



# *Fairy Tail*

A Snuggler HeatSheet by

*Courtney Bee*



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*Also by Courtney Bee*

*Mina*

"Fairies are trouble," a man once mumbled to Adam in a pub. "They're little teases is what they are. I just came from the Orionne forest—know where that is?"

Adam lifted his head from his mug and smiled politely. "I've heard of it."

"Me and Belinda—that's this lovely lady here—" He paused and motioned to the portly swine grunting softly at his feet. "We were just there, see. Most folks won't come within ten miles of the forest on account of the dragons, but the place is bursting with truffles, so me and Belinda go in there all the time. Well, boy, you wouldn't believe it. I'm packing up the last of the truffles when I feel a little flutter against my arm. I look down and this gorgeous little strumpet of a fairy is floating right in front of me. Before I know what's what she smiles at me and starts to peel off the flimsy gown she's wearing. She lets loose a giggle that sounds like tiny bells and starts to do a little dance, winking at me and running her hands all over her body. I just stood there with my mouth flapping open—I didn't want to do anything to scare her off and end the peep show! So just as she starts to slip her hand between her thighs I hear this scuffle over by my cart, and when I look over—you won't believe this—a whole swarm of fairies is ransacking it! I started screaming and ran over to stop 'em, but they were already flying away with my truffles, my coin purse—everything! Little bastards robbed me! As I start letting loose with all kinds of curses, the tart that had distracted me flies right up to my face, smiles at me, and whispers, 'In your dreams, old man.' Wretched, wretched creatures!"

Adam set his mug on the bar. "I've never come across a fairy."

"Oh, she was beautiful!" said the man. "Long hair that looked just like glistening snow, eyes like amethyst, and skin that glowed like sunshine. Thief or not, I would have given ten years of my life to taste those lips. If you catch one they have to grant you a wish, you know. I think mine would have been for her to bend over and take it in the ass. Little minx."

\* \* \* \*

Years went by and Adam never gave much thought to the man's words. As time passed he occasionally heard tales of a flirtatious fairy queen that appeared before weary travelers, diverting their attention with

her writhing body while her comrades stole his valuables.

It was only when the mining company Adam labored for asked him to deliver a shipment of ore via the Orionne forest that he found himself wondering if he would encounter one of the creatures.

"Keep your wits about you," one of the miners warned him. "There's tricksters in those woods."

But Adam wasn't worried. He had the foresight to guard his cargo well, and no mischievous tart with wings—no matter how luscious in body—would cause him to let down his guard.

He left on a crisp winter morning with two strong oxen and a cart the size of a small house. The ground gleamed white with a light layer of snow. The woods glistened with the hint of frost, the dense vegetation illuminated by the early sunlight. Though little crystals of snow fell from the misty sky, the air was warm and energizing. As Adam took in the serene beauty of the woods, he thought it a shame that peasants avoided the area like the plague, scared off by the foreboding creatures said to dwell within its borders. The forest was rumored to be rampant with dragons, but Adam had never feared the beasts. When he was sixteen one of the snarling creatures had attacked his parents' farm, and he was forced to grab a pitchfork and hurl it into the monster's chest, killing it instantly.

He came upon a bubbling ravine and guided the oxen toward the water. As the beasts drank heartily Adam hopped down from the cart, stretching his stiff limbs. As he surveyed the clearing he suddenly felt a strange sensation, as if he were being watched. When he heard the soft beating of wings he lifted his head and found himself staring into an electric pair of amethyst eyes.

She was no larger than a butterfly, her petite curves swathed in a filmy beige garment that hugged her breasts and brushed enticingly against her thighs. Her pale hair cascaded down her shoulders in glossy ripples, blowing softly in the breeze caused by her own flapping wings. Adam knew who she was well before her hands skimmed her high breasts, licking her lips as her eyes penetrated his.

Adam's head whipped toward the cart to find a band of fairies grunting in a perturbed chorus as they struggled to lift the heavy chunks of mineral from the cart. None of them were succeeding.

When Adam returned his attention to the bright-eyed beauty hovering in front of his face her eyes narrowed instantly.

In a voice like crystal she said, "We don't need your lousy rocks."

Then to the others, "Disband!"

