

WONDER CITY STORIES

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WHOSE DREAMS COME
TRUE

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EPISODE #1

This is the Fate You've Carved on Me

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Megan Amazon woke to someone calling her name very softly, but urgently, and a hand stroking her short hair. She opened her eyes on her familiar bedroom ceiling and her lover's voice in her ear saying, "Megan, honey, please don't move."

Frozen, Megan only then noticed the heavy weight pressing across her chest and belly. "Jen? What the hell...?" Carefully, she looked downward and found an enormous wing sprawled across her. She turned her head toward her girlfriend: Jen's brown eyes were panic-stricken, with tears leaking down her dark cheeks and trickling across the bridge of her nose.

"I can't *move* them," Jen said with quiet despair. "I just... I woke up and suddenly they were like *this*."

"Okay, it's okay, honey," Megan said as soothingly as she could manage. "Would it hurt for me to touch them?"

"N-no," Jen said, voice cracking. "How does this kind of thing even *happen*?"

"We'll worry about that in a moment," Megan said, gently sliding her hands under the bone of the wing pressing her down. "How does that feel? Can I lift without hurting you?"

"I... think so," Jen said, and a spasm in her back rippled the wings. Megan could see she was straining to shift them. "I just don't have the muscle to move them. It feels like I'll *tear* something. They're *so* much bigger."

"Okay," Megan said. "I'm going to lift slowly and try to slide out from underneath. Can you tell where the joint is compared to where I am?"

Jen put her face in her pillow, mostly to wipe the tears off, then looked at Megan again. "A few feet to your right, I think. It's hard... all my proprioception is off. Jesus, Megan..."

"I know, honey, I know," Megan said, shoving all her own freakout down. *Goddamn you, Wonder City*. "Okay, I'm going to move now. One, two, three, lifting."

The wing was heavy, but not nearly as heavy as it looked; the weight was mostly due to physics and levers and things Megan didn't have time to think about. *I'm so glad Jen had the presence of mind to wake me up carefully*, Megan thought, considering her own superstrength. *Just me twitching awake too hard could have shattered the bone.*

Bracing the wing one-handed, Megan scooted her butt off the bed, and controlled her slide to the floor with her other hand. Then she could slide along the floor, out from under the arc of the wing without touching it.

She got to her feet and surveyed her prostrate girlfriend. The sheet still covered her from the waist down. Her adorable little not-at-all-functional brown and black patterned wings, whose total wingspan had not even matched her armspan, now had a massive span of at least twenty feet.

Fortunately, Megan's apartment was big.

"Just please tell me I don't have a tail or anything," Jen said, striving desperately for humor.

Megan, being an experienced paranormal whose mother, the superhero known as the Amazon, had certainly had weirder things with her breakfast cereal, actually took that seriously. She pulled the sheet down and examined Jen's bare (and admirable) butt, legs, and feet. "No tail," she reported, "no extra feathers, and no bird feet."

Jen exhaled an enormous sigh of relief. "Okay. How about my head? I can see my hands are normal—no talons or shit like that."

Megan bent close to peer at Jen's short afro. "No, all I'm seeing is hair. No pinfeathers or anything. And your face is normal."

"So it's just the wings," Jen said.

"Well, I still haven't seen your front," Megan said, unwilling to jump to optimistic conclusions. "Do you want me to help you fold them and stand up?"

"Well, I guess that would be better than being pinned here on my face like a goddamn butterfly," Jen said, blessedly recovering more of her sarcasm.

It was complicated and difficult to manage without hurting her, of course. Megan considered calling their girlfriend Watson to come help wing-wrangle, but wasn't exactly sure of the current status of the often-contentious Watson-Jen relationship and it seemed like a *terrible* time to ask. Still, once she got one wing folded and arranged semi-comfortably, it was easier to figure out how to get the other wing similarly situated. If she had to rearrange each wing a couple of times because Jen's muscles were still reacting to the enlarged appendages and trying to move them, that was okay.

"Can I borrow one of your belts to keep them in place when you stand me up?" Jen said.

Megan went fishing for one of her broader leather belts and as gently as possible strapped the wings into place. "You good now?"

Jen nodded, and Megan lifted her from the bed and set her on her feet, holding onto her so she didn't just tip over backwards from the extra weight.

Jen closed her eyes as she got her balance. Megan took the opportunity to scan down her body for any other new developments, but it appeared that all the changes were limited to

her wings. Then Jen leaned forward and put her arms around Megan's waist, pressing her face between Megan's bare breasts.

"I know it's probably *de rigueur* for you," she began.

"No, it is *not*," Megan said, thinking *Thank fuck*. "This kind of shit is always horrible. I'm sorry."

"I need to call out of work today," Jen said, voice muffled. "I need to call out *para*."

"At least you're not a superhero," Megan said, stroking her shoulders. "I mean, it's not like you've had to call out for this kind of thing before."

"Yeah," Jen said, with a little hiccup of a laugh. "Oh, god, trying to explain this to the kids..."

"One thing at a time," Megan said, suspecting that Jen's students were probably going to be utterly delighted by Wings 2.0. "Let's see if we can figure out what caused it."