

Essence of Life - Part 2

BY TROGDOR297

Somewhere near the vast center of the Great Holy Forest, something happened that hadn't occurred for several millennia. A Human and an Elf walked together.

Gaiella led the way, a trail forming before her as she walked, both undergrowth and trees moving aside to let her pass. They'd been travelling for an hour now, but they were still not even halfway back to her home. It'd taken her an hour to run the distance, but her travelling companion was not nearly as swift and so the journey was slow.

Gaiella didn't mind, it gave her time to think. They'd talked for the first leg of the hike, asking questions about each other and their culture. Gaiella had explained to him a number of the facets of Elven culture, many of which caught him by surprise. Edward, the human, had been a little more reticent to share facts about where he'd come from, but he'd told her enough. He'd come with a crew of men to explore the lands they thought were untamed. They'd had no knowledge that the Elves even existed prior to Edward's run-in with Gaiella. He'd been mortally wounded and the Elf had saved his life.

Now they walked in silence, and Gaiella struggled to sort out the storm of emotions within her. So much had happened in such a short period of time, that she didn't know what to focus on.

She was excited. For multiple reasons in fact. Her life in the forest had been happy, but often simple. She'd longed for something more, something interesting. When her Mother had mentioned that there'd been rumors of foreigners in the forest, her first reaction had been excitement and intrigue.

Perhaps that's why she'd decided to go east this morning. Her intention had been to inspect some saplings that they'd been nurturing, but maybe subconsciously she'd hoped she might encounter one of these foreigners. And then she had, and what an encounter it had been.

As she walked, she couldn't help but smile, as she enjoyed the sensation of weight on her chest. This morning when she'd left her home, she'd been flat. Now she walked with a beautiful set of full round breasts, each a fair bit more than a handful. They were nowhere the size of her Mother's proud pair of pendulous mammaries, but they were still magnificent. She'd been waiting a long time for this, and now that she had them...she wanted more.

With each step they bounced slightly, sending little shockwaves of pleasure through her. They thrummed with magic, desperate for attention. It took considerable effort from her to keep her hands off of them. Now that she had them, she wanted to touch them, to hold them, to squeeze them...or perhaps she just wanted *someone* to do that for her. Someone tall...with large strong hands.

Gaiella turned her head to look over her shoulder. Behind her Edward's eyes glanced away to look up at the canopy. Gaiella grinned as she looked back ahead. He'd been staring at her, and had unsuccessfully tried to hide it. This hadn't been the first time she'd caught him staring at her, though she hadn't chided him once. She was greatly enjoying the attention.

This was the second of the feelings that tumbled around inside her mind. She was deeply aroused.

For quite some time her Mother had been pushing for her to choose a mate. She didn't lack for suitors; in fact, she was one of the most sought after maidens in the central forest. She was a true beauty, her large eyes the colour of sapphires, her features delicate and divine. Her long hair the colour of gold itself was the envy of many.

No, the reason she hadn't chosen a mate was her own refusal. She'd felt like there was something missing from all the Elf lords who'd tried to woo her, but she couldn't quite place her finger on what. They were all just...too much. Too arrogant, too prissy, too obsessed with themselves.

Then...then today by a complete twist of fate she'd met Edward. Or more so found him. He was unlike any lord she'd ever met, and not just because he wasn't an Elf at all. He was tall, yes, but he was also broad. His body was thick with muscles, arms and chest straining the leather jacket he'd worn. His face had been handsome, but in a wild unrefined way. Oh, and the hair! Hair on his face, hair on his chest. She just wanted to run her fingers through it, to feel it tickle her skin as she lay upon it...

Then there was his cock and life pouch. Great Mother Goddess. Her face blushed and her heart sped up as she walked; just thinking about it got her feeling incredibly hot and bothered. That alone was any Elf maiden's dream. Gaiella had been nearly mad with lust when she'd serviced his cock to save his life. Her mouth went dry as she remembered the feeling of his thick shaft filling her mouth. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, pushing the memory of it away. She couldn't be thinking of that right now.

But it wasn't just his body or his cock that had attracted her to him. He himself was different. He wasn't arrogant, he was humble. He wasn't prissy, he was rugged. He wasn't self-obsessed, he was kind and honorable.

Shortly into their walk they'd come across a stream several feet across. Without hesitation he'd leapt ahead into the middle of the stream, going up to his knees in water, just to help her across. She didn't have the heart to tell him that she could've leapt across it in a single bound effortlessly.

He'd also given her his undershirt. Gaiella had carelessly destroyed her own clothing in a fit of passion, and as such had resigned to the fact that she would have to walk back in the nude. This hadn't bothered her; nakedness was the natural state of all things. The Elves only wore clothes because they liked to express their fashion. But then Edward had offered that she take his shirt, to provide her some modesty.

She'd tried to refuse him, but he'd insisted. And so now she walked with the long white shirt draped over her body. The fabric was strange, oddly soft; she found it tickled her pert nipples. He'd said it was made with something called 'Cotton'.

Since then she'd been thankful that she'd taken his offer for two reasons. One, the shirt smelled like him which she'd found very delightful, and two, now his bare chest was in view beneath his jacket, free for her to peek at whenever she pleased.

Yes, Edward was a remarkable man. For years now she hadn't known what she'd been looking for in a mate...until she met *him*. Now she knew she wanted nothing else. But...Edward was not an Elf, and she was still wrestling with what that truly meant.

Anxiety was the final emotion that formed the triad of her current state, and it loomed heavy in the back of her mind.

When she'd discovered Edward in the sycamore grove on the edge of death, she'd acted without thinking. She saw only someone whose life she could save. Was that so wrong?

