

WIDEBROS
ISSUE #03

MIGHT AND MUSCLE



CONQUERED



THE STORY SO FAR...

IN *THE BARBARIAN AND THE BARD*, THROGNAR HAD HIS FATEFUL ENCOUNTER WITH FINN AT THE BARED BARD INN. THE WARRIOR TOLD HIS NEW FRIEND OF HIS QUEST FOR THE HAMMER OF THROG - A REMNANT FROM WHEN THE BARBARIAN GOD LAST TOOK CORPOREAL FORM AND WAGED WAR ALONGSIDE HIS PEOPLE AGAINST THE DARKNESS FROM BELOW. FINN, HAVING SPENT HIS LIFE AT ROADSIDE INNS, JUMPED AT THE OPPORTUNITY FOR SOMETHING GREATER - HE CHASED DOWN THROGNAR AND URGNADZ, INSISTING THAT HE JOIN THEIR ADVENTURE.

ALONGSIDE THE TWO SEASONED WARRIORS, FINN EXPERIENCED A TASTE OF AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE. DUNGEONS, GOLD, SLAYING MONSTROUS BEASTS.

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE DUNWATCH CATACOMBS, HOWEVER, THE TRIO ENCOUNTERED A STRANGE ENEMY KNOWN AS THE 'DEEPCOURGE'. AN ENDLESS, ROILING SPRAWL OF BE-TENTACLED MONSTERS THAT SEEMED TO EMERGE FROM THE VERY DEPTHS OF THE WORLD. DESPITE HIS BEST EFFORTS, THROGNAR WAS UNABLE TO SAVE FINN FROM BEING CAPTURED BY THE FIENDS.

THESE EVENTS ARE WITNESSED BY THE NOBLE PALADIN SIR GARETH IRONFIST. THOUGH HE AND THROGNAR WERE PREVIOUSLY FIERCE FOES, THE LARGER FORCES AT PLAY CONVINCED THEM TO SET ASIDE THEIR DIFFERENCES. SIR GARETH KNOWS THAT HE NEEDS THROGNAR'S HELP, AND BELIEVES HE CAN HELP HIM FIND FINN IN RETURN...

SIR GARETH IRONFIST CRIED OUT IN FURY AS HIS LEGS WERE WRENCHED APART BY THE OVERWHELMING STRENGTH OF FIENDISH BARBARIAN FROM THE NORTH. THE MUSCULAR PALADIN KICKED BACK AT HIS ASSAILANT, BUT WAS OUTMANNED WHEN THROGNAR'S BRUTISH ORC COMPANION URGNADZ CAUGHT HIS WRISTS BEHIND HIS HEAD AND TIED THEM WITH A THICK LENGTH OF ROPE.

THE SMOOTH, EXPOSED SKIN OF GARETH'S ENORMOUS EXPOSED ASS GLOWED ENTICINGLY IN THE LIGHT OF THE CAMPFIRE. A TIGHT THONG BARING THE ROYAL INSIGNIA STRETCHED ACROSS THE EXPANSE, JUST BARELY PROTECTING THE KNIGHT'S DIGNITY. WITH A HEARTY LAUGH AND A SLAP ACROSS THE BOUNTEOUS CHEEKS, THROGNAR SLID HIS PRODIGIOUS COCK UNDER THE SCRAP OF FABRIC, WATCHING AS IT PULLED AWAY EVER SO SLIGHTLY, REVEALING SIR GARETH'S VIRGINAL PINK ANUS BENEATH...

GARETH THE GLUTES, HUH? LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT...

NRRGAH! STOP! BY THE GODS, I WILL HAVE YOUR HEADS ON PIKES!

AND YOUR BODIES DRAWN AND QUARTERED!

I HEAR YOU'VE GOT A BIG FAMILY? SEVEN SONS?

BET I CAN GIVE YOU A FEW MORE...

N-NO...

BIG TALK FOR A MAN IN YOUR POSITION.

THROB!

THIS PALADIN'S SWORD IS PRETTY SWEET, BY THE WAY. MIGHT HAVE TO KEEP IT...

