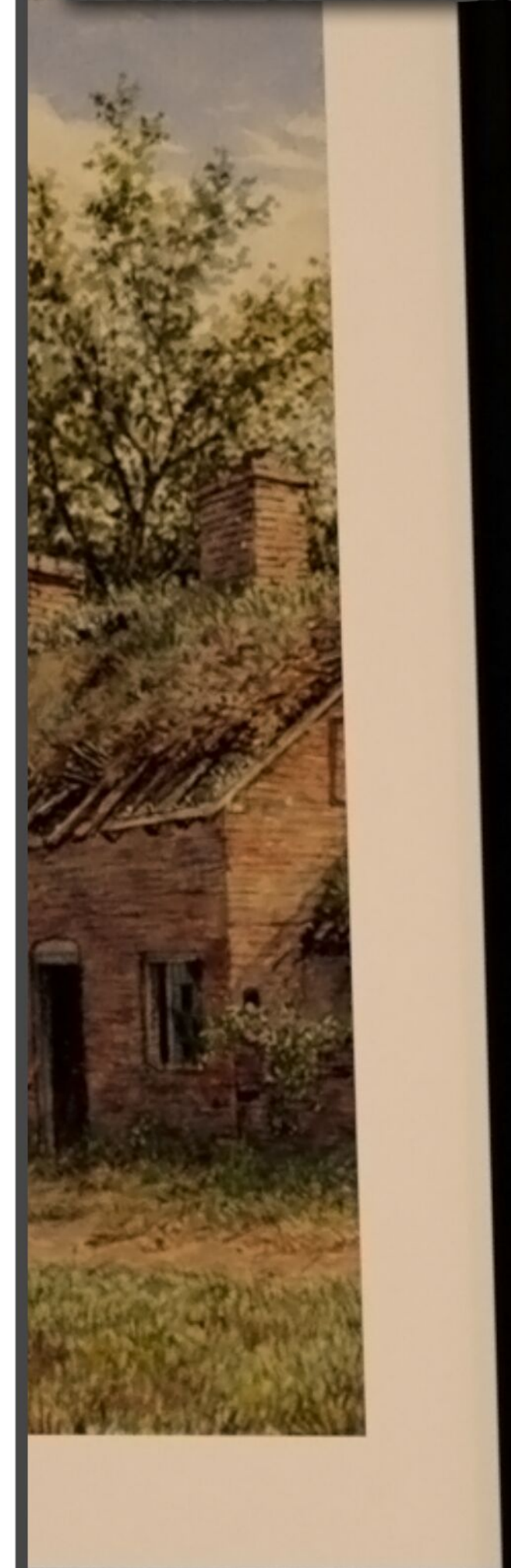


MEANWHILE...



MY BOYS
GOT THIS
AGENT KYLE IN
OUR SIGHTS,
BOSS.

WE KNOW
HE'S BEEN
TALKIN' WITH THAT
BROAD WHO'S
GONNA FINGER
YOU...

...AND ANY
DAY NOW, WE'LL
KNOW *EXACTLY*
WHERE SHE IS.

THEN
IT'S JUST A
MATTER
OF-

CLICK





WHOA,
WHOA,
WHOA,
BOSS!

WHATCHA
DOIN'!?

WHAT
DOES IT
LOOK
LIKE?




I'M LOSIN'
MY GODDAMN
PATIENCE!

IT'S BEEN
FOUR WEEKS,
YOU LOUSY
PILE OF HORSE
SHIT!

WE'RE
CLOSE,
BOSS! GIVE
ME—

I DIDN'T ASK
YOU TO GET
CLOSE! I ASKED
FOR FUCKING
RESULTS!

I'VE
NEVER LET
YOU DOWN
BEFORE—



YOU'RE
LETTING ME
DOWN NOW, YOU
ROUND-FACED
FUCK!

NOW YOU
MAKE THIS
AGENT KYLE GIVE
UP THIS BITCH, OR
YOU PUT TWO IN
HIS HEAD!

BUT IF
WE KILL
THE PIG-

HE DIES
UGLY, THEN
THAT BITCH
KNOWS SHE'S
BURNED.

TOM SAID WE
COULD PUSH
THE TRIAL BACK
MONTHS IF WE
HAVE-



LISTEN
TO ME!

ONE OF
THREE THINGS IS
GONNA HAPPEN
TOMORROW.

HE
TALKS...

HE
MEETS A
GRUESOME
END...

...OR I PUT
TWO BULLETS IN
THAT THICK SHIT
SKULL OF
YOURS!



YOU GOT IT, BOSS.

I'M A MAN OF MY WORD, PAULIE.

I KNOW, BOSS. I'LL DO IT.

SEE THAT YOU DO, OR I'LL BE GIVING THAT PRETTY DAUGHTER OF YOURS A SHOULDER TO CRY ON WHEN WE BURY YOU. CAPEESH?

FUCK, BOSS... I GOT IT... IT'S DONE.

GOOD, NOW GET OUTTA MY SIGHT!

NEARBY...

WHOA...

RIGHT?

EVENING,
LADIES.



A man with dark hair and a goatee, wearing a red turtleneck sweater, stands in a modern apartment. He is looking slightly to his left with a surprised expression. The background features a wooden cabinet with a large, hanging green plant, a metallic vase on a shelf, and a window with a mesh screen. The scene is lit with warm, indoor lighting.

