

Essence of Life - Part 4

BY TROGDOR297

Edward Brightblade, First Ranger of King Harmon III, lifter of the curse of Unkai Tower, winner of 19 consecutive drinking contests, was a prisoner.

His head spun wildly, his body aching. He was held upright, by a pair of thick vines that grew out of the very wall themselves and had entwined themselves around his arms and torso. He hadn't even tried to wrestle against them, knowing the futility of the act.

How long had he been in here? Hours? Days? The sleep deprivation had made it difficult to keep track of time.

This was far from the worst cell he'd ever seen, though this was his first time being on this side of the locks. The dungeon was a simple square room, no windows, one door, the walls made of flowing unbroken wood. It shouldn't have been possible for wood to naturally grow in this way, but then again it hadn't. The Elven maidens who had formed this place had used their magic to force the wood into these shapes.

The only light came from a single torch set into a sconce on the side wall. Another trick of Elven magic, Edward had guessed, as the damn thing never went out.

He rolled his head back to rest against the wood wall. He just wanted to sleep, to have a moment of rest, but his body was being forcibly kept awake.

An aching discomfort emanated from between his legs. He kept his eyes shut as he tried to ignore it. He didn't want to look at it, couldn't bear to. But when another wave of pain surged through him, making beads of sweat appear on his brow, his curiosity got the best of him.

"God be Damned..." He quietly cursed as he looked down at his genitals.

His cock was erect and throbbing, the flesh bright red. His erection hadn't relented for hours, his pent-up body demanding release. That wasn't the worst part. The worst part was his testicles. His scrotum and balls were enormous, filling the space between his legs, reaching his knees. The skin was bright pink and tight, dark blue veins tracing the surface.

He groaned as he pulled his head back, shutting his eyes to try and ward away the pain once again.

Edward was a prisoner of Queen Faewen of the Elves. He had been judged unworthy by the Elven court and his life forfeit, for crimes that he hadn't actually committed. They'd branded him an invader and a conqueror, when he hadn't actually conquered anything, nor would he have. If his people had known that this forest continent was inhabited by a thriving civilization, they never would've come here at all. Though, despite his current predicament, he would've deeply regretted that.

Coming here had allowed the Gods to grace him with his mate, Gaiella, herself an Elven maiden. Such a delicate and divine creature she was; Edward was certain that never again would a beauty such as hers exist. By the Gods he missed her. Even though it'd only been...Dammit, how long had it been!?

Not long after being dragged into this chamber, and bound to the wall, his captors had begun to feed him Yinga Root, a natural aphrodisiac whose main side effect was exponentially increasing the production of semen, as well as swelling of the testicles. As per their Queen's command the Elves had crushed the bitter root down into a slurry, and forced it down his throat. Edward had received too many doses for his tired mind to keep track of, but the effects of it were obvious.

The unfortunate side effect of the root was the boost of adrenaline it gave the body. Good for keeping yourself lucid in a life-or-death situation. Bad when you're overdosing on it, and only want to sleep. Edward had begged them to give him a break, but they'd refused him, never even acknowledged him, and so he remained painfully awake.

His head lifted as he heard footsteps in the hall outside. Another dose already?! He could've sworn that they were just here less than an hour ago...

It was not Elven servants that entered, but the Queen herself. Faewen entered the room, a predatory smile on her face. As always, her enormous, rotund breasts, each one just over three feet in diameter, were bare. She moved gracefully, their size barely a hindrance to the Queen. She floated across the room, long white hair dragging behind her on the floor. She turned when close to Edward then sat down, on a small stool on the floor beside him, so she was facing the same way as him.

She turned her head to look at him, or more accurately his cock and life pouch. "Mmmm, you've progressed quite nicely, Human. Yes, I do believe you're ready for me now"

Edward winced as he felt the cool touch of her hand upon the bottom of his massive sack, applying pressure on it to feel its weight. "Fuck...Fuck you" He cursed.

Faewen looked up at him and frowned. "I'm not familiar with that phrase, but I assume it's a curse?"

Edward said nothing, not looking at her.

The Queen smiled. "As I expected. Your expletives should not be laid at my feet Human, I am not to blame for your situation. I did not force you to come here as an invader, I didn't force you to soil one of our maidens."

Edward whipped his head to stare her down. "Soil?! I love Gaiella, just as much if not more than she loves me!!"

The Queen shook her head, as her hands continued to fondle his gigantic balls. "Yes, and what good will that do her? She'll never see you again, and now no Lord will take her. She'll live her life alone, thanks to you"

Edward gritted his teeth as he tried to ignore the sensations emanating from between his legs. He wouldn't let her get the better of him. "I *will* see my mate again." He said.

Faewen tossed her head back and laughed haughtily. "Oh, I *do* love a lord that can make me laugh. Maybe I should come down here more than once a day to spend time with you...then again, I probably won't. It would look bad on me."

She shook her head condescendingly "No, Human, you will *never* see Gaiella again, so best to give up that hope now. I've enlisted half a score of our bravest warriors and hunters to keep a watch on her at all times, to ensure that she doesn't try anything. If she comes within 100 feet of my palace, I'll know about it"

Faewen slid from the stool and onto the floor in front of him, the wide form of her bust completely enveloping his legs and pressing them back against the wall as she leaned into him. She kept her one hand fondling and teasing his pouch, while the other wrapped just her thumb and index finger around his shaft, then slowly began to drag it up and down, stroking him. She smiled wide as his shaft jumped in her hands, responding to her teasing.

"Mmm, well at least *someone* likes my attention" She purred sadistically, as her fingers stopped under the ridge of his cock head, then began to slide their way back down moving torturously slow.

Edward groaned, as he closed his eyes, trying to fight against her tantalizing touch. He didn't want this, but his body did. His cock and testicles were desperate to relieve some of the pressure his body was under.

"Why..." He grunted. "Why do this? Why...Why not kill me?"

Faewen looked up at him "Isn't it obvious? You're too precious to kill, Human! All of that essence in your pouch...an endless supply...and it's all for me." The Queen closed her eyes as a visible shiver of excitement coursed through her. The hand touching his shaft sped up, but only barely; her touch was still a slow agonizing tease.

"But why?" Edward said. "You're already Queen, your breasts are already gigantic..."

Faewen chuckled. "Oh, thank you for noticing! Yes, I'm quite proud of my breasts but...well, that's the thing with us Elf maidens, Human; there is no such thing as big enough. You remember the grand ballroom at the top of the palace? It's said that it was built to be so big because the very first Elven Queen filled half of it with her breasts alone! Could you imagine, to be so divinely massive, body bursting with the Goddess' gift" Her hand began to move faster, more fingers now joining as she began to properly stroke him.

Edward thought of the ballroom...it must've been at least 200 feet long from end to end. Surely Faewen didn't mean...

"I always wondered how she did it, my dear ancestor. Perhaps she had someone like you, Human. Someone to give her all the essence she could ever want" Her hand moved swiftly now, fingers squeezing his shaft tightly as she jerked him off, dragging his foreskin up and over the head of his cock with each pass. Her other hand fervently massaged his testicles, squeezing and groping his taut flesh.

"So, you want to know why?" She said coyly. "Well, quite simply, I want to be bigger. Much Bigger. I want to be the Queen they talk about in legends, whose bust was so big it filled the royal ballroom! I didn't think it was possible before, but then here you came, just falling into my lap. A blessing from the Goddess herself."

Edward grunted, as he felt his cock lurch in her hand; he was close to cumming, but he desperately was trying to hold it back. He didn't want to give this bitch anything, but he feared he wasn't in charge of that decision.

"Don't worry about, Gaiella." The Queen said nonchalantly. "She's already a decent size for a maiden, and though she'll never mate again, I'll make sure she has a comfortable life. And as for you...I only need you to do one thing."

Faewen leaned against him, the weight of her breasts squeezing against his legs even harder. Her hands raced up and down his cock as she tilted her head forward. "Be a good little slave for your Queen, and cum for me" Then she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue.

Edward squeezed his eyes shut, willing his body to resist, but he sadly lacked that sort of control. A roar of rage echoed from his throat as his climax arrived in full force.

