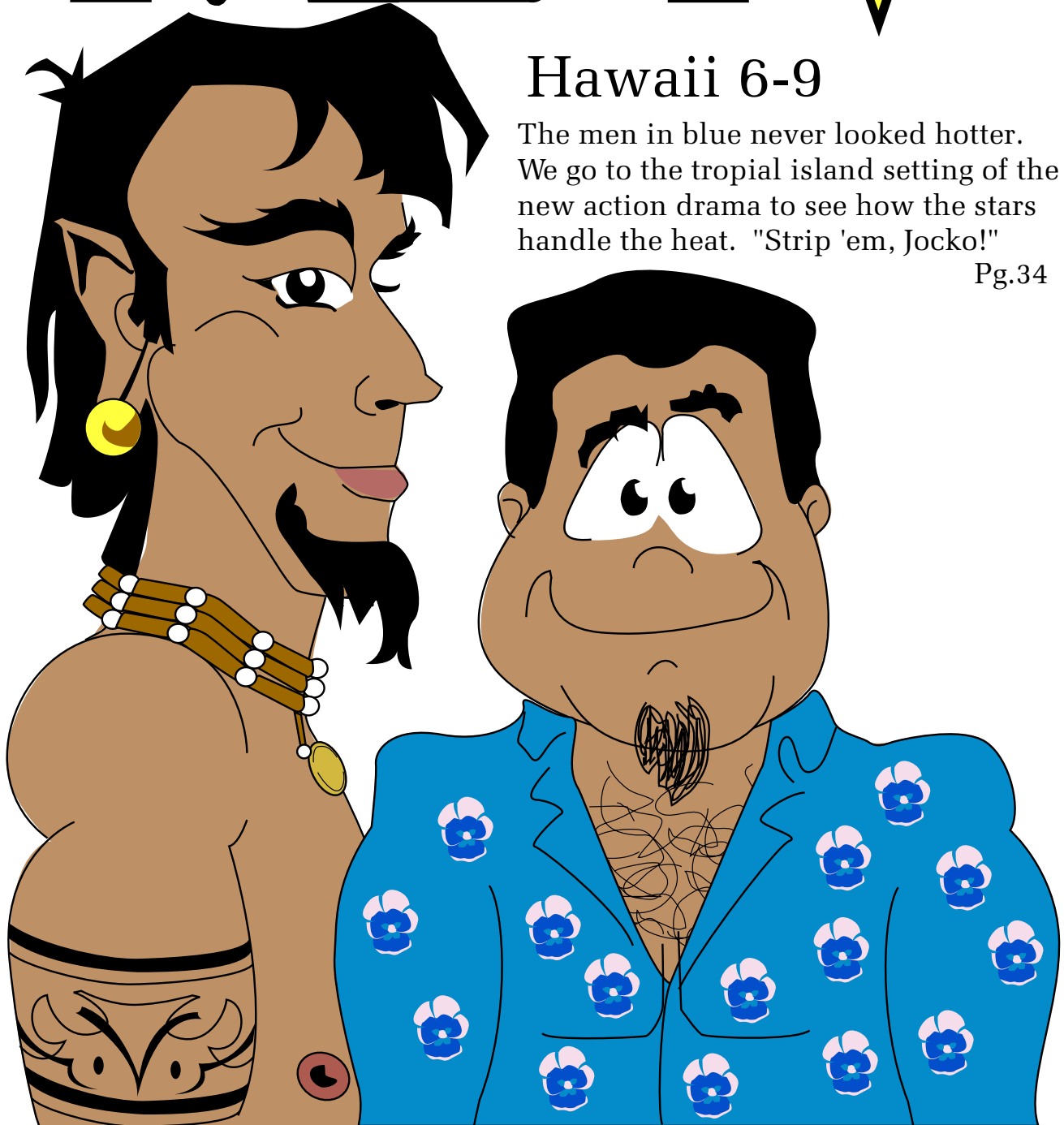


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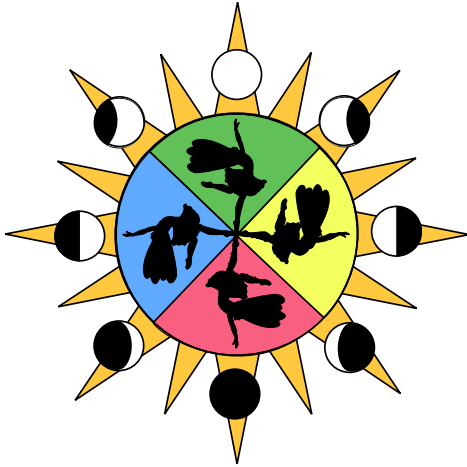
Hawaii 6-9

The men in blue never looked hotter. We go to the tropical island setting of the new action drama to see how the stars handle the heat. "Strip 'em, Jocko!"

Pg.34



Airy Faerie



Litha 2010

The Airy Faerie is a publication of the Denver Radical Faerie Tribe.

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Back issues can be found at:
www.radfae.org/arts#airyfaerie

Publisher's Notes

Aloha! Faeries and welcome to the Litha issue of the Denver faeries' Airy Faerie!

OH MY GOD WE MADE IT! Yes believe it or not, the Litha issue is now finished and in your hands to enjoy! We thank you for your patience as we dealt with the challenges that life threw our way.

Summer is here with its long, hot sweaty days. The call to get out and enjoy it is heard by everyone. Some just choose to stay inside and sit naked in front of the AC. My faerie muse went on a tropical vacation and brought back the idea for the cover as well as several of the fauns he caught on his little holiday to the tropical Faerie Baths. My muse was not the only one inspiring creative juices to flow. This issue is fully packed with everything you have come to expect from an Airy Faerie; poems, artwork and stories. Of course you should also expect that the writings and artwork contain adult gay sexual situations. The standard warning still applies. Please be careful if you read the Airy Faerie at work or on a public computer and with whom you share the Airy Faerie with. Not everyone enjoys gay male inspired art. We do not want anyone getting into trouble over our little fae zine. Remember, you can go to the web site www.radfae.org to find the back issues of the Airy Faerie in their art section. While you are there, check out their other stuff too. It is an awesome site!

While my muse took his summer vacation, two of our friends from Boston came out for a visit. Hermes Polyandros and his partner, Ursus, stayed with Phoenix and I for a full week. We spent the time with them playing tourist in our own home town. We visited the Garden of the Gods, Manitou Springs, the Molly Brown House (home to Margaret Brown of the Titanic fame and only known as "Molly" on stage and screen, not to her friends), the Kirkland Museum, the Colorado Railroad Museum and Dinosaur Ridge. It was a lot of fun exploring Colorado's past. Our guests even got to enjoy Denver's Pride celebration. This year the fashion trend at Pride seemed to be fashion underwear, and nothing else. I am not complaining. I just hope those boys wore a lot of sun screen!

Some of you may recognize Hermes as one of our contributors to the AF. Once again his inspiration helps fill the pages. Raven Bear Paws also shares his inspiration with us. The Story Game continues with a chapter I was inspired to write as well as the second part of my wolf tale. Phoenix continues the 4F Tarot, and Orpheus continues his inspired tale of our magical Prince Apollo.

We hope the summer sun gets your creative juices flowing and you let your muse inspired you. Even if the inspiration is just the creative dream you have while resting on a long summer vacation! Enjoy! Just remember the sun screen!

Naked Hugs,
 DragonSwan

Undying Stars

By Hermes Polyandros

Look for me not here among you,
 Look for me among the undying stars.
 For I have left behind the dust and tears,
 For I have left behind the bluster and fears,
 For I have left behind the rust and jeers,
 Left behind what you see,
 For that which I was,
 Was not what I be.
 From stardust I was born,
 In Mortal form,
 And to that stardust I returned,
 But my life filled with flows and ebbs.
 But now dwell I among the undying stars,
 There circling and looking down to see you.
 So look not for me
 Beside the sea.
 Look not for me,
 For from my body
 I am free;
 Look up, Look up,
 And there you will see
 Me, among the undying stars.



An Open Soul for the Closed Mind

By Raven Bear Paws

My soul is open
 Interpret the words written across my heart
 "The words"
 Indifference
 Caring
 Loving
 Homosexual

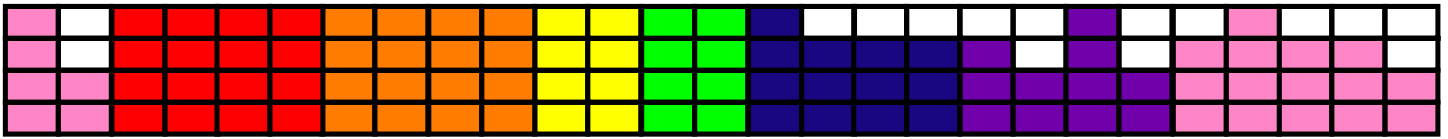
The words are there
 All you have to do is read them
 I lay my book before you
 But you refuse to look

Your mind snaps shut hard like a bear trap
 Its steel teeth ripping the flesh of my hand
 Your words come in silent screams
 "Your words"
 Sick
 Diseased
 Liar
 Queer

The edges of my soul burn like paper
 The embers take flight
 Flying away into the night
 My soul shrinks
 But my words do not change
 "My words"
 Indifference
 Caring
 Loving
 Homosexual

The words grow bolder on the pages
 Again I place my book before you
 I ask you not to judge it by its covers
 But what lay between them
 My words are just a part of me
 There inside is so much to be read

You push my book away in silent disgust
 I close it placing it back in my chest
 My words unchanged
 I am just an open soul for the closed mind.



