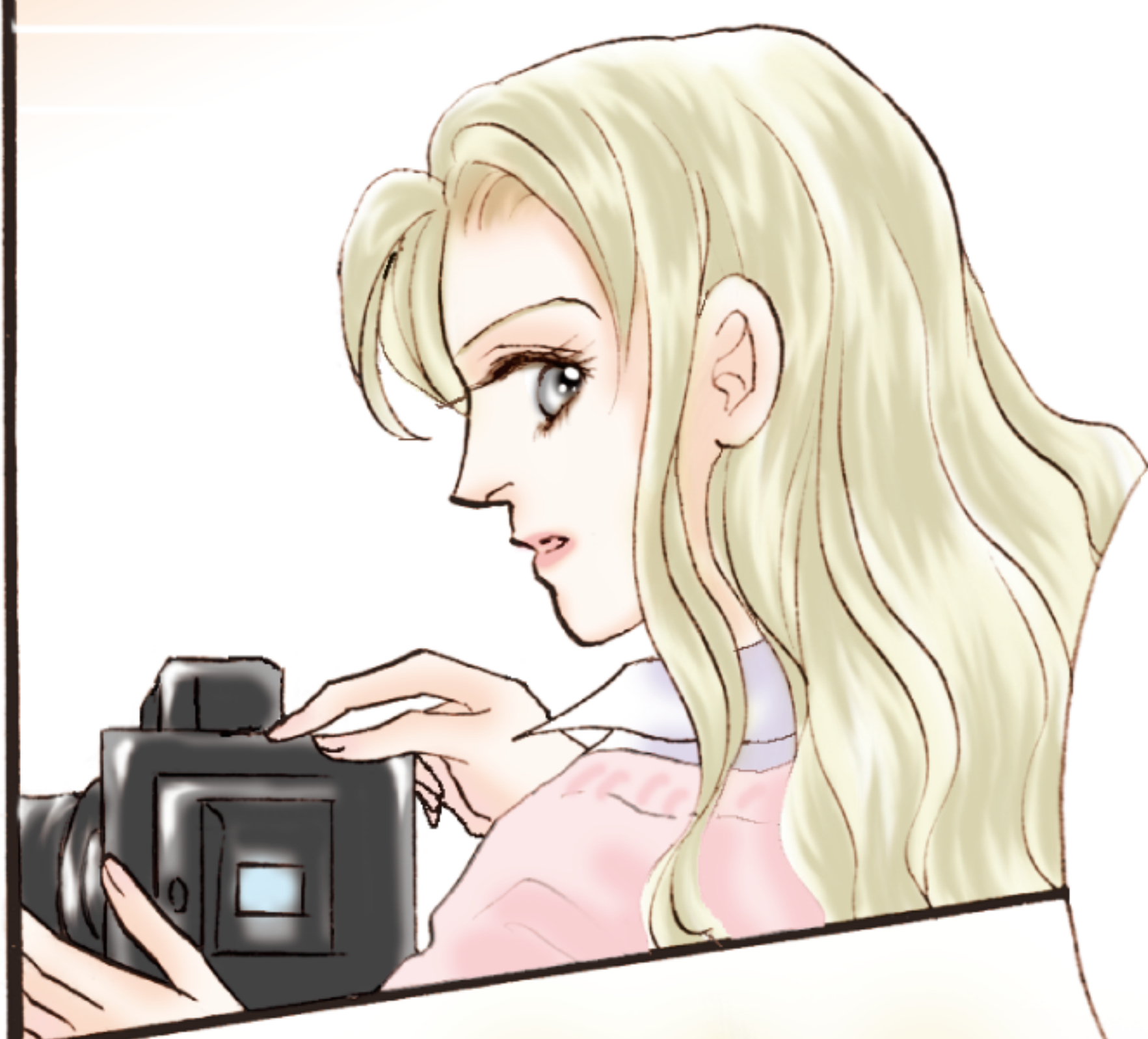


MILAN, ITALY,
A PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO



WHO IS
IN CHARGE
HERE?

SHOVE



ARE YOU IN
CHARGE
OF THIS
SHOOT?

I NEED
TO TALK
TO YOU,

ALONE.

NO ONE'S
ALLOWED IN
HERE WHILE
WE'RE IN THE
MIDDLE OF
A SHOOT.

DO YOU
NEED
SOME-
THING?

WHO
IS HE?

TALK?

SUCH A
FRIGHTENING
EXPRESSION...

