

KARACOMET PRESENTS...

WITCHY EX-GIRLFRIEND

PART FOUR



THE VOICES OF TWO MEN
CHUCKLING ECHO THROUGH
THE EMPTY PLAYGROUND.





SHE WAS SUCH A BITCH, RIGHT?

YEAH SHE WAS.

I STILL
DON'T KNOW
WHY SHE DID
THAT TO US.

IT JUST
DOESN'T
MAKE ANY
SENSE.

WHY WERE YOU EVEN WITH HER, MAN?

SHE DEFINITELY WASN'T YOUR USUAL TYPE.

SIGH MAN...

SMETS.de.SMETS



I DON'T
KNOW... I NEVER
HAD LUCK WITH MY
USUAL TYPE. I NEVER
HAD LUCK WITH ANYONE.
I MEAN, LOOK AT
ME, DUDE...

SHE WAS
THE FIRST CHICK
I EVER SLEPT WITH.
THE ONLY ONE THAT
EVEN LOOKED IN MY
DIRECTION.

WHAT? WHAT
ABOUT THAT CHICK
IN CANADA YOU
WERE DATING
BEFORE?


I THOUGHT
YOU USED TO
GO UP THERE
DURING SCHOOL
BREAKS.

UNLESS
YOU JUST
MADE HER
UP.

LAUGH
BUSTED...

MY GRAM
LIVES UP THERE.
I WAS STAYING
WITH HER.

SO WHO WAS
JENNA? I HEARD
YOU TALKING TO
HER ON THE
PHONE...


A woman with short blonde hair, wearing a black beanie with "SEATTLE 138" on it and a tank top with an American flag pattern, is shown from the chest up. She has a slightly smug or playful expression. The background consists of green foliage and a clear sky. Five speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

WELL. GRAM
HAS THIS LITTLE
PAPILLION THAT SHE
ALWAYS PUT ON THE
PHONE FOR SOME
REASON...

ARE YOU
SERIOUS? I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE TALKING TO
A PERSON!

YEAH...
IT MADE HER
HAPPY. SHE
LOVED THAT
DOG.

YOU LET ME
BELIEVE YOU HAD
THIS SIDE PIECE IN
ANOTHER COUNTRY
THE WHOLE TIME WE
WERE IN COLLEGE,
DICK!



WELL, IN
ORDER TO EVEN
HAVE A SIDE PIECE,
I NEED A MAIN
PIECE...

I'M BEING
HONEST. SHE
WAS MY FIRST. YOU
WERE THE SECOND
CHICK I EVER SLEPT
WITH, BRO.

BUT I'M NOT A CHICK...



YO. CHECK
OUT THE HOT
BABE SITTING ON
THE ROUND-
ABOUT.

DAMN
SHE'S FINE!



HOW CAN YOU TELL?

OH YEAH.
I FORGOT YOU
AREN'T ATTRACTED
TO WOMEN ANY-
MORE. SORRY,
MAN.

WHAT?
DUDE! COME
ON...!

HOW COULD SHE TAKE
THAT AWAY FROM ME...?



NOW
HER, SHE'S
DEFINITELY MY
TYPE...

SIGH

I WOULD'VE DONE ANYTHING TO
FUCK A GIRL LIKE THAT BEFORE...



SHE'S
SMOKIN'
HOT.

DUDE,
THAT'S SO
TRASHY.

WANTED
LIVE PLANT

I COULD GO FOR
ONE RIGHT NOW.



YOU HAVE
TO ADMIT, IT'S
KINDA SEXY
THOUGH.

HOW...?

A woman with short blonde hair is sitting on a wooden bench outdoors. She is wearing a red beanie, a red and white American flag tank top, and blue denim shorts. Her hands are raised in a shrugging gesture. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing text. The background features a tree with green and yellow leaves and a clear sky.

I DON'T
GET IT, MAN.
HOW COULD ANY-
ONE FIND THAT
ATTRACTIVE?



I JUST DO,
AND YOU'RE GOING
TO HAVE TO DEAL
WITH IT.

DUDE...

COME ON,
IT'S NOT LIKE
YOU MIND IT
ANYWAY.

YOU
EVEN SEEM
TO ENJOY IT
NOW.

SIDE SWEET





WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOUR LATEST BAD HABIT, OF COURSE.

SWEAT



I DON'T
WANT TO
SMOKE!

BUT I CAN'T HELP MYSELF...



HEY!



DUDE,
WHAT THE
HELL WAS
THAT?

CHUCKLE



WHAT?
IT'S JUST
A SQUIRT
GUN.

AFRAID
OF GETTING
WET?

NO! IT'S
JUST...

HEADS UP!

Water Action
Sniper






GASP
GOD DAMN
IT!

OKAY,
REAL FUNNY,
DUDE. NOW CAN
YOU STOP?

IT KINDA
HURTS...

WHY DO THEY HURT...?



WHY ARE YOU GETTING EMOTIONAL? IT'S JUST A LITTLE WATER.

I'M NOT! IT'S JUST...

IT FEELS WEIRD. CAN YOU AT LEAST SHOOT ME SOMEWHERE ELSE?

SEATTLE
138

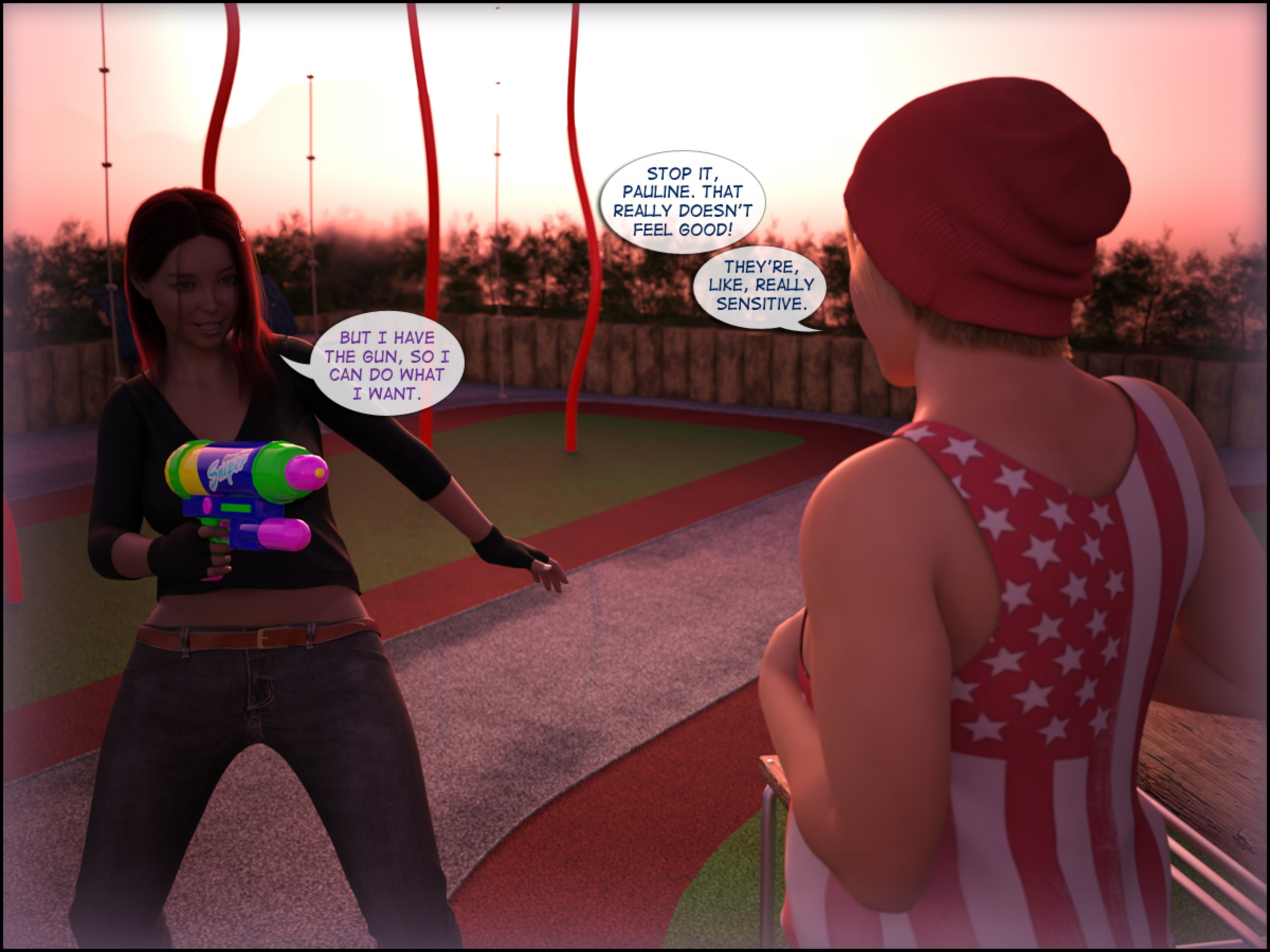


A woman with long, straight, dark hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, top. Her expression is neutral to slightly stern. The background is a soft, warm gradient of pink and orange, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. A thin, dark line, possibly a cable or wire, runs horizontally across the middle of the frame, with several red vertical supports or markers. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of her head, containing text.

STOP
WHINING AND
SUCK IT UP. BOYS
AREN'T SUPPOSED
TO CRY.



