

BROTHER BELWITCHED

CHAPTER 34



THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER HIS BATH,
SERREN FINDS HIMSELF ONCE MORE
FACING A TERRIBLE FATE.



MAXIS.



A CAGE?
SHE MEANS TO
PUT ME IN A
CAGE?



I'M TOLD IT'S
QUITE IN FASHION
AMONG YOUNG
LADIES.


ESPECIALLY
WENSEA
GIRLS.



OH, AND,
PRINCESS?
IT'S NOT A
CAGE. IT'S A
HOOP.

IT'S... A
CAGE.

HOOP
SOUNDS
BETTER.



TIME'S A
WAISTING.
LET'S GET YOU
INTO YOUR CORSET
AND THEN THE HOOP
SO YOU CAN BE
FITTED FOR YOUR
WEDDING
GOWN.

WEDDING
GOWN? BUT, THE
WEDDING IS
WEEKS AWAY.

IT WILL
TAKE SOME
TIME TO SEW
YOUR DRESS,
MILADY.




PLEASE.
THIS MUST BE
SOME SORT OF
JEST ON MY
SISTER'S PART.
WHAT PURPOSE
DOES SUCH A
CONTRAPTION
SERVE?



IT'S TO
ENHANCE YOUR
WOMANLY
SHAPE.

ENHANCE? LOOK
AT ME. MY
WOMANLY SHAPE
NEEDS NO
ENHANCEMENT.



I WON'T
ARGUE WITH YOU
THERE, MILADY,
BUT I HAVE MY
ORDERS. SHALL WE
DO IT THE EASY
WAY OR THE
HARD WAY?


....

OH,
FIDDLE
FADDLE.





FINE!




TRULY,
PRINCESS, YOU
DO MAKE SUCH A
FUSS OVER THE
SILLIEST
THINGS.

YOU THINK IT
SILLY?

I SHOULD LIKE
FOR YOU TO WALK
AROUND IN A
CORSET AND A
CAGE ALL DAY!

PERHAPS
YOU COULD
SPEND A DAY AS
A SERVING
GIRL.



I'LL
SUGGEST IT TO
THE KING. SHE
MIGHT LOVE THE
IDEA!

A SERVING
GIRL?

YOU
WOULDN'T
HAVE TO WEAR
A CORSET OR A
CAGE, MILADY.
YOU WOULD BE
SO MUCH
MORE FREE!

MY SWEET
LITTLE SISTER IS
FAR TOO DELICATE
TO BE A SERVING
GIRL. ISN'T THAT
TRUE,
SERRENIA?

PATTENIA.
DAMN HER.

YES, IT'S TRUE. I
AM EVER SO
DELICATE.

SERREN KNOWS HE MUST
CONTINUE TO PRETEND HE IS
DEFEATED. WHAT LITTLE HOPE
ASRYN HAS OF SUCCESS
DEPENDS UPON THE ELEMENT
OF SURPRISE.

PATTENIA DISMISSES
THE SERVANTS.

YOUR
HUSBAND
WILL BE MOST
PLEASED AT THE
SIGHT OF YOUR
RUMP, NINA. AND,
I SUSPECT, HE
WILL HAVE
IDEAS.

YES. YOU HAVE
GIVEN ME A MOST
ALLURING SHAPE,
DEAR SISTER. I AM
SURE MY HUSBAND
WILL BE
PLEASED.





YOU'RE A PERFECT GIRL, NINA. SO MEEK. I'VE SAID IT ALL ALONG-- YOU WERE EVER THE PRINCESS.

