

# BROTHER BEWITCHED

## CHAPTER 17





IT CAME AS A SHOCK TO  
PRINCE SERREN.

I'M THE  
PRINCESS.

WITHOUT REALIZING IT, HE'D  
BEEN ACTING JUST LIKE A  
DAMSEL IN DISTRESS FROM  
A FAIRY TALE.







THE RESCUE OF  
PRINCESS  
SERRENINA. I MUST  
COMMISSION A  
SONG.

HIS  
SPIRIT WILL  
SOON MATCH  
HIS BODY.



SERREN, SMITTEN WITH DEVIN, DOES NOT WANT TO LEAVE THE MAN'S ARMS, BUT HIS SISTER'S GAZE UNERVES HIM. HE KNOWS WHAT THIS LOOKS LIKE-- WHAT THIS IS. HE FEELS LIKE A WOMAN, AND HE SUSPECTS HIS SISTER KNOWS.

YOU SHOULD LET GO OF ME NOW.




SEEING THE SLIGHT EMBARRASSMENT IN DEVIN'S EYES, THE PRINCE CANNOT RESIST THE URGE TO PLACE A COMFORTING HAND TO HIS CHEEK.

OF COURSE. FORGIVE ME IF I-- LINGERED.

IT'S JUST -- MY SISTER IS WATCHING.








NINA. YOU ARE  
SO HELPLESS  
NOW. TAKE  
COMFORT IN THE  
FACT I WILL ALWAYS  
PROTECT YOU. I  
OFFERED MY VERY  
LIFE FOR  
YOURS.

A MOST  
REGAL ACT.





SHE TAUNTS  
ME. SHE MAKES  
ME A HELPLESS  
GIRL, THEN  
LORDS IT OVER  
ME.

YOU WIELD  
FATHER'S SWORD.  
THAT'S MINE. HE  
LEFT IT TO ME.  
YOU-- I WANT IT  
BACK.



HE'S SO  
LOVELY.


WHAT  
WOULD A  
PRETTY LITTLE  
GIRL LIKE YOU  
NEED WITH A  
SWORD? IT'S  
ABSURD. YOU  
HAVE NO USE  
FOR IT.





I DON'T CARE.  
I WANT IT. IT'S  
MINE.

VERY WELL.




I SHOULD DO  
SOMETHING. INTERVENE.  
PERHAPS, WHILE SHE IS  
DISTRACTED, I COULD STRIKE  
PATTENIA DOWN? NO. TOO  
RISKY. I WILL BIDE MY  
TIME.





HERE. TAKE IT.



YOU-  
- YOU'RE  
TRYING TO  
TRICK ME.

NO TRICK. I  
OFFER THIS  
SWORD TO YOU, MY  
DEAR, LITTLE  
SISTER. TAKE  
IT.



SERREN REACHES FOR THE SWORD. IT IS SOMETHING OF HIS FATHER'S, SOMETHING THAT WAS HIS. PATTENIA HAS TAKEN SO MUCH. HE DESERVES AT LEAST TO KEEP THIS TOKEN OF HIS FATHER'S LOVE. AS HE REACHES FOR THE BLADE, THE PRINCE FEELS A MOMENT OF JOY, BUT THEN--

IF YOU CAN LIFT THE SWORD, YOU MAY KEEP IT.







IF I CAN LIFT IT?

I HAVE DRAINED YOUR STRENGTH!

THE JOY DRAINS OUT OF SERREN. HIS SISTER HAS TAKEN ALL HIS STRENGTH. HE IS NOT EVEN AS STRONG AS A WOMAN HIS AGE, BUT IS AS WEAK AND HELPLESS AS A LITTLE GIRL.




HE DOESN'T TRY TO SEIZE THE SWORD. HE KNOWS HE LACKS THE STRENGTH.

I-- YOU KNOW I CANNOT LIFT IT.

YOU SPOILED BRAT.





A woman with dark hair, wearing a gold crown and a black dress with gold embroidery, holds a glowing orange and red orb. She has a determined and angry expression, with blood smeared on her right cheek. The background is dark with a lit torch on the left.

