

# BIMBONIC

# PLAGUE



ISSUE  
#1

Author

**William Pratt**

Illustrations

**J.J. McQuade**

 **BOTCOMICS**

# BotComics Presents:

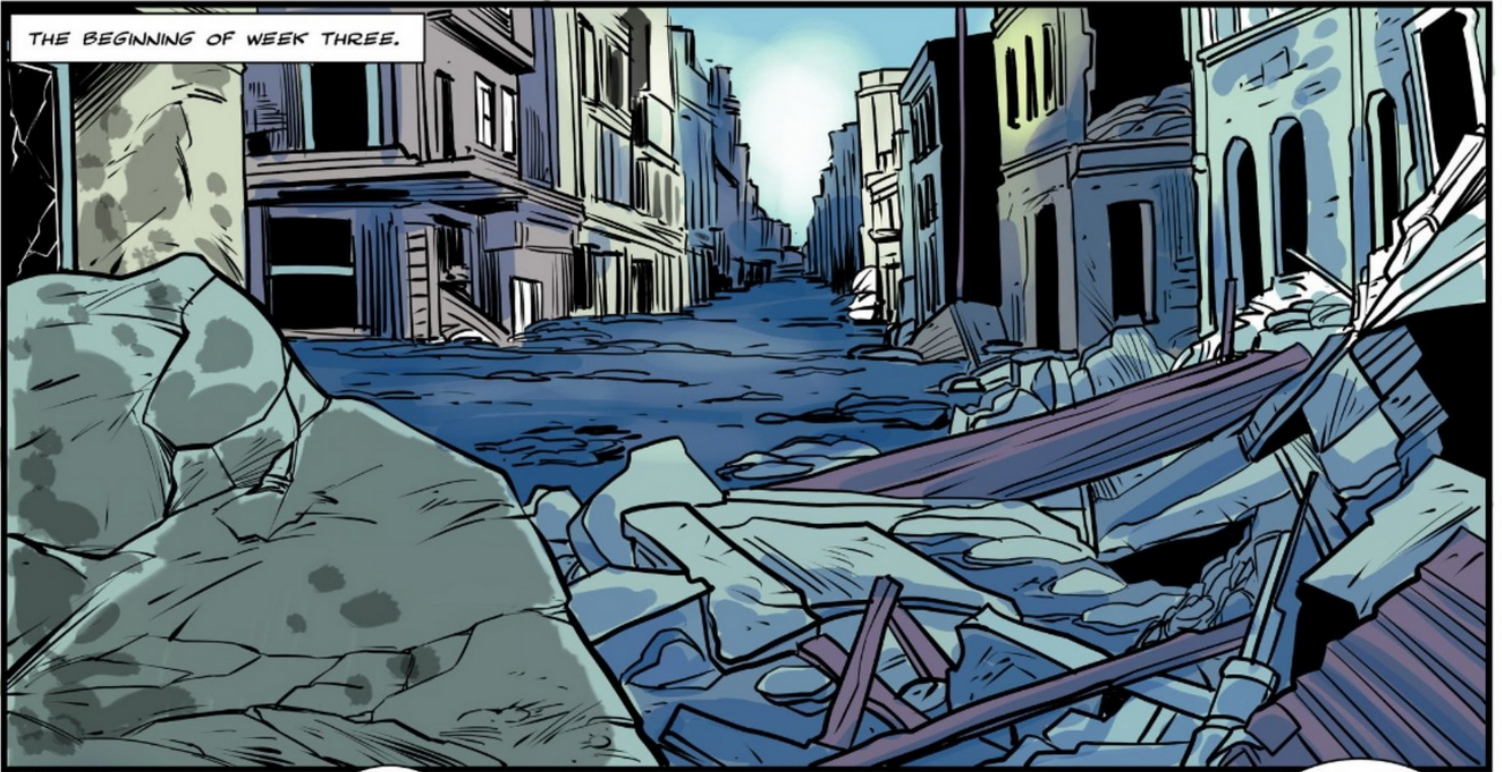
**Bimbonic Plague**

---



**For information address:**  
340 S Lemon Ave #5700  
Los Angeles, CA 91789  
United States

THE BEGINNING OF WEEK THREE.



IN. OUT.  
LIKE A  
NINJA.



GRAB PROTEIN  
BARS. ANY  
BREAD THAT  
STILL LOOKS  
GOOD.



CAN I COOK A  
PIZZA ON A  
BARBEQUE?



HELP.  
PLEASE.





A CHEERLEADER? NOT FALLING INTO A TRAP THAT OBVIOUS.



STOP TRYING TO HIDE. WE SAW YOU COME IN. THEY CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND US.

CUTS ON HER ARMS. THE VIRUS DOESN'T CARE HOW IT GETS IN.



HEY, COME ON! WE WORK TOGETHER OR WE'RE PICKED OFF ONE BY ONE.



I DON'T WANT TO BE A BIMBO.



GIGGLE! I DON'T... TEE HEE... PLEASE...



I'M NOT SURE HOW WE GOT HERE.

BUT SOMEBODY FUCKED UP.

BIG TIME.

YOU'VE SPENT  
A LOT OF MY  
MONEY—

OUR  
MONEY.

—ON YOUR LITTLE  
SECRET PROJECT. WE  
WANT TO KNOW WHAT  
WE'VE BOUGHT,  
DR. GORDON.

THEN WITHOUT  
FURTHER ADO,  
I PRESENT TO  
YOU...

ETERNAL  
BEAUTY.





BRAVO, DOCTOR.  
"HOLY COW"  
INDEED.



YES, THERE ARE  
A FEW BUGS TO BE  
WORKED OUT OF  
THE PROCESS.

I BELIEVE I HAVE  
THE MORE EGREGIOUS  
BREAST EXPANSION  
SOLVED.



YOU SOLVED  
BIGGER BOOBS?  
YOU WASTED MY  
MONEY—

OUR  
MONEY.

THE  
MARKET  
FOR...

WHY?

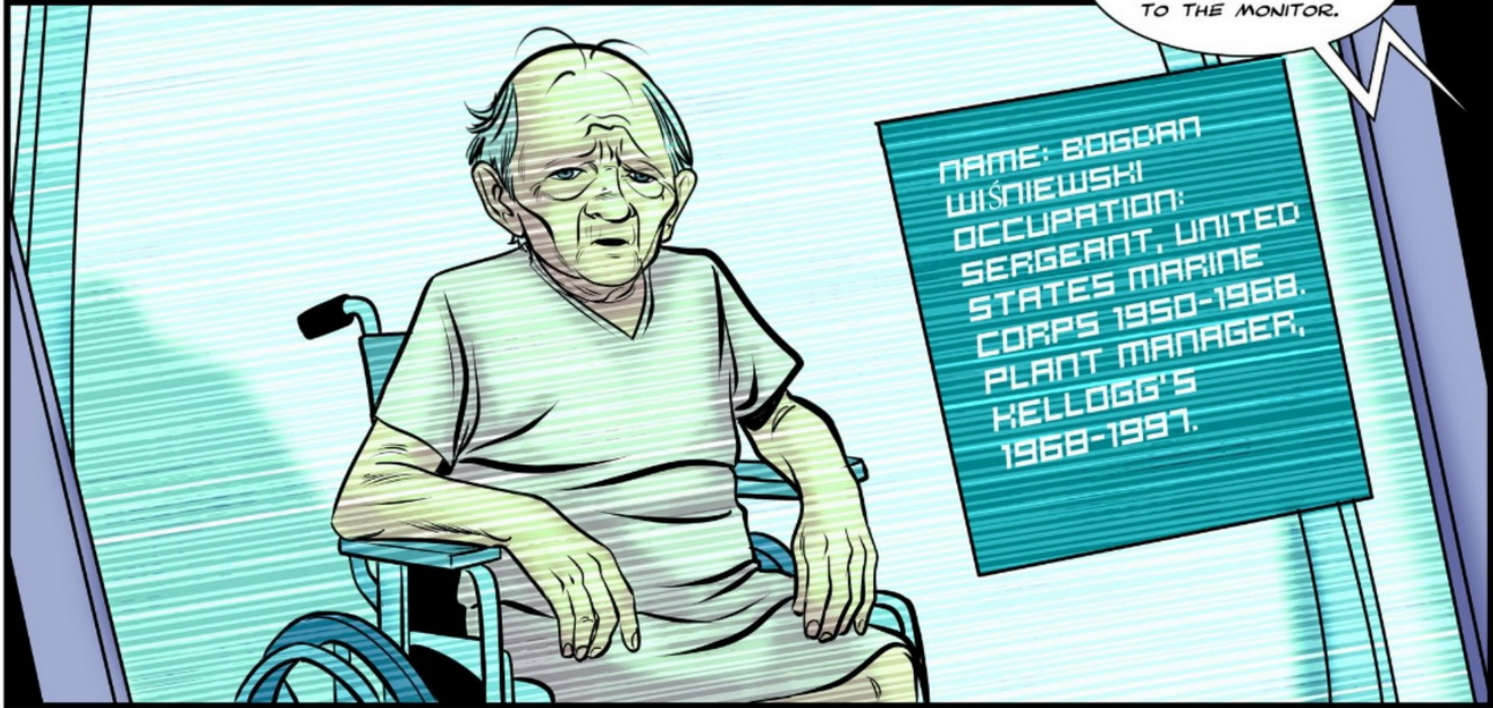


AND THIS  
WORKS ON  
MEN?

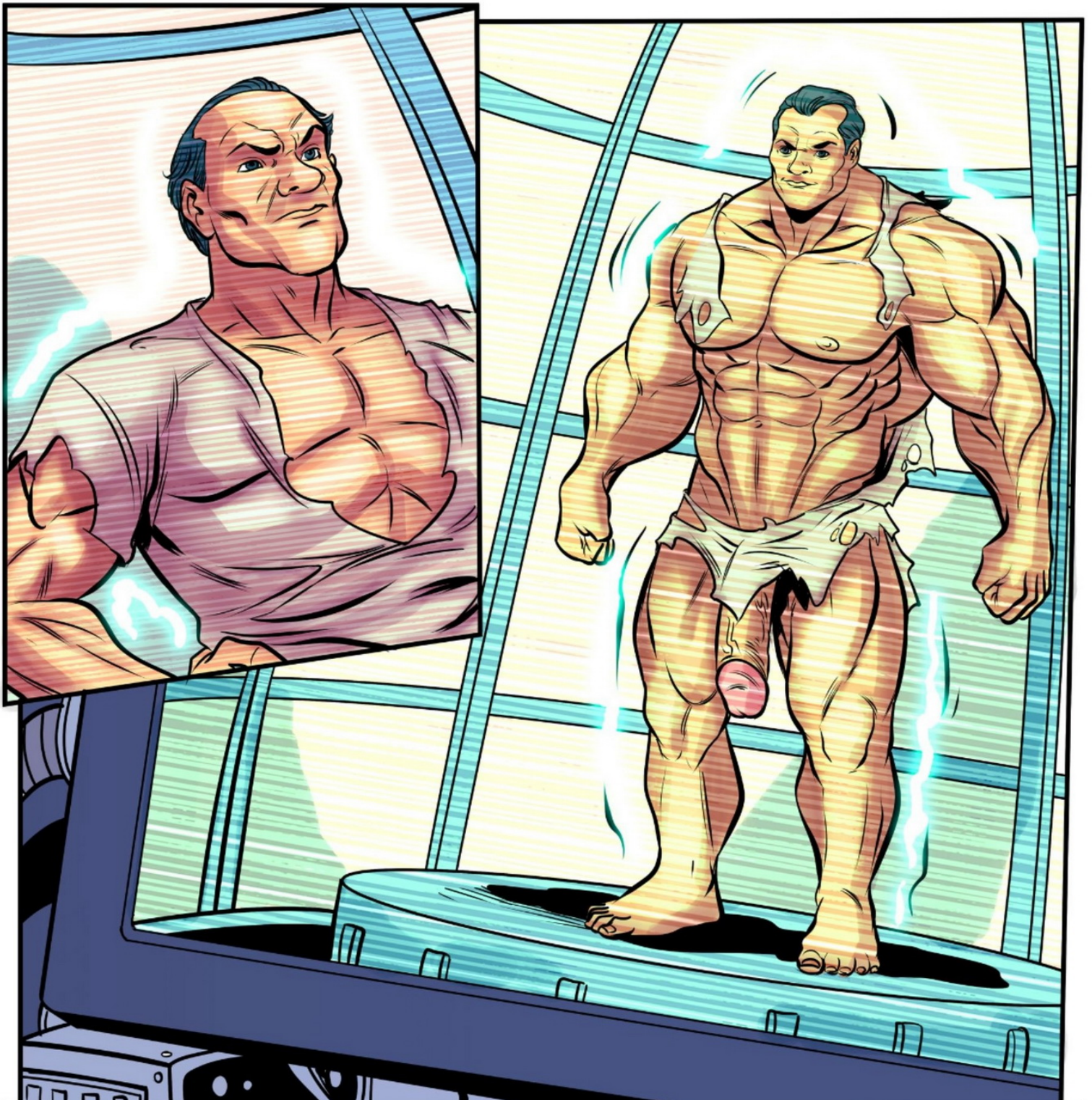
YES! NO!

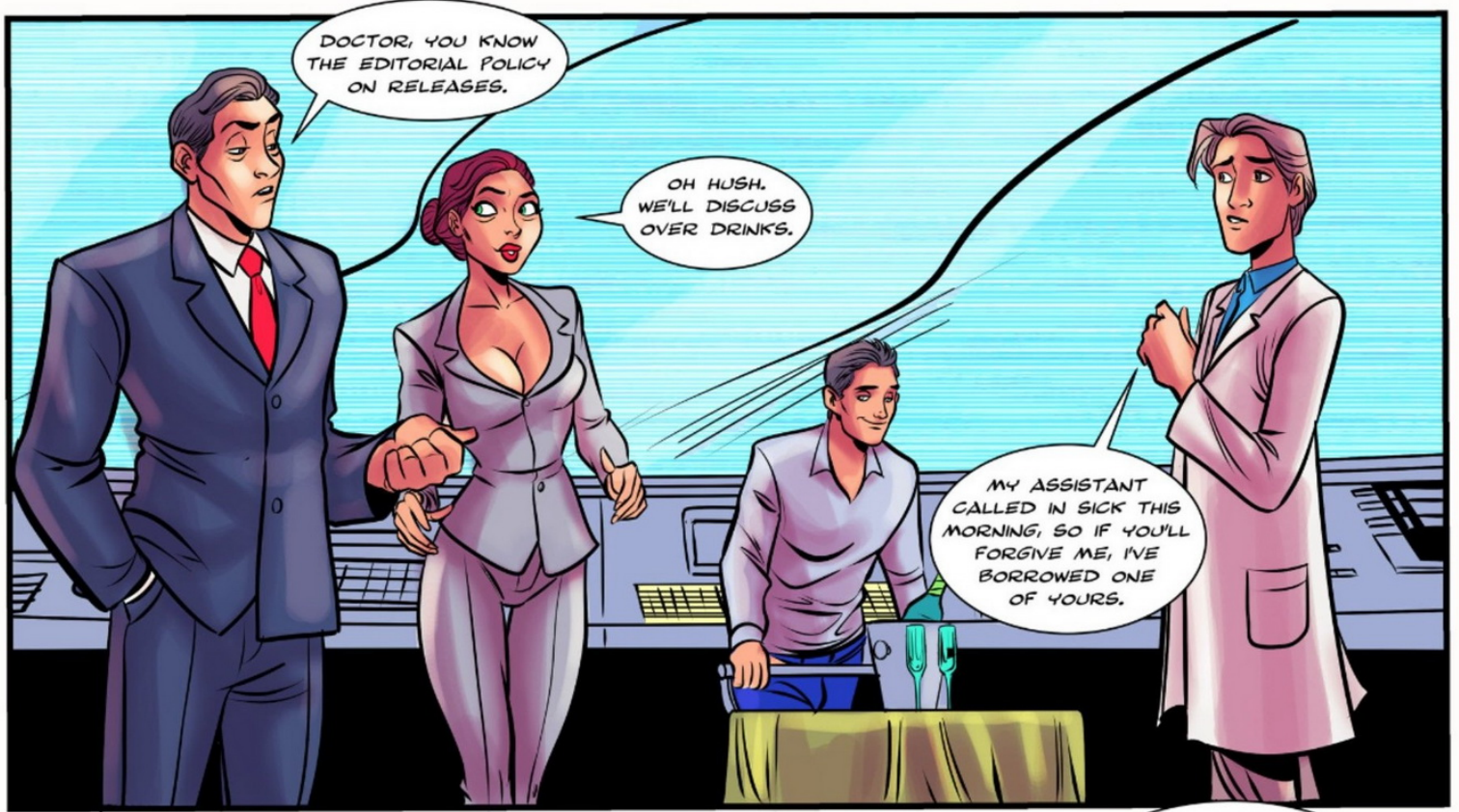
YES! BUT NOT  
THE BREAST  
EXPANSION,  
OF COURSE.

I DON'T HAVE A  
LIVE DEMONSTRATION,  
BUT IF YOU WILL TURN  
YOUR ATTENTION  
TO THE MONITOR.



NAME: BOGDAN  
WIŚNIEWSKI  
OCCUPATION:  
SERGEANT, UNITED  
STATES MARINE  
CORPS 1950-1968.  
PLANT MANAGER,  
HELLOGG'S  
1968-1997.

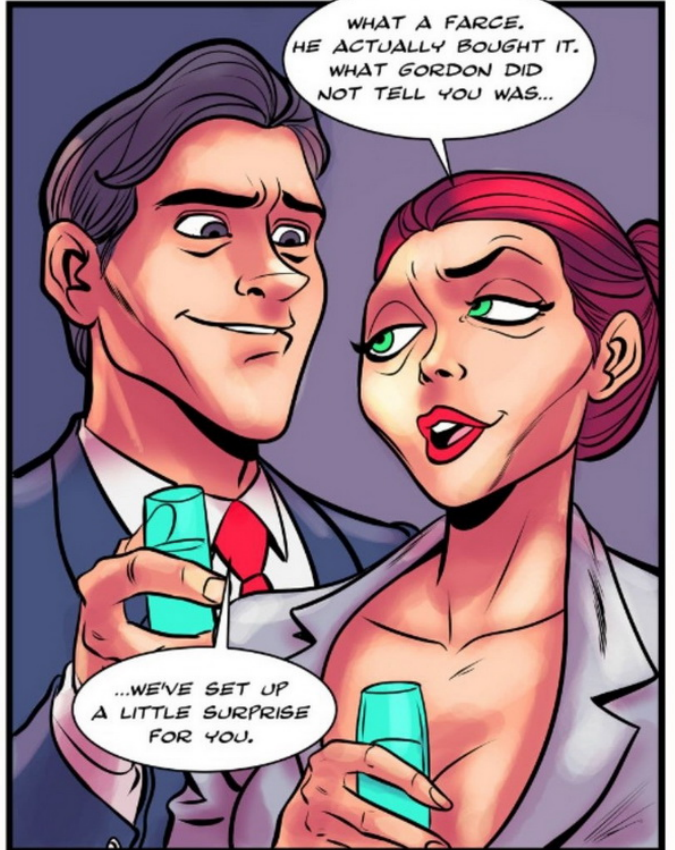




DOCTOR, YOU KNOW THE EDITORIAL POLICY ON RELEASES.

OH HUSH. WE'LL DISCUSS OVER DRINKS.

MY ASSISTANT CALLED IN SICK THIS MORNING, SO IF YOU'LL FORGIVE ME, I'VE BORROWED ONE OF YOURS.



WHAT A FARCE. HE ACTUALLY BOUGHT IT. WHAT GORDON DID NOT TELL YOU WAS...

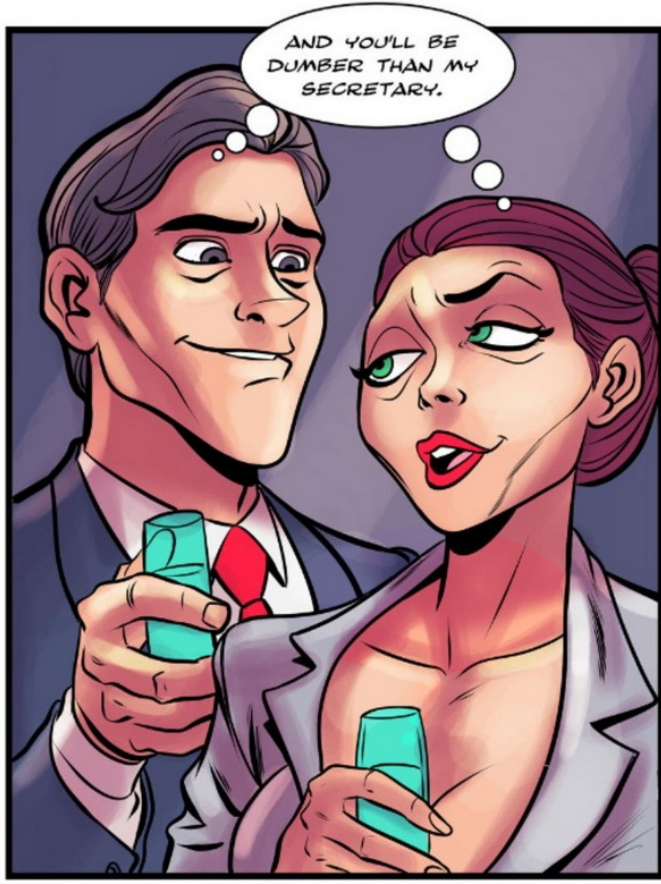
...WE'VE SET UP A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU.



I DRINK THE ONE WITH THE GREEN DOT...



...WITH THE RED DOT AND I'LL HAVE SOLE CONTROL OF THE COMPANY.



AND YOU'LL BE DUMBER THAN MY SECRETARY.



FOOLS. I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET ME PUBLISH, SO THIS TIME I PREPARED.

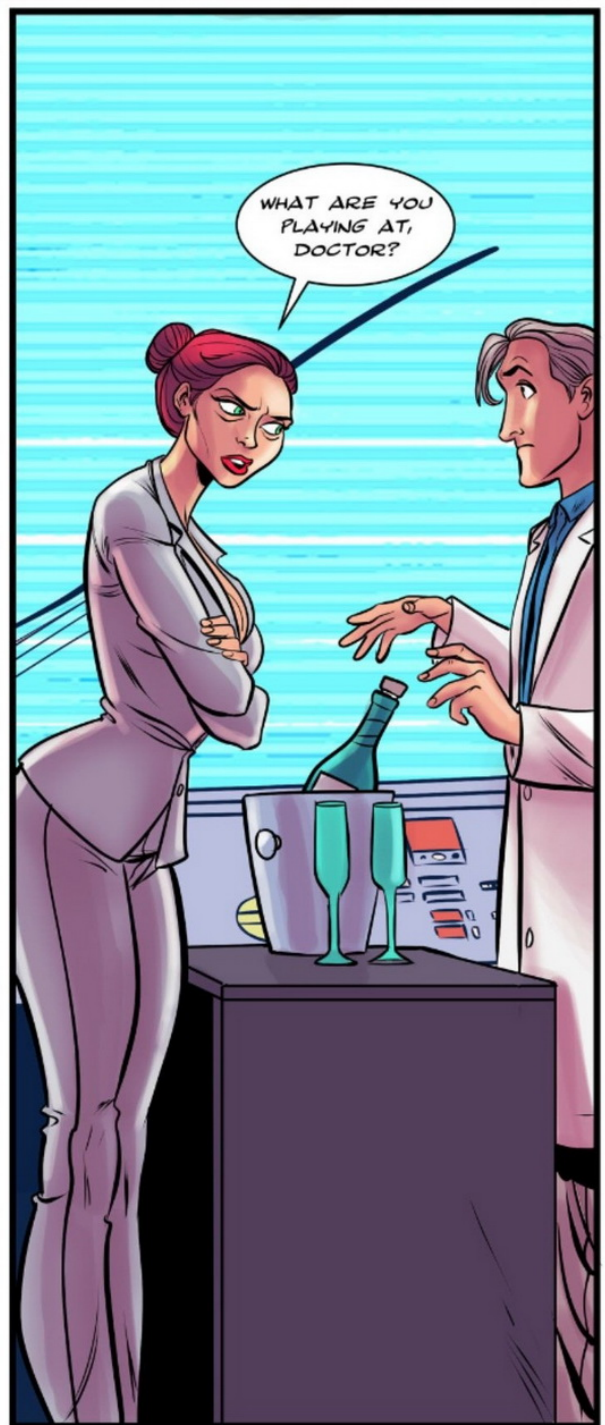


I HAVE TAINTED BOTH GLASSES.

