

Fairies and Monsters

Chapter 4 – Nyx

Nyx floated in the air above Samantha, invisible and intrigued.

She was *crying*.

From everything Nyx had learned about 'Samuel', this tearful breakdown didn't fit. Surely she should be ranting and raving and raging. Rioting against her body, the situation Nyx had put her in. But *crying*?

Perhaps it was the estrogen and other hormones, shoving Samantha into this tearful self-pity.

And here Nyx had been hoping to see impotent rage.

Oh well!

He smiled all the same, enjoyed the show.

It lasted a while. Long enough for Samantha's tears to dry up, her sobs turning into dry heaves and heavy whimpers.

Eventually, Nyx grew bored and floated away.

He'd see Samantha again, he was certain. And soon, at that.

Rather than teleporting back to the house, Nyx was content flying there. Testing out both his power of flight, and the power of invisibility. Both, he knew, would work as intended back when the wishes were granted. But it was always best to check on these things. While Nyx hadn't added any tricks or costs for the powers, nor had he poured a whole lot of thought and consideration into crafting them either.

For all he knew, the invisibility was contagious.

It certainly worked beyond the confines of his body; turning the clothes he was wearing invisible too.

What would happen if he took those invisible clothes off, then made himself visible again? Would the clothes remain invisible, or would they be dragged into the visible world along with him?

If he was holding someone else's hand when he turned invisible, would they disappear along with him?

And that was just *one* of his powers.

He flew up into the air, accelerating until the wind whipped and lashed his face. When he looked down, saw the world from above, a single thought cut through all the rest.

"Wait," he said, glancing at tiny houses and thin streets and minuscule dots that could only be people moving around. "Where's the house?"

Great. He was lost.

Rolling his eyes, he activated his teleportation power.

Nyx walked from one room to the next, comparing his body's memories with the reality he could see.

The living room, walls lined with filing cabinets that cramped the space. In Nyx's eyes, that made the room seem more cosy and close. An old armchair sat on one side and a sofa was placed near it, at a slight angle. Both were pointed at a large, if old, television. A comfortable space for a few people to sit and spent time together.

And yet, in his memories, Nyx felt a deep resentment.

The room wasn't 'cosy', it was 'cramped'. Too small, tight, suffocating. A shitty room with a shitty television, the space overburdened with filing cabinets because his mother and father were too cheap, too bad at their job, to afford an actual office.

It was a disorienting sensation. Two worlds clashing inside of Nyx's head.

Just *having* a head was weird enough. But to have that head battling with itself, warring over which set of thoughts was right and wrong, *that* was just unreasonable.

It was the same story with every other room.

The marvels of modern plumbing; a latrine that took care of itself with minimal input, endless sources of clean water, warm water, products to eliminate disease and clean every inch of his body. All of that majesty lost on a mind that was focused solely on all the times it'd had to spend waiting outside the door for Senna to finish bathing.

The wonders of a freezer – the ability to store and preserve food for *years* without issue – thrown aside by the memories of opening it to find no easy to make food inside.

Senna's bedroom, more than any other in the house, brought the conflicting halves of Nyx's brain into discomforting turmoil.

When Nyx looked at the walls, the photos, the happy memories, his feelings of curiosity and enjoyment were assaulted by rage and resentment and disgust at seeing his 'slut' sister surrounded by guys and whores. A happy girl leaving a fulfilling, joy-filled lift. Or a wanton slut who flaunted her looks and her body for attention?

Nyx shook his head, pushed the body's feelings and impulses down.

"Maybe I shouldn't have given Sam that *gift* after all..."

The ass certainly didn't deserve any satisfaction. Not with all this bottled-up hatred boiling and swirling under the surface.

"Oh well," he smiled.

No, that *treat* would be punishment enough.

"Assuming it works as intended."

Not that Nyx had any reason to doubt it.

He left Senna's room, headed down to the kitchen and tried to figure out 'cooking'.

The basic premise, Nyx knew, was transforming inedible or unappetising things into edible – and preferably tasty – meals. Heating raw meat enough to kill the microorganisms inside it, or combining certain ingredients into a homogeneous and complementary mixture.

But actually *doing* it?

Nyx's first attempt at frying bacon resulted in a fire alarm sounding and the meat somehow becoming a crusty new layer to the frying pan. His second attempt appeared to be going well until, for inexplicable reasons, the frying pan caught fire.

How flames could erupt from a metal object, Nyx wasn't quite sure. But pouring milk onto the flames took care of it.

The bacon tasted *awful* though.

He didn't bother with a third attempt. Instead, he opened Sam's phone, searched for photos of bacon cooked *correctly*, and used his power of materialisation to create a meal from nothing. Which was a far less stinky and noisy way to make food. And delicious food at that!

Really, it was all Sam's fault.

No memories of cooking food – not one – to aid Nyx in assimilating and adapting to human life.

Bacon eaten, Nyx headed to the living room, turned on the television, and waited. For the next half hour, his eyes spent more time on the clock than they did on the television's moving images. Counting the seconds until Senna returned home.

The sound of a door opening and closing was Nyx's signal to get up. He glanced from the television with its fascinating moving pictures, then turned and waited.

A few moments later, Senna was stepping into the living room with a raised eyebrow.

