

Essence of Life - Part 3

By TROGDOR297

Gaiella lounged upon a large reclined bed in a room tinted amber with the glow of the afternoon sun. She was surrounded by thick plush pillows filled with down, and beautiful white sheets draped across her body. Her blonde hair was undone, cascading from her head like a waterfall of spun gold. Dozens of pink lotus flowers had been braided into her locks, surrounding her with a delicate sweet scent.

She gazed peacefully to her left, where the room shifted to an open balcony. The sun was low and shone directly into the space, but it wasn't too bright. Its light was gentle and warm upon her. As she laid there utterly content, her hands idly rubbed and massaged each of her large rotund breasts, the pair of them dominating her frame, covering her body from just below her collarbone down to almost her navel. They were full of the Goddess's magic and hummed with power, filling her with energy and joy.

Where was this place? It couldn't be the forest...she saw no trees through the balcony opening. What was that sound? Waves? Was she by the ocean?

Gaiella sighed, as she snuggled against the thick cushions and oh so soft blankets. It hardly mattered where she was, when she was this comfy and peaceful. The only thing that would make it better...

She turned her head as the sound of a door opening and closing came from the other side of the room. Into the gilded light of the room strode a man of handsome face, and brawny build. Her mate, Edward Brightblade. He smiled at her as he approached and Gaiella felt her soul sing.

Her hands extended towards him, beckoning him to join her. Without hesitation he stripped off his clothes and crawled onto the bed on top of her. His hands slid up her sides, his chest pressing down upon her expansive bust, hair tickling her nipples. Her skin shivered at his touch, thankful to be held by him again.

"I missed you" She whispered as he leaned close. Closing her eyes she tilted her head up to meet him as his lips lowered toward her. She could feel his breath upon her, she was ready to melt into him. Ready for him to...lick her?

Her eyes shot open as she felt a tongue quickly dart across her mouth and face, licking her. Gone was the golden room, gone was her mate. She was back at the lakeside, laying in the grass. Standing above her was a baby deer, who'd smelled the leftover raspberries that she and Edward had been eating on her lips.

Gently she nudged the fawn away as she pushed herself up to sit. The sprightly creature pranced off towards the lake where its mother drank water from the shallows.

Gaiella sighed as she watched the fawn rejoin the doe. That had been a lovely dream until the deer had woken her up. Though she couldn't complain too much; other than the peculiar setting, it wasn't too far from her reality.

Gaiella looked to the left where Edward had lain when she'd drifted off to sleep. Her muscular lover was not there. She twisted her torso to look around behind her. He wasn't anywhere in the clearing.

"Edward!?" She called, her soprano voice ringing through the trees. A flock of birds in a nearby maple burst from the branches, disturbed by her call. The pair of deer bolted, disappearing into the trees. But there was no response.

"Edwaaaard?!" She called again, raising her voice louder. Nothing.

She frowned. "Edward Brightblade!!" She yelled. "This better not be another trick! It's not funny!!!"

Her voice echoed in the stillness of the forest, but as silence befell the woods once more, she still hadn't received an answer.

"Where is that man?" She said, getting frustrated. A momentary rush of fear hit her. Had he left?!

Gaiella looked around the clearing. As she pieced together her surroundings, she quickly realized that something wasn't right. When she'd awoke, she still had his jacket and shirt draped across her. And over there by the bank were his pants and boots. And there in the tall grass...that was his sword tucked in its sheath.

Gaiella's eyes widened, as she gasped. He hadn't left. He was taken. By an animal? She sniffed the air, but smelled no blood. If wildlife had come for him then she would've been able to smell the kill still. That meant only one thing.

Another Elf had found him.

Mind racing with fears of the worst she slipped on his shirt and slung his sword across her back before she took off into the woods at a sprint, trees and undergrowth barely able to move out of the way fast enough to let her pass.

Edward Brightblade, First Ranger of King Harmon III, unifier of the thirteen tribes of the Obsidian Archipelago, capturer of Don Franco the winged bandit of El Tazume, was alone. Alone and naked. Alone, naked, and captive.

Not afraid though, despite the reality that his odds of surviving for much longer were limited. He was in the custody of the Elves now and being led to face their Queen, who he'd discerned had the power to force him to tell the truth. Under her spell it would be trivial for them to discover that he'd come here not as a simple explorer but as a scout for conquerors. Then they'd slaughter him to send a message. Or at least that's what his king would do if he were in their position. Maybe even send his bones back to his homeland in a box...

Edward was well aware of the peril that his future held, but still, he did not fear. Not that he longed for death, no he very much wished to live, especially that now he had so much to live for. No, he didn't fear, because he knew that fear would only lead to weakness. His death was not a guarantee at this point, but if he sank into fear, it would only hold him back.

It wasn't easy, but luckily for him he had something powerful to hold on to; hope. In his mind he focused on the image of the beautiful Elf maiden that he'd left upon the shore. Though their time together had been short, she had brought joy and love into his world, and if he were to die soon, he would do so knowing that she had made his life worthwhile.

He sighed as he leaned his head back against the tree trunk he sat against. Oh Gaiella, he thought, what I wouldn't give to see you one last time. To say goodbye, and feel you in my arms for a brief fleeting moment.

