An Erotic Magical Fantasy of Wizards, Tiny Fairies, and Magical Dust
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The Sex Wizard 4

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Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Fairy Dust: The Sex Wizard 4

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Chapter Fifteen

Morgan looked across the table at the fairy. She was undeniably sexy and beautiful and he had to stop himself from thinking she was cute because that veered into dangerous territory.

He was glad he was sitting down at the large stone table because the granite surface hid his rather large erection. He was certain that the bulge was more than obvious even with the shield of the table.

The fairy was glaring at him and Morgan knew why. He hadn't been paying the least bit of attention to what she had been saying. He could have blamed it on her attractiveness and the fact that the thin silk shirt she wore clearly displayed the outlines of her nipples, but he knew the actual cause was himself. He had almost no sexual self-control around fairies. No human did.

"I'm sorry," he apologized to her unrelenting glare. "Could you repeat that?"

"Someone stole our fairy dust," Mulberry Dapplevine said, already exasperated with him.

It would have been easier for Morgan to deal with the fairy if she didn't have such a cute name to match her cute face and cute little nipples that were very obviously erect under her shirt. He shifted uncomfortably in his chair. There was no more room in his pants.

"Isn't that for a problem for the city watch to deal with?" he asked. While Morgan knew he could resist the fairy's unintentional charms, just looking at her made it difficult to focus on the problem at hand. The last thing he needed was for her to turn around and show him her cute little bottom. It had to be pert. She was a fairy. Everything about her was pert…or impertinent…which was also cute. If he could fob off her complaint to the city watch that would make everything easier.

"I've already been to them," Mulberry said with a huff. A dark shock of hair fell across her eyes and she pushed it back into place. "They said no because the theft took place outside the city and because it was a theft of a magical item, so that falls to your purview, Wizard Morgan."

He stared at her a moment too long. Her tiny breasts made the shirt bulge out slightly. The tight leggings she wore revealed the entire topography of her tiny

sex organ. It made him wonder what the leggings were made of—probably fairy floss or fairy silk or some other adorable substance—and how he could get them off her. She was small so she had to be tight. That only made sense.

“Are you going to do something about this?” Mulberry asked, bringing him back to reality.

“Yes,” he said quickly, covering his wandering attention. “Where exactly did the theft take place?” He needed to keep his mind off fucking the fairy. He loved his wife and even though she wouldn’t mind if he did take Mulberry to bed, she would be offended that he was charmed by a creature that stood barely two feet tall and had butterfly wings attached to her back.

He doubted he could get his cock inside her, but that didn’t matter. He was inventive. He had magic. Fairies were magic. They could come to an accommodation.

“In our fae enclosure, at the edge of the woods,” she told him. “Where else? It’s not like we have a reason to go wandering through your city.”

Morgan reached into one of the loose pockets of his voluminous pants, found a silver needle that was often useful in crafting spells, and jammed it into his thigh. The sudden blossom of pain helped him focus. The wince he made confused Mulberry.

“Is something wrong, Wizard Morgan?”

“No,” he groaned slightly. “Not at all. Let me ask a few more questions before I launch a full investigation. Any suspects?”

Mulberry leaned back against the ceramic bowl on the table. This caused the material that made up her leggings to stretch tighter. Morgan was certain the size of her mons was out of proportion to the rest of her body. It made him wonder if fairies had any body hair. The outline was clean, but he couldn’t remember if fairies were naturally glabrous or not.

“Only all of humanity,” she said without a touch of sarcasm.

“All of humanity?” he questioned her.

“Yes!” She shouted the word. It was barely more than a squeak. “Why in the name of Cricket Peppermoon do you think we created fairy dust anyway? I thought you were a wizard, not the village idiot!”

It was an insult he deserved.

“Right. That only makes sense. Does fairy dust only affect humans or does it have the same effect on all humanoid species?”

Mulberry’s lip curled up into a sneer. It was still cute. “It affects any humanoid. Human. Elf. Dwarf. Gnome. Halfling. Orc. Mixes. I’ve never seen it used on goblins or kobolds, but rumor has it that the effect isn’t diminished.”

“Does it work on fairies?” Morgan asked without thinking about the implication of the question.

She rolled her eyes at him. “Why would we care?”

“Right. Good point.”

Morgan ran his hand through his hair and tried to gather his thoughts. “The question here is how did someone sneak into your enclave and make off with… how much dust?”

“Four bushels.”

Morgan’s eyes bulged. “That’s a huge amount of dust! How were you carrying that all around?”

Mulberry was used to stupid questions from humans, but she had expected better from a wizard. “We don’t carry it all around. We were storing in the enclave.”

“Why?”

“Why do you need to know?”

“Do you want me to find your dust?” Morgan countered. A little anger was great at focusing him. It was less painful than shoving a needle into his thigh.

“We sell it to humans and other humanoids either as a weapon or as ingredients

for basic potion work and witchcraft."

Morgan took a moment and then couldn't help himself. "That's illegal in all Five Lands!" He tried not to make it sound like an outburst, but it was a righteous outburst without basis in reality.

"So?" Mulberry asked casually.

"I believe you signed a treaty with the Five Royals?"

"And how else are fairies supposed to make a living in this world? Dwarves are better brewers and gnomes are better vintners. Elves make better jewelry. Our magic is natural, but weak…except for fairy dust. It's survival selling."

"But I've seen tiny fairy jewelry and I know The Pig and Unicorn sells fairy wine."

"And those things make up maybe a hundredth of our queendom's income. Our dust lets us live."

Fairy dust wasn't necessary dangerous. It really only had two effects. It energized a person's sex drive. If that was the only affect it would have assured the fairy queendom a secure place in the economy of the Five Lands. But it also reverse—temporarily—a person's sexual orientation. Fairies had developed it as a non-violent protection generations ago.

Officially they were allowed to sell small amount to duly registered members of the magical community and to use it within their enclaves. Unofficially it had been sold on and off to women who wanted a way to protect themselves from aggressive males of any race. But the dose needed to affect a man was tiny, barely a teaspoon. What was someone going to do with over twenty eight thousand doses of fairy dust?

Morgan sighed and placed his hands over his face. This was a serious problem for the Five Lands.

"Okay. Okay. I'll find it for you. I'm going to need to gather some materials. Can I meet you at the enclave tomorrow morning?"

"Agreed," she said and held out her tiny hand.

Morgan extended his index finger and she shook it. Mulberry then jumped into the air. Her butterfly wings buzzed to life and Mulberry flew out the window.

He couldn't help but watch her leave. The flowery shirt she wore didn't cover her bottom at all. Her ass was just as spectacularly cute as everything else attached to Mulberry's body.

It was going to be a difficult investigation.

The first thing Morgan did when Mulberry was gone was push back from the table and run up the stairs to his bedroom. To his great relief his wife was there. Cassandra was at the small desk she used, reading through a book and making notes on a scrap of paper. He grabbed her shoulders and pulled her out of the chair.

"Morgan! What are you doing? I'm doing the books. We have to account for our expenses!"

Morgan ignored her pleas. He pulled off her dress. Underneath she wore nothing as was her habit more often than not. The curse that caused her to shapechange was mostly kept in check by the necklace she wore, the necklace he made for her, but the curse could occasionally flare up and she could change in the middle of the day. In the past she had reported that there was nothing worse than wearing a corset or other restrictive undergarments when her body size and shape suddenly changed.

Today she was a rather unremarkable woman with skin that was evenly tanned all over her body. Oddly her hair was bright green and as far as Morgan could tell it was completely natural; there were human variations in the Five Lands that fell outside what was considered normal. Her eyes were golden, not green or blue but yellow golden. It only made her more attractive to him.

