

DYNAMITE
2



WITCHBLADE

DEMON REBORN



WITCHBLADE[®]

DEMON REBORN

Sara Pezzini is an NYPD homicide detective whose life changed when she came into contact with a powerful ancient weapon known as the Witchblade, which bestows its wielder with supernatural powers.

This series takes place after the events in Witchblade: Demon #1

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I SHOULDN'T BUY SO MUCH AT ONE TIME. I **KNEW** I HAD TOO MANY BAGS TO CARRY.

IT'S JUST BECOME SUCH WORK TO GET OUT.

MY ARTHRITIS IS -- OH... I SHOULDN'T CARRY ON ABOUT MY PROBLEMS.

YOU'RE NICE ENOUGH TO HELP, AND HERE I AM BORING YOU TO **DEATH** WITH--

OH, IT'S NO PROBLEM, MRS. BARID. LISTENING IS MY BUSINESS.



YES, I SUPPOSE IT IS. WELL, I'M SO GRATEFUL YOU SHOWED UP WHEN YOU DID.

I ALSO KNEW A PRIEST WOULD COME IN HANDY **ONE DAY!**



HERE WE ARE...JUST SET THOSE DOWN ANYWHERE.

I'M SORRY THE PLACE IS SUCH A MESS.



IT'S QUITE NICE, DELORES. **VERY NICE.** AS LOVELY AS YOU ARE, DEAR.

MY GOD... I JUST NOTICED...



...YOU HAVE SUCH BEAUTIFUL **SKIN.**



I'VE BEEN
HERE BEFORE.

I'VE CHASED THIS
MONSTER UP HERE
ONTO THIS ROOFTOP
BEFORE. I **KNOW** IT.

YEARRRGH!

HE'S NOT
WHAT HE
SEEMS.
SOMEHOW, I
KNOW THAT,
TOO.

DON'T LOOK
AT ME LIKE THAT...
LIKE YOU'RE
SUPERIOR.

HOW
MANY?



IT DIDN'T
HAPPEN
LIKE THIS.

HOW
MANY HAS
THAT THING
KILLED?



HOW
MANY HAS
IT **JUDGED**
AND SENT TO
HELL?

WELL,
BITCH...



...YOU
MAY SEND
ME THERE,
TOO, BUT
I'M COMING
BACK...

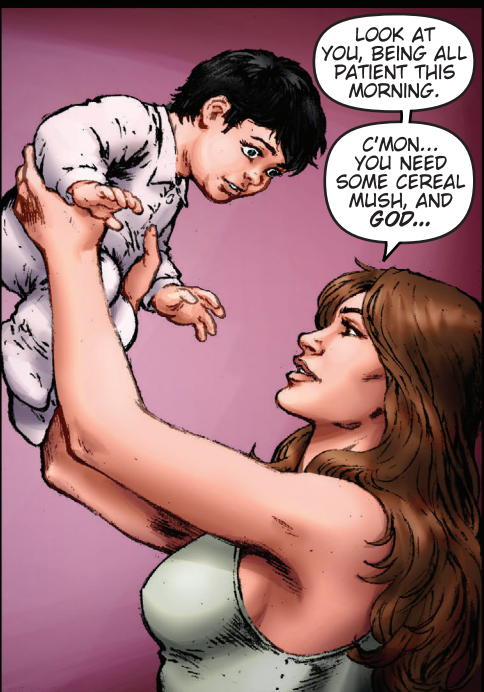
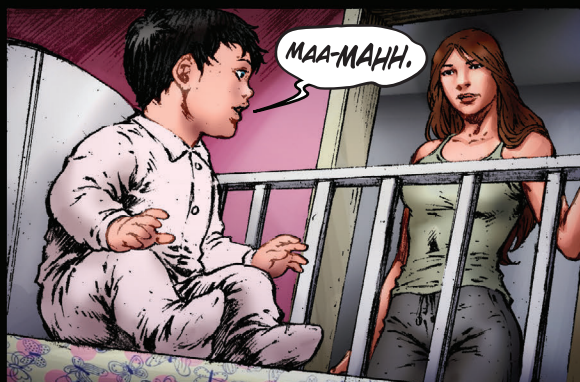
NO. THIS
ISN'T RIGHT.