WHY DO
YOU SOUND LIKE
MY MO-OW!



BUT I HAVE THE GUN, SO I CAN DO WHAT I WANT.

STOP IT, PAULINE. THAT REALLY DOESN'T FEEL GOOD!

THEY'RE, LIKE, REALLY SENSITIVE.

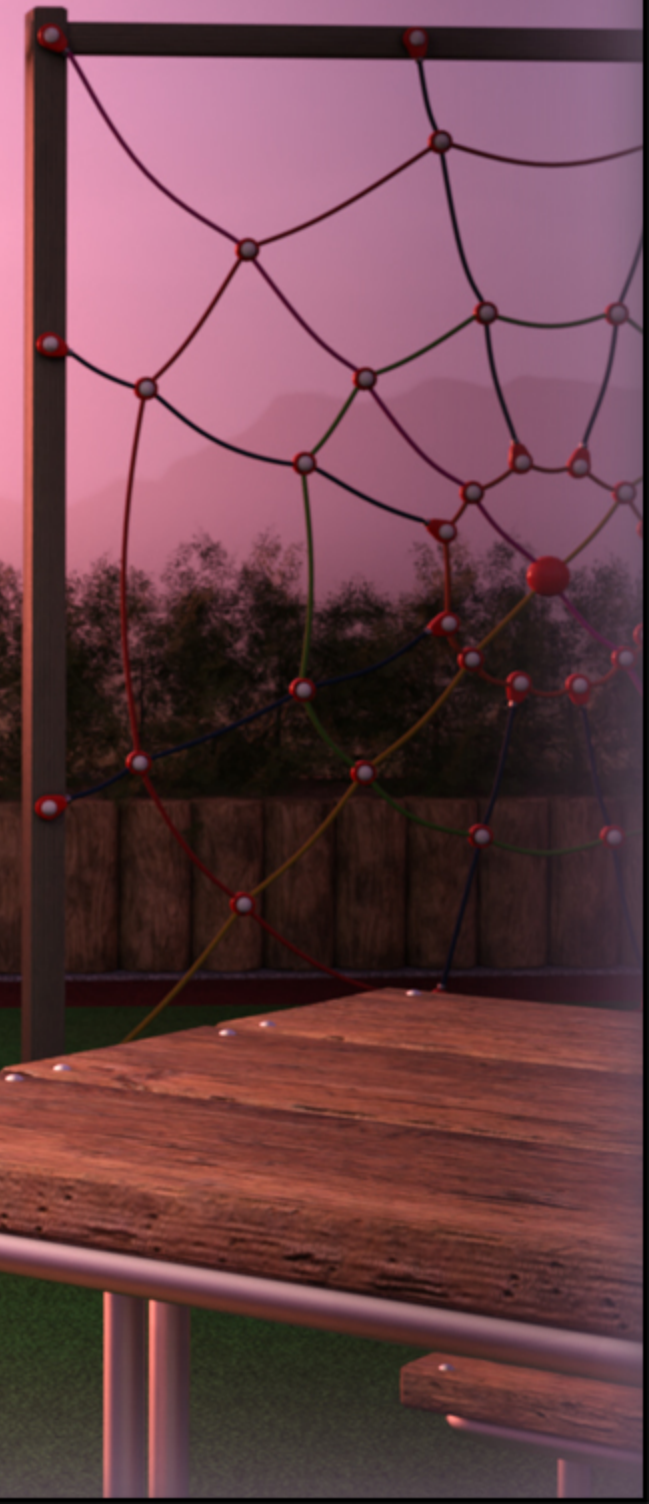
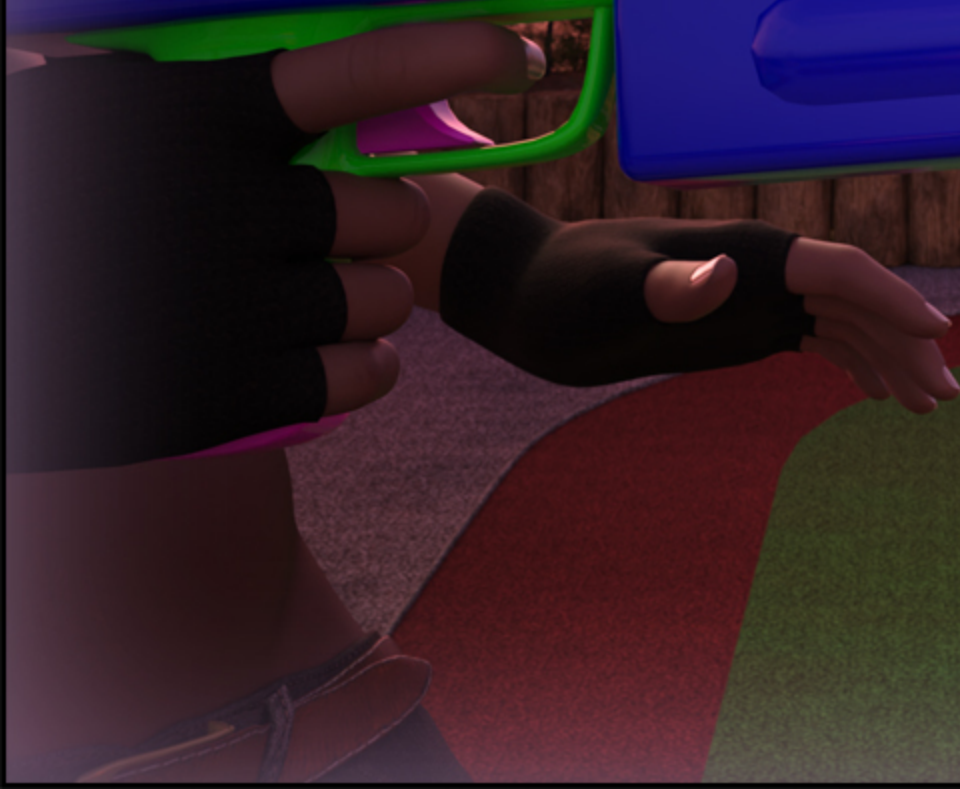


♪ CAN'T
STOP ME
NOW... ♪

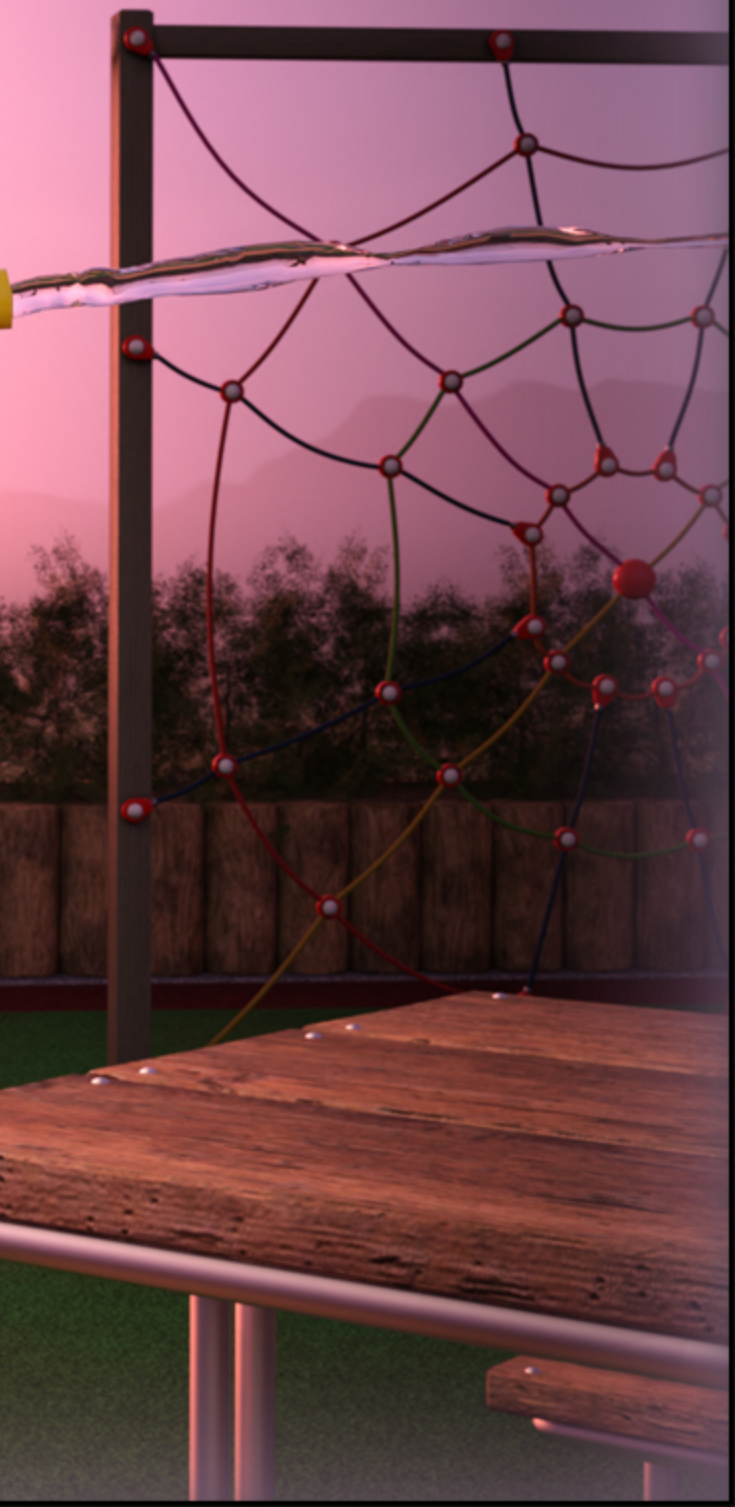
GASP
MY NIPPLES!
STOOOP!

