



NO.



NO?
HOW DO YEE
MEAN, NO?



I SUCCESSFULLY
STOLE FROM YOU.

THEREFORE, YOU
OWE ME TO RETURN
THESE TO YOU.



AY. FINE,
LADDIE. NAME
YOUR WISH.



ONE WISH
FOR EVERY
RETURNED ITEM.



YEE'RE TRYING
ME PATIENCE,
LADDIE.

FINE, THREE
WISHES. WHAT IS IT
YEE WANT?



FOR MY
FIRST WISH...



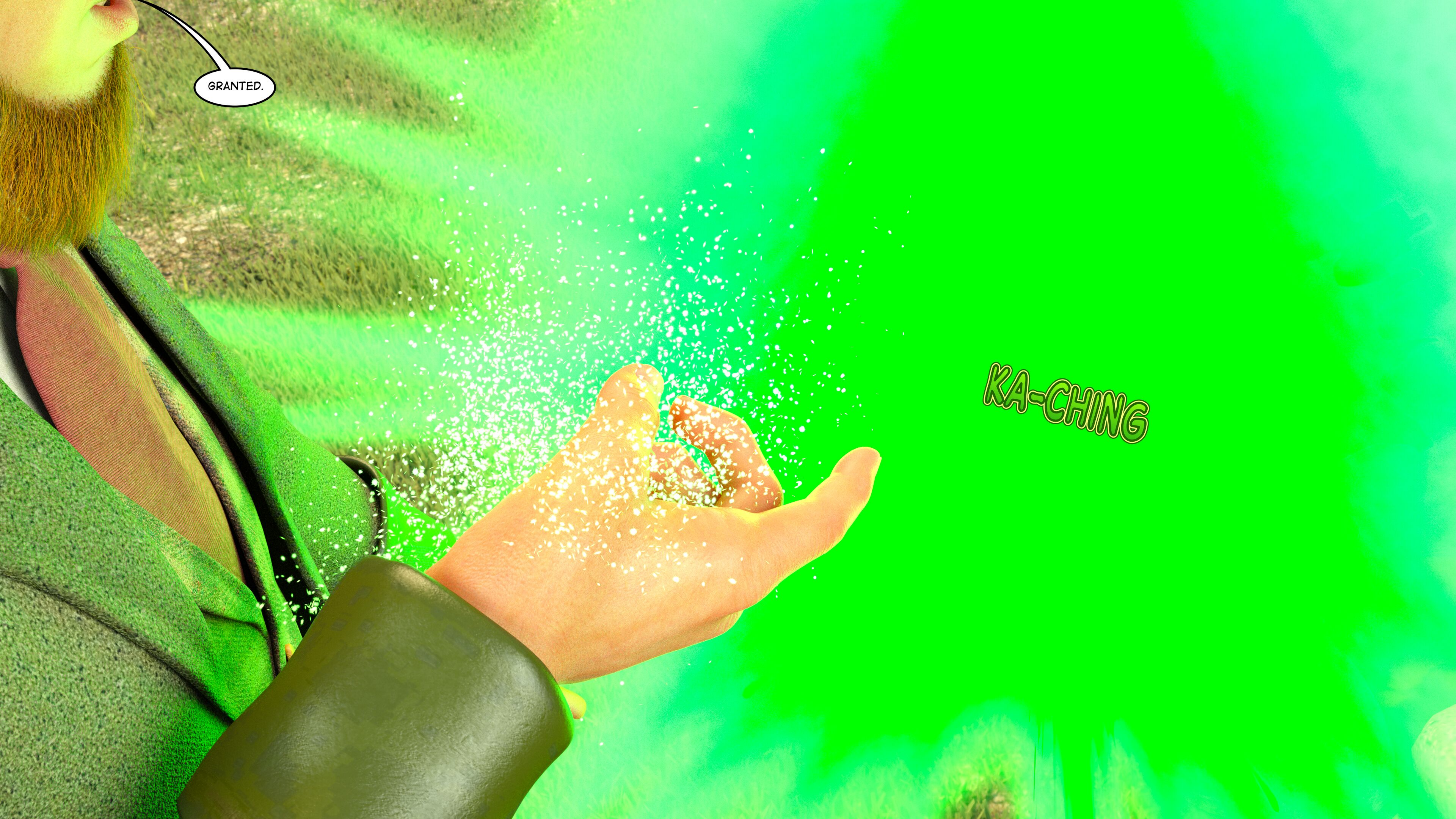
I DESIRE TO BE ROYALTY. FANCY HIGH LIFE, WITH A BODY FULL OF SEXUAL STAMINA NOT KNOWN TO ANY MAN.



COMING UP,
LADDIE.

GRANTED.

KA-CHING





YES!!!

HOLY.
THREW ME RIGHT
INTO SEX.



THIS FEELS
FANTASTIC.



MORE. HARDER,
MY KING.

BUT
WHY AM I ON
THIS SIDE?



I HAVE
A PENIS INSIDE
ME.

INSIDE...
INSIDE MY...
PUSSY.





HERE YOU GO,
WOMAN.



OOHHHH!!!

HE CAME
INSIDE ME.



NOW
BREED ME AN
HEIR.



WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE? AM I
DREAMING?

DOES MY QUEEN
WISH A BATH AFTER
THE SEX?



YOUR... QUEEN?

A BATH AND MUCH
CONFUSION LATER.

I'M
ACTUALLY A
WOMAN.





AND NOT ONLY THAT, BUT SOME KIND OF QUEEN OF THIS KINGDOM.



JUST AS YEE
WISHED FOR. SEXUAL
STAMINA KNOWN TO
NO MAN.

AY, LADDIE.
OR RATHER,
LASSIE.



CONGRATULATIONS
ON BEING THE ROYAL
BABY MAKER.

A 3D rendered character, likely a queen or noblewoman, stands in a grand, ornate hall. She has red hair styled in an updo, wearing a silver crown. Her dress is primarily black with intricate silver patterns and a purple long-sleeved garment underneath. Her arms are outstretched. A speech bubble is positioned near her face, containing text.

WHAT DID YOU DO?
I CAN'T CONCEIVE A CHILD.
I'M A MAN.



RELAX, LASSIE.
YER KING'S FIRING BLANKS.
HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET
A CHILD INTO YEE.



OF COURSE, THAT MEANS HE'LL BLAME YEE IN A FEW WEEKS FOR NOT GIVING HIM A CHILD.

LIKELY GONNA EXECUTE YEE, BEFORE MOVING ON TO THE NEXT WENCH.



NO, THAT'S HORRIBLE.

UNDO THE WISH.
THIS ISN'T WHAT I WANTED.



NO CAN DO,
LASSIE. ME MAGIC
WEAVES THE STRANDS OF
FATE BUT ONCE.



NO WISH CAN
EVER BE UNDONE.
YER FATE IS SEALED.

TO BE CONTINUED