

PARROTT · COTTON · ABEL · FREDA · MARQUES · ANTRO · CAREY

VOLUME SIX: MR. POE

ROBOTSUN





YOU
MISSED A
SPOT, MY
LORD.



TROLL BLOOD,
YES? I'D KNOW
THAT *SHADE*
ANYWHERE.

WATER
WILL ONLY DO
SO MUCH.

IF
YOU WANT
TO GET THAT
SMELL OUT, YOU
WILL NEED TO
USE *RAT PISS*.
PREFERABLY
MALE.

AND
BEFORE YOU
ASK...YES, IT
HAS TO BE
RAT PISS.



IF YOU
ARE HERE
IN SEARCH
OF TRIBUTE,
BLACK
KNIGHT...

...YOU
WILL FIND
NONE.

ALLOW ME
TO BE ON MY
WAY, AND THERE
WILL BE NO
QUARREL.



THAT IS
TOO BAD,
HELLSPAWN.

BECAUSE
"A QUARREL" IS
EXACTLY WHAT
I CAME HERE
FOR.



...BUT I
HAD TO SEE IF
THE MAN LIVED
UP TO THE
MYTH.

A
WARRIOR SO
FIERCE, DEATH
HIMSELF WOULD
NOT COME TO
COLLECT HIS
SOUL.

THWACK



A WALKING
CORPSE IN A
CAPE MADE
OF BLOOD.

WHO WEAR
CHAINS THAT
ONCE BOUND
THE DEVIL.

AND
GLOWING
GREEN EYES
THAT HOLD THE
CRIES OF
YOUR--



WHACK



YOU KNOW
NOTHING,
KNIGHT.

HOLD
YOUR TONGUE
BEFORE I RIP IT
FROM YOUR
MOUTH.



NOW,
THAT IS MORE
LIKE IT.

I DID
NOT COME HERE
TO KILL YOU, BUT I
WOULD NOT MIND
DEATH OWING ME
A FAVOR.





"SHE IS CALLED...
THE WITHERED"

"A CREATURE OF
BLACK MAGIC, BORN FROM
RAGE AND AVARICE."

"ONCE SHE
WAS THE **LADY**
GENEVIEVE
VANESTRA, WIFE
OF **LORD VEGO**
VANESTRA."

"NOBLE IN
NAME ONLY, THEY
TORTURED AND
ABUSED THEIR
SUBJECTS, USING
THEM TO FEED THEIR
BLACK MAGIC."

"THE PEOPLE
CRIED OUT FOR
SALVATION..."

"...AND THE
KNIGHT SUN
ANSWERED."

"IN HER GRIEF, **GENEVIEVE**
MADE A DEAL WITH A **DEVIL**,
AN ENTITY CALLED...
MOURNINGSTAR."

"WITH THEIR MAGIC
COMBINED, THE **WITHERED**
IS LIKE NOTHING WE HAVE
FACED BEFORE."

"IN EXCHANGE FOR OPENING
A **GATEWAY** INTO OUR REALM,
MOURNINGSTAR AGREED TO
RESURRECT HER HUSBAND."

"SHE'S BEEN PREPARING
A **SPELL** FOR MONTHS
AND IF SHE SUCCEEDS..."

"...THEN WE
ARE ALL **TRULY**
DAMNED."

TEARS
OF THE
VIRGIN.

TONGUE
OF THE
SERPENT.

TEETH
OF THE
VAMPIRE.

FEATHER
OF THE
ANGEL.

OUR QUEST
REACHES ITS
CONCLUSION.

YES, LORD
MOURNINGSTAR.

IS MY
SWEET VEGO
WITH YOU
NOW?

OF
COURSE, MY
CHILD.

HIS SOUL
SWELLS WITH
ANTICIPATION. I
YEARN TO REUNITE
YOU... AS LONG AS
OUR BARGAIN
STILL HOLDS.

THIS WAS
THE LAST
TOKEN.

AT THE
RISE OF THE FULL
MOON, I WILL MAKE
THE FINAL OFFERING
AND THE VEIL THAT
SEPARATES OUR TWO
WORLDS WILL
TEAR.

GOOD. I
PROMISE TO
RETURN ALL THAT
WAS STOLEN
FROM YOU.

YOUR
BLESSED UNION
WILL CHRISTEN THE
NEW AGE AND YOU
AND VEGO WILL
RULE AT MY SIDE...
TOGETHER.



DINNER
SHOULD BE
DONE SOON,
SIR.

YOU
SURE IT'S
NOT READY
NOW?

I SWEAR
YOUR COOKING
IS **BARELY**
FIT FOR THE
HORSES.

YES, MY
LORD.

WHEN
THAT IS DONE,
LAY OUT MY
BEDROLL AND
FETCH MORE
WATER.

I
SPOTTED
A **STREAM**
JUST BACK
PAST THE
RIDGE.

OR
PERHAPS
YOU COULD
FLY THERE,
SIR.

THEN BY
THE TIME YOU
RETURN I
COULD--

I FORGET,
AUGUSTINE,
AM I YOUR
SERVANT...OR...
ARE YOU
MINE?



THIS
WITHERED
CREATURE.
YOU'VE
FOUGHT HER
BEFORE?

NO,
BUT I'VE
KILLED HER
KIND.

THEY ARE ALL
THE SAME AND
ROGUE **SUN** HAS
BEEN **PROTECTING**
THIS WORLD FOR
GENERATIONS.

IS THAT
HOW YOU
KNOW ABOUT
MALEBOLGIA
AND THE
HELLSPAWN?

AS I SAID,
WE **PROTECT**
THIS WORLD.

SOMETIMES
THAT MEANS
DEALING
WITH
THE OCCASIONAL
MONSTER.

