

FREE COMIC BOOK DAY

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2013 SHOWCASE EDITION

VALIANT MASTERS


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SENATOR OKUBO'S HOME, OUTSIDE OSAKA.



< PLEASE HOLD WHILE I CONNECT YOU. >



< HELLO ? HELLO ? >

MMMPFF!



< SENATOR OKUBO, SO GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN. >

< SO VERY GOOD. >

MMMPFF!



< DON'T STRUGGLE. IT WILL BE ALMOST PAINLESS-- >

< -- AND LOOK LIKE AN ANEURYSM, AFTER I WIPE YOUR BLOOD AWAY. >

< YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO ME, YOU OLD FOO -- >



GAAHH!



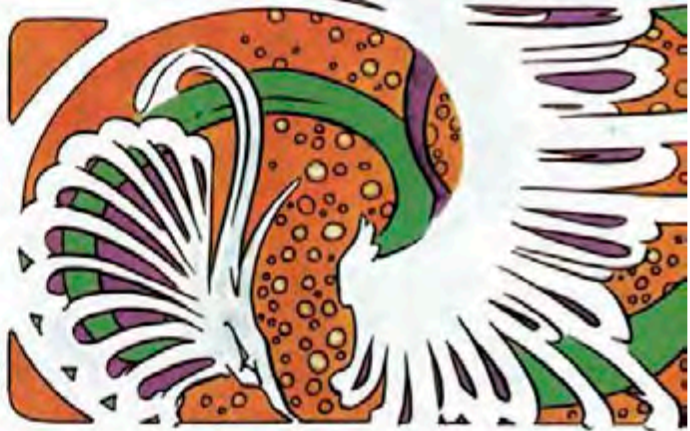
WORKING DRAFT

VALIANT

WORKING DRAFT

AGGHH!

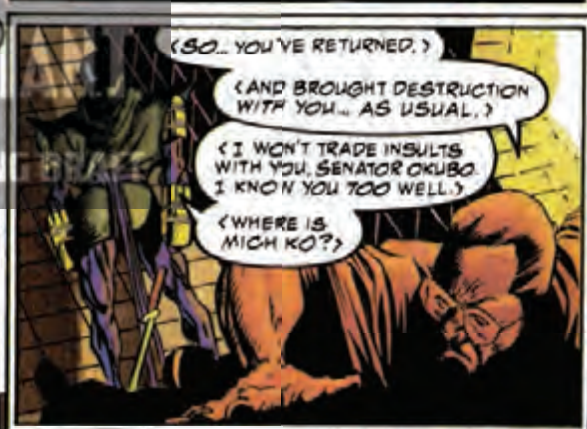
LOOK OUT?!





THE YAKUZA HAVE REVERTED TO USING RANK AMATEURS.

JUST HAVE TO KEEP THEIR ATTENTION OFF OKUBO A LITTLE LONGER.





< I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS ATTACK, SIR. >

< I LIVED THROUGH HIROSHIMA, KING! AND THE OCCUPATION OF YOUR KIND. >

< THIS... THESE FOOLS... ARE JUST AN ANNOYANCE. >

< BUT WHEN YOU LEFT, MICHIKO REFUSED ALL SUITORS! >



< DENIED ME GRANDCHILDREN!! >

KAARISSH!



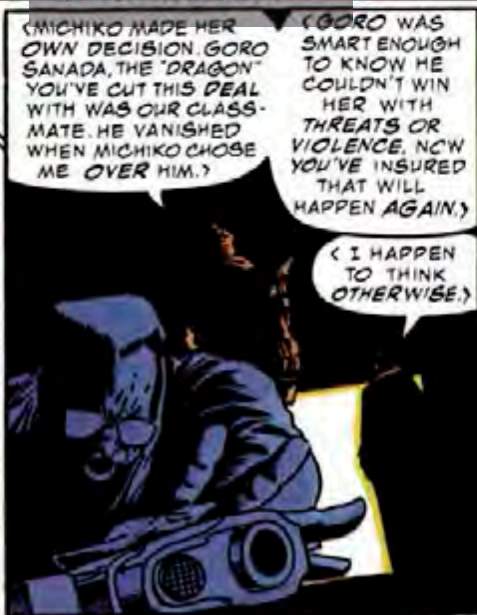
< THE THOUGHT OF YOU BOTH SNEAKING OFF TO YOUR "SECRET LOVE HIDEAWAY" -- UGH -- DISGUSTS ME >

< IT WAS YOUR FAULT! YOU TURNED HER AGAINST ME! >



< BUT IT'S OVER! I'VE ARRANGED IT SO MICHIKO WILL HAVE A HUSBAND, AND I WILL HAVE GRAND-CHILDREN OF PURE BLOOD. >

< YOU'VE LET YOUR HATRED BLIND YOU, SENATOR. >



< MICHIKO MADE HER OWN DECISION. GORO SANADA, THE "DRAGON" YOU'VE CUT THIS DEAL WITH WAS OUR CLASSMATE. HE VANISHED WHEN MICHIKO CHOSE ME OVER HIM. >

< GORO WAS SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW HE COULDN'T WIN HER WITH THREATS OR VIOLENCE, NOW YOU'VE INSURED THAT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN. >

< I HAPPEN TO THINK OTHERWISE. >



< AHH, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, MY FRIEND. >



GLUH...!

GORO.

< SAY HELLO TO MY FUTURE SON-IN-LAW, MR KING. I WOULD INTRODUCE YOU, BUT I BELIEVE YOU ALREADY KNOW EACH OTHER. >

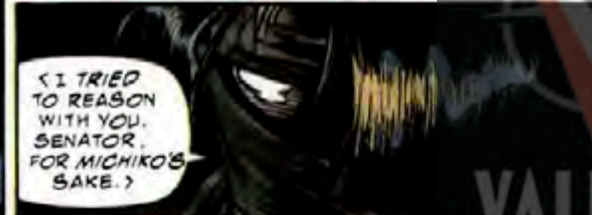


< YOUR HONORLESS CLASSMATE THREATENED ME, GORO. HE'S THE ONLY THING STANDING BETWEEN YOU AND MICHIKO. >



< YOU CAN ERASE BOTH OUR PROBLEMS BY KILLING HIM. >

GRRR...



< I TRIED TO REASON WITH YOU, SENATOR. FOR MICHIKO'S SAKE. >



< BUT YOU ALREADY TOLD ME WHERE TO FIND HER, AND THAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN SETTLING OLD GRUDGES. >

< COWARD! YOU CAN'T RUN FOREVER! >



< LET HIM GO, GORO, AND GET THE CAR. >

WRRRM!



< WE HAVE HIM NOW. >

< SIR, THIS IS POST TWO. YES, IT LOOKS LIKE HIM. WAIT-- THERE'S A SECOND VEHICLE COMING FROM THE HOUSE >

SCREEEEEEEE

< YES, I'LL FOLLOW. BUT HURRY-- BEFORE I'M SPOTTED... >