She stared at him contemptuously as Alex heard the other fairies retreat to the density of the forest.

"Leaving so soon?" Adam grinned. "What—no saucy dance? No gyrating hips? Why don't you stay a while and I'll make those pretty little lips form a nice big O?"

She flew forward abruptly and pressed her hand to his nose. "You probably screw like a doormouse."

As she turned to fly away and leave Adam gaping, a piercing screech ripped through the air. There was a rush of wind. A brown blur. A flash of talons. Adam watched in shock as a horned falcon snatched the fairy in its clawed feet. The cry that sprang from her lips shook Adam to the core. He leaped forward as the falcon whisked her several yards away to a fallen tree, struggling to hold onto his thrashing prey. Adam sprinted toward the log as fast as he could. He felt a surge of hope when he saw the terrified fairy squirm from the bird's claws, but her dress snared on one of the sharp talons, and now she raised her hands to defend herself from the snapping beak.

He had a rifle tucked in the backseat of his cart, but by the time he ran to grab the gun it would be too late. Adam impulsively grabbed a jagged branch from the ground. With an angry cry he brought it crashing down upon the bird. The creature shrieked and flapped its wings violently but refused to abandon its victim. The fairy's head spun in Adam's direction, looking up at him with frantic, pleading eyes. He saw the falcon's pointed beak open wide and he shouted as the bird dipped its head to devour the helpless girl. Adam rushed forward, grabbing the massive beast by the neck, and hurled the falcon with all his might. The sharp talons grazed Adam's cheek as the bird catapulted into the air, then quickly plummeted toward a tree. The falcon hit the trunk with a loud smack, then quickly, dizzily flew toward the safety of the horizon.

Adam let out a victorious cry. A stinging pain seared across his cheek and he lifted his hand to feel the raised welts where the bird had scratched him. He heard the soft panting—so faint it sounded like a distant heartbeat—and his eyes lowered to the shaken creature cowering on the log. Without thinking his hand shot forward, his fingers wrapping around the fairy's tiny body and drawing her to him. A furious cry thundered from her lips.

"It appears I've caught myself a fairy," he grinned. "I do believe you know what this means."

Her eyes narrowed.

Adam brought her close to his face, examining the delicate features. He was shocked by the depth of her beauty as he took in her cherubic cheeks, her electric amethyst eyes, the full lips with a delectable heart-shaped bow. Her cheeks flushed such an innocent shade of pink that it was hard to believe she was the same vixenish creature that had tried to taunt him only minutes before.

"Congratulations," she hissed. "You'll now receive an undeserved reward for grabbing a girl while she was down."

He raised an eyebrow. "I did just save your life."

"Hmph." She glared.

"Why don't you stop spewing venom from those lips and put them to better use?"

She rolled her eyes. Her tiny body squirmed against the flesh of his palm and Adam felt himself growing hard as the tiny tips of her breasts brushed against his hand. Just as he was about to tell her the full details of his wish, a low rumble echoed through the forest. Adam felt his chest fill with dread when he heard the bold, heavy footsteps approaching. The earth trembled beneath his feet. Trees bent and snapped like toothpicks as the beast plowed through the forest. After a moment of chaotic confusion, Adam watched in horror as a dragon the size of an elephant lumbered toward them.

The beast had deep, plum scales and eyes that gleamed a piercing yellow. Adam could see the pointed teeth peeking out from the leathery lips and his eyes widened. The dragon came to halt twenty feet from where they stood, staring at Adam with apprehension, then fixating on the fairy.

"Oh, no," Adam murmured.

The dragon's eyes darted back to Adam and this time he released an angry bellow.

Adam's gaze flew to the fairy. "How the hell did you manage to live so long in this forest?"

She started to speak but instead released a surprised squeal as Adam turned and ran. The dragon snarled and charged after them.

"It's okay," Adam cried. "I won't let it hurt you!"

"You don't understand!"

He felt her unhinging his fingers and suddenly she was flying from his hand. He turned, panicking when he saw her zipping toward the dragon.



"What are you doing?" he yelled. "That thing will kill—"

Adam's jaw fell open when the dragon stopped, sat back on his haunches, and made low clucks as the fairy hovered before him.

