

"Silly boy!" sang one fairy, giving it a long lick.

"Shouldn't stray!" cooed another, running over it with a feather that was, for her, enormous.

"Nice toy!" hissed a third, actively humping his dick for all she was worth.

"Fun to play!" they chorused at once, leaping into the air to zoom around his head.

Aaron whimpered and giggled, struggling uselessly in his restraints. His three guards had been taking advantage of their charge for close to an hour now, and his naked, throbbing dick was desperate, *thirsting* for the release they seemed to delight in denying him. It was bound in smooth silken cords, just like the rest of him, and his mouth was gagged with a sugary confectionery he dared not try to eat.

He hadn't thought twice about approaching the strange ring of mushrooms in the woods. Aaron happened to be an expert survivalist, and a few of the mushrooms, though unrecognizable to him, had looked inexplicably delicious. He had found himself wandering towards them, straying off the path in the process..

... and then ten of the mushrooms had transformed into giggling fairies, and he had found himself lost in a sea of shimmering lights.

He had tried to get away, of course, but those lights had captured his frail mind in seconds, and he'd been overwhelmed by the sensations of dozens of phantom tongues on his cock. His mind had been helpless to resist every suggestion they'd implanted in him.

Soon, he had collapsed, and they'd swarmed him, finishing him off in his wretched defeat with thousands of erotic thoughts and images and sensations. He had been reduced to a whimpering, quivering mess.

It had taken ten seconds and ten fairies.

Now he was trapped. He knew what the fairies wanted, of course—everyone knew the Unseelie Court what they did with the men and women they captured. They wanted to torment him, to force him to submit, to make him beg to give in. Everyone knew the old rhyme:

*Come to me once, you're no slave to our wants  
Come to me second, the Fairy Realm beckons  
Come to me thrice, you start feeling so nice  
And you sink in my arms and you melt into vice  
The Fairy Realm claims a new plaything tonight!*

But Aaron was not ready to surrender just yet. Even in his whimpering torment, he held out hope: The barmaid back at the town knew just where he'd gone. If he could just hold out long enough, perhaps someone would be sent out. Perhaps someone would spot the fairy ring and guess what had happened. Perhaps, even, they would be able to... to...

He cried out into the sweetmeat gag, bucking helplessly as the fairies flew back down and resumed their cruel teasing of his (comparatively) massive cock. There was no hope. Soon, he would be begging to submit to them. Begging to cum his life away.

His only chance was that they might get bold enough to loosen his bonds. If only he could get free, he knew he could find the way out. It was a longshot, but Aaron had escaped from similar binds before.

Never naked and with a throbbing, ticklish erection, mind. Never surrounded by tiny, gorgeous women determined to tease him to the brink of orgasm.

“Poor boy,” squealed a fairy in his ear as she loudly masturbated, filling his ear with the sounds of her slick, wet pleasure. “Poor silly human!”

“He needs to be *bathed* in need,” hissed the fairy in his other ear. “We’ll make him edge from here to next Saturday! Let’s get that hand free!”

It was all Aaron could do to avoid showing his sudden relief. So the fairies were getting drunk on their dominance, just as they so often did in the tales. They thought he was further along in the brainwashing than he really was. He had a chance!

The cords binding him were impossibly tight and impossibly detailed, almost like a webbing. They ran smooth as silk over his legs, his arms, and even around his penis. He was truly, flawlessly trussed. But for all their art, they could not control their own mindless urges.

He squirmed as the redheaded fairy flitted down and, giggling, started to loosen his bonds. She worked slow. Tortuously slow.

He blinked rapidly. As excited as he was, it was getting harder to keep his task in mind as the fairies in each of his ears began to whisper an endless mantra, each loudly stroking herself in time with her words. He shook and writhed, breathing heavily.

“Want to edge,” cooed the blonde.

“Feels so nice,” squeaked the brunette.

“Want to edge.”

“Feels so nice.”

The redhead slowly worked at the cords binding his hand, humming happily to herself. His heart was pounding with urgency. But he felt a growing need growing in him with every whisper. A need to touch. A need to obey. A need to... to edge...