A SHAME I'LL HAVE TO ELIMINATE GORDON, BUT HIS WORK HERE IS FINISHED.



MAYBE NOT SO MUCH OF A SHAME.



WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT, DOCTOR?



NICE. FROM THE PRIVATE STOCK?

LIKE THOSE RICH BASTARDS WILL NOTICE.

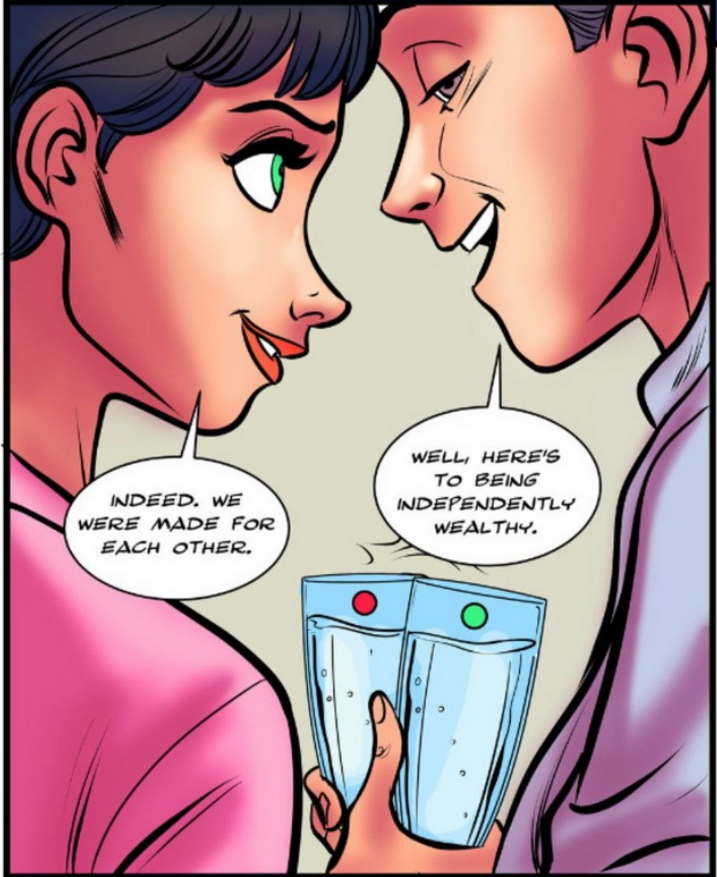
SOMEDAY THEY WILL. AFTER WE'RE GONE.

HA. WHEN I CHECKED THE BOOKS TO MAKE SURE I WOULDN'T GET CAUGHT AND FOUND YOU DOING THE EXACT SAME THING...



AND THEY WON'T EVEN KNOW WHO CLEANED THEM OUT. WE BOTH KNOW WHY WE WERE HIRED.

BUT IF WE HADN'T, WE NEVER WOULD HAVE MET.



INDEED. WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER.

WELL, HERE'S TO BEING INDEPENDENTLY WEALTHY.



AND THINK... THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE HIRING A PAIR OF BIMBOS.

# BIMBONIC

# PLAGUE



ISSUE  
#2

Author

**William Pratt**

Illustrations

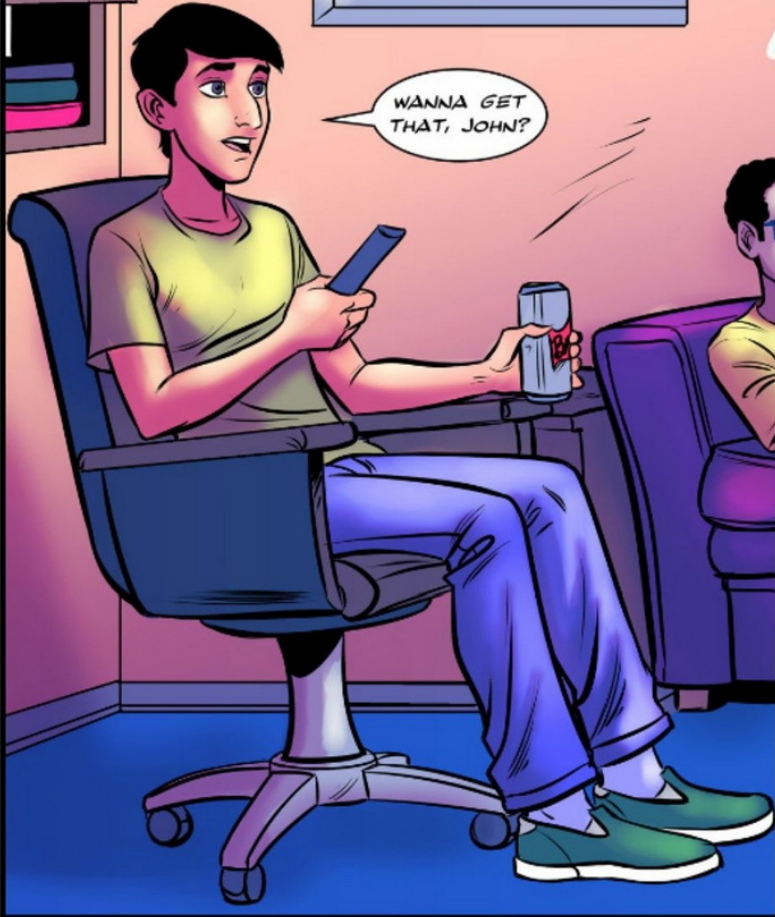
**J.J. McQuade**

 **BOTCOMICS**

I WAS AT HOME WATCHING A RERUN OF THE WALKING DEAD WHEN IT ACTUALLY FUCKING HAPPENED!

BA-DING-GA-DONG!

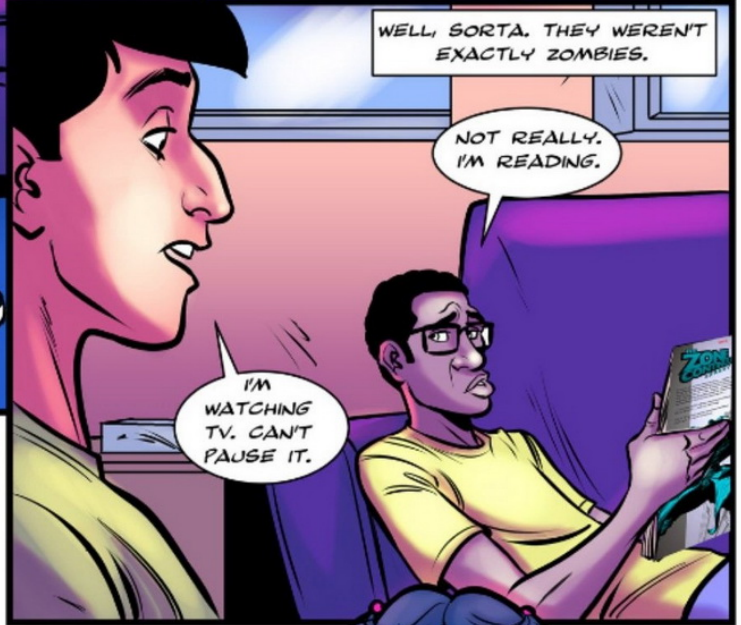
WANNA GET THAT, JOHN?



WELL, SORTA. THEY WEREN'T EXACTLY ZOMBIES.

NOT REALLY. I'M READING.

I'M WATCHING TV. CAN'T PAUSE IT.



HEY CARLIE.

I'M ASSUMING THIS MEANS YOU FORGOT.

FORGOT WHA—OH HHHHHH SHIT.



FIGURED.

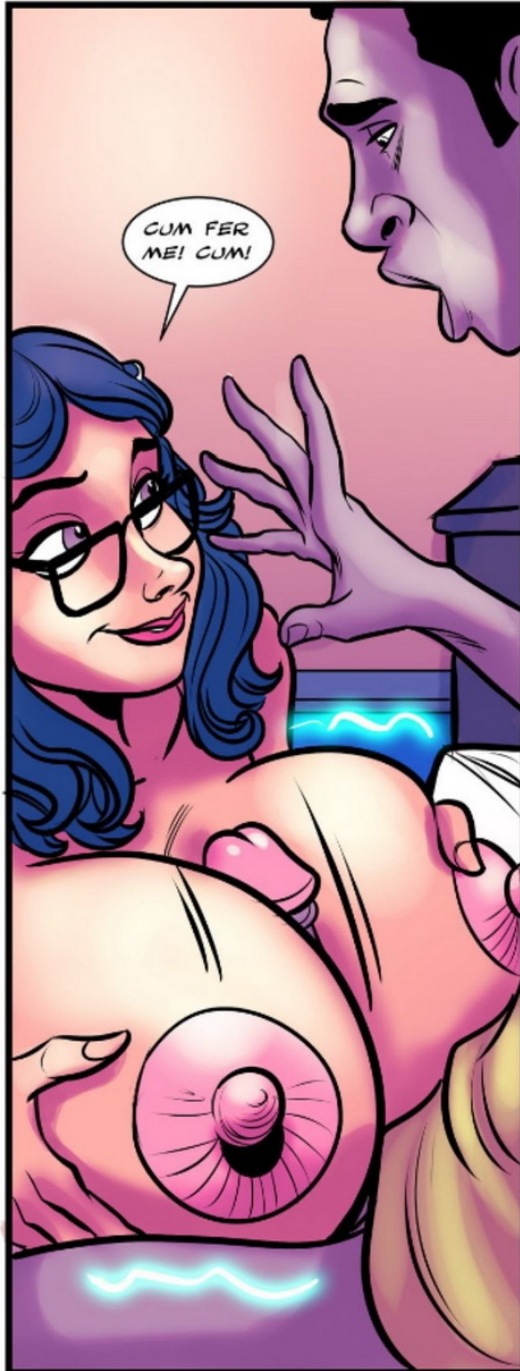
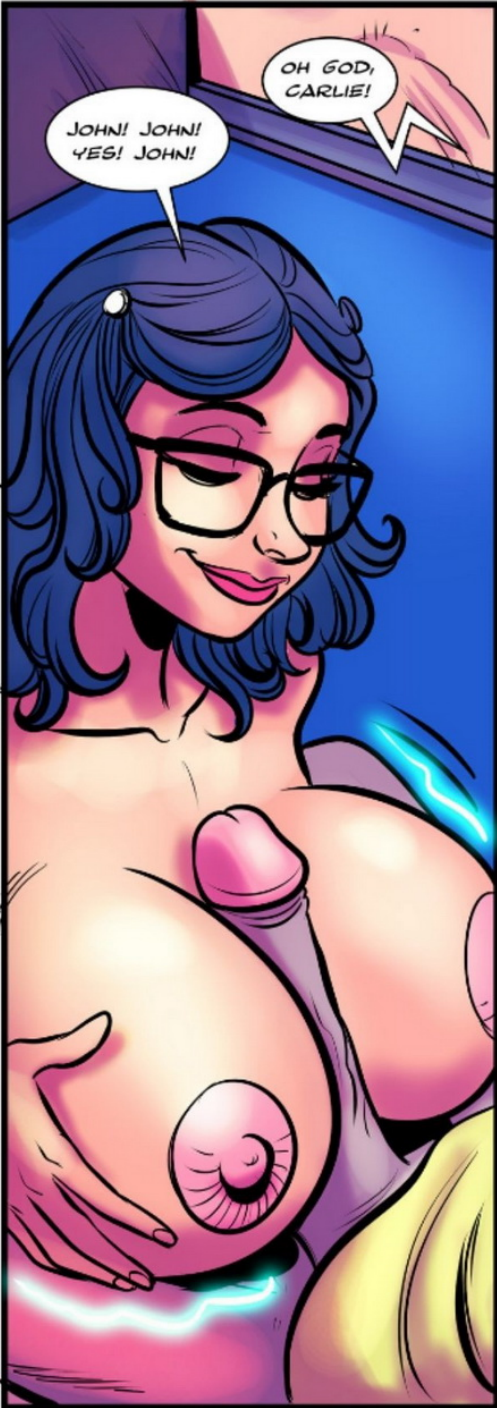
LEMME GET MY BOOKS.



YOU OK?

LITTLE TIRED. SO MANY CLASSES...







CARLIE, WOW!  
I DIDN'T KNOW  
YOU...

YOUR BOOBS  
ARE  
AMAZING!

GIMMIE A  
SEC TO RECOVER  
AND I'LL—



OMIGAWD, LIKE,  
FERGET TH'  
HOMEWORK!

GIGGLE! WE'RE, LIKE,  
SUPER SMART. WE C'N  
FUCK MORE AND DO  
STUPID HOMEWORK  
LATER!



UHHHHHGUH!



OH!



FFFFFFFUHHHHHHHK  
MEEEEEEEEEE!

HEY! CAN YOU  
KEEP IT DOWN  
IN THERE?



OHHHHH YER COCK'S GETTING' SOOOOOO BIG!

SO GOOD SO GOOD SO FUCKIN' GOOD!

JOHN AND CARLY HOOKING UP SORTA MADE SENSE.

BUT IT SOUNDED MORE LIKE THEY WERE FILMING A PORNO THAN HAVING SEX.



UH-HUH! UH-HUH! UH-HUH!

GUYS? YOU CAN KEEP DOING WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING. I'M UH, GOING OUT. FOR A, UH, WALK.

YEAHEA  
YEAHEA  
YEAHEA

AAAAHHH!

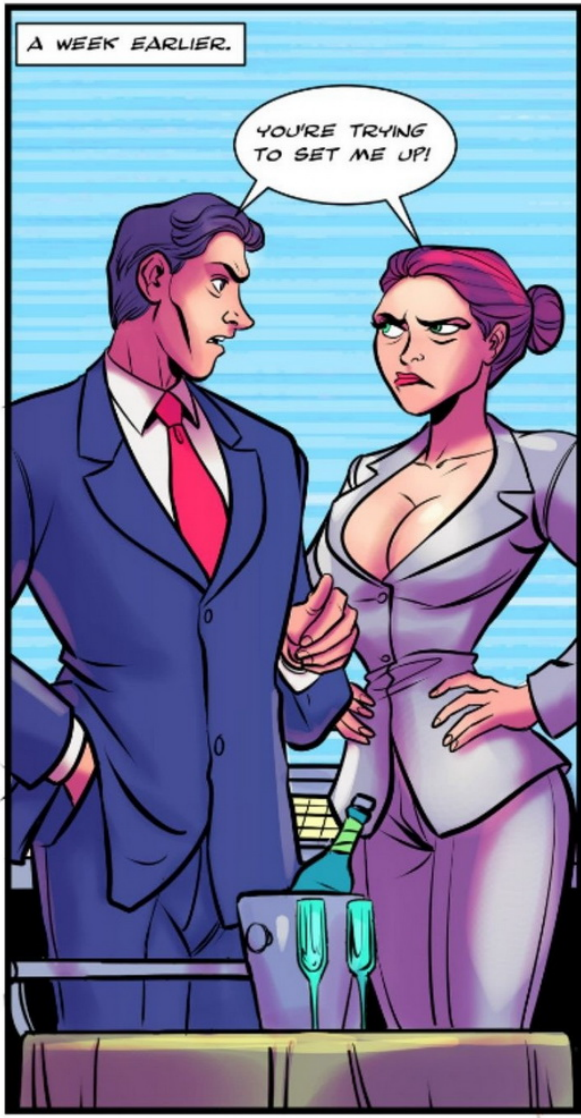
MAKE ME FEEL GOOD, JOHN! MAKE ME FEEL GOOD!

WHY DON'T IT FEEL GOOD NO MORE?



BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL A LOT LATER THAT I FOUND OUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.

THAT THE WORLD HAD ACTUALLY COME TO AN END...

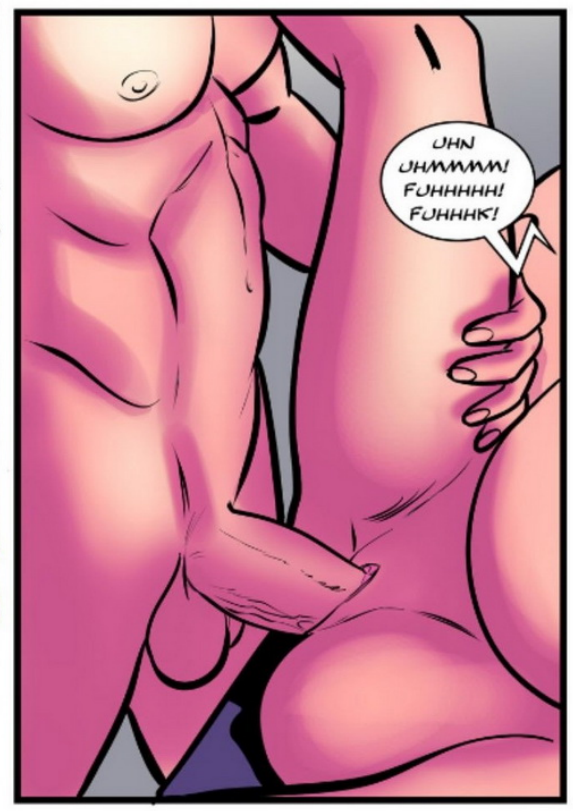






SLURP!  
SLOBBER!

YESSSS YESSS!  
GIGGLE! SUCK  
MY TITTIES!



UHN  
UHHMMMM!  
FUHHHHH!  
FUHHHK!



UH!  
UHHNNHHHH!

GRRRRRH!  
GJUURRH!



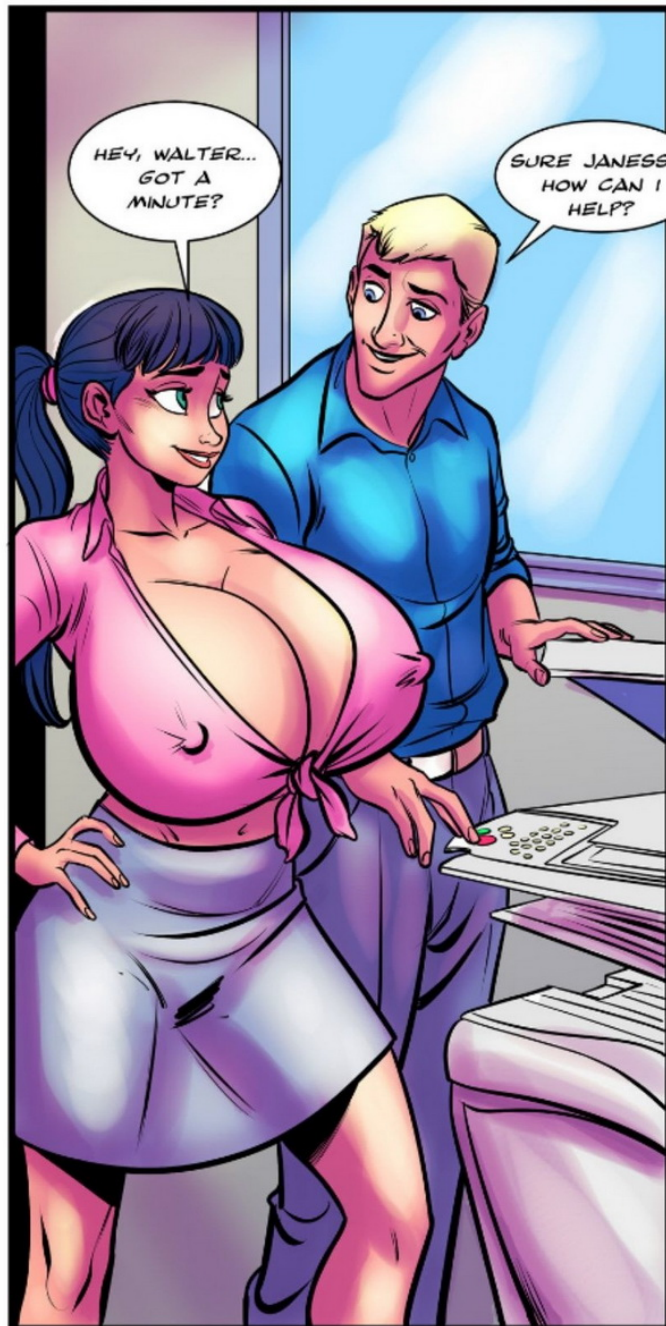
FUCK! FUHHHK!  
FUHHHHHK!

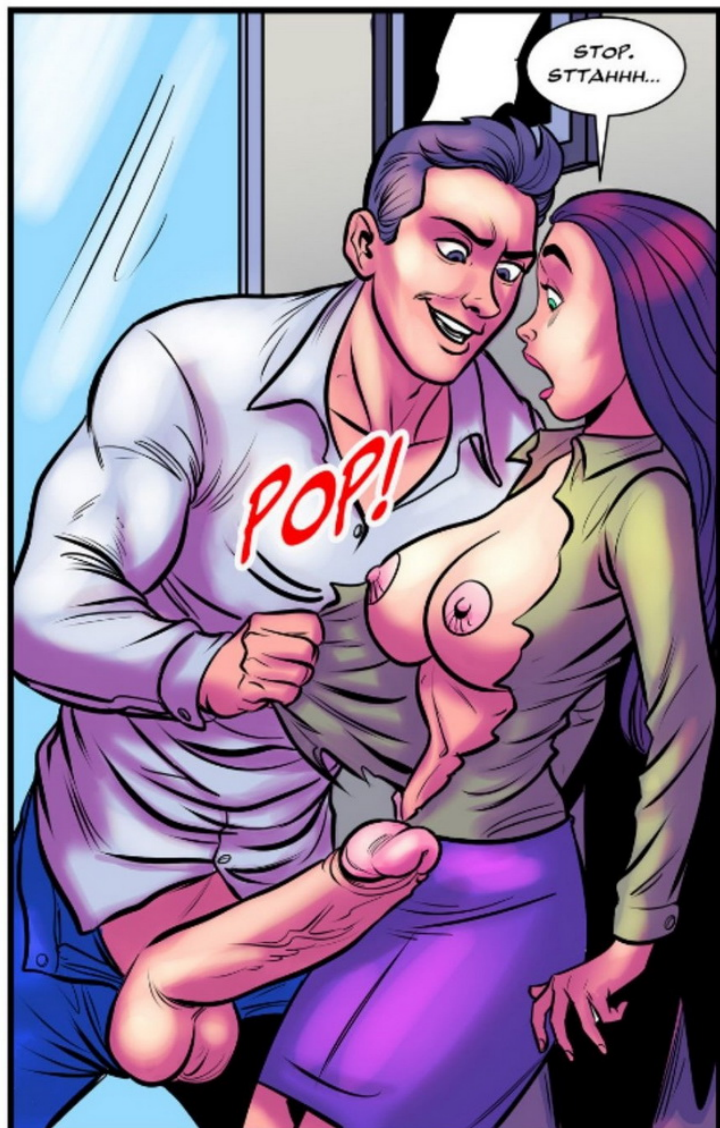
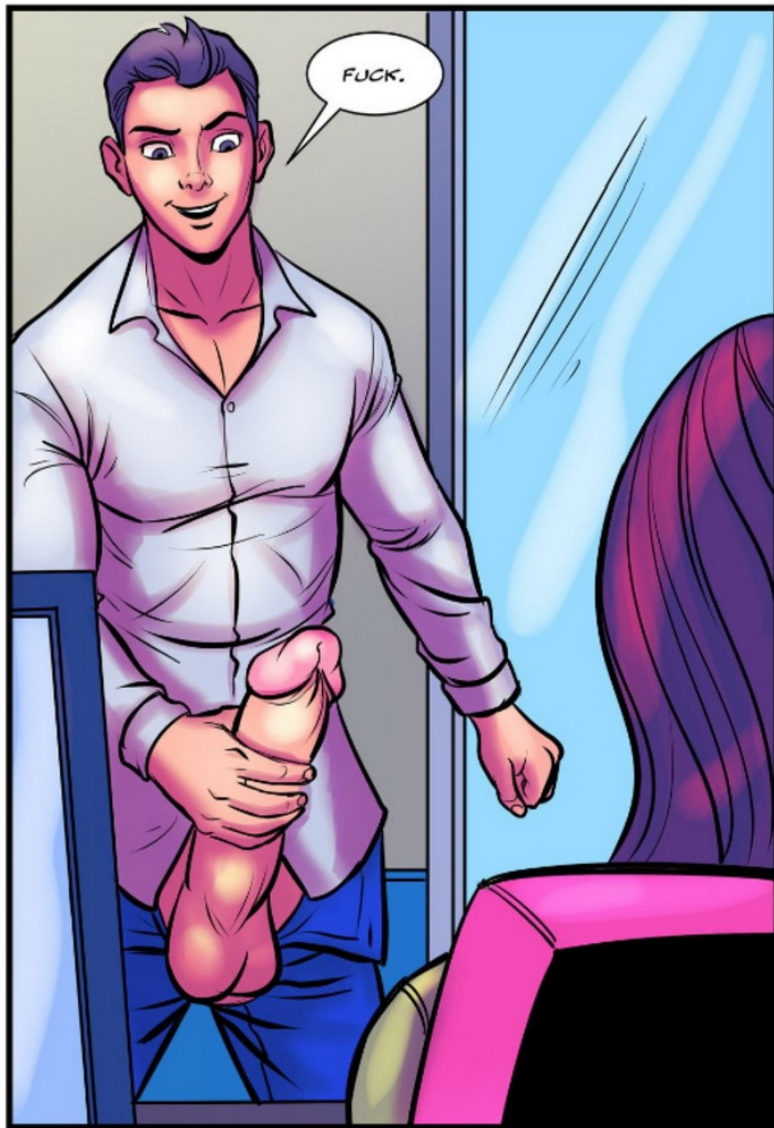
HARDER! FASTER!  
ANYTHING! PLEEEEEASE!  
I NEED... I NEED  
TO COME!