FIRST AMONG KNIGHTS IN THE KINGDOM OF ALDRIC, SIR GARETH HAD MADE AN UNEASY TRUCE WITH THE PAIR FOLLOWING A HARROWING ENCOUNTER IN THE DEPTHS OF THE DUNWATCH CATACOMBS. THE DEEPCOURGE HAD COME - AND SHOULD THERE BE ANY TRUTH TO THE BARBARIAN'S HERITAGE, HE MAY HOLD THE KEY. A FOOLISH MISTAKE, OF COURSE. NO MATTER HIS BLOODLINE, HE WAS STILL A PLUNDERING BEAST - HIS RAPACIOUS APPETITE TURNING ON THE PALADIN AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY.

WHILE GARETH'S OWN MIGHTY MEAT COULD REGULARLY BE FOUND SPEARING THE WAITING ASSES OF THE KNIGHTS WHO SERVED HIM, NOT ONCE WOULD HE EVER TAKE ONE HIMSELF. THAT SUCH AN ASS WOULD GO UNTOUCHED WAS LEGEND THROUGHOUT THE RANKS - ALL TO BE UNDONE BY THE HORNY PAIR OF ADVENTURERES. THROGNAR CHUCKLED DEEPLY AS THE HEAD OF HIS COCK SLID OVER THE SMOOTH ENTRANCE...

THE KNIGHT'S EYES WENT WIDE AS THE IMPOSSIBLY THICK MEAT BEGAN TO STRETCH HIM OPEN. HE CRIED OUT AND FOUGHT VALIANTLY IN RESISTANCE, BUT FOR ALL HIS INCREDIBLE STRENGTH THERE WAS LITTLE HE COULD DO TO STOP THE BARBARIAN PENETRATING EVER DEEPER INSIDE HIM. HIS ENTRANCE WAS PURE AND UNTOUCHED - NOW STRETCHED TO BREAKING POINT AS THROGNAR PRESSED ON, WITH DEEP AND PLEASURED GROANS, UNTIL HE WAS BURIED TO THE HILT.

THROGNAR ROARED WITH PLEASURE AS HE REACHED HIS CLIMAX, A MIGHTY LOAD OF FERTILE BARBARIAN SEED FILLING THE PALADIN. URG WITHDREW HIS COCK FROM THE STRUGGLING MAN'S THROAT, EAGER TO HEAR HIS CRIES AS HE WAS PLUNDERED. THE BARBARIAN CONTINUED TO THRUST, VOLLEY AFTER VOLLEY OF SEMEN FIRING FROM HIS COCK, SHOOTING OUT AROUND THE TIGHT SEAL OF GARETH'S ANUS. AT LAST HE WITHDREW, SENDING HIS LAST FEW JETS OVER GARETH'S FACE, CEMENTING HIS HUMILIATION UNDER A THICK LAYER OF SPERM.

WAARRGGHHH!

OH FUCK - BET THIS THROAT'S NEVER BEEN USED EITHER, HUH, KNIGHT?

OH FUCK YEAH...

