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The Shocking
Adventures of
Lumen

Prologue

It had been a wild couple of months that had led Lumen to this point. His village had been raided. He and several of his friends had been abducted and transported from their home in the plane of air to the prime material plane. Lumen himself had been sold to the crew of a large sea-faring vessel to serve as little more than a good luck charm to ensure safe passage through storms, but the crew had underestimated Lumen's abilities. His small size belied the raging tempests of the plane of air itself.

Storm fairy. Mote of Air. Elemental spirit. Lumen had heard a lot of words to describe him since he had come to this world, but few made much sense to him. He didn't understand much about the big races. He had only barely started to get a grasp of their language, but what he did know was that he didn't much care for the old lantern that the crew kept him locked in. The thick walls and fogged glass made his

apartment more of a sensory deprivation chamber than a home. He could hear muffled discussions from the crew and could see vague shadows through the glass, but it was only when his lantern was opened that he could see clearly the world around him.

The world was a far cry from the land he had grown up in. Water and sky stretched on as far as the eye could see. The open expanse somehow made him feel even more claustrophobic than his lantern. The silence of the still air was deafening. He longed for the dense thickets and small huts of his fairy village and the raging tempests of the plane of air.

Lumen had no idea how long he had traveled on the ship. Days and nights blurred together, and he was only dragged out of solitary confinement when the wind had grown too still for the ship's sails to be effective. It was during these times that Lumen, with his small, insect-like wings bound with thin bands of string, would be carted out to coax the wind to push the sails along.

The crew obviously didn't know the nature of Lumen's powers. He had very limited ability when it came to conjuring up gusts of air. His specialty was in controlling and redirecting the wind that was already present. In only dragging him out when the wind was mostly gone, they had limited Lumen's ability to do pretty much anything. The gusts he summoned were little more than parlor tricks, and to make matters worse, the region the ship did most of its travels was infuriatingly temperate. With the exception of the

occasional light shower, the weather was obnoxiously clear most of the time.

That all changed when the ship one day sailed right into a nasty thunderstorm. Lumen wasn't sure why they did it. Were they in that much of a hurry? Did they have too much faith in their little "good luck charm" to save them from the worst the wind could muster? Perhaps Lumen could have saved them from the storm, but the storm, and the crew, found him in a particularly foul mood that day. Weak and tired from dehydration and starvation, Lumen chose to risk it all at the mercy of the storm than to suffer another day on the ship. When the captain opened his lantern to let him see the fury of the elements, Lumen was immediately taken by the splendor of the of the storm.

Lumen raised his hands to guide the winds. At first, he directed the wind to shift directions and catch the sails. The crew cheered as the ship picked up speed and bolted towards the edge of the storm. Even the normally distant and dour captain flashed the small fairy a nod and a knowing smirk as if to cheer on the tiny fairy, but when Lumen saw his chance, he took it. A large wave rose up beside the ship. Lumen directed the wind to catch the sails and surf along the inside of the tidal wave. The ship was speeding towards freedom. The crew cheered. The thunder roared loudly... and then...

It all happened so suddenly. Even Lumen was caught off guard by the force of the jolt. The wind went from pushing the sails along at top speed to

suddenly shifting and slamming against the broad side of the ship. With a harsh lurch, the ship turned sharply and dove directly into the tidal wave it had been riding mere moments before.

Everything was a blur after that. Launched under the waves, Lumen was surrounded by planks and paraphernalia from the ship itself. The vessel had been shattered into flotsam in the span of seconds. Lumen was sent tumbling ass over teakettle under the ocean, and he quickly learned a terrifying fact. He didn't know how to swim! And with his wings bound, he couldn't hope to fly to safety either. It was all he could do to awkwardly paddle to the surface and grab onto the nearest piece of debris he could find. Whether it was fortune or fate was irrelevant in the overall grand scheme of things, but the irony was not lost on Lumen as he pulled himself up from the ocean and into the emptied-out Lantern that had served as his cell for the past few months.

