



STEPHEN STRANGE was a preminent surgeon until a car accident damaged the nerves in his hands. His ego drove him to scour the globe for a miracle cure, but instead he found a mysterious wizard called the ANCIENT ONE who taught him magic and that there are things in this world bigger than himself. These lessons led Stephen to become the Sorcerer Supreme, Earth's first defense against all manner of magical threats. His patients call him...

DOCTOR STRANGE

With the state of magic almost completely destroyed, Doctor Strange is at his weakest. As a result, Stephen's oldest adversaries have come out of the woodwork to take advantage of this. First, battling Baron Mordo, and then being whisked away to Nightmare's realm. Stephen then found himself in the domain of Satana, the devil's daughter. But just when Stephen has finally found his way back to Earth, he is picked up by a particularly interesting cabbie...THE ORB.

BLOOD IN THE AETHER

CHAPTER FOUR: THE FACE OF SIN

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WHAT'S THE MATTER, REGGIE? WE THOUGHT YOU LOVED PYRAMID SCHEMES. WELL, THIS IS THE BEST ONE YET.



ONLY THIS TIME, YOU GO AT THE **BOTTOM** OF THE PYRAMID.

WITH A WHOLE BUNCH OF DIRT ON TOP.



LOOK AT HIM. I BET HE WANTS TO TELL US HOW HE'S GONNA PAY IT **ALL** BACK. MY ENTIRE RETIREMENT.

MY KIDS' COLLEGE FUND.

GONNA BUY ME A NEW WIFE TO REPLACE THE ONE WHO HUNG HERSELF.

IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT, REGGIE. TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING BUT...



WHAT THE HELL?

OH, SORRY, DON'T MIND US...



...WE JUST WANTED A BETTER VIEW.



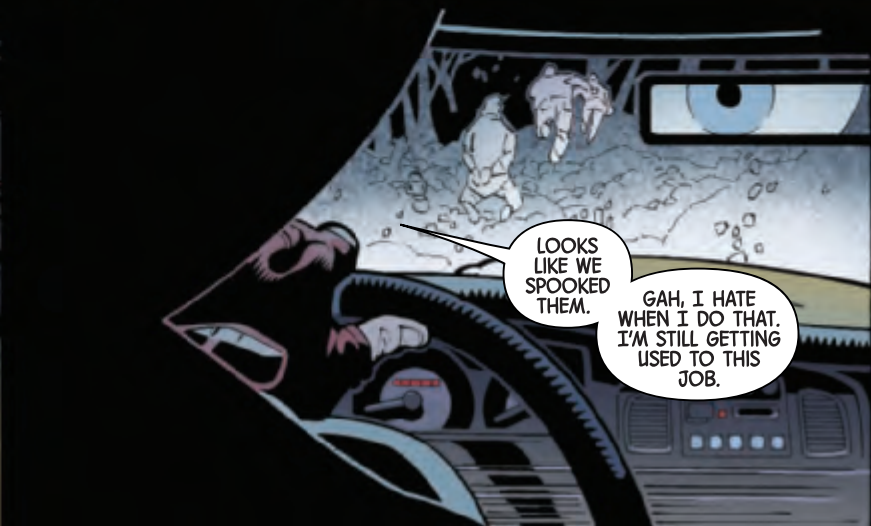
LET ME OUT OF THIS CRAZY CAR. I HAVE TO STOP THOSE MEN!

RELAX, DOC. REGGIE THERE HAS IT COMING, BELIEVE ME.

HE STOLE MILLIONS, THEN BLEW IT ALL IN VEGAS. I MEAN, C'MON, WHERE'S THE IMAGINATION?



BUT... UH-OH.



LOOKS LIKE WE SPOOKED THEM.

GAH, I HATE WHEN I DO THAT. I'M STILL GETTING USED TO THIS JOB.

AN EYEBALL. I'M IN A CAB WITH A GIANT TALKING EYEBALL.

WHAT JOB? WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE WE DOING HERE, ORB?

CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG, BUT YOU WERE ALWAYS JUST A THIEF AND A... LOSER. FEEL FREE TO TAKE OFFENSE.

THE WATCHER DIED AND PASSED HIS SECRETS ON TO ME.

BY THAT I MEAN I STOLE ONE OF HIS EYES AND... DID THINGS WITH IT.

NOW IT'S MY JOB TO WATCH.

AND LIKE THE WATCHER, THE ONLY RULE OF MY JOB IS THAT I CAN NEVER INTERFERE.



TUNK



ORB, WAIT, WHAT ARE YOU--



HRRPH.
THANK GOD. THANK GOD, I...



I SAW ALL YOUR FACES!

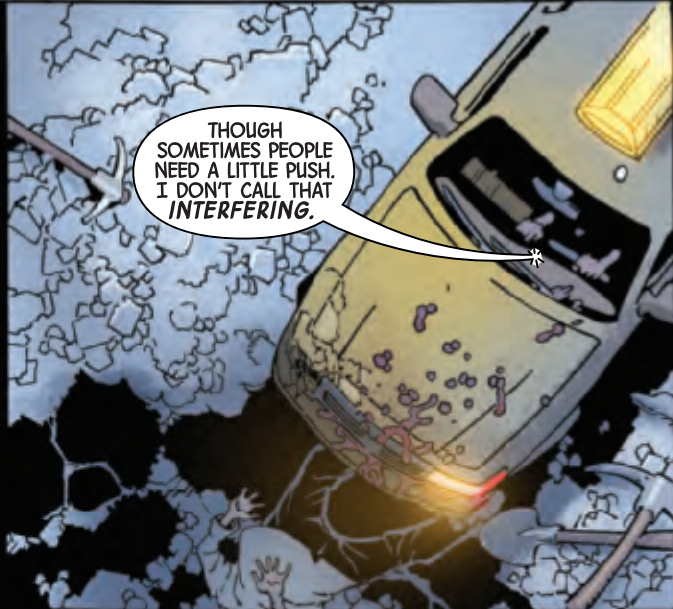
I WILL HAVE YOU ALL DROWNED IN THE HUDSON!



DO YOU HEAR ME, YOU--
HUH?



KA-THUMP



THOUGH
SOMETIMES PEOPLE
NEED A LITTLE PUSH.
I DON'T CALL THAT
INTERFERING.



I FEEL LIKE I'M PROVIDING
A VALUABLE PUBLIC
SERVICE.

YOU JUST
MURDERED
THAT MAN!



RIGHT. I
DID, DIDN'T I?
AND WHAT DID
YOU DO ABOUT
IT, DOC?

NOTHING,
THAT'S
WHAT.

ALL YOU
DID WAS
WATCH.

IN OTHER
WORDS...



...NICE WORK,
DOCTOR.

I THINK
WE'RE GONNA
HAVE A FUN
NIGHT.