



BROTHER BEWITCHED
CHAPTER 22

THOUGH THE NIGHT IS YOUNG,
SERREN, EXHAUSTED FROM HIS
STRANGE DAY AND WHAT HE
THINKS MIGHT BE A COLD,
DECIDES TO GO TO BED -

I MISS THE DAYS WHEN I
COULD JUST CLIMB INTO
MY BED IN MY CLOTHES AND
SLEEP. MEN HAVE IT SO EASY.
IT TAKES ALMOST AS LONG TO
GET OUT OF THESE ABSURD
GARMENTS AS IT DOES TO
GET INTO THEM.

SERREN TUNES OUT
THE SERVANTS' SNARKY
COMMENTS AS THEY
PEEL OFF THE LAYERS
OF HIS FEMIMINE
PRISON. HE IS SO
RELIEVED TO BE FREED
OF HIS CORSET HE
COULD ALMOST KISS
THEM DESPITE THEIR
VILE Demeanor.

HE BRUSHES OUT HIS LONG HAIR, FULL OF RESENTMENT FOR THIS BURDEN GIFTED BY PATTENIA.



THERE'S SOMETHING CALMING ABOUT IT, THOUGH. MEDITATIVE.



IT PUTS HIM IN A BETTER MOOD.



AS DOES THE THOUGHT OF DREAM WEED...






AFTER I
SMOKE, MAYBE
I'LL READ A
CHAPTER OR TWO OF
ONE OF THE DUMB
ROMANCES PATTENIA
SENT. THEY ARE SO
BORING THEY WILL
SURELY PUT ME TO
SLEEP.

PICKING A NEW BOOK BECAUSE IT IS SMALLER THAN MOST, HE FINDS HIMSELF ENGROSSED, READING DEEP INTO THE NIGHT.

AT LAST, DARTAIN HAS MANAGED TO GET HIMSELF ALONE WITH PRINCESS EVERNIA.

WILL SHE GET THAT FIRST KISS SHE'S BEEN LONGING FOR? OH, I HOPE SO. THEY'RE SO GOOD TOGETHER.






UGH! WHY
DON'T YOU JUST
KISS HER ALREADY?
SHE'S GIVING YOU
EVERY SIGNAL.



WHAT?
DARTAGNAN IS
THE UNTOLD
KNIGHT?

NO. NO.



"GIVE ME THE HEMLOCK," SHE SAID. "I DON'T WANT TO LIVE IN A WORLD WITHOUT LOVE." SHE DRANK THE BITTER ELIXIR AND LAY DOWN, CLOSING HER EYES AS HER BREATHING SLOWED, GREW MORE SHALLOW, THE SHADE OF DEATH FALLING SLOWLY OVER HER.

DARTAIN, WEeping, KNELT AT HER SIDE AND TOOK HER COLD HAND IN HIS. "I ALWAYS LOVED YOU," HE WHISPERED. "BUT I HAD TO DO MY DUTY."

NO! I
HATE IT!



HOW COULD
DARTAGN DO
THAT TO HER? TO
THEM?









WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
ME? CRYING
LIKE A-- IT'S
JUST A STORY. I
MUST GET MY
EMOTIONS
UNDER
CONTROL.



OUCH. ANOTHER
CRAMP. MY
BREASTS ACHE. I
FEEL TERRIBLE. LET
ME TRY AND GET
SOME SLEEP.



I'M CERTAIN
TO FEEL
BETTER IN THE
MORNING.

ALAS, WHEN THE MORNING
SUNLIGHT FALLS ACROSS HIS FACE
AND THE BRAVE PRINCE SLOWLY
COMES TO, HE DOES NOT FEEL
BETTER.



TODAY IS
RUNTICK DAY.
REVOLTING. I
FEEL TERRIBLE,
THOUGH. SICK.
MAYBE I CAN
GET OUT OF IT.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is lying in bed, her eyes closed. She is wearing a pink, floral-patterned top. The bed has a dark blue, textured blanket. The background shows a dark wood-paneled wall. Two thought bubbles are present: one above her head and one to her right.

WHY DOES
MY ROOM
SMELL OF
COPPER?

IT
MATTERS
NOT. SO
TIRED. I JUST
WANT TO
SLEEP.



DO YOU SMELL THAT? I THINK THE **GREAT PRINCE** HAS HAD HIS MENARCHE.

SNICKER.

WAKEY, WAKEY PRINCESS!

THE **INFERNAL SERVANTS** ARE HERE. WHAT ARE THEY WHISPERING ABOUT?



CRETINS.



WELL,
YOU'RE
OFFICIALLY A
WOMAN.

DANCING
WITH THE RED
QUEEN!

WHAT ARE YOU
BABBLING
ABOUT?



TAKE A
LOOK.

I DON'T
SEE-- WHAT IS
THAT STAIN? AM I
BLEEDING?

YOU HAD
YOUR PERIOD,
SERREN.





DON'T
LOOK AT
ME!



TO BE CONTINUED