1. A Midsummer’s Dream

Laurent sighed petulantly, and stared out of his window. It was an absolutely picturesque evening. Reds and oranges streaked across the sky in schizophrenic patterns, and the moon shone far above the sun. He could describe the beauty he witnessed, and envision the sensation of his brush weaving across the canvas, but every time he made the effort to paint his inspiration would fizzle out and leave him.

He stared at his empty canvas, trying to relax his tensed hands. Worry pooled in his brow. The last few days had been a haze of frustration and distraction. He had been putting it off quite a bit. But with the bills looming close in a week’s time, he could evade it no longer… He had to paint something. Anything… But any attempt to put the brush to canvas stalled before it even began.

He set his paint board aside with a sigh and got up. He couldn’t do it, he realized with a dismal huff. At least, not currently. He needed a break, and some fresh air. Laurent prayed that the sights and smells would reinvigorate his creative energy.

The Champ de Mars was usually full of people. On one side, the tourists all marvelled at the Eiffel Tower, eager to snap pictures and waste their money. On the other side, the locals truly found happiness, relaxing in the brisk French sun and drinking in every moment of the summer evening. Laurent drank it in best he could. Once again, it was all quite picturesque… But none of it scratched that creative need he was feeling. It felt banal to simply become yet another unremarkable landscape painter.

He eventually decided to seat himself at an outdoor table in front of his favorite cafe, and waved over a waiter. He ordered a mint tea, refreshing and invigorating. He wasn’t in the mood for wine, especially not if he was to paint. Coffee would make his hands jitter. He stared into the steaming green liquid, thoughts fading into monotonous ideas, each one more trite than the last. There was a squeak as the chair across the table was pulled out. He snapped up, accidentally shaking the cup and splashing his tea.

The person sitting across from him giggled, and they locked eyes. The woman in front of him was thin, and smaller than him. Her summer dress bloomed around her hips. Her blond hair flowed down over her shoulders, and draped her perky breasts. Laurent found himself staring at the colorful, angular patterns of her dress. Squares of color wove a story, one he thought fit the woman, plenty of reds and golds with a few cleansing blue tones to ease the monotony. He stared for a bit too long, and the woman cleared her throat. Laurent slowly pulled himself from his stupor.

“Excuse me, but my eyes are up here.” She grinned at him. Laurent blushed.

“I… Didn’t mean to stare. Your dress reminded me of a Mondrian.”

“Which is your favorite?” She inquired softly, taking a sip of the wine brought over by the waiter.

He paused. “Well… It always seems to change by the day. At risk of sounding common, though, there’s just something ethereal about *Gray Tree*.”

The woman bit her lip. “I love that painting. It makes me think of home, but in a somber way.”

Laurent took a nervous gulp of his tea. “Where do you call home?” He inquired.

She averted her eyes. “Right now, I’m afraid I cannot really say.”

The stifled artist finished his tea. “Well, my darling, this is a wonderful place to call home, if you so choose. My name is Laurent.”

She blushed. “It is beautiful. I hope you’re not offended, but I’d rather not share my name.”

The woman bit her lip, her finger going up to her hair and twirling it mercilessly.

“Though… I would love to see the place that you call home.” She gave him a mischievous grin, and polished off her glass of wine.

Laurent paled. He was supposed to get back to painting, but he couldn’t refuse this mystery of a woman. Furthermore, he convinced himself that the experience could stimulate his creativity, as if he needed convincing. He paid for both of them, out of courtesy, before they set off eagerly towards his apartment, sneaking glances and touches from one another. The sun had faded into the horizon by the time they made it back, leaving only purples and pinks to light the sky.

As soon as the door was closed, he began to lay kisses on her neck, hands making their way to her waist. She met him in kind, fondling his crotch through his pants, before her deft hands sent his pants slumping to the ground. He paused to unbutton his shirt as she slid out of her dress, exposing her bare body. A small bush between her legs, a rather colorful lavender. He blinked at it, and she giggled. “Keep going. I’ve got a surprise for you.” Laurent was more than eager to comply, sliding his boxers off and exposing his fat uncut cock. She rubbed her fingers along it in awe, leaning down to give it a chaste kiss.

Laurent smiled at her. “And what is this surprise?” He asked.

The girl whispered something in a language he didn’t understand, and her body started to shimmer with some sort of ethereal glow. Slowly, and subtly at first, the woman began to shrink, but not before pushing him back onto the bed. As she sat in his lap, she began to reduce even more, at first fitting comfortably in his lap before she became too small, and migrated to his chest. There was a snapping sound, and a wing bloomed from each side of her back. They were a lavender color, mottled with spiraling waves of black. Each flutter of her wings brought with it a smattering of dust. The purplish miasma along the sky seemed to drift into the room and seep into her hair, staining it a similar indigo to her bush.

Laurent stared in dumbfounded awe as she stopped shrinking, her body now as long as a football. Her hair lengthened and tied itself into two neat braids, each one trailing down her ass. Her wings beat together as she took to the air, soaring to his face to plant a kiss on his cheek. Before he could ask her any sort of questions, she did a flip in the air and fluttered down to his erect cock, wrapping both arms around it in a tight hug. She began to hump against his cock, using her whole body to try and give him pleasure. Her free arms and feet rubbed all of the pole that she could as she ground against it, her tiny lips planting kisses on his frenulum.

Laurent gasped and gripped the bedsheets. Her little hands were reaching all of the best spots, and it was only getting better. She began to climb up his pole, before she shoved both hands into his foreskin to massage his glans. Quicker than he ever had, Laurent moaned as his body was wracked by a climax. She playfully dodged his seed as it stained the sheets. Normally, Laurent had the endurance to go again after a short breather, but she had brought him to such heights he found himself exhausted after just one go.

He wondered what any of this meant as she fluttered over to his head. “Alright… Stay still. You’ll wake up refreshed and replenished once this is over. I promise” Her tiny hands ruffled his hair before she planted a long, wet smooch on his forehead. Slowly, her wings began to slow, and she began to sink. However, rather than simply slumping onto him, her lips began to stretch wider than should have been possible, and Laurent felt his hair growing damp as her lips stretched around his forehead. She gagged, ever so quietly, but her wings began fluttering, pushing her downward with all of the force her little body could muster. Suddenly, the rubbery flesh of the woman draped over his eyes, blinding him.

Thanks to the exhausting climax, Laurent could only weakly raise his hands in protest as she stretched over his lips, before sinking onto his neck. Laurent opened his mouth to tell her to stop, but as soon as he smelled her insides he fell limp, sedated into a pleasurable silence. She squinted as she tried to grin, rubbing at his face, which was visible through her obscenely stretched flesh.

The fairy girl began to flutter back and forth as she prepared to take on his shoulders, rocking his head back and forth as she worked up the willpower. And then, there was a slurping sound as her lips tripled in size, taking in his shoulders. Pixie dust dripped down his body, along with rain-sized droplets of sauvignon-blanc saliva. Once his shoulders had been cleared, it was a downhill battle. The fairy woman closed her eyes and focused her magic as she wriggled her way down his chest.

Laurent had been lulled asleep by the warm and the musky scent by the time she had taken in his waist. The tightness of his temporary residence compacted him into a tight fetal position that would have been painful, were it not for the residual power of her magic. His features clearly outlined in her heavily stretched skin. She rested atop the bulge of his body as his feet were sucked into her throat. She moaned with every little squirm. “There… Don’t be afraid to fall asleep. It’s your dreams I want. Nothing sweeter than the first sweet dreams after a time of trouble.” The dreams she could peek in on made it all the sweeter. He was dreaming of making a masterful painting. What it was, she couldn’t see through the fog of his mind. But the suggestion of it would no doubt reignite his inspiration. Perhaps she would visit against sometime to check up on him… No. It was a bad idea to visit the same human twice. Her mother had always told her that.

Somberly, she began to weave a spell that would rob the painter of his memory of the night. As always, she would be gone in the morning. Laurent would be left with the ideas of a new painting, and an inkling of the love they had made, and she would be left with the only memory of the night. For now, though, he was hers. She slumped over his outline, body going into overdrive as she caressed him through the skin. His elbow was positioned right next to her pussy, and with each dreamy squirm he rubbed against it. Slowly, she ground herself against him, drawing herself to a few pleasant orgasms as she squirted onto the stomach bulge, before she too fell asleep, enjoying the sensations for as long as she could.

II. Exhibition

“Damnit!” Laurent shouted, glaring daggers into his own reflection. Even after all of his thoughts and efforts, he was still only summoning silhouettes.

Ever since that midsummer night. He had been painting like a man possessed. The first painting, which he had finished after rousing the morning after that night, portrayed the dreamlike mistiness of the cafe, as well as her. He could only bring himself to paint her as a blank slate, a type of mannequin, the only identifying factors being the dress and the long blond hair. For the life of him, he couldn’t recall what she even looked like. Or even what their night together had entailed.

That painting had sold pretty much immediately, and for the prices that most artists only dream of. Enough to keep him happy and free for a good few months. He chased the inspiration that she brought him eagerly, each time praying that it would grant him those memories back.

He had made several paintings of her since. One depicting the girl leading him along through the arcade of the Champ de Marche. Another of her in his bedroom, laying there naked and enticing. He had all but demanded answers from the people around him, to no avail.. The cafe had insisted he had been alone for the entirety of his visit. And no one else in the apartment building had seen anyone but him enter or leave that night.

