

A Pixie's Perversion

By

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My glittering jade butterfly wings flutter with titillation and the effulgent emerald skin of my stamen pulls tight as it reaches for the rising sun. I'm perched on the stem of a spiny shrub, peeping at my nubile young daughters from behind a concealment of leafage moist with morning dew.

My daughters, Ariya and Adelia, are fraternal twins and motherless. I've raised them alone since they were toddlers after their mother was eaten by Elves.

They are two inches shorter than me at four inches and pretty and petite, a stark contrast to the muscular build of my masculine physique.

They still have two moons before they reach the mating age considered proper by Nymph standards but we are feral Faeries, otherwise known as Pixies. We don't bother with clothing or customs or village life. We are free-spirited and wild. We live as Forest Nymphs should, without rules or restrictions.

Ariya and Adelia recently began taking their morning baths privately and now I know why. My adorable angels have discovered the delights of ardent affection.

They're standing upon the surface of a shallow pool under a cascading waterfall of a bubbling brook, their mewling mouths locked in a lustful kiss.

I grip my rigid member, which is both long and thick, and begin to stroke it with deliberate pumps of my fist as I watch. For many moons, I have yearned to kiss their luscious lips but have resisted the compulsion for fear of losing control and forcibly deflowering them.

Ariya is the more outspoken and dominant of the two. I've had to put her over my knee and spank her rounded rump many times. Her sparking skin is magenta, her wings fuchsia, her eyes amethyst, her long hair the color of clovers and her lips the color of limes.

Adelia is shy and submissive. She does anything her sister tells her, often getting herself into trouble but I don't spank Adelia quite as hard. Her scintillating skin is turquoise, her wings cyan, her eyes sapphire, her short hair the color of roses and her lips the color of cherries.

I chew my lower lip, breathing heavily through my pointed nose, as they greedily grope each other's bubbled buns, squeezing and splaying their cute cheeks. Their fervid moans, carried on the breeze, are heaven to my long twisted ears and the scent of their arousal is ambrosia to my nares.

The flapping of feathered wings incites my heart to palpitate. A soaring raptor dives for my darlings and I leap out from my hiding spot. I zip toward them with all of my strength and strive, my wings fluttering madly. The shadow of the plunging predator expands rapidly over them. Obsidian talons glint in my peripheral vision as I swoop with frightened tears spilling forth. The hawk splashes into the pool as I scoop my girls into my arms and hurl us behind the waterfall. We tumble together over the mossy floor of a grotto, out of the raptor's reach.

I sit upright, and pant, "No more bathing without me."

"Daddy," Adelia wonders with wide eyes, "why is your stamen big and hard like that?"

I lie, "A reaction to my fright of your demise."

Ariya reaches for my erection. "Daddy, can I touch it?" Before I can reply, she wraps her small hand around my shaft and squeezes firmly. "I can feel it pulsing!"

Adelia whines, "I wanna feel!" And she grasps the head.

"Girls," I chide, "you're supposed to wait for my answer."

Adelia withdraws her hand, the center of her palm glistening with a smear of goo. She licks her palm and gives me a quizzical smile. "What is that stuff, Daddy? It tastes like honeysuckle nectar."

"It's my sticky seed, sweetheart."

Ariya demands, "I wanna taste!" Still clutching my cock, she hunches forward and licks the tip of my pulsating prick and I suppress a groan. "Mmm, it tastes sweet, Daddy."

"Girls," I reproach, "we need to discuss what just happened."

Adelia whimpers, "Are you mad? Are we gonna get spankings?"

I curl my arms around them and pull them close. "I'm not mad, I'm concerned. There is nothing wrong with being affectionate with each other but you know better than to let your guard down. When you're out in the open you must beware of the dangers lurking all around." I give them both a tender peck on the forehead. "You can be as affectionate with each other as your hearts' desire but only where it's safe to do so. Am I being crystal clear?"

They both nod. "Yes, Daddy."

I hug them tight and bathe their faces with kisses. "If you have gotten eaten by that hawk it would have ruined my entire *day*."

They both giggle with glee.

"Daddy," Adelia questions, "did Mommy kiss you like Ariya was kissing me?"

"Yes," I snort, "every day."

Still gripping my member with fascination, Ariya asks, "Do you miss Mommy's kisses?"

"Yes," I sigh, "I do."

"Daddy," Adelia volunteers, "you can kiss me like I was Mommy if you want to."

I choke on a sob. "Thank you, my sweet pea. I'll keep that in mind."

Ariya exclaims, "Me too, Daddy!"

I give them each a firm peck on the lips. "I love you both tremendously. You are my perfect princesses."

Ariya boasts, "I bet I kiss better than Adelia does."

Adelia pouts. "That's not true."

"Girls, it's not a competition. I'm absolutely sure I would enjoy both your kisses equally."

Ariya strokes my member curiously. "We should try it, Daddy."

"Yeah, Daddy," Adelia nods her head vigorously, "let's try it."

I look back and forth between them with enticement as they gaze up at me wearing cherubic expressions of anticipation, their auras beaming with excitement. Their innocent inclination for intimacy with me is a profound and provocative tantalization of temptation that I endeavor with extraordinary effort to endure without wavering.

Pulling Ariya's tugging fist from my throbbing stamen, I deflect, "Not now but maybe later."

Later that day, under the warm noon sun, we venture into a strawberry patch for our midday meal near the habitation of a cultivating giant. A barrier of woven wire keeps out furry predators and straw-stuffed giant's tattered clothing at the center of the patch keeps the crows at bay.

