



HAHAHA.

IS THAT REALLY HIM?

HAHAHA.

YES. I WAS THERE WHEN SHE CHANGED HIM!

HAHAHA.

HE HAS A MOST PLEASING SHAPE!

HAHAHA.

HAHAHA.

WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR SKIN LIKE HERS!

HAHAHA.

HE HEARS COMMENTS. LAUGHTER, MUFFLED, BUT LAUGHTER STILL, ECHOES IN THE GREAT CHAMBER. HIS ANGER BUILDS. HOW DARE THEY?

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a white lace dress, is walking away from the viewer through a large, dark stone throne room. The room has high ceilings and arched windows. In the background, several other people in medieval-style clothing are standing or walking. A large, conical structure is visible in the distance. The scene is lit with a golden light from the windows.

PRINCESS!


YOUR
DRESS IS
LOVELY!

I MUST SAY,
SISTER, THIS NEW
LOOK SUITS YOU!

MILADY!

HE WALKS THE LONG
WALK ACROSS THE
MASSIVE THRONE
ROOM, DRESS
SWISHING AGAINST HIS
THIGHS. HE KEEPS HIS
HEAD HIGH, MUSTERS
HIS COURAGE, FEELS
ON HIS RAGE.

THE CLOUDS OUTSIDE
THE CASTLE PART, AND
THE CHAMBER FILLS
WITH A GOLDEN LIGHT!



I DO NOT SEE MY FRIENDS, MY ALLIES AMONG THE CROWD. THESE ARE PATTENIA'S ALLIES, HERE TO REVEL IN MY SHAME AND HER TRIUMPH!

HE MAKES A FETCHING MAIDEN!

INDEED. WITH THOSE HIPS, HE WILL DELIVER MANY FINE BABIES TO HIS HUSBAND.

HE LOOKS LOVELY. ANY MAN WOULD BE PROUD TO HAVE HIM AS HIS BRIDE.


THEY SPEAK OF ME AS IF I AM A WOMAN. THAT I WOULD TAKE A HUSBAND? BARE HIM CHILDREN? IT IS ABSURD. HAS PATTENIA ENCOURAGED THEM TO SPEAK OF ME SO? I CANNOT BELIEVE THEY WOULD BE SO INSOLENT.

THEN, THE PRINCE
SPOTS HER.

NEMERIA!

SHE WAS TO BE MY BRIDE, AND NOW SHE
LOOKS AWAY, ASHAMED AND HUMILIATED TO
SEE THE MAN SHE WAS TO MARRY
REFRAMED AS A WOMAN, WEARING A
DRESS. I HAVE FAILED HER.





OF COURSE, THERE IS DEVIN, MY RIVAL, STANDING WITH PATTENIA. EVER HAS HE HATED ME! HOW HE MUST RELISH TO SEE ME REDUCED TO WOMANHOOD! HE LOOKS SO MUCH TALLER! BUT IT IS I WHO HAVE BECOME SO SMALL. I FEEL A FOOL TO STAND BEFORE HIM WEARING A DRESS, A CORSET, A WOMAN'S SHAPE. IT IS AS IF HE HAS WON THE ULTIMATE VICTORY SIMPLY BY REMAINING A MAN.

HE STARES AT ME, AND THERE IS SUCH A LOOK IN HIS EYES, UNLIKE ANY I HAVE EVER SEEN.

THAT LOOK? WHY DOES
IT UNNERVE ME SO?

I HAVE BESTED HIM MANY TIMES, AND
YET NOW IT IS AS IF HE IS...
UNDRESSING ME WITH HIS EYES!

LUST?



DEVIN! HE LONGS TO
LAY WITH ME?

THE HEAT OF DEVIN'S
RAW DESIRE, THE
FORCE OF HIS STARE,
RATTLES THE PRINCE.
SERREN FEELS
AFRAID IN A WAY HE
HAS NEVER FELT
BEFORE.



AS HE SENSES THE MAN
UNDRESSING HIM,
IMAGINING EVERY CURVE
AND CREVICE OF HIS
NEW BODY, HE FEELS
VIOLATED, SHOCKED.

HE FEELS EVERY INCH
A WOMAN NOW.

HE FEELS--
VULNERABLE-- AND HE
DOES NOT LIKE THAT
FEELING.



STOP
LOOKING AT
ME!

HE TRIES TO SEEM
STRONG, BUT HE CAN
HEAR HIS PRETTY VOICE
TREMBLE, AND EVEN
TO HIS OWN EARS HE
SOUNDS JUST LIKE ANY
GIRL.

