



# TALES OF THE STRANGE 3

**Short comics  
and stories by:**

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Agouti-Rex

Eurasia

Darkboss

Kotep

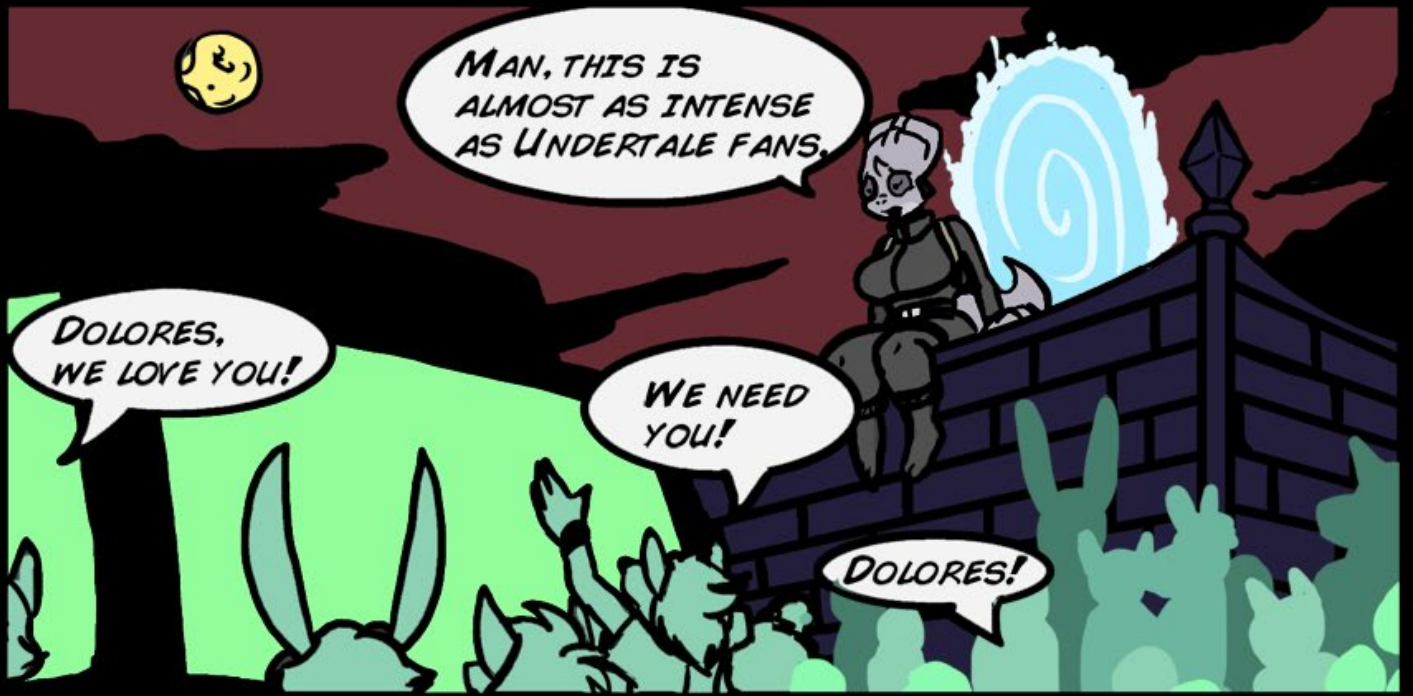
Drake Fenwick

TehSean

Dutch

Vdisco

Volkenfox



MAN, THIS IS ALMOST AS INTENSE AS UNDERTALE FANS.

DOLORES, WE LOVE YOU!

WE NEED YOU!

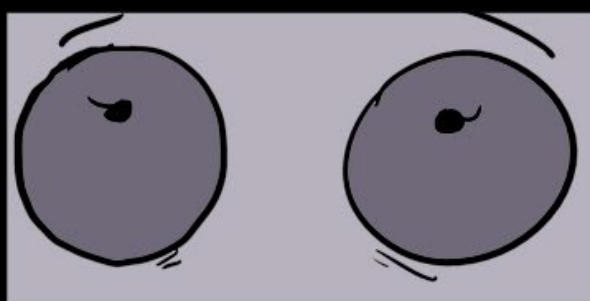
DOLORES!

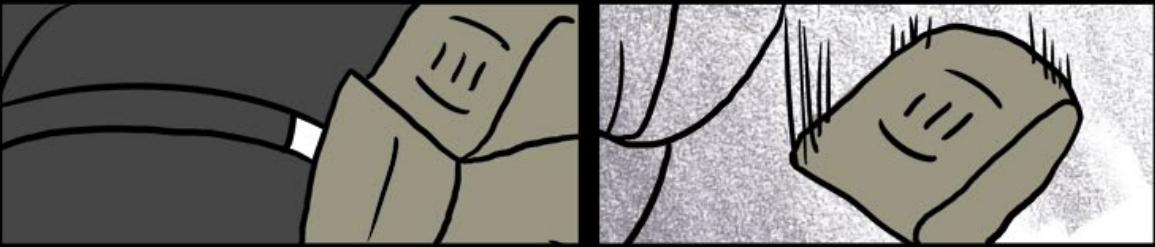


THIS STONE TURNED OUT TO BE QUITE THE FIND, HUH? HEH.



**Thud!**








# POWDER KEG

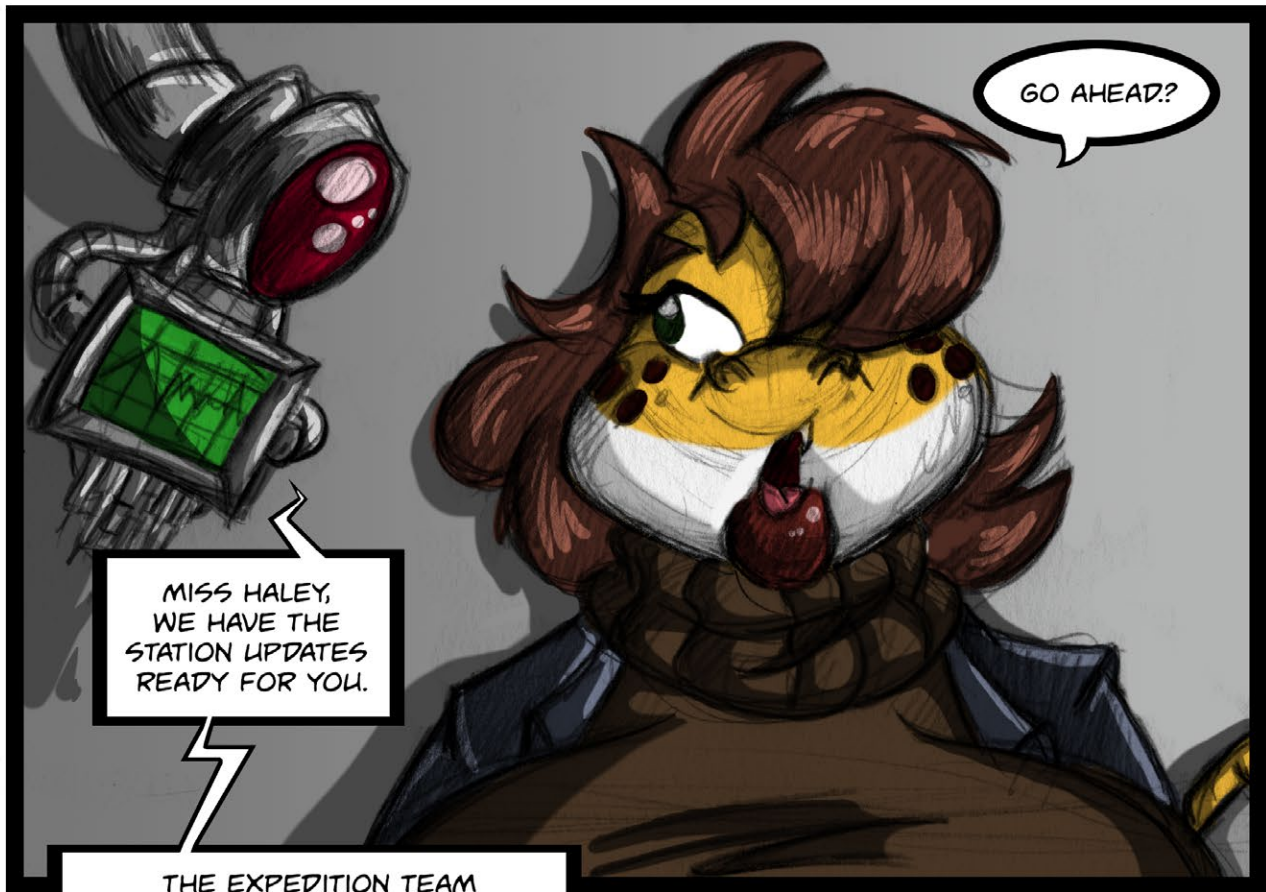
STORY BY DRAKE FENWICK AND DUTCH  
ART BY DUTCH



OF ALL THE PLACES TO  
BE TRANSFERRED, THE COMPANY'S  
ORBITAL STATION IS CERTAINLY  
AN INTERESTING ONE. IT'S HARD  
TO BEAT THIS VIEW.



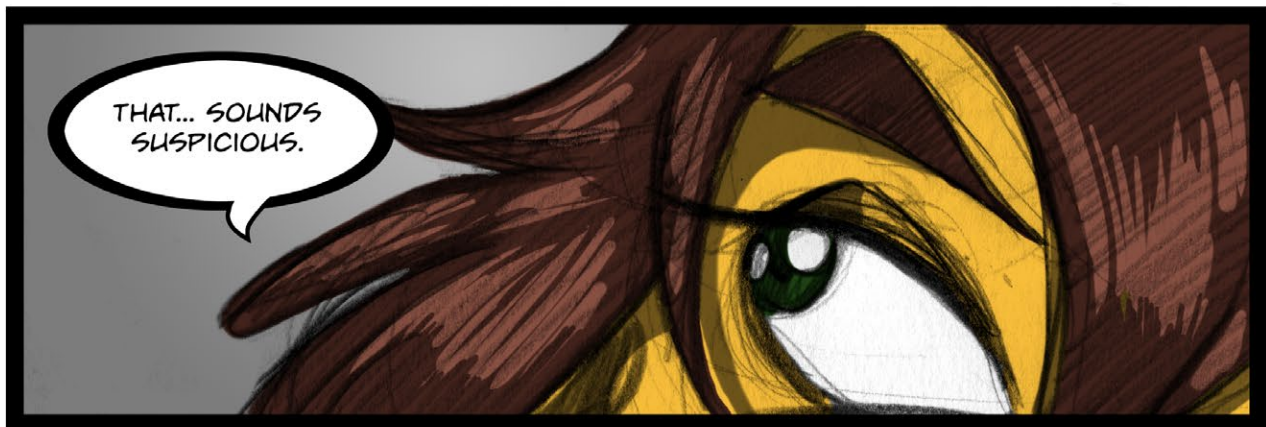
...OR THE LIMITED  
GRAVITY.



GO AHEAD?!

MISS HALEY,  
WE HAVE THE  
STATION UPDATES  
READY FOR YOU.

THE EXPEDITION TEAM  
IS IN ZONE SEVEN. THEY SAY  
THEY HAVE FOUND SOMETHING  
'UNUSUAL', AND ARE REQUESTING  
TO BE RUSHED THROUGH  
QUARANTINE.

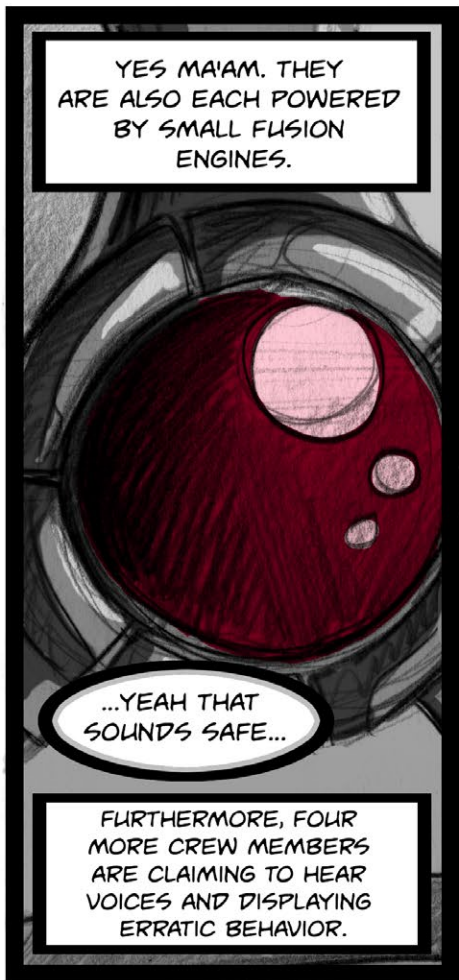


THAT... SOUNDS  
SUSPICIOUS.



ALSO, THEY'RE UPDATING THE AUTOMATED SENTRY ROBOTS WITH A NEW OS.

AREN'T THEY EACH ARMED WITH LASERS THAT CAN CUT THROUGH THE STATION?



YES MA'AM. THEY ARE ALSO EACH POWERED BY SMALL FUSION ENGINES.