Lumen had no idea how long he had been adrift. He was able to use his limited nature magic inherent in all fae to create enough food and clean water to keep himself from completely wasting away in the sun, but it was barely enough to sustain him. At night he would send fairy lights into the air above him in hopes that someone would become curious and come looking, but with each passing night he became more and more convinced that no help would be coming. He had no idea where he was. He had not seen any ships since the crash. He was less than a

needle in a haystack. He was a small spec in a vast expanse of ocean.

Strangely enough, Lumen was eventually found and by a research vessel no less. The crew was an odd assortment of soldiers, divers, and eggheads led by a kindly researcher. The crew nursed him back to health and even taught him the basics of the language of the land. Lumen still couldn't speak it well, and even when he did speak, his small size made his voice hard to hear. Not that he had much to say. These people were all fixated on their tasks – tasks which required far more training than Lumen had had. Lumen knew next to nothing about the world he found himself in, and he knew even less about advanced marine biology. So, Lumen was left to his own devices aboard the ship, and when the tour of duty eventually ended, Lumen and the crew parted ways. It was then that Lumen's journey as a tiny storm fairy in a giant world truly began.

Part 1

It was a strange world Lumen had found himself in. Warring kingdoms. Planar threats. Magic. Mysticism. Even had he not been a stranger to the place, he doubted he would have understood it, but with no idea how to get home nor any idea how many of his friends and family had been abducted, Lumen knew he had to learn as much of the world as he could. Thus began his journey.

With his lack of any real roots and his need to know more, Lumen fell into the life of an adventurer. Lumen listened to leads and legends as he wandered across the continent until he found himself in another port town on the far southern edge of the continent. Unlike the ports he had become accustomed to, this one bordered an ocean of a vastly different kind.

Sand stretched for miles and miles as far as the eyes could see. He was on the edge of a seemingly

endless expanse of desert. Yet, despite the seemingly inhospitable terrain, the town was buzzing with sellswords and sorcerers looking to team up and trek out. Rumors had reached far and wide of a roving palace that drifted through the wastes. If the tales were true, the palace was owned and operated by a being known as a dao – an offshoot of djinn from the elemental plane of earth. It was this being's origin, more than the rewards it offered, that piqued Lumen's curiosity.

Lumen still only understood the basics of the economy. As such, gold and jewels weren't that interesting to him. He couldn't carry that much with him anyway. Coin based currencies were incredibly cumbersome for someone a mere four inches tall.

Similarly, the allure or "wishes" didn't sit well with him. Nobody seemed to know what exactly this being was capable of. They weren't even sure if it *could* grant wishes, let alone how useful the wishes it could grant would be. As Lumen listened in on one conversation and then the next, he kept hearing people say they would wish for the same things. Money. Babes. Immortality. Superficial things that didn't make much sense to Lumen.

The palace itself, however... *that* was fascinating. A building that could travel between the prime plane and the plane of earth? If it could do that, where else could it go? Could it take him home? It was with these ideas in mind that Lumen signed on with an adventuring party to seek out the palace.

The palace itself was remarkably easy to find. The party had made camp at a small oasis, and the palace came to them in the night as if it were a little lost puppy, searching for its master... although the palace was neither little nor a puppy. The massive tiger's head took form from the very sand around them. The maw of the beast opened wide as if goading the travelers to seek their fortune within, and the party was only all too eager to take it up on its offer.

The party made their way down the darkened chasm. The bare, cavernlike walls steadily gave way to smooth sandstone, which in turn slowly gave way to intricately designed murals and statues. As the party made their way deeper into the palace, the darkness also gave way to light. It started out as a small torches on the wall here or there, but soon the entire palace seemed to be illuminated. Sconces on the wall glowed with magical light the made their surroundings clear as day. Most of the party used this light to search for signs of the dao – or at the very least, the treasure that the dao most likely guarded. Lumen, however, found his gaze drawn to something completely different.

