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PLEASE,  
NO

**Royal season is HERE!**

An inestimable set of suitors wait to callout on her royal Highness, Princess Octavia, who is about to turn eighteen in a few weeks. We talk with one of them in the exclusive interview below!

**EXCLUSIVE PEEK!**

Fortunately, her highness has granted our request for a



HOME SWEET HELL! HEY, BIG BIRD—HOPE YOU'RE HUNGRY. I SCORED DINNER TONIGHT!

SNAGGED THE LAST BAG OF FROZEN RAT LEGS FROM THAT DUMPY CORNER SHOP. DISCOUNT RACK, TOO! HAD TO WRESTLE 'EM AWAY FROM SOME CRANKY OLD BAT, BUT HEY—WORTH IT. GONNA TOSS 'EM IN THE OVEN, LET 'EM SLOW-ROAST... REAL GOURMET SHIT.





click

AH—!B...  
BLITZØ? WHEN  
DID YOU ARRIVE?  
I DIDN'T HEAR  
YOU COME  
IN...

UH... SHIT,  
SORRY.  
DIDN'T MEAN TO,  
Y'KNOW... FREAK  
YOU OUT. YOU UH...  
HAVING A GOOD  
EVENING?

OH—YES!  
QUITE. I WAS  
SIMPLY...  
READING.

YES... I'M  
JUST A BIT  
TIRED. IT'S  
BEEN A  
RATHER  
LONG WEEK.

UH-HUH. RIGHT.  
WELL—GIVE ME  
A SEC TO CHANGE,  
YEAH? THEN I'LL  
START DINNER.  
YOU UP FOR  
THAT TONIGHT?



HEY... STOLS,  
YOU SURE  
YOU'RE OKAY?  
YOU LOOK KINDA  
PALE. YOU CAN  
SAY IT, Y'KNOW?  
IF YOU'RE NOT  
FEELING WELL.



I...NO.  
YOU'RE RIGHT,  
BLITZØ.  
IT'S JUST...  
SOMETHING  
I READ ONLINE.

THEY'VE  
STARTED  
CALLING  
ALREADY.



...CALLING WHO?



VIA

SUITORS, FAMILIES, ROYAL HOUSES WILL APPEAR AT HER DOORSTEP UNDER THE PRETEXT OF FORGING ALLIANCES.



THEY PHRASE IT SO POLITELY, OF COURSE. 'A NATURAL NEXT STEP.' 'A NECESSARY TRADITION,' AS IF THAT MAKES IT ANY LESS GROTESQUE...

WHEN THE REALITY IS THAT THEY'LL TREAT HER LIKE LIVESTOCK. A NEW ASSET TO ADD TO THEIR COLLECTION, TO THEIR INFLUENCE TO USE HER.



AND I WON'T BE THERE TO PROTECT HER, FROM THEM. SHE'LL BE ALONE, SUBJECTED TO SCORNFUL GLANCES AND CONTEMPT FOR BEING DIFFERENT... THEY'RE GOING TO LOOK AT HER THE WAY THEY LOOKED AT ME.

BUT VIA STILL PRETENDS SHE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THINGS WHEN THEY HURT HER. AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL HER IT'S OKAY TO FEEL LIKE THAT. IT'S OKAY TO BE HERSELF, NO MATTER WHAT. SHE'S ONLY SEVENTEEN, BLITZØ.



HOW COULD I EVER LEAVE HER ALONE, HOW COULD I...?!





SHE KNOWS  
YOU DO. EVEN IF  
SHE'S TOO MAD AT  
YOU TO REMEMBER IT  
RIGHT NOW.



NGH!