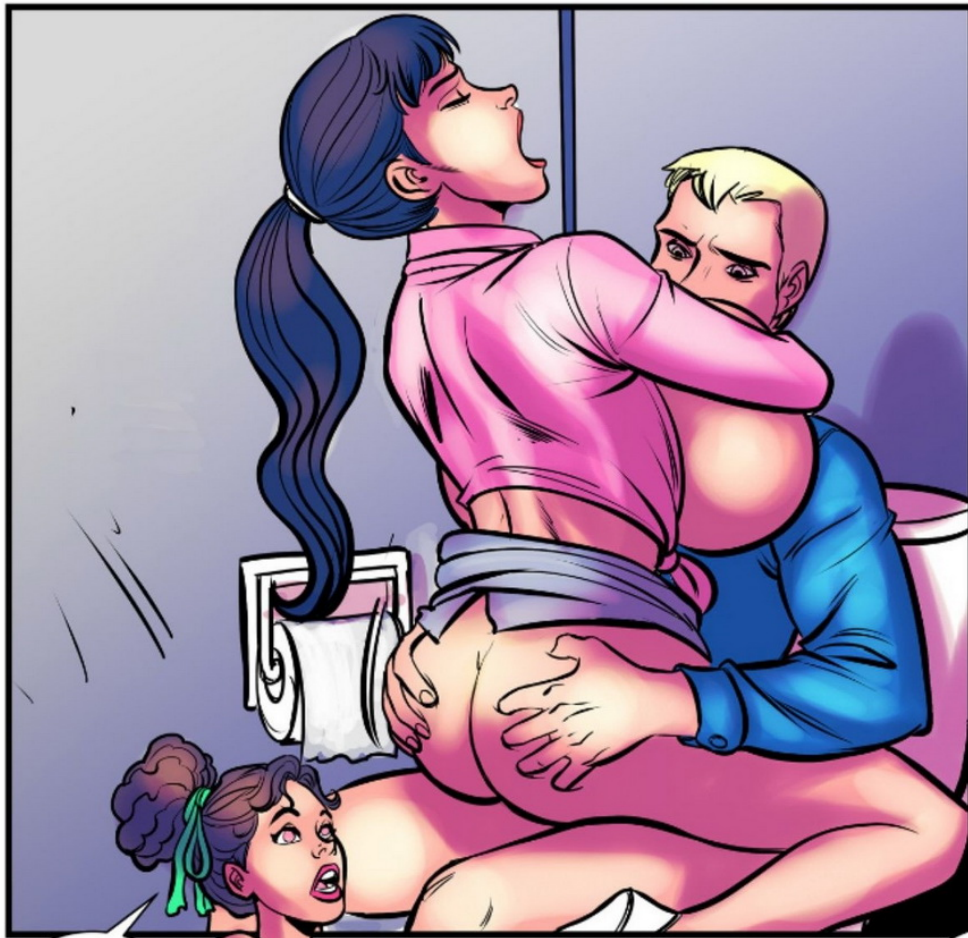


LIKE, DON'T  
GET THIS WRONG,  
I'M TOTALLY  
HORNY, BUT...

DON'T  
FEEL RIGHT.







COHHHK...

HORRRRNEEEEEEY...

FUKHHHK  
MEEE...

CUMMMMMMMMMMM!

YEAH. EVERYTHING TURNED OUT JUST FINE, ALRIGHT.

# BIMBONIC

# PLAGUE



ISSUE  
#3

Author

**William Pratt**

Illustrations

**J.J. McQuade**



OK. SO NOBODY'S PERFECT. WE ALL NEED A BIT OF CONCEALER.



WHEN MJESSICA98 WENT VIRAL IT CAUGHT SERIOUS MEDIA ATTENTION.



OOOOOOOH!



WHOA. DUNNO WHAT THAT WAS.

GIGGLE. FELT KINDA GOOD.

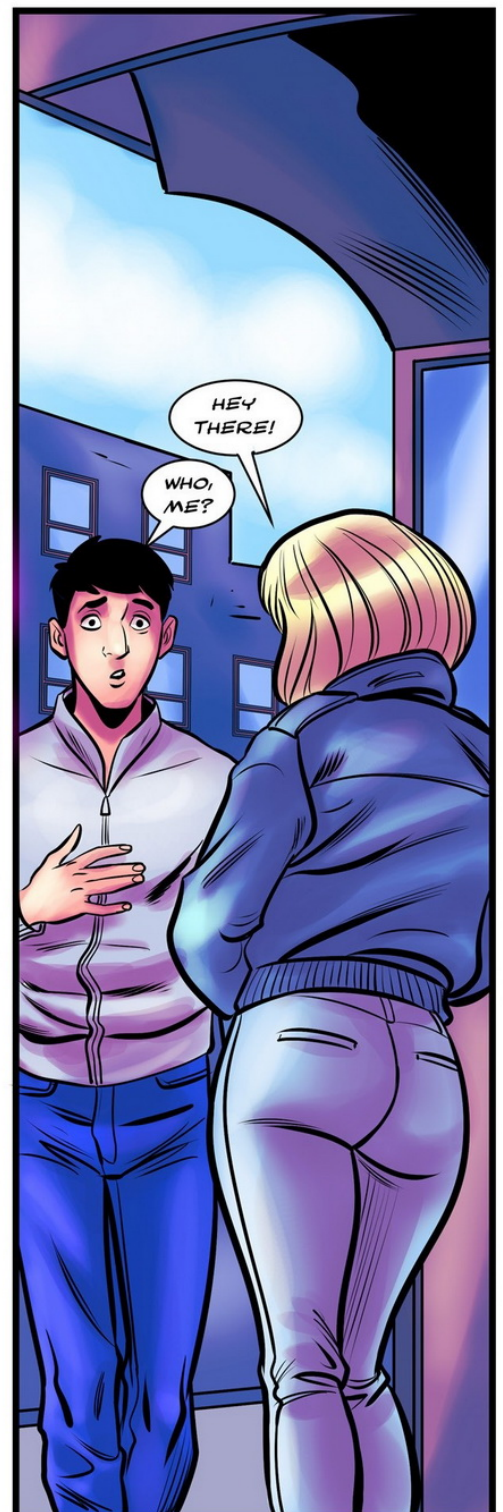
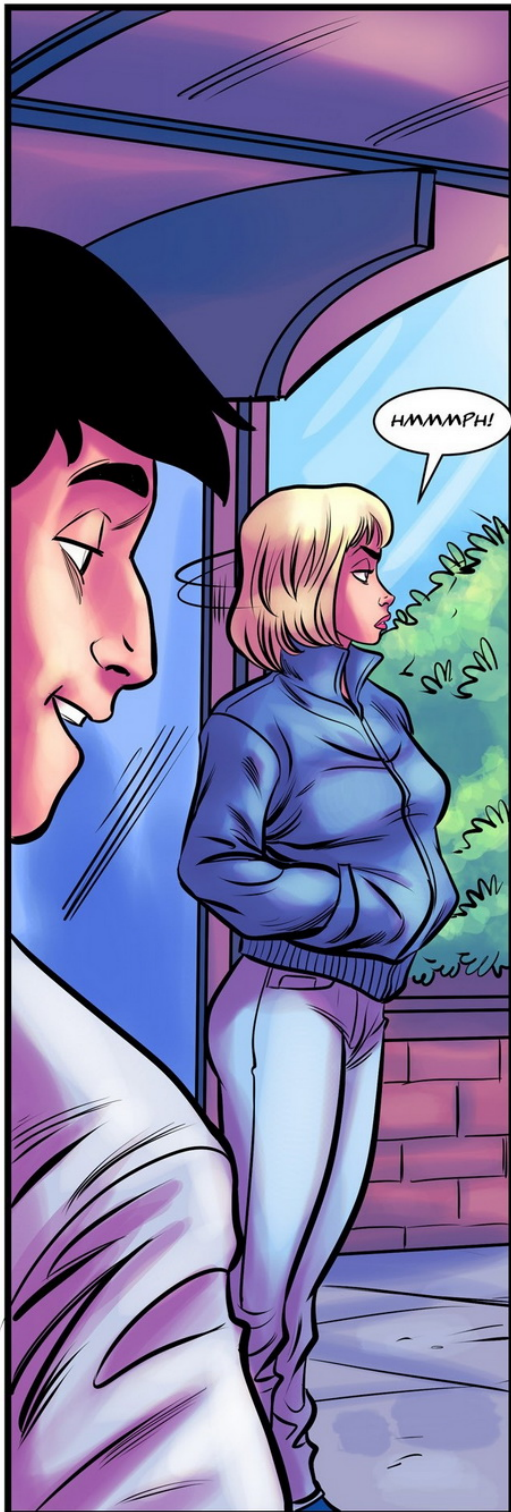
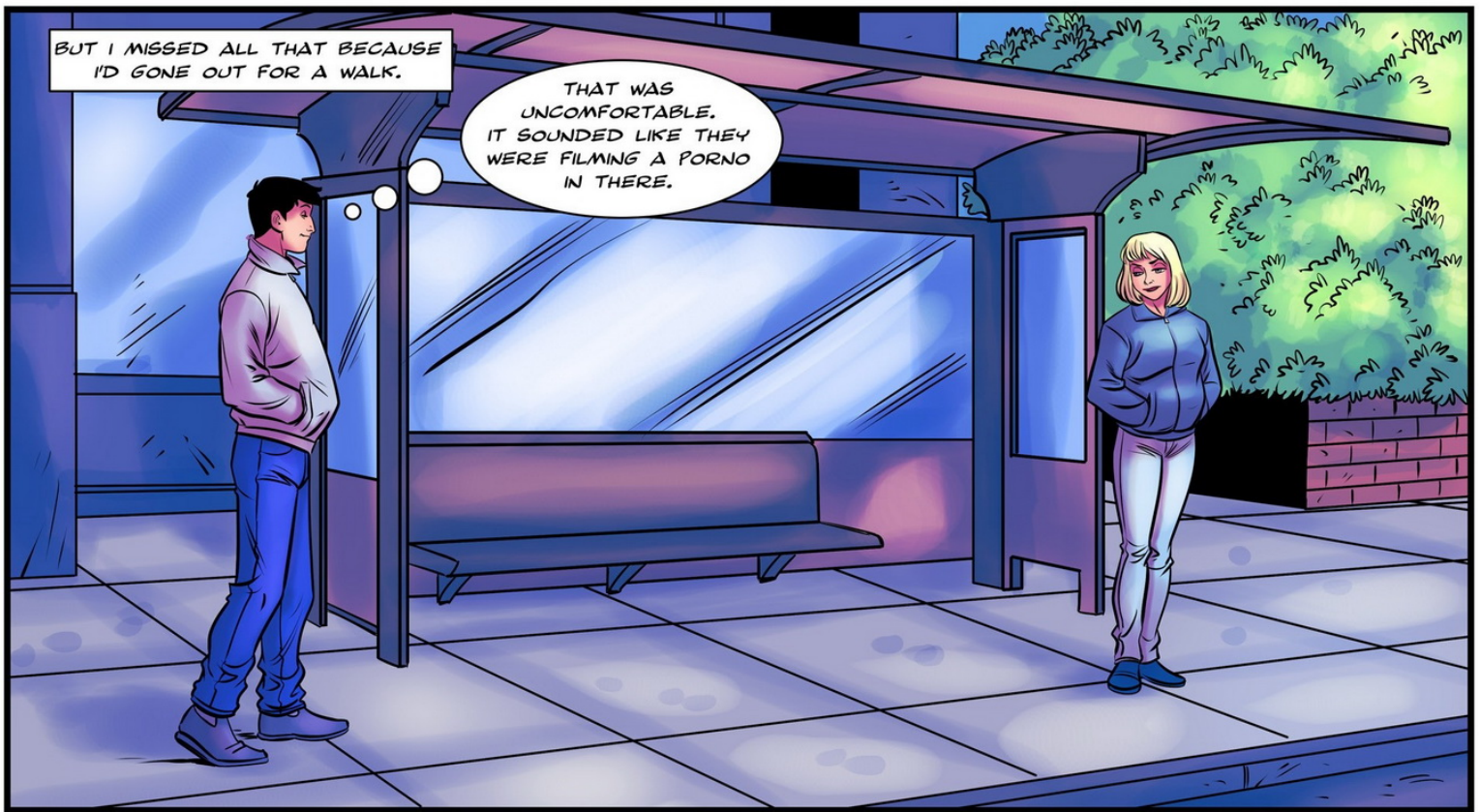


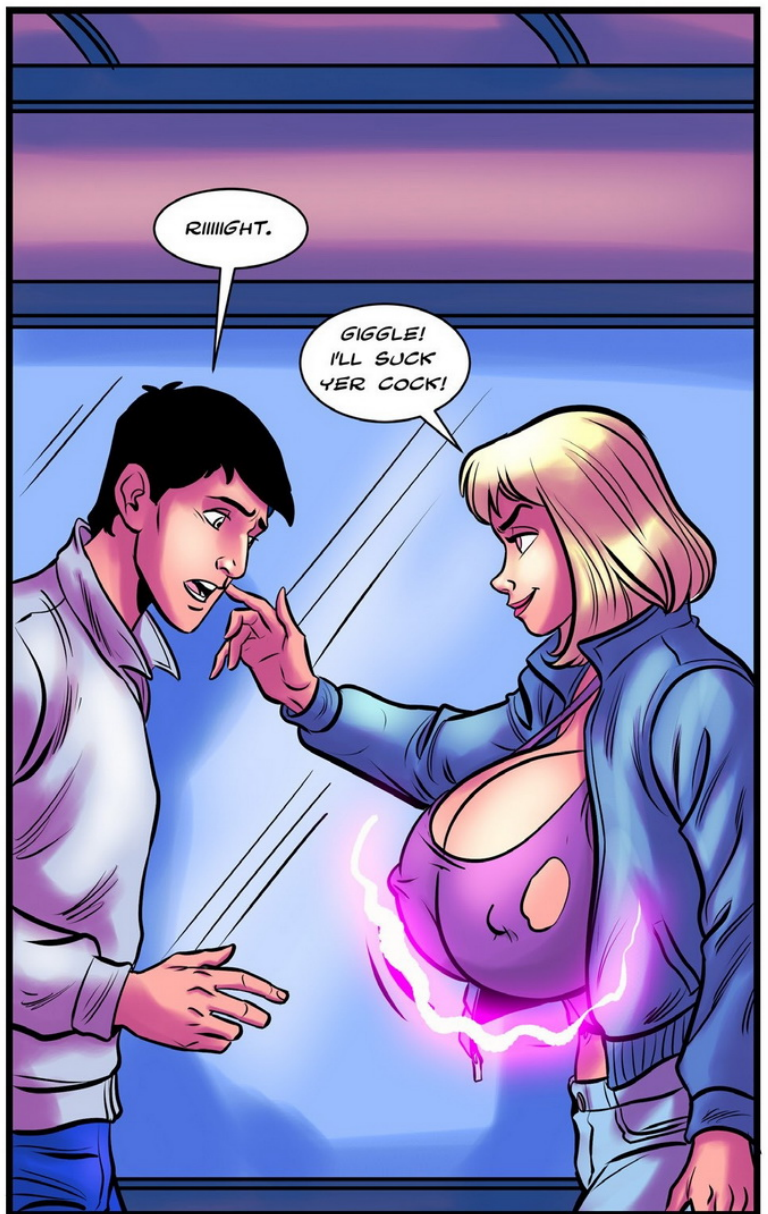
WHA...? WHAT'S GOING ON?



LIKE, OMIGOD! GIGGLE! I C'N BREATHE AGAIN! TEE-HEE!

AREN'T THESE AMAZIN'? I GOTS TITS!







I WAS MORE CONFUSED THAN SCARED. THE BACK OF MY BRAIN KEPT ME RUNNING, BUT THE FRONT WAS ON THE JOB FIGURING OUT WHAT TO DO NEXT.



FUHHHK!  
NEED FUHK!

THIS IS WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND FOR ME?

ELIOT IS MORE BEAST THAN MAN NOW, COMPLETELY RULED BY THE NEED TO PROCREATE.



HARDLY. THAT IS A NIGHTMARE SCENARIO.



FIND A WAY TO FIX THIS. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW HARD IT IS TO MAKE A SOCIALLY-CONNECTED MAN DISAPPEAR?

TELL ME, DOCTOR, HOW SOCIALLY CONNECTED ARE YOU?



YOU ARE BEING IRRATIONAL. DR. GORDON IS GOING TO FIX THIS.

ISN'T HE, DOCTOR?

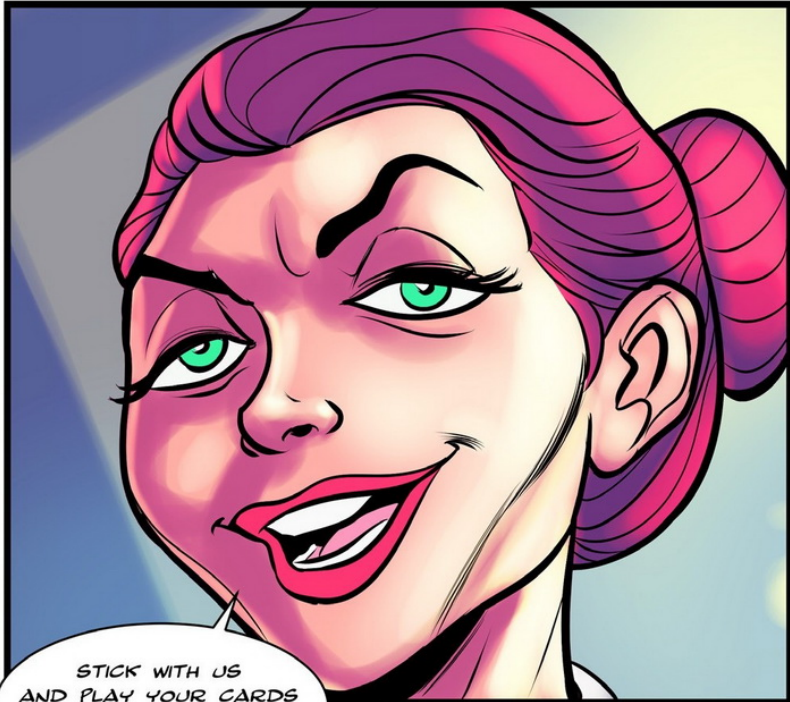


IF YOU CAN TURN DOWN THAT SEXUAL AGGRESSION, I'M SURE WE CAN FIND A USE FOR THIS MAN AND OTHERS LIKE HIM.

LABOURERS, FOR EXAMPLE.

SUPER SOLDIERS.

YOU ARE A LUCKY MAN GORDON.

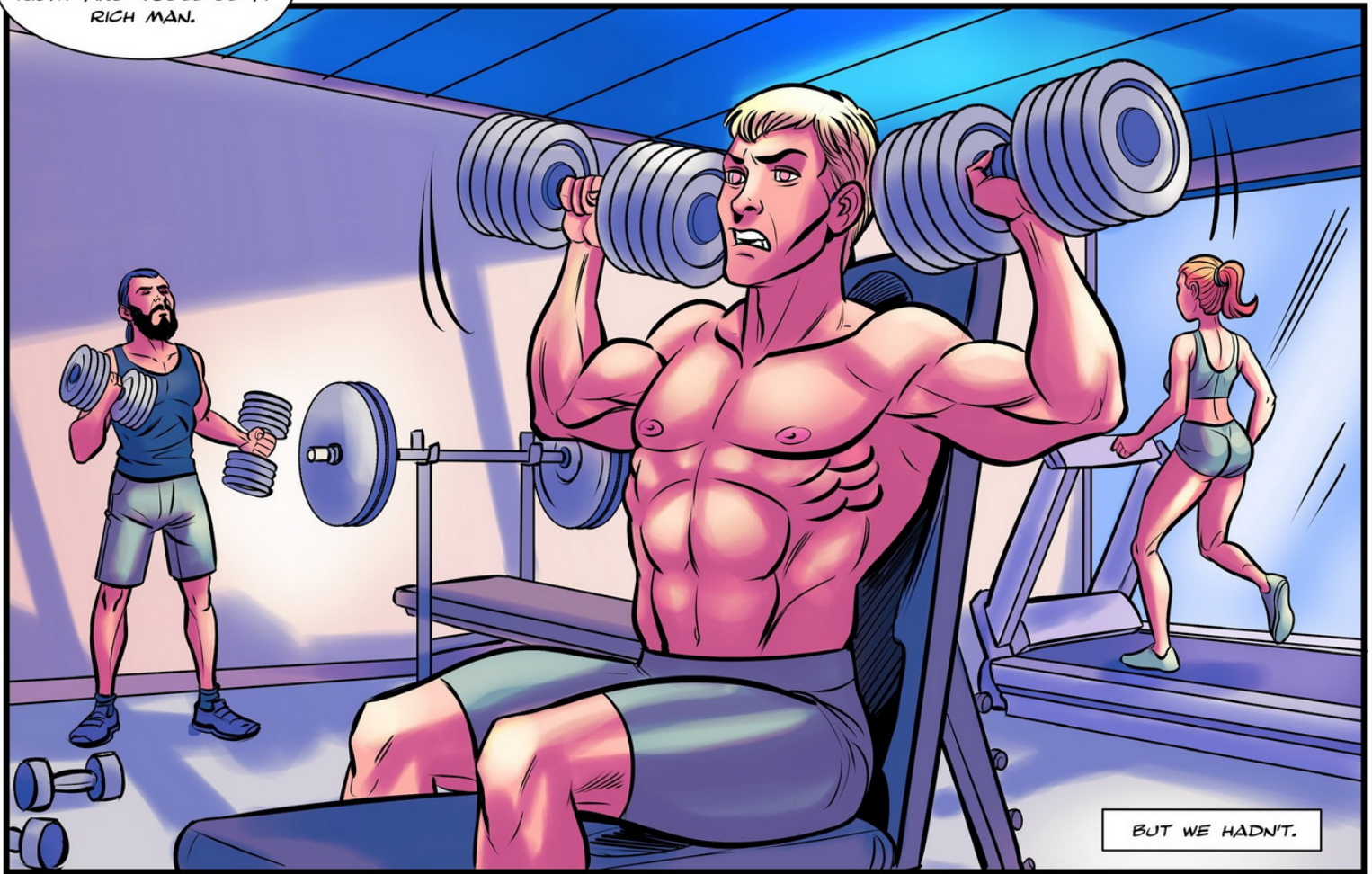


STICK WITH US AND PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT AND YOU'LL BE A RICH MAN.