The walls were lined with statues – statues which all depicted the same thing. Each statue depicted a handsome man which a clean-shaven face with chiseled features and a smooth, bald head. Each imposing statue towered a good twenty-feet tall. These statues would have been imposing to the average adventurer, but to the small fairy, they were positively colossal, but it wasn't just their height that made them so overwhelming. Each statue was clad in

an open-fronted robe. The garb made the figure's firm pecs and chiseled abs clearly visible... as well as the figure's absolutely *enormous* cock and balls.

The cock alone was nearly as wide as the figure's hips. The tip of the fat shaft dangled all the way down to the statue's ankles making it a solid ten feet of schmeat. Lumen was staring down a minivan-sized slab of man meat, but to the tiny fairy, it looked more like a 747! And the hefty nuts were every bit as impressive. Each enormous orb was almost the size of the statue's torso and – despite being made of solid stone – appeared to be impressively soft and supple.

Lumen felt strange staring at the impressive specimen. His heart was pounding in his chest. His tummy felt full of butterflies. His cheeks burned bright red. His whole body trembled, but no part of his body shuddered more than his own rigid cock which lurched excitedly behind his small loincloth.

The stone schlong filled more and more of Lumen's view with each passing moment. At first Lumen thought the cock was growing before his very eyes, which just made him more and more excited, but the truth was that the tiny fairy was being drawn to the stone obelisk like a moth to a flame. Lumen soon found himself so close that the package filled his entire field of view. He was so close that even his tiny arms could reach out and touch it, but his trance was suddenly snapped by a voice shouting from further into the palace.

“Hey! Sparkbug! You coming or what!?” The party cleric shouted.

Lumen winced slightly at the nickname, but slowly started to drift in the direction of the rest of the party. He stole a few furtive glances at the cavalcade of cocks that lined either side of the passage as he traveled, but for the most part, he was able to keep his wandering eyes in check. His rigid cock, however, was another story. Lumen pulled a small bit of twine out from his pouch and fashioned a crude belt to pin his pecker to his tummy, and then draped the loincloth over it in hopes of hiding his affliction from his traveling companions. Fortunately, he was so tiny that even had he not gone through such lengths to hide his own length, the party probably wouldn't have noticed... probably.

The party made their way deeper and deeper into the palace. The whole place was eerily quiet. But Lumen hardly noticed. He was too busy ogling the dao's décor.

Eventually the merry band reached a large, spacious room with a throne on the far side. Atop the throne sat a familiar figure, and above the figure was a giant hourglass suspended in midair. The dark, smooth skin of the man looked to have been carved from solid stone. His handsome features and his chiseled bod looked almost identical to the statues that lined the path to this central chamber – almost. There was one key difference which was instantly noticeable to Lumen. If this figure was sporting a set of sausage and

eggs, they weren't large enough to be visible beneath his robes.

"Welcome, travelers. I congratulate you on reaching this inner sanctum. I believe a reward is in order." The figure said welcomingly. Yet, despite his welcoming demeanor, his hands never once left the pockets at the sides of his robes.

The rest of the party seemed happy at this news and began to move towards their benefactor. Lumen, however, had lost interest upon seeing the true form of the figure they had been searching for. While the rest of the party approached the figure, Lumen's gaze and his mind began to wander.

Lumen suddenly became aware of a sound like stone scraping against stone. He had heard it when they had first entered the throne room, but he had thought nothing of it. However, something about it seemed to stand out in a way he couldn't quite put his finger on. It was rhythmic in a way. It wasn't mechanical or anything like that, but it was a sound with a purpose, with intent. Lumen focused on the sound and suddenly an epiphany struck him. This is a language! These are words! It wasn't a language he spoke per se, but it was close enough to his native tongue that he could approximate the meaning.

Lumen's wings buzzed. Lightning sparked and crackled around him. The winds howled. Speaking with the voice of the elements Lumen began to repeat the earthen sounds he heard.

Release... me...

Lumen's gasped. His eyes darted around the room until his gaze fell upon the hourglass hovering above the figure's head. The sands in the hourglass swirled and thrashed as if someone had managed to bottle the raw fury of a sandstorm! The sand was smashing ineffectively against the sides of the glass in a desperate bid for escape.

Lumen clenched his eyes shut and broadcast his thoughts to the rest of the party, "It's a trick!"

