

## Fairly Odd Love Affairs

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# Fairly Odd Love Affairs

by [Thundermoonbear](#)

## Summary

An expanded world where Timmy Turner discovers the world of magic and begins building his harem under the shadow of a mysterious force.

## Notes

I'm back. Don't look forward to an immediate return to any Loud house content, I'm still working on it.

I tried doing some better formatting for mobile reading, let me know if it works.

# Chapter 1

Fairly Odd Love Affairs, Chapter 1.

The ever-present light that brightens their skies shone down upon the Fey's Spring Court. Swarms of fairies flocked to the Court Square, eager for the day's proceedings. A large stone square beset on its sides by hedges separated it from the busy traffic of the Court, a grand fountain erected from its center depicting the Court's primary members. Arch-fairy Santiam Basilium, Supreme Sprite Stemma Lykofos, and Master Pixie Kroyn Himl all stood immortalized in cool white marble that has a thin layer of moss and algae creeping up their features.

The fairies stood in a large group taking up a third of the square as well as a few hundred feet of the airspace above it. A series of manholes opened on the street letting streams of dark energy flooded out from them. The sprites emerged from their under-city in the Court and took up formation next to their pastel cousins, their dark tones offered a stark contrast in the square. A massive shudder rocked through the air as a flash of light and a puff of smoke announced the arrival of the pixies, who took up the remaining third of the space in an instant.

The three factions of fey eyed each other uneasily, if the events don't start soon, they could all very well have another magic arena on their hands. Tensions were quickly eased by the presence of the higher-ranked members of the groups holding everyone in formation, as well as thick smoke that gradually replaced the water as it began billowing out of the fountain. A large cloud of mixing colors quickly took up the column in the center of the square, filling everyone's vision.

Bright lights beamed down through the cloud, turning the whole affair into a giant lamp that made all present shield their eyes as a massive call rang through the sky. "Still yourselves, children, and observe. The annual Contract Harvest has descended upon us this day." The booming voice called out from above and the fey look to see the silhouettes of the Court Representatives looming above them.

With they're announcement finished, a Grand-fairy emerged from the cloud. Tall and svelte, with a red tuxedo with gold trim contrasting deep green hair as two pairs of massive wings that shimmered like rainbow stained glass emerge from his back and kept him aloft. He summoned his wand, a large golden radio microphone as he cleared his throat.

"Welcome welcome one and all to the 879,265th annual Contract Harvest, better known as?" he asked as he gestured his mic out towards the crowd, who screamed with cheer, "The Grand Lottery!" he snickers to himself, "That's right folks, its that time again! Let's set the stage for the day's festivities." He jutted his mic into the air and the cheers of the crowd are amplified as his mic glowed brighter, casting magic on the city around them.

The surrounding buildings became decorated with large balconies on every floor, with velvet carpeting and golden rails along their edges. Organized with seating areas, refreshment

tables, memorabilia stands, and even Jacuzzis inset into the magically crated stations. The sky darkened and was dotted with gleaming lights that shone down like patterned light stage lights as they centered in on the cloud tower. The area above the buildings became encircled by three large golden rings that were wider and deeper than the balconies, decorated in a similar manner, the higher ranks of the Fey found their places above their subordinates.

As the many Fey began finding they're seats, The Grand-fairy flew up level with the upper rings. "I'll be your host for the Lottery today, Magistar Pars. Grand-fairy of Ceremonies." He flashed a smile to the audience. "The Lottery will proceed with standard contracts being drawn from the lower, middle, and upper raffles, and the specialty contracts are up for bidding on the high rings." He explained with practiced clarity and charisma. As the top of the cloud, tower was decorated by a glimmering, circular golden table with a red velvet top, a set of three cloudy crystal balls on its surface floated gently.

The Court members took their respective places in front of the orbs and laid their hands upon them, changing the entire tower to static, before flashing a SMPTE color test and going back to a cloudy formation with images emerging out from it. Cards with pictures depicting humans with a list next to them defining their main personality traits, problems, and desires began to float and drift in the cloud. Each card had a large red number the upper right corner that rapidly changed.

Pars gestured to the cloud with his mic, "Everyone in the raffles aim your wands at the tower and get your number, then get ready for your surprise!" He announces as thousands of streams of light coming from the wands of the various Fey rushed past him into the tower. The tower flashed and each wand displayed a bright red number on it that kept changing as well. Pars pointed his mic up at the rings, "And the betting will start momentarily dear high rollers. So please rest your wings while things get underway." He bowed to the rings above him as he floated up to a podium sitting just below the Court's table.

The number on a fairy's wand slowed down until it stayed on 35, then one of the cards in the tower slowed down and its number also rested on 35, it rushed out of the tower, shrank considerably and landed right in the fairy's hand. The picture depicted a girl with black hair covering one of her eyes, with a beanie on her head and dark clothes hanging loosely on her small frame. The female fairy holding the card smiled tenderly at it before going to one of the Jacuzzis to chat with her friends.

At the rings, the high ranking and high performing Fey made themselves comfortable. The lowest ring had all of the highest performers of the lower ranks. At one of the large buffet tables, a fairy with bright green hair and a casual suite engorged himself while a pink-haired fairy delighted in a pool, tended to by a muscular, tan fairy with long black hair. They all looked on at the smaller clouds that had emerged from the tower to rest at three points on each of the rings.

"I'm telling you Wanda, a simple joint contract would easily benefit both of us, and having just one contract away from your husband won't hurt either of you. Unless of course, you find yourself already weak to resisting the gentle charms of myself" Juandissimo clamored on with his feeble attempts to reclaim the long lost flame he had in her. Wanda rolled her eyes at him and used her wand to contact her daughter. The wand blinked momentarily before

showing the image of a fairy with long purple hair, half-moon glasses, a large sweater, and tight pants.

“Hey mom, how’s the Lottery going? Oh wait, that’s right, you guys got into the Auction this time, congrats!” She spoke with a calm joy and a hippie’s cadence. Wanda smiled at her, “Thanks, Raylee, but are you sure about giving us access to your magic as well for this? You still have a lot to do left at the college and I’d hate to see you struggle because you helped us, it’s supposed to be the other way around.” She said with genuine concern. Raylee giggled to herself, “No worries, mom. It’s not like Nova or Aria are old enough to help out yet, the family is still recovering from the last turf war, and Grandma, well, she’s got her hands full with Aria and her whole floating away with the wind problem.”

Wanda sighed and sank deeper into the warm water, “I know, sweetie, I’m just worried it still won’t be enough”. “Stop worrying so much, mom. Just center yourself and focus, it isn’t that important if you win anyways. The bidding is just for the first contact, isn’t it? last I checked the day after the Lottery is called The Shuffle for a reason, tons of Fey exchange and duel within the first week to get a better host, so just go with the swing of things until someone really jumps out at you.” Raylee said, prodding at her mother’s tactical nature. Wanda got out of the pool and poofed herself back into dry clothes before floating over to the table where her husband was resting after having eaten enough to the point where he couldn’t walk.

“Well, thank you Raylee for your support, I’ll let you know how things go, just keep doing your best, we’re always proud of you” Wanda cooed as she settled next to Cosmo. Raylee smiled sleepily, “Thanks, mom, have fun you two, I’ll help out where I can”. Cosmo looked over with a satisfied grin and half-lidded eyes, “Thanks, little rainbow, we’ll be sure to get someone who can fill us with enough magic to make an all you can eat buffet, speaking of which.” Cosmo licked his lips as he poofed himself back to his normal physique before rushing back over to the buffet table. Wanda groaned as she stared blankly at the cloud.

“Sure Cosmo, keeping stuffing yourself, don’t worry, I’ll just look for our next host on my own, I don’t need any stability from my husband or anything.” She said with her shoulders slumped. Cosmo’s head emerged for a moment from the mountain of food, “Thanks honey, I haven’t been able to eat like this since our wedding!” He replied with childlike enthusiasm. He stopped in his motions as he heard the grating of stone on stone and looked over to see Wanda grinding her teeth in frustration. Cosmo gulped, grabbed another large pile of food on a tray, and set it on a coffee table in front of their couch. “Just joking, love muffin, Now let’s see about getting a new host. I hope this one has fun wishes, or at least isn’t psychotic like some of the last ones.” He said with a shudder.

