

1850. THE IMPERIAL CAPITAL OF DUNWALL.

TWELVE YEARS SINCE
JESSAMINE'S MURDER, AND
HIRAM BURROWS' PLOT AGAINST
THE THRONE. TWELVE YEARS
SINCE I CLEANED OUT THAT
WHOLE NEST OF TRAITORS,
AND TWELVE YEARS SINCE I
LAST CROSSED SWORDS WITH
THE DUNWALL CITY WATCH.

LET'S SEE IF THIS IS AS MUCH
WORK AS I REMEMBER.





COME ON!
HE'S OUR OLD MAN!
WHAT ARE YOU ALL
WAITING FOR?

YES, BUT ONE
MAN CAN BRING
DOWN AN ENTIRE
EMPIRE...

...OR HOLD IT
TOGETHER...

I GREW UP
DUELING IN THE
STREETS...

AT HALF
YOUR AGE, I WAS
FACING MEN TWICE
MY SIZE.

QUEEPLY THE
DUNNALL CITY
WATCH ISN'T AFRAID
OF SOMEONE WHO
CUT HIS TEETH
WITH THE **SEARD
SERKONAN
GUARD!**

YOU'RE TOO
TO TIE WITH THE
ROYAL PROTECTION
TO HER MAJESTY
EMPEROR ENLY
KALDWIN.

IF I LET
EVEN ONE OF
YOU TOUCH ME,
IT MEANS ENLY'S
NOT SAFE.
IT MEANS THE
NEXT **SEARDIN
MIGHT
SUCCEED.**

SO LET ME
MAKE YOU A
PROMISE...

NOONE
OF YOU WILL
TOUCH ME.



THIS ONE--



MORE FOCUSED THAN THE OTHERS. HER REACTIONS FASTER, BUT TEMPERED WITH INTELLIGENCE.



AGGRESSIVE, AND AMBITIOUS TOO.

HALF A SECOND SLOWER, AND I'D BE TRIPPING OVER MY OWN GUTS THERE.



OH YES, SOMEONE HAS CLEARLY TAUGHT HER WELL.



MAYBE SHE'S THE ONE I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

