

## ELF AND GIANT

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*[This one's a little different from my usual style, though not quite as different as you might think!]*

Once upon a time, in the depths of the Fairy Woods, the giant was out for a walk when he heard a commotion up ahead. A shrill scream cut the air - someone was in trouble! And so he hurried to see if he could be of assistance.

On arriving in the Glad Glade, he saw that a big ol' bear had gone after a pretty little elf, with hair like platinum and eyes as green as emeralds. She was up a tree, fending the bear off by poking it with a stick, but her clothing was rent from where the bear's claws had nearly got her.

Rushing forward, the giant threw the bear aside, bringing the attack to a sudden end. But he didn't look to the bear, for he'd been instantly smitten by the beauty of the elven girl. She had to be a princess, she was so pretty!

"Urh, hullo?" he said, looking up the tree at her and trying not to notice he could see her panties from this angle.

"Ummm... Hi Mr. Giant," she said nervously, her voice light and airy in the way of elves. Though she'd just been attacked, already she was regaining her composure, and even her humor as she looked down at the giant - well actually, more at him, since he was as tall as she was up in the tree.

"Are you okay, little elf?" he asked, the concern in his voice evident.

"Yah," she said, shrugging. "The mean ol' bear-face didn't actually get me. He just chased me. I wonder why he did that?" she asked the air, as if it would answer.

"Well, you look good enough to eat," the giant said, a lopsided grin on his face that made the elf burst out in merry laughter. With unexpected delicacy, he plucked the little elf from the tree and set her down on the ground.

"Well aren't you the perfect gentleman," the elf said, impressed.

"Yeah, well," the giant said. "Contrary to popular opinion, not all giants are clumsy, stupid oafs. In fact, some of us are quite articulate and nice." Easing himself down onto the ground to put the elf at her ease, he went on. "My name's Gerg." He extended his hand in a friendly gesture.

"I'm Sylvia", she said, seating herself on a stump and adjusting her skirts carefully, aware that the giant's eyes kept returning to her legs.

"Silver, eh" the giant said, mishearing. "Well your hair's closer to platinum than silver, but hey, elves will be elves, right? You must be a princess or something. I've seen lots of elves, but none as beautiful as you!"

"Well thank you," she blushed prettily, and letting the name misunderstanding stand. The giant was being so nice to her, she didn't want to correct him. She also wasn't a princess, though the way the giant was looking at her made her fA like one. "And thank you for saving me from the bear! I still wonder why he attacked though."

"Dunno," the Gerg said shrugging. "Maybe the Evil Queen put a spell on him or something."

Silver nodded. "That would make sense. She's always trying to make me do things." She looked around nervously. "She's not around, is she?"

"Naw," Gerg said, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "She's gone into hibernation like a momma bear herself, so we'll be safe from her for a while. Say, you didn't get hurt by the bear, did you?"

"No, I'm fine Mr. Gerg," she said, smiling. "We elves are tougher than we look!"

"I just bet you are," the giant smiled. "But one can never be too careful. Maybe we should check you out, just to make sure..."

There was something in the giant's eyes that made the elf shivery inside. He didn't look exactly, but she thought he might have meant it when he'd said she looked good enough to eat. He had a certain look to him that didn't scare her, but did make her feel a little quivery. Still, she'd told him she was tough, so it would be totally stupid to back out. Standing on the stump, she looked at him, almost him to "check her out."

The challenge, if it was one, was taken up happily by Gerg. Moving closer, he examined her closely - very closely - with his eyes. He had her turn this way and that, and she felt like he was looking her thin dress, seeing her skin beneath it. It made her both embarrassed and somehow, cos even though he looked hungrier than ever, he didn't grab her and eat her!

"You sure are a pretty little elf," he said, his voice lower, softer than before. "I think I love you!"

That caught her off-guard. "You do not! You can't! You're a giant! And besides, we just met!"

"So what," he countered, "you never heard of love at first sight? Besides, I feel like I've known you all your life!" That made her giggle, and he grinned again. "The only problem, far as I'm concerned, is that elves and giants can't be lovers." He shrugged sadly. "Too bad too, cos I really do love you."

"Well," she asked, not certain why she didn't just let it drop. "How come elves and giants can't be lovers?"

Gerg shrugged. "The Queen says so."

