

WHORROR  
COMIX

MUST BE  
OVER 18  
OR DEAD  
TO READ



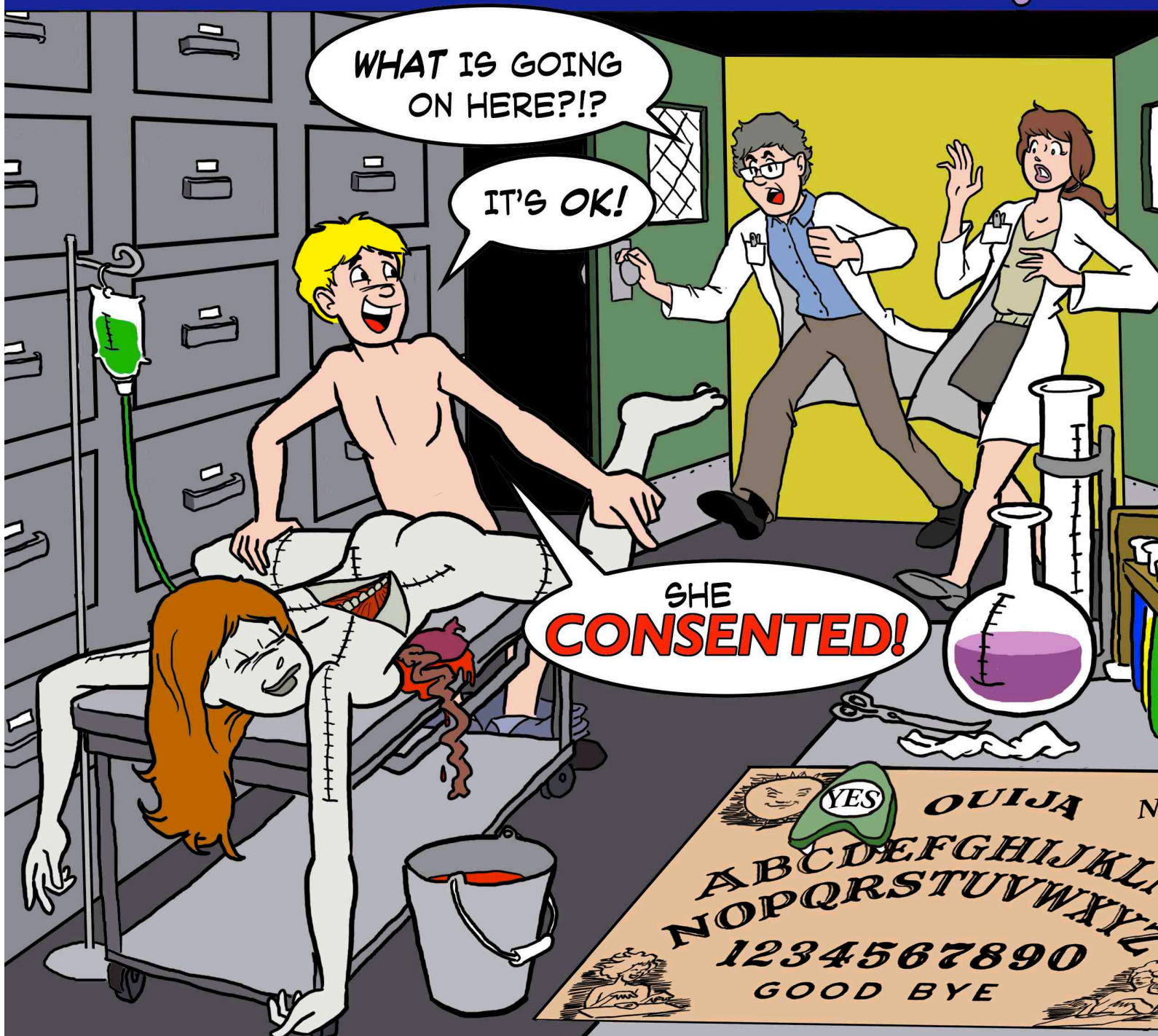
# Tales From The Whorehouse of Horror



WHAT IS GOING  
ON HERE?!

IT'S OK!

SHE  
**CONSENTED!**





MIDNIGHT

THE RED LIGHT DISTRICT  
OF THE CEMETERY

LIVE Lesbian  
DEAD Show

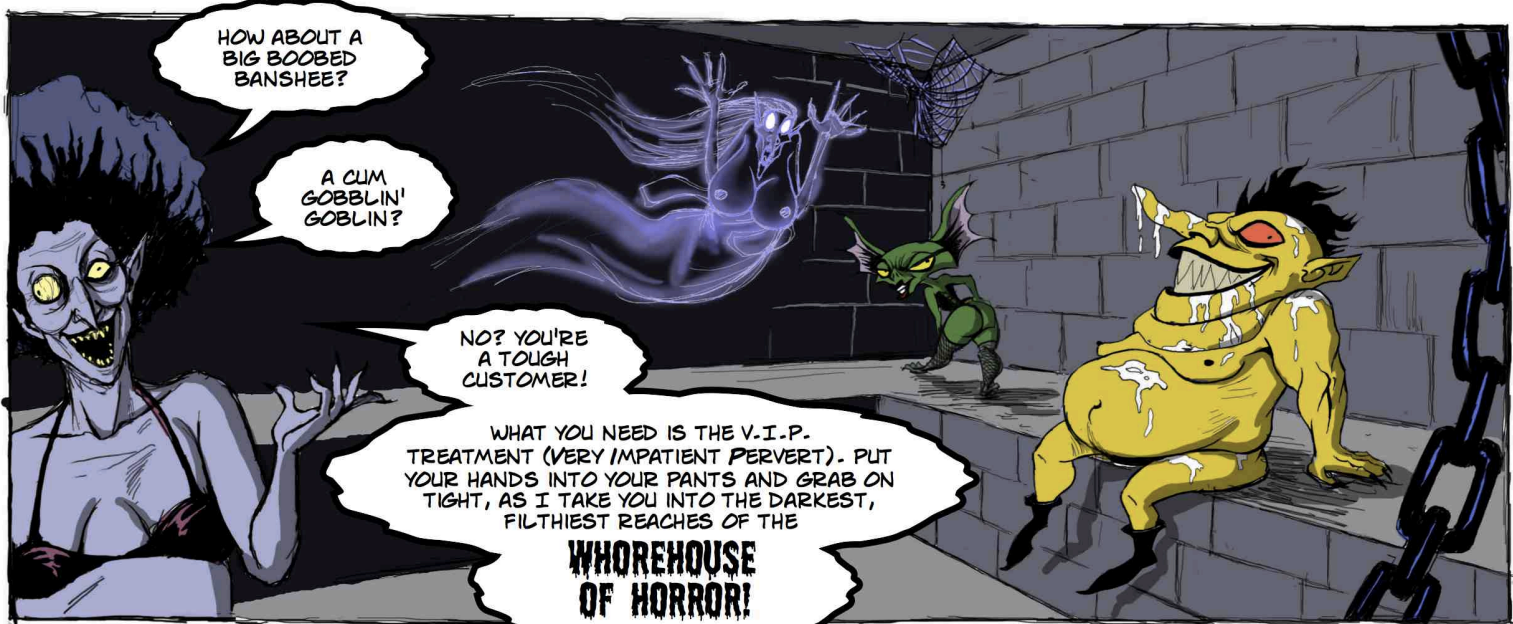
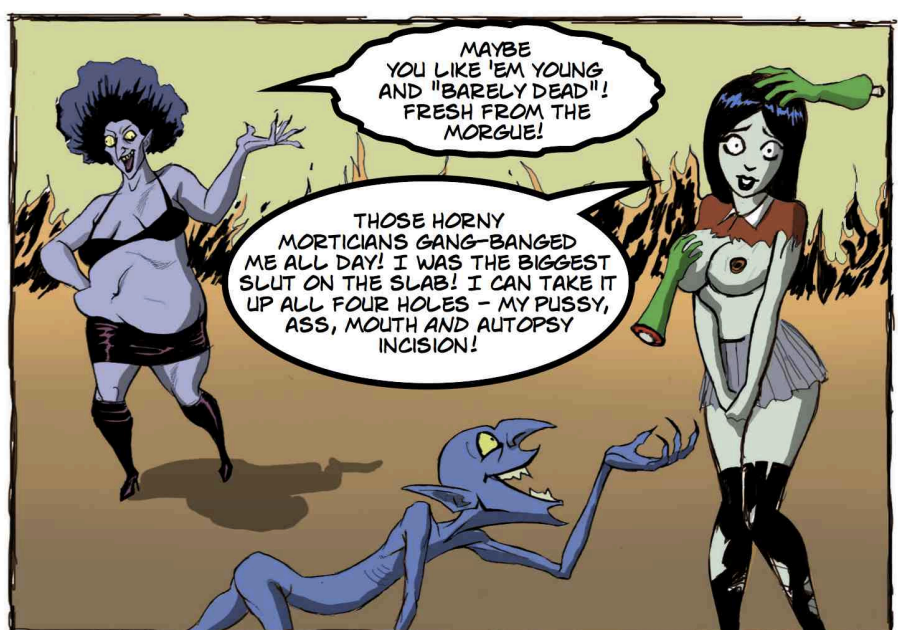
GREETINGS  
HIDEOUS PERVERT!  
WELCUM TO MY  
MAUSOLEUM OF  
MASTURBATION! MY  
BROTHEL OF BURIED  
BOOTY! MY CRYPT  
OF CUM!

ALLOW ME TO  
INTRODUCE MYSELF.  
I AM MADAME OF THE  
POST-MORTEM SEX  
TRADE! PURVEYOR OF  
POLTERGEIST  
PUSSY!

Private Crypts  
Hourly Rate

THE ONE AND ONLY -  
WHORE OF HORROR!