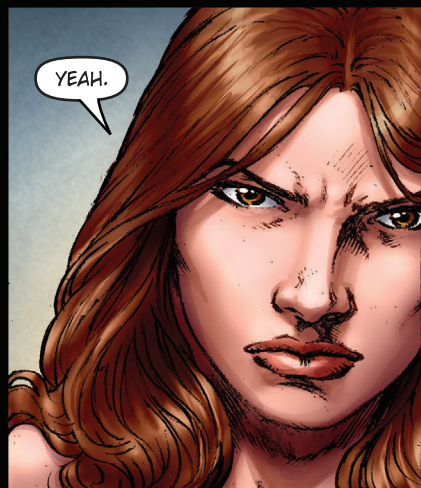
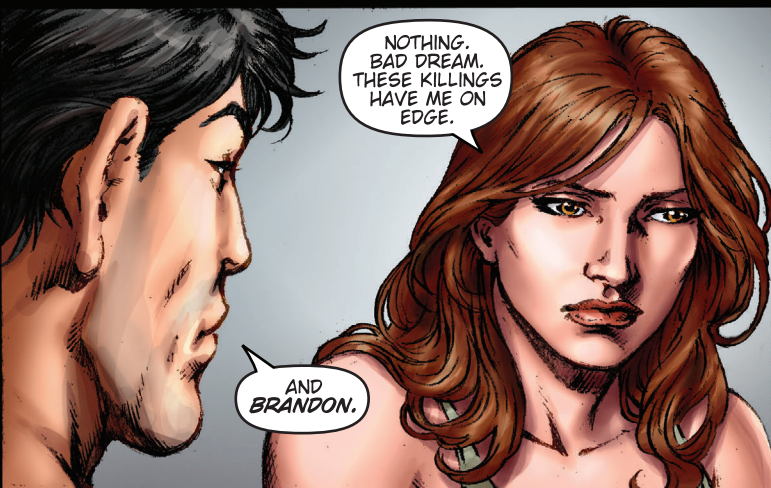
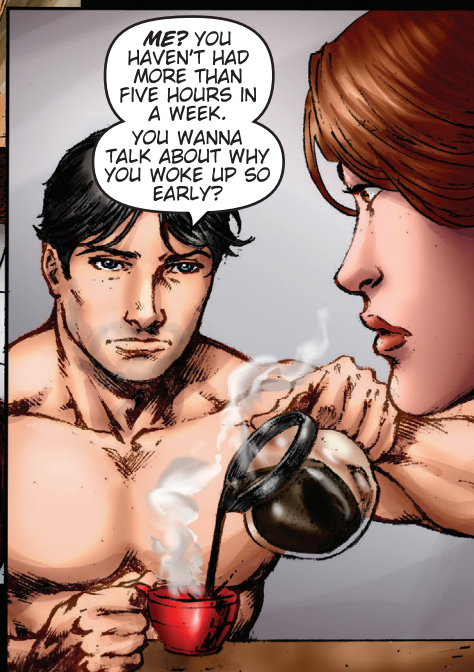
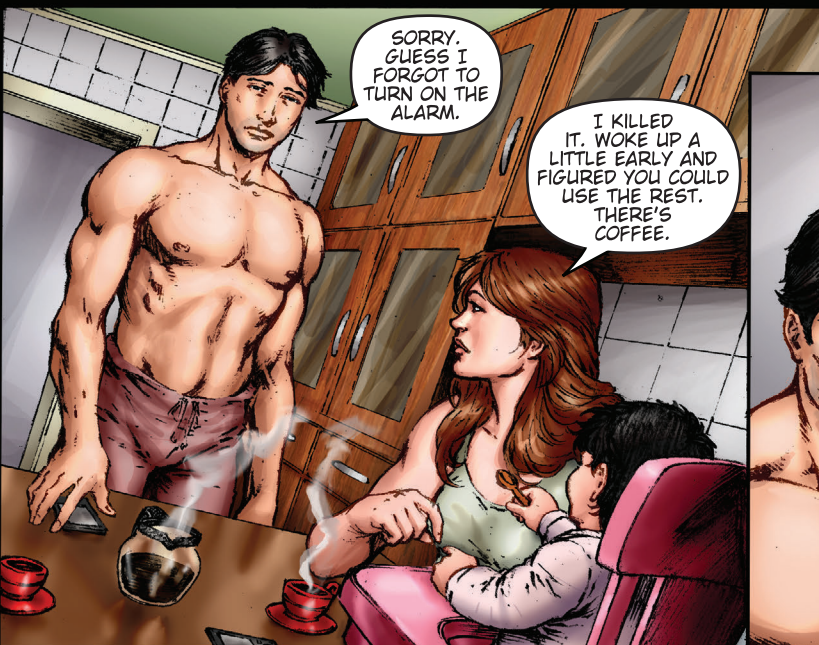
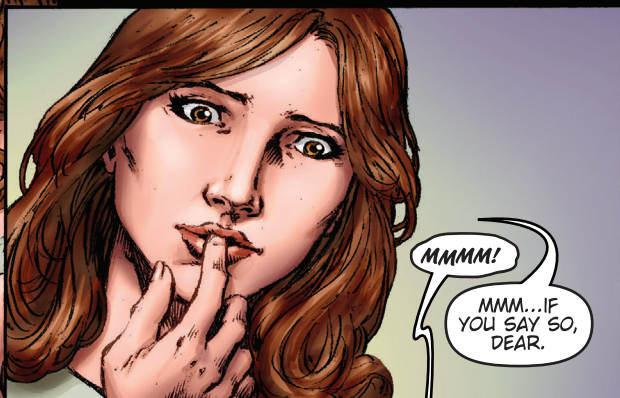
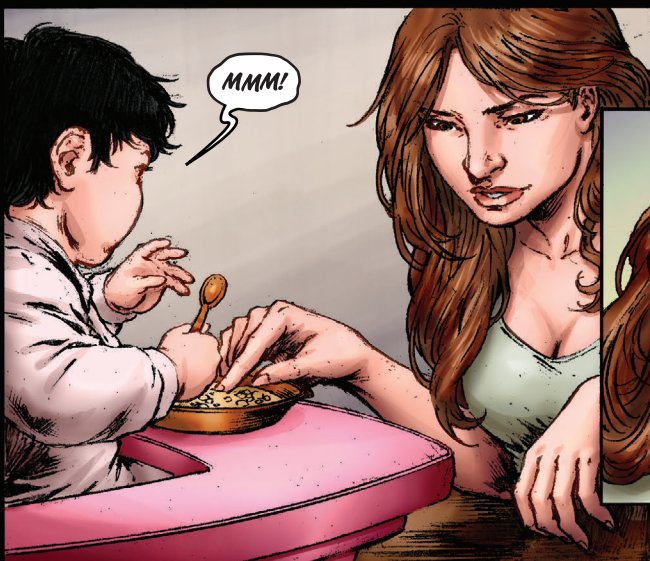
IT DOESN'T
END THIS WAY.