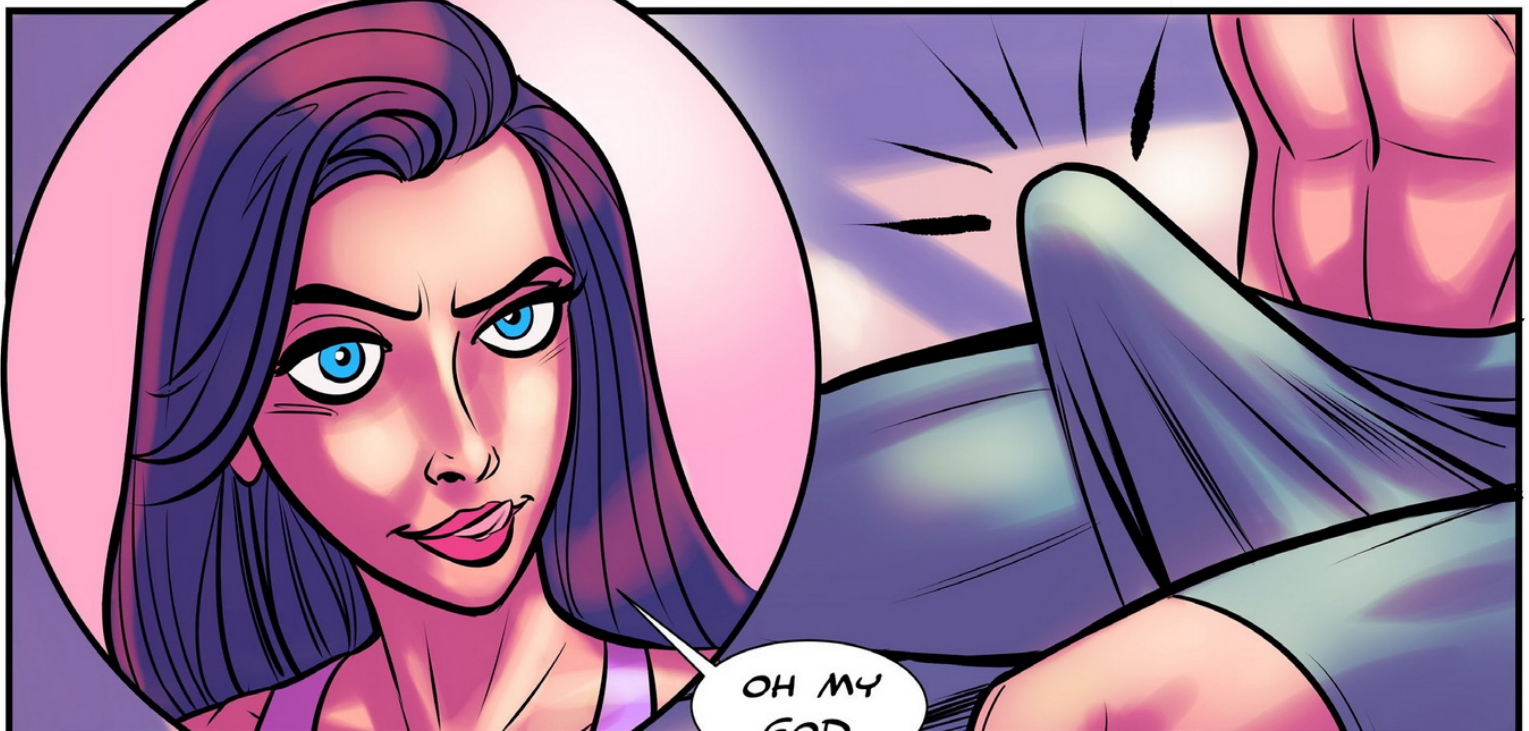
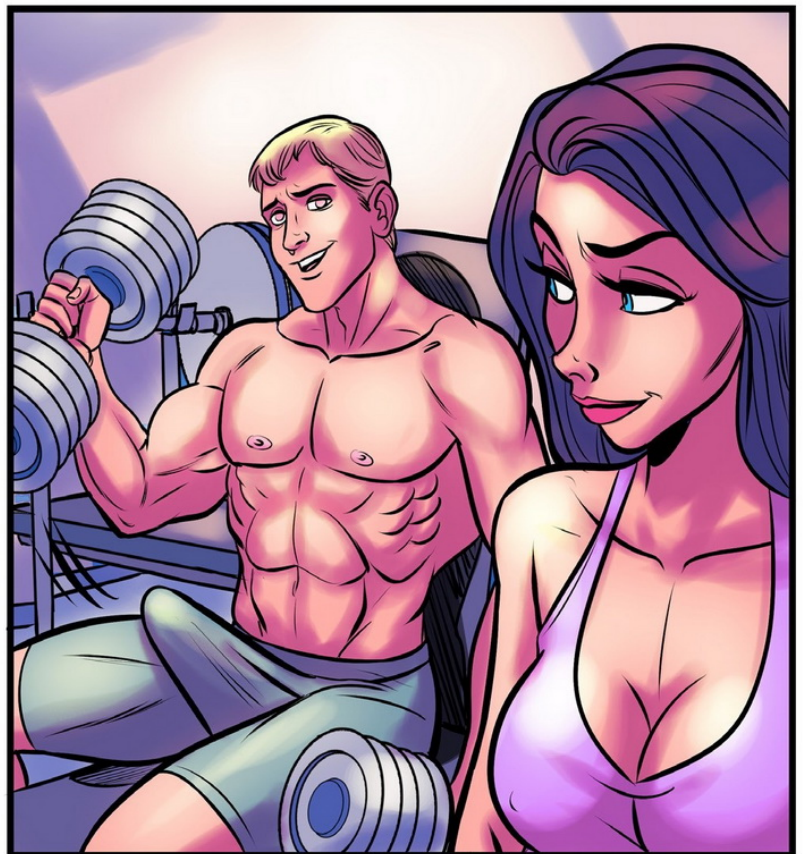
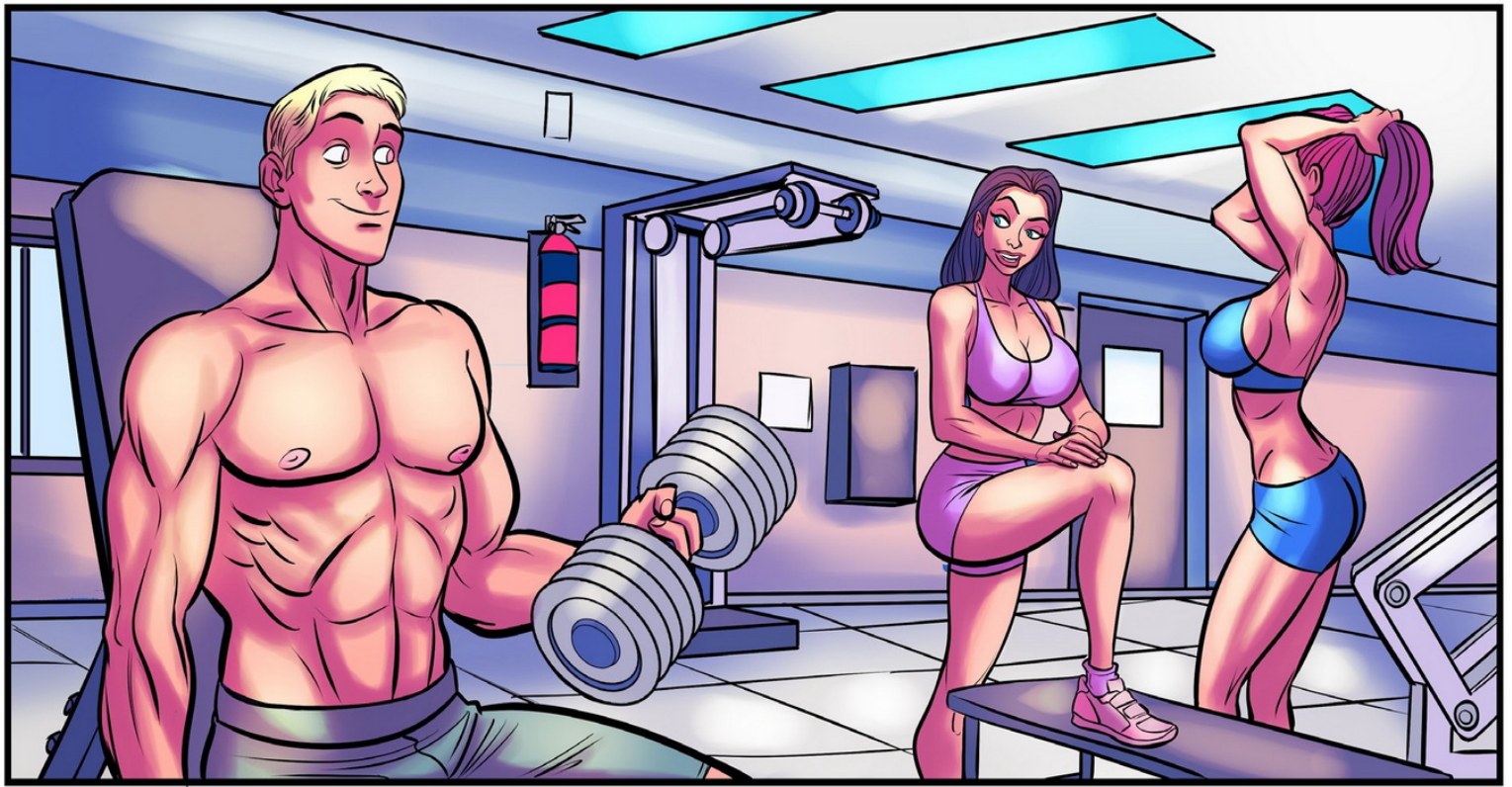


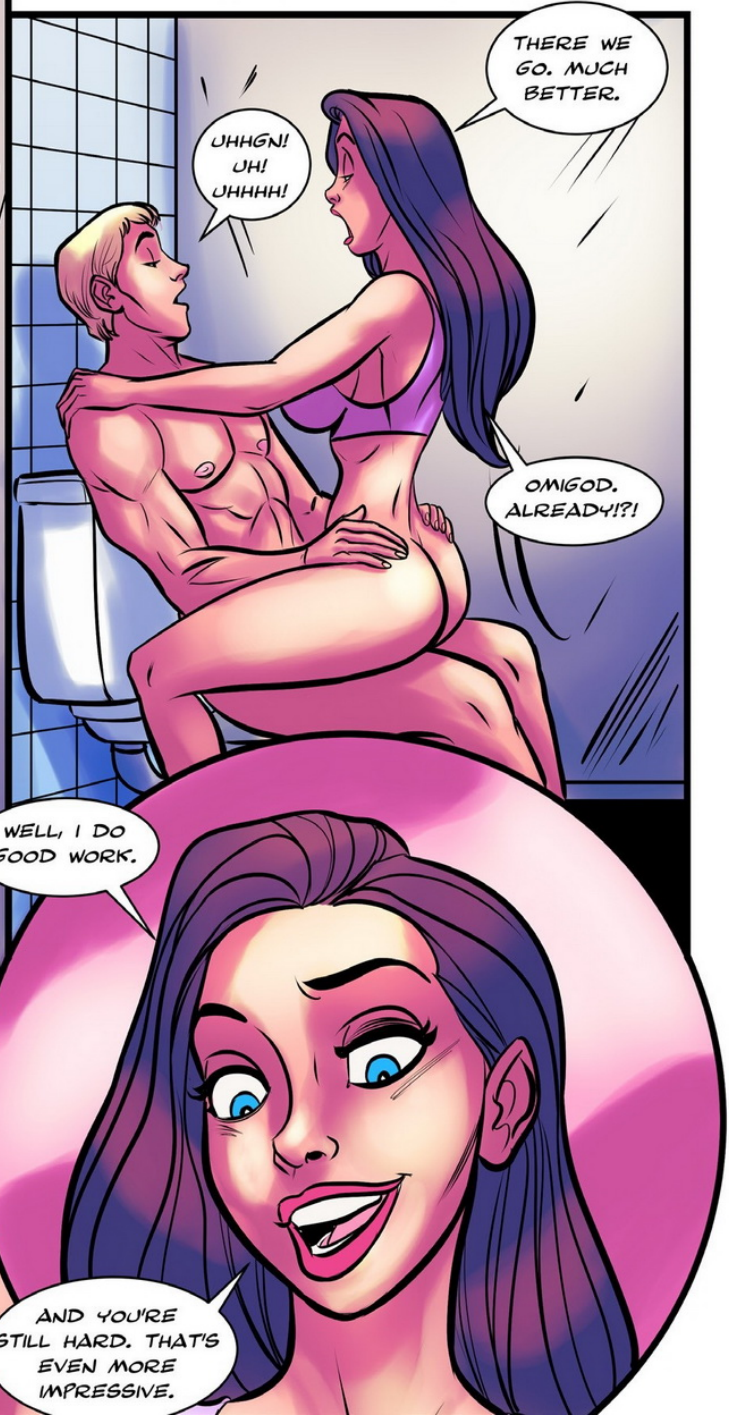
THERE IS NO MONEY TO BE MADE FROM THIS!

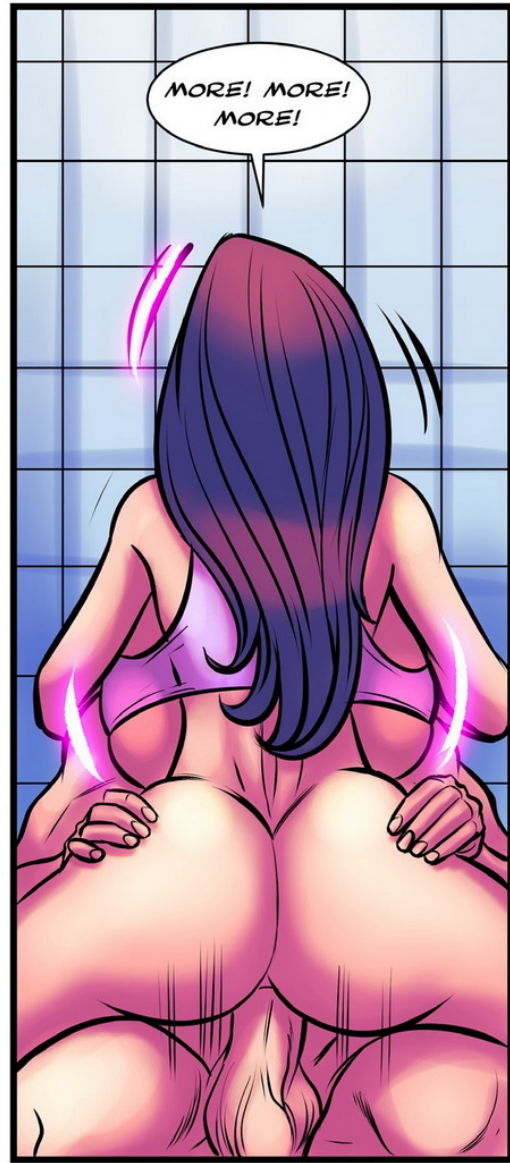
WE'RE LUCKY WE CAUGHT IT BEFORE IT SPREAD!

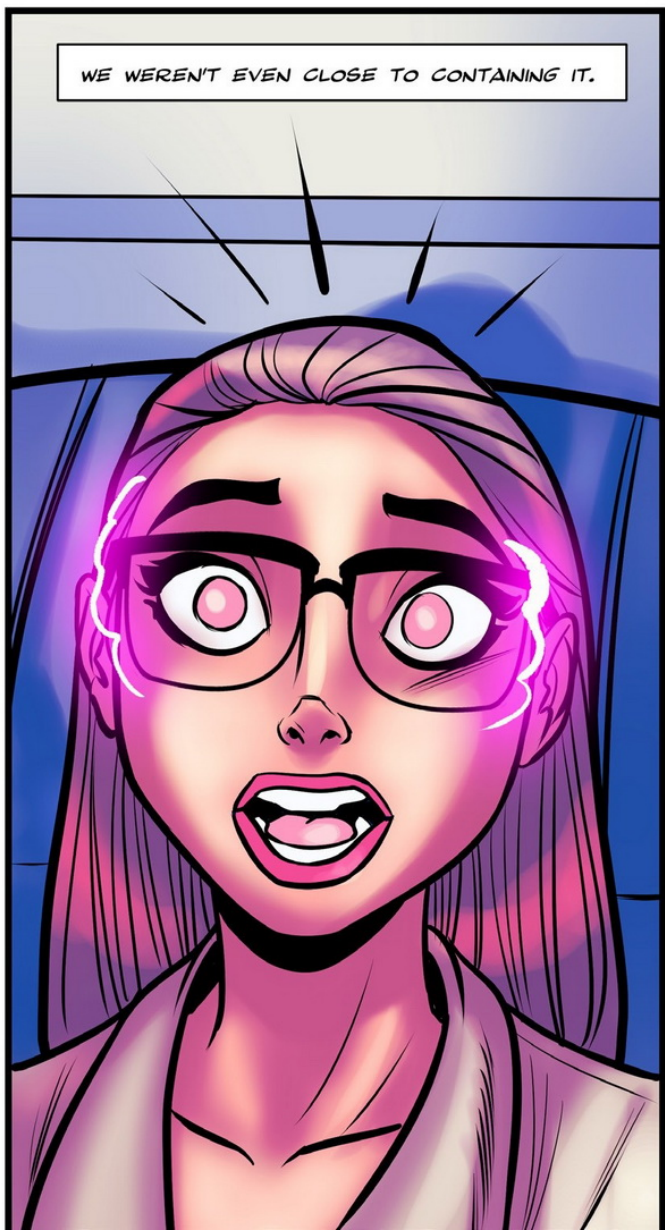


BUT WE HADN'T.









# BIMBONIC

# PLAGUE



ISSUE  
#4

Author

**William Pratt**

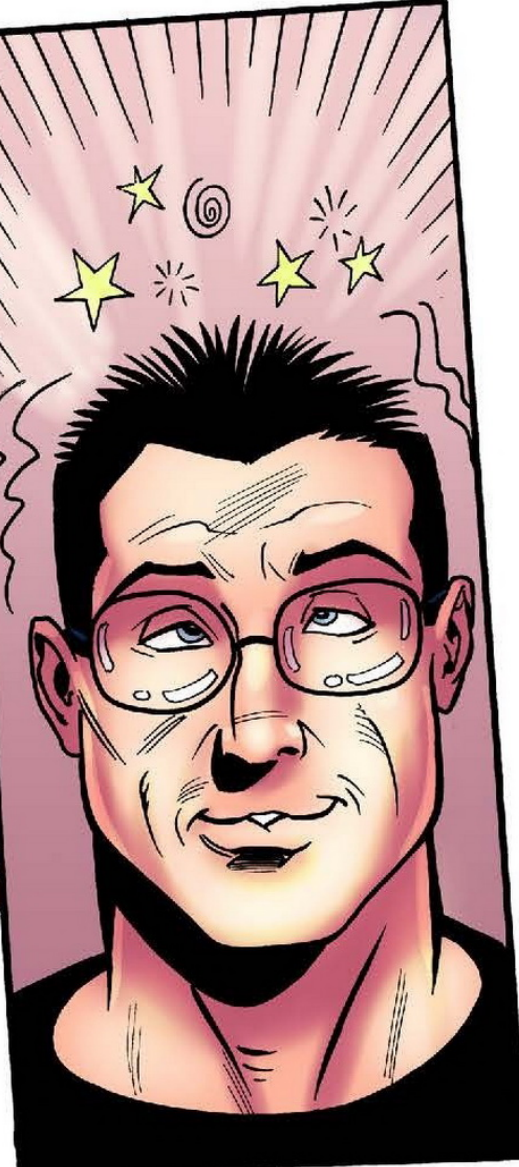
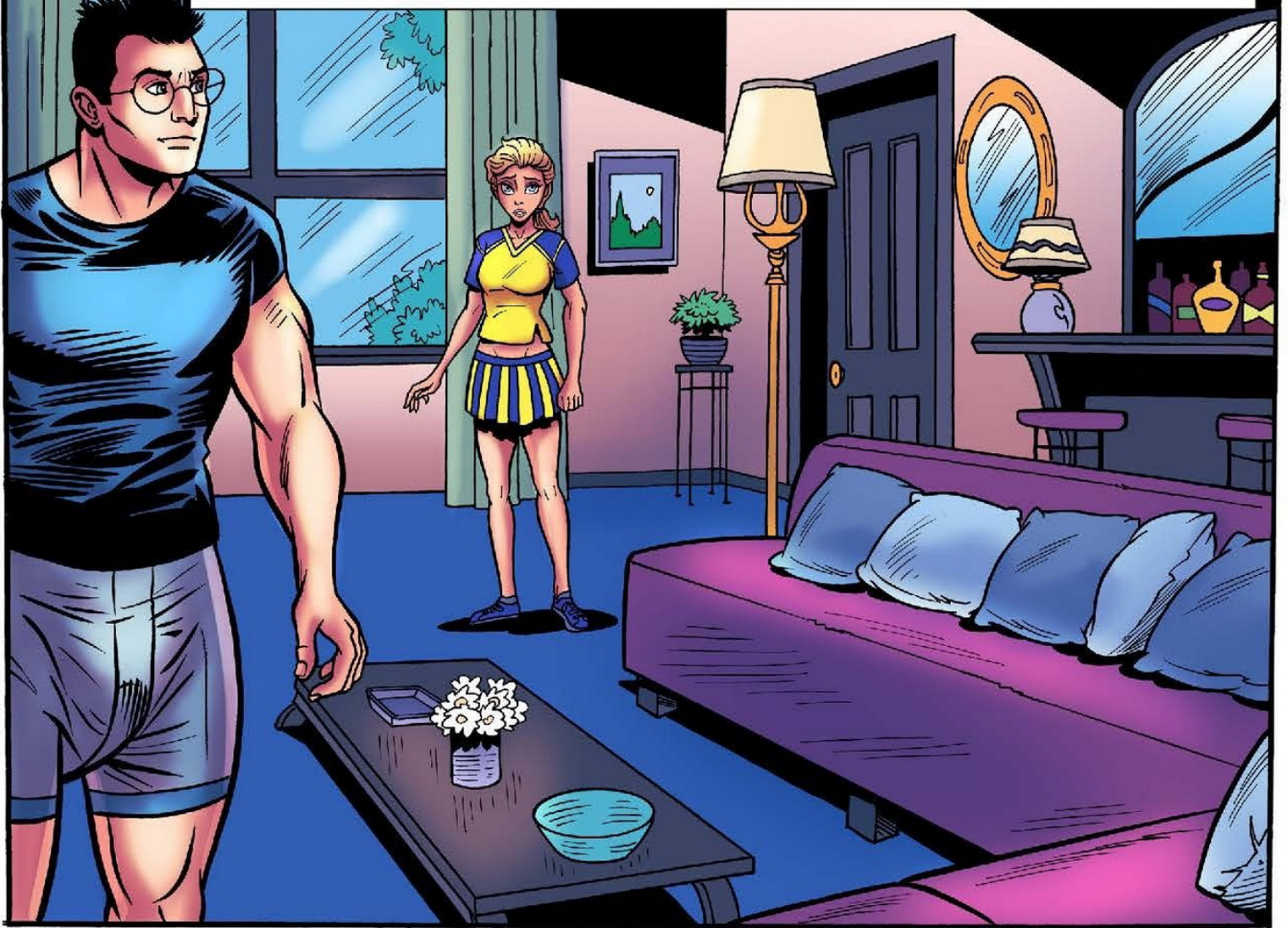
Illustrations

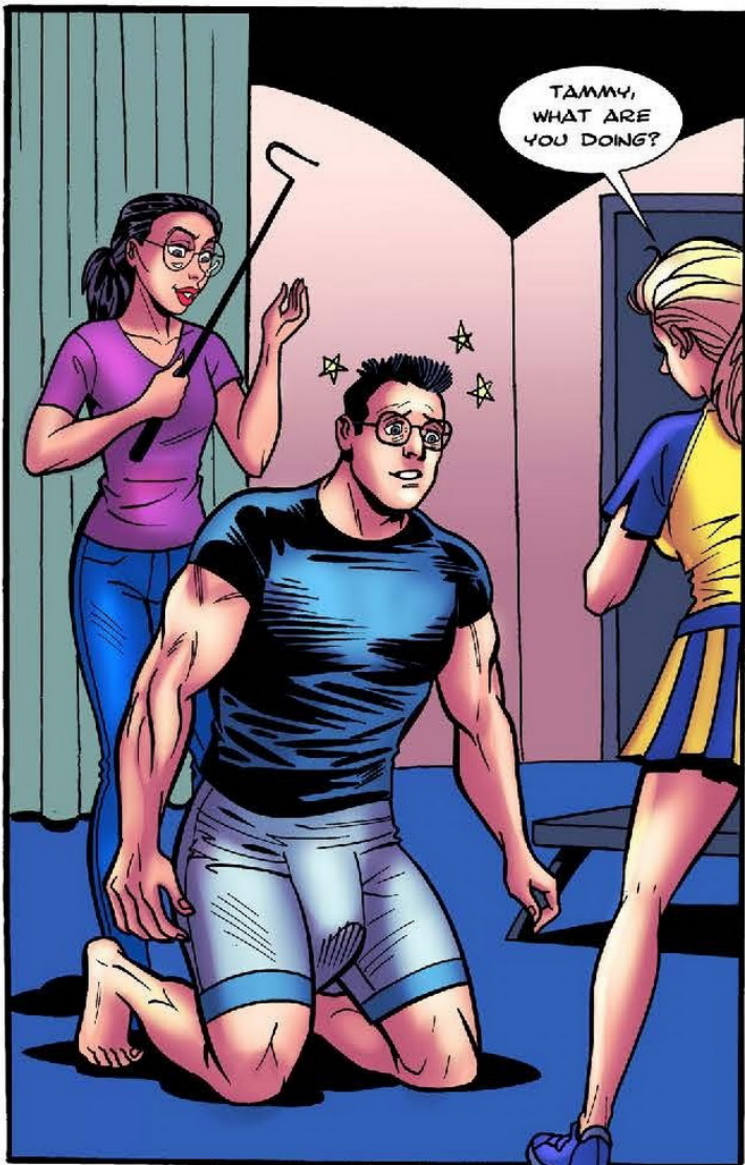
**J.J. McQuade**



**BOTCOMICS**

BUT HOW DID THEY GET TAMMY? SHE'S THE SMART ONE. SHE KEPT US ALL SAFE WHEN IT WENT DOWN.





