



Fairies are odd little creatures. Usually more reclusive, they tend to hide out in their groves, living far away from prying eyes. And even if a human would by chance stumble upon their realm, their mind would not comprehend what they would see, perceiving regular foliage, trees and vegetation where in reality lies entire communities of these tiny creatures. But there was one fairy who was different from her kin, a tiny wisp called Libidine. While most other fairies were content with being detached from humans, this little creature was fascinated by them. Their way of life, their culture, their desires, it was all so primal, so intriguing. But what she found most interesting were their mating rituals, their courting cycles and what drove them to seek pleasure. Because while other mammals have fairly consistent habits throughout each species, which varied very little from individual to individual, humans were entirely different. Each individual had specific things which attracted them to potential mates. Some of them were logical, having to do with their capacity to reproduce, like the size of their bosoms, the wideness of their hips, their caring temperament in the case of females, or their height and size, muscular structure and strength, or their dominating and aggressive temperament for males. Some things were less logical, like the color of their skin or hair, their talents in grooming themselves in particular ways or the way they dressed themselves. But some things were entirely illogical. It seemed like some members of the species were attracted to things which had very little to do with the act of procreating itself, but somehow still derived pleasure for these odd creatures. Some of these creatures liked taking the orifice they normally used for intaking or expulsing nutriments and performing sexual acts with them, or even involving the appendages they used to walk on in the act, even if it was quite impractical to do so, as they were situated completely at the bottom of their bodies and were not nearly as flexible or prehensile as their upper appendages. Yet some of them persisted in involving them during their mating sessions, or even pleased themselves while looking at still images of them or their strange devices and machinery. This all confused Libidine but aroused her curiosity by just as much. And so, she had a daily ritual where she would visit human civilization unseen, observing them in their natural environment, studying their lives, and more importantly their quest for pleasure, and maybe using a bit of her magic to help make their deepest desires come true...

The creature's first stop for the day was with a couple, currently engaging in a mating session. He was on top of her, thrusting vigorously, while she was on all fours before him, hips bucking back with every thrust from the male. Both their eyes were closed, most likely to cut off one sense to enhance the others, as the fairy had heard the humans did sometimes. Suddenly the female started speaking, in a ragged voice, strained by the physical effort as well as the pleasure.



"I'm going to cum babe! I'm going to finish!" Even as she said it, her eyes were closed, which Libidine had heard was a sign of disrespect in human society when addressing one another, but apparently this case was an acceptable exception since the male did not seem offended and responded in kind.

"I'm about to finish as well!" His thrusting sped up, and Libidine knew that he was most likely about to reach what humans called the climax. And by the way the female's breathing pace quickened as well, she knew she was about to do so as well.

"Oh yes, cum with me babe! I want us to cum at the same time!"

The fairy tilted her head at this. Cumming at the same time? This was a new one... They seemed to be making a lot of effort to share this intimate moment, to climax together. If only she had a way to make it easier for them... And then she perked up. Yes! She did have a way to do it! She could ensure that they had exactly the same buildup, the same process to reach this common orgasm they seemed to seek so much. So, just as the man ejaculated his seed inside his partner's vagina, groaning in pleasure as she cried out with the throes of her own orgasm, the fairy flicked her wand in their direction, showering them with magical powder that would forever change them, and their relationship together. The fairy only took a few moments to appreciate her handiwork, before she flew off smiling, happy to have improved even more human lives with her magic.

The couple lay panting, James on top of Sally, completely spent. But something felt off... wrong somehow. As James had jizzed, he had felt a tugging, his orgasm feeling somehow stronger than usual. And now, the post orgasm left him feeling numb, number than usual, as he couldn't feel his cock at all... Opening his eyes, he was greeted by a curtain of brown hair on the side of his face. Raising a hand to it, he noticed that his hand was also smaller, daintier... Before he could take in the full extent of the changes, Sally turned around with a satisfied sigh before gasping in horror, eyes opening wide in shock.

“James? What... What happened to you? You look like... You look just like me!”

