBBERIES IN THE TRANQUILITY BASE AREA HAVE BEEN ON THE RISE OF LATE. SADLY, LARA NOW MORE ACCURATELY SYMBOLIZES THE END OF AN ERA AND REPRESENTS THE ORPHANS THAT WE HAVE ALL BECOME. -THE EDITOR.





LARA, BACK ON THE PLANET, YOU SAID THAT YOU AND AMOS WERE ATTACKED IN THE LAND ROVER BY AN ALIEN CREATURE...

... AND THAT AMOS GALLANTLY GHOVED YOU OUT AND DROVE OVER THE CLIFF. WE NEVER FOUND AN ALIEN BODY IN THE WRECKAGE...

THE CREATURE MUST HAVE SURVIVED THE CRASH, DOC.

YOU THEN WANDERED THROUGH THE HILLS AND FOUND THE OASIS WHICH PROVES THAT RADIATION FREE "COLD SPOTS" EXIST ON BURNED OUT WORLDS.



MANKIND MAY BE ABLE TO RETURN TO THE EARTH IF A SIMILAR SPOT IS FOUND THERE.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, LARA... WHICH SHOULD FURTHER YOUR CAREER CONSIDERABLY... ONE THING BOTHERS ME, THOUGH. IT'S SOMETHING I RETRIEVED FROM AMOS'S HAND WHEN WE RECOVERED THE BODY...

...ONE OF YOUR EARRINGS.

I'LL HANG ON TO IT FOR NOW. I NEED TO RUN SOME TESTS ON THE BLOOD WE FOUND ON AMOS'S FINGER...

...I HOPE IT'S NOT YOUR BLOOD, LARA.

OF COURSE IT'S NOT MINE, FRANCIS. WHAT DO YOU THINK... THAT I MURDERED A HELPLESS, OLD MAN?

"HELPLESS"? I THOUGHT HE SAVED YOUR LIFE?



DO YOU STILL HAVE IT, FRANCIS? WILL YOU GIVE IT TO ME?



OH, I'M SO CONFUSED, FRANCIS... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING. I KEEP SEEING THAT HORRIBLE CREATURE.

BUT I DO KNOW THAT I NEED YOU, FRANCIS, AND THAT I WANT YOU MORE THAN I'VE EVER WANTED ANYONE.



I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU, FRANCIS.

PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME... I WANT TO BE YOURS FOREVER!

...MARRY ME, FRANCIS.







LARA VOLUNTEERED TO ASSIST IN THE GRUESOME TASK. THE LASER SCALPEL SHOOK VIOLENTLY AS FRANCIS BRACED HIMSELF TO CONFRONT HER WITH HIS RISING SUSPICIONS...

YOU REALIZE, LARA, THAT WHOEVER DID THIS WAS TRYING TO DESTROY ANY EVIDENCE PERTAINING TO THE MURDER. BOTH HANDS ARE MISSING.



YOU BASTARD! YOU THINK I DID THIS, DON'T YOU?



GO SCREW YOURSELF, FRANCIS!

I WOULDN'T MARRY YOU NOW, IF YOU WERE THE LAST MAN ON THE MOON!



ALMOST INSTANTLY, FRANCIS REGRETTED THE MANUEVER BUT HOW COULD HE IGNORE THE EVIDENCE?

HE WAS SWORN TO PROTECT HUMAN LIFE--NOT HARBOR POTENTIAL MURDERERS.



WHAT KIND OF AN IDIOT DOES SHE TAKE ME FOR?

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HER...CLEAR MY HEAD.



THE STENCH IS STRONGER OUT HERE...BUT HOW...?

WHAT THE HELL? THAT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF SLIME TRAIL.



PRAYOH! THIS IS IT! THIS IS CAUSING THE OOR!



IT LEADS INTO C-1B...

...BUT THAT CONNECTS TO THE MEDICAL BAY...

...OH, GOD...



LARA!



FRANCIS REELED FROM THE SIGHT.
A STORMWAVE! IT MUST HAVE
BOARDED WHILE THEY WERE
EXPLORING THE PLANET...

...A LOW GURGLING
HISS CAME FROM
THE CREATURE'S
DRIPPING MAW.

FRANCIS GRIPPED THE LASER
SCALPEL TIGHTLY AND TRIED
TO STAND ON QUIVERING LEGS.

I-L-LARA!
STAY WHERE
YOU ARE!
I'LL TRY
TO DISTRACT
IT!





THE ALIEN PINNED FRANCIS TO THE FLOOR PLATING IN LESS THAN A SECOND...