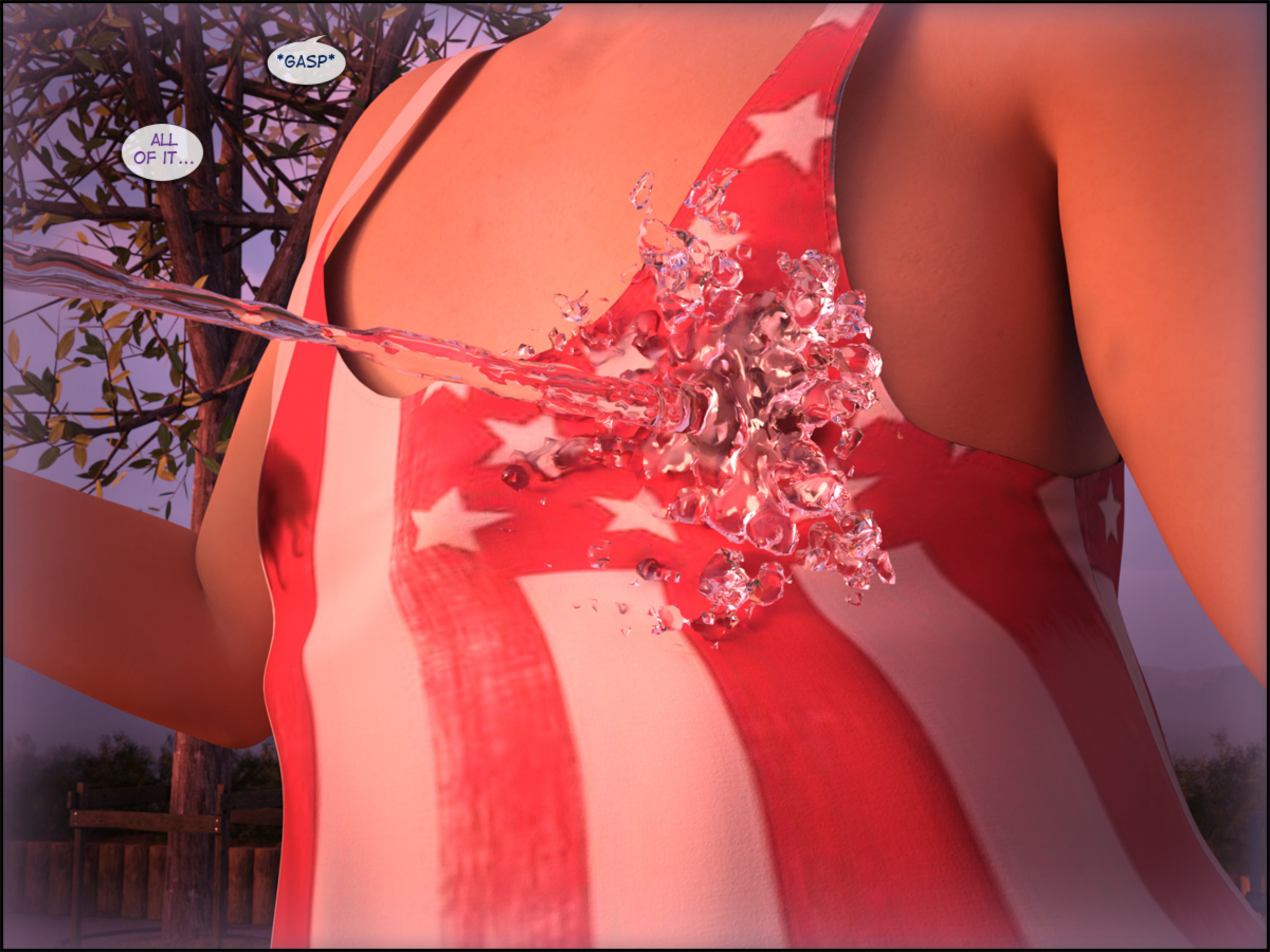


DON'T
BLAME ME
FOR THIS.



IT'S WHAT
YOU AND DAVE
WANTED.





GASP

ALL
OF IT...



... WAS
YOUR IDEA.

WHIMPER
PLEASE...



SEATTLE
138

THIS WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE YOU, NOT ME...

THIS ISN'T FAIR...





STOP...

*INCOHERENT
MUMBLE*

BI... CH




*SLOW, DEEP
INHALE*



GROAN




A woman with blonde hair and a nose ring is lying in bed, looking thoughtful. She is wearing a red top and a brown bra. The bed has several pillows, including a red one and a grey one. Three speech bubbles are floating above her head, containing text about a dream and sore breasts.


ANOTHER
STRANGE
DREAM...
SIGH

GOD
THEY'RE
SORE THIS
MORNING.

WHAT'S
WET...?

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting on a dark grey couch. She is wearing a dark, lace-trimmed top. Her right hand is resting on the couch cushion. A speech bubble is positioned above her hand, containing text. The background includes a red pillow on the left and a wooden table on the right.

THIS IS
SOME FREDDY
KREUGER SHIT.
HOW...?



OH...
OH CRAP!
AM I...?




GRUNT



*SLOW
EXHALE*




GREAT.
NOW YOU'RE
AWAKE, TOO...
SIGH

A pregnant woman with blonde hair, wearing a brown, long-sleeved, lace-trimmed dress, is shown from the waist up. She is holding a large brown pillow against her side. Her right hand is resting on her belly. A speech bubble is positioned above her head. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a circular vent. In the bottom right corner, a framed photograph is visible on a wooden surface, showing a man and a woman.


LET ME
PEE FIRST AND
THEN I'LL GET US
SOME FOOD. YOU'RE
CRUSHING MY
BLADDER.



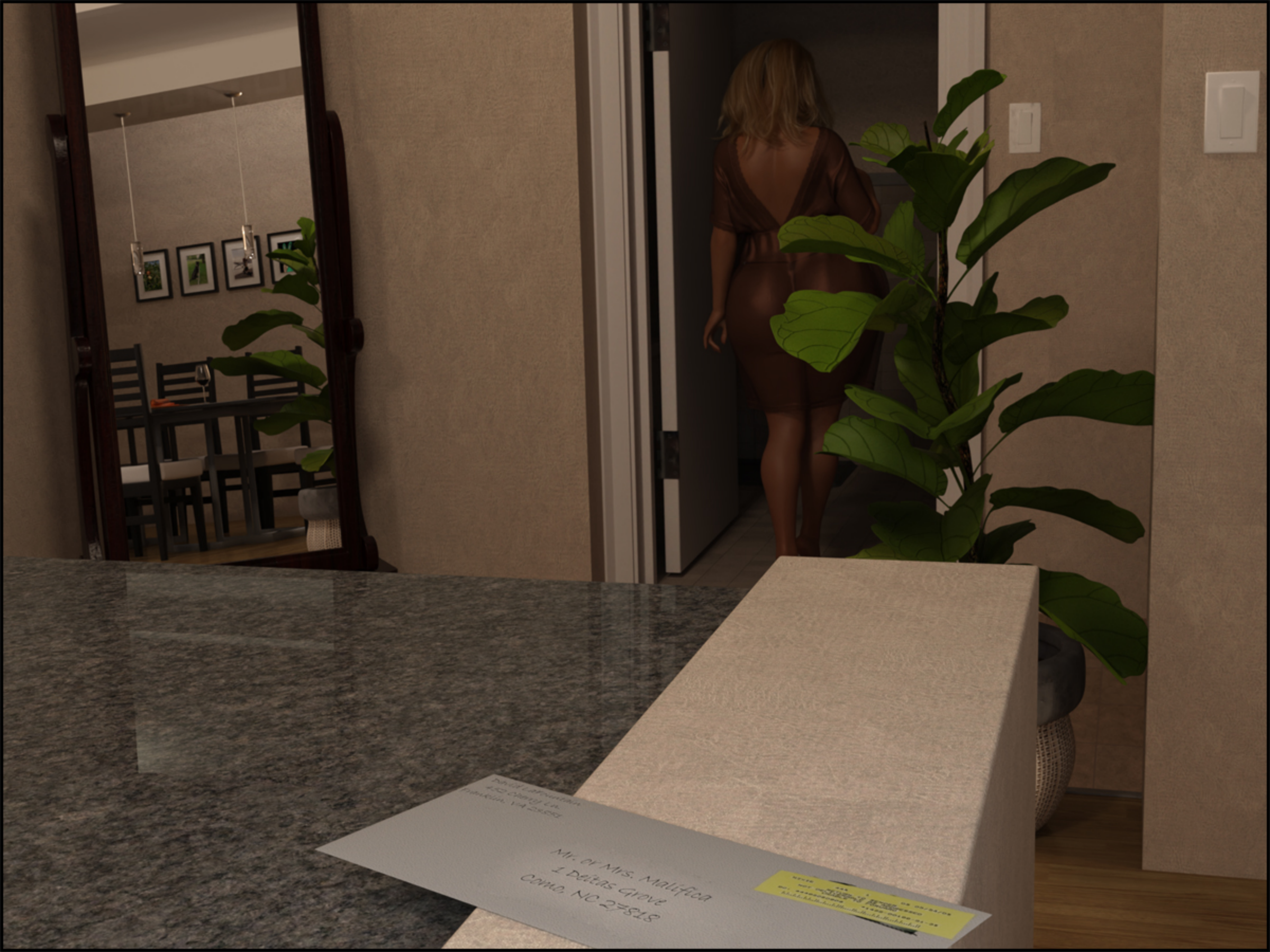
YOU KNOW,
IF YOU COULD
STOP MOVING SO
MUCH, THAT WOULD
BE GREAT.

