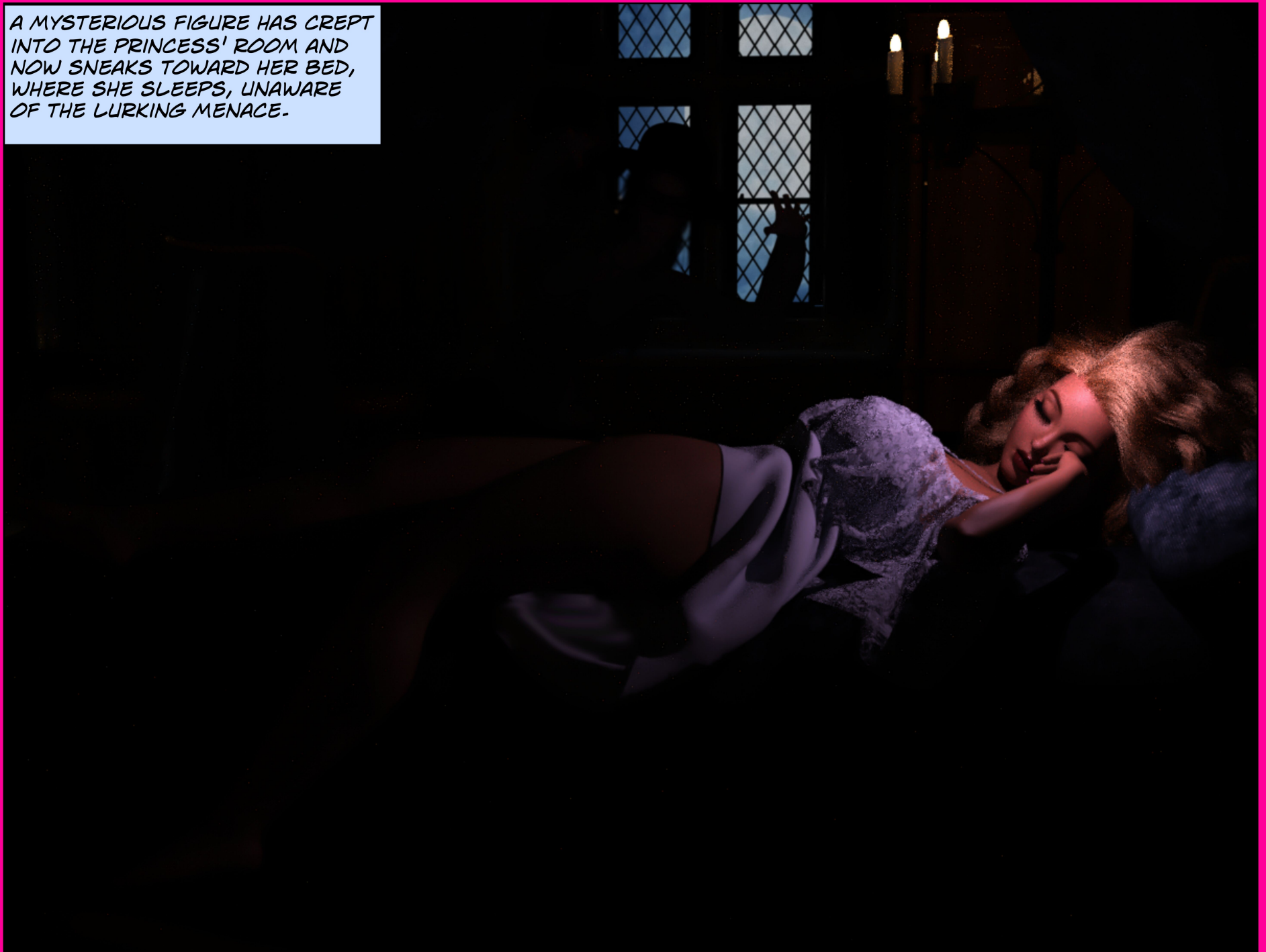


A woman with long, wavy hair is sleeping peacefully in a dark room. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly lace-trimmed, dress. Her head is resting on a dark pillow. In the background, a window with a diamond-patterned lattice is visible, showing the silhouettes of two people standing outside. To the right of the window, two lit candles are visible, casting a soft glow. The overall atmosphere is dark and mysterious.