But her actions had unseen ramifications. Edward seemed a good man, a kind man, but his presence in the forest was potentially troubling. Why was he here? He'd said that him and his men were exploring, but to what end? The Great Holy Forest was the domain of the Elves, it was not a jewel to be plundered by outsiders. She felt like she could trust Edward but then... she'd only just met him.

Then there was the reaction of her family and kin. How would they react when she came home with an outsider in tow. She feared they would not see him the way she did, and would become hostile, even aggressive. If they thought he was here to disrupt their way of life, to take from them...there was no lengths that the Elves wouldn't go to, to protect the forest.

This then begged the question, why had she decided to bring him back at all? She could've bidden him farewell after healing him, and advised him to go no further lest he face the wrath of the Elves. But instead...she'd asked him to join her. She was smitten, that much was obvious even to her, but what did she really expect was going to happen? That this human would be her mate? Was that even allowed? Did *he* even want that? In her heart she felt like she wanted it to be so, but her mind refused to accept that as a possibility, despite the obvious benefits to her that such a match would bring.

Her thoughts returned to her breasts, marvelously perky, projecting from her chest underneath the cloth of his shirt. Her plan had been to only consume enough essence to heal his wounds; it shouldn't have been enough to cause her to grow by any visible amount, and so her secret would be safe. Then unexpectedly he'd provided her with an overwhelming bounty of essence, and her body had responded in kind, blossoming into this image of fertility. But how could she explain this? If Edward couldn't be her mate, then what Elf would choose her now after she had obviously been with another. Had her recklessness cost her her future?

Gaiella sighed quietly, pushing the thought from her mind. There was no sense dwelling on the negative, on the unknown. She'd made her choice and now she would have to see it through.

Looking over her shoulder, she caught Edward ogling her once again. He blushed, but he didn't look away. Gaiella smiled at him sweetly, which made him nervously smile back at her.

Gaiella kept the smile upon her face as she looked back ahead. No, she would not dwell on those anxious thoughts. Without a doubt she knew that she'd made the right choice. In one way or another, Edward would be in her future.

Edward Brightblade, First Ranger of King Harmon III, rider of the Father of all Horses, salvager of the ancient relic-weapon God-Eater, was in danger. Not physical danger, though. For the first time since entering this forest he truly felt that no harm would befall him with each passing moment.

After a month of constantly looking over his shoulder, never getting a solid night's rest, watching as one by one his men were slaughtered by the forces of nature, it felt odd to walk through the forest as he did now, like they were taking a stroll through the King's gardens.

It's not that the threats of the forest had disappeared, they simply no longer bothered them. In the past hour that they'd been walking he'd spotted fresh tracks of a weasel...its paw marks each a foot wide. The creature should've been stalking them, but they never caught sight of it. Then just a few minutes ago a fox, not unlike the one that had decimated his team shortly after arrival, crossed their path. He'd rushed to draw his sword, but Gaiella had simply walked on. The fox stopped only for a moment to inspect them before it continued on silently into the trees.

Gaiella had explained that the Elves were the protectors of the forest, and in kind the forest would never harm them. Edward had quietly snorted when she'd first said it, not believing her; nature was nature, it obeyed no master. But then he'd witnessed first-hand how the flora shifted to appease her presence, how the fauna ensured her safe passage. After that he was much more open-minded.

But just because his physical body was not at risk, did not mean that Edward himself was safe. No, he was definitely in danger...of falling for this maiden.

When he'd awoken in that glade, somehow alive, he'd been shocked to discover that his saviour was the most beautiful creature he'd ever seen. Gaiella the Elf was gorgeous, there was no doubt about it. He'd never married, as he'd never found a woman that could tame him. But here was a maiden who could tame wild beasts with a wave of her hand; he would be no match for her.

When she'd asked him to follow her back to her own people, he'd accepted without question. He would've done anything to spend more time in her presence. Even now, as he walked behind her through the woods, both of them silent, he found his heart full of happiness. But it was also tinged with sorrow.

When they'd first started walking, she'd told him about the wonders of her kind, and many more details of her life. As he'd listened, he'd picked up on key facts that continued to add up unpleasantly. The Elves were the protectors of the forest, and they did not care for outsiders. The Elves maintained their protection by mating with each other. Gaiella did not have a mate, as she hadn't found the right Elf lord yet. Her Mother was pressuring her to choose an Elf lord to mate with, sooner rather than later.

What this told him was that he would likely not be welcome when they arrived, but also that this longing of his was foolhardy. She was waiting for the right *Elf* to be her mate, not Human. She would never be his.

But then...every so often she would look over her shoulder and smile at him. And in those brief moments he had hope.

He quietly sighed as they stepped over a fallen log. There was something else nagging at him, something else that eventually he'd have to confront. He hadn't just come here to explore. He'd come here on behalf of the king, who wished to conquer these lands. He hadn't said as much to Gaiella but...the truth was on him. In his jacket pocket he still held the parchment that had the royal decree written on it, on which he'd sworn an oath to uphold. He still felt loyalty to his homeland and to his king, and that directly clashed with his feelings for Gaiella.

The facts were plain. Despite what he may want, the table was set against him. Not her, nor her people, nor his King wished for them to be joined, and so it was with a heavy heart that he followed her, knowing that when they reached their destination their time together would end. If he let himself fall for her, he knew that only pain would be his reward.

As they passed a stand of birch trees, the trail opened up into a grassy clearing. To their right lay a calm lake, the waters clear and inviting. He looked at the smooth glassy surface of the lake, and then down at himself. He hadn't had an opportunity to bath himself in a month. Though he reckoned the Elves would cast him out as a savage, perhaps they'd be less odious towards him if he was at least a *clean* savage.

