

ANNIE

And The
BLOW-UP DOLLS

Annie LOVES a Mystery!



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Annie and The Blow-Up Dolls: Annie LOVES a Mystery!

Annie and the Blow-Up Dolls is one of the top-selling pop acts in the world, but the band's tendency to run off solving mysteries, even cancelling concerts to do so, drives their manager crazy.

Then a fanboy doses Annie with a chemical that makes her breasts grow when she's turned on — but she's kinky for mysteries, not him.

So, when a mystery beckons, Annie keeps getting bigger and bigger.

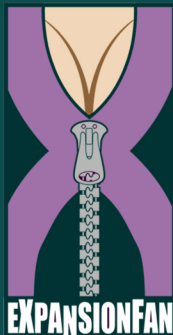
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THEY'RE THE BIGGEST POP BAND IN THE WORLD!
ANNIE AND THE BLOW-UP DOLLS!

UNMASK MY
HEART! I'M GUILTY
OF LOVING YOU!

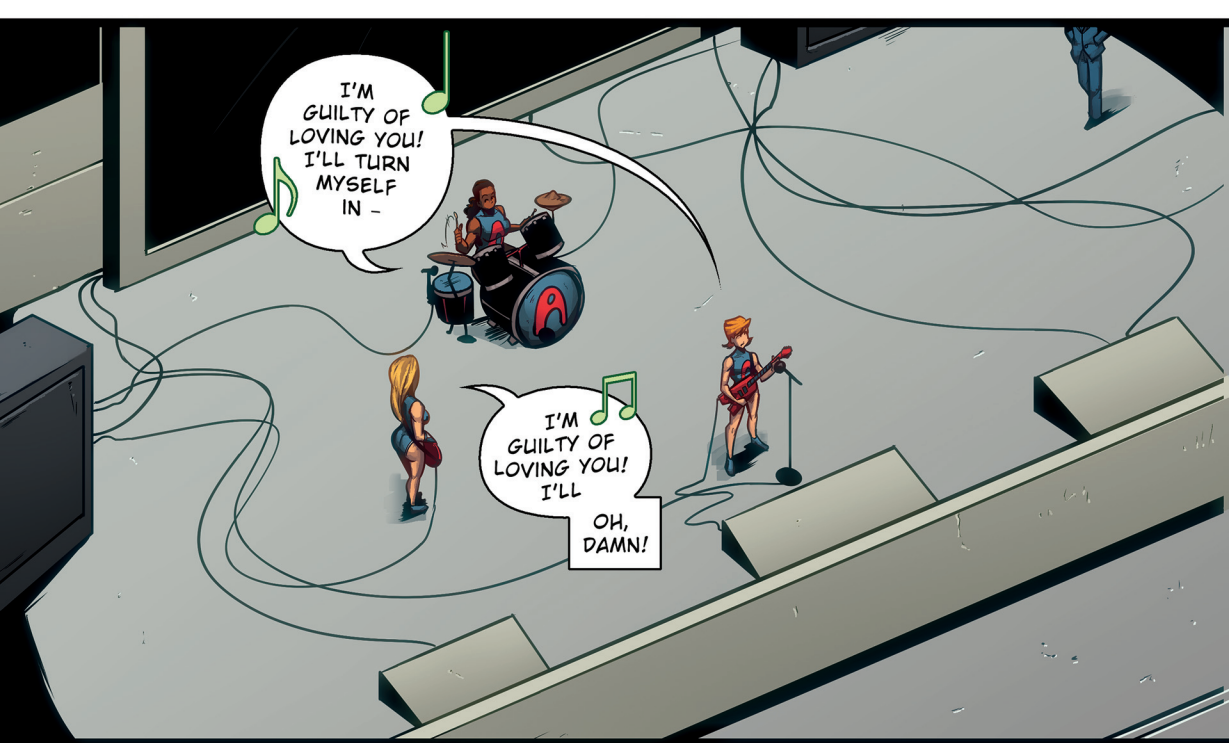
AND THEY'RE COMING TO YOUR
CITY FOR THREE DAYS ONLY!

YOU DIDN'T NEED
TO LAY YOUR TRAPS!
MY HEART WAS YOURS
TO START WITH!

THAT'S THREE
DAYS ONLY!
COME SEE ANNIE
AND THE BLOW-

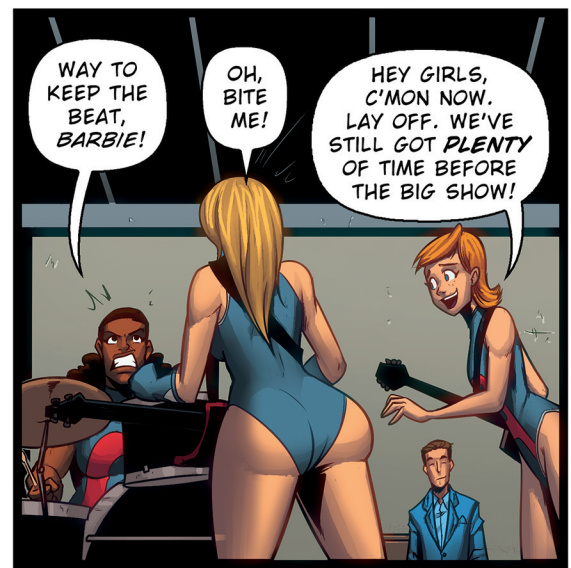
CLICK!

YEAH, THREE DAYS -
IF I CAN JUST KEEP ANNIE
FROM CHASING OUT AFTER
SOME MYSTERY AND CANCELLING
CONCERTS! SHE COSTS THE
RECORD LABEL - AND ME -
SO MUCH MONEY WITH
THESE STUNTS!



I'M GUILTY OF LOVING YOU!
I'LL TURN MYSELF IN -

I'M GUILTY OF LOVING YOU!
I'LL
OH, DAMN!



WAY TO KEEP THE BEAT, BARBIE!

OH, BITE ME!

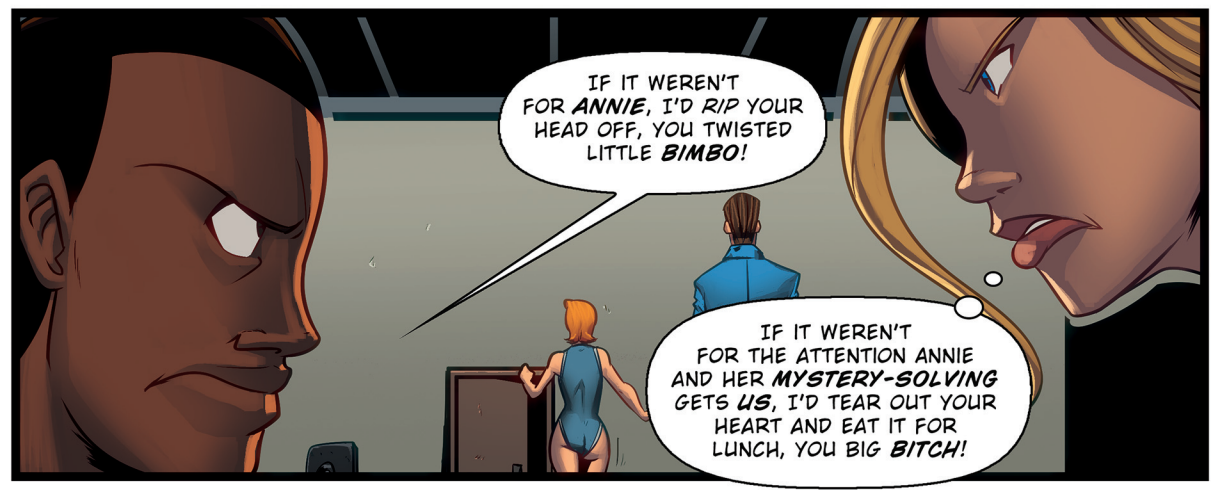
HEY GIRLS, C'MON NOW. LAY OFF. WE'VE STILL GOT PLENTY OF TIME BEFORE THE BIG SHOW!