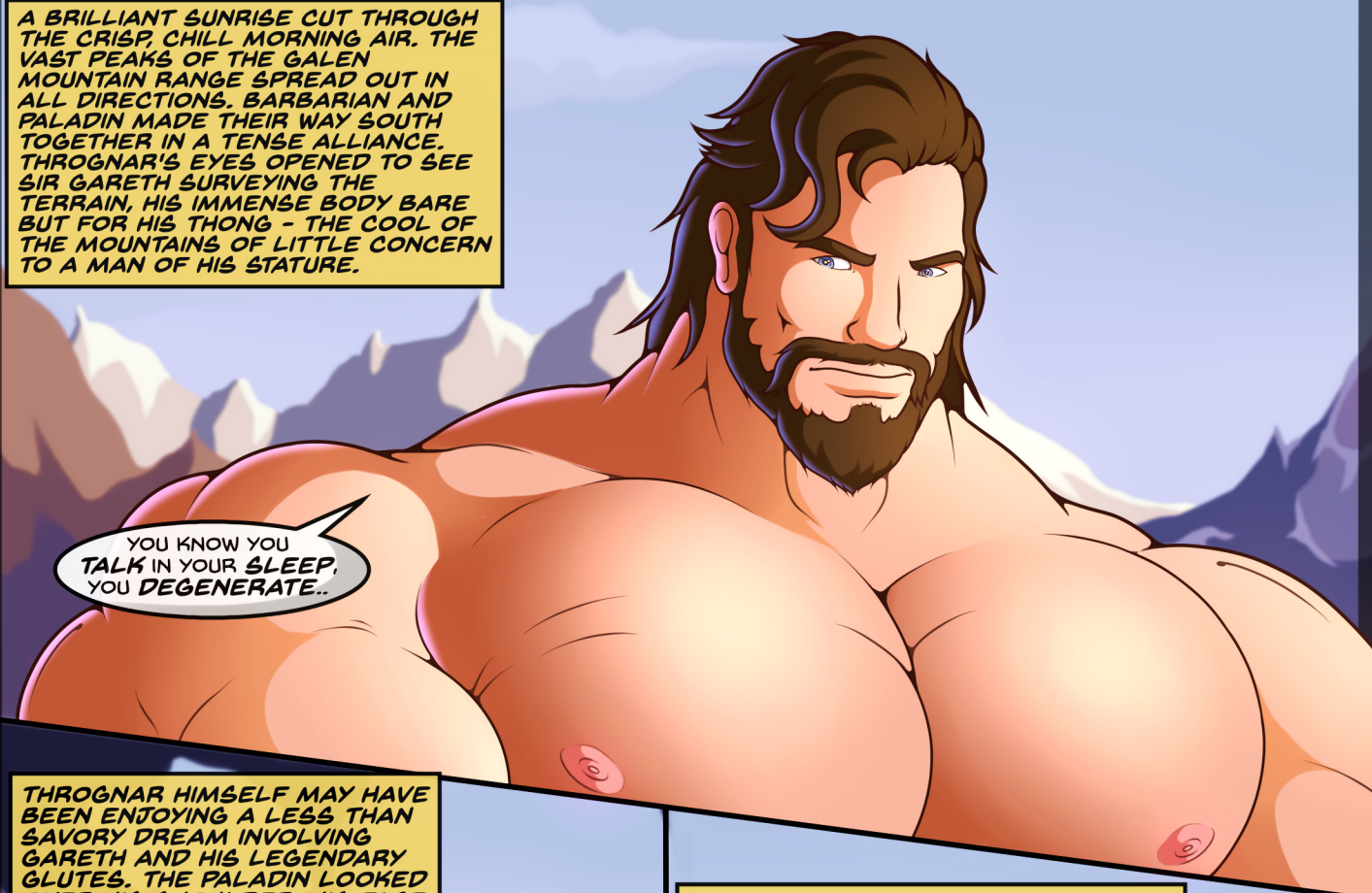
SPLORT!

THROGNAR CHUCKLED DEVIOUSLY AS HE THRUST RAPIDLY IN AND OUT OF THE STRUGGLING PALADIN. THE THICK, WET SOUND OF THE BARBARIAN'S BALLS SLAPPING AGAINST GARETH'S BARE ASS ECHOED AROUND THE CAMPSITE, BUILDING IN PACE AND INTENSITY AS THROGNAR UNDULATED HIS HIPS EVER FASTER. GARETH ROARED IN FURY AT THE INDIGNITY, BUT WAS QUICKLY SILENCED BY URG'S THICK GREEN COCK PRESSED UN CEREMONIOUSLY DOWN HIS THROAT.

THROGNAR LOOKED OVER AT HIS COMPANION WITH A KNOWING SMIRK. URG STROKED HIS IMMENSE GREEN MEAT AND EYED THE THICK RIVER OF SEED FLOWING FROM GARETH'S WELL-USED ASS. HE LOVED SLOPPY SECONDS...

I SAID WAKE UP!

