

A man is lying in a hospital bed, his arms outstretched to the sides. He is wearing a white hospital gown. The room is dimly lit, and the overall color scheme is a mix of blue and purple. The man's head is resting on a pillow, and he appears to be looking down or resting. The bed has several straps on the arms and legs, suggesting he might be restrained or unable to move. The background shows some medical equipment and a window with blinds.

KaraComet Presents

D The Search For Detective Batson

Chapter 3: Deeper

ALEX BATSON...



ALEXIS...

LEXI...

MMM...!?

IT'S TIME...

AYON - 35A7





TIME TO WAKE UP...


PH 28
AP-5
S: 9.14/1.3

P 30 L 64 H 66

W 100
L 2500
T 37.5

LAYON - 35A/9





THE SOUND OF HER
VOICE REVERBERATED
THROUGH MY DREAMS...

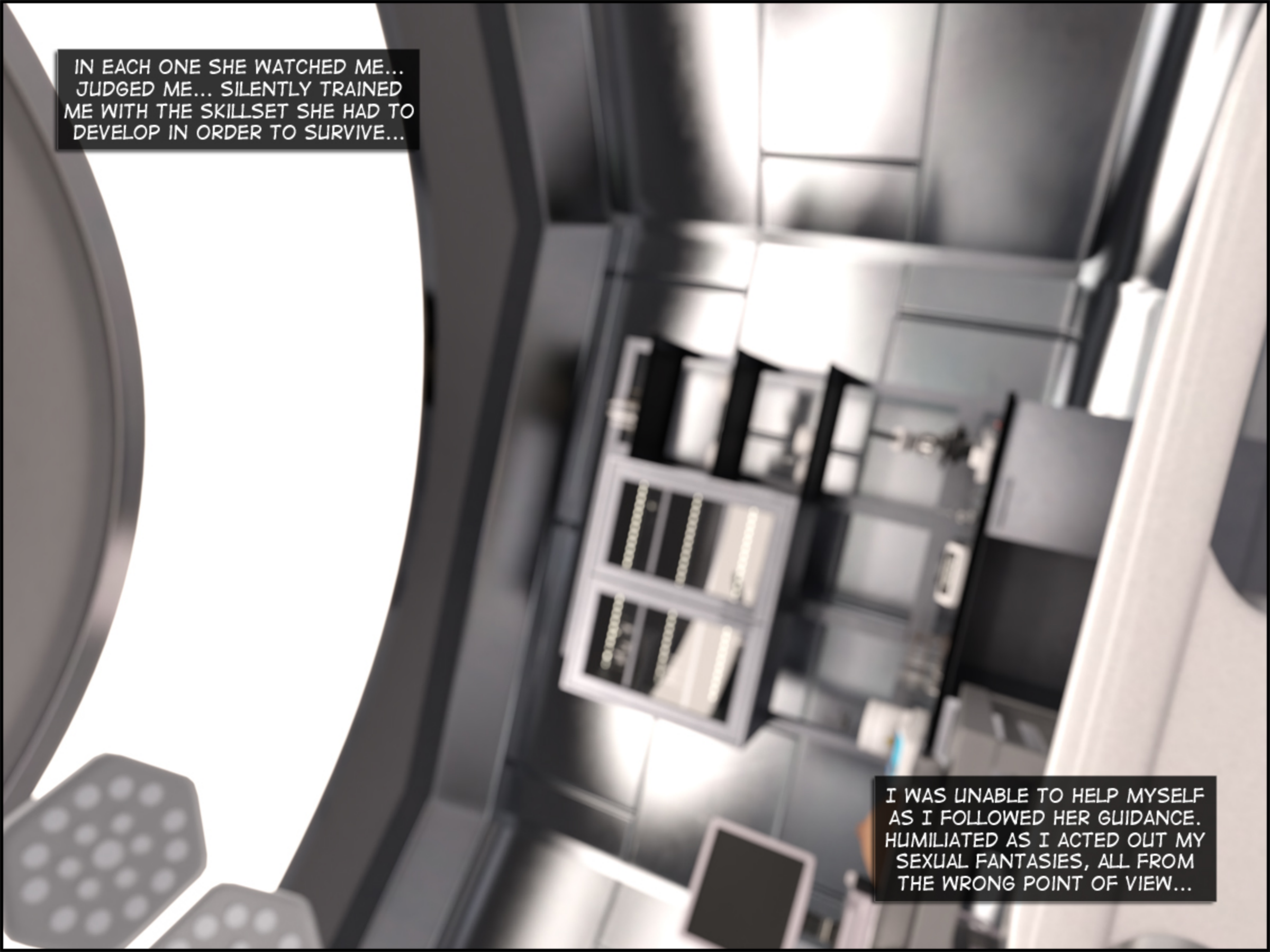
SUCK
SUCK

HER PRESENCE HAUNTED
ME IN ALL OF THEM. YET
SHE REMAINED SILENT
UNTIL THIS MOMENT...

DREAMS WHERE I FOUND
MYSELF DOING THINGS
THAT NO STRAIGHT MAN
SHOULD EVER DO...


HMM...?

A CONSTANT FLOW OF
EROTIC NIGHTMARES...
ALL INCREDIBLY LUCID...



IN EACH ONE SHE WATCHED ME...
JUDGED ME... SILENTLY TRAINED
ME WITH THE SKILLSET SHE HAD TO
DEVELOP IN ORDER TO SURVIVE...

I WAS UNABLE TO HELP MYSELF
AS I FOLLOWED HER GUIDANCE.
HUMILIATED AS I ACTED OUT MY
SEXUAL FANTASIES, ALL FROM
THE WRONG POINT OF VIEW...



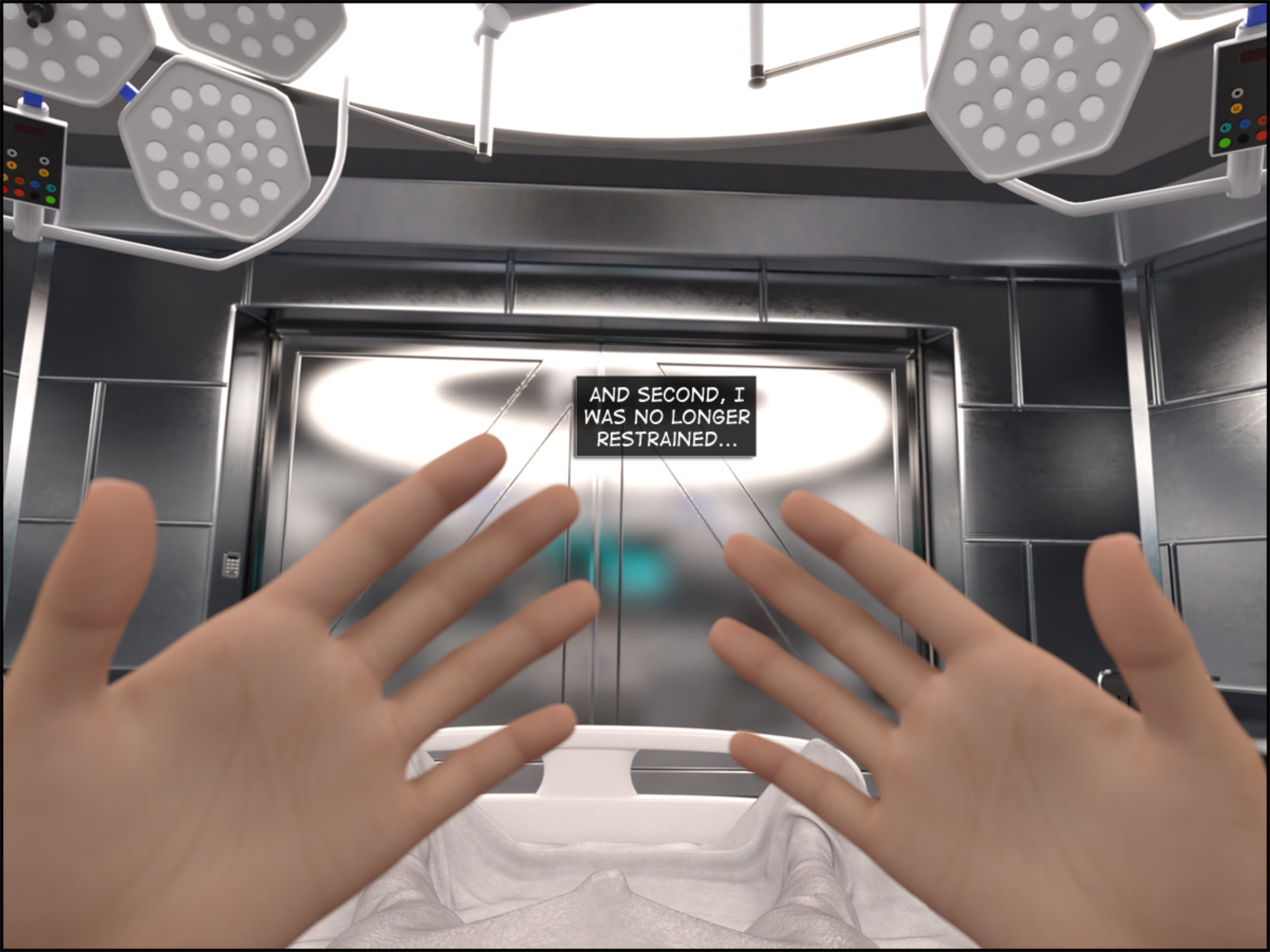
IT TOOK ME A MOMENT TO
REMEMBER WHERE I WAS...
WHOSE VOICE THAT WAS...

ANXIETY FILLED MY SENSES
AS A TABLE FULL OF STRANGE
OBJECTS CAME INTO FOCUS...

AND I IMMEDIATELY
NOTICED TWO THINGS...

FIRST, IT APPEARED
THAT I WAS ALONE...





AND SECOND, I
WAS NO LONGER
RESTRAINED...

A 3D rendered character is lying in a hospital bed, appearing to be in a state of distress or discomfort. The character is wearing a purple headband and has their right hand pressed against their forehead. They are partially covered by a white sheet. The background shows a window with blinds and a white hospital bed frame.

I KNEW THIS WAS
SOME SORT OF TRAP.
I TRIED TO FOCUS...

BUT I FELT COLD AND
WEAK AS THE AROUSAL
FROM MY NIGHTMARES
BEGAN TO DISSIPATE...

HORRIFIED, I SOON
DISCOVERED THAT MY
MUSCULAR PHYSIQUE
HAD ATROPHIED...

AND ALL OF THE HAIR
ON MY BODY HAD BEEN
COMPLETELY REMOVED...

WHAT
THE HELL IS
THIS...?






HOW LONG HAVE I
BEEN HERE? WEEKS?
MONTHS? A YEAR...?

AND IF THAT WERE THE
CASE, IF I WERE CAPTIVE
LONG ENOUGH FOR MY
MUSCLES TO ATROPHY...

WHY HADN'T MY
TAN FADED...?



THE RABBIT HOLE ONLY
DEEPEMED AS I RECALLED
MY LAST EXPERIENCE IN
THIS STRANGE ROOM...

MEMORIES THAT DREW
MY ATTENTION TO ONE
NEW SENSATION THAT
STOOD OUT ABOVE ALL
OF THE OTHERS...

I WAS STILL ROCK HARD.
THE DISGRACEFUL TENT I
PITCHED TEASED ME WITH
DEMEANING MEMORIES OF
BOTH MY DREAMS AND MY
LAST MOMENTS AWAKE...

YET, THE AROUSING
SENSITIVITY, TRIGGERED
BY EVERY SHIFT OF THE
BLANKET, ORIGINATED
FROM AN UNFAMILIAR
PLACE FURTHER DOWN...

HUH...?