A woman with blonde hair is shown from the chest up, holding a dark-colored bra. She has a questioning expression on her face. The scene is set in a room with vertical blinds in the background and a framed picture on the wall to the right. A speech bubble is positioned to her right.

AND WHAT
THE HELL AM I
SUPPOSED TO DO
ABOUT THIS?



ANYONE
WHO DOES THIS
TO THEMSELVES ON
PURPOSE HAS TO BE
OUT OF THEIR
MIND.



Small illegible text on the envelope flap, possibly a return address or sender information.

Mr. or Mrs. Malifera
1 Deitas Grove
Como, NC 27818

USPS
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 10000
RICHMOND, VA 23002
NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES



UGH!
THIS WAS THE
LAST COMFORTABLE
THING I HAD LEFT
TO WEAR.



WHIMPER
THEY'RE SO
BIG...

SIGH
ALL RIGHT.
LET'S SEE HOW
BAD THIS
GOT.







♥ GASP ♥



OH NO!
IT GOT WAY
WORSE!

YESTERDAY
IT WAS ONLY
A FEW DROPS
A DAY...



GROSS.
I FEEL LIKE
A FRIGGIN
COW.



SIGH
I LOOK LIKE
ONE, TOO.

HOW
COULD ANY-
ONE FIND THIS
ATTRACTIVE?

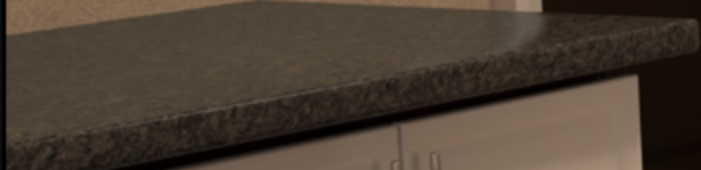
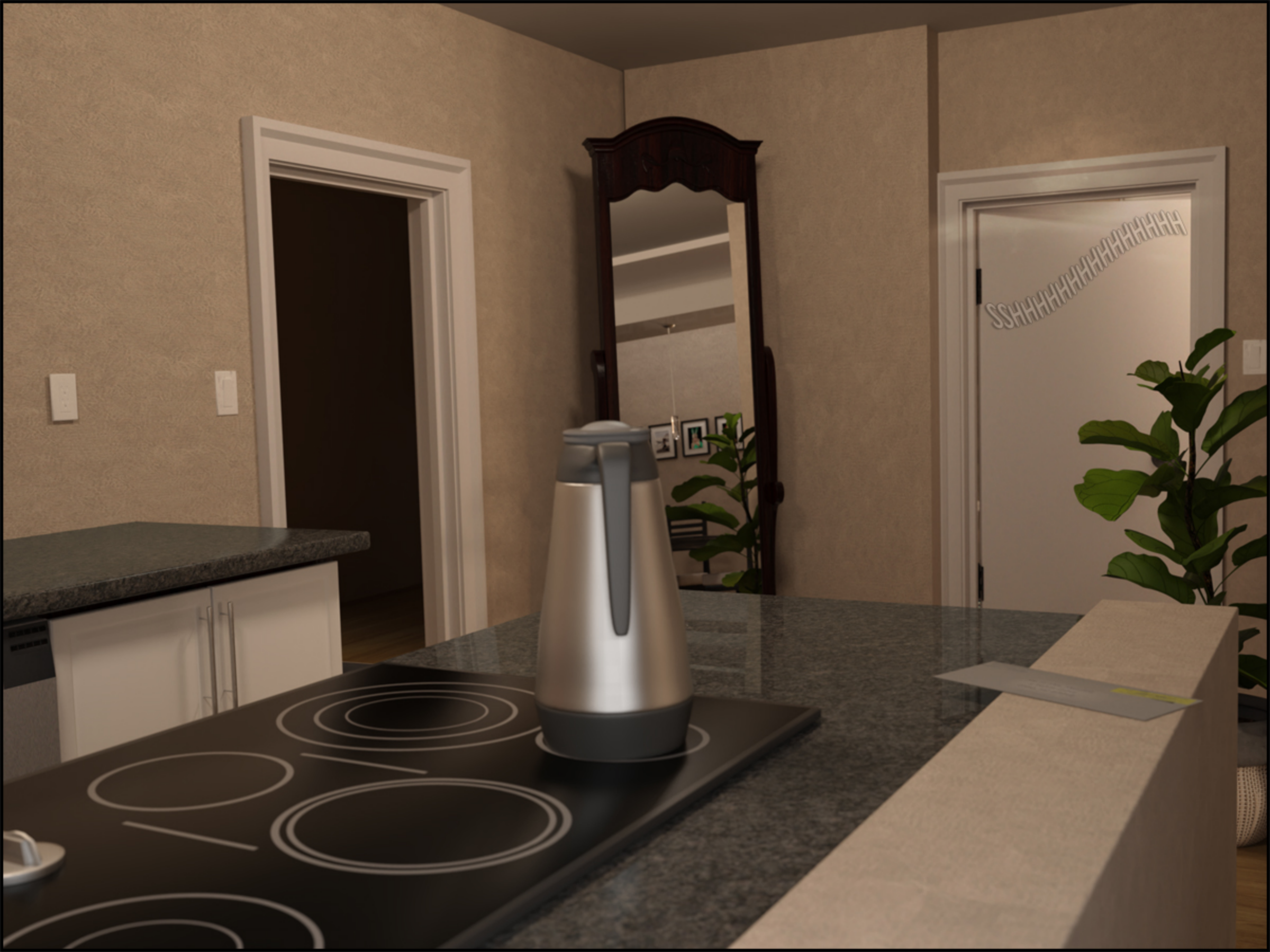


WHAT
EVEN IS MY
LIFE...?

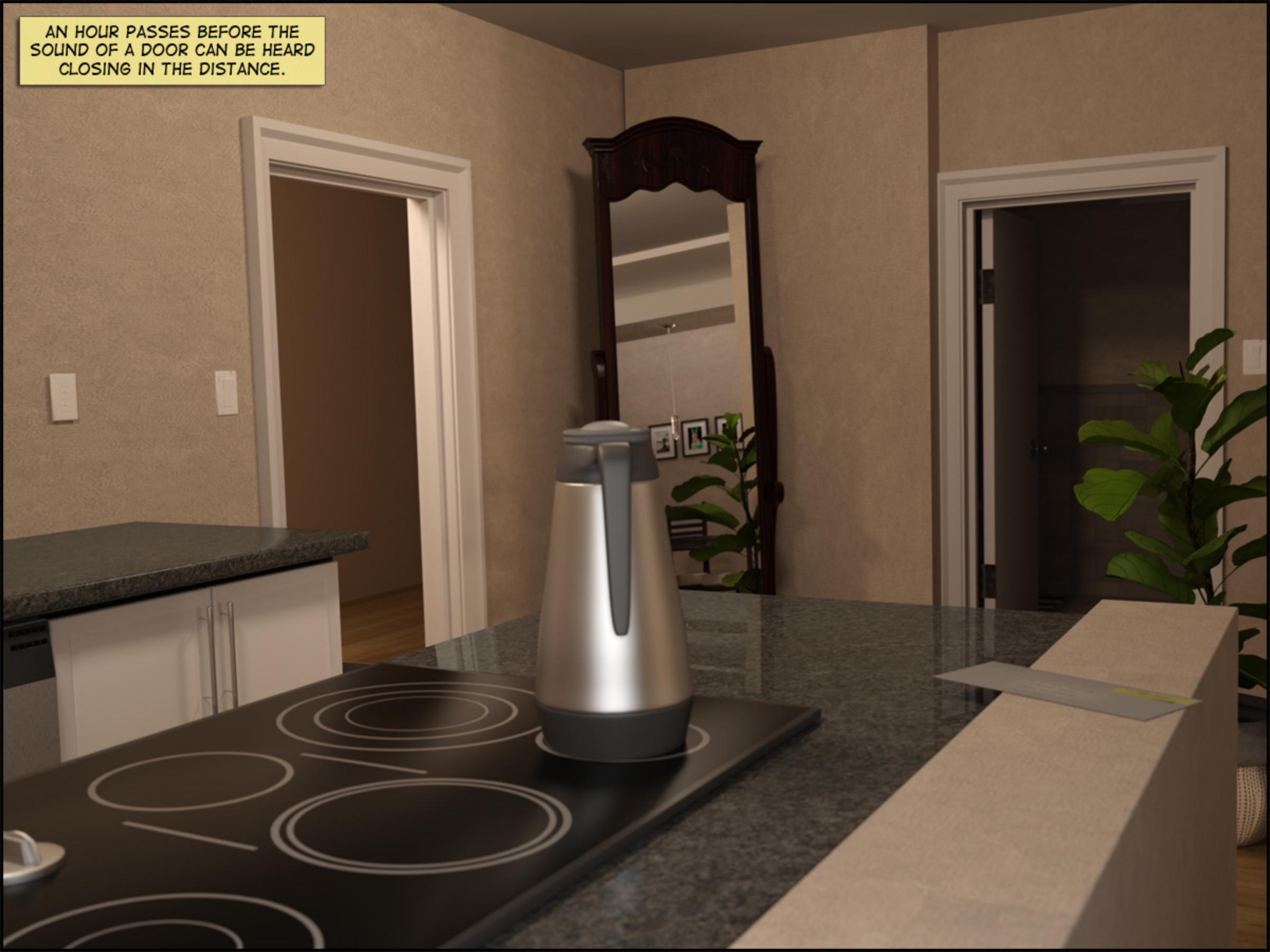
MAYBE A
HOT SHOWER
WILL HELP.