Her tits were full but not huge. That was fine. Like her lips that he kissed as he pushed her down to the bed, her nipples were a different hue of green than her hair. He continued kissing his way down her body, licking her skin, sucking on her green nipples, moving down further to her belly and navel and further down still to the split V of curly pubic hair that covered her cunt.

Cassandra had let out little giggles and sighs as he forcefully brought her to the bed and showered her with kisses. This was hardly unusual behavior for him.

Her cunt's scent was rich and earthy. Going down on her was like preparing a garden for planting. In no time at all she was moaning from his attention and rubbing her mound up against his face, looking for more friction so she could get off.

Morgan hadn't seduced his wife into bed just to get her off. He had needs as well. Taking a half-second to pause in his artful cunnilingus. "Exui," he said, pointing a finger at himself. There was a small flash of light and a minor puff of smoke. He hoped that he hadn't accidentally burned up some of his clothing. The pile of clothes that formed at the foot of the bed didn't seem to be on fire. That was enough for him.

Now naked he moved between his wife's legs. His cock was hard and rampant. While not huge he was more than well-enough endowed. Having a wife who had different body every day made it better to have a perfectly average cock rather than something of extreme size, either small or large. He could satisfy her every time.

Cassandra's fingers wrapped around his length and he noticed that her fingernails were lacquered green as well. Was it natural or had she painted them? It didn't matter. She guided him into her cunt and groaned loudly. "Fuck I love it when you go in."

"This body isn't a virgin," he reported to her.

"They never are, haven't you noticed?"

"Uh-huh," he said as he pumped his hips faster and faster. It quickly became apparent he was using her for sexual relief. That was part of the role of a wizard's wife. Because magical energies could cause him to have sudden surges of lust. Often that worked to her advantage. She didn't mind when he wanted her without reason.

"What happened?" she asked him, clutching his body to hers, lifting up her knees, letting him get deeper into her cunt.

"Visit from a fairy," he said. "I wanted to fuck her. I had to fuck you instead."

Cassandra smirked at him. "You got hard just talking to a fairy."

He thrusted all the harder. “You know they have that effect on men. All men. And women too.”

“A fairy has never made me hard,” she giggled at him. She tried to wrap her legs around his waist, but they were a little too short to do it effectively.

Morgan rolled his eyes. “Get you wet. She would have gotten you wet.”

“Mm-hmm,” she agreed with him. “And you probably would have loved to see me fuck her too, huh?”

That was more than enough for Morgan. He lost control and emptied his balls into his wife. She laughed and kissed him on the cheek. “So predictable…and so satisfying.”

Chapter Sixteen

The potion was quite possibly the worst thing he had ever tasted. It was strong, incredibly strong. If Morgan had been brave enough to distill pure alcohol he doubted it would burn as much going down as the potion. He felt his cock through his breeches. It was limp but that meant nothing at the moment. He wife could get him hard but he couldn't think of an occasion when he got an unexpected erection while in his laboratory. The hope was that he would feel a tingling numbness in his genitalia, but it felt…normal.

He sighed and hoped he knew what he was doing. The wisest course of action would be to bring someone along with him. Cassandra was probably the best choice, but she was busy in the city today. It was Lili's day off. That left Knut. Morgan was reasonably sure the grumpy dwarf wouldn't be affected by the aura of the fairies, but there was one way to be sure.

Probably.

"My place is in the tower," Knut complained when Morgan told him where they were going.

"No, your place is wherever the hell I tell you it is if it means that you're on duty and protecting me."

"I don't wanna see any fookin' fairies," Knut said as he picked up his axe.

"Too fookin' bad," Morgan told him and held out a flask.

"What's this fer?"

"A little prophylactic to keep your dick uninterested in all those cute fairies flying around."

The dwarf's thick brown furrowed. "I thought a prophylactic was what I wore on Little Knut when I go to Miss Brandywine's." He chuckled and Morgan's eyes narrowed.

"A preventative," he clarified. "How much have you had to drink today?"

"Jus' a half barrel or so," the dwarf admitted and then immediately pulled on his beard.

“You’re on duty today and you’re drinking,” Morgan said angrily. “Drink the damn potion.” His eyes glowered and the pentagram on his forehead literally glowed blue. Knut dry swallowed and then emptied the entire contents of the flask into his mouth. If he felt the same burning that Morgan did, he didn’t give any indication. It did appear to sober him up a bit.

“Drink on duty again and I’ll cut your beard off and then I’ll toss you out on your ear,” he promised the dwarf.

“Aye, sir.” Reluctantly he followed Morgan out of his room and then out of the tower.

The march to the fairy enclave wasn’t fare and the pair walked the distance in complete silence.

They were stopped at the edge of the enclave by a pair of fairies, one male and one female, both carrying spears and covered in the finest chainmail that Morgan had ever seen. They sought to make themselves appear fiercer by flying at eye level to Morgan and brandishing their weapons. The fact that they were still undeniably cute and their spears were little more than large knitting needles to Morgan’s eyes made their every gesture useless. Morgan was relieved, however, that his cock did not stir at all, even when he focused exclusively on the female.

“Hold!” They cried together. “What is your business with the Royal Enclave of Queen Rosepetal Amberbell?”

Knut looked to Morgan who cleared his throat before speaking. “I have arranged a meeting with Mulberry Dapplevine. Please let her know that the wizard Morgan, guardian of the city, is here.”

The fairies exchanged a nervous glance and then refocused on Knut, who was rethinking his choice of weapon. An axe was a wonderful tool when dealing with large monsters and trees, but for agile flying fairies it seemed unwieldy. He found himself wishing for the old insect swatter that hung behind the kitchen door in the tower. “And you?” the female fairy squeaked.

“Knut Rokmoore. Ah’m his bodyguard.” The dwarf unnecessarily indicated Morgan.

“What does a wizard need a bodyguard for?” the fairy demanded.

“To swat annoying little insects from the air,” he grunted and hefted his axe, showing her the broad of the blade rather than the edge.

“Knut! Watch your tongue!” Morgan admonished him. He cleared his throat and inclined his head slightly at the fairy. “If you would be so kind as to let Mulberry know we are here?”

The two guards looked at each other and came to a silent agreement. The male flew off, sailing above the rock wall that stood roughly as high as Knut’s head. It wasn’t much of a barrier, but it let the rest of the world know the borders of the enclave. Standing two feet taller than Knut Morgan could see how plants and small trees within the wall had been adapted by the fairies to serve as housing but before he could begin a serious study, the male fairy suddenly zipped back, a sour look on his face.

“Quartermaster Dapplevine will be with you shortly,” he reported.

The two fairies nodded to one another and then flew backwards on their butterfly wings to land on small daises on the wall. Morgan didn’t see a gate or entrance through the wall, but then realized the fairies wouldn’t need one. Their wings served that purpose.

Knut harrumphed and set his red hat lower on his forehead, all but obscuring his eyes. The tassel dangled down into the tangle of his beard. He could have been asleep for all Morgan knew for he stood like a statue, his hands resting on the butt of his upended axe.

Morgan waited impatiently, occasionally sneaking looks at the fairies who kept a steady watch on him. The female was undeniably attractive and Morgan found himself thinking about what it would be like if she were a full-sized human. He couldn’t get much of a hint of her body through the chainmail, but he knew what she had hiding under the armor…

The male was just as attractive as the female. Morgan could easily imagine a hundred different scenarios between him and the fairy and his wife, but none of them seemed to make any sense. And again, there was no stirring from his cock, so Morgan was relieved that his potion was working. It seemed to be working with Knut as well, or the dwarf had more interest in sleep than in sex at the moment.