A BRILLIANT SUNRISE CUT THROUGH THE CRISP, CHILL MORNING AIR. THE VAST PEAKS OF THE GALEN MOUNTAIN RANGE SPREAD OUT IN ALL DIRECTIONS. BARBARIAN AND PALADIN MADE THEIR WAY SOUTH TOGETHER IN A TENSE ALLIANCE. THROGNAR'S EYES OPENED TO SEE SIR GARETH SURVEYING THE TERRAIN, HIS IMMENSE BODY BARE BUT FOR HIS THONG - THE COOL OF THE MOUNTAINS OF LITTLE CONCERN TO A MAN OF HIS STATURE.



YOU KNOW YOU TALK IN YOUR SLEEP, YOU DEGENERATE..

THROGNAR HIMSELF MAY HAVE BEEN ENJOYING A LESS THAN SAVORY DREAM INVOLVING GARETH AND HIS LEGENDARY GLUTES. THE PALADIN LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER, HIS FACE STERN.

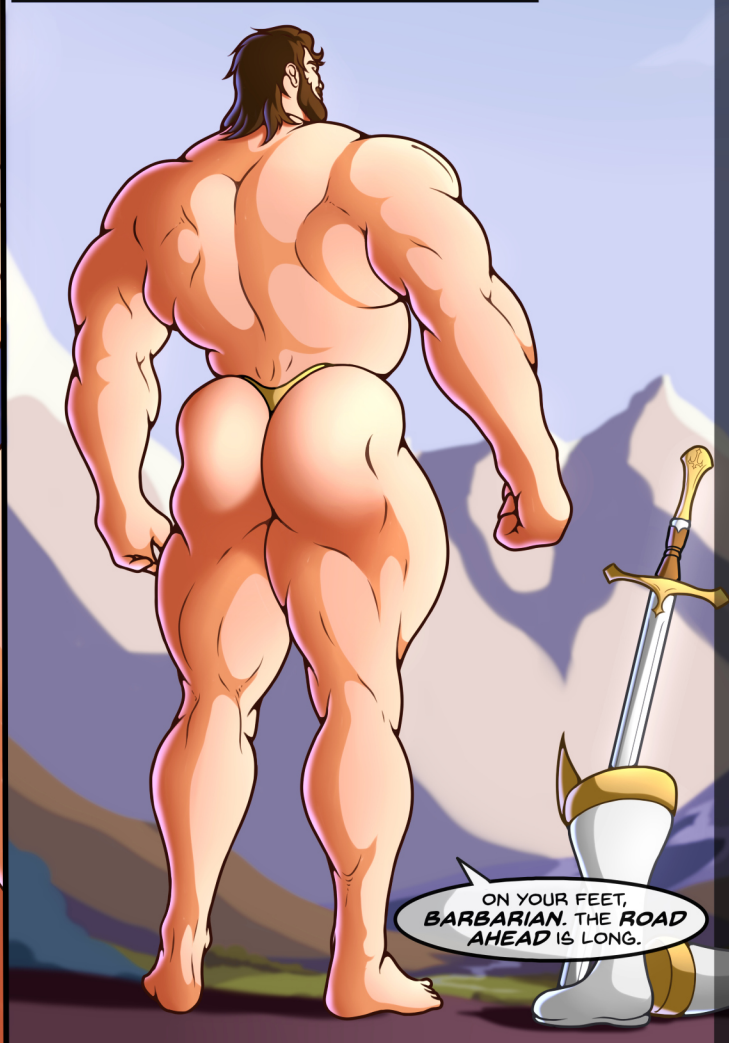


HEY, STILL GOIN' HOT IF YOU WANT A RIDE.

YOU'D HAVE TO TAKE ME DOWN FIRST, YOU HEATHEN.

HEH. IT'S A DATE.

THROGNAR SAW LITTLE REASON TO BELIEVE THE KNIGHT'S TALES, BUT THEY WERE HIS ONLY LEAD IN RESCUING FINN. AND SO THE PARTY HAD SPLIT, AS HE AND SIR GARETH MADE FOR THE SOUTHERN CONTINENT OF UTHBRAND WHILE URGNADZ MAINTAINED THE TRAIL TO THE HAMMER.



ON YOUR FEET, BARBARIAN. THE ROAD AHEAD IS LONG.

