







GREAT. EXACTLY THE KIND OF ATTENTION I WAS HOPING TO AVOID.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT THE ATTENTION OF THE ENTIRE RESTAURANT.

WELL... CONGRATULATIONS, BEAUTY~



**DON'T LET THIS
GET TO YOUR HEAD, VAL!**

**NO, NO! DON'T BE
PROUD OF THIS!**





YOU WHAT?!!

YOU KISSED HER?!!



**NO! SHE KISSED ME!
THERE'S A DIFFERENCE!**



GREAT! SO, NOW
YOU'RE JUST LETTING RANDOM
WITNESSES KISS YOU?

I-I DIDN'T LET HER.

YEAH, WHAT'S NEXT?
SLEEPING WITH YOUR
WITNESS?

COULD YOU NOT SAY
THAT SO LOUDLY?!



I'M SORRY, TARA. BUT SHE
WANTED SOMETHING IN EXCHANGE
FOR THE INFORMATION.

WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO?

OH PLEASE, HONEY. NEXT TIME
SOMEONE ASKS FOR A KISS IN EXCHANGE
FOR INFORMATION, MAYBE NEGOTIATE
A LITTLE HARDER.



AND WHAT INFORMATION WAS
SO IMPORTANT THAT YOU WERE WILLING
TO KISS HER FOR IT?



THE PREVIOUS OWNER OF THAT BAR,
THAT I HAVEN'T INTERVIEWED HIM YET.



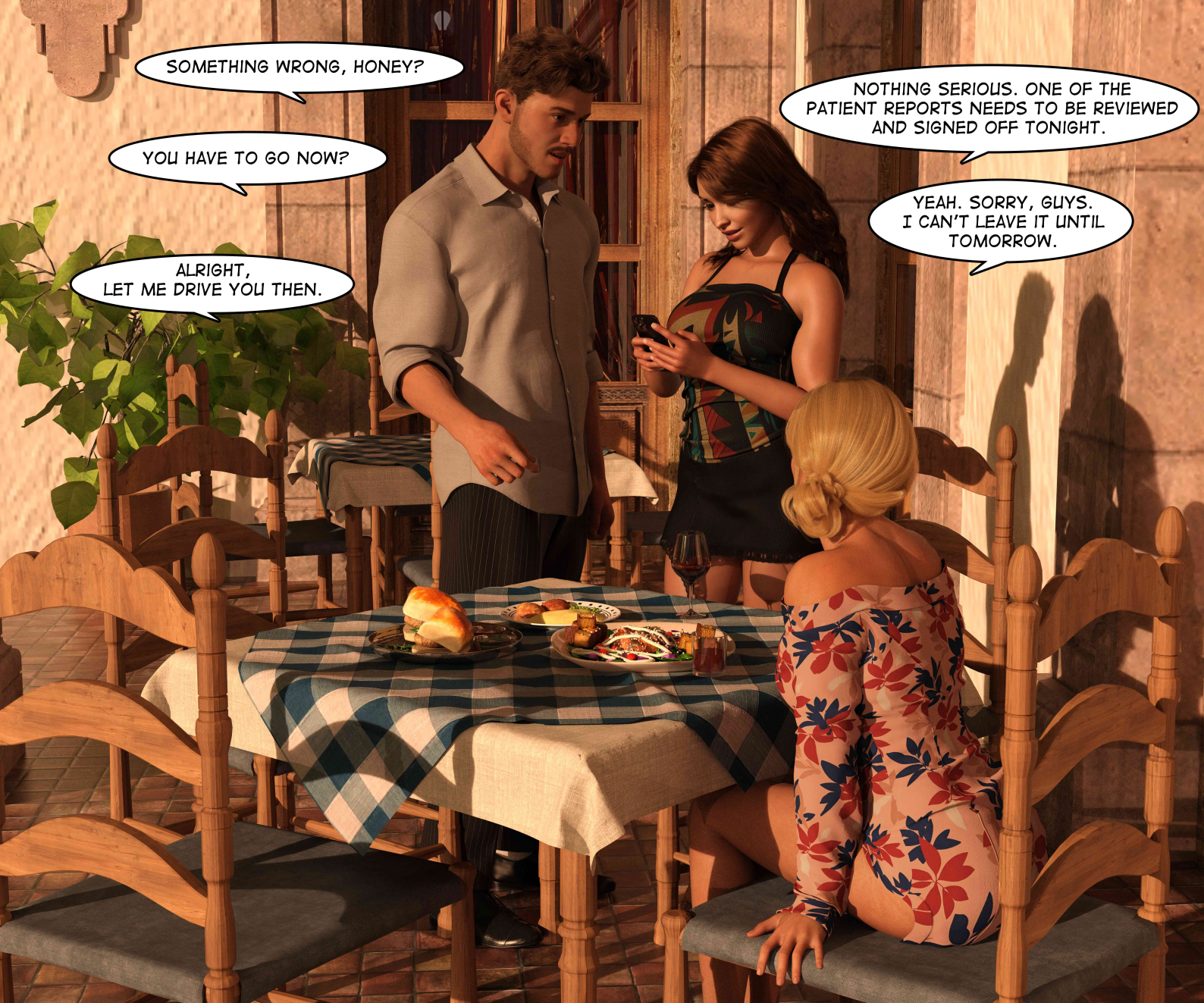
** TRRIING! TRRIING! TRING!! **



YEAH, HELLO?
THE REPORT CAME BACK
ALREADY?

