

The Essence of Life - Part 1

By TROGDOR297

Gaiella stood alone at the edge of the grand hall, leaning against one of the massive carved towers topped with an orb of blue flame. Eleven more like this one were spaced equidistant around the edge of the circular hall and together they filled the space with cool light, casting the room into a perpetual shade of twilight.

She sighed as she stared wistfully across the room at the many pairs of dancers. They all looked so elegant; the maidens in their beautiful dresses of silk and gossamer, the lords in their traditional revealing outfits. Gaiella wore such a dress of her own, its fabric shimmery and opalescent, but its beauty was wasted when not draped across the proper figure. A figure which she lacked.

It was no shame for an Elf maiden of the Great Holy Forest to be flat chested...it only meant that she hadn't found a mate yet. But Gaiella was a few years past her adolescence, and had rebuffed all offers of courtship that had come her way. When pressed by her Mother to answer why she'd refused them, Gaiella had said they just didn't feel right, which was the truth. She didn't know what she was looking for but she did know that none of the suitors that had darkened her door were it.

Gaiella stood up straight as she spotted one such suitor, stalking towards her through the crowd. Gaiella shook her head with mild annoyance as she watched him push his way past the other onlookers. This one had certainly been more determined than some of her past suitors.

"Gaiella! You are absolutely resplendent this evening! Almost as resplendent as myself..." He said with a wide smile, stopping before her and bowing. Gaiella took the brief moment that he was looking away from her during the bow to roll her eyes. Determined *and* confident.

"Good evening, Shintar" Gaiella said, voice polite. "You are indeed looking...healthy"

Shintar righted himself, tossing his head to throw his long red hair over his shoulder. "Thank you for noticing" Gaiella hadn't been lying with her compliment; Shintar was the paragon of Elven masculinity.

His face was incredibly handsome, almost unfairly so. Brilliant green eyes the colour of oak leaves, a slender nose, and strong chin. His family hailed from the Western reaches of the forest and so he had their traditional copper red hair, that he wore loose, flowing down over his shoulders.

His body was athletic but slender, lean muscles on display in the traditional male formal garb. It consisted of a simple vest, though his was adorned with gilded edges and fine embroidery, and a pair of high-waisted skin tight black pants. The pants served two purposes; one was that they were easy to move in. This feature harkened back to a more barbaric time when blood would often be spilled at balls, and so the lords had to be prepared for battle lest their honor was besmirched and a fight broke out. It had been centuries since anything beyond a petty squabble had erupted at one of the royal balls, but the Elves were sticklers for tradition.

The secondary, and less official purpose that the lords wore these incredibly tight pants was that it allowed them to show off their genitals. Indeed, the imprint of Shintar's shaft and scrotum was visible on the front of his pants. His shaft was decently sized for an Elf, almost two and a half inches, but that was less important than the size of his life pouch. He'd tucked his shaft upright so the bulge of his scrotum, itself the size of a walnut, was clear for all to see. Gaiella couldn't help but be impressed, her loins stirring at the sight of his display, though she reckoned he'd likely consumed an ungodly amount of Yinga Root to achieve such a size. No Elf naturally had a pouch of such size.

"Would you care to dance, my lady?" He asked, offering his arm. Nearby several other partnerless maidens watched with envy. Shintar was a brave warrior, and of noble birth, any maiden should be proud to have him court them...but not Gaiella.

Gaiella smiled, shaking her head. "No thank you, Shintar. My answer is still no"

Shintar's smile flipped into a frown. "For now, my lady, for now. You'll soon see sense, I'm sure of it" He turned about and sauntered off, though not before offering his arm to a pair of the maidens who'd been watching enviously. They gladly linked their arms with him and followed, uncaring that he'd only chosen them because his true choice had rejected him.

Gaiella watched him go with relief. He probably thought that him leaving with those other two maidens would make her jealous, but it had done only the opposite.

"What was wrong with him?" A gentle voice spoke to her right.

Gaiella sighed as she turned to greet the source of it. "Hello, Mother"

Her mother, Dawntress, smiled. She was nearly the mirror image of her daughter, except for a few key differences. Though many years older, her Elven blood maintained her youth and so her features were nearly identical to Gaiella's, though Dawntress' were sharper, more pointed. Their hair was the same, long and golden, but where Gaiella wore hers loose and down her back to where it reached her hips, her mother had hers done up into a regal crown of braids piled upon her head, leaving her thin pointed ears fully on display. The most obvious difference was their bust. Gaiella, still without a mate, was almost completely flat. Her mother's chest contrarily was incredibly bountiful.

Each of her breasts was large and round, slightly bigger than her head. They projected straight off her chest, held aloft by the magic within. Her flesh was creamy and alabaster and almost seemed to glow in the gentle twilight ambiance. She wore a silk dress the colour of the sky that complimented her pale skin wonderfully, and was cut so that almost the entirety of her bust was bare, only two thin straps that covered her nipples and went up around her neck offering her any modesty. It was beautiful, but far from scandalous. Looking around the room, many of the other maidens who were mated wore dresses with a similar amount of flesh on display.

Gaiella looked across the room to where Shintar chatted with the two maidens he'd walked off with. "Nothing was wrong with him, Mother...he just...wasn't right for me"

Dawntress clucked her tongue. "Then who *is* right for you, Daughter? You are no longer a child; it is high time that you were mated and joined the sisterhood of stewards!"

The Great Holy Forest was the largest on the plane, spanning the entire continent of Arkentum. The Elves were the protectors of that forest, and the Great Mother goddess had granted them magic to aid in their role as stewards. Nowhere on the plane did the trees grow as tall or as broad as they did in the Great Holy Forest. Nowhere were the animals so powerful, the birds so beautiful, the fish so plentiful. All of that was thanks to the Elves and their powerful life magic.

The Great Mother in her divine wisdom deemed that just as she had created the forest, so should mothers protect it. And so, the magic is born by the maidens alone; no Elf lord can wield it. The magic is the power of life itself, and so finds its home in where maidens nurture life; their breasts. The more magic a maiden absorbs, the larger her breasts will grow, her body overflowing with abundance and fertility.