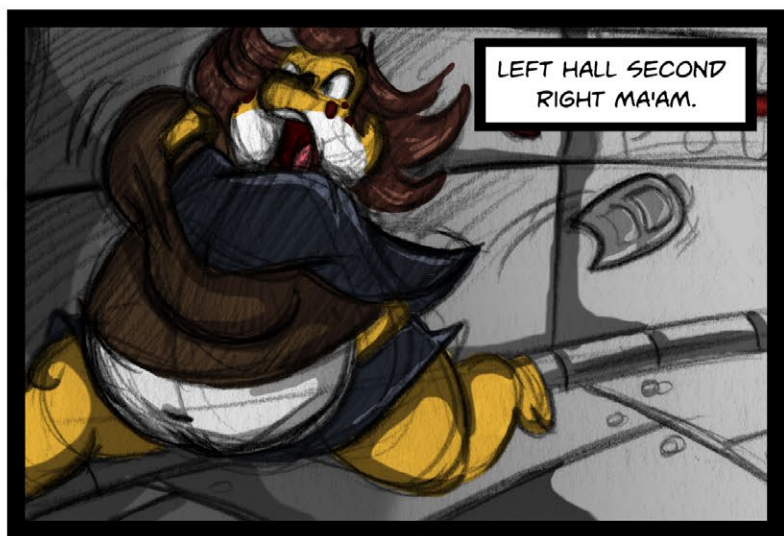
...YEAH THAT SOUNDS SAFE...

FURTHERMORE, FOUR MORE CREW MEMBERS ARE CLAIMING TO HEAR VOICES AND DISPLAYING ERRATIC BEHAVIOR.



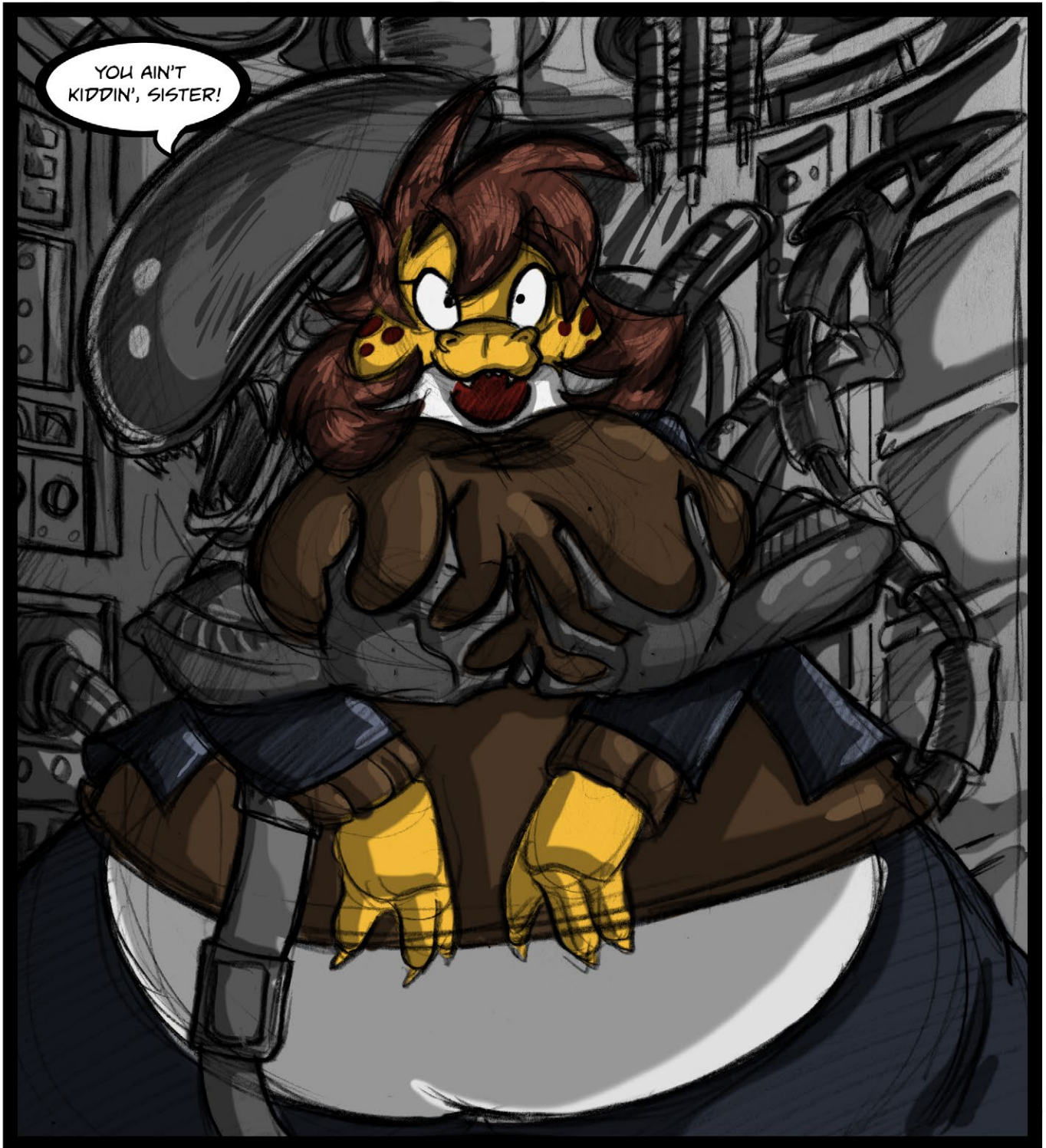
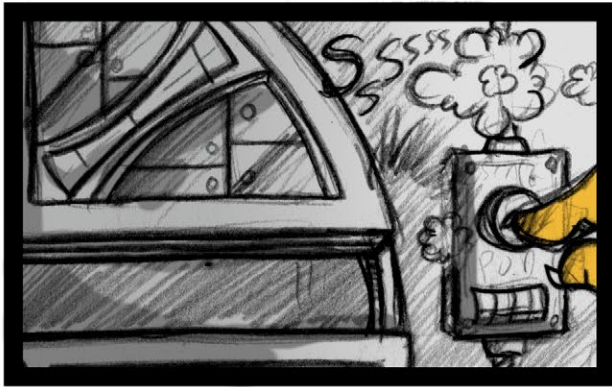
SERIOUSLY, WHAT THE FUCK?

BY THE WAY, WHICH WAY TO THE NEAREST ESCAPE POD?



LEFT HALL SECOND RIGHT MA'AM.





**TALES OF THE STRANGE**  
**presents**  
**YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT**  
...CHILLING CANDY!  
...FEARSOME FACTORIES!

Rule one of investigating the abandoned candy factory was that no one should know why Mercedes was there. Mrs. McGolly was really insistent on that point. If anyone asked, she was doing a project for school, and had never heard of Mrs. McGolly or her candy corporation. She certainly wasn't getting paid fifty dollars to take pictures of a rival company's abandoned factory.

Rule two was easy, take lots of pictures. Mercedes had a camera, done.

Rule three was weird. "While you're in there," McGolly said, poking a hoof right into Mercedes' face, "don't say 'candy!'"

"Uh, why?" Mercedes asked.

"Don't worry about it, just don't say 'candy'. It's my business, not yours." McGolly slapped a ten-dollar bill into Mercedes's hand and swept the bat right out of her office. "Remember—you weren't here," she said, and then ended the conversation by closing the door.

Later that day, Mercedes stood outside the run-down factory, with a camera in one hand and nothing else. She'd been trying to think of alibis for taking pictures, and she had hit on a good one by accident: She was doing a paper on, like, why McGolly's company had opened a brand-new candy factory, when Failtown already had an abandoned candy factory just sitting around.

Actually asking McGolly a question like that would lose her that fifty bucks, though.

The only obstacle between Mercedes and the door was a wrought-iron fence. She was skinny enough to slip through, even with her sweater

on—one of the perks of being a bat. She crossed an overgrown lawn and climbed the steps to the factory doors. In faded paint on chipping plastic, a big-bellied, smiling cartoon dragon waved, with a speech bubble coming out of her mouth that said 'Welcome to the Candy Dragon Candies factory!'

Mercedes snapped a picture of the mascot. After taking a moment to smooth her purple hair, Mercedes sided up next to the mascot and stuck her tongue out and took a picture of the two of them together.

Then, she grabbed the door handle and pulled. The door slid forward, then bounced back, like someone was pulling from the other side. Mercedes planted her feet against the ground and pulled on the doorknob as hard as she could. With a slow schlorrp, the door pried open, then popped free.

A gust of air washed over Mercedes. It was humid, thick, and crushingly sweet. Ugh, she felt like she was huffing an aerosol can of Skittles. Mercedes stuck out her tongue and wrinkled her snout, but fifty bucks was fifty bucks. She was going in.

What Mercedes found inside was an overgrown candiescape. Huge stalks of pink and green grew from the floor and spread into huge, polka-dotted mushroom caps above her head. Bulbous pods clustered together; some were intact, some had popped open and drizzled colorful fluids from their insides. Shelf fungi grew on walls and tanks in candy-cane-striped colors. Thick strings of what might have been taffy hung like vines between catwalks and conveyor belts. And most of all, everything was coated in a dusting of squishy pink stuff, piled up like snow but with the color and consistency of chewed bubblegum.

Mercedes snapped a picture.

Right about now, she, like really wished she'd worn shoes. The ground wasn't sticky, but it was

wet and soft in a way that made it feel like walking on someone's tongue.

Half-coated in the pink goo, with a cluster of lollipop spores growing at its base, was another plastic stand-up of the factory's mascot. The sun hadn't faded the colors on this one, so Mercedes got to see the bright, pink, blue and yellow candy dragon in all her artificially-food-colored glory. 'Our factory's modern machinery allows us to keep creating new candies and stay one step ahead of the FDA!' read the speech bubble.

A short, squishy distance from that stand-up was another, with the same cheerful smile as the others, and a finger pointing down at the floor. 'Be sure to stay inside the blue lines for the factory tour! You're a lot less likely to fall into the machines inside the blue lines!'

Mercedes looked down at the floor. It was an undifferentiated, uniform pink. Oh well, she could just follow the signs, right?

Her camera flash lit up the factory floor as she walked around huge mixing vats covered in ivy-like licorice and under catwalks with candy-corn stalactites. The squelch that bubbled up between her toes (ugh) sounded different now, with a metal clang behind the sound of pink glop.

The signs had led her out along a catwalk, sticking out over a giant opening in the floor leading to the factory's lower levels. The dragon stand-up's speech bubble said, 'Candy Dragon Candies are made with a patented sugar by-product that tastes twice as sweet and is four times as addictive! Enjoy your free samples at the end of the tour!'

Mercedes looked over the railing. Big steel channels for ferrying raw candy ran from the vats on the factory floor down into the lower levels. The channels were full of pale, grayish-white candy slop, just straight sugary syrup before it had been dyed or mixed with flavoring.

If this factory was abandoned, why was it still running?

"Like, weird," Mercedes said to herself. She snapped a picture. Above her, there was a sharp ping as a suspension cable broke.

The catwalk suddenly tilted to one side. Mercedes grabbed for the railing, but the pink goo covering it made her hands slip off. Her feet lost traction and flung out from underneath her. She was a bat; her instincts told her to fly. But all she had were these lousy webbed hands. Since she was so thin, she slipped right through the railing. She was flailing, falling through the giant hole in the floor.

A taffy vine broke her fall, but she couldn't grab it fast enough. With a splot, she dropped into one of the channels of sugary goo flowing down to the lower levels.

The sticky stuff soaked into her sweater, it would totally ruin her leggings, and it was probably carrying her off to be baked into gummy bears or something. The channel twisted, and the force threw Mercedes to one side, then the other, leaving her dizzy and covered in syrup.

She gulped down big mouthfuls of the candy goo without meaning to. The glop splashed into her mouth despite her efforts to keep her head up. Every big gasp came with what felt like a whole candy bar's worth of pure sugar derivative.

A loud buzzer blared and a green light above her flashed red. The channel walls shifted. She was shunted out and fell to the squishy ground with a heavy splash of syrup. The walls slid back into place. Luminescent strawberry cream puff toadstools lit up the corridor she was now in, filled with smaller sugary fauna running alongside the channel.

A sign with the fat, smiling dragon on it reminded employees, 'Don't forget your safety equipment when working with our delicious sugar

derivative! Our insurance plan doesn't cover sugar addiction!

Mercedes leaned one hand against the wall and rubbed her stomach through her sweater. She'd swallowed enough of that stuff to give her an uncomfortable bulge in her belly. Her top still covered her, but she looked like she was hiding a basketball under her sweater. She had to hope enough jazzercise would like, work it off. Her camera, though sticky, still hung around her wrist by its strap and still turned on when she pushed the power button.

Mercedes was so done with this factory. With her sticky camera, she snapped a picture of where she'd ended up. She was taking her pictures and marching right into Mrs. McGolly's office and demanding her fifty dollars. But she had to find a way out, first.

Mercedes took the first thing that looked like an exit to her. A circular hole in the concrete wall led to a tunnel beyond. The floor sloped up, so she hoped it led back toward the ground floor. The round tunnel walls were irregular and rippled. The sugar goo that clung to Mercedes' fur, clothes and hair was drying, and the more it dried, the more it clung to her skin and the tackier it got. She had to peel her feet off the squishy pink floor, but at least the sticky sugar gave her traction. She leaned from side to side as she moved, trying to avoid pressing her thighs against the underside of her swollen belly.

Sounds echoed from below and above. The air in the tunnel pulsated back and forth. It was the same humid, sugar-choked air as on the factory floor, but at least it was cooler. A pleasant breeze began to blow against Mercedes' back. It blew some wet, purple-dyed, sugar-coated locks into her face, which she swiped away with a grimace.

She was going to bathe when she got home, and use a whole bottle of shampoo to get this sugar

off, and toss her clothes in the wash right away, and swear off candy for a whole week. Even if she hadn't gulped down a big bellyful of sugar, which was now rolling around in her stomach like a lead weight, the omnipresence of the smell was turning her appetite.

Mercedes tried to take a big breath, but the air tasted like lemon-cherry gummy candy. The breeze from below whipped at her legs and slapped her ears. The walls rumbled and she felt it through her feet. Her ears curled back. The rumbling was getting louder.

The slow, sticky slog became a panicked scramble. Mercedes jogged as best she could with sticky feet and a belly that bounced every time she raised her legs too high. Without pausing, she looked over her shoulder.

