

CALL
JACKALOPE.

HELLO! JACKALOPE
HERE, I CAN'T COME TO
THE PHONE RIGHT NOW BUT
LEAVE A MESSAGE AND
I'LL GET BACK TO YOU
AS SOON AS I CAN!

BEEP

LISTEN
HERE YOU LITTLE
SHIT.



I DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU
THINK YOU ARE-

OR
WHAT YOU
WERE TRYING
TO PULL-



BUT YOU JUST
MADE THE BIGGEST
MISTAKE OF YOUR
LIFE.

RIGGING
MY LOVEBOT
TO ATTACK
ME!?



DO YOU
HAVE ANY IDEA
WHO I AM!?

I'M MICHAEL
FUCKING
MASTERS!



IF I CAN'T
FIND HIM.

OR WHEN I
FIND HIM YOU
CAN'T FIX WHAT
YOU BROKE?...



A close-up comic book illustration of a woman's face. She has blonde hair and is looking upwards with a determined, intense expression. Her eyes are blue, and there is blood smeared around the corners of both eyes. A speech bubble originates from her mouth, containing the text "I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU." The background is solid black.

I'LL FUCKING
KILL YOU.

HE'S
MINE!

YOU
DON'T MESS
WITH MY THINGS!
YOU DON'T BREAK
MY SHIT!

CLICK

GOD
MY HEAD FUCKING
HURTS!!!





RINNNG...

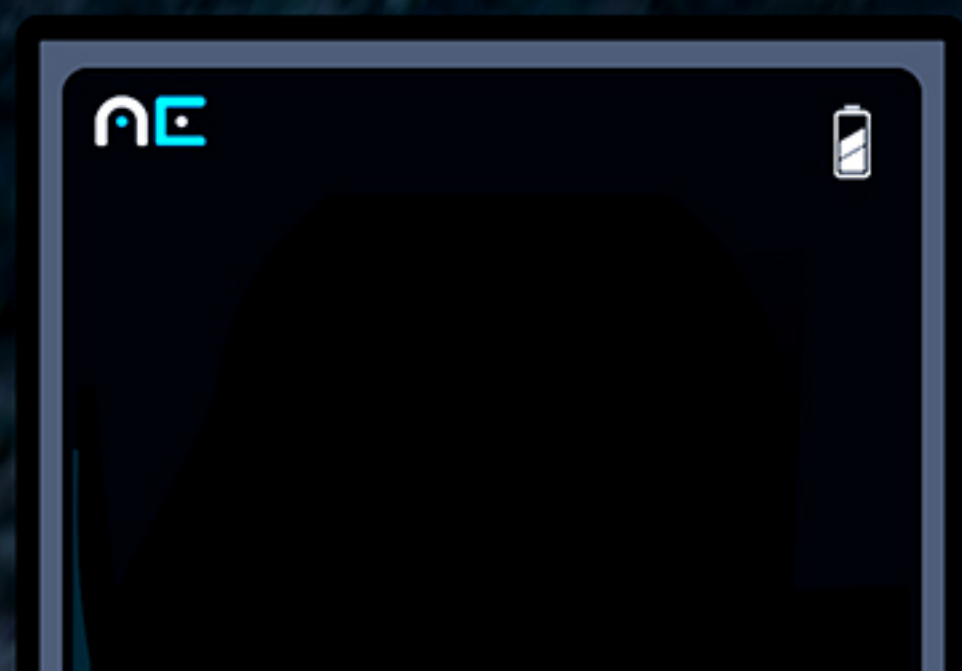
RINNNG...





RINNNG...

RINNNG...





RINNG...

RINNG...

WHAT...?

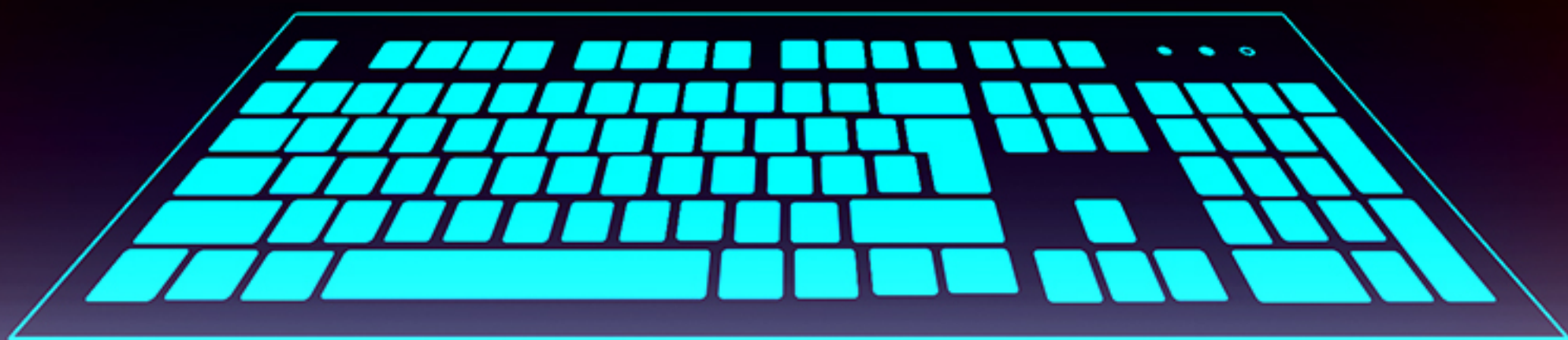


AW SHIT...



ADLYNN
PILI

INCOMING CALL



ALRIGHT...
PUT HER THROUGH.

CONNECTED.



MICHAEL, YOU HAD
A MEETING WITH CHARLES
TODAY. HE WANTS TO KNOW
WHY YOU DIDN'T...

WHAT ON
EARTH HAPPENED
TO YOU?





WHAT DOES
IT LOOK LIKE?? AND
THAT'S *MR. MASTERS*
TO YOU. OR SIR.



OF COURSE

OF COURSE.
DO YOU MIND EXPLAINING
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU,
SIR?



MY LOVEBOT...
HE ATTACKED ME FOR
NO REASON.

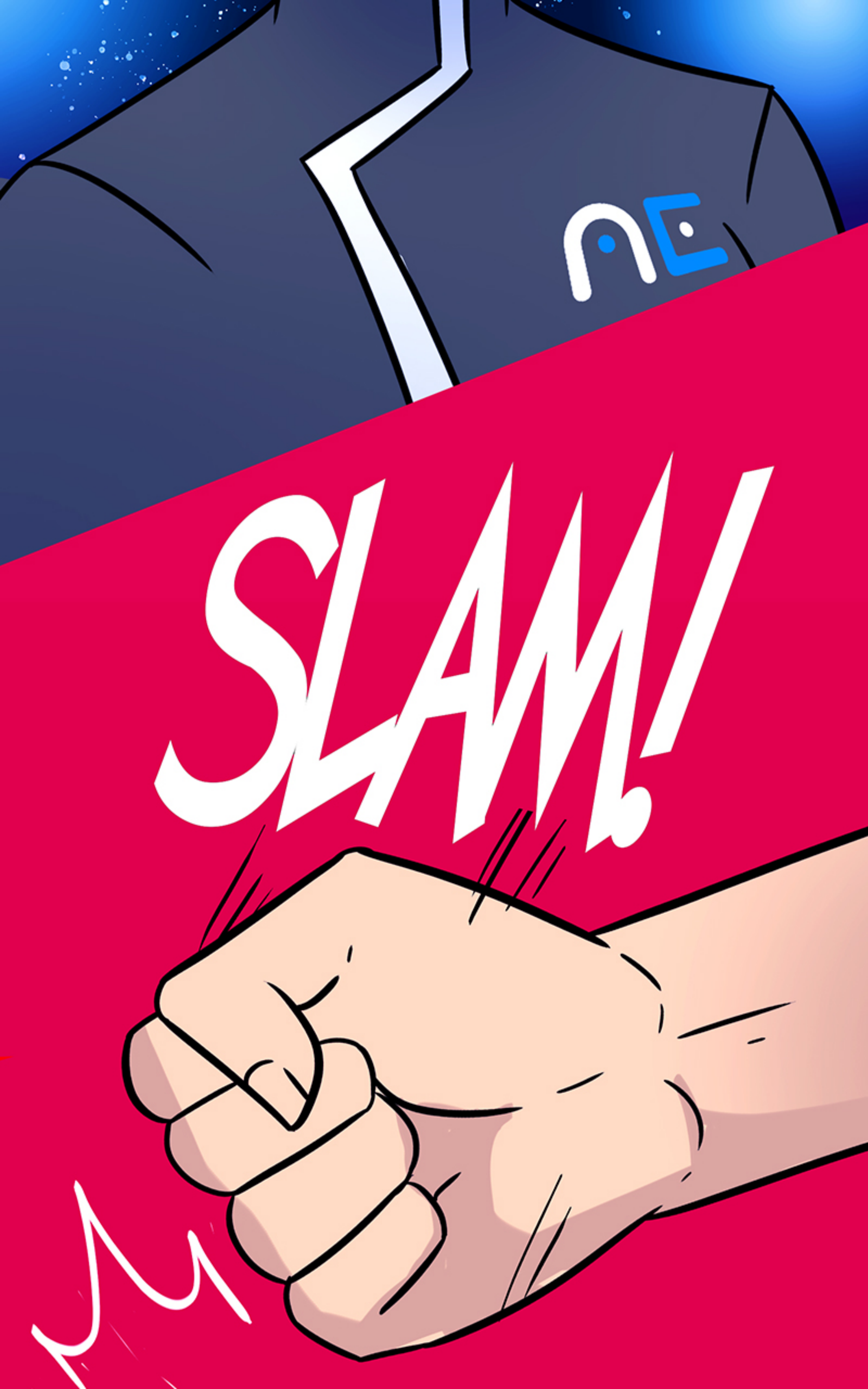
THREW AN
ASHTRAY AT MY
FACE AND RAN.



