

PATRICK KINDLON & LUDOVIC LALLIAT

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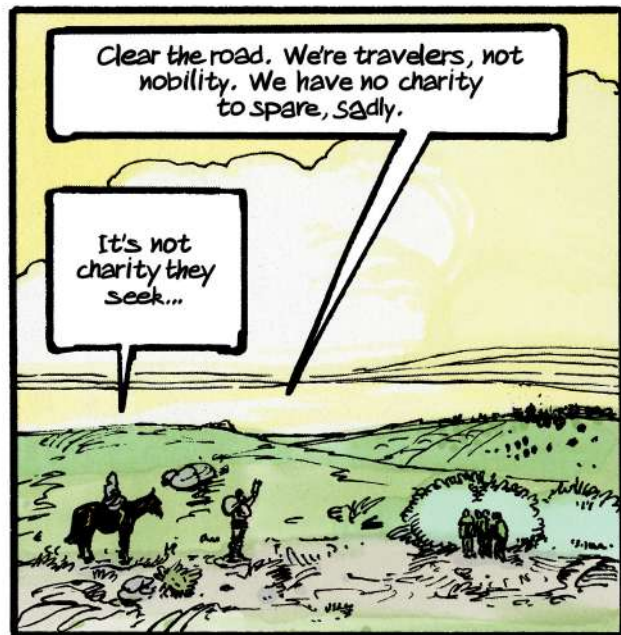
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Ambush!



Muscles spring, lock, and spring again. There is a vague rhythm to the violence.



The sounds are muted, wet, as though bags of sand are being slapped and dropped.



And then it's over. The mess of cooling bodies the only evidence of the moment.



They travel in silence as the blood dries on Mihas' clothes.





Can I know what's happening?

We're guests of
the local prefect.



Are all his visitors treated
with such hospitality?



All her guests.
And, no, most
are not
received with
such fanfare.



At least tell me, is there
decorum I should know? Do I bow
when I see her?

An odor thickens the air. It's unmistakably
food, but another element queers the
familiar smell. Something rank.



I'm sure she would love that.

So you are not to do it,
understand?

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