









UNNH.

OOOF!



YOU HAVE A BENT MIND, BRITT REID.

COME ON, YOU'RE HAVING FUN.



NAME A BETTER JOB THAN THIS.



SO WHO PUT YOU UP TO TAKING ON THE TOPFS, CAPTAIN?





YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE ME. HE'S A BOY. NAMED CEDRIC.

NOT CEDRIC ERROL?



THE SAME. SAYS HE'S THE SON OF THE MURDER KING.

STILL MAD THAT HIS STEP MUM PUT A KNIFE IN OL' DAD'S BACK.

CRAZY AS HIS DAD, TOO. BUT HE PAYS.



WHY'D HE SEND YOU AFTER THE TOFFS?

WHY INDEED?

AND CAN WE NOT FINISH THIS CONVERSATION INSIDE?



BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT ALL THE VEILED LADY'S DOSH, DON'T THEY?

THEY'RE THE BLEEDIN' STREET TAX COLLECTORS!



SO HE'S TRYING TO CRIPPLE THE LADY.

AND TURN THE GANGS AGAINST EACH OTHER.





WHERE'S THE VEILED LADY'S HIDEOUT, MAXIE? HOW DO YOU GET THE MONEY TO HER?

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE SHE IS! SHE SENDS MEN TO PICK UP THE LOOT!



NOT GOOD ENOUGH. BYE, MAXIE.

WAIT! WAIT!



THERE'S ONE PERSON WHO KNOWS!

THE CULT LEADER, TIK-TOK.

HIS PEOPLE MAKE DELIVERIES TO THE LADY-- EVERY NIGHT, IT'S SAID.



NOW THAT'S INTERESTING.

DELIVERIES OF WHAT?