May 29th 2016 The Eyrie, New York City, Neverland, 10:00 P.M EDT

I spent most of the trip staring. The view here was amazing. This huge building towered over the city, castle battlements rising above the clouds, leaving all of New York in the shadow of its magnificence. Which was almost enough to distract me from the pleasant jiggle of monstergirl booty where I could see it straining the fabric below that tail.

Wings, check, fat ass, check, daughter of the clan leader technically making her a princess? Check plus. I almost groaned to myself, because I'd basically added her to my list already, and I didn't have to time to be picking up random new girls, considering I might have as many as two targets in this damned fable. I felt like a fat kid in a candy store who was only allowed to pick a few things. I wanted ALL the candy damn it, especially those blueberry whoppers bouncing ahead of me.

Grumbling at the mature and intelligent part of me that told me to get the witch and the fairy first and dick down the blue bombshell later, I pried my eyes up off that ass and forced myself to focus on the aforementioned amazing architecture. I had to admit it was a spectacular view. Plus easier to focus because you can't fuck a city…probably.

My princess fetish was getting tiring to deal with. Weirdly thinking about all my new gold helped a lot. It was like food and drink. When you got hungry, you could chug a bunch of water to fill up. It didn't sate the craving completely, but it helped. I had my hand in my pouch running it over the gold there, but I started feeling like a creepy subway pervert fondling myself in public. Even I had SOME shame.

Still, by the time we reached the other side of the castle I was feeling much better, and was ready for a diplomatic meeting with the Gargoyle king. Or whatever he called himself.

We came to a large stone alcove I hadn't been able to see from further away, and as we ducked inside I found myself distracted by a NEW kind of view. The inside of the chamber was an odd mix of ancient and modern, and I could see a heavyset bald gargoyle with blue skin next to a much smaller bald bronze one watching an old school TV from a ratty looking blue couch.

Angela ignored them, stalking past and then up a small set of stone steps. I followed her up, and when we reached the second I blinked in surprise. Not at the big blue Gargoyle sitting in a giant ass chair reading a book and wearing glasses, though he was an interesting sight. No, my shock was reserved for what had to be the coolest thing I'd ever seen.

"You have a DRAGON DOG?" I all but squealed in delight. I dropped to my knees, grinning at the huge blue beast. "Whose a good boy? Whose a good boy? You are! Yes you are!"

I liked dogs, as evidenced by my own good boy who spent most of his time being hogged by my women. This big guy was amazing. Like a dog with draconic head fins, but bigger, and with dense blue hide.

Of course, I knew Bronx was a Gargoyle dog based on my appraisal and the context, but it was never a good idea to tip my hand about how much information I had before going finishing, The less savvy I seemed the more likely they would slip up and admit to something I could use without meaning to.

The massive Gargoyle (seriously, he was like eight feet tall, no wonder they called him Goliath) chuckled in a deep, resonant voice. “No dragon, though he does have the heart of a lion. Bronx is a courageous member of our clan, and a true friend. I suppose that does qualify one to be a ‘good boy’.”

The clan leader stood, and I had to hold back an impressed whistle at his presence. The size wasn’t too crazy, I could be a hundred feet tall in a blink, but the sheer charisma Goliath exuded was impressive. He reminded me of my dad if he’d been a little warmer, or Lex Luthor if he hadn’t been rabidly drooling over Superman every time I’d seen him.

I held out a hand. “Nice to meet you, I’m Nicholas. You can call me Nick or Nicky. Nice place you’ve got here.”

His smile was wide and surprisingly lacking in intimidation as he took my hand and shook. Goliath was a D ranked Gargoyle, so of course he couldn’t hurt me, not that he tried. He just gave a firm shake and let go. “Be welcome here Nicholas, we are always pleased to shelter one of our brothers and sisters on the wing. I assume that to be why Angela brought you to see me?”

The crazy part was that he actually believed that. My appraisal had made it clear that Goliath was a true supporter of other Gargoyles. He really did just let a complete stranger into his house because they had wings.

Despite my general demeanor, I tried to be cool with people who were cool to me. I wasn’t going to let them stop me from getting what I wanted, but if I could do a good turn for somebody who seemed like a cool person I would. Goliath seemed like a weirdly chill dude, and I decided to try to shoot straight with him, or at least as straight as I reasonably could.

“Actually, I’m here to offer my help.” I picked my words carefully, I wanted to tell him the deal, but I didn’t feel like explaining the fable bullshit. “I’m friends with a seer of sorts. She’s recently received a vision that something unpleasant is going to happen here. Something involving the fae. As something of an expert on the fair folk, I’m here to lend aid, if you need it.”

Angela looked surprised, but Goliath simply smiled. “New allies are always welcome.” His smile slipped, face hardening. “Can you tell me more of this threat? Your aid is appreciated, but it would help to know more of what we face. The fae come in many guises.”

