

BROTHER BEWITCHED

CHAPTER 20





I AM OFF
TO MEET MY
WRETCHED
SISTER. ANY
ADVICE?

YES. LET HER
THINK SHE'S
WON.

A comic panel set in a castle with stone walls and a fireplace. On the left, a woman with blonde hair in a high bun, wearing a tiara, a pearl necklace, and a black and white patterned corset, looks towards the right. On the right, a woman with dark hair in a high bun, wearing a black dress with white lace and a choker, looks back at her. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the blonde woman, one from the dark-haired woman, and a third one in the center that is not connected to either.

MY BREASTS
ACHE. IT MUST
BE THIS
CORSET.

AND HOW DO
I LET HER
THINK SHE'S
WON?

YOU MUST
SEEM MEEK,
MILD.
COMPLIANT. DO
NOT ARGUE OR
DEMAND. ASK.
PLEAD. PLAY
THE YOUNG
GIRL.



TO WHAT END?

TELL HER YOU
WISH TO ATTEND
THE GIRLS' SCHOOL
IN ORDER TO WORK
ON YOUR FEMININE
COMPORTMENT. THIS
WILL BUY YOU SOME
FREEDOM AND
PLEASE HER TO NO
END.

MY FEMININE
COMPORTMENT?
SIGH. VERY
WELL.



PATTENIA.
GOOD
MORN.

LET'S GET
RIGHT TO
BUSINESS. YOU
KNOW WHY I
SUMMONED
YOU.



I DO. I
HAVE HAD TIME
TO REFLECT ON MY
BEHAVIOR, AND I
APOLOGIZE. IT IS
NOT MY PLACE TO
MAKE DEMANDS
OF YOU.

MOST
SURPRISING,
LITTLE NINA. I'M
PLEASED, BUT
CURIOUS. WHAT HAS
BROUGHT ABOUT
THIS REFRESHING
CHANGE IN YOUR
DEMEANOR?

A woman with blonde hair styled in a high bun, wearing a silver tiara, a blue and white floral dress, and a blue jacket with gold trim. She is standing in front of a large, ornate, dark-colored door. A speech bubble is positioned to her right.

SO MANY
THINGS. I FACED THE
FACT THAT I'M -- WELL,
HELPLESS. I REFLECTED
THAT MY DEFIANCE HAS
ONLY BROUGHT ME
GREATER HUMILIATIONS.
I WENT TO MY
MIRROR...



I MEAN-- LOOK
AT ME. WITH THIS
HIS FACE. NO MAN
WILL EVER TAKE ME
SERIOUSLY. I CAN'T
EVER BE A
LEADER.

WHAT
CHOICE HAVE
YOU LEFT ME
BUT TO PLAY
THE MAIDEN?



YOU WERE
ALWAYS SMART
ENOUGH. IT
PLEASES ME TO
KNOW YOU HAVE
SEEN THE
INEVITABILITY OF
YOUR
SITUATION.

YOU ARE A LOVELY GIRL
NOW, NINA-- SUCH
RADIANT SKIN, BUT YOU
KNOW THE OLD SAYING: THE
PRETTIEST OF GIRLS,
SHOULD SHE SCOWL, MAKES
OF HERSELF A WITCH MOST
FOUL. AS A GIRL, YOU
SHOULD SMILE MORE.



THANK YOU, SISTER. I
WILL. I DID ALWAYS
APPRECIATE A GIRL'S
SMILE-- WHEN I WAS
YET A MAN.

GOOD, AND,
ALSO, YOU MUST
ACT MORE
LADYLIKE, NINA. YOU
ARE A ROYAL
PRINCESS AND YOU
REPRESENT ME AND
OUR FAMILY
NAME.



LET ME TEST MY
BROTHER.

LET'S START
PRACTICING
NOW. I'M THE MAN.
TAKE MY ARM, AND I
WILL WALK YOU TO
THE TABLE AND
HELP YOU GET
SEATED.



I'M NOT
SURE HOW
TO-- BE THE
GIRL.

LIKE
THIS?

NOT BAD. MAY
I SAY,
PRINCESS, YOU
LOOK LOVELY
THIS MORNING.
LIKE A RAY OF
SUNSHINE!



WHAT WOULD A
GIRL SAY TO
THAT? UM, YOU
ARE TOO
KIND?

NOT BAD.
UNLIKE A
BOY, A GIRL
MUST BE
MODEST.



I CAN'T EVEN
SIT ON MY OWN.
PATTENIA MUST BE
LOVING THIS.
GIRL'S CLOTHES
ARE SO USELESS.

MY THANKS?

NOT A
BOTHER,
PRINCESS.



I DO PITY YOU A
BIT, NINA.
WATCHING HOW YOU
MOVE, I AM REMINDED OF
THE PUNISHING NATURE OF
THE CORSET. I AM SO GLAD
TO BE FREE OF THEM. I
BET YOU WISH YOU
DIDN'T HAVE TO
WEAR CORSETS.

IT ISN'T FOR
ME TO DECIDE.
A LADY IS
REQUIRED TO WEAR
A CORSET, IS SHE
NOT? IT WOULD BE
MOST ARROGANT OF
ME TO THINK
MYSELF AN
EXCEPTION TO
THE RULE.