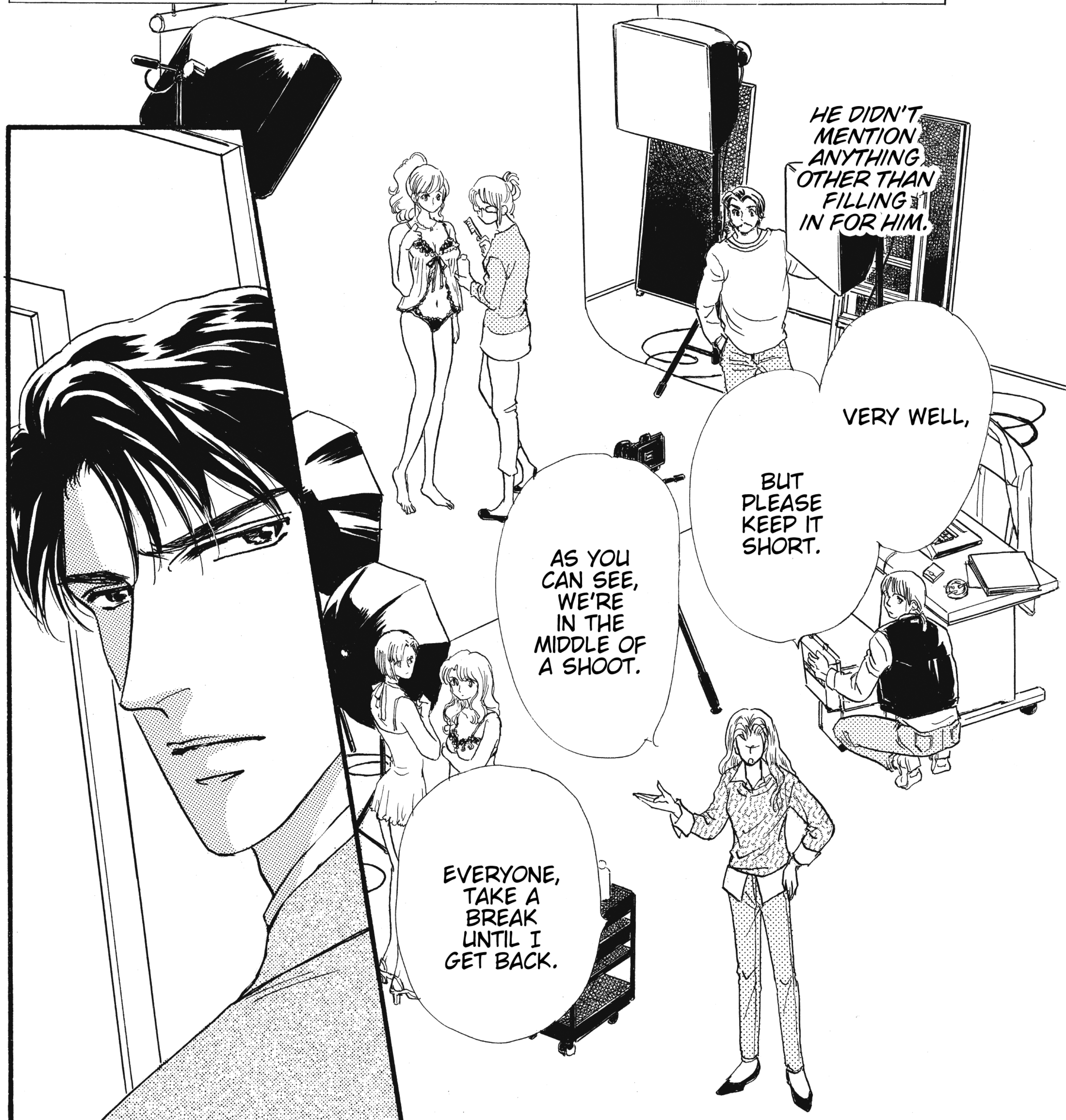
I'M ONLY DOING
THE SHOOT
BECAUSE MY
HALF BROTHER
ASKED ME TO.

"I HAVE TO
FLY TO NEW
YORK FOR
ANOTHER
JOB."

"PLEASE,
LILY!"

"IF YOU'RE
GOING
TO MILAN,
THEN CAN
YOU FILL IN
FOR ME?"

"IT'S A
SHOOT
FOR AN
UNDERWEAR
CATALOG."



HE DIDN'T
MENTION
ANYTHING
OTHER THAN
FILLING IN
FOR HIM.

VERY WELL,

BUT
PLEASE
KEEP IT
SHORT.

AS YOU
CAN SEE,
WE'RE
IN THE
MIDDLE OF
A SHOOT.

EVERYONE,
TAKE A
BREAK
UNTIL I
GET BACK.



PIETRO?