"But she's w ", Silver said, outraged. "Evils don't know nothing about love! And you saved me from the bear, so I should love you back! Even if the Queen says I can't!"

"Well, if you say so," the giant said dubiously. "But if we're going to be lovers, we can't let the Queen find out! She'd get awful mad and make awful things happen."

"Heck with her!" Silver said defiantly. She wasn't going to let no stupid Queen tell her who she could and couldn't love. And the more she looked at Gerg, at the tenderness in his eyes, at his big strong arms and gentle face, the more she knew she could love him if she got the chance. With a sudden impulse, she leaped from the stump into his arms.

It was almost like he was expecting it. He caught her, swung her around, and then held her in his arms, grinning hugely. She beamed up at him happily - it felt so being held like this! So safe! She pursed her lips, and was giddy with the happies when he bent down and kissed her right on the lips!

Silver wasn't experienced in the ways of the older elves, and had only kissed once or twice, and it wasn't like this! This kiss went on and on! And then something completely unexpected happened, Gerg let his lips part, and she felt his tongue lightly rubbing her lips!

It totally wasn't like she might have expected from a giant! All the stories said they were big, dumb, smelly brutes, but Gerg's tongue tasted like cinnamon rolls and he was holding her *nicely*! And then she remembered that that some of the older elves - the ones who really loved each other a lot, like Romeo and Juliet, they kissed like, with their whole mouths, not just their lips. They used their tongues - actually letting them touch. She wondered if Gerg was wanting *to* do that too! With butterflies in her tummy, she let her lips part, and let her tongue slip out a little bit.

It was *n* Gerg's tongue touched hers, and it was like, way exciting! Like her tongue was super-sensitive and his was just the right feeling on it! She let her mouth open more, her tongue extend further, and Gerg's tongue rubbed against hers, his big fat tongue slipping into her mouth, filling and feeling *fb* in there! Then he sucked her tongue into *mouth* too, and she got lost, like she was exploring a big huge cinnamon cavern, warm and tasty, and welcoming. His tongue guided her and she found out that kissing like this was so much more amazing than regular kissing!

It went on *fb w* and was over way too soon. When he pulled back to look at her, their eyes locked like lovers, and she knew - knew in her heart-of-hearts that Gerg was her man, and she was his - completely and absolutely his in every way. She would *be* his lover, and to heck with the Queen! And she knew from his eyes that he felt the same too.

Gerg laid her down on the cool grass, smiling down at her, and she knew that he really *think* she was beautiful, even though there were way prettier elves out there, and giant girls too, she knew. She blushed, feeling naked under his gaze again, and loving it. In fact, she *him* looking at her. It made her feel so *, so w*, so

She wanted to show him more, but wasn't sure what to do. As an experiment, she leaned back and raised her knees. The results were exactly what she'd hoped. Gerg shifted slightly, peeking under the hem of her short dress to see her panties! It made her super-excited to see him looking there, and not just looking, he was *She* knew it was wrong - wronger than anything ever! And yet it felt so

"Am I being a bad elf, Mr. Gerg?" she asked softly, not wanting him to think poorly of her. She didn't know if she could stand it if he thought she was some kind of... of... *c A* or something.

Gerg grinned, and her fears vanished in a flash. He leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead. "Yes sweet little elf, you're being a bad girl - in the good way!" She wasn't *r* sure what that meant, and she looked the question at him. He nodded, understanding. "Silver sweetie, bad doesn't always mean bad. Sometimes it means *. Like...*" he fumbled, looking for an example. "Like when something is really super cool, and you say 'that's *. It doesn't mean it actually makes you sick, right?'"*

She shook her head, getting it. "So like, when you say I'm a bad girl in a good way, you mean like, I'm doing something that like, the Queen might think is bad, but because we're lovers, then it's a good kinda bad?"

"Exactly honey!" Gerg beamed his happiness. "See? I knew you was a smart girl! Uh, elf!"

She grinned and spread her knees wider. "Is this being badder, Mr. Gerg?" she asked, her cheeks flushing. She it was being badder, but the way he looked made her *to* be badder. *N badder!*

"Oh, it is indeed honey," Gerg said, his grin so huge it threatened to split his head in half. "And you know what would be even badder than that?"

"What?" she asked, her voice soft, breathless. Then her eyes closed and rolled back in her head. Gerg's hand had moved up and was on her thigh. Her            thigh. The sensitive part! And it was sliding upward! It was so big, and so warm and so            , she felt like she wanted to just            n And then the edge of his hand came into contact with her panties, and she            make a noise. Only instead of a scream, it was a gasp of shock.