YOUR NEW
1919... ATTACKED YOU?
MR. MASTERS THAT IS
IMPOSSIBLE.

THERE ARE AN
INFINITE AMOUNT OF
SAFEGUARDS TO PREVENT
THE 1919'S FROM CAUSING
INJURY-





TELL THAT
TO THE GIANT
WOUND IN MY
HEAD!!

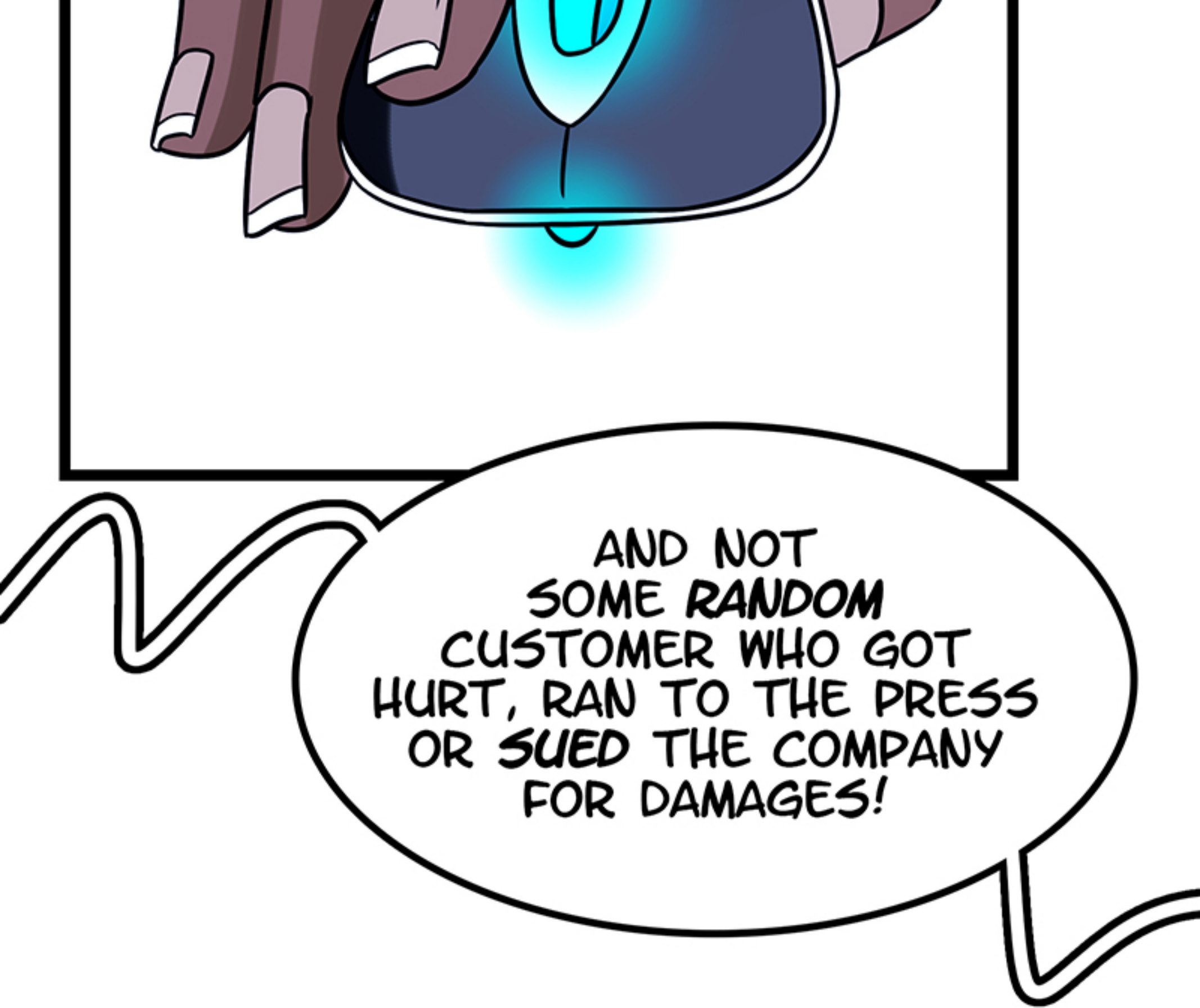




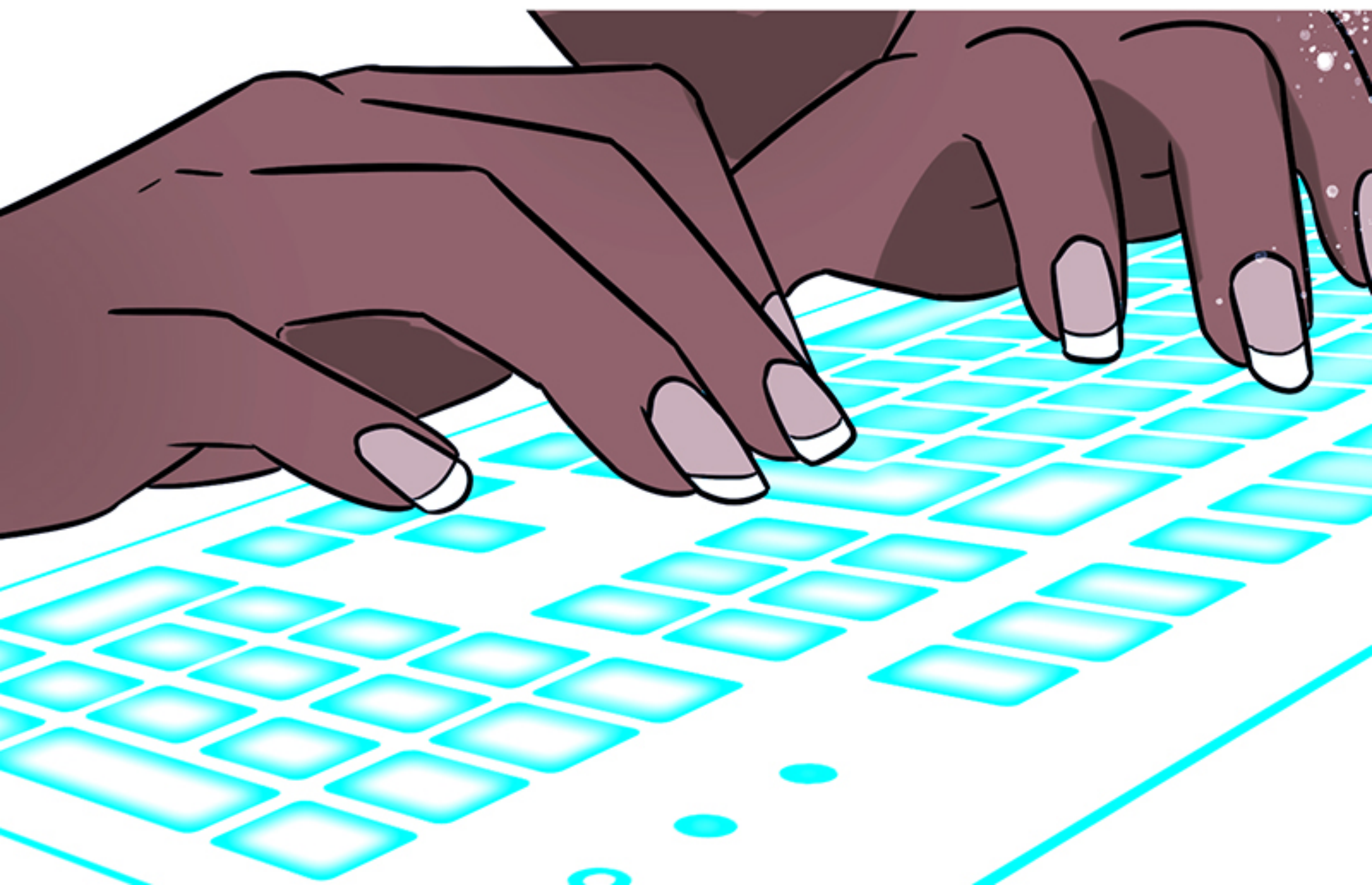
YOU SHOULD
BE GRATEFUL THAT
IT WAS *ME* THAT THIS
HAPPENED TO.

