

BROTHER BEWITCHED

CHAPTER 26



THE DIRE NEWS DELIVERED BY THE GROTESQUE RUNTICK SENDS OUR BRAVE HERO REELING.

LOVE SPELLS...

RUNTICK'S WIFE...

ONE MONTH...

FOREVER?



HE HAD THOUGHT HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME,
FELT CERTAIN HE WOULD FIND SOME WAY
OUT OF THIS FEMININE NIGHTMARE, BUT
NOW HE FEELS HIS DOOM CRUSHING HIS
LIFE INTO A WOMAN'S SHAPE, JUST LIKE
VERY CORSET HE NOW WEARS.

I WILL RUN AWAY!
NO. NO. THE WILDS
ARE NO PLACE FOR A
GIRL. I COULD, OR ON
THE OTHER HAND...



OUR HERO'S MIND RACES...
HIS THOUGHTS ARE
SCATTERED...

I SHOULD..

OR RATHER...

PERHAPS?





I KNOW! I'LL...
BUT NO.

NO. NO. NO.

OUR DEAR PRINCE FEELS
HELPLESS, AND HIS EYES
STING EVEN AS HIS PRETTY
LITTLE HEAD WHIRLS!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO!
I'M... I'M...
TRAPPED!





<SOB>

PATTENIA HAS
WON. I AM
DEFEATED.



I'M TO BE--
RUNTICK'S WIFE.
THERE IS NO
ESCAPE.

TRULY, IT MUST BE SAID, THE LONGER OUR COURAGEOUS HERO HAS REMAINED IN FEMALE FORM, THE MORE GIVEN HE HAS BECOME TO DRAMA!

<SIGH>

SERREN IS NO MORE. HE IS GONE, AND ALL THAT REMAINS FOR ME NOW IS TO FORGET I EVER WAS A MAN, THAT I HAD A MAN'S HOPES AND DREAMS.



**KNOCK
KNOCK**

YES? IT IS I,
THE WEeping
PRINCESS. WHO
KNOCKS?


PARDON,
MILADY. LORD
DEVIN
REQUESTS AN
AUDIENCE.





DEVIN!

SERREN'S HEART FLUTTERS AT THE MERE MENTION OF THE NAME.

A woman with blonde hair styled in a high bun, wearing a white lace-trimmed corset over a black dress, white gloves, and a tiara. She is standing in a room with stone walls, a large wooden wardrobe, and several ornate mirrors. She has a thoughtful expression, with her hand near her chin. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left containing a paragraph of text, and one on the right containing a short phrase.

HE
ARRIVES AS IF HE
IF HE FELT MY
SORROW! AS IF HE
COULD SENSE MY
SOUL CALLING TO
HIM IN MY DARKEST
HOUR.

SEND
HIM-- WAIT!



I MUST
LOOK
DREADFUL!

SERRENIA. I
MUST SEE YOU
NOW!



JUST A
MOMENT. I'M,
UM, NOT
DECENT!



HOW LONG
WILL THIS BE?

NOT LONG.
JUST A
MOMENT.

IS IT SO? DOES OUR ONCE MANLY PRINCE SERREN NOT EVEN REALIZE HOW MUCH HE PLAYS THE MAID UPON HEARING HIS FORMER RIVAL DEVIN HAS COME CALLING?

WHAT IS TAKING SO LONG?

I'LL BE READY IN A JIFF!

RUNTICK, THE WEDDING, HE WILL GET TO ALL THAT. NOW, THOUGH, HE CHECKS HIS FACE, HIS HAIR AND HIS DRESS.



HE SIMPLY MUST MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION.

SERRENIA.

DEVIN,
I-- YOU--
WHAT?