Faewen let go of his cock as he came, cum erupting from his tip like a geyser. The first blast landed squarely in her mouth, but as he continued to cum, his abs spasmed and his shaft lurched, sending his subsequent spurts wide. Faewen made no effort to control the spray, instead giggling with girlish delight as she was slowly covered with it.

On and on Edward came, the dozens of doses of Yinga Root giving his orgasm unbelievable endurance. Cum continued to spurt from the tip of his cock with unyielding force, painting Faewen with his essence. The pleasure of the orgasm had long died down, but still he continued to ejaculate. By the end it was almost painful.

Five minutes had passed when at last the flow of cum stopped. His cock was still hard, one orgasm not enough to satiate it. Edward panted heavily his body exhausted. He opened his eyes only when he heard Faewen moan.

She was still kneeling before him, and she was completely covered with him. Her entire face was plastered with a thick layer of cum, as well as most of her cleavage. Faewen stuck out her tongue and licked a wide circle around her mouth, scooping up as much of the milky essence as she could reach.

“Mmmmm” She moaned as she wiped her eyes clean. “Your essence is intoxicating, Human. The smell, the taste, Mmmmm-Oh!” She gasped as her breasts heaved, swelling out another inch larger from what small amount of semen she’d swallowed. “Ahhhhh! Yessss!! So Potent!!”

She stood up, face and chest still thoroughly covered with his cum. She started to mop it up with her fingers and lick them clean, though it would take quite a while to get it all. “Well, Human, I hope you enjoyed that. It was fun, but tomorrow the *real* growth begins. I won’t let a single drop go to waste, and then I’ll show you what gigantic really means!”

Faewen laughed with glee as she exited the dungeon. From outside Edward heard her speak to one of her attendant’s. Though their words were muffled, he was certain he heard the phrase “Double his doses”

Edwards head slumped forward, body and mind utterly exhausted. So, this was to be his fate. Kept captive to be milked like a prize cow for this Elven tyrant. It would be a torturous existence but...at the very least Gaiella would be safe. The fact that she would be able to live a decent life was precious to him, a life line that he would hold on to, to keep him from falling into madness.

Gaiella laid in her bed, mind and body numb. It was the evening after Edward had been taken into custody, and after spending the previous evening and most of this morning crying, her grief turning her raw, she was now silent.

She hadn’t left her room since returning to her home. A tray of food sat beside the bed, that her Mother had brought up for her around midday. Gaiella had barely touched it. How could she eat in such a state?

The emotional whiplash of the previous day still overwhelmed her. To go from such heights of resplendent joy to the crushing lows of love lost was too much for her to handle, and so she’d shut down. Dawntress had done her best to comfort her, but words of assurance wouldn’t cure Gaiella’s woes.

The loss of Edward was the center of her pain, but she could not discount the sting that she felt of betrayal. Both from her Father and her Queen.

Her Father who’d always been good and kind to her, had loved her and put her above all others, had then cast her aside, denying her right to happiness, over some unknown vendetta against Human kind.

And then the Queen, who’d broken the ancient laws of the Elves, stealing Gaiella’s mate from her. She was supposed to be the representative of the Great Mother Goddess, a caretaker of the Elves, a symbol of grace, compassion, and purity. She’d shown only selfishness and greed last night...

Gaiella laid on her back, hands resting upon her voluminous breasts, that domed almost a foot off her torso. These would be the only thing she had to remember Edward by, and she would cherish them forever. Even now when she closed her eyes, she could almost feel the touch of his strong but gentle hands on her soft flesh. His tongue and lips on her loins. His thick cock penetrating her, filling her, *stretching* her...

Her eyes shot open when she heard voices yelling downstairs. It was her Mother...and...her Father? Noxlin hadn't returned with them to the redwood last night, after Dawntress had pointedly rebuked him for his actions. Why was he here now? By the tone of her Mother's shouting, he certainly wasn't welcome.

She'd long since discarded the dress she'd worn the night before, so, wearing only a thin blanket wrapped around her, Gaiella pushed herself out of bed, and crept downstairs, until the voices became clear.

"...away!! I don't want to hear it, Noxlin! You hurt our Daughter tremendously, how can you expect me to forgive you for that!" Gaiella smiled weakly. At least her Mother was still on her side.

"Dawntress, my love, I'm sorry! I overreacted... I was weak, I was afraid! You have to know that I thought I was acting in Gaiella's best interest! You don't know what I do about Humans!"

"OHHHH!?!?! So, I'm just the sad stupid maiden, who doesn't know anything? Is that it?!" Dawntress's yelling jumped an octave as her fury redoubled.

"That's not what I meant..."

"I'm sure! Well, I hope you're proud of what you've done! You 'Acting in our Daughter's best interest', has put her mate into the QUEEN'S DUNGEONS!!!"

"Dawntress, I'm trying to apologize, and admit I was wrong-" Noxlin's voice was quiet and sheepish.

"Great! Fantastic! Sooooooo glad you had that wonderful revelation! If only you'd figured that out before you doomed our Daughter, to a life alone!!!"

"Not necessarily-"

"YES, NOXLIN!!! NO MATTER HOW LOVELY SHE IS, NO LORD WILL TAKE HER NOW!!!"

"I know that...I meant she won't have to be alone. We can get Edward back..."

"YOU-wait, what?" Dawntress's rage was temporarily defused. Behind her Gaiella hurried down the stairs. Noxlin turned to her and gave her a sad smile.

“Gaiella, my sweet darling...I’m so sorry” He took a step toward her, reaching out to embrace her, but she stepped back to keep out of reach. Noxlin nodded, understanding her hesitancy.

“We... we can get him back?” Gaiella asked quietly.

Noxlin sighed as he beheld his Daughter. Her eyes were bleary and bloodshot, her cheeks red and puffy from the tears. “Yes...I think we can. It will not be easy, but there is a way...” He turned to his mate, who had momentarily stopped shouting, but her face was still red with fury. “...If I’m allowed to stay and explain”

Dawntress crossed her arms across her bust, a long line of cleavage visible within the folds of her robe, as she stared him down. Her lip quivered with anger, but as she caught sight of her Daughter in her peripheral vision, eyes hopeful, Dawntress’s expression shifted.

“Fine...” Dawntress said with a sigh, as she walked over to wrap a supportive arm around Gaiella’s shoulders. “If you have a way to help... then you can stay”

Noxlin’s face relaxed, his shoulders untensing. He motioned for them to join him at their family table, a place where countless times they’d shared meals, laughs, and heartfelt moments. Today the ornate wooden surface would host a far more serious scene.

“You’re being watched” Noxlin started, leaning forward with both elbows on the table, hands clasped together.

Gaiella and her Mother, who sat across from him, shared a look of confusion and concern. “By who?” Gaiella asked.

“I counted ten lords, trying their best to stay hidden while they surveil our home. I say trying their best, because they’re doing a wretchedly poor job of it. I spotted half of them when I wasn’t even trying... but then again, I suppose I am a bit more experienced than the average Elf lord”

Dawntress rolled her eyes “We aren’t here to stroke your ego, Nox. Get to the point!”

Noxlin nodded, a slight smile forming at the edge of his lips. She’d called him “Nox”; that was a good sign.

“But why?” Gaiella asked. “They’ve already taken my mate from me, why won’t she just leave us alone?!”

“Because she’s afraid!” Noxlin said. “She’s afraid that you’ll come for him, and take him.”

Gaiella shook her head “She’s the Queen! Why should she be afraid of me!”

“Not even the Queen is above the rules, darling” Noxlin explained. “The entire court witnessed her first reveal the truth that Edward is your mate, and then completely ignoring that fact when she stole him from you. Faewen is hoping that the shock of her brazen action, the fact that Edward isn’t an Elf, and of course her implied authority would prevent you or anyone else from speaking up against her. By our laws you have the right to march into the palace and take him back”

Gaiella smiled “Then let’s do that!”

Noxlin grimaced “Well, that’s where those ten lords come in. They’re watching you to ensure that you *can’t* do that.”

Gaiella’s face fell with disappointment “Oh, I see...”

Dawntress squeezed Gaiella’s shoulder comfortingly as she spoke. “Thank you for further detailing the terrible situation we find ourselves in, Nox. Very helpful. Now, do you have a plan or not?”

