

**NEW YORK CITY.**  
CENTRAL PARK. NOW.



Thou *cretin!*  
Thou wouldst  
cast me from this  
place?! This last haven  
where the name of  
the *Faustian*  
Queen is still  
spoken?!

Cast  
me back, and  
thence--into  
the *vold*?!

I was  
*sovereign* in  
Faerie! In the rule  
of the King, in the  
year of our  
Lord, 1602!

But Doom  
Who Was God  
*fell!* The worlds  
crashed, imploded,  
each twisting  
into the  
other...

Where was  
my Faerie?  
Where was my  
land and  
time?

**NO  
MORE!**

I am  
the Dealmaker,  
the Queen of  
Faerie--

**FAUSTIA!**

The  
creatures of  
your world do  
not deal, though...  
You prefer to  
*punish. To right  
wrongs.*

So I will  
be as you are...  
until you *make  
a deal, and send  
me back to a  
queendom of  
my own.*

**AHH--!  
SHE'S...  
CRUSHING...**

**FAUSTIA,  
STOP!**

**I'LL  
DEAL!**

**LEAH OF  
HEL WILL  
MAKE A  
BARGAIN!**

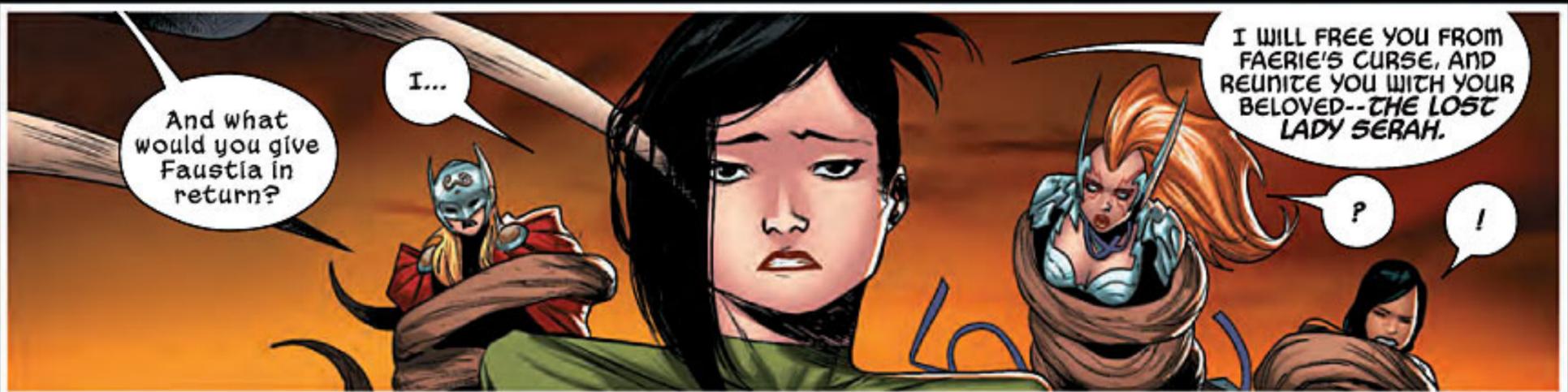


What would you ask for, little penitent?

GIVE ME--GIVE US--

GIVE US SEVEN YEARS.

THAT'S WHAT I ASK FOR.



And what would you give Faustia in return?

I...

I WILL FREE YOU FROM FAERIE'S CURSE, AND REUNITE YOU WITH YOUR BELOVED--THE LOST LADY SERAH.

?

!



How?

MAKE THE DEAL.

IF I FAIL, YOU MAY DRAG MY SOUL THROUGH FAERIE FOR ALL TIME. I AM ONLY A HANDMAIDEN.

I...AM EXPENDABLE.

THE ONE I LOVE MAY NOT EVEN EXIST IN THIS VERSION OF THE WORLD.



All handmaidens are expendable. That is their purpose.

You attend the works of your betters, and you keep your silence when all is done.

Even those you claim to love...Would their stories have changed without you there?

YOU ASKED WHAT I WOULD HAVE. I GAVE YOU MY ANSWER.



HAHAHA...

The deal is made--for Faerie, and for Faustia.

And remember, handmaiden...

"...Fairy tales will only break your heart."

LEAH!

HOW WAS SCHOOL?

MURDER CAPITALISM WAS GOOD. N.Y.U. REALLY EXPANDED ITS CURRICULUM.

ANGELA, WOULD YOU HELP ME WITH THIS ASSIGNMENT I GOT ON THE ANGELIC WARS?

ANGELA! NO WEAPONS AT THE DINNER TABLE--

SO SORRY, MY HEART. AND OF COURSE, LEAH.

THANKS. YOU'RE THE DISTANT, UNEMOTIONAL FATHER FIGURE I NEVER WANTED.

"HESTIA LAUGHED. 'FOR LIFE IS MADE OF MANY MEETINGS AND MANY PARTINGS; SHE SAID, 'AND IN DEATH, ALL THINGS ARE UNDERSTOOD AT LAST.'"

ARE YOU FEELING ALL RIGHT, LEAH? WOULD YOU RATHER WE READ SOMETHING DIFFERENT?

ANYTHING AT ALL, SO LONG AS SERA READS.

SORRY, ANGELA, BUT SERA DOES ALL THE VOICES.

YOU'RE SURE, SWEETHEART? YOU LOOK A LITTLE GLUM.

I'M OKAY.