ANNIE, I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT PUBLICITY CALLS!

YOU'VE GOT A MEETING WITH YOUR FAN CLUB PRESIDENT!

OH, RIGHT. TAKE FIFTEEN, GIRLS!



IF IT WEREN'T FOR ANNIE, I'D RIP YOUR HEAD OFF, YOU TWISTED LITTLE BIMBO!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE ATTENTION ANNIE AND HER MYSTERY-SOLVING GETS US, I'D TEAR OUT YOUR HEART AND EAT IT FOR LUNCH, YOU BIG BITCH!



I'VE GOT TO APPLY THE PASSION POTION *TOPICALLY*. I GUESS THAT MEANS I "ACCIDENTALLY" SPILL IT.

HI, BARRY!

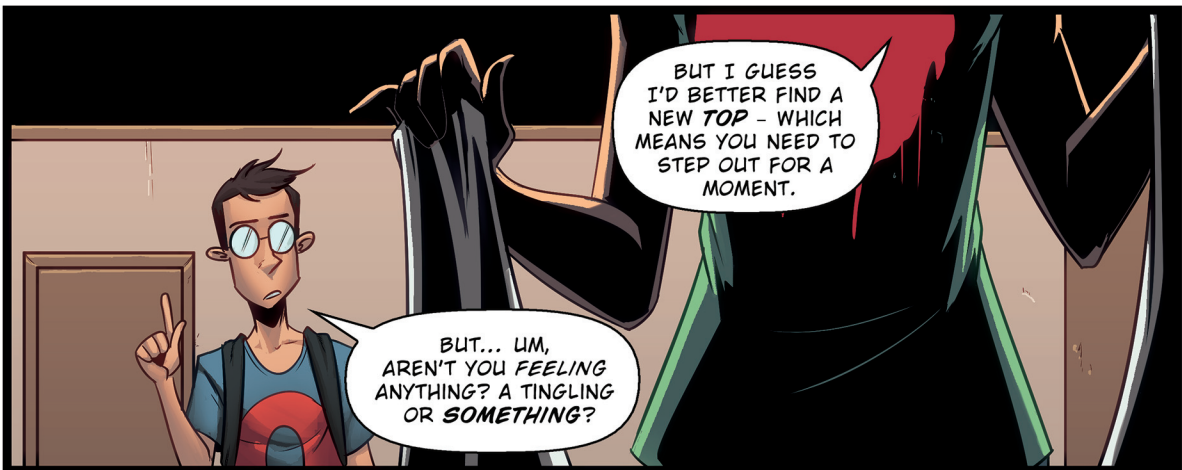


THAT'S LARRY, ANNIE. I -

SPLASH!

OH! I'M SO SORRY!

OH, MY! THAT'S OKAY, LARRY! I MUST HAVE STARTLED YOU!



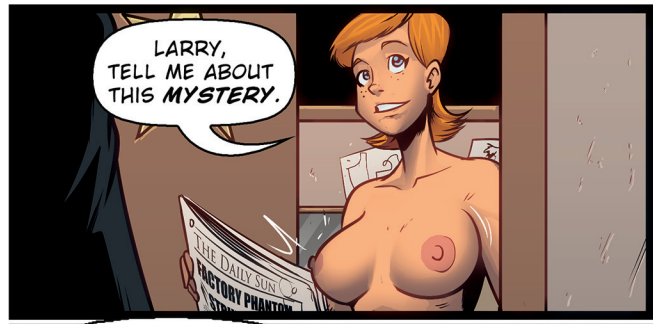
BUT I GUESS I'D BETTER FIND A NEW TOP - WHICH MEANS YOU NEED TO STEP OUT FOR A MOMENT.

BUT... UM, AREN'T YOU FEELING ANYTHING? A TINGLING OR SOMETHING?

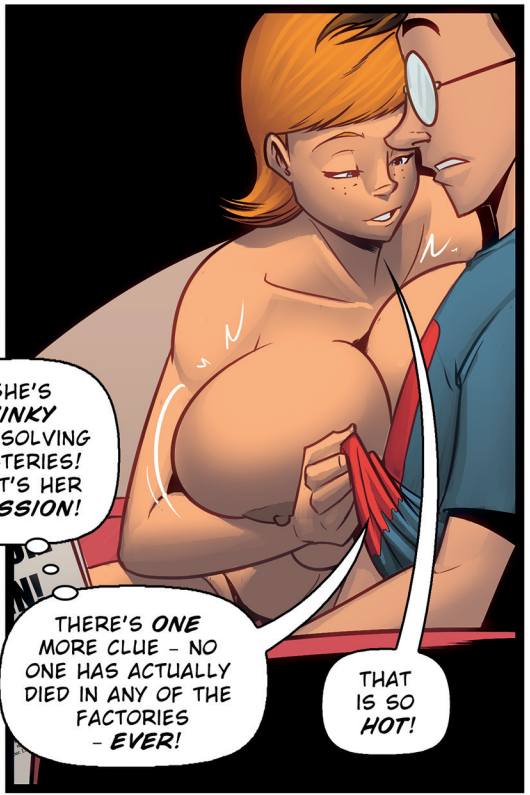


I DON'T UNDERSTAND. BY NOW HER PASSION, AND HER TITS, SHOULD BE GROWING!

THE POTION INTERACTS WITH WHAT THE TARGET IS PASSIONATE ABOUT, AND I THOUGHT ANNIE WAS STRAIGHT ...



