







WE'RE ASSASSINS,
NOT BRIGANDS, AND
WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE,
PRINCESS ZEELA OF THE
UNDERWORLD. YOU SHOULD
KNOW FLYING YOUR BEASTIE
SO CLOSE TO OUR BORDER
IS A BAD IDEA. PEOPLE
NOTICE.

YOUR FATHER
MUST LEARN THERE
ARE **CONSEQUENCES** FOR
INSULTING THE MAESTRO. THE
DEMON KING **SHOULDN'T**
HAVE... *uhm...* WHAT'D
HE DO AGAIN?

I
CAN'T REMEMBER
EITHER. HE DID
SOMETHING...
PROBABLY.

YOU'RE UP,
WILLY. IT'S TIME
TO "**PROVE YOUR**
DEVOTION TO THE
MAESTRO."

-GULP-

PLEASE...
W-WE ARE
NOT OUR
FATHERS.

Heh, SHE'S
RIGHT...

...BUT
YOU'RE A FOOL
TO PRETEND HE'S
NOT *IN* YOU,
BOY.

Hm.

SPENT HALF
MY LIFE TRYING
TO PRETEND I
WAS NOTHING
LIKE HIM.

STILL, I
KNEW THIS DAY
WAS COMING. ONE
DAY YOU GET THE
CALL AND YOU GOTTA
DECIDE... **CAN** YOU
DO WHAT YOU
GOTTA DO?

YOU
DICKHEADS
ARE RIGHT
THOUGH...