



Devil's Dessert

Part 5



A
MERE MAID IN
THE HOME I ONCE
RULED AS
MASTER.



.....

IT'S ONLY BEEN A
WEEK, AND YET
ALREADY IT SEEMS A
LIFETIME. I AM
APPALLED AT MYSELF
FOR SUBMITTING TO
DUNSANY'S
DEGREATION.



I SHOULD FLEE THIS
WRETCHED LIFE.
THERE'S A BIG, WIDE
WORLD OUT THERE. I
COULD GO ANYWHERE.
BE ANYONE.



AS A YOUNG
BOY, I LOVED
READING ADVENTURES
OF THE AMERICAN
WEST. I COULD TRAVEL
THERE NOW AND
PROSPECT FOR GOLD OR
BECOME A
GUNSLINGING
OUTLAW! WHY
NOT?

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white maid's cap, a black long-sleeved dress with a white lace collar, and a white apron, stands by a large window. She is looking out with a thoughtful expression, her right hand resting on the wooden frame. The window looks out onto a street with buildings. The scene is set indoors with dark wood paneling.

OH, YES.
THOSE. I AM
NO LONGER THE
BOY I WAS. AN
OUTLAW? LIKELY I
WOULD END UP A
SCARLET WOMAN
IN SOME
WRETCHED
SALOON.

THE
WORLD IS NOT
SAFE FOR A WOMAN
ALONE. BETTER I
REMAIN HERE, A
BIRD IN HER
CAGE.

IT SEEMS I
AM TO BE A
WOMAN AND A
SERVANT FOR ALL
MY DAYS. CURSE
THE DEVIL!





SO DRAMATIC!



YOU MAKE A
PERFECTLY
ADORABLE
GIRL, CECIL.



HA!

HA!

HA!

YOU! I HAVE
A MIND TO--
YOU THINK THIS
AMUSING!?



YOU LIED
TO ME!

WHY SO
ANGRY?



LIED?
MAYBE FIBBED
A BIT, BUT YOU
WILL HAVE
EVERYTHING I
PROMISED IF
YOU DO AS I
SAY.

LIAR! LIAR!
I-- WELL, I
SHOULD HIT YOU
WITH THIS
DUSTER,
VILLAIN.

A scene from a game. A maid in a white apron and cap is looking at a grandfather clock. She is holding a cloth to her mouth. A character with long black hair is in the foreground, looking at the clock. The room has red walls and a window.

OH! LOOK!
THE
GRANDFATHER
CLOCK IS ALL
DUSTY!

DUST! OH,
NO. NO!



