



THE
WICKED
+
DIVINE
THE

Every ninety years twelve gods return as young people. They are loved. They are hated. In two years, they are all dead.

The year is 1831. It's happening now. It's happening again.

Rome.

SEE.
HERE IT
IS.

I HOLD IT
TOWARDS
YOU.





Shush,
Hades.
You are
delirious.



It comes!
The end
comes on
black wings.

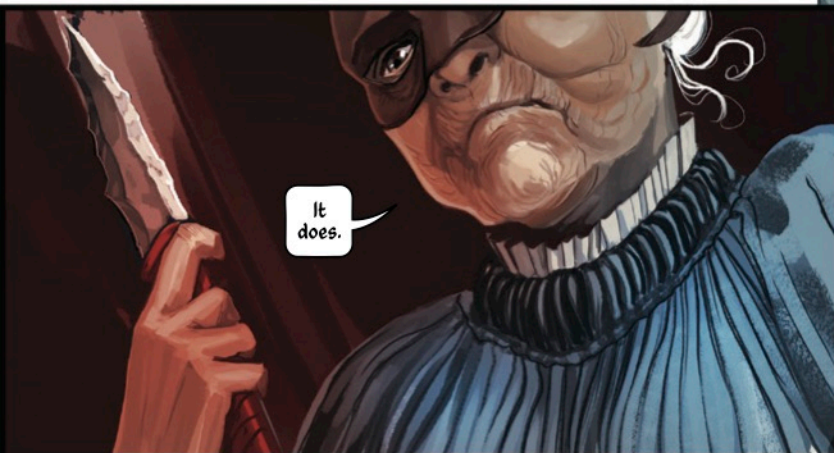
It fills the
sky. It fills my
head. It fills my
breast! It comes!
It comes!



I love
you.
I'll miss
you.



It...
it...



It
does.



MODERN
ROMANCE

11 MARCH 1831

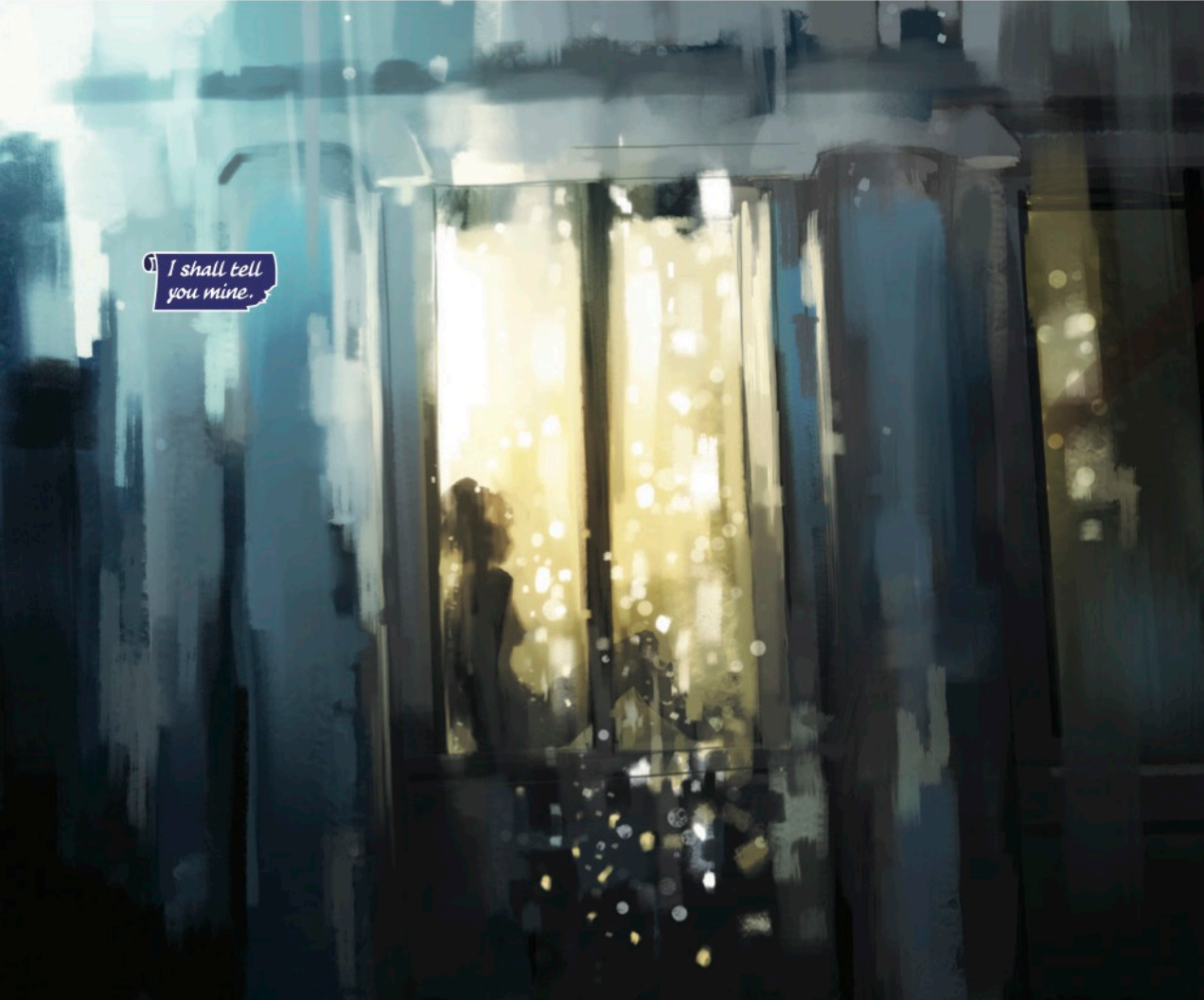
Villa Diodati, Lake Geneva.

