

Fairies and Monsters

Chapter 2 – Nyx

Nyx drifted above the ruined Circle.

Pondering a stray thought, Nyx paused and tilted its head. *His* head.

He'd never been a 'he' before.

With a shrug, Nyx set that obvious realization aside. Something to ponder and explore later.

He examined the Circle with human eyes and, though these meaty things couldn't perceive it, Nyx knew it was there. A pinprick in the fabric of reality. A tunnel from one world to another, this one leading to the Wild.

A tunnel that was currently blocked.

Nothing comes without cost.

Nyx shook his head, chuckled. Natural motions to this body, but strange and new to Nyx. He hadn't ever been *human* before.

"Bah!" He said, marveling at the vibrations in his chest and throat. "Rah! Lala!"

Utterly bizarre.

"This," he said to himself. "Is going to take some getting used to."

But he had plenty of time to adjust, and to enjoy this new opportunity for experiences. How many of the Wild could claim to have felt the wind on their skin? Just the *notion* of having skin was foreign to most of Nyx's kind.

Nyx could think of only one by name who'd chosen to experience the mortal world as a human. And that fool was still trapped in a cave somewhere in this world.

Nyx frowned, shook his head.

Was it normal for humans to be this tangential? One thought spilling into another, distracting the thinker from their task at every turn? He'd come here to examine the Circle, plan his next move. Why was he reminiscing?

"Distractions," Nyx said, making a mental note.

Then he turned his attention back to the ruined Circle. The dead husks of 'shrooms scattered around; once glowing, now dull. What, a few hours ago, had been magical and otherworldly flora was now mundane. Regular, common mushrooms with not a hint of the Wild about them.

Nyx's fault, naturally.

After Samuel had smashed the Circle, Nyx could've restored it with barely a thought. Instead, Nyx had chosen to have fun.

Wishes.

Such an odd concept. Completely alien to a denizen of the Wild, where imagination was reality and dreams shaped the tempestuous chaos. In the Wild, if one wanted to fly or transform or disappear, they would. To *want* was to *be*.

The notion that one had to ask *another* to change their reality? A novelty. An absurdity.

And yet these humans seemed addicted to the possibility.

It made messing with them so fun.

A human wishing to hear the thoughts of others? How funny it was to force them to listen to the thoughts of *everyone* around them, all the time, with no ability to stop it.

Or another wishing for the ability to breathe underwater? Easily done, with one caveat; they'd be rendered unable to breathe anywhere except the water.

Fun little tricks and games.

It was a rite of passage for Wild Ones to visit the mortal world and grant a wish or three. Have some fun.

More than three, though...

"How many times did I invest?" Nyx asked himself. "Eight? Nine?" Having to

remember things! Oh, this holiday to the human world was going to be *interesting*. “Unlimited wealth,” Nyx said, raising his hands and counting on fingers. “Invisibility, immortality, body alteration, honesty.” Now *that* could’ve gone wrong, had Samuel used that power wisely. Fortunately, Samuel was anything but wise. “Control, teleportation, flight, manifestation.”

Nine. And, counting the tricky switcheroo Nyx had pulled, that made ten. Ten separate investitures in one go.

That had to be a record!

Nyx grinned.

He’d been *clever* with his trickery.

Each one of those wishes, he’d granted without twists. No fine print of warping of words. No trickery.

No, he’d granted those wishes and made them as true and useful as possible. Giving Samuel everything he wanted. All so Nyx could take it away again!

Now, occupying Samuel’s body, it was Nyx who could fly and teleport and turn invisible.

And Samuel. Well...

She’d learn a thing or three before Nyx was done.

Though he couldn’t see the collapsed tunnel to the Wild with these human eyes, Nyx knew it was there. Knew it’d open again. Maybe in five minutes, maybe in five millennia. Trying to predict anything regarding the Wild was an exercise in futility. But, at some point, this path back home would reopen.

Until then, Nyx intended to have all the fun he could!

Samantha was still unconscious when Nyx teleported back into the bedroom.

His nose crinkled, eyes roaming the litter-strewn room.

This place *stank*.

Discovering this downside to having a nose, and the sense of smell, was not pleasant. Why would Samuel – Samantha – allow this room stink so bad? Why live in filth, assaulted by this stench, when he didn’t have to?

Strange creatures, humans.

Nyx was looking forward to learning more about them.

Right after he cleaned up this room and got rid of that nasty smell. A shame that Samuel hadn’t wished for the power to make messes and stench disappear at will. That would’ve been much more useful than invisibility.

Nyx started cleaning. Quickly grew bored.

He flew to the middle of the bedroom, levitated there and looked down at himself.

“What were you thinking, Samantha?” Nyx sighed.

Large, bulbous muscled that restricted movement. A too-large penis that hung down to his knees – streaked with dried blood and semen. Nasty nasty.

Nyx closed his eyes, reshaped his body to be far less extreme. Lean, strong muscles that at least *looked* natural, a cock that – while still large – wouldn’t be mistaken for a third leg. And, while he was at it, he made some minor adjustments here and there. Removing aches from joints and bones, removed clotting from his veins and arteries, rejuvenated some old scar tissue.

Satisfied with his work, Nyx turned his attention to Samantha.

Sleeping peacefully on the bed. Unconscious and unaware, just as Nyx had willed – using both the power to alter the bodies of anyone he wanted, and the power to control their actions. He’d put Samantha into a dreamless slumber.

But should he heal her? Fix that body’s proportions?