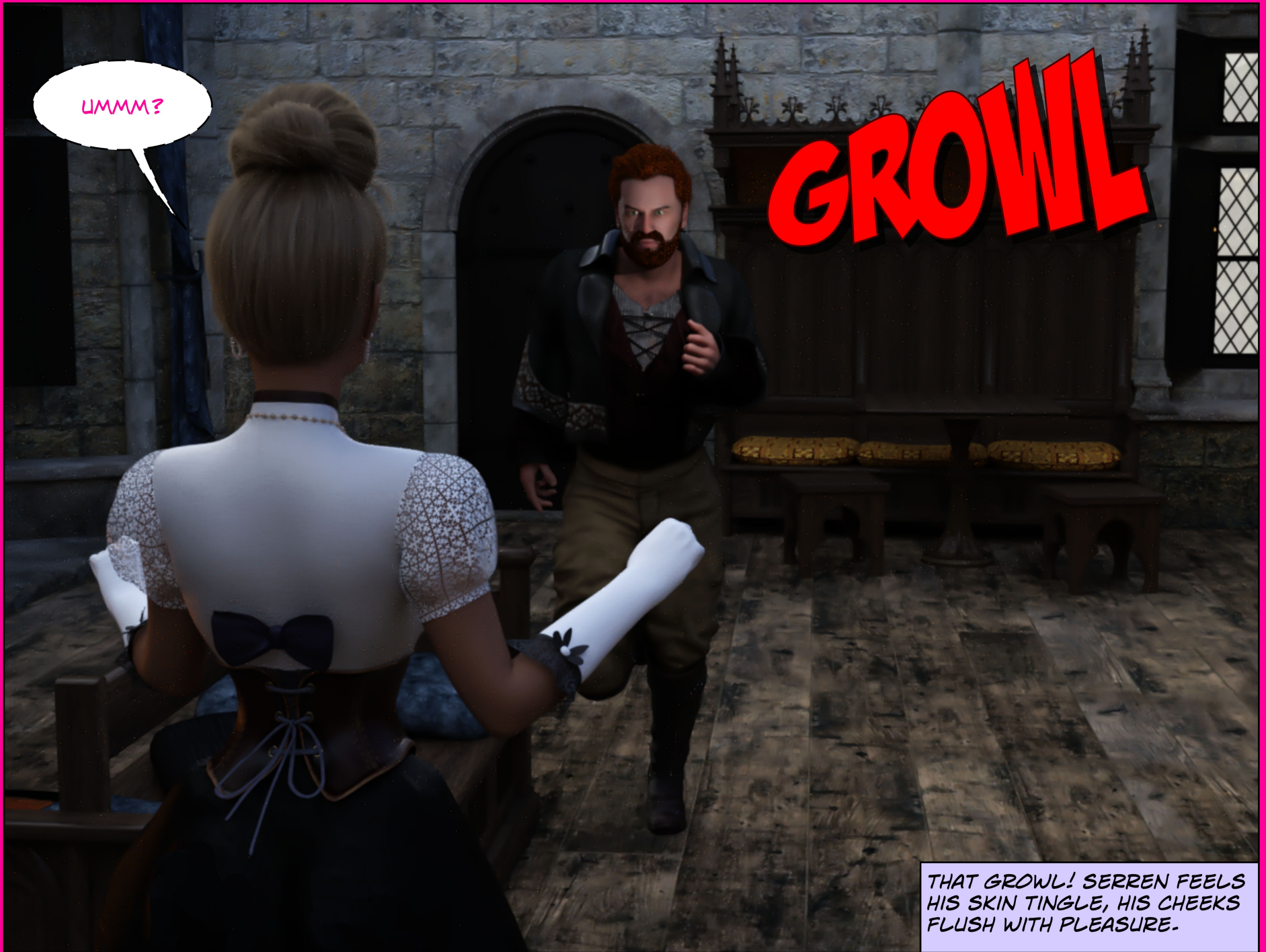
THERE IS SOMETHING
DIFFERENT ABOUT DEVIN.



SERREN FREEZES. THE
LOOK IN DEVIN'S EYES
SHAKES HIM, SCARES HIM
AND YET--



-- THRILLS HIM.



UMMM?

GROWL

THAT GROWL! SERREN FEELS HIS SKIN TINGLE, HIS CHEEKS FLUSH WITH PLEASURE.

DEVIN'S ANIMAL INTENSITY AWAKES SOMETHING IN SERREN AND **SHE** CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL A TERRIFYING LONGING, A DESIRE TO SURRENDER TO THIS--- **MAN**.



THE FEELINGS SCARE HER IN A NEW WAY, A WAY DIFFERENT FROM BEFORE. SHE HAS NO THOUGHT OF HAVING ONCE BEEN A MAN. SHE FEELS HERSELF FULLY A WOMAN. SHE IS SCARED BECAUSE SHE **IS** A WOMAN AND FEELS HERSELF LOSING CONTROL.

DEVIN KISSES HER, AND IT IS SUCH A KISS AS SERREN HAS NEVER EVEN IMAGINED. SHE CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL EVERY INCH A GIRL.



SHE NEEDS IT, WANTS IT, AND YET HER LITTLE HEAD SWIRLS WITH FEMININE CONFUSION. DEVIN'S PASSION SCARES HER, AND YET THAT FEAR IS DIVINE.

THE KISS LINGERS. DEVIN LIFTS HER OFF HER FEET, AND SHE FEELS SO SMALL, SO LIGHT-- AS IF SHE WERE MADE OF AIR.



HER MAN'S DISPLAY OF STRENGTH GIVES HER CHILLS.

WHEN THE KISS ENDS, THEY STARE INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES, AND EACH ONE CAN SEE THE OTHER'S BLAZING DESIRE.



SERREN, THOUGH, FINDS HERSELF TERRIFIED. SHE IS A VIRGIN. WHAT IF SHE FAILS TO PLEASE DEVIN?

SHE TRIES TO PUSH HIM AWAY.
SHE LIES AS MAIDENS OFTEN DO.

I DON'T WANT
THIS.

YES, YOU
DO.



LATER...







TO BE CONTINUED