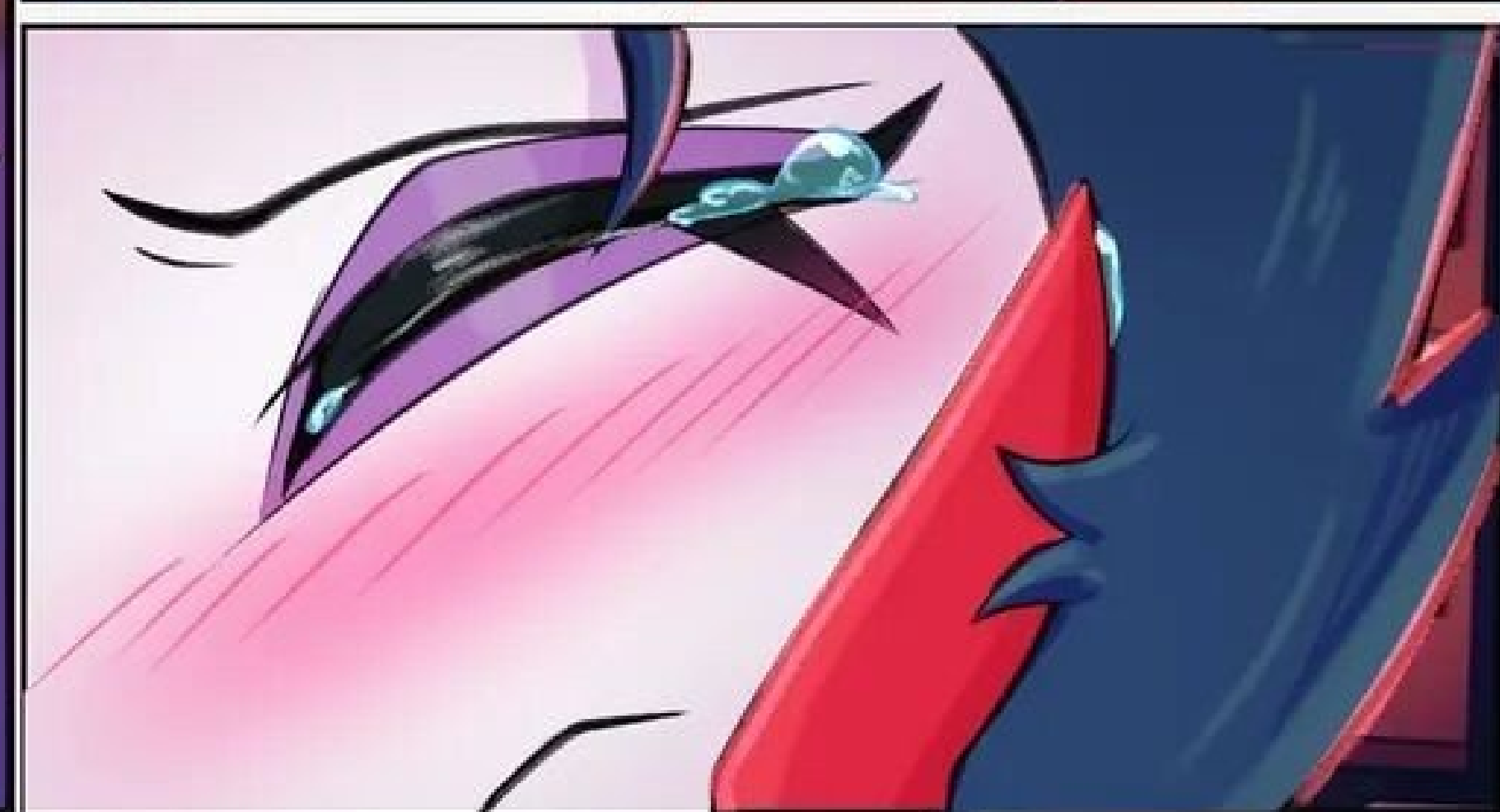


I JUST... I DON'T  
WANT HER TO FEEL  
ALONE. NOT  
LIKE I DID.



I FELT AS IF THERE  
WERE A HUGE VOID  
ALL AROUND ME THAT  
WAS ABOUT TO SWALLOW  
ME WHOLE, THE KIND OF  
LONELINESS THAT  
SUFFOCATES YOU.

BUT THEN  
YOU CAME  
BACK INTO MY LIFE, AND  
THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING.  
I'M AFRAID SHE MIGHT  
END UP FEELING  
THAT WAY.







HEY,  
LOOK AT  
ME  
STOLS.

WHAT I MEAN  
TO SAY IS...



YOU'RE NOT  
DOING THIS  
ALONE.  
YOU'VE GOT  
US.



YOU'VE  
GOT ME.



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I—  
I SHOULD  
GO.

I SIMPLY...  
NEED SOME AIR.

WHOA— HEY!  
WHERE THE HELL  
ARE YOU GOING?  
IT'S MIDNIGHT!

stroke





OH, DO NOT  
DARE STAND  
THERE AND  
PRETEND  
IGNORANCE!  
YOU DO THIS  
CONSTANTLY!

OKAY.  
CARE TO  
NARROW  
THAT  
DOWN?

YOU TAKE  
MY HAND,  
YOU HOLD ME,  
YOU SAY  
THESE...  
GENTLE  
THINGS...!

WELL,  
DO FORGIVE  
ME FOR  
CARING  
ABOUT YOU!

