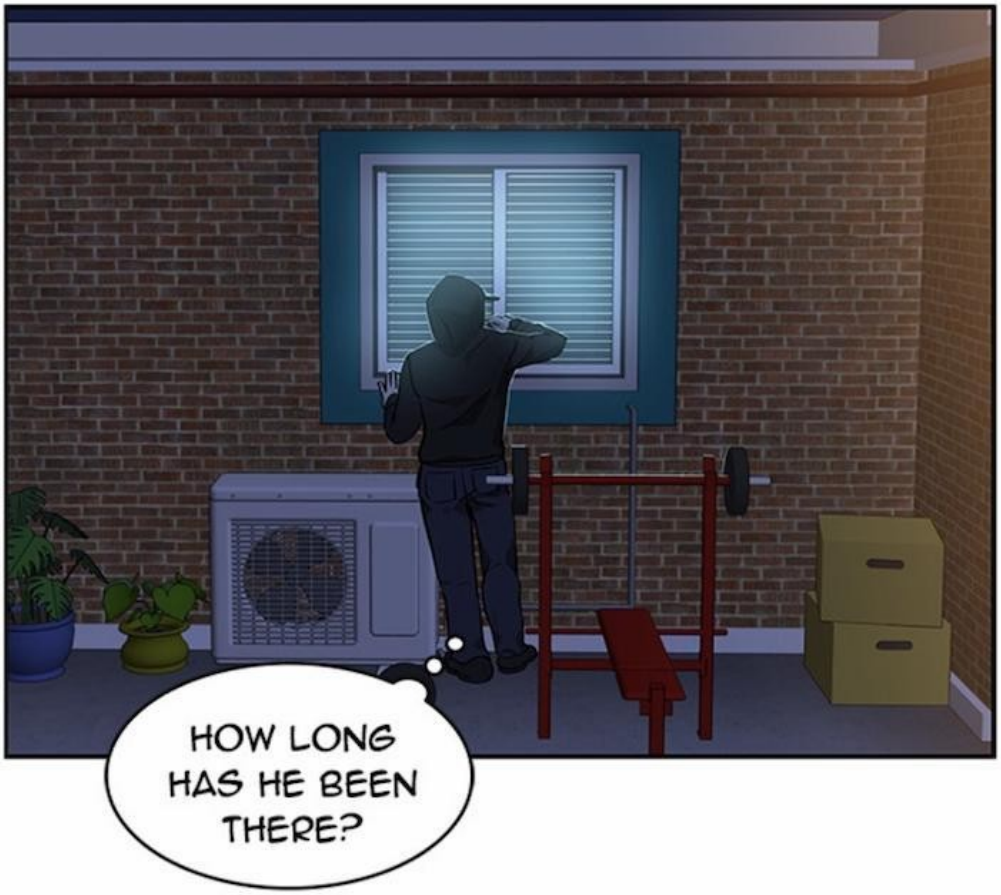
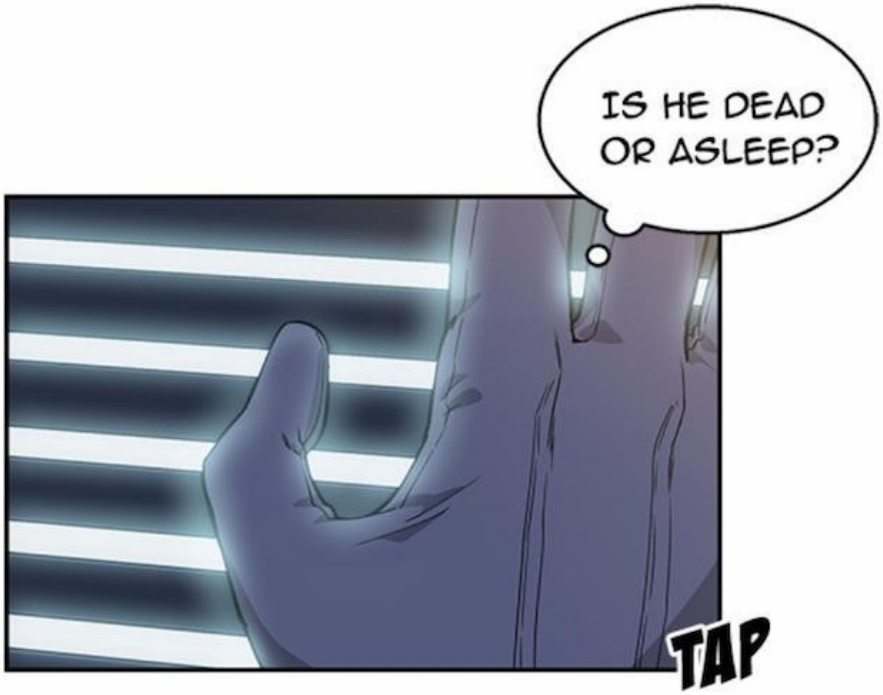
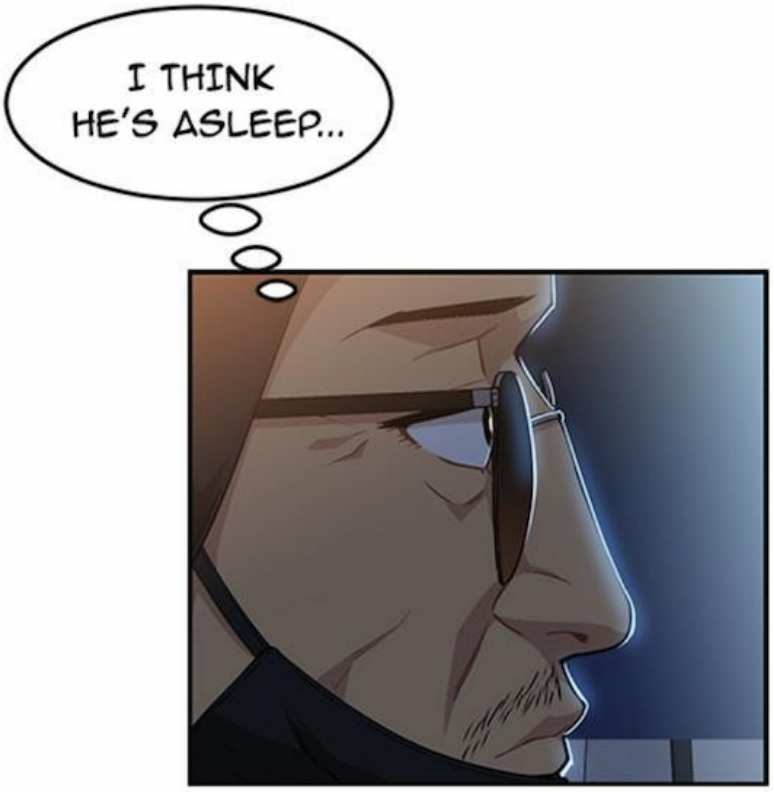

HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN THERE?


IS HE DEAD OR ASLEEP?
TAP


I THINK
HE'S ASLEEP...

