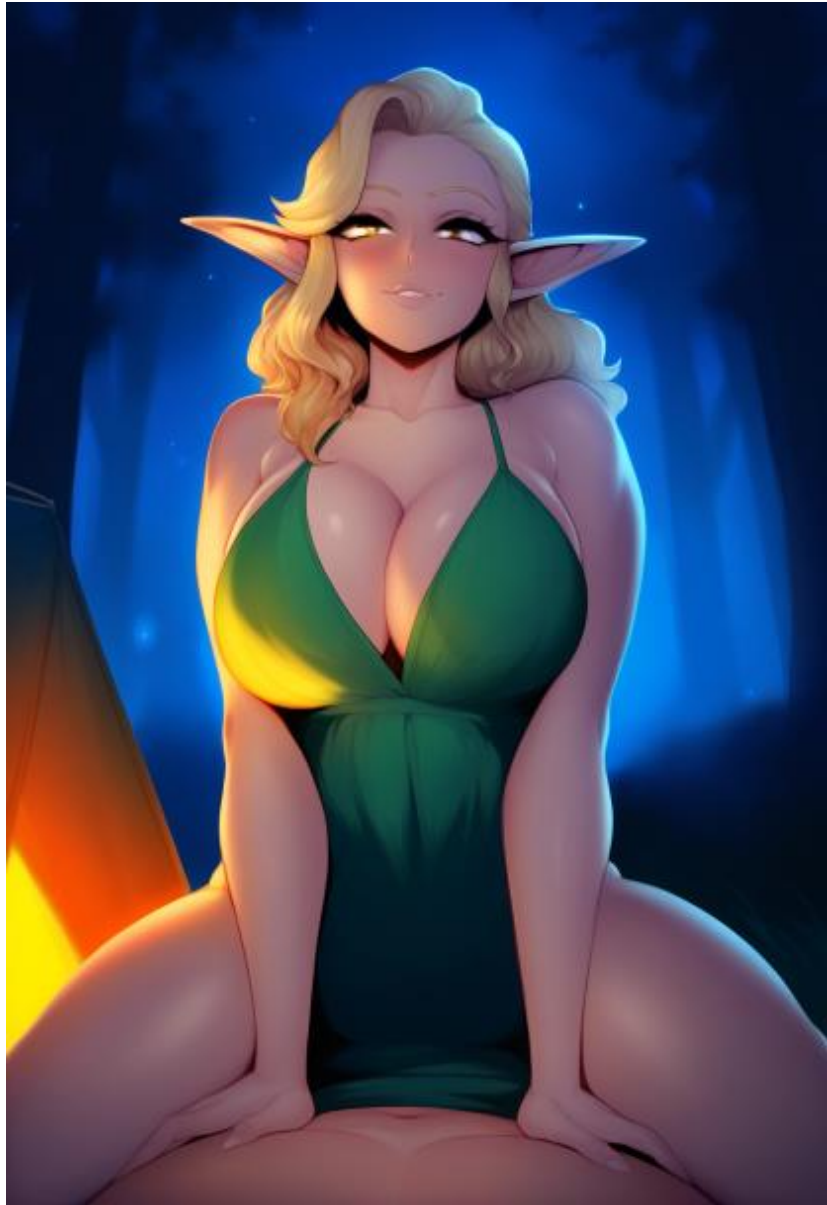


True Love's Kiss



"The devil?"

Sir Errol Rand, newly minted knight of the Amber Order peered ahead. He'd been riding for over a week since he was inducted into the knighthood, eager to prove his spurs, as it were. For a knight's duty was to aid the helpless, defend the innocent, and serve the people. And he'd been eager to make his mark upon the world. Slay the beasts which threatened the helpless. Defend the weak, and prove his manhood and courage before the people.

Unfortunately, so far, he'd not had much luck. The whole region near the Wilderlands seemed to have nothing but scattered villages, and those with little troubles that needed a force of arms. A strange thing, given how close they were to the borders of the feylands. Then again, one didn't live near that strange country without knowing how to defend against its denizens. Still, it was almost depressing how little proving he'd needed to do since arriving. He hadn't drawn his sword save to sharpen it.

