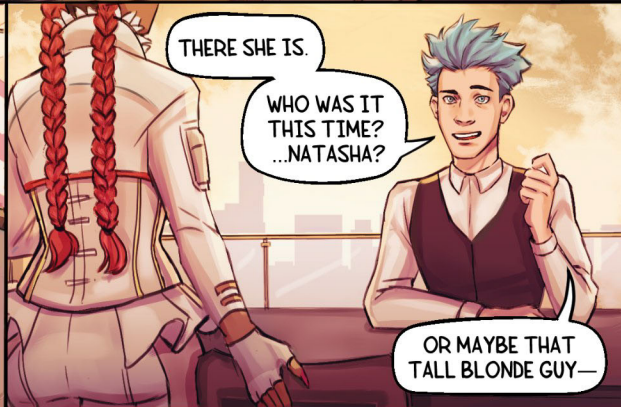


WAITING ON LOBA. AGAIN.



BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, I SUPPOSE.



THERE SHE IS.

WHO WAS IT THIS TIME?
...NATASHA?

OR MAYBE THAT TALL BLONDE GUY—



OH, I SEE IT'S

"BRING YOUR DISGUSTING GARBAGE DUFFLE TO DRINKS" DAY!



I NEED YOU TO LOSE THIS FOR ME.

WHAT IS IT?

EX-LOVER'S TRASH?

ENEMY CONTRABAND?

EX-LOVER'S CONTRABAND?

YES, THERE'S AN OLD FLAME'S SWEATER IN THERE YOU CAN GET RID OF FOR ME.

OH.

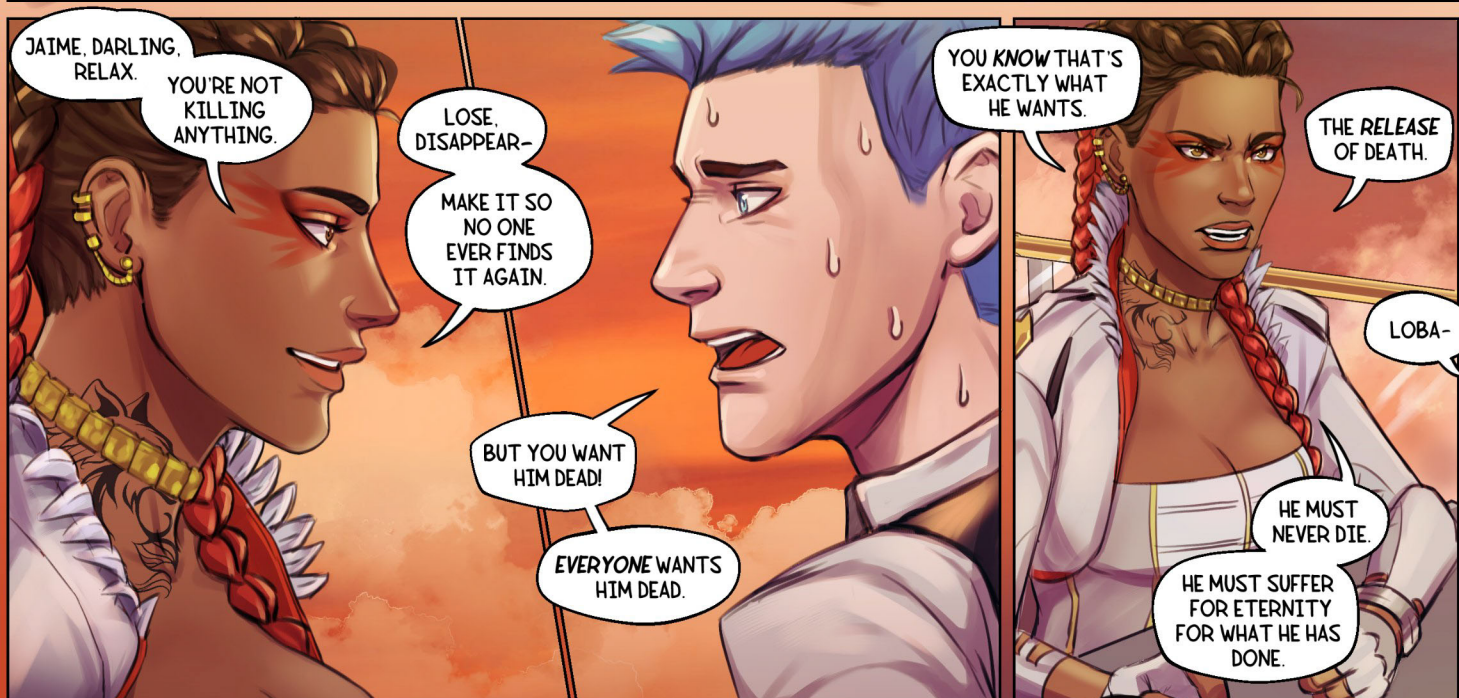
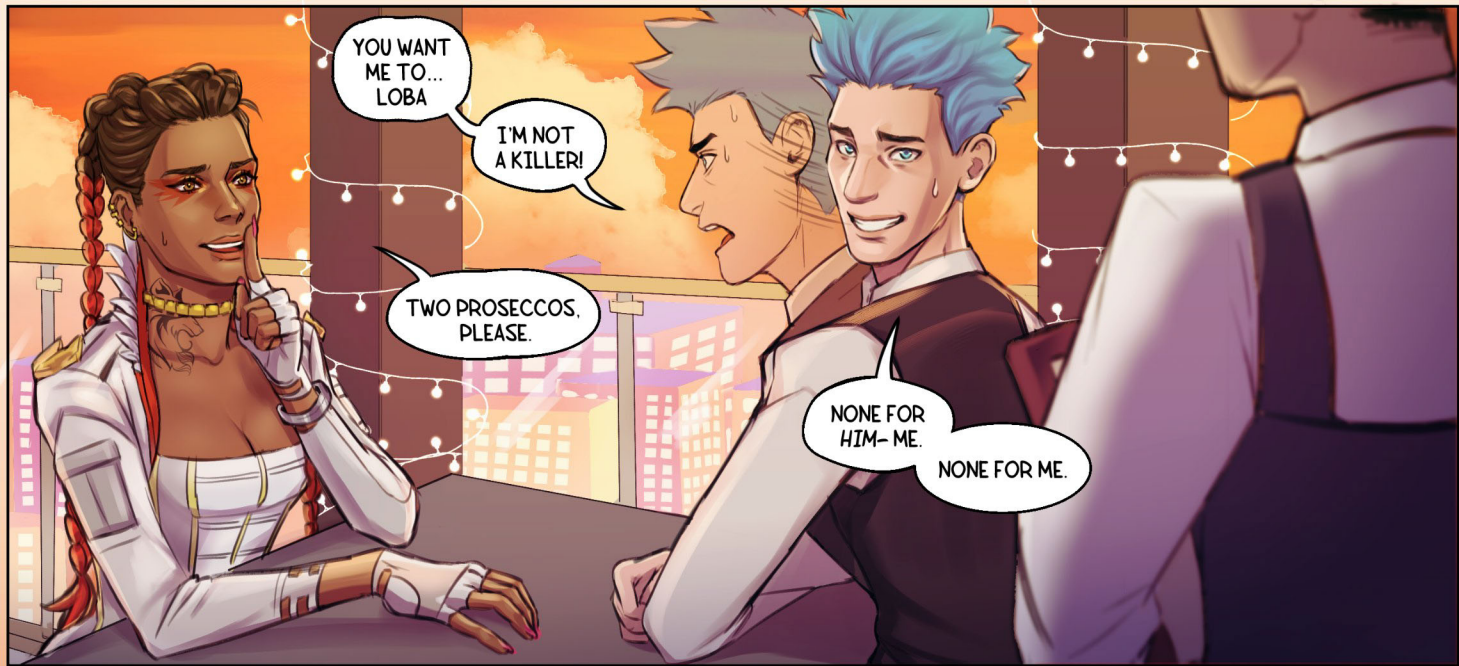
AND ONE MORE THING..

