




**# 2**

A large, faint watermark logo for 'COH COMICS' is visible in the background. It features the letters 'COH' in a stylized font above the word 'COMICS' in a similar font, all enclosed within a thin oval border.

THE ADVENTURES OF PIOUS HUNTER

# PRIEST

ISSUE # 2 - RISE OF THE GANG

22nd National Bank, Etoile Isle, USA

January 4th 2009



Welcome to the twelve o' clock news. A gang of armed robbers have seized control of the National Bank in Mercy Island.

Police are currently on the scene but the situation is critical. The robbers have been identified as members of the notorious Family syndicate known only as The Gang.

Begin

Dotter, blow the bloody doors off!

Leading the robbery is the previously dead Alicia Banzini-Marcone widely known as Pistol. She was last photographed trespassing on Portal Corps in Peregrine Island where she transported across the universe. Pistol is most wanted on multiple charges of murder.

Including the murder of the most Reverend Pious Hunter, better known as the Priest, in July last year. We urge the Militia to action.

**CITY  
HEROES**

THE MILITIA



Hey! Stop right there!

Oh my god, its Pistol

I thought she was dead, the Priest killed her, right?

God damn it! This is the fourth robbery on my shift. I hate this job.



Robbery? No. Just a very very large withdrawal.



What are you deaf or something? Get with the cash already!

Officer Bonasera  
It's been too long.

D-do you have y-your c-card with you ma'am? We'll need your account details.



Do I look like I have an account?

Right, of course. Oh god please don't kill me. I have a family.

Do I look like I give a shit?



How's family?

Don't kid about my family Pistol. You and your friends just get the hell out, okay?

Bonasera, Bonasera. What have I ever done to make you to treat me so disrespectfully?

Pistol, seriously, get the hell out please.

Okay. Alright. I understand. I deserved that right, because I'm the bad guy. I'm evil.

Let me tell you something. Criminals I've known in the past were either psychopathic or misguided individuals.

Me, I empathise with your sorry life Bonasera. I care about you. So you see, I'm not evil. I'm not really a villain. What I am is above the law.

Get in my way and you get dead. Simple, no?

You're not gonna kill me Alicia. Emil Marcone is godfather to my kid, I'm protected.

One, you're not Italian. You married into the Family and now, you've divorced poor Cecilia. Secondly, you've disrespected me here today. You didn't even think to call me godmother.

Bonasera, for the sake of your daughter. Take me to the safe.




Look, you're rich enough from all your robberies three years ago. So why don't you just piss off.




Boss, this man needs to be silenced. Just give the word.



I'm sorry for what happens next. Greet the fishes Bonasera.



Vederla nell'  
inferno, Bonasera!  
Times up.



Murderers! You  
aint getting outta this alive!  
We got SWAT surrounding the  
perimeter and backup is on its  
way in. You're finished!  
You hear me?

Man shut  
the fuck up.

Waste him Bobby.  
This joint is ours!

