

DYNAMITE
12
SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS

JENNIFER BLOOD™



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JENNIFER BLOOD



— Howard —
Vinicius
Andrade

JENNIFER BLOOD™

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FRIDAY

WHAT
THE
FUCK

Excellent question.

12: DID YOU SEE ME COMING











A DUD?

MORE
USEFUL THAN
THE REAL THING,
SOMETIMES.

I HOPE YOU
REALIZE I WASN'T
REALLY GOING TO
SHOOT THROUGH
THEM...

YOU
WEREN'T,
HUH?

LEG SHOTS.
A HOLLOW POINT
IN THE THIGH WOULD
TEAR THE ARTERY
WIDE OPEN--DEAD
IN SECONDS.

THE CHILDREN
MIGHT HAVE HAD
A BIT OF A **BUMP**,
BUT I DOUBT THEY'D
HAVE COME TO
HARM...

UNLESS THEY
FELL ON THEIR
HEADS.

AND HOW
DID YOU KNOW MY
EX-WIFE WOULDN'T
START SHOOTING THE
SECOND SHE SAW
THE **GRENADE**?

IT WAS A
CALCULATED
RISK--

REALLY?
HOW ABOUT
WHEN YOU KILLED
MY DAUGHTER?

YOU
CALCULATE
THAT RISK?










Do I feel guilty about that?

No. I've given up guilt.
It doesn't achieve anything.


I was staring down the barrel of a gun,
and in the heat of the moment I made
an empty threat. A bluff.

Because I had the strength
to do that, my children still have
a mother. And let's face it,
they're what matters.



I wonder how they're doing?

--RIDING A
SKELETON HORSE!
SEVEN SERPENTS
COILED ABOUT
EACH POISON
TEAT!



JENNIFER BLOOD!!
MOTHERLESS BITCH
OF THE DEATH REALM--
NIGHT QUEEN OF THE
ACID NEBULA!!

I KNOW YOU
NOW--AND I WILL
FUCK YOUR SHIT UP
WITH THE PURE ULTRA
CHI OF MY INFINITE
SPACE COBRA
STRIKE!!

BRING IT,
SHE-FIEND!! BRING
IT TO MY YARD OF
ULTIMATE DEATH!!



--CILLA--

RRRAAAAAHHH!

I've never had a world-famous celebrity fire an Uzi at me before.

Never mind two. For a second there I really did feel like I was starring in major motion picture.

Of course, if this was a movie, she'd have probably hit me.

And she definitely wouldn't have used up all of her ammunition in about a second and a half.

FUCK--

That's why I don't go to full auto myself if I can help it.



One bullet's enough.



It's a shame I don't still have those posters of her, really.

I imagine they're worth quite a bit more now.







...YOU JUST LEFT THEM THERE?

I COULD HEAR SIRENS ON THE WAY--I'M SURE THEY WERE FINE. I MIGHT CHECK THE NEWS LATER.

SHTILL, THAT'SH KIND OF... I DUNNO...

I DON'T THINK YOU WANT TO START LECTURING ME ON MORAL CHOICES, JACK. NOT WITH YOUR HISTORY.



ANYWAY, WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO? HAND THEM OVER TO THE POLICE?

"IT'S LIKE THIS, OFFICER--I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE GUN SHOW WHEN I SAW ALL THREE OF THEM HAVING THE MOST ENORMOUS TANTRUM--"

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THE COPSH, ANYWAY?



