BACK ON DECK...

TWENTY YEARS IN POLITICS, DAMON. STARTED AS A CITY COUNCILMAN WITH NOTHING BUT A CHEAP SUIT AND A BIG MOUTH.

AND LOOK AT ME NOW. A YACHT, A MANSION, HALF THE CITY SHAKING MY HAND.

IMPRESSIVE. NOT MANY MEN CLIMB THAT HIGH WITHOUT STEPPING ON A FEW PEOPLE.

HAH! YOU STEP ON PEOPLE, OR THEY STEP ON YOU. THAT'S POLITICS.

THE TRICK IS MAKING SURE NOBODY SEES YOUR SHOES.

SPEAKING OF POLITICS, MR. GOVERNOR... ELECTION'S NEXT YEAR, ISN'T IT? A SCANDAL NOW WOULD BE THE LAST THING YOU NEED.

COME ON... GIVE ME SOMETHING. ANYTHING.

SCANDALS ONLY STICK TO PEOPLE WHO CAN'T AFFORD TO CLEAN THEM UP, DAMON.

BZZZT ...

BZZZT ...

MEANWHILE...

NOTHING. VAL'S NOT PICKING UP.
DAMON'S NOT PICKING UP EITHER.

DAMN IT... WE JUST FOUND OUT WHO THE REAL KILLER IS, AND WE CAN'T EVEN TELL THEM!

WHAT IF THAT SON IS ON THE YACHT RIGHT NOW?

DAMON'S A LAWYER. HE KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE HIMSELF IN A ROOM FULL OF SNAKES.

AND VAL... VAL'S TOUGHER THAN HE LOOKS. EVEN IN A BIKINI.

TOUGH DOESN'T MATTER IF HE DOESN'T KNOW WHO HE'S DEALING WITH, HECTOR.

HE'S ON A YACHT, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEA, WITH A KILLER... AND HE HAS NO IDEA.

YEAH, I KNOW, BUDDY.

BUT WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING FROM HERE. KEEP CALLING... THE REST IS UP TO THEM NOW.

MEANWHILE, IN RANDALL'S CABIN…

LOOK AT THAT...

SERIOUSLY, WHY DO I LOOK BETTER AS A WOMAN THAN I EVER DID AS A MAN?

COME TO THINK OF IT...
WITH GOODS LIKE THESE,
I COULD MAKE A LIVING.

I MEAN... I LOST MY
JOB AFTER THIS
WHOLE MURDER MESS.
MAYBE I COULD USE
THIS TO MAKE SOME
MONEY... MODELING?
SWIMSUIT CATALOGS?
AHAHAHA, I'M SO BAD!

AND MAYBE A LITTLE LOWER ON THE BIKINI... A LITTLE MORE CLEAVAGE... MEN WOULD PAY A FORTUNE JUST TO—

HERE'S THE WINE. VINTAGE. DAD KEEPS THE GOOD STUFF HIDDEN, BUT I KNOW WHERE.

WHAT'S THIS?
ADMIRING YOURSELF?

EEP! N-NO! I WASN'T... I MEAN...

IT'S JUST... I DON'T USUALLY LOOK LIKE THIS. THIS... G-GIRLY, I MEAN...

WHY AM I STUTTERING?!

WELL, YOU SHOULD. EVERY DAY. IT'D BE A CRIME NOT TO.

ONLY THE ONES WORTH STEALING DAD'S WINE FOR.

HEHE... YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS ON THIS YACHT, DON'T YOU?

ANYWAY, WHY GO BACK UP THERE? STAY HERE. JUST THE TWO OF US.

UNLESS YOU'D RATHER GO BACK TO LISTENING TO MY FATHER BRAG ABOUT HIS YACHT. HAHA.

OF COURSE NOT! I'M SICK OF HEARING THAT OLD MAN TALK ABOUT HIMSELF. BESIDES, DAMON'S THE ONE GETTING PAID TO BABYSIT HIM. LET HIM DO HIS JOB~

HMM... WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT... I'D LOVE TO STAY~

SMART CHOICE, SWEETHEART. TRUST ME... YOU WON'T FORGET TONIGHT.

BLONDE, CURVY, AND ALL ALONE WITH ME... TONIGHT'S GONNA BE FUN~