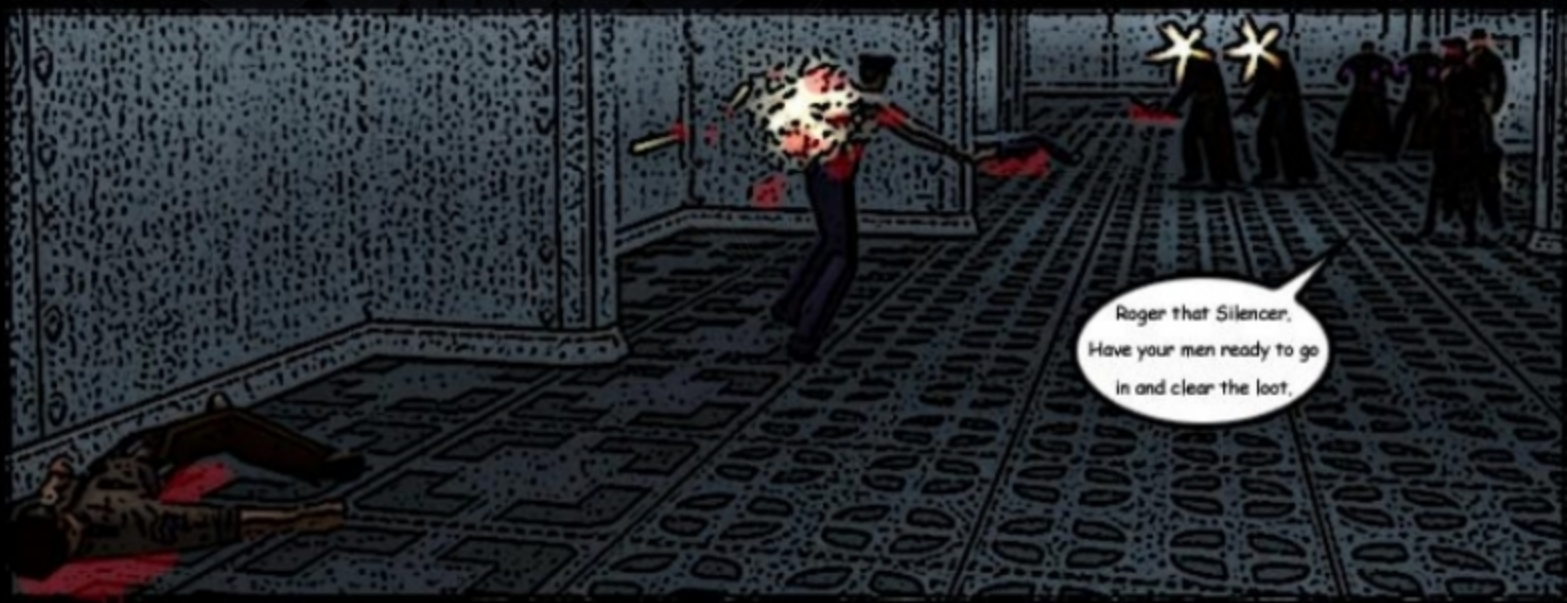




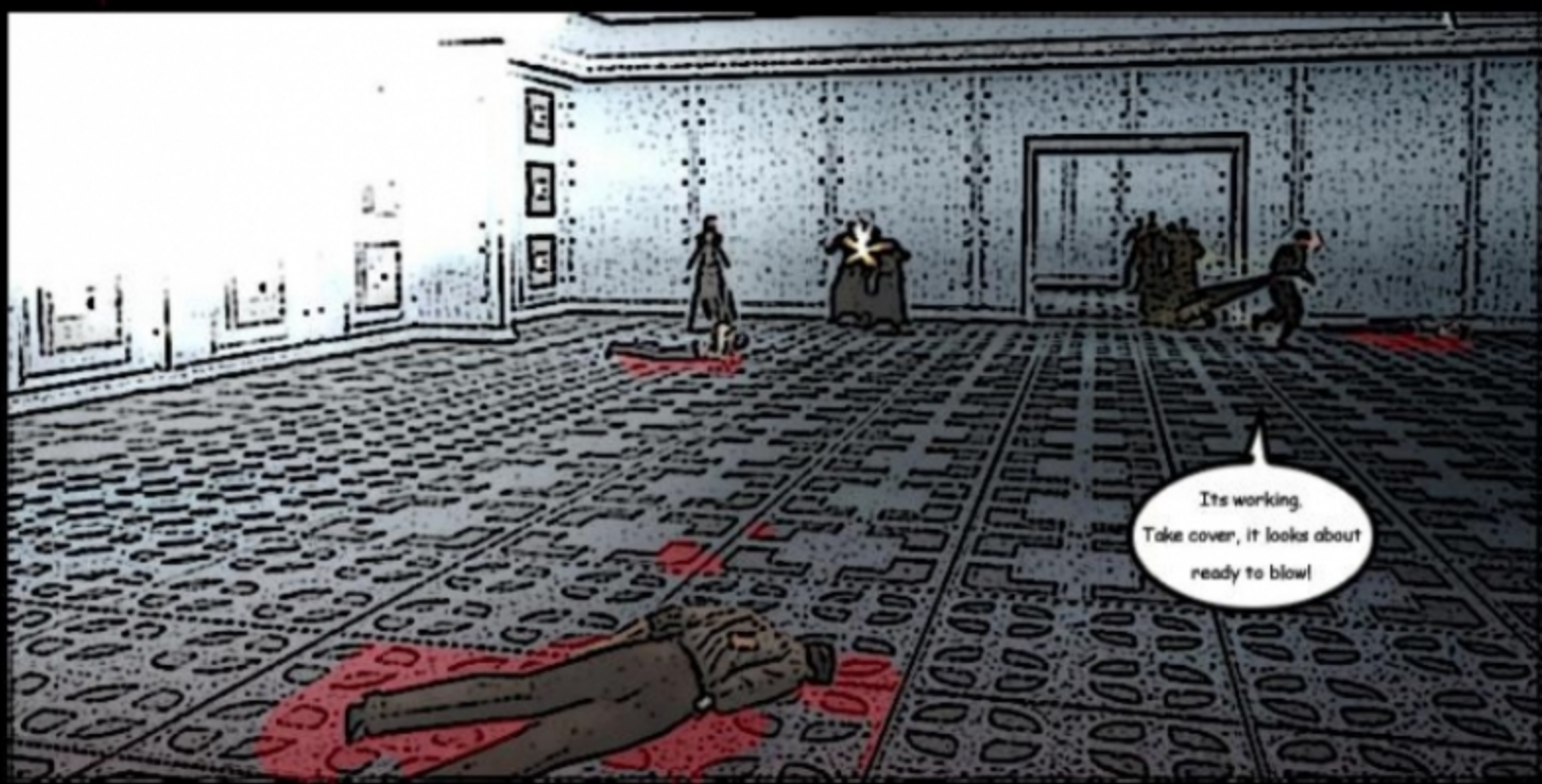


Hasta la vista, baby!


The safe should be in the next room Carman. Tell your men to use all explosive clips on the iron door.




Roger that Silencer. Have your men ready to go in and clear the loot.




Its working. Take cover, it looks about ready to blow!



