

KARACOMET PRESENTS...

# WITCHY EX-GIRLFRIEND

PART FOUR



THE VOICES OF TWO MEN  
CHUCKLING ECHO THROUGH  
THE EMPTY PLAYGROUND.





SHE WAS SUCH A BITCH, RIGHT?

YEAH, SHE WAS.

no.sweats.de.sweats

I STILL  
DON'T KNOW  
WHY SHE DID  
THAT TO US.

IT JUST  
DOESN'T  
MAKE ANY  
SENSE.



WHY WERE YOU EVEN WITH HER, MAN?

SHE DEFINITELY WASN'T YOUR USUAL TYPE.

\*SIGH\* MAN...

I DON'T  
KNOW... I NEVER  
HAD LUCK WITH MY  
USUAL TYPE. I NEVER  
HAD LUCK WITH ANYONE.  
I MEAN, LOOK AT  
ME, DUDE...

SHE WAS  
THE FIRST CHICK  
I EVER SLEPT WITH.  
THE ONLY ONE THAT  
EVEN LOOKED IN MY  
DIRECTION.

WHAT? WHAT  
ABOUT THAT CHICK  
IN CANADA YOU  
WERE DATING  
BEFORE?

I THOUGHT  
YOU USED TO  
GO UP THERE  
DURING SCHOOL  
BREAKS.


UNLESS  
YOU JUST  
MADE HER  
UP.

\*LAUGH\*  
BUSTED...

MY GRAM  
LIVES UP THERE.  
I WAS STAYING  
WITH HER.

SO WHO WAS  
JENNA? I HEARD  
YOU TALKING TO  
HER ON THE  
PHONE...






WELL, GRAM  
HAS THIS LITTLE  
PAPILLION THAT SHE  
ALWAYS PUT ON THE  
PHONE FOR SOME  
REASON...

ARE YOU  
SERIOUS? I  
THOUGHT YOU  
WERE TALKING TO  
A PERSON!

YEAH...  
IT MADE HER  
HAPPY. SHE  
LOVED THAT  
DOG.

YOU LET ME  
BELIEVE YOU HAD  
THIS SIDE PIECE IN  
ANOTHER COUNTRY  
THE WHOLE TIME WE  
WERE IN COLLEGE,  
DICK!



WELL, IN  
ORDER TO EVEN  
HAVE A SIDE PIECE,  
I WOULD'VE NEEDED  
A MAIN PIECE...

I'M BEING  
HONEST. SHE  
WAS MY FIRST. YOU  
WERE THE SECOND  
CHICK I EVER SLEPT  
WITH, BRO.

BUT I'M NOT A CHICK...



YO, CHECK  
OUT THE HOT  
BABE SITTING ON  
THE ROUND-  
ABOUT.

DAMN,  
SHE'S FINE!



HOW CAN YOU TELL?

OH YEAH. I FORGOT YOU AREN'T ATTRACTED TO WOMEN ANY-MORE. SORRY, MAN.

WHAT? DUDE! COME ON...!

HOW COULD SHE TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME...?



NOW  
HER, SHE'S  
DEFINITELY MY  
TYPE...

\*SIGH\*

I WOULD'VE DONE ANYTHING TO  
FUCK A GIRL LIKE THAT BEFORE...

SHE'S  
SMOKIN'  
HOT.

DUDE,  
THAT'S SO  
TRASHY.

I COULD GO FOR  
ONE RIGHT NOW.


YOU HAVE TO ADMIT, IT'S KINDA SEXY, THOUGH.

HOW...?



A woman with short blonde hair is sitting on a wooden bench outdoors. She is wearing a red beanie, a white tank top with a red and white American flag pattern, and blue denim shorts. Her hands are raised in a shrugging gesture. Behind her is a tree with green and yellow leaves. The background shows a clear sky with some light clouds. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing text.

I DON'T  
GET IT, MAN.  
HOW COULD ANY-  
ONE FIND THAT  
ATTRACTIVE?



I JUST DO,  
AND YOU'RE GOING  
TO HAVE TO DEAL  
WITH IT.

DUDE...

COME ON,  
IT'S NOT LIKE  
YOU MIND IT  
ANYWAY.

YOU  
EVEN SEEM  
TO ENJOY IT  
NOW.

S.O.C.I.E. SWEET



YOUR  
LATEST BAD  
HABIT, OF  
COURSE.

WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?



I DON'T  
WANT TO  
SMOKE!

BUT I CAN'T HELP MYSELF...




HEY!



DUDE,  
WHAT THE  
HELL WAS  
THAT?

\*CHUCKLE\*



WHAT?  
IT'S JUST  
A SQUIRT  
GUN.

AFRAID  
OF GETTING  
WET?

NO! IT'S  
JUST...

HEADS UP!

Water Action  
Sniper






\*GASP\*  
GODDAMN  
IT!

OKAY,  
REAL FUNNY,  
DUDE. NOW CAN  
YOU STOP?

IT KINDA  
HURTS...

WHY DO THEY HURT...?





WHY ARE YOU GETTING EMOTIONAL? IT'S JUST A LITTLE WATER.

I'M NOT! IT'S JUST...

IT FEELS WEIRD. CAN YOU AT LEAST SHOOT ME SOMEWHERE ELSE?