The 4-F Tarot: Working Out

by Phoenix

As DragonSwan said earlier, thank you for your patience as we ended up skipping another issue. As many of you will know from our communications, we have had a bit of health crisis with my eighty-six year old mother. She spent most of Ostara to Beltane in both a medical and rehabilitation hospital. She spent most of Beltane to Litha at home recovering. We thank all of our friends for the healing energies that have been sent this direction. We are happy to say that she is nearly back up to full strength and only has one more major hurdle to go in order to doing everything she had been doing before her accidents. That is driving. Her doctor's office has a driving test for seniors which monitors reaction times and such in order to help evaluate the senior's ability to safely operate their vehicle. It is nice to have an objective test to help in the process and certainly takes the burden off of the children for having to try to take that freedom away from aging parents.

For the Airy Faerie, this means there has been a sharp reduction in free time for sitting at the computer creating the stories and art that fill the pages. As time and energy permitted, we worked on things until we could finally put everything together. That also applies to the deck, which of course is supposed to be the focus of this particular page.

If you look at the Tarot Meter at the top of the page, you can quickly see how close we are to completing Phase 1 of the initial designs. There are only 15 out of the 108 cards left to be created. Once done, we move to Phase 2 of refining the images. When we get to that stage, you will likely see us dropping the actual Airy Faerie issues down to 4 for the year so we can focus on the deck itself. Since some of the refining of images is easier than actually creating the first draft of the card, we have filled in some of our

limited free time with Phase 2 images such as the God of Water shown on this page. Since we did the original version of this card, we have presented a few other cards which are based in the ocean. Some of the changes that you can see in the before and after version of the card have been made so that the cards all look like they might be the same ocean. That is then another of the fun challenges of Phase 2 - taking 108 cards which have been created one at a time and make them look like a set instead of 108 individual images. I am really looking forward to that stage since that will mean we are getting very close to completing the deck.

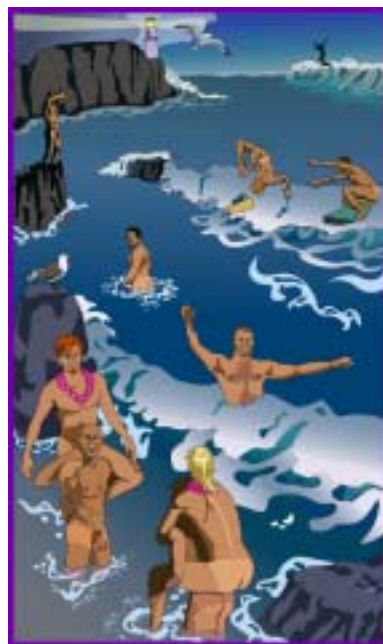
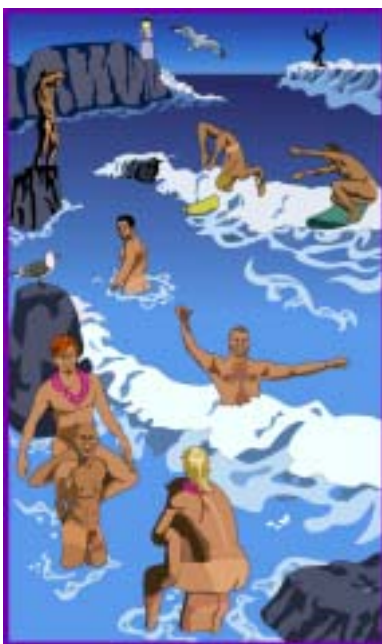
On to the new card which is shown on the next page. This is a good example of why we have only had one new card in the past few issues instead of the four or five we did early in the process. We have always known that we wanted a card to be set in the gym. It has that wonderful energy about working on something and putting the effort in to improving one's self. It also gives us the opportunity to feature a muscle bear which is a goodness all in its own right.

Ah, but how do we pose the characters? Each pose will result in different energies. The original concept card had someone doing a handstand on the rings which made him look much like the Hanged Man. Indeed, some of the energy within the gym is about asking the question of what are you willing to sacrifice to achieve your goal? We thought about the scene in *Jeffrey*, where Jeffrey meets Steve for the first time. The image of someone doing a bench press staring up at a hunk's crotch certainly presents some interesting energy. We thought about the circus strongman holding up the girl. Or the carnival gents with their massive hammers (just image what fun we would have had coming up with the different marks before the bell). We even thought about the various Cirque performers doing their balancing acts. As you can tell, we kept drifting away from the basic gym. Once we returned to the core concept, the card started to come alive.

As a card for a reading, take time to think about what is going on in the minds of each of these characters. What do you think is going through the mind of our young man who is working out? Is he there to better himself or is he just hopping to get a body that might be worthy of attracting one of the muscle bears that he lusts after? Is he aware that one of those bears wants him just as he is? What is our young man seeing in the mirror? Is he so focused on his body that he doesn't know someone is watching?

And what about our muscle bear? How is he going to react if one of his friends, or even his lover, comes up and taps him on his shoulder? Or the young man himself turns around and catches his admirer staring at him?

When viewing this card in a reading, put yourself in the minds of each of these gents and see how you feel about the situation. Also, visualize yourself as walking in on the scene and see how that changes your interpretation.





Quest for the Crystal Phoenix

Chapter 39: The Sealed Room

by Orpheus

The first thing Apollo noticed as he stepped through his portal was how brightly the flickering reds and oranges of the flames in the trees shone even through the torrents of rain that poured down from the skies. As he absorbed the numbing sight of a forest in flames, the water phoenix zoomed passed him. Unlike its flight over the burnt areas caused by the prince's magic that brought refreshing moisture, this time the flight turned the flames to an eerie blue-green glow.

"Wretched creatures!" shouted Holly. "How can I fight your fires if you keep changing them? What am I supposed to use to douse magic fire?"

Apollo gave the signal and several wolves, including Belkaro, began to hunt for signs of the Dark Queen. The wolves were all former pack mates to Belkaro and were eager for adventure when they learned the outcast was going places of which they had only dreamed. The fact that the current destination was the birth place of their god was too much for them to resist. Apollo agreed to let them come if they were willing to accept Belkaro as their subleader in his pack. They quickly agreed and Apollo gave them Belladonna's scent to hunt for when they arrived in Fransancisco. Everyone believed that if the phoenix was indeed doing her bidding, then surely she would want to be somewhere near to witness the destruction of the faeries' city.

In their wake, the Hilda Guard fanned out and drew their bows and waited for the opportunity to shoot any one of the phoenixes. Foiling her efforts to get a clear shot were the hundreds of faeries who were in the air trying to herd the creatures away from the forest. Even with her skill with the bow, the flock of faeries was too thick for her to risk a shot without being absolutely sure of her target.

Manin laughed. "It almost looks like a giant game of tag."

Apollo watched for a moment and had to agree. Three of the phoenixes had large groups following them. The fourth flew through one of the groups scattering them and luring them to follow that phoenix. The one freed from their herders soared toward the trees and the flames changed to match the taunting bird's energy. All the while, the intensity of the flames never diminished despite the downpour that Holly had called to battle the flames.

"Look out!" shouted Patrick.

The prince ducked just as the air phoenix led its followers right

between Manin and himself. He managed to drop fast enough but Manin wasn't so lucky. Three of the trailing faeries smacked right into him and knocked him to the ground. Manin struggled to get his feet under him but the mud caused by Holly's rain was slippery. When he did manage to get a foot under him, it sunk half way to the top of his boot. When Apollo tried to help him, he lost his balance and was likewise sucked into the mud. After a bit of struggling, the two were coated in mud but had managed to get to their feet.

"Very entertaining, children but if I wanted to watch mud wrestling I would have hired some professionals," said Holly trying to stifle her laughter. "Now, that the show is over, are you going to help? Or is my faith in your grasp of the magic available to you misplaced?"

Apollo ducked again as one of the phoenix soared by, grabbing Holly's umbrella in its talons as it passed. "Wretched bird!" she shouted as she summoned another. "See what we have had to deal with all these years?"

The prince ignored the queen's rants and started to focus on the problem. As he stood and watched the fire something didn't seem right but it also felt familiar at the same time. This puzzled him. "What am I missing?" he said out loud while scratching his head.

"I'm missing the scent of wood burning," said Adam. "The last time I was on fire duty the air was thick with smoke. I don't know if it is the rain or

being magic fire, but I almost miss that scent of wood burning."

"That's awful, Adam," said Holly.

"I agree," said Apollo.

"I'm glad. So talk some sense into your father after we get the fire under control."

"I'm sorry," offered the prince, "but I was agreeing with Father. As he spoke I realized that was what had been puzzling me. How can there be so much fire and no heat and no smoke?" He turned his thoughts to the forest and sent out an energy thread to see what was happening. At his touch, the canopy turned a solid red and a shape began to appear. As it became larger, a shriek grew from the crowd.

"The Phoenix Omen! We're doomed!"

Indeed, the shape was that of the phoenix that the trees revealed so long ago when he had been at a drum frenzy in this very spot. Apollo knew it well for it matched the mark that the Sun God had



emblazoned on his arm.

"Stop your rain!" he shouted over the cries.

"But the fire is still raging," protested Holly.

"The trees aren't burning and they told me that their roots are about to drown. If you don't stop, you will lose the forest."

"But the fires..."

"...aren't real," interrupted Apollo. "There's no heat. There's no smoke. And the trees are doing what they have always done." He paused as the quartet of phoenix flew overhead and color of the trees split into four zones – red, blue, green and yellow – with the black phoenix symbol in the center. The four dove into the black zone and disappeared.

"Good riddance," said Holly.

"Aunt Holly, the rain, please," said the prince.

"Certainly," she said absently as she stared at the trees. With a gesture the rain stopped and the clouds quickly dissipated. The rays of the setting sun could be seen. A final flare as the sun disappeared reached across the sky and the forest changed from four zones of color to rainbow stripes.

Everyone gasped.

"The Rainbow Forest is alive!" began the shouts which quickly turned into a chant celebrating the return of the forest after its dark years.

