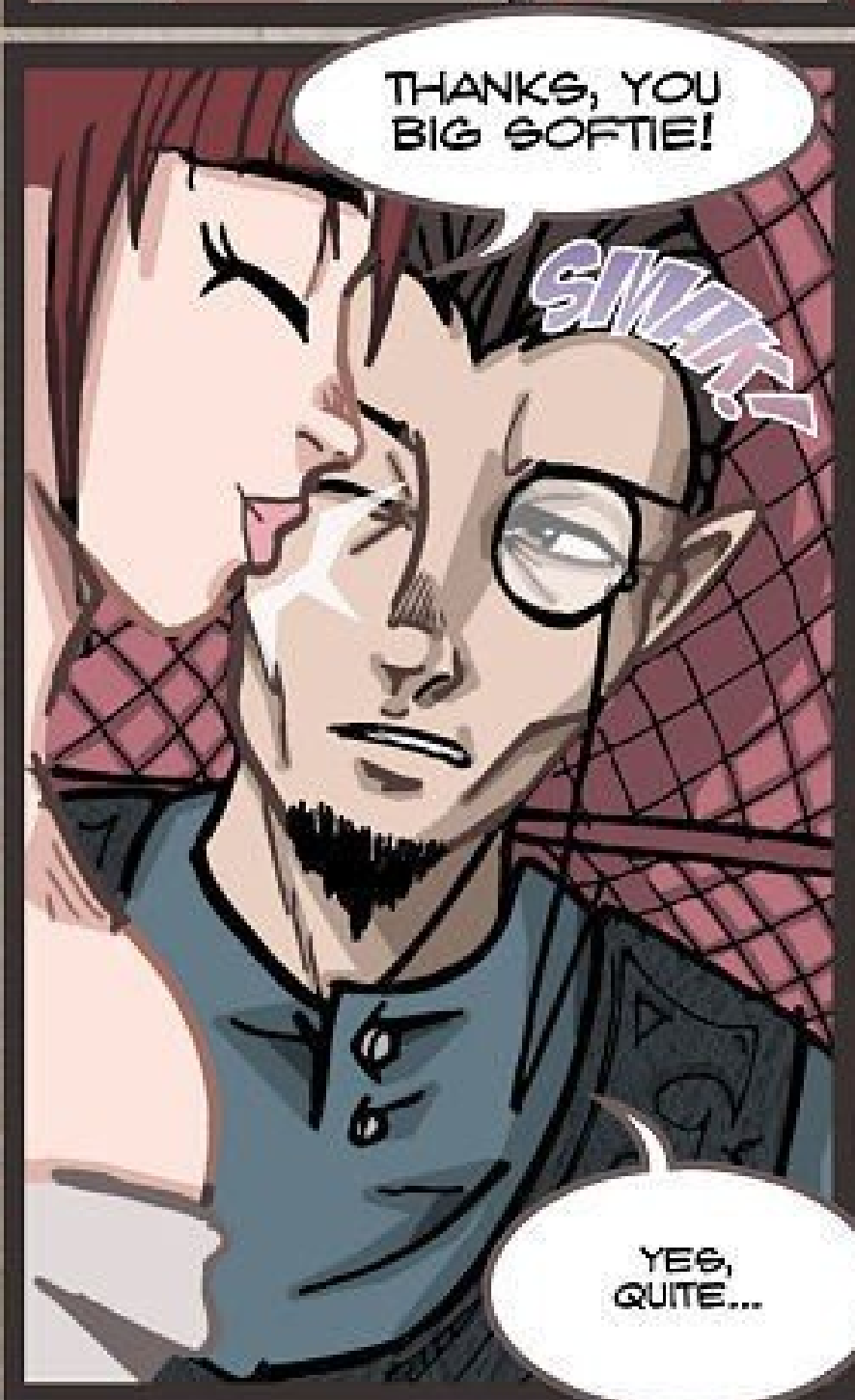
