

## An Angel's Flower

**Warning:** The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion*, and other minor fetishes. You know why you're here, so don't complain to me if it's not your thing.

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- *Madam Materia*

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How had she ended up in this situation? It was hard to think, her lithe fingers entwined with the buxom beauty Farah's as she and her lover dragged the princess Ev'vangel towards their room at the Whispering Wind. Little Del's heart was hammering in her chest, threatening to burst from the anticipation of sharing a bed with these two women.

The Scarlet Fox, Lady Julia. A noblewoman, mercenary lord of Bremer, and the only human among the trio. She was also the only one with a lick of sense. Her wife Farah was hanging lovingly off her arm, grinning wide as breasts like ripe autumn pumpkins were spilling out of the sorceress's dress, and Del... the poor girl had never been so smitten in her life by the pair.

The women, of course, not that pendulous bust; despite her eyes constantly flicking between them, the more mature elf's deep orbs, and the lustful curl of her smile. "Don't fall behind, cutie!" Those words enraptured the princess, as she was pulled along into a half-embrace with her wife.

"I would never," the young elf promised, her mouth dry, thirsty as she gazed upon the sorceress's ruby lips.

Farah could sense it, giggling playfully, batting her beautiful eyes to the enraptured girl. "Hold it in 'til we get to the room," Julia's armored hand ran through her wife's woody locks, giving the gentlest pull to keep her from molesting her new toy out in the hall; and eliciting the high soprano note of the woman's moan.

The princess had never heard such a melodious sound in her life. The tips of her pointed ears were red as her auburn hair, her breath coming out in aroused gasps, trying to make words and failing. Was she in love?

The armored woman of their group peeled away from her partner, the buxom elf letting out a disappointed whine, to pull out the room's key and open the way for them. They'd discussed the mercenary's price while down in the bar, so it was no surprise to see the couple had reserved the most expensive room for themselves. The lavish expense, even in such a karge city as Ganhou, was like silver in a noble's pocket to the Scarlet Fox.

A huge bed lay in the middle of the room, with sheets of fine imported satin, and pillows stuffed with the softest feathers that gold could afford. A bottle of wine was waiting on the nightstand, the glass and the rich, red liquid within reflecting the magical wisps that lit the room to look like a starlit sky. And yet, the beauty of the room paled to that of the two women staying within it.

Lady Julia stepped inside, taking her wife's hand to guide her and their mate for the night inside. "Now then," the brunette human purred, waiting for the door to close behind the third-in Del to take off her gauntlets, showing off a thick gold band upon her finger, "how about I clear your head darling, and maybe you can see about letting the princess off her hook?"

Hook? Del's mind was a blissful, lust-filled, fog. She barely had the wherewithal to kick off her traveling boots as she entered, let alone fathom what she might be talking about. An Elven phrase was uttered by the Scarlet Fox, barely picked up on Del's sensitive ears, "*I will take your burdens,*" and she lifted her hand to the two of them.

Farah giggled, her hold on the girl tight, though loosening as the magic of Julia's ring was cast. The sorceress's breasts, which had been jumping up in size with each spell, each few sweet words the elf had spoken, were receding. The auburn girl hadn't even realized she'd been leaning on against them until she nearly toppled, only being caught by the object of her desire at the last minute and held into her shrinking bust.

"Careful cutie," the graceful elf teased, running her fingers through the princess's hair, tickling her sharp ears.

Across from them, the armored woman gasped. There was an audible creak from her armor, her eyes glazing as she looked to the pair in her presence. "Farah," she pleaded, bare hands running up the sides of her breast plate, "it's tight."

The sorceress heard her wife's call, laying a tender kiss on Del's forehead, oh how the girl wished it had been on her lips, and drifted off to help her lover. "Hold on Julia," she cooed, lithe fingers finding the pins holding the unrelenting metal in place and slipping them up and out.

The shaped armor practically jumped from the human's body, as she took in a relieved breath that swelled her chest full. Their third was in awe, transfixed to see all that prolific tit slip out, stretching her tunic thin over a chest she could use as a small bed, with nipples fat as summer strawberries pushing the fabric taut.

Freed, the noble gave a hungry grin, taking her partner by the shoulders and pushing the slender elf to the bed. "Julia, we've got a guest," the caster flashed a grin towards the young elf in their room to remind her wife.

The Scarlet Fox turned, reaching up to fix her messy locks after such a release, drinking in the sight of the charmed girl with the same unabashed lust her partner had all evening. "Farah's right, you are cute, princess," she giggled, reaching one of her strong arms down and patting the bed invitingly.