Once the faeries who had been chasing the phoenixes landed, they quickly got covered in the mud that had plagued Apollo earlier. Only Apollo's hastily erected shield made of air prevent the splashes of mud from turning Queen Holly and others from changing from observers into participants of the antics of the faeries who turned the opportunity into a giant mud wrestling match. It was almost seemed as if by magic when the drums started. Apollo laughed when he realized where he was so it probably was magic. Holly confirmed that most of the major drummers used a variation of Princess Myrtle's Higitus Figitus spell to keep their drums near them at all times. When it had become obvious that the occasion was turning into a Frenzy, Apollo dismissed his guards so they could participate in the festivities. When they protested that they needed to protect him, Hilda Swordfern assured them that her sisters would be there to guard the Royals. After they left, Holly sent several faeries to get her drum for her. Apollo was surprised to see the size of the drum that came back with them.

"Big Boomer?!" gasped Apollo.

"You know the name of my drum?" asked Holly in an astonished voice. "Did Johnny tell you about it?"

"No. I remember it in the hands of Raven Stormcrow. I don't think I could forget it."

"Do you want to play it?" she asked as she handed the oversized mallet towards him.

"Thank you, but maybe later if the offer still holds," he responded. "Right now, I just want to listen."

"But a frenzy isn't for listening," countered the queen as she tried to hand the mallet to him again.

"If he doesn't take you up on it, can I?" piped in Johnny. "You never let me play with the big drums."

"Maybe because you were too busy playing with the big drummers," she said while ruffling his hair. She looked at her grandson and handed him the mallet. "If you are able to portal then I think it is safe to assume you can handle Big Boomer's energy."

"Yippee!"

"Now be gentle. After all," she said, "This drum is over 800 years old. You wouldn't want to be the first faerie to cause its drumhead to crack." A glimmer of light faded in Johnny's eyes as he truly realized the honor being bestowed on him and the responsibility that came with it. "Have fun."

The light returned as Johnny felt the drum humming under his hand when he touched the wood. Apollo could see a drum induced haze start to form on his friend's face as he followed the massive drum to its place of honor on the heights.

"Are you alright?" asked Holly as she turned back towards the prince. "I would have thought you would have been eager to join the drummers."

"Ordinarily, I might," he said thoughtfully. "But this is your people's celebration and..."

"And what?" she asked with concern in her voice.

Apollo felt a hand on his shoulder. "I think I know," came the feminine voice from behind him. "There are memories here that he wasn't ready to face. Am I right?"

Without looking, he placed his hand on her hand. "Now that you mention it, Hilda Ironwood, you might be right, at least partially. He turned to face her. "I never really had a chance to say how sorry I was."

"It was my honor."

"What are you two talking about," asked Adam. "And how did you know who was behind you?"

"As to the last, King Adam, your son was the only person who has ever been able to tell my sisters and myself apart. Even blindfolded and in combat practice he knew which of us was attacking. As to the first, well, this is where I died."

"Died? But you are standing right here. Are you saying that a ghost has been tending to my son and demoralizing my guards in practice?"

"They weren't demoralized," protested Hilda. "I believe the word you used yesterday was 'invigorated.'"

"That was before I knew you were a ghost and had super natural powers."

"She's not a ghost, father," said Apollo. "She's..." Everyone stared at him while he searched for a way to complete his thought.

Hilda Ironwood disappeared and the larger version that was the familiar Hilda Harbell walked up. "Your majesty, I honestly don't know what I am anymore. I do know that since the adult version of your son returned from the past, it has been easier for me to separate my sisters from myself and for longer periods of time. We never understood what Queen Amaranth did when she created the Hilda Guard but it didn't matter. I loved my queen and would have done, and did, anything for her."

"Just as you love my son?" asked Adam. "I can see it in your eyes when you look at him. Especially the sister who was just standing here."

"Perhaps," she said thoughtfully. "As much as I have loved all of my charges during my years as Senior Efgee, none have touched my soul as deeply as your son. I always hoped that I would see the prince of my youth again, but never dared dream it might be possible, let alone be the child that had the misfortune of having an imp named Johnny Jump Up as his Efgee."

At the mention of his name, talking stopped as the sounds of Big Boomer started to fill the air and resonate through their bodies. "An imp he may be, Hilda," said Holly, "But I think BB just found

its new drummer. With all my descendents, I had given up thinking that one of them would respond to that drum's call. I can almost hear Father in that cadence."

"You may be right, my queen," said the elder faerie. "With the trees alive and drums full with the tones of Big Boomer echoing through us, it is just as I remember from my youth."

They listened as the drum energy grew. Talking would have been impossible with the insistence of the drums. Manin came rushing towards them and just as quickly pulled Apollo into the dancing crowd. As soon as they were away from the others, Manin turned around and kissed the prince with a passion that couldn't be denied. He was naked and his hard cock pressed against the fabric of Apollo's pants and energized the cock that was contained. In a swift motion, the prince's clothes came off and were quickly gathered by a faerie who had an arm load of discarded clothing. "These will be in the Great Hall when you are done," he said as he walked on collecting more clothes.

Free from clothes and free of cares, Apollo pulled Manin into his arms and returned the passion. He sent a thought to the mud caking his lover's body asking it to return to the ground. He was rewarded with the feel of flesh and not dried mud pressing against him. With flesh against flesh, hard cock pressed against hard cock, Apollo gave himself to the energy of the drums and channeled that into his lover. He felt the vibrations around him growing and the pounding from Big Boomer grew in intensity, almost drowning out the multitude of other drums. All drums had become one and that one was Big Boomer.

Apollo could feel his cum rising and grabbed Manin's cock.

"Quick, follow me." He raced towards Big Boomer and Johnny. Many others had gathered in front of the enormous drum but they parted when they saw who was approaching and let the prince get to the front. Johnny was lost in ecstasy and had little awareness of what was happening around him. He was one with his drum and that was his world at that moment. If the vibrations were intense across the Drum Heights, they were beyond that next to Big Boomer. Anything that had been holding back the building cum gave way with the next thunderous boom and Johnny was covered in fountains of cum from everyone around him.

With that release, all drumming stopped and the collective sound of everyone catching their breath filled the void created by the absence of the drums. Johnny woke from his trance and realized he was covered in his favorite fluid.

"What happened?"

"You happened," said the

queen as she carefully made her way around collapsed bodies. "I think you just found the way to get your daily gallon of cum."

"And I don't remember any of it," he said as he started to had the mallet to his grandmother.

"No, Big Boomer is yours, or more likely you are Big Boomer's"

"I think the Forest agrees," said Apollo, pointing at the trees. It had changed to a solid green background filled with small yellow and purple faced flowers. "That's its way of saying 'Thank you.'"

"Now clean up and come to my chambers," said Holly. "I'll have supper waiting and I know what you need."

"But I'm not hungry," protested the younger faerie. He gestured at the pools of cum on his chest. "Besides I have everything I need right here."

"You may think that now, but in about ten minutes the post frenzy munchies are going to set in and the bigger the drum, the more powerful the munchies get." She turned to the others and said, "Let me show you to your quarters so you can freshen up."

As the started walking with the queen, Manin hung back a moment. "What's wrong?" asked Apollo.

"I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me when I dragged you away from the others. I was enjoying the drumming and suddenly I felt the urge to have sex and I didn't want it to be with just anyone standing next to me. I wanted you."

Apollo kissed his lover. "You didn't see me protesting, did you?" Manin shook his head. "I'm glad you did. I felt the same thing but couldn't figure out how to get away. Apparently Father felt the same thing and I saw him grab Rondar and followed right behind us."

"But we had drumming at home and I never felt like that."



"That's the power of faerie drumming and Big Boomer in particular. When was the last time you were at a drum frenzy with a couple of hundred drums and even more naked bodies building energy around you?"

"Never. Not even when I was at Ladsrus Sanctuary. There may have been a couple of dozen drummers but nothing this intense."

"Then how do you know that this wasn't normal?" He held Manin close to him and felt cocks stirring. "And when we get alone, I'll show you what else you inspired."

"Are you two coming?" shouted Holly from up the path.

"Not yet," retorted the prince. "But will work on that once we recover from the drumming."

Even in the dim light and distance he could see Holly's eyes roll. "Incorrigible. You sound like Johnny."

Apollo grabbed Manin's hand and they ran to join the others. "Who do you think taught me everything about faeries? I was just never old enough to appreciate it."

When they arrived at the palace, they were surprised by the crowd gathered at the gates. As the faeries parted for the approaching queen and her friends, they discovered that part of crowd was due to Johnny's mother.

"You lot are too filthy to fly," said Princess Myrtle to a group of five mud caked faeries. "Off to the showers with you before you step foot inside." She waved them off and called for the next group to step forward. "You can still fly, so shrink and get to your showers." She waved for the next group before she realized who was approaching.

"Myrtle, what are you doing here?" asked Holly. "I thought you were supposed to be vacationing down in the Faerie Islands?" She hit her head with her hand. "Of course, you were. What was I thinking? What did you see?"

"I saw a major influx of visitors and you needing to be everywhere at once," said the drab faerie. Her normal brown gown blended in with the tones of mud that were coating everyone else. "I wish I knew what the occasion was, but you know my visions. They only tell me what I need to know."

"Anything more specific than that?"

"Not really. If my vision is correct, there is one more guest than we have rooms available."

"How can you tell that in your vision?" asked the queen, who was beginning to suspect that her daughter-in-law was not telling her everything and was deliberately holding back information.

"Why else would you be escorting one of your guests to...well...you know, *that* room."

"She makes it sound as if you have a haunted room in your palace," said Adam. "If so, it might be just the thing I need to get some gray hairs so that I look old enough to have this rascal as my son." He gave Apollo's hair a ruffle as he spoke.

"I don't know many who want gray hairs," said Myrtle. Her voice got cold and dark as she continued, "***But gray you want and aged in face, then swift in time you'll win the...***"

"Myrtle, stop!" commanded Holly before Myrtle finished the spell. "He didn't ask you to make him gray. He'll get them in time not rhyme. Now, what did you see related to the sealed room?"