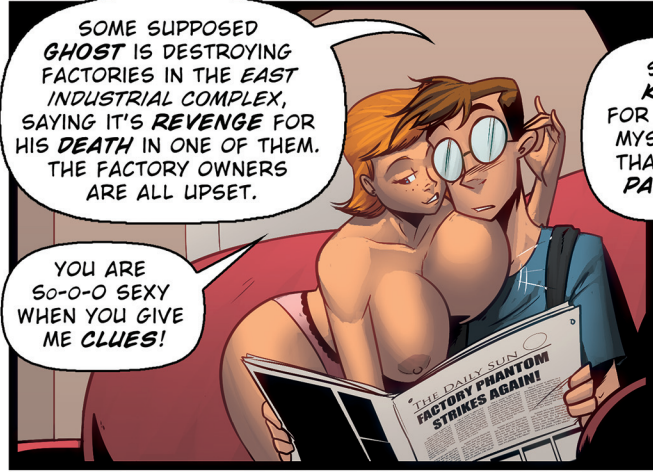
LARRY,
TELL ME ABOUT
THIS *MYSTERY*.



SHE'S
KINKY
FOR SOLVING
MYSTERIES!
THAT'S HER
PASSION!

THERE'S *ONE*
MORE CLUE - NO
ONE HAS ACTUALLY
DIED IN ANY OF THE
FACTORIES
- *EVER!*

THAT
IS SO
HOT!

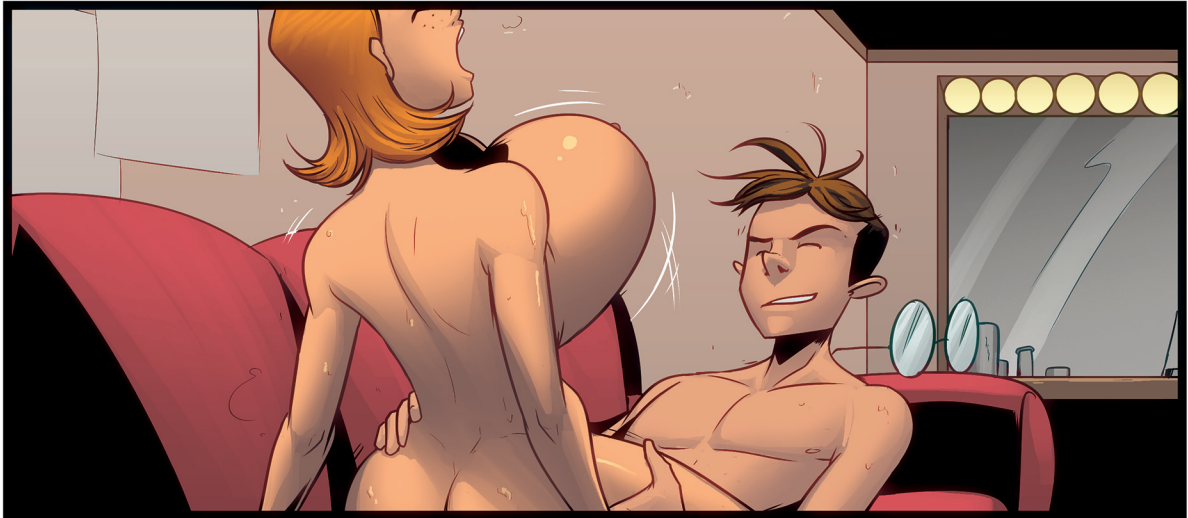


SOME SUPPOSED
GHOST IS DESTROYING
FACTORIES IN THE EAST
INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX,
SAYING IT'S *REVENGE*
FOR HIS *DEATH* IN ONE OF THEM.
THE FACTORY OWNERS
ARE ALL UPSET.

YOU ARE
SO-O-O SEXY
WHEN YOU GIVE
ME *CLUES!*

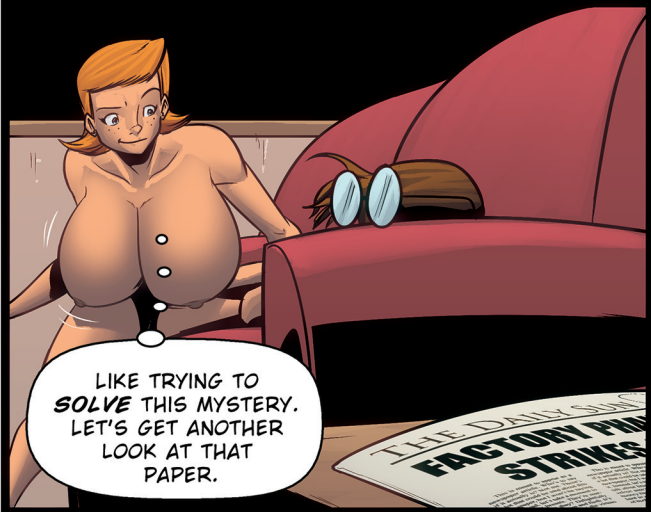


A *FAN*
WITH THIS GOOD A
MYSTERY DESERVES
A *REWARD!*





ASLEEP AFTER SEX. HE'S SUCH A GUY! AND I'M READY FOR MORE -



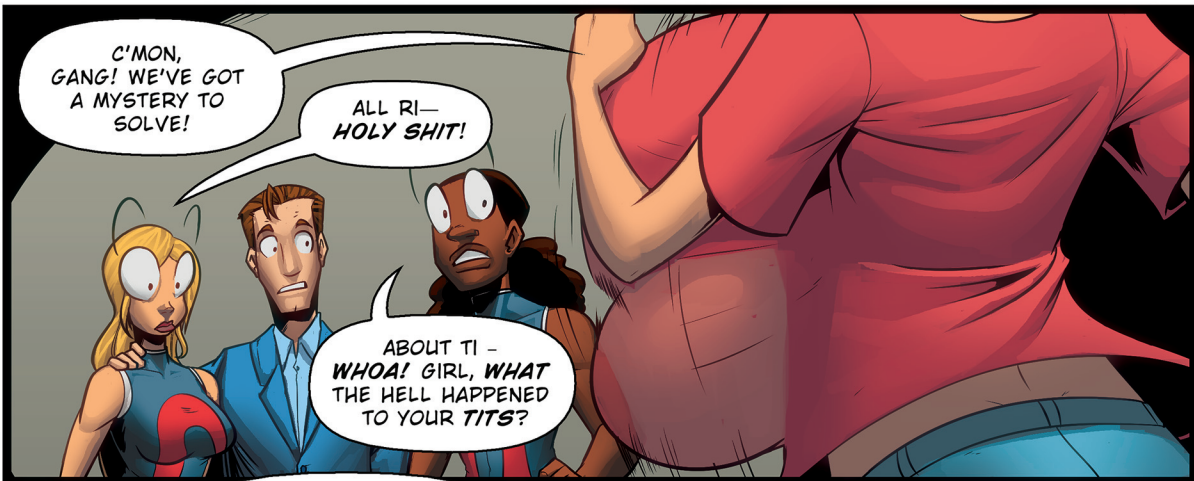
LIKE TRYING TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY. LET'S GET ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT PAPER.



SO THE FACTORY OWNERS ARE MS. WALLACE, MR. WOOD AND MR. KENDALL. INTERESTING. I'D BETTER GET DRESSED AND GET THE GIRLS.

YEEKERS! LOOKS LIKE I'M PUTTING ON SOME WEIGHT ON TOP AT LAST. WEIRD, THOUGH. THIS SIZE FIT THIS MORNING. NOW NONE ARE BIG ENOUGH!
BETTER JUST GRAB A HUGE TOP AND GO BRA-LESS.





