

The Disasters of Astrid



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Editor:

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The Disasters of Astrid

Astrid Void was exiled from her sexless home planet for the crime of physical love, but managed to get away in a stolen spaceship before being captured. In this adventure, Astrid encounters a planet of gorgeous, hypersexual people, but with a dark secret under the surface...

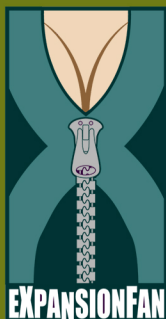
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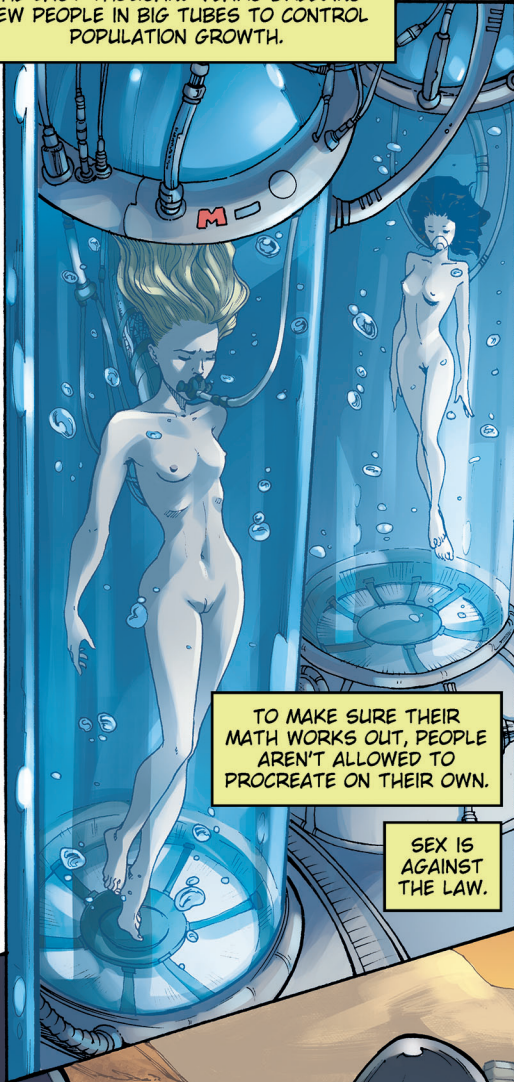
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ON MY PLANET, ARITMETON, WE'VE SPENT THE LAST THOUSAND YEARS BREEDING NEW PEOPLE IN BIG TUBES TO CONTROL POPULATION GROWTH.



TO MAKE SURE THEIR MATH WORKS OUT, PEOPLE AREN'T ALLOWED TO PROCREATE ON THEIR OWN.

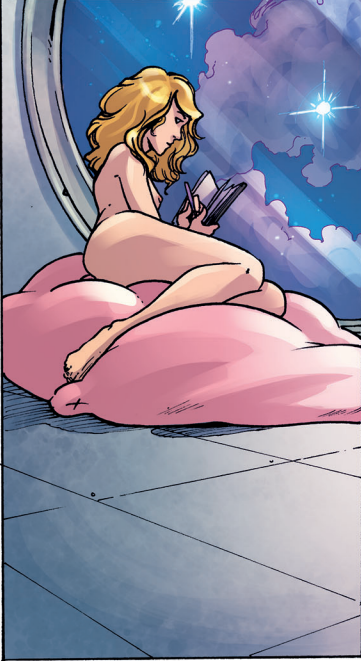
SEX IS AGAINST THE LAW.

SO YOU CAN PROBABLY GUESS WHAT I GOT IN TROUBLE FOR.

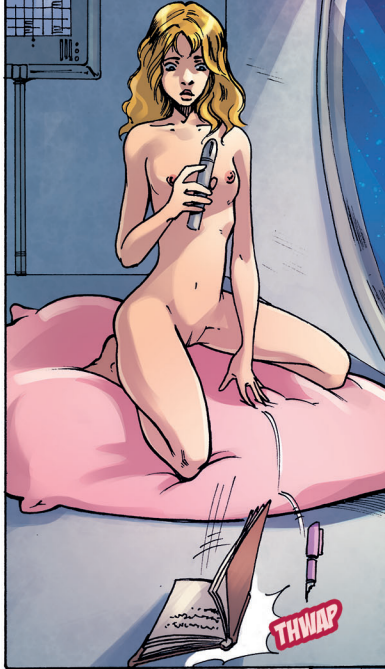


I'M JUST LUCKY THE GUY WAS PLANNING TO TAKE ME ON A TRIP TO BETA PROXIMA, OR I WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN WHERE TO GET A SHIP.

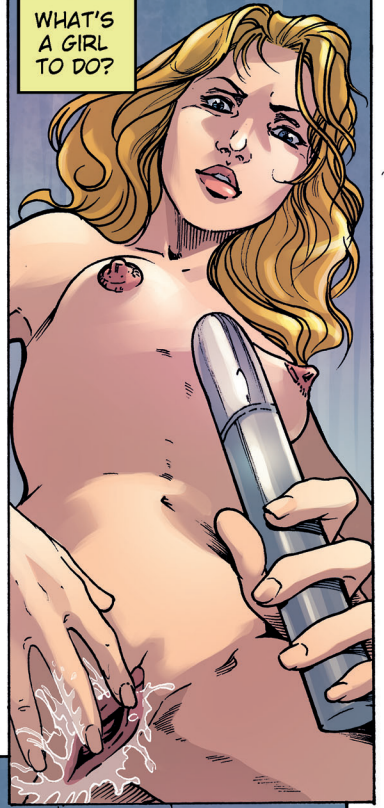
IT'S BEEN A WEEK,
AND EVEN AT FORCE 13
I HAVEN'T FOUND A
NICE PLANET TO
SETTLE ON YET.



IT'S SO
LONELY
IN SPACE.



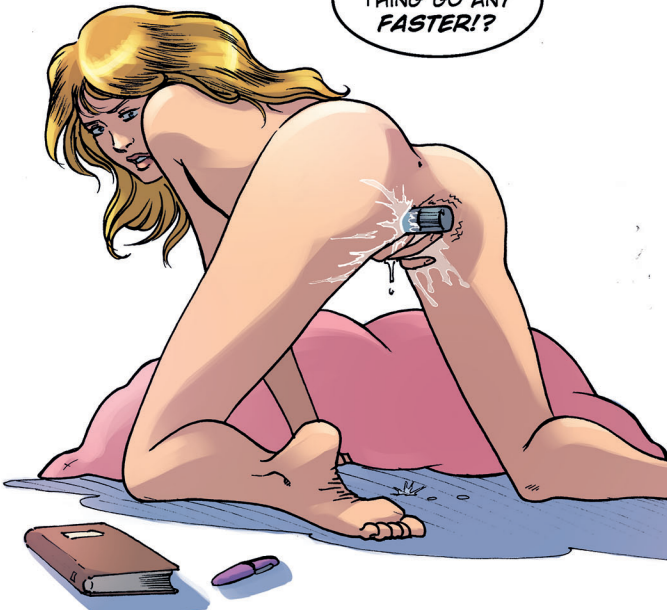
WHAT'S
A GIRL
TO DO?



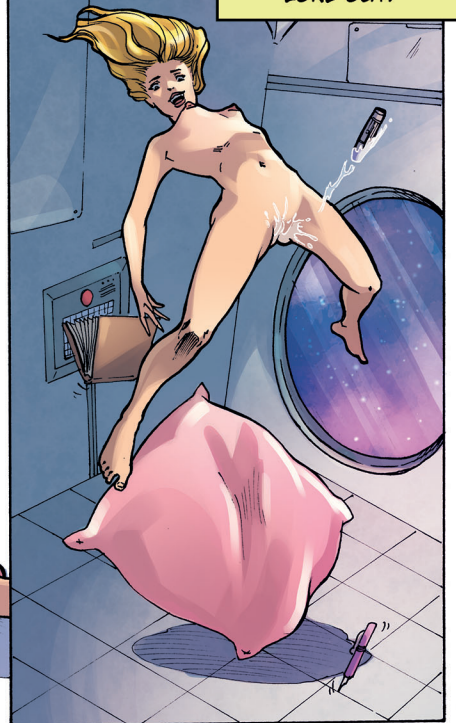
IT'S POSITIVELY
MISERABLE.

