

BLOATED BANDIT



Authors:
SoylentOrange & ChuckManX

Artist:
Amblagar

Amblagar



Story:
**SOYLENTORANGE
AND CHUCKMANX**

Artist:
AMBLAGAR

Editor:
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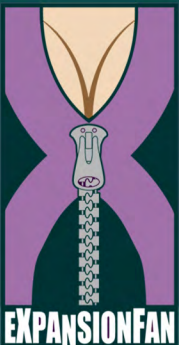
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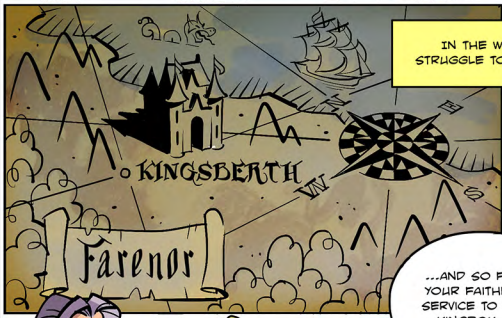
Bloated Bandit

By day, Sophia Thurr is the busty trophy wife of a noble in a corrupt kingdom. By night, with the aid of some ironically cursed magic boots, she is THE BLOATED BANDIT, stealing from the rich, giving to the poor, and righting wrongs as the city of Kingsberth's fastest- and fattest-thief!



IN THE WORLD OF FARENOR, MAN AND MONSTER STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE IN A LAND OF GODS AND MAGIC...

THE KINGDOM OF KINGSBERTH STANDS AS A BASTION OF MAN. IT IS A CITY OF WEALTH, POWER, AND INFLUENCE, BUT IN THE HALLS OF NOBILITY, THOSE CAN ALL BE TURNED TO CORRUPT MEANS...



...AND SO FOR YOUR FAITHFUL SERVICE TO THE KINGDOM...

...I PRESENT TO YOU THIS TOKEN OF GRATITUDE.

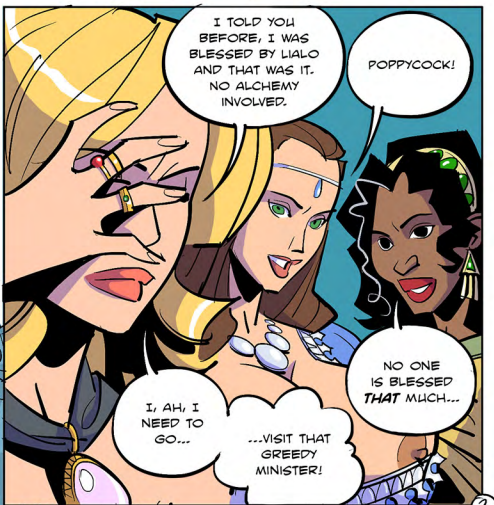
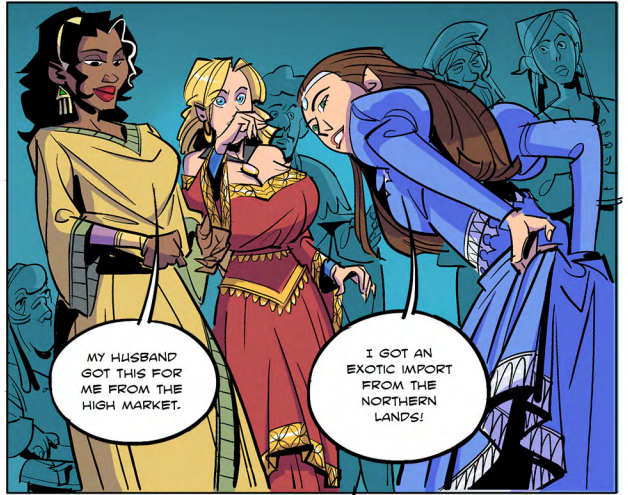
THE ONLY THINGS I NEED IS THE WELL-BEING OF YOUR PEOPLE, SIRE... BUT I ACCEPT.

YET THERE ARE SOME WHO WOULD STAND AGAINST THIS CORRUPTION...

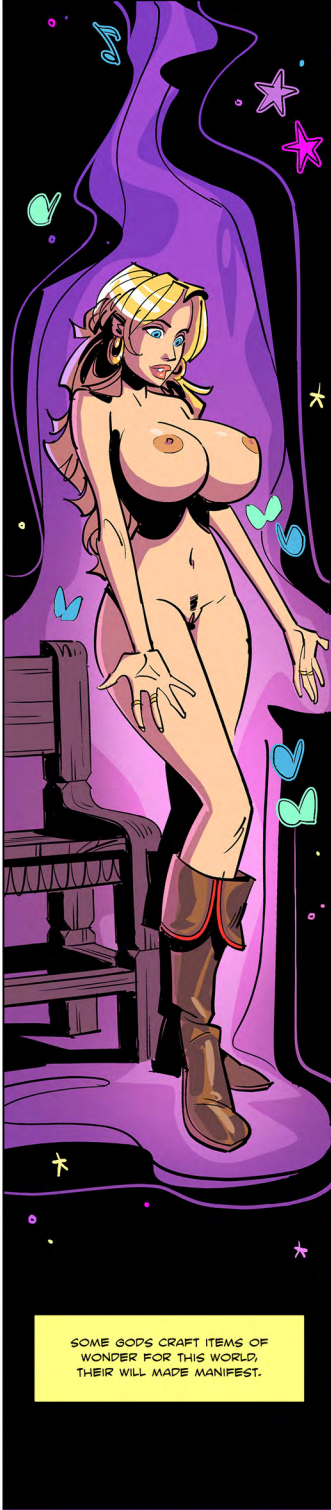
SOPHIA...?

OH, NEVER MIND THAT... JUST ANOTHER BAUBLE FOR THE MINISTER...

YOU'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT WE GOT!

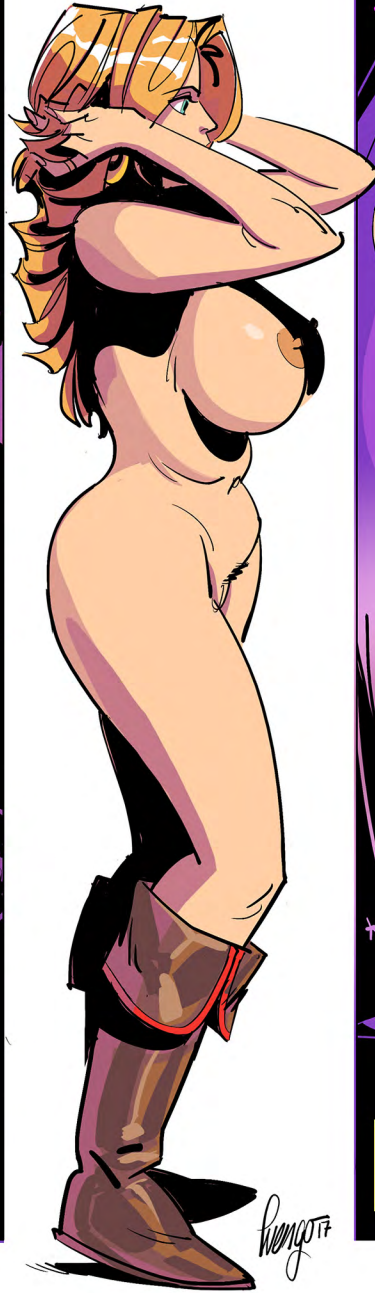




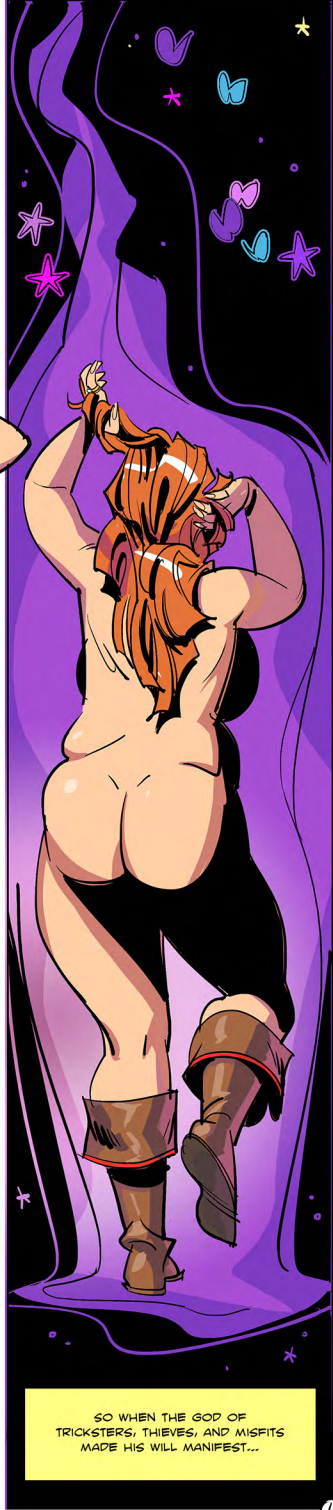


SOME GODS CRAFT ITEMS OF WONDER FOR THIS WORLD, THEIR WILL MADE MANIFEST.

