

A Midsummer's Devouring or, The Pixies' Banquet

By aleph Bright

aspiesart@gmail.com linktr.ee/aspiesart

In a moonlit forest glade, a lost traveller named Elias is found by two seductive pixies, Thistle and Briar, who enchant and undress him before engaging in prolonged, intense sexual acts involving oral, vaginal, and anal play, repeatedly bringing him to the edge of release while trading positions and using their mouths, bodies, and a wooden phallus. After exhausting him through this night of mutual pleasure, the pixies reveal their true hunger and devour him completely; flesh, blood, and still beating heart; absorbing him into themselves before curling up satisfied and falling asleep as dawn approaches.

Runtime:

30+ minutes

Dramatis Personae:

- THISTLE, a pixie of the twilight court - small of stature yet radiant, skin the colour of moonlit moss, wings like stained glass, voice honeyed and cruelly sweet
- BRIAR, her sister-spirit - darker of hair, sharper of smile, eyes that hold ancient hunger
- ELIAS, a lost traveller - mortal man, weary, mid-thirties, drawn into the deep wood by a path that vanished behind him

Setting

A moonlit glade deep within an ancient forest. Soft phosphorescent fungi cast a green-gold glow. A bed of thick moss and fallen petals. The air is heavy with the scent of night-blooming flowers and something sweeter, almost metallic. Distant owls call. Time seems to slow.

ACT I - The Enticement

Enter ELIAS, lantern nearly spent, clothes torn by brambles. He stumbles into the glade and sinks to his knees.

ELIAS

Gods of the wood, what path is this that leads a man to nowhere?

My compass spins, my reason frays. I am undone by root and shadow.

From the air itself the two pixies materialise, hovering, then alighting upon the moss with delicate feet. Their wings fold like secrets.

THISTLE

(circling him, voice a velvet blade)

Peace, mortal. The forest keeps what it claims.

Yet we, kind spirits, offer softer custody.

BRIAR

(trailing a fingertip along his jaw)

You burn with loneliness. We taste it on the wind.

Lie with us a while. Let the night rewrite your weary flesh.

ELIAS

(dazed, already half-enchanted)

Fair creatures... are you real, or fever's last invention?

THISTLE

Real enough to touch. Real enough to take.

They undress him with unhurried hands and small, clever mouths. Shirt, trousers, every garment falls away until he kneels naked upon the moss. Their own garments of leaf and silk dissolve. Two perfect, diminutive female forms-yet strong beyond their size-press close. Cool skin, warm breath, the faint perfume of crushed flowers and desire.

ACT II - The First Feasting of the Flesh

Thistle kneels before him. Briar settles behind, arms about his chest, lips at his ear.

BRIAR

(whispering)

Open for us, traveller. Every gate shall swing wide tonight.

THISTLE

(taking his cock in both small hands)

How heavy with mortal blood. How ready.

She lowers her mouth and draws him in, slow, deliberate, tongue swirling. The contrast of her tiny form and the full length she swallows is obscene and exquisite. Spit gleams. She bobs with growing hunger, humming around him, while Briar's hands roam: pinching his nipples, stroking his stomach, then sliding lower to cup and roll his stones.

ELIAS

(gasping)

Mercy... your mouth is a fever dream..

THISTLE

(pulling off, lips shining)

No 'mercy'. Only more.

They switch. Briar takes him deep into her throat while Thistle straddles his face and lowers her cunt to his mouth. Elias licks obediently, long strokes, then focused suction upon her clit. Thistle rocks upon his tongue, wings trembling, soft cries rising like birdsong. Briar fucks her own mouth upon his cock until tears gather at the corners of her eyes, then pulls free and offers the spit-slick shaft to Thistle once more.

They share him, alternating mouths, sometimes both tongues upon the head at once, kissing around his cock, passing the taste of him. Minutes stretch. Elias's hips rise helplessly. They deny him release, laughing softly, keeping him aching and wet.

ACT III - The Lower Gates Unbarred (Vaginal & Anal)

Thistle lies back upon the moss, thighs spread, cunt glistening. She guides Elias between her legs.

THISTLE

Enter the first temple, mortal. Fill what was made to receive you.

He sinks into her slowly. She is tight, silken, almost too small, yet yields with a moan of pure delight. He thrusts-deep, steady strokes. Her wings flutter against the moss. Briar watches for a time, then crawls behind Elias, spreads his cheeks, and begins to lick his rear entrance with thorough, wet attention. Her tongue circles, presses, invades.

BRIAR

(between licks)

Every hole is a doorway. We shall walk through them all.

When he is slick and open, Briar presses two small fingers into his ass, then three, scissoring gently while he continues to fuck Thistle. The dual sensation makes Elias groan like a man undone. Thistle comes first-clenching hard around him, head thrown back, a cry that is half laughter, half prayer.

They rearrange. Briar now upon her back. Elias enters her cunt with the same desperate hunger. Thistle kneels behind him and, after more thorough tonguing, presses the head of a smooth, polished wooden phallus (conjured from the air) against his ass and works it inside. She fucks him with it in counterpoint to his thrusts into Briar. The three move as one organism; wet sounds, soft gasps, the wet slap of flesh.

Later still: Elias upon his back. Thistle straddles and takes him into her cunt once more. Briar straddles his face, lowering her ass to his mouth so he must lick her rear hole while Thistle rides. Then Briar sinks down upon his cock in turn, while Thistle presents her own ass to his mouth. Oral, vaginal, anal-continuously traded, no aperture left neglected. They bring him to the edge again and again, always pulling back, always restarting. Positions multiply:

- Elias fucking Thistle missionary while Briar sits upon Thistle's face and is licked.
- Briar on all fours, Elias buried in her cunt, Thistle beneath licking both his cock and Briar's clit.
- Elias on his side, Thistle spooned against him with his cock in her ass (slow, careful, deep), Briar curled at their heads so both may kiss and suck her nipples and mouth.
- Double oral upon Elias while he fingers both pixies' cunts and asses in turn.

The glade fills with the music of their congress: sighs, wet kisses, the soft slap of hips, whispered endearments that sound like spells.

ACT IV - The Final Banquet

At last the pixies grow still. Their eyes shine with a deeper hunger. Elias lies spent and trembling between them, cock still half-hard, body marked by mouths and hands.

THISTLE

(stroking his cheek with sudden tenderness)

You have given us every gate, every cry, every pulse of mortal heat.

Now we give you the final intimacy.

BRIAR

(kissing his throat)

We shall take you into ourselves completely.

Flesh to flesh, blood to wine, bone to memory.

You shall never be lost again.

They begin to feed. Tearing at his skin to the meat below.. They share pieces between them, kissing the bloody morsels from each other's mouths. As more of him disappears into them, their bodies seem to glow brighter. Wings beat slowly. They speak soft praises between swallows.

THISTLE

How sweet the heart's meat... how rich the mortal wine...

BRIAR

We keep you forever now. Inside us. Inside the wood.

At last Thistle opens his chest with careful fingers and teeth; together they consume the heart while it still beats, sharing the final, hot pulse between their lips. Silence falls. Only the two pixies remain, bellies softly rounded, mouths red, eyes luminous with satisfaction. They curl together upon the moss where the traveller once lay, wings overlapping, and sleep as the first light of false dawn begins to silver the trees.

THISTLE

(softly, already drifting)

He was delicious... and so very thorough.

BRIAR

And now he is ours entirely.

They sleep. The glade returns to stillness. Only a few scraps of cloth and the lingering scent of blood and sex remain to mark the night's work.

FADE TO BLACK.

END