



BLACK BOLT

#3

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BLACK BOLT

is the king of the Inhumans, an off-splinter of humanity imbued with amazing abilities. But these gifts sometimes come with a price: Black Bolt's slightest whisper can shatter mountains. His voice has destroyed many lives, but it has saved countless others.

When the Silent King speaks, the world hears him.

But now no one can hear him. Black Bolt finds himself trapped in a strange alien prison. His treacherous brother, Maximus the Mad, was meant to be the one imprisoned here, but he used his psychic powers and image-altering technology to send Black Bolt in his place. A deranged, incalculably powerful being known only as the Jailer suppresses the inmates' natural abilities and, with help from the sycophantic prisoner Spyder, tortures them until they die—then resurrects them to face their crimes again and again.

But Black Bolt's fellow prisoners Metal Master, the Absorbing Man, Raava and Blinky have a plan. And they just blew a hole through Black Bolt's cell wall.

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BLACK BOLT, THE MIDNIGHT KING, HAS BEEN A MONARCH AND A DESTROYER. A HERO AND A WEAPON. MOST RECENTLY, HE HAS BEEN A PRISONER.

UNTIL NOW.

YES! RAAVA IS FREE! RAAVA IS ARMED! LET THE MEN OF LAWS AND CAGES TREMBLE!

KNOW WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, LADY? YOU'RE **MOTIVATIONAL**. BLINKY AND METAL MASTER ARE DOWN THIS WAY. LET'S GO.

I SAID LET'S GO, WISHBONE!

DO NOT PRESUME TO COMMAND ME, **CRUSHER CREEL**. WHAT IS YOUR PLAN? WHY DID YOU NOT WARN ME?

'CUZ THIS WAY YOU AIN'T GOT TIME TO GET COLD FEET. OR TO **SNITCH**. YOU DON'T **SEEM** LIKE A SNITCH, BUT YOU NEVER KNOW...NOW COME ON, **YER MAJESTY**.

I DO NOT LIKE BEING TOYED WITH, **CRUSHER CREEL**. FROM THIS POINT FORTH, YOU WILL KEEP ME INFORMED.



GET A LOAD OF THIS GUY! LOOK, YOU MIGHT BE HOT SPIT BACK HOME, PAL, BUT HERE YER NEW MEAT. YOU GOTTA **EARN** TRUST. THAT'S HOW IT WORKS.

YOU REALLY ARE A RUBE, AIN'T YA? THANK GOD YOU CAN FIGHT.

ENOUGH. THIS IS THE CORRIDOR.

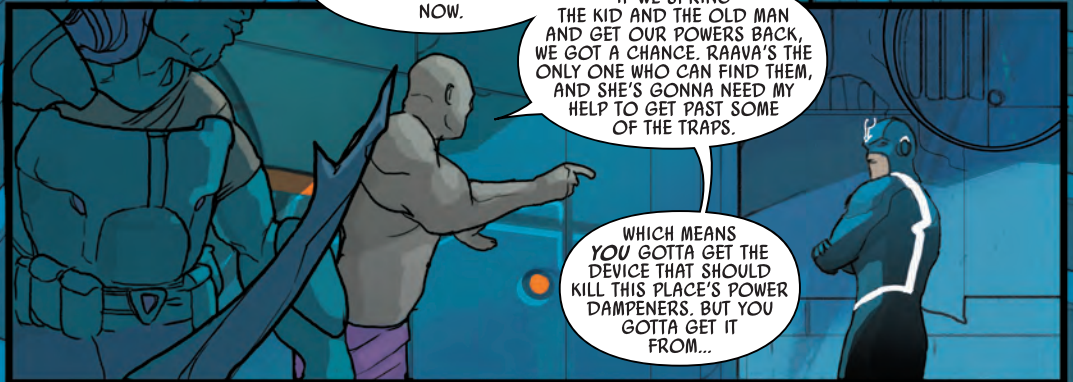
HOW CAN YOU KNOW ONE HALL FROM ANOTHER HERE? THE WALLS SHIFT AND THE FLOORS WARP IN THIS CURSED PLACE UNTIL YOU CANNOT TELL UP FROM DOWN.

YOU CANNOT TELL UP FROM DOWN, SKINNY ONE. RAAVA HAS FLOWN SHIPS BLIND THROUGH THE POISON STORMS OF VOKKORRA-4. SHE HAS FLOWN THE GOD-MAZES OF YALG WITH A CAPTOR'S BAG OVER HER HEAD. SHE **ALWAYS** KNOWS WHICH WAY SHE WALKS.

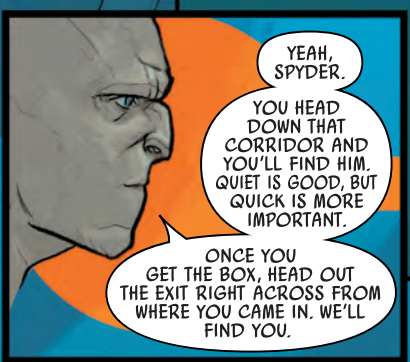
LISTEN UP, WISHBONE. METAL MASTER AND BLINKY, THEY FOUND A WAY TO BLIND THE JAILER FOR A FEW MINUTES. HE CAN'T REACH US RIGHT NOW.

