


# BROTHER BEWITCHED





HURRY UP,  
ACTONIA! I AM  
MOST CURIOUS AS TO  
HOW MY LITTLE  
BROTHER REACTS TO  
FIND HIMSELF A  
MAIDEN.

YES, MY KING.



OF COURSE.  
PLEASURING HIMSELF. I  
SHOULD'VE KNOWN.

HE IS A MAN.  
OR WAS.


OOOH!

LOOK AT HIM CRY.  
PATHETIC. I TOLD YOU  
HE WAS ALWAYS BETTER  
SUITED TO LIFE AS A  
WOMAN.

HE WAS ALWAYS  
BUT A PRINCESS.  
YOUR WITCHCRAFT HAS  
GIVEN HIM THE SHAPE  
HE DESERVES.

INDEED.




A 3D-rendered comic book panel set in a gothic-style room. On the left, a queen with dark hair and a gold crown stands in a dark, patterned dress, looking towards the center. In the center, a winged woman with blonde hair and a purple glow around her waist stands before a glowing purple crystal ball on a pedestal. On the right, a woman with red hair in a dark, patterned dress stands with her hands raised in a magical gesture. The room features arched windows with geometric patterns and heavy curtains. The background is a textured stone wall.

WHAT'S THIS? DOES HE FIND SOME MANLY COURAGE WITHIN HIS MAIDEN'S HEART?

I'M COMING FOR YOU!

YOU WILL NEED TO TRAIN THAT OUT OF HER.



OH, WORRY NOT.  
THE PRINCESS  
SERRENIA **WILL**  
SUFFER THE VERY  
MAIDEN LIFE SHE  
ONCE MEANT FOR  
**ME.**

HIS VOICE IS  
DIVINE. **I'M COMING**  
**FOR YOU.** HA! HE'S  
CUTE WHEN HE'S  
ANGRY, DON'T YOU  
THINK?

I WILL  
CONFRONT PATTENIA.  
DEMAND SHE RESTORE  
ME. YES. NOW. I MUST  
MOVE QUICKLY BEFORE  
SHE CAN SOLIDIFY  
HER RULE.






GODS.


YET, THE PRINCE  
LINGERS, FASCINATED  
BY THE BEAUTIFUL  
WOMAN IN THE MIRROR.  
HE LONGS FOR HER  
BODY, THOUGH HE  
KNOWS THE SHAPELY  
YOUNG BODY BELONGS  
TO HIM.





NO MORE. I  
MUSTN'T TARRY. I  
WILL FIND SOME  
CLOTHES, A HOOD,  
TAKE THE BACK  
PASSAGES.

I DO NOT WISH  
FOR MY SUBJECTS  
TO SEE ME LIKE THIS.  
THEY WILL LOSE  
RESPECT TO SEE ME  
WITH THIS SOFT,  
GIRL'S SHAPE.



YET, THE LORDS  
KNOW WELL THAT I AM  
THE **TRUE** KING. THE  
KNIGHTS. THE GENERALS.  
THEY WILL STAND WITH  
ME.

PATTENIA HAS  
GONE MAD TO THINK  
SHE COULD MERELY  
PROCLAIM HERSELF  
QUEEN, AND THAT THE  
WHOLE KINGDOM  
WOULD KNEEL TO  
**HER.**

SERREN PAUSES,  
SURPRISED TO FIND AN  
UTTERLY FEMININE  
GARMENT IN HIS  
ROOMS, AT LEAST ONE  
THAT HE HAD NOT FIRST  
REMOVED FROM THE  
NUBILE BODY OF A  
CONQUEST.

THE GODS.  
WHAT IS THAT  
DOING IN MY  
ROOMS? SOME  
TAUNT FROM  
PATTENIA?

TRULY, SHE  
HAS TAKEN  
LEAVE OF HER  
SENSES.





HMMN- WELL, I ALWAYS DID LOVE THE SIGHT OF A GIRL IN A CORSET, HER BREASTS SPILLING OVER THE TOP!



TO THE  
MATTER AT  
HAND. IT WILL  
BE GOOD TO  
DON MY OLD  
CLOTHES.


IT WILL  
REMINDE ME OF  
WHO I--



WHAT? MY CLOTHES? GONE?


