Nymphs in a Wood

On a beautiful day in the middle of August, two game hikers walked through Murton Woods.

They bore hefty backpacks, wore mud covered boots, and were exhausted, dehydrated and just about ready to collapse but damn it, despite of all that or perhaps because of it, they were enjoying themselves.

Both proud athletes with a little masochism in their souls, they goaded each other to see how far they could go, to travel from Offa’s Dyke to Bolton’s Pyke. That hike could be done within in a week but Tom and Sam felt they could do it in four, maybe three days. Oh, they were crazy enough to try.

Tom, was by his own proud admission a philistine, great on the playing field but under the ocean when it came to art. One time he responded to a bemused English teacher’s question with: “Oh George Eliot, now let me see, he was a jazz singer, right?” And even the people who liked him would say “Nice guy, bit thick though.”

Now Sam was a runt, she had the ambition to be a fantastic athlete but fate had instead rendered her scrawny, asthmatic and oddly androgynous. She fought against her tight chest and lack of muscle, forcing herself two hours on a treadmill each day or giving the PE teacher forty when he asked for twenty.

With blisters forming on their soles, sweat rings travelling from their armpits to their shorts, the exhausted pair stumbled upon a stream and finally gave up. Gasping and falling to the ground, they just laid there and wheezed.

“Brilliant,” said a coughing Sam “getting tired Tommy?  
  
“I’m not tired,” spluttered Tom trying to hold his eyes open “But if you’re knackered we’ll give your mum a ring…”

“Balls,” grinned Sam “we’re walking for longer tomorrow.”  
  
They smiled at each other before they sighed and got to work setting up their tents, pulling the strings and shoving the pegs into the earth. That task done, Tom and Sam crawled into their tents and Sam was soon snoring loudly.

Tom despite being utterly exhausted, lay awake thinking about…well stuff.

He thought of his cringeworthy attempts at dating, how the girls he managed to date inevitably turned out to be a little psycho. Like Rita Jones, who had chased him out of her house with a carving knife. Or Donna Davies, who after knowing Tom for five days had said “Oh baby, let’s get married” and had sliced open her wrist when he declined.

Sam’s loud snoring brought Tom’s thoughts to her. She hadn’t dated anybody, probably because she tended to look like a boy who never hit puberty, or maybe it was because of her odd habits that guys stayed away. Heaven knew she acted kind of weird around Tom. Like the time she had invited him over to her place at eleven at night to play some video games. He showed up, kicked her ass and strolled back to his house, glowing in the aftermath of victory. The next day however Sam looked miffed and didn’t talk to him.

And then there was that funny business in France when a drunk and desperate sounding Sam had called Tom at one in the morning begging him to bring a pack of condoms to her room. He grinned and thought of the handsome lad who had cornered her in the bar earlier that night. So of course, he crept to her door, dropped off the box of johnnies, knocked and slunk away. Ah she and her man had a fun time he bet. Except that the next day a hungover Sam once again glared resentfully at him.

Tom yawned, closed his eyes, and was soon snoring as loudly as Sam. Had he stayed awake just for a little longer, he would have heard a few yards from his tent a solid and firm thud. The sound of bare feet stepping on earth.

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Wet dreams? Who doesn’t have them? Tom’s were the stuff typical of a teenage lad.

Being tied to a post and surrounded by hundreds of big breasted women for example was a cherished fantasy of his.

The queer thing was that when Tom awoke the next day, he did indeed find himself naked, tied to a pole and was surrounded by a huge host of gorgeous, naked women.

He felt his dried lips, the moist grass against his skin, the tight rope holding him in place and he knew he didn’t have half a good enough imagination to dream up these details. Which meant what he saw was really happening.

He craned his neck this way and that, guessing he was out in a meadow. Hundreds of women, all stunningly beautiful were frolicking around the area, gorging themselves on fruit from the overhanging trees, swimming and playing in a nearby lake, bathing in the bright sun or unashamedly making love with multiple partners.

It was that last part which had Tom’s dick alert and throbbing for attention.

As he twisted his neck slightly to the left, he saw a naked woman, taller and more regal than the rest, sitting on a wooden throne whilst a pair of silent ladies fanned her with large leaves.

“Hello,” said this apparent Queen “may I welcome you to our neck of the woods.”

She chuckled before twisting an erect nipple and Tom’s own erect dick groaned in need.

“Um hi,” said Tom tugging at his restraints “are these really necessary ma’am?”

“Until we decide what to do with you,” replied the Queen rising and walking towards him.

