

MALEFICENT

THE EVIL FAIRY



Chapter 1

The Child of the Moors

Long before kings and kingdoms feared her name, Maleficent was simply a child.

She was born in the Moors — a land where the trees whispered secrets to each other, where rivers sang and flowers bloomed in colors unseen in the human world. The Moors had no kings or queens. Its people — fae, sprites, treefolk, and water spirits — lived in harmony.

Her parents, proud guardians of the eastern Moors, loved her fiercely. They taught her the old ways: to speak to the wind, to heal with song, to listen when the earth trembled.

But human greed is a shadow that spreads quickly. One night, when Maleficent was barely seven, humans came with fire. They wanted the gems buried beneath the Moors. In the chaos, her parents fought to protect their home... and never returned.

The Moors took her in. A willowy tree-spirit named Lytha became her caretaker, though Maleficent often wandered alone. Even then, she was strong — her wings powerful, her horns glinting in the sunlight like polished obsidian.

By the time she was sixteen, Maleficent was the fiercest protector of the Moors, feared by any human foolish enough to cross its borders. She had learned one truth: humans were dangerous.

And then she met him.

Chapter 2

The Human Boy

It was on a warm spring afternoon. She was chasing off a group of trespassers when she found him — a boy no older than she, hiding in the roots of an oak tree.

He had no weapons, no armor, only a frightened look and a voice that shook when he said, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to be here.”

His name was Stefan. An orphan, he claimed, who had wandered too far from the human kingdom while looking for work.

Maleficent should have sent him away, maybe even scared him into never returning. But something in his eyes stopped her. They weren’t filled with greed or malice. Only hunger. And loneliness.

She brought him food. He told her about the human world — stone castles, markets full of noise, a life of struggle where kindness was rare. She told him about the Moors — a place where no one went hungry, where every creature had a place to belong.

In the weeks that followed, they met in secret. She would bring him fruits from the Moors, he would bring her trinkets from the human world: a silver button, a smooth stone, once even a book of poems.

And though she would never admit it, she began to look forward to those meetings.

Chapter 3

Growing Bonds

Years passed. Stefan grew into a young man; Maleficent into a young woman of unmatched power and grace.

Their friendship deepened into something more — stolen glances, hands brushing as they walked along the river, the warmth of knowing someone saw you not for what you were, but who you were.

One day, under a sky lit by a thousand fireflies, he kissed her. It was awkward, clumsy even — but it made her heart race like a startled bird.

“I wish our worlds weren’t so different,” he murmured.

“They don’t have to be,” she said.

But deep down, she knew it wasn’t so simple. Humans feared what they didn’t understand. And Maleficent... was unlike anything they had ever seen.

Still, she hoped. Because love, when it’s young, is foolish enough to believe it can conquer anything.

Chapter 4

A King’s Greed

The human kingdom had grown restless. King Henry, a proud and aging ruler, looked to the Moors with envy. The Moors were untouched by famine, their rivers pure, their forests alive with riches no human mine could produce.

The king called a council. “The Moors stand on land that belongs to the crown,” he lied, pounding his fist on the table. “We will take it.”

An army marched to the Moors’ border — a sea of steel and banners. But they had not counted on Maleficent.

With her wings spread wide, she soared over the battlefield, her magic tearing through the king’s men like a storm. Roots burst from the earth to entangle horses; thorns grew into walls; winds sent arrows spiraling back toward their archers.

The humans fled.

King Henry, humiliated, announced a reward to any man who could bring him Maleficent’s head.

Stefan heard the call.

Chapter 5

The Night of Treachery

When Stefan came to her that night, Maleficent felt nothing but relief. It had been months since they last saw each other. His eyes looked the same — warm, searching — though his hands trembled as he took hers.

“I’ve missed you,” he said.

They sat beneath the great willow tree where they’d once made promises. He told her he’d returned to protect her from the king’s wrath.

“I won’t let them hurt you,” he vowed.

Maleficent smiled, her guard lowered in the presence of the boy she once loved. They talked for hours, until the moon rose high. She began to feel drowsy, her eyelids heavy.

The tea he’d given her... something was wrong.

Through the haze, she saw him kneeling beside her, his face twisted in conflict. His hand reached for the dagger at his side — but it stopped. Instead, he pulled from his cloak a chain of iron.

“I can’t kill you,” he whispered. “But I must bring the king proof.”

Maleficent’s body was too weak to move. She felt the cold bite of metal at her back, and then—

Agony.

Her wings. He had cut away her wings.

The scream that tore from her throat echoed across the Moors. Birds scattered, the ground trembled, and Stefan fled into the night, clutching the wings she had once trusted him to touch.

Chapter 6

The Rise of the Dark Protector

When she awoke, the pain was worse than the wound. The ache in her back was nothing compared to the hollow in her heart.

She stumbled to the highest cliff in the Moors, where she used to leap into the wind. Now she stood there, the empty air before her a cruel reminder of what she had lost.

The Moors mourned with her. The skies turned grey, the rivers quieted. Flowers wilted.

Maleficent changed. She no longer wore the soft greens of her youth, but black. Her voice lost its warmth. She built a wall of thorns along the borders of the Moors, so high and thick no human could ever pass.

From that day on, humans called her *evil*. The Moors called her *protector*.

And Maleficent swore one thing — never again would she be vulnerable to love.

Chapter 7

The Royal Birth

Years later, the bells of the human castle rang out. Stefan had become king. His queen had given birth to a daughter — Aurora.

