

Kaylee Howard was a detestable little spoiled brat. Of course, if you had just met her, you wouldn't think so. She made sure to appear like a kind, generous and welcoming person. But deep down on the inside, she was really manipulative, bitchy and most of all self centered and egotistical. She didn't act that way with her inner circle, and with whoever maintained the illusion that she was the best and greatest. She only revealed her true self to those that didn't buy into that bullshit, meaning: You. At first it wasn't so bad, you just didn't care for her, her attitude, or her style. But when she found out that you weren't too keen on worshipping her as this school's Queen Bee, she took it personally, and vowed to make your life as miserable as possible. Since then, things escalated, your high school experience was hell, and you hated that girl. But you swore you would get her back, and you planned your revenge.

The target day was easy to pick. Her biggest flaw was her massive ego, and to hit her where it hurt you would act on one of the biggest days for vain people like her: Picture Day. Prom day was also big, but it was more a live in the moment kind of event. Picture day lived forever in the graduation book for seniors, so it was really the best target. Kaylee was dressed up, makeup done tastefully, she really wanted to look her best for these pictures, and have people remember her as the beautiful, popular girl that everyone thought she was. But you had other plans.

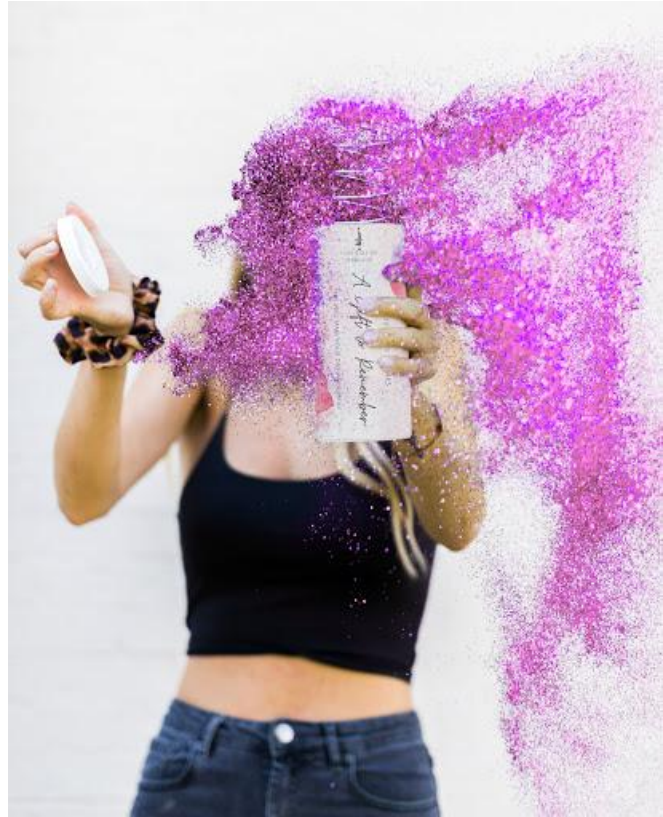


It was simple really, appeal to her vanity and self importance to ruin her day. All you had to do is time it right. You ditched class the period before the pictures, sneaking into the empty girl's washroom that Kaylee always used, and left a little present addressed to her. A simple cylinder marked with "A Gift to Remember". With Kaylee's reputation, you knew no one would dare steal or open it, so you left it there, confident it would make its way to its intended target. You didn't have to wait long after the bell rang to see the result of your efforts. Seeing her walk into the washroom with her posse, you sneakily hid yourself next to the door, peaking into the washroom so you could witness your revenge and savor her humiliation. After a few moments, you saw her approach the tube, picking it up and reading the text on it. She shrugged her shoulders, and opened the can, and then the fun began. With a loud "POP!", it sprang open, and out exploded a huge amount of glitter. All girls screamed out in surprise, then anger.

“WHAT THE FUCK!”

All three of them had glitter all over them, but Kaylee being the one holding the can when it opened, she definitely received more than the other two. She was covered in shiny pink glitter, the finest one on the market, a real pain to scrub off. Hair, face, clothes, everything was pinker than not at this point, and they were absolutely furious. Your plan had worked perfectly, and now it was time to get out of there. You sneaked out, getting through the crowd that was gathering, alarmed by the commotion, and tried not to get yourself noticed. But Jessica, one of Kaylee’s friend, spotted you lurking around and running away, and immediately reported back to the Queen Bee.

“I should have known! That little rat has always had it out for me, he is just jealous of my popularity! Argh! I wish his life were ruined, just like he ruined mine!”



Little did she know that at that specific moment, a fairy was invisibly flying by, and heard her wish. Fairies aren’t the benevolent winged creatures that we see in movies or hear about in stories. These are little mischievous creatures who love chaos. It was attracted to that specific bathroom because of the prank, and the glitter. It was laughing quietly when it heard the popular girl’s wish.

“Oh, I can work with that!” It quietly said, snickering quietly and flying off to your own home, plan already forming in its mind.



