



NO.
THERE HAS
TO BE A
WAY.





NONE
THAT ME
KNOW OF.



HERE.
HAVE ANOTHER
OF YOUR COINS.
I'LL WISH FOR
IT.



ALRIGHT,
LASSIE. WHAT IS
IT YEE WANT?



I WISH FOR
MAGIC POWERS.
SAME AS YOURS.



AH,
LASSIE. THAT
BE A BAD
CALL.



GRAHHHH!!!

ME
REGRETS
GRANTING
YEE THIS.



OH, GOD.
IT BURNS.



WHAT IS GOING ON?



WHAT IS THIS FEELING?



MY
WHOLE BODY
FEELS ALIVE. AND
SPARKING WITH
POWER.



IT BE THE
LEPRECHAUN
MAGIC, LASSIE. YEE
SEE, IT BE TIED TO
YEE LIFE FORCE.



EVERY TIME YEE
USE THAT MAGIC, IT
DRAINS PART OF YEE
LIFE ENERGY.

WE LEPRECHAUNS
HAVE A BUNCH, AND WE
ALSO DON'T HAVE TO GRANT
WISHES, ONLY IF WE
CHOOSE TO.




YEE BEING HUMAN, YEE HAVE LITTLE LIFE ENERGY IN COMPARISON. AND YEE CAN'T DENY A WISH SPOKEN AROUND YEE.

SO, YEE LIKELY ARE GONNA DIE FROM LACK OF LIFE SOON.



I'VE...
I'VE HASTENED
MY DEMISE?

IS THERE
NOTHING I CAN DO?
ANY WAY TO NOT
USE MAGIC?




YEE
CAN'T, LASSIE.
ANY WISH, YEE'LL
GRANT. AND SUCK
YOUR LIFE ENERGY
OUT.

ONLY
REPLENISHMENT WE CAN GET
IS FROM ALCOHOL. I FEAR IT'S
NOT ENOUGH FOR YEE, LASSIE.
I'LL LEAVE YEE, TO DIE IN
PEACE.



SERVANT!

A woman with dark hair styled in an updo, wearing a dark red, textured dress, is shown in profile from the back, looking towards a red throne. The throne is ornate with gold filigree and is set in a grand, marble-clad room with columns and a tiled floor. A speech bubble points to the throne.

HERE, MY QUEEN.
WHAT DO YOU
DESIRE?



BRING ME A
BUNCH OF ALCOHOL.
LOTS OF IT.

ONE DELIVERY
LATER.

MY
QUEEN, ARE YOU
OKAY?

GLORK





NO, I'M NOT.
I REALLY HOPE THIS
HELPS.



YOU SHOULDN'T
DRINK SO MUCH, MY
QUEEN. IT'LL DISFIGURE
YOUR BEAUTIFUL
BODY.



I WISH I
HAD SOME
LUSCIOUS CURVES
MYSELF.



NO!



NO! NO! NO! I CAN'T!
I ALREADY FEEL IT
DRAINING ME.

KA-CHING



G-GRA-GRANTED.



BY THE LORD.



MY
BREASTS ARE
MASSIVE.



AND I HAVE
ENOUGH ASS FOR
THREE PEOPLE.



SHIT. I'M
FADING. FUCK.



MY QUEEN.
WHAT IS HAPP...

NO TIME.
MORE ALCOHOL.
QUICK.

TO BE CONTINUED