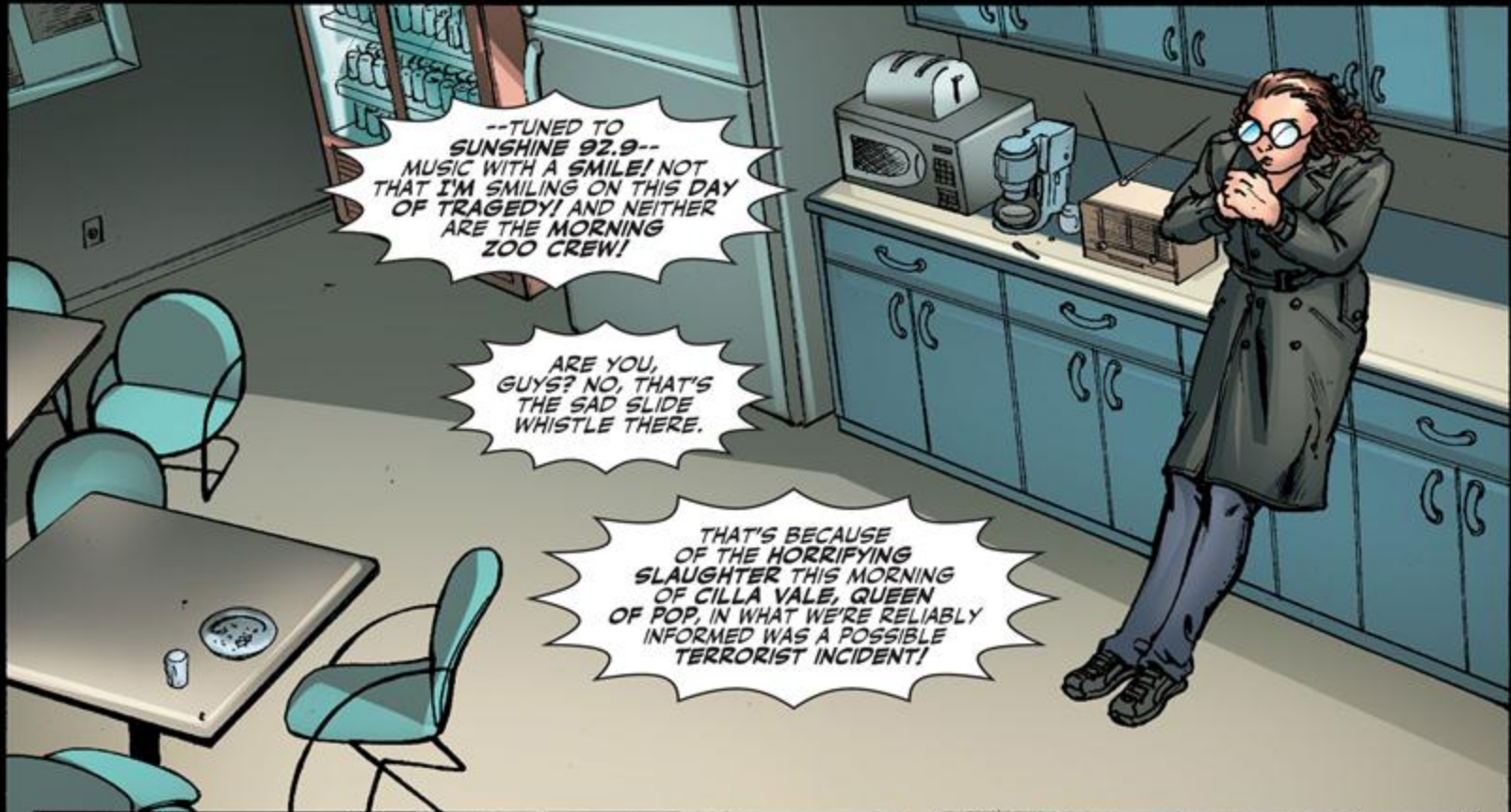
I MEAN, WE KNOW THOSE WERE BAD GUYSH, BUT THE COPSH WILL THINK YOU'RE SHOME KIND OF... OF PSHYCHO...

OH, I WOULDN'T WORRY. I'VE GOT A PLAN TO SOLVE THAT LITTLE PROBLEM.

YOU'RE A BIG PART OF IT, AS A MATTER OF FACT.



...I AM?



--TUNED TO
SUNSHINE 92.9--
MUSIC WITH A SMILE! NOT
THAT I'M SMILING ON THIS DAY
OF TRAGEDY! AND NEITHER
ARE THE MORNING
ZOO CREW!