**BROTHER
BEWITCHED
CHAPTER 39**

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE HAS CREPT INTO THE PRINCESS' ROOM AND NOW SNEAKS TOWARD HER BED, WHERE SHE SLEEPS, UNAWARE OF THE LURKING MENACE.



THE MASKED FIGURE DRAWS CLOSER
AND CLOSER... WHAT COULD BE HER
DIRE INTENTIONS?



OH, DEVIN...

SHE POUNCES!

WAKE UP!

<GASP>
A BRIGAND!





SLAP!

I'LL
SCREAM!



SERREN.
WAIT. IT'S ME.
IT'S ASRYN.

ASRYN? YOU
SCARED ME
ALMOST TO THE
NEXT WORLD.
WHY SNEAK INTO
MY ROOMS IN
THE DARK?

A man in a dark suit and a woman in a black dress with a white lace collar are in a dark room. The man is leaning over the woman, and they appear to be in a tense or intimate moment. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting their faces against the dark background.

I'M JUST A
SERVING GIRL
NOW. I CAN'T VERY
WELL MAKE AN
APPOINTMENT.


OH. I SEE. I
AM SORRY ABOUT
THAT. I FEEL IT'S
MY FAULT.



I COME TO
BEG HELP, NOT
TO CAST
BLAME.


I MUST ESCAPE
THIS WRETCHED
LIFE OR I FEAR I
SHALL END
MYSELF.

DON'T SAY
THAT. I KNOW
THE LIFE OF A
WOMAN CAN SEEM
HARD AT FIRST,
BUT YOU CAN GET
USED TO IT,
JUST AS I
HAVE.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is seen from the back, wearing a white lace-trimmed garment. She is facing a woman with long black hair, wearing a black eye mask and a green, form-fitting bodysuit. The woman in the green suit has her hands raised in a gesture of explanation or emphasis. The background consists of a stone wall and dark blue curtains.


I WAS TALKING ABOUT LIFE AS A **SERVANT**. LOOK AT MY HANDS. THEY ARE RED, SORE. I RISE AT THE CRACK OF DAWN AND WORK UNTIL SUNSET.

I SPEND HALF THE DAY ON MY KNEES SCRUBBING FLOORS. I WAS NOT MADE FOR SUCH ABHORRENT LABOR.



WHEN I AM NOT WORKING, LIFE IS NO BETTER. I SLEEP ON A PILE OF HAY, AND ALL WE HAVE TO EAT MOST DAYS IS PORRIDGE AND SOME HORRID CONCOCTION THEY CALL SMALL BEER.


WE BATH IN A STREAM OUTSIDE THE CASTLE LIKE SWINE. I HAVEN'T HAD A DECENT GLASS OF WINE OR A BOWL OF DREAM LEAF IN DAYS. IT'S HELL. UTTER HELL.



CAN YOU PLEASE SPEAK TO PATTENIA? I'VE GONE TO EVERYONE I KNOW, BUT NONE WILL HELP ME. EVEN MY FAMILY FEAR HER WRATH.

MY SISTER. SHE COWED THE NOBLES BY THREATENING TO MAKE THEM HENS.

I WISH I COULD TELL ASRYN OF DEVIN, BUT I'M SWORN TO SECRECY. STILL, I WOULD GIVE HIM HOPE.




I KNOW YOU
AND PATTENIA
AREN'T ON THE
BEST OF TERMS,
BUT MAYBE?

ONCE I'M
MARRIED, I
BELIEVE I'LL BE
ABLE TO HELP
YOU.

