



RANDOM FACES



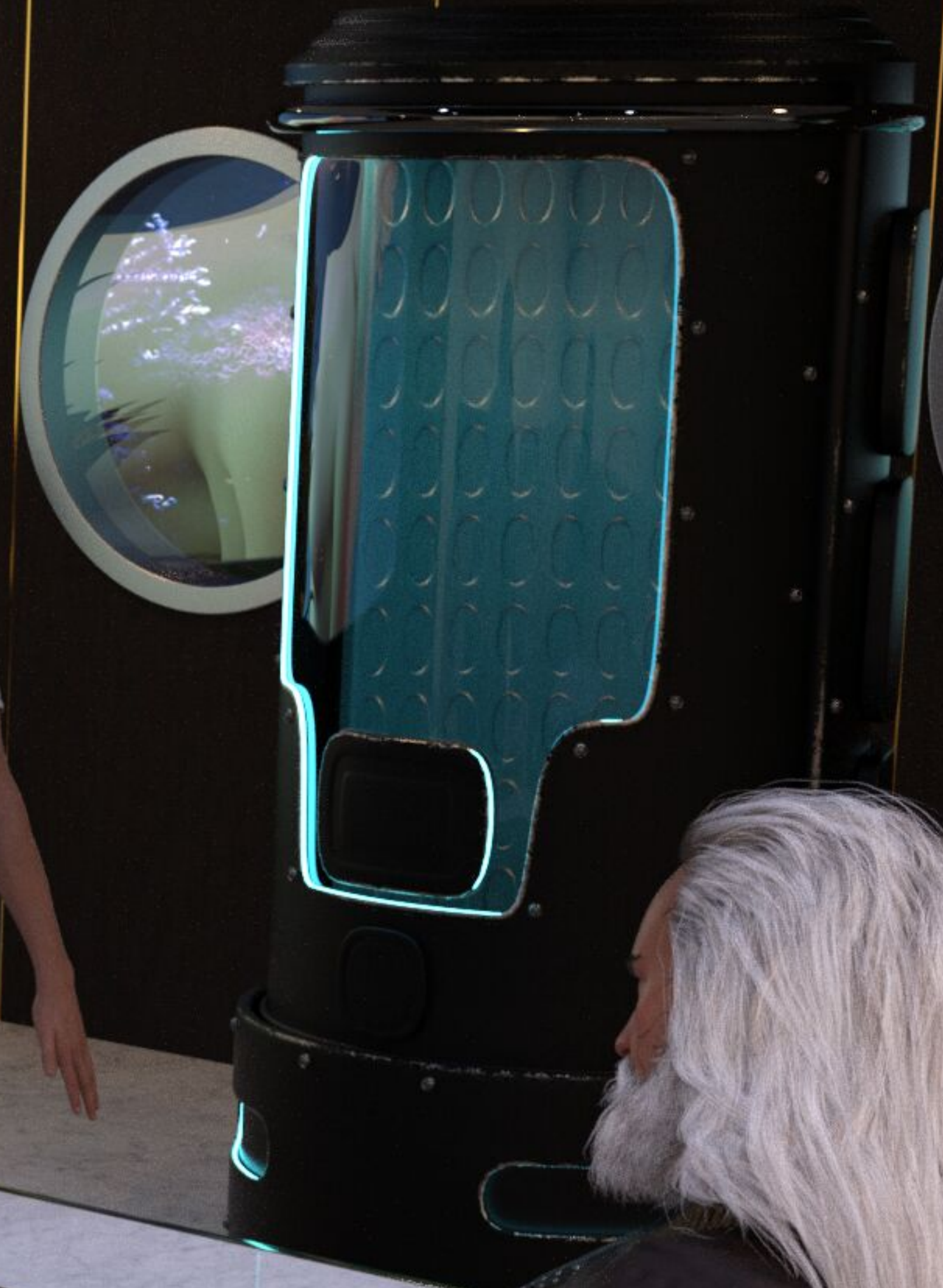
Jeysia



SO, YOU ROLL AND MOVE ALONG THE BOARD. YOU CAN CHOOSE TO MOVE AHEAD OR BACKWARDS.

AND EVERY ROUND, THE DUMMY PLAYER HITS ONE PERSON WHO HASN'T BEEN HIT LAST ROUND, DETERMINED BY A DIE ROLL.

AND THAT PLAYER STEPS INTO THE CHAMBER, AND SOMETHING HAPPENS.





