

## Fairies and Monsters

### Chapter 5 – Sam

I awoke to misery.

Shivering from the cold, aching all over, eyes straining against the darkness, mind struggling to catch up with reality.

It was like my brain, stirring slowly awake, had been expecting to find a bed and blankets. Warmth, comfort, normalcy. But, instead, it'd found me *here*. On a forest floor. Twigs poking and prodding at me, the smell of dirt and damp foliage filling my nostrils.

A wave of vertigo slammed into me when I sat up, mind and body reeling as one.

My brain, my body; they were both *wrong*.

I patted myself down, froze like ice when I felt the massive protrusions on my chest. Two gigantic tits where my mind told itself should be empty space. Worse. When my hand reached down, as it'd done thousands of times before, to adjust my dick and balls? Nothing.

Not a dream. As much as I'd silently held onto that hope.

I was a...

I shook my head quickly, refusing to finish the thought.

A mistake. The swift shaking of my head caused my shoulders to turn with the motion, which caused *other things* to move.

How in the shit did chicks ever get anything done with these *things* constantly moving around?

My brain provided the answer before it'd finished the question.

Bras.

No. Fuck *that*. I was *not* wearing a fucking *bra*.

I sat there in the darkness for a time. It could've been minutes, it could've been hours. All of it spent in a tired, unhappy daze.

Until, at last, I snapped myself out of it.

This wasn't a dream. I wasn't going to go to sleep and wake up tomorrow back in my own body.

I could sit around doing fuck all, crying like a pussy. Or I could act. Make things happen. Be a man.

A man with a plan.

I began making a mental list. At the top of which I seared 'kill Nyx' and 'get my body back', branding those two goals onto my psyche and swearing to whatever fucked-up gods were out there that I'd make both those things come true.

But I wasn't exactly in a position to do either right now.

First things first, I needed a place to stay.

Food, clothes, a roof over my head. A phone.

Knowledge.

I knew shit-all about fairies or any of that bullshit. And, if I was going to put Nyx in the ground and get my body back, that'd need to change.

I rose to my feet, stumbled through the blackness of the forest floor, shrubbery and wild bushes and all. Only able to see different shades of near-total darkness. Tripping over and bruising or cutting myself more than once.

By the time I got to the little path, I felt like a pincushion with all the twigs and thorns hanging onto me – and digging into me.

From there, at least, it was *relatively* easy to navigate my way back to civilisation – not that it was all that far away. A minute or two of walking carefully along the path, careful not to trip and break my neck.

When I saw the unmistakable glow of streetlights through the brush, I almost screamed with joy.

As soon as I was off the dirt and back on solid ground, able to see more than three shades of black, I set into motion. No phone meant I couldn't know what time it was, so I didn't know which stores would be open or not. My solution to that? A twenty-four-hour gas station.

Grab some food, paid for with my unlimited supply of cash.  
And then wait for the sun to come up.

I got a lot of odd looks.

I'd never been big on being the centre of attention, or even being observed really. This? Drawing in the curiosity of everyone who saw me? It was *not* fun.

Dressed as I was, dirty and dishevelled and haggard, I looked like a mess. But not a *bad* mess.

See, as a guy, I could've walked around in dirty, baggy clothes and no-one would've given a shit. I might've gotten the odd look, the rare raised eyebrow, but a scowl or glare would've had the nosy shits looking away quickly enough. As a guy, I wouldn't have stood out in the slightest.

But as a girl?

*Everyone* looked.

Despite the baggy hoodie I had on, it was clear how big these boobs were. Just like it was clear I wasn't wearing a bra, with how much the meatsacks jostled around constantly.

When I caught someone staring, shot them a glare, few had the shame or sense to look away. More than once, the fuckers actually *approached* me and asked if I was 'okay'. Be it an well-meaning older woman, or some slimeball man whose ulterior motives were written all over his face; people would *not* stop talking to me.