His eyes opened as he heard the sound of voices nearby. One he recognized...one he did not. He didn't bother trying to look around, he was bound in place, his ankles, wrists and knees fastened with rope. His captor had tied him up and left him here, claiming he needed to speak with someone. Now he was returning, with whomever he'd gone to go find, Edward assumed. He closed his eyes and focused, trying to make out their words.

"...over here. I left him tied up by one of these oaks."

The other voice was male as well, though his timbre was deeper, older Edward guessed. "Thank you for coming to me, Shintar. I agree that he needs to be brought before Queen Faewen"

So, the redhead bastard's name was Shintar? Edward tucked that little piece of information away in his brain as he continued to listen.

"Yes of course. I knew you'd understand and be able to help me. If I just brought him to the front gates of the palace, I knew they'd just take him and send me away...I captured the damn savage, I deserve the credit for that! The Queen needs to know who stopped the threat on our lands!"

Edward shook his head. Typical spoiled noble.

"There's more to life than personal glory, Shintar."

"Pfft, says you, the man with a beautiful mate, and a perfect daughter!"

A soft chuckle echoed through the woods "Yes, I suppose I am biased..."

At last, the pair of them walked into the glade where Shintar had left Edward. The forest was almost dark, the sun was nearly below the horizon, and so Edward had to squint to make them out. The second Elf lord looked to be the same age as Shintar, but there was something in his eyes that told Edward that he was in fact much older. His hair was black as coal and sat in a curly mop around his head. There was something about him that seemed familiar to Edward though he couldn't place it.

The black-haired elf rubbed his chin as he studied Edward. "Shintar...where are his clothes?"

Shintar shrugged "What? I don't know, I found him this way! I just assumed he didn't wear clothes...he's an uncivilized brute"

The older elf shook his head, rolling his eyes. "Yes, he is that, but he *also* wears clothes, Shintar. He's a human, they all wear clothing"

Edward blinked, surprised at what he'd heard. This Elf knew about humans? How?

Shintar looked equally shocked. "A...a human? How do you know?"

The black-haired Elf looked to his companion. "How do you know a wolf is a wolf?"

Shintar scowled, but didn't press the issue further. "So how do we sneak him into the palace so we can present him to the Queen?"

The other elf chuckled. "Well first we get him some pants, before the Queen sees his cock and pouch and makes him join her consorts!"

Shintar frowned "I'm being serious, Noxlin"

Noxlin...Edward mused, where had he heard that name before?

Noxlin laughed again "I'm not wrong though, am I? Look at the size of him! Puts both of us to shame!"

Shintar said nothing, staring daggers at the other elf.

Noxlin stopped laughing. "Great Goddess, Shintar, learn to take a joke. We'll take him in through the kitchens, I'm friends with the Queens head chef, he'll let us in. Once we're inside it should be fairly easy to get him before Faewen"

"And then / get the glory!" Shintar added.

Noxlin shook his head. "Sure, whatever..."

Shintar jabbed a finger in the air at Noxlin. "Don't make me regret bringing you! This isn't a joke to me! Once I do this your daughter will finally see me for what I am; a brave hero, worthy to be her mate"

Noxlin crossed his arms, his expression suddenly deadly serious as he stared down Shintar. "Two things, Shintar. One, never talk about mating with the *father* of your potential match, you buffoon. And two, Great Mother, let it go! She's rejected you twice now, take a hint."

Shintar grumbled, but didn't offer any retorts. Edward found himself liking this Noxlin fellow, even though he was his captor. Whoever his daughter was, should be proud to have him as a father.

"Speaking of my daughter" Noxlin continued "Did you see her at all when you were out? She left this morning to check on the sycamore saplings and she never returned"

Shintar shook his head. "Gaiella? No, I didn't see her"

Edward nearly choked on his own spit with how quickly he sucked in air. Now he remembered where he'd heard that name. This Elf lord was his mate's father. As he looked at him now, he understood why he'd looked familiar; his smile was exactly the same as Gaiella's.

Noxlin rubbed his chin. "Alright... I know she can handle herself but...I still worry"

Shintar smiled "Well, I can guarantee if I were her mate, you'd worry a whole lot less!"

"Forget it, Shintar" Noxlin said. "My daughter is going to mate with whomever *she* chooses, no one else"

Edward smiled smugly, his face hidden in the darkness. That's right Shintar, go fuck yourself. She's mine.

Shintar turned to look at Edward, a frown twisting his lips. "What are *you* smiling about?"

Edward let his face drop back to placidness. Damned Elves and their supernatural vision.

Noxlin chuckled. "He probably just appreciates that the Elf who captured him is being put in his place by a wee Elf maiden. Come on, get him up. If we move quickly, we can get him to the palace before the Queen's evening banquet ends."

Still grumbling, Shintar walked over and sliced the ropes that bound Edward's legs, then pulled him roughly to his feet. With his wrists still tied behind his back, Edward was forced to trudge, dragged forcefully by the redheaded Elf.

Wherever happens to me, Edward thought as they led him through the darkness, at least I know Gaiella will never end up with this prick. Edward allowed himself a moment of silent mirth, a brief reprieve to the danger looming in his future.