That's when all his senses kicked into overdrive. The emptiness in his crotch, the two unfamiliar weights on his chest, how everything seemed slightly bigger in proportion to his new, much smaller body.



“What the hell!” He shouted out, weirded out when he heard his girlfriend's voice emanate from his own throat. He sprang up, rushing to a mirror only to be greeted by his Sally's face in the mirror. She herself arrived a few moments later, and they both stared incredulously in the reflection, the two identical faces in front of them confirming that this was no mere trick or illusion. Somehow, for some reason, James had transformed into a carbon copy of Sally. And the fairy being long gone out of their lives, they would forever be stuck like this. But fairy magic was no simply thing. It didn't simply change James' body, but reworked reality to justify his existence, his likeness to Sally. All his wardrobe had disappeared, while Sally's had seemingly doubled. Apparently in this reality the two of them shared their clothes, which was logical, considering they lived together and had the exact same sizes and measurements. But that was not the only thing they now shared. While looking through their things, they saw that John now had an entire new identity provided to him, complete with a new name...



“I’m called Jane Powell!? Wait... That’s your last name! Does that mean...” His voice trailed off as he started putting pieces together. For them to be so identical, they would have to have the same genes, the same DNA.

“John, I think you are my sister... My *twin* sister!”

This was confirmed when they tried calling their respective family. Sarah’s family confirmed that the two of them were very close sisters, who had gone off to buy a house together when they moved out of the family house. And John’s family had never heard of him, or of Sarah for that matter. It was like he had been born in Sarah’s family instead of his own, as her sister!

It took some time for them to adjust to their new lives as sisters instead of boyfriend and girlfriend. For one, John had to adjust to becoming Jane, dressing and acting as a girl, something that Sarah took a little too much pleasure in helping with. She showed him how to apply make-up, get dressed and style himself, stuff that John was finding came to him strangely naturally, as if he had done it all of his life.

But one thing that hadn’t changed was their love, and attraction to one another. The fairy magic’s objective was to help them orgasm together, at the same time, and even if it was quite misguided, and the result troubling according to human society, it was still trying to do just that. So even if it was strange for Sarah to have feelings of arousal at the sight of her mirrored body, and for John to feel excited as a girl, and kind of wrong of them considering that they were now related, the two sisters still ended up sleeping together, and reaching that common orgasm that put them in this predicament in the first place. Now the two of them maintained their strange, altered relationship as twin incestuous sisters, keeping their feelings for each other hidden from all of their friends and family.



Unaware of the chaos and upheaval she had just caused in this couple's life, Libidine continued her travels, seeking the next human whose thought were currently pleasure oriented, in hopes of making their lives better. She was humming to herself, quickly buzzing about when she encountered another couple, two males this time. While she knew that humans sometimes liked to procreate with members of the same sex, however illogical that is, but these two did not seem to be in such a relationship, rather in a more platonic one. She observed them for a few moments, listening to their conversation, intrigued by what they were saying.

"Come on man? Wouldn't that be hot? Some busty Latina chick with a big ass and who's constantly horny for your cock?" The first man said, but the second one didn't seem to agree with him.

"I don't get it, why are you so obsessed with south American women specifically? And you know girls are people too, right? Not just some sex crazy sluts?"

"Nah man, I don't want a bitch who expects me to change for her, take her out on dates, and get married. I just want a nasty obedient chick who's always ready to go, know what I mean?"

He laughed, but the other man just shook his head. "No, I really don't..."

Libidine saw the frustration in the first man's eye. He didn't like that his point didn't seem to make it across to his friend, but she could certainly help with that! With a smile and a flick of her wand, she ensured that his friend would see exactly the appeal of having a slutty Latina in his life. The man gasped, no doubt in gratitude at having his boring and plain male body being reshaped into that of his own desires, becoming the very kind of woman he had lusted for. That way he would definitely get to prove his point to his friend and show him in a very personal manner that having a sexpot for a girlfriend wasn't all that bad.

