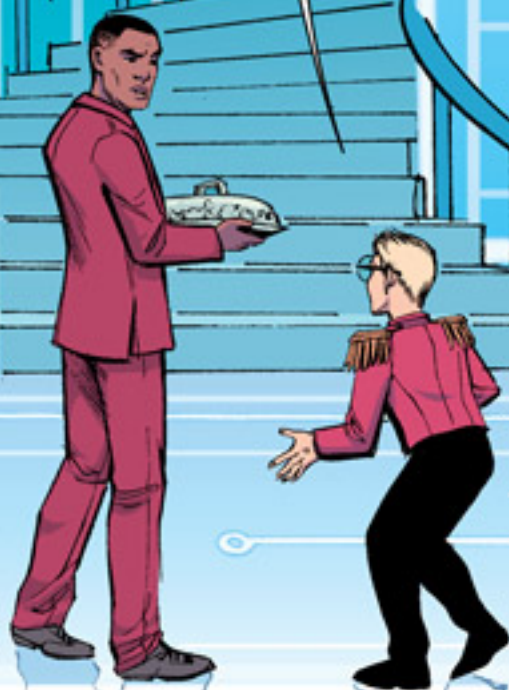


VALHALLA,
LONDON.

MINI,
STAY BACK.
YOU CANNOT BE
ANYWHERE NEAR
EYELINER-MADE-
OF-EYES.

PLEASE,
BAAL! I WANT
TO ACTUALLY
TALK TO
HER!

WE
NEVER GOT
TO TALK BEFORE
AND NOW YOU
KEEP ME AWAY
AND...



BECAUSE
SHE'S NOT LIKE
THE REST OF US.
YOU'RE TWELVE,
AND SHE'S NOT
PG-RATED.

I'M
THIRTEEN
IN TWO
WEEKS!



LOOK AT
ME DO MY
BIG SAD EYE
THING.

SAD EYES, BAAL! LOOK AT
THEM! AND MY BIG
POUTY--

**ENOUGH!
YOU WIN!**



THANK
YOU. BUT...

...I DON'T EVEN REALLY UNDERSTAND WHY SHE'S
HERE? IT'S NOT HER FAULT BAPHOMET
DID--

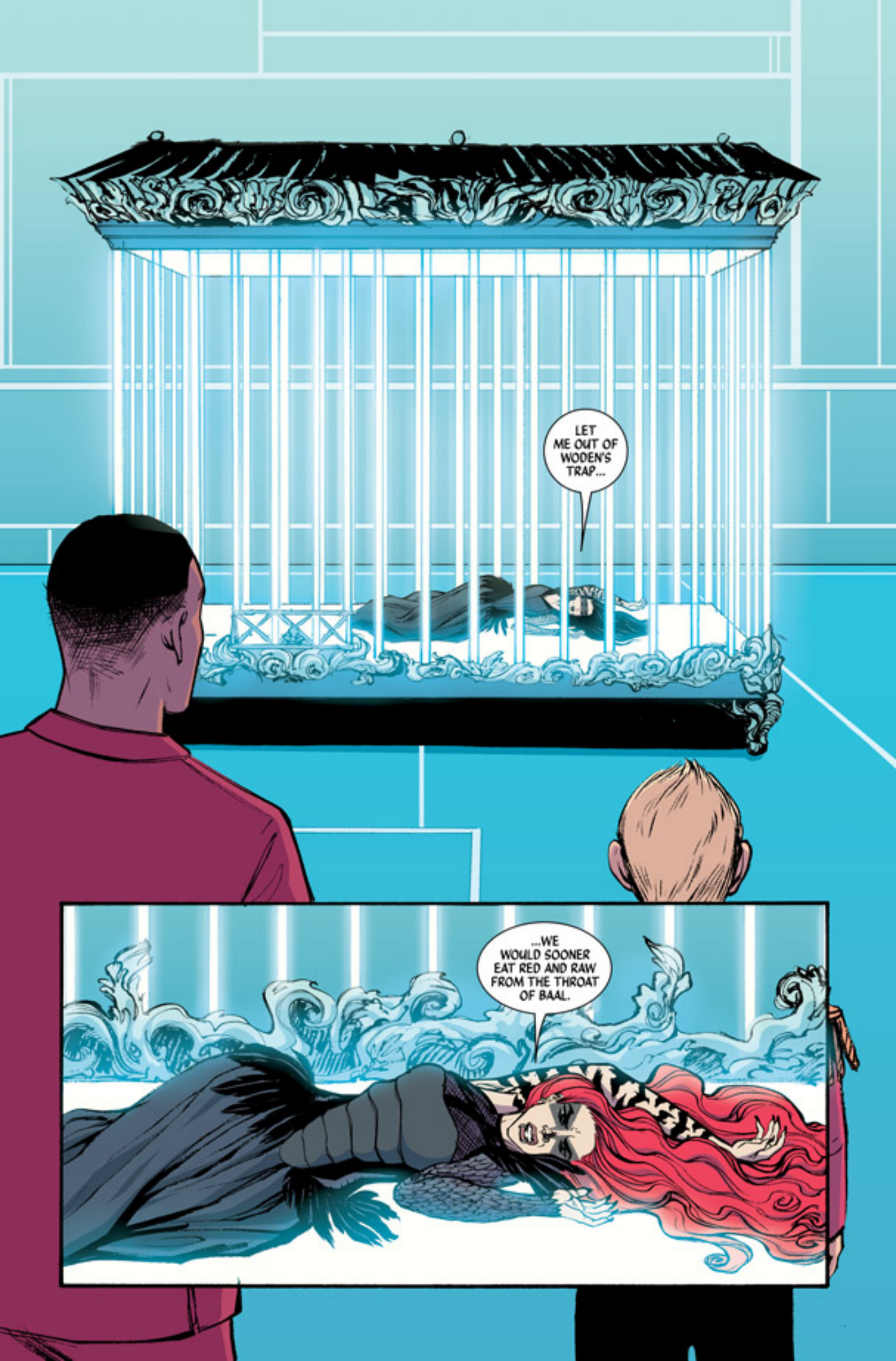
PUT IT
LIKE THIS--FOR A
GODDESS OF WISDOM,
THERE'S A LOT YOU
DON'T KNOW.