It was night by the time Gaiella made it back to the central forest. Her pace had been slower than she'd expected. She was still getting used to moving with her breasts at this size. Though the magic that coursed within them, kept them firm and elevated, they were still bulky, and bounced with each step. She would have to practice keeping her balance while running...or perhaps running was just no longer something she would do. She couldn't recall the last time she'd seen her Mother move at anything faster than a brisk walk.

She was thankful for the cover of darkness. Less attention, less questions to deal with. Her people were tight knit, almost everyone knew everyone. It was common knowledge that she didn't have a mate, so seeing her return to the village with a body so abundant, breasts the size of a maiden who'd had a mate for decades...it would be too much to deal with, not when her mate's life was on the line and time was short.

She moved silently between trees, making her way to her family's home. They were the only people she could trust right now, the only Elves who would not immediately turn her away, condemn her for her decision. Well...maybe her Mother would still condemn her, but her Father would never. He was the best Elf lord she knew. Kind, understanding, good natured. He would hear her out, and help her.

Gaiella leapt up the wooden pathway that rose from the forest floor to her home in the carved redwood. She alighted upon the top step, and peered inside. The room was dim, a lantern filled with fireflies that sat upon a high shelf the only source of light.

"Hello?" She called into the darkness. "Father?"

"Gaiella? Is that you?" Her Mother's voice echoed down from one of the stair cases that led higher into the tree trunk.

"Yes, it's me" She answered. "Where is Father?"

"Not here" Dawntress said. "He left some time ago. Shintar stopped by; said he needed your Father's help. Something about how he'd 'caught' something."

Gaiella grimaced. She had a fairly good idea of what he'd been talking about. Curses! She would've hoped to talk to her Father before him meeting Edward. She feared now he would see her mate as nothing more than an outsider and an invader.

"He was being awfully tight-lipped about it...bordering on rude" Dawntress continued. "I think you were right to deny him, Gaiella. I don't trust him. You don't have to be a seer to see that obviously something's going on; he wouldn't come get Nox just to help him bring in a boar"

With a sigh Gaiella turned to leave. She had to find her Father before he and Shintar took Edward to...wherever they were taking him. Her heart sank in her chest. She didn't even know where to begin looking!

She moved to step back outside but stopped when her Mother's voice called from behind her as she descended the stairs. "Daughter? Where are you going?"

Gaiella took a deep breath to steel herself. Might as well get this over with now. She turned around and walked back inside to face her Mother.

"Nowhere, Mother" She said.

Dawntress emerged from the staircase. "Good, I don't want you out there while whatever is happening is-Great Mother Goddess?!?!" Dawntress dropped the stack of books she'd been carrying down the stairs into a heap upon the floor, her jaw dropping open as she beheld her daughter.

"Gaiella?!" Dawntress cried as she rushed over to her. "Look at you! What happened?! What...what are you wearing?!"

Gaiella smiled, blushing. "Mother...I've found my mate"

Dawntress shook her head, confused. "That's impossible...no Elf could make you grow so much so fast"

Gaiella nodded. "Your right, no Elf could" She then proceeded to tell her Mother the events of her day. Finding Edward, saving his life, her plan to bring him home, how they'd stopped at the lake and fallen for each other, vowing to be Mates.

"...then when I woke, he was gone. He'd left his shirt and his sword" She gestured to the clothing she wore and the weapon she'd set upon the table. "I knew he must have been captured, by Shintar I'm guessing"

Dawntress had sat down at the nearby table, as she struggled to process all that her daughter had told her. "Gaiella...I'm shocked..."

Gaiella rushed over, kneeling before her Mother. This close to her their breasts pressed against one another. "I know it's a lot Mother, but...I love him, he loves me. And now I have to rescue him"

Dawntress looked down at her Daughter, then at her chest which now dwarfed her own. She said nothing for several moments, then her face broke, a weak smile forming on her face. "I understand. Outsider or not, I can tell your love is sincere, and it sounds like the feeling is mutual. He is the one for you, that much is clear."

Gaiella nodded "Yes! Yes he is, thank you Mother" She rose and leaned into her Mother wrapping her arms around her in an embrace. Dawntress returned the hug, sniffing back tears.

"Are you ok, Mother?" Gaiella asked as she pulled away.

Dawntress wiped at her eyes, as she smiled. "Oh yes, It's just...It's going to take me a while to get used to the fact that you're bigger than me now!"

Gaiella gasped. "Mother!"

Dawntress rolled her eyes "Oh please, you don't have to be coy Gaiella. I know we were both thinking it"

Gaiella smirked "Well maybe, but still!"

Dawntress smiled "It's fine. I've always known you were envious of them" She said reaching up to rest a hand upon her own impressive bust. "Now I know how it feels! Ha!"

Gaiella frowned "Oh, Mother..."

Dawntress waved her away "It's fine! I'm happy for you, my darling, truly. Now, let me take a look at them!"

Gaiella grinned as she grabbed the Hem of Edward's shirt and lifted it up over her head. Before she'd gotten it free of her arms, she felt her Mother's hands upon her chest.

"Oh, Gaiella, they are magnificent!" Dawntress cooed as her hands gently explored her Daughter's new assets.

Gaiella let out soft moans as she enjoyed the touch of her Mother's soft hands upon her flesh. "Thank you, Mother" She breathed, as she bit her lip with pleasure.