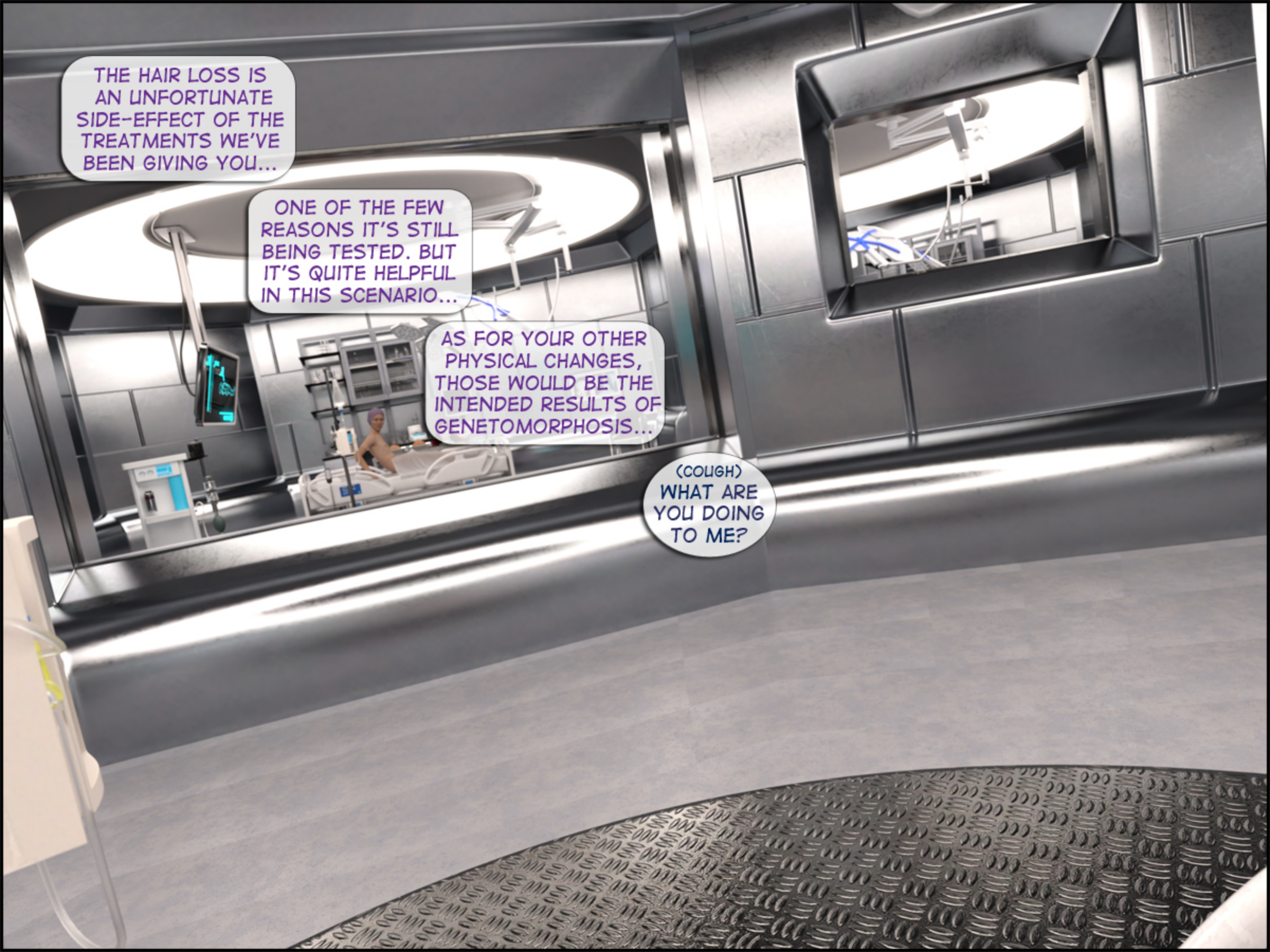
I DIDN'T HAVE VERY LONG TO DWELL ON IT, BEFORE HER VOICE RECLAIMED MY ATTENTION.

HOW ARE YOU FEELING? ARE YOU EXPERIENCING ANY DISCOMFORT?

YOU...

WHAT HAPPENED TO MY HAIR? MY BODY...?





THE HAIR LOSS IS AN UNFORTUNATE SIDE-EFFECT OF THE TREATMENTS WE'VE BEEN GIVING YOU...

ONE OF THE FEW REASONS IT'S STILL BEING TESTED. BUT IT'S QUITE HELPFUL IN THIS SCENARIO...

AS FOR YOUR OTHER PHYSICAL CHANGES, THOSE WOULD BE THE INTENDED RESULTS OF GENETOMORPHOSIS...

(COUGH)
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?

A man in a dark suit and tie stands on the left side of a hospital room, looking towards the right. A woman in a white lab coat, wearing a green surgical mask and blue gloves, stands on the right side, looking towards the man. The room is brightly lit with overhead fluorescent lights. In the background, there are hospital beds, a desk with a computer monitor, and white cabinets. The scene is viewed through a glass barrier.

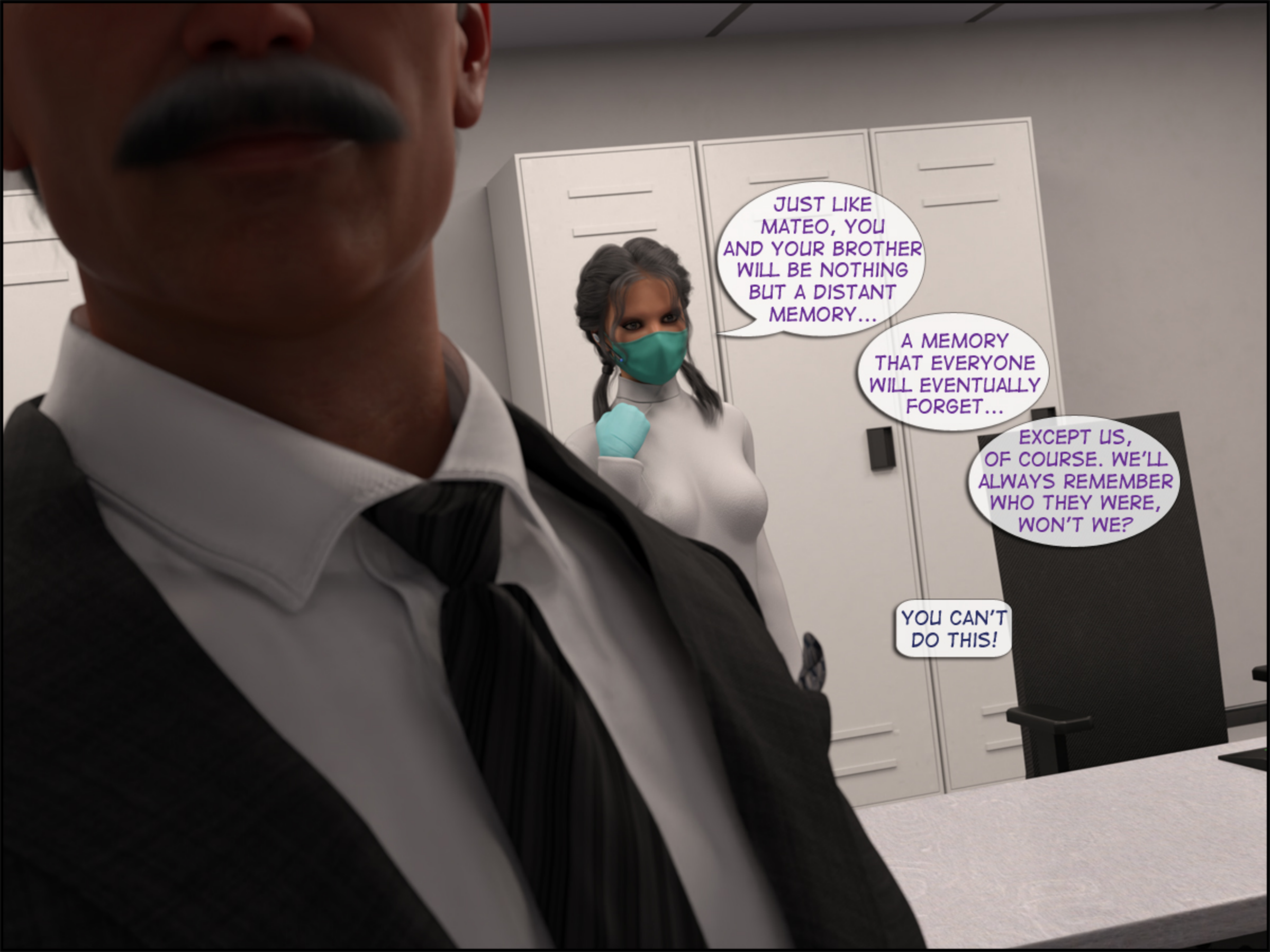
(CHUCKLE) ISN'T
IT OBVIOUS...?

ANSWER
ME! I KNOW
YOU'RE BEHIND
THAT TWO-WAY
GLASS!

MY TEAM
WILL BE LOOKING
FOR ME! I SWEAR
THAT WHEN THEY
FIND ME...!

MR. BATSON, YOU
HAVE NO SUCH TEAM.
NOBODY IS LOOKING
FOR YOU, AND I CAN
ASSURE YOU THAT
NOONE EVER WILL.

A MAN'S VOICE CALLED MY
BLUFF. MY HEART SANK AS
I REALIZED THAT THERE ARE
OTHERS WATCHING OVER MY
CAPTIVITY. BUT HOW MANY?



JUST LIKE MATEO, YOU AND YOUR BROTHER WILL BE NOTHING BUT A DISTANT MEMORY...

A MEMORY THAT EVERYONE WILL EVENTUALLY FORGET...

EXCEPT US, OF COURSE. WE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER WHO THEY WERE, WON'T WE?

YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

BUT WE
ALREADY
HAVE...

OR DIDN'T
YOU NOTICE
JUST HOW REAL
THOSE DREAMS
FELT?

THE
NANOVIRUS
INTERFACES WITH
THE NEW MODEL
VERY WELL...

IT SHOULD
FEEL LIKE A PART
OF YOU, AND NOT
PROSTHESIS...

AS IF
YOU WERE
BORN WITH
IT...

IT CAN'T
BE...!

FWOOSH



AS I DISCARDED THE SHEET, I WAS FACED WITH A TERRIFYING IMPOSSIBLE REALITY.

WHAT THE FUCK!
WHAT THE FUCK!?



I LOOKED DOWN IN HORROR, FINALLY ABLE TO COMPREHEND THE PECULIAR SENSITIVITY OF MY GENITALS...

AAAAAH!

MY MANHOOD WAS GONE. A LARGE DILDO PROTRUDED FROM THE VERY SENSITIVE, PUFFY LIPS OF THE PUSSY THAT NOW REPLACED IT...



FEELING IT FOR WHAT IT WAS, I PANICKED. ONE IMMEDIATE THOUGHT WAS ON MY MIND...

HOW?
OH GOD!
(HUFF)

I HAD TO GET THIS HUMILIATING THING OUT OF ME, NOW...



MY BODY JOLTED AS
I HASTILY EXTRACTED
THE ALIEN PRESENCE...

I WASN'T PREPARED
FOR THE REACTION
THAT FOLLOWED...



SCHLOPP

AN INTENSE WAVE
OF SENSATIONS
ASSAULTED BOTH
BODY AND MIND.



A POWERFUL, PRIMAL
PLEASURE CONSUMED
MY ENTIRE BEING...

MUSCLES FOREIGN TO ME
SQUEEZED REFLEXIVELY,
REACHING DEEPLY FOR
SOMETHING THAT WAS
NO LONGER THERE...

UNH!

SQUIRT

I HAD NO CONTROL OVER
THEM AS THEY CONTINUED
TO THROB. AGGRESSIVELY
PUSHING OUT STREAMS OF
HOT FLUID FROM WITHIN...



MY MIND EXPLODED WITH
FERAL EMOTIONS AS THE
SENSATIONS ROCKED MY
BODY. MY HIPS GYRATED
AS I LOST THE ABILITY TO
FORM COMPLEX THOUGHTS.

I...
NEED...!
AAHN!