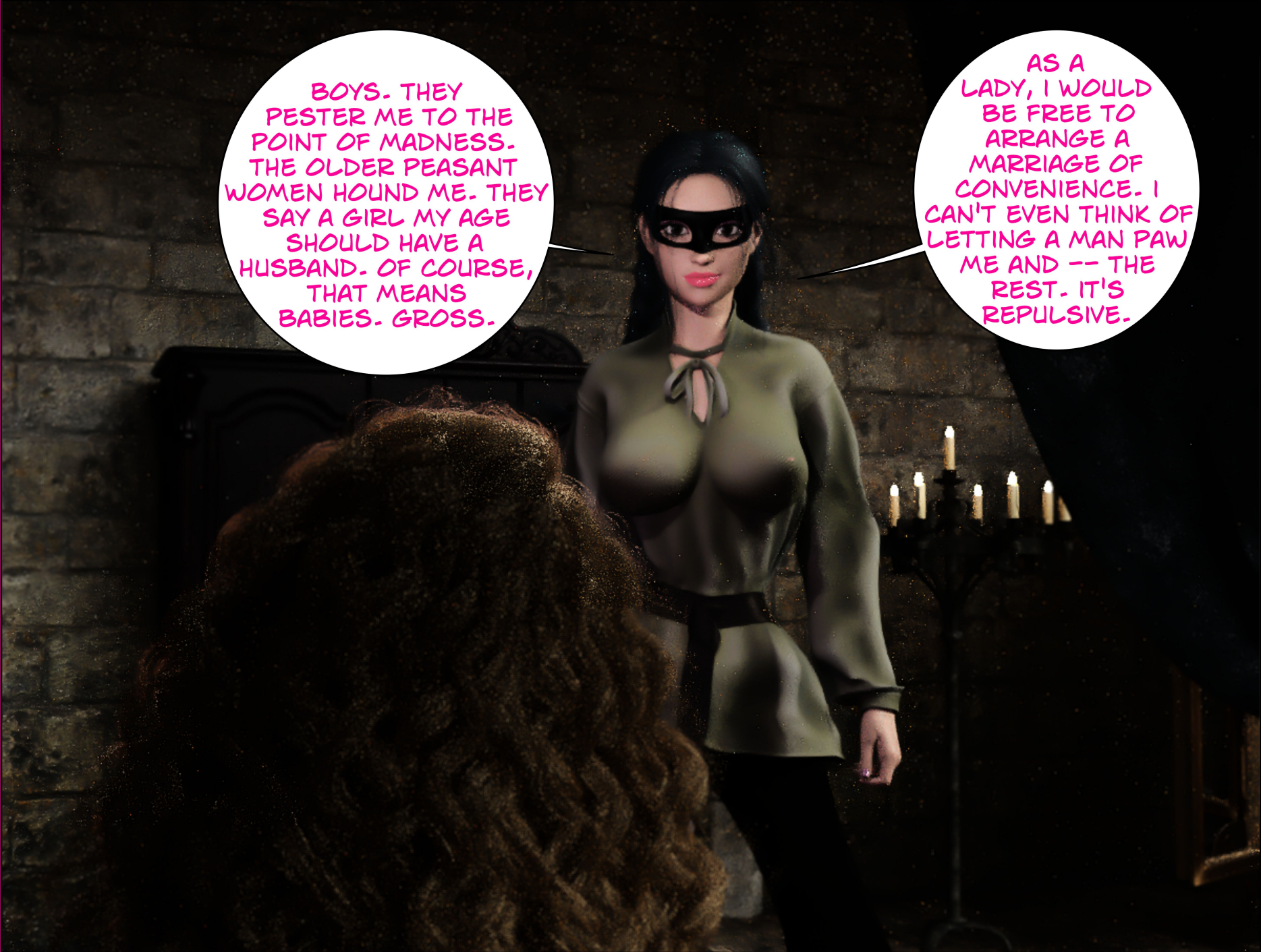
YOU'RE
GOING TO
MARRY
RUNTICK?

I WILL BE
GETTING
MARRIED, AND
I WILL SEE TO
IT YOUR TITLES
ARE RESTORED.
YOU WILL AT
LEAST BE A
LADY.



A
LADY!
LITTLE DID I
EXPECT THE DAY
WOULD COME THAT
IT WOULD PLEASE
ME TO BE CALLED
LADY, BUT HERE WE
ARE. UGH. I GET
SUCH BACK
ACHES.