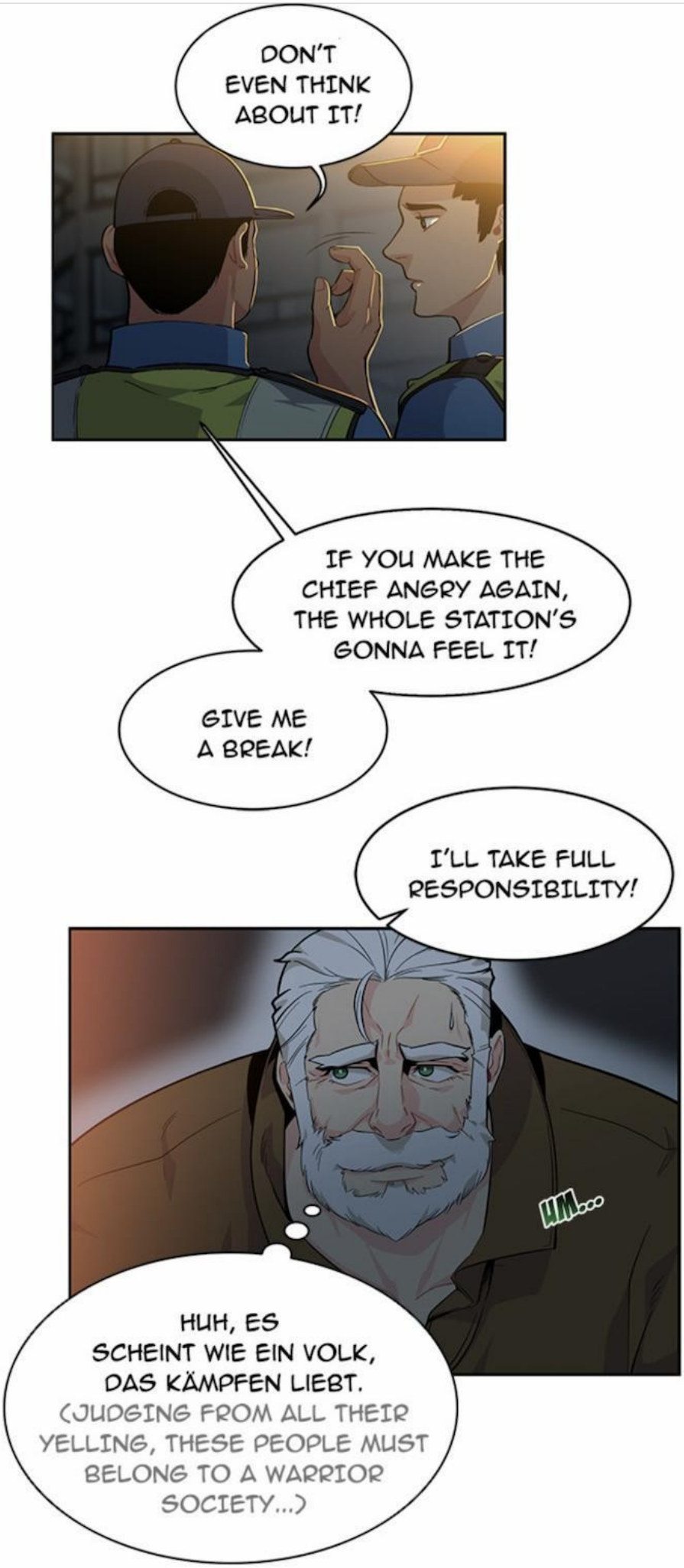
WELL,
WELL...

WHAT A TREAT~
SMIRK

CLINK
CLINK

SCREECH
POLICE
POLICE

BUT SIR, I CAN DO THIS...!


DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!
IF YOU MAKE THE CHIEF ANGRY AGAIN, THE WHOLE STATION'S GONNA FEEL IT!
GIVE ME A BREAK!
I'LL TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY!
UM...
HUH, ES SCHEINT WIE EIN VOLK, DAS KÄMPFEN LIEBT. (JUDGING FROM ALL THEIR YELLING, THESE PEOPLE MUST BELONG TO A WARRIOR SOCIETY...)

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'RE JUST A ROOKIE!!

WEIßT DU, WARUM HAST DU MICH WIEDER IN DIESES HAUS GEBRACHT?
(EXCUSE ME, WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME BACK TO THIS HOUSE?)
SCRATCH
SCRATCH

BY THE WAY, DO YOU KNOW WHAT LANGUAGE THIS GUY'S SPEAKING?

I DUNNO... IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE ENGLISH...

THEN HOW WERE YOU PLANNING ON INVESTIGATING THIS CASE?

...INVESTIGATE?
CLICK
WELL...
HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE KNOWS ANY KOREAN, SO I'M PRETTY SURE HE HAS NO IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON.

LET'S JUST IGNORE ANY CALLS THAT COME IN FROM THAT NUMBER FOR A WHILE, OKAY?
IT WAS ON THE ROOFTOP, RIGHT? YOU TAKE HIM. I DON'T WANNA CLIMB UP THERE.
...SHIT, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO BREAK IN.

Liebling!

By @Kimnuruk

...IS THIS THE ITEM YOU SPOKE OF?

AH, BISHOP SIGMUND!
GRAB

A-ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TOUCHING IT LIKE THAT?
IT DOESN'T MATTER.
THIS TABLET IS SIMPLY A MEDIUM TO TRANSFER THE SPELL ONTO ITS TARGET.

JUDGING FROM THESE BLOODSTAINS,
IT LOOKS LIKE THIS WAS THE WORK OF THE "NIGHT WATCHERS"

THE NIGHT WATCHERS?
THEY ARE A BLACK MAGIC CULT THAT OPERATES AROUND LUXEMBOURG.
I DO WONDER WHY THEY MADE THEIR WAY TO GERMANY...
THEY ARE FAMOUS FOR THEIR USE OF HUMAN BLOOD TO CAST POWERFUL, SEXUAL CURSES.

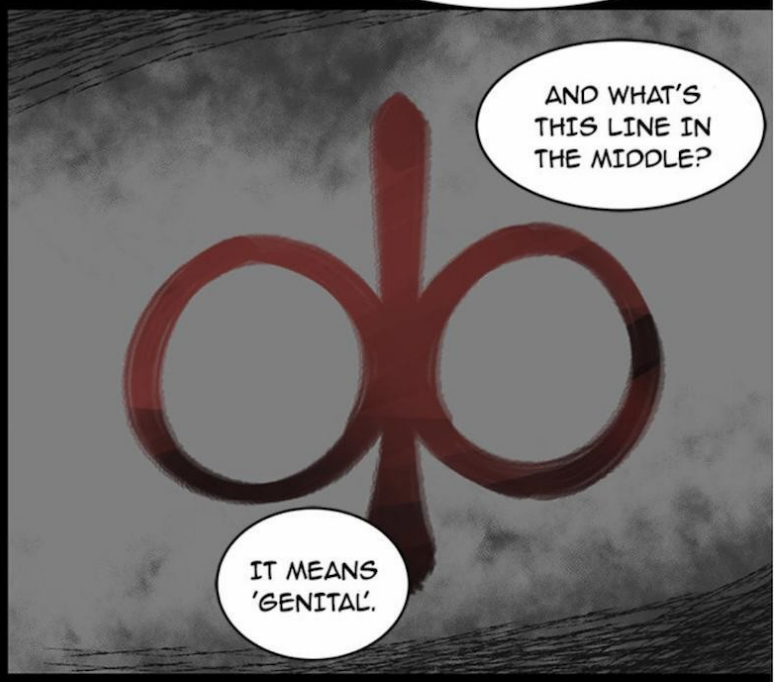
HOWEVER...

THIS IS QUITE A NASTY CURSE...

W...WHAT KIND OF CURSE IS IT?

LIKE I SAID, THIS TABLET REPRESENTS THE TARGET'S BODY.

THESE TWO CIRCLES ON THE SIDE REPRESENT THE CONTINUOUS FLOW OF THEIR SEXUAL ENERGY.



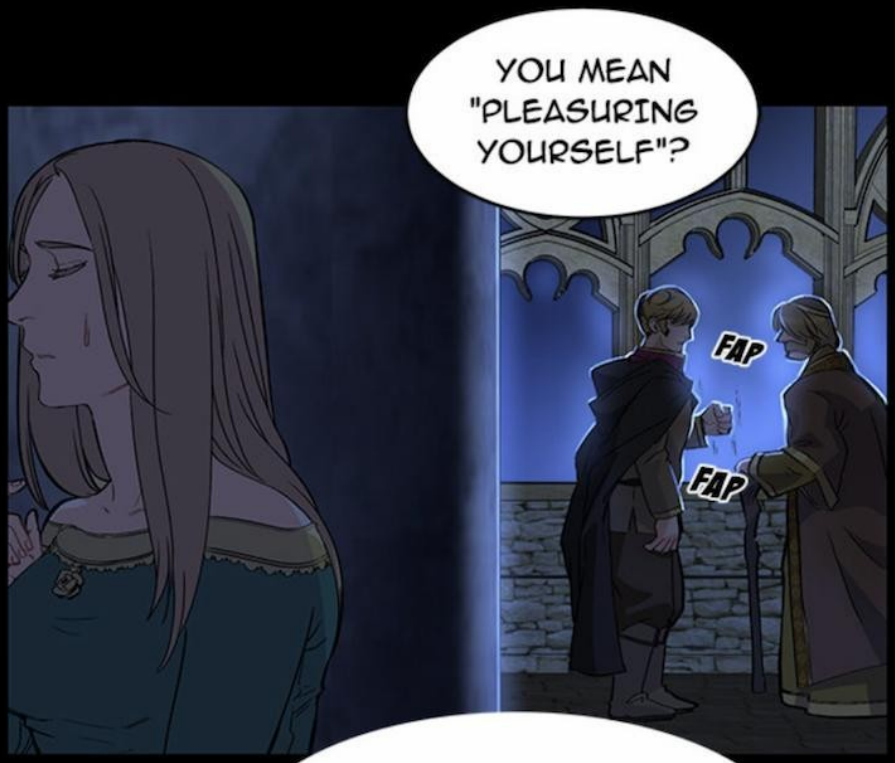
AND WHAT'S THIS LINE IN THE MIDDLE?

