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PANEL 1

Focus on Willow running away in the woods, half terrified by what she's seen.

CAPTION

"Clever Willow would've been next if she hadn't run for help."

PANEL 2

Big panel. Foreground, from left to right: Abigail, tits into the ground, ass in the air, gets fiercely fingered by Patience, who herself is slamming herself onto Lucky's cock. The poor guy is on his back, fingers clutching the earth beneath him as he's getting some epic sex. In the background, some shadows carrying torches are approaching the trio.

CAPTION

"So I settled for Lucky and Abby until they came to split us up."

PANEL 3

Three strong women (all wearing breastplates) are grabbing Patience from behind (one choking her with one arm around the neck, the other two holding her arms). They seem to struggle to contain Patience, who's struggling to free herself, her eyes crazed with lust. (Note: because the women wear BREASTPLATES OF HOLDING, their breasts appear regularly sized, not monstrous like Patience's.)

CAPTION

"It still took THREE of our strongest women to overpower me."

PANEL 4

Big crowd scene in the village's town square. (The villagers can be low-detail characters except for Abigail and Willow.) In the foreground, a wizened druid (tall, lean, wrinkled, with long brown-gray hair and beard) glares down at Patience. (It's not obvious, but his eyes might be looking at her boobs, not her face.) Patience looks up at him, eyes wide with shock and sadness.

CAPTION

"The next morning, when the horniness had worn off, I was brought before the town square to be judged."

DRUID MORNEKAI

Patience, because you have ANGERED the spirits of the spring, I must inform you and every one here that the waters have LOST THEIR POTENCY.

(cont'd)

There will no longer be any BLOSSOMING RITES.

PATIENCE

(loudly)

WHAT?

CROWD

(tail-less balloons floating above the crowd)

No!

Oh no...

It can't be...

It's not fair!

PANEL 5

Zoom in on the druid and Patience. His head is bowed and his eyes closed, and he has the faintest of smiles (which no one notices, not even Patience). Patience clasps one hand over her mouth, tears welling up in her eyes.

DRUID MORNEKAI

For this crime, Patience, there can be only one sentence.

DRUID MORNEKAI

Exile.

PATIENCE

No...

PANEL 6

Torso shot of Abigail (left) and Willow (right) in the crowd. Abby, arms folded across her chest, looks away as if this wasn't

her problem. Willow's head is bowed in shame, her hands joined before her lap.

CAPTION

"Obviously, Abigail didn't lift a finger to defend me."

CAPTION

"As for Willow, well, bravery was never her thing."