

On a night of *bloodletting* and *suffering*, the *Six* were summoned into the world.

Not long after, *Oliander Bedford Hume* set out to find the weapons.



The General did not know what *shape the Six* might take...

...but he reckoned they would change the course of his *life*, the *war*, and the *world* its ownself.



But he could *smell* them... and the *ruination* they would bring... heavy on the wind.

The Six belonged to him...

We're *close* now.

I'll continue on my own from here.

...and he would be the first in the mortal realm to set eyes upon them.

This *honor* was his and his alone.



He could *hear* them *calling* to him.



This...



...was his moment of *rebirth*.



Yes... there you are...

...born into this world...
...Frightened...



...running scared...



Waiting for *me* to find you.



Pistols. OF course... they're *pistols*.

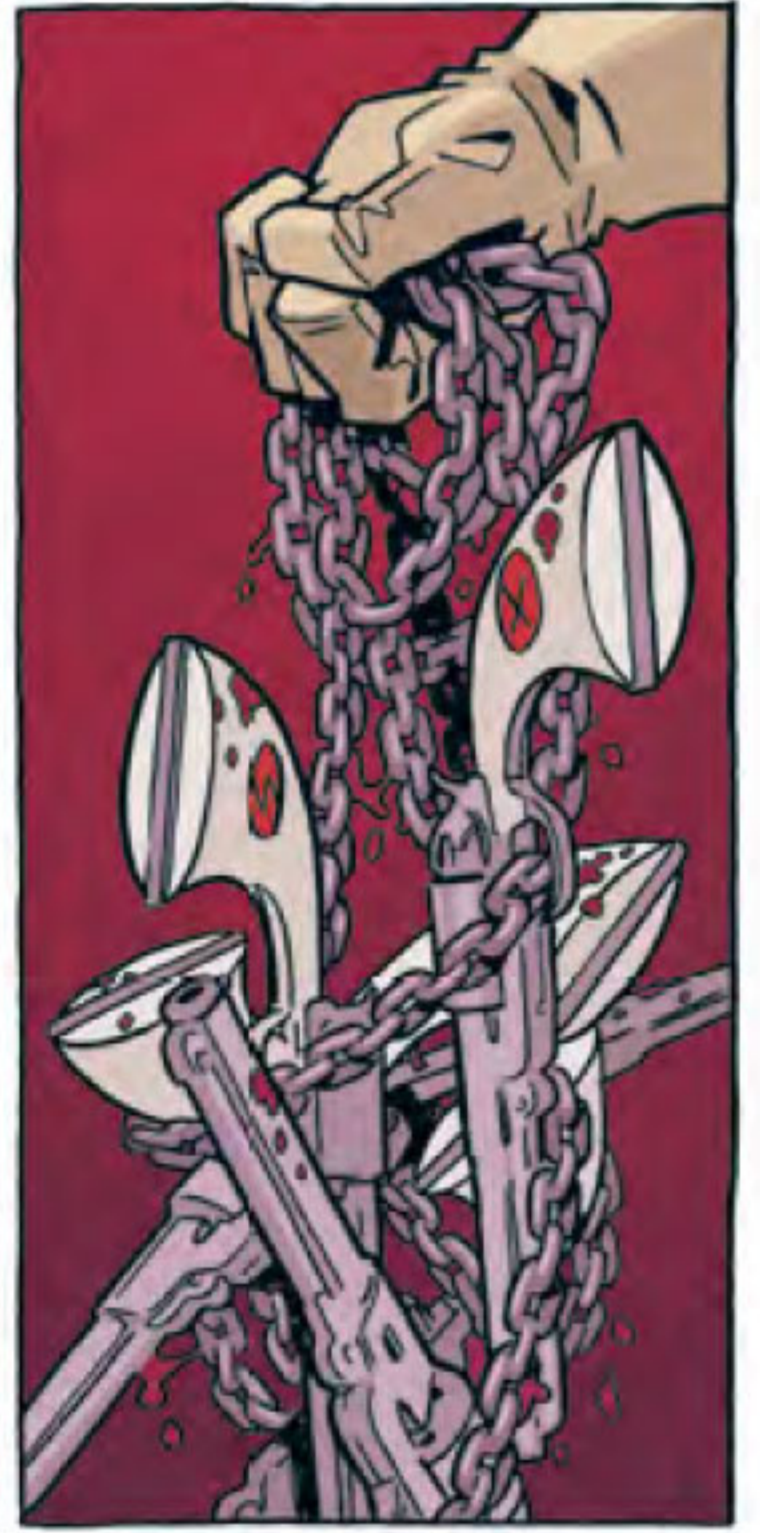
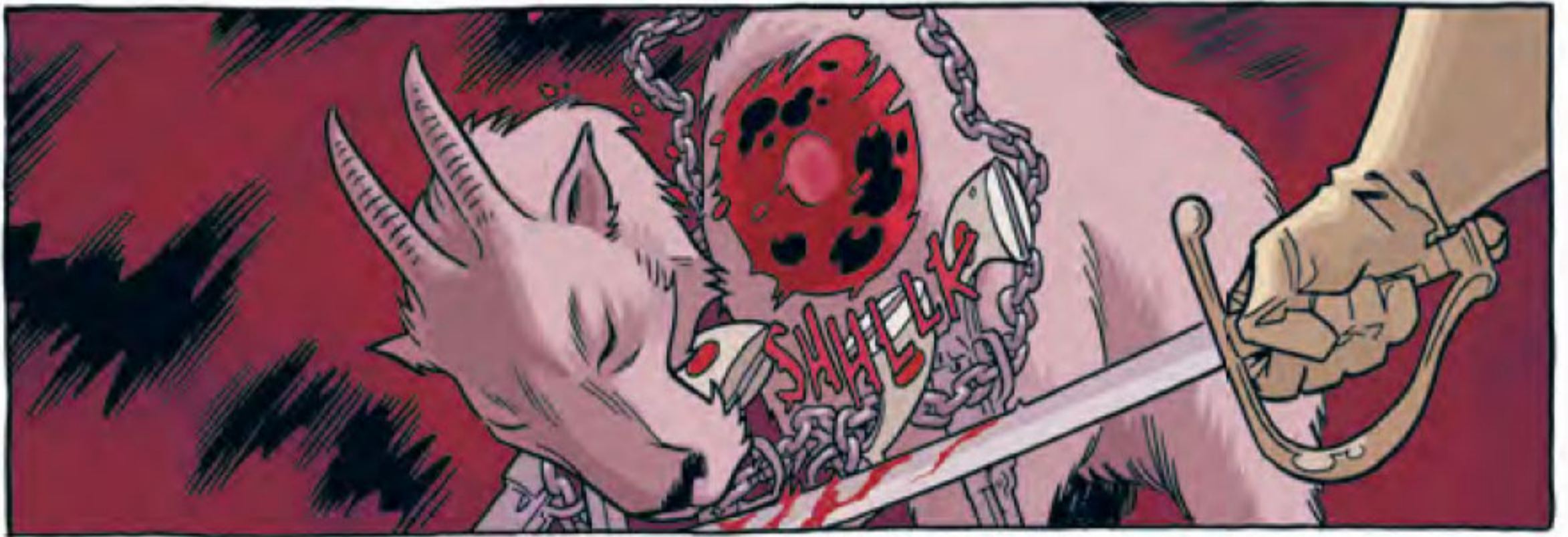


