

Pixie Punishment (Man to Female Pixie TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for ReddVedd10

Blake and his friend Garrett are exploring a supposedly cursed forest on a dare. Bored with the lack of creepiness, Garrett tosses a beer can aside, only to anger a pixie that decides to punish the wrongdoer. Unfortunately for Blake, he is falsely considered to be the litterer, and this leads to an unjust punishment: he is transformed into a gorgeous female pixie! And that is only the start of his undeserved misfortune . . .

Pixie Punishment

"This sucks," Garrett said. The thick, slightly beer-bellied young man took another drink from his beer can before scratching his auburn hair. "There's nothing creepy about his forest at all! Nothing!"

"Hey, it was your dare," replied Blake. "Not my fault that after hyping this up to me it turned out to be just a regular forest." He was more in shape than his larger friend, and had black hair and a slightly alternative look about him, what with his pale skin, dark clothing, and facial piercings.

"Yeah, I know, but I was expecting *something*. Not just . . . you know, old trees and lots of plants. I thought this place was considered cursed for a reason, I guess."

Blake just chuckled to himself. "I guess next time you dare your best friend to come on a weird midnight jaunt with you, you should probably do a little research ahead of time. Unless . . . you weren't *scared* to come alone first, were you?"

Garrett scoffed in a way that was perhaps a bit *too* overt. "N-no! Of course not! Don't be a dumbass. I just thought this was a fun way to do something other than the boring shit we always get up to in our nothing little town."

Blake shrugged. He understood what Garrett meant by that. He had no interest in sticking around their little country town any longer than possible. He was twenty years old now, and in just a few short months he and Garrett would be travelling on to the big city, finally getting a taste of that hustle and bustle of urban life that they had always dreamed of. In some ways, seeing this boring slice of forest reminded Blake of just how much he was keen to say goodbye to it all.

"Well, at least we've got beer," he said, gesturing to his friend. "Gimme another."

"Sure thing, dude." Garrett threw one of the remaining six pack to his friend, then finished guzzling down his own. Without a care in the world - or for the environment - he threw the finished can onto the ground, where it clanged loudly off of a rock.

“Dude,” Blake said. “Don’t be an asshole. No one likes a litterer.”

Garrett responded with a mega-sized burp, right towards Blake, who couldn't help but chuckle. “No one around here cares, dude! Now don't drink all the rest, I need to take a leak.”

He wandered off out of sight to go take a piss. Blake knew his friend, while putting up a big front, was pretty shy about such things, so he'd likely be a fair ways off. So he just cracked upon his own can and took a long gulp, enjoying the silence and looking forward to his city-life future.

Little did he know, he was not truly alone. At the edge of the clearing a tiny pixie had appeared, a fairy being that was native to this forest, and whose kind was the source of all the rumours that it was haunted. This pixie was named Xaleth. He was male, and of a similar age to Blake, at least in appearance, though pixies could effectively live forever so long as their forest was tended and healthy. His skin was a lovely light leafy green, his hair an oaky brown, and he wore only a warrior's skirt of leaves and twine, leaving his muscular upper half bare. His pointed ears had caught flickers of a human speaking, and he had flown quickly upon his vibrant orange and black butterfly wings the moment he had felt the presence of corruption, of desecration, of *pollution*.

Of one of the those terrible human *cans* that continually wrought havoc upon the natural world, endangering animal life and besotting the natural beauty of this place.

“That accursed human,” Xaleth grunted to himself in his own pixie tongue, taking in the sight of the black-haired human sitting on a tree root and drinking. The can was not far from his feet; clearly *this* man had thrown it, uncaring. He was the only one here, after all! Normally, a few haunted signs would be enough to give the human bad omens, but the forest had seen fires recently, and lost some of its territory to human expansion. The pixie population had shrunk considerably, and many had even left. They did not have the numbers to simply ward humans off with creepy visions and the right application of pixie dust. No, something far more radical would have to be done. And besides, Xaleth thought, this man, this *polluter*, would deserve it. He didn't care for nature or for the population of the forest. And now, Xaleth decided, reaching into his little bag of pixie dust and flying invisibly over Blake's head, *he would help strengthen both*.

Blake stirred. His head itched a little as the pixie dust fell upon it. He scratched at his scalp, grimacing at how it seemed to tingle.

“What the heck? Do I have lice or something? This is seriously - ngh!”

