

A man is lying in a hospital bed, his arms outstretched to the sides. He is wearing a white hospital gown. The room is dimly lit, and the overall color scheme is a soft, muted purple. The man's head is resting on a pillow, and he appears to be looking down or resting. The bed has several straps on the arms and legs, suggesting he might be in a specialized medical setting or recovering from surgery.

KaraComet Presents

# D The Search For Detective Batson

Chapter 3: Deeper

ALEX BATSON...



ALEXIS...

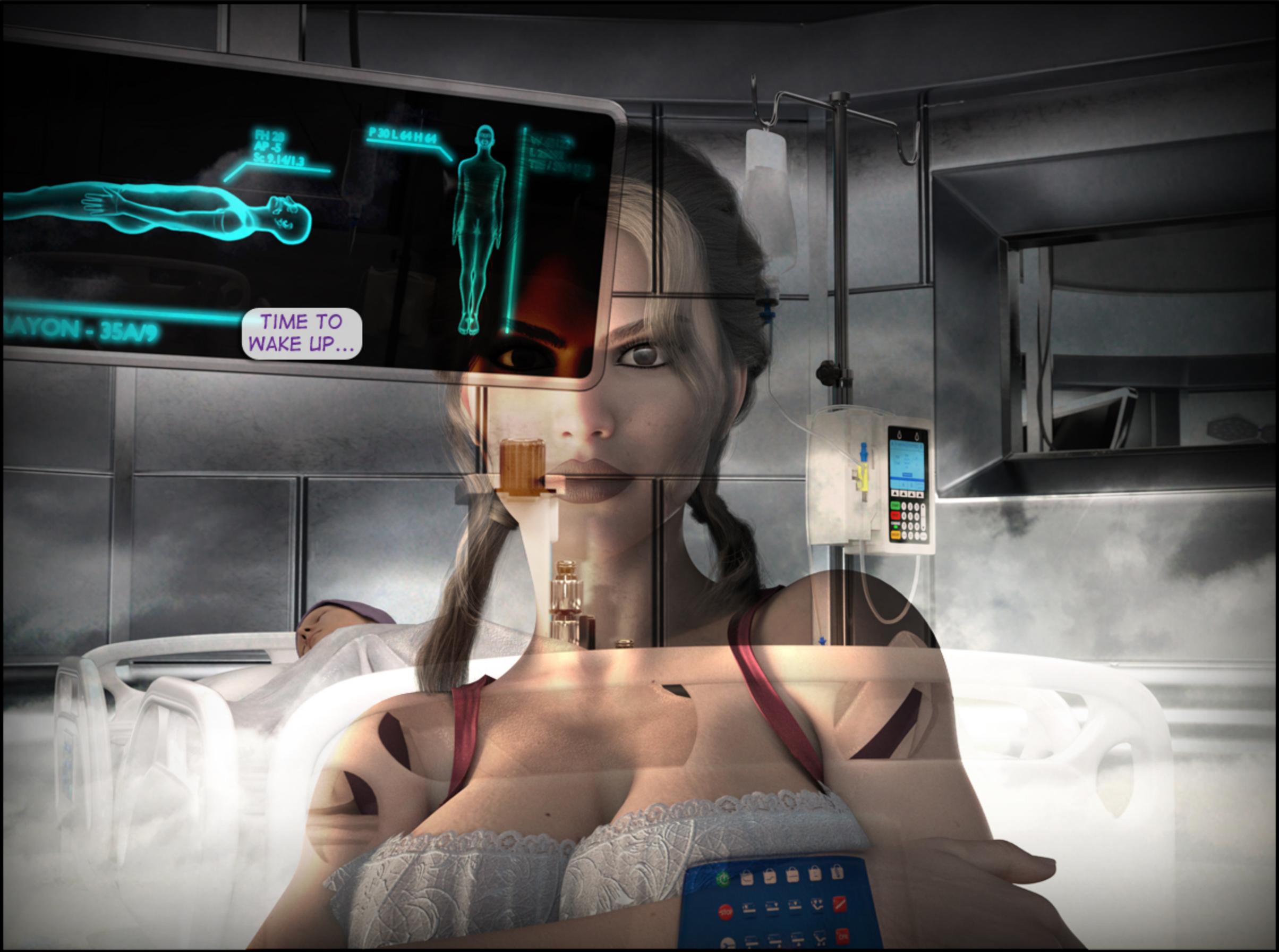
LEXI...

MMM...!?

IT'S TIME...

AYON - 35A7





TIME TO WAKE UP...

PH 28  
AP-5  
S: 9.14/1.3

P 30 L 64 H 66

W 100  
L 2500  
T 37.5

LAYON - 35A/9



THE SOUND OF HER  
VOICE REVERBERATED  
THROUGH MY DREAMS...

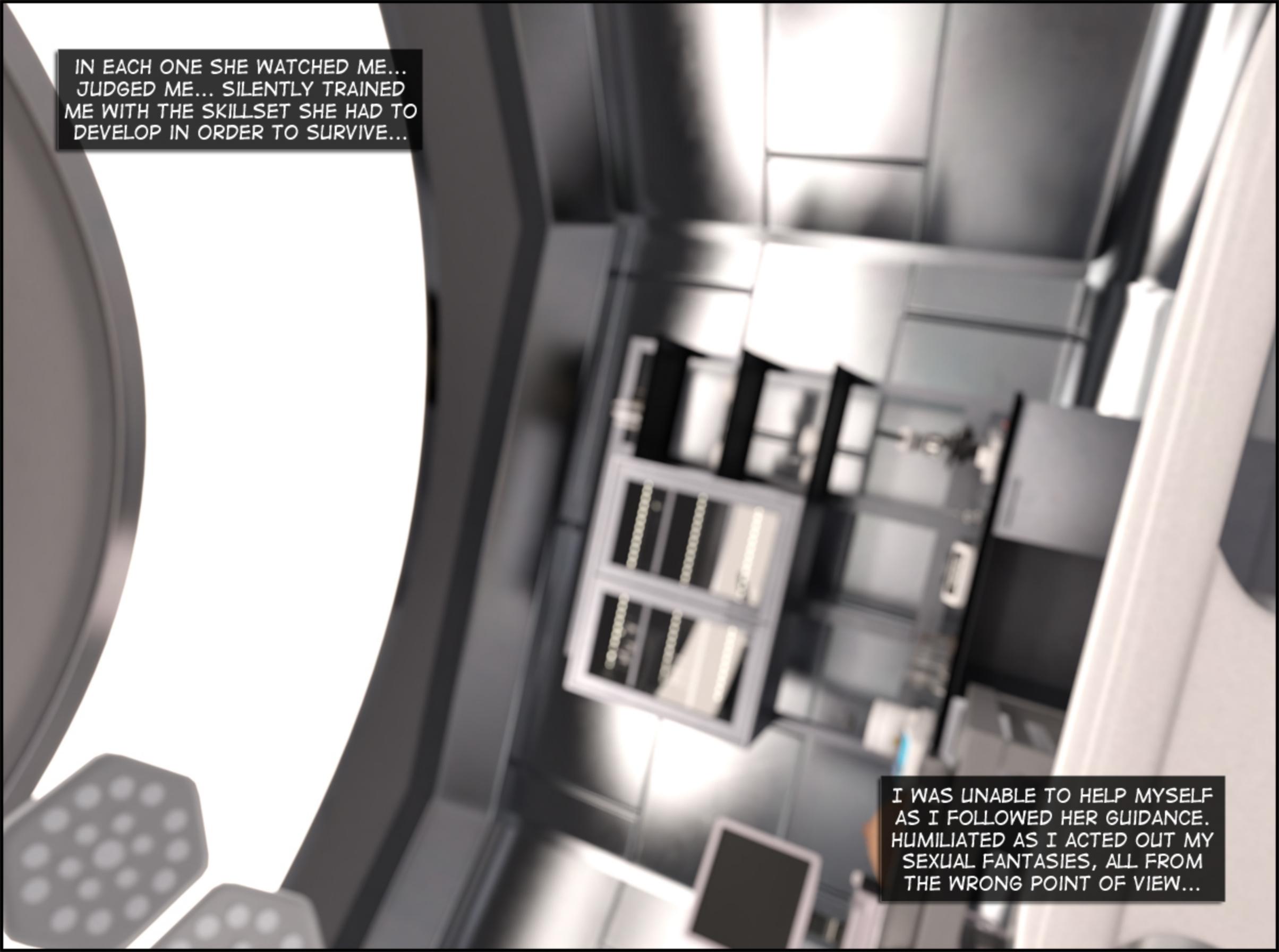
SUCK  
SUCK

HER PRESENCE HAUNTED  
ME IN ALL OF THEM. YET  
SHE REMAINED SILENT  
UNTIL THIS MOMENT...

DREAMS WHERE I FOUND  
MYSELF DOING THINGS  
THAT NO STRAIGHT MAN  
SHOULD EVER DO...

HMM...?

A CONSTANT FLOW OF  
EROTIC NIGHTMARES...  
ALL INCREDIBLY LUCID...



IN EACH ONE SHE WATCHED ME...  
JUDGED ME... SILENTLY TRAINED  
ME WITH THE SKILLSET SHE HAD TO  
DEVELOP IN ORDER TO SURVIVE...

I WAS UNABLE TO HELP MYSELF  
AS I FOLLOWED HER GUIDANCE.  
HUMILIATED AS I ACTED OUT MY  
SEXUAL FANTASIES, ALL FROM  
THE WRONG POINT OF VIEW...



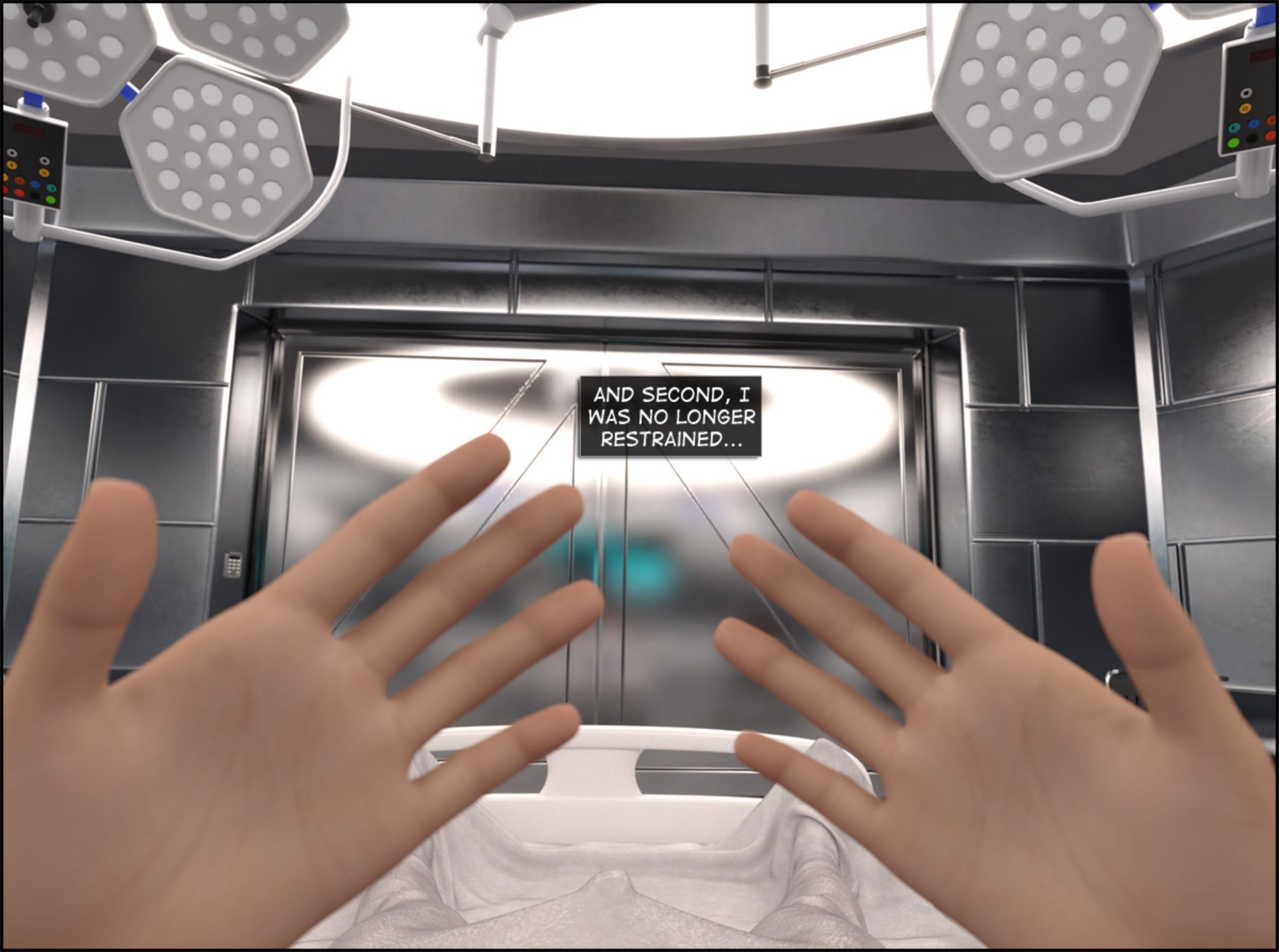
IT TOOK ME A MOMENT TO  
REMEMBER WHERE I WAS...  
WHOSE VOICE THAT WAS...

ANXIETY FILLED MY SENSES  
AS A TABLE FULL OF STRANGE  
OBJECTS CAME INTO FOCUS...

AND I IMMEDIATELY  
NOTICED TWO THINGS...

FIRST, IT APPEARED  
THAT I WAS ALONE...





AND SECOND, I  
WAS NO LONGER  
RESTRAINED...

A 3D rendered character is lying in a hospital bed, appearing to be in a state of distress or discomfort. The character is wearing a purple headband and has their right hand pressed against their forehead. They are partially covered by a white sheet. The background shows a window with blinds and a white hospital bed frame.

I KNEW THIS WAS  
SOME SORT OF TRAP.  
I TRIED TO FOCUS...

BUT I FELT COLD AND  
WEAK AS THE AROUSAL  
FROM MY NIGHTMARES  
BEGAN TO DISSIPATE...

HORRIFIED, I SOON  
DISCOVERED THAT MY  
MUSCULAR PHYSIQUE  
HAD ATROPHIED...

AND ALL OF THE HAIR  
ON MY BODY HAD BEEN  
COMPLETELY REMOVED...

WHAT  
THE HELL IS  
THIS...?