A rapid-fire flashing overtook his vision, and he squeezed his eyes shut a moment too late. Spots danced before his eyelids as a strange sound went off.

*Vriim.*

*Vriiim.*

*Vriiim!*

And just like that, their touches vanished. The lights faded. He opened his eyes, lights spinning before them. Spots flaring. It almost hurt a little bit “Ah?”

He felt tiny, tiny hands tickle his cheeks, and then the strange fruitcake simply... melted away. He could speak again. Aaron blinked a few times, trying to restore his sight.

“Are you okay?” whispered a squeaky voice in his ear.

He stared off into the darkness. “I.. think so?”

And she flew into his view. His savior was a fairy, like the others, though a big larger, maybe. She had a beehive hairdo, her hair a brilliant range of pastel greens, blues and pinks. Her wings beat behind her, bathing her in colors like a stained glass window. She wore a simple green dress, matching her eyes.

She giggled. “Ooh, hi, cute boy!” She clasped her hands behind her back, biting her lip. “Sorry, is it okay if I call you cute?”

He stared at her. “Um... sure?”

“Okay!” She brightened. “I hope it's okay that I stopped them. They're such jerks!”

“How... how did you s-stop them?” Aaron tried to squirm slightly to look around, but the ropes brushed against his cock as he did so, making it twitch.

He noticed her eyes darted downward for a moment, and she rubbed her wrists, as if distracted. “Uh... uhh?”

“What happened to the... the other fairies?”

“Oh!” She seemed to shake herself slightly before giving a proud grin. “I trapped them in this!”

And she whipped out a gigantic spiral lollipop from behind her back. That lollipop definitely hadn't been there a second ago. It was sized for human use—meaning a bit shorter than her—and the spiral seemed to glow with a strange scarlet power. She ran a finger over it, then licked the finger and giggled. “I made it myself! It has all sorts of yummy herbs and stuff in it.” She glanced over at him, eyelashes fluttering. “Wanna taste?”

“Um...” Aaron's mouth was watering. “Maybe later.” Wait, weren't you not supposed to refuse fairies things? He swallowed. “I mean.. if you want me to... want it...”

But she only giggled. “You're so sweet! Humans are *always* so sweet.” She flew up and planted a little feathery series of kisses on his nose. “But you want what you want, cute boy!”

“M-my name is Aaro—”

Aaron was silenced by the lollipop at his lips.

“Shh! Don't tell me your name.” Her eyes were wide. “The Fairy Queen might hear!”

"The..." Aaron kept his voice low. "The Fairy Queen? She's who trapped me here?"

"Yeah!" The little creature looked about urgently, wringing her hands around the handle of the lollipop. "So we gotta get you outta here, pronto! She'll be here *super* soon, and if she makes you cum three times..." She shook her head ruefully, though from her flushed cheeks, Aaron could tell she was more than a little turned on by the thought. She kept glancing downward to his pathetically bound manhood and biting her lip.

"So... you're gonna help me get free?" Aaron knew he was basically repeating what she was saying, but she kept waving around the spiral, and he was getting equal-parts confused and panicked by the suggestions she was making. Besides, he wanted to keep her on-task.

"If she makes you cum three times," she squeaked, "you'll be *hers* for good, trapped in this world forever! And that'd be super sad, 'cause you wanna be free, right?"

"Y... yes. I know the... the stories." The lollipop spun around. "Can you not, um... Miss..."

The lollipop stopped. She beamed at him. "Mab."

"Miss Mab..." He ignored her giggling, "... please don't spin that quite so much. And... thank you."

He tried to keep the tremble out of his voice.

Mab nodded dutifully and flew down, landing right atop his erect member. He tried not to twitch too much, but he couldn't control his manhood, and his manhood was very excited to see such a beautiful woman standing atop it—even in miniature. And so it grew even harder, and twitched, right on cue. Mab cooed over it, dropping to her knees and running her hands over it with wide eyes. "Gosh," she whispered, voice trembling just a little, "you sure are... big."

"Mab," he whispered, biting his lip to control his arousal and need, "please..."