She looked over her shoulder at Adam and smiled. "It's alright! It's just Damon!"

"D—Damon?"

There was a burst of light and suddenly she was the size of a mortal woman, her great wings dipping through the air like oars as she drew closer to the dragon.

"He's my friend," she said. "He thought you meant to hurt me."

Adam shook his head, dumbfounded. "That fearsome beast is your *friend*?"

She nodded, flying over to the dragon's head to scratch his cheek.

"Dragons are by nature quite unfriendly, I assure you," she said.

"They detest fairies—some actually gobble them up! But Damon and I struck a bargain, didn't we, sweetness?"

She tickled the beast's chin with her fingers and he let out a stream of delighted chirps.

Adam stepped closer, watching the scene with confusion. "Oh? And what sort of bargain does one make with a dragon?"

"Well," she smiled. "He protects me, and in exchange I..."

She grinned wickedly. Adam couldn't believe it when she exposed her breasts. Suddenly she was rubbing her nipples against the dragon's smooth scales as her wings propelled her body up and down. The beast sighed dreamily when she floated up to his mouth and allowed one hard, flushed nipple to glide slowly across his lips. Her eyes locked on Adam as the dragon nuzzled her breasts, the warmth of his breath moistening the skin until it glistened. When she finally pulled away a disappointed look washed over the beast's face.

"No, no, Damon," she said. "That's all you get. I have a guest."

The dragon narrowed his yellow eyes on Adam, then released a low grumble.

"It's alright," she murmured to the beast. "Later tonight I'll do that dance you love so much."

The dragon's face brightened.

"Now back into the woods you go. Go on—go find a unicorn to eat. That's it—good boy, Damon!"

The dragon lumbered away, leaving deep craters in the snow with his clomping feet. Adam found himself at a loss for words. From the

corner of his eye he saw the oxen, their eyes bulging, looking as if they were about to have a heart attack. When he raised his eyes to the fairy he was shocked to find that she'd vanished.

"Hey!" Adam cried. "I caught you—you owe me a wish!"

He opened his mouth wide, preparing to release a steady stream of curses.

Suddenly there was an explosion of light that blinded him momentarily and caused him to cry out in confusion. When he opened his eyes she stood before him, the size of a mortal woman. Her long, snowy hair rippled in the late afternoon breeze. The sheer silver wings framed the voluptuous body whose breathtaking curves were veiled only by her short, thin wisp of a garment.

She flashed a wry smile. "Shall I assume your wish involves the absence of my dress?"

"Do most of your captors choose differently?"

"No."

"Then I won't break the pattern," he said.

Now it was she who studied him. Her eyes combed the tawny, ruffled hair that gripped his sweat-slick forehead. She took in the dark eyes and the hard jaw softened by his warm smile. His body was strong—a laborer's body—and the outline of his muscles was visible beneath his tunic.

"It's a good thing you're pleasing to the eye," she whispered. "Or I'd really be cross."

Adam held his breath as she stepped closer. "I..."

He grabbed her wrist like a hungry dog terrified of having his bone stolen.

She laughed. "Relax—I'm not going to fly away! I can't even if I wished to. See?"

She turned her body as if to flee, but a swirling light quickly surrounded her, spinning her body around so that she was forced to face him.

"I cannot leave until the heat of your orgasm fills my body," she said. "You have caught me, sir, and your pleasure is now my obligation. I higher power ordains it."

Adam's mind reeled with the possibilities. His eyes fell to her pillowy lips and he felt the compulsion to dig his fingers into her shoulders and pull her to him, to kiss her so hard that she cried out from the force of it. She seemed to sense the voracity of his thoughts because a

slight tremble flickered through her body.

"Your dress—remove it."

She dutifully slipped the silken sleeves from her shoulders, letting the dress slink to the ground. A hot rush of air poured from Adam's lips. The paleness of her body was made even more striking by the subtle glow that emanated from her flesh, as if there were a candle burning inside her. The nipples flushed an inviting shade of pink, and he felt his lips parting at the thought of taking one in his mouth.

Adam started to speak, but the only sound that fell from his mouth was a low groan. She smiled and took a slow step forward, pressing her face close until her lips lightly brushed his. The sweetness of her breath seized his nostrils and suddenly he couldn't bear it.