But perhaps that was about to change. For now, as he peered down the trail, he saw a figure racing down the road, several others in their wake.

Errol drew his horse to a halt, frowning as he made out the woman. And not just any woman. As she came near, he saw that she had to be the loveliest he'd ever seen. Her hair was a rich golden blonde, and her figure was perfectly soft and rounded in the tight traveling dress she wore. Her face was stunning, though at the moment it was painted with fear, her lovely blue eyes wide and mouth parted in panting gasps.

"Woah," Errol said, calming his steed as the maiden reached him, flinging herself against his leg.

"Sir knight!" she cried, her voice as sweet as a bell. "Please! Help me!"

Errol's eyes widened, for now he saw why her figure was so slender and fair. Pointed ears poked from her hair, meaning he was being assailed by an elf.

Though he had little experience with their kind, who were said to reside only in the feylands, he had little trouble discerning what she'd need help with. The group that had been chasing her were now near enough to be made out. A group of peasants, their expressions stormy with rage, all armed with sticks, spades or pitchforks.

"Ho now!" Errol called, holding up a hand to the mob. "Come no closer, or you'll taste my blade!"

The sight of the knight gave the peasants pause, and they slowed to a halt a good distance before him. "Hand the elf over!" one of the men demanded, hefting a stick menacingly.

"For what reason?" Errol demanded.

"What do you think? We have to kill her!"

Errol recoiled in shock. "What? Whyever would you do that?"

"What do you mean why? She's an elf. An elf! Her kind prey on humans! Turns men into mindless thralls and drags 'em back to their groves as chattel for her sisters! We caught her trying to seduce Hendrin, and she ain't gonna get none of us!"

Glancing down at the shaking beauty clinging to his leg, Errol found such a tale hard to believe. She turned her soulful eyes his way, and the knight frowned, setting his jaw as he looked up towards the peasants.

"I will not give her to your hands," he said.

"Then we'll take her!"

With a ringing whisper, Errol drew his sword and leveled it. "You can try."

The sight of the naked and clearly well-honed blade gave the group pause. They milled about behind their leader, who suddenly didn't look so keen to take on over a foot of sharp steel. Especially one wielded by a muscled young man who looked to know his business with it.

"Fine!" the peasant finally snarled, pointing his stick at them. "Have her! But come near our village again, and we'll show you both the price to pay for it!"

"Rest assured," Errol said firmly, "we'll come nowhere near the homes of such men as you."

Sneering, the man turned and trudged away, joined by the rest of the muttering rabble.

Errol took a deep breath and released it along with some of the tension that had filled him. Though he meant his threat, he was glad the group had been dissuaded. He wasn't keen to wield his blade against some farm folk, even if they meant harm to another. Far better for no fight to be had.

"Oh thank you!" the elf against his leg cried, clinging to him, sobbing with relief. "I didn't know what I was going to do!"

Looking down at her, Errol felt his heart tighten at the despair and pain on her face. "Rest assured, my lady," he said. "No harm will come to you while you're with me."

She sniffled, gazing with hope up at him. "R... really?"

Errol felt pride swell in him at her entreating gaze. Now this was why he became a knight! Rescuing lovely damsels. Being their hero. This was what it was all about. "Rest assured," he said, bowing slightly. "I am at your service, madame. Come," he said, leaning over and offering his hand. "Let's hurry from this place, lest those men return with others."

A flicker of fear returned to her face, and she eagerly took his hand. With barely any effort Errol pulled the lovely elf onto his lap, a soft gasp escaping her as she found herself sitting before him, legs dangling daintily over one side, her arms wrapped around his neck and the full plush of her breasts pressing into his chest. Not that Errol could feel them through his armour. But from his vantage point he had an excellent view down her blouse.

Naturally, he would never stare.

And just as naturally, he couldn't not look either...

"So," Errol said, clearing his throat as he spurred his horse into motion. "Where were you headed before you were, ahem, accosted by those men?"

