
A large, dark, multi-story house at night, viewed through trees. The house has a prominent front porch with columns and a central arched window. A single window on the second floor is illuminated from within, casting a warm glow. The scene is framed by out-of-focus green foliage in the foreground.


FOUR YEARS AGO, MY STEP
BROTHER WENT MISSING....

HIS TRAIL HAD BEEN COLD UNTIL
THIS PAST JUNE, WHEN A BIT OF
GOSSIP AT A SMALL-TOWN BAR
GAVE ME A SHRED OF HOPE...



IT LED ME TO THIS MANSION
NESTLED DEEP WITHIN THE
ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS...

A BUILDING REGISTERED
TO A BARBARA DAVIS. WHO
DIED FOUR YEARS AGO...

A man with short dark hair, wearing a dark jacket, is shown in profile from the chest up, looking out from behind a tree trunk. The background is a misty, blue-toned forest with many trees and foliage. The lighting is dim, creating a somber and mysterious atmosphere.

BEFORE HIS DISAPPEARANCE,
MY BROTHER SPOKE OF AN
INVESTIGATION THAT HE WAS
DOING OFF THE BOOKS...

LOOKING INTO A STRANGE
PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY
THAT THE LATE MRS. DAVIS
SOMEHOW HAD TIES TO...



TWENTY MILES
AWAY FROM THE
LAST GPS LOCATION
HIS PHONE PINGED...


THERE'S NO WAY
THIS COULD BE A
COINCIDENCE...



The Search For


Detective Batson

By KaraComet



I NEEDED SOME ANSWERS.

AND THE FRONT DOOR
WASN'T AN OPTION.

