

Gangsters grow rich on our vices, and rivalries between criminal organizations result in bloody massacres in the streets. But unknown to the masses, demonic families control the rackets, using greed, gluttony, lust and other sins to fuel a lucrative trade: mortal souls.

Eddie's soul was forfeit long ago, and he's been cursed for his trouble. Eddie can die just like anyone else, but he doesn't stay that way. If someone touches his dead body, they die in his stead, and Eddie crawls out of the gutter to get kicked a little more. Thanks to recent dirty dealings, Eddie finds himself in charge of the Gehenna Room, a posh club with one hard and fast rule: no demons allowed.

**Eddie** – The owner of the Gehenna Room.

**Tony** – Right-hand man to Alphonse Aligheri, head of the Aligheri Family.

**The Aligheri Family** – The most powerful demon family in the city.

**The Roarke Family** – The second strongest demon family, and none too happy about it.

**The Verlochin** – An exiled demon brood that adheres to the ancient infernal ways.

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# THE DAMNED™

## ISSUE #1

### ILL-GOTTEN CHAPTER 1

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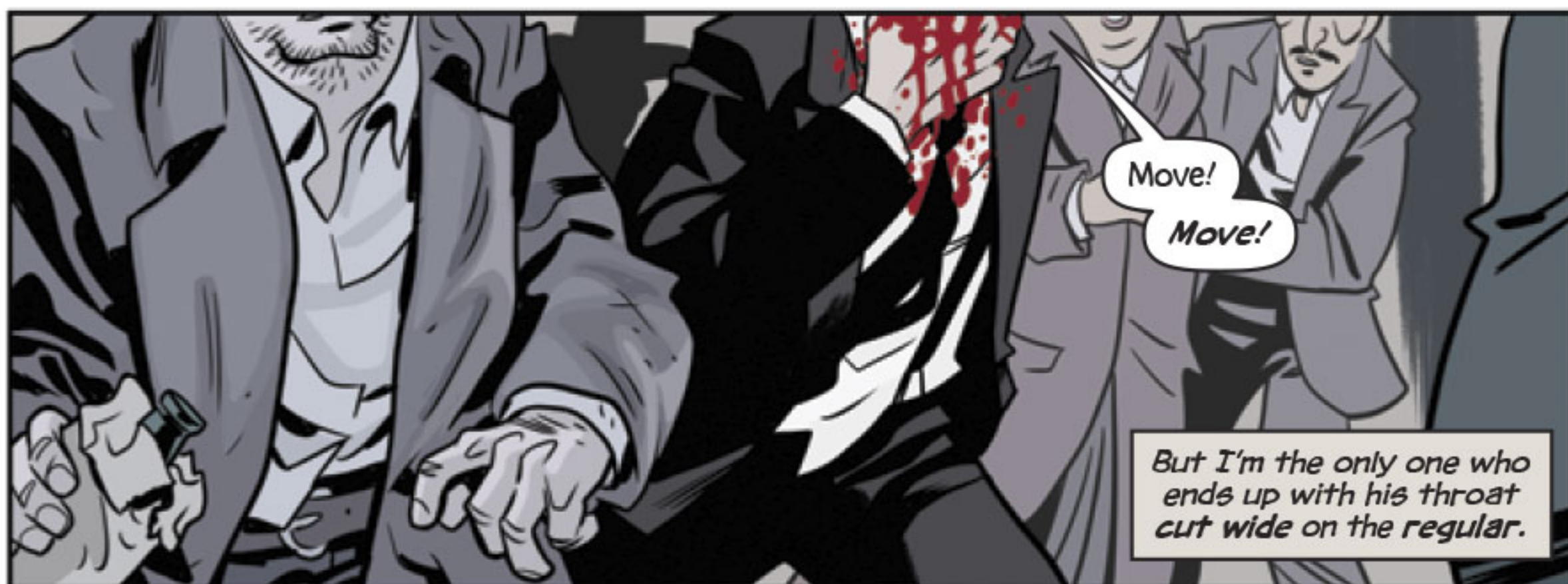
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They call it an  
"Eddie Necktie."

If I'm being honest,  
I don't find it all  
that funny.



Hey,  
buddy.

Somebody  
messed you up  
but good--



Don't  
you touch  
me!

Get  
the [redacted]  
back!

But I tend to lose my sense of humor  
when my own blood's running down  
the front of my shirt in buckets.

