

Greetings from

WORLD



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'15

ORLANDO + FAITH + BECKETT + MAUER



WIREGIL

created by
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SHANE COOPER '09



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VIRGIL

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Steve Orlando asked me to check out his graphic novel *Virgil* with little by way of description. He did, however, tell me that *Virgil* was “queersploitation”—although that particular bit of information struck me as some sort of disclaimer more than a description.

My mind immediately envisioned some kind of comic book version of Gregg Araki’s *The Living End* crossed with a slightly less hardcore helping of a Joe Gage flick. And if that’s all Steve and artist J.D. Faith managed to deliver with *Virgil*, I would’ve been happy. Don’t get me wrong...because the book you hold in your hand is in fact, for lack of a better term, unabashed and unapologetic queersploitation. But to be clear, there is something more going on here—something that elevates *Virgil* above the enticing, yet simplified label that can be used to describe it.

At its heart and soul, *Virgil* is a good old-fashioned revenge fantasy, set against the backdrop of corruption and injustice in Jamaica. The setting of *Virgil* invites comparisons to director Perry Henzell’s 1972 classic film *The Harder They Come*, starring Jimmy Cliff. Both take place in Jamaica, and both deal with one man settling scores with those who crossed him, and on these points alone, the comparisons are inevitable. However, the similarities between *Virgil* and *The Harder They Come* run much deeper, venturing into a realm where the seemingly salacious and exploitative rise above the trappings of sex and violence, and enter into the area of deeper meaning and resonance.

As a revenge thriller, *Virgil* serves its genre well, delivering the requisite levels of violence that have come to define similar tales told in other mediums. It’s important to note that the success of this particular story doesn’t come from the violence and vengeance (although those help), because violence in and of itself is not what makes a story work. At their core, the best revenge fantasies are driven by raw humanity. In order for these stories to work, we have to feel for the person who has been wronged. We must feel their loss and pain. We have to want to see them get their vengeance. This is what keeps us engaged.

Steve Orlando and J.D. Faith have taken the conventions of the revenge thriller, mixed them in with elements of queersploitation, and managed to deliver a graphic novel that is entertaining, relevant, and politicized. More than the sum of its parts, *Virgil* is a story of liberation and transformation, love and loss, corruption and redemption. It is, quite simply, a great graphic novel.

—David F. Walker (*Shaft*, *Cyborg*)



Kingston, Jamaica.

THINK YOU'RE HOT SHIT? THINK YOU'RE UNTOUCHABLE?

NO ONE'S UNTOUCHABLE. 'CEPT US.



WHAT? YOU PACKING A LEAG? KIDDING ME WITH THIS SHIT? GET STEPPIN'.



YOU CAN'T! BANDULLU'S GONNA-- GRK!

DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT BANDULLU. HE WANT TO BOX? SEND HIM HERE.



YOU TELL HIM. HE GOT X AMOUNT OF BATTYMEN LIKE YOU WANT TO PUSH IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD?



HE'S GOT TO LEARN THE COST OF DOING BUSINESS.



LISTEN UP! FIRST ROUND'S ON KING BANDUWU!

WE LIKE TO GIVE HIM A SPECIAL THANKS, MAY HE ALWAYS KEEP THESE CHUMPS IN HIS EMPLOY!



THIS MAN! VIRGIL! THE FUCKING GENIUS OF IT! THE MAN KEEPING US IN DRINKS!

THIS IS THE RUDEST MOTHERFUCKER I EVER MEET.



FROM WHEN WE KIDS! FUCKER'S BEEN HARD SINCE GRADE SCHOOL!



YOU BOYS HEAR THE SHIT ON THE NORTH SIDE? GUY FINDS OUT HE GOT A CHI-CHI SON. FUCKING TEEN BATTYMAN. WHAT HE DO?

CAN'T STAND IT. CALLS ON BABYLON. BUT HE'S ALREADY HANGED THE KID IN THE YARD. CLASSIC.



IMAGINE IT WERE YOUR KID? SHAMEFUL, JESUS.

WISH WE COULD'VE BEEN THERE, RIGHT, VIRGIL?



WARGL



words by
Steve Orlando

images by
J.D. Faith

colors by
Chris Beckett

letters by
Thomas Mauer





SURE YOU SHOULD POKE BANDULU LIKE THAT, BRO? HE'S NOT JOKING.

AND WE ARE? I KNOW YOU TWENTY YEARS. NOBODY STAYED ON TOP OF US SINCE THE SCHOOLYARD, OMAR. DON'T BE A BITCH.

YOU RIGHT, MAN. YOU RIGHT. WE GANGSTERS. WE FUCKED THOSE THUGS UP!



DAMN RIGHT. READY TO CELEBRATE?

READY? I CAN'T LOCK MY HOSE OFF, SON!



YEAH. YEAH... TAKE IT. SLAM IT. YOU TAKE IT, GIRL.



TAKE THE...THE... OH, YEAH... WHOLE...



...THING...



STRAIGHT BULLSHIT! I GOT THE STAMINA BETWEEN US!

BROOKE FROM THE SHOP? I WORK HER FOR DAYS, MAN. DAYS.

AFTER I LOOSENED THAT UP WHEN WE WAS KIDS.

TEJA, FROM TWO BLOCKS OVER. YOU FUCK HER, TOO? SHE CLEANS ME REAL GOOD.



SHE KNOW HOW TO USE HER TONGUE, THAT'S RIGHT.

FUCK HER? SHE ALMOST GAG ON MY PIECE. THEN WE WAS DAGGERING.



GREAT NIGHT, BRO. WHEN YOU FINALLY SHOWING AT THE BEACH HOUSE? SAY THE WORD, WE MAKE IT HAPPEN.

ANY TIME FOR YOU, YOU KNOW THAT.

SOMETIME, YOU KNOW THE WEEKEND'S FOR KEEPING LADIES HAPPY. PEACE, MY FRIEND.



"YOU MY BROTHER."

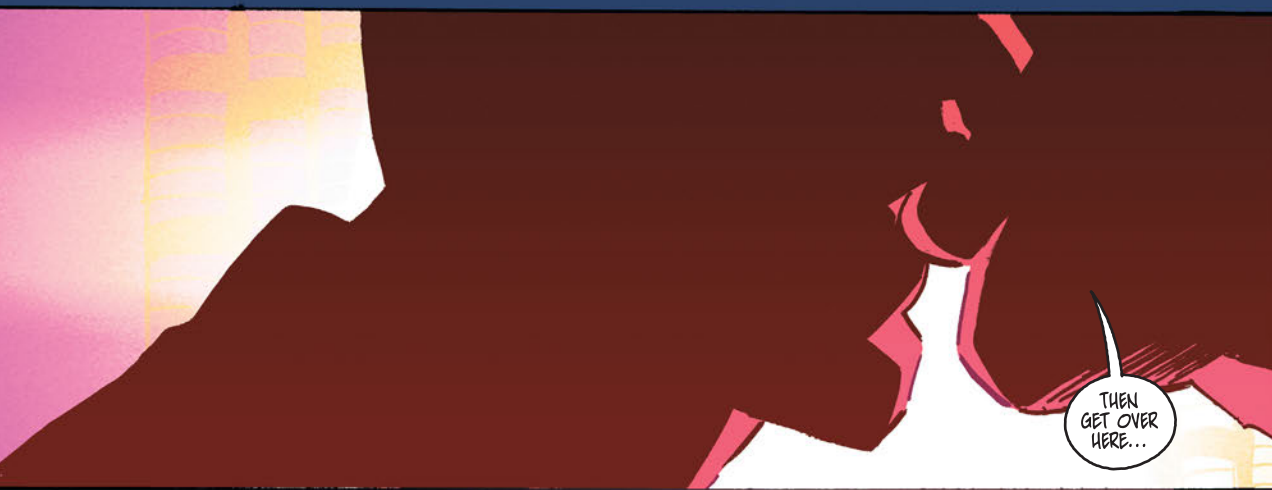




YOU SMELL GOOD.

NOT ALL OF US HAVE JOBS IN THE VIOLENCE FIELD. THAT, AND I USED YOUR SHOWER.

FEEL LIKE I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN WEEKS.



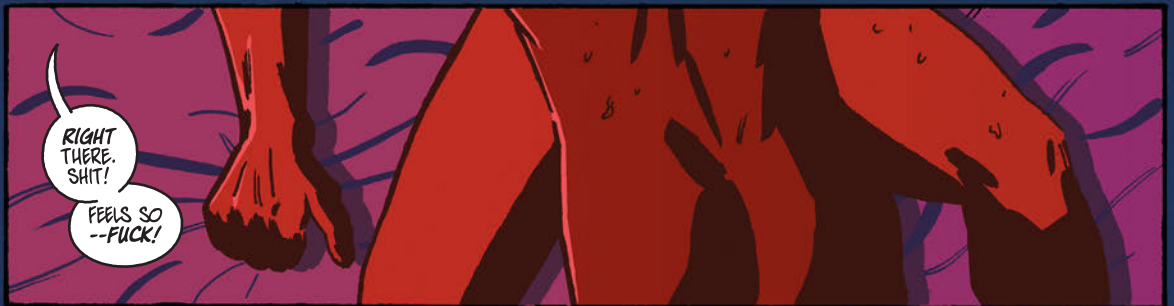
THEN GET OVER HERE...

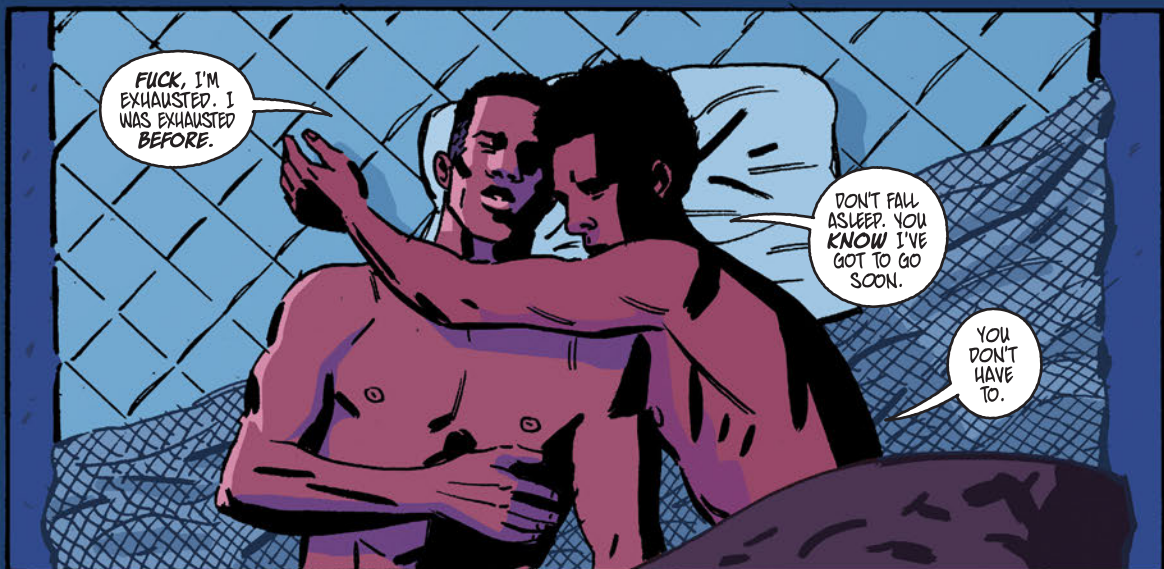


...AND LET ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR EQUIPMENT, OFFICER...



