

# ESPRESSO DETECTIVE



ERIC  
ERDEK

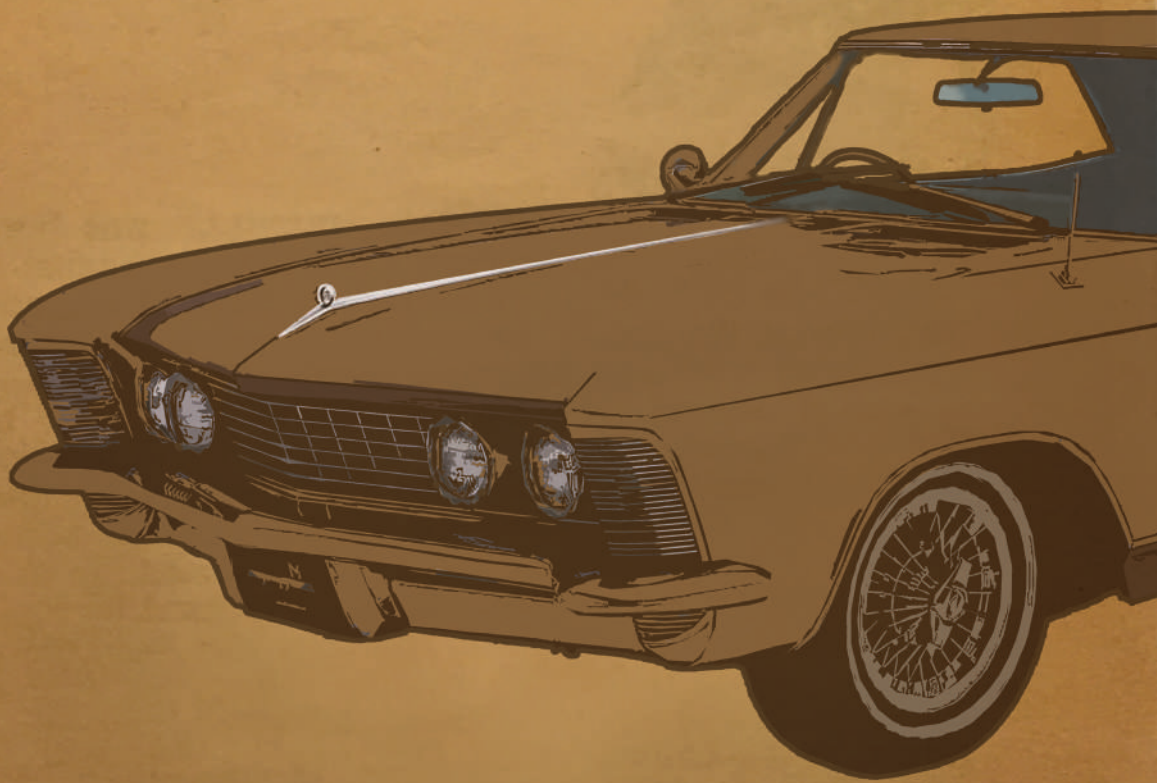
No.  
**5**

MATURE READERS

ERIC ERDEK'S  
ESPRESSO DETECTIVE ISSUE FIVE

# MEXICAN P.I.

WE DO THAT TOO.  
PENG'S LAMENT.  
SHOOT, ARREST OR SCREW?



ERIC ERDEK  
story - art - colors - lettering

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# **H**OLLYWOOD HILLS

**DOWNTOWN L.A. LOOKS LIKE EMERALD CITY.**  
THE FORESTED HILLS GIVE WAY TO THE DIRTY  
STREETS THAT GLITTER LIKE DIAMONDS.

THE PALATIAL ROOM SMELLS  
LIKE **BLOOD** AND **SEX**.

**BLOOD** FROM THE  
RAID WITH **DJAN**--

**SEX** FROM ANOTHER  
SATISFIED CLIENT,  
**ISABEL** --

AND **ALSO**  
FROM **DJAN**.

How did you end up  
here? In dead Amir's stilt house?



AFTER THE RAID WITH DJAN,  
I WENT TO THE COFFEE HOUSE  
TO BLOW OFF STEAM.

AND TO TELL ISABEL THAT  
THE DANGER WAS GONE.  
I'D KILLED IT ALL...



THE STAGE-DIVE CARRIED  
ME RIGHT TO HER.



THE TRIPLE TAKE-AWAY,  
FOLLOWED BY MASS MURDER--

IT'S ALMOST  
UNFAIR...

I'D SAVED HER.  
NOBODY LEFT  
TO THREATEN HER.

SEDUCTION  
COMPLETE.





BESIDES-- **NOBODY**  
CAN RESIST MY SINGING.



SANCHEZ--  
ARE YOU SURE  
IT'S SAFE TO COME  
BACK HERE?

YEAH.  
THERE'S LITERALLY  
NOBODY LEFT TO  
WORRY ABOUT.



WHAT'S  
LEFT OF THEM  
IS **SPLATTERED**  
ALL OVER ME...

OH!



WELL,  
DADDY...

...WHY DON'T  
YOU LET **ME**  
TAKE CARE OF  
THAT?





THE WATER IS PLENTY AND HOT,  
BUT NOT MORE SO THAN SHE...

SHE HOLDS MY FACE AS  
I DRINK HER LIPS.

CLOUDS OF RED BILLOW DOWN  
THE DRAIN AS THE FEEL OF HER  
SILKY SKIN UNDER MY HANDS  
WASHES AWAY ALL THE HORROR  
AND KILLING.

