

**MARVEL**

PSR+ 4

BOLLERS

GREEN

KETCHUM

# Gemma Frost™

*Greg Horn*

higher  
LEARNING  
4 OF 6

**DIRECT EDITION**



\$2.50 US \$4.00 CAN

## previously in EMMA FROST...

For several weeks now, wealthy EMMA FROST has been hearing voices in her head and experiencing excruciating headaches. She falls unconscious during midterms at the exclusive Snow Valley School for Girls in Massachusetts, and awakens to find she is privy to the superficial thoughts of those in her immediate vicinity. This new ability allows her to pass the exam with a perfect score and causes her to become a straight-A student.



Emma's teacher, IAN KENDALL, is so impressed with Emma's scholastic improvements that he asks her to become a peer tutor and she readily accepts due to a schoolgirl crush. Emma enjoys being a part of the program so much that Mr. Kendall suggests she might consider a career in teaching. Her domineering father WINSTON, however, extremely disapproves of this move. But Emma refuses to back down. She tells Winston that Mr.

Kendall believes she can do it, so she intends to.

A few weeks later, Emma's limousine breaks down during a thunderstorm, and while her driver leaves to get a mechanic, Mr. Kendall unexpectedly drives by. He offers Emma a drive home, and while pretending to sleep during the ride, Emma hears Mr. Kendall's thoughts and learns that he has a crush on her, too! Emma suddenly kisses him, but is shocked when he pushes her away in rejection. Mr. Kendall denies having any deeper feelings for Emma even though she knows otherwise.



The next day, Emma discovers that Mr. Kendall has been abruptly fired. Emma knows her father is responsible and when she confronts him he takes full credit. Winston blackmails her, saying that if she doesn't forget the notion of teaching, he'll make sure that Mr. Kendall never teaches again.

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Christian, you're my older brother and I love you dearly...

...but right now all I feel is envy.

All right--sixty percent love, forty percent envy, but still!

I mean, how lucky are you to finally have your own place? Away from the family estate?

Sure, you could argue that Paddy technically owns this townhouse, but even at that...

Well, if that's how you want it to be, Christian, I'm out of here!

Who...?

BMP

What's happening?!





TWO HOURS LATER...



Well, the annual Frost family summer vacation has officially begun... this year we're off to Nice.

Ho-hum. I am SO over the Riviera.



And so over high school.



Graduation day.

Might as well have been a funeral.

That was three weeks ago...but feels like three years.



Ian would have been so proud to see me...

...but he couldn't.