The kingdom celebrated with a grand christening. Every noble, every fairy, every lord and lady was invited.

Every fairy... except Maleficent.

She went anyway.

The great hall fell silent when she entered. Her horns gleamed under the candlelight, her black robes trailing behind her like shadows come to life.

“How wonderful,” she said softly, approaching the cradle. “A new life. Such a rare and precious thing.”

King Stefan stood between her and the child, his hand on his sword.

“No need for steel,” she said, her eyes never leaving his. “I come to give a gift.”

Her voice was silk, but her words carried iron. “On her sixteenth birthday, before the sun sets, the princess will prick her finger on the spindle of a spinning wheel... and fall into a sleep like death.”

Gasps rippled through the hall.

“But,” Maleficent continued, her lips curling into a faint smile, “she may be awakened by true love’s kiss.”

She turned and left, the echo of her steps like the tolling of a bell.

Chapter 8

Watching Over the Child

Stefan had ordered every spinning wheel in the kingdom burned. Their ashes were scattered into the sea. Yet Maleficent knew it was pointless. Curses had a way of finding their mark.

She told herself she didn't care. Aurora's fate was sealed, and Stefan would live the rest of his life fearing the day it would come true.

But one morning, as Maleficent walked along the border of the Moors, she heard laughter — light, unburdened laughter. She followed the sound and found three bumbling pixies struggling to care for a baby in a cottage hidden in the woods.

It was Aurora.

The pixies argued about how to feed her, accidentally dropped her bottle, and nearly let her roll off the bed.

“Idiots,” Maleficent muttered. Against her own will, she stepped in — not visibly, not yet. She cast a subtle spell so the milk never spoiled, so snakes avoided the cottage, so no wolf wandered too close.

Days turned into months. Months into years. She would watch from the shadows as Aurora toddled through the meadow, chasing butterflies. Sometimes Aurora would turn, eyes bright, and wave at the shadows — as if she *knew* someone was there.

And little by little, Maleficent’s heart began to ache in a way that wasn’t born of betrayal... but of love.

Chapter 9

The Truth of True Love

By the time Aurora was twelve, she could name every bird in the Moors. Maleficent had allowed her to wander deeper into the forest, pretending she had simply “stumbled upon” the girl whenever they met.

“You’re my fairy godmother,” Aurora said one afternoon, her small fingers tracing the curve of Maleficent’s hand.

Maleficent almost laughed at the absurdity. A godmother who had cursed her. A godmother who had once sworn to destroy her family.

Yet she didn’t correct her.

In the quiet hours of the night, Maleficent replayed the moment of the christening in her mind. The curse had been her vengeance — but she had added the loophole of *true love’s kiss* because she didn’t believe such a thing existed. She had thought it would make the curse unbreakable.

Now... she wasn’t so sure.

She began to look for ways to undo it. She cast spells, whispered to ancient spirits, begged the oldest magic in the Moors for a way to take it back.

But the curse was a living thing. It clung to Aurora’s fate like a shadow at noon.

And Maleficent began to fear the day the sun would set on her sixteenth birthday.

Chapter 10

The Final Battle

The day came too soon.

Aurora discovered the truth — that Maleficent had been the one to curse her. The betrayal in the girl's eyes cut deeper than Stefan's dagger ever could.

She fled to the castle, thinking her father could protect her. But Stefan had long since drowned in his own paranoia. He saw only an enemy's pawn, not his daughter.

As the sun dipped low, Maleficent stormed the castle. Not to fight Stefan — but to save Aurora.

Her magic tore through the gates, her staff sent guards flying, but the curse had already found its way.

Aurora pricked her finger. She fell into the sleep that was like death.

Stefan appeared, armored and wild-eyed. “You will not have her!” he roared.

They fought, magic against steel. Maleficent's staff shattered; Stefan's sword grazed her side. In the chaos, Aurora's lips were brushed by the kiss of a prince — and nothing happened.

Maleficent fell to her knees beside the bed. "I'm so sorry," she whispered, her tears falling onto Aurora's still hand. She pressed a kiss to the girl's forehead.

And the world shifted.

Aurora's eyes fluttered open.

Because the kiss that broke the curse... was not from a prince. It was from a woman who loved her like her own child.

Chapter 11

The Good Woman Behind the Horns

Stefan's rage grew when he saw Aurora awake. He lunged at Maleficent, but Aurora stood between them.

“She’s not our enemy,” Aurora said, her voice steady. “She saved me.”

The king would not listen. He attacked again — but in the struggle, Maleficent’s stolen wings, locked away for years, were freed by Aurora.

They burst from her back, powerful and glorious, carrying her high above Stefan’s blade. The battle ended with Stefan falling to his own undoing.

Maleficent landed softly beside Aurora. “I told you,” she said with a faint smile, “I’m not your godmother.”

Aurora shook her head. “You’re so much more.”

Epilogue — The Real Story

In the years that followed, the Moors and the human kingdom found peace. Aurora became queen of both realms, ruling with kindness learned from the two women who had shaped her life — her birth mother, and the fairy once called *evil*.

When children asked about the black-horned fairy in the queen’s court, Aurora would smile and say:

“They call her Maleficent. She’s the protector of the Moors, my dearest friend, and the bravest woman I know. The world mistook her for a villain... but she was simply a woman whose heart was broken, and who chose to love again.”

And so, the story changed.