

HEY.





I WASN'T EXPECTING THIS
ON TODAY OF ALL DAYS.

HOW ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT DO YOU NEED, SAM?



THAT'S IT? NO PLEASANTRIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?
DO YOU NEED HELP?

NO, NOT PERSONALLY.

THEN WHY ARE YOU TEXTING ME?

I NEED YOUR EXPERTISE.

NO, YOU NEED TO GET THE FUCK OUT OF TIMBER GROVE.



PEOPLE ARE DYING, TIM.
YOUNG PEOPLE ARE DYING.

AND LET ME GUESS, NO
ONE IN TOWN CARES?

I CARE.

AND I CARE ABOUT YOU,
YET YOU CHOSE TO STAY.

YOU KNOW THAT TOWN
IS DANGEROUS.



I'M NOT TEXTING
YOU TO ARGUE, TIM.

COLLEGE KIDS ARE
BEING BURNED ALIVE,
LEAVING A PILE OF ASH
AND NO FIRE DAMAGE.

THIS CASE IS WHY
YOU WANTED TO BE
IN TIMBER GROVE.

THAT SUCKS, BUT YOU
CAN'T PUT THEIR LIVES
ABOVE YOURS, SAM.

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.

FUCK YEAH, IT'S NOT.

PEOPLE ARE DYING.

PEOPLE ARE DYING
IN PORTLAND, TOO.

BUT YOU KNOW IT'S
DIFFERENT, TIM! PLEASE!



A woman with curly hair is sitting on a bed, talking on a phone. The scene is dimly lit, with a blue blanket visible at the bottom left. The background is a wooden floor.

THERE'S SOMEONE WHO SHOULD BE ABLE TO HELP YOU WITH ANY CRYPTID SITUATION.

NOT YOU?

I'LL TEXT YOU HIS INFORMATION LATER. BE SAFE, SAM.

WHY CAN'T YOU JUST HELP ME?

HELLO?

TIM?







HMPH!?

MMMMPH!

MNNNPH!

MMMMMMM!

HMM!?

WHY'D YOU DO IT, SAM!?





NNNN!
NNNN!

YOU
KNEW WHAT
WOULD
HAPPEN TO
ME!



YOU
STRUCK THE
BARGAIN...



TO NEVER
LEAVE TIMBER
GROVE...



NNNN!

...BUT
YOU DID!
YOU
LEFT!

AND NOW HE
HAS DOMINION
OVER ME!





I'M HIS
PRIZE!

HE'LL USE
ME TO USHER
IN A NEW
WORLD!



A WORLD
WHERE I'M
POWERLESS TO
REFUSE HIM!





I'LL BE
LITTERLY
DEVOTED TO THAT
MONSTER...



...AND MY
LOVE FOR YOU
WILL BE A DISTANT
MEMORY!



WE COULD
HAVE STOPPED HIM
TOGETHER!

WE
WERE A
FLICKING
TEAM,
SAM!




YOU
DIDN'T
HAVE TO GO
BEHIND MY
BACK TO
PROTECT
ME!





YOU DIDN'T
HAVE TO MAKE
THAT GODDAMN
BARGAIN...



...ESPECIALLY IF
YOU KNEW YOU'D
LEAVE TIMBER GROVE
ANYWAY!



THIS WAS
INEVITABLE,
TIMOTHY.




MASTER?

A 3D rendered scene featuring two nude female characters in a room with wood-paneled walls. The character on the left has long, wavy blonde hair and is shown in profile, looking towards the other character. The character on the right has short blonde hair and is facing the first character with a slight smile. A speech bubble originates from the second character, containing the text: "THAT'S RIGHT. YOU BELONG TO ME NOW." The room includes a black desk with a wire rack, a potted plant on a stand, and a dark doorway in the background.

THAT'S
RIGHT. YOU
BELONG TO
ME NOW.




YES... I'M
YOURS.



THAT YOU
ARE, BUT
WHAT KIND OF
PRIZE WILL
YOU BE?



I'LL BE YOUR
EVERYTHING!



I'LL BE
YOUR PERSONAL
FUCK DOLL,
MASTER!



MY MOIST,
GLISTENING
PUSSY WILL BE
READY FOR YOU
ANYTIME YOU
WANT IT...



...JUST LIKE
MY NAUGHTY
MOUTH AND MY
TIGHT, SLUTTY
ASS!

HEH, LET ME
SEE JUST HOW
TIGHT AND SLUTTY
THAT ASS IS,
TIMOTHY.





YES,
MASTER!
NOTHING WOULD
MAKE ME
HAPPIER!