

THE DEPRAVITY OF DR. D. LITE



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The Depravity of Dr. D. Lite

Magnum City would be a modern-day utopia were it not for Doctor D. Lite, an anarchic villain with a penchant for all things rubber and inflatable (even when they shouldn't be). Her next target? Samantha Leeman, the editor of REX News. Journalists have a reputation of being full of hot air, but never quite like this...

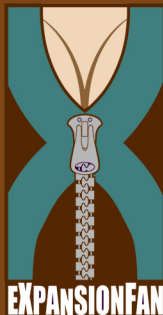
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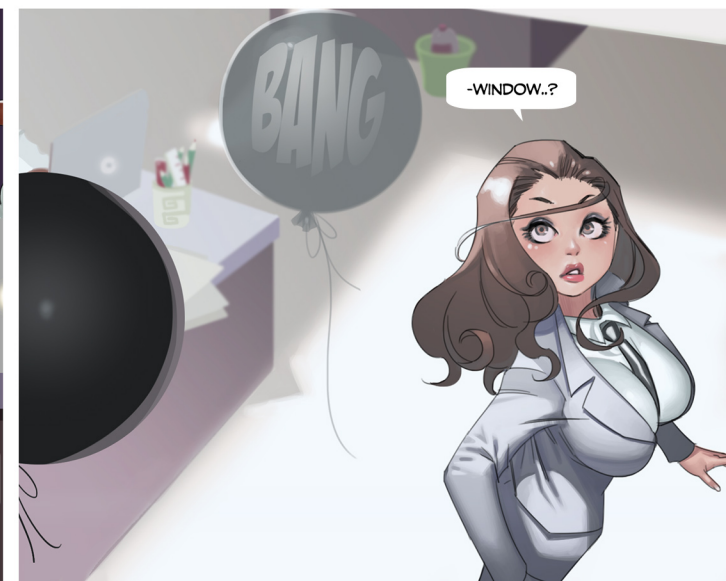
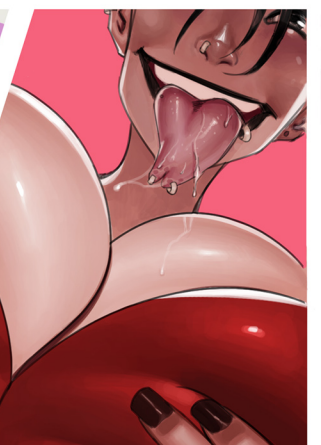
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SAMANTHA LEEMAN, I PRESUME?

Y-YES...

LUCKY ME! I DON'T USUALLY EXPLODE THE RIGHT PLACE FIRST TIME!



WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

STRAIGHT TO THE POINT. I LIKE THAT! BUT I'D PREFER TO TALK IN PRIVATE, IF THAT'S ALRIGHT WITH YOU.



ALRIGHT DESK-JOCKEYS, YOU ALL BETTER MAKE TRACKS IF YOU DON'T WANT A LEAD ENEMA!

UNLESS YOU'RE INTO THAT SORT OF THING...



HELLO, POLICE? THERE'S A HOSTAGE SITUATION HAPPENING AT REX NEWS HQ! COME QUICK!