ITEMS OF PROTECTION, OF FASCINATION, OF POWER AND WAR, SYMBOLS OF DIVINE MIGHT.



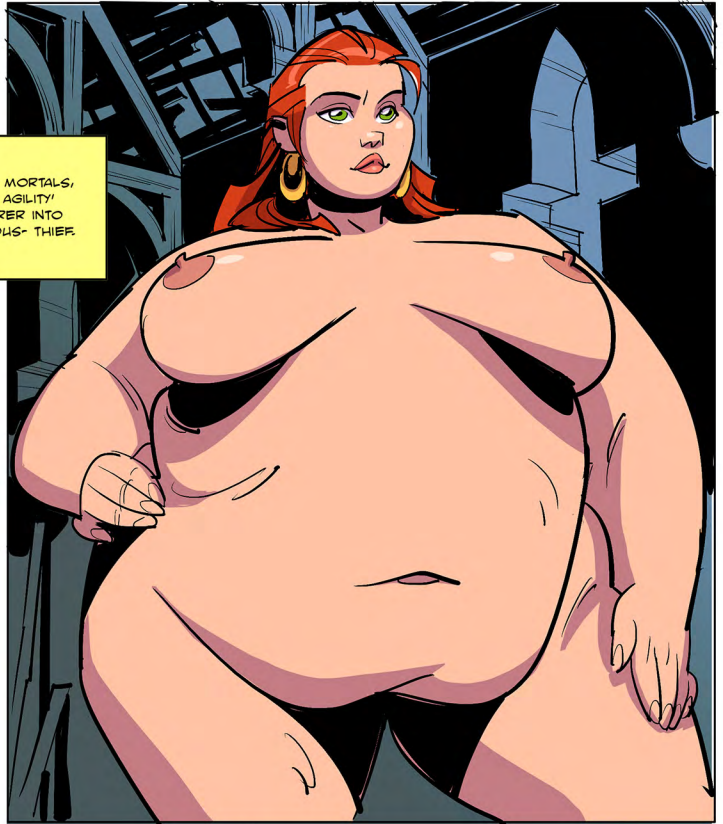
Prong 17



SO WHEN THE GOD OF TRICKSTERS, THIEVES, AND MISFITS MADE HIS WILL MANIFEST...

...OF COURSE **KOMIXYL**
WANTED IT TO BE AS HUMOROUS
AS IT WAS POWERFUL.

THEIR NAME UNKNOWN TO MORTALS,
HIS 'BOOTS OF IRONIC AGILITY'
WOULD TURN THEIR WEARER INTO
THE PERFECT -IF RIDICULOUS- THIEF.

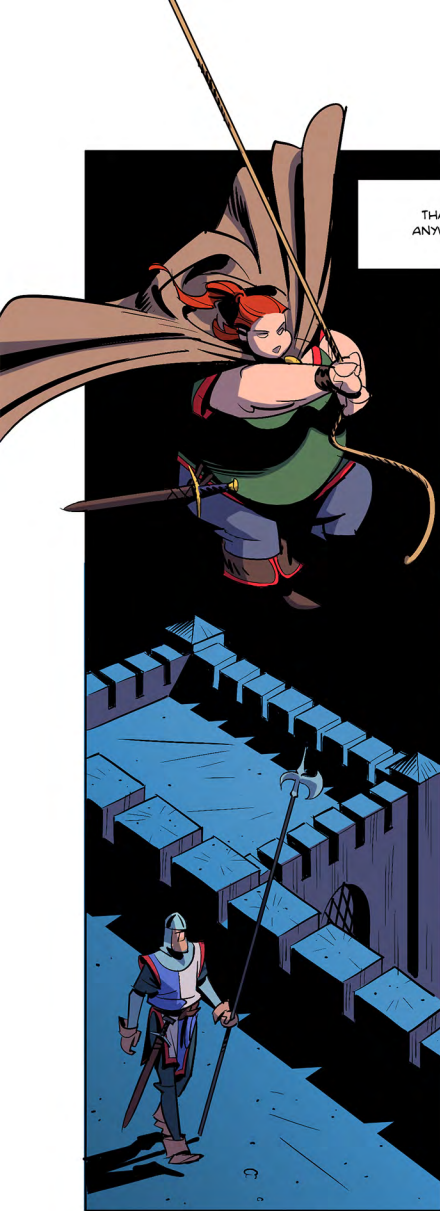


SUPERNATURAL SPEED,
AGILITY, AWARENESS,
GRACE...

...AND A FEW HUNDRED
POUNDS OF BLUBBER.

SOME FIND THE JOKE
FUNNIER THAN OTHERS.





THANKS TO THESE MAGIC BOOTS, I CAN GO JUST ABOUT ANYWHERE... PROVIDED IT'S NOT TOO SMALL FOR MY GIRTH.



THERE WE ARE. IF THE MINISTER WON'T SHARE HIS WEALTH WITH THE PEOPLE, I'LL SHARE IT FOR HIM...



I'M AFRAID YOUR
OPTIONS HAVE RUN
OUT, MY DEAR...

BUT
MINISTER,
PLEASE!

THE LAW IS
QUITE CLEAR,
MY PET...



IF YOU CAN'T
ACCOUNT FOR YOUR
DEALINGS AT TAX TIME,
THE CROWN TAKES
POSSESSION OF YOUR
FAMILY'S SHOP.

BUT YOU JUST
COLLECTED LAST
MONTH'S ACCOUNTS
YESTERDAY! HOW
COULD WE-



THE LAW IS THE
LAW, STRUMPET,
AND IN HERE, I
AM THE LAW.

BUT I COULD
OVERLOOK THIS
TRANSGRESSION,
IF PERHAPS...

IS THAT
GASP
NO!

A GARGOYLE SAFE: IF I STEP
OVER THE PLATFORM, IT CLOSES THE
MOUTH, BLOCKING THE KEY. IF I
REMOVE THE KEY WITHOUT REPLACING
IT, THE GARGOYLE CRIES, CALLING
FOR THE GUARDS...

DO IT FOR
YOUR FAMILY,
GIRL... MWEE
HEE HEE...

A-ALL
RIGHT...





WH-WHAT?
NO!

R-I-I-P!



PLEATH!
THTOP!

RIIIP!