The alarm's been triggered, cops'll be in here shortly. Lets give them a hailstorm then finish clearing the loot.



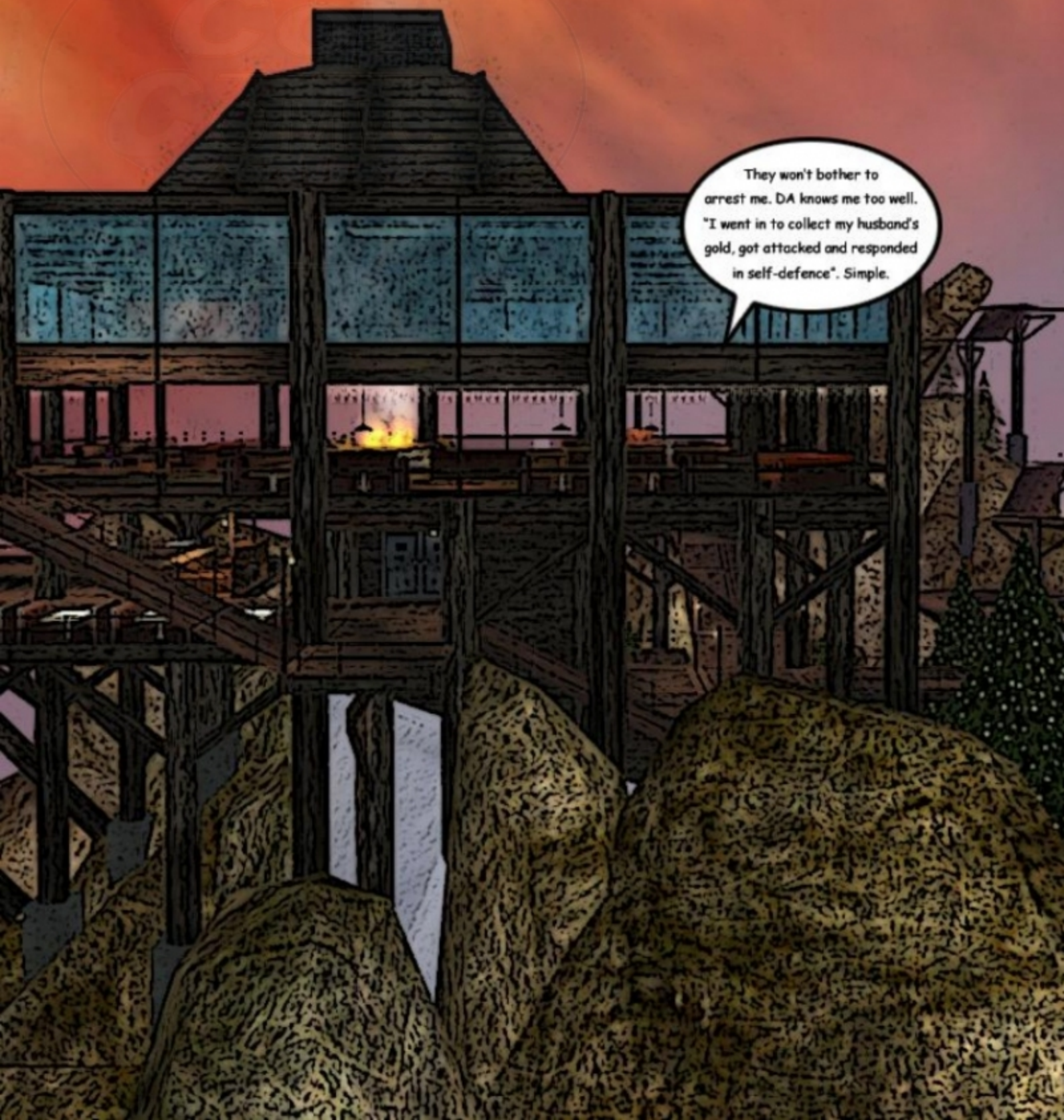
Nice shotgun officer, but we're faster than gun-fire. Anticipate, predict and dodge. That's all there is to it.



Two years ago, we out-manuever the entire Militia team and then some. No-one can stop the Gang. FACT!

Less talking, more shooting. The boss is coming our way.

Break it all open  
but take nothing, except  
what we came for.