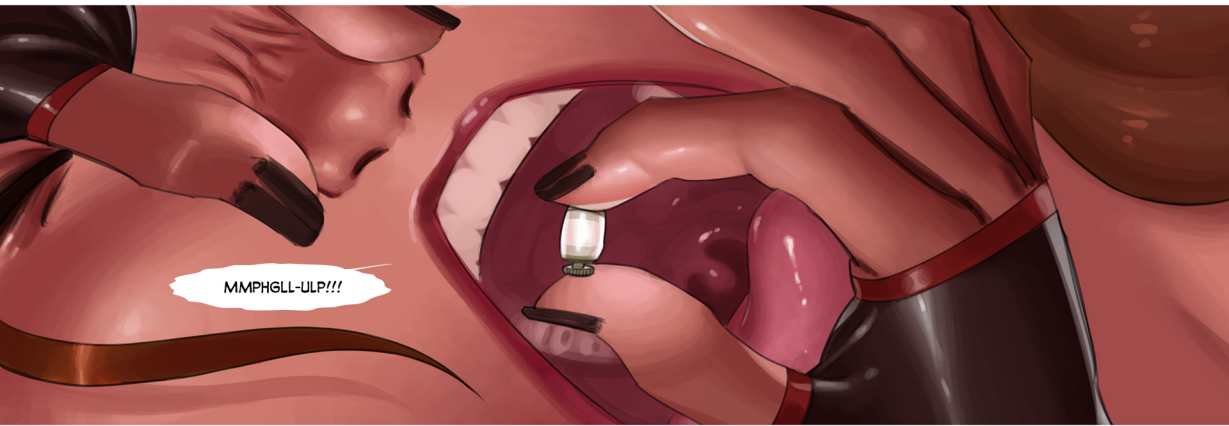


OKAY, YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN! ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHAT YOU ACTUALLY WANT OR WHAT?

"HAD MY FUN," YOU SAY? DON'T BE SILLY, SAM...



I'M JUST ABOUT TO HAVE MY FUN NOW!



MMPHGLL-ULP!!!



NOW THAT THE FORMALITIES ARE OUT OF THE WAY, WE CAN GET DOWN TO BUSINESS. I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT-

Y-YOU MANIAC! WHAT THE HELL DID YOU JUST FEED TO ME?!



HEY, SHUT THE HELL UP, WILL YOU?! DO YOU WANT TO HEAR WHAT I WANT OUT OF YOU OR NOT?

Fffg SSSSSSSSS!!



AS I WAS SAYING, I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT A RECENT ARTICLE YOU PUBLISHED ABOUT ME. A MAJOR HACK JOB, IF YOU ASK ME.

WH-WHAT'S... WHAT..?



MY FIRST MAJOR BEEF IS WITH ALL THESE QUESTIONS ABOUT WHERE OR WHO I GET MY GEAR FROM.



I DON'T CALL MYSELF "DOCTOR" FOR NOTHING! IS IT THAT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT I DESIGN ALL THIS STUFF MYSELF?!



AND YES, THAT INCLUDES THAT LITTLE GADGET I SHOVED DOWN YOUR GULLET EARLIER.

IT'S AMAZING HOW MUCH GAS YOU CAN FIT IN A CAPSULE THAT SIZE WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

AND IT'S HOOKED UP TO MY PHONE TOO, SO I CAN TURN IT OFF AND ON WHENEVER!

BUT DON'T WORRY SAM, YOU'VE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE WE EVEN TALK ABOUT TURNING IT OFF!

I'D ALSO LIKE TO DISPEL ALL THIS BULLSHIT ABOUT WHY I USE INFLATABLES SO MUCH IN MY WORK. AS IF I NEED A REASON!

P-PLEASE... STOP IT...





SHRRRRRIIP!!

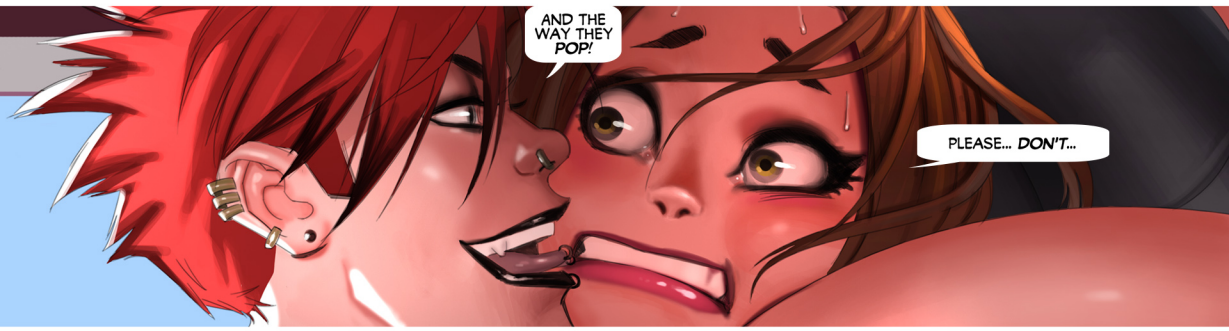
FWOOOOOSH!!!