But just as a mother cannot become a mother without a mate, Elf maidens must rely on their lord counterparts for the source of their magic. That essence of life is first generated within their seed, and when consumed by their maiden is turned into magic.

This is the Great Mother's balance, ensuring harmony within the forest. No member of the elves is more important than the other, as the lords cannot use the magic to keep the forest thriving, but neither can the maidens obtain magic without their lords to provide it.

Gaiella crossed her arms over her flat chest with frustration. "I'm aware I'm no longer a child, Mother. But I'm also not an old spinster! Besides, what's the rush! Why should I have to live my life in a hurry when we're blessed with such long lifespans!"

Dawntress pursed her lips. "We are not immortal, Gaiella, and the forest always needs more stewards. There've been whispers in the trees that there are foreigners on the eastern coast. It is up to us to strengthen the forest to repel them!"

Gaiella's head whipped back around "Foreigners? Really?! Oh, that's fascinating! How I'd long to meet one!"

Her mother narrowed her eyes at her, glinting with fury. "Oh, you would, would you? And would you like it when they cut down your homeland, kill your family, and take you for their own?!"

Gaiella shrunk back, cowed by her Mother. "No, of course not, Mother" she said quietly.

Dawntress smiled once more, her frosty mood vanishing in an instant. "Good. Now, enough talk about foreigners. Let's see who's here tonight for potential suitors!"

Gaiella groaned, as her Mother wrapped an arm around her shoulders and pulled her tight against her. Gaiella could feel her Mother's massive bust pressing against her as they began to walk together. "Mother, please" Gaiella pleaded.

Dawntress ignored her complaints. "There's Gonven, I hear he's a wonderful hunter. Oh, and then there's Tribak, he's Hespera's son, that'd be a good match."

Gaiella shook her head. “No, Mother.” She didn’t have the heart to tell her that both of them had already approached her in the past few months and she’d denied each of them with equal fervor.

Dawntress led her daughter through the crowd, her breasts, which projected almost a foot in front of her, colliding with the other guests of the ball and pushing them aside as they walked. No one batted an eye at her behaviour; in a society when many of the females sported such exaggerated chests, accidental bumps were a regular occurrence.

“I still don’t see what your problem is with Shintar” Dawntress said as they stopped a few feet away. They could see him clearly through a gap in the crowd, chatting idly with another lord.

“He’s handsome, strong, a skilled fighter...oh my, and look at that life pouch!” Dawntress said her eyes lighting up as she noticed the bulge in his pants.

“Mother!” Gaiella gasped, shocked at her mother’s brazenness.

“What?” Dawntress said, turning to her daughter and smiling. “Am I wrong? Think of how much life essence he could produce in a single session! You would be a very lucky maiden”

In ages long past when the magic was first bestowed upon the elves, it was deemed that the most powerful of magic users would be chosen to rule, meaning those with the largest breasts. This was how the first royal family came to rule, and their line has continued on until this day. Since then, the hierarchy of breast size had leached into their general society. No longer did an oversized bust grant one the right to rule over the elves, but it was most definitely an important status symbol. Those with breasts larger than others would flaunt them openly, just as her mother did tonight with her dress, proud that they were more beautiful and possessing greater magic.

This in turn was why the lords dressed the way that they did, showing off the size of their life pouch. One of the desirable traits that maidens looked for in a mate was how much essence they could produce, or more accurately, how quickly they could help them grow their breasts.

Gaiella turned her mother away from the preening redhead Elf lord. “Mother, I don’t think it’s real anyway. I’ve seen Shintar before, he wasn’t that big. I think...I think he ate a dose of Yinga Root.”

Her Mother’s eyes widened. “Really? Oh goddess... He must be desperate...Ok, maybe you’re right, maybe he isn’t the right choice”

An average male Elf only produced one small drop per emission. Those with more sizable genitals could often produce a second. Those who took Yinga Root...that was a different story. The tuber was an aphrodisiac and caused the testes to swell, resulting in increased production by up to 4 or 5 times as much. It also left those who took it with a splitting headache for days afterwards. Most elves avoided it with good reason, unless they were, as Dawntress had said, desperate.

Gaiella smiled as she led her Mother out on to the balcony, happy that she’d seen some sense. The royal grand hall was built into the crown of a massive tree that rose above the canopy in the very heart of the forest. As they stood at the railing of the balcony, they could see an endless sea of treetops surrounding them for miles disappearing over the horizon.

"I'm sorry, Mother," Gaiella said as she tilted her head to lean against her shoulder. Far below, the branches of an ash tree rustled as something disturbed a flock of birds that took flight into the night.

Dawntress squeezed her daughter around the shoulders. "I know, my darling. I don't blame you for wanting to wait. I was also adamant when I was a young maiden that I would find the perfect match for me"

Gaiella chuckled. "Mother! You matched with Father only a week after you started searching for a mate!"

Dawntress smiled "I was just lucky that the perfect match found *me*"

Gaiella's father, Noxlin, was a northern Elf, with short curly hair the colour of the night. In his youth he'd been in the midst of a grand tour of the continent, wishing to visit all the great elven strongholds. He'd just arrived at his first stop, the central forest, when his path had crossed with Dawntress completely by accident. After meeting her, he never finished his voyage.

Gaiella sighed as she looked up at the many stars twinkling in the sky. It was dark on the balcony, only a few torches by the doorway providing any light, so the night sky was absolutely awash with pinpricks of light.

"I just...don't know what I'm even waiting for. It feels like there's someone special out there, and when I meet them I'll just know...was that how it was for you and Father?"

