

LATER THAT EVENING AT THE NIGHTCLUB...






STEPH, YOU'RE NOT JUST WEARING THAT DRESS; YOU'RE OWNING IT. IT'S ALL ABOUT CONFIDENCE. BESIDES, IF ANYONE DARES TO STARE TOO LONG, THEY'LL HAVE ME TO ANSWER TO.

*\*MUTTERS QUIETLY\**  
ERICA, IS THIS REALLY ME? I FEEL LIKE I'M ON THE EDGE OF REVEALING MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR WITH EVERY STEP.

OI! GLAMAZON AND GOLDILOCKS!

A man in a dark grey suit and tie stands on the left, gesturing with his right hand towards two women on the right. The woman in the foreground has long, straight red hair and is wearing a light-colored, backless dress. The woman behind her has blonde hair styled in a bun and is wearing a dark, ribbed, long-sleeved dress. They are in a nightclub setting with wooden tables and chairs in the background.


WHY DON'T YOU LADIES SKIP  
THE LINE AND COME RIGHT  
THROUGH? NO SENSE IN HAVING  
YOU WAIT OUTSIDE.

BUT WE ONLY JUST GOT  
HERE...

STEPH, IT'S OKAY.  
THIS HAPPENS. THINK OF  
IT AS A LITTLE PERK OF THE  
NIGHT. PLUS, IT'S A  
COMPLIMENT TO US  
BOTH!




RIGHT THIS WAY LADIES.



WOW OLIVIA! DID YOU SEE THAT REDHEAD? IS SHE A FAMOUS MODEL OR SOMETHING? SHE'S BREATHTAKING.

PLEASE, AS IF. JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE TALL AND STRUT DOESN'T MAKE YOU A MODEL.

NAH, JACINTA, GRACE IS ONTO SOMETHING. SHE'S ABSOLUTELY STUNNING, LIKE, SERIOUS MODEL VIBES.




WOW, ERICA. I'VE NEVER SKIPPED A QUEUE LIKE THAT. IT FEELS ODD, ALMOST LIKE WE CHEATED SOMEHOW.

OH, STEPH, THIS IS JUST THE START. TRUST ME, YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.

KIND OF STRANGE, ISN'T IT? AFTER MONTHS OF FEELING ALMOST INVISIBLE, NOW PEOPLE ARE NOTICING ME AGAIN. I GUESS I DIDN'T EXPECT IT...

MHM, NOTICED... THAT'S ONE WAY TO PUT IT. DO YOU THINK THERE'S A CORNER OR SOMETHING WHERE WE CAN SIT? JUST TO TAKE IT ALL IN FROM A DISTANCE, YOU KNOW?



STEPH, YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW AMAZING I FEEL RIGHT NOW! SERIOUSLY, IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE I'VE FELT THIS GOOD. DRAGGING ME OUT TONIGHT WAS THE BEST THING YOU COULD'VE DONE. THANK YOU!

WELL, I DO HAVE MY MOMENTS, DON'T I? FEELS GREAT TO BE OUT AND ABOUT, DOESN'T IT?

SO, WHAT DO YOU SAY WE KICK THIS OFF WITH A COUPLE OF DRINKS? MY TREAT! THEN IT'S TIME WE DIVE INTO SOME SERIOUS PLANNING.





HI THERE, HANDSOME.  
SEEMS LIKE THE PLACE TO BE  
TONIGHT, HUH?

HANDSOME EH? AREN'T YOU A  
SMOOTH TALKER...

ONLY SAYING WHAT I SEE...

YEAH IT'S ALWAYS PRETTY  
JAMMED HERE ON A SAT.  
SO...WHAT CAN I GET A  
PRETTY GIRL LIKE YOU?

OH YOU'RE TOO SWEET. TWO  
VODKA LIME SODAS FOR ME  
PLEASE.





HE WAS DEFINITELY FLIRTING WITH ME. OH IT FEELS SO GOOD TO BE BACK...SORT OF...



JUST BETWEEN US,  
THESE ARE ON THE HOUSE.  
LET'S KEEP IT OUR LITTLE  
SECRET, ALRIGHT?

MY LIPS ARE  
SEALED... AS LONG AS  
THE DRINKS KEEP COMING,  
OF COURSE.

WELL...YOU SURE DRIVE A  
HARD BARGAIN.

MHMM. I GUESS  
YOU'LL BE SEEING A LOT  
MORE OF ME THEN.





GASP!!!

WHAT THE FUCK!



OH MY GOD! I'M SO SORRY!

SERIOUSLY!?!  
LOOK WHAT YOU DID, YOU CLUMSY BITCH! YOU'VE COMPLETELY WRECKED MY DRESS!



THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SO NASTY. IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT.

SORRY? YOU SHOULD BE. MAYBE IF YOU SPENT LESS TIME EATING AND MORE TIME LOOKING WHERE YOU'RE GOING, THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN.

WOW...I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW RUDE YOU ARE.



WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?

SHE LOOKED LIKE SHE WANTED TO THROTTLE YOU.



AH, THAT WAS ANGRY BARBIE. HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT WITH MY DRINK AND HER DRESS.

TALK ABOUT AN OVERREACTION. ANYWAY, LET'S TALK PLANS!




A scene from a video game showing two women sitting on a blue sofa in a lounge. The woman on the left has blonde hair in a bun and is wearing a dark purple long-sleeved top. The woman on the right has long red hair and is wearing a light-colored, sleeveless dress. They are both looking at each other. In the foreground, there is a white table with a black bag and a glass with a straw. The background features a wall with a geometric pattern and red lighting.