After grabbing some food from the gas station, I waited until it was light out. Chugging an energy drink while planning out my next moves in detail. When the sun finally showed up, I went shopping for a phone – since Nyx had stolen my old one.

Clothes came next. Clean, fresh clothes that weren't covered in leaves and dirt and twigs.

Using the changing rooms in a clothes shop was degrading.

A cramped, tiny space that felt claustrophobic and far too open at the same time. The only thing separating me from the rest of the stop being a curtain that anyone could open. And *that* was only the *half* of it.

Worse was the *body*.

Taking dirty clothes off, exposing the female form beneath, made me want to punch a wall. Or scream. Or *something*. Mind brain couldn't make its mind up!

From an outside perspective, the body was stunning. Sexy as all hell, with an hourglass figure and plenty down low and even more up top. It was the kind of figure usually reserved for carton characters or porn icons that came around once a generation. Pure sex appeal and allure.

Except it was *me*.

I stared at myself in the changing room mirror, seeing a goddess in place of my usual reflection. Beautiful, despite the scowl twisting her features. Messy, wild, tangled hair that drew attention to itself for how much it didn't *fit*. That face, that body, should've been dolled up and wearing some nice clothes, hair styled, a smile on its face. A woman, in ever sense of the word.

Except that *wasn't* me!

I buried the resentment, the frustration.

I'd have time for that later.

Instead, I stared at the pile of clothes I'd just bought. Tags still attached, and receipt crumpled beside.

Keeping my eyes away from the mirror, I pulled off my dirty clothes. Dumped them in the shopping bag. Then, trying to ignore the corves and jiggling of this body, I put on layer after layer of new clothing. A t-shirt that was far too tight around the chest, followed by a sweater that stretched obscenely over the bust, and a loose hoodie atop that. Shorts and baggy yoga pants that felt both bulky and airy. And socks. Thick, woolly socks.

I'd need to shop for shoes too. Find some that fit this body's feet. Another thing to add to the list.

Putting on all those layers of clothes was awkward, to say the least. Every time fabric – or fingers – brushed or pressed against the breasts, tingles and tickling warmth spread out from the area of contact. These tits, I learned quickly, were *sensitive*. Very, very sensitive.

The nipples especially so.

When I slid my hands under the sweater, shifted the t-shirt to get it more comfortable – an impossible challenge – the contact sent tingling jolts through my body.

I gasped. Then scowled.

That *couldn't* be normal.

Tits weren't sensitive like that.

Were they?

I had no fucking clue. But the intensity of sensation... That *couldn't* be normal. No way chicks got tingles and shivers and pleasure just from *cloth* rubbing against their chest.

As soon as I had the clothes on, I pulled up the hood and used it to hide away the messy hair and as much of my face as I could.

When I glanced at the mirror, I saw a moody beauty with plump lips and shadowed eyes. Hott and alluring. Mysterious.

*Fuck.*

Why, every time I saw my reflection, my first thought was of how sexy 'that girl' looked?

Fucking Nyx. Fairy bullshit.

The sooner I sorted this shit out, got my body back, the better.

I snatched up the shopping bag with my dirty clothes in it, made sure I still had the magical wallet with its endless supply of money. Then I stormed out of the changing rooms.

The store clerk, a cute girl that'd been way too friendly and curious when I'd been buying these clothes, said something as I rushed past. Whatever it was, I ignored it. All but ran out of the store and headed to my next stop.

Electronics. Somewhere I could buy a top-up phone. Maybe a laptop and whatever else I might need.

By midday, I was exhausted.

Shoulders slumped, feet dragging, lower spine screaming agony at me. I was about ready to collapse and give up.

The only thing that kept me going was anger.

Pure, blood-boiling rage.

Images of driving my fist into Nyx's face fuelled ever step. Thoughts of wiping the smug smirk off his face...

Odd that. How, when I thought of Nyx, I thought of 'him'.