It was common amongst maidens for them to inspect and fondle each other's breasts in private. As much as competition existed between them, there was also genuine appreciation of their beauty and majesty. All maidens longed to be the bustiest, but they still begrudgingly admired those who had outgrown them, and were always eager to touch them.

The envy Gaiella had for her Mother's breasts had developed when watching her Mother be the receiver of such attention from other maidens. Now it was her turn.

Dawntress moved her hands from one to the other, feeling their weight, squeezing and massaging them, hands running across their smooth surfaces. "They're absolutely beautiful. You carry them well, Daughter, they suit you. And such power! I can feel the magic humming against my fingers. Very impressive!"

Her hands gently released Gaiella's breasts, which barely dropped at all. Gaiella's eyes were closed, and she let out a quiet shaky breath as she willed herself to calm down.

Dawntress lifted a questioning eyebrow at her. "I take it they're sensitive?"

Gaiella nodded, still not speaking, as she slowly breathed in and out. Gradually her excitement began to die down.

Dawntress nodded with a smile “Well Daughter, you’ve finally outshone your Mother. Be proud”

Gaiella shook her head “Oh no, Mother. I’m not nearly as beautiful as you, and your breasts are far more perfect than mine!”

Dawntress smirked, “You’re too kind. Dishonest, but kind. So...how many infusions did it take from your Mate to grow this big?”

Gaiella smiled as she held up two fingers.

“Only two!” Dawntress said. “Great Goddess, I assumed you two must have been going at it all day! He must produce a lot of essence?”

Gaiella nodded, as she blushed, the memory of his cum filling her mouth again and again popped into her mind. “Yes, several mouthfuls”

Dawntress herself went pink with excitement, as she imagined it “Mouthfuls!! That must’ve felt amazing, all of that at once? It feels good when it’s just a few drops...I can only imagine a Mouthful! His pouch must be huge then?”

Gaiella shrugged “Not *that* much bigger. I think it’s just how Humans are?”

“Interesting...” Dawntress said with a smile “Well if they can all produce that much, maybe we shouldn’t be so quick to rebuke these Outsiders!”

Gaiella laughed “Mother! You have a mate!”

Dawntress nodded “Yes of course, and I love your father very much, but still...” She eyed her daughter's breasts, then broke into laughter, Gaiella joining her as together they giggled like children.

“Tell me, how big was his...” Dawntress’ eyes flicked downward with a smile.

Grinning Gaiella held up both hands, a single finger extended, as she began to slowly pull them apart. Her Mother’s eyes widened further and further, until Gaiella finally stopped, her fingers 8” apart from each other.

“Great Goddess!” Dawntress gasped. “That’s so big?! How did he not kill you!”

Gaiella laughed “He was gentle! And my body was ready for it, especially after what he did...”

Dawntress stared at her Daughter, waiting for her to explain. “Come on, spit it out! What did he do?”

Gaiella blushed “He used his mouth and tongue on me...”

Dawntress frowned, not understanding.

“...Down there.”

“Really?!” Dawntress said. “That...that just isn’t done! Mates don’t do that!”

Gaiella smiled “My Mate does”

“How does it feel?” Her Mother asked, eyes alight with interest and excitement.

“Amazing. Truly incredible. My entire body was shaking with pleasure, I could barely hold myself up” Gaiella said

“Well then,” Dawntress said. “We definitely need to rescue him now...When we do, do you think, perhaps I could borrow him for just a night?”

Gaiella placed her hands firmly upon her hips as she scowled. “That better be a joke, Mother”

Dawntress rolled her eyes, giving her daughter a chagrined smile “You can’t blame a maiden for trying, darling. If I wasn’t envious of you before, I certainly am now!”

Gaiella sighed “Yes, he is wonderful. Now I just need to figure out where he is!”

Dawntress’ demeanor shifted in an instant, turning serious as the gravity of the situation they were in returned after their brief break into levity. “I know where your Mate will be. That part is simple; they’ll be at the palace. Your Father would want to bring him before the Queen. We just need to get there first.”

Gaiella nodded “Of course!”

Dawntress turned back to the stairs that led to her personal chambers. “Come with me. Let’s get you dressed in something proper, then we can go. You can borrow one of my dresses. It...may be a bit tight across the chest for you.’

Gaiella blushed as she followed her Mother. She was thankful for her Mother’s help, but she reckoned she would likely never hear the end of how she was now bigger than her.

Edward Brightblade, First Ranger of King Harmon III, survivor of the Trial of a Thousand Blades, negotiator of the infamous Fenrod peace accord, was impressed. He hadn’t known what to expect when he was told he was going to be brought to the Elven palace, but it wasn’t this. He’d been in palaces before, sprawling stone buildings, stuffed with marble and gilded trim. Those were nothing like this.

The palace was a massive wooden structure that surrounded a colossal sequoia, the central trunk easily 50 feet across and spanning hundreds of feet into the air. The building was built almost like a pyramid, with terraced levels that tapered closer to the central trunk the higher you went. Far up above, he could see a large structure built into the canopy of the tree itself. Tiny lights dotted the trunk in a noticeable pattern. Edward surmised they were perhaps highlighting a stairway that spiraled up and around the tree towards that celestial abode above.

As they neared the palace, he realized that it hadn’t been built...it had been grown. There were no saw cuts, no nails, all the walls and doorways were formed from wood and leaves intertwining and interspersing amongst themselves, all still alive and thriving.