"Well, it is not for him to find out," she replied pointing at Adam. She turned and stared at Apollo for a moment. "No, it is this one who stood by your side at the forbidden doorway."

"We'll make sense of that after we get some food. I'm starved

and can't think about the implications of what you are saying while my stomach is growling. Food first, room assignments later."

"Speaking of food, I took the liberty of sending Raven Stormcrow's favorite post-frenzy meal to my son's room," said Myrtle.

"Have you seen my guards?" asked Apollo.

"Yes. They came to the gates shortly after the drumming started. I summoned Panther and he gave them the tour. He said that he was going to find hosts for them and will await your summons in the morning."

Holly stopped all further discussion by starting to walk inside. Myrtle resumed her task of sorting the filthy faeries while everyone else quickly fell in behind the queen. The pace she set didn't leave much breath for talking. After a quick trip to the Great Hall to collect discarded clothes, Holly looked at the piles of clothes and asked if anyone really wanted to find their clothes right then and pointed to the stacks of sarongs that were near the door. After everyone who needed one had a sarong, Holly led the group to her quarters. As soon as she stepped through the door, she grabbed an apple that was waiting on a table and took a bite. "I needed that."

She gestured to everyone to fill up a plate with the food she had ordered to be waiting. Conversation was limited to the quality of the various items that had been prepared. Once the plates were empty, a silence fell over the group as each waited for someone else to ask the lingering question.

"What makes a doorway forbidden?" asked Apollo.

"A doorway is forbidden when the Queen issues orders for no one to open the door," responded Holly.

"So what is inside that needs protecting?"

"I don't know," said faerie queen. "I didn't issue the orders. Mother did. Only she could enter the room. To all others, the room was locked."

"I can enter the room," offered Hilda Harbell.

"I had forgotten that," said Holly. "It has been a long time since you were here in the palace. What is in there?"

"I can not say. Amaranth made me take a vow of silence which can only be broken when seal is broken."

"How long has it been sealed?" asked Adam.

"As long as I can remember," said Holly. "Mother would never let me go in with her. When I asked what was inside, she would say that I wasn't old enough. When she stepped down from the throne, I asked her again and she said that it was not yet time to reveal the secrets held in the room. That must have been a powerful spell she cast for it has held strong for centuries and even beyond her death."

"Was mother that powerful?" asked Susan. Holly looked at her half-sister with a bewildered look. "I'm just asking. Remember, for all my life she was just 'mother' and I never knew she had magical powers, let alone being nearly 900 years old."

"True enough," said Holly. "Yes, mother was powerful but the most powerful spells have to have help to last this long. Either multiple people help cast the spell or someone adds energy when the spell starts to fade. There is someone else's energy in the spell but no one has stepped forth to claim that they helped."

"Could they be under a similar vow of silence," asked Adam.

"Perhaps," said the queen, "but we won't find out sitting here. Who's up for finding out what Myrtle isn't telling us about her vision?"

Holly led everyone out the door. Apollo lingered a moment and

looked back at her rooms.

"Is something wrong," she asked when she noticed that he wasn't keeping up with them.

"No, not really," he responded.

"But...?" asked Adam. "You have been quiet tonight. Are you really up for this mystery?"

"I just keep thinking about the past. So much is similar and yet, it is so different. The forest was alive and dynamic when I first saw it. Now, we learn because of the problems our family caused, even the land has been ill."

"You can't shoulder the blame for that, young man," offered Holly.

"I know," he said. "That doesn't mean I can't try to figure out how to set things in motion to repair the damage."

"Based on the forest's reaction and recovery, the simple fact that your earth magic is now active will go a long way in helping that," said the faerie queen. "But there is something else, isn't there?"

"Everything is so familiar but different. The castle looks exactly the same as I remember. At least from the outside. But inside...I'm all twisted around. I could swear the Queen's Quarters were facing the forest. It makes it feel like everything I remember was really just a dream."

"You must be thinking of mother's rooms. When Jade Rose died, mother quickly moved into the grand suite. On the other hand, when mother retired, I was comfortable in my rooms and left hers just the way she did for that rare occasion when she would come for a visit."

"How often was that?" asked Susan.

"Only once, which was shortly after you were born. She wanted you girls to have faerie blessings but didn't want someone to reveal to the Rybalan Court her history as the Queen of the Faeries. She didn't agree to sharing that news until the day I picked her up to take her to Apollo's Princing Ceremony. We bundled you up and

ported from there to here, did the ceremony and returned before anyone knew you were gone." Holly paused a moment. "Anyway, now that mother is gone, I haven't quite prepared myself for taking over her rooms. It's silly I know."

"I know the feeling," said Adam. "It wasn't until my son came along that I knew it was time to turn my rooms over to him and take over my parent's rooms."

The path Holly took led them past the Great Hall. They could see several faeries scurrying to sort the piles by color and fabric. The queen issued orders that anything made from human fabric was to be sent to her quarters.

"How can you tell human fabric?" asked Manin. "It all looks the same to me."

"It doesn't shrink," she said as she shrunk to flying size and back again. "Human cloth doesn't change as we shift size."

"Magic fabric?" Manin looked at the queen's gauzy robes with amazement. "How do you make it?"

"That is a fascinating topic," said Hilda Harbell as she split into the full guard. They were in their identical black leather battle gear. "But this moment is about whether or not yon prince is worthy of revealing the secrets held in that room. Only the true Prince of Wobnair is permitted to open the door."

"What nonsense are you talking, Hilda?" questioned Holly, who was taken by surprise at Hilda's change in attitude. "You were at his Princing and saw him accept the responsibility of all three kingdoms. Of course, he's the prince we have been waiting for."

"That's true. I witnessed a young man accept the duties of three kingdoms but is he truly the one to wield Eartaifiwa and unite the kingdom into a whole again? I knew a young man in my youth who claimed he was the one to unite the kingdom and yet he ran from that duty. How do we know that the man before us won't do the same?" Everyone had to spin around as Hilda spoke. Each phrase was spoken by a different sister like a well rehearsed chorus.

"Would just one of you speak for the Guard?" demanded Holly. "It is very confusing when all of you are speaking."

Continuing in the ensemble voice, the Hildas responded. "It will be for the prince to decide. Which One of the Nine of us should be the spokesperson for the Hilda Guard? He must be careful in the selection for if he picks the wrong One from the Nine he will have proven that he is not the correct person for the honor of entering the Sealed Room."

"Hilda, this is insane. Why should it matter which one of you speaks for the group?"

"I am only doing as my Queen commanded," they said in unison.

"I never commanded you..." she paused. "Oh, you mean Mother."

The Hildas nodded.

"Then a challenge it is," said Holly. She turned to face Apollo. "Which one of my guards is to be the voice of the whole?"

The prince thought about everything that had just been said. "It isn't which one of your guards that is important. Hilda was very specific in asking which 'One of the Nine' was to be the speaker. When I first came to Fransancisco, the sisters were only known as numbers based on the order they were formed. So I'm guessing that the challenge is to remember which one of these nine is the one who was known as One of Nine." Apollo looked at the guard surrounding them. "Is that correct?"



Hilda just stood in silence.

"I'll take that as an affirmation," he said. The prince walked around the circle and named each of the Hilda's by their familiar names. He paused a moment with each as he thanked them for something that they had done for him in the past. He asked for forgiveness from Hilda Ironwood for his inability to save her. She replied that it was her honor to give her life for him not his responsibility to save her.

"Thank you for those introductions," huffed Holly at what seemed to be a delay in making a decision.

"No, not really introductions," offered Apollo. "A reminder to myself as to which sister is which. Hilda Arrowroot, I believe it was you whom I first asked to dance the last time you issued the same challenge. Would you be so kind as to be the speaker for the Guard?"

She bowed toward him. "That would be my honor, my prince. You have met this challenge and have proven that you are the one we have been waiting for. Why has it taken so long for you to return? Your kingdom needed you and now look at what has become of it after five hundred years of royal neglect."

"It was not my time to heal the wounds of the kingdom," he said in response. "I think the journey to the past was a lesson for me to understand the roots of the problems that have lingered all this time. I had no control over the timing of my birth. For that, you will need to ask my ancestors why they never united their kingdoms."

"Your mother and I were doing our part," said Adam in a defensive tone.

"And I had visions of Heather's child marrying the child of your union," said Susan. If fate hadn't interceded that might have been the case. As it turned out, the merging of the kingdoms is happening a generation sooner than I saw in my vision."

"Fate?" questioned Apollo. "I have a feeling that the efforts of the Dark Queen had much to do with forcing the situation. She was slowly killing every member of the Charming family tree so that eventually there would only be one branch left. She will learn that all that pruning has made the tree stronger in its fight against her."

"Spoken like a true leader," said Hilda Arrowroot.

"What is this Eartaifiwa you mentioned?" asked Adam.

"And how do I know that you are the one to wield its power?" asked the faerie guard.

"Both of those questions will be easier answered elsewhere," said the prince. With a thought, he created a portal and started walking toward it. "Follow me."

As everyone emerged through the portal's archway, they gasped at the sight before them. They were in a cavern which was lit by the light cast off by flames that were swirling around a sword embedded in a stone which was in the middle of a lake.

"Behold Eartaifiwa," shouted Holly. "Royal Sword of the House of Charming. Its power can only be commanded by one who controls the Earth Magic. Its presence at the side of the legitimate ruler of Wobnair will help ensure peace."

"Why is it here and not with Susan or myself?" asked Adam. "Why is this the first I've heard about such a family relic?"

"Because our forefathers would have fought over it," offered Apollo. "Each of the brothers I met in the past would have felt that they were owed the sword as birthright even though only one of them was the heir to the throne. And none of them took time to learn the magic that it takes to retrieve the sword from its hiding place. Until they saw it here in the cavern, none of their children believed

in its existence. Each thought it was a myth and none of them commanded the earth magic required to release the sword."

