



KRAVEN MEANS YOU NO HARM.



ALL DUE RESPECT, HUNTER-- BUT BUYING A LINE LIKE THAT USUALLY ENDS UP WITH YOU WEARING MY KIND AS A COAT.

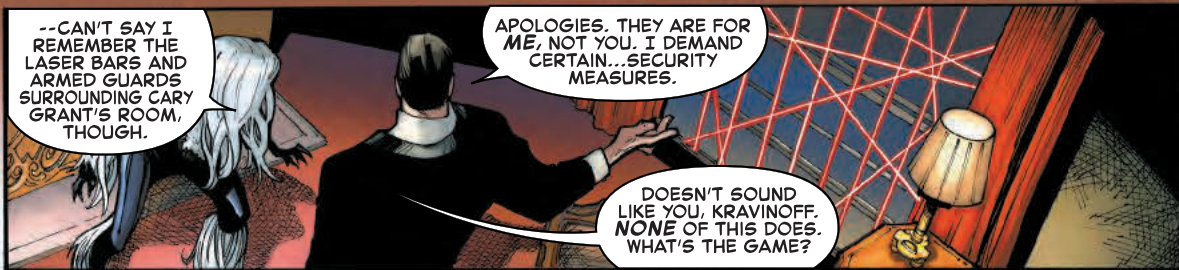
YOU OFFEND ME, MS. HARDY.

THE KID WOULD ACTUALLY MAKE FOR SOME NICE BOOTS, I'LL ADMIT.



HAVE I NOT DEMONSTRATED MY NOBLE INTENTIONS? ARE THE ACCOMODATIONS NOT TO YOUR LIKING?

YOU KIDDING? YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MANY TIMES I'VE SEEN NORTH BY NORTHWEST--



--CAN'T SAY I REMEMBER THE LASER BARS AND ARMED GUARDS SURROUNDING CARY GRANT'S ROOM, THOUGH.

APOLOGIES. THEY ARE FOR ME, NOT YOU. I DEMAND CERTAIN... SECURITY MEASURES.

DOESN'T SOUND LIKE YOU, KRAVINOFF. NONE OF THIS DOES. WHAT'S THE GAME?



?SIGH?
YOU CALLED ME "HUNTER" BEFORE, AND I HAVE CARRIED THAT TITLE ALL THROUGH MY LIFE WITH GREAT PRIDE.

BUT IT IS ALSO MY CURSE. I SEE THE WEAKNESS IN ALL THINGS, AND I DESPISE THAT WEAKNESS. SO I SNUFF IT OUT.



IN YOU, I SAW THE WEAKNESS IN YOUR PETTY DESIRES, YOUR AVARICE.

CAN'T A GIRL LIKE NICE THINGS?

BUT IN HIM--

WAIT-- HIM?



IN HIM--THE TWO OF YOU ARE HIS GREAT WEAKNESS.



A WOMAN HE ONCE LOVED--

--AND A CHILD HE SO DESPERATELY WANTS TO SAVE, SUCH A NOBLE CREATURE, THE SPIDER. ISN'T HE?



NO, NO, NO--

YOU'RE USING ME AS BAIT?! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW INSULTING THAT IS?! HOW INFURIATING THAT IS?!

WELL, GOOD LUCK, BUDDY. BECAUSE IF HE DOESN'T KILL YOU, I WILL. THEN AGAIN, YOU'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO BEAT HIM BEFORE, SO I PROBABLY WON'T GET SO LUCKY--



HH. YOU MISUNDERSTAND, CAT--

"--I AM NOT THE ONE HUNTING HIM THIS TIME."

DEAD END.

IF FELICIA AND BILLY WERE HERE, THEY'RE NOT ANYMORE.

SOMEONE MUST HAVE MOVED THEM, OR, THE POSSIBILITY I CAN'T REALLY CONSIDER--



--I'M TOO LATE.



DEATH. BEEN SO MUCH OF THAT LATELY. LOSING FLASH...

...LOSING NED ALL OVER AGAIN... AND I JUST CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING MORE IS COMING.

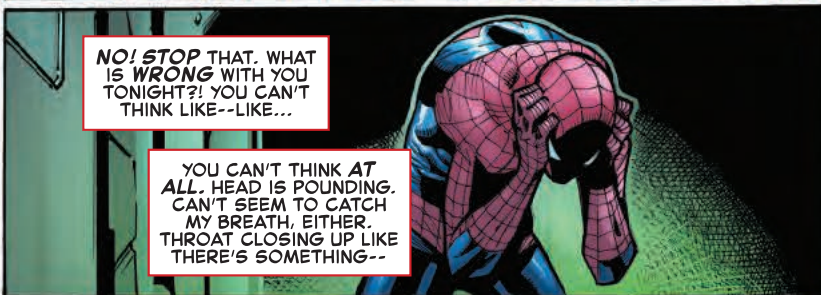


THAT SOMETHING TRULY TERRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN. TO SOMEONE EVEN CLOSER TO ME. SOMEONE LIKE--



NO! STOP THAT. WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU TONIGHT?! YOU CAN'T THINK LIKE--LIKE...