It would also give him just a bit more time to spend with Gaiella, before they were inevitably separated forever.

"My Lady" he said, stopping in the trail.

Gaiella turned in place, with a serene smile upon her face. She looked up at him expectantly and his mouth turned to stone. By the gods, he thought, she is stunning. Even standing before him wearing his dirty oversized shirt, she was a striking image of feminine beauty.

"Yes, Edward?" She prompted him, after several seconds of him doing nothing but staring.

"Ahem, yes" He said, clearing his throat. "Before we return, would it be possible that I be given the chance to bathe? It's been a hard month, and I'm pretty sure I still have blood in my hair..." He gestured to the lake nearby, that glittered with the sun's light.

Gaiella smiled and nodded "Oh, yes! What a wonderful idea!"

Edward smiled back awkwardly. "Uh, thanks?" He turned around to give himself some privacy, ignoring the fact that she'd already seen him naked before. He stripped off his jacket, as he kicked off his boots.

"I won't take long" he said as he began to undo his pants. "You can just wait on shore until-"

SPLASH

Edward's head jerked up as he looked to the formerly smooth lake, which now shook with ripples. He glanced over his shoulder to where Gaiella had been standing, and saw only his shirt laying upon the grass. Turning back to the lake, he saw her head pop back up above the surface, as she began to laugh.

"Are you coming?!" She called in between fits of giggles.

Edward swallowed nervously as he stepped out of his pants. Yes, he was definitely in danger.

Gaiella's legs kicked effortlessly as she floated in the water. The water was cold but refreshing upon her skin. She felt her bare nipples harden against the chill, goosebumps spreading in waves across her flesh. Upon her chest, her breasts floated up, their tops bobbing out of the water as their natural buoyancy lifted them.

On the shore she watched as Edward removed the last of his clothing and began to walk towards the lake. She stared hungrily at him as he waded into the water. He looked even better fully nude. His arms and legs were thick and powerful...and covered with even more hair. His chiseled chest and abs that she'd been taking peeks at for the past hour were now fully on display for her.

And his cock, his gift for her from the Goddess herself. It hung between his legs, drawing her eye as it swung back and forth with each step. His life pouch was still swollen and taut, brimming with the essence she craved. His shaft, though limp, was still impressively large to her, and she knew the secret it held, its hidden true form. She involuntarily licked her lips as she ogled every inch of him.

He walked slowly into the lake, legs pushing through the water until he stood waist deep. Bending over at the waist he dunked his head in, then righted himself, tossing his head back. His wet hair, now cleaned, flopped down around his face. He wiped both hands across his face, through his beard, as he let out a grunt of relief; a grunt that made Gaiella feel tingly inside.

As they'd been walking, she'd been frantically trying to come up with an excuse for them to stop. And then as if he'd read her mind, he'd suggested taking a dip in the lake. It was a perfect excuse to prolong their trip, and for them both to be naked together.

She wanted him, and she was pretty sure he wanted her too. At this moment she'd given up on caring about what awaited them at the end of their journey, didn't care what the others would say when they saw her body in such a state. She needed him. She needed his arms around her, his hands upon her, his cock *in* her.

He stood in the water several yards away, hands scrubbing dirt from the hair upon his arms and chest. He was doing his best not to look at her, and failing spectacularly. She grinned at him, giving him a little wave with her fingers. His face went pink as he looked away, dunking his head one more time under the water.

Gaiella frowned, brows furrowing in a pout. What was he doing all the way over there! Didn't he know that she wanted him to take her then and there? She couldn't have been more obvious with her flirtations!

Her expression softened as she studied him, washing himself but keeping his distance. Maybe it wasn't about how obvious she'd been. She remembered what he'd told her about the ladies in his land, how they considered the act of pleasing their mate with their mouth 'degrading'. Perhaps his people were simply sexually repressed. He didn't make a move not because he didn't want her, but because he thought he couldn't.

Gaiella smiled to herself as she watched him run his hands through his beard. If he wouldn't come to her because of his honor, then she'd use that honor against him.

Letting her legs go limp, she let out an ear-piercing shriek. Across the lake Edward spun in an instant, eyes locking on to her face the image of concern.

"My lady?" He yelled.

Good, Gaiella thought, she had his attention. Shrieking once more she let herself slip under the water, arms flailing about imitating someone in peril.

"GAIELLA!!" She heard him roar as he dove into the water toward her. As she'd hoped he'd taken the bait.

Underneath the water she waited, floating just beneath the surface holding her breath. With her sharp Elven vision she could see him swimming toward her, arms and legs dragging him through the water with powerful strokes. He was a surprisingly good swimmer, though still slow by Elf standards. When he got within ten feet of her, she relaxed her arms and legs, letting her body go limp. She had to play a convincing victim when he got to her.

Within seconds she felt a pair of big hands slide themselves around her back and beneath her thighs. Her body shivered as he gripped her and pulled her body against his. She subtly leaned into him, pressing her torso and breasts against his broad chest cherishing the warmth that radiated off of him. With her firmly held against him his powerful legs kicked, propelling them back toward shallow water.

With a splash they emerged from the depths, Gaiella clutched close against his chest. Edward slogged through the water until he was able to stand on the bottom, and hold her head above water.

"Gaiella?" He said quietly, bowing his head to look at her.

Gaiella opened her eyes, feigning weakness "Edward?"

"I'm here" he said, holding her close. Gaiella let out a groan as she leaned her head against him, nuzzling up against his broad chest. Oh yes, this was going very well, she thought.