She surveyed the transformation, the growth of his hair, the reshaping of his facial features, the slight tan he was gaining as his nationality changed to that of a South American woman. His breasts came in,



and Libidine shook her head in discontent. He had said busty, so this simply wouldn't do! Another flick of her wand, and the mammaries doubled in size, and she nodded appreciatively. That would do it! Clothes reformed into a leopard print dress, underwear shifting into a pair of panties which fit snugly against his enlarged rear and freshly shaven pussy, framed by thighs that were getting thicker and thicker. Finally light makeup adorned her face, and the woman was finally reshaped. But the transformation wasn't all physical, and so Libidine had to ensure that the new woman would act exactly how his dream woman would act, if she really wanted to prove her point completely. And so, still invisible, she flew up to her head and pressed her wand against her temple, instilling lust and desire in her mind, as well as ramping up her obedience and lowering her willpower, making sure she was exactly the obedient sex addict she had described earlier. Then, her work accomplished, she flew off, leaving the new couple to discover exactly how great having a nympho Latina girlfriend could be.

Isaac and Phil were stunned. One moment Isaac was bragging how hot Latinas were, the next moment he was one! He stared down, vision framed by long dark hair, staring down at the tits that now adorned his chest, before exclaiming:

“*Dios mío!* What just happened to me!” He exclaimed, not only surprised by the smoothness of his voice, and the thick accent he now sported, but by his instinctive use of Spanish to punctuate his reaction. Not only was he feeling disoriented by his altered body, but he was also feeling new, alien sensations, a dampness in his crotch, stiffness in his nipples, a tingling through his whole body as blood rushed through him, heart beating faster and faster, accelerated by arousal. His eyes were locked onto Phil, or more precisely, Phil’s crotch, which was growing a bulge, showing that despite his earlier comments about not having a thing for Latina babes, the close proximity to one was definitely still having quite an effect on him.

Isaac scooted over on the couch, moving closer and closer to his friend, his mind a conflicting turmoil. Moments earlier he wasn’t into men, but he wasn’t a horny girl either. Now lust was burning in his loins, he wanted, no, *needed* to feel Phil’s hands on his tits, Phil’s mouth on his own, Phil’s dick inside his pussy. As he was getting closer, Phil did not move towards him, nor did he back away, his own dilemma tearing away at him. His friend had inexplicably turned into a hot chick, and now he seemed to have only one thing in mind, fucking him. But it was still his friend inside there, so he certainly couldn’t do that... could he?

“Isaac? Isaac, is that still you in there? What... What are you doing? Are you...”

At that moment, the transformed man reached his friend, putting a single manicured finger on his lips to shut him up.

“Shhhhhhh... Don’t say a thing *papi*... I need this, I want to feel you inside me!”

With that, the changed man bent over, pressing his tits firmly against his friend’s chest, his sensitive nipples rubbing against the fabric of his dress only serving to arouse him even more. With one hand he grasped the back of Phil’s head, bringing it closer to his own, and with the other, he snaked down to his friend’s trousers, rubbing his cock through the thick fabric, feeling its girth, its length and its rigidity. Phil felt this wasn’t right, that this shouldn’t happen, yet didn’t resist when Isaac pulled his mouth to his own, kissing his lips aggressively, sliding his tongue in his mouth. With his other hand, Isaac unzipped his jeans, releasing the big dick hidden beneath. Isaac had never once had a homosexual thought, and so had never really wondered what Phil was packing down there, but now that he very much was a heterosexual girl, he couldn’t help but coo in appreciation at seeing its size. Yes, this would do perfectly to alleviate his newfound cravings. As he started stroking the cock up and down, Phil liberated himself from his friend’s lips just long enough to ask:





“Isaac, I really think we shouldn’t...” But Isaac interrupted him by gripping his cock, making him gasp in a mixture of pain, pleasure and surprise.

“Shut up and let me do this. And please... Call me *Isabellà*...” She purred in his ear with her sensual accent, letting him know that the feminine side of her had finally taken over, and that Isaac was in the background, at least for now. The need burning through her was more important than anything else right now, certainly more important than whatever was left of her male persona.

