

KaraComet Presents


# The Search For Detective Batson

Chapter 8: Leftovers



I WASN'T REALLY SURE HOW LONG I  
SPENT IN THE DINING ROOM ALONE,  
EATING AS MUCH FOOD AS I COULD...

UNABLE TO SATISFY MY APETITE, I ATE  
UNTIL THE THOUGHT OF ANOTHER BITE  
MADE ME FEEL SICK TO MY STOMACH...

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a floral-patterned dress and high-heeled sandals, stands in a doorway. She is looking into a room that appears to be a kitchen or a living area. The room is dimly lit, with a window visible in the background. The woman's expression is somber. The scene is set in a room with a dark wall and a brass light fixture on the left. A large, dark, textured object is visible on the far left side of the frame.

BLOATED AND STILL INCREDIBLY SORE  
AND LETHARGIC FROM MY RECOVERY, I  
SLOWLY HEADED BACK TO THIS ROOM...

THE ONLY REAL PLACE OF COMFORT I  
KNEW OF IN THIS DERANGED PRISON...

NHH...



CHICK!

UNABLE TO PROCESS EVERYTHING THAT HAD HAPPENED SINCE I WOKE UP THIS AFTERNOON, THE ONLY THING I COULD FOCUS ON WAS THE DESIRE TO REST...

PERHAPS, WITH A LITTLE MORE ENERGY, I COULD FIGURE OUT MY NEXT MOVE...



*♪ I got a brand-new outfit  
and a sparkle on my lips... ♪*

**BUT THAT WOULD HAVE TO WAIT...**

**I WAS IN NO CONDITION TO ATTEMPT  
ANYTHING TONIGHT, ESPECIALLY WITH  
HOW LIMITED MY MIND HAS BECOME...**

♪ Every time I see him, I  
can't help but do a flip... ♪

I FELT CONFUSED AS I MADE MY WAY  
INTO THE ROOM THEY ASSIGNED ME...

I HAD ONLY SPENT THE FIRST HALF OF  
THE DAY HERE, PREPARING FOR THAT  
UNEXPECTED DINNER, BUT SOMETHING  
ABOUT THIS PLACE FELT DIFFERENT...

I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT THAT MIGHT BE. THIS ENTIRE SITUATION I FOUND MYSELF IN WAS TOO MUCH...

AND THIS SUDDEN ONSLAUGHT OF LOUD POP MUSIC DIDN'T HELP MY FRAGMENTED ATTENTION SPAN...

♪ Daydreaming in math class,  
making hearts in my notes... ♪

WHAT  
THE FRICK IS  
THAT SLUCKY  
NOISE...?

WHERE  
THE HECK IS IT  
EVEN COMING  
FROM...?



♪ Don't care who catches me,  
I'm lost in my own hopes... ♪



NOW I  
HAVE TO DEAL  
WITH THIS,  
TOO...?  
UGH...!

1008

Pop Culture Hits



# Boy Crazy

Artist: Bubble Gum Bimbos  
Album: Hot n Thirsty  
Debut: December 2002



# Boy Crazy

Artist: Bubble Gum Bimbos  
Album: Hot n Thirsty  
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♪ Got my lip gloss poppin',  
my phone has full charge! ♪

BETWEEN HOW EXHAUSTED I FELT,  
HOW BLOATED MY STOMACH WAS,  
AND NOW, THIS **DARN** HEADACHE...

I WISHED THAT THEY WOULD'VE  
JUST PUT ME BACK IN A COMA...

GOSH,  
THIS EFFING  
SUCKS...



♪ Becky keeps askin', "Why you dreamin' so large?" ♪

WHY DID I HAVE TO GO AND EAT SO MUCH...?

AND HOW DO I STILL FEEL SO HUNGRY...?

♪ She says "Slow down, girl..." ♪

IF I EAT  
ANYTHING ELSE,  
I FEEL LIKE I'D  
EXPLODE...

BUT I ALSO  
FEEL LIKE I'M  
STARVING...

♪ But I can't help it, no way... ♪

MAYBE I CAN HAVE MORE IN THE MORNING...

*SIGH*

JEEZUM, JUST LOOK AT WHAT THEY DID TO YOU...

DRESSED LIKE THIS, AND AFTER EVERYTHING, ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT IS EATING AGAIN...



♪ Spinning 'round  
and 'round... ♪

MAYBE  
I JUST...

WAIT...  
THAT WASN'T  
THERE BEFORE,  
WAS IT...?



♪ Why should I  
play it safe?... ♪

THAT  
MUST BE THE  
THING THAT FELT  
DIFFERENT...

BUT WHY  
WOULD THEY  
LEAVE ME A  
BOOK...?


"BOY CRAZY" CONTINUES  
IN THE BACKGROUND... 🎵

MAYBE  
IT'S, LIKE, FULL  
OF STUFF I NEED  
TO DO TO FIND  
THOSE OTHER  
ROOMS!