PUSH



WHAT?!

LOBA!





A PROSECCO
FOR THE LADY.

THANK YOU,
GORGEOUS.



USE THE OLYMPUS
PHASE RUNNER. SEND IT
AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE.
BETTER IF I DON'T
KNOW.

SEND IT ANYWHERE
BUT THAT DEMONIO'S
HANDS.

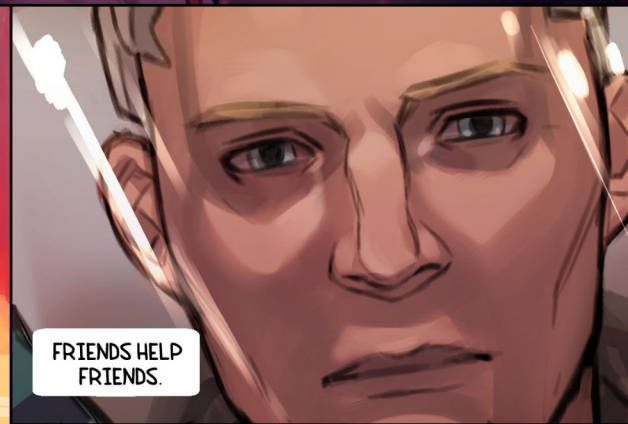
WHILE YOU TAKE CARE
OF THAT, I'LL KEEP
HIM OCCUPIED.

ENTENDIDO?



AND JAIME,
THANK YOU.

I MEAN IT.



FRIENDS HELP
FRIENDS.



AND FRIENDS DO
WHAT'S RIGHT.