Phil didn’t protest any further, as the curvy Latina slipped out of her dress and panties, revealing her body in its entire glory. She positioned herself on all fours on the couch, presenting her large ass and shaven pussy to her friend turned lover, who didn’t need any more invitation before plunging his dick deep within her folds. She cried out in pleasure as he penetrated her, and then as he pounded her from behind, she started screaming out words in Spanish, that he couldn’t understand yet turned him on even more.

“*Sí, sí! fóllame! Más fuerte! Ay!*” And at that moment, Isabellà had proven her point, that having a sexpot Latina girlfriend was pretty amazing, even if she had to become the little obedient nymphomaniac girl, she had been craving for to prove her point.





Libidine's final stop for the day was with two more people, who were currently in the middle of a heated argument. One was a male, which seemed to have a laid-back, masculine attitude, as indicated with his shaded glasses, of the "Aviator" kind, and leather jacket. The female however seemed to have less of a laid-back attitude, most likely because she was currently berating the male, pointing the finger and shouting at him with an elevated tone, while he was responding with a casual coolness and defensiveness. But by the way they were arguing, and what they were saying, the fairy was able to deduct that these two were actually a couple, despite the fact that they didn't seem to be in agreement with each other at this precise moment. As with the others, she observed from afar and listened in on their conversation, trying to determine how she could help and alleviate the situation.

"Really Tony? Porn? And interracial lesbian porn to boot!? What, am I not good enough for you?" The female was visibly angry at the male, apparently because he had pleased himself to other females on his computer, without advising her, or offering her to participate.

"What, it's not like I cheated on you! It was just a bit of harmless fun! Plus, you wouldn't get the appeal. I like girls, so of course having two of them involved would be twice as pleasant! And I like black chicks, so what? Doesn't mean I find you any less attractive!"

Libidine nodded at that. The male was making some pretty valid points there. But as she looked over to the female, she was having none of it. In fact, she seemed even more insulted than she was before he spoke! Humans could be so strange sometimes... Thinking for a few moments, Libidine tried to figure out how she could solve this little dispute. She figured that maybe she should change the female's perspective a little, to show her that two girls were indeed more fun, if you were attracted to them. That would prove the man's point, right? But then she would no longer be attracted to the male, so that would be a problem... But wait! Didn't he say he had a thing for females of a darker complexion? If he liked them so much, he certainly wouldn't mind becoming one, right? That would fix both issues for sure! Happy with her solution, Libidine showered the two of them with fairy dust, the powder above the female being absorbed by her head, affecting her mind, and more importantly her preference in regard to her ideal mate, and the powder above the male spreading over his whole body, already starting to modify his complexion and body structure. She surveyed the changes, making sure they progressed as expected, before zipping off back to the fairy grove, happy at her day of hard work, thinking about all these lives she had improved with her magic.



But she was unaware that while she had quite good intentions, the results were far from what she expected, and that every life she touched was altered dramatically, if not entirely ruined by her magic. This was the case for Tony and Jessie, who's lives, and relationship would forever be altered by the Fairy's destructive touch. They had stopped arguing, Jessie's mind was being fundamentally altered to modify the type of people she found sexually attractive. Tony looked at her, worried about the dazed empty look in her eyes, before noticing a slew of changes in his own body. His five o'clock shadow had faded away, leaving place to a smooth skin, which was rapidly growing darker and darker. Beneath his jacket, his muscle definition, that he had worked so hard to gain and maintain, faded away to waifish proportions. Solid pecs melted into a fleshy pair of tits, and firm buttocks bubbled out into a thick black ass. But his body was not the only thing that was affected, as his clothing reformed into something more appropriate for a black girl like he now was. Leather jacket became a light cotton blazer, pants reduced to nothing more than booty shorts that enhanced his enlarged butt, and shirt grew a deep plunging neckline that exposed his tits to the world. Just as he finished changing, Jessie seemed to regain her senses, blinking lazily a few times before looking around, confused, as if she wasn't sure where she was. Tony immediately shook her out of her stupor, speaking to her in an alarmed, higher pitched voice.