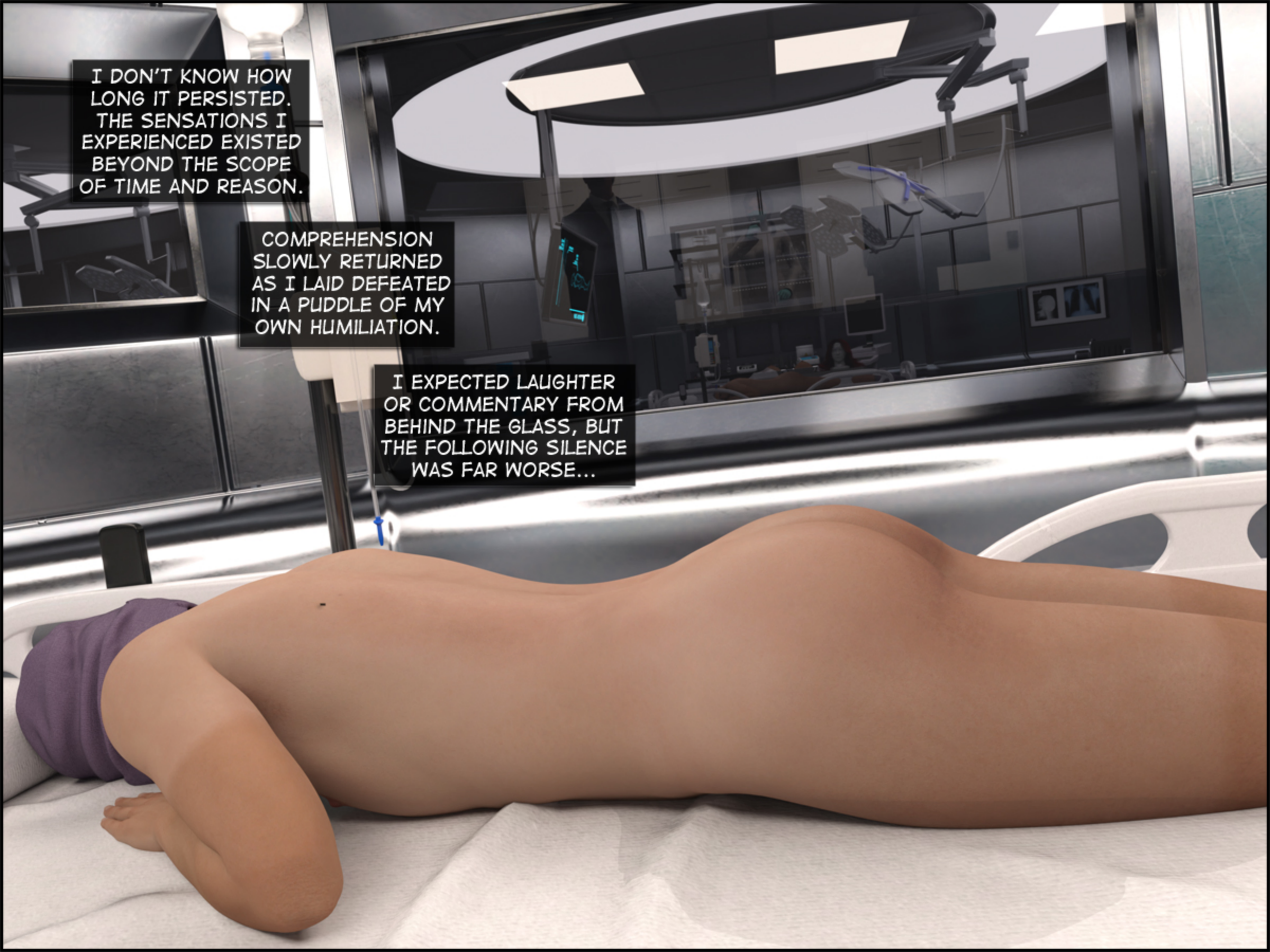
HELPLESS, I CONVULSED
EROTICALLY IN RESPONSE
TO A MIX OF ECSTASY AND
EXIGENT EMPTINESS...

IT CONSUMED ME...

OH...!
OH, FUCK!

TWITCH





I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT PERSISTED. THE SENSATIONS I EXPERIENCED EXISTED BEYOND THE SCOPE OF TIME AND REASON.


COMPREHENSION SLOWLY RETURNED AS I LAID DEFEATED IN A PUDDLE OF MY OWN HUMILIATION.

I EXPECTED LAUGHTER OR COMMENTARY FROM BEHIND THE GLASS, BUT THE FOLLOWING SILENCE WAS FAR WORSE...

MY SHRUNKEN MUSCLES
ACHED FROM IT ALL...

MY BODY FELT EVEN
WEAKER AS I WAS LEFT
ALONE TO COPE WITH
THE AFTERMATH OF MY
FIRST VAGINAL ORGASM.

HUFF...
HUFF...

A close-up, cinematic shot of a person's face, likely a woman, lying down. Her eyes are a striking, unnatural green color. She has a look of confusion and fear. Her hair is covered by a purple fabric. The background is a blurred, modern interior with dark lines and a window.

AS MY SENSES SLOWLY
RETURNED, REALIZATION
OF MY PREDICAMENT
FILLED ME WITH DREAD...

WHAT
HAVE THEY
DONE TO
ME...?



SUBJECT'S
ENDORPHIN
LEVELS HAVE
STABILIZED.

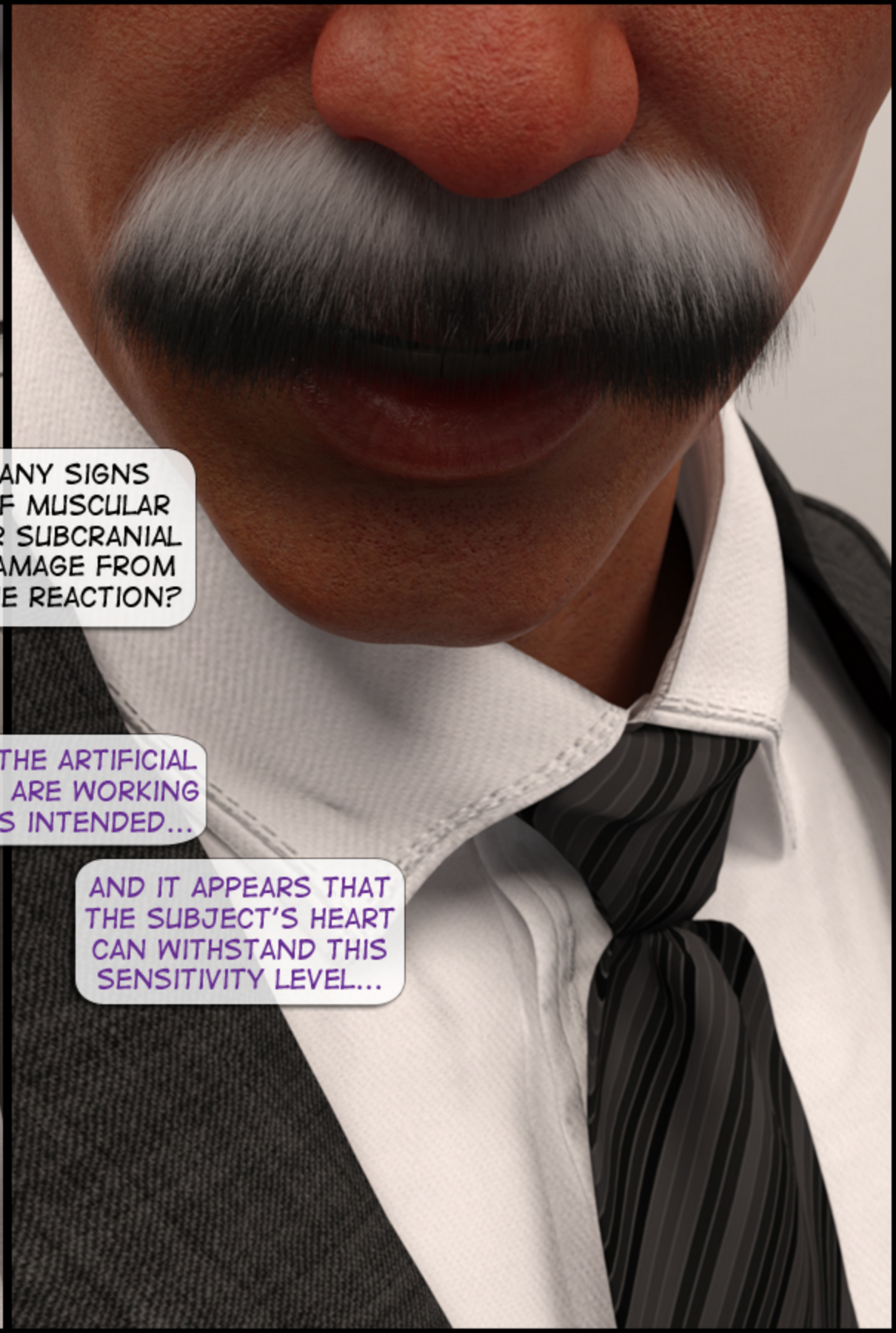




ANY SIGNS
OF MUSCULAR
OR SUBCRANIAL
DAMAGE FROM
THE REACTION?

NONE. THE ARTIFICIAL
NERVES ARE WORKING
JUST AS INTENDED...

AND IT APPEARS THAT
THE SUBJECT'S HEART
CAN WITHSTAND THIS
SENSITIVITY LEVEL...





FANTASTIC.
THAT WAS OUR
CONCERN.

ALLOW ME
TO ANALYZE THE
READ-OUT WHILE
YOU OBSERVE OUR
SUBJECT.


YES. OF
COURSE,
MY LOVE.

I EXPECTED TORTURE...
I ANTICIPATED DEATH...
THIS WAS SOMETHING I
WOULD NEVER EXPECT...

M-MY
DICK! YOU
TOOK MY
DICK!

I'M
DREAMING.
THIS HAS TO
BE ANOTHER
NIGHTMARE!






I ASSURE
YOU, YOU ARE
VERY MUCH
AWAKE...

WELCOME TO
THE FAIRER SEX,
ALEX... I'D TELL
YOU HOW MUCH
BETTER IT IS...

BUT I'M
SURE YOU'VE
NOTICED.

A 3D-rendered character is lying in a hospital bed. The character's right leg is in a large, tan-colored cast that extends from the hip down to the foot. The left leg is bent at the knee. The character is wearing purple socks. The bed has white railings and a white mattress. In the background, there is a dark grey wall with a door and a window. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.

NO! IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
THIS CAN'T BE
REAL!

ALTHOUGH
YOU AND I MAY
HAVE DIFFERING
EXPERIENCES...

FOR EXAMPLE, MINE
ONLY REQUIRES SOME
ATTENTION EVERY SO
OFTEN. BUT YOURS...


(HUFF)
WHAT THE
HELL...?

I COULDN'T EXPLAIN
THE STRANGE FEELING
INSIDE OF ME, BUT IT
WAS OVERWHELMING.

A POWERFUL, NEW
HUNGER... A PRIMAL
NEED TO BE FILLED...

HUFF...



A first-person perspective of a person on a treadmill. The person is wearing purple socks and brown leggings. Their hands are resting on their thighs. The treadmill's metal deck and handrails are visible. The background is a dark, textured surface.

BUT I WOULD NOT
HUMILIATE MYSELF
FURTHER FOR THEM.

I FOUGHT THROUGH
THE DISCOMFORT,
FOCUSING INSTEAD
ON MY ANGER...

I WILL FIND A WAY
OUT OF HERE...

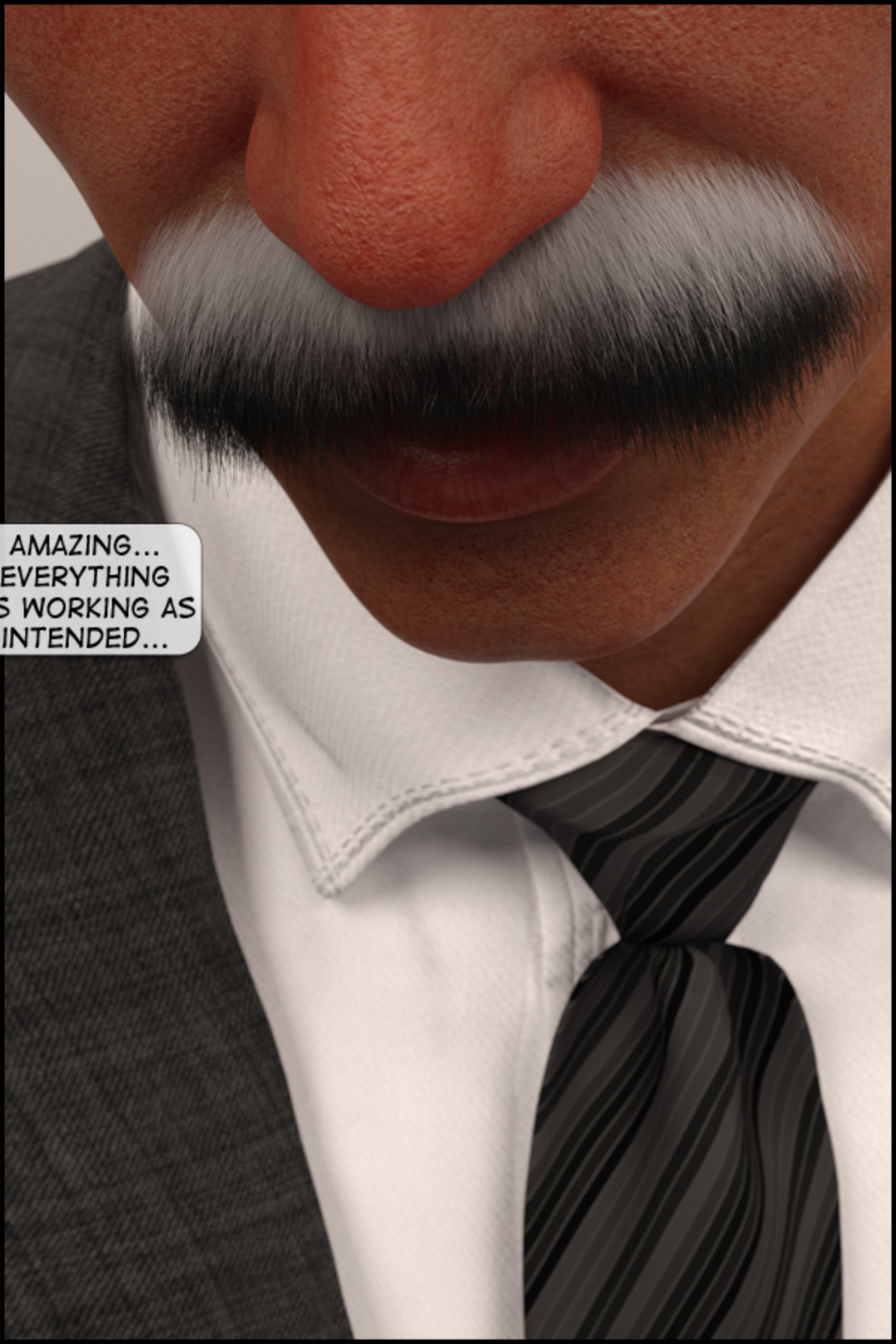
I WILL MAKE
THEM PAY...