Wanda straightened her self up as Pars cleared his throat and began to announce the auction lots. The hours began to pass as various humans appeared, were bid on, auctioned to a high ranking fairy, and sent out of the cloud. She began to fall asleep and join her husband in his food coma as a unique face appeared as the next auction lot.

Meanwhile in Dimmsdale:

Timmy had been having the worst tenth birthday ever. Not that he had had any before, but he was sure it was the worst in at least the city, if not the whole state. It felt like the world was

against him, his dad took the batteries out of his alarm clock and the fire alarm to put in the tv remote, leaving him to be awoken by his father's car driving off to work.

He got up half groggy and half panicked as he stumbled into the bathroom to be screamed at by his mother who was in the middle of taking a shower. He settled for putting on extra deodorant and wearing his underwear inside out since his laundry was always done last, and his parents were using the laundry room last night. The rug in front of the stairs slid out from under him, causing him to fall down to a dirty living room floor whose carpet was littered with lint, discarded popcorn, and odd stains.

The kitchen was just as bad, his dad took the last of the food in the fridge, leaving it empty and forcing him to use the school's awful cafeteria. The sound of the school bus in the distance inspired fresh panic as he rushed out the door to catch it at the next stop as it just past his normal one.

School proceeded as normal, which is to say normal by the day's standards, so it was awful. He forgot his backpack and had two assignments due for the day. He was tripped by Tad to get a laugh out of Veronica and Trixie, failed for the two assignments he didn't bring, had the \$5 he had for the day stolen by Francis, and was given detention for trying to get it back by knocking it out his hand with a lunch tray, after Francis threw him across a table.

He came out of school late in the afternoon and saw that as he was getting out of detention, the cheer squad and football team had just let out of practice for the day and were headed towards the last bus of the day. When they saw him, covered in food stains, exhausted, and bruised, the football players decided to have him compete against one of their wide receivers. If he could get past him, he could ride the bus. The girls cheered on the player as he tackled Timmy into the hard asphalt of the parking lot before shoving him over a parking bumper and into a ditch.

He heard them all laughing as the bus drove away, leaving him to hold his bruised stomach and trudge his way home. On the way back, he was so out of it that he barely was even paying attention to what was in front of him, much less to the glint from a pair of glasses from the nearby bushes. Next thing he knew, he was tackled to the ground, with Tootie pinning his arms behind his back against the ground.

She pulled his pants down and pulled out a camera, "I need this for reference later, Timmy my love". He didn't even have the strength to struggle as she took pictures from several angles, posing his prepubescent member for the best shots. When she had what she needed, she bounced off of him and back behind the bushes with a sickening giggle.

He slowly got back up and pulled his pants up, heading the rest of the way back home. As he got back onto his street, he noticed a party happening near his house. As he got closer he saw a welcoming party celebrated a new family moving into the house next to his on the opposite side of the Dinklebergs. A blonde girl was laughing and seemed to glow with the evening sunlight. He saw a dog accompanying her, laying at her feet, but he thought he also saw something shining on the dog's back and head. When he blinked it was a normal dog again, so he assumed he was hallucinating and went inside.

When he entered, the house felt emptier than normal, and he saw that most of the house was in the same poor condition as when he left, save for the fact that the kitchen was now a mess from where his mother made herself a couple of protein shakes for the day. The rustling of paper caught his attention as he saw a note as long as he was tall stuck to the fridge. It listed all the chores that were to be done before they got home late in the night, which ranged from cleaning the house, to mowing the lawn, to fixing the leaky faucet and even taking down his rickety treehouse because the neighbors called the city citing it as a falling hazard.

A deep sigh wracked through his frame as he went to the back of the house where the laundry room and the cleaning supplies were. As he began to throw his clothes in the washing machine he heard the door slam open as Vicky stepped through the door, a coconut with a tiny umbrella in her hand and a sneer on her face, she stomped around the house looking for him, finding him in his underwear.

She laughed at his sorry state, “It’s a good look for you, twerp! Almost makes having to drag my ass here worth my time and your parents money. I’ll be sure to charge them more because you made me oh so worried about being so late coming home”. Her words stung like a skinned knee, but he still barely registered her insults after the day he had. As he went to walk past her, she dumped her drink on his head.

“Now look what you did, you little ass, you made me spill my drink that your new neighbors made for me, that’ll be coming out of your parents’ pockets too. Let’s see how proportional my payment is to their punishment for you.” Vicky leered as she began quickly planning new ways to pay for her weekend retreat with the BRAT members by torturing him and raising her status within the group.

She made him start with the floors as she followed behind him with her muddy shoes. Made him get under the sink to fix the leak so she could trap him under it. Helped him beat the dust out of the rugs while standing downwind of him so that he was covered with a layer of fine dust and dirt. Made him clean the high bathroom window so that she could give him a wedgie and shut the window on his extended waistband, hanging him from it.

The torture kept mounting as he went to empty the trash from his mother’s office on the second floor. He stopped as he looked at the clock, 8:30. His parents wouldn’t be home until probably 3 am, and he probably wouldn’t be getting any sleep this evening. He cast a glance at her calendar to find the date marked as a closing date for the Frankfurts. He left the office and went to his room to empty his trash and looked at his calendar, and the date was marked as his birthday.

Everything from the day’s events rushed back to him as he remembered how empty yesterday was, and how he hoped that today would be better and that he would make the best of his first day as a ten-year-old. He just dropped the garbage bag on the floor, letting its contents spill and he walked back into the hallway. He went into the bathroom and looked at himself in the mirror. He saw what it meant to be a big kid.

It meant being dirty, bruised, tired, hungry, stepped on, and forgotten. It meant that no one looked out for you anymore and no one cared if you messed up or got hurt. He became lost in thought, imagining what he should do next as a million thoughts flooded his head. So many ideas came to him that his mind was practically blank and he stared off into space.

Back in the Spring Court:

Wanda was heartbroken watching this boy's day take his hopes and unravel them only to hang him. She clenched her fist, forgetting her husband's hand was holding it. He screamed awake as he felt his digits lose circulation and his hand turned purple from the force. He looked around for the monster that was attacking him, only sigh in relief that it was just his wife.

He saw her stony gaze and followed it to the cloud as it presented another profile. A boy named Timmy Turner, high ranked for his powerful imagination, strong heart, and the number of opposing magical forces. Cosmo nearly choked on a chicken leg as he saw what the kid was up against and felt a pang in his chest at seeing how lost his face looked as he stared in the mirror.

Cosmo and Wanda met each other's eyes and nodded. Pointing their wands at his card in the cloud and pumping as much magic as they could into it. A few others saw what a juicy contract he presented and began competing. The image of his card pulling in various directions, and his number flickering rapidly. Raylee felt her parents' magic through her meditation and sent her magic toward theirs to help them. Magic was the currency of fairies and the power source of wishes that could only be slowly generated by fairies or harvested in greater quantities from hosts. She used most of the magic in her stores to help since if they got the yield from a contract that they all planned on, she would get the magic back from helping them and then some.

A rainbow beam blasted through the sky of Court of Spring, piercing the dark veil that enveloped the Square. It rushed to the wands of Cosmo and Wanda, making their pull much stronger, and yanking Timmy's card free from the cloud. Heavy gasps and dark glares came from the competitors, but Pars silenced them when he cleared his throat.

"Remember, fine fairies, that all sales are final until such time as the Harvest has concluded". He said with a warning smile and a light wave of his wand, as it began to glow with terrible power. Everyone sat back into their seats and pair looked at their prize not with greed, but almost desperation. Damn near every fairy present saw how powerful his magical force was, but they also saw how many other magic forces were harming him.