Behind Mercedes, way down in the tunnel, something bright red and translucent was coming toward her. It filled the entire tunnel. The red, glossy skin pulsed and glistened. Its eyeless front yawned open and let out a sticky, screeching roar.

It was a gummy worm.

Sore stomachs and sticky feet were no match for the sudden adrenaline that shot through Mercedes. Her feet splashed across the pink goo like she was walking on water. The wind still pressed at her back. The gummy worm was outpacing her. She spared another moment to look back as it roared again. Mercedes got a glance down its shapeless, round maw, into its lemon-gummy gullet.

At some point, Mercedes started to scream. All that mattered was the space between the circle of light up ahead and the gaping gummy mouth behind her. If she could make it out of the tunnel—!

Her foot slipped out from beneath her. She caught herself on her knee and tried to claw

back up to her feet. The worm's roar was right behind her. Mercedes rose and managed two steps before she was knocked right off her feet.

She kicked and shouted as gummy candy pushed against her from all sides. Instead of darkness, she could see through the gummy worm's body. In distorted red tones, the tunnel rushed by around her.

The worm's body was pulling her deeper. If she'd had time to think, she might have hesitated, but this was no time to stick to diet plans. Mercedes bit down on the inside of the giant gummy worm, taking out a huge chunk of cherry-flavored candy. She smacked at the candy in her mouth twice, gulped uneasily, and took another bite. Then another.

This was disgusting in more ways than Mercedes could count, but she didn't stop eating. Even now that her sweater was popping up over her swollen belly, even now that her leggings were riding down along her thickened ass, surviving was more important than her figure.

Her next bite made a hole in the worm's candy flesh. Mercedes shoved her hands through, then her head, then came rolling out with a wet plop onto the squishy pink floor. She got to her feet, ready to run. The hole in the worm's side was already sealing up. It raised its head let out a roar of pain. Like, yeah, she was running. She plowed through the nearest door and slammed it shut from the other side.

There was another roar from behind her, then the sound of rumbling moving away slowly. She was more trouble than she was worth as prey. She stumbled away from the door and nearly fell over.

Mercedes slumped against a sign with the smiling dragon mascot on it. She smeared sugary syrup, now mixed with cherry flavoring from the worm's belly, across its face. Inadvertently, she put pressure on her stomach. Mercedes

flinched as a jolt of tight pain flashed through her.

The sign said, 'We catch our Candy Dragon Candies gummy worms live!'

Mercedes put a hand over her mouth, trying to hold back a sugary burp. Her belly hung free of her sweater now, almost sagging in front of her. It was way too big, and it was squishy, and it had large, scaly red plates stretched across it, like some sort of alligator belly.

"Oh my god," she snapped. Eating her way out of a giant gummy worm was bad enough, but this fat dragon stomach was the absolute limit. She'd had enough of this job. She was even beginning to think that McGolly expected something like this to happen to her.

"I'm sick of all this stupid candy!" Mercedes snapped. That broke McGolly's third rule—as if she cared about the rules any more.

'Candy' echoed out into the factory, like all the machines had stopped for a moment.

A reply echoed back to her. Like everything else here, the voice dripped with sugar. The echoes were so bad, it could have come from anywhere. It asked, "Did someone say...CANDY?"

Right now, Mercedes started caring about the rules again.

Mercedes had to get out. Where was the tour path? She was so turned around, she had no clue where in the factory she was. If there were any exit signs, they'd been since covered over with Technicolor candy flora. Someone else was here, and she didn't want to know what kind of person lived here on purpose.

"I've NEVER heard of ANYONE being sick of CANDY," the voice said. Maybe it was a recording? If so, how was it responding to her? And how was it getting closer?

Mercedes had just gotten eaten minutes ago. She wasn't taking any more risks. Her mad dash for the door lasted two steps, until her legs knocked into her belly and her belly bounced up against her chest. Everything ached. She stumbled to a wall for support, doubled over and groaning.

"Hi there!" said the voice. It was right above her head. Mercedes turned, slowly. She was looking at a pink-scaled chest. Her neck tilted back, looking up, and up, trailing up a long neck to a tight-cheeked smile and wide eyes with layers of color like two halves of a jawbreaker.

It was the dragon mascot. In two dimensions, on a sign, she looked cute and perky. In person, eight feet tall, and looming in the shadows, she looked unreal. She could talk without breaking her smile, and she didn't blink.

"I'm Lollie Pop!" the dragon said. She grabbed Mercedes' hand and shook it sharply. Her voice had a deliberately goofy bounce to it. Again—cute on Saturday morning TV, worryingly eager in person. "I'm the official candy dragon spokesdragon of Candy Dragon Candies. I'm here to make sure that everyone loves candy!"

Mercedes edged along the wall. Maybe she could like, sneak away? Her foot came off the floor with a loud splup of sugar syrup.

Lollie Pop leaned down toward Mercedes, moving out of the shadows. Her glossy pink hair looked like it was made of taffy, and her yellow horns looked like hard candy. Yellow spots dotted the blue of her cheeks, while her underbelly from her neck down was pink. The rest of her body was blue with yellow spots, from her thick arms down to her fat thighs and round tail. She had the broad hips and reptilian stance of a cartoon dragon.

The dragon's nose almost touched Mercedes. Her voice was now a whisper, but still packed with all the energy of a sugar rush. "Did you say you were sick of candy?" Lollie Pop asked.

Mercedes gulped. Her mouth hung open as she tried to imagine how to appease a living cartoon candy beast. Lie to her? Promise to always go trick-or-treating? All Mercedes could think about was how the dragon smelled like blueberry, bubblegum and marshmallow.

"...because no one can ever get sick of candy!" the dragon said, her voice bright and booming again. Lollie Pop threw her arms up in the air in excitement and balled her hands into fists. When she brought her hands down, her fists were crammed full of chewy candy: peach rings and gummy bears and strawberry puffs.

One of Lollie's hands went straight for Mercedes' open mouth. She didn't have time to duck. The large dragon's entire fist fit in her mouth without a problem. Lollie literally shoved the candy down Mercedes' throat, and then pulled her hand back. The poor bat shuddered and groaned, which gave Lollie the perfect opportunity to unload her other fist.

Mercedes squinted against the assault of sugar in her mouth. Not even eating her way out of the gummy worm was this saccharine. All the flavors clashed to create a miasma of artificial and natural flavoring, more disgusting than trying to swallow a wad of concentrated sugar. As Mercedes forced it down her throat, her neck shot out about six inches longer, with big cherry-red scales across its front.

"Nnguh," Mercedes groaned. Through all of this, her camera was still hanging from her wrist. She grabbed it and munched the power button. It gave a sad chirp as it struggled to turn on.

The sugar hit Mercedes' stomach with a sound like a medicine ball hitting the ground. Her swollen, draconic belly puffed up like it was filling with marshmallow. Her bare feet sprouted large, blunted purple claws. It didn't take a genius to see that something unnatural and fetishy was happening to her.

Mercedes had to do it now before it was too late. She lifted the camera right into the dragon's face and let the flash go off. A rainbow of colors danced in Lollie Pop's eyes and the candy dragon stumbled back a step.. Mercedes wobbled from one foot to another, fleeing in the fastest waddle she could muster.

Mercedes made it ten feet before the dragon bounded up in front of her and stopped her by sticking out her own big belly. In Mercedes' heavy puffing and panting, she was defenseless against the mouth-filling wad of saltwater taffies the candy dragon summoned out of thin air.

"Anyone who's not supposed to be here gets the super-deluxe-extra-special tour!" Lollie Pop said, clapping her hands together happily. "Which means you get all the candy we can physically fit inside you."

Mercedes' eyes rolled back as she gulped down big throatfuls of clingy taffy. Her belly pressed against her thighs and tiny horns popped out of her forehead and her webbed fingers sprouted colorful claws at the end to match her purple talons.

"And you'll get to be a candy dragon, which is so much fun. All you can ever eat is candy!" Her chubby-cheeked smile only grew more intense. "And candy dragons can't die. I should know, I've tried! We're gonna be best friends, permanently."

She had to stop this.

"Wait!" Mercedes shouted. Lollie Pop froze for a moment, with a pile of gummy worms slowly growing on top of her palm.

There was no way she could escape the dragon, especially when she was wobbling on her transformed feet and close to falling over on her distended belly. The best she could do was stall her and try to think of something to save herself.

Think. Like, think!

"There's someone who'd make a better friend!" Mercedes said.

Lollie laughed. "All my friends are my best friends. That's why they've all gotta be candy dragons, so we can be best friends forever and eat candy all day and talk about how much candy we like to eat!"

"She's the CEO of a candy company," Mercedes added. "I'll tell you where she is if you let me go home... to, uh, get more candy."

Lollie squealed, patting her cheeks and dancing from foot to foot.

—

Mrs. McGolly's intercom chirped with the receptionist's voice. "Mrs. McGolly?" She didn't answer it, as she was deep in expository thought.

There were secrets hidden in the Candy Dragon Candies factory, secrets that could made her company unstoppable. It was too dangerous to send anyone important in to investigate without knowing exactly what they were looking for. Anyone intelligent would have taken one look at the situation and walked the other way. But offer an unimportant idiot fifty dollars...

"Mrs. McGolly, it's urgent. There's a giant worm here to see you."

...what?

She tapped the talk button with her hoof. "What?"

The far wall of her office bulged out toward her. The wall was like a bubble ready to pop, and then it burst. The drywall tore open and the doorframe toppled onto the floor. A giant, green-yellow gummy worm wriggled through the hole in the wall. It reared back, roaring as it thrashed its head. And up on top of the worm,

straddling it like it was a horse and wearing a pink cowboy hat, was Lollie Pop.

“Yee-haw!” the candy dragon squealed. Above her head, she swung a red licorice lasso.

McGolly dove for the panic button under her desk. Her hooves missed it by an inch. She dropped to the ground hard, with her legs lassoed together at the waist. She grabbed at the carpet, at her chair, her desk, but Lollie Pop was deceptively strong. She hoisted McGolly across the carpet and up into the air, until she was nose-to-nose, candy dragon and cow CEO.

“You’re gonna be my new best friend,” Lollie said. McGolly opened her mouth to scream, but only got a solid block of caramel shoved into her mouth.

“Hi-yo, Wiggles, away!” Lollie Pop shouted. The giant gummy worm lurched forward. With Lollie and McGolly on its back, it plowed straight through the windows behind McGolly’s desk, making a beeline for the abandoned factory. All the while, McGolly thrashed and gurgled around the caramel blocking her mouth.

—

Mercedes was relieved to find that she could reverse the process of becoming a candy dragon. She wasn’t so happy with the actual method she had to use, though.

“Trick or treat!” shouted a cluster of three kids, with some parents lurking behind. Mercedes looked down at them and felt a lump rising in her throat—which took a lot longer with her extended dragon neck.

They all looked expectantly up at her as she bent over and opened her mouth. A glob of individually-wrapped taffies rose out of her throat and fell into the kid’s bag with a splat.

“Ew, gross!” one of the kids said, but that didn’t stop them from keeping their bags held out, de-

mandingly, until she’d horked up candy for each of them.

Mercedes shut the door, chugged some pep-to-bismol, and slumped into a chair, legs spread for her swollen dragon stomach. She was still stuck halfway between bat and dragon, with big talons, elongated neck, and cartoonishly heavy belly. At least tonight’s work so far had worked off some of the heavy weight in front, bringing her back down to a manageable beachball-sized bulge. Everyone who came by just figured she was dressed in a dragon costume. That didn’t explain how she’d gotten her neck to grow so long or her legs to get all reptilian and crouching, but it kept awkward explanations to a minimum, at least.

The doorbell rang again.

Ughhh.



MISTY THE MOUSE IN:

# LEGEND OF THE BUTTSUCKER

SERIOUSLY, WHITNEY, YOU'RE SAYING YOU SAW A CHUPACABRA?



¡SI, CHICA, EES AS REAL AS THE BURRETOS ON THEES GREELL!

BUT NOT A CHUPACABRA..

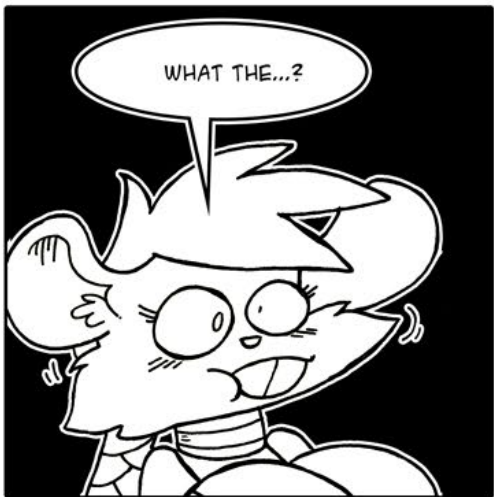


## EL CHUPANALGAS!

EES A TERRIBLE MONSTER WEETH A BODY MADE OF A TACO AND POISONOUS SPIKES MADE OF CHURROS! EES ARMS ARE MARACAS AND EES LEGS ARE TABASCO SAUCE BOTTLES AND EET WEELL SUCK THEE JUICE FROM YOUR NALGAS EEF ET CATCHES HYOU!