SEATTLE  
138

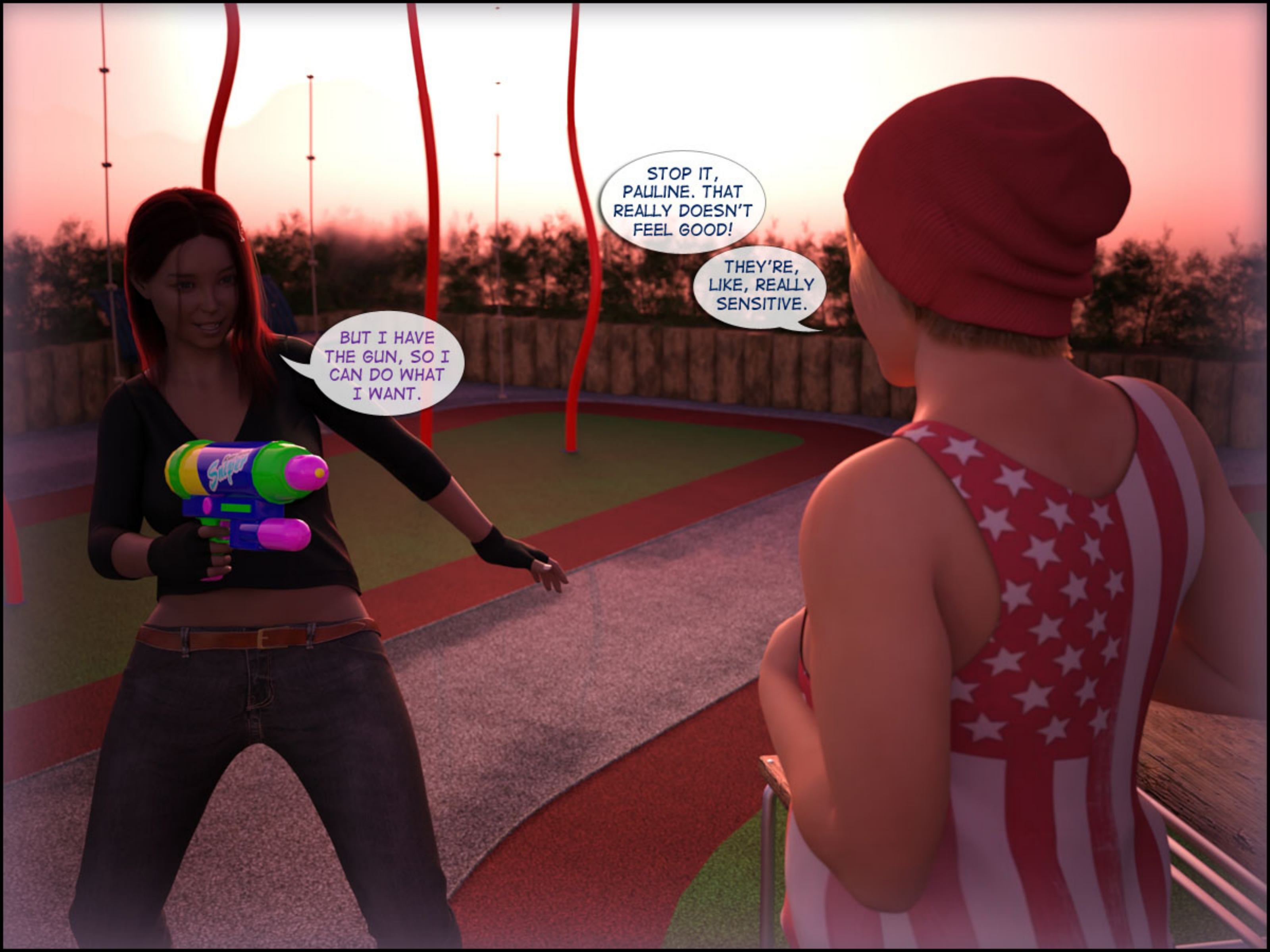




STOP  
WHINING AND  
SLUCK IT UP. BOYS  
AREN'T SUPPOSED  
TO CRY.



WHY DO  
YOU SOUND LIKE  
MY MO-OW!



BUT I HAVE  
THE GUN, SO I  
CAN DO WHAT  
I WANT.

STOP IT,  
PAULINE. THAT  
REALLY DOESN'T  
FEEL GOOD!

THEY'RE,  
LIKE, REALLY  
SENSITIVE.

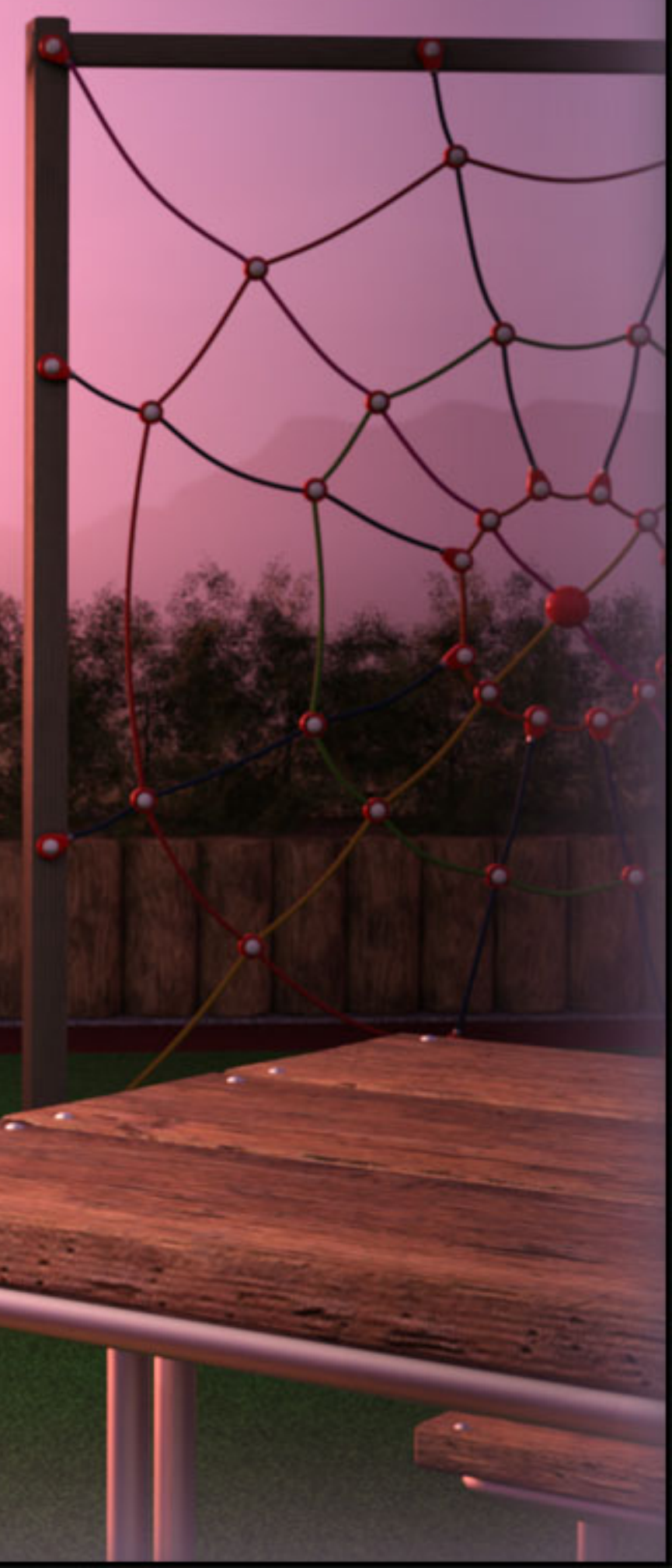


♪ CAN'T  
STOP ME  
NOW... ♪

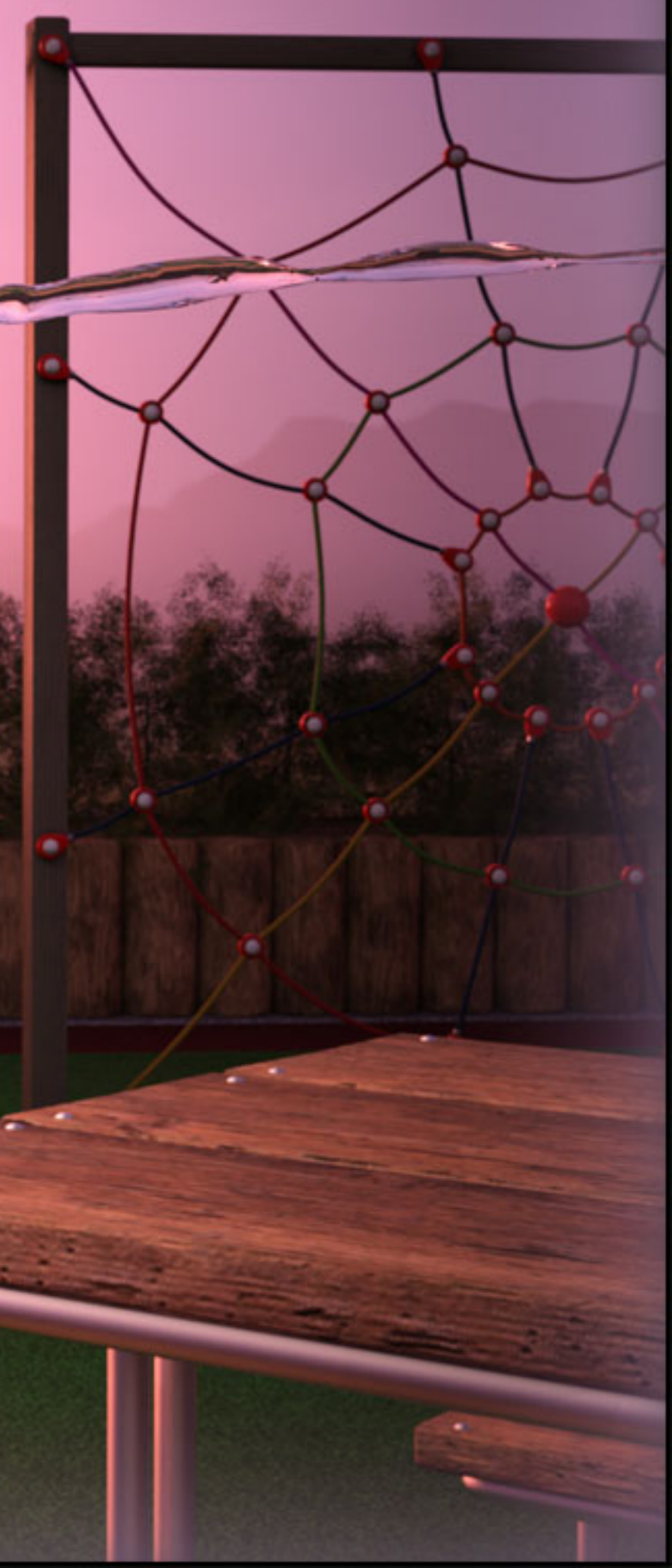


\*GASP\*  
MY NIPPLES!  
STOOOP!