Dawntress tugged her daughter, leading her back inside. "A bit, yes. I wouldn't say it was love at first sight, but we knew fairly quickly that we were meant for each other. But it's not like that for everyone. Some people have to make a leap of faith for just a chance to get what they want"

As Dawntress walked her firm sizable breasts lightly bounced within her dress with each step. It was difficult for Gaiella, who walked arm in arm with her, to not stare at them with envy. That was what she wanted. She did want to join her mother as a steward of the forest, to grow a beautiful pair of enormous breasts, brimming with magic and life. But she didn't like any of the suitors who'd approached her, and she wasn't brave enough to take a leap of faith like her mother suggested.

From inside the grand hall, the music died down and a series of horns sounded in a regal fanfare. Dawntress picked up the pace of their walk, dragging her daughter along. "Oh, The Queen is here! Let's go!"

Gaiella stumbled for a few steps at the unexpected change in speed, but she was light on her feet and quickly matched her Mother's rhythm. Together they strode back into the grand hall, just in time to see the Queen make her grand appearance.

The Queen of the Elves, since the dawn of their time protecting the Great Holy Forest, was meant to be the Great Mother Goddess's representative on earth. This was why the Elf who'd possessed the greatest wellspring of magic had originally been chosen to be ruler; those most blessed with the Goddess's magic would most easily personify her glory. And oh, she was glorious.

Queen Faewen was a sight to behold. She didn't so much walk as she did float into the room, no small feat for someone her size. She was tall, and breathtakingly beautiful, her skin pale pink, the colour of a rose. Her hair was white, white as fresh fallen snow, and fell about her, flowing freely from her head and down her back all the way to the floor. She wore a simple golden hoop around her head, a circlet to signify her nobility.

Long ago the Elf maiden with the largest breasts was deemed right to rule, and while the rule of power now instead passed through hereditary lines, that didn't stop the Queen from fulfilling old traditions. Her bust was larger than any other in the room, larger than any other in the entire forest. Each was immense, round and flawless, spheres of magically imbued flesh each three feet across. Her nipples, tiny pale nubs, were nearly lost amongst the massive mounds of flesh they resided upon. The crowd had to move back several feet to let her pass; both out of respect, but also because if you were bumped by one of these massive mammaries they'd surely send you flying. The Queen walked with them completely bare, her dress of black silk cut with a scoop out of the front from which her bust could project from, for why should she hide the most magnificent breasts in all of Elfdom.

She glided across the room, a magnanimous smile upon her face, drinking in the stares from the crowd. The guests parted, giving her space to approach the massive plush throne that sat at the other end of the hall. Standing before it she turned around to face the crowd, hands rising up to her sides. At once the crowd went silent, watching with anticipation.

In a moment her eyes shifted from violet, to glowing bright green, cornea and all. Her chest heaved as she began to breathe deeply, causing her breasts to gently rock up and down. Across the surface of her mighty globes, underneath her alabaster flesh, long thick veins became ridged against the skin. Her nipples quivered, stiffening and swelling, growing to three times their previous size.

With a great crunching sound, all around the room vines burst forth from planters that were sunk into the floor around each of the lighting columns. They entwined the columns, growing up and around, completely enveloping them. Years of growth took place in a matter of seconds as the vines continued to spread, flowers now blooming upon them. At last, the tips of the many vines reached the hovering blue flame at the peak of each tower and then plunged in. With a roar they caught fire, and the dreamy blue light that filled the room was replaced with vibrant orange.

The crowd broke into cheers and whoops of delight at the impressive display. The vines that the Queen had grown burned bright at the end, but through her magic the fire never spread further down the stalk. As the cheers died down the music resumed, now an upbeat song heavy with drums. The couples around the room returned to dancing, now with primal abandon.

"Wow" Gaiella said, voice quiet with reverence, as she leaned against her mother. "Such power! She's truly amazing"

Dawntress nodded as they gazed at the Queen who'd lowered herself into her throne and watched the dancing crowd with amusement. She was indeed more powerful than any other living maiden, and had gone to great lengths to achieve so. It was impossible for a normal maiden to reach her size; a single lord couldn't produce enough essence in a lifetime. But the Queen was not burdened with having to rely on a single mate for her essence. It was said that in her palace Queen Faewen kept over a dozen consorts, who kept her body abundantly full.

Gaiella turned to watch the dancers once more. She wanted to be out there amongst them, beautiful and voluptuous, moving and flowing in time with another. She wanted to feel her body grow, filled with the Great Mother Goddess' magic. But she also knew that none of the lords here were right for her...she just didn't quite know why. Maybe her Mother was right, maybe she just needed to take a leap of faith.

Edward Brightblade, First Ranger for King Harmon III, tamer of Sharktooth Isle, slayer of Grothmog Duke of Orcs, was well and truly fucked. Not only was he exhausted, soaking wet, and almost out of supplies, now he was pretty sure he'd lost his trail.

His shoulder length brown hair was matted and wet, plastered against his head as he hacked away at the dense undergrowth. His eyes darted back and forth trying to catch a glimpse of whatever it was he heard moving around in the darkness. The light of his torch was bright and warm, but he feared that made him a target more than anything.

What fools they'd been. Three months ago, he and sixty of the best men he could find set sail on a quest to chart and conquer the massive continent known as Ar Kentum that lay across the sea to the west. The King had grown restless and wished to conquer new lands, and the great forest across the sea seemed a perfect target. Or at least it was perfect if you ignored the centuries of history that told tales of men who'd crossed the Onyx Sea and were never heard from again.

Edward, like the King, had thought people were just superstitious. Then halfway through their two-month voyage across the ocean, he'd watched an entire ship swallowed whole by a Kraken. The second ship went down in a fierce storm just 2 days from their destination. Of the twenty men that landed on the shore with the Ranger, all had perished since. Now only he remained

The splendour and majesty of the forest had lived up to the legends. Trees as twice as tall as any keep in his homeland. Lakes teeming with fish. Lush undergrowth filled with a 100 species of plants that Edward, a veteran ranger of 15 years, recognized and a 100 more that he didn't.

But whatever magic had infused these lands allowing it to thrive unhindered had also affected its wildlife. The third day on land the expedition crew had fled in terror from a fox the size of a horse. They lost 5 men to the beast. A quarter of his force, annihilated by a simple fox.

