

Divine Reckoning

Part 4



ON MY MARK,
WE MAKE THEM REGRET
EVER CROSSING US.

LET'S GIVE
THE BARDS
SOMETHING TO
SING ABOUT.

IMAGINE IF THEY JUST...
KNOCKED THE WHOLE TOWERS
DOWN RATHER THAN JUST
MAKING AN ENTRANCE.





BRACE YOURSELF,
FIN. YOU MAY GET YOUR
WISH.

AYE, AND I RECKON
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT'S
ABOUT TO HAPPEN.

I'LL TAKE THE
LEFT ONE. TRY NOT TO
LAUGH IF I MISS.



PLEASE. I'M MORE
WORRIED YOU'LL LEVEL
THE WHOLE CLIFFSIDE.



A muscular woman with large breasts and a speech bubble. She is standing in a rocky, outdoor environment. She has long, wavy blonde hair and is wearing a black choker. She is looking towards the left. Her body is very muscular, with prominent breasts, a large belly, and thick thighs. She is standing on a dark, rocky ground. In the background, there are dark, jagged rocks and some green foliage. To the right, there is a wooden structure. A speech bubble is coming from her mouth.

I'M STILL GETTING
USED TO... WELL, THIS.

A muscular woman with large breasts and a speech bubble. She is standing in a rocky, outdoor environment. She has long, wavy blonde hair and is wearing a black choker. She is looking towards the left. Her body is very muscular, with prominent breasts, a large belly, and thick thighs. She is standing on a dark, rocky ground. In the background, there are dark, jagged rocks and some green foliage. To the right, there is a wooden structure. A speech bubble is coming from her mouth.

BREATHE,
STEADY YOURSELF,
AND STRIKE TRUE.



≡ NNGH! ≡

≡ KRASSHH! ≡



≡ HHRRAAAGH! ≡

KRAKOOOM!





≡ NNGH! ≡

≡ HRRRAAGH! ≡



== KRASSHH! ==
KRAKOOM!







BY THE FORGE!

GLORY TO
THE LIGHT!



BY THE GODS...
GUESS STORMING THE TOWERS
WAS TOO SUBTLE ANYWAY.



AYE, AND THE
STONE'LL BE HUMMING
FOR A WEEK.

EVEN THE HEAVENS
MUST HAVE TREMBLED
AT THAT BLOW.



BY THE STARS, THAT
FELT INCREDIBLE.

A comic book illustration featuring two muscular women flexing their biceps. The woman on the left has long, wavy grey hair, pointed ears, and freckles. She is wearing a dark bra and has her left hand on her hip. The woman on the right has long, wavy brown hair and is also wearing a dark bra. Both women have extremely large, exaggerated breasts and very muscular bodies. They are standing in front of a background that transitions from a bright orange glow on the left to a dark, hazy landscape on the right. Three speech bubbles are positioned above them, containing dialogue. The overall style is reminiscent of classic comic book art with a focus on exaggerated physical attributes.

NO WONDER YOU
ALWAYS SEEM SO
CONFIDENT.

FEELS GOOD
TO BE STRONG,
DOESN'T IT?

GOOD?
IT FEELS DIVINE.



AYE, I'LL DRINK TO
THAT. IF THE TAVERN'S
STILL STANDING.

YOU'VE BOTH
EARNED YOUR GLORY
TODAY.

AYE, BUT GOOD
LUCK FINDING A TAVERN
THEY'LL FIT IN.

A man in a black vest and leather belt with a sword, looking up at a giant muscular man. The man is standing on a rocky ground, and the giant man is partially visible on the left side of the frame. The scene is set in a rocky, mountainous area with a warm, orange-brown light.

JUST SAYING...
IF EITHER OF YOU EVER
WANT TO ARM WRESTLE,
I'M AVAILABLE.



AYE, WELL STRUCK, BOTH
OF YOU. NEVER THOUGHT I'D
SEE POWER LIKE THAT
OUTSIDE A FORGE FIRE.

A man in ornate dark armor with red face paint looks up at a large orange-skinned figure. The man's armor is highly detailed with various plates and straps. He has a red mark on his forehead. The large orange-skinned figure is partially visible on the left side of the frame. The background is dark and blurry.

I'VE SWUNG A SWORD MY WHOLE
LIFE, YET I'VE NEVER FELT SO... ORNAMENTAL.
PERHAPS MY ROLE HAS OFFICIALLY SHIFTED TO
MORAL SUPPORT.

A man with short, light-colored hair and a beard is shown in profile, looking towards the left. He is wearing dark, ornate armor with intricate patterns and a brown leather belt. To his left, the back and arm of a muscular man with orange skin are visible. A speech bubble is positioned above the armored man's head.

WAIT...
DO YOU FEEL
THAT?



AYE, I FEEL
IT TOO. AIR'S
GONE HEAVY.

IT'S... FAMILIAR
SOMEHOW.

THAT'S NO
ORDINARY FOG...



STAY SHARP. THIS
ISN'T NATURE'S DOING.

A man with light brown hair and a beard, wearing ornate dark armor, is shown in profile. He has a red cross painted on his right cheek. He is looking off to the side with a serious expression. The background is a blurred crowd of people holding lit torches, creating a warm, orange glow. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper center of the image.

LOOK. OVER
THERE. SOMETHING STIRS
WITHIN THE MIST.



W... WHAT IS THAT?



NOT NATURAL,
THAT LIGHT. NOT OF
THIS WORLD.

THAT ENERGY,
IT'S UNLIKE ANYTHING
I'VE FELT BEFORE.





BRACE YOURSELVES.
THE BATTLE MAY NOT
BE OVER AFTER ALL.



MAYBE I'LL HAVE
TO USE MY HAMMER
AFTER ALL.



IS THAT...



A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black corset and a crown, lies on her back on a glowing purple magical circle on the ground. She has her eyes closed and a pained expression. A speech bubble above her head contains the text "NNHHH... AHHH...". The background is a dark forest with tall trees and a path leading into the distance.

NNHHH... AHHH...

AAAAHHH... YESSS...





MMMHH...
THE VEIL PARTS...



MMM...
THE AIR HUMS WITH
FEAR ALREADY



BY THE STARS...
WHAT IS SHE?



WHOEVER SHE
IS, SHE PICKED THE
WRONG NIGHT.



MY TOWERS...
MY MINIONS... DUST AND ASH.
YEARS OF WORK, UNDONE BY
BRUTE SPECTACLE.

YOU'VE SHATTERED
A RITUAL MEANT TO OPEN
THE WAY.

AND THERE IT IS... THE ESSENCE.
SINGING WITHIN YOU... SHARED WITH
YOUR AMAZON. STOLEN POWER,
POORLY SHEPHERDED.

I AM BELLADREX DREYMOURN,
AND WHAT IS MINE DOES NOT BELONG
IN TREMBLING HANDS.

YOU WILL RETURN
IT TO ITS RIGHTFUL MISTRESS.
BEGIN BY KNEELING.





OH GOOD. A NEW NIGHTMARE.
IS IT JUST ME THOUGH, OR IS SHE
KINDA HOT?