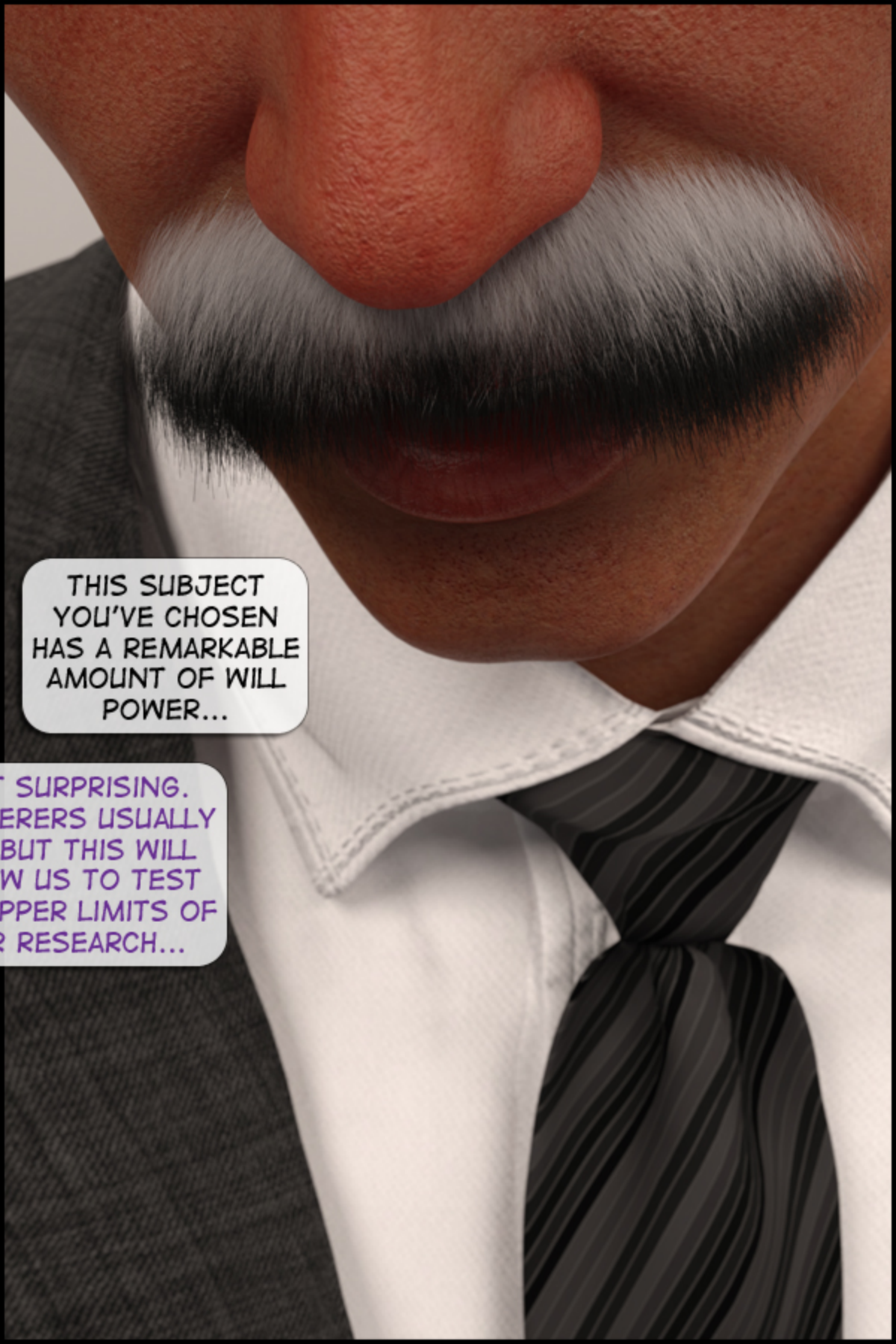
FUCK...
YOU...





AMAZING...
EVERYTHING
IS WORKING AS
INTENDED...





THIS SUBJECT
YOU'VE CHOSEN
HAS A REMARKABLE
AMOUNT OF WILL
POWER...

NOT SURPRISING.
MURDERERS USUALLY
DO. BUT THIS WILL
ALLOW US TO TEST
THE UPPER LIMITS OF
OUR RESEARCH...

I KNEW
I SHOULD'VE
NEVER LET
YOU GO...

WHEN I
GET OUT OF
HERE, AND I WILL,
YOU'LL WISH I
DIDN'T...





I DID. FOR A LONG TIME AFTER HER DEATH, I WISHED IT WERE ME INSTEAD OF HER...

BUT I ALREADY GOT MY WISH. THANKS TO THE BRILLIANCE OF MY HUSBAND, SOFIA LIVES ON THROUGH ME...



POOR, HELPLESS
MATEO HAS BEEN DEAD
FOR A WHILE NOW...

AND SOON, BOTH THE
BATSON BROTHERS WILL
HAVE JOINED HIM...

YOU...
YOU BITCH!
I'LL KILL YOU!
I...





UHNN!



ARE YOU SURE...?

YOU SEEM DISTRACTED...



THE RAGE I FELT WAS
CONSUMED BY THE
POWERFUL EMPTINESS
THAT PLAGUED ME.

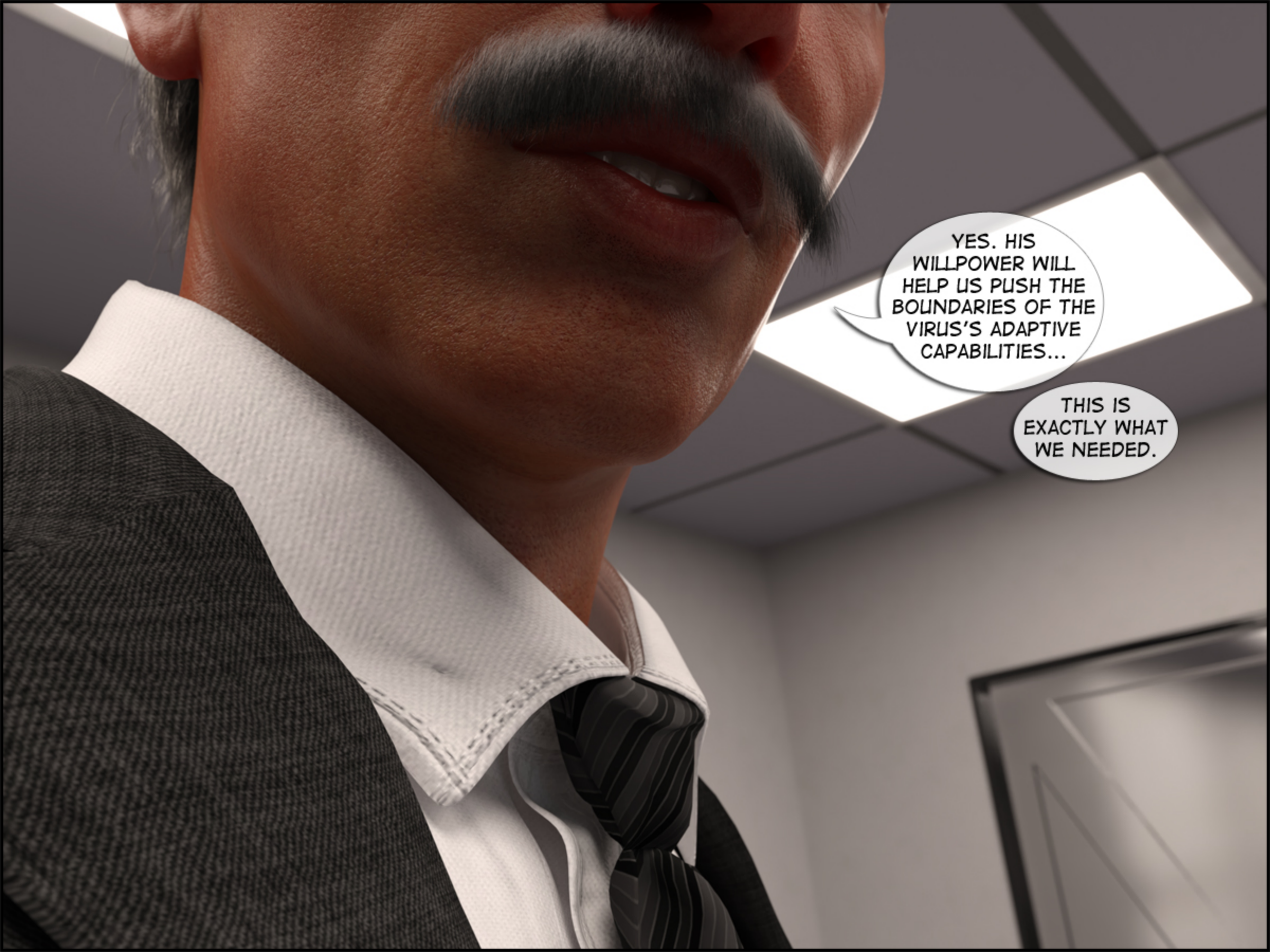
*OH,
FUCK!*



I TRIED WITH ALL MY
WILL TO DROWN THE
FEELING OUT, BUT IT
WAS TOO INTENSE...

A FIRE WITHIN THAT
CONSTANTLY GREW...





YES. HIS
WILLPOWER WILL
HELP US PUSH THE
BOUNDARIES OF THE
VIRUS'S ADAPTIVE
CAPABILITIES...

THIS IS
EXACTLY WHAT
WE NEEDED.



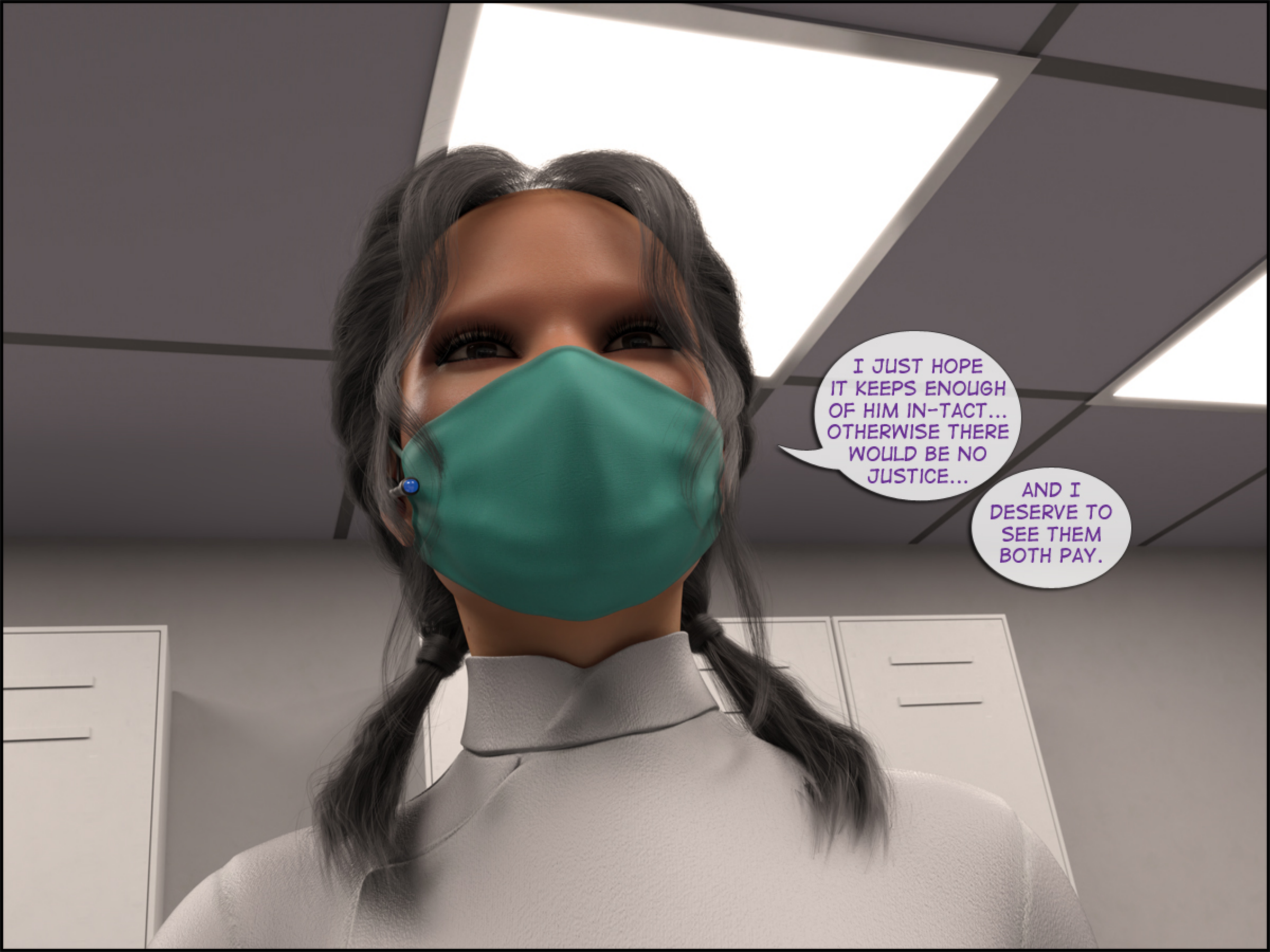
YOU
CHOSE WELL,
DARLING.