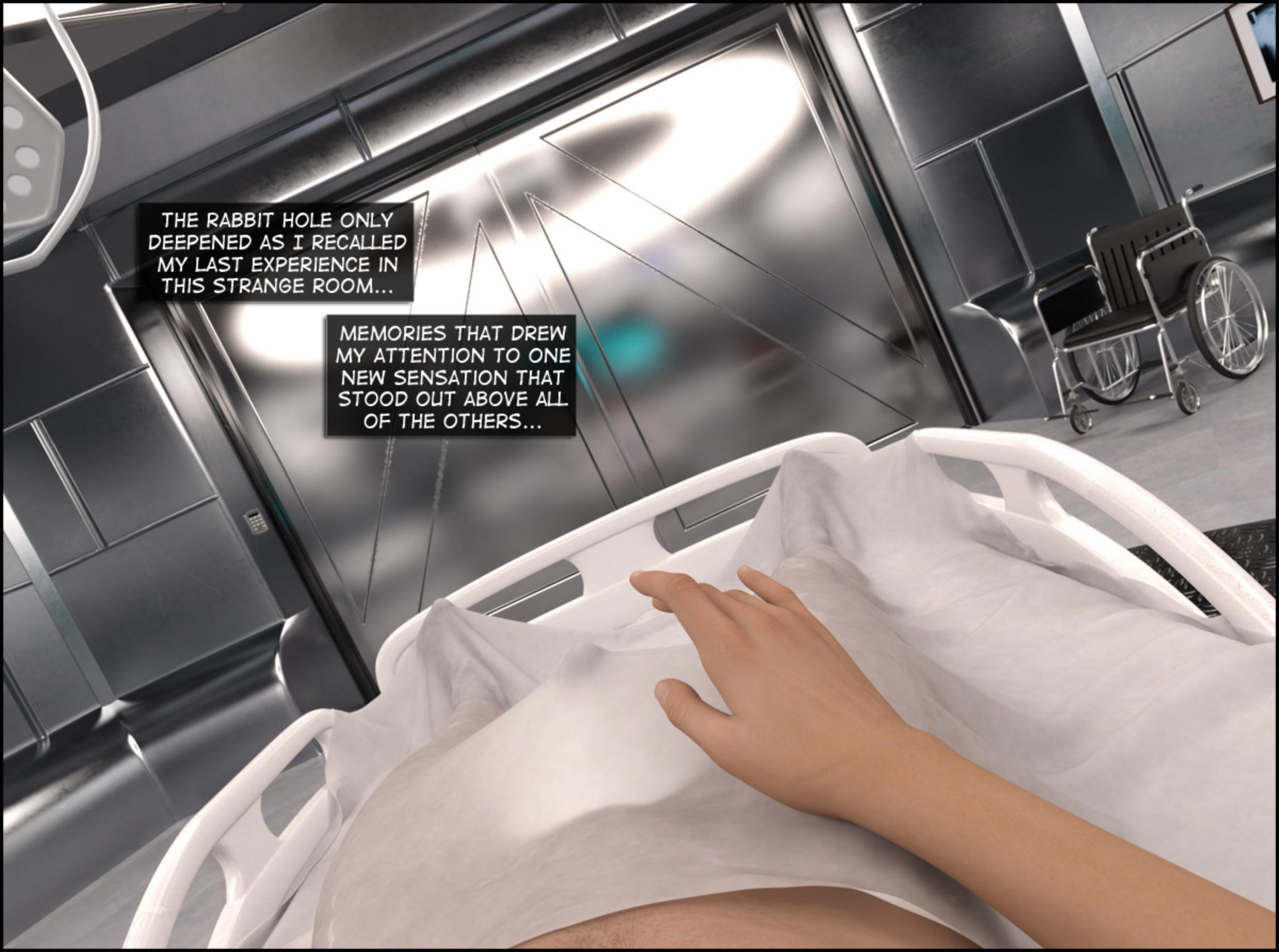




HOW LONG HAVE I  
BEEN HERE? WEEKS?  
MONTHS? A YEAR...?

AND IF THAT WERE THE  
CASE, IF I WERE CAPTIVE  
LONG ENOUGH FOR MY  
MUSCLES TO ATROPHY...

WHY HADN'T MY  
TAN FADED...?



THE RABBIT HOLE ONLY  
DEEPEMED AS I RECALLED  
MY LAST EXPERIENCE IN  
THIS STRANGE ROOM...

MEMORIES THAT DREW  
MY ATTENTION TO ONE  
NEW SENSATION THAT  
STOOD OUT ABOVE ALL  
OF THE OTHERS...

I WAS STILL ROCK HARD.  
THE DISGRACEFUL TENT I  
PITCHED TEASED ME WITH  
DEMEANING MEMORIES OF  
BOTH MY DREAMS AND MY  
LAST MOMENTS AWAKE...

YET, THE AROUSING  
SENSITIVITY, TRIGGERED  
BY EVERY SHIFT OF THE  
BLANKET, ORIGINATED  
FROM AN UNFAMILIAR  
PLACE FURTHER DOWN...

HUH...?



I DIDN'T HAVE VERY LONG TO DWELL ON IT BEFORE HER VOICE RECLAIMED MY ATTENTION.

HOW ARE YOU FEELING? ARE YOU EXPERIENCING ANY DISCOMFORT?

YOU...

WHAT HAPPENED TO MY HAIR? MY BODY...?



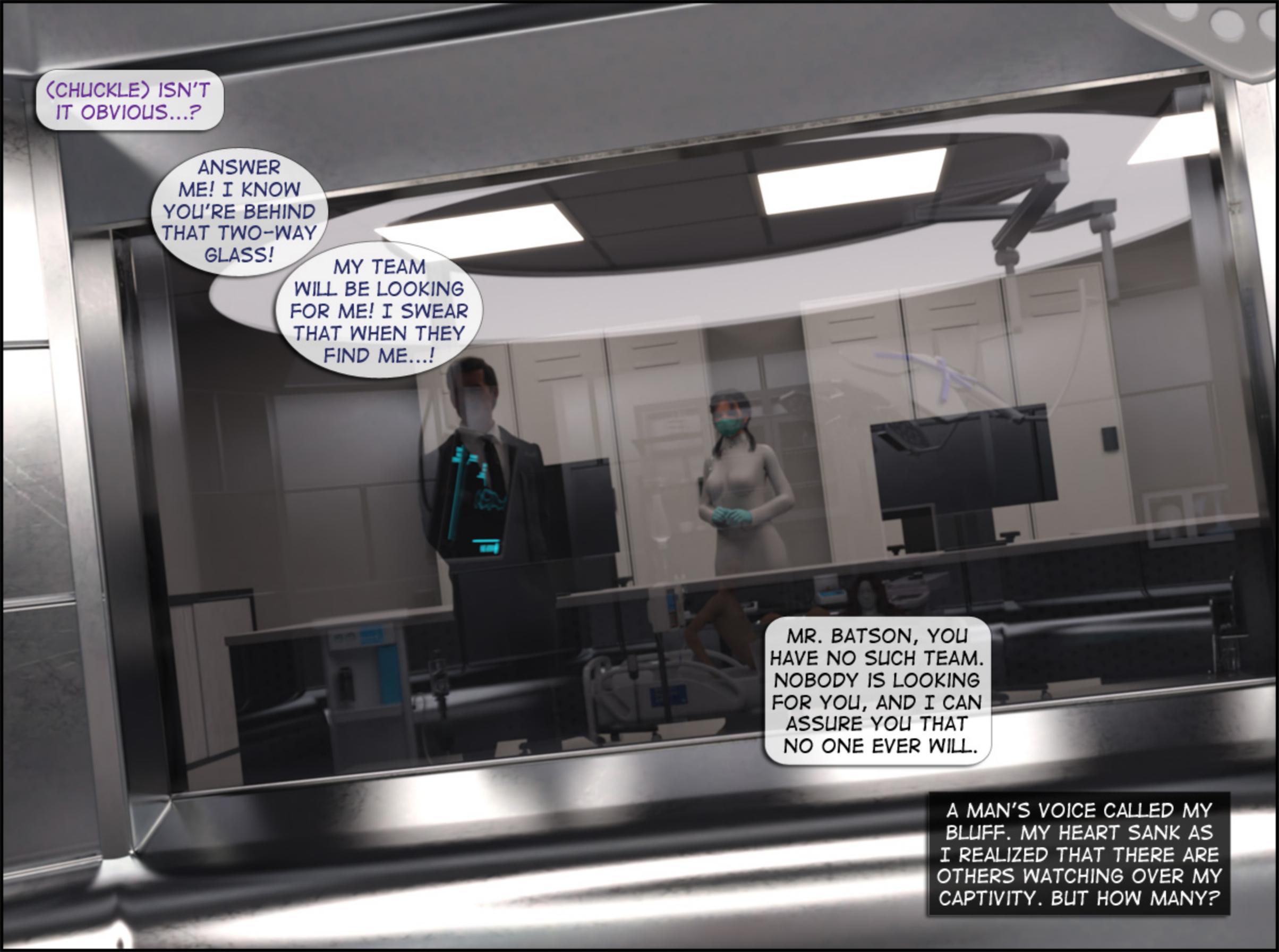


THE HAIR LOSS IS AN UNFORTUNATE SIDE EFFECT OF THE TREATMENTS WE'VE BEEN GIVING YOU...

ONE OF THE FEW REASONS IT'S STILL BEING TESTED. BUT IT'S QUITE HELPFUL IN THIS SCENARIO...

AS FOR YOUR OTHER PHYSICAL CHANGES, THOSE WOULD BE THE INTENDED RESULTS OF GENETOMORPHOSIS...

(COUGH)  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?



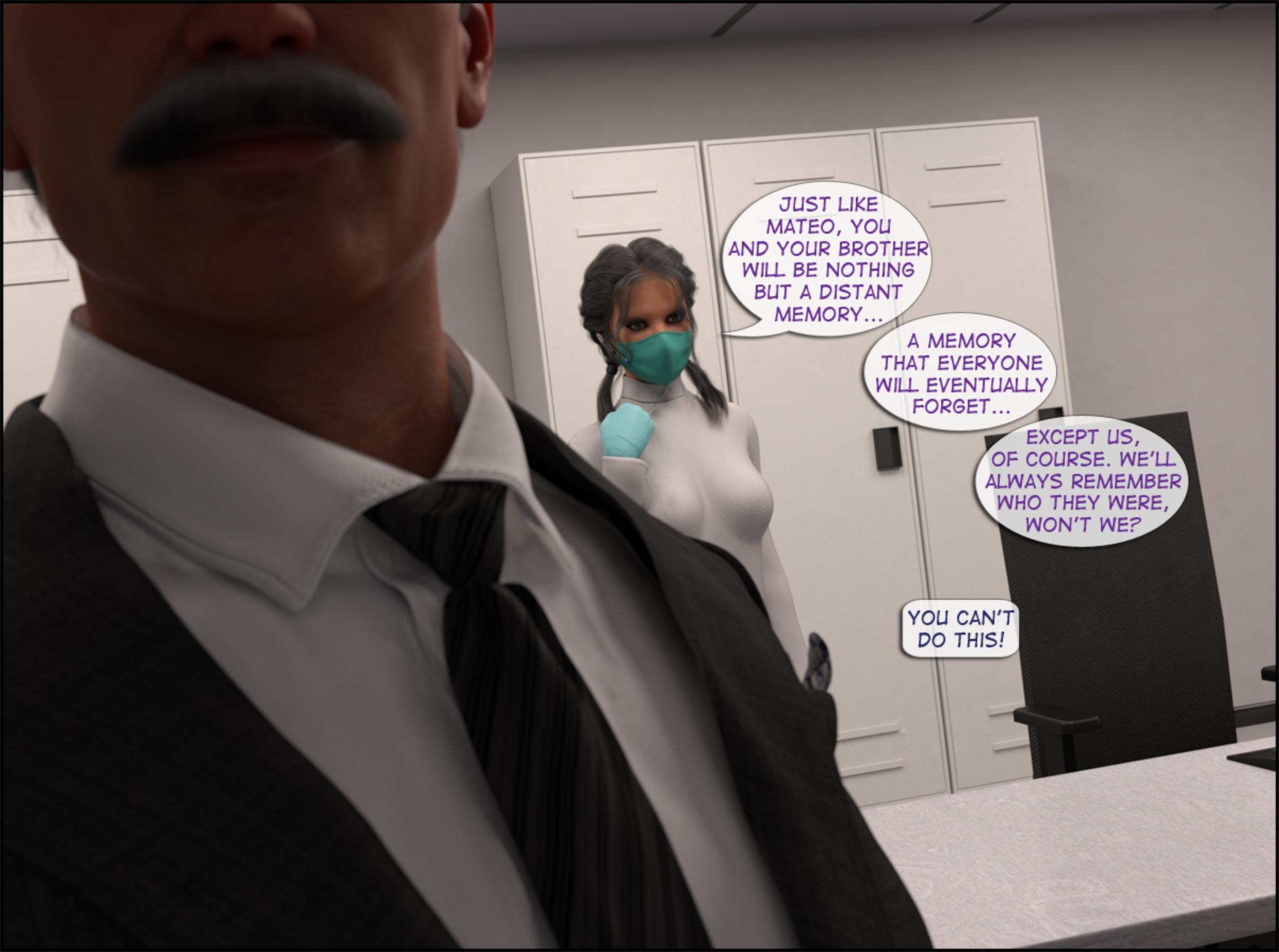
(CHUCKLE) ISN'T  
IT OBVIOUS...?

ANSWER  
ME! I KNOW  
YOU'RE BEHIND  
THAT TWO-WAY  
GLASS!

MY TEAM  
WILL BE LOOKING  
FOR ME! I SWEAR  
THAT WHEN THEY  
FIND ME...!

MR. BATSON, YOU  
HAVE NO SUCH TEAM.  
NOBODY IS LOOKING  
FOR YOU, AND I CAN  
ASSURE YOU THAT  
NO ONE EVER WILL.

A MAN'S VOICE CALLED MY  
BLUFF. MY HEART SANK AS  
I REALIZED THAT THERE ARE  
OTHERS WATCHING OVER MY  
CAPTIVITY. BUT HOW MANY?



JUST LIKE MATEO, YOU AND YOUR BROTHER WILL BE NOTHING BUT A DISTANT MEMORY...

A MEMORY THAT EVERYONE WILL EVENTUALLY FORGET...

EXCEPT US, OF COURSE. WE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER WHO THEY WERE, WON'T WE?

YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

BUT WE  
ALREADY  
HAVE...

OR DIDN'T  
YOU NOTICE  
JUST HOW REAL  
THOSE DREAMS  
FELT?

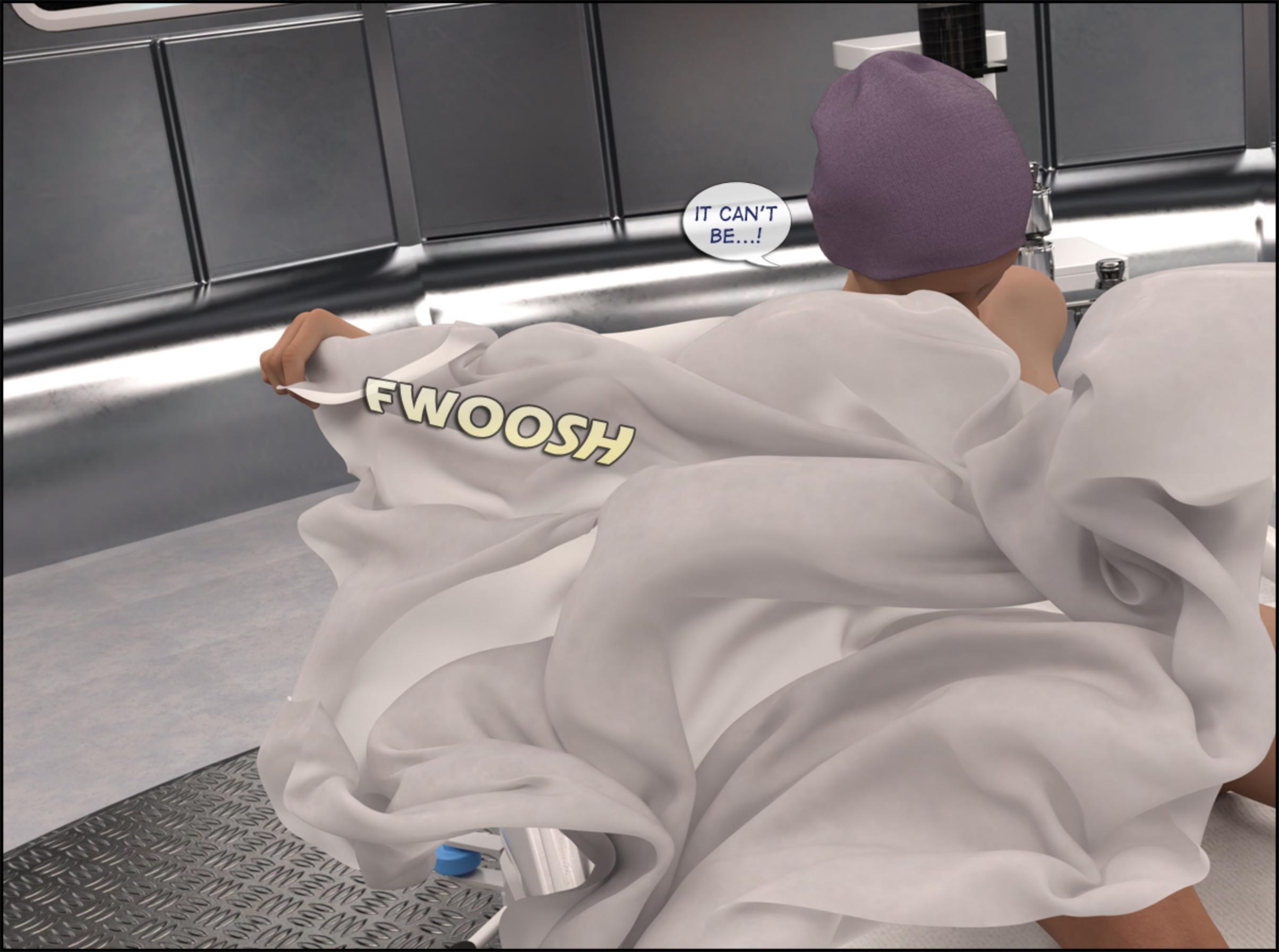
THE  
NANOVIRUS  
INTERFACES WITH  
THE NEW MODEL  
VERY WELL...

