

X-MEN

BATTLEWORLD

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED.

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS
BATTLEWORLD!

FIVE YEARS AGO, THE INFERNO CONSUMED NEW YORK CITY. ILLYANA RASPUTIN, INFECTED BY ITS DARK ENERGIES, WAS TRANSFORMED INTO THE DARKCHILD, BECOMING RULER OF THE INFERNO'S DEMON HORDES. TO CONTAIN THE INFERNO, MANHATTAN WAS QUARANTINED AND SHUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE DOMAIN.

EVERY YEAR, PIOTR RASPUTIN, A.K.A. THE X-MAN COLOSSUS, ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE HIS SISTER AND END THE INFERNO'S INFECTION OF MANHATTAN. THIS YEAR, HIS RESCUE ATTEMPT HAS BEEN A DISASTER.

NIGHTCRAWLER WAS CAPTURED BY THE DARKCHILD AND TRANSFORMED INTO A HIDEOUS BEAST. BOOM BOOM WAS SEEMINGLY KILLED BY A DEMON. THE INFERNO HAS ESCAPED THE QUARANTINE, INFECTING THE REST OF NEW YORK AND LEAVING THE REMAINING X-MEN IN PERPETUAL RETREAT.

COLOSSUS AND DOMINO WERE FORCED TO TEAM UP WITH GOBLIN QUEEN MADELYNE PRYOR. WHEN ALL SEEMED LOST, THE GROUP DISCOVERED THAT BOOM BOOM WAS ALIVE AND WELL, HAVING BEEN SAVED BY A MYSTERIOUS BENEFACTOR—MISTER SINISTER HIMSELF, WHO HAS OFFERED THE X-MEN AN UNEASY ALLIANCE AND AN OPPORTUNITY TO DESTROY THE DARKCHILD ONCE AND FOR ALL...

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MY GRANDMOTHER USED TO SAY THERE EXISTS NO GREATER PLEASURE IN THIS WORLD--

X INFERNO. THE OUTER BOROUGHS.



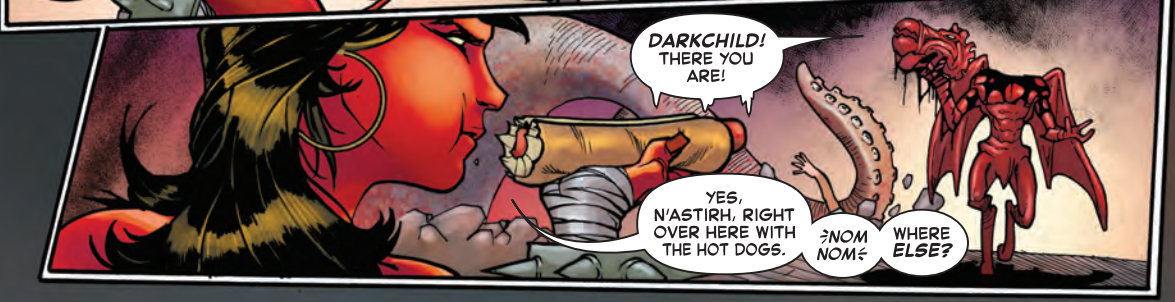
--THAN WATCHING CHILDREN AT PLAY.

HMM...



...SORRY, BABUSHKA.

I JUST DON'T SEE IT.



DARKCHILD! THERE YOU ARE!

YES, N'ASTIRH, RIGHT OVER HERE WITH THE HOT DOGS.

¿NOM NOM?

WHERE ELSE?



I TAKE IT YOUR EXTERMINATION OF THE REMAINING X-MEN DID NOT GO AS PLANNED.

IT WAS GOING PEACHES AND DAMNED CREAM UNTIL MADDIE PRYOR AND HER GOBLIN ARMY SHOWED--



--WAGH!

HEY, WATCH IT! MY DOGS!



PLEASE TELL ME A GOBLIN DID NOT TAKE YOUR HEAD.

NO, YOUR BROTHER DID. HE'S QUITE A BIT MORE IMPRESSIVE WITH THAT SOULSWORD IN HAND.

OBVIOUSLY.

THUMP THUMP



THEY PRETTY WELL WIPED US OUT. PRYOR EVEN MANAGED TO TAME YOUR BAMF DRAGON.

THAT IS DISAPPOINTING.

I SLIPPED OUT WHEN MISTER SINISTER SHOWED UP. HE'S CLONED HIMSELF A HALF-BREED ARMY. INCENDIARIES, FROM THE LOOK OF 'EM.



SO ALL MY ENEMIES HAVE PILED THEMSELVES TOGETHER DOWN IN THE SEWERS?

YEAH, PRETTY MUCH.

HEH HEH HEH HEH...

"...WON'T THAT BE FUN TO SORT OUT."

I SPENT FIVE LONG YEARS TRAPPED IN THE ROTTEN PIT THAT WAS MANHATTAN, DREAMING OF BLUE SKIES, CLEAR WATER AND FRESH MEAT.

X THE SEWERS BENEATH NYC

NOW THAT I'M OUT, I CAN'T HAVE THE DARKCHILD AND HER BEASTIES SPOILING MY DREAM COME TRUE.

I WON'T BE TRADING ONE HELL FOR ANOTHER.

KRASH

SHE MUST BE STOPPED.

YEAH, AGREED, BUT HOW DO YOU PLAN TO DO THAT, SINISTER?

MY CLONE ARMY CAN SHOOT PLASMA BOMBS FROM THEIR FINGERTIPS, MR. SUMMERS.

AND ILLYANA TOOK OUT DOZENS OF MY BEST X-MEN IN A MATTER OF MINUTES.

AT THIS POINT, EVEN I HAVE TO ADMIT SHE CAN'T BE BEATEN.

HAVE YOU NOT SEEN THE LARGE METAL FELLOW AND HIS MAGIC SWORD?

HE IS RIGHT, SCOTT. THE SOUL-SWORD MAY BE ABLE TO DEFEAT ILLYANA. MY DEMON ARM LETS ME WIELD IT.