

## Fairies and Monsters

### Chapter 1 – Samuel

Fucking nerds. Losers!

*Assholes!*

Kicking me from their stupid game of Dipshits and Dickheads? Fuck 'em! I didn't wanna play that nerd shit anyway!

Pretending to be elves and fairies and monsters and shit.

Fucking *losers*.

I glared up at the black, starry sky. And – just my luck – tripped over an invisible rock. Pain jolted through my foot as I stumbled, barely managed to catch my balance.

Naturally, as soon as I'd righted myself, I glanced around to make sure no-one had seen.

Not that there was anyone around.

But it was an instinct thing. A natural reaction. My eyes scanned the empty, moonlit meadow. I spun on my heels, checked the way I'd come. And, obviously, there was no-one. Not a damned person for miles.

That was the whole reason I'd come this way.

"Fuckers," I whispered. Spat on the ground. "Pussies."

Kicking me out of their game because of a joke.

"I don't even care!"

Who wanted to be friends with a bunch of losers like that? Not me! They could all go fuck themselves! Let them have their stupid make-believe game. Let them act all cosy and friendly and lame. Pathetic. I'd much rather be out in the *real* world.

The full moon overhead, a cloudless sky filled with twinkling stars. Silvery grass all around, practically glowing in the night.

All around, insects chirped and plants shuffled.

I'd much rather be here than some stuffy, cramped, smelly basement with a bunch of stupid nerds who couldn't take a joke.

I kept walking, eyes forward, those same sentiments repeating over and over again in my head. Reassuring myself that I'd done nothing wrong, that I didn't want to be there in the first place, that I didn't care about the stupid game. Wasn't my fault that bitch couldn't take a compliment. Wasn't my problem that they all had sticks up their asses.

Time seemed to melt away as I walked and brooded. Minutes or hours; I had no idea how long had passed when I stumbled across it.

Mushrooms, glowing golden in the moonlight. A perfect ring of them, wide enough for several people to stand comfortably in. Mushrooms with golden heads and white stalks, that seemed be too well lit for the moon's light. It almost looked like they were lit from within.

The sight stopped me short.

It was *freaky*. Like one of those magical fairy circles that the shitters had talked about in their silly game.

I stepped closer to the circle, trying to recall.

Something about fairy circles being a doorway to another place? A place filled with fairies and other gay shit. The party had come across one in that silly, make-believe game, and one of the nerds – the short, skinny one – had convinced the rest of them to avoid it. Something about it being 'dangerous'.

I snorted out a laugh.

Dangerous? A bunch of fucking *mushrooms* were dangerous?

Maybe in their nerd-ass, loser game. But here, in the real world, mushrooms were just that – mushrooms.

A smirk on my face, I stepped forward and kicked the nearest one. The mushroom

exploded into a small cloud of gold and silver spores at my feet. I didn't wait for that fungal cloud to disperse before kicking the next mushroom, then the next. Going all the way around the circle, leaving nothing behind but a shallow cloud of gold and silver. It reached knee-high, refused to settle on the grassy ground.

I took a few steps back, tried brushing the lingering spores off my jeans to no avail.

When I looked up from my now-stained jeans, I saw the spore cloud had moved. Inching closer to me.

I backtracked a few more steps.

And the cloud followed.

"The fuck?"

There was obviously an explanation for it. Maybe the breeze was blowing it in my direction or something.

Still, I backed away from the cloud of glowing silver and gold.

The grass rustled playfully, insects chirping a mocking laugh.

And the cloud drifted nearer.

"Fuck this."

I spun on my heels, walked briskly away.

By the time I arrived home, I'd slowed down. Was walking with a slow, confident swagger.

Me, afraid? Not a chance.

I'd just been eager to get home, was all. That's why I'd been walking so fast. Not some silly mushroom shit.

What kind of a man was afraid of fungus?

Not me, that's for sure.

My house – my parents' house, really – was a shithole. An old, crumbling, three-bedroom terrace house with no front yard. The kind of house *poor* people lived in. Where other families had garages and multiple brand-new cars, mine only owned an old minivan that would've usually been parked out front. And, where other families had hot-tubs or pools or other cool shit in their back yards, all mine had was an ugly tree with an even uglier, rotting, DIY treehouse.

What a disappointing, sad family I had.

I couldn't wait to leave all of them behind. Mom, Dad, Senna. They could all go fuck themselves and this shitty house.

