

A Faerie's Affection Divided

By

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My sparkling amethyst butterfly wings flicker madly as I zip and zoom through the wood. The crisp breeze lashes my long fuchsia pigtails about and puckers my glittering lavender skin. The foliage glistens with morning dew, as the rising of the sun is near. The chirping songs of waking birds imbue the forest with cheer. Furry critters scurry through the branches, playfully chasing with glee.

Glowing bright with anxious excitement, my pink slit swollen and seeping, I follow a winding ribbon of rainbow sparkles left in my brother's wake. Oren's faster than I could ever be. He's slim and slender like me, but he's also a master of aerial acrobatics and dancing. He practices daily for hours. Of all the performers in our village, Oren's the greatest. He's adored by everyone, me most of all.

Oren's evanescent trail of prismatic radiance leads me beyond the borders of our homeland where we should be safe from the eyes of other Nymphs but endangered by soaring raptors and Elves on the hunt.

I find him waiting for me in a rose quartz lined pool, just big enough for the two of us, on a perilous ledge amid a cascading waterfall. The indigo of predawn is shifting to pink as I slip into the cool water beside him.

His bouncy hair reaches to his bare shoulders in locks of tangerine curls. His soft eyes are the beautiful blue of a cloudless sky. His scintillating skin and wings are bumblebee-yellow, which reminds me of when he liberated me from a beehive, dripping in honey. He's an inch taller than me at five inches. And except for his silk loincloth, he's all naked, lean muscle.

My sixteenth moon of life is in two days, and there's no hiding it. My bosoms have become like ripe berries, big and plump. They bounce and jiggle no matter how graceful I flutter. My bras, fashioned from pink-azalea petals same as my panties, can barely restrain them. My heart-shaped tushie is the same, jouncing and wiggling beyond control. None of my panties conceal much of my round cheeks anymore. Even my grass miniskirts have become nothing more than ornamental.

When my brothers reached mating age, rather than traveling to a neighboring village in search of a female, they remained with me to protect and watch over me as they have done since the loss of our nurturers. I have slept snug between them each night ever since. As of late, I often awaken after sensual dreams involving my brothers to find my bedding soaked with my feminine juices. Thankfully, they never mention it. Just thinking about my nightly fantasies causes my knees to rattle and my heart to drum.

After my maturity celebration, I'm expected to select a mate to be bonded to for life. I don't have any intention of seeking out an available male in another village. I have two perfectly amazing brothers to choose from here. Which brings me to my dilemma, how to decide between them. They are different from each other in every way but one. I love both of them dearly, and I believe they feel the same for me. I've resolved to test their romantic affection with an intimate encounter with each. Yet it's forbidden to be sexual with any male besides my mate, so it has to be done in secret, which is why we're here, though Oren is completely unaware.

A chilling shiver ripples through me in a divergent reflection of the first rays of sunlight cresting the horizon, as Oren glides an arm around me and pulls me close. I rest my head on his shoulder and watch the burning sun mount the skyline, feeling secure surrounded by danger.

Oren speaks softly into my long, twisted ear. "Raisie, why did you wish to witness the birthing of the aurora with me alone this morning?"

I trace a finger nervously along his chiseled abs. "Because, because I..." I sigh. "I don't know how to choose."

He pecks my crown with a kiss. "Choose what, my darling sister?"

I swallow a swelling lump in my throat. "Between Kailen and you."

Oren gazes down at me with a consolatory grin. "Is that all that's troubling you, my sweet? Kailen is oldest. Surely he should represent your male nurturer in the ceremony."

"That's not the worrisome issue." I timidly chew my lower lip, violet like my eyes.

He furrows his brow. "Well, what is? I remind you that there is absolutely nothing you cannot share with me." He chuckles. "By the Sacred Tree of Wisdom, I've eaten honey scraped from your bottom."

I giggle, a bit of my bashful tension easing away. "You didn't complain at the time of the sticky event."

"Well, Kailen had scolded you so furiously, I didn't want to upset you any further by refusing your *butt* honey." Oren pinches my cheek. "You've always been a fragile flower."

I smirk up at him. "I was only seven moons. You act as if this was a few days ago."

His muscular pectorals heave as a bout of melodic laughter rushes from his full lips. "All in good fun, but you haven't confessed your problem."

I cast my gaze away, my beaming aura diminishing demurely. "I wish to choose between Kailen and you to be..." I'm too embarrassed to finish.

Oren gently turns my chin, returning my eyes to his. He arches a deviant eyebrow. "Your mate?"

My smoldering corona flares vibrant as I reply with a slight nod.

He grins with wild delight, all his sinewy muscles tensing as if preparing to spin into the sky to perform. "I will sing and dance for you until the moon rises if you will select me, my treasured little sister."

"I thoroughly enjoy watching you at play, but I had something else in mind." I present him a coquettish smile.

Oren retorts with mock revulsion. "You impish hellion!"

I counter with a contemptuous eye roll. "Oh, please. I know what all the female performers give you to be your partner for a show."