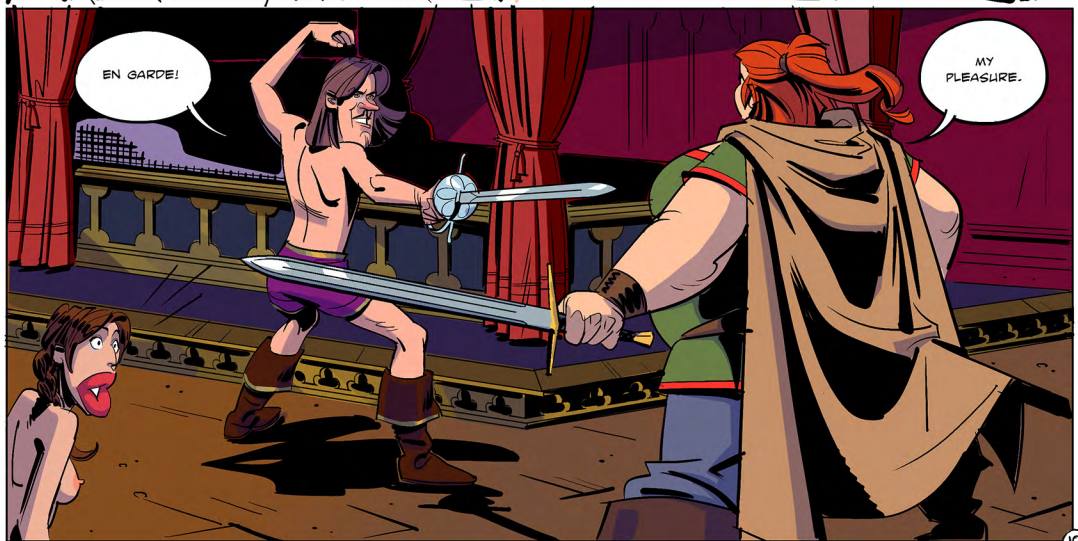


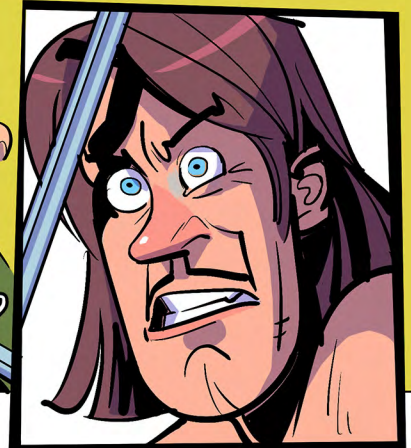
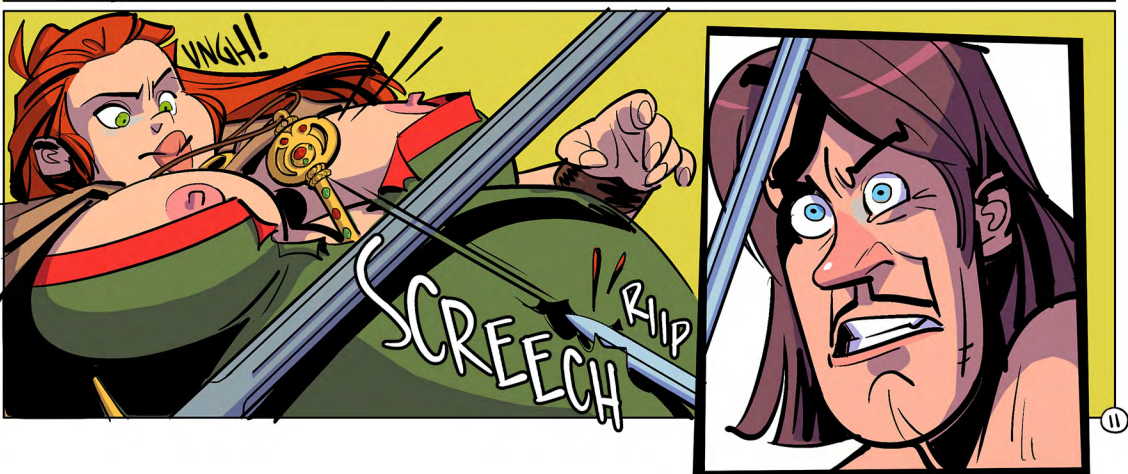
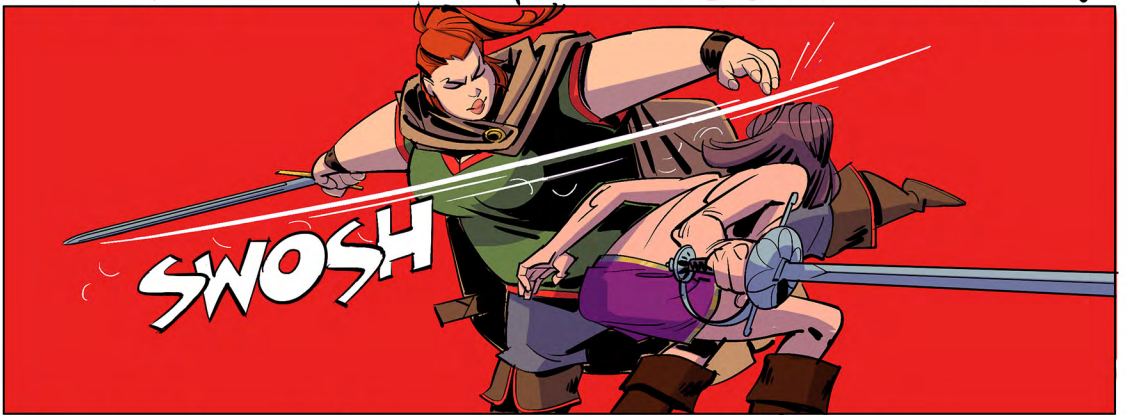
I- I CAN'T BE
THEEN WIKE
THITH!

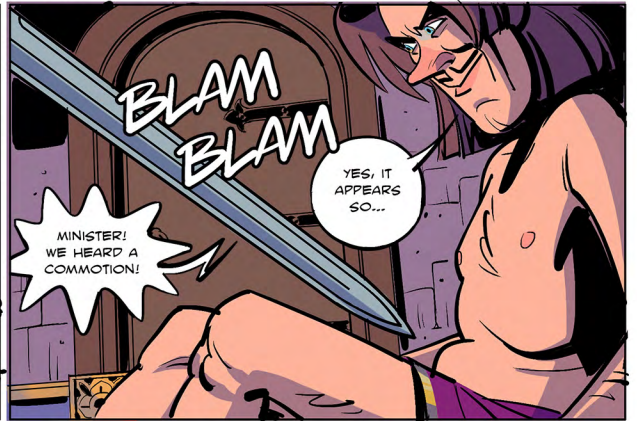


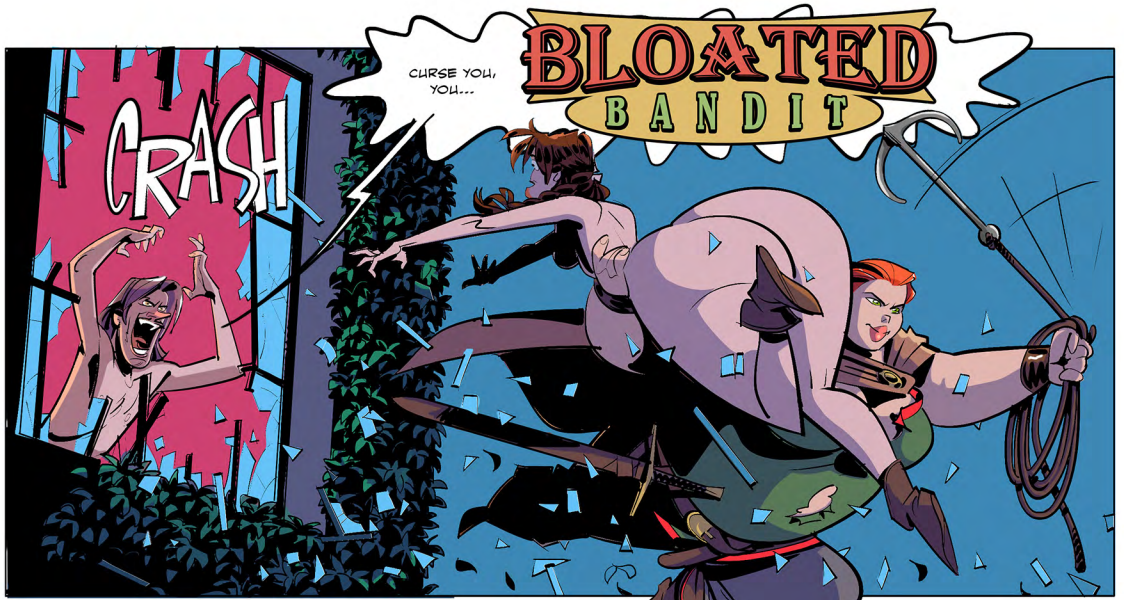
I'M SURE YOU CAN
STILL FIND PLENTY
OF WORK... ON
YOUR BACK... HEH
HEH HEH...

OKAY,
THAT'S
IT!

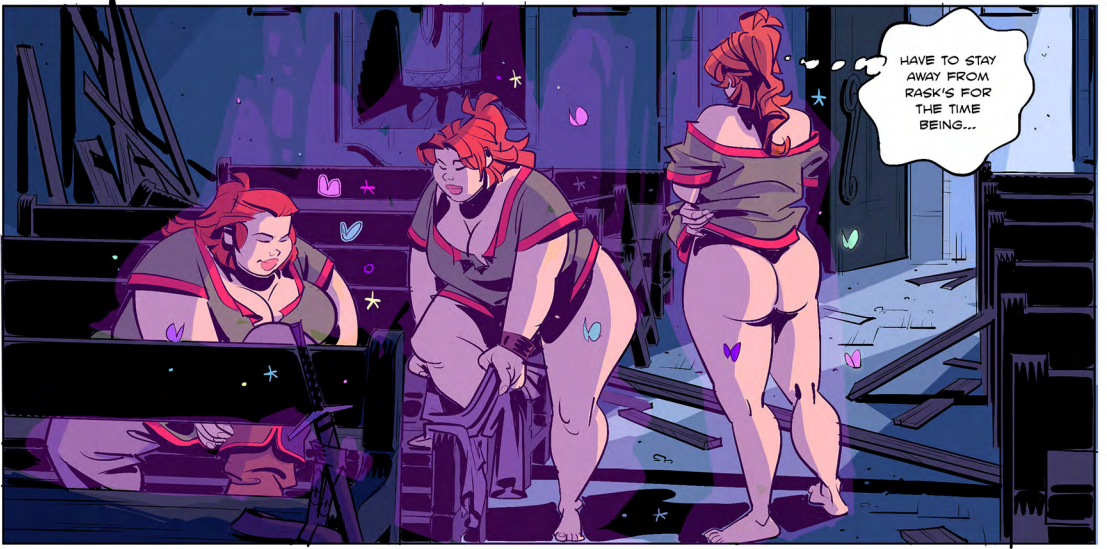












HAVE TO STAY AWAY FROM RASK'S FOR THE TIME BEING...



HE'LL BE TOO ON GUARD, CAN'T AFFORD TO GET CAUGHT.

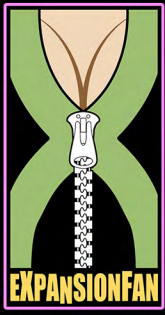


THOUGH I KIND OF LIKE THE NAME...



WONDER WHERE THE 'BLOATED BANDIT' WILL STRIKE NEXT?

TO BE CONTINUED...