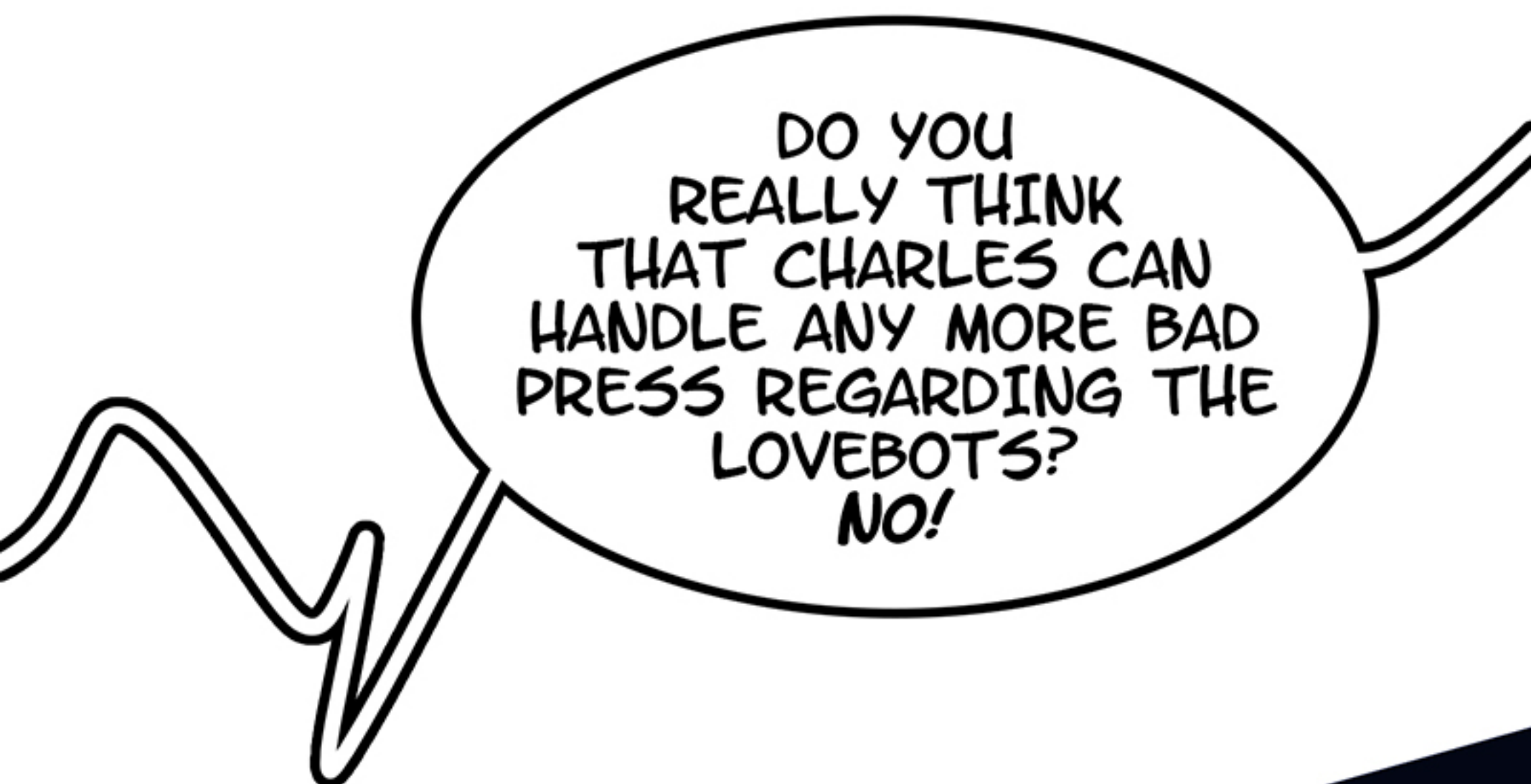
CLICK
CLICK





AND NOT
SOME RANDOM
CUSTOMER WHO GOT
HURT, RAN TO THE PRESS
OR **SUED** THE COMPANY
FOR DAMAGES!





DO YOU
REALLY THINK
THAT CHARLES CAN
HANDLE ANY MORE BAD
PRESS REGARDING THE
LOVEBOTS?
NO!

SEARCH:

MICHAEL MASTERS_1

SO YOU
BETTER FIND
HIM FOR ME BEFORE
HE ATTACKS SOMEONE
ELSE OUT ON THE
STREETS!

MICHAEL MASTERS
Head of Dermatology

Head of Derma Textiles

Clearance Level



Registered Love
AEL-1919
xx1123 cm

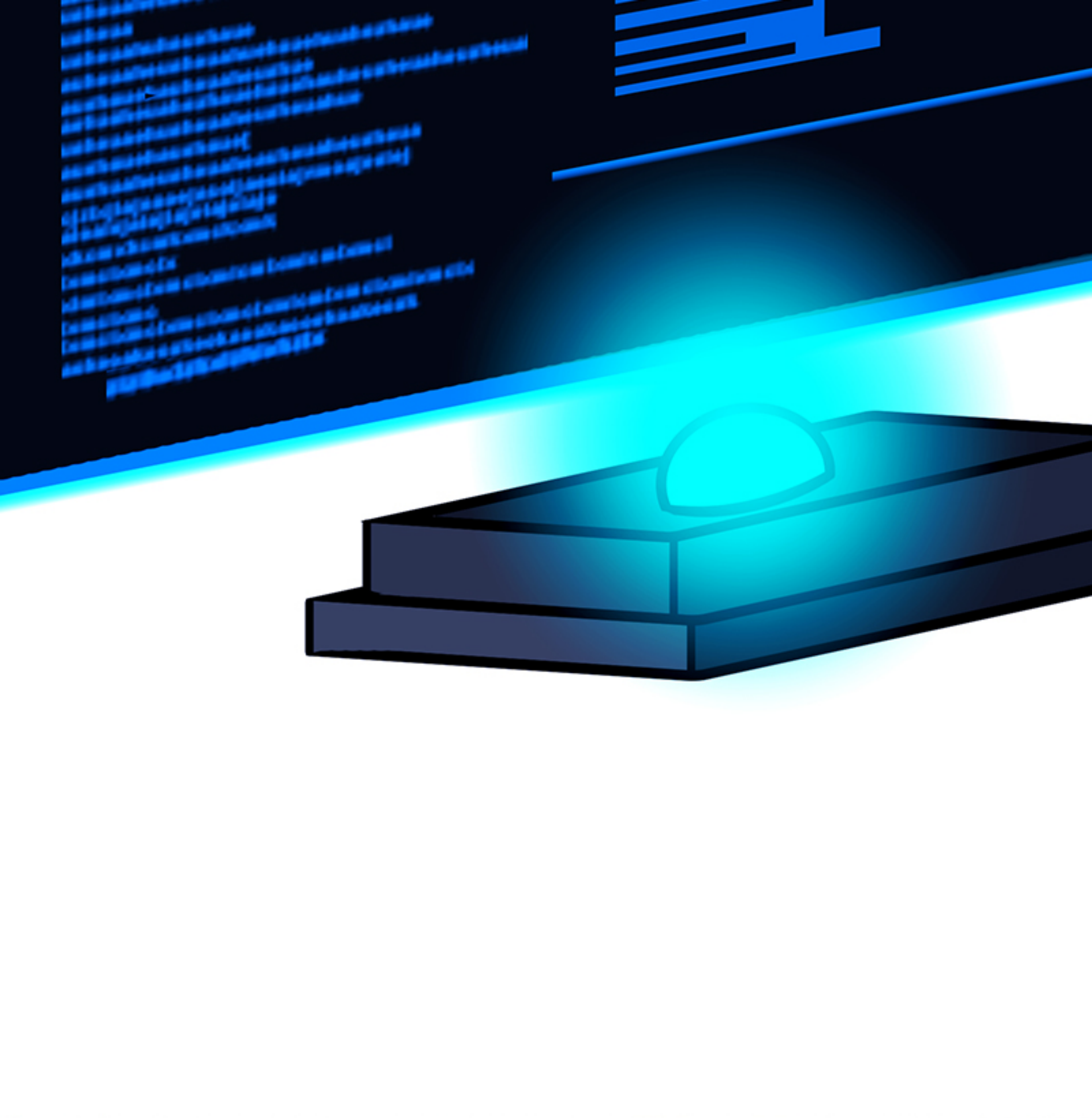
STATUS:

STATUS
DISCONNECTED



[The following text is extremely blurry and illegible.]







STATUS:
DISCONNECTED



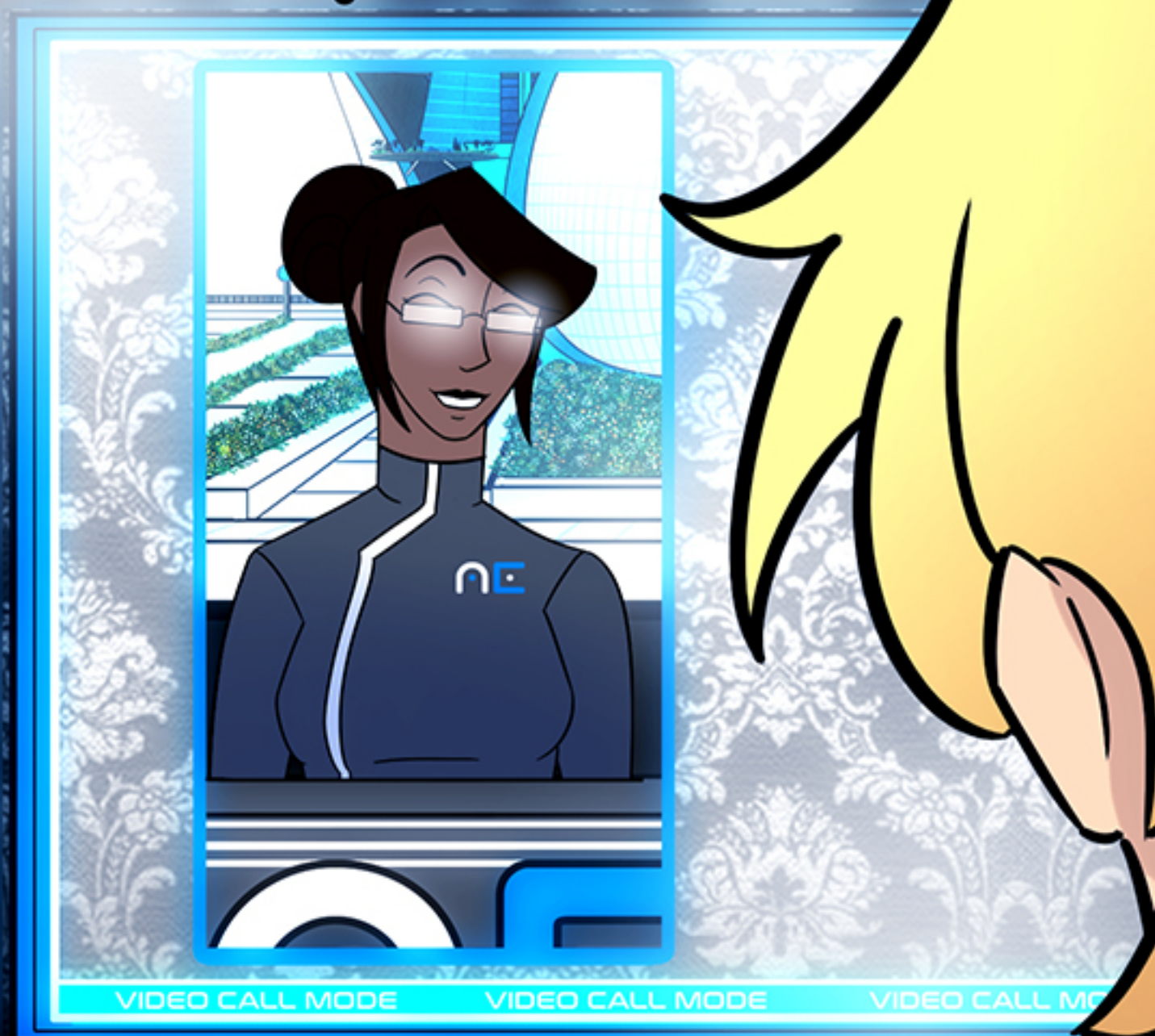


I'M SORRY...
I'VE BEEN TERRIBLY
UNKIND TO YOU,

HAVEN'T I?

WE WILL
TRACK DOWN YOUR
LOVEBOT.
I WILL ALSO SEND
A CAR SO YOU CAN COME
TO HEADQUARTERS AND
GET YOUR HEAD LOOKED
AT BY A MEDIC

AT BY A MEDIC.



ALRIGHT.
FINE, YES.

JUST BE
QUICK.



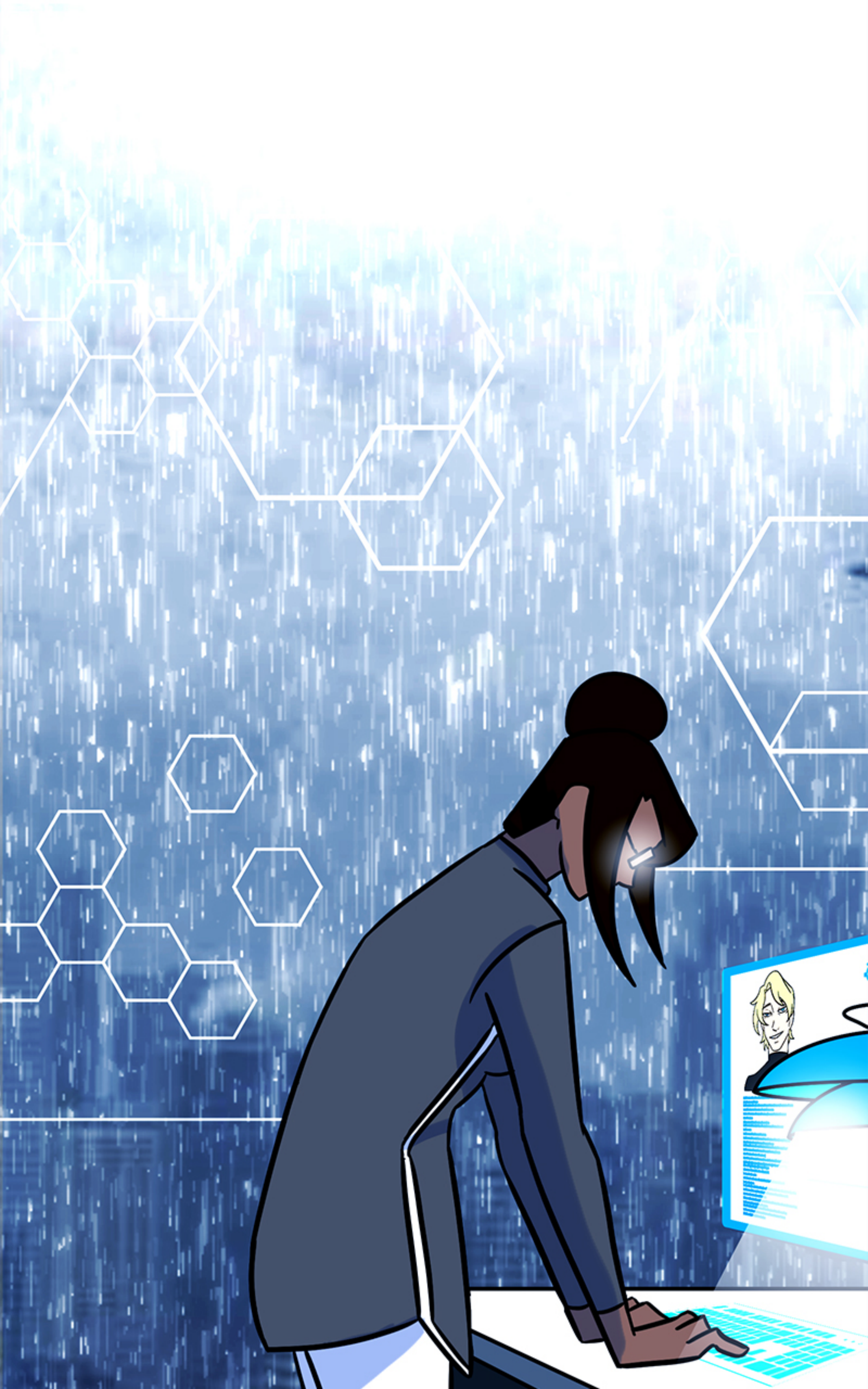
OF
COURSE, SIR.
WE'LL SEE
YOU SHORTLY.