OH, PISH!  
YES, YES,  
YOU CARE!  
BUT NOT IN  
THE SAME  
WAY,  
BLITZØ!



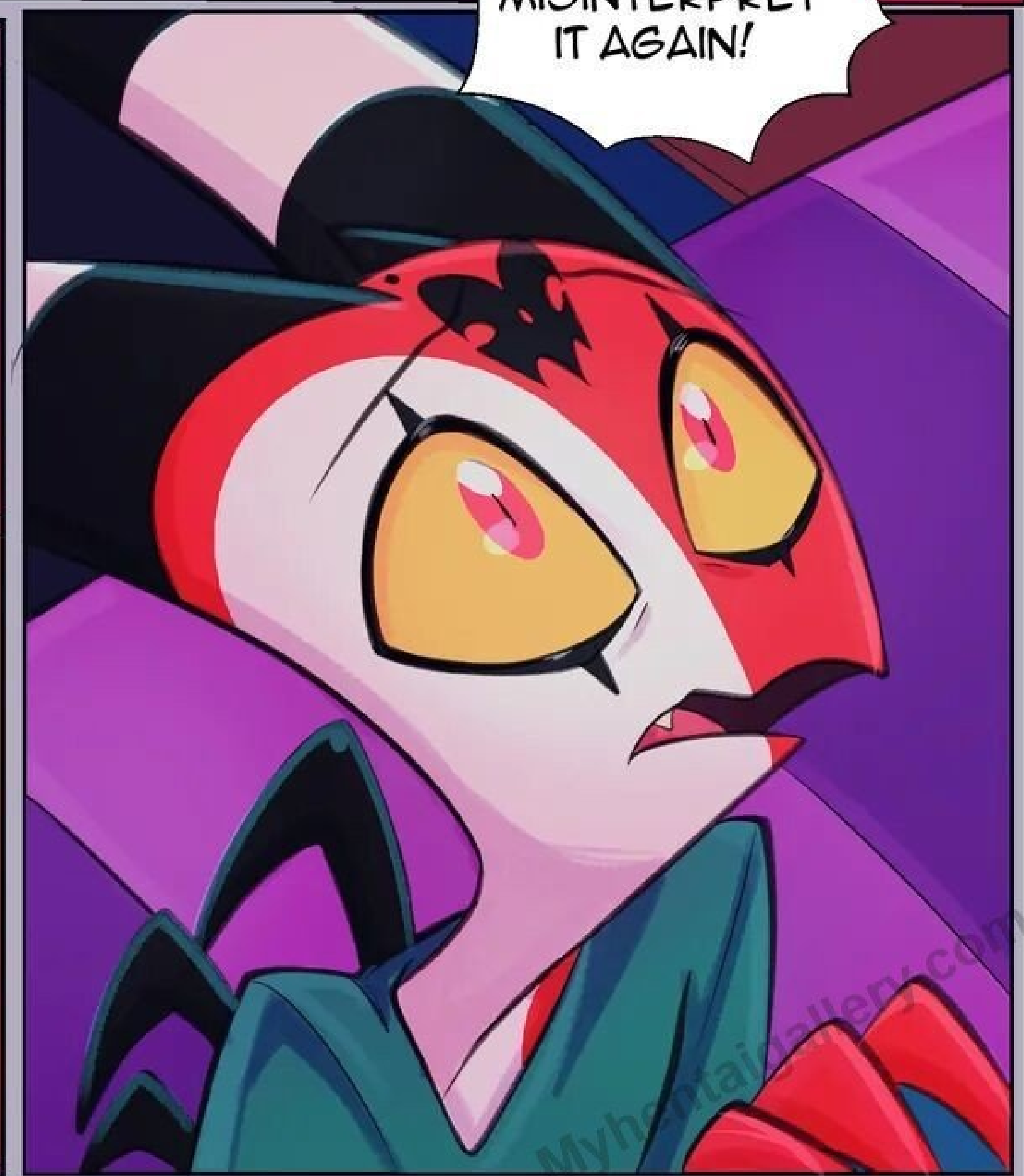
YOU JUST KISS  
MY FOREHEAD  
AND LOOK AT ME WITH  
THAT INFURIATINGLY  
SOFT EXPRESSION  
AS IF YOU  
ACTUALLY WANT ME  
WITHOUT EVEN  
CONSIDERING  
WHAT THAT  
DOES TO ME!