The *burden* is no longer yours to carry.

I'm here...



...to offer you some *respite*.



...black thoughts that birthed *machinations* of their own...

...and they had not come into our world *alone*.



Unsteady legs carried this *newcomer* into this unfamiliar place.



His head *swam* with *memories* of other realms...



...of Fierce battles... of men with serpentine eyes...

...of behemoths with fiery breath.



But with every step, this memories seemed to *Fade*...



...leaving only the bits and pieces that could be stitched into the semblance of a *new history*.

A name...

...Drake...





...and the knowledge that he had always been a *warrior*...

...a *soldier* fighting on behalf of a much greater power.



And as he strode out among the *dead men*, a *new past* took shape...



...and his recollection of symbols carved on *cave walls*...

...of *cursed swords*...

...of *dark betrayals*...



...of the world meeting its *ending* over and over again...

5-Sinclair?

...became the stuff of *distant nightmares*.



Is that you, boy?



Did you... did you make it out with your skin intact?



The last memory he clung to...

...was that of an *innocent girl* who had often visited him.



I don't know about the two of you...

...but this *isn't* what I expected from the *afterlife*.



I thought there'd be *Fire*.

Devils, maybe.

Almost certainly *pitchforks*.



This is *not* Hell.

Hell is what the world will *become*...

...what the *Grey Witch* will create...

...if we don't *stop* her.



There's no going back now.

There's *nothing left* to go back to...

...is there?

