



The Wyld Hunt.
Its arrival freezes
our blood.




To them we're
Anathema - horrible and
corrupt. That makes
hunting us a
righteous sport.



Except we aren't
what they think.
We're gifted,
blessed... Exalted.



Their Dragon-Blooded
ancestors stole this
world from us in another
life. They ruined our
legacy of dreams.



Now that we're
reborn, our power
threatens their
Scarlet Empire.
So they hunt us...



KILL THE ANATHEMA!

THAT'S THEM! FIRE NOW!

LOOK OUT!



THIS WAY!

BUT JASARA'S--

COME ON! SHE'S FINE.



FLIGHT OF SEPARATION!



ANOTHER ONE!
RUN THEM ALL
DOWN!

I'M GIVING
THE ORDERS
HERE, DAMN
YOU!



ARUNA, TAKE
THE RIFLEMEN AND
THE IMMACULATES
AFTER THAT
WITCH.

RIGHT.



SOLDIERS,
AFTER THE
BOY AND THE
DJALA!





DOIN' OKAY, WIND? WE'RE ALMOST HOME.

A MOMENT PLEASE, DEMETHEUS.



I WARNED YOU 'BOUT OVERDOIN' IT BACK THERE.

I HAD TO LAY THOSE FORLORN SOULS TO REST. THEY DESERVE PEACE.



IF THE UNCONQUERED SUN WILL'S THAT I GIVE OF MYSELF TO HELP THEM FIND IT, SO BE IT.

IF YOU SAY SO.



C'MON THEN. NOT FAR NOW.

WAIT, LOOK AT THIS. LOOK AT ALL THESE TRACKS.



CHARIOTS, HORSES, BOOTED FEET... ALL MOVING QUICKLY TOWARD THE CIRCUS.



YEAH. LOOKS LIKE A BIG GROUP WENT THROUGH HERE IN A HURRY.

PERHAPS WE ALSO SHOULD HURRY.