

# JESSICA JONES

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of Alias Investigations--a small private investigative firm.

Jessica recently faked a fall from grace to help Captain Marvel lure an anti-super hero group out of hiding--a fall so convincing it alienated her from the super hero community...and her husband, Luke Cage.

Maria Hill was the director of S.H.I.E.L.D. before she had a fall from grace of her own and was ousted by Captain America. Now she's on the run--and she wants Jessica to find out who's trying to kill her.

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SO HERE'S HOW  
MY BRAIN WORKS.

DOES IT SAY TO ME,  
"OH MY GOD!  
THERE'S A WOMAN  
BLEEDING IN MY  
BATHROOM!"?

NO. BECAUSE THE  
WOMAN BLEEDING ALL  
OVER MY BATHROOM  
TILE IS *MARIA HILL*.

WHO, UP UNTIL  
RECENTLY, WAS AN  
AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.

A SPY. A *PROFESSIONAL* SPY.  
WHAT WE CIVILIANS WOULD CALL  
A *PROFESSIONAL LIAR*.

ACTUALLY, SHE WAS THE HEAD OF ALL THE  
AGENTS OF S.H.I.E.L.D., WHICH MEANS SHE WAS  
PROBABLY THE *BEST* AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.

THE BEST LIAR *EVER*.

THINK ABOUT WHAT *THAT* JOB IS. THINK  
ABOUT WHAT KIND OF PERSON WOULD *WANT*  
THE JOB AS HEAD OF S.H.I.E.L.D.

A JOB THAT DEMANDS YOU TREAT AGENTS,  
OTHER HUMAN BEINGS, LIKE PUPPETS  
TO MANEUVER AND PLAY CHESS WITH.

LIFE-AND-DEATH CHESS.

SO, HERE SHE IS...  
MASTER SPY, MASTER LIAR.  
MASTER MANIPULATOR.

SOCIOPATH.

IN MY  
BATHROOM.  
UNINVITED.

AND I'M NOT  
HAVING IT.

I DON'T BELIEVE  
ANYTHING YOU  
SAY, LADY.

I DON'T EVEN BELIEVE SHE'S  
NO LONGER HEAD OF S.H.I.E.L.D.

HOW DO I KNOW THAT'S TRUE?  
BECAUSE I *HEARD* IT?

THAT COULD BE SOME STORY PUT OUT THERE  
TO FLUSH OUT SOME TRIPLE COUNTER AGENT  
AND SHE'S PROBABLY HERE TO USE ME TO  
SET UP SOMETHING TO BLACKMAIL SOMEONE  
SO SOMEONE ACCIDENTALLY POISONS  
THE RED SKULL'S COUSIN AND I END UP  
ROTTING TO DEATH IN A LATVERIAN PRISON.

I DON'T BELIEVE  
THAT'S HER BLOOD.

SHE PROBABLY *DID*  
THAT TO HERSELF.

TOOK SOME PAINKILLERS  
AND THEN JABBED HERSELF  
TO MAKE ME BELIEVE SHE'S  
BEEN ATTACKED.

AND HERE SHE IS  
ABOUT TO DROP SOME  
BULLSHIT IN MY LAP.

OH, AND NO MATTER  
WHAT YOU SAY, LADY,  
KNOW THIS...



...I WILL NEVER FORGET THAT, ONCE UPON A TIME, YOU ORDERED S.H.I.E.L.D. TO ARREST MY HUSBAND IN FRONT OF MY BABY DAUGHTER.

YOU SENT ARMORED SOLDIERS TO MY FRONT DOOR ONCE...

...AND I'M PRETTY SURE YOU REMEMBER THAT YOU DID THIS.



IT *MUST* HAVE POPPED INTO YOUR HEAD WHEN THE IDEA OF *ME* BEING PART OF WHATEVER *THIS* IS POPPED INTO YOUR HEAD.

SO IF YOU THINK FOR A *SECOND* I'M GOING TO HELP YOU AS A--A *PROFESSIONAL COURTESY*, YOU HAVE A--

I DON'T KNOW IF YOU KNOW THIS, BUT A WHILE AGO, DURING A MORE CONTENTIOUS TIME...

...I HAD THE UNFORTUNATE ROLE OF SENDING SOLDIERS TO YOUR FRONT DOOR.



SORRY ABOUT THAT.



OW...



YEAH...

OKAY.

LISTEN...

...I'VE HAD A LOT OF TIME TO-- OOF--THINK ABOUT WHY THINGS IN THIS WORLD ESCALATE SO QUICKLY.

THESE AVENGERS AND INHUMANS KEPT PUSHING ME-- MMM--INTO A CORNER.

I DID A LOT OF THINGS I'M NOT PROUD OF.

THINGS I-- WOOF--I WOULD NEVER HAVE DONE IF MY HAND HAD NOT BEEN FORCED.



A LOT OF THINGS THAT KEPT ME UP AT NIGHT.

BUT THEN I WAKE UP IN THE MORNING, AND AGAINST ALL ODDS, THE WORLD IS STILL TURNING.

SO, AT LEAST MY OBJECTIVE WAS MET.



RIGHT?



YOU DON'T HAVE TO FORGIVE ME.

EVEN IF YOU SAID YOU DID, I'M A BIG GIRL. I KNOW IT WOULD BE DISINGENUOUS AT BEST.

ALL LIES.

I DID EVERYTHING I COULD TO PROTECT EVERYTHING I COULD.

AND THEN THEY THREW ME AWAY.

JUST LIKE FURY SAID THEY WOULD.



AND HE'S SOMEWHERE ON A BEACH, SMOKING A CIGAR AND WEARING HIS "NICK FURY IS ALWAYS RIGHT" T-SHIRT.

WORSE YET...





...THEY THREW ME TO THE WOLVES.

LIAR.

IF YOU'RE THE PRESIDENT, AN EX-PRESIDENT, THE WIDOW OF A PRESIDENT...



...THEY PROTECT YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

AS WELL THEY SHOULD.

BUT US AGENTS OF S.H.I.E.L.D.?

NOTHING.

SEEMS ODD, RIGHT?



SEEMS LIKE THE SYSTEM IS SET UP TO GET RID OF US SO WE DON'T, EVENTUALLY, BECOME TROUBLE.

THEY THROW US TO THE WOLVES.

AND, BABY, THE WOLVES ARE HUNGRY.



THAT WAS MORE THAN YOU WANTED TO HEAR...

MY SINCERE APOLOGIES.

TO BE FAIR, I AM VERY HIGH.



I WAS WONDERING...

IT'S GOOD STUFF.

SURE.

UH-HUH.

YOU'RE PURPLE.

HOW IS SHE BLEEDING ALL OVER IN A POOL OF HER OWN SWEAT AND YET SOMEHOW LOOKS CLEANER THAN ME?



SO...

TELL HER TO LEAVE.

YOU'RE NOT HERE BY ACCIDENT...

SCREW YOU, BAD NEWS.

IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

COWARD. ASSHOLE FACE.