



NOT NEARLY ENOUGH HOURS LATER.

**KNOCK KNOCK**

Nnuh...I'm comin'...



**MORNIN', HOT CAKES!**  
Who's ready to fight some **CRIME?**

**YACK!**



Someone wanna cover those windows? I hear it's a nightmare trying to get the smell of toasted X-Man out of the upholstery.

Nyuh?



What time is it?

Oh, quarter past way too early for you daywalkers, but we've got lots to do. Come on, carb up.

Are those chocolate croissants?



Darn tootin'.

Oooh, cinnamon crullers? You shouldn't have.

You're my favorite demon, y'know that?



Wassamatter?  
You don't eat bread?  
Sugar?

No! I mean,  
yes, I do, it's  
just...tired.

Well, drink the  
coffee. Trouble's  
afoot.



You too,  
boss. Got word.  
Rumor has it Black Cat  
spent the night tracking down a  
list of empowered individuals that  
bears a striking resemblance  
to our rolodex of temp  
workers.



That's why  
she was in the  
office?

Looks  
like. If the  
traitor here  
is right--

Hey!

--then we're  
in deep. At least a  
dozen names on there  
we do *not* want on  
her side.



Hey,  
traitor, how many  
girls are in that gang  
of yours?

Umf...  
Inunno...mebbe  
ten or fho?



If we can  
get to them before  
she goes through the  
list, we might stand  
a chance.

How are  
we supposed to  
fight? We're already  
outnumbered, and she's  
got our Friends  
on her side.

We can  
do this. I know  
we can.



Besides,  
how many of them  
can there possibly  
be?



Who's ready to have a little FUN?



