

**THE
SACRARIUM.
BEFORE.**



AS LONG AS THE BLACK CANDLE BURNS, THE PORTAL TO HELL WILL STAY OPEN. THAT'S SIMPLE.

BUT A *BINDING SPELL* LIKE THIS IS NOT SIMPLE, MIDNIGHTER.

HE'S ONE OF THE MOST *POWERFUL* OF HIS KIND, NOW BOUND INSIDE YOU. A MORTAL.

THIS WILL BE BUT A SLIVER OF ETERNITY TO HIS PERCEPTION. BUT FOR YOU?



SEVEN MINUTES OF *POWER*. SEVEN MINUTES OF *AGONY*.

I'LL LIVE, GREGORIO. DO IT.



YOU HAVE NO **POWER** HERE, MIDNIGHTER. NO ENHANCEMENTS. NO FIGHT COMPUTER.

YET YOU'D FIGHT **ME** FOR APOLLO'S SOUL?

HELL. CASTLE EPICARICACIUS. NOW.



NERON IS NOT A NAME. IT'S A **CONCEPT.**

I AM HELL ITSELF, HOST TO LUCIFER, BLAZE AND COUNTLESS OTHER LORDS-- THE DEVILS YOU FEAR WORSHIP **ME.**



SUFFERING. PUNISHMENT. CRUELTY. ALL BORN FROM THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY TIMELESS HEAD.