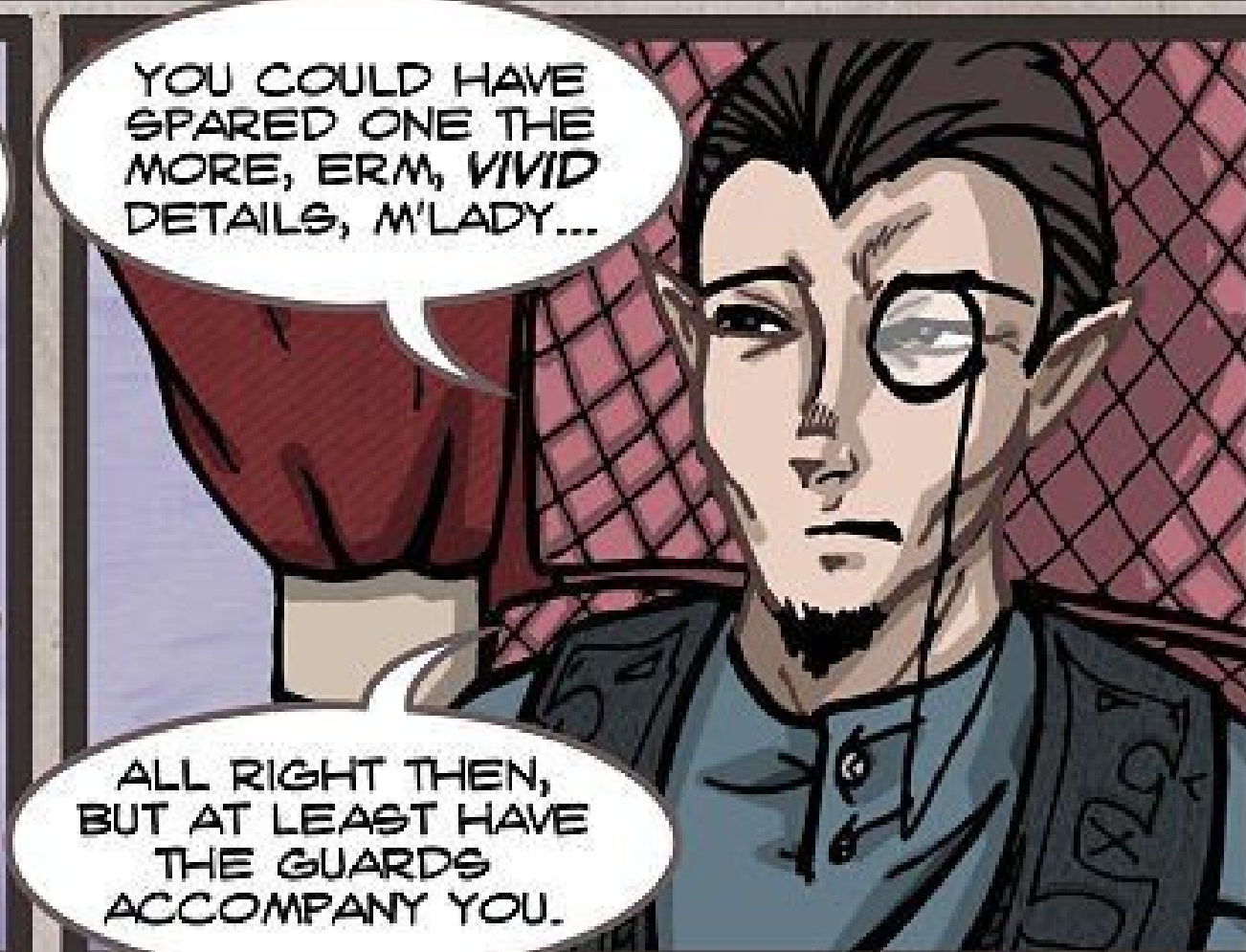
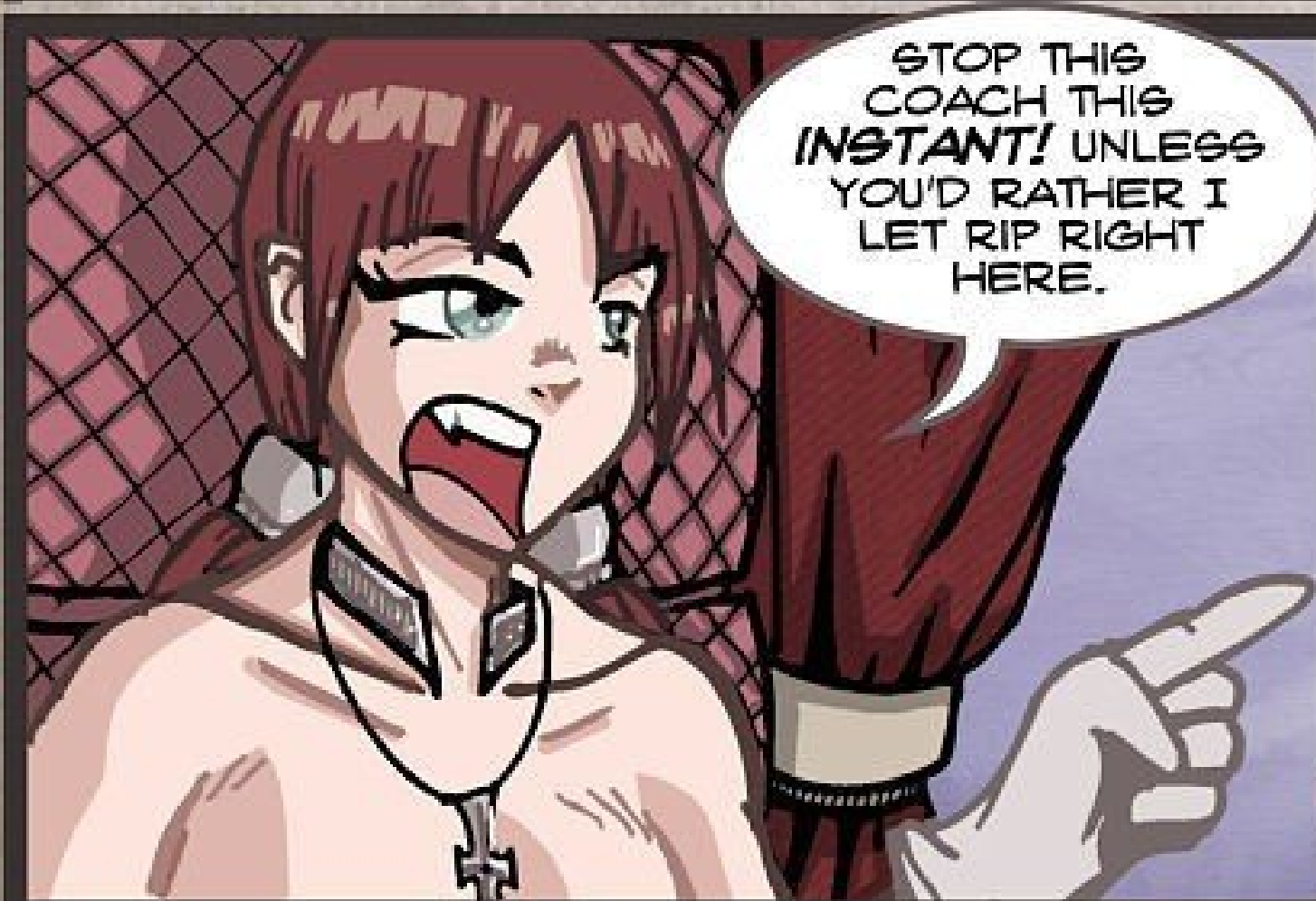