ARE YOU,
GUYS? NO, THAT'S
THE SAD SLIDE
WHISTLE THERE.

THAT'S BECAUSE
OF THE HORRIFYING
SLAUGHTER THIS MORNING
OF CILLA VALE, QUEEN
OF POP, IN WHAT WE'RE RELIABLY
INFORMED WAS A POSSIBLE
TERRORIST INCIDENT!



WELL, THEY CAN
TAKE OUR FREEDOM
BUT THEY'LL NEVER TAKE
THE MUSIC HERE ON
SUNSHINE 92.9, SO WITHOUT
FURTHER ADO--

YEAH,
SPEAKING.

RIGHT--BLACK
WITH VELCRO, THE KIND
STRIPPERS USE. YOU SAID YOU'D
SOLD SOME IN RED, BUT--



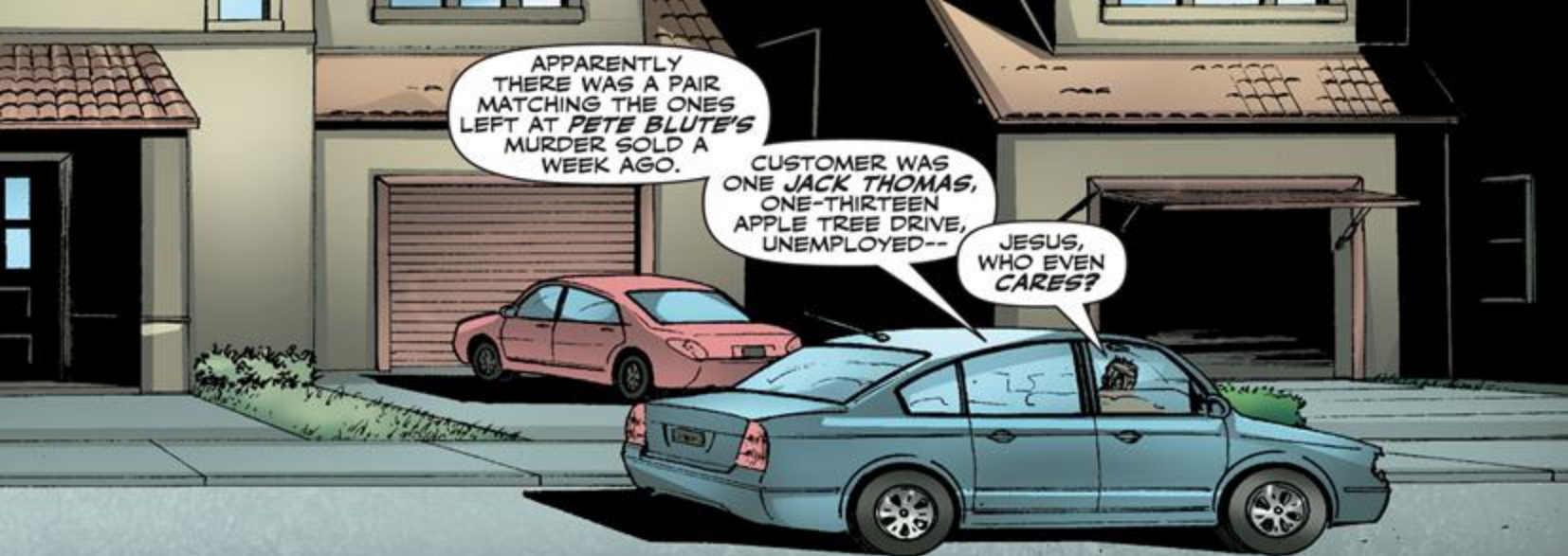
--LET'S WEEP OVER
THIS FALLEN STAR'S BULLET-
RAVAGED FACE WITH HER 1993
SMASH HIT, "FILTHY FINGERS
IN MY MIMSY"--

REALLY?
...AND THE GUY
USED A CREDIT
CARD?



...THE
STRIPPER
PANTS AGAIN?
SERIOUSLY?