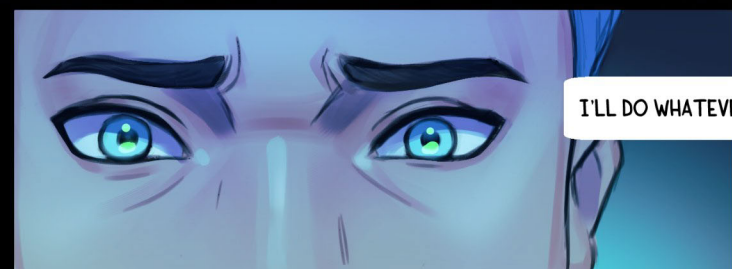
I WISH THOSE WERE
THE SAME THING.



A FRIEND LIKE LOBA...
I'D DO ANYTHING
FOR HER.

BUT IS MY FRIEND
EVEN IN THERE
ANYMORE?

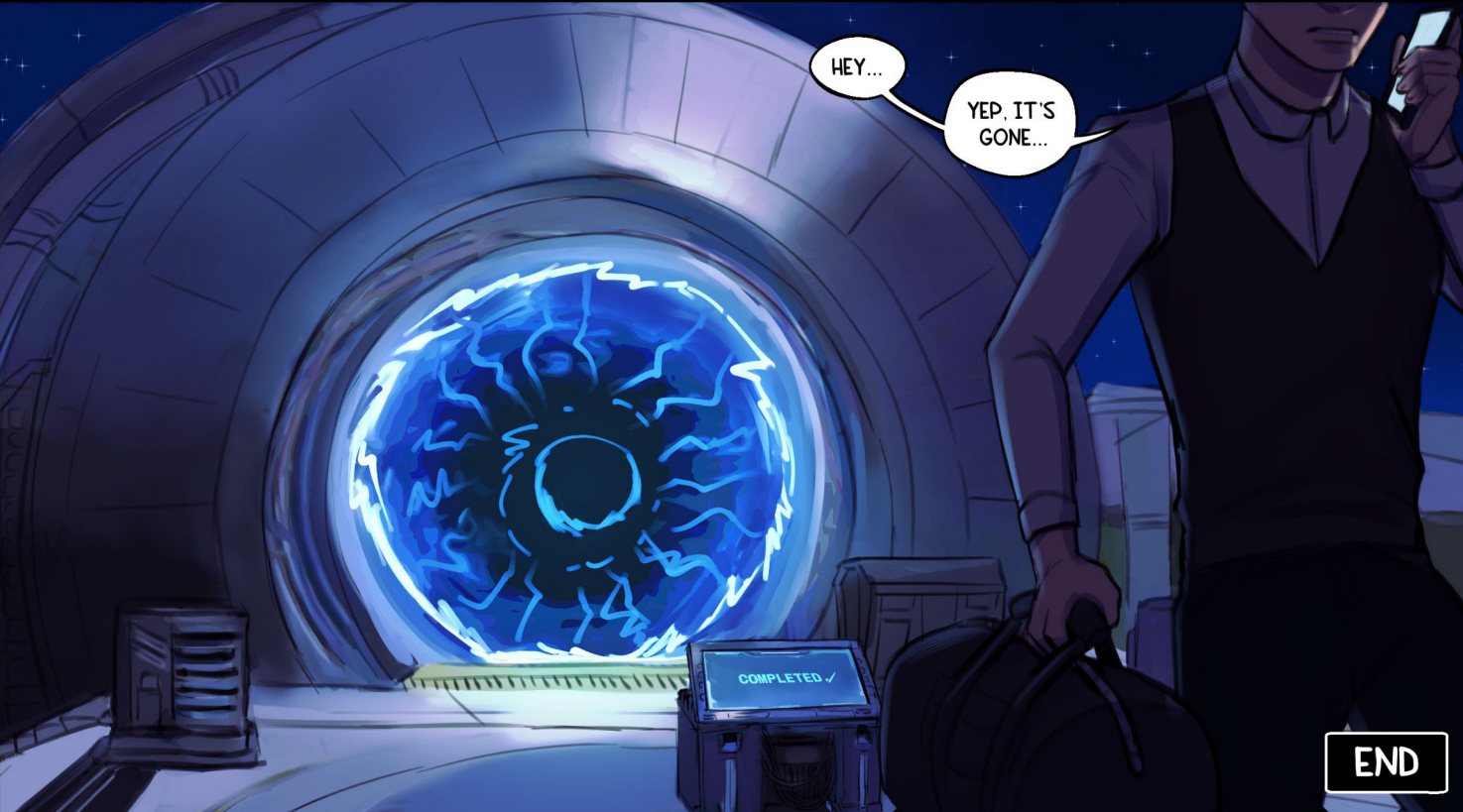
OR IS SHE NOW JUST A
SHELL FILLED WITH THIS
INSATIABLE NEED FOR
VENGEANCE?



I'LL DO WHATEVER SHE NEEDS.



...BUT NOT WHATEVER SHE WANTS.



HEY...

YEP, IT'S
GONE...

COMPLETED. ✓

END