IT SHOULD  
FEEL LIKE A  
NATURAL PART OF  
YOU, AND NOT A  
PROSTHESIS...

AS IF  
YOU WERE  
BORN WITH  
IT...

IT CAN'T  
BE...!

**FWOOSH**



AS I DISCARDED THE SHEET, I WAS FACED WITH A TERRIFYING IMPOSSIBLE REALITY.

WHAT THE FUCK!  
WHAT THE FUCK!?



I LOOKED DOWN IN HORROR, FINALLY ABLE TO COMPREHEND THE PECULIAR SENSITIVITY OF MY GENITALS...

AAAAAH!

MY MANHOOD WAS GONE. A LARGE DILDO PROTRUDED FROM THE VERY SENSITIVE, PUFFY LIPS OF THE PUSSY THAT NOW REPLACED IT...



FEELING IT FOR WHAT IT WAS, I PANICKED. ONE IMMEDIATE THOUGHT WAS ON MY MIND...

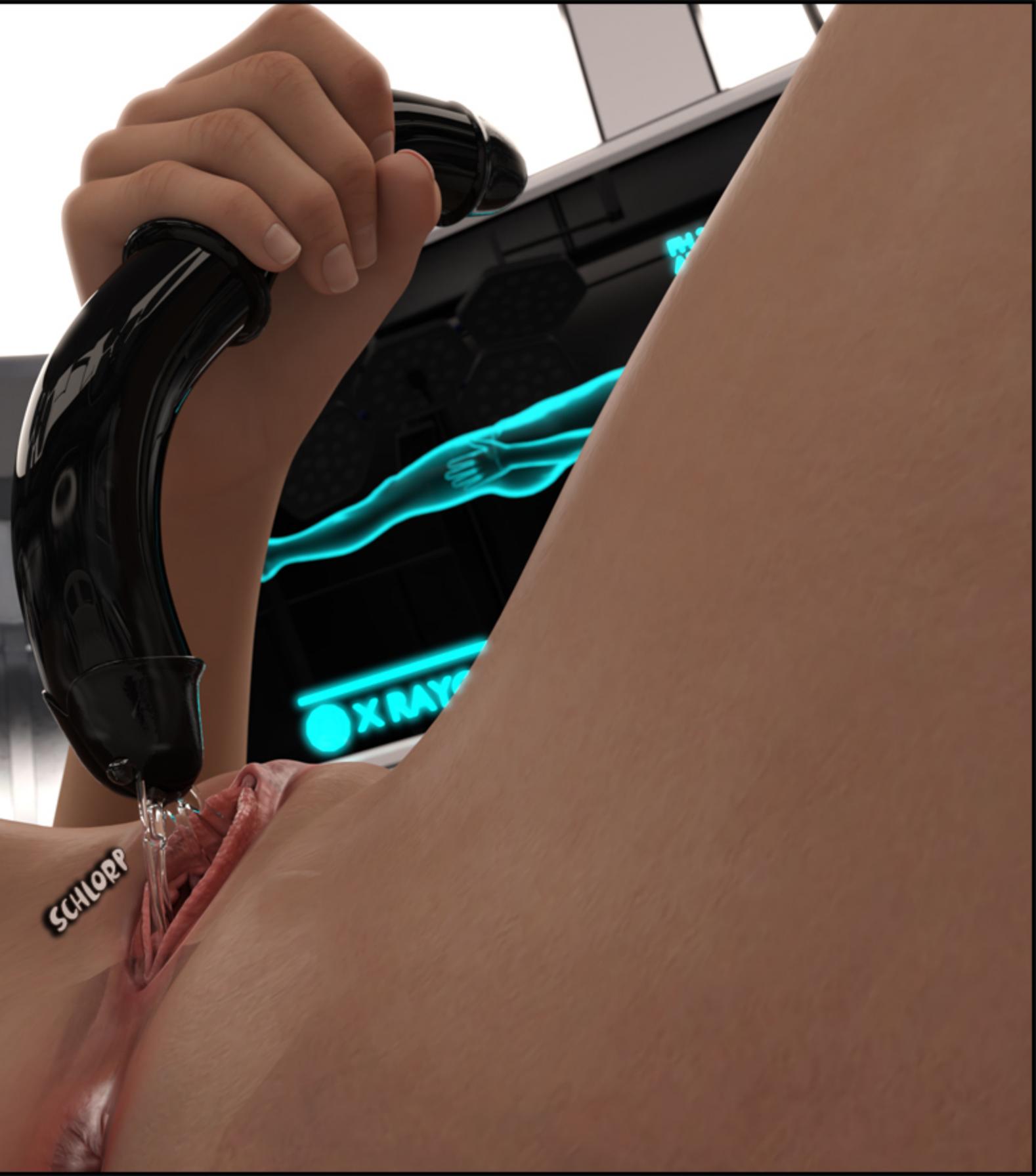
HOW?  
OH GOD!  
(HUFF)

I HAD TO GET THIS HUMILIATING THING OUT OF ME, NOW...



MY BODY JOLTED AS  
I HASTILY EXTRACTED  
THE ALIEN PRESENCE...

I WASN'T PREPARED  
FOR THE REACTION  
THAT FOLLOWED...





AN INTENSE WAVE  
OF SENSATIONS  
ASSAULTED BOTH  
BODY AND MIND.

A POWERFUL, PRIMAL  
PLEASURE CONSUMED  
MY ENTIRE BEING...

MUSCLES FOREIGN TO ME  
SQUEEZED REFLEXIVELY,  
REACHING DEEPLY FOR  
SOMETHING THAT WAS  
NO LONGER THERE...

UNH!

SQUIRT

I HAD NO CONTROL OVER  
THEM AS THEY CONTINUED  
TO THROB, AGGRESSIVELY  
PUSHING OUT STREAMS OF  
HOT FLUID FROM WITHIN...



MY MIND EXPLODED WITH  
FERAL EMOTIONS AS THE  
SENSATIONS ROCKED MY  
BODY. MY HIPS GYRATED  
AS I LOST THE ABILITY TO  
FORM COMPLEX THOUGHTS.

I...  
NEED...!  
AAHN!

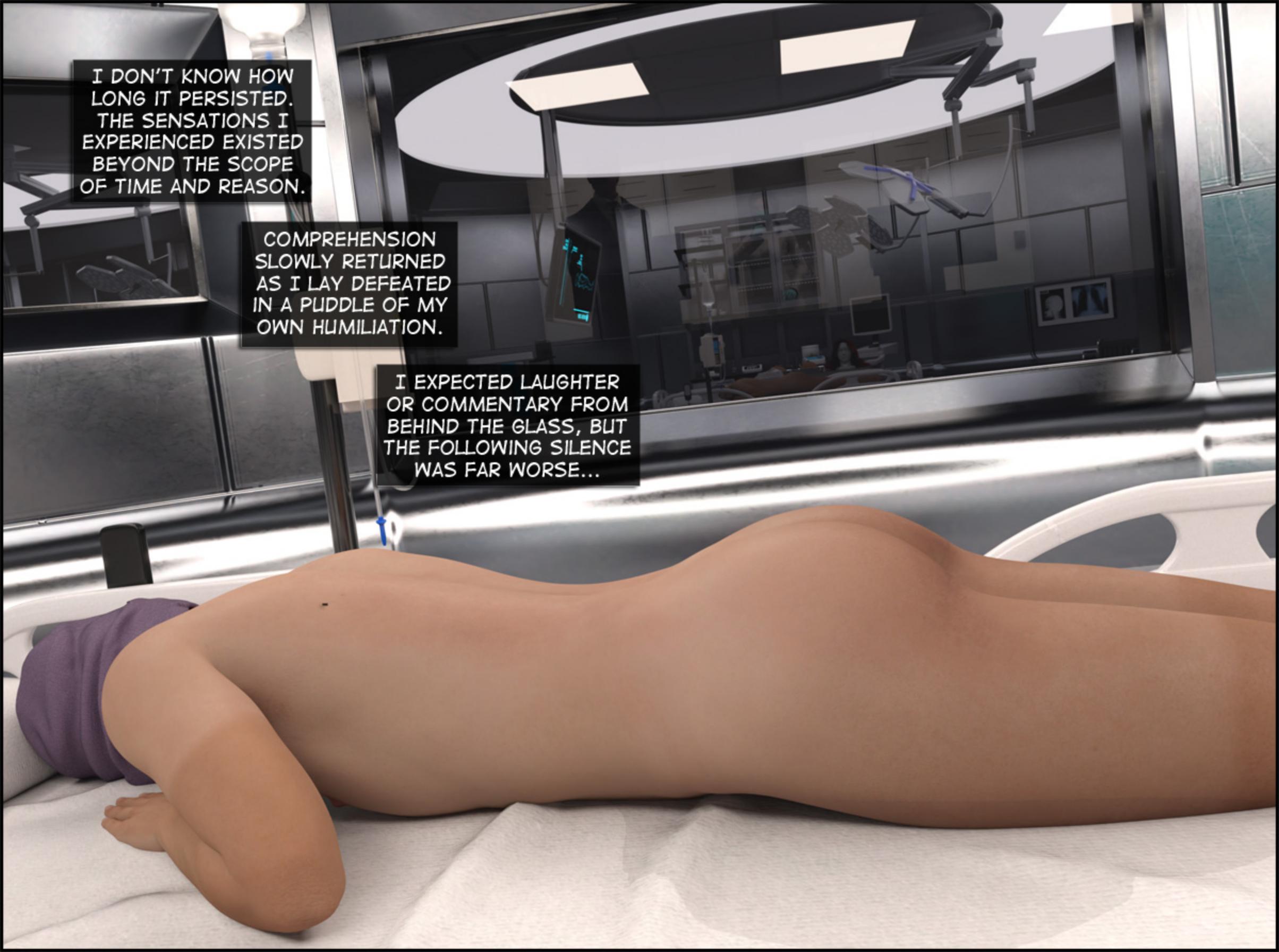
HELPLESS, I CONVULSED  
EROTICALLY IN RESPONSE  
TO A MIX OF ECSTASY AND  
EXIGENT EMPTINESS...

IT CONSUMED ME...

OH...!  
OH, FUCK!

TWITCH





I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT PERSISTED. THE SENSATIONS I EXPERIENCED EXISTED BEYOND THE SCOPE OF TIME AND REASON.

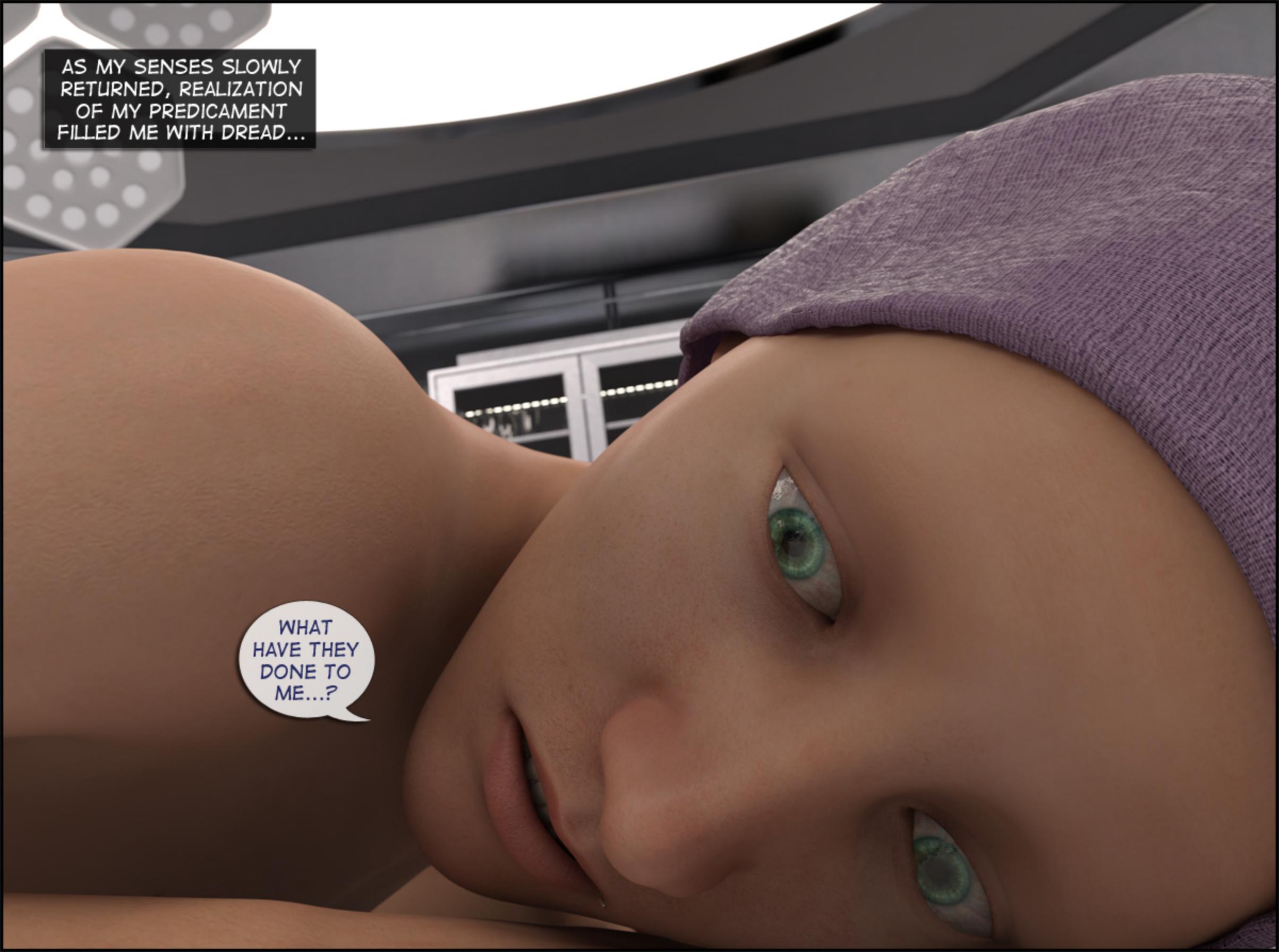
COMPREHENSION SLOWLY RETURNED AS I LAY DEFEATED IN A PUDDLE OF MY OWN HUMILIATION.

I EXPECTED LAUGHTER OR COMMENTARY FROM BEHIND THE GLASS, BUT THE FOLLOWING SILENCE WAS FAR WORSE...

MY SHRUNKEN MUSCLES  
ACHED FROM IT ALL...

MY BODY FELT EVEN  
WEAKER AS I WAS LEFT  
ALONE TO COPE WITH  
THE AFTERMATH OF MY  
FIRST VAGINAL ORGASM.

HUFF...  
HUFF...

A close-up, low-angle shot of a character's face, likely a young woman, lying down. Her eyes are wide open, showing a bright green color, and she has a look of confusion and fear. She is wearing a purple hospital gown. The background is a clinical setting with a window and some equipment.

AS MY SENSES SLOWLY  
RETURNED, REALIZATION  
OF MY PREDICAMENT  
FILLED ME WITH DREAD...

WHAT  
HAVE THEY  
DONE TO  
ME...?



SUBJECT'S  
ENDORPHIN  
LEVELS HAVE  
STABILIZED.