“Yes, my love, I do” Noxlin said, suppressing his annoyance.

“We have one advantage. Those fools outside think that we don’t know they’re there. So, all we need to do is get past them without them noticing, and we should be able to get to the palace without any problems.”

Gaiella shook her head, frowning. “That’s not really a plan, Father...”

Noxlin nodded “I wasn’t finished. How many exits does our home have?”

“The main exit, and then the Cellar door by the roots” Gaiella answered. The cellar was a large hollow space near the bottom of the trunk where they stored a great deal of their food. A trap door in the corner of their main room opened to the top of a shaft that led down to it. The cellar also had a small door in the side of the trunk that led to the forest floor, to make dropping off food easier.

“Correct” Noxlin said. “And where do you think those hunters are watching?”

“Well...” Gaiella said as she thought it over for a moment. “If we’re assuming that they don’t know that we know, then I would think they’d all be watching our main entrance, because that’s how I would normally leave our house?”

Noxlin smiled “Correct, again. Clever girl. Yes, those arrogant fools are almost all posted in the trees outside watching that exit” He motioned over his shoulder with his thumb to the opening in the side of the redwood that led outside. “Only one of them is watching the Cellar door”

“So how do we get past him?” Gaiella asked.

Noxlin shrugged. “You leave that to me. I can handle one overconfident lord.”

"What happens when we get to the palace?" Dawntress asked, lifting a skeptical eyebrow.

"Oh, that'll be the easy part. We go in the middle of the night when most will be asleep. I can sneak us in the back, then we just make our way to the dungeons and free your mate"

"And then what?" Gaiella said. "The Queen won't be happy..."

Noxlin frowned "No, she won't. I'll admit I don't have a plan for what you two will do afterwards..."

Dawntress smiled as she squeezed Gaiella's shoulder again "We'll figure that out later. Let's just focus on getting Edward back first." Then she turned to face her mate, face getting serious. "Nox...I'm still incredibly angry"

"I know" Noxlin said, meeting her hard stare.

"We can figure *us* out later." Dawntress continued "For now...thank you for coming back to fix this."

Noxlin nodded. For now, no more needed to be said.

Pushing his chair back he stood, looking back and forth between his Daughter and his Mate.

"I won't lie to you, this will be dangerous."

Gaiella nodded "I understand, Father. I don't care. I have to save him...he'd do the same for me"

Noxlin's mouth twitched at her claim, but he said nothing to refute her. "Very well. Be prepared to leave at midnight. Wait for me in the Cellar. Be ready to move swiftly and silently. That above all else will ensure our success"

He turned to leave, pausing momentarily by the door. He looked back over his shoulder and opened his mouth as if to speak, but then closed it. Looking back ahead he leapt out into the twilight and out of view.

Gaiella immediately spun towards her Mother who still sat beside her, a smile breaking her face. Dawntress smiled backing, leaning in to hug her Daughter, their ample chests pressing against one another.

"I can't believe it" Gaiella whispered. "I...I won't believe it, not until he's in my arms again"

Dawntress squeezed her tight. "Trust your Father, my darling. He may be an arrogant buffoon like all the rest of them, but he does care for you, and now that he's finally seeing straight, he'll stop at nothing to fix his mistake"

The two of them parted, wiping away emotional tears that had unexpectedly sprung up. Gaiella looked down at her body, still swaddled in her bed sheet. "I guess I should go put some clothes on...I don't think I'd be able to move swiftly and silently like this! Actually, I don't think I can move quickly anymore at all...I was so slow running back here from the lake...I love these but they're very bulky!" She rested one hand upon her left breast and patted it gently.

Dawntress nodded understandingly "I'm not surprised you had difficulty; you grew quite big so quickly with no time to adjust"

"I know..." Gaiella said glumly. "I'll miss being able to run through the woods. I guess I'll just have to settle for slow but beautiful elegance, like you"

Dawntress gave her Daughter a wry smile. "Oh? Is that what you think?"

Gaiella gasped "Oh! Mother, I'm sorry! I didn't mean it as an insult! I just meant you always move with such careful grace, and I imagine your breasts must be heavy...I know mine are!"

"Ahhh" Dawntress said as she stood from the table. "I see, so you think I move slowly? Because my bust holds me back?"

Gaiella nodded. "Well...yes?"

Dawntress smirked as she tied the sash of her robe tight around her waist. Then, after taking a gentle breath in, she burst into motion.

Gaiella's Mother was a blur around her, bounding from one side of the room to the other, stopping only for the briefest of moments when she changed direction. Gaiella's mouth dropped open with surprise. She was so fast! Faster than herself when she used to run!

Dawntress stopped beside her Daughter, a proud smile upon her face. "So slow, right?" She reached forward to adjust her robe which had slipped from her frantic movement, tucking each of her large firm breasts back inside.

"Mother!" Gaiella said. "I...How!"

"Come" Dawntress said. "Stand up."

Gaiella did as her Mother asked, rising to stand before her.

"This is something that I would've taught you over time," Dawntress explained. "But time is short, so you'll have to learn quick"

Gaiella nodded silently, eyes open with wonderment as she waited for her Mother's instruction.

"The gift of the Great Mother Goddess is coveted amongst maidens for many reasons. Obviously, it gives us great power, the power to grow and nurture the forest. And most definitely it allows our own bodies to develop, gifting us with such beautiful assets" She gestured to her own bust and then her Daughters.

"But that is not all it gives us! Haven't you ever wondered how the Queen is able to float so effortlessly when she moves, despite the size of her chest?"

Gaiella shook her head "I just thought she was used to them..."

Dawntress smiled "Do you think I'm 'Used' to these?" She cupped her breasts with her hands, hefting them up within her robe. "Do you think that you'll ever be 'Used' to yours?"

Gaiella blushed as she shook her head "No, no I won't." Her hands went to her own chest, caressing each large round breast lovingly.

Dawntress nodded "Precisely. That feeling of wonder and joy when you touch them, when you look at them, when you wake up in the morning and feel their comforting warmth and weight upon you. That feeling doesn't go away, if anything it gets stronger"

Gaiella nodded "That's a relief...I'd hate to get bored of them"

Dawntress laughed "Oh, I promise you, that will never happen! Now, where was I..."

"You were saying how the gift can be used?" Gaiella said.

"Ah, yes, that's right. Just as we can channel our magic externally affecting the world around us, it's also possible to channel it inwardly, amplifying and supporting our own body. We can do great things when channelling that power: it can make us light as feather, as swift as an eagle, it can allow us to heal our bodies, and even nullify poison in ourselves and in others! Now take off your...sheet"

Gaiella giggled as she pulled off the sheet she wore, as before her, her Mother undid her robe and slung it off her shoulders. Together they stood facing each other in the nude.

"Now I assume you've already experimented with using your magic to grow things?" Dawntress asked.

"Yes, almost immediately. I couldn't hold back if I tried, it was like I was bursting with it!"

"Right, well do you remember that feeling when you channelled, that felt like-

"-like pushing!" Gaiella finished. "Yes, I do remember that!"

"Good" Dawntress continued. "So, what we're going to do is find that feeling, but instead of pushing out, you pull in"

Gaiella's smile slipped. "I..hmm...how...how do I do that?"

"It's hard to explain...easier to feel in the moment. Follow my lead. Breathe in"

Together the two maidens inhaled, ample chests rising as they took in air.

"Now" Dawntress continued "When you exhale let your magic flow out of you"

"Into what?" Gaiella asked.

"It doesn't matter, just let it out" Dawntress instructed. "Ready?"

Together they exhaled, and Gaiella, brows knitted with focus, found that place inside her where her power resided and then gently pushed. A wave of sensation washed over her, as she felt it happen. Her skin became flushed, the flesh of her breasts tensing and quivering, her nipples hardening and engorging. With no subject to focus on her magic just flowed aimlessly out of her.

"Excellent, my darling" Dawntress said. "Now, all you need to do is when you breathe in, pull it back. Let your instinct guide you..."