YOU'RE GOING TO THIS TIME? OKAY, THEN WORK FOR IT.





FUCK, I'M EXHAUSTED. I WAS EXHAUSTED BEFORE.

DON'T FALL ASLEEP. YOU KNOW I'VE GOT TO GO SOON.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO.



WISH I DIDN'T. THERE'S ONLY SO MANY WAYS TO LIE ABOUT US.



I KEEP SQUEEZING THESE PUSHERS? WE COULD GET OUT IN A FEW YEARS.

WHICH IS HOW LONG IT'LL TAKE ME TO LEARN FRENCH.

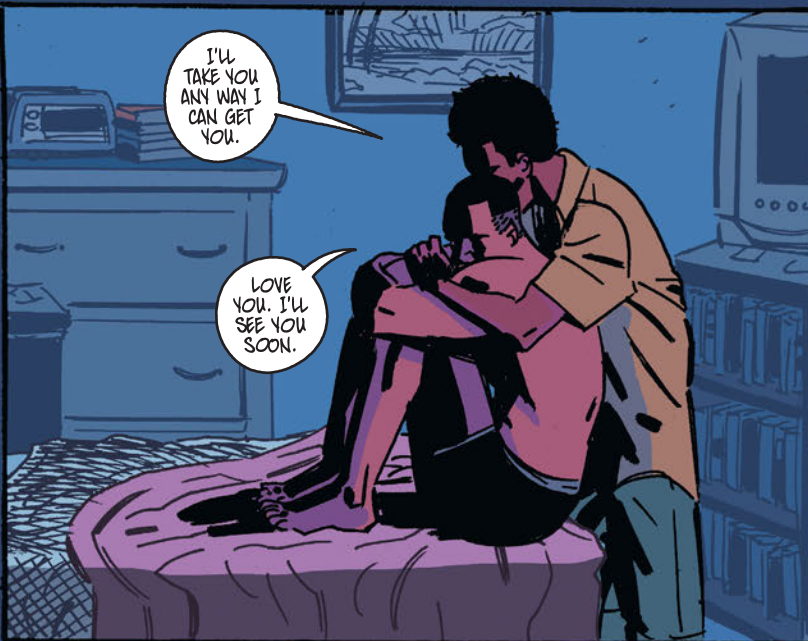
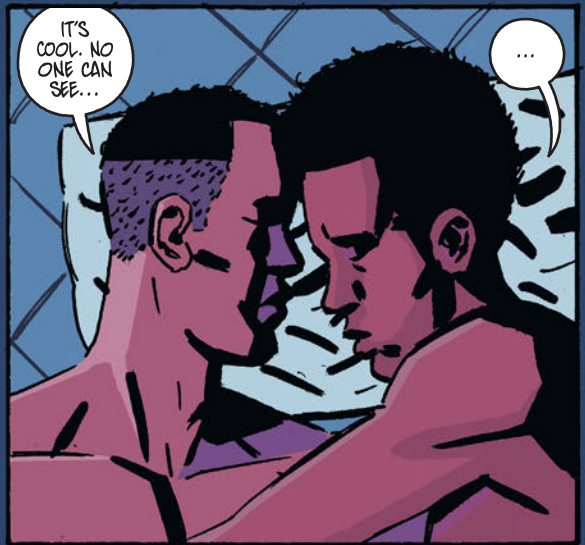
THEY SPEAK ENGLISH THERE, LOSER.

AND WE COULD WALK THE STREETS. THAT'S FREEDOM.



THAT'S A BIG FUCK YOU TO KINGSTON. THAT'S WHAT IT IS. SIGNED FROM YOU AND ME.

SOON, BABY.





HIT THE CLUB TONIGHT?

WHAT? YEAH, BRO. YOU KNOW I NEED TO COCK IT UP. FEELING THIRSTY. WALLET'S THIN THOUGH.



WE ON THE STREET TODAY, WE CAN FATTEN THAT BITCH UP.



YEAH, YEAH...

YOUTHS IN THE OLD HOOD TALK SHIT. BET THEY'VE GOT A GAT BETWEEN 'EM. I SAY WE ROLL UP--



VIRGIL! THE FUCK IS UP, BRO?

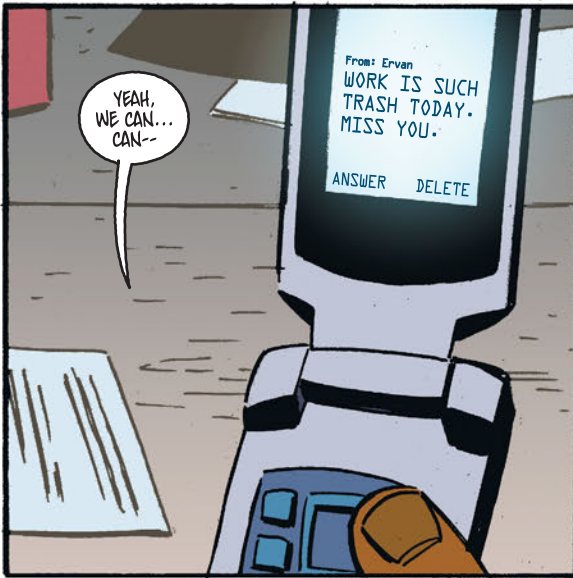


WHAT?

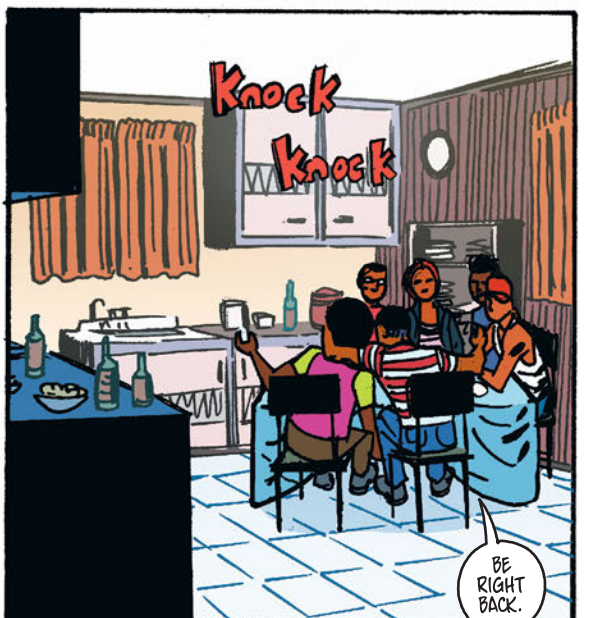
From: Ervan
WORK IS SUCH TRASH TODAY.
MISS YOU.

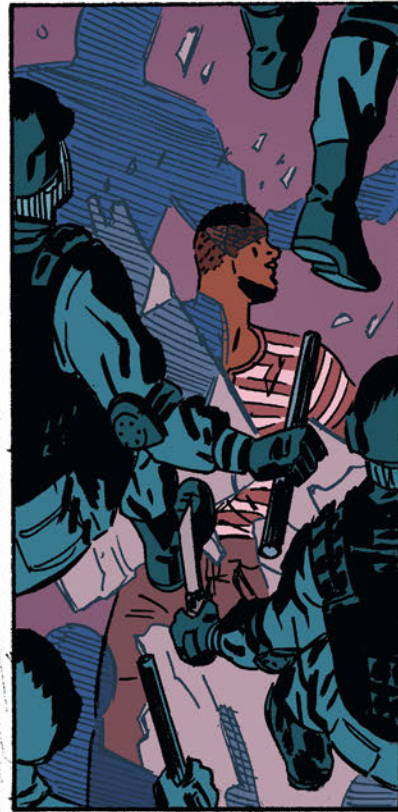
ANSWER

DELETE















BATI FUCKING COCKSUCKER!

DISGUSTING.



YOU THE RUDEST AROUND?

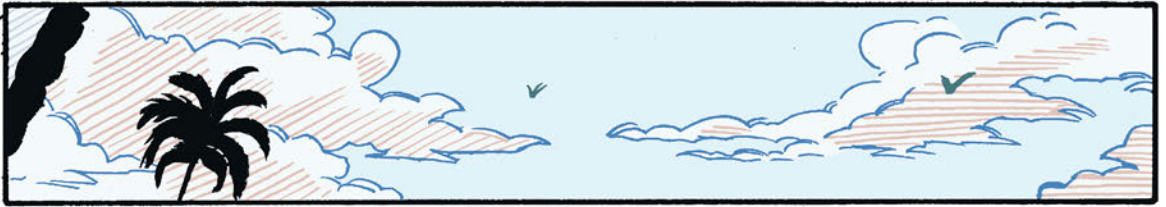
WE GONNA CUT YOU LITTLE BOYFRIEND UP RIGHT HERE. AND YOU CANT DO A DAMN THING!

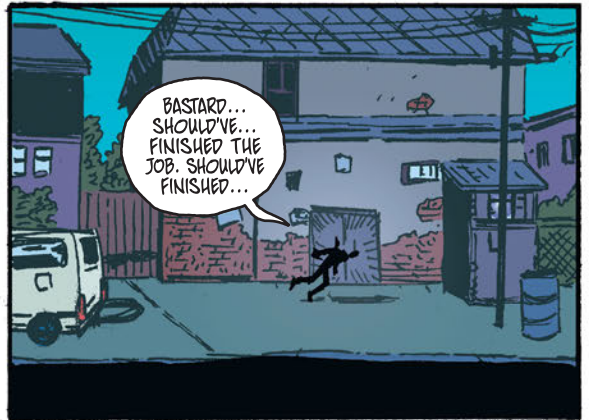


THINK YOU SAFE SUCKING A POLICE COCK? LOOK AT HIM!