When I was living in a mansion one day, and they came begging me for a place to stay, I'd laugh in their faces and flip them off. Tell them to shut up, stop complaining, appreciate what they have. All the bullshit they'd told me over the years.

Thankfully, I didn't need to sneak into the house tonight.

Mom and Dad were out of town, trying to save their failing business. Begging some more-successful businessmen to buy from them.

And Senna, I knew, was staying at her boyfriend's place tonight.

Fucking slut.

As if it wasn't bad enough that my big sister was an uppity bitch, she also insisted on being the town bike.

Still, I was careful as I slipped inside the house. Just in case Senna's loser boyfriend had seen sense and dumped her fat ass. The last thing I needed was for the queen bitch to snitch on me again.

After a quick piss, I checked around the house. Just to make sure Senna wasn't in.

Prying my sister's bedroom door open slowly, I glimpsed inside. Let out a held breath when I saw her bed was empty. No lights on in the house, and an empty bed. Yup. She was at her retarded boyfriend's place.

Skank.

Cautiously, I stepped into the room. Walked over to her dresser drawers. Opened

them.

Bras and panties of every type and colour. Plain white bras with sturdy cups, cotton white panties designed for comfort. Lacy bras with thinner fabric, with matching lace thongs. Sports bras and boyshorts. Even lingerie bodysuits and whorish thongs that'd leave the crotch – my sister's pussy – exposed when worn.

I snatched up a bra, one of her sports bras.

Better than using an old sock to jerk off with. And the thought of her going for her morning run with my jizz on her fat tits made me smile. Besides, why shouldn't I? Slutty as Senna was, she'd probably cream herself if she knew I used her underwear like this!

Before leaving her room with my prize, I glanced around.

Discarded clothes were scattered across the floor, tank tops and skirts and jeans and sweaters. As well as a dirty plate or two, some mugs and half-empty glasses of water.

And she and our parents had the gall to say *my* room was a mess. Double standards much?

My eyes lingered on one area, a section of wall near my sister's bed. Covered in pinned photos of Senna and her friends, girls and guys alike. All smiling, having fun, in various places. Some of the photos were recent, just a few weeks or months old, while others had been taken years and years ago. And, in the centre of that collage of memories, an old photo of the family. Mom and Dad smiling wide, a tiny me on Dad's shoulders and a grinning, little Senna between our parents.

I ignored that stupid family picture, focused instead on a much more recent one.

Senna, twenty years old, at the beach, wearing a white two-piece bikini that showed off her hourglass figure and sexy curves. Big boobs, hips curving out for her wide ass, and a narrow waist between. Her sandy brown hair caught frozen, flowing in the breeze. And a wide, happy grin on her pretty face.

"Slut," I muttered.

What kind of arrogant, egotistical whore put a photo of herself – in a bikini – on their bedroom wall for all to see?

I was tempted to pluck that photo off the wall, not for the first time, and take it to my room to jerk off to. But no. Not tonight. There was another image I wanted to beat my meat to. One that'd be much more satisfying.

So I left her room, borrowing only a sports bra.

I played out the scene in my head. Holding Jenny's head down, forcing my cock deep down her throat as she struggled to breathe. All the other nerds watching as I showed them what a real man was.

Someone who took what he wanted.

Chicks loved that, even if they refused to admit it. They all wanted a strong, powerful, man's man. And that was me. A real, red-blooded, no bullshit *man*.

Just look at the nerd squad I was now free of.

Short and skinny Erick, who was practically a twig. A loser wimp more interested in games than in pussy – not that he'd ever get a chance to be with an actual woman. Maybe that's why he liked games so much. So he could pretend he wasn't a loser.

And then there was Four-Eyes. I couldn't remember that asshole's name; the real one or the fake roleplay one. Both began with an 'F' though. A failure through and through.

Dyke was there too. A short-haired lesbo bitch with neon pink hair. Always so snarky, acting all high and mighty – as if any guy would ever touch *her*.

And the twins! James and Jenny! The gym-bro who was probably taking it up the ass every time he went there, who put *way* too much effort into 'looking good' as if that mattered. Chicks didn't want muscle-brained, closeted-gay, pampered dickwads like that. They wanted *real* men, like me. Who didn't have to pretend, or wear make-up, or any of that gay shit.

I grunted, dragged my mind back to Jenny.

Cute Jenny with her plump lips and shy smile. A good girl who didn't sleep around or act like a whore.

Those lips around my cock. Sucking me off.

While all the other losers watched.

I stroked my cock, imagining the scene. Their faces.