## ¡EL CHUPANALGAS!



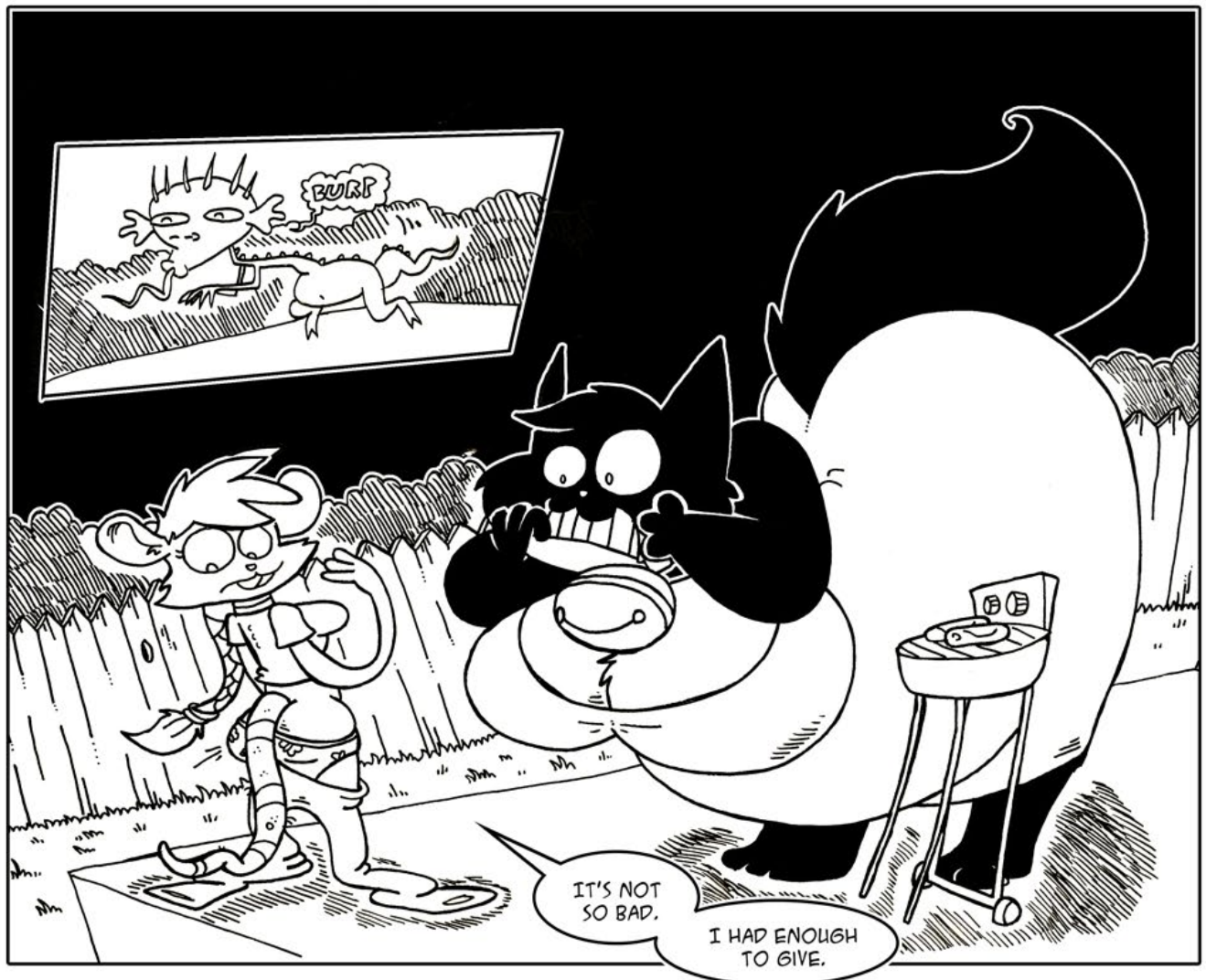




AV NO ES BUENO!

EET CAN'T BE! EL DIABLO GRANDE HES... HES... EEEET HES COMPLETELY CHUPAS HYOUR NALGAS, MEEESTY!

AV CARUMBA, HYOU LOOK SO THEEN! EES TERRIBLE!



IT'S NOT SO BAD.

I HAD ENOUGH TO GIVE.

# BAWDY BOOSTER ELIXIR! AN INSTANT COSTUME!



DOUBLE  
THE  
FEM



DOUBLE  
THE  
EGYPT



**\$49.00**  
~~\$75.00~~  
**SALE!**

ACT NOW!  
COMES IN  
MADE-TO-ORDER  
VARIETIES!

MtF  
FtM  
Animal Traits  
Prank your Friends!  
Antidote not included

Mail to Internet County, USA, Dpt GRO

Name

Address

Favorite Colors / Flavors

**SNAKE-OIL OUT OF STOCK!**



ONE SHOULD BE CAREFUL ABOUT WHAT THEY TRY ON HALLOWEEN...

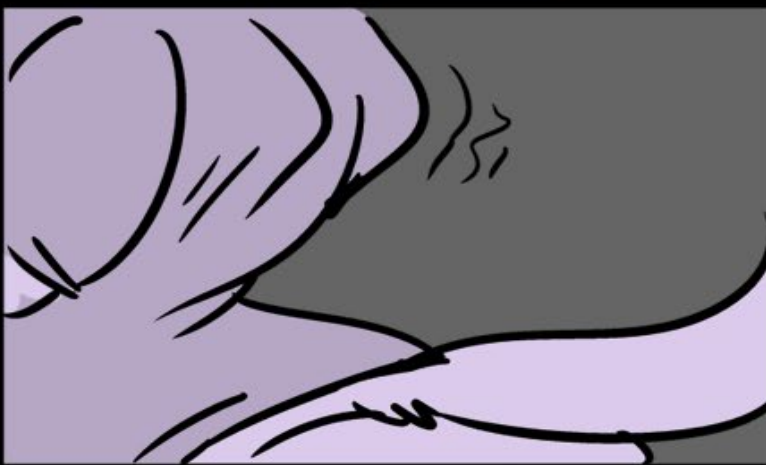
# Food Mart



PROBABLY SHOULDN'T BE SHOPPING WHILE HUNGRY.



HM?



FREE SAMPLE?



*The strangest of events are those that make us stronger, at the same time leave us with our heads scratching. Like Friday the 13th, the most oddest of times happen when tricking and treating become the law of the land. Welcome to another TALES OF THE STRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANGE! MWHAAAAAAAAAAAAA....*



Honei, Tussel and Penelope are Trademarked to DrakeFenWick. Used with permission

The dark cloudy halloween eve made everyone anxious towards the next evening. Children wanted candy, adults wanted peace and quiet. Young adults wanted fun. Halloween was a night for those with the heart to endure the tricks, the chilling scares for the treats awaiting them. Friends, candy and most of all, boys, "Come on Tussel! It's the night before Halloween! We need to be out there partying! Not in here having candy!" shouted the more anxious of the group, despite her complaining, she had a hand full of sweet treats and unwrapping them to eat. The light brown furred thick chested cat wiped crumbs off of her generous chest, liking the sweets but wanting something more firm and fun. Her black bra was visible from how low cut her yellow shirt was, the areola peeking out from the peak of the shirt that left little to the imagination.

"Penelope, why the rush? I thought we decided to go out tomorrow. We are on break from classes after all...though I'm doing well enough to not worry anyway." replied the feline's friend, another fellow feline. Contrary to Penelope, Tussel didn't have 30 pounds weighing her chest down but that never bothered her. She was

content with being able to fit into shirts, dressed in a pink shirt with a gold star in the middle with blue jeans hugging those hips, the bright colors going well with her orange fur and small tuft of blond hair on her head. They were relaxing in her apartment in the kitchen area, with a few unwashed bowls in the sink. The table had a bowl of candy with some beer cans littered around, only enough to get the ball rolling so to speak, "Well...I kinda don't feel like going out tonight if we're still on for tomorrow. The movie kind of sucked too. Though you're free to come over to my place to "Debate" some more if you want Penelope" suggested the third gal in the trio, giving a playful chuckle.

A white badger with black fur around her eyes and wrist to hands, she was the most endowed of the three, having a chest which annoyed Penelope at times since it was bigger than her own. Though the black shirt she preferred wearing was nothing close to low-cut, which gave the attention loving Penelope an edge with how much fur she showed. She shook her head and ran a claw through her long properly maintained hair, keeping it held together with a black hair headband, "Nah, last time we did, my bra got a bit stretched and you left nibble marks on my tits. Plus we're not being graded this time Honei..." she replied, remembering how things went in the classroom. Their professor encouraged this type of "debate", Honei being more than welcome to be her debate partner once she pulled her shirt down to reveal her chest. Despite it not feeling like a true debate, their female professor watched and loved every minute of it, giving them both an A+ for effort.

It was a shame, the badger not against a good bit of fun with her aloof friend but then again tonight was a bit of a bust with how bad that movie they went to ended up so perhaps it was it was for the best, "Well I'll probably just chill and



get ready for bed. I got a batch of the good stuff tonight. Meet up at 5 tomorrow right?" asked Honei to her friends, the brown feline giving a nod and getting up to head to her apartment as well. Tussel took the bowl away from Penelope who tried to get another handful of treats, getting a mock pout from the feline. They went through a good amount simply talking, and she at least wanted to save some for later, "Alright girls, cya tomorrow." departed the trio, all exiting Tussel's place and going to their respective floors.

Honei lived on a lower floor while Penelope had the penthouse suite, a gift from a previous sugar daddy who she found annoying at some point from his love of only her body, not her gloriously amazing mind. She only had a minor interruption on the way, which she dealt with swiftly before going upstairs by elevator, while Honei used the stairs. Although bed was on the mind, she wanted to unwind the mind and relax, entering her apartment and resting in her living room. The blinds were pulled down, the lights dimmed and a bag of the good stuff was pulled out. Her interests were known to her friends, ripping a bit of the green plant and getting to work prepping it for what it was made for. It'd been a few months since she moved out on her own, now having the proper privacy to relish the green stuff.

Back home she would sometimes get her brother sneaking into to borrow her gaming consoles, though oddly she would wake up without her shirt on at times when she took a little too much. It was annoying to be topless with a bosom like hers, but that hasn't happened since she moved out which was nice, "Mmm..let's just chill.." she thought to herself as the bong was prepped, a purple one which she wasted no time in using, inhaling the delicious vapors and breathing out a puff of smoke. It took about 20

minutes but soon she the sweet scent worked its magic. Honei found herself on the moon, or some planet like moon as it looked barren. But the view of the stars was breath taking, not even thinking how she was breathing in general on a planet with no atmosphere.

She started doing what anyone would do in a place of lower gravity, she started to jump around, weeing and squealing in delight with the massive amount of air she getting. Play time in space was the best time, the silence of the emptiness echoing with her joyful giggles before she felt herself being pulled down, and hard. She actually made a crater in the ground, rubbing her butt and shaking her head, "Ow...hey who turned on the gravity? Gravity suuuuuucks." she whined as things felt like they were back home, walking up and climbing out of the 9 foot deep hole she caused. Oddly enough she felt heavier than normal, as if her chest was weighing her down. Her sweater puppies, plump and juicy had issues at times since she lacked any bras to hold them up.

Those darn cavemen from the future prevented her from having any sets of bra, a story that not many people would believe but it was true! Those meaty marshmallows were tough to handle at times she admits, both of her hands cupping them and lifting them up, "Ugh...if only I could get rid of these. Floating is much more fun than walking.." she sigh the badger with a disgruntled tone, all of a sudden seeing a gloved hand press against her chest as well. Normally she'd be shocked but with the things she has seen, this wasn't anything too special. Cavemen, little people, everything seems to be attracted to her like she was a magnet for the weird and strange.

"Uhh..." she wasn't sure what to say, the hand soon giving a thumbs up, "Honei, you want to

fly? Then rid yourself of all that dead weight!” said a voice, a booming deep voice while the hand was gesturing and pointing to her bosom. It was odd, but the only thing it could’ve come from was this floating glove hand thing, “I can’t just take it off...least I don’t think so. They’ve been with me for a while.” she replied, the hand giving a “no” gesture and flying over to tug at her shirt, “Of course you can! Just take it off! Trust me!” said this odd voice, flying up on up and giving that bulbous pair of breasts some light squeezing all around, “You’ll never get airborne with this ballast anchoring you.” he remarked, making her tilt her head as the hand felt rather solid, those fingers digging into those tits and making her wiggle just a little bit.

Normally she’d be against listening to disembodied hands telling her to take her shirt off, but space awaited! She had nothing to lose anyway, not like this hand had eyeballs so he wouldn’t get an eyeful of her tits and she could always just put her shirt back on. With both hands gripping her black shirt and pulling it over her head. To her surprise, she had apparently been wearing the exact same shirt underneath. Suddenly she began to float, happy that for some reason that her shirt was the real cause of her gravity problems, “Oh wow! It’s working! Thank you mr glove hand guy thing.” she thanked as that happy badger began to fly around, realizing that the hand was gone. The ground beneath her was slowly growing farther and farther away, starting to “swim” in the quiet of space, and going around the horizon.

It felt like she was soaring the vastness of this unknown world before something rocked her from her sleep, making her fall off the couch and knock her bong over. The flight of fantasies she had were broken like a fat guy overloading a small chair, Honei’s white hair was rather ruffled from her tossing and turning on the couch,

rubbing her somewhat red eyes and yawning, “Maaaaan...I was having so much fun...” she muttered to herself in disappointment, getting herself up and yawning. She slipped out of her fatigues to get comfy, seeing it was already daytime. Her round tush was hard to really appreciate through her usual wear of baggy jeans, keeping covered her pieced labia and the three stars on her left hips. After yawning, she lowered her arms and proceeded to walk, her shirt suddenly falling right down. The normally tight black shirt suddenly was very loose, so loose that it literally slipped down her body.

The confused badger looked down, seeing her shirt on the floor and giving a surprised gasp, “Oh!...my shirt...oh I can see my toes!” she exclaimed with a squeal of delight, wiggling those toes like she was a child. The enjoyment was soon short-lived once her neurons began piecing things together, realizing that her shirt slipping off plus her toes being visible did not compute. It was then the true horror of what was going on hit her, making her fall onto her rump in shock with both hands going up against her chest. What should be there, weighing her down and jiggling with each step was actually gone. Someone made off with her marshmallow melons, now regretting trusting that floating gloved hand, “My...my breasts! Oh my...how did he take it from under my nose?...I knew that hand was nothing but evil! The way he squeezed my bosom was definitely the grip of a villain!” she concluded, giving her nipples a pinch and seeing that this was not a dream, the fingers squeezing the sensitive nipples made her gasp slightly.