IF WE SPRING THE KID AND THE OLD MAN AND GET OUR POWERS BACK, WE GOT A CHANCE. RAAVA'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN FIND THEM, AND SHE'S GONNA NEED MY HELP TO GET PAST SOME OF THE TRAPS.

WHICH MEANS YOU GOTTA GET THE DEVICE THAT SHOULD KILL THIS PLACE'S POWER DAMPENERS. BUT YOU GOTTA GET IT FROM...



SPYDER.



YEAH, SPYDER.

YOU HEAD DOWN THAT CORRIDOR AND YOU'LL FIND HIM. QUIET IS GOOD, BUT QUICK IS MORE IMPORTANT.

ONCE YOU GET THE BOX, HEAD OUT THE EXIT RIGHT ACROSS FROM WHERE YOU CAME IN. WE'LL FIND YOU.



AND WISHBONE?

MY NAME IS NOT--



SHUT UP AND LISTEN. THAT TRICK METAL MASTER PULLED, BLOWIN' OPEN OUR CELL? HE AIN'T GOT THE ENERGY TO DO THAT AGAIN.

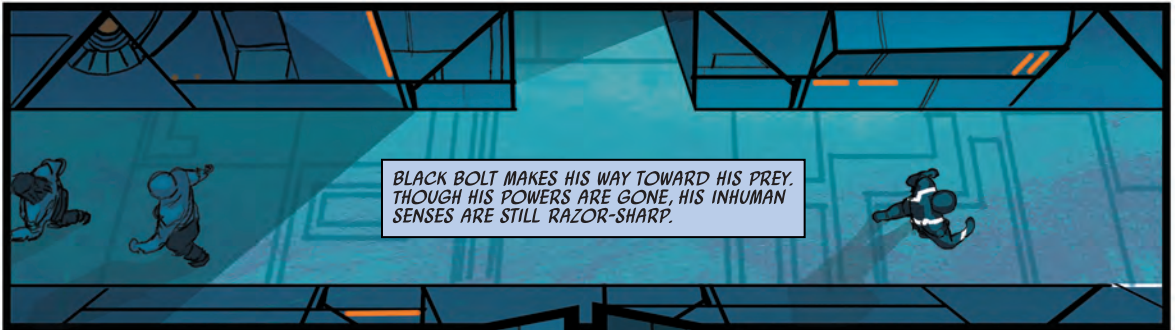
SO WE'RE NOT GETTIN' OUT OF HERE WITHOUT THAT BOX. YOU GOT THIS, RIGHT?



I...GOT THIS.



THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR! GO KICK SOME ASS.



BLACK BOLT MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD HIS PREY. THOUGH HIS POWERS ARE GONE, HIS INHUMAN SENSES ARE STILL RAZOR-SHARP.



AS HE NEARS THE END OF THE CORRIDOR, BLACK BOLT CAN HEAR THE VOICE OF THE FILTHY CREATURE CALLED SPYDER. HE WILL HAVE ONLY ONE CHANCE TO STRIKE.



IF SPYDER USES THAT HORRIBLE BOX OF TORTURES, BLACK BOLT KNOWS HE--AND THE ESCAPE PLAN--IS DOOMED.



"GO IN QUIET," CRUSHER CREEL SAID.



BLACK BOLT KNOWS HOW TO DO THAT.

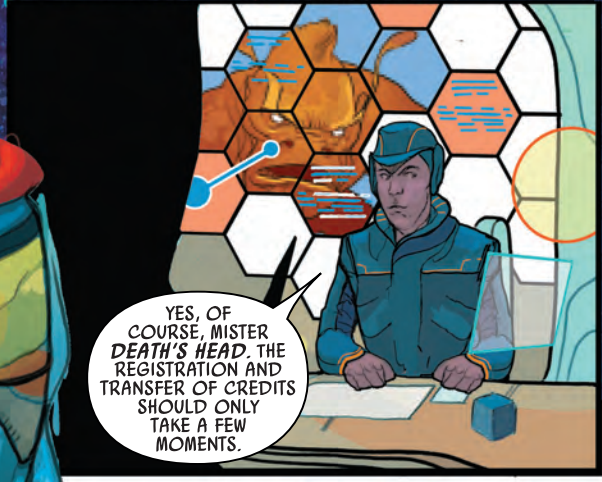


EVERYTHING APPEARS TO BE IN ORDER.

DRONES ARE ESCORTING PRISONER "MONSTEROSO" TO CONTAINMENT. HE'LL NOT HARM ANYONE AGAIN. BUT HE WILL BE PROVIDED OPPORTUNITIES HERE. WE VALUE REHABILITATION, AFTER ALL.



AND THE PAYMENT, YES?



YES, OF COURSE, MISTER DEATH'S HEAD. THE REGISTRATION AND TRANSFER OF CREDITS SHOULD ONLY TAKE A FEW MOMENTS.



IN THE MEANTIME, WE--