VITAL
EVIDENCE,
FULSOM.



APPARENTLY
THERE WAS A PAIR
MATCHING THE ONES
LEFT AT PETE BLUTE'S
MURDER SOLD A
WEEK AGO.

CUSTOMER WAS
ONE JACK THOMAS,
ONE-THIRTEEN
APPLE TREE DRIVE,
UNEMPLOYED--

JESUS,
WHO EVEN
CARES?



IT'S A LEAD,
FULSOM.

BULLSHIT!
THE OSHIRO MURDER
WAS A LEAD! MASON
BUWICK'S FUCKING
BULLET-RIDDEN CORPSE
IS A FUCKING LEAD--

WELL, HARRISON
DOESN'T SEEM TO THINK
SO, SO WE'RE STUCK WITH
THE STRIPPER PANTS...



FUCK...YOU KNOW,
IF THAT STAT'S-FUCKING
ASSHOLE TOOK THIS
SHIT **SERIOUSLY**, WE'D
HAVE A **REAL TEAM**
WORKING ON THIS.

LIKE WITH
DAILY BRIEFINGS
AND A WHITEBOARD
AND ALL THAT
STUFF...

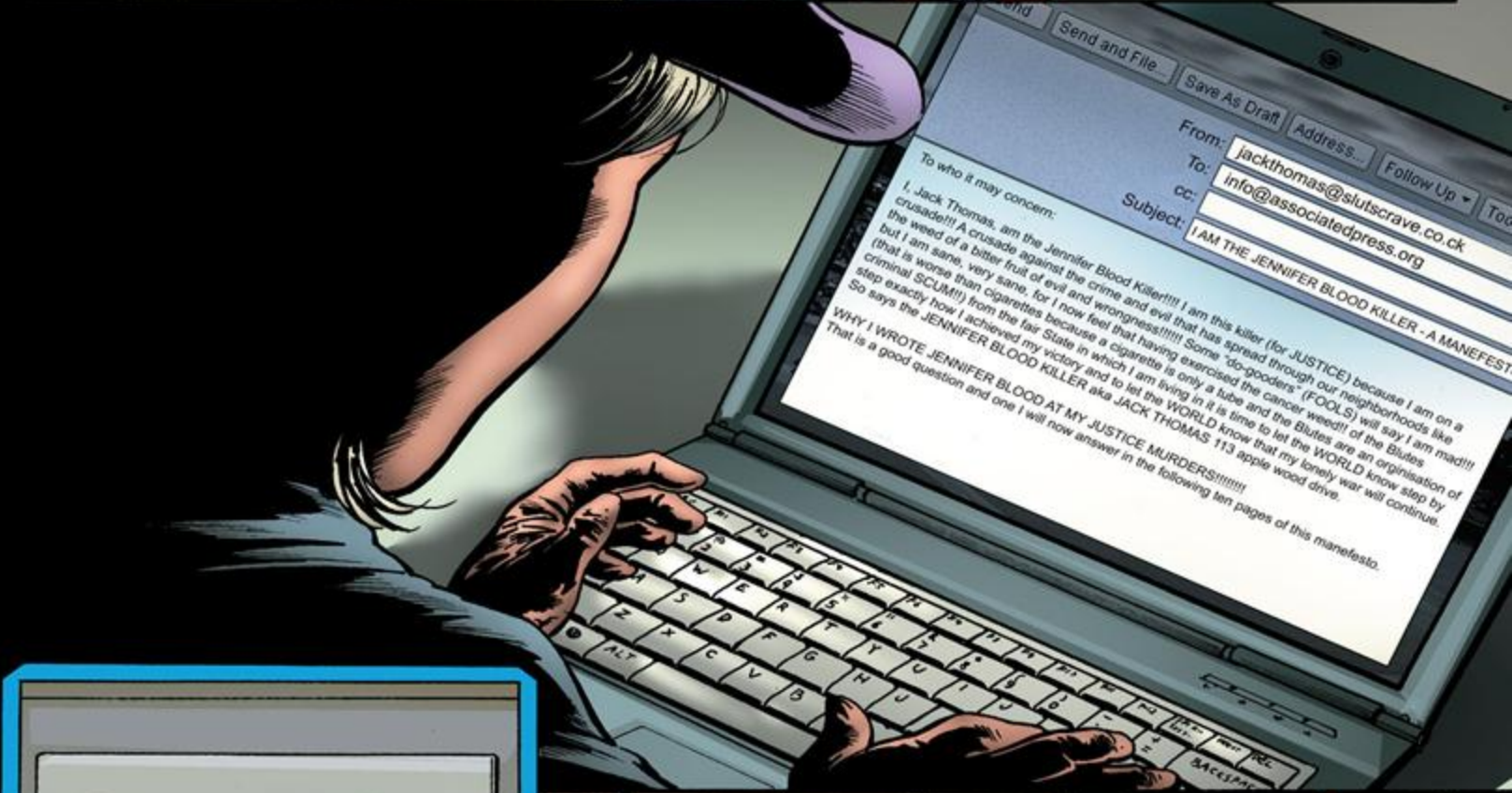
WE'RE A
REAL TEAM,
MIKE.