MY WARDROBE FULL OF-- GOWNS?

DOES PATTENIA MEAN FOR ME TO WEAR THESE FEMININE-- THINGS? TO DRESS AS A GIRL?



*OF COURSE! THAT'S PART OF HER PLAN. SHE MEANS TO HUMILIATE ME, DISCREDIT ME, PARADE ME BEFORE ALL THE LORDS IN DRESSES. THE AUDACITY!*

*I WILL NOT. NO. NEVER. I WOULD SOONER DIE. HA! I WILL SUMMON BANNISTER, MY MANSERVANT, GET SOME MEN'S CLOTHES. THEN, I SHALL FIND PATTENIA AND TEACH MY SISTER THE ERROR OF HER WAYS.*


A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting on a bed in a medieval-style room. She is wearing a white lace nightgown. The room features blue curtains, a wooden wardrobe, and a candelabra with lit candles. The scene is set in a room with stone walls and a wooden wardrobe.

SERREN PULLS THE BELL AND CALLS FOR HIS MANSERVANT. SHIVERING WITH COLD AND NOT WISHING HIS SERVANT TO SEE HIM NUDE, HE RELUCTANTLY SLIPS INTO ONE OF THE NIGHT ROBES PATTENIA HAS CHOSEN FOR HIM. HE BROODS.

PATTENIA HAS EVER HATED ME. I KNEW, BUT I DID NOT SUSPECT THE DEPTHS OF HER JEALOUSY AND SPITE.

IN THE PAST, USURPERS HAVE KILLED THOSE WHO STOOD BETWEEN THEM AND THE THRONE. PATTENIA SHOWED ME NO SUCH KINDNESS, PREFERRING TO REDUCE ME TO THIS-- A WOMAN. SHE PLANS TO MAKE A FOOL OF ME, A JOKE.





HOW IRONIC THAT PATTENIA'S HATRED WILL BE HER UNDOING. DEAD, I COULD DO NOTHING. YET, I LIVE, AND EVEN IN THIS WOMAN'S BODY, I SHALL SHOW HER I AM NOT A MAN TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

UGH. I WISH THESE INFERNAL BREASTS WOULD STOP-- JIGGLING SO. I CANNOT EVEN TAKE A BREATH THAT I FEEL THEM MOVE.



COME IN. COME IN,  
BANNISTER, AT  
LAST. I NEED--


KNOCK  
KNOCK



GOOD DAY,  
PRINCESS. YOU  
CALLED?


PRINCESS?  
DON'T EVER CALL  
ME THAT.

AND WHO IN ALL  
THE DEEPS ARE  
YOU?




BEGGING YOUR PARDON,  
MILADY. BUT THE KING HAS  
ORDERED YOU BE REFERRED  
TO AS PRINCESS, SEEING AS  
YOU'RE A **GIRL** NOW.

AS FOR ME, I AM STONE,  
YOUR HANDMAID. I AM  
REPLACING YOUR MAN. A LOVELY  
YOUNG **GIRL** SUCH AS YOURSELF  
CAN HARDLY HAVE A MAN  
DRESSING HER, NOW CAN SHE,  
**PRINCESS?**



INSOLENT  
WENCH! I AM  
PRINCE SERREN,  
YOUR RIGHTFUL KING.  
YOU WILL REFER TO  
ME AS PRINCE OR  
M'LORD, NOT AS  
PRINCESS OR  
MILADY.

MY VOICE, SERREN  
THINKS, ASHAMED. I  
SOUND LIKE A  
PETULANT LITTLE GIRL  
THROWING A TANTRUM.  
YET, HE HAS NO CHOICE  
BUT TO PRESS ON. HE  
CAN'T ALLOW THIS  
COMMONER TO INSULT  
HIM, EVEN ON ORDERS  
FROM THE FALSE KING.



WELL, YOU SURE  
SOUND LIKE A  
PRINCESS. ALL THE  
SAME, THE KING  
COMMANDS YOUR  
PRESENCE, AND I AM TO  
MAKE YOU  
PRESENTABLE.

NOW, ARE YOU GOING TO  
**WILLINGLY** PUT ON YOUR  
CORSET AND A PRETTY  
DRESS, OR AM I GOING TO  
HAVE TO **MAKE** YOU?



MAKE ME.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