"Kiss me," he ordered.

Their lips collided and her tongue traveled like fire into the deep recesses of his mouth. In a frenzy he tore the tunic from his body and fumbled to remove his pants. She let him gulp down the honey that dripped from her tongue while his hands flew to her back, pulling her body close until he felt the soft tips of her breasts brushing against his chest.

He wanted to drown in that kiss, but his senses caused him to pull back, and he studied her face. He immediately noticed that her faint pink cheeks were now blazing a crimson red.

"I—I'm not pleasing you?" she frowned.

Adam laughed and ran a hand through her satin hair. "Of course you are! I stopped you because I want to know your name."

Her eyes fluttered in surprise. "My name?"

Adam ran a finger down her collarbone until it dipped down to the soft swell of her breast. She shivered at the lightness of his touch.

"Adelle," she said.

He repeated the word with affection. "Adelle."

She mirrored his smile.

"So, you're the queen of the fairy thieves—the one that leaves men hard and quite a bit less wealthy."

She laughed nervously. Adam thought he saw a tinge of embarrassment in her face.

"I never...I didn't choose to be the one who—they elected me."

Adam's eyes drifted downward. "I can see why." His arms circled his hips. "Well, Adelle, your body is quite the heavenly concoction, but I think it's time for you to show me why men have risked their lives trying

to catch you."

Adelle nodded, her eyes impish. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her body firmly against him so that the delicate triangle between her legs brushed against the length of his hardness. He swallowed a moan.

She tilted his chin so that he stared at her grinning face.

"Watch this," she winked.

He jumped backward at the explosion of light. When he looked down Adelle had transformed back into her miniature size, looking up at him with sparkling eyes as she hovered in the air. He opened his mouth to question her but his voice froze in his throat when she flew forward, spun around, and began to flutter her wings against his cock. Adam's eyes slumped shut when she began to propel her tiny body up and down, the tips of her wings covering his shaft in airy kisses.

When he had become so hard that he neared the point of pain, he looked down to find Adelle wrapping her tiny legs around his cock. She smiled as she steadied her hands against the shaft. Adam gasped as she brought her head slowly forward, and looking up at him with playful eyes, began to flick her tongue against the tip. Jolts of ecstasy pulsed from the spot where her silken tongue licked his flesh. As he swallowed the image of Adelle's beautiful body gripping his cock, wings fluttering rapidly, her moist lips gliding over his skin, he knew it would be an image forever seared into his mind.

When she started to increase the pressure, swirling her tongue in hot little circles around the tip, he felt an ache that threatened to cut their liaison short. Gently he took Adelle in his hands and brought her to his face.

"Oh, you wicked, wicked thing."

She grinned.

"Now make that pretty little body human-size so I can make it quiver."

In a torrent of light Adelle was large again. Adam was delighted to find an eagerness shimmering in her eyes that rivaled his own.

"Well," he said. "I sure am glad I caught *you* instead of that one-armed leprechaun I saw hobbling near the road earlier."

She giggled.

He swept a rogue tendril from her forehead.

"How may I please you next?" Adelle whispered. "If you like, I could—"

A gasp escaped her throat but quickly deepened into a moan when Alex seized her breast with his lips, taking the hard nipple into his mouth. He sucked until he felt the flesh throbbing against his tongue.

When Adam looked up to find her lip trembling he drew her face to his, pressing his mouth against the lips that still burned warm from their last kiss. This time his hands curled around her ass and brought her hips to his. He smiled when she eagerly curved her legs around his torso.

Adam heard the soft whoosh of air and realized it was the sound of her wings flapping excitedly. He reached out and felt the smooth tip of her wing graze his hand.

Her ass hovered just above his cock, the rounded curve teasing the tip as she held him tightly. He thought he might go crazy if he didn't take her soon.

When he felt her wetness trickling down her thigh and onto his flesh, Adam clutched Adelle to his chest and laid her softly upon the snow-flecked grass. Her hair spilled wildly around her, blending into the white earth and making her appear like a goddess rising from the snow.