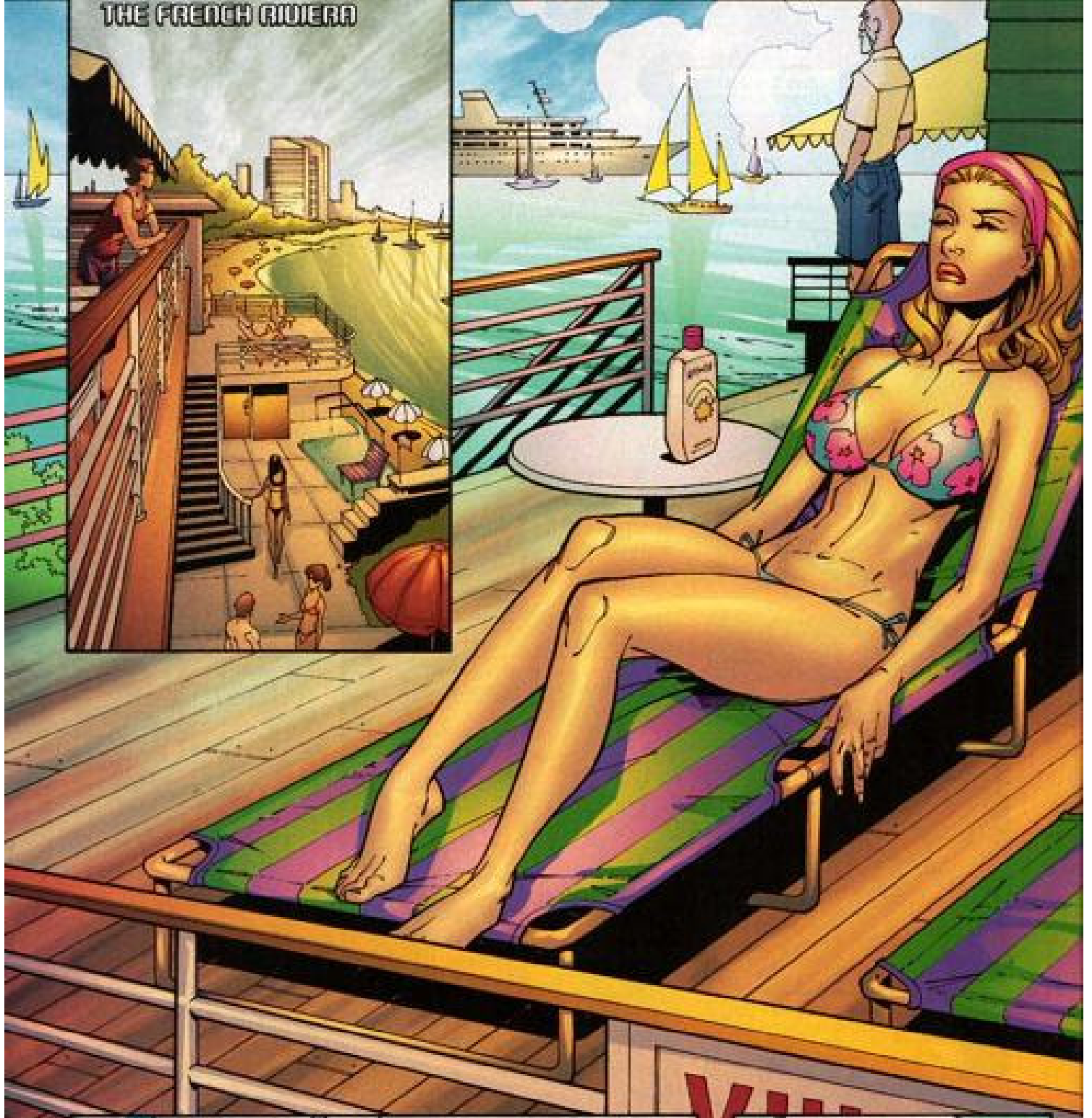
You made sure of that, didn't you, Paddy?

When you set him up to get fired.

I don't know if I can bring myself to hate you just yet...

...but I'm getting  
closer every day.





And where are you going, Cordelia, you little hellion?

I'm hot.

Well, wearing black in eighty-five degree weather certainly doesn't help...not to mention it'll do squat for your tan lines.



Poor specimen, she doesn't need enemies... she's her own worst.