“Hurry up” Noxlin barked from up ahead “We wouldn’t want to spoil your grand entrance by arriving after the Queen has returned to her chambers”

Shinar lashed out with his hand, striking Edward across the back of the head. Edward grunted, more out of surprise than pain. “You heard him,” Shintar sneered. “Move faster, Human”

Edward walked on, letting himself be pulled forward by the redheaded Elf. The main entrance to the palace was a large set of stairs, formed out of roots and stone, that were lit with a blazing bonfire set into the courtyard at the top. There were no guards, the Elves had no reason to fear attack or unrest, but several lords did hang about, chatting amongst themselves. They bore the preened look of nobles, likely members of the Queen's court, the ones that Shintar worried would steal his glory.

Noxlin turned their path, leading them away from the stairs. The Elf had chosen his path very carefully through the Elven capital; they hadn't been spotted once. Even this close to their destination he picked his way through the trees, seemingly at random, but as a Ranger Edward could see the method to his process. They avoided trees that often dropped branches that would give them away. They passed through glades that bore poison ivy, that the Elves would naturally steer clear from. They even occasionally made detours to walk up stream beds, to hide their tracks. Edward was impressed; this Elf could've been a Ranger himself.

Shintar was less enthused, frustrated at the seemingly meandering route they were taking. "Are you sure you know where you're going?"

"He Does" Edward said.

Both Elves turned to look at him with surprise. Those had been the first words he'd spoken since his original capture.

Noxlin gave a wry smile "He's not wrong."

Shintar growled with anger, as he lifted his hand to slap Edward once again. This time Edward was ready, and he jerked his head out of the way to avoid the blow. Shintar's hand flew through empty air, nearly throwing him off balance.

Noxlin laughed. "Ha, he's a slippery one! Don't lose him now, Shintar, not when we're so close"

Shintar grit his teeth with fury after being embarrassed. Holding Edward by his shoulder to keep him steady, he dealt him a wicked punch to the solar plexus. Edward doubled over, having the wind knocked out of him, just barely managing to stay on his feet. Shintar's hand gripped him around the neck, pulling him upright and shoving him forward. "Cursed, Human..." Shintar muttered to himself.

After walking through the thick trees for a few minutes more, they emerged near the backside of the palace where a solitary entranceway was the only feature in the wooden facade. Noxlin approached it, waving Shintar to follow. Thick branches woven together formed an inset door that blocked their way. Noxlin rapped on the wood and then waited.

The door opened a moment later, an elf lord with white cropped hair staring at them incredulously. "What do you want, Noxlin? I'm in the middle of serving Faewen's dinner, I really don't have time for whatever this is"

Noxlin smiled warmly "Don't worry, Poltan, we just need to use your lift to get up."

Poltan, the chef, frowned. "What? Why? Wait, who is that?" He cocked his head to the side to look around Noxlin, trying to get a better view of Edward.

“We need to take him to the Queen.” Shintar said fiercely “He’s a Human!”

Poltan looked back at Noxlin with shock. “A Human?! Again Noxlin!?”

Noxlin shot Poltan a warning look, eyes hardening as he shook his head. Behind him, Edward stood with his head hung, pretending to be sore from the earlier beating, while he listened intently. Again? What in Damnation was that referring to!

Poltan sighed. “Fine, go on. We’re square now though; I don’t owe you anymore”

Noxlin’s easy smile returned “For now, Poltan, for now. I’ll get one back on you sooner or later”

Poltan snorted as he turned and walked back inside, leaving them to let themselves inside. “Not if I can help it...and if you’re going up, can you take that tray of venison with you? Just set it on one of the tables beside the lift, the servers will take care of it.”

Noxlin nodded “Sure, sure. Oh, I almost forgot...Poltan, would you happen to have a spare pair of pants?”

Poltan looked over his shoulder frowning “What?”

Noxlin gestured to Edward who now stood inside the warm kitchen. “Shintar’s trophy here was taken before he could get dressed. I think it would cause quite the disruption if we took him up looking like this”

Poltan looked over the counter, curious as to what Noxlin meant. His eyes widened as he saw Edward’s cock. “Great Goddess! How does he walk around with that thing!”

Noxlin shrugged “Pretty well actually, he’s pretty nimble for a brute”

Poltan stared at it a few moments more before he hurried off towards the other side of the room. He returned with a large black piece of fabric, perhaps a dish towel or a tablecloth. He tossed it to Noxlin, who caught it with one hand. “This is all I have”

Noxlin nodded, as he walked over to Edward. Carefully he wrapped it around his legs, tucking it into itself. It wasn’t fashionable but it did what was necessary. “Alright, let’s go”

The three of them walked through an opening in the back of the kitchen, that led into the trunk of the tree. Looking up Edward could see that they stood in the bottom of a massive hollowed out shaft of the trunk. Ahead of them was a large wooden platform held up with rope. Noxlin led them on to it, then tugged on the rope. With a sudden jerk it began to rise.

Swiftly the lift ascended, saving them a great deal of climbing. Halfway they were passed by a massive wooden bowl filled with water, itself held up with ropes. Edward watched it disappear into the darkness below. They must be attached with a pulley to lift us up, he thought; ingenious.