I CAN'T
WAIT TO STUDY
HIS BRAIN...




NEITHER
CAN I...

EVER SINCE
THE ACQUISITION
OF GENEVIRA AND THE
CREATION OF THE NANO-
VIRUS, I'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR THE RIGHT HUMAN
TEST SUBJECT...



I JUST HOPE
IT KEEPS ENOUGH
OF HIM IN-TACT...
OTHERWISE THERE
WOULD BE NO
JUSTICE...

AND I
DESERVE TO
SEE THEM
BOTH PAY.



I COULD HEAR THEM
TALK INCOHERENTLY
AS MY BODY WARRED
WITH MY MIND...

A CONSISTENT STREAM
OF WETNESS DROOLED
FROM THIS UNFAMILIAR
PLACE, BEGGING FOR
PHYSICAL ATTENTION...

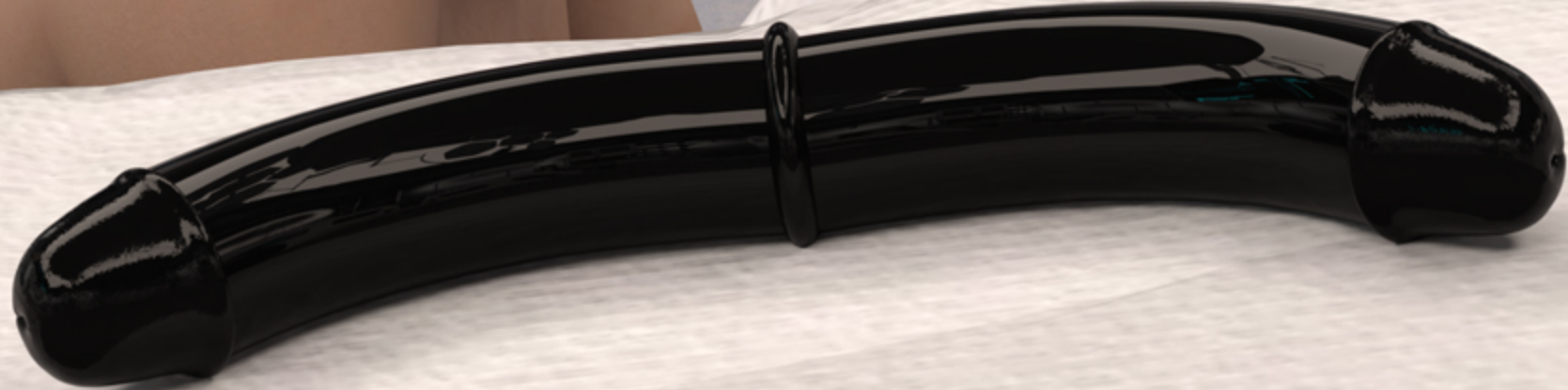
EMBARASSING SOUNDS
ESCAPED MY LIPS AS I
SUFFERED THESE WAVES
OF PAINFUL DESIRE...

I WANTED TO HIDE.
I WANTED TO DIE...
BUT I NEEDED...



SOMETHING LONG...
SOMETHING HARD...


HUFF...



I COULD FEEL MYSELF
BEGIN TO DISASSOCIATE
AS I SUBCONSCIOUSLY
REACHED FORWARD...

YET A PART OF ME
STAYED PRESENT.



A 3D rendered scene of a person lying in a hospital bed. The person is wearing a purple beanie and has their eyes closed. They are shirtless and have their right arm crossed over their chest. A black vibrator is lying on the white bedsheet in the foreground. The bed has a white frame and a black metal mesh base. In the background, there is a white medical stand with a blue cord. The overall lighting is soft and clinical.

IT FELT LIKE TWO PEOPLE
WERE INSIDE ME, FIGHTING
VIOLENTLY FOR CONTROL...

AND FOR A MOMENT
I WASN'T SURE WHO
I WANTED TO WIN...

MY RESISTANCE
WAS FADING...

YOU CAN MAKE IT
FEEL BETTER...



YOU NEED THIS...

I...
I NEED...
(HUFF)



MY HEAD FELT DRUNK
AS I WATCHED MYSELF
CHANGE POSITION...

KEEP GOING...



MY BODY WAS STILL TENSE
AS IT SLOWLY CONTINUED...

THERE'S NO REASON
TO FIGHT IT...



MY HIPS BUCKED WITH
ANTICIPATION AS THE TIP
OF THE FORBIDDEN OBJECT
BRUSHED AGAINST ME...

KEEP GOING...

I SHOULDN'T...

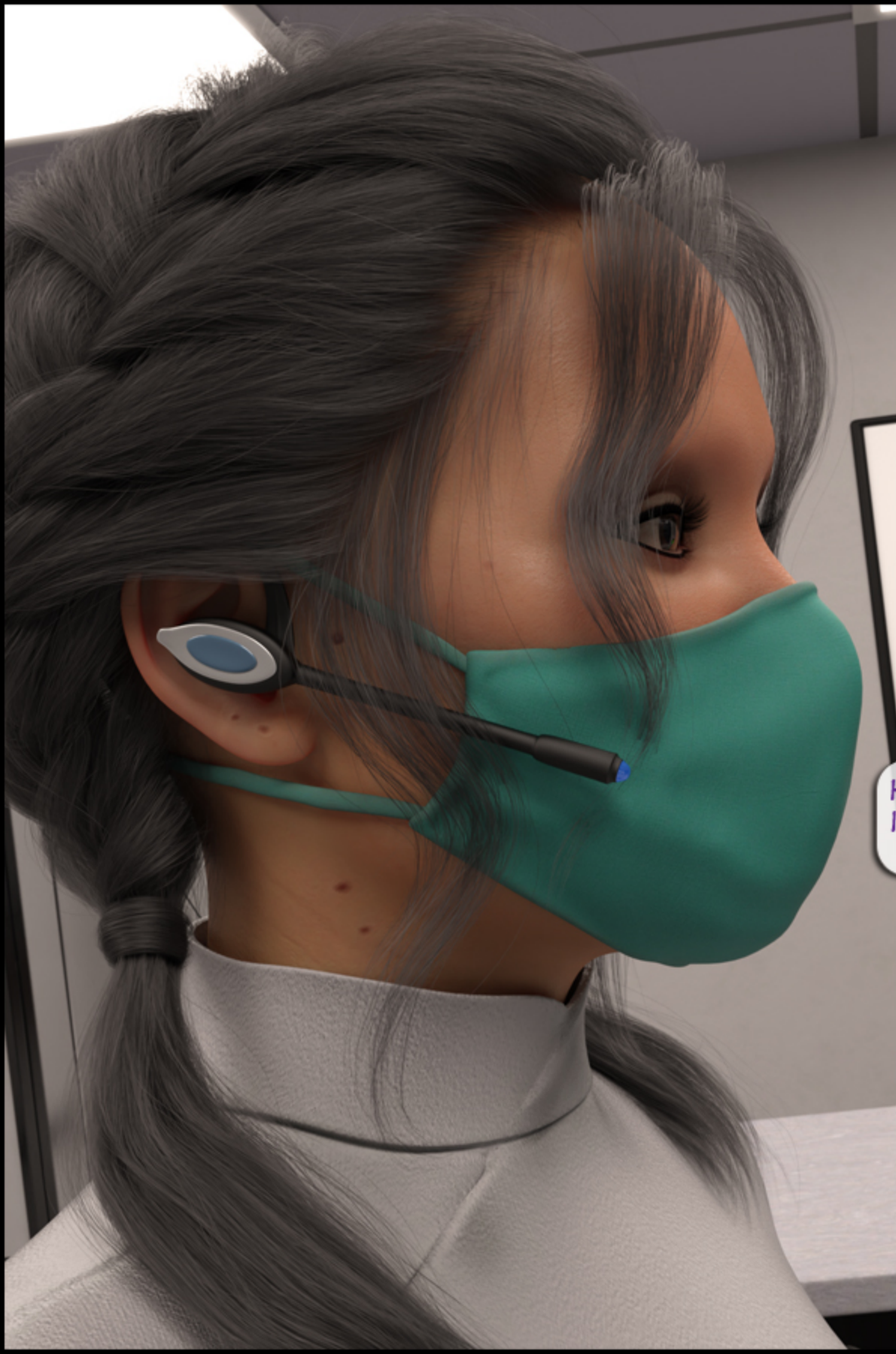
SHOULD I...?

I WAS CONFUSED, THE SENSATION FROM THE TINY NUB REMINDED ME OF WHAT I LOST, BUT A HUNDRED TIMES MORE SENSITIVE...

JUST A LITTLE BIT FURTHER...

JUST A LITTLE BIT FURTHER...





HOW DOES
IT FEEL TO
LOSE...?

I BET IT'S
INTOXICATING
RIGHT NOW...




FEELS GOOD...

IT FEELS
SO GOOD...!

IT FEELS...
(BREATH)

SQUIRT



A SUDDEN SURGE OF
DEFIANCE SPRUNG IN
RESPONSE TO HER
LAST STATEMENT...

THIS FEELS
WRONG!

WHAT
THE FUCK AM
I DOING?

I STILL HAD FIGHT
LEFT. I COULDN'T
LET THEM WIN...



PUT IT IN...!

YOU NEED IT
SO BAD...!

NO! I
WON'T!

IMMEDIATELY AFTER
DISCARDING IT, THE
POWERFUL EMPTINESS
I FELT ONLY GREW...

A BRIEF SOBRIETY
HAD FOLLOWED THE
ADRENALINE RUSH...

I COULD FEEL SOME-
THING ELSE HAPPENING
TO ME, BUT I COULDN'T
EXPLAIN WHAT IT WAS...

PLOP



GIGGLE

IT'S ONLY
A MATTER OF
TIME...

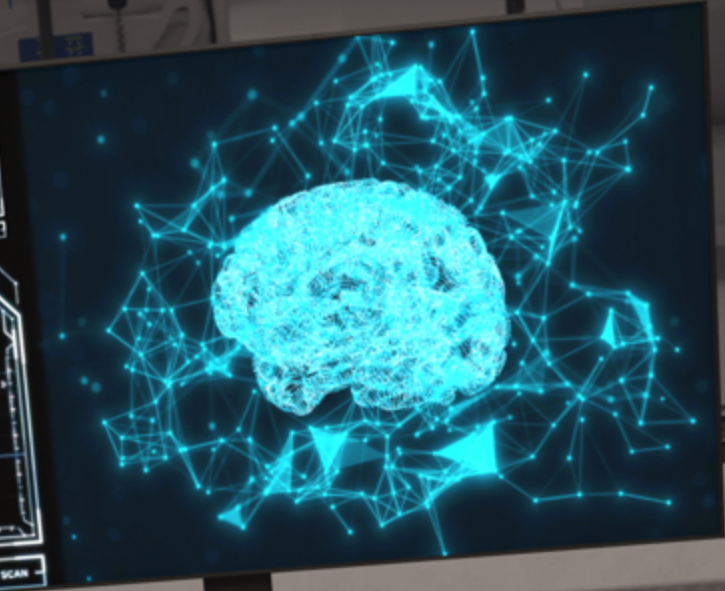
I COULD FEEL HER WATCHING
ME FROM BEHIND THE GLASS,
AS EVERY MUSCLE IN MY BODY
TENSED IN RETALLIATION...