Meanwhile you had gotten away with the perfect crime. Unfortunately, the teachers had heard about the incident, and had made special arrangements for Kaylee to be able to take the yearbook photos another day, seeing how her whole attire was ruined. It was a small deception, but it was to be expected, after all the teachers just loved their precious little angel. Nevertheless, the whole thing had been worth it just to hear her cry and see her shocked face, full of glitter. You still chuckled at that during last period, regretting the fact that you didn’t think to take a picture to immortalize the moment. The whole period her friends, full of leftover glitter, were glaring at you from the other side of the class, like they knew you were the one to do this. Kaylee herself was absent, probably had some special permission to go home for the

day and recover. Anyhow, their friends were harmless without her, and the director hadn’t called you up yet, so you were probably safe, you figured.

Rest of the day went by fast, and you went home feeling accomplished and happy, your revenge finally enacted. As soon as you walked into your house, something felt off. Your parents weren't loud people per say, but at this time they would definitely be home, and they would be chatting, making supper, something. But right now, nothing, complete silence. You called out to them, still nothing. You checked and their cars were in the driveway, so they couldn't be far. You peeked into the kitchen, the living room, dining room, even the washroom, still nothing. So, you decided to head upstairs when you finally started hearing some faint talking. Knocking at your parents' bedroom door, you were kind of spooked when you heard an unfamiliar voice answer "Come in!" Hesitant, you opened the door, and gasped in shock and confusion at what you saw on the other side.

Side by side there were two women, clearly a mother and her daughter, going by their apparent resemblances and the difference in age and size between the two. While that in itself was surprising enough, these two strangers standing leisurely in your house like they lived here, your gasp was for a whole other reason. Hovering above them was the strangest little creature you had ever seen. With wings made of darkness and an impish smile, it made for a disturbing sight. Before you had a chance to regain your wits and say anything, the fairy turned to you and spoke up with a childish, yet still chilling voice.

"There you are Ben. We were waiting for you..."

You were once again shocked.
"How... How do you know my name?
What are you... and who are they?
What is going on here?"

Fear was rising up from your guts. This could not be good, not at all. It chuckled, hovering towards you, and making you step back in fear.

"I am here to ruin her life. What you did to Kaylee wasn't very nice Ben... It's only fair that I grant her wish and give her a bit of revenge for that mean, mean prank on her. As for these two, don't you recognize them? They're your sweet and caring mom and dad! Or at least they once were. Your dad here is now Trisha Walker, your new stepmom. As for your mom, she is now Amanda Walker, your stepsister, same age as you are, Trisha's little angel and precious daughter, and Kaylee's best friend!



Only you and Kaylee will remember who they were before, for everyone else, including themselves, this is who they always were! Isn't that horrendous?"

The impish creature was clearly very delighted by your distraught face. No this couldn't be possible! This was a nightmare!

"Kaylee wished your life would be ruined, so I clearly couldn't change you directly, as it technically wouldn't be your life per say anymore. So instead, I changed those closest to you, your dear parents! And by the way, if you hope to have the same fulfilling and caring relationship with them now as you had with them before, you might find yourself having some issues. It's simple really, they hate your guts. In the same way Kaylee hates you, they now do as well. You are just a burden to them; someone they have to endure living with. And they plan on making your life as miserable as possible from now on, as retribution for imposing your presence on them. Have fun with the rest of your pathetic life Ben!"

With that the creature vanished, and the two women seemed to become unfrozen from whatever trance they were in. Trisha saw you and immediately her face turned red.

"What the fuck are you doing in my room you little shit? Get out of here! Now!"

Your father had never once been so harsh with you, but you had a sinking feeling that this would be more and more common from now on. Holding back tears, you ran to your room, closing the door and hoping to wake up from this nightmare. But you didn't. This was your life now, and you had to get used to it.

It was painful and took a lot of getting used to. Leaving a toxic environment at school to come back home to another toxic environment, it was exhausting. And Kaylee was aware of the changes and was enjoying herself a little too much. Constantly hanging out with Amanda, your former mom, and rubbing it in your face, she took pleasure in setting her up with dates and coaxing her to have loud sex in her room with her door not quite close. It was only a matter of time when you walked past her room and saw her fucking some guy from school, her stare crossing yours and a smirk appearing on her face. When your stepmom heard what happened of course you were grounded, and called pervert by the both of them, followed by the whole school when Amanda told Kaylee who spread the rumor around.



Then Trisha started bringing guys home and doing the same. Your teenage mom having loud sex was one thing, but your dad being fucked by random strangers was a whole other level of disturbing, especially when you came back early from school and caught him riding some guy directly on your bed. It was so gross, so humiliating. You often wished to switch things back to how they were, pleaded with Kaylee, promised her to be her obedient servant if she only changed back your parents, but it was not use. Even if she wanted to, which she didn't, the chaos fairy was long gone, and wishing wouldn't do anything. You just had to get used to how things were going to be from now on, and maybe think twice before pulling pranks on people who despised you.