After what seemed like an inordinately long time, Mulberry Dapplevine appeared, zipping over the wall and flying right up to Morgan.

“You’re here.” She seemed nervous. That wasn’t a good sign.

“Yes,” he said dryly. “As we agreed.”

“What can I do for you?” She was clearly biding her time.

“I want to see the scene of the theft,” said Morgan. “And from there I’ll determine what we need to do to recover your…property.”

“There’s a small problem with that plan,” said Mulberry, fluttering back and forth in front of him. He wished she would stop moving. It was annoying and then he realized that she was wearing only a tiny dress that barely came down to her thighs. Her nipples were once again outlined by the thin material and if he were given the opportunity he’d be able to see more than just her smooth, shapely legs.

“What problem is that?” he asked upon realizing she had stopped talking and was waiting for a reaction from him.

“Well, it’s actually a big problem,” she replied. “You. You’re the big problem. You’re too big to fit in the enclave. It would be like a giant was rampaging through the city.”

“You think I came unprepared?” asked Morgan.

“No…?”

From one of the many pouches that dangled from his belt Morgan pulled a small flask. He could do the spell on his own, but the length was often indeterminate and he wanted easy ways to counteract the spell or extend it as needed. Taking a pull from the silver flask and wincing at the awful flavor, he nodded once at Mulberry and allowed the magic to do its work.

It only took a few seconds. The energy field it created was a rather pleasant tingle and soon he found himself several feet shorter than Knut, looking up at Mulberry still covering in the air. Though her legs were close together he was certain he could see the slit between them. It was bare. That made him smile.

She frowned and zoomed down to him. “What about your bodyguard?”

“Ah’m staying here,” Knut said. “I’m not getting any shorter.”

“I’m sure you’ll keep me safe,” Morgan said with a smile. The potion had worked perfectly, shrinking not only his body but all his possessions as well. It wouldn’t last forever, but it was nicely done. Sometimes he surprised himself.

“And how will you get over the wall?” she asked to the amusement of the guards who stood on the daises three feet above his head.

“Shit.”

He didn’t want to be carried by a fairy because he had some dignity, so Morgan had Knut lift him up to the top of the wall. From there he simply jumped down to the ground using a simple feather fall cantrip and waited expectantly for Mulberry to join him. She did so, hovering just inches above the ground, apparently reluctant to let her bare feet touch the ground. “Well done,” she complimented him.

Up close she was just as attractive and cute as she was when he was six feet tall. Her breasts were still relatively small, but when her nipples poked against her tiny dress he realized the fairies nipples were relatively large compared to her body. He still felt no stirring in his loins, but now wished that he hadn’t taken the chastity potion.

“I always come prepared for all eventualities,” he said confidently. “Now… where do you store your fairy dust?”

The building had been naturally grown from an oak tree. It was the size of a small barn…to a human. To a fairy it was a huge barn. And it was empty.

Nearly empty.

There were two small sacks in the middle of the floor and two fairies with drawn swords and utterly serious expressions guarding the sacks. As he looked at the sacks Morgan realized he had no basis for how to judge how large the sacks were because he was now two feet tall and his perspective was completely out of whack.

In the background he saw some fairies scurrying about with broom and mops and other implements of cleaning. Morgan glared at them and then looked at Mulberry. “Don’t tell me that you cleaned up the scene of the crime,” he said in a wearied voice.

She turned on him. “Of course we did. We had absolutely no fairy dust left. After cleaning we had…that.” She pointed at the two sacks.

Morgan closed his eyes. “That just makes everything more difficult,” he said.

“We need the dust,” she pointed out.

“Right, right,” he agreed as he ran his fingers over his beard. “Should have thought ahead on this. Should have contacted the city guard,” he muttered to himself.

“We’re not involving the city guard,” Mulberry reminded him sternly.

“Right, right,” he said as he opened the satchel that hung from his belt and inspected the equipment he had brought along. It had shrunk along with him and didn’t seem any the worse for the minor magic spell. “Let me get to work.”

Mulberry stepped back and watched as Morgan set out all the equipment he had brought along. She was alarmed at the amount of materials that came out of his small satchel. When he was done emptying he had a small variety of glass beakers, a stone mortar and pestle, copper cups, a trivet that held up an iron cookpot, and a small variety of powders in small sachets.

What followed was an arcane procedure that had all the trappings of a ritual but none of the weightiness. Mulberry grew bored watching him but didn’t leave.

The whole process took over an hour during which the two guards didn’t once take their eyes from Morgan, but Mulberry found herself dozing while leaning against the far wall.

“Hmm.” It was the first sound that had escaped Morgan’s lips once he had set to work.

The guards watched him more closely. Mulberry opened her eyes and wiped away the drool that had seeped onto her chin. “What?” she demanded of him.

“This is very interesting,” Morgan said, drumming his fingers on his chin.

“What is?”

He fixed his eyes on her and twisted his lips. “I’ll have to study this more,” he said quickly packing up his equipment while shoving the few notes he had made on a tiny paper journal into one of his voluminous pockets. “I’ll have to get back to you. Can you escort me back to Knut?”

“Yes,” she said and gestured for him to follow her. Mulberry floated up in the air while Morgan was still restricted to the floor. Remembering he was without wings, she floated back down and remained just barely above ground level as they walked through the enclave. Morgan didn’t like that because he had to look up at her and since he was well above average for a human he was accustomed to looking down on everyone. Even worse, he couldn’t look down at her cleavage or up her skirt. He was roughly eyelevel with her midriff.

“Will you be able to help us?” she asked worriedly.

“I think so. I’ll be able to track where the dust was taken, but…I can’t guarantee that it’ll still be all together.”

“We need to move quickly then,” she replied.

Morgan looked up and wished the fairy would just land and walk with him. As he peered upward his eyes spotted something above her, fluttering through the sky. He had been about to answer her, but now focused on the two figures up in the air. It was two fairies rapidly fluttering their huge butterfly wings. It took him a moment to sort out the scene, but eventually he realized that the two fairies were fucking midair. The logistics of the encounter must have been difficult, but Morgan realized it probably wasn’t anything unusual for a fairy.

And then he realized the two fairies were copulating in the middle of the enclave in easy view of anyone floating by.

They didn’t seem to care.

And the occasional other fairy that fluttered by either was disinterested by the fornicating fairies or took a brief look and called out a word of encouragement before moving on.

“Are they fucking?” Morgan asked though he already knew the answer. He automatically pointed and Mulberry following his finger.

Spying the pair she nodded once. “Yes. Why do you ask?”

Morgan realized he had been caught out judging another race’s social norms. “I just don’t normally see that sort of thing.”

“I should hope not. Fairies aren’t supposed to leave the enclave without a good reason. It would be exceedingly unusual to see a pair of fairies having sex anywhere near you tower.”

“Right. Makes sense. I forgot your race has different mores than humans.”

Mulberry laughed at him and Morgan tried his best not to let his face burn bright red. “You humans are so uptight with your sexual rules.”

“Yes, well, I blame that on the society I was raised in,” Morgan said somewhat huffily.

“We’d fuck more humans if the size difference wasn’t such a problem,” Mulberry confided in him.

Her revelation surprised Morgan. “You would?”

“Yes. In this case ‘you’ meaning fairies in general. We are very adventurous when it comes to new and different partners.”