Once our bellies are full, we lay between two raised rows of strawberry plants to gaze at the fluffy clouds drifting through the sunny sky.

After a few minutes of gazing, Ariya turns on her side, slipping a slender leg over her sister's, and laps strawberry juice from Adelia's lips.

Adelia titters and gives Ariya's messy mouth a playful lick.

Giggling with gaiety, they joyfully lick and lap juice from each other's lips and cheeks.

My stamen reaches for the sky as their tiny tongues tease and twirl with tenderness. I

can't resist the urge to stroke my shaft as I watch their lips lock. My prick pulses in my pumping palm as they mewl into each other's mouths and caress each other's subtle breasts.

I rise to my knees for a better view as their limbs entwine to embrace one another with escalating enthusiasm. I gawk down at them as they rock their hips, gently grinding their flowers together. I bite my tongue to keep from groaning as they grope each other's taut tushies.

They break their passionate kiss and nudge their noses together as they continue to hump and moan with increasing intensity while I masturbate more urgently.

I pause my pumping when they look up at me with angelic smiles of curiosity.

"Daddy," Adelia queries, "are you frightened for our demise again?"

"No, sweetheart, quite the opposite. Your beautiful display of affection has aroused my pollination instincts."

Ariya smirks, "Do you wanna pollinate our flowers?"

"I do," I confess, "but you're still too young to be pollinated."

"Daddy," Adelia asks bashfully, "when will we be old enough?"

"Not for two more moons."

Ariya frowns. "That's *too* long."

"Daddy," Adelia muses with concern, "does it hurt if you don't pollinate when your stamen is so big and hard?"

"No, it isn't painful," I reply, "but it is uncomfortable."

Adelia pouts. "I'm sorry, Daddy."

Ariya questions, "Can you release your sticky seed without pollinating?"

"Yes, any prolonged stimulation of my stamen with trigger release."

Adelia blinks up at me. "Does it feel good like when we rub our flowers?"

"Yes, it feels *very* good."

Adelia's cyan wings furl timidly. "Can we stimulate your stamen?"

"*Yeah*, Daddy," Ariya's nimbus beams brightly, "can we stimulate it?!"

I chuckle with suppressed anxiousness. "That's not a good idea."

Ariya sulks, "Why *not*, Daddy?"

"*Yeah*," Adelia echoes, "why *not*?"

I can't tell them that it would be too tempting to deflower them, which would be painful for them due to their petiteness, so I offer a reasonable excuse instead. "We're out in the open. It simply wouldn't be safe."

Ariya grins at me giddily. "So then we *can* stimulate your stamen once we're home."

Adelia untangles from her sister and springs to her feet. "Let's go home right now!"

Ariya hops up beside her. "Yeah, Daddy, let's go now!"

"I appreciate your ambition to alleviate my uncomfortable situation, my darlings, but by the time we completed the journey home my stamen would have wilted."

Ariya narrows her amethyst eyes with an expression of suspicion. "Isn't there some way to make your stamen hard again after we complete the journey?"

"Yes, but by that time the discomfort would have passed."

Adelia muses, "But, Daddy, it would still feel good, right?"

"Yes," I admit, "it would."

Ariya places her hands on her slim hips, and asserts, "So let's go home then."

Adelia presses her palms together. "Please, Daddy, please, please, *please*."

The compulsion to surrender to their wish is nearly overwhelming. My acorns are swollen and heavy with seed and my stamen is throbbing with demand.

“Girls,” I question, “why are you so resolute to bring me pleasure via my stamen?”
They glance at each other and then back at me with identical expressions of disbelief.
“Because we *love* you, Daddy.”

“Awww,” I scoop them up and twirl happily into the air, leaving a spiraling trail of evanescent radiance in our wake, “I love you too!”

They both peck the corners of my smiling olive lips.

I give each of them a gentle kiss in return. “You two are the best daughters any daddy could have. You’re so cute and considerate.”

Ariya clutches my cock and strokes it soft and slow. “Does this feel good, Daddy?”

I utter a gratified groan. “Yes, sweetheart, it definitely does.”

Adelia grasps my shaft above Ariya’s hand and strokes it in sync with her sister. “Does this feel even better?”

I chew my lower lip. “Yes, sweet pea, it does.”

Ariya suggests, “How about you carry us home while we keep stimulating?”

“Okay,” I yield, “I’ll give it a try.”

They nuzzle my nape, cooing with care, as they steadily stroke my stamen while I moan and groan as I fly us into the forest.

It isn’t long before I’m desperately searching for a safe place to settle us down. I spot a thicket of thorns and zip below them.

Sitting in the spongy soil within the thicket, I kiss Adelia on the mouth, slipping my tongue between her luscious lips with a gluttonous groan. I lap and lave her tiny tongue, relishing her saccharine taste and inciting her to squeeze harder and pump faster.

I turn my attention to Ariya, kissing her with furious felicity as my rapture rises remarkably until an all-consuming climax rushes up on me and I grunt and groan and beam with brilliance as my stamen spews streams of spunk!

My eyes open to the blossoming and blooming of wild roses across the thicket due to my surge of magick. I passionately peck my daughters’ crowns as they lick their hands and suck their fingers clean of my pearlescent pollen with merry murmurs of gratitude.

This is the end of the free preview of [A Pixie’s Perversion](#).
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