It wasn’t like Laurent didn’t notice their stares, of pity and horror at what they believed to be a dip into madness. He paid them no mind. After all, they’d be in the same straits if they met a woman as uniquely beautiful as the one he had encountered.

However, his curiosity was becoming an obsession. Laurent began to neglect upkeep, leaving messy dishes piling up and dust settling as he dedicated himself to his passions. When he wasn’t sleeping, Laurent was only painting in wild, passionate strokes, or chasing the rapidly dwindling leads he had on the mystery woman.

It was in that fugue state that he stormed over to his mail pile and took notice of a beautiful letter with an ornate wax seal. Laurent gasped; he would recognise the seal anywhere, any artist would. The seal of Anton Rex. An esteemed art collector and patron of budding talents.

He opened the letter and read, a dumb grin blooming across his face. One of his works had ended up in the man's collection. The letter was an invitation to the vernissage of his latest private exhibit. A spot in the back of the gallery, he conceded, but a spot nonetheless.

It was news that sparked him to take care of himself again. He took a long bath with plenty of oils, got the barber to shave the scraggly beard that he had earned, as well as the messy curls of hair that he had let grow unheeded. Laurent went so far as to purchase a freshly-tailored suit just to his liking for the sake of appearing as high-society as Monsieur Rex.

Laurent did his absolute best to present himself well, going so far as to insert himself in a large crowd of attendees so that he could mask his still-small notability. As well as the fact that he lacked a car, especially not one of those new Italian vehicles that the high-society was so eager to own. The young artist would fake his power until he actually possessed it. That was all he could really do.

Even still, he immediately felt out of place on the gallery floor. All these people around him that looked like they had been born to wear suits and dresses. He felt rather self-conscious about his middle-of-the-road tux. He nervously made his way to the work that had apparently earned him his invitation. To his pleasant surprise, it was the one he had been most happy with. A perspective painting of the Champ de Marche, of himself and his formless muse walking through the city at night. Seen from above. The view from the window of his studio.

He was snapped out of his reverie by the sharp sound of sharp footsteps on the marble floor, and the gentle hush that spread among the other guests. Laurent felt someone behind him, and turned to see Anton Rex himself, clad in a sharp white suit with a sky blue undershirt. On anyone else, it would have seemed gaudy, but the man had a way of making it appear quaintly charming. He gave Laurent a subtle smile, clasping his gloved hands together.

 “Ah. You’ve tracked down your masterpiece, I see. I’ve always found it tragic that we live in a world that separates the talented from their masterpieces just to get some food on the table.”

A glowing praise. Laurent turned to the man to smile. “T-Thank you, Monsieur..” He stammered out. “I’m elated that this piece was to your liking.” Just repeat the script that had been drummed into him… Anton was giving him a disapproving look. It made Laurent flinch.

“And poisons their minds to think of naught but business and profit too…” The man added to his earlier statement. “We can talk about the matter of a possible patronage later.” Laurent gasped at the implication. “For now, though, I must know. Who is she? This nymph in your work, she seems to have encouraged your passions. What does she mean to you?”

Laurent was rather taken aback. He assumed Anton didn’t know how personal that question was… No time to hesitate. This was his chance. And financial stability would give him that much more time for his search. “I met her on a midsummer night once…” He whispered out, fighting the sentimental lump in his throat.

Laurent regaled the art collector with the story of that fateful evening. Or what he could remember at least. The more he talked, the more vivid his language became. He found himself suddenly shutting up when he realized he was openly talking about the sensuality of the encounter’s crescendo. He reluctantly continued when Anton motioned at him to keep talking.

He finished his story with the last bit he could remember. A passionate kiss after which everything became a blur. Anton Rex stared at him, the corner of his mouth poking up into a smile. “She certainly seems to have… impacted you to your core. Were you to see her again, what would you tell her? What would she… provoke… in you? I’m sure you know that most women loathe persistent suitors.”

Laurent found himself somewhat taken aback by this question. It wasn’t something he had really considered with how consumed he had been with the practical matter of actually finding the girl. “I… Monsieur, I would tell her I want more than just a glimpse. I would like to open my heart to her… And hopefully peek into hers in return.”

Laurent’s words were spontaneous, and he was just as surprised as the collector. Anton had an aura about him that made it so the artist wanted to just keep talking. Monsieur Rex grinned widely, his hands going up to Laurent’s shoulders. “It is true passion she ignites within you. Not commercial appeal.” He conceded, patting Laurent on the shoulder before he walked away, leaving Laurent to stare dumbly behind where Anton had been standing.

It was her.

She smiled at him sheepishly, dressed in a silvery gossamer gown. Her hair was tied up. Laurent gaped, mouth flexing as he tried to spit out a response, too overcome with disbelief. She stepped forward and clasped his cheeks. “You don’t need to tell me anything, my dear. I already heard you.”

The rest of the evening flew by quickly. It was as Laurent had always feared. Just as Anton seemed to indicate, wealth in no way indicated the sociability of people. Laurent found himself irritated after many of the wealthy patrons could only ask him questions in terms of prices and costs rather than art itself.

At the end of the night, he parted with the woman again, although she promised to return to him soon. As she kissed him goodbye, she pulled apart, whispering so only he could hear.

“Elira.”

With one more peck on the cheek, the woman of his dreams pulled away and faded into the night, leaving only a glittery dust that was soon carried off by the wind.

III. The Hidden City

Laurent slowly awoke as warmth bloomed over him, and the muffled light of the autumn sunrise began to caress him. He squirmed, as he realized why he was constricted. His whole body was engulfed by a thin pink cocoon. He stared up, to see the small woman atop the cocoon, still in deep sleep. The artist relaxed and simply took a few deep breaths of her, enjoying the soft warmth of her insides.

It had been three days since Elira had agreed to move in with him, each one growing closer to his wildest dreams. Ever since she had come to him again, she had been explaining herself, trying to help him understand everything he had wanted to know about her.

Elira was a pixie, and if he had not witnessed what he had he wouldn’t have believed her. They were creatures of myth and myth alone, or at least, that’s what Laurent had believed. There were tales of benevolence as well as unimaginable cruelty, which Elira had justified by their very nature as tricksters as well as the need to conceal the truth.

She and those of her kind fed on pleasant dreams, especially following periods of deep stress. That had been her original attraction to Laurent, her hunger mixing with her empathetic reading of his artist’s block and depression. As for why she swallowed him whole, Elira giggled.

“Well, it’s first to provide a warm space to ensure the best sleep possible. Also, we just *love* being stretched out.” She had told him with a mischievous lick of his finger.

She did admit feeling somewhat ambivalent about Laurent at first, worried that he was only interested in her as a fantasy. To prevent the heartbreak of a vapid human, she had utilized one of her acquaintances to test him. And he had more than surpassed Monsieur Rex’s assessment.

As he started to cramp inside her, he gently attempted to stretch himself out. Elira grumbled, and began to stir. “Mornin.” She slurred out. Her mouth stretched and in only seconds the pixie was resting on his shoulder, rubbing her eyes cutely.

The painter rose and walked to the bathroom, stretching his legs as he relieved himself, before he brushed his teeth. Elira began to grow, until she could no longer sit on his shoulder. She skillfully flipped off of him and landed behind him, sneaking a squeeze of his ass as she danced to the kitchen.

Laurent soon walked over to her, where she was stirring a pan of eggs. He poured himself a cup of coffee and glanced over to his studio. Paints were stacked loosely along the sheet, and a few unfinished lines were marked on the canvas. Ever since he had found the source of his inspiration, the fire had dwindled, and he had been left just as artistically barren as he was before he met her. He shovelled the eggs into his mouth, complimenting her cooking, only to notice that she was back in her fey form, sitting on the table expectantly.

He laid his fork on the now-empty plate, and finished his cup of coffee. He raised it to her.

“What about you? Are you going to eat?”

 She gave him a wide grin and shrugged, taking one of his fingers into her mouth and sucking on it. He flexed his finger, stretching her belly and bulging it. She giggled as she licked over his finger. Laurent chuckled softly, and clicked his tongue.

“C’mon, love, I just got used to fresh air again.”

She spit out his finger, but kept it securely in her hands. “Technically, I could, but I don’t want to. Last I checked I’m the magic one in this relationship.” She grinned. “Besides, the rules state that you can’t go to the fey world without an escort.”

Laurent huffed. “Alright, but why can’t you just sit on my shoulder as we enter?”

She fluttered up and kissed him on the cheek. “Okay, so the rules *actually* say that humans cannot know where the portals are.”

“Then use some of your magic to obscure it.” He told her snidely. She only tutted as she once again lifted up his hand, dancing with it.

“I could do that, I suppose. But this is more fun!” She chirruped, before a wet gag filled the room. Warmth bloomed up to Laurent’s elbow, and he looked down to see Elira with her mouth grotesquely stretched out, his hand clearly outlined through her skin. She gave him an expectant look, and he laughed. “Fine.” He told her, opening his fist and contorting her stomach.

He brought his other hand to her mouth, slowly sliding himself in as if putting on a glove, the pixie sitting contentedly as he climbed in, showing both of his arms into her throat down to her shoulder. Elira rolled back, doing nothing, forcing Laurent to feed himself too her, an act he was more than eager to oblige. After all, he had learned, the stomach of a pixie was softer than the finest blankets, and a wonderful napping spot. He all but dove into her, her body eagerly stretching around him without delay. As if filling a water balloon, Elira expanded rapidly, and Laurent tumbled inside of her.