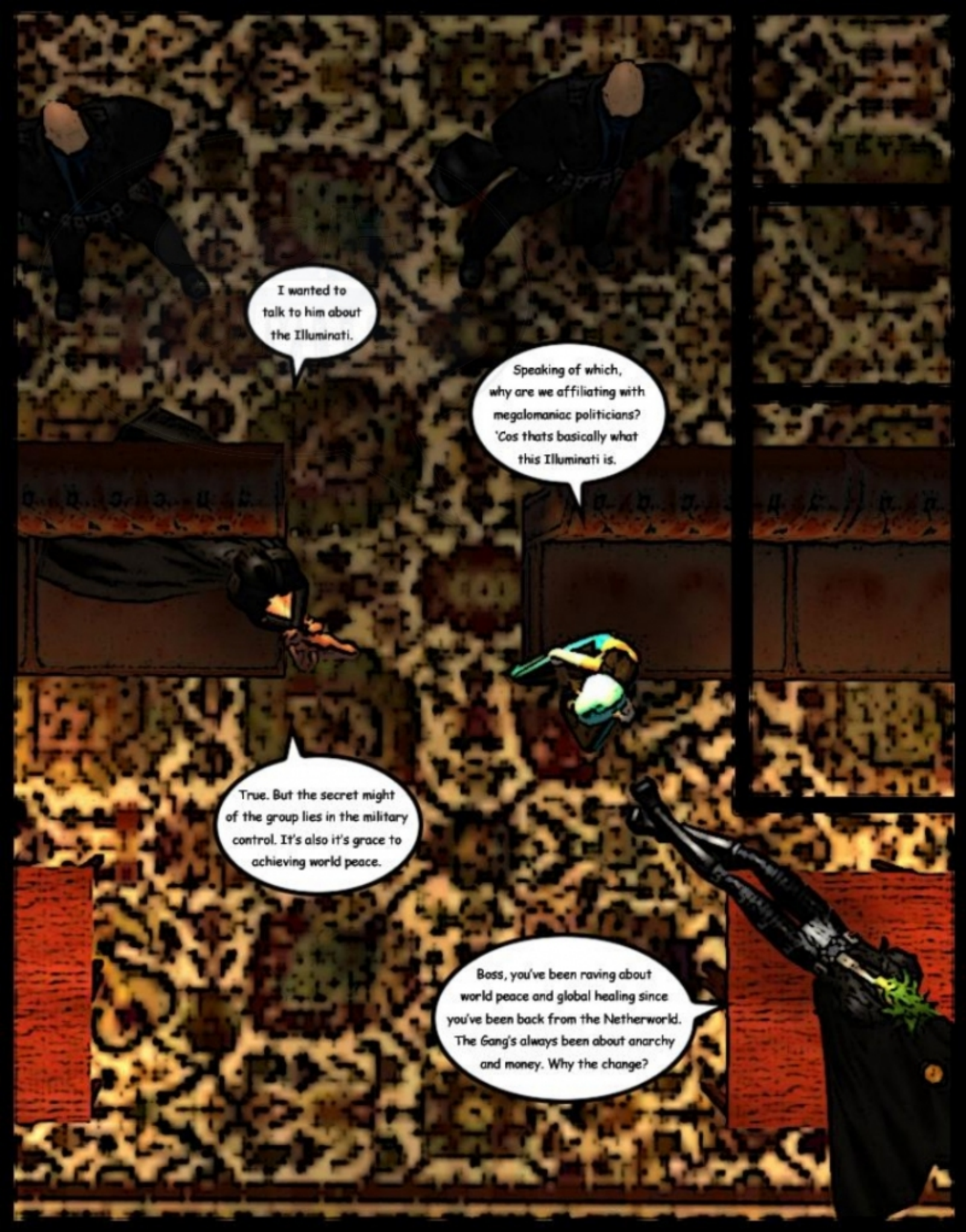
They won't bother to arrest me. DA knows me too well. "I went in to collect my husband's gold, got attacked and responded in self-defence". Simple.



I'll take that as a compliment Gunsen. Spruk, hows daddy?

You're unbearable boss, but by God its good to have you back in the game.

Alright, I guess.




I wanted to talk to him about the Illuminati.


Speaking of which, why are we affiliating with megalomaniac politicians? 'Cos thats basically what this Illuminati is.

True. But the secret might of the group lies in the military control. It's also it's grace to achieving world peace.

Boss, you've been raving about world peace and global healing since you've been back from the Netherworld. The Gang's always been about anarchy and money. Why the change?




Spruk, our days of blind anarchy was fun and exciting but the world is changing. True power is achieved by political influence nowadays. When you know people at the top of the command chain, you become untouchable.



Jesus titty-fucking Christ Gensen. The boss has gone crazy.

Yeah you lost me at blind anarchy boss.




Well, I don't actually require you to understand. For three years I have led the Gang without a real purpose. Times have changed. Anarchy, grand theft, death and destruction may be our expertise but we can guide our combat skills towards this new goal of global healing.

I'm tired of being the problem in society. I'm sick of being treated like a common thug. And since working with the Illuminati, I have become more than that. I am this close to diplomatic immunity. With that, we can defy all authority. The Gang will rise anew!

!?!

...



Sorry boss. I'm out. I can't be working with no damn politicians. Last time I checked, they were the enemy and the Gang only needed guns and numbers to defy authorities.

Pistol, I work with you 'cos I like the idea of jacking off on your fucking tits. You know that. I mean look at me, I'm a fucking psychopath. I don't do politics, fuck that shit. Man, I'm with Gensen.

Well... guess we'll see you later, ... boss.





Finel Suit yourselves.  
You always have. I piccoli  
bambini sono stupidil  
L'idiota scherzal

They'll come  
back. They always do.



Damsel, do you copy? Codename.  
Dragonfly. The intel has proven legitimate.  
We have a visual on the target. I repeat, Barzini  
is here at Pocket D. Militia units stand by,  
Bastinado, assume your position.  
Gentlemen, we're moving in.