“So I gathered,” Morgan commented. His eyes were still focused on the pair up in the air. He was delighted to realize that the pair was now a trio. They had been joined by a third. It was definitely a male but Morgan was having trouble figuring out who was doing what exactly to whom. He supposed it didn’t matter. They were all very happy with what was happening.

Morgan didn’t judge, but he was jealous.

“I know a bunch of males that have been able to seduce some human women,” Mulberry confided in him. “That that it’s terribly hard. Your kind might be uptight when it comes to sex, but you’re also very eager to jump at the chance to get fucked.”

“I think you’ve summed up the heart of the human experience,” Morgan said dryly. The flying fucking trio started to look altitude. Either there was a problem or things were going swimmingly; he couldn’t tell.

“Most of the human women come away disappointed,” Mulberry reported. “Size different and all.”

“I can imagine,” Morgan agreed.

“Then again, as a female myself, I don’t think there’s any chance I’d fuck a human man myself. Even a man with a micropenis—such a sad thing for your race—would stretch my cunny to the point of death.”

“Agreed.” Morgan was still staring at the trio. The group was floating lower still and he could make out details of their activities. They were detailed enough to cause a stirring in his breeches.

“I once gave a man a handjob,” she added.

That caught Morgan’s attention. He focused his eyes on her. “You did?” He looked at her small hands. “How did that work?”

“Quite well,” she breezily commented with a sly smile. “I suppose it would be better called an arm job, but Dilan enjoyed it. Literally coated me with his cum.” She laughed. “I had to bathe and scrub for an hour to get it all off. Good times.”

The trio fluttered to the ground. The female was in the middle with both men aggressively thrusting into her. From the young fairy’s expression, she was thrilled to be the center of their attention.

“Robin Rainfrost is such a slut,” Mulberry stage-whispered to Morgan. “Of course Comet Pineleaf will fuck anything that flies,” she added. “And I’m ashamed to say that I let Dragonfly Jingelhorn bed me more than once. Knows how to use his cock but he’s an airhead.”

“What?” asked a confused Morgan. Robin was crying her little lungs out as the two gentlemen finished her off. The ecstatic expression on her face told Morgan this was not an unusual occurrence for her.

“Nothing,” Mulberry said, disappointed. Her eyes wandered; Morgan still stared

at the trio as they rest on the ground. From above there was a tiny smattering of applause.

“Do you want to fuck?” Mulberry bluntly asked him.

“What?” Morgan replied. “That’s impossible. I took the chastity potion before I left my tower.”

“I think it’s worn off,” Mulberry pointed out with a perfectly shaped finger. Morgan’s breeches were tented out by his aggressive erection.

Morgan looked down at himself and didn’t know what to do. “Oh.”

“I’d love to tell my friends that I actually fucked a human. They’ll be so jealous.”

“But…I’m your size. Wouldn’t it be like fucking just any other fairy?” Morgan asked.

She shrugged. “Maybe. There’s only one way to find out.”

“Oh.”

She shrugged again. “I get it. You’re married. You weren’t expecting this. You think I’m just using you for an adventure.”

“Um…yes.”

“It didn’t hurt to ask,” She took to wing again and started to flutter away, expecting Morgan to follow.

He didn’t.

“I said yes,” he called out.

She turned in midair. “Yes to what?” Her brow was furrowed.

“Yes to fucking you,” he clarified.

“Well why didn’t you say so!” She zoomed back down and grabbed his hand. “I suppose you’ll want to do this in privacy?”

Morgan hesitated. At the moment he really didn't care, but there was weight to her words. "It doesn't matter. Fairies do it out in the open?"

Her smile was warm and without duplicity. "There is no shame in sex. And it honors the goddess to do it under the sky so she can see."

"Outside it is then," Morgan agreed.

She laughed one more time and then zipped up to him, using her wings and feet. The action was so quick that he was barely ready for her, which she had expected. Her hands went around the back of his neck and they were kissing before he realized it. Her tongue was soft and wet and warm and unnaturally long. He was certain the organ was going to slip all the way down in his throat before she broke off the kiss and backed off with a satisfied expression on her face.

"C'mon," she said, pulling on his hand as she set to wing again. "I know where we can have some privacy."

Gamely he trotted along behind her, his feet trying to keep up with her wings. "I thought you said you wanted to fuck in public?" he asked, already confused.

She gave him a shake of her head. "That was before I knew you were willing to do what I wanted. Besides, if we do it in public some other fairy will want to join in and I'm not sharing you, not yet."

Where they wound up was a very secluded park where light barely penetrated to the ground. Morgan had to duck down under a branch to enter. She led him through a tangle of limbs and bushes and leave before the vegetation opened up into a small clearing. Morgan realized right away that they were not the first to use this place as a private place to fuck.

It was a secret that everyone knew.

It didn't discourage him at all.

Mulberry rolled down her dress and was immediately naked without Morgan blinking his eyes. Because she was a fairy she had to be slim and lightweight, otherwise she couldn't fly. Her breasts were small and the nipples were bright red like raspberries. There wasn't a single hair between her legs though her inner

labia protruded down slightly from her crease. Morgan wondered if that was natural for her or if she was that aroused.

She leaned back against a thin branch and waited for him. “Well?”

Morgan quickly struggled out of his clothes. Being a wizard he had to carry more things with him than a fairy, but the downside was it took forever to get naked. Mulberry was amused at his struggle but once his cock came into view, she nodded in approval.

“Very nice,” she said as she went down on her knees in front of him. In their little bower her wings spread wide and it suddenly became a much closer space. She put her hand on the base of his cock to steady his organ so she could lower her mouth down onto the glans, but she stopped right before her tongue made contact. “You really aren’t much bigger than most male fairies,” she told him.

“What? I’m not?” In the moment of lust, Morgan was confused on how relative sizing worked.

“Well, when you are two feet tall, you’re the same size as most of the fairies I’ve fucked. Maybe a smidge bigger.” She then proceeded to lick his cock from his balls all the way up to the tip where she tasted his precum.

Morgan groaned in anticipation of what was to come.

Her tongue circled around the ridge of his head. After only a few seconds of contact it dawned on Morgan that fairies were naturally hotter than human, not in appearance, but in body temperatures. It didn’t bother him. It was just another bit of difference that was to be enjoyed.

Her fellatio skills were well-developed. Morgan had the distinct impression that Mulberry, along with possibly every other fairy in the Five Lands, that she was perfectly open with her sexuality and was just as eager to fuck as she was to have a casual conversation.

“I have to be honest with you,” she said, taking a quick break from sucking and licked while she pumped her hand up and down his shaft.

“Honest?”

“Yes. Honest. I’m fucking you because you’re human.”

“Okay…?”

“I want to be able to say that I’ve had a human cock in my cunny,” she clarified.

“If that’s what you want, I’m good,” he said agreeably.

“It’s so I can brag,” she continued and pushed on his hips slightly, indicating he should lay down. “Lay down, I want to ride you.”

He obeyed. There was no reason not to.”

“Because none of your friends have fucked a human?” he asked as she straddled his hips and positioned her cunt right above his cock.

“Right. Bragging rights.”

“But you’re being deceitful,” he pointed out.

She paused, his cock head touching the heat of her lower lips but not truly inside her yet. The tease was excruciating. “How so?”

“I’ve been diminished in size,” he pointed out.

“So? It’s a minor quibble.”

“It’s your reputation,” he said with a roll of his shoulders and grabbed her hips to pull her down on his cock.

Her wings flapped in response, trying to lift her body off of his, but he was having none of that. Mulberry’s body was lightweight and though her wings flapped rapidly trying to escape impalement on his flesh shaft, she was unsuccessful in her struggle. Once she was halfway down his cock, she stopped struggling.