BLOATED

BANDIT

The Bimbo Heist

Authors:
SoylentOrange & ChuckManX

Artist:
Amblagar



Amblagar

J. Yubari with ExpansionFan Productions present:

Bloated Bandit 2

When a mad alchemist seeks to use a new debilitating - but sexyfing! - concoction to steal from the royal treasury, it's up to the BLOATED BANDIT to stop him!



Authors:

SoylentOrange & ChuckManX

Artist:

Amblagar

Editor:

Valeyard Vince

Layout Artist:

Marvin Alonzo

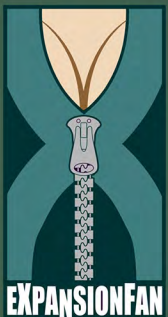
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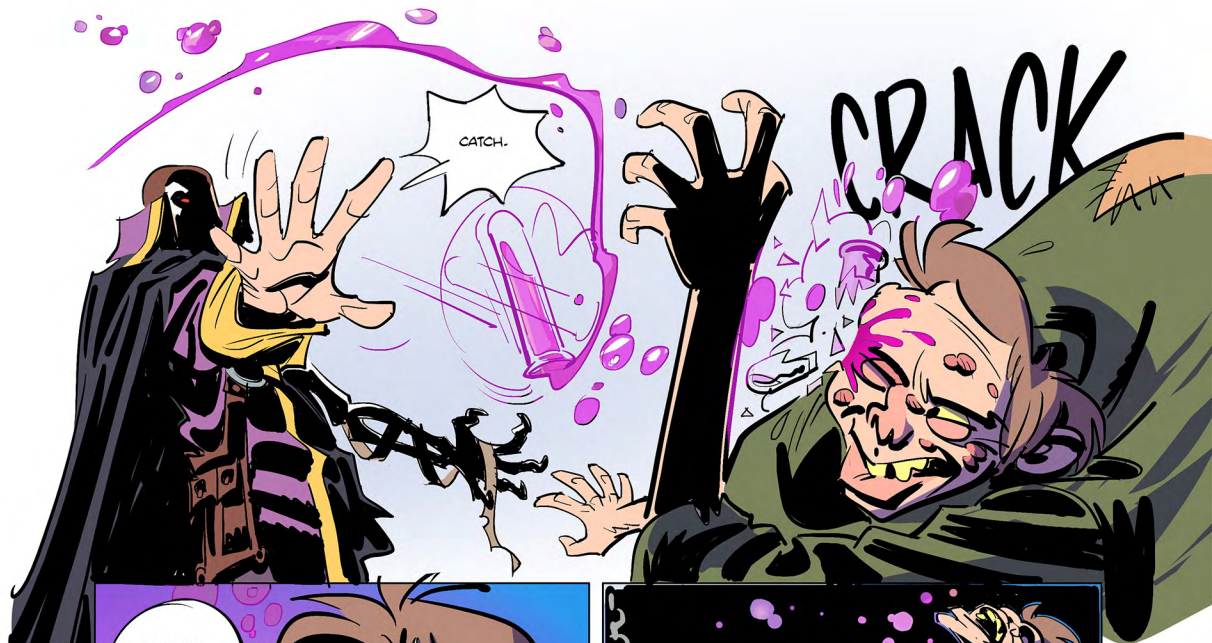
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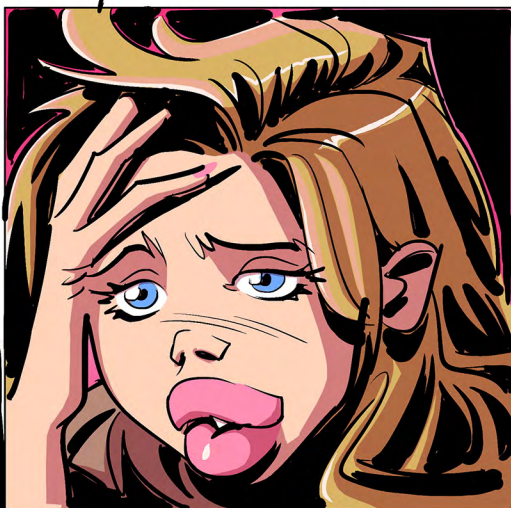
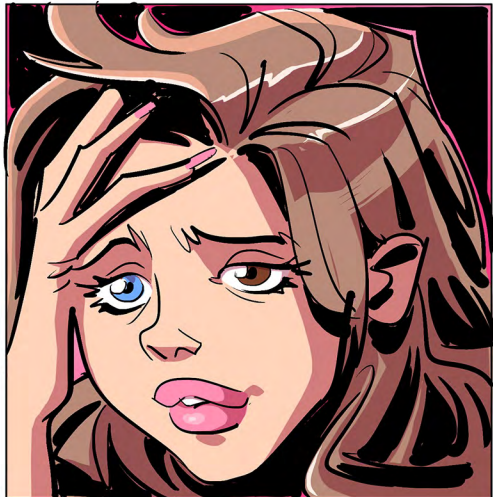
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IT WORKS...
IT WORKS!
HAHAHAHA!

MMM...
MASTER...



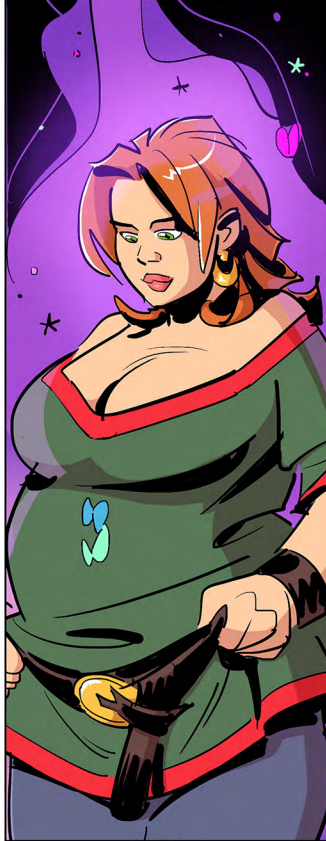
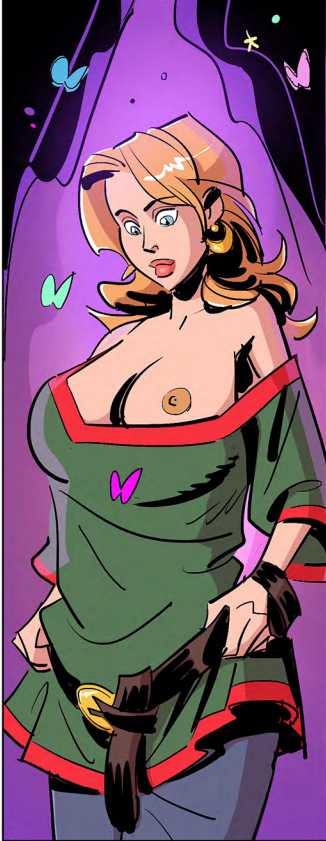
MEANWHILE...

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING MARRIED TO THE MINISTER OF THE TREASURY IS KNOWING JUST WHEN AND WHERE THE GOLD IS GOING...

TAX SEASON IS OVER, SO THE TREASURY IS FLUSH WITH THE GOLD OF NOBLES.

AND SINCE MOST OF THE NOBLES' GOLD IS FROM OPPRESSING AND EXPLOITING THE POOR AND WEAK...

...I THINK IT ONLY FAIR TO GIVE SOME OF IT BACK. AFTER ALL, WITH THESE MAGIC BOOTS...



I'M NOT JUST THE MINISTER'S WIFE, I AM...



THE BLOATED BANDIT!



HEH... I STILL GET A CHUCKLE OUT OF THAT NAME.



IT'S NEAR THE END OF THE GUARDS' SHIFT, SO THEY'LL BE TIRED AND UNWARY... HUH?

WHA- WHAT'S GOING ON? IS SOMEONE ATTACKING THE TREASURY?!



HRM... TOO MUCH GOING ON DOWN BELOW... NEED TO FIND ANOTHER WAY IN.

UGH!

CROCH!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE...