YOU ARE
QUITE THE
BUXOM LASS. I
SUPPOSE YOU'VE
BEEN GETTING A
GREAT DEAL OF
ATTENTION
FROM THE
LADS.

A woman with long black hair, wearing a black eye mask and a green long-sleeved dress with a black belt, stands in a dark room. She is looking towards the viewer. In the foreground, there is a large, dark, textured object, possibly a pile of hay or a large animal. To the right, a candelabra with several lit candles is visible. The background is a dark stone wall.


BOYS. THEY
PESTER ME TO THE
POINT OF MADNESS.
THE OLDER PEASANT
WOMEN HOUND ME. THEY
SAY A GIRL MY AGE
SHOULD HAVE A
HUSBAND. OF COURSE,
THAT MEANS
BABIES. GROSS.

AS A
LADY, I WOULD
BE FREE TO
ARRANGE A
MARRIAGE OF
CONVENIENCE. I
CAN'T EVEN THINK OF
LETTING A MAN PAW
ME AND -- THE
REST. IT'S
REPULSIVE.



WAIT. THAT
GRIN. YOU
HAVEN'T?

I HAVE, AND IT
IS QUITE A BIT OF
FUN. YOU MIGHT BE
SURPRISED JUST
HOW MUCH.



YOU, SERREN,
THE VIRGIN SLAYER,
HAVE LAIN WITH A
MAN? YOU?

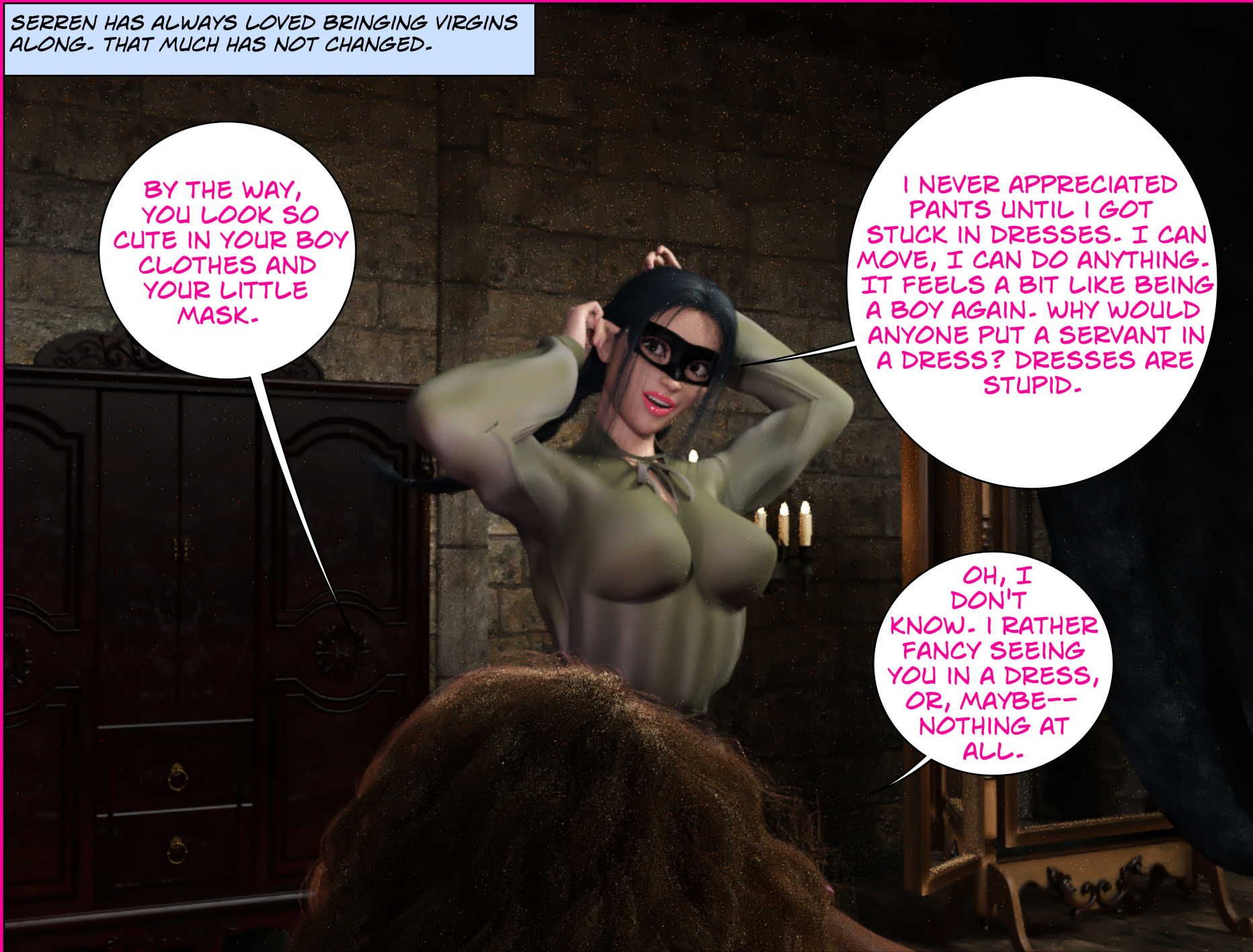
SINCE BEING
CAST INTO THIS
BODY I'VE BEEN
WITH A MAN AND A
WOMAN. **NOT** AT
THE SAME TIME--
AS YET.