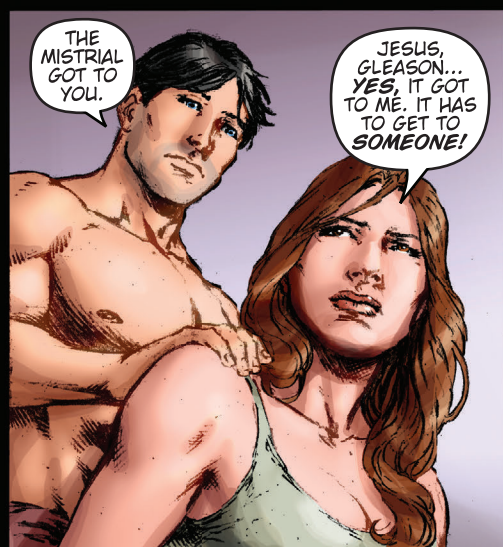
IT *CAN'T* END
THIS WAY.

...AND I
WON'T BE
ALONE.









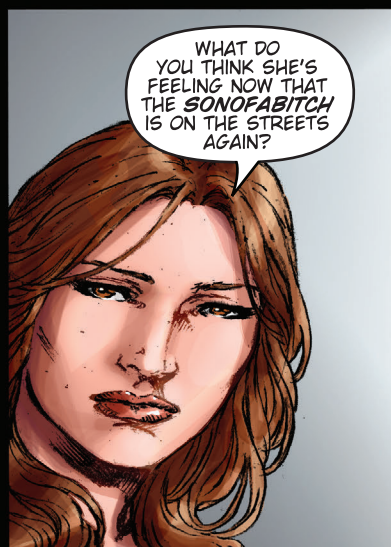
THE
MISTRIAL
GOT TO
YOU.

JESUS,
GLEASON...
YES, IT GOT
TO ME. IT HAS
TO GET TO
SOMEONE!



YOU **SAW**
WHAT HE IS...
WHAT HE'S
CAPABLE OF.

LUCILLE IS STILL
OUT THERE, TRYING
TO FIND SOME WAY
TO LIVE AGAIN.

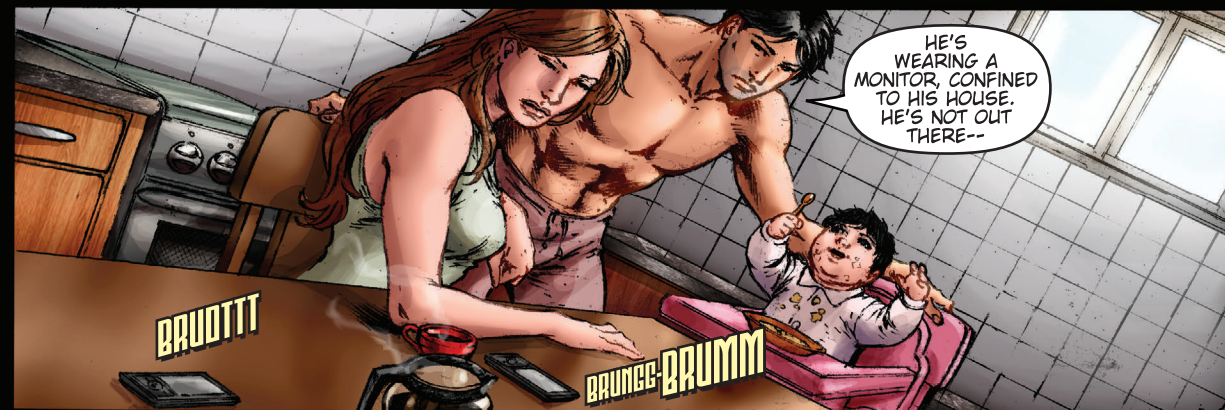


WHAT DO
YOU THINK SHE'S
FEELING NOW THAT
THE **SONOFABITCH**
IS ON THE STREETS
AGAIN?



