

# Faerie Trap

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Version 1.0.0

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# 1

A playful breeze swirled around Jinatha, Jina for short, before dancing through the sun-dappled trees. Brilliant green leaves fluttered briefly before settling down. To her right, a creek babbled happily over rocks, giving a sense of peace to the woods.

Jinatha was a medium-height girl leaning slightly toward the overweight. Her curves were delicate and her breasts were two full mounds straining against the bodice of her forest green dress.

Carefully stepping over a patch of mushrooms, she pushed her brown hair away from her eyes. Her fingers caressed the fibers for a moment, staring critically at the red streaks that ran through her shoulder-length hair.

Sighing with a touch of regret, she stepped into the woods, searching for something. After a few millid of searching, she found it with a smile.

It was a simple hammock. The worn cloth strips were hanging loosely between two trees. Two heavy strips of wood held it apart, to prevent her from hitting the ground if she crawled into it. Delicately, she stepped over to it and gave it a test push. It swung back and forth a few times while she looked around.

Seeing no humans watching her, her fingers flew up to her bodice and she began to untie the gold-streaked string holding it tightly against her breasts. Her fingers easily loosened the string and she smiled, looking around again.

Taking a deep breath, she reached down and gathered up the bottom of her dress. Pulling it up and over her head, she tossed the dark green fabric on one edge of the hammock, to act as a pillow.

With the dress gone, she was bare to the world, except for a pair of simple, white panties. She hooked them on her thumbs and pushed her panties to the ground, kicking them a few feet away with a slight giggle. Her breasts hung slightly down with their size and weight, but she was happy with them. Her fingers cupped the smooth mounds for a moment before looking down.

Her stomach pushed out slightly, but her hips rounded her out. Below, she could feel the breeze teasing the tiny hairs covering her womanhood and she smiled at the sensations.

She crawled in the hammock and made herself comfortable. Her legs pressed tightly together as she looked up into the sun-colored canopy above her.

Sighing, she closed her eyes and thought back to why she was a prisoner of this wonderful forest. About two hectods before, almost the entire spring season, she spent time with Klive Charlin, the eldest son of Marrin Charlin, the Duke of Westgate. Klive and her spent a lot of time together, mainly in the bedroom.

Her fingers trailed down to her breast, teasing the hardening nipple as she remembered Klive's fumbling. Her other hand trailed down to rest on her stomach as she continued to remember.

She got pregnant. This normally wouldn't have been a problem, but Klive was already intended to be married to someone else and her family couldn't afford the child. And his family couldn't afford the scandal. So, without giving her a choice, they forced her to have an abortion and shipped her out here, to her Uncle Roawan's.

Sadness frowned her face as she thought about the quiet, tense trip and how her mother almost shoved her out in front of the two-story building before ordering the carriage to return to the city. Uncle Roawan was there, but that didn't help the scared girl of nineteen winters.

That was three days ago.

Uncle Roawan spent most of his time in the villages he lorded over, all three of them, so she was left alone. Sewing bored her and gossip bothered her, so she took to long walks alone in the woods. For Roawan's comfort, she promised to be back before sundown every day, otherwise he would send his guards out looking for her.

The hand caressing her breasts moved down to join the one on her stomach as a tear squeezed out of her eye. She missed the sense

of life inside her. The swell of her body and the knowledge she would be a mother meant something to her, but her family cared more about politics than her own needs.

More tears began to slide down her face as she began to sob, her eyes still tightly shut. Her hands stroked her stomach as she tried to remember the sense of life inside her, but it was already fading into a dull ache that left her cold inside. Slowly, her tears stopped flowing and she drifted to sleep in the warm air.

Jinatha woke up with a start as she felt a breeze push against her. Her hands were on her stomach, but she didn't move them as she strained to hear a noise just on the edge of her hearing. The faint smell of jasmine teased her nostrils as she slowly cracked open one eye.

Above her, fluttering brilliant green wings, was a faerie. He was a tiny creature, about three centimeters in height, but he was perfectly proportion. His tiny penis was soft, but it dangled between his legs as he peered at her with eyes the same color as his wings. Jinatha couldn't see pupils or the white of his eyes, just the green color staring at her.

Catching her breath, she watched as he fluttered around. She became aware of more of them, male and female, hovering around her. Bold colors, blues and greens and oranges, filled the air as she stared at them, careful not to make any sudden movements. Each one, she noticed, had eyes the color of their wings. A few of them were smaller, with more muted colors, while the older ones had streaks of black in their wings and eyes. None of them were over four centimeters in height as they fluttered around her.