IT MEANS 'GENITAL'.

SO THE CURSE REQUIRES THE CONSTANT FLOW OF ONE'S SEXUAL ENERGIES,

BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE GENITAL, THEREFORE, ONLY ONE BODY INVOLVED IN THE CURSE.

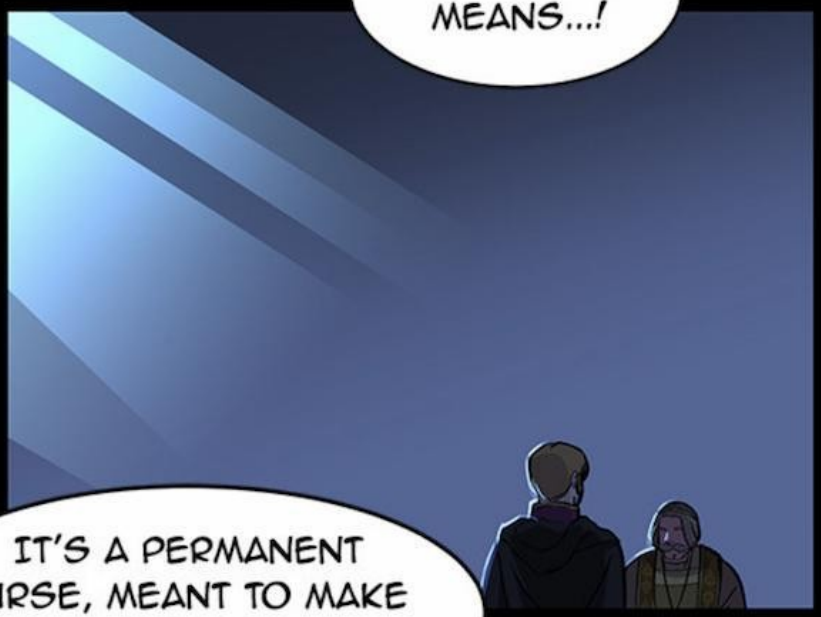
IN OTHER WORDS, IT MEANS YOU MUST CONSTANTLY HAVE SEX WITH YOURSELF.



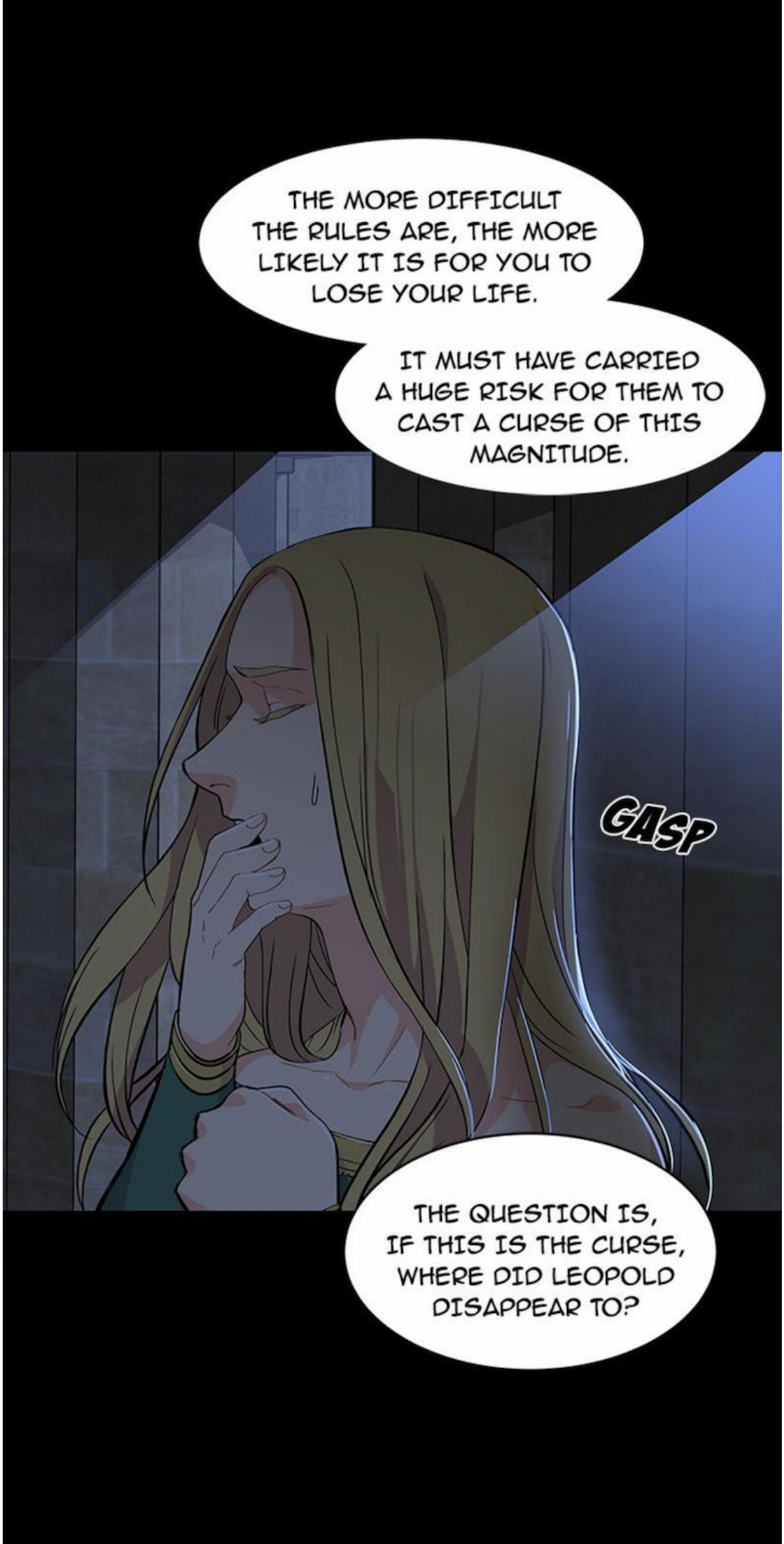
IF ONLY IT WERE THAT SIMPLE, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE USED THEIR OWN BLOOD TO CAST IT!

NO CREATURE IN THE WORLD IS CAPABLE OF HAVING INTERCOURSE WITH ITSELF.

THEN THAT MEANS...!



IT'S A PERMANENT CURSE, MEANT TO MAKE YOU SUFFER FOR ALL ETERNITY.


THE MORE DIFFICULT THE RULES ARE, THE MORE LIKELY IT IS FOR YOU TO LOSE YOUR LIFE.
IT MUST HAVE CARRIED A HUGE RISK FOR THEM TO CAST A CURSE OF THIS MAGNITUDE.
GASP
THE QUESTION IS, IF THIS IS THE CURSE, WHERE DID LEOPOLD DISAPPEAR TO?

MAYBE THE BLESSINGS GRANTED TO HIS SWORD ALLOWED HIM TO DEFLECT THE CURSE AWAY?
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. THOSE RITUALS TOOK PLACE AGES AGO, AND A BLOOD CURSE IS EXTREMELY STRONG...
THE BEST IT CAN DO IS TO ABSORB THE CURSE WITHIN THE BLADE ITSELF, ALTHOUGH IT WOULDN'T PURIFY IT ENTIRELY...

THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT LEOPOLD HIMSELF HAS GONE MISSING.
IF HE STRIKES SOMEONE ELSE WITH THE CURSED BLADE,
IT MIGHT TRANSFER THE CURSE ONTO THE ONE THAT WAS STRUCK BY THE BLADE.
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW IF LEOPOLD WAS ABLE TO BLOCK THE CURSE...

ANYWAY,

THIS MAY SOUND A LITTLE CRUEL,

BUT NONE OF THIS WAS YOUR FAULT.

