

# BROTHER BEWITCHED

43

THIS IS  
HOW IT  
ENDS



IT SEEMS A LIFETIME AGO,  
THE DAY I WOKE TO FIND  
MYSELF A WOMAN. I WAS  
SO SCARED AND ASHAMED  
TO FIND MYSELF A GIRL.

NO.

THIS ISN'T MY FACE.



I, PRINCE SERREN, NOW A MEMBER OF THE WEAKER SEX. I WOULD BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE ENTIRE KINGDOM. I THOUGHT MY LIFE OVER.

THIS IS NOT MY BODY.

I'M A MAN.



I FOUND MYSELF CRUELLY LACED INTO A CORSET, MY NEW BODY CRUSHED INTO AN EVEN MORE FEMININE SHAPE. I COULD BARELY BREATHE AND NEARLY DIED OF SHAME TO FIND MYSELF TRAPPED WITHIN SUCH A FRILLY GARMENT.



MY SISTER NOT ONLY GAVE ME A GIRL'S SHAPE, BUT SHE CHANGED MY NAME TO SERRENINA, AND SHE TOLD ALL TO ADDRESS ME AS PRINCESS OR MILADY.

NO. PLEASE!

WHEN MY SISTER REVEALED HER ULTIMATE PLANS FOR ME I NEVER KNEW SUCH HORROR. SHE MEANT FOR ME TO LIVE A MAIDEN'S LIFE. TO MARRY AND BECOME A WIFE AND MOTHER.

I THOUGHT IT A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH.





DEVIN, WHERE ARE YOU?

NOW, I FIND MYSELF A WIFE. I CAN'T WAIT TO BECOME A MOTHER. I JUST WISH TO HAVE MY HUSBAND BACK FROM THE WAR. ONE MIGHT THINK MY SISTER WON. ONE WOULD BE WRONG.




IT IS A WOMAN'S DOOM TO WAIT AND WORRY WHILE THE MEN GO AND FIGHT. I KNOW THIS TRUTH, BUT THAT DOES NOT MAKE IT EASY.



SHE IS HERE  
EACH NIGHT AND  
SPENDS EACH  
MORNING AT THE  
GODDESS'  
TEMPLE, PRAYING  
FOR DEVIN'S  
SAFE RETURN.

SHE'S SO  
DEVOTED TO  
HIM.

A photograph of two dolls dressed in 18th-century fashion, sitting on a stone ledge. The doll on the left has dark hair in a braid, wears a purple hat with a white feather, and a white dress with a colorful floral pattern. The doll on the right has brown hair, wears a blue and white patterned hat with a white feather, and a white dress with a blue floral pattern and lace sleeves. The background shows a stone wall and a golden curtain.

I ENVY HER. I  
HOPE I CAN  
FIND A MAN I  
LOVE SO MUCH  
ONE DAY.

THEIR LOVE IS  
BLESSED BY THE  
GODS, TO BE  
SURE.



NOW  
THAT WE'RE  
HERE, I  
WONDER IF WE  
SHOULD JUST  
LEAVE HER  
BE.

SHE NEEDS  
HER FRIENDS.

NINA! I  
THOUGHT WE  
MIGHT FIND YOU  
HERE. HOW IS  
YOUR EVENING?



COLD  
LONELY NIGHT,  
LIKE ALL THE  
OTHERS. YET, I  
CANNOT EXPRESS  
HOW MUCH IT WARMS  
MY HEART TO SEE  
MY TWO BEST  
FRIENDS.

"FRIENDSHIPS  
DO TH DISPEL THE  
DARKNESS" AS IT  
READS IN THE  
PROGENITAN.

WOULD YOU  
BE SO KIND AS  
TO JOIN US FOR A  
NICE EVENING  
STROLL? THE AIR  
IS QUITE  
LOVELY.



I DON'T KNOW. I WOULD NE EMBARRASSED AS I DO NOT HAVE WITH ME A PRETTY HAT. THEY ARE QUITE IN FASHION THESE DAYS.


PSHAW. YOU'RE THE QUEEN. YOU **ARE** FASHION.

A photograph of three women in historical-style dresses standing on a stone walkway next to a large, dark stone pool. The woman on the left wears a light blue dress with a matching hat and a blue bag. The woman in the middle wears a plain white dress. The woman on the right wears a white dress with a colorful floral pattern and a matching hat. The pool is surrounded by stone walls and has several stone steps leading down into it. In the background, there are stone arches and lush green trees.

REMEMBER  
WHEN WE USED  
TO COME HERE TO  
THE POOLS AND  
PLAY AS  
CHILDREN?

YOU  
ALWAYS  
WANTED TO BE A  
KNIGHT, BUT WE  
ALWAYS MADE YOU  
PLAY THE FAIR  
DAMSEL.

NOW  
NONE OF  
US CAN PLAY  
THE KNIGHT IN  
SHINING  
ARMOR. WE  
ARE ALL  
GIRLS.

A scene from a game or movie featuring three women in elaborate, historical-style dresses standing on a stone path in a garden. The woman on the left wears a light blue dress with a matching hat and a large blue bag. The woman in the middle wears a white dress with a white top. The woman on the right wears a white dress with a large floral pattern and a matching hat. They are surrounded by green foliage and stone steps.