His insides suddenly twisted. Blake groaned, the magic was coursing through his system and beginning to work its arcanery. Within moments, the young man was panting, trying to control his breath. The night was dark, but he'd taken a bright lantern with him, and

it was by its light that he could see why his skin was suddenly tingling: it was changing colour!

“What the fuck!?! Garrett, come back! I think something is h-happening to m-me!”

Right before his eyes, his skin started to turn a light pink, unmistakably so. His hair, still itching, began to lengthen. Blake squeaked as his short hair became utterly voluminous and curly, extending right down to below his buttocks. It was a dark pink in colour to match his new skin, and as it grew out his ears twitched and then pushed out also.

“My ears! My hair! What the hell is *happening to me!*”

Blake clasped his mouth in shock; his voice was not his own. Instead, it sounded like a high-voiced woman was talking. His Adam’s apple shrunk in order to confirm this, and his shoulders began to compress. His entire body was changing, and there was no denying that it was becoming more feminine, particularly as his nipples throbbed and grew.

“F-fuck this, I’m out of here! GARRETT! HELP M-ME!!!”

He stumbled forward, only to trip over. Something strange had occurred, and he soon realised what: he was shrinking. Actually *shrinking*. And now just losing a couple of inches as his body feminised, but losing entire *feet* as the seconds passed. The world was growing humongous all around him, so much so that he almost didn’t notice his shirt and pants and underwear evaporating away, leaving his pink, androgynous body entirely naked.

“Help me!” he called, his voice now a whiny, shrill thing to any human ear. “Heeelp meeeee!”

He continued to shrink, the blades of grass getting taller and taller. His hips expanded, and his body hair disappeared entirely. Blake could feel his face changing, as as his eyelashes extended and his lips puffed up, he had no doubt in his mind he was becoming a woman. With a reluctant moan of pleasure, his breasts pushed forward. They were slim but present, befitting the pixie figure he was taking on. His hair whipped around as he twisted, trying to cup his groin and prevent any further change. But as he descended into the grass, turning into a Tinkerbell-like figure barely two-inches tall in height, even that symbol of maleness vanished away, a vulva and vaginal passage forming instead.

“Ohhhhh, why is this - this happening!” the new woman cried, her voice sweet and high. “What am I turning into!?”

The answer soon came. There was a tug from two points on Blake’s back. The new woman cried out in a voice no human could hear, only for two great butterfly wings to *burst* outwards, fluttering magnificently and spreading pixie dust into the dirt around her. Immediately, some new blades of grass as well as several gorgeous pink flowers - the same colour as her pink skin - grew into being. It was the most alien feeling, but they were true extensions of herself; extra limbs that fluttered and flapped to match her agitation. Without

even meaning to she rose into the air, now a miniature pixie fairy, beautiful and adorable and *magical*, and female too!

“Oh my Mother, oh my Mother, you’ve got to be sh-sh-sh- I can’t even say it! Mother Nature, help me!”

She turned on the spot, her wings working automatically, and was shocked to be greeted by a deeply handsome male pixie. He had light green skin and shoulder length brown hair, and he beheld her with amusement. It made her deeply aware of just how naked her new body was, but there was a new tingling as well, and not a transformative one. To her horror, Blake realised she was thinking of herself as a woman. And worse, she was finding this male fairy - a thing of legends! - very attractive. Her nipples stiffened, and her new pussy began to moisten from her growing arousal.

“Wh-who are you? Why did you do this to me!?” she cried.

“By Mother Nature, you are more perfect than I could have possibly imagined. So beautiful, so . . . fertile.”

His very words almost made her coo, and wonder just why the hell she was feeling so hot and heavy for this man, despite all that had just happened.

“Please, just answer me! I’m meant to be human. I’m meant to be a man. Are you a ghost?”

He laughed. “Not at all, though some humans mistake our actions for that of ghosts. I am Xaleth, a pixie of this forest, and one of its guardians. We have a whole community, though with your kind’s expansion and pollution, our number has sadly reduced. It is for this reason I have changed you, my new fair maiden. I sensed pollution, and lo and behold, I arrive here to find a human alone, drinking his filthy drink and tossing its poisonous metals to the ground.”

Blake’s eyes widened in fear. She didn’t know it yet, but they were now a gorgeous blue colour, matching her new wings.