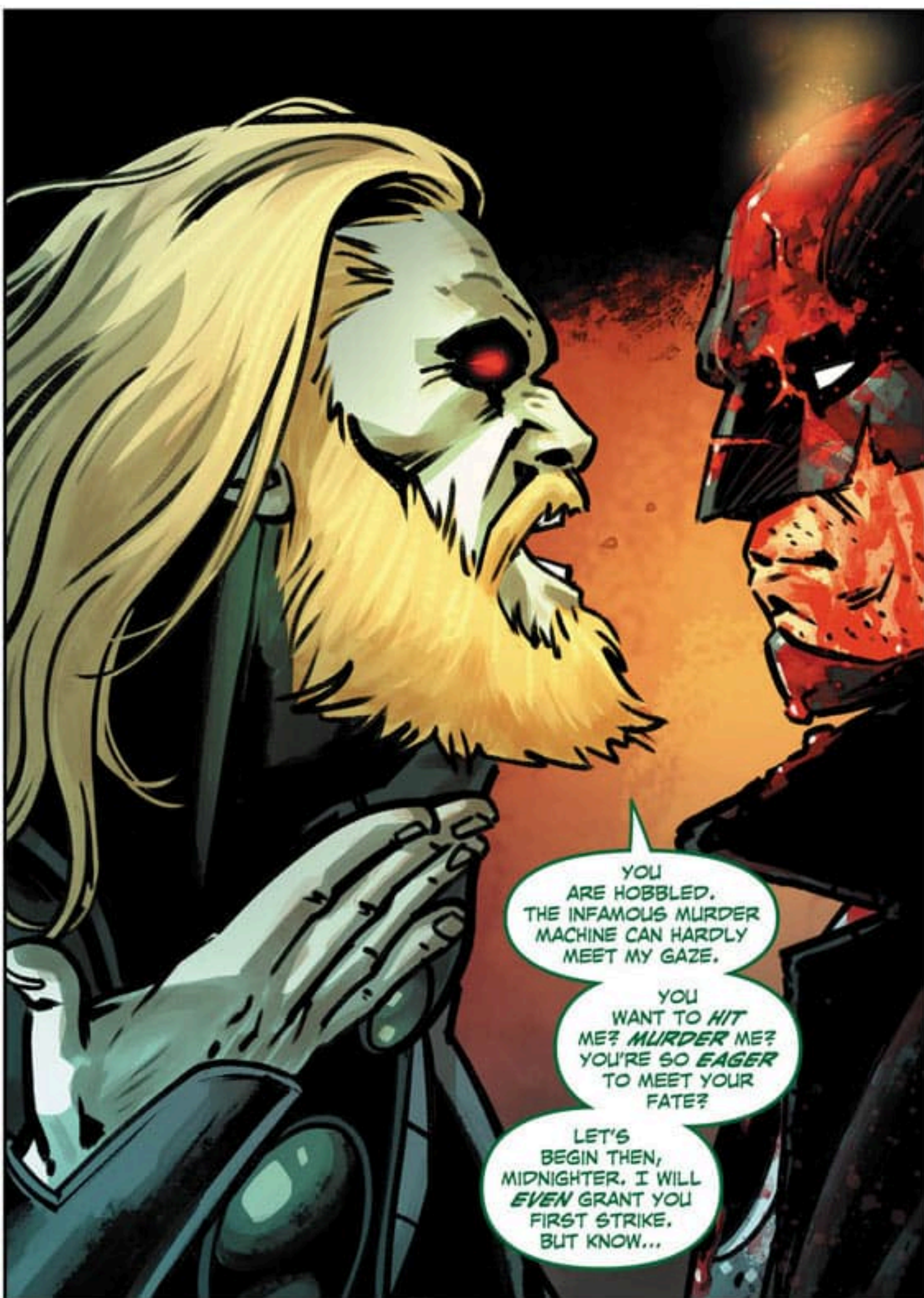
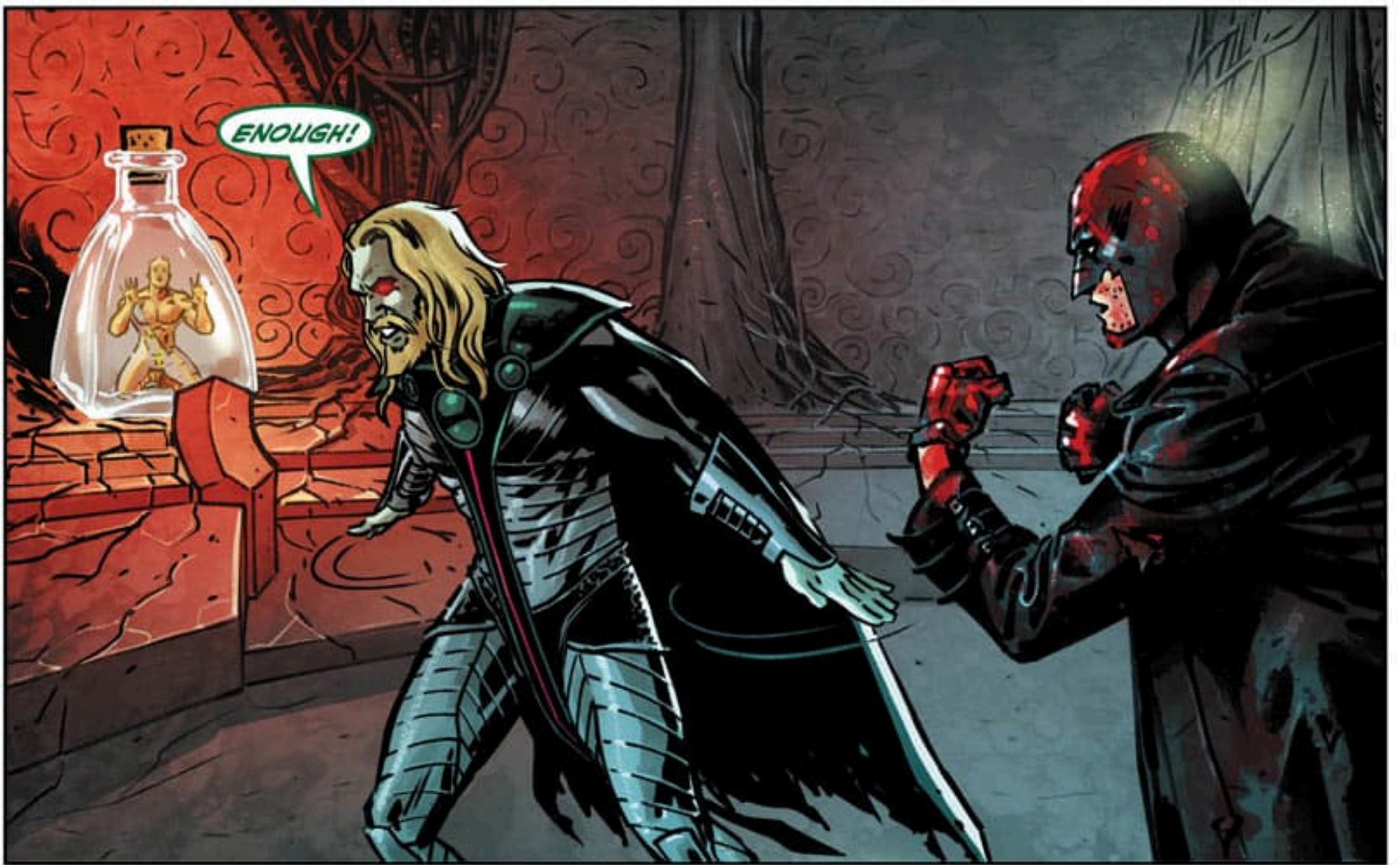
AND YOU STAND HERE. A MAN.