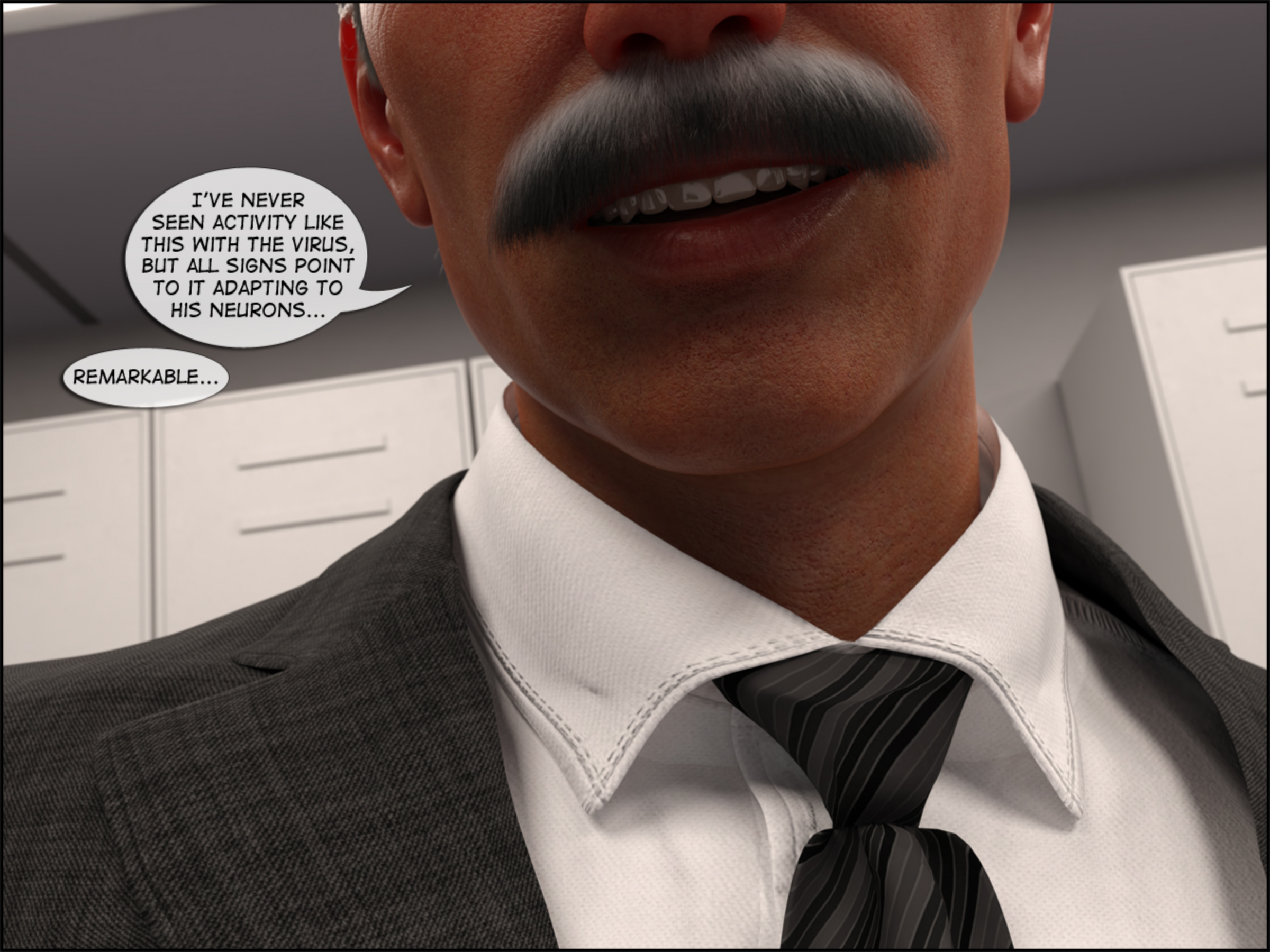


HOW DOES
THE READOUT
LOOK?

ARE
WE LOSING
HIM?


THE PATTERN
OF SYNAPSE RELAY
IS PROMISING. IT
APPEARS TO BE
HOLDING...





I'VE NEVER
SEEN ACTIVITY LIKE
THIS WITH THE VIRUS,
BUT ALL SIGNS POINT
TO IT ADAPTING TO
HIS NEURONS...

REMARKABLE...

A woman with dark hair in a braid, wearing a white lab coat and a teal surgical mask, is shown in profile. She is in a hospital or laboratory setting with medical equipment and a wheelchair visible in the background. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.

GOOD.
THEN, SOON,
WE'LL BE ABLE
TO MOVE ONTO
PHASE TWO...


WITH HIS
MIND STILL
INTACT.

A woman with long, dark hair styled in two braids is seen from behind, looking towards a man lying in a hospital bed. The man is sitting up, looking towards the woman. The setting is a hospital room with medical equipment and a desk in the background.

WHAT
APPEARS TO BE
GOING THROUGH
IT RIGHT
NOW?

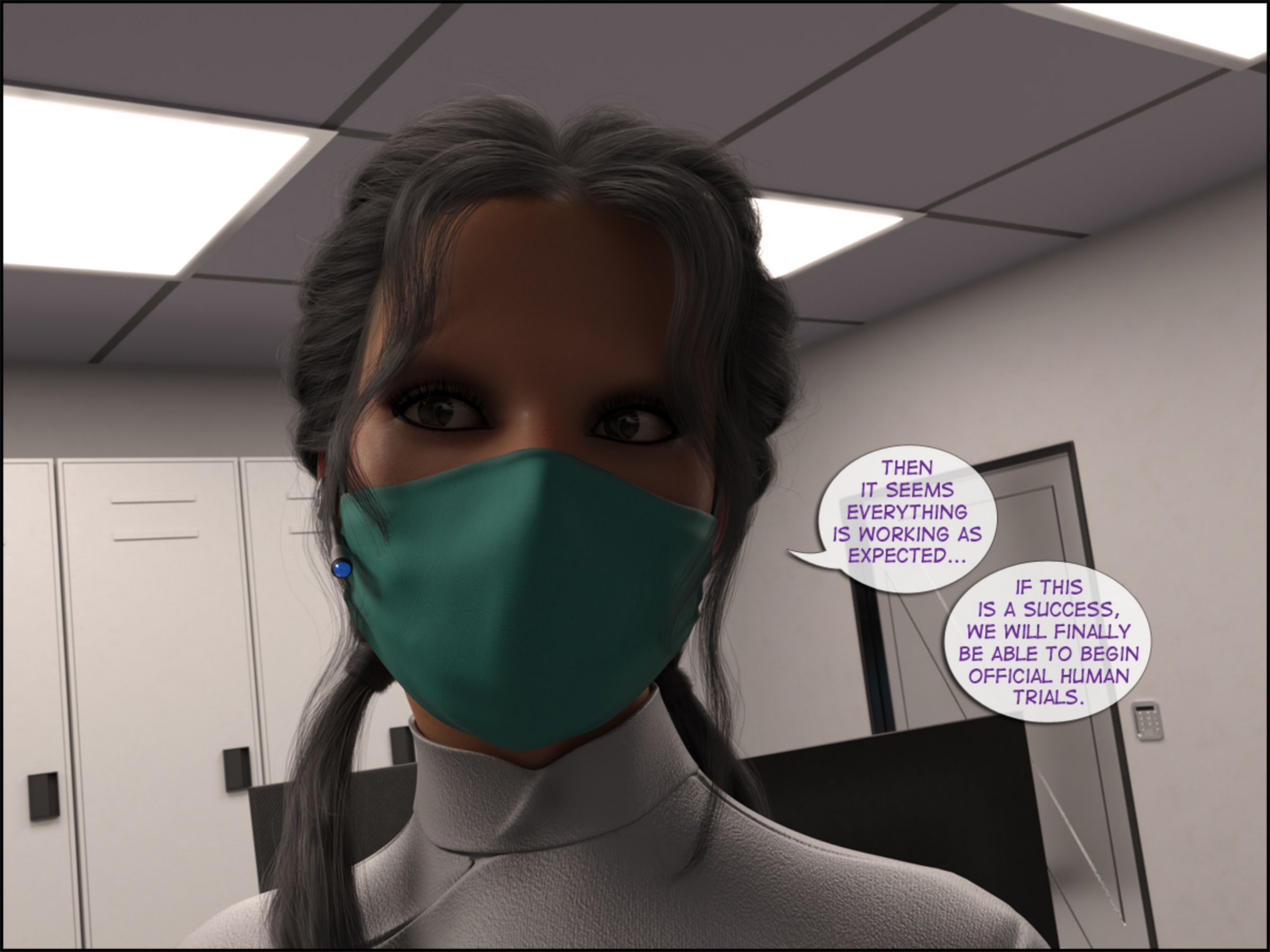
FEAR?
DISGUST?
ANGER...?

IS THERE
EVEN ANY TRACE
OF GUILT? REMORSE
FOR WHAT HE'S
DONE?

A close-up, high-angle shot of a man's face, focusing on his nose, a thick grey mustache, and his closed lips. He is wearing a dark grey suit jacket, a white dress shirt, and a dark tie with thin, light-colored diagonal stripes. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a few vertical lines. Two speech bubbles are positioned to the left of his face. The first speech bubble is larger and contains the text: "GUILT? NO. THERE ARE PLENTY OF NEGATIVE EMOTIONS INFLUENCING HIS THOUGHT PATTERN, HOWEVER." The second speech bubble is smaller and contains the text: "BUT A GOOD AMOUNT OF THE NANOVIRUS IS MOVING TO ASSIMILATE, WITHOUT SUPPRESSING THESE EMOTIONS."

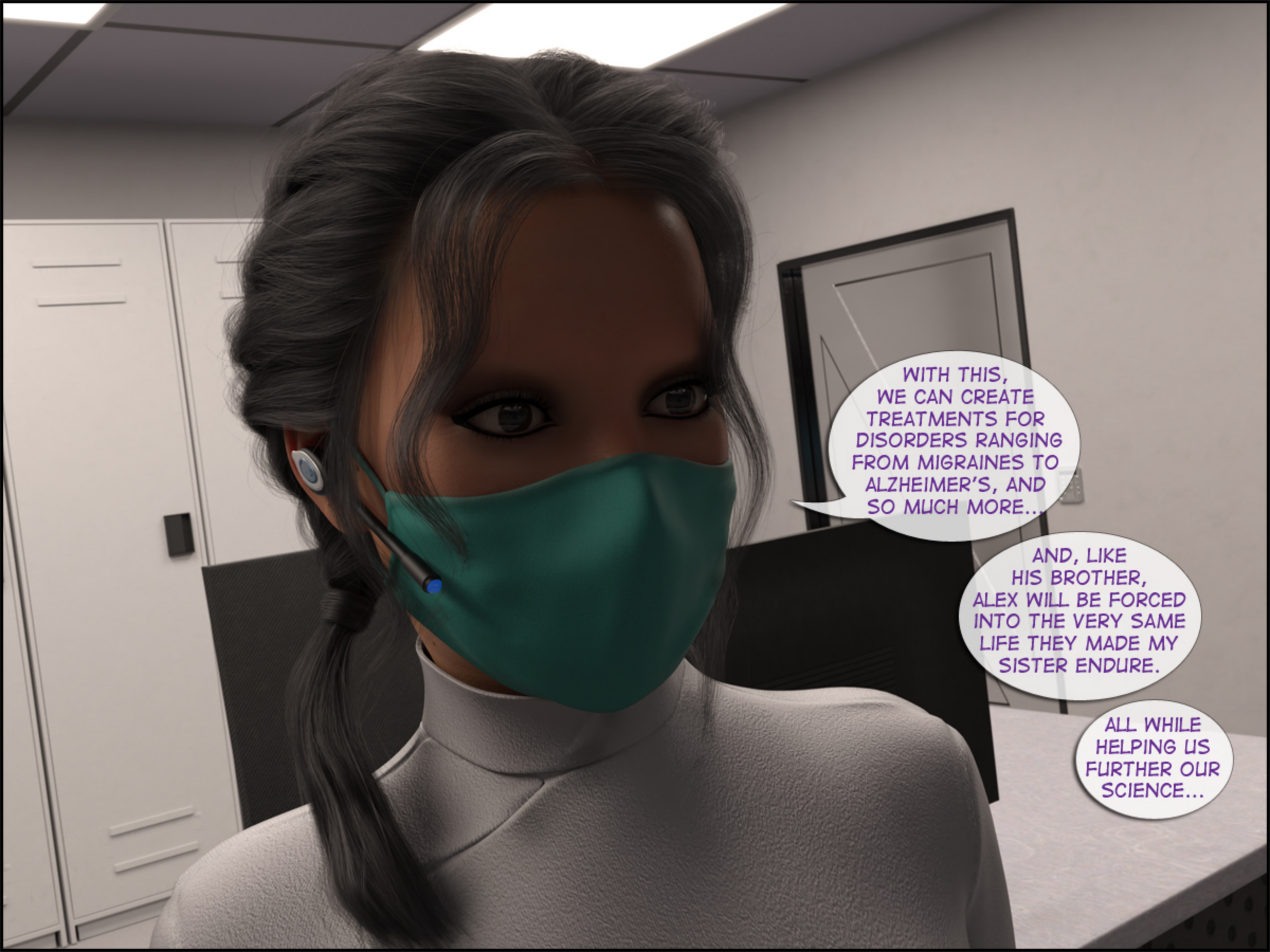
GUILT? NO.
THERE ARE PLENTY
OF NEGATIVE EMOTIONS
INFLUENCING HIS THOUGHT
PATTERN, HOWEVER.