In only a few short minutes, Elira found herself lying on the bed as Laurent pushed more and more of himself inside. She would have sucked him inside with no real trouble, but it was far more fun to force him to submit to her. Especially since they didn’t have to rush the trip.

She rested briefly as his lower abdomen was sucked in, leaving her face to face with his rock-hard cock. The pixie clamped her lips down to stop him from pushing deeper, as her hands began to caress and massage his cock. The excitement of the situation got to him, and Laurent began to rock his hips, face contorting with pleasure through his skin. He moaned out a warning of his impending climax, and as his cock began to pulse she pressed down and swallowed his thighs. His cock began to spurt, creating temporary bulges in her stomach before the cum was rapidly absorbed into her flesh, the skin of her stomach cleaning the juices off of his cock. Once he softened inside of her, Elira tilted her head upwards, and his legs slid down into her gut. She gave her gut a pleased pat, wiped the spit off of her lips, and began to flap her wings.

“Now deporting: Air Pixie!” She teased, as she began to hover off the ground, bringing her passenger with her. It seemed impossible, but thankfully the fey weren’t subject to human laws of physics. In fact, she had mentioned to Laurent, flying with a massively bulged gut was the favorite way for pixies to travel. Just for a brief time, she began to grow to a normal human size, and Laurent felt himself becoming somewhat compressed. She still looked incredibly pregnant, but Elira merely tutted and slid on a dress she had enchanted to hide all but the biggest bulges. Once it was around her, she checked in the mirror. She looked well-fed, with a nice layer of fat on her tummy, but no human would be able to know what she had stored in her stomach. She gave her passenger a scratch and walked out of the door, making her way to the portal.

The shakes and shudders of his beau walking down the street lulled Laurent into a nap, and he began snoring against her skin. She looked into his thoughts and viewed his dream. The vision made her smile: she saw the two of them watching children playing in flowers, Elira sitting on his shoulders. He laughed when they did, craning his neck to give her a kiss. “They look like you.” The dream-Laurent whispered. The pixie’s heart fluttered. He had mentioned a desire for children, if such a thing was possible, which she had confirmed. It would be a few months before it was viable, but both of them were content to wait and dream for the moment.

Once she made her way to the certain marked tree, and she was certain she was alone, Elira began to reduce back into her true form. The skin squeezed tighter around Laurent, the dark flesh slowly growing more transparent. As a beige-tinted light began to hit his eyes, Laurent squirmed. Elira used the incantation to open the portal, and she fluttered through, letting it snap shut behind her. She simply fluttered in midair for a few moments, enjoying the sensation of gravity trying to stop her for as long as she could. Once Laurent began to grumble in earnest, though, she placed her hands on her stomach, and opened her mouth. Slowly, Laurent emerged, sliding out of her mouth like she was a squeezed tube of toothpaste. He had been in the same dream, prepared to jump into a swimming pool. Just as he was about to jump, there was a splash; and Laurent was rudely awakened by the sensation of cool water surrounding him. He gasped for breath, accidentally swallowing a few gulps of water before he pulled himself to the surface.

Elira was floating above the pool, grinning mischievously at him. He shot her a look of betrayal, and she chuckled at him. “Well, you need to bathe in our waters before you can go any further. I was just expediting the process.” She informed him, as he paddled to the edge of the water and began coughing.

Once he had caught his breath, Laurent pulled himself from the water. He was immediately awestruck; the pool had been a massive one, with ornate carvings marking the boundaries. The room he was in was constructed of an ancient-looking marble, with gold trim and engravings marking every single inch of the bathhouse. It truly looked fit for Louis XIV!

As he looked closer, he noticed the tile mosaics depicted scenes not found in any history books, and the statues all depicted individuals with fantastical features. Laurent took note of men with antlers, women with wings and figures too lithe for any human to achieve, among others.

He felt Elira land on his shoulder. “So, how do you like the bathhouse? We never tore it down on our side. We just made it look more beautiful. I’ve always loved coming in here and just thinking.” She whispered dreamily. “The water here also naturally carries wonderful smelling oils. Perhaps due to its closeness to the portal.

Laurent’s skin had been tingling, but he assumed it was only due to the shock of the surprise bath. As the sensation began to fade, the painter marvelled. He felt both invigorated and relaxed, as if he had gotten both a cold morning shower and a warm evening bath. He smelled himself and softened. His skin carried the scent of cloves and spearmint, along with a scent that reminded him of his childhood. He caressed his softer than ever skin. He prepared to dive back in, but his host cleared her throat.

Elira leapt off of his shoulder and flapped her wings, directing him to a small side room. Inside were a selection of outfits, both fey sized and human sized. She offered him a folded stack.

“Here, dress in these. It’s for the best if you smell and dress like you belong. We love to prank visitors, you know. Some of us more cruelly than others.”

Laurent unfolded the clothes. A cherry-red pair of pants stared back at him, as did a sky-blue button-up. He dressed quickly, before she fluttered behind him with another hanger. Draped off of it was a crimson suit jacket, with gold engraved buttons. The artist grinned. He was offhandedly reminded of Monsieur Rex’s wear. Once she was satisfied with his appearance (and choice of matching shoes) she opened the door out of the bathhouse, and let Laurent step ahead of her. He could only gasp at the sight.

The world she had told him so much about defied all of his expectations. Every description he could imagine didn’t do it justice. He was reminded of Paris, except it was practically pearlescent. The trees bloomed in all shades of the rainbow, the grasses bloomed in a pastel pink, and the sky was permanently stained a lavender hue. The city in front of him gleamed, almost so brightly it made Laurent slightly uneasy. He heard a buzzing, and stared up. A procession of pixies whizzed past him, each one a different shade of green. Each and every building seemed to bloom out of the ground, intertwined with roots and flowering vines. The sound of music reverberated through the city. He crept to the intersection of cobblestone paths.

In front of them was a massive parade, and it looked as if the whole city was involved. There were trumpets and drums, each playing a different arrangement Laurent had never heard. Each person was clad in a personalized robe, wearing some sort of regal looking headdress. Behind the robed troupe, there were women clad only in undergarments. Their breasts hung free, swinging in the open air. He could see the pubic hair of some of them, that peeked from their panties. Some wore short shorts, some standard panties, some wearing scandalous thongs that left nothing to his imagination. He stared, perhaps a bit longer than he should have, before he turned to Elira for an explanation.

The pixie beamed at him. “We’ve got so many princes, queens and kings we have some event honouring them pretty much every day… Hey. You’re blushing?” She seemed genuinely confused. Laurent made sure to keep averting his eyes “I’m sorry… It’s just that, well, women dressed like that are usually reserved for… more private events back home.”

The pixie needed a moment to catch on. “Oh! I see what you mean. You know, I’ve never understood why your world is so sensitive to the natural world. I mean, just look over there, at those Satyrs.”

Laurent followed her finger, and took note of two men conversing on the street. Their chests were bare, and tufts of fur bloomed from between their pecs. Horns bloomed from their head, some straight up and some curling like rams. Then, the artist followed her finger down. Their lower halves were furry and hooved. Between their legs, though, massive flared poles of meat hung down past their knees. He stared at them, watching the poles flop with even the slightest movements of the Satyrs. “They’re more than twice my size! And they’re not even hard!” He confirmed with her, which the pixie met with a laugh. “It surely is amazing. We let people just be.” She told him, dryly, before she bluntly asked him a question. “Would you like to attend the orgy with me?” Laurent gave her a subtle, stunned nod, which she didn’t acknowledge.

Without saying another word, the painter’s pixie girlfriend snatched his hand and began to lead him. He drank in the sights, the sounds, the smells. The place practically a Dalian dream, anachronistically packed with monuments and buildings from all ages. The Eiffel Tower rose from between a Roman Forum and a Replica of the 1904 World’s Fair. Despite the detail, though, Laurent found discrepancies between the pictures he had seen and the replica he was touring. It occurred to him that it looked like it had been constructed without the greater context of the Fair, or what it meant to the people at the time.

She marched him into the Eiffel Tower, and the lift began to pull them up. Laurent stepped off of the elevator and towards the balcony, staring off into the distance. He turned his head to view another image, but when he turned back the image in front of him had shifted. He tried it again, and met the same result. Elira giggled. “Our city is too big to fit your world. We had to fold everything a bit.” She told him. The painter tried to stare as long as he could, committing the most minute of details to memory. By the time the couple was brought back to ground level, Laurent’s head was spinning from the implications as well as all of the details he was trying to keep straight.

They kept walking, and soon they found a section of the town that was draped with silk cloth. As she fluttered off of his shoulder and towards the curtains, he assumed they had reached the orgy. “C’mon, slowpoke!” She chided him eagerly. “Rip those clothes off! Let’s get to it!” Laurent obeyed as quickly as he could, leaving his clothes in a messy pile near the curtains. He looked up to see Elira, but she was gone.

“Boo!” He heard, right in his ear, and he jumped. Elira was hovering right beside his shoulder. She had already stripped, and he blushed as her lavender pubes rubbed against his chin.

She flapped her wings and soared past the curtains. Trying to subdue the butterflies in his stomach, Laurent followed. The secluded bohemian garden inside was a bastion of debauchery.

Laurent could only stare and watch as others began to have their fun.

