

BROTHER BEWITCHED



CHAPTER 8.

The following material is rated

R

Mature Readers

Notice: This material should not be read by, given to or downloaded by anyone under the age of 18, or viewed in a jurisdiction or area that prohibits the viewing of nudity, illustrations of naked men and women or the portrayal of sexual situations. You should also not view this material if you find such portrayals offensive. Any sexual situations involve characters over the age of 18.



DEVIN!

SERREN'S DREAMS MUDDLE THE PAST AND THE PRESENT...



MEMORIES WAGE WAR.



YOU'RE SOOO TALL!



HIS MIND SEEKS TO MAKE SENSE OF HIS NEW PERSPECTIVE!





I'LL PROTECT YOU.

HE STRUGGLES TO UNDERSTAND NEW NEEDS.



I JUST WISH THERE WERE SOME WAY I COULD REPAY YOUR KINDNESS.



WAIT!
NO!



NO.. NO...



YES!





DEVIN... OH,
DEVIN!



DE-VIN!



WELL...
WELL...

YOU'RE SO
BIG! AH! STOP!
THAT TICKLES!
<GIGGLE!>
MMMMM.



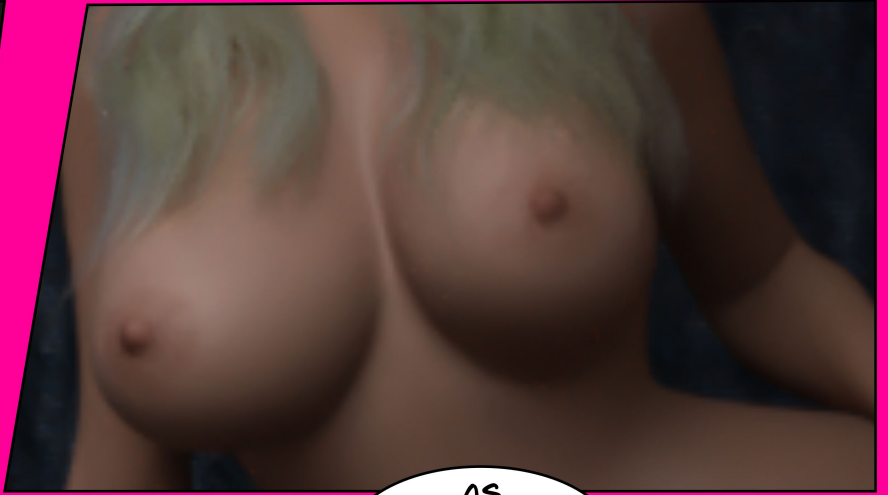
OOOOHHH!
MMMM! THAT
FEELS SOOO
GOOD.

IT SEEMS THE
GOOD PRINCE MAY
NEED A CHASTITY
BELT!

AT LEAST
TILL HIS
WEDDING NIGHT!
HUH- HUH.



TAKE ME!



AS MUCH AS I'M ENJOYING THIS...




GOOD
MORNING, PRINCESS!
RISE AND SHINE!






AAAHH!

DEVIN?
WHAT?
WHERE?
STONE?




PRINCESS! WERE
YOU HAVING A
NAUGHTY DREAMING
ABOUT A BOY?

WHAT?




A BOY? NO.
NO! WHY WOULD
YOU EVEN ASK
THAT?

I DON'T LIKE
BOYS. WHY WOULD
I DREAM ABOUT A
BOY?

A woman with short brown hair and a nose ring is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a dark, laced-up corset. The background is a stone wall with a candelabra holding several lit candles. To the left is a dark wooden cabinet, and to the right is a mirror. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.


MOST
CERTAINLY, A
MANLY MAN SUCH
AS YOURSELF
WOULD NEVER
DREAM ABOUT
KISSING A BOY,
MILADY.

AND YET... YOU
WERE TALKING IN
YOUR SLEEP, AND IT
SOUNDED AS IF YOU
WERE **WRESTLING**
WITH SOMEONE.
DEVIN, WAS IT?



WRESTLING...?
OH, NO, I
MEAN...YES.