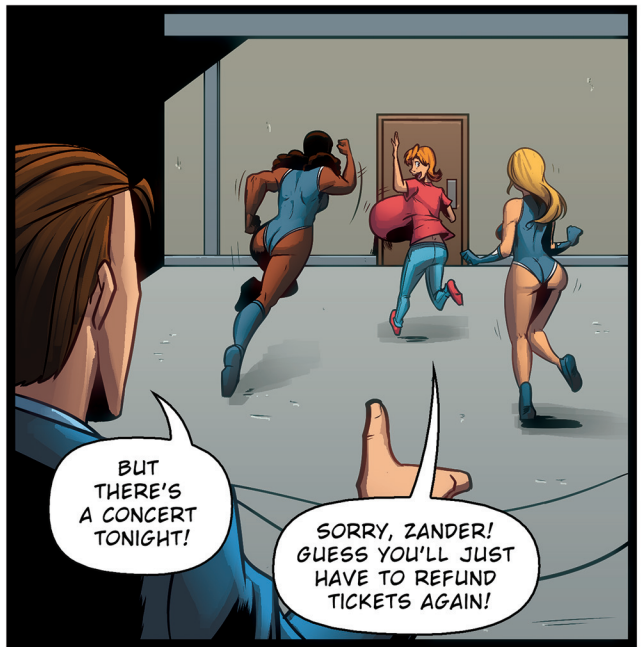
C'MON, GANG! WE'VE GOT A MYSTERY TO SOLVE!

ALL RI—
HOLY SHIT!

ABOUT TI -
WHOA! GIRL, WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOUR TITS?



I DUNNO. IT STARTED ABOUT THE TIME MY FAN CLUB PRESIDENT, HARRY, TOLD ME ABOUT THE FACTORY PHANTOM. LET'S GO!



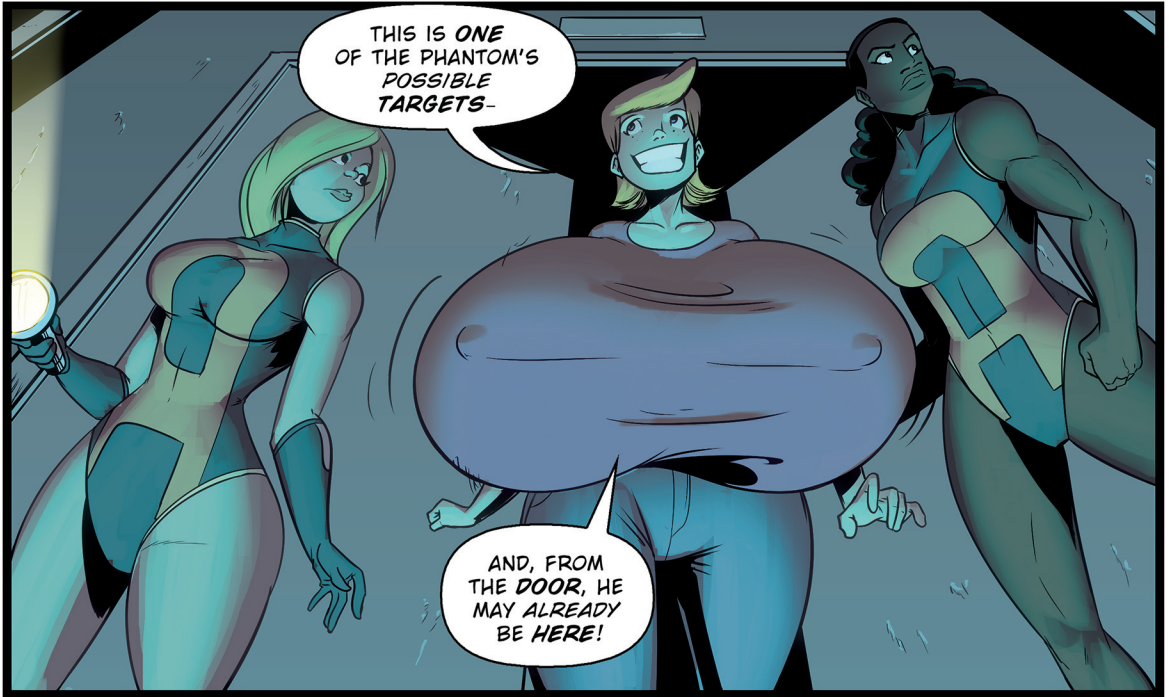
BUT THERE'S A CONCERT TONIGHT!

SORRY, ZANDER! GUESS YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO REFUND TICKETS AGAIN!



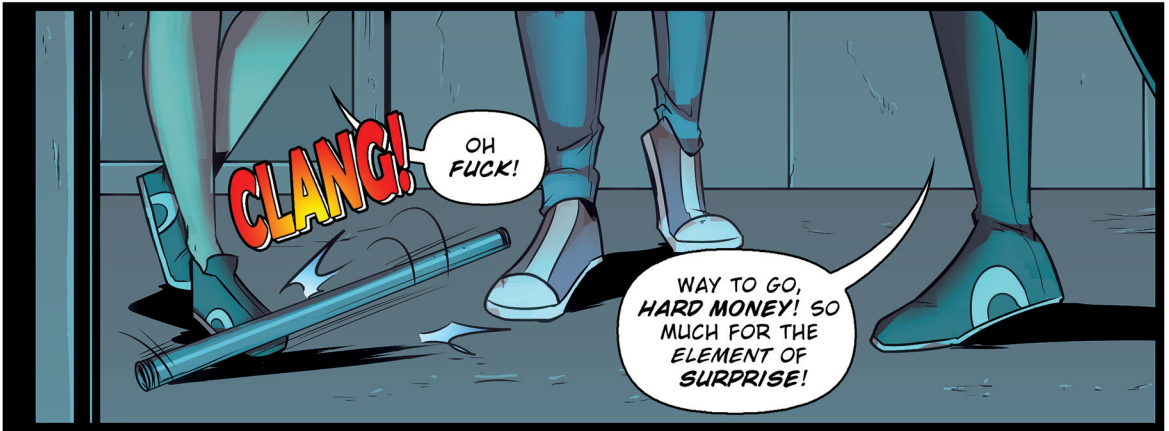
DAMMIT! WITH A RACK LIKE THAT ON ANNIE, WE'LL SELL EVEN MORE SEATS -BUT THAT'S ONLY GOOD IF SHE'S AT THE CONCERTS!

I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS HOBBY -BUT HOW?