DON'T  
BLAME ME  
FOR THIS.



IT'S WHAT  
YOU AND DAVE  
WANTED.



\*GASP\*

ALL  
OF IT...





... WAS  
YOUR IDEA.

\*WHIMPER\*  
PLEASE...



THIS WAS SUPPOSED  
TO BE YOU, NOT ME...

THIS ISN'T FAIR...





STOP...

\*INCOHERENT  
MUMBLE\*

BI... CH



\*SLOW, DEEP  
INHALE\*



\*GROAN\*



A woman with blonde hair and a nose ring is lying in bed, looking thoughtful. She is wearing a red top. The bed has several pillows, including a large red one and several brown ones. The background is a dark, textured wall.

ANOTHER  
STRANGE  
DREAM...  
\*SIGH\*

GOD,  
THEY'RE  
SORE THIS  
MORNING.

WHAT'S  
WET...?

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting on a grey couch. She is wearing a brown, lace-trimmed top. Her right hand is resting on the couch cushion. She has a speech bubble above her head containing the text: "THIS IS SOME FREDDY KRUEGER SHIT. HOW...?". The scene is dimly lit, with a red object visible on the left and a wooden table on the right.

THIS IS  
SOME FREDDY  
KRUEGER SHIT.  
HOW...?



OH...  
OH CRAP!  
AM I...?

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is seen from behind, wearing a black, long-sleeved, backless dress. She is standing in a room, looking out a window with vertical blinds. The room is dimly lit, with light coming from the window. To the left, there is a wooden desk with a chair and some framed pictures. To the right, there is a white dresser with gold handles and a wooden cabinet on top. A speech bubble is positioned near the window, containing the text '\*GRUNT\*'.

\*GRUNT\*



\*SLOW  
EXHALE\*




GREAT.  
NOW YOU'RE  
AWAKE, TOO...  
\*SIGH\*

LET ME  
PEE FIRST, AND  
THEN I'LL GET US  
SOME FOOD. YOU'RE  
CRUSHING MY  
BLADDER.






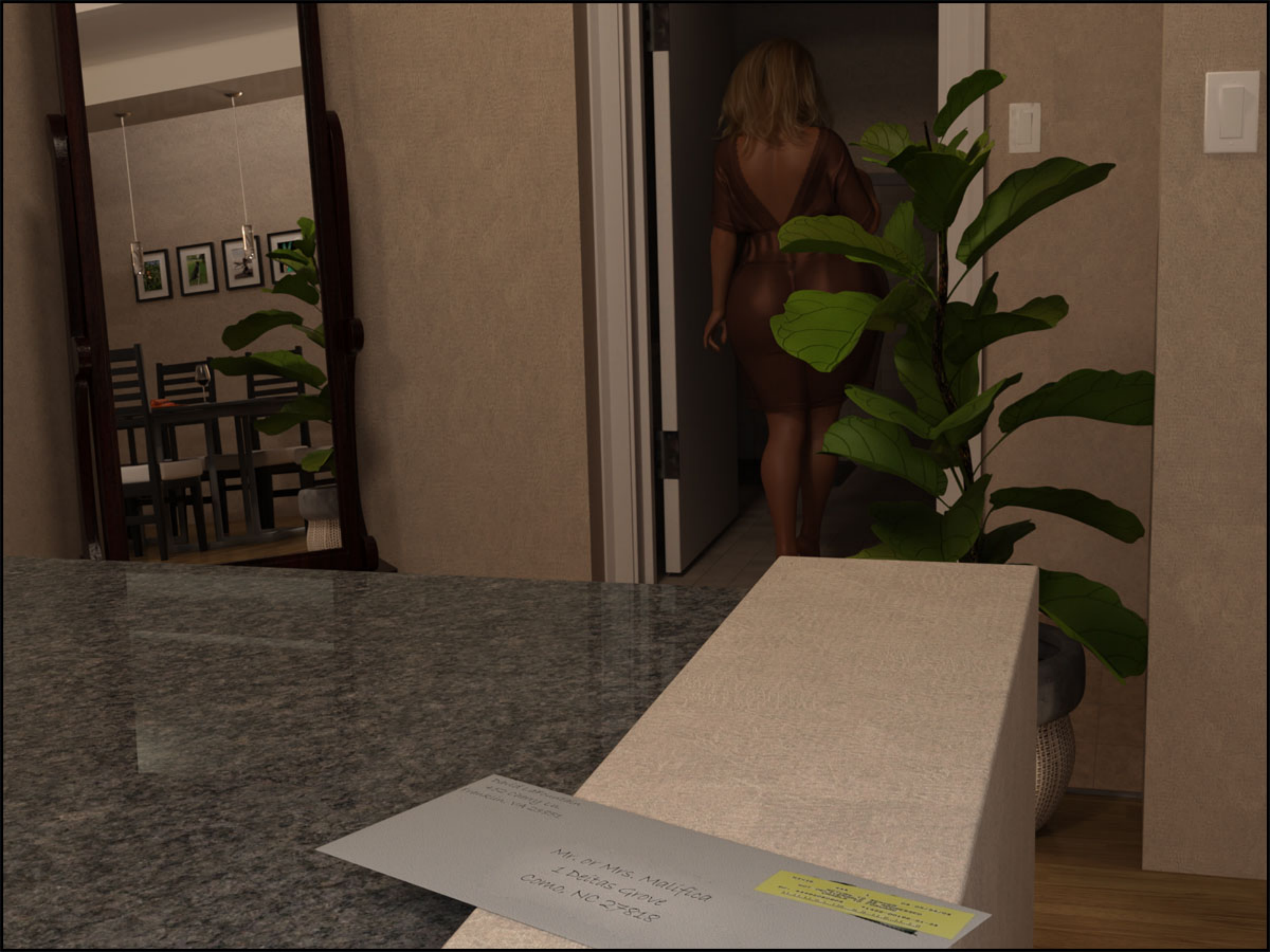
YOU KNOW,  
IF YOU COULD  
STOP MOVING SO  
MUCH, THAT WOULD  
BE GREAT.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red dress, is holding a black bra. She has a confused expression on her face. The scene is set in a room with a window in the background showing vertical blinds and a framed picture on the wall to the right. The lighting is warm and indoor.

AND WHAT  
THE HELL AM I  
SUPPOSED TO DO  
ABOUT THIS?



ANYONE  
WHO DOES THIS  
TO THEMSELVES ON  
PURPOSE HAS TO BE  
OUT OF THEIR  
MIND.



David L. Williams  
400 2nd St. E.  
Tomball, TX 77375

Mr. or Mrs. Malifica  
1 Deltas Grove  
Columb, NC 27818

USPS  
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 1000  
TOMBALL, TX 77375  
NO POSTAGE  
NECESSARY  
IF MAILED  
IN THE  
UNITED STATES

UGH!  
THIS WAS THE  
LAST COMFORTABLE  
THING I HAD LEFT  
TO WEAR.





\*WHIMPER\*  
THEY'RE SO  
BIG...

\*SIGH\*  
ALL RIGHT.  
LET'S SEE HOW  
BAD THIS  
GOT.







♥ GASP ♥



OH NO!  
IT GOT WAY  
WORSE!

YESTERDAY  
IT WAS ONLY  
A FEW DROPS  
A DAY...




GROSS.  
I FEEL LIKE  
A FRIGGIN'  
COW.



\*SIGH\*  
I LOOK LIKE  
ONE, TOO.

HOW  
COULD ANY-  
ONE FIND THIS  
ATTRACTIVE?

