

A FEW DAYS LATER.

KNOCK KNOCK

COME IN.



GOOD DAY,
MS LAWSON.





PLEASE
FORGIVE MY LACK
OF FORMAL ATTIRE.
THERE IS LITTLE THAT
CAN REASONABLY FIT
ME AT THE
MOMENT.

A woman with short, wavy blonde hair, wearing black-rimmed glasses, a grey blazer over a black top, and a grey skirt, stands in a room with wood-paneled walls. She is pointing her right hand towards a bookshelf. The bookshelf has several rows of books, some with red spines and some with blue spines. To the left of the woman is a window with brown horizontal blinds. Two speech bubbles are present: one pointing to her mouth and another pointing to the bookshelf.

QUITE UNDERSTANDABLE, GIVEN YOUR CURRENT CIRCUMSTANCE. I TAKE IT YOU HAD ANOTHER RUN IN WITH YOUR PERPETRATORS?

MOVE OVER THERE.



I HAVE A COUCH
THAT SHOULD FIT
YOUR NEEDS FOR
SEATING BETTER.

THANKS.


MY GOD, THIS IS SUCH A RELIEVE. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH TROUBLE THIS BODY SHAPE IS.





I CAN
ONLY
IMAGINE.

NOW, PLEASE TELL
ME EVERYTHING THAT
HAPPENED AFTER I LEFT
FROM THE MANSION.
LEAVE OUT NOTHING.



I WENT INSIDE,
LITTLE DISAPPOINTED.
IT WAS VERY MUCH AN OLD
PEOPLE PLACE. BEFORE I
COULD LOOK AROUND MUCH,
THIS WOMAN SHOWED UP,
MORGAN ELFIN.

SHE WAS
LOOKING FOR
SOMETHING SHE AND MY
GRANDMA WORKED ON.
THAT BOOK, AS I NOW
PRESUME.

I TOLD HER OFF, NOT
WANTING TO SHARE
ANYTHING IN MY INHERITANCE.
SHE KNOCKED ME OUT
SOMEHOW, AND CALLED IN
THAT DEVIL, CALLING
HER...



STOP RIGHT THERE.
DON'T SAY ITS NAME.
IT'LL HEAR YOU UTTER IT,
AND COME RUSHING
ALONG.

KNOWING A
DEVIL'S NAME GIVES
YOU POWER OVER IT, AND
THEY DON'T LIKE THAT
UNLESS THEY MADE A
DEAL FOR IT.

ARE YOU
CERTAIN YOU
REMEMBER HOW
SHE SAID EVERY
SYLLABLE?

YES.
THAT EVENT
BURNED ITSELF INTO
MY MIND. I STILL
SOMETIMES RELIVE THE
HORROR FROM THE
MOMENT IN MY
DREAMS. I RECALL
EVERYTHING.





VERY GOOD.
HAVING THE DEVIL'S
NAME WILL BE USEFUL
AS A BARGAINING CHIP.
PLEASE CONTINUE.



THE DEVIL CHANGED ME INTO THE FORM YOU FIRST SAW ME IN. I WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE BASEMENT. LUCKILY, I WAS ABLE TO REMOVE MY RESTRAINS.

I TRIED TO FLEE, BUT THE DEVIL SAW ME. SHE DIDN'T STOP ME, THOUGH, SAYING SHE HAD NO AGENCY TO DO SO. SHE ALSO SAID SHE HAD NO REASON TO NOT RAT ME OUT TO MORGAN, UNLESS I OFFER HER SOMETHING.




THIS IS
IMPORTANT.
WHAT DID YOU
PAY HER, IF
ANYTHING?



I DIDN'T
THINK CLEARLY.
I WAS IN PANIC, AND
WORKING OFF POP
CULTURE KNOWLEDGE.

SO I
OFFERED IT MY
SOUL, WHICH IT
ACCEPTED.