Derek you're to cover this exit during the exchange.

Portent, wait. I forgot. Whats the plan again?

Right got it.

I think thats a little sexist Portent.

Alright then White Vampire if you'd rather be the one to cover here -

No I mean before, when you said 'Gentlemen we're moving in'. You neglected to refer to the two ladies standing right here, next to you.

Well technically, Nightseye is part cat so the real question is is she actually a lady.

Hmm, come to think of it Derek, I think you're right. Wait, I'm confused.

Okay, ladies, gentlemen and Egyptian felines alike, can we please focus on apprehending Pistol?

Whatever.



Why if it isn't the people's Militia here to save the day. Or are we just enjoying the ski slope. Honestly, its -



Pistol just shut the hell up.

And don't run. You're accountable for the loss of two dozen lives in the past twenty-four hours. I don't care how good your lawyers are, the Militia will never stop chasing you. Now get up. Slowly.



We're holding you under citizen's arrest on suspicion of murder. We know you lost your mutant abilities when you actually died in the Virtue Universe. So I strongly advise you not to fight us.

Murder? No. My men retaliated in self-defense.

Oh. We're talking about the **PRIEST**



Well thats my cue to leave. Excuse me gentlemen.

Sorry, I forgot. Okay, I'm on it!

Derek!

Too slow!



Not so fast Pistol!  
You can't outrun me. My kinetic abilities say I steal your energy and leave you slower than a crippled turtle.



Well... this crippled turtle can fly.



Damn it. Didn't see that coming.



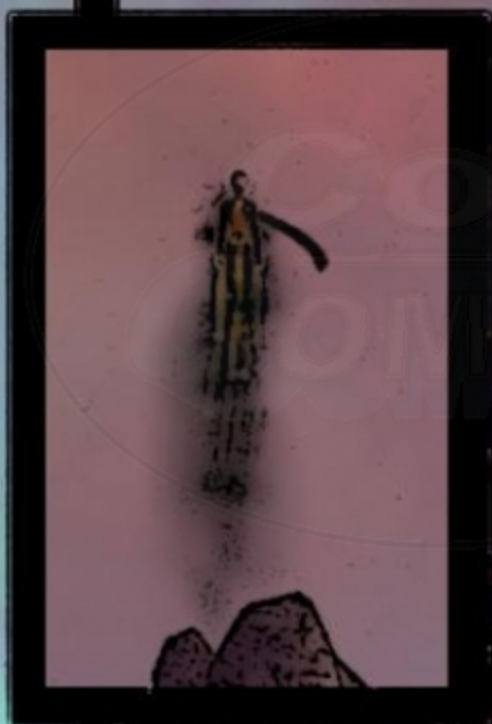
Should have precalculated that variable Portent.

Shut up Derek.

No you shut up Vampyr.

Guys! Go after her! Please?


Whatever.



Remember this day  
as the day you 'almost' caught  
Alicia Barzini-Marcone

Moth Cemetery, Rhode Island

January 5th 2009

A photograph of a cemetery in Moth, Rhode Island, taken on January 5th, 2009. The scene is a large, open field of weathered, grey granite tombstones. In the background, a large, light-colored stone wall with several door-like openings is visible. A person wearing a dark, heavy coat is kneeling on the ground in the middle-right of the frame, looking down. A speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing the text: "If memory serves me well, the gateway is through the cript." The ground is uneven and covered with small stones and patches of grass. The sky is overcast and grey.

If memory serves me well, the gateway is through the cript.







The name is Bastinado




And you're under arrest.


Oh really. You and what army?




The one right behind you.



Milital You people really are relentless. But thats good. I like that. In fact, this city needs more people like you.



But let me ask you this: you say you serve the people, but you rely blindly on the Federal Bureau for Super-powered Affairs on laws for licensed vigilanteism. SERAPH GIFT, DATA and the likes train you in all your career. No. You're serving the Government.



Just get to the point turtle.

You're stalling for a chance to escape again Pistol.

The point is, US Government is corruptible. Easily infiltrated. Truly serving the people requires you to break away from the law. Acting against conformity.



What is that supposed to be what you do?

If serving the people is my crime, then I am guilty.



Murdering the Priest is your crime you piece of shit!



And for that, you either leave this graveyard with us or you stay. Nine feet under.



Honestly, I don't know why I bother. You brainwashed freaks are just too far gone.

Now I'm sorry For what happens next. I really am.



I don't know how you dodged that dark energy outburst Bastinado. Either way you're getting off my path.



Superhuman reflexes...



And an iron kick to your face!



I don't know how you dodged that dark energy outburst Bastinado. Either way you're getting off my path.



Superhuman reflexes...