Directly in front of them, Laurent watched as a lithe humanoid with pointed ears slumped against a tree stump. The elf moaned, and Laurent watched as a trio of fairies flew around him. Eventually, one hugged his cock, before she climbed to the top of it and sat down. She groaned as her pussy began to widen, as she stretched around him. Her fleshy pink walls crept down his shaft, and soon a dazed-looking fairy sat as her stomach bulged obscenely with cock, a pole that flopped over her face. She kissed it slowly, as her two fey friends gave him a hand. The elf raised his legs, as one of the pixies landed on his balls, licking and nipping at the flesh as her hands rolled his comparatively massive orbs between her hands. The last one rested underneath his nuts, licking and slurping the elf boy’s light pink, stretched asshole, hands tapping the sides of his ass as he moaned eagerly, and bucked his hips.

There was a pond to the far left of the garden, and he watched as fey dunked themselves in over and over again. Eventually, there was a whoop as one of the pixies burst from the water with a massive stomach. Inside, he could see the outline of a grinning woman, as well as a constantly wriggling fish tail. Elira perched back on his shoulder. “They’re bobbing for mermaids. Those exist in your world, too, deep in the ocean, but we like to have fun with them. They taste wonderful.” She informed him, as she pointed out another event.

Behind the elf boy, a Satyr stood, hands on his hips as a pixie impaled herself on his cock again and again. His horsecock left a clear impression on her, making the eager fey look like a flesh-colored condom. After a few minutes of fucking, he let out a bleat as her belly bulged further, before she flapped off of him and sent spools of white to the floor. In front of him, a line of eager individuals waited their turn, a mixture of fey and humans excitedly preparing to ride his massive pole. Satyrs could cum over and over again, Elira had informed him once, and this was all the proof he needed.

Laurent’s attention was seized by the crack of a whip, and he turned to see a fairy clad in the conventional dominatrix outfit, leather straps all over her body, and an authoritative cap. Beneath her, a nude human girl sat on her knees, a collar around her neck linked to the leash in the pixie’s hand. “What do you want, humie?” She barked out at the human, and the human stared up at the fluttering fey excitedly. “I… I want to be your tummyfat!” She chirped, and the fey snapped the whip above her head. “That’s a good bellypet. Now, be a good girl and get back in your home.” She opened her mouth, and the human squirmed her way into the fey’s maw. Once the pixie’s mouth sealed behind the human, she returned to the air. “Ugh, you’re lucky I love you. You’re going to make my ass so fat.” The fey grumbled, pushing pash Laurent and Eliza with a curt “S’cuse me.” Elira read the question on his lips. “No, pixies can’t digest humans. They’re just role-playing.” Laurent hummed in confirmation.

Lastly, as she began to lead him through the crowd of debauchery, he noticed two elves making out sloppily. They kept space between their legs, and as Laurent gazed in between he noticed a pixie slowly wriggling her way around the male elf’s schlong. One she had engulfed the whole thing, the elves whispered something and chuckled. The female elf, who was slightly more padded than her companion, deftly lifted one of her legs up. Without missing a beat, the male elf thrust into her, burying the pixie in his companion’s snatch. He withdrew his cock, now sans a pixie. “Are you ready?” He audibly asked them, getting an eager confirmation from both his lover’s mouth and somewhere near her tummy. He entered her once again, penetrating the elf girl and then stuffing the fey inside of her, who was practically being used as a condom. They fucked relentlessly, the elf’s belly lighting up as the pixie fired magic spells off ignorantly, lost in a continuous orgasm. With a grunt, he stopped, and withdrew, and the fairy crawled out of her belly still ballooned with jizz. The male elf gave her a kiss on her stretched belly. “Thanks for being our condom, buddy.” The pixie tittered and soon soared away.

They kept walking, until Elira motioned for him to stop. In front of them was a shaggy-looking Satyr, eyes closed as he bucked his hips. Between his legs was a pixie that was even smaller than Elira, a tower of cock stretching her rubbery skin. Her eyes had rolled back into her head, and her legs were wrapped around his cock. The flared head of the Satyr’s cock bloomed from between her breasts, and her hands dumbly rubbed along it. Despite his movement, he wasn’t really fucking her. She was hugging him like a second skin, and even as he poked and prodded her she refused to move, to eagerly content to get off of him. He grumbled lovingly and patted her head, before he snapped to attention, cocky grin on his face.

“Hey, Elira. How’s it going?” He drawled out, giving his cock a few strokes through the pixie. He laughed at her. “Guess I was too good, she’s content being a cocksleeve. Who am I to stop her?” He snorted. Laurent felt a rush of jealousy at the other male, who was chiseled in every sense of the word, but Elira had thankfully warned him about it. He locked eyes with Laurent, and waved. “Is this that starving artist bohemian you wouldn’t shut up about?” He huffed at her.

Elira had fluttered down to his cock, and was sitting quietly on top of his glans. He scratched the back of his head, extending a hand. “I’m Laurent, it’s nice to meet you both.” Without missing a beat, after the handshake was ignored his hands went down to Elira’s shoulders, and he pressed down. She let out a squealing moan as she sunk down onto his meat, and the Satyr grinned in approval. “I like you, Laurent.” He said bluntly. “You got right into the nitty-gritty of things.”

Laurent began to push her further, until his cock began to stretch out her stomach. With an increased dominance to him, Laurence wrapped his hand around his girlfriend’s midsection and began to stroke, using her as a living fleshlight,

For all intents and purposes, Elira was positively delighted by the turn of events. She began moaning out commands of how to use her, before they eventually devolved into gibberish moans and whines. Each and every vein of his cock was modeled through her skin. He made sure to pace himself, though. Even as the Satyr began to use his pixie in a similar way, albeit much rougher, he maintained a steady pace. Laurent and the Satyr began to chat as the pixies between their legs squealed and moaned loudly. He wanted her to get as much out of it as he could, and he didn’t want to exhaust himself with one orgasm too quickly. That had disappointed Elira during their first day, that Laurent simply couldn’t keep up to the brutal intensity of the Fey, but she had learned to appreciate every single thrust.

Even as he tried to split his focus cleanly between his conversation and his fey fleshlight, but he found himself constantly distracted by the scenes unfolding around him. He was wracked with thoughts of inadequacy regarding his pixie girlfriend, especially considering his relative sexual frailty compared to those around him.

It was in that moment of doubt that he felt the warmth around his cock grow even tighter.

 “Hey! What’s the holdup up there?” She barked. Laurent had fallen still right in the middle of things. He stammered out an apology and lifted her all the way to the tip before slamming her back down. The painter made sure to massage her breasts with his index and ring finger as he did. He knew she liked the mix of those simulations: being stretched out and snapped back like that while caressed… Compared to the raw, wild nature in which those around him were fucking, he seemed to be the only one focusing on perfecting the experience.

The satyrs were simply jackhammering away. And the other fey he hadn’t been introduced to yet weren’t much better. It was as if all of them moved in tune with a singular rhythm. One he himself wasn’t privy to. Elira seemed to be enjoying herself with his gentler form of lovemaking. The sense of inadequacy began to burn away. He realized that she craved intimacy from him, and he had been the only one to offer it.

Elira was grinning. She could see the jealous glint in her friend’s eyes. She could hook up with anyone here, no questions asked, but the encounter would be ephemeral. Fun in the moment, but ultimately unsatisfying. They’d always have their fun, only to depart in the morning, no embraces or development. That was what she loved in Laurent. He had some of the shimmer of a fellow fairy, but he was still as grounded as any human. He possessed a stability and consistency that meant she was certain he would still feel for her the next day… And that meant she could settle down. She began to help him pleasure her, flapping her wings and squirming along his pole. However, even as their fucking became more and more passionate, she never let his penis leave her. When his tip was the only thing inside of her, she’d smooch and caress the bulge in her tummy. When he was fully inside, she would clamp down, wrap her arms and legs around his pole, and hump at him.

When he finally came, the orgy was coming to a close. As he began to slow his strokes, the pixie took in a breath, utilizing her body flexibility to hold her cervix open. As he began to shoot his load inside of her, her stomach began to inflate. Although she didn’t match the watermelon-bloated pixies who had been with the Satyrs, she still pulled off of him looking as if she was carrying twins.

She smiled up at him caressing her sloshing, overinflated womb. “You did great, darling! I love this look.” She admitted. He grunted in a wordless reply. Elira had expected that, especially after such a powerful orgasm. The gardens in her world fed on the passions of the orgies to bloom all year. She grinned as she remembered her first time, many years ago, where she had ended the night bloated with the cum of nine or so Satyrs. She had felt like she could sleep for three days afterwards.

“Is it time that we go back home, darling?” She asked him. Still deep within thought, Laurent nodded silently. As she fluttered about to say her goodbyes, her stomach began to shrink as she absorbed every last drop of his seed. As she returned to him, she sat on his head, hands stretching her labia as she began to sink over him. Exhausted, Laurent simply stood and let her work, only reaching up to push her down faster. Once she slid past his shoulders with a squeak, he let his arms fall limply to his sides.

Elira looked over to her friends, watching as the Satyr filled his pixie up. Her counterpart bit her lip, and winked at Elira. He would be gone the moment he pulled out, that much was very clear. As he basked in the afterglow, she grabbed the hand that was resting on her chest. She brought it between her lips and swallowed eagerly. The Satyr huffed, annoyance blooming along his face, as she brought his other hand to her mouth and swallowed it too. She slurped, with so much forth that his head was jerked forward, his cock popping out from her cunt. The pixie spared him no enjoyment, swallowing him up in seconds. Her stomach ballooned with the Satyr, who simply appeared to adjust himself before relaxing. There was nothing he could do, after all, and there were worse places to spend a night. The pixie waved at Elira as she fluttered off, her stomach sagging with the exhausted Satyr.