RIGHT OR
WRONG, THAT'S
HOW THE
SYSTEM WORKS,
SARA.

NO ONE
TOLD YOU ANY
DIFFERENT
WHEN YOU
WENT TO THE
ACADEMY.



HE'S
WEARING A
MONITOR, CONFINED
TO HIS HOUSE.
HE'S NOT OUT
THERE--

BRUOTT

BRUNCE-BRUMM



SHIT.

SARA,
IT'S GOING TO
BE ANOTHER
KILLING, AND WE
ARE GOING
TO TALK ABOUT
ALL THIS...
SOON.



DETECTIVE,
SOME PEOPLE ARE
SAYING THERE'S A
SERIAL KILLER ON
THE LOOSE.

IS IT TRUE
THE KILLER
HAS STRUCK
SEVERAL
TIMES THIS
WEEK?

WHEN WILL
WE GET SOME
ANSWERS?



OFFICER...?

BRYANT,
DETECTIVE, I
DIDN'T--



YOU'RE ABOUT TO TELL
ME HOW IT'S NOT YOUR
FAULT THAT THIS CRIME
SCENE IS A CIRCUS.

SAVE
IT.



I'M SURE
YOUR CAPTAIN
WILL WANT TO
HEAR **ALL**
ABOUT IT
LATER.
I JUST
WANT TO
SEE WHAT
THE--



OH,
HELL.



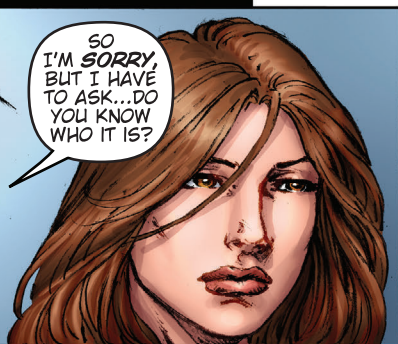


REMEMBER THAT *TALK* WE WERE GOING TO HAVE? SEEMS LIKE A GOOD TIME.

SOMEONE KNOWS ABOUT YOU, SARA...ABOUT THE WITCHBLADE. THEY'RE SLAUGHTERING INNOCENT PEOPLE JUST TO GET YOUR ATTENTION.



SO I'M *SORRY*, BUT I HAVE TO ASK...DO YOU KNOW WHO IT IS?



NO.

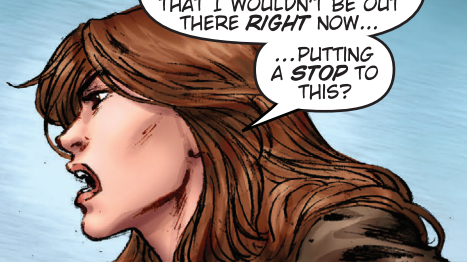


I KNOW WHAT SOMEONE'S TRYING TO MAKE ME *THINK*...
...BUT IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE*.



JESUS! DO YOU THINK, IF I KNEW ANYTHING MORE, THAT I WOULDN'T BE OUT THERE *RIGHT NOW*...

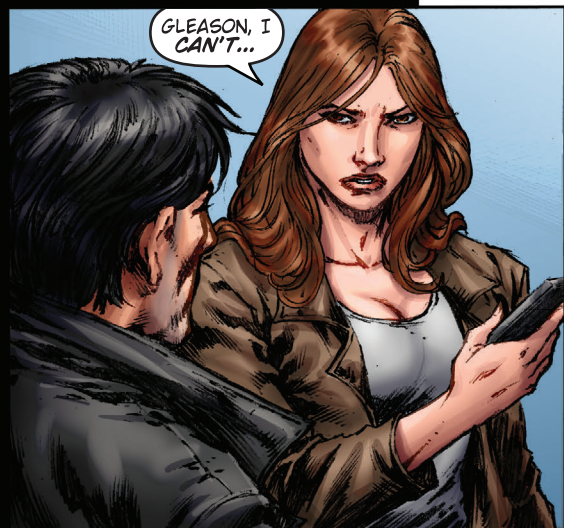
...PUTTING A *STOP* TO THIS?



OF COURSE I DON'T, SARA. WHAT I *DO* THINK IS THAT YOU'RE EXHAUSTED AND--

PLEASE... LET THAT GO.