FINE
BY ME,
JADEN.

LONG
AS I CAN GET
SOME BEER
ALONG THE
WAY.



YOU'RE
GROSS, PHIL.

THIS GAME
SEEMS TEDIOUS
AND LONG,
JADEN.

WHAT'S THAT
CHAMBER EVEN
DOING?

I DON'T
KNOW, BLAKE.



THE
SELLER I PICKED
THIS UP FROM
DIDN'T SAY.

THEY
ONLY SAID IT
ENHANCES THE
EXPERIENCE.



FINE,
WHATEVER. LET'S
TRY IT OUT,
I SUPPOSE.



OKAY.
ROLL OFF TO
SEE WHO GOES
FIRST?



DOESN'T MATTER,
ACTUALLY, EVERYONE
GETS THE SAME AMOUNT
OF TURNS. SO WE CAN
ROLL ALL TOGETHER.

PICK
A COLOR,
EVERYONE.



BLUE.

RED.

OKAY,
I'LL BE GREEN,
AND YELLOW IS
DUMMY.

5 FOR ME,
2 FOR PHIL, AND A
WHOOPING 1 FOR
BLAKE. NICE.



NOW TO
ROLL DUMMY.
LET'S SEE WHO
GETS INTO THE
BOX.



AND THAT'S THE
PLAYER IN LAST. SO, BLAKE
YOU'RE TURN WITH THE
CHAMBER.





FINE. URGH.
THIS BETTER NOT
BE WEIRD.

I'M
SURE IT'S
OKAY.



THERE'S NO
HANDLE. HOW
DOES THIS EVEN
OPEN?

NO HANDLE
HOW DOES THIS
EVEN OPEN??

A man with short dark hair, wearing a dark green short-sleeved button-down shirt and a necklace with white and blue beads, stands in profile looking at a glowing blue door. The door has a grid of circular indentations. A bright light emanates from the bottom of the door. A speech bubble is positioned above the man's head.

WHAT WAS
THAT? AH WELL,
IT'S OPEN NOW.

SO, WHAT
DO I DO IN
HERE?