Gaiella sharply inhaled, trying to pull it back to her. She tried to keep her mind locked on to that feeling, but every time she tried to focus, an image of Edward trapped in captivity flashed behind her eyes and it broke her. After a few attempts she opened her eyes, giving her Mother a frown "That...didn't work"

"I didn't expect it to. You're doing a decade's worth of learning how your body and magic works in a single lesson. Try again"

Gaiella nodded, closing her eyes once more. Listening to her Mother's voice she started to rhythmically breath in and out. With each exhale her body thrummed with power, the magic held within her breasts answering her call.

"Can you feel it, Daughter?" Dawntress said, her voice getting excited. "Can you feel the power filling you, nourishing you?"

Gaiella's brows furrowed deeper, as she tried and tried to achieve what her Mother was capable of with little effort. But repeatedly her mind slipped back to thoughts of Edward, unable to escape the worry she felt. "I...I...Gah! I Can't do it!" Frustrated and upset, Gaiella opened her eyes and released the breath she held.

Dawntress slowly opened her own eyes, though they widened with shock as they looked around the room. "Oh my...You may not have control yet, my Daughter, but you certainly wield potency!"

Gaiella looked around the room, to see what Dawntress was referring to. All over the walls new growth had sprouted, tiny branches flourishing with leaves. The magic she'd been carelessly expelling had been absorbed by the redwood that was their home. A few errant

branches had knocked over items on the shelves, pushing them out of the way with their inexorable growth.

"Oh goodness!" Gaiella whispered, lifting a hand to her mouth in shock. "I'm sorry! I didn't mean to..."

Dawntress held up a hand to quiet her. "It's quite alright, Gaiella. You wouldn't believe some of the messes I made when first learning." For a moment her Mother said nothing, studying her.

Gaiella walked over and sat down at the table, head in her hands. Dawntress took the seat beside her, placing a hand on her Daughter's upper back.

"I'll try again" Gaiella said "I just... I need to figure out how to focus better...keep my mind clear"

Dawntress sighed as she slid her hand back and forth across Gaiella's back to comfort her. "You're thinking about Edward..."

Gaiella looked up at her Mother, eyes starting to water. "Is it that obvious?"

"No" Dawntress said reassuringly. "You're actually holding up surprisingly well. You're stronger than me, Daughter. I know your Father and I are...at odds with each other at the moment, but I still love him and worry for his safety and wellbeing. If I knew that he was held against his will, suffering...I'd be an absolute wreck..."

Gaiella wiped at her eyes. "I just feel helpless...why didn't I do more when they took him?"

"Ah ah! None of that talk! There was nothing you could do, so I won't hear you holding yourself responsible for what happened. It is *not* your fault. Now...let's try again. I think I have an idea of how to help you"

Dawntress stood and walked over to where she stood before, waving for Gaiella to join her. Wiping the last of her tears from her eyes, Gaiella stood and walked back to stand before her Mother.

"Now, close your eyes" Dawntress said. "And think of your mate"

"What?" Gaiella asked with her eyes now closed. "Thinking of Edward just keeps distracting me!"

"It's distracting you because you're *trying* not to think about it. Instead, I want you to focus on that, make that your anchor." Dawntress's voice got closer as she spoke. "Don't think of him where he is now. Think of him when you first met. Think of the time you spent by the lake"

Gaiella pushed away those thoughts of her lover in torment and filled her mind with images of that beautiful forest clearing. The crisp, cool water, the towering maple trees, the soft grass on the bank. And there, standing naked in the water, submerged up to his waist was Edward. He took a handful of water with both hands and splashed his face, running his fingers through his hair and beard.

"Do you see him?" Her Mother's disembodied voice spoke.

"Yes" Gaiella whispered, heart beginning to beat wildly in her chest. So much had happened since those precious few hours on the shore of the lake, it felt like a lifetime ago.

"What's he doing?" Dawntress asked, her voice soft as she guided Gaiella through her meditation.

"He's...in the water...washing himself" Gaiella said.

"And what are you doing?"

"I'm standing on the shore, watching him."

"He's coming toward you, wading out of the water" Gaiella's imagination filled in the blanks following her Mother's guidance. Edward in her mind's eye turned and gave her a broad smile as he began to wade out of the lake, water sloughing off his broad torso and thick legs.

"He's walking up to you...he stands before you. He is taller than you, but he is still in the water, and you upon the shore so you see eye to eye. He opens his mouth...what does he say?"

"My Love..." Gaiella spoke the words out loud, but in her mind she heard Edwards voice. They came not from her own consciousness but from somewhere else, drawn from the aether and projected into her psyche. Her body trembled as she heard her mate speak. "...You are the most perfect of your Goddess' creations, never in a millennia could I find another such as you. I need you, Gaiella, need you to save me. We can have that life you dreamed of, that life in the golden room, but first I need you to unlock your potential. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes!" Gaiella gasped, speaking as herself.

"I will help you in what little way that I can. Focus on my voice, and my touch"

"Edward draws nearer, his hands lifting up and finding their home upon your breasts" Her Mother spoke, voice quiet and distant.

In her vision Edward did as she said, and then Gaiella felt contact, felt the warm touch of hands upon her breasts. These hands were smaller, softer than Edwards, but close enough to not break the illusion.

"Gaiella, let your magic flow," Edward said into her mind.

Gaiella breathed out, and her magic surged forth in a torrent. Around the room the little branches that had sprung forth began to elongate and thrive, sprouting greenery and additional shoots.

“You are so beautiful, and so powerful, my love” Edwards voice rang in her head. “Now, shut out all else, there’s nothing in this world but you and me. When you’ve done that, pull it back in”

Gaiella closed off her mind, eliminating all other thoughts but the image of Edward and her. Then she inhaled. As she did the hands on her breasts squeezed and pushed against her. She felt a strange pressure inside her, a tightening of a sort, but she continued to pull against the thread of her magic. Then with a sudden snap, the flow reversed, and her body flooded with energy.

Gaiella's eyes opened wide as she cried out, the image of Edwards smiling face vanishing. She felt alive, all fatigue expelled from her body. Before her Dawntress smiled, stepping back relinquishing her hold on her Daughter's bust.

“Wow...” Gaiella said. “I feel...Wow!”

Dawntress nodded “Well done, Daughter. It takes most maidens years to be able to focus their power in such a way.”

Gaiella let out a whoop of delight, as she bolted around the room, her body compelling her to move. Everything felt so fluid, so freeing. She could feel the immense bulk of her chest as she moved, but it didn't hold her back, if anything it provided her with balance. She stopped in an instant back where she'd started, laughing with glee.

“I'm ready to save my mate now.” Gaiella said with a smile.

“Not dressed like that, you're not!” Dawntress said with a smirk. “Come, we have work to do. Time to learn how to grow clothing”

Gaiella's smile widened as she followed her Mother upstairs. For the first time today, she truly had hope for the future.

Edward Brightblade, First Ranger of King Harmon III, scaler of Mount Angwyn, purifier of the sacred spring of the Emerald Grove, was suddenly awake. Where was he? After a moment filled with pain he realized he still hung on the wall of the Dungeon, body aching terribly. He didn't even bother looking down, he didn't want to know what size his genitals were now.

His body had finally allowed him to sleep, and he'd been having the most wonderful dream. He'd been by the lake with Gaiella; he'd been in the water while she watched from the shore. He remembered he'd walked to her on shore. And then he'd spoken to her...what had he said? The words had seemed important, but they escaped his recollection. She'd needed him for something, but it was all fuzzy now. He'd touched her, felt the warmth of her flesh under his hands. It'd all felt so real...She'd cried out and he'd awoken.

His head lolled back against the wall, as he shut his eyes once more. He didn't know what time it was, but he guessed it was still nighttime. He prayed that he could fall back asleep; sleep was the only relief he had now. At least in sleep he could see Gaiella again...

Gaiella and her Mother waited within their root cellar, waiting for Noxlin to return. It was after midnight, and the mood had grown tense. Things had been light earlier, as they'd worked together to create new garments by growing and weaving plants around moulds, but now as the moment to leave neared, the seriousness of what they were about to do weighed heavy upon them.

Gaiella had grown up with a deep reverence of the Royal Elven family instilled into her, as were all young elves. Faewen hadn't been Queen for too long, less than two decades since her predecessor and mother Queen Tyuna had passed, but Gaiella respected her all the same. Before the past few days, acting in open defiance of her would be a difficult thing to swallow.