BRUCE

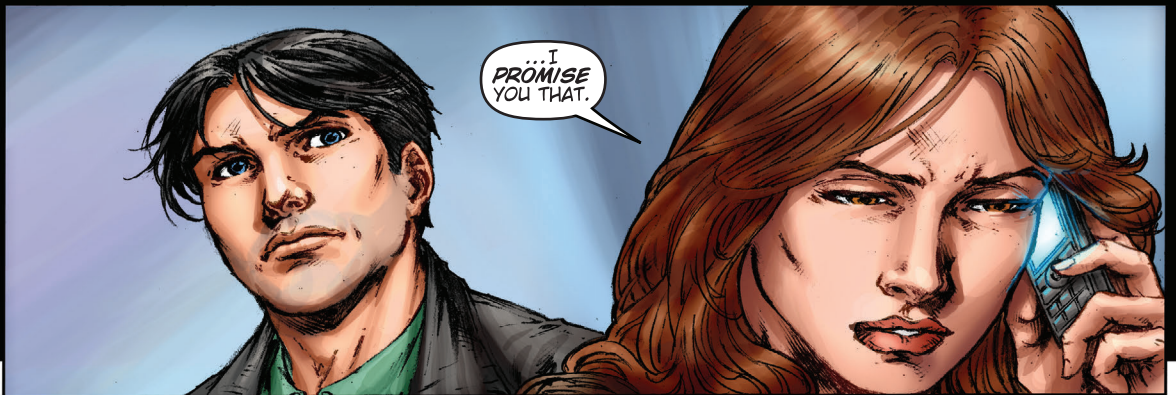
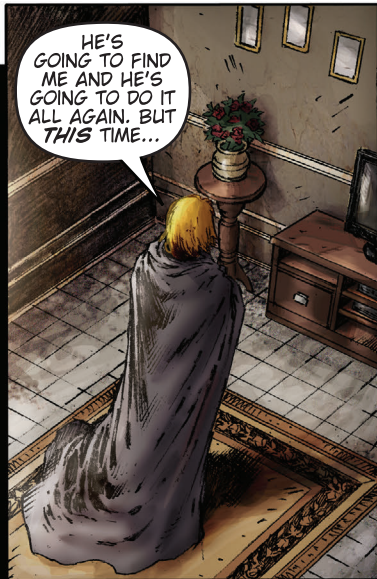
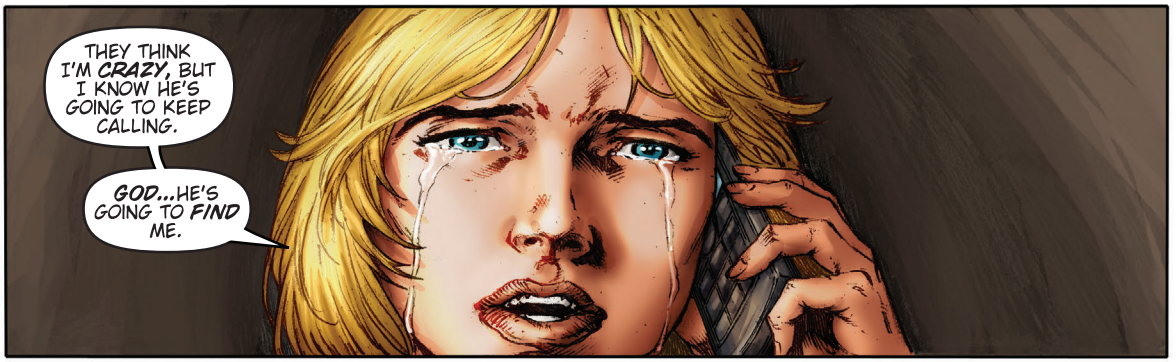


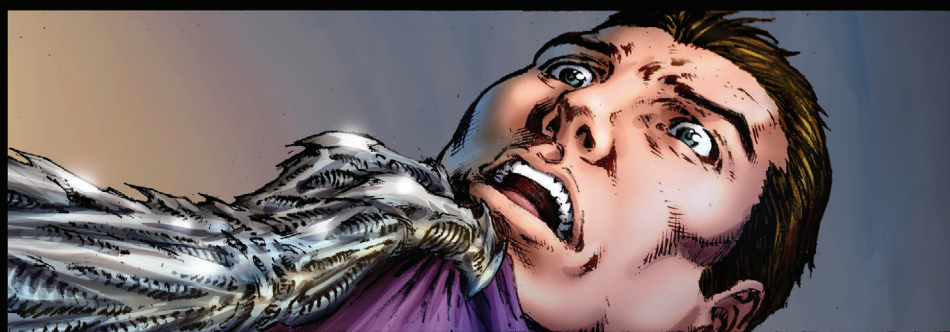
GLEASON, I CAN'T...

"...IT'S HER...
LUCILLE."

DETECTIVE
PEZZINI, I'M
SORRY. I...
I DIDN'T KNOW
WHO ELSE TO
CALL.



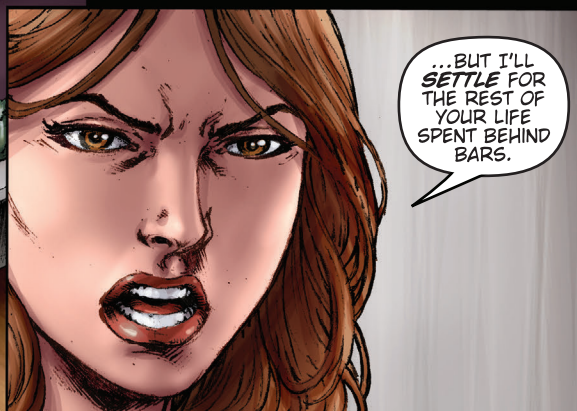






...WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?

OH, I WANT A LOT OF THINGS FOR YOU, BRANDON...



...BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE SPENT BEHIND BARS.