Del flushed, watching the two women starting to undress as they waited. Farah was unlacing her bodice, letting it slip off her body like flowing water, and the Lady Julia was busily stripping the last bits of her plate like it was setting her on fire. She hardly felt she could hold a candle to these two as she slipped her pack off her shoulders, setting it, along with her quiver and bow, by the door as she heeded their call and sat on the bed, quite clothed.

Even "reduced", the sorceress was still an epitome of the womanly form. Her breasts were still large, plump, and would overflow near any hand not a goliath's trying to hold them. They turned with her body, to the young elf sitting beside her, the pale glow of the pink stone that orbited her head

reflecting in her eyes. "Not getting intimidated, are you cutie?" she asked, scooting her womanly hips closer and resting her hands on the girl's shoulders.

Her touch, the light brush of that thick thigh against her own. The princess Ev'vangel held her legs together, letting out a shuddering breath as she answered with a nervous, "N-no."

Fingers found her chin, turning her to face the elven beauty that entranced her so. Their eyes met, and her quivering lips parted for a hot sigh. Farah knew the tells well, answering the girl's plea by leaning in and taking her in an impassioned kiss; her first kiss.

Electricity ran through Del's body, a startled gasp catching in her throat. One of the sorceress's arms held her close, leaning into their embrace, as the other began sliding into her traveling tunic, letting skin touch skin as those magical fingers caressed her waist. Those lips, they were like velvet, the woman's tongue warm as it playfully slipped into her mouth, opening the way and inviting the girl to do the same. Soon, her tension was melting away, her body surrendering to the moment, leaning into the enchantress, steadying herself as their tongues danced by letting her hands dare rest upon the more mature elf's skin.

She'd almost forgotten the woman's wife, until the fighter's calloused fingers were on her hips, slipping into her trousers and starting to pull them down her legs. "Ah," she had to break the intense moment, as her smooth sex was revealed to the air, already wet, ready, letting them both know with its sweet scent. "I-I've never loved before."

The older elf giggled, peeling the tunic off her body to leave her naked as the rest of them. "I said the same thing," she teased, sliding behind the princess and wrapping her arms around her, hands over the girl's petite boobs and playing with them, "Don't worry cutie, Julia will be gentle."

Her tiny nipples were stiffening in the woman's palms, inviting those magic-weaving fingers to hone in and toy with them, all the while her wife's powerful shoulders came up under her legs. She could feel her voice breaking already, escaping her in stuttering gasps as she squirmed to the myriad of sensations. Once the Scarlet Fox got between her thighs, the game was over. The beautiful human's lips touched down on her simmering honeypot, her tongue slid in, parting the walls of her virgin sex, and she let out a crying moan that saw her body tense and hold tight to the women pleasuring her.

Fingers curled into the satin sheets; her thighs opened as her calves wrapped around the noblewoman's shoulders to lock her in; like subconsciously she worried she may leave her sodden box wanting. She had fantasized this moment many times, tentatively allowed her fingers to dip into her forbidden channel, bringing herself relief from her desire. It paled in comparison to the real thing, to another's body entangled with her own, filling her with warmth, giving her the unexpected and yet so lovingly welcomed.

And she had two bringing her these gifts. Farah continued to knead her chest, the elf's own pressing against her back, letting her feel those stiff teats to know she was enjoying this moment just as much. More velvet kisses were peppered along her neck, catching the drops of sweat rolling off her face. "You're even cuter when you moan," she whispered, gently pinching one of her nipples and rolling it between her fingers.

Del's back arched, pressing herself into the sorceress's touch and rewarding her with another soprano moan to fill the room. From between her legs, Lady Julia let out a muffled chuckle, buried deep in her womanhood to the point her cheeks were slathered with the young elf's feminine love as she hit that first, wonderful climax. "Nearly sweet as Farah's, princess," she cooed, licking it from her lips as she easily pulled out of the leg lock and rest her heavy chest in the girl's lap.

Her brain was still recovering, white spots on her eyes, and her tongue hanging over her bottom lip as she panted to catch her breath. The pair weren't calling it a night there though, Farah was already nuzzling into the princess's neck to rouse her, to whisper a suggestion to prompt her on. "Go ahead," she nodded towards the heaving tits enveloping her thighs, "You were looking at them all night when they were on me, give them a little 'reciprocation'," she giggled, giving the princess's little buds a squeeze.

The whole of her body was still hot, sensitive, so just that little act had her squeak out a pleased gasp. "S-sure," as the word left her mouth, she felt dumb, naïve. What was she waiting for?

Reaching out her hands landed cleanly on those enormous teats, fat nipples pressing into her palms, stiffening as Julia let out a pleased groan. "Gods, it never gets old having these," she purred, leaning forward into the girl's touch. "Even with the back strain, they're so hot. Maybe you'll grow into your own someday, princess."

