

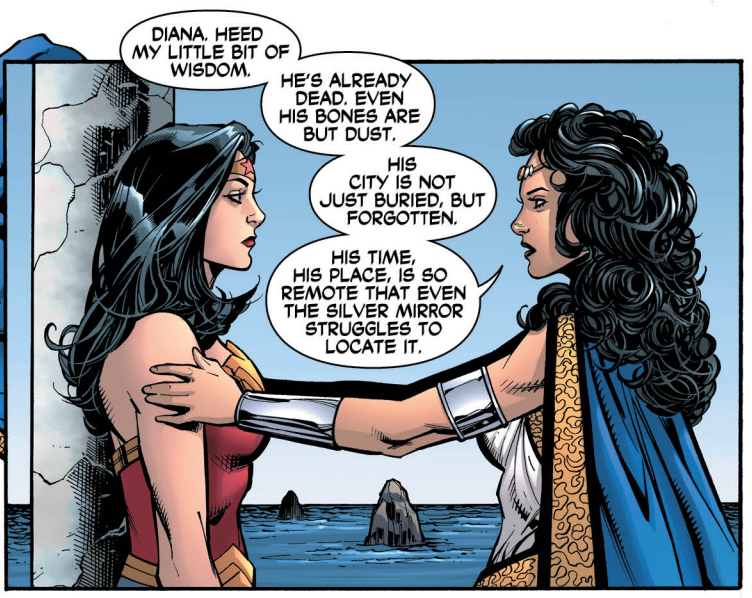


IF ONLY I HAD CARVED YOU OUT OF LESS STUBBORN CLAY.

HE'S GOING TO DIE.

THAT ENTIRE CITY OF SHAMAR IS GOING TO DIE.

BECAUSE I REFUSED TO FIGHT.

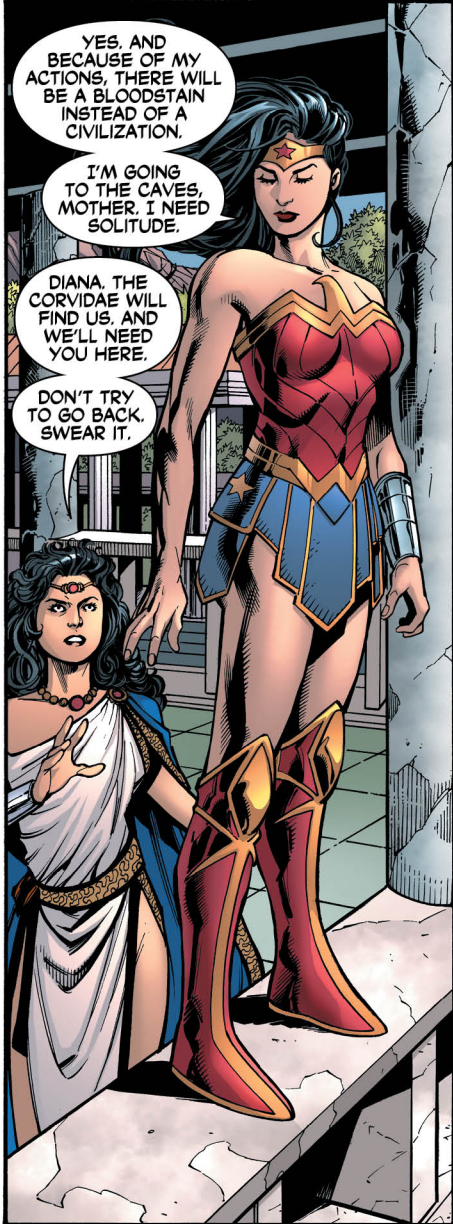


DIANA, HEED MY LITTLE BIT OF WISDOM.

HE'S ALREADY DEAD. EVEN HIS BONES ARE BUT DUST.

HIS CITY IS NOT JUST BURIED, BUT FORGOTTEN.

HIS TIME, HIS PLACE, IS SO REMOTE THAT EVEN THE SILVER MIRROR STRUGGLES TO LOCATE IT.



YES, AND BECAUSE OF MY ACTIONS, THERE WILL BE A BLOODSTAIN INSTEAD OF A CIVILIZATION.

