When we last left her, Princess Rita was engaged in mortal combat with a troll. Will her illness ruin her chances?
I’m Princess Rita. Killing trolls is what I do.
It’d take more than tomatoes to keep me from killing things...
Are you okay, kind-of-cute stranger? (Of course, it’s probably just the adrenaline making you cute.)

Ugggghhhh.
I had the strangest dream: The annihilating feminine came down and saved me from an ogre.

Actually, it was a troll; ogres don’t have horns. And you’re welcome.
Thank you so much. I can’t believe you killed a troll while woozy — that’s amazing!

Eh. I’ve been killing things semi-professionally for years. It started as a hobby. Now it’s a way of life.
Wow. Remind me never to do anything stupid like break your hand or something. It’d be a death sentence.

Probably.
And then my dad tried to set me up with Prince Chad — Prince Chad Worthington III, Esquire? Ugh. What a douche. I was so glad when I heard his horse tripped and he died.

Tripped. Yes, ahem, tripped.

Yes, he was my first. Ah, I was so young, so inexperienced.

Wait?! No, way! You did that? That’s so cool! He always bugged me. Who thinks pukka necklaces are cool?
I have to say, this is really fun. I can’t remember the last time I drank tea with someone for seven hours. You’re pretty cool.

I’m glad. I’ve had a great time, too. For some reason it’s so easy to talk to you. Plus, you’re, like, the coolest person ever. Trolls and douchebags? Wow.

One second. Let me get the doorbell.

— Ding. Ding.
What the? Where’d he go? Dammit, I thought I’d made a friend...

Hello? Eeek! Noo—

— PzzzZzt!

What happened to the non-douche-y, pink-aproned bearded one? Upon what will Princess Rita wreak havoc next? Stay tuned...