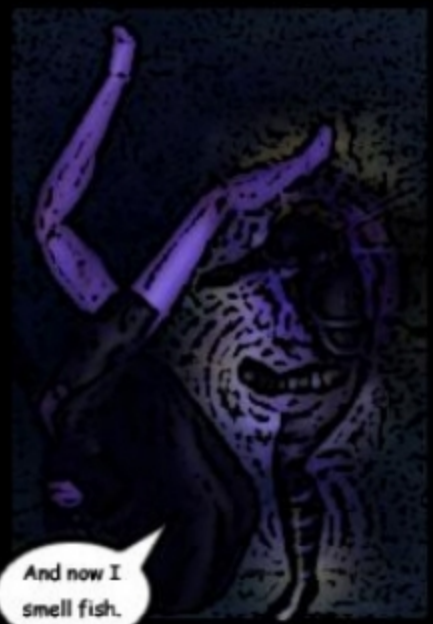
And an iron kick to your face!



Gwon-gyokdo side kick.



Spinning tail kick



And now I smell fish.



Funny. I was thinking the same thing. I summon the power of Nasfahtul



Time to finish this.





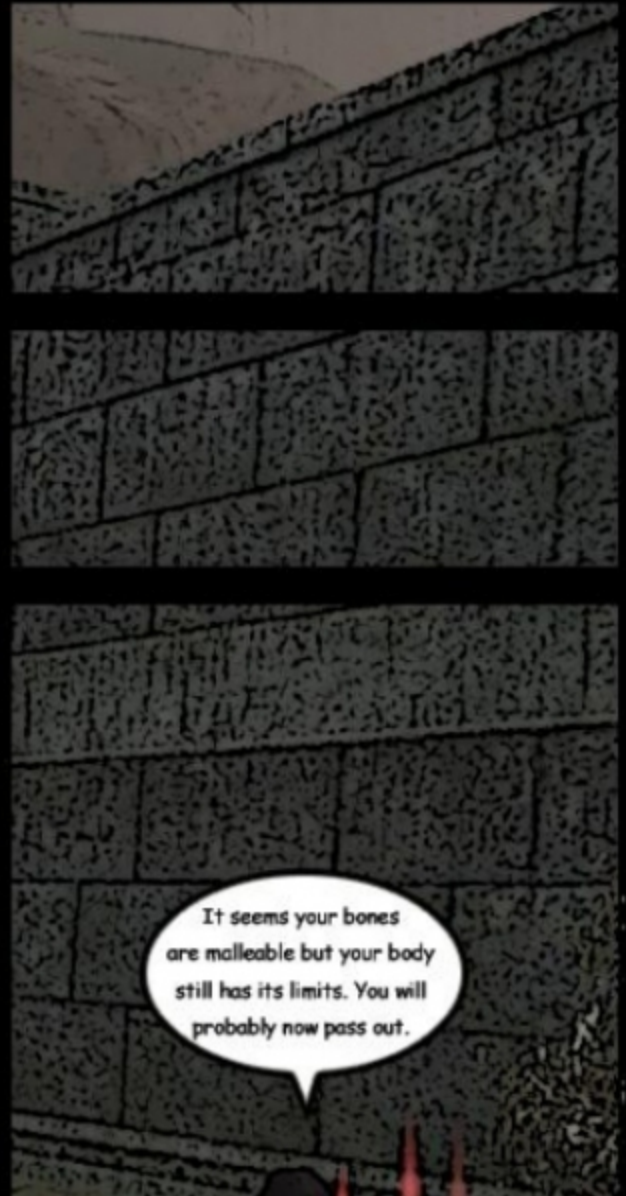






What the hell is this?

The more you fight it the harder it'll crush you



It seems your bones are malleable but your body still has its limits. You will probably now pass out.





Fall already!



There!




Did I just see an Egyptian cat fall from the sky?




I guess I did, Nashfatul

I have seen how you fight and have prepared myself. Your magics wont work on me.




Ah! What the hell is this. It burns... its burning my very soul. Ahh!

By the power of the goddess Bast, your soul shall remain forever in stasis to relive your past sins and experience all the pain you have ever inflicted on others!

