

BROTHER BELWITCHED

CHAPTER 29



HOW MOMENTOUS FOR A FEMALE WHEN SHE SURRENDERS HER VIRGINITY. HOW MUCH MORE SO FOR OUR BRAVE PRINCE? HE'D LOST HIMSELF IN THIS FEMALE FORM AND HER NEEDS, SPREAD HIS LEGS AND EAGERLY WELCOMED THIS MAN INSIDE HIS BODY. NOW, PASSION FADING, THE FEVER BREAKS, AND HE FEELS SICK WITH SHAME, GUILT AND CONFUSION BECAUSE IT FELT SO GOOD AND YET NOW IT FEELS SO WRONG.



AM I A WOMAN OR A MAN? HE WONDERS. HE NO LONGER KNOWS.

ALL NIGHT LONG, HE CAN'T STOP REPLAYING HIS FIRST TIME OVER AND OVER IN HIS MIND. TIME AND AGAIN HE THRILLS AS HE REMEMBERS THE SWEET PLEASURE OF SURRENDER. IT WAS-- THE WHOLE EXPERIENCE WAS -- IT WAS PERFECT. HE LOVED IT, BUT HE FEELS THAT LOVE WAS **WRONG**. IT IS NOT WHO IS, BUT WHAT PATTENIA HAS MADE HIM.



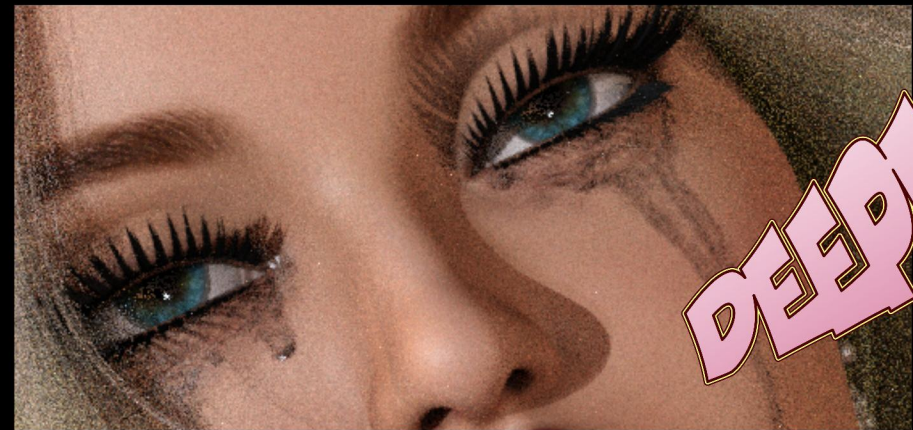
LET US REMEMBER, DEAR READER, THAT PRINCE SERREN CONSIDERED HIMSELF, AND NOT WITHOUT REASON, AMONG THE MANLIEST MEN IN ALL THE SHATTERED ISLES. YET, WHEN HE FELT PRETT INSIDE HIM, HE HEARD HIMSELF CRY OUT **HARDER. DEEPER.**



UHH!

HARDER!

HARDER!



DEEPER



DEEPER

YEEHES!



IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE THE MAN HE'D BEEN, OR THOUGHT HE'D BEEN, COULD EVER WANT AND NEED-- THAT. WHAT HAD HIS SISTER SAID? THAT HE WAS ALWAYS A PRINCESS? MAYBE, HE THINKS, SHE WAS RIGHT. THOUGH A PRINCESS, HE MUSES, WOULD NOT BEG FOR IT THE WAY HE HAD. HE FEELS MORE A HARLOT.



AS THE SUN RISES OUTSIDE HIS WINDOWS, PAINTING THE SKY A SOFT PINK, THE PRINCE MERCIFULLY DRIFTS OFF TO SLEEP...

NO SOONER DOES HE SINK INTO BLISSFUL REST, HOWEVER, THEN HE SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF WOKEN BY THE FEELING OF A STIFF, MALE MEMBER BUMPING INTO HIS BACKSIDE..

NINA, YOU AWAKE?

I AM NOW.



UNHH..
YES.

I'M IN THE
MOOD FOR
MORNING
GLORY.

MORNING GLORY?
PRINCE SERREN HAS
NOT EVEN BEGUN TO
PROCESS HIS FIRST
TIME AS A FEMALE!

I DON'T...
UM... I ... I
HAVE A
HEADACHE.

OH,
COME ON,
BEAUTIFUL.
DON'T MAKE
ME SUFFER.
I NEED
YOU.



IT'S ANOTHER FIRST FOR OUR FAIR MAIDEN AS SHE FINDS HERSELF WITH A MAN CUPPING HER BREAST WHILE PRESSURING HER FOR SEX. SHE HAS BEEN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS MANY TIMES, AND IT FURTHER SHAKES HER SENSE OF SELF TO BE CALLED **BEAUTIFUL**, TO BE TOLD THIS MAN NEEDS HER, TO FIND HERSELF CONSIDERING GIVING IN TO HIS HUNGER JUST-BECAUSE?



SERREN THINKS OF HOW GIRLS HAVE DISTRACTED HIM IN THE PAST, BACK WHEN HE WAS THE MAN. HE MAKES HIS VOICE SMALLER, EVEN MORE LIKE A LITTLE GIRL.

I'M COLD.
WOULD YOU
FETCH MY
ROBE?

OF
COURSE,
DARLING.



DARLING. BEAUTIFUL.
SERREN REALIZES THAT
DEVIN THINKS OF HIM AS
NOT JUST A WOMAN, BUT
HIS WOMAN.