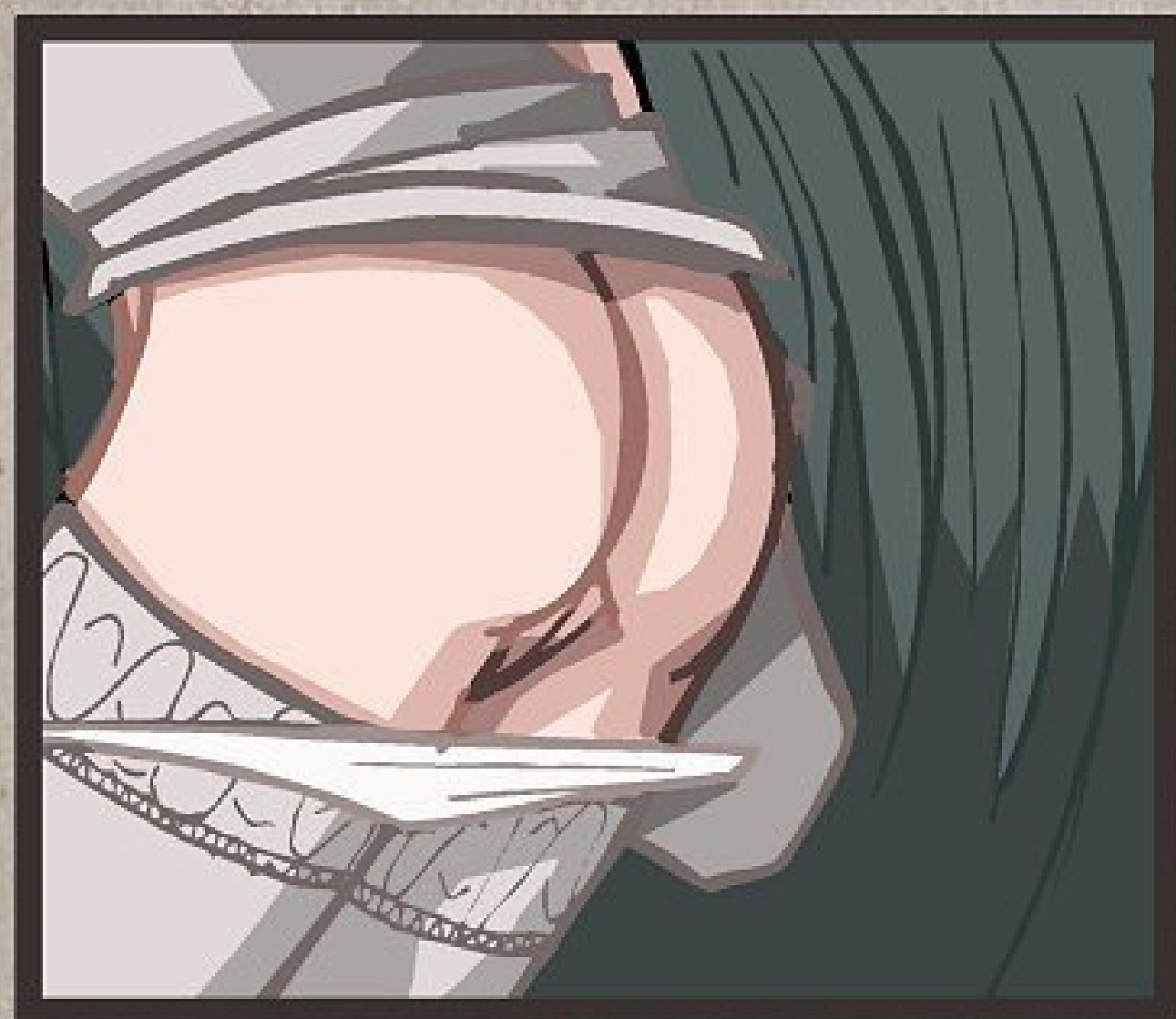