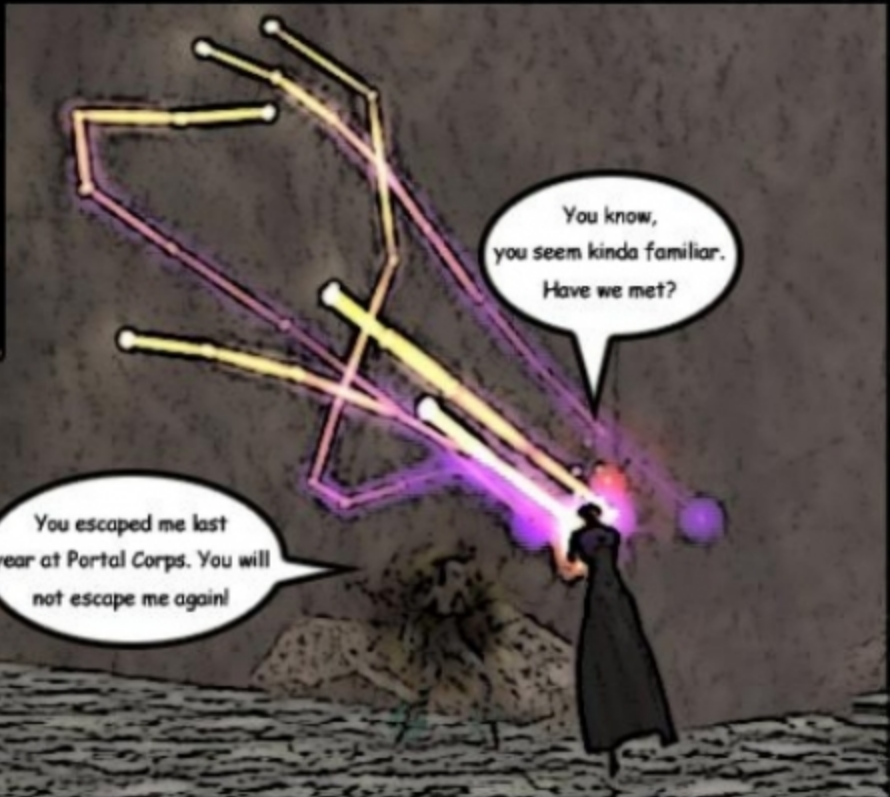


Psych! I have no soul fool!



Now to finish this! Unlike you, I can win even without borrowed magic. I'll push you over the edge!

Okay. That didn't work.



You know, you seem kinda familiar. Have we met?

You escaped me last year at Portal Corps. You will not escape me again!







Your strength is now mine!



Your health is now mine.



You are now stripped of all locomotive energy. I have your speed!

Speed wont be necessary for what happens next.



Neufakhi frendo  
vostri animus!




Ahhhl  
Hnnhl


Must repress  
the darkness!




AHHHHH!




You'll live. I'm a reasonable person.  
Someone who doesn't get carried away in a fight.  
After all, we mafioso are not murderers. In  
spite of what you Militia freaks think.




Stop right  
there Pistol.



The fact still remains  
that you and six others orchestrated  
the death of Pious Hunter.



How... how did you  
get that information? Wait a  
minute. I just defeated you!  
This is an outrage.



We battled you individually  
to observe and learn the full range  
and limitations of Dark Pistol. We  
didn't even fight you at full power.  
Save your pride and admit defeat  
or risk further humiliation.



No! I am too close to  
let you fools get in my way!  
I have sacrificed too much to quit  
now! So get out! All of you!



Nesfahfu frendo  
vestri animus!

Militia!  
Full power!

About time!





Actually, we can.  
We've stopped worse  
demons than you.



Using methods like  
'this' - Bastinado special!  
Eagle's claw!



Admittedly, I've  
completely shifted her  
fulcrum energy.



Either way  
The goddess Bast  
wins today.

STAY  
DOWN!

He said stay  
down BITCH!





BULLSHIT!!

Wait, wait! Please don't tag me to jail. I'll give you information. The Priest ... he's still ALIVE!



No. She's telling us the truth.