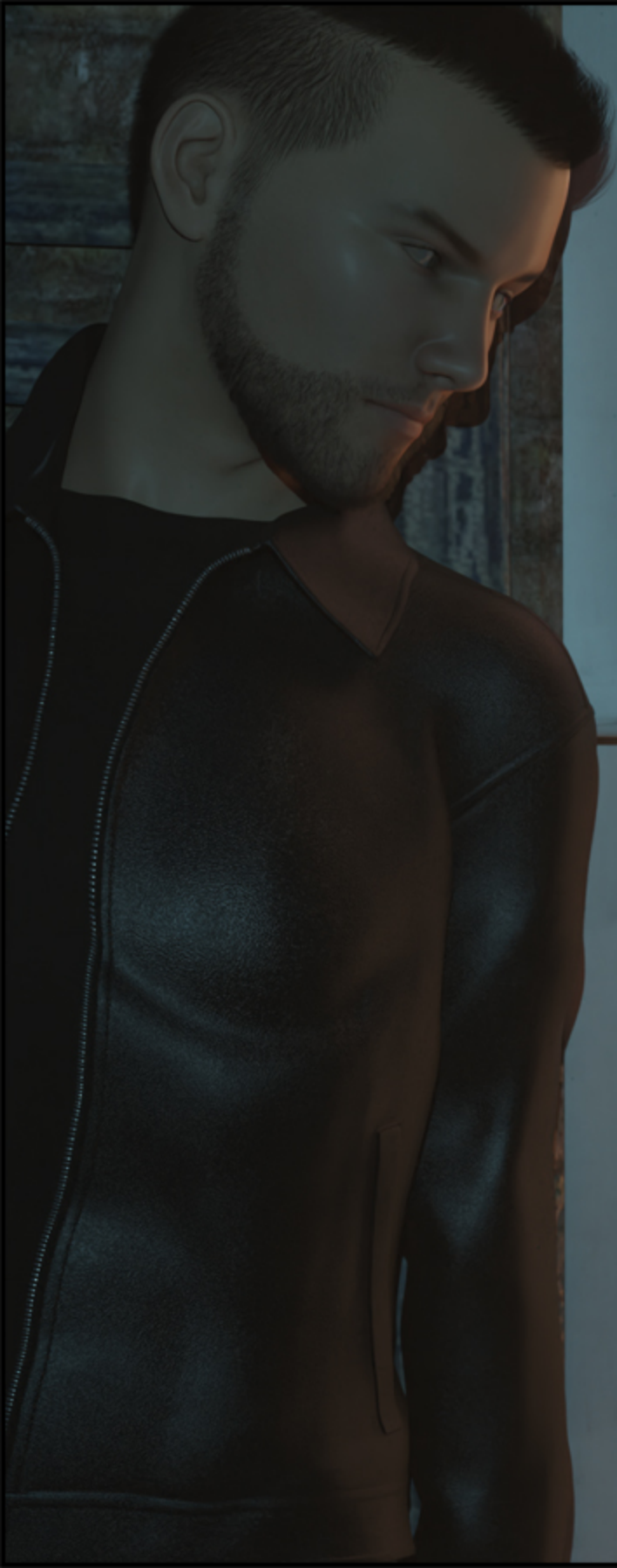


THE LAW GAVE UP
ON LARRY BATSON
SOME TIME AGO...

BUT WHO EVER NEEDED
THE LAW, ANYWAY...?

THEY'D ONLY GET
IN MY WAY...





A CRACKED
WINDOW. I
WONDER...





YEAH.
JUST LIKE
THAT...

MMM!
SLURP

I
AM
SUCH
A
GIRLY GIRL

YEAH.
SUCK IT LIKE
THE SLUT YOU
ARE...





SUCK
IT LIKE YOU
LOVE IT.

YOU LOVE
SUCKING THIS
FAT COCK.

GLOMP



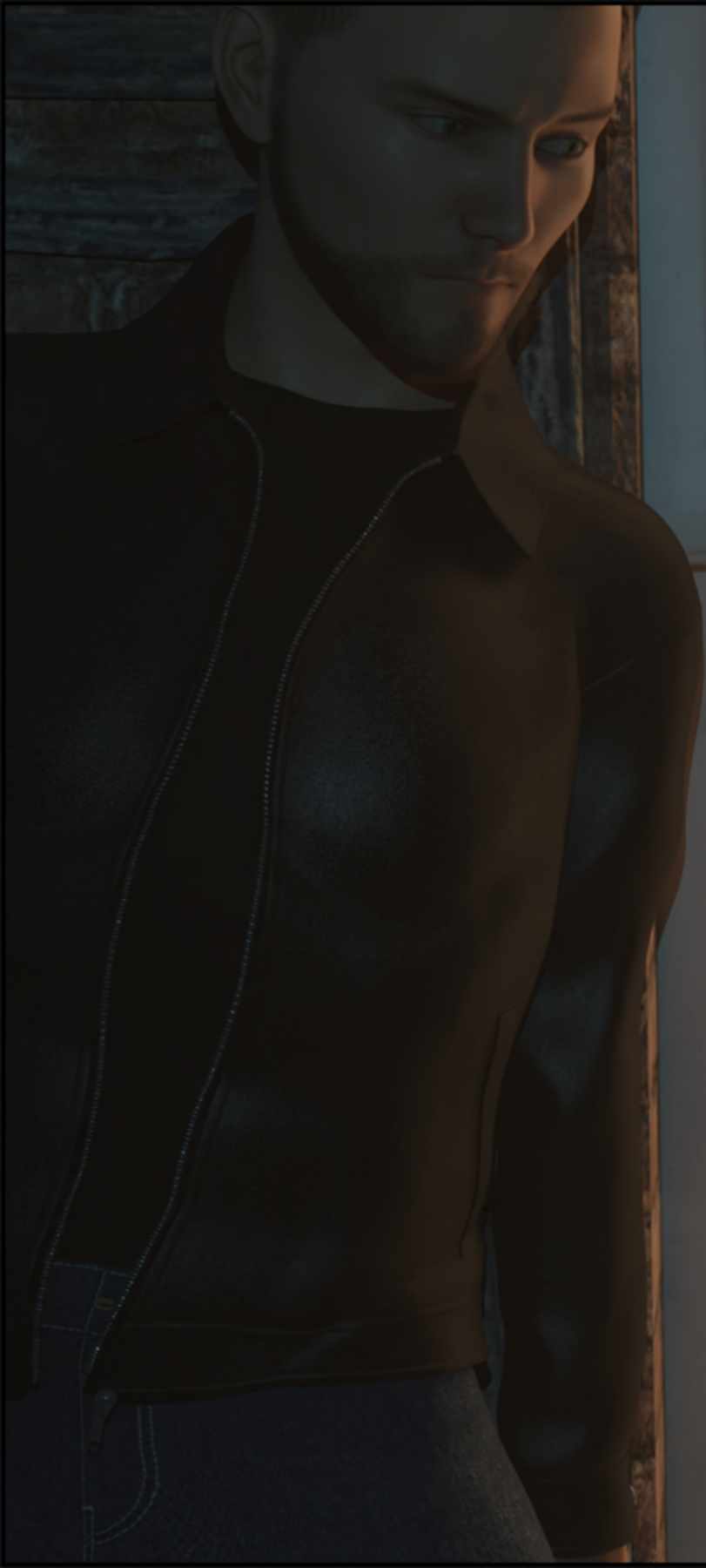
BREATH
HERE'S YOUR
REWARD...