"You...saved me" she whispered. She twisted her torso to force more of her bust to press against him. She could feel his muscles shift against her, his chest rising and falling as his breathing got heavier. She had him now.

"Of course," he said, gazing down into her eyes, his bearded face smiling. Gaiella felt her loins tingling, her nipples growing stiff with excitement. His face twitched and his eyes flicked down for a moment; he must have felt them press into him. Gaiella gave him an innocent smile, as she wrapped her arms up and around his neck.

"You're ok, now?" He asked.

She nodded "Yes, thanks to you"

"What happened? You just suddenly went under?" His face was concerned.

Gaiella hesitated. "Uhh...it...I...it was...an Eel...it wrapped itself around my leg and tried to drag me under..."

Edward frowned. "An...Eel?"

Gaiella nodded. "Yes...thank goodness you were here"

"To save you from an Eel" He asked, voice taking on a hint of scepticism.

Gaiella smiled as she continued to nod. "Yes!"

Edward smiled back though his voice took on a sarcastic tone "Even though, and it was you that told me this, Elves hold dominion over the forest and all animals within cower before you, recognizing your authority"

Gaiella's smile dropped from her face as her face went a deep shade of pink "Ummm..."

"You weren't actually in danger, were you?" Edward said with a grin.

Gaiella looked up at him and gave him an embarrassed smile "Not...really?"

Edward nodded "Right, then". Then before she could react, he tossed her, sending her careening into the lake a few feet away. This time she shrieked for real, before she splashed into the water, arms and legs flailing.

Gaiella burst out of the lake with a shout, head twisting this way and that to try and find her quarry as she blinked water out of her eyes. There he was, running for the shore, laughing his head off. Gaiella snarled as a fierce grin split her face; he wouldn't get away that easy.

Pushing off from the lake bottom she zipped through the water, rapidly gaining on him. Ahead of her Edward looked back, and when he saw her approaching picked up his pace. It didn't matter, there was no way he could outrun an Elf. His feet had just touched dry land when she collided with him, tackling him from behind, arms wrapping around his neck.

With a yell of surprise he fell forward, unable to hold his balance with the weight of her on his back. He landed with an "Oof" in the soft grass of the bank.

Gaiella leaned forward, resting her weight upon his upper back, large breasts squeezing against him. She lowered her head so that she could whisper in his ear.

"That wasn't very nice, Edward"

With a grunt Edward used his arms to push his body up, lifting her along with him. Gaiella yelped as she was nearly flung from him, not expecting him to be able to lift himself with her atop him. Her heart fluttered as he moved easily despite her burden. He was so strong!

With his body lifted, he used his legs to spin himself about beneath her, until he was laying on his back with her straddling his waist.

"It also wasn't nice to trick me" he said as he grinned up at her.

Gaiella stared down at him. He stared up at her. Neither of them said anything, the only sound the lap of water against the bank, and the two of them breathing heavily from exertion.

Her skin became flushed as she felt her excitement build to a fever pitch. His eyes were fixated on her, full of desire. His hands were upon her waist; when did those get there? His abs tensed and flexed underneath where her warm wet pussy pressed against him. She guessed that if she looked over her shoulder, she'd see his cock rising for her.

Great Mother Goddess, was this a mistake? He was a Human, she was an Elf. She wanted him desperately but...she could still turn back. She had not yet passed the point of no return.

"Gaiella...?" He said quietly, before she dove upon him, lips locking to his, hands grabbing his face and pulling him to her, never wanting to let him go.

Edward Brightblade, First Ranger of King Harmon III, breaker of the siege of Fort Misery, eater of exotic cheeses, was in love. Gods be damned.

All thoughts of King and country vanished from his mind as he tasted her sweetness on his lips. His hands wrapped around her slender frame and squeezed her against him, wanting to feel as much of her delicate body against his.

Gaiella let out a soft moan as she continued to assault him with a barrage of kisses, her lips travelling up and around to ensure not one square inch of his face was not loved. Edward returned the attention with equal fervor. It was like they'd both been parched for years, and now they'd found water.

Small soft hands still gripping his face, Gaiella pulled away, face hovering a few inches from his. She smiled, a smile of purest joy and then began to laugh. Edward found himself laughing as well, unable to contain his emotions.

It wasn't fair. Edward didn't deserve this. He didn't deserve such a being of pure beauty and goodness to be laying atop him, pressing her body into his, cradling his face in her hands like it was something of any worth.

She'd told him of her duty, of her responsibility to serve the forest by mating with an Elf. And yet she'd still chosen him.

She'd warned him of her people's vitriol towards outsiders, which would include himself. And yet she'd still chosen him.

She was the most divine thing he'd ever laid eyes upon, and he was a scruffy ranger. And yet...

"Hi." She whispered, her eyes squinting as she smiled. Her fingers gently dragged through the hair of his beard as she stroked his cheek.

"Hi." He said back, his voice cracking. This brought another bout of giggles from the both of them.

"Gaiella...are...are you sure about this?" He asked after their laughter had died down.

Gaiella frowned "What do you mean? Do...do you not want me?"

Edward shook his head "What, no! Of course I do, I've never wanted anything more"

Gaiella's smile returned as she gently traced a finger across his forehead. "Oh, good. I feel the same Edward Brightblade"

Edward's heart melted at the sound of her gentle voice saying his name. "But Gaiella...you told me yourself that you're supposed to mate with an Elf and join the maiden stewards. That is your destiny, your purpose in life. Would you really throw that away for a foolish ranger?"