"Yeah, no shit," The party's paladin said and quickly took a swipe at the figure.

"What!?" The figure hissed as it was sent reeling from the impact of the paladin's longsword.

"I sensed you the moment I entered this place, demon," the paladin said menacingly as he raised his sword for another strike.

The figure let loose a low, deep, threatening growl in reply. His features seemed to melt off his body revealing a tiger-like figure with murder in its eyes. The tiger-like entity rose a massive claw and prepared to rake across the paladin's chest, but before it could a massive blast of lightning came careening from behind the paladin and crashed into the fiend's chest... and ineffectively passed clean through.

The paladin deflected the tiger's attack and glanced back over his shoulder to his party. "It's a

rakshasa. Your spells won't do anything to it," He explained.

Lumen gritted his teeth in frustration. He was used to being too tiny to effect things physically, but not being able to use magic either? It had been a while since Lumen had felt so powerless. So... tiny. As the battle raged on in front of him, all he could do was float there with his fists clenched and silently seethe.

The battle raged. Blows were traded. The paladin and cleric were steadily getting worn down as was the rakshasa, but things weren't looking great for the good guys. Without their designated damage dealer, the party was locked into a protracted battle and were running out of tricks. Lumen's eyes darted around the arena for anything that might help, but there was nothing. Just four walls, a floor, a ceiling... and an hourglass.

Release... me... The voice came again.

Lumen put his hands together. He stuck out his two pointer fingers. He took a deep breath to steady his mind and his aim. All the while, crackling energy pooled at his fingertips.

The rakshasa looked up after landing a particularly savage blow and sneered at the fairy, "You should know by now your magic can't hurt me," it gloated.

Lumen locked eyes with the demon and smirked. The demon's eyes went wide as the

realization struck. Lumen shifted his aim upward and released.

Lumen had been cooking that spell for much longer than he was used to. The kickback from the blast sent him careening backwards. Lumen struggled to pull himself out of a tailspin as a massive burst of raw thunderous energy crackled through the air. The burst collided with the hourglass causing the structure to shudder and vibrate.

The room went eerily silent aside from the electrical thrum that now coursed through the hourglass. Both factions stopped their brawl and stared expectantly at the device. For a moment, it looked like Lumen's gambit had failed, but then a small crack formed... and another... and another. Soon the cracks spiderwebbed throughout the surface of the hourglass, and then another massive *BOOM* rocked the chamber.

The rakshasa, realizing his captive was released and *pissed*, quickly turned and darted for the exit, but before he could make it, a tidal wave of sand rolled over him and slammed him against the wall leaving him buried under a giant mound of sand.

The sand steadily coalesced into a shape... two shapes, in fact. As the rakshasa came into view, it was clear that his hands and legs were bound and his mouth was gagged, and next to the rakshasa another figure came into view. The short, round figure had unmistakably dark, stony skin.

“Oof. Ten thousand years, can give you *such* a crick in the neck,” the dao said as he cracked his neck.

“Wait. *You’re* the dao!?” The cleric yelped.

“You don’t really... look like your statues...”
The paladin added.

“Hm? Oh, those? Yeah. My followers do tend to romanticize things in the art they give me,” he said with a shrug.

Lumen eyed the squat figure. The dao was charming in his own way. His round face had a large, warm, inviting smile, but that wasn’t what really caught Lumen’s attention. There was one area in which the sculptor’s *didn’t* exaggerate. The dao’s package rested solidly on the ground. His enormous nuts looked like a set of stone colored bean bag chairs set out in front of the figure, and his fat cock draped heavily over them. His impressive schlong was so long that the head of it rested on the floor in front of his nuts.

The dao glanced at the adventuring party and stroked his chin, “Well. I suppose you’re yet another group after money and wishes, huh? Good thing you saw through this fella’s tricks. The last several squads had their souls sucked clean out of them by this little rascal.” The dao then took off one of his sandals and began slapping the rakshasa over the head with it. “Bad! Kitty!” He shouted as he swatted the demon.

