

**AMERICAN SAMOA.
SEVEN MILES
UNDERGROUND.
MINUTES AGO.**



I'M GOING TO *RIP* YOUR THROAT OUT, BENDIX.

DON'T BE *STUPID*, MIDNIGHTER. I CREATED YOU.

I DRILLED A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD, FOLDED EVERY MICROSCOPIC FIGHT-COMPUTER DETAIL INTO YOUR SOFT BRAIN MYSELF.



I *KNOW* YOU.

THE MAWZIR IS *KILLING* APOLLO. AND THIS BUNKER IS TELEPORT-SHIELDED.

TO *SAVE* HIM YOU NEED TO FIGHT TO THE SURFACE--THROUGH A GAUNTLET I INVENTED *JUST* FOR YOU. EVERY SECOND YOU WASTE, YOUR LOVER IS DYING.

YOU *WANT* TO KILL ME. BUT YOU *CAN'T* SPARE THE TIME. FEELS *GOOD* TO SAY IT...

BUT I *ALREADY* *KNOW* HOW THIS--



BLOKKE



HHHHHCH



DOOR.

DOOR.

DOOR.

THUD

DOOR.





OPAL CITY.

SMACK

KNAWHACK

SLAY-PUPPET!
YOU--

NO.

BADAM





WATCH CLOSELY.

I CANNOT BE HURT. I CANNOT BE KILLED. THE MAWZIR IS THE KILL.



MAYBE YOU HEARD--THAT'S SORT OF MY BRAND.



OH, WE KNOW YOU.

YOU RELISH THE KILL. THE ARKANNONE KEEP A DREAD EYE ON SAVAGERY.

YOU ATTACKED APOLLO.

YOU WOULD FIND FAST FRIENDS AMONG THE LORDS OF THE GUN.



THAT? THAT ANGERS YOU? YOUR LOVER'S DEATH IS A MERE DEBT PAID. BARGAINS ARE OUR STOCK IN TRADE.

ABSURD. YOU COULDN'T HOPE TO TOUCH ME. I'D THINK ONE SUCH AS YOU, AN ASPIRING MASTER OF DEATH...

BENDIX IS TESTING THE NEW ORIFICE I GAVE HIM. STICK AROUND, THERE'S ONE FOR YOU, TOO.



...WOULD APPRECIATE MY CRAFTSMANSHIP.

KEEP YOUR HANDS FILLED, MAWZIR.

I'LL FIND YOU.