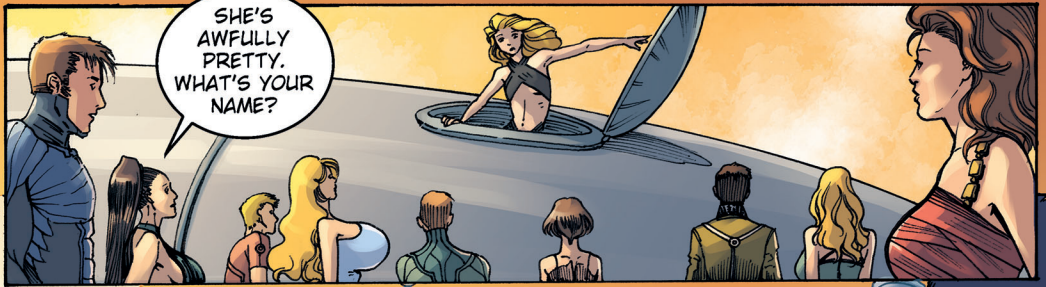
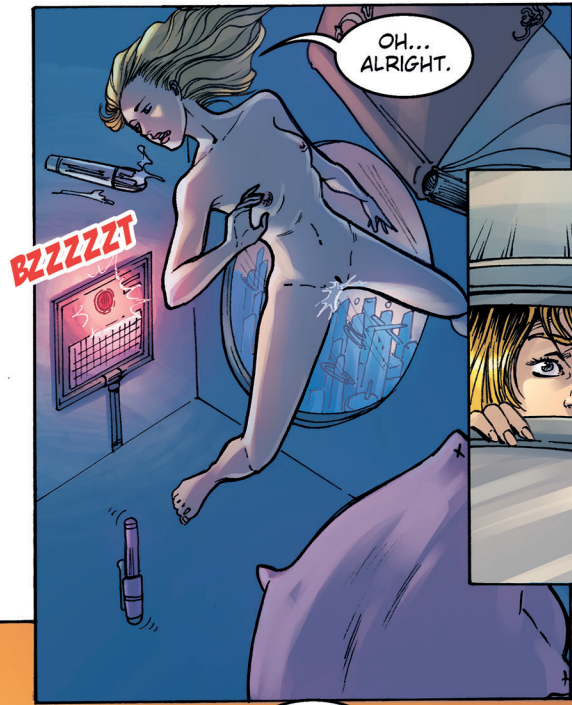
OH YES!
OH YES,
YES, YES!

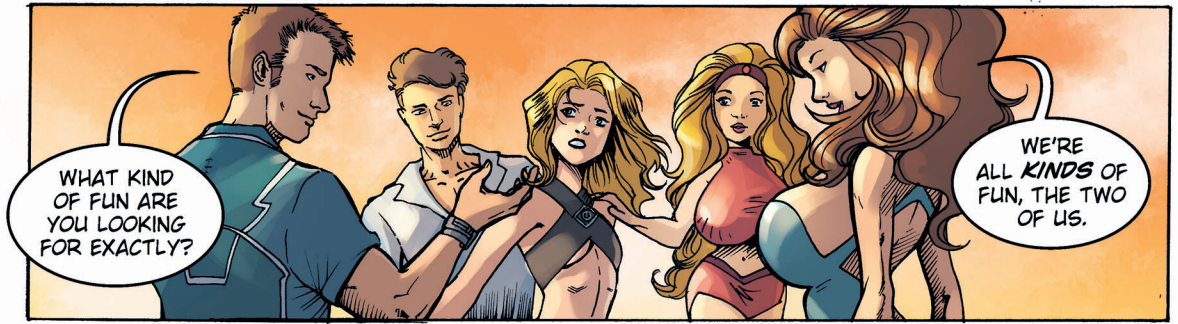
DON'TS THIS
THING GO ANY
FASTER!?



MAKES YOU JUST
WANT TO TURN OFF
THE GRAVITY AND
ZONE OUT.

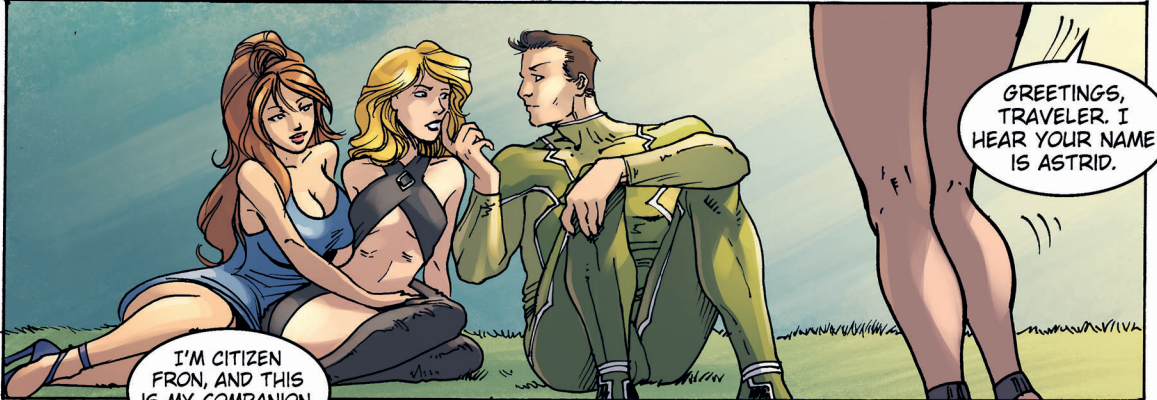






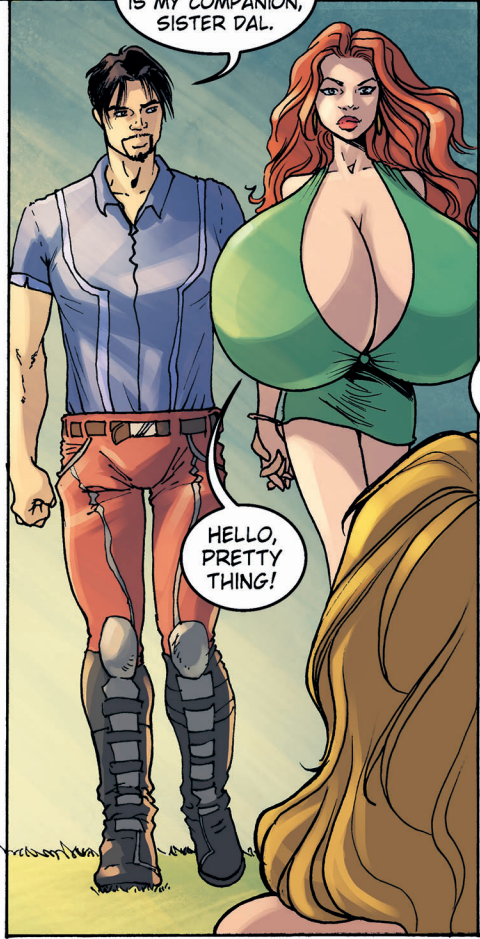
WHAT KIND OF FUN ARE YOU LOOKING FOR EXACTLY?

WE'RE ALL KINDS OF FUN, THE TWO OF US.

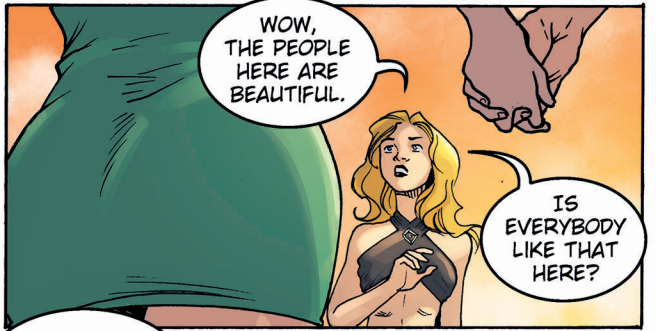


GREETINGS, TRAVELER. I HEAR YOUR NAME IS ASTRID.

I'M CITIZEN FRON, AND THIS IS MY COMPANION, SISTER DAL.



HELLO, PRETTY THING!



WOW, THE PEOPLE HERE ARE BEAUTIFUL.

IS EVERYBODY LIKE THAT HERE?



