







LOOK AT THAT.
WHAT A HOT CHICK.

PLUS, SHE'S GOT THAT
HUGE CAMELTOE DOWN THERE...
TOTALLY MY TYPE!

A man with short dark hair and a light beard is standing in a room with brick walls. He is wearing a green t-shirt with a graphic of a paint palette and dark jeans. He is holding a black handgun in his right hand. He is looking towards the right with a concerned expression. To his left is a wooden door with a silver doorknob. The room is dimly lit, with light coming from the left, casting shadows on the brick wall.

HE'S GONE! I CHECKED
EVERY ROOM. BATHROOM, BEDROOM,
KITCHEN. NOTHING.



I DON'T KNOW!

WHAT?! THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE! HOW THE HELL
DID HE ESCAPE?!

IT'S THE FOURTH FLOOR!
HE CAN'T JUST ESCAPE THROUGH
THE WINDOW!

WELL, I THINK THERE'S
ONLY ONE PERSON WHO
WOULD KNOW.





DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT...
I-I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING.



HERE! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
YOU RECOGNIZE THIS GUY?



OH, WOW... WHEN WAS
THIS TAKEN? A YEAR AGO?

MAN... I LOOKED TOUGH AS
HELL BACK THEN. I KINDA MISS
MY MUSTACHE ALREADY.



HEY! WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
YOU RECOGNIZE HIM OR NOT?



NO, I'M JUST STUNNED.
I-I MEAN...

IF THERE WAS A HANDSOME GUY
LIKE THAT WALKING AROUND HERE, I'M
PRETTY SURE I'D REMEMBER HIM.



ALRIGHT, WHAT ABOUT ME?
AM I NOT HANDSOME ENOUGH
FOR YOU?

WHAT?

A man and a woman are in a room with a brick wall and a bookshelf. The man is on the left, wearing a black tank top and brown pants, holding a handgun. The woman is on the right, wearing a green bikini. They are both looking at each other. There are three speech bubbles. The man's first speech bubble says "OH? SO YOU THINK I'M HANDSOME?". The woman's speech bubble says "HMM... YOU'RE NOT BAD.". The man's second speech bubble says "I WOULDN'T MIND THAT.". The woman's second speech bubble says "MAYBE I JUST NEED A CLOSER LOOK.". The background features a brick wall, a bookshelf with books and a "GAMING" magazine, a chair, and a stool.

OH? SO YOU THINK
I'M HANDSOME?

I WOULDN'T MIND THAT.

HMM... YOU'RE NOT BAD.

MAYBE I JUST NEED
A CLOSER LOOK.



OKAY~ MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE
THIS SOMEWHERE A LITTLE MORE
PRIVATE. MY ROOM, PERHAPS?

SO WE CAN GET TO KNOW EACH
OTHER A LITTLE BETTER...



WEL, I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T
SAY NO TO THAT.

WAIT!



THE FUCK ARE YOU
DOING, DUDE?!

SHUT UP! YOU'RE
GETTING PLAYED!

A man and a woman are standing in a bar or lounge with a brick wall and shelves in the background. The man, on the left, is wearing a green t-shirt and jeans, looking at the woman with a serious expression. The woman, on the right, is wearing a green bikini and has her arms crossed, looking back at him. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing dialogue. The background features a brick wall, wooden shelves with various items like boxes and figurines, and a yellow chair with a brown cushion on the left.

HEY, SWEETHEART. MAYBE YOUR
LITTLE TRICK WORKS ON MY FRIEND,
BUT IT AIN'T DOING SHIT TO ME.

SO WHY DON'T YOU TELL
ME WHAT REALLY HAPPENED—

OR THINGS ARE GONNA GET
VERY UNPLEASANT FOR YOU!



THIS GUY ISN'T FALLING FOR IT.
APPARENTLY, HE'S JUST NOT INTO
WOMEN.

A GAY HITMAN... GREAT.
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?

WELL, IF YOU REALLY WANT THE TRUTH,
...MAYBE I SHOULD SHOW YOU



**THEN SHOW ME!
BUT I'M ENOUGH OF YOUR
LITTLE TRICK!**



NAH... THIS ISN'T A TRICK.



W-WHAT... YOU?!

HERE... YOU FEEL *THAT*?!



THAT'S RIGHT. THE TRUTH IS...
I'M YOUR GUY.





AAAAAGHH!!!

