


Maybe you're wondering what kind of woman stands around in armored lingerie in the middle of a Chicago winter.
I can tell you what kind.
My name is **Sara Pezzini.**
Not Detective Pezzini. Not Officer Pezzini. Just Sara.
Bearer of the **Witchblade,** a magnet for the strange and the supernatural. An ancient Artifact charged with maintaining the Balance between the Light and the Dark.


Also charged with getting me canned from my New York Police job.
So, now I'm here. The Second City. It seemed like a reasonable place to start up a new life. New York Lite.
So I opened a **Private Investigation business** in a quaint little office above a jazz club once used as an escape route by Al Capone...
In a neighborhood known for it's concentration of "eccentrics." Did I mention the attraction to weirdness?
And while I waited for business to pour in, I did a little pro-bono consultation work for the CPD.
I figured using my affinity for seeing beyond the mundane to solve a few cases would be good diplomacy. Even earn me some friends maybe.
In the end, all it got me was **Jane "Big Woz" Wosnicki,** 230 pounds of snarky beat cop.
Woz didn't appreciate an out-of-towner interfering in her cases.
In fact, she spent so much time up my butt...


She missed out on something truly hinky going down right in the middle of her beat.
I'd been working a case, keeping an eye on a local Alderman for his suspicious wife.
She was convinced he'd been getting some on the side.
She was wrong.
The Alderman had been sucked dry, leaving a body that looked like it'd been dead for weeks instead of minutes.
In his mummified fingers was a matchbook for a nightclub...a Goth bar called NEO.


And since the Alderman didn't seem like your average industrial music fan, I figured it might be the hangout place of my mummy-maker.
In an effort to "blend in" I got myself a new dress (hey, it was 20% off), and talked up some of the locals.
That's how I met Cain Jorgensen.
Dark. Handsome. Smart...he managed to stir a part of me that was hibernating for the winter.
Just as I was starting to forget why I was there in the first place, Cain ditched me like an ugly prom date for a younger model.


I was in the club's bathroom, licking my wounds when that new model decided to add a few new ones of the physical variety.
She was wearing some kind of bizarre armor...like bones and intestines on the outside that smelled like meat gone bad.
And the little priss knew how to use it.