

BROTHER BEWITCHED

CHAPTER 3





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

THE PRINCE HAS SEEN
HIS NEW BODY. HE
KNOWS HE IS NOW A
WOMAN, AND YET---

MAKE ME.

MAKE ME.



---HE HAS TRAINED TO FIGHT HIS WHOLE LIFE.




HE'S BATTLED AND DEFEATED MEN MUCH LARGER THAN HIM.



HE IS PRINCE SERREN,
SLAYER OF THE
UNDEAD! HE IS A GREAT
WARRIOR.

A MAN AMONG MEN, IN HIS CHEST STILL
BEATS A **WARRIOR'S** HEART. HE HAS
NO DOUBT HE IS MORE THAN A MATCH
FOR THE SIMPLE RUSTIC HE SEES
BEFORE HIM.





*SHE IS LARGE FOR HER
SEX, BUT SHE IS ONLY
A WOMAN.*


*HE IS STILL A MAN,
NO MATTER THE
CURSED SHAPE IN
WHICH HIS SISTER HAS
HIM TRAPPED.*

PLEASE DON'T BE
DIFFICULT, PRINCESS.

I TOLD YOU
NOT TO CALL ME
PRINCESS.

I TOLD
YOU NOT TO
CALL ME
PRINCESS.





I BEG YOUR
PARDON, MILADY.
OF COURSE, I
SHOULD ADDRESS
YOU PROPERLY.

PRINCESS
SERRENINA.



**YOU
INSOLENT
WENCH!**

**AS SERREN CHARGES STONE,
HE FEELS THE WRONGNESS
OF HIS BODY: WIDE,
CURVACEOUS HIPS SWIVEL. HIS
LEGS SEEM TOO LONG.**

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is the central figure. She is wearing a white, long-sleeved, lace-trimmed outfit with a deep V-neckline. She has a determined, slightly angry expression on her face. The setting is an interior room with a stone wall in the background. To her left, there is a mannequin wearing a white lace top. To her right, there is a dark wooden cabinet or wardrobe. The floor is made of wooden planks. The overall lighting is somewhat dim, creating a dramatic atmosphere.

**HIS FULL BREASTS
SWAY AND BOUNCE.**

**YOU WILL
LEARN YOUR
PROPER PLACE!**

**HE IGNORES IT ALL AS
HE PREPARES TO
DELIVER A THUNDERING
BLOW THAT WILL SEND
THE FOUL SERVANT
COLLAPSING TO HER
KNEES.**

**SERREN HAS NEVER
STRUCK A SERVANT. HE
HAS NEVER STRUCK A
WOMAN, BUT HE HAS
NEVER FELT SO ANGRY,
SO DISRESPECTED, SO
AFRAID.**



UNH!

PRINCESS,
PLEASE.

SLAP!

A woman with long, flowing blonde hair is wearing a white, long-sleeved dress with intricate brown lace patterns. She is leaning forward, holding the hand of a man. The man has short brown hair and is wearing a dark, possibly black, jacket with a lace-up front. He is looking up at her with a concerned expression. The background is a dark, textured wall, possibly made of stone or wood. The scene is lit with dramatic, low-key lighting, creating strong highlights and deep shadows.

WHAT?
IMPOSSIBLE!

I DON'T
WANT TO DO
THIS, MILADY.

HE STRUGGLES, BUT HE CANNOT FREE HIS
HAND FROM THE WOMAN'S GRIP.

STONE EFFORTLESSLY CONTROLS THE ONCE MIGHTY PRINCE. HE HAS NOT FELT SO WEAK, SO HELPLESS--NOT SINCE HE WAS A CHILD.

YOU'RE ACTING VERY UNLADYLIKE.

HUNH?



UNLADYLIKE?

YOU BROUGHT THIS
ON YOURSELF.

NO...

UNLADYLIKE. HELD
POWERLESS IN THE
MEATY HANDS OF A
MERE WOMAN, THE
WORD STINGS,
SHOCKS. APPALLED,
SERREN STRUGGLES
TO DENY WHAT IS
HAPPENING, TO DENY
THAT HE IS....
HELPLESS!



AHHHHHH! PUT ME DOWN!

UP WE GO!

THINK

THINK

HIS TINY FISTS STRIKE HARMLESSLY AGAINST STONE'S BACK. HE KICKS AND SQUIRMS.



THE PRINCE CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR.

TOSSED OVER STONE'S SHOULDER, HE SEES HIMSELF NOW NOT ONLY AS A WOMAN, BUT A CONQUEST. MANY A TIME HAS HE THROWN A COMELY WENCH OVER HIS SHOULDER IN JUST THIS MANNER. NOW IT IS HE WHO IS THE WENCH.

NO...

IT'S TOO MUCH.



IN SHOCK, HE CAN NO LONGER STRUGGLE. THE FIGHT PASSES OUT OF HIM.

I WILL REMEMBER THIS. I WILL MAKE YOU PAY WHEN I AM KING.

OF COURSE YOU WILL, PRINCESS. NOW, BE A **GOOD GIRL** SO I CAN GET YOU DRESSED. THE KING IS WAITING.

THIS WOMAN IS SO BIG, SO STRONG, AND HE IS SO SMALL, SO WEAK! HE IS DEFEATED.