YOUR WHOLE LIFE  
YOU HAD EVERYTHING  
HANDLED TO YOU NOT  
BECAUSE YOU EARNED IT,  
BUT BECAUSE YOU WERE A  
BOY. THOSE DAYS ARE OVER,  
**PRINCESS**, YET I SEE YOU  
STILL FEEL ENTITLED TO  
MAKE DEMANDS OF YOUR  
KING. I HAVE A MIND  
TO--

DEVIN STEPS BETWEEN THE BICKERING SIBLINGS. HE CANNOT STAND BY AND WATCH. HE FEELS COMPELLED TO DEFEND SERREN, BUT MUST BE CAUTIOUS. PATTENIA CANNOT SEE HIM AS AN ENEMY.

MY KING. PARDON ME FOR INTERRUPTING, BUT PERHAPS THESE FAMILY MATTERS ARE BEST DISCUSSED IN A MORE PRIVATE SETTING. I OFFER THIS COUNSEL ONLY AS A FRIEND WHO WISHES TO PROTECT YOUR NOBLE REPUTATION.







WISE COUNSEL,  
LORD DEVIN. NINA,  
WE WILL DISCUSS  
THIS IN THE  
MORNING. ESCORT  
HER TO HER  
ROOMS.







DEVIN HAS BEEN SUCH A MAN, SO PROTECTIVE, SO FIERCE, SERREN IS POWERLESS OVER THE LONGING OF HIS WOMAN'S HEART.

THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING, DEVIN. YOUR BRAVERY, YOUR NOBILITY, YOU ARE A REMARKABLE MAN.

I DID WHAT A MAN SHOULD DO. NO MORE.

SERREN IS SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO ADORING, DEVIN FEELS HIS MANLY LUST RISING. HE LONGS TO TAKE SERREN'S HAND. TO KISS HIM. SERREN LONGS TO BE KISSED. IF DEVIN TRIES, THIS TIME HE KNOWS HE WILL GLADLY WELCOME DEVIN'S LIPS WITH HIS OWN.



SERREN REACHES FOR  
DEVIN'S HAND, BUT...

NO. I MUST  
REMEMBER I AM A  
MAN. I CAN NEVER  
SURRENDER TO  
THESE WOMANLY  
DESIRES.

I CAN  
SCARCELY  
CONTROL MY  
PASSIONS. I DO  
NOT WISH TO  
RESTORE SERREN.  
I WANT TO  
RAVISH HER.





LATER, SERREN TRIES TO SLEEP, BUT HE CAN'T REST. HE IS TOO DISTURBED BY STRANGE NEW LONGINGS, BY THE MEMORY OF HIS RESCUE, THE FEELING OF BEING HELD IN DEVIN'S STRONG ARMS.



HIS BODY, TOO, BETRAYS HIM. THE WEIGHT OF HIS BREASTS, RISING AND FALLING, CALLS HIS ATTENTION TO HIS NEW SHAPE. HE'D ALWAYS BEEN A BREAST MAN, AND NOW HE HAS HIS OWN, IGNITING A LONGING IN HIM THAT WILL NOT BE REFUSED.



WHEN HE AND NEMERIA KISSED,  
HE'D FOUND HIS FEMALE  
DESIRES TERRIFYING. HE NOW  
FINDS HIMSELF CURIOUS,  
WILLING TO EXPLORE HIS  
WOMAN'S BODY.

I MIGHT AS  
WELL GET  
SOME USE OUT OF  
THESE MELONS.







MMMM-

THE IMAGE OF DEVIN FLOATS  
UNBIDDEN INTO SERREN'S MIND,  
AND HE FINDS HIS AROUSAL  
GROWING STRONGER AS HE  
PICTURES DEVIN'S BROAD  
SHOULDERS, HIS RUGGED FACE,  
HIS BULGING ARMS.

