

BROTHER BEWITCHED

CHAPTER 19





BROOKE, WOULD
YOU HELP THE
FORMER PRINCE INTO
HIS CORSET? MAKE
SURE TO LACE IT TIGHT.
HE SIMPLY MUST HAVE
A MORE SLENDER
WAIST TO FIT INTO
HIS PRETTY
DRESS.

THE
SHAMING
DOES NOT
CEASE.

LACE THE MAN
WHO STOLE MY
VIRGINITY INTO A
LADY'S CORSET?
WITH
PLEASURE.

RAGE CONTINUES TO BUILD WITHIN THE PRINCE, GROWING HOTTER AND HOTTER, BUT SO, TOO, DOES THE FEELING OF HELPLESSNESS. THE IMPOTENT RAGE TURNS INWARD. HIS BREATH CATCHES IN HIS THROAT, HIS EYES BEGIN TO STING.

OH, NO.
PLEASE, NO.

ONCE MORE, HIS FRAIL
NEW FEMALE FORM
BETRAYS HIM.



HE CANNOT HOLD BACK THE TEARS.
AS HE BEGINS TO WEEP, BROOKE
SNICKERS. IT PLEASES HER TO SEE
THE PRINCE CRYING LIKE A GIRL.

SOB



A PAIR OF SERVING GIRLS HAVE
MADE HIM CRY. BROOKE WILL
TELL EVERYONE. HE IMAGINES
HE CAN ALREADY HEAR SHE AND
THE OTHER SERVANTS
LAUGHING AT HIM.



IF HE WASN'T ALREADY
RUINED, HE IS RUINED NOW.



YOU'LL BE
SPENDING A LOT
OF TIME IN THIS
POSITION ONCE
YOU'RE MARRIED,
PRINCESS.

FIE! YOU GO
TOO FAR, YOU
DISGUSTING
WENCH.



OH, JUST A LITTLE
TEASING AMONG
GIRLS. THERE. I
DIDN'T PULL THE
LACES TOO TIGHT. I
KNOW HOW
DELICATE YOU
ARE.

PULL THEM
TIGHTER.

DELICATE? HE'LL SHOW
HER, HE THINKS.
DESPITE THE FRAILTY
OF HIS NEW BODY, HE
IS A TOUGH AS EVER.



IF YOU INSIST. UNH.
YOU'RE WAIST IS
DELIGHTFULLY SLENDER,
BUT I'M SURPRISED YOU
CAN EVEN BREATHE. YOU
MUST BE IN SUCH
PAIN.

PAIN? HA! I'VE
BEEN BITTEN BY A
DRACONIAN. THIS IS
NOTHING.

I AM A FOOL. I
DIDN'T THINK THIS
HELLICIOUS
CONTRAPTION COULD
BE ANY WORSE, YET IT
FEELS LIKE IT WILL
BREAK MY RIBS.

TOO LATE, THE PRINCE
REALIZES DEMANDING
SHE LACE HIS CORSET
EVER TIGHTER WAS NOT
THE PROOF OF MANLY
TOUGHNESS HE'D
THOUGHT.

A comic panel featuring two women in a medieval-style setting. On the left, a woman with dark hair in a bun and a nose ring smiles. On the right, a woman with long blonde hair looks forward. A large tree trunk is on the right, and a stone wall is in the background.

OF COURSE,
WEARING A
CORSET IS NOTHING
FOR A BIG, STRONG
MAN. SUCH AS
YOURSELF,
PRINCESS.

JUST--
YOU-- UNH.
BE SILENT.



ALL DONE.
OH- YOUR HAIR
IS SO SOFT.

DON'T
TOUCH ME!



