



STEPHEN STRANGE was a preeminent 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 by the EMPIRIKUL, Doctor Strange is at his weakest. During a confrontation with his old adversary, BARON MORDO, Stephen found himself teleported to the realm of NIGHTMARE. Despite his weakened state, Strange conjured a new spell that almost defeated Nightmare before he was teleported to the domain of yet another enemy...SATANA, the devil's daughter.

BLOOD IN THE AETHER CHAPTER THREE: A GUT FULL OF HELL

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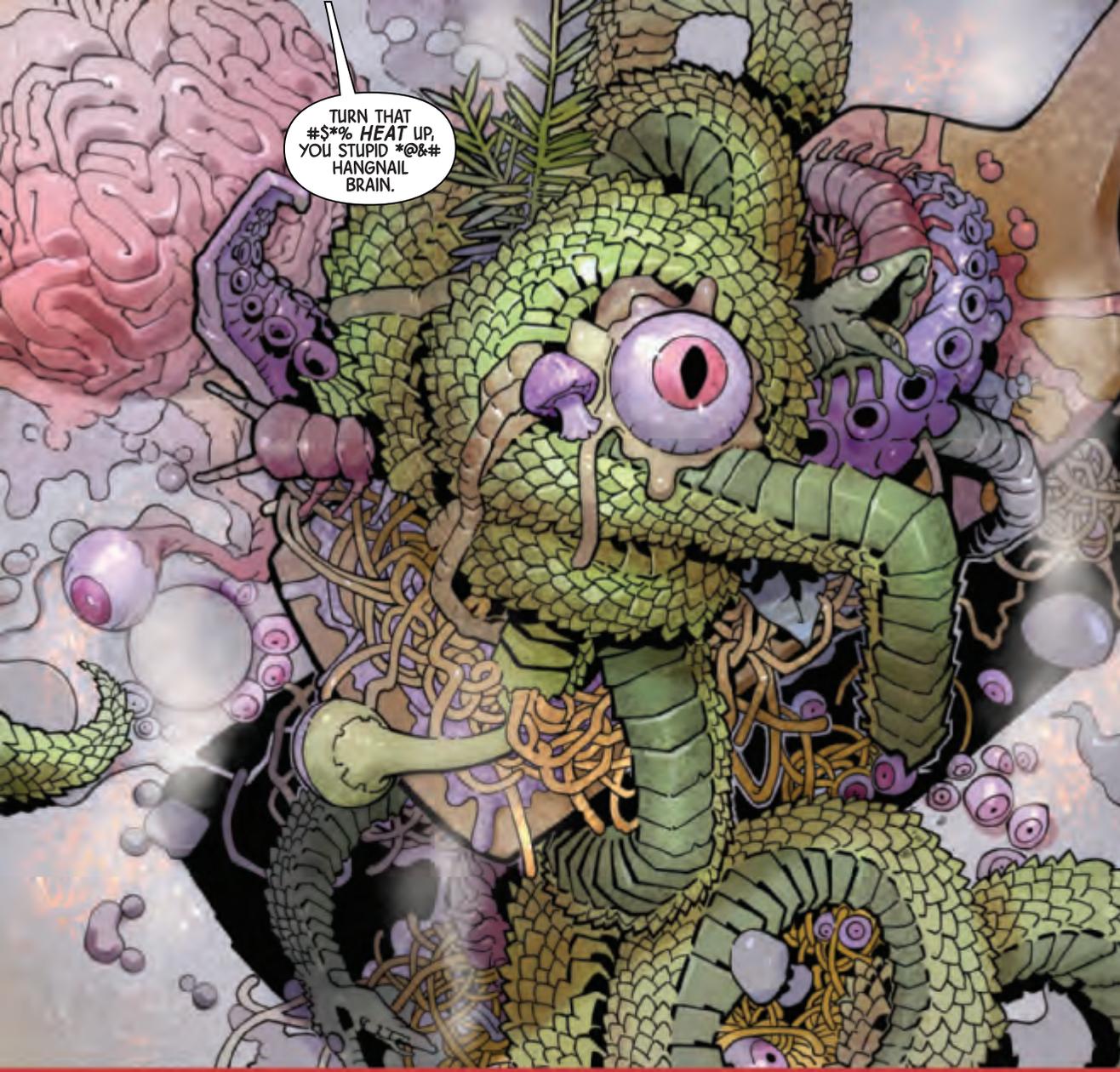
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TURN THAT #S*% HEAT UP, YOU STUPID *@&# HANGNAIL BRAIN.



YOU SHOULD ORDER SOMETHING, STEPHEN. WE'VE GOT A LOT TO TALK ABOUT.

WHERE ARE WE? IS THAT MASTER PANDEMONIUM BACK THERE?



OR A DIFFERENT GUY WITH DEMONS FOR ARMS?

WHICH HELL IS THIS?

YOU AIN'T TRYING TO SCARE THOSE *#% RATS. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE COOKING 'EM!