“Oh yeah,” she said with an unfocused gaze. “This is what I wanted.”

He shoved his hips up into the air and she allowed him to penetrate her all the way, groaning deeply. Fully seated inside her, he groaned at the heat inside her cunt; it was easily the hottest cunt he had ever been inside of.

When he started thrusting upward, she made a high squeaking noise and flapped her wings, this time not in an effort to escape but to express her delight. When she started to fly away in her enthusiasm for the act they were sharing, he grabbed her hips more firmly and pulled her back down on him. This set up a unique dynamic where he tried to keep her from escaping and she struggled to fly off his cock.

They both loved this unique bit of lovemaking; it wasn't a fight, it was a mutual struggle for pleasure.

Unfortunately it didn't last nearly as long as either of them wanted.

"I could fuck you forever," he grunted up at her, wishing he had a free hand to pinch one of her sweet nipples. It was like she could read his mind; she brought her hands to her tits and briefly covered them before rolling the nipples between thumb and forefinger.

"Can't," she said. "I need you to cum. I need you to cum in me."

"Five more minutes," he promised as he slammed his cock in and out of her faster and harder.

"So…fucking…hard. Big…and…hard." She was having trouble forming complete thoughts and sentences. Mulberry knew herself. She was close to her climax. She could feel Morgan getting harder and bigger. She knew he was a close as she was.

"Need to finish," he grunted at her.

"Do it! Cum in me! Fill! Me! Up!"

That was all Morgan needed. He slammed her hips and cunt back down on his cock one last time and thrusted hard upward. The climax was borderline painful, his balls tightening up and the amount of force he used to squirt his cum into her cunt.

His reaction was apparently exactly what she needed as well. A second after he came, he body shook with orgasm. Her wings flapped rapidly, creating a minor whirlwind in the small bower and buffeting his body. She felt his cock slipping out of her. It was too soon, she wanted to feel him inside her a little longer. And

then she realized he wasn’t going limp. His body was growing and she was being forced off his cock because he was getting so large so fast she was literally being lifted off him.

“Oh shit!” Morgan exclaimed when he realized what was going on.

“Oh no!” Mulberry was going up into the air. Her head hit the top of the bower. She was riding his cock up into the air, destroying the vegetation above them.

It all happened too quickly. In a matter of seconds Morgan was back at full size, sprawled and tangled in the plants of the now ruined bower while Mulberry was seated on his cock. All the fairies in the enclave stopped from where they were buzzing about on their duties and looked at the mismatched pair.

After a few seconds of uncomfortable staring, some wise fairy had the clever idea to begin clapping.

Mulberry took a bow and posed for her friends.

Morgan used a bit of subtle magic to grow his clothes. It was one thing to be naked in front of a bunch of fairies after fucking one of them, but he was damned if he was going to exit the enclave buck ass naked.

Chapter Seventeen

Knut the dwarf was chortling to himself all the way back to the tower. It wasn't a particularly long walk, but Morgan found himself wishing he had asked Mulberry for a large mirror so he could have instantly transported back to the tower and made Knut walk.

He was certain that there wasn't a mirror large enough in the fairy enclave to accommodate his size.

"What are you finding so amusing, Knut," he finally asked the dwarf when they were halfway back. He would have cast a deafness spell on himself if he had been certain he wouldn't have to deal with the dwarf's laughter.

"Ah've just never seen yeh buck ass naked before, yeh honor," the dwarf said, his smile obvious behind his bushy beard.

"So surprising," Morgan said dryly.

"Yeh have nothing to be ashamed of," Knut hurriedly added. "While yeh can't compete with a dwarf's tremendous girth—no mere human can—yeh showed yehself respectably to those fairies."

Morgan stopped walking. "How did you get inside the enclave? There are no gates."

After a couple of paces, Knut stopped and looked back at the wizard. "Bah. The guards let me climb the wall. Easy feat for a dwarf. They let me sleep inside. It was easier for them to keep an eye on me that way."

"You were sleeping on the job?" Morgan asked pointedly.

"So were yeh, yeh honor," Knut shot back. "Well…sleeping is not the correct term, but a bed-bound activity, if ah'm right."

"None of your business, master dwarf."

"Right yeh are," he agreed. "What's it like fucking a fairy, if you don't mind me asking."

Morgan didn't answer. He did mind his retainer asking such a question.

“What’s it like fucking a fairy?” asked Cassandra.

The question somehow was less probing coming from his wife. They were in their bedroom, Cassandra at her book and Morgan changing his clothes. After the use of such powerful magic that affected him directly, he felt like a grease-covered pig.

He stuck his head out from the small changing alcove. “How did you know about that?” he asked her.

Cassandra chuckled to herself. “I didn’t…until you just confirmed it.”

Morgan fixed his wife with an annoyed glare. “As if you actually care.”

“But I do,” she said overly earnestly, a wry smile on her face. “I’ve never been a fairy. I’ve never fucked a fairy. I’m truly intrigued as to how it was.”

She looked at him with innocent eyes. Today Cassandra was a tall woman with striking green eyes and, incongruously, dark skin and black curly hair. As always she wore her necklace that protected and identified her. Her lips were full and a deep red. That morning Morgan had discovered they were incredibly soft to kiss and he was eager to find out what else they could do. She wore a loose-fitting white robe that set off a high contrast to her skin.

“You just want me to talk dirty to you and then fuck you,” said Morgan.

“That too.”

Ducking back into the alcove Morgan summoned a cleansing spell. It wasn’t as good as a bath because some of the greasiness stayed behind, but it was good enough. After that he walked with confidence out to his wife.

She eyed his nudity with amusement. “You used that thing on her?” she asked. “It’s not even hard.”

“Don’t worry about that,” he said approaching her, stepping behind her chair and kissing the back of her neck as he slid the white robe off her shoulders.

“This isn’t much of a seduction.”

“It’s all you need,” he told her, his hands finding her tits and carefully slipping around the soft flesh. When his fingers lightly pinched the purple-black nipples she shivered in the chair.

“You’re making me wet,” she complained and then moaned. “You’re making my robe wet.”

“Then take it off and come join me in bed.”

Cassandra turned her head and kissed her husband. “A truly talented wizard would be able to satisfy me right here in my chair and not have to bring me to bed.”

Morgan pulled back. “As it is, I have been working on a little spell that you might enjoy…”

“Oh?”

He closed his eyes briefly to concentrate and then snapped his fingers. For a moment Cassandra felt nothing and then the wave of the orgasm rolled unexpectedly through her body. It was so unanticipated and caught her so off-guard that her body trembled uncontrollably for a long, drawn-out moment.

“How was that?” he asked.

“A forced orgasm?” she replied. “I…I wasn’t expecting it.”

“But you asked for it.”

“Yes…but I wasn’t warmed up. I didn’t enjoy it.”

“Be careful what you wish for…”

“I almost feel violated.”

“Do you feel violated?”

“Almost,” she said with a wink. “But in a good way. I would have liked it more if you had warned me.”

“Next time?”

“There’s going to be a next time?” she asked getting up from the chair and shedding the robe that had fallen to her waist. Cassandra liked revealing her new body to her husband. It was like taking a new lover every day. It was like playing a game of seduction that never ended. She reached down and grasped his cock with her dark fingers. Right away it started to stiffen. Briefly admiring the contrast of her dark fingers against his lighter skin, she stroked him a few times to bring him to full attention before reaching lower and cupping his balls. She applied light pressure and he smiled confidently at her. She was literally holding him in the palm of her hand and he felt no fear. “Do you really think I’m going to let you walk around the city with the ability to make a woman cum with just a snap of your fingers?”