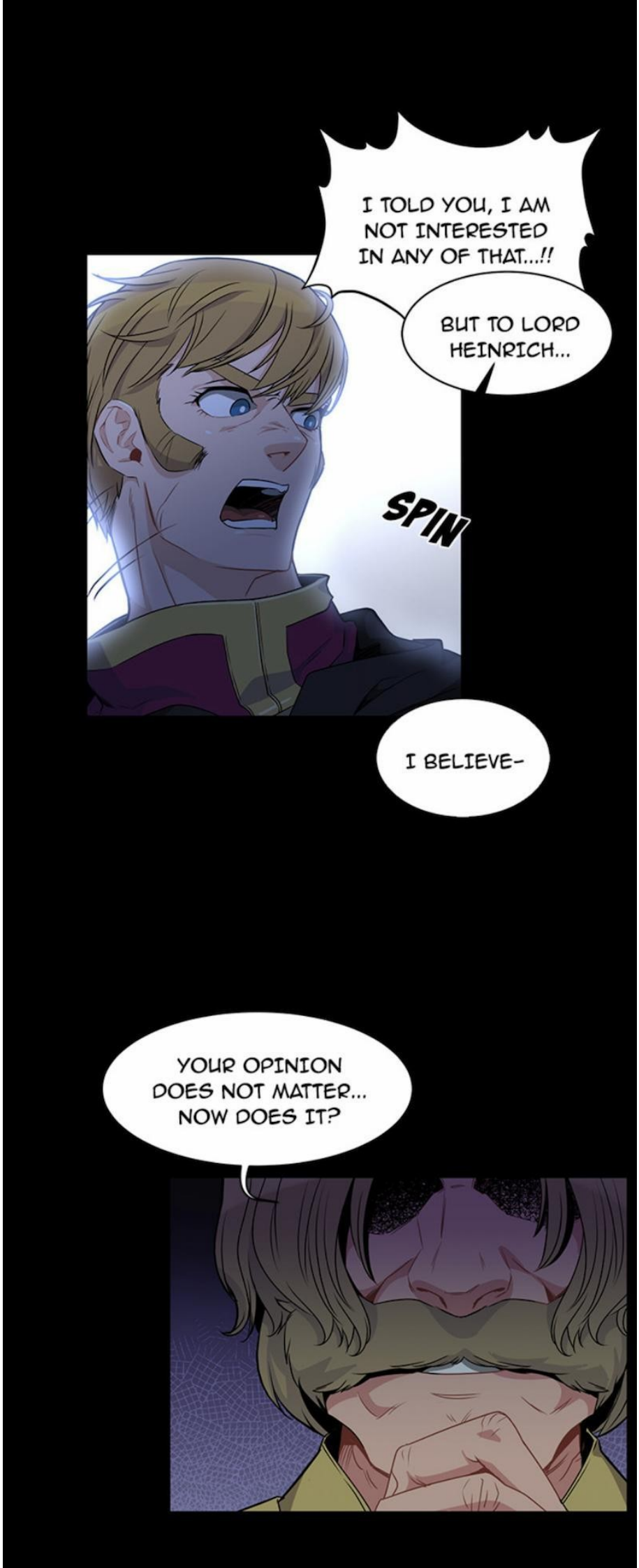
LEOPOLD WAS SIMPLY DOING HIS DUTY AS A KNIGHT.

QUITE FRANKLY, I DON'T SEE WHY A NOBLE LIKE YOU EVEN CARES FOR HIS SAFETY.

IF LORD HEINRICH FOUND OUT...
TAP
THAT YOU WERE DOING THIS...

HE WOULD BE ANGERED THAT YOU ARE DISTRESSED BY SUCH 'TRIVIAL MATTERS'.

*KING OF THE ROMANS: THE KING OF GERMANY. THE TEMPORARY TITLE GRANTED TO THOSE WHO ARE DESTINED TO RECEIVE THE EMPEROR'S CROWN DURING THE DAYS OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.


I TOLD YOU, I AM NOT INTERESTED IN ANY OF THAT...!!
BUT TO LORD HEINRICH...
SPIN
I BELIEVE-
YOUR OPINION DOES NOT MATTER... NOW DOES IT?

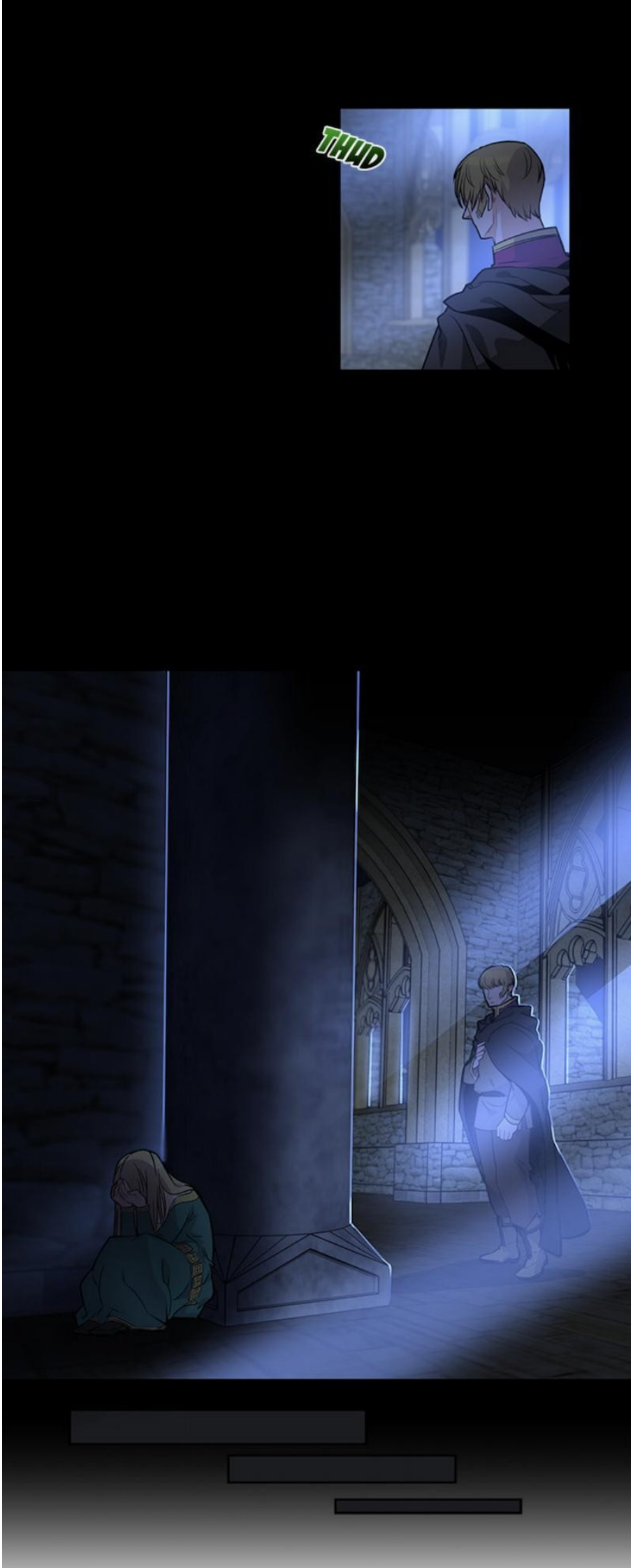
...AND THAT IS THE OPINION OF THIS OLD BISHOP AS WELL.
SMIRK
BISHOP SIGMUND!!
I CARE NOT FOR YOUR INTERESTS OR YOUR 'RECREATION' ACTIVITIES, YOUNG PRINCE.

BUT REMEMBER, YOUR LIFE MUST GO ALONG ACCORDING TO A LARGER SCRIPT.
SO I SUGGEST YOU BE MORE CAREFUL FROM NOW ON.
THANK GOODNESS LEOPOLD WAS THE ONE TO TAKE THE BLOW...
TAP
TAP
IT'S A SHAME THAT THIS HAD TO HAPPEN TO HIM BEFORE HE COULD RETIRE...