**GASP**

WHAT IF  
IT HAS INCRI...  
CRIMIMAY...  
TING...

**UGH!**



IF THEY,  
LIKE, WROTE  
STUFF TEASING  
ME, MAYBE I CAN,  
LIKE, FIND A WAY  
TO PROVE WHO  
I AM...



WHAT  
IF IT DOES?  
LIKE, HOW DO I  
EVEN GET IT TO  
SOMEONE WHO  
CAN HELP...?

EVEN IN MY STATE, I COULD FEEL A BRIEF MOMENT OF CLARITY THROUGH THE LAYERS OF FOG IN MY BRAIN...

IT WOULDN'T BE OUT OF CHARACTER FOR **MISS SOFIA** TO LEAVE ME WITH SOMETHING HUMILIATING TO REMIND ME OF EVERYTHING THEY'VE DONE...


MY  
DIARY

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE MY ABDUCTION, I HAD A PLAN...

OR, AT LEAST, THE CONCEPT OF ONE...



This diary is property of Alexis Jean Passion.

A pink room with a window, a mirror, and a vanity. A pink folder is on a ledge. The folder has a cartoon girl and the text 'MILK' on it. A speech bubble says 'WELL, UNTIL I WORKED UP THE COURAGE TO OPEN THE THING...'. Another speech bubble says 'UGH! IT'S FREAKIN' EMPTY!'.

WELL, UNTIL I WORKED UP THE COURAGE TO OPEN THE THING...

UGH!  
IT'S  
FREAKIN'  
EMPTY!

I WAS FOOLISH TO ASSUME THEY'D BE SO CARELESS, AND I STILL FELT LIKE I WAS MISSING SOMETHING IMPORTANT...

BUT THAT WOULD HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW...

THUMP



I HAD ALMOST NOTHING LEFT TO GIVE, AND I STILL NEEDED TO GET OUT OF THIS RIDICULOUS DRESS...

SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO DO SINCE I SUBCONSCIOUSLY PUT IT ON. THANKFULLY, MY BODY WAS FINALLY WILLING TO COOPERATE.

MAYBE IT'S JUST TOO TIRED TO FIGHT BACK...?





I BRIEFLY CONSIDERED LOOKING FOR WEAK SPOTS IN MY CONDITIONING DURING THIS INTENSE EXHAUSTION...

BUT EVEN IF I COULD SOMEHOW FIND THE DRIVE TO TEST SOMETHING, ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT NOW WAS THIS SOFT BED...

*SIGH...*



"TOMORROW," I TOLD MYSELF...

"I'LL BE BETTER TOMORROW..."



THIS WAS ALL THAT MATTERED, NOW...


UMF...!

CRUMPLE



GROAN

I PROBABLY...  
SHOULDN'T HAVE...  
LANDED ON MY...  
STOMACH...




THE PRESSURE ON MY DISTENDED BELLY WAS UNCOMFORTABLE, BUT THE SATISFACTION I FELT FROM THE SILKEN SHEETS AGAINST MY ODDLY SENSITIVE SKIN WAS MORE POTENT...

*HUFF...*


*HUFF...*

AND WITHIN SECONDS I BEGAN DRIFTING IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS, AS THE EVENTS OF TODAY ECHOED IN MY HEAD...

A woman with long, wavy, reddish-brown hair is lying down in a room. She is wearing a dark, lace-trimmed bra and a dark, long-sleeved top. Her eyes are closed, and she has a pained or distressed expression. Her hair is voluminous and styled. The room has a window in the background with a grid pattern. The lighting is soft and warm, creating a somber atmosphere.


HOW I WOKE UP IN THIS STRANGE ROOM, AFTER  
SPENDING AN IMMEASURABLE AMOUNT OF TIME  
TRAPPED IN THAT TERRIBLE METAL CHAMBER...

ANGRY AND AFRAID AS I DISCOVERED THE  
IMPOSSIBLE THINGS DONE TO MY BODY...