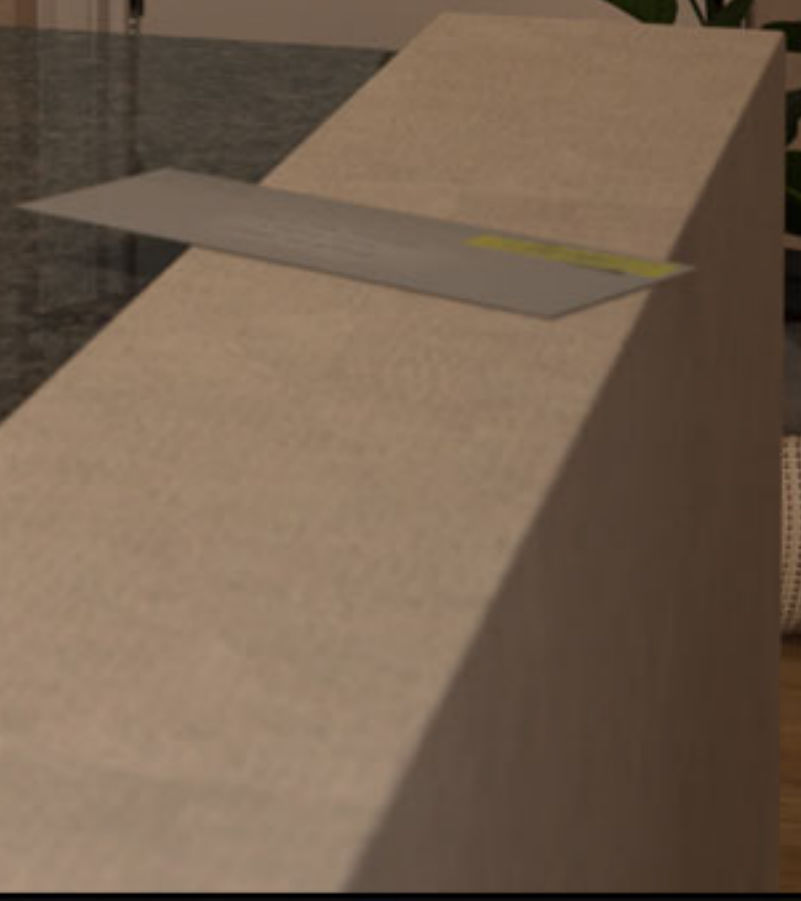


WHAT  
EVEN IS MY  
LIFE...?

MAYBE A  
HOT SHOWER  
WILL HELP.

Things TO  
EXPECT  
WHEN YOU'RE  
EXPECTING  
By Daisy Langman





AN HOUR PASSES BEFORE THE SOUND OF A DOOR CAN BE HEARD CLOSING IN THE DISTANCE.



HEY, I'M HOME...!

IN HERE.





STILL  
IN BED?

NO! I'M  
JUST GETTING  
DRESSED.




DUDE,  
SHUT UP!

YOU KNOW,  
IF IT'S MORE  
COMFORTABLE TO  
SIT AROUND NAKED,  
YOU'RE CERTAINLY  
WELCOME...

I'M JUST  
KIDDING, ALTHOUGH  
I CAN'T EVER GET  
ENOUGH OF THOSE  
BIG BEAUTIFUL  
BOOBS.



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a purple robe, stands in a room with vertical blinds. She is holding a small, dark object in her right hand. A speech bubble above her contains the text: "I WISH I COULD GIVE THEM TO YOU. THEY SUCK. ESPECIALLY RIGHT NOW."

I WISH  
I COULD GIVE  
THEM TO YOU. THEY  
SUCK. ESPECIALLY  
RIGHT NOW.



SO,  
WHY ARE  
YOU HOME  
EARLY?

EVERY-  
THING OKAY  
AT WORK?

YEAH.  
FINISHED WHAT  
I NEEDED TO, AND  
THE BOSS SAID I  
COULD TAKE THE  
REST OF THE  
MORNING.



MAN, I WISH I HAD A BOSS LIKE THAT WHEN I WAS ABLE TO WORK...

YEAH. KEN'S A REALLY GREAT GUY TO WORK FOR.

AND HE WANTS ME TO BE HOME AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE IN CASE YOU... WELL, YOU KNOW...

I WISH I HAD THE CHOICE, AND DIDN'T HAVE TO RELY ON YOU FOR EVERYTHING.

WELL, AT LEAST YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORK ANYMORE...






THAT'S  
NOT... I  
KNOW...

HEY, I  
THOUGHT  
YOU SAID YOU  
WERE GETTING  
DRESSED.

THIS IS THE ONLY COMFORTABLE THING I HAVE LEFT TO WEAR.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE ME CHANGE INTO SOMETHING WORSE, ARE YOU?

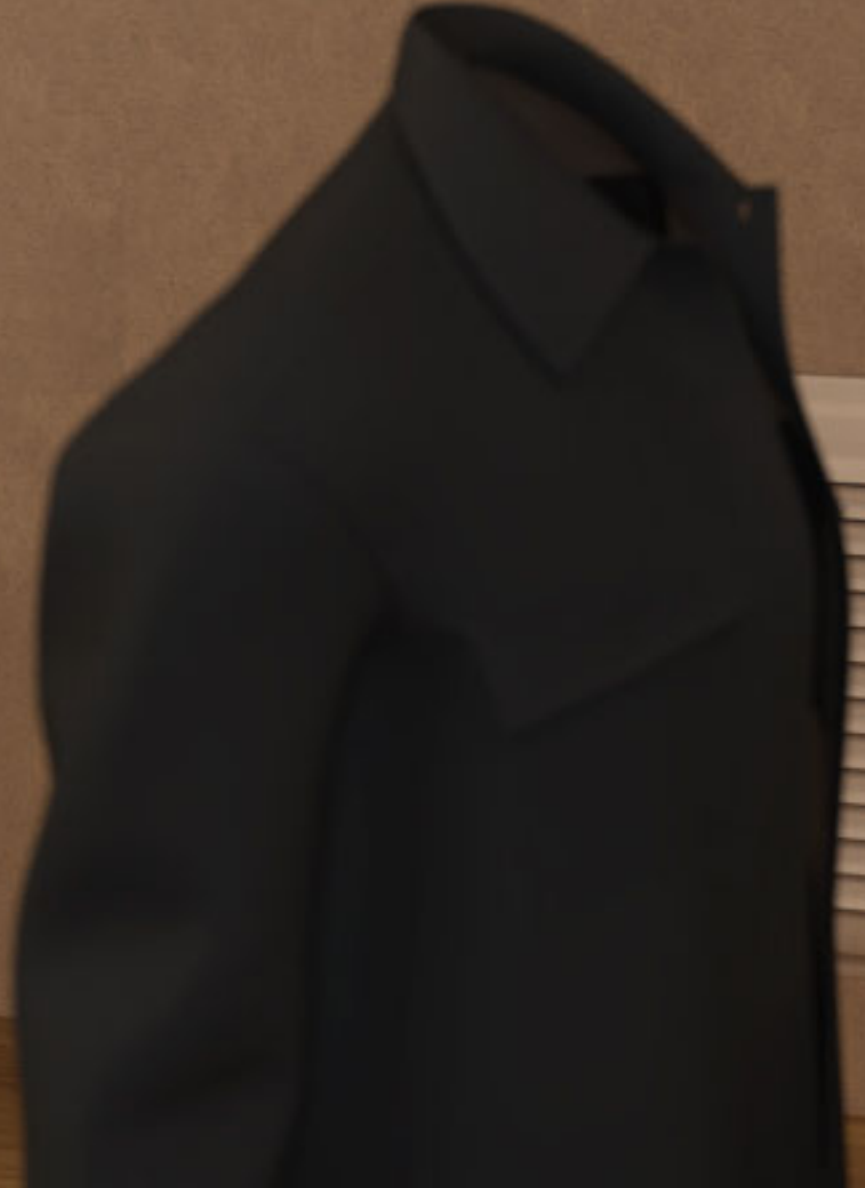


A man in a black t-shirt is adjusting a pink robe on a woman in a hallway. The woman is looking down at the robe. The hallway has a carpeted floor and a wall with several framed pictures. A window with blinds is visible in the background.

