

"THE FASTER THE END
COMES, THE MORE
EVERYTHING SEEMS
TO SLOW DOWN. I AM
WATCHING MY LIFE'S
WORK SLIP AWAY IN
SLOW MOTION."

BUSHWICK, BROOKLYN.

"THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR COMING."

ALL UNITS-- SUSPECT IS DESCRIBED AS MALE. SIX FEET TALL. BLACK HAIR AND GRAY SKIN. PROCEED WITH CAUTION.

DON'T TELL ME THIS GUY'S A FRIGGIN' MUTANT.

OFFICERS IN PURSUIT.

"I KNOW OUR RELATIONSHIP IN THE PAST HASN'T BEEN...IDEAL."

HARRY'S HIDEAWAY. SALEM CENTER.

YOU KNOW THIS ISN'T MY PURVIEW ANYMORE, RIGHT?

WHAT IS THIS, MS. COOPER?

DON'T PLAY COY. THIS. MUTANT AFFAIRS. YOU.

"I'M AWARE YOU'RE NO LONGER WITH THE OFFICE OF NATIONAL EMERGENCY, MS. COOPER. BUT I THINK YOU CAN BE OF SOME USE TO ME."

CRACK!

SUSPECT LAST SEEN HEADING WEST TOWARD MCKIBBIN. REQUESTING BACKUP.

"AND I KNOW YOU WELL ENOUGH TO KNOW YOU MUST FEEL THE SAME ABOUT ME, OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE COME."

OR MAYBE I WAS JUST CURIOUS, SCOTT. IT'S NOT OFTEN A GIRL GETS INVITED OUT BY A DEAD GUY... AND THIS IS A TWOFER.

HELLO, LOGAN.

HELLO, VAL.

HELLO, REAPER.

HELLO, REAPER.

HELLO, REAPER.

HELLO, REAPER.



WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS. YOU SEEM TO BE THE ONLY ONE DUMB ENOUGH TO BE GETTING MOTEL ROOMS USING THEIR REAL NAME, THOUGH.

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

"NOW IT'S MY TURN TO ASK YOU NOT TO PLAY GAMES."



OKAY. I'LL BITE. WHAT'S UP?

WE NEED A FAVOR.

REALLY?! YOU'RE WANTED MEN. MAYBE EVEN TERRORISTS. DID YOU EVEN CONSIDER HOW MUCH TROUBLE I MIGHT GET IN EVEN BEING SEEN WITH A BUNCH OF BIG, SCARY MUTANTS? WHY DO YOU THINK I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?



I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.

WE JUST WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS, REAPER.

PLEASE FIGHT BACK.



LEAVE ME ALONE!

"BECAUSE YOU'RE SMART, VALERIE. YOU KNOW THE VALUE OF HAVING MEN LIKE US ON YOUR SIDE."