

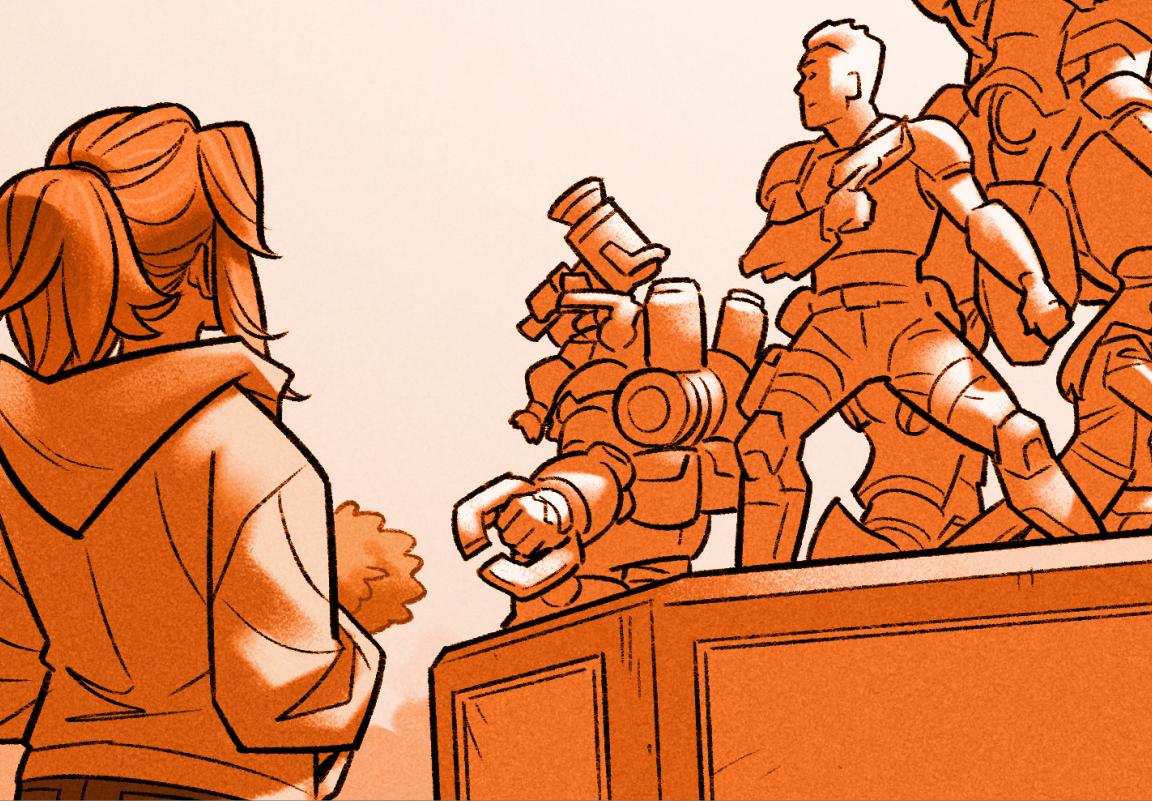
BLIZZARD®
ENTERTAINMENT

OVERWATCH®²

SEARCH & DESTROY

TOM WALTZ RON CHAN





SEARCH & DESTROY



OVERWATCH 

Freja Skov isn't sure what to think when Talon financier Maximilien hires her to track down her old friend, Emre Sarioglu. Over time, she pieces together a complex history of Emre's life post-Overwatch—including testimony that the shining hero she remembers is now a coldblooded killer. But what Freja finds at the end of this long road may leave her with more questions than answers...

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MONTE CARLO,
MONACO

WHEN I BECAME A
BOUNTY HUNTER, I QUICKLY
LEARNED THE QUESTIONS
TO ASK MY CLIENTS.

YOU **WANTED**
ME TO COME HERE
TONIGHT. THIS WAS
ALL A TEST?

IT WAS A
CALCULATION.
I HAD TO BE SURE
YOU WERE RIGHT
FOR THIS.

AND THEN
THERE ARE **SOME**
QUESTIONS...

RIGHT FOR
WHAT?

FOR A
PROBLEM NO
ONE ELSE HAS
BEEN ABLE
TO SOLVE.