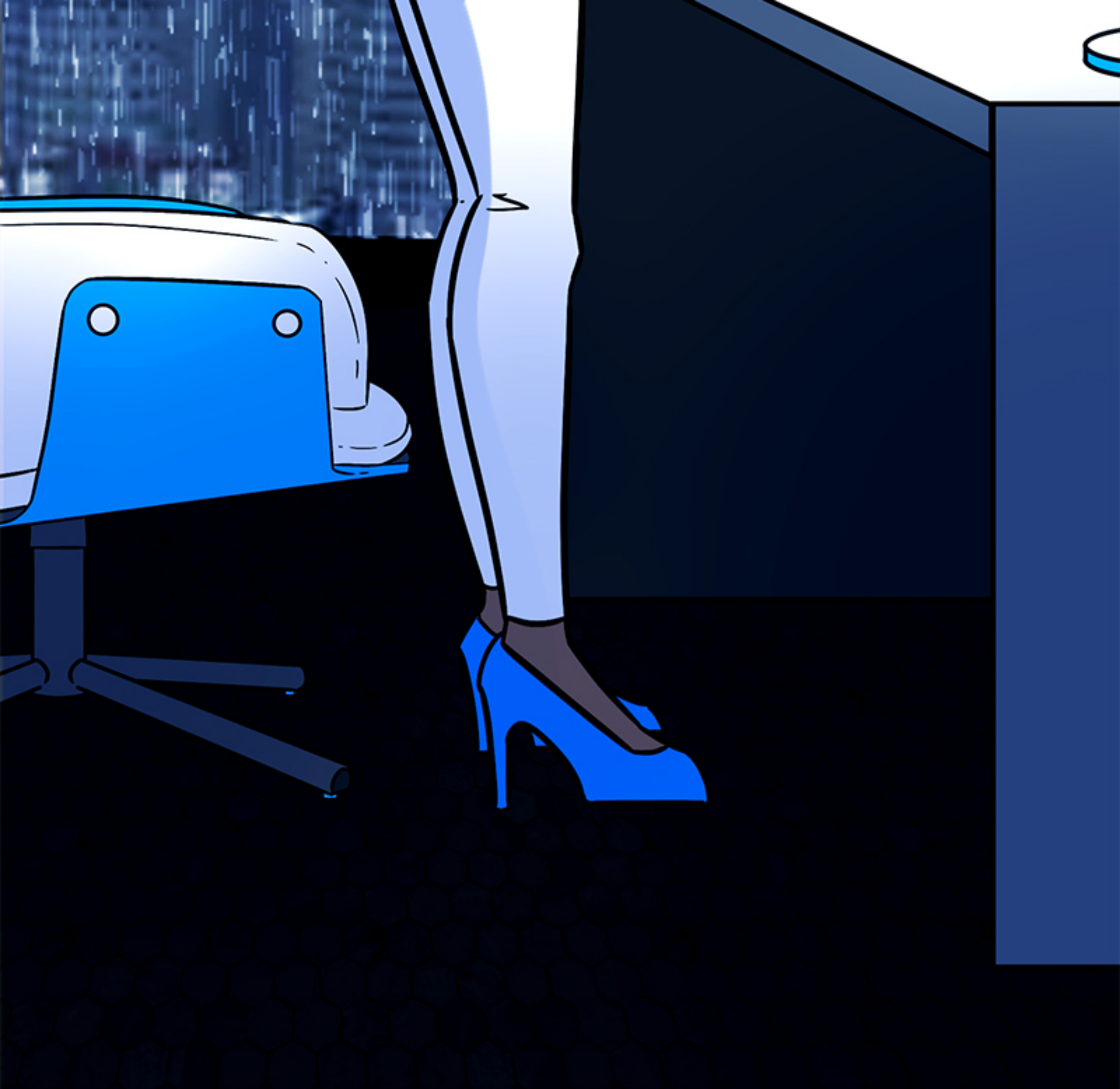


CALL
DISCONNECTED.

ASSHOLE.



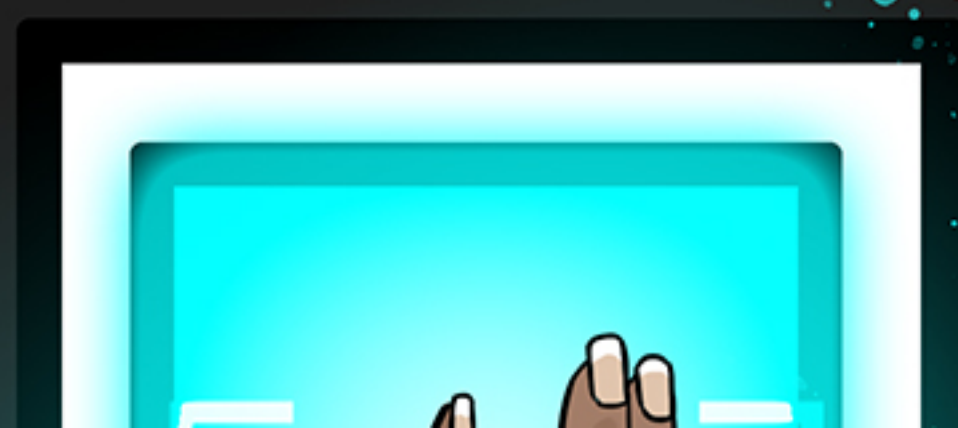
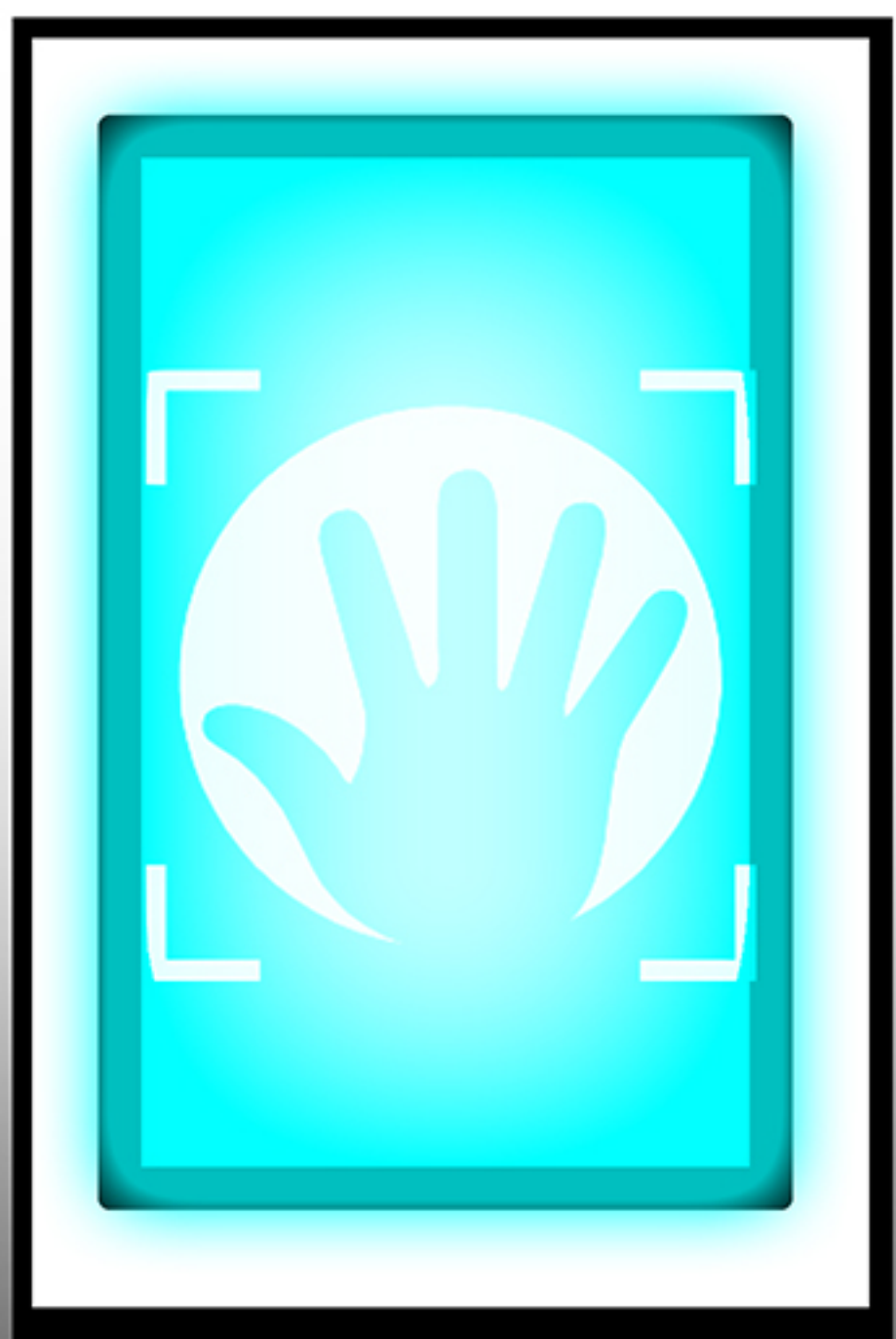