Mab giggled and crawled along the cock, lollipop swung over her shoulder like a lumberjack's axe, until she came to the cords that bound it. She tested the netting, giving a squeaky little grunt as she felt how taut they were. "You're super hard," she complained. "Naughty boy!"

"I—I couldn't—"

Mab sighed, adjusting herself so she was basically straddling his shaft. "Getting so hard," she cooed at his cock. "You naughty, greedy thing!"

"M-Mab, it's not my—"

Mab looked up, as if she'd forgotten Aaron himself was there. Then she laughed, flying up and fixing him with a bright smile. "Silly boy," she cooed, "you hafta stay *quiet*, or more guards'll come!" She twirled the lollipop in her hands. "Bad enough that you let yourself get so big an' hard."

"But I—" Aaron was cut off as Mab slipped the lollipop right into his mouth. "Mm!" he protested.

"There! Good boy!" Mab fluttered back down. She winked. "*That* should keep your voice down while I

get to work on you."

And so, helpless to do anything else, Aaron sucked at the lollipop and watched as Mab started the process of searching for an entrance point to get beneath the cords. Evidently, she wanted leverage. She sighed, running a hand over the rope by his head. "Is this uncomfortable?" she asked. "I mean, having these ropes on your... manhood? They seem awfully tight."

"Mm," he moaned, nodding. The lollipop tasted good, at least. A strange mix of strawberry and ginger, and incredibly sweet.

"I'll help you out of them, first, then!" she announced. She started running her hands over the rock, humming happily to herself.

"Mm?" Aaron swallowed, staring down at her. He wasn't sure how this was going to help. He longed to spit out the lollipop to advise her, as she seemed to be getting a bit distracted by her own obsession, but doing that could have dangerous consequences—first, it would hit the floor, and potentially loudly. Second, especially if it shattered, Mab might be upset with him. Fairies could be temperamental creatures.

"Boy, you really..." Mab groaned as she struggled to fit her legs beneath. She was basically lying belly-first now, arms and legs wrapped around his girth. "... really like makin' it *hard* on me, huh?"

His cock twitched at the mere question. She giggled. "Almost feel like I should be asking *you* that," she cooed, giving his glans a fond, delicate stroke. It predictably twitched again. "Ooh! He's got *lots* to say."

She wriggled a little around it, causing Aaron to gasp. "Ugh! I'm getting all *sweaty* from this."

Aaron bit his lip, looking away. He was actually getting dangerously aroused as she wiggled and rubbed over his cock, trying in vain to shimmy beneath the ropes. Her touches might be incidental, but they felt *so good* on his aching cock, and a part of him longed for more.

"I think," he heard Mab say, her voice breathy as her belly slipped beneath the ropes, leaving her large breasts, "we're gonna need to get a bit slippery!"

"Mm?"

"Hush, now, boy!" Mab said, giggling. "Your boy is talking! Does he want he to get him free?" As she spoke, the smooth sole of her foot ran over his glans. His cock shuddered, and she beamed. "Okay, okay, I will!"

This was bad. Mab seemed almost hypnotized by his cock—her foot continued to play with his cock's most sensitive region as her body began to tremble, as she started to whisper some sort of chant under her breath. To Aaron's horror, he felt the little fairy start to get... slippery. She let out a long sigh as her slick body ran with agonizing slowness over his manhood, inadvertently building his pleasure, his need.

He bucked a little, involuntarily, and struggled with all his might not to look, knowing he'd cum for sure if he did.

She was lubing him up. She was gyrating and wriggling all over his cock, and she was so oily, and her foot kept spiraling on his cock head...

"Mm..." he moaned, trying to signal Mab to check on him, to take the lollipop out, to *stop rubbing quite so sensuously*. But Mab wasn't listening anymore. She was busy moaning, and groaning, and gasping, as she slid herself up his cock.

He felt cords fraying, and heard snapping sounds. Whatever she was doing to untie him, it was working. But he couldn't take much more of this.