She sniffed again. "I was... was going to a grove nearby," she said, dabbing at her eyes with a corner of her shirt. "I merely stopped by for some supplies, for the journey is long and quite arduous. But the moment those men saw me talking to their friend, they attacked me! I had heard that humans loathed that which they didn't understand, but I fear I was naive. I thought men could not be so cruel."

"Rest assured, we are not all so," Errol said firmly. "Never fear, my lady. I will see you to your grove."

She raised her eyes towards him, those crystal orbs shining with hope. "You... you will?"

"Assuredly so," Errol said. "Upon my oath, dear maiden, no harm shall come to you with me."

She sniffled, wiping her eyes. "My thanks, sir knight. I feared when I was attacked... but no," she said, her smile dazzling as she gazed up at him with hope. "I see that you are a man of honour and goodness."

Errol bowed his head modestly. "You do me much honour, my lady."

"Please, my lord. My name is Dew. Dew of the Buttercup Grove."

"And I am Sir Errol Rand, knight of the Amber Order."

"Oh my," Dew said, squirming in shy pleasure, which made her body wriggle appealingly against Errol's body, even through his armour. "Tell me, sirrah. Might I offer you a kiss of gratitude?"

With a start, Errol glanced down at her lips. Those soft, luscious lips, glistening and pink. He swallowed. "Oh, well, that's not necessary, my lady. I-"

"It's how we elves express our gratitude, my lord," she said, a soft pout pushing her lips forward. "But if you hate the thought..."

"Oh, no. Not at all, Lady Dew," he was quick to say. "I merely... well... if you insist, I suppose..."

Dew's face glowed with delight at that. "Oh, my lord! My greatest thanks," she said, pulling herself up, one arm deftly wrapping around the back of his head before her lips closed with his.

Errol had been kissed only once before. By a barmaid back when he was a squire and with his former master. It had been hot, quick, and awkward, but a memory he held fondly.

This was nothing like that.

As her lips pressed to his he stiffened, gasping as the breath seemed to be sucked from his lungs. Her tongue glided into his mouth and wound with his in a torrid dance that made him harder than the sword belted at his waist. A heated groan escaped the knight as a shiver of pleasure raced from his head to his curling toes.

It was a kiss that seemed to last a lifetime. A heat rushing through his veins and setting fire to him. When Dew pulled away, her lips coming free with an audible popping sound, Errol actually gasped, sucking in a breath and panting.

"Did you like that, milord?" she asked sweetly.

"It was... Oh my..."

Dew giggled and snuggled up against him, her lips tenderly kissing his neck "Mmm. Oh, I am so very glad to hear it. Oh, my lord, I just know this is going to be a wonderful journey."

Errol wasn't sure he agreed. But it would certainly be interesting.

...

By the time evening came and they made camp, Errol was in a bit of a state.

Dew had not been shy about giving him more tender kisses to 'show her boundless gratitude,' as she put it. And Errol had found it hard to dissuade her. Mainly because whenever he started to, she'd kiss him on the lips again. And once that happened, he found himself so... well, befuddled, and his protests had simply trailed off into nothings.

But now it was time to rest, and once he'd stripped his armour and set the fire, Errol was most eager to get a bit of relief from Dew's affections.

Which really went to show how naive he was.

"This stew is delicious," Errol told her as he ate.

"Thank you, my lord," the elfmaid said brightly, shooting him a grateful smile over her shoulder. "It's the least I could do. I'd hate to be seen as a burden."

"You're certainly not that," he assured her.

She giggled. "My thanks, sire," she said, bending over to stir the pot again.

The position pushed out the heart-shape of her ass towards him, who couldn't help but admire how the sheer fabric of her dress clung to her figure. Gods. It was almost transparent! Realizing what he was doing, he hastily went back to his dinner while Dew served herself up. For a moment he was able to lose himself in the stew and, if not forget, at least ignore the presence of the lovely elf puttering about the camp.

And then she plopped down into his lap.

Errol jumped, nearly spilling his dinner. "Ah! D-Dew, I um..."

"It's so awfully dark, my lord," Dew said, wriggling up against him. "And I feel so very safe in your strong arms."

"Er, yes. Right. But see--"

"And my poor nerves are yet so rattled by nearly being attacked today," she murmured, pressing in closer, her breasts squishing into his chest and his manhood... firming under her soft bottom. "Might you suffer my closeness tonight?"