LOOK AT HIM NOW.







WHAT?



WHERE AM I? WHAT IS THIS?

YOU'RE SAFE, VIRGIL. J-FLAG. AT J-FLAG.

HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

OPENED YOUR WALLET. NOT TO MENTION IT'S IN EVERY NEWSPAPER.



YOU COLLAPSED HERE. YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE.

SAFE? THEY BEAT MY BOYFRIEND'S HEAD INTO THE WALL.

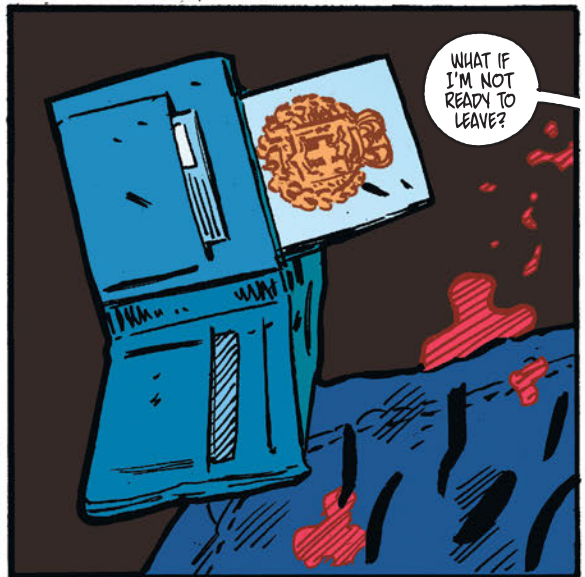


DON'T TELL ME I'M SAFE.

WE CAN HELP YOU... WITH ASYLUM. GET YOU TO CANADA. WE DO IT FOR PEOPLE.



FLIGHT LEAVES IN THE MORNING. YOU WON'T EVER HAVE TO COME BACK.



WHAT IF I'M NOT READY TO LEAVE?



Kingston, Jamaica.



WE COULD DO IT. REALLY.

GO TO DINNER. IN PUBLIC. STEAK AND WINE. ALL OF IT.

SOME DAY. JUST NEED TO SAVE A BIT MORE.



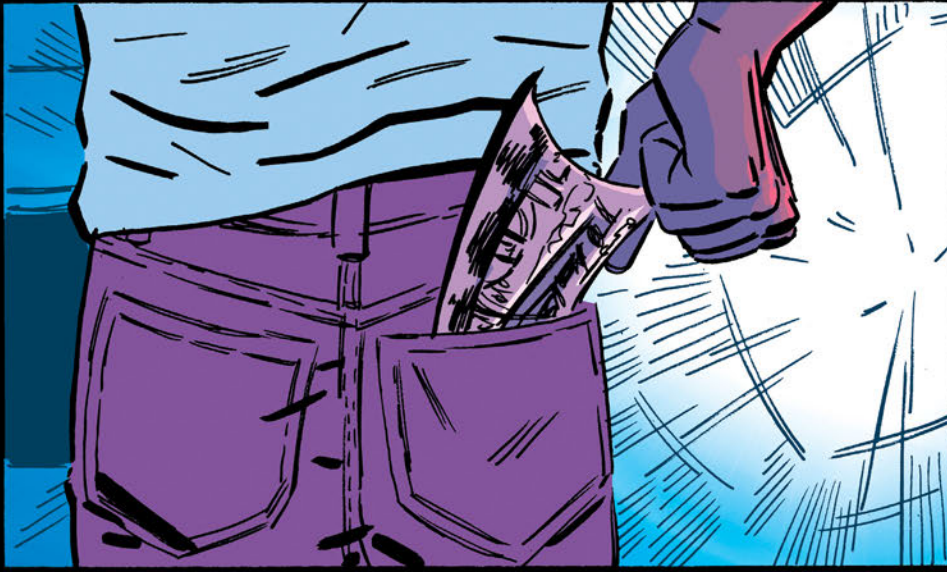
THEN WE'LL LEAVE THIS PLACE BEHIND.



WE'VE BEEN SAYING THAT FOR YEARS, VIRGIL.



THIS TOWN'S A TRAP.



A TRAP?
YOU SEE ME?
YOU LOOKING
RIGHT IN MY
EYES?



WE'RE
NEVER
TRAPPED.





WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU?

NOTHING I CAN'T FIX.



YOU LOOK LIKE A PIECE OF MEAT.



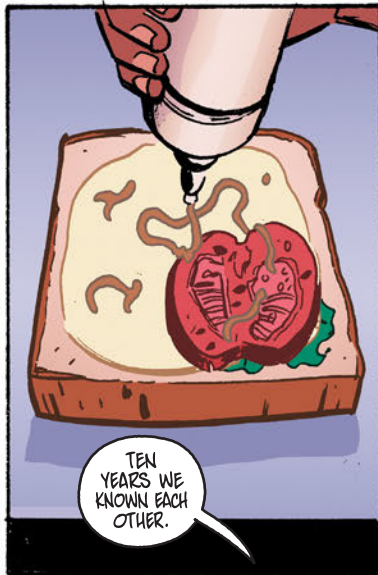
YOU EATING THIS? COP FOOD IS SHIT, YOU MIGHT'VE HEARD.



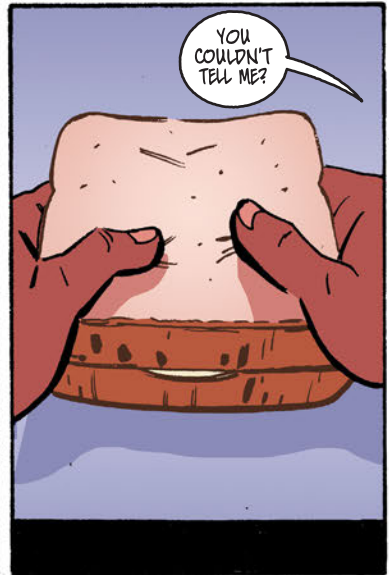
SHUT UP WITH THAT. I'LL MAKE YOU A NEW ONE.



TEN YEARS, VIRGIL.



TEN YEARS WE KNOW EACH OTHER.



YOU COULDN'T TELL ME?



THANK YOU.



THINK I COULDN'T HANDLE YOU BEING GAY?

COULDN'T HANDLE THE DISAPPOINTMENT. YOU WANTED ME SINCE SCHOOL.

BEEN LYING TO YOURSELF SINCE SCHOOL.



NATALIE. I DIDN'T WANT IT ON YOUR HEAD. IT'S NOT SAFE.

HOW YOU LIE TO A FRIEND'S FACE?



IT'S FUCKED UP, VIRGIL. YOU BEING GAY.

LYING TO ME MAYBE FUCKED IT UP MORE. I DON'T KNOW.



JUST NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE--

:Beep:
:Beep:
:Beep:





THEY'RE
LOOKING
FOR YOU.



...

STUPID
MOTHER-
FUCKER.

STILL
WON'T
TRUST
ME.



YOU
ERVAN?



EXPECTING
MORE?

SAID
YOU HAD A
BODY. ANYONE
KNOW YOU'RE
HERE?



I WORK
NIGHTS UP IN
THE TOWERS. NO
ONE'S LOOKING
FOR ME NOW.

THEN WE
GOT PLENTY
OF TIME.



WHAT?



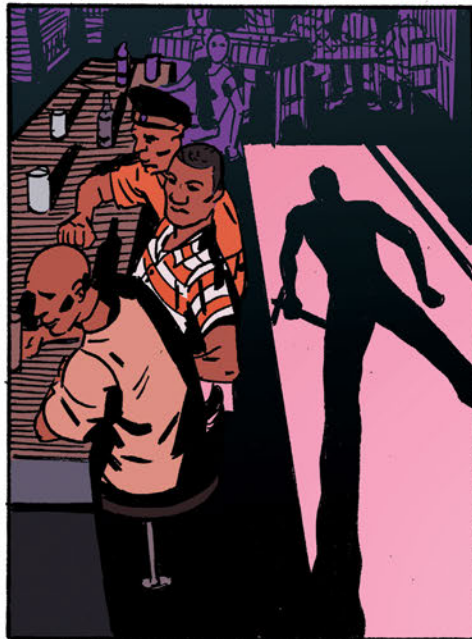
WAIT, YOU
NOT DOWN?
THEY SAID YOU
WAS VERSE.



DIDN'T SAY I
WAS A WALKER,
AND YOU TOO
CUTE TO WHORE
HOUND.

YOU CAN
GET IT, YEAH,
IF YOU DO
THINGS
RIGHT.

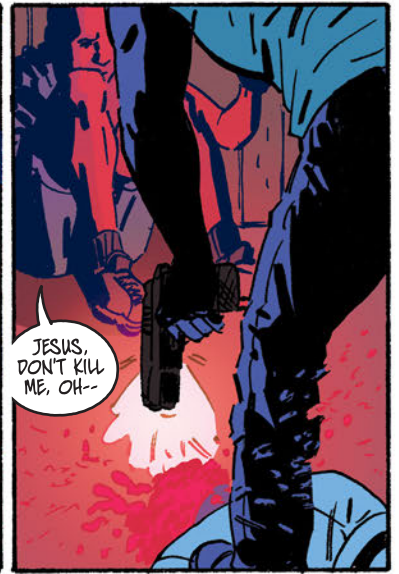




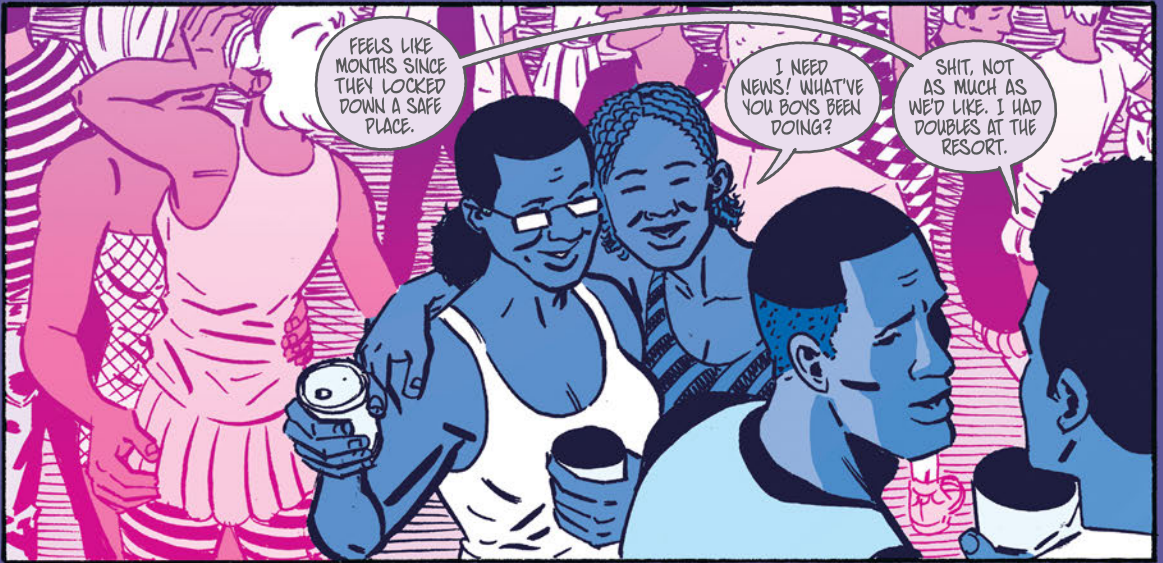








Before.