The ultimate high risk, high reward contract. Cosmo looked towards his sweetheart, "The brighter the light, the deeper the darkness, let's chase after this little star, right honey?" he spoke with his usual chipper smile. "I just hope we don't burn our wings by getting too close, sweetie," She said with a furrowed brow. Cosmo tilted his head, "But our wings don't burn, and they grow back anyway, so no worries there."

Wanda shook her head and sighed as they went to wait for the Auction to end. As it wound down to a close and they elected to keep their contract instead of trading or exchanging it, they were given a crystal ball by Pars that showed Timmy still standing in his bathroom.

"Here you two are, Probably the biggest wildcard contract of this whole Harvest. Be careful with him now, I wouldn't want you two to get lured in by his shine only to be swallowed up by the other beasts that are chasing him." He spoke with a gentle, caring tone that betrayed

his usual flair. “If it gets to be too much, there’s no shame in backing out, but if you’re sure about this, better strike while the iron’s hot. I doubt you’ll find a better opportunity than this.”

The pair steeled their gazes and nodded towards him as he flew back to his table. They looked deep into the ball, focusing on his presence and willing themselves towards him. As she felt her parents’ energy pull away from the Spring Court, she closed her eyes and smiled, “Good luck, you two. I’ll make you proud here for when you get back.”

Back in Dimmsdale:

As Timmy stood in his bathroom thinking of what to do to get out of this nightmare, he thought to himself, “There’s a lot of things I could do, but which to I go for?” A rush of wind swirled around him and a voice behind him rang out, “We could help with that, sport.” He turned around in surprise to see two small floating creatures that were about the size of him with wings and small crowns flying about two feet in the air.

He stepped back against the mirror in shock and confusion, was he hallucinating again? Cosmo and Wanda landed and carefully approached him, “Hey champ, don’t worry, we aren’t here to make today any worse, promise.” Cosmo said with a simple grin. “In fact, we’d like to turn it around for you.” Wanda followed up with a cheerful glint in her eye.

“What the heck are you guys? Are you like that dog I saw earlier?” He stuttered, questioning the reality in which he found himself. The pair exchanged a worried look, worried about just how close other magical forces might already be to the boy. “I’m gonna need some proof that you are real and not going to try and kill me.” Timmy stated with a blank expression.

Cosmo and Wanda put an arm around each other and opened themselves up to him, “C’mere hon, you really need this.” Wanda cooed as they gently wrapped Timmy in a hug. He could feel their warmth, their breath. Sure enough, they were real, but that only brought more questions.

Timmy swallowed hard, taking a deep breath before stepping back, “Thanks for that, but who and what are you guys?”. Cosmo did a spin, “We’re fairies, better yet, were godparents, and we’re here to help you.” Wanda cleared her throat, “We’re looking for someone to be our godchild, and we’ve seen what you’ve been going through, so we think we can bring a bit of sunshine to you.”

The two of them each took one of his hands, “I’m Cosmo Cosma, husband of three, eternal father of one, and total idiot.” He said with a knowing smile. Wanda rolled her eyes and chimed in, “I’m Wanda Venus Fairywinkle-Cosma, and yes, he’s an idiot”. Timmy slowly nodded at them and shook their hands. “So, how does this work?”

Wanda looked at him thoughtfully, “Well, sport. First, we have to ask the magic question, then you have to give your answer. If you really want us to stay, then say yes, and if you want to take on the world alone, then send us away and say no.” She explained carefully.

Cosmo jumped in place, “If you aren’t sure, we can give you a test run of what we can do, we don’t have much magic left over, but it should be enough to get that soulless monster out of your house.” He said with a sinister grin.

Wanda looked over, “You mean the redheaded babysitter?” she asked. “What did I say?” Cosmo bleated with an empty-headed smile. She rolled her eyes and look back to Timmy, “Well, I guess we could at least give today a happy ending, then you can decide in the morning.”

Timmy looked to the ground in deep thought for a moment, before a bang on the bathroom door startled him, “Hey twerp, the longer you stay in there, the worse it’ll be when you get out, so move it!” Vicky screamed from the other side of the door. Timmy quickly looked to them and nodded rapidly, “Deal, let’s see what you’ve got!”

The fairies smiled and quickly nodded while Vicky screamed, “Oh it’s on now! You picked the wrong time to find your balls, Turner!”. Timmy took a deep breath and cast a glance towards his temporary flying guardians and threw open the door, Ducking between Vicky’s legs as he ran down the hall.

He slid down the banister to outpace her to the living room. As she sprinted down the stairs towards him, her arms nearly around his shoulders, she felt her footing slip. As she was being thrown on her ass from slipping on a green magazine that was on the ground, Timmy rushed into the kitchen to grab his now clean clothes.

She didn’t stay down for long, and as she raced towards him, he opened the sliding door to the backyard. A gust of wind rushed in and threw open a kitchen cupboard in her face, knocking her back. As she checked to make sure her nose wasn’t broken, she felt her face turn as red as the smear of blood on her hand.

Timmy ran past her with his clothes in a hamper, taking the outer edge of the kitchen back into the living room. She bolted towards him, crashing into the kitchen counter, making her double over with her head in the sink. The impact made the pipes shudder as a blast of steaming hot water burst over her head.

He could hear her scream as he ran, his muscles burning and his breath ragged, but he could keep going. Oddly enough, even though he was running for his life, he was actually having fun. The awful day he had was pushed out of his mind by the shock of seeing magical creatures, and the adrenaline, obviously.

Still wiping the water from her face, she lunged after him again, before being stopped by the front door flying open into her. It hit her hard enough to send her back into the kitchen. As she was flying back she couldn’t remember if she shut it or not. It didn’t matter right now, her target was escaping back up the stairs.

As Timmy carefully made sure he didn’t trip from not being able to see the steps, Vicky scrambled after him. As he got to the top and kept running, he felt himself slip. A pink toy car was launched by his foot’s force, sending it flying at Vicky’s head as she crested the stairs.

As the car collided with her forehead, her foot slipped on the rug just past the top of the stairs, sending it forward as she was sent flailing down to the living room. The various steps bruised and battered her, but Vicky couldn’t notice since the force of the toy car had rendered

her unconscious. As Timmy retreated to the threshold of his room, he noticed how quiet the house was.

There as no screaming, or even pained groaning, just plain silence. Timmy face went pale as he rushed back down the stairs to see what befell his tormenter. Seeing a deep bruise forming on her forehead, along with all the other abuse she took from their fight sent a pang of guilt through him.

When he noticed she was still breathing, he let out a sigh of relief and turned his gaze to the black square in front of her. It was her wallet, and as he picked it up, he heard the wind from the front door blow open the newspaper that was sitting on the coffee table in front of the couch.

It settled open to a page advertising 3 for \$20 pizzas, and as he opened her wallet to find a few hundred dollars in it, a mischievous grin crawled across his face as he looked at her unconscious form, "Thanks for the birthday gift, Icky Vicky". He sat on the couch with a phone in hand when a 'poof' cloud brought his attention to a pair of smug winged creatures.

Wanda dusted her knuckles off on her shirt and checked her nails, "Well, sport, that was more fun than it had any right to be. I guess she won't be a problem for the rest of the night" Cosmo rubbed his sore back, "I probably should have been something bigger than a magazine, that monster almost broke my back." He looked over at Timmy, then at the phone, "Ooh ooh, let me do that, you go grab a shower, you smell worse than Wanda's dad after he got done junking a death sprite."

Timmy just looked puzzled before shrugging and tossing the phone and wallet to Cosmo and going upstairs, "thanks guys, I could really use it after today." The exhaustion was washing over him again as he trudged his way into the warm shower to let the troubles of today flow down the drain.

20 minutes later:

Timmy emerged refreshed, dressed, and actually feeling happy. The day was awful, and the worst birthday ever, but he got the surprise of a lifetime, and it looked like he might have a fighting chance as a big kid now. He looked around the house and fell dumbly silent.