Hard to say no to such an entreaty. Especially with Dew's shining eyes looking hopefully into his face, and his blood heated by her body. "W-well, I mean... Ahem. If you... you really feel safer, then..."

"Oh I do, my lord," Dew cooed, giving a gentle kiss to his neck. "I very much do."

Errol sucked in a breath, but he... he supposed if she did feel more comfortable in his arms, then... well, it would be churlish of a knight to reject a lady based on his own discomfort. If discomfort it was. He wasn't sure what it was he felt, though his trousers certainly were getting rather... well... tighter than before. It was only a mercy she hadn't seemed to notice the part of him pressing against her rump.

"I truly appreciate all you've done for me, my lord," Dew cooed, her lips peppering his neck with affection. Leaving lingering tingles that ached sweetly through his body. "Appreciate it so very... very... much..."

"A-as I said, I... ah... I'm happy to," Errol managed as her lips nibbled at his throat, sending tingles racing through him and to his throbbing cock. Gods. It was almost more than a man could bear...

"And know," Dew crooned as her ass ground into his lap. "Know my brave, handsome knight, that if you wish of anything from me, I will gladly give it. Any succor to your hurts. Any pain or ache I will ease. I am your devoted servant, my lord. Your adoring... loving... maiden..."

Errol was breathing hard. Deep. The temporary succor he'd had while Dew tended the stew was gone, and heat now rushed anew through his veins. He felt like his body was on fire. His head stuffed and dazed and confused.

"My lord?"

"Y-yes? Sorry? What?" Errol stammered, looking down into Dew's shining eyes.

"My lord," she cooed, rubbing up against him, her breasts squishing to his chest as her eyes seemed to devour his world. "I feel that you might be... uncomfortable."

"I-I am?"

"Oh yes, my lord," she breathed, her tongue moving across her lips, making them glisten like gloss. "Shall I... take care of that discomfort?"

"I... ah... y-yes. Of course. Certainly," Errol said, almost desperate to get some relief from her attention.

Dew's face lit up with joy at those words. "Oh, thank you, my sweet knight. I shall do so at once!"

With relief (though tinged with disappointment), Errol watched her slide out of his lap and to the ground. But then she nudged open his legs and knelt before him, her fingers teasing open the laces of his breeches.

"D-Dew!" he gasped, jerking back. "What... what are you..."

"Only attending your discomfort, my lord," she said with such sweet innocence his protests died. "And I can tell how very uncomfortable this must be for you."

"I... D-Dew, I... ah!" he gasped, jolting as the laces of his pants gave way and his cock fairly sprang out into the open. Thick. Hard. Throbbing with lust. For a moment, Errol could only stare in confusion at what was happening.

Not only he stared. Dew did as well, but in her eyes, he saw a glimmer of delight. "Oh, perfect, my lord," she cooed, leaning in, inhaling the musk of his manhood. "Just... perfect..."

"D-Dew, I... nnn!" he groaned, jaw tightening as her lips delivered a kiss to his cock, sending a throb of pure lust aching into his balls.

"Don't worry, my lord," Dew breathed as her lips tenderly kissed their way up and down his shaft, her fingers gliding up and down him, teasing his cock. "I'm an expert at relieving this sort of discomfort. With a kiss."

"A-a k-kiss?" Errol gasped, staring at her raptly.

"Oh my yes," Dew cooed, lifting her head, her guileless eyes meeting his. "A very deep... long... kiss..."

"I... ah... w-well..."

Words failed him. Dew's smile widened. She winked, her mouth opened, and those lips - those wonderful, terrible, incredible lips - descended onto his cock.

And down.

Down.

Down to the very root.

It was perhaps ironic that only Errol's training saved him from exploding right there. Years of discipline and work mastering his body kept him from pumping every drop in his balls into that hot mouth and throat. But it was close. Gods was it close.

"Fuuuuuuck," Errol moaned, his hands grasping her head, yet not to pull away or drive down. Just to anchor him. Stabilize him. Give him some sense of sanity as her head began to bob, sucking his cock with slow, loving movements that throbbed through him with glorious pleasure.