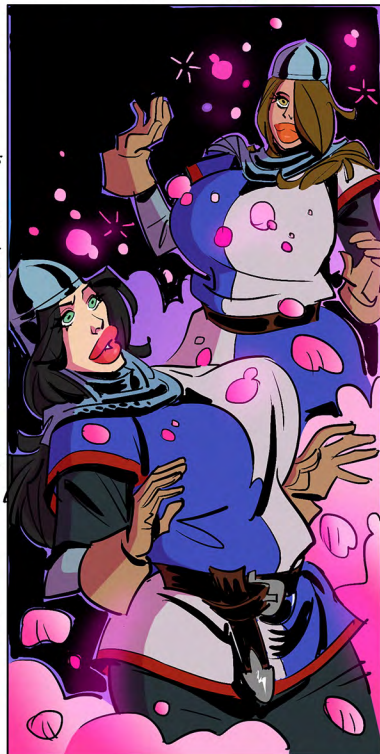
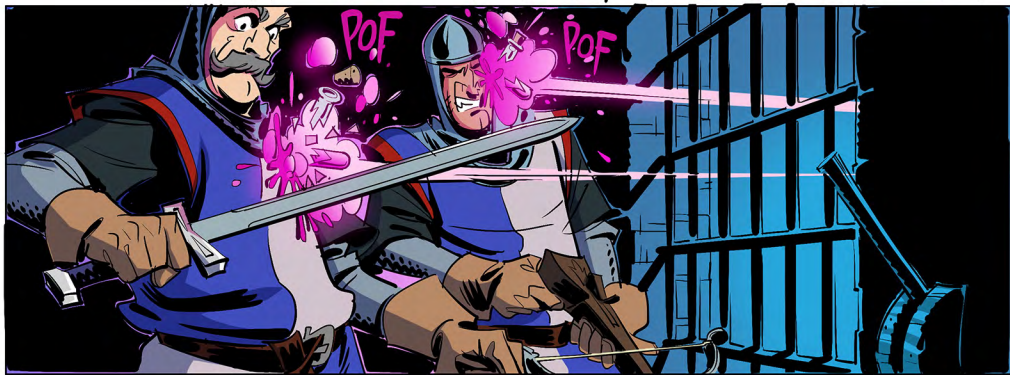
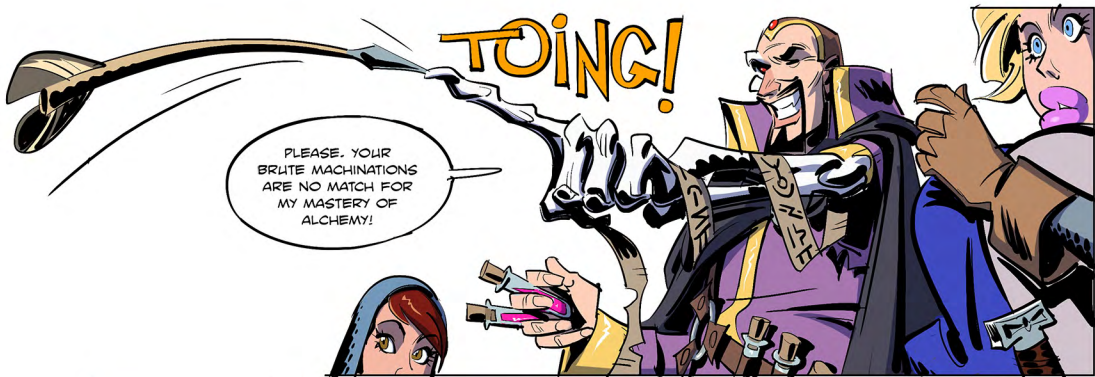
DON'T STRESS YOUR PITIFUL MINDS TRYING TO STOP ME. JUST SAVOR YOUR LAST FREE THOUGHTS BEFORE ALL YOU CRAVE IS YOUR NEW MASTER...

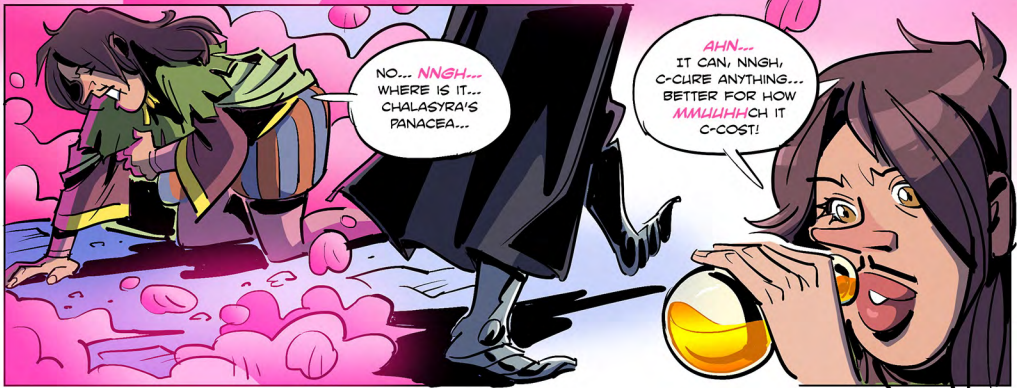
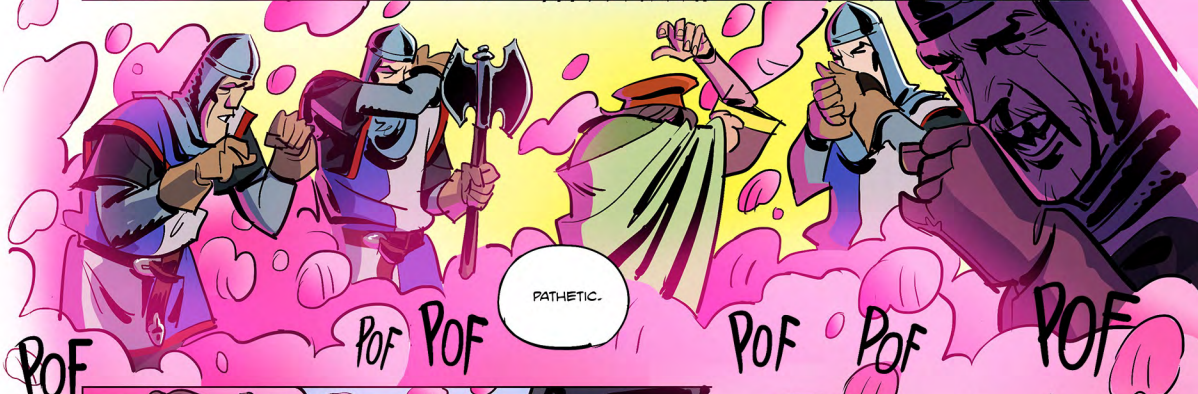
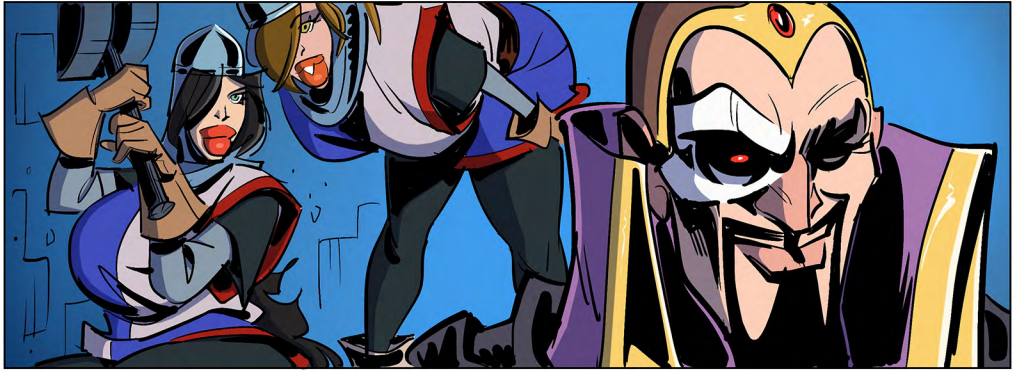
MMM... MASTER...

YOU M-MONSTER! DIE!



OOOH...





JUST AHEAD...



BLAM

GLAD IRWIN TOLD ME ABOUT THIS ROOM! HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE...



STOP!



HMM...? AH! YOU MUST BE THE ONE THEY CALL THE BLOATED BANDIT!

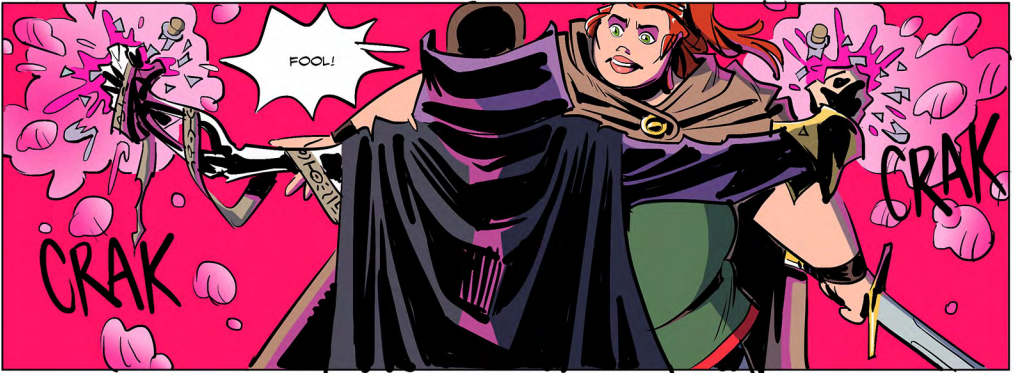


...I CAN'T WAIT TO ADD YOU TO MY HAREM!





GOTTA GET CLOSE- HE WON'T RISK GASSING HIMSELF!



IT'S NOT EASY TO ANGER THE GOD OF TRICKSTERS, THIEVES, AND MISFITS.



HOWEVER, THERE IS ONE THING THAT HE ABSOLUTELY WILL NOT STAND FOR.

