

Days pass.

Our heroine shipment arrives midnight at dock 37.



Mary tries to be as good looking a doll as she possibly can.

Make sure you ice Tristan as you collect the stuff.



Men come and go.

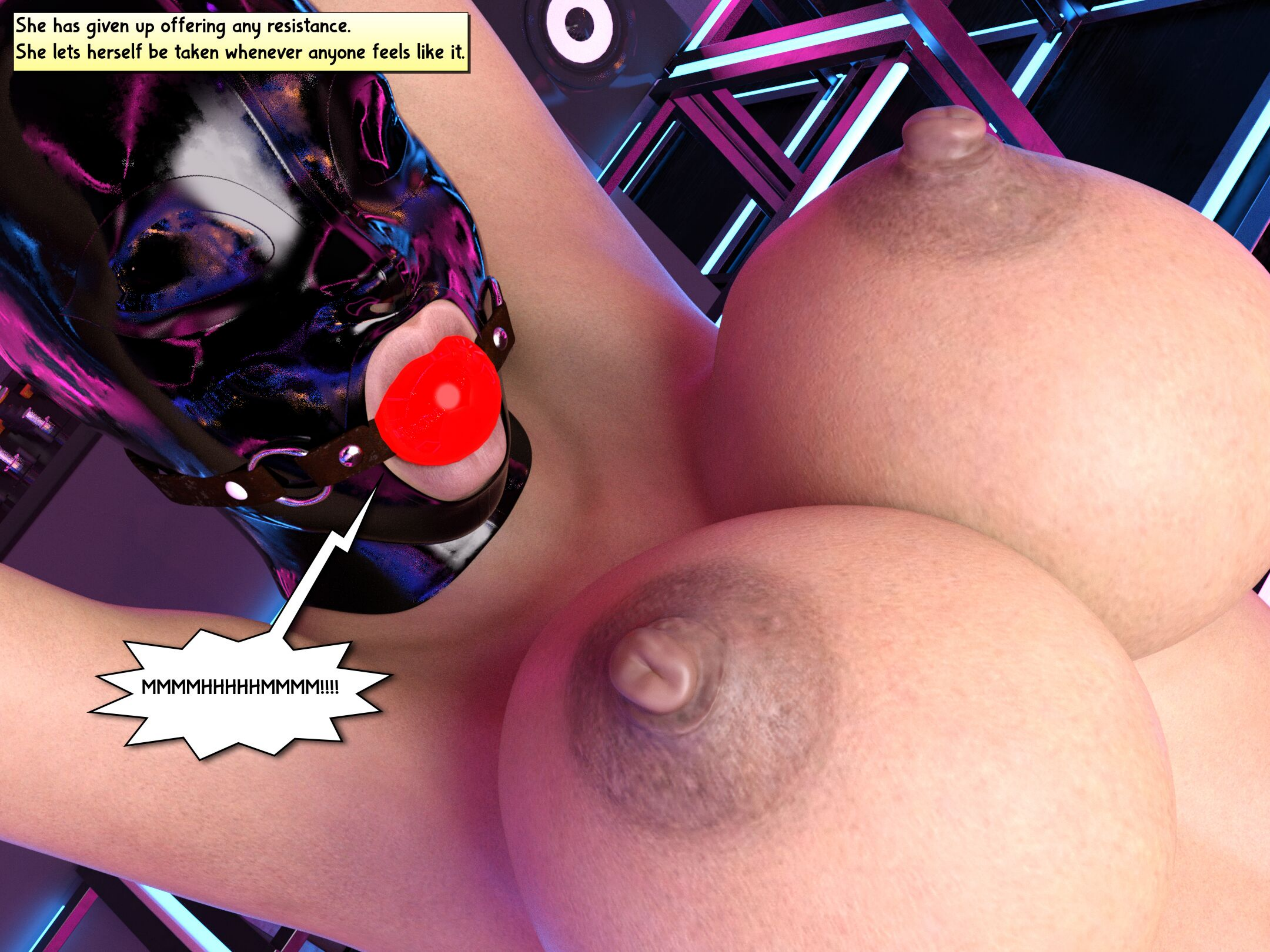
We need to collect protection money soon.

We need more cash for our plans.

Mary gets  
fucked over  
and over.

Who has  
organized our  
mesh stashes?

She has given up offering any resistance.  
She lets herself be taken whenever anyone feels like it.



MMMMHHHHHMMMM!!!!

Her only respite comes as she reports everything she heard in the evening.

...and that's all I remember. Can you please let me go?



I can't.  
I need more from  
you.

MUUUHHMMM!!



Days turn to weeks.

How is our business doing so badly?

Why do we get foiled everywhere?





Weeks turn to month.

You imbeciles.  
Get out of my face, you  
morons.



Something else starts to develop.

Who of you idiots got the slut preggers?





Trong! Take that bitch out and snuff that fat whale, like the others.

Yes, boss.



Move it.

S.O.P.E.S. SWEAT

No, no, no.  
Please, no.



真木

SMERALD'S



Don't kill  
me. I'm begging  
you.



I told you  
everything you wanted to  
know. Please spare me.



Relax, girl. I'm not gonna kill you.

Take this coat.

Huh?





Your not  
out of the  
fire yet.

You'll find some  
cash, a key, and an  
address card in the pocket.  
Take a cab and wait  
there for me.

It's  
like he said.  
Strange. What's  
going on now?

This parking space is reserved for specific  
Registration No. If you park illegally in this space  
**YOU WILL BE FINED**  
Registration Number  
**SERVICE POINT**  
STAFF & CUSTOMERS ONLY



GENO  
FIGHT SEXI





Fuck it.  
I'm not gonna  
question it.


Had he  
wanted to kill me,  
he'd not given me  
that stuff.

TAXI!


One cab ride later.

This should be it.




A woman with a shaved head, wearing a black, long-sleeved, form-fitting dress, stands on a wooden staircase. She is looking towards a modern interior space. The interior features a brick wall, a large window with a view of a city at night, a brown tufted sofa, and a white counter with a sink. A thought bubble above her head contains the text: "Wow. Way more fancy than I expected."

Wow. Way more fancy than I expected.



Holy smokes.  
Who'd thought I'd  
ever be this glad about  
having a seat in a  
simple chair.

A pregnant woman with short blonde hair and blue eyes is seated at a wooden table. She is wearing a black, long-sleeved, ribbed dress. Her hands are resting on her belly. In the background, there is a brick wall and a white platter of fruit including apples, lemons, and a melon. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

I can't believe I now have to deal with a new life growing in me.

What do I even do?

**GROWL**





Shit. I  
need food.



Grrrrmmm...



Screw  
courtesy, I need  
calories.

A character with a shaved head, wearing a black jacket, is seen from behind in a kitchen. A thought bubble originates from the character's head, containing the text "I hope your fridge is stacked." The kitchen features dark wood cabinets, a granite countertop, and a built-in oven unit with three compartments. A small blue light is visible on the wall to the left.

I hope  
your fridge is  
stacked.

A woman with a very large, exaggerated belly is shown in profile, facing left. She has short, light-colored hair and is wearing a black, long-sleeved, ribbed top and black pants. Her right hand is resting on a dark wooden cabinet handle. The background features a brick wall and a kitchen counter with a paper towel roll. A thought bubble is positioned above her head.

I've  
got a giant  
hankering.

One feeding frenzy later.

Oh, god. I needed this.



TO BE CONTINUED...