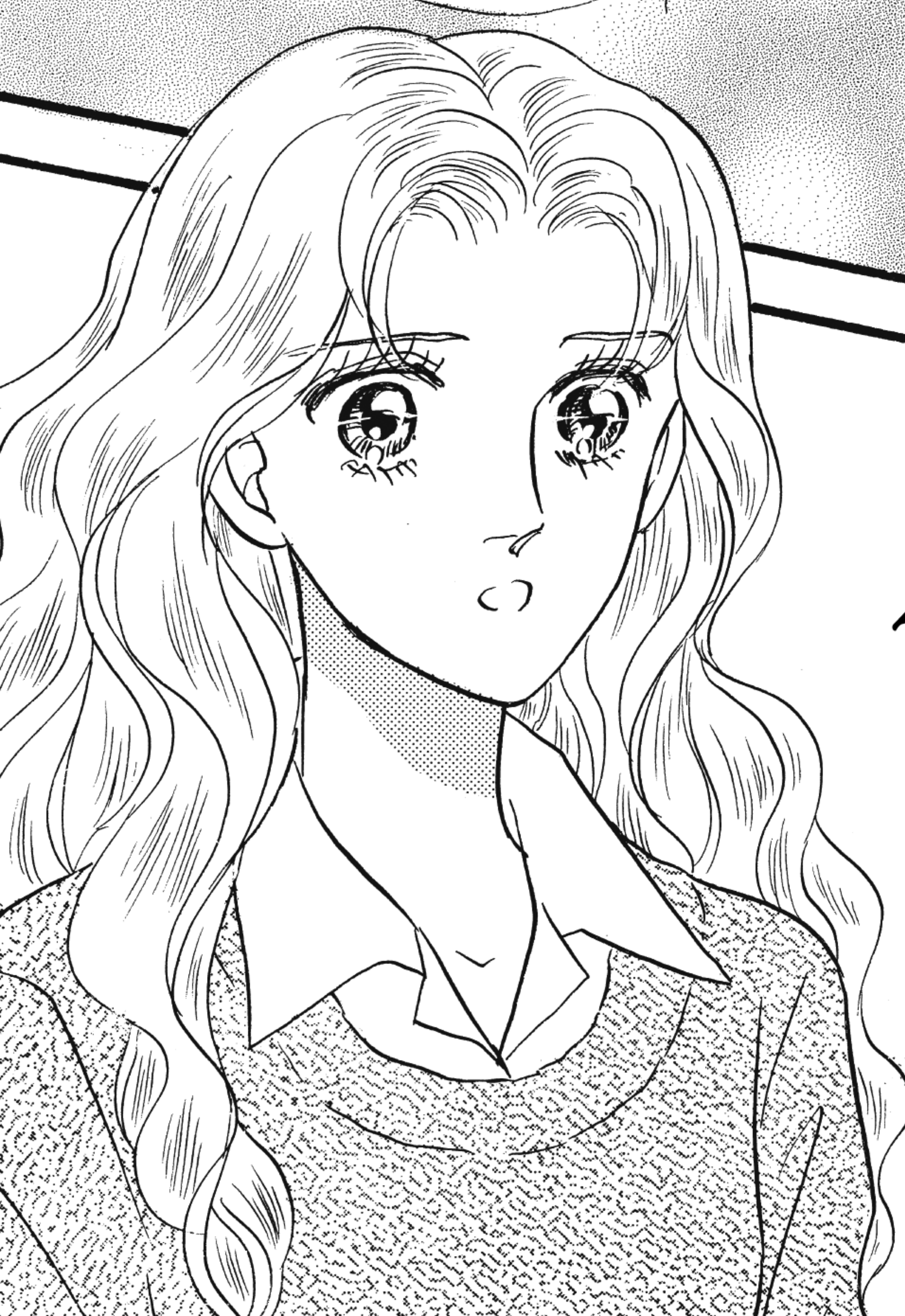
I HEAR
YOU LURED
MY NEPHEW,
PIETRO, INTO
WORKING AS A
MODEL BY
TELLING HIM
HOW GOOD THE
MONEY IS.

SO, WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



IT'S FULL
OF DESPICABLE
PEOPLE WHO DRAG
YOUNG PEOPLE
INTO A WORLD
OF DRUGS AND
PROSTITUTION.

