

**BILZARD**  
ENTERTAINMENT

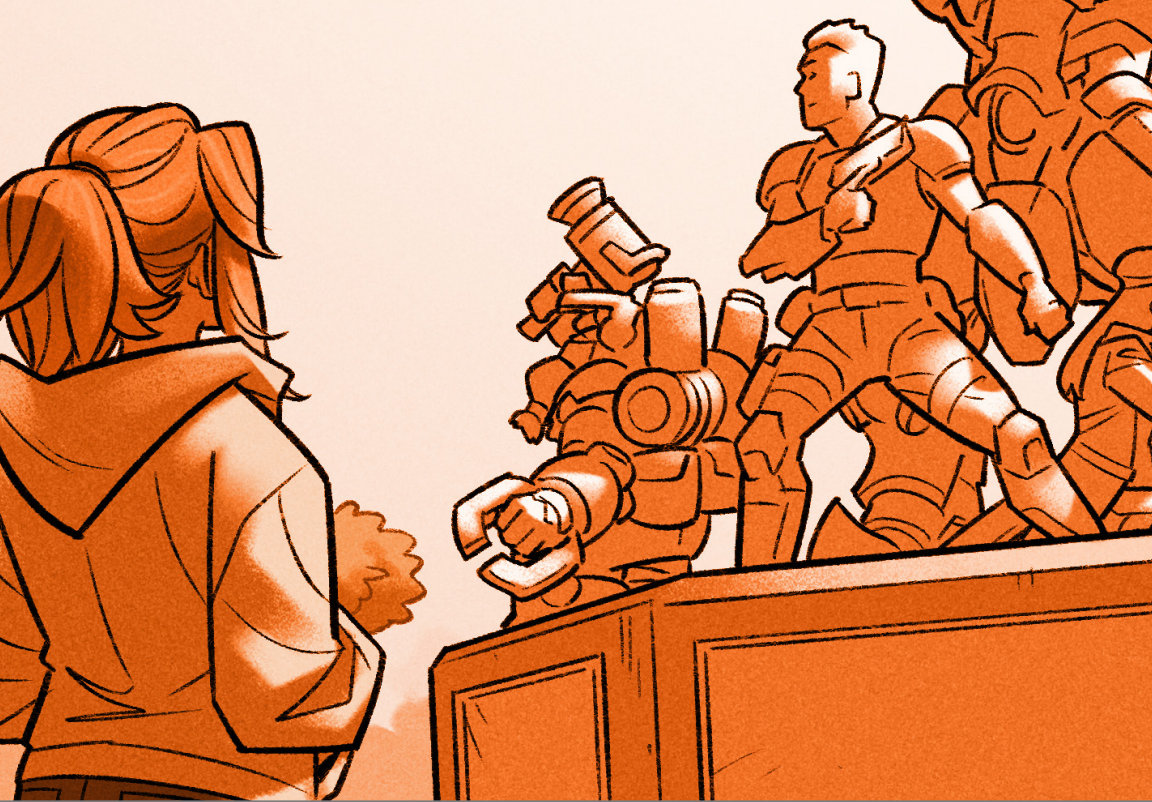
**OVERWATCH® 2**

# SEARCH & DESTROY

TOM WALTZ   RON CHAN







## SEARCH & DESTROY



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  
7  
STATUS:  
MISSING

BUT I WAS  
**DETERMINED**  
TO FIND OUT.

YOU  
SHOULD'VE  
LED WITH  
THIS...



OASIS,  
IRAQ

"...LEAVE  
HIM TO ME."

"EMRE  
SARIOGLU..."

...I'D WAGER YOU  
**NEVER** EXPECTED HIM TO  
LAND ON YOUR LITTLE  
QUARRY LEDGER.

MOIRA  
O'DEORAIN.

SHE WAS A STAIN ON  
OVERWATCH'S REPUTATION,  
AND IT SEEMED SHE'D SUNK  
EVEN **LOWER** WITH TALON.

SHE ALWAYS  
FOUND BACKERS  
WITH THE LEAST  
OVERSIGHT AND  
THE DEEPEST  
POCKETS.

BUT EMRE NEVER  
DID WHAT **HE** DID  
FOR THE MONEY.

TELL ME,  
FREJA--HOW  
LONG'S IT BEEN  
SINCE YOU'VE SEEN  
YOUR ERSTWHILE  
COHORT?

"NEARLY A DECADE...WHEN  
HE LEFT OVERWATCH."

YOU **CAN'T**  
RESIGN. THE  
STRIKE TEAM  
NEEDS YOU.

HEH.  
TELL THAT TO  
THE STRIKE  
TEAM.

THEY DON'T  
SEEM TO HEAR ME  
WHEN I POINT OUT HOW  
**LOOSE** PROTOCOL'S  
GOTTEN.

DOUBT  
THEY'LL EVEN  
NOTICE I'M  
GONE.

ALRIGHT,  
FINE. I NEED  
YOU. MY **TEAM**  
NEEDS YOU!

