

## Fairies and Monsters

### Chapter 3 – Sam

“Wakey wakey,” a deep voice said. “Rise and shine.”

I snapped awake. Not a hint of fatigue or tiredness. I felt aware and alert. As if I’d just chugged a dozen energy drinks in one sitting, only without the twitching or hyperactivity. In that exact moment, I’d never felt more awake before in my life.

“Time to get up, Samantha.”

My body lurched as I sat up, chest swaying heavily.

Disorientation washed over me, a feeling of vertigo that damn near had me hunching over to vomit. I managed to control the impulse, push down the bile. But, in the effort, I looked down and saw myself.

Except it wasn’t *me*.

Massive, round tits protruded from a slender torso. Skinny arms and dainty wrists and hands. Golden hair spilling past delicate shoulders, moving and flowing as I turned my head left and right. Tried to make sense of what I was seeing.

The memories came flooding back. Impossible, ludicrous memories. Dreams, surely. No fucking way any of that was real.

“No pain or ache, right?” The man’s voice asked. “You can consider that my second gift.”

My head shot up, eyes finding themselves on the ‘me’ standing in my bedroom’s doorway. A strong, fit, handsome version of me that stood there with a smug smile on his face.

“The first, if you’re wondering, is the wakefulness. There’s a third ‘gift’ too, a little alteration to that body. Let’s call it a surprise. I’m sure you’ll figure what it is soon enough.”

“Fuck you,” I growled, the sound sounding far less intimidating that I’d intended thanks to the girly body and voice. “Give me back my body!”

“No can do,” Nyx chuckled. “I’m as trapped in this,” he gestured to himself, then waved a hand at me, “as you are in that. I couldn’t swap us back even if I wanted to.”

“Bullshit!” I leapt off the bed, tried running at Nyx.

I barely got two steps before tripping and tumbling over, crashing onto the floor with a feminine gasp of pain. The body I was in, it was completely different from my male body. Shorter, skinnier, weighted in all the wrong places – the centre of balance was way off.

“Give it back!”

“No.”

I struggled to my feet, glared at my own smug face, and bawled my fists. When I lurched forward again, swung my fist at his head, I actually managed to maintain my balance.

The punch, though, lacked any real strength or weight behind it.

Rather than sending Nyx to the ground, as I’d envisioned, I was the one most hurt by the attempt. The moment my weak knuckles collided with Nyx’s hard jaw, pain shot through my hand. I cried out, cradled my fist.

To make things even more embarrassing, Nyx didn’t react at all to the blow – save to lift an amused eyebrow.

“Samantha,” he said. “The sooner you accept this new reality, the better. You’re a girl now. Get used to it.”

“I am not!” I shouted, sharp voice cutting through the air.

Why did I sound so whiney?

“I’m a man!” I barked, glaring at Nyx.

“Let’s be real,” Nyx chuckled, shook his head. “You’re not *that* and never were. Not even before I showed up.”

“Shut the fuck-”

My lips clamped down, jaw locking in place. When I tried to move my arms and legs, nothing happened.

"Altering other peoples' bodies in any way you want," Nyx said with a coft chuckled. "That goes far beyond 'make girl's boobs bigger' or 'make my fat go away'. Paired with the wish to control others, it gives me near-total power over you, Samantha. How do you think I woke you up so effectively? Or healed the worst of the bruises and tears?"

I couldn't respond. I was frozen, utterly and completely.

"You're a girl now, Samantha. Deal with it," Nyx stepped into the room, walked past me and sat down on the bed behind me. Out of sight. "Now, I know what you must be thinking. Half-baked threats and stupid threats. So, let me make this very clear for you: I'm here to stay."

The bedsprings creaked.

"This is my body – my life – now. You're gonna have to make yourself a new one. And, before you can threaten to tell people about all this, know this. One, no-one will believe you. If you're lucky, they'll ignore you. If not, you'll be locked away in a loony bin for being crazy or in a prison for being a stalker. I want my new life to be comfortable and, if you decide to make it less than that, well..."