Nyx couldn't be sure if the opinion was influenced by the body and mind he was occupying, or if it was purely his own interest, but the girl was pretty. More than pretty. Senna was beautiful. Dark, golden locks fell over a face that sent hormones surging through his body. Rosy cheeks, one of which had a tiny smear of grease, full red lips, stunning eyes circled by thick, black mascara.

"Huh," the beautiful woman said, her dazzling eyes drifting from Nyx to the television screen, then back to him. "Since when did you watch cartoons? Or come down here at all?"

Nyx shrugged.

Senna's eyebrows narrowed. "What's going on with you today?"

"I..." Nyx tilted his head to one side, smiled. "I don't know. I feel like a different person."

Senna stared at Nyx silently, thoughts a mystery.

"I'm sorry," Nyx said, sifting through the body's memories. "For the last few months – years, really. I've been... difficult."

"That's one way to put it," Senna snorted. The suspicion fled from her face as she shook her head and smiled. "Pain in the ass' fits better."

"Well..." Nyx felt his cheeks flush, looked down and shrugged. "I'm sorry for being a pain in the ass, then."

"It's whatever, Sam," Senna said. "I was an angsty teenager one upon a time too."

Nyx tried to think of a reply to that, though his mind refused to provide any words. The silence stretched into awkwardness.

"You're good, though?" Senna asked, voice soft. "Not, like, dying or anything?"

"No," Nyx shook his head quickly. "I'm not dying."

"And there's nothing else going on?"

"Nothing," he smiled. "I'm just... different. Changing."

"Okay..." She stared at him for a moment, pursed her lips. "If there *is* something, you know I'm here right? You can talk to me. Or Mom or Dad. If you are going through something..."

"Hey!" Nyx said quickly, an idea sparking. He gestured at the television. "Wanna watch something with me? Hang out and catch up?"

"Uh..." Senna blinked. "Sure?"

"Great! What should I put on?"

Senna, it turned out, was quite the chatterbox once she got started.

"And," she was saying, "if you can believe it, he *actually* got away with it. The whole workshop!"

"The whole workshop?" Nyx repeated.

He was barely paying attention, had only the vaguest idea what Senna was talking about. Out of the entire conversation so far, the most important thing he'd learned was that – repeating a few words the other person said when the conversation lulled was an invite for them to continue. A useful trick for when one wasn't actually following what was being said.

Senna nodded her head eagerly.

"All of it! The workbenches and stools and tool racks, even the walls! Glue and glitter everywhere!"

"Hey Senna," Nyx cleared his throat before she could continue with her stories. "I was wondering, what do you think?"

"Hm?" She tilted her head to one side. "About what?"

He grinned, flexed his biceps and pushed out his chest. Even with the clothes on, the muscle definition was clear and sharp.

As he did that, he compelled Senna's body to react. A subtle warmth, a tiny tingle, nothing too dramatic.

"Well?" He posed, showing off the muscles as best he could despite the layer of clothing. "What d'ya think?"

Senna's eyebrow arched up.

Nyx tweaked her body a little more, compelled arousal to simmer. Light an

unintrusive, faint. But noticeable.

Pink crept into Senna's round cheeks.

"I think," she said, rolling her eyes and looking away, "that you look like an idiot."

He chuckled, stopped flexing, sat back down.

All the while, he kept his hold on Senna's body. Compelling it to produce hormones and heat, a tiny itch between her legs that needed scratching. A tingle deep down that she couldn't ignore forever.

Not enough to make her strip off her clothes and throw herself on him. He could manipulate her body into doing that, compel it against her will. But where would be the fun in that? Breaking her down piece by piece, making *her* want it, would be a far more entertaining game.

It took a few minutes but, eventually, Senna sighed and stood up. Cheeks red, she didn't utter a word as she made her way upstairs to her bedroom. Where, no-doubt, she'd 'take care' of her arousal.

If he'd been able to, Nyx would've made sure Senna was thinking of him and his body as she did the deed. But, unfortunately, that was beyond his abilities.

He could alter bodies, compel actions. But he couldn't alter *minds*. At least not directly.

With his powers, he could control the actions of people as if they were puppets on strings. But their minds would remain theirs. Their thoughts, feelings, their personalities, were beyond Nyx's direct influence.

'Direct' being the important word.

For what was a human if not a bag of meat, controlled by chemicals and hormones and learned behaviours?

He might not be able to make Senna imagine him as she masturbated. But he could make her body heat up whenever she looked at him, make her tingly and tense, make it so that pleasant sensations coursed through her whenever he spoke. He could compel horniness and arousal, and associate those things with himself. And use that association to his benefit.

How many times would it take? Arousing Senna, associating that arousal with him, before she got curious and allowed herself to fantasise?

And how much nudging and manipulation before he turned those fantasies into reality?

Humans were slave to their baser desires, easily tempted and toyed with.

Before she knew it, Senna would be a slave to lust.

And Nyx would be her master.

"Enjoy," he hummed, far too quiet for Senna to hear.

Yes.

Senna first. Then... *Jenny*.

Samuel's crush.

He sat back, smiled, closed his eyes.

Focused his attention of the body-altering power. Used it to *feel* Senna's body upstairs. Not altering it, just watching as she rolled onto her bed, her hand reaching between her legs.