The party was left dumbstruck at the surreal scene that played out in front of them, but after a few

audible swats, the dao turned back to the party and stroked his chin once more. “Well... I hate to leave a debt unpaid, but this fella has been sapping my mojo for the past several centuries. It’ll take me a while to get back up to snuff. Still. If it’s just money you’re after, I may have something shiny to give you.”

The rest of the party was quick to jump on the offer of money and shiny trinkets. They were quick to surround the dao and begin discussing what monetary rewards he was willing to offer, but Lumen hung back. Lumen wasn’t immune to the lure of cold, hard cash. He had been around long enough to know that a few coins could make his day-to-day life much easier, but there was something else weighing on his mind.

Try as he might, Lumen couldn’t take his eyes off of the enormous package that the earth djinn had splayed out in front of him. The thrill of combat had distracted Lumen from his libido for a bit, but now that the battle was over, Lumen was no longer immune to the siren’s call of enormous cocks. Add onto that, the fact that the dao – and his enormous, fat, fleshy cock – were openly on display for Lumen’s wandering eyes.

Dick statues were fun and all, but there was no denying that the real thing was way better. The way that the dao’s fat cock shifted when he moved. The way his colossal nuts lolled from side to side whenever he would adjust himself. The soft, supple flesh of his enormous sack. At Lumen’s size, he could get lost in the creases and folds of the dao’s gigantic sack, and part of him was excited to explore the dao’s massive

package. However, a thought niggled at the back of Lumen's brain.

Sure, a cock of that size was fun to look at and fun to play with? It would be a lot of fun to explore, but... what would it feel like to *have* a cock like that? The blood rushed to Lumen's modest member as the thought played out in his head. The blissful feeling of stiffy multiplied exponentially. Orgasms that would not just make his body shudder but his very soul quake.

Lumen's cock lurched excitedly. He trembled as if overcome with an intense fever, and in fact, had anyone looked at him, they probably would have thought he was suffering from some severe malady. His face was pale. His cheeks were flushed. Sweat dripped from his brow. His breaths came out shallow and ragged.

Lumen's gaze fixated once more on the dao's enormous cock. The slit of the behemoth was so huge that it could easily swallow Lumen's whole body, and as Lumen stared at it, he could feel himself being drawn to it like a moth to a flame. It seemed to be growing larger and larger before him as his vision tunneled until the dao's cock was all Lumen could see.

The shudder that wracked Lumen's body was so intense that he found himself falling backwards. His head was too hazy and his wings too weak to maintain his altitude. It took every ounce of willpower Lumen could muster just to shift his dive so that he skidded to a halt on a nearby surface instead of plummeting several feet to the hard stone floor below.

Lumen looked down at his new perch. The stone structure jutted out in front of him for what felt like miles. Even in his hormone addled haze – or perhaps *because* of his hormone addled haze – Lumen quickly realized where he was. He had landed on one of the several statues that lined the sides of the chamber. Lumen’s back rested against the crotch of the dao statue with the colossal cock of the statue jutting out from under his legs. In his dazed and horny state, it was easy to imagine that the rigid member that stretched out before him was his own.

Lumen covered his mouth to stifle his whimper, but even had he let out a loud moan, he was so tiny that it was unlikely anyone would hear him. The rest of the party was too busy discussing their rewards to care about him, anyway.

As Lumen shuddered and whined, his cock bucked and lurched. Thick spurts of cum gushed forth. Lumen couldn’t believe he had cum without even so much as touching his dick! Just the thought of having such a huge dick pushed him over the edge. Not only had he cum without stroking his dick, but this was the biggest and messiest climax of his life. Thick cum soaked through the cloth he wore around his hips and oozed down the sides of his thighs. The scent of his own thick, potent spunk flooded his nostrils and made him even more hot, bothered, and lightheaded.

Lumen slowly came down from the mind-numbing bliss that followed. He wasn’t sure how long he had been basking in the afterglow, but as he

steadily came to consciousness, he realized that the negotiations were over. The rest of the party were happily making their way back out of the palace, and the dao was strolling casually back to his throne.