TAK
TAK







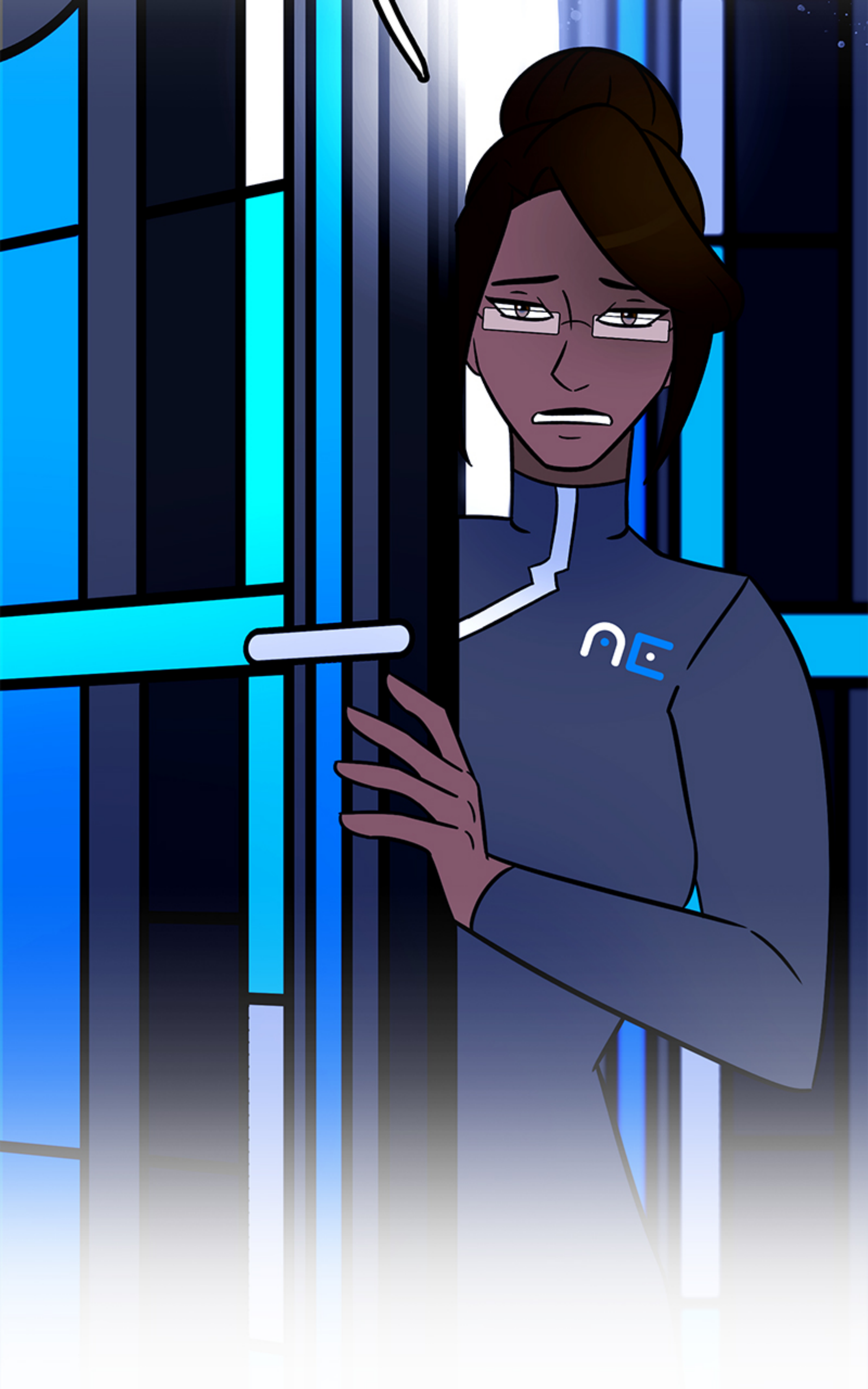


SCAN ACCEPTED
WELCOME, ADLYNN





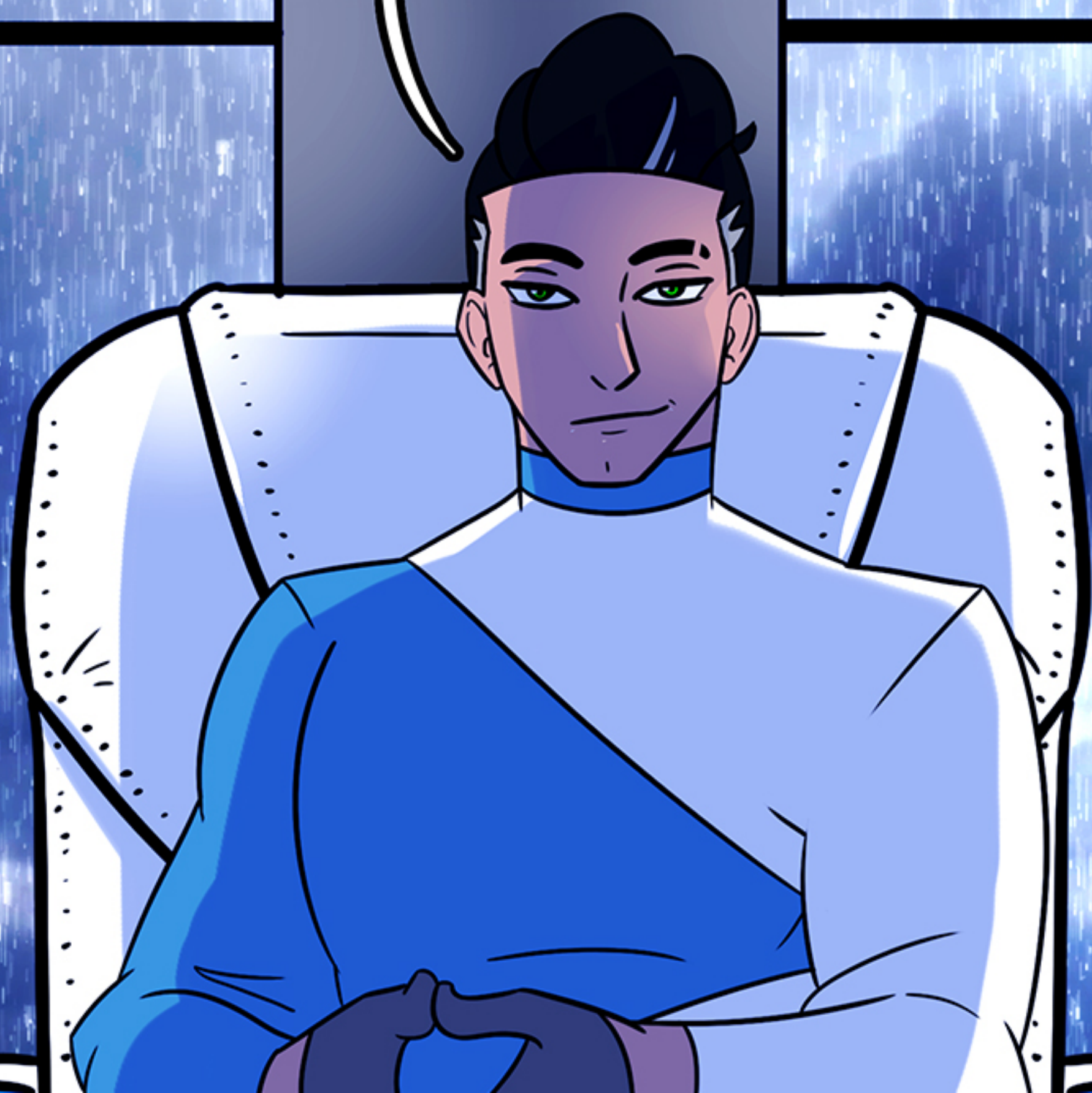
SIR? I WAS
ABLE TO GET AHOLD
OF MICHAEL.