“By the Green,” she said, instinct making her find new exclamations, “that wasn’t me, I swear! That was my friend Garrett. I’m Blake, and I would never-”

But Xaleth just rolled his eyes and flew closer. It only made Blake’s body respond further; the man had a kind of musk that nearly made her sigh audibly.

“I see no other human, not anywhere near here.”

“He’s shy! He’s just relieving himself further away. Listen, I swear it wasn’t me. I hate littering. Look, I can’t be like this. I’m sorry if we trespassed, but my future is in the city and-”

“In the city? I think not. I used a great deal of magic to punish you for your crimes, Blake. This transformation is permanent. From this day forward, you shall be a pixie, atoning for your kind’s pollution by helping give back to this land.”

Blake swallowed, barely able to take this in. And yet . . . she could feel it. The pull of the Green. The whims of Mother Nature directing her. Even the sight of the metal can, so much bigger than herself now, and lying on the forest floor, made her skin crawl. She needed to correct this, to keep this place clean and verdant and natural. She tried to imagine escaping to the city, but as much as she wanted that, it almost made her stomach lurch. How could she ever leave this forest? Her new pixie spirit was bonded to it; she *couldn't* leave!

"Oh Mother Nature," she whispered, trying to keep her fluttering little heart under control. Her wings beat fast, but she lowered herself to a blade of grass that was curled over to form a flat plane. Xaleth landed beside her; very close beside her. His hand was on her arm, and it made her shiver from anticipation. "I'm stuck like this?"

"Indeed. It is your punishment, and your salvation."

"But - ohhhh - why am I f-female? Why am I a woman?"

Xaleth grinned. "You can feel it, can't you? The pull towards me? Our kind is greatly diminished here. If this forest is to restore itself, it needs more pixies. A lot more. And you, my sweet dear, my *Sylvie*, will help us make so many more of them. That is why I made you a woman. So you could not just help us restore this forest, but be bred again and again to rebuild our numbers."

Sylvie. That was her name. It flooded her mind as surely as her arousal. She tried to control her needs, but Xaleth's hands were wandering over her now. She needed to escape, to get away . . . but her instincts were too powerful. No, she needed him. She needed to be filled. She needed to be mated and impregnated. It was Mother Nature's will, and who was she to deny it now that it had such a grip upon her?

"Ohhhh, this is s-so unfair!" she cried. "It was Garrett, not me!"

But then she pressed her fertile body against Xaleth's, kissing his lips passionately and fluttering her wingtips against his. Soon he was all over her, ravishing her naked body, cupping her breasts and pulling her down into the comfort of a great fallen leaf. She spread her legs instinctively; her lust was so strong she could think of nothing else. She didn't just want this magical creature to fuck her, she *needed* it.

"Ahhhh, mhmm, get i-inside me! Before I can't t-take it anymore! Your stupid magic makes me crave your b-babies! I need your b-babies!"

It was the most insane thing she'd ever said. But the pixie dust had been strong, and Sylvie couldn't fight it. Xaleth pressed his manhood against her, having ditched his skirt of leaves and twine, and when he finally slid deep into her passage she cried out in ecstasy.

"It's n-not fair!" she whined again, even as the pleasure hit her in full and her lover began to pump in and out of her, sending ever more ecstasy into her. "I d-didn't even do the littering! I swear! I - OHHHH!!!"

Both were so overwhelmed by the act that they didn't even notice when Garrett returned. The human was giant compared to them, but barely viewable from their location with all the grass providing cover. Only when Garrett called out for Blake's location did Sylvie look around for her friend.

"G-Garrett!" she cried, even as Xaleth thrust into her, bringing her closer to orgasm. "You've g-got to help me! I'm a damn p-pixie breeder! You've got to stop me, because I can't stop myself! Garrett, hear me! Listen to meeeeeee! AAAIIIEEE!!"

But it was too late. Xaleth grunted, then flooded her pussy with his seed, which surged all the way to her waiting womb. Sylvie exploded with repeating orgasms, her wings vibrating from a pleasure no human had ever been lucky enough to know.

And not a sound of it managed to carry to Garrett at all. Instead, he just shrugged.

"Huh, guess he must have gone home. Ah, I get it. Real clever prank, Blake, ya kidder! I'll see you back at home, you cheeky bastard!"