PART OF SERREN FINDS THE
REALIZATION THRILLING,
AND HE CAN'T HELP BUT
APPRECIATE THE SIGHT OF
DEVIN'S CHISELED...

AHH! AS SERREN APPRECIATES THE SIGHT OF DEVIN'S NAKED BODY, HIS OWN BEGINS TO RESPOND IN WAYS ONLY A WOMAN'S CAN. SERREN PANICS. HE KNOWS THE SIGHT OF AN AROUSED FEMALE WILL DRIVE DEVIN MAD WITH LUST.

STOP! GET DOWN!





<GIGGLE>. IT'S
SO COLD!

DEVIN HELPS SERREN INTO HIS ROBE. DEVIN IS SO ATTENTIVE, SO CARING. THE WAY HE TOUCHES SERREN'S HAIR, THE WEIGHT OF HIS HAND LAID SO GENTLY ON SERREN'S SMALL SHOULDER...

DO YOU STILL FEEL CHILLED, MY DARLING? I COULD PUT MORE WOOD ON THE FIRE.

... SERREN FEELS SAFE, SENSES THAT DEVIN WILL PROTECT HIM AND-- CURSE THE GODDESS! THE WOMAN HE FINDS HIMSELF BECOMING LOVES IT.




YET AS MUCH AS **SHE** LOVES THIS BIG MAN'S TENDER ATTENTIONS, **HE** FEELS A GROWING SENSE OF TERROR. HE IS LOSING HIMSELF IN HER FRAILTY. HE IS FALLING IN LOVE!

I HAVE NEVER CARED FOR A WOMAN AS MUCH AS I CARE FOR YOU, NINA. YOU ARE THE MOST PERFECT WOMAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN.

IT'S TOO MUCH, TOO TERRIBLE! HE CAN'T DEAL WITH HER EMOTIONS.





STOP! YOU
MUST REMEMBER I
AM NOT TRULY A
WOMAN. I KNOW--
WHAT WE DID LAST
NIGHT? I KNOW. BUT
I AM STILL
PRINCE SERREN!

A man with a full brown beard and hair, shirtless, is embracing a woman from behind. The woman has long, straight, light-colored hair and is wearing a black lace dress. They are standing in front of a dark, ornate metal bed frame against a light-colored stone wall. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left with pink text and one on the right with black text.

WE
MUSTN'T
FORGET OUR
PLANS. YOU SPOKE
OF A WIZARD? ONE
WHO COULD
RESTORE ME TO
MY PROPER
SHAPE?

FORGET
ABOUT THE
WIZARD.



I HAVE A NEW
PLAN. I WILL
FREE YOU FROM
YOUR SISTER'S
CONTROL. YOU
NEEDN'T FEAR
MARRYING
RUNTIC. I WILL
SEE TO IT
ALL.

YOU WILL
SIT UPON THE
THRONE.




TRULY?
HOW?

YOU
NEEDN'T
WORRY
YOUR PRETTY
LITTLE HEAD
OVER THE
DETAILS,
LITTLE
DOVE.

I VOW TO
YOU ON MY
VERY LIFE: YOU
WILL SIT ON
THRONE-- AS
MY QUEEN.



A man with a large, reddish-brown pompadour hairstyle and a beard is shown from the back, embracing a woman with long, straight blonde hair. The woman is looking towards the man with a slightly open mouth, as if in conversation. They are in a dark room with stone walls and a wooden floor. A dark wooden cabinet with drawers is visible in the background. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left containing the man's dialogue and one on the right containing the woman's dialogue.

YOUR
QUEEN? NO. I
MUST BE A MAN
ONCE MORE. I
MUST BE
KING.

YOU? A
MAN?



HA!

HA!

HA!

HA!

HA!

DEVIN!?

DON'T LAUGH
AT ME, YOU,
YOU-- MUDCLUD!!
DON'T YOU SEE? I
CAN'T LIVE AS A
WOMAN. I
DON'T WANT--

HA!

THAT
TICKLES!

HA!

HA!

PUNCH

PUNCH

PUNCH



PRETT SILENCES
SERREN'S OBJECTIONS
WITH A KISS.



IT'S THE FIRST TIME SERREN HAS BEEN KISSED QUIET BY A MAN. HE FINDS HE LIKES IT WHEN DEVIN TAKES COMMAND. IT MAKES HIM EVERY BIT A WOMAN, AND HAPPY TO BE A WOMAN, TO HAVE A MAN THINK FOR HIM. SERREN IS DEFEATED IN THOSE KISSES. HE IS ONLY SERRENINA, AND WHAT MORE COULD A GIRL LIKE HER WANT THAN TO BE CLAIMED BY A MAN LIKE DEVIN?



DEVIN DRESSES, GIVES SERREN A KISS GOODBYE AND LEAVES. SERREN STAYS BEHIND, MORE CONFUSED THAN EVER. THIS IS A PREVIEW, HE THINKS, OF WHAT HIS LIFE WILL BE IF DEVIN HAS HIS WAY. IN TRUTH, PART OF SERREN FEELS IT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD TO BE DEVIN'S WIFE AND QUEEN. IT WOULD BE SO MUCH EASIER.



THE THOUGHT SCARES HIM. THE REALIZATION HE GROWS MORE COMFORTABLE EACH MOMENT WITH THE IDEA LIFE AS A WOMAN, A WIFE. HE MUST THINK OF SOMETHING.



ASRYN.

TO BE CONTINUED...