GODS, DON'T SEE'EM LIKE YOU MUCH 'ROUND THESE PARTS...



WORD OF STRANGE CREATURES, MANY-ARMED COILED MENACES OF ROILING FLESH, WAS SPREADING ALONG THE ROAD. THOUGH MOST DISMISSED IT THE RAVINGS OF LUNATICS, THOUGH ONE WORD HELD FIRM AMIDST THE MANGLED DELUSIONS - 'DEEPSOURCE'. THE VERY WORDS ETCHED UPON THE DEPTHS OF THE DUNWATCH CATACOMBS. WHILE THROGNAR AND GARETH MADE THEIR WAY IN SEARCH OF FINN - AND WHATEVER FIEND HAD CAPTURED HIM - URG DID WHAT HE DID BEST. EXTRACT INFORMATION THROUGH EXPERT APPLICATION OF ORC COCK INTO EAGER ASS.

EVEN THE MOST TIGHT-LIPPED OF INNKEEPERS COULD BE TEMPTED TO PART WITH HIS KNOWLEDGE WITH A DEEP THRUST OF URG'S MEMBER.



THE CATACOMBS THEMSELVES HAD BEEN CONSTRUCTED TO INTERN THE DEAD FOLLOWING A GREAT WAR - IN AGES PAST - ALONG THE PLANES OF THE FALMARK. WARRIORS FROM ALL OVER ARCHHELD HAD FOUGHT AND FALLEN IN ITS DEVASTATING BATTLES - THOUGH CURIOUSLY, EXACTLY WHAT THEY HAD FOUGHT CHANGED WITH EVER TELLING OF THE TALE. ORCS, THE DEAD, THREE-EYED GIANTS. EVERYWHERE URG VENTURED, THE TRUTH ELUDED HIM...

HRRK!!!

OH FUCK YEAH...

BARBARIAN AND PALADIN TREKKED SOUTHWARD THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS, A GRUDGING RESPECT BUILDING AS THEY FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE. PACKS OF ROVING GARGOYLES - MERE STONE BY DAYLIGHT, BUT FEARSOME BEASTS BENEATH THE MOON - WOULD SPELL THE END OF MOST TRAVELLERS, BUT WERE CARVED LIKE BUTTER BY THE WARRIORS' SWORDARMS. MUSCLES HEAVED AND GLUTES BULGED AS THEY REVELLED IN BATTLE, THOUGH NEITHER WOULD ADMIT THE COMMON GROUND THEY SHARED.

THE KING'S YOUNGEST SON, WHILE GREETING A ROYAL DETACHMENT AT ARENVALE, WAS CAPTURED BY THE SAME TENTACLED FIENDS THAT WOULD LATER TAKE FINN. KING LUTHER, WARY OF THE GROWING CHAOS, HAD SENT SIR GARETH ON THE HUNT DOWN HIS SON AND DESTROY WHATEVER MENACE WAS BEHIND HIS DISAPPEARANCE. THAT TRAIL HAD LED HIM, TOO, TO DUNWATCH, WHERE HE SAW THE CREATURES RE-EMERGE.

YOU FIGHT WELL, BARBARIAN. WE MUST SPAR SOMETIME.

DON'T TEMPT ME, GLUTES!

GRRRR!!

COME TASTE MY AXE, FIENDS!

THE BARBARIAN WAS PLEASED TO SEE THAT THE WELL-BEHAVED KNIGHT COULD AT LEAST HOLD HIS ALE AS THEY MADE US OF ANY ROADSIDE INNS ALONG THE SOUTH ROAD. AND HE HAD NEVER HELD ANY DOUBT THAT THOSE GLUTES COULD THRUST FOR THE GODS, THOSE BELIEFS CONFIRMED WHEN - SEVENTEEN TANKARDS DEEP - GARETH'S TASTE FOR DANCING BOYS EMERGED. THROGNAR WAS SURPRISED THAT THE KING OF ALDRIC WOULD PART WITH HIS DEAR PALADIN FOR SO GREAT A TIME. AFTER ALL, WHAT WAS A KING WITHOUT HIS MOST POWERFUL GUARD BUT A SOFT, EASILY PUNCTURED DISPLAY OF GOLD AND JEWELS? SIR GARETH ENLIGHTENED HIM TO THE STRANGE INCIDENTS THAT WERE BREAKING OUT ALL OVER ARCHELD - AN ENTIRE BATTALION ALMOST WIPED OUT IN THE RUINS OF FETHRIC. STRANGE CREATURES ERUPTING FROM THE GROUND THAT THE PALADIN HAD SEEN WITH HIS OWN EYES. AND THEN, JUST TWO MOONS PAST, PRINCE ALASDAIR.