The 'him' that was in my body. Not the 'her' that'd been before that. Because Nyx wasn't the helpless, wish-granting whore who'd squealed as I'd fucked her. Nyx wasn't the helpless cunt I'd tested my new cock on. Nyx was the shitbag who'd fucked around and was going to find out...

*Yeah*, my own, bitter voice echoed in my skull. *And what're you gonna do, exactly?*

The thought was like a bucket of water dumped onto the flames of my rage. Ice to

my burning hatred. Because what *could* I do? How in the fuck was I supposed to get my body back? What could I do against a fucking *fairy*?

I'd briefly looked up 'fairies' online as soon as I'd gotten my hands on a phone. But the results I got were... unhelpful.

I forced myself to set the question – and all the worries around it – aside. For now, there was nothing I could do. And, until I learned more about Nyx and fairies and all that supernatural bullshit, there *was* nothing I'd be able to do.

I needed to focus on more immediate concerns.

Like where I was going to sleep tonight.

As far as I could tell. I had two options.

Sleep out in the wild again; maybe find an abandoned building to camp out in. Or I could pay for a cheap motel room or the like.

I couldn't rent an apartment or stay at a reputable hotel, not without ID – which I didn't have, and couldn't get with this body. Likewise, I couldn't exactly open a bank account or get a credit card without ID or an address to my name. This body didn't even *have* a name, for fucks sake.

My opens were limited.

Either I found a place that took cash and didn't ask questions, or I risked the elements and the other dangers of being an extremely attractive homeless woman.

My brain refused to even consider that last thought.

Thus, my current destination.

A motel on the edge of town with a less than stellar reputation. It was, I'd heard, the kind of place popular with drug dealers and prostitutes. And the place a few prom dates had ended, one way or another, back in highschool.

I'd never actually been here before. But I'd heard the stories.

The building was a U-shaped block of rooms with external doors and windows, spaced close together with faded paint and more than one boarded window. In the centre of the lot, an empty pool with brown stains at the bottom.

I stared at the 'Sunnyside Motel', considering just how unfitting that name was.

This was a mistake.

I knew it even as I strode towards the office.

I was going to regret this, I was certain. But what other options did I have?

The office door was open and, as I stepped inside, the stench of body odour assaulted my nostrils. I glanced around, taking in the cramped room – split in two halves by an old office desk, dirty chairs on one side and rusted filing cabinets on the other.

The balding, rotund man sat at the desk didn't look up as I entered. He simply sat there, watching the screen of a monitor that looked almost as old and outdated as he did, wearing that stained Hawaiian shirt.

I stood there awkwardly for a few seconds, not knowing what else to do. Then, unsubtly, I cleared my throat.

"Hm?" The man grunted, dragging his eyes away from whatever was on his monitor. "What do you want?"

"Ah-" My voice squeaked. I cleared my throat again, for real this time, and ignored the hot flush in my cheeks. "A room."

The man looked me over slowly, eyes lingering on my chest before he tried peering under my hood.

"Do you have any free?" I prompted. "I can pay with cash."

"We have rooms," the man hummed, looking at my chest again. "Plenty of 'em. Staying for the night, or longer?"

"Longer," I said, shifting uncomfortably under that gaze.

"Hm," the man grunted again, leaning back in his old chair and smiling. "Got any... preferences?" He asked.

"Huh?" My throat felt tight, body stiff. I felt like a deer in headlights, mind freezing up. "I, uh..."

"Single room?" The man asked, smile pulling into a smirk. "Double?"

"Single," I gulped.

"Let's see what we have," the man said, eyes lingering on me before returning to the computer screen. He tapped on his keyboard, moved his mouse around and clicked some. All the while, I stood there rigid. Tense and uncomfortable and awkward.

When the man spoke next, it was a bit more professional. He mentioned a few of the options he had, all of which went into one ear and out the other. When he quoted prices, I finally unfroze and picked out the most expensive option – which wasn't saying much; all the rooms were roughly the same price.

