

I HAVE SPOKEN, PRINCE, OF THE TWO SOULS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD. TIME PASSES IN OUR TALE.

THE ROUGH EDGES OF YOUTH ARE WORN SMOOTH BY LIFE'S MANY TRIALS. THE UNPOLISHED STONES BEGIN TO SHINE.



THE RUSH OF FERTILE ADULTHOOD CARRIES WITH IT AN UNERRING ASSUMPTION OF IMMORTALITY.

READY,
MY LOVE?

ALWAYS.

FOR THOSE WITH THE STRENGTH TO CARVE OUT THEIR DESTINY, THESE DAYS ARE AN INTOXICATING MIX OF BLOOD AND SWEAT AND STEEL.

THEY'VE TAKEN THE BAIT, SONJA. LAMBES UPON THE WATER.

...AWAITING THE SLAUGHTER. EXCELLENT, ANNISIA.

PREPARE TO REPEL ON MY MARK...

WATCH NOW AS TWO LEGENDARY WARRIORS ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER ONCE MORE BY UNEXPECTED FATE AND TWISTED VINES.

THIS IS THE AGE
OF HIGH ADVENTURE.

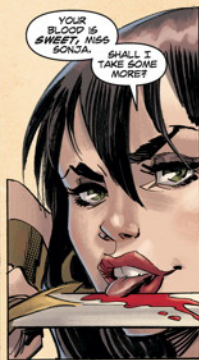
NOW!

ATTACK!

THIS IS THE AGE OF
CONAN
AND
RED SONJA









ONLY ONE
WOMAN HAS YET
MATCHED ME IN
A BATTLE OF
BLADES...

...AND, TRUST
ME, YOU ARE
NOT HER!

KLANG

UHH!

IT ALWAYS
AMAZES ME HOW
FEW MEN ARMOR
THAT WHICH THEY
SEEM TO VALUE
MOST.

WHUUMP

OOF!

AH!

THIS
CIMMERIAN
BOWS TO NO
ONE!

I'LL SEE
YOU BOW
BEFORE
MY CAPTAIN,
FREEBOOTER!

THOK

AGH!

RRRR--