FOR
BEING SUCH A
GOOD COCK-
SLUCKER.

GULP

I
AM
SUCH
A
GIRLY GI





OUT OF ALL THE THINGS I EXPECTED TO FIND HERE...

THIS WAS NOT ON THE LIST...



Giggle

GIRLY GIRL

OH WELL. WHEN LIFE
HANDS YOU BIMBOS...

click





MUFFLED TALKING...

MUFFLED FLIRTING...

COME ON, OLD MAN...



PERFECT...

KA-CHUCK

WHOEVER SHE IS, HER TITS ARE OUTRAGEOUS...

AND SHE'S NOT WATCHING THE MIRROR. NOW'S MY CHANCE...!

I AM SUCH A GIRLY GIRL





Groan



SIGH...

MOVE
OR SCREAM,
AND YOU'RE
DEAD...



I ONLY WANT SOME ANSWERS, AND THEN I'LL BE GONE...

TAP ON THE BED WITH YOUR RIGHT HAND IF YOU GET ME.



I SAID
DON'T
MOVE.

OMIGOD!

A man with short dark hair and a goatee, wearing a black leather jacket, is leaning forward and holding a silver handgun. He has a serious expression. In the background, a heart-shaped wooden frame on a purple wall contains a small photograph of a man. The scene is dimly lit, with a desk and chair visible in the background.

I KNOW
YOU PLASTIC
BIMBOS AIN'T
THAT SMART...

BUT THIS
IS YOUR ONE
WARNING...

LIKE,
DO IT! PULL
THE TRIGGER! I
CAN'T, LIKE, LIVE
LIKE THIS ANY
MORE!





GASP
ALEX!?

LIKE,
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE!?



WHAT?
HOW THE FUCK
DO YOU KNOW
MY NAME?

Giggle

ANSWER
ME, BITCH!



START
TALKING
NOW!

IT'S
NOT SAFE.
OH GAWD,
ALEX...



YOU,
LIKE, NEED
TO LEAVE,
NOW!

Passion
Pharmaceuticals

MAKING
A
JOY



I'M NOT
LEAVING 'TIL
I GET SOME
ANSWERS.
I...



A FRAMED PICTURE OF
LARRY TAKEN FROM OUR
LOCAL NEWS PAPER...



THIS BIMBO KNEW
SOMETHING...

CUT
THE ACT,
SLUT!

LARRY
BATSON.
WHERE IS
HE!?


GASP!



OMIGOD!
I... I CAN'T!
THEY, LIKE...
PLEASE!

YOU, LIKE,
WON'T EVER
BELIEVE ME!
JUST GO!

NOT UNTIL
YOU TELL ME
EVERYTHING YOU
KNOW ABOUT MY
BROTHER!



QUICKLY,
OR I'M GOING
TO FIND OUT IF
THOSE EXPENSIVE
TITS POP LIKE A
BALLOON.

IT'S ME!
ALEX, I'M
LANA!