STOLAS,  
I WAS ONLY  
TRYING TO—



NO! STOP  
BEING KIND  
TO ME LIKE THAT,  
BECAUSE I WILL  
MISINTERPRET  
IT AGAIN!







I MEAN  
THAT MAYBE  
I DO WANT  
YOU TO THINK  
THAT!



THINK WHAT,  
PRECISELY?  
USE ACTUAL WORDS,  
BLITZØ! YOU CANNOT  
EXPECT ME TO  
GAMBLE MY HEART  
AGAIN BASED  
ON VAGUE  
IMPLICATIONS  
AND—



FLICK—  
FINE!





I SHOULDN'T WANT THIS—  
NOT LIKE THIS,  
NOT AGAIN—



YOU  
COULD READ  
BETWEEN THE  
LINES. YOU KNOW  
I SUCK WITH  
WORDS,  
BIRDIE.

BUT THE MOMENT  
HE TOUCHES ME...



WELL THEN—  
THERE'S NO  
NEED FOR TALKING  
ANYMORE

...EVERYTHING I BURIED  
SURGES BACK.



IF YOU DO NOT  
STOP ME RIGHT NOW...  
I WILL ABSOLUTELY  
HAVE MY WAY  
WITH YOU...





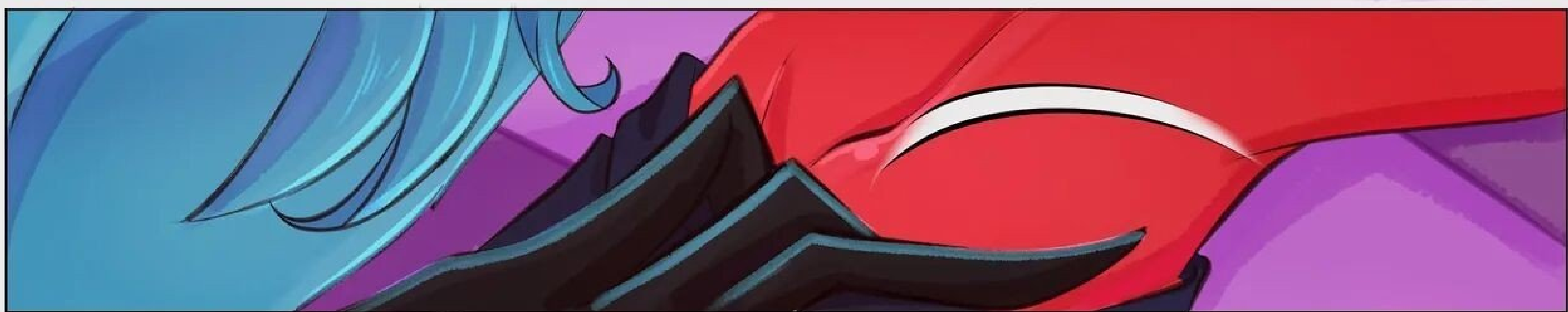


BUT IT'S EXACTLY  
AS I REMEMBER



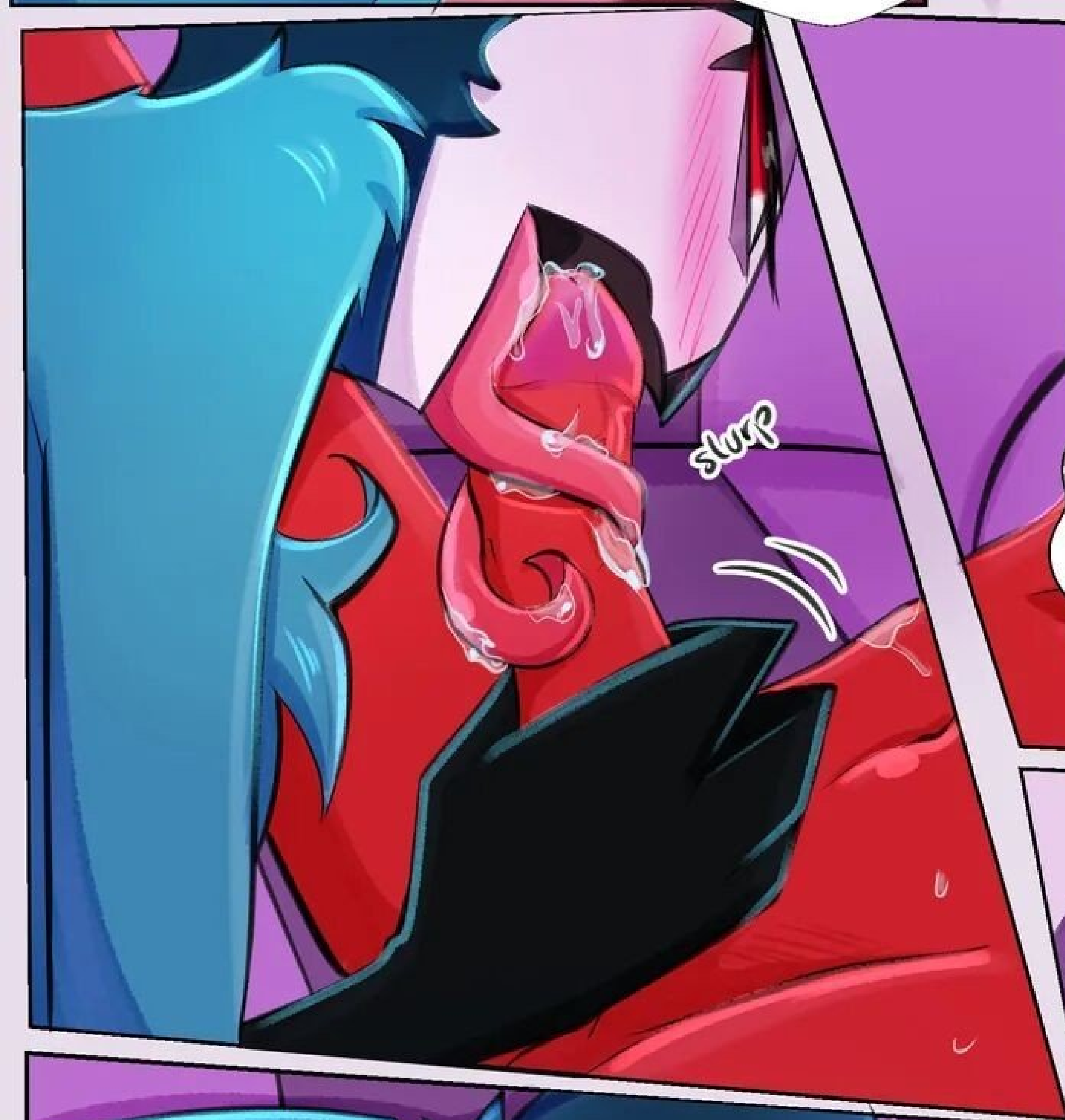
FLUCK-  
YOU HAVE NO  
IDEA HOW  
BEAUTIFUL  
YOU LOOK  
RIGHT NOW.