AND QUITE  
EXCELLENT GIRLS,  
TOO, I MAY SAY. YOUR  
ETIQUETTE LESSONS  
ARE PAYING OFF, NINA.  
YOU ARE AS POISED AND  
ELEGANT AS ANY A  
LADY BORN.

YOU'RE TOO  
KIND.

THE OTHER DAY  
LADY BENETIN SAID  
WE SHOULD BOTH  
HAVE BEEN BORN GIRLS,  
WE ARE SUCH NATURALS  
AT IT. SHE MEANT IT AS  
A COMPLIMENT,  
UNLIKE PATTENIA  
WHEN--



ASRYANA!

I BEG PARDON.

YOU ARE FORGIVEN. MY MIND DOES DRIFT BACK, THOUGH, TO THAT FATEFUL DAY, AND THE MOMENT THAT COULD HAVE RUINED MY LIFE.



THE PUNISHMENT FOR TREASON IS DEATH!




BUT THE  
DECISION IS YOURS,  
MY QUEEN. WHAT  
SAY YOU?

THE THREATS PATTENIA HAD  
MADE AGAINST DEVIN  
CONSUMED ME WITH RAGE.  
TO MAKE OF HIM A LITTLE  
GIRL, PRANCING AND  
SINGING? I WANTED ONLY  
TO SEE HER HEAD REMOVED  
FROM HER SHOULDERS.



I HAVE NEVER KNOWN  
SUCH ANGER AS A MAN.  
THE FEMALE HEART  
HARBORS HELLS NO  
MAN MAY EVER KNOW.



PATTENIA,  
USURPER, FOR  
YOUR CRIMES I  
SENTENCE YOU  
TO--

THEN, AN ANGEL  
APPEARED...



HOLD. TAKE MY  
HAND.

I HESITATED. I WANTED TO CRY OUT  
FOR BLOODY VENGEANCE LIKE A  
NIGHTMARE PRINCESS FROM THE  
SAGAS. YET, SOMEHOW, I KNEW IF I  
TOOK THAT HAND ALL WOULD CHANGE.

A woman with voluminous blonde hair, wearing a silver tiara, a white spaghetti-strap top, a large multi-colored gemstone necklace, and a matching bracelet. She has a serious expression. A hand from an unseen person reaches towards her hair from the right. The background is a plain, light blue wall.

I WOULD  
OFFER  
COUNSEL.






NEMERIA. I WILL NEVER FORGET  
THOSE WORDS YOU WHISPERED SO  
SOFTLY INTO MY EAR. YOU CALMED  
ME AND SAVED ME FROM MYSELF.








I HAVE MADE  
MY DECISION.  
THOUGH HER  
CRIMES DO CALL  
FOR DEATH, I AM A  
MERCIFUL  
WOMAN.  
PATTENIA WILL  
LIVE.

MOST  
GRACIOUS, YOUR  
MAJESTY.



SHE WILL MAKE  
AN ADORABLE  
LITTLE SINGER.

AND A SPRITELY  
DANCER.



IT IS A FATE  
WORSE THAN  
DEATH FOR  
HER.

AN YET  
THE PEOPLE  
WILL ADMIRE  
YOU FOR YOUR  
ACT OF  
"MERCY."

A comic book panel featuring three women in elaborate, historical-style dresses and hats standing in a garden. The woman on the left wears a light blue dress with a white floral pattern and a matching hat with a white feather. The woman in the center wears a white dress with a high collar and a silver belt, with her hair in a long braid. The woman on the right wears a white dress with a purple and pink floral pattern and a purple hat with a white feather. The background is a lush green garden with large leaves.

ALL  
STORIES END  
IN VICTORY IF WE  
TRUST IN THE  
GODDESS.

QUITE. INDEED, I  
HAVE FORGIVEN MY  
SISTER FOR MAKING  
ME A GIRL BUT NOT  
FOR HER GREATEST  
CRIME.

WHICH IS?



MAKING  
ME SHORT!



YOU ARE TINY.

HA!

HA!

HA!

HA!

HA!

HA!

THAT NIGHT, SERRENINA  
LOOKED IN THE MIRROR,  
AS SHE OFTEN DID AT THE  
END OF THE DAY. SHE  
LIKED WHAT SHE SAW.



THIS IS MY FACE. I'M  
EVER SO PRETTY.

THIS IS MY BODY. I  
THANK THE GODDESS  
FOR BLESSING ME  
WITH SUCH BEAUTY.



SOMETIMES I HAVE TO PINCH  
MYSELF TO MAKE SURE I'M  
NOT DREAMING. I MUST BE  
THE LUCKIEST FORMER BOY IN  
THE WHOLE WORLD.



I GET TO BE A WOMAN-



# THANK YOU! PATRONS!

YOUR GENEROUS SUPPORT MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO BUY THE DRESSES AND HAIR AND SETTINGS AND PROPS AND CORSETS, THE ARMOR AND WEAPONS...ETC... THAT WERE USED TO CREATE THESE IMAGES. PLUS, YOU MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO TO INVEST THE 170+ HOURS IT TOOK TO CREATE THIS OVER 1000 PAGE STORY.

YOU ARE THE BEST! ROCK ON, PEOPLE!