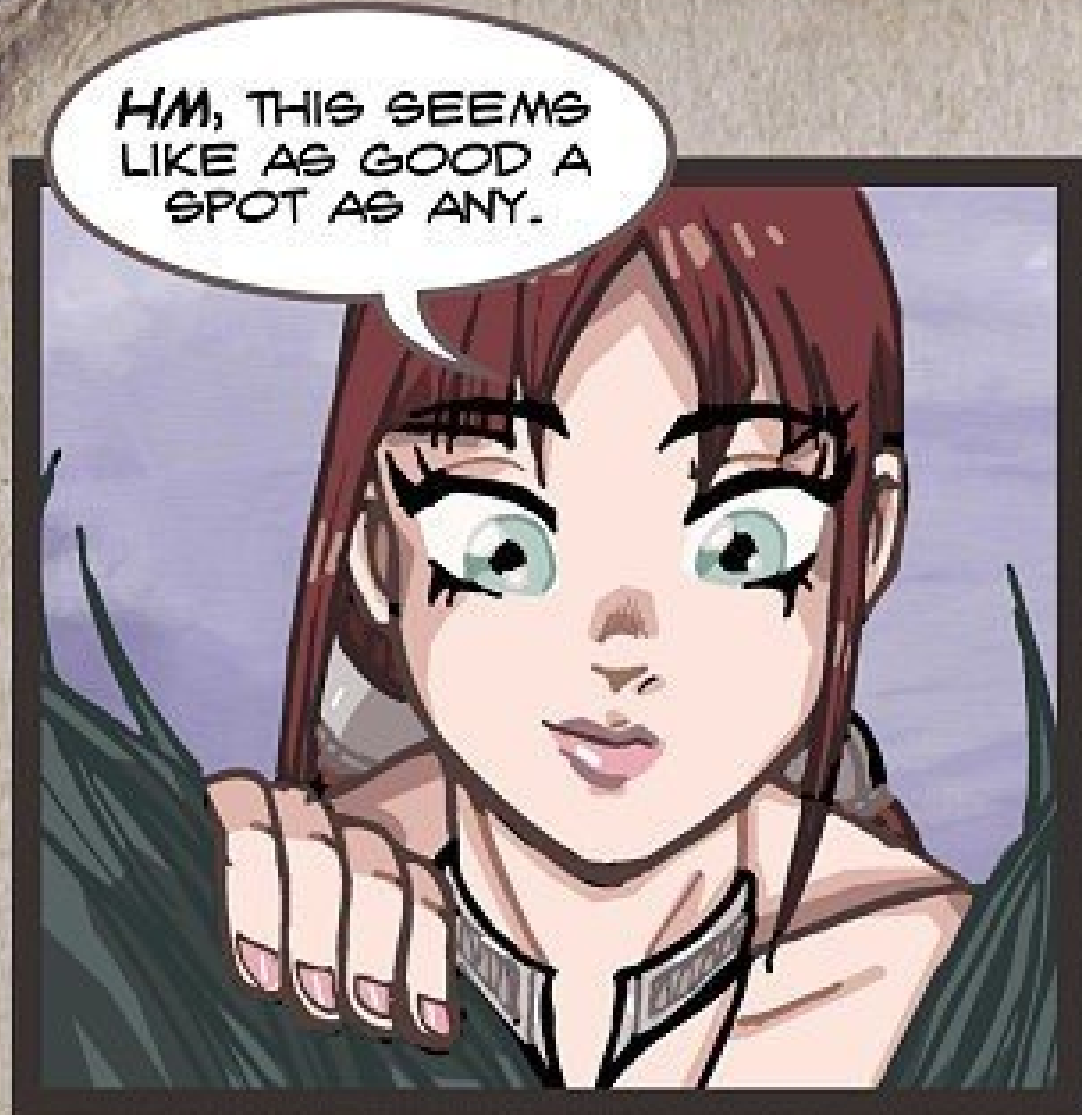


