

BROTHER BEWITCHED


CHAPTER 26





YOU'RE
SURE THIS
SPELL WILL
PROTECT ME
FROM
ACTONIA'S
MAGIC?

WITHIN EACH OF
US RESIDES BOTH
THE MALE AND THE
FEMALE SPIRIT-- THE
ANIMUS AND ANIMA.
ACTONIA'S SPELL
GIVES PREEMINENCE
TO THE ANIMA,
MAKING WOMEN OF
MEN.



THIS SPELL
WILL SEVER YOUR
ANIMA AND ALLOW
ME TO CAST HER OUT.
YOU WILL THEN BE
UNBRIDLED ANIMUS
WITH NO FEMALE
ENERGY TO BE
ENSORCLED.

I WILL NOT
MISS IT,
THOUGH I CAN
SCARCELY
BELIEVE I HAVE
ANY FEMALE
ENERGY.

THERE ARE
RISKS.



WHAT RISKS?

WHEN I DRAW FORTH YOUR ANIMA TO CAST HER OUT OF YOU, THERE IS A SLIGHT CHANCE SHE WILL, INSTEAD, CAST OUT YOUR ANIMUS, LEAVING YOU... FEMALE.



MAKE SURE
THAT DOESN'T
HAPPEN,
MAGE.

I CAN'T
ASSURE YOU OF
THAT, DEVIN. THE
NATURE OF
MAGIC...

MAKE SURE IT
DOESN'T
HAPPEN.

BUT...
BUT... Y-YES,
DEVIN. OF
COURSE.

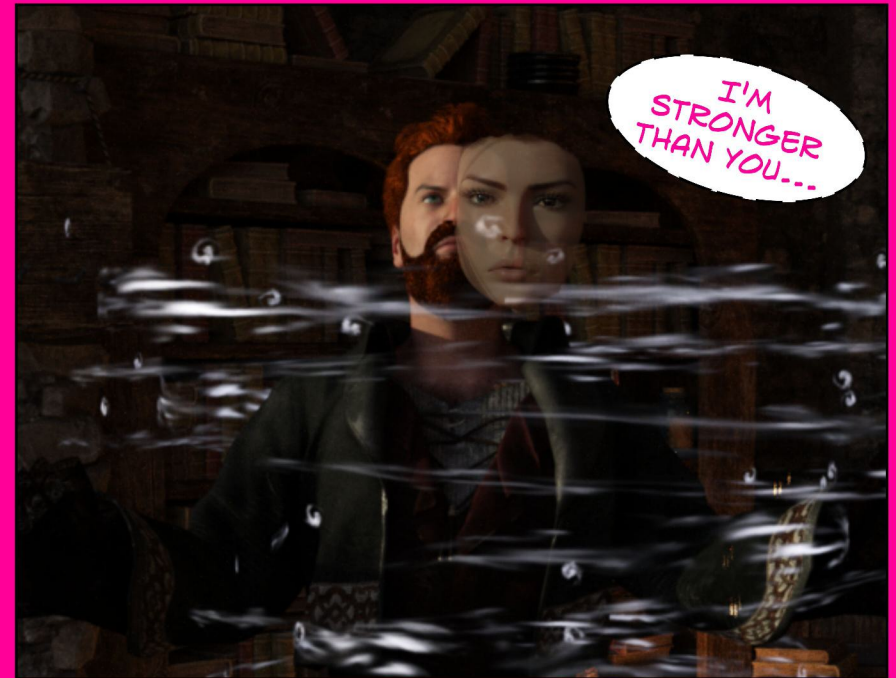
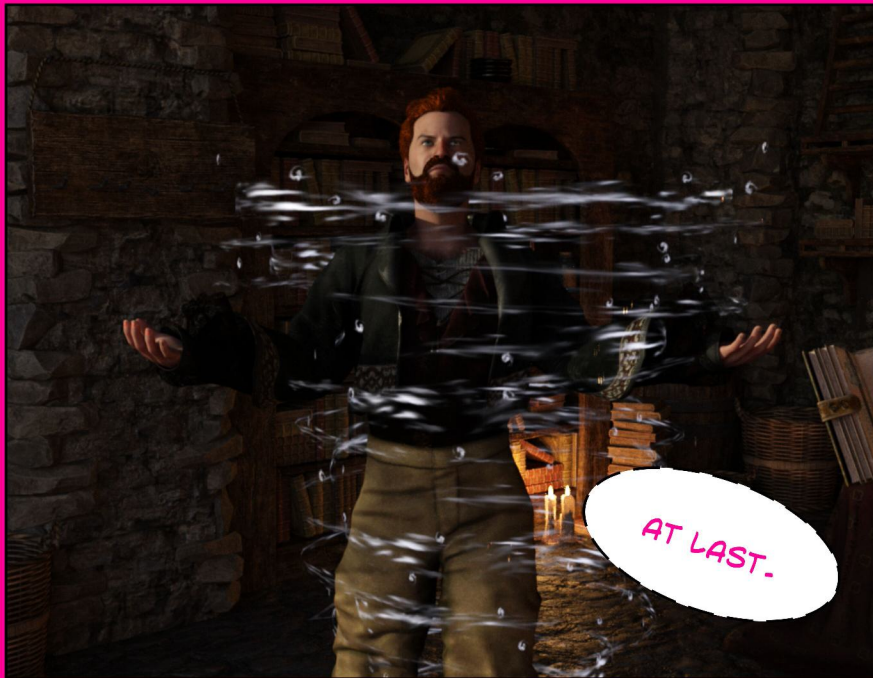