Everything was perfectly clean. The mess that his parents made, the mess that Vicky made, even the huge list of chores were gone and taken care of. What's more, the smell of pizza wafted through the house, carrying him by his nose to the living room.

Everything was spotless, despite the chaos that had ensured not even an hour prior, and on the couch rested his fiery predator, bandaged, with an ice pack on her forehead. He looked towards the TV to see it playing some celebrity dancing show, and on it were a pair of dazzling people, a woman with curled pink hair and a long yellow dress, dancing in time with a smiling green-haired man with a shimmering black suit.

They looked toward the camera and winked, then the TV flashed and the fairies appeared before him once more, leaving the screen playing the same show with different people

dancing. They smiled at him with satisfaction. Cosmo gestured to the pizzas on the coffee table, “This should help ease you into a light food coma that’ll take you to tomorrow.”

Wanda held her husband’s hand, “This is what we do, kiddo, we bring magic to you because you bring magic to us, that’s how godparent fairies work.” Timmy slowly nodded, “So you guys can do all kinds of stuff, as long as we’re together.” Wanda smiled at the boy, “There’s a lot more to it, but that’s the gist. So think on that a bit tonight before you give your answer tomorrow.”

Timmy shook his head, “I don’t need tomorrow. I was worried you guys were going to be like my parents, but I guess godparents are a bit different. I wanna see what comes next, so ask away.” Wanda and Cosmo looked at each other and nodded. The pair of them cleared their throats and spoke in unison.

“Timmy Turner, will you accept the guidance and power of these Fairies as your godparents? To fill your heart with magic? To open your mind to infinite possibilities? To risk your very soul for true freedom? To obey Da Rulez as written? To care for your godparents as they care for you? Till magic touches you, nevermore?”

Timmy swallowed hard and played words back in his mind a few times to make sure it didn’t sound like they were going to eat him or burn him alive. He took a deep breath and smiled at them, “Yes”

They spoke again, “then as it is, as it were, as it will be, we are bound as godparent and godchild, may fate smile upon our union.”

Suddenly a small globe of light emerged from his chest, and from theirs’ as well. The lights met in between the three of them and danced before uniting and flying up through the ceiling and out of the house. “What was that?” Timmy asked, looking up at his ceiling. “That was our contract, it’s going to the world of the fairies to unite our magic and yours.” Wanda calmly answered.

In the Spring Court:

Raylee looked over the horizon at the flood of contracts flowing in from the material plane, spying one that she felt drawn to, and a smile took hold of her. “Great work guys, I knew you’d do it. I hope he brings us all back to a higher place.” She sighed as she laid back on her bed of pillows in her dorm and slipped away in slumber.

Dimmsdale, Tang Mansion:

Mr. Tang looked over financial reports with a glass of wine as the setting sun shone through his study’s window. A shimmering figure darted out of sight and he felt something run up his leg. A small gold long dragon curled around his shoulders, “A strong contract has been formed, someone has two fairies, this could be interesting.” The creature whispered. Fu nodded and hummed as he flipped through the report, “Keep an eye on them, we’ll be ready when they rise.”

Dimmsdale, Dimmadome Estate:

Doug was testing a new roulette table with some clients when one of his rings began to hum on his finger, “Excuse me, gentlemen, put me down for 23 for the next round, would you?.” He shot with his fast southern accent as he ushered himself out to a balcony. Once he was alone, he felt a hand on his shoulder and looked to see a woman with curly blonde hair, soft pale skin, a tiara with a horseshoe, and gold coins of various currencies woven together to form a makeshift sequin bikini, “Head’s up darlin, there’s a new game in town, and a strong player just entered the field, with two fairies.” She sing-songed with a voice like silk. He lit up a cigar with a smile as he looked at the sunset, “This stew of a town was starting to get cold, some fresh meat and spice is just what we needed, eh Luck?”

Dimmsdale, Buxaplenty Mansion:

Bill and Alice Buxaplenty were in their large marble office counting their money for the day when a pair of figures approached them from behind columns in the room. A pixie in a grey power suit with shoulder pads and onyx buttons on his double-breasted jacket approached Bill. A pale blue sprite with long black hair held back by a crown of thorns gave way to a bodycon dress that looked like a combination of dead leaves and bloodstained leather stitched together, slowly loomed towards Alice.

“Sir, a new contract has been formed between two high ranking fairies and a child who classifies as a font of magic, how do you wish to proceed?” the pixie groaned in a posh monotone cadence. Bill didn’t even look up from his money pile, “Have one of your lackeys keep an eye on him, report if he makes any threat to my affairs.” He sneered as he flipped through another stack of greenbacks.

The sprite floated over to behind Alice’s shoulder, “Mistress, if you wish it, I can have my servants take a harsher grasp of his parents. They already practically isolate him, perhaps some more direct malice would be better suited?” she hissed past sharp fangs. Alice continued inspecting a diamond with a jeweler’s loupe, “Don’t bother, I have something else I need you to take care of right now, these diamonds are subpar, start another coup near the mining town, maybe a new warlord will produce quality products.” She hummed with a cold and calculating tone.

The magical creatures exchanged worried glances before bowing to their masters and slinking back into the darkness. On the opposite side of the mansion, a young Remy had just finished his contract with Juandissimo, “Excellent choice, Remigius. With me, you will shine more brightly than this evening’s sun, that blinds all with its magnificent splendor.” He praised with his Latin flare. “And all you expect in return is your lost love delivered to you? I think we can manage that.” Remy spoke with a sly grin as he looked out his window at the orange sky.

Dimmsdale, McColl-Schwarz residence:

Tootie hid in her closet which had a laptop where she was loading the photos of her precious crush off of her camera. From behind her in the darkness a small blue creature with tattered web wings, dark damp green hair and no clothes giggled with a small girl’s voice in her ear, “See, wasn’t that fun, getting to feel his smooth naked skin, his warm blood flowing through his meaty muscles?” Her words dripped like honey as she tittered in her host’s ear. Tootie bit her lip as she eyed the pictures of her prize and shifted back and forth on the pillow she was

straddling, “Oh Timmy, my love. Next time I’ll get even closer to you, you’ll see just how much I love you soon.” She giggled like a maniac.

In Dimmsdale, Carmichael residence:

Chloe was disturbed when her Kuchi Shepard got up from where he was resting to sniff at the air towards the setting sun. “What’s the matter, Saber?” She cooed at him and she sat next to him. He looked over to her, “Chloe, someone nearby just formed a contract, with two fairies no less. I was hoping we’d be free of all the magic business with the move, but it looks like I was wrong” He spoke with a gruff Arabian accent. She hugged him close, “If we get into more trouble, we’ll get out of it together, just like always. Now come on, let’s set up the fog machine so that people can dance in the sunrays before dusk sets in.”

Dimmsdale, Tudor residence:

Francis threw his third beer can on to the growing pile of garbage that continued to swallow his floor while he walked to the garage to his punching bag. After wailing on it for an hour or so, he was pulled from his blind rage by a deep laugh from the corner of the garage, where an ogre-sized sprite sat crouched, taking up the entire corner from the floor to the ceiling. “You’re doing your old man proud, now if only you’d stop pulling your punches on the squirts, you’d be a real threat.” He massive creature leered. Francis spit in his direction, “Piss off, freak. Their turns will come soon enough. I gotta deal with that damn school counselor first.” He growled. “By the by, turner just got a leg up, two actually, so the sooner you deal with him, the better.” The blue monster warned before fading into the shadows.

Dimmsdale, The Flamingo Pool party hall:

Dancing the night away, Todd and Sasha Turner celebrated her newly closed house deal and his new promotion. As they began to consider calling it a night and heading back to make sure Timmy took care of the house, their shadows darkened, and they suddenly laughed much harder before forgetting and going to the bar to drink. A pair of sprites, one slimy, one dusty, raced along the ground from shadow to shadow till they got behind the bar and went into the bartender’s shadow. He coughed and shuddered before looking the Turner’s in the eyes with a wild smile, “Hey there party people, if your spirits are high, go ahead and go on stage for the couples dancing competition, the winners get a complimentary stay in our luxury on-site suites.” He spoke with a cheesy grin with a thumb jabbed toward the stage where a few drunk couples were stumbling through dance moves.