**END**



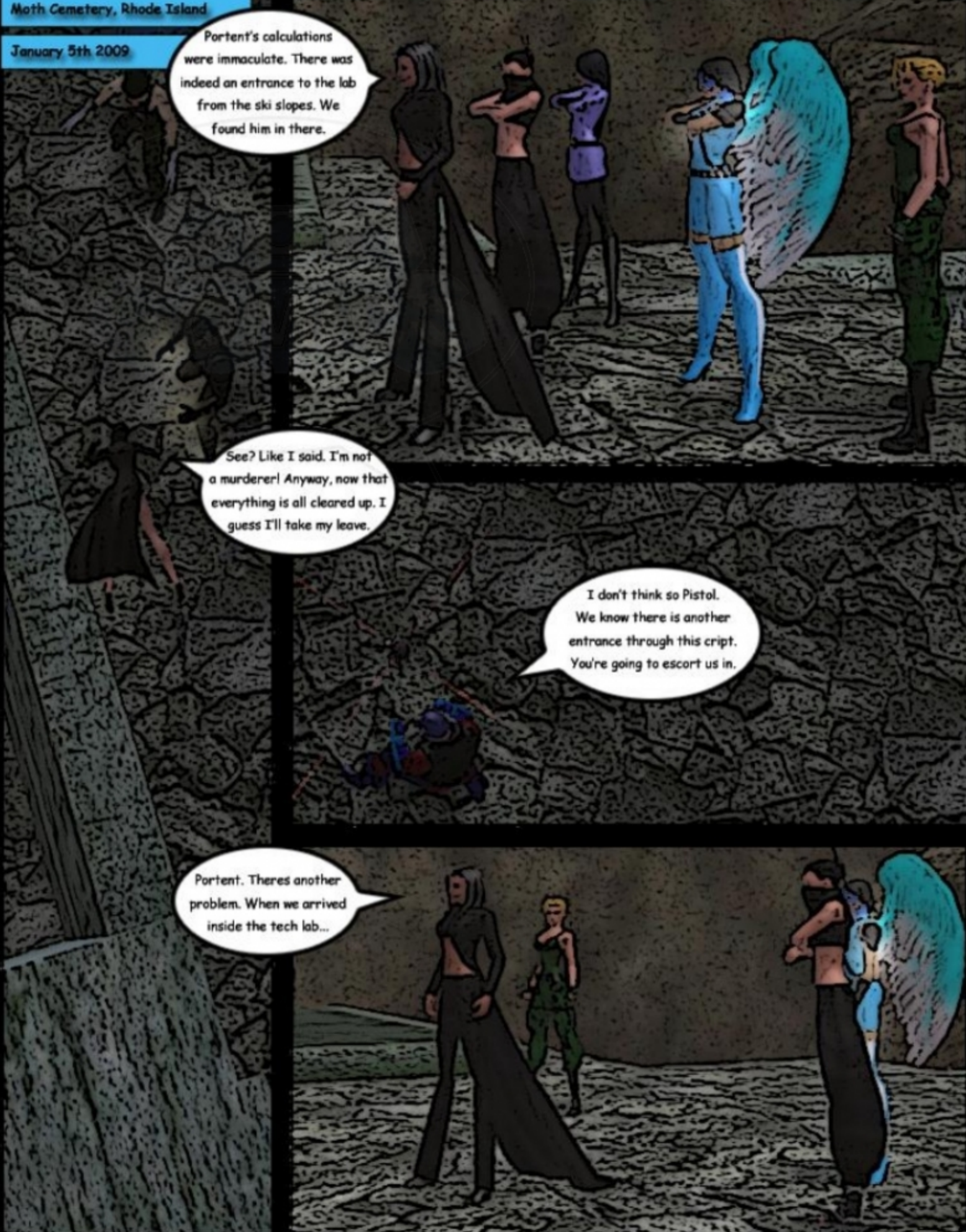
January 5th 2009

Portent's calculations were immaculate. There was indeed an entrance to the lab from the ski slopes. We found him in there.

See? Like I said, I'm not a murderer! Anyway, now that everything is all cleared up, I guess I'll take my leave.

I don't think so Pistol. We know there is another entrance through this crypt. You're going to escort us in.

Portent. There's another problem. When we arrived inside the tech lab...



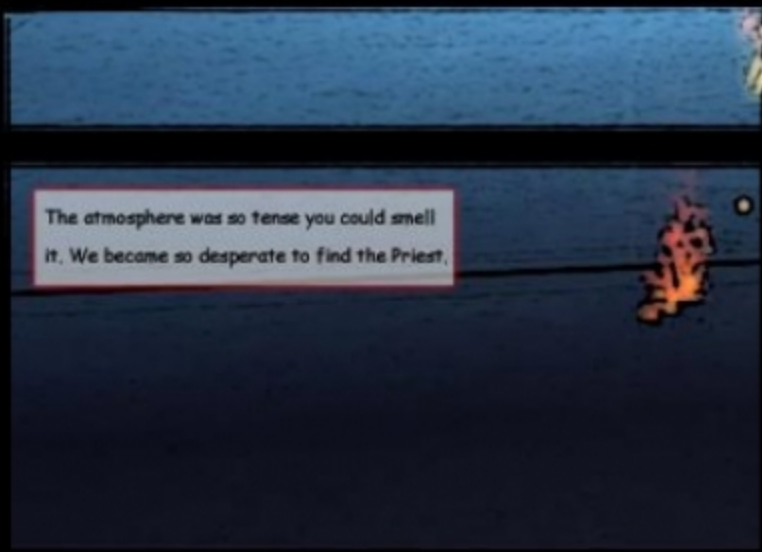




Dragonfly swept in later with her katana and knocked down the second wave like a blender.



By the time the last wave arrived we were all pretty tired. Still we managed to fall a giant.



The atmosphere was so tense you could smell it. We became so desperate to find the Priest.



Where is he? Where are you keeping him? I swear to God, If you dont talk right now, I'll slice open your gut and feed you the fat through your ugly fucking mouth!

And there he was. Trapped inside a giant tube filled to the brim with some sort of chemical.

More horrifying was the army below. There were dozens of them, all with HIS face. Each with HIS powers. The Priest is being cloned!

TO BE CONTINUED...

#3 BATTLE OF THE CLONES





[article](#) [discussion](#) [edit](#) [history](#)

## Codename (Deceased)

(Redirected from [Codename](#))

My own personal Barbie-doll slash action-figure. Codename is a super-hott, gun-wielding, ex-military hero with a bad-ass attitude. Can you get any more American? I love roleplaying this character because the assault rifle set allows me to enact those awesome moments from classic action movies like Rambo, Commando and Hard Boiled. Having said that, Codename is usually the stealthy assassin when in action but on the occasion, most likely in that time of the month, she goes on a bullet-spraying frenzy. Lastly, as a person, the story of Altair Stevens can be quite deep. She is essentially a little girl turned into a tool by the one man she ever loved; her father.

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## Affiliations

[\[edit\]](#)


The virgin Altair, here depicted

### Codename

Player: [@Pious](#)

Origin: Technology

Archetype: Blaster

Level: 32

Primary Set: Assault Rifle

Secondary Set: Devices

Epic Set: Munitions

### Personal Data

Real Name: Altair Stevens

Identity: Secret

Aliases: Barbwire, Barb, Barbie, Code, Hacker

Species: Cybernetic Human

Date of Birth: 28.12.88

Age: 18

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