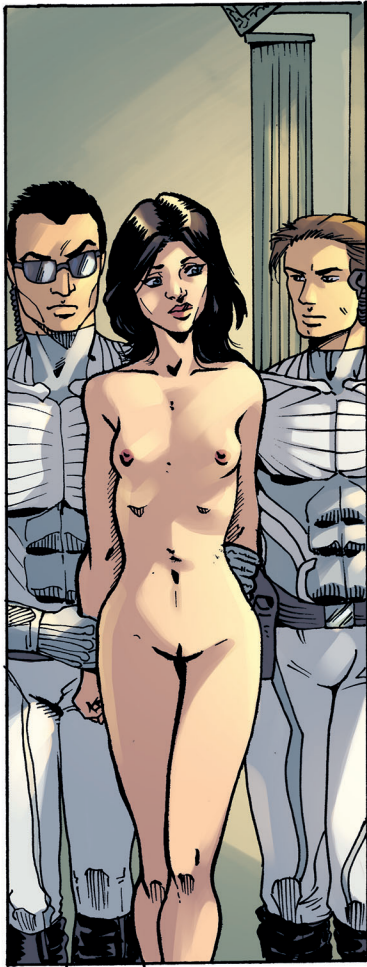
WE HAVE A VERY GIFTED GENE POOL HERE.

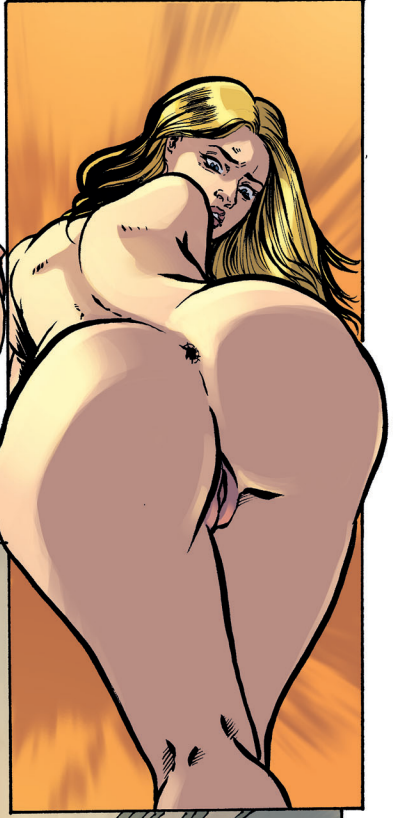
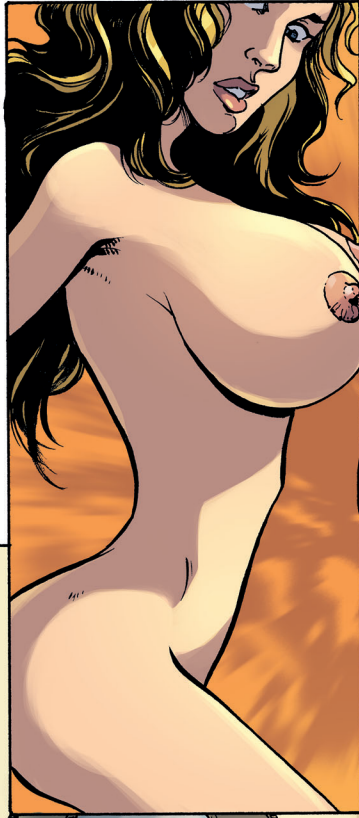
YES... SO I SEE...



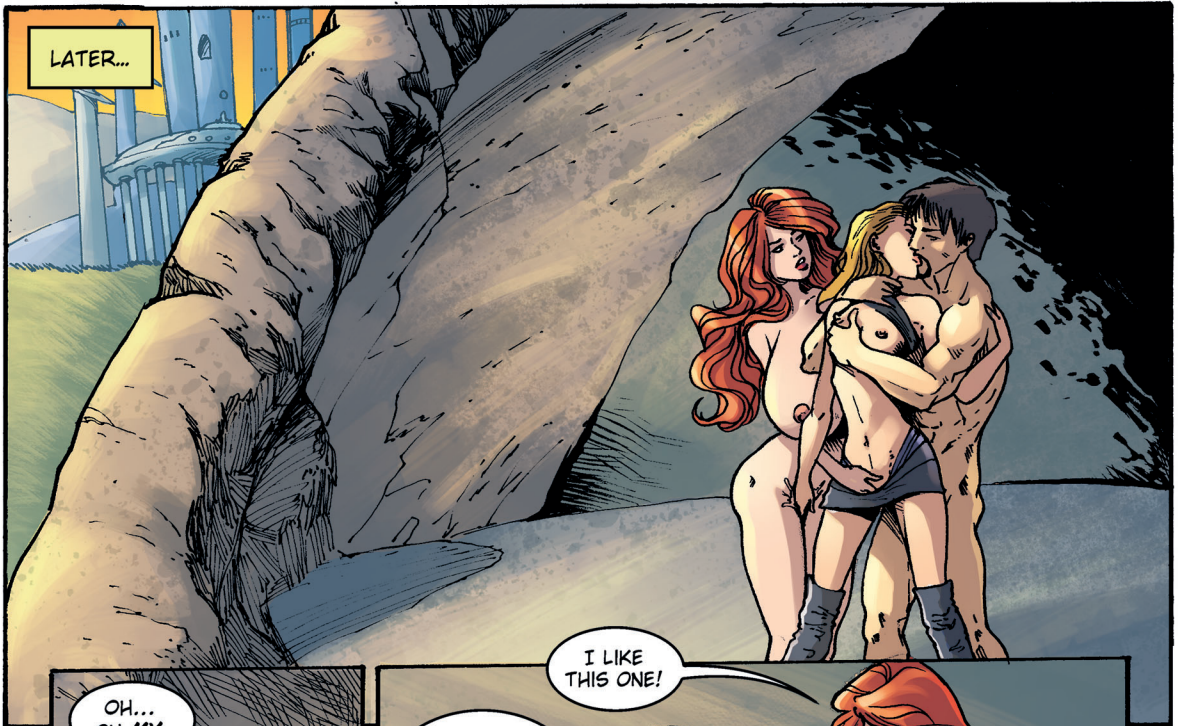
WE HAVEN'T HAD A STRANGER IN A LONG TIME.

ALLOW US TO SHOW YOU HOW WE... WELCOME NEW FRIENDS.





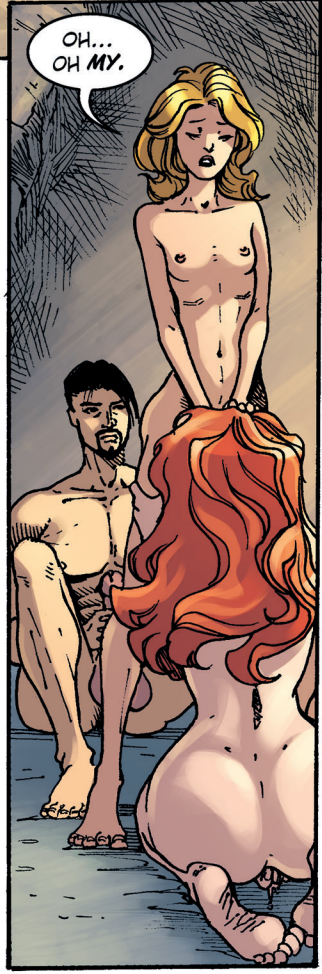
LATER...



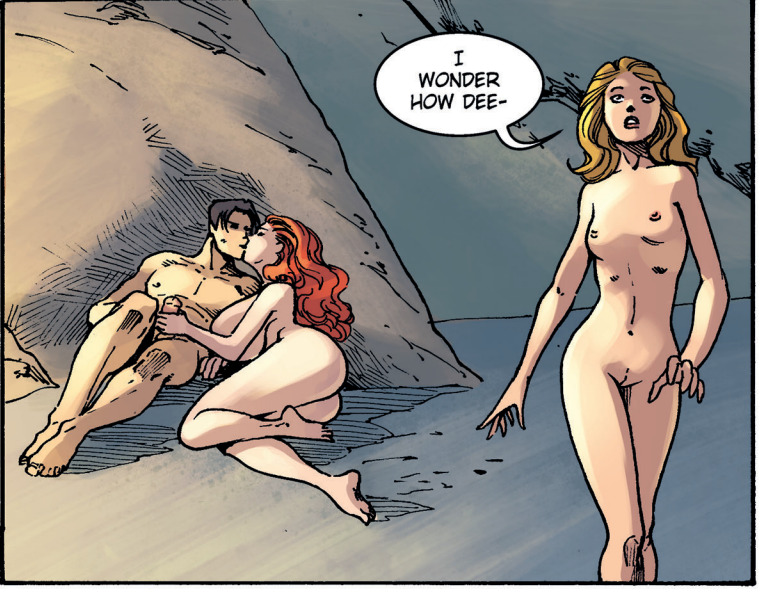
I LIKE THIS ONE!