“You think women will come flocking to the tower?” he asked, intrigued.

“Yes. The worst type of women.”

“I might even put Miss Brandywine out of business,” he mused aloud.

That made Cassandra laugh. “Hardly. Few women need or want to pay for sex. If anything you’ll put Master Juten into the poorhouse.”

“Master Juten?”

She shook her head at him. “He runs the whorehouse where just men work,” she informed him. “Specialized and small audience.”

“Right.” Morgan’s brow furrowed. “How do you know about this Master Juten?”

“You mean,” she said as she went down on her knees, “have I ever been there?”

“Yes, exactly.”

Before Cassandra could answer she opened her mouth and leaned forward, wrapping her dark red lips around his cock. With that simple action she was no longer able to speak.

Morgan didn’t mind.

Her head bobbed back and forth a minute and he watched her. Though she was cursed, there were certain advantages to having his wife inhabit a new body every day; this was one of them. He knew a cure was out there and didn't know what he would do when he found it.

She sucked him to a full-blown erection and then he pulled his cock from her mouth. They moved together to the bed. She got on her back and opened her legs. He slipped into her cunt without a problem, the orgasm he had already given her had made her incredibly wet.

"Oh fuck that's good," he said as he sank all the way into her cunt. It was warm and inviting, but he couldn't help but compare it to Mulberry's. The fairy's was hotter but Cassandra's managed to grip him in a more satisfactory fashion. Then again, he was used to fucking a new woman every day, so comparisons were something he was intimately familiar with. Intimately.

"As good as that slut Mulberry?" Cassandra asked him.

"Maybe…and don't call her a slut."

"Everyone knows fairies are sluts."

"Just because they have no sexual hang ups?" Morgan asked as he started rocking his hips in a steady rhythm.

"No, because they'll fuck anything."

"I have that same problem," he pointed out.

"I know," said Cassandra. "So do I. But she can't fuck you like I can." Her hips rose up to meet Morgan's every thrust.

"Yeah. Uh-huh."

His underwhelming reaction made her frown. "What…what do you mean. I can fuck better than her. I know it."

"Um…yeah," Morgan answered too quickly. "It's just that she's a fairy and she…she was on top when we fucked."

Moving quicker than Morgan would have thought possible for his wife, he found himself flipped over and was now underneath Cassandra as she pleasantly rolled her hips back and forth, making his cock explore her cunt in ways it had never before.

“Like this?”

“Yeah but she…”

“She what?” Cassandra prompted.

“She spread her wings,” he finished lamely.

His wife wasn’t fooled. “Don’t give me that. You weren’t interested in her wings.”

“She…she was lighter than you.”

They had stopped moving now, Morgan was still hard inside her but he wasn’t certain how long that would last. “Are you calling me fat?”

There was nothing fat about Cassandra’s current body. If anything she was too lean, all muscles and long limbs. The only bit of her body that wasn’t perfectly taut and firm were her tits, and even they were firmer than they had any right to be.

And it wasn’t like Morgan needed a perfect body to enjoy sex. He had fucked Cassandra when she had worn all manner of bodies: thin, fat, fit, soft, athletic, muscled, human or not, all color and all varieties. If anything, Morgan had a fetish for variety over constancy.

“No! Not at all! She’s a fairy her body…it’s like she has bird bone. Hollow. She was incredibly light.” Her grabbed Cassandra’s hips and motioned like he wanted to lift her, but he wasn’t strong enough. “It was like I was using her to jerk off. I moved her body and her cunt rode on my cock.”

It was a terrible explanation, but Cassandra was an understanding wife. Still, she shook her head at him in amusement. “I bet you liked that, didn’t you.”

“Yes…?” he answered uncertainly.

“I would have liked to have seen it.”

“I could probably arrange that.”

“I’d rather fuck you right now though.” She bent forward and kissed his lips as her tits dragged across his chest. “Do you want to cum in me?”

“Always.”

“Did you cum in her?”

“Yes.”

“Did you like it?” Her hips were rolling again and Morgan was right on the edge, but he needed to hold back until she came. He could at least do that for her.

“Yes.”

“Do you like fucking two women in the same day?”

“Yes…” he groaned.

“Do you want to know what I was doing while you were fucking a fairy?” she whispered in his ear, as if there was any secret between them.

“Yes.” This time it was a moan. He could barely hold back.

“I was visiting Master Juten’s house,” she confided.

“What? You didn’t?” He couldn’t hold back any further. He cock jumped inside her cunt and then he was over the edge. He shot jet after jet of cum inside of his wife.

The heat he injected into her was enough for Cassandra. She laughed in delight as a real orgasm, made without the aid of magic, filled her body.

“So what’s the problem with fucking a fairy?”

“Mulberry’s the fairy dust thief.”

They were lounging in the bed after fucking. It was late. Moonlight was slanting through the window and the time was approaching where Cassandra had to take off her necklace and do her daily change. Morgan both eagerly looked forward to her new body and dreaded losing what they already had.

“Mulberry’s the thief?” Cassandra asked, rightly surprised.

“Yes.”

“How do you know?”

“Magic,” he explained with a wave of his fingers.

“Right.”

“You asked.”

“Why would she steal from the enclave?”

“My guess is for the money. All humanoids are the same. Greed isn’t unknown among the fairies.” He sighed and pulled the pillow over his face. “The worst part is I think she fucked me to keep me quiet, as if a little exotic cunt would keep me from doing what I’m supposed to do.”

“Isn’t she the one who hired you to find the thief?”

“Yeah, that’s the part I don’t get.”

Cassandra was about to say something more, but winced before she could speak. The pain looked awful, not the wonderful sort of pain he often beheld on her face when she was in the throes of orgasm.

“Is the change coming?” Morgan asked.

“Uh-huh,” she panted.

“Take off the necklace,” he told her, reaching for her neck.

“I don’t want to. I love this body.” She winced again. “You loved this body. The sex was so good.” This time she retched, trying to keep her gorge down, she doubled over, curling up on her side, her legs tangled into the bedclothes.

Since she no longer had the ability to protest, Morgan simply reached behind her neck and opened the necklace's clasp, lifting it off. Briefly Cassandra met his eyes, her brilliant green eyes offset by her dark skin.

The change was often different, but always followed the same general routine. The definition of her skin changed. It sagged and bubbled. Half the reason Morgan had created the necklace was so she didn't have to randomly change. He had pegged the time to the middle of the night when she would be asleep and the pain hopefully forgotten.

There was no such forgetting the pain tonight. Morgan's heart was crushed as he witnessed—again—the great pain his wife went through every day.

For just the briefest of moments he saw her face. Cassandra's face. It was a face he had seen too few times in his life. It was her face. Her actual face. It was now just the neutral point between the old body and the new one.

While it was thrilling to have a wife with a new body every day, it was also heartbreaking as well.

When the change was over Cassandra made a single curse.

"Fuck,"

She was shaking. The pain had passed but it wasn't forgotten.

"Are you okay?" he asked her lamely. Morgan already knew the answer; he knew what she was going to say.

"Okay? No. Alive? Yes. For another day." Cassandra closed her eyes. "I'm going to sleep now."

"Okay. I love you," he said as she quickly passed into slumber. After a moment he took the chance to look at her new body. More often than not the bodies she inhabited were young and beautiful, or at least unique. There were plenty of exceptions, but this was not one of those occasions.