... TWO OF THE TENDRIL HEADS RESTRAINED HIM...



... WHILE THE THIRD, THE DEVOURER, PREPARED TO FEAST ON ANYTHING THAT MOVED...

... OR VIBRATED.



FRANCIS GROPPED FOR HIS GLASSES, THANKFUL THAT THE SURGICAL ALLOY-BANDED GLOVES PROTECTED HIS HAND FROM THE EXPLOSION.



LARA COULDN'T TAKE THE CHANCE THAT SUCH A DANGEROUS Foe MIGHT SURVIVE... SHE HAD TO BE CERTAIN... TREMBLING, SHE STEPPED OUT...



...AIMING FOR HIS HEAD.

HEY, LARA!
WATCH OUT!
YOU ALMOST HIT
ME!



THE OPPORTUNITY WAS
LOST WHEN CAPTAIN
BLACK ENTERED THE
SCENARIO...

WHAT THE HELL? OKAY...
DOC, LARA, ...I'M SENDING DOWN
THE LIMBICAL CABLES. PREPARE
FOR DEPRESSURIZATION.

I'M OPENING THE
CENTRAL BAY PORTAL.
HOLD ON TIGHT! THIS
SHOULD ONLY TAKE A
FEW SECONDS!

FRANCIS RETRIEVED HIS
GLASSES AND KNEW THE
CREATURE WAS MOVING
AGAIN...



IT HAD USED THE
REMAINING TENDRIL
HEAD TO STANCH
THE WOUND!



IT COULD STILL EAT!

FRANCIS HELD
HIS BREATH...
SOMEWHERE,
SWITCHES
WERE THROWN...



...AND THE CHAMBER
WAS CONSUMED BY
THE SILENT ROAR
OF DEEP SPACE.

FRANCIS WATCHED AS THE VACUUM CLAIMED EVERYTHING IN THE LAB NOT ANCHORED DOWN...

...INCLUDING THE REMAINS OF AMOS WITHERS. HIS WILL HAD REQUESTED A SPACE BURIAL, AFTER ALL.

LARA BROKE DOWN, PLEADING WITH FRANCIS NOT TO LET HER GO...

...HOW COULD HE HAVE EVER DOUBTED HER?

WITHIN HOURS, THEY WERE WED...

...IF ANY MAN HERE KNOWS OF A REASON WHY THESE TWO SHOULD NOT BE BOUND IN HOLY MATRIMONY...

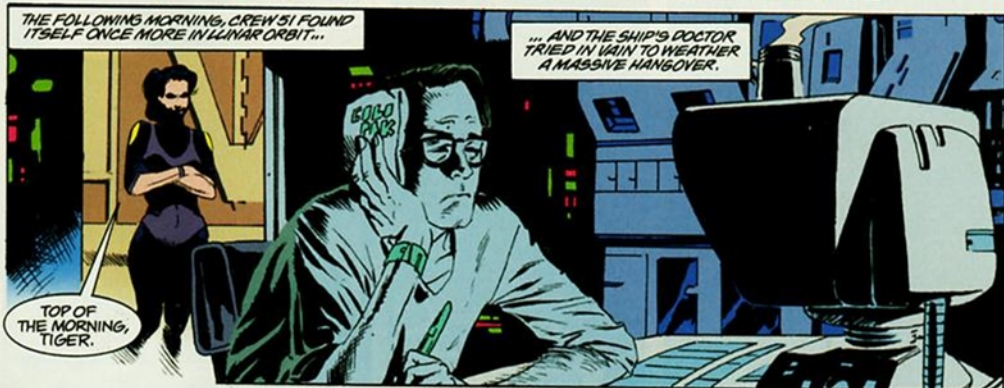
...LET HIM SPEAK NOW, OR FOREVER HOLD HIS PEACE...

FOR FRANCIS, THE PREGNANT PAUSE THAT ENSUED SPOKE VOLUMES.

AFTER THE CEREMONY, RALPH AND NICKY INTRODUCED THE GROOM TO A PARTICULARLY POTENT BREW KNOWN AS THE "KEEL HAUL"...

...WHILE LARA ATTENDED THE CAPTAIN'S RECEPTION.







**SUBJECT:
LUNAR
ORPHANAGE
COMPOUND.
FILE: 1970C-6.
SEARCHING...**

FILE 1970C-6

LUNAR TIMES-DATE: JULY 6, 2004.
A GROUESOME TABLEAU WAS DISCOVERED
EARLY THIS MORNING AT THE LUNAR
ORPHANAGE COMPOUND.
PRISON GUARD SHELLEY OBERSTEIN
WAS FOUND STABBED TO DEATH
APPARENTLY WHILE SHE SLEPT.
NO SUSPECT HAS YET BEEN FOUND.