"Gods," he panted. "S-sweet gods!"

"Mmmm," Dew moaned, her lashes fluttering as she worked his cock, her silky lips sliding with just the faintest friction. Just enough to send shudders of pure tactile pleasure aching up his manhood in throbs that found root in his balls and chest.

Errol was confused.

Aroused.

Lost in the storm of sensations aching through his cock. He panted, moaned, unsure what to do. What he should do. Only knowing he couldn't stop. Couldn't let it stop even as he fought the aching buzz of approaching orgasm. Swelling in him with every stroke of her lips. That kiss upon his cock. That pleasure. Too much. It was too... too...

"G-graaaaa!" Errol moaned, shuddering as his body gave in. Surrendered. As his balls tightened and he fairly exploded into the elf's loving lips.

“Mmmm,” Dew moaned, her throat working. Swallowing. Taking every drop. Errol could only watch, staring, enraptured by the sight of the elf lovingly drinking his pumping seed.

When her lips dragged off his shaft Errol sagged back as if freed, spent, panting and head spinning. He felt curiously numb, as if he’d just marched for three days in full armour without a rest.

“Did you enjoy that, my knight?” Dew cooed.

“Felt... felt g-good,” he gasped.

With a giggle, Dew eased up against him once more, her breasts rubbing his chest. “Why thank you, my lord. I am most proud of my kiss. But goodness! You look exhausted. We’d best get ready for the night, hm?”

“Y-yes. Best...” Errol said vaguely, his mind still spinning. His thoughts scrambled. His head throbbing. So much so he found no ability to protest or even argue as Dew helped him undress and gathered him into his bedroll. He even lacked the wits to be shocked when she joined him there, the softness of her body pressing against him, naked of course. Naked and warm and so very cuddly.

“Goodnight, my knight,” she cooed, delivering another kiss to his cheek.

“Y-yes. Night...” Errol gasped as darkness closed in.

And in his slumber he dreamed of loving, soft lips...

...

Several days had passed since that first night with Dew.

At least, Errol thought it had been a few days.

Things had been a bit... well, hazy since that first night. When he awoken, he’d been feeling a bit more himself. But then Dew had insisted she ‘take care of’ his morning erection, given that her plush breasts and curvy frame pressing against him during the night had been the cause. And Errol hadn’t quite been able to find the words to protest before her lips were wrapped around his cock, and were sucking him so wonderfully.

After that they’d mounted, but even there Errol had little relief, for Dew had been unable to keep herself from showing her appreciation for letting her ride with him, and had been eager to kiss him in gratitude. By the time they’d stopped for the night, Errol had been so addled and his blood so hot, he hadn’t even tried to protest to another blowjob.

Or the one the next morning.

Or the one at lunch.

In the evening.

Frankly, they'd all started to run together. Day after day of loving kisses. Adoring lips. Sweet whispers and giggles and a soft body rubbing against him as he tried to focus, never with any success. Day after day. Hour after hour of sweet Dew. Lovely Dew. Adoring, grateful, eager Dew and her shining lips. Loving lips/ Wonderful, passionate lips...

"We're here!"

"Eh?"

Errol started, coming back to himself. He looked about blearily. They'd halted before a grove, a path leading into it. Before it was an arch made of woven tree limbs, and just beyond Errol could make out what appeared to be a lodge among the trees. He gaped at it in confusion. "Eh? What?" he said blankly.

"It's the Honeydrop Grove," Dew cooed, slipping down from the horse and drawing Errol after her. "Home and safety at last!"

"It... it is?" he said distantly.

"Yes," she said with a dreamy sigh, resting her cheek against his chest. "It is so, my lord. This is where I shall stay. Come! I simply must introduce you to my sisters. They must meet the brave, handsome knight who saved me!"

"Oh, I ah... I wouldn't want to um... hate to ah... impose," Errol said, making no effort to resist the elf as she drew him after her.

"Nonsense! They'll love you," Dew cheered.

Errol tried to think of something else to say, but words failed him. His head was so fluffy. So light.

