

MARVEL **AR**

Jeff Lindsay

#5

DEXTER

*Illustrated by
Dalibor Talajic*



DEXTER

JEFF LINDSAY

Writer

DALIBOR TALAJIC

Artist

PREVIOUSLY IN DEXTER

By day, Dexter Morgan is a forensic blood spatter analyst for the Miami PD. But Dexter has a dark secret: He is a psychopathic serial killer. And not just any serial killer — Dexter's a vigilante who hunts down and murders OTHER serial killers.

Dexter's never been caught, and he goes about his life with the appearance of normality: He has a family, a steady job, and a close relationship with his sister, Deborah, a Miami detective.

When Deb and Dexter investigated the death of homeless man Arthur Bleek, the trail of clues pointed them to the New Hope Foundation, a mission run by Dexter's high school nemesis, Steve Gonzalez, Miami's beloved philanthropist ... and owner of a suspiciously profitable nonprofit organization.

Later, when Gonzalez's business associate Mr. Deveau turned up dead of a potassium overdose, it became clear to Dexter that Gonzalez had been using the addicts from his nonprofit as slave labor for building his pleasure resort, Mar Dorado.

And the homeless Arthur Bleek? He was actually an undercover Federal Agent. Which means Deb and Dex were taken off the case ... not that it stopped Dexter from going after Gonzalez on his own and winding up with a hypodermic needle in his back!

**IVE SVORCINA with
RACHELLE ROSENBERG**
Colorists

VC's CORY PETIT
Letterer

MICHAEL DEL MUNDO
Cover Artist

EMILY SHAW
Assistant Editor

BILL ROSEMAN
Editor

AXEL ALONSO
Editor in Chief

JOE QUESADA
Chief Creative Officer

DAN BUCKLEY
Publisher

When you see this: , open up the MARVEL AR APP (available on applicable Apple ® iOS or Android ™ devices) and use your camera-enabled device to unlock extra-special exclusive features!

© 2013 Jeff Lindsay. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Jeff Lindsay. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

DARKNESS...
IT SCARES
MOST PEOPLE.

I NEVER
UNDERSTOOD
WHY.

DARKNESS CAN
BE SO COMFORTING,
EVEN *SOOTHING*...

...ESPECIALLY
WHEN YOU SEE
WHAT IT'S
BEEN *HIDING*.

AR

TAKE MY WORD
FOR IT--DARKNESS
IS MUCH BETTER...

OCTAVIO.
VENGA.

AND IT'S VERY
USEFUL, TOO.

ESPECIALLY
IF YOU HAVE
SOMETHING
TO HIDE.

I USUALLY DO--
AND DARKNESS
HAS ALWAYS BEEN
THERE FOR ME.

BUT JUST
LIKE HUMAN
FRIENDS,
DARKNESS
IS FICKLE.

IT'S JUST AS HELPFUL
TO PEOPLE WITH BAD
INTENTIONS TOWARD
OLD FRIENDS LIKE ME...

EVEN SOMEONE
AS WICKED AS
STEVE GONZALEZ.

AND HE REALLY
WAS WICKED.

IT DIDN'T SEEM
FAIR--GONZALEZ
ALREADY HAD IT ALL.

HE WAS IDOLIZED
BY THE WHOLE
CITY OF MIAMI...

NOW HE WAS
TRYING TO TAKE
OVER MY DARK
PLAYGROUND.

TO BE HONEST, HE
WAS DOING MORE
THAN TRYING.

HE WAS
SUCCEEDING IN
EPIC STYLE.

HIS CROWN JEWEL WAS
THE LUXURY PLAYLAND
OF MAR DORADO...



BUT WITH A GREAT
TWIST: IT WAS
BUILT BY *RECOVERING*
ADDICTS FROM HIS
NEW HOPE MISSION.



THEY CALLED
HIM MIAMI'S
MOTHER TERESA.

BUT AS FAR AS I
KNOW, MOTHER
TERESA DIDN'T USE
SLAVE LABOR...



YES, THERE REALLY
IS A LOT TO BE
SAID FOR GOOD
OLD DARKNESS.