袋 十 十 ① ② × 骨 ? — ③ ④ 骨 ∨ 骨 ⑤ ⑥

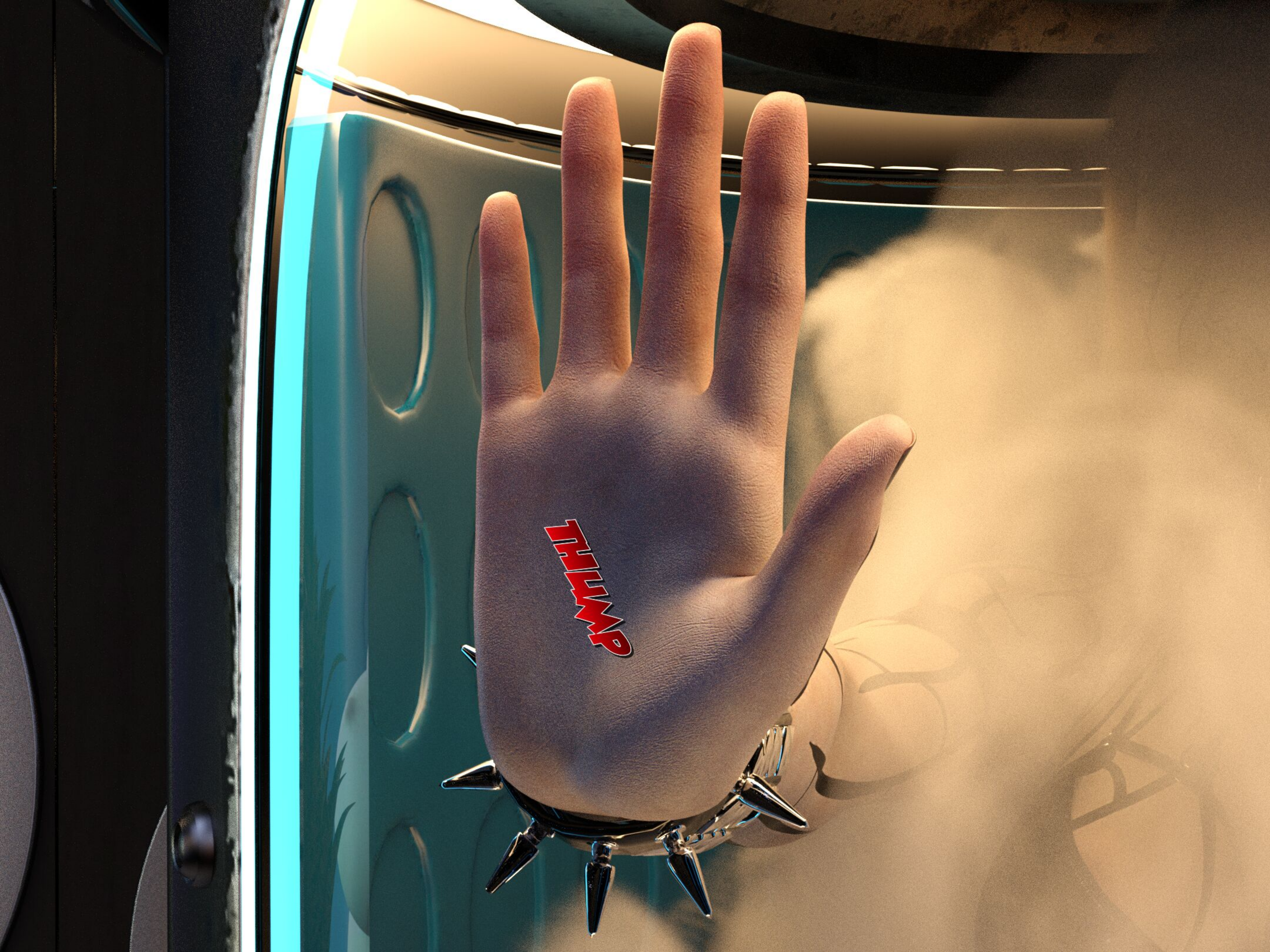


COUGH
COUGH

QUICK, GET HIM
OUT OF THERE.
PULL THE PLUG, OR
SOMETHING.



IT'S NOT
PLUGGED IN.
IT RUNS ON
IT'S OWN.



THUMP



HOLY
FUCKBALLS.

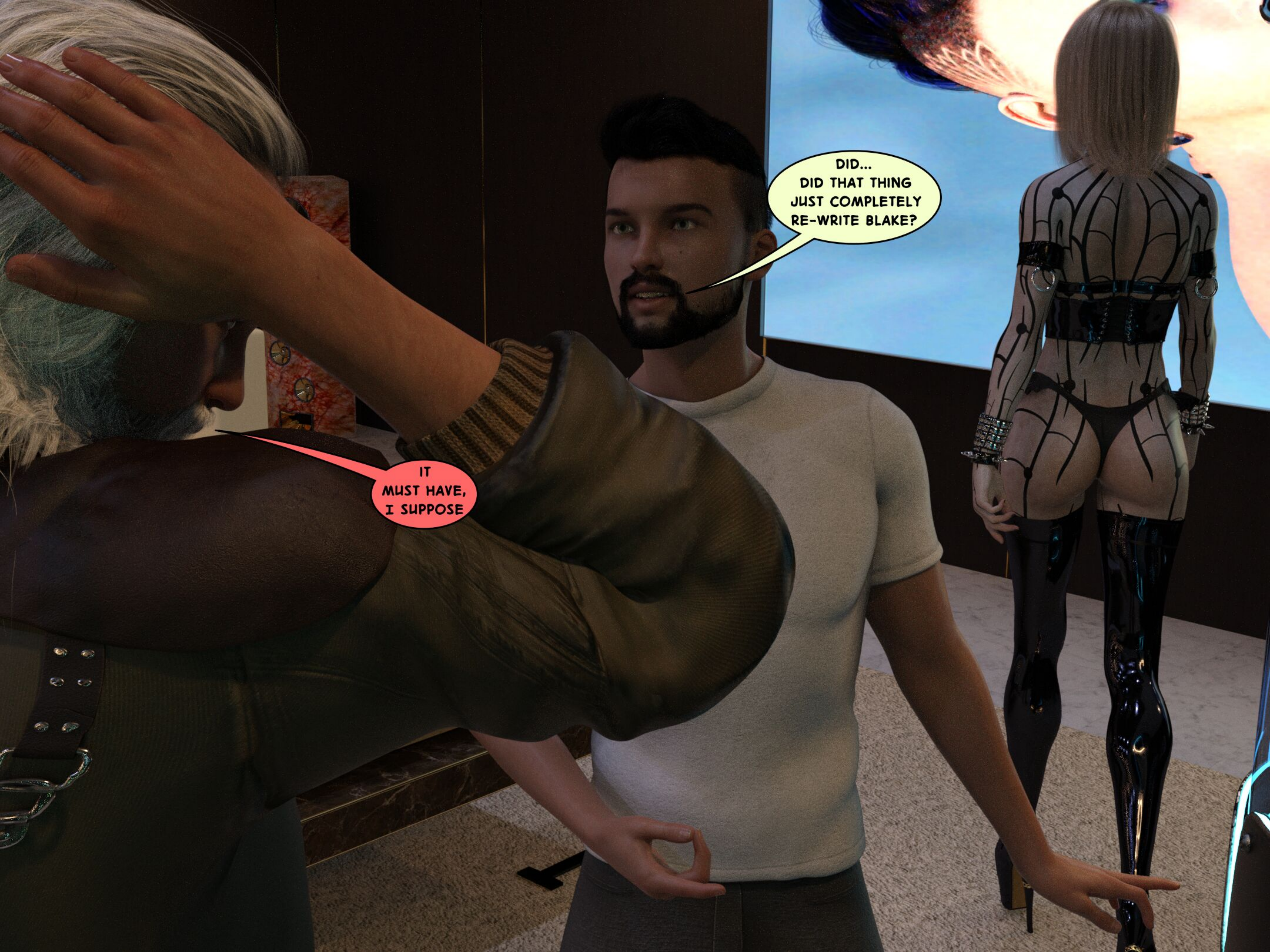
BLAKE? IS
THAT YOU?