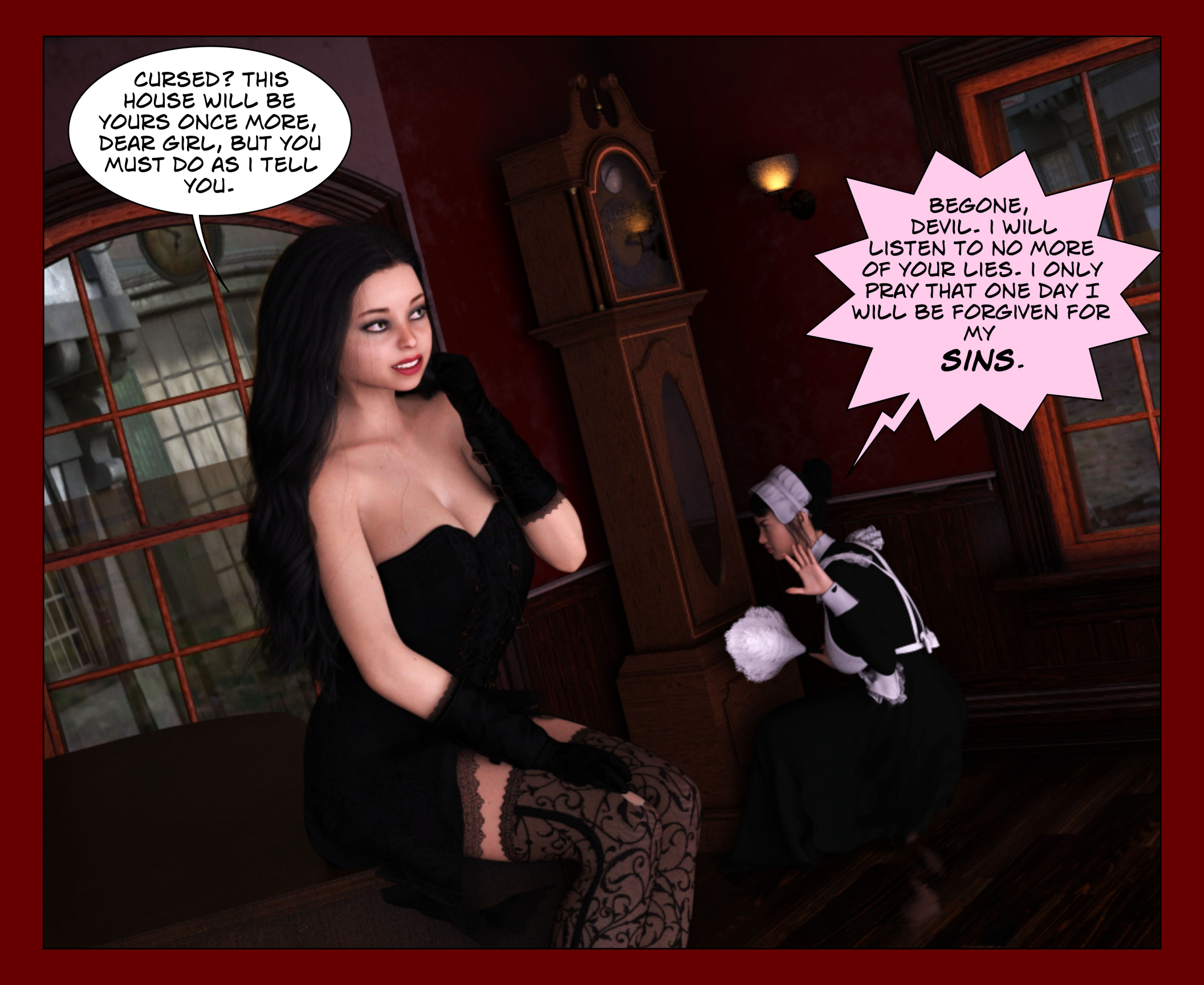
ADORABLE.

I SIMPLY
WILL NOT HAVE
DUST IN THIS
HOUSE! IT
DRIVES ME
MAD!



LOOK AT YOU. A
PERFECT LITTLE
MAID CONSUMED
WITH THE DESIRE TO
DUST AND MOP AND
POLISH THE
SILVER!

YOU
CURSED ME
TO BECOME
LIKE THIS!



CURSED? THIS
HOUSE WILL BE
YOURS ONCE MORE,
DEAR GIRL, BUT YOU
MUST DO AS I TELL
YOU.

BEGONE,
DEVIL. I WILL
LISTEN TO NO MORE
OF YOUR LIES. I ONLY
PRAY THAT ONE DAY I
WILL BE FORGIVEN FOR
MY
SINS.



DUNSANY
APPROACHES.
YUM. IF HE
WEREN'T YOUR
MAN I WOULD
HAVE A BITE.

MY MAN?
WHAT? YOU
BABBLE SO IT
MAKES MY HEAD
HURT.



I REJECT
THEE AND ALL
THY INFERNAL
WORKS.