OKAY, HEAR ME OUT. I'VE BEEN BRAINSTORMING AND I THINK I'VE NAILED DOWN A PLAN. IT INVOLVES A BIT OF STEALTH ON YOUR PART.

OH PLEASE. THAT WAS SOME NATASHA ROMANOFF STUFF YOU PULLED BACK AT THAT HOTEL AND YOU KNOW IT---

ERICA, YOU'RE GIVING ME TOO MUCH CREDIT. STEALTH IS HARDLY MY FORTE

*\*SIGH\**  
IF YOU INSIST---I'M LISTENING.




WE'RE GOING TO ACCEPT HOTMODS' OFFER FOR A MEETING. BUT HERE'S THE TWIST: I'M POSING AS YOUR AGENT. THEY USUALLY CONDUCT THEIR BUSINESS IN THEIR CITY OFFICE.

EXACTLY. IT'LL BE SIMPLER TO STAGE A DIVERSION THAT WAY. OUR MAIN GOAL IS TO DIG UP EVERYTHING WE CAN ON GREG.

JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD. NOW, ABOUT THE MEETING...

BOTH OF US? INFILTRATING TOGETHER?

A DIVERSION? SUDDENLY, YOU'RE THE MASTER OF ESPIONAGE?



YOU'LL PLAY THE UNSUSPECTING BIMBO MODEL TO PERFECTION, WHILE I NEGOTIATE. WHILE I DO MY THING, FIND ANY EXCUSE TO WANDER OFF AND HUNT FOR GREG'S DATA. THEY'VE GOT TO HAVE A DATABASE OR SOMETHING. MEANWHILE, I'LL PRY FOR DETAILS FROM OUR CONTACT.

TRUST ME, THE MORE YOU ACT LIKE AN AIRHEAD, THE LESS THEY'LL SUSPECT. YOU'VE GOT THIS.

THAT'S WHERE THE APP COMES IN. A LITTLE CHAOS MIGHT GIVE US THE OPENING WE NEED. WE CAN REVERSE ANY CHANGES LATER.

SO, WE'RE IN. HOW DO YOU PROPOSE WE SNOOP FOR INFORMATION ON GREG?

ACT THE DITSY BIMBO? REALLY? I'M NOT SURE I CAN CONVINCINGLY DUMB MYSELF DOWN LIKE THAT.

AND IF I HIT A DEAD END? NO COMPUTER IN SIGHT?



WE CROSS  
THAT BRIDGE WHEN  
WE GET TO IT. FOCUS  
ON THE MISSION AT  
HAND.

PLAN B? STEPH, IN  
ESPIONAGE, ADAPTABILITY  
IS OUR PLAN B.

RELYING ON THE APP  
AGAIN... FEELS RISKY. AND  
AFTER WE GATHER WHAT WE  
NEED?

AND IF THIS ALL GOES  
SOUTH?



TO OPERATION GREG HUNT.

HMM OK I GUESS IT'S DOABLE...I CAN'T BELIEVE I'VE ACTUALLY LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS... IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING STRAIGHT OUT OF A MOVIE.

YOU TRULY ARE MAD, ERICA... TO OPERATION GREG HUNT.

CLINK



3 ROUNDS LATER...


\*HICC\*  
TELL ME ABOUT IT. IT'S LIKE  
MY TOLERANCE DECIDED TO  
TAKE A HOLIDAY

STEPH,  
YOU'RE A TEN IN A SEA  
OF SIXES. IF I CAN SCORE A  
FREEBIE, THEY SHOULD BE  
OFFERING YOU THE VIP  
BOTTLE SERVICE BY  
NOW.

WHEW,  
G-GUESS IT'S R-REFILL  
O'CLOCK, H-HUH? M-MAN,  
THESE D-DRINKS ARE  
HITTING DIFFERENT  
T-TONIGHT.


ALRIGHT GIVE ME A SECOND  
TO STAND UP...



A woman with long red hair, wearing a shimmering gold dress and a black clutch, stands in a nightclub. She has her hand on her head. In the background, other people are dancing and socializing. A speech bubble is positioned to her right.

H-HA, ERICA, IF  
B-BEING...HIC...CLUMSY  
G-GOT YOU VIP, I'D...I'D OWN  
THE BAR. F-FEELS LIKE I'M AN  
ACCOUNTANT  
TH-THAT...HIC...WANDERED INTO  
A...UMM..MODEL P-PARTY.






WOW...SHE'S MUMBLING WORSE  
THAN A BROKEN RECORD. HOW  
SLOSHED ARE WE... HANG ON...WHAT  
DO WE HAVE HERE....?

THERE SHE IS... MISS  
ANGRY BARBIE, REIGNING  
QUEEN OF OVERREACTIONS.





THAT RUDE BITCH. CALLING ME FAT, HUH?  
FINE, TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME. CURIOUS  
HOW...HOW SHE'LL REACT WHEN...WHEN THE  
TABLES ARE TURNED...

UGH SO HARD TO TYPE RIGHT NOW...URGH C'MON...NO, NOT THAT...OH MY GOD...WHY CAN'T IT JUST TALK IN NORMAL ENGLISH...

\*HIC\*  
UGH C'MON.....! ARGH WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN...





NOW LET'S SEE WHO'S THE  
FAT BITCH...