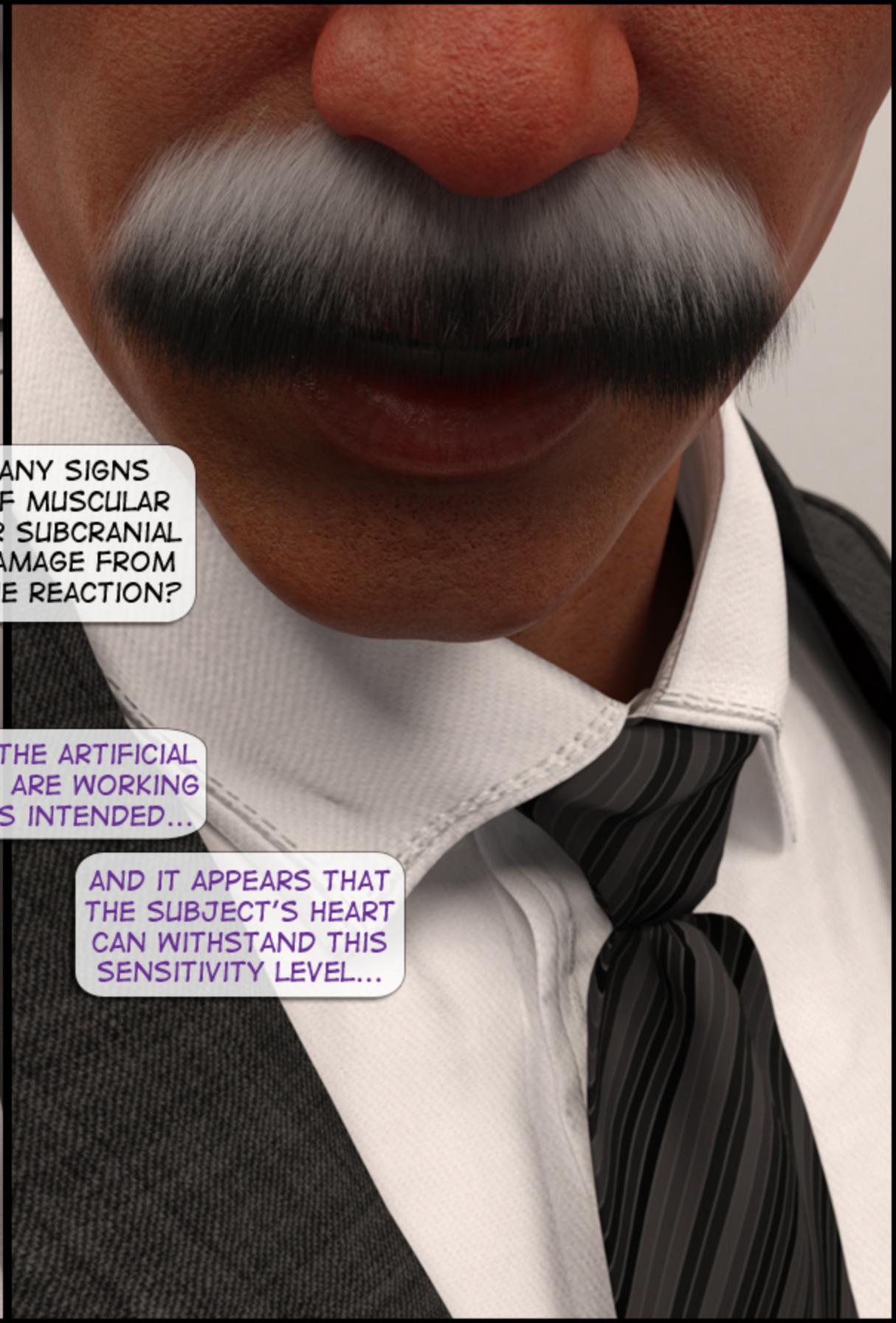




ANY SIGNS  
OF MUSCULAR  
OR SUBCRANIAL  
DAMAGE FROM  
THE REACTION?

NONE. THE ARTIFICIAL  
NERVES ARE WORKING  
JUST AS INTENDED...

AND IT APPEARS THAT  
THE SUBJECT'S HEART  
CAN WITHSTAND THIS  
SENSITIVITY LEVEL...





FANTASTIC.  
THAT WAS OUR  
CONCERN.

ALLOW ME  
TO ANALYZE THE  
READOUT WHILE  
YOU OBSERVE OUR  
SUBJECT.

YES. OF  
COURSE,  
MY LOVE.

I EXPECTED TORTURE...  
I ANTICIPATED DEATH...  
THIS WAS SOMETHING I  
WOULD NEVER EXPECT...

M-MY  
DICK! YOU  
TOOK MY  
DICK!

I'M  
DREAMING.  
THIS HAS TO  
BE ANOTHER  
NIGHTMARE!

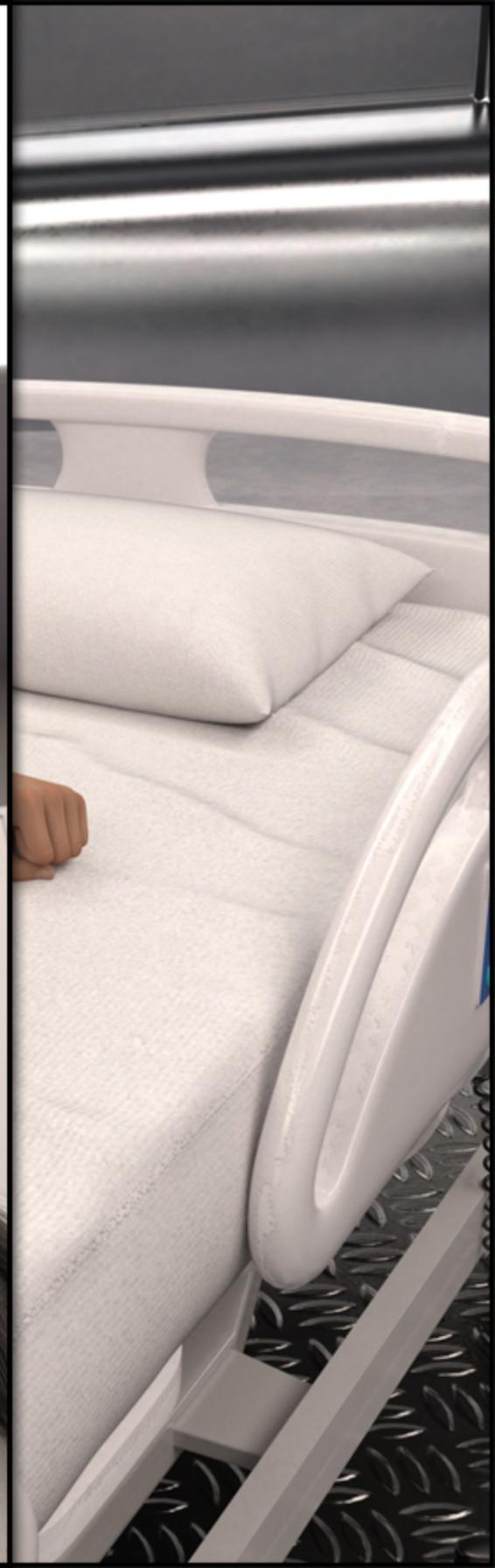




I ASSURE  
YOU, YOU ARE  
VERY MUCH  
AWAKE...

WELCOME TO  
THE FAIRER SEX,  
ALEX... I'D TELL  
YOU HOW MUCH  
BETTER IT IS...

BUT I'M  
SURE YOU'VE  
NOTICED.



A 3D-rendered female character with brown skin is lying on a white hospital bed. She is wearing purple socks and has her right leg raised high in the air. Her left hand is resting on her abdomen. The background shows a hospital room with a grey door and a black chair. There are three speech bubbles containing text.

NO! IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!  
THIS CAN'T BE  
REAL!

ALTHOUGH  
YOU AND I MAY  
HAVE DIFFERING  
EXPERIENCES...

FOR EXAMPLE, MINE  
ONLY REQUIRES SOME  
ATTENTION EVERY SO  
OFTEN. BUT YOURS...

(HUFF)  
WHAT THE  
HELL...?

I COULDN'T EXPLAIN  
THE STRANGE FEELING  
INSIDE OF ME, BUT IT  
WAS OVERWHELMING.

A POWERFUL, NEW  
HUNGER... A PRIMAL  
NEED TO BE FILLED...

*HUFF...*



A first-person perspective of a person on a treadmill. The person is wearing purple socks and brown leggings. Their hands are resting on their thighs. The treadmill's metal deck and handrails are visible. The background is a dark, textured surface.

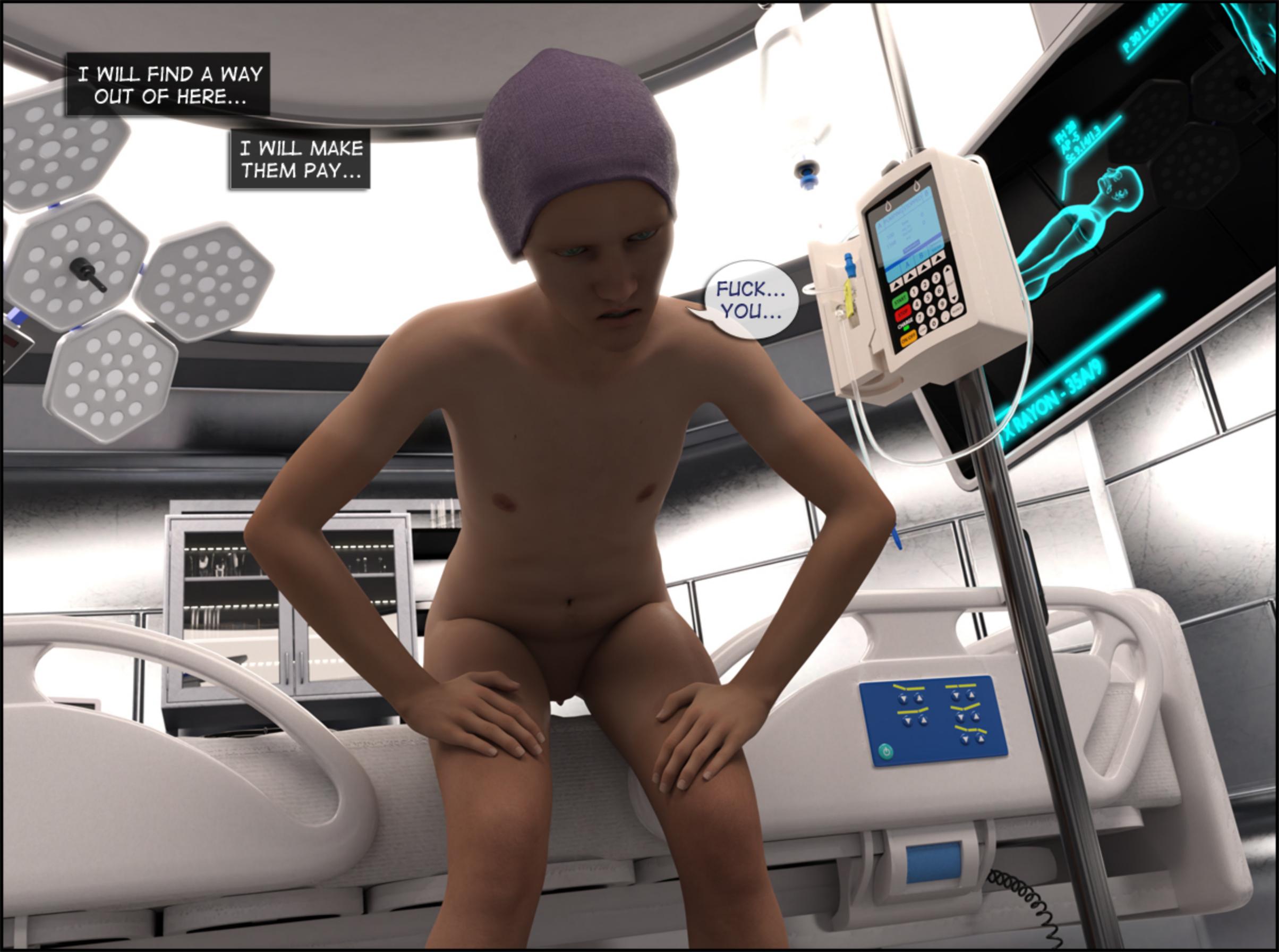
BUT I WOULD NOT  
HUMILIATE MYSELF  
FURTHER FOR THEM.

I FOUGHT THROUGH  
THE DISCOMFORT,  
FOCUSING INSTEAD  
ON MY ANGER...

I WILL FIND A WAY  
OUT OF HERE...

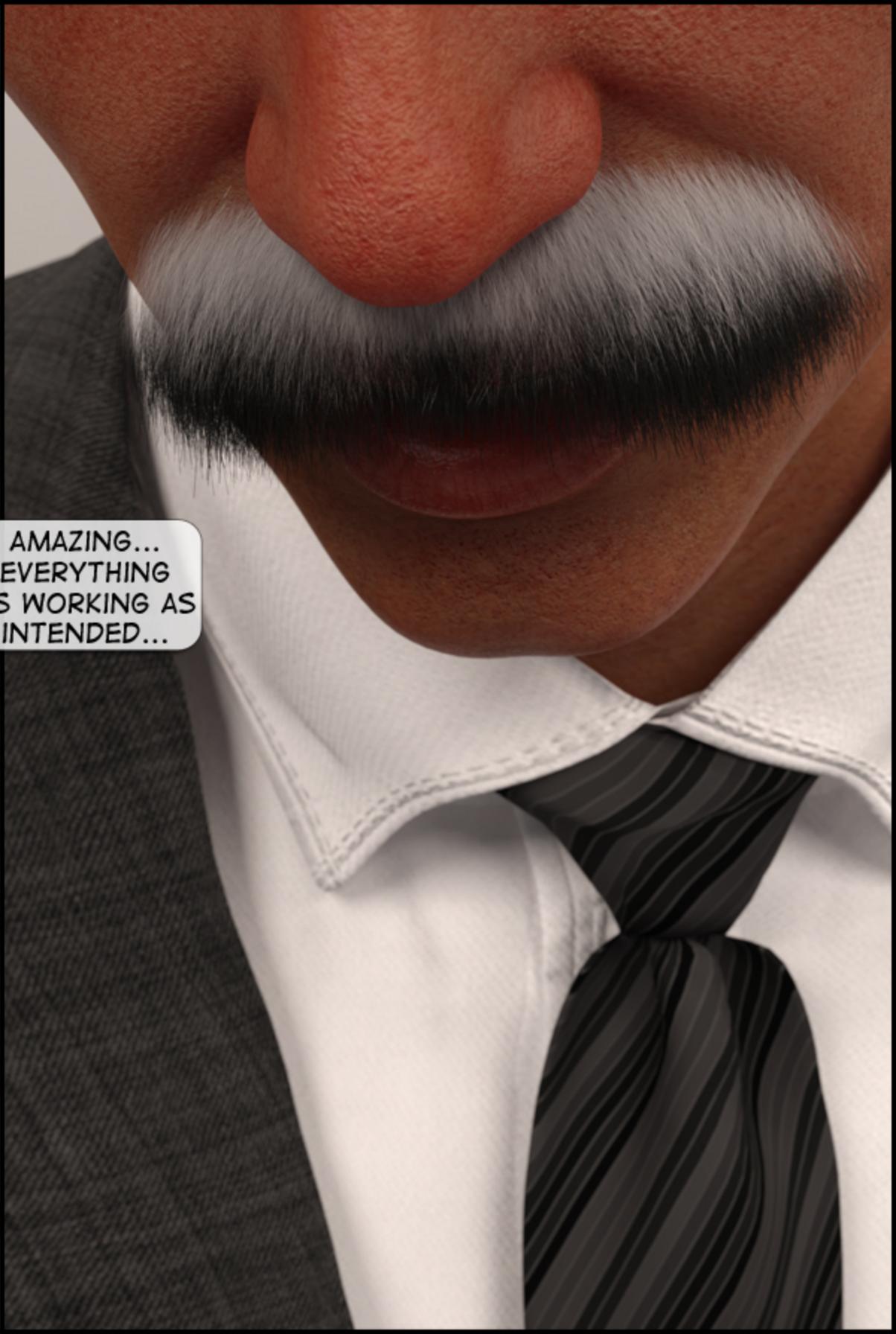
I WILL MAKE  
THEM PAY...