The pleasure from the pinching was enough proof, that determined badger needing to get clues. She had to find that hand’s ID and check for fingerprints, remembering that the dastardly hand felt her up a moment ago so her shirt had to be kept for evidence. First thing though

she had to look for proper attire, taking a quick shower to prepare herself for the long day to get her melons back. A quick trip to the dress closet proved fruitless however, her eyes scanning around and making it clear that the flat chested look made all of her upper wear useless now. Her only open was on wearing a hoodie which at least could be zipped up, slipping on another pair of black jeans and heading out. Only person she could rely on was her friend Tussel, a smart brainy kind of girl could help her solve this mystery.

As she made it to the elevator, a loud booming sound could be heard, making her shake a bit and rub her head, "...Oh that's the sound I heard when I woke up. Are they renovating a room upstairs or something?" she wondered as the elevator began to rise up, stopping on the 8th floor where Tussel's apartment was. Once the doors opened however, she was astounded to see a group of people surrounding what looked like Tussel's door, Honei carefully making her way over while keeping her face covered so no one would notice her.

".yea mine are gone too. I'm sure that girl is behind this! She's never had a bulbous chest like we have." said one of the tenants, the badger recognizing her as a croc girl from the lower floors. She was thick all over, being what people would consider a BBW considering she was also a mother. In fact she looked like one of those avian ladies now who had a smooth chest, something that seemed wrong considering her figure of wide hips and a thick butt but no tits bigger than her head, "ALRIGHT, ALL OF YOU GET LOST! DON'T KNOW WHY YOU THINK I'M BEHIND THIS! MY FRIEND HERE IS ALSO A VICTIM!" shouted someone, a familiar voice as the crowd began to disperse. Someone considered the possibility of Tussel using her friend as a scapegoat but there was no hard evidence

connecting that feline to such a heinous crime.

The door was slammed shut out of annoyance, a strong crying coming from that apartment, booming throughout the whole building which Honei now recognized, "Ah..Penelope too. Right." muttered the badger, the booming noise which woke her up now making sense. She made her way to Tussel's Door, room 604, which was 3 stories above hers at 304, "Tussel! It's me!" she shouted as that door was knocked, the door quickly opening and the badger being pulled in quickly. Penelope was sobbing on the couch in the living room, Honei noticing that she was wearing nothing to cover her now petite chest, "I swear, I thought you were one of them again. I've been pestered all day over this..sudden boob shortage or whatever. And she's been crying all morning. Not like it's the end of the world without big tits..." huffed Tussel, Honei pulling her hoodie down and sitting beside her other feline friend, getting a sudden hug from her as she sobbed.

"ITS OVER! HOW COULD THIS HAVE HAPPENED?!...NOW WE'LL GET AS MUCH ATTENTION AS TUUSSSSSLLEEE!" she cried, the orange feline narrowing her eyes since that was a little insulting. It wasn't like she couldn't get any attention at all, folding her arms together. Least she could actually properly fold her arms, and look at her toes, though now wasn't the time to compare and contrast the pros and cons of big tits, "Anyway...something has gone horribly wrong. Seems anyone who had more than a B cup was toned down to A cup. I figured you'd be a victim too." explained Tussel, grabbing some bottles of fruit juice for her friends, "You seem to be taking it better than Penn is. Any ideas what happened?" queried the feline, Honei patting Penelope and thinking for a moment.

She told them about her dream, flying through

space, only to be stopped by her heavy chest. Details about the floating gloved hand was given the most detail, saying it groped her and told her to take off her shirt, leading to her de-evolution in chest size. This story made as much sense as her excuse on why she didn't wear bras, Tussel shaking her head with a sigh, "You're telling me...this flying talking glove... took your tits after you took off your shirt? And you brought your shirt to find fingerprints?..." she asked just to clarify, Honei giving an anxious nod in which Tussel shook her head again, "First off, this story is already nonsense. Second, if a glove did this...how would it leave fingerprints? It's a glove!"

Such a reminder brought Honei down to earth, not thinking about that part, "O-oh..right... then what do you think we should do? I feel lighter but I'm not me without my double Ds!" wondered Honei, the obvious question now is where to start. The bigger question is how to start? Who the hell steals breasts? How can you steal breasts? The painful thought of this made Tussel's head hurt, giving her friends her extra shirts, a black one for Honei since that was her favorite color and red for Penelope, still sniffing but starting to calm down. They thought about things for a bit, wondering where the idea of breast taking would come from. Tussel came up with the notion that people steal or take out of desperation or jealousy, thinking for a bit on who would have a grudge against people in their building.

Penelope wiped her eyes and thought or something for a moment, sniffing as something came to mind, "...W-what about Ian? That weird chubby Sloth? He was hitting on me yesterday...and I told him he's not my type cause of how big he is. He has bigger boobs than you Tussel...in fact hasn't he hit on you two as well?" she added with a bit of concern in her voice. They agreed that

Ian had flirted with them before, but he was a wide male, even with the fur his weight showed and the man-boobs, "...Well...yea he has. But... how could he do this? I know he's an anime nerd but...this is something out of the ordinary." replied Tussel as she rubbed her head, though she wasn't one of the people he hit on. Though that wasn't something she should tell them now, or else Penelope will say something like she was right on her point about getting male attention.

Honei got up after finishing her bottle, sitting around not solving the problem, "Let's check to see what he's doing. He's on the 4th floor isn't he? That's where I saw him get off the other day I was going to Penn's place." suggested the badger while patting her chest. It was like losing an arm, such an important part of her suddenly gone. Is this how Tussel was she thought, the trio heading out and actually taking the stairs this time since the jiggle was no longer an issue. The look of awe on their faces was a bit odd to the orange feline, always taking the stairs generally when going down so it wasn't a big deal. Within no time, they reached the fourth floor, the same plain green walls and green carpet greeted them as they made their way to door number 408, at the far end of the dimly lit hallway. Tussel decided to be the one to ask, since the two behind them have declined all interest in him in the past.

"Hey, Ian? You home?" knocked Tussel, doing so a bit hard in case he was still sleeping. It was 12 pm already but an introvert like him rarely went out. After a minute or so of waiting, no one answered, making him seem all the more suspicious, "See! He's fled the scene of the crime!" exclaimed Honei with both hands on her chest, missing those soft melons and wanting them back ASAP. Penelope was confused also, wondering where a guy like him would go, "Weird... has doesn't have much of a life. With class off,

you'd think he'd be at home on the computer all day with a box of tissues." remarked the brown feline, Tussel not quite sold on him being the culprit.

"Wait wait, maybe he's just out. We are on vacation, so there's nothing weird about him being out...let me see..." Tussel cut in, grabbing out her smart phone and taking a moment to check PawBook, the site for social media and bragging to everyone where you are, what you're doing and if your GF cheated on you. Just for shits and giggles, she checked out Ian's page, and saw that he indeed left a post, saying he was going to his usual spot about an hour ago, "See girls, he's at the Connectails Internet Cafe. He even posted it...I don't think he's behind it. No criminal would announce where he was going to after doing a crime." assured Tussel, Honei giving her a look that showed the badger didn't buy it.

"Then let's go find him. Come on, he should still be over there. Let me see....hold on." said the orange feline as she began to dial on the phone, holding it up to her ear, One of our classmates works there and he's actually on his morning shift." she explained while soon getting an answer. The moment of truth was here, Penelope biting her lower lip to hope that Ian was slothing around on the P.C. with his World of Furcraft and whatnot, "Yo Chab, its Tuss...yea sorry to bug ya. Uhhh you know Ian from our economics class? Is he there today?" she asked her possum friend, getting a no which made her pout. However he mentioned that he did see a sloth, but not Ian who was an overall big and chubby sloth. Sigh a defeated sigh, Tussel bid her farewells and wondered what to do now, Penelope just grabbing the air in front of her chest, like reaching for a lost limb or something.

"Well what now--wait...Ian?" suddenly gasped Tussel, knowing that face as a white furred sloth

dressed in an orange shirt and blue shorts was sipping a hot latte came from the stairs. To their shock, he wasn't the bulbous bundle of fur and manboobs, but rather thin, almost like he had liposuction or something. For some reason upon seeing them, he fled back in fear, "SEE! HE STOLE OUR TITS AND EVEN GOT RID OF HIS OWN! GET HIM!" shouted Penelope, running first while Honei chasing close behind, following him down the stairs. Honestly this was the last thing she expected, even curious was Ian's sudden weight loss, "How did he shed like...200 pounds. Never mind." Tussel thought to herself, shaking her head and making haste. The sound of stomping echoed in the empty travel down the apartment building, the sound of a loud door slamming being heard in front of the orange feline. The basement was a dark and lonely place, the entire floor only having two rooms, the landlord and one room opposite it. The floor and green carpet quality was surprisingly higher quality than the upper floors, but the lights were dimmer and the walls were a depressing grey.

The badger and brown feline were stopped Room B001, the brown door belonging to one of the tenants who didn't mind living in a room where air-conditioning was not possible and the boiler was not too far away. Tussel panted a bit from that hard run, seeing "IAN! GIVE ME BACK MY TITS YOU MELON HORDER!" shouted Penelope as she yelled at the door, Honei pushing against it but to no avail. It was the only room on basement which was rentable, and it belonged to a creepy guy who rarely anyone spoke to, "This is Fred's house. Freaky Fredrick Von Reich." thought Tussel as she joined her friends, the door to the landlord opening and they were confronted by the large dragon in charge. The blue dragon was so tall that he had to lean his head down to even fit through the door, wrapping his arms around his chest since the noise

was unwelcome at this time. Those white horns were pressed against the ceiling, even a few holes poking in the ceiling from how many times he had to walk out, "...Ladies, wut are ya doin makin dat noize dow 'ere." he asked, that dark and suave British accent making Tussel shiver a bit and nearly purr.

Shirts in his size were hard to find, only wearing a white sleeveless T which showed those buff arms and upper chest, the sound of a football game being heard coming from his room. Penelope ran over and tugged at his arm, pointing at the door opposite to his, "J'Gram, Ian stole my tits! You're a man, you know how fundamental tits are to attracting the others!" she cried, the tall buff dragon rubbing the back of his head as he didn't mind a good set of breasts. Though the first thing he did notice that Penelope was completely flat now, the first thing he noticed but didn't remark on it. It was odd indeed, huffing a bit and rubbing his snout with a finger, "Pann, Tits er noice, but how did 'e take'im? And why are ya pesterin' fred?" he asked in confusion, reaching into his pocket for a piece of hard candy to munch on. It took a few minutes but he was updated by Tussel and Honei, in which he laughed hard at such a ludicrous story, "So your mellows were snatched. That's rich...but I am seein' it with my own eyes. Let me see...wait..my keys are missing?...just great.." he sighed in annoyance, walking forward towards the door and knocking hard against it, "FRED! IT'S GRAM! OPEN UP AND GIMMIE THE SLOTH!"

The loud roar shook the floor and made the girls cover their ears, the ferocity of a dragon was something to be feared. After a few seconds, the sound of locks unlocking could be heard, and suddenly the door flying open, "Gramz, what's going on--oh the girls are still out here. You guys really scared Ian you know?" said an old looking dragon, much shorter and red, with horns that

were chipped at the tips and in a red vest and red pjs. He was shorter than Tussel, which was saying something already, "Scared Ian? How can you defend that Fun Bag stealing sloth? Look! My Tits are Tator Tots now!" she exclaimed as she pointed to herself and Tussel, Fred humming a bit and laughing, "Wait, you're saying he took your breasts? Silly child, that wasn't him. That was me." admitted the old dragon, chuckling to himself as everyone gave a shocked gasp, "How do you think Ian looks so good now? That chubby boy begged for a way to change his figure. It was a good time to test out my latest fashion--ugh!"

Before he could finish, Penelope grabbed him by the shoulders and lifted him up, glaring at him with the intensity of hell on earth, "GIVE. ME. BACK. MY. RACK." she hissed at him, her fur standing up from how aggressive the boiling blood was making her. Honei and Tussel had to calm her down, and pull her back, the feline hissing and almost baring her claws at the little dragon as he coughed, "Huff...sheesh..what a wild cat. Calm your tits, you never lost them to begin with. You've had them the whole time." continued the red dragon, everyone tilting their heads in confusion. It seems that a proper explanation is in order, wondering if it was okay to reveal it so soon, "I told you, I wanted to test out my latest fashion accessory. The Clearset." he explained while going over to Penelope and lifting her shirt, only to get his hand smacked away.

"Hey hey, no touching!" she hissed at him, still not happy over the situation she was in and especially at the guy responsible. He raised an eyebrow and smirked, moving a claw in fast under her shirt and suddenly Penelope's chest swelled up, enough to rip through Tussel's tight shirt and knocking Fred onto his tush. The sudden weight change made Penelope fall forward, her hair flowing over her face from the shock before

she squealed in delight, "Eeee! My puppies are back! Or...wait, should I be saying kittens?" she wondered after exclaiming her happiness, Tussel's eyes catching something falling down to the floor. It was hard to see but the dim lights just barely reflected off of it, kneeling down and grabbing what seemed to be a fabric, which was near transparent, "?...Is this a corset?" asked Tussel, holding it up to Fred who got up and rubbed his snout with a nod, "Yes, that's the Clearset. The next innovation in noninvasive breast management."