welcome, dear reader, to the kingdom of depravia. a land where men are men, life is vicious, and rest-stops are ill-advised...

"toad in the hole"

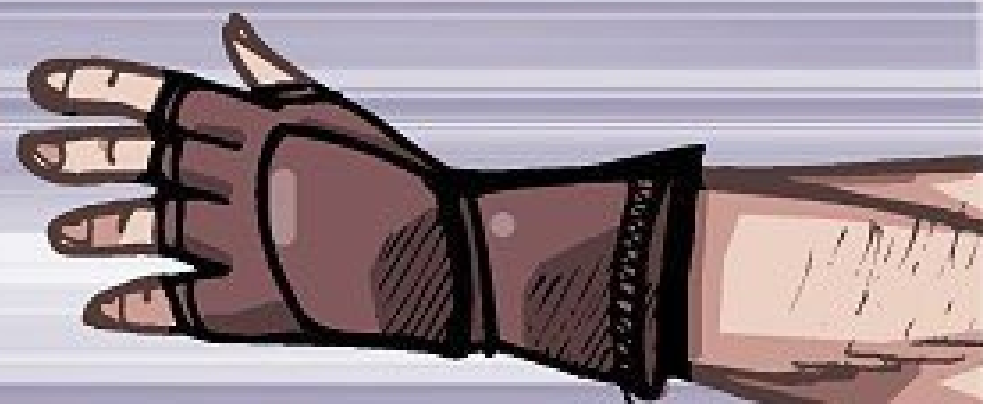
a prologue





IF THE KING HEARD
WHAT YOU JUST SAID THERE NOW,
HE'D HAVE YOUR BOL

YEARGH!!



HE'D HAVE MY *WHAT*?
WHAT ARE YOU
TALKIN' ABOUT, REG?