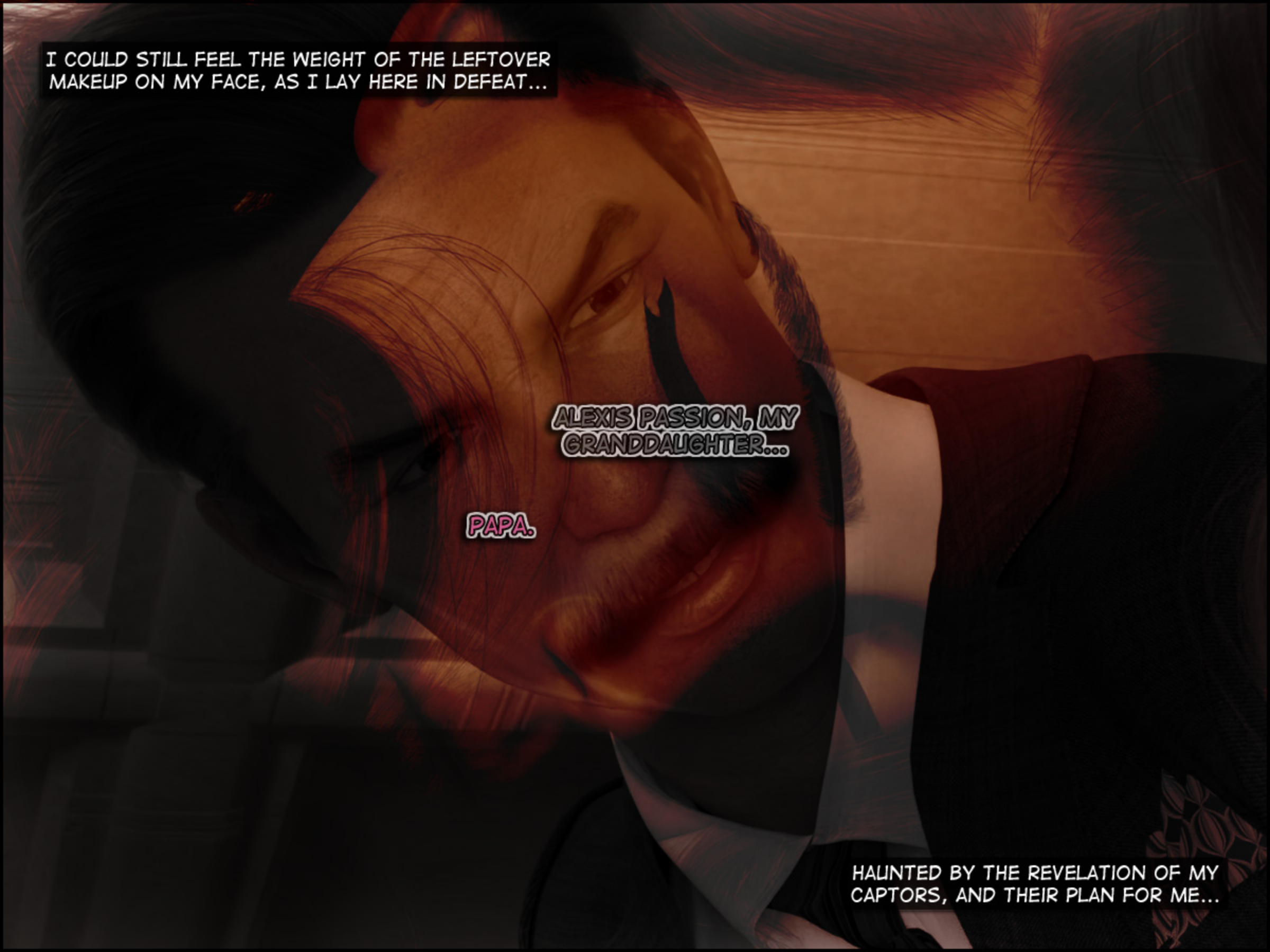
ROBBED OF MY STATURE, MY MANHOOD,  
AND EVEN MY MIND; THEY ONLY LEFT ME  
ENOUGH PIECES OF MY FORMER LIFE TO  
FEEL THE PRESSURE OF THIS NEW ONE...

AND I KNEW THE SHAME OF WHAT I HAD  
BECOME, AS I WAS FORCED TO BETRAY  
EVERYTHING THAT ONCE DEFINED ME...

A woman with long dark hair is shown from the waist down, wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved dress with a large floral pattern. She is standing on a wooden staircase with a wooden railing. Her right hand is resting on the railing. She is wearing high-heeled sandals. The lighting is warm and dramatic, highlighting the texture of the dress and the wood of the staircase.

YET, EVEN AT MY LOWEST POINT, I  
WILLED MYSELF TO HOLD ONTO THE  
FRAGMENTS OF MY MASCULINITY...

AS I PRANCED AROUND IN A DRESS,  
DEPENDENT ON HIGH-HEELS TO WALK  
WITHOUT FEELING AGONIZING PAIN...