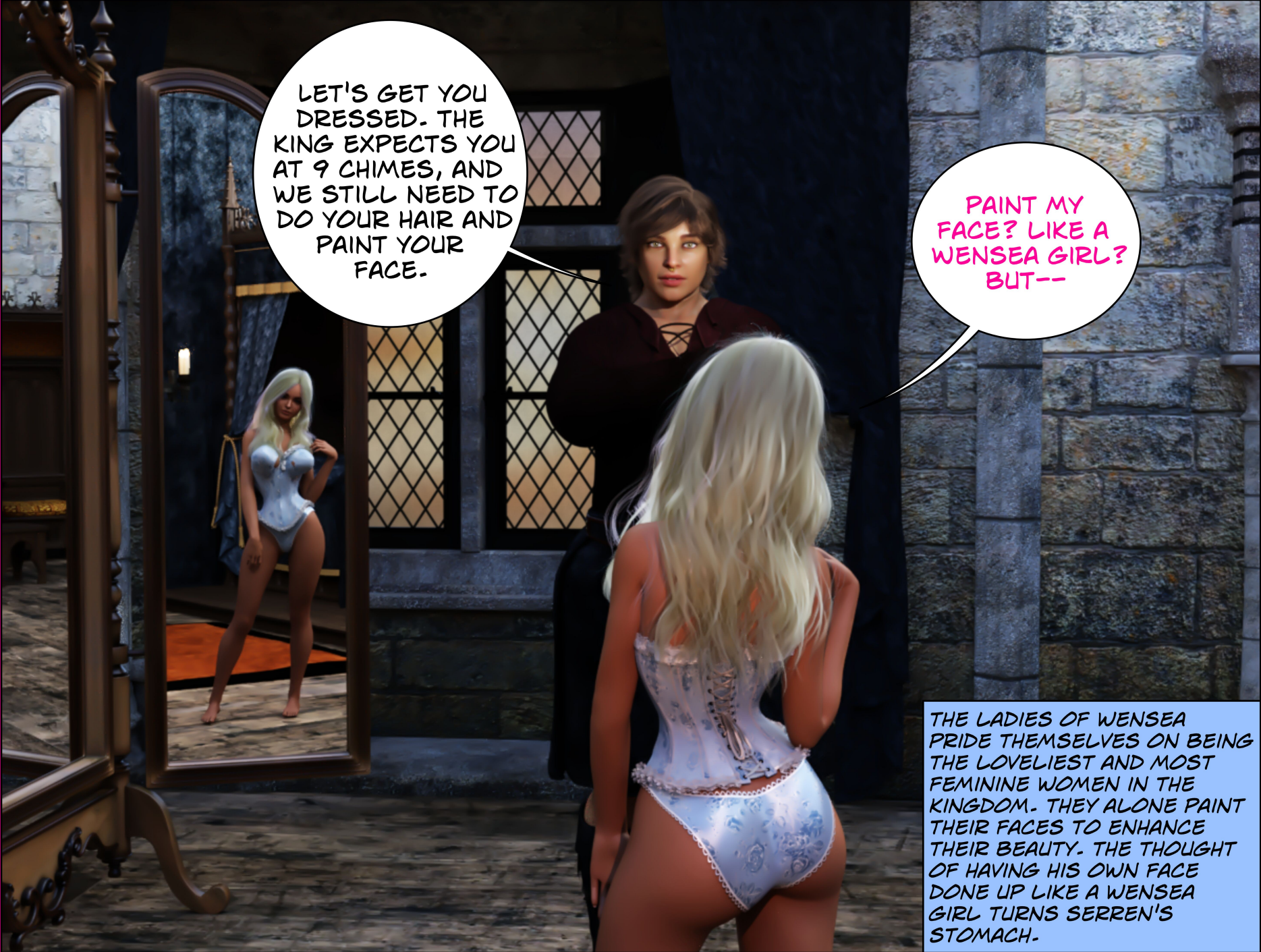
HEH.
HEH. THE
KING WILL BE
PLEASED WHEN
SHE GETS OUT
REPORT.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH
OF YOU.

SERREN, IT MUST BE
SAID, HAD NEVER BEEN
BULLIED IN HIS LIFE, AND
CERTAINLY NOT BY A
GIRL. HE'S TRIED
YELLING, TRIED FIGHTING
WITH BROOKE'S MOTHER,
STONE. BOTH ENDED IN
MORE SHAME.

HE HAS NO IDEA WHAT
TO DO, AND SO HE--
RUNS FROM HER. HE
HAS NEVER RUN, AND
SOMETHING TWISTS
INSIDE HIM AS HE
FEELS HIS SPIRIT, TOO,
HAS BEEN CRUSHED
INTO A WOMAN'S
SHAPE.





LET'S GET YOU
DRESSED. THE
KING EXPECTS YOU
AT 9 CHIMES, AND
WE STILL NEED TO
DO YOUR HAIR AND
PAINT YOUR
FACE.

PAINT MY
FACE? LIKE A
WENSEA GIRL?
BUT--

THE LADIES OF WENSEA
PRIDE THEMSELVES ON BEING
THE LOVELIEST AND MOST
FEMININE WOMEN IN THE
KINGDOM. THEY ALONE PAINT
THEIR FACES TO ENHANCE
THEIR BEAUTY. THE THOUGHT
OF HAVING HIS OWN FACE
DONE UP LIKE A WENSEA
GIRL TURNS SERREN'S
STOMACH.



THE KING
INSISTS. AND, SHE
HAS CHOSEN THE
LOVELIEST OUTFIT
FOR YOU THIS
MORNING.

SHE SAID TO
REMIND YOU: TO
BE A PRINCESS,
YOU MUST DRESS
LIKE A
PRINCESS.

.....
YET, SHE
MANAGES TO
BE A BITCH
WITHOUT
DRESSING AS A
DOG.



LOVELY.

STUNNING.

GASP.

IT IS THE FIRST TIME
SERREN HAS SEEN
HIMSELF WITH PAINTED
FACE.

HE CAN'T DENY HIS OWN BEAUTY. HIS ROUGED LIPS AND CHARCOALED LASHES EMPHASIZE HIS CHARM. HIS CLOTHES, HIS JEWELRY AND NOW HIS PAINTED FACE MAKE HIM NOT JUST LOOK BUT FEEL EVER MORE A GIRL.