THIS IS *ONE* OF THE PHANTOM'S POSSIBLE TARGETS-

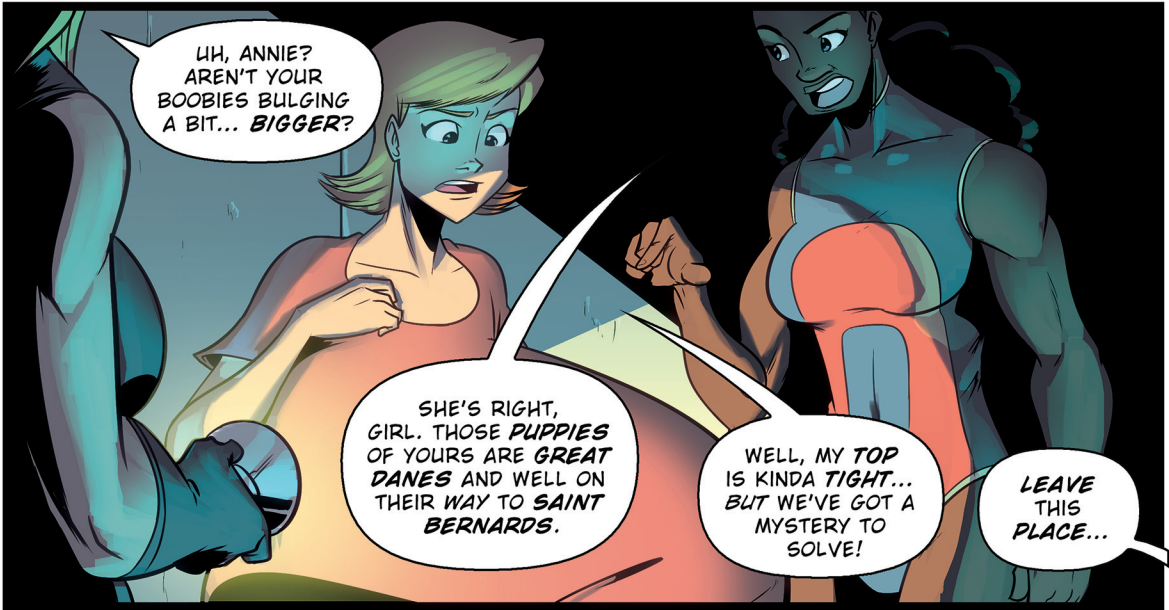
AND, FROM THE DOOR, HE MAY ALREADY BE HERE!



CLANG!

OH FUCK!

WAY TO GO, HARD MONEY! SO MUCH FOR THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE!



UH, ANNIE? AREN'T YOUR BOOBIES BULGING A BIT... **BIGGER?**

SHE'S RIGHT, GIRL. THOSE PUPPIES OF YOURS ARE **GREAT DANES** AND WELL ON THEIR WAY TO **SAINT BERNARDS**.

WELL, MY TOP IS KINDA TIGHT... BUT WE'VE GOT A MYSTERY TO SOLVE!

LEAVE THIS PLACE...

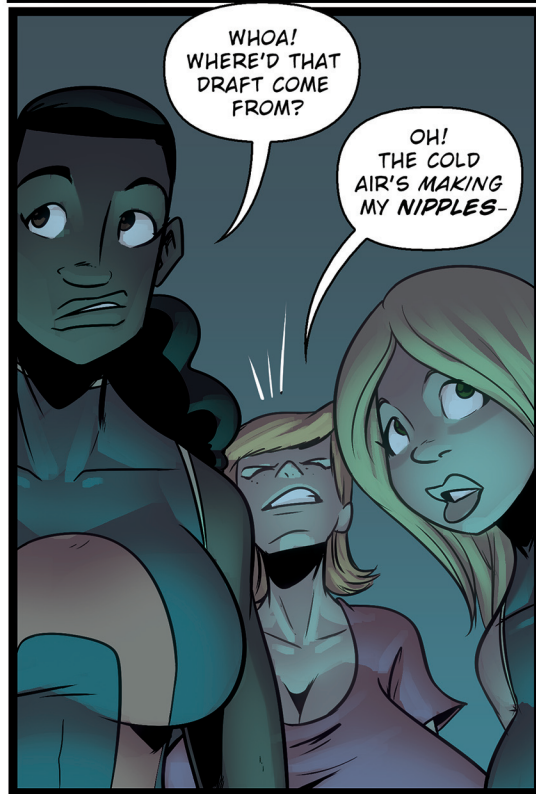




WE LOST HIM, ANNIE.

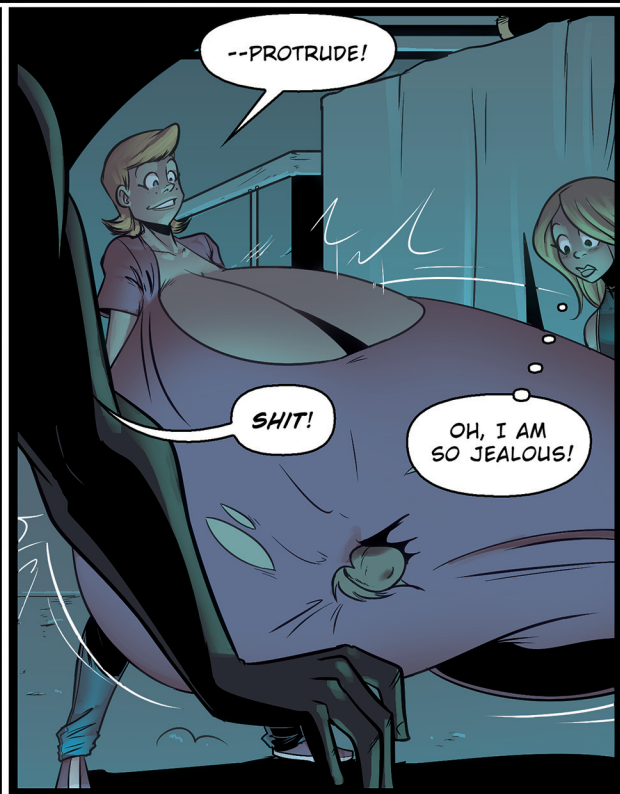
YOU MEAN YOU LOST HIM, YOU DIM BIMBO!

THAT'S ENOUGH, YOU TWO!



WHOA! WHERE'D THAT DRAFT COME FROM?

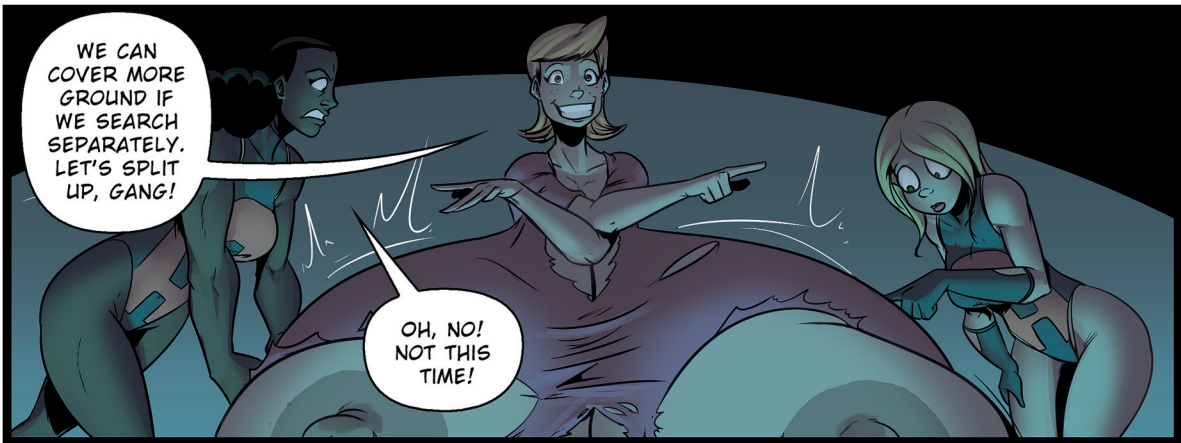
OH! THE COLD AIR'S MAKING MY NIPPLES--



--PROTRUDE!