TAMMY,  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?



HARDLY. I  
BROKE A CAST-IRON  
FRYING PAN TAKING  
DOWN THE LAST ONE.

KRO!



C'MON.  
WE'RE BEING  
OVERRUN BY THE  
MU MUS FROM  
NEXT DOOR.

THE MU-MUS?  
NO WAY. THAT GUY'S  
NO MU. MORE LIKE  
ONE OF THE ALPHA  
MAILAS.



THAT'S HOWE  
BEST. YOU CAN  
TELL BY THE D&D  
SHIRT AND THE  
GLASSES.

THE FAT  
GUY WHO KEEPS  
ASKING YOU OUT?  
NO. NO. NO. THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE

BOOBIES?

THERE'S GOING  
TO BE A RATIONAL  
EXPLANATION FOR  
THIS. BUT FOR NOW,  
WE GOTTA STAY A  
STEP AHEAD AND  
STAY ALIVE.

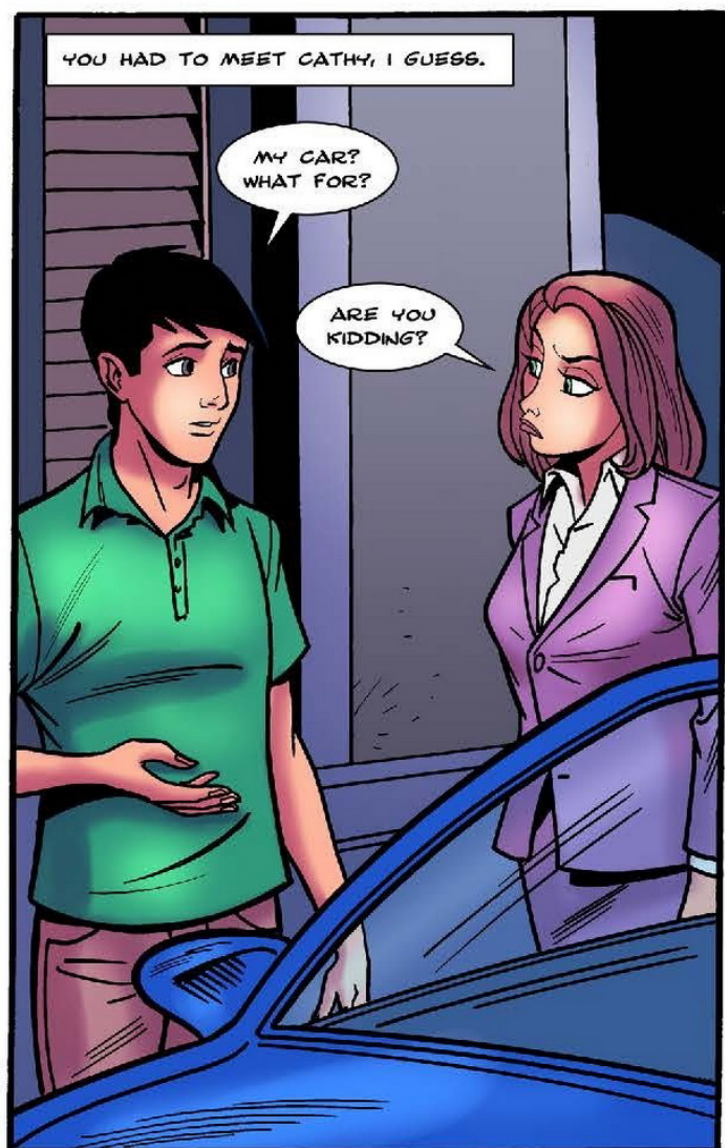
TUC!



SHE DIDN'T SLEEP WITH ANYBODY!

I THINK IT'S JUST EASIER TO CATCH WITH SEX.

HOW DO YOU FIGURE?



YOU HAD TO MEET CATHY, I GUESS.

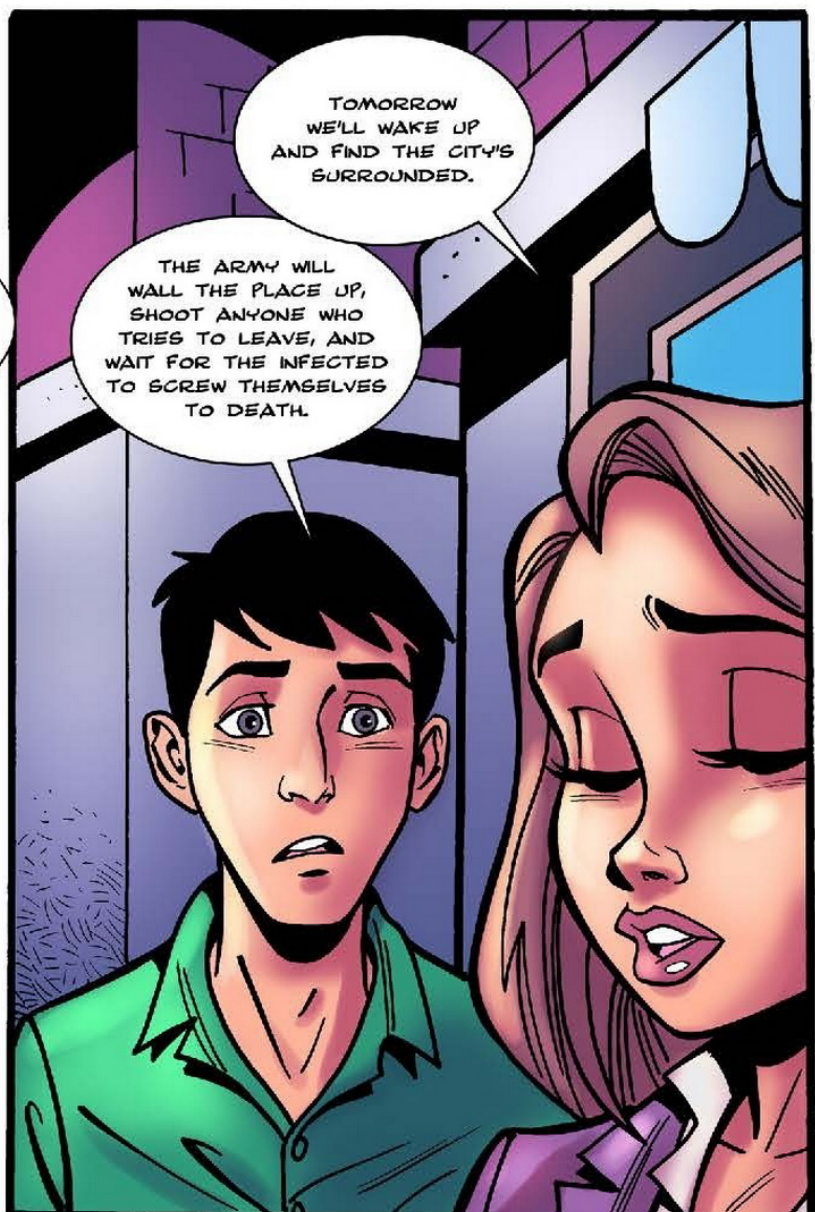
MY CAR? WHAT FOR?

ARE YOU KIDDING?



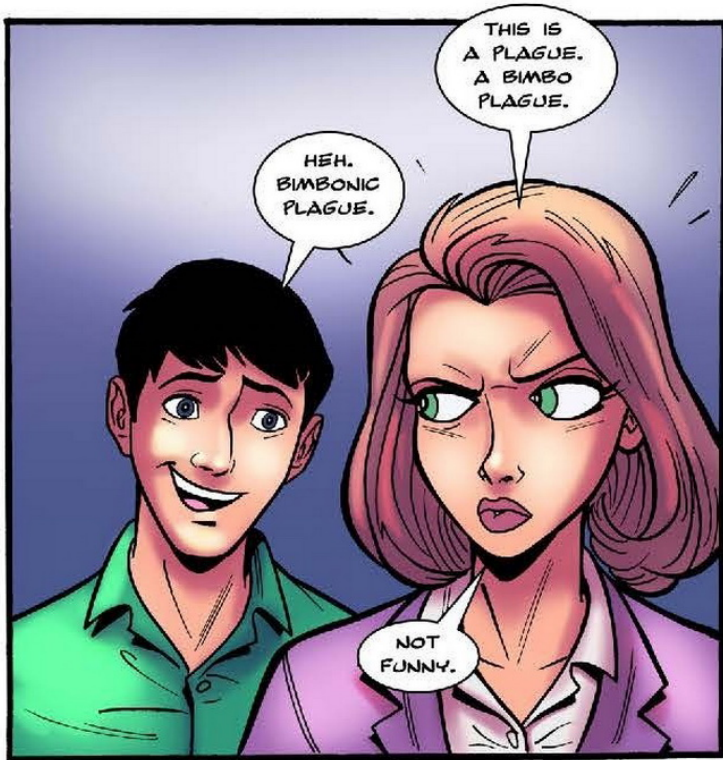
BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE ONE AND I NEED TO FAR AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE THE CITY'S QUARANTINED.

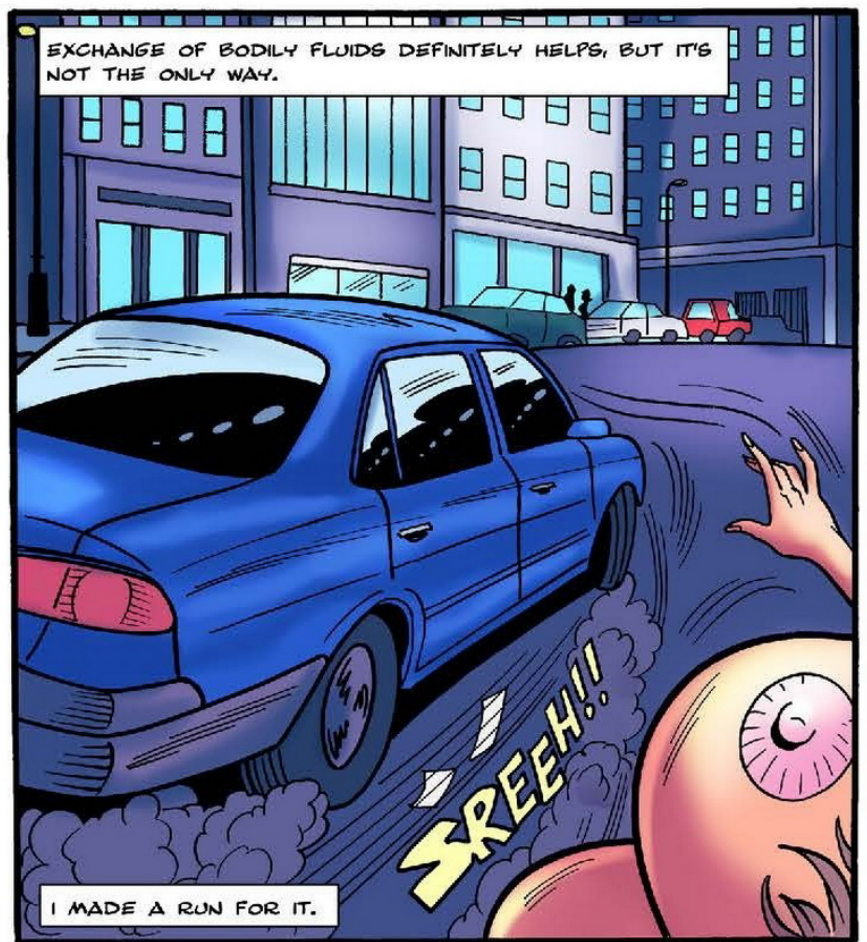
GRAB YOUR KEYS, A FEW CHANGES OF CLOTHES AND LET'S GO.



TOMORROW WE'LL WAKE UP AND FIND THE CITY'S SURROUNDED.

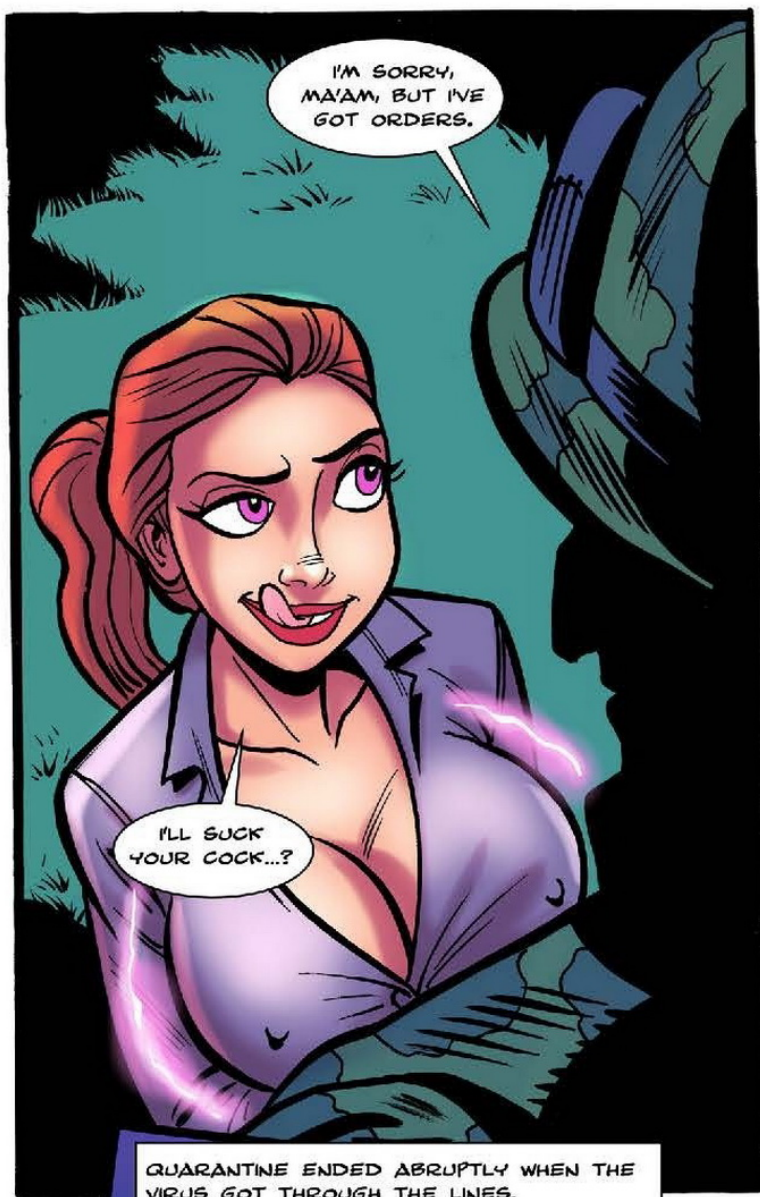
THE ARMY WILL WALL THE PLACE UP, SHOOT ANYONE WHO TRIES TO LEAVE, AND WAIT FOR THE INFECTED TO SCREW THEMSELVES TO DEATH.





BUT CATHY WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE LOCKDOWN. JUST A BIT MORE OPTIMISTIC ON THE DATE. MAJOR ROUTES WERE ALREADY LOCKED DOWN.





I'M SORRY, MA'AM, BUT I'VE GOT ORDERS.

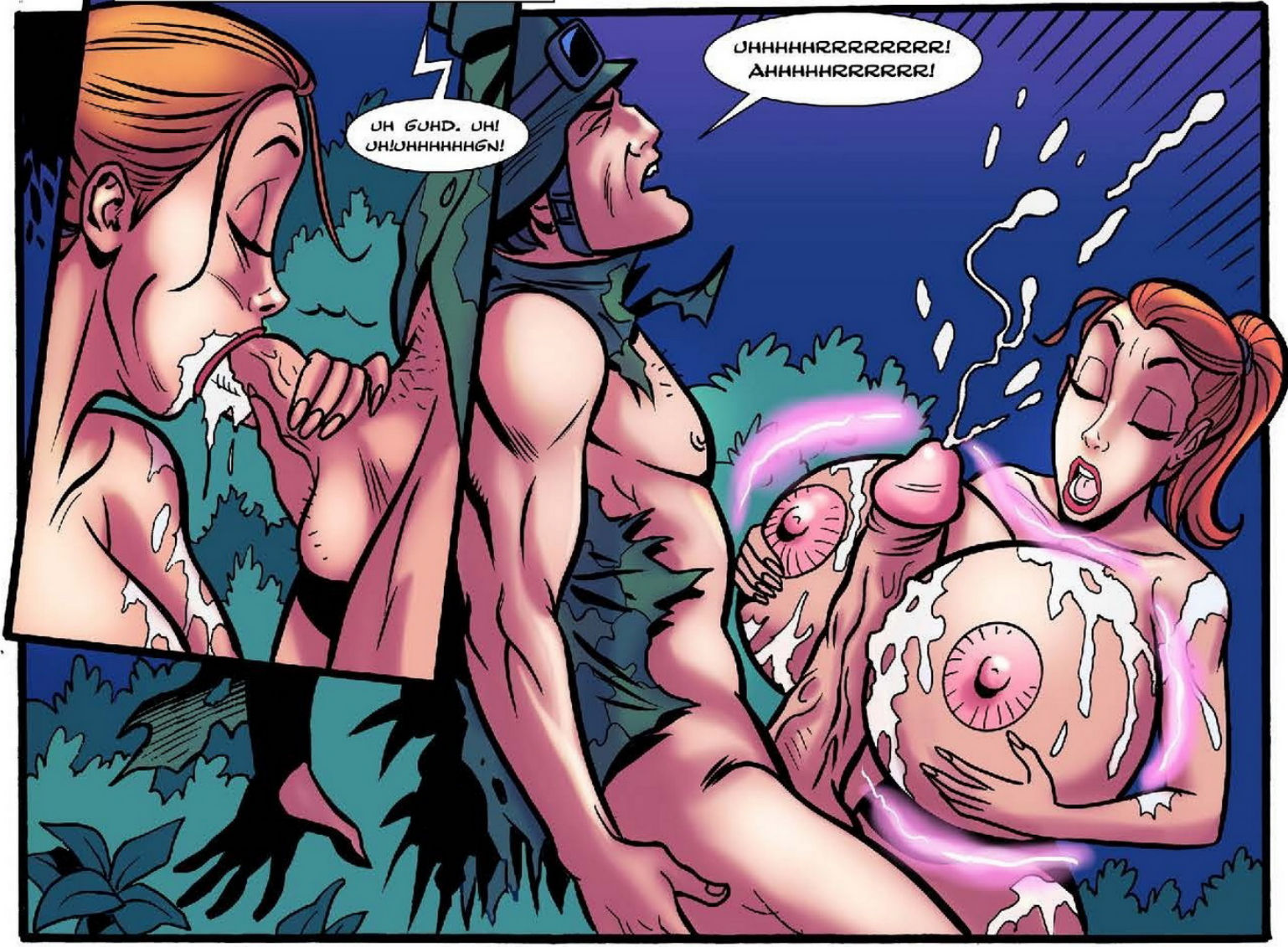
I'LL SUCK YOUR COCK...?

QUARANTINE ENDED ABRUPTLY WHEN THE VIRUS GOT THROUGH THE LINES.



I'M NOT THE ONLY-UH GOD-GUY IN THE WOODS.

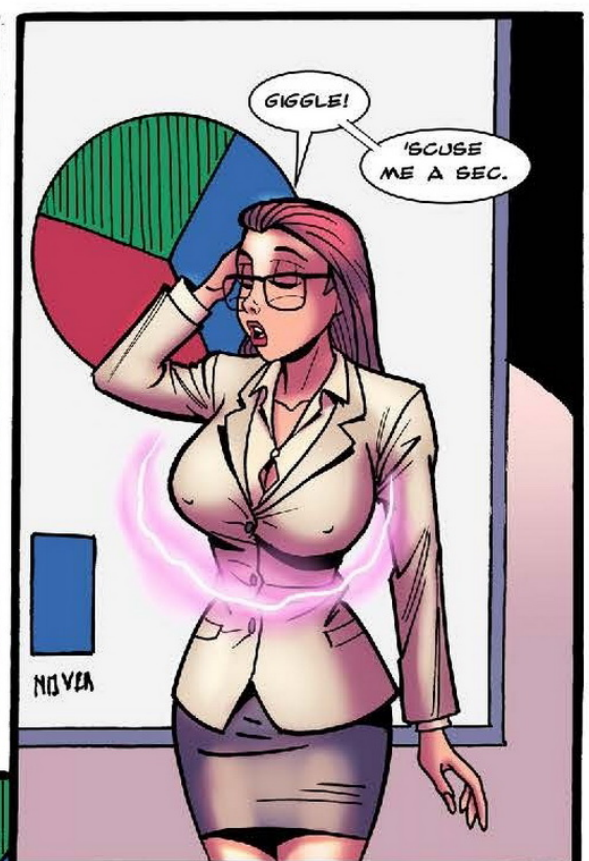
GOOD. MORE FOR ME!