IN A RELATED ITEM, ONE OF OBERSTEIN'S
CHARGES, LARA XAVIER, WAS VISIBLY
SHAKEN SINCE HER PARENTS HAD DIED
UNDER SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES.
OFFICIALS HAVE STATED LARA IS
UNDERGOING DEEP TRAUMA AND WILL
SOON BE RELEASED TO THE TRANQUILITY
BASE MENTAL HOSPITAL FOR
OBSERVATION.



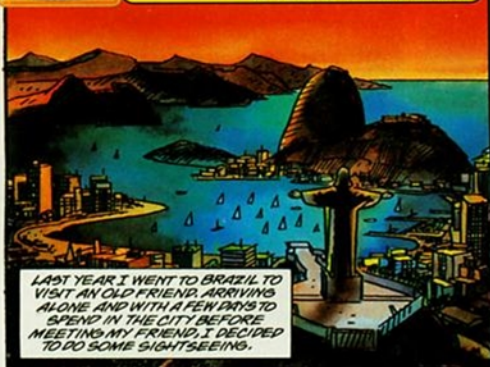
...AND LEAVE THE DRIVING TO US!

STORY: ELIOT R. BROWN

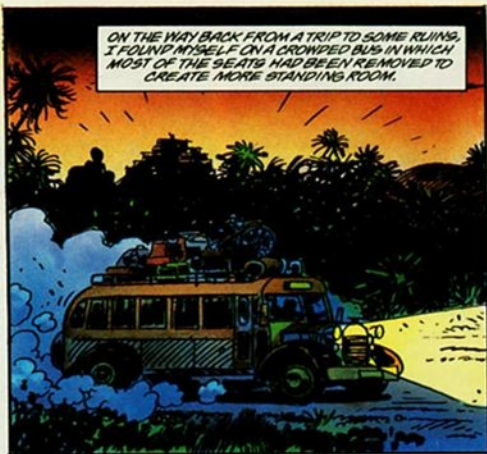
ART: ALFONSO FONT

COLORING: ARTHUR SUYDAM

LETTERING: VICKIE WILLIAMS



LAST YEAR I WENT TO BRAZIL TO VISIT AN OLD FRIEND, ARRIVING ALONE AND WITH A FEW DAYS TO SPEND IN THE CITY BEFORE MEETING MY FRIEND, I DECIDED TO DO SOME SIGHTSEEING.



ON THE WAY BACK FROM A TRIP TO SOME RUINS, I FOUND MYSELF ON A CROWDED BUS IN WHICH MOST OF THE SEATS HAD BEEN REMOVED TO CREATE MORE STANDING ROOM.



THE SUN SET QUICKLY, ENGLUFGING EVERYONE IN DARKNESS BECAUSE THE INTERIOR LIGHTS DIDN'T WORK.

IT WAS UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, WITH ALL OF US JAMMED TOGETHER LIKE SARDINES, THAT I NOTICED SOMETHING PRESSING AGAINST MY COCK.



THE WOMAN WAS ABOUT FIVE FEET TALL, SLENDER AND ATTRACTIVE, WITH DARK SKIN AND HAIR...

... SHE SMELLED FAINTLY OF GARDENIAS AND PERSPIRATION.

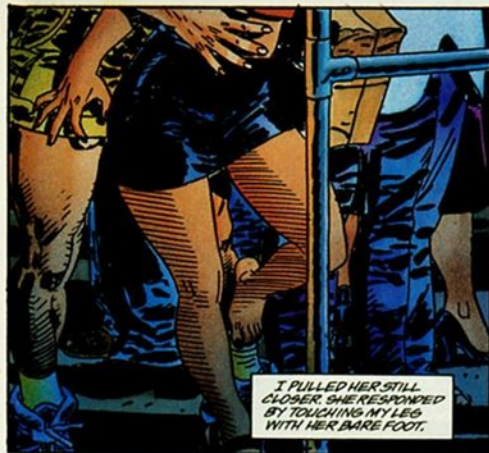


IT SOON BECAME APPARENT THE WOMAN WAS RESPONDING TO MY STIFFENING DICK...

... BY PUSHING HER BUTTOCKS AGAINST ME IN A RHYTHMIC FASHION, MATCHING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE BUS.