WELL,  
I LIKE THE  
ROBE, SO I  
DON'T THINK  
YOU WILL.

GOOD.  
\*GRUNT\*

EVERYTHING  
ALL RIGHT?






ASIDE FROM  
BEING STUCK AS  
YOUR PREGNANT  
GIRLFRIEND,  
YEAH...

HE'S JUST  
RESTING ON A  
NERVE OR SOME-  
THING AND WON'T  
MOVE.

ACCORDING  
TO THAT BOOK  
WE GOT, THIS IS  
NORMAL.



DAMN,  
DUDE. THAT  
SUCKS. I'M  
SORRY.

YOU  
SHOULD BE.  
THIS IS MOSTLY  
YOUR FAULT.

I KNOW.  
I REALLY AM  
SORRY.

YEAH, I  
KNOW...

HOPEFULLY  
IT WON'T BE TOO  
MUCH LONGER...



Providence  
CIGARETTES

Cosmo  
Victoria Beckham



I'M NOT  
LOOKING FOR-  
WARD TO THAT,  
EITHER.

CAN'T BE  
WORSE THAN  
GETTING KICKED  
IN THE BALLS,  
RIGHT?

I DON'T  
KNOW, MAN.  
TRY GETTING  
KICKED IN THE  
BALLS ON THE  
INSIDE.

BECAUSE  
THAT'S WHAT  
IT FEELS LIKE IF  
HE MOVES THE  
WRONG WAY.

I THINK  
I'LL PASS...



SPEAKING  
OF, YOU READY  
TO GET YOUR ASS  
KICKED?

LUCKY  
YOU...

YOU GOT  
LUCKY LAST  
TIME. IT WON'T  
HAPPEN AGAIN,  
PUNK.





NO FAKING  
CONTRACTIONS  
THIS TIME.

NO  
PROMISES.





\*GRUNT\*  
BUT GIVE ME A  
SECOND. HE IS  
SHIFTING.

ALL  
RIGHT.



YOU  
GOOD OVER  
THERE?


YEAH,  
JUST HAVING  
TROUBLE SEEING  
THE CONTROLLER  
OVER MY TITS.  
\*SIGH\*





OH NO.  
YOU'RE NOT  
DISTRACTING ME  
WITH THAT ONE  
AGAIN.

DAMN...



I'M PLAYING  
TO WIN. MY MIND  
IS LIKE A STEEL  
TRAP.

YOU HAVE  
NO CHANCE,  
MY FRIEND.

\*HUFF\*



LET'S UP  
THE STAKES.  
LOSER DOES THE  
DISHES AFTER  
DINNER.

WHADDYA  
SAY?

MM-  
HMM...



GOOD, BECAUSE I HATE DOING THEM.

SUCKS TO BE YOU, THEN, 'CAUSE I'M GONNA WIN.





YOU  
HAVE NO,  
UH...



DUDE...

AWW, YEAH!  
TAKE THAT,  
BITCH!



THIS IS  
WHAT YA GET  
FOR TALKIN'  
SHIT.



HA! LOOK  
WHO'S DOING THE  
DISHES TONIGHT,  
FLUCKER!



DUDE,  
YOU'RE  
LEAKING!

YOU  
JUST GOT  
BEAT BY A  
GIRL.

LIKE,  
A LOT...





OH, GOD-DAMN IT!

HOW DID I LEAK THROUGH A BATHROBE!?



THAT'S  
A LOT OF  
MILK...

IT JUST  
STARTED THIS  
MORNING.



WOW...

HOW MUCH IS IN THERE?



JESUS...  
IT'S BEEN  
GOING ALL  
DAY!





\*SLOW BREATH\*

MAN! NOW WHAT THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO WEAR?



CORI, I'M  
SORRY. BUT  
I... \*SIGH\*



HOW IS THIS TURNING YOU ON? IT'S SO GROSS!



NO, IT ISN'T. IT'S...  
FUCK! I WAS DOING SO WELL TRYING NOT TO THINK OF YOU LIKE THAT.


NOW I CAN'T STOP.

REALLY...?



I CAN'T  
GET YOU OUT  
OF MY HEAD.






I SWEAR,  
I WAS TRYING.  
YOU HAVE TO  
BELIEVE ME.

BUT I  
CAN'T HELP  
MYSELF.





OH  
GOD...

IT'S OKAY.  
YOU HAVE NO  
IDEA HOW NEEDY  
THIS BODY HAS  
BEEN LATELY.

FIRST BASTION

REALLY?  
BUT...

MY  
HORMONES  
ARE IN OVERDRIVE  
RIGHT NOW. I JUST...  
FUUCK, THIS IS SO  
EMBARASSING...





YOU...  
ACTUALLY  
WANT THIS,  
TOO?

I NEVER  
WANTED ANY  
OF THIS, BUT  
FLUCK IT...

FIRST BASTION

A woman is sitting on a grey couch, holding a pair of teal lace underwear. She is wearing a pink top. In the foreground, there is a glass coffee table with a magazine, an ashtray, and a box. The background is a plain wall.


WE'VE  
BEEN DOING  
THIS EVERY DAY  
FOR ABOUT A YEAR  
ANYWAY, UNTIL  
LATELY.

\*CHUCKLE\*  
I WAS ACTUALLY  
WORRIED THAT YOU  
WERE GETTING BORED  
OF ME. HOW MESSED  
UP IS THAT?

VICTORIA'S  
SECRET  
COSMIC

ASHTRAY

BOX

A close-up, realistic illustration of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair and a small nose ring. She has a soft, slightly concerned expression and is looking off-camera to the right. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

NO WAY!  
I MEAN, I WAS  
JUST... I DIDN'T  
THINK YOU...

IS THIS  
ACTUALLY YOU  
TALKING RIGHT  
NOW?

YEAH...  
JUST DON'T  
MAKE IT WEIRD,  
OKAY? IT'S JUST  
THE PREGNANCY  
HORMONES.

I'M  
STILL ME  
IN HERE.

YEAH,  
OKAY. YOU  
GOT IT.

YOU DON'T  
DESERVE TO  
KEEP FEELING  
GUILTY FOR WHAT  
SHE DID TO ME.  
TO US...

WHY ARE  
YOU TELLING  
ME THIS?





♥ NOT  
WHEN IT  
FEELS THIS  
GOOD... ♥



♥BREATH♥  
I HATE THAT I  
ACTUALLY WANT  
THIS... ♥

BUT I  
REALLY  
DO. ♥



YOU  
WANT MY BIG,  
HARD...?

I SAID  
DON'T MAKE  
IT WEIRD.

SORRY.

BUT  
YEAH...





\*BREATH\*  
GO SLOW...

OKAY.



\*GASP\*  
DAVE!



♥ OH GOD!  
YOU'RE DRINKING  
MY MILK! ♥



♥ THAT FEELS  
SO GOOD. KEEP  
SUCKING. ♥

♥ SUCK MY  
BIG MOMMY  
TITTIES! ♥






♥ MOAN ♥  
♥ I NEEDED  
THIS SO... ♥

\*THROAT  
CLEAR\*



WE'RE GOING TO NEED YOU TWO TO WRAP THIS UP SOON.

\*GASP\* WHO'S THERE?




MAKE  
YOURSELVES  
DECENT. WE NEED  
TO TALK, AND WE  
DON'T HAVE A LOT  
OF TIME.

YOU CAN  
GET BACK TO  
YOUR LOVE-MAKING  
WHEN WE'RE  
DONE.

\*SIGH\*

WHO THE  
FLICK ARE YOU!?  
GET OUT OF OUR  
HOUSE!





MY NAME IS  
DETECTIVE IRA. I'M  
WITH THE ARCANA  
REINFORCEMENT  
AGENCY.

IF YOU  
TWO COULD  
CEASE INTER-  
COURSE, I WILL  
EXPLAIN...