BUT A GOOD
AMOUNT OF THE
NANOVIRUS IS MOVING
TO ASSIMILATE, WITHOUT
SUPPRESSING THESE
EMOTIONS.



THEN
IT SEEMS
EVERYTHING
IS WORKING AS
EXPECTED...

IF THIS
IS A SUCCESS,
WE WILL FINALLY
BE ABLE TO BEGIN
OFFICIAL HUMAN
TRIALS.



WITH THIS,
WE CAN CREATE
TREATMENTS FOR
DISORDERS RANGING
FROM MIGRAINES TO
ALZHEIMER'S, AND
SO MUCH MORE...

AND, LIKE
HIS BROTHER,
ALEX WILL BE FORCED
INTO THE VERY SAME
LIFE THEY MADE MY
SISTER ENDURE.

ALL WHILE
HELPING US
FURTHER OUR
SCIENCE...

ASSUMING THERE
ARE NO HICCLIPS
ALONG THE WAY...

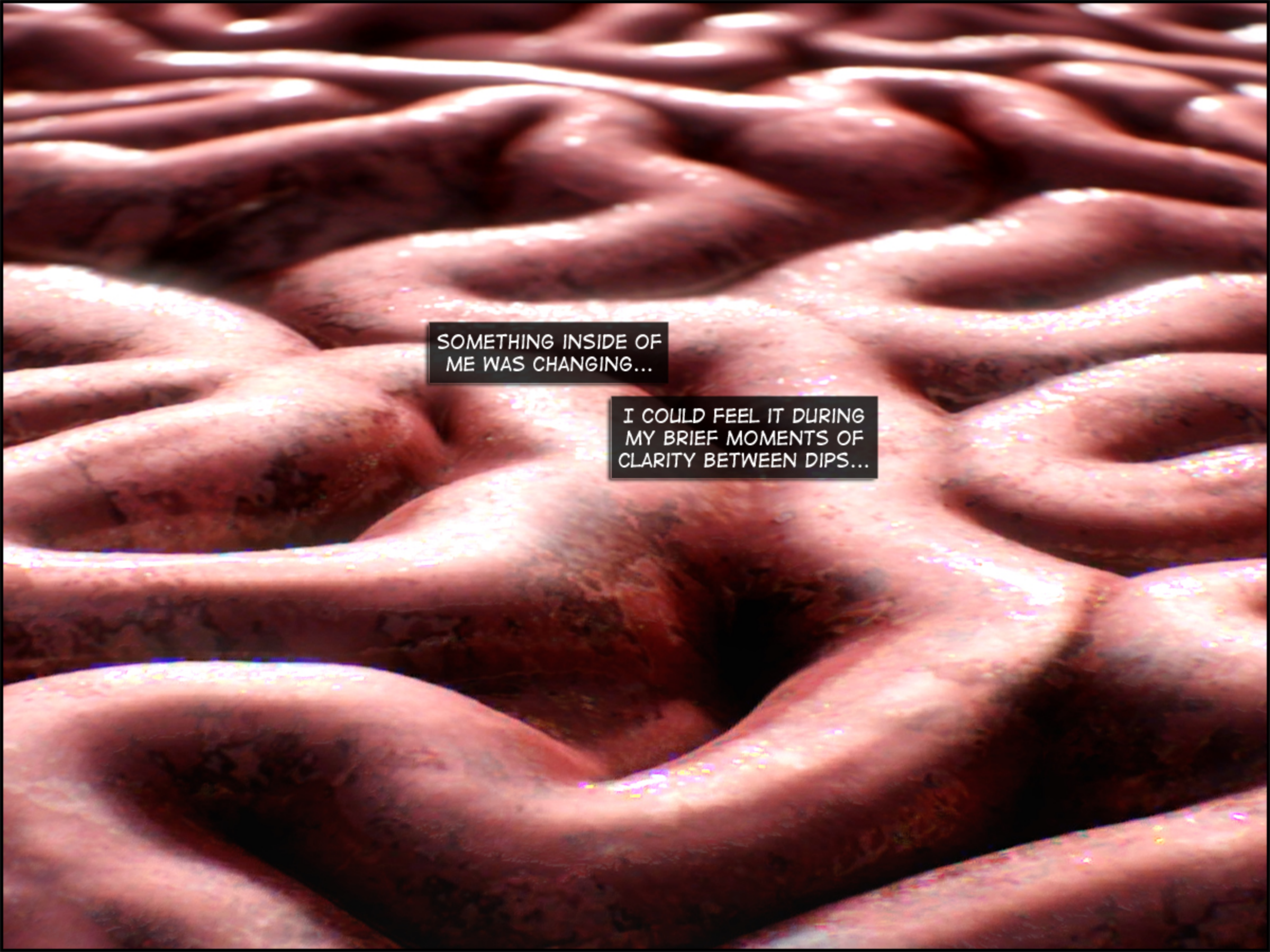
YES, OF COURSE.
I WILL MONITOR
HIM CLOSELY...

WUH...?
I CAN'T...
SHUH...!



THE WORDS THEY SPOKE
MADE LITTLE SENSE, AS
MY CONSCIOUSNESS
FADED IN AND OUT...



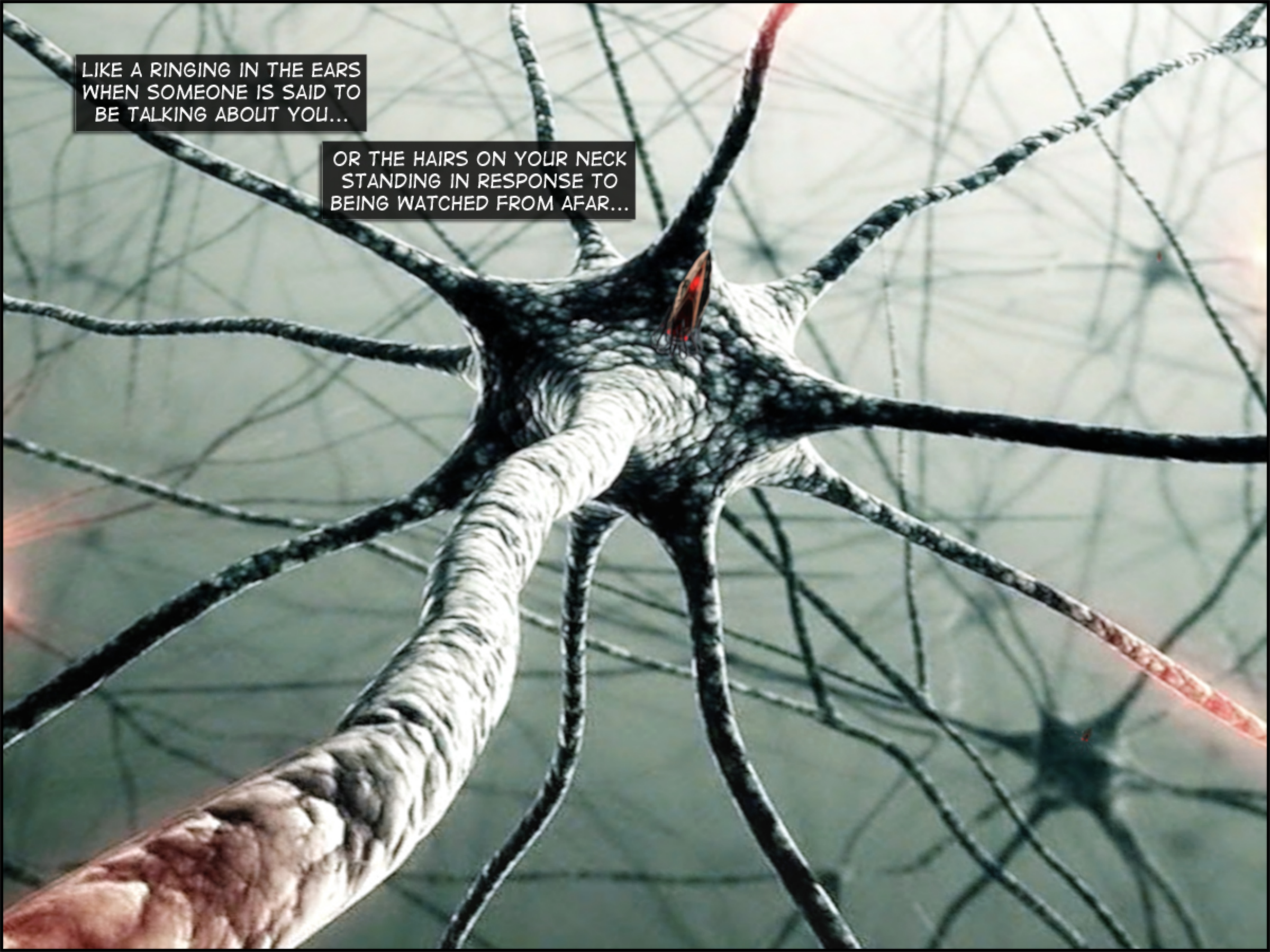


SOMETHING INSIDE OF
ME WAS CHANGING...

I COULD FEEL IT DURING
MY BRIEF MOMENTS OF
CLARITY BETWEEN DIPS...

LIKE A RINGING IN THE EARS
WHEN SOMEONE IS SAID TO
BE TALKING ABOUT YOU...

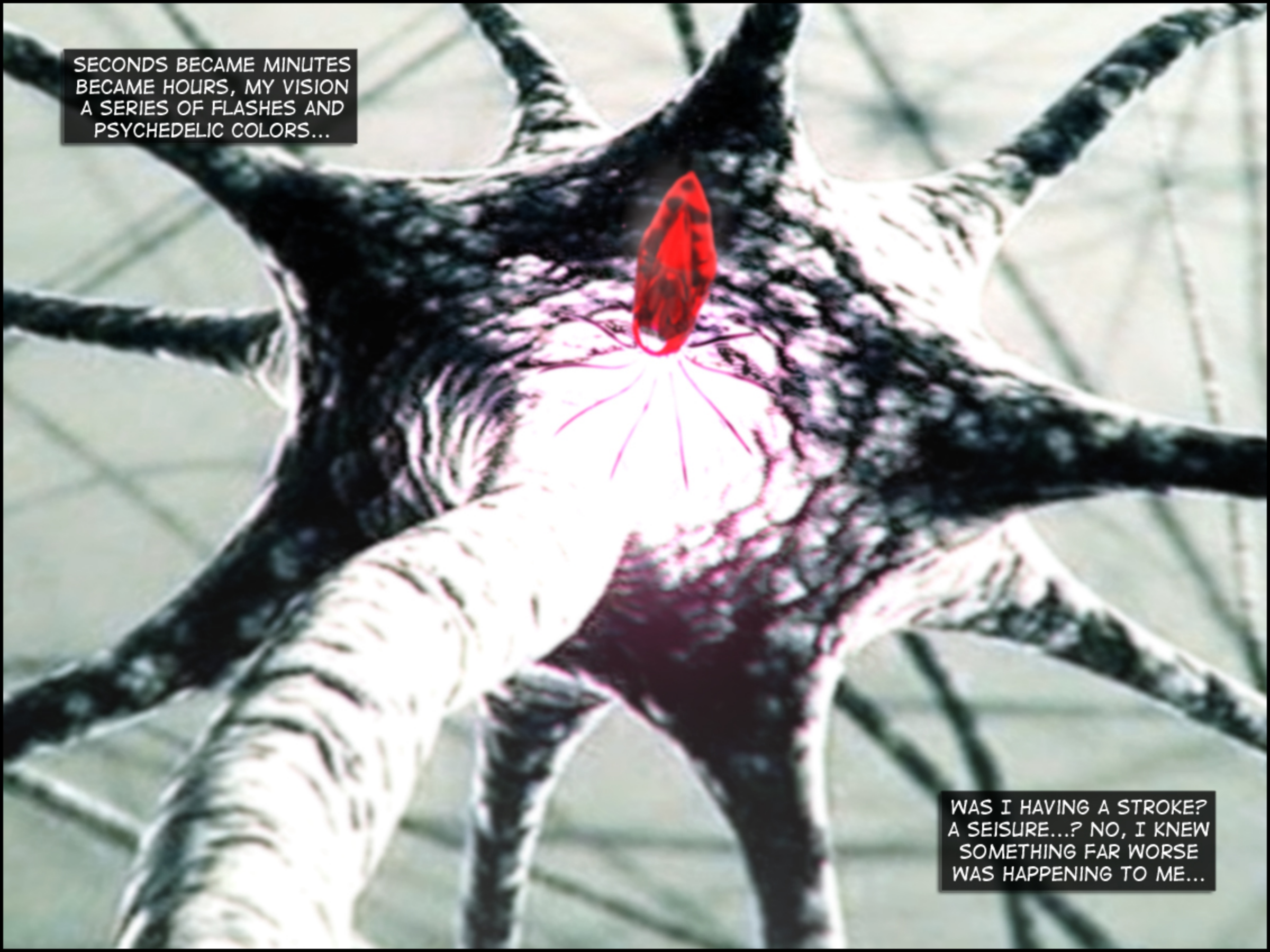
OR THE HAIRS ON YOUR NECK
STANDING IN RESPONSE TO
BEING WATCHED FROM AFAR...