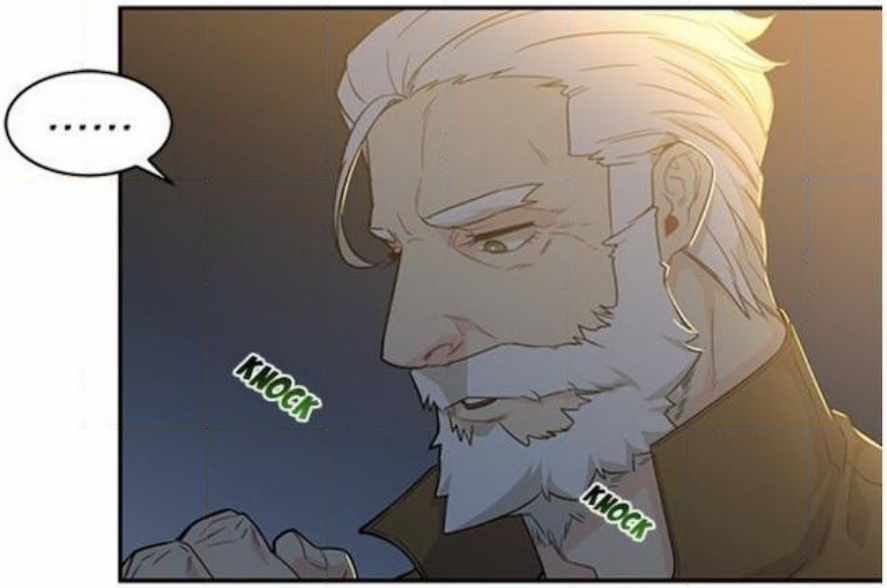
I'M SURE THE OTHER KNIGHTS ARE DELIGHTED. THIS MEANS THAT THEY'LL HAVE TO APPOINT A NEW KNIGHT-CAPTAIN.
EVEN AFTER HIS PROBLEMS WITH 'THAT' WHEN HE WAS YOUNG...

FOR HIM TO BE CURSED AT SUCH AN OLD AGE...
HOW UNFORTUNATE~

WHEN OLD LEOPOLD WAS YOUNG?
WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT?


THUD

ICH BIN SICHER, DASS ER ANGST HABEN WIRD, (I SUSPECT HE WON'T BE TOO HAPPY TO SEE ME AGAIN)
ABER ES GIBT KEINEN ANDEREN WEG... (BUT THERE'S NO OTHER WAY...)
KNOCK
KNOCK


.....
KNOCK
KNOCK

DAS LICHT GEHT AN...
(THE LIGHT'S STILL ON...)

COUGH

HEY, TAE HOON!
WÄRE ES IN ORDNUNG,
FÜR EINE WEILE REINZUKOMMEN?
(HEY, SIR TAEHOON!
MAY I ENTER?)

CREAK

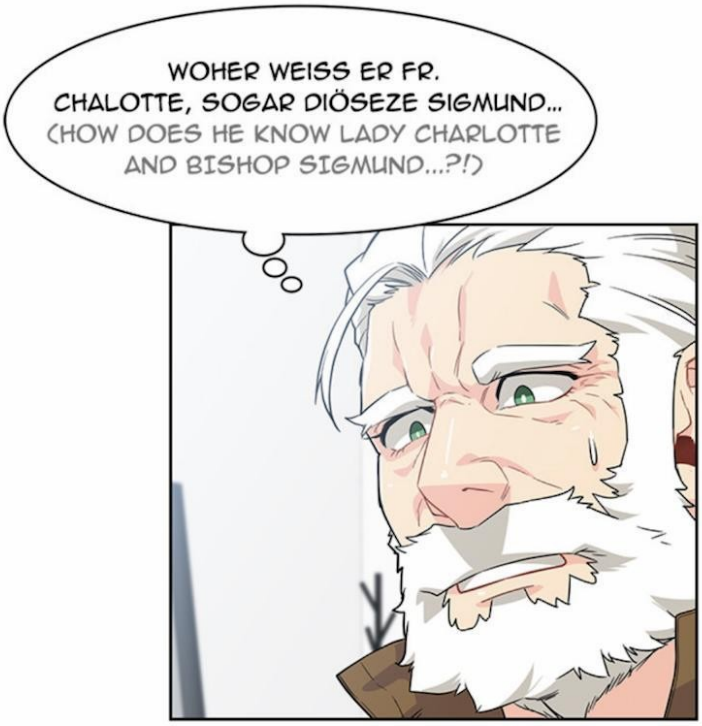
ES IST EIN
JUNGER MANN, DER ZUR
GEFAHR DIE TÜR OFFEN HÄLT...
(HEY, SIR TAEHOON!
MAY I ENTER?)

COUGH
COUGH
.....

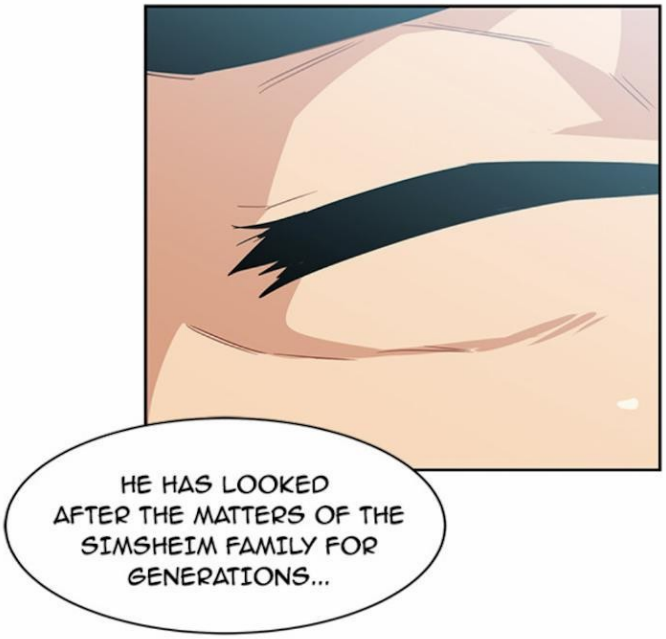
...LADY CHARLOTTE,
...HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?
PANT
OH... THAT WAS SIR SIGMUND. HE IS THE LOCAL BISHOP.

COUGH
COUGH
.....

...LADY CHARLOTTE,
...HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?
PANT
OH... THAT WAS SIR SIGMUND. HE IS THE LOCAL BISHOP.


WOHER WEISS ER FR. CHALOTTE, SOGAR DIÖSEZE SIGMUND...
(HOW DOES HE KNOW LADY CHARLOTTE AND BISHOP SIGMUND...?!)

EXCUSE ME, SIR TAEHOON! SIR TAEHOON?!
PANT


HE HAS LOOKED AFTER THE MATTERS OF THE SIMSHEIM FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS...

AH...
PANT

FROM MY NAME TO
EVERYONE ELSE'S NAMES...
HOW DO YOU KNOW
ALL THESE THINGS?

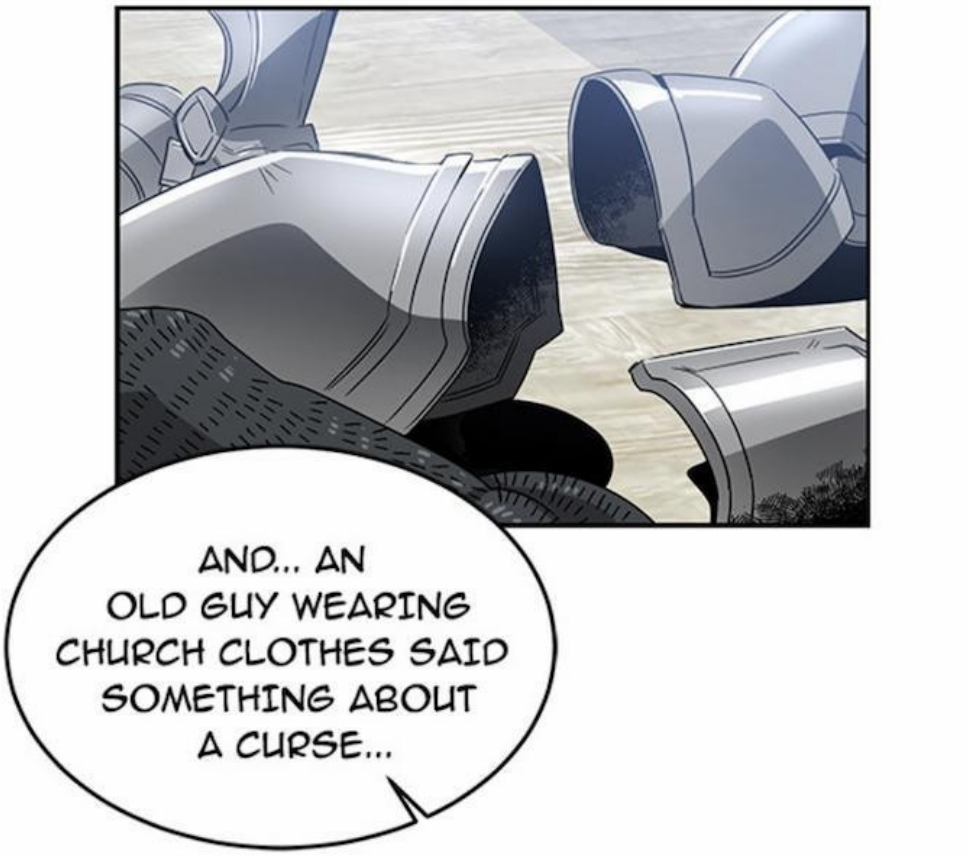
WHAT'S THIS...?
I FEEL SO RELAXED
ALL OF A SUDDEN...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE...?
PLEASE, ANSWER MY QUESTION!
UM...