"So hard," Mab squeaked, and she sounded positively exhausted. She moaned and whimpered as she continued to shimmy, up and down, up and down. "So tight... I c-can't believe you could *take it, boy...* feeling so *good...*"

He tried to speak around the lollipop, but all that came out was garbled nonsense. He started to actively struggle as her legs began to run around his cock's sides in slow, lazy spirals. She only weakly giggled, apparently not realizing the source of his distress. "T-ticklish, huh? Oh, jeez—nn!"

She moaned as she ran over his cock, letting out little groans and grunts and gasps in her struggles to free him. He knew it was from the exertion, but it sounded *so much* like something else...

"Come on," he heard her panting. "Come on, come on, *come on, come on, come-on-come-on-come-come-come—just—just—break already!*" And with one last, loud moan, she contorted and gyrated her whole body around his cock, and the cords snapped.

And so did he.

With a loud moan, he came. Cum shot out of his cock as brilliant pink pleasure engulfed his mind. His cock pulsed and twitched, and Mab let out a startled squeak as she latched onto it for dear life. The lube caused her to slide back and forth as the cock spasmed, and he could only cry out around the lollipop from the erotic sensation.

He couldn't care about the Fairy Realm right now. Pure, humiliating bliss overwhelmed his worries, and for a moment, all he could think about was what he was looking at: The squealing, glistening form of beautiful Mab clinging to his manhood.

He was left gasping, as was she, when the orgasm finally subsided. There was a long pause.

"Wow," Mab whispered. "You really... um... gosh, you really..."

"Mm..." he whimpered.

And then Mab laughed.

"Oh my gosh!" she squealed, flying up and beaming at him. "You—I can't believe you—" She seized her belly as she was seized with squealing, shrieking, uncontrollable laughter. She doubled over, slipping down onto his leg, and rolled around in delight. "You—what a big, dumb *stud!* You seriously came just from me untying your cock! I mean, how easy can you *get?*"

His eyes were wide. She was being very loud, and he only prayed she'd calm down soon.

After a few seconds, she did calm down, fly back up, and pull the lollipop out of his mouth. "Was it worth it?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with smug glee. She spun the lollipop behind her back. "You've only got two more! If you cum twice more for no good reason, without the Fairy Queen even *being* here..." She rolled her eyes. "Gosh, you'll just be, like, *anyone's* sex toy!"

She gave the lollipop a long, slow lick. "But I dunno." She winked. "Is that what you want?"

He was still panting. "I... I didn't mean to... to..."

"To? To? To cum your brains out?" The squeals of laughter she gave were positively bratty. "What else will you cum for? Will you cum if I show you my tits?"

"Wh... what?"

"My tits." She chuckled. "You keep looking at 'em, sweetie. I bet you wish you were small enough to enjoy 'em, huh?"

"I..." He bit his lip. He didn't think he'd been staring at her breasts, but she was so small, it was hard not to *notice* them... "M-Mab, I'm sorry I—"

"I'm not the one you should apologize to! *You're* the one willingly enslaving himself! Do you *wanna* be the Unseelie's slave forever?" She arched an eyebrow.

"N-no! Of course not!"

She smirked. "Then you should be able to hold it *in*. Did you, like, deliberately get captured earlier? Is this buyer's remorse?"

"*What?*"

"You keep looking at my breasts," she said, eyelashes fluttering. "Do you have a fairy fetish?" her gossamer wings flashed with pastel hues.

"I..." He swallowed. *I do now, maybe.* "L-look, please just—"

"Please what?" She flew from side to side, frowning at him. "You're already begging me for something?" She licked the lollipop. It was a long, erotic lick.

"I... no, I just wanna..." Aaron struggled to collect himself. "I just wanna..."

"Wanna stare into the lollipop's pretty, pretty spiral?"

There was a short pause.

"There's a good boy," she whispered, spinning the lollipop. "If I'm gonna untie you, I think I better make sure you won't start masturbating the second I free you, okay?"

"I... I won't—"

"Yes, you will," she cooed, her wings fluttering. The spiraling lollipop seemed to be moving before his eyes. "You're so dumb and horny! *Desperate to cum*. But if you cum again, you'll be in big, *big* trouble! So let me hypnotize you so you can't touch it."

