

XO



#7

xo #7, “a lady”

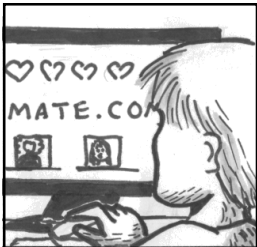
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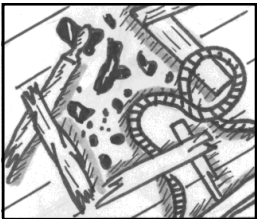
I've been thinking
about dating lately.



I think the right girl
might calm me down.



Help me live a
safe normal life.



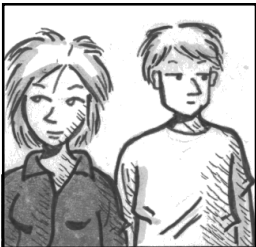
The last girl I was
with, things ended
kind of disastrously.



It was probably in the
most debauchorous
period of my life.



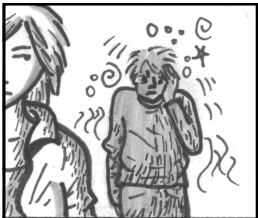
I suppose she fit in
perfectly with that.



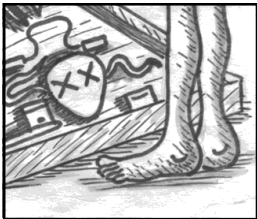
To say I loved her
would be a stretch.



But I did like her.



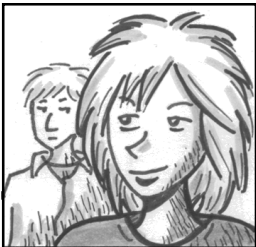
My general lack of
sobriety kept me from
being suspicious.



Even when she
came across some
of my tools...



...& didn't seem to care.



I guess I wanted to
believe in love.



Whatever that's
supposed to mean.



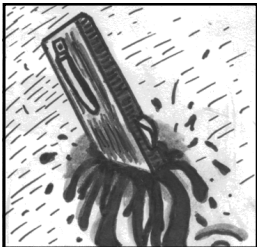
But waking up
with a hangover...



...gagged...



...tied to a chair...



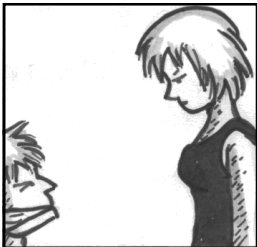
...with a knife in
your chest...



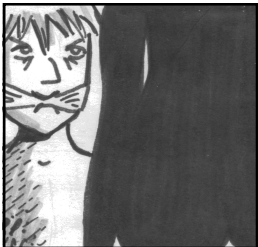
...clearly means
something's up.



She'd been hired
to see if I was
getting too sloppy.



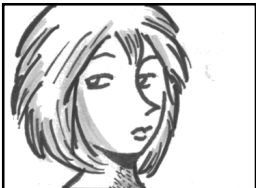
& it's true, I had
gotten too sloppy.



Or else I never would
have fallen for a girl.



Much less one
that was a fellow
assassin.



In the middle of
explaining to me
why she was going
to kill me...



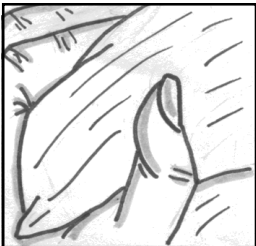
...a tear came
to her eye.



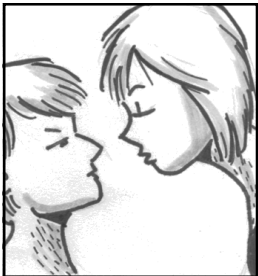
“I really do care
about you.”



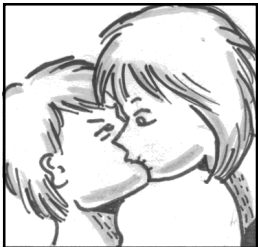
“I don’t want
to do this.”



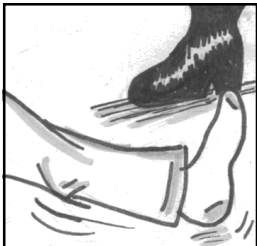
She pulled the gag
off my mouth...



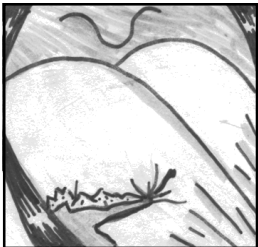
...& kissed me.



I grabbed her tongue
with my teeth...



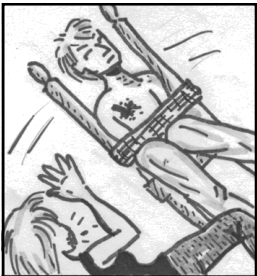
...& kicked her feet
out from under her.



Her tongue
ripped out...



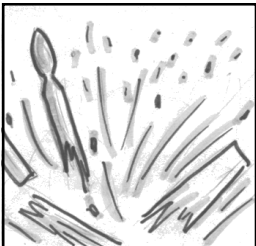
...as she fell
to the floor.



I tipped my chair over.



Aiming it for her head.



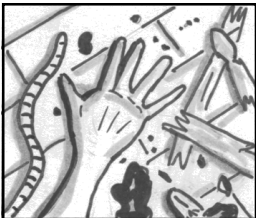
The chair shattered
as it hit her head.



Maybe I wasn't quite
as sloppy as she
thought.



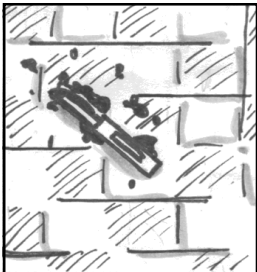
As we thought.



She still looked
beautiful unconscious
& broken & bleeding.



I didn't have the
heart to finish it
& bury the body.



I pulled the knife out.



Bandaged my wound.



Gathered up my stuff.



& drove to Chicago.



It was time to
clean myself up....



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