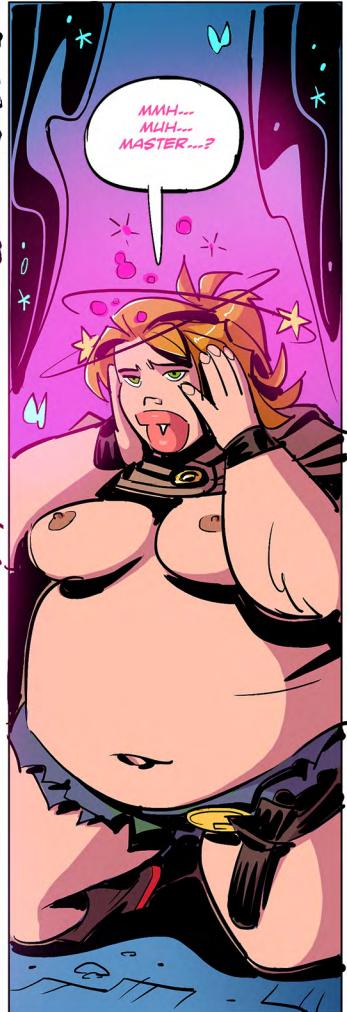


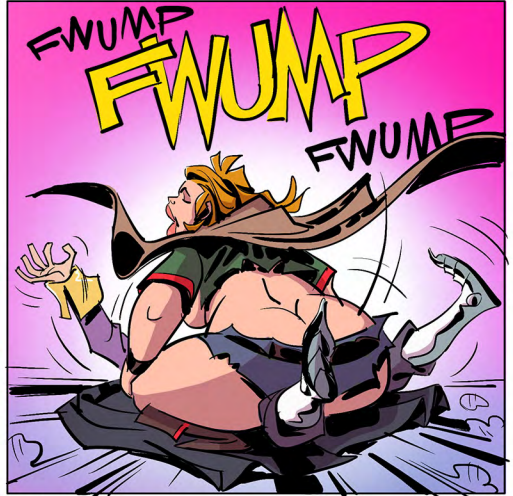
HIS ARTIFACTS ARE MEANT TO BE PRACTICAL JOKES ON THOSE WHO WOULD SEEK GLORY.



BUT HERE THIS ALCHEMIST COMES, VOLUPTUOUSIZING HIS THIEF TO IMMOBILITY...









ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?

YES, YES...

THANK THE GODS IT WORKED...



SORRY FELLAS, CAN'T STICK AROUND! DON'T WORRY, THOUGH...



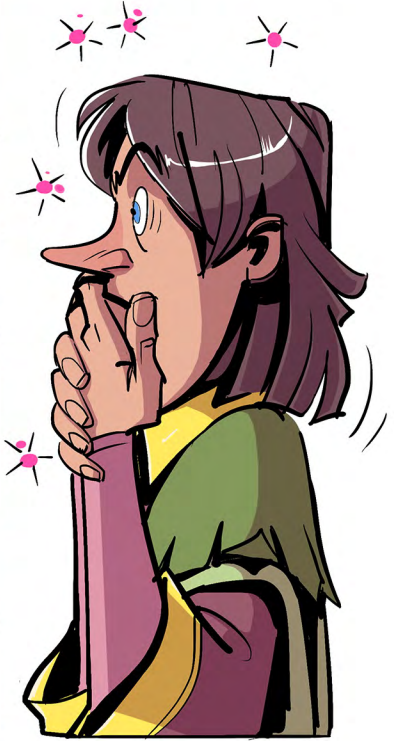
...I TOOK CARE OF THE ALCHEMIST FOR YOU!



AFTER HER! I WANT THAT BANDIT'S HEAD!

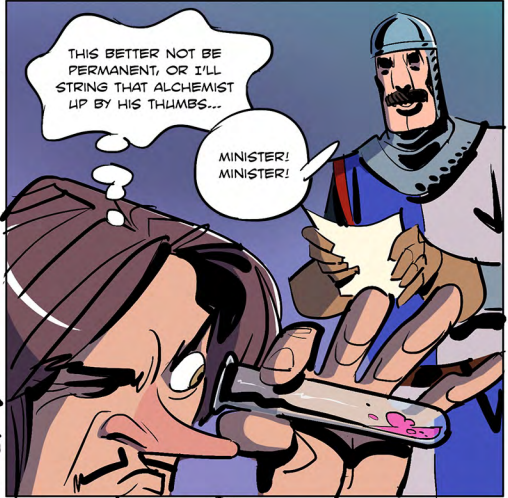


-BETWEEN MY THIGHS AND THRUSTING UP INTO MY-!





WHAT ARE YOU GAWKING AT!? GET HER!!



THIS BETTER NOT BE PERMANENT, OR I'LL STRING THAT ALCHEMIST UP BY HIS THUMBS...

MINISTER!
MINISTER!

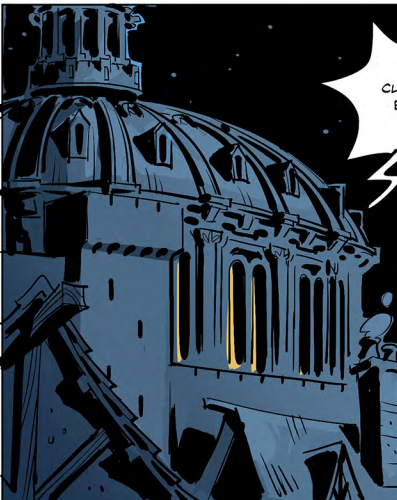


THE ALCHEMIST IS SECURED, BUT THERE STILL SEEMS TO BE TREASURE MISSING... AND WE FOUND THIS.



GRRR...

Helped myself to some reward money.
B.B.



CURSE YOU, BLOATED BANDIT!



TO BE CONTINUED!



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Author:
SoylentOrange
Artist:
Amblagar

BLOATED

BANDIT

THE FRAUDULENT FRIAR



BLOATED BANDIT 3

When the inhabitants of Kingsberth start swelling up without warning, a holy man claims they've swollen with sin and that only he can help them! But is this traveling cleric the cure for these mysterious bloatings... or the cause?



Author:
SoylentOrange

Artist:
Amblagar

Layout:
JSD
Studio GFX

Editor:
Valeyard Vince

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THERE YOU ARE, MY LADY. THANK YOU ONCE AGAIN FOR COMING TO US, BUT WHAT DO YOU NEED ALL THIS ROPE FOR? PARDON ME FOR SAYING SO, BUT YOU COULD HAVE RIGGED A GALLEON WITH ALL THE ROPE WE'VE SOLD YOU THIS PAST YEAR...

NEVER YOU MIND THAT, ANDOR. TRUST ME, IT'LL BE USED AND APPRECIATED.

ESPECIALLY SINCE IT'S THE ONLY ROPE IN TOWN MADE STRONG ENOUGH FOR THE BLOATED BANDIT TO SWING ON!



HELLO, LILL! BUSY DAY TODAY? USUALLY YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE TO GREET ME. HOW ARE YOU?

OH! I-I'M SORRY, MY LADY, I JUST, UHM...

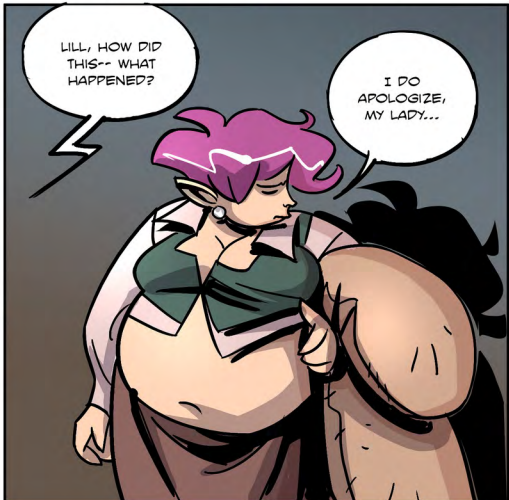


WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR? IS SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU?

WELL, THAT IS... UHM...



I... SEEM TO HAVE COME DOWN WITH SOME SORT OF AFFLICTION, MY LADY...



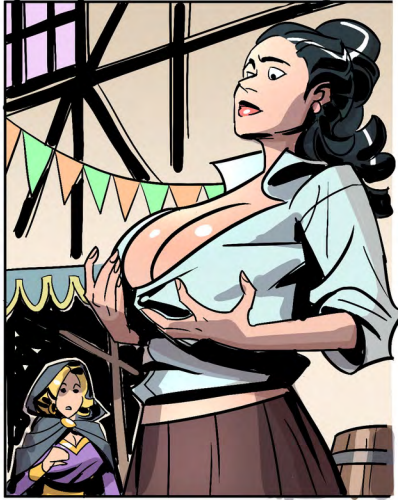
LILL, HOW DID THIS-- WHAT HAPPENED?

I DO APOLOGIZE, MY LADY...