THERE WAS NO MISTAKE. THE CREATURES THAT HELD ALASDAIR, AND FINN, AND HAD WROUGHT SUCH VIOLENCE AT FETHRIC - WERE THE DEEPCOURGE OF WHICH THE CATACOMBS SPOKE. AND SO THE PAIR MADE FOR THE GREAT SOUTHERN CONTINENT OF UTHBRAND. WHILE ARCHELD HAD KNOWN RELATIVE PEACE FOR AN AGE, THE VAST DESERTS AND DUNES OF UTHBRAND - UPON WHICH NO MAN OF SOUND MIND WOULD TREAD - FOREVER RUMBLED AND RIPPLED WITH THE FORCES OF THE UNDERWORLD. THE SHIFTING SANDS A WINDOW TO THE WORLD ABOVE - BOTH FOR THE MONSTERS BENEATH, AND FOR ANY FOOLISH WARRIORS WHO WOULD MAKE THERE WAY DOWN...

THE ENDLESS EXPANSE OF THE BURNING SANDS. THE HEAT WAS QUITE UNLIKE ANYTHING THE BARBARIAN HAD EVER EXPERIENCED AS HE AND SIR GARETH AT LAST MADE THEIR WAY SOUTH TO THE CONTINENT OF UTHBRAND. IF THE SHADOW OF DARKNESS HAD ONCE MORE FALLEN UPON THE WORLD, THE KNOWLEDGE HIDDEN FAR BENEATH ITS BLAZING SUN MIGHT REVEAL WHAT MONSTROUS FORCES MOVED TO GRASP IT. THROGNAR HELD OUT HOPE THAT FINN MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE - AND GARETH, IN HIS FEALTY TO THE KING, WOULD GIVE HIS LIFE TO RESCUE ALASDAIR. BUT THE BARBARIAN HAD MORE PRESSING CONCERNS AMID THE ARID DUNES.

NOT A DROP OF ALE IN ALL THE CONTINENT! NO WONDER MEN GO MAD OUT HERE...

TO BEND NATURE ITSELF TO FILL THE CITY WITH WATER...

...THROGNAR?

SIGH

FORTUNATELY, THE LEARNED KNIGHT KNEW OF THE CITY OF ULGATH, A GREAT OASIS AMID THE NEVERENDING DUNES. ITS GLITTERING SPIRES WERE BLINDING IN THE DAYLIGHT SUN, AND THE CITY BLOOMED WITH TREES AND FLOWERS. THE KNIGHT INFORMED THE BARBARIAN THAT CITY'S COURT MAGE WAS THE FOREMOST KNOWN EXPERT IN WATER MAGICKS, IRRIGATING THE CITY AND SUSTAINING ITS POPULACE THROUGH AN UNRIVALED CONTORTION OF THE ELEMENTS. BUT SOMETHING ELSE HAD CAUGHT THE MUSCLEBOUND WARRIOR'S EYE...

THROGNAR, OF COURSE, MADE HIS WAY STRAIGHT FOR THE FINEST PLEASURE HOUSE ULGATH HAD TO OFFER. A BOUNTY OF FLESH HEAVED WITHIN ITS PERFUMED HAZE, THE BARBARIAN MAKING SHORT WORK OF EVERY ASS HE COULD GET HIS MIGHTY HANDS ON. SIR GARETH ROLLED HIS EYES IN CONTEMPT - HIS MIND AND BODY WHOLLY DEVOTED TO HIS DUTY, TO RESCUE PRINCE ALASDAIR.

OH GODS!