I THINK
YOU MIGHT FIND
IT PARTICULARLY
INTERESTING.

...THAT ARE BETTER
LEFT **UNANSWERED**.

TARGET

I COULD
HARDLY
BELIEVE IT.

THAT, YEARS
AFTER EMRE LEFT
OVERWATCH...HE
BEGAN WORKING
FOR TALON.

AT SOME POINT,
THEY'D LOST TRACK
OF HIM, AND NOW MAX
WANTED HIM BACK.

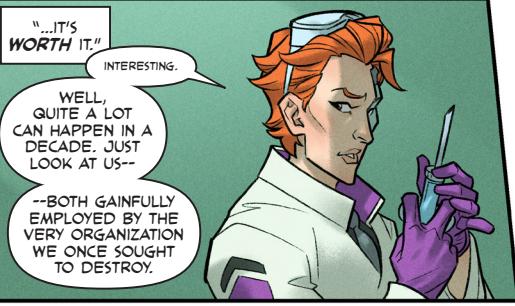
WHY? I
COULDN'T
SAY.

GET
STATUS:
MISSING

BUT I WAS
DETERMINED
TO FIND OUT.

YOU
SHOULD'VE
LED WITH
THIS...





FUNNY THOUGH, HOW CHANGED HE WAS, WHEN HE APPEARED ON TALON'S DOORSTEP.

WHEN WAS THAT?

A FEW YEARS AFTER HIS DEFECTION FROM OVERWATCH, HE WAS RATHER CHOOSEY ABOUT THE ASSIGNMENTS HE ACCEPTED.

AND HE WAS COLD, CALCULATING, RUTHLESS...



I'D HIRED HIM TO HELP ME PROCURE, SHALL WE SAY, EXOTIC MATERIALS HIDDEN IN A HIGHLY DEFENDED R&D FACILITY IN BURKHALA.

EMRE DISAPPEARED FROM THE OPERATION, LEAVING ME TO FIGHT ON MY OWN.

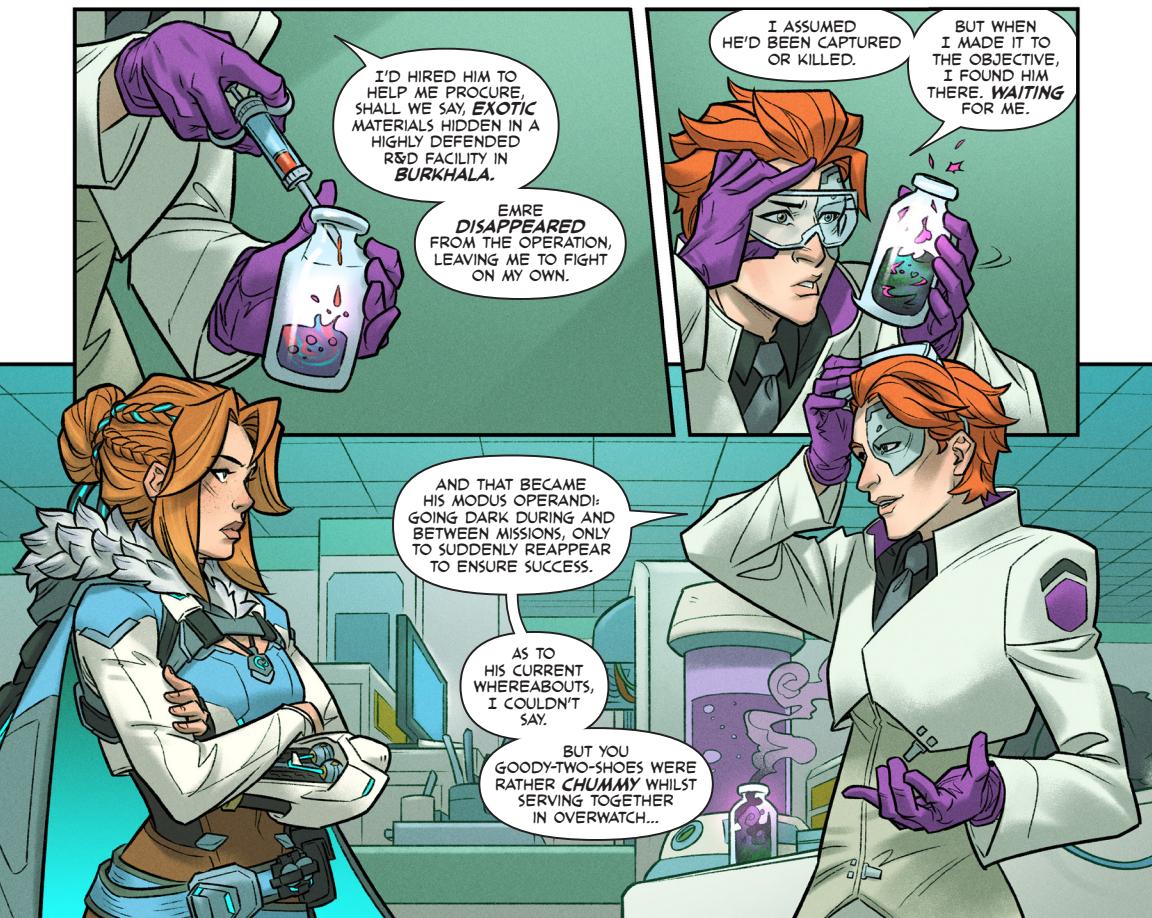
I ASSUMED HE'D BEEN CAPTURED OR KILLED.