The brown feline's jumping caused that familiar jiggle to get Gram's attention, though remembering that she was a college student and he was probably double her age, "Well...that's dragon ingenuity at work." grinned the large blue dragon, Honei now double confused, "W-what? A corset?" she remarked with a dumbfounded expression on her face, lifting her shirt off and rubbing her stomach, noticing that there was indeed a fabric of some kind wrapped around her. How she didn't notice this was beyond her, Fred quickly going over and cutting a key tie at the bottom, freeing Honei's bulbous bosom and making her gasp. Like with Penelope, those tits just erupted out, popping into existence with the pink areolas and nipples ever so vibrant against the white fur. The badger needed a moment to get adjusted, both hands cupping those firm fluffy bags of fun and confirming that they were back to normal.

"Ah wow! Wait how did you get this on me though? I didn't see you at all in weeks." asked Penelope as that was the question of the day, Fred whistling innocently before being pulled over and lifted upside down by Gram by the legs, "That's simple, he done swiped my keys. Again. I swear, if you weren't paying me double the normal rent I'd boot you out on your scaly hide." growled the blue dragon, a large roll of keys

falling out from Fred's pockets before Gram simply dropped him on his back. This wasn't the first time he took those keys, but it was the first time he used it on such a large scale, "Heh...yea, and a bit of sleeping powder made from ground up sleeping pills in the vents helped. I really needed test subjects! And you girls and a few others in the building are the bustiest I knew! Testing resistance to tearing due to busty busts. Though...Honei, you should cut down on the cannabis." suggested Fred, a bit confused as to why he would bring that up.

"The bottle says that cannabis use inhibits pills effects. Took me some work to get it on you from how much you were jumping..." admitted the dragon, the badger now understanding everything. The reason why she was told to take off her shirt, the reason why she felt lighter, it all came together, "!? You were that glove! The one who felt me up and helped me fly in space!" she accused him of doing, remembering the distinct feeling of a hand squeezing her generous breasts. The red dragon's blush was hidden by his natural scale color, Gram narrowing his eyes at his friend for putting his hands on a younger female like that, "I-I have no idea what you're talking about. Anyway, I'll give you a small bit of my gratitude for testing my stuff. I'll have to explain to the few mothers upstairs too later, but that can wait."

Honei and Penelope got a 50 dollar bill from the red dragon, while he handed Gram a 100 to keep him sedated for taking the keys. Tussel was glad things was finally over with, now wanting to get going with their initial plans, "Now can we get some lunch? I'm starving...well, after you two get dressed" she asked her friends, the trio back together and agreeing on a change of clothes. Before they left, and Grams went back to watch the game, Honei remembered something that they nearly overlooked, "Wait! What about Ian?"

Is he wearing a Clearset too?" she asked Fred before he closed the door, Ian nervously peeking his head out and nodding. Fred patted the tall 7 foot sloth on his back, changed from the round fluffy mound to a slender looking male, a complete 180 from his normal self.

"Y-Yea...I wanted to look better...t-to.." he was unable to finish his words, his eyes fixated on the two sets of juicy heavy breasts in full view in front of them, the ladies not caring much that they were showing their nude upper body for all to see. Honei's breasts were larger and more ample than Penelope's, the brown feline noticing that Ian was more focused on her badger friend than on her, quickly going over to him, "Hey, Ian. There's space for you if you wanna join us." she said with a giggle, the sloth's eyes turning and fully focused on the cleavage and bare melons jiggling in front of him. The fact that she finally noticed him was a big deal enough but being invited, he felt like he was in heaven. As he moved from his hiding place and made his way towards the girls, "Y-yea! I totally want to join you Penelope!" shouted with such happiness, took a step before his shirt literally exploded from his body.

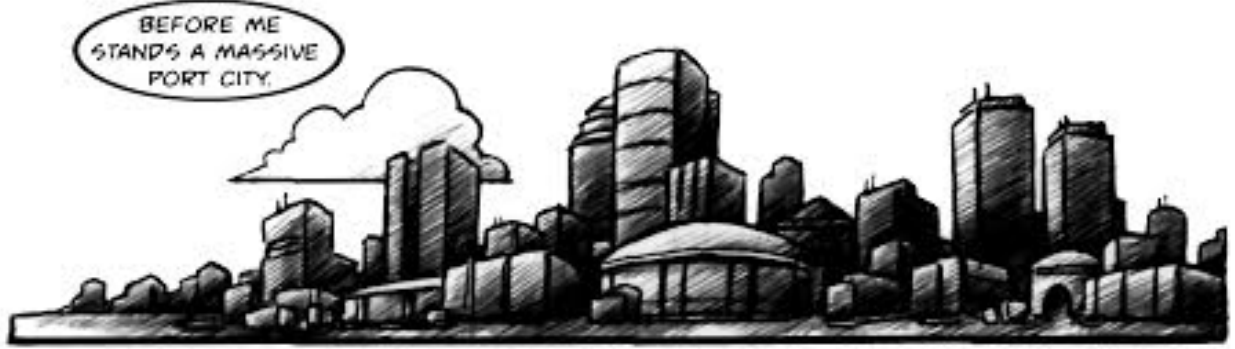
Patches of fabric landed on the girls, the once slender sloth back to being a wide load of fur. The interest was soon lost by Penelope, shaking her head in disappointment, "On second thought, there's no space for you. Sorry Ian." apologized Penelope as she made her way to the stairs, talking with her friends about the night's plans. Fred peeked out and heard the sloth sigh, jotting down notes since his Clearset reached its limit on that rather well fed sloth, "Note, increase tension strength. Maybe double weave..." he muttered to himself, getting to work on his next prototype, which will move into production and get him filthy rich.



THE DREAM  
STARTED THE SAME WAY  
EVERY TIME. I'M EMERGING  
FROM THE OCEAN.



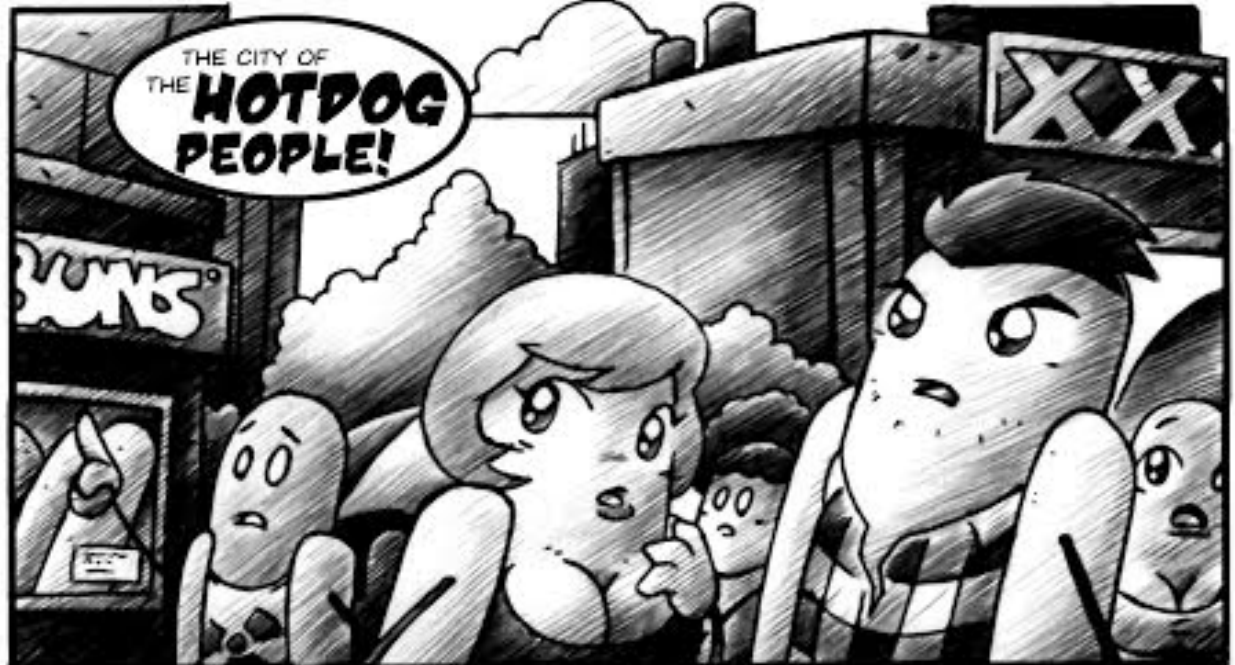
BEFORE ME  
STANDS A MASSIVE  
PORT CITY.

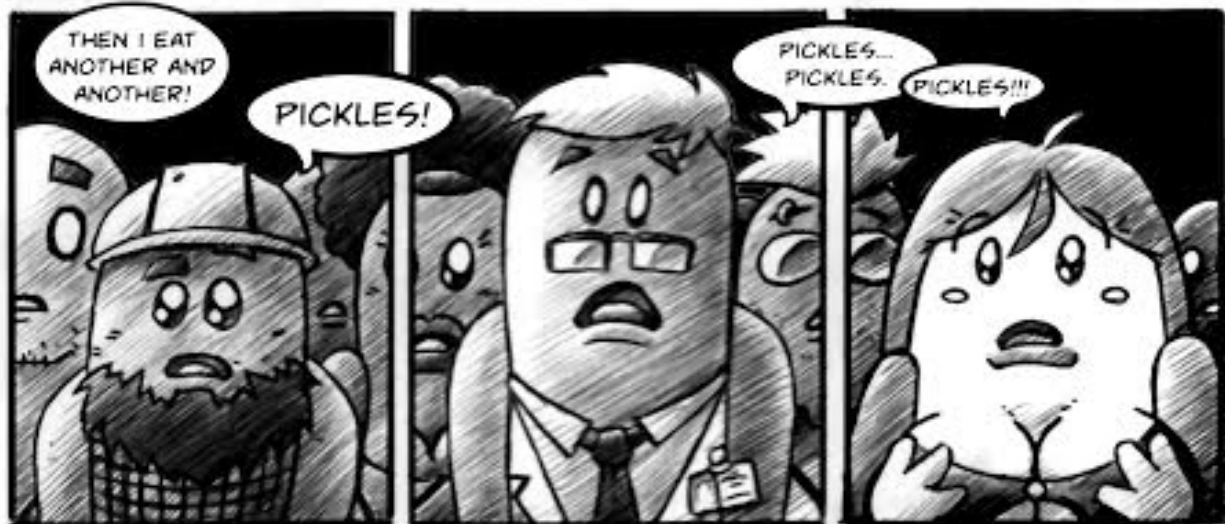


I RISE UP FROM  
THE DEEP BLUE-  
AND ATTACK!



THE CITY OF  
THE **HOTDOG**  
**PEOPLE!**





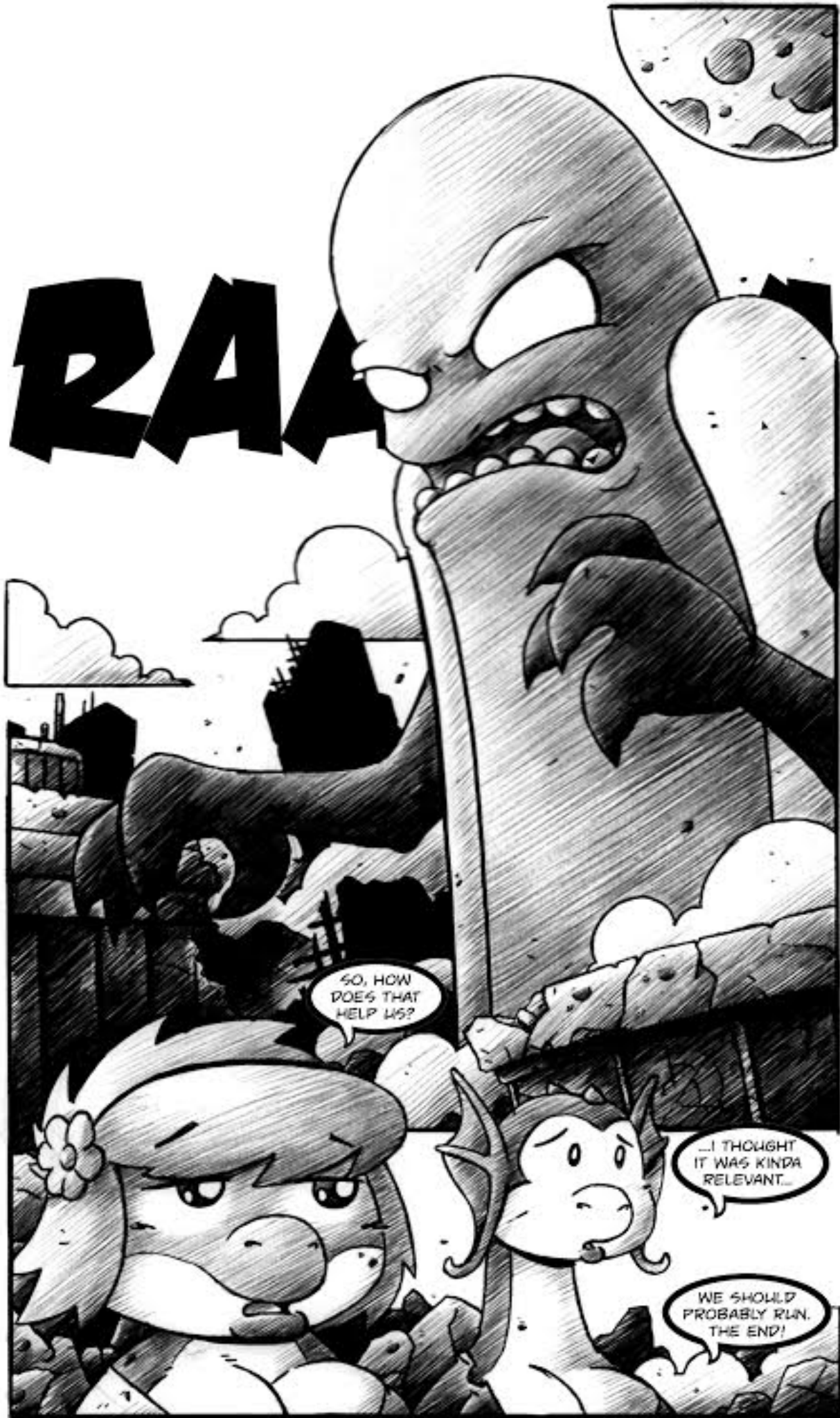


AND SOON  
ENOUGH THE ENTIRE  
CITY IS EMPTY AND  
I AM FULL!