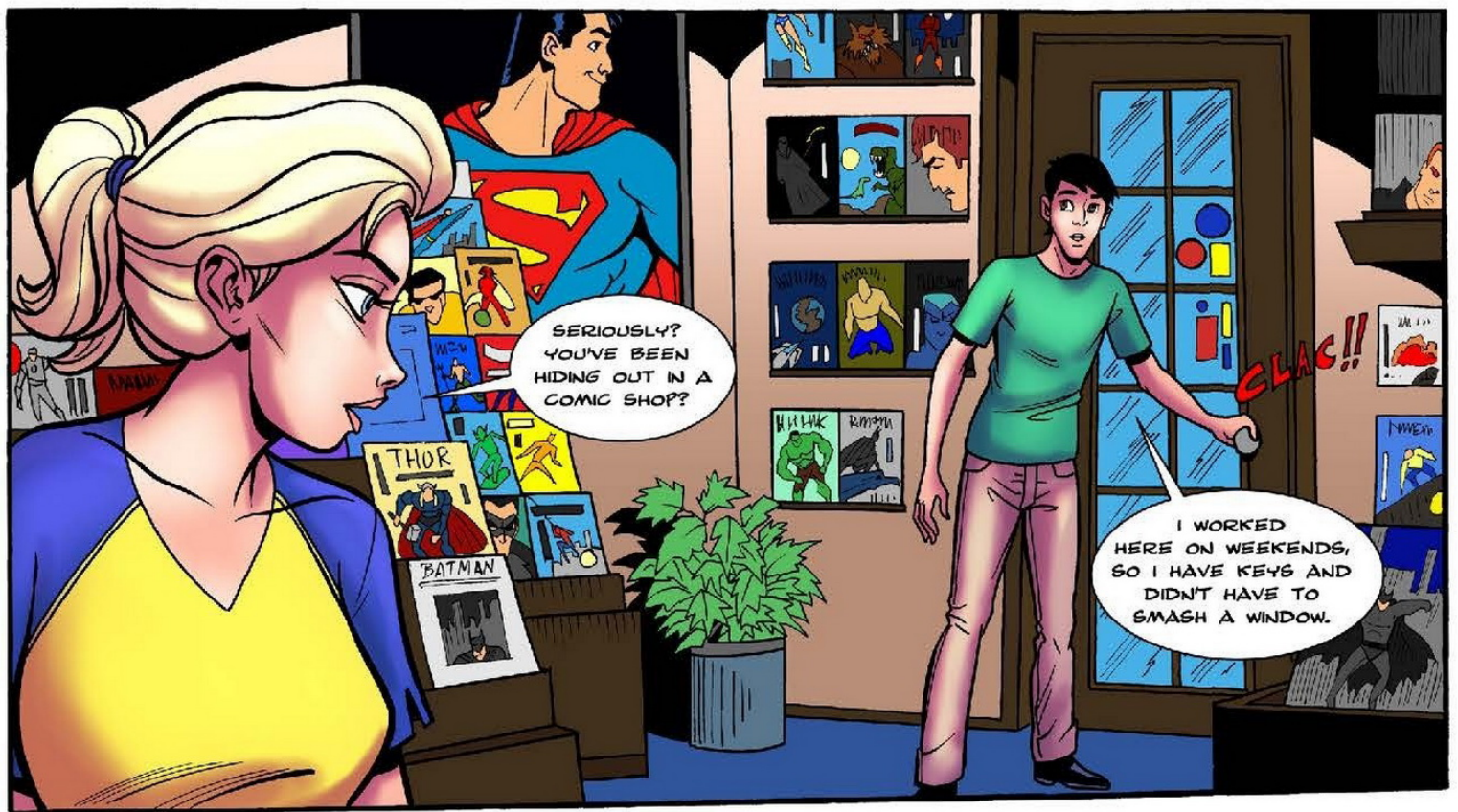


UH GUD. UH! UH! UHHHHHHGN!

JHHHHRRRRRRRR! AHHHHRRRRRR!

IT WAS PROBABLY OUT BEFORE ANYONE KNEW IT WAS IN.

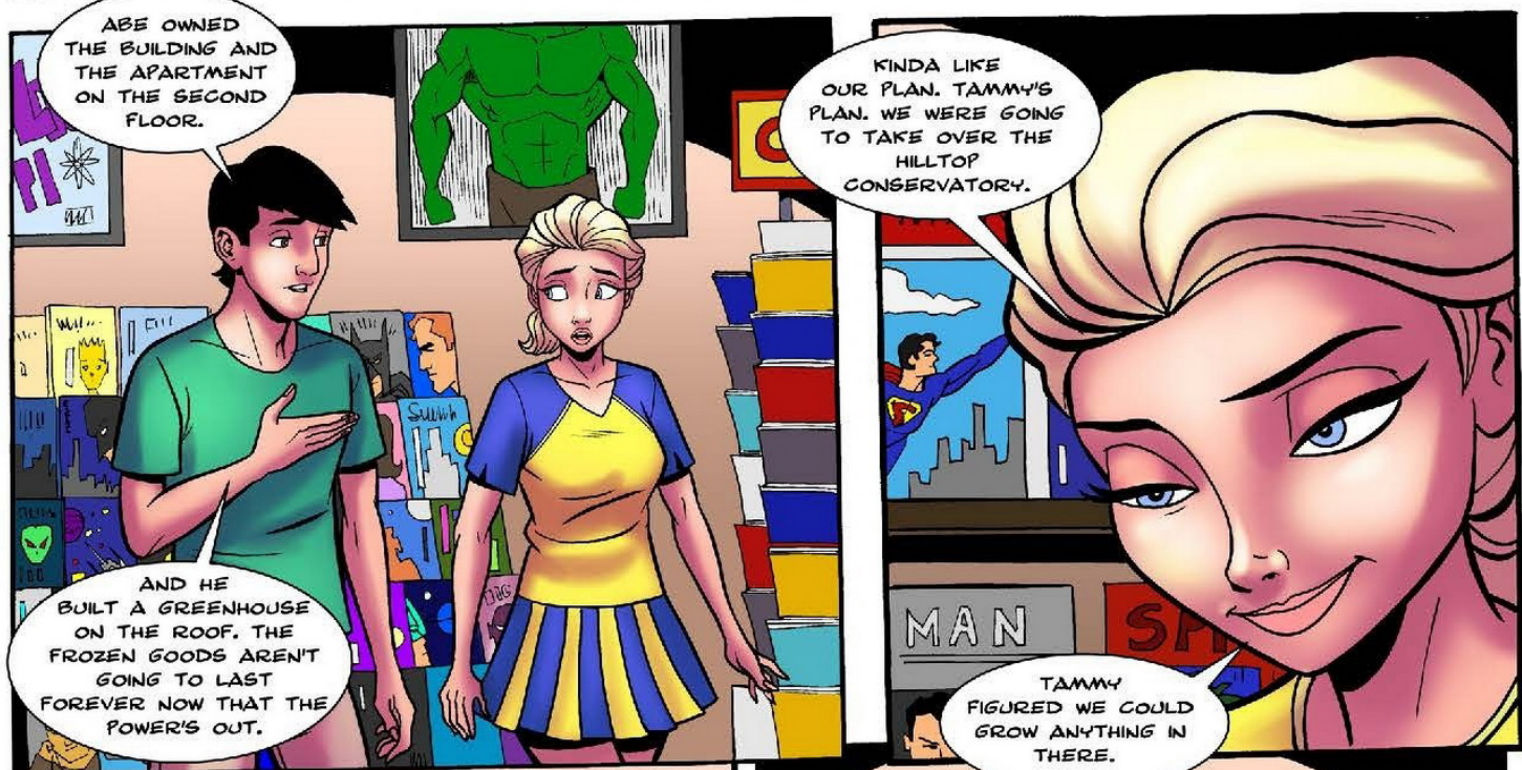




SERIOUSLY? YOU'VE BEEN HIDING OUT IN A COMIC SHOP?

I WORKED HERE ON WEEKENDS, SO I HAVE KEYS AND DIDN'T HAVE TO SMASH A WINDOW.

CLAC!!



ABE OWNED THE BUILDING AND THE APARTMENT ON THE SECOND FLOOR.

KINDA LIKE OUR PLAN. TAMMY'S PLAN. WE WERE GOING TO TAKE OVER THE HILLTOP CONSERVATORY.

AND HE BUILT A GREENHOUSE ON THE ROOF. THE FROZEN GOODS AREN'T GOING TO LAST FOREVER NOW THAT THE POWER'S OUT.

TAMMY FIGURED WE COULD GROW ANYTHING IN THERE.



SOLAR POWER, NATURAL GAS BACKUP GENERATORS...

YAH. JUST NEEDED SOME CHICKENS FOR EGGS AND MAYBE SOME OTHER ANIMALS FOR STUFF LIKE MILK.

GOOD PLAN.

I SAY WE STEAL IT.

STEAL IT.

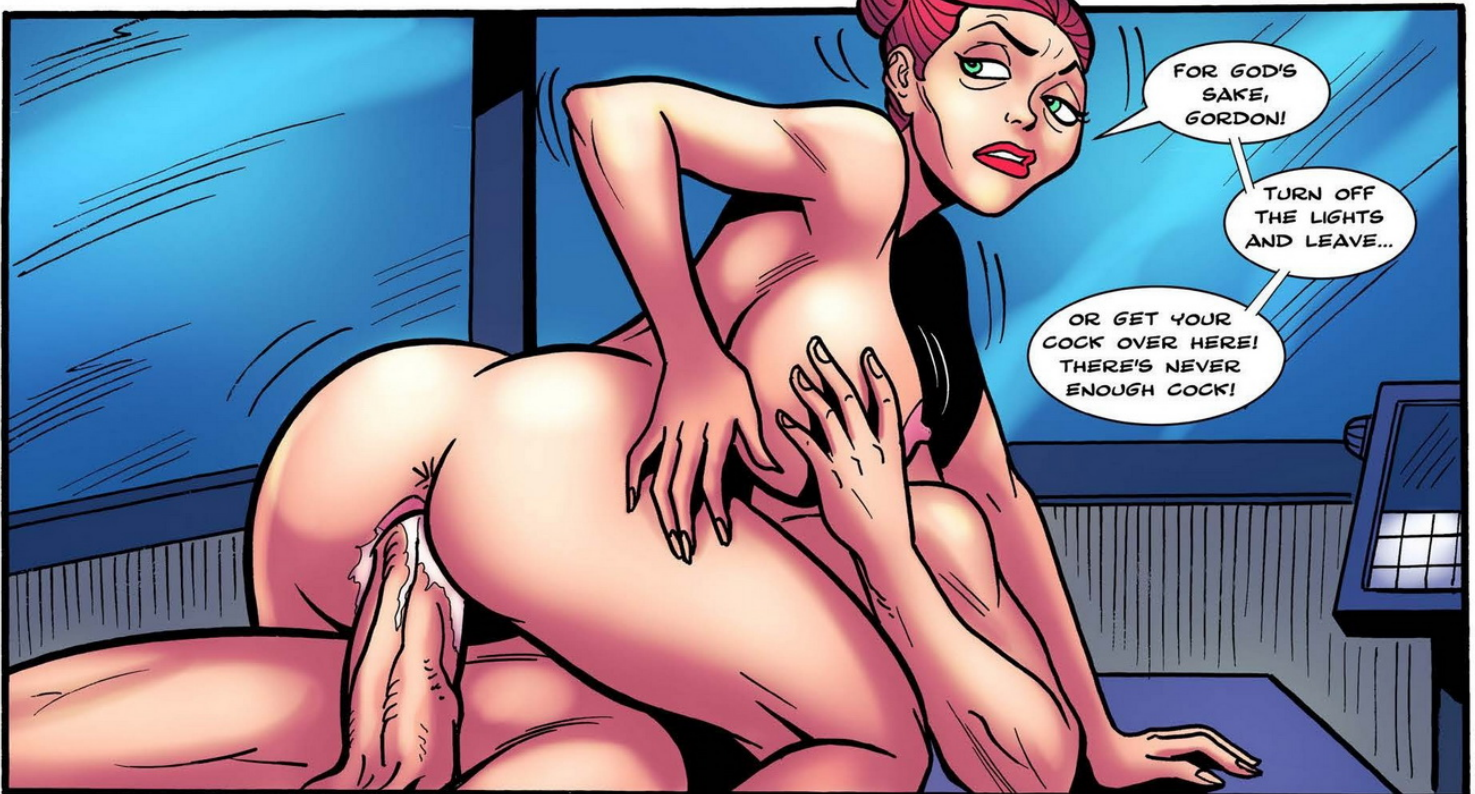
A WASTE OF MY YEARS OF RESEARCH, BUT THE ONLY OPTION WITH THOSE TWO GREEDY IDIOTS RUNNING—



GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! NO!



OOOOOHHHHH  
YAHHHHHHHH!



FOR GOD'S SAKE,  
GORDON!

TURN OFF  
THE LIGHTS  
AND LEAVE...

OR GET YOUR  
COCK OVER HERE!  
THERE'S NEVER  
ENOUGH COCK!

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

# BIMBONIC

# PLAGUE



ISSUE  
#5

Author  
**Bacchus**

Illustrations  
**J.J. McQuade**

 **BOTCOMICS**

# BotComics Presents:

## Bimbonic Plague

---

All Rights Reserved by BotComics, Inc. © 2020

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means graphic, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage retrieval system, without express permission from the publisher.

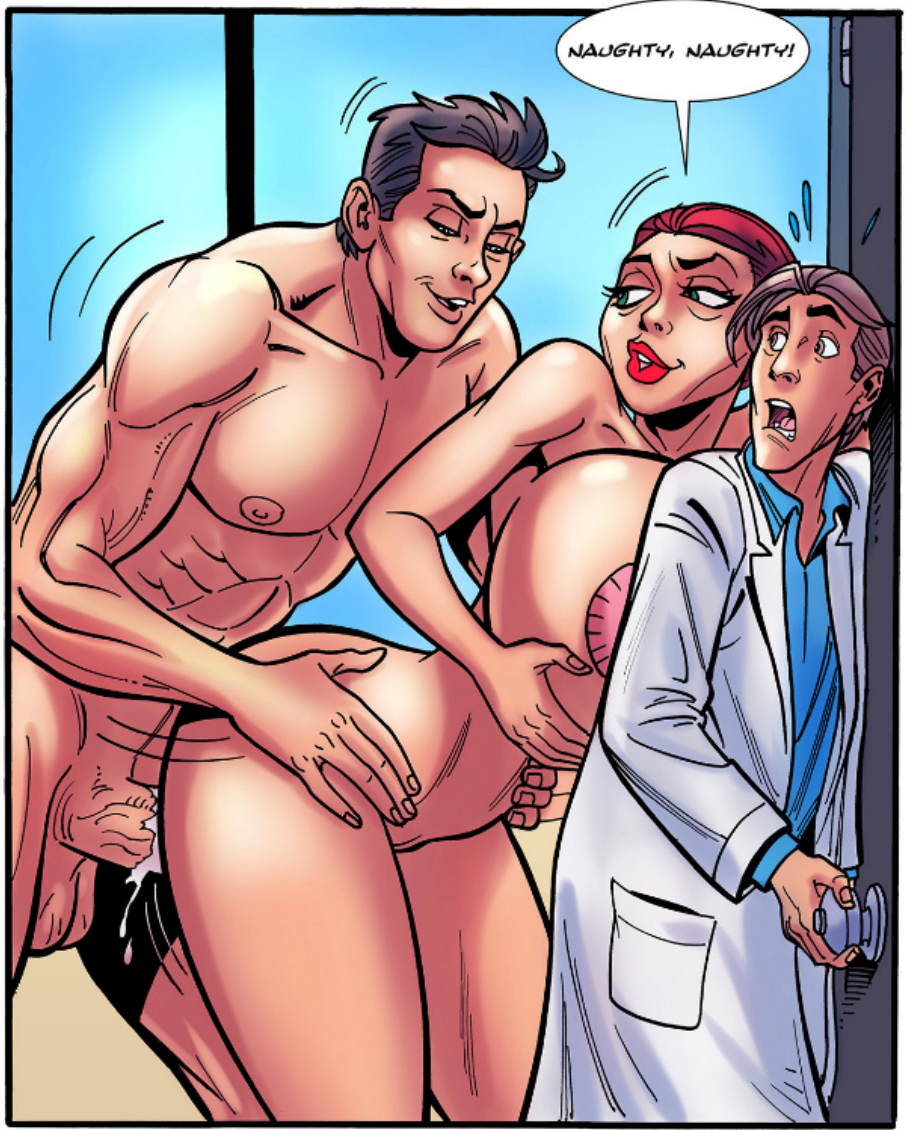
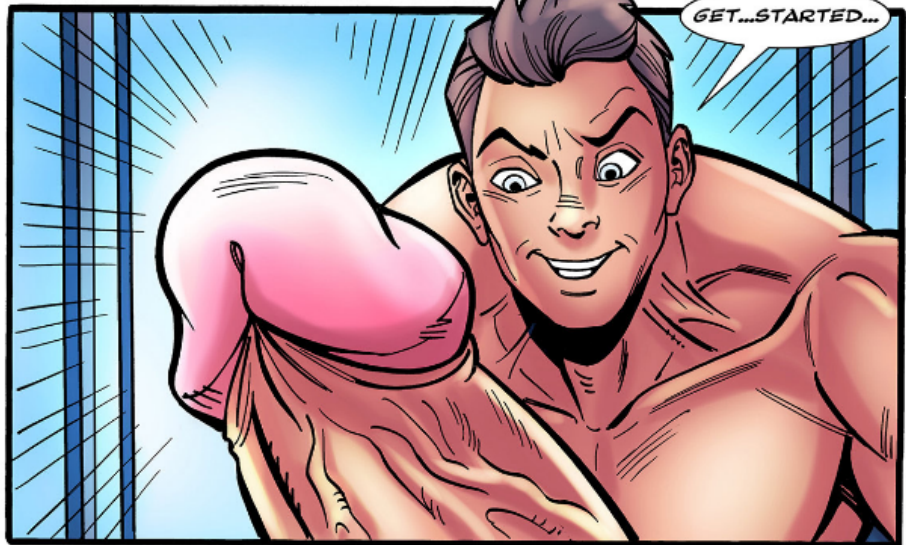
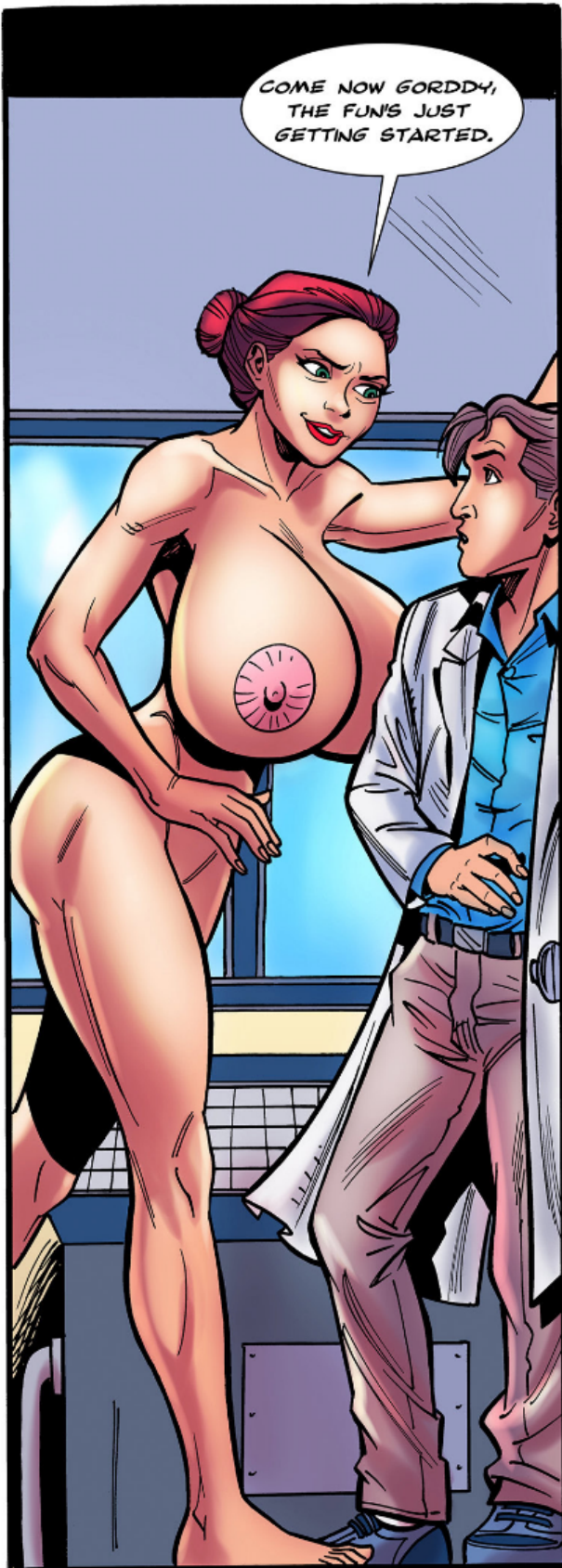
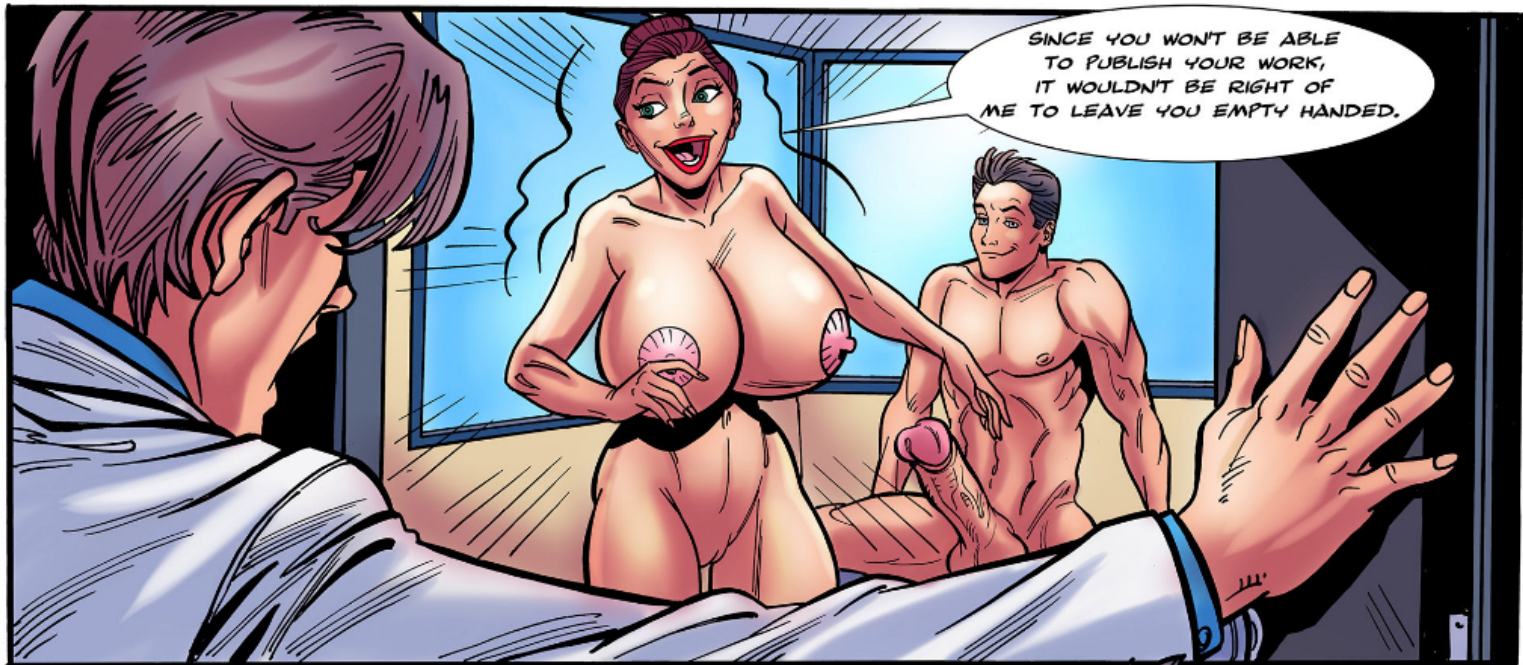


**For information address:**

340 S Lemon Ave #5700  
Los Angeles, CA 91789  
United States

Any resemblance to actual people and events is purely coincidental.  
This is a work of fiction

Published in the United States of America





COME BACK! PLEASE DOCTOR, I NEED YOUR MEDICAL OPINION ON HOW FUCKING HOT I AM!