"And when the world forgot the prince from the future," added Hilda Arrowroot, "so too the sword was forgotten as the only time they saw the sword was with you."

Apollo went to the edge of the underground lake and collected his thoughts and sent them to the water and flames in a burst of Earth Energy. The flames danced to the ceiling to keep the room filled with light while the waters parted. Apollo walked to the island and placed his hands on the sword.

Holly stopped him before he pulled the sword out. "And just where will you put Eartaifiwa when you release it from its stony encasement? The sword must have its sheath to guarantee peace. A sword without a sheath will only ensure war."

Apollo let go of the sword, disappointment showed on his face as he halted the demonstration of his birthright. "King Myron had the sheath when he searched for the sword and Amaranth said nothing of needing it. I don't know what has become of it in this time. Aunt Susan, is there a jewel encrusted sheath in your armory that might be suited for this great sword?"

Susan shook her head.

"Then I shall have to find it," said Apollo as he left the island. As he touched the main floor of the cavern, the waters and flames returned to their former position. "Do you know where it is, Queen Holly? Or is this another delaying challenge that your mother was infamous for when I met her in her youth?"

"I don't know where it is," replied Holly. "Mother warned me of the dangers of having the one without the other but I don't think she even knew what happened to the sheath. She said that she went to retrieve it from Queen Daisy so that it could be put into safe keeping for the time that sword and sheath were reunited but it was gone."

"There was no love lost between Queen Daisy and your mother," offered the prince. "If Daisy knew that Amaranth was looking for something magical and knew its location, the Queen of the Faeries, who was responsible for so many of her family's problems, would be the last person she would tell where the sheath was."

"So where does that leave us?" asked Adam.

Apollo yawned in response.

"I think that is a question for tomorrow," offered Holly. "Now is the time for bed. I'll have Johnny bunk with one of his friends tonight and put you in his room. We'll deal with the mystery of the Sealed Room at another time."

"I don't think that will be practical, Your Majesty," said Hilda Yarrow. "I saw someone head to his quarters as we left yours. He may already have company in his room."

"Let him rest," offered the prince. "Manin can sleep on a couch and I on the floor in my father's room if we need to."

"I don't think so," said Holly. "Could you imagine the headlines in the Vadalga Gazette when they learned of that. 'Queen Holly Treats Royal Prince Like a Dog as Prince Sleeps on Floor.' Thank you but no thank you. They are very good at making up gossip. I certainly don't need to give them something truthful to put in the paper."

"Your papers would never know," said Adam. "My family is good at protecting secrets."

"That may be true of things back in your land, my friend, but the VG reporters have their ways of getting information. But we

shall decide that when we get back. Now, if you would be so kind, Apollo. You brought us here so please take us back.”

Apollo formed the vision of the halls at the faerie palace and created his portal. He ushered the others through before stepping into the glowing archway himself. Instead of the Grand Foyer where they had left, Apollo found himself in a back hall that felt old. It didn't have the freshness of renovations that existed in the other halls. “Where are we?” he asked. “This isn't the same as when we left.”

“What were you thinking when you envisioned your destination?” asked the faerie queen.

“I thought that it would feel good to lie down in a bed...no, lie down in my bed and then thought about the halls in your castle.”

“Well, something has taken the option of waiting until tomorrow away from us,” said Holly.

“Why do you say that sister?” asked Susan.

Holly pointed at the doorway immediately in front of them. “Because our young prince brought us directly to the Sealed Room where his bed awaits.” She gestured to Susan, “Try opening it.”

Susan did as directed but the door did not open. Holly also tried opening the door and it did not open for her either.

Adam tried as well. “That's odd. Locked doors will open for me.”

“Only when you need to know the secrets within,” offered Rondar. “It seems like this is a secret for your son to reveal, not you.”

“Your turn,” said Holly as everyone stepped aside to let Apollo approach the door. He started to reach for the handle but stopped. “What is it?” she asked. “What are you feeling?”

“I can feel the spell keeping the door closed. It feels familiar.” He focused his inner eye on the energy he felt. “Part of it feels like something I remember from Amaranth. It has the feel of a summer evening's breeze; something that warms you while still causing a chill.”

“That would be mother's energy,” said Holly. “Since her energy is on the surface, I always felt that someone else cast the primary spell and Mother kept feeding it energy not the other way around but no one believed me. Now that she has not been around to bolster the spell, her energy is fading and I can tell more about the original energy. Only, it isn't an energy I really recognize. I've not encountered this person's spells so it's not one of the elder faeries that I've known all my life.”

Apollo probed the energy a bit further. After a moment he started laughing.

“What's so funny, son?” asked Adam.

“Aunt Holly, try the door again.”

“Why bother?” she asked as she started to do as he asked. “I've been trying to open this door as long as I can...” She stopped as the audible click of the handle mechanism releasing its centuries' old grip on the lock could be heard. She quickly turned around and faced Apollo. “What did you do?”

“I simply told the spell that you are my friend. The reason I laughed is because that is my spell of protection from when this was my room. I cast the spell that Johnny taught me that keeps strangers from entering my room without my permission.”

“So, is that how you could enter, Hilda, while I couldn't?”

The faerie guards nodded in response. “We had to be able to go in and out of his room freely. After he left, Amaranth remembered

the spell on the room and realized that she would have to wait for it to fade before she could reassign the room. Then you were born and she forgot all about it for several years while she helped the cousins keep the building war between the kingdoms from turning into mass genocide. When the decision was made to erase the memory of Apollo, Amaranth realized that the seal on the room had it use and started her years of supporting its energy.”

“What purpose was that?” asked Apollo.

“Would you rather me tell you?” she asked. “Or would you rather find out for yourself when you open that door?”

Apollo had to admit that he had wanted to do just that once he realized it was his old room. Everything had changed so much in all that time and he thought this sealed room may just be the one constant that had remained exactly as he remembered. He grabbed the handle and pushed the door open. The curtains were closed and there was barely any light. The prince started to search for a candle to light but Holly was quicker and created a faerie light and sent it to the ceiling. With the room illuminated, Apollo could easily see the candles. Fresh candles were waiting in each of the holders. Apollo called to the fire energy and asked it to help light the candles. With the room fully alive with the warmth of the candles, Holly extinguished her cooler faerie light.

The prince looked around and nearly everything was exactly as he remembered. But something was different. There were several large trunks in the middle of the room that had not been there before. He spied an envelope resting on top of one which was addressed to him. He quickly opened it.

“Dear Apollo,

If you are reading this, that means I'm gone. I had hoped that what you said about a new queen on the throne in your time wasn't true. I had always dreamed that I would have a chance to see you one more time before my reign was over. Now I understand why I won't. I've fallen in love and will step aside tomorrow to start a new life as Queen of Rysbal. I always thought that it would be one of my children who gave up their faerie wings to join with a mortal and build the family that would give you life. Never did I believe that I would join my brothers in doing so. Now my hope is that I will still be around to witness your birth. I have waited a long time but the waiting is nearly at an end.

You aren't here to read about the trials and tribulations of an old woman. You want to know what is in these trunks. When the decision was made to change people's memories of your time with us, I had to do something with all of the things you left behind. It didn't seem right to destroy them. What safer place to lock them away than a room that you had sealed so that only you or your friends could enter. Anything magical is where you left it. They were safer in the protections of that space and She won't venture underground so won't think to look there. If those objects were here, then She would constantly attack. As it is, Her phoenix seem to know something is here and he and his siblings have plagued us all these years. These trunks contain everything that I could find.

How strange it seems to be sitting here looking at your room. I am about to leave the life I've known these many centuries and step into something new. But in leaving, I set things in motion that will give you life. I wish I could have been here to finish what everyone blames me for starting but truly I am only guilty of granting the wishes of three hotheaded princes. None of us realized the consequences of their wishes until it was too late. But after all this

time, I now realize that if things are to be healed, then it is time for me to step aside and let someone else try.

*Be well, Apollo. My job is over and yours has just begun.
Much love and the blessings of the faeries,
Amaranth Morningstar, soon to be Amaranth Charming*

A tear started to form in Apollo's eye as he started to read the note to the others. He handed the note to Holly who started to choke on the words her mother had written on her last day as queen. She stopped trying and passed the note around for the others to read. Everyone stood silently and looked at the trunks as the message in the note was shared.

When Hilda Harbell received the note she passed it on without reading it. "I was with her when she wrote it. Those of us who remembered you were charged to be sure that we made sure you came to this room once you made the journey in time." The prince noticed that while the sisters had merged back into their solo body, Hilda Harbell was looking younger and less robust than she was

when he first met the Senior Efgee.

As the note made it back into Apollo's hands, his father broke the silence that lingered as everyone thought about their own memories of the late queen. "Aren't you going to open the trunks to see what's inside?"

Apollo shook his head. "Not right now, As Amaranth said, these are my things so I already know what's there. I had wondered where my journals would be or if they even survived to find me again." He yawned. "And I know that if I open those trunks right now, I will want to stay up all night reading them and I'll never get to bed." He rubbed his hand over one of the trunks and placed the letter on top. "No, this will be something for the morning."

"Not even a peek?" asked Holly. "I've been wondering all these years what's in this room. To be so close and not to see is almost torture."

"Can you pick up a new book and not thumb through its pages?" Holly shook her head. "Then the trunks stayed closed until the morning since I can't do that either."

Holly brushed the side of his face. "I can see you are wise in that thought. Get your rest and we shall delve into the past tomorrow." She started herding everyone to the door. "And thanks for your help today."

Adam gave his son a hug before he followed Holly. "I was proud of you today. When you held that sword, Eartaifiwa, I could feel a change in the world. It felt like that moment in spring when you see the first sprouts emerging from the ground. It felt like the dawn of a new day and you are going to be the rising sun for the people."

Apollo couldn't find words to say so he hugged his father. "I love you, father." "I love you too, son."