DO I KNOW YOU?



THAT'S THE BATTY COP! LOOK HIS FACE! KEEP WALKIN'! YOU AIN'T NO BETTER'N ME.



OH, SHIT! THAT THE COPSUCKER? TRY'N CUFF ME NOW!

OH, FUCK! HE WANT TO CLEAN US! LOOKT HIS MOUTH!



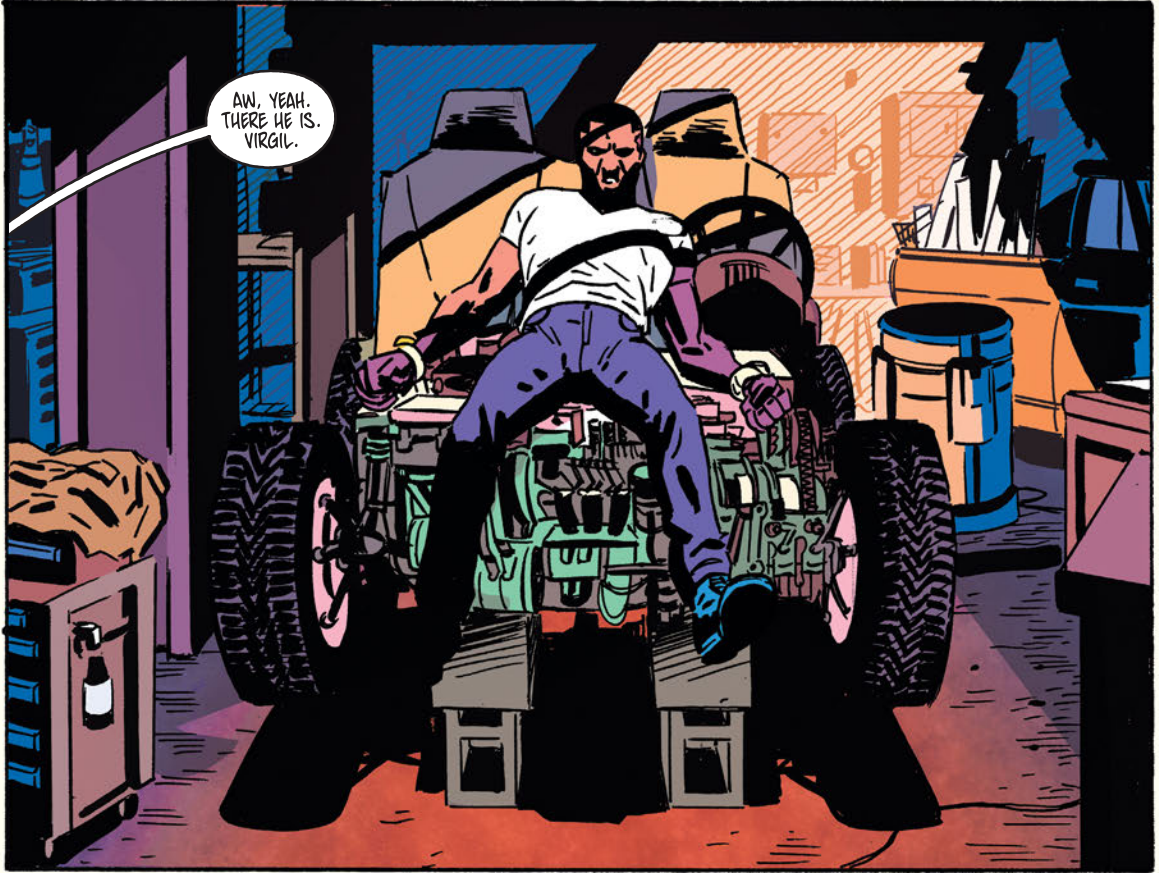
YOU ALL ALONE NOW. I PUT THIS SHIV RIGHT UP YOUR ASS. YOUR BOYS WON'T BE NOWHERE TO HELP.



WANT I
WAKE HIS
ASS UP?

NO
POINT. IT'S
THE LAST REST
HE GONNA
GET.

AW, YEAH.
THERE HE IS.
VIRGIL.



BANDULL.

MOTHER-
FUCKIN' RIGHT.
YOU CAN DISRESPECT
GOD, COCKSUCKER.
BUT YOU CAN'T
DISRESPECT
ME.





THINK I GAVE YOU HELL WHEN I HAD A BADGE, BANDULLU? THAT WAS WHEN I WAS FAKIN'.

LET ME GO, I FORGET YOU PLAYED THIS SHIT.



OH, I DON'T THINK SO, FAGHAT. YOU IN THERE REAL TIGHT.



I SEE YOU IN THE PAPERS, IT'S LIKE FUCKING CHRISTMAS FOR ME. TWICE AS MUCH SIN TO PUNISH.

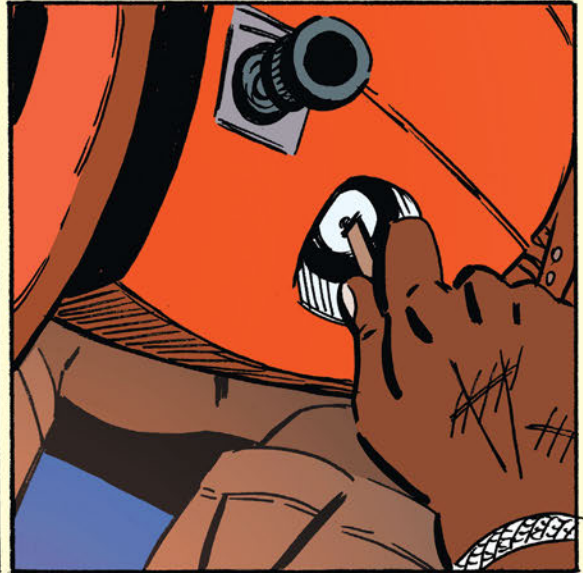


ONE? YOU A TEKKA. TWO? YOU TALK SHIT 'BOUT ME. NOBODY DO THAT.

HOW YOU THINK I GOT HERE? WERENT WITH GRATITUDE. I CUT OFF THE MOTHERFUCKIN' HAND THAT FED ME.



YOU BURNED ME, CHI CHI MAN. NOW I'M GONNA BLAZE FIRE ON YOU.







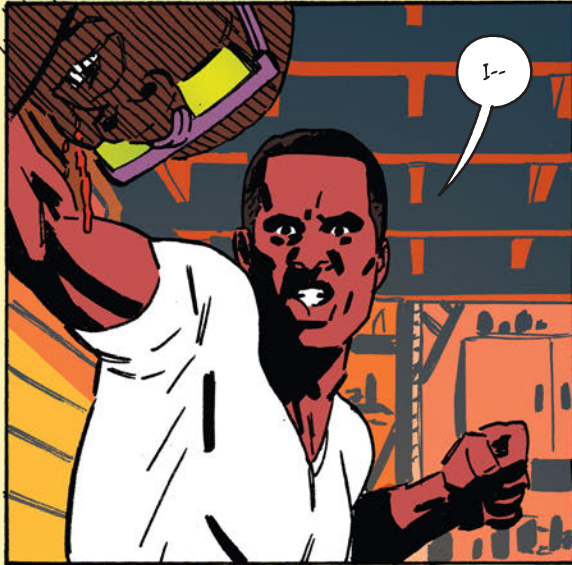




OKAY. NOW WE GO AT IT LIKE MEN.









YOU AIN'T NEVER SEEN YOUR FAIRY BOY AGAIN.



I GOT ALL NIGHT. SEE MY ARMS? THINK YOU CAN BREAK THESE?



HNK

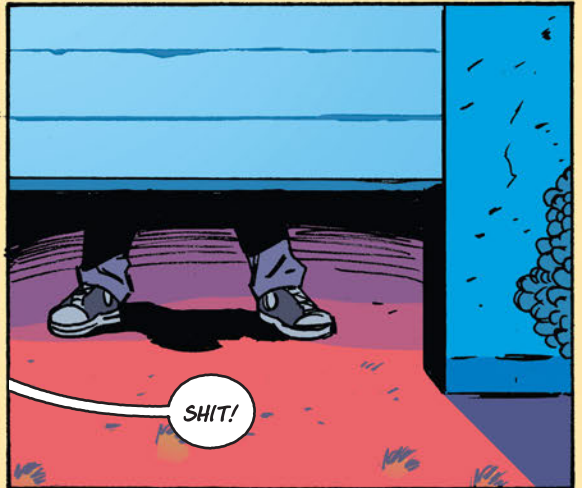


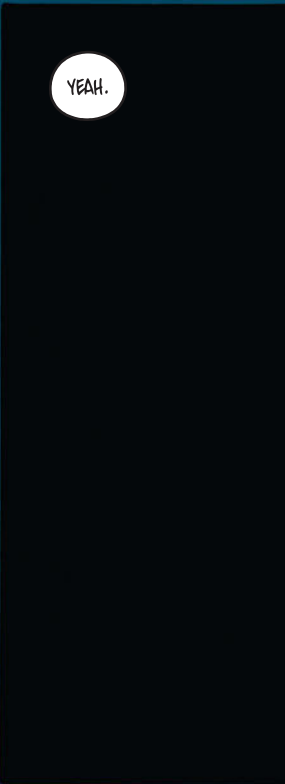
NO.