# LOVE AFTER DEATH

AKA:  
CARNAL TUNNEL  
SYNDROME

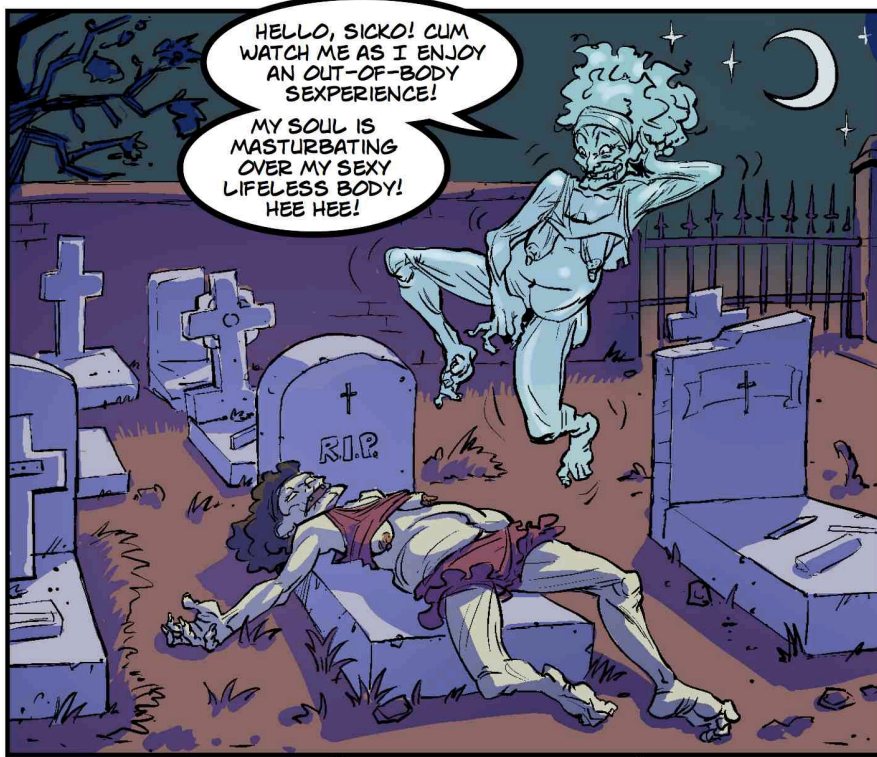


Story Artist: Nacho Kapra

Cover Artist: Sebastian "Guarazu"

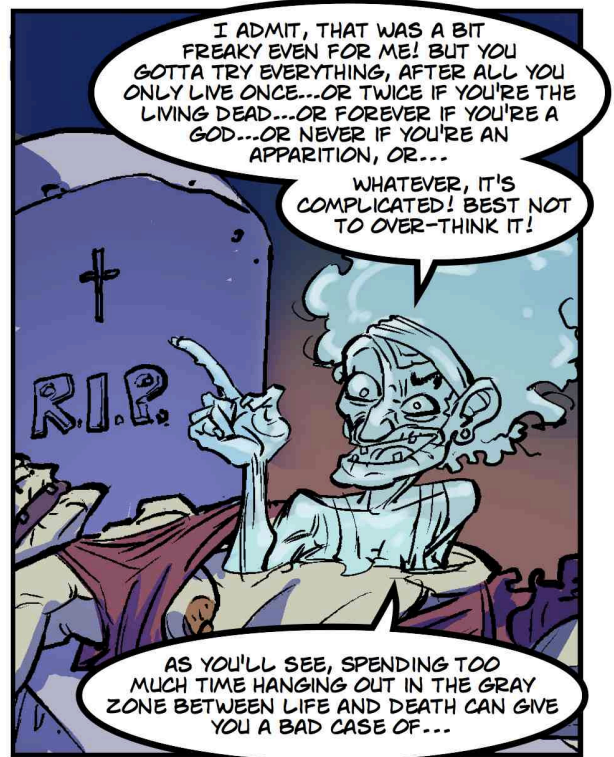
Writer: Yakov Levi





HELLO, SICKO! CUM  
WATCH ME AS I ENJOY  
AN OUT-OF-BODY  
SEXPERIENCE!

MY SOUL IS  
MASTURBATING  
OVER MY SEXY  
LIFELESS BODY!  
HEE HEE!

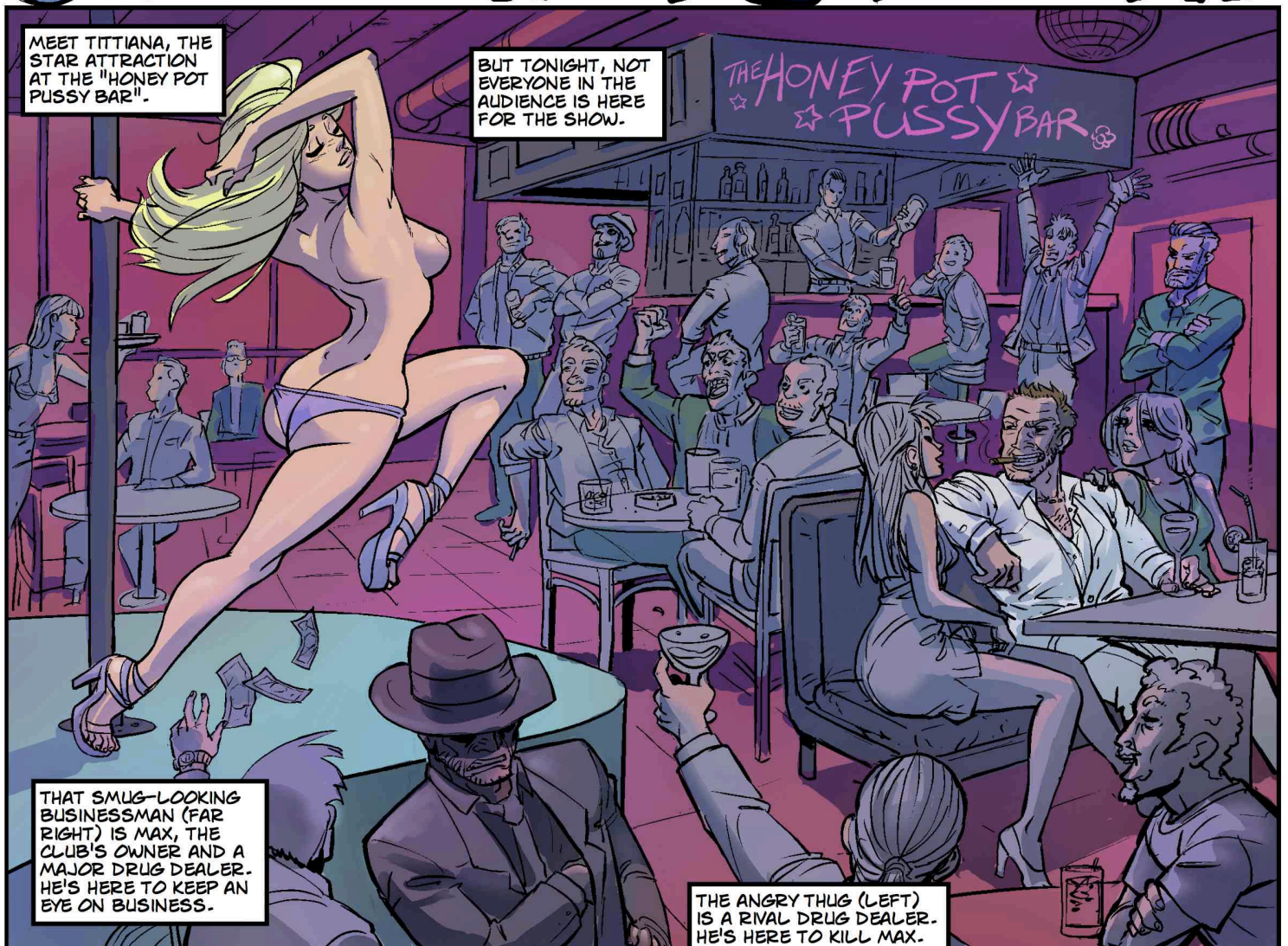


I ADMIT, THAT WAS A BIT  
FREAKY EVEN FOR ME! BUT YOU  
GOTTA TRY EVERYTHING, AFTER ALL YOU  
ONLY LIVE ONCE...OR TWICE IF YOU'RE THE  
LIVING DEAD...OR FOREVER IF YOU'RE A  
GOD...OR NEVER IF YOU'RE AN  
APPARITION, OR...

WHATEVER, IT'S  
COMPLICATED! BEST NOT  
TO OVER-THINK IT!

AS YOU'LL SEE, SPENDING TOO  
MUCH TIME HANGING OUT IN THE GRAY  
ZONE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH CAN GIVE  
YOU A BAD CASE OF...

# CARNAL TUNNEL SYNDROME



MEET TITTIANA, THE  
STAR ATTRACTION  
AT THE "HONEY POT  
PUSSY BAR".

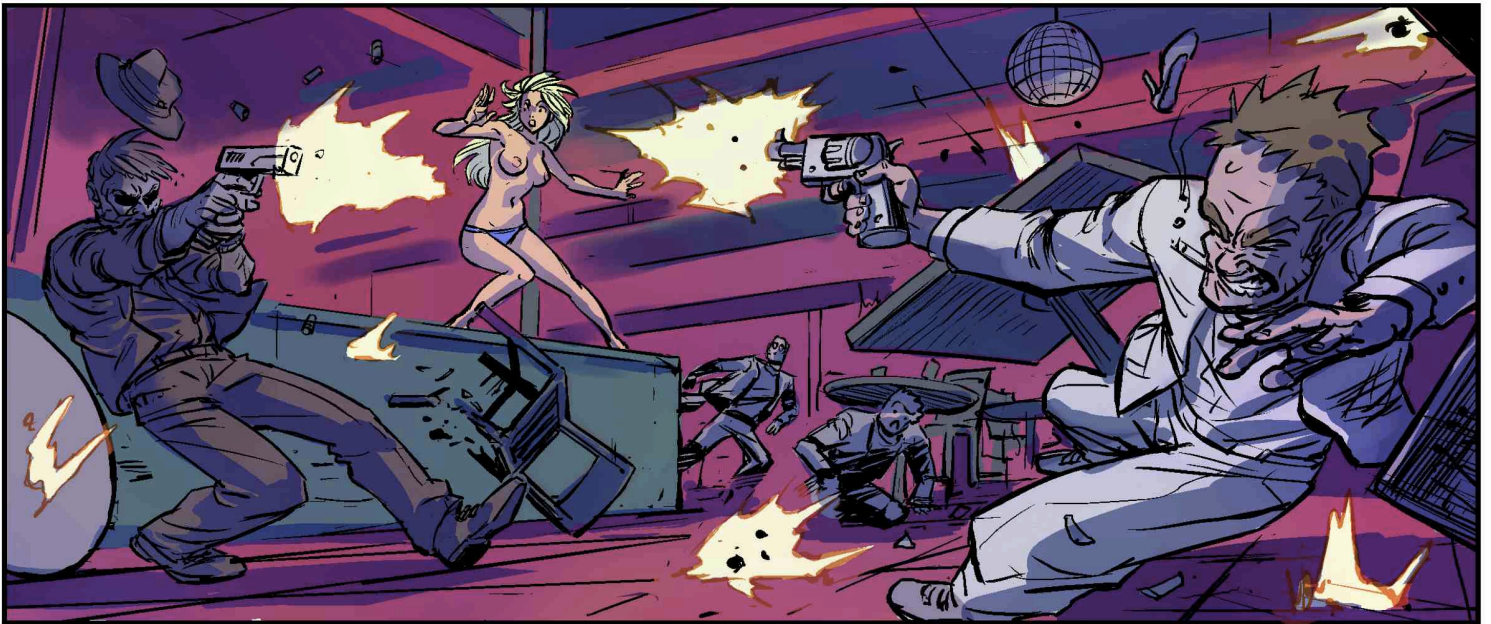
BUT TONIGHT, NOT  
EVERYONE IN THE  
AUDIENCE IS HERE  
FOR THE SHOW.