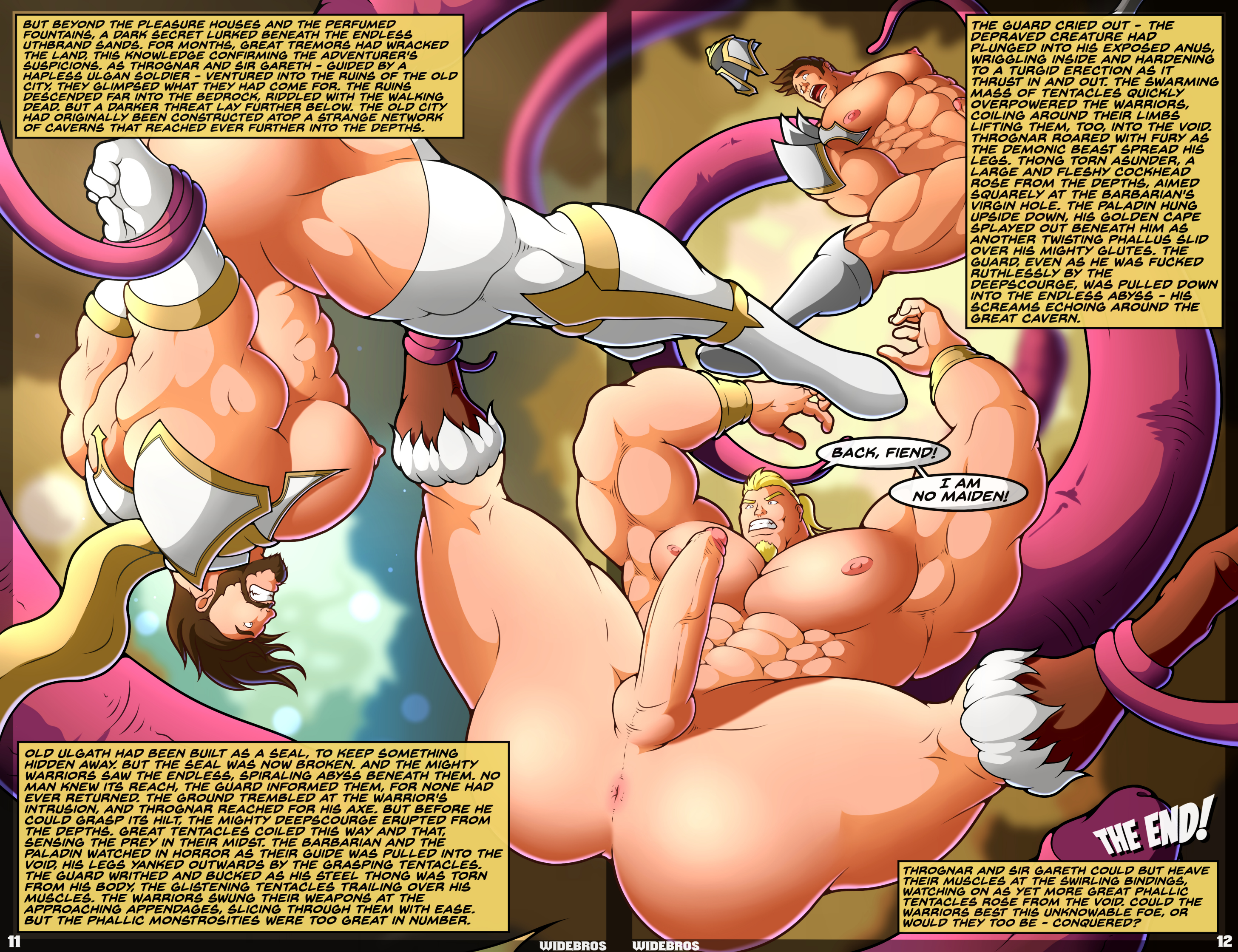
W-WHAT IS HE?!

HE MUST BE HALF GIANT OR SOMESUCH...

THWAP!
THWAP!
THWAP!