The two looked at each other, downed the drinks of the people next to them, and waltzed off arm in arm to assert their unstoppable wills to the meager competition. As they walked off, the bartender almost collapsed when the sprites released him from their grip. “Remember, Stain, keep them the fuck away from the kid, especially now that he’s got two fucking fairies with him.” The dusty one growled at his female counterpart. “No shit, Smudge, they’d wipe the floor with us, let’s just keep them here a while longer, let the stress eat at him.” She hissed as they made their way back to their hosts’ shadows.

Dimmsdale, Whacky Jack’s pizzeria, ice cream parlor, bowling alley and roller rink:

Trixie was in the bathroom touching up her make-up with Veronica when through the mirror she saw the reflection of one of the stalls behind her open to reveal a small red long dragon

wrapped around the neck of a phoenix that was perched on one of the stall doors. The peacock tilted its head, "Make sure you don't overdo it, don't want to cover up your natural beauty, after all. You should look your best for the new arrivals we have. A very strong contract was just signed, so its best to make a good impression." The bird advised. "I believe you'll find yourself meeting this font of magic sooner than you think, and your impression will already be quite favorable." The dragon mused with a grin.

Without directly responding to them, she puckered her lips next to Veronica to make sure they were properly covered in chapstick and fluttered her eyes to make sure her eyeshadow and mascara were holding properly before flashing them a quick glance and smiling in the mirror, "Perfect, as usual, now to go and make sure my public knows it as well as I do. Come on, Veronica." She said as she walked out the bathroom. Veronica quickly made sure she was alone before snapping her fingers and suddenly her hair looked more vibrantly blonde and her ponytail looked more voluminous. She quickly followed after her mistress giggling to herself about how a certain someone might react to seeing what she just did.

Dimmsdale, Turner residence:

Vicky slowly stirred from her pain-induced slumber, her head not pounding as bad as she would have thought, and her memories still a little hazy from right before she was knocked out. She groaned as the bruises over her body slowly made themselves known, she wasn't going to be rushing anywhere in her state. She looked over at the buzzing of the tv as it played out applause at another dance routine.

Her nose caught the aroma of fresh food and her stomach willed the rest of her body into motion as she sat up to look at the still steaming pizza box. She saw a sticky note on the top of the box and let her eyes adjust from sleeping before seeing the sharply written marker in big blocky letters flash its warning.

"Round 2 will only be worse. Eat, sleep, and get the hell out of our house." The words made Vicky's blood boil, followed quickly by her head pounding, her body reminding her of that state she was in. With a heavy sigh and a quick look around the house, seeing it perfectly straightened, got up to get herself a glass for some of the soda that was sitting next to the pizza.

In the kitchen, she saw the voicemail light flashing on the home phone, and quickly snatched it in a panic, hoping they weren't headed back immediately because she didn't answer. She listened closely to the message with a face that shifted from calm, to confused, to soured.

The drunken voice of Sasha and the muffled laughter of Todd could barely be heard over a cheering crowd and loud music. "H-Hey Vicky, we just won a dance competition and won't be home tonight, because only losers stay home, and we're winners! Make sure Timmy gets to bed and go home, or don't, I don't really care." She half sang, half slurred while stumbling arm in arm with her husband through the crowd of drunk sweaty bodies to claim their prize, assuming their worn legs and lack of balance could get them that far.

Vicky clicked the message off and quickly erased it. She was already having a shit night, and thanks to Timmy tomorrow morning wouldn't be any better. She made a mental note to shake down One of his parents after school tomorrow to get her money for the night's work. She

was going to sit back down and take a load off, but looking up the stairs to see the cold darkened hallway, she had a brief feeling, like tar being pumped through her heart. It quickly passed with another wave of anger, as she grabbed the glass and went to gorge herself into a food coma.

Timmy pat his now and finally full stomach, relishing in the afterglow of his first meal in about twenty-four hours. Sitting in his desk chair facing away from his computer while Cosmo and Wanda finished their slices on his bed. He looked at their crumbs left on his mattress and frowned. "And that's why I don't eat in bed, it just makes another mess I have to clean up." Wanda met his gaze, wiped her face and shirt off on the growing pile, and smiled, "You know, sport. You aren't alone anymore, 'you' don't have to do everything."

Timmy looked up thoughtfully, "Right, I have wishes now. So I have more than three?" Wanda laughed into her hand, "Sweety, we're fairies, not genies, and even they don't work like that. We can go over Da Rulez tomorrow. For now, just try what pops into your head and we'll just give a yes or no, that should do for tonight." She explained while exchanging glances with Cosmo, letting him know that they'll have to be careful with him tonight.

Timmy rubbed his chin, thinking of all the new possibilities, the endless opportunities to make things better in his life, and with those thoughts, his magic radiated again. This time, it directly flowed into the pair across from him, filling them with additional magic for casting. The rush he gave them was exquisitely unique. As their first high-profile contract that wasn't malicious, or coldly calculating, his magic affected them in a whole new way.

The backs of their necks, the tips of their toes, finger, and wings all felt a strong tingling sensation that sent a warm shudder through their spines as the magic coalesced into their wands and crowns, Sending a beam of the energy that they couldn't hold back to the Court of Spring. A slumbering Raylee began rubbing her thighs together as the fuzzy warm feeling enveloped her, making her giggle dreamily to herself.

Powerful magic and it's intention channel directly from the host to the bound, and Timmy's resonated so completely with the nature of fairies, that lesser fey would have been completely overtaken by him, so drunk on his thoughts and emotions that they would be compelled to obey any wish he would ask of them. Cosmo and Wanda though were handling it with more control.

Well, Wanda was, Cosmo had the goofiest grin on his face she'd seen since she gave him his first blowjob. She was getting away with a steady blush, resting her hands between her legs in such a way that her arms blocked her stiffening nipples from being too noticeable by the boy. She was so focused on maintaining self-control, that she was startled when Timmy snapped his fingers in a moment of eureka.

"How about this? I wish that all the crumbs in my bed went into the bed that my parents are sleeping in tonight." He declared, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. Wanda blinked a couple of times, both processing his request against Da Rulez and reacting in surprise to his oddly targeted, sufficiently accurate wish.

"You don't think they're coming home tonight?" Wanda asked with her head tilted to one side. Timmy shrugged, "Depends, if they felt like winners tonight, then definitely not. If they

felt like losers, then they probably would.” Wanda felt a small rush of anger go through her, brought by her feeding off his anger at remembering many empty nights.

Without breaking eye contact. She raised her wand, letting it shine through the room, before flashing, taking all the mess they had made on his bed away in a “Poof” cloud of purple smoke. She sat back with a smile on her face, “Done and done, champ. Good wish, anything else?”

Timmy grinned at seeing magic actually work and knowing that they might actually be telling him the truth about granting his wishes without some hidden consequence. “Alright, how about this? I wish that I had the entire collection of Crimson Chin comic books!” He exclaimed, remembering one of his long time birthday wishes.

Wanda shrugged and rose her wand once again, but before she could exercise her magic, Cosmo’s wand was radiating next to a massive grin. A sudden poof of clouds followed by a ding from his computer caught Timmy by surprise. He turned around and checked to find a thumb drive connected to his computer had just finished copying the entire collection of his beloved serialized spandex superhero, complete with all additional artbooks, one-shot comics, and even the lost issues.

Wanda and Timmy blinked, dumbfounded, before turning back to Cosmo, “Memorabilia and merchandise are allowed, personal possessions and effects are not. I remember, since they let me keep Tooth Fairy’s private swimsuit summer collection album, but took her used toothbrush from me.” He announced with odd clarity much to the bemused face of his wife and confused gaze of his godchild.