"I..." Aaron bit his lip. He stared at the lollipop, lost in thought. "You're..." he began, before forgetting what he'd been worried about. Mab wouldn't let him free unless he did what she said. What was the matter? He wouldn't get anywhere if he couldn't learn to be a little bit obedient.

"Boy, you're easy," Mab cooed, and the lollipop's spiral seemed to reverse, driving his mind into full reverse with it—tangling him up in all sorts of knots in the process. It was like trying to drive a mule cart backwards. His eyelids fluttered. "I mean, geez, you basically can't help but go deeper. And deeper." Her eyes sparkled. Her wings glimmered with soft pastel lights. "And *deeper*."

Aaron half-struggled. He wasn't sure if he should. The uncertainty confused him, made his brain tie itself in knots. And the more knotted and tangled his thoughts became, the easier it seemed to be to just... to just sink into that spiral, and let Mab tell him what to do.

"Wow," he dimly heard Mab breathe, and she sounded so strangely distant... "Are you already giving in?"

"Can't..." he moaned, his voice weak and throaty. Hadn't she told him to give in? Why would he resist? Was he supposed to resist?

"Heehee!" Mab twirled the lollipop, scattering the spiral. His mind rallied for a second, then settled on the true object he was spellbound by: Beautiful Mab herself. The colors shimmered around her, cast through her diaphanous wings. Her brilliant green eyes filled his very being with embarrassing thoughts, thoughts of submission, of how good submission felt. "Usually when I see the other fairies hypnotizing humans, the humans fight at least a *little* bit! No wonder they caught you!"

Aaron wanted to protest, but Mab's wings were beating so fast, he couldn't concentrate on what he was about to say. He knew he needed to let her hypnotize him, but... he wanted to be clear. "I'm not..." he whispered, struggling for the words, "...not my faultmmMMM!!!"

Mab had popped the lollipop right back into his mouth. She clasped her hands behind her back, flitting from left to right as she inspected him. "Quiet, silly," she said, rolling her eyes. "Didn't I say I needed to hypnotize you? Talking distracts you from my smooth voice, my soft, soft voice."

She fluttered back and forth, a wide, slightly patronizing smile on her face. "And *this* good boy clearly can't get enough of my pretty lights," she cooed. "So let's talk about them. Aren't they sparkly? Don't they just dazzle you?"

"Mm..." The lollipop's strawberry-and-ginger flavor was actually pretty tasty. Mab was so pretty.

"That's right." Mab sighed. "Geez, you're already basically under. You can't even look away from my tits! *Soooo* easy."

Aaron hadn't even realized he was staring at her tits until she told him he was, but now he couldn't seem to look away. He licked his lips. Mab's breasts were large for her minute size, almost the size of her head. They jiggled with clear weight as she flew about.

"I saw that!" she cooed, flying closer. She reached up and played with one of her nipples, watching his cock with delight. "You're getting so horny. And so hard! Geez. You could practically cum just by looking at me, I bet."

"Nn..." Aaron shifted slightly. Mab had seen just how bad his arousal was getting. He was somehow already back up and ready for more. And that was a bad thing to be. A bad idea. A bad... a bad thing. No matter how needy he was getting.

"Oh, come on!" Mab let out high-pitched peals of laughter that echoed throughout the small room. Aaron wanted to shift, wanted to beg her to be quiet, but all he could do was suck and listen and look. "How are you getting *harder*? I'm not even touching you! Is just staring at my sexy curves enough to break you, boy?" She jiggled her breasts together again, giggling. "'Cause if you can't even resist *this*, you'll never make it away from this place! If you're getting horny now, *gosh*, you must be so, so eager to submit."

"Mm." Aaron's eyes were locked on her jiggling breasts now, as colors suffused his vision. His cock twitched every time she touched them. Her sultry tone wasn't helping.

"First you cum from a fairy just untying you," Mab whispered, her whole body swaying back and forth, like reed plants bobbing against the breeze. "Now you're practically cumming from just watching me. But you can't touch yourself, can you?"