For the next turn of the sun Cassandra would be a young woman with blonde hair streaked with auburn highlights. Her skin was heavily freckled. There was the slightest hint of a scar running down her ribcage, some long-forgotten injury

that neither of them had ever know. Her limbs were thicker than average, giving her a full, supple appearance. Not that it mattered.

Morgan just wanted his wife back then. What she went through for their mutual pleasure wasn't worth it.

The next morning Cassandra work up horny like she always did. Ever since she was cursed she had an almost insatiable sex drive.

There were good and bad sides to that part of the curse. While she was always eager to try out what her new body could do, she couldn't get pregnant, or so it seemed. After years of fucking Cassandra was convinced she was barren but Morgan was certain the changes just forced her body into a state of never being fertile.

They didn't discuss it more than strictly necessary.

This morning Morgan woke up with Cassandra's pretty pink lips wrapped around his cock.

There were worse ways to wake up.

"You don't have to, honey," he said.

She let his cock slip from between her lips and plot wetly back onto his belly. "I don't have to," she said as she worked her hand up and down his shaft, "but I want to. I always want to."

Her eyes were glittering blue, an incredible sky blue combined with an unnatural glitter. Morgan, like almost every human male, woke up with morningwood and his wife was taking advantage of that.

He didn't mind.

"Want me to finish you off with my mouth or my cunt?" she asked as she climbed up on top of him and slowly got herself into position. Morgan noted that the triangle of hair at the apex of her legs was the same combination as what was on her head.

“It looks like I don’t have much of a choice,” he said as she lowered her wet sex onto his rigid cock. They smiled at each other, sharing a secret that no one else in the Five Lands knew but if they spoke it aloud, it would no longer be a secret.

Sometimes the sex was merely good and satisfying. Their morning duty only took a quarter hour but fulfilled both of their needs.

Afterwards there was a flurry of activity. Morgan was expecting a visit from the fairies. The investigation hadn’t taken much time at all. The hardest part was going to be putting a conclusion on it.

Mulberry flew in the window to his laboratory, just like he had requested. It was an easy feat for her and gave them a modicum of privacy.

Even in her diminutive state, Mulberry was incredibly attractive. Even after fucking his wife that morning, Morgan found his cock stirring when his eyes fell on the fairy. Of course, for her part, Mulberry was doing her best to appear every inch the sultry harlot. The dress she wore today was thinner than he had seen on any of the fairies in the enclave. He could clearly see not just the outline of her nipples through the gossamer material, but also the color. The dress didn’t come down to anything less than a scandalous height. When she alighted on his table, her cunt wasn’t visible, but Morgan estimated the bottom hem of the dress was exactly level with her cunt lips. How it didn’t ride up on her hips was beyond him.

“You have news for me?” she asked, a knowing smile on her lips.

“The investigation was easier than I thought,” he reported. “It was also… unsettling.”

For just a moment a worried look passed over Mulberry’s face. It happened so quickly that Morgan almost doubted he had seen it. “Should we celebrate with a good vigorous fucking?” Mulberry asked. “Can you make me grow so I can see what it’s like to fuck like a human instead of just get fucked by one?”

“I could do that,” Morgan said, nodding and worriedly running his fingers through his short beard. “But I won’t.”

“Worried about the wife?” Mulberry said. She started to hike up her dress, displaying her pouting cunt lips, unconcerned with what the wizard was

thinking…or doing.

“Not at all. She actually expressed an interest in fucking a fairy. It’s something she hasn’t done.”

“Then invite her down. A three-way would be fun.”

Morgan frowned and nervously wiggled his fingers. Betrayal wasn’t his strong suit. “My wife isn’t the problem. Queen Rosepetal Amberbell is.”

Mulberry froze. “Why should she be a problem?”

“Because she’s the one I reported your theft to,” said Morgan calmly.

Mulberry hissed at him, displaying her sharp teeth. “I stole nothing.”

“Magic says otherwise. She’s also the one who asked me to detain you.”

Fairies were creatures of extreme emotions. Mulberry launched herself into the air directly at Morgan, a small silver rapier appearing in her hand. Before she reached the wizard, she abruptly changed direction and zipped toward the window.

She didn’t see the invisible net Morgan had placed on the window because, as the name implied, it was invisible. Once activated it turning a brilliant energized yellow and wrapped around Mulberry’s body. She struggled and attempted to free herself, but her struggles only pinned her more tightly.

Morgan had to tear his eyes away from the way her dress was slipping down, exposing her tits, and was now fully ridden up, displaying her cunt.

“Why’d you do it, Mulberry?” he asked, truly interested in her answer.

“Fuck you,” she spat at the wizard.

“Your weak cantrips didn’t hide your crimes at all,” he said mildly while gesturing with his finger, opening the door to the laboratory. A pair of fairy guard floated in followed by a functionary of the queen. “Plain greed would be the answer,” said the functionary. Even though all three fairies were dressed for battle Morgan found them sexually attractive. It was a curse he wanted to escape

and would be happy when the fairies left.

“Kind of pathetic,” Morgan said as the functionary watched the guards gather up Mulberry.

“Very much so. It is our supposition that her family wanted to use the money in an effort to overthrow Queen Rosepetal Amberbell.”

Morgan shook his head. “That’s…sadly the story of too many human plotters as well.”

“Something our two races share, unfortunately.”

Morgan nodded.

“The queen will send you the agreed upon fee by sunset,” said the functionary. Morgan noticed he was incredibly handsome, fey features tinged with masculinity that made him eminently fuckable. Morgan looked away. Now was not the time or place.

“Or…I could give you a fairy handjob,” the fairy offered, eagerly licking his lips in anticipation of what he might do to Morgan’s cock.

“Pass,” the wizard said quickly. “You fairies might be sexually free, but you also have too many complications for me.”

“As you wish,” the winged creature said, taking to the air and fluttered up to eye level with Morgan. “My name is Walnut Tigerwillow if you change your mind.”

He fluttered out the window.

“I hope I don’t,” Morgan muttered to himself as he adjusted his cock within his pants.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri is a computerized AI simulation running on the matrix. A glitch in the matrix has caused him to fall into a complex logic loop making him write increasingly complex, bizarre, and surprisingly tender love stories with a strong erotica component. The programmers hope to have this fixed shortly. Feel free to contact him:

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Preview

Holly's Milk:

A Milky Education 1

The alarm went off and Roberta woke up with a groan. It only took her a few seconds to stretch and stumble out of her bed before she came over to mine and slipped under the covers.

"Just a quick snack," she said as her fingers pushed up my nightshirt.

I helped her to get to my breasts. It was nice feeling her lean, muscular body press up against mine while I was still half asleep. It was even nicer feeling her lips close around one of my fat nipples and begin sucking. I tried to remain silent, but a soft moan escaped my mouth. If Bobbi heard me, she didn't give any indication, she just sucked vigorously at my breast. Almost immediately my milk let down and I could feel it flowing in to her mouth followed by the pleasant sensation of her swallowing. My arms went around her, because it was easiest to nurse her that way, but, strictly speaking, it wasn't necessary to hold her.

I mostly kept silent and enjoyed what she was doing to me—waking me up and getting me excited—and was extremely disappointed when she abruptly switched from the bottom breast to the top—I was lying on my side—to evenly nurse me. She knew that it was important to keep both breasts at more or less the same level. She couldn't just nurse from one because that would make me lop-sided and half her milk supply would dry up.

I'm not sure if she knew how good it felt when she nursed from me. I'm sure she had some idea—because I was more than willing to do it—but she was probably blissfully unaware of what she did to me all the time. I wanted to stroke her hair and cuddle her close—which I sort of did anyway—but I didn't force the issue. I

wasn’t that stupid.