SORRY TO RUIN THE MYSTIQUE FOR YOU, SAM, BUT THERE'S NO POLITICAL OR SOCIAL MESSAGE BEHIND IT AT ALL.

SO... FULL...



I JUST REALLY FUCKING LIKE BALLOONS. THE WAY THEY LOOK...

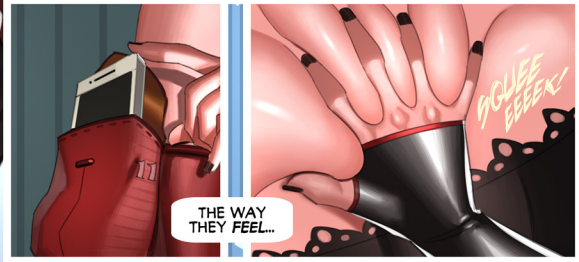


AND THE WAY THEY POP!

PLEASE... DON'T...



LITE! PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD, NOW!

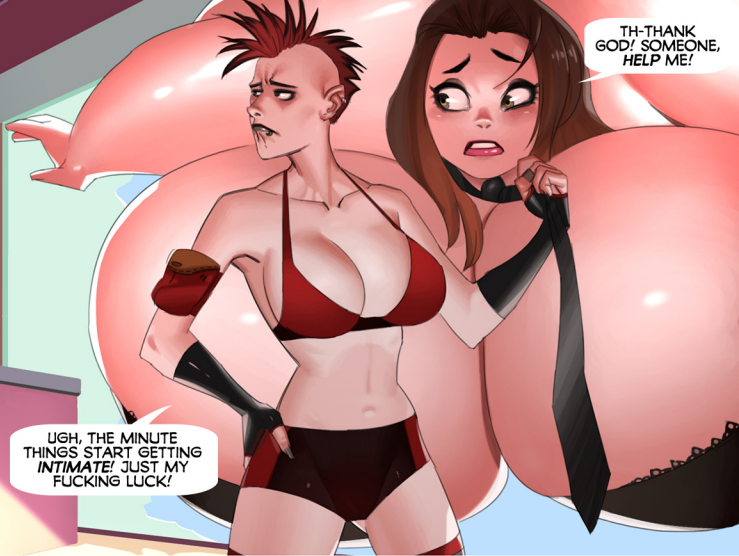


THE WAY THEY FEEL...

POUFFEE BEEEEE



STEP AWAY FROM THE... HOSTAGE AND SURRENDER!



TH-THANK GOD! SOMEONE, HELP ME!

UGH, THE MINUTE THINGS START GETTING INTIMATE! JUST MY FUCKING LUCK!



WATCH YOUR TRIGGER FINGERS! LITTLE MISS HINDENBURG HERE HAS ENOUGH FLAMMABLE GAS PUMPED IN HER GUTS TO PUT US INTO ORBIT!

LIFE EBAAK

HUH?!



STOP!

NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE A LITTLE MORE PRIVATE TIME WITH MY TOY HERE!



WOOHOO! HOW'S THIS FOR A BALLOON RIDE?!

WAAAAGH!



AHH, RIDING ON TOP OF A MASSIVELY BLOATED BLUMP OF A JOURNALIST: THE ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL!

Y'KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GET A BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY. YOU'D BE OKAY WITH A LITTLE MORE GAS, WOULDN'T YOU SAM?