Lumen shakily got back up to his feet and then, equally as shakily, took flight and floated awkwardly towards the dao. He floated forwards as if in a trance. The sane parts of Lumen's psyche shrieked at him to stop. What he was planning on asking was stupid. A powerful spellcaster owed him a favor – a spellcaster who could probably breach the veil between planes. A spellcaster who could probably easily find the location of Lumen's lost friends... and yet... only one thought drove Lumen forward.

Lumen was soon less than a foot away from the dao. As he hovered over the earth djinn's shoulder, Lumen balked when it came time to speak. The words refused to form. Lumen's mind was so frazzled that he couldn't even project his thoughts to the dao. All he could do was hover there awkwardly and hope that the figure took notice of him.

The dao stopped and stood as if waiting for something. Then, after a lengthy pause, he glanced up over his shoulder and smiled at the small fairy. His huge grin was so welcoming that it caught Lumen completely off guard.

"I thought there was another adventurer. I was surprised that you didn't join in the negotiations," the dao said.

“Well... money is a little... inconvenient...”

Lumen murmured awkwardly. He gestured towards his small body with the hand that wasn't covering the cum splotch on his loincloth.

The dao chuckled. He seemed to understand what Lumen was saying. At the fairy's size, coins were an encumbrance. However, the playful glint in the dao's eyes seemed to indicate that he knew there was something else that Lumen wanted.

The dao pressed his hands together. There was a brief sparkle between his palms, and when he opened his hands, there was a very small pouch resting in one of his open palms. The dao lobbed it over towards the fairy. Lumen instinctively caught it with both hands and instantly regretted it. The look on the dao's face made it clear that he had seen the mess on Lumen's crotch.

Fortunately, the dao didn't mention the mess. He merely nodded towards the small pouch. The pouch was only a little larger than Lumen's fist.

“That should make carrying currency a little easier. I slipped a few coins in there as thanks,” The dao said.

Lumen glanced down at the pouch and turned it over in his hands a few times. It didn't look large enough to hold a single coin let alone “a few” like the dao had said.

“Just reach in. It will adjust to the size of the coin you need. Granted, you can only add or remove a single coin at a time,” the dao explained.

Lumen reached in, and to his surprise, as soon as his hand entered, the pouch took on a larger, disc-like shape similar to a wrapped peppermint candy. Lumen effortlessly pulled out a single, shining platinum coin which, at the fairy’s small size, was the size of a serving tray!

“I thought that would make life easier for you, and we can both stop pretending like you were going to ask for money like the others. After all, it’s obvious that you’re not worried about being... *encumbered*,” the dao said with a chuckle.

Lumen froze like a deer in headlights. He stared skeptically down at the dao. What did he know? Could he read minds?

The dao laughed jovially in reply. “No. I can’t read minds... At least, not in the way you are thinking. You just have a very expressive face, and a very intense gaze. Not to mention some... other telltale signs,” the dao said.

The dao waved a hand. A small cloud of sparkles flew from his hand and came to a rest on Lumen’s loincloth. The dried, crusty splotch quickly vanished, leaving his clothes completely clean.

“Now then, why not tell me what you really wish for?” the dao said.

Lumen's cheeks were burning beet red. He couldn't believe he was actually considering asking for this. He took a deep breath and steadied his nerves, and then nodded towards the dao's enormous, exposed cock and balls and blurted out, "is there any way I can get one... you know, like that?"

Lumen was taken aback by how forcefully his wish came out. He thought he would have a little more tact than that.

The dao, however, was not put off at all. "There are potions that can grant you additional size for a limited period of time," he said. He then reached up and playfully flicked one of the tiny vials hanging from Lumen's hips. "And it looks like you have some experience brewing potions. I'd gladly give you the recipes."

"Oh. Ok..." Lumen replied. He tried not to let it show, but he was feeling a bit put off by the dao's response.

The dao was now grinning from ear to ear and had a mischievous glint in his eye. "Yes, there are plenty of ways to give yourself a temporary boost... however, you strike me as someone who is looking for something a bit more... permanent."