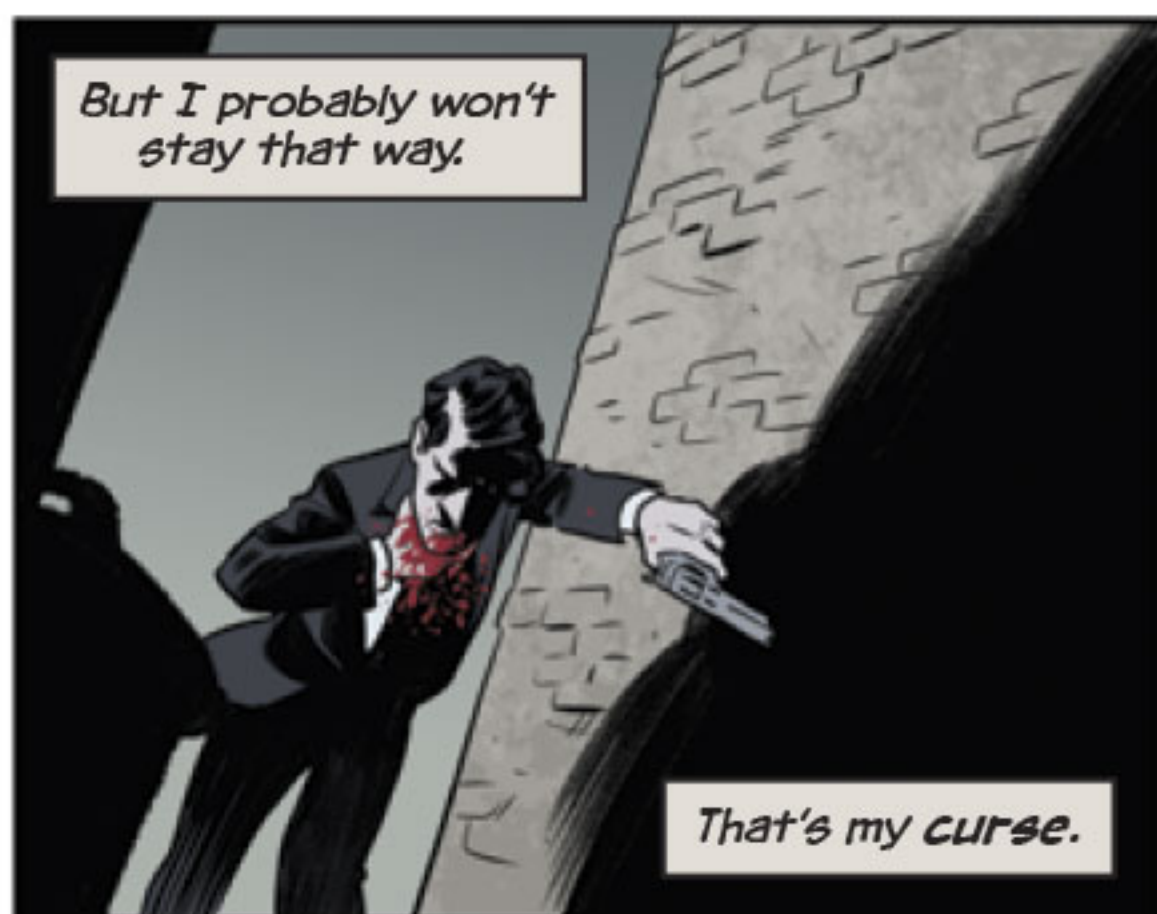




But here's the *real* gas.

Get lost, ya bum!

I might die... in fact, I *probably* will.



But I probably won't stay that way.

That's my *curse*.



But that's only *part* of it.



Because in order for me to come back from the hereafter, someone else has to take my place.

After I'm done breathing, anyone who touches my corpse goes *tits* up, while I'm on my feet again.



That's one of the reasons I try to limit my activities to specific *social* circles.

When I'm outside my element, innocent people tend to get hurt.



I do what I can to keep the *collateral* damage to a minimum, but like I said...



...I'm just one of many sons of  
bitches who call this city home.

24 Hours Earlier.



Place is really  
hopping tonight,  
Mr. Tamblyn!

It's  
just... just  
something  
else!