That was not the last encounter with supernatural fauna; over the past weeks as they trekked through the dense woodlands their numbers had slowly dwindled. The last of his companions had died just yesterday. Running low on supplies they'd desperately consumed a large quantity of an unknown berry, despite Edward's words of warning against it. After falling asleep that night they never woke up.

It was as if the very forest was trying to repel them, defending itself from outsiders. The idea was ludicrous of course, the wilds were just that, wild. But still, Edward could not help but see a pattern. He'd navigated dangerous lands before, but none had been so vitriolic to his presence than this forest.

Edward reached into his pocket and pulled out a piece of thick red fibrous root. He'd foraged them a few days ago, as their branches looked similar to a medicinal plant from back home. He'd hoped they were of the same family, and therefore edible. Lucky for him they were and had similar benefits to the plant from his own country; they provided the body with a surprising amount of energy. The tradeoff was they were tough to eat, tasted horrible, and unlike their domestic cousin, these ones made his testicles ache and swell something fierce. He took a bite and chewed, swallowing the bitter plant.

Damnation, he thought, as his sword cut down a thick bush of brambles. He should've listened to the King's seneschal. He'd warned Edward that this was a fool's errand, and to not risk his life on a whim to appease the King's boredom. These lands were known to be uncivilized and weren't worth the risk.

He'd been right on both accounts. This forest was indeed uncivilized, and nothing could be worth losing the men that they had.

Edward grunted with exhaustion as he pushed his way forward. What was he even looking for at this point? Did he even have a goal? He was simply going forward because that was better than going backwards.

A loose vine laying across a fallen log caught the toe of his boot. Holding his sword in one hand and his torch in the other he was unable to catch himself, and so, arms flailing, he fell face first through a patch of ferns. Swearing loudly, he pushed himself upright, only to find himself face first with a badger...a badger the size of a grizzly bear. The black and white striped face bared its teeth angrily as it growled.

Edward sighed as he levelled his sword. "Alright then, beastly. Come and have a go"

Gaiella woke the morning after the royal ball, in better spirits. Seeing all those happy mates, dancing together had really made her feel like she was missing out. But as she rose to the sound of birds chirping in the tree that was Gaiella's family home, those melancholy memories all floated away. She had plenty of time to find a mate, she was still very young for an Elf.

Getting dressed in a simple forest green tunic she tied her long golden hair back into a thick braid that reached her bum, before she descended the stairs that led from her sleeping nook to the main area of their home. They, like all Elves of the Great Holy Forest, lived within the carved-out trunk of an enormous tree. Theirs was a redwood which had grown to a span of thirty feet across at its base. Their home was in a hollowed-out section about forty feet up off the forest floor. Though great chunks of the tree had been removed to make space for them, Gaiella's mother's life magic kept the tree alive and thriving.

Gaiella turned the last corner of the spiraling stairs and entered the main chamber. There she found her parents in what some cultures would consider a compromising position.

Her father stood next to the ornate wood table that they used for their meals, a single hand resting upon the top of a chair to steady himself. His pants were down around his ankles while Dawntress kneeled on the floor in front of him, servicing his cock. Her head bobbed back and forth rapidly along his 3" long shaft, lips squeezed tight around his flesh. Her hands rested upon her breasts, which she'd pulled free from the shimmery grey robe she wore, gently massaging their bulky forms.

Gaiella strode past them on her way to the pantry, not giving them a second look. Though the act of sharing life essence was still sexual and very sensual for the pair performing it, it was also at the very core of Elven culture, and so was not seen as a lewd act, but as a holy ritual. To ensure the forest would never be without stewards, mates were encouraged to perform the act as frequently as possible, and to not be ashamed of it, and so such public displays like her mother and father put on now were common. Her parents had been doing it for as long as she could remember, and so it had never bothered her.

Ensuring the forest continued to thrive was not the main reason most mates engaged in the activity so frequently. It was obviously pleasurable for the lord, having his cock so lovingly serviced by his mate's mouth, but Gaiella's mother had told her in confidence that the act was not without its upsides for the maiden. Supposedly absorbing the essence of life into one's body was a highly intoxicating feeling. And of course, it had the obvious benefit of making the maidens breasts grow, a positive outcome for both mates and something that most wanted to be doing as frequently as possible.

"Good Morning, my little juniper berry" Her father said as Gaiella re-entered from the pantry with a bowl of fruit drizzled with honey.

"Good morning, Father" she said with a smile.

Her father smiled back, though it was short-lived as his face suddenly spasmed, jaw clenching from the stimulation his wife was providing him down below. He let out a deep grunt of satisfaction, as Dawntress moaned around his cock in her mouth.

"Did...ahhhh!... did you enjoy the ball, last night?" Her Father said, his breathing getting labored. His eyelids fluttered as Dawntress sped up her movements on his shaft, one of her hands leaving her breasts to gently cup the small tight sack that was his life pouch.

Gaiella shrugged as she popped a sweetened cherry into her mouth. "It was fine"

"Just fi-Ah! Hnnngghh!!" His question was interrupted with the arrival of his climax.

Dawntress slid her mouth back off his shaft, stroking it with one hand as she opened her mouth, sticking out her tongue below its tip. From his slit emerged one drop of milky fluid, followed by a second. Both dripped free, landing squarely upon Dawntress's waiting tongue. Carefully she slipped her tongue back in her mouth and swallowed. While Noxlin recovered, bending over to pull up his pants, Dawntress stayed kneeling eyes shut as she began to caress her breasts. Her body visibly trembled as she released a quiet but intense moan. Her nipples hardened, growing erect upon the end of her breasts, but other than that there was no further change. Opening her eyes and releasing a sigh of contentment, Gaiella's mother slipped her more than ample bust back into her robe and stood up.

Though full of life essence, a drop is still just a drop. After individual sessions it was rare to see any visible growth.