BUT WHEN I MADE IT TO THE OBJECTIVE, I FOUND HIM THERE. WAITING FOR ME.

AND THAT BECAME HIS MODUS OPERANDI: GOING DARK DURING AND BETWEEN MISSIONS, ONLY TO SUDDENLY REAPPEAR TO ENSURE SUCCESS.

AS TO HIS CURRENT WHEREABOUTS, I COULDN'T SAY.

BUT YOU GOODY-TWO-SHOES WERE RATHER CHUMMY WHILST SERVING TOGETHER IN OVERWATCH...



ISTANBUL, TURKEY

"...PERHAPS THE CLUES YOU SEEK ARE BURIED IN YOUR OWN PRECIOUS MEMORIES."

EMRE AND I **WERE** CLOSE...BOTH PROFESSIONALLY AND PERSONALLY. BUT I WAS HARDLY THE ONLY ONE WHO LOOKED UP TO HIM.

WHEREAS THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE VAUNTED OVERWATCH STRIKE TEAM SEEMED UNTOUCHABLE--SUPERHUMAN, EVEN--EMRE WAS **DIFFERENT**.

HE BUILT RELATIONSHIPS WITH THE ENTIRE SUPPORT STAFF, INCLUDING THOSE IN SEARCH AND RESCUE.

IN HIS NATIVE TURKEY, HE'D SERVED IN THE SPECIAL FORCES. REMAINED CLOSE TO HIS FORMER SQUADMATES AND FAMILY.

I'D MADE THE TRIP MYSELF ONCE, DURING A BREAK FROM OUR OVERWATCH DUTIES.

EVERYTHING'S DELICIOUS, MRS. SARIOGLU.

PLEASE, CALL ME ZEHRA.

ANY FRIEND OF EMRE'S IS MORE THAN WELCOME IN OUR HOME...**ESPECIALLY** ONE SO PRETTY.

MOM, PLEASE.

I'D RETURNED TO ISTANBUL TO SEE IF HIS PARENTS MIGHT KNOW WHERE I COULD FIND THEIR BELOVED SON.

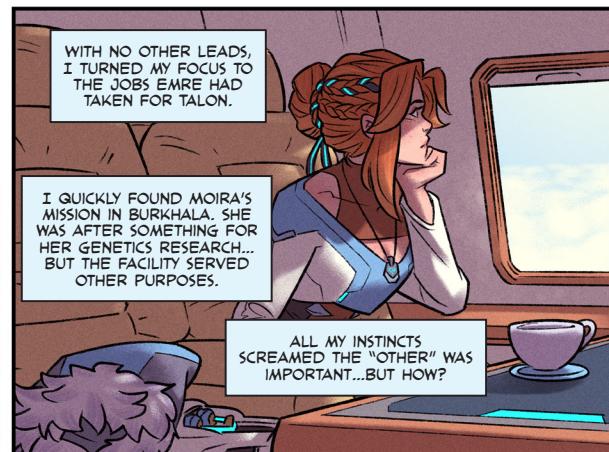
NO SUCH LUCK.

