

...P-PLEASE...
DON'T L-LET
HIM...K-KILL
ME...



TELL ME,
MY SON, DOES
YOUR HATRED OF
ME OVERPOWER
YOUR LOVE OF
THIS ONE?

TESLA!
LET HER GO
YOU, GHOUL! I WILL
DESTROY YOU IF
ANY HARM COMES
TO HER!

Wow. This is bad. Incredibly,
amazingly, jaw-droppingly
bad. Survey the situation,
Red. Gath has Tesla...



...D'NAR...
D-DO...WH-WHAT
HE S-SAYS...

D'nar is no good. Even
if he was healthy, his
emotions make him
utterly undependable...

...so this is all
on me. As always.
And I am...

...without my
damn sword.



HAHAHA!
SUCH FIRE! SUCH HATE! SOME OF ME IS WITHIN YOU, BOY! EMBRACE IT AND THERE MAY BE HOPE FOR YOU YET!



BUT I DOUBT IT.

NOW, GET ON THIS EXQUISITE PIECE OF TECHNOLOGY OR YOUR CREW, AND TESLA, DIE. SLOWLY.



WE MUST DO SOMETHING!

I'M WORKING ON IT. JUST TRY AND STAY ALIVE.



KEEP THOSE HANDS OFF OF ME OR I RIP THEM OFF YOUR ARMS.



HURM?



OH, WHAT A CONCUBINE YOU WOULD MAKE.



I WAS THINKING THE SAME ABOUT YOU. ONLY MY WORD WAS "CASTRATI".



BARBARIANS!

HEY. SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE BARBARIANS.



SO, UM, REVEREND? HIGH PRIEST? WIZARDUS AMAZUS? WHATEVER YOUR TITLE, MISTER GATH, CAN I PLEASE GET OUT OF THIS SUIT?

YOU OVERESTIMATE THE POWER OF YOUR FEMININE WILES, SONJA.



NOTHING FEMININE ABOUT IT. I'M SWEATING LIKE A HOG AND WOULD LIKE TO BE COMFORTABLE EVEN IF YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME.



IT ALMOST PAINS ME TO EXTINGUISH SUCH A HOT-BURNING FLAME.

AHHH!



is he hitting on me?

I CAN GIVE YOU YOUR WILDEST DREAMS.



Make that the worst nightmare ever.

YOU'D KILL YOURSELF FOR ME?