

IRON HARBOR
HULL'S BAY INDUSTRIAL AREA
0330

IS THAT HIS BRAIN?

YEAH, WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.

SOMEONE'S GUNNING FOR THE DA STRADA FAMILY.

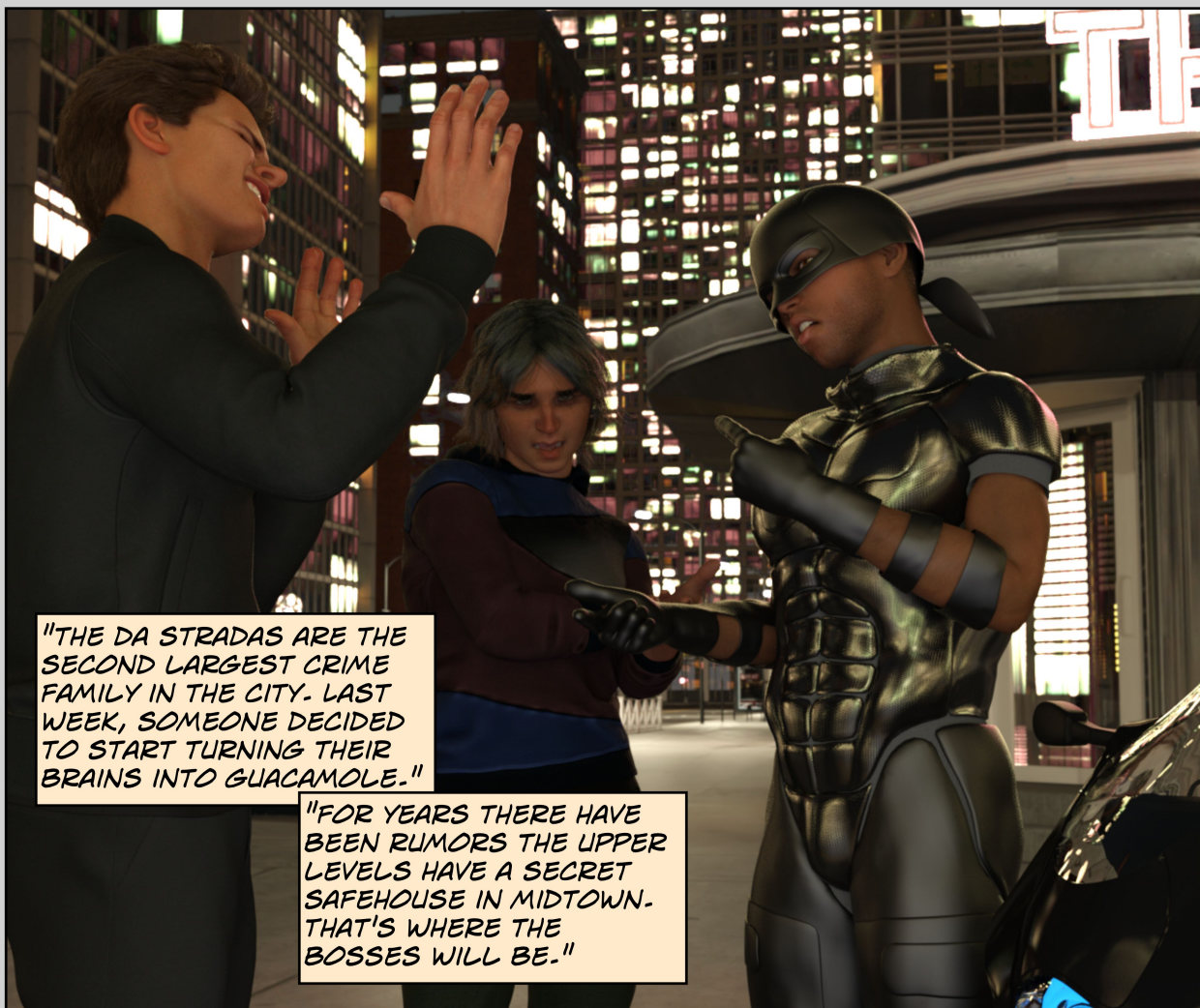
KEEP YOUR GUYS OUT OF THIS ONE, DETECTIVE MARS.

PRIVATE PROPERTY
NO TRESPASSING
VIOLATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED

DON'T GIVE ME ORDERS, LEATHERBOY!

DON'T SEND A BUNCH OF YOUR MEN TO THEIR DEATHS, MARS!

GIVE ME TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!



"THE DA STRADAS ARE THE SECOND LARGEST CRIME FAMILY IN THE CITY. LAST WEEK, SOMEONE DECIDED TO START TURNING THEIR BRAINS INTO GUACAMOLE."

"FOR YEARS THERE HAVE BEEN RUMORS THE UPPER LEVELS HAVE A SECRET SAFEHOUSE IN MIDTOWN. THAT'S WHERE THE BOSSES WILL BE."



LEAD AFTER LEAD FAILS TO PAN OUT.



GOTTA FIND
OUT WHERE THE DA
STRADA SAFEHOUSE
IS!

MUCH AS
I HATE IT...
I HAVE TO
GO SEE THE
TWIN!

LEATHERBOY IN SONG OF THE SIREN



WE
MIGHT KNOW
SOMETHING...

...FOR A
PRICE!



LEATHERBOY SPRINTS
TOWARDS THE DA
STRADA SAFEHOUSE!



NO!

DAMMIT! I'M
TOO LATE!



BOTH DEAD.
KILLED THE
SAME WAY!