THE HONEY POT  
PUSSY BAR

THAT SMUG-LOOKING  
BUSINESSMAN (FAR  
RIGHT) IS MAX, THE  
CLUB'S OWNER AND A  
MAJOR DRUG DEALER.  
HE'S HERE TO KEEP AN  
EYE ON BUSINESS.

THE ANGRY THUG (LEFT)  
IS A RIVAL DRUG DEALER.  
HE'S HERE TO KILL MAX.

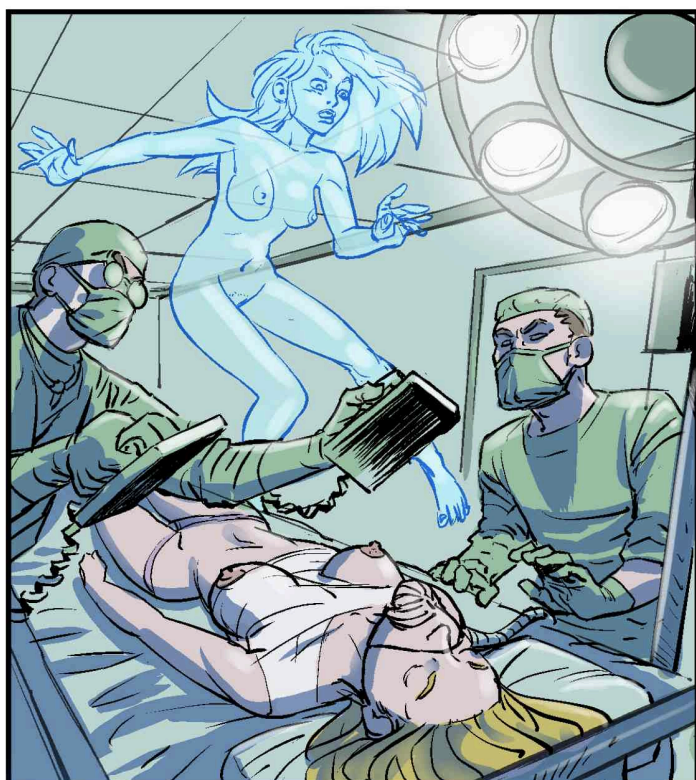
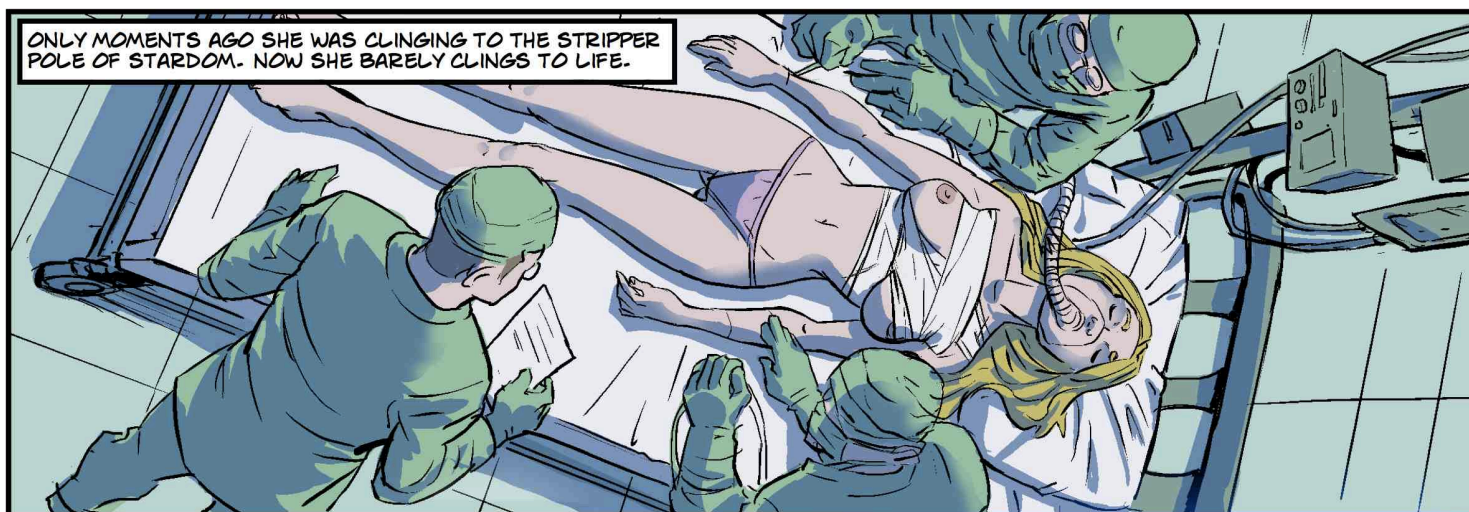




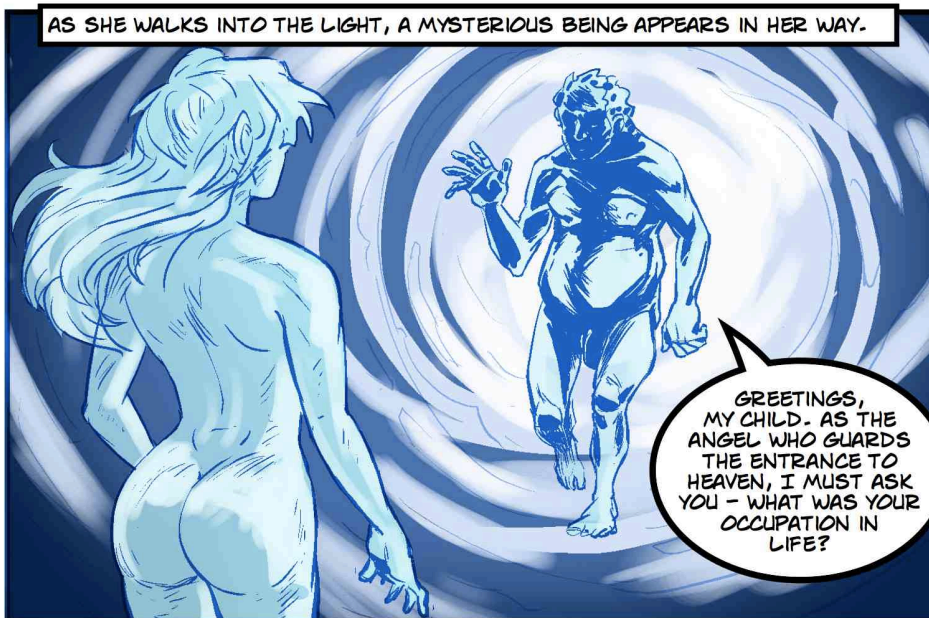
THE SHOOTERS ESCAPE FROM THE CLUB UNHARMED. THE ONLY VICTIM IS TITTIANA, CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE.



ONLY MOMENTS AGO SHE WAS CLINGING TO THE STRIPPER POLE OF STARDOM. NOW SHE BARELY CLINGS TO LIFE.



AS SHE WALKS INTO THE LIGHT, A MYSTERIOUS BEING APPEARS IN HER WAY.



GREETINGS, MY CHILD. AS THE ANGEL WHO GUARDS THE ENTRANCE TO HEAVEN, I MUST ASK YOU - WHAT WAS YOUR OCCUPATION IN LIFE?



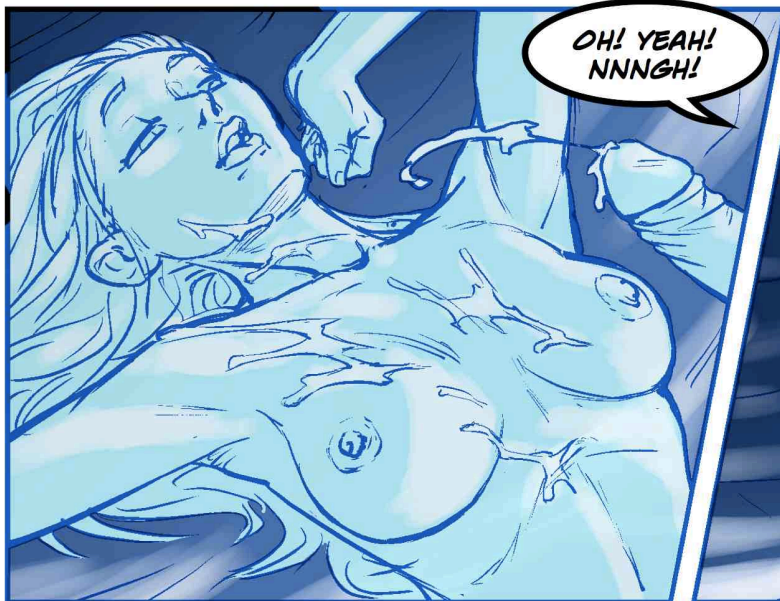
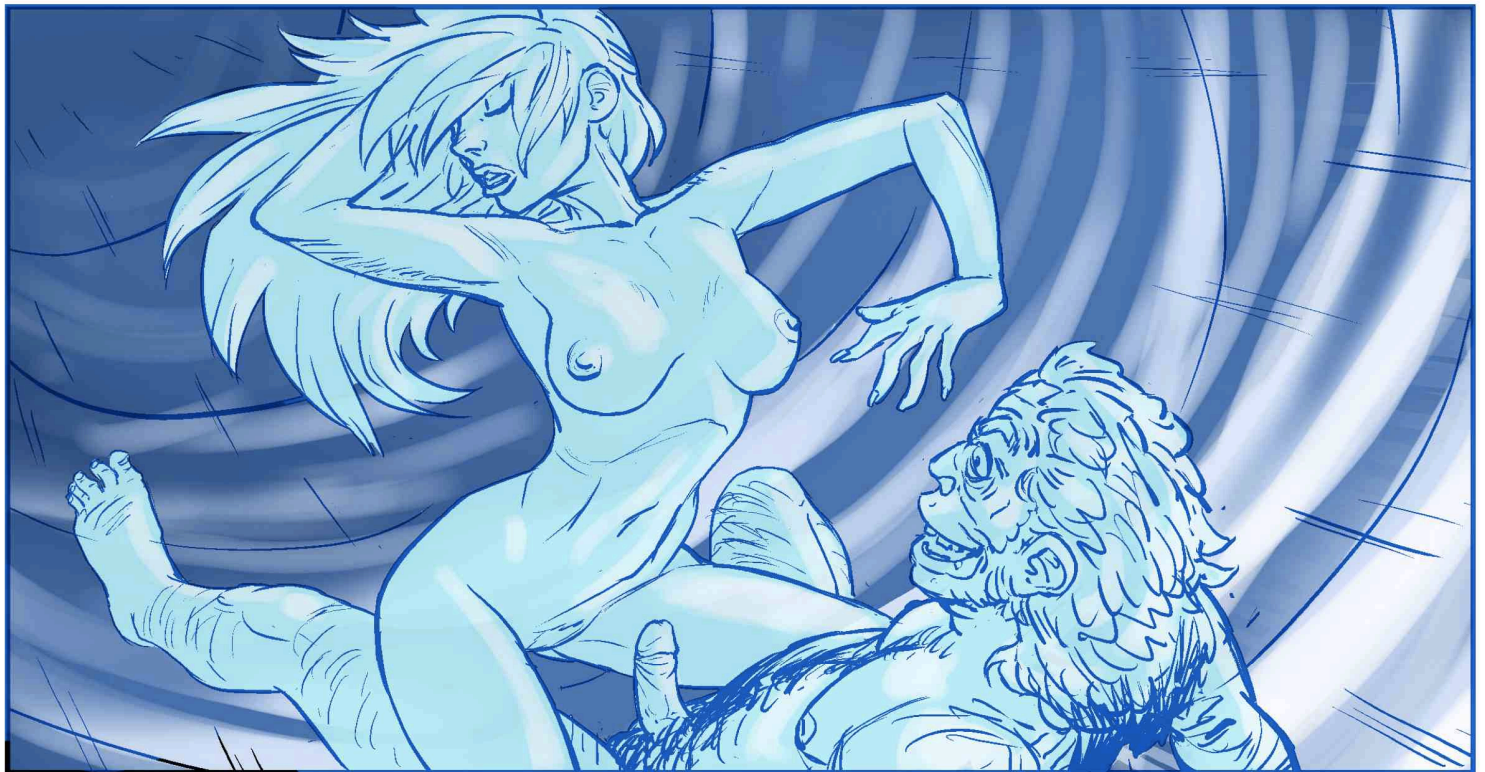


