

**HELL.
CASTLE EPICARICACIUS.**

NOW...

WHERE
WERE WE,
APOLLO?

POINTLESS
GAMES,
NERON.

OH, THEY ARE
QUITE POINTED.
YOU SAY YOU HAVE
NO PLACE IN HELL.
OUR GAME SAYS
DIFFERENT.

IT HAS SHOWN
US PRIDE,
LUST. ANGER.
MURDER.

YOUR *SINS*
SAY DIFFERENT,
APOLLO. *WELCOME*
THE TRUTH. GIVE UP
YOUR SOUL.

WHATEVER
YOU WERE IN LIFE,
HELL IS WHERE YOU
BELONG.

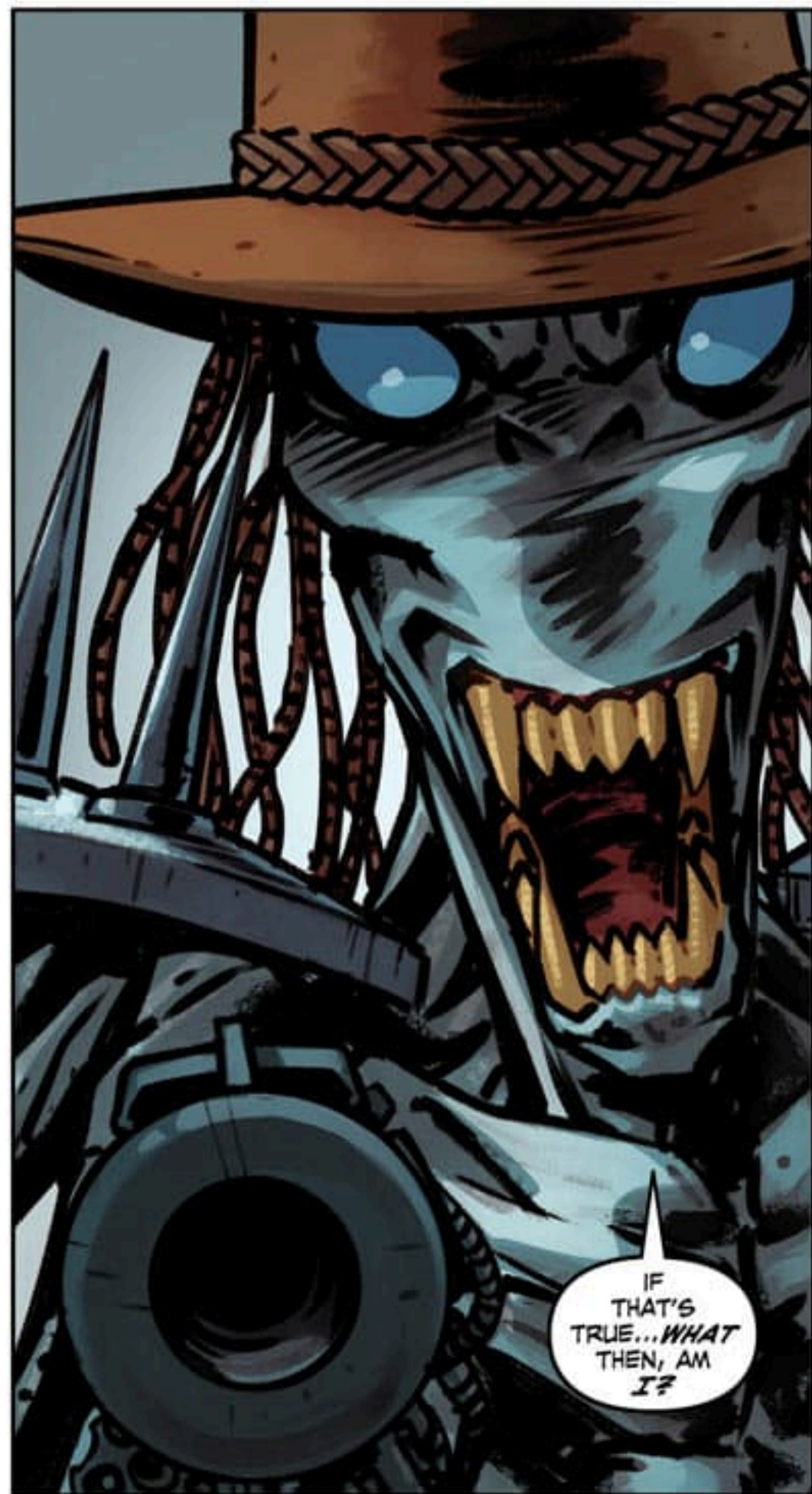
IT ISN'T!

FWHABOOM

**HELL.
THE VASCULAR GARDENS.**

WHAT IS IT
YOU LIKE TO SAY,
MIDNIGHTER?