YOU'RE
SIMPLY DIVINE.
IT'S BEEN SO
NICE TO SEE YOU
AGAIN, MILADY.

WE'LL BE OFF.
ELVEROUS WILL
BE ALONG TO
FETCH YOU.

THE TIARA SPARKLING IN HIS HAIR
ONCE BELONGED TO HIS SISTER.
NOW, HE WEARS IT, A SYMBOL OF
FEMININITY, **HIS** FEMININITY. HE
LOOKS EVERY BIT THE PRINCESS
PATTENIA WOULD MAKE OF HIM.



WHEN THE SERVANTS LEAVE,
SERREN FINDS HIMSELF DRAWN
TO THE MIRROR. HE STARES AT
HIS TRANSFORMED FACE IN
WONDER AND DESPAIR.

I WAS
BEAUTIFUL
BEFORE, BUT
NOW?

IT IS NOT A FACE TO BE
TAKEN SERIOUSLY,
ESPECIALLY NOW. HIS
MIND DRIFTS TO DEVIN.
WHAT WOULD HE THINK OF
ME ALL WENSEAD UP?
SERREN WONDERS.

THINKING OF DEVIN, THE PRINCE
SMILES. I WOULD DRIVE HIM MAD,
SERREN THINKS. HE WOULD HAVE
TO KISS ME, AND THEN--

WHAT AM I
THINKING?



UNNERVED BY HIS FEMININE LONGINGS,
HELPLESS, HUMILIATED, TERRIFIED OF HIS
WOMANLY DESIRES, SERREN ONCE MORE
TURNS TO PRAYER, CALLING OUT TO MAXIS
FOR HELP. HE NEVER PRAYED MUCH WHEN HE
WAS A MAN, BUT NOW IT MORE AND MORE
SEEMS THE ONLY SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

PLEASE, OH,
PLEASE...

THERE COMES A KNOCK
ON THE DOOR. WHO
COULD IT BE?





GOOD MORN,
SWEET PRIN--
OH, MY. YOU'RE
FACE.

PLEASE
DON'T
COMMENT ON
MY--

BY THE GODDESS.
YOU'RE-- YOU'RE
GORGEOUS.

NEMERIA.





I'M SORRY, IT'S
JUST THAT, SEEING
YOU MADE UP AS A
WENSEA GIRL, I
WANT TO KISS YOU
PINK.

YOU CALL ME
A WENSEA
GIRL? LEAVE ME.
I WISH TO BE
ALONE.



I COME ON
BUSINESS. YOU
HAVE RECEIVED AN
INVITATION TO
KIKANIA'S BRIDAL
SHOWER.

A comic panel featuring two women in a medieval-style castle setting. The woman on the left is dressed in a black, off-the-shoulder gown with a high collar and a small brooch. She has her hair in a bun and is pointing her finger towards the other woman. The woman on the right is wearing a white dress with a blue floral pattern and a dark blue jacket. She has blonde hair styled in a bun with a tiara and is looking back at the first woman. The background shows stone walls, a large arched doorway, and a window with a diamond-patterned lattice. Three speech bubbles are present, containing dialogue between the characters.

HE'S SUCH
AN
EMOTIONAL
GIRL.

<SNORT.> A
BRIDAL SHOWER?
DECLINE IT.
DECLINE ALL
INVITATIONS.



YOU ARE SO
TENSE. LET ME
HELP YOU
RELAX.

I SAID
LEAVE-- AHH.
THAT DOES
FEEL GOOD.

AS YOUR LADY IN
WAITING, I MUST
PRESS YOU TO
ACCEPT THE
INVITATION.



I'M A MAN,
NEMERIA. I
WOULD BE UTTERLY
BORED AT A BRIDAL
SHOWER. MORE, I
WOULD FEEL A
FOOL.

YOU NEED TO BUILD
ALLIANCES. THE MEN HAVE
ABANDONED YOU. THIS PARTY
IS A CHANCE FOR YOU TO
MAKE **FEMALE** FRIENDS,
AND LADY FAUNEA IS QUITE
WELL CONNECTED.



I VERY
MUCH DOUBT
I CAN EXPECT
MUCH HELP FROM
THE CLUCKING
HENS. WHAT
POWER DO
WOMEN HAVE?

YOU HAVE A
LOT TO LEARN.
LADY FAUNEA
WEARS THE PANTS IN
HER HOUSEHOLD.
MORE, THEIR FAMILY
SORCERER IS AMONG
THE MOST POWERFUL
IN THE KINGDOM. WE
MUST FIND WAYS TO
COUNTER
ACTONIA.



<SIGH>
VERY WELL. I AM
TO ATTEND A
BRIDAL SHOWER,
THEN? OF ALL THE
INDIGNITIES I HAVE
SUFFERED...

OH, THERE,
THERE. THERE,
THERE.

ELVEROUS KNOCKS. IT
IS TIME TO MEET
PATTENIA.



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

YES. LET HER
THINK SHE'S
WON.