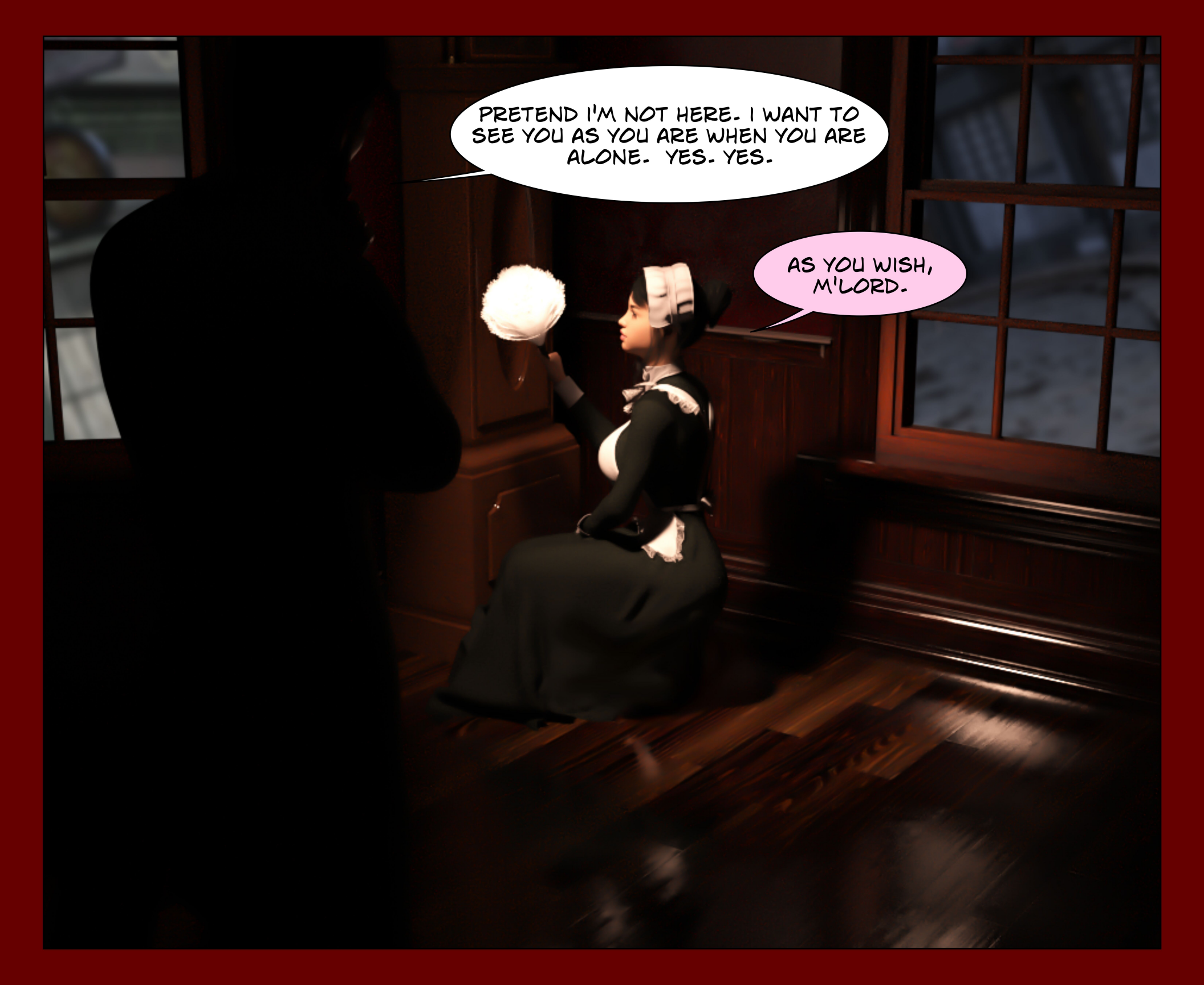
GOOD
GIRL.

DUNSANY WILL
SOON ASK FOR A
KISS. IF YOU WOULD
HAVE DOMINION
OVER HIM, YOU
MUST SAY "NO."