"I'M WHAT
CHILDREN SEE
WHEN THEY FIRST
IMAGINE WHAT
DEATH IS
LIKE."



YOU CHALLENGE ME IN MY
HOME, THE PLACE WHERE
MURDER WAS DEFINED.
YOU CAME FOR
A FIGHT.

ARE YOU
READY?

ARE YOU,
MAWZIR?





YOUR *LOVER* THOUGHT HIMSELF A GOD. I SHOT HIM DOWN.



YOU WANT *REVENGE*. THAT'S *RESPECTABLE*.



BUT THE *PRICE* FOR APOLLO'S DEATH WAS THE ONE WEAPON IN EXISTENCE THAT CAN HARM ME. IT LAYS AT YOUR FEET, *BROKEN*.



YOU ASK IF *I'M* READY? YOU STAND POISED BEFORE A FIGHT WITH *NO* HOPE.



NOT QUITE, YOU BASTARD.



THERE'S *ONE* HOPE LEFT.

READY FOR A TASTE?

BADAM

BLAM

BLAM

MIDNIGHTER AND APOLLO

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DON'T
INSULT YOURSELF,
APOLLO.



YOU ARE
HERE BY *MY* WILL.
SHINE AS YOU LIKE, YOU
HAVE ONLY THE *LIE* OF
POWER I AFFORD
YOU.



THEN
WHY NOT JUST
TAKE MY SOUL IF
YOU WANT IT
SO BAD?

CASTLE EPICARICACIUS.



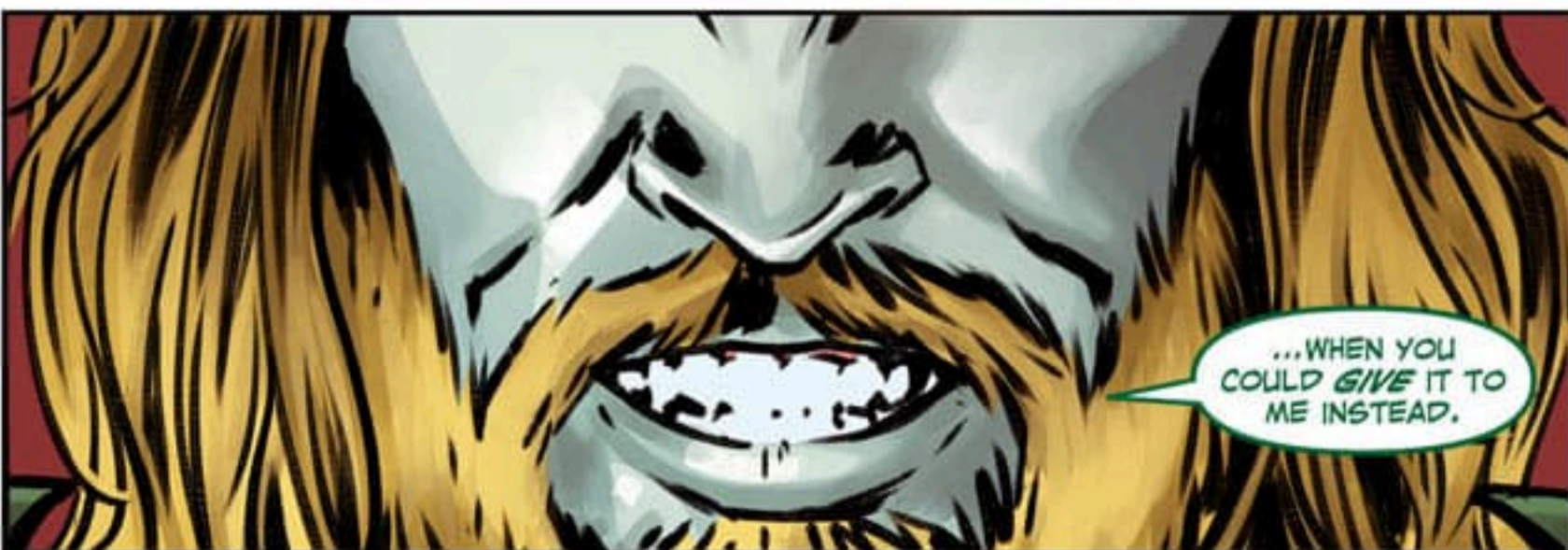
THE *WHIP* IS
USELESS. NEITHER
MAN NOR ANIMAL
CAN BE INFLUENCED
BY ANYTHING BUT
SUGGESTION.



MAKE NO MISTAKE,
YOUR SOUL IS *PUTRID*.
FESTERING AND CALCIFIED
WITH A *LIFETIME* OF
FOUL ACTS.



BUT THERE IS
NO RELISH IN
TAKING
IT...



...WHEN YOU
COULD *GIVE* IT TO
ME INSTEAD.