AND WHEN YOU
OPEN YOUR EYES AT
LAST, TO A BRIGHT
AND SUNNY DAY...



WAKE UP,
DEXTER.



...IT'S FUNNY HOW
OFTEN YOU WISH
YOU WERE BACK
IN DARKNESS.



OH....

MAR DORADO...

HAPPENS TO ME... OR HAPPENS TO YOU?

HAPPENS TO ME... OR HAPPENS TO YOU?



GOT IT ON THE FIRST TRY.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD GUESSER.

AND CAN YOU GUESS WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, DEXTER?



HAPPENS TO ME...

...OR HAPPENS TO YOU?



OCTAVIO.



HONEST LABOR
IS GOOD FOR
THE SOUL.

BUT THERE'S ALWAYS
AN AWKWARD PERIOD
OF ADJUSTMENT
WITH A NEW JOB.

MAKING NEW
FRIENDS...

GETTING
USED TO A NEW
ROUTINE...

LEARNING TO WORK WITH
NEW CO-WORKERS CAN BE
A CHALLENGE, TOO.

AND YOUR NEW SUPERVISOR MAY
HAVE HIS OWN WAY OF DOING THINGS.

AND WHEN THE NEWNESS
WEARS OFF, YOU'RE LEFT WITH
NOTHING BUT THE WORK.

BUT OF COURSE,
ONE THING KEEPS
YOU GOING:

THINKING
ABOUT THE
FUTURE...

ALTOGETHER, A
NEW JOB REALLY
TAKES SOME
GETTING USED TO...



I KNEW THAT SOONER OR LATER, RITA WOULD MISS ME.

SHE WOULD NATURALLY CALL DEBORAH.

DEBS WOULD CHECK ONE OR TWO OBVIOUS PLACES...



AND WHEN SHE DIDN'T FIND ME, SHE WOULD FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED.



KNOWING THAT KEPT ME GOING.

DEBS WOULD COME; I JUST HAD TO HOLD OUT UNTIL SHE DID.



AND I WAS RIGHT. DEBS DID COME.



JUST NOT QUITE THE WAY I'D HOPED...




OH, NO...






I ALREADY KNEW
GONZALEZ LIKED
HURTING PEOPLE.

WE
CAN TALK
HERE.




FUNNY--I'D BEEN
THINKING OF IT AS
A WEAKNESS...

ODDLY ENOUGH,
IT DIDN'T SEEM LIKE
A WEAKNESS NOW.



LEAVE
HIM ALONE,
YOU PSYCHO
LOSER!

GOOD OLD
DEBS, STANDING
UP FOR ME.
AFTER ALL,
FAMILY STICKS
TOGETHER.



OF COURSE,
SOMETIMES FAMILY
TOGETHERNESS CAN
GO TOO FAR.