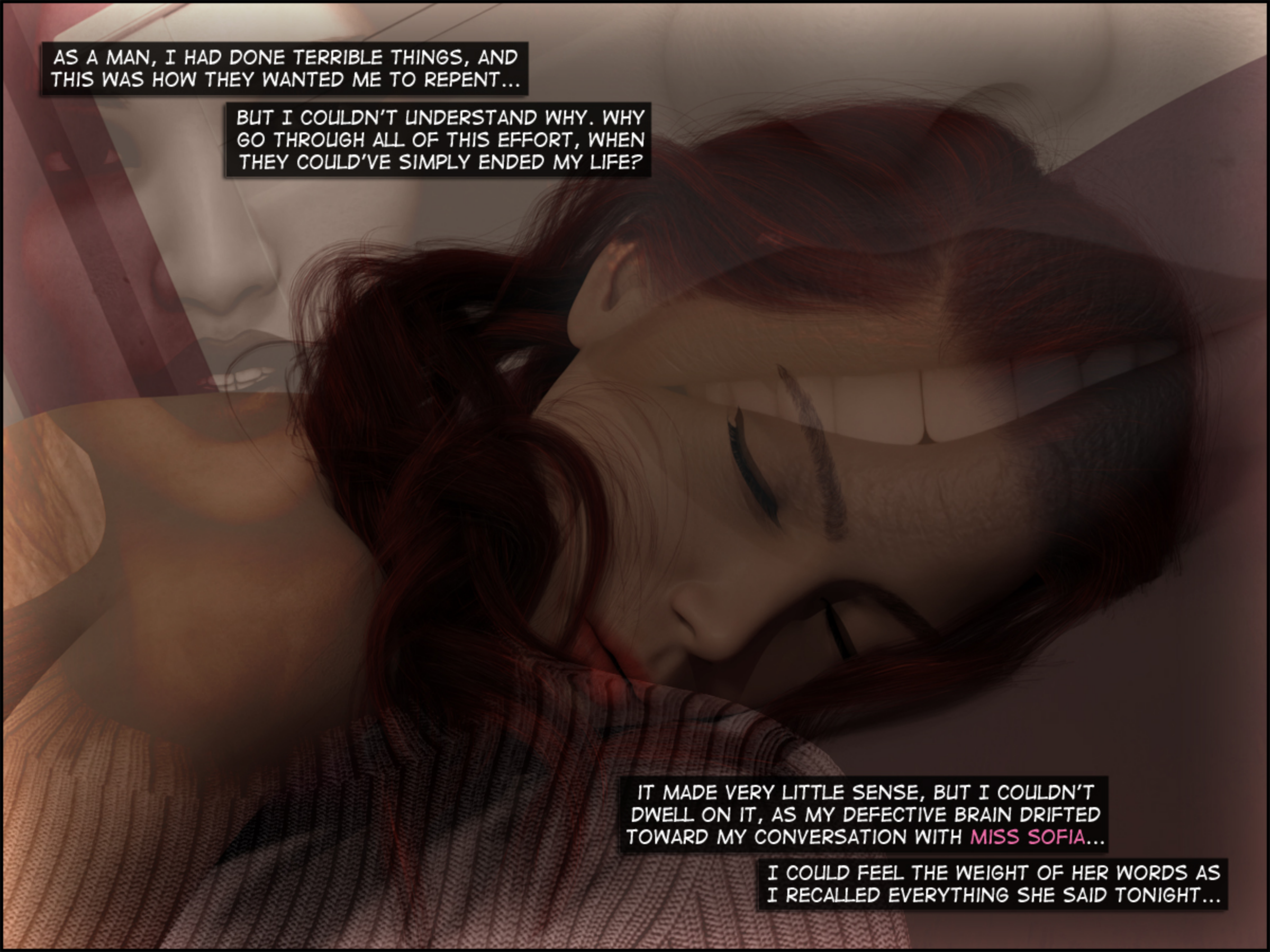


I COULD STILL FEEL THE WEIGHT OF THE LEFTOVER  
MAKEUP ON MY FACE, AS I LAY HERE IN DEFEAT...

ALEXIS PASSION, MY  
GRANDDAUGHTER...

PAPA.

HAUNTED BY THE REVELATION OF MY  
CAPTORS, AND THEIR PLAN FOR ME...



AS A MAN, I HAD DONE TERRIBLE THINGS, AND THIS WAS HOW THEY WANTED ME TO REPENT...

BUT I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY. WHY GO THROUGH ALL OF THIS EFFORT, WHEN THEY COULD'VE SIMPLY ENDED MY LIFE?

IT MADE VERY LITTLE SENSE, BUT I COULDN'T DWELL ON IT, AS MY DEFECTIVE BRAIN DRIFTED TOWARD MY CONVERSATION WITH **MISS SOFIA**...

I COULD FEEL THE WEIGHT OF HER WORDS AS I RECALLED EVERYTHING SHE SAID TONIGHT...

A woman in a white button-down shirt and a man in a grey ribbed sweater are shown in a dimly lit room. The woman is in the foreground, looking slightly to the right. The man is behind her, looking towards the camera. In the background, there is a large chandelier and a wooden cabinet with a television on it.

YOU WILL DO FAR MORE FOR US LIKE THIS...

WHAT COULD THAT MEAN...?

IF YOUR BODY WORKS... IT WILL MEAN  
SO MUCH MORE FOR OUR FUTURE...

ASSUMING YOU ARE ABLE TO  
SERVE YOUR PURPOSE...

WE NEED YOU HEALTHY...

THIS COULD BE A GOOD LIFE...

I COULD HAVE A GOOD LIFE...

BE SURE TO BRUSH YOUR TEETH BEFORE BED, YOUNG LADY...