She flew down and started to mess with the ropes binding his hands. He stared down at her, following her as she settled on his hand and looked up at him. "You can't even think about it," she moaned. "'cause that's cheating. You're gonna keep your hand away, cause you know you can't handle that. Your cock is so ready, just a single touch would have you cumming, right?" Her eyelashes fluttered.

"Mm..."

She slowly undid the knots on his right hand, eyes locked on his. "Your hands might be free," she whispered, "but you're not gonna be able to tell the difference, are you? You're too brainless and horny right now. And so, so sleepy."

As she flew over to untie his left hand, Aaron found that he couldn't quite move his right. He couldn't see any ropes on it, but something... stopped him. His mind just couldn't seem to quite connect the will to move to the actual motions. His eyes trailed after Mab, eying her pert ass as she bent down over his ropes.

"I know you're staring at me," she sang, giggling. "Silly boy. You really shouldn't. You're so horny, just staring at me is too much." She spun around, flying back up to him. "You're just so horny," she said, rolling her eyes, "I bet you couldn't last a single kiss without cumming. You're just rising to the edge looking at me, aren't you? *So close*."

Her voice was so soft, and so smooth, so husky and dripping-wet with suggestion. She practically moaned each word, just pouring the ideas into his increasingly weakening mind.

"Mm!" Aaron wanted to beg her for mercy, to show he yielded. Because he really *couldn't* take it. Mab's cruel games were actually getting dangerously close to bringing him over the edge, but he was powerless to warn her.

"Oh, yeah?" Mab seemed to take his moan as a denial. She cupped each of her breasts in her hands, gently jiggling them together. "Wanna prove it?"

"Mm!" He weakly shook his head as his cock started to throb. Mab flew closer, head cocked, using her hands to make her breasts swing and bounce in a rhythm that was almost hypnotic. "Mm! *Mmm!*"

Mab considered him a moment, apparently uncertain. She licked her lips. For a moment, Aaron thought she was really about to make him cum just for the sake of her twisted entertainment.

But the moment passed, and Mab sighed and shrugged. His heart flooded with gratitude and relief. "Oh, fine." She started to fly backwards. "Let's get you all untied and out of here before you *cum your brains out like the big, horny stud you are.*"

And as the fey said this second half, she let go of her breasts and left them fall back down.

It was like they fell in slowmotion, gradually falling and bouncing. At the same time, the colors unfortunately seemed to flare—or maybe he just thought they did, because of how turned on he was.

He tried to block the reflex at seeing this, but he was too relaxed, too thoroughly tranced.

And he came.

Aaron cried out in tormented bliss, the lollipop slipping from his lips. He couldn't help it. His whole head buzzed in utter pleasure as he came, ropy streaks of cum shooting out. One nearly hit Mab head-on. For a moment, orgasm and afterglow suffused him. He had to bite his lip to keep from screaming. No orgasm had ever felt quite so wonderful to him.

Then the terror truly set in, and this was for for two reasons. First, he was now only one orgasm from the curse taking effect. And who knew what he and Mab would run into on the way out?

Second, a chorus of giggles reached his ears as three familiar fairies zoomed up from where the lollipop had hit the floor, illuminated by their own soft lights. The last one up was the redhead, who now held the lollipop with a sly grin.

Still dazed from Mab's hypnosis, Aaron looked nervously up at Mab.

The bubbly savior was gone. So was the bratty girl who'd teased him. The Mab that smiled back at him had become sly and sultry. She arched one eyebrow. "Oops," she said, her red lips forming a perfect 'o', "did *I* do that?"

"He wanted it," hissed the redhead, tossing Mab the lollipop. The three fairies massed around the cock.

"He *loved* it," sang another fairy, as she began to slowly kiss and lick Aaron's cock head. Her mouth was small, but her touches expert. And combined with the other two, the effect quickly became

overwhelming—ticklish wet little touches that drove him mad with desire.

"Mm." Mab flew up to Aaron, beaming ear to ear. "Well, he sure *did*. Was it worth it?" She flew a bit closer, pursing her lips. "I hope it was worth becoming a vacant vessel. You came twice, sweet boy..." She raised the lollipop to her lips. "And I think you're gonna come again."