WAIT! PLEASE... NO MORE!



WHAT'S WRONG? I THOUGHT EDITORS WERE USED TO WORKING UNDER PRESSURE!

AA-AAARGH!!!

KRRRRR!

WARRRR!



S-STOP! NO MORE!

SSSSSS!

KRRRRR!



YOU WIN! I'LL
PRINT A RETRACTION!
PRINT AN ARTICLE
ABOUT HOW FANTASTIC
YOU ARE! ANYTHING!




HUH? THE HELL
ARE YOU TALKING
ABOUT?



THE ARTICLE!
TH-THE THING YOU
CAME TO ME ABOUT
IN THE FIRST PLACE!

OH, THAT? I
FORGOT ABOUT THAT
SHIT AGES AGO!



I GUESS I SHOULD
LET YOU OFF...

BUT YOU
MAKE SUCH A
BETTER BALLOON
THAN YOU DO A
JOURNALIST!

FFF FF FFFK!



OH WELL,
C'EST LA VIE...



OKAY, REALLY NOT MY BEST IDEA.

I DON'T SUPPOSE I PACKED A MINI-PARACHUTE IN HERE OR SOMETHING...

HOLY CRAP!

THIS IS FAR FROM IDEAL.



OH WELL,
WHAT'S GOOD
FOR THE
GOOSE...



UJHNN... I
FORGOT HOW
GOOD THIS FEELS!



SO BIG... SO FULL... YES! BIGGER, BIGGER! FILL ME MORE!



COME ON DOC, PULL IT TOGETHER. DON'T GET CARRIED AWAY! JUST TURN DOWN THE GAS AND-

OH.



OH.



WELL ISN'T THIS FUCKING FANTASTIC?

GRRRRR!!

FWSSSHHH!!

GRRRRR!!

I CAN'T ARGUE WITH GOING OUT WITH A BANG I SUPPOSE.

AW SHIT, THOSE WERE MY FAVORITES TOO...

FWSSSHHH!!

FWSSSHHH!!

THE NEXT DAY...

HOW ARE YOU HOLDING UP?

FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M FINE.

ARE YOU STILL... UM, "DEFLATING?"



THERE'S STILL SOME LEFTOVER GAS THAT HASN'T VACATED THE PREMISES, YES?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR ANY MORE EMBARRASSING DETAILS?

OKAY, SORRY I ASKED...

AT LEAST NO-ONE WHO REPORTED THAT LITTLE INCIDENT GAVE OUT MY NAME. THANK HEAVEN FOR SMALL MIRACLES.

WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED TO LITE? BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS?



TO BE HONEST? SOMEHOW, I DOUBT IT.

BUT BELIEVE ME, I WISH IT WERE TRUE. I REALLY DO...



THE END?

TO BE CONTINUED...