Adam finally stepped away and headed to the door and closed it behind him. With the sound of the latch closing, Apollo reenergized his spell. He felt Manin's light touch on his shoulder.

"Have one of those hugs for me?"

Apollo gave him a hug and a kissed him with all of the passion he had saved from the frenzy. "I'll show you what I have for you," he replied as he untied his sarong and let it fall to the floor and kissed his lover again. His exposed cock was already growing and Manin's sarong was starting to tent.

"I thought you were tired."

"I told them I wanted to go bed. I didn't say anything about sleeping." He gave Manin another kiss and sent a thought that extinguished all of the candles except for the night candle next to the bed.



Tales from the Northwoods - Part 2 of 2

By DragonSwan

Out of the dark woods a huge creature, a wolf like beast slowly walked towards me on all fours. It was followed by six more beasts, they were panting heavily and their fur was matted with blood. The leader was the biggest; he was jet black, followed by a grey wolf with white streaks accenting his huge form. One of the beasts had hair as red as a fox with a white stripe down its right side, reminding me of Alfred. When they saw me, each one stood on their hind feet and walked like a man. I could see in the bright moonlight that the beasts all had the upper body of a man. Their skin was covered in thick hair. I was amazed to see their naked forms displayed humanlike cock and balls that swung thick and heavy between wolf-like legs. Their heads were all wolf. They all circled me not making a sound. They seem to be studying me. I thought I was loosing my mind because I could swear that a few of them were

smiling, and some were even getting hard-ons. I turned to watch the large black wolf, sensing he was the leader, and guessed the others would wait for him to make their move. I must have been crazy, here I was naked in the woods, six monster wolves ready to devour me, and I was trying to figure out a way to fight them all. With one quick and graceful move the black wolf was on top of me. I fell to the ground and his hand like paws pinned me down. I was no match for his strength. I tried my best to struggle free but he only pressed his body into mine. For a second it felt like he was rubbing his body next to mine, the way my brothers would do during our pre-sex wrestling match. I don't know if it was my imagination but I could swear I felt the wolf's cock getting hard as he humped my naked body. His face moved in with a snarl as he seemed to be sniffing my chest and pits. I felt the beast grinding his hard dick into my stomach, as I realized that today I had been having sex with a man of God, and now a beast of Satan was about to have his way with me. It was almost like the beast could read my mind for it seemed to be smiling down at me. I gazed into his crystal blue eyes and a shock ran through my body. I was stunned to feel my own cock jump to full erection brushing the hair and muscles of the black beast on top of me. The beast let out a loud howl, which was followed by the howls of the wolves that were still circling us. The large black beast stared at me with its crystal blue eyes for what felt like several minutes. The beast snarled and then bit hard into my right shoulder. The pain was so intense the next few moments were a blur of throbbing pain, the dark sky, the full moon, my hard cock rubbing against the stomach of the beast, the howling of wolves, the giant beast pressing his massive hard cock against my ass hole, and then I passed out.

My next moment of awareness was the bright sunlight in my eyes and the hard dirt ground under me. I was alive, maybe last night was only a twisted nightmare. I felt the warm summer breeze blow across my body and felt like I was completely naked. I heard some strange deep voice saying that he was awake, and moving. I was moving trying to get comfortable, so figured the voice was talking about me. My back hurt, my right shoulder burned and my ass was sore. Fear gripped me as I thought maybe it wasn't a dream. The ticking of long soft hair running over my left shoulder and chest made me smile and offer a soft moan. I opened my eyes, to see long black hair running over my face. I quickly sat up and screamed remembering the terrors of the nightmare. The figure that had been tickling me with its long black hair jumped back. I quickly looked around. Four men sat around me. One had long silver hair accented with white streaks. The one closest to me had long dark black hair, a mustache and closely trimmed beard, which framed his strong square face. He stared at me with crystal blue eyes. I had to be loosing my mind. Both men looked like the human form of two of the monster wolves I remembered from my nightmare.

Just then three other men walked into the clearing with five dead rabbits in their hands.

"This is all we could get," a tall man with short blond hair said. "Our naked prince is awake I see." He looked at me with a wicked grin.

I tried to cover my nakedness, but the black haired man gently grabbed my hand. "This is no time for modesty," he said. "You need



to save your strength and let your body heal. It looks like it is almost completely healed. The bruises you had last night are all gone; it seems only the bite remains.” He looked over my body as he spoke. I felt a strange electric tingle run over my body and then down to my manhood as he looked at me. He was so beautiful, and despite the fear that ran through my mind, I felt as if he truly cared for me.

The gentlemen with silver hair stood up. His worn brown trousers and tan shirt made him look like a beggar, but his smooth face looked like that of a saint. “Speaking of his bite, I think it is time to change the dressing.” He pulled some cloth out of his pocket and sat next to me. Another man with carrot orange hair and freckles covering a round boyish face brought over a cloth he dipped in the stream. When he got closer I could tell he was not a boy. His open shirt showed off a broad chest covered in copper colored hair, and the bulge in his pants let me know his manhood was thick and long. The gentleman with the silver hair removed blood soaked padding from my shoulder and took the rag the red head was offering. The cool water felt nice against my skin. “The bleeding has stopped,” he announced. “You are doing very well, no need for more dressings.” He said looking at me with deep brown eyes. He began to massage both of my shoulders, and the pain in my right shoulder seemed to slowly disappear. I relaxed under his soothing touch and sat down on the ground, my legs stretch out in front of me.

“I see no reason any of him needs dressing,” the red head said with a grin. The way he grinned at me and the twitch of pain in my ass, I began to wonder if all of them had taken a turn riding my ass while I was unconscious.

“Just relax dear,” The silver haired man said running his hands through my short brown hair. “I am Victor Brighton, I tend to the wounds in our little tribe.”

“He is also a modest but most amazing cook,” the man with the long black hair said moving closer to me. It only took one look into his blue eyes and I was lost. “The things he does with just a few leaves and twigs are truly magical.”

“Thank you Anthony,” Victor said, “and those leaves and twigs are called herbs.”

“I am Anthony Demichele,” the black haired man said. He smiled and I felt my cock begin to stir. “This is William Drury,” he said gesturing towards the red haired man.

“I hope to get to know you much better,” William said with a wink and a wicked grin, and then he looked at Anthony as if to make sure he did not say something he shouldn’t. Anthony then introduced me to the rest of the men gathered.

Ged Seeger was the tall man with short blond hair, who had brought the dead rabbits to the gathering. He had the deep blue eyes, a handsome face and a trim but muscular figure.

Trevor Benoit was a large thick man. His brown hair was thick and bushy, a wild beard added manliness to his otherwise boyish face. His green eyes seem to stare right through me. A thick coat of brown fur covered his bare chest and massive arms. I could only assume that the hair also covered the thick legs hidden by dark green trousers.

Kevin Corcoran had dark brown skin, a sweet and inviting smile, and was the only bald man in the group. A thick black goatee was the only hair on his whole body. His red shirt seemed tight on his broad thick chest that narrowed down to a slim waist. The tight rust colored trousers showed off a huge bulge.

Curtis Finnan: was a round face, brown eye handsome man with short black hair, a thin trimmed beard, and a pure white, goatee. His open shirt reviled a broad chest with a light dusting of brown hair. He was the heaviest of the group with a round belly.

“Now it is time that you had something to eat,” Anthony said. “You must be starving.”

Victor quickly threw together a mix of leaves and other items for me to eat while he cooked the rabbits. While we ate, the men began talking of things that reminded me of the story that Alfred was telling me about. Almost as if he heard me thinking of him Alfred walked into the clearing. When he saw me, he smiled and ran over to me, knelt down and gave me a kiss on the cheek and a warm hug. I was a bit embarrassed by his open display of affection. Anthony noticed my discomfort and quickly told me not to worry, because all the men in the tribe were like brothers, and like lovers. He knelt beside Alfred and gave him a big hug and a deep kiss as if to prove his statement.

“We have a lot to teach you,” Alfred commented, seeing my confusion.

“Don’t worry,” Curtis added. “Most of us had to be taught quite a bit when we joined the tribe.”

Just what tribe was this and just how did I end up joining them. Anthony and Alfred sat next to me and began my lessons. I won’t go into all the lessons from that first day, for I was truly overwhelmed at how much was said. I did understand that I was now in the company of a tribe of magical men who worshiped the God and Goddess. Their tribe had been blessed with the secret gift of transformation. With the blessing of the Goddess in the full moon, she transformed these men into creatures that are part man part wolf, a werewolf. I have to say I only half believed what I was being told even after the nightmare that I had. Anthony could see the doubt in my eyes, and said that I would soon believe every thing I was told. He then said the tribe needed rest and led us to a huge cave deep in the woods, that I could tell they had been using for a hide out for some time.

At the cave several other men were already there and just waking up from their rest. Anthony made more introductions and then told them to guard the cave as we slept. All the men stripped naked and gathered together to sleep close to one another. Anthony kept me close to him allowing Victor to lie on the other side of me. Victor’s naked body felt warm against my back, his soft cock nestled against my ass cheeks. I felt another tingle of electricity shoot down to my cock as it began to stiffen. Anthony grabbed my stiffening dick and gave it a few pumps. He just smiled and looked into my eyes and said “Not right now, my dear boy,” his deep sexy voice was whispering into my ear. I felt his voice sending shivers thought out my body and ending with my hard cock. “The fun will come later.” I looked into his blue eyes, allowing myself to get lost. I wanted to stay lost in his eyes, but sleep took me over. Before I drifted off, he cupped my face in his hands and brought it to his for a long kiss.

I dreamt of the cool night air, the beauty of the full moon, running fast through the woods, wolves were howling. I wasn’t running from the wolves, I was running with them, I was howling with them, I was...