SMALL ADJUSTMENTS THAT WENT UNNOTICED ON A CONSCIOUS LEVEL WERE REGISTERING INSTINCTUALLY...

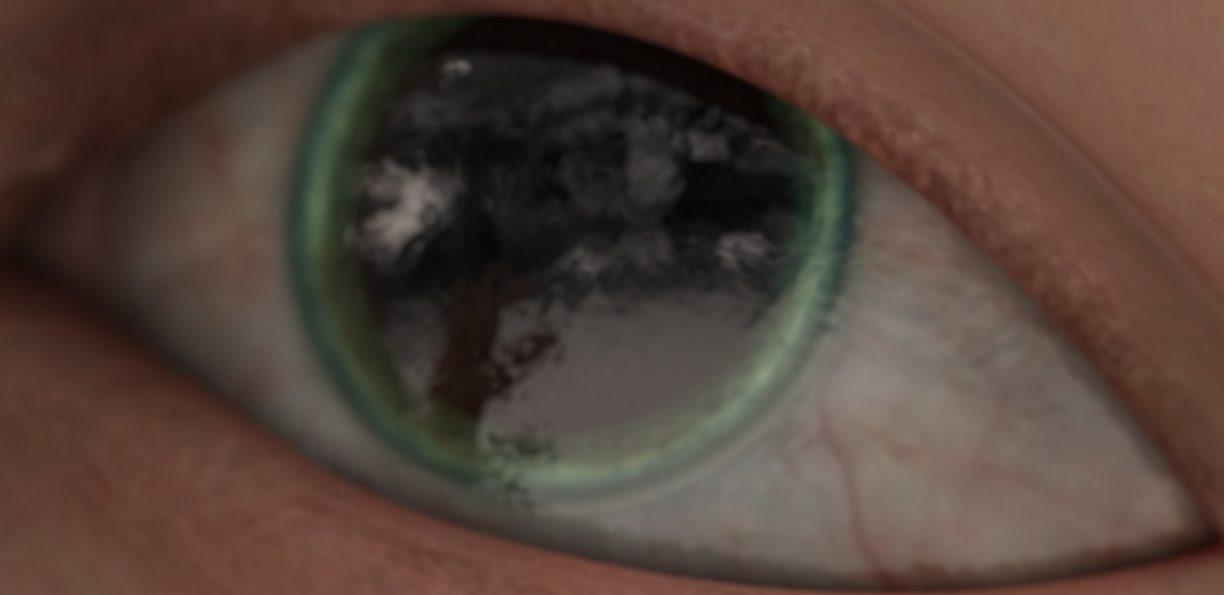
MINOR UNINTENDED CHANGES TO PHYSICAL MOVEMENTS, AS SOMETHING UNSEEN SLIGHTLY ALTERED MY MANNERISMS...



SECONDS BECAME MINUTES
BECAME HOURS, MY VISION
A SERIES OF FLASHES AND
PSYCHEDELIC COLORS...

WAS I HAVING A STROKE?
A SEISURE...? NO, I KNEW
SOMETHING FAR WORSE
WAS HAPPENING TO ME...

EACH TIME I FOUGHT THE THINGS
THAT REBELLED AGAINST MY VERY
NATURE, I CAME BACK FROM THIS
EXPERIENCE WITH A LITTLE LESS...



BUT THIS TIME, I LOST
SIGNIFICANTLY MORE...

BEFORE I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING, MY BODY WAS CRAWLING ALL BY ITSELF...

LUNGING HUNGRILY LIKE A ZOMBIE, REACHING AFTER THE DILDO I DISCARDED...

I NEED...



DEFENSIVELY, I ATTEMPTED TO
STOP MYSELF ONCE MORE...

NO!

THE FEELING THAT FOLLOWED
WAS ABSOLUTELY MADDENING...

AN ITCH THAT COULDN'T
BE SCRATCHED FORMED
DEEP INSIDE MY HEAD...



GAH!

SIGHT, SOUND, AND ALL
OF MY OTHER CORE SENSES
DISAPPEARED IN THE SERIES
OF FLASHES THAT FOLLOWED.

EVERY TIME I FOUGHT MY
INTRUDER, IT FOUGHT BACK
EVEN HARDER THAN BEFORE.

AND EACH TIME I WAS LEFT
WITH LESS TO FIGHT WITH...



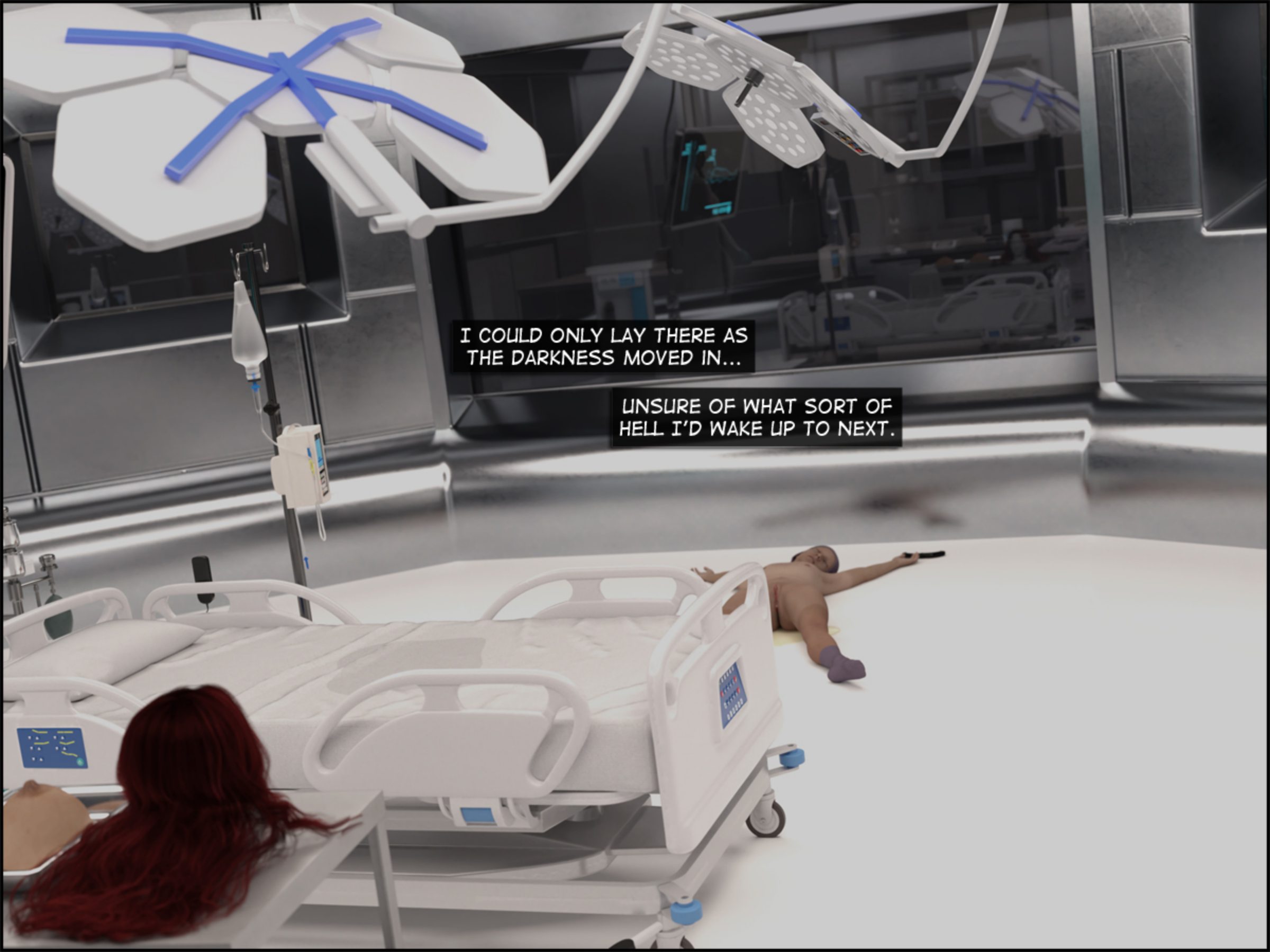
UNTIL IT FINALLY WON...





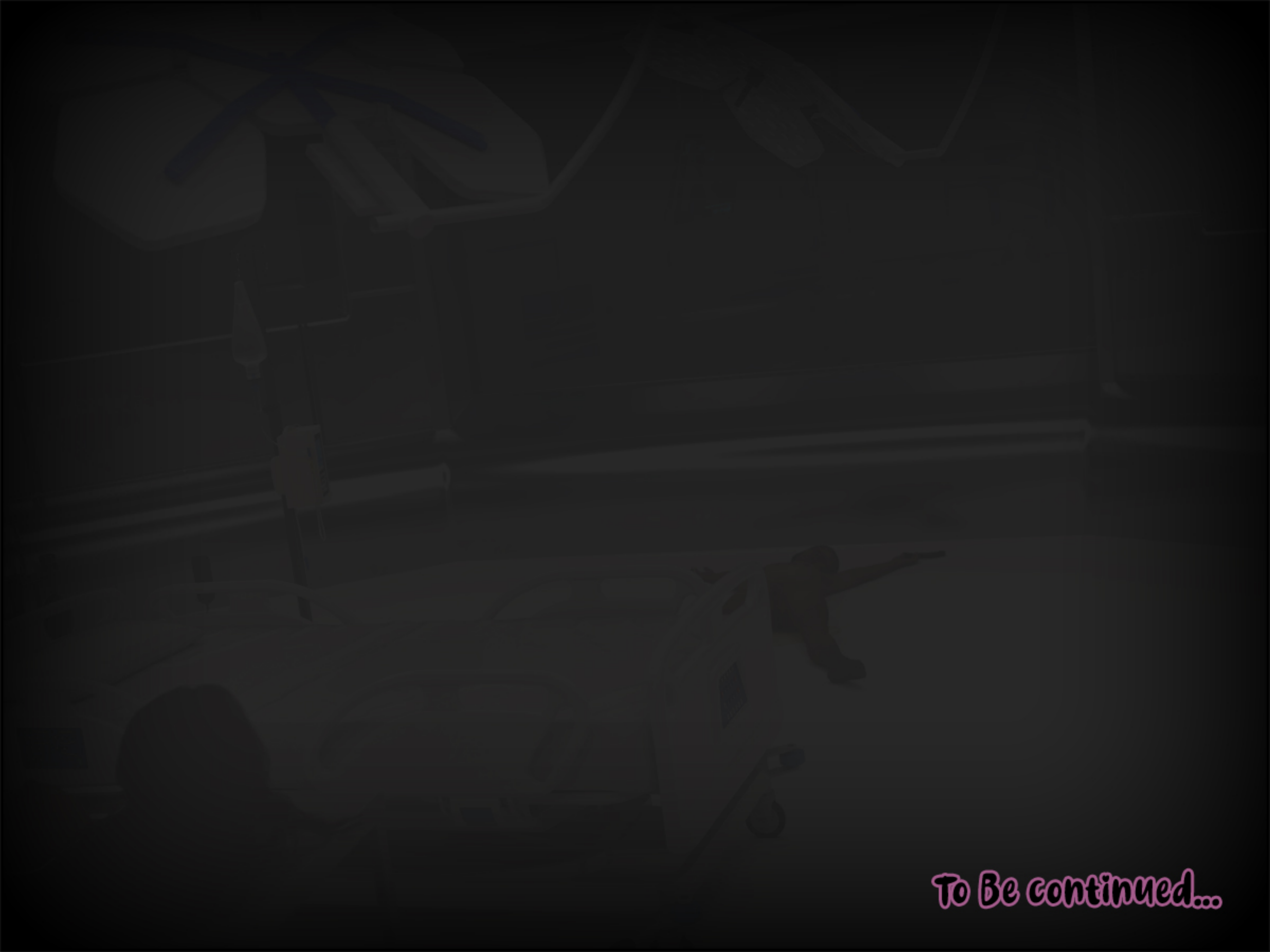
AS I LAY THERE DEFEATED,
PHYSICALLY EXHAUSTED...

MY SENSES ALL SLOWLY
RETURNED, JUST IN TIME
FOR SLEEP TO TAKE ME...

A hospital room with a man lying on the floor and a woman with red hair in the foreground. The man is lying on his back on a yellow mat, holding a handgun. The woman is sitting on a chair in the foreground, looking towards the man. The room has a white bed, a large window, and a medical light fixture.

I COULD ONLY LAY THERE AS
THE DARKNESS MOVED IN...

UNSURE OF WHAT SORT OF
HELL I'D WAKE UP TO NEXT.



To Be continued...