They did not seem afraid of her, as they hummed around her. Listening, she tried to hear speech, but they appeared to be mute but beautiful creatures. One of them, the green-winged male she first saw, landed lightly on her stomach, standing on her thumb. His weight was barely noticeable, a leaf, as he walked across her with his bare feet.

Jinatha stifled a giggle as she felt him walking on her, looking down with mute curiosity. She noticed that her legs had parted in her sleep. One knee was caught on the edge of the hammock while the other was on the other side; with a blush, she realized she was exposed to these creature's vision. Quickly, she noticed they didn't

seem to care, but judging from how they randomly moved, she guessed they were just simple creatures, with no language or pattern to them.

The male faerie drifted up her stomach and stopped at the mound of her right breast. His tiny hand reached out and stroked the pink aureole. It began to swell at his touch as she felt the delicate touch as pleasure. His other hand reached out and grabbed it, tugging it lightly. Jinatha moaned softly, startling some of the faeries that began to land next to her head. They fluttered away for a second before drifting back. Many of them caught themselves in her hair; they seemed fascinated with it as they wrapped it around their bodies or tugged on it delicately.

More faeries landed on and next to her, teasing her legs and feet with their fluttering wings and light touching. A few more landed between her legs, stroking her inner thighs with the same animal curiosity they others possessed. Jinatha felt her heartbeat begin to quicken as the feather-light touches as they explore her body, touching and caressing with fingers slightly more insistent than the breeze.

One of them managed to land next to her sex and gently tugged at her pubic hairs. She could feel the warmth begin to grow at the delicate touch and she moaned softly. The faeries stirred at her noise, but didn't fly away as they continued to touch, caress, and stroke her from all sides.

The one between her legs pushed its tiny hand past her curls to stroke against the soft flesh of her opening. The red lips were already puffy with her excitement as she felt moisture gathering on them. Her breath came quickly, startling the faeries, but after a few moments they returned to their curious exploration.

Jinatha forced her body to relax, but kept her hands on her stomach, as the one between her legs got more curious and used both hands to massage her lips. Its fingers caught briefly against her clitoris and sent a shiver of pleasure through her body. She gasped with the faint pleasure, but forced herself not to move.

Continuing to touch and explore, the faeries seemed to settle down. The smell of jasmine grew stronger and she realized it was coming from the faeries themselves. Quite a few of them managed to tangle themselves into her hair, but seemed content to just

struggle weakly, if at all. She could feel a few of them sucking on the ends of some strands but her focus was centered on the one pushing against her.

The tiny tongue sent a shiver of pleasure through her as the faerie stuck it's head between her curls and licked at some of the moisture. She moaned again. Spreading her legs very slowly apart, she gave the curious faerie more access to her body. A smile crossed her face as she realized that very slow movements didn't bother the simple creatures, just loud noises and fast movements.

Feeling a sudden need, she began to creep one hand down toward her aching sex. The few creatures on her stomach stepped over the hand or stood on it as she moved down, being careful to keep her movements very slow. Four of the faeries were stroking and tugging at her nipples, fluttering their wings as they lifted up slightly and landed back down.

As her fingers brushed through the short curls on her womanhood, she felt the faerie pulled back and grab the tip with both hands. It's skin was soft and delicate, a faint warmth blushing her senses. After a few curious licks, it released her finger and went back to exploring her sex. She could feel the warmth inside her building up as the faint smell of her excitement teased her senses.

She pushed her finger down, rubbing against her clitoris. The faerie tugged at her finger, trying to pull it away. She resisted at first, but it seemed almost upset at being denied access to her slit and she lifted her finger. Immediately, the creature ducked underneath her finger and returned to it's licking and touching, teasing her but not enough for the pleasure she craved. It's butterfly wings caressed her finger as it wiggled further underneath her finger.

The tiny creature nuzzling between the folds of her sex sent a tiny spear of pleasure down her spine. It's tiny, warm body was pressed against her opening as it stroked and licked at her clitoris. Without thinking, she stroked her finger down the back of the faerie, putting a light pressure on it.

The faerie pushed harder against her sex, wiggling up between her wet lips as she gently pushed it against her. It continued to lick and caress and she moaned softly from the pleasure building inside

her. One of it's feet lifted slightly to push against the opening of her sex as it tried to regain it's balance.

Jinatha gasped with pleasure and cupped her hand against the faerie's back, holding it against her. It's butterfly-soft wings fluttered against her palm as it began to struggle slightly. It's foot, a soft warm thing, slipped deeper into her wet orifice. The other faeries began to shift as the trapped one's wings beat against her hand. She watched as they stared at the beating wings and realized what was disturbing them.