Massive, round breasts that bounced with a perkiness that spat in the face of gravity. A bottom that matched those breasts in their absurdity. A body bruised and beaten

by Samuel, before he'd been forced to occupy it.
It'd take no more than intent to fix it all.
But Nyx decided against it.
Consequences were good. Especially good for Samantha.
He'd let her sleep, heal up as much as her body could that way.
And, in the meantime, he'd clean.

The sun was up, flanked by fluffy white clouds and surrounded by a bright blue sky. A pretty sight, if a little static.

Nyx dumped the trash bags outside the house, where his human brain told him was correct. He looked up and down the street, saw other trash bags along the road. Nothing in his borrowed brain told him he was doing something wrong or suspicious or inhuman, so he nodded his head in approval.

He was about to head back inside the house, finally wake Samantha and see where *that* went, when a rumbling caught his attention.

There was something familiar about it. One of the body's memories stirring.

Several emotions tagged along with the memory; a confusing mess that Nyx frowned at and set aside. He turned his head, watched the approaching motorcycle.

Two people sat astride the mechanical wonder.

A man in front, handsome from what Nyx could tell – though the flare of resentment and loathing he felt set his body's heart beating faster. And, her arms around the man, a woman with a helmet on her head obscuring her face – though not her body; an ample hourglass hugged nicely by jeans and a sweater.

Three words sprang to mind at the same time.

Senna. Hott. Slut.

Three words, followed by mixed understanding.

This body's sister. A beautiful girl that Samuel had a secret crush on. Resentment at how promiscuous she was. Anger at the man she was holding onto. Dark fantasies that Nyx basked in, sought to understand.

These emotions and memories, they belonged to the body. To Samuel.

But how fair and true *were* they, really?

Even with only a few hours of humanity under his belt, Nyx understood that Samuel's desire for his sister was warping those other emotions. Fueling resentment, amplifying loathing.

How tiresome emotions must be.

Nyx stepped back as the motorbike came to a halt outside the house. The man driving it, a dark-haired guy with an easy smile, nodded his head to Nyx. He was opening his mouth, speaking a friendly greeting, when the woman pulled off her helmet and levelled a hard stare at Nyx.

"Since when do *you* put the bins out?" She asked, narrowing her eyes. "What's happened?"

"I," Nyx froze. "Uh..."

"What'd you break?" Senna asked, climbing off the bike and handing the helmet to her boyfriend. "You better not have spilled something on Mom 'n' Dad's work stuff again."

"What?" Nyx shook his head quickly. "No. I was just cleaning."

Senna's eyes narrowed even more, staring hard at Nyx.

Does she see through me? Can she tell I'm not her brother?

So far, Nyx's first actual conversation as a human wasn't going so well. His mouth felt dry all of a sudden, throat tight and heart hammering in his chest. What was *that* about?

"You look different," Senna stated.

"He's been working out," Senna's boyfriend said, glancing from one sibling to the

other. "Look at those biceps! Nice job, dude!"

Nyx looked down at himself, glad he'd decided to put some clothes on before putting the trash out. He was wearing a large t-shirt that was loose on him, baggy and airy. The rest of his body was hidden behind the formless, too-large clothes. But Nyx's arms were visible.

"Yeah right," Senna said, finally drawing her eyes away from Nyx and looking at her boyfriend instead. "The only 'working out' Samuel does involves socks and lotion."

Socks and lotion?

Oh.

Nyx felt his cheeks flush, was confused by that reaction from his body. This 'being human' thing was going to take some getting used to.

The two of them, Senna and her boyfriend, chatted briefly to each other. The boyfriend defending 'Samuel' while Senna rolled her eyes and smiled. Then, something about how Senna didn't need to 'put the bins out' anymore, so they could go straight to *somewhere*.

It was difficult for Nyx to keep up, what with how his brain threw up information and feelings at every opportunity, distracting him and making the conversation impossible to follow.

He settled for smiling and nodding, trying to look as natural and casual as possible. And failing at it, if the looks Senna shot him were anything to go by.

Finally, the short discussion came to an end.

"Alright," Senna said, climbing back on the motorbike behind her boyfriend. "I'll be back tonight. Try not to burn the house down."

"Sure," Nyx said, unable to draw his eyes away from Senna. Something inside him stirred. "I'll do my best!"

Senna rolled her eyes, put the helmet back on.

"Great seeing you again, dude," Senna's boyfriend said, smiling wide. "You're lookin' good!"

"Um," Nyx searched his head for an appropriate response, was assaulted with echoes of Samuel's disdain. "...You too?" He said lamely, cheeks red.

Senna's boyfriend smiled wide, not a hint of malice in his grin. He nodded his head to Nyx, then looked forward to the road. His motorbike's engine rumbled to life. And, a moment later, the bike and both people riding it were disappearing down the street.

Nyx's eyes lingered on Senna's back. Her bottom.

Like the disdain a moment before, Samuel's brain summoned up feelings that Nyx held onto, examined.

Lust. Desire. Resentment.

Senna was a beautiful sexy girl that Samuel would never have. Could never have. She was the forbidden fruit dangling before him, always out of reach. And he hated her for it. Hated the few guys who'd been able to have what he wanted.

"Huh," Nyx hummed, tilted his head.

The power to control others. Nyx could imagine what this body's former occupier would've done with that power.

But the body – the power – was Nyx's now.

And what better way to utilize that power than claiming what *Samantha* desired for himself?

"See you later, sis," Nyx waved down the street.

He back to the house, walked inside.

Time to wake up Samantha.