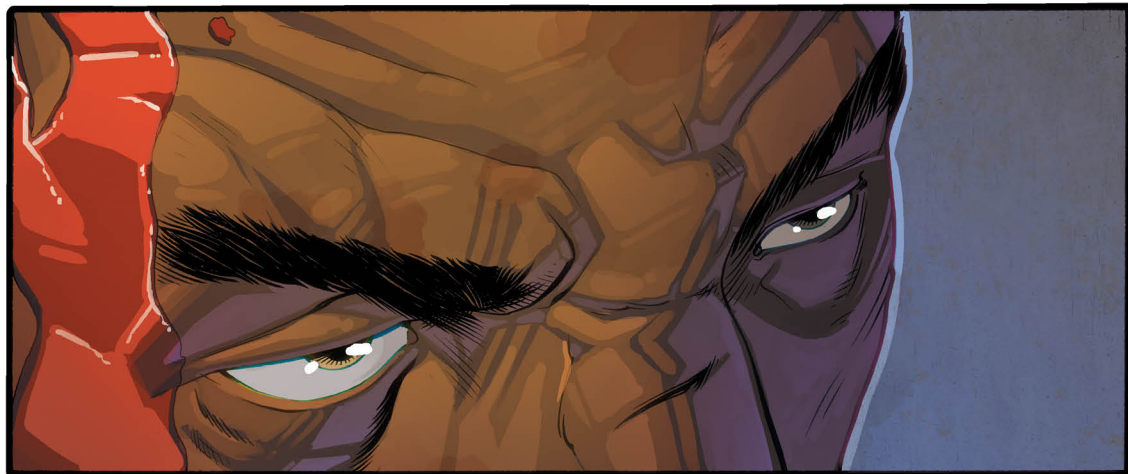
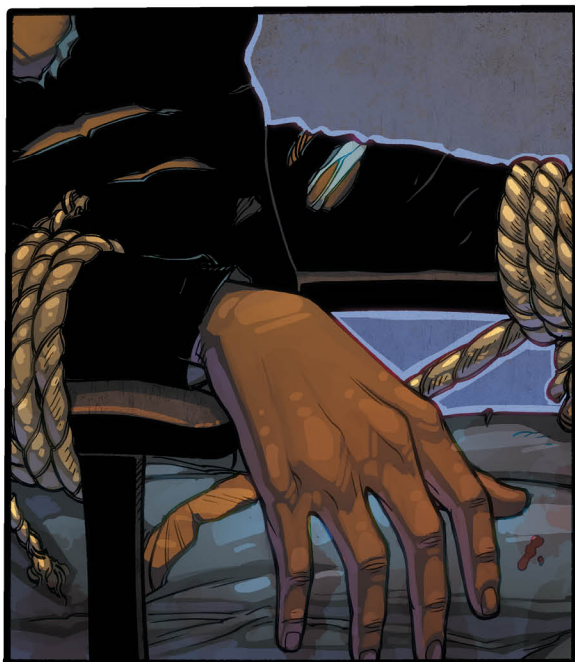
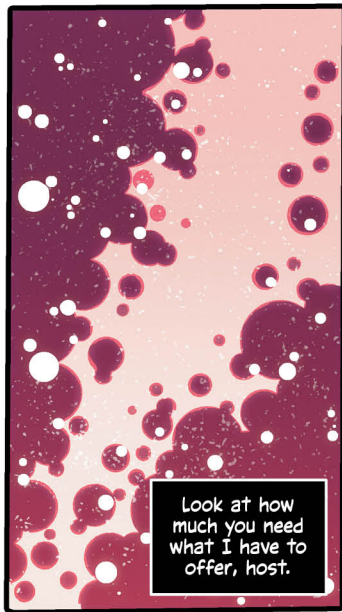




How long did you think those gods would remain silent?



Praise Hera.





Wakey-wakey.



Get me out of this damn chair, Constantine.



If I did that, you'd try and kill me.

Considering how hard I work to keep death thirsty, I think this is fine for both of us.

At least until I explain our mutual situation.



Get me out of this chair or I'm going to beat you to death with it.




That's cute.

You think I'm the one worth hating.



You must have forgotten the six-foot woman-tank who beat you senseless.

Diana Prince owns the boot stepping on both our throats, Michael.



I won't tell you who she is. She'll do that.

I'll tell you what she intends to do.

Free energy is a passion of mine. Breaking the backs of the corporate overlords and all that bollocks. Prince has enemies because people think she's trying to destroy one of the world's oldest industries.

And she is.

But what she wants is Armageddon.

Imagine a world slammed into the Old Gods, the vengeful gods. Mythic horror gone commonplace.

And imagine you're the only one who can stand in the way of it.

John. I want you to hear me clearly now.

You're insane.

Hell of a charge coming from a man with a voice in his head.

Face full of questions now, isn't it? How can I know something you've only told your nightmares?

Because I can make nightmares talk to me. You may not believe in magick, Michael.

But magick believes in you.