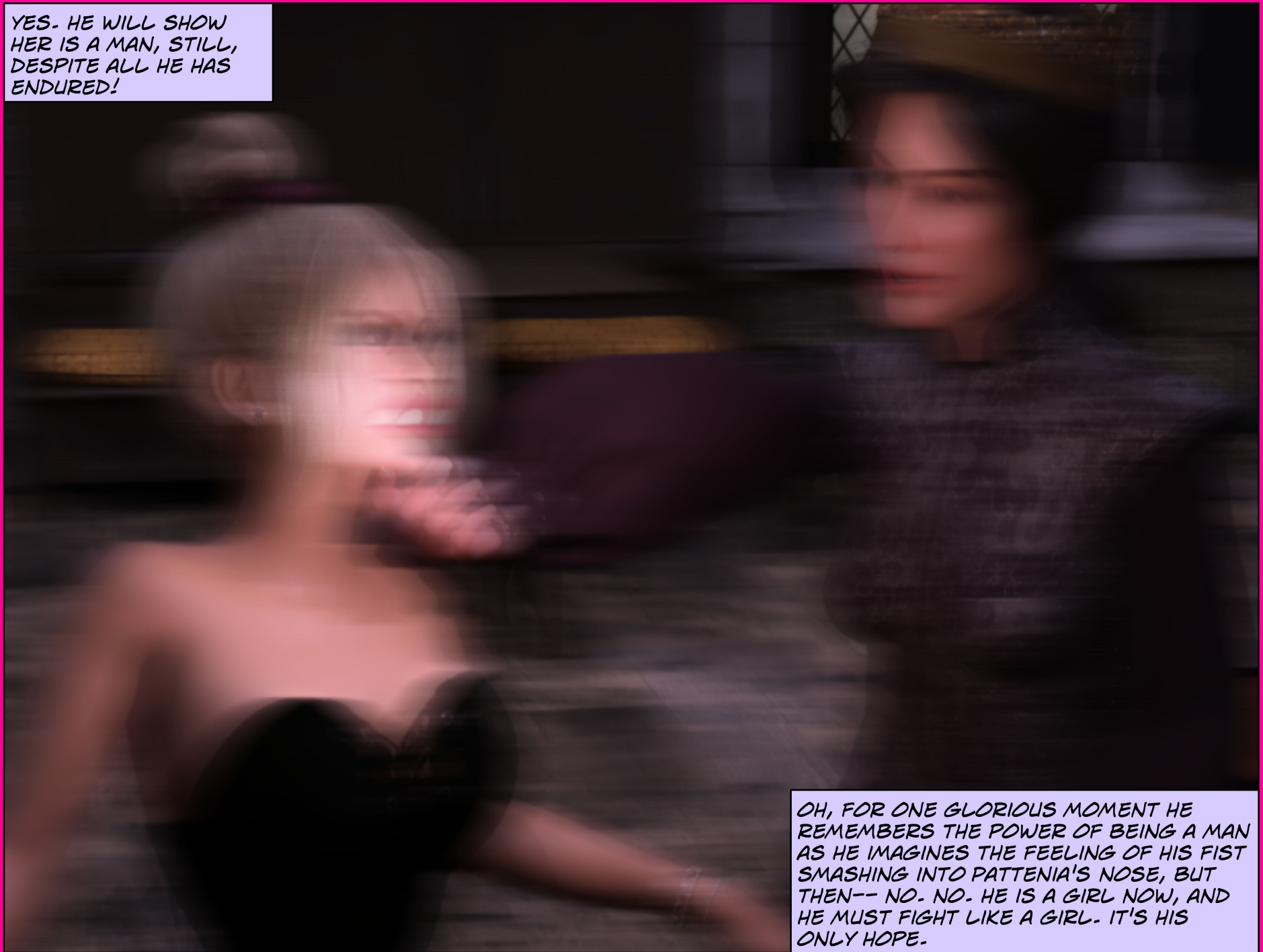
THE COMMENT STINGS. IT IS A LIE, AND FORCES SERREN TO ONCE MORE REFLECT ON THE MAN HE WAS, THE GIRL HIS SISTER HAS MADE OF HIM. HER LITTLE GESTURES, MEANT TO SHOW HER DOMINANCE, THE CRUSHING GRIP OF HIS CORSET, IT IS TOO MUCH. HIS ANGER RISES.

IT FEELS GOOD TO BE ANGRY, HIS
WHITE HOT RAGE LIKE A DRUG. FOR A
MOMENT, HE MEANS TO STRIKE
PATTENIA, TO REMIND HER HE WAS
NEVER A PRINCESS...

WHAT'S
THIS? DOES
MY LITTLE
MOUSE YET
THINK SHE HAS
TEETH?



YES. HE WILL SHOW
HER IS A MAN, STILL,
DESPITE ALL HE HAS
ENDURED!



OH, FOR ONE GLORIOUS MOMENT HE
REMEMBERS THE POWER OF BEING A MAN
AS HE IMAGINES THE FEELING OF HIS FIST
SMASHING INTO PATTENIA'S NOSE, BUT
THEN-- NO. NO. HE IS A GIRL NOW, AND
HE MUST FIGHT LIKE A GIRL. IT'S HIS
ONLY HOPE.