I gestured at a nearby chair. “I’ll tell you what I can, but I’ll need you to fill in some blanks. I don’t know if you’re familiar with prophecy but it tends to be…inexact. Can you think of anything going

on that might spark interest from the fae?" I was hoping they knew something about other supernaturals in the city, that had been why I'd come here. Granted, this was going better than I'd hoped, I thought I might need to punch some motherfuckers out, but I was getting the five star welcome. Coming in hybrid form had been a smart call.

The older Gargoyle nodded for me to sit, then took his own chair again, gesturing for his daughter to go grab something to park her bountiful blue buns on.

I very carefully didn't watch her go, and Goliath waited for her to return before he spoke. "We've had many dealings with the fae." He said musingly. "The trickster, Puck, resides within this very building. He guards the newborn son of the Castle's owner, David Xanatos, and his wife Fox." He paused. "Fox is half fae herself, in fact. Her mother is Titania, queen of the fae."

I tensed. "There's a baby in this castle with one quarter royal fae blood?" Because that was literally all I needed to know.

The fae have a THING about babies. Take them, eat them, trade them, fairies love babies for a bunch of reasons. Changeling children are left in place of mortal babies as the fae are snatched up and whisked off to fairyland until the fae gets bored. Part fae babies are even more attractive to them, and I knew my mother, as a particularly unpleasant woman, would consider a child of her replacement's daughter the perfect target.

But she hadn't interfered in the fables up til now. She'd have picked a story where something ELSE came for the kid. What, I had no idea, but with some basic leads on who this fable centered around we had a place to start.

"Would you be able to introduce me to this… Xanatos?" I asked slowly. "I suspect that baby may be the subject of the prophecy."

Angela gasped. "Not Alexander." She said in horror. "He's such a sweet boy. Ms. Fox brings him up to visit Lexington sometimes. Who would target such a young child for harm. I don't understand what they would have to gain."

"Many things." Said a wizened voice. From the shadows behind us stepped a large, heavyset gargoyle with a fringe of white hair and a scarred face. "The blood of the fae is powerful, even diluted by the blood of men. You can do much with a sacrifice of royal fae blood, should you prove able to acquire it."

I grimaced. This particular fable was a bit darker than I preferred. I had the sneaking suspicion my fights this time wouldn't be as easy as the last few. This city felt…thick with magic. The closer we got to the center of the island the stronger the spells seemed to become. My mother hadn't created this little web just for fun.

The more souls she brought into these stories, the more she brought to Neverland, the more magic she could accrue. I had started noticing an increase in power a while ago. I doubted Pan had noticed it yet, either. But she was going to keep growing stronger until she eventually broke free of this place.

Rumple had given me the missing piece of the puzzle a while ago in regards to Pan's behavior. Releasing her would have been absurd in any other place, but in Neverland Pan's power was near absolute, and no one could leave without his permission. Honestly, her changes to the island probably made him stronger to start with, and most likely seemed beneficial to him, but my mom was a sneaky bitch.

If we didn't get through this and find her we'd be fucked. Just like if I broke the magic, if she snapped the island we'd all fall into the void. We had a way out in Ariel, so I wasn't TOO worried, but it still wasn't a risk I was eager to take.

To move on though, I needed to speak to Fox. That kid was definitely at the center of this story, and whatever was coming would be aimed at him. Even if she didn't have answers I needed to be there to keep him safe. I was also betting that as the linchpin Cora and Tinkerbell would be nearby. Two birds with one stone.

"Can you introduce me to this…Fox." I said solemnly. "If her child is the one the prophecy spoke of she'll need my help." I had also been composing a prophecy in my head to suit the occasion. Anyone who wasn't super predisposed to like winged people would probably be suspicious of my motives and origins. Goliath's good word might help if he'd give it, but better safe than sorry.

The big Gargoyle nodded slowly. "I do not know the accuracy of this prophecy, but I too have had dealings with divination. I will request an audience with David and Fox. It may take some time to arrange a sit down.

"Thank you." I said in relief. "I also have some human friends nearby. I'd like to meet up with them. If you don't want them to know about this place I can always come back later."

That actually did seem to trouble him. "I shall think on this. For tonight, you shall stay with us. Are you nocturnal or diurnal? We have a perch you might use for your transformation if you like? If not Angela can escort you to one of our other lairs so you might rest. We don't have much extra room here."

I thanked him and told him I was diurnal. He seemed fascinated by my species and I promised to explain more about it the next night. I told him I'd be back at sunset and he had Angela escort me to a clocktower they used as a secondary base, where I might contact my friends (they were wary of humans) that was a good thing too. I had a feeling I was going to need all the help I could get.