“Your daughter is spoiled” Dawntress said as she fixed her robe back into place. “There were plenty of good lords at the dance and she refused to dance with any of them”

Noxlin leaned over to kiss his wife upon the temple. “If she wouldn’t dance with them, then they weren’t good lords”

Gaiella smiled “Thank you, Father”

Dawntress rolled her eyes “Don’t encourage her, Nox. She isn’t getting any younger!”

Noxlin shrugged “She’ll find someone. Have patience my love”

Dawntress huffed, crossing her arms across her large, magically perky breasts “When have you ever known *me* to have patience?”

Noxlin laughed, as he disappeared into the pantry to fetch his own food.

Dawntress walked over and ran a hand across her daughter’s shoulder. “I don’t mean to be hard on you, Gaiella. I just know how happy I was when I chose my mate. I want that for you”

Gaiella nodded as she finished her fruit. “I know Mother. I don’t mean to be difficult” She stood and turned to face her Mother, who with a smile pulled her into a warm embrace.

“Where are you off to today?” Dawntress asked, not releasing her grip on her daughter.

“I was going to go on a run through the sycamore groves to the East. I wanted to check on the saplings we planted last spring”

After holding on for a few more seconds her Mother let her go. “Be Safe, Gaiella.”

“I will, Mother” Gaiella said, giving her one last kiss on the cheek before she hurried out into the gentle morning.

Edward Brightblade, First Ranger of King Harmon III, navigator of the Carcosian Abyss, discoverer of the lost Tomb of the Seraphs, was now *definitely* fucked. His situation before hadn’t even come close to the levels of fucked that he was now.

He sat leaning against the trunk of a massive sycamore, his breathing shallow. The badger lay slain a few feet away, head lopped free of its shoulders, but it had gotten more than its fair share of blows in. The beast had fought like a demon, never backing down despite the numerous flesh wounds that Edward had carved into it. It hadn’t even shied away from the fire of his torch. It behaved nothing like any beast Edward had seen before.

Edward could feel blood run down his temple and onto his cheek, making his beard sticky, from the wicked blow he’d received from a swipe of a paw the size of a dinner plate. That one wasn’t so bad...it was the wound in his abdomen that he feared would be fatal. He hadn’t peeled away his leather jerkin to inspect it yet, but he could tell from how numb his body was that it was bad.

His torch had gone out, but judging from how the sun shone through the canopy high overhead, it must be mid-morning. How long had he been sitting here? The pain had made it difficult to keep track of time.

His sword lay across his lap, the blade long and bright, its finish shiny like chrome. It'd been a gift from the King after he'd saved the Prince's life and it had earned him his moniker. It had saved his life many times, but this time it hadn't been enough.

His hand trembling, he reached into his pocket and fished out another piece of tuber. He lifted it to his mouth and took a bite. His jaw struggled to chew through the thick plant, and his throat ached as he swallowed it.

His Ranger instincts told him that he needed the hit of energy the root would give right now. He needed that boost to stay awake. Needed to stay lucid until...until...Gods who was he kidding? It wouldn't matter if he kept himself conscious for a week; no one was coming for him.

Would this really be the end of him? Lost in some forest, bleeding out after a duel with a god's damned badger? Surely the gods would think that he deserved better?

He doubled over, as a wet ragged cough wracked him. Spatters of blood appeared on his pants having sprayed from his mouth. That wasn't good...

He leaned back against the mossy bark and shut his eyes. Whether the gods thought this a worthy end or not, it hardly mattered. No help was coming. With a low groan his head lolled to the side, as he let go of all of his hopes for survival, waiting for death to take him.

Gaiella moved swiftly through the forest, leaping from branch to branch. She hummed a happy tune as she moved, not stopping for a moment to rest. With a whoop of delight, she jumped off a branch, doing a somersault in the air before landing on the mossy ground, taking off once more at a sprint.

She smiled with joy as she ran, taking in all the senses of the forest around her. The moist loam under her bare feet, the smell of the trees, the wind in her face. When she was out in the forest, she could almost forget all her troubles. For a moment it didn't matter that she didn't have a mate, nor was any closer to getting one than she had been a year ago. She wasn't desperate, but perhaps she was worried. What if she never found the right lord for her?

She slowed her pace as she found herself in a clearing, taking a brief second to catch her breath. She'd been running straight for nearly an hour, but she only felt slightly winded. She knew the sycamore grove was not far from here, but she would walk the rest of the way, take some time to enjoy herself.

As she walked the forest stilled around her, branches moving aside to clear a path. The trees knew who protected them, and served the Elves willingly.

As she stepped lightly through the forest, an acrid smell tickled her nostril. She frowned as her nose wrinkled involuntarily. She recognized that smell...it was...blood?

She turned off the path she'd been walking, following the scent into the thick underbrush. Something wasn't right about this, she knew it. The scent of blood wasn't uncommon; the forest had its share of predators, and the Elves themselves would also occasionally hunt. But this smell...it was strong; blood had been spilt and then left. No predator or Elf would kill and then abandon their trophy.

It didn't take her long to find the source. Walking through a patch of tall ferns, their fronds billowing out of the way to let her through, she found what she was looking for. Upon the ground lay a carcass of a badger, its head shorn clean from its body, laying a few feet away.

A dozen or so rats surrounded the carcass, nibbling at the body. She walked into the clearing and with a wave of her hand the rats fled; they too knew that elves held dominion over these lands, and instinctually obeyed her commands.

She crouched low beside the fallen beast, careful to not step into the pool of its blood. Its body was rent with several long clean cuts that oozed blood. She ran her fingers along the side of one such wound. What had done this? It was obvious that the rats hadn't slain the badger, but something had? But what predator cut as cleanly as this? Or would leave the body behind?

Frowning, she stood and walked on, casting about with her sharp eyes to see if she could find any more clues to further explain the scene. Her long, pointed ears twitched as she listened, hoping to maybe detect if the killer was still close by. But for all of her enhanced senses, it was by complete accident that she found her quarry.