DON'T TELL
ANANKE I LET
YOU IN. AND
BE QUIET.



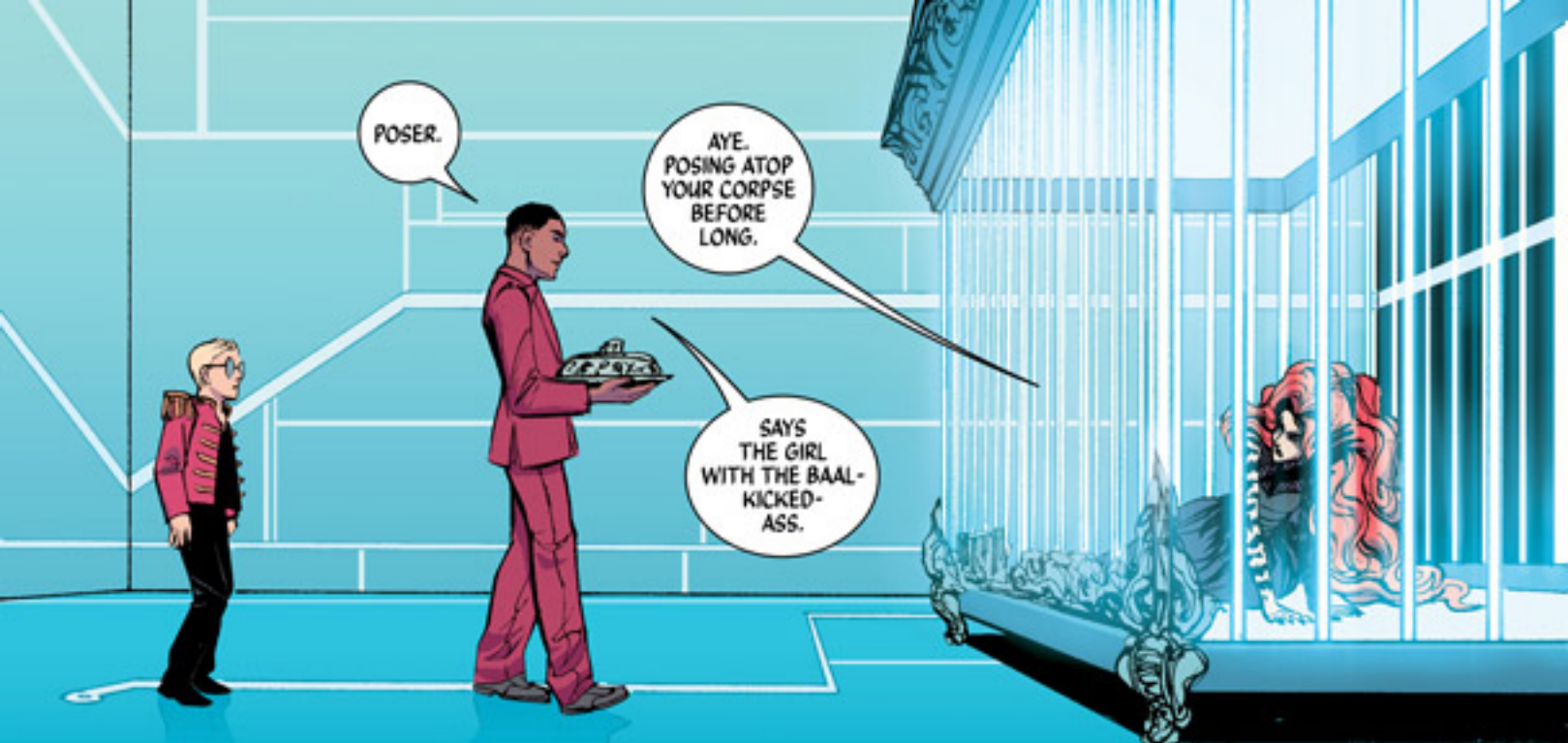
HEY,
CRUSHED
VELVET.

