



WHAT?

YOU MEAN WHEN YOU HIT ON HER?

NO.

I MEAN, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT HIM WHEN LAURIE HIT ON ME.

BUT SHE SAID-

LOOK, MAYBE YOU SHOULD TALK TO HER ABOUT IT?

SHE ABSOLUTELY MADE THE MOVE ON ME.

SHE SAID IT WAS YOU WHO MADE THE MOVE ON HER.

THAT AFTER A FEW DRINKS-

I REALLY DON'T WANT TO GET INTO IT, BUT THERE WERE NO **DRINKS** INVOLVED.

WHAT THE FUCK?





BUT, LIKE I SAID, I REALLY DON'T WANNA GET INTO IT.

WHAT!?

HE'S LYING!

HE MADE A PASS AT HER BECAUSE HE DOES IT TO ALL THE GIRLS!



BUT WHAT REASON  
DOES HE HAVE TO LIE?

EITHER WAY, LAURIE  
BROKE UP WITH ME...

...SO THE HOW OR WHY  
DOESN'T REALLY MATTER.

EVEN IF I'M  
MAX'S "COUSIN."



I REALLY DON'T KNOW  
IF *AARON'S* A LIAR...

...BUT I KNOW *LAURIE* IS.

THAT BITCH.

SHE SLEPT WITH HIM FOR  
*WEEKS* BEHIND MY BACK  
AND ONLY TOLD ME WHEN  
I SAW THAT TEXT.



**FUCK! ERIKA  
WAS RIGHT!**

**SHE TOLD ME LAURIE WAS  
TO BLAME, BUT I DIDN'T  
WANT TO BELIEVE HER.**

**IT WAS EASIER TO  
ACCEPT SHE WAS  
STOLEN FROM ME  
RATHER THAN...**

**FUCK!!!**

THAT LYING... *FUCK!!!*

GODDAMMIT! I'M  
SO *PISSED* I  
COULD *EXPLODE!*

THIS... I CAN'T  
CONTROL THIS  
FUCKING... *RAGE!*

THE LIES ARE JUST  
POURING SALT ON THE  
FUCKING WOUND SHE  
LEFT WHEN...



SHE NEEDS TO PAY.

SHE NEEDS TO FEEL  
THE SAME PAIN I FEEL!

SHE NEEDS TO  
EXPERIENCE-



A close-up, low-key photograph of a woman with long, straight blonde hair. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight, enigmatic smile. The lighting is dramatic, with deep shadows on her face and hair, highlighting her eyes and lips. The background is a light-colored wood-grain surface. A white speech bubble with a blue border is positioned to the right of her face.

SHE WILL.

A close-up shot of a woman with long, straight blonde hair. Her eyes are glowing with a bright, ethereal blue light. She has a slight, menacing smile on her face, showing her teeth. The background is a wooden door with a vertical grain. A small black handle is visible on the left side of the door.

SHE WILL  
EXPERIENCE THE  
SAME BETRAYAL  
*IN PERSON.*

MEANWHILE...





















BOSS?

YES.

YOU WERE  
RIGHT... WE HAVE  
CONTACT.

HOW CLOSE?

SHE'S GOOD, SO RIGHT NOW... TWO THOUSAND MILES?

THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

I'LL TRY TO NARROW IT DOWN, BUT WE DON'T KNOW HOW LONG-



A close-up shot of a woman with vibrant purple curly hair, wearing a black top and multiple necklaces. She is holding a white smartphone to her ear. The background is a grey, textured wall with a door visible on the left. Five white speech bubbles with black text are overlaid on the right side of the image.

I KNOW.

I WAS RIGHT  
ABOUT HIM TAPPING  
INTO THEIR VIXEN  
POWER...

...AND I  
ASSURE YOU HE  
WILL GIVE YOU ALL  
THE TIME YOU  
NEED.

THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
ELSE,  
BOSS.

YES?

A woman with voluminous, curly purple hair is talking on a mobile phone. She is wearing a black leather jacket over a black crop top, a black skirt with a large silver ring buckle, and fishnet stockings. She is standing in a prison hallway with metal bars. In the background, another person is sitting on the floor behind the bars.

THERE'S...  
INTERFERENCE WITH  
HER CONNECTION.

THE  
RESEARCH  
SAID TRACEY  
WAS ADEPT AT  
COVERING  
HER-

IT'S NOT  
HER.

IT'S ANOTHER  
INFLUENCE.

IT FEELS LIKE...  
A PHOENIX.

IMPOSSIBLE.

I'M JUST  
TELLING YOU  
WHAT I-

**ENOUGH.**  
FOCUS ON  
FINDING THAT  
**VEREVIXEN,**  
DARCY.

DO NOT  
DISAPPOINT  
ME AGAIN.

OF  
COURSE,  
SIR.

