

ROYALS



Eons ago, the alien race known as the Kree experimented upon early man, imbuing some of them with the potential to manifest amazing abilities. These humans became THE INHUMANS.

In the modern day, the Inhumans—ruled by their king, BLACK BOLT, and queen, MEDUSA—used the mystery element TERRIGEN to unlock their abilities. But recently, after discovering it was poisoning the mutant population, Medusa made the difficult decision to destroy the Terrigen, meaning there will now be no more new Inhumans. As a result, she abdicated the throne—leaving the Inhumans without their Royals.

But if the Royal Family can no longer rule Inhumanity...they can still save it.

Marvel Boy, an explorer from another dimension, claims there is a secret buried in the remains of Hala, the Kree homeworld, that will provide a way forward for the Inhuman race. So most of the Royal Family and a couple of new Inhumans have gone with Marvel Boy on a journey into space. But it has been foretold that seven will go on this quest and only six will return. And, with clumps of hair in her hands, Medusa just told everyone that she is dying..





BLACK BOLT
Husband of Medusa. His slightest word will shatter mountains.



MEDUSA
Wife of Black Bolt. Her hair is stronger than steel — and entirely under her control.



CRYSTAL
Sister of Medusa. She has total control over air, earth, fire, and water.



GORGON
Cousin of Black Bolt. One stomp of his hooves makes the earth tremble.



SWAIN
A new Inhuman. She can push emotions and opinions in her favor.



MARVEL BOY
Kree explorer from another dimension. Engineered with insect traits for combat superiority.



FLINT
A new Inhuman. Rock and stone obey his thoughts — the bigger, the better.



"...GET ME A DAMNED UNIFORM!"

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY, MEDUSA?



COMMANDER MEDUSA.

AND NO, SWAIN--I'M STILL DYING. I'M JUST DOING IT WITH FLAIR.

POWERS ON, CAPTAIN. BROADCAST CALM AND FOCUS.

YES, MA'AM.

WEAPONS REPORT, MR. NOH-VARR...



MY GUNS ARE IN VR MODE, CAPTAIN. THEY WON'T FIRE-- THAT WOULD BE BAD, IN HERE--

--BUT THEY'LL SEND A SIGNAL TO AIM THE SHIP'S WEAPONRY.

REAL-TIME SPACE INVADERS.



I'M ASSUMING THIS IS SOMETHING SIMILAR...

RIGHT. THOSE GLOVES WILL TRANSMIT AND AMPLIFY YOUR ELEMENTAL FIRE POWERS--MAKING YOU OUR HEAVY CANNON.

AIM FOR DRAGONS.



GOTCHA.

READY, PLAYER TWO?



HERE COMES A NEW CHALLENGER...

WIDE SWEEP, TEN TO TWO--



--BLOW 'EM APART!



HA! THEY STARTED WITHOUT US!

FEELING BETTER NOW THAT YOU'RE OUT HERE, JAYCEN?

ACTUALLY-- YEAH, I KNOW THAT'S WEIRD, BUT...WAIT.

HOW ARE WE STANDING ON THE HULL OF A SPEEDING SPACESHIP?



OH, A LOCALIZED **GRAVITY**-SOMETHING IS KEEPING US ANCHORED. IT HAS TO DO WITH THE...**WARP ENVELOPE**... THING...

NOH-VARR EXPLAINED IT.



I WASN'T REALLY LISTENING!



DOESN'T STOP THE **COLD** OUT HERE FROM PLAYING **BLOODY MURDER** WITH MY **BACK**, THOUGH.

SO ANY TIME YOU WANT TO **PITCH IN**--

AND DO **WHAT?**

MY POWERS WORK ON **ROCK, STONE**--THE BIGGER, THE BETTER! THIS IS A **VACUUM**! THERE ISN'T EVEN **SPACE DUST**!



WELL, THINK FAST.

THEY LOOK **HUNGRY**.



FLINT?

WHAT DID YOU
COME OUT HERE
TO FIND?

WHAT?

YOU'VE NEVER
REALLY *BELONGED*.
HAVE YOU? NOT WITH *US*.
NOT IN *MINNESOTA*,
NOR IN *UTOLAN*.

YOU'VE
NEVER FELT AT
HOME.

AND PEOPLE
KEEP *DYING* ON
YOU, OR TURNING
YOU *AWAY*.

ABANDONING
YOU.

OOF.
THAT'S A LITTLE
INAPPROPRIATE...

YOU
THINK?

BUT THAT
IS WHAT IT IS TO
BE *INHUMAN*.

OUTSIDERS.

THE *KREE*
CREATED US AS
TOOLS--THEN CAST
US *ASIDE* WHEN THEY
FEARED WE MIGHT
CHALLENGE
THEM.

WE WERE
LEFT BEHIND--
NEITHER OF *EARTH*
NOR OF THE
STARS.

THE GUNS
AREN'T *STOPPING*
THEM--

WHY DID
WE CLING SO TIGHT
TO *TERRIGEN* WHEN WE
HAD IT? WHAT DID IT
SHOW US?

WHAT ARE
WE *FOREVER*
SEEKING?