Gaiella smirked as she tapped his nose with a finger. "Edward, you are not a foolish ranger! You are brave, and kind, and honorable. And neither am I some silly innocent maiden, unaware of the consequences of her actions. I'm aware of the conflict that awaits us upon our return to my home. Regardless of that, my heart sings for you, and my body longs for you; nothing else but that matters"

Before he could retort further, she pulled his face back up to hers to kiss him deeply once more. Edward felt the tension in his body dissipate, letting his eyes shut as their tongues danced together. He pushed away his doubts and fears as his hands held her tight against him. She had chosen him, end of story. All he could do now was be the best that he could for her.

Her thighs straddling his mid-section squeezed against him as she ground her hips against his abs. The warmth and weight of her full breasts upon his chest made his pulse pound. His cock stood at attention between his legs, throbbing with excitement. He was eager to join with her, forming a union of their bodies, but first...he had a score to settle.

Grabbing her by the hips he lifted her off of him, then he slid his body down on the soft grass, until his face was directly beneath her.

"Edward?!" She squealed, both intrigued and confused as she sat up "What are you-Ahhh! Ohhhhh-Mmmmmmm?!"

Still holding her hips to keep her steady, Edward had lowered her until her glistening pussy landed squarely atop his mouth. His tongue and lips worked in tandem to tease and suck her lips and clit. He could feel her body tremble beneath his grip as he unceasingly pleased her.

"Edward!" She cried, as her body doubled over "Oh Goddess! Edward?!" Reaching forward her hands grabbed onto the thick hair atop his head and used that to hold herself up. Edward let go of her hips, thinking the better place for his hands would be upon her breasts. His fingers wrapped around the soft round globes of her chest, and the gasp of ecstasy that escaped her lips as he squeezed and massaged them told him he'd been correct.

"Oh...Oh!...Oh!!!!!" Her moans increased in volume in between panting breaths, as her body began to quake more violently. Her thighs squeezed tight against the side of his head, as her juices gushed from her, soaking his beard. Edward lapped it up with his tongue, savoring the taste. She was delicious, he'd never tasted anything sweeter.

As her moans increased in frequency Edward could tell she was close, and decided it was time to push her over the edge. Simultaneously his fingers slid to the front of her breasts and pinched and tugged on her nipples, while his mouth closed around her clit and sucked on it hard.

Gaiella's back arched as her whole body spasmed. Her moans died in her throat, as she let out a silent scream of ecstasy, her vision fading and filling with stars. Her legs squeezed tighter against Edwards head as her climax flooded her body with pleasure, as he continued to suck on her. He didn't stop touching and teasing her until finally she collapsed, body falling forward onto the grass. Gently Edward lifted her and slid her down until she was laying upon him.

Together they lay in silence, Gaiella's body still upon him, the only movement her gentle breathing. Edward lay a hand upon her back, holding her against him. Down below his cock strained, desperate for attention, but he ignored it. This moment was about her.

After a few minutes of silence, she tilted her head up off of his body to look at him, her large blue eyes sparkling "Edward...that...that was...what was the phrase that I heard you use to express wonderment?"

"Holy shit?" He said with a grin.

Gaiella smiled back nodding. "Yes. Holy shit..."

Edward laughed "I'm glad you enjoyed it, I thought it was only fair to return the favour"

Gaiella shook her head. "You don't understand...I did not know that such pleasure was possible for a maiden. For *you* to service *me*..."

Edward raised his eyebrows with surprise. "Wait...are you saying that your lords never go down on their maidens"

Gaiella shook her head once again, face serious. "Never"

Edward frowned. "Well that hardly seems fair..."

Gaiella shrugged "Perhaps. It's just not the way things are done in our culture? Most maidens are grateful for the joy we receive in carrying the Goddess's bounty. They would never think to ask their lords to supplicate themselves before them"

Edward scoffed "Well, I think that's bullshit. Nothing would please me more than to 'supplicate' myself before you every chance I get."

Gaiella grinned as she leaned forward to plant a wet kiss upon his face. "Oh, Edward! Every morning from this day forth I will thank the Great Mother Goddess for bringing you into my life"

Edward gently cupped her face as he kissed her back. "Likewise, Gaiella" Between his legs his cock throbbed, lurching involuntarily. His face twitched with discomfort at the sensation, though he tried to hide it.

Gaiella's Elf eyes were too keen for her to not notice. "What is it, Edward? Are you in pain?"

He shook his head "No, not pain...just..." He nodded towards his legs. Gaiella looked over her shoulder, spotting the tip of his cock visible over the smooth hump of her ass. Her eyes lit up with glee at the sight of his thick trunk of flesh, pink and hard, waiting for her.

She turned back to look at him. "Don't move" She commanded. "It's my turn to play with you, Edward Brightblade" Edward did as he was told, watching with eager eyes as Gaiella turned and crawled towards his cock, breasts tickling his skin as she dragged them along him. Edward laid his head back against the warm grass and closed his eyes with a smile; without a doubt, he knew this was love.

Gaiella's arms and legs trembled as she moved on all fours towards her prize. She was still recovering from what Edward had done to her. She'd been caught completely off-guard by him, and under his touch she'd come completely undone. She still felt reverberations of stimulation course through her, after effects of her orgasm.

The feeling of Edwards mouth upon her loins had been beyond bliss, and it had only reaffirmed her mindset. She would never let him go now, could never go back to a life with an Elf lord who would be too arrogant to perform such a loving act upon her. She didn't care if they cast her out, she had no regrets.

But the future, and the consequences that it held would have to wait. Right now, there was a cock before her that needed her, and by the Great Mother Goddess, she needed it.