FUCK!

FU--







"WHAT'D THEY DO TO YOU?"



HUSTLERS. KIDS WORKING FOR HUSTLERS. THEY CAME UP ON ME AND OMAR.

WITH WHAT?



SOCK FULL OF COINS.



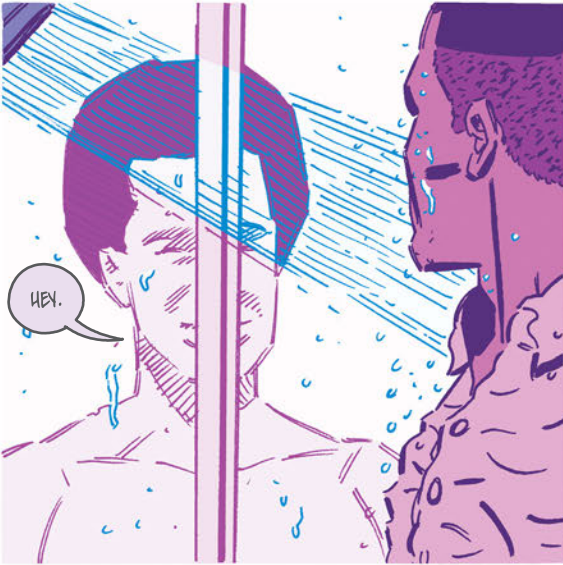
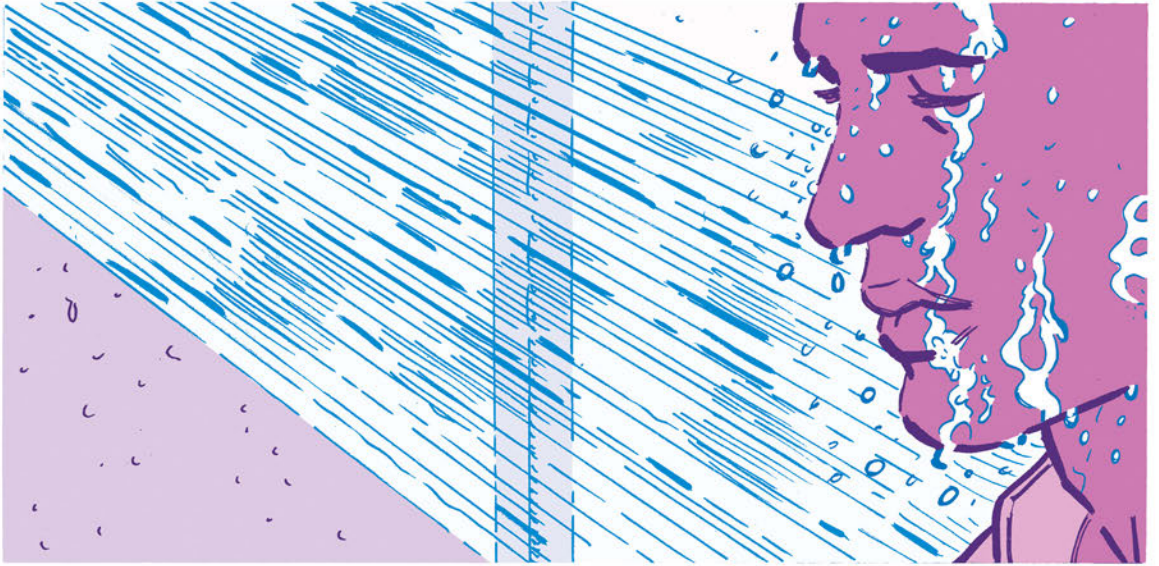
JESUS. A SOCK? WHAT'D YOU DO?

TOOK IT. GAVE IT BACK.



AREN'T YOU A TOUGH GUY...



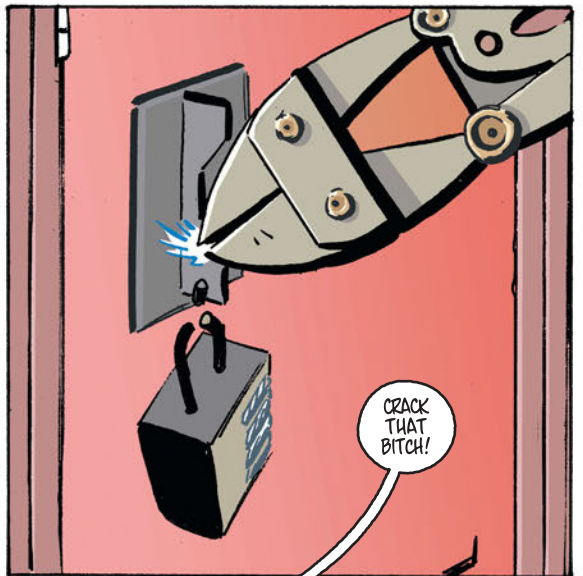






YEAH!

SMOKED THAT FREAK!



CRACK THAT BITCH!



FIND THEM! BET HE KEEPS HIS FUCKING LOVE LETTERS IN HERE.



FUCK. LOOK AT THIS.



IMAGINE HIM KEEPING HIS GAY SHIT IN HERE. RIGHT NEXT TO OURS.





HOLY
FUCKING
GOD!

SHIT'S
ON FIRE!



-F-FU-
FUCKING DEAD,
YOU--NO...NO
VIRGIL...





WERE THOSE FUCKING SHOTS?

FUCK AND SHIT, MAN!



HEY, JOHNSON.

YOU FEEL ME BACK HERE?

NO.



NO WAY!
NO FUCKING WAY!

YOU'RE MEAT!
YOU'RE FUCKING DEAD!





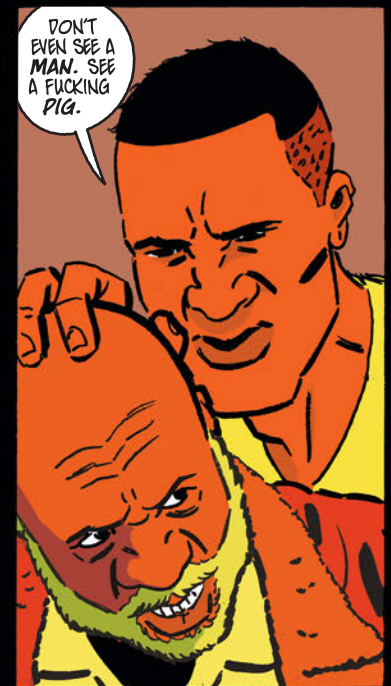














LUCKY PIG, THOUGH.

IN ALL THIS EXCITEMENT, I ALMOST FORGOT.

CAN'T KILL YOU YET. NOT UNTIL YOU TELL ME.

WE AIN'T HERE. SO WHO THE FUCK HAS ERVAN?



HA HA... FUCK--NG MY GNK LEG--HA... THIS IS GREAT. AT LEAST I GET TO SEE THIS.

YOU DIDN'T NOTICE SOMEONE MISSING, DUMBASS? ASK YOURSELF.



WHERE'S OMAR.





"FOR REAL,
VIRGIL."



YOU COME UP THIS WEEKEND?
JUST FINISHED THE PORCH.

SORRY, SON, GOT PLANS.



FUCK YOUR PLANS,
BRO!

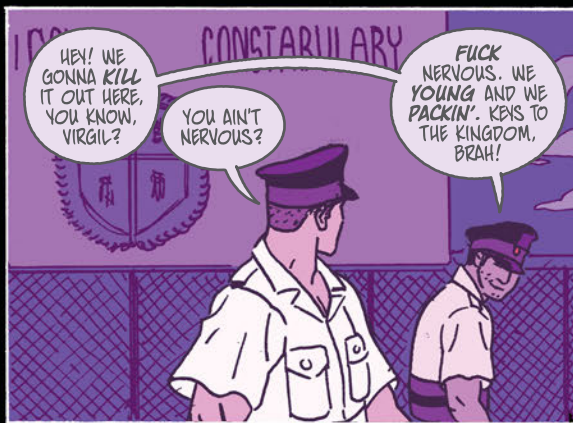
THAT'S MY PLAN,
FOOL.

OH, SHIT!
SHE GOT A NAME?



GO TO BED! YOU'RE
EXHAUSTED.

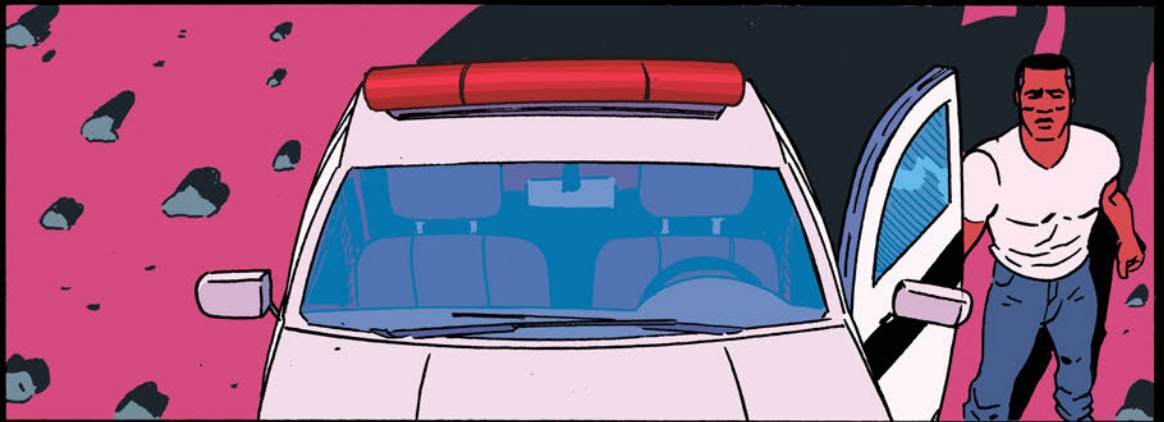
NOT WITHOUT
YOU.





"THAT'S A
BIG FUCK
YOU TO THIS
PLACE."

"THAT'S
WHAT
IT IS."



OH,
FUCK. YOU
MADE
IT.



YOU LOST, BATTY BOY? DON'T YOU SEE THIS A MAN'S HOUSE?



WHERE'S ERVAN?



I TRUSTED YOU, VIRGIL.. YOU WERE MY BOY.