If the hand on her thigh had felt "good", when the edge of his hand touched her panties, it felt like, a million times gooder! Her whole body jerked with the intensity of that touch. It was like cold fire, and hot fire, and it made her head swim. And then that touch too was supplanted by an            better feeling as he moved his hand and ran his big, giant thumb up,            A A

She moaned her pleasure. She wanted to thrash about it felt so good, but Gerg had anticipated that and had moved so that she couldn't squeeze her legs together. He held one knee in his other hand, and angled his arm so that his elbow kept her knees apart. It was perfect, cos she was pretty sure she woulda clenched her legs together tight, it felt A

But then he did it            And            He was petting her "kitty", as she'd heard it called, and it felt            c ! She couldn't believe how amazing it was to be touched there! She'd touched herself there, like when she washed, or when it itched, but it            w            felt like this! She found herself whimpering, and she opened her eyes, embarrassed, only to find Gerg looking down at her.

His eyes were on fire, but it was a            fire. He was paying attention to her, but it was like, a million times as much attention as anyone had ever paid to her in her whole life. He was absolutely, completely, and totally paying attention to her. It was like the rest of the world had simply vanished. There was only him and her, and she felt her heart well up with feeling. She knew, without reservation, that he loved her then. That she was            to him like nothing else could ever be. And then an explosion happened.

It started down near where he was rubbing her, but sort of            her, and higher up. But it didn't stay there. It rushed up her spine like lightning, exploding in her brain and sending her through a kaleidoscope of amazing feelings. Her heart ached, and her whole body - not just where he was touching - but deep            her, went through gyrations of pleasure like she'd never known. A small part of her noticed that his thumb had slid up higher, and instead of petting her kitty, he seemed to be grinding carefully on the bump at the top of her crease that was somehow bigger and more sensitive than it'd ever been. And then that small part of her was swept up in the sudden torrent of emotions and feelings that rushed through her like a dam had exploded.

She lay, twitching, shivering, marveling at the experience, looking up at the giant, panting, unable to talk or think while the giant continued to look at her,            her, watching her with rapt attention. He seemed to be waiting for her to come to her senses, and she was thankful for the moment, but then she suddenly felt a deep longing inside her. Her arms reached, and in a second he was there, arms sliding under her, pulling her into his warm, loving embrace as her eyes overflowed.

They stayed like that for a million years or so, and gradually her feelings stabilized. And then destabilized. She was going to            she was so embarrassed! She'd wet herself! She could feel it on her panties! She didn't want her giant to know! How the heck was she going to get away? She had to go clean herself up without him finding out!

Feeling her tense up, Gerg released her. He was still smiling down at her, and his large hand moved down. She grabbed it, guiding it to her tummy and looked up at him, trying to figure out what to do.

But Gerg smiled, and that made her feel a            better. Then he said the words that sent dismay through her heart like a spear of ice. "You got very wet!" he said. Yes, she was going to die of embarrassment. To hell with those who said embarrassment was non-fatal. She            she was a goner.

"Sweetie," Gerg said softly. "I know you won't believe me yet, but that wetness isn't pee, and it's a            thing, not a bad thing."

"Huh?" she asked, wondering why he'd lie about such a thing. If she was such a... if she was so awful she couldn't hold her water, he should be running away from her like the wind.

"No really," he said, "see?" He held up his thumb, which was shiny wet. A A A A A That was even worse! But he didn't wipe it off, instead he sniffed it! Then he brought it toward nose, as if wanting her to smell it! Smell her own pee? A

"Smell it," he said, and the voice was firm. Commanding. It was the tone one uses with one's children when they're not listening. She sniffed.

It " pee! Her eyes got wide, and she sniffed again. It wasn't, and a huge weight lifted from her heart. She might not understand what it was, but at least she knew she hadn't wet herself, like some

Gerg smiled. "See honey? It's not pee. It's a juice that girls make when they're feeling way super good! And I know you won't believe me again, but men... , we really like it. It tastes amazingly good, and nothing makes a giant happier than to lick it right from between your legs!"