IT ALMOST HURTS,  
HOW MUCH I NEED THIS!





SHE'S LYTHE AND PLAYFUL,  
UP FOR **ANYTHING...**

SO **EVERYTHING** IS  
WHAT WE DO--

DANGER AND GRATITUDE  
MAKE FOR **GREAT SEX!**

MANY, MANY HOURS OF  
ORGASMIC MOANING,  
SCREAMING, AND  
THRASHING LATER--

AND THAT  
PRETTY MUCH  
BRINGS US UP TO  
NOW.

SANCHEZ?

... MMM?  
WHO ARE YOU  
TALKING TO?

--That's  
my cue to  
go.





WERE YOU TALKING TO AN OWL?

UH, YEAH...

BUT, HE KEEPS ASKING THE SAME QUESTION.

Quien?  
er...ah  
who?  
who?



HEY, ISA-

I DID FIND OUT MORE ABOUT YOUR FATHER, HAMLIN.

A SLAVE AUCTION IN OLD MEXICO TOMORROW...

OH?



I'M GONNA HAVE TO GO TAKE CARE OF THAT...

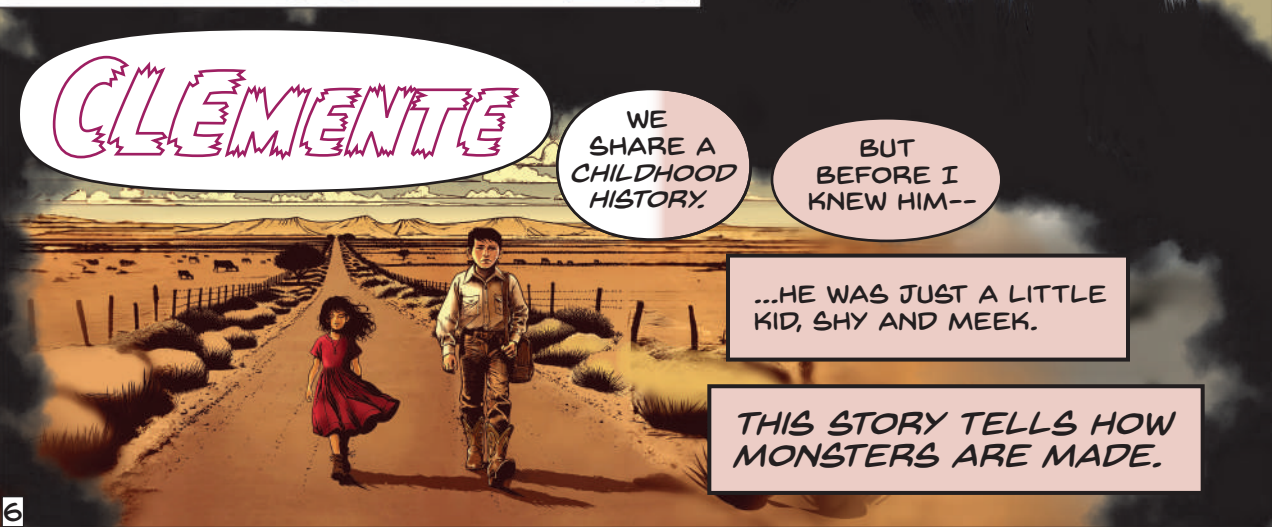
YES- I WANT YOU TO.

BUT...



I NEED TO TELL YOU ABOUT HIS RIGHT-HAND MAN--

AN INSANE KILLER CALLED...



CLEMENTE

WE SHARE A CHILDHOOD HISTORY.

BUT BEFORE I KNEW HIM--

...HE WAS JUST A LITTLE KID, SHY AND MEEK.

THIS STORY TELLS HOW MONSTERS ARE MADE.



THE BOY THAT WILL BECOME **CLEMENTE**, THE DANCING PSYCHO, DREADS THE WALK HOME TO HIS FATHER'S RANCH...

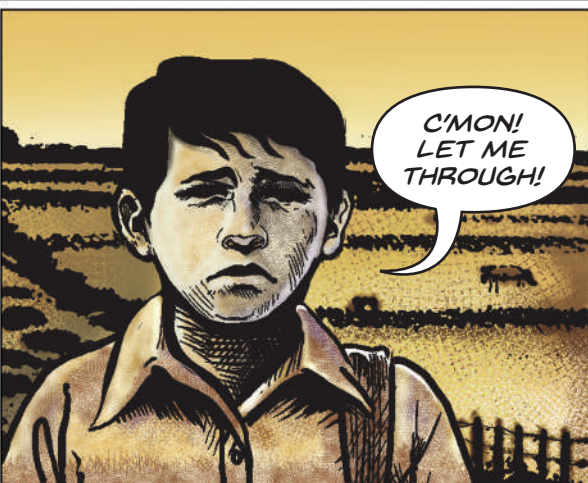
WHY DON'T YOU **FIGHT?**  
YA CHICKEN?

HA HA!

HA!

Ah, a flashback in sepia tones!

PIPE DOWN AND LET HER TELL THE STORY, MOON!



C'MON!  
LET ME  
THROUGH!



WHY DO WE HAVE TO FIGHT?

BWAK! BWAK!  
BWAK!

CHICKEN!  
CHICKEN!

HA! HA!  
HA!

BWAK!



**HEY!**

GET 'IM!

BWAK!

HA!