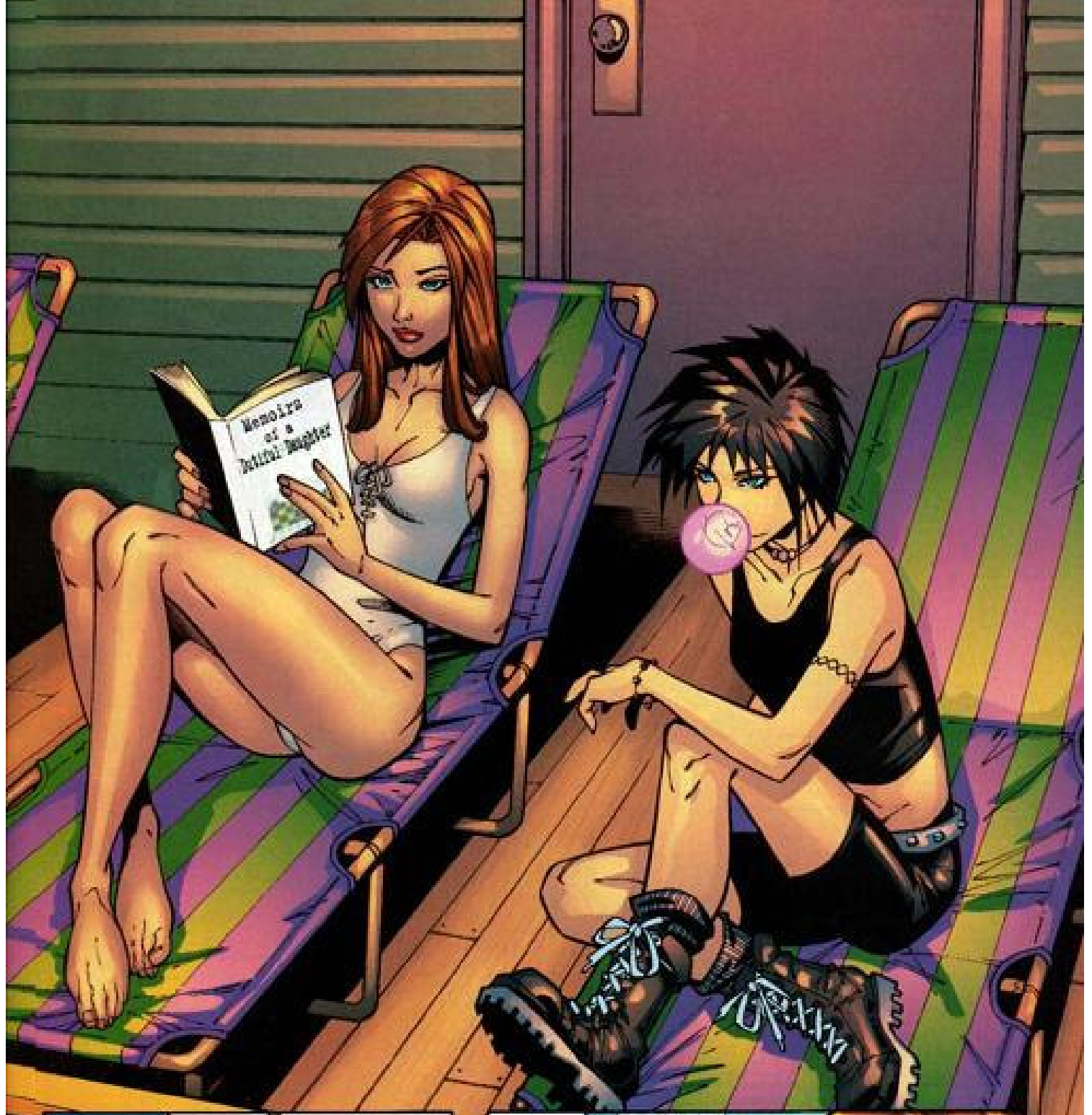
What are you talking about, Adrienne?

Cordelia. She takes the whole rebel/without a clue' act way too far...well, for Paddy, anyway.

And when her drug test came back positive, it was her final slam-dance.

He won't be priming her to take over the family business any time soon.





When Paddy Kicks...

...you know how it's going to go down, Emma. And it won't be Christian.

SWAP



I think we both know why.

Oh, God...does Adrienne know about Christian and Pante?

My sister's a complete mystery to me.

The only one in the family I can't "read" with my mind.

Her words are all I have to go on.

And Paddy won't choose *you*, Emma...not after you voiced some masochistic desire to be a schoolmarm.

I mean, how utterly middle class is that?

And wasn't there some "Lolita"-esque lip-lock between you and your art teacher?



Go to hell, Adrienne.



LE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS

Had to get away.

Adrienne was in serious danger of receiving my foot in her--



Nnnghh!

Not again!



Oh my---



That man...

...his thoughts!

No. No. It wasn't real.