AH-

HE HAD A
DECENT EXCUSE,
I ASSUME?

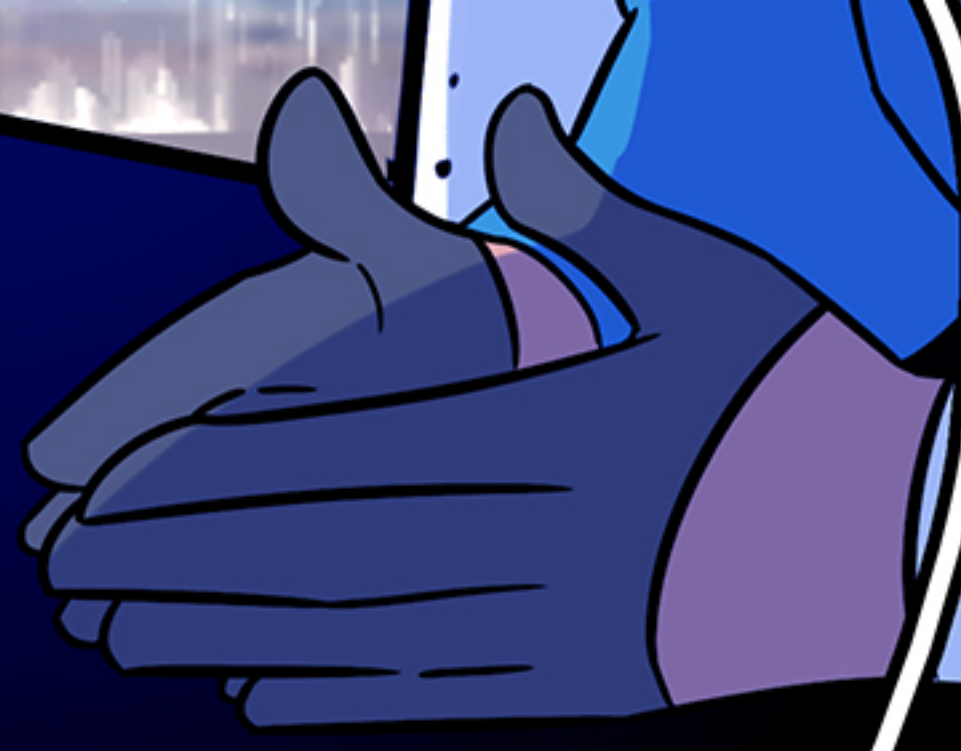






HE SAYS THAT
HIS AEL-1919 ATTACKED
HIM AND THEN IT
ESCAPED.

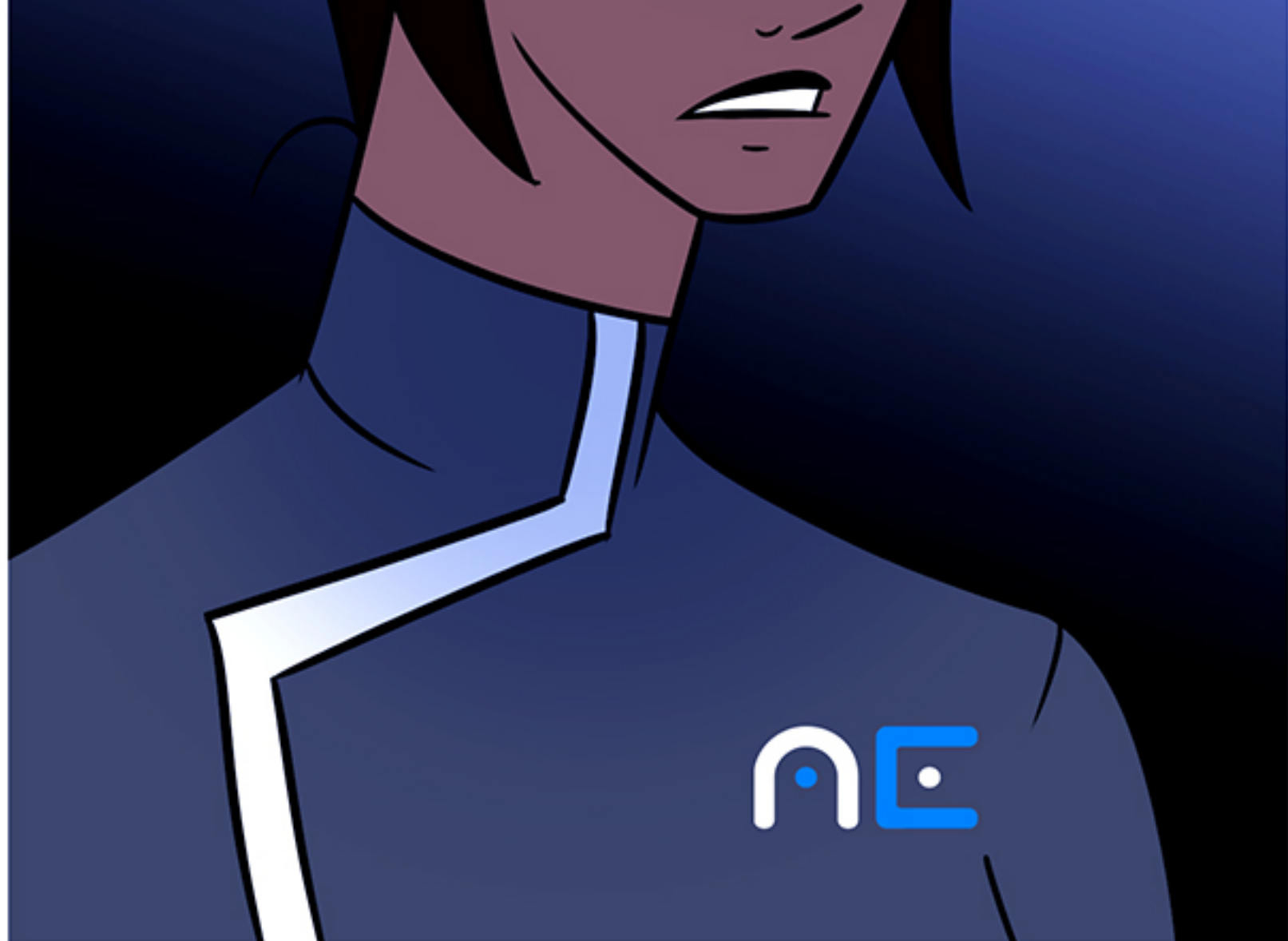
BUT WHEN
I SEARCHED FOR
THE BOT REGISTERED
TO HIM IN ORDER
TO ACTIVATE
TRACKING...

A hand with blue and purple skin is holding a small, glowing blue object. The hand is positioned at the top left of the frame, with a white line extending from it towards the first speech bubble. The background is dark blue.

