



Don't call me that, Aeshma. That's not my name.

Scott.  
Scott.  
Scott.

You can't run. Not from this.

Not from me.



"I'm not Scott Graves, not like this."

"I'm someone else, something else."

Sorry, Scott. You're you, your thoughts, your impulses. You killed that man.



And you still have more to do tonight.

No.

I won't.



I got you your soul. I'm done. With you, with Novo, with all of it.

I said souls. Lots of souls.

You're not done. That officer you killed? He was your signature on our contract.



You might've squeezed out before this, but not now.

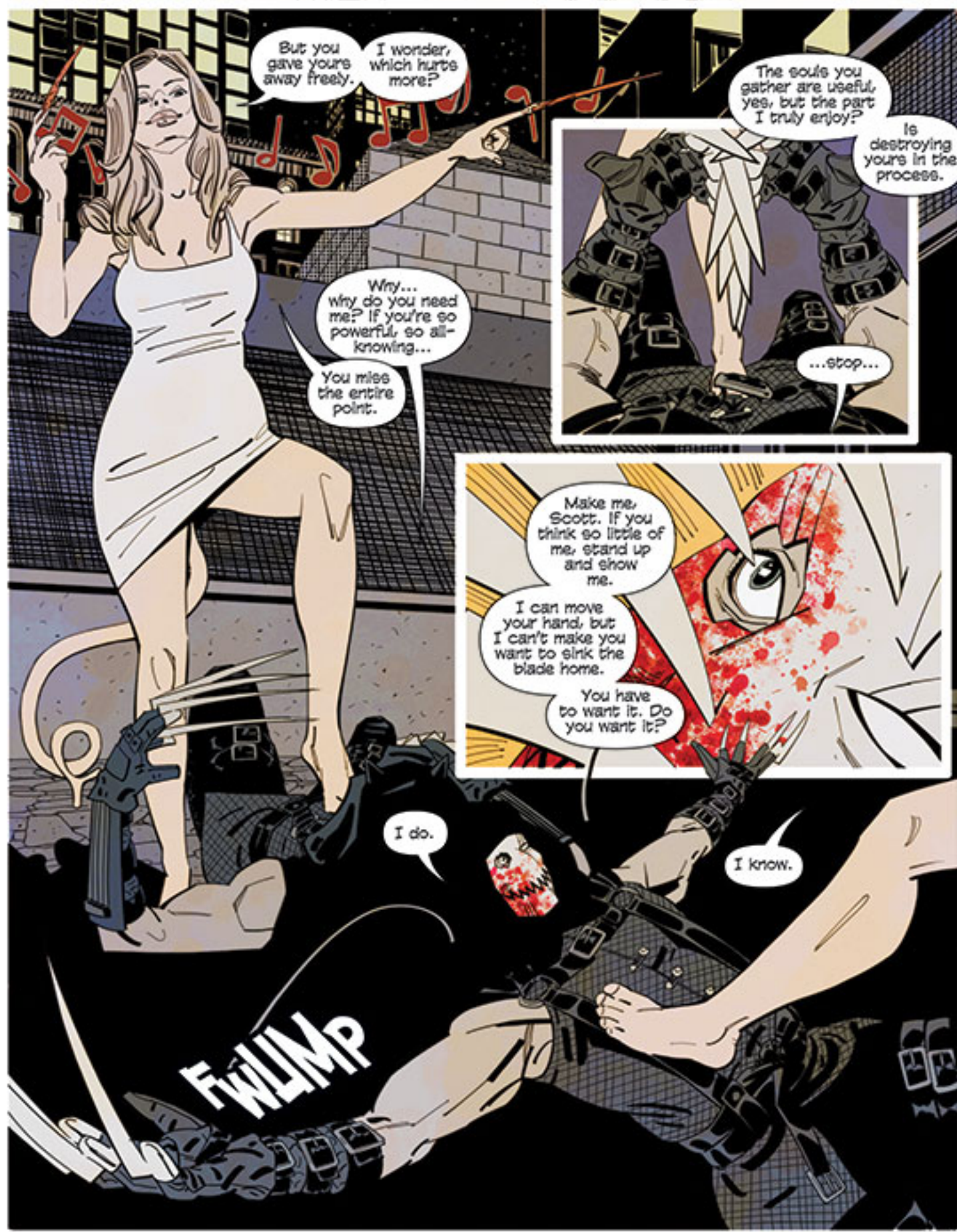
Remember, Scott. You chose this.





Do you know *why* people were given free will?

Because God knew how much it would hurt when someone ripped it away from you.



But you gave yours away freely.

I wonder, which hurts more?

The souls you gather are useful, yes, but the part I truly enjoy?

Is destroying yours in the process.

Why... why do you need me? If you're so powerful, so all-knowing...

You miss the entire point.



...stop...



Make me, Scott. If you think so little of me, stand up and show me.

I can move your hand, but I can't make you want to sink the blade home.

You have to want it. Do you want it?

I do.

I know.

FWLUMP





But this never ends. If somehow you die, I'll ride your soul into hell and right back out in a new body.

No escape clause, no clever double-cross.

I know you, Scott. You're going to try anyway.



This pain will be nothing compared to what you feel if we have to visit Lucy.



I'll cut your eyelids off so you have to watch us put your knives to her.

In front of your darling, screaming wife.

And then we do the same to her.



Shut your goddamned mouth.

I'll find you someone. Someone deserving.

Good, open yourself.



So many shades of good and evil. So much mixed up together in each person.

All of it floating on the air, the ugly wake, human pollution.

There is an infinite amount of pain in the world.

Find the appropriate vessel. Judge them. Punish them with it.





Time to seal your oath.

You're a *Herald*. Proof of a better world to come.

And yet you keep fucking. It. Up. Scotty.

Time to make this right.

URK!



Kill it!

I can't even see--



ffkkkk

Krrrggle



Ahhhhh!

tsk You let the best part of the meal escape.

But this will do for your first night.

Go home, Scott. Enjoy the life you've bought.