Soon the lift arrived at the canopy, and they stepped out. Noxlin stepped ahead and walked over to a low table, setting the tray of food he’d brought upon it. Then he nodded to Shintar, gesturing him to the far side of the room.

They were in a grand ballroom, far larger than any Edward had ever seen built by a human. Massive wood columns topped with blue flame lit the room. It was mostly empty currently, only a few small groups of courtiers stood about the room.

As they walked, they drew more and more attention, those small groups turning to watch them, some following them. The sound of chatter began to rise, as the Elven court slowly assembled, drawing near around them. Edward kept his head forward, not looking at them.

His eyes were focused on the maiden that he was about to face.

Queen Faewen sat on her throne at the far end of the room, her eyes locked upon him as he approached. She was indeed as beautiful as Gaiella had described, and her body was even more impressive, her immense rotund breasts far surpassing the size of his Mate's. But in that moment to Edward, she might as well be a toad. Gaiella was everything to him; no one else could compare.

"Noxlin" The Queen's voice was quiet and menacing, but still it echoed throughout the room. At once all present were silent. Even Edward found himself purposefully keeping himself still, reverent before the powerful royal before him.

"Your Majesty" Noxlin began, before Shintar stepped forward interrupting him. "Your Majesty! We bring before you an outsider, captured by myself, Shintar! I alone subdued this hulking savage, besting him and now I offer him to you to do with as you please" He finished with an elaborate bow, one hand upon his chest, the other out to his side.

"Noxlin?" The Queen said once again, ignoring Shintar's bravado.

"Your Majesty" Noxlin began once again, shooting a stern glare at Shintar "We do indeed bring before you an outsider, a Human. I can't speak to the means of his capture, but yes Shintar did bring him in"

"He snuck up on me while I was taking a shit" Edward said, loud enough for all to hear. This was followed by murmurs and a few chuckles from the court, and a stern blow to the abdomen from Shintar.

"Silence, Human!" He hissed.

Edward forced himself to remain upright, though his midsection ached. He would not show weakness, not here.

Faewen rose off her throne, slowly descending the steps toward them, long white hair and midnight blue dress dragging in her wake. Behind Edward, Noxlin grabbed Shintar and pulled him back. They'd given him over to the Queen, their audience was over.

"Human" Her voice was like ice, cold and sharp. "What is your name?"

Edward stared ahead, not looking at her as she approached. "Edward Brightblade"

The Queen stared at him, with silent judgment. "Is that all? No titles? No accolades?"

Edward shrugged. "I don't like to boast"

Her stern lips twitched, the barest hint of a smirk. "I've never met a human before; you certainly are interesting aren't you. But...why are you here?"

Edward didn't answer. He didn't want to lie, and he knew he couldn't tell the truth, and so he stayed silent. If she used her magic on him, so be it, but he would not voluntarily offer himself up to be indicted.

Faewen frowned, brows furrowing angrily. "I do not like being denied. You *will* answer me"

Edward just stared ahead, ignoring her. Do your worst, he thought.

The Queen's eyes flashed, filling with a bright green glow. Her massive breasts heaved and shook, veins becoming ridged across their surface. With the sound of creaking wood, several branches broke through the floor and wrapped themselves around Edward's arms and legs, lifting him and holding him completely still. They forced his limbs into uncomfortable angles, but still Edward held his tongue.

Faewen bared her teeth, and her breasts quivered once more with power. On the floor surrounding him runes the color of the sky began to form in a circle around him. This must be the so-called verity spell, he thought. As he watched the glowing symbols spread around him, he felt his mind slipping from him, weakening. Once the spell was complete, she would be able to read him like a book.

On the other side of the Ballroom, doors slammed opened, and a pair of golden-haired Elf maidens burst in.

"EDWARD!!!" Screamed one of them. Edward immediately twisted his head towards the source of the outburst. That was his mate! Despite the pain in his twisted limbs, he smiled. "Gaiella!"

"Dawntress?! G-Gaiella!?!?" Noxlin sputtered, shocked at the arrival of his wife, and his daughter, looking very different from the maiden that had left this morning.

Edward felt tears form in his eyes when Gaiella came into view. By the Gods, he'd never seen anyone or anything more beautiful. She wore a stunning dress made of silvery silk, that hugged her curves incredibly, with a deep cut in the center all the way down to her navel, that showed off the gorgeous chasm of her cleavage.

She pushed her way past Noxlin, and ran up to him. Reaching up with both hands she pulled his head down to her, going up on her tip-toes so that their lips could meet.

As one of the court gasped, though none more loudly than her Father. "Gaiella!" He yelled sternly as he approached the pair. "I don't know what happened to you, but what in the Great Goddess' name are you doing! That's a human!"

"He's her mate, Nox" Dawntress said from behind him.

Noxlin whirled about to face his wife, who nodded. He turned back to look at Gaiella, who beamed up at her father. He shook his head, face torn. "No...NO! I forbid it!"

"Father!?" Gaiella cried. "Nox!" Dawntress yelled angrily.

"SILENCE!!!"

The room was shocked into stillness by Faewen's outburst. "Noxlin, restrain your Daughter."

"Yes, Your Majesty" he said, firmly gripping her by the shoulders and pulling her away.