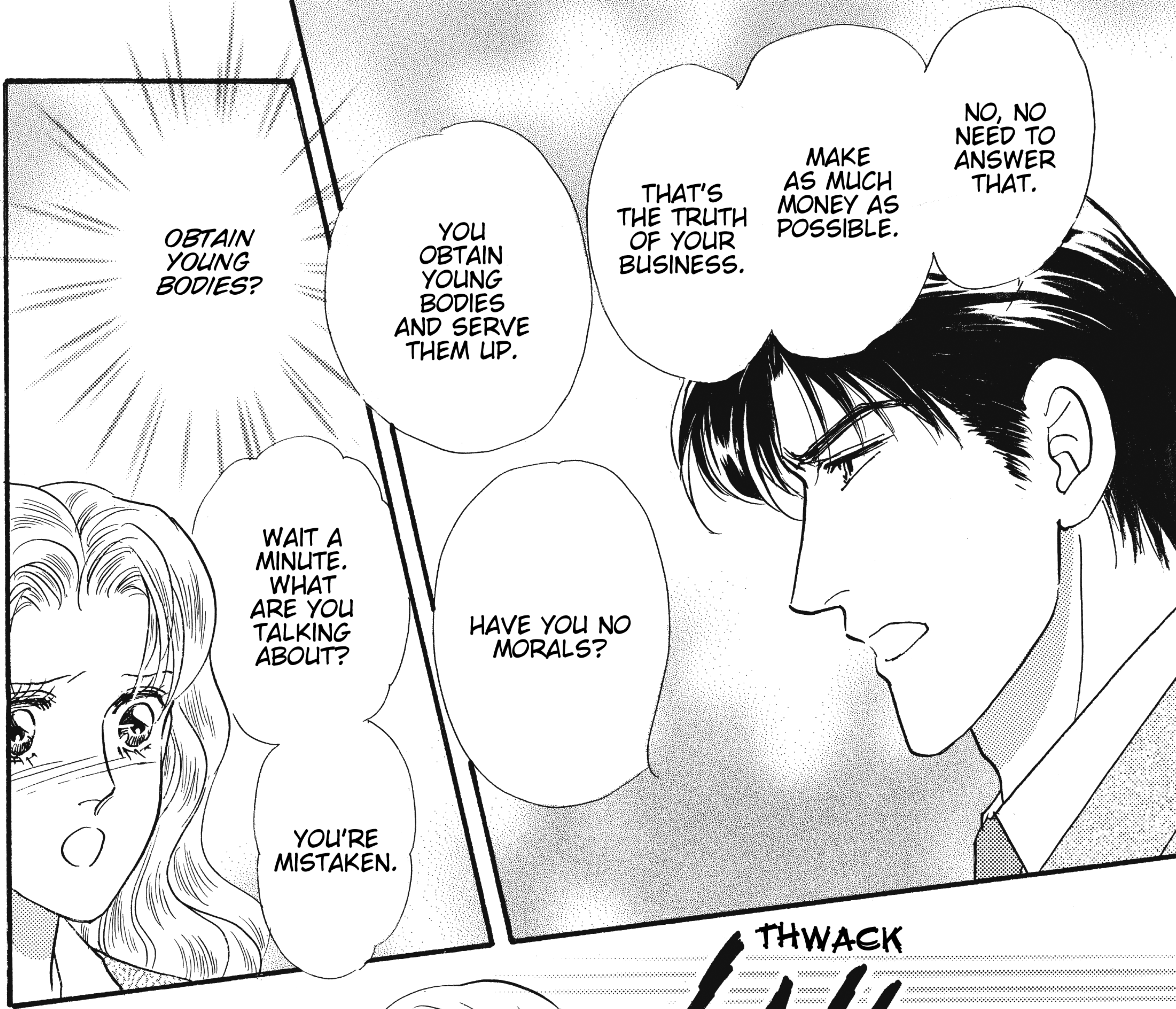
EVEN IF YOU
IGNORE THE
MONEY, AS FAR
AS I KNOW, THE
ENTIRE INDUSTRY
IS ROTTEN.



A PARTY?

DID YOU PLAN
TO TAKE MY
NEPHEW TO
A PARTY AFTER
THE SHOOT...

AND
INTRODUCE
HIM TO THE
VULTURES?



OBTAIN
YOUNG
BODIES?

YOU
OBTAIN
YOUNG
BODIES
AND SERVE
THEM UP.

THAT'S
THE TRUTH
OF YOUR
BUSINESS.

MAKE
AS MUCH
MONEY AS
POSSIBLE.

NO, NO
NEED TO
ANSWER
THAT.

WAIT A
MINUTE.
WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

HAVE YOU NO
MORALS?

YOU'RE
MISTAKEN.

THWACK

!



EXCUSE ME?
THAT'S—

VICTIMS
...?