Until something stopped me.

A shiver down my spine. The feeling I was being watched.

My eyes snapped open.

I let out a – very manly – yelp and shot out of bed, my sister's sports bra still clutched tight in my hand over my cock.

The silver and gold cloud glided closer to me, swirling and shifting. Glittering dust coalesced as it neared.

I backed myself into a corner, empty candy wrappers crinkling under my feet, half-eaten snacks and empty bottles kicked aside until my back met a wall and I froze. The bra slipped from my hand, exposing my shrivelled, limp dick – I was a grower not a shower, dammit!

The swirling cloud stopped a foot in front of me, coiled and flowed within itself until a vaguely human shape appeared. Silver dust where skin might've been, with a halo of gold flowing down like blonde hair.

"What the fuck," I breathed, eyes wide. Looking around for a weapon, anything I could use. "What the fuck..."

My fingers reached about, found something metal, clutched it and brought it forward – between me and the gold and silver cloud figure. At which point I noticed it was a spoon, some mouldy cake still stuck to it.

*Great.*

"Fuck off!" I said, waving the spoon threateningly.

An otherworldly giggle thrummed through the room, pulsing from the dust figure.

The thing tilted its head in an all-too human expression.

"Is that your first wish?" An ethereal voice asked, the words sounding impossibly distant. "Wisdom?"

"What?" I stared at the *thing*. Whatever it was. "My first wish?"

"No. Simple." The cloud thrummed, amused. "You broke the circle, mortal. You are owed..." The air vibrated. "Recompense. Wishes. You... deserve... wishes."

I blinked, stared at *it*.

The vaguely humanoid *thing* was in constant flux, the two colours of spores hovering and drifting, creating tiny vortexes. Insubstantial, yet maintaining the general outline of a human. Silver spores where skin would be, gold spores where its hair and eyes would be. Its face held no features save those not-eyes. No nose, no mouth. Just an outline. A suggestion of human likeness.

"Wishes?" I repeated.

"Use them sparingly." The voice sounded all around me, *inside* me. Like I wasn't hearing it so much as *feeling* it. "Each one costs me greatly..."

My eyes flicked from the spore creature to the spoon in my hand, then to my bed.

Must've fallen asleep. Weird ass dream, though...

Only, it didn't *feel* like a dream.

I could feel my heart racing in my chest, hear my own panting, smell the filth around me. My skin was prickled and my body tense, and my feet felt oddly itchy.

Frowning, I glanced down. Saw I'd stepped in some spoiled food.

My gaze returned to the creature.

Wishes, huh? Yeah right.

"I wish," I said, rolling my eyes, "I had unlimited money."

Silence followed my words. The glowing cloud creature staring at me with its not-eyes. Then, a blinding flash of light. It yelled, winced, dropped the spoon and shielded my eyes. When I dared open them again, peeking through my fingers, I saw a plain old wallet levitating in the air before me. Brown leather, gold clasp, thick with cash.

I gazed at the wallet uncomprehending.

"Granted," the otherworldly voice said.

Shaking my head, I patted myself down, glanced down at what I was wearing. A large, comfortable t-shirt, and nothing else. Below the waist, I was naked – my dick all shrivelled up and looking pathetic.

I tore my gaze away with a snarl.

"I'm dreaming," I growled at the cloud creature – was it me, or did it seem a little more solid now than it'd been a few moments before? "Or this is some stupid prank. Where are the cameras?!"

The gold and silver cloud didn't answer.

I looked around, clenching my fists and gritting my teeth.

Everything *felt* real. The crap I was standing on, my fingers curled tight in my fist, even the ache in my legs from the walk home. The kinda shit that I never knew to think of when I was dreaming.

Besides, if this *was* a dream, it was a fucking weird one.

Tentatively, I reached for the wallet, plucked it out of the air. My eyes darted to the cloud – yeah, it was definitely more solid now – anticipating a trick or trap. And, when none came, I opened the wallet.

It was filled with cash. Good quantities of every denomination of note, and a little pouch with plenty of coins. No credit cards, though.

A lot of money, but hardly 'unlimited'.

I plucked out all the cash, useless coins and all, and set it all down on the nearest surface I could find – the top of a pizza box that was occupying a beat-up old office chair.

With a shrug, I closed the wallet, was about to throw it when it got heavier in my hand.

I stared at the leather wallet, dumbfounded.

It was as dense and full now as it'd been before I'd emptied its contents. With a trembling hand, I opened it again and found it was once again full of cash. Mouth hanging open, I glanced from the full wallet to the pile of cash and spare change on the pizza box beside me.