N-NO, THIS ISN'T POSSIBLE!



NOT ONLY IS IT POSSIBLE, IT'S DELICIOUS. YOU MUST JOIN US GOOD DOCTOR.

GAH!



CUM TINY DOCTOR, CUM!

JUST GIVE IN DOCTOR, THINGS WILL BE SO MUCH EASIER!

IN THE PRESENT, THINGS WEREN'T LOOKING MUCH EASIER FOR OUR PROTAGONISTS.

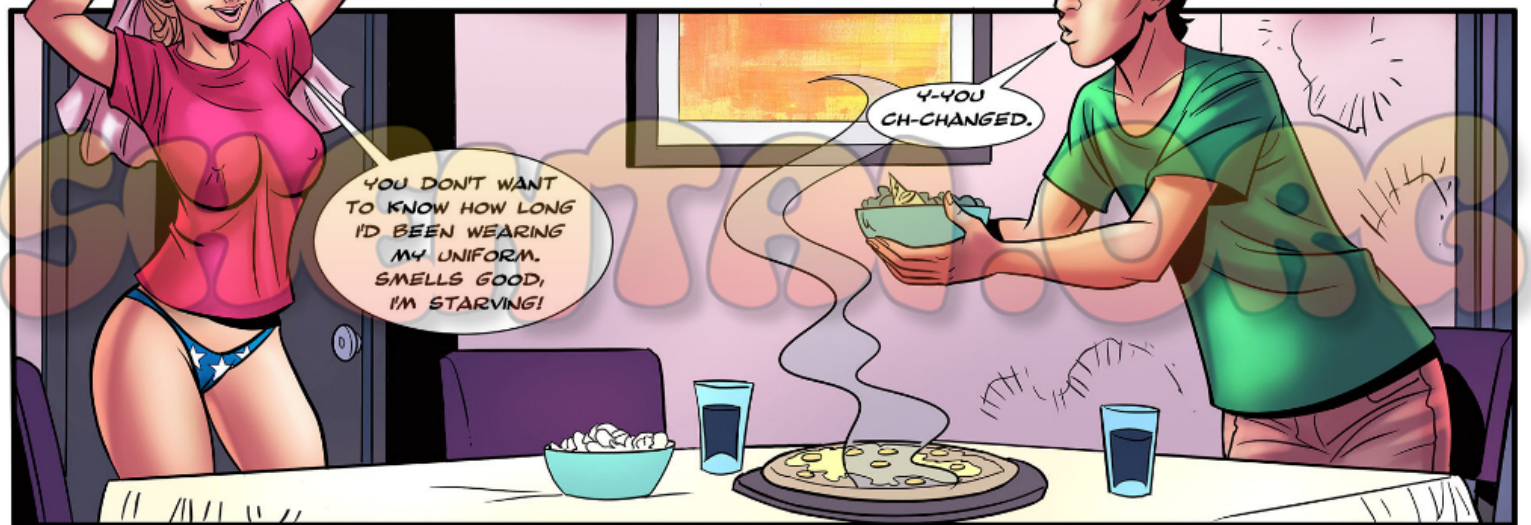
SO MUCH FOR HIS GREEN THUMB. LOOKS LIKE SLIM PICKINGS.

I'VE HAD TO SETTLE FOR SMALLER. IT'S NOT THE SIZE AFTER ALL, IT'S HOW YOU USE IT.

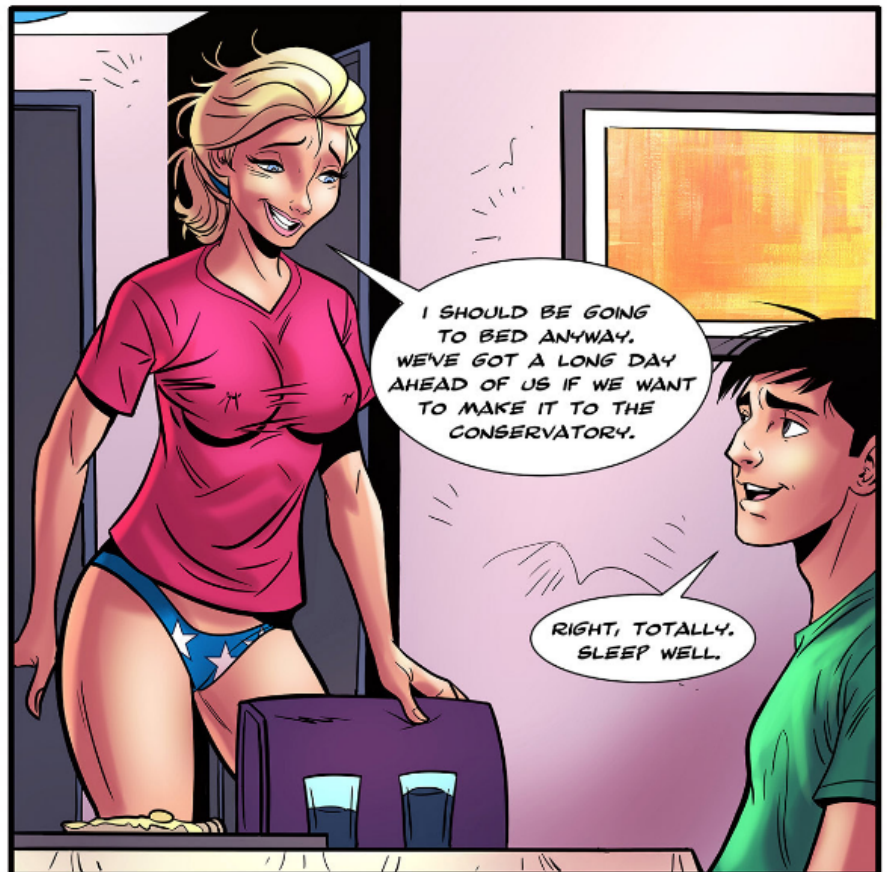
AFTER YOU.

SUCH A GENTLEMAN. I HOPE YOU AREN'T EXPECTING ME TO COOK AND CLEAN WHILE WE'RE LIVING TOGETHER.

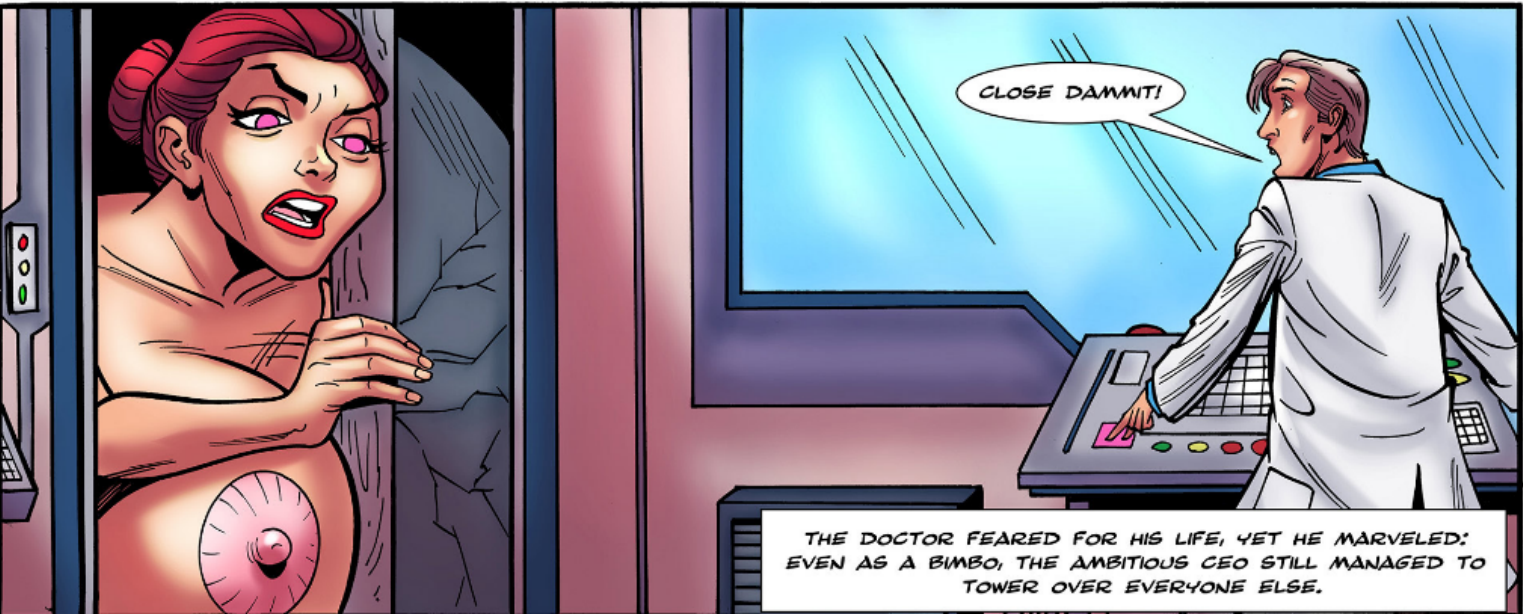
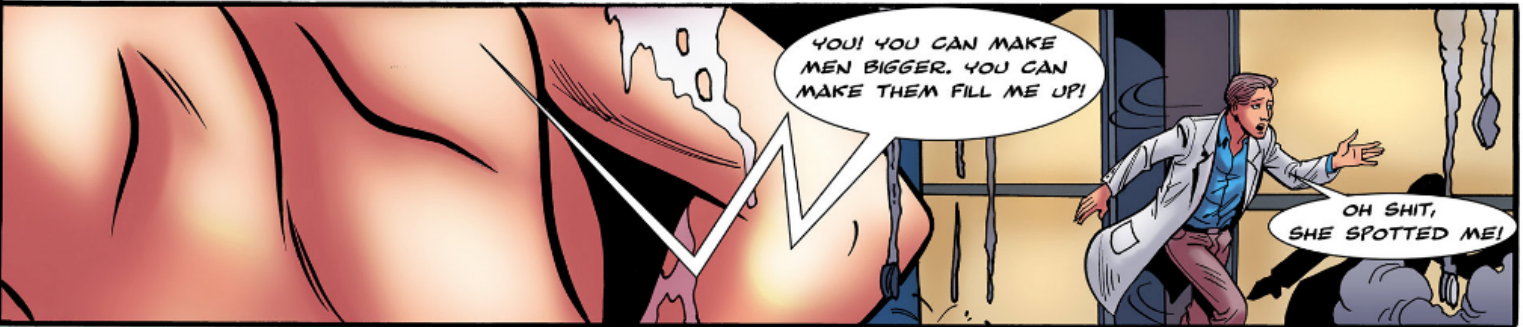
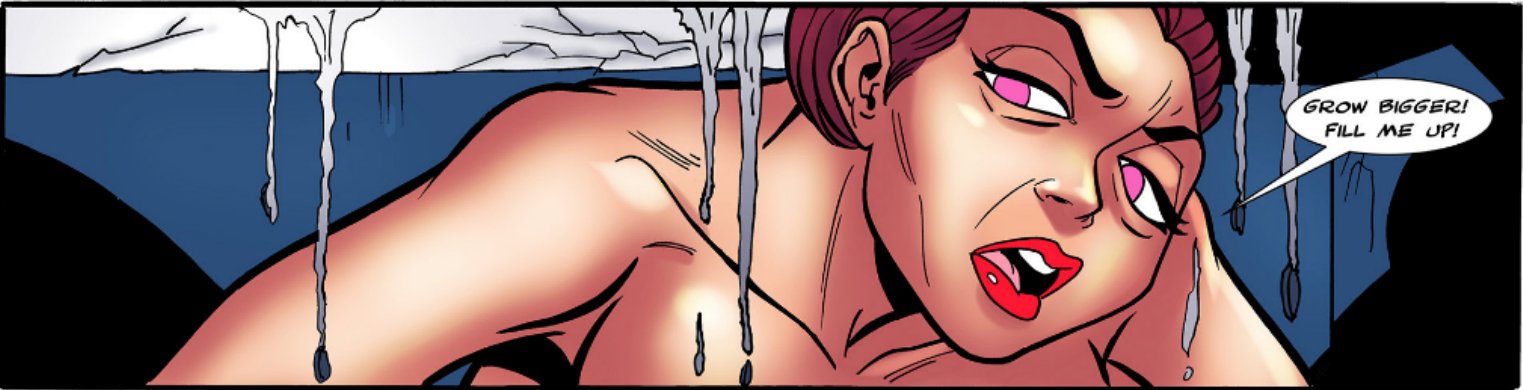
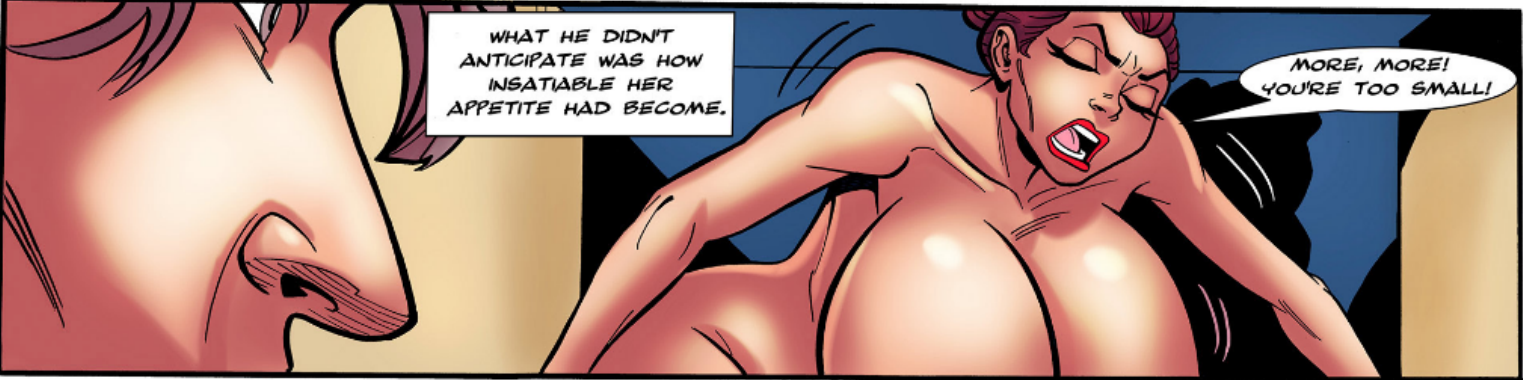
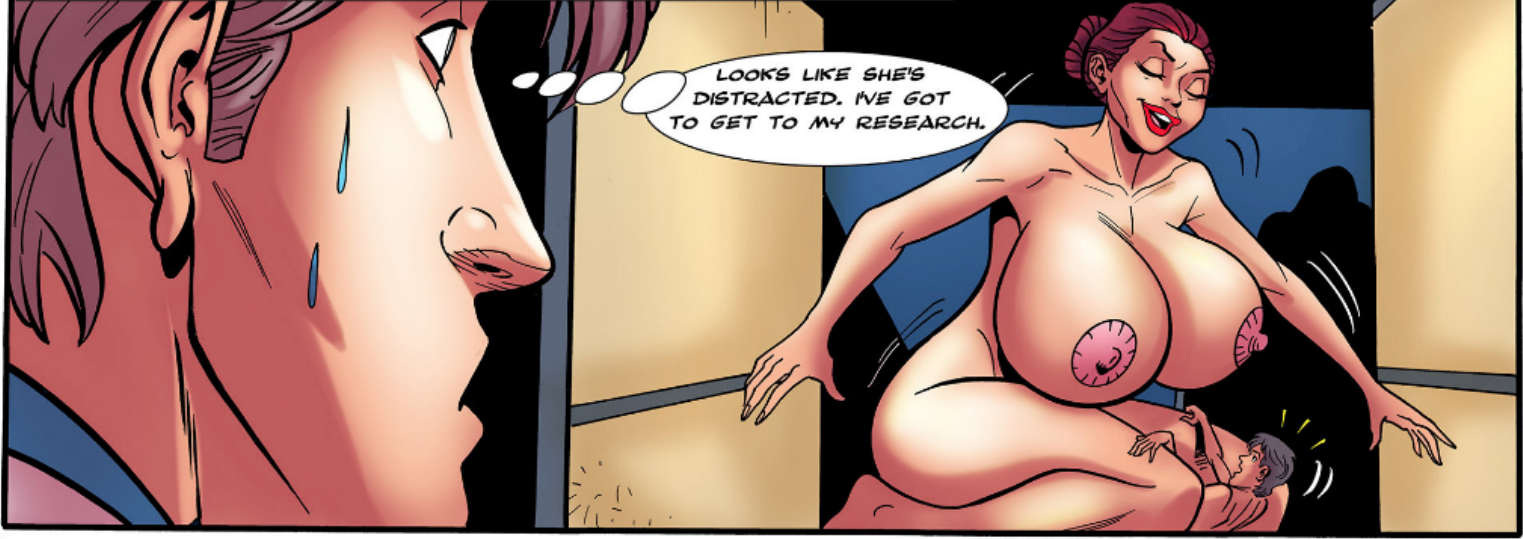
OF COURSE NOT! THERE'S STILL RUNNING WATER. I TAKE A SHOWER WHILE I THROW THE FOOD TOGETHER.



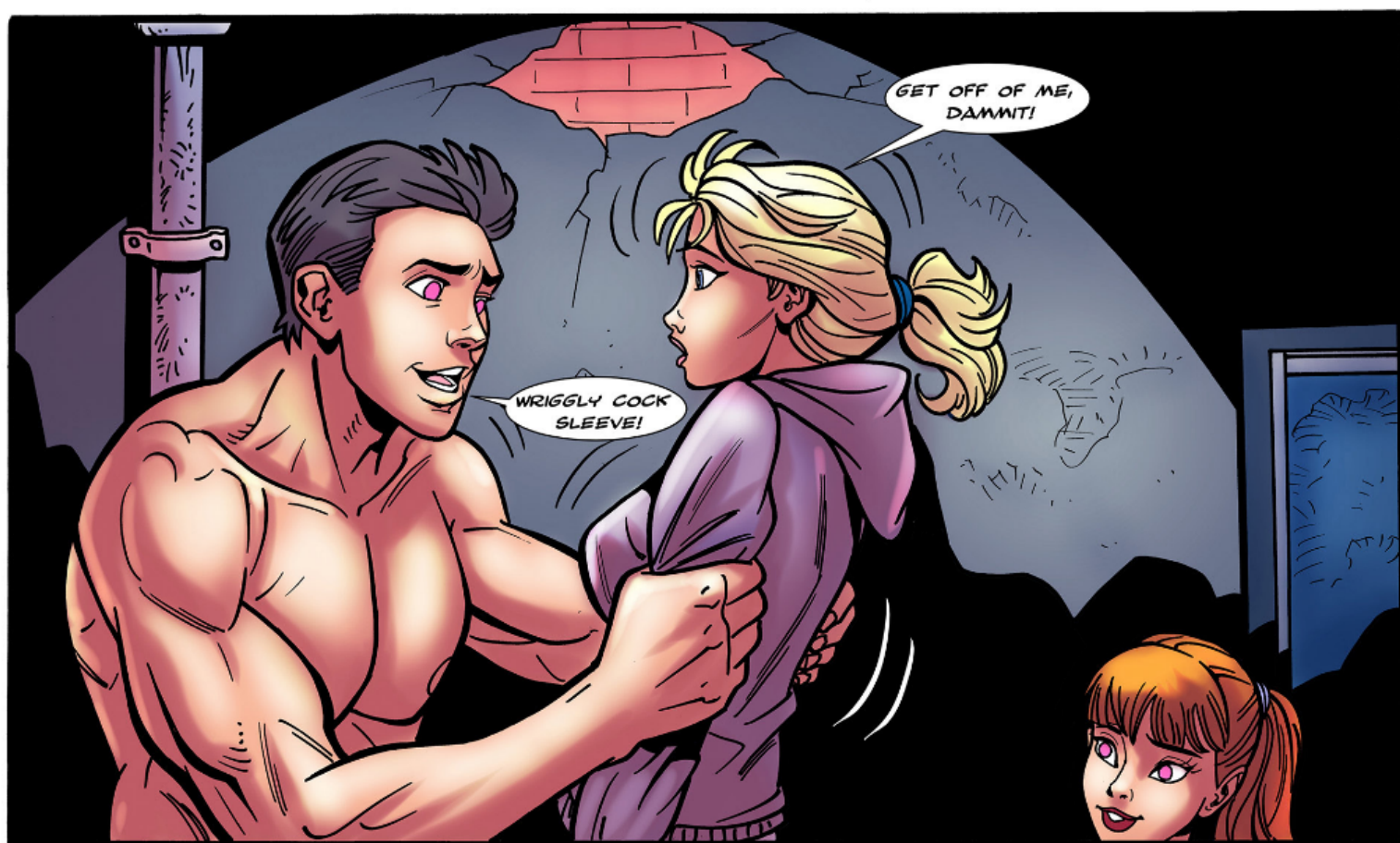
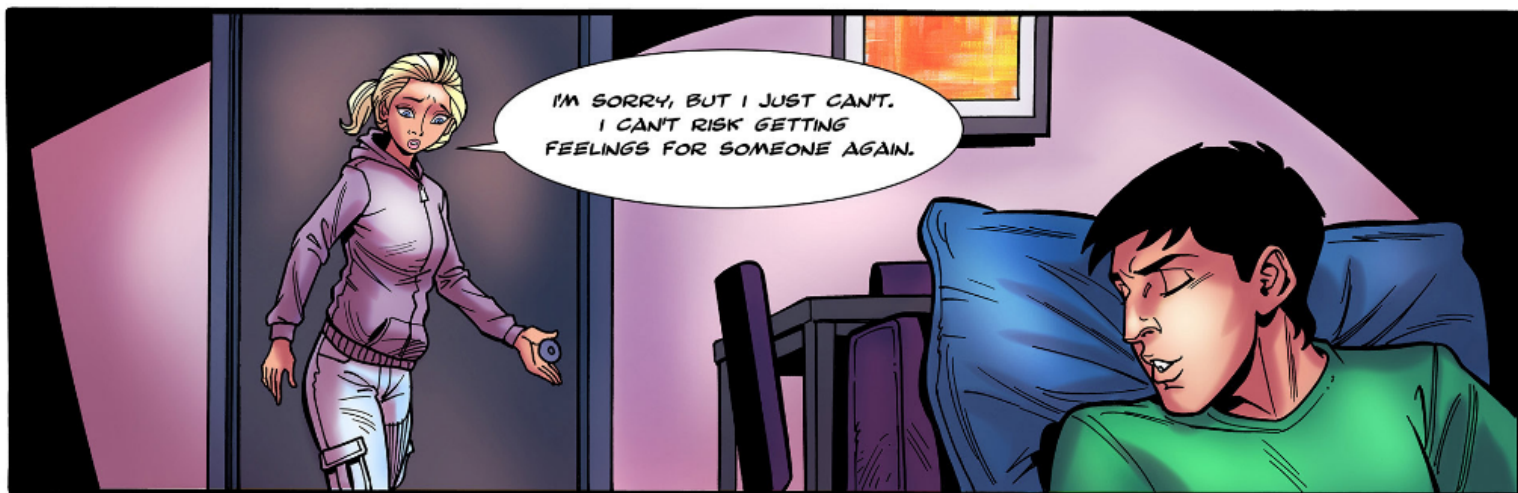
THE TWO FELL INTO AN EASY CHATTER, AS IF THE WORLD AROUND THEM WASN'T FALLING APART. UNTIL...