I DON'T KNOW
HOW MANY
YOUNG PEOPLE
YOU'VE MADE
YOUR VICTIMS,

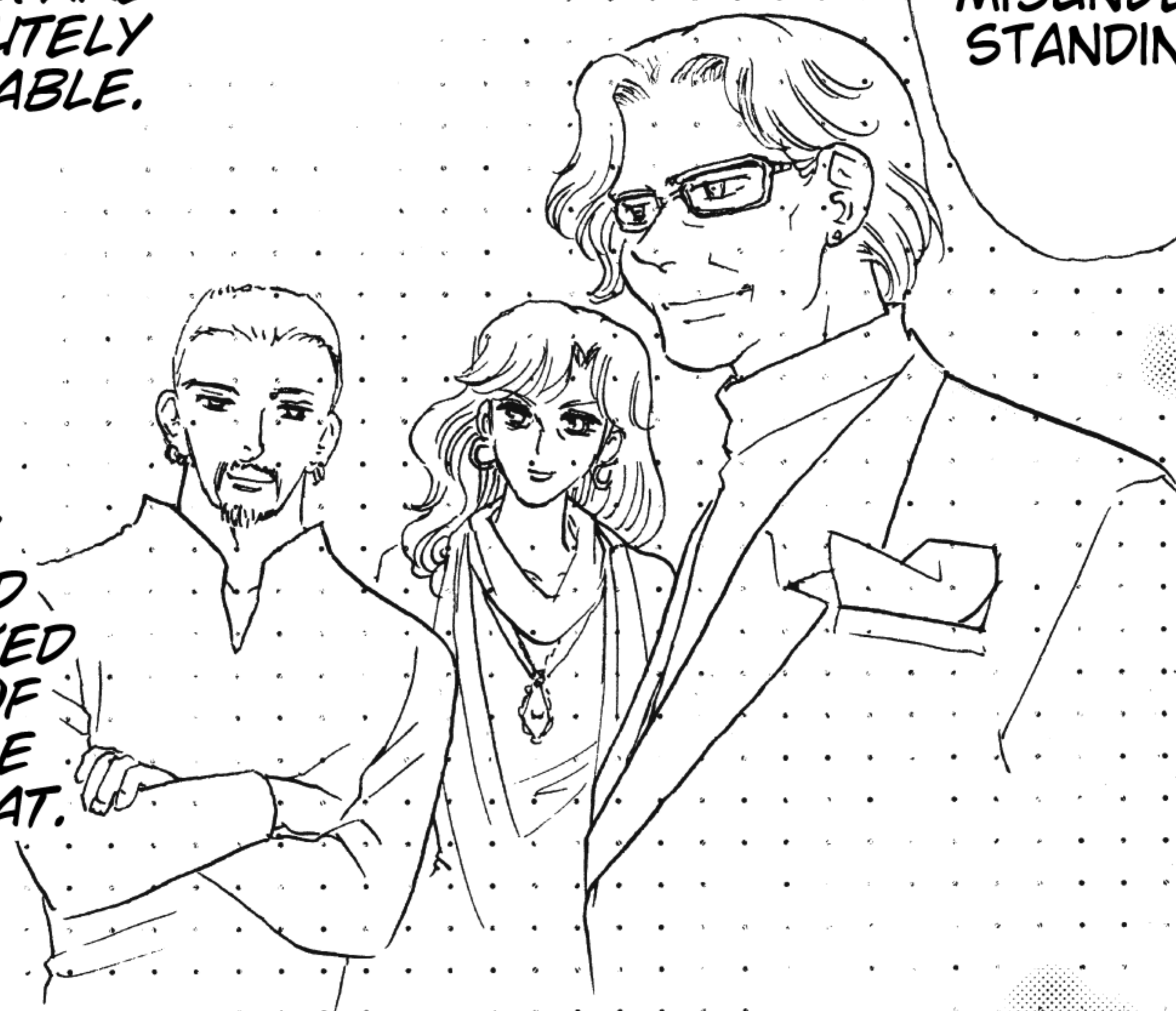
I'M
RETURN-
ING YOUR
MONEY.

BUT I
WON'T LET YOU
DO THAT TO
MY NEPHEW!

IT'S
FASHION WEEK,
SO ALL THE BIG
NAMES OF THE
FASHION WORLD
ARE GATHERED
IN MILAN...

AND OF
COURSE,
I KNOW ALL
TOO WELL
THAT SOME
OF THEM ARE
ABSOLUTELY
DESPICABLE.

THAT
WORLD
IS PACKED
FULL OF
PEOPLE
LIKE THAT.



THERE
MUST
BE SOME
MISUNDER-
STANDING!

EVEN IF RICK
DID INVITE
THIS GUY'S
NEPHEW
TO A PARTY,

HE WOULD
NEVER DO
SOMETHING
THAT
SHAMELESS.