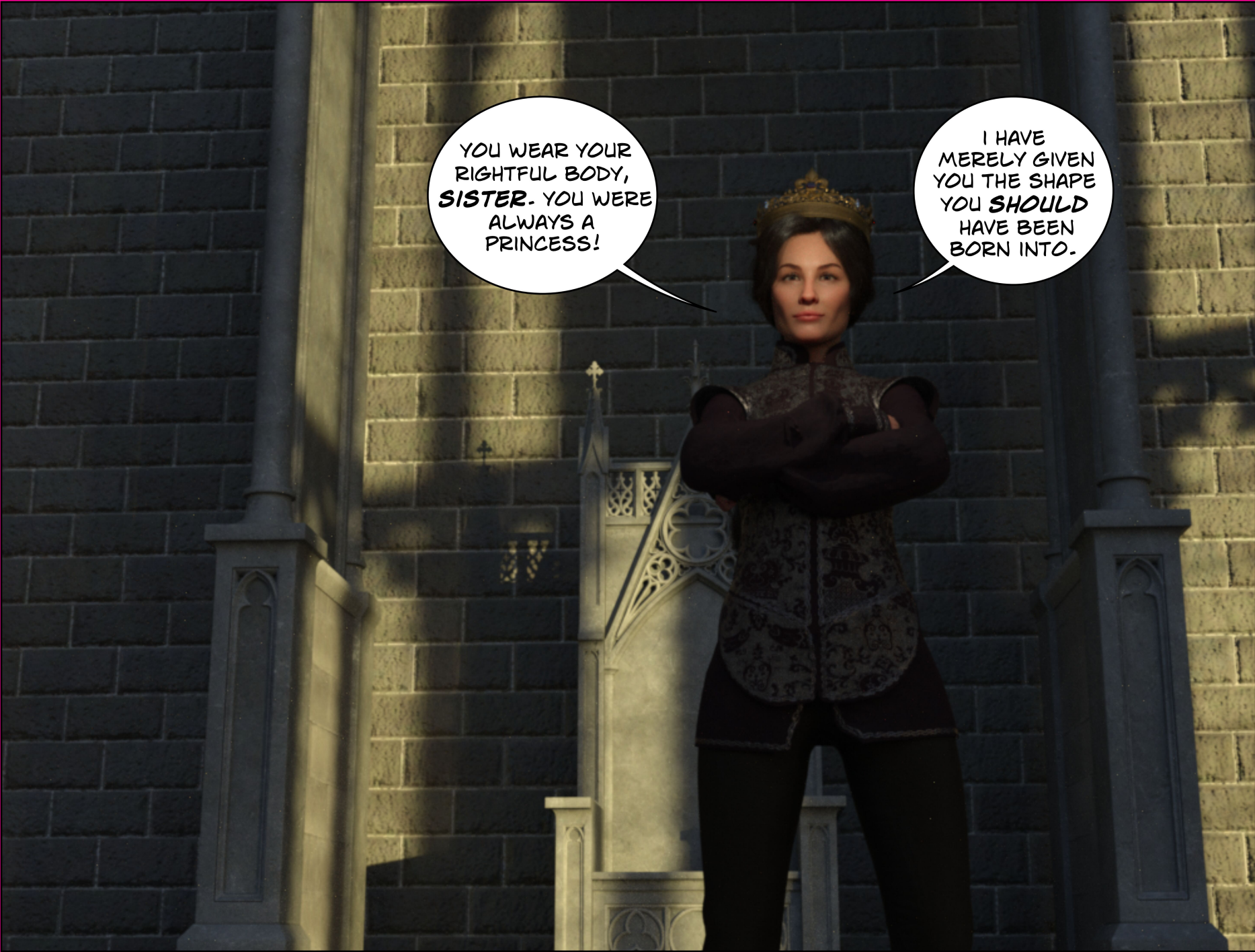
FORGIVE ME,
MILADY. IT IS JUST
THAT I HAVE NEVER
SEEN A FACE SO FAIR!
YOU ARE A VISION. I
WISH ONLY TO
SERVE YOU.

YOU ARE NOT
WORTH MY
TIME!




PATTENIA.

I DEMAND
YOU RETURN ME
TO MY RIGHTFUL
BODY, AND
RELINQUISH MY
CROWN!




YOU WEAR YOUR
RIGHTFUL BODY,
SISTER. YOU WERE
ALWAYS A
PRINCESS!

I HAVE
MERELY GIVEN
YOU THE SHAPE
YOU **SHOULD**
HAVE BEEN
BORN INTO.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a gold crown and a dark, patterned dress, stands in a stone archway. She has her arms crossed and a slight smile. The background is a stone wall with a Gothic-style archway behind her.

BESIDES, DEAR
GIRL, YOU
WOULDN'T MAKE
MUCH OF A **WIFE**
FOR YOUR FUTURE
HUSBAND WERE YOU
YET IN THE BODY
OF A MAN.