SHIT!

OH, I AM SO JEALOUS!

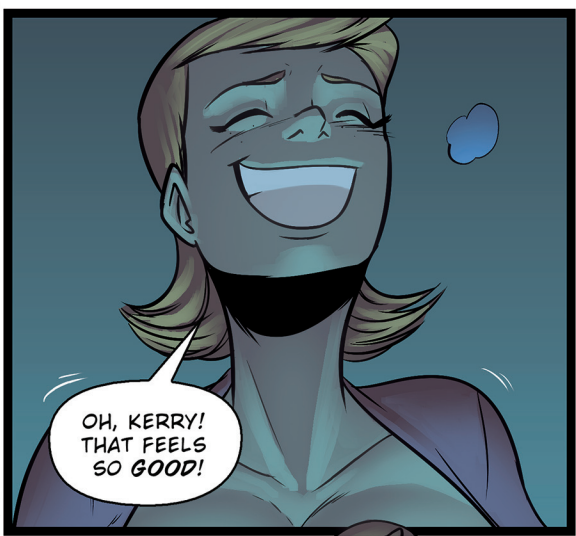


WE CAN COVER MORE GROUND IF WE SEARCH SEPARATELY. LET'S SPLIT UP, GANG!

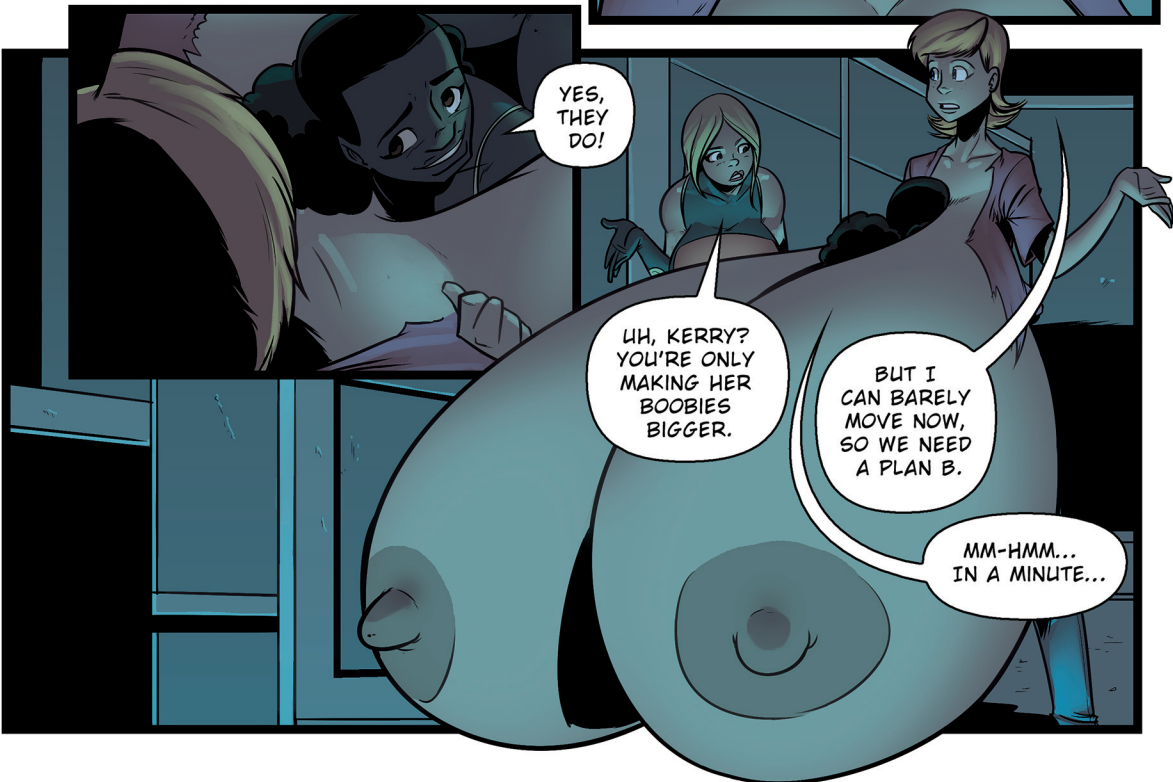
OH, NO! NOT THIS TIME!



IF I HAVE TO, I'LL OOF! CARRY YOU OUTTA HERE! OOF! YOU NEED OOOOFF! A DOCTOR!



OH, KERRY! THAT FEELS SO GOOD!



YES, THEY DO!

UH, KERRY? YOU'RE ONLY MAKING HER BOOBIES BIGGER.

BUT I CAN BARELY MOVE NOW, SO WE NEED A PLAN B.

MM-HMM... IN A MINUTE...



SO, YOU GIRLS
LEAD THE PHANTOM
INTO THE **NET**, WHICH
HE **WON'T** SEE IN THE
DARK. I HIT THE
BUTTON,

HE GETS
HAULED UP ON
THE **HOO**K, AND
HE'S **TRAPPED!**



GIRL, YOU
ARE **GREAT** UNDER
PRESSURE.

YEAH!
THIS TRAP'LL
CATCH HIM
FOR SURE!



UNLESS
I **SNEAK** UP
BEHIND YOU!



OH,
THIS IS SO...
EXCITING!



WHY AN!

OH,
YES!

YES!

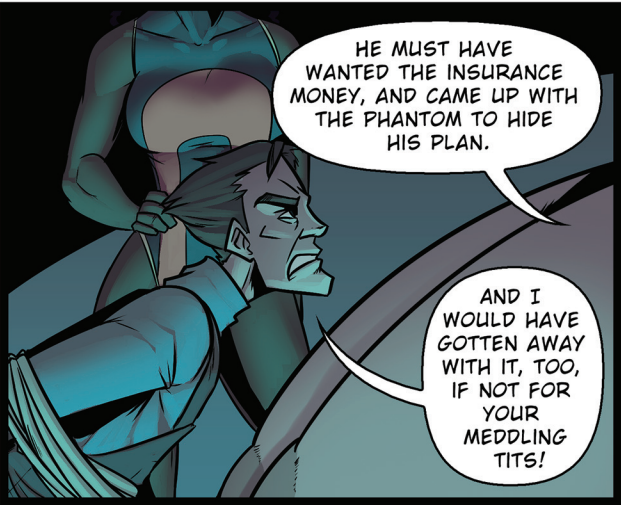
YES!



