

LOTS OF ALCOHOL LATER.

MUCH BETTER.  
I FEEL GOOD AGAIN.





WHAT'S GOING ON, MY QUEEN?

YOU DRANK ENOUGH ALCOHOL TO STUN A WHOLE WAR BAND. ARE YOU OKAY?





MORE THAN OKAY.  
I FEEL ABSOLUTELY  
GREAT.



HOW ARE YOU  
DOING THIS?  
I WISH TO...



AH! NO!  
SHUT UP RIGHT  
THERE.



NEW  
RULE FROM NOW  
ON.

NEVER AGAIN USE  
"I WISH" AROUND ME.  
GOT IT?



YES, MY  
QUEEN. AS YOU  
COMMAND.





WHAT'S  
HAPPENING IN  
HERE?



MY KING, THE QUEEN HAS ORDERED A WHOLE KEG OF ALCOHOL AND DRANK IT LIKE NOTHING. IT IS STRANGE.



WHAT  
FOOLERY IS THIS?  
LEAVE. I'LL DEAL  
WITH HER.



YES, MY KING.

DON'T GO TOO FAR, THOUGH.

A close-up photograph of a hand with wrinkled, aged skin resting on the back of a person with smooth, tanned skin. The hand is positioned on the right side of the frame, with fingers slightly spread. The background is a dark red, textured fabric. A speech bubble is located in the upper right corner.

GO TO MY CHAMBER.  
I WISH FOR YOU TO SMOTHER  
ME WITH THIS ASS.



KA-CHING

YES, MY KING. I SHALL SMOTHER YOU.

GRANTED.



NOW TO YOU, WENCH. WHAT ARE YOU THINKING RUINING YOURSELF LIKE THIS?

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BREED ME AN HEIR, NOT WASTE YOURSELF.



SO  
THAT'S WHAT YOU  
SEE ME AS?

AN HEIR  
PRODUCING FUCK  
PUSSY, JUST WORTH  
ENOUGH FOR YOU TO  
ENTERTAIN  
YOURSELF?





SILENCE,  
YOU GOOD FOR  
NOTHING BITCH.

YOU'LL GIVE  
ME A CHILD.  
THAT IS MY  
WISH.



SNAP

OH, IS IT NOW?



WELL,  
HERE YOU  
FUCKING GO.

KA-CHING



WHAT IS THIS?  
IS THAT A KICK?  
IS THERE A CHILD  
INSIDE ME?



WHAT  
SORCERY IS THIS?  
HOW AM I SUPPOSED  
TO BIRTH A CHILD?

I WISH  
THERE WAS A WAY,  
BUT I'M NOT A  
WENCH.

KA-CHING

A woman with freckles and a crown is shown in a close-up, looking surprised with her mouth open. A hand is reaching towards her face. The scene is overlaid with a bright green, sparkling light effect.

SO, YOU  
WANT THE WHOLE  
PLUMBING, THEN?  
GRANTED.



I'M... I'M  
THE LOWER SEX  
NOW?

THIS IS  
IMPOSSIBLE. HOW  
CAN I LIVE LIKE  
THIS?

A woman with vibrant red hair styled in an updo, freckles, and bright green eyes is seated in a black, quilted chair. She is wearing a purple shawl draped over her shoulders. Her expression is one of confidence and slight mischief. The background is a grand, ornate room with marble columns and a red and gold patterned wall. A speech bubble is positioned to her left.

DON'T YOU  
WORRY, YOU WON'T  
FOR LONG, GIVEN  
YOUR WISHES.





SERVANTS.  
HELP ME. I WISH  
TO BE IN MY  
CHAMBER.

KA-CHING

SNAP

YOU SIMPLY  
DON'T GET IT, DO  
YOU? GRANTED.





FUCKING MORON DID  
A NUMBER ON ME WITH  
ALL THAT WISHING.

MY QUEEN?

GLORY



DO I TELL HIM, OR ANYONE, ABOUT THE GIANT ASS ASSASSIN HE'S ABOUT TO FACE?

HELL NO. IDIOT DESERVES TO DIE BY HIS OWN WISH.

DID YOU CALL FOR SERVANT?



AS YOU  
COMMAND, MY  
QUEEN.

YES. BRING  
ME MORE  
ALCOHOL, IF  
YOU WOULD.

ALSO, THE  
KING IS SEEING A  
SERVANT GIRL IN HIS  
CHAMBER, DON'T DISTURB  
HIM FOR THE REST OF  
THE DAY.

BACK IN  
PRESENT DAY.

THIS IS  
MY EXISTENCE.  
A FUCKING WISH DOLL  
GUZZLING TONS OF  
BOOZE TO SURVIVE.

WEARY OF ANYONE  
AROUND ME SPEAKING WISHES.  
IN DANGER OF DEATH SHOULD  
I GRANT TOO MANY.

FUCK MY LIFE.

TO BE CONTINUED