

TWO DAYS' RIDE FROM EPHESUS.

OR, AT THIS SPEED, ONE.


GABRIELLE,  
WE CAN'T KEEP UP  
THIS PACE.

THE ROMAN  
TROOPS WILL REACH THE  
PORT TOMORROW, AND WE  
MISS ANY CHANCE TO  
SAVE THEM!

WE MADE A  
PROMISE, XENA.

WE WON'T  
FAIL THEM  
AGAIN.






IF THESE HORSES DIE, WE WON'T MAKE UP ANY TIME ON FOOT.

MERYEM'S BRINGING HER BROTHER WITH SUPPLIES - FRESH HORSES.

WE COULD USE SUPPLIES, GABRIELLE. ATTACK WHEN WE'RE PREPARED.


...ALL RIGHT.



IF THEY SAIL, CHILAPA WILL BE TAKEN BEFORE CAESAR AS A TROPHY!

THEY HAVE JIAO AND INGRID! THEY TOOK FAHIMA -

AND DEAD ANIMALS WON'T FETCH HER FASTER!



IF MY DAUGHTER DIES, NOTHING IN THIS WORLD OR THE NEXT WILL STOP ME FROM MY VENGEANCE, EX-GOD.

THEN MAY YOUR ANGER SUSTAIN YOUR HORSE.



THE CAMP WILL MEET US BELOW THE RIDGE!

AND THEN WE RIDE FOR EPHEBUS - TARTARUS TAKE THE HINDMOST!





IT'S ME THEY WANT. I'LL RUN WHEN I CAN.

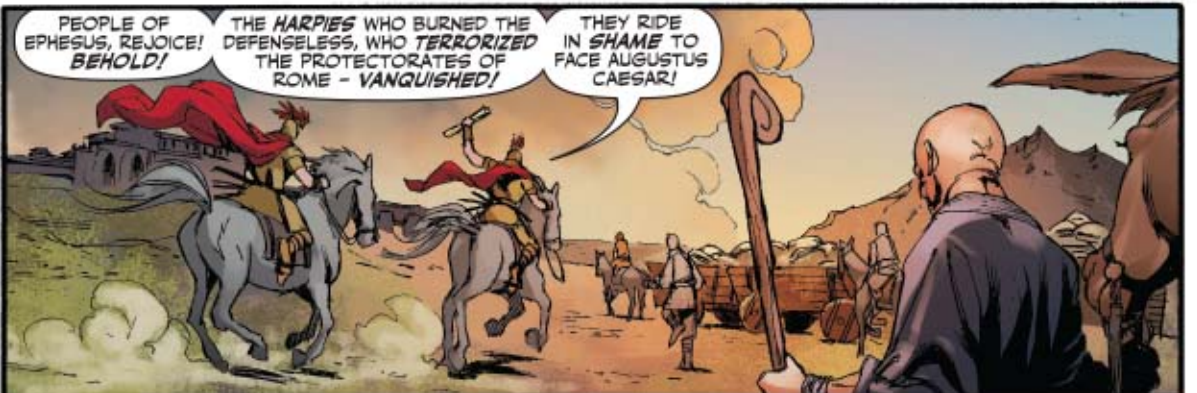
THEY WON'T RISK LOSING THEIR TROPHY. THEY'LL SPLIT UP TO FIND ME.

EVEN CHAINED, YOU CAN HANDLE WHO'S LEFT.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?



DYING *HERE* IS BETTER THAN DYING IN ROME.



PEOPLE OF EPHESUS, REJOICE! BEHOLD!

THE HARPIES WHO BURNED THE DEFENSELESS, WHO TERRORIZED THE PROTECTORATES OF ROME - VANQUISHED!

THEY RIDE IN SHAME TO FACE AUGUSTUS CAESAR!





TAKE ANY ARMS YOU CAN CARRY.

ROME WON'T STRIKE LIGHTLY.



I SPOKE TO THE WINDS - FAHIMA LIVES.

MERCY ON YOU, SEYMA.

DID THE WINDS TELL YOU IF THEY'LL REST BEFORE EPHEBUS?

NOT WISE TO MOCK A SEER, WARRIOR PRINCESS.



NEVER. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOUR KIND CAN DO.

YOU FEAR IT?

I REJECT IT.



THAT ONE'S FUTURE HAS BEEN ERASED TOO MANY TIMES...

"...SHE MUST KNOW IT CAN DO HER NO GOOD."







AFTER MY MOTHER DIED, SEYMA BECAME FAMILY.

NEVER ASKED ME TO FOLLOW HER. I WANTED TO FIGHT - SHE JOINED ME.



BATBAYAR, FAHIMA, ANTHOUSA - ALL THE HARPIES ARE GOOD WOMEN. THEY FIGHT FOR GOOD REASONS.

I FIGHT HAPPILY BESIDE THEM.

BUT SEYMA DOESN'T FIGHT BECAUSE SHE HATES ROME.

SHE FOLLOWS ME, BECAUSE SHE LOVES ME.



IF YOU KNOW WHAT THAT'S LIKE, STEPMOTHER...

...I'LL BEG YOU TO BE KINDER.