She gave the lollipop a slow, sensuous lick.

Aaron couldn't help but moan, loudly, as he felt a long phantom tongue run over his length. Her lollipop had become some sort of... *conduit*, and her lick felt *amazing*. It was like a human tongue.

It was too much. This, added to the tiny touches, was excruciating. He struggled to hold on, panting and whimpering.

"Aw." She smirked. "Are we trying to resist *now*?" She planted a fond kiss on the lollipop. Aaron shook as he felt a pair of lush lips kissing right on the head of his cock, wet, adoring. "A little late, my good boy!"

"Mab," he whispered, "p-please..."

"Oh, come on." Mab rolled her eyes. "Count yourself lucky, Aaron! It could be worse." She wagged her eyebrows as she licked again. "Or *better*."

Aaron trembled as the fairies below formed a cluster around his cock, gyrating their whole bodies around his tingling cock. They were rapidly building him back up.

"Ooh, I know what you're wondering. How could it be even better?" Mab pouted, thinking hard as she licked and kissed. "Mm... *what if* you'd cum to the Fairy Queen, and not some lowly servant?"

Aaron started panting. Mab's licks and kisses were expert and directed, just as the fairies' touches were sloppy and hungry.

"Look on the bright side," Mab cooed. "The Fairy Queen can be so, so *greedy*. Sometimes she just takes pets and locks them in rooms just so nobody else *ever* gets to... mm... play with them." She licked and kissed, then momentarily straddled the lollipop and ran it over her wet slit. Aaron moaned louder as the sensations built and built, stacked onto the growing need to *submit*, to *obey*, to *cum*.

"And then," Mab whispered, and she was starting to pant, too, "sometimes she just *uses* her pets for a little while, and then... discards them. Just gives them away as *toys*."

Her colors flashed brighter, and Aaron almost came right then. He was barely holding on, panting and wheezing as the pleasure overwhelmed his every thought. "If you'd cum to *her*... gee, you'd be her little horny plaything for all time! At least if you're just a toy for *all* the fairies, you'll be cumming *all the time*!" She fluttered her eyelashes. "They *love* playing with humans. You'll never be lonely again!"

Aaron writhed and moaned as she started to lick the lollipop faster. These attentions were torturous. Was he really doomed to this forever? Would he have to hold out forever? It sounded like hell. He felt his resistance slipping as he imagined being these fairies' toy for the rest of his days...

No! He had to hold on. His hands were free, if only he could shake off the suggestions. He struggled against the compulsion. Had to move his hand. Had to move it. Had to...

"There's only one problem," Mab cooed, her eyelashes batting as she flew closer. She gave the lollipop a long, long lick that made Aaron almost scream, the phantom tongue lapping wetly at his cock head. He let out a hoarse, wretched moan with the sheer effort of containing his orgasm. And he knew Mab could see how hard he was struggling.

"You see..." Mab said, giggling, "*I'm* the Fairy Queen, sweetie."

Aaron barely understood her words. He was whimpering, whining, his every thought focused on resisting, on holding back his climax, on moving his hand—moving his hand—

Queen Mab smirked. "Girls, get off him."

The fairies below fell away instantly. Aaron groaned, half-in relief, half in disappointment as his cock was left barren.

"You're pretty stubborn," Queen Mab observed, her eyes sparkling with mystical power. She smiled down at his hand, which, Aaron realized, had made it all the way to his waist. "I love the stubborn ones."

So there was hope. Aaron could resist. Aaron took a deep breath, rallying all his willpower—

"Aaron, my good boy," Mab said sweetly, "why don't you finish yourself off for Mistress?"

And Aaron's fingers wrapped around his cock. He stared at Queen Mab in horror, understanding slowly setting in. He tried to mouth the words to beg for mercy, but he could no longer remember them. He could only manage three now. "Yes, my Queen."

Queen Mab smiled triumphantly. She began to stroke herself, her eyes narrowing to a pleased squint. "Mm... go on, good boy. Cum for me. Cum it all away."

"You're going to be a very, *very* good boy now."