

Flower Child

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Flower Child

Sunlight shown warmly over the meadow in the very center of the Magical Forest. Daisy peeked over the goldenrods and narrowed her eyes. There were too many. The entire area was totally covered in goldenrods.

“Damned man,” she muttered. “No sense of taste.”

She clenched her fists to keep from yanking half the wild flowers out and replacing them with grass, clover, wild strawberries, and, well, daisies. Did Leaf have to do this all the time? He always grew goldenrods in every nook and cranny he could find to put them. It was damned annoying!

Daisy sighed and started the painstakingly slow process of screening each flower for hardiness and healthiness. It was part of the Flower Faery code. She couldn't simply undo another faery's work just because she thought it wasn't as attractive as it should be. She could only replace weak or dead flowers.

About half way through the job, male hands caught her waist and a hot, wet tongue traced the line of her neck. She shivered. “Mmmm. You taste like clover and honey.”

Leaf. The damned man! He knew just how to get to her. He annoyed her supremely when he did things like that, but it also turned her on like nothing else could

or ever had. The man was simply made for sex. She shrugged him off half heartedly. "Stop it, Leaf."

"Hey, I was just proving I did so have taste. I can pinpoint your flavors exactly." She turned around to find him grinning wickedly at her.

"That's not what I meant and you know it! Look at this mess. Why do you insist on growing goldenrod simply everywhere?"

"Ah, that's a simple. It makes a soft bed." He stepped closer, and traced a feathered edge of her wing with one finger. "Didn't you know that?"

Daisy tried to step away from him, but instead she found herself stepping closer. Before she realized what she was doing, his arms had enfolded her and he was kissing her like there was no tomorrow. Immediately, a gush of moisture raced from her cunt.

Leaf took her moment of weakness to lift them both off the ground and lay them down on a bed of goldenrod. Daisy thought to protest, but flat on her back, clinging desperately to his wing tassels didn't make the best situation for protesting.

He was a perfect male specimen as far as Daisy was concerned. He was taller than most faeries, with more muscle bulk, but there wasn't a man in the forest anywhere to compare to him.

She swallowed. "You still need to make different flowers, Leaf." Damn, but her voice sounded just a tad too breathless for her liking.

"Why? You look too beautiful surrounded in gold for me to try anything else."

Daisy sighed when he kissed her again. He knew just how to do it too. He was dominant with out dominating her, taking what he wanted but making her want to give it to him freely. His tongue caressed her lips. His mouth sucked gently at her tongue. Before she knew it, Leaf had slipped off the coverings she had made from leaves of the forest and pressed himself against her naked body.

His hair roughened body abraded hers deliciously with each movement and Daisy whimpered at the erotic contact. She spread her legs wider, inviting him to take what he wished.

Leaf knew the moment she surrendered to him. About damned time too. He'd waited a very long time for her and now Daisy was his. When she spread her legs, he licked and nipped his way down her belly until his mouth hovered mere inches above her sex. He could smell the sweetness of her intimate dew and didn't even try to resist a taste. In fact, he dove in and feasted.

Daisy squirmed beneath him, crying out and fisting his hair in her hands. She pulled him closer to her and thrust her pelvis at him. Leaf knew exactly what she wanted. He homed in on her clit and flicked it with his tongue a couple of times before sucking it between his lips. When he inserted two fingers in to her dripping cunt, she clenched around him, screaming all the while.

Damn! He'd never wanted a woman so much or so desperately! Leaf was as hard as the mighty oak of his father's heritage. As soon as her orgasm crested, he crawled up her body, ran the head of his cock through her sex to lubricate himself, and slid home. *Home!* This was where he wanted to be -- where he'd always wanted to be -- for the rest of his life. He couldn't stop his groan of pleasure.

"Sweet Mother," Daisy whispered brokenly. "This feels so wonderful."

"I know, sweetheart. I know."

Leaf moved within her, slowly at first, then with building excitement. Daisy wrapped her legs around him dug her heels into his ass and lower back, pulling herself up to meet his thrusts. Their movements were frenzied, like they couldn't get enough of each other.

Which they couldn't.

Eventually, though, the pleasure built until neither of them could hold back any longer. Daisy screamed his name and Leaf latched onto her neck as she milked him dry with her climax. Burst after burst of his seed spilled into her and Leaf hoped this was a fertile time for her as it was most creatures in spring. He knew there was no other woman for him, had known it since they'd first met. Deep down, he knew she felt the same way. Otherwise, she'd have killed him years ago.

“Oh my.” Daisy smiled into his face, caressing his cheek. “That was definitely worth the wait.”

“I thought so too,” he chuckled. “You should have given in long before now. You could give a guy a complex with so much rejection.”

“I kept hoping you’d finally learn to decorate a meadow. You’ve always over done the goldenrod.”

Leaf rolled them to their side and ran his hand through his hair. He knew he looked a bit sheepish. “Well, it’s like this. I don’t know how to make anything else work.”

She blinked. “I beg your pardon?”

“I’m not really a flower faery, Daisy.”

“You’re not?” She pulled back a little, but didn’t let go of him. The perplexed look on her face made her look just to damned cute.

“No, sweetheart. I’m really a tree faery. I only pretended to be a flower faery so I could follow you around.”

She could have scorned him for passing himself off as something other than what he was, but she didn’t. Instead, Daisy laughed long and loud. Wiping tears from her eyes, she hugged him. “Oh, you darling man. I can’t believe you did that. For me!”

“Believe me, Daisy, you’re worth it.”

She tilted her head to one side. “Do you think we made a flower child today?”

“I’m certainly hoping so, my love.” Leaf smiled at her and kissed the tip of her nose.

“Mmm.” Daisy snuggled into him before nipping his chin teasingly. “You think maybe we should try again? You know. Just to make sure.”

He chuckled. “Absolutely.”

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