Walking past a sycamore, her foot caught on something solid beneath the undergrowth. It was hard, but didn't feel like a stone, or a log. She squinted through the thick brush that surrounded her. Reaching forward she brushed the plants aside until...

She gasped, standing upright. A corpse was hidden underneath the thick plant life, dirty and covered in blood, slumped over beside the trunk of the tree. Grabbing onto its legs she dragged it free of the brush and out into the open.

Gaiella knelt down beside the still form. Who was this? They were the strangest Elf she'd ever seen. They wore clothes made of leather, not fibrous materials. They had heavy coverings on their feet? What Elf hid their feet from the touch of the forest!

She leaned over to look at his face. His hair was brown, the colour of soil, and clumped with sweat and blood. And he had hair on his face? Gaiella had never seen hair grow on an elf's face before, though it suited him very well. His features were handsome in a way that Gaiella didn't know was possible. Not elegant, but brutal, not refined, but rugged. His broad face, strong chin, brooding brow were all very appealing to her. It was a shame he'd passed; she would've very much liked to get to know this lord.

She ran a hand through his hair, brushing it aside to try and get a look at the wound that he'd taken to his head. The movement pulled the hair away from his ear. Gaiella froze, eyes widening. His ears were short and rounded. She pulled her hand back out of shock.

He wasn't an Elf. Of course he wasn't. It all made sense now as her eyes traced up and down his body. He was...something else. She remembered that her Mother had mentioned foreigners on the East coast, but that was a hundred miles from here? She had to tell someone, she had to warn her people.

She leaned back over the body to get a good look at it one last time. She'd always wanted to meet a foreigner, even though they were forbidden in the forest. She'd gotten her wish...too bad he was dead. She reached out and caressed a hand down his cheek, feeling the hair of his beard upon her skin.

His chin flexed as his muscles tensed under her touch. A low barely audible groan escaped his lips.

"Great Mother Goddess!" Gaiella shrieked. "He's alive!?!"

Reaching out with her hand she placed two fingers upon his neck. She felt a pulse but it was barely there. His clothing and face were soaked with blood that continued to flow. Yes, he was still alive, but he wouldn't last much longer.

Gaiella sprang into action, hands trembling with both fear and excitement. She willed her fingers to still as she attempted to undo the ties of his jacket. After undoing it she pulled it open and lifted his loose shirt beneath.

Her eyebrows lifted appraisingly as she studied him. His chest was broad, covered with powerful muscles...and even more hair?! Momentarily distracted she ran a finger through it, enjoying the tickle of it on her hand. Her distraction ended when she spotted the source of the blood.

Gaiella paled as she gazed at the wound on the side of his torso. Three deep claw marks had raked him right across the stomach, and were steadily leaking blood. She couldn't help him. This was beyond a poultice and some bandages.

She sat back on her calves that were folded underneath her. She was an hour away from her home. He was too heavy to carry, and even then, he may not survive another hour. He certainly wouldn't be able to wait for her to return with help.

"I'm sorry" She whispered, tears forming in her eyes. She felt terrible that there was nothing she could do to help him. If only she had her Mother's life magic.

A thought came to her. She could save him if she had magic...magic that she needed a male to give her. A male...like him? She looked down at the body of this non-Elf.

Elves were forbidden from participating in the exchange of life essence with any Elf other than their mate, unless of course they were royalty. During the mating ceremony a spell of verity was cast upon the participants, before they both proclaimed that neither had lain with another Elf. But this male...he wasn't an Elf. It was an unexpected loophole...

The male took in a low ragged breath, his body nearly spent. At once any leftover doubt was removed from Gaiella's mind. She had to do this to save him. No one would ever know. She would just consume the drop or two he could give her, which she hoped would give her enough power to heal his wounds.

Her hands flew to the tie of his pants, undoing them hastily. She had to hurry; he was on death's door, and only she could save him. Gripping the sides of his pants she slid them down to his thighs, exposing his crotch.

A lifetime of only being exposed to Elf genitalia had left Gaiella unprepared for what she now laid eyes upon. He was huge, bigger than any cock she'd seen before in her life. His shaft laid to the side, and was easily four inches long. But it was nothing compared to his love pouch. Her breathing became heavy as she stared at the swollen fleshy sack attached to his undercarriage. It was massive, it would take her both hands to fully hold it!

A fire lit inside of her as she stared at his package. She'd never been more aroused in her life. This male was beyond any of her wildest dreams. With a pouch of that size, he would be able to produce at least a dozen drops of essence! Her body shuddered at the thought, her loins becoming moist beneath her tunic.

Another wretched breath drew her attention back to the reality of the situation. Her own lust was not important right now, she had to act quickly if she wanted to save him. She shuffled closer so she could lean right over his cock. Reaching out she took his shaft in one hand. She frowned as she held it; the flesh was soft and spongy, not the firm flesh of an Elf cock. How did these things mate with a cock like this?!

It didn't matter; she didn't need it to be hard to help him. She'd seen her Mother perform countless times before, so she knew what to do. Grasping the shaft gently she lowered herself until her mouth came upon the tip, lips gently squeezing his flesh. Carefully she began to slide her mouth up and down his shaft, tongue swirling around the bit of his flesh that fit in her mouth.

Her mother was right, the act was pleasurable in its own way. She sped up her pace as she got into it, enjoying herself. Her free hand reached out until she found his large sack; feeling it in her hand just made her more turned on, which then just made her performance more enthusiastic.

Within her mouth she felt his flesh twitch. She ignored it as she continued to fellate him, head bobbing up and down as she let out a moan. But then it moved again, and then another time. She lifted her head up as she looked down curiously at his shaft. It...it was growing?

Like a snake rising from its nest, his formerly soft cock rose up and into the air. It was getting longer, and thicker. Her one hand still gripped it, and could feel the flesh swell between her delicate fingers, getting firmer and firmer. When it finally stopped it had doubled in size, now a thick, 8" pillar of flesh that rose proudly from his body straight up in the air.