REG, HELLO?
WHAT THE F-



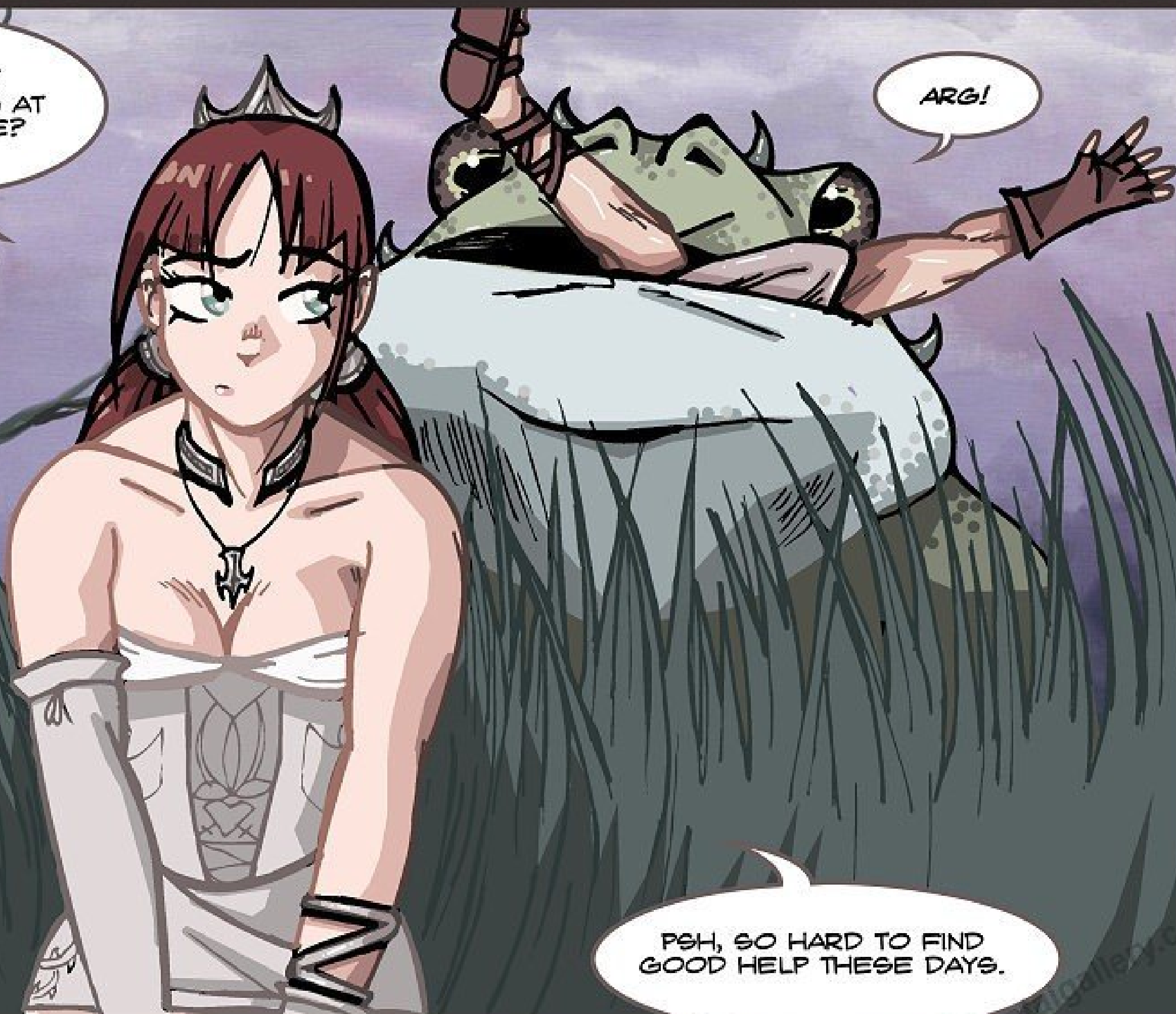
OH.

BOLLOCKS.



WHAT *ARE*
THEY PLAYING AT
BACK THERE?

ARG!



PSH, SO HARD TO FIND
GOOD HELP THESE DAYS.





URGH.

FAP FAP FAP FAP FAP



I'LL THANK YOU
TO TAKE YOUR SLIMY
MEMBER OUT OF MY
PRINCESS.

BEFORE THINGS
GO BADLY FOR
YOU.



TASTE **STEEL**,
VILE BEAST!



BLARGHH!!



BOTHER.

HOP

meanwhile, not far away...

YOU KNOW PAL,
ALL THINGS BEING
EQUAL...

...I CAN'T HELP FEELING
OUR TRIP WOULD'VE PASSED A LOT
FASTER IF YOU HADN'T SOLD OUR STEEDS
FOR THAT *BISCUIT*.

THAT MAY BE,
BUT I THINK YOU'RE
FORGETTING THIS
IS THE *VENUS
BOURBON*.