"No fucking way..."

Just to be sure I wasn't dreaming, I pinched myself.

The sharp bite of pain brought a wide, insane grin to my face.

"No fucking way!" I barked out a laugh.

My attention returned to the cloud.

"What are you?"

The cloud figure tilted its not-quite head. "I am Nyx."

"And you grant wishes?" I asked. "How many do I get?"

"As many as you desire," a hint of apprehension entered the ethereal voice. "But, please, use them sparingly."

"Why?" I asked. *As many as I want?*

The thing didn't reply.

"Fine," I said, eyeing the cloud suspiciously. "I wish I had the power to turn invisible."

It'd been my go-to answer in high-school, whenever the question came up. Which superpower would I want? What would I wish for? Bullshit, cheating answers aside, I'd settled on invisibility. Just the thought of sneaking into the girl's locker room, getting to see all the sexy bodies. Or crashing a sleepover, getting to watch all the hotties lez it up...

I felt it. An awareness that'd come alive in my mind. A muscle I'd never used before,

calling to me to flex it.

"Granted," the gold and silver thing said.

It wasn't so much a cloud anymore. More like, a solid mist. Where before, it'd been only the vague shape of a human, now it held facial features and detail. A cute nose, a heart-shaped face, a slender and petite body. Not fully solid, but much more so than it'd been earlier.

*Use them sparingly.*

I smirked, raised my hand in front of my face, and tugged on the new awareness I'd unlocked.

My hand shimmered before my eyes, went translucent, then fully invisible. I waved the hand, could *feel* it moving. But it remained unseen.

A single thought was all it took to make my hand reappear.

Grinning, I glanced at the form of a woman – Nyx.

"I wish to be immortal," I told it.

For the briefest of moments, I saw worry in that ethereal, silver face. Then it was gone, replaced with a serene mask.

Nyx inclined her head.

"Granted."

And she became yet more solid.

Not fully opaque, but nearly there. She was solid enough for me to see her nudity, her golden hair flowing over her chest and down her back. Still glowing brightly, but less intensely.

"Shit," I hummed. "Can't really test that last one, can I?"

Nyx frowned. The expression lasted only an instant.

"I wish for the power to alter and reshape my-" A quick thought occurred to me. "-And anyone else's bodies in whatever ways I want."

"Granted," Nyx said, becoming fully solid. She was speaking with her newly formed lips now, voice tinged with fear. "But please restrain yourself, these wishes... they..."

"Yeah?" I said. "They what?"

She didn't answer.

Gone was any hint of the spores or dust or *whatever* that cloud had been made of. Now, there was a glowing woman standing in the middle of my room. Gold and silver, and completely solid.

A new instinct awoke, and I tapped into it right away.

Awareness of my body flooded my mind. Every drop of blood, every strand of hair, every pore and vein and muscle. And all of it was putty in my hands. It was impossible to take it all in at once, comprehend it. But the sense I got – the potential – was overwhelming. I could reshape myself in any way I wanted.

Myself, and others.

With a thought, an ounce of willpower, my body transformed. Flab and fat rippled under my skin, transforming into hardened muscle. In the blink of an eye, I'd gone from being pudgy and unhealthy to ripped and fit. My dick? A monster now, big enough to put every other guy to shame.

Looking down at myself, I couldn't help but laugh – the sound deeper and fuller than I was used to. More manly and strong.

"What happens if I keep making wishes?" I asked, my chest vibrating with power.

The glowing woman didn't answer.

"I wish that you'll answer every question I ask you with honesty, and that you'll never be able to lie to me."

"Granted," Nyx answered, face going blank.

Her glow, I couldn't help but notice, had lessened. Once shining from the core of her being, now only her outer self was glowing. Still clear, but obviously less so than it had

been.

I crossed my arms, smiled at her.

"What happens if I keep making wishes?" I repeated.

"I'll become mortal," Nyx answered, looking away. "The more power I invest in the human world, the more human I become."

There were other worlds? "What do you mean, 'invest'?"

"Granting wishes," Nyx answered. "Investing power from my world into this one. Please, allow me to leave and return to the Wild."

*Leave? Not a chance in hell.*

I had a lot of information to process, but that'd have to wait. One thing that *couldn't* wait was Nyx. These wishes. If I was understanding things clearly, I could let her go and give up my remaining wishes. Or I could keep making wishes until... what? She became human?