URNS OUT YOU WERE FUCKIN' BOYS.



I'M NOT GOING TO FUCK YOU, OMAR.



I'M GOING TO FUCK YOU UP.

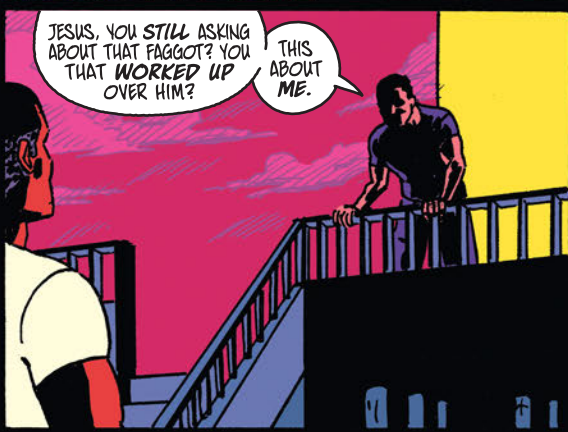


REMEMBER WE WAS
FUCKING THEM WHORES?
HAD TO BE FUNNY SHIT
FOR YOU, HIDING YOUR
SOFT PIECE UP
IN THERE.

THINK I'M
THAT STUPID?
KNEW YOU WAS
FRONTING. I ALWAYS
KNEW YOU WERE
A QUEER.



TELL
ME WHERE
ERVAN IS.



JESUS, YOU STILL ASKING
ABOUT THAT FAGGOT? YOU
THAT WORKED UP
OVER HIM?

THIS
ABOUT
ME.



-P#UU-



I BEEN
HERE ALL
ALONG.

THIS
ABOUT WHAT IT
TAKES FOR YOU TO
ACTUALLY SEE YOUR
BEST FUCKING
FRIEND.



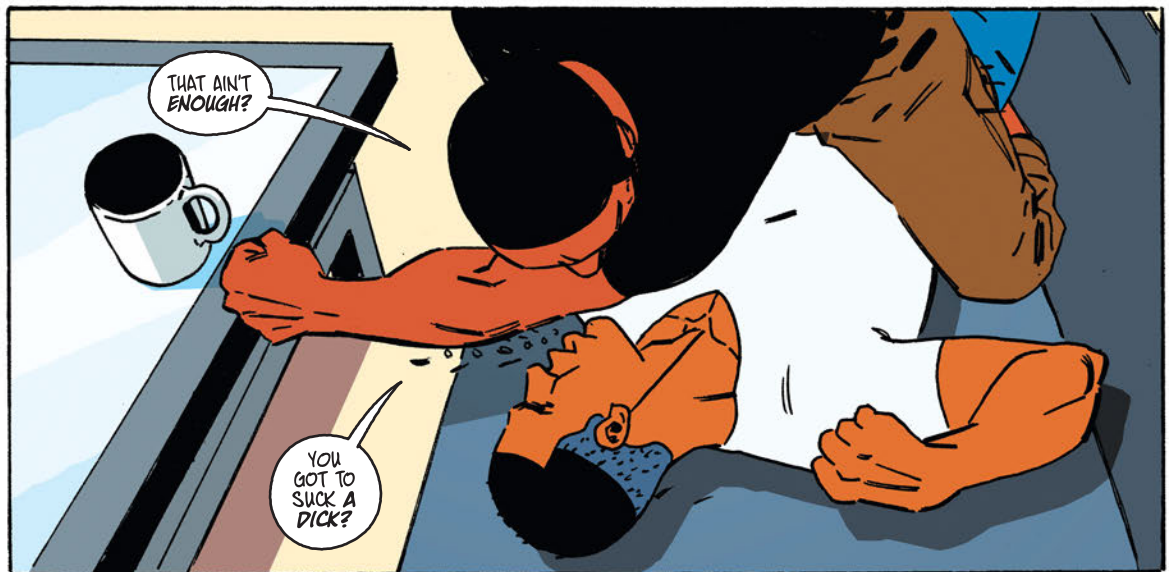
I SEE YOU, OMAR.





YOU WAS MY BROTHER.

WE BLED TOGETHER. WALKED THE STREETS.



THAT AIN'T ENOUGH?

YOU GOT TO SUCK A DICK?

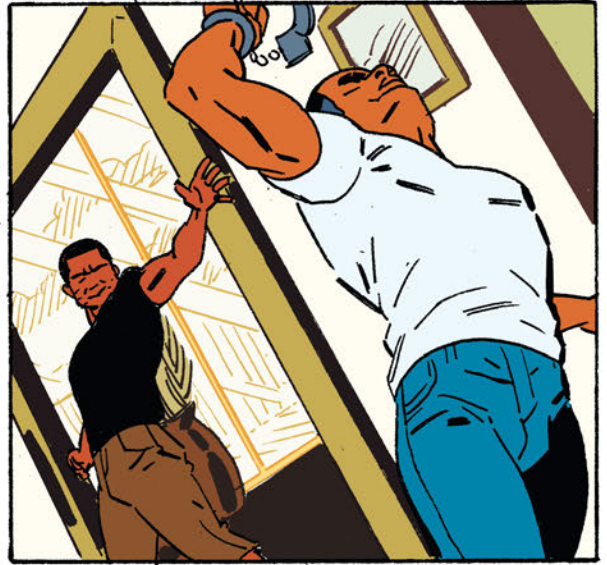


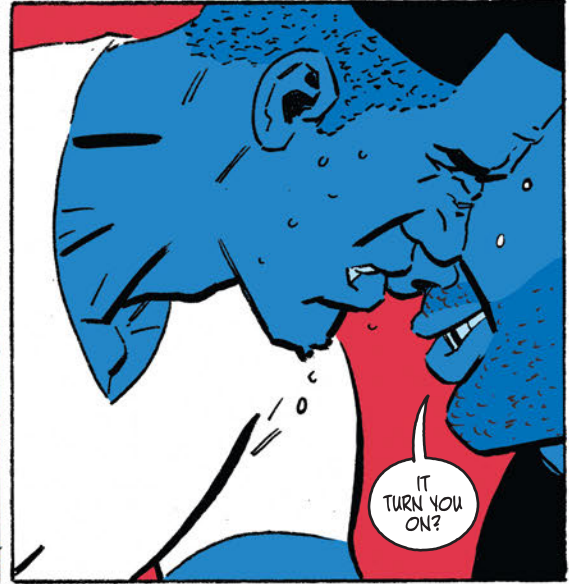
MY TRUST IS MY FUCKIN' BOND.

THAT AIN'T ENOUGH?













WANT TO TALK ABOUT YOU AND ME?



I COULD BREAK YOUR FUCKING NECK RIGHT HERE.

TIME TO LISTEN.



OUTING ME. THINK YOU HURT ME?



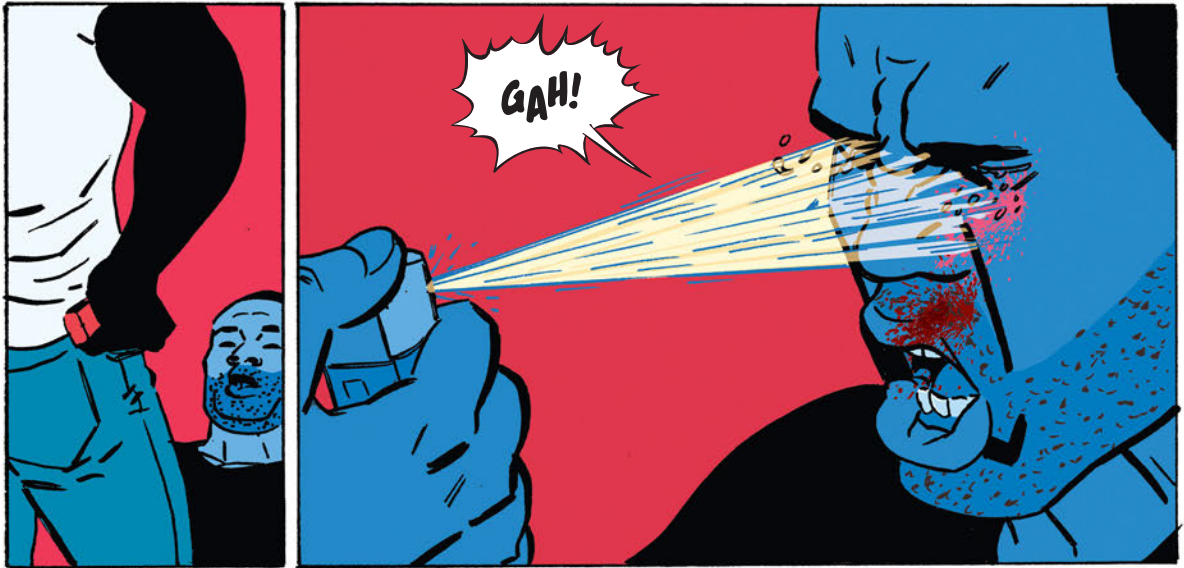
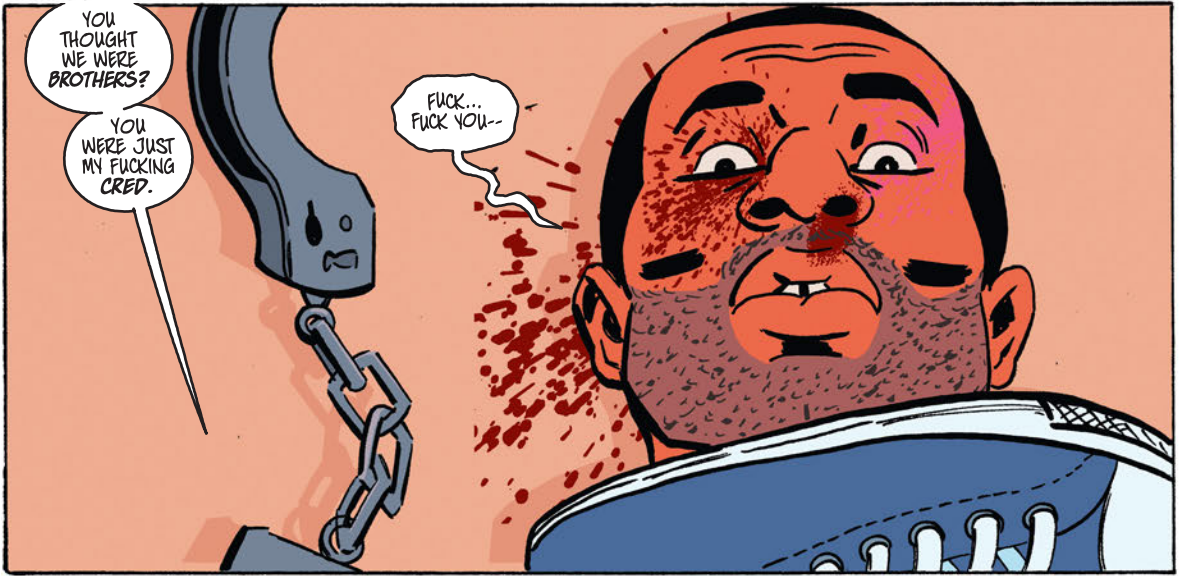
ON THE FORCE? I WAS HIDING EVERY DAY. THAT WAS THE FUCKING LIFE TRAP.