OKAAAY...

**RAA**



SO, HOW DOES THAT HELP US?

...I THOUGHT IT WAS KINDA RELEVANT...

WE SHOULD PROBABLY RUN. THE END!



YES!  
YES!

THE  
MUSIC!

AND  
OF COURSE  
...

THE  
DANCING!

THE  
DRINKS!!

THE  
**DEBAUCHERY**

OOOOH  
YEAH! ESPECIALLY,  
THE "DEBAUCHERY"  
!!!

IT'S  
ONLY HERE, IN  
SUCH A PLACE LIKE  
THIS. DO I EVER  
FEEL SO ALIVE!

MAN!  
AINT THIS  
AN AWESOME  
PARTY?!

KOTEP'S  
TINA · RITA · MARIA  
-in-  
**"MEMBERS"**  
♥ly

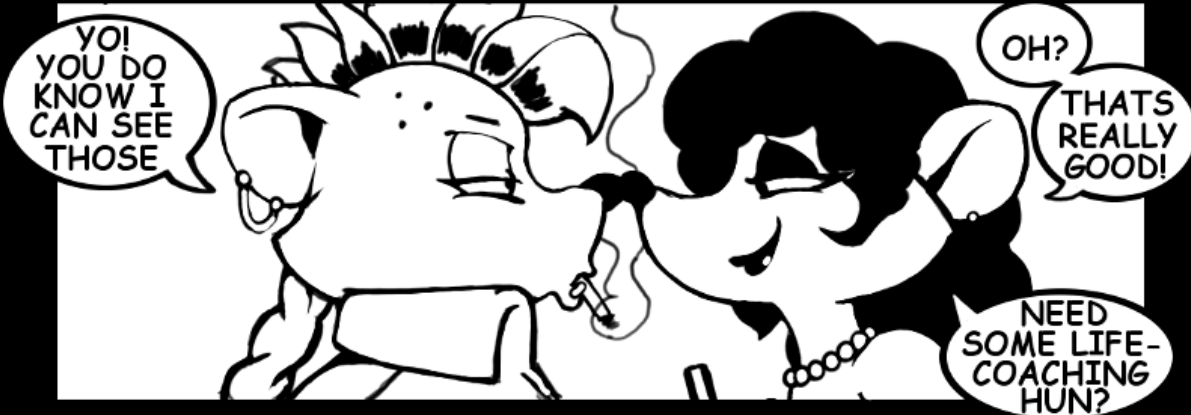


YEAH,  
EVEN MORE  
SINCE WE'RE  
CRASHING  
IT

YAH,  
S'COOL  
!

OMG! LOL! WHAT  
IS THIS BITCH  
WEARING?!  
#KLEPTOSKANK!

NOW,  
IF I COULD  
FIND WHERE THE  
VALUABLES ARE  
STASHED...



YO!  
YOU DO  
KNOW I  
CAN SEE  
THOSE

OH?  
THATS  
REALLY  
GOOD!

NEED  
SOME LIFE-  
COACHING  
HUN?



SSSHHHH!  
HEY YOU TWO! KEEP QUIET!!!

YOU'LL GET US CAUGHT!

WHAT'S THE MAJOR RULE TO PARTY CRASHING?! DONT GET

CAUGHT?

NO!  
AVOID MAKING A SCENE!

HUUUH!

OH SH\*T



PLEASE DO NOT BE ALARMED!

DO FORGIVE MY SUDDEN INT-ERJECTION

I AM DEMARKIS REEVES

AND I WELCOME YOU TO OUR LITTLE GET-TOGETHER TO HELP INCREASE OUR LOW MEMBERSHIP NUMBERS

LOW "MEMBER-SHIP?"

WHY "YES", IT IS!

OH, SO THIS IS SOME SORT OF SOCIAL CLUB?

WE ARE COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE "HELL FIRE" CLUB



WAIT, THE OCCULTIST GROUP KNOWN TO SACRIFICE PEOPLE AND SUMMON DEMONS?

YES

OH, NICE PARTY TINA

SEEMS YOU GOT US INTO ANOTHER MESS

NOD

SHRUG



NOW, NOW. LETS NOT BLAME MISS TINA. IT IS ALWAYS AN HONOR TO GET INTO "HELL FIRE"!

AND THE SIGN UP PROCESS IS SIMPLE

...UUUHHRRR

PLEASE DO MIND THAT FOR US TO KEEP THIS "STREAMLINED" WE ASK FOR A SMALL FEE ...



MY VERY EAGER "ASSOCIATES" & I WILL GET YOU THREE READY POST HASTE

AND WORRY NOT! THIS WILL GO BY QUICKLY



HMMM

#@%\*

VERY GOOD

YOU LOVELY LADIES ARE OFFICIALLY MEMBERS OF THE HELL FIRE CLUB !

OH?

THIS?

IT'S JUST A BIT EXTRA THAT WE DO FOR ALL NEW MEMBERS

IT IS YOUR "LIFE-TIME" PASSES TO PARTY!

FIN

# The Ritual

Art and Story by ViciousDisco

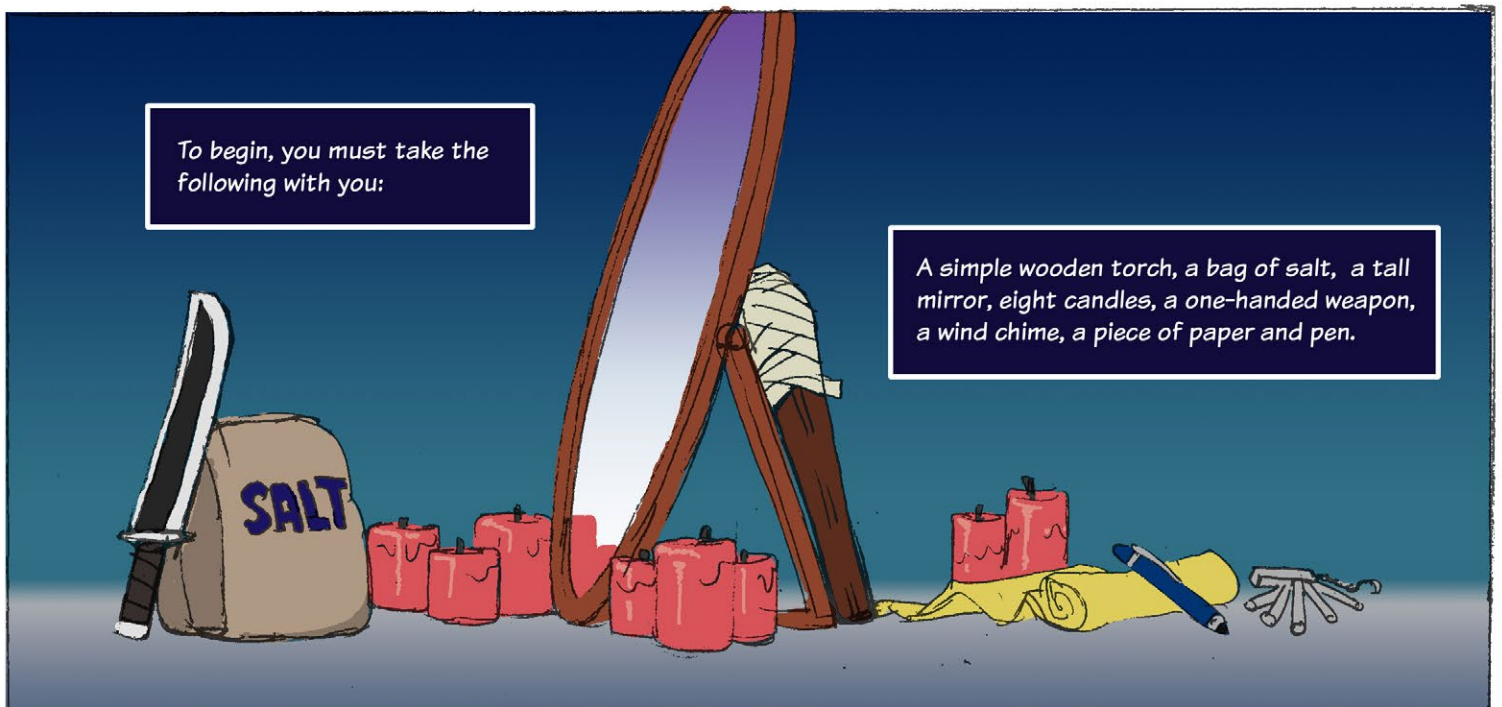


So...I'm told that you seek great fortune. Sure, I know of a way you can obtain it.



Keep in mind, It will be a very arduous journey, but if you can make it, you shall reap in the rewards.

More rewards than you can possibly imagine.



To begin, you must take the following with you:

A simple wooden torch, a bag of salt, a tall mirror, eight candles, a one-handed weapon, a wind chime, a piece of paper and pen.



Next you must find a natural open space somewhere – preferably a grass field. You can use a wooded area or a parking lot if a grass field is unavailable, but it'll make the ritual all the more difficult



This can only take place at the hours between 8:48 PM and 2:05 am, otherwise the ritual will not work.



If you're in the middle of the ritual and it goes past the time window, dump the bag of salt on your head and leave the area immediately.



Otherwise, you will face the wrath of a thousand tentacles.

When you arrive at the location. Light the candles using your torch around in an accurate Octagonal shape.



It is of utmost importance that your candles never go out during the ritual.

Hang the wind chime on a nearby branch or a makeshift object. It's very important you have this in place before you continue.



Now....stare straight into the mirror and repeat the phrase 'I am the black hole of the sun' exactly three times.

Stand there for one hour and keep your gaze fixated to the mirror.

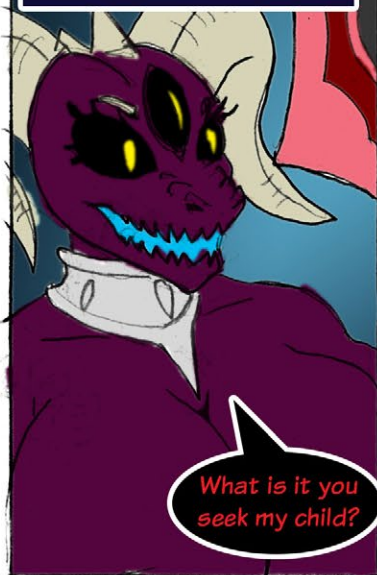
Eventually your reflection in the mirror will contort into a corrupted version of yourself.

If you see the 'gatekeeper' it means the mirror is now an interdimensional portal.



You must respect the gatekeeper! Never take your eyes off of it for a second. Do not show any sense of fear.

The creature will ask you a single question.



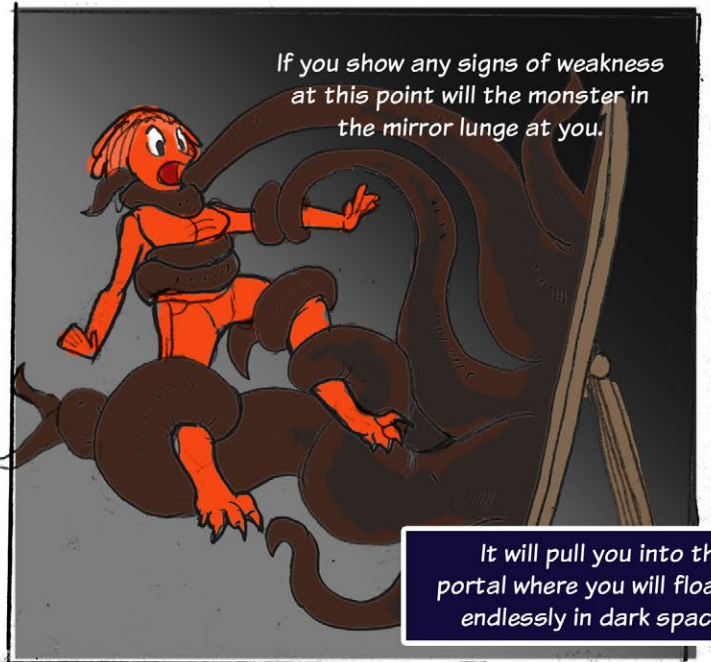
What is it you seek my child?

Remain silent and write your wish down on the paper.



Keep your gaze on the being in the mirror as you write. When you're finished, fold up the paper and hand it to the Gatekeeper.

If you show any signs of weakness at this point will the monster in the mirror lunge at you.