THEY DID
THIS TO ME!
I CAN'T, LIKE,
STOP BEING
LIKE THIS!

YOU,
LIKE, HAVE TO
GO BEFORE MASTER
FINDS OUT THERE'S,
LIKE, A CUTE BOY
IN MY ROOM!

WHAT
THE FUCK
ARE YOU EVEN
TALKING ABOUT?
MAKE SENSE,
BITCH!

I'M,
LIKE,
TOTALLY
TRYING!

SLAM



THE
FLUCK...?

CRAP!
OH GAWD!
HURRY, FIND,
LIKE, ANOTHER
WAY OUT!



SHIT.
WHAT IS
THIS?

MASTER,
LIKE KNOWS
YOU'RE HERE,
I THINK.

GIGGLE
I HOPE HE
LETS ME SUCK
HIS COCK
AGAIN.

SHUT
UP! FLUCK!
WHY WON'T
THIS THING
BUDGE!

UH-OH.
I THINK HE'S
GETTING CLOSE.
'CAUSE I, LIKE,
WANT HIM SO
BAD...

THUNK


HYAH!






LISTEN!
I'M, LIKE,
LOSING FULL
CONTROL
AGAIN.

IT'S ME!
LIKE, YOUR EX,
SHE, TOTALLY
MADE ME SEXY
AND SUPER
SLUTTY!



MY EX...?
WHAT DO YOU
KNOW? WHO
THE HELL ARE
YOU?

I CAN'T,
LIKE, THINK OF
HER NAME OR
WHAT MINE WAS.
GIGGLE



BUT, LIKE,
YOU TOTALLY
HAVE TO BELIEVE
ME, 'KAY?

YOU,
LIKE, TOTALLY
HAVE TO LEAVE
BEFORE MASTER
GETS HERE!



ALEX BATSON. SO GLAD YOU COULD JOIN US...

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE. BUT YOU WON'T TAKE ME WITHOUT A FIGHT.

TELL ME WHERE MY BROTHER IS, AND I'LL FORGET THIS PLACE.

OOPSIE! THAT'S NOT MASTER.

GAS BEGINS SEEPING INTO THE ROOM.



YOU'LL DISCOVER SOON THAT YOU'RE QUITE MISTAKEN...

FUCK YOU! I WON'T STOP UNTIL I FIND LARRY!

SsSsSsSsH

COUGH





I'M SORRY, BUT
LARRY DOESN'T
EXIST ANYMORE.



BLAP

I *COUGH*
KNOW HE'S
COUGH
HERE...

LIKE, I
TRIED...
COUGH

BULLET-
PROOF...

COUGH

GLASSSSs?


WHO
ARE...?



SWEET DREAMS.
I CAN'T WAIT TO
TALK MORE ABOUT
HER IN PERSON...



CRUMPLE



I ASSUMED I HAD THE
DROP ON WHOEVER HAD
MY STEP BROTHER...

BUT IT WAS I WHO
FELL INTO THEIR TRAP.

BEFORE THE GAS STOLE
MY CONSCIOUSNESS, I
COULD ONLY FOCUS ON
THE VOICE OF MY CAPTOR.

THE FAMILIAR
SOPRANO TONE
MADE TWO THINGS
PERFECTLY CLEAR.

WHOEVER SHE WAS,
SHE KNEW ME...

AND WHATEVER
THIS WAS, IT WAS
PERSONAL...

KNOWLEDGE I
COULDN'T LINGER
LONG UPON...

MY CONSCIOUSNESS
DRIFTED AWAY INTO
A DREAMLESS SLEEP.




SOUNDS OF TALKING
BRIEFLY TICKLING MY
ATTENTION BEFORE
IT WAS RECLAIMED BY
THE PEACEFUL VOID...

HOW LONG HAD
I BEEN HERE?

IT TOOK ALL I HAD
TO OPEN MY EYES.

HOPING TO DISCOVER
THE SOURCE OF THE
VOICES AROUND ME.



BUT I WAS ASSAULTED
BY A BLINDING LIGHT
AND THE WORST HANG-
OVER I'VE EVER FELT.