HIS MIND BEGINS TO SHIFT AS HE
REALIZES MORE AND MORE WHAT HE
HAS LOST, WHAT PATTENIA HAS MADE
OF HIM.





LET'S GET
YOU INTO YOUR
CORSET.

CORSET? NO.
PLEASE.

A CORSET? HE BURNS
WITH SHAME. WHEN
WORD GETS OUT THAT
PRINCE SERREN NOW
WEARS A CORSET? HE
STRUGGLES, WEAKLY
THIS TIME, BUT HE
STRUGGLES. THE
THOUGHT OF BEING
CORSETED TERRIFIES
THE YOUNG MAN.

STONE TIES HIM TO THE
BEDPOST.

HAVE MERCY. I'LL
BE THE LAUGHING
STOCK OF THE
KINGDOM.

DON'T BE SO
DRAMATIC! YOU HAVE A
WOMAN'S FIGURE NOW,
AND YOU NEED THE
SUPPORT, ESPECIALLY
BEING SUCH A BUXOM
LASS.





STOP! IT'S TOO TIGHT! I CAN'T BREATHE!

THAT'S NORMAL, MILADY.

YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.

NORMAL?

CRUSHED INTO THE CORSET, HE DOES NOT EVEN FIGHT AS STONE ASKS HIM TO STEP INTO A WOMAN'S UNDERTHINGS, A WOMAN'S SILK STOCKINGS. THE STOCKINGS CARESS AND TINGLE HIS ROUND LEGS. HE FEELS AS IF ALL THAT WAS SERREN NOW WITHERS AND SHRINKS, THE MAN HE WAS LEECHED AWAY BY THESE FEMININE GARMENTS.

THEY WILL ALL LAUGH. ALL OF THEM!



A woman with long blonde hair stands in a room, wearing a white lace corset with yellow trim and white stockings with lace garters. She is positioned in front of a bed with blue curtains and a wooden frame. To the right, a candelabra with lit candles is visible. The scene is dimly lit, with light from the candles and the woman's body.

AT LAST STONE UNTIES HIM.

DRESSED NOW IN A WOMAN'S NAUGHTY THINGS, SERREN'S MIND REELS.

THE CORSET: UTTERLY FEMININE, EROTIC, INFUSED WITH FEMALE SEXUALITY.

THE SILK INNER LINING SENDS COOL SHIVERS THROUGH HIS SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN.

AND YET THE CORSET ITSELF, SHEATHED IN CRUEL WHALEBONE, CRUSHES AND CONFINES HIS BODY, RUTHLESSLY WRENCHING HIM INTO AN EVEN MORE DRAMATIC HOURGLASS FIGURE.

SOFT AND CONSTRICTING, PLEASURE AND PAIN.. IT IS AN INTRODUCTION TO HIS MAIDEN LIFE.

HE BEGINS TO
HYPERVENTILATE, MAKING
SMALL, PANTING NOISES.

I'M A... MAN. I
WAS TO BE
KING.

HOW CAN THIS BE? HE, A
WOMAN, LACED INTO A CORSET,
STIFF CUPS LIFTING HIS
BREASTS? HIS BREASTS? ONLY
THE PREVIOUS MORNING HE WAS
CROWN-PRINCE, A SWAGGERING
MALE. TO HAVE FALLEN SO
FAR?





SCREAM!

SCREAM!

THE SCREAM... IN HIS CORSET, THE EFFORT IS TOO MUCH... THE ROOM SPINS... AND..



GASP!

PRINCESS!

I'M... I'M FINE. I...
JUST... I FEEL... SO
WEAK...

IT'S *SO* HARD TO
BREATH. CAN'T YOU
LOOSEN MY--
THIS-- THING?

A GIRL MUST
BREATH FROM
HER CHEST,
MILADY.

NOW,
LET'S GET
YOU TO THE
MIRROR FOR A
LOOK AT
YOURSELF.




THE MIRROR?
NO. I DON'T-- I
CAN'T LOOK AT
MYSELF. NOT LIKE
THIS. I DON'T WANT
TO SEE.

KING PATTENIA
HAS ORDERED
THAT YOU SHOULD
LOOK UPON
YOURSELF SO
DRESSED.

WILL
YOU WALK, OR
MUST I CARRY
YOU?

PATTENIA..

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair stands in a bedroom. She is wearing a white lace corset with yellow trim and white lace stockings. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The room features a bed with blue and white patterned bedding, a wooden headboard, and a stone wall in the background.

I DREAD WHAT I
WILL SEE IN THAT
MIRROR, WHAT IT
WILL DO TO MY
SPIRIT.

I WOULD NOT
SO MUCH AS
GLANCE IF I HAD A
CHOICE.

I KNOW WELL MY
SISTER'S INTENT. SHE
MEANS TO FORCE ME
TO SEE MYSELF AS A
MAIDEN EVEN IN MY
OWN MIND'S EYE. SHE
MEANS TO **BREAK**
ME.

THE WOMAN STONE HAS SHOWN SHE CAN FORCE ME TO HER WILL, AND SO I MUST CONFRONT MYSELF. I WILL BE STRONG. I WILL NOT LET THIS CHANGE ME.

I WILL WALK. BE SURE TO TELL MY SISTER HOW LITTLE THIS **GAME** OF HERS UPSETS ME.







TO BE CONTINUED