SO, LET'S SEE WHO THE FACTORY PHANTOM REALLY IS.

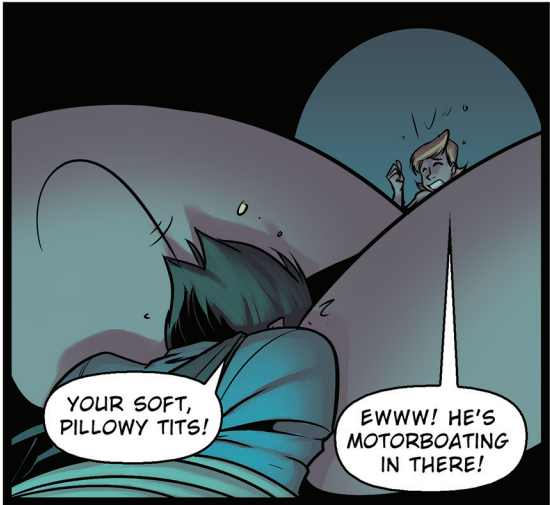


I SAW HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPER! THAT'S MR. KENDALL, ONE OF THE FACTORY OWNERS.



HE MUST HAVE WANTED THE INSURANCE MONEY, AND CAME UP WITH THE PHANTOM TO HIDE HIS PLAN.

AND I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT, TOO, IF NOT FOR YOUR MEDDLING TITS!



YOUR SOFT, PILLOWY TITS!

EWWW! HE'S MOTORBOATING IN THERE!



YEEKERS! MY BOOBS ARE DEFLATING!

THAT'S CAUSE THE CROOK'S CAUGHT! GUESS YOU'RE KINKY FOR MYSTERIES, ANNIE!



AND I GUESS ALL YOUR YEARS BEING INTO BONDAGE PAID OFF TONIGHT!

BITE ME, BITCH!

NEXT NIGHT ...

WELL, IT'S OUR FIRST CONCERT WITH MY NEW, HUGE BOOBS. I HOPE THE FANS LIKE THEM.

THE MALE FANS WILL. LET'S GO!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ANNIE AND THE BLOW UP DOLLS!

WHOOO!

YAY!

WHOO-HOO!

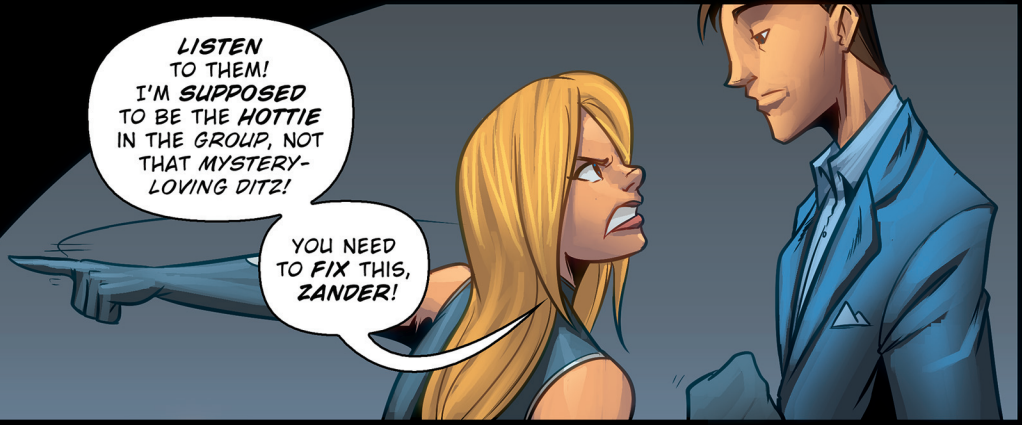


AN-NIE!
AN-NIE!
AN-NIE!
AN-NIE!




WOW!
THEY REALLY
LOVED OUR
SHOW
TONIGHT!

YEAH,
AND FOR TWO
BIG REASONS,
I THINK!



LISTEN
TO THEM!
I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE THE **HOTTIE**
IN THE **GROUP**, NOT
THAT MYSTERY-
LOVING DITZ!

YOU NEED
TO FIX THIS,
ZANDER!



WHAT I NEED
TO FIX IS **CANCELLED**
CONCERTS DUE TO CHASING
MYSTERIES! AND **MAYBE**
ANNIE'S NEW **RACK**
IS THE **KEY!**

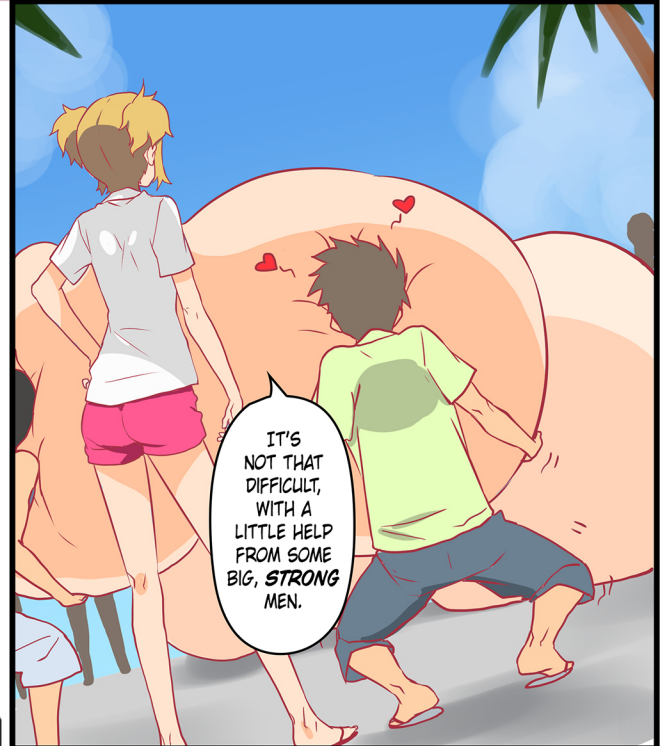
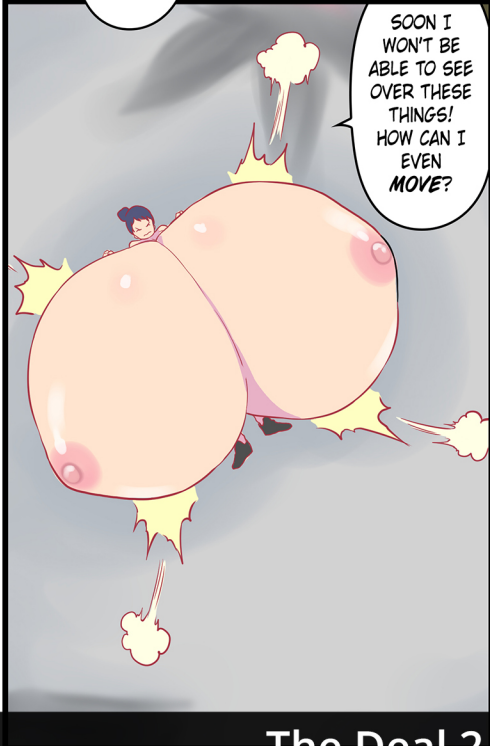
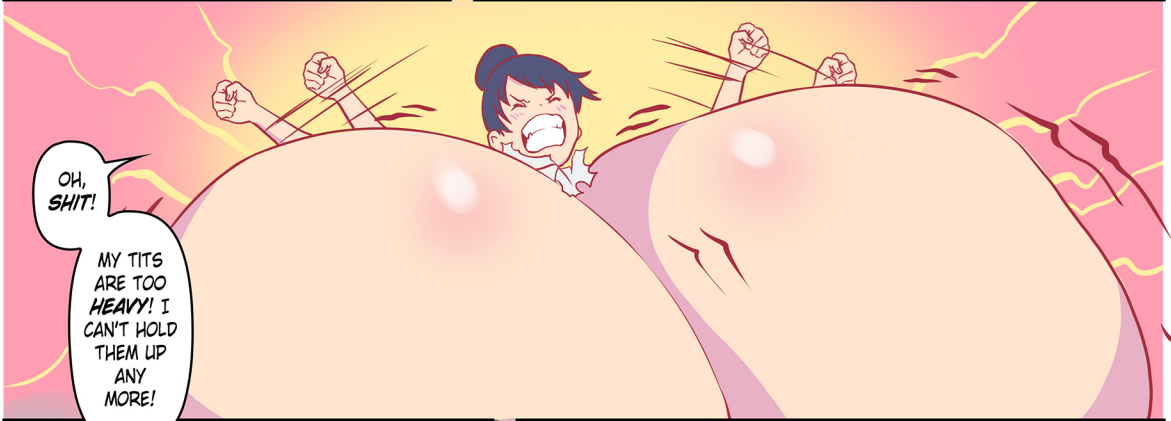