SERREN HAS ALWAYS LOVED BRINGING VIRGINS ALONG. THAT MUCH HAS NOT CHANGED.

BY THE WAY,
YOU LOOK SO
CUTE IN YOUR BOY
CLOTHES AND
YOUR LITTLE
MASK.

I NEVER APPRECIATED
PANTS UNTIL I GOT
STUCK IN DRESSES. I CAN
MOVE, I CAN DO ANYTHING.
IT FEELS A BIT LIKE BEING
A BOY AGAIN. WHY WOULD
ANYONE PUT A SERVANT IN
A DRESS? DRESSES ARE
STUPID.

OH, I
DON'T
KNOW. I RATHER
FANCY SEEING
YOU IN A DRESS,
OR, MAYBE--
NOTHING AT
ALL.





LET'S SMOKE
DREAM LEAF AND
PRACTICE KISSING.

I DO
WANT TO
KISS HER, AND I
HAVE SINCE SHE
BECAME A SHE,
BUT NOW? I'M--
SCARED.

NO KISSING!
<GIGGLE> BUT
DREAM LEAF?
ALWAYS, AND
PLEASE TELL ME
YOU HAVE SOME
WINE.



YOU CAN'T
TELL ME YOU
HAVEN'T
TOUCHED
YOURSELF.

NO!
<GIGGLE>
OKAY. PERHAPS
ONCE. OR A LITTLE.
OH, FINE. ALL THE
TIME! HOW COULD I
NOT? IT'S SO
STRANGE TO BE ME,
AND YET HAVE THIS
WOMAN'S
BODY.

I ALWAYS DID
LOVE
EXPLORING A
WOMAN'S SECRET
CRANIES, ONLY,
IT'S
DIFFERENT.

THERE'S NO GAME, NO CHALLENGE WHEN IT'S JUST ME. IT WAS FUN TO TALK A GIRL INTO TAKING OFF HER DRESS.

PRECISELY. THE SEDUCTION WAS HALF THE FUN. NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LOOK DOWN MY SHIRT.





WHICH I'M QUITE
SURE YOU DO.

<GIGGLE>
OF COURSE. I
ALWAYS WAS A
BREAST MAN. I
JUST WISH I
COULD STILL
TALK SOME
MAIDEN INTO
SHOWING ME
HERS.

THE PARTY GOES ON.
THE GIRLS SMOKE AND
DRINK. INHIBITIONS
LOOSEN.



REMEMBER THAT GAME WE
USED TO PLAY WITH THE
FARMER'S DAUGHTERS?



SHOW ME YOURS. I'LL
SHOW YOU MINE?



TO BE CONTINUED...