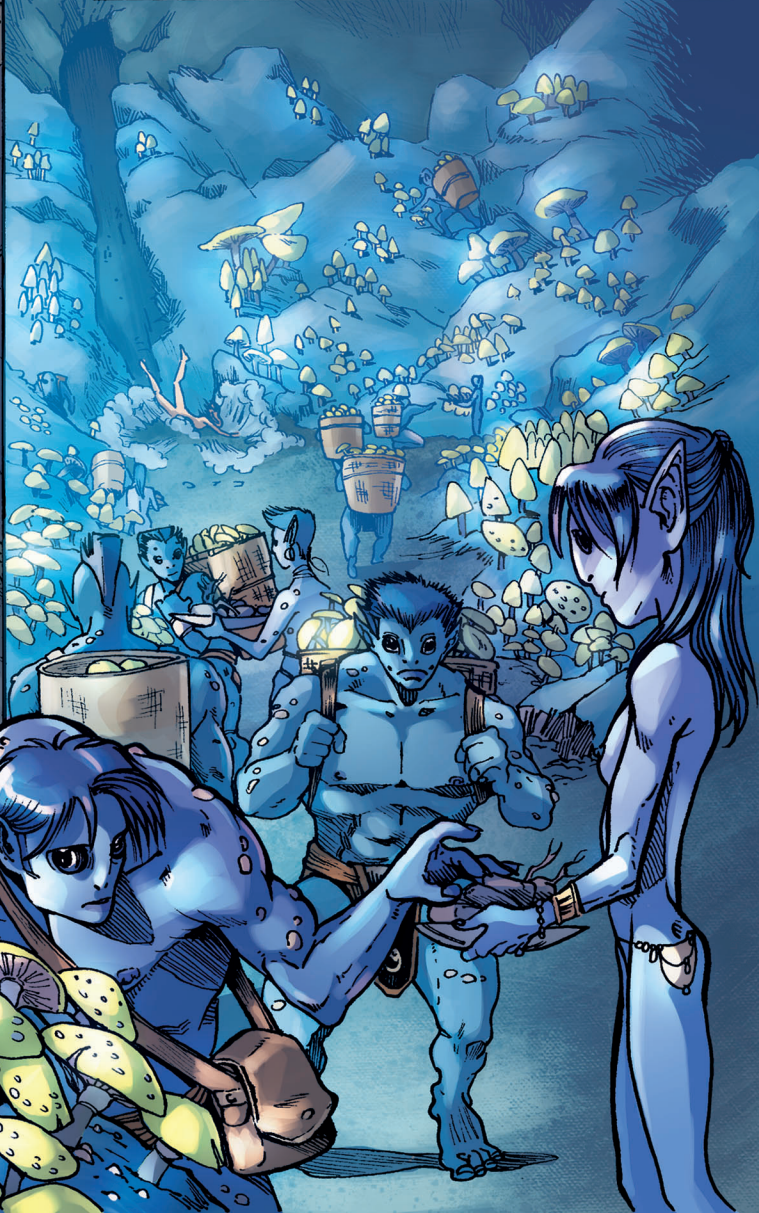
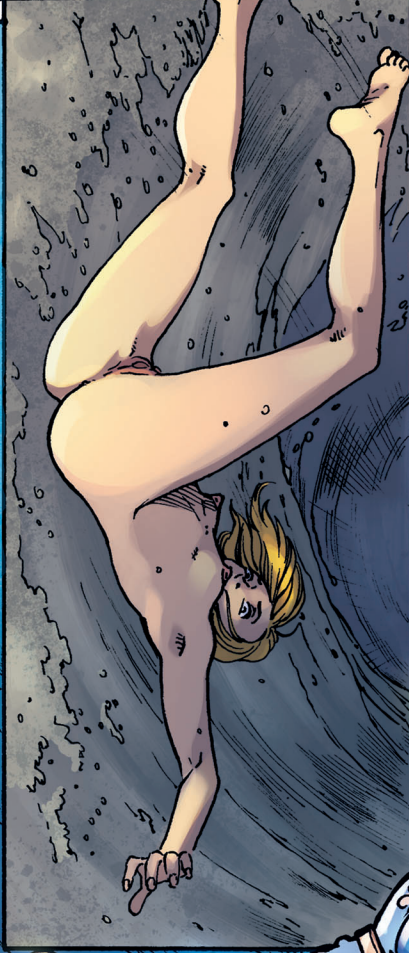
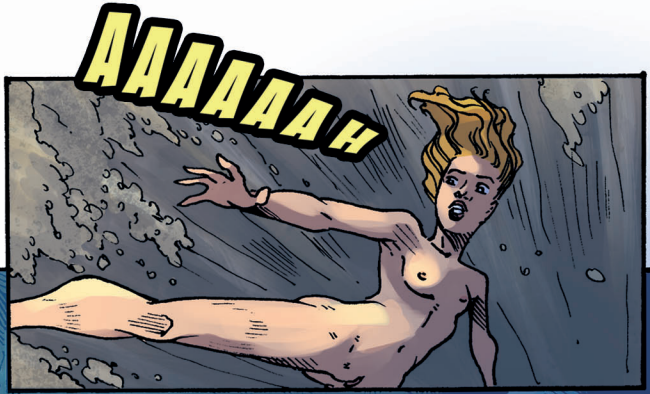
SHE FEELS... LIKE A VIRGIN... BUT SHE DEVOURS ME... LIKE AN ANIMAL!

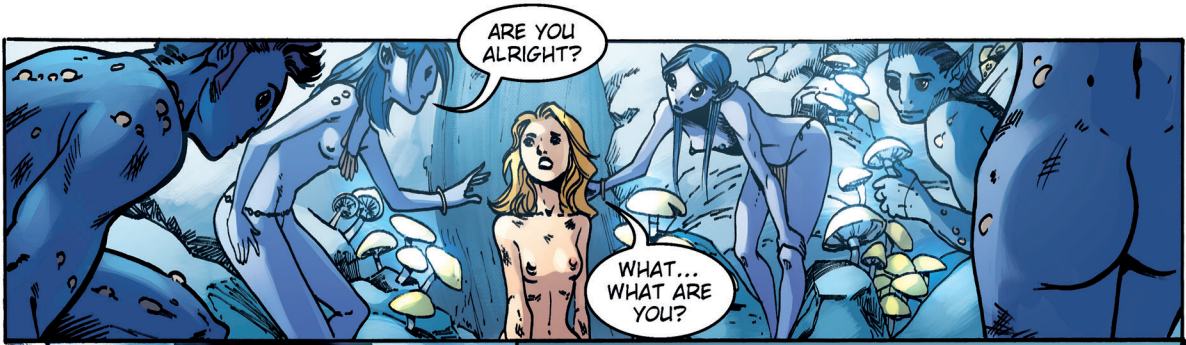
OH... OH MY.