WELCOME TO MY APARTMENT.

YOU BOTH LOOK BEAUTIFUL.

JESUS, HANS.

NOT WHAT YOU WERE EXPECTING?

I JUST...

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black, form-fitting, one-shoulder dress, stands on the left side of the frame. She is looking towards a man on the right. The man has dark hair and a mustache, and is wearing a red, textured, long-sleeved sweater. He is shown in profile, looking towards the woman. The background is a wood-paneled wall. The scene is presented in a comic book style with speech bubbles.

I DIDN'T KNOW
APARTMENTS REALLY
GOT THIS... BIG.

IT'S
HONESTLY
BIGGER THAN
I NEED...

...BUT I
KNOW THE
OWNER OF THE
BUILDING, AND
THEY'RE GIVING
ME A HELL OF
A DEAL.

AND IT GIVES
DEANO PLENTY OF
ROOM, AND THAT'S A
GOOD THING.
CHUCKLE

I CAN
IMAGINE...



WHAT IS
IT YOU DO
EXACTLY,
HANS?

JANET'S
NEVER
MENTIONED
IT.

I HAVEN'T
MENTIONED IT
BECAUSE IT'S
NEVER COME
UP.

I WON'T
BOTHER YOU WITH
THE DETAILS, BUT IT'S
JUST A LOT OF
WORKING WITH
NUMBERS.

THIS GUY IS LOADED!

IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL IN HERE.

DID YOU-

MY SISTER DECORATED IT, SO I CAN'T TAKE ANY CREDIT FOR THIS.

SHE RUNS A LITTLE INTERIOR DESIGN BUSINESS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

...AND
WHEN I GOT
PROMOTED, I
TOLD HER SHE
COULD DO
WHATEVER SHE
WANTED.

SHE WAS
LIKE A KID IN A
CANDY STORE.
CHUCKLE

IT'S REALLY
IMPRESSIVE.

THANK
YOU. SHE
FORCED ME
TO GET MOST
OF IT.

MOST OF
MY OTHER
APARTMENTS
BEFORE THIS JOB
JUST HAD MOVIE
POSTERS ON
THE WALL.



MY GOD...

UNREAL.

AND JUST FOR TOTAL TRANSPARENCY, I'M NOT THAT GREAT OF A COOK EITHER, SO I ORDERED IN.

I HOPE YOU LIKE STEAK BECAUSE THIS PLACE DOWNSTAIRS MAKES AN EXCELLENT RIBEYE.

DEANO'S PLATING IT UP NOW, AND I SHOULD HELP HIM.



FEEL FREE TO TURN ON THE TV AND WATCH WHATEVER YOU LIKE WHILE YOU GET STUFF READY.

OR GRAB A DRINK IF YOU'D LIKE.

DEANO KEEPS US PRETTY WELL STOCKED, SO I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND WHATEVER YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.

I'M GOOD RIGHT NOW.

UM... MAYBE AFTER DINNER?

FINE BY ME.



WE'LL
HAVE DINNER
READY IN A
MINUTE,
LADIES.

AND... YOU
REALLY DO LOOK
BEAUTIFUL.

THANKS,
HANS.



ALL THE DRINKS HE HAS ARE TOP SHELF, JANET.

HOW COULD YOU NOT KNOW HE WAS LOADED?

I TOLD YOU. IT NEVER CAME UP.

HE NEVER TALKED ABOUT IT, AND I NEVER ASKED.

Book 01
Book 04
Book 03



YOU NEVER ASKED?

ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS I ASKED DEANO IS WHAT HE DID.

OH? YOU'VE NEVER MENTIONED WHAT HE DOES.

BECAUSE HE'S A BARTENDER.

YOU SAY THAT LIKE IT'S A BAD THING.

IT'S CERTAINLY NOT THE SAME AS HAVING A BOYFRIEND WHO'S FUCKING RICH.



A woman with long, wavy blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing a black sleeveless dress, is looking towards the camera. She is in a modern, well-lit apartment. The background features a light-colored sofa, a dining table with chairs, and a hanging plant. The scene is depicted in a comic book style with speech bubbles.

JUST
BECAUSE HE'S
GOT A NICE
APARTMENT-

THE NICEST
APARTMENT
EITHER OF US
HAS SEEN.

MAYBE,
BUT THAT
DOESN'T
MEAN HE'S
RICH.

HE
COULD
JUST BE A
FRUGAL
GUY.

YOU HEARD
HIM, HE DOESN'T
LIKE TO SHOW OFF
AND HAD PRETTY
SIMPLE-



WAIT, DID YOU JUST REFER TO HIM AS MY **BOYFRIEND**?

UM... YEAH? ISN'T THAT WHAT HE IS?

I...

HE'S JUST A **FRIEND**.

WELL, A FRIEND WITH **BENEFITS** IS PRETTY MUCH A **BOYFRIEND**.

BENEFITS? WE'VE ONLY SLEPT TOGETHER THAT **ONE TIME**.

ONE
TIME?

THAT TIME
AT THE GYM?
THAT'S IT?

YEAH.

BUT...

YOU'VE
BEEN *ALONE*
WITH HIM-

WE
HAVEN'T
FOOLED
AROUND.

TO BE CONTINUED...