I WAS A STRIPPER AT THE HONEY POT PUSSY BAR.

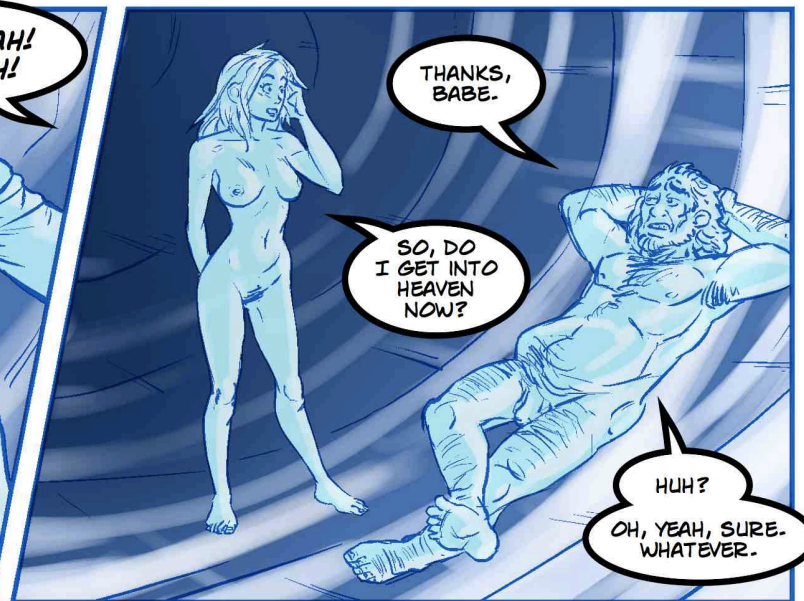


THEN YOU MUST GIVE ME A LAP DANCE. ONLY THEN MAY YOU MERIT TO SIT ON THE LAP OF GOD.

OKAY. IF YOU SAY SO...



OH! YEAH! NNNGH!

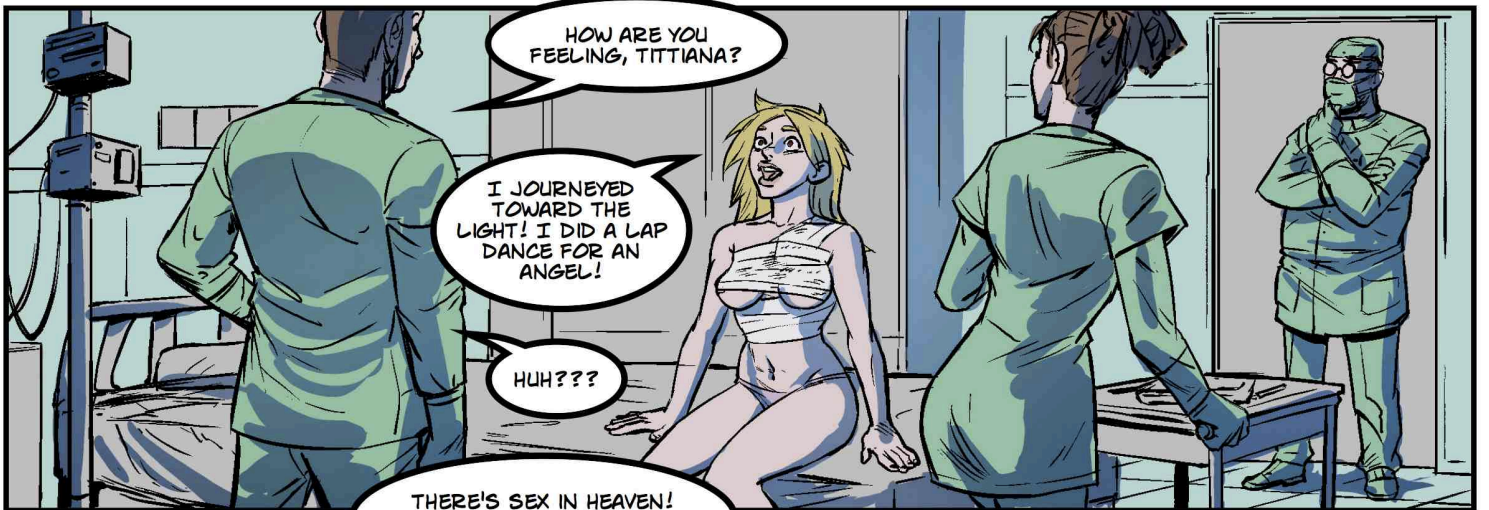
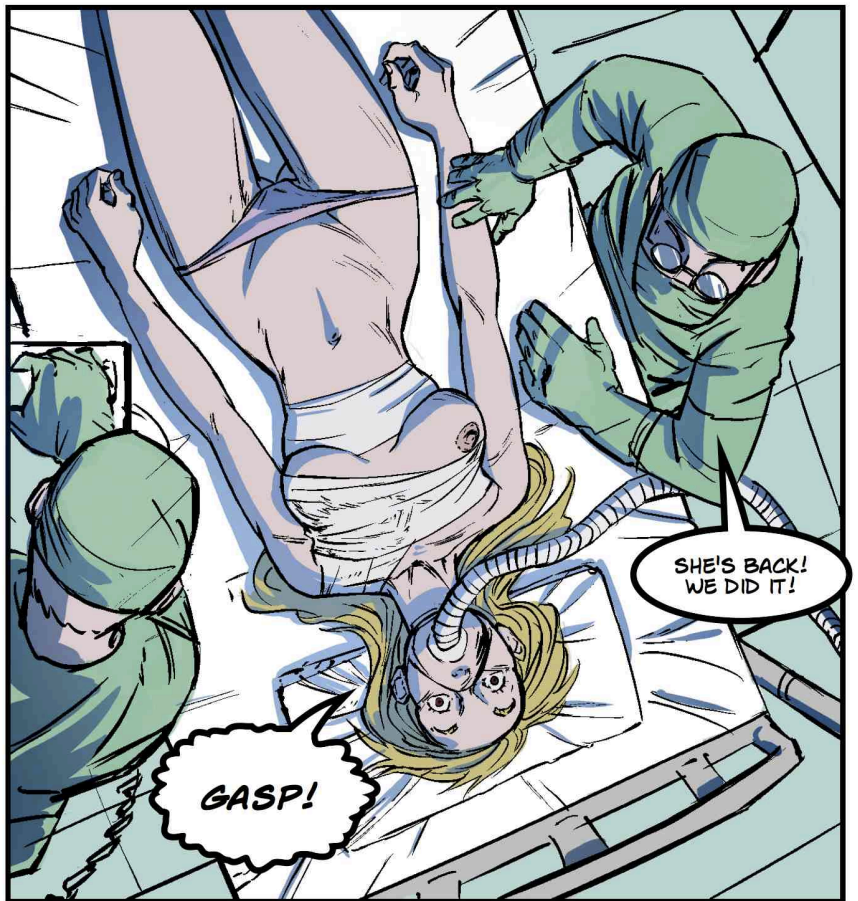
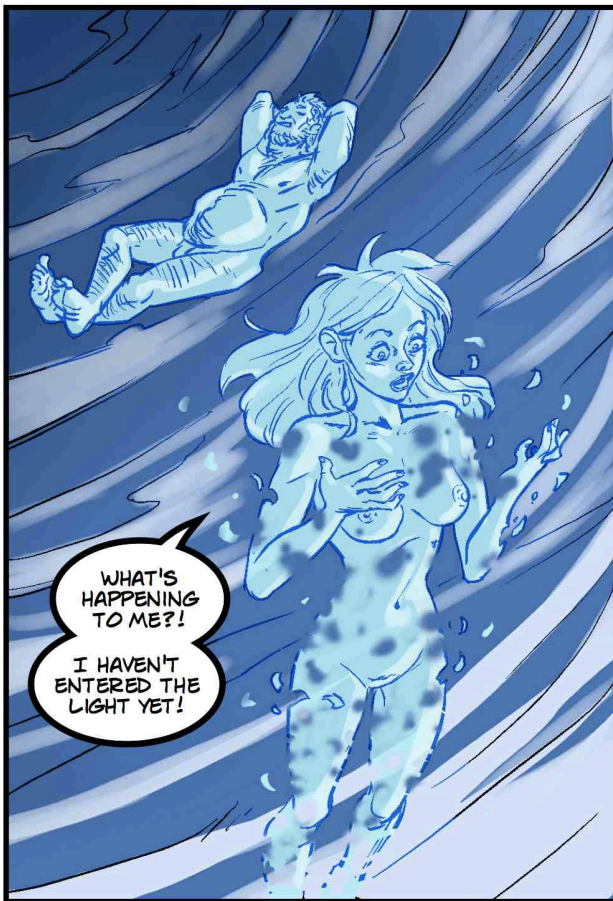


THANKS, BABE.

