

Every Time a Fairy Gets Laid

by Ryan W. Bradley

Once, when I fucked Tinkerbell, thirty glowing lights sprang to life in the dark static air of the by-the-hour motel room. They were new fairies I'd brought to life with each thrust. "I feel like someone's watching," I said, unsure I could continue, but Tink said, "I think the lights are romantic." So, I put my hand back over her mouth and kept going.

We'd met over whiskey, by which I mean we were both piss-drunk, and one of us had stumbled into the wrong bathroom. She was out for a night on the town, and I was, well, out as always. Of course I'd seen her in all the magazines and late night talk-shows. She was wearing the same green number she always did. Only I found out they were actually different. On this particular night, she slurred in my ear that it was a gift from Armani himself.

"You can always tell the Armanis," she said, her whetted lips holding my attention, "because he always makes the bust line extra low. That man likes my breasts." She drew a line with her finger, taking my eyes along for the ride. I swear the glitter of her skin is natural.

If she had been anybody else - any other fairy, sprite, elf-queen, witch, or spirit - I'd have been a gentleman and called her a cab. Made sure she got home safe. But this was the one and only Tinkerbell, and there was no way I could pass up getting her in the sack.

Like all my friends, I had seen her sex tape on the internet. Had watched it over and over, her raccoon eyes peering into the camera knowingly. You could practically hear her purring.

But it wasn't like the countless fantasies I'd had. I'd mostly been stuck screwing trolls, and feeling Tink's nearly weightless body soak me in, well, I'd say it was magical. But that doesn't do it justice.

For the most part I was trying my best to make things last. And also, to keep a level head. I knew it was a fluke and there was no reason to start letting myself think she would give me her private number.

More than likely she'd sprinkle some of that infamous platinum fairy dust on me, send me packing.

Then the thing with the fairies happened. I'd heard the saying that every time a fairy got laid more were born, but I'd always chalked it up to myth. I'd never heard a concrete story about someone experiencing it, only boastful displays and dirty jokes.

"This happen every time?" I asked and Tink looked up at me with those doe-eyes.

"You think you were something special?"

I shook my head and kept my rhythm. I was on the verge of finishing and she was arching her back, her breasts sitting atop the green Armani bodice like double airbags waiting for my post-coital collapse.

"It ever get annoying?" I asked, realizing if rumors were true she was responsible for nations-worth of fairies.

Her breath was hot and smelled of alcohol with a tinge of breath mint. "This is the happiest place on Earth," she said, tightening her legs against my waist, taking in every last moment.