Wanda cleared her throat after glaring at the moss headed pervert before turning back to Timmy, “Anything else sport? We can change a lot of things, even people under the right circumstances.” She carefully explained. Timmy rubbed his chin before his eyes became slightly somber, “Okay, let’s try. I wish that Vicky’s injuries would be gone by morning.”

The pair of fairies exchanged perplexed looks, feeling the odd sadness radiate through them after how eager he was to make her suffer. They shrugged, chalking it up to some much-needed remorse that was absent in many of their past hosts, and raised their wands with a flash before smiling at him. “Done and done, kiddo, she’ll be back in terrible action come morning, which I’m sure won’t bite you in the butt,” Cosmo said with a tone too cheerful to be found sarcastic.

Timmy leaned back in his chair, “Dang, this magic stuff is really powerful, huh?” he asked to the room. Wanda floated up and looked him in the eyes, “Sweety, magical creatures are incredibly powerful on your world.” Caution flowing with her voice. Cosmo peeped up, “Oh yeah, I mean I’ve destroyed entire cities in minutes and the pair of us plunged the planet into war once.” His every word landing like a brick on Wanda’s back.

His eyes flicked between the two fey for a moment before settling on Wanda again, “Is that true?” he slowly asked. Wanda slumped her shoulders and looked at the floor, “Sport, we’ve done a lot, good and bad. Our magic ultimately comes from our hosts, so if we end up making a contract with a monster, we turn into their weapons.” She said as the repressed memories of their misdeeds flowed back into her mind.

Timmy closed his eyes and took a deep breath, “So, you guys only really do what your hosts command you?” She slowly nodded in response, “Then we shouldn’t have a problem, I wish that if I’m about to do something terrible, you’ll stop me.” He commanded with a triumphant smile, “That way, even if I ‘do’ become a monster, you won’t become weapons.”

They raised their wands and a flash of chains binding their hands to his appeared for a moment before fading. Wanda then realized that because of how strong his magic was, that some of it probably back flowed to him from them, letting him feel part of what they were feeling. Knowing she was accidentally exposing him to her mistakes would be really bad, she decided to focus on him again. “Well, hon. We’ve gotten some of the basics out of the way now, wanna call it a night? You ‘do’ still have school in the morning.”

Timmy looked at his clock as it read 10:15 and stretched his arms, “Sure, tomorrow’s gonna be great if I’ve got you guys.” He got his pajamas on and yawned before turning to the pair, “Hey, um. Since Vicky’s still here, and my parents aren’t coming back tonight, could you guys sleep with me?” He asked with a sheepish smile and shimmering eyes.

Cosmo and Wanda looked at each other and then smiled gently at him, “Sure sweetie, one sec.” Wanda rubbed her hand his cheek before turning his bed from a twin to a full. Cosmo floated to the far side in a set of powder blue PJs, with Wanda laying down next to him in the middle in a yellow nighty with white polka dots, holding her arm out for him to join them. Timmy shut off his light and shuffled into bed, pleasantly surprised by how nice it was to sleep with someone after so long.

His parents ignored his nightmare cries after he turned eight, so it had been a long time since he felt the restful warmth of another next to him. He instinctively hugged Wanda closer, burying his head in her shoulder as a sleepy smile took hold of his face. Wanda whispered in his ear, “Happy Birthday, Timmy.” And she felt something wet against her neck as Timmy sniffled, “Thanks, guys. I’m glad that you’re my godparents, you’re already better to me than my actual parents.”

The bittersweet words rang through her as she stroked his hair, softly humming him to sleep as he clung to her as if he was her own child. She thought back to when Raylee was first getting into fairy school and was so scared to leave them behind. The memory making her snuggle him closer as she drifted off to sleep with her boys.

Dimmsdale, city limits:

A storm’s thunder thrummed through the southern border of the city, with blackened clouds blocking out the moonlight, making it appear as though an abyss threatened to swallow the city. The storm fell over an abandoned hospital where a late-night party for outcasts was still carrying on.

As a couple of cars pulled up to the decrepit venue, releasing a group of street toughs as they approached with weapons in hand. The Dimmadome affiliates employed groups like this from time to time to clear out freshly scouted business ventures from competition, squatters, and trespassers.

They went floor to floor, forcing people out of the building, sometimes out of the windows if they resisted. As they got to the roof, they found a group of three figures sitting around a trashcan fire, throwing old medical records and bandages into it.

The thugs wordlessly approached them and began to attack, and within less than a minute, the three kids were on the edge of death's door. As consciousness began to fade from them, they looked up at the night sky where they thought they saw a star twinkling through the clouds.

A voice echoed in their minds, "Do you want to die? Like this? Broken? Empty? Forgotten?" The voice grew louder, "It doesn't have to be like this, you can get back up, just grit your fist, clench your teeth, and focus on that guiding star." They feebly steeled themselves as they looked intently on the small light.

The light grew brighter and brighter, until suddenly a flash and boom of purple lightning collided with the hospital roof, blowing the trashcan to pieces, sending smoke, embers, and jumps of oddly colored electricity through the area.

The three slumped figures slowly rose to their feet, eyes glowing with the same alien energy as the smoke condensed and coalesced around their forms, turning them into silhouettes with piercing eyes. Their forms began to shift, changing them into strange beasts.

One of them shifted into a large man, with powerful limbs, chiseled muscles, and the features of a jackal. Another morphed into a slim, tall man with large wings and the visage of a raven. The third changed into a curvaceous woman with short hair and a tail as she took on the qualities of a Bombay cat. Gleaming silver rings appeared around their wrists, ankles, necks, and waists.

The trio smiled as they rose into the air, their lower halves turning into wisping pillars of black smoke. The newly formed dark djinn sent a shock through the air, shaking the building. They raised their hands and called down the abyssal storm from above, sending a funnel cloud directly onto the hospital.

A tornado quickly formed and the crumbling building was ground into rubble and scattered into the forest and onto the highway. With their assailants dealt with, the three split up, racing towards different points of the city as the voice called once more, "Excellent, now, I've got a job for you three. Just follow my instructions, and everything will work out just fine."

Dimmsdale, Turner residence:

In the dead of the night, a black jackal stalked the streets, sniffing the air as it made its way through the suburban neighborhood. It joined up with a raven and a cat and jumped onto the first floor roof in front of the bedroom window. The eyes of the trio glowed, and wisps of purple magic flowed under the window and into Timmy's head.

With their deed done, the creatures took their leave as Timmy shuffled in his sleep, his heart beating a little faster, his breath a little hotter, and his pants a little tighter as new thoughts, feelings and sensations wracked through the boy's subconscious.

End of chapter one.

## The first night

As Timmy lay stirring slightly in his slumber within his godmother's arms, magic tore through his being, changing him from within. His dreams began shifting from the action-packed adventures of fighting alongside the Crimson Chin, to a room of clouds swirling around him. His vision shifted back to his memories of yesterday, but things weren't quickly the same. When he went to the bathroom, instead of screaming, he heard the sound of his mother's voice singing softly as though she didn't even notice him.

The semi-translucent shower curtain outlining her curvaceous form, her wide hips, and supple breasts as her hands traveled around and she slowly danced in place, suds spreading around her lightly tanned skin. He felt his mouth go dry as he averted his gaze from her, only to find himself staring at her pile of discarded clothes. Something compelled him, almost pulling his hand toward the pile of freshly stripped laundry.

His hand found a still warm prize within her white pants, a pair of lacy purple panties, the smooth fabric and gentle moisture dancing over his fingers and sending a shiver down his spine. He brought her garment closer and placed his hand to his nose, gently breathing in his mother's scent. The aroma of perfume, sweat, and a hint of something purely intoxicating wafted through his head as he became drunk on the scent of a woman.