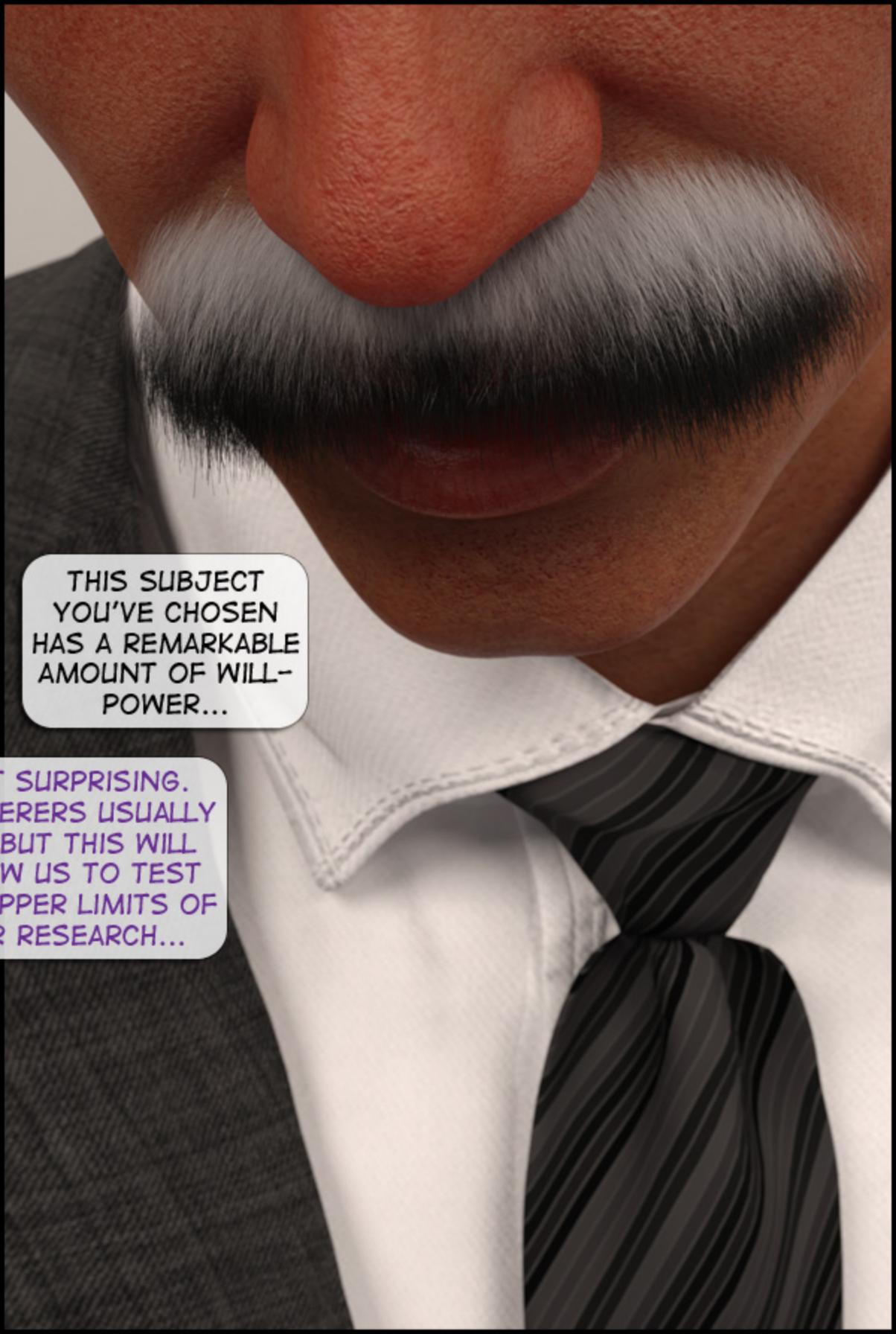
FUCK...  
YOU...





AMAZING...  
EVERYTHING  
IS WORKING AS  
INTENDED...



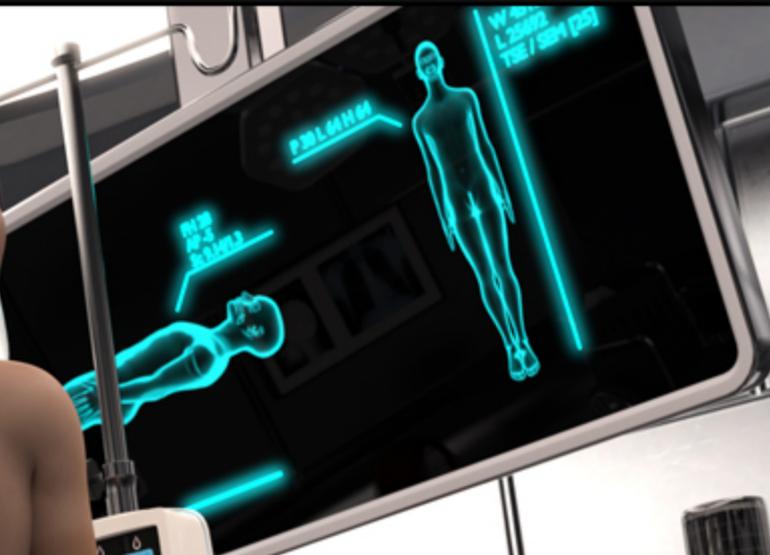


THIS SUBJECT  
YOU'VE CHOSEN  
HAS A REMARKABLE  
AMOUNT OF WILL-  
POWER...

NOT SURPRISING.  
MURDERERS USUALLY  
DO. BUT THIS WILL  
ALLOW US TO TEST  
THE UPPER LIMITS OF  
OUR RESEARCH...

I KNEW  
I SHOULD'VE  
NEVER LET  
YOU GO...

WHEN I  
GET OUT OF  
HERE, AND I WILL,  
YOU'LL WISH I  
DIDN'T...





I DID. FOR A LONG TIME AFTER HER DEATH, I WISHED IT WERE ME INSTEAD OF HER...

BUT I ALREADY GOT MY WISH. THANKS TO THE BRILLIANCE OF MY HUSBAND, SOFIA LIVES ON THROUGH ME...



POOR, HELPLESS  
MATEO HAS BEEN DEAD  
FOR A WHILE NOW...

AND SOON, BOTH THE  
BATSON BROTHERS WILL  
HAVE JOINED HIM...

YOU...  
YOU BITCH!  
I'LL KILL YOU!  
I...





UHHH!



THE RAGE I FELT WAS  
CONSUMED BY THE  
POWERFUL EMPTINESS  
THAT PLAGUED ME.

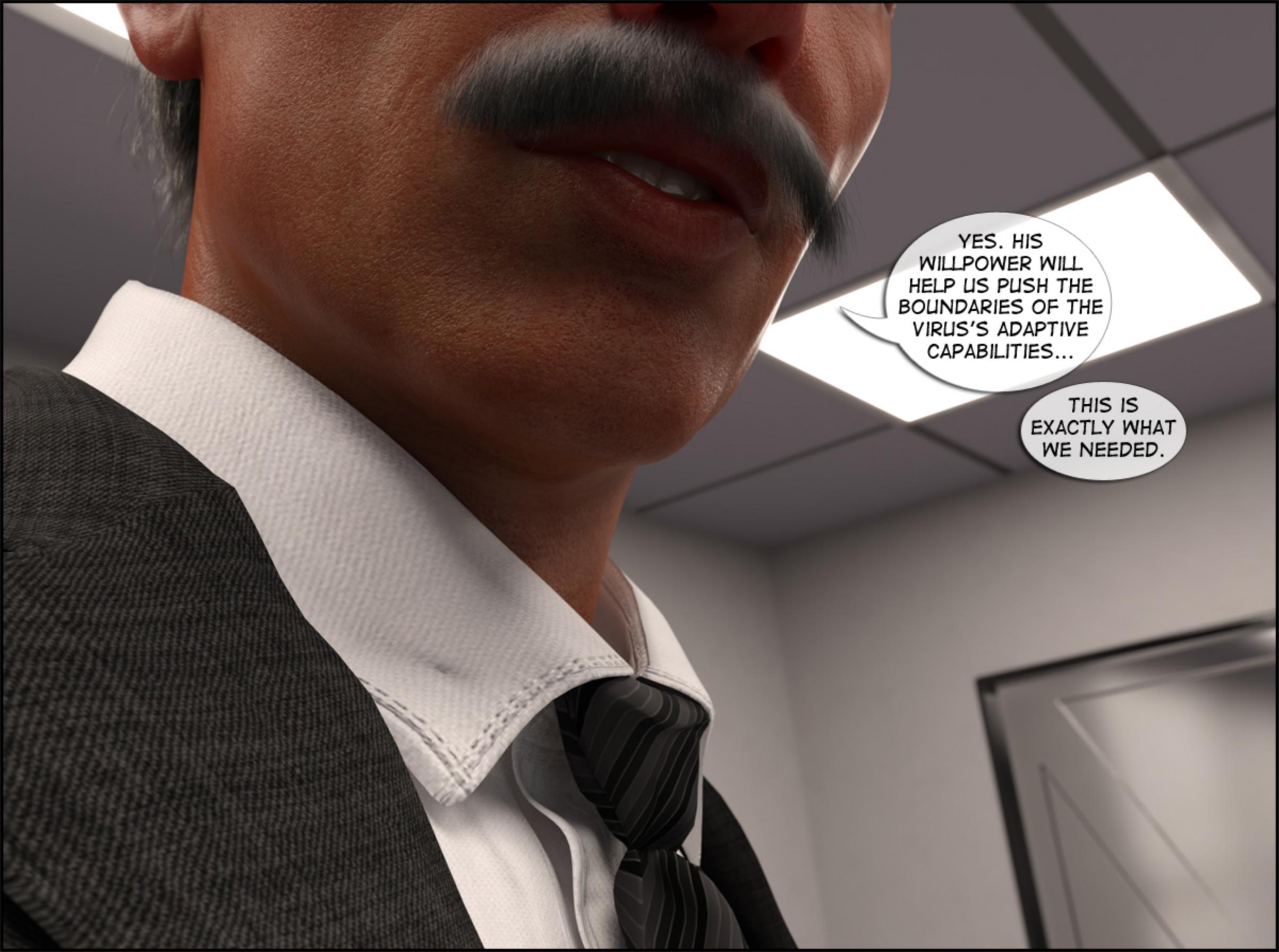
*OH,  
FUCK!*



I TRIED WITH ALL MY  
WILL TO DROWN THE  
FEELING OUT, BUT IT  
WAS TOO INTENSE...

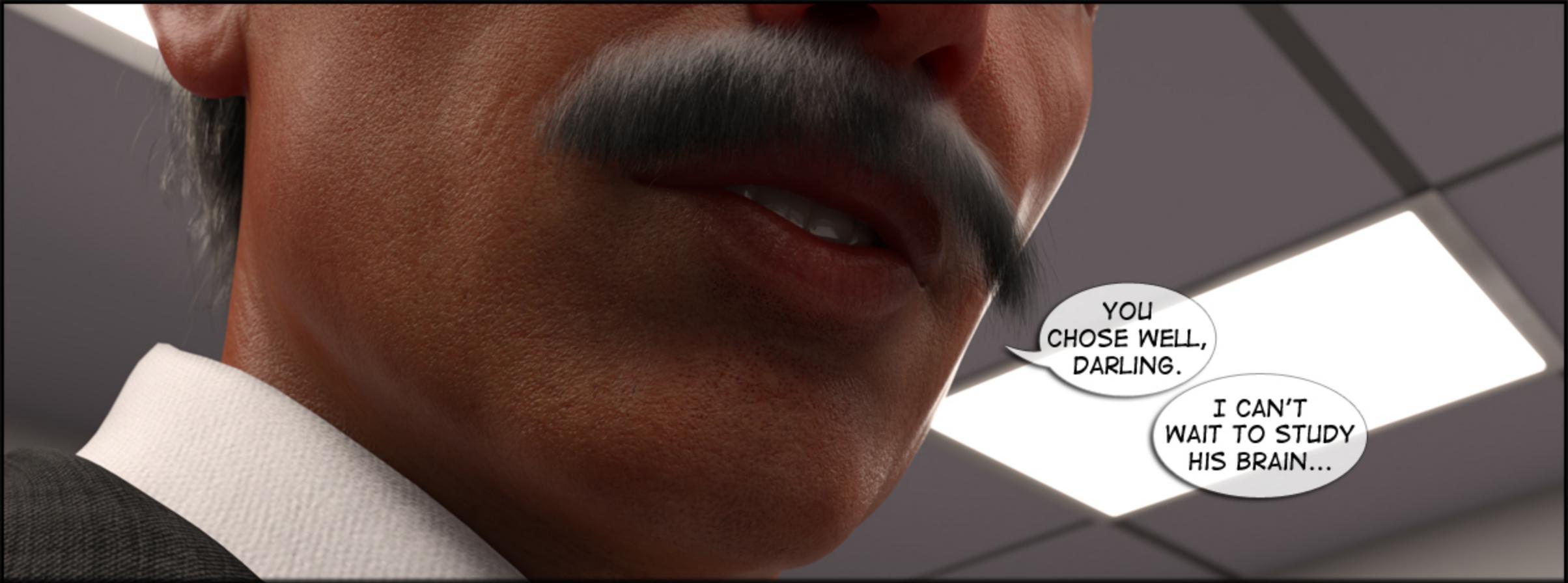
A FIRE WITHIN THAT  
CONSTANTLY GREW...





YES. HIS  
WILLPOWER WILL  
HELP US PUSH THE  
BOUNDARIES OF THE  
VIRUS'S ADAPTIVE  
CAPABILITIES...

THIS IS  
EXACTLY WHAT  
WE NEEDED.



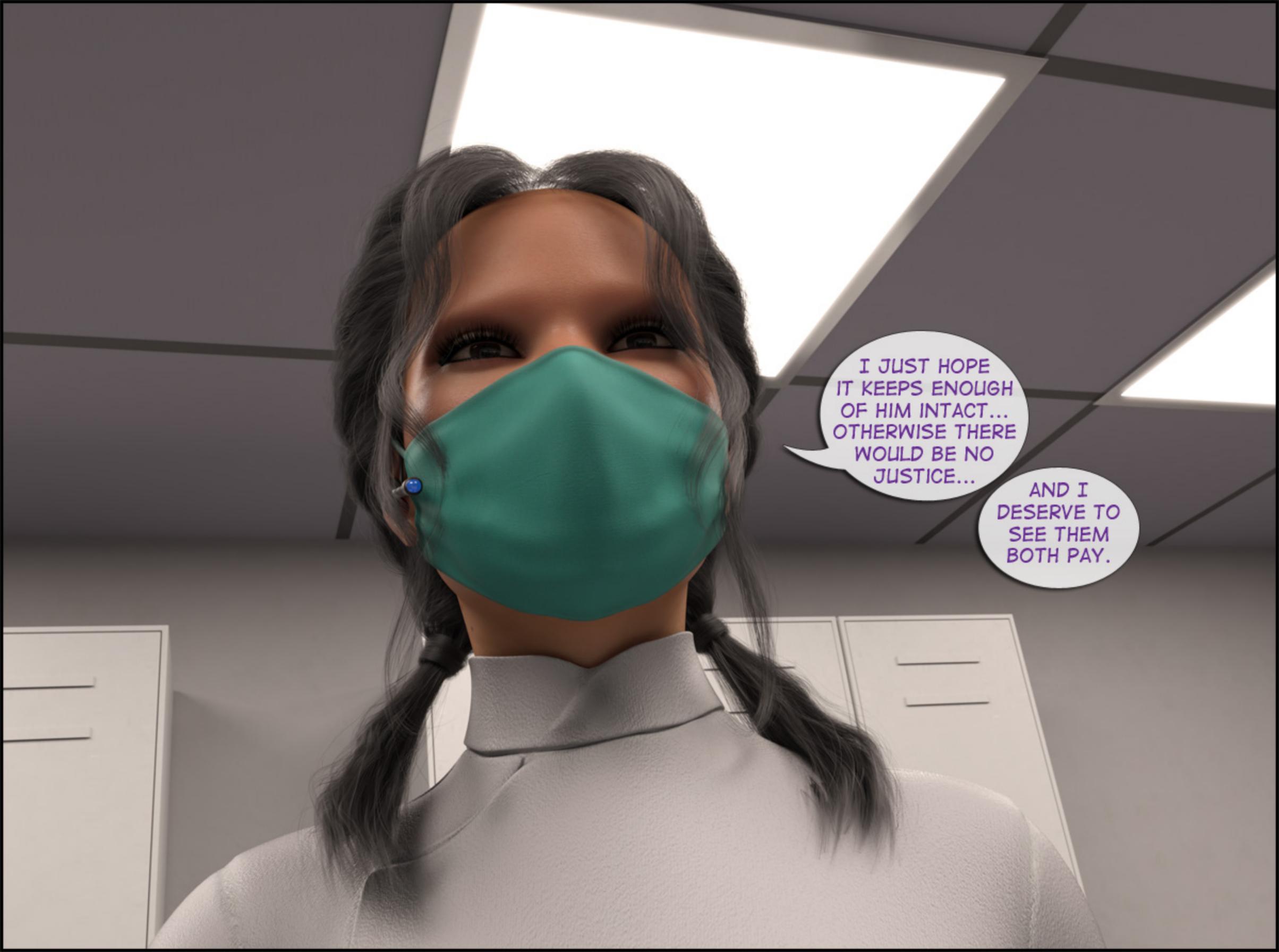
YOU  
CHOSE WELL,  
DARLING.