But things had changed. The Queen had proven herself to not be without reproach. She'd flaunted her power and ignored their laws, just for her own gain. The pristine image of the Royalty was shattered, and so Gaiella had no qualms with their plan to move against them. The Queen had taken Edward, taken *her mate*, and so now Gaiella would take him back.

Gaiella sat with legs crossed upon the floor, eyes closed as she gently breathed in and out. Since she'd first succeeded earlier that evening, she'd been practicing absorbing the magic into her body. Now with each inhale she pulled it in, letting the feeling of energy and life course through her, before she let it out with her exhale.

She was ready. She'd bathed, and braided her long golden hair, tying it with silk ribbons. Edwards sword in its sheath was slung across her back, the thick leather strap crossing her front, resting comfortably within her cleavage. She'd never wielded a blade before; she hoped she could say the same after tonight. She would do anything to get her mate back, but she didn't want that to have to involve hurting innocent Elves.

Beside her, her Mother sat, anxiously picking through a crate of fruit. The normally unflappable Dawntress was looking anxious, her bottom lip tucked into her teeth as her hands sorted through the various foodstuffs.

A knock at the wood door made both of them jump. Gaiella stood first, rushing to the door. She opened it a crack and looked out. Barely visible in the darkness was her Father, with something large thrown over his shoulder.

"Are you ready?" Noxlin whispered.

Gaiella nodded silently, as Dawntress appeared over her shoulder. Noxlin nodded back. "Good. You look ready. Follow me as quick as you can, and remember, stay quiet" Then without another word, he turned and took off into the darkness, barely making a sound. Gaiella exited the cellar and bolted into the night, her Mother close behind.

The trio moved like wraiths through the dark forest, only the faint rustle of leaves the only sign of their passing. Gaiella's body thrummed with energy, as she continually fed herself with her abundance of life magic. Her steps were as light as a butterfly, her motion as smooth as mist. Even her vision was enhanced beyond its normal level. Despite the near total darkness of the forest, she could follow her Father easily through the night.

They'd been moving through the forest on a seemingly erratic path for several minutes, when Noxlin abruptly stopped them.

"Hold" He whispered. Ahead of them, through the trees they could see light bobbing in the darkness. They were still far from the palace, but it would appear some Elves were out for a late-night stroll.

As they waited for them to pass, Gaiella recognized what her Father was carrying over his shoulder; a body.

"Father, who is this?!" She hissed.

"Shintar" Noxlin replied nonchalantly. "He was the one lord keen enough to watch our back entrance. After I knocked him unconscious, I realized I couldn't leave him behind, he'd alert the others. So...here he is"

"What if he wakes up!?" Dawntress said from her spot behind Gaiella.

"His mouth is stuffed, if he does wake up, he won't be able to make a sound" Noxlin said with a grin as he scanned the trees for further movement.

Gaiella frowned. "Couldn't you have just tied him up somewhere?"

Noxlin's grin fell "I....didn't think of that"

Dawntress shook her head. "Oh, Great Mother Goddess...You are so yypical."

"I love you too, Dawntress." He sniped back, voice rising.

"I'm just saying, Nox. If you'd taken a minute to think things through sometimes..."

“Shhh!!!” Gaiella shushed them both. Through the trees the bobbing lights had stopped.

Together they crouched still in the trees, waiting to see if they were caught. Thankfully after a few seconds the lights moved on and out of view.

Gaiella pointed an accusatory finger at her parents. “This is not the time for you to hash out your problems!”

Noxlin opened his mouth to retort, but a swift elbow from Dawntress silenced him. “You’re right, darling” Her Mother replied, voice back to a whisper, as she shot her mate a look. “Tonight isn’t about us. Shall we go?”

Noxlin peered through the trees for a moment, then nodded. Once again, they were off into the darkness.

Gaiella lost track of time as she and her parents wove through the forest that she’d grown up in. They stopped twice more and even doubled back once to ensure they remained undiscovered. Now they crouched just beyond the tree line at the back of the palace. A pair of Elven lords stood outside the kitchen door, chatting amiably. Gaiella didn’t recognize them, but their outfits and lack of weaponry meant they weren’t there as guards. Just unfortunate luck that they chose this spot for their conversation. Instead of causing a ruckus, the trio had decided to wait them out.

“What in damnation are those two talking about?” Noxlin muttered under his breath.

“I would assume court drama...which would mean me and Edward probably” Gaiella whispered. Her tone wasn’t sarcastic, but Noxlin still sighed.

“Gaiella...I truly hope you’ll forgive me for how I acted last night. I...I didn’t trust Edward at the time, I had good reason not to...”

Gaiella turned to face her Father who still gazed ahead at the palace. “You keep saying that...that you had a good reason not to trust him, that you know something about Humans...what are you not telling me?”

“Edward...is not the first human I’ve ever met”

“What are you talking about, Nox? Since you came here you’ve never left the Central Forest, when would you have met a human!” Dawntress said.

“It was before I met you, before I left the North”

“You...you never told me...” Dawntress’s voice was quiet, tinted with sudden concern.

“No, I never told anyone...”

“Father, what happened?” Gaiella said.

“When I was young, I had a brother; his name was Gammon”

Dawntress nodded “Yes, you’ve told me of him, he died in a hunt gone wrong...”

Noxlin shook his head. “It wasn’t a hunt...”

Noxlin’s voice was quiet as he told his tale, occasionally trembling with emotion. “Edward and his crew weren’t the first Humans to step foot on our shores. Quite the opposite. For years men have come to Arkentum in search of conquest, and every time they’ve been rebuffed by the forest itself. This is why most Elves have never met a human, they never get close to us”

“The Summer before I left the North, my brother and I were exploring along the Northern Coast. A terrible storm had rolled in off the sea a few days earlier, which often left the aftermath on the shore. We’d found the carcass of a whale washed up onto the sand the year before.”

“What...what’s a whale?” Gaiella asked.

Noxlin smiled “A massive beast of the sea, far larger than any that grows on land, even with our magic. Anyway...it wasn’t any beast we found that day...it was a shipwreck.”

“A crew of Men had attempted to sail a ship along the Northern coast, hoping for a more lucrative landing spot. The Great Mother Goddess mocked their ambition and cast the storm upon them as retribution. When my brother arrived, the ship was naught but boards and canvas in pieces upon the shore. There were no survivors, or so we thought. It was while picking through this treasure trove of wreckage, that we spotted him. A human, clinging to a barrel to keep him afloat. He was alive...barely. We pulled him ashore, and got him warm, brought him some food.”

“His name was Carson. He’d come from an Isle to the north, ruled by a King. He told us of his people and their civilization, and we told him of ours. We spent days by the sea, helping him recover, and collecting the wreckage of his ship by day, and then singing songs and spinning tales around the fire at night.”

“But then...then one night he asked about treasure. About gems, diamonds, gold. I should’ve known then, by the glint in his eye, the twist of his smile that evening. My brother, the fool, began to spout off about the riches of the Elves. The great hoards of wealth we possessed.”

Gaiella shook her head in confusion. “But...but we have no such treasure?”

Noxlin nodded, still gazing ahead unblinking. “No, we do not. But my brother, young and impetuous, wanted to impress the Human. Wanted him to be in awe of us and our splendour. What he hadn’t predicted was the Human’s greed.”

Noxlin paused for a moment, taking time to collect himself. When he spoke next, his voice was broken, as he forced the words out.

"Before...before I could react, Carson had drawn... a dagger... and rammed it into my brother's heart."

"Oh Goddess!" Gaiella gasped. "Oh, Nox! Why didn't you ever tell me" Dawntress said, tears in her eyes.

Noxlin shook his head. "I...I don't know. I was so shocked, that when Carson came for me, I didn't even think, I just acted. He'd leapt across the fire blade in hand, eyes wild, only to fall as my arrow punctured his skull, drawn and fired on pure instinct."

"Not long after that I left the North. I couldn't remain there without my brother. After that I vowed that if I ever met another Human I wouldn't trust them. That was until I heard Edward vow his love for you through the verity spell. I'm big enough to admit I was wrong about him"

Noxlin sniffed, as he wiped his own tears from his eyes.