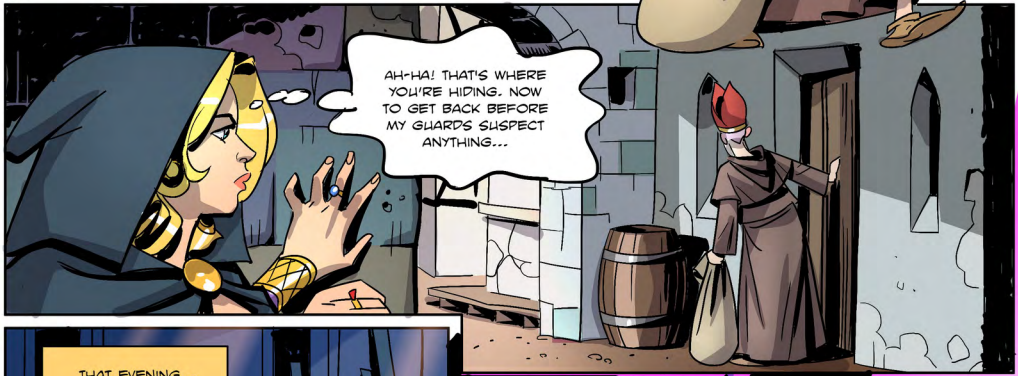
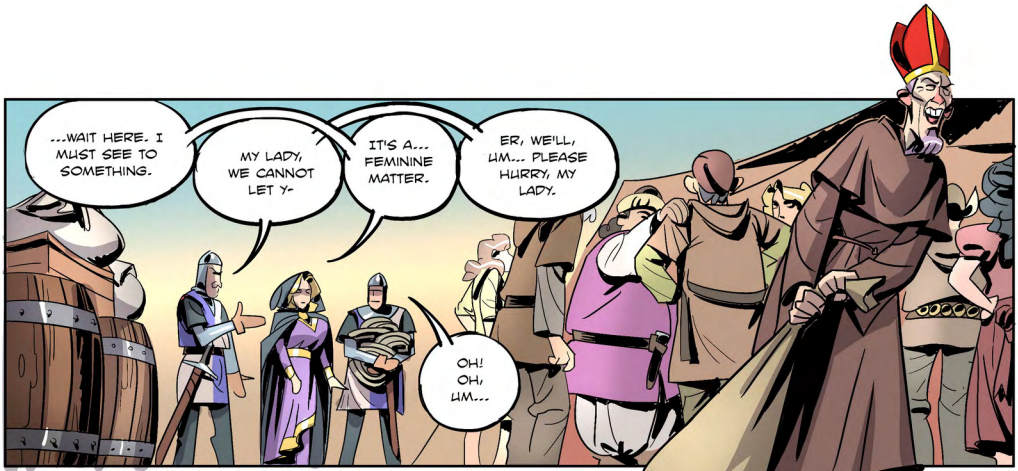


WHAT IN THE WORLD...? I'VE READ ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT'S NO ORDINARY MALADY. MAGIC MUST BE AT WORK HERE.



AND SO, IN THESE DARK TIMES, WE FIND THE **WEIGHT** OF OUR SINS NO LONGER RESTING MERELY ON OUR SOULS, BUT ALSO OUR **BODIES** AS THE LUST AND AVARICE AND FIGHTING COME TO RESIDE IN OUR LIMBS AND TRUNKS...





THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT FRIAR, AND AFTER THAT MAD ALCHEMIST'S ATTACK*, I NEED TO MAKE SURE THERE ISN'T TROUBLE BREWING!







BLESS!

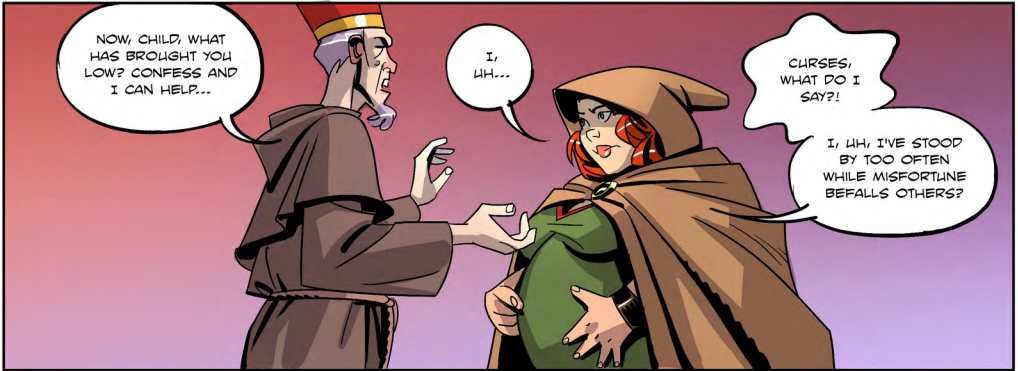
COME FORWARD!

CLEANSE HER, FRIAR!

WAIT, WHAT? ME? I-I- UH-



OKAY, OKAY, STAY CALM... REMEMBER, YOU'RE JUST SOME FAT LADY, NOT THE BLOATED BANDIT. SLOW, HEAVY STEPS...



NOW, CHILD, WHAT HAS BROUGHT YOU LOW? CONFESS AND I CAN HELP...

I, UH...

CURSES, WHAT DO I SAY?!

I, UH, I'VE STOOD BY TOO OFTEN WHILE MISFORTUNE BEFALLS OTHERS?

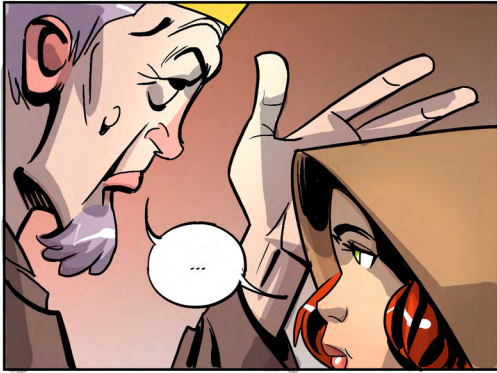


OH GREAT LORDS OF PURITY AND GOODNESS, HEED THE CALL OF YOUR FAITHFUL SERVANT! BY MY POWERS...



BE HEALED!

crinkle





WHAT'S HE DOING THERE...?



HE'S STICKING SOMETHING ON ALL THESE BUILDINGS... SEEMINGLY AT RANDOM.



WAIT A SECOND... I'VE SEEN SOMETHING LIKE THAT BEFORE, IN LANGBORNE'S MAGE TOWER!



THOSE ARE MAGIC SIGILS! YOU CAN ENCHANT A ROOM OR BOX OR EVEN A WHOLE BUILDING WITH THEM.



SO HE'S CAUSING ALL THE CHANGES!






YEP, NOT ONE FOOT...


UNBELIEVABLE! HE'S BEEN GOING FROM TOWN TO TOWN, DISGUIISING HIMSELF AS AN ORDINARY CITIZEN WHILE PLANTING THESE SIGILS, THEN "ARRIVING" AS THE FRIAR TO "HELP" THE PEOPLE UNTIL THEY DON'T HAVE ANY MORE MONEY TO PAY.

HIS JOURNAL SAYS HE AVOIDS NOBLES BECAUSE THEY HAVE THE RESOURCES TO DETECT AND REVERSE HIS MAGIC ON THEIR OWN, SO HE KEEPS HIS "AFFLICTION" TO THE RABBLE...

THEN HE REMOVES ALL THE SIGILS, DECLARES THE TOWN "REDEEMED", AND ENJOYS ONE LAST SHOWERING OF GIFTS AND TITHES BEFORE MOVING ON TO THE NEXT TOWN!



CAN'T JUST RUN HIM OUT. HE'LL JUST START AGAIN IN THE NEXT TOWN OVER. I NEED A WAY TO EXPOSE HIM FOR GOOD!



AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO DO IT...

THE NEXT DAY...



HUFF...
PUFF...

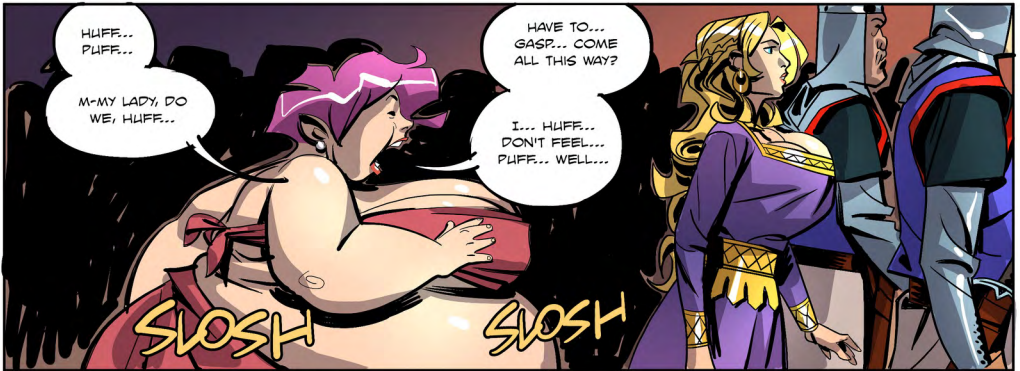
M-MY LADY, DO
WE, HUFF...