PUSHING HIS ANGER DEEP INSIDE, HE
GIGGLES AND SMILES.

WHEN DO I
GET TO SEE MY
WEDDING
DRESS? I'M SO
EXCITED!

YOUR
SEAMSTRESS WILL
BE ALONG SOON,
DEAR GIRL.

I MUST
ATTEND TO
SOME KINGLY
BUSINESS, BUT
I WILL BE
BACK.





OH, BY THE WAY. HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR OLD FRIEND, ASRYN, LATELY?

ASRYN? WHY, NOW THAT YOU MENTIONED IT, I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN AGES. WELL, TA TA!

THE QUESTION SEEMS MORE THAN A QUESTION. SERREN BEGINS TO WORRY-- HE SEEMS TO WORRY ALL THE TIME NOW THAT HE IS A FEMALE, BUT NOW HE WORRIES EVEN MORE. SHOULD HE MESSAGE ASRYN? WARN HIM?


SERREN'S MIND RACES.
THE LONGER HE HAS BEEN
A GIRL, THE LESS DECISIVE
HE'D BECOME, THE LESS
CERTAIN.

I MUST WARN
ASRYN. WAIT.
WHAT IF SHE SAID
THAT TO SEE IF I
WOULD WARN ASRYN?
WHAT IF I TRY TO
WARN ASRYN AND
MY NOTE GETS
INTERCEPTED?

OH, I COULD
BE CAUSING
MORE HARM THAN
GOOD. I WISH
NEMERIA WERE
HERE. SHE COULD
TELL ME WHAT
TO DO!

ALAS, SERREN'S FRETS FOR SO LONG,
THE SEAMSTRESS ARRIVES AND HE HAS
NO CHOICE BUT TO WAIT AND HOPE FOR
THE BEST. SOON, HE WILL FIND
HIMSELF DISTRACTED BY A NEW CRISIS!





THIS IS
TAKING AGES! I
NEED TO TINKLE,
BUT IT IS SO
EMBARASSING.

MISS
AVENEL, MAY
WE TAKE A
SMALL BREAK?
MY LEGS ARE
TIRED.


I'M QUITE A BIT
OLDER, AND I'VE
BEEN STANDING
JUST AS LONG AS
YOU HAVE, YOUNG
LADY.



I CAN'T
HOLD IT ANY
LONGER!

FORGIVE
ME, BUT--
WELL- I MUST
TINKLE.

OH! WHY DIDN'T
YOU SAY SO?
PLEASE. OF
COURSE.



UM, THIS IS A BIT
EMBARASSING, BUT
HOW DO I-- YOU
KNOW-- IN THIS
CONTRAPTION?

OH! YOU'RE
SO LADYLIKE I
FORGET YOU'RE
NOT A MAIDEN
BORN.



THESE CLOTHES MAKE ME SO HELPLESS!

GIVE ME YOUR HAND, AND I WILL HELP YOU OFF YOUR PEDASTAL. THEN, I'LL HELP YOU, SWEETY. IT TAKES TWO.

OUR POOR HERO. HE IS FRUSTRATED BY HIS WOMEN'S CLOTHES. THEY CONSTRICT HIM, HOBBLE HIM. YET, HE IS LEARNING TO DELIGHT IN HAVING OTHERS HELP HIM, IN NEEDING OTHERS TO PROTECT HIM. HE FEELS-- PRETTY. HE FEELS LIKE A PRINCESS.

THANK YOU, MISS AVENEL.

OF COURSE, PRINCESS.



AFTER A COMPLEX BIT OF TEAM GYMNASTICS SERREN WOULD SOONER FORGET, MISS AVENEL RETURNS TO FITTING HIM FOR HIS DRESS.

A WOMAN'S LIFE IS WASTED IN WAITING. THE TIME WE MUST SPEND ON OUR HAIR, OUR GOWNS. IF I WERE TO REMAIN LIKE THIS, MY LIFE WOULD BE A LENGTH OF LACE, AN EXTENDED TEA PARTY, A--



THE DOOR SLAMS OPEN.

WOMAN! YOU
STAND ACCUSED!

EEEE!

BOOM!



TO BE CONTINUED...

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