LUNCH.



LET
ME OUT OF
WODEN'S
TRAP...

...WE
WOULD SOONER
EAT RED AND RAW
FROM THE THROAT
OF BAAL.



POSER.

AYE.
POSING ATOP
YOUR CORPSE
BEFORE
LONG.

SAYS
THE GIRL
WITH THE BAAL-
KICKED-
ASS.



WHEN YOU
FACE BADB,
YOU'LL CHOKE
ON YOUR OWN



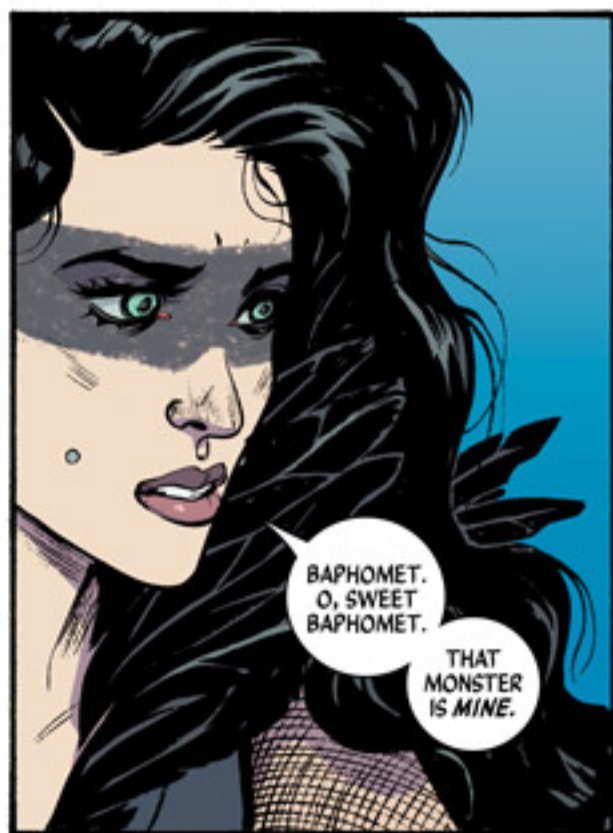
IT WAS
EMPRESS
MORRIGAN WHO
TOOK HER JUST
BEATING.



I FELT FOR
YOU. A STORM
OF A GOD WITH A
MURDER'D LOVE...
AND ALL MY
FAULT.

FOR MY
SINS, I'D THRASH
MYSELF HARDER
THAN YOU EVER
COULD, DOUGH-
FISTED BOY.

WHY
IS IT YOUR
FAULT?



BAPHOMET.
O, SWEET
BAPHOMET.

THAT
MONSTER
IS MINE.