With a laugh, he grabbed the lantern and remaining beer and headed off, leaving the breathless Sylvie there on the forest floor, gazing up at the stars, her male pixie lover extracting himself from her. She gasped a little as he pulled his member from her tunnel, and part of his issue oozed down her pink thighs as she slowly raised herself.

"Oh, by the Green," the new pixie woman groaned, the post-coital bliss still upon her. "I can f-feel it. The magic forming." She batted Xaleth on the shoulder lightly, unbelieving all that had happened. "You handsome jerk!" she declared. "You got the wrong person and now I'm damn well *pregnant!*"

Sylvie finished breastfeeding her latest little one, and settled Pearl into her little crib formed from a flower bud. The pixie mother smiled, just a little, at her latest child.

"Rest well, my little flower," she said. "All of you, rest well."

Some of the others stirred, but she could hear her older children making a ruckus further down the tree, clashing with swords made from twigs.

"Keep it down you lot!" she called. "Your siblings are trying to sleep!"

"Okay, Mom!" Elida replied back in a high voice. "We're just playing humans! We're fighting to protect the forest from them. Do you remember what it used to be like, being human?"

Sylvie flapped her butterfly wings and lowered herself down to her eldest, who was now nearly five years old.

"Of course not," she said, kissing her on the forehead. "I'm a pixie now. I give back to the forest."

“And make lots of babies to do so!” Kaylis replied, her second-born son giggling.

Sylvie could only chuckle darkly, rubbing her stomach. It was round yet again - yet again! - and she could feel the life stirring inside. Twins, this time. The pixie breeder swore she was getting more fertile with each pregnancy. This was her second set of twins, and not far from the first either. Knowing how her future was set to go from now on, triplets were a possibility. Mother Nature knew that Xaleth in particular dreamed of breeding as many adorable little pixie children into her as possible.

“I’m going for a fly. Send up the emergency dust if you need me,” she said.

“Okay, Mom!” they cried.

She took off into the air, slower than most pixies due to her large pregnant belly. The answer to Elida’s question had been a lie. She remembered exactly what it had been like to be a human, and she often dreamed of being male again. Instead, here she was, pregnant with her ninth and tenth child.

“Why do pixie pregnancies have to be so much more rapid than human ones,” she murmured to herself as she flew to a very familiar clearing. It was the one where she had first been changed, a full five years ago. Back then, she had been a young twenty year old man with his life all ahead of him, dreams of big city living and girls galore. Now, she was a mother of pixies, forever stuck in this forest, driven by instinct to help its plant-life grow, its animals flourish, and its borders expanded once more. And, as she’d found again and again, to mate with any pixie man she could in the tribe.

A figure landed beside her. She didn’t have to look to know it was Xaleth.

“You always come here on the anniversary of your change,” he said idly.

Sylvie sighed and stroked her round stomach. God, she was pregnant, and would be again and again and again for decades to come, if not entire centuries given her adjusted lifespan.

“Can you blame me? He used to come by here, too. They all think I’m dead.”

“You can’t talk to them. You’re not one of them anymore, my pink flower.”

Sylvie exhaled. “I know. But sometimes I like to come back and imagine that I can become a man again, instead of lusting after you and all the babies you give me.”

He shifted closer. That scent was intoxicating. “Well, those babies right now aren’t mine, are they? Though I suppose I can help you make the next lot, hmm?”

Her nipples stiffened. Her breasts were bloated with milk, and she no longer got embarrassed over begging her lovers to drink her empty. She needed that right now. Her loins moistened just at the thought of it.

“By the Green, you are the worst, Xaleth. You didn’t even get the right man.”

He shrugged. "I do feel bad about that . . . but I still think I got the right one. You've taken to popping out little pixies like a duck to water. And besides, don't tell me you don't want to practice making a few more right now, yes?"

Sylvie took a deep breath. As pregnant as she was, as completely aware of how much she had shamefully become the very image of a fairy broodmother, she simply couldn't help herself. She leaned against Xaleth, letting him cup and stroke her stomach before moving to touch her breasts. It left her sighing.

"Fine, I want you. Now do your pixie magic already, or I'll get someone else to be the father of my babies next month."

It was as much of a stubborn front as she could put up with this new life of hers. But by the time Xaleth entered her from behind, her wings flapped enthusiastically, and the former man was begging him to keep getting her pregnant forever.

The forest had to keep growing, of course, and as such, so did her belly.

The End