"Father...that's so terrible. I'm sorry that happened" Gaiella whispered.

"I wish you'd told me, Nox" Dawntress added.

"It's fine. It's...it's in the past." Noxlin scanned back and forth as he sensed movement. "Alright, the coast is clear. Let's go"

Together the trio broke the cover of the trees, and made their way into the palace.

Edward Brightblade, First Ranger of King Harmon III, dreamer of Elven maidens, owner of the largest set of genitals in the entire Great Holy Forest, was beginning to lose hope. He thought he would've lasted longer than this, but perhaps he was just weaker than he'd assumed.

He'd slept very little, the constant aching of his body, and the endless crackling and shine of the nearby torch keeping him awake. As per the Queen's demands he'd received several more doses of the Yinga Root broth, and he could only guess at the grandiose size his sack had swollen to. His entire lower body was numb, his shoulders had both dislocated, and his stomach burned angrily.

It must be almost morning, not that that had any significance on Edward. The Queen wouldn't be returning as promised. A few hours after she'd had left, her attendants had arrived with a jar, and had stimulated him to orgasm, filling the glass vessel with his essence. Faewen must have realized that if she wanted to grow as large as she'd claimed, she wouldn't fit in this cramped dungeon. So, if she couldn't come to him, then she'd have his essence brought to her. They'd returned several more times over night, as his testicles seemed to have a nearly limitless supply now.

He heard the door opening. He groaned with misery. They were back already? He could've sworn they were just here minutes ago...But then again, his perception of time was becoming more and more distorted, maybe hours had passed.

"Oh, Goddess" He heard a quiet feminine voice say. "My love, what have they done to you?! You poor thing..."

Edward stirred, his eyes too sore to open, his head too heavy to lift. He must be dreaming again. He could've sworn that that voice belonged to...

Soft hands gently cupped his cheeks and lifted his head. It couldn't be...

Edward forced his eyes to open. Gazing back at him were the large sapphire eyes of the Elven maiden that he'd been dreaming of.

"Gaiella..." He croaked, voice weak, throat dry.

"I'm here" She whispered "I'm here..." Gently she leaned in and pressed lips against his. Her taste...her scent...tears formed in Edwards bleary eyes. He didn't know how it was possible, but she was here.

"Gaiella" A male voice came from the door of the dungeon. "We need to leave as quickly as possible"

Edward tried to look over her shoulder to see who it was, but he could barely move. Gaiella, turned her head to address the voice, her hands not letting go of Edward. "Father, look at him! There's no way he can move right now!"

"Oh, Great Goddess, look at him!" Came a different female voice. "He's enormous..."

"Mother!" Gaiella hissed. "This is not the time to be ogling my mate!"

"I'm sorry, darling, you're right. He's just...mmm"

"...Water" Edward groaned.

"Of course, my love" Gaiella said, turning back to him. "Mother, please go fetch us some water."

"Right away, dear...Goodness, that thing is bigger up close...so *thick*! You really took that inside of you?"

"Now, Mother!" Gaiella said through gritted teeth.

The sound of foot-steps pattering away echoed behind her. "Father, help me cut him free" Gaiella said.

Edwards mind reeled. Was this really happening? Was Gaiella really here? He felt hands moving around his wrists, and then all at once the binds around his arms were gone. No longer held aloft by the vines, his exhausted body fell forward unable to support his weight. In a flash Gaiella was in front of him, catching him before he fell. How did she move so fast?!

"I've got you" She whispered in his ear. Edward could feel her breasts pressing against him, underneath her...not a dress...what was she wearing?

Edward tried to stand on his own, but couldn't find the strength, so for the moment he just leaned against his lover, who held him up effortlessly, one hand wrapped around his neck where she stroked his hair.

"I'm..." Edward wheezed.

"Yes?" Gaiella said as she kissed his ear.

"I'm sorry..." Edward said.

"No, Edward, I'm sorry. I should've known this would happen. I thought...I thought maybe they would accept you, but I was foolish."

"You're not a fool, Daughter" Noxlin said from where he stood off to the side. "You're not a fool to be in love"

Dawntress returned bearing a pitcher of water, which she held up to Edwards lips. It was difficult to drink the cool liquid, his throat and mouth were raw from the bitter brew he'd been forced to consume, but he choked it down. Immediately he felt better.

Leaning on Gaiella for support, he pushed himself upright, wavering slightly before he stood. His vision cleared and he looked around the room, finally able to see the three Elves who were here to rescue him.

His eyes were immediately drawn to his mate. She wore anything unlike he'd ever seen before. Her entire body from ankle to wrist was covered in a skin tight green fabric of a material unknown to him. He realized it was a similar fabric to the pants that her Father wore, but this single garment covered her entire body, the only skin showing a deep slit in the center to show off her cleavage. Her Mother wore a similar outfit, though hers had less cleavage on display.

Gaiella beamed up at him, as he stared at her with wonderment. "How do you feel?" She asked.

"Well..." Edward said, as with a deep grunt he popped his shoulders back into place. "I feel like I've been to damnation and back but...now that you're here...I feel pretty fucking good"

"Oh, Edward!" Gaiella squealed, as she leapt at him. Edward felt a brief moment of fear, as he was unsure if he currently possessed the strength to hold her up, but as she collided with him, legs wrapping around his waist, arms around his neck, enormous breasts nearly smothering him, those fears vanished. Edward tilted his head up towards her own, as she pressed into him, craning forward to kiss him.

"I love you, Gaiella" He whispered in between kisses.

"Mmm, I love you too" she said with a giggle as her hands tousled his thick brown hair. "I'm sorry I took so long...you poor thing..."

Edward shrugged as he gave her a smirk. "Ah, it wasn't so bad. I probably could've lasted another month or two"

Gaiella snorted, as she leaned back, and tapped him on the nose with a finger. "Oh really? Alright then, Edward Brightblade, we'll just be leaving then, we'll come back in, what was that, a month or two?"

Edward laughed as his brawny arms squeezed her against him, drawing forth a series of high-pitched squeals. "Too late! Now, that I've got you, I'm never letting you go!"

"*AHEM*"

Gaiella and Edward both looked back toward her parents, at Noxlin who'd cleared his throat. "I'm very happy for you two, but we need to *get out of here!* Who knows when the next attendants will be down to dose him again! So let's go!"

Gaiella blushed but nodded. "Sorry, Father, you're right." Effortlessly she untwined her legs and hopped down to the floor. "Um...Edward...can you walk?"

Edward frowned. "Why wouldn't I be able to walk?"

Dawntress laughed. "Honey, look at the size of your pouch!"

Edward looked down for the first time since his vision had returned. His cock was still erect and beet red, the effects of the overdose of Yinga Root still in his system. But his 8" thick shaft was tiny compared to his sack. The bottom of his scrotum rested upon the floor, where it contained two testicles, each the size of a large boulder. The skin of his sack was stretched taut as it receded up to his undercarriage.

"Ah, fuck..." He muttered. "Ok, yeah...I may need some help"

Noxlin moved to assist him, when his mate pushed him out of the way. "We can handle him, Nox. You're better at stealth, so go scout us a way out." Dawntress said. Noxlin eyed his mate for a moment, before nodding in compliance. Peeking out the door to check for palace inhabitants, he ducked out a moment later. Dawntress turned back to Edward, eyes alighting upon his swollen cock and overinflated pouch. "Oh yes... we can definitely handle you" she said, a smile forming on her face.

Gaiella, who stood across from her, frowned. "Mother..."

Dawntress waved her off. "Oh, relax, darling, you have nothing to worry about. I'm not the Queen, I wouldn't dream of making a move on your mate. Besides, he's very obviously deeply in love with you. I have no doubt he'd reject me if I tried"

"Yes, I would, but if there was anyone that would give me second thoughts, it'd be you. You're incredibly beautiful, ma'am" Edward said with a smile. "It's clear where your daughter, gets her looks from...and her figure"

Dawntress blushed a deep red, the colour spreading down her neck and on to her chest. "Oh my! I...uh...thank you! You are charming, aren't you?"

With an annoyed smirk, Gaiella smacked Edwards arm playfully. "What!" He said. "You'd rather I be mean to your Mother?"