NAME'S
NOIR, POPS. YOU
FORGOT THAT
AGAIN?

DID...
DID THAT THING
JUST COMPLETELY
RE-WRITE BLAKE?

IT
MUST HAVE,
I SUPPOSE





LOOK AT
HOW CONFIDENT
NOIR IS. LIKE SHE'S
ALWAYS BEEN THIS
WAY.



**MORE EVIDENCE IS
HER WALKING AROUND ON
THOSE HIGH STILETTOS. SEEMS
LIKE SHE'S HAS HIGH HEEL
TRAINING OF YEARS.**



THIS IS FASCINATING. YOU THINK WE CAN FIGURE OUT HOW THIS WORKS? AND WHY SOMEONE USED IT FOR A GAME?



WE SHOULD GIVE IT
A TRY, AT LEAST. MAYBE
WE CAN GET LUCKY AND
BECOME SUPER SMART
ON THE WAY.

HEY. WHAT
UP YOU TWO? WHAT'S
WITH THE GAME? COME ON,
SOONER WE FINISH, SOONER
WE GET TO FUN
FUCKING.





LOOKS
LIKE THE GAME JUST
BECAME A CONTEST ABOUT
WHO CAN KEEP THEIR DICK
IN THEIR PANTS THE
LONGEST.

IF WE CAN
KEEP OUR DICKS
AT ALL.

A person wearing a black, long-sleeved, form-fitting outfit is sitting on a light-colored sofa with a bold, black, abstract pattern. The person's face is obscured by a large, dark, textured shadow. A red speech bubble is positioned in the upper left corner of the frame.

DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE NOIR IS PACKING
ANYMORE.

ALRIGHT,
THEN, BACK TO
THE GAME.





LET'S ROLL
UP SOME MORE
MOVES.

HUH.
THAT'S A
STRANGE TURN
OF EVENTS.