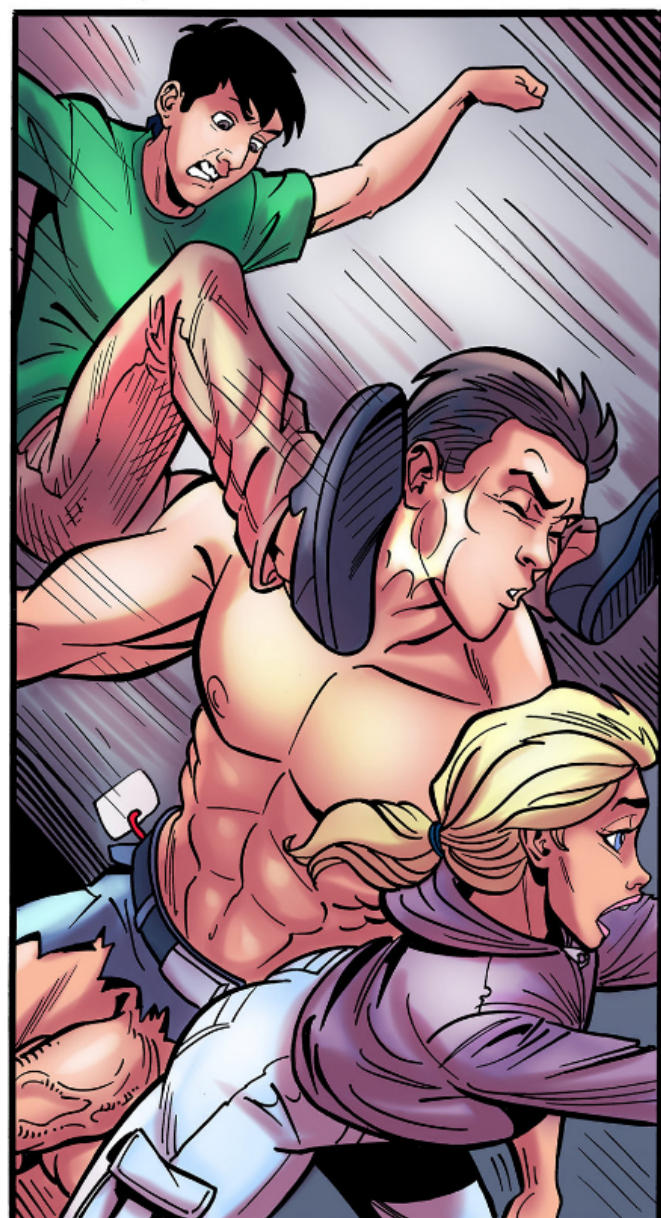
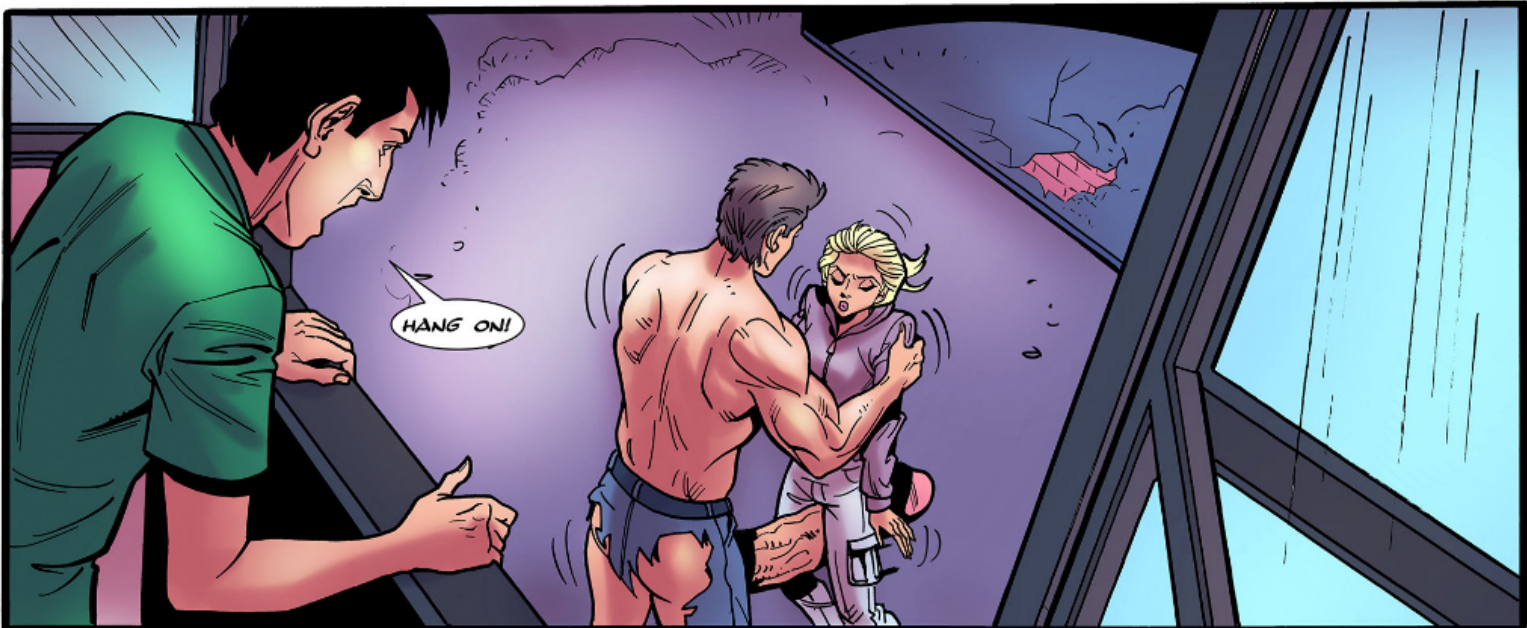


WHEN THE POUNDING HAD TURNED FROM THE DOOR TO SOME POOR INTERN, GORDON KNEW IT WOULD BE SAFE TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE.

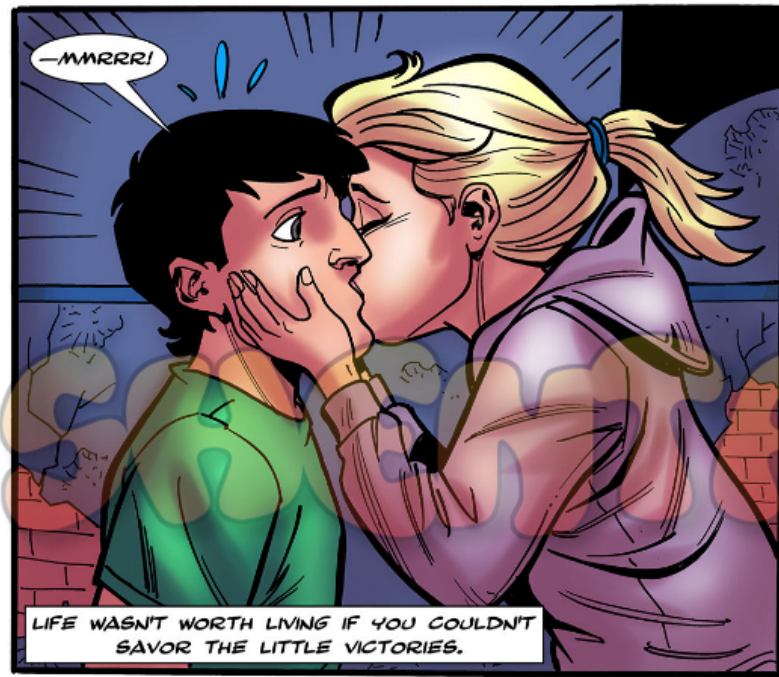








LUCKILY FOR THE TWO SURVIVORS, THE ACCESS KEY CARDS FOR THE CONSERVATORY WERE EASILY RECOGNIZABLE, EVEN WHEN ATTACHED TO MASSIVE BIMBO BOY TOYS.





IF WE TAKE IT SLOWLY, I THINK WE CAN MAKE IT THROUGH UNNOTICED.

THAT'S A BIG IF.



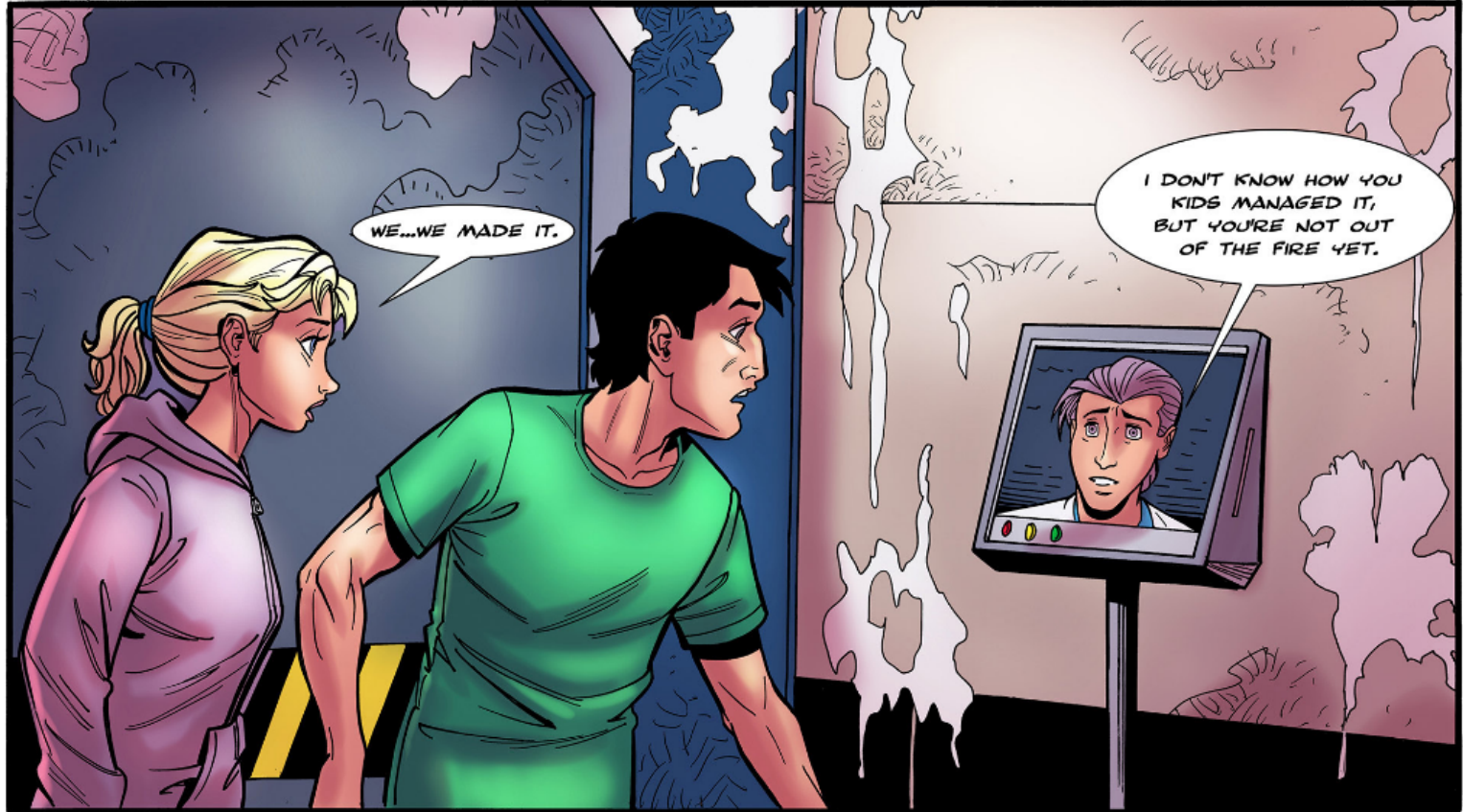
TINY? TINY SOMEWHERE?

SHIT, THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG.

RUN!



COME ON! COME ON!



WE...WE MADE IT.

I DONT KNOW HOW YOU KIDS MANAGED IT, BUT YOU'RE NOT OUT OF THE FIRE YET.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

Additional issues are available at Botcomics

# BIMBONIC

# PLAGUE



ISSUE  
#6

Author  
**Bacchus**

Illustrations  
**J.J. McQuade**



**BOTCOMICS**

# BotComics Presents:

## Bimbonic Plague

---

All Rights Reserved by BotComics, Inc. © 2020

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means graphic, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage retrieval system, without express permission from the publisher.



**For information address:**

340 S Lemon Ave #5700  
Los Angeles, CA 91789  
United States

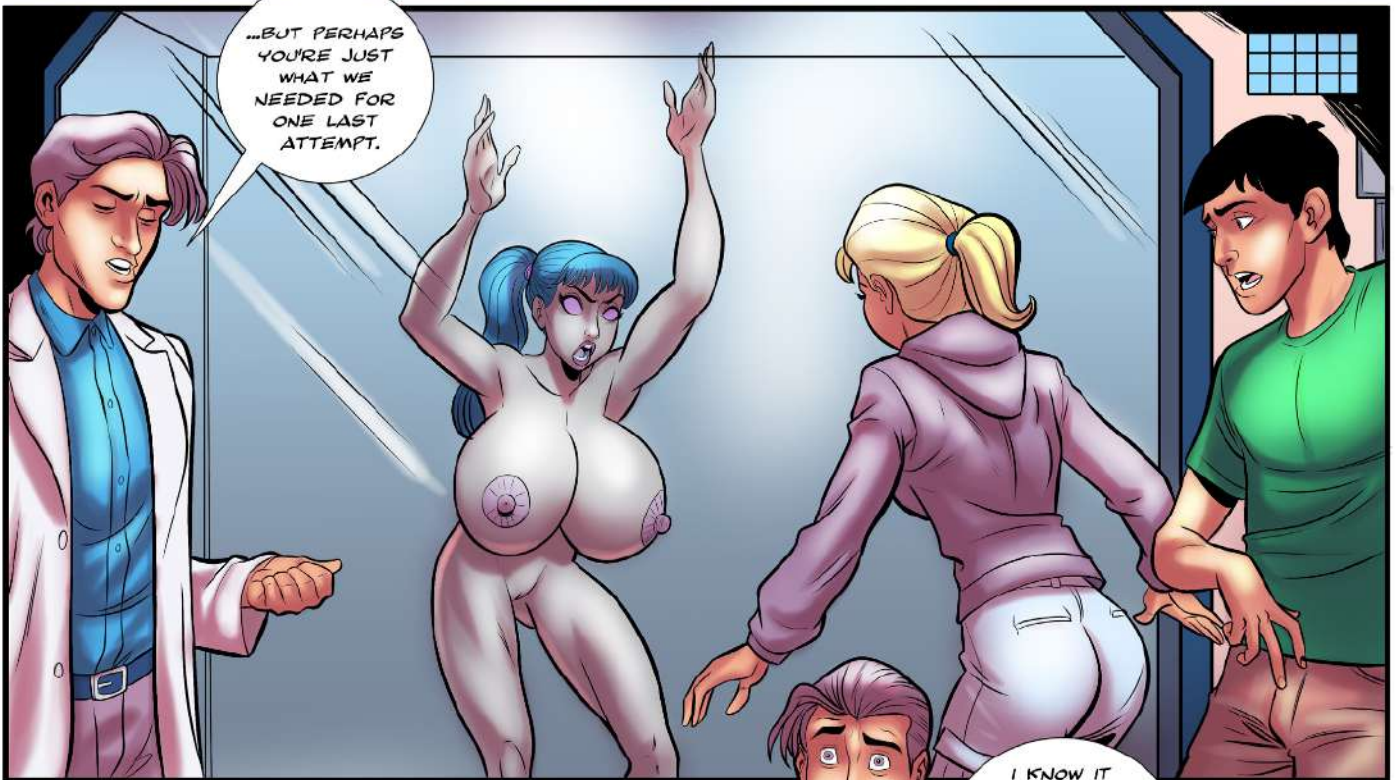
Any resemblance to actual people and events is purely coincidental.  
This is a work of fiction

Published in the United States of America

"I MUST ADMIT I'D ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE..."



...BUT PERHAPS YOU'RE JUST WHAT WE NEEDED FOR ONE LAST ATTEMPT.



I KNOW IT WORKS, BECAUSE I'M NOT RABIDLY FUCK YOU TWO RIGHT NOW. BUT THAT'S ALSO WHY I CAN'T LEAVE THIS ROOM

LOOK DOC, WE APPRECIATE YOU SAVING US AND ALL, BUT WE'RE NOT SOME BIG TIME HEROES.

BESIDES, IF YOU'VE HAD A CURE THIS WHOLE TIME, WHY LOCK YOURSELF AWAY? HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW IT WORKS?



"THE SERUM'S HALF-LIFE IS PROPORTIONAL TO BODY SIZE. AND I HAVE A VIABLE CANDIDATE TO SPREAD THE CURE."



"THE TWO CEOs WERE ALWAYS BIG...PAINS, BUT SHE WAS ALWAYS THE MORE CUNNING AND AMBITIOUS OF THE TWO!"



"I CAN'T SAY WHY SHE'S REACTED DIFFERENTLY THAN THE OTHERS."



"BUT IT'S APPROPRIATE EVEN AS A ZOMBIE SHE NEEDS TO BE THE BIGGEST!"



"SOMEHOW SHE'S GROWN EXPONENTIALLY WITH EACH ORGASM, AND I THINK THAT'S THE KEY TO KEEPING THE SERUM ACTIVE."





YOU CANT ACTUALLY BE CONSIDERING THIS?!

AND WHY NOT? WOULD YOU RATHER JUST LET THE WORLD DESCEND EVEN FURTHER INTO...WHATEVER THE FUCK THIS IS?

EITHER HELP ME OR GET OUT OF THE WAY.



THERE'S NO WAY I'M GONNA LET YOU GET ALL THE CREDIT FOR SAVING HUMANITY!



C-CAN BIMBO-ZOMBIES BE POST-COITAL?!

WHAT KIND OF FUCKING WOULD THEY HAVE TO ENDURE TO GET EXHAUSTED LIKE THAT?

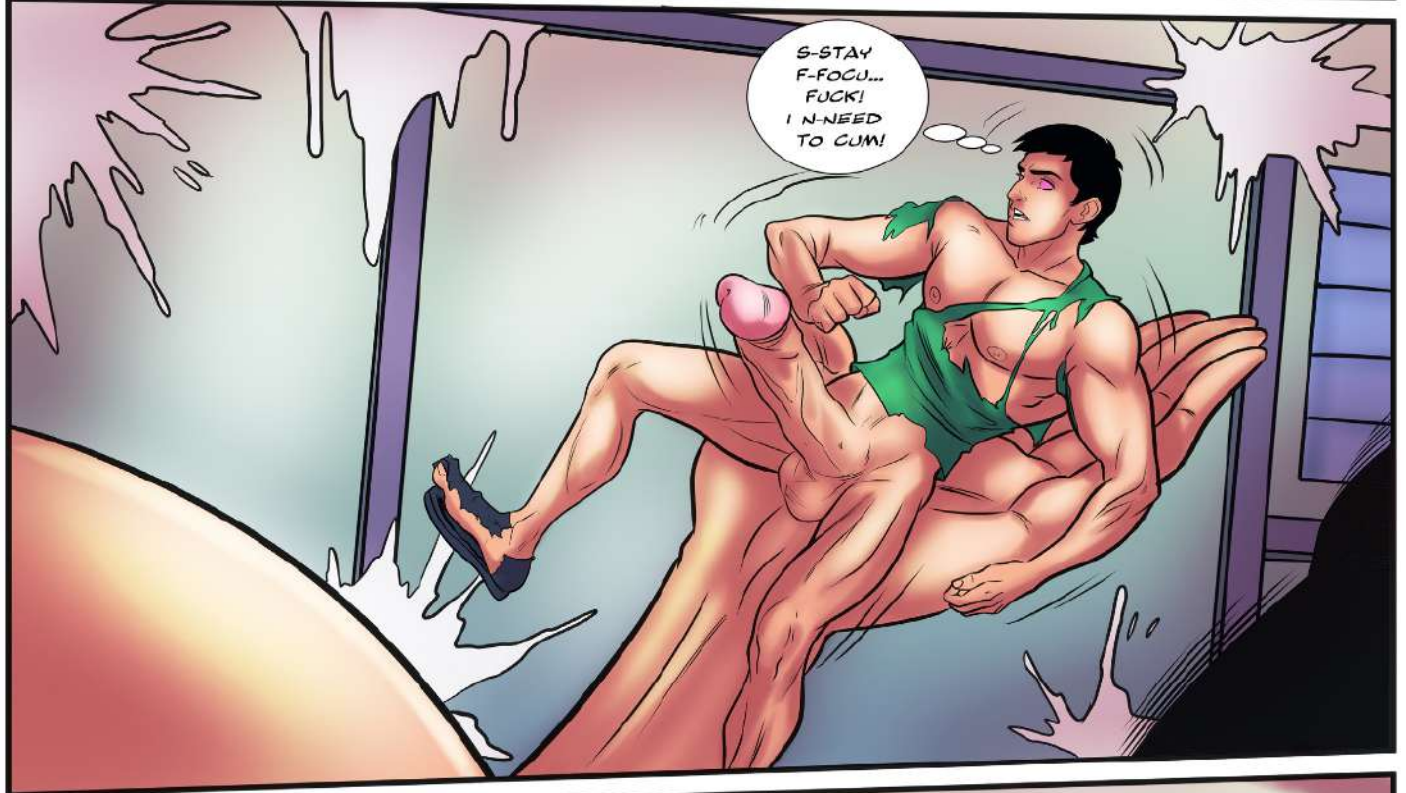


I THINK YOU HAVE YOUR ANSWER.











I REALLY HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING...




GAAH!



CANT... THINK... STRAIGHT...



JUST NEED...TO...CUM... THINK...STR...FUCK



IF THIS DIDNT  
WORK, IT WAS  
AT LEAST ONE  
HELL OF A WAY  
TO GO OUT.

I HAVENT  
TAKEN A  
LOAD THAT  
BIG SINCE  
THE BOS...

I CAN THINK  
STRAIGHT!  
AND YOU  
CAN TALK!

OF COURSE  
I CAN TALK,  
ITS SORT  
OF MY--WAIT  
WHAT IS GOING  
ON HERE?

"ILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING  
LATER, BUT RIGHT NOW--  
WE NEED TO FUCK AS  
MANY OF THOSE  
PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE."

BOY, LEAVE  
THIS TO THE  
PROFESSIONALS.



H-HURRY, PLEASE! BEFORE I...LOSE.. FUCK ME!

THIS ISN'T QUITE HOW I IMAGINED OUR FIRST TIME WOULD BE, BUT MAY I FUCK YOU?



I LOVE YOU AND ALL... BUT CUM FASTER!



FILL ME UP BIG BOY!

I FEEL IT WORKING, THOUGH I'M STILL REALLY HORNY.



THAT WASN'T A PROPER FUCK?

MAYBE ONCE THIS WHOLE APOCALYPSE THING BLOWS OVER WE CAN HAVE A PROPER FUCK.



AND SO A NEW ERA FOR HUMANITY STARTED WITH A BANG.



SOON NOCULATION AND RECOVERY ZONES WERE POPPING UP ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. INFECTION RATES WERE PLUMMETING AND PEOPLE WERE GETTING BACK TO NORMAL.



WELL, MOSTLY NORMAL.

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT MY BABY BROTHER WOULD SAVE THE WORLD?

THINK HE REALLY COULD HAVE DONE IT ON HIS OWN?



IT HELPS WHEN YOU HAVE A SMART, SEXY GIRLFRIEND.

**THE END**