

**THE DEPTHS  
OF HELLFIRE**

**業火の底**

# **BERSERK**



I  
WILL...

I WILL  
TRY,  
MISTRESS.

\*HHSSS



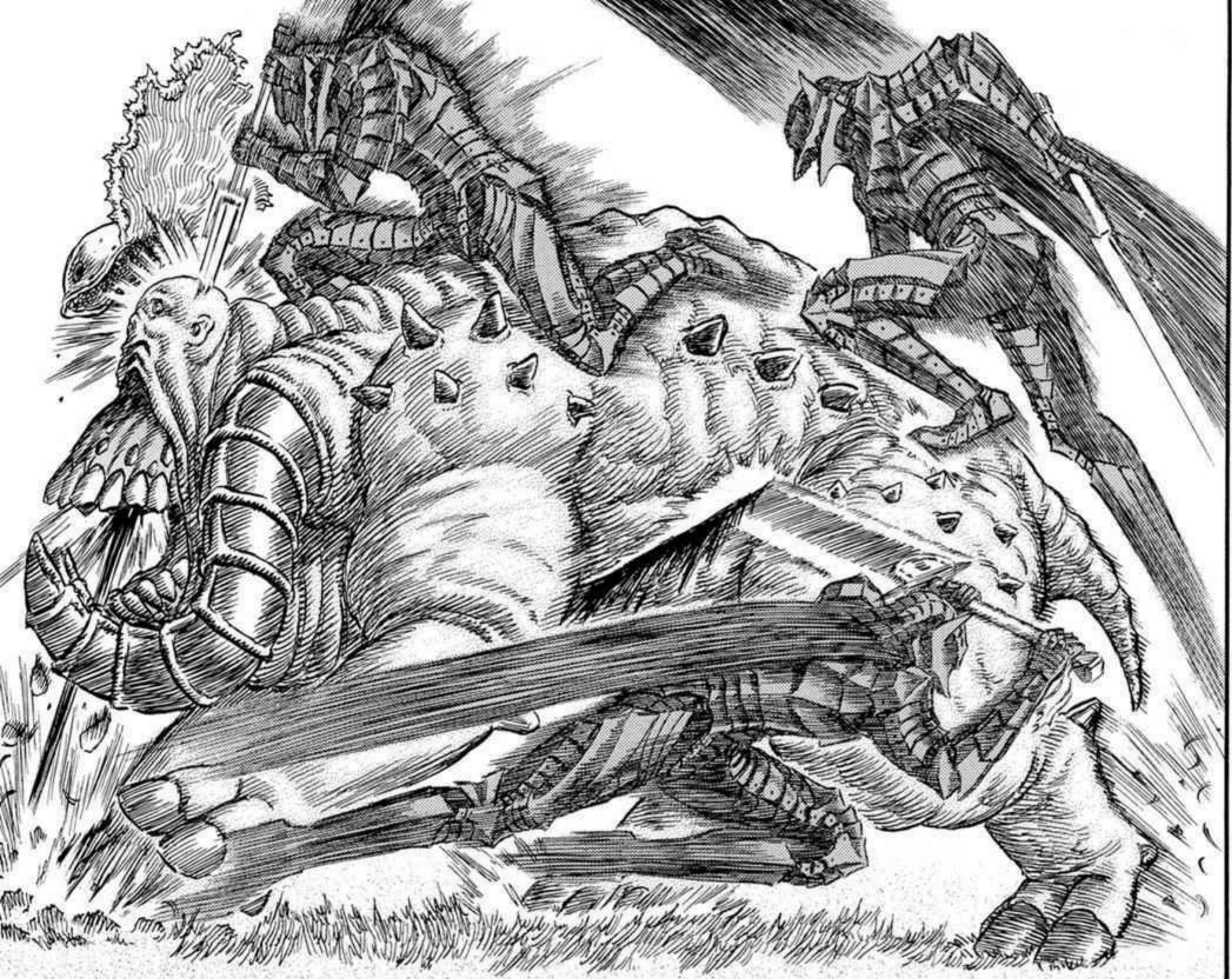
\*FX: RRLLL

...REACH  
HIM...!!

\*BROARRRRR







I MUST'VE  
BROKEN  
FOUR OR  
FIVE RIBS.

THIS  
FEEL-  
ING.