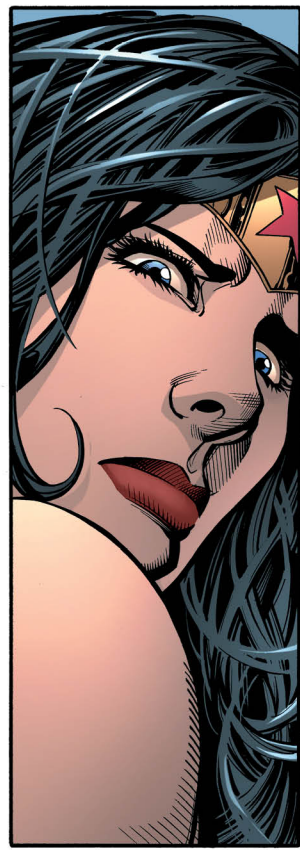
I'M GOING TO THE CAVES, MOTHER. I NEED SOLITUDE.

DIANA, THE CORVIDAE WILL FIND US, AND WE'LL NEED YOU HERE.

DON'T TRY TO GO BACK. SWEAR IT.



SWEAR IT.



I SWEAR.

SHAMAR, THE
HYBORIAN AGE.

THE CITY WAS TO BE
DESTROYED, AS PUNISHMENT
FOR THE CIMMERIAN AND
THE AMAZON REFUSING
TO MURDER EACH OTHER.

AN UNHOLY ARMY OF CREATURES
MIDWIVED BY THE DARK SURROUNDED
THE RAMPARTS, WAITING FOR THE WORD
FROM THE SISTERS THEY WORSHIPPED.

WELL OUTSIDE THE RING
CIRCLING THE CITY ARE
SMALLER OUTPOSTS OF
THE CORVIDAE'S ARMY.

THEY ARE MEANT TO
WARN OF ANY ATTEMPT
TO ATTACK FROM FLANKS
OUTSIDE THE CITY.

ONLY THE GRIMMEST
VETERANS ARE
CHOSEN FOR THIS
THANKLESS TASK.

DID
YOU HEAR
THAT?

THOSE WHO HAD KNOWN THE
CIMMERIAN BEFORE HE MET THE
WARRIOR WITCH, THE ONE WITH
THE INCREDIBLE STRENGTH--

--THEY SAID HE HAD CHANGED,
SOMEHOW. THAT HE SPOKE
MORE, AND FOUGHT LESS.

STEADY
ON, BEAK AND
CLAW.

IT'S THE
GHOST, I'LL
WAGER.

THEY SAID THE CONAN
THEY MET WAS FULL OF
GIGANTIC MIRTH.

HE LAUGHED.
HE GRINNED.

HE EVEN TOLD
A JOKE OR TWO.

BUT THE CONAN
THESE NIGHTMARE
SOLDIERS FACED?

WAS NOT THAT
CONAN AT ALL.

A FEAST OF FORBIDDEN FLESH

written by *Gail Simone* pencilled by *Aaron Lopresti*
inked by *Matt Ryan* colored by *Wendy Broome*
lettered by *Saida Temofonte* cover by *Darick Robertson* with *Tony Avina*
variant covers by *Aaron Lopresti* and *Ivan Reis* with *Marcelo Maiolo*
editor *Kristy Quinn* group editor *Jim Chadwick*
Wonder Woman created by *William Moulton Marston*
Conan® created by *Robert E. Howard*

FOR THREE STRAIGHT NIGHTS,
CONAN HAD ATTACKED THE
HASTILY ASSEMBLED OUTPOSTS.

SILENT.

ENRAGED.

AND ENTIRELY
WITHOUT PITY.

FOR THREE STRAIGHT
NIGHTS, GARRISONS WERE SENT INTO THE
PLAINS ON ONE SIDE, AND THE
MOUNTAINS ON THE OTHER.

AND FOR THREE STRAIGHT
NIGHTS, MOST FAILED TO RETURN.
A GHOST TOOK THEM, IT WAS
DECIDED AMONG THE RANKS.

AND THEN A
VERY STRANGE
THING HAPPENED.

CREATURES THAT
HAD BEEN BORN
FROM DARKNESS...

...LEARNED TO
FEAR THE NIGHT.

