

# Spell Trouble

A TG Comic  
by Tom Reynolds











IT'S SO STRANGE BEING HERE...  
I FEEL LIKE IT'S BEEN ALMOST A CENTURY...

DOUGLAS CASTLE. IT HAS BEEN AN AGE  
SINCE MARJORY LAST WALKED ITS HALLS...





GOD I'VE MISSED THIS PLACE.  
THE VIEW JUST GOES ON FOR MILES  
AND MILES...





NOT EVERYONE IS ADMIRING THE SAME VIEW...

HOLY HELL WHAT AN AMAZING ASS...  
GOTTA GET ME SOME OF THAT...





I'M FEELING SMOOTH ENOUGH TO WALK RIGHT UP  
AND SAMPLE SOME OF THAT CANDY...



HE HAS NO IDEA WHAT HE'S GETTING INTO...

HEY BABY!  
LOVE THE BOD...  
BOY IS IT GIVING ME IDEAS








WHAT'S THIS?  
LINHAND ME CRETIN!





RELAX BABE  
I'M JUST APPRECIATING  
THAT SMOKING BODY OF YOURS





YOU HAVE MEDDLED WITH FORCES  
BEYOND YOUR COMPREHENSION.  
YOU CLING TO YOUR BASE DESIRES  
ABOVE ALL  
ELSE IN THIS WORLD.  
NO MATTER...  
IF IT'S THIS BODY YOU WANT..  
YOU MAY HAVE IT





RSTICULO ARGENTUM!  
THAT'S A SPELL, IF YOU DON'T KNOW DARLING.





SURPRISE MOTHERFUCKER!!!  
I'M A WITCH!





OH MY GOD!  
I HAD NO IDEA! PLEASE! PLEASE...!





WHA-  
WHAT PRICE?

PFFT...  
SHOULDA THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU  
PISSSED ME OFF...  
NOW YOU FACE THE PRICE...

YOU'RE GETTING WHAT YOU ASKED FOR...





\*RIP\*

\*TEAR\*

\*DISSOLVE\*

AND LET'S JUST SAY IT  
DOESN'T REQUIRE THIS  
OLD BODY OF YOURS...





WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

RELAX...  
THIS'LL ONLY TAKE A SECOND.





OH MY GOD!!!!!!  
IT BURNS!

\*SQUISH\*

\*SQUIRM\*

\*SLICK\*



GAIA LET SLEEP TAKE THIS ONE...

IT BURNS...





ALLOW ME TO TURN HIS HEART FROM STONE.





A MAN IN THIS WORLD IS EASILY LEAD,







OFTEN WITHOUT A THOUGHT IN HIS HEAD.