"I wish to be able to control anyone I want," I said, a memory of earlier that night flaring. The game. An argument. I set the thought aside, eager to explore it later.

"Granted," Nyx breathed, the glow rapidly fading from her skin and hair, leaving her standing there. A pretty girl with long blonde hair and milky white skin. A little flat-chested for my taste, but cute enough. Her eyes still glowed; golden irises surrounded by silver.

"I wish for the power to teleport."

"Granted," the girl said, a strain in her voice. A voice coming from lungs – I could see her chest rising and falling now. The glow in her eyes faded further.

"I wish for the power to fly," I said.

Nyx winced. "Granted," she said, the glow almost leaving her eyes completely.

"I-"

"Wait, please," Nyx begged, eyes wide. The little glow remaining in them only serving to amplify her pitiful desperation. "It's not too late! I can go, and you'll never see me again. You don't need-"

"I wish for the ability to materialise any object I want out of thin air!"

"Granted," Nyx said, closing her eyes.

When she opened them again, the glow was gone. Two pretty, hazel irises looked over at me.

"I wish for a magic sword," I said, testing.

The girl just stared at me.

"I wish I could create and throw fireballs."

She just shook her head.

"All out?" I smirked. "Too bad."

Then I advanced on her.

There were plenty of questions I wanted to ask. But, before all that, I had something else in mind. Time to put this body, this new cock, to the test. Time to lose my V-card once and for all. And, while I was at it, why not test out some of my new abilities too? The petite girl before me would look so much better with a pair of big, round, bouncy boobs. And the ability to control people? Who better to test it out on than the one who'd given it to me?

Nyx's eyes widened in fear as I approached.

But there was nowhere for her to run.

"Not very bright, are you Samuel?" A deep, powerful voice asked. "That is your name, isn't it? Samuel. Or, well, I suppose it's *my* name now..."

Pain. Pure, hot agony roared through me. My insides felt like they were on fire. Between my legs, a stinging, tearing pain. A pain so blindingly angry that I couldn't focus on anything else.

*I'm dying. God, I'm dying.*

It damned well felt like it.

One minute, I was fucking the hottest piece of ass imaginable, ready to cum and fill the slut with a gallon of jizz. And the next I was here, sobbing into dirty bedsheets.

Why did it hurt so much?

Everything hurt.

I felt so weak. So small. Frail.

*Man up!*

The thought sounded more like a plea than a command, but I tried following it all the same. I tried to rise – I was face-down on the bed for some reason – but that was a mistake. My thighs screamed agony at me, the area between my legs molten with how badly it burned. Something was torn. Inside me.

"I wouldn't recommend getting up," the deep voice said, a note of amusement clinging to his words. "You weren't gentle, and this cock? What were you thinking? You're lucky I'm more durable than most."

"Wh-" I tried to speak, my throat raw and scratchy. Why did my voice sound so soft and high-pitched? "What are..."

Strands of blonde hair fell over my face. Long, blonde hair. Nyx's hair. Only... It was coming from my head. Dazed and confused as I was, my mind addled by the searing pain between my legs and along my spine, it didn't click right away.

Even after raising a feminine hand to tug on that strand of blonde, feeling it pulling on my scalp, my brain didn't catch on.

It was only when I tilted my head, saw myself floating in the air across the room, did it click into place.

The weight on my chest. The pain between my legs. The fact I couldn't feel my dick, yet was plenty aware of what'd replaced it now that I was able to focus. A smaller, daintier body. Large, round tits. A bubble butt. Everything I'd given to Nyx's body.

"Did you really think you could stomp on my Circle and get away with it?" My own face stared back at me, tutting mockingly. "You're dim, even by human standards. Here's a tip for you; if someone makes you an offer that's too good to be true, it is. Nothing in any of the worlds is free, *Samantha*. You should've let me go when I gave you the chance. Not that you could've stopped me, anyway. But that's what makes it so fun!"

"Please..." I croaked out, voice feminine and broken.

"Oh, we're well past that now, don't you think?" Nyx smiled at me from my own body. "Now you go ahead and rest. I've got some things to take care of. We'll have plenty of time for fun in the morning!"

My eyelids flickered, a weight of fatigue pouring over me.

The body I was in, weak and aching, went limp.

*He's – She's – doing this to me. Making me...*

I was too tired to finish the thought. The last thing I saw before closing my eyes, drifting off to dreamless sleep, was my body *popping* out of existence. Teleporting away somewhere.

Darkness followed.