...YEAH?

FUCK YEAH.
YOU KNOW ANYONE
ELSE WHO'D PUT
UP WITH YOUR
SHIT?

C'MON, LET'S
GO FUCK UP THIS
GUY'S DAY.



...SO HOW
COME WE'RE
FINDING OUT
ABOUT THIS NOW?
DIDN'T YOU TALK
TO THAT STORE
ALREADY?



THEY THOUGHT
THE PANTS WERE RED--
TURNS OUT SOMEONE
JUST PUT THE WRONG
BARCODE ON 'EM.

THEY DID A
STOCK CHECK
YESTERDAY, REALIZED
THEIR MISTAKE--
SOMEONE REMEMBERED
ME ASKING.

LUCKY FOR
US--COME ON,
ASSHOLE! OPEN
UP! POLICE!--

--THAT FUCK
HARRISON'S ABOUT
READY TO THROW US
TO THE WOLVES--

YEAH...



...IT'S
PRETTY NICE
TIMING, ALL
RIGHT.



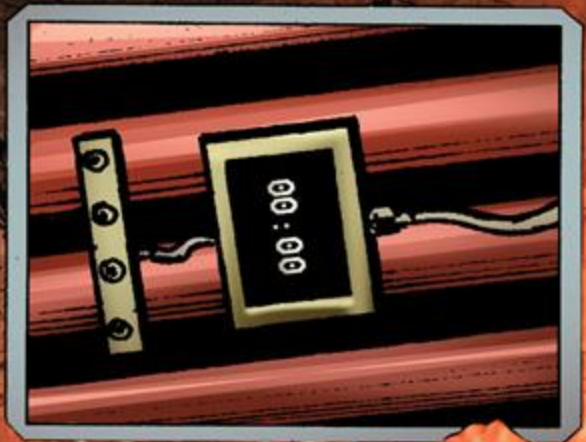
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DON'T MAKE
ME BREAK THIS
DOWN, YOU
FUCK--









This wasn't what I wanted.





But if I'm being honest, there was always the chance someone would get caught in the blast.


And let's face it, it could have been a lot worse than the detectives assigned to investigate me.



It'll look like Jack - aka the Jennifer Blood Killer - was putting together some explosives and made a mistake. These things happen.

The body in the freezer should still be intact; that and my little press release should make a good case for the prosecution.


At the very least, it'll be a nice false trail for everyone to follow.



In fact, the more I go over it, the more I'm satisfied with how things turned out. My secrets are safe. My life is intact.

The situation was a little out of control for a while there, but in the end I think I handled it beautifully.

Do I feel guilty?



No, I don't.

I've given up guilt.

And at long, long last...



HELLO?
POLICE?

SOMETHING
TERRIBLE'S
HAPPENED...

...I've given up Jennifer Blood.

TO BE CONTINUED