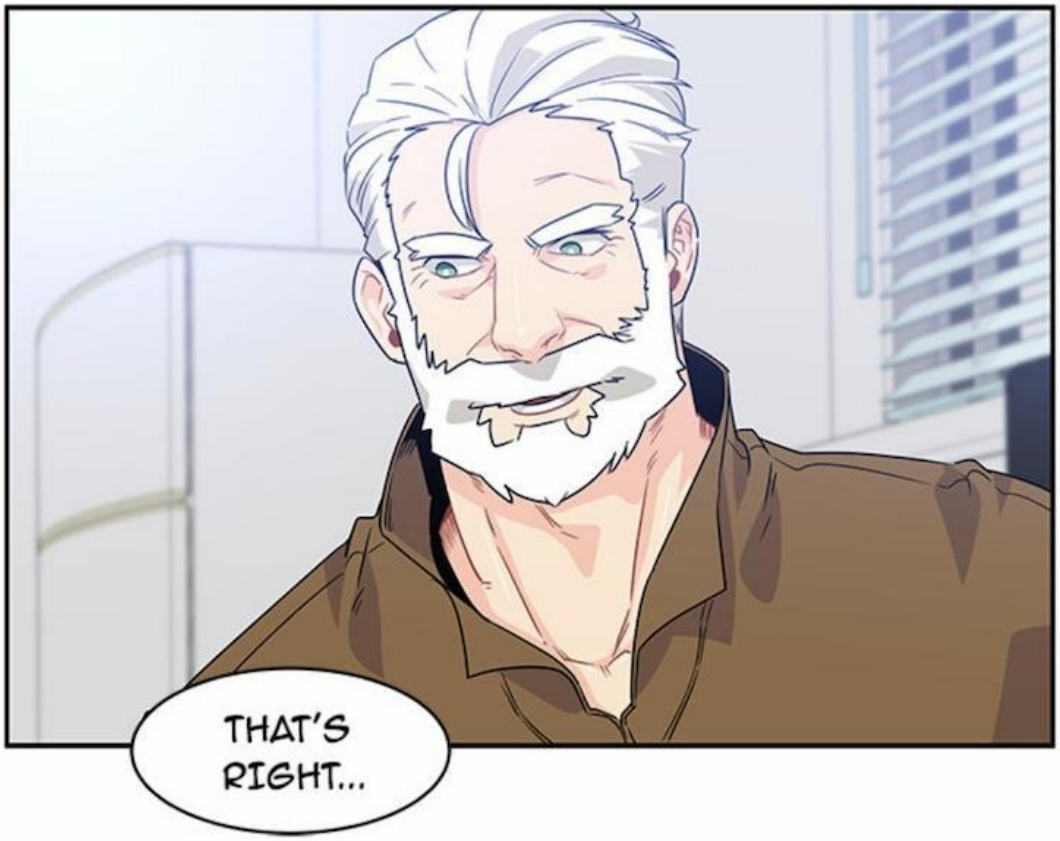
I THINK I'M DREAMING... THERE'S OLD CASTLES... AND ARMOR... AND LOTS OF FOREIGN PEOPLE...

...OLD?
WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW?

THEY'RE TRYING TO FIND SOMEONE NAMED LEOPOLD...
THAT'S ME! I'M KNIGHT-CAPTAIN LEOPOLD WHO SERVES THE HOUSE OF SINSHEIM!
AH... SOMEONE NAMED NOAH WAS LOOKING FOR YOU.
HE DOESN'T WANT...MR. HEINRICH? TO KNOW...


AND... AN OLD GUY WEARING CHURCH CLOTHES SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A CURSE...
HUH...?
DOES THAT MEAN YOU KNOW WHAT THE SPELL WAS?

THROB
THROB
WEREN'T YOU SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT A SPELL THIS MORNING...?


THAT'S RIGHT...

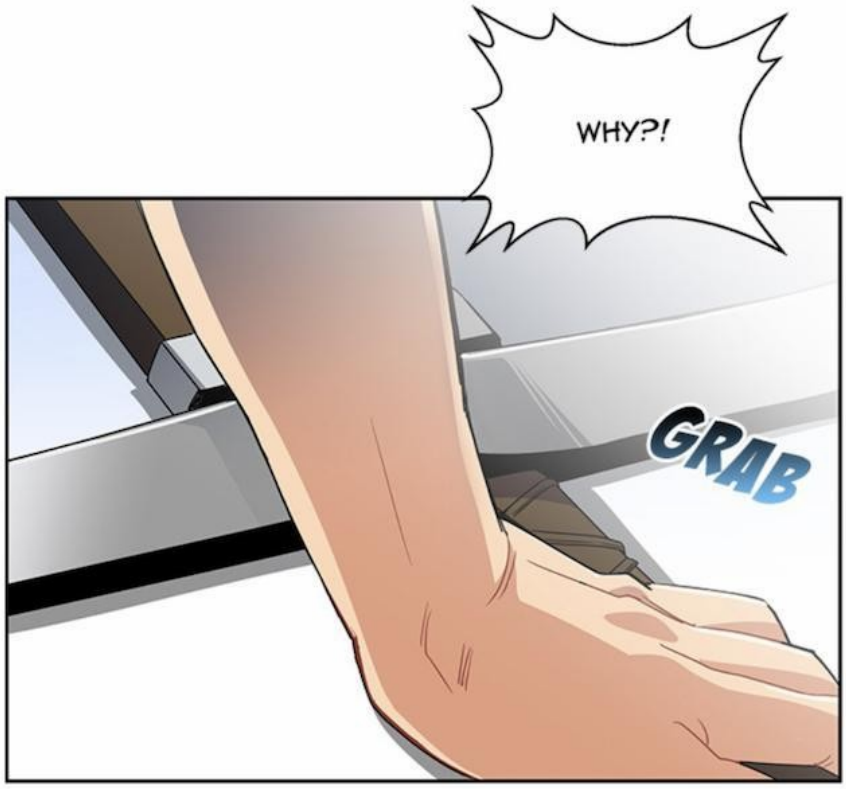
WH-WHAT WERE YOU SAYING AGAIN?
I SAID IT LOOKED LIKE THE LIGHT OF THE SPELL WAS MOVING OUT OF MY BLADE INTO THE WOUND ON YOUR CHEST.

BUT MY SWORD WAS BLESSED BY A RITUAL A LONG TIME AGO.
I WAS TOLD THAT IT SHOULD BE ABLE TO DEFLECT MOST SPELLS.

SO... IT SHOULD HAVE STOPPED THE SPELL BEFORE I ENDED UP CUTTING YOU...

THE BLESSING ON YOUR SWORD... IS NOT PERFECT...
ACCORDING TO THE BISHOP...
STUMBLE
...?!
HE SAID IT WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO STOP A BLOOD CURSE...

SO...
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT...