UNNNHH





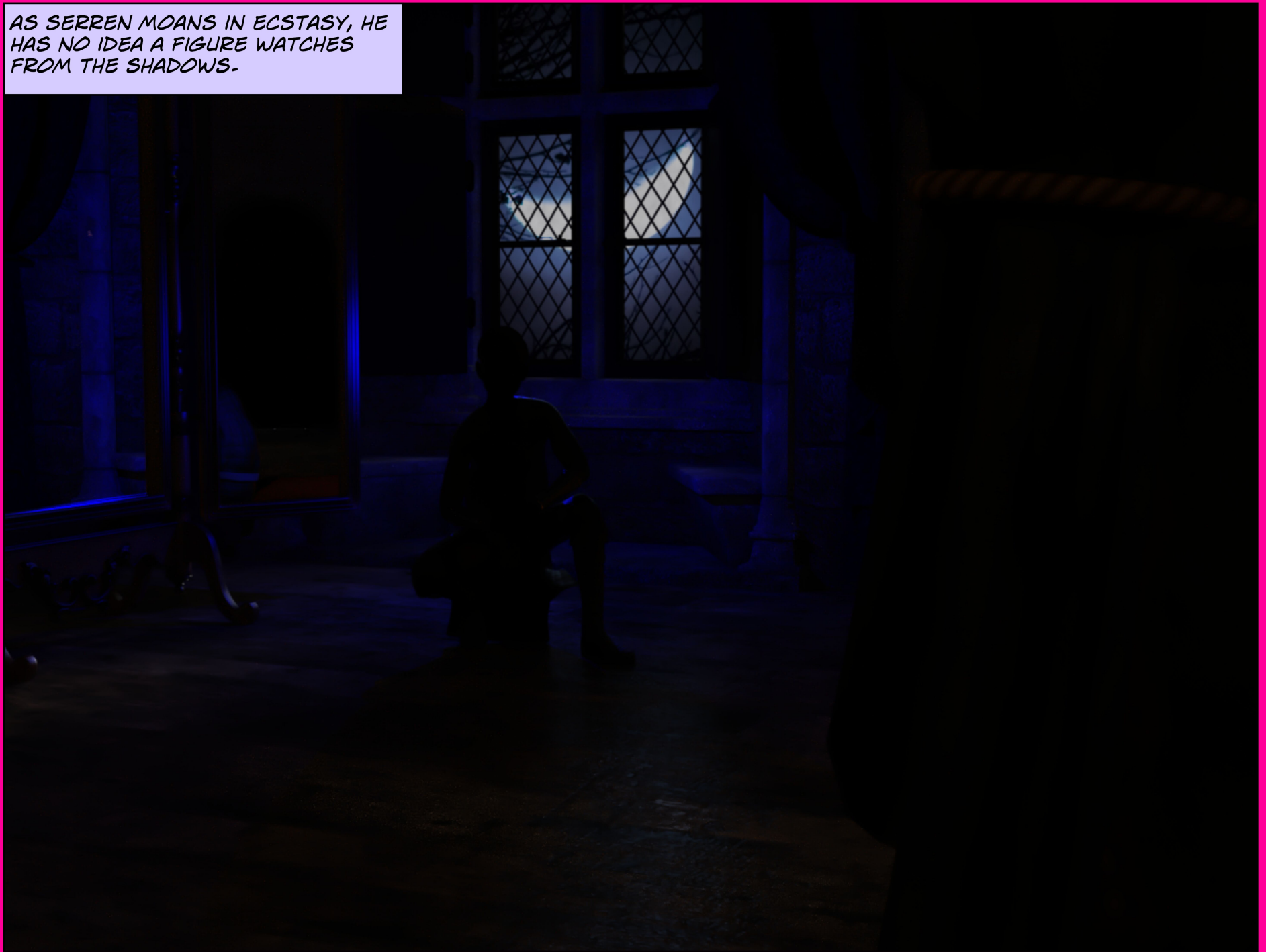
HE PULLS HIS DRESS UP AROUND HIS HIPS,  
SLIPS HIS FINGERS  
BETWEEN HIS SOFT  
THIGHS.

АААААА!





*AS SERREN MOANS IN ECSTASY, HE HAS NO IDEA A FIGURE WATCHES FROM THE SHADOWS.*







**TO BE CONTINUED**