As Elira began to inch her way down his chest, she mused if he had been intimidated by the other fey. She promised herself that she would ask him later. She made her way around his legs as he began to squirm, sending ripples of pleasure through her. She brought a finger to her clit, rubbing out a squirting orgasm that only exacerbated his ascent into her. As her pussy clamped around Laurent’s form, and he began to be pushed into her womb, she fluttered into the air and rubbed her stomach, planting a kiss on Laurent’s head through the skin.

She mingled with the other stuffed pixies for a while, exchanging ideas for dreams to create, before she finally departed back to their shared home. Hoping to inspire his artistry once again, Elira implanted images into his dreams. She ensured that he would envision the vivid vistas of the fey city. It wasn’t strenuous. After all, she had only drawn from his memories and glamorized them with a touch of magic. In only a few minutes into their trip, Laurent drifted into a deep slumber, at last feeding his pixie with his delicious dreams. They were just as savory as she had remembered, but she began to acknowledge a slight bitter aftertaste. He was worried about something. She resolved to get to the bottom of it.

She fluttered through the portal, and without even wasting energy on a glamour made her way back to their apartment. As soon as she made her way through the door, she slumped onto the bed, Laurent below her. She closed her eyes and began to drift off, keeping her mind focused on her goals.

She decided to take a practical form for the dream dive. She emerged into the scene as a background wisp. As the dream began to solidify, she immediately recognized the scenery. Elira came to in the garden where the orgy was held, but a dark miasma seemed to stain his recollection of it. She could feel the somber side of this dream. There was a cackle, and the miasma congealed into a series of exaggerated sights. She hadn’t ever seen someone manage to exaggerate a satyr’s sex drive until Laurent. She watched as an imaginary one of the fey began pleasuring an improbable number of pixies all at once. One was impaled on his cock. Two were riding his hands excitedly, engulfing each one to the wrist. Two more were even rubbing their clits on his curled horns! She was pretty sure she had never seen any of them so lecherous, even at their most pent-up.

In the corner of the scene stood Laurent, but not the one she knew. Here, he was portrayed as scrawny, with pasty, greasy skin and a pitiful look on his face. She was riding his cock, but with a scowl of dissatisfaction. The dream version of her seemed to be jealous of the pixies riding the Satyr, and Laurent wasn’t even trying to bring her pleasure, contradicting his earlier efforts.

Elira felt a pang of guilt deep within her chest. In taking him to her world, she hadn’t meant to make him feel this way. She wanted to inspire him, not depress him. She thought of how he saw her. She was even more beautiful in his eyes than she was in the waking world, but she also seemed to only be acting to make him feel better. Did she really come across that way? She prayed that she hadn’t. Either way, she promised herself that she would prove to him how she really felt.

The pixie grinned sadly as she withdrew from his dream. Humans and that long-loathed ability to overthink everything...

IV. Conflict Resolution

A few days passed before Elira finally worked up the nerve to discuss Laurent’s feelings. They had both become aware of a dark tension between them, which the painter had met by practically sealing himself in his studio, making attempt after attempt to replicate the images he had seen in the Fey City. Every image brought with it dark feelings of inadequacy, which made it hard for him to focus creatively. He had seen such beauty, and it hurt Elira to think he was unable to replicate it. The pixie, content to leave Laurent to chip away at his block, had spent much of her time checking in with other fey.

There was a knock on the door, and Elira soared to open it. Standing on the other side of the door was a scraggly man, tan face covered with a goatee and a dark 5 O’Clock shadow. Laurent looked up, and seethed. Even through the glamour, he could recognize the Satyr who he had chatted with as they fucked their pixies. It had taken Elira a lot of time and clout to hunt him down. Thankfully, even through his coarse attitude, the Satyr was more than happy to help Laurent.

He glared at the Satyr, before he snarled out a greeting. “What do you want?”

Elira watched the situation unfold nervously. Before Laurent could act rashly, she soared between them. “Relax, my love. I noticed how you’ve been feeling. I saw how you saw yourself in your dreams.” He paled. “I asked Novus to stop by and talk it out with you.”

The Satyr extended his hand, which Laurent ignored. “She’s right. I’d hate to think that I hurt your masculinity.” In response, Laurent sighed.

“I’m sorry, it’s not you, Novus. I just… the sight of…” He tried to come up with an answer, but he couldn’t find one.

In lieu of continuing to attempt to answer, Laurent fell silent again.

Elira was even more puzzled. It didn’t seem like it was jealousy against Novus. So what else could it be? Was it something she did after all? Laurent looked at her. “Novus? Could you go and get us a drink from the kitchen?” He asked. With a nod, the Satyr left the two of them alone. Once he was content that they had privacy, Laurent turned to Elira. “My love, it’s not you. You’ve done nothing. You’re perfect!” He sighed out. “That’s the problem. I’m not.”

The pixie was taken aback by the sentiment. She clicked her tongue as she climbed up to rest on his shoulder. “You silly, silly human.” She whispered. “I don’t think you realize how many favors I had to call in to find you again. I wouldn’t do that for just anyone!”

Laurent looked away from her. A wave of regret roared over him, and a tear rolled down his face. “Look, I’m sorry. If you don’t want me… I understand.” He sighed.

She yelled at him. “Laurent, you idiot! I don’t want some meathead Satyr! I want someone who loves me for my personality. I want someone I can settle down with!” She huffed out, slamming a tiny fist against his collarbone.

The artist sighed and looked at Elira with a disbelieving smile. “So… You don’t mind that I can’t keep pace?” The pixie shook her head. “You’re doing your best, you big fool. And that’s enough for me.” Laurent’s eyes teared up. He picked her up and hugged her against his chest. “Thank you…” He spoke. Genuinely relieved to hear that. “I thought you had brought him here for… I don’t know what I was thinking…” He fell silent from a familiar feeling. “I think you and Novus should talk things through too.” She instructed him.

Laurent tried walking over to the kitchen, but she grabbed a lock of his hair and pulled him to a stop. “Not here, dummy. Somewhere neutral.” She licked her lips.

Novus came back to the sight of Elira, laying on her stuffed stomach, her small rear raised up. Her pussy was angled towards him, and she wriggled her hips teasingly. It was a lure that no/ satyr could resist. She raised a hand to rebuke him as he whipped his dick out. “Lick it first.” She commanded. Novus didn’t hesitate for a moment. He slumped to his knees and began to dig in, rubbing his face against her delicious walls. The horny satyr only realized what was going on when his shoulders had been engulfed by her cunt. Elira moaned proudly at the success of her trick. She hadn’t had two people inside of her at once in a long time, and the sensation was amazing.

She closed her eyes and got comfortable. She looked at her gut, and grinned. It looked as if the two of them were hugging each other inside of her already, separated only by some thin but flexible walls. She would be sure to tease them about that when they woke up. She followed them into sleep eagerly. No need to disguise herself this time. However, once she came too in the dream world, she rubbed her clit and moaned as two fey were squirted out of her cunt. They were clones of her, each sharing her objectives. They split up the roles, and waited to get to work.

As the fog began to congeal into a scene, Laurent and Novus were summoned into the garden where they had first met, background debauchery all around them. They locked eyes from across the garden, and began to approach one another.

When the two of them reached one another, they stared in silent. He felt something on his shoulder. He turned to see Elira, grinning at him. He bit his lips. “So… What do we do?” He inquired. Novus took a step towards him. Laurent noticed that there was a pixie sitting on his shoulder as well, one identical to Elira. The satyr gave him a shit-eating grin.

“Just follow my lead.”

He snatched his pixie off of his shoulder, and flipped her around, leaving her dangling upside down. As he lowered her, she opened her mouth and engulfed his dick in a single swallow. Laurent followed his lead. Once both pixies had their lips against each male’s balls. Novus grabbed Laurent and pushed him forward. When their pixie-draped cocks touched, Laurent found that he couldn’t pull away. The Eliras had stuck together, and had soon sunk into one another. Before long, there was only a single pixie, with her mouth around both of their cocks. Their dicks rubbed against one another, which Novus furthered by seizing the pixie by the chest. He began to stroke her, using her as a fleshlight for the both of them.

There was a disembodied giggle, and a different Elira (the real one), cooed at them. “That’s it. Good job, you two. I’m glad you’re getting along.” She felt a bit odd, assisting in her own double-teaming, but she had been a part of far weirder.

Laurent wrapped his arms around Novus in order to better orient himself. Without even thinking, the painter began to caress his musculature. The satyr simply matched his movements. “Don’t worry. Something that feels so good has to be right.” Laurent hummed in agreement.

As they began to thrust, sometimes in unison and sometimes responsively, all three of them began to lose track of where one of them ended and another began. The trio found themselves at true piece, and the dream began to fade as they both blasted their loads into the dream Elira.

However, rather than waking up, they were transported into a darker room. Novus stood against a wall, as Elira sat on his shoulder. Laurent was nowhere to be seen. The satyr clicked his tongue. “I noticed a certain nervousness from him back there. You know what was about?” He asked Elira. She shrugged. “He doesn’t know many people other than me, and those that he’s introduced me to seemed like the sorts to make him uneasy…”

The dream fog congealed into Laurent’s childhood home. He looked up to meet his grey-suited dullard of a father, who rudely interrupted his dreams and begged him to “invest, see the real world.” He tried to walk away, but was impeded by his mother, who constantly inquired about his need to “settle down, have kids… I want grandbabies!” By the time he escaped, he was burdened by his desire to pass on his family name.