"If she did, we'd have to stop calling her cutie," the sorceress teased, her fingers once again finding Del's tender buds. "I mean, just look at these cute little nipples!"

"Imagine them on some nice full tits," the lady added before breaking into a moan as the attention had the young elf tightening her grip, sinking deep into the soft, sensitive, flesh.

Farah giggled, that lilting bell laughter hot on the princess's ear. "We don't have to imagine it," she reached down, laying her hand over their guest's and pressing it deeper into the giving breast beneath.

The Scarlet Fox's song deepened, a low alto note to complement the melodious voices of her elven bedmates. "I just lifted your curse for the day, silly elf," she chastised her partner, "don't go making it worse again! I'd like to keep something of my faculties about me tonight."

Said silly elf let out a whine, pouting and hugging their third tighter to her body. "She'd enjoy it, wouldn't you, cutie?"

Would she? Those honey-like words in her ear told her yes, being beautiful as these two. Before she could answer though, the human was pressing forward, crawling up taking her by the shoulder.

"She'd listen to any suggestion you made right now," she pointed out, eyes locked with Del's forest greens as she pinned the girl to the bed, leaning down over her, "Besides, it's my turn with her, and I've got enough tit for both of us right now."

Her face came in, their lips connecting, and the princess offered no resistance. To the contrary, she reached her arms up, draping them over the strong woman's shoulders as she more fervently explored her mouth.

Farah was right, she was gentle. She wasn't as nubile as her elven partner; time had meaning to her body. The slightest cracks to her lips, a firmness to her skin, the roughness of her calloused touch. None of it though took away from her tenderness. Her touch was a tickle over her youthful body, and her tongue was not overpowering her, letting the girl explore, to enjoy to her heart's content, at her pace.

That didn't mean there wasn't guidance. After a few moments, the heat of their mingling breaths, the scent of her own sex on the woman's face, she was ready again. She opened her legs, and Julia's hand took her own from around her neck and brought it down between their thighs.

"Now, don't tell me you're a princess in bed. With that bow you carry, I expect you to be able to give as well as you just got," she stated, and led the archer's fingers to her drooling opening.

Perhaps it was the lustful daze she was in, a spark of confidence, or simply pride. Regardless, she gave a response. "I've got talented fingers."

Fingers that had played pickpocket with her father, and wielded tools to get into where she didn't belong. Today, they had an invitation, and with dextrous grace they dipped into the Scarlet Fox's silken folds.

Her thumb parted the woman's hood, finding her clit without effort, stroking it with her soft pad as her fingers played with her walls as effortlessly as her bowstring. For all her skill though, she did not exactly know what she was looking for, instead listening like she was picking a lock to the subtle sounds the buxom human made.

And sounds she did make. Her voice shuddered, she moaned, the weight of her body pressed further down on the nimble-fingered rogue. "Seems you do, little sneak," the fighter complimented, sitting up with a huff to give the girl easier access, and issue a challenge. "Let's see how well you multitask."

Back on the back foot, she looked up to the canyon above her with confusion, unable to see the woman's face past her bust. She'd see even less soon, as the noblewoman scooped her partner up in her arms and placed her firmly upon the rogue's face.

The more mature elf's thighs boxed her in, her pretty, pink sex hovering inches in front of her nose, inviting her with its sweet scent, sparkling in the dark with how wet and ready it was. "Eat up, cutie!" Farah giggled, her voice coming in muffled from their new position.

"Let's see what you learned while I was down on you," her wife joined in before breaking into another alto moan from the girl's fingers working her, while her sorceress was clearly putting her full attention into those bountiful boobs.

Del wished she'd paid more attention, but the memories were like a fuzzy pink blur of pleasure. Not to mention she was being put on the spot, needing to keep working her fingers in the Fox's box. She couldn't bear the idea of disappointing Farah though. Clumsy, frankly virgin, she let out her tongue, and lapped at the elven flower presented to her.

She heard it, the beautiful brunette elf's pleased cry, felt her legs quivering by her cheeks. That was good, so the princess repeated, simplifying her hand motions in Julia as she savoured this new sensation.

Her tongue pushed in, admiring the sweet taste of her sex, its light tang, a spice not unlike cinnamon; unique. Without realizing it her button nose had pressed forth, and she could feel the object of her desires dripping her love over her cheeks. She was doing well, and just that thought had her moaning, her delving muscle vibrating and making her lover quiver.

How long passed with her there, in her plush prison between the sorceress's thighs. It could have been minutes, days, and she couldn't find care. All that mattered was the delighted sounds of the two women's moans, muffled on the way to her ears. Eventually she felt it, first from Farah. The sodden sex smothering her face tightened, pulsed with the throes of climax, and gifted her a small flood of her liquid love for her efforts. It must have driven the elf to work her wife harder, because Lady Julia's followed suit, sucking Del's digits in and trying to wring them for something they didn't have.