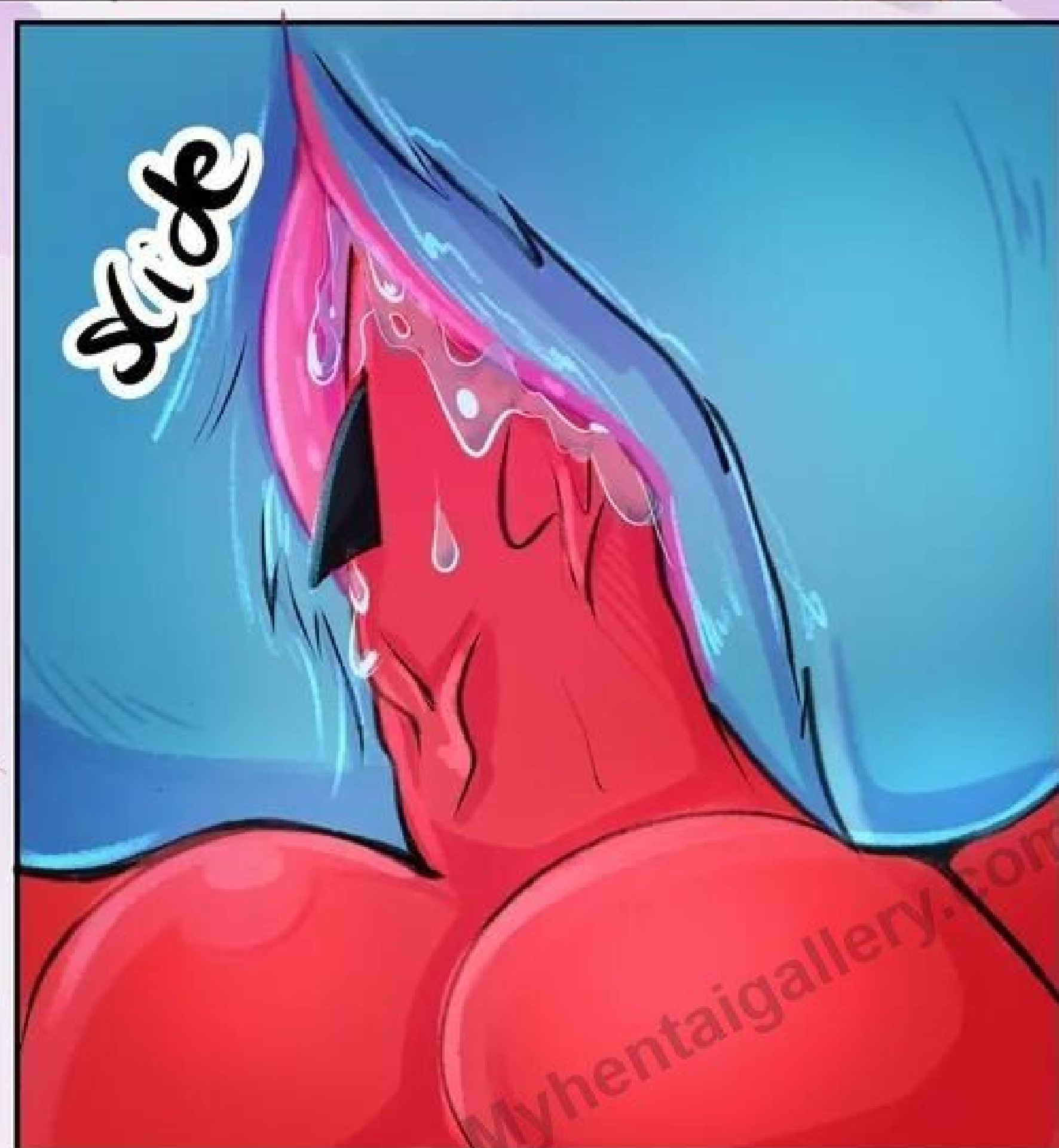