Gaiella bit her lip as she crouched on her knees, the tip of his cock inches from her face. She was split with indecision. Between her legs her pussy was sopping wet, still tingling from the touch of Edwards mouth. She was very eager to feel his thickness inside her, filling her up to her limit.

But at the same time, she also longed to receive his gift of life essence once more. To feel her body explode with energy, to grow ever more abundant with the Goddess' magic. The magic hummed within her bust, her flesh ready to grow.

Gaiella swallowed as she felt her mouth water as she stared at the thick shaft that throbbed before her, beckoning her. She couldn't decide...but maybe, she wouldn't have to.

Bracing her hands upon his hips, she swung her legs around underneath her, turning herself so she was crouched above his thighs, facing him. She shuffled forward, feet planted on the ground until his cock rested against the front of her abdomen. She reached down with one hand and wrapped her fingers around his shaft just beneath the head. She could feel his heartbeat as she held his warm flesh. It twitched in her hand as she held it, as if it was trying to communicate with her, begging her to touch it more. Gaiella's breathing was clipped as she struggled to hold back the anticipation; she couldn't wait any longer.

Smoothly she pumped her legs, lifting her hips until she was up and over the tip, then with careful grace she lowered herself, using her hand to guide him into her wetness. There was a moment of resistance at the point of contact, the head of his cock thick and unyielding. Biting her lips she willed her body to relax, and then after taking a deep breath she continued, sliding down upon his cock until she sat fully upon it.

Gaiella's eyes were squeezed shut as she struggled to control herself. It felt...so good. It felt like coming home. His shaft stretched her amazingly, giving her the most ecstatic feeling of fullness. His cock throbbed excitedly within her, sending tingles through her entire body with each little movement. Her hands gripped his abs to keep herself upright as she savoured the moment. Though she couldn't see Edward with her eyes closed, she could hear him, as he emitted a deep grunt of satisfaction, almost animalistic.

Oh Goddess, Gaiella thought, I want to make him make that sound again.

Her breaths were coming in quick short pants, as her body was overwhelmed by the stimulation, but she managed to focus enough to flex her thighs, lifting her hips up and off of him. She moved until she could feel only the head of his cock still inside her, then she slid back down again, faster this time. She gasped loudly as she hit bottom once again, waves of pleasure racing through her. Edward let out another primal grunt, the sound of it music to Gaiella's ears.

"Fuck..." He moaned, as she moved up and down once more. With each cycle of in and out, Gaiella's body adjusted, getting used to the fullness, which let her move faster and faster.

Lifting up with her legs, she began to only rock her hips back and forth, sliding him in and out of her, teasing the head of his cock. "Fuck...?" She said, voice breathy. "What...what does...that mean? Mmmm"

"Hnnghh...It's...it's like...Oh, Fuuuuck...it's like 'Holy Shit'...but...even more" Edward groaned, struggling to speak.

Gaiella smiled as she sat down upon his cock fully once again. "So...it's...good?"

Edward nodded "Yes...Fuck!" Gaiella had reached back and taken a handful of his swollen sack, squeezing it firmly. Edward sat up, eyes wide open, reaching for her. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her to him, bringing his face to hers, lips meeting, while she continued to bounce upon his meat. Gaiella brought her own hands forward and gripped his face as they kissed, pulling away every few seconds to moan.

Edward's face tensed, and his breathing became hitched. Gaiella's eyes widened as she recognized the look in his eye. Beneath her she felt his hips begin to buck wildly. "Oh fuck!" He grunted. "Fuck!!"

Gaiella moved with swiftness that only an Elf could muster. In one single motion she lifted herself off of Edward and pushed him back to a supine position. Then she fell upon him, bringing her face down, sliding her mouth over his tip. Her hands wrapped about his shaft and furiously stroked him, summoning his orgasm. Edward let out a deep heavy groan, more beast than man as he came.

Gaiella was ready this time, she knew what to expect. As the tip of his cock exploded with cum into her mouth, she gave herself a brief moment to enjoy the taste before she swallowed, only for more cum to spurt forth to replace it. With each mouthful she moaned, eyes rolling back in her head as she could feel her body begin to tingle. With her hands she slowly milked his cock, drawing forth every bit of essence he could give her, which was quite a lot. After nearly half a minute, she felt him start to go limp though she didn't let go yet. Gently she licked and sucked on his slowly softening his cock, cleaning it and ensuring that she got every last drop.

Edward pushed himself to sitting, eyes wide as he stared at her. "Gaiella...by the Gods"

Gaiella knelt between his legs, eyes half-lidded. The storm was building in her again, but it felt stronger this time. Her body sucked in the magic from the essence in her stomach greedily. It wouldn't be long before she grew. She could barely speak, barely think, but she wanted him to share in this moment. "Edward..." She moaned under her breath.

She raised herself on her knees and moved to shuffled toward him, but her legs gave way. She fell forward, right into the waiting arms of Edward, who gently spun her, pulling her against him. They sat together upon the grass, Gaiella in between his legs, body held upright by his broad torso that she rested against.

Her chest heaved as she struggled to catch her breath, the magic infusing her form making it difficult for her to function. "Touch...touch them..." She whispered. Edward understood her meaning immediately, his hands coming forward to cup her breasts. Gaiella could hear him take in a sharp breath when his hands wrapped around them; they were already bigger.

Gaiella shut her eyes and focused on the feeling of her body changing, and the feeling of Edward holding her. Her body trembled as her breasts began to swell. She could hear Edward speak, his voice soft in her ear, but she couldn't make out the words. All sensations were blocked out, except for the feeling of her breasts growing larger...and larger...and larger.