AND I
THINK YOU'RE
FORGETTING
THAT IT'S *JUST
A FUCKING
BISCUIT!*

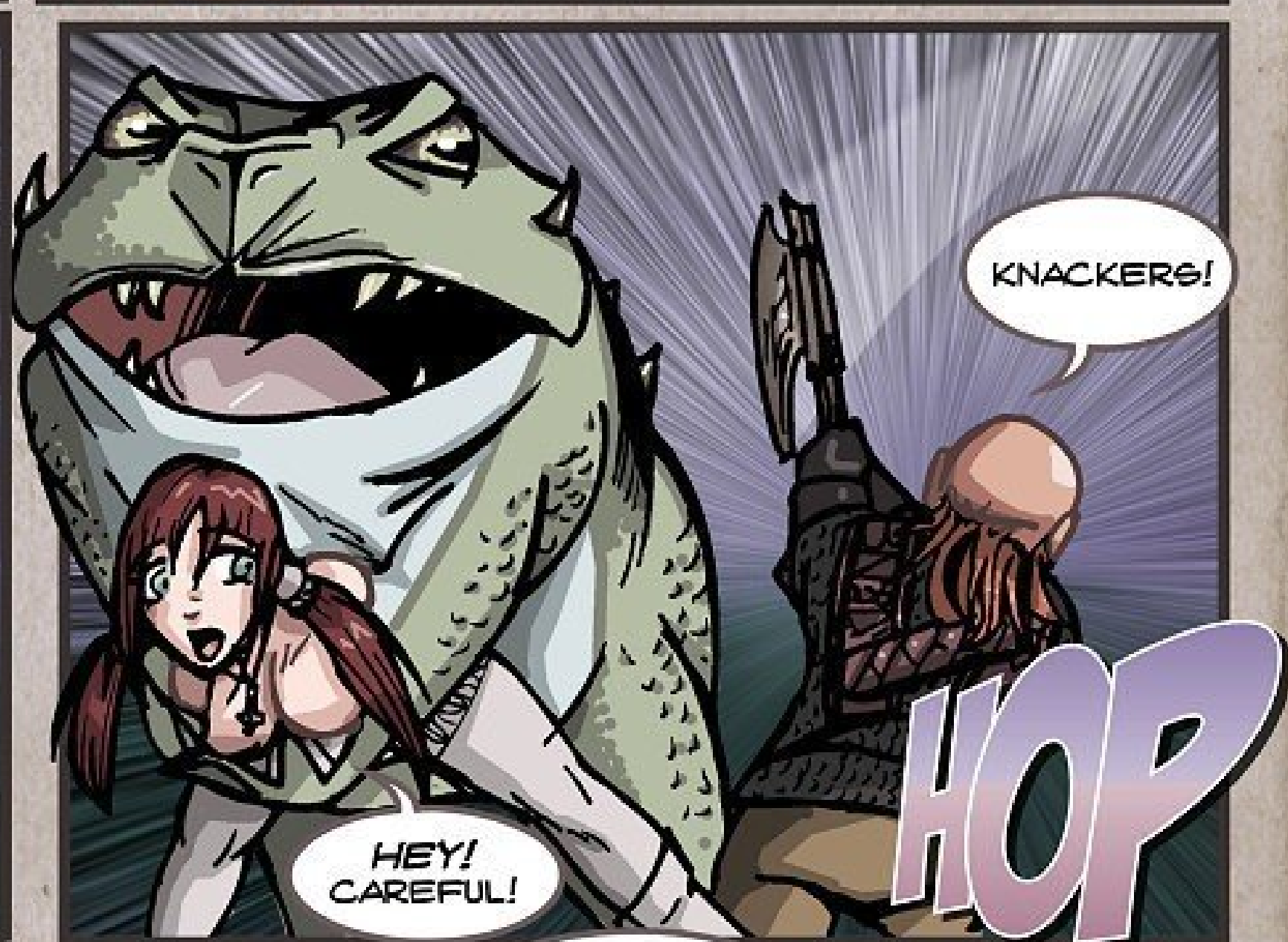
AH, WELL.

THE MOST POTENT
CHOCOLATEY
APHRODISIAC KNOWN
TO MAN!

JUST RELAX AND
ENJOY THE RURAL
SPLENDOUR.
LUSH TREES, CLEAR
SKY, CLEAN AIR...

THWIM!

...AMPHIBIOUS
RAPISTS...





NICE
THROW.



LOOKS LIKE
HE SHOULD'VE
TOAD THE LINE

STOP IT.

THE BUGGER'S
CROAKED IT

YOU'RE
EMBARRASSING
YOURSELF.

YOU KNOW WHAT
THEY SAY - HERE
TODAY, SPAWN
TOMORROW

THAT DOESN'T
EVEN MAKE ANY
SENSE.