I WONDER HOW DEE-

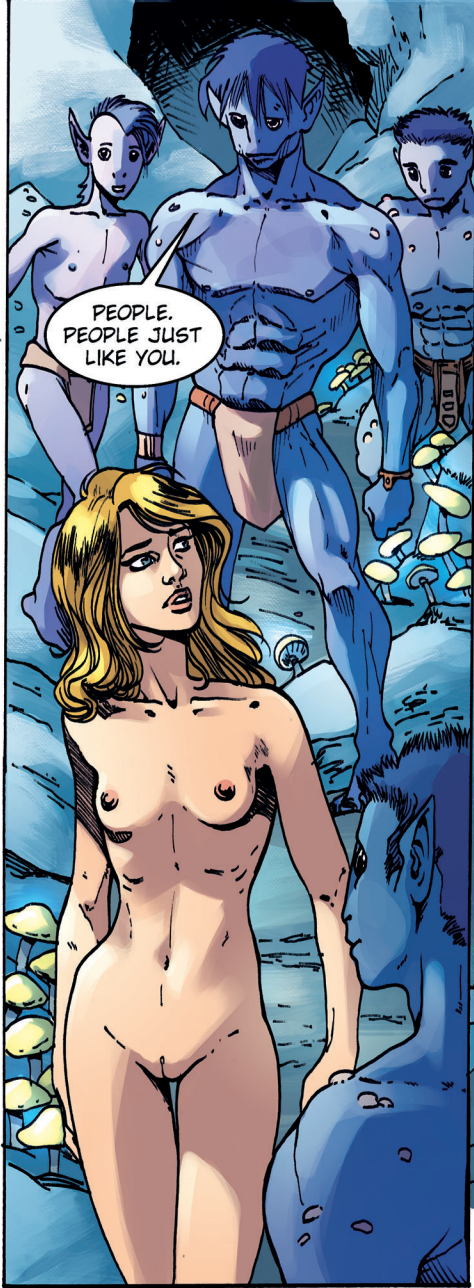




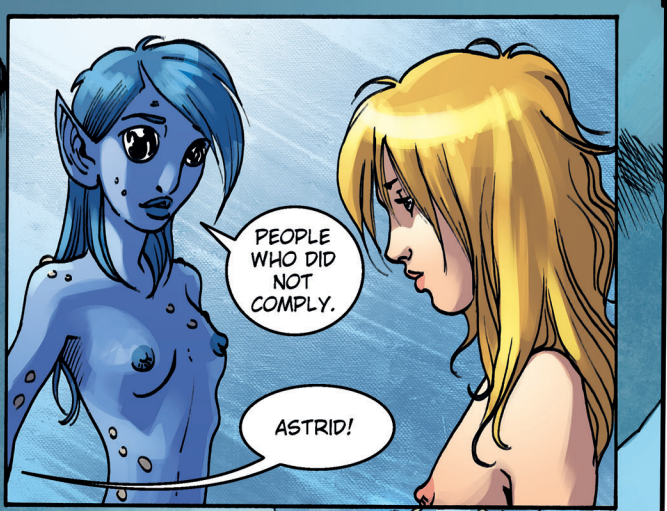


ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

WHAT...
WHAT ARE YOU?

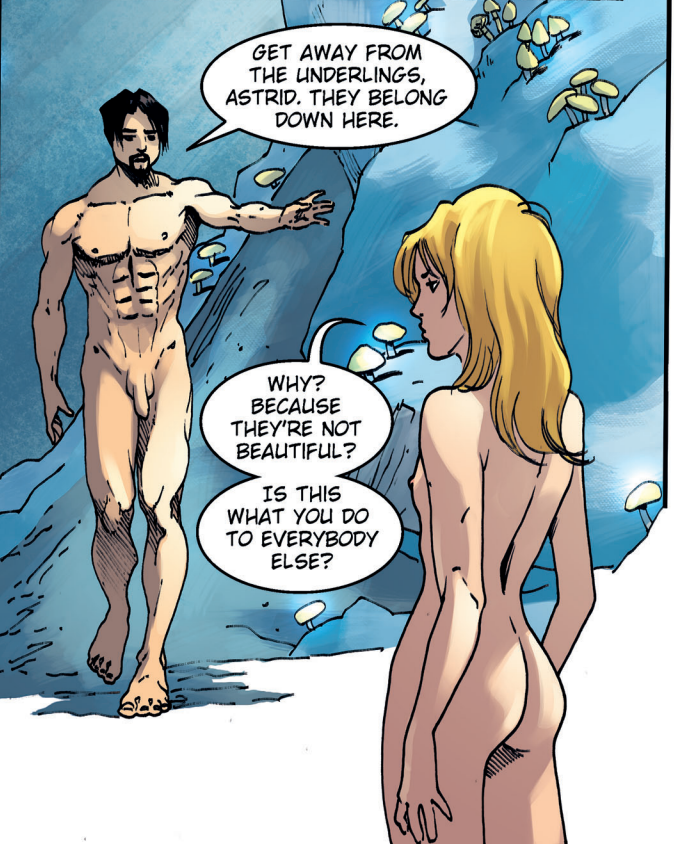


PEOPLE.
PEOPLE JUST LIKE YOU.



PEOPLE WHO DID NOT COMPLY.

ASTRID!



GET AWAY FROM THE UNDERLINGS, ASTRID. THEY BELONG DOWN HERE.

WHY? BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT BEAUTIFUL?

IS THIS WHAT YOU DO TO EVERYBODY ELSE?

EVERYBODY IS PROCESSED, ASTRID. THOSE WHO VOLUNTEER BECOME AS GODS AND LIVE LIVES OF LEISURE.

THOSE WHO RESIST... WELL, SOMEBODY HAS TO DO THE WORK! SURELY YOU UNDERSTAND THAT.

GET AWAY FROM ME! THIS IS WRONG!

I WAS HOPING YOU WOULDN'T FEEL THAT WAY.

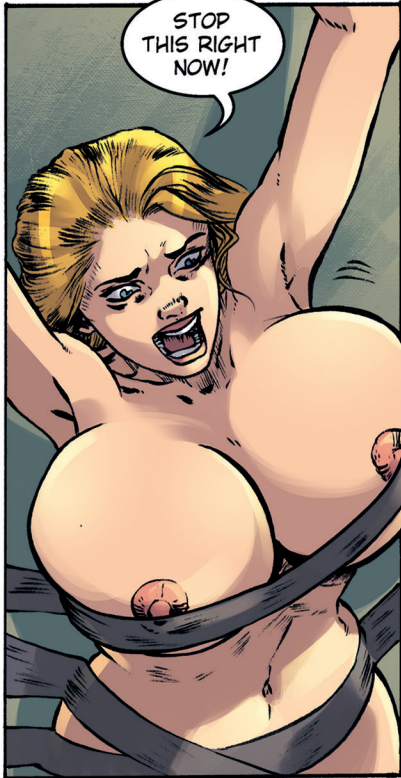
fssssh

WAKE UP. YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS.

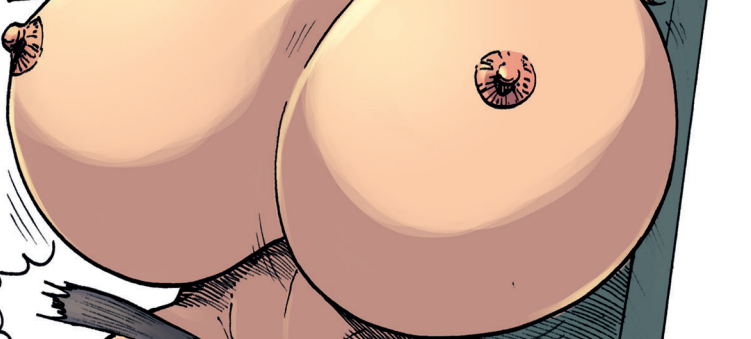
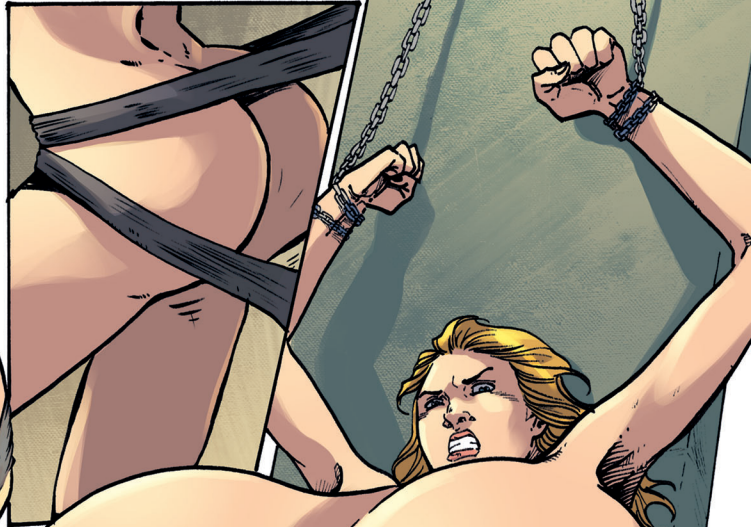
ORDINARILY, WE WOULD MAKE YOU AN UNDERLING, BUT YOU'RE ALREADY SO PRETTY.

YOU'RE JUST MISSING SOME KEY PARTS.

NO!