HAVE TO...
GASP... COME
ALL THIS WAY?

I... HUFF...
DON'T FEEL...
PUFF... WELL...

SLOSH

SLOSH



THAT'S WHY I'VE BROUGHT YOU
HERE, LILL! I'VE HEARD THIS FRIAR
CAN CLEANSE THESE KINDS OF
AFFLICTIONS... I THINK WE MIGHT
HAVE THE BEST CHANCE OF BEING
SEEN OVER THERE!

OFFICIAL
BUSINESS,
STEP ASIDE.

MAKE WAY,
MAKE WAY...



OH WAIT, I
THINK OVER
THERE!

AYE,
M'LADY...

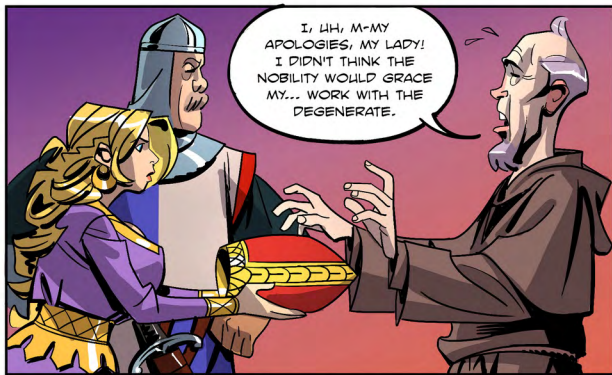
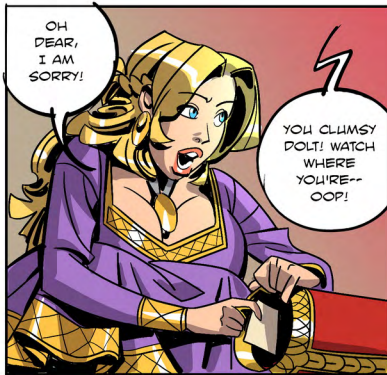
MAKE WAY
PLEASE, COMING
THROUGH...

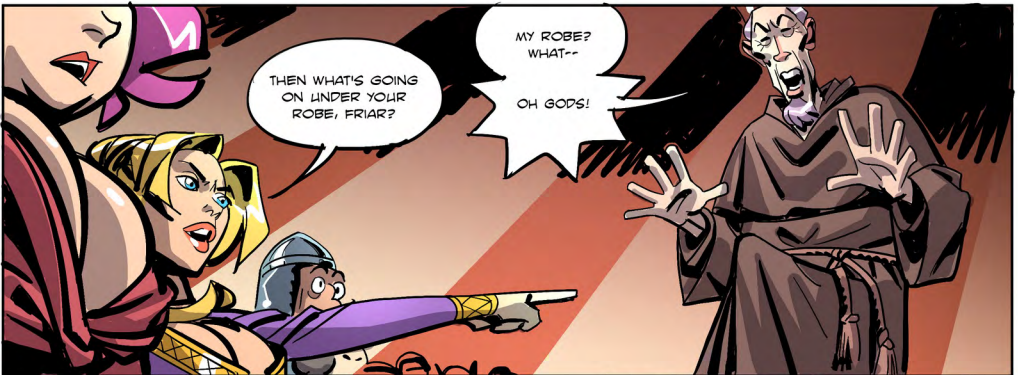


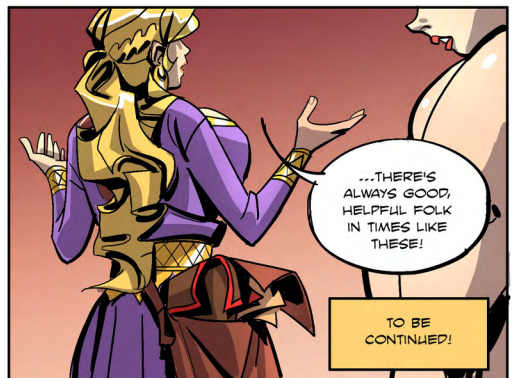
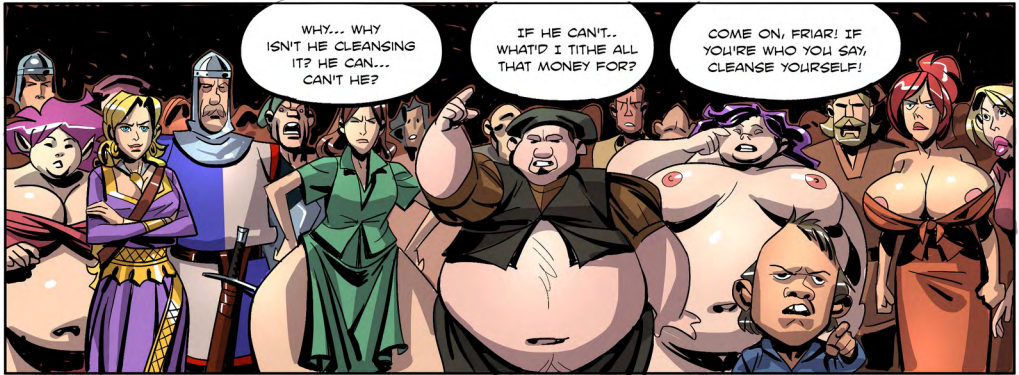
NO WAIT,
OVER--OH!

WHACK









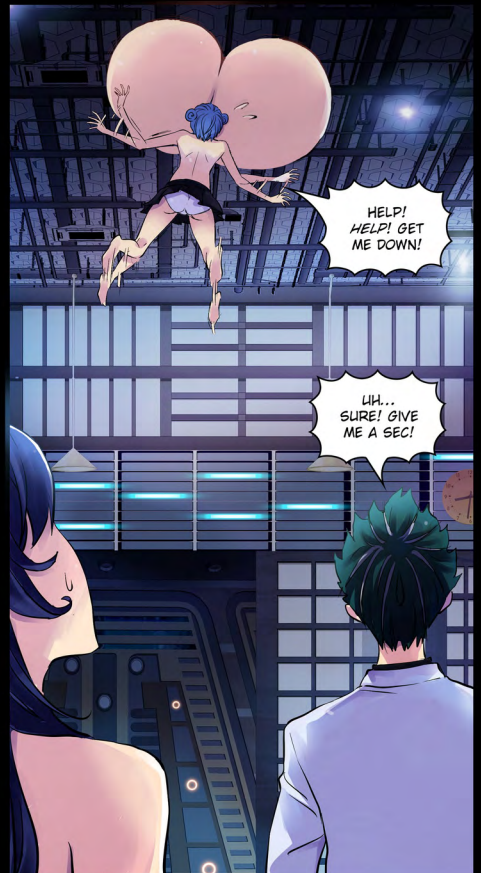
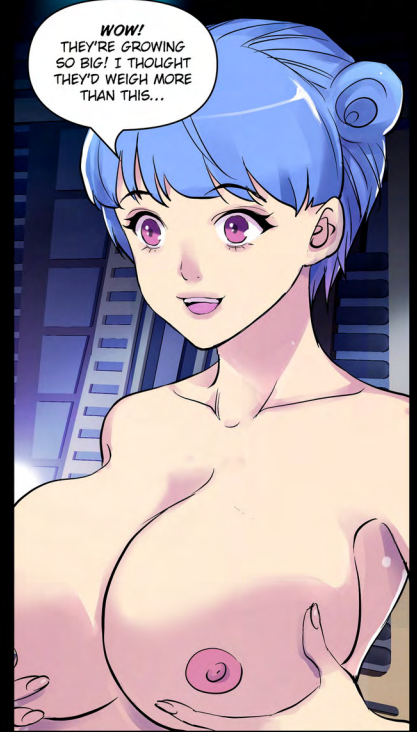
CHECK OUT SOME
PREVIEW PAGES FROM OUR
UPCOMING COMIC LINEUP!



★★★ AH! MY BOOBIES! ★★★

AUTHOR:
GEN-AWESOME

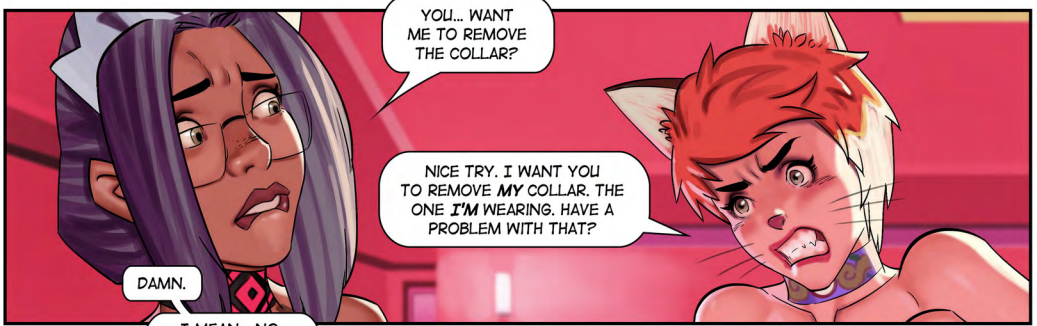
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