With a unified sigh, the pair released her, rolling off to lay on either side of the hard-working little elf. "Not bad, princess," the human was grinning, pushing her sweat-slicked hair back as her massive breasts pooled over her torso.

She could hardly hear it. With the high coming down, the Ev'vangel royal was becoming very aware how tired she was, her wrist stiff, her jaw sore. She took a deep breath, and collapsed into the comfort of the sheets, feeling trance start setting in to let her rest.

Though not before she heard Farah's giggle. "Sleep well, cutie."

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Morning, or some facsimile of it, came as Del's eyes fluttered open. Much of her was sore, albeit in a good way; save for the headache. Her mind was trying to tell her something as she sat up, processing the prior night, feeling the blanket slide off her naked body.

Right, Farah and Julia. Thinking on the pair she somehow recognized it: Charmed, she'd been charmed the prior night. The very idea of it brought a grin to her lips, a giggle escaping from her core. They thought they needed to charm her.

Lingering on that giddy feeling was short lived, as a pillow blindsided her and left her yelping as she collapsed back onto the bed.

"Oh, shit, princess," the Scarlet Fox pulled herself up, her brown hair in messy tangles, and her body returned to its normal toned, yet still respectably curvy, state. "Sorry, I'm used to early morning giggles being Farah."

The pillow was removed, and she helped the young elf back up to a seat. Del was still smiling though, chuckling at the whole thing. "It's alright," she offered warmly, a flush in her cheeks.

Gods, she hadn't felt this good in a long time. How long had it been since she had a laugh, felt this joy, this light, within herself? Not since her father was still around; the world had just been so heavy

since his loss. Now, she'd hardly even realized, but she'd avenged him, and was halfway to saving her kingdom, all that was left was curing her mother. There was plenty she had accomplished, to be proud of, and deep down, she knew it would make him happy to see her smiling.

"The bath is up the hall, you'll probably want one since your kitty cat didn't seem keen on the direction the night was headed," the human told her, sinking back into the bed. "Sorry about that by the way, Farah's curse can get... out of hand after a half-dozen or so spells."

"It's alright," Del repeated, leaning back down on her elbow, admiring the beauty in bed with her, "I'd be lying if I said it wasn't on my mind to begin with," she reached a hand out, confidently running her hand down the dip of the fighter's waist, towards her shapely rear.

It was stopped by one of the woman's strong hands, her gaze turning over her shoulder, recognizing the look in the girl's eyes all too well. "Look, princess, I get this was your first time, but it was also more of a one time thing," she hoped to let her down easy. "We get girls in our bed, but Farah and I are more of a closed affair in terms of anything long term, she'll tell you the same."

There was no denying, as that brave hand recoiled an inch, and her lips tightened to threaten a frown, it hurt. "You're sure?" it escaped her before she could even think about it.

Rolling to face her, the Scarlet Fox kept hold of her hand, uncurling the archer's fingers and letting her feel the difference in their touches. "You've got that bow, and while from what I've heard you've got no issues using it," she ran her calloused fingertips over the point where the rogue's fingers pulled the bowstring, pressing into the soft skin, "it hasn't left its mark on you. You're still young princess, with growing to do," she gave one of those pert little boobs a poke. "You've still got yourself to find before you start devoting yourself to another, let alone my wife and I."

She blushed, covering her chest with her hand. Del knew, deep down though, that the human was right. They infatuated her, but thinking back on her father, the way he would take her mother in his arms and twirl her about. This wasn't that, even if last night's charm had made it feel like it in the moment. Still...

"Don't count me out yet," she managed a confident smirk, a flash in her green eyes, "I could still surprise you."

Julia grinned back, chuckling and shaking her head. "You've got a fire princess, that's for sure," she teased, rolling back into a comfortable position to get back to sleep.

"And talented fingers," she reminded, the blush visible on the back of the mercenary's ears.

"Gods, you're so much like her. Stay out of trouble, and there might be a place for you among our ranks yet," the lord pulled the blanket up over her shoulders. "When you're done with your familiar affairs."

A bright smile, the elf rolled her way out of bed, collecting her things for that bath. "How will I find you?"

The woman gave a dismissive wave. "You'll find your way," she assured, "Or else we'll find you. You haven't exactly been hiding anymore, Del Ev'vangel."

Del. After last night, her childhood name didn't feel right; she didn't feel like a child anymore. "Delanna," she corrected, hiking her bag and quiver over her nude shoulder and turning a look back to last night's bedmate. "And I'll look forward to showing you what I've learned then, Scarlet Fox."