Victor’s deep whispering voice woke me up. The cave was dark, only a couple of fires lit the deep cavern. He was telling me that it was almost time and to get up. He helped me to my feet and led me

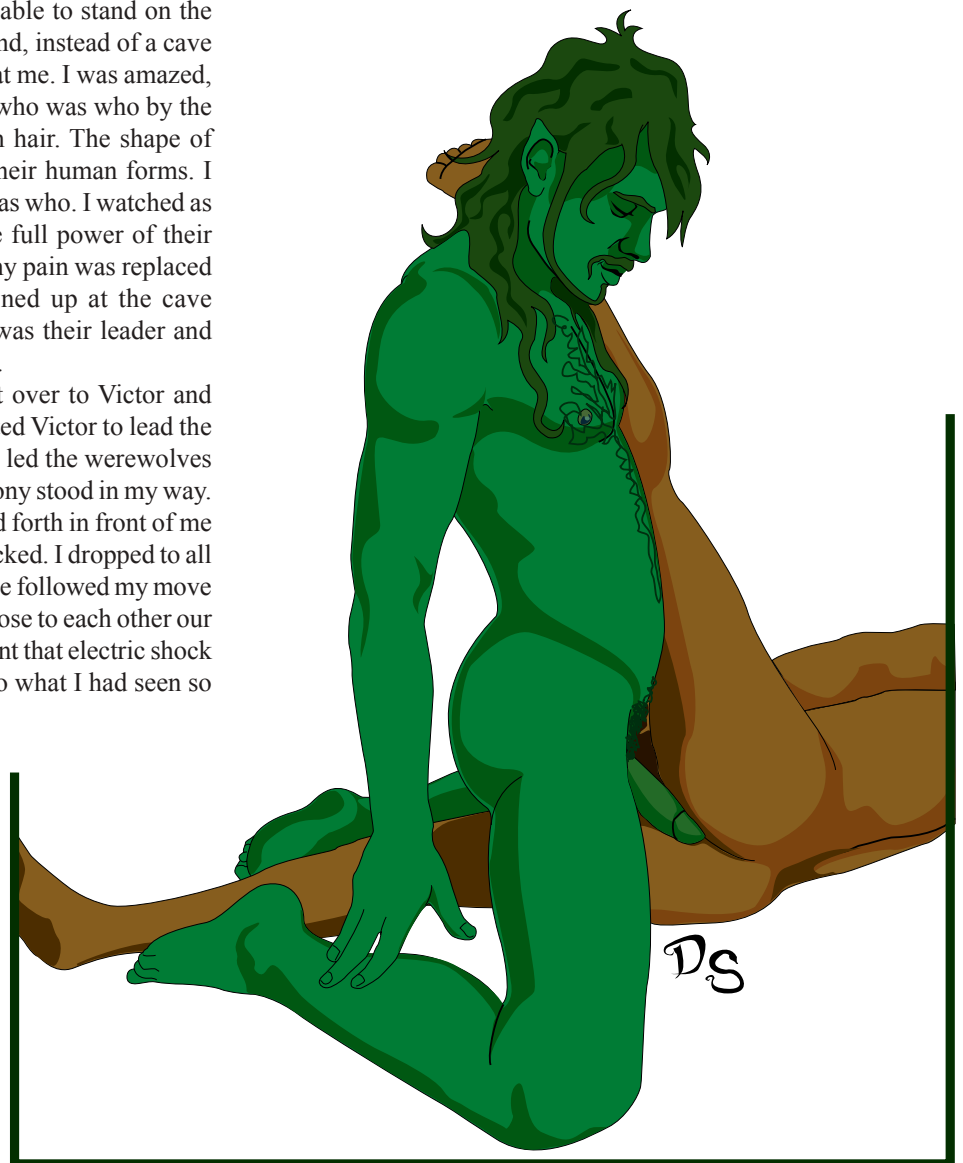
to the mouth of the cave. The entire tribe was standing there, over thirty naked men. I could see in the dark sky that the moon was beginning to rise. I heard moans and growling and watched as the men dropped to their knees then getting on all fours, while twisting and turning, all the while moaning and growling.

Anthony held me tight and whispered to just relax. Victor stood on the other side of me and spoke in a soft gentle voice. I didn't hear what either man was saying, but could only hear and feel the tones of their voices. I watched the men transform as a feeling of horror began to grow inside of me. My heart beat sped up, and my breathing became shallow, just as it did last night when I heard the wolves. I watched as the men all transformed from handsome men into the creatures I had seen in the wood. I felt Victor and Anthony's bodies begin to shake, as my own body started shaking as well. It felt as if a thousand strong hands were twisting every muscle, pulling it from my bones. I felt what I thought was a dog's head rubbing my shoulder, as if trying to comfort me. I looked and saw the silver haired wolf where Victor once stood. I fell to the floor feeling every bone and muscle being twisted and pulled. The large black wolf now stood above me, a look of sympathy in his blue eyes. The pain stopped, and I lay panting like a dog, I tried to stand, but only made it to be kneeling on all fours. With the help of the two large werewolves on either side of me, I was able to stand on the two paws that use to be my feet. I looked around, instead of a cave full of naked men; werewolves stood looking at me. I was amazed, so much so that I almost laughed. I could tell who was who by the color of their coats that matched their human hair. The shape of their human like canine bodies, also copied their human forms. I could even tell by looking at their cocks who was who. I watched as the werewolves started to stretch and feel the full power of their wolf bodies. I felt my own strength rise, and any pain was replaced with a feeling of power. The werewolves lined up at the cave entrance, and turned to look at Anthony. He was their leader and they awaited his call to run out into the woods.

All of them were shocked when he went over to Victor and nudged him with his nose. It was clear he wanted Victor to lead the tribe tonight, but why? Victor took charge and led the werewolves out into the night. I began to follow when Anthony stood in my way. What game was he playing? He paced back and forth in front of me and any attempt I made to get past him was blocked. I dropped to all fours, finding it much easier to move this way, he followed my move as we each paced back and forth. We were so close to each other our fur brushed each other as we past. The feeling sent that electric shock to my cock. I had the uncontrollable urge to do what I had seen so many dogs do. When I passed by him again my nose made a quick turn right under his tail. I didn't have to inhale that deeply to smell the musk and sweat of a man. My nose brushed his ass hole, and I rubbed it against his dark rosebud. I felt his cold wet nose rubbing my hole. Oh man I wanted him so bad, no matter what form we were in. I raised my nose a little and ran my course tongue over his hole. Lowering my muzzle I found I was able to lick his meaty balls. I was a bit surprised to taste the man sweat I had grown to love. He rolled over on his side to offer me better access. I saw his hard, long fat cock,

and wanted to feel it in my throat. A snarl came to my lips as I realized my teeth were much longer and sharper than I was use to. A real blow job would have to wait until sunrise. He seemed satisfied with my licking and nose rubbing. I licked his cock, balls and ass, and was soon rewarded for my pleasing him by watching him shoot several loads of cum onto his stomach and chest. I quickly licked up every drop of his juice.

After I finished cleaning him up, he sprang up and rolled me over to my side. I think we were both surprised to find that this time we were more equally matched. Well, that is to say I was able to put up more of a fight. We wrestled and rubbed our hard hairy bodies together. I may have spent most of my life wrestling with naked guys but feeling his strong hairy body against mine was overwhelming. I was so overcome by the smell of our sweat, musk and the lingering aroma of his cum that pure animal lust over took. I wrapped my arms and legs tightly around Anthony and rubbed our cocks together. My humping became fast and furious as my entire body shook and I let out a deep howl that echoed deep into the cave. My cum shot out my cock in a force I have never known. When I was finished I was panting hard, lying on top of Anthony, pools of my seed covered both of our chests and stomachs. He took



advantage of my weakened state of being totally spent and flipped me over onto my stomach to top me with his huge cock head rubbing against my ass hole. He rubbed his face against my neck trying to get me to relax, as he pushed the head of his manhood into me. A yelp escaped my throat and in attempt to get out from under him I lifted my hip off the ground. That only sent his thick meat deeper inside of me. He continued pressing further in as I tried to relax. Once I felt his hairy balls rubbing against my ass, I noticed the shift from pain to pleasure. I pushed my hips up and ended up standing on all fours. Anthony's hold became tighter, as his powerful legs grabbed my hips. He began to ride me like the wild animals we were. I had seen dogs fuck as a kid and had no idea it was this hot. His cock worked my ass as his sweat covered my back. My own cock had once again sprung to life and was slapping against my stomach matching Anthony's beat. I felt my balls tightening ready to unleash another hot stream of juice, I began to howl as my whole body began to shake. I felt Anthony grab me tighter as his body began to shake as well. Our voices joined together in a series of howls. Every muscle in my body felt my orgasm as I shot load after load. My ass tightened around the massive cock inside of it as Anthony let loose with his own load, filling me with his cream.

Spent, we both collapsed onto the cave floor, both panting like mad. Anthony was the first to move at the sound just outside the cave. I lifted my head to see William and Alfred in wolf form, returning with what looked like huge bloody logs of meat in their mouths. They set the food down and walked away. Anthony got up first and walked over to the two werewolves. I got up and followed his lead. Just like the greeting ritual I had seen dogs do, we circled each other on all fours, and soon cold wet noses found hot asses. Alfred's cold nose felt great against my burning hole. His wet rough tongue felt even better as he cleaned my hole. This was as far as that would go as hunger for food took over the hunger for sex. Anthony and I quickly turned our attention to the food that was brought for us.

After that night it took a very short time for me to prove myself as Anthony's main boy. I have to admit I was afraid of having to fight Victor for the position but soon learned, Victor's place as caretaker of the tribe had more to do with his love for all his brothers than loving Anthony. Alfred was grateful just to have me as a member of the tribe and thankful when we were able to play, as werewolves or as human. I had spent my life fighting men to get what I want, so that part of being a werewolf I understood. I was surprised by the sense of brotherhood and belonging that came with it. By the light of the full moon that spring night, I had found love, I had found my true family, and I had found my tribe.