MAKE  
FRIENDS WITH  
VIVIAN--TAKE YOUR  
CONCERNS TO HER.  
**SHE'LL** LISTEN.

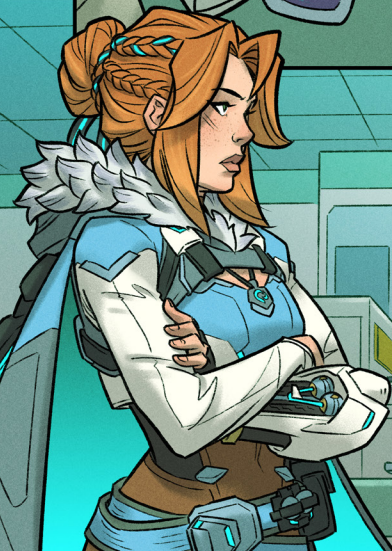
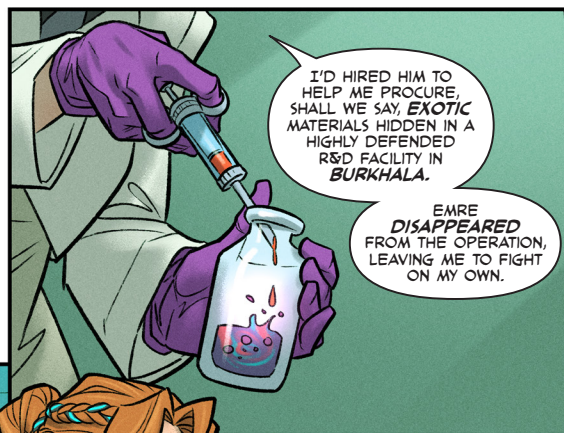
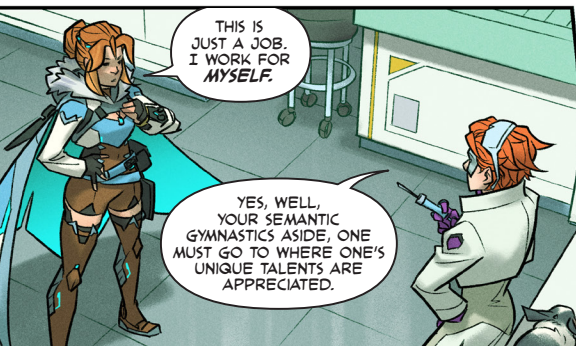
AND WHAT  
ABOUT YOU?  
WILL **YOU** BE  
OKAY?

OVERWATCH  
HAS BEEN...YOUR  
**LIFE.**

I'LL BE FINE. I'VE  
ALREADY GOTTEN A FEW  
OFFERS TO CONSULT ON  
GLOBAL SECURITY.

JUST PROMISE  
ME YOU WON'T LET  
THIS PLACE CHANGE WHO  
YOU ARE, FREJ. KEEP  
UP THE GOOD  
FIGHT...





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.

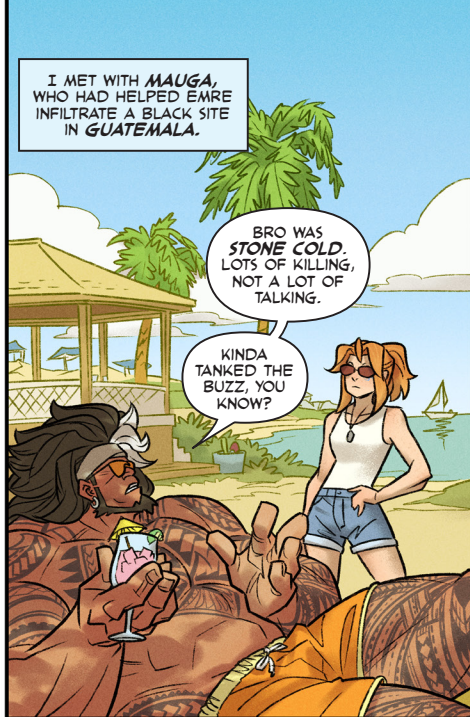
NONE OF THIS WAS LIKE EMRE. BUT THEN...IF WHAT MOIRA HAD TOLD ME WAS TRUE, MAYBE I **NEVER** KNEW MY FRIEND AT ALL.

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**.

BRO WAS **STONE COLD**. LOTS OF KILLING, NOT A LOT OF TALKING.

KINDA TANKED THE BUZZ, YOU KNOW?



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

AND EMRE **DISAPPEARED** DURING THE MISSION?

OUI. FOR A SHORT WHILE. HE DISABLED HIS TRACKER.

