

TOM REYNOLDS
WHITE SNOW



AND THE HUNTSMAN

PATREON.COM/CAPS



Sovereign Industries.
CEO's office.

A.I. REPORT FROM
MIRROR SOFTWARE.

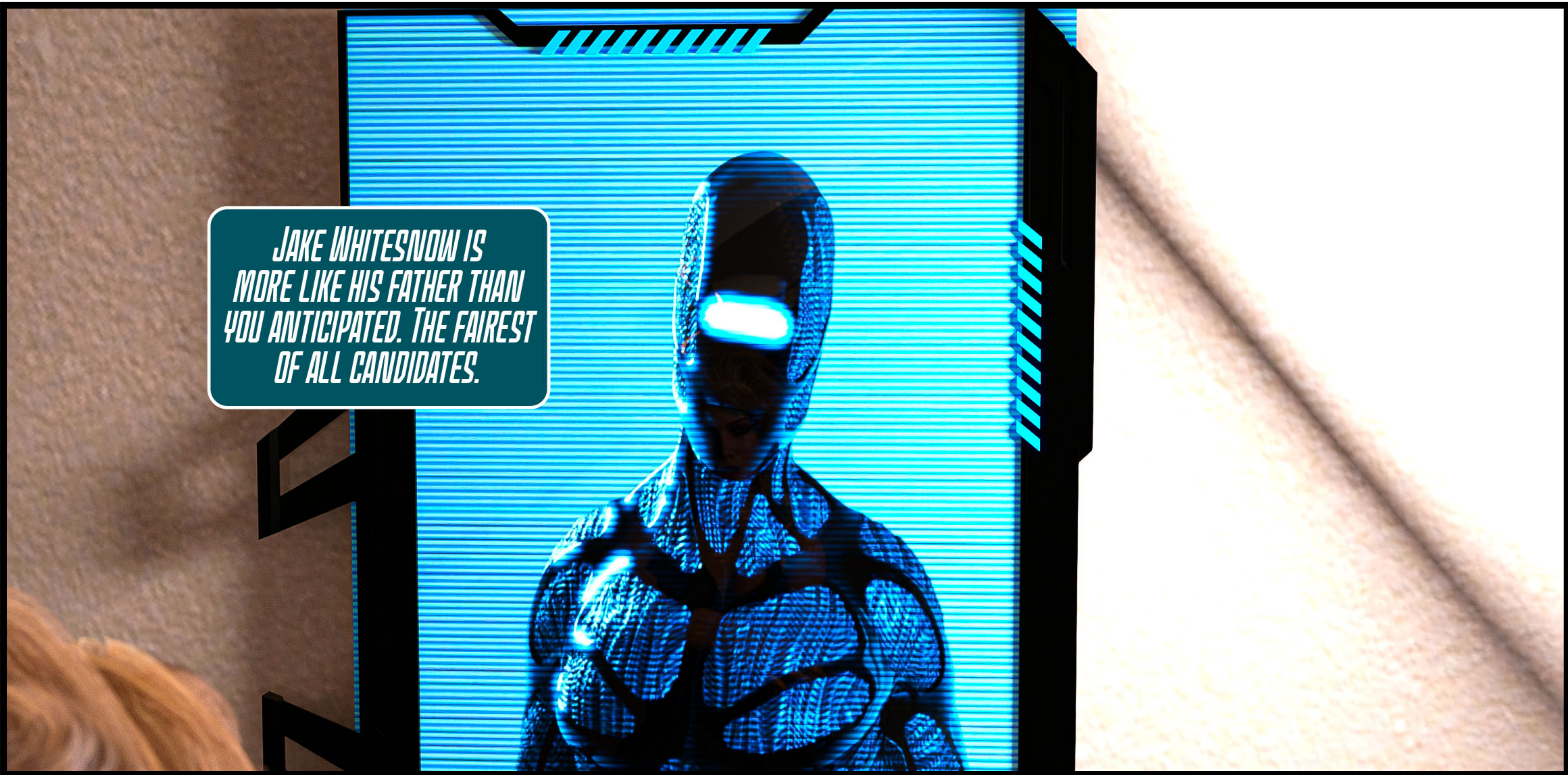
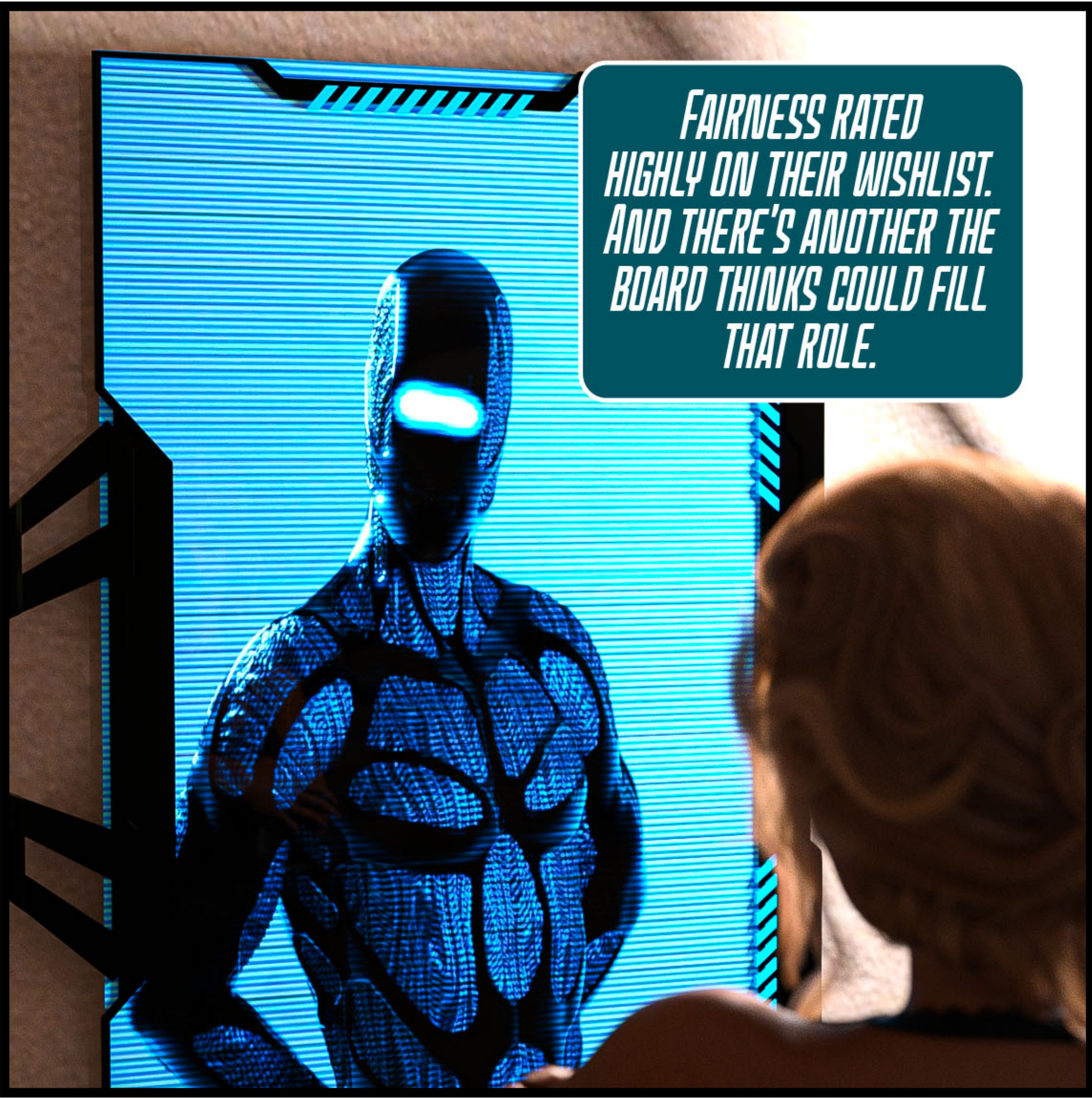
I'LL VIEW
IT ON THE
WALL.