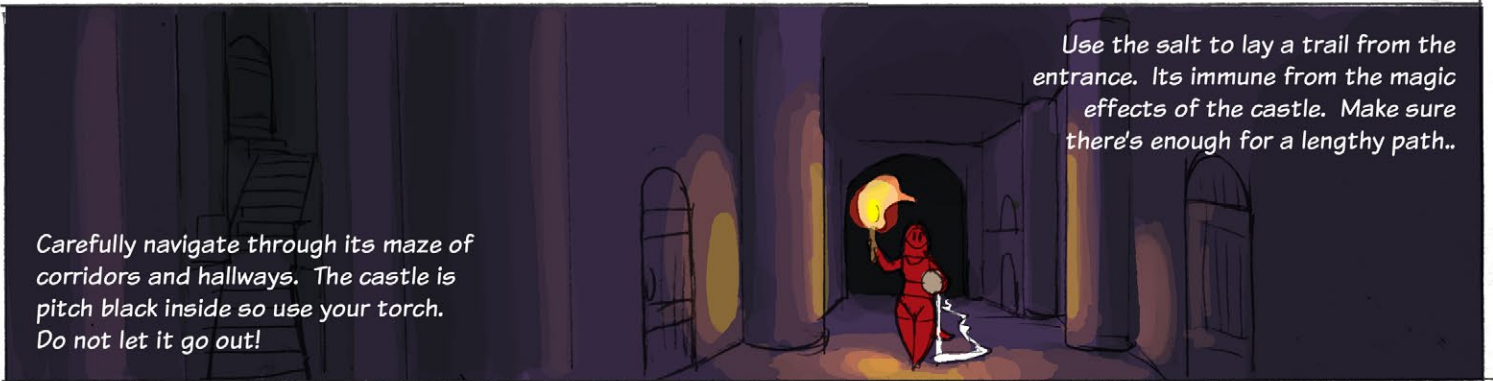


It will pull you into the portal where you will float endlessly in dark space.

If you did everything correctly up to this point, you will be allowed entry into the portal. Step inside.

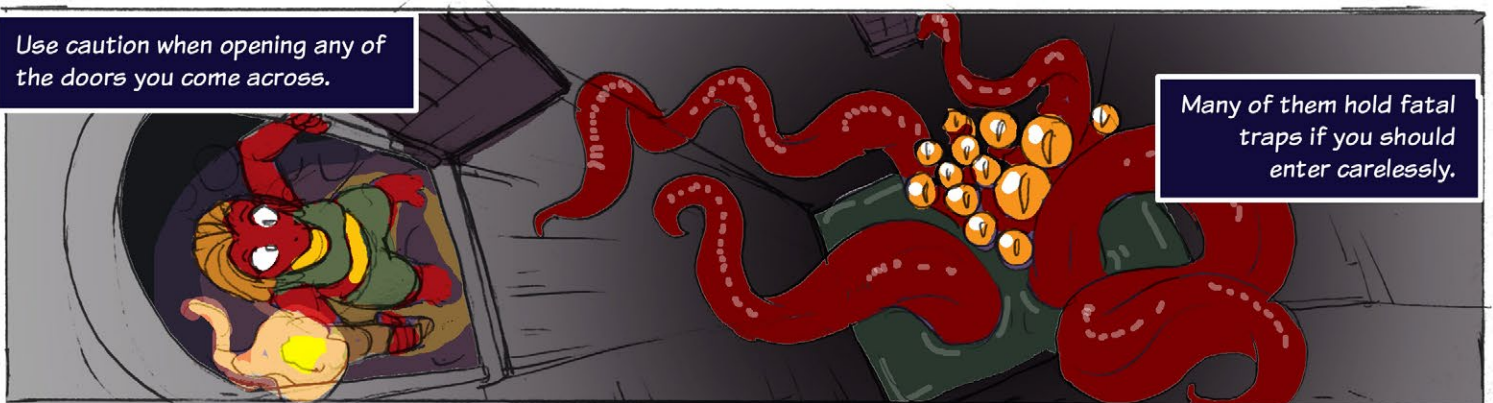


You will now find yourself at the base of a looming castle. Your goal is to reach the top and seek out the blue flame.



Carefully navigate through its maze of corridors and hallways. The castle is pitch black inside so use your torch. Do not let it go out!

Use the salt to lay a trail from the entrance. Its immune from the magic effects of the castle. Make sure there's enough for a lengthy path..



Use caution when opening any of the doors you come across.

Many of them hold fatal traps if you should enter carelessly.



There's occasionally hostile creatures who roam about. This is where the weapon will come in handy...



...provided you're good enough to wield it



Once you find the rooftop you will see a large cauldron of blue fire. You've reached your destination!



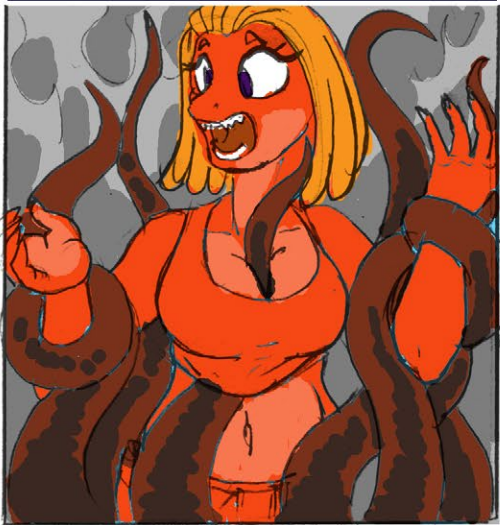
Walk into the flames. You will feel heat but it will not burn you.

Now close your eyes for, remember deeply what it is you seek.

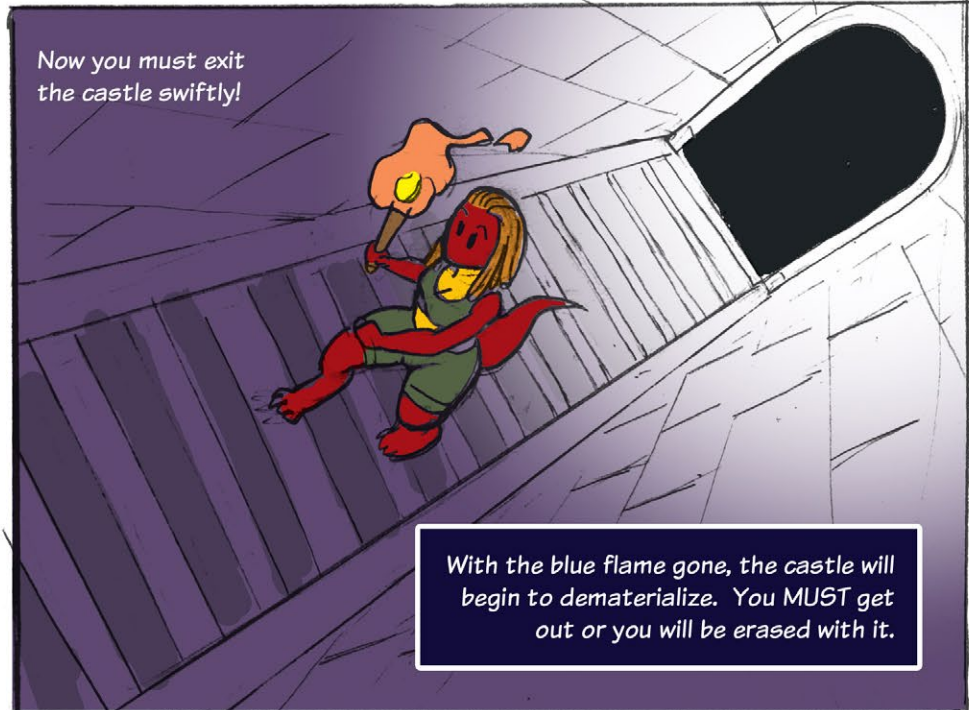


It must match EXACTLY what you written on the paper earlier.

If you make any slip up or open your eyes too early, you will face a fiery tentacled wrath.



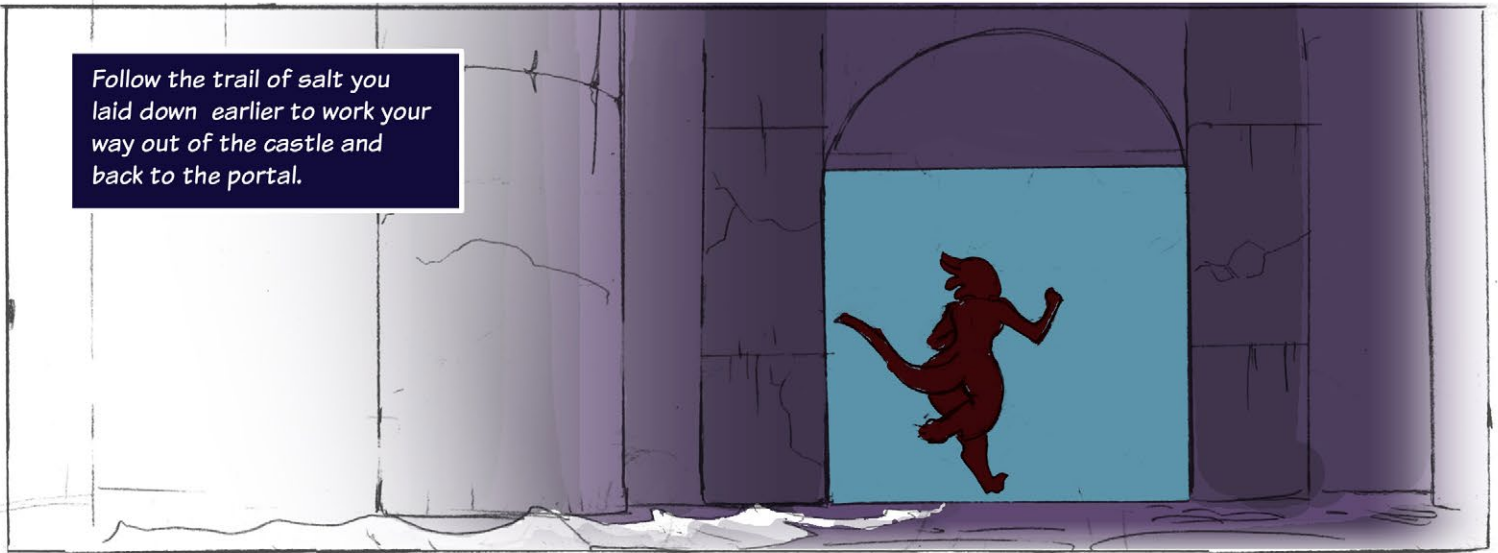
When you no longer feel any heat can you open your eyes. At this point the wish has been granted



Now you must exit the castle swiftly!

With the blue flame gone, the castle will begin to dematerialize. You MUST get out or you will be erased with it.

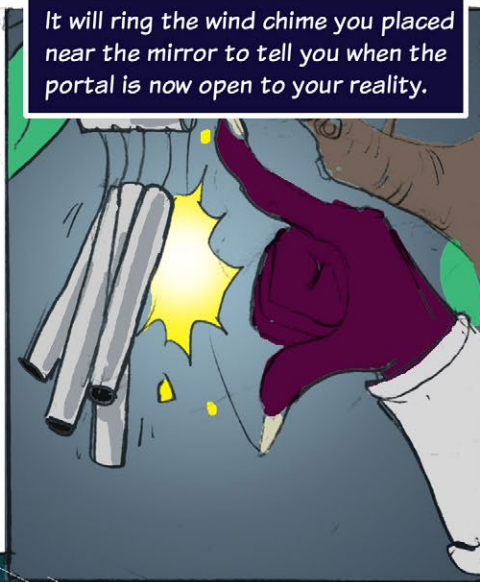
Follow the trail of salt you laid down earlier to work your way out of the castle and back to the portal.



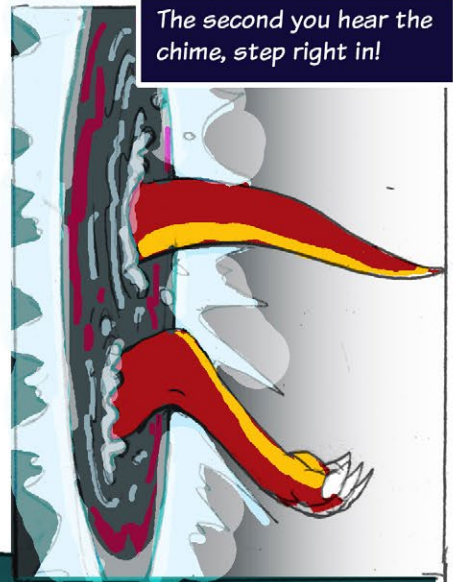
DO NOT yet enter! Instead, wait for the gatekeeper to give you the signal.



It will ring the wind chime you placed near the mirror to tell you when the portal is now open to your reality.



The second you hear the chime, step right in!



Be aware that the portal may drop you a few inches up to several yards away where you originally entered – and in some cases might release you in midair.



This is why it's important for this ritual to take in place in an open field.

Though you may come out battered and bruised, you now have whatever you desired at your fingertips.



If it is fortune, then you will be showered in riches where ever you go. No matter how much you spend, going broke will be your least concern.

What's the price? Well you might suffer from horrendous nightmares for months on end.



You might even have a lapse in sanity from time to time.

And you will be required to give yourself up to the gatekeeper occasionally.



Gimme some sugar baby!

So....think you're up for this journey into the unknown?



Get a move on Riz! That restaurant tab ain't gonna pay for itself!



At least it's better than "tentacled wrath"!

END

# Credits

(in order of appearance)

<b>Introduction</b>	<b>Art and story by Volkenfox, characters by Darkboss</b>
<b>Powder Keg</b>	<b>Art by Dutch, story by Drake Fenwick and Dutch, character by Volkenfox</b>
<b>You Are What You Eat</b>	<b>Story by Kotep, characters by Agouti-Rex</b>
<b>Legend of the Buttsucker</b>	<b>Art and story by Agouti-Rex, characters by Dutch</b>
<b>Bawdy Booster Elixer ad</b>	<b>Art by Snao, character by Kotep</b>
<b>Free Samples</b>	<b>Art and story by Volkenfox, characters by Snao and VDisco</b>
<b>Attack of the Booby Snatchers</b>	<b>Story by Eurasia, characters by Drake Fenwick</b>
<b>The City of the Hot Dog People</b>	<b>Art and story by Drake Fenwick, characters by VDisco</b>
<b>Members Only</b>	<b>Art and story by Darkboss, characters by Kotep</b>
<b>The Ritual</b>	<b>Art and story by VDisco, characters by Eurasia</b>

# THANKS FOR READING!