On a Saturday morning in October, contestants for the “Battle-hammer” tournament gathered in the basement of a local gaming store called the “Ogre’s Castle”. Most of the regulars filed into the building barely noticing each other. Two contestants stood out from the rest however. One was a new girl no one had ever seen before. Even though a few girls played Battle-Hammer, they were something of a rarity, and this girl was even more so.

She had the blackest of hair, pulled up into two pony tails that stood like flags over a very pale face. Every item of clothing she wore was black, from the studded leather dog collar, and two matching wrist bands to the shiny clodhopper boots on her feet. She also sported a long sleeved shirt and a short skirt with ripped nylons. She said her name was Mary, and everyone thought she was very attractive. And even though she made most of the contestants nervous, she was warm and friendly.

The other contestant who stood out was James Purdy. He had been a regular fixture at the “Castle” for several years now and was known to be so abrasive to the other customers that if it weren’t for the outrageous amounts of money he spent, the store owners would have banned him long ago. Even so, on a couple of occasions when he’d permanently driven other customers away with his rude mannerisms, the owners had warned him that he may not be welcome if he didn’t change his behavior.

Fortunately for the other customers, James hadn’t been coming to the store lately. Unfortunately, this Battle-Hammer tournament was nationwide, and the store didn’t have the right to ban any particular player unless they did something overwhelmingly outrageous, and even then they’d have to justify it with the Battle-Hammer people. James knew that short of physically assaulting another player, he could act however he wanted and wouldn’t be removed from the Ogre’s Castle.

This was just how he liked it, because it was his greatest pleasure in life to ruin everyone else’s good time. He was the very kind of person for whom the word “troll” had been co-opted. Some people speculated that James didn’t even like playing these games but that he had learned to play just to ruin it for everyone else. As far as anyone could tell, this was probably true.

As fate would have it, James was matched against Mary in the second round. During round one, she had immediately noticed and taken a dislike to him (as did everyone else). He never stopped insulting his opponent, or anyone who walked by or watched their game. The young kid he was playing had been nervous, and after having been called a “Faggot” multiple times by James, accused of cheating, cheated by James, and had one of his models “accidentally” dropped on the floor, the kid had packed up his elven army in tears and left the store. Mary was certain that the Ogre’s Castle would never see that youngster again, which was a shame. Places like this rarely made a huge profit, and each member of its community actually mattered.

It wasn’t five minutes into their match, before James had made a snotty remark about Mary’s army. It was a beautifully painted troupe of vampires which she had spent many happy hours working on. James on the other hand was fielding a conglomeration of unpainted gray plastic daemon pieces that had been crudely glued together. When he saw her beautiful army for the first time, he made a crack about how if she spent as much time learning the rules as she did painting her army and her face, she wouldn’t suck so bad. Then he followed it up with “Maybe you just like sucking \*cough\**dick*.”

Soon after that he mentioned her hair, and how it getting in her face must be affecting her decisions. About half way through she asked him about his behavior, mentioning that it seemed like most people here didn’t like him, and he didn’t seem to like any of them. This surprised him, because most people either flew into a rage at his antics, or were totally cowed. She seemed calm and dispassionate in confronting him.

He in turn surprised her with his answer. She thought he might be sheepish about being called on, or discussing his behavior, but on the contrary. He seemed proud to admit that he was single handedly ruining all of their experience. He said that he liked to show up and see how disappointed everyone was that he was there. All of this he said was revenge for an insult the previous store owner had given him.

“Wait, the previous owner? You’re still trying to ruin it for everyone because of someone who basically doesn’t even exist in this world anymore?”

He smiled smugly. “Yeah, I just started to like destroying all of these nerds. Now why don’t you stop stalling, and let me get back to raping you.” The practice of calling a sound defeat a rape had come into vogue lately in the geek community. This was a trend that Mary didn’t like, but she forgave it has unintentional ignorance on most of the community’s part. The malevolent sneer in James’s eyes told her that the meaning of the word was not lost on him.

Unfortunately for him, this was the final straw, and Mary became angry. She clapped her hands together, and the sound was so supernaturally loud that it seemed to drive the air out of the room. Everyone immediately went silent, and turned their attention to her. She began to talk in a husky voice that sounded as if it were amplified by a P.A. system.

“You James Purdy have been making large deposits into the bank of distress and malcontent for too long now. Today you have earned the notice of a senior witch of the justice keeper coven. Forever shall you regret your ill deeds toward me, and these good hearted people.”

As she spoke it seemed like shadows were pushing their way into the room, and driving out the sunlight. All became dim except for her face and his. Everyone watched in fascinated horror.

“You don’t seem to like female hair styles, and twice today have I heard you insult my hair, and that woman’s there.”

Without even looking, she pointed a finger at a lady standing behind her and to the left, but no one could take their eyes off of her face.

“As fitting punishment, you shall forever have long feminine hair. I imbue it with a radiant and soft blue hue, that all may notice it easily. Lest you try to cut, cover, style or remove it, I grant it eternal sameness that it may never be altered in any way.”

With that, shiny locks of the bluest blue fell from the top of his hair like shouting banners of womanhood. Lady Godiva would have been proud of this hair, and now the cretin James would wear it forever.

“You are guilty of prideful and vindictive behaviors. You lack any sense of humility or shame for your wicked actions and you broadcast your fear and hatred of women with vigor.”

“As fitting punishment, you shall be forced to go throughout the world naked and humble. However if you wish not to be arrested for indecent exposure, you may wear a silky feminine bra and pair of panties. Lest your feet become tender and punctured by the sharp ground, you may wear six inch spiked heels upon your feet.”

With that, his clothes dissolved quickly into nothingness, like a piece of cotton candy dropped into a water bucket.

“Do you wish me to provide you with your bra and panties and shoes?”

“No! I’ll never wear girl’s clothes, I’m not a fag!”

“So be it, go naked until you can find the appropriate attire. Know that any covering that is not the required clothing placed around or upon your body shall vanish. Also know that not just any bra or panties or shoes will do. They must be extremely feminine and must match your satiny beautiful hair.”

The room grew darker and everything seemed to disappear except for the dozens of pairs of eyes watching these two.

“Finally, I address your worst crime yet. I have observed you using your mouth to project cruel and hurtful words as one would project weapons. You have fired volleys at nearly every person here. Worst of all, you crushed the happiness of a child, and referred to him as Faggot.”

“As just punishment, from this moment until one year from now, if ever you open that hateful mouth of yours, a large disembodied penis shall appear within your lips. This penis will stay in your mouth until you felicitate it to orgasm and swallow every drop of the ejaculate.”

“As you are so fond of these daemons, the seed that ejaculates into your mouth shall be daemon seed. It is the vilest and foulest tasting of substances. It is the stickiest and burning of goo and you shall swallow every drop. Fear not that you shall starve, for this wicked and hateful seed shall nourish a wicked and hateful person such as yourself.”

And then as suddenly has the room had turned silent, and dark, it went back to normal. A low murmur could be heard from the crowd, and James opened his mouth to curse at Mary. No sooner had he done so, than a hugely erect cock appeared in his mouth just as she had said. He flailed and tried to pull it out but it was no use.

“I told you.” Mary said in a normal conversational tone now. “That will never come out until you give it a nice blowjob. Here, I’ll help you get started.”

She waved her fingers, and the large shave began to vigorously fuck his throat. James began to gag, and ran out of the store. No one there ever saw him again.

The End