\*KRRSH

\*FX: YANK

\*FX: GISSH

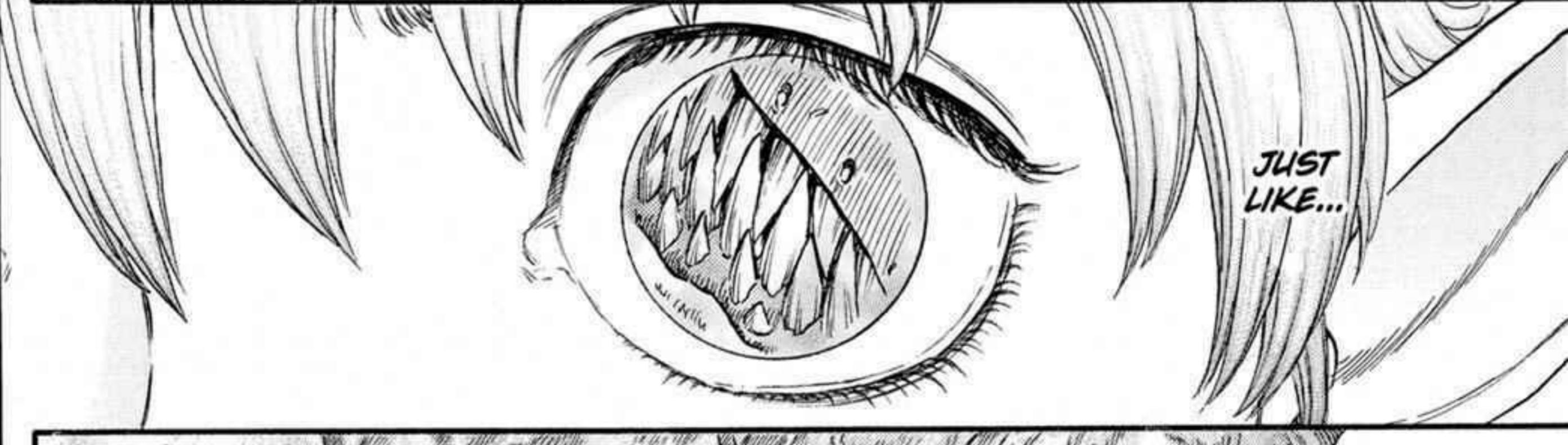
\*FX: KRRRRSH



\*STAGGER







THESE

...

\*OHHHHHHM

...FLAMES

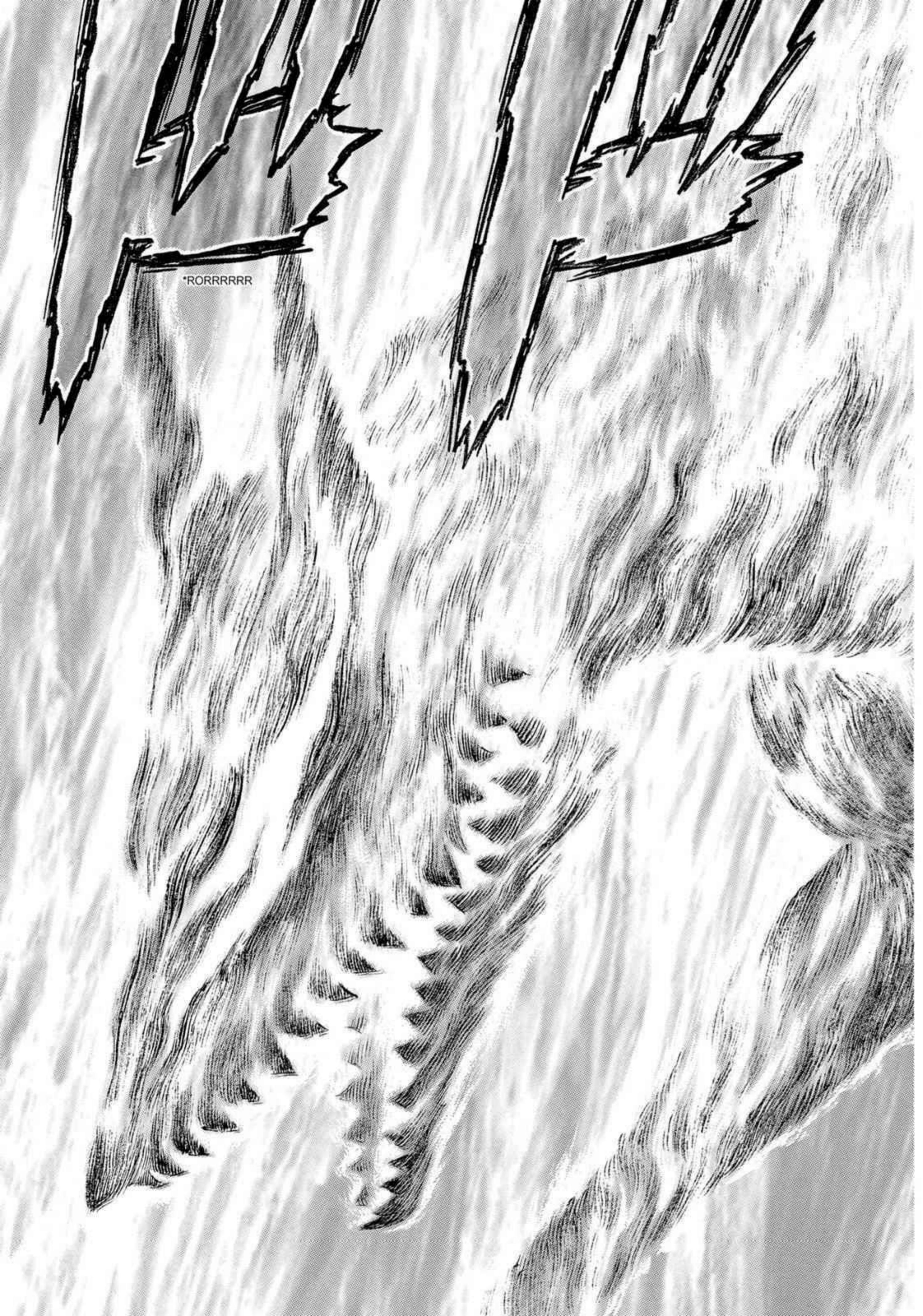
...

ANGER.

THIS IS  
THE HATEFUL  
TURBULENCE  
THAT FLOWS  
DEEP WITHIN  
THE ARMOR.

IF A TYPICAL  
HUMAN BEING  
WERE SIMILARLY  
CONSUMED,  
THEIR EGO  
WOULD  
SHATTER...

WILL  
I MAKE  
IT IN  
TIME?





CAN I  
DO THIS?!  
CAN I  
RESCUE HIM  
FROM SUCH  
TURBULENT  
RAGE...?



THAT'S THE  
IMAGE GLUTS  
PROJECTS  
WHEN HE'S  
CLAD IN THE  
OD OF THE  
ARMOR.

GLUTS IS  
INSIDE IT...

IF  
I'M NOT  
CAREFUL,  
I'LL BE  
SWEPT  
AWAY,  
TOO...

THERE IS  
NO TIME TO  
HESITATE.



\*RORRRRR

