





YOUR DUEL WAS MERELY AN INDULGENCE BEFORE MY FINAL TRIUMPH.

DAMNED SORCERER...

MORE TRICKS!



WELCOME TO STYRIA, THE EPICENTER OF THE NEW ORDER.



AAAGH!

SHRESH

CONAN!

AH, YES... THE BLOODROOT REACTS FAVORABLY TO THIS NEXUS POINT, DOESN'T IT?



NGHH...

NO. WHAT CAN I DO? HOW CAN I HELP?

THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR HIM, WENCH.

WATCH HIS AGONY AND KNOW THAT YOURS WILL SOON FOLLOW.



YES...

ALL MUST BE WIPED AWAY AS WE PREPARE FOR GLORY.








...THE GARDEN  
FROM WHICH THE  
HELL SEED IS  
SPAWNED!



DID YOU  
THINK FOR A  
MOMENT THAT THIS...  
THIS GODLY GIFT  
CAME FROM SOME  
FILTHY KOTHIAN  
DIRT PATCH?



IT CAME FROM  
THE TRAVELERS,  
HYRKANIAN!

IT CAME  
FROM THOSE WHO  
WALK AMONGST  
THE STARS, AND  
WE ARE NOT FIT  
TO SPEAK THEIR  
NAMES!



AND I, THOTH-AMON, SHALL HAVE A PLACE IN THEIR VESSEL...

...AS THEY SAIL TO OUR WORLD TO COLLECT ITS BLOOD!

THE AGONY YOU WILL EXPERIENCE SHALL BLOOM THEIR GIBBOUS BELLES, HYRKANIAN!

YOU SHOULD BE HONORED!





YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND. OF COURSE YOU CAN'T. YOU ARE LITTLE BETTER THAN A COMMON HARLOT.

WHILE THE POWER OF A GOD'S HERALD LIVES IN ME!



IT'S TERRIBLE BEAUTY. SUCH CATASTROPHIC MAGNIFICENCE.

IT WILL SUCK OUR SPHERE LIKE A BLOOD-BLOATED LEECH.



WIZARD. I HAD A CHOICE.

WHAT BLATHER IS THIS, SLATTEN?

BETWEEN SAVING MYSELF, AND DISTRACTING YOU.



I CHOSE YOU.

AND YOU TALK FAR TOO MUCH.



URK. DEVIL...

DEMON!



YOU THINK TO KILL ME...

...WITH A PALTRY WHITTENING BLADE?

NO...