"Great Mother Goddess..." Gaiella whispered as she stared at it. She'd thought his cock was impressive before...but this...this thing was a gift from the gods themselves. Her hand which gripped the base, slid up, her palm gliding along the hard length of flesh. It was so big! Her entire body shivered once again as she thought of feeling it inside her.

Without hesitation she dove upon his shaft once more. Her jaw strained as she opened her mouth to fit him. She drove her head down forcing more and more of his shaft into her mouth until she felt his tip touch the back of her throat. Her muscles spasmed, as she felt the urge to gag, but she pushed it down. Slowly she pulled her head back up savoring the feeling of his thick meat in her mouth, before she forced it back in again.

It was so long that she could only fit half of it in her mouth, and when she did, she found it difficult to breath. That didn't stop her from doing it over and over again. She could feel her pussy gushing with juices as she sped up, getting used to the feeling of his massive shaft and pushing herself further and further. Her one hand stroked the other half of the shaft that she couldn't fit into her mouth, while her other hand squeezed and fondled his enormous love pouch.

In her mouth his cock flexed, jumping in place. Though she'd never done this before, she reckoned she knew what this meant; he was close. She pulled her head back and locked her lips around his head. Her stroking hand sped up, holding his shaft tight as she jerked hard up and down. In her other hand she felt his scrotum tighten. It was nearly time.

Closing her eyes she waited for him to cum. She could feel his shaft began to tense erratically in her hand. Just a few drops were all she needed.

Her eyes widened with surprise as he came into her mouth...not a few drops like she'd been expecting, but an entire mouthful. The taste of his seed in her mouth was a mix of bitter and sweet, but the taste was less important than the sheer volume. She forced herself to focus and swallow, gulping the large mouthful of cum down her throat. That was so much?! Surely it was over now...

It was not over. The tip of his cock erupted with another spurt of warm semen, and then another, and another. It was like his cock was a geyser, lying dormant for a century and now finally springing free. Gaiella struggled to keep us she desperately swallowed all of the cum that he gave her.

Finally, it stopped; a few final drops landing on her tongue as she felt his shaft go soft in her hands. She sat up, letting go of his shaft which now flopped against his thighs, once again returning to its formerly spongy state.

Gaiella's breathing was rapid and out of control, her eyes wide and wild. There was a storm inside her that she was trying and failing to contain. Her entire body felt alive, more alive than she'd ever felt before. Her skin tingled like she'd just jumped in a frozen lake. Her loins burned like a harvest bonfire. And her chest. She could feel it happening.

The magic flowed into her body, infusing her flesh. He'd given her so much essence, and her body was drinking it in without stop.

"Oh...Goddess...Oh!! Ohhh!!!" Her moans echoed through the quiet forest, the passion and pleasure she felt without equal.

With reckless abandon she tore off her tunic, the garment falling loosely to the ground, her hands reaching to feel her breasts. They were already bigger, she could actually cup them now, but they were nowhere near finished. Her hands fondled and squeezed them as her flesh swelled, breasts getting fuller and rounder. Her skin was hot to her touch as her body struggled to keep up with the deluge of magic that poured into it.

“Yeeeeesssssss!” She shrieked, body trembling with ecstasy as she kneeled in the quiet forest glade. She now knew why her Mother had wanted this for her, why every Elf wanted this. This was why the Great Mother Goddess had put them on this plane. To grow and be bountiful, to be filled with her magic.

With a howl of primal joy, she extended her hands, holding them over his supine body. She didn't consciously know how to channel the magic, but in this moment her body was so abundant with it, brimming with it, that it took very little effort to expend it. She felt her nipples harden and expand, the flesh of her chest tensing and growing tight. She felt pressure build up inside her until with a gasp...she released.

Edward Brightblade, First Ranger of King Harmon III, suppressor of the Vhati Rebellion, savior of the free city of Firemark, was...alive?

His eyes shot open, before squeezing shut again, blinking away the sunlight that streamed through the trees above. He lifted his right hand to his temple; his hair was still wet and matted but...the wound was gone, no blood seeped from it. His other hand flew to his waist. He was surprised to find his jerkin was undone; his shirt lifted up. His fingers came down upon untarnished skin.

What...what happened? He should be dead? He pushed himself up to sitting, further confusion setting in. He wasn't just alive he felt well; he felt rested. His head no longer pounded; his muscles didn't ache. What the fuck was going on!

His eyes scanned the clearing, searching for meaning. He first spotted the dead badger, it's massive body still and laying in a pile of its own blood...something that he himself should be doing. Alright, it wasn't a dream, he had fought that blasted thing. Next, he spotted his sword on his left, underneath some leaves, sunlight glinting on the blade. Then...he saw her.

At first, he thought that perhaps he truly was dead, for no heavenly creature such as this could live upon this plane. She was an angel...but no, she couldn't be, the angels were all dead, Edward had seen himself where they were buried. Not an angel, but surely a being of some form of divinity.

She was nude, and seemed unbothered by it. She moved amongst the trees, ethereally dancing this way and that, her steps graceful and elegant. Her hands reached out when she drew close to a vine that wrapped around a tree, a smile blooming on her face. He didn't understand what she was doing until he saw the plant that she beckoned, grow and flower before his very eyes. She laughed, a delicate tinkle of a laugh, as she watched the vine grow taller and taller, beautiful flowers blossoming along its length.

“Holy shit...” He swore, utterly amazed at what he saw.

The beautiful thing gasped, head spinning to face him. She was...she was perfection, there was no other word for it. She wasn't a human, that much was obvious. Her eyes were larger than a human's, bright blue irises in their centers. Her nose was overly small, turning up at the tip. And of course, her ears, each extended about 4 inches up and away from her head, thinning to points at their tip. Altogether she was the most gorgeous thing he'd ever seen. And that was before you considered her breasts.