"There's a difference between not being mean, and flirting!" Gaiella shot back.

Edward shrugged, still smiling, but said nothing more.

"Are you ready, darling?" Dawntress asked.

Gaiella turned back to her Mother, and nodded. "Yes"

Dawntress smiled "Good, just like we practiced, breath out...and then in"

Edward watched with confusion as his mate and her Mother began to slowly breathe in and out. He actually had no idea how they intended to move him, each of his testicles were gigantic... he guessed that they must weigh at least 100 lbs each. There was no way these two lithe maidens would be able to lift them.

He was immediately proven wrong, when together they crouched, and after sliding their hands underneath, they stood each lifting one of his enormous balls, cradled gently in their hands.

The sudden unexpected movement brought a rush of blood into his distended scrotum, and with it the unexpected return of sensation as his numbness rapidly receded. An explosive wave of tingling stimulation washed over him, making his cock lurch.

"Ahhh! Ahhh!" He uttered between panting breaths.

Gaiella's head whipped around. "Edward?! What's wrong! Does it hurt?"

Dawntress snorted "I *don't* think that was a cry of pain"

Gaiella looked at her Mother, then back to Edward whose eyes were half-lidded, his teeth gritted as he struggled to hold in moans. Her eyes widened with understanding. "Oh!"

Dawntress nodded. "The poor boy looks like he's about to burst at the seams. You can literally feel how full they are!" Her fingers gently massaged the enormous testicle she supported.

Edward squinted his eyes shut, as he clenched his jaw. He had to regain control. He couldn't be doing this right now, not in front of his mother-in-law!

Gaiella huffed once more "Mother, I wish you wouldn't talk about him like-"

Dawntress cut her off. "Gaiella, just stop with the coyness. I know because of what happened yesterday, you're protective of him, I understand that. But speaking from one maiden to another, surely you understand how arousing the sight of him is! That cock...and that pouch...so full of essence..."

Edward tried his best to not listen to the words she spoke...those incredibly erotic words.

Dawntress continued her tirade "If he weren't *your* mate, I would've already serviced him twice by now! I'm absolutely flabbergasted that *you* haven't done it yet! Surely, you're as turned on as I am?"

Gaiella blushed, but nodded. "Yes, yes I am, oh Goddess, I am! You don't know how close I was to just slipping him inside me when I leapt into his arms..." She looked down at the throbbing shape of his erect cock, biting her lip as she let out a quiet moan.

Edward let out a grunt of exertion. "Please..." He wheezed. "Either get me off, or stop talking about it!"

Gaiella nodded. "Sorry, my love! I can't imagine how bad you must feel!"

Dawntress tossed her head toward the door. "Let's get out of here, then the two of you can have your fun"

As one they shuffled out and down the hallway, Gaiella and her Mother leading the way as they carried Edwards colossal sack, him following behind. It was awkward to move in such a way, as the two maidens had to bend over slightly to carry it, and Edward had to take short steps so as not to knock into the two of them. After several minutes they left the palace, crossing the short clearing until they were in the tree line.

Once they were in the safety of the forest, Gaiella leapt upon Edward, as she began to bombard him with kisses. "Oh, Edward! We made it! I can't believe it, but we did it!"

"Don't celebrate yet, Daughter" Noxlin emerged from behind a tree. He'd been waiting for them outside.

"What? Why not?" She asked, not ceasing her barrage of smooches.

"Well, we got your mate back, but now what? You think Faewen is just going to accept the loss and move on? No! She's going to try and take him back! And if she does, this time she'll make sure you never get him back!" Even in the dark of the early morning Edward could make out that the look on the Elf Lord's face was deadly serious.

Edward reached up and cupped Gaiella's face, holding her still for a moment. "He's right, Gaiella. We can't stay here in the forest"

Gaiella frowned. "But...then where will we go?"

Noxlin shook his head "That, I don't know"

"I do" Edward said. "We go East to the coast. My ship is still aground there in a sheltered lagoon. Unless it was discovered and scuppered by Elves, it'll still be seaworthy. We take it and we cross the sea, back to my homeland"

Gaiella eyes opened wide with surprise. "Your homeland!? Will we be safe there?"

Edward nodded. "Most definitely. I am well liked in my King's Court, I've...done a few things here or there to make a name for myself. If I come home with a foreign bride, no one would dare utter a protest against me"

Gaiella nodded. In her mind the picture of that golden room by the sea flashed into her mind. Had that been a vision of Edward's home?

The smile fell from her face. "My parents?"

Edward looked from his mate to Dawntress and Noxlin who stood watching close by. "They can join us if they wish, but that is up to them"

Gaiella turned to look at them, her look questioning. Her Mother looked to her Father as they exchanged glances. Noxlin nodded silently at Dawntress, who let out a sigh. "Our place is here, Daughter."

Gaiella nodded, tears forming in her eyes. "I understand"

Dawntress smiled warmly at her. "Don't cry Gaiella. Just because we aren't coming with you doesn't mean we'll never see you again! We promise we'll come visit"

Gaiella smiled back, as she wiped tears from her eyes. "Okay..."

"And always remember, we both love you very much, and we're very proud of you" Noxlin said, as he wrapped an arm around Dawntress. If she was annoyed by the gesture she didn't show it.

Gaiella nodded as she sniffed away the last of her tears "I will! Thank you!" Edwards warm hand rested upon her shoulder providing comfort. She would be terribly sad to leave her family, but she knew this was the right decision for her.

"I guess, we should get going?" Gaiella said as she looked back up at Edward.

"About that..." Edward said with a grimace. "The Eastern coast is miles away...it took me a month to hike this far out. I'm sure the journey will go faster with you by my side but...not with me like this"

With his right hand he gestured towards his cock, and his immense scrotum that rested upon the ground.

Gaiella pouted. "Oh Right...I was so caught up in rescuing you and our future I forgot about your condition. We barely made it out of the palace! How are we going to make it across the entire continent?!"

Dawntress stepped up to stand beside them. "I believe I may have a solution. We have to remove the Yinga Root from his system, after which the swelling should go down."

Gaiella shook her head "We don't have the time! Who knows how much they've given him; it'll take hours or even days before he's small enough to move normally. They'll definitely have found us by then!"

Dawntress nodded "You're correct that it would take hours if we let his body process it as normal. That's not what we're going to do, we're going to pull it out of him."

"What? How?" Gaiella asked.

"Do you remember one of the powers I told you we can possess when we channel our magic inward? That we can draw poison from a body?"

Gaiella gasped "That's right! And Yinga Root is technically a toxin!"

Dawntress nodded "Also correct."

Gaiella smiled "Oh, this is wonderful, Mother! Thank you! Tell me, what do I need to do!"

Dawntress' mouth closed to a thin line. Her eyes darted back at Noxlin before returning to Gaiella. Her Daughter noticed her shifty behaviour and gave her a look.

"What is it Mother? What do I need to do?"

"Well..." Dawntress started. "To draw the wound with our magic it needs to be pulled from the part of the body that's being infected."

Gaiella nodded "That makes sense"

"The way it works is our magic binds the toxin to a fluid within the body and then uses that to draw it away. So, for Edward it would be..." Dawntress' eyes flicked towards Edwards massive balls.

Gaiella laughed "Really? His essence?!"

Dawntress nodded, still not smiling "Yes...and for the magic to work correctly you have to maintain contact with the source...for the entire time"

Gaiella's eyes widened with understanding. "Ohhhh, so I'd have to service him...and not let go until all the poison was removed? That...that would be a lot of essence. I wasn't thinking of growing again so soon but...I guess I don't have a choice? Alright, I guess I'll get started..." She looked up at Edward with a sultry smile.

Edward beamed back at her "I'm ready when you are, my love"

Dawntress sighed, as she placed a hand on her Daughter's shoulder, holding her back. "You won't be servicing him" Gaiella turned her head, looking questioningly at her Mother.

"I have to do it" Dawntress said, voice serious.

"What?!" All three of the other denizens of the grove said, though none was louder than Noxlin.

Gaiella's face went red with rage "Mother! What is wrong with you?! I don't care how much he turns you on, he's *my* mate!! YOU CAN'T HAVE HIM!"

Noxlin was equally incensed "Dawntress, I know you're upset with me, but this is over the line! You *cannot* do this!"