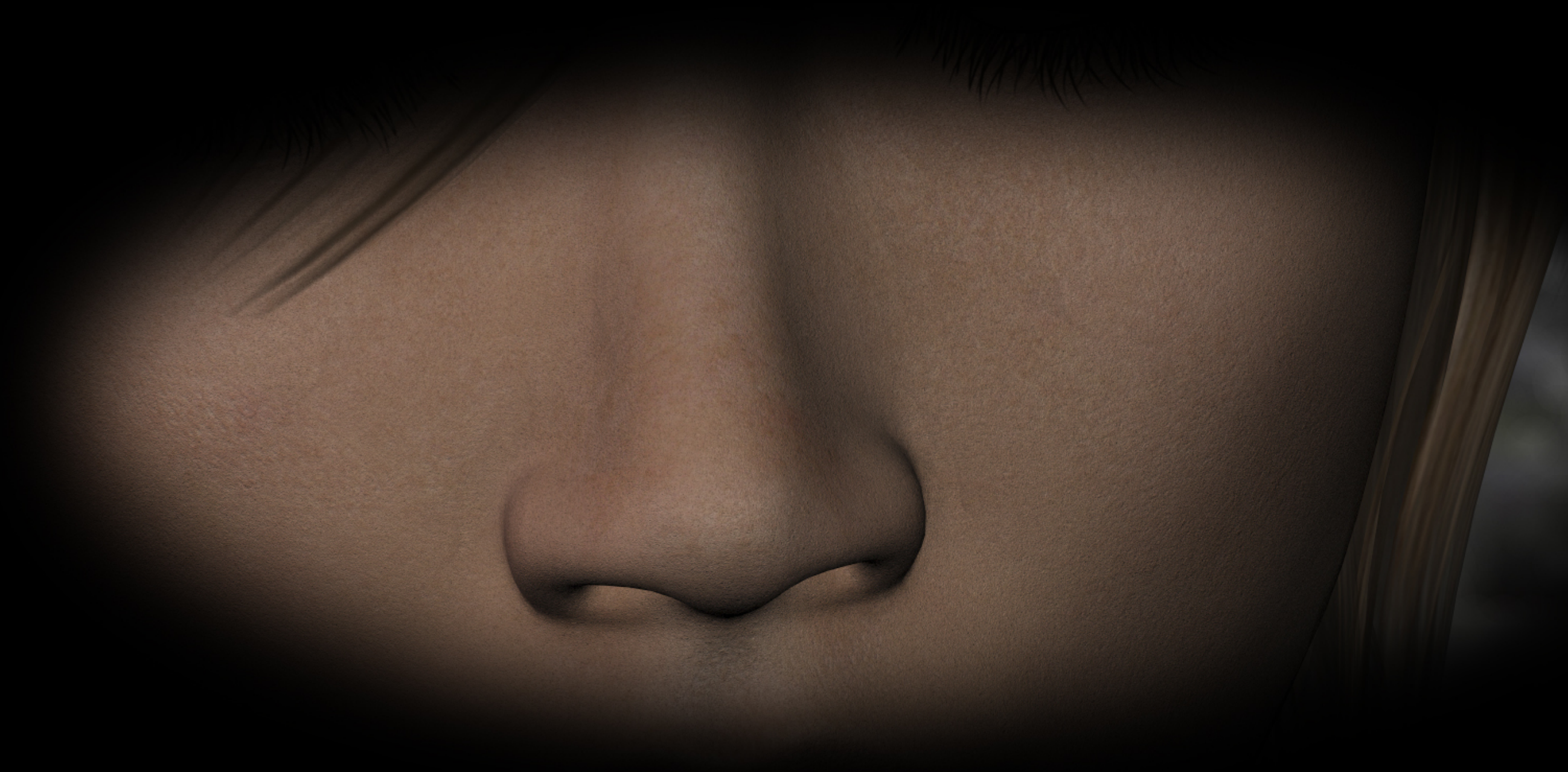


FOR THE LIFE OF A WOMAN, HE SHALL FIND,









IS TO BE WONDERFUL, THOUGHTFUL AND KIND.









THIS NEW LIFE I GIVE SHALL END THE HOLE IN HIS HEART,





SO FILL IT WITH MAGIC, OF LOVE,  
AND THIS UNFORTUNATE START...



500 YEARS PASS BY IN A FLASH,  
AS SHE WAKES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN  
HER NEW BODY.





HEY LADY...  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU THINK...







WAIT... WHAT THE HELL?





THIS MUST BE A DREAM...  
GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



HONEY, THIS IS MOST DEFINITELY  
NOT A DREAM...







YOU'VE MADE ME A FREAK!  
WHERE THE HELL AM I?  
HOW CAN YOU HEAR ME?!



I DIDN'T MAKE YOU A FREAK!  
I MADE YOU A QUEEN!  
OF HER OWN LITTLE KINGDOM...  
LOOK AROUND HONEY, THIS IS ALL  
YOURS.







A QUEEN?



YOU LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT?  
THAT'S THE SPIRIT.  
HOW ABOUT YOU GO GET DRESSED  
AND CHECK OUT THE BANQUET HALL?







BANQUET HALL?  
THIS IS REAL?  
THIS IS ALL MINE?





NOT THE BRIGHTEST IS SHE?

SHE'LL BE HAPPY THOUGH.



A woman with short blonde hair, wearing a bright orange sleeveless dress, stands in the center of a grand, ornate throne room. Behind her is a large, intricately carved wooden throne with a red cushion. Above the throne is a large, golden eagle with spread wings, perched on a crest. The room features deep red walls with gold borders and a large, patterned rug. A red velvet rope is visible in the foreground.

SHE JUST NEEDED TO LEARN  
A LITTLE MAGIC TAKES YOU  
LONG WAY...

ALL HAIL THE QUEEN!

AND TO BE CAREFUL WHAT  
YOU WISH FOR...







