

NOVEMBER 9, 2005

\*WHILE TRYING TO CALL LEON\*  
SERIOUSLY, WHERE IS HE?





DAMN IT! HE IS NOT ANSWERING.

ONE GLASS OF  
A WHISKEY, PLEASE.

ONE NIGHT, LEON'S PARTNER, LUIS SERA, INVITED HIM TO A BAR. LEON AGREED TO JOIN. AT THE BAR, LUIS WAS GROWING IMPATIENT AS HE WAITED FOR LEON TO SHOW UP.




HI THERE~

I CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S LATE AGAIN.

A woman with dark hair and blue eyes is sitting on a high bar stool in a dimly lit bar. She is wearing a black, long-sleeved, open-front cardigan over a dark red or maroon top, and a black, short, form-fitting skirt. She is also wearing black high-heeled sandals. The background shows a bar counter with various bottles and warm, ambient lighting.


YOU LOOK LIKE YOU  
COULD USE SOME COMPANY.

OH, UH... HEY!



WELL, YOU'RE NOT  
WRONG ABOUT THAT.

WOW LOOK AT HER...  
SHE'S PRETTY HOT, AND ALSO QUITE  
SEXY TOO. LUCKY ME.



SO, WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE TONIGHT?

JUST TRYING TO RELAX, YOU KNOW?  
LIFE'S BEEN A BIT CHAOTIC LATELY.


*\*LAUGH\**  
WELL, CONSIDER ME YOUR DISTRACTION  
FROM ALL THAT.

THEIR BANTER CONTINUED, AND AS THE TIMES PASSED, LUIS BECAME MORE AND MORE ENGROSSED IN THEIR PLAYFUL CONVERSATION.

OH YOU CERTAINLY KNOW HOW TO MAKE A BORING NIGHT INTERESTING.

WELL, I DO MY BEST.




A man and a woman are sitting at a bar. The woman is on the left, wearing a black long-sleeved top and a black skirt, with her hands clasped. The man is on the right, wearing a dark striped polo shirt, looking at her. On the bar counter in front of them is a tall glass containing a multi-layered drink with orange, yellow, and blue layers, garnished with a slice of orange and a straw. The background is a dimly lit bar with shelves of bottles.

IT'S CERTAIN THAT THIS GIRL LIKES ME.  
I SHOULDN'T WASTE THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

HEY HOW ABOUT WE TAKE  
THIS TO SOMEWHERE MORE PRIVATE?  
I MEAN... THERE'S A MOTEL NEARBY.

SURE, SOUNDS GOOD.  
LEAD THE WAY.

A man with long, dark hair and a light beard is sitting at a bar. He is wearing a dark, long-sleeved shirt with thin, light-colored horizontal stripes. He is looking towards the left of the frame with a slight smile. His right hand is raised, pointing his index finger towards the left. He is wearing a silver ring on his ring finger. The background is a dimly lit bar with shelves of bottles and warm lighting.

YEAH, NO PROBLEM.

JUST LET ME CALL MY FRIEND FIRST  
TO LET HIM KNOW THAT I WAS LEAVING.




I'M HERE~

AH, FINALLY, YOU PICKED UP MY CALL.

I JUST LETTING YOU KNOW I'M GONNA HEAD OUT. DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME.

AND FOR FUCK SAKE, WHERE WERE YOU, MAN?

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black long-sleeved dress with a dark red halter top, is sitting at a bar. She is holding a white smartphone to her ear and looking towards a man whose profile is visible on the right side of the frame. The bar has a warm, dimly lit atmosphere with shelves of bottles in the background. A colorful cocktail with a straw and an orange slice is on the bar counter in front of her.

HELLO, DARLING...  
SHALL WE GO TO THE MOTEL NOW?



HAHA GOTCHA, LUIS.


WHA—LEON?!

YOU SNEAKY SON OF A—



OH MY GOD, THAT WAS FUN.  
I'M SURE YOU HAD FUN FLIRTING WITH ME.


W- WHAT THE FLICK, MAN!



YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE.  
\*LAUGH\*

OH, TRUST ME, I WAS JUST  
ONE STEP AWAY FROM FUCKING YOU, ASSHOLE.

I... I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS.



SO TELL ME, WHAT'S THE REASON  
FOR DRESSING UP LIKE THIS? IT'S NOT JUST  
TO MESS WITH ME, IS IT?

YEAH, WELL, IT'S A LONG STORY.


AFTER THE LONG EXPLANATION

AND HERE I AM...  
DRESSED UP LIKE A CHICK TO CATCH  
THAT SCOUNDREL KRAUSER.

BUT JUDGING BY YOUR APPEARANCE,  
YOU MUST REALLY PUT IN A LOT OF EFFORT  
INTO THIS MISSION, HUH?

YEAH, I ALWAYS DO MY BEST  
ON EVERY MISSION, YOU KNOW.





AND WHEN WILL THAT OPERATION BEGIN?

IT'S DECEMBER, I STILL HAVE ONE MONTH LEFT.




WELL, GOODLUCK FOR THAT.

OH YEAH, JUST A FRIENDLY REMINDER, AFTER THE MISSION IS OVER, DON'T FORGET TO RETURN TO YOUR TRUE IDENTITY. YOU MIGHT GET TOO COMFORTABLE WITH THIS DISGUISE HAHA.

THANKS, MAN.

ANYWAY, THIS WIG REALLY MAKES MY HEAD UNCOMFORTABLE. \*WHILE REMOVING THE WIG\*

A woman with short, layered blonde hair is sitting on a black bar stool at a wooden bar counter. She is wearing a black, long-sleeved, open-front cardigan over a dark red, ribbed, V-neck crop top. She is also wearing a black, shiny, high-cut skirt. Her right hand is resting on the bar counter, and her left hand is resting on her lap. In front of her on the counter is a tall, curved glass containing a colorful cocktail with a straw and a slice of orange. The background is a dimly lit bar with shelves of bottles and warm lighting.

OF COURSE NOT, I DEFINITELY WON'T!  
THERE'S NO FUCKING WAY I'M GOING TO  
STAY DRESSED LIKE THIS.

HAAAAHA  
WELL, ONLY TIME WILL TELL.