And then he was through the door.

Inside.

And a swarm of gorgeous elves were all around him.

The sudden rush of beautiful bodies overwhelmed Errol. He drew back, his eyes darting about to the lovely faces crowding him with questions.

"Dew! You're here! Oh happy days!"

"Darling! We were so worried about you."

"And who's your friend My my. He's quite the cutie, isn't he?"

"Oh he is! So big and strong. Look at those muscles!"

A chorus of 'oos' met this.

"Yes, my sisters," Dew said with a breathy sigh of sadness as she clung to Errol's arm, squeezing it between her breasts. "I'm afraid the outside world was a cruel place for a young maiden such as I. But fortunately, this brave, handsome knight came to rescue me from some who would do me harm. Such a wonderful man."

"Oh he is!"

"Our deepest thanks, sir knight."

"Such a wonderful hero!"

"I..." Errol said, trying to find some ground to stand on before the giggling beauties. "It was... it was the least I could do. No knight would... that is... she ah... she was in danger."

"Yes," Dew said mournfully, tugging him deeper into the house without quite seeming to. The door closing behind him. "It was a trial, I agree. But it turned out well! I was unprepared for the outside world, sir knight. For as you can see, my people live in these groves. Places of peace and happiness. Ah," Dew said fondly. "Yes. Our groves, filled to the brim with a bevy of lonely elves forced to endure their sad lives, bereft of males they can spoil and kiss and adore with all their misspent affection."

"K-kiss?" Errol gasped, his cock giving an instinctive throb.

Ache.

Giggles met that from the other elves about the room, though Errol didn't catch what was so funny. Dew gave him a knowing look. "That's right, my knight," she said, her smile widening. "Our womenfolk are so very lonely. Male elves have little biological desire to breed, therefore we maidens have so very much desire all... pent up and aching for release. So much so that we send out little... diplomats to encourage cute males to come by and help us. Oh," she sighed, tilting her head coyly, blonde locks tumbling around her heart-shaped face. "If only a brave, strong, virile man would come among us and give us what we need. Why, we'd be so happy to just kiss him... and stroke him... and make him feel so very... very... goooooood."

A shudder wracked Errol at those words. He licked his lips. "I... I ah..."

"Oh?" Dew said, her long lashes fluttering and lips forming a pretty O of surprise. "Sir knight? Are you saying that... you might want to join our grove? Be our guest? Be among us to

sate the hot... heavy need of my fellow elves? It would be such a noble thing to do. Such a kind, wonderful thing.”

“Oh how wonderful!” another elf cried.

“How brave!” a third said breathily.

Errol looked around in a growing uncertainty. “I ah... um...”

“Not that I’m surprised,” Dew continued, taking his hand and tugging him deeper into the house. Deeper into the soothing shadows. Deeper into the perfumed heaviness that seemed to suffocate the place in pink clouds. “After all, doesn’t a knight always serve the people? And who could be needier than my sisters?”

“T-true,” Errol gasped as eager hands touched him, gently removing his armour. His clothes. He didn’t see who was doing it. Couldn’t look away from the way that Dew’s lips moved. So soft. So teasing as she spoke. Every word like a caress. Every syllable a jolt of pleasure as he imagined what else those lips could do. “Must... must serve. A knight... ah... a knight s-serves.”

“That he does,” Dew cooed, halting, and with a smirk, gave him a little push.

Errol found himself falling backward, and onto sudden softness. A bed. But... but when... when did he enter a bedroom? He couldn’t remember. His head was so puffy. His thoughts swimming and dazed and confused.

“And us elves love a good man,” Dew cooed as she climbed over him, looming above him, smiling down at him as she grasped the hem of her dress, easing it up, revealing the truth. That what he’d dared dream was real. That she wore no panties, leaving her elven pussy free to the open air. Her plush, firm breasts bouncing teasingly on her chest as her eyes glittered like gems in the sultry gloom. “Good boys make me so wet. Make all of us so horny. We love good boys. Don’t we, girls?”

“Oh yes!” sang a chorus of voices like silver bells.