WHY?!
GRAB

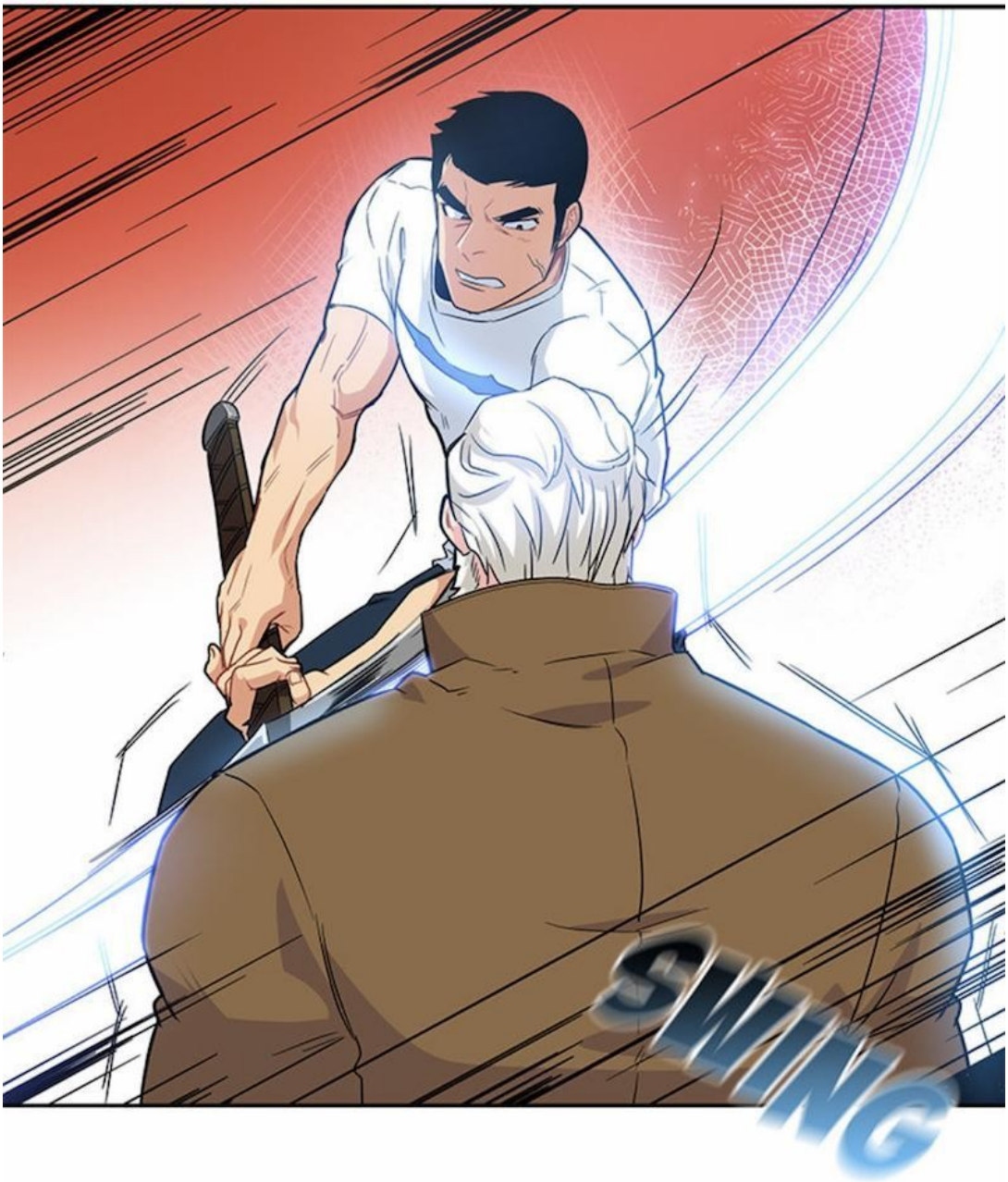
WHY DO I HAVE TO DIE?!

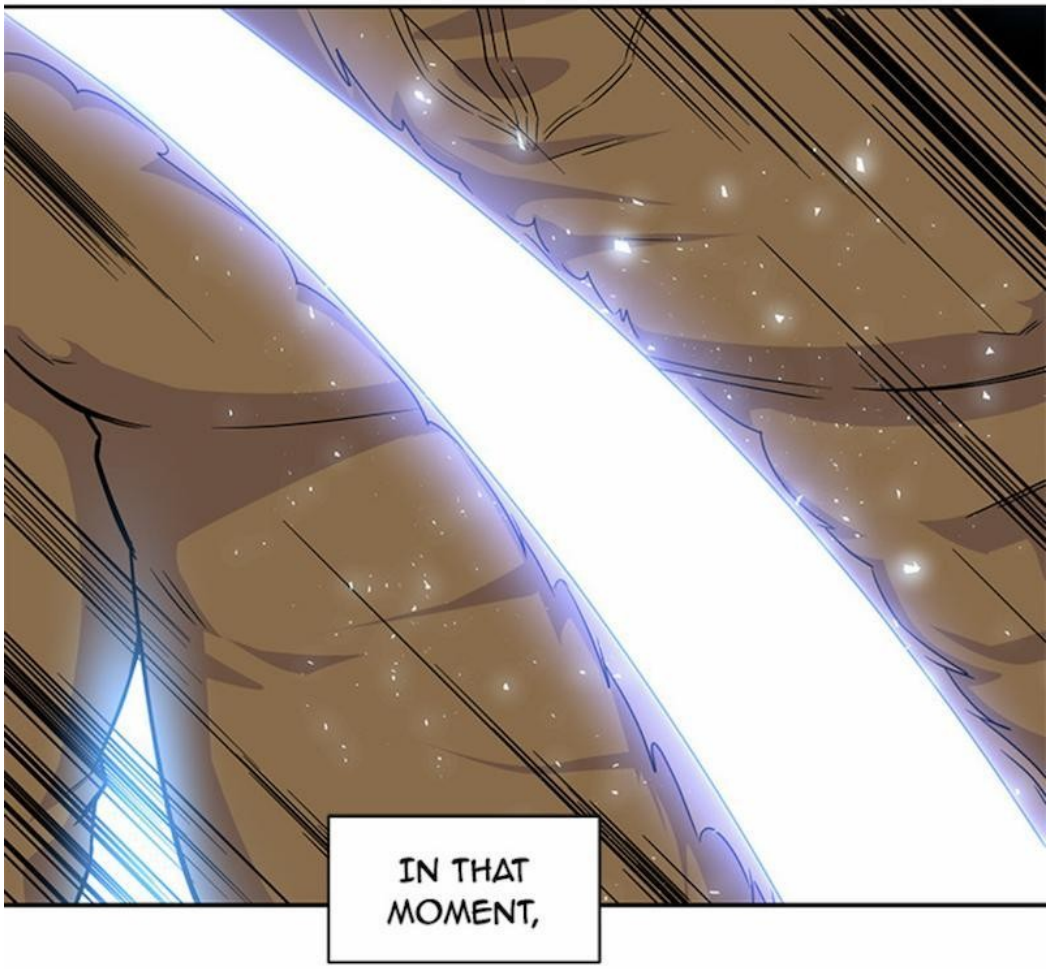
YOU'RE DYING?

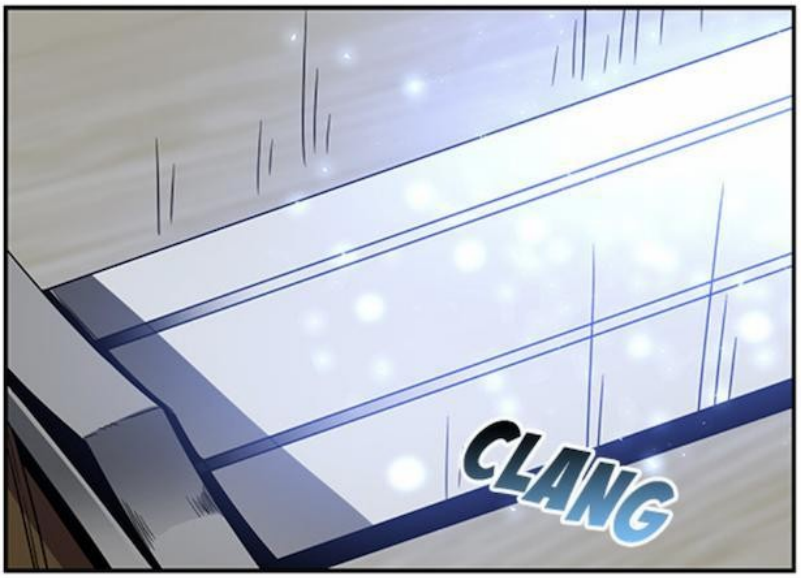
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

?!
RAISE

SHUT


SWING





I WAS SO AFRAID AND ANGRY.

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG,
SO HOW DID I GET MIXED UP
IN THIS RIDICULOUS SITUATION?

I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT...
THE FACT THAT I WAS
GOING TO DIE.