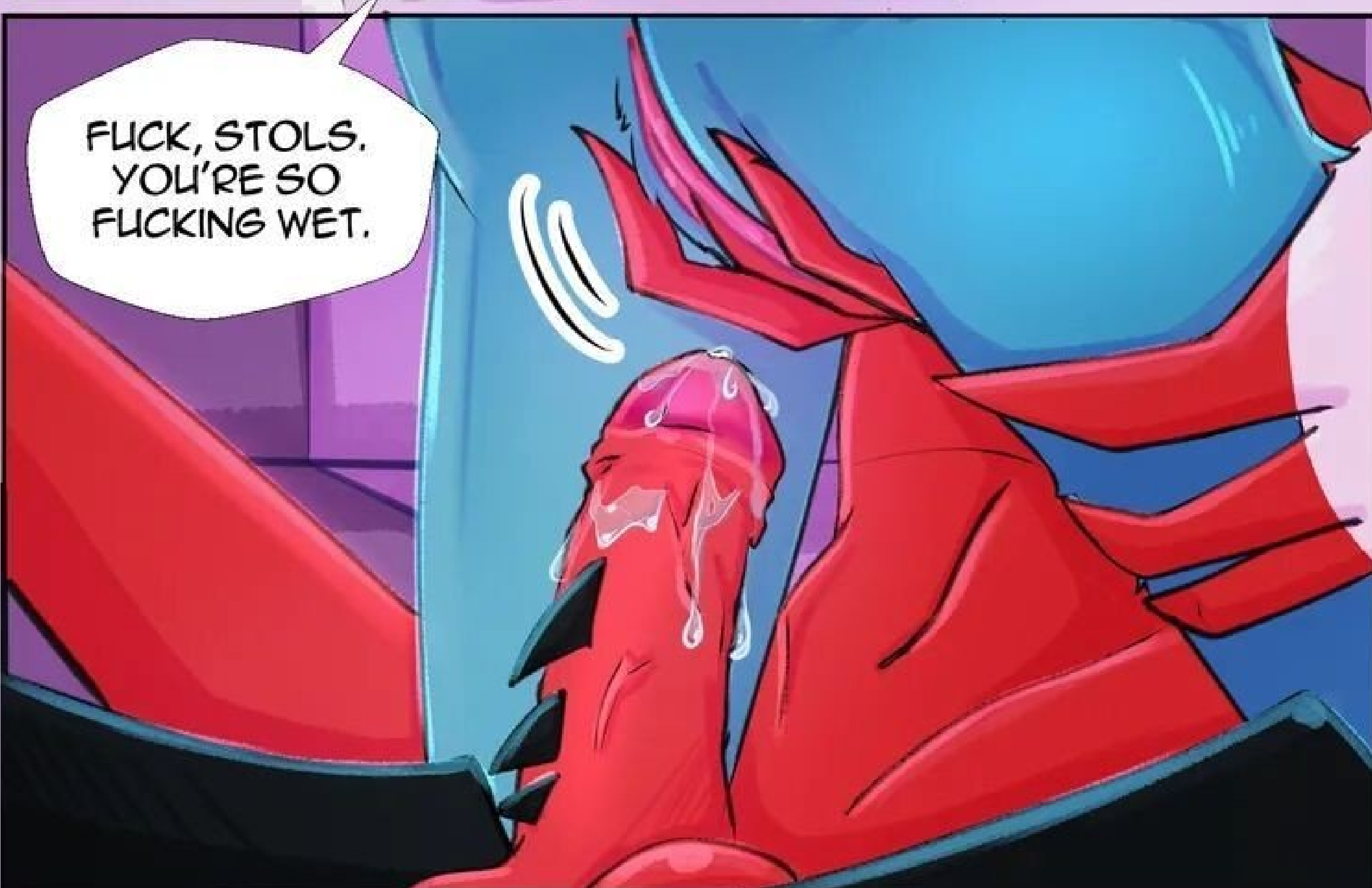
JUST  
LIKE THE  
FIRST TIME.





