



CONSTANTIUS IS BEATEN.



WE ARE DOOMED.



CONAN WILL BE CRASHING AT OUR GATES WITHIN THE HOUR.

IF HE CATCHES ME, I HAVE NO ILLUSIONS AS TO WHAT I CAN EXPECT.



BUT FIRST I AM GOING TO MAKE SURE THAT MY CURSED SISTER NEVER ASCENDS THE THRONE AGAIN.

FOLLOW ME!



COME WHAT MAY...

...WE SHALL GIVE THAUG A FEAST.





As Salome descended the stairs and galleries of the palace, she heard a faint rising echo from the distant walls.



The people there had begun to realize that the battle was going against Constantius.



TARAMIS!  
OH, MY  
QUEEN!



THANK  
ISHTAR WE  
HAVE FOUND  
YOU!





OH, TARAVIS!  
DO YOU NOT  
REMEMBER ME,  
VALERIUS?



ONCE WITH  
YOUR OWN LIPS  
YOU PRAISED  
ME, AFTER THE  
BATTLE OF  
KORVEKA!



NO! IT IS  
YOUR OWN TRUE  
VASSALS COME  
TO RESCUE YOU!  
YET WE MUST  
HASTEN.

CONSTANTIUS  
FIGHTS IN THE PLAIN  
AGAINST CONAN, WHO  
HAS BROUGHT THE  
ZUAGIRS ACROSS THE  
RIVER, BUT THREE  
HUNDRED SHEMITES  
YET HOLD THE  
CITY.



VALERIUS!  
OH, I DREAM!  
IT IS SOME MAGIC  
OF SALOME'S TO  
TORMENT ME!



WE SLEW  
THE JAILER AND  
TOOK HIS KEYS,  
AND HAVE SEEN NO  
OTHER GUARDS.  
BUT WE MUST  
BE GONE.  
COME!