"And you'll be paying with cash?" The man asked, opening a drawer that rattled with numerous keys.

"Yes," I nodded quickly.

"Name?"

"Sam," I answered, half-automatically.

"Last name?" The man asked, looking from his screen to raise an eyebrow at me.

"Uh," I gulped, considered using my actual last name before deciding against it, then rushed and used the first surname I could think of. "Smith."

"Sam Smith?" The man's smile widened.

"Y- yeah."

"Well, Sammy Smith, the room is yours, if you can pay for it. Money upfront. There are a few rules we'll have to go over, and you'll have to sign my book. But, as soon as the formalities are done, I'll show you to your room. Sound good?"

I nodded my head, not trusting myself to speak.

My face felt hot, my spine tingling.

Something about the man's smile, the glint in his eyes, made my skin crawl. He didn't even attempt to hide the lingering stare at my chest before returning his gaze back to the computer screen and typing briefly.

*Leave.* Some deep instinct warned me. *Run.*

I shoved the impulse down.

No way was some creepy old asshole going to scare me, make me run away. I wasn't some pussy-ass bitch. If the old shit tried anything, I'd put him on the ground. Or in it. I wasn't *scared*. Not of anything. And especially not of some old shit.

Besides. I didn't have a choice. This was my only option.

"Here it is," the man said, leaning over as he slid a key into the door's lock, turning and opening it. "Room 409. Easy to remember. Number's on the key, nine on the door, section four. Simple. There we go."

The door opened and he stood up straight, moving to stand in the doorway, against the doorframe. He smiled, waved his hand and urged me to step inside.

I moved without thinking, without realising. It only hit me as my feet were in motion, my body turning to slip past the man who was too large to slide past without touching.

With the height difference, my chest – these stupid, too-large tits – slid along the top of the man's gut.

Warm tingles burst from my breasts, rippling through my entire body and heating me like a furnace. I stumbled past the man into the room, nipples hardening instantly and mind steaming over.

"Single room," the man was saying, though he sounded impossibly far away. "Working TV, but don't expect many channels. Minifridge is over there, fresh sheets are in that cabinet, Wi-Fi password is on a sticky next to the phone. If you need me for anything, you know where to find me. Work hours only. If you bother me outside of the nine-to-five,

I'll bill you for it."

The heat roared inside me, pounding in my ears and reverberating down my limbs. It pulsed, making me shake and shudder, break out in a sweat.

"Here you go," the man said, jingling the room keys. I turned to look at him, and whatever he saw in my face made his eyebrows lift. His smile turned predatory. "You've got the place for five days. If you want to extend that, let me know. I offer discounts to my... *friends*."

The way his gaze drifted down my body let me know exactly what kind of 'friend' he wanted to be.

I snatched the keys from him, turned my back on him, trembled.

*What the fuck is happening?* I bit my lip, struggled not to gasp as the heat washed everything else away, demanded my attention.

It was a lifetime before I heard the man step away, chuckling softly to himself.

As soon as the door closed behind him, I dropped to my knees.

My skin prickled, tingled.

Without thinking, I moved my hand between my legs.

A lightning bolt struck me.

The high-pitched gasp I let out shocked me to my senses, partly at least. I clamped my left hand over my mouth, unable to control myself as squeezed my thighs over the right.

*What the fuck is this?!*

No way this was normal. This was Nyx. The bastard had done something.

But I couldn't follow those thoughts, couldn't focus on anything but the tingles that demanded every ounce of my attention. Before I knew what was happening, my hand was sliding under yoga pants and shorts, touching my molten crotch directly.

Every contact, no matter how slight, was an electrical jolt of pure pleasure. My fingers curled and my toes followed.

I dropped to the floor, unable to hold myself upright.

And, for the first time in my life, I experienced a woman's orgasm.