OKAY, WHAT
HAVE YOU GOT
FOR ME?



SHAREHOLDER SENTIMENT
ANALYSIS INDICATES THE CHANCES
OF YOU RETAINING THE C.E.O
POSITION IN 12 MONTHS TIME IS
CLOSE TO ZERO.

















After a long drive
through the Angeles
Forest...

WHERE
THE HELL ARE
WE?

A LITTLE PLACE
I KEEP FOR JUST THIS KIND
OF SITUATION. WE CAN HIDE OUT
HERE UNTIL I MOVE YOU
SOMEWHERE IN THE
MORNING.

AND
THERE'S
NO WAY
BACK?



YOUR
STEPMOTHER WANTS
YOU DEAD. **D-E-A-D**
DEAD.



THANKS,
HARRY. YOU MUST
BE PRETTY BRAVE
TO RISK IT ALL
HELPING
ME.



OR PRETTY
STUPID.



IF THERE
WAS A WAY I COULD
REPAY YOU, I WOULD.
ANYTHING,
HONESTLY.



ANYTHING,
HUH?





I DON'T
KNOW IF WE
SHOULD...

COME ON,
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL.
I JUST WANT TO SHOW
YOU HOW MUCH YOU
MEAN TO ME.

MMM... *GOD!*
HOW ARE YOU
MAKING ME FEEL...
LIKE *THIS?!*

WE'RE JUST
GETTING *STARTED,*
HONEY. YOU'VE NOT
SEEN *ANYTHING*
YET.

OH! *OH!*
UH! UH!
OH...

THIS PUSSY IS
INCREDIBLE.

PLEASE
DON'T SAY...

**OH MY
GOD!**

THOUGHT
THAT MIGHT SHUT
YOU UP.

**OH!
FUCK!**





OH MY
GOD!







*To be
continued?*