I FOUND
THAT HIS
LOVEBOT HAS BEEN
DISCONNECTED.

A woman with dark brown hair in a bun, wearing glasses, is looking upwards with a concerned expression. A white line extends from the second speech bubble towards her head. The background is light blue.

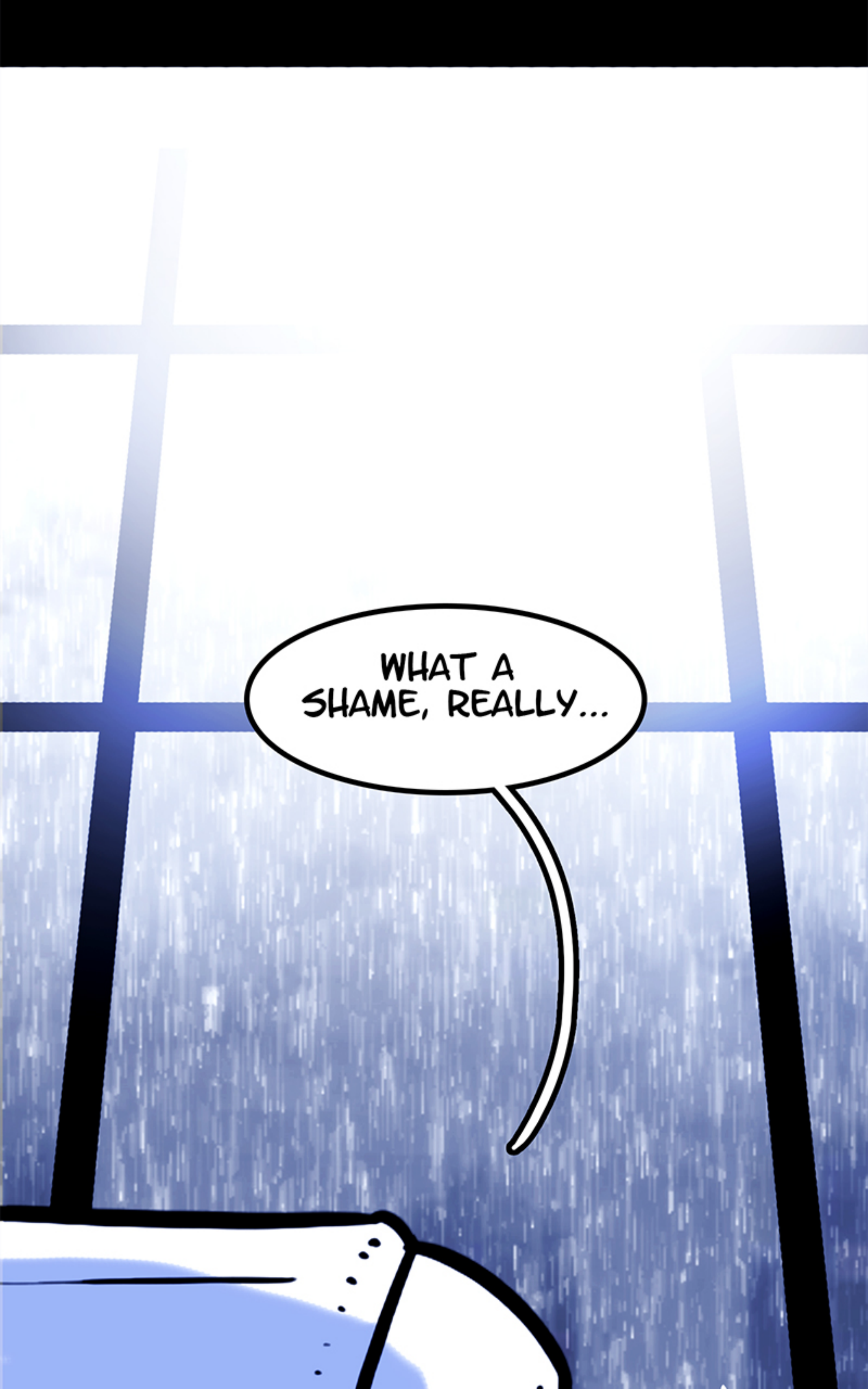
IMPLYING
SOME SORT OF
INTERNAL DAMAGE
OR EVEN HACKING.



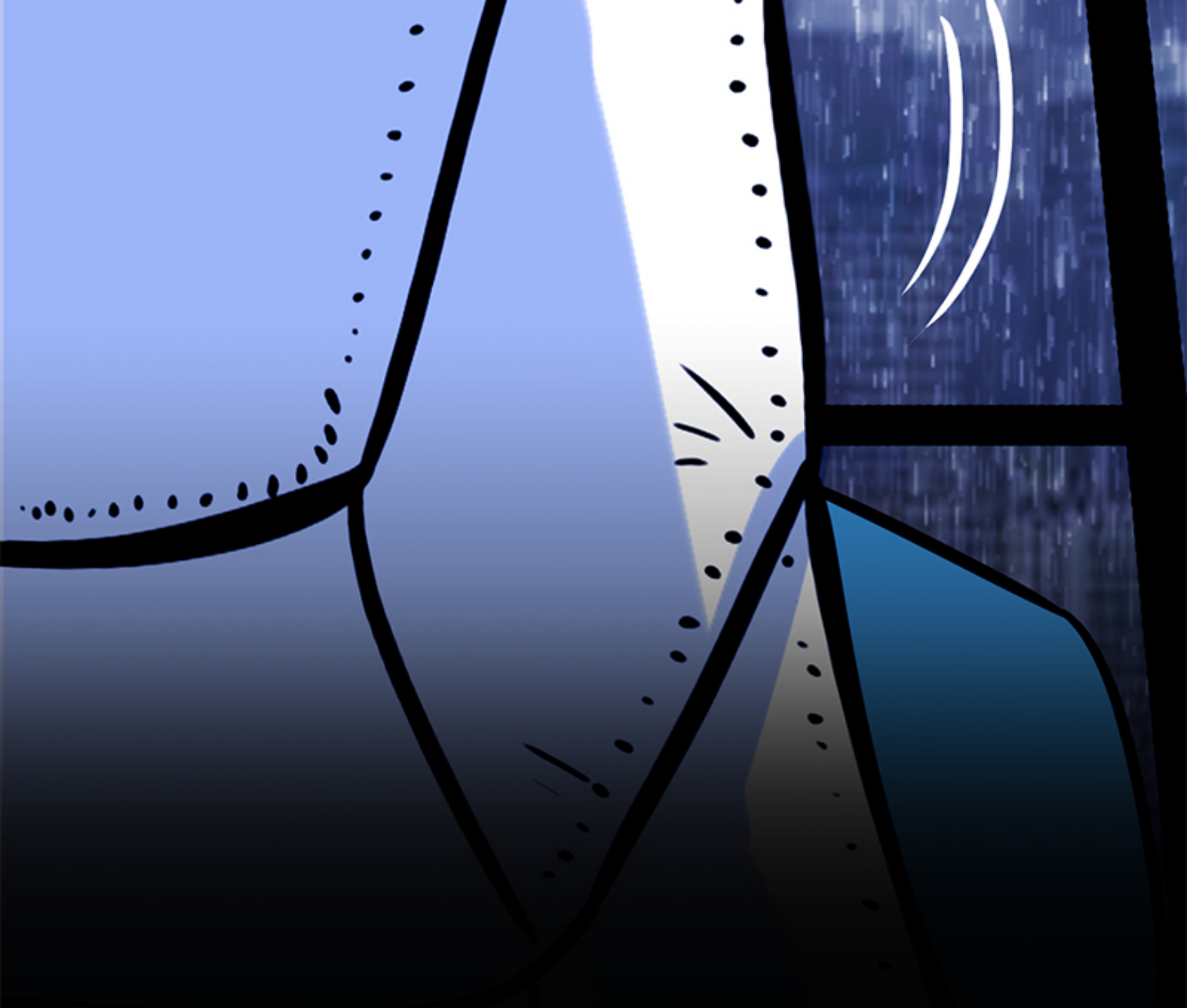


DISCONNECTED?
HE SHOULD KNOW
BETTER...





WHAT A
SHAME, REALLY...



I KIND OF
LIKED THAT
GUY...



LOVEBOT

By Chase Keels and Miranda M.

Edited By Bre Boswell



@lovebot_webtoon



lovebot_webcomic



@astrobleme-enterprises