"No!" She shrieked, hands reaching out to hold on to Edward before she was ripped away.

"Now then" The Queen said, lifting her nose up as she stared at Edward. "We *will* have the truth out of you, Edward Brightblade."

Below him on the floor, the final rune locked into place, and Edward felt his mind go numb, his thoughts no longer under his control.

“Now...*Speak*”

Gaiella struggled against her Father’s grip, but his hands were like iron vices upon her shoulders. Behind her she could hear her Mother quietly but intensely berating her Father, but he ignored her. His face was a solemn mask, eyes focused only upon Edward and the Queen.

Gaiella herself felt tears begin to flow, as she watched. Why did it have to be this way? Why couldn’t they just be happy together? He was so close, she just wanted to hold him, to make all of this go away. Her mind flashed with an image of that golden room by the sea that she’d dreamt of, just her and Edward. Oh, but if only she could make that dream real.

“What is your name?” Faewen asked. Her voice resonated with magic, and Edwards slumped head lifted and tilted toward her, like it was being pulled by a string.

“Edward...Son of Thomas” His voice was dull, lifeless, lacking all his charm and warmth. Gaiella sobbed, it was torture to see him like this.

“And why are you here? Why did you come to Arkentum?”

“I was sent...by King Harmon III...to conquer...” Murmurs erupted through the room. They’d all suspected that this had been the outsider’s purpose, but to hear it confirmed from his mouth was still shocking.

Gaiella whimpered quietly, tears still flowing down her face. This revelation wasn’t a shock to her. She’d discovered the piece of parchment within Edwards jacket pocket that bore the king’s decree earlier today. She’d stuffed it back in, not wanting him to know that she’d seen it. Though it had shocked her at first, the feeling had quickly passed. Of course that’s what he was here to do, and of course he’d lied about it. What else was he to do? Despite all that he’d still chosen to follow her, and to give himself to her freely. If he truly was here to conquer and slay, he could have struck her down with his sword while she slept.

Conquest was why he’d been sent here, but it was no longer his goal. She knew that to be true, but it was unlikely that the Queen would ask that.

“Don’t you see, Daughter?” Noxlin said into her ear. “He’s here to take from us! That’s all humans do. He doesn’t love you”

“You don’t know him, Father!” Gaiella shot back “He does love me!”

“Nox!” Dawntress hissed “Why are you doing this?! Are you really going to stand in front of your Daughter’s happiness?!”

“It’s for her own good!” He snarled. Dawntress recoiled, shocked at the ferocity of his response.

Across the room Queen Faewen pursed her lips. “I expected as much, Human. Our lands are beautiful and lush, but they are not for your taking. Are there any more of you left within our borders?”

"I am...the last...all crew...slaughtered...Nearly my fate...if not...for her..." His head lolled to the side in the direction of Gaiella.

Faewen turned to look at Gaiella. "Maiden! Why did you spare this wretched Human?"

"He was dieing!" Gaiella spat back "Are we so callous to not heal those who need it?" This last question was directed to the entire room. More murmurs sounded from the court.

The Queen scoffed at her. "So naive. Tell me maiden, who is your mate? I should wish to reprimand the both of you together"

Gaiella looked to Edward "He is! I love *him!*"

Faewen's eyes narrowed. "Do not lie to me maiden! Especially when your lies are so obviously transparent! I can see the Goddess's gift upon you, earned from years of devotion! Now once again, *who* is your mate?!" The Queen obviously wasn't familiar enough with Gaiella to know that she hadn't been this big for very long.

Gaiella stared down the Queen of the Elves defiantly. "Edward Brightblade is my mate."

Faewen waved a hand at her in dismissal. "This is a waste of time. Why am I bothering dealing with you and your lies when he can give me the truth. Human!" Edwards head lifted of its own accord, his eyes blank and vacant. "Are you the mate of this maiden?"

"Yes" Came his lifeless reply.

The Queen's face twisted for a brief second into a look of utter shock, until she recomposed herself. She looked back and forth between Edward and Gaiella who still had her head held high.

"Human..." The Queen started, pondering. "Has this maiden lain with any other before you?"

"Your Majesty! My daughter's honor is not in question here! The Human is the one to be judged!" Noxlin shouted

"Silence!" Faewen shot back.

"No..." Said Edward.

The Queen studied him for a moment. "So... she grew this bountiful in a single day?"

"Yes..."

"How?"

"She consumed...my...essence"

The Queen's eyebrows raised with surprise. A curious look upon her face, she stepped forward, and pulled free the cloth wrap around his legs.

"Oh, Great Mother..." The Queen said, a mouth rising to her hand in surprise as she stared at his soft but still impressive cock. "Well...that is...oh my..." Around the room the murmurs grew louder, expressions of disgust from the lords, and of arousal from the maidens.

"Your Majesty!" Gaiella cried. "The spell proved that he's my mate, please, let him go!"

Faewen ignored Gaiella's plea, as she stepped forward. She stopped when the outer edge of her massive bust pushed against Edwards suspended legs. Reaching out over top of her breasts she gently took his shaft into her hands.

"Soft...how do they breed?" She muttered to herself.

Edward said nothing, but his body reacted involuntarily. His pulse rose, his muscles tensed, and gradually his cock began to stiffen and swell in the Queen's hands.