WHAT CHANCE DOES A **MAN** HAVE BEFORE THE INSPIRATION OF **ALL** THAT HURTS?



I'VE GOT MY **FISTS.**





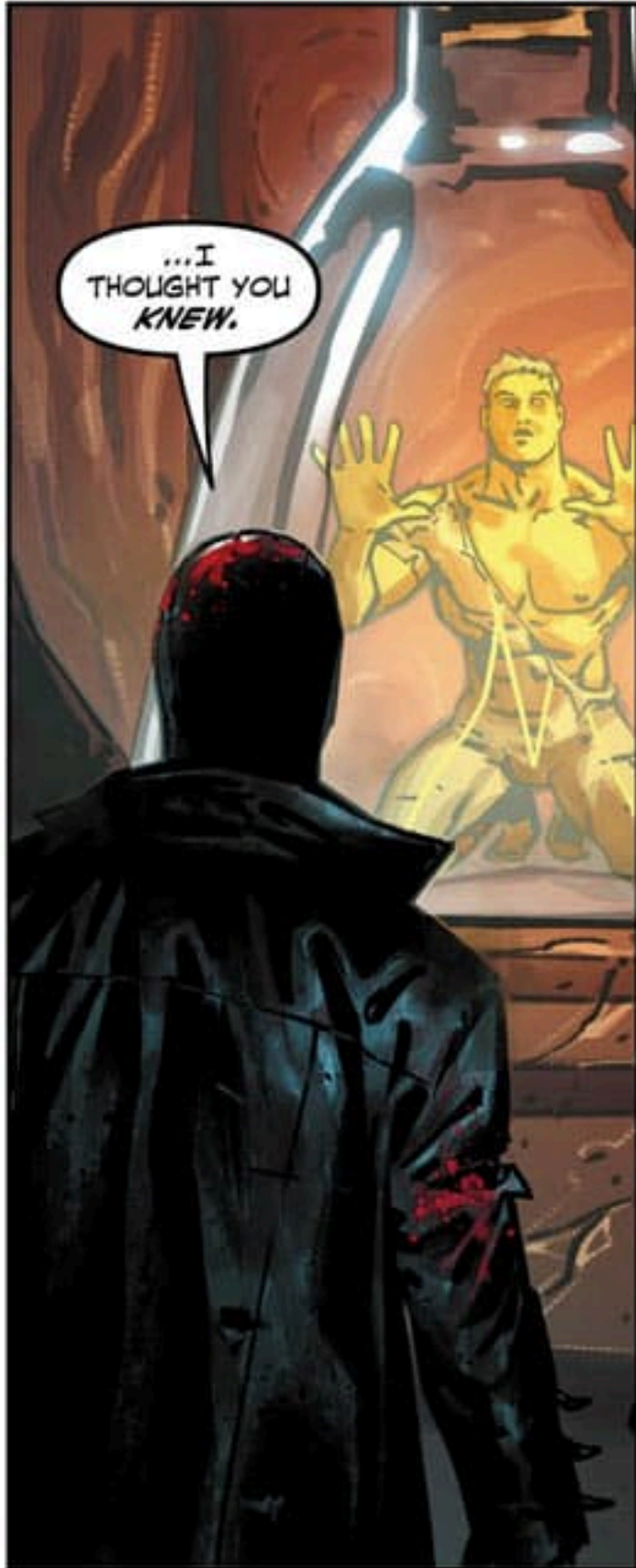
SCREW YOUR CHARITY.

WHAT?



HOW DARE YOU?!

WHO ARE YOU TO DENY ME?! HERE?! IN MY SEAT OF POWER?!



...I THOUGHT YOU KNEW.



I'M THE MIDNIGHTER.



AND I CAN'T WAIT TO BREAK YOUR JAW.



YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN THINKING, NERON. THINKING ABOUT HOW WE GOT HERE.



APOLLO AND I HAVE FOUGHT *HARD*, PUTTING BOOT TO FACE FOR REAL *PEOPLE*. PEOPLE ON THE GROUND.

BUT THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, MAYBE IT'S ONLY BEEN *ONE* FIGHT. OUR WHOLE LIVES, BUILDING TO *THIS*.

US AGAINST *YOU*. THE FATHER OF ALL BASTARDS.

AND YEAH, YOU THINK YOU'RE TOUGH. *EVERYONE* DOES. UNTIL I PUT THEM DOWN WITH ONE SIMPLE RULE.



HIT THE SOFT THINGS WITH YOUR HANDS.

HIT THE HARD THINGS WITH A UTENSIL.



NO.

AND I'M WONDERING, AS *UTENSILS* GO...