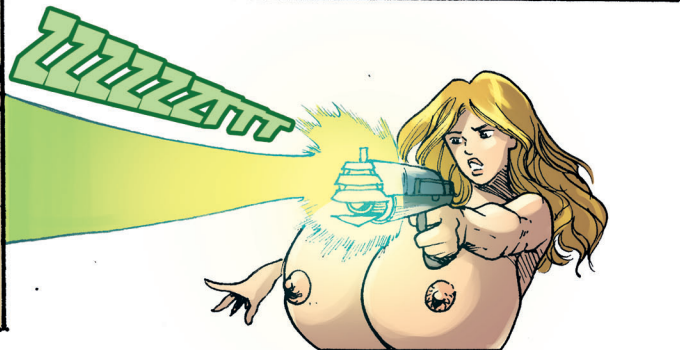
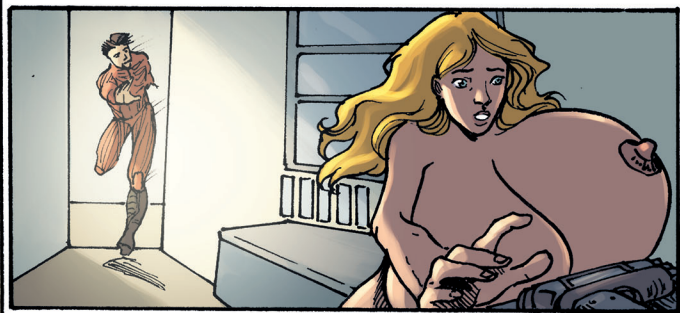
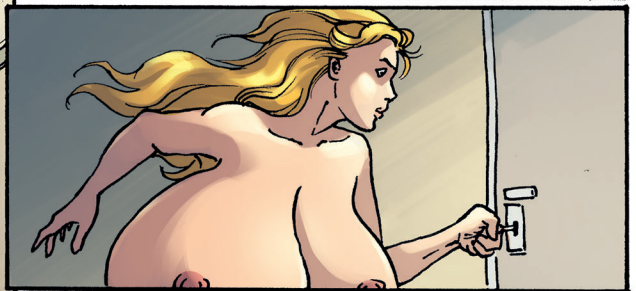
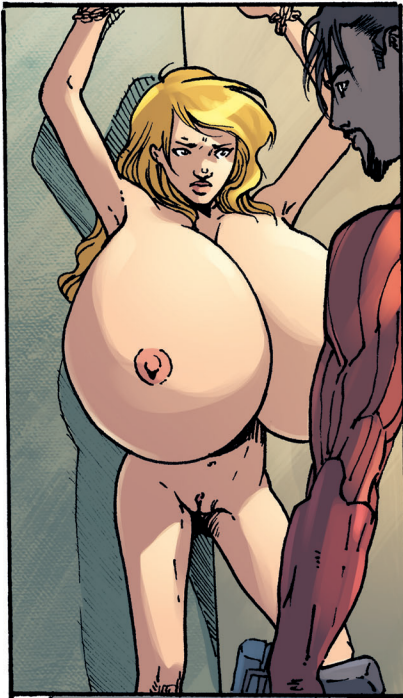
STOP THIS RIGHT NOW!

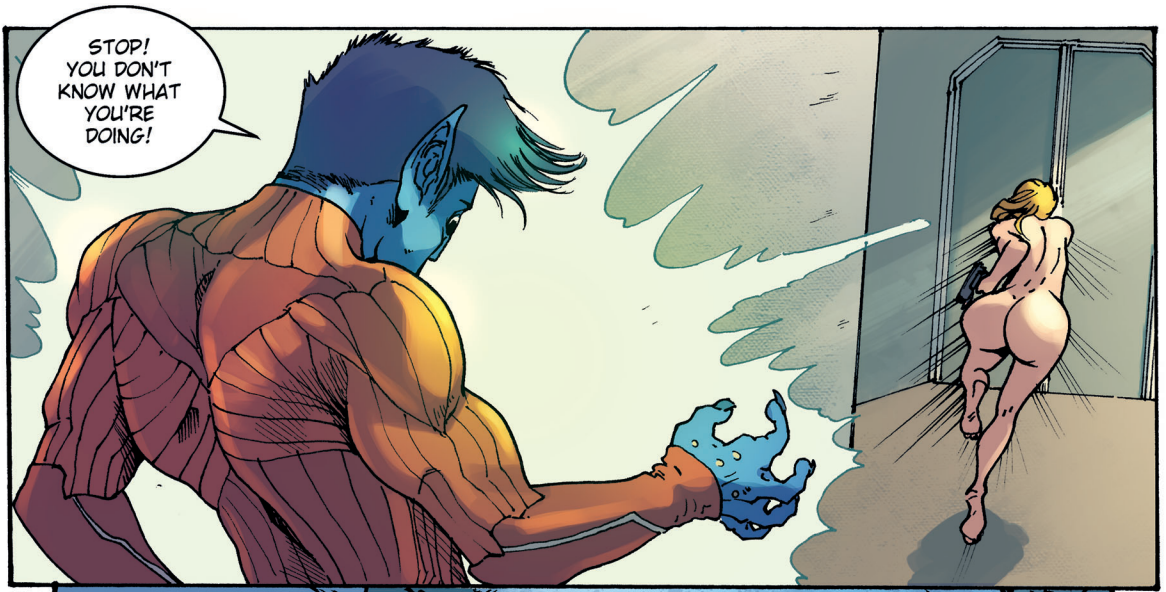


POPOP

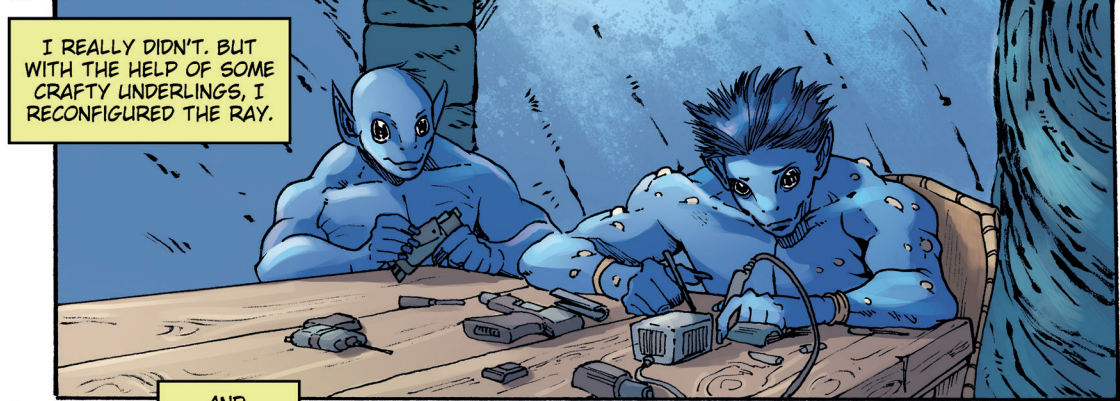


YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

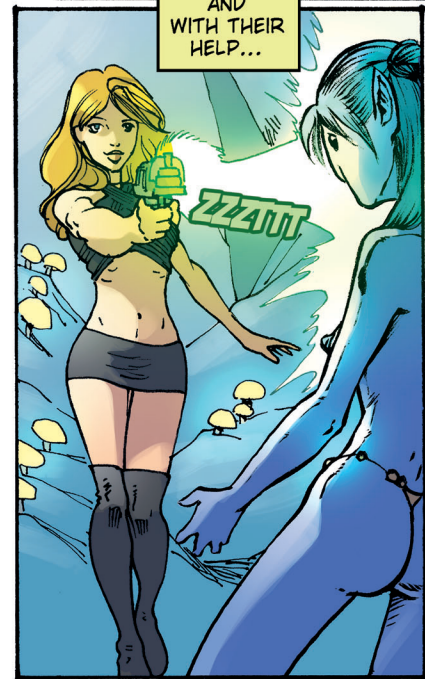




STOP!
YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE
DOING!



I REALLY DIDN'T. BUT
WITH THE HELP OF SOME
CRAFTY UNDERLINGS, I
RECONFIGURED THE RAY.



AND
WITH THEIR
HELP...