He was pulled from his stupor by a loud sigh from behind him, his head snapping to see Sasha entirely under the showerhead, her eyes closed as the slightly pink suds were rinsed from her body, exposing a new prospect to the curious boy. He found his feet quietly carrying him to the side of the shower curtain, his fingers gently pulling the wall of plastic an inch further so that he could see. The view before him made his heart jump to his throat.

There she was, water flowing over every bump and curve and into every crevice, the light playing off the smooth surfaces of her still youthful skin. Her shoulders gently sloped and gave way to her sizeable breasts, her soft pink nipples excited deliciously by the heat surrounding her. Her full lips curled into a gentle smile as her hips swayed, relishing in the comfort. Her knees shifting back and forth as she turned about, showing her full rounded ass to him at almost eye level.

A loud gulp emerged from the boy, causing her to turn around and place her hands on her hips, "Well now, if I knew you were there, I would have had you wash my back, hon. Why don't you get undressed and I can help you start off your day right" She said with a mischievous grin and fluttering eyes as she reached for the soap once more. The shock of the situation was too great, and Timmy found himself flung from the room, as it pulled away by a tornado as his vision shifted once more.

He found himself in front of the school, walking up the steps as usual. Trixie and Veronica were walking up the stairs ahead of him as a gust of wind rushed past, throwing their skirts up around their waists. They covered their hair to stop it from getting messed up, leaving him to gaze at the tight lavender bikini panties covering the privates of his dream girl, as well as the pink thong that separated her athletic cheeks.

As the wind dies down, they looked back to its source, and their eyes met his. Timmy smiled towards them, and they waved and winked towards him before turning around and continuing into the building. During the morning he was called into Principle Waxelplax's office. He sat down nervously and met her calm eyes as she greeted him. "Good morning, Principle Waxelplax" He almost stuttered due to his nervousness.

She giggled from behind her hand, "Oh please Timmy, just call me Geraldine. There's no need to be formal in here". A curious expression took hold of his face as she got up to her full standing heights, which wasn't any taller than Trixie was, and turned around to look out the window. "Quite the windy morning, isn't it?" She asked with a strange tone in her voice. "The kind of wind that gives boys a once in a lifetime look at certain secrets" She continued, looking back at him with a smirk.

Timmy straightened in his seat, feeling his goose was cooked and she knew what he saw. "Secret's like these, perhaps?" She whispered in a hushed tone as her hands pulled her tight business skirt up around her massive pale behind, revealing her bright red G-string that framed her butt so perfectly that he has to swallow to prevent himself from drooling. "being short has its advantages, like being safe from skirt flippers, and it lets be much more creative for my special students, don't you think?" She said, shaking her ass slightly from side to side, hypnotizing the boy.

She walked around her desk and stretched before unbuttoning her skirt, throwing it on the desk, and backing her ass onto his lap, resting the glorious warm weight of her junk packed trunk onto his quickly rising elephant's trunk. She rubbed back and forth gently, feeling his member strain against the fabric of his jeans, sending a shudder through her shoulders, which in turn cashed her ass to shake more around his growing excitement.

He found himself unable to hold back as he hugged onto her enchanting booty, letting his hands roam over the massive gently curved surfaces and burying his face close to her tailbone, rubbing his cheeks against hers. She moaned softly as her student began exploring her, "Ooh, now where's that when I need a pick me up in the afternoon?" she giggled to herself. Suddenly, he felt a lack of pressure and opened his eyes to find the woman had disappeared, as had the chair he was sitting on as he fell further.

The next thing he knew, Timmy was in the cafeteria, with the bustle of lunch going on around him. Veronica walked past in him the rush of people and took his hand, leading him over to the dividers that separated the rich table from the rest of the noisy room. Once there, she grabbed a bottle of sparkling pink lemonade and looked at him. "Looking thirsty, huh Turner?" She said with a grin and narrowed eyes. Timmy found himself pretty parched after the past few situations and nodded. Veronica looked at the bubbling liquid in her hand, "Me too, maybe we can help each other out."

She opened the bottle with a satisfying hiss, gulped down a few mouthfuls, and then held some of it in her mouth, her cheeks bulging slightly. She then walked closer, steadied the back of his head with her hand, and leaned in. Her lips met his softly, then her tongue prodded against his mouth, requesting entry. As Timmy opened himself up to her advances, a rush of sweet-tart bubbling liquid rushed down his throat, cooling him on the inside and heating him on the outside simultaneously.

Once he drank what she had, she ran her tongue over his teeth and pushed her lips against his one last time before pulling back with a gasp. “Ah, wow Turner, that really hit the spot. What did you think, Trix?” She giggled while looking over to the rich girl, who sat with her elbows on the table, her chin in her palms, and a flushed smile on her face that offered a warm contrast to her sparkling blue eyes. “I think I’d like a taste too, what do you say Timmy? Still thirsty for more?” She said with a hitched voice as she shifted her knees almost uncomfortably.

A dizzy feeling washed over him as he nodded fervently barely feeling something being shoved into his pocket, and his vision swam before the room turned to clouds once more. He now found himself walking towards the late bus, at the same time as the cheer squad was finished with practice and the football team was headed home. He walked over to see Veronica in her uniform who met him halfway and motioned for him to follow her behind the bleachers.

“Do you still have my gift?” She asked with an unusually breathy voice and a flushed face. He felt something bulging out of his pocket and reached inside to fish out the same bright pink thong he saw before. Suddenly, his face matched hers as he looked back to see her giggling. “You have no idea how hot it was to practice like this, I’m amazed no one noticed, or maybe they were too scared to do anything.” She giggled to him as she walked closer. “But not you, right?” She punctuated by kicking her leg up and resting it just above his shoulder, her foot against the beam of the bleachers.

“You’re strong enough to take what you want. So, what else do you want from me?” She asked with perverted curiosity. He found his hand latching around her ankle and sliding down her leg, eliciting a soft moan from the spritely blonde. His fingers curled around her firm butt sinking in as far as her muscles would allow before softly dragging his hand back, feeling a soft, moist warmth brushed against his hand as he pulled his hand from under her skirt, a moan squeaking out of her.

He looked to her face to see her eyes unfocused and her breath ragged. She pulled her leg back and grabbed him by the hand, leading him to the girl’s showers. His heartbeat at a breakneck pace and the light of the afternoon sun overtook his vision, floating him through the clouds once again. When his sight returned, he was walking on the sidewalk of his neighborhood, headed home. He felt sweatier than normal and felt a tingling sensation on his neck. He touched it and felt a sensitive patch of skin, then he noticed the odd taste of strawberries on his lips.

He was too distracted by these odd sensations that he didn’t notice a presence until it giggled behind him. Timmy turned around, startled by Tootie, who stood with her arms behind her back, bent over towards him, looking up at him over her glasses. Her hair was fluffier today, and her voice sounded sweeter. Her head tilted to the side, then her eyes narrowed on his neck, her brow furrowing.

“Huh, And here I thought you were too careful to get a hickey from some floozy.” She said thoughtfully before standing up and pulled a small tube from her pocket, rubbing it on her lips. A bright red balm coated her lips as she wrapped her arms around her crush’s neck.

“You wouldn’t mind another mark, would you? I don’t want to be left out.” She said with a puppy dog face.

Timmy just nodded slowly, making her break out into a smile with half-lidded eyes, “Let me make this count, my love” She whispered as she planted a firm kiss on his cheek, marking him as her conquest. Then, she planted a softer kiss on his lips, the taste of red licorice grazing his mouth. Finally, she licked her lips and latched onto his neck, gently sucking his glistening skin as she placed her hands over his and guided them to her back.

He ran his fingers slowly over her back before ducking them under her vest and shirt and traveling back up. His hands encountered no resistance along her smooth back, making him blush harder as she swallowed hard. A giggle sounded out from his little lover, “Surprised? I never wear them then I come to see you, just in case you felt like giving back.” She gasped breathlessly, returning to the task of marking him more thoroughly. Hearing her words, he caressed her thin waist and small hips before sliding his hands down the back of her skirt, feeling no waistband other than the one for her skirt, he felt his body temperature rise again.