Not wanting to scare off the other faeries, she slid her other hand down and cupped the wiggling faerie against her sex. Her palm pressed the wings underneath her hands.

The effects were amazing.

Even though the creature was beginning to struggle with earnest underneath her palms, the others resumed their curious stroking; if they didn't see movement, they didn't worry. The trapped faerie's wings beat against her labia, sending a rapid series of pleasure across her body. Her fingers could feel her sex almost dripping with excitement as she moaned from the rapid, feather-light caresses against her most sensitive of openings.

Her moans were almost constant now, a soft sound of noise that barely stirred the simple creatures but spoke volumes as the trapped faerie struggled underneath her hand. Trying to get away from her palms, it wiggled further against her sex, half slipping deeper into her soaked opening. She cupped her sex tighter, forcing the creature deeper in her body.

She could feel the delicate wings beat against her inner lips as the creature crawled into her sex. She could feel the wiggling body stretching her opening as it continued to flee her palms.

Feeling the warmth growing inside her, she pushed the creature further in. Her fingers curled up, pressing inside her body. They brushed against the struggling faerie and it crawled further into her body. It's wings beat for a few more minutes before they drew into her vagina with a slick pleasure.

The incredible sensations of the tiny creature crawling into her body send a shiver of pleasure through her. Her entire body felt hot as her fingers plunged into her soaked depths, pushing the creature further inside. As her two fingers reached their limit, she could feel

the faerie finally crawl into her uterus and stop; it beat strained to beat it's wings inside her, teasing the inner walls with delicious agony.

She stopped moving, feeling the struggles inside her body sending a frenzy of pleasure through her system. With a sudden crash, she felt every muscle tighten as an intense, but quiet, orgasm slammed into her. Her back arched, casting faeries aside as she gasped for breath. Her fingers continued to press inside her, but she was lost in the intenseness of her orgasm.

The orgasm seemed to last forever, sending hard waves of pleasure with every twitch and shift of the creature buried inside her. She gasped and moaned, wiggling under the intense sensations until she finally slumped with exhaustion against the cloth of the hammock.

Before she opened her eyes, she could feel the faeries landing back on her. The simple creatures didn't seem to notice one of them had disappeared into the wet opening of her sex.

Slowly, she moved her hands away from her sex, half expecting the faerie to crawl back out, but it did nothing but twitch inside her; she almost felt another orgasm from the intense sensations but she pushed it back.

Resting her hands on her inner thighs, she relaxed. Her thoughts turned to what she just did, shoving another creature into her body. The poor things was probably suffocating but it continued to twitch and wiggle inside her, long after any creature would have died.

Slowly, she relaxed some more, feeling the sensation of life inside her once again. To her surprise, she suddenly felt another light touch against her sex. Looking down, she gasped in surprise as she saw the green-winged male faerie stroking her inner thigh. It seemed to be caressing a faint blue powder that dusted her lips; probably the dust from the faerie still wiggling slowly inside her.

In her mind, she begged for it to repeat the first one's actions. Holding her breath, she watched as it leaned over to press against the swollen lips of her womanhood. Inside, she felt the first faerie twitch before curling up. A brief wave of pleasure rippled through her body as the green-winged faerie pushed it's head past her pubic hair to lick against the moisture of her labia. With a gasp, Jinatha forced herself not to move.

The faerie became more curious, pushing up against her opening as it nuzzled against the drops of her juices that collected on her folds. Slowly, Jinatha moved her hands behind it and cupped the creature against her body. It began to struggle almost immediately, but she already covered it from the sight of the other creatures.

Like the first, it's wings beat against her labia and she felt a rush of pleasure course through her, filling her with a warmth she thought would set her afire. Her fingers curled up, gently guiding the soft warm creature against her sex until it also began to crawl inside her.

Her legs shivered with another orgasm as she felt the faerie wiggle inside her, pushing against her inner walls. Her fingers pressed harder against it, shoving it deeper into her body until it became to crawl inside to avoid them. It's wings were soaked with her juices as they were pulled inside and she came again from the sensations of the tiny creature struggling inside. Both faeries inside her began to struggle more as they brushed against each other. Their frantic motions sent wave after wave of pleasure through her senses as she moaned loudly.

The faeries around her flew off as she lost herself in another orgasm. When she recovered, they were already gathered around her, as if nothing happened. The two tiny creatures inside were still struggling, brushing against her but never coming close to slipping out of her body. She gasped for air as she felt the breeze slip along sweat-soaked skin.