"No freakin' way!" she said, at once horribly embarrassed and... and something else. When he's said that, she'd momentarily thought of his tongue, in her mouth, and then that same amazing tongue, between her legs. Was it possible? No, it was too weird. But what if it for reals? Would he want to... to her there? Yuck! And yet... if they liked it so much...

"Freakin' way!" Gerg chuckled. "Way freakin' way! But hey, I you that you wouldn't believe me. So let's table it for the moment, shall we? Did you like what I just did?"

"Oh yes!" she said, almost yelling. Then she blushed, embarrassed. She felt like she " like it - at least, not that much. But Gerg was smiling, so she smiled back sheepishly. "It was really nice," she said in a calmer voice.

"Good. Because that's just the start. But you kinda gotta be naked for the rest. We don't gotta..." he started to say, but Silver was already getting undressed. She wanted to get naked! She wanted Gerg to see her naked! It was like some sort of craving inside, one that she'd had a long time, but didn't know about. She wanted to have this giant's eyes seeing w A of her body.

Gerg watched calmly, apparently unsurprised by her sudden and rapid disrobing. In moments she was stark naked as he gazed at her. As he continued gazing at her. And then suddenly doubt came. A A An A A A compared to what girl-giants much have! And in the manner of elves, she had no hair at all between her legs. She knew that giant-girls were hairy down there. She felt not just nude, but , and brought her hands up to hide herself, trying to do that and reach for her tossed-aside dress at the same time.

"No honey, don't. I think you look w " he said. And he n it! She could see it in his eyes!

Suddenly felt elated. He her body, small as it was in every way. She twirled around, letting him look at her from every side, and smiling at the appreciative sounds he made. It made her feel to be so looked at. She still felt , but now it was a good-naked, not a bad-naked, and she delighted in it.

Intoxicated by the feeling, she asked bluntly, as if challenging him, "If you think I'm so pretty, how come your thing's not hard?" As soon as the words escaped, she couldn't believe she said it. But she was on a high, and wasn't going to back off - so she doubled-down. "I heard guys things get stiff when they see a naked girl!" Her cheeks burned, but she refused to look away.

To her surprise, he just chuckled. "What makes you think it's not honey?"

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Her heart thudded in her chest so much she couldn't speak. But she could nod, so she did. She nodded "Yes".

Silver felt like it was good-naughty too. She felt shivery and nervous and her tiny nipples scrunched up so tight she had to rub them. When he saw this, he stopped to watch, smiling. She grinned shyly back. It felt good to touch her little boobies, especially the hard points and it felt even gooder that he was watching. She knew that she was being caught again, and it felt good. And then, she noticed she felt wet between the legs again and she squeezed her legs together tight to keep from leaking. She still didn't think that it would be okay to let it drip!

What was weird though, was that seeing it - or *n* seeing it like this - only made her feel even more shivery and squirmy. She felt wetter and her nipples *wet* with hardness. And then, with a grin, he slid the final veil down, and the thing sprung out so suddenly it nearly hit her in the face! She hadn't realized she'd moved so a *place* if Bshitted TJPtoom2 m2

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Silver looked at him, then at her finger. Then back at him and, with a playful grin that showed she might have some inkling of what the action would do for him, brought her own wet finger to her mouth, slipping it in to suck the juice off without ever breaking eye contact with him.

"Jesus," Gerg muttered under his breath, "I can't wait to fuck your brains out!"

Silva giggled. "Does that mean..." then she paused, looking at the huge member bobbing in front of her. A look of fear crossed her face. "Uh..."

"Oh, don't worry sweetie," Gerg said gently. "I'm not going to try to put this thing inside you tonight. Believe me, before this will fit inside your kitty, we'll have to do a lot of practicing."

She looked dubious. The way he said "practice" sounded an *fb* lot like "homework".

"Oh, don't worry baby," he said gently, "you'll enjoy it. You enjoyed me rubbing you just now, didn't you?"

"Better than the best thing ever!" she grinned, suddenly happy again. Then she looked thoughtful. "Uhm... You made me feel super good by rubbing... does it work the other way too?"

Gerg grinned. He hadn't dared to hope, but... "Yes angel," he said. "If you wanted to make me feel super good like that, you could do it by rubbing my cock with your hands or whatever."

Her face lit up with joy. She wanted to make him feel good too! "Can you show me?"

A moment later, Gerg was laying down on his back, and she was kneeling beside him, her face attentive.