Abruptly she broke the latch she had on my nipple and slipped out of bed. “Just some quick energy,” she said like she always did. “I don’t want to run with a full stomach.”

“Right,” I agreed and watched her get dressed.

Without the least bit of shyness Bobbi threw off her tiny tank top and pajama bottoms. I tried not to ogle her body, but she probably didn’t even notice me looking at her. I was more intimately familiar with her body than anyone else—except maybe her physical trainer or coach. Five foot eight and a hundred and twenty two pounds, all of it lean. Her breasts were much smaller than mine and topped with little nipples and areolas that were such a pale shade of pink they were barely noticeable. Her little girls disappeared beneath a tight athletic bra that squished them down to nothing. She pulled on a pair of running tights—no underwear—that conformed to her muscles. Bobbi didn’t shave her pubic hair, other than at the edges, but she trimmed it down to almost nothing which made the triangle of dark blonde hair between her legs practically invisible.

When she turned around to find her sneakers I couldn’t tear my eyes away from her butt. It stuck out and was highlighted by the wild color scheme of the tights—no dull black yoga pants for my roommate—and I imagined lots of guys would be admiring her legs and ass as she ran. Except it was six a.m. and except for a few other insane athletes who were up at the crack of dawn, the campus and the track would be deserted. Their loss.

It was extremely cold outside—in my opinion, at least because forty degrees is insanely cold—so after Bobbi bound her short hair back in a tiny pony tail and put a hat over it. With that final flourish she was out the door for her morning run, leaving me alone and frustrated.

I pulled my nightshirt up over my head and threw in on the floor. Since it was the only thing I slept in, I was naked. My vibrator was in a box under my bed and my pussy was wet from the short amount of time that Bobbi had nursed on me. It had gotten wetter while I watched her get dressed. While trying to decide if getting Buzzy out of the box was more hassle than it was worth, I put my hand down between my legs and fingered myself. In addition to being wet, I was also hot. As much as I wanted to cum from just my hand, I knew it wasn’t going to

happen that easily. After a few seconds attention to my clit, my fat thighs automatically clamped on my wrist and I sighed in frustration.

My feet his the cold tiled floor and I scrabbled through the plastic box where I kept Buzzy, so named because he buzzed menacingly and was stripped yellow and black. It was an impulse buy when I was horny and a little drunk, but it was a good choice. I hopped back into my warm bed and turned on Buzzy—who only needed a switch to be pressed to get turned on, unlike me who needed my tits sucked to get turned on. The floor was freezing and I wondered how Bobbi could go outside dressed in practically nothing.

Buzzy got right to work after I ran him along my wet slit for a few seconds. I plunged him inside of me, and the little vibrations he generated ran right from my pussy up to my brain. I tented the sheets of the bed with my knees so I could masturbate with Buzzy and still remain warm under the covers. I knew it wouldn't take long. I normally woke up horny and Bobbi nursing from my tits got me going even more. I could feel the little ridges of my little honeybee vibrator as I worked it in and out of myself, angling it just right to hit the areas I needed.

The climax I had wasn't earth-shattering, but it was enough of a kick to make me get out of bed and stumble toward the shared bathroom of the dorm. Our floor was small enough that we only had two showers in the bathroom which suited me just fine. The less people staring at my fat ass while I showered and got ready for the day, the better.

I took my time. There was no hurry. No one else was waiting to use the showers. What self-respecting college student gets up at six a.m.? By the time I was done washing my ample flesh and long hair (my one vanity, I suppose) I was stepping out of the shower with my robe wrapped around me, when Bobbi walked into the bathroom. "Hey!" she said brightly.

She was always too happy after running for nearly an hour.

"Hi."

"It's exhilarating outside today," she said as she kicked off her sneaker and then stripped off her hat, athletic bra, and running tights. I stared jealously at her perfect body. She didn't notice as she slipped by me. "Is the water still hot?" she asked she turned it on. No answer was necessary from me. "I'll meet you back in

the room in a minute," she called to me.

I took my time getting dressed. I only pulled on my underwear and jeans. There wasn't any reason to put on a bra or shirt, not with Bobbi expecting me to be ready for her.

As I expected, she hustled back into the room a minute later, hair wet, face pink from a thorough scrubbing, and an eager look on her face. "I'm starving," she said.

I was still wearing my robe because I was cold, but I took it off and lay down on my bed, moving over to the wall before Bobbi joined me. "You could have a regular breakfast, you know," I pointed out to her as she got into position, her face level with my tits.

"Yeah, but this is the perfect energy food," she said right before she latched on and started suckling.

How desperate was I to get through college without any more student loan debt that necessary? Desperate enough to answer an ad looking for a student willing to undergo induced lactation to supply breast milk to a fellow student athlete. What did that net me? Essentially free room and board. All I had to do was live with the other student and be her milk supply for the entire year. Part of the agreement was I would keep my production up over the summer.

It had all the potential to be a scam or a joke. It wasn't.

The downsides? I put on weight from the pills they gave me to start lactating. That wasn't so bad because I was already overweight. Plus I had to schedule my life around Bobbi, but that was okay as well.

The real downside? I found myself falling for Bobbi and that wasn't allowed at all.

I peered down at the top of Bobbi's head while she nursed from me. She was convinced—or at least her coaches were—that breast milk supplements were the perfect energy food for all athletes. Maybe it was. Bobbi had some impressive track performances over the past year, including setting some minor records. I was almost afraid of asking how they had originally convinced her that this was the best thing to do to help her running career. Her scholarship was dependent on

her remaining on the track team and she was willing to do anything it took to do that. Since doping was a game she wasn't willing to play, my breast milk was brought in to take the place of the drugs most other athletes used.

Bobbi abruptly looked up at me and let my fat nipple fall from her mouth. "Did I hurt you?" she asked.

"What?"

"Did I hurt you? Did I suck too hard? You made a noise."

I realized I must have been moaning while she nursed. I couldn't help it. I liked it too much not to. "Sorry. Sometimes it feels too good." I gave her a winning smile. "You know that it feels good."

"Right," she agreed and switched breasts. "You've got a lot of milk this morning," she said before she got back to feeding.

"Uh-huh," I absently agreed as I closed my eyes. I had plenty of time to let her nurse. Then I could go to breakfast and make my first class of the day with plenty of time to spare. Then back to the room for Bobbi's lunch, then afternoon classes, then nursing her for dinner, then studying, then her nursing again as a late night snack, then to bed and repeat the whole process over again.

She nursed and I tried not to let the sensations of my milk letting down and flowing bother me. I tried to push aside the thrill of her sucking on my nipples and how it made my pussy wetter and wetter. I knew I should speak to her about it, to tell her that I loved nursing her and if she wanted to do something more, I'd be happy to help her out.

But I didn't say anything because I couldn't afford to. If I fucked up my relationship with Bobbi—which was weird, to be sure, but friendly and we got along well—I wouldn't have any way to pay for college. I was forced to be her friend, not her lover, and I had to suffer with that.

By the time she was done draining my tits, I wanted to get Buzzy out again, but decided that wasn't a good idea. Instead, I finished getting dressed while she did the same. Once again, she had no shame, but this time pulled on another athletic bra and matching underwear that was functional and nothing else, followed by a tight shirt, nylon pants, sneakers, and a fleece jacket. I found one of my

industrial-strength bras and put over that a t-shirt and then a shapeless sweatshirt. We were done and ready.

She went to class; I went to breakfast.

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