Feeling eager and flushed from excitement, she spread her legs and waited for another. It came, a beautiful red-winged female with the same curious expression. It's eyes were streaked with black, but it didn't seem to notice anything wrong until she cupped it against her sex with both hands. With some effort, she managed to coax it inside her, experiencing another intense orgasm that lasted forever as the three creatures wiggled and crawled inside her soaked sex.

Her entire body was trembling as she spread her hands again, waiting for the next one. As simple as the creatures were, they seemed not to notice their kind disappearing. In fact, the light dusting against her inner thighs seemed to attract more of them between her legs. She managed to trap two more inside her, one right after the other; her body exploded in an intense orgasm as the

five tiny creatures filled her up from the inside. Their actions started up a frenzy that sent hot waves of pleasure against her until she bit her tongue to avoid screaming out loud.

Jinatha was beginning to feel a comfortable pressure against her uterus, a sensation she hungered for ever since her parents forced her abortion. Her skin was soaked with sweat and every muscle in her body trembled from the intensity of the orgasms that continued to crash into her with every wiggle, every struggle, of the five tiny faeries inside her.

She opened her eyes and looked around. The other faeries continued to surround her in a carpet of brilliant color. None of them noticed the moans anymore, nor did they seem to care about the shivers that rippled through her body. Inside her uterus, the continuing motion was making thoughts difficult as she contemplated trapping one more.

Her decision was made when two faeries landed between her legs. They were identical twins. Both females had wings that was red on the top and faded into a gorgeous orange at the base. Jinatha caught her breath at their delicate features, then moaned as they both nuzzled up against her sex. They were drawn by the dust covering her sex.

Her hands twitched slightly and they hesitated. Clamping down on her fingers, she waited patiently for the twins to explore closer. Inside her, she felt the struggling grow faster, more frantic. One of the trapped creatures began to crawl toward her opening and Jinatha watched helplessly as the two tiny faeries hesitate.

Unable to bear losing one, she clamped down on her hands, shoving the two against her sex as she partially sat up. The faeries around her flew off, scattering to the four winds as she forced the twins against her soaked opening. They struggled frantically, beating their wings against her inner thighs, fingers, and labia but Jinatha was already orgasming from the intense sensations. Her fingers pressed against their tiny bodies until they began to slip into her stuffed entrance, pushing the escaping one back inside her. Her moan echoed against the trees as she forced the last two faeries inside her, her body exploding time and time again from the seven tiny creatures frenzied inside her.

Her moans turned into loud gasps of pleasure as she shoved four fingers to keep the creatures inside her. They filled her like nothing ever did before, pressing against all of her walls in struggling caresses. Her orgasm caught into her, slamming hard against her senses as she felt wave after wave crest inside her.

Somehow, she managed to keep her fingers in her opening and prevent the seven from escaping. Their struggles began to slowly die down, with the occasional twitch or movement deep inside her.

Jinatha gasped and let her senses stop reeling. She looked down at her bulging stomach and felt another shiver of pleasure ripple through her as she saw herself pregnant once again.

A feeling of warmth rushed over her and she decided she wanted to keep these delicate creatures inside her for as long as possible. With a sudden thought, she looked up as saw the sun beginning to set against the horizon.

Feeling panic, she cupped her hand against her opening, ignoring the flood of juices that slipped between her fingers, and rolled out of the hammock. Her fingers almost slipped, but she managed to stumble over to her panties and slip them on with one hand. Pulling them tightly up, she felt the snug fabric hold her precious babies inside her.

Grinning, she located her dress and slipped it on before walking quickly back toward the house. It took her almost an hour to return and the sun was sending the last ray of light against the door as she reached it.

Her uncle was inside, worried. He smiled with all the warmth in his eyes as he hugged her. His smile faded slightly as he saw her flush.

“Are you okay, my dear?”

Swallowing hard, she ignored the wiggling inside her body, and nodded.

“Yes... uncle. I just had to run to make it back in time.”

He nodded, as if understanding, “Please be careful. Dinner is in about a decid. And, if you are willing, I would like you to join me tomorrow as I do the mid-summer head count.”

Wanting to return to her room as soon as possible, she nodded, “I... would love that.”

Jinatha was finding it hard to speak as the faeries inside her began to struggle again. She could feel the fabric pressed against her opening was already soaked with her juices as she looked up the stairs.

Her uncle frowned, “Are you sure you’re okay? You don’t have to go with me... if you don’t want to.”

Putting on a bright face, she beamed a smile, “I’m sorry. I’m just excited about going. I already have butterflies in my stomach.”

*t'Sade*

# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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# About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at [curiouscabbit.com](http://curiouscabbit.com) or possibly at your favorite retailer.