Her breathing quickened to a rapid pace as the wave of magic hit a peak within her body. "Oh, FUUUUUUUUUCK!!!" She cried out.

And then...it passed. The world returned to normal. Feeling returned to her body. She could feel the grass underneath her, Edwards chest hair against her back, his large warm hands upon her chest.

"Holy shit" She heard Edward say as her ears cleared. "Gaiella you, look...Holy Shit"

Gaiella opened her eyes, and let out a quiet gasp as a smile split her face. Her breasts had grown massive. Full and round, they projected a foot off her chest, easily. They were almost as big as her Mothers...no, they were *bigger*. Her skin was sensitive and soft, two enormous creamy globes. Veins lined the surface, forming beautiful patterns in her flesh. Her hands reached up to trace a line across their surface. They were what she'd always wanted.

She turned her head to look up at Edward, her smile widening. "Oh, Edward, thank you! They're beautiful!" She wrapped a hand around his head and pulled him down to kiss her. Edward still looked stunned, but her kiss seemed to bring him back to reality.

Edward smiled as he pulled away "How did I get so lucky?"

Gaiella beamed up at him, eyes squinting. "I think I could say the same thing. No maiden was ever so blessed, to have a mate like you"

Edward's eyebrows raised with surprise "Mate?"

A pang of guilt ran through Gaiella. She shouldn't have said that, she'd overstepped. She already knew that Edward was the one for her, but she shouldn't have assumed he felt similarly. "Sorry, I...I was just excited. It's ok if you don't..." She was silenced when he brought a finger to her lips.

“Gaiella, nothing would make me happier than to be your mate.” Edward said as he gazed at her lovingly. “I was just taken aback that you’d want a foolish ranger to be your mate”

Gaiella pouted “Hey! I told you; you are not foolish! Ah!” Gaiella yelped with delight as his arms wrapped themselves around her waist hugging her tightly to him, while his mouth began to bombard her neck with kisses. Gaiella giggled with glee, as she pretended to struggle to get away.

“So” Edward said, kissing her ear “How do they feel?”

Gaiella leaned into him, eyes shutting as she enjoyed his touch upon her skin. “My breasts? Oh, they feel quite lovely, thank you”

Edward dragged his nose across the back of her head through her golden hair. “Mmm, you like them this big?”

Gaiella nodded “Very much so. It’s every Elf maidens dream to grow bountiful with the Great Mother Goddess’ magic. I’m just lucky that I got to do it so quickly!”

“Mmm” Edward hummed against the top of her head. “I like them too. Tell me...do you like it when I do...this?”

Gaiella gasped as he ran his fingers along the underside of her large spherical breasts, using his nails to drag lines into her skin. “Yes!” She moaned quietly.

“What about this?”

“Oh! Yes!” Gaiella moaned louder, as his hands each took a handful of her flesh, ripe with magic, and squeezed them tightly.

“And...this?”

“AH!” Gaiella squealed as his fingers pinched her nipples hard. Jolts of sensitivity zipped through her from her tips and up her spine, both painful and pleasurable.

She reached up and grabbed him by the ear, jerking his head to the side. “Gentle! My breasts are sensitive, you foolish ranger!”

Edward laughed as he freed himself from her grip. “I don’t know, my Mate, I think you liked it...”

Gaiella grinned as she spun around to face him, feeling a thrill run through her when he referred to her as his mate. “Oh, you do? Well, my Mate, I think *you’d* like it if I smothered you to death with them!”

Edward nodded “Yes, I think I’d like that very much”

With a cackle of glee Gaiella pounced upon him, squeezing her titanic breasts, each the size of a full grown pumpkin, around his face, as he fell backward onto the grass. His arms reached up and wrapped around her, drawing further fits of giggles from the both of them. It was the oddest mating ceremony in the history of Elfkind, but to them it was perfect.

Edward Brightblade, First Ranger of King Harmon III, bringer of clitoral orgasms, pincher of Elf nipples, was *married?! Or at least mated*; but he'd assumed that the two were essentially interchangeable.

Hours had passed since they'd first arrived at the lake. Gaiella lay beside him napping peacefully in the grass, the warm afternoon sun peeking through the trees and forming dappled patterns across her still form. He'd draped his shirt and jacket across her body to keep her warm. The large mounds of her two immense breasts formed two prominent hills above her as she lay on her back, hidden beneath his clothing.

Edward sat near the bank knees up to his chest with his feet in the water, enjoying the coolness of the lake. He was both tired and invigorated. They'd made love once more, though this time he'd finished inside her. Though the thought of her growing even bigger excited her, she wanted to take some time to enjoy herself at this size. Edward offered no objections; she was absolute perfection in his eyes.

Between his legs, the swelling of his testicles had finally started to recede. Gaiella had explained after their second roll in the grass, that the root that he'd been relying on to survive was very well known to the Elves. It had been the cause of his engorged genitals, as well as the source of his unnatural levels of semen. He would miss the intensity of the orgasms, but he would not miss the painful swelling.

Edward sighed as he swished his feet through the water. This afternoon had easily been the happiest few hours of his life...but a feeling in the back of his head feared it would soon be over.

If it was up to him, they'd never leave this lakeside. Going anywhere else would just bring conflict.

Though they'd shared their bodies, and their hearts, Edward assumed that like in his homeland, a union between husband and wife, or Mate and Mate in this case, likely required a holy officiant. Them calling each other Mate by this beautiful lake was romantic, but in the eyes of her culture it likely meant nothing.

Edward had a good idea of what would happen if they returned to her people and proclaimed to be Mates. Gaiella would be taken from him, cloistered away, and he would be exiled, or perhaps even killed, never to see her again. He'd seen it happen countless times before, when the daughters of nobles got tangled up with a handsome servant or stablehand. No number of declarations of "But I Love Him!" had ever made a difference, and he knew it wouldn't make a difference here.

