

HIDDEN SIGNALS

CHAPTER 7: TROUBLED WATERS



by CATHRYNE DELAMORT

NEXT MORNING---

UGH, WHAT A NIGHT---

YOU CAN'T LET CASSIE FIND WHATEVER'S IN HAWAII.

SHE'S PLANNING SOMETHING BIG.



HER SCHEMES WHEN WE WERE YOUNG GAVE ME NIGHTMARES.



IN THAT CASE, I'M IN.



WE CAN'T FLY THERE. SHE'D TRACK US.



WHY SHOULD WE TRUST YOU?

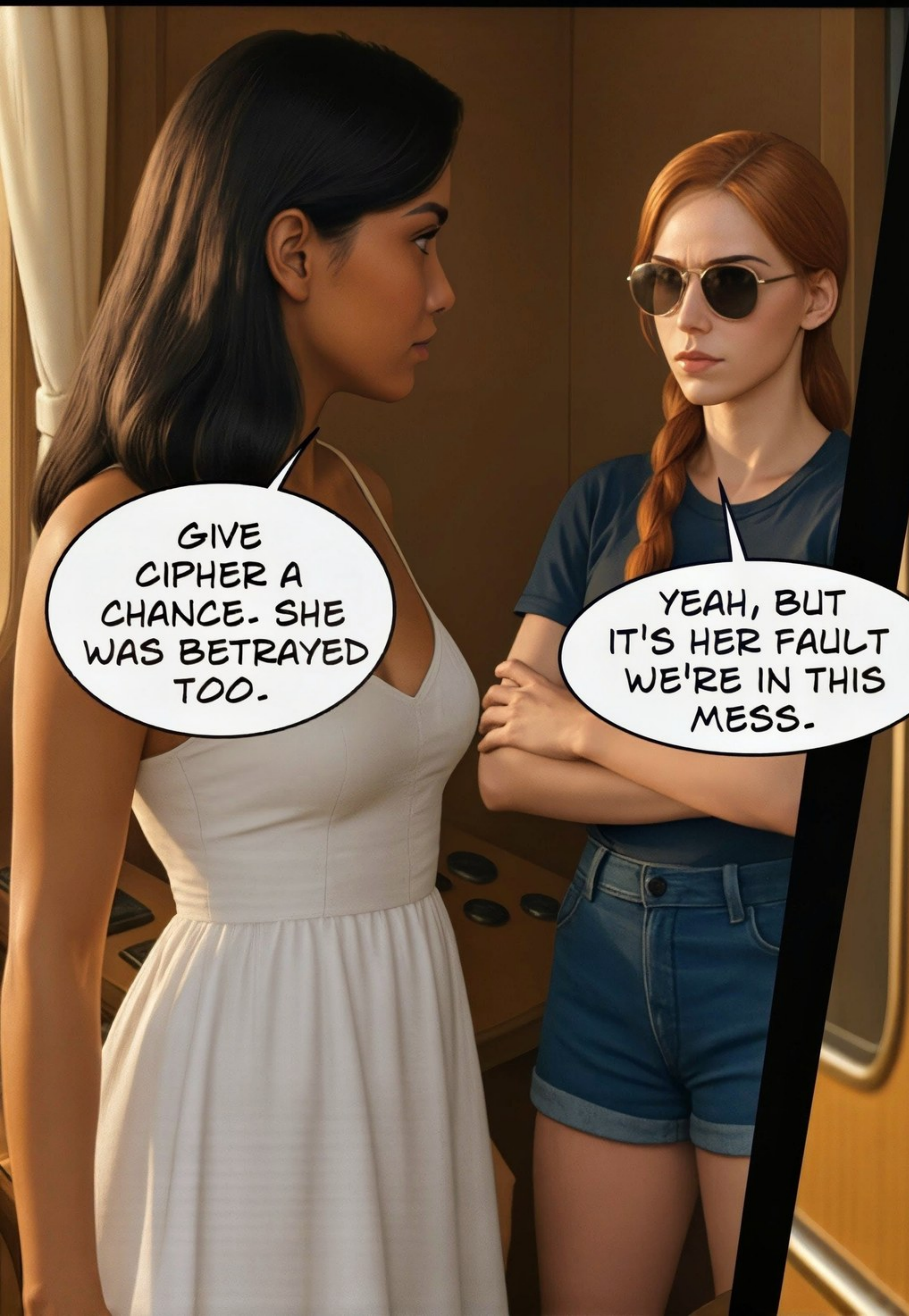
OH, SORRY FOR TRYING TO KEEP US ALIVE.



UM, WHY DON'T WE TAKE MY YACHT?

LATER THAT AFTERNOON...





THAT NIGHT---

SO, FIND ANYTHING, CIPHER?

NOTHING. PLACE WAS CLEAN.



CASSIE PROBABLY HASN'T EVEN NOTICED THE PENDANT'S GONE YET.



OR YOU JUST MISSED-



CLINK



WHACK



LET'S ALL JUST TRY TO RELAX, OR IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG TRIP.

DAYS LATER...



SEE? SMOOTH
SAILING. CHILL OUT
CIPHER.



THAT'S NOT
EXACTLY MY
DEFAULT SETTING,
FIREFLY.



BESIDES,
CASSIE WON'T
CHILL.

SHE'LL
ERASE.



SHE WAS ALWAYS
HIGH-STRUNG.

HOW DID YOU
TWO MEET,
ANYWAY?



SHE
FOUND ME.

MADE ME FEEL
LIKE I WASN'T
COMPLETELY...



... WORTHLESS.















SERIOUSLY,
CIPHER.
THANK YOU.



SEVERAL DAYS
LATER...





TO BE CONTINUED...

To be
continued...

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