He parted the pale thighs and smiled at the little blossom of pink that glittered in the light. Adam lowered his head to kiss her lips, then swallowed her tremble as he entered her sharply. He felt the tremor from deep within her body, felt her wetness drowning his cock in its warmth. He groaned at the sheer pleasure of it.

"So," he smiled. "What was it you said earlier? Something about how I probably screw like a doormouse?"

She bit her lip.

He lowered his lips to her ear, tracing the outline with his tongue, and whispered, "That little comment begs to be proven wrong."

Adelle let out a cry that shook the snow from the treetops as he began to thrust. His hips slammed against her so hard that her body flew backwards and he had to grip her shoulders with his hands to steady her. He felt her pussy blooming, swelling, aching from deep inside, offering more and more moisture as he probed deeper. Adelle's legs circled his back, squeezing him closer until their bodies fused into one smooth, liquid motion.

Adam felt the stirring beneath her body, felt her wings start to gyrate. He saw the smile spread across her face, and then they were rising from the ground.

"What's going—"

"It's alright," Adelle murmured. "Don't let go."

He gripped her tightly when their bodies tilted upright, hovering in the air, propelled by some invisible force.

"You won't fall," she said, then with eager eyes, "Please don't stop. Please..."

She was right. Though their feet dangled, Adam felt a powerful current holding him up. He kissed her cheek and started thrusting again. Adelle tilted her head back, little purrs of ecstasy spilling from her lips.

Adam gasped as a strong breeze encircled them, spinning them like a top in a burst of iridescent light. They were at least twenty feet above the ground. The forest swirled around them in a dark blur. Adam felt a new wave of energy surging through his veins and he kissed her hard. He felt the tremor from deep within her throat, felt the orgasm rise to her lips. Her teeth found the curve of his shoulder and she bit his flesh. Hard. Adelle's body shook with the weight of her explosion. Her wings fluttered violently, beating so fast they became an iridescent blur. He rubbed his cock slowly, torturously against her throbbing walls until it twitched and spilled the lust she had created. He gripped her with equal force, and they clung to each other as they absorbed the shock of pleasure. Adam's eyes squinted shut as a burst of light engulfed them, throwing them back to the earth.

When Adam hit the ground the snow seared his warm flesh. He lay there for a long moment, gasping and shaking like a fish plucked from a stream.

When he lifted his head the bright light had vanished. So had Adelle.

Adam stood quickly, spinning his head in all directions. But Adelle was nowhere to be found, and the woods retained a quiet serenity, as if she had never existed.

"Adelle!" he called out.

Silence. He cried her name several times, but only a raven passing overhead acknowledged his presence, cawing at him as it swooped through the trees. The chill of evening gnawed at Adam's flesh and he stooped for his clothes. He glanced around him one last time, hoping she would fall from the sky or leap out from behind a tree and flash him the beguiling smile that had left him awestruck. But dusk was creeping through the forest and he had to leave before night fell. With a reluctant sigh he trudged toward his cart.

From the branch of a tall fir tree Adelle watched the cart lurch forward. She stared at Adam's face with affectionate eyes before the cart

vanished into the distance.

She smiled. "Sometimes it isn't so bad when they catch you."

\* \* \* \*

Furious flakes of snow descended on the earth, covering the oxen's footsteps as quickly as they made them. Adam's mind had gone sour ever since he had been forced to climb aboard the cart and leave the creature whose beauty had stolen his breath. He didn't know what he had expected—for her to return to town with him? *Marry* him? He didn't even get to properly say goodbye. He let out a snarl of frustration, berating himself for getting so worked up over a fairy. But her scent still lingered on his nostrils and he couldn't help thinking of the way her body bended for him, the way her legs had wrapped around his torso and pulled him deep inside with an insatiable urgency. He felt himself getting hard again just thinking about it.

It took him a moment to realize that the oxen had stopped. Adam lifted his eyes and frowned when he saw that their path had been completely smothered in snow. Before them loomed a layer of trees so thick that he realized they must have veered from the traveler's road quite some time ago. When he turned his head to glance behind them the landscape gave no indication that a road was anywhere near the spot where they stood now.

"Great," he mumbled. "If giant clawed birds and dragons are the dayshift, I can't wait to see what crawls out of caves to run around this place at night."