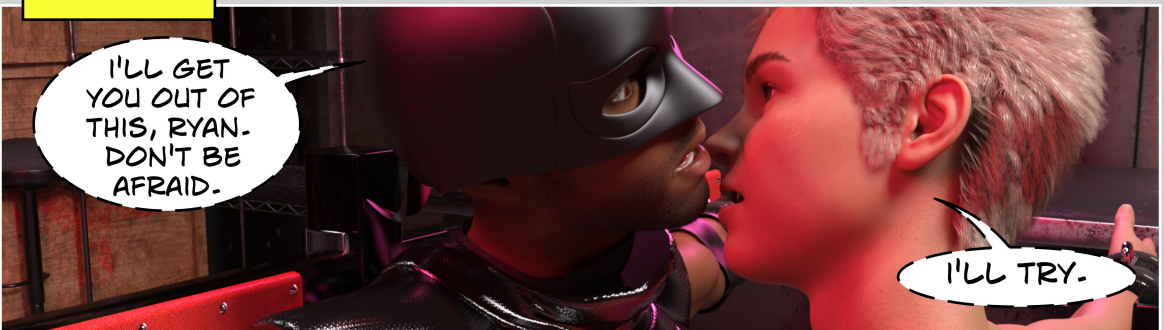


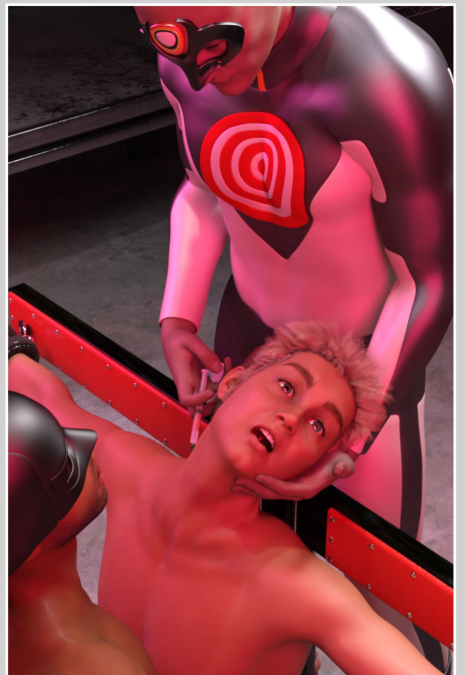






LATER...





LEATHERBOY MOANS AS HE CONTINUES TO PUMP HIS CUM ONTO THE FLOOR...





NOW, YOU ARE UNDER MY COMMAND AGAIN, RYAN...

YOU ARE DEVOTED TO LEATHERBOY. SEDUCE HIM.



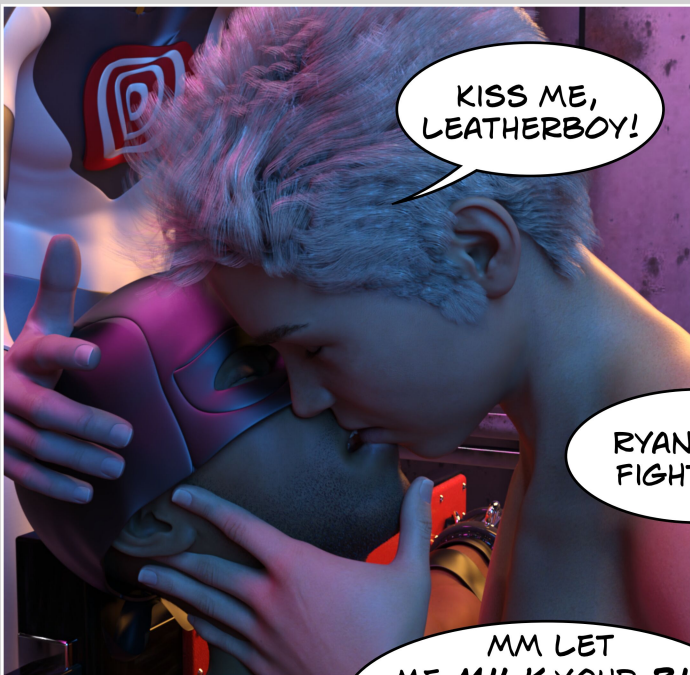
OBEY, RYAN.. OBEY..

YES MASTER



AAHHH UGHHH...

DO YOU LIKE MY MACHINE TEASING YOUR TIGHT PUCKER, LEATHERBOY?



KISS ME,
LEATHERBOY!



RYAN, NO,
FIGHT HIM!



MM LET
ME MILK YOUR **BIG
COCK**, LEATHERBOY...

AAHH!



OH
YES.. SHOOT
YOUR CUM
DOWN MY
THROAT!

WHIMPER



LET ME
CLEAN YOU
UP!



STILL HE
RESISTS ME!



NOW
TO UNMASK
YOU AT LAST,
LEATHERBOY!

NO.. NO...



SUCH A
PRETTY YOUNG
MAN.. NOW..
SLEEP...



SINCE I CANNOT MIND CONTROL YOU, LEATHERBOY.. I'LL BURN YOUR BRAIN OUT AND MAKE YOU A FACELESS PUPPET!

WHAT? NO! NO!

LEATHERBOY FIGHTS BUT IS SLOWLY OVERCOME BY THE SINISTER DEVICE!



SOON YOU'LL BE A MINDLESS FACELESS PUPPET!





MOVE IT ALONG, CRAZY..

I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE!

MAYBE AFTER 20 YEARS IN A PSYCH WARD, HYPNOS!



YOU BROKE UP HIS ENTIRE OPERATION, LEATHERBOY!

WELL, IF THERE'S NOTHING ELSE...

I'LL BE OFF. GOT TO GET RYAN TO A SAFEHOUSE UNTIL THE FBI CAN TALK TO HIM.

HOURS LATER, IN MATEO'S LOFT...



THIS IS THE BEST KIND OF BODYGUARDING...

AAHH! AAHHHH!

END!