I CAN'T  
WAIT TO STUDY  
HIS BRAIN...



NEITHER  
CAN I...

EVER SINCE  
THE ACQUISITION  
OF GENEVIRA AND THE  
CREATION OF THE NANO-  
VIRUS, I'VE BEEN WAITING  
FOR THE RIGHT HUMAN  
TEST SUBJECT...



I JUST HOPE  
IT KEEPS ENOUGH  
OF HIM INTACT...  
OTHERWISE THERE  
WOULD BE NO  
JUSTICE...

AND I  
DESERVE TO  
SEE THEM  
BOTH PAY.



I COULD HEAR THEM  
TALK INCOHERENTLY  
AS MY BODY WARRED  
WITH MY MIND...

A CONSISTENT STREAM  
OF WETNESS DROOLED  
FROM THIS UNFAMILIAR  
PLACE, BEGGING FOR  
PHYSICAL ATTENTION...

EMBARASSING SOUNDS  
ESCAPED MY LIPS AS I  
SUFFERED THESE WAVES  
OF PAINFUL DESIRE...

I WANTED TO HIDE.  
I WANTED TO DIE...  
BUT I NEEDED...



SOMETHING LONG...  
SOMETHING HARD...

*HUFF...*



I COULD FEEL MYSELF  
BEGIN TO DISASSOCIATE  
AS I SUBCONSCIOUSLY  
REACHED FORWARD...

YET A PART OF ME  
STAYED PRESENT.



A 3D rendered scene of a person in a hospital bed. The person is wearing a purple beanie and has their eyes closed. They are sitting up in a white hospital bed with a black metal frame. A black dildo is lying on the white bedsheet in the foreground. The background shows a grey wall and a black metal stand with a blue pin. Two text boxes are overlaid on the image.

IT FELT LIKE TWO PEOPLE  
WERE INSIDE ME, FIGHTING  
VIOLENTLY FOR CONTROL...

AND FOR A MOMENT,  
I WASN'T SURE WHO  
I WANTED TO WIN...

MY RESISTANCE  
WAS FADING...

YOU CAN MAKE IT  
FEEL BETTER...



YOU NEED THIS...

I...  
I NEED...  
(HUFF)



MY HEAD FELT DRUNK  
AS I WATCHED MYSELF  
CHANGE POSITION...

KEEP GOING...



MY BODY WAS STILL TENSE  
AS IT SLOWLY CONTINUED...

THERE'S NO REASON  
TO FIGHT IT...



MY HIPS BUCKED WITH  
ANTICIPATION AS THE TIP  
OF THE FORBIDDEN OBJECT  
BRUSHED AGAINST ME...

KEEP GOING...

*I SHOULDN'T...  
SHOULD I...?*

I WAS CONFUSED. THE SENSATION FROM THE TINY NUB REMINDED ME OF WHAT I LOST, BUT A HUNDRED TIMES MORE SENSITIVE...

JUST A LITTLE BIT FURTHER...

JUST A LITTLE BIT FURTHER...





HOW DOES  
IT FEEL TO  
LOSE...?

I BET IT'S  
INTOXICATING  
RIGHT NOW...



FEELS GOOD...

IT FEELS  
SO GOOD...!

IT FEELS...  
(BREATH)

SQUIRT



A SUDDEN SURGE OF  
DEFIANCE SPRUNG IN  
RESPONSE TO HER  
LAST STATEMENT...

THIS FEELS  
WRONG!

WHAT  
THE FUCK AM  
I DOING?

I STILL HAD FIGHT  
LEFT. I COULDN'T  
LET THEM WIN...



PUT IT IN...!

YOU NEED IT  
SO BAD...!

NO! I  
WON'T!

IMMEDIATELY AFTER  
DISCARDING IT, THE  
POWERFUL EMPTINESS  
I FELT ONLY GREW...

A BRIEF SOBRIETY  
HAD FOLLOWED THE  
ADRENALINE RUSH...

I COULD FEEL SOME-  
THING ELSE HAPPENING  
TO ME, BUT I COULDN'T  
EXPLAIN WHAT IT WAS...

PLOP



GIGGLE

IT'S ONLY  
A MATTER OF  
TIME...

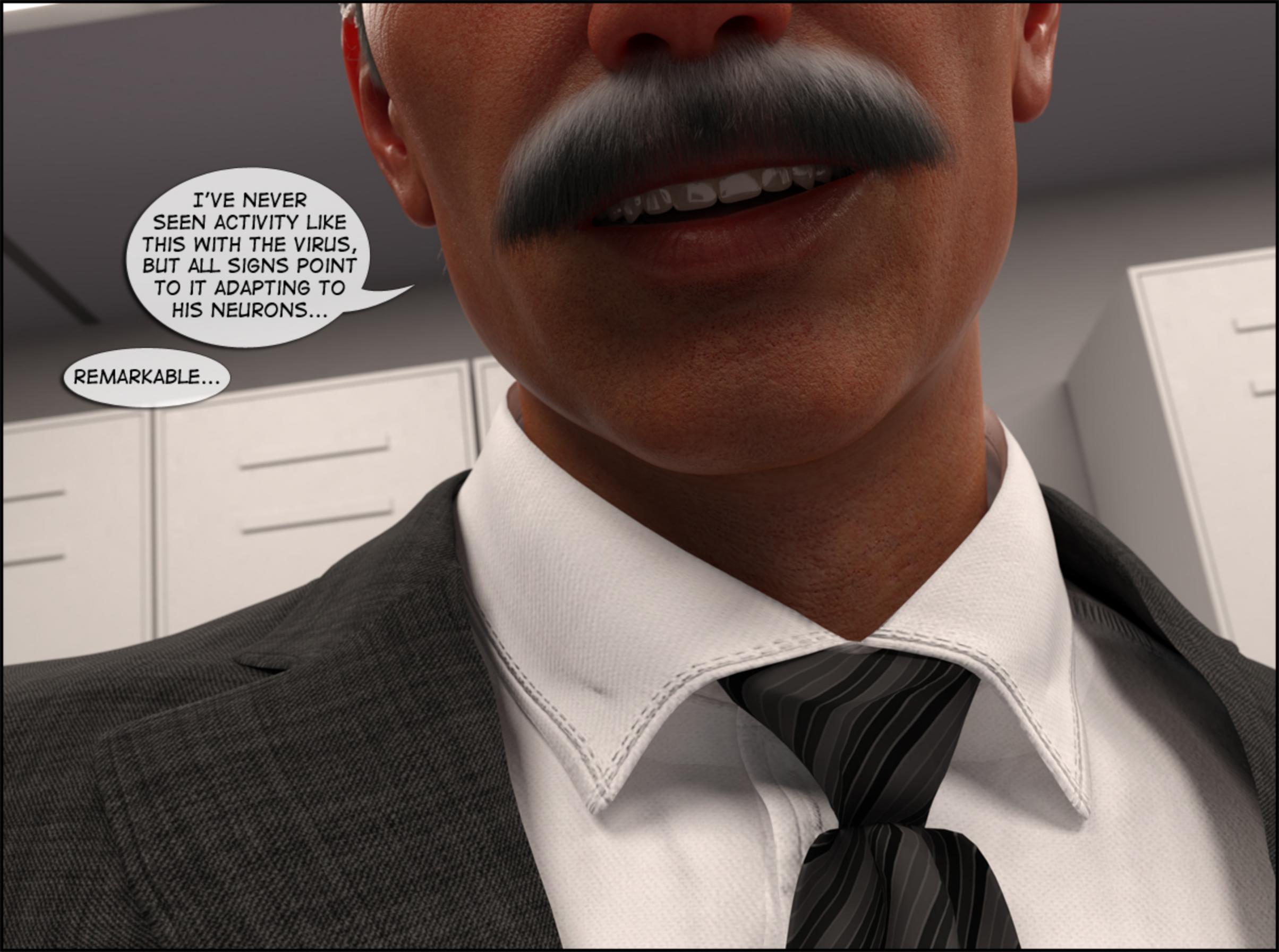
I COULD FEEL HER WATCHING  
ME FROM BEHIND THE GLASS,  
AS EVERY MUSCLE IN MY BODY  
TENSED IN RETALIATION...

HOW DOES THE READOUT LOOK?

ARE WE LOSING HIM?

THE PATTERN OF SYNAPSE RELAY IS PROMISING. IT APPEARS TO BE HOLDING...





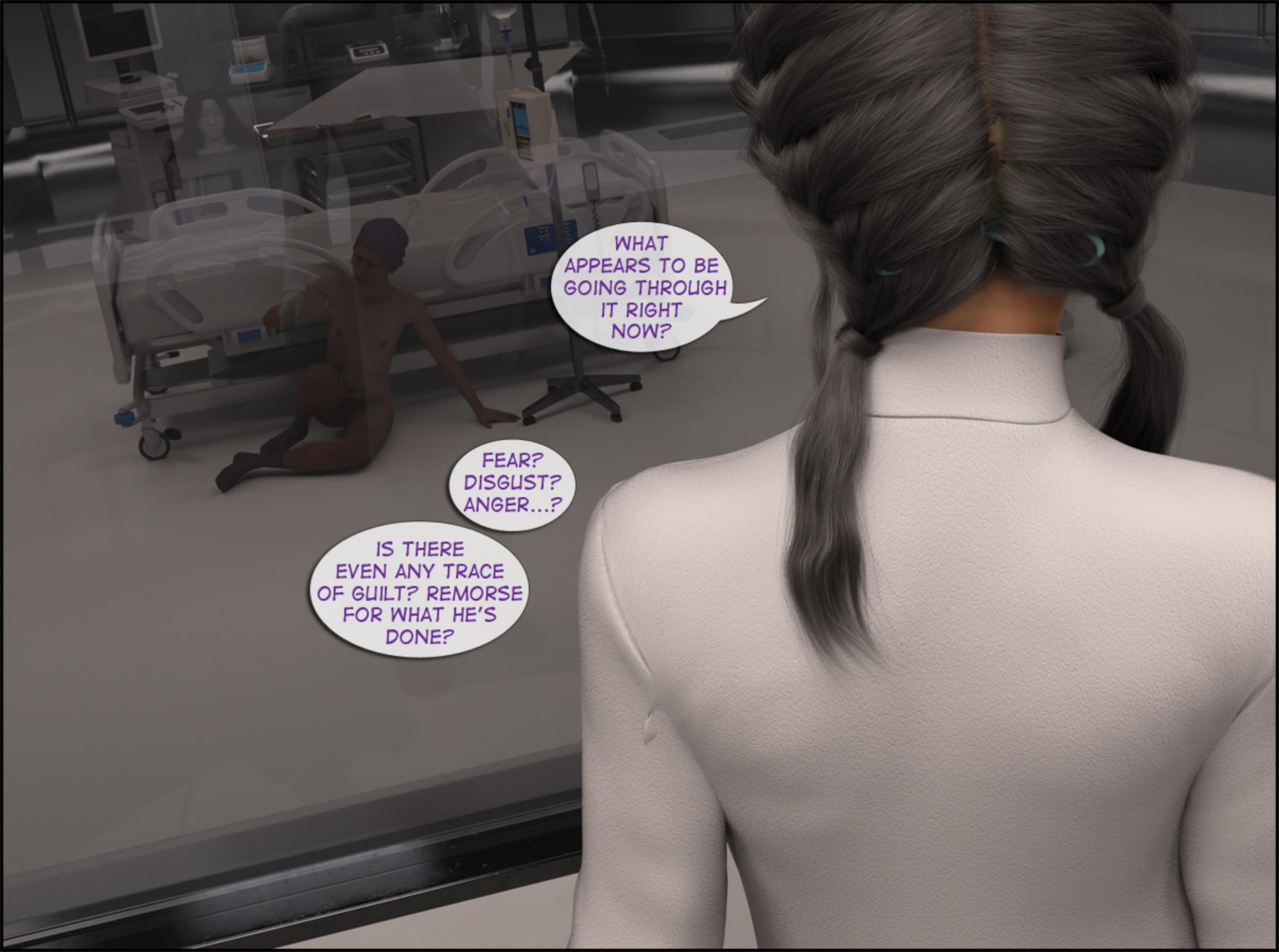
I'VE NEVER  
SEEN ACTIVITY LIKE  
THIS WITH THE VIRUS,  
BUT ALL SIGNS POINT  
TO IT ADAPTING TO  
HIS NEURONS...

REMARKABLE...

A woman with dark hair in a braid, wearing a white lab coat and a teal surgical mask, is shown in profile. She is in a hospital or laboratory setting with medical equipment and a wheelchair visible in the background. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the scene.

GOOD.  
THEN, SOON,  
WE'LL BE ABLE  
TO MOVE ON TO  
PHASE TWO...

WITH HIS  
MIND STILL  
INTACT.

A woman with long, dark hair styled in two braids is seen from behind, looking into a hospital room. The room contains several hospital beds, some with patients. One man is sitting on the floor in the foreground, looking towards the camera. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting a serious or somber atmosphere.

WHAT APPEARS TO BE GOING THROUGH IT RIGHT NOW?

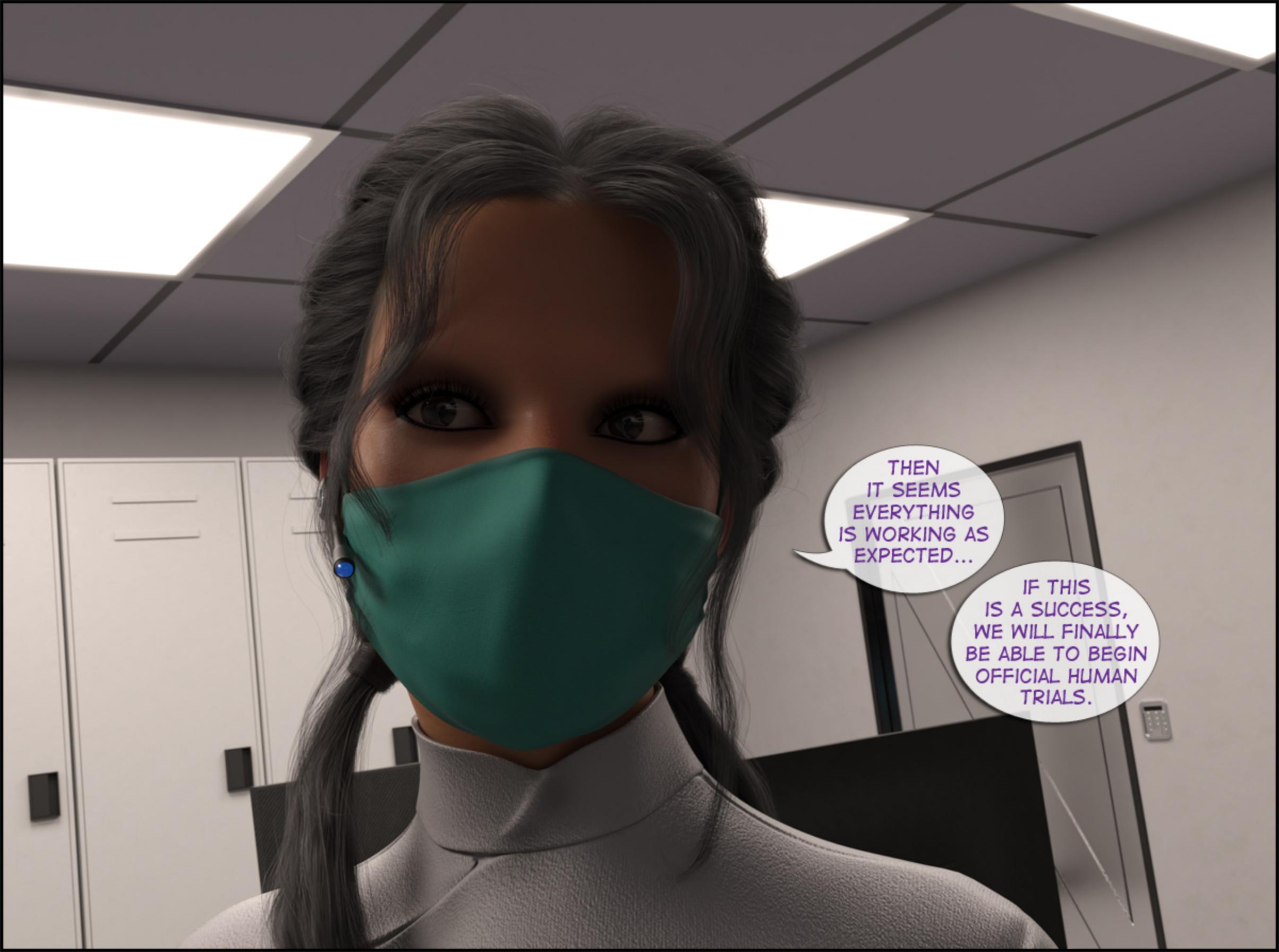
FEAR?  
DISGUST?  
ANGER...?