YOU SAID THERE WERE OTHER RISKS?

YES. IF THE SPELL SUCCEEDS AND YOU ARE BEREFT OF YOUR ANIMA, YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF MORE AGGRESSIVE AND DOMINEERING THAN EVER.

HAHAHA. YOU
CALL THAT A
RISK? I
WELCOME IT!
BEGIN!








WIZARD! DO
SOMETHING!


WITH
PROGENITA ON
THE RISE, YOUR
ANIMA IS TOO
STRONG! YOU'RE
BECOMING A
FEMALE.

HAHAHA- WE
HAVE NOW A
WOMAN'S SHAPE
AND SHALL ENJOY
A WOMAN'S
FATE-
HAHAHAHA



A WOMAN?
I'M-- ONE OF
THEM? IT CAN'T
BE. REVERSE
THE SPELL.

IT
CANNOT BE
REVERSED. I'M
SORRY, LORD
DEVIN. THE
SPELL-- I
TRIED TO
WARN YOU.

A woman with long, wavy red hair and a serious expression stands in a dark, stone-walled room. She is surrounded by glowing, ethereal energy streams that appear to be swirling around her. In the background, there are bookshelves filled with books, a small fire burning in a hearth, and stacks of books on the floor. The scene is dimly lit, with the primary light source being the fire and the glowing energy.

THEN, I HAVE
FAILED.
SERRENIA IS NOW
DOOMED BECAUSE
OF MY FOOLISHNESS.
I NEVER SHOULD
HAVE PUT MY TRUST
IN MAGIC. NOW, I
JOIN HER IN
SKIRTS AND...

AND YET--
NO.



I REFUSE TO
ACCEPT THIS. I
AM DEVIN.

FEMININE
WEAKNESS, I
CAST YOU OUT.

IT DOESN'T
WORK THAT WAY,
YOU CAN'T
JUST--



BEGONE,
WOMAN. YOU
ARE NOT
WELCOME
HERE.


THIS IS MY
BODY!

I SAID--



GET
OUT!

BOOM!



UNHHH.

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED, BUT YOU MUST ACCEPT MY APOLOGY FOR--

IT WAS FATED.
A TEST. THROUGH
THE SHEER FORCE
OF MY WILL, I HAVE
NOW CAST OFF EVEN
THE LAST VESTIGES
OF ANY FEMININE
WEAKNESS. I AM
PURE, A SERVANT
OF MAXIS.



A man with a full brown beard and hair, wearing a dark leather jacket over a patterned tunic, stands in the center. To his right, a woman with a long white beard and hair, wearing a brown tunic, sits at a table with an open book. The background features a stone wall with a white symbol, wooden beams, and a bookshelf.

I AM
STRONGER
THAN EVER.

WE'RE IN THIS
TOGETHER NOW. I
HAVE SWORN MY
ALLEGIANCE TO YOU AND
TO THE PRINCESS AT
GREAT RISK TO
MYSELF. REMEMBER.



I HAD THOUGHT
NO MAN COULD
MAKE A BRIDE OF
SERREN, BUT IF ANY
MAN CAN TAME HER,
IT IS DEVIN.

TO BE CONTINUED

WIZARD,
ONE MORE
THING...