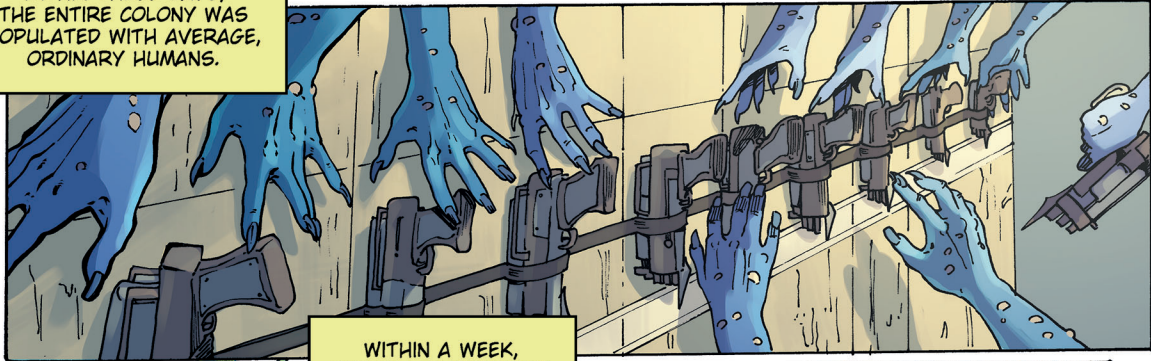


...THEY
BECAME
NORMAL
PEOPLE
AGAIN.



EVERYBODY
DID.

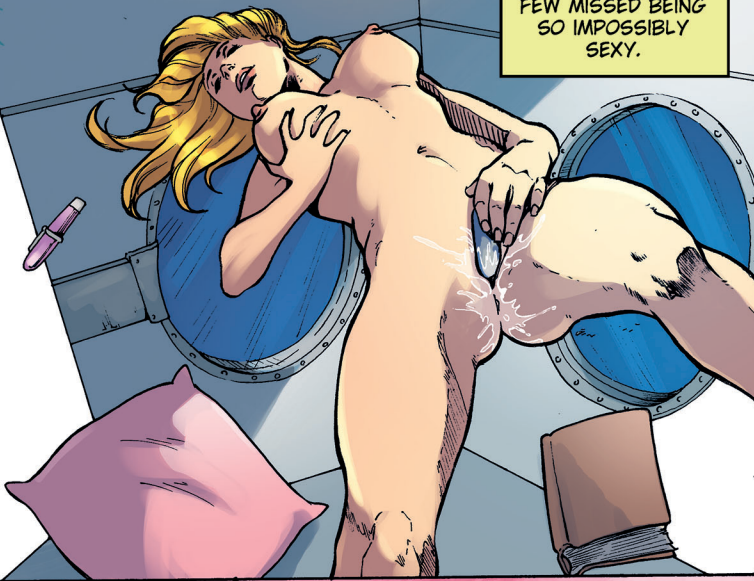
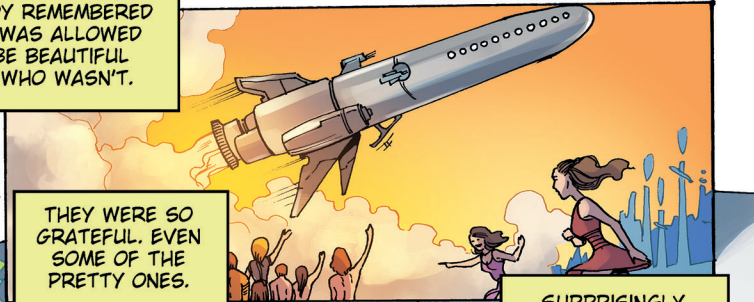
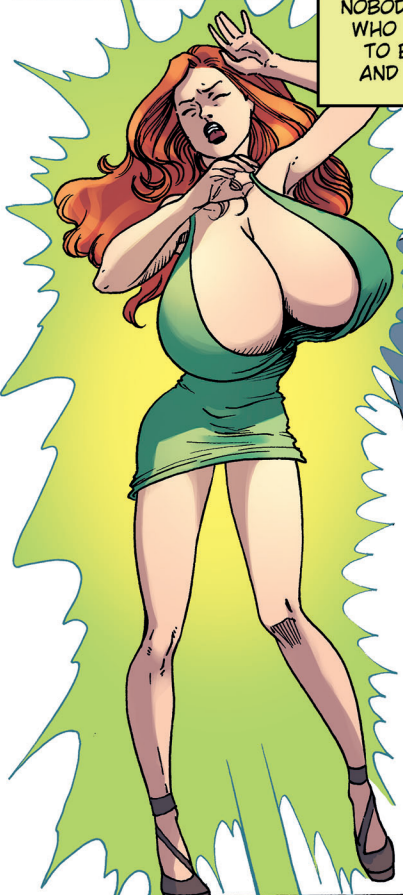
WITHIN THREE DAYS,
THE ENTIRE COLONY WAS
POPULATED WITH AVERAGE,
ORDINARY HUMANS.



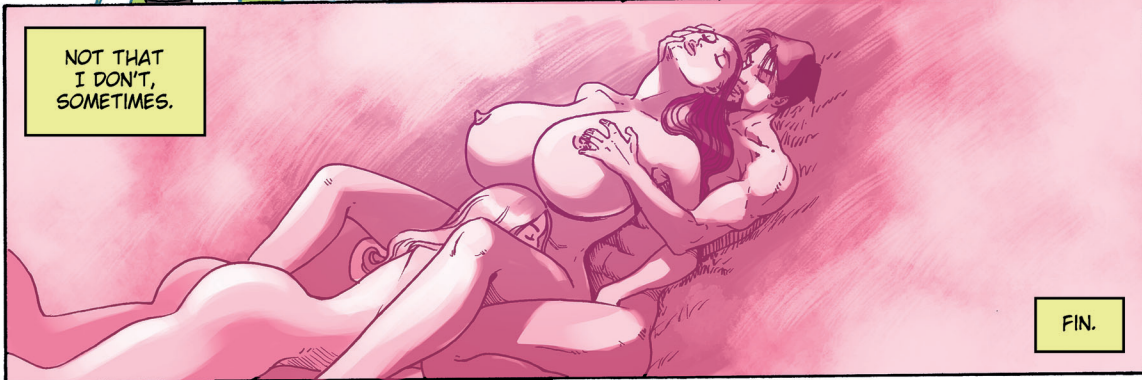
WITHIN A WEEK,
NOBODY REMEMBERED
WHO WAS ALLOWED
TO BE BEAUTIFUL
AND WHO WASN'T.

THEY WERE SO
GRATEFUL. EVEN
SOME OF THE
PRETTY ONES.

SURPRISINGLY
FEW MISSED BEING
SO IMPOSSIBLY
SEXY.



NOT THAT
I DON'T,
SOMETIMES.



FIN.

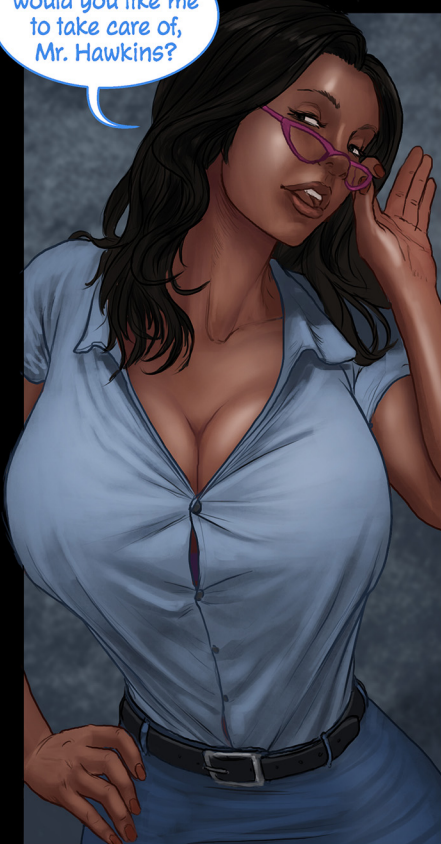
TO BE CONTINUED...

check out some
comics from our
upcoming lineup

...and Stevens-Burroughs is doing the marketing. That's it for now...



What else would you like me to take care of, Mr. Hawkins?



I... uhh...

POP!

Let me handle this, sir.