YOU BURNED IT ALL DOWN. CLEANSING FIRE. IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW. YOU DID THAT.

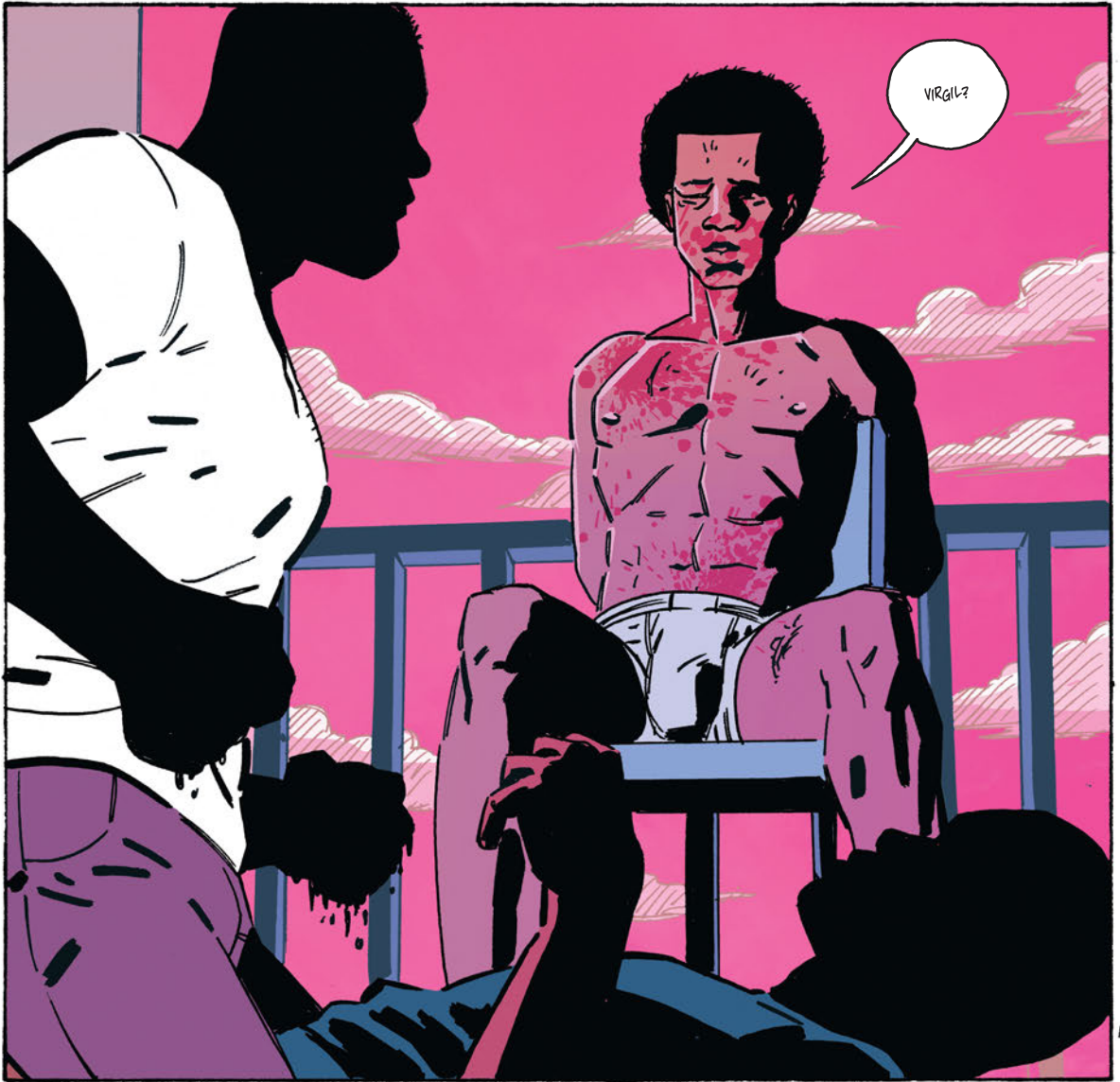


YOU GAVE ME FOCUS. ONE PURPOSE. SAVING MY MAN.

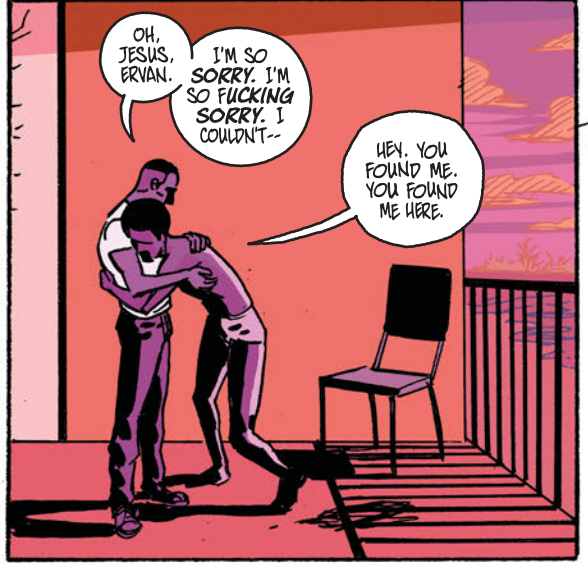
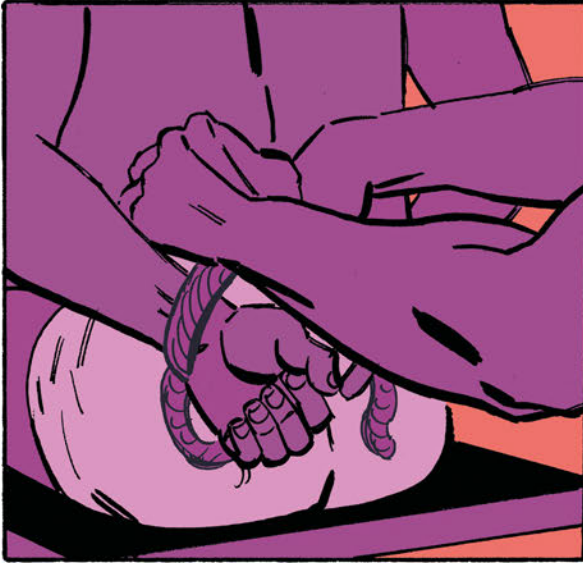
HOW THE FUCK YOU THINK THAT MAKES ME WEAKER?