OH GOD!  
BUT WE CAN'T  
STOP!

WHAT THE  
FLUCK!?



♥ OUR BODIES WON'T STOP UNLESS HE COMES! ♥

IT'S A CURSE. I'M SORRY!

PLEASE DON'T HURT US!

OF COURSE SHE WOULD. OH WELL, IT'S A SIMPLE ENOUGH FIX.





WHAT  
DO YOU...  
GUH! ♥

♥ OH,  
FUCK! ♥

RSTBA

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the chest up, unclothed. She has her eyes closed and her mouth open in a state of intense pleasure or orgasm. Her hands are positioned on her breasts, and there is a visible white substance on her fingers. The background features a large mural of a city skyline with tall buildings and a body of water. A speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing text in pink and purple. The overall lighting is warm and soft.

♥ I... I'M  
CUMMING  
IN FRONT OF  
STRANGERS!  
AAAH! ♥

DETECTIVE,  
WAS THAT REALLY  
NECESSARY?


HMPH!



WE  
NEED TO  
ACT FAST,  
DOM.

CUMMING  
SO MUCH! IT  
HURTS...

THAT IS TRUE.  
BUT IN YOUR HASTE,  
YOU GAVE THE POOR  
BOY A FEMALE ORGASM.  
HIS BODY WASN'T BUILT  
TO HANDLE IT.



YOU'D THINK  
THAT YOU OF ALL  
PEOPLE WOULD WANT  
TO ALLOW THEM SOME  
DIGNITY.

THEY'RE  
JUST NORMIES.  
WE CAN MAKE THEM  
FORGET THAT WE WERE  
EVER HERE WHEN  
WE'RE DONE.


DON'T  
LOOK AT ME!  
\*WHIMPER\*



\*HUFF\*  
YOU PEOPLE HAVE  
SOME NERVE, COMING  
INTO OUR HOME  
LIKE THIS...

DAVE,  
DON'T. I  
THINK THEY'RE  
LIKE HER.

FIRST BASTI



ARE YOU  
OKAY?


I DON'T  
KNOW HOW MUCH  
MORE OF THIS I  
CAN TAKE.

SEE?  
NOW THEY  
DON'T TRUST  
US. SO DID WE  
REALLY SAVE  
ANY TIME?

FIGHT AN  
SPECIAL

START

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GIVEN, WE  
COULD CERTAINLY  
FORCE THEM TO TELL  
US WHAT THEY KNOW.  
BUT THEN HOW WOULD  
WE BE ANY BETTER  
THAN SHE IS?


THIS IS  
A BETTER  
WAY.

\*GRUNT\*

\*GRUNT\*

FIRST





THE  
HELL...?

UH,  
DAVE...?



UH, I  
THINK YOU'RE  
RIGHT ABOUT  
THEM.

LISTEN.  
IF ANYTHING  
HAPPENS TO  
US...

T BAST

YOU CAN PUT  
YOUR CONCERNS  
TO BED. WE HAVE NO  
INTENTION OF HARMING  
YOU. WE JUST WANT  
TO TALK.

I'M DETECTIVE  
DOMINICK ROSCOE  
OF THE A.R.A.





PAULINE?

DETECTIVE  
IRA AND I ARE  
HUNTING A ROGUE  
MEMBER OF OUR  
KIND.


THE SAME  
ONE THAT ALTERED  
YOUR LIVES NEARLY  
A YEAR AGO.

IT'S BEEN  
A WHOLE YEAR.  
WHY ARE YOU  
SHOWING UP  
NOW?

DOES THIS  
MEAN YOU CAN  
CHANGE ME  
BACK?

THAT'S  
WHO YOU  
WOULD KNOW  
HER AS, YES.

I'M  
AFRAID  
NOT.

A man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a white shirt and a dark tie, is sitting on a chair. He is looking towards a woman with long blonde hair who is wearing a white dress with a pink floral pattern. The man has a speech bubble above him. The background shows a window with blinds and a view of a city at night.

CAN'T  
OR WON'T?  
EITHER WAY, WHY  
ARE YOU HERE IF  
YOU CAN'T HELP  
HER... HIM?




THERE'S A LOT OF RED TAPE INVOLVED AROUND US INTERACTING DIRECTLY WITH YOUR KIND.

BUT IT WASN'T FOR THE LACK OF EFFORT ON YOUR BEHALF.

FOR THE PAST ELEVEN MONTHS, OUR AGENCY HAS BEEN SCRAMBLING TO REPAIR EVERY PARADOX SHE CREATED WHEN SHE ALTERED YOUR EXISTENCE.

IF IT WASN'T FOR OUR EFFORTS, THE WORLD AROUND YOU WOULD'VE FALLEN INTO ABSOLUTE CHAOS.



AS FOR UNDOING THE, LET'S CALL IT MAGIC. AS FOR UNDOING THE MAGIC THAT CHANGED YOU, IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.

YOU SEE, EACH INDIVIDUAL COMPONENT OF A CHANGE IS UNIQUE, MADE UP OF HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF INDIVIDUAL PATHS OR STRINGS.

WITHOUT KNOWING THE EXACT PATH HER MAGIC TOOK, ANY ATTEMPT TO ALTER IT COULD BE CATASTROPHIC.


DO YOU UNDERSTAND? IT TOOK THE BETTER PART OF A YEAR TO HANDLE THE UN-INTENDED SIDE EFFECTS.

IT WOULD TAKE LONGER THAN YOUR LIFESPAN TO RETRACE THE STEPS SHE TOOK, UNLESS WE FIND HER.

IS THERE  
NOTHING YOU  
CAN DO FOR  
CORI?

SADLY, NO.  
IT'S FAR MORE  
LIKELY THAT WE'D  
MAKE THINGS  
WORSE.

AND THINGS  
COULD BE FAR  
WORSE.

A man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a white dress shirt and a dark tie, sits in a chair. He is looking towards a pregnant woman with blonde hair. She is wearing a white dress with a pink and orange floral pattern and a pink sash. They are in a room with a large window showing a city skyline at night. The man has a speech bubble, and the woman has a speech bubble. There is also a separate speech bubble on the left side of the image.

THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING...