I JUST  
WANT TO  
SHOW YOU  
HOW MUCH  
I'VE MISSED  
YOU.







AND NOW HE'S HERE, TOUCHING ME LIKE  
I'M SOMETHING WORTH HOLDING ONTO—  
AND I'M ALIVE AGAIN.



I WANT TIME  
TO STOP...



...SO WE CAN STAY  
LIKE THIS FOREVER.





HIHIHIHI.  
IT STILL AMAZES  
ME HOW TALKING  
ALWAYS SEEMS  
EASIER AFTER  
SEX.

BUT I THINK  
WE SHOULD TIDY UP.  
LUCIFER KNOWS  
WHAT POOR LOONA  
WILL THINK OF US  
IF SHE FINDS US  
LIKE THIS.



WAIT, STOLAS, I-  
THERE'S STILL  
SOMETHING  
I WANT TO TALK  
TO YOU ABOUT.

OKAY.  
GO ON,  
THEN.



YO-YOU  
CAN'T  
LOOK !!!!

BLITZ-  
BUT  
WHY?

YOU  
ARE AWARE  
I CAN STILL  
SEE YOU WITH MY  
UPPER SET OF  
EYES, RIGHT?

SHIT!!  
CLOSE  
THEM!

ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT.  
THEY ARE CLOSED  
NOW. HONESTLY,  
DARLING, I DID  
BELIEVE WE HAD  
MOVED PAST THIS.

EASY FOR  
YOU TO SAY,  
DRAMA QUEEN.  
STILL CAN'T DEAL  
WITH ALL THIS  
FEELINGS  
CRAP.



DON'T  
PEEK,  
OKAY?

gulp

I LOVE  
YOU.



YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO MISSINTERPRET  
ANYTHING ANYMORE.  
I-FUCK, STOLS,  
I'M CRAZY ABOUT  
YOU.

W-WELL!? SAY  
SOMETHING!  
NOW IS WHEN  
YOU ACTUALLY  
NEED TO TALK  
TO ME



LET ME  
SEE YOUR  
FACE  
FIRST.







SHE'S  
GONNA  
BE MY THIRD  
BABY.



THIRD ONE?  
I SUPPOSE  
LOONA IS ONE  
OF THEM BUT,  
WHO IS THE  
OTHER.



WELL,  
LOONA IS  
MY FURR  
BABY...

VIA IS  
GOING TO BE  
MY FEATHER  
BABY.



AND YOU'RE  
MY BABE,  
OF COURSE.

OF COURSE.  
ALTHOUGH I  
PREFER IT  
WHEN YOU CALL  
ME DADDY



OH NO, YOU CALL  
ME DADDY, BIRDIE.  
DON'T GET WEIRD  
IDEAS IN THAT  
FEATHERBRAIN  
OF YOURS

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twitch

OH, IS THAT SO? WELL, MAYBE I SHOULD SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN PACK. IT MIGHT MAKE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND



ARE YOU HIDING SOMETHING IN THAT BIRDOPLUSS THAT I HAVEN'T SEEN YET? THAT WON'T DO. C'MON, OPEN UP.