YES, MISS SOFIA...

MAINTAIN PROPER HYGIENE AND A BEAUTY ROUTINE...

HMM... ♪  
HMM... ♪  
HMMM... ♪

YOU ARE A PASSION WOMAN...

YOU MUST ALWAYS BE PRESENTABLE.

A woman with long, wavy red hair is seen from behind, looking into a large bathroom mirror. She is wearing a purple, sleeveless peplum top with lace trim at the hem. Her right arm is raised, touching the top of the mirror. The mirror reflects her face and the interior of the bathroom, including a chandelier and a window. A speech bubble is positioned over the mirror's reflection.

*A PASSION  
WOMAN MUST  
ALWAYS BE PRE-  
SENTABLE...*

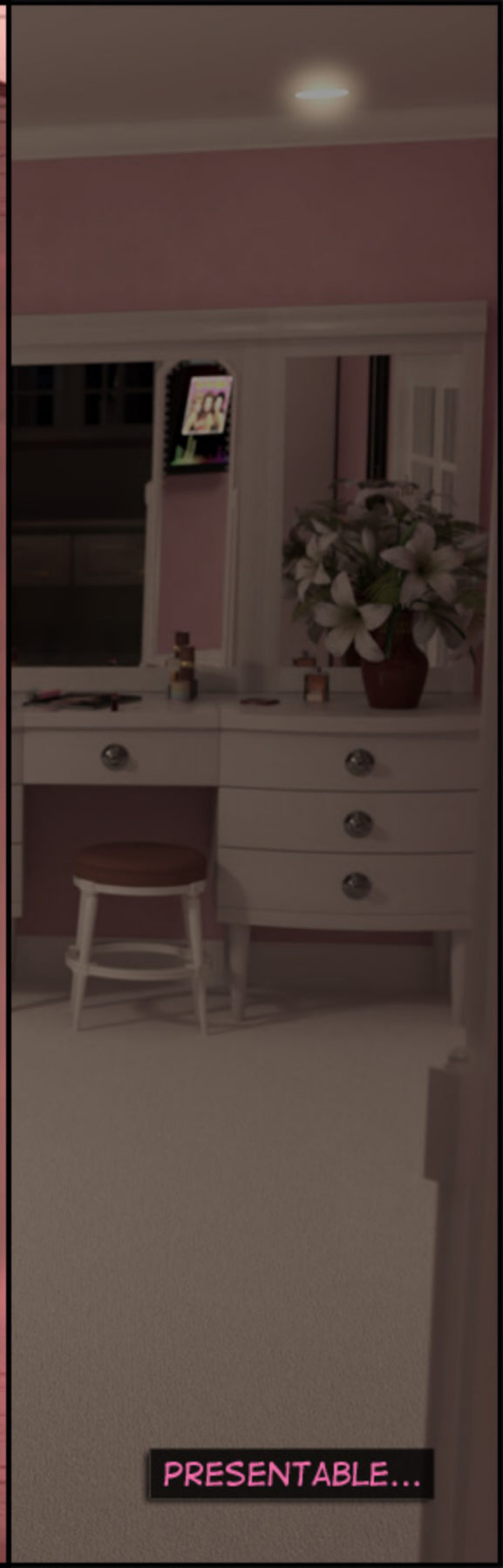


♪ MUFFLED MUSIC PLAYS  
IN THE BACKGROUND... ♪

WARPED AND SLOWED  
TO A CREEPY PACE... ♪




ROUTINE...



PRESENTABLE...



ALWAYS...



I ALMOST  
FORGOT ABOUT  
MY EVENING  
ROUTINE...



GIGGLE

I'M A  
PASSION  
WOMAN. I  
MUST ALWAYS  
BE PRR...