IS THERE EVEN ANY TRACE OF GUILT? REMORSE FOR WHAT HE'S DONE?

A close-up, high-angle shot of a man's face, focusing on his nose, a thick grey mustache, and his closed lips. He is wearing a dark grey suit jacket, a white dress shirt, and a dark tie with thin, light-colored diagonal stripes. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a few vertical lines. Two speech bubbles are positioned to the left of his face. The first speech bubble is larger and contains the text: "GUILT? NO. THERE ARE PLENTY OF NEGATIVE EMOTIONS INFLUENCING HIS THOUGHT PATTERN, HOWEVER." The second speech bubble is smaller and contains the text: "BUT A GOOD AMOUNT OF THE NANOVIRUS IS MOVING TO ASSIMILATE, WITHOUT SUPPRESSING THESE EMOTIONS."

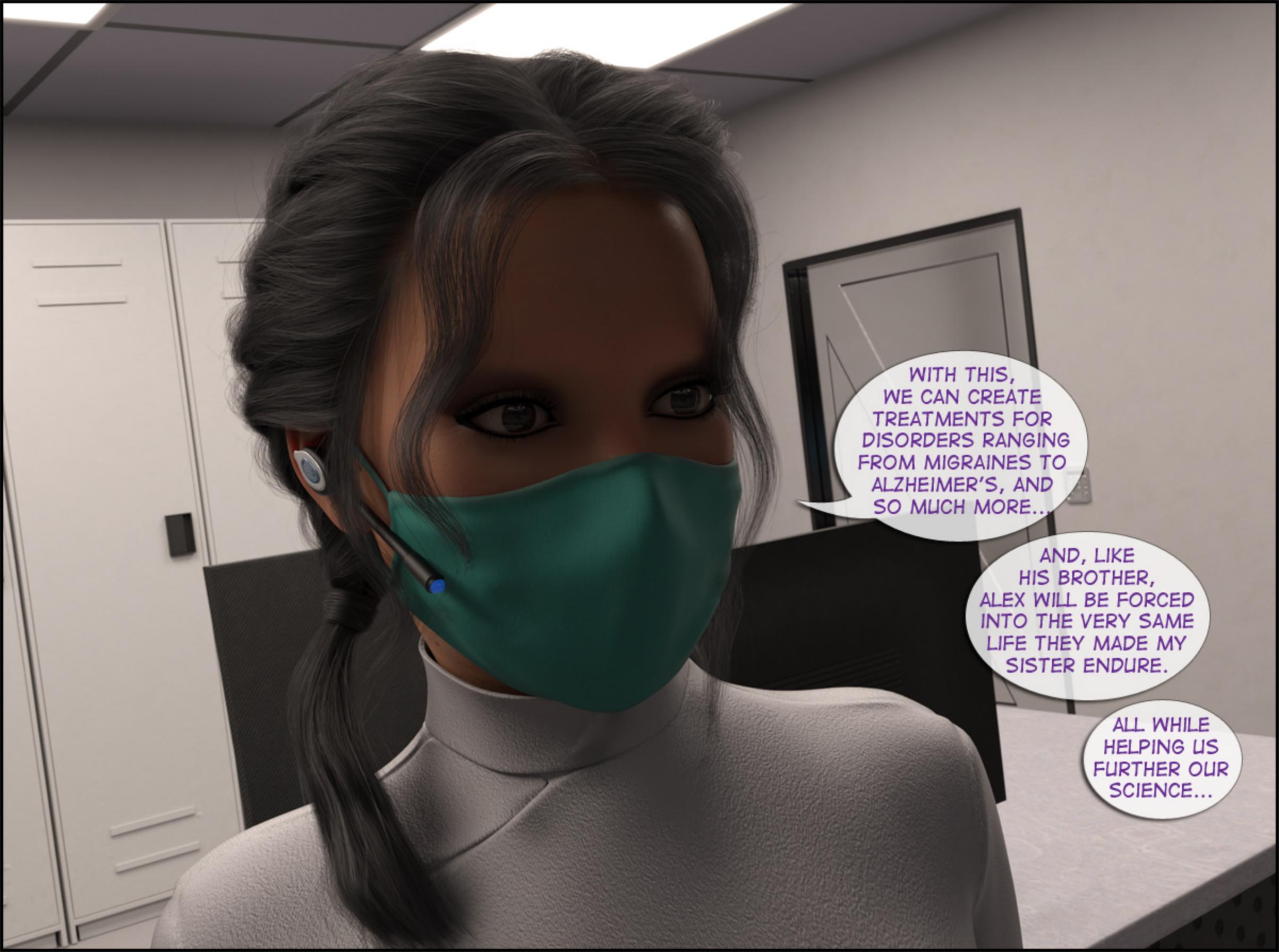
GUILT? NO.  
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OF NEGATIVE EMOTIONS  
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BUT A GOOD  
AMOUNT OF THE  
NANOVIRUS IS MOVING  
TO ASSIMILATE, WITHOUT  
SUPPRESSING THESE  
EMOTIONS.



THEN  
IT SEEMS  
EVERYTHING  
IS WORKING AS  
EXPECTED...

IF THIS  
IS A SUCCESS,  
WE WILL FINALLY  
BE ABLE TO BEGIN  
OFFICIAL HUMAN  
TRIALS.



WITH THIS,  
WE CAN CREATE  
TREATMENTS FOR  
DISORDERS RANGING  
FROM MIGRAINES TO  
ALZHEIMER'S, AND  
SO MUCH MORE...

AND, LIKE  
HIS BROTHER,  
ALEX WILL BE FORCED  
INTO THE VERY SAME  
LIFE THEY MADE MY  
SISTER ENDURE.

ALL WHILE  
HELPING US  
FURTHER OUR  
SCIENCE...

ASSUMING THERE  
ARE NO HICCLIPS  
ALONG THE WAY...

YES, OF COURSE.  
I WILL MONITOR  
HIM CLOSELY...

WUH...?  
I CAN'T...  
SHUH...!



THE WORDS THEY SPOKE  
MADE LITTLE SENSE, AS  
MY CONSCIOUSNESS  
FADED IN AND OUT...



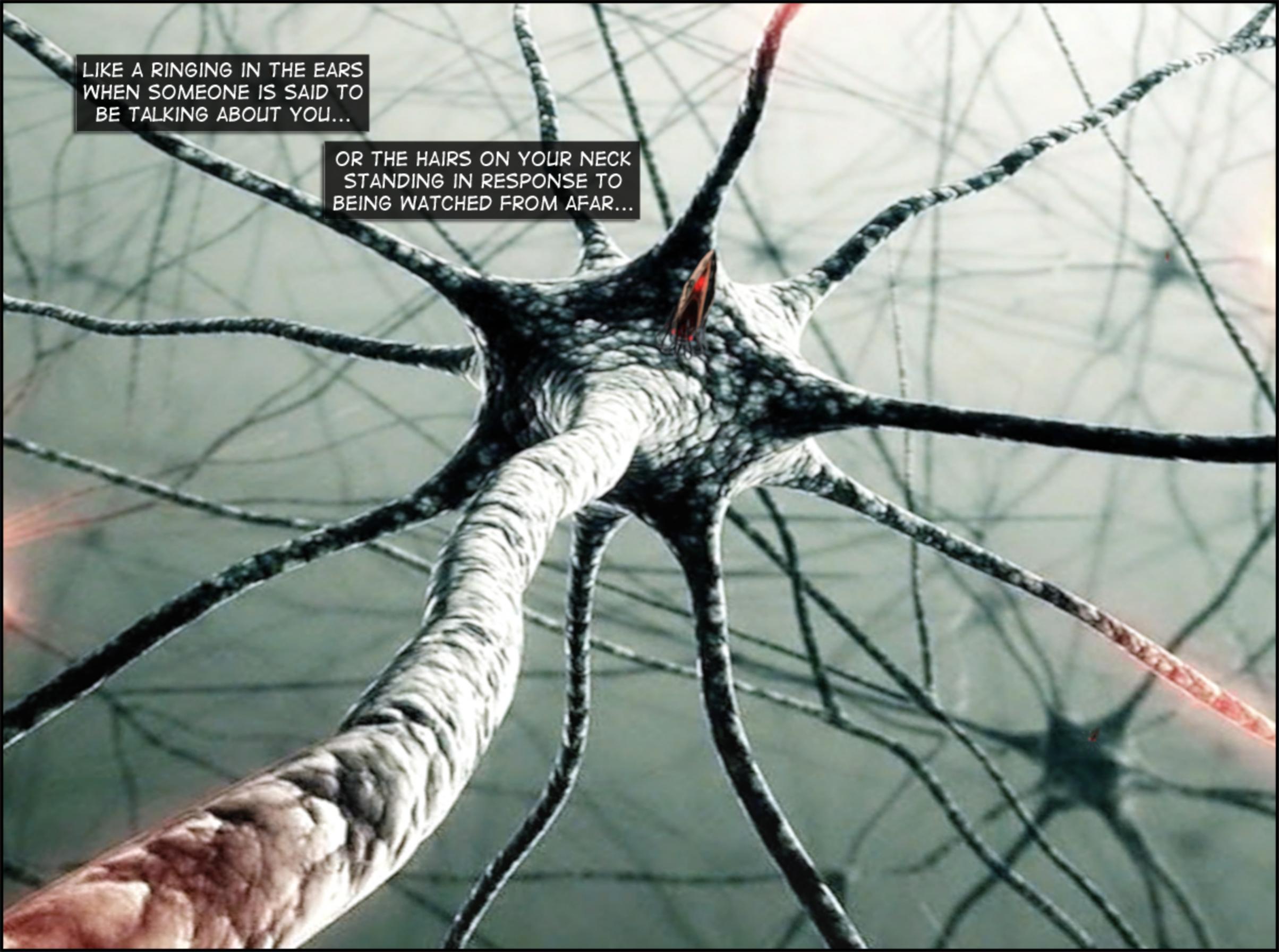


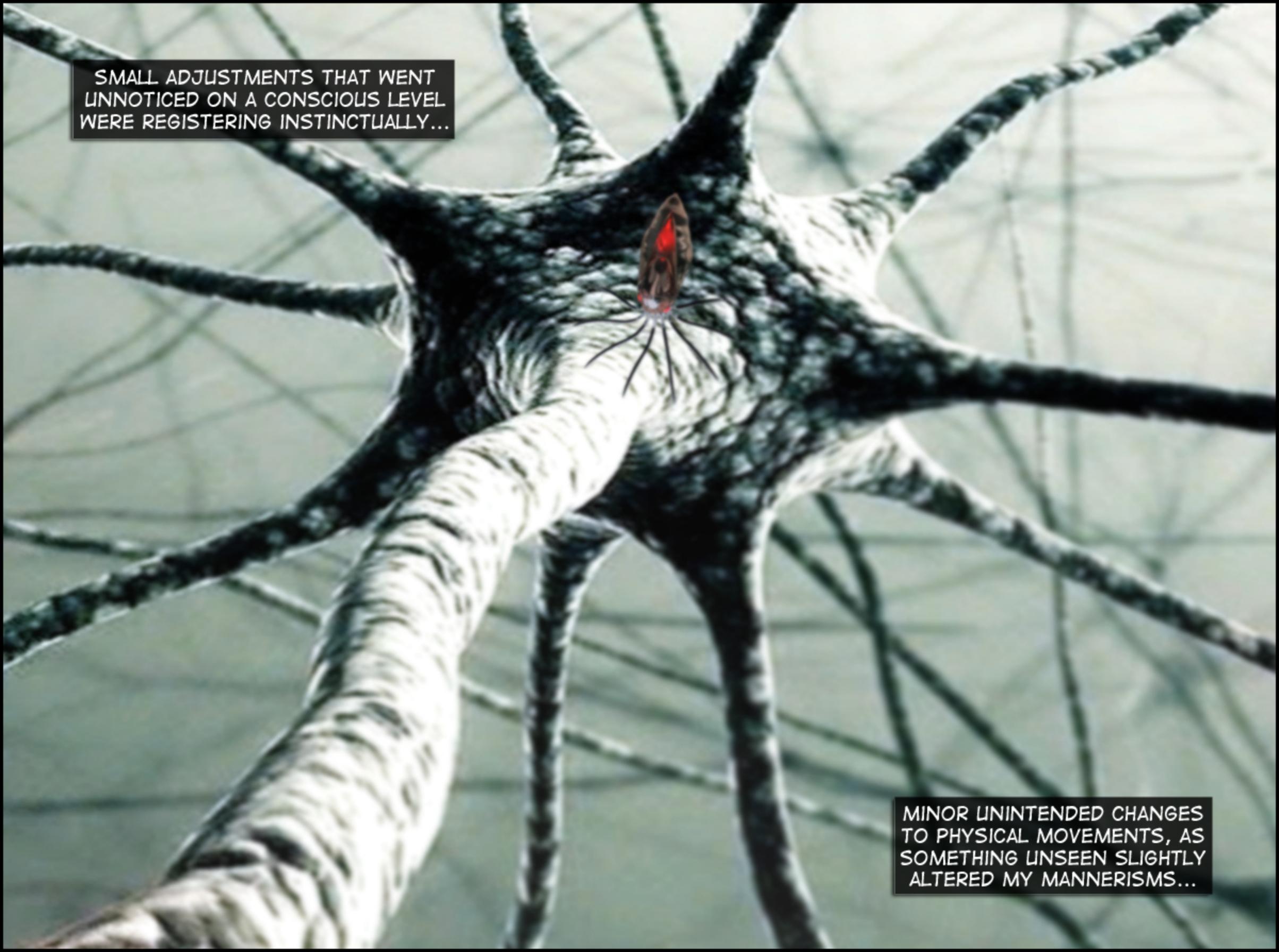
SOMETHING INSIDE OF  
ME WAS CHANGING...

I COULD FEEL IT DURING  
MY BRIEF MOMENTS OF  
CLARITY BETWEEN DIPS...

LIKE A RINGING IN THE EARS  
WHEN SOMEONE IS SAID TO  
BE TALKING ABOUT YOU...