Laurent started awake. He was still engulfed by his beau’s stomach, but felt no one pressing against him. Novus had, as was typical of a Satyr, left during the night. Content that Elira had seen his dreams, he promised himself that he would try. If it was in any way possible, he was going to knock Elira up as soon as he could.

V. Great Expectations

Deep in the hills of the French alps, a shiny red phone vibrated as it rang. A tired, older woman, shuffled to the phone. She picked it up. “This is Pauline.”

“Hey, mom. It’s been a while since we talked.” Laurent’s voice came out of the other end. Pauline’s face lit up with a grin. “Son! Your father and I saw about one of your exhibits on the TV. We’re so proud of you!” She told him. “I hope your love life has been just as prosperous.” She added.

“Before we get to that, I wanted to wish you guys happy holidays.” Laurent said, dryly. He glanced over to Elira, in her true pixie form. She was chatting with a visiting carpenter, a tiny brownie from the Fey World, about the enchanted crib they would soon need. Her belly was in the beginning of gravidity. She had been ecstatic when she first noticed. After minutes of cheering, she explained to Laurent that fairies could only become pregnant if both sides of the relationship wanted children. She was three months in now, and the size of the bump seemed to indicate that her first child would be a pixie like herself. The crib would be able to conceal the child’s true form until they had grown up enough to weave an enchantment of disguise for themselves.

Laurent made some more small talk, much to his mother’s chagrin, before he finally broke the news. “Mom… I met someone. Her name is Elira, she’s beautiful, and we’re expecting.”

He heard nothing from the other side of the line for a moment. Laurent heard distant shouting, before the phone was scooped back up. His father was on the line, barking questions at him. “You have the income to take care of her and our grandson, right? You’ll be able to put him in a good school?” As his father always did, he boiled down all exciting news to stress and budgeting.

“Dad, I’m fine.” He finally butted in. “My art is very profitable. And Elira has plenty of friends with connections to the art world. Have faith in me.” His father didn’t respond. Laurent continued.

“Anyways, Elira and her friends are hosting a Christmas dinner here in Paris. We wanted to invite you to come. I want you to meet everyone.” He admitted, earnestly. There was a squabble on the other end of the line, before his mother spoke up.

“That sounds wonderful, son. We’re very proud of you. We’ll see you then.” She hung up without any other goodbye.

The painter beamed, having just had the most productive call with his folks in a long time. “They’re coming!” He told Elira. She clasped her hands together. “That’s excellent, my love. I’m happy that you are still talking to them.” She gave him a sharp smile. “So what’s this about a fancy dinner? Who else are we inviting?” She asked.

“I figured you could invite people. Like Anton!” He replied.

“Anton’s always busy this time of year. He’d only show for a minute before setting out.”

“We could still invite him.”

“What about Novus?” Elira blushed. “He really did help us out. He’s a sweet guy, even if he is a manwhore.” She laughed.

Laurent frowned. “I don’t think that would work out. He’d have to stick to a story about how he met us, without getting into the dirty details… I don’t think he could hold up a facade like that for a whole dinner party.”

“Relax, what is there to explain? He’s a friend, and sometimes more.” She gave him a lecherous grin.

Laurent averted his eyes. “They’re pretty old-school. They were already not that supporting of me going to art school rather than taking a more practical course like the sciences. I can’t imagine what they would do if they learned I was living one of those ‘hedonistic lifestyles.’ They’ve cut me off for years. I think they expect me to come crawling back and admit I made a mistake in my career choice… This would be the first time I really see them since I graduated.”

Elira fluttered up to his shoulder and smiled at him. “Novus may be straightforward with us Laurent, but you forget all of us fairy folk are masters at hiding in plain sight. He’ll be my big brother… And I’ll see about getting an invitation to Anton’s desk too.” Laurent smiled and craned his neck to kiss the pixie. “Thanks, darling. Now. About where we’ll be eating…”

They agreed to go to an extravagant restaurant, just for the sake of showing off to his folks. His work had been selling well, as he painted a litany of experiences sourced from his time with Elira, as well as the nights they had spent with Novus. The art magazines were calling it a more modern take on the fantastic paintings of old. Unafraid to show men loving men.

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Back in the French Alps, Laurent’s parents hovered grimly over the phone. They shared a concerned glance. “Must we tell him?” His mother inquired, worriedly. She lifted up the phone. His father pressed her hand back down. “No. This is a discussion we need to have face to face. We can confront him at the dinner.”

Framed on the wall behind them was a recent art magazine, with one of Laurent’s works framing the cover. It depicted a fantastical orgy within a bountiful garden, but the painting was marked up with writing and notes.

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“Now, Laurent, get your cute butt over here and get inside of me. This mama’s eating for two!”

Her lover was more than happy to obey, laying on the bed and lifting feet in the air. In seconds they were engulfed in tight warmth.

“Closer to the left side.” Laurent corrected the brownie’s diagrams.

“Right. The North Side.” A voice echoed from inside of the brownie, who had her notes resting on her bloated stomach. She nodded and began erasing her notes to resketch them.

Once Elira’s lips sealed over Laurent’s face, he began to drift into a fugue state. He felt something pressing against him, and soon realized what it was.

“I can’t wait to welcome you into the world.” He whispered to the bump, before he drifted off into a sweet, nutritious sleep.

VI. Christmas Dinner

Snow was falling in thick clumps to the ground, and Laurent stared wistfully out of the window. It looked like it was going to be a white Christmas. He was nervous for their dinner, but at the same time he was eager to prove himself to his folks. He had planned the evening down to the minute, even renting a rugged car that he knew could handle the snow. He had made a reservation at an ornate restaurant that Anton had recommended. The two of them smiled at one another as they dressed, making quiet small talk. A less gaudy red suit served as a holiday gift from Monsieur Rex, which he decided to show off to his folks.

“Are you ready to go, love?” He asked Elira, who was still growing into her human guise. She slid into her dress, secured it, and tied her hair into a bun. She beamed at him, placing a hand on her baby bump. “We’re ready, Laurent.”

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Laurent’s father sat on the train to Paris, the magazine with Laurent’s painting in his hands. Before he had even realized it, his fist had clenched, and he crumpled the page into a ball. Sure, the critics were calling his son a visionary, but the paintings he did of orgies seemed too detailed to simply be devised. No, it was coming from experience.

His wife placed a hand on his, and he relaxed, carefully unfolding the page. He stared at one of the satyrs, massive penis carefully painted between his legs. Why would he paint the man as a mythical beast? Laurent’s parents were in agreement: he was trying to hide the identity of one of his lovers.

The train squeaked to a halt, and the couple rose and shuffled off of the train. Standing on the platform was the man his son had grown to be. The suit was a bit gaudy, but tastefully so, and his father grumbled as much. He gave his folks a nod, and his mother hobbled over to hug him. He returned her affection. Even through the reunion, there was a terseness in his parents that he couldn’t source. He gestured towards the blonde waif standing beside him. Her baby bump was thankfully concealed by the dress, save for the slightest of imprints. “Mom, dad… This is Elira, the love of my life.” He all but whispered. His father gruffly extended a hand. “Nice to meet you. Do wish we could’ve known you before you were expecting, but it’s better than nothing.”

The pixie simply took his hand, letting his passive-aggressive comment roll over her. “It’s wonderful to meet you both. I’ve heard a good deal from Laurent. How is the weather in the countryside? It’s been years since I’ve seen that part of France.”

Laurent’s father grumbled out a response, but before he could finish, his eyes lifted past her.

A tall, tan fellow stood behind her, before he tapped Elira on the shoulder. He was clad in a dress shirt with a fur vest, and a slightly baggy pair of dress pants. A mop of neck-length hair rolled off of his head, and a scruffy goatee marked his mischievous grin.

“Merry Christmas, sister of mine.” The glamoured satyr purred at her, and she immediately hugged him.

She stepped aside so he could stand next to her. “Everyone, this is Novus, my big brother. Our parents couldn’t make it to dinner tonight, but this big oaf.” She ruffled his hair. “Wanted to meet you both.” Novus just gave his shiniest smile, and held out a hand. Laurent’s father snatched his hand roughly, and all but growled at him. “Nice to meet you, Novus. Call me Marcus.” His mother simply curtsied, but there was a similar unease to her actions.

Laurent could feel the anxiety pooling in his gut. They seemed incredibly averse to Novus, for some reason. He couldn’t shake the feeling that they knew something they weren’t supposed to. “Well!” He cleared his throat, trying to break the awkward stalemate. “Why don’t we head out? We’re having dinner as the Chez Marquis.”

He hadn't been there before, but it was a restaurant known as a meeting place for more high-brow artists. He could take the hit of an extravagant meal thanks to his art, and he was more than eager to keep up impressions.

He waved them forward, and took the lead as they hurried to his state-of-the-art rental car. He and Elira took the front seat, and Novus slid into the back to let Laurent’s parents sit together. However, they each took a side, sandwiching the satyr in between them. The usually cocky male looked incredibly nervous, a state not helped by the constant sour looks that his parents were sharing. His mother pointed to something in her purse, and her father gave her a somber mood. Laurent couldn’t tell what had them on such an edge, but he wasn’t willing to bring it up in the packed car.