WELL, YOU MAY HAVE TO LEARN TO LIVE WITH DISAPPOINTMENT, DETECTIVE.

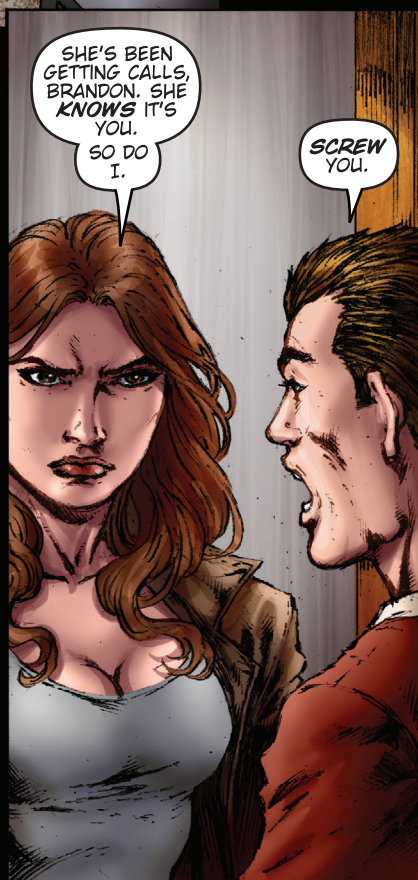
MY LAWYERS--

SHUT UP.



YOU'VE BEEN HARASSING LUCILLE AVELSON. STOP IT. **NOW.**

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, I CAN'T EVEN LEAVE MY HOUSE.



SHE'S BEEN GETTING CALLS, BRANDON. SHE **KNOWS** IT'S YOU. SO DO I.

SCREW YOU.



I WAS LOCKED UP FOR A GODDAMN YEAR.

AFTER THE MISTRIAL I FINALLY GET OUT ON BAIL, AND YOU THINK I'D THROW THAT AWAY OVER THAT SILLY BITCH?



THAT
WHORE IS
LYING, AND
YOU--



DON'T.

DON'T
INSULT
HER. NOT
EVER.
DON'T EVEN
SPEAK OF
HER!





WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO, CUT ME IN HALF HERE ON MY FRONT STEPS?

THIS IS THE SAME ACT YOU PUT ON WHEN YOU ARRESTED ME...
FREAK.



YES. MY PARTNER STOPPED ME THEN. YOU SEE HIM HERE RIGHT NOW?



YOU'RE RIGHT. I WON'T CUT YOU NOW. YOU'RE NOT WORTH IT...
YET.



BUT IF YOU GO **NEAR** THAT GIRL...IF YOU ADD ONE DROP TO THE OCEAN OF SUFFERING YOU'VE ALREADY CAUSED HER...

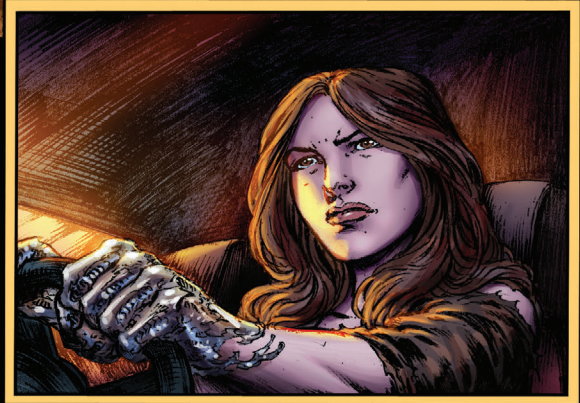
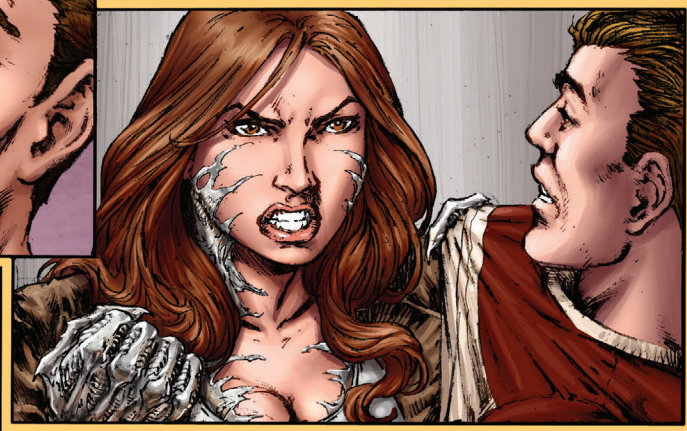