I MUST HAVE
BEEN DREAMING, UM,
ABOUT THAT ONE TIME
WHEN I FOUGHT, UM...
AHHHH.. A TROLL! YES. VERY
NASTY. HIS NAME WAS
DERGRIN OR SOME SUCH
TROLLISH THING. OF
COURSE, I DEFEATED
HIM.

A woman with short brown hair and a gold nose ring is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a dark, laced-up corset. The background is a stone wall with several lit candles. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left and one on the right.

WELL, YOU
WON'T BE
WANTING TO FIGHT
ANY TROLLS
ANYMORE. YOU
MIGHT RUIN YOUR
DRESS!

THE SUN'S
A-MOVING!
LET'S GET YOU
INTO YOUR
CORSET!

A woman with long blonde hair is standing in a room, wearing a white corset and a long white dress. She is holding a candelabra with lit candles. She is looking towards a man whose back is to the camera. The room has stone walls and a wooden cabinet.

CORSET?
OH, THERE'S
NO NEED. I
WON'T BE
LEAVING MY
ROOM.

AS I SAID,
LET'S GET YOU
INTO YOUR
CORSET.
MILADY.

I'D RATHER
NOT.





FINE!

I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND WHY
YOU TAKE SUCH
PLEASURE IN
THIS!





BY THE BY, I WISH FOR YOU TO CUT THIS ABSURD HAIR! IT'S EVER FALLING INTO MY EYES!

THANK YOU FOR REMINDING ME! YOU'LL NEED TO BRUSH THAT LOVELY HAIR OF YOURS AFTER YOU FINISH GETTING DRESSED. NOW, YOUR SISTER HAS CHOSEN A PERFECT DRESS FOR YOU TODAY!

LATER...

APPALLING,
THOUGH IT IS,
MERCIFULLY, LESS
ABSURD THAN THE
LAST ONE..

YOU LOOK
LOVELY.






NOW,
REMEMBER. 100
STROKES!

IT WILL KEEP
YOUR HAIR FROM
GETTING TANGLED,
AND ALSO MAKE IT
SHINE! VERY
IMPORTANT FOR A
GIRL.

100? VERY
WELL.



WELL, I BEST
GET BUSY! I
SHOULD NEVER RISK
TANGLED HAIR.
GOOD MORNING TO
YOU, STONE.

YOUR SISTER LEFT A
BOOK FOR YOU. SHE
BELIEVES YOU WILL
FIND IT MOST
ENJOYABLE!

GOOD MORN!



WHEN THIS IS
OVER, I WILL
SEE MISS STONE
GETS 100
STROKES!