BL-BLTIZO!!  
WAIT, DON'T-  
OOOOOOOOH

OKAY, NOTHING NEW OVER HERE... MAYBE I SHOULD DIG A LITTLE DEEPER MAAAAH?

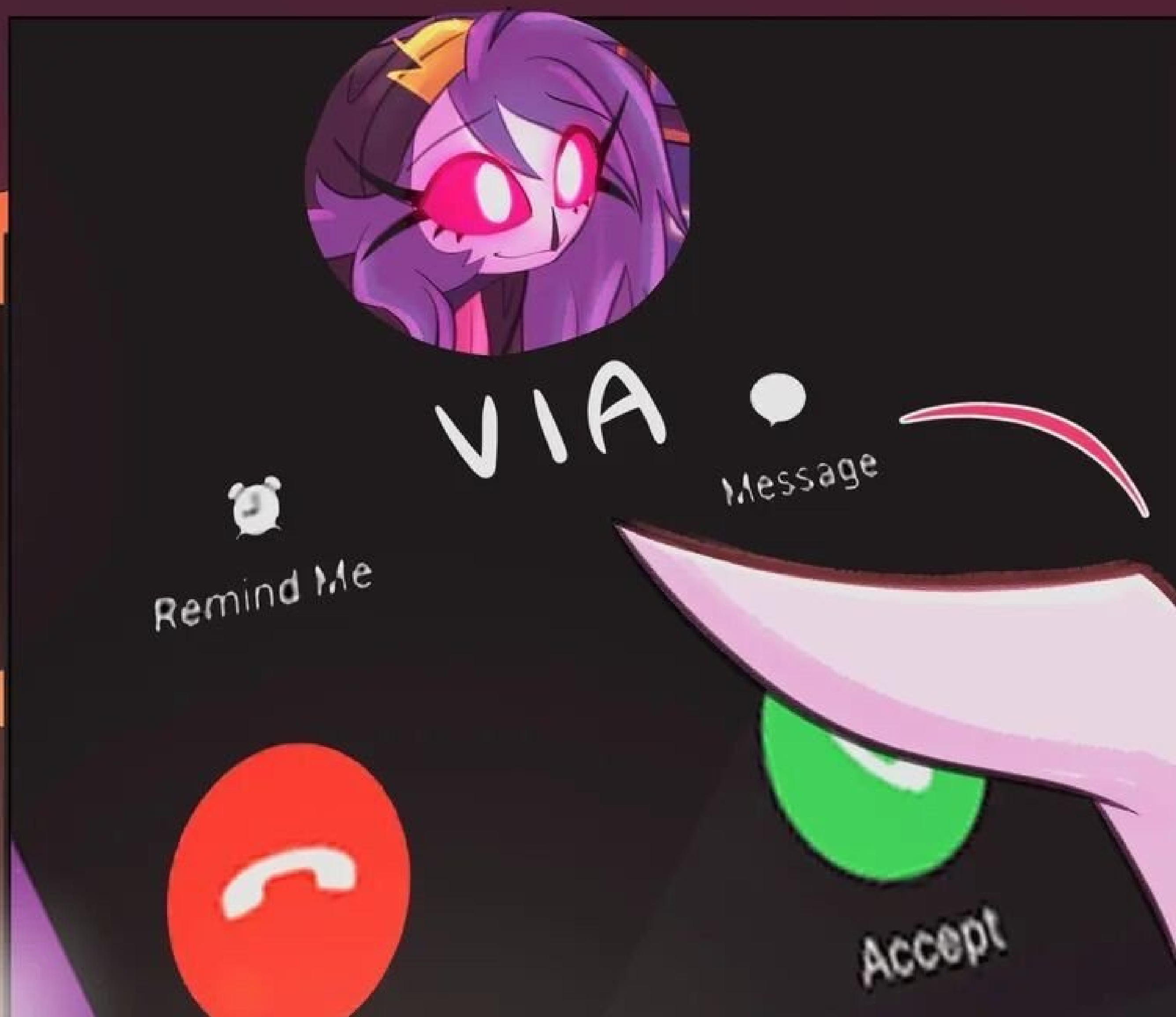


WEIRDOS.

FLUCK-!  
DON'T YOU DARE  
PULL OUT NOW,  
YOU  
INSUFFERABLE  
IMP!

DIG A HOLE  
THROUGH ME!





EVERYTHING WILL BE  
OKAY IN THE END.

HEY, KID.

HOW ARE  
YOU  
DOING?

I'M SURE OF IT.

THE END