Pain erupted in my chest, an agony beyond anything I'd ever experienced. It lasted only an instant, a fraction of a second. But, even after it disappeared, an echo of it remained. An echo.

My instinct to crumple, collapse to the ground hugging my chest, was ignored by the whorish body I was occupying.

I was a puppet on strings.

"Altering your body doesn't require touch. I can do it at any time, from anywhere. And there are no restrictions on *what* I can change. Simply put, if I so desire, I can command your heart to stop beating at any time. I hope it doesn't come to that – I don't like throwing away perfectly good toys. But I will, if you force my hand. So be on your best behaviour!"

My body flopped, lips parting, jaw freeing. I fell to my knees with a gasp.

"I'm not without mercy," Nyx said. "How many wishes did I grant for you? Nine? Ten? Let's say ten."

"I'm gonna kill you," I hissed.

"Ten wishes," Nyx continued, ignoring me. "Since I kinda cheated a little with those, I'll give you ten 'gifts' to compensate. Consider it my way of apologising."

"Fuck you," I snarled, pushing myself to my feet, wobbling slightly as I did. "Go to Hell!"

"Already been," Nyx smirked from his perch on my bed, tossed me a leather wallet. "Here. This is gift number four. Number five can be Senna's clothes; you're gonna need some feminine clothing when you leave. Help yourself to some of hers. I doubt any of the bras will fit you, and some of the tops might be a little tight, but they'll do the trick until you can buy some of your own."

The wallet, caught in two hands that were much smaller than I was used to, was heavy with cash. Magical cash, from a wallet that'd never empty.

Infinite money.

"As for the other five gifts," Nyx said, stretching his arms and yawning. "We can figure that out another time."

He smiled, flashed me a wink, then popped out of existence.

It was a lot to take in. Too much, in fact.

I stood, staring at the empty spot on the bed for a long time. My brain trying and failing to process everything.

In the end, a grumbling stomach was what snapped me out of my stupor. I blinked,

looked down at myself. A woman's body, sexy beyond belief, and totally naked. Huge, bouncy tits. A nice ass. Slender and toned. And pretty too.

But not *me*.

In my head, I swore vengeance on the fairy fuck. Promised whatever entities that might be listening that I'd see Nyx dead.

Unfortunately, those thoughts weren't enough to sate my hunger.

Throwing on a very oversized t-shirt, I headed downstairs.

The house was a shithole. Three bedrooms, one bathroom, no space to move around in thanks to all the filing cabinets and boxes filled with documents. My parents, too cheap and bad at their jobs to be able to afford an actual office, kept all their work shit here. Clogging up every living space and made living here unbearable.

In the kitchen, I found some prepared meals in the fridge. Things Mom had made before going on the short business trip with Dad. For me and Senna to eat.

Like fuck was I going to eat days-old food that I'd have to reheat in a microwave. Disgusting.

Instead, I grabbed some ham and cheese, a bottle of milk.

The ham and cheese I shovelled into my mouth, the milk I drank straight from the bottle before putting it back.

Not the most elegant of meals, but it was the best I could do.

I had no idea how to cook and had no interest in learning. The kitchen was where women belonged, not-

I didn't finish the thought.

Looking down at myself, at the valley of cleavage I saw under my t-shirt, my disdain for cooking – my thoughts around it – quieted.

"No!" I growled at myself. "I am *not* a woman!"

Nyx had put me in this stupid body, and I'd kill the fucker for it. Right after I made him put me back.

This whole situation was fucked.

Fairies were real? No fucking way.

No.

I was just dreaming. Tripping out on gas fumes. In a coma after an accident. None of this was real. It couldn't be.

Done eating, I headed back upstairs.

A plan.

I needed a plan.

Only I didn't know enough about what was going on to even *begin* figuring out a solution. Fey? The Wild? Magic? The fuck was all that? How in the fuck was I supposed to know about all that nerdy shit?

I'd have to learn. Research.

And I'd need a place to stay, since apparently I wasn't welcome here in my own home.

No big loss there. With infinite money, I could live anywhere I wanted. Do anything I wanted. I'd find some place, set it up as a base, then figure everything out and come up with a plan to put Nyx in his place.