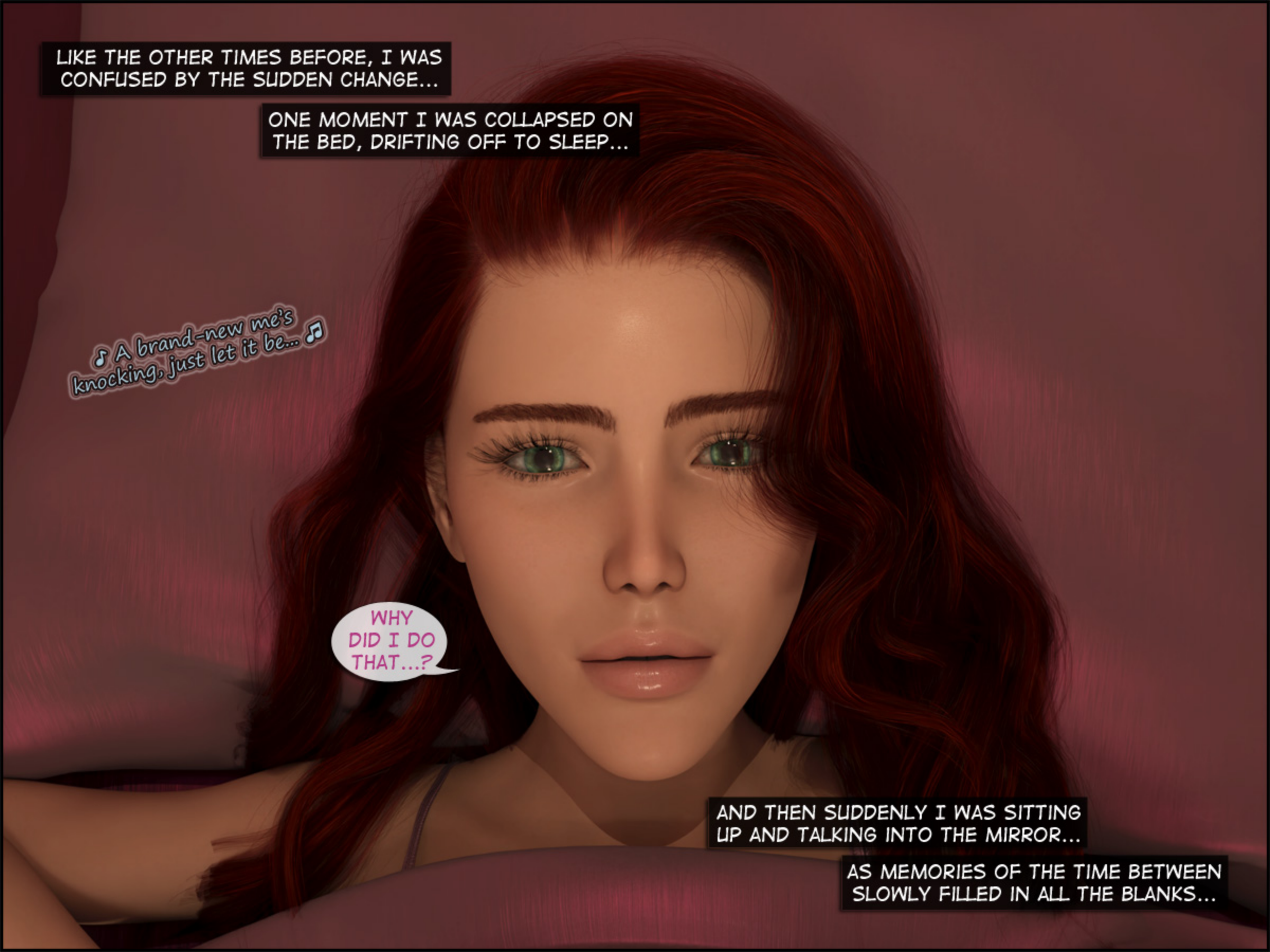
♪ I've been stuck in the old way, time to break free... ♪

OH FRICK!  
IT HAPPENED  
AGAIN...

BUT...  
NOBODY  
SAID ANY-  
THING...!

DIDN'T  
THEY ALREADY  
LEAVE...?





LIKE THE OTHER TIMES BEFORE, I WAS  
CONFUSED BY THE SUDDEN CHANGE...

