

Lady Death



W. M. S.



Chaos Rules #1 Inferno Edition

COFFIN COMICS PRESENTS:

Lady Death

CHAOS RULES #1

Lady Death Created by Brian Pulido



THE STORY SO FAR

Long ago, a girl named Hope renounced her humanity to save her mother's soul from eternal torment in Hell. She is transformed by insurmountable odds and tragic circumstances into Lady Death, the ravishing conqueror of the netherworld. She ruled Hell. She faced the judgment War. She joined a Dark Alliance, then she disappeared. It's been twenty years. Now, find out what happened to her...

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TO KNOW LADY DEATH
IS TO KNOW A WOMAN
CURSED.



QUICKLY!



FINALLY.

DO IT.



SHE'S ALL YOURS.

GREAT...

DON'T SCREW THIS UP!





WHERE--?
WHAT?



WELCOME BACK, MILADY. IT'S ME, YOUR WEAPONSMAKER, BROCK.



BROCK? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WH-WHERE AM I--?

SOME LONG FORGOTTEN CORNER OF HELL.

I WAS SENT BY THE ARCHANGEL TO AWAKEN YOU.



AWAKEN--? I DON'T SLEEP!



IT APPEARS THAT YOU WERE PLACED UNDER A POWERFUL SPELL AND... STORED HERE, THE SPELL BOUND YOU TO UNNATURAL SLEEP...

HOW LONG?!

OVER TWO DECADES.



RIDICULOUS! I RECALL EVENTS THAT TRANSPICED MERE MOMENTS AGO...



I FEAR YOUR MEMORIES ARE DREAMS MILADY. PART OF THE SPELL THAT PLACED YOU HERE...

WHO WOVE THIS SPELL UPON ME?!



ALAS, WE DO NOT KNOW YOU LOST MORE THAN TIME. EVERYTHING YOU HELD DEAR IS SIMPLY... **GONE.**

IN TRUTH, WE HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU ALL THIS TIME. WHOEVER IS RESPONSIBLE IS POWERFUL BEYOND MEASURE.

EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT...



SO POWERFUL THAT NOT EVEN HEAVEN KNOWS THE ANSWER. **SATANUS?**

UNLIKELY. THE OLD DEVIL HAS DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT HIMSELF.

TWENTY YEARS OF MY EXISTENCE, EVERYTHING I HOLD DEAR, GONE? THERE WILL BE HELL TO PAY!



I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT SEE IT THAT WAY... YOU'RE GONNA NEED...
→HEH← AN EDGE.



THROUGH MEANS CLANDESTINE AND MALEVOLENT, I SECURED THE ELEMENTS TO FORGE A BLADE UNLIKE ANY OTHER THAT EVER EXISTED. ITS PROPERTIES MAKE IT PERFECT FOR USE IN THE UNDERWORLD.

SUCH AS?

IT DISPATCHES ITS VICTIMS IN A MANNER MOST VILE, UNPLEASANT AND PERMANENT.

WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?

I CALL IT CHAOS. MAY IT SEE YOU SAFELY ON YOUR QUEST THROUGH HELL!



MONTHS LATER...



GET HIM!

SKIN THE EARTH-BORN!

FEED HIM TO THE UNDAINED!



DOO! WHAT KIND OF AN IDIOT CHOOSES THE HELL-BORN!



DAMN IT. I CAN'T SIMPLY WATCH THEM CARVE HIM TO SHREDS.

AND ANY CHANCE TO RID THIS WRETCHED PLACE OF ITS FETID KIND IS AN OPPORTUNITY I CANNOT PASS UP.



AH. I FEEL IT.



THE TINIEST HINT...I FEEL... ALIVE.



ALIVE!



HOW DID YOU DO THAT? I'VE NEVER SEEN--

MY SWORD. IT DISPATCHES THEM TO A PLACE WORSE THAN HELL--A PLACE OF ABSOLUTELY NO RETURN.

OBLIVION.



WHY DO THEY HUNT YOU?

THEY SERVE BAPHOMET. HE WANTS HELL CLEANSED OF "EARTHBOURNE". HE THINKS WE'RE PESTS. HE PREACHES ONLY HELLBOURNE SHOULD EXIST.

DID YOU SEE?

SHE CAN GRANT US OBLIVION!

TRUE DEATH!

TAKE ME!

NO, ME!

ME!

WHAT--?!

THERE'S TOO MANY!

THEY SEEK AN END TO EXISTENCE, IT SEEMS.

LET THEM COME.





LET THEM
COME FOR
OBLIVION!