It wasn't--

Mademoiselle?  
Vous sentez-vous bien?  
Avez-vous besoin d'un  
docteur?



N-non,  
madame...

Vous  
secouez!

She's right, I am shaking.  
There aren't just voices  
inside my head anymore...

...now there are images,  
too. And what I just saw  
really frightened me.

Ici.  
Reposez.



She's very kind.  
It's funny...

...not long ago, my French  
was "tellement aïné" --  
so-so. Now, I not only  
understand every word...

Vous  
transpirez.

...I also speak  
it fluently.



Est-ce  
que je peux avoir  
le magazine?

I ask her if I  
can keep the  
magazine.

Mais oui.

There's something  
oddly familiar about  
the cover...



Oh

my

God.

THE FROST VILLA - EARLY EVENING



Why wouldn't she tell anyone, Christian?

How should I know, Em? What am I, my sister's keeper? Maybe she wanted to have her own little secret.

Is that so wrong?

Christian, you're hammered. You're drinking because of that guy back in Boston, right?

Why won't you tell me anything about him?



Because it's really none of your business, Em.



When you asked me to back off about your migraines and the voices you were imagining, I did.



Why the hell can't you just do the same?!

THAT NIGHT...

Nobody can chase away the blues quite like *Coco Chanel*.

Sigh! But a shopping buzz only lasts so long.

I have to get through to Christian, and if that means revealing my own secret then I--

What?

Daddy...?

But, who's he leaving that hotel with?



She can't be much older than Adrienne!



Ooh!

The pig!

You used *blackmail* to force me to do what you wanted, right?

Well...



Paddy, you are so busted.



...two can play at that game.

5000...

They're headed into that club.

The *tramp*! Tell me she doesn't know he's *old* enough to be her father!

Have to keep following them...I haven't taken nearly enough pictures.

The bouncer's name is...*Robert*? speaks English.

Barely.

I.D.?



I-- I think I left my passport back at the villa.

Little girl, *GO*. Come back when you *have*.



Wait, listen. I'm *eighteen*, I swear. I-- I belong to one of the *wealthiest* families in the United States...



Everyone wealthy in Nice. Club goes *nowhere*. Be here you get back.

Yeah...

...but Paddy and his mistress might *not*.



Robert.

May I call you "Robert"?

How...?

Gregoire doesn't know you've been sleeping with Colette, does he...?



Otherwise, he would have fired you when the affair first started. Am I warm?



I--I--

I'd say I'm burning up.

H-how you know?!

The same way I know you don't want your boss to find out you've been making love to his wife every Tuesday for the past six months...

ONE MINUTE LATER...



Real classy, Emma. Poor guy didn't deserve to be threatened--even if he is a total sleaze.

He was just doing his job. But so was Ian, I suppose.

That's why I have to go through with this.

Because if I can get some dirt on Paddy...





...I can force him into getting Ian rehired.



Have to be careful he doesn't see me, or else--



Hey-- there's Christian!

Talking to that weird guy I bumped into earlier--the one with the memory of Beewax--it's way too gross to think about!

Can't "see" his thoughts, though. I only sense that he's...hungry...and...

Oh, no.



I...I don't... don't...feel so good...

Some fresh air might help, my friend. Why don't we go get you some?



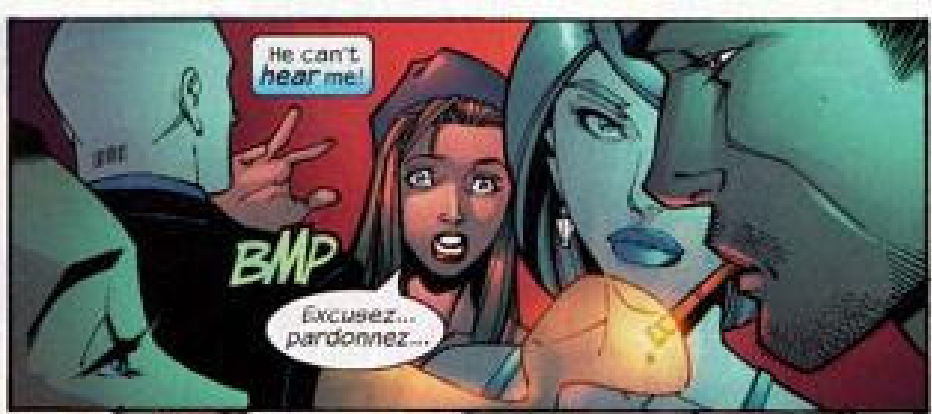
That creep spiked Christian's drink!



