



THIS
STUFF
TASTES
WEIRD.



WHAT
EVEN IS IT?
THIS SUPPOSED
TO DO
ANYTHING?



KINDA
BIZARRE,
NOT GONNA
LIE.

LET'S
STICK WITH THE GOOD
STUFF,
I SUPPOSE.





GOOD
MIGHT BE
PUSHING IT AS
A DESCRIPTOR.



AT LEAST IT
WAS SOMETHING,
I GUESS.



MIGHT AS
WELL TRY AND
GET SOME
SLEEP.

A FEW HOURS LATER.

GROAN.
THAT WAS NO
FUN AT ALL.



A man with short, vibrant red hair is shown from the chest up, looking towards a white tray on a dark grey surface. The tray contains a small amount of bright green liquid. The man's expression is neutral. A speech bubble is positioned near his head, containing the text "NO REFILL EITHER, IT SEEMS." The background is a clean, modern interior with white walls and a dark grey floor.

NO REFILL
EITHER, IT
SEEMS.



MAYBE I
CAN TRY THIS
STUFF?



IF SHE
REALLY LETS ME
GET OUT, I CAN
MAYBE ESCAPE THEN,
AND GET BACK AT
HER?



SCREW IT,
LET'S DO
THAT.



IT DOESN'T
SEEM LIKE THIS
STUFF MESSES WITH
MY MIND,
ANYWAYS.



I WONDER
WHAT IT'S
SUPPOSED TO
DO?



IF
ANYTHING,
I ACTUALLY FEEL
BETTER NOW THAT I
HAD IT.



STRANGE
STUFF.

LATER.

I SEE YOU'VE MADE YOUR CHOICE. EXCELLENT. YOU'LL BE OF MUCH USE TO ME.



DOES
THIS MEAN
YOU'LL LET
ME OUT?





NOT
QUITE YET.
YOU'LL NEED A
FEW MORE
DOSES.

BUT
YOU'LL BE
FREE IN NO TIME,
IF YOU'RE A
GOOD GIRL.



A GIRL?
HOW DO
YOU... GAH!

To be continued