HAD I BEEN DRINKING?
I COULDN'T REMEMBER.



NO, SOMETHING
WAS WRONG...

ALMOST AS SOON AS I
HAD OPENED MY EYES, A
SENSE OF DREAD TOOK
OVER ALL MY SENSES.

I COULDN'T MOVE. MY
BODY BOUND NAKED TO
SOME SORT OF DEVICE.

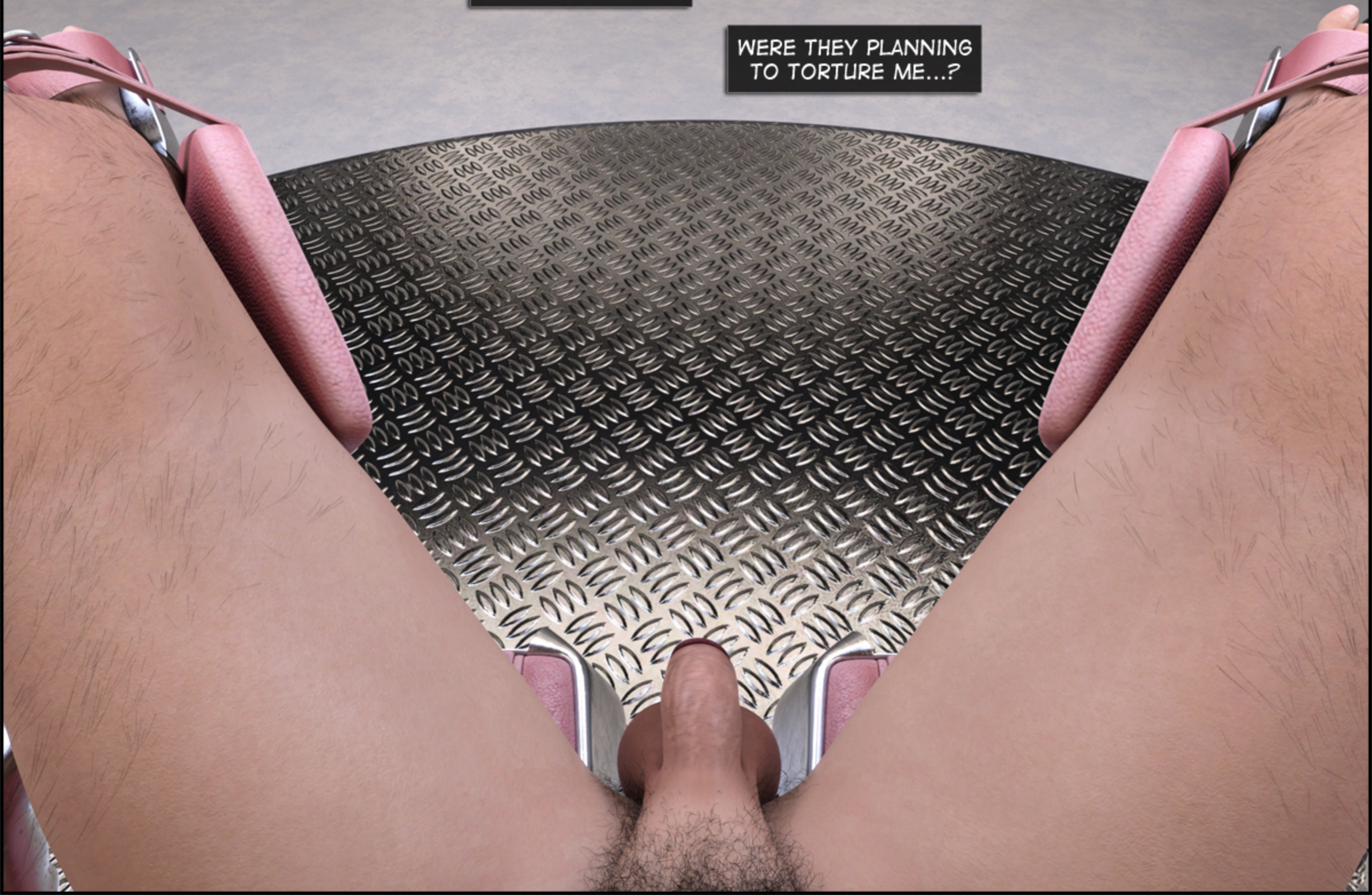


MY MEMORIES SLOWLY
TRICKLED BACK AS I TOOK
IN MY SURROUNDINGS.