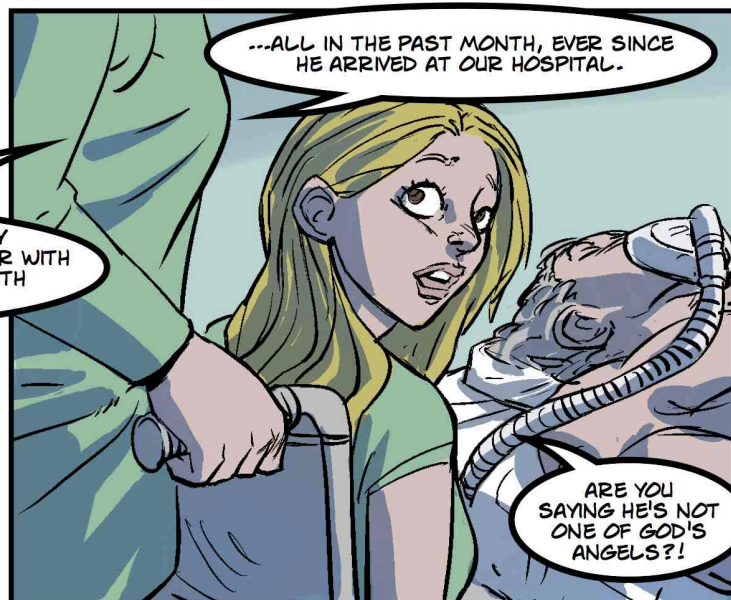
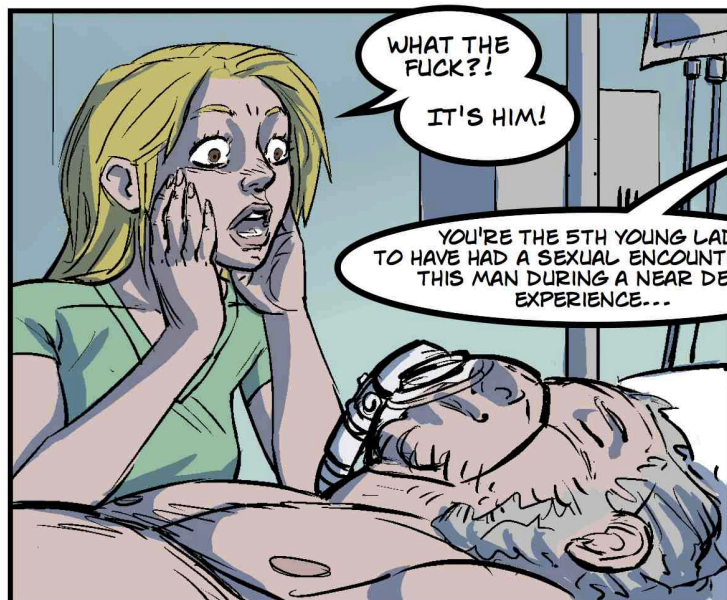
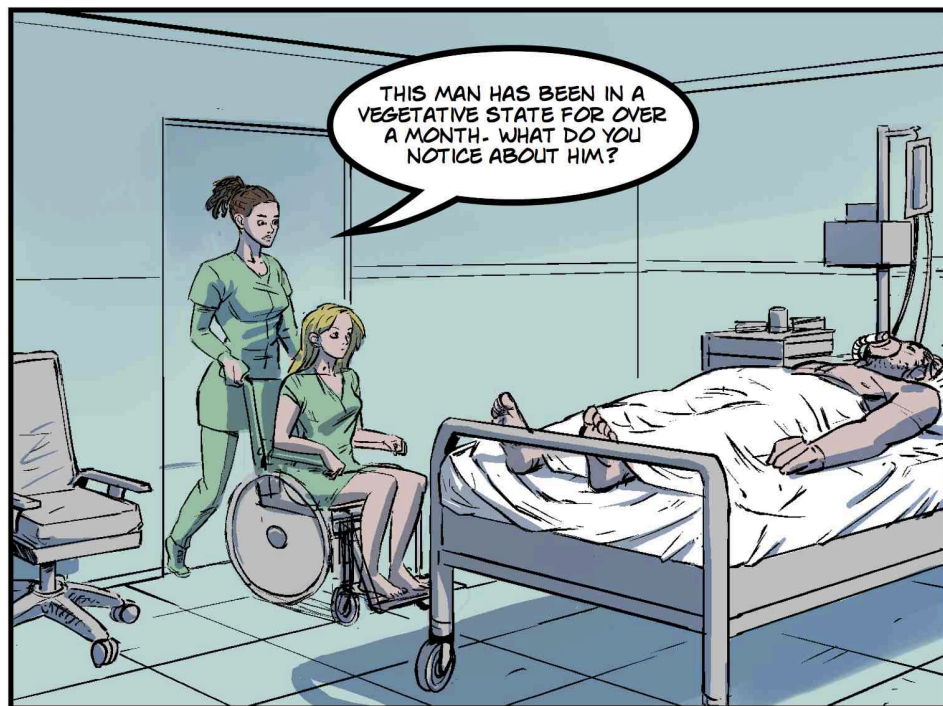
SO, DO I GET INTO HEAVEN NOW?

HUH?  
OH, YEAH, SURE. WHATEVER.

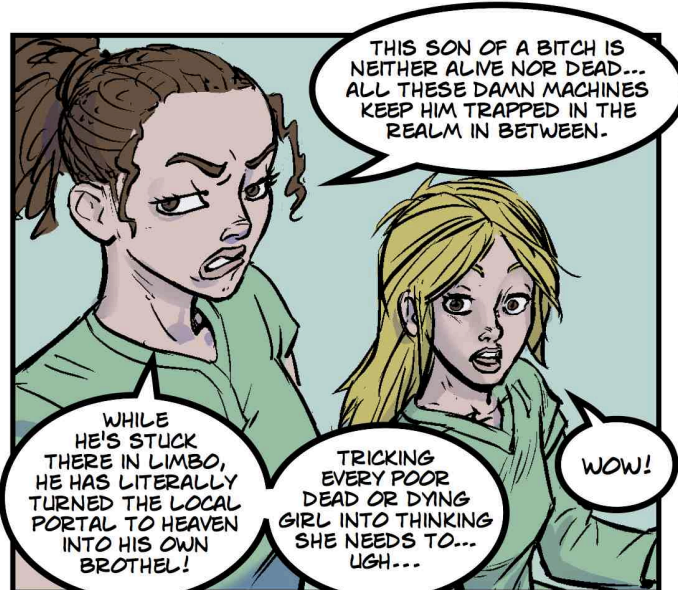
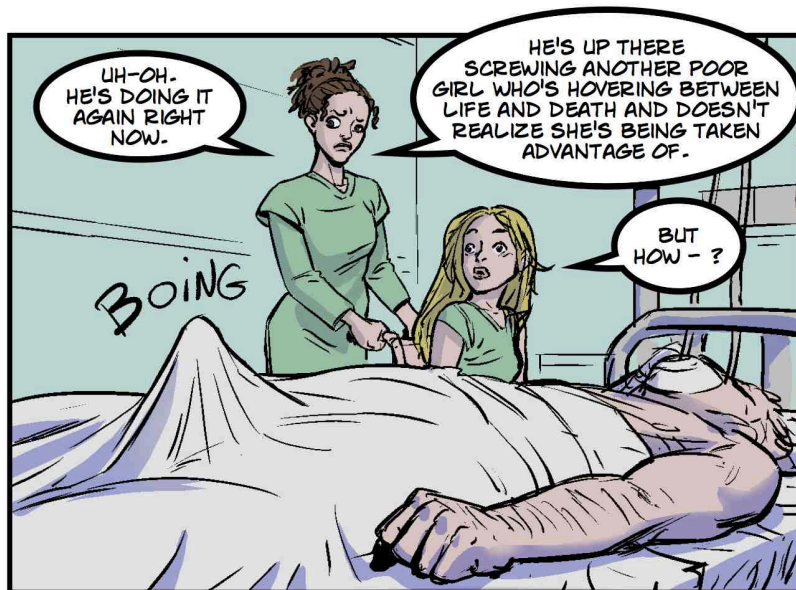




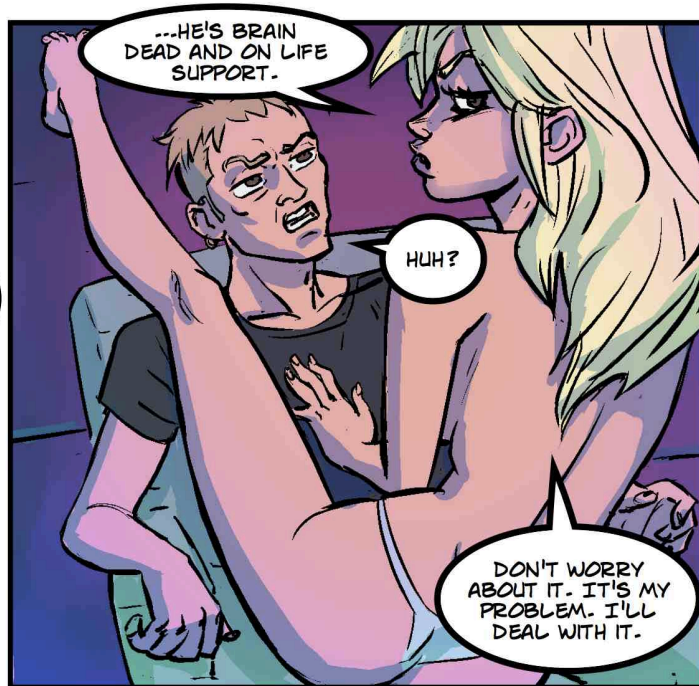
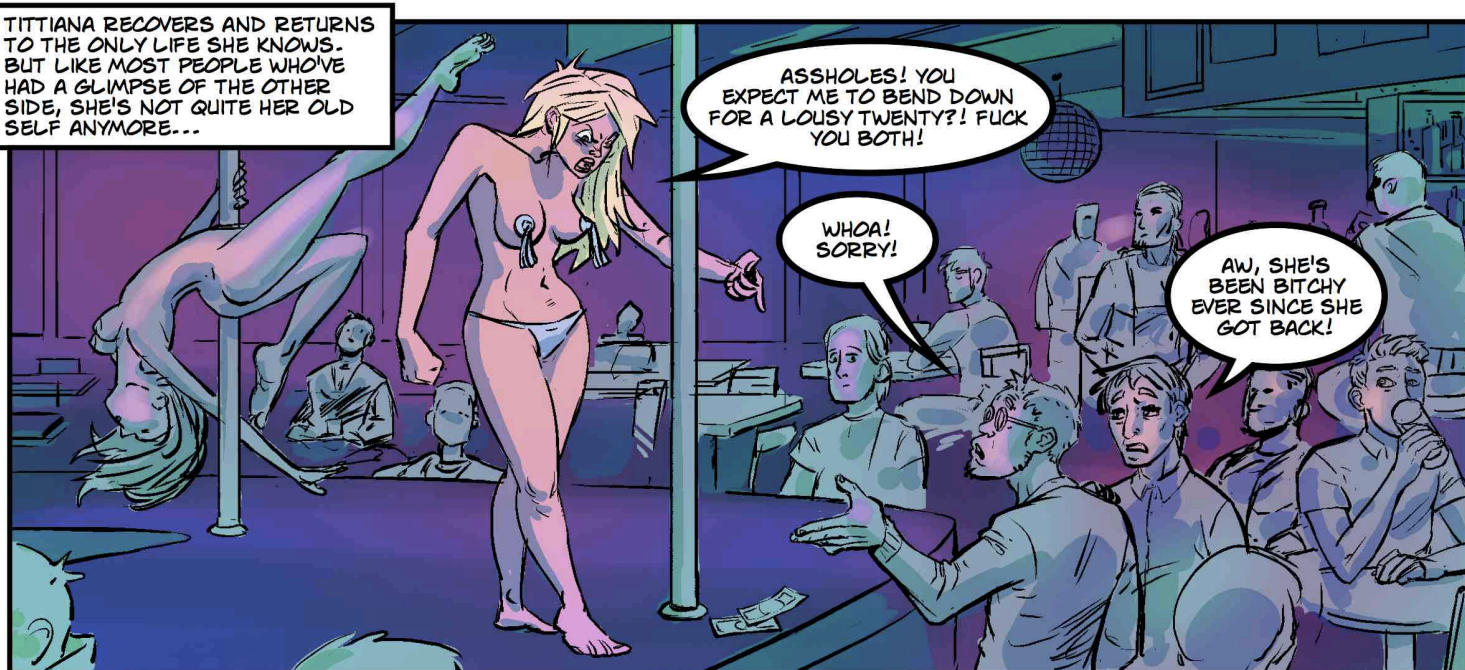