AN HOUR PASSES BEFORE THE SOUND OF A DOOR CAN BE HEARD CLOSING IN THE DISTANCE.



HEY, I'M HOME...!

IN HERE.





STILL
IN BED?

NO! I'M
JUST GETTING
DRESSED.




YOU KNOW,
IF IT'S MORE
COMFORTABLE TO
SIT AROUND NAKED,
YOU'RE CERTAINLY
WELCOME...

DUDE,
SHUT UP!

I'M JUST
KIDDING, ALTHOUGH
I CAN'T EVER GET
ENOUGH OF THOSE
BIG BEAUTIFUL
BOOBS.



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a purple robe, stands in a room with vertical blinds. She is holding a small, dark object in her right hand. A speech bubble above her contains the text: "I WISH I COULD GIVE THEM TO YOU. THEY SUCK. ESPECIALLY RIGHT NOW."

I WISH
I COULD GIVE
THEM TO YOU. THEY
SUCK. ESPECIALLY
RIGHT NOW.

A 3D-rendered scene in a bedroom. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a purple robe, stands near a white dresser. A man with a beard, wearing a black t-shirt, stands in the foreground, looking towards the woman. The room has a window with blinds, a pink mat, and a bed with a patterned blanket.

SO,
WHY ARE
YOU HOME
EARLY?

EVERY-
THING OKAY
AT WORK?

YEAH.
FINISHED WHAT
I NEEDED TO AND
THE BOSS SAID I
COULD TAKE THE
REST OF THE
MORNING.



MAN, I WISH I HAD A BOSS LIKE THAT WHEN I WAS ABLE TO WORK...

YEAH. KEN'S A REALLY GREAT GUY TO WORK FOR.

AND HE WANTS ME TO BE HOME AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE IN CASE YOU... WELL, YOU KNOW...

I WISH I HAD THE CHOICE, AND DIDN'T HAVE TO RELY ON YOU FOR EVERYTHING.

WELL, AT LEAST YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORK ANYMORE...






THAT'S
NOT... I
KNOW...

HEY, I
THOUGHT
YOU SAID YOU
WERE GETTING
DRESSED.

A 3D rendered woman with blonde, wavy hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a purple robe. She is looking slightly to her left with a neutral expression. The setting is a bedroom with a wooden dresser on the left, a white vanity on the right, and vertical blinds in the background. Two speech bubbles are positioned above her head.

THIS IS
THE ONLY
COMFORTABLE
THING I HAVE LEFT
TO WEAR.

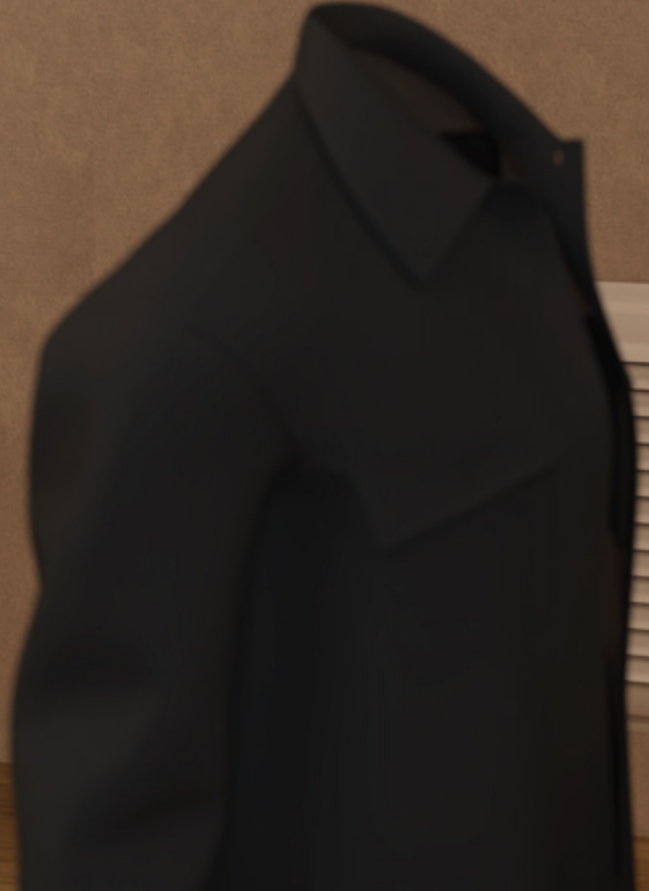
YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO
HAVE ME CHANGE
INTO SOMETHING
WORSE, ARE
YOU?



WELL,
I LIKE THE
ROBE, SO I
DON'T THINK
YOU WILL.

GOOD
GRUNT

EVERYTHING
ALL RIGHT?





ASIDE FROM
BEING STUCK AS
YOUR PREGNANT
GIRLFRIEND,
YEAH...

HE'S JUST
RESTING ON A
NERVE OR SOME-
THING AND WON'T
MOVE.

ACCORDING
TO THAT BOOK
WE GOT, THIS IS
NORMAL.



DAMN,
DUDE. THAT
SUCKS. I'M
SORRY.

YOU
SHOULD BE.
THIS IS MOSTLY
YOUR FAULT.

I KNOW.
I REALLY AM
SORRY.

YEAH, I
KNOW...

HOPEFULLY
IT WON'T BE TOO
MUCH LONGER...





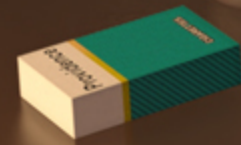
I'M NOT
LOOKING FOR-
WARD TO THAT,
EITHER.

CAN'T BE
WORSE THAN
GETTING KICKED
IN THE BALLS,
RIGHT?

I DON'T
KNOW, MAN.
TRY GETTING
KICKED IN THE
BALLS ON THE
INSIDE.

BECAUSE
THAT'S WHAT
IT FEELS LIKE IF
HE MOVES THE
WRONG WAY.

I THINK
I'LL PASS...





SPEAKING OF, YOU READY TO GET YOUR ASS KICKED?

LUCKY YOU...

YOU GOT LUCKY LAST TIME. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN, PUNK.





NO FAKING
CONTRACTIONS
THIS TIME.

NO
PROMISES.



GRUNT
BUT GIVE ME A
SECOND. HE IS
SHIFTING.

ALL
RIGHT.



YOU
GOOD OVER
THERE?

YEAH,
JUST HAVING
TROUBLE SEEING
THE CONTROLLER
OVER MY TITS.
SIGH






OH NO.
YOU'RE NOT
DISTRACTING ME
WITH THAT ONE
AGAIN.

DAMN...

FIRST BASTION





I'M PLAYING
TO WIN. MY MIND
IS LIKE A STEEL
TRAP.

YOU HAVE
NO CHANCE,
MY FRIEND.

HUFF



LET'S UP
THE STAKES.
LOSER DOES THE
DISHES AFTER
DINNER.

WHADDYA
SAY?

MM-
HMM...



GOOD,
BECAUSE I
HATE DOING
THEM.

SUCKS TO
BE YOU THEN,
'CAUSE I'M
GONNA WIN.





YOU
HAVE NO,
UH...



DUDE...

AWW YEAH!
TAKE THAT,
BITCH!



THIS IS
WHAT YA GET
FOR TALKIN'
SHIT.



HA! LOOK
WHO'S DOING THE
DISHES TONIGHT,
FLICKER!



DUDE,
YOU'RE
LEAKING!

YOU
JUST GOT
BEAT BY A
GIRL.



LIKE,
A LOT...





OH, GOD
DAMN IT!

HOW DID I
LEAK THROUGH A
BATHROBE!?



THAT'S
A LOT OF
MILK...

IT JUST
STARTED THIS
MORNING.



WOW...

HOW MUCH IS IN THERE?



JESUS...
IT'S BEEN
GOING ALL
DAY!





*SLOW
BREATH*

MAN! NOW
WHAT THE HELL
AM I SUPPOSED
TO WEAR?



CORI, I'M
SORRY. BUT
I... *SIGH*



HOW IS THIS TURNING YOU ON? IT'S SO GROSS?




NO IT
ISN'T. IT'S...
FUCK! I WAS DOING
SO WELL TRYING NOT
TO THINK OF YOU
LIKE THAT.

NOW
I CAN'T
STOP.

REALLY...?

I CAN'T
GET YOU OUT
OF MY HEAD.