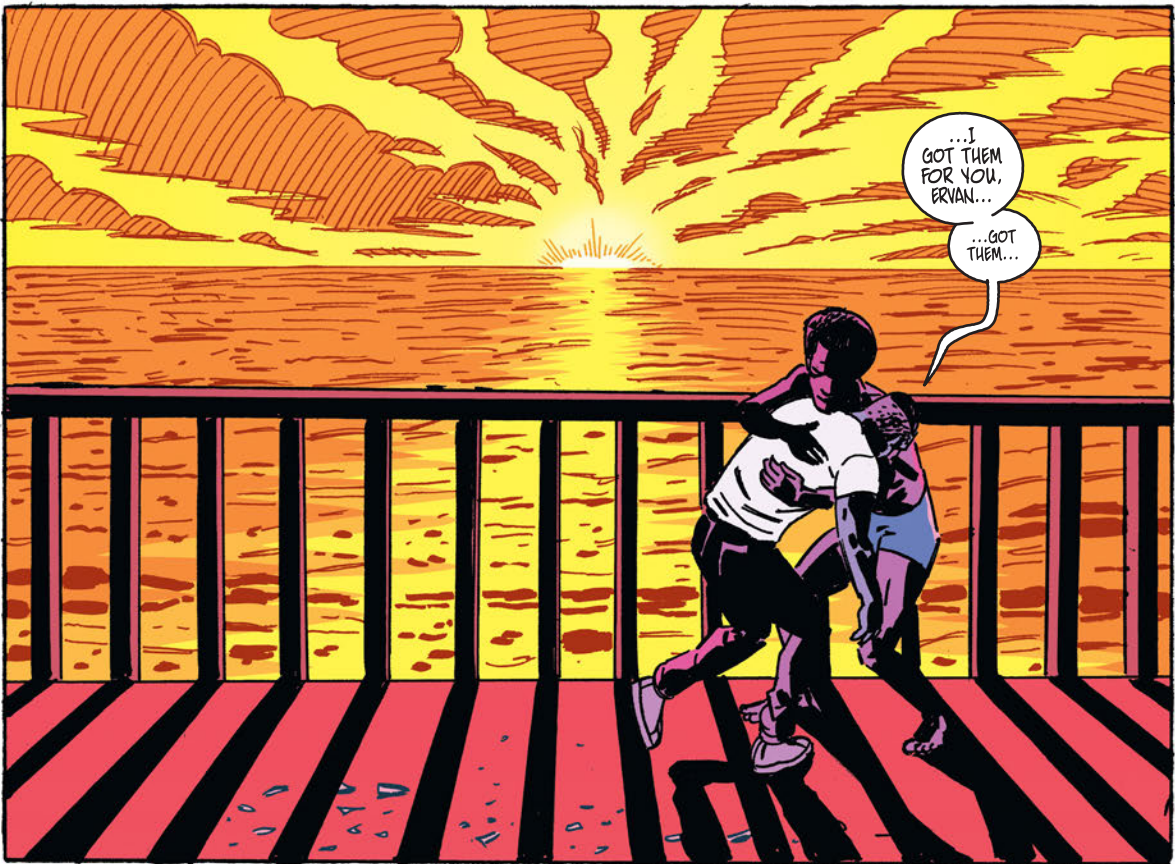


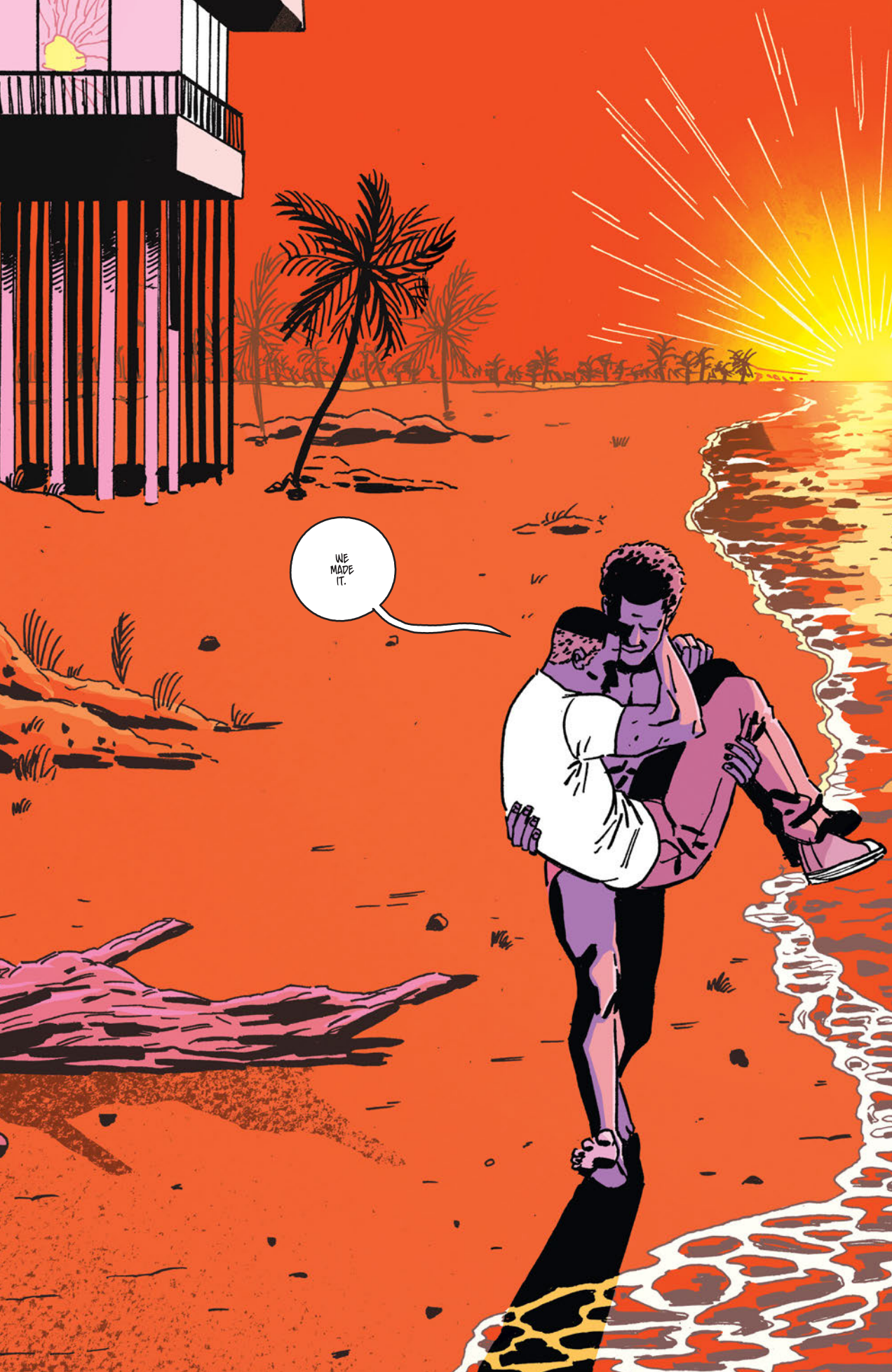












WE
MADE
IT.



BONUS
CONTENT

TOUGH. RIGHTEOUS.

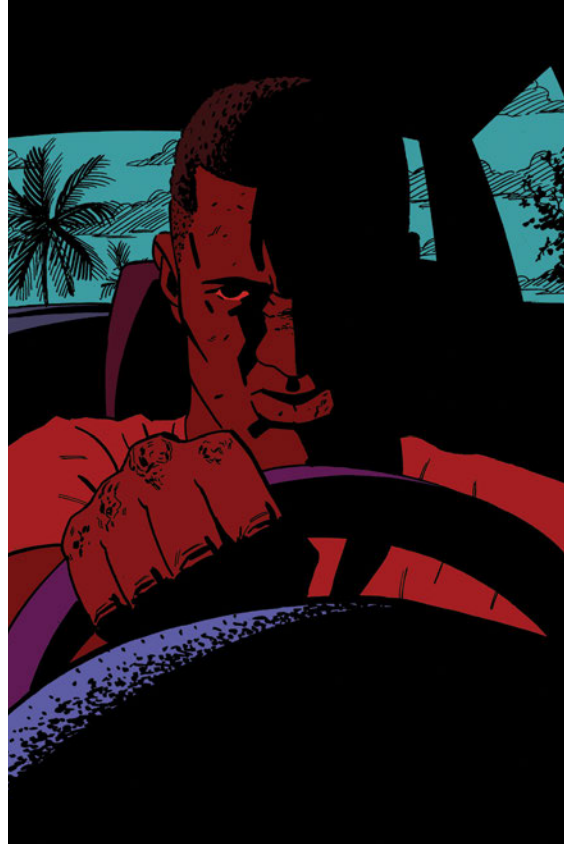


VIRGIL began with Kevin Keller from *Archie Comics*. Here was a formerly dogmatic title, infused with a confident queer character. The nonchalance of its approach was powerful. This wasn't a fetishized "issues" book, it was daring in its normalcy, unwilling to treat queerness as a taboo.

That notion fueled a growing storm, as I had been surrounding myself with exploitation cinema new and old; *Django Unchained*, *Cleopatra Jones*, *Across 110th Street*. I was hungry to create a similar narrative for the contemporary struggles of the queer community, to follow the blaxploitation tradition and create queersploitation.



FIGHTING FOR HIS MAN.

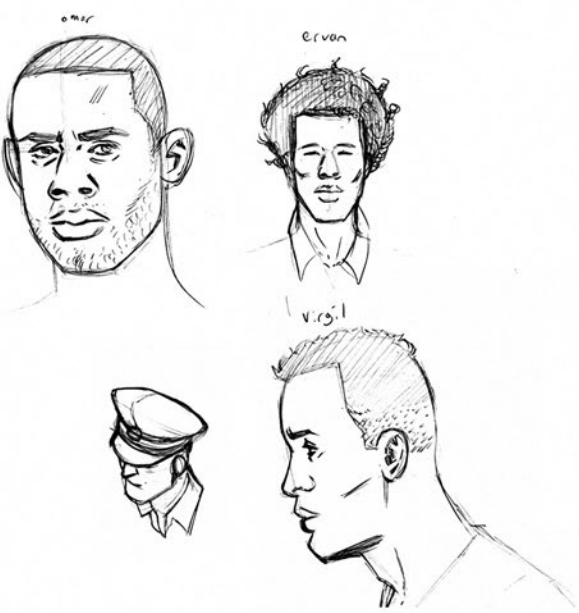


Foxy Brown showed us an assertive female hero unashamed of who she was. *VIRGIL* offers this in a gay man. A hero with the grit of John Shaft, of *Jackie Brown*, out for blood and fighting for his man. A hero who takes on the system, kicking against oppressors within and without. He's not perfect. But he breaks conceptions of gay

masculinity, traveling a road so many do, from conflict, to anger, to acceptance, to righteous passion.

And he doesn't give a damn who gets in his way.

—Steve Orlando



BIOGRAPHIES

Writer **STEVE ORLANDO** lives in Albany, NY. He has contributed to the Eisner Award nominated *Outlaw Territory*, and with artist Artyom Trakhanov co-created the miniseries *Undertow*—both at Image Comics. He has contributed to DC Comics/Vertigo's *Mystery in Space* and *CMYK: Yellow* anthologies, and writes the ongoing *Midnighter* series for DC Entertainment. His small press work includes his own newsprint independent release *Octobriana*, and has otherwise been published by 215 Ink and Poseur Ink.

Artist **J.D. FAITH** is based in Portland, OR. He's drawn an installment of Ed Brisson's *Murder Book* for Dark Horse, *Just Another Sheep* for Action Lab, and an issue of *San Hannibal* for Pop! Goes The Icon. He wants a cat.

Colorist **CHRIS BECKETT** has worked on DC Comics' *Smallville*, BOOM!'s *Stan Lee Presents The Traveler*, and Cartoon Network's *Ben 10 & Generator Rex*. Besides coloring, Chris also edits a number of queer publications for publishers *Queer Young Cowboys* and *Greetings, From Queer Mountain*. He lives in Austin, TX with his two boyfriends and his two pups.

Letterer and designer **THOMAS MAUER** has worked on Harvey and Eisner Award nominated and winning titles, such as *The Guns Of Shadow Valley* and the *Outlaw Territory* and *Poggun* anthologies. Among his recent work are Image Comics' *Bang!Tango*, *Copperhead*, *Four Eyes*, *Rasputin*, and *Umbral* as well as Black Mask Studios' *The Disciples* and Legendary's *LL-3* for the United Nations' World Food Programme.



THEY PUT HIS NAME IN THE PAPER.
THEY TOOK HIS LOVER.
THEY LEFT HIM BLEEDING IN THE OCEAN.
THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HIM ALIVE.

VIRGIL™

"Virgil hits you before you know it and warps into a thrilling, action-packed page turner as its title character loses everything, with one thing left to fight for. However, beyond its intensity and gritty edginess there's a story steeped in emotion and heart, which is what is truly most captivating about this book."

"Set in Kingston, Jamaica, Virgil's story captures the essence of what it's like living in a world against you and dreaming of getting out—certainly reminiscent of my own experience as a gay Jamaican in a community relegated to living in the shadows."

—Anthony Oscar

"Went into this book not realizing what to expect and was taken back on how violent and crazy it was. Yet it felt rather cathartic."

—Greg Anderson-Elysee

A QUEERSPLOITATION REVENGE TALE

BY
STEVE ORLANDO
J.D. FAITH
CHRIS BECKETT
THOMAS MAUER



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