NONE OF THIS WAS LIKE EMRE. BUT THEN...IF WHAT MOIRA HAD TOLD ME WAS TRUE, MAYBE I **NEVER** KNEW MY FRIEND AT ALL.

WITH NO OTHER LEADS, I TURNED MY FOCUS TO THE JOBS EMRE HAD TAKEN FOR TALON.

I QUICKLY FOUND MOIRA'S MISSION IN BURKHALA. SHE WAS AFTER SOMETHING FOR HER GENETICS RESEARCH... BUT THE FACILITY SERVED OTHER PURPOSES.

ALL MY INSTINCTS SCREAMED THE "OTHER" WAS IMPORTANT...BUT HOW?



I MET WITH MAUGA, WHO HAD HELPED EMRE INFILTRATE A BLACK SITE IN GUATEMALA.



WIDOWMAKER HAD WORKED WITH EMRE TO DESTROY A WEAPONS FACILITY IN HUNGARY.



REYES WAS MY FINAL STOP. HE'D FALLEN FAR SINCE I'D KNOWN HIM IN OVERWATCH.



I'D COME NEARLY FULL CIRCLE, AND THE STORY REMAINED THE SAME.



IT MADE NO SENSE. WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIM?

WHAT WAS I MISSING?



THE TERRIBLE THINGS I'D ALREADY LEARNED ABOUT MY LOST FRIEND WERE MORE THAN I EVER WISHED TO KNOW...

--A BREAK.

...AND YET, SADLY, STILL NOT ENOUGH.

THEN--

I RECOGNIZED ONE OF THE SITES EMRE HAD HIT. A NOW-HELIX INSTALLATION IN KINSHASA. WE'D VISITED BEFORE...IN OVERWATCH.

THE JOBS EMRE HAD TAKEN FOR TALON WERE AT OR NEAR SATELLITE COMMAND CENTERS WHERE GLOBAL SECURITY WAS MONITORED...

...AND WHERE OVERWATCH WAS OFTEN DEBRIEFED.

THE STRIKE TEAM DIDN'T EXACTLY PRIORITIZE MEETINGS WITH THE SUPPORT TEAMS... BUT EMRE DID.

WHILE THE INFORMATION HOUSED THERE WAS VALUABLE, IT WASN'T WHAT TALON WANTED. AND YET...

...EVERY COMMAND CENTER HAD BEEN WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE OF EMRE'S JOBS FOR TALON...ALL BUT ONE.

IF I WANTED TO PROVE MY THEORY, THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

SECURITY LOGS SHOWED MULTIPLE MINOR BREACHES AT THE FACILITY IN RECENT DAYS, AS IF SOMEONE WAS DOING RECONNAISSANCE, READYING FOR A STRIKE.

PILOT...
...TAKE ME TO RIYADH.

RIYADH,
SAUDI ARABIA

MY INSTINCTS
WERE RIGHT.

BUT IF **EMRE** HAD
DONE THIS... CAUSED
THIS CARNAGE...

...COULD I DO
WHAT NEEDED TO
BE DONE?

WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?!

THE...
THE SOLDIER.
L-LIKE...A
DEMON.

HIS
EYES...

WHO--

EMRE?!

GYAH!!

BLAM!





KILL IT!

IN MY BUSINESS,
THERE ARE
QUESTIONS YOU
DON'T ASK.



NO.

LIKE WHY
I'M BEING
HIRED.



I CERTAINLY DIDN'T
ASK MAX THAT, MUCH
AS I WANTED TO.



AND IN THAT
MOMENT...

...I DIDN'T
HAVE TO.

FINALLY, THE
TERRIBLE NOISE
STOPPED.

ALL AROUND
ME...CHAOS.

NO.

DESTRUCTION.

AND THEN,
IN THE SMOKE,
A SHAPE.

EKOFF
EKOFF

FREJ?

IS THAT
YOU?

NOT A DEMON
THIS TIME. NOT
A MONSTER.

ONLY
EMRE.