"Jessie! Jessie it's me Tony! Something happened to me! Somehow, I've turned into... into... into this!"

He gestured dramatically at his new body; his eyes wide with panic. Jessie, however, didn't seem as terrified by all this, instead eyeing Tony changed form up and down with eyes that twinkled with interest. She had definitely regained her senses, but for some reason didn't seem as troubled as her altered boyfriend.

"Well... I hate to say it, but I actually think this is quite an improvement." She said, an appreciative smile spread on her face. Tony recoiled at this, surprised. What was she saying? His girlfriend, who had just been judging him for looking at girls just like the he was now online, was saying he looked hot?

"Babe! Snap out of it! I can't... I can't be a girl! I have a pussy... I'm black for Christ's sake! I can't stay like this!"

But this time it was Jessie who was keeping a cool head, shrugging her shoulders dismissively.

"Why not? I think you look good; I certainly wouldn't mind having a sexy black girlfriend like you..." She purred sensually, leaning in close to her changed boyfriend, caressing his changed body.

"Jessie! Can you even hear yourself? What about me? I'm a man! I'm supposed to have a dick, not tits! This isn't right!"

Jessie recoiled in disgust as he mentioned his cock.



“No honey, I don’t know what happened, but I can’t picture myself with the old you anymore. Even just thinking about the fact that I ever let a filthy dick go inside me in the past disgusts me. If you want to find a way to turn back, up to you, but I could never be with the old you anymore. The new you however, that I could see... Plus I could show you exactly how pleasurable a woman can be, teach you all the secrets to our bodies. What do you say? Want to try it out? I know I do... Think about it! It would be like in one of your pornos, two hot chicks going at it... Hmmm just thinking about it makes me so wet... I can’t wait to eat out that brand new pussy of yours!”

Tony wasn’t completely convinced, but the more Jessie spoke, the more he could feel himself grow aroused. It was a weird sensation, the feeling of his new pussy growing moist with anticipation, picturing Jessie’s head in between his new thick black thighs, lapping away at his cunt. Weird, but arousing, nevertheless. And while Jessie seemed to be no longer attracted by men but by women instead, Tony had no such change in preference, and was attracted just as much as before to his girlfriend, if not even more. So, reluctantly, he agreed to take his new body on a test run with her, as long as they took things slow.

They did not, in fact, take it slow. Soon, Tony was on all fours, raising his large ass and presenting his soaked pussy to his girlfriend, who was currently pounding away at him from behind with a large strap-on dildo, which they had found in a large toy collection that had somehow manifested in their bedroom. Tony was moaning excessively, the pleasure he was feeling was nothing like he had felt as a man. Meanwhile, Jessie seemed to have taken very well to her new role as the dominant one in bed, holding her boyfriend firmly as she pushed the dildo in and out of his cunt.

“You like being fucked like a bitch?”

“Hmm-hmm!” Tony responded.

“Tell it to me, slut!” Jessie shouted aggressively. Tony moaned in response, apparently liking being degraded verbally as a woman being fucked.

“I like being fucked! I’m a bitch, a slut!”



“Good girl Tanisha, good girl...” Jessie smiled as she felt her girlfriend spasm beneath her, whole body throbbing with yet another orgasm. Apparently being called by her new name was too much for the poor girl. “See, being a girl isn’t so bad, is it? Nothing beats having multiple orgasms. And don’t worry, we aren’t near from done. You won’t be walking for days when I am done breaking in that brand new pussy of yours!”

With that, she resumed fucking her girlfriend with even more fervor, who started pushing back on the silicone cock within her, moving her hips in rhythm with it, burying it even deeper within her folds.

“Yes, yes! Oh yes, fuck me, fuck me good! I want to stay a girl! I want to feel this good every day!”

Once again, Tanisha had proven her original point to her girlfriend with the help of a little fairy magic, at the cost of his gender and race. But at this point, he was feeling too much pleasure to care, simply revelling in the feeling of being properly fucked as a woman, and at the thought of the many pleasures he would get to enjoy with his girlfriend.