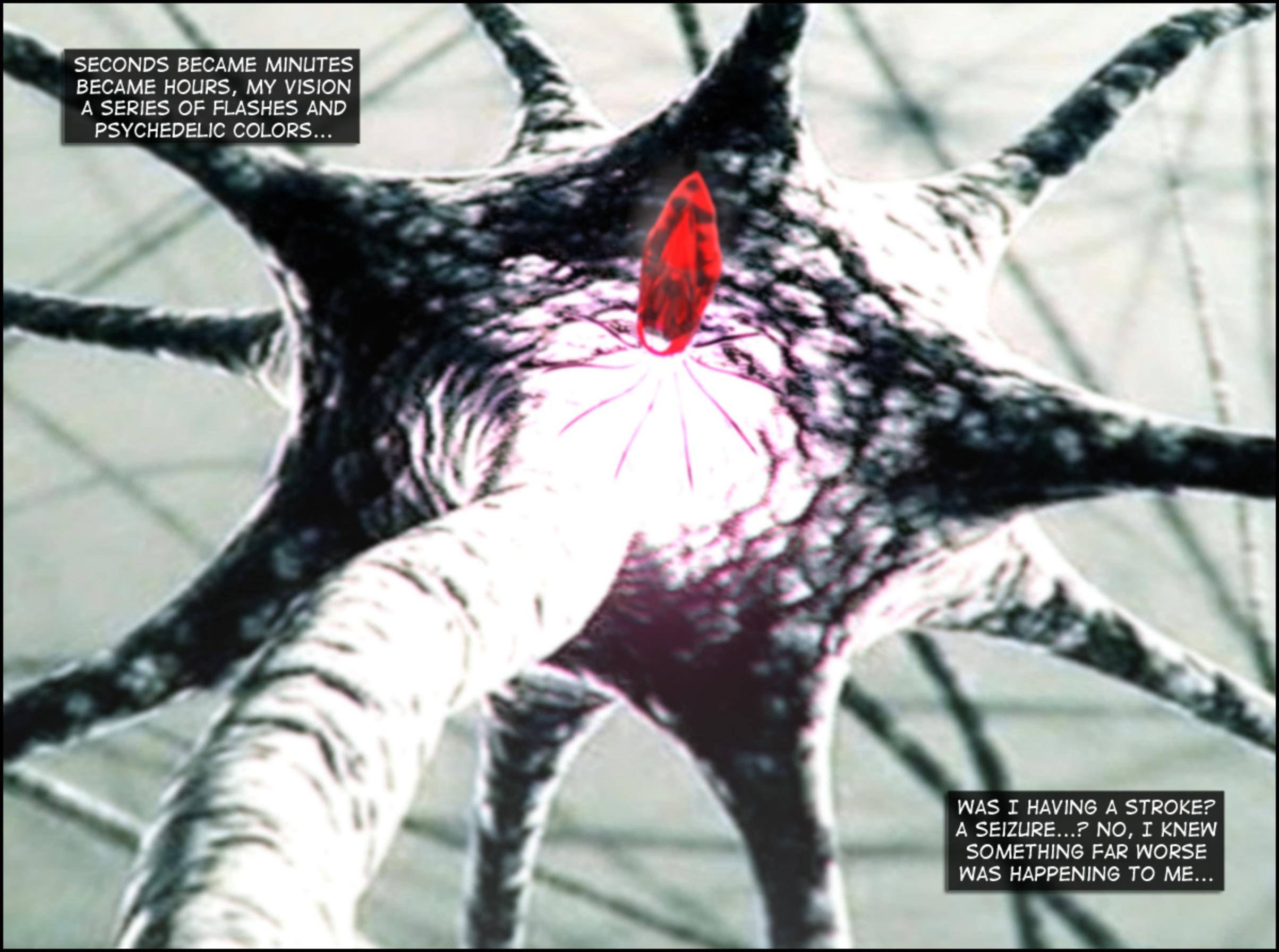
OR THE HAIRS ON YOUR NECK  
STANDING IN RESPONSE TO  
BEING WATCHED FROM AFAR...





SMALL ADJUSTMENTS THAT WENT  
UNNOTICED ON A CONSCIOUS LEVEL  
WERE REGISTERING INSTINCTUALLY...

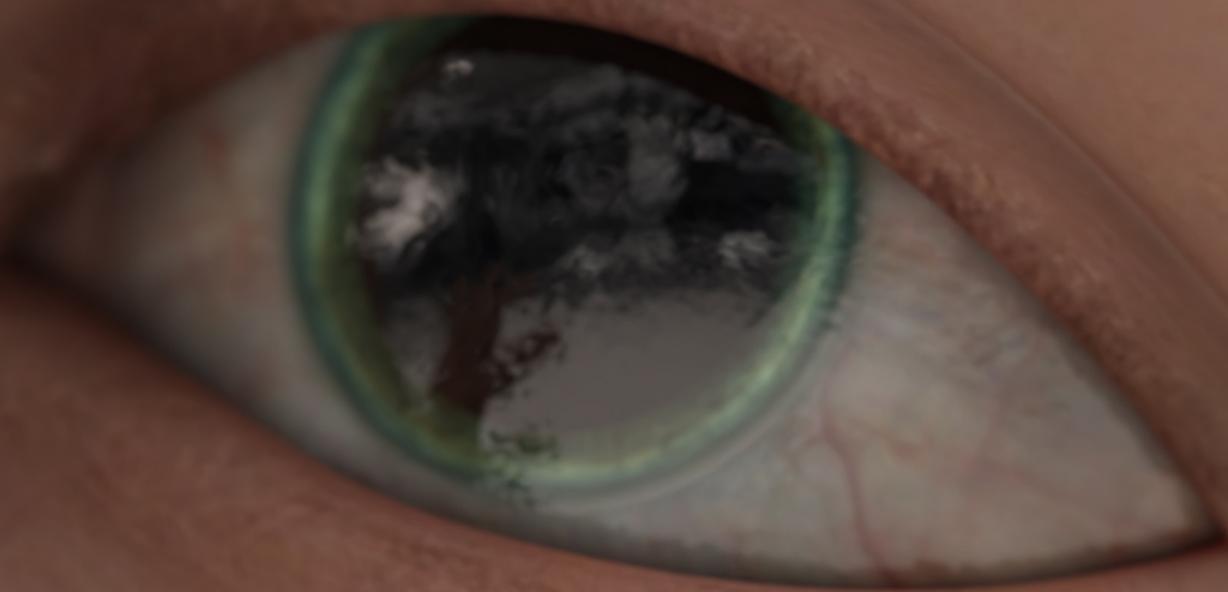
MINOR UNINTENDED CHANGES  
TO PHYSICAL MOVEMENTS, AS  
SOMETHING UNSEEN SLIGHTLY  
ALTERED MY MANNERISMS...



SECONDS BECAME MINUTES  
BECAME HOURS, MY VISION  
A SERIES OF FLASHES AND  
PSYCHEDELIC COLORS...

WAS I HAVING A STROKE?  
A SEIZURE...? NO, I KNEW  
SOMETHING FAR WORSE  
WAS HAPPENING TO ME...

EACH TIME I FOUGHT THE THINGS  
THAT REBELLED AGAINST MY VERY  
NATURE, I CAME BACK FROM THIS  
EXPERIENCE WITH A LITTLE LESS...



BUT THIS TIME, I LOST  
SIGNIFICANTLY MORE...

BEFORE I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING, MY BODY WAS CRAWLING ALL BY ITSELF...

LUNGING HUNGRILY LIKE A ZOMBIE, REACHING AFTER THE DILDO I DISCARDED...

I NEED...



DEFENSIVELY, I ATTEMPTED TO  
STOP MYSELF ONCE MORE...

NO!

THE FEELING THAT FOLLOWED  
WAS ABSOLUTELY MADDENING...

AN ITCH THAT COULDN'T  
BE SCRATCHED FORMED  
DEEP INSIDE MY HEAD...



*GAH!*

SIGHT, SOUND, AND ALL  
OF MY OTHER CORE SENSES  
DISAPPEARED IN THE SERIES  
OF FLASHES THAT FOLLOWED.

EVERY TIME I FOUGHT MY  
INTRUDER, IT FOUGHT BACK  
EVEN HARDER THAN BEFORE.

AND EACH TIME I WAS LEFT  
WITH LESS TO FIGHT WITH...



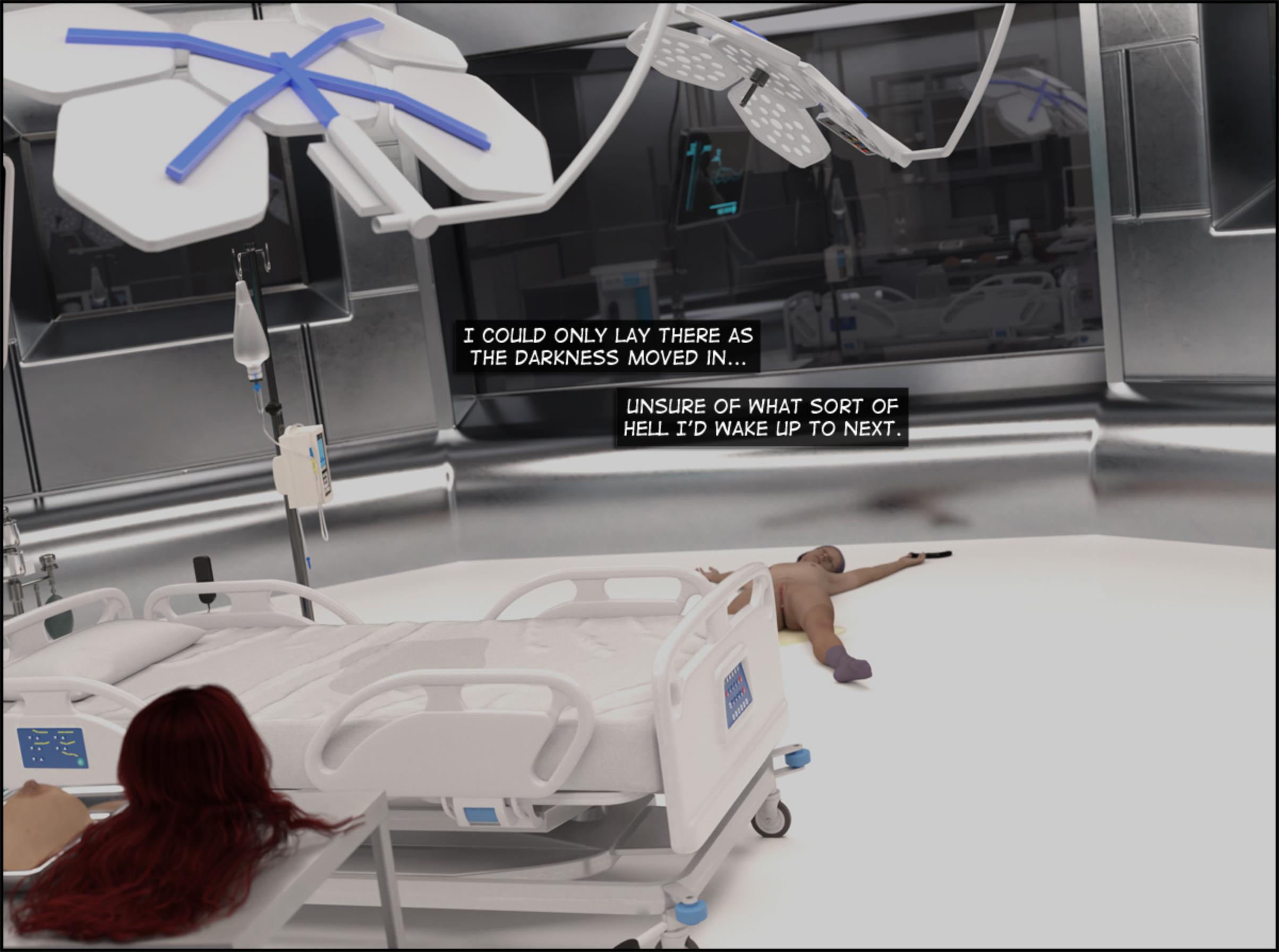
UNTIL IT FINALLY WON...





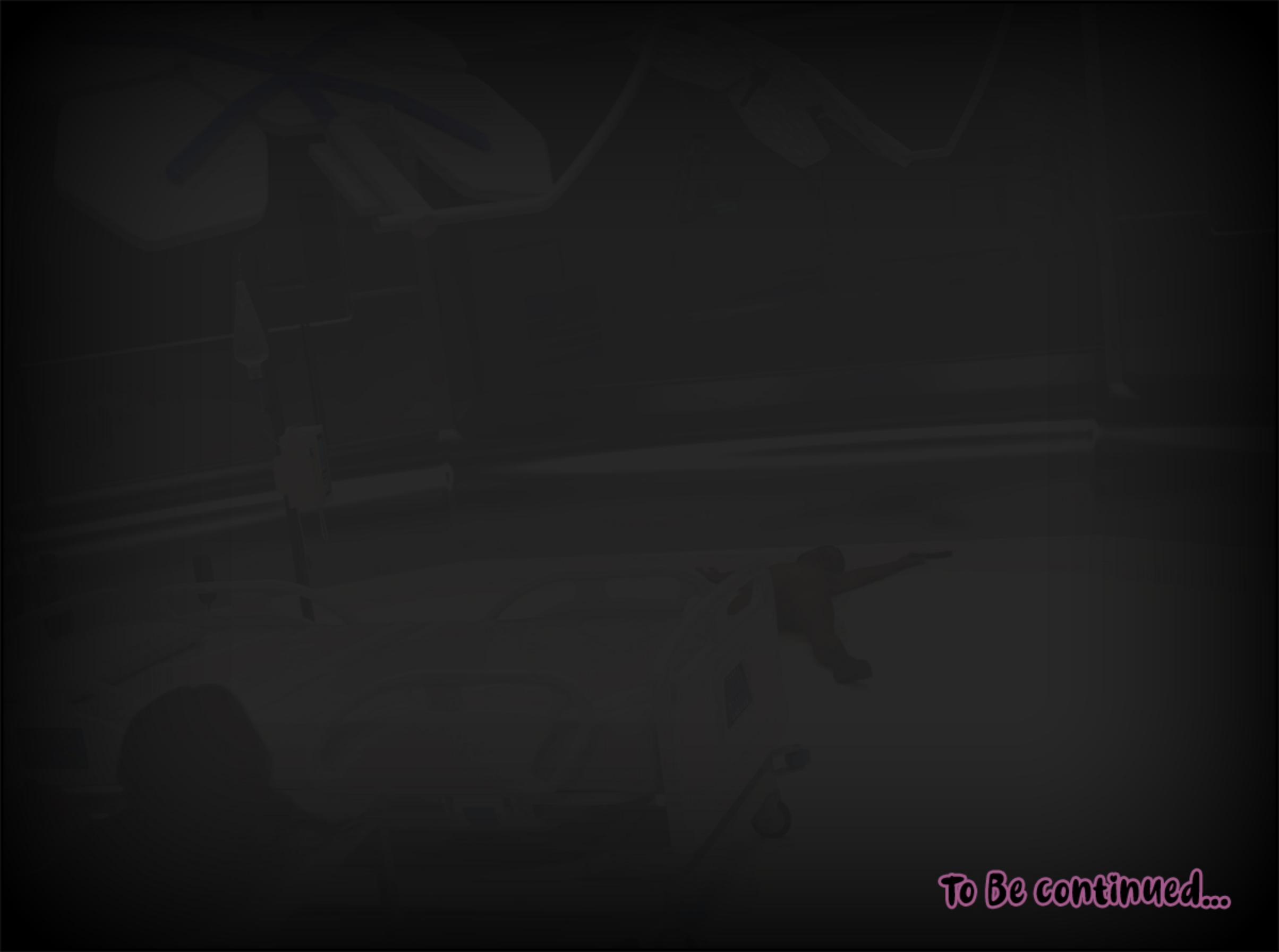
AS I LAY THERE DEFEATED,  
PHYSICALLY EXHAUSTED...

MY SENSES ALL SLOWLY  
RETURNED, JUST IN TIME  
FOR SLEEP TO TAKE ME...

A hospital room with a man lying on the floor and a woman sitting at a table. The man is lying on his back on a yellow mat on the floor, holding a handgun. The woman is sitting at a table in the foreground, looking towards the man. The room has a white bed, a large window, and a ceiling-mounted light fixture.

I COULD ONLY LAY THERE AS  
THE DARKNESS MOVED IN...

UNSURE OF WHAT SORT OF  
HELL I'D WAKE UP TO NEXT.



To Be continued...