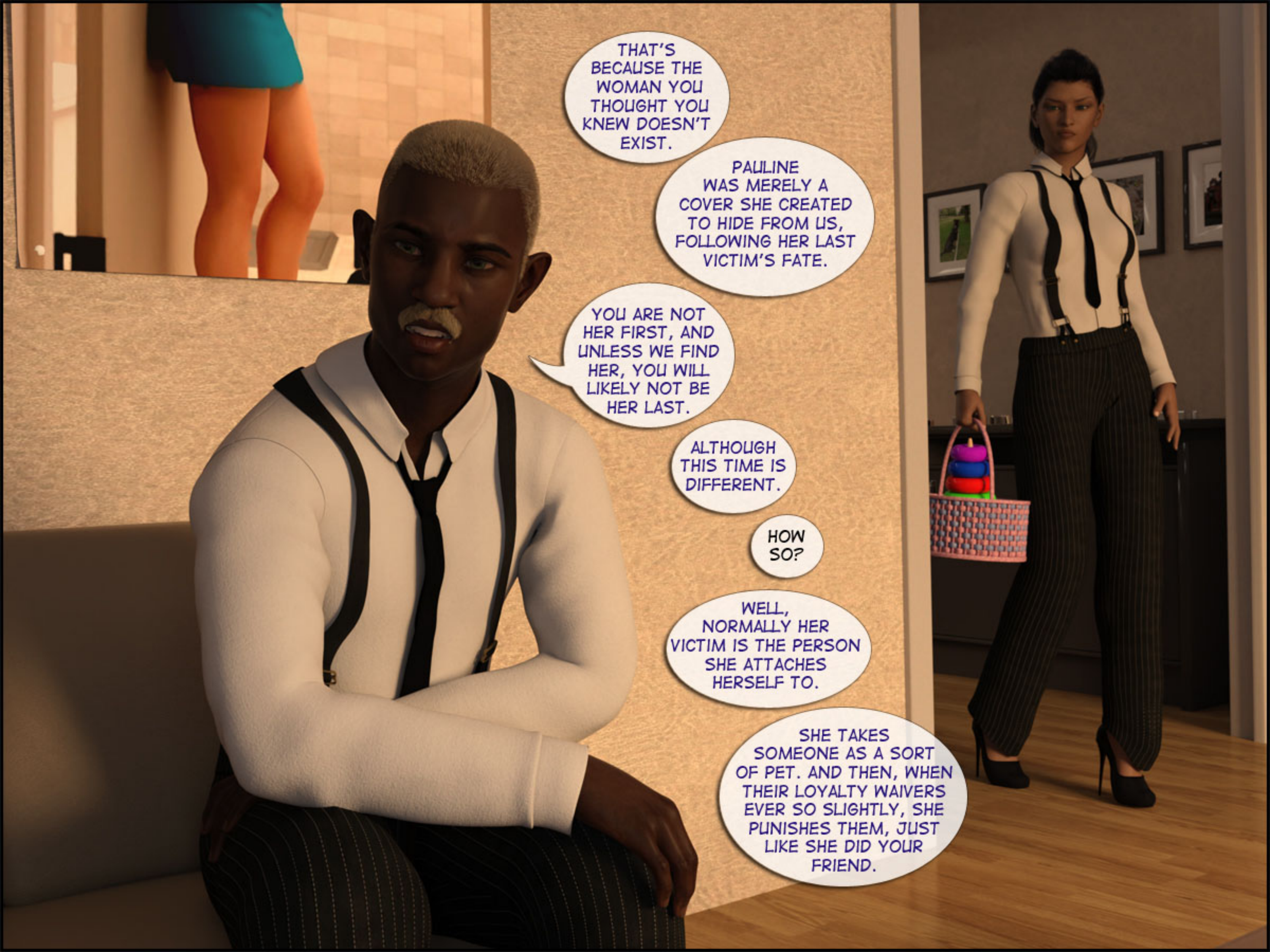
YOU SAID UNLESS YOU FIND HER. IF YOU DO, YOU COULD UNDO ALL OF THIS?

THERE'S A CHANCE, YES. BUT I DON'T WANT TO CREATE A FALSE SENSE OF HOPE.



WHATEVER  
OUR CHANCES  
ARE, WE'LL DO  
ANYTHING WE CAN  
TO HELP...

BUT WE'VE  
BEEN LOOKING  
FOR HER THE ENTIRE  
TIME. IT'S LIKE  
SHE DOESN'T  
EXIST.



THAT'S  
BECAUSE THE  
WOMAN YOU  
THOUGHT YOU  
KNEW DOESN'T  
EXIST.

PAULINE  
WAS MERELY A  
COVER SHE CREATED  
TO HIDE FROM US,  
FOLLOWING HER LAST  
VICTIM'S FATE.

YOU ARE NOT  
HER FIRST, AND  
UNLESS WE FIND  
HER, YOU WILL  
LIKELY NOT BE  
HER LAST.

ALTHOUGH  
THIS TIME IS  
DIFFERENT.

HOW  
SO?

WELL,  
NORMALLY HER  
VICTIM IS THE PERSON  
SHE ATTACHES  
HERSELF TO.

SHE TAKES  
SOMEONE AS A SORT  
OF PET. AND THEN, WHEN  
THEIR LOYALTY WAIVERS  
EVER SO SLIGHTLY, SHE  
PUNISHES THEM, JUST  
LIKE SHE DID YOUR  
FRIEND.

AND FOR SOME REASON, SHE'S KEEPING TABS ON YOU.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WE'RE HERE NOW BECAUSE AN ALARM WENT OFF INDICATING HER PRESENCE IN YOUR KITCHEN JUST MOMENTS BEFORE WE ARRIVED.



SHE LEFT  
THIS ON YOUR  
KITCHEN  
TABLE.

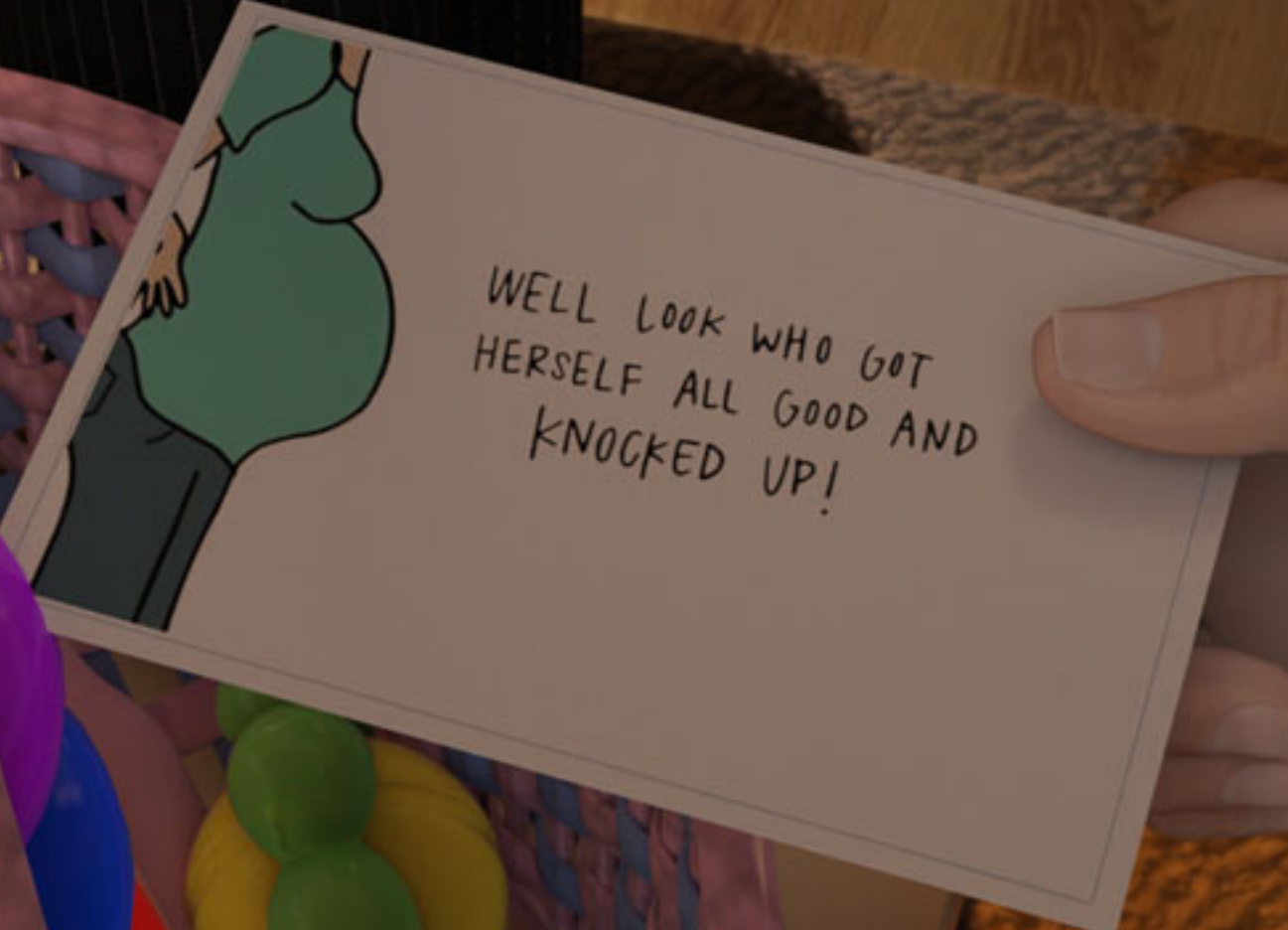
A GIFT  
BASKET?

SHE WAS  
HERE?

MAY YOUR  
LABOR  
BE AS EASY  
AS YOUR  
WIFE

THE BASTION

UH,  
DUDE...



WELL LOOK WHO GOT  
HERSELF ALL GOOD AND  
KNOCKED UP!