"Stop!" Gaiella shrieked. "You can't! He's mine!"

The Queen didn't even register that she was speaking, as she watched with mouth slightly open as Edwards cock hardened before her eyes, swelling to its full 8" length.

Faewen's eyes lit with desire at the sight of his throbbing cock, risen to attention for her. Without hesitation she leaned close, his legs sliding into the massive canyon of her cleavage, until her lips reached the tip of his cock and parted for it, taking her into his mouth.

A chorus of audible gasps sounded from the court, though they were overshadowed by Gaiella's wail of despair. Dawntress came forward and pulled her daughter against her, turning her away so she wouldn't watch. Even Noxlin had a look of confusion and distaste at the Queen's actions.

The Queen of the Elves by divine right had authority over all Elves...except in one regard. Any Elf was forbidden in engaging in sexual acts with another Elf's mate, without their expression permission. Not even the Queen was exempt from these rules. In this brazen servicing of Edward she broke one of the Elves' most ancient customs.

If Faewen cared about this cultural breach, she didn't show any signs of regret, as she enthusiastically began to slide her mouth back and forth along his thick shaft. Soon it was slick with spit as she forced herself to take more and more of it into her mouth. The Queen's eyes rolled back in her head as she pushed herself deeper, the tip of his cock hitting the back of her throat, and then bending to slide down it. Her throat bulged underneath her jaw, as she took him entirely, her nose barely an inch away from touching his lower abdomen.

Edward's head hung low, no conscious thought present behind his eyes. His body reacted to the physical stimuli of the Queen, and soon provided her with her reward. Her eyes went wide as her mouth was filled with a single blast of cum, though that was the end of it. She swallowed, and stepped back looking down at her body expectantly.

A shiver passed through her, her nipples stiffening and lengthening. She closed her eyes as she let out a long low moan, as her body absorbed his essence. Then before the court her already colossal breasts grew, swelling out an inch in every direction. But after that single growth spurt, they grew no further.

The Queen opened her eyes and looked down at her bust, a frown forming on her face. "This isn't right... that was an impressive amount of essence, but with that much it would take an Elf at least a week to grow to her size... Human! Explain!"

"Yinga...Root..." Was his emotionless response.

Faewen smiled wickedly, as she spoke quietly “Ah...of course! Very good...very good...” She stepped around him to address her subjects. “This Human is a trespasser on our lands, and therefore his life is forfeit!”

“NO!!!” Gaiella screamed, her heart tearing in two. This wasn’t happening, this *couldn’t* be happening!

“Quiet, Daughter!” Noxlin snapped. “This is for the best!” Dawntress glared daggers at her mate, but stayed silent.

“When will the execution be held?” Shintar asked.

Faewen shook her head. “You misunderstand me. The Human’s life is forfeit, meaning his fate lies solely in my hands. And I wish for him to live; live and serve *me*. Take him to the dungeon. Give him only Yinga Root to eat, force feed him if you must! I want him to be overflowing with essence for me. Soon I will be the most powerful Queen that has ever reigned!”

The court erupted with noise at the Queen’s proclamation. Gaiella crumpled to the floor, her legs giving out beneath her. She didn’t think there was an option worse than Edward dying, and somehow the Queen had found it. To live forever a prisoner and slave to her, while Gaiella could do nothing but watch. Faewen’s cruelty truly knew no bounds.

Noxlin’s grip on his daughter slipped as she fell to the floor. He turned to look at her sobbing form then back at Edward. His mate approached and hissed in his ear. “Nox, this isn’t right! You know it isn’t! He’s your Daughter’s mate, do something!!!” Noxlin’s mouth formed into a thin line but he said nothing.

Shintar and another Elf lord stepped forward and took Edward by each arm. The vines that held him aloft retreated and he fell to the ground. They moved to pull him away, when a voice behind them yelled.

“Human!” Noxlin shouted over the hubbub of the court. “Do you love my Daughter?”

“Don’t answer that!” Faewen yelled, but the spell compelled Edward to comply, regardless of the Queen’s own demands.

“Yes...with all my heart...and above all others...” His voice was faint, barely audible through the noise of the crowd, but Noxlin heard. The Elf blinked with surprise, regret beginning to pool in his chest.

“Take him away, now!” The Queen commanded, pointing towards the exit. Without hesitation the pair of Lords hauled him off, the circle of runes on the floor disappearing as soon as he was free of them.

“What...” Edward groaned, his mind still fuzzy “What happened? Gaiella? Gaiella?!”

“EDWARD!!” She cried as she heard him call for her, his voice confused and afraid. She watched through bleary eyes as he disappeared through the set of wood double doors, the Queen following shortly behind.

“Come on, darling” Dawntress said, grabbing her daughter under one arm to help her up. “Let’s go home, and...we’ll try to figure this all out”

Noxlin nodded. "Yes...good idea"

Dawntress whirled on him, furious "Not you! You've done quite enough for one night, Noxlin!"

Noxlin winced at the use of his full name. His mate never called him *anything* but Nox.

With tears still flowing Gaiella let her Mother guide her away. That evening she sobbed long into the night until sleep took her and she returned to that golden room once more, where she and Edward were happy and free. The morning would bring her pain and sadness, but for a brief moment sleep gave her a reprieve.

END OF PART 3