TWO BOTTLES LATER...

OKAY, OKAY... ONE MORE GLASS. JUST ONE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID THREE GLASSES AGO~

YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, VICTORIA? YOU CAN ACTUALLY KEEP UP WITH ME.

PFFT... I USED TO DRINK GROWN MEN UNDER THE TABLE, HONEY.

AHAHA! YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR FACE!

WHOA... THE ROOM'S SPINNING. I AM SO DRUNK RIGHT NOW...

...AND HE'S EVEN WORSE. LOOK AT HIM, HE CAN BARELY KEEP HIS EYES OPEN.

YOU'RE REALLY SOMETHING, YOU KNOW THAT? FUNNY, GORGEOUS, AND THAT BODY...

DAD'S GONNA BE SO JEALOUS WHEN HE FINDS OUT WHERE YOU SPENT THE NIGHT.

OKAY… HIS HAND IS GOING PLACES. HIS HAND IS GOING PLACES.

HEHE... EASY THERE, BIG BOY. THE NIGHT'S STILL YOUNG~

IF HE GETS ANY FURTHER, HE'S GONNA FIND OUT I'M NOT EXACTLY... AN ORIGINAL.

EXACTLY. YOUNG... AND LONG. SO WHY WASTE IT TALKING?

EW, EW, EW! DID HE JUST SAY 'LONG'?! OH GOD, HIS HAND IS CRAWLING UP MY LEG... SOMEBODY SAVE ME!

I'VE BEEN WAITING ALL NIGHT FOR THIS.

M-MAYBE WE SHOULD SLOW DOWN? HAVE ANOTHER DRINK FIRST, I'M STILL—

SHH. YOU TALK TOO MUCH, SWEETHEART.

OH SHIT, OH SHIT! WHAT DO I DO?! HE'S GETTING REALLY WORKED UP... AND I'M RUNNING OUT OF EXCUSES!

RELAX. I PROMISE
YOU'LL LIKE THIS PART.

OH FUCK! HE'S TAKING HIS PANTS OFF! NOPE, NOPE, NOPE! I DID NOT SIGN UP FOR THIS!

WAIT, RANDALL! I—

COME ON, DON'T PLAY HARD TO GET NOW.

HAH... YOU'RE FEISTY.
I LIKE FEISTY.

YOU REMIND ME
OF SOMEONE,
YOU KNOW THAT?

O-OH YEAH? Y-YOUR EX-GIRLFRIEND WHO D-DUMPED YOU?!

KEEP HIM TALKING... KEEP HIM TALKING UNTIL I FIGURE OUT A WAY OUT OF THIS!

HAH! NO... JUST A GIRL I MET AT DAD'S BAR ONCE.

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL... JUST LIKE YOU.

PURPLE DRESS... SILVER HEELS... AND THIS CUTE LITTLE BUTTERFLY TATTOO ON HER ANKLE.

O-OH? SHOULD I BE FLATTERED OR JEALOUS?

SHE FOUGHT JUST LIKE YOU, TOO. KICKING, SCRATCHING... EVEN LOST ONE OF HER EARRINGS.

THEN SHE CUT MY HAND ON A BROKEN GLASS. BLED ALL OVER THE DAMN SOFA.

RUINED MY WHOLE NIGHT. OOPS... I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID ALL THAT... HEHE.


H-HAHA... R-RIGHT... WHERE WERE WE...
FORGET IT. OLD STORY. NOW... WHERE WERE WE~?

WAIT! PURPLE DRESS... BUTTERFLY TATTOO... THE MISSING EARRING...

ISN'T THAT THE GIRL WHO DIED AT THE BAR? THAT WAS ALL IN THE POLICE FILE. NOBODY ELSE KNEW THAT... NOBODY EXCEPT...

...THE KILLER.

RANDALL IS THE KILLER?! IT ALL MAKES SENSE NOW... THAT'S WHY SO MANY PEOPLE ARE PROTECTING HIM. FUCK... AND I'M TRAPPED UNDER HIM...