**THIS IS BAD.
REGARDLESS OF
WHATEVER BELIEVE ONE
MAY FOLLOW, WE NEED OUR
SOULS TO FUNCTION AS HUMAN
BEINGS. IT IS IN FACT THE
ESSENCE OF WHAT MAKES
US TICK, WITHOUT IT,
WE'RE NOTHING.**

**DEVILS ARE AFTER
IT, THAT IS NOT A MYTH.
THEY THRIVE ON
CONSUMING SOULS,
GAINING POWER AS
THEY DO.**

**WE NEED TO
SOMEHOW SALVAGE YOU
FROM THAT PLEA YOU
MADE AT THAT POINT, BUT
THAT IS LOOKING GRIM.
ANYTHING ELSE AFTER
THAT?**



I FLED THE SCENE, MADE A DEAL FOR SOME CLOTHING IN A SHOP, GIVING UP MY CAR. AS A RESULT, I HAD TO TAKE THE SUBWAY HOME. WHERE I WAS MOLESTED IN, AND ARRESTED AFTER, AS YOU KNOW.

WHEN WE PARTED WAYS AGAIN, MY GARDENER FUCKED ME. I WAS UNABLE TO RESIST THE DESIRE. MORGAN AND THE DEVIL SHOWED UP AFTER THAT, CATCHING MY FEAR OF ACCIDENTALLY GETTING PREGNANT.

THEY GAVE ME A FORM OF HYPER PREGNANCY, SAYING THEY'D REMOVE IT WHEN I HELP THEM FIND WHAT THEY WERE AFTER.



OF COURSE, I DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT THEY WANTED AT THAT TIME.
GRANDMA HAD SEND THIS THROUGH
MAIL, INSTRUCTING ME TO NOT GIVE IT
TO MORGAN, UNLESS SHE SWEARS
UPON IT TO NOT MISUSE IT.

AND I'M
BETTING DOLLARS
FOR DIMES THIS IS
WHAT SHE WANTED IN
THE FIRST PLACE, A
GUIDE ON HOW TO
MAKE PACTS WITH
DEVILS.



I SEE.
WE HAVE A LITTLE
WIGGLE ROOM HERE.
I CAN TRY AND SAVE AS
MUCH OF YOUR SOUL AS
POSSIBLE. THINGS ARE INDEED
LOOKING DIRE THOUGH, AND
THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH WE
CAN DO. I'LL GIVE IT MY
BEST TO WRESTLE OUT
OF THE DEVIL WHAT
I CAN.

CALL ITS NAME,
WHEN IT RAGES AT
YOU, SAY YOU KNOW THE
NAME FROM MORGAN, AND
SHOULD IT COME FOR YOU,
NAME ME AS YOUR ARBITER,
NEGOTIATING FOR YOU.
DON'T SAY ANYTHING ELSE
UNLESS I ADDRESS
YOU FIRST.

THAT IS VITAL.
DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

YES, I DO.

OKAY, THEN
SAY ITS NAME
NOW.

A digital character with long, voluminous blonde hair styled in a high bun with bangs. She has striking yellow-green eyes, a straight nose, and glossy lips. She is wearing a grey, ribbed top. The background is a dark wood-paneled wall.

RITH'AR'KAZACORE.

AAAARRRRRRHHHHHH!!!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

HOW DO YOU
KNOW MY NAME,
YOU PIECE OF
MEAT?





MORGAN SAID
IT WHEN SHE
SUMMONED
YOU.



DID SHE NOW?
COME HERE,
YOU DIRT-BAG!

WHAT THE
HELL?



YOU
FOOLISH MORTAL
GAVE AWAY MY NAME.
YOU BROKE THE
TERMS OF THE
PACT.

I DIDN'T
KNOW...



Fwoosh

IGNORANCE
DOESN'T MAKE YOU
INNOCENT. OUR
COOPERATION IS OVER.
YOUR SOUL IS MINE.



AAAAAAARRRRRRRRHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

FLOPP

THUMP



WELL, THEN.
I SUPPOSE I SHOULD
CONSUME YOUR SOUL AS
WELL, AND KILL YOUR FRIEND,
AS TO PREVENT YOU FROM
SPREADING MY NAME
AROUND.



NO. YOU HAVE TO
NEGOTIATE WITH HER.
SHE'S MY ARBITER.



IS THAT SO?
AND WHAT
MAKES YOU
SPECIAL?

WHY SHOULD
I NOT RIP YOU
APART?



CAUSE
WE'LL ONLY ASK
NICELY ONCE,
CREATURE.

HANDS
OFF MY
BLOOD.

TO BE CONTINUED