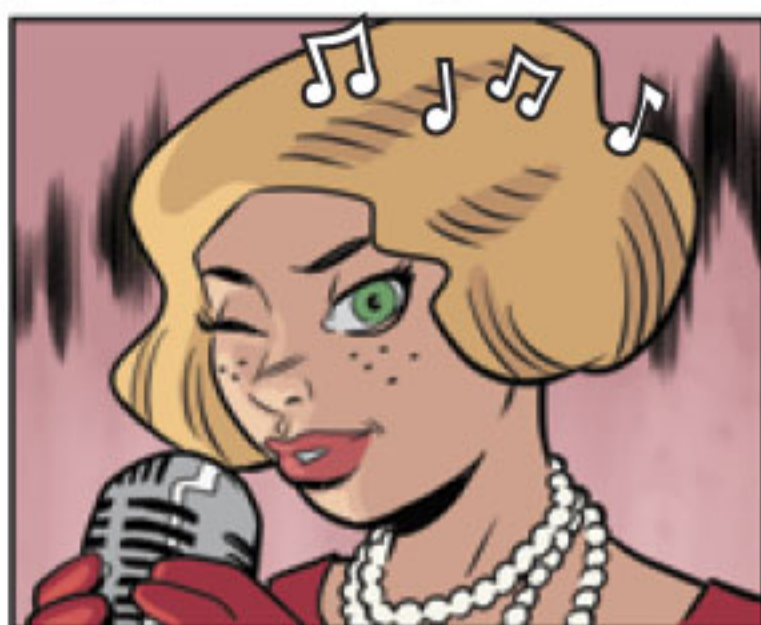
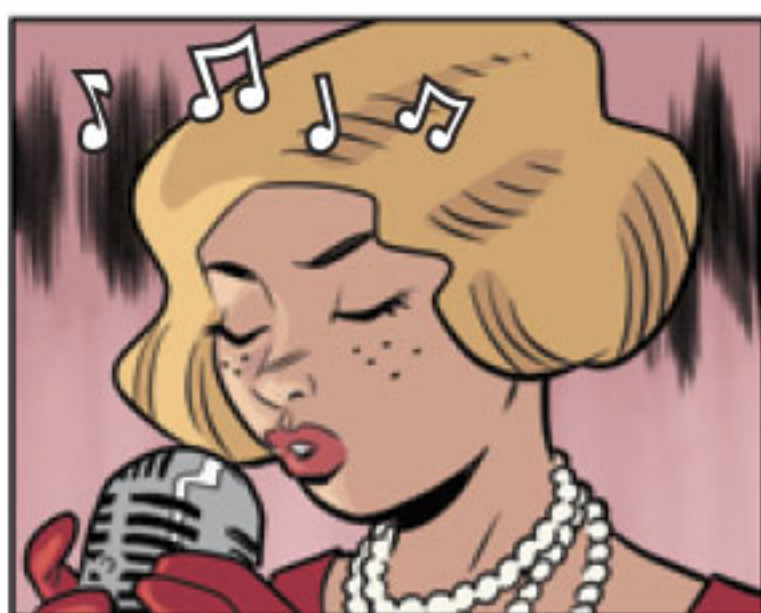
Hey, Ricky...

...how about  
getting my Friends  
here a couple of  
drinks on the  
house?

Yes, sir!











Can I help you gents?



Naw, naw.

Me and my mates here just thought we'd check out the ol' stomping grounds, y'know?

Have a few *drinks*, a few *laughs*.



Maybe you should look elsewhere.

Maybe you haven't heard, but the Gehenna Room's gone *exclusive*.

No demons allowed.



Now that ya mention it, I *did* hear something about that.



Thought it sounded like something might be *bad fer business*.

An' I thought you could make an *exception* if the mood struck ya.





I don't see my mood changing anytime soon.

So you can take your crew and drift.



C'mon, Eddie.

I mean--look--the average soul in this place is so *lily white*, won't none of your customers know the difference.



They'll never know there are demons amongst 'em.



I'll know.



Well, yeah, you'd know.

Yer one of *the damned*, Eddie, so yer eyes don't hide the *awfulness* from ya.

Yer an original *rule-breaker*, which is how I know you can look the other way as we shuffle on past, right?



Not hardly.



Time to shove off, fellas.

*These guys might say they're just here for a good time, but demons have a way of talking out of the sides of their necks.*

*They're looking for someone.*





The questions are:

Who?

And how bad am I getting screwed without even knowing it?



You know what, Eddie... this is yer place. Yer the *boss*.

Who am I to tell ya if ya know yer onions or not?

We'll *dangle* if that's how you like it.



But you should think about what's good fer yer *wellbeing... Financial an' otherwise.*

It's not a smart businessman who turns paying customers away at the door.



I'm *not* a businessman.



I'm just lucky enough to own a club where demons aren't allowed.

Yer rules, Eddie.



Yer *Funeral*.