YOU CAN'T THINK AT ALL. HEAD IS POUNDING. CAN'T SEEM TO CATCH MY BREATH, EITHER. THROAT CLOSING UP LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING--





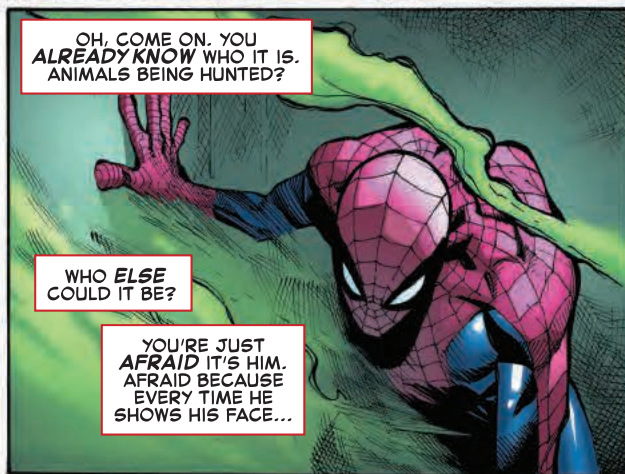
--IN THE AIR.

THAT...DOESN'T LOOK GOOD. SOME KIND OF CHEMICAL GETTING PUMPED IN...



NICE ONE, PARKER. YOU WALKED YOURSELF STRAIGHT INTO A TRAP.

HOW DID YOU NOT SEE THAT COMING?! WHOEVER THIS IS...



OH, COME ON. YOU ALREADY KNOW WHO IT IS. ANIMALS BEING HUNTED?

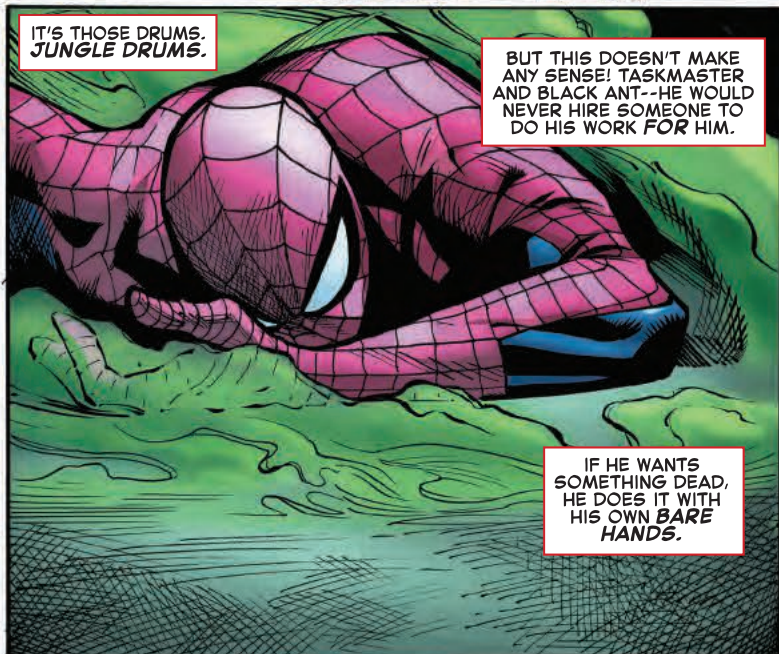
WHO ELSE COULD IT BE?

YOU'RE JUST AFRAID IT'S HIM. AFRAID BECAUSE EVERY TIME HE SHOWS HIS FACE...



...MORE DEATH. AND IT'S NOT JUST THE GAS POINTING TO HIM...

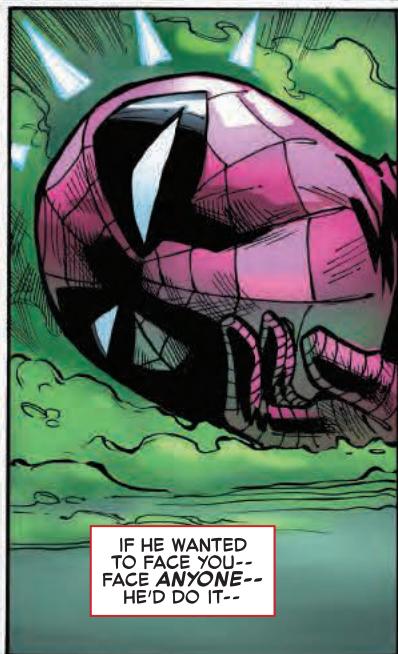
THAT POUNDING IN YOUR HEAD? SO LOUD YOU CAN'T THINK? YOU'VE HEARD IT BEFORE--



IT'S THOSE DRUMS. JUNGLE DRUMS.

BUT THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE! TASKMASTER AND BLACK ANT--HE WOULD NEVER HIRE SOMEONE TO DO HIS WORK FOR HIM.

IF HE WANTS SOMETHING DEAD, HE DOES IT WITH HIS OWN BARE HANDS.



IF HE WANTED TO FACE YOU--FACE ANYONE--HE'D DO IT--



--IN THE
FLESH.

KRAVEN?

IT LOOKS *JUST*
LIKE HIM, BUT
SOMEHOW
YOUNGER.
BIGGER, MAYBE--

SPIDER.



DEFINITELY
FASTER.