I SWEAR,
I WAS TRYING.
YOU HAVE TO
BELIEVE ME.

BUT I
CAN'T HELP
MYSELF.





OH
GOD...

IT'S OKAY.
YOU HAVE NO
IDEA HOW NEEDY
THIS BODY HAS
BEEN LATELY.



REALLY?
BUT...

MY
HORMONES
ARE IN OVERDRIVE
RIGHT NOW. I JUST...
FUCK, THIS IS SO
EMBARASSING...

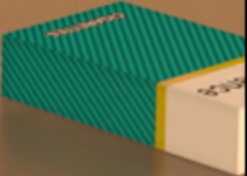



YOU...
ACTUALLY
WANT THIS,
TOO?

I NEVER
WANTED ANY
OF THIS, BUT
FUCK IT...

WE'VE
BEEN DOING
THIS EVERY DAY
FOR ABOUT A YEAR
ANYWAY, UNTIL
LATELY.

CHUCKLE
I WAS ACTUALLY
WORRIED THAT YOU
WERE GETTING BORED
OF ME. HOW MESSED
UP IS THAT?



A woman with long, wavy blonde hair and a nose ring is shown from the chest up. She has a neutral expression and is looking slightly to her right. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

NO WAY,
I MEAN, I WAS
JUST... I DIDN'T
THINK YOU...

IS THIS
ACTUALLY YOU
TALKING RIGHT
NOW?

YEAH...
JUST DON'T
MAKE IT WEIRD,
OKAY? IT'S JUST
THE PREGNANCY
HORMONES.

I'M
STILL ME
IN HERE.

YEAH,
OKAY. YOU
GOT IT.

YOU DON'T
DESERVE TO
KEEP FEELING
GUILTY FOR WHAT
SHE DID TO ME.
TO US...

WHY ARE
YOU TELLING
ME THIS?





♥ NOT
WHEN IT
FEELS THIS
GOOD... ♥



♥BREATH♥
I HATE THAT I
ACTUALLY WANT
THIS... ♥

BUT I
REALLY
DO. ♥




YOU
WANT MY BIG,
HARD...?

I SAID
DON'T MAKE
IT WEIRD.

SORRY.

BUT
YEAH...



BREATH
GO SLOW...


OKAY.



GASP
DAVE!

♥ OH GOD!
YOU'RE DRINKING
MY MILK! ♥

F1



♥ THAT FEELS
SO GOOD. KEEP
SUCKING. ♥

♥ SUCK MY
BIG MOMMY
TITTIES! ♥





♥ MOAN ♥
♥ I NEEDED
THIS SO... ♥

*THROAT
CLEAR*



WE'RE GOING TO NEED YOU TWO TO WRAP THIS UP SOON.

GASP WHO'S THERE?

MAKE YOURSELVES DECENT. WE NEED TO TALK AND WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME.

YOU CAN GET BACK TO YOUR LOVE-MAKING WHEN WE'RE DONE.



SIGH

WHO THE
FLUCK ARE YOU!?
GET OUT OF OUR
HOUSE!



MY NAME IS
DETECTIVE IRA, I'M
WITH THE ARCANA
REINFORCEMENT
AGENCY.

IF YOU
TWO COULD
CEASE INTER-
COURSE, I WILL
EXPLAIN...

OH GOD!
BUT WE CAN'T
STOP!

WHAT THE
FUCK!?



♥ OUR BODIES WON'T STOP UNLESS HE COMES! ♥

IT'S A CURSE, I'M SORRY!

PLEASE DON'T HURT US!

A close-up shot of a woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a white collared shirt and a black necktie. She has a slightly open mouth and a look of concern or surprise. A speech bubble is positioned to her left. In the background, a television screen displays a vibrant, stylized scene with the word 'Fight' in large, pink, jagged letters. The room is dimly lit, with a doorway visible on the left and a keyboard on a desk in the lower-left corner.

OF COURSE
SHE WOULD. OH
WELL, IT'S A SIMPLE
ENOUGH FIX.

Cop



WHAT
DO YOU...
GUH! ♥

♥ OH,
FUCK! ♥

RSTBA



♥ I... I'M
CLIMMING
IN FRONT OF
STRANGERS!
AAAH! ♥



DETECTIVE,
WAS THAT REALLY
NECESSARY?


HMPH!

WE
NEED TO
ACT FAST,
DOM.

CUMMING
SO MUCH! IT
HURTS...

THAT IS TRUE.
BUT IN YOUR HASTE,
YOU GAVE THE POOR
BOY A FEMALE ORGASM.
HIS BODY WASN'T BUILT
TO HANDLE IT.





YOU'D THINK
THAT YOU OF ALL
PEOPLE WOULD WANT
TO ALLOW THEM SOME
DIGNITY.

THEY'RE
JUST NORMIES.
WE CAN MAKE THEM
FORGET THAT WE WERE
EVER HERE WHEN
WE'RE DONE.


DON'T
LOOK AT ME!
WHIMPER



HUFF
YOU PEOPLE HAVE
SOME NERVE COMING
INTO OUR HOME
LIKE THIS...

DAVE,
DON'T. I
THINK THEY'RE
LIKE HER.

FIRST BASTI



ARE YOU
OKAY?

I DON'T
KNOW HOW MUCH
MORE OF THIS I
CAN TAKE.


SEE?
NOW THEY
DON'T TRUST
US. SO DID WE
REALLY SAVE
ANY TIME?

FIGHT AN
SPECIAL

START

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GIVEN, WE
COULD CERTAINLY
FORCE THEM TO TELL
US WHAT THEY KNOW.
BUT THEN HOW WOULD
WE BE ANY BETTER
THAN SHE IS?


THIS IS
A BETTER
WAY.

GRUNT

GRUNT

FIRST





THE
HELL...?

UH,
DAVE...?



UH, I
THINK YOU'RE
RIGHT ABOUT
THEM.

LISTEN.
IF ANYTHING
HAPPENS TO
US...

T BAST

YOU CAN PUT
YOUR CONCERNS
TO BED. WE HAVE NO
INTENTION OF HARMING
YOU. WE JUST WANT
TO TALK.

I'M DETECTIVE
DOMINICK ROSCOE
OF THE A.R.A.





PAULINE?

DETECTIVE IRA AND I ARE HUNTING A ROGUE MEMBER OF OUR KIND.


THE SAME ONE THAT ALTERED YOUR LIVES NEARLY A YEAR AGO.

IT'S BEEN
A WHOLE YEAR,
WHY ARE YOU
SHOWING UP
NOW?

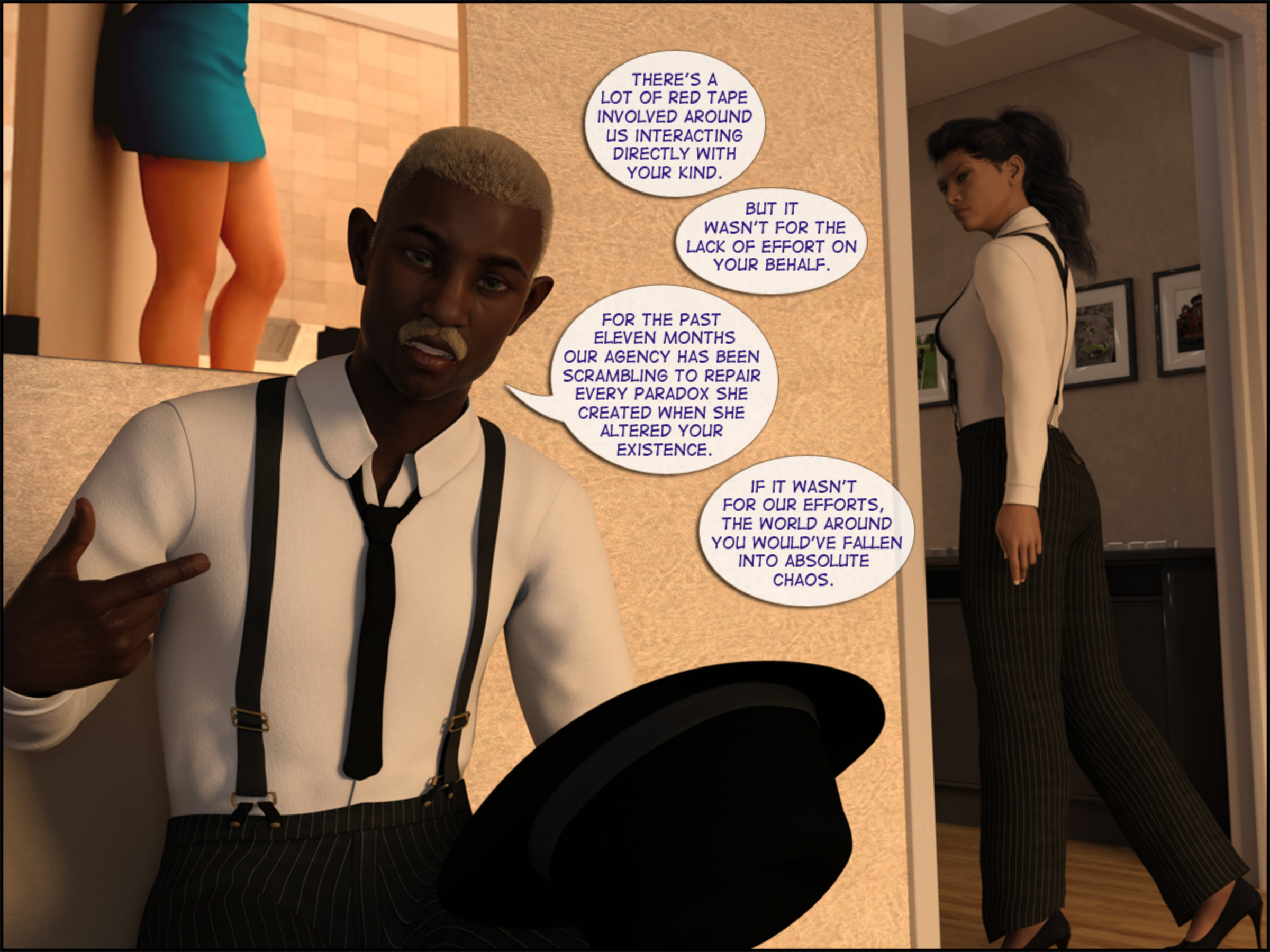
DOES THIS
MEAN YOU CAN
CHANGE ME
BACK?