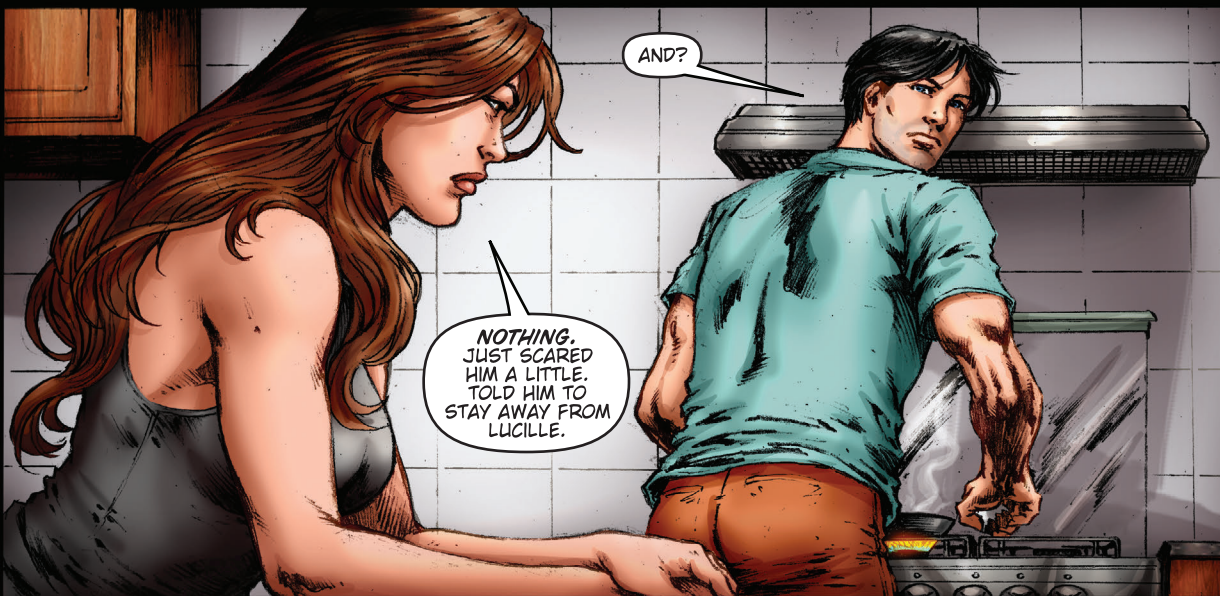
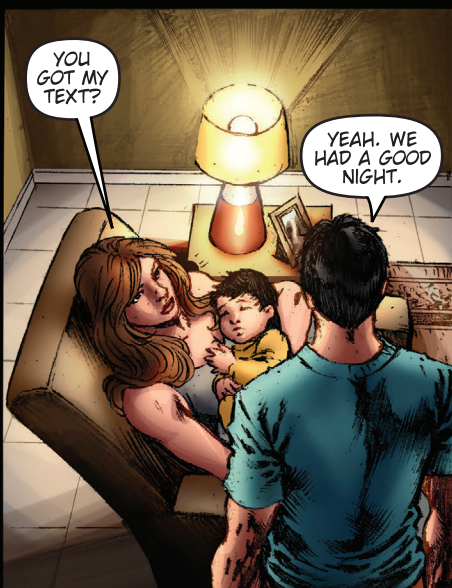
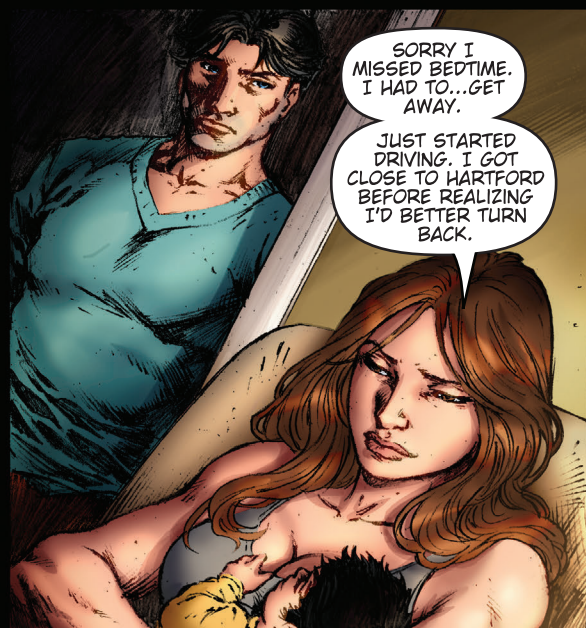
...I'LL BE **BACK...**

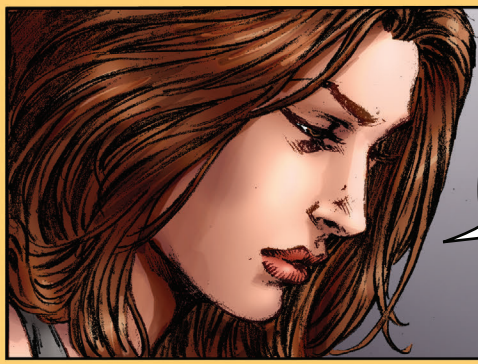


...AND I WON'T BOTHER **KNOCKING.**

HONEY... YOU'RE WELCOME **ANY** TIME.