BUT... FOR
SOME REASON,

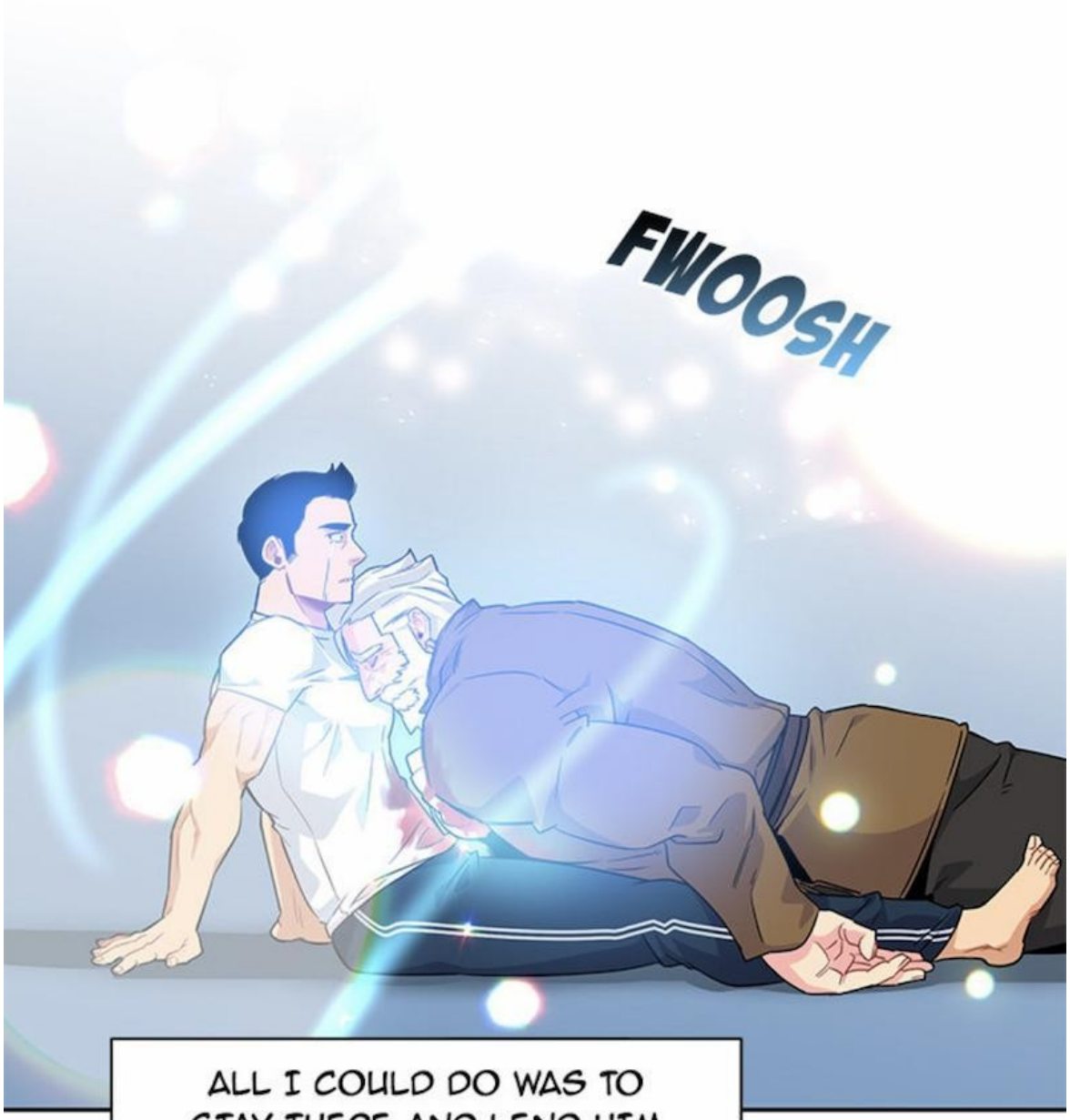
PLEASE...

WHEN THE OLD MAN
FELL TO HIS KNEES,
WOUNDED,

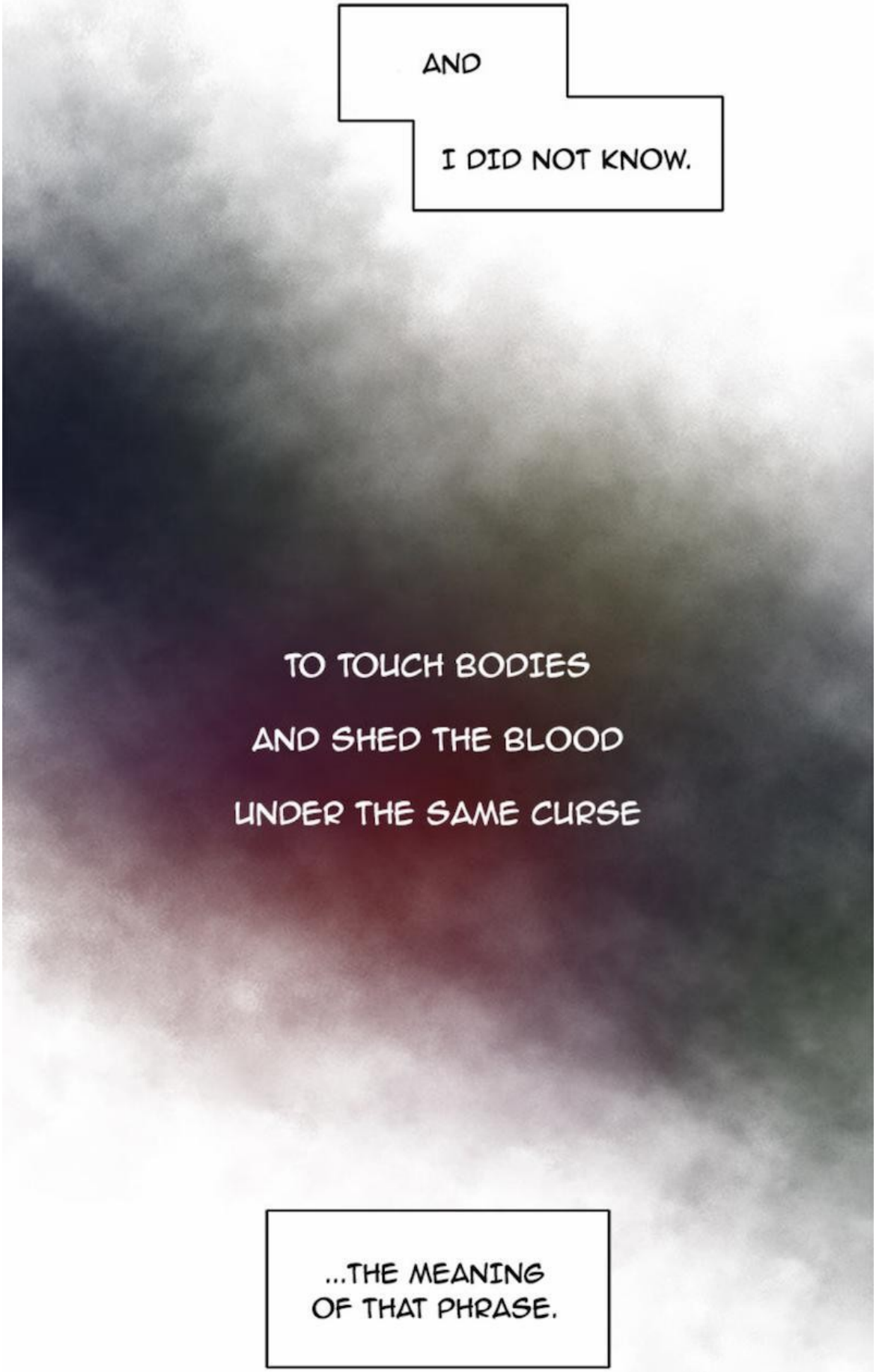
THE MOMENT HE TOUCHED ME,
FORGIVE ME...
TAP
ALL I COULD FEEL WAS A STRANGE WARMTH.

I COULDN'T THINK...

OR DO... ANYTHING...



ALL I COULD DO WAS TO STAY THERE AND LEND HIM MY SHOULDER TO LEAN ON.


AND
I DID NOT KNOW.
TO TOUCH BODIES
AND SHED THE BLOOD
UNDER THE SAME CURSE
...THE MEANING
OF THAT PHRASE.