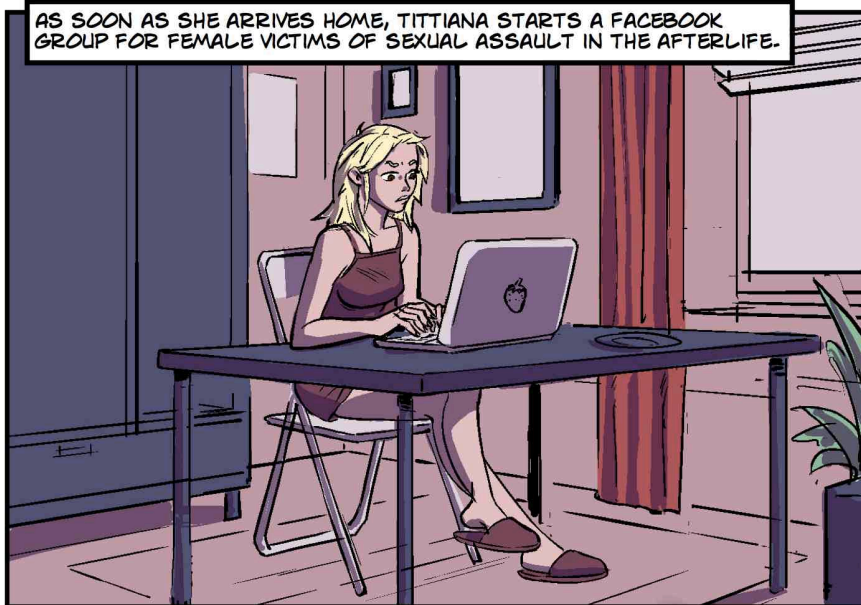


TITTIANA RECOVERS AND RETURNS TO THE ONLY LIFE SHE KNOWS. BUT LIKE MOST PEOPLE WHO'VE HAD A GLIMPSE OF THE OTHER SIDE, SHE'S NOT QUITE HER OLD SELF ANYMORE...





AS SOON AS SHE ARRIVES HOME, TITTIANA STARTS A FACEBOOK GROUP FOR FEMALE VICTIMS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT IN THE AFTERLIFE.

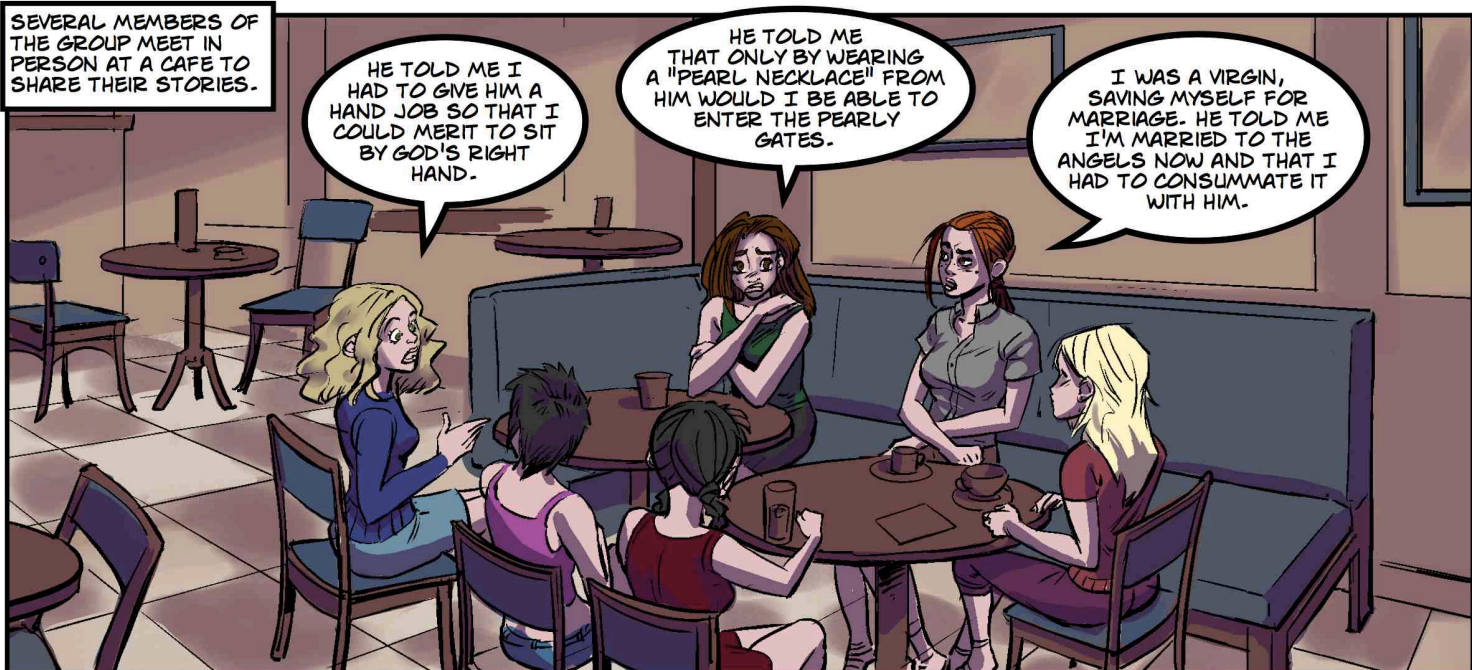


WITHIN DAYS THE GROUP HAS OVER A DOZEN MEMBERS.



ALL WERE AT THE SAME HOSPITAL. ALL WERE VICTIMS OF THE SAME MAN.

SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE GROUP MEET IN PERSON AT A CAFE TO SHARE THEIR STORIES.



HE TOLD ME I HAD TO GIVE HIM A HAND JOB SO THAT I COULD MERIT TO SIT BY GOD'S RIGHT HAND.

HE TOLD ME THAT ONLY BY WEARING A "PEARL NECKLACE" FROM HIM WOULD I BE ABLE TO ENTER THE PEARLY GATES.

I WAS A VIRGIN, SAVING MYSELF FOR MARRIAGE. HE TOLD ME I'M MARRIED TO THE ANGELS NOW AND THAT I HAD TO CONSUMMATE IT WITH HIM.

LISTEN UP, GIRLS! IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE OURSELVES, BUT WE CAN STILL PROTECT OTHER DYING WOMEN FROM BEING TRICKED INTO SEX BY MERV THE PERV!



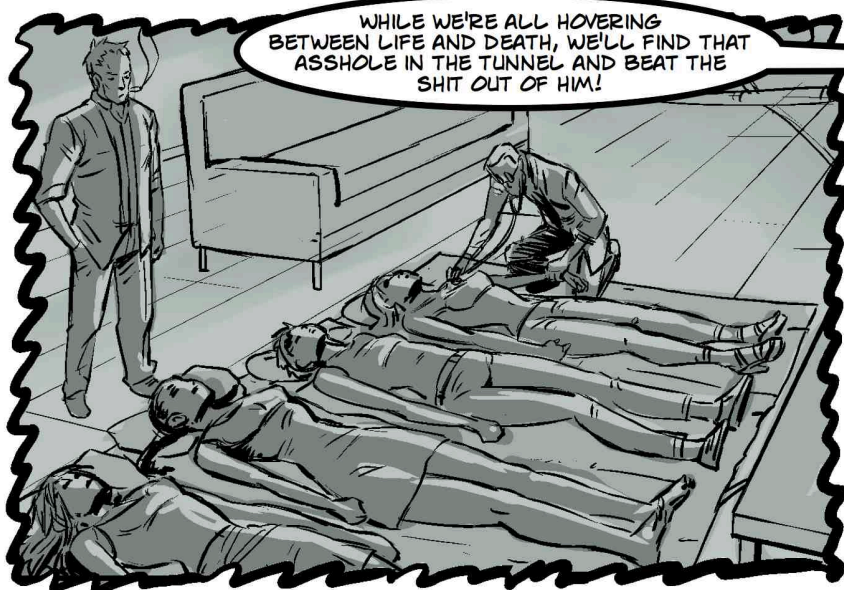
I SAY WE PULL THE PLUG AND KILL THE FUCKER! THAT WOULD FINALLY SEND HIM THROUGH THE TUNNEL INTO THE NEXT WORLD - HOPEFULLY, IN HIS CASE, TO HELL!



YOU WANNA GO TO JAIL FOR MURDER? I SURE DON'T! I HAVE A DIFFERENT PLAN...