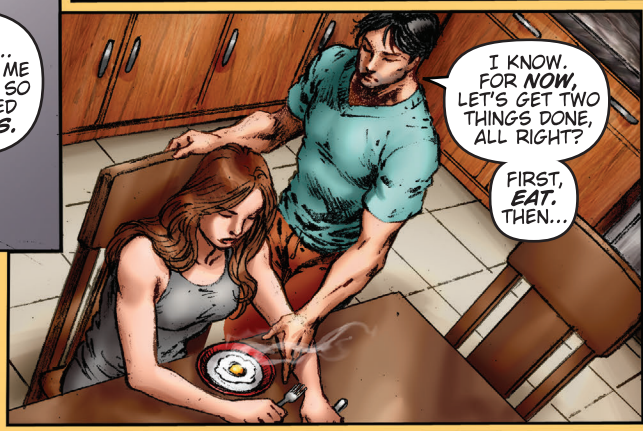






HE ALL BUT LAUGHED AT ME.

JESUS, GLEASON... SHE NEEDS ME AND I FEEL SO GODDAMNED HELPLESS.

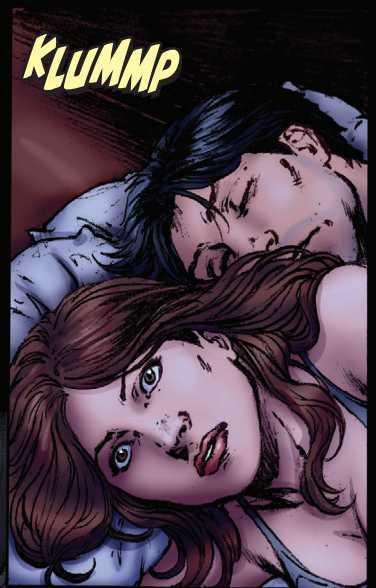


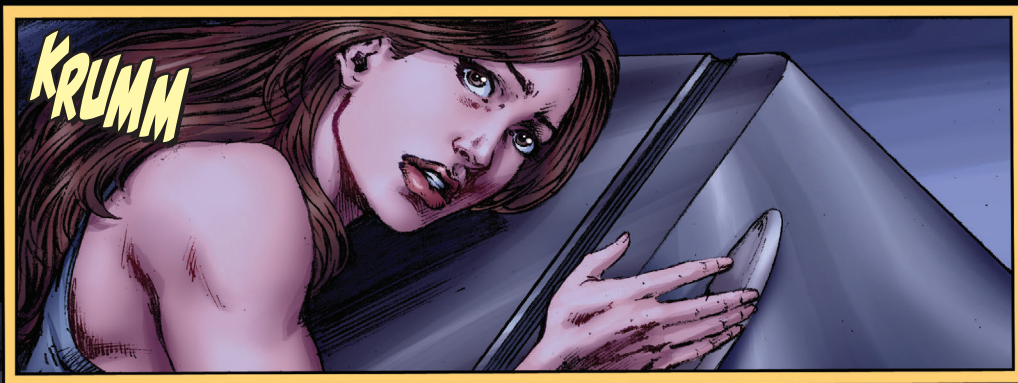
I KNOW. FOR NOW, LET'S GET TWO THINGS DONE, ALL RIGHT?

FIRST, EAT. THEN...

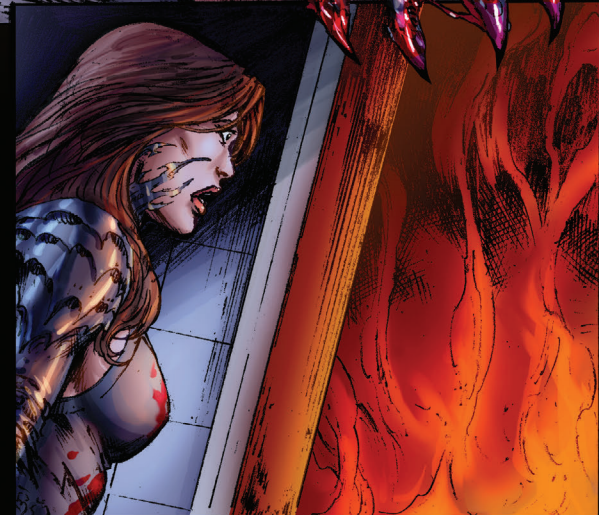


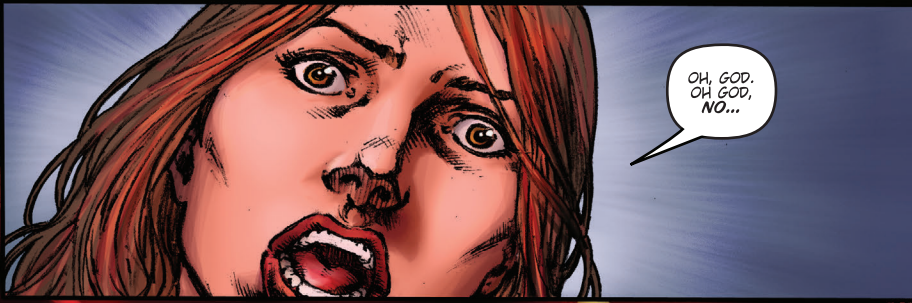
"...LET'S GET SOME DAMN SLEEP."











OH, GOD.
OH, GOD,
NO...



...HOPE.

TO BE CONTINUED...