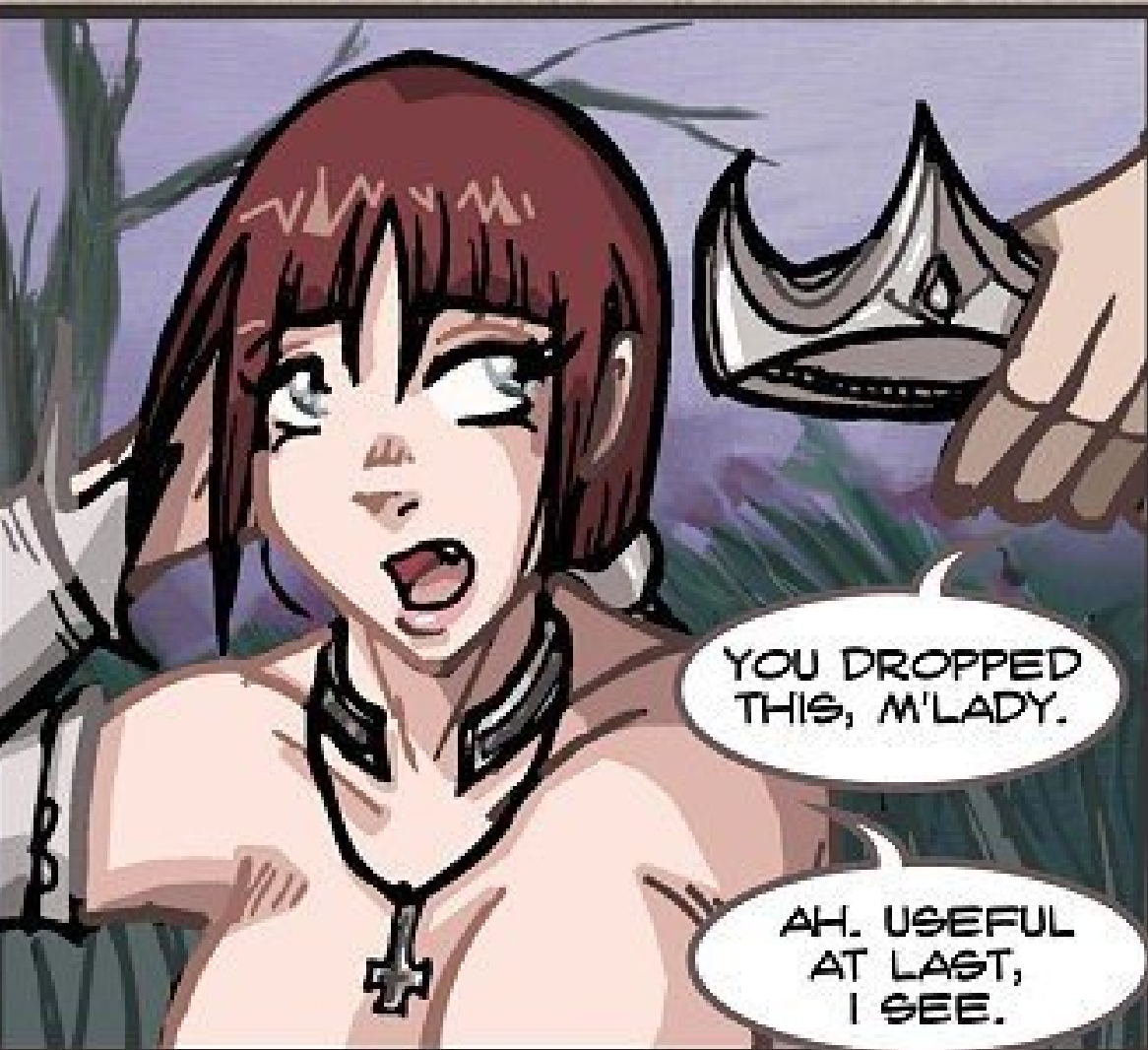


TIME TO UNCOVER
THE IDENTITY OF OUR
DISTRESSED DAMSEL,
I THINK.



MY WORD.

YOU'VE
SAVED
HER!



YOU DROPPED
THIS, M'LADY.

AH. USEFUL
AT LAST,
I SEE.



GODS,
IT'S HER.



YES, IT IS I,
PRINCESS CHASTITY
OF DEPRAVIA! WITNESS
MY PROUD STANDING,
EVEN WITH ONE'S
BOSOMS ABREEZE.

THAT EFFEMINATE
OAF OVER THERE IS MY
AIDE, MARVOLO.

SO, ARE YOU HEROIC
PLEBS GOING TO STAND
THERE OGLING, OR ASK
FOR YOUR REWARD.



APOLOGIES, M'LADY. I AM
DOCTOR VIKTOR FLEISCHER.
AND THIS BURLY REPROBATE
IS MR. BORIS MCLEOD.

AS FOR REWARD,
PASSAGE TO THE
CAPITAL WOULD
SUFFICE, IF YOU'D
BE SO KIND.



SO, WHO'S THE
IDIOT NOW THEN,
EH?

STILL YOU,
FRIEND.

BAH! IF IT WEREN'T
FOR THAT BISCUIT, WE'D
NEVER HAVE LANDED
SUCH A COZY LITTLE
NUMBER...

TRULY, IT WORKS
IN MYSTERIOUS
WAYS.

SHUT UP.