THAT'S
WHO YOU
WOULD KNOW
HER AS, YES.

I'M
AFRAID
NOT.

A man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a white shirt and tie, is gesturing with his hands while speaking. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a pink floral dress, is looking at him. The background features window blinds and a cityscape painting.

CAN'T
OR WON'T?
EITHER WAY, WHY
ARE YOU HERE IF
YOU CAN'T HELP
HER... HIM?




THERE'S A LOT OF RED TAPE INVOLVED AROUND US INTERACTING DIRECTLY WITH YOUR KIND.

BUT IT WASN'T FOR THE LACK OF EFFORT ON YOUR BEHALF.

FOR THE PAST ELEVEN MONTHS OUR AGENCY HAS BEEN SCRAMBLING TO REPAIR EVERY PARADOX SHE CREATED WHEN SHE ALTERED YOUR EXISTENCE.

IF IT WASN'T FOR OUR EFFORTS, THE WORLD AROUND YOU WOULD'VE FALLEN INTO ABSOLUTE CHAOS.



AS FOR UNDOING THE, LET'S CALL IT MAGIC. AS FOR UNDOING THE MAGIC THAT CHANGED YOU, IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.

YOU SEE, EACH INDIVIDUAL COMPONENT OF A CHANGE IS UNIQUE, MADE UP OF HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF INDIVIDUAL PATHS OR STRINGS.

WITHOUT KNOWING THE EXACT PATH HER MAGIC TOOK, ANY ATTEMPT TO ALTER IT COULD BE CATASTROPHIC.


DO YOU UNDERSTAND? IT TOOK THE BETTER PART OF A YEAR TO HANDLE THE UNINTENDED SIDE-EFFECTS.

IT WOULD TAKE LONGER THAN YOUR LIFESPAN TO RETRACE THE STEPS SHE TOOK, UNLESS WE FIND HER.

IS THERE NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR CORI?

SADLY, NO. IT'S FAR MORE LIKELY THAT WE'D MAKE THINGS WORSE.

AND THINGS COULD BE FAR WORSE.

A man with a beard and dark hair, wearing a white dress shirt and a dark tie, sits in a chair. He is looking towards a pregnant woman with blonde hair. She is wearing a white dress with a pink floral pattern and a pink sash. They are in a high-rise apartment with a view of a city skyline at night. The man is speaking, and the woman is responding.

THERE
HAS TO BE
SOMETHING...

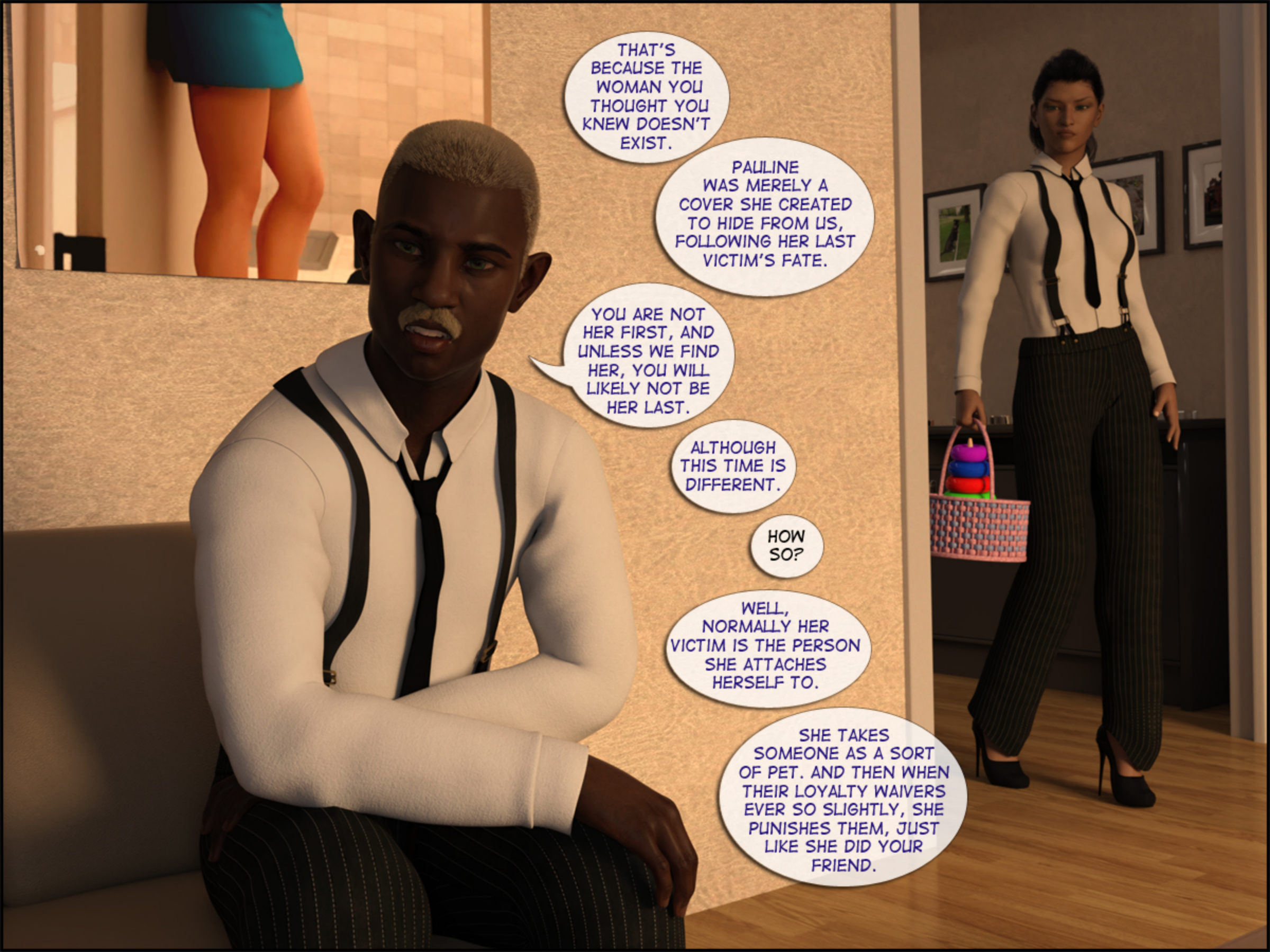
YOU SAID
UNLESS YOU
FIND HER. IF YOU DO,
YOU COULD UNDO
ALL OF THIS?

THERE'S
A CHANCE, YES.
BUT I DON'T WANT
TO CREATE A FALSE
SENSE OF HOPE.



WHATEVER
OUR CHANCES
ARE, WE'LL DO
ANYTHING WE CAN
TO HELP...

BUT WE'VE
BEEN LOOKING
FOR HER THE ENTIRE
TIME, IT'S LIKE
SHE DOESN'T
EXIST.



THAT'S
BECAUSE THE
WOMAN YOU
THOUGHT YOU
KNEW DOESN'T
EXIST.

PAULINE
WAS MERELY A
COVER SHE CREATED
TO HIDE FROM US,
FOLLOWING HER LAST
VICTIM'S FATE.


YOU ARE NOT
HER FIRST, AND
UNLESS WE FIND
HER, YOU WILL
LIKELY NOT BE
HER LAST.

ALTHOUGH
THIS TIME IS
DIFFERENT.

HOW
SO?

WELL,
NORMALLY HER
VICTIM IS THE PERSON
SHE ATTACHES
HERSELF TO.

SHE TAKES
SOMEONE AS A SORT
OF PET. AND THEN WHEN
THEIR LOYALTY WAIVERS
EVER SO SLIGHTLY, SHE
PUNISHES THEM, JUST
LIKE SHE DID YOUR
FRIEND.



AND FOR
SOME REASON,
SHE'S KEEPING
TABS ON YOU.

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

WE'RE HERE
NOW BECAUSE
AN ALARM WENT OFF
INDICATING HER PRESENCE
IN YOUR KITCHEN JUST
MOMENTS BEFORE
WE ARRIVED.

SHE LEFT
THIS ON YOUR
KITCHEN
TABLE.