"Okay sweetie," he said gently, "there's a lot of ways to do this, but let's just start with the basics, okay? We can experiment with other things later." He grinned. "Just like I'll show you other ways I can touch your kitty to make you feel amazing!" She flushed again and nodded eagerly.

Gerg was so worked up - and had been for so long - that his cock was so hard it felt like it was vibrating like a tuning fork. Another drop of precum oozed out the tip and began its journey downward, and Silver, without a thought, scooped it off with her finger and licked it off. She didn't seem to mind the taste after all.

"Go ahead and take it in your hand like this," Gerg said, demonstrating with his own hand, then removing it to give her room. Naturally her tiny hand couldn't wrap around it completely, but they felt amazing anyway, and Gerg had to fight to keep from spraying immediately. There would be no worry about her arms getting tired tonight, that was for sure!

In a couple of minutes, the naked little elf was happily stroking the giant's hard cock with both hands, thrilling as she saw the pleasure in his face. It was so neat, felt so warm, so hard-yet-soft. And the way the sheath slid up and down was fascinating. As fascinating as the drops that oozed out. He showed her how she could rub the liquid over the tip, making it shiny and that made her grin.

But very little of that was enough for Gerg. He could feel his balls boiling over, and knew he had to speak up. "Now Silver, men are a little different from girls. When a girl gets that super good feeling, she may make that juice - might even make a lot of it. But men do. And because it's on the outside, not the inside, when that super good feeling hits, our juice shoots up and out like a squirt gun, spurting several times."

Her eyes got wide. "Really?" she asked. "That's so cool! I wanna see!"

"Oh, you ,," he said, "in just a moment. I just wanted to warn you because different girls handle it different ways. Some like to just let it spray and watch, others like to... well, girls who like the taste of cum, they like to put their

mouth over the tip so they can catch it in their mouth and drink it down. Still others like the way it feels on their skin, and want the man to spray them with it so they can rub it around and into their skin like lotion.

"It's totally your choice honey. But you need to choose soon, cos I can't hold it back much longer!"

Silver nodded, and Gerg saw that playful, mischievous look in her eye, and knew that whatever she was up to, he was going to love it.

The little elf girl continued to stroke him, following his direction as he urged her to stroke faster, squeeze harder, as his climax approached. And then it was there! "OH FUCK BABY! HERE IT COMES!"

The first volley shot out, up high, and landed on his upper chest as Silver watched in awe. "Keep stroking!" Gerg panted, and she resumed, watching another spurt fly out. Then she did the unthinkable. She leaned forward and put her lips over the top, and kept stroking!

Gerg groaned, the sight and sensation too much. His balls churned and sprayed his cum out in rapid-fire pace. He could see her jerk as each spray shot into her mouth. And then she pulled her mouth off and moved even further forward, aiming the cock at her chest! Several more spurts covered the little elf-ette with hot cum and she gasped at the feeling. Gerg looked and saw that her mouth was empty - she must have swallowed his cum! It was so hot that he felt like he wanted to cum again already!

But there are limits, and so the spurts sprayed less, the force decreased, until in the end, the little elf was squeezing the last drops from his cock and using the head to rub them onto her tiny titties as Gerg could do little more than fight for oxygen. It was the single most erotic sight he'd ever experienced!

Right up until, realizing his cock was empty, Silver let go of his cock and began to smear the mess over her naked little chest and tummy! She looked at him, grinning as she was the effect this wanton display had on him, intentionally squeezing and pulling on her tiny little nipples, like some prepubescent slut.

When he could no longer hold his head up to watch her, the little elf climbed up on top of him, sandwiching his cock between his belly and her cum-covered tummy, the cum on his chest mixing with the cum on hers as her arms wrapped around him, squeezing. Weakly, he reached up to run his fingers through her hair.

"Mmm..." she said softly, practically purring. "That was way fun daddy! Can we play Elf and Giant again next time mommy has to work out of town?"

"Absolutely, baby girl," Greg said, reaching over to pick Mr. Teddy from where he'd tossed the teddy bear on the ground at the beginning of their play. Setting it among the other stuffed animals on her bed, he gently rubbed her back. "Silvia, you're absolutely the bestest little girl in the whole world! Daddy's little elven princess, or princess-at-eleven!"

The little girl giggled, utterly happy as she lay naked on top of her personal giant.

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4. If you have another method to recommend, I'm all ears! Thanks!