



**BROTHER
BEWITCHED
CHAPTER 38**



LOOK UPON
MY SON.

A man in ornate, dark armor with a sword at his waist stands in a dimly lit room. He has a stern expression and is looking down at a woman lying on the floor. The woman is wearing a white dress and has her head resting on the floor. The background shows a stone wall and a window with dark curtains.

PATHETIC.


HE HAS
FAILED ME. HE
HAS FAILED THE
DENEALINE, A LINE OF
GREAT MEN THAT NOW
ENDS IN THE FRAIL
SHAPE OF A
WOMAN.

HAD HE ANY PRIDE, HE WOULD HAVE KILLED HIMSELF WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF TRANSFORMED INTO A MAIDEN. INSTEAD, HE CHOOSES TO MAKE HIMSELF WIFE TO ANOTHER MAN, AND A WENSEA NO LESS. I NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT MY OFFSPRING SO WEAK. PEOPLE WILL THINK ME A POOR FATHER THAT MY SON SHOULD END UP IN A BRIDAL GOWN.



A doll with blonde hair, wearing a white lace top and a white sheet, is lying on a dark blue textured surface. The background is dark with a candelabra holding several lit candles. A white jagged speech bubble is positioned above the doll's head.

WAKE UP!



FATHER? IS IT
TRULY YOU? OR
DO I DREAM?

HOW DARE YOU
CALL ME FATHER?
I HAD A SON, BUT
YOU ARE NO SON. I
DISOWN YOU. I DENY
YOU, SERRENIA.

THIS IS HIS FATHER'S GHOST.
SERREN KNOWS IT, AND SHAME OVER
HIS WOMAN'S SHAPE CONSUMES HIM.
NOT SINCE HIS FIRST DAY IN THIS
BODY HAS HE BEEN SO HUMILIATED
BY HIS SOFT CURVES, HIS PRETTY
LITTLE VOICE. HIS NIGHTIE.

I-- I DIDN'T
CHOOSE THIS.
IT WAS
PATTENIA
WHO--



A man with a white beard and a bald head, wearing dark armor with a large, ornate gauntlet on his right hand, stands in a stone-walled room. He is looking towards a woman with long, wavy brown hair whose back is to the camera. The woman's hand with pink nail polish is visible near the man's gauntlet. The scene is framed by a bright pink border.

PATTENIA?!

IT WAS NOT
PATTENIA WHO
SPREAD HER LEGS
FOR DEVIN WENSEA!
YOU WERE TO CARRY
ON MY NAME.
INSTEAD, YOU
BRING SHAME ON
ME AND OUR
FAMILY.



PARADING
AROUND IN DRESSES
AND CORSETS.
PAINTING YOUR FACE
LIKE A WENSEA GIRL. THE
WHOLE OF THE KINGDOM
LAUGHS. YOUR SISTER
TOOK YOUR SWORD, YOUR
NAME, YOUR CROWN. WHAT
DID YOU DO? YOU GOT ON
YOUR HANDS AND KNEES
AND ALLOWED DEVIN TO
MOUNT YOU LIKE A
DOG. YOU ARE NO
MAN. ADMIT IT.


THE WORDS CUT, BUT IT IS THE TONE OF HATRED AND CONTEMPT THAT TRULY BREAKS OUR BRAVE HERO'S HEART. HE WEEPS. HE CANNOT HELP IT. HE IS AN EMOTIONAL GIRL.



TEARS?



IT'S TRUE.



I
HAVE
FAILED AS A
SON, A MAN.
PERHAPS YOU'RE
RIGHT. MAYBE I
SHOULD'VE
KILLED
MYSELF.

I WONDER:
WAS I TOO
COWARDLY A
MAN OR TOO
BRAVE A
WOMAN?


BRAVE?

HER ANGER RISING, OUR PRINCESS
DEFIANTLY TOSSES HER HAIR.

YES, BRAVE. IT
IS NO EASY THING
TO BE A WOMAN.

DEATH WOULD
BE EASIER, YET
YOU TAUGHT ME
NEVER TO TAKE THE
EASY PATH. HARD AS
IT MAY BE, I
CHOOSE LIFE, A
WOMAN'S LIFE.





YOU SAY YOU
DISOWN ME?
GOOD. WHAT
NEED I OF A
FATHER WHO
WISHES ME
DEAD?

I
CHOOSE DEVIN.
I CHOOSE LOVE.
BEGONE FROM
MY LIFE.

HOW DARE
YOU? I
HAVE--



I SAID
BEGONE!

WHAT'S...



IT'S--
WORKING.

...HAPPENING...




HE
GROWS
EVER
SMALLER!

...TO ME?




GODDESS!


EEK!



HE'S GONE,
AND NOT JUST
HIS SPECTRE. MY
WHOLE LIFE, I
SUFFERED FOR HIS
APPROVAL. HIS
DEMANDS
LINGERED EVER
IN MY MIND.



I SOUGHT ONLY
TO BE THE MAN HE
WOULD HAVE ME BE.
I WAS BUT MY
FATHER'S SHADOW.
NO MORE. I AM
FREE.


A woman with voluminous, wavy blonde hair is the central figure. She is wearing a white, off-the-shoulder lace dress with a fitted bodice and a full skirt. She has a serious expression and is looking directly at the camera. The background is dark, with a window featuring a diamond-patterned lattice and a bed with blue bedding visible. A white speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing pink text. The entire scene is set against a solid pink background.

SUCH IRONY.
IT IS ONLY IN
BECOMING A
WOMAN THAT I
AM FREE TO BE
MY OWN MAN.



GODDESS, I
WISH DEVIN
WERE HERE. I
LONG FOR HIS
TOUCH.

WOULD I EVER
SPREAD MY LEGS
FOR HIM. HA!HOW I
WISH MY FATHER
WERE FORCED TO
WATCH AS WE--

A woman with long, voluminous blonde hair is sitting on a dark blue bed. She is wearing a white lace-trimmed, off-the-shoulder top and a white skirt. She has a slightly distressed or pleading expression. The room is dimly lit, with a candelabra holding several lit candles in the background. The scene is framed by a bright pink border.

YUCK. UM,
GODDESS, IF
YOU'RE LISTENING,
FORGET THAT LAST
PART. JUST SEND
DEVIN. OR
NEMERIA. OR...

...SOMEONE?

OUR FAIR PRINCESS DRIFTS OFF TO SLEEP, DREAMING DREAMS, WELL, NOT REALLY THE STUFF A STORYBOOK PRINCESS IS MEANT TO DREAM. YET, AS SHE SLEEPS, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE CREEPS INTO HER ROOM....

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a white, lace-trimmed dress, is lying in bed, sleeping peacefully. The room is dark, with light coming from a window with a diamond-patterned lattice. A silhouette of a person is visible in the window. A speech bubble above the woman contains the text "MMMMNNNN.... YES... YES...".

MMMMNNNN....
YES... YES...

...TO BE CONTINUED.