“And are you our good boy, Sir Knight?” Dew asked teasingly as her hips rocked, rubbing her slit against his throbbing cock. “Will you stay and serve us poor bereft elven maidens? Will you be our good knight? Our good man? Our good, adoring, happy boy?”

Errol looked around himself at the faces surrounding him. Those eager faces. Those smiling faces with eyes filled with hope. With soft, plump lips pursed with eagerness. Faced with them, there was only one answer. Only one thing that made sense.

And that was to say, “Y-yes!”

Like a sun breaking the dawn Dew's face lit up. "There's my good boy," she giggled, moved over him, aligned his cock, and sank down upon his shaft. "Mmmmm. My goooood knight."

The moment his tip kissed those dewy lips it was as if a bomb had gone off within his very soul. Errol arched, a shuddering moan wrenched from him. His hands clutching the sheets as Dew sank down to his root. But her lips had trained him well. Where a lesser man would have exploded the moment he felt that silken passage engulf his cock, Errol held out. Remained firm. Even when Dew began to bounce on his cock, her loving lower lips devouring him with every roll of her shapely hips, he fought to resist. Not to cum. To enjoy the moment as long as he could.

For it wasn't just his pleasure being given this moment.

"Ohhhhhh," Dew moaned, writhing atop him, her hands combing through her golden locks, spilling them around her shoulders. "Oh yes. Yessss! Oh, sir knight! Feels so... mph... so fffucking good! So worth it. So w-worth it to wait! Does it... ah... does it feel good? Was this mmm k-kiss worth it?"

"Yes!" Errol cried out, feverishly pumping up into her. "Y-yes! Feels g-good. So good! L-love you. Love you! Love youuuuu!"

Dew cooed, smiling beautifully. "And I love you. Love you so much. Yes... Ah... yes, my Knight. Gonna love you... love you forever. Forever and ever. Me and... and my sisters. Ah. Nnn! Yes! Yes!

Darkness suddenly swallowed his world as another elf sat on his face, her pussy pressing on his mouth, her arousal drooling onto his lips. "Come on, sir knight. Give me a kiss. It's only fair," the beauty giggled.

Yes. Y-yes. Only... only fair.

Unthinking, eager, desperate, Errol began to kiss and lick the elf's pussy. His tongue gliding along those dewy lips, tasting her arousal as she giggled and moaned atop him.

"Ohhhh, he's a goooood kisser," the elf gasped.

"Of course," Dew cooed. "He's had loads of practice!"

Happiness spilled through Errol. Joy like none he'd ever known blooming in his chest. Not even when he'd been knighted had he felt so good. So wonderful. So happy to lick.

And kiss.

And buck.

And rut.

Like a good boy.

A very good boy.

But not even a good boy could hold out long beneath the pleased assaults battering his body. No man could stay the orgasm that rushed on him as Dew's silken pussy devouring his cock. Kissed his root even as he lathed and adored the pussy atop him.

He couldn't resist.

Couldn't hold back.

"Mmm," Errol gasped into the muff of the elf riding him. "Mmm. Mmm! Mmm mmmm!"

His whole body tensed. Electricity rushed through his veins. He groaned and shuddered as his balls tightened and surrendered all they had. A white explosion consumed his mind. An orgasmic bliss conquered his body. With a throaty groan of shameless, aching pleasure he surrendered to the pleasure.

To the kiss.

To being a good boy to the elves.

"Oh yesssss!" he heard Dew moan, her pussy flexing around his cock as she came with him.

"Ooooooh!" the other elf moaned, her juices flooding his face as she joined her sister in orgasm.

For his part, Errol sagged on the bed. Spent. Taken. Empty of strength and will and thoughts. But happy. Oh so very happy. The elf atop him got off, and he beheld a ring of gorgeous smiling face looking down at him. Cooing, the elven maidens closed in, giggling, their soft lips kissing him. His face. His chest. More. Their clever hands touching him. Their love smothering him.

And above them all was Dew. Leaning over him. Smirking down at him like a centerpiece of this halo of eternal loveliness. "Mmm," she hummed. "Good Knight," she purred.

Then leaned down.

And kissed him once again with those wonderfully... luscious... kissable...

Lips...