Her frame was slim, lithe and slender, except for her bust. Her breasts were full and plump, round perky orbs that hung high off her chest. Each was five inches in diameter, nearly spherical. Her nipples were a delicate shade of pink, and were erect against her flesh. A number of pale blue veins were visible, rigid against the surface in several places. They weren't the largest breasts he'd ever seen, but without a doubt they were the most perfect.

“You're awake!” She said, face splitting into a smile. She pranced over, bare feet light upon the mossy ground, kneeling down on the ground beside him.

“I...I am” Edward said, still in awe of the creature that sat before him.

“Thank the Great Mother” She said. “For a little bit there I thought you may not make it!”

“Who...where...what happened?” He asked, the questions stumbling over one another.

She bowed her head. “My name is Gaiella, Elf maiden of the central woods. You're in the Great Holy Forest. You were near-death but I healed you!”

Edward said nothing for several moments as he processed what she'd said. An Elf! In all his travels he'd never met an Elf; they were supposed to have died out long ago, same as the angels. That meant this continent was not nearly as unsettled as he would have originally believed.

“You...healed me?” He asked, not incredulously, but just making sure he understood.

Gaiella's smile widened “Yes! I was able to channel the essence of life and use it to heal your wounds!”

Edward nodded, as it felt like the right thing to do. He didn't understand what she meant, but he'd seen her wield magic just now, so he figured it must be something to do with that.

“Well, thank you. I would be dead if not for you”

Gaiella nodded “Of course. But...I should really be thanking you...I wouldn't have been able to do it without you!”

Edward stared at her blankly. “What...what do you mean?”

Gaiella beamed at him, eyes squinting shut as she gestured towards his waist. “It was you who gave me the life essence, of course!”

Edward turned his head to see that she was pointing at his crotch...which was fully exposed, his pants around his knees. He would've been embarrassed if not for the fact that she was also naked and seemed to not care about it. He studied his package; his testicles were still swollen and massive, and his cock was slick and shiny with some sort of fluid. Then he noticed the single drop of cum that hung on to the tip.

"Wait...when you said I gave you 'Life Essence'..." He said slowly. "Does that mean that you..." He pointed at his limp cock.

Gaiella nodded, biting her lip. Edward noticed that she'd started sneaking glances at it when she thought he wasn't looking.

"Why?" He asked, confused.

Gaiella cocked her head equally confused. "What do you mean why? If I hadn't done it, you would have died! Why wouldn't I have done it!"

Edward laughed "Well, where I come from, if you told a lady that to save a stranger's life she had to suck his cock...you'd have a lot of dead strangers"

Gaiella gasped "That's terrible! Why wouldn't those maidens help those poor lords! When did this happen?"

Edward shook his head "No, no, it didn't actually happen, it was just a...never mind. Thank you for doing that, I'm glad to be alive, though I'm sorry that something as lovely as you had to do something as degrading as that to achieve it..."

Gaiella's mouth twisted into a confused smile. "What? Degrading? There must be some confusion...There's no need to apologize, it was an honor and a privilege to service you!"

Edward raised his eyebrows with surprise. "Really? Is that so? An honor and a privilege?"

Gaiella nodded "Oh yes! Truly I feel blessed by the Great Mother Goddess herself, to receive the bounty of life that you provided...and what a bounty! How lucky am I to receive such a blessing my first time!"

"First time? Wait, you're a virgin?!" Edward said.

Gaiella blushed "Yes, I know it must be confusing with my bust in such a state, but I am without a mate." Her hands came forward and cupped her large round breasts, lifting them up for emphasis

"Usually, it takes years for an Elf maiden to grow to this size with the help of her mate, but you produced so much essence in a single session..." She looked up at him and gave him a sultry smile.

Edward shook his head "I...how much was it?"

"Several mouthfuls!" Her face took on a look of disappointment then "Mine must not look impressive at all to you... I can't imagine how large your maiden's breasts must be if you can produce so much every time..."

It was Edward's turn to blush "No, I don't...Oh gods, I can't believe we're talking about this...no, I don't usually produce that much, but forget that, what was that you said about our ladies breasts?"

"Your maidens? When they consume the essence, surely they grow?"

Edward shook his head "No, definitely not."

Gaiella let go of her breasts, which barely sagged at all as they settled. "Oh...Oh! Interesting..." A smile returned to her face "I suppose the Great Mother Goddess did not think your kind was worthy..."

"Guess not" Edward said, pushing himself to his feet. "I'm Edward by the way, Edward Brightblade."

Gaiella rose, her movements enchantingly graceful. She bowed "It is my great honor to meet you, Edward Brightblade." She rose and smiled at him once more. Gods, she was beautiful, Edward thought. He could see himself getting lost in those eyes for quite a while.

"Where are you from, Edward? And...forgive me if this is rude, but what are you! You are clearly not an Elf" Gaiella asked.

Edward laughed "No definitely not. My homeland is across the sea to the east. I'm a Human"

"Fascinating!" She said, eyes twinkling. "Tell me Edward, do...do you have a mate?"

Edward lifted a single eyebrow "A...mate? Do you mean am I married? No, never found the right lady"

Gaiella's smile grew wider as she stared up at him. He was a few inches taller than her, and much broader. Edward smiled back, feeling a warmth build inside him.

"Will...will you come with me?" She said, voice suddenly strained.

Edward nodded "Of course I'll come with you" At this moment he felt like he would follow this Elf into the gates of damnation themselves.

Edward took a moment to retrieve his gear, fetching his sword from where it lay and returning it to its sheath across his back. Then he tied his jacket up, and pulled up his pants, tucking his swollen package back inside. He could've sworn he saw a look of longing and disappointment cross Gaiella's face as she watched him redress, but surely, he must be seeing things.

With his things recovered they set off into the forest, Edward following the beautiful golden-haired Elf that led the way, marveling as the very forest seemed to move aside for her as she walked.

"So..." Edward asked. "Are all Elves usually naked?"

Gaiella broke into laughter, her delightful giggle echoing through the forest as the pair headed off towards Gaiella's home...and their destiny.

END OF PART 1