**I MUST ESCAPE
THIS NIGHTMARE!!**

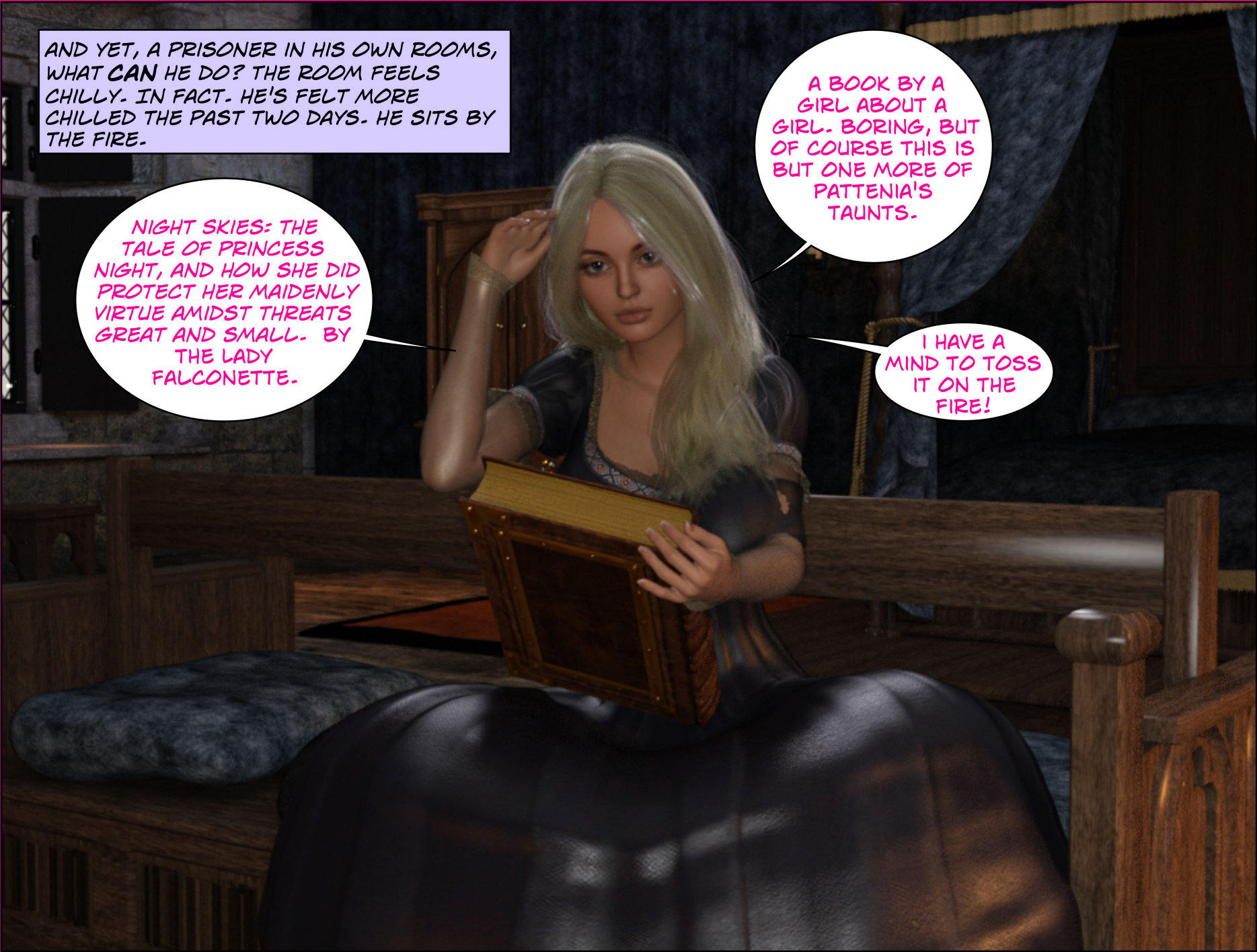
NIGHTMARE. THE WORD RECALLS TO SERREN'S MIND FRAGMENTS OF HIS DISTURBING DREAM, THE FEELING OF WANTING TO BE TAKEN AS A WOMAN. IT FURTHER INFLAMES HIS NEED TO ESCAPE HIS FEMININE PRISON.

AND YET, A PRISONER IN HIS OWN ROOMS, WHAT CAN HE DO? THE ROOM FEELS CHILLY. IN FACT. HE'S FELT MORE CHILLED THE PAST TWO DAYS. HE SITS BY THE FIRE.

NIGHT SKIES: THE TALE OF PRINCESS NIGHT, AND HOW SHE DID PROTECT HER MAIDENLY VIRTUE AMIDST THREATS GREAT AND SMALL. BY THE LADY FALCONETTE.

A BOOK BY A GIRL ABOUT A GIRL. BORING, BUT OF COURSE THIS IS BUT ONE MORE OF PATTENIA'S TAUNTS.

I HAVE A MIND TO TOSS IT ON THE FIRE!



**KNOCK.
KNOCK.**

YOU HAVE A
VISITOR,
PRINCESS
SERRENINA.

I DON'T SUPPOSE
IT'S MY CHOICE,
BUT SEND THEM
IN.

I WONDER
WHO IT COULD
BE? I FEEL
ASHAMED OF
THIS BODY,
THIS DRESS I
WEAR, THE
SWELL OF MY
BREASTS.

COULD IT BE
RUNTICK, THE
MAN WHO
MEANS TO
MAKE ME HIS
WIFE?



PRINCESS.

YOU!



**TO BE
CONTINUED**