Edward sighed as he gazed up at the trees. This forest was so beautiful when it wasn't trying to kill you at every turn. He'd never seen a place like it before. He would've loved to see it all with Gaiella but somethings weren't meant to be.

He turned his head to look at the gorgeous Elf who slept peacefully beside him. He would've done anything for her, and sadly he knew that she felt the same way.

As he watched her sleep, his eye was caught by something sticking out of his jacket pocket. He knew at once what it was. It was the piece of parchment given by King Harmon III, that Edward had sworn an oath upon. The details of the oath had been vague, but ultimately, he was supposed to return at some point and report to the King.

An idea formed in his head. Gaiella's people would never accept him, no matter how much he loved her. But his people...he was a hero to his people, and not beholden to any sort of duty or responsibility. Though he bore the title of First Ranger, it had no legal binding to it. At any point he could tell the King to fuck off, and retire to a life of peace, alongside his incredibly busty, incredibly beautiful Elf wife. They could host parties, tour the world, have children (Could they even have children? They would certainly try!)

Yes, he thought, yes this could work! His ship was still moored off the eastern coast, as long as nothing had destroyed it. It would be difficult sailing it home with only the two of them, but not impossible. When they returned, he would advise the King that Arkentum was a brutal land that is not worth attempting to conquer, and then he and Gaiella would get their happily ever after.

But...would she want that? She loved her homeland, but not only that she loved her people. She spoke of the maiden stewards with reverence and praise. She'd lived her whole life wanting to join them when her time came, and now it was here. He'd witnessed the delight on her face when she'd channeled her Goddess's magic to make things grow. It was the look of a dream long kept, now satisfied.

Yes, when she'd declared her love for him, she'd told him that she didn't care that she was casting aside her destiny but...that was a moment of passion. When those passions cooled would she truly feel the same way?

He could never go through with it if he knew Gaiella would regret leaving the Great Holy Forest. But if they didn't go through with it and stayed, they would likely be forced apart! Gods be Damned, why would they curse him like this! Give him the gift of the greatest love he'd ever known, and then not give them the chance to be together!

His stomach growled loudly. Hours ago, Gaiella had used her newly developed life magic to grow a raspberry plant from a mere sprout to a full thicket in a matter of seconds. They'd feasted on the delicious red berries, though now it would appear they were disagreeing with him.

Edward stood and trotted off back towards the trail they'd been walking on, looking for a place to relieve himself. He stopped at the edge of the brush, and turned back to look at Gaiella, his Mate. When she awoke, they would talk and plan. Together they would decide the best course of action, but until then he would let her rest. He smiled before pressing into the undergrowth.

Edward walked several minutes into the tree line until he found a glade with a mullein plant. The leaves of this plant were soft and broad, perfect for use after relieving oneself. He stopped to squat, when he heard a branch snap nearby.

Edward froze. His eyes cast about looking for the source of the noise. He'd gotten too comfortable in Gaiella's presence, and had forgotten that they were still alone in the woodlands. And here he was standing in a clearing, naked as the day he was born. No clothing, no sword, nothing.

Stress sweat beaded on his brow, as he considered his options. He had to make a run for it. He would be safe from whatever beast prowled nearby at his Mate's side. He bent his legs, preparing himself to sprint ahead, when he felt the sharp point of metal on the back of his head.

"No sudden movements outsider," a haughty voice drawled "or else you'll find yourself with hole in your throat"

Edward's mind raced. It wasn't a predator...it was another Elf. How had he snuck up on him like that! This could bode better for him...or much worse.

"Listen, I'm here with-" Edward stopped speaking when he felt the tip of the arrow dig into the back of his neck, and heard the bow string stretch taut.

"Not a word, outsider. Understand?"

Edward nodded, slowly raising his hands up to the side of his head to show his compliance.

"Turn around"

Edward did as instructed, slowly spinning on the spot.

The Elf lord who stood before him with his bow drawn, looked him up and down with a sneer, eyes stopping and widening slightly with envy when they beheld his genitals. He had long red hair worn loose. His features were handsome but ruined by the imperious and pompous look upon his face. Edward had met men like this before; highborn brats, spoiled since the day they were born.

He was as tall as Edward, but wiry. Edward had no doubt that if he could get his hands on him, he could overpower the Elf, but that would never happen with that bow drawn. He'd seen how quick Gaiella had moved when she'd needed to; he had no reason to doubt that this Elf lord would be any different.

The Elf's sneer spread into a wicked smile. "I'd heard rumors that there were invaders in our lands, but I didn't think they'd be true. I certainly didn't expect them to be primitive savages..."

Edward opened his mouth to speak but the Elf gestured with his bow menacingly, and so Edward held his tongue.

The Elf shook his head as he studied Edward "Look at you...so thick and hairy, what even are you? Was your mother a grizzly bear!"

Edward grit his teeth, forcing himself to keep his mouth shut.

The Elf tutted once before he spoke. "I'd ask you why you're here, but there'd be no point. You'd *obviously* lie. So instead, I'll take you to the Queen. Her verity spells are *unbreakable*. Then we'll get the truth out of you, outsider."

The Elf lord jerked his bow to his right. Edward took his meaning and trod in that direction. Ahead of him the undergrowth parted, a path forming for the pair of them.

For the second time today, Edward Brightblade found himself heading off into the woods accompanying an Elf he barely knew. But this time, he had a strong feeling that he would not enjoy their company.

END OF PART 2