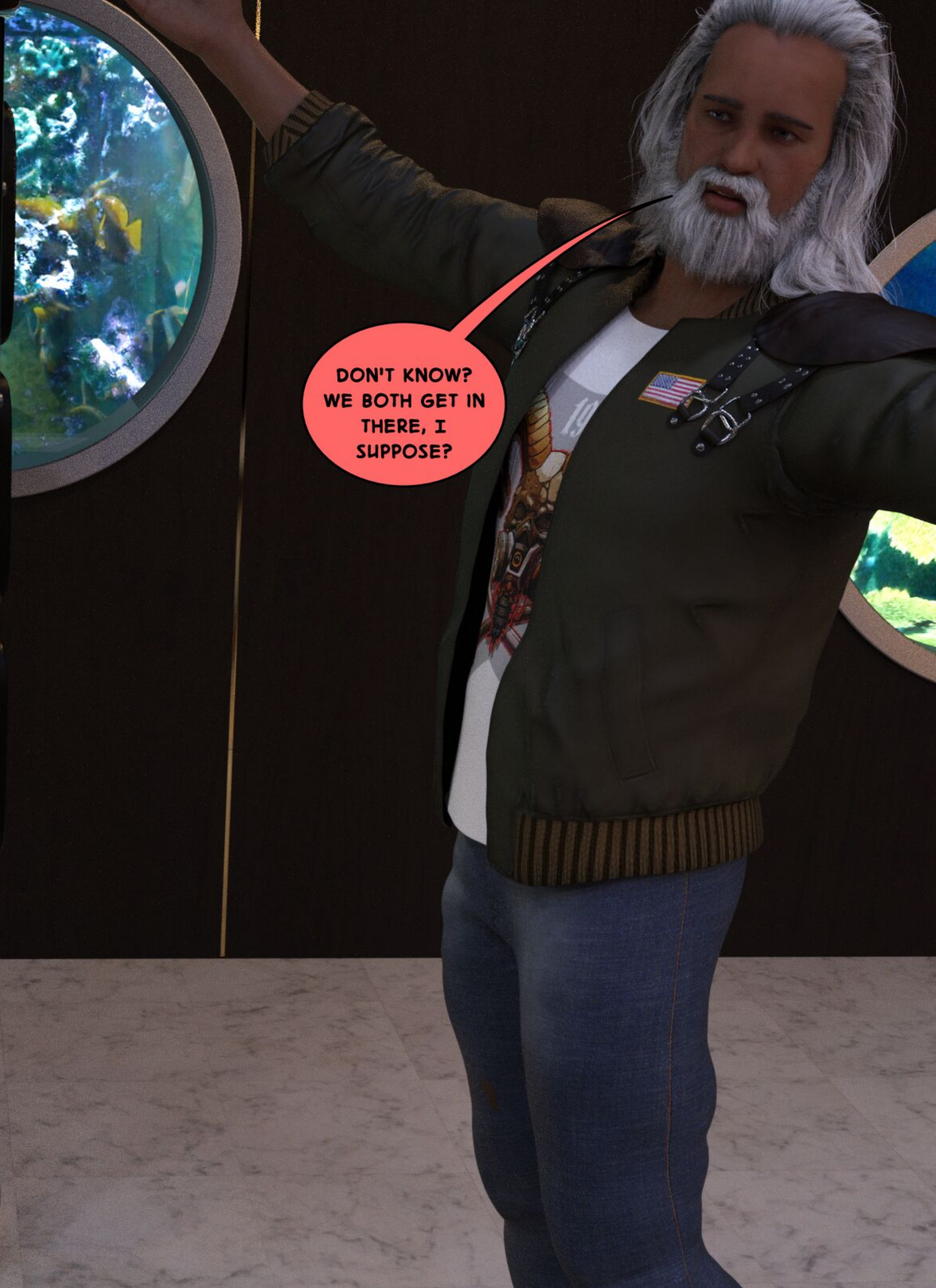


LOOKS
LIKE ME AND
PHIL ARE BOTH
UP?





WHAT
DOES THAT
MEAN?



DON'T KNOW?
WE BOTH GET IN
THERE, I
SUPPOSE?



DANG,
THIS IS
CRAMMED FOR
SPACE.

OOOOHH. I...

HEY, LEAVE
ME SOME
SPACE.

HAHA.
YOU TWO LOOK
HILARIOUS IN
THERE.





MY GOD, GIRL.
NOW YOU'RE REALLY
CRAMPING UP THIS
PLACE.



JAIKEN SORRY.
JAIKEN BIG GIRL.
PLEASE, NO BEING
MEAN.

I'LL SAY YOU'RE
BIG. HOW ARE YOU
EVEN STILL STANDING
UPRIGHT?



JAIKEN KNOW
NOT YOU SAY.
EIGO HARD.

TASUKETE
KUDASAI.



HEY,
MONSTER
TITS.

SPEAK
ENGLISH, YOU
BLOATED FUCK
SLUT.





YOU LISTEN
HERE, YOUNG LADY.
YOU BETTER BEHAVE
YOURSELF.

JAIKEN IS A
FOREIGNER. LET'S
GIVE HER SOME
RESPECT.

OW, OW,
OW. LET GO OF
MY EAR, PHILLIS.
YOU'RE NOT MY
MOM.

CONSIDER
YOURSELF LUCKY.
IF I WAS, I'D SPANK
YOU FOR THAT NASTY
TONE.

TO BE CONTINUED