Lust

By Raven Bear Paws

I see a light within your eyes and it has me
 Caught like a deer within it
 The words you speak are soft spoken;
 Spoken like a soft summer breeze through a windchime
 It's metallic music dances wildly in my brain
 I swoon with the temptation of your lips
 As they brush adventurously across my neck
 I shiver
 Your arms embrace me
 Crushing me to you
 I can feel your heart beat
 Beating like a jungle drum
 My body rocks to its rhythm
 My soul dances
 I feel the climax of lust
 Burst forth like a demented flower
 I sink deeper into the being that is you
 I fall faster and faster
 As everything rushes by me in a blurry haze
 This is my Utopia and you are its keeper
 Your hands explore the inner me
 Digging into my fibers making me scream for more
 Lost within your arms
 I sleep

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Story Game

Chapter 10: by DragonSwan

"What was going on?" he wondered as he quickly grabbed the small silver idol.

"Are you alright my dear," the lady asked, looking at him with tender concern.

"I'm alright," Brian said with a smile, "Can I help you?" he asked the lady at his door.

"She needs a place to lie down and a glass of water," explained a young female voice. A young girl of about fifteen push past them both and turned to help the woman into the room. The young girl wore a dark blue cloak that ran all the way to the floor and was trimmed in white fur. Her black hair was done up in braids that seem to encircle her head like a wreath. Small flowers were woven into the braids.

"What are you doing?" cried the lady scolding the youth. "We have not been invited, and have not even introduced ourselves."

"Mom, the time for being polite is past," the young girl began but was cut off.

"There is always time for being polite," the lady then turned to Brian, "Please forgive the impatience of youth."

"That's alright," Brian said hoping to make peace, "If you need to lie down you may come in. I am afraid my place is a bit of a mess. I don't have much in the way to offer you. I can get some blankets if you are cold."

"If she gets cold, I can make her some tea," said the voice of an elderly lady who was just walking up to the doorway. She was dressed in a black and grey dress with a black shawl over her shoulders. She had a wooden staff in one hand and a large cloth bag in the other. Her silvery white hair was pulled into a bun on top of her head. She reminded him of the sweet old ladies at his grandmother's church. The kind of old ladies who were the first to volunteer to help out and take care of what ever needed to be done. "OH MY, I am sorry did we interrupted something?" she asked looking Brian over.

He realized he was just in his robe, "Oh no umm, let me change..." he stammered as his face turned ten shades of red.

"Judging from the trash bag in your hand you were about to take out the garbage," the old lady cut him off. "You go and finish what you need to do and we will make ourselves comfortable." Brian did not argue, he let the women into his apartment and left to throw out the trash. When he returned the young girl was using her cloak to cover the woman who was lying on his couch as the old woman sat near them digging into her large cloth bag. The three looked up at him as he entered. "My dear, would you be so kind as to start some water for tea?" the old lady asked.

Once he saw all three of them together he realized who they were. "Certainly," Brian said, honored to be at their service. "Anything I have is yours."

"Anything?" giggled the young maiden blushing as she looked at Brian. He looked down and realized his robe had come open and his manhood was in full view. He quickly covered himself but before he could ask forgiveness the old lady spoke up.

"Don't worry about a thing dear, we have all seen the



male member quite a few times. Right now we need hot water for the tea more than modesty.” Her face was kind and understanding.

He rushed over to the kitchen, filled a large pot with water and placed it on the stove. He could not believe what had just happened. “How could I be so stupid?” he said to himself.

“You are not stupid my dear,” the old lady said as she walked into the kitchen. “A bit naive, maybe, but as you study that will change, it all take time.” She looked at the pot of water, “That will do perfectly dear,” she said placing several containers on the kitchen counters. “Now let me start mixing the tea. The time is soon.”

Brian looked over at the lady on his couch. “Should we call a doctor or something?”

“No, silly, that is why I am here,” the old lady said and she began to toss various herbs into the water.

Brian took this time to sneak off to his room to change. In his room he saw the young maiden. “No offence but your place smells of smoke,” she said as he walked in.

“Yeah, I had a small fire at my altar,” he explained.

“You should never fall asleep with your candles burning,” she said with a smile. Looking at her now the young maiden appeared more like a twenty five year old. “You have given us the gift of hospitality; allow me to give you a gift.” With a wave of her hand a warm breeze circled around the room. The air was filled with the soft scent of vanilla as the room was transformed into a grand bedroom. The color of the walls were brighter, his bed went from a mattress on the floor to a queen sized bed with deep multicolored quilts and a rod iron head and footboards. His altar was transformed into a wooden cabinet with a blue cloth on which was embroidered moons, stars and suns in gold and silver threads. A statue of Pan sat upon the altar. “I figured you would like to honor him,” she said with a giggle. “The rest of what you will need is inside the cabinet. Oh, and you may want to put this on.” She handed him a long purple robe of what felt like silk. Looking down at the robe in his hands, he realized that his old tattered robe had disappeared and he was naked. “Sorry, I wanted one more look,” she grinned. “Don’t worry, I know it is all that I can get.” Her smile was very coy as she and gave him a kiss on his cheek. He blushed and quickly put on the new robe. They walked out in the dim of the apartment. The sun had set and darkness was falling over the city. “Here let me.” The maiden said and with a wave of her hand light filled the apartment. Light came from lamps he did not have before now. He looked around his apartment in total amazement; his bedroom was not the only thing that had been transformed. New furniture filled his room, his home was everything he could have wished for. He turned to look into the kitchen and saw Apollo and Hermes helping the old lady fill cups with the tea that she was brewing. Both men wore robes similar to Brian’s new robe, and they both gave him a kiss as they past out the mugs of tea.

The old lady stood beside Brian, “My dear...” she paused. “We will have to find your new name my dear. You have made a lot of changes. On this the darkest night, it is time for the new you to come forth.”

Just then the lady cried out, holding her swollen stomach, “It’s time!”

*Tune in next issue to see who picks up
the next chapter Brian’s tale*

Fire Circle

By Hermes Polyandros

Heart beat drumming
Drumming in answering step
Flashlights shining
Ursus leading
Candles light a path
To sacred ground leading
Silver-wolf created
Sacred tobacco and prayer made.
Fire shining in the darkness
Sparks flying up like flies of fire
Into the darkness of the night.
Drum answering drum
Silent procession approaching.
Water on forehead touched,
This is a sacred space.
Silver-wolf addressing
Instructions given
Into fire throwing heart-heaviness
To burn it away.
Talking stick passed
Voices speaking from the heart
Some with tears,
Rattles shaking
As the cares and woes rise as sparks into the night
All join with a oneness we share.
Some linger, the moment trying to hold
soon all is left is fire and night
Loons from the lake calling.

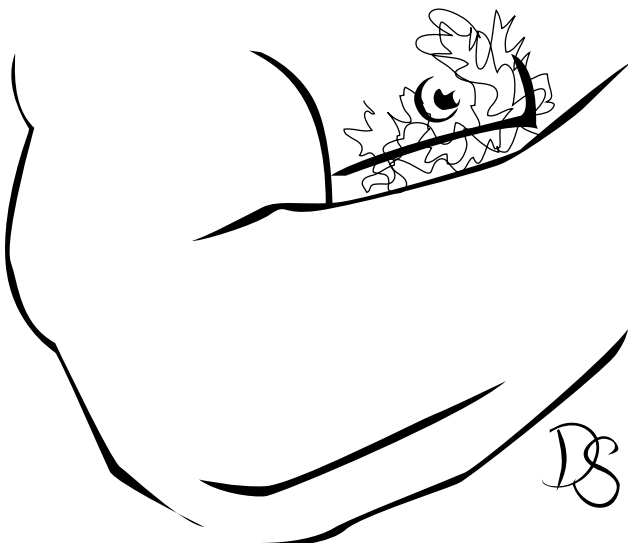


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I Think its Going to Rain Today By Raven Bear Paws

I use to dance in the rain as a child
 When the clouds would shed their tears
 I would stand outside and spin with arms wide open
 As the water washed away childhood pains
 I would taste the sweet nectar dip into my mouth,
 Lighting me up on the inside
 I was invincible
 I could be anyone I wanted
 I could do anything I wanted
 And those tiny bits of heaven running down my back
 It was pure ecstasy
 The rain would cocoon my body in a blanket of love
 Where I knew I was safe
 No evil could touch me there
 I felt loved
 Even though my childhood nightmares lurked,
 Just out of reach of the rain's gentle grasp
 I miss those days

Now when the skies turn grey
 And the clouds begin to shed their tears
 I no longer want to dance
 Because I know my joints hurt
 I can no longer taste the nectar within
 For the modern industry has poisoned it
 I now know my mortality
 I am who I am and always would be
 No more pretentious child's dreams
 Now I am wrapped in a blanket of never ending reality
 No room to feel safe or loved
 I sit in my window looking;
 Longing for the world outside
 And I think it's going to rain today



Oh Muse let me Sleep by Hermes Polyandros

Oh Muse, Oh Muse, let me sleep.
 Find another time into by mind to leap.
 For your gifts granted I give thanks,
 But rest I need to do my work amongst the ranks.
 So Muse, which ever you be,
 Come at a better hour, but at three.

Bears By Raven Bear Paws

Big and burly
 Furry abound
 I am left wondering
 Does it travel down?

And inside my head I hear: Woof!

Back scratch
 He does against the tree
 Scratch like a bear in heat.

And inside my head I hear: Woof!

Mutton chops
 Goatees
 Handlebars galore
 Nuzzled in deep somewhere warm

And inside my head I hear: Woof!

Leather chaps
 That creak and groan
 A bear growls
 And I begin to moan

And inside my head I hear: Woof!

Hairy bellies
 Together do bounce
 I am left wondering
 How to get down?

And inside my head I hear: Woof!

Cubs and otters
 Wolves and muscle bears
 Grizzly bears, polar bears
 Bears, Bears, Bears.

And inside my head I hear: Woof!
 Woof!
 Woof!