WELL SAID,
LITTLE SISTER. I
AM SO PLEASED
THAT YOU BEGIN
TO ACCEPT YOUR
FATE.

YOU HAVE GIVEN
ME LITTLE
CHOICE. THERE IS,
HOWEVER, ONE TINY
REQUEST I WOULD
LIKE TO MAKE
WITH-- YOUR
PERMISSION?



YES. GO
AHEAD.

YOU SUGGEST I BE
MORE LADYLIKE, BUT I
WASN'T RAISED A GIRL. I
DON'T KNOW HOW TO BE A
LADY, AND MOST CERTAINLY
NOT A PRINCESS. SINCE I
AM STUCK IN THIS ROLE, I
WONDER IF I MIGHT ATTEND
THE LADIES' ACADEMY TO
WORK ON MY--, ER, MY
FEMININE
COMPORTMENT.



YOU,
SERREN, MY
ARROGANT,
SWAGGERING,
ENTITLED LITTLE
BROTHER, WANT TO
LEARN TO BE
MORE
FEMININE?



SHE
SUSPECTS.

I DON'T *WANT* TO
BE MORE FEMININE. I
DON'T WANT TO BE A
GIRL OR A PRINCESS. I
HATE BEING SO HELPLESS,
SO FEEBLE I CAN'T EVEN SIT
WITHOUT HELP. YET, YOU HAVE
GIVEN ME *NO CHOICE*. I AM
BOUND WITH THIS SHAPE,
AND I IF I AM TO HAVE A
LIFE AS A GIRL, I MUST
LEARN TO PLAY THE
PART.



I FEEL THERE
IS SOMETHING
MORE TO THIS
REQUEST.
SOMETHING YOU
AREN'T TELLING
ME.



WELL,
PERHAPS, AND I
AM ONLY ASKING,
PERHAPS I COULD
HAVE A BIT MORE
FREEDOM?

ELVEROUS OR
OTHERS FOLLOW ME
EVERYWHERE, AND I
JUST-- I FEEL A
PRISONER. IT WOULD
BE PLEASANT TO BE
ABLE TO WALK IN THE
GARDEN ALONE
SOMETIMES AS I
USED TO DO.



NO. YOU MUST
HAVE AN ESCORT
AT ALL TIMES
SERRENIA. A
PRINCESS IS EVER
IN DANGER, AS YOU
SO RECENTLY
DISCOVERED.

MORE, WE
MUST
PROTECT YOUR
REPUTATION.
RUNTICK EXPECTS A
VIRGIN AND WE
MUST ASSURE YOU
REMAIN ONE IN THE
EYES OF THE
KINGDOM AS
WELL AS IN
REALITY.



A VIRGIN?
ME? YOU
MUST BE
JOKING.

AS
A FEMALE,
YOUR CROWN
REMAINS
UNBROKEN.

MY CEOWN?--
OH. DON'T TALK
OF... UNH! PATTENIA,
I'M DOING MY BEST TO
BE-- TO BE
AGREEABLE, BUT DO
YOU NOT SEE IT IS
UTTERLY GROTESQUE
TO MAKE YOUR
BROTHER ANOTHER
MAN'S BRIDE?

A woman with blonde hair styled in an updo, wearing a silver tiara with a large blue gemstone, large pearl earrings, and a long pearl necklace. She is wearing a dark blue, low-cut gown. She has a surprised expression with wide eyes and an open mouth. The background is a dark, gothic-style interior with arched doorways and stone walls. A large, ornate wooden cross is visible in the background.

IF I MUST
BE A MAIDEN,
AT LEAST SPARE
ME THAT FATE, I
BEG YOU IN

OH!



OW! WHAT IN
THE NAME OF
MAXIS?

CRAMP!



WHAT IS
IT? ARE YOU
IN PAIN?

COULD IT BE
HIS
MENARCHE?

A woman with blonde hair styled in an updo, wearing a silver tiara, large pearl earrings, and a dark blue corset with gold lace trim. She has a concerned expression, with her hands clasped near her chin. The background is a dimly lit room with gothic-style windows and columns.

WHAT IS
HAPPENING? I
FEEL AS IF A
WEASEL WERE
GNAWING AT
MY GUT.

IT'S A
CRAMP... OR
SOMETHING I
ATE. PERHAPS
JUST THIS CORSET
CRUSHING MY
RIBS. I-- I
THINK IT
PASSED.



I WOULD
SEND FOR
ACTONIA BUT
YOU'RE CERTAIN
YOU'RE FINE? IT
WAS JUST A
CRAMP?

I-M-- I'M
FINE, THANK
YOU.



MY POOR
LITTLE
BROTHER. I
CAN ONLY
IMAGINE HIS
SHAME WHEN HE
BLEEDS AS A
WOMAN.

I MUST GO,
SWEET SISTER. THE
WAR WITH ANSEY HAS
BEGUN, THOUGH YOU
NEEDN'T WORRY YOUR
PRETTY LITTLE HEAD
ABOUT SUCH THINGS. YOU
WILL MEET RUNTICK ON
THE MORROW. DO BE
SWEET. HE IS TO BE
YOUR HUSBAND, DEAR.
THAT DECISION IS
FINAL.



TO BE CONTINUED