By the time they arrived at the restaurant, the car seemed to be pressurized with the tension. Laurent had locked his eyes to the road, and Eliza had simply fiddled with the dashboard. He brought the car to the door of the venue, and exited the car. He opened Eliza’s door, and then the back door. Novus leapt out of the car, perhaps a bit more eagerly than was normal, letting out a sigh of relief. He tipped the valet, gave him the keys, and proceeded.

The satyr could tell Laurent’s parents were tense about him, and he didn’t want to cause a scene for his friends, least of all during a holiday reunion.

The maitre’d led them to their table. Thankfully a secluded six-seater in the back of the restaurant. Anton was already there, staring at a poor replica of a Renaissance painting, incredulity clear on his face. As Laurent and the group began to take their seats, he snapped to attention. “Laurent, my friend, how wonderful to see you!” He said, before he approached Laurent’s amazed parents. “Monsieur Rex.” Laurent’s father confirmed proudly, looking at his son as if this was all a ruse.

“The one and only.” He said with a tinge of humor.

Laurent’s father’s disposition flipped immediately, wonder and excitement filling his face as he sat next to Anton. His disconcertment with Novus was temporarily abandoned, and his wife sat down next to him. That left Laurent to sit with Eliza, with Novus between them.

However, Laurent’s mother was not as easily shaken. She called the waiter over and ordered a dry white wine. As soon as it was sat on the table she began to sip it, trying to appear as if she was merely tasting the wine. Laurent noticed that she was sneaking stares and glares at Novus.

She glanced over at him, and once she realized that Laurent saw her she cleared her throat, and set the glass down.

“So, Novus.” She attempted to speak as if only breaking the ice, but there was a sharp edge to her voice. “How did you meet my son… and his lover?”

“Well, I-”

Laurent’s mother immediately interrupted him. “Well, was it perhaps on a walk, out on some sort of meadow?” Novus paled. “I don’t follow.” He responded, cooly. “We met at a cafe. Your son was sketching ideas for his artwork. He’s an excellent artist, you know.”

His mother grumbled a response in the affirmative. “Right, but I don’t believe you.” She told him with a fake warmth. Without another word, she began fishing in her purse. His father’s attention was back on Novus. She withdrew a crumpled page, and unfolded it. It was Laurent’s painting of the orgy in the garden. She pointed at one of the satyrs in the foreground. “Why did my son paint you in such a lecherous way?”

Novus opened his mouth to respond, but nothing else came out of his mouth. He merely sunk back into his chair uneasily. She turned to Laurent, demanding an explanation. “My dear, don’t tell me you’ve seduced this girl only to break her heart. Especially not with her own brother.”

Laurent laughed out loud, perhaps a bit more rudely than was appropriate for the venue. “Is that what you two are so afraid of?” He snorted, and Eliza merely grinned at them in a shared amusement. Novus’ mouth upticked into a grin. “I’m a painter, mom. I ask people to model for me. I found Novus an… admittedly enthralling muse. I wanted to immortalize him in my art.”

Eliza blinked at Laurent’s folks. “These two dorks wouldn’t hurt me like that. Even if Laurent stares a little too long when he’s painting.” She teased, and Laurent stuttered in protest, face lighting up with a blush.

Anton tapped his father on the shoulder. “Believe me, Monsieur. Your son is truly passionate for Elira. No artist could replicate her so perfectly otherwise.”

Novus merely slouched, before he poured himself a glass of the white wine. He took a sip. “You do have good taste in wine, though.” He drawled out, before downing the glass in one sip.”

Laurent’s face lit up proudly. He laid his hands on the table. “Mom, Dad, I know you didn’t want me to go into art. I’m sorry if I disappointed you. But I’m happy, I’m loved, and please don’t try to sow discord with your future in-laws.” He told them quietly. “I’d love to welcome you back into my life, but you have to do the same, with all of the bumps in the road there may be.”

His father scratched at his beard, embarrassment clear on his face. “Well, I’m sorry that I jumped to conclusions. To all of you, Elira, Laurent… Novus. It wasn’t our intention to sow discord. We just wanted you to be honest with us, Laurent.”

His mother chimed in. “We’re glad you’re so happy here. I’m glad you’ve found friends.”

Laurent smiled at her. “I do have something else to mention, but it can wait until after our meal.” He told his folks, as the group began to make pleasant small talk until their food arrived.

VII. Midwinter’s Dream

Laurent’s father led the procession out of the restaurant, rubbing his stomach uneasily. “Shouldn’t have gone for the second dessert.” He whispered to his wife. “But damn if it wasn’t good.” She only giggled in response. Both of his parents' moods had greatly improved, and they were more than eager to chat with both Elira and Novus. As they neared the car, his father spoke up. “Oh! What was it you wanted to tell us earlier, son?”

Laurent had almost forgotten. He looked to Elira for approval, and she gave him a nod. Novus reflected her assessment. “Well… I know this sounds strange, please bear with me.” He prepared them. “But do you believe in magic?”

His father laughed, ever a man of science. “Well, what I call magic is just science.” He teased. The blank look on Laurent’s face gave him pause. His son went on. “Eliza and Novus are from another world, one more magical than you’d likely believe. It was these two that helped me to find my inspiration.” His father had another snide remark on his tongue, but Laurent stopped him. “I know you won’t believe me if I don’t show you firsthand.” He locked the car and led them towards the park Laurent had so often frequented.

As they made their way over, and his folks grew more and more puzzled, Elira began to inquire about the tales they had heard of the Fey. After a great deal of humor and careful description (avoiding the more lewd truths), Elira prepared them for what they were going to see.

Laurent’s lover whispered a spell, and in the center of a secluded garden the air began to split into a portal. His parents gaped, and he gave them a placating smile. “I wanted to offer you the chance to see the same beauty I have.”

His father nodded, surprise still evident on his face. “Why not?”

Laurent stepped forward, with Elira, Novus, and his parents following closely behind. His mother gasped as she looked at the picturesque winter wonderland they emerged in. A tear drifted down her eye, and his father began to cry as well, overwhelmed by the spectacular beauty of her world.

Novus’ pants tightened as his legs reverted to their goat form, and his shoes were abandoned. It took them a minute before his parents caught on. Marcus pointed at the satyr’s hooves. “Son, what the hell happened to your legs?”

“Oh!” Novus feigned surprise. “I forgot that I look like this here.” He chortled. Laurent leaned over to his parents. “It’s weird, I know, you get used to it.” He whispered to them.

Although Elira’s wings bloomed out of her back, she didn’t shrink to her pixie form. She had wanted to, but Laurent warned against overexposing his parents. So she stayed, with glittering wings as her only indicators of what she really was, as his mother walked behind her to gawk at her.

Novus had stepped away from the group, only to return with a stack of ornately decorated masks. He passed them around. “Tonight’s the masquerade ball. The King of Summer is granting his crown to the Winter King.” The satyr informed them. His parents had simply adjusted to each and every surprise, and they only nodded in quiet understanding. He led the party towards the ballroom, where a wonderful mix of lights and sounds filled the air.

Just as they arrived, the passing of the crown was finishing up. The King of Summer, clad in a fiery gold, was leaning over a man shrouded in a blue robe, likely the King of Winter. Once the crown was secured on his head, and the ruby gem had shifted to amethyst, the room erupted in cheers and dances. Laurent’s father simply stared. “Son… isn’t that Monsieur Rex?” He inquired. Laurent nodded, and continued clapping and cheering for his newly-crowned friend.

After that, his little group parted ways. Novus began leading his parents around, sharing spirits and stories with them, and introducing them to all sorts of Fey. Laurent and Elira simply danced and laughed, truly at peace. After a few hours of revelry, she pulled him aside. “You know… the orgy will be starting soon.”

He nodded, and waved his parents over. “What do you say that we set out?” They nodded, both euphoric but exhausted from the celebration. They began to make their way back to the portal. He leaned over to Elira. “We can always come back, after all.” He teased her, and she blushed profusely.

Once they were back in their world, his parents swarmed him in hugs, sharing their pride and thanks time after time. He simply shrugged off the affections, although deep down he was greatly moved. They did the same with Elira, and surprisingly Novus, but the satyr hugged them back just as tightly. As his parents walked towards the hotel he had reserved for them, and they were a safe distance away, he turned back to Eliza and Novus.

“What do you say we get back to the party?” His pixie licked her lips as she began to shrink back down. Novus simply rubbed at his cock through his pants. He was obviously excited to get out of the clothing. He snorted. “Please. Like I’d miss the best part.”

VIII. Picture-Perfect Moments.

Months passed as Laurent and Elira adjusted to the mundanity of their everyday life, only pierced by occasional visits to her world for celebrations and parties. Laurent’s art had blossomed, and with connections he had made through Anton his works were spotting galleries all around the globe. His pixie lover’s belly only grew bigger and bigger, and she spent more and more time in her true form. Laurent spent almost every night inside of her stomach, and even some entire days, feeding her and their child with his rich dreams.

Elira was eight months into her pregnancy, and her small form showed all of the signs. Her stomach ballooned outward, belly button gently poking out. Her belly was beginning to show stretch marks. She could’ve used her magic to get rid of them, but in pixie culture they were a badge of honor. Laurent loved to feel her stomach, every bump and crevice, and she only grew more beautiful in his eyes. She was positively glowing, and her breasts had swollen outwards, nipples poking out farther than they ever had. Laurent had taken a suckle from her breasts a month ago, but the effect of her milk had sent him into a long and peaceful sleep that fed his family for days.