Edward said nothing, wisely choosing to stay out of the argument.

Dawntress said nothing, enduring their wrath as she waited for her Daughter and Mate to finish their shouting. When they finally took a break she sighed, then spoke.

"I don't want to do this. I know what I said earlier may make it difficult to believe this, but I *don't* want your mate, Gaiella. Is he attractive? Yes, but so are many lords. I'm quite happy with Noxlin, and intend to be for many more years"

"Then why would you even suggest this?!" Noxlin fumed.

"Yes!" Gaiella said "What are you thinking?!"

"She's doing it *for* you" Edward suddenly interjected.

"What?" Gaiella said, whirling on her mate, nonplussed.

"Do you remember how big I was when we first met?" He asked her.

Gaiella nodded "Yes...why?"

Edward's hands reached out to cup her full bust "And look how *big* you grew...and now look how big / am right now"

Gaiella turned to look at her Mother with dawning realization, who smiled sadly back at her. "Oh Goddess... Mother...you're going to grow so much?!"

Dawntress nodded "I know, likely far larger than I'd ever thought possible... definitely far larger than what's practical! But... better me than you. If I let you do it, you'll be stuck here, and you'll never get your happy ending with your mate."

"Oh, Mother..." Gaiella rushed over into her Mother's arms who embraced her. Together they stood in each other's arms for nearly a minute, sharing this one last moment of connection.

"Thank you" Gaiella said at last as she pulled away.

Dawntress smiled "It's my pleasure, darling."

Gaiella smirked "I'll bet it is! You're probably excited to grow that big!"

Dawntress shrugged as she gave her Daughter a small grin. "Well...maybe."

She turned away from her Daughter towards Noxlin.

"Nox...I need your permission. I won't break our laws. I won't do it if you don't give your consent"

Noxlin frowned, arms crossed over his chest. He glared sternly at her, but his eyes softened when he looked at his Daughter. He let out a deep exasperated sigh "Alright. For you, Daughter. I give my permission"

Gaiella hurried over and hugged him fiercely. "Thank you" After letting go of him she turned to her Mother. "I also give my permission"

Dawntress nodded. "Very well. Let's begin"

The elder maiden slipped her jumpsuit off her shoulders, pulling the tight fabric down to her waist, exposing her breasts, each sitting perky upon her chest, just slightly larger than her head. Her delicate nipples stiffened in the cool night air, her pebbly areola raising off the surrounding flesh. She stepped over toward Edward, standing before him, looking up at him.

To his credit, Edward's eyes were focused solely on Dawntress' own large sky-blue irises, his gaze never dipping to her impressive bust, even when it hovered mere inches away from his own hairy chest.

"Thank you for this, ma'am" He said.

Dawntress smirked, placing her hands on her hips as she looked up at him. "Darling, I'm about to have your cock in my mouth, I think we're well past you calling me 'Ma'am'"

Gaiella rolled her eyes "Oh Goddess, Mother..."

Edward chuckled. "Fair enough, Dawntress. Thank you. We'll never forget that you did this for us"

Dawntress' smile widened "I should hope not. I expect this will be a rather memorable experience for all involved"

"What do you need me to do?"

Dawntress got down on her knees before him. "Don't hold back. I can see the tension in your jaw, can see that you're actively trying to hold it in. We can't have that; to properly remove the toxin I need you to give me all that you can."

Edward grimaced "It's going to be a lot..."

Dawntress nodded "I expect it will be. Don't worry, I can handle it...I think..."

Gaiella looked at her Mother. "What do you mean, you think?"

"I'll be fine" Dawntress said, brushing her off. "Gaiella, darling, I think it'll help if you keep Edward focused on you." Dawntress reached up and tucked a few loose strands of hair out of her face, as she began to breathe in and out, channelling her magic into her body.

"I can do that," Gaiella said, as she placed a hand on his shoulder and leapt up, wrapping her legs around his waist. "Hello, lover" She said with a smile.

"Oh, hello!" He replied with a smile, before his face turned serious. "Gaiella...just before we go any further. You're sure you're ok with this?"

Gaiella leaned in, squeezing her breasts between him and her, as she planted a deep kiss on him. "I love you, Edward. Thank you for caring about me, and my needs. I'm ok, really. This is what needs to happen"

Edward nodded "Alright. In that case...I'm ready"

Queen Faewen sat upon her throne, feeling triumphant. She wore only a loose wrap around her legs, her torso completely bare. It'd been years since she'd worn clothing that would cover her bust. Before now her reasoning for always keeping her colossal breasts exposed had been pride. She was the biggest, and loved to lord it over the other maidens of the court.

Going forward it would be more a matter of practicality...it would take far too much effort to try and cover up breasts *this big*.

Her eyes were closed as she revelled in her largeness. In her hand she held a carved wooden goblet, filled with the only thing she'd consumed since last night; the Human's life essence. Its tangy scent tickled her nostrils, tempting her to drink more. Not that she intended to resist that temptation; far from it.

She lifted the cup to her lips and tilted it back, sucking back the white creamy fluid within until the goblet was empty. She let out an involuntary moan as she swallowed the thick liquid. She'd never tasted essence so delicious. But that wasn't why she was so determined to consume so much of it.

"Ooooo, yes, more!" She cried, as her breasts surged forward, growth induced by the mouthful of essence she'd just swallowed.

Each of her already immense breasts had doubled in size overnight. Sitting on her throne they spread out from her, two gigantic spheres each far larger than her own body, both of them reaching the floor in front of her. The most recent growth had caused them to slide forward several inches. Sitting in her throne the upper surface of them flowed out horizontally from her, though if they grew much bigger, she likely would no longer be able to see over them.

The thought excited her. Already her body constantly trembled with the amount of power infused within her bust. It was difficult to contain it, but she was managing. Her flesh tingled delightfully with sensitivity. She'd known it would be pleasurable to be this big, but she'd still underestimated it.

The best part of it all, in Faewen's opinion, was that this was just the beginning. She'd already grown bigger than any maiden in recent memory, and this was just the first day! She didn't know how long Humans lived, but the prisoner seemed fairly healthy. She would have years to milk him of all his essence. She could grow so much bigger...bigger than her Mother, bigger than her ancestor, bigger than any maiden would *ever* achieve.

She bit her lip as a rumble of excitement rushed through her. Goosebumps appeared atop each gigantic breast. Five feet away from her torso, her nipples engorged, tiny little nubs in the center of each massive mound. With how sensitive she'd become, it felt like her climax waited for her beyond every slightest touch. She hadn't indulged in one yet, but if she kept growing bigger, and it kept feeling better...she may no longer have a choice in that decision.

Faewen opened her eyes, and lifted her goblet. "Kanta!!" She yelled into the empty ballroom.

A maiden emerged from a nearby door, rushing over to the Queen. The attendant was a young maiden, not yet mated, so her bust was almost non-existent beneath her fashionable red dress. Her face was nervous as she approached, stopping in front of Faewen. The young attendant had to stand on tiptoes to see the Queen's eyes over her breasts.

“Yes, your majesty?”

Faewen smiled, as she lifted her goblet over her head. “My cup is empty, dear. Go to the dungeon and fetch some more essence from the prisoner.”

Kanta said nothing, her nervous expression worsening. “Umm...”

Faewen frowned “What’s the problem, maiden?”

Kanta took a breath, then spoke. “Your Majesty...the prisoner is gone.”

The room went silent, the only sound the clack of wood on stone as the Queen’s goblet fell from her grip and bounced down the steps.

Faewen stood, eyes wide with pure fury. Her breasts tensed and quaked as their massive forms lifted from the ground. Rigid veins appeared on the surface, the ocean of power within them coming to the surface as Faewen’s eyes shifted from violet to green.

Faewen tossed her head back and let out an ear-splitting shriek of rage. All around the room, thick thorny brambles burst forth from the walls and floors, climbing the walls and spreading to cover every visible surface.

Only when she’d run out of air did Faewen silence herself. Taking a slow, shaky breath in, she closed her eyes. When she opened them once more, they were back to violet, her composure returned.

“Find Him” she said, voice as cold as ice. “Find him, NOW!!!”

End of Part 4