KISS MY KNUCKLES, BUTT-WIPER. THIS IDIOT'S FOOT WOULD BE A BETTER COOK THAN YOU. YOU'RE BURNING THE DAMN SNAKES AGAIN!



HOW 'BOUT I BURN YOUR FINGERS OFF AND MAKE 'EM THE DAILY SPECIAL, YOU USELESS SACK OF--

I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY, YOU FIST-FACED SON OF A--



ORDER UP.

THAT'S WHAT WE'VE GOT TO TALK ABOUT. THIS IS MY HELL, STEPHEN. MY ALL-NEW, ALL-DIFFERENT HELL. AND YOUR NEW HOME.



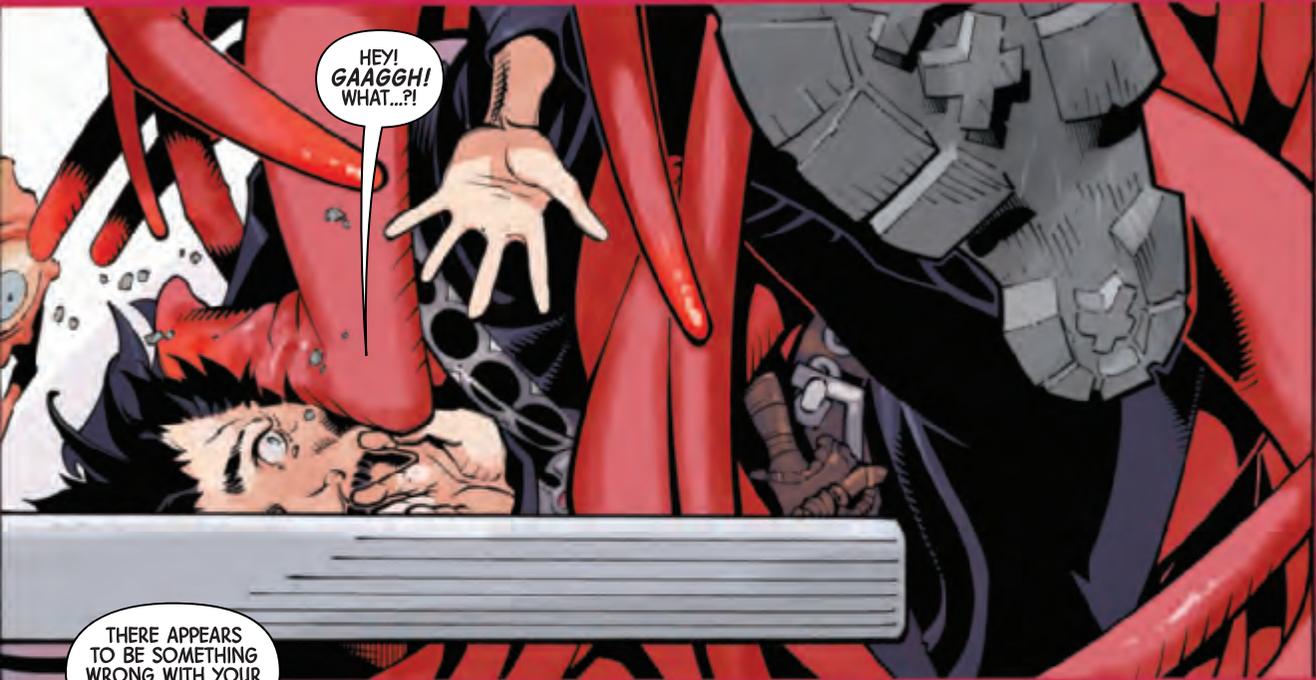
NOW EAT UP, YOU'RE GONNA NEED YOUR STRENGTH.





CAPTAIN FANCY-CAPE HERE GONNA ORDER OR WHAT?

NO THANKS. I THINK I'LL BE--



HEY! GAAGGH! WHAT...?!

THERE APPEARS TO BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR BOOTH, SATANA.



THERE ARE HORDES OF PEOPLE LITERALLY DYING TO GET A RESERVATION IN THIS PLACE, STEPHEN. YOU AT LEAST HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING.



THE MENU IS JUST PICTURES OF PEOPLE SCREAMING.

I RECOMMEND THE BACON-WRAPPED SWINE. IT COMES FROM SWINE THAT WAS POSSESSED BY DEMONS FOR 400 DAYS.



IF YOU THINK THIS IS GOING TO SCARE ME, SATANA, YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY NEVER SEEN MY REFRIGERATOR.

WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING AT, JERKFACE?



WHATEVER DUMB NEW PLAN THIS IS OF YOUR FATHER'S OR ONE OF THOSE OTHER WOULD-BE DEVILS WHO ARE ALWAYS POPPING UP OUT OF THE NETHERWORLD, I CAN PROMISE YOU, IT WON'T...