The pixie reclined on their bed, fingers rubbing against her clit as Laurent finished adding the last touches to a new painting. He walked out of his studio, and grinned when he saw her. He eagerly unbuttoned his pants. “Need some help, darling?” He asked her, and she didn’t respond save for thrusting her hips up. As her pregnancy progressed, the pixie had become more and more prone to periods of heavy arousal that didn’t fade until tens of orgasms. He had become more and more used to serving as an oversized dildo. She had asked him to use her as a fleshlight, and promised him that magic would ensure it didn’t harm the baby, but he wasn’t going to take a chance.

Instead, Laurent simply walked over to the bed and laid his cock on it. He watched, bemused, as Elira began to crawl backwards towards his cock, before she finally began to press against it. There was a sopping wet squelch as her pussy crept its way up here. The fey squeaked out in excitement as she pawed at her clit. Once she was all the way inside, she raised her ass up and gripped the sheets with her hands. “Fuck me, Laurent, please.” She panted.

The painter was more than happy to oblige. He placed his hands on either side of her, and began to thrust in and out of her, thoroughly stretching her pussy out, He watched as she gaped with the size of his cock, and it began to bulge from her chest. She laid kisses on it through her skin. She began to clamp down on him as her little body was wracked with orgasm, and after a few minutes of her body massaging him Laurent joined her, shooting another load of baby batter deep within the mother of his children.

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Another month went by in relative silence, but as Elira felt the baby growing closer and closer she began to make arrangements. “We’ll need to stay in the Fey World for a couple of days, at least, until the little one comes. I want us to follow the birthing ceremony.”

Laurent was more than happy to oblige, and as the time came they crossed through the portal in the garden. They had been to many of the realm’s parties, but this was the first one in which they were celebrated.

Laurent and Elira were greeted warmly, every fey treating Laurent niceties that made him nervous (given their usual tricks). There was a parade and a banquet in their honor, and it was during the meal that Elira began to groan. “It’s time.” She told Laurent, and the crowd sprung into action, bringing them both to the wintry blooming garden. He felt the nerves kicking in, especially as a duo of pixies spring behind him and pulled his trousers down around his ankles.

The painter hurried to remove his underwear, as well. According to Elira, it was customary for the father to help his lover by stretching her out until the baby was ready. She fluttered over to his cock, and in one fell swoop slammed onto his cock. Usually, he could poke his way into her cervix, but as she began to flutter and ride him the open area at the end of her cunt began to shrink, until it began to actively push against him. She looked up at him with warmth in her eyes, and he shuddered as he felt her contractions growing more and more common. Save for a few attendees, the crowd began to embark on their own lewd adventures, and the flowers began to bloom as their passions fed the garden. Soon, her pussy was simply stretched so wide that he couldn’t stay inside of her. Even when she pulled off, her flexed lips remained gaping. It took a great deal of effort, but Elira eventually fluttered up to him. “I love you, Laurent.” She whispered, as she began to unhinge her jaw and stretch over him.

“I love you, too.” His voice was muffled through the skin. She gagged ever-so slightly as she stretched over him quickly, moaning as her contractions continued. Elira tried to swallow him as quickly as she possibly could.

His legs were in her mouth as she felt the baby beginning to move down, and she squealed around him in euphoric glee as she swallowed. As she slumped to the ground, a pair of pixies settled between her legs. As one rubbed against her walls to try and ease her even wider, the other was focused on slurping and sucking her clit. There was a cough, and then a cry, as the fey child began to emerge from her pussy. It was withdrawn, held up to the sky, and a satyr walked over and carefully snipped the umbilical cord. The crowd whooped, excited even in the midst of their debauchery. The fey carried the tiny baby over to a crib, and carried it away.

Panting, Elira spit Laurent up. He looked around for the child, worry evident in his eyes. Elira gave him a kiss on the cheek. “Don’t worry. They’re going to wash her in our waters. Now it’s time for us to rekindle our flame.” She purred, giving his still saliva-drenched cock a lick. Her pussy began to retighten so that she could be stretched once again. Much less carefully, Laurent snatched her and laid her against his dick. He began pressing her down, letting her wet heat engulf his cock. He began to rub her swollen nipples between his finger and thumb. It didn’t take much. Both of them came again in only a couple of minutes. She climbed off, and the two kissed. “I can’t wait to knock you up again.” He whispered, as the fey brought their freshly-washed child back to them. Elira gave him a mischievous grin. “Not until you spend at least a month inside me.” Laurent could only smile and hum in response.

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As per the rule of the fey, the couple was forced to wait six years before she could become pregnant, but they made the most of it. Their daughter, Leora, was beginning to learn how to fly, and blossoming into a devilishly smart little pixie. She’d soon be feeling the hunger that led all pixies to stuff themselves senseless, but for now she was content to merely sap the sweet dreams of her family.

The art world had spent roughly a year publishing kitschy theories about Laurent’s newfound reclusiveness, but the truth was he spent almost every moment he wasn’t painting inside of her pussy, snuggling and sleeping.

According to Elira, “Our daughter has to get used to the idea that humans belong in her tummy.”

Thankfully, they had plenty of friends and family to help them on the way. Anton would often tutor the girl in art and the world of the Fey. Novus would take her hiking through the worlds of both Laurent and Elira, and taught her the wonders of trickery. Laurent’s parents, although they had to overcome their shock at the continued realities at their son’s life with a pixie, were more than happy to coddle and spoil the little brat.

It was mid-morning as Laurent was painting that Elira burst into her studio, hunger clear in her eyes. “Leora’s on a hike with Novus. Guess what today is?”

The painter paused for a minute, before his eyes lit up. “Already?” He inquired, before she all but leapt on his bare dick. In order to sate her needs, he had begun to paint in the nude.

“Yep!” She moaned out, her shiny wings beating back and forth as she launched herself up and down his cock. She licked her lips as she rode him, and the thought of knocking her up again did the job for Laurent. He seized his lover’s chest, and growled as he began to ram himself into her. Her eyes rolled back into head as he worked, and he obliged every half-gurgled command she gave him. He eventually blew, the fey’s stomach bloating with a massive load of cum as she squealed in euphoria.

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Another nine months faded into a quiet peace, but this time the pixie’s belly sagged lower and lower. As she began to look more and more stuffed, the two came to an exciting conclusion. In a rare turn of fate, she was carrying a child for him, a human. Laurent began to fantasize about raising a son his way, as his pixie daughter was much more linked to Elira than he was. He loved her, and she him, but it just wasn’t the same.

Her massive stomach began to quake as he entered her, his toned stomach rubbing against hers. She squealed, before gasping. As he thrusted, he felt her pussy began to stretch itself wider than usual, and she began to rub her tummy. Her mouth opened, and without missing a beat her lover bent his head down. She slurped and licked at his body, before he tumbled out of her, cock slipping from her folds with a pop. As Laurent began to settle inside of her, at full attention, she fluttered her way to the portal, emerging in the bathhouse with a series of loud mewls. Thankfully, a pair of attendant pixies noticed her, and she spit out Laurent as the contractions began to take hold. He emerged, slightly dazed but perfectly eager, and immediately took her hand in his. “It’s alright, just breathe, my love.” He whispered. She opened her eyes and smiled before she winced again. A pair of fey began to massage her stomach, their tiny hands working with much more precision than his could. He grabbed one of her nipples and began to caress it as it began to drip milk. She squealed as her pussy squelched and contorted, and one of the attendants cheered. A lightly-tufted head began to emerge from her cunt, which was stretched to its absolute limit. Tears rolled down her eyes as he kissed her cheeks and forehead, as the feys used their otherworldly strength to help ease the child out.

“You did excellent, darling, I’m so proud of you.” He whispered to her, as her breathing began to ease and she looked up at him, true love in her eyes. The baby began to wail, but it was rapidly relaxed by the soothing massage of the pixies. One of them fluttered away to get help. Soon there was a snort, and Laurent looked up to see a familiar Satyr, warmth in his eyes.

He scooped up the crying child and laid it in the basket. “Good job, both of you.” He beamed with pride as he began to walk to the spring to wash the child. Elira gave him a naughty grin as she hefted herself up. “Rekindle?” He inquired.

“You’d better believe!” She barked, rubbing her clit against the head of his cock. She once again embraced his meat inside of her, but a mischievous grin lit up. Slowly, her already swollen tits began to expand, as she activated her glamour only on her chest. In a few seconds, her breasts were each double her size. With her comparatively tiny arms, she squeezed her soft boobs around his dick, which bulged through her skin. Slowly, she began to clench her pussy as well as shake her tits, soon drawing Laurent to a panting, desperate orgasm.

As they enjoyed the afterglow, her tits still oversized and snuggled around his cock, they heard the familiar sound of Novus clearing his throat. He held their child in a basket, sleeping peacefully and wrapped in enchanted cloth. “Well, talk about getting creative.” He said, snidely, before passing the basket to Laurent. He gave the painter a wink as he walked away.

As his pixie began to crawl off of his shaft, he looked down at her with a wide grin. All of his dreams had finally come true thanks to her.

The painter could only kiss her and tease. “Let’s have another.”

Elira kissed him back, licking his lips, setting a precedent for their evening. “Yes. Let’s have another.”