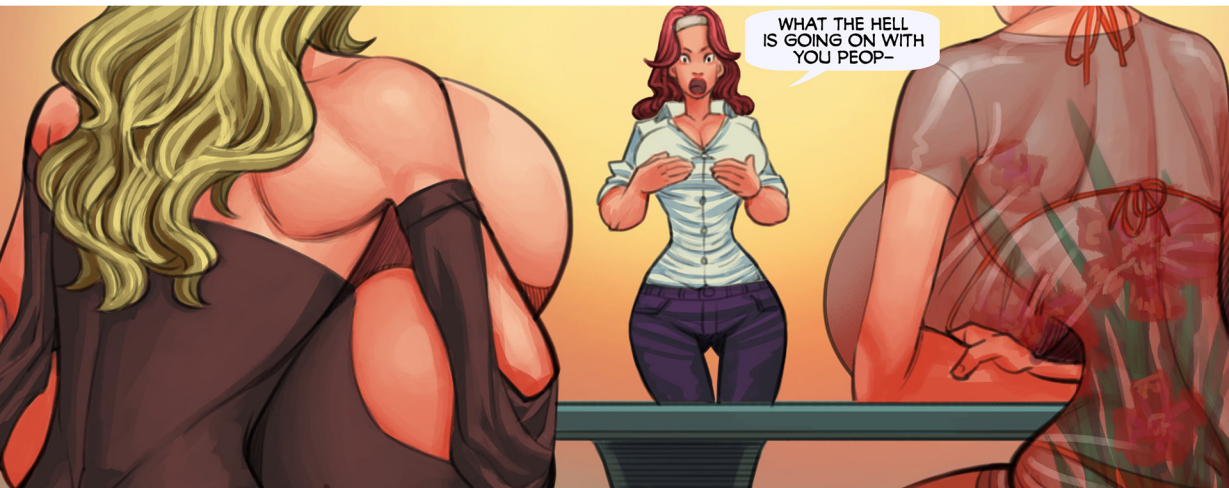
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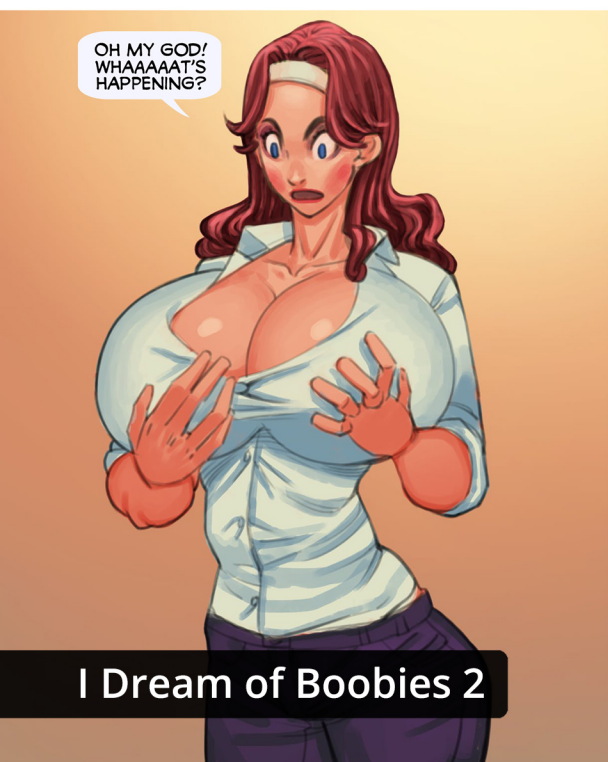
WE CAN'T JUST MAGIC THEM BIGGER LIKE YOU CAN, JENNA.

OH, LIKE THE CLOTHES.

EXACTLY! NOW GIVE HER BOOBS BACK BEFORE SHE FLIPS OUT.



WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON WITH YOU PEOP-



OH MY GOD! WHAAAAAT'S HAPPENING?



OH GOD! OH GOD! OH GOD!

OH!



ALRIGHT, IF YOU WANT ME TO JUST SKIP THE FOREPLAY AND GET ON WITH IT...

I'LL BE HAPPY TO!

Balloon Warriors



T-OO...
M-MUCH...

RRRRRR-IP!

Watered Down



OOOF! HELP US BEFORE WE'RE TOO BIG TO MOVE!



OW, WATCH IT! I'M STILL GETTING BIGGER!

SHUT UP! OOOO, I FEEL FUNNY...



YOU FEEL FUNNY! I'M BREAKING THE TRAIN WITH MY HIPS!

EVERYONE JUST CALM DOWN! WE NEED TO GET PAST YOU!

I THINK THAT MAY BE A PROBLEM SHERRIFF...



I CAN BARELY MOVE, I CAN'T GO HOME LIKE THIS!

REMAIN CALM, WE'LL HELP YOU IN A BIT!

I THINK WE MAY BE PAST THAT POINT...

JUST HELP US! DO SOMETHING!

Snake Oil 2

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