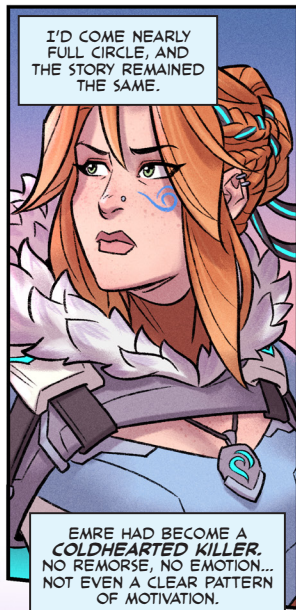


**REYES** WAS MY FINAL STOP. HE'D FALLEN FAR SINCE I'D KNOWN HIM IN **OVERWATCH**.

WHOEVER THAT WAS WITH ME IN **LUANDA**, IT **WASN'T** EMRE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THE OLD EMRE COULDN'T TIE HIS BOOTS WITHOUT CONSULTING THE REG MANUAL. BUT ON THAT SHIP, HE WAS **DIFFERENT**.



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

EMRE HAD BECOME A **COLDHEARTED KILLER**. NO REMORSE, NO EMOTION... NOT EVEN A CLEAR PATTERN OF MOTIVATION.



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...

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

THEN--

--A *BREAK*.

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



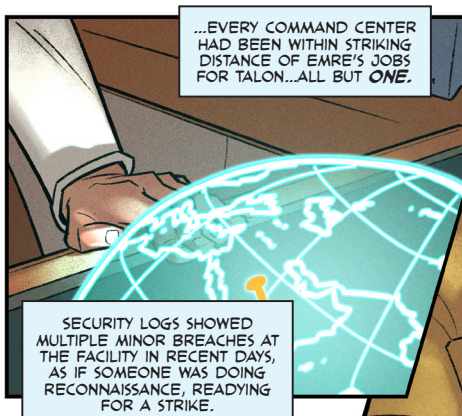
THE JOBS EMRE HAD TAKEN FOR  
TALON WERE AT OR NEAR SATELLITE  
COMMAND CENTERS WHERE GLOBAL  
SECURITY WAS MONITORED...

...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*.

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

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

PILOT...

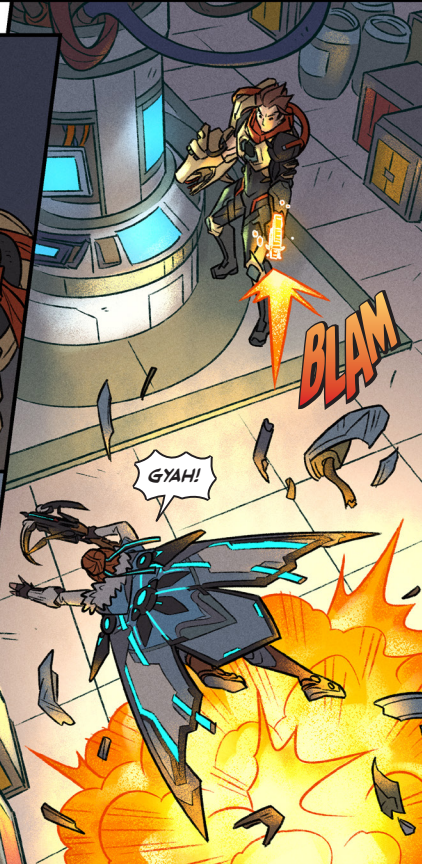
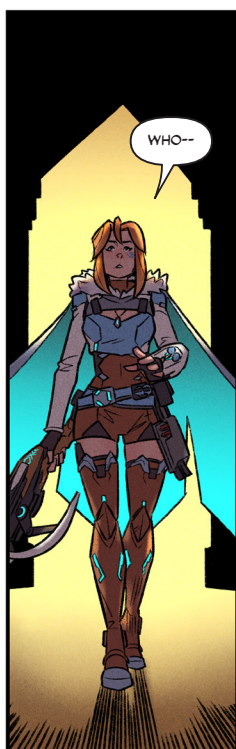
...TAKE ME  
TO *RIYADH*.



RIYADH,  
SAUDI ARABIA

MY INSTINCTS  
WERE RIGHT.

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







AFTER ALL THE YEARS WE'D SERVED TOGETHER.

ALL THE SHARED MEMORIES.

I JUST WANT TO TALK!

PLEASE--



MY LOST FRIEND.

ALL THE TIME I'D SPENT, WONDERING WHERE HE'D GONE...



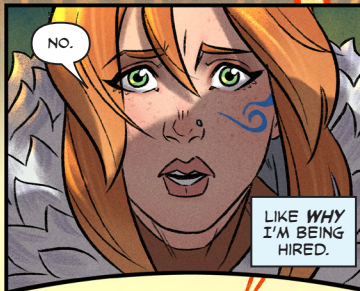
THERE HE IS!  
FIRE!







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



LIKE **WHY** I'M BEING HIRED.





FINALLY, THE  
TERRIBLE NOISE  
STOPPED.

ALL AROUND  
ME...CHAOS.

NO.

DESTRUCTION.

AND THEN,  
IN THE SMOKE,  
A SHAPE.

KOFF  
KOFF

FREJ?

IS THAT  
YOU?

NOT A DEMON  
THIS TIME. NOT  
A MONSTER.

ONLY  
EMRE.