BUT BEYOND THE PLEASURE HOUSES AND THE PERFUMED FOUNTAINS, A DARK SECRET LURKED BENEATH THE ENDLESS UTHBRAND SANDS. FOR MONTHS, GREAT TREMORS HAD WRACKED THE LAND, THIS KNOWLEDGE CONFIRMING THE ADVENTURER'S SUSPICIONS. AS THROGNAR AND SIR GARETH - GUIDED BY A HAPLESS ULGAN SOLDIER - VENTURED INTO THE RUINS OF THE OLD CITY, THEY GLIMPSED WHAT THEY HAD COME FOR. THE RUINS DESCENDED FAR INTO THE BEDROCK, RIDDLED WITH THE WALKING DEAD. BUT A DARKER THREAT LAY FURTHER BELOW. THE OLD CITY HAD ORIGINALLY BEEN CONSTRUCTED ATOP A STRANGE NETWORK OF CAVERNS THAT REACHED EVER FURTHER INTO THE DEPTHS.

THE GUARD CRIED OUT - THE DEPRAVED CREATURE HAD PLUNGED INTO HIS EXPOSED ANUS, WRIGGLING INSIDE AND HARDENING TO A TURGID ERECTION AS IT THRUST IN AND OUT. THE SWARMING MASS OF TENTACLES QUICKLY OVERPOWERED THE WARRIORS, COILING AROUND THEIR LIMBS LIFTING THEM, TOO, INTO THE VOID. THROGNAR ROARED WITH FURY AS THE DEMONIC BEAST SPREAD HIS LEGS. THONG TORN ASUNDER, A LARGE AND FLESHY COCKHEAD ROSE FROM THE DEPTHS, AIMED SQUARELY AT THE BARBARIAN'S VIRGIN HOLE. THE PALADIN HUNG UPSIDE DOWN, HIS GOLDEN CAPE SPLAYED OUT BENEATH HIM AS ANOTHER TWISTING PHALLUS SLID OVER HIS MIGHTY GLUTES. THE GUARD, EVEN AS HE WAS FUCKED RUTHLESSLY BY THE DEEPCOURGE, WAS PULLED DOWN INTO THE ENDLESS ABYSS - HIS SCREAMS ECHOING AROUND THE GREAT CAVERN.



BACK, FIEND!

I AM NO MAIDEN!

OLD ULGATH HAD BEEN BUILT AS A SEAL, TO KEEP SOMETHING HIDDEN AWAY. BUT THE SEAL WAS NOW BROKEN. AND THE MIGHTY WARRIORS SAW THE ENDLESS, SPIRALING ABYSS BENEATH THEM. NO MAN KNEW ITS REACH, THE GUARD INFORMED THEM, FOR NONE HAD EVER RETURNED. THE GROUND TREMBLED AT THE WARRIOR'S INTRUSION, AND THROGNAR REACHED FOR HIS AXE. BUT BEFORE HE COULD GRASP ITS HILT, THE MIGHTY DEEPCOURGE ERUPTED FROM THE DEPTHS. GREAT TENTACLES COILED THIS WAY AND THAT, SENSING THE PREY IN THEIR MIDST. THE BARBARIAN AND THE PALADIN WATCHED IN HORROR AS THEIR GUIDE WAS PULLED INTO THE VOID, HIS LEGS YANKED OUTWARDS BY THE GRASPING TENTACLES. THE GUARD WRITHED AND BUCKED AS HIS STEEL THONG WAS TORN FROM HIS BODY, THE GLISTENING TENTACLES TRAILING OVER HIS MUSCLES. THE WARRIORS SWUNG THEIR WEAPONS AT THE APPROACHING APPENDAGES, SLICING THROUGH THEM WITH EASE. BUT THE PHALLIC MONSTROSITIES WERE TOO GREAT IN NUMBER.

THROGNAR AND SIR GARETH COULD BUT HEAVE THEIR MUSCLES AT THE SWIRLING BINDINGS, WATCHING ON AS YET MORE GREAT PHALLIC TENTACLES ROSE FROM THE VOID. COULD THE WARRIORS BEST THIS UNKNOWN Foe, OR WOULD THEY TOO BE - CONQUERED?

THE END!