I WAS IN SOME SORT OF
HOSPITAL OR LABORATORY.
BUT WHY WASN'T I DEAD?

WHY WAS I NAKED
AND BOUND HERE?

WERE THEY PLANNING
TO TORTURE ME...?



BASED ON THE DESIGN
OF THE ROOM, THAT
SEEMED VERY LIKELY.

A STERILE ENVIRONMENT
WITH A TWO-WAY MIRROR.

YET A SINGLE WOMAN
LEFT ALONE WITH ME.

MY ONLY CHOICE WAS
TO FREE MYSELF AND
TAKE HER HOSTAGE.

I WAS THINKING ABOUT
ALL THE WAYS I COULD
PUNISH HER WHEN...

GASP!

A VIOLENT SHOCK
EMPTIED MY MIND.
I WAS SUDDENLY
WAKING UP AGAIN.



P4120
AP-5
2: 2.14/1.3

P 30 L 64 H 64

L 25002
TUE / SEP 17

XRAY

P 30 L 64 H 64



W 45122
L 25492
TSE / SEM [25]

A WAVE OF CONFUSION
OVERTOOK MY ENTIRE
TRAIN OF THOUGHT. I
COULD ONLY PANIC...

WHAT
THE FUCK
IS THIS?

WHERE
THE HELL
AM I!?





OH, GOOD.
YOU'RE FINALLY
AWAKE.

A FEELING OF DEJA VU
SPREAD THROUGH ME IN
RESPONSE TO HER VOICE.

MY MEMORIES SLOWLY
RETURNING AS I UN-
KNOWINGLY RETRACED
MY EARLIER STEPS...

YET, SOMETHING
IMPORTANT WAS
STILL MISSING...



AND I CAN
SEE THAT THE
IMPLANTS ARE
WORKING.

FANTASTIC!
QUITE A STEP
FORWARD FROM
THE PREVIOUS
METHOD.

A futuristic medical room with a doctor and a patient. The doctor, a woman with long dark hair in a braid, wearing a grey lab coat and a green surgical mask, is seen from the back. She is looking at a male patient who is lying in a red medical chair. The patient is shirtless and has his arms and legs secured with pink restraints. He has a frustrated expression. In the background, there are medical monitors and equipment. A glowing blue figure is visible on a screen. The floor is made of metal grates.

IT WAS
OBVIOUS YOU
WERE PLOTTING
SOME SORT OF
ESCAPE...

AND NOW
YOU APPEAR
LESS COMPOSED.
CAN YOU RECALL
YOUR INITIAL
THOUGHTS?

GRRRR!
LET ME GO,
BITCH!

WOULD YOU LIKE ME
TO RUN THE CALMING
ROUTINE, DOCTOR?

NO, I
NEED HIM
COHERENT FOR
THIS PART.

BUT TRY
TO RESTORE
THE SUPPRESSED
THOUGHTS.

GASP
WUH-WHAT
THE FFF...?
GAH!

AND JUST LIKE THAT
EVERYTHING CAME
FLOODING BACK...

FEELINGS OF PANIC AND
CONFUSION CLASHED WITH
MY HASTILY RETURNING
MILITARY EXPERIENCE...

I WOULD HAVE BELIEVED
AMNESIA IF I HADN'T HEARD
HER MAKE THE CALL HERSELF.

THE HORRIFYING REALITY
OF MY SITUATION HAD
BEEN SO BLATANTLY
PRESENTED TO ME...

SOMEHOW THEY HAD
CONTROL OF MY MIND.

TELL ME,
ALEX. HOW DO
YOU FEEL?

To Be continued...