NO, DON'T SEND IT TO ANYONE YET.
I'LL COME IN AND TAKE A LOOK MYSELF.

YEAH. GIVE ME ABOUT
TWENTY MINUTES.

A scene in a restaurant with warm, golden-hour lighting. A man in a light grey button-down shirt and dark trousers stands in the center, looking towards a woman on his right. The woman has long brown hair and is wearing a black halter-neck top with a colorful geometric pattern and a black skirt. She is looking down at a smartphone in her hands. In the foreground, a blonde woman with her hair in a bun is seated at a round table, facing away from the camera. She is wearing a light-colored dress with a bold red and blue floral pattern. The table is covered with a blue and white checkered tablecloth and holds a plate of food, a bread roll, a glass of red wine, and a small jar of sauce. The background features wooden walls, a window with a view of the outdoors, and a potted plant on the left. Five speech bubbles contain dialogue between the characters.

SOMETHING WRONG, HONEY?

YOU HAVE TO GO NOW?

ALRIGHT,
LET ME DRIVE YOU THEN.

NOTHING SERIOUS. ONE OF THE
PATIENT REPORTS NEEDS TO BE REVIEWED
AND SIGNED OFF TONIGHT.

YEAH. SORRY, GUYS.
I CAN'T LEAVE IT UNTIL
TOMORROW.



NO, IT'S FINE! YOU TWO JUST
KEEP WORKING ON YOUR MYSTERY
PREVIOUS OWNER.

OKAY, SEE YOU
AT HOME, HONEY!

SEE YOU, TARA!

A man with brown hair and a mustache, wearing a light grey button-down shirt and dark pinstriped pants, stands in a rustic dining room. He is looking at a woman with blonde hair tied in a bun, who is wearing a white off-the-shoulder dress with a red and blue floral pattern. She is standing with her back to the camera, looking towards the man. In the foreground, a round table covered with a blue and white checkered tablecloth is set with a glass of red wine, a plate of food, and a small glass. The room has wooden walls, a wooden door, and a window with a wooden frame and curtains. A speech bubble above the man's head contains the text "WELL... IT'S JUST US NOW."

WELL... IT'S JUST US NOW.



SO, WHO IS IT?

A man with brown hair and a mustache, wearing a light grey button-down shirt, sits at a wooden dining table. He is looking towards a woman with blonde hair tied in a bun, who is wearing a pink dress with a red and blue floral pattern. The table is covered with a blue and white checkered cloth and holds a plate of food, a glass of red wine, and a glass of juice. A speech bubble above the man contains the text: "IT'S THE GOVERNOR. THINGS JUST GOT A LOT MORE COMPLICATED." The background features a wooden wall and a window with curtains.

IT'S THE GOVERNOR.
THINGS JUST GOT A LOT
MORE COMPLICATED.

A close-up shot of a woman with blonde hair and bangs, looking slightly to the side with a surprised expression. She is wearing a light-colored top with a bold floral pattern in red and blue. The background is a warm, golden-brown wall with a wooden door or window frame visible on the right. A speech bubble is positioned to her left.

*WHAT-MR. ROGER?!
YOU THINK HE'S INVOLVED
IN ALL THIS?*



WELL, THE BAR WAS
SOLD SHORTLY AFTER
THE INCIDENT.

THEN SUDDENLY, THE STAFF
CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING
ABOUT THE MURDER.

THE WITNESSES ARE TERRIFIED.
DOESN'T THAT LOOK SUSPICIOUS
ENOUGH?

SO WHAT DO WE DO?
WE CAN'T JUST WALK UP TO HIM AND ASK
IF HE HELPED COVER UP A MURDER.



LUCKILY, YOU JUST MET HIM
NOT LONG AGO. HE EVEN INVITED
YOU ONTO HIS YACHT.

*NO. THAT'S FATE.
AND THAT'S OUR WAY IN.*

THAT'S ONE HELL
OF A COINCIDENCE.

A woman with blonde hair and bangs is shown from the chest up, sitting in a wooden chair. She is wearing a light pink dress with a bold floral pattern in red and dark blue. Her hair is tied back in a small ponytail. She has a surprised or indignant expression, with her mouth slightly open and her hand resting near her chin. The background is a warm, textured wall. A speech bubble is positioned to her left.

I KNEW YOU WERE
GOING TO SAY THAT!



AND SPEAKING OF FATE...
MINE SEEMS TO INVOLVE MORE AND
MORE CROSSDRESSING LATELY.



WELL, AT LEAST THIS TIME
WE'RE GOING TO A YACHT.

SO I GUESS YOU'RE
UPGRADING FROM DRESSES
TO SWIMSUITS~



OH, DON'T SMILE.
I HATE THAT LOOK!

OF COURSE... WHY
WOULDN'T CROSSDRESSING
BE PART OF THE PLAN AGAIN?