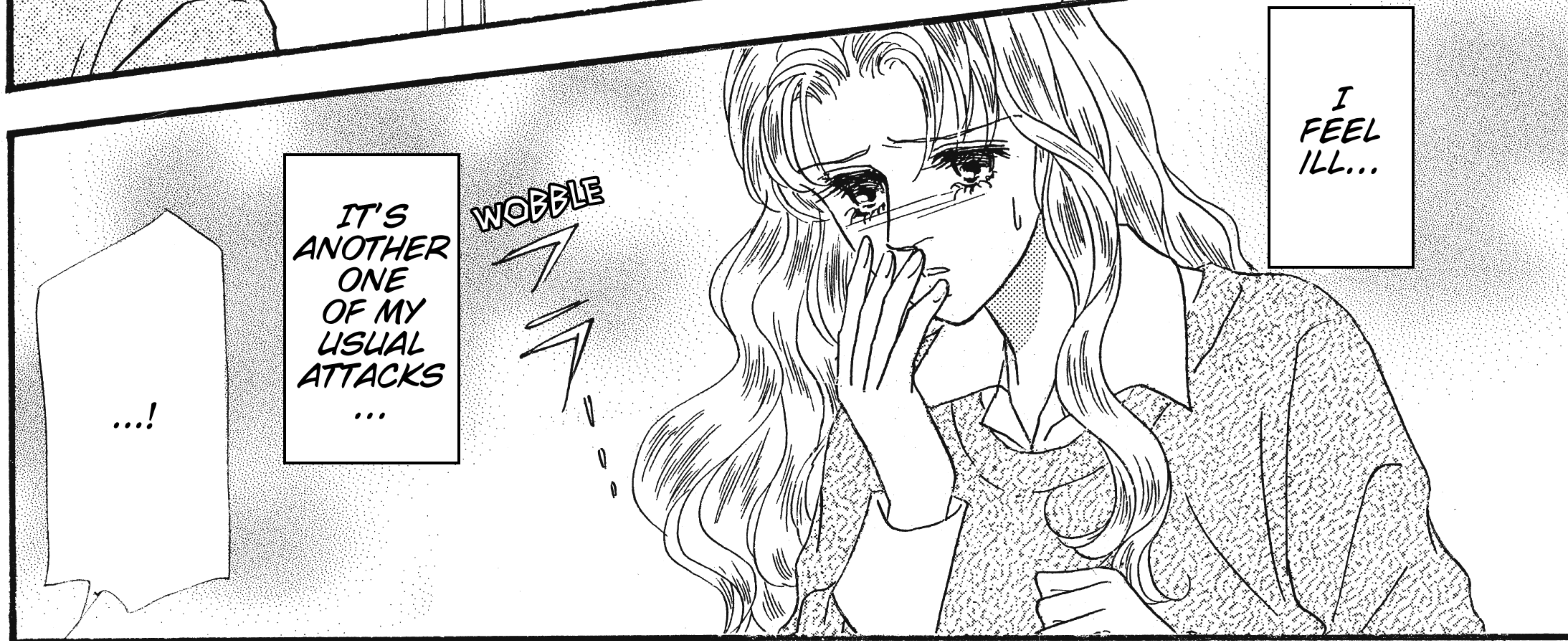
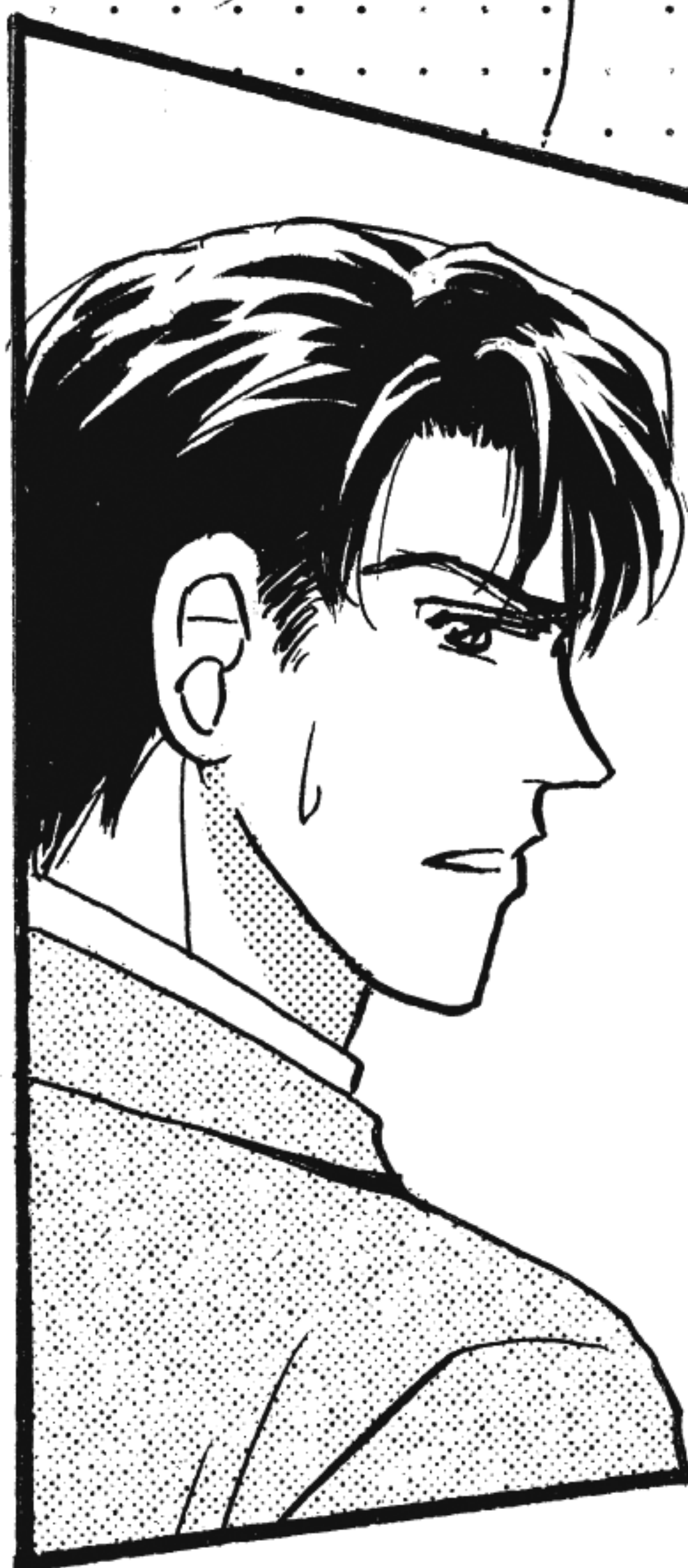
"MY DEAR
LILY."