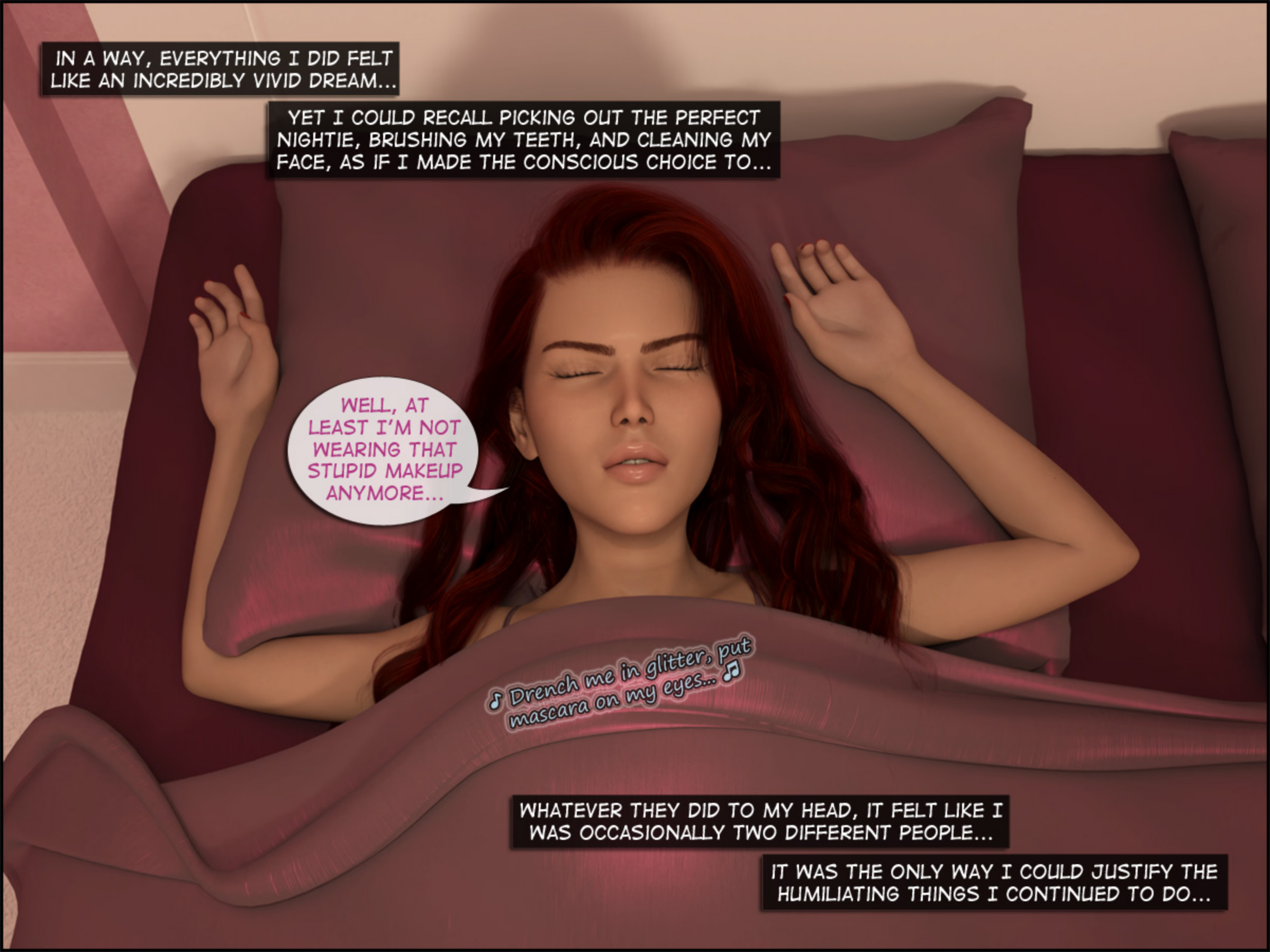
ONE MOMENT I WAS COLLAPSED ON  
THE BED, DRIFTING OFF TO SLEEP...

♪ A brand-new me's  
knocking, just let it be... ♪

WHY  
DID I DO  
THAT...?

AND THEN SUDDENLY I WAS SITTING  
UP AND TALKING INTO THE MIRROR...

AS MEMORIES OF THE TIME BETWEEN  
SLOWLY FILLED IN ALL THE BLANKS...



IN A WAY, EVERYTHING I DID FELT LIKE AN INCREDIBLY VIVID DREAM...

YET I COULD RECALL PICKING OUT THE PERFECT NIGHTIE, BRUSHING MY TEETH, AND CLEANING MY FACE, AS IF I MADE THE CONSCIOUS CHOICE TO...

WELL, AT LEAST I'M NOT WEARING THAT STUPID MAKEUP ANYMORE...

♪ Drench me in glitter, put mascara on my eyes... ♪

WHATEVER THEY DID TO MY HEAD, IT FELT LIKE I WAS OCCASIONALLY TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE...

IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD JUSTIFY THE HUMILIATING THINGS I CONTINUED TO DO...

BUT I COULDN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT I WAS THE ONE DOING IT ALL INTENTIONALLY...

IT WREAKED HAVOC ON MY BATTERED EGO. WHY WOULD I EVER DO SUCH THINGS ON PURPOSE...?

THE CONCEPT WAS INFURIATING, AND THE MUSIC ONLY UPSET ME MORE...

*♪ Make me a babe with that sexy disguise... ♪*

WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE TURN THIS CRAP OFF!?

I WANT TO GO TO SLEEP!



AND THEN EVERYTHING SUDDENLY WENT DARK...

BEEEEUUUUUUWWWWW

APPARENTLY I WASN'T LEFT ALONE AFTER ALL...