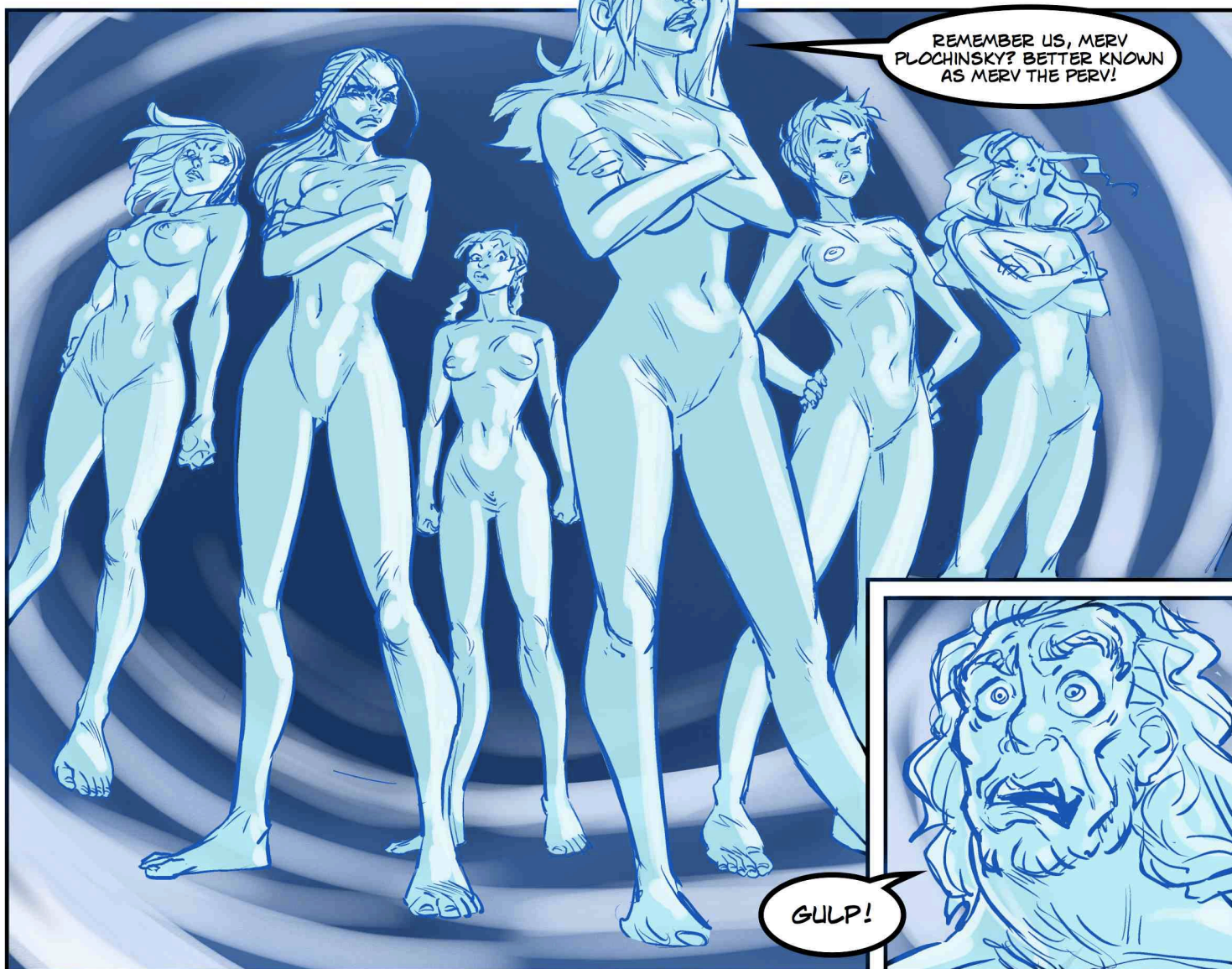


YES, MY CHILD!  
JUST AS I PENETRATE  
YOUR INNER SANCTUARY, SO  
TOO SHALL YOU ENTER  
THE LORD'S!



GREETINGS,  
HOLY SOULS! I AM  
THE ANGEL OF GOD  
WHO GRANTS ACCESS  
TO HEAVEN!

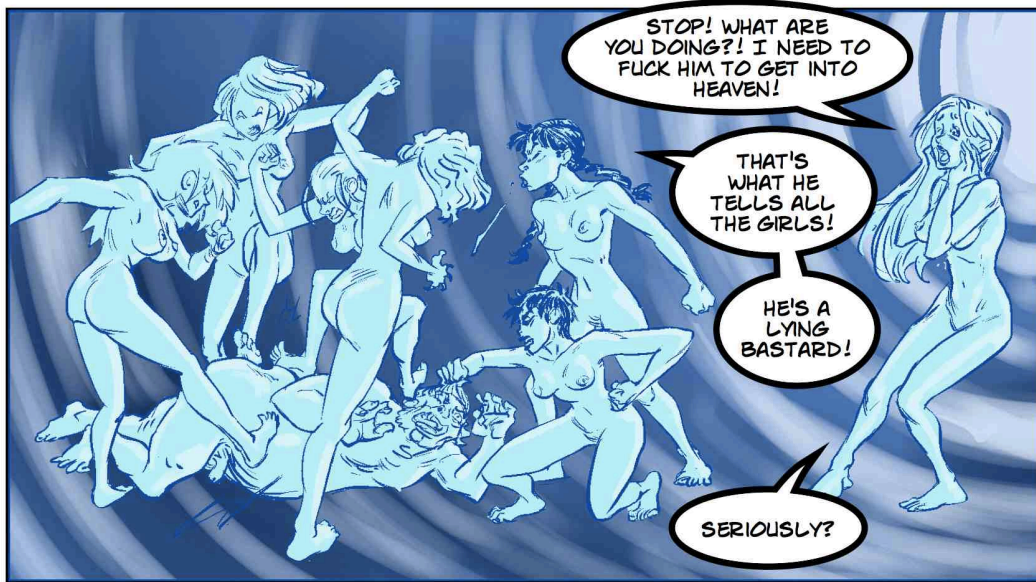
HOT DAMN!  
THIS IS MY  
LUCKY DAY!



REMEMBER US, MERV  
PLOCHINSKY? BETTER KNOWN  
AS MERV THE PERV!

GULP!





STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! I NEED TO FUCK HIM TO GET INTO HEAVEN!

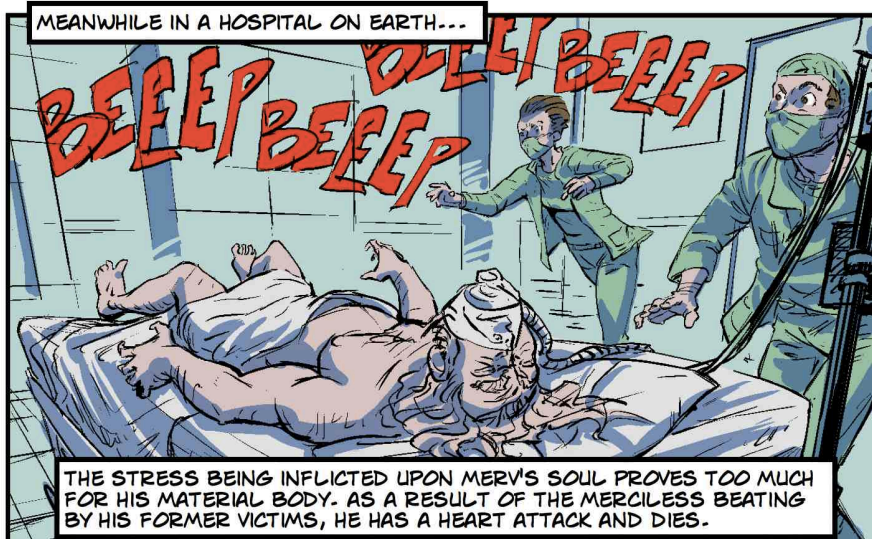
THAT'S WHAT HE TELLS ALL THE GIRLS!

HE'S A LYING BASTARD!

SERIOUSLY?



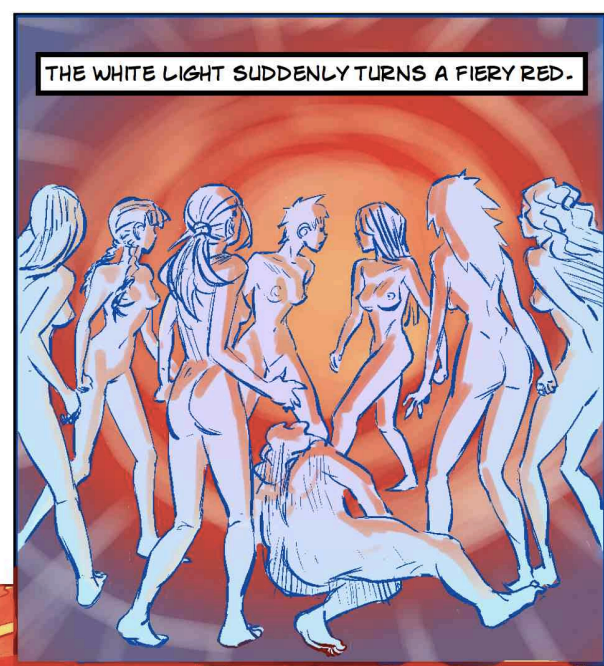
IN THAT CASE...



MEANWHILE IN A HOSPITAL ON EARTH...

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

THE STRESS BEING INFLECTED UPON MERV'S SOUL PROVES TOO MUCH FOR HIS MATERIAL BODY. AS A RESULT OF THE MERCILESS BEATING BY HIS FORMER VICTIMS, HE HAS A HEART ATTACK AND DIES.