Adam laughed bitterly, but when his gaze returned to the front of the cart his senses immediately pricked with alarm. The oxen were standing stock-still, their eyes wide, the pupils quivering. He saw their haunches twitch as a piercing howl ripped through the forest. Wolves.

They appeared from the shadows and quickly circled the cart. There were at least ten of them—too much for one man to fight. Several wolves tore through the snow with jaws snapping and lunged toward the oxen with a wild hunger. Adam's hand bolted behind him, grappling for the rifle. He aimed the gun at one of the snarling creatures and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. Adam's eyes dropped to the rifle and he gave a sharp cry. The trigger was frozen, locked in place by a thick layer of ice. From behind him he heard a low growl. When he swung his head around he was staring into yellow eyes and curved teeth dripping with saliva. Adam winced as the wolf hunched its shoulders and prepared to lunge. As the beast came roaring toward him he closed his eyes,

shielding his body with his hands. He waited for the teeth to pierce his throat, the claws to tear at his body. But instead there was a pained yelp.

Adam's eyes flashed open to see the wolves running in chaotic circles, whipping their heads in all directions. The wolf that had targeted Adam was running to join his frightened brethren—and soon Adam saw why.

Adelle hovered above the cart, her diminutive form glowing fiercely. She raised her hand, pointed a finger at one of the wolves, and a streak of electricity shot from her fingertip and hit the creature's leg, eliciting an angry howl. Adam smiled as bright jolts of lightning flew from Adelle's finger in a powerful torrent, shocking the wolves until they retreated into the forest. When the last wolf had scampered away with his tail tucked between his legs Adelle looked down at Adam and grinned.

"You look like a damsel in distress if I ever saw one," she said.

In a flurry of light Adelle was sitting beside him on the cart, her smile radiant. Adam lunged forward to wrap his arms around her body. He pulled her into a tight embrace, glad to feel her soft body once more.

"I wanted to make sure you got out of the forest in one piece," she said. "That, and, well..."

He hugged her tighter. "When you simply vanished I—well, I was—"

"Heartbroken? Devastated? Beyond reason?"

"Someone has a high opinion of herself," he smirked. Then, with somber eyes, he said, "I didn't want you to go, Adelle. I wanted you to join me. You could come with me back to town and—"

"Whoa, whoa! Easy there, eager eyes!"

Adelle's smile was playful but there was a flicker of sadness in her amethyst eyes.

"I can't leave the forest," she said softly. "Even if I wished to. Fairies cannot go beyond the forest's borders—a higher power prevents us, keeping us within these woods whether we desire it or not. Fairies have dwelled here since the dawn of time and all of us eventually die here. It is the order of the world."

Adam placed a hand on her shoulder. "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

Flecks of snow clung to her hair and eyelashes and her skin shimmered jubilantly despite her forlorn expression.

"It was probably a little presumptuous of me to assume you'd just hop in my cart and return with me," he said.

"Perhaps. But not unfounded." She ran her fingers along his



shoulder. "Our encounter may have been a brief one, but there was magic in our union."

Adam kissed her cheek, glad her words echoed his feelings.

"It feels crazy to say this," she stammered. "But if I could leave this forest with you tonight I—I think I would."

He smiled and brought his lips to meet hers.

"But you know," she whispered. "I'd be quite open to receiving visits..."

Adam smiled and scooped her body in his arms, parting her lips with his tongue to taste the honey that had bewitched him. He felt her hands sliding his belt from his breeches and suddenly he recalled the way her wings had fluttered frantically with the fierceness of her orgasm. As his hand slipped between her thighs he decided, with a grin, to see whether he could make her fly straight to the clouds.

## *About the Author*

While not yet the Ernest Hemingway of erotic literature, naughty story ideas swarm Courtney Bee's mind faster than she can write them down, so expect to see more moaning maidens and femme fatale fairies in the near future. Courtney Bee is a current college student and covert erotica writer in Orange, California. When she finds herself zoning off during yet another lecture on the nuances of *Huckleberry Finn*, she can sometimes be seen scribbling down her latest tawdry escapade. She is currently working on an erotic science fiction novel. She has great sex. For more info on upcoming stories, books, and events, please visit [www.courtneybee.com](http://www.courtneybee.com).