HOW WOULD
YOU HAVE HIS
BABIES?



**ENOUGH
OF THIS
MADNESS!**

**I AM NOT A GIRL! I
AM NOT A PRINCESS! I
WILL NOT BE TALKED DOWN
TO LIKE SOME FOOL WOMAN!
CEASE THIS LUNATIC TALK OF
MARRIAGE AND RESTORE ME
NOW!**



OH, DEAR. I HAVE
GOTTEN AHEAD OF
MYSELF!

LORDS AND
LADIES OF THE
SHATTERED ISLES, I
HAVE A JOYOUS
ANNOUNCEMENT.

A woman wearing a gold crown and a dark, patterned dress stands with her arms raised in front of a stone wall. She has a joyful expression. Two speech bubbles are positioned above her, and two large, stylized text elements are at the bottom of the frame.

LORD RUNTICK
HAS REQUESTED
THE HAND OF
PRINCESS SERRENIA,
AND I HAVE GRANTED
HIS REQUEST.

THERE IS TO BE
A **ROYAL**
WEDDING UNITING
OUR TWO GREAT
HOUSES!

CHEERS!

APPLAUSE!

CHEERS

RUNTICK?
BUT HE IS TO
BE YOUR
HUSBAND?


LAUGHTER




A woman with dark hair, wearing a gold crown and a dark, patterned, high-collared dress, stands in a stone doorway. She has her right hand on her hip and a slight smile. The background is a dark stone wall with Gothic architectural details.

YES, HE **WAS**. RECALL, SWEET SISTER, HOW I DID COME TO YOU AND BEG YOU TO FREE ME FROM AN ENGAGEMENT I FOUND ABHORRENT.

I TOLD YOU I DID NOT FAVOR RUNTICK, THAT I DID NOT WISH TO MARRY AT ALL. DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID BACK WHEN YOU WORE THE SHAPE OF A MAN?

A 3D rendered scene set in a grand, dark cathedral. In the foreground, a woman with long, wavy blonde hair wears a white, form-fitting, off-the-shoulder dress with a corset-style bodice and a full, light-colored skirt. She is adorned with a crown of purple and gold jewels, a matching necklace, and bracelets. Her arms are outstretched, and she has a determined expression. In the background, several women in long, dark blue gowns are seen in various poses, some appearing to be dancing or moving through the space. The cathedral's architecture features high, arched windows with colorful stained glass, and the floor is made of large, light-colored stone tiles. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

DO YOUR DUTY. YOU ARE A MAIDEN, AND YOU ARE FATED TO A MAIDEN'S LIFE.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a gold crown and a dark, intricately patterned dress, stands in a stone doorway. She has a serious expression. The background is a dark stone wall with architectural details.

WISE COUNCIL,
INDEED! NOW YOU
ARE A MAIDEN, AND
THE VERY DOOM YOU
ONCE SO FLIPPANTLY
DID PLACE ON ME, IS
YOURS.

YOU WILL
LIVE THE MAIDEN
LIFE YOU ONCE
MEANT FOR ME. YOU
WILL BE A WIFE, A
MOTHER, A HELP MATE TO
YOUR HUSBAND AND
NOTHING MORE!
REMEMBER WELL YOUR
OWN WORDS, MY
BROTHER, WHEN YOU
FIND AN INFANT
SUCKLING AT
YOUR TEAT!



NEVER!



I WAS HOPING IT
WOULD COME TO
THIS!




LADIES!

EVEN NOW,
I WILL BEAT
YOU.

GIRL FIGHT!

YOU
ARE ABOUT
TO BE VERY
SURPRISED!



THE FIGHT DOES NOT LAST LONG AS SERREN FINDS HIMSELF LOCKED IN HIS SISTER'S POWERFUL ARMS. SHE SEEMS STRONGER, EVEN, THAN STONE!

HOW?

WHEN I GAVE YOU A GIRL'S FRAIL BODY, I ALSO DREW INTO MYSELF YOUR FORMER MANLY STRENGTH!



HOW EASILY I
THROW YOU
DOWN! TO HAVE
SUCH
STRENGTH!

UNH!

CRASH!



SERREN!

STAY DOWN!

HAHAHA!

WH- WHAT HAS
BECOME OF ME?

HAHAHA!

ARE YOU HURT?

GET UP! GET UP AND FIGHT ME!

OR YIELD, AND ADMIT YOU ARE ONLY A GIRL!

THEY ARE ALL LAUGHING.

HAHAHA!

HE CERTAINLY FIGHTS LIKE A GIRL!





LET ME HELP YOU UP.

I-- I YIELD. I AM-- JUST A-- I AM A GIRL.

HAHAHAHA!



TO BE CONTINUED