There. A plan.

First things first. I needed a place to stay. And, in order to find a place, I needed internet access to search and clothes to wear while out.

Clothes.

I glared down at myself, the obscene body I'd been trapped in.

Clothes. I had two options, really.

I could wear my clothes – dirty, overly-large shirts and pants for this body. Or I could wear Senna's.

The decision was almost immediate.

No fucking way was I dressing like a girl.

I was a *man*. And *men* didn't wear skirts or dresses or panties or any of that female shit. I might be in this whorish body, but I was still a fucking man, and I'd dress like one.

There was only one downside with that.

My male clothes were *far* too large for this small, skinny body. Shirts that felt more like tents on this petite frame, pants that had to be tied with rope around my waist and rolled up at the ankles. Not to mention the shoes – not a chance *those* would ever fit me.

The worst part of it all? Every movement I made caused the huge tits to sway and bounce around.

Were tits *supposed* to move around and get in the way this much, or were *these* this special? My mind returned to what Nyx had said about 'gifts', and something about a 'surprise' third gift. Was *this* it? Obscene, jiggly tits?

Worse, the more the tits and nipples rubbed against the cloth shirt I was wearing, the more it seemed to *stimulate* me.

It started small. A tickling, tingling warmth. But, the more the cloth rubbed and touched my bare skin, the warmer and hotter those tingles grew.

I ignored it as best I could. Ignored the flush creeping up my neck and the tingling glow down below.

*Man*. I had to remind myself forcefully. *I am a man*.

For the briefest of moments, I considered looking for one of my sister's bras. Trying one of them and seeing if that helped with the incessant rubbing and warmth and tingles. At the very least, it'd stop the painfully hard nipples poking out visibly under my shirt.

But no. I was a man. Men didn't wear bras.

I refused that idea. Though there was another I *couldn't* refuse.

Shoes.

I only really had the one pair of shoes, and they didn't fit my tiny feet now. Either I'd have to go out into the world with socks and no shoes, or I'd have to steal a pair from Senna or Mom.

It was irritating. Annoying. Infuriating.

But I didn't have a choice in the matter.

Grumbling, ignoring how whiny my new voice sounded, I walked to my sister's room and tried on her running shoes.

Not a perfect fit – they were a little big – but they'd have to do. I didn't want to waste any time. The sooner I got out of here, the sooner I could find my own place to stay, the sooner I could start plotting Nyx's downfall.

I looked around for my phone before leaving, but couldn't find it anywhere. Likely, Nyx had taken it.

Everything else of any value, I dumped into a bag. My laptop, a knife from the kitchen, random bits and pieces I might need.

And then I was off.

Opening the house's front door and stepping out into the world.

I made sure I had a key to the house with me.

Nyx, stupid fuck that he was, probably wouldn't even notice it missing. Especially not with that teleportation power.

I picked a direction and started walking.

I didn't go far.

A few streets, a few too many odd stares. Too much attention from people I very much *didn't* want attention from.

Part of it was from the baggy, stained clothes. Most of it, I was sure, was down to the body itself. The pretty face paired with a body that'd have men drooling. I'd never really

thought about it before; how people looked at me while out and about. But then, I'd never been in a slutty body before.

After just a few streets, a couple of minutes, the stares and attention had gotten too much.

I took a turn out into a little forested area, followed a narrow dirt path.

Even then, I felt the sensation of being watched.

I glanced over my shoulder, checked to see if I was being followed, saw nothing. Picked up my pace, from casual strut to a brisk walk to near sprinting.

When I reached the spot I knew, I hopped off the path and slid around some trees and bushes. Kept my head low as I pushed through into a little hollow in the dense thicket. A tiny hideaway that I'd found a long time ago, used to come to whenever I got sick of all the noise at home.

And there, out of sight and in the middle of nowhere, I curled up into a ball and held myself.

The afternoon air slowly grew colder.

Around me, the wild sounds of the small forest grew louder.

And, for the first time in a long time, I cried.

Shaking and cuddling myself, using the bulky hoodie I was wearing as a blanket, I sobbed quietly until evening turned to night.