LOOK  
WHAT SHE  
LEFT.

THAT  
CUNT!

FIRST B

WHAT'S  
IT SAY?



WELL LOOK WHO GOT  
HERSELF ALL GOOD AND  
KNOCKED UP!

BASTION

CORI...?

**MAY YOUR  
LABOR  
BE AS EASY  
AS YOU  
WERE**

Dave and Cori,

I hope you two are enjoying your new lives together. Well, I know David is at least...

I can't wait to meet the first "crotch goblin" you two made together!

Oh, and tell Detective Ira that her fiance says hi. She gives the best lap dances. :)

- Pauline



FUCK YOU,  
YOU EVIL  
BITCH!





COME ON... YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS.

WHY WOULD SHE DO THIS TO ME? WHY IS SHE...?

WE DON'T KNOW. IT FEELS LIKE SOME SORT OF SICK POWER FETISH.



CHRIS...

ALL WE  
KNOW IS THAT  
HER MOTIVES  
ARE ALWAYS  
PERSONAL.

Will you ever let  
me see the  
inside of your  
heart?

I WISH I HAD BETTER NEWS. WE WERE HOPING SHE SPOKE TO THE TWO OF YOU BEFORE SHE FLED.

TO GIVE US SOME CLUE, ANY CLUE, TO WHERE SHE'S HIDING OR WHAT NEW IDENTITY SHE ADOPTED.




WHY WOULD SHE RISK GETTING CAUGHT JUST TO HARASS US?

AGAIN, THIS WAS SOMETHING WE HOPED YOU COULD SHED SOME LIGHT ON.

THIS IS NEW.



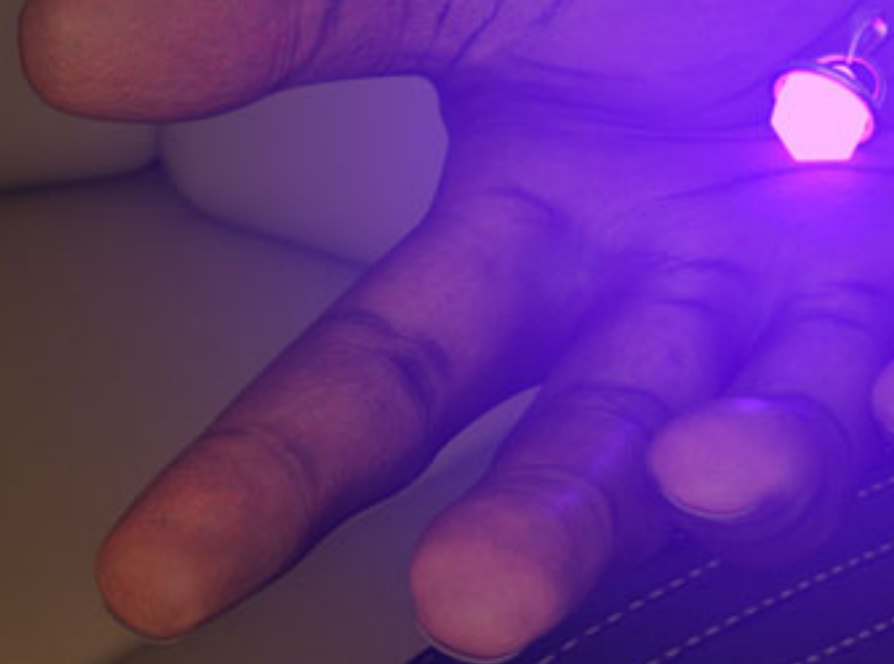
SO, IS THIS THE PART WHERE YOU ERASE OUR MEMORIES OR SOMETHING?



NOT  
QUITE. I WAS  
ACTUALLY HOPING  
THAT YOU'D  
CONTINUE TO  
HELP US.

YEAH,  
SURE...  
HOW?

WITH THIS.  
NOTHING TOO  
INVOLVED.





PLACE THIS BAUBLE ON A CHAIN AROUND YOUR NECK, AND IF SHE'S WITHIN SIXTY FEET OF YOU, WE'LL BE ALERTED.

JUST WEAR THAT AS A NECKLACE?

THAT'S CORRECT.

SEBASTIAN



IF SHE DOES ENGAGE IN CONVERSATION WITH YOU, TRY TO KEEP HER TALKING.

LET'S GO, DOM. THIS IS A DEAD END.



I'LL BE  
OUTSIDE.  
GOOD LUCK  
WITH THE  
KID.



I'll  
be right  
out.


No,  
take your  
time...



I KNOW THIS LIFE WASN'T YOUR CHOICE, BUT KNOW THAT YOU'RE QUITE LUCKY, GIVEN WHO WE'RE WORKING WITH.

GOOD LUCK, AND SORRY FOR INTRUDING.



A man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a white dress shirt and a dark tie, is sitting on a grey couch. He is looking down at a small card he is holding in his hands. To his left, a speech bubble contains text. The background features a window with white blinds on the left and a cityscape at night on the right.

WELL, AT  
LEAST WE HAVE  
SOME POWER ON  
OUR SIDE. THAT'S  
SOMETHING...

THERE'S  
STILL A CHANCE  
WE CAN FREE  
YOU, MAN.

MAY YOUR  
LADDER  
BE AS FAST  
AS YOU  
ARE HERE





HEY,  
DAPHNE,  
WAIT UP!





COME ON...



BECAUSE WE NEEDED THEIR COOPERATION.

WHY DID YOU LIE TO THEM? THEY WERE NEARLY CONTENT WITH THEIR SITUATION.



WELL, YEAH.  
SHE'S OBVIOUSLY  
GOT A THING FOR  
THE MALE.

SHE'S  
NEVER GIVEN ONE  
OF HER NORMIES  
A GIFT LIKE THAT  
BEFORE.

BUT NOW  
THEY BELIEVE  
THERE'S A WAY  
BACK TO NORMAL.  
THIS IS THEIR  
NORMAL.

WHO CARES?  
THEY'LL BE FINE  
THE WAY THEY  
ARE. BUT NOW  
WE HAVE BAIT.

DID  
WE?

WHY ARE YOU SO GUNG HO ABOUT THEIR FEELINGS?

DIDN'T YOU JUST HUMILIATE THEM BY INTERRUPTING THEIR COITIS?

BECAUSE IT'S OUR JOB TO WATCH OVER THEM, AND I HAD NO INTENTION OF LETTING THEM REMEMBER THAT ENCOUNTER.





WHAT, DID YOU THINK THEY COULD JUST POINT YOU IN THE DIRECTION OF YOUR SISTER?

THAT FINDING THE RUBY STAR WOULD BE THAT EASY?

WE JUST NEEDED INTEL. WE WEREN'T HERE TO SOCIALIZE.



ON TO THE  
NEXT DEAD  
END...

WHATEVER.  
COME ON, I  
HAVE ANOTHER  
LEAD.









WHAT  
ARE WE GOING  
TO DO?





CORI?

OH,  
MY GOD,  
DAVE!

FIRST B



I'M RIGHT  
HERE.

DAVE?  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?



EVERYTHING  
OKAY?

NO!  
HURRY!


OH GOD!  
IS IT HER?  
WHAT DID SHE  
DO NOW?



A man with a beard, wearing a white dress shirt and a dark tie, stands in a kitchen. He is looking towards the camera with a slightly nervous expression. The kitchen features white upper cabinets and a grey refrigerator. A large green plant is in the foreground on the left. A speech bubble is positioned above the man's head.

I'M  
RIGHT  
HERE!

OH  
GOD!

A man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a white dress shirt and a dark striped tie, is looking upwards with a questioning expression. A speech bubble is positioned to his left. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a soft light source on the right. A green plant is visible in the bottom left corner.

CORI, IS  
THAT...?



ARE YOU...?

HNN...



DUDE...  
\*BREATH\*

Purina  
Purina

CALL AN  
AMBULANCE!  
I...





I THINK  
THE BABY'S  
COMING!

THE END