HELLO, LARRY?
THIS IS ZANDER.
I WANT TO ASK
YOU ABOUT
SOMETHING ...

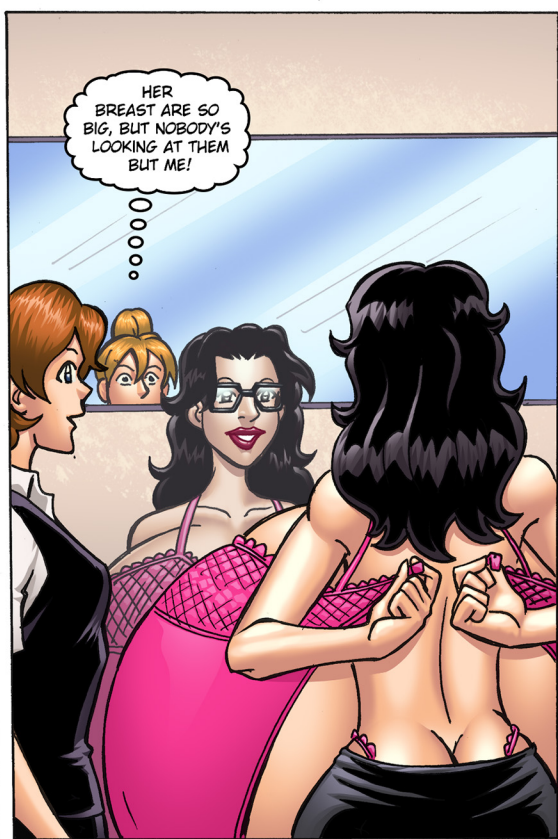
TO BE CONTINUED

TO BE CONTINUED...

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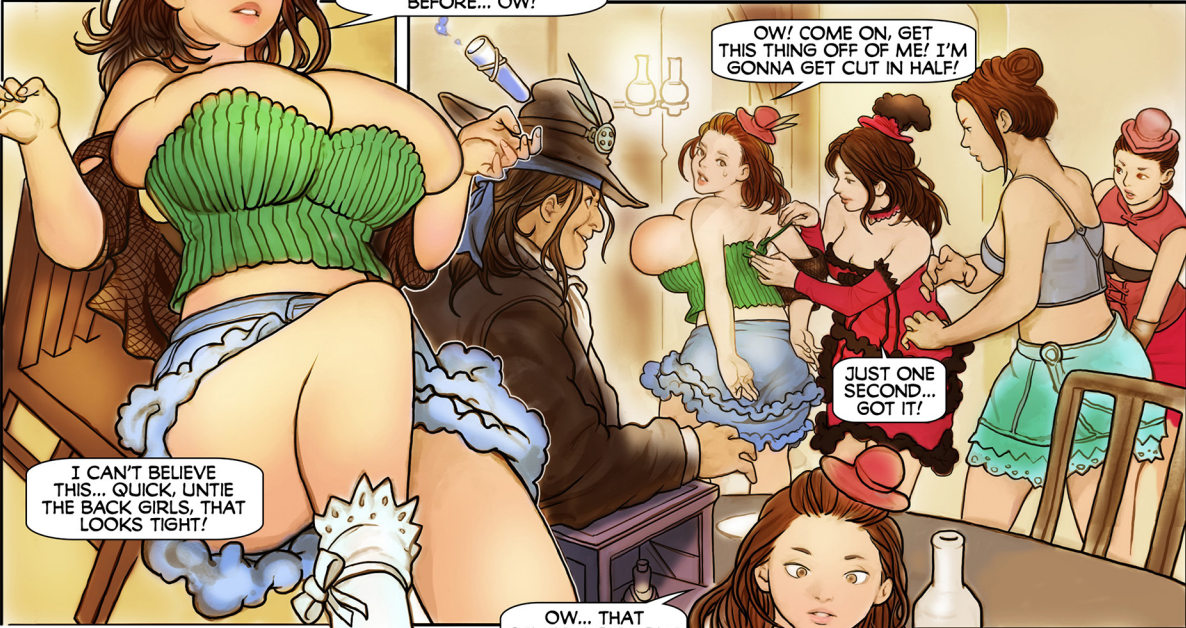
The Librarian's Secret



BLARG, THAT TASTED AWFUL... HOW LONG DO I HAVE TO... OOH, THAT FEELS... ODD.

IT DOES FEEL A BIT STRANGE, BUT GIVE IT A MOMENT...

OH MY GOD! HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? EEEH, I SHOULD'VE LOOSEEN THIS BEFORE... OW!



OW! COME ON, GET THIS THING OFF OF ME! I'M GONNA GET CUT IN HALF!

JUST ONE SECOND... GOT IT!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS... QUICK, UNTIE THE BACK GIRLS, THAT LOOKS TIGHT!

OW... THAT STUNG A BIT... BUT WOW! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.



I CAN'T EITHER... THE LAST GUY'S POTIONS JUST MADE MAKE HALF OF US SICK FOR A WEEK.

SO... HAVE I PROVEN...

Snake Oil

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