*It was the year
without light.*


*For us gods, it would be
the year without end.*

*I am sure you know the night of which
I speak. Lucifer proposed we idled away
a few of our remaining hours by telling
each other horror stories.*

*Listen
carefully.*

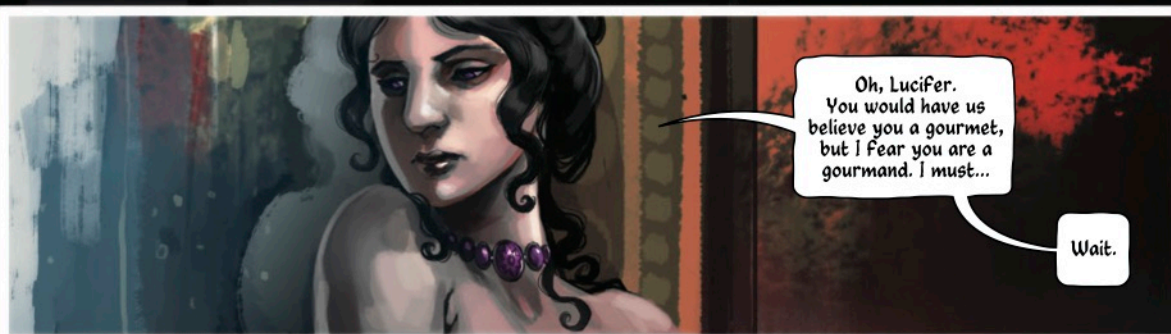


I shall tell
you mine.



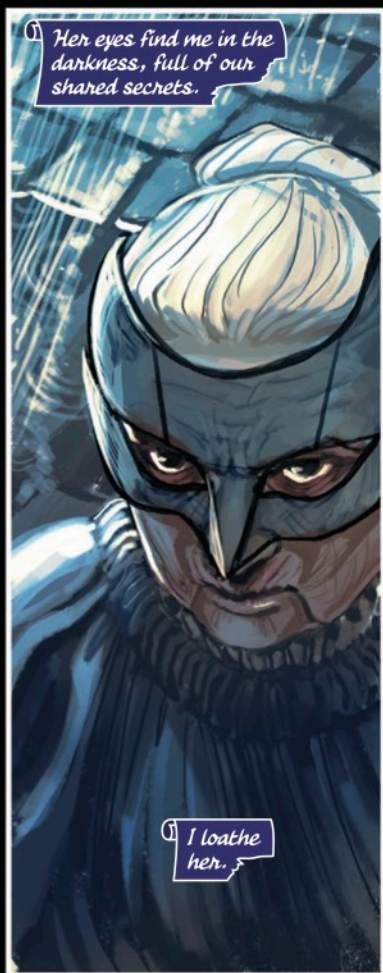
Come to bed,
Inanna. I'm
bored.

I crave the
night and this
day is dawdling.
Perhaps we can
hurry it along...



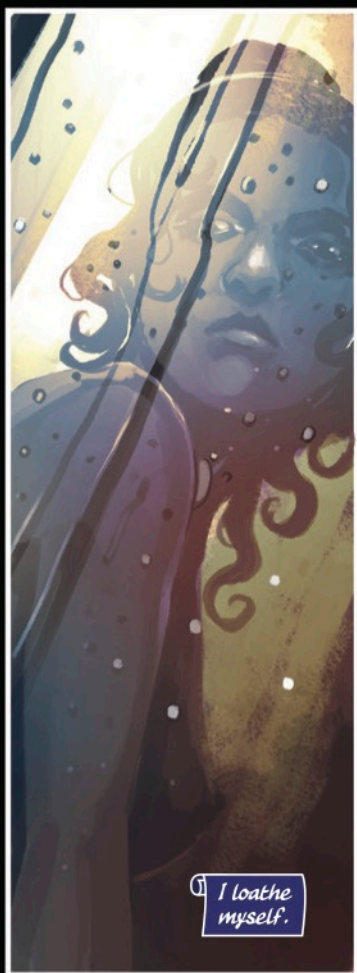
Oh, Lucifer.
You would have us
believe you a gourmet,
but I fear you are a
gourmand. I must...

Wait.



Her eyes find me in the darkness, full of our shared secrets.

I loathe her.



I loathe myself.



Is there a reason why Ananke is outside?

At last!



Lucifer? What...