

# BAAL TOWERS

Meet Christopher Baal. Born to the son of a real estate mogul, and raised in entitlement.

Disgusting. That guy? Right now he's twelve billion richer than I am. That's how in-the-hole I am.

Nice pooch!

C'mon baby, we're late for the charity and it's a two thousand a plate.

EDITED BY  
**SEBASTIAN GIRNER**

Please, Mr. Baal? Sir, I'm not looking for a handout. I just want my job back.

I was cleaning your offices until my wife got sick. She's gone now but I just can't find another--

So, you've already *taken* my money. And now you want more?

His real gift is gaming the system. Turning a franchise of bankruptcies into a profitable empire.

-Pant-  
-Pant-  
-Pant-

How much do you slobs need from me? You loser! Make your own billion!

Oh, Christopher, you'll get homeless blood on you!

Sir?

Baal is a pillar of the ONES. His ambition doesn't simply overpower his ability. It DESTROYS it.

CRACK

LETTERED BY  
**JEFF POWELL**

Someday he might even be king.

I know you're stressed but you'll get back on your feet, baby. You're a job creator.

Ted? Yeah. Lay off another two thousand positions.

Soon as the stock bumps up cash out and hide it in the offshore.

Wait. Drain the pension accounts first. What, the slobs? 'em. I'm in Bankruptcy Protection, I can do whatever I want. It's beautiful.

Whine...

No one can touch me.

Not unless I want them to...

And the world will see how hard it is to kiss the ring-- while bent over.

My eyes open slowly from dreams that aren't my own.

600 thread count Egyptian cotton isn't a bad way to wake up.



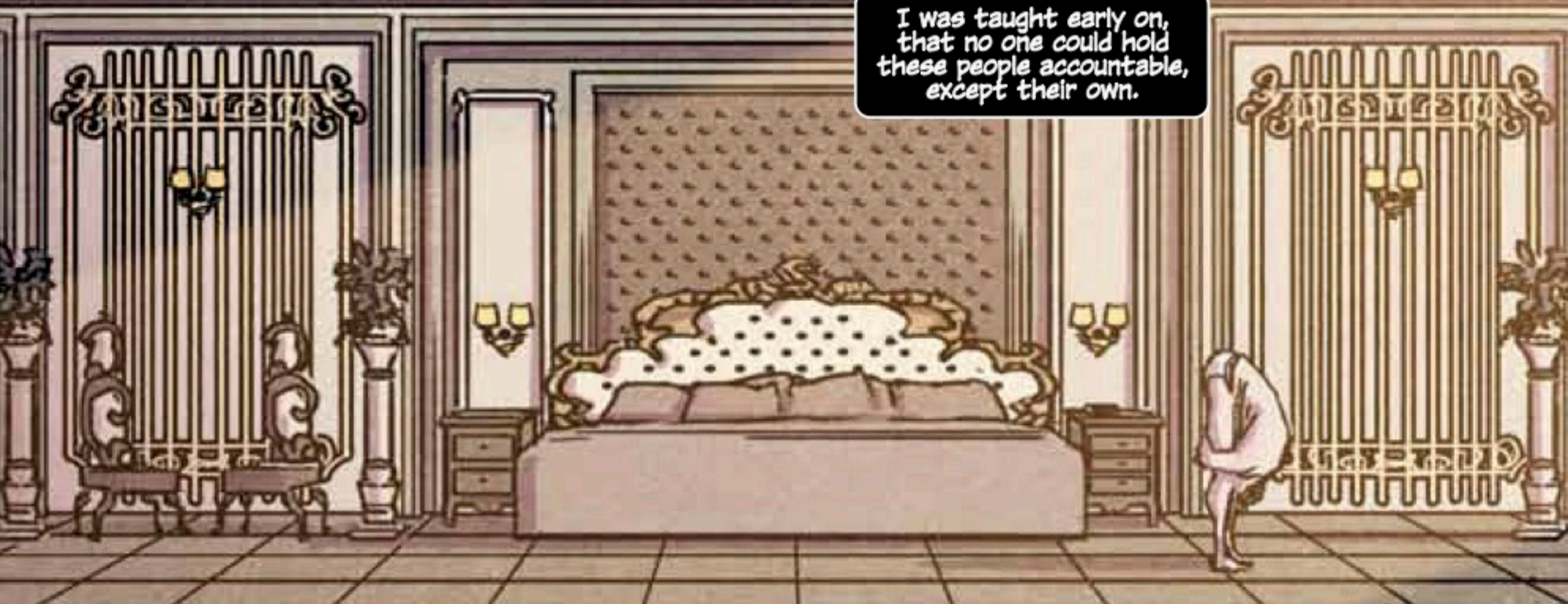
Sun streams in through triple-glazed Austrian windows.

As sensors trigger Vivaldi's Mandolin Concerto.

When I was 11 years old I took the name Renato Jones and everything that came with it...

Wealth, position and a peer group of the most powerful faction in modern history.

I was taught early on, that no one could hold these people accountable, except their own.



And so I became ONE.

As always, a fresh cappuccino and brioche arrive silently at my table.



When your valet is ex Royal Marine and SAS, you expect operations discretion.

The cappuccino is three degrees cold and I know Church is upset about last night.