YEAH,
LIKE
THAT
MAN...

PEOPLE LIKE
YOU MAKE
ME SICK.

SHUDDER

YOU MAY BE
THE SORT
OF BEAUTY
THAT TURNS
MEN'S HEADS,
BUT STILL...



I
FEEL
ILL...

WOBBLE

IT'S
ANOTHER
ONE
OF MY
USUAL
ATTACKS
...

...!



DON'T
TOUCH
M—!

BA-THUMP

GRAB!

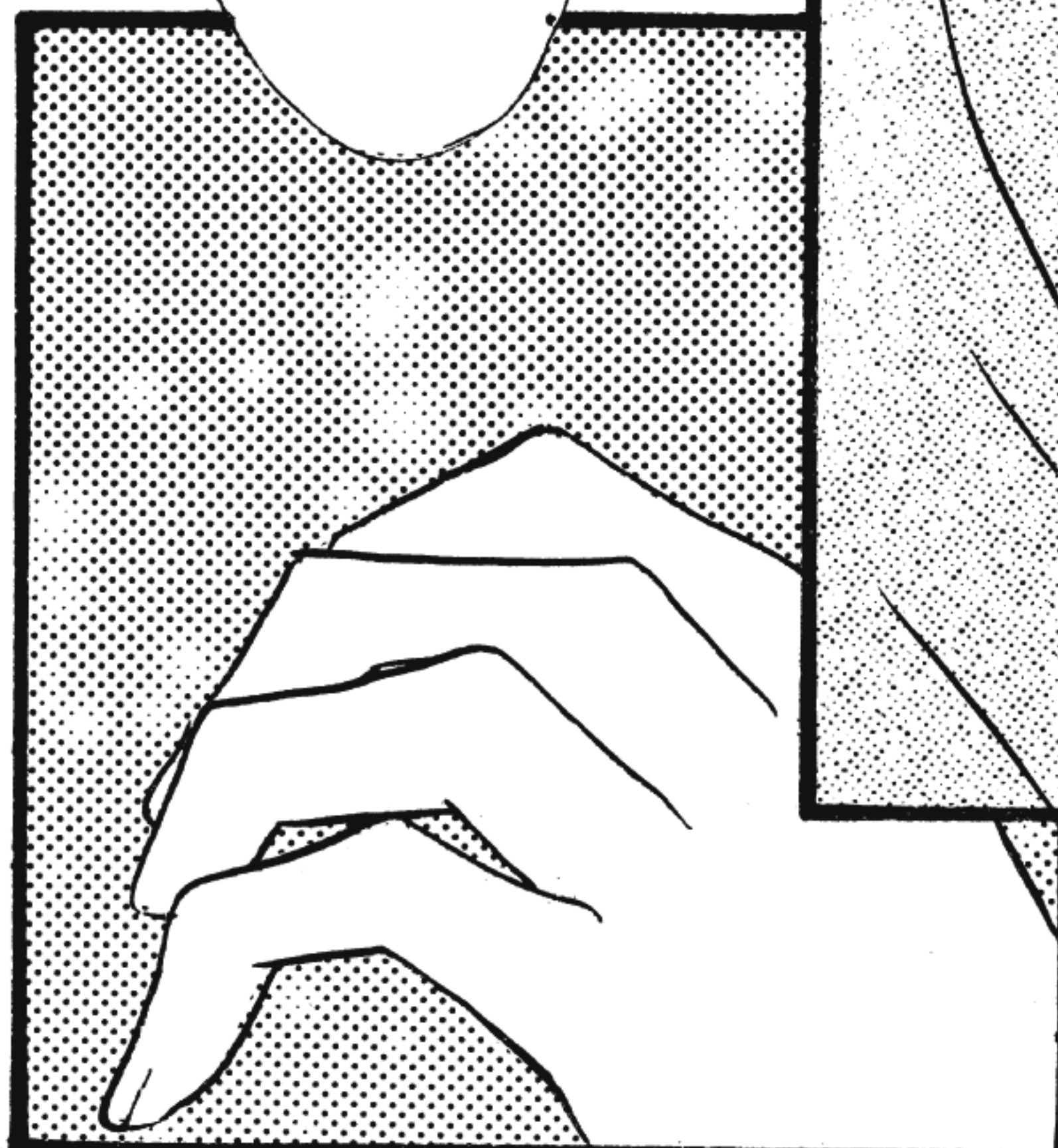
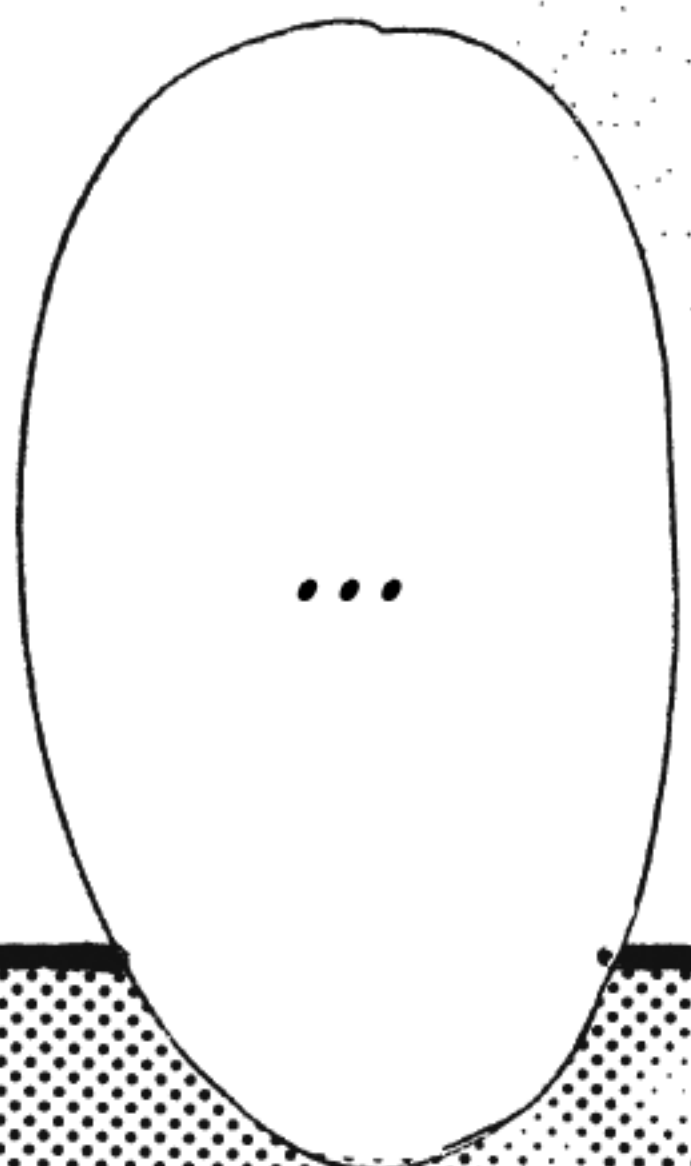
SQUEEZE

TREMBLE
TREMBLE

LARGE,
WARM
HANDS.

THE
FRESH
SCENT
OF HIS
COLOGNE.





*IT FEELS
GOOD...*

*I'VE STOPPED
SHAKING.*

TH-THANK
YOU.



NOW
LET GO.

GASP