His thoughts.  
So muddled. And  
confused!

He's in trouble!  
Needs my help!

Christian!



He can't  
hear me!

BMP

Excusez...  
pardonnez...



You're  
playing the  
wrong key...

Make a  
wish...

Of course  
we can keep  
her...



Memories. All  
around me!

Coming too  
fast! Can't  
stop them!



Almost ready,  
my love...

A toast...

You've  
got mail...

Here's that  
article...

Just checking  
my messages...



Too many!

Have to  
shut them--



--OUT!



Hm?  
What's the  
big...



...commotion?





THE NEXT DAY...<sup>boo</sup>



Not even the weirdo's name...?

I don't remember much about last night, Em. I was pretty plastered to begin with.

Yeah. You were thick with the non-charm.

Sorry.

Christian...



...tell me what happened in Boston. Please.

Sigh... okay.

That guy you asked me about...his name's Dante.

He and I...we're lovers. Were lovers.



y-you're gay...?

Hope that sounded convincing enough.

That's generally the way it works when two men are a couple, Em.



Puh. Don't play too dumb.

You said, "Were lovers?"

yes. It's over.

Was that the reason why he left your apartment in such a huff?

No, that was just the result. Dante wanted to come to the Riviera with us. Wanted us to be open about our relationship.



I just...couldn't do it. I wasn't ready.

So we broke up.

Oh, Christian...



...I'm so sorry.



It all makes perfect sense now, son. Your poor leadership skills, your affinity for Cole Porter, the way you hold a martini glass...

But, where'd you get that tape recorder?



Adrienne.

Adrienne...?



Yes. It was me.

W-who gave you the right?!

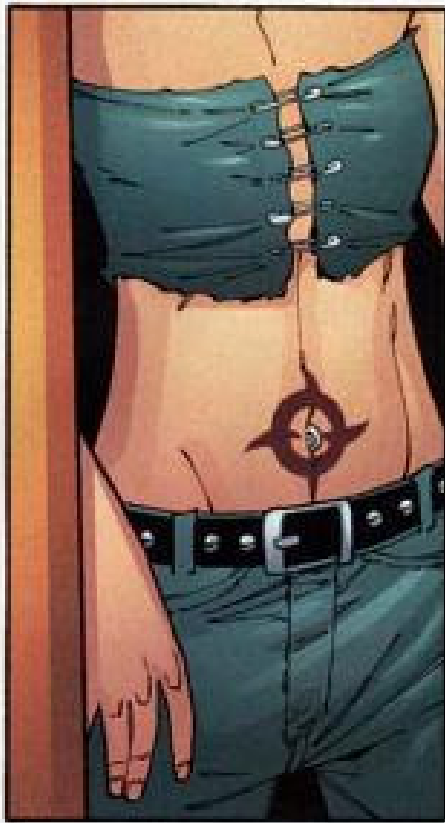
I gave it to myself.



But you invaded my privacy!

Privacy-schmivacy. It's so overrated. There shouldn't be secrets in a family, Christian.

Why's everybody yelling?







You ended up spending the rest of the night with that French tart. Shouldn't a married man be punished for committing adultery?

That so-called "tart" was a business associate, Emma.



Don't make ridiculous accusations, or at the very least, ones you can't...



...prove.

Like I said...

Busted

TO BE CONTINUED...