He brought his hands up to play with her twin tails as he stroked her hair, Making her moan sweetly into his neck. He backed himself into the shade of a tree, bracing himself against her oral assault with the trunk of a mighty oak. He left his breath hitch as one of her hands traced the outside of his throbbing boyhood as the other massaged his butt. He felt a moan escape his lips as he looked up at the canopy of leaves. Light dancing and playing off the bits of greenery, the light overtaking him again as he stood among a sea of clouds.

Timmy was now turning the corner onto his block, with a party going on in front of the house next to his. He walked up to the place and was greeted by a blonde girl his age dancing to electronic music in her loose yellow dress flowing around her, revealing the black tight spats and sports bra she was wearing underneath. She grabbed his hands and pulled him towards the backyard, the music loud enough to overpower her voice. He was escorted to where the party proper was.

She led him over to a hot tub and took his shirt off before taking her dress off and guiding them both in, the warm bubbling water dancing around them as the evening sun’s rays shined down over them. She winked at him before jumping out and turning on a fog machine that billowed out massive thick clouds around him. She emerged from the smoky fog that flowed, illuminated by the sun, isolating them from the rest of the party.

She kneeled down in the water, and a moment later Timmy watched as a pair of black lycra garments floated to the surface next to her shining smile. He felt a tug on his pants and quickly undid his belt before he felt his bottom half completely stripped, even his shoes went as she tossed his clothes onto the edge of the tub and pulled him down so that he was eye level with her, barely able to discern her naked form from beneath the water. She wrapped her legs around his hips and pulled him closer, feeling his springing member pressed between their stomachs as his arms slid under his and around his back.

He slowly reciprocates the movements once he sat himself down on one of the underwater benches so they wouldn’t sink as he wrapped himself around her. Feeling her nubile, delicate body against his, her forming breasts pressed against his chest, and her soft tush resting

against his feet. Filled him with a feeling of closeness. She moved his penis further down their union until the top of his rod rested against her warm lips.

Their hips began to slowly rock with one another in a wave-like motion as they looked into each other's eyes, feeling the clouds, sunshine, and water flowing around them. She began to shudder in his arms, panting heavily and smiling softly. Timmy also felt a tingling in his groin that was making him breathe heavily. The foreign sensations overtaking him as he felt his body throb and he felt himself float away again into clouds.

He found himself entering his home, throwing his backpack on the coffee table and stretching his arms tall, relishing the cool air of the house washing over him. He took his wet clothes and brought them to the laundry room and threw them into the wash. He stood naked in the living room, letting his body calm down before being startled by the door clicking closed behind him. Against the door stood the red-headed menace, a surprised look on her face and a blush on her cheeks.

Timmy looked from side to side before backing up slowly, with Vicky matching each of his steps as she approached him, determination in her eyes. Don't choke out halfway twerp, no one likes that, now if you're serious, step up and prove it." She almost growled as she took a knee to look him in the eyes. He gulped and found himself drawn towards her. Then out of nowhere, he felt his hand slap against Vicky's face, almost knocking her off balance and shocking her into a stupor.

Then he gripped the back of her head and pulled her into a strong kiss, forcing his tongue in just enough to tease hers. He felt to barely struggle against his advances before fiercely returning them, running her fingers through his hair and squeezing his ass as she reached around and spanked hers through her black leggings. She pulled back and focused her eyes, "You're really lucky I think sour and sweet go well together, punk." She grinned before pulling him on top of her as she lay back onto the tile floor.

She wrapped her legs around his, stopping him from getting up, pushing one of her heels against his butt, forcing his groin forward against hers, and feeling a sizeable bulge force itself into the crevice of her legs. He braced his hands against her chest, feeling her round perky breasts fill his palms and let his fingers sink into them. He kneaded into her firm tits as she controlled the pace of their lower halves, working his stiffness over between her thighs as heat radiated from her. The pressure began to build again as the tiles became formless and he floated away yet again.

Now he found himself in his parents' bed, rolling around and kissing a pink-haired girl with soft breasts pressing against him and curvy hips beneath his hands as he massaged her. She pulled back and whispered into his ear, "I'll grant any wish you have, sweetie. Just say the magic words" her breathy moans filled his mind with a warm fog. His hands danced along her body, savoring her every curve he hooked his finger behind her knees, pinning her down and spreading her legs as he ground his still throbbing lust against her soft puffy lips.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled her face nest to his ear, "It's okay, Timmy I get it. You're just getting to that age, and I'm here for you." She cooed to him as they rocked back and forth, causing the bed to creak beneath them. "Just tell me you're okay, so I know you want this." She whimpered as he ran his tongue from her collarbone to her earlobe,

trailing his wet muscle along her sensitive body. She brought up her toes and began pulling down his underwear.

As he felt the bare skin of his cock slide against the bare moist warmth of her sweet muffin, he moaned into her ear. Her hand tenderly massaged his back, coaxing him to go further, “Just tell me, are you okay?” She moaned to him once more, cuddling him close as they writhed together in an intoxicating heat. Timmy couldn’t focus beyond the scent of flowers coming from the small woman beneath him, and the feeling of her volcanic warmth enveloping him as his entire body thrummed in time with the heavy beats of his heart.

“Are you okay?” her voice rang out again, this time sounding distant, even though he was holding her. Then the curly pink hair he was burying his face in filled his vision and faded to black. “Timmy, are you okay?” The voice called out from the void, he felt claustrophobic as he couldn’t move his limbs, and felt himself getting hotter. Then, a flash of light blinded him and he felt like he was covered in sweat, the sound of his heart in his ears, and the feeling of a pair of hands around his shoulders.

As Timmy roused from his slumber, he was completely wrapped in his blankets like a cocoon, but partially wrapped up with Wanda. She figured he must have tossed a lot in the past night to get like this, but she felt something else strange. She figured he was a bit young to react like that to a sleeping woman, but maybe he hit puberty early, she thought to herself. Cosmo has rolled off the bed at some point, so they were alone together on the bed. As she began to unwrap him, Timmy became acutely aware of the sudden change in his body, the foreign feeling of something hot and hard sticking out from his groin filled him with surprise, shock, and an odd sense of shame.

As she got to the last couple layers of the blanket he had wrapped himself in, he quickly turned inside of it to unravel himself and jumped out of bed a sheen of sweat covering his body through his pajamas. He felt all kinds of gross as he grabbed a towel from his closet and bolted into the bathroom. He looked out the bathroom window to see it was still dark, and called back into the room, “Hey, um, what time is it?” He panted from his embarrassment and exertion.

“About 5:30, hon. Are you okay?” A concerned voice sounded from behind the bathroom door. Timmy gulped, unable to swallow since he had sweat himself into dehydration. He drank from the faucet before gasping out, “I don’t know, I’ll figure it out, don’t worry.” He said in a panicked voice as he turned on the shower and peeled his PJs off. He stepped in and his eyes were drawn down to the eight-inch rod swinging around on his crotch. A yelp escaped him as the appendage made itself known.

He had never felt like this before, and he’d never seen it get this big ever before. The way it jumped and pulsed made it almost look like a separate being. He turned on the water, and as it hit his body, the warm water washed over his erection first, making him almost double over from the powerful sensation. His panting voice filled the room as he turned his back to the water, figuring out what was happening to him. A couple of cursory touches let him know that he was extremely sensitive right now, and his mind kept flashing to those weird dreams he was having whenever he touched it.

A poof alerted him to the shape to his side, since he forgets to draw the curtain, Wanda stood in full view of his predicament.

“Well, um....” She gulped as the sudden exposure hit her as hard as it did for her ward.

“I-I can e-explain” Timmy stammered, the color draining from his face.

Wanda shook her head and slowly smiled, “I think maybe a talk would be better? After you get cleaned up, of course.” she said, slowly drawing the curtain closed and fluttering out of the bathroom, a slight blush overtaking her face.

End Chapter 2.

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