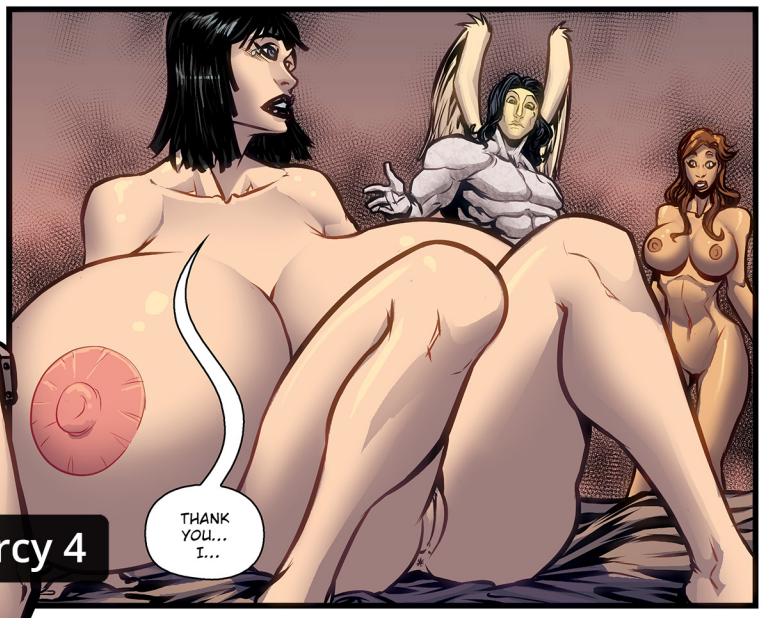
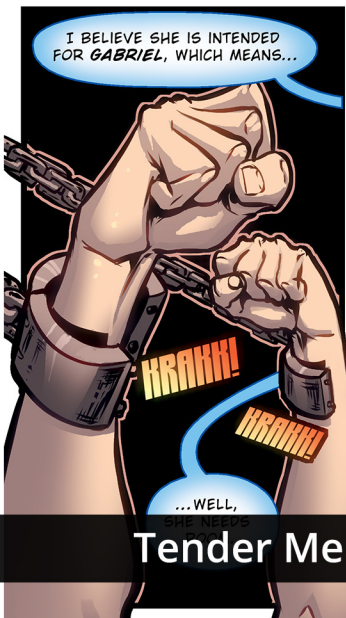
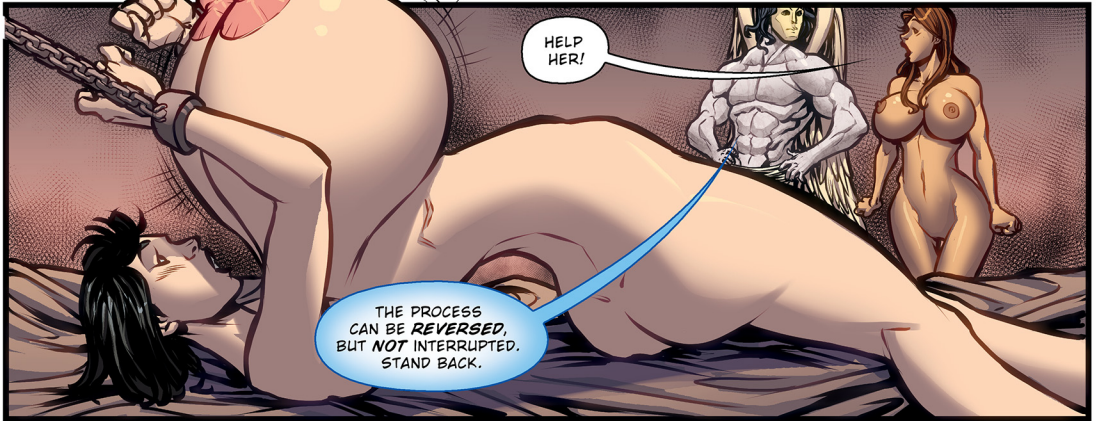


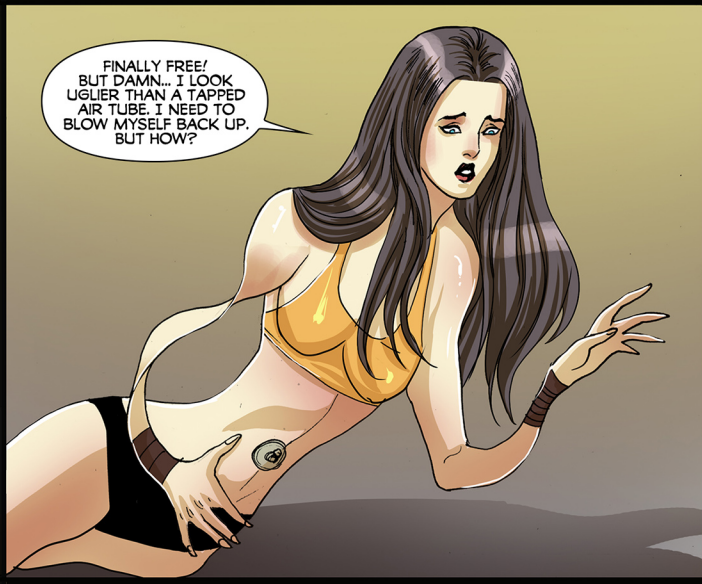
Oops!

I'm not too *big* for you now, am I?

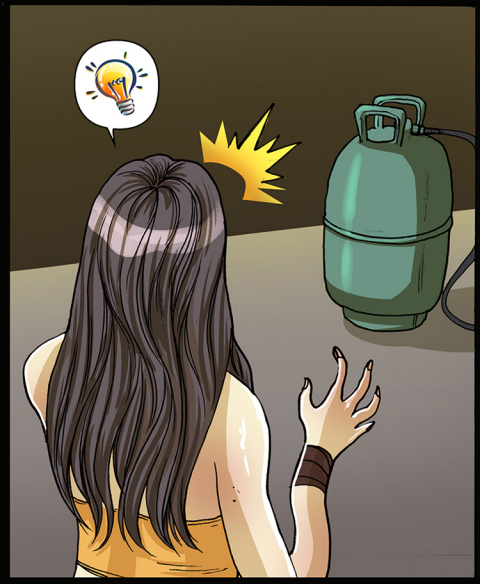


Sugar & Spice



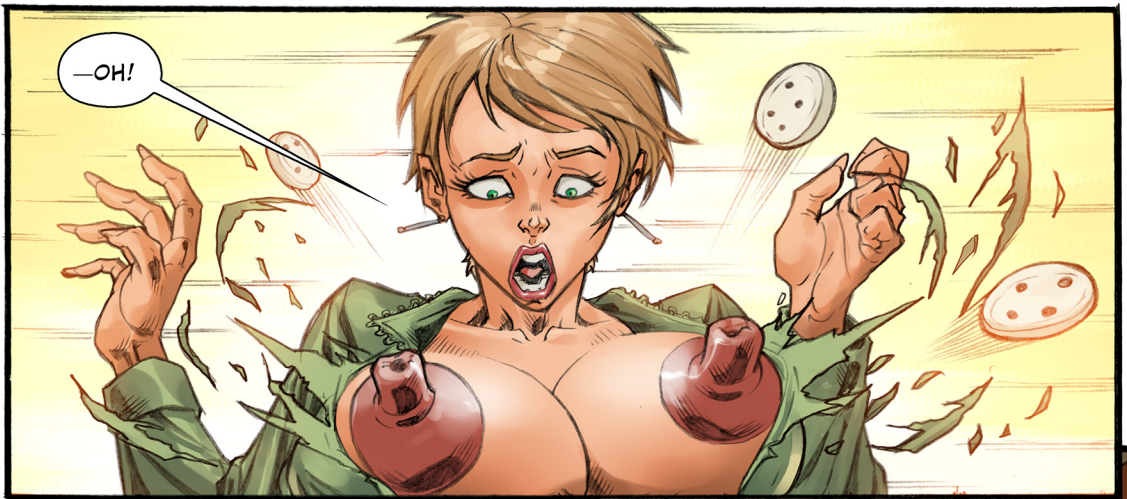


FINALLY FREE!
BUT DAMN... I LOOK
UGLIER THAN A TAPPED
AIR TUBE. I NEED TO
BLOW MYSELF BACK UP.
BUT HOW?



KELLY? YOO-HOO!
WHERE ARE YOU?
YOU'RE MISSING THE
GAME!

Inflated Ego 5



Strike Force 3

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