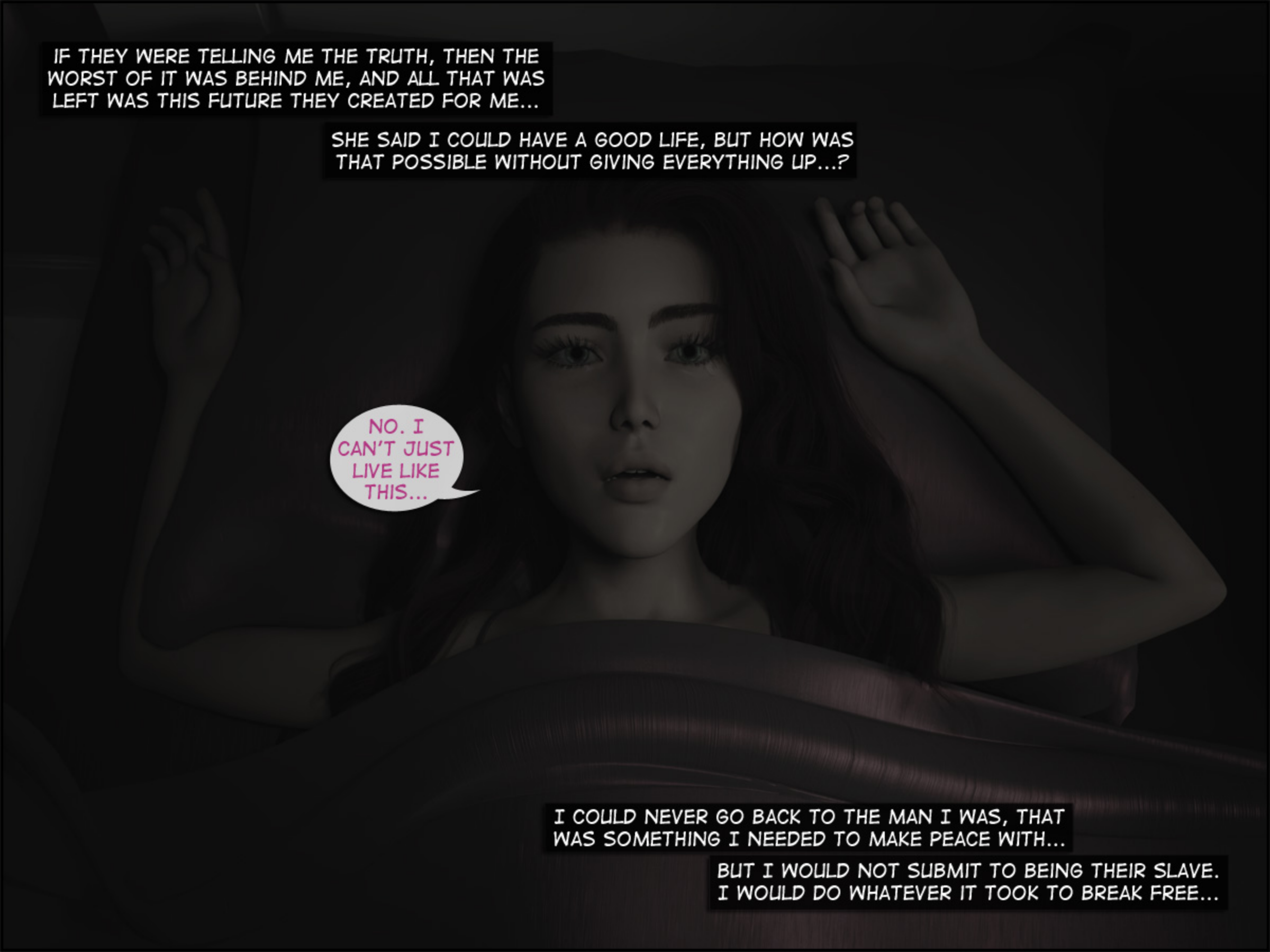
A woman with long dark hair is lying in bed, looking directly at the camera with a somber expression. Her hands are raised behind her head, and she is partially covered by a dark blanket. The lighting is dim, creating a moody and melancholic atmosphere.

AS I LAID THERE IN SILENCE, A CHAOTIC STORM SURGED THROUGH MY CLOUDY BRAIN, PREVENTING ME FROM FINDING THE SLEEP I CAME HERE FOR...

BLOATED, SORE, AND EXHAUSTED WASN'T ENOUGH TO OVERPOWER MY EXISTENTIAL DREAD. IN A WAY, I WAS ALREADY DEAD...

THEY KILLED ME, AND REPLACED ME WITH THE GIRL IN THE MIRROR. WHAT EVEN REMAINED OF THE MAN I WAS, ASIDE FROM MY MEMORIES?

AND HOW LONG COULD I HOLD ONTO THE BROKEN PIECES? WHAT GOOD WAS THERE IN EVEN TRYING?



IF THEY WERE TELLING ME THE TRUTH, THEN THE WORST OF IT WAS BEHIND ME, AND ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS THIS FUTURE THEY CREATED FOR ME...

SHE SAID I COULD HAVE A GOOD LIFE, BUT HOW WAS THAT POSSIBLE WITHOUT GIVING EVERYTHING UP...?

NO. I CAN'T JUST LIVE LIKE THIS...

I COULD NEVER GO BACK TO THE MAN I WAS, THAT WAS SOMETHING I NEEDED TO MAKE PEACE WITH...

BUT I WOULD NOT SUBMIT TO BEING THEIR SLAVE. I WOULD DO WHATEVER IT TOOK TO BREAK FREE...

AND I'D FIND A WAY TO MAKE THEM  
REGRET CHOOSING TO KEEP ME ALIVE.



To Be continued...