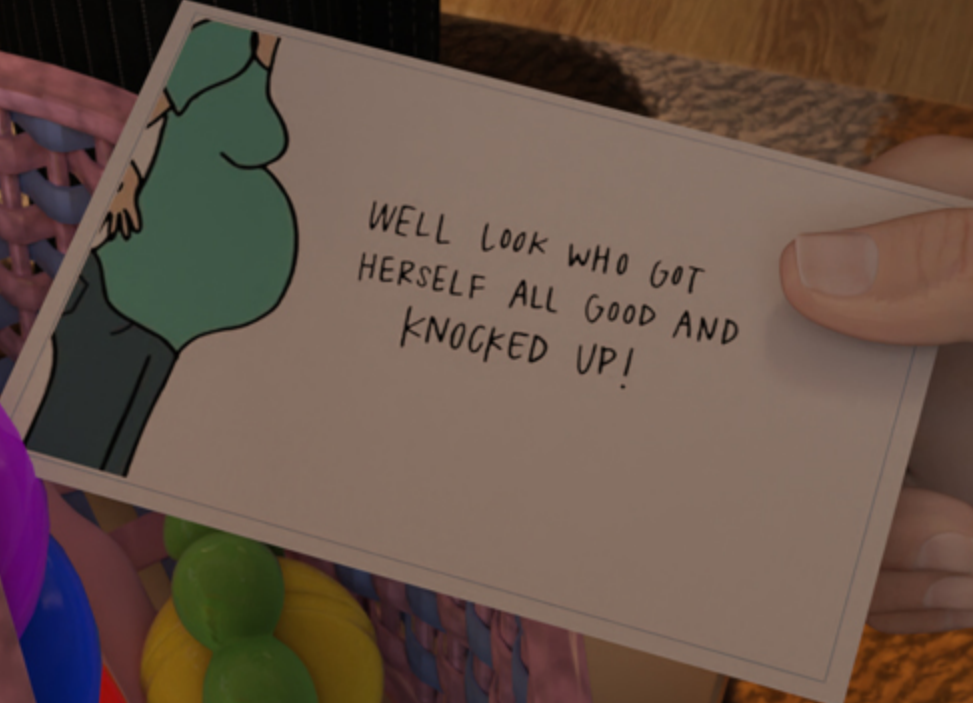
A GIFT
BASKET?

SHE WAS
HERE?

MAY YOUR
LABOR
BE AS EASY
AS YOGURT
WHER



UH,
DUDE...



WELL LOOK WHO GOT
HERSELF ALL GOOD AND
KNOCKED UP!






LOOK
WHAT SHE
LEFT.


THAT
CUNT!

RELAX
RELAX
RELAX
RELAX

FIRST B



WHAT'S
IT SAY?



WELL LOOK WHO GOT
HERSELF ALL GOOD AND
KNOCKED UP!

BASTION

CORI...?

**MAY YOUR
LABOR
BE AS EASY
AS YOU
WERE**

Dave and Cori,

I hope you two are enjoying your new lives together. Well, I know David is at least...

I can't wait to meet the first "crotch goblin" you two made together!

Oh, and tell Detective Ira that her fiance says hi. She gives the best lap dances. :)

- Pauline



FUCK YOU,
YOU EVIL
BITCH!



FIRST BAS



COME ON... YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS.

WHY WOULD SHE DO THIS TO ME? WHY IS SHE...?

WE DON'T KNOW. IT FEELS LIKE SOME SORT OF SICK POWER FETISH.

100%
100%
100%
100%
100%



CHRIS...

ALL WE
KNOW IS THAT
HER MOTIVES
ARE ALWAYS
PERSONAL.

I WISH I HAD BETTER NEWS. WE WERE HOPING SHE SPOKE TO THE TWO OF YOU BEFORE SHE FLED.

TO GIVE US SOME CLUE, ANY CLUE, TO WHERE SHE'S HIDING OR WHAT NEW IDENTITY SHE ADOPTED.



WHY WOULD SHE RISK GETTING CAUGHT JUST TO HARASS US?

AGAIN, THIS WAS SOMETHING WE HOPED YOU COULD SHED SOME LIGHT ON.

THIS IS NEW.



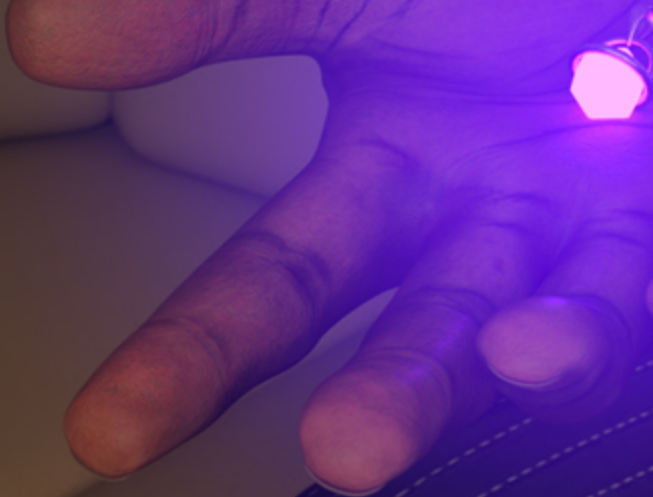
SO, IS THIS THE PART WHERE YOU ERASE OUR MEMORIES OR SOMETHING?



NOT
QUITE. I WAS
ACTUALLY HOPING
THAT YOU'D
CONTINUE TO
HELP US.

YEAH,
SURE...
HOW?

WITH THIS.
NOTHING TOO
INVOLVED.





PLACE THIS BAUBLE ON A CHAIN AROUND YOUR NECK, AND IF SHE'S WITHIN SIXTY FEET OF YOU, WE'LL BE ALERTED.

JUST WEAR THAT AS A NECKLACE?

THAT'S CORRECT.

SEBASTIAN



IF SHE DOES ENGAGE IN CONVERSATION WITH YOU, TRY TO KEEP HER TALKING.

LET'S GO, DOM. THIS IS A DEAD END.



I'LL BE
OUTSIDE.
GOOD LUCK
WITH THE
KID.



I'LL
BE RIGHT
OUT.


NO,
TAKE YOUR
TIME...



I KNOW THIS LIFE WASN'T YOUR CHOICE, BUT KNOW THAT YOU'RE QUITE LUCKY, GIVEN WHO WE'RE WORKING WITH.

GOOD LUCK, AND SORRY FOR INTRUDING.



A man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a white dress shirt and a dark tie, is sitting on a light-colored couch. He is looking down at a small card he is holding in his hands. The background features a window with blinds on the left and a large mural of a city skyline at night on the right. A speech bubble is positioned above him.

WELL, AT
LEAST WE HAVE
SOME POWER ON
OUR SIDE. THAT'S
SOMETHING...

THERE'S
STILL A CHANCE
WE CAN FREE
YOU, MAN.

ALL YOUR
BE AS FAST
HERE





HEY,
DAPHNE,
WAIT UP!





COME ON...



BECAUSE
WE NEEDED THEIR
COOPERATION.

WHY
DID YOU LIE TO
THEM? THEY WERE
NEARLY CONTENT
WITH THEIR
SITUATION.




WELL, YEAH. SHE'S OBVIOUSLY GOT A THING FOR THE MALE.

SHE'S NEVER GIVEN ONE OF HER NORMIES A GIFT LIKE THAT BEFORE.

BUT NOW THEY BELIEVE THERE'S A WAY BACK TO NORMAL. THIS IS THEIR NORMAL.

WHO CARES? THEY'LL BE FINE THE WAY THEY ARE. BUT NOW WE HAVE BAIT.

DID WE?



WHY ARE YOU SO GUNG HO ABOUT THEIR FEELINGS?

DIDN'T YOU JUST HUMILIATE THEM BY INTERRUPTING THEIR COITIS?

BECAUSE IT'S OUR JOB TO WATCH OVER THEM, AND I HAD NO INTENTION OF LETTING THEM REMEMBER THAT ENCOUNTER.



WHAT, DID YOU THINK THEY COULD JUST POINT YOU IN THE DIRECTION OF YOUR SISTER?

THAT FINDING THE RUBY STAR WOULD BE THAT EASY?

WE JUST NEEDED INTEL. WE WEREN'T HERE TO SOCIALIZE.



ON TO THE
NEXT DEAD
END...

WHATEVER.
COME ON, I
HAVE ANOTHER
LEAD.









WHAT
ARE WE GOING
TO DO?



FIRSTFB



CORI?

OH
MY GOD,
DAVE!



DAVE?
WHERE ARE
YOU?

I'M RIGHT
HERE.



EVERYTHING
OKAY?

NO!
HURRY!


OH GOD!
IS IT HER?
WHAT DID SHE
DO NOW?





I'M
RIGHT
HERE!

OH
GOD!

A man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a white dress shirt and a dark striped tie, is looking upwards with a questioning expression. A speech bubble is positioned to his left, containing the text "CORI, IS THAT...?". The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a soft light source behind him, and a green plant is visible in the lower-left corner.

CORI, IS
THAT...?



ARE YOU...?

HNN...




DUDE...
BREATH

PAIN RELIEF

CALL AN
AMBULANCE!
I...



A pregnant woman with blonde hair is shown in a bathroom. She is wearing a black lace halter-neck top. She is looking towards the left of the frame. The background features a white sink with a chrome faucet and a blue bottle of soap. The walls are covered in light-colored square tiles. A speech bubble is positioned near her head.

I THINK
THE BABY'S
COMING!

THE END