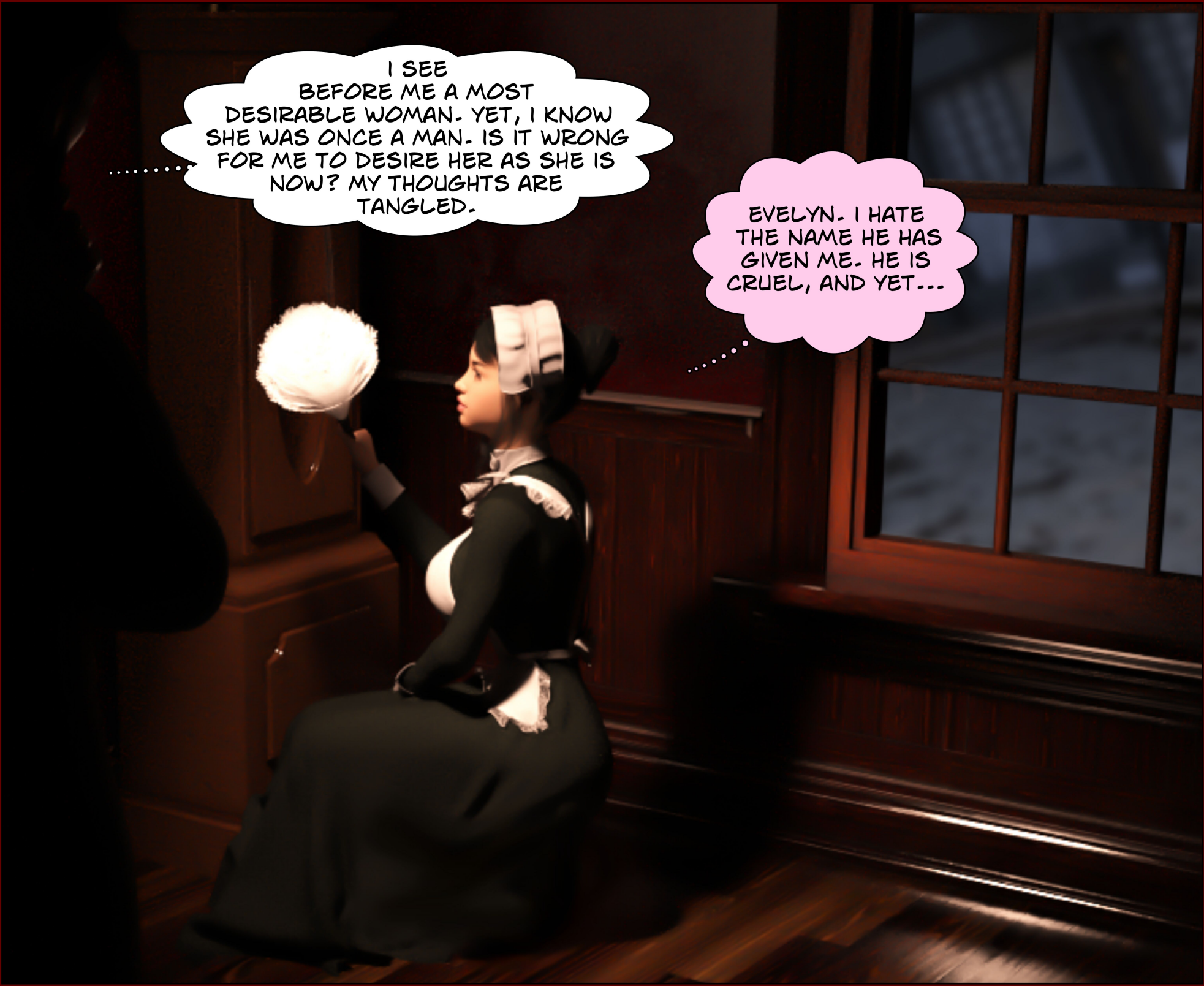
M'LORD. IT
MUST BE TIME
FOR YOUR
MIDDAY MEAL.
I'LL JUST GO
AND FETCH IT.
WILL YOU EAT
HERE IN THE
PARLOR?

CONTINUE
DUSTING,
EVELYN.



PRETEND I'M NOT HERE. I WANT TO
SEE YOU AS YOU ARE WHEN YOU ARE
ALONE. YES. YES.

AS YOU WISH,
M'LORD.

A woman in a Victorian-style maid uniform, consisting of a black dress with white lace trim and a white headscarf, is kneeling on a wooden floor. She is holding a large, round, white pom-pom in her right hand. The room has dark wood paneling and a window with a wooden frame. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the window and the pom-pom.

I SEE
BEFORE ME A MOST
DESIRABLE WOMAN. YET, I KNOW
SHE WAS ONCE A MAN. IS IT WRONG
FOR ME TO DESIRE HER AS SHE IS
NOW? MY THOUGHTS ARE
TANGLED.

EVELYN. I HATE
THE NAME HE HAS
GIVEN ME. HE IS
CRUEL, AND YET...



HIS EYES
UPON ME
MAKE ME FEEL
SO-- ODD. THE
WAY HE
STARES!



ALLOW
ME.

HE
IS SO
HANDSOME,
SUCH A GOOD
MAN.





BLAST MY
WOMAN'S HEART! I
LONG FOR HIS
KISS, I WANT TO BE
HELD IN HIS
STRONG ARMS!

AS A
MAN, I MIGHT
JUST TAKE THE
KISS I CRAVE
FROM YOUR SOFT
LIPS, BUT AS A
GENTLEMAN, I
WILL ASK. MAY
I KISS YOU,
EVELYN?

IF YOU WOULD
MAKE DUNSANY YOUR
VASSAL, YOU MUST
SAY "NO." SAY IT!
SAY "NO!!"



IT CAN NOT BE,
LORD DUNSANY. I
AM A MERE SERVING
GIRL. YOU ARE A
LORD. NO MATTER
HOW MUCH WE EACH
MAY DESIRE IT, OUR
LIPS MAY NEVER
MEET.





TO BE CONTINUED