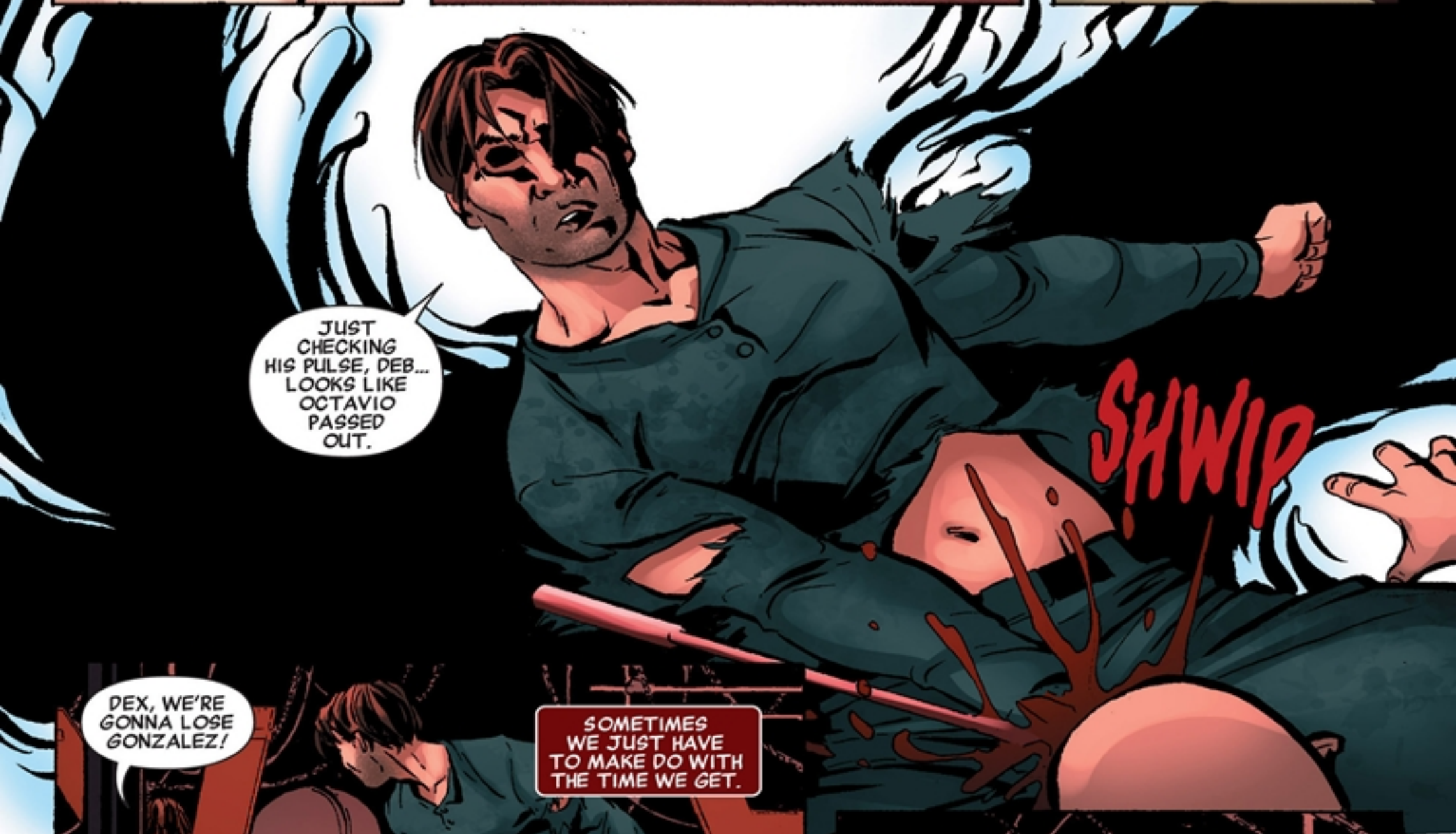


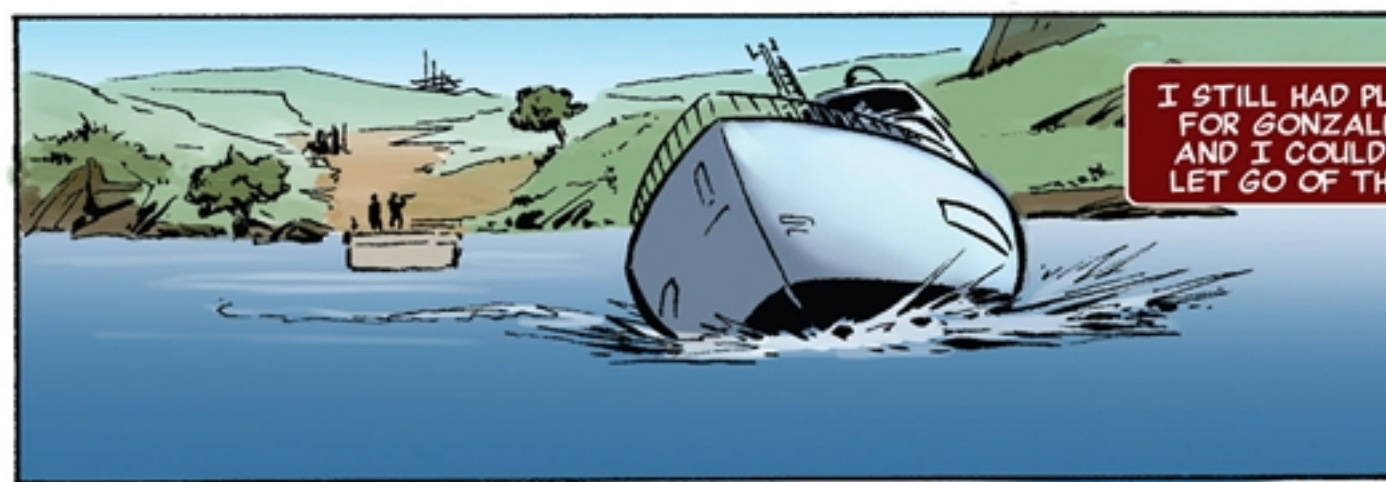


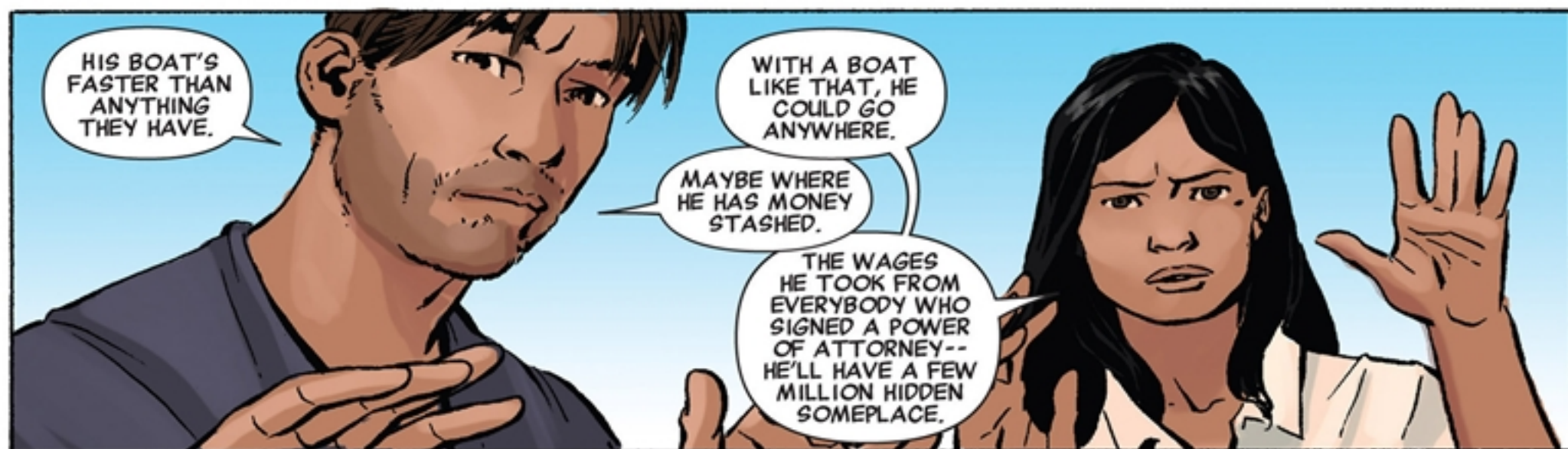




AH, WELL. THERE
NEVER SEEMS TO
BE TIME FOR THE
LITTLE PLEASURES.









AND REUNIONS
ARE VERY
NICE, TOO.



NOT THE KIND
THAT STARTED
THIS WHOLE MESS.



QUITE HONESTLY,
ONCE WAS MORE
THAN ENOUGH
FOR THAT.

NO, A FAMILY
REUNION WAS
ALL THE STRAIN
I COULD TAKE.



BUT TO BE HONEST,
WHAT I REALLY WANTED
WAS SOMETHING ELSE...



WHAT I WANTED
WAS ONE FINAL
REUNION WITH
AN OLD
SCHOOLFRIEND...

CARACAS,
VENEZUELA.



AND NOW,
I WOULD
GET IT.



...WITH THE DARK
AND HAPPY ENDING.

Jeff Lindsay

DEXTER

DOWN

UNDER