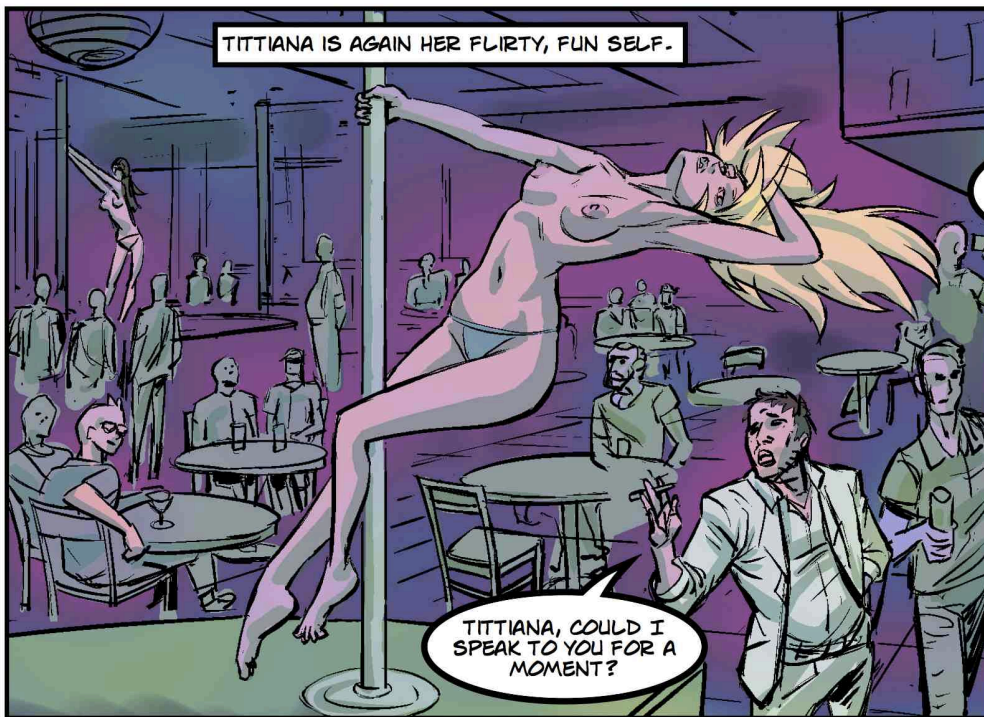
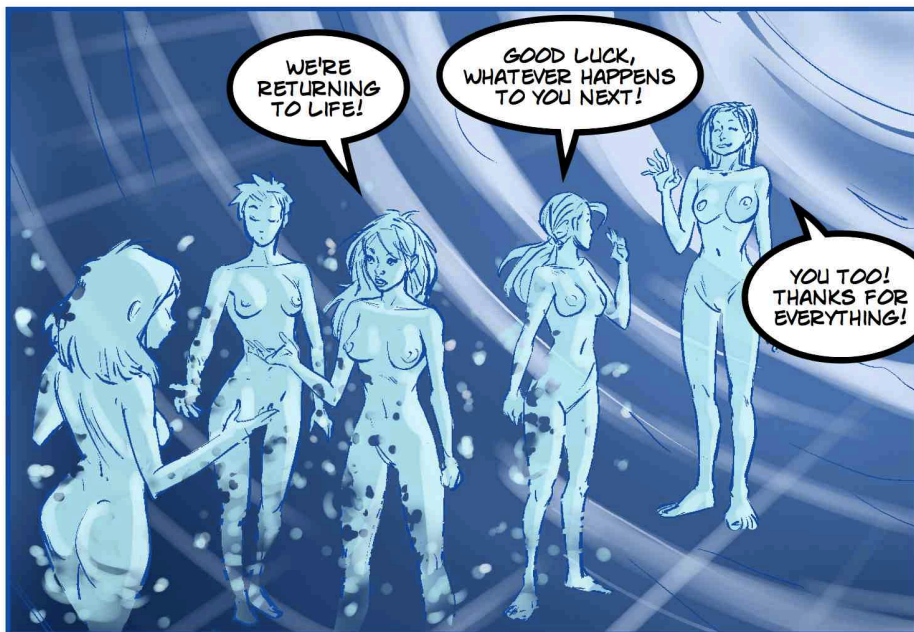


THE WHITE LIGHT SUDDENLY TURNS A FIERY RED.

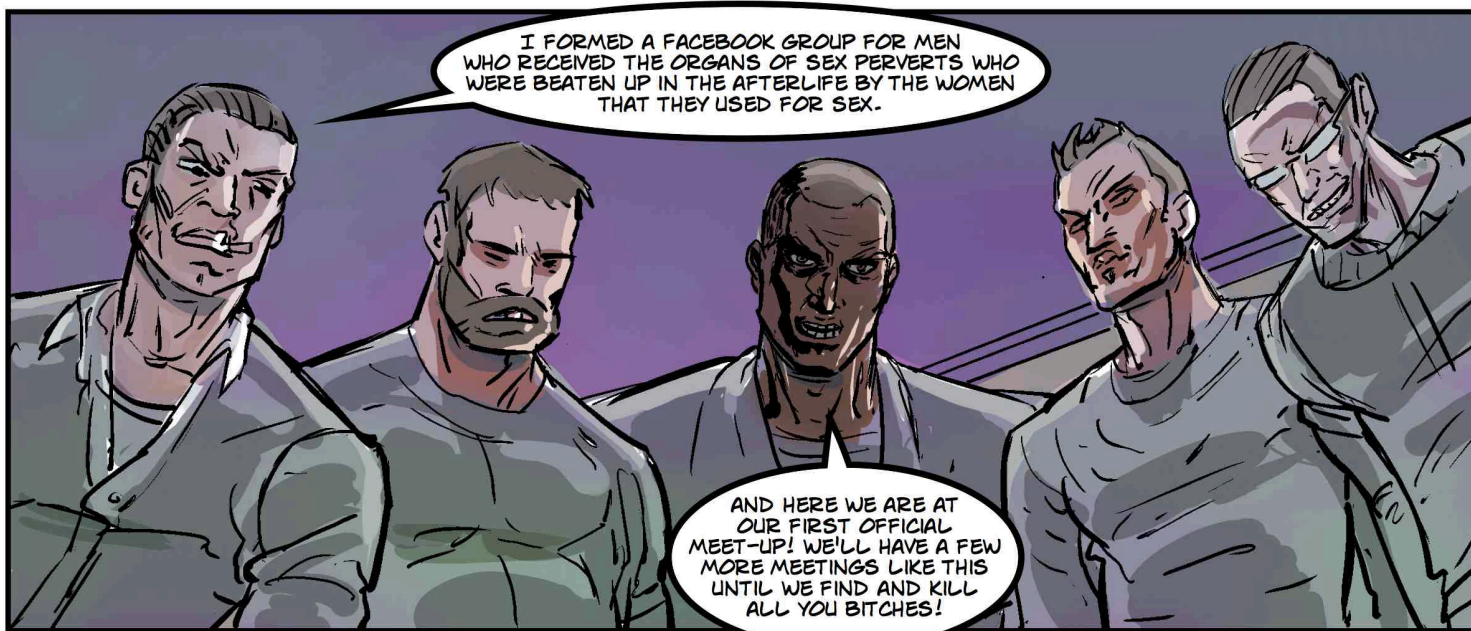
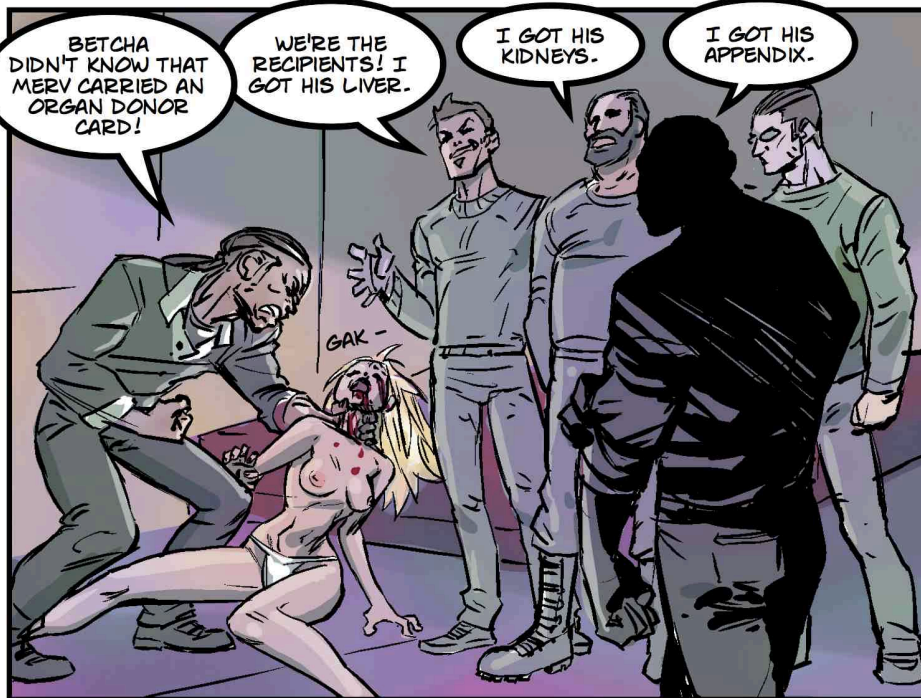


NOOOO!













EEEEK!  
AAAK!

YOU'LL NEVER GET  
AWAY WITH THIS! MY  
BOSS IS RIGHT OUTSIDE  
THE DOOR!

MAX!  
HELP!

STUPID WHORE!  
WHO DO YOU THINK IS  
GETTING YOUR  
\$50,000? HE WAS  
MORE THAN HAPPY TO  
COOPERATE!

AND SO, TITTIANA IS BEATEN TO DEATH.



SEEMS A TRAGIC  
FATE BEFELL TITTIANA, BUT  
DON'T FEEL BAD FOR HER; SHE  
NOW PERFORMS FOR THE ELITE  
CLIENTELE AT THE WHOREHOUSE  
OF HORROR! WHAT COULD BE  
MORE GLAMOROUS THAN  
THAT?

YOU'RE INVITED TO  
HER MIDNIGHT SHOW, BY THE  
WAY. MUST BE 18 YEARS OF AGE  
- OR DEAD - TO ENTER! HEE!  
HEE! HEE!

THE END?

NOTE: THIS STORY DOES NOT APPEAR IN THE PRINTED EDITION OF "TALES FROM THE WHOREHOUSE OF HORROR". IT DOES APPEAR IN OUR DIGITAL LIBRARY, WITH AN ADDITIONAL 3-PAGE ALTERNATE ENDING!



HEE HEE! WANT SOME MORE? THEN STICK YOUR HAND IN YOUR PANTS AND **WHIP IT OUT** - YOUR CREDIT CARD, THAT IS! THE CEMETERY'S GROUNDSKEEPER (AND PIMP) YAKOV LEVI GETS ANGRY WHEN HIS WHORES RETURN TO THEIR GRAVES AT DAWN WITHOUT ANY MONEY TO SHOW FOR A NIGHT'S WORK.

SO PLEASE SPLOOGE, ER, SPLURGE ON THE SMALL FEE TO DOWNLOAD ALL THE TALES AT **WHORRORCOMIX.COM**. IT'S LESS THAN THE PRICE OF A SECOND HAND BUTT PLUG, AND YOU GET TO ENJOY OUR ENTIRE LIBRARY!

IF YOU WON'T HELP THE LIVING DEAD EARN A LIVING, WE'LL BE FORCED TO CLOSE THE GATES OF THE CEMETERY FOREVER. THEN HORNY PERVERTS LIKE YOU WILL HAVE NOWHERE TO GO, AND YOU'LL BE REDUCED TO JERKING OFF IN THE BACK ROW OF FUNERALS.