A guilty grin dominates his handsome mug. "So you know about that, do you? Well, I have needs. Plus I always return the favor. My talents with my tongue rival my acrobatic skills. And their mates are none the wiser."

I tilt my head with an expression of skepticism. "So no harm, no foul, huh?"

"Exactly." He offers me a conspiratorial wink. "I'm positively jubilant we're of like mind on this frivolous matter."

I parry with a cynical, "Uh-huh." And riposte with a demanding, "You know, Oren, if I choose you, there can be no more promiscuous bartering."

His voice loses all flamboyance and his countenance grows serious. "Raisie, my cherubic baby sister, I would have no desire for another woman if you were my mate. I would cherish you more than the magick that gives us life. I would bestow upon you every pleasure I can conjure. I would surrender my very wings if it pleased you."

My stomach flutters. My heart speeds. My breath abandons me.

Oren cups my cheek, tilts his head, lips parting slightly, and kisses my mouth with tender devotion, causing me to melt into his heartfelt embrace. His tongue tip teases mine with sensual swirls, evoking elated mewls from my throat. It's unlike anything I've ever experienced. It's as if I'm being drawn into him, the essence of my being merging with his, our spirits fusing synergistically.

Oren isn't frugal with his affections. There isn't a woman in our village, young or old, that hasn't tasted his lips at least twice. He's a Faerie through and through. So this isn't the first time he's kissed me, or even the hundredth time, but it's undoubtedly the most passionate. I cannot remember a time he failed to kiss me goodnight, but those are always short and sweet. This kiss is infinitely deeper. Smoldering with soul-igniting adoration. How many moons has he been concealing the true magnitude of his love?

My palms wander up the back of his firm arms, over his sturdy shoulders, and down to his robust chest. I fondle his pecs with profound longing as he kisses me slow but vigorous. I want him to deflower me. I need him inside me.

A desperate gasp flees my lips as he breaks away, and I cry out, "*Please*, I want you!"

A fervid smile lights his face. "Of course you do."

I pout, and whine, "Oren!"

He twirls the end of one of my fuchsia pigtails with a finger, his expression a mischievous mask of counterfeit contemplation. "Raisie, my precious paramour, what you so passionately propose is highly unlawful. If caught, we would be banished." He looks away with a disheartened air, releasing a long sigh.

For a moment, I wonder if he's serious, but then Oren turns back, his devilish disguise dissolved. "Then again," he grins and peaks an eyebrow, "are we not daring souls?"

My nimbus flares brilliantly and my sparkling amethyst wings flutter with hyped anticipation. "Yes! Yes! Yes, we are!"

He kisses my smiling lips and I'm swept away by a zealous fire that overwhelms my mind with amorous yearning. It consumes me. Devours me. I am pure unadulterated lust.

Oren's nimble fingers untie my pink-azalea bra and his gentle palms catch my bounding bosoms. He rolls my tiny violet nipples with his thumbs, shooting joyful jolts to my sensitive button and summoning euphoric coos from my kissing mouth. His velvet lips suck as his teeth nibble down my neck and along my collar bone. Cradling my heavy breasts, he lifts one and then the other to his warm mouth, and nurses from each teat, driving me mad with desire.

A moan of dire pleading rumbles from my throat. "*Please*, Oren, *please!*"

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Grasping my narrow waist, he hoists me up and sits me on the rear edge of the pool so his back is to the rising sun. His lips worship my tight tummy with a flurry of pleasing pecks. His tongue tip teases my navel, then weaves a titillating trail downward as he parts my grass miniskirt, pulls down my pink petal panties, and spreads my legs, exposing my inflamed flower. At the last moment, his tongue veers off course and whirls taunting paths up and down my delicate inner thighs, prompting my wings to furl.

A beseeching groan wells up from the depths of my lungs. "*Please, please, Oren, please!*"

He looks up with his dazzling blue eyes and a sinful smile, and whispers, "As you wish, my resplendent Raisie."

I toss my head back as my lids flutter closed and stretch my jaw wide in a quivering moan of ecstasy, as his lips seal around my tiny nub and his tongue tip flickers fantastically. I twine my fingers into his tangerine curls, gripping tightly as I arch my back in response to the incredible sensations growing increasingly more ardent. My legs begin to tremble and my abdominals to convulse as a firestorm of exquisite rapture blooms within me. This turbulent tempest ascends swiftly until it blossoms into a starburst of radiating luminosity that wracks my body in glorious felicity!

Oren scoops me up as I go limp, nestling me in his arms as I spasm with aftershocks. He gloats, "I told you my tongue talents rival my acrobatic skills."

I murmur against his chest in a daze. "I never doubted you, brother." And notice the rose quartz lining the pool is glowing with magick, charged by my wondrous orgasm.

He pecks the tip of my pointed nose. "You may think me a scoundrel, but I sincerely declare that this rogue's heart will beat for no one but you, Raisie."

Reaching up, I stroke his cheek compassionately. "Oren, I trust you, but I must give Kailen his due."

With a gallant grin, Oren announces, "I would have it no other way, my dear."

I lick my giggling lips. "But first, I would like to give you *your* due."

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