SINCE THERE COULD NO LONGER BE EVEN THE SLIGHTEST DOUBT THAT THIS WAS A MUTUAL THING, I SLID MY FREE HAND DOWN TO HER WAIST.



I PULLED HER STILL
CLOSER. SHE RESPONDED
BY TOUCHING MY LEG
WITH HER BARE FOOT.



THE BUS SUDDENLY
STOPPED, USING THE
MOMENTARY JOLT,
THE WOMAN TURNED
TO FACE ME.



I WAS STARING RIGHT
INTO HER BEAUTIFUL,
MYSTERIOUS,
AND SENSUOUS EYES.



HOLDING ONTO
THE SAME
OVERHEAD BAR
I WAS USING,
SHE PROPPED
THE PACKAGE
SHE WAS
HOLDING TO
THE FLOOR OF
THE BUS.



WITH HER HAND NOW
FREE, SHE BEGAN
RUBBING MY STIFF
CLOCK THROUGH MY
SHORTS, MAKING IT
EVEN STIFFER.



JUST WHEN I THOUGHT IT
COULDN'T GET ANY BETTER,
SHE UNZIPPED MY FLY AND
PUT HER HAND DIRECTLY
AROUND MY COCK.



SHE CARESSSED MY
MEMBER EVER SO
GENTLY, TOUCHING
THE TIP OF IT
WITH LIGHT,
DELICATE MOVEMENTS.



WANTING TO RETURN
THE FAVOR, I PLACED
MY HANDS DOWN
UNDER HER SKIRT...

...I DISCOVERED SHE WAS
NOT WEARING PANTIES.



I WAS A LITTLE
FRUSTRATED BECAUSE
THE GROUNDING KEPT
ME FROM MOVING MY
HAND LOWER.



AS IF READING MY
MIND, THE WOMAN
STOOD ON THE
PAVEMENT SHE HAD
DROPPED TO THE
FLOOR, PUTTING US
AT EYE LEVEL.

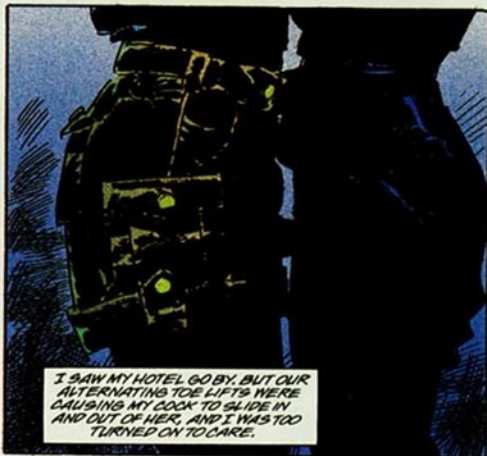


REALIZING HER PUSSY WAS ALMOST
IN A PERFECT POSITION FOR MY
COCK, I RAN MY HAND UP HER THIGH.



TOTALLY ENFLAMED, SHE GUIDED MY COCK TO THE EDGE OF HER PLESHY... A MOMENT LATER I SLID INSIDE HER, NOT DEEPLY BUT DEEP ENOUGH...

I WANTED TO SHOUT WITH PLEASURE, BUT COULDN'T, IN A STRANGE WAY, THIS MADE IT EVEN BETTER.



I SAW MY HOTEL GO BY, BUT OUR ALTERNATING TOE LIFTS WERE CAUSING MY COCK TO SLIDE IN AND OUT OF HER, AND I WAS TOO TURNED ON TO CARE.



I WAS ONLY HOLDING BACK SO THE WOMAN COULD COME FIRST...

THEN SHE STIFFENED, HER EYES ROLLING BACK INTO HER HEAD, HER BODY TREMBLING EVER SO SLIGHTLY.



SEEING THIS, I LET MY LOAD FLY INTO HER. I CAME IN SEEMINGLY ENDLESS SPURTS OF PLEASURE.



AS THE QUIVERING WAVES OF ECSTASY SUBSIDED, WE BOTH RELAYED, DISMOUNTING FROM MY STILL THROBBING COCK, SHE LOWERED HERSELF TO THE FLOOR.

I STUFFED MY COCK BACK INTO MY PANTS. OUR TIMING WAS PERFECT: WE WERE ARRIVING AT A LIGHTED BUS TERMINAL.



THE BUS CAME TO A JERKY STOP... I LOOKED AT THE WOMAN CURIOUSLY...

"TCHAU."

...WAS ALL SHE SAID, THEN TURNED AND WALKED AWAY. I WILL BE GOING BACK TO BRAZIL NEXT SUMMER-- A.P. LOS ANGELES, CA