As she approached, Tom could smell her and oh boy she reeked of spring meadows, fresh hay and strawberries. The poor lad felt he’d just about lose his mind as she knelt over him.

Her harden nipples poked his chest and he felt her hot breath on his neck.

“So, boy,” she whispered, “want me to make you a man?”

Tom was aware of the women gathering around the vicinity. Some licked their lips, others fingered themselves but all eyes were upon him and all smouldered with pure animal lust.

“Um…so,” spluttered Tom trying to think “sorry to be rude but who are you?”

“Well to begin with,” said the Queen “we’re not human. We’re nymphs.”

“Ah,” said Tom checking his mental dictionary “does that mean you’re wood sprites or that you really like sex?”  
  
“A little of both,” the Queen replied

She rose, turned to a shapely red head and in front of everyone there, began making out with her.

Tom whimpered as the red head dropped to her knees and then licked and nibbled at the Queen’s moist fanny, the Queen bit down on her lower lip, trying to remain coy and composed.

“You see child, we’re experts in the ways of the flesh, beyond even the finest whores you care to name. We’re always on the lookout for new recruits and since you’re such a fine specimen, would you care to join our society?”

“Well,” said Tom vaguely recalling a life outside this forest “What would that entitle?”  
  
“Nothing much. Only the simple pleasure of fucking a dozen women every day.”

“And if I um…you know decline.”

Laughter broke out amongst the women, as if anyone could resist them, as if a man would throw away a winning lottery ticket and waddle back to his mundane little life! No, no…

The queen gave a chuckle which seemed uncomfortably like a snarl.

“Ah but who said you had a choice?”

Tom felt a chill brush over him and a cage snap around him. Some vague plans of escape formed in his mind.

A rising commotion broke this stand-off. From a distance screaming was heard along with the steady tramping of feet, and two women, armed with spears soon arrived on the scene. Between them they carried a naked sobbing wretch.

Tom blinked and saw it was Sam, red faced, running eyed and running nosed. On catching sight of Tom, she wailed: “Tom! Help!”

“Bit tied up at the moment,” Tom grimaced.

The two women flung Sam to the ground where she crawled over to Tom and buried herself against his chest.

“Help,” she whispered, “these people they…they seduced me. I couldn’t resist. I don’t know what came over me. I’m so sorry.”

She wept and snaked her arms around his neck.

“Hey, I don’t blame you,” Tom said trying to pretend that they weren’t being observed by an audience of sex crazed hotties “I’d have done them in a heartbeat.”

“I’m sorry,” she muttered “I’m sorry…”

“Hey, what have you got to be sorry about?”

And a hearty laugh resounded from the Queen.

“Oh, isn’t it obvious, you oblivious twit?” she said, “the girl’s feeling guilty because she cheated on you.”  
  
“Huh?” said Tom bewildered “But we’re not…”

A few things then snapped into place, like that time when Sam placed her head on his lap and gazing into his eyes had said “You know Tom, I think you’re the most amazing guy ever.”

Or sometimes when their families weren’t around she’d ask if she could stay over his place and ask if she could sleep in his bed. Tom took that to mean she was lonely and just needed someone to hug.

Or what about that time when she said “Tom, I really like a boy and I um…I want to be his girlfriend but, I just don’t have the courage to say it. So, what should I do?”

“My advice” said Tom “just blurt it out, like tearing off a plaster. Just say ‘I like you.’”

“I like you.”

“Yeah,” said Tom smiling “you should say it like that.”

Oh, wasn’t he a complete tit?

Sam meanwhile wasn’t a total dead weight, her nimble little fingers grabbed the knots behind the pole and Tom felt the ropes give way. As his bonds came loose, he stood up and held the whimpering Sam in his arms.

“We’re leaving,” he stated to the Queen “And I’m taking my friend to a hospital and probably the police and then they’ll come here and shut this whole thing down.”

Laughter.

“Oh,” said the Queen “dear boy, can you honestly resist us?”

She stuck her fingers in her mouth and blew, taking heed of this command the whole community of hot sexy women, hit the ground and began fucking. They licked, sucked and fingered every open hole in their bodies. A fully-fledged orgy had commenced in five seconds flat.

Tom gaped at this majestic wet dream and his dick pleaded and begged to partake of the action but instead he stared into the bright eyes of Sam and the desire to be lame and do what was right won out.

“Tom,” Sam whispered, “I’m really horny.”

“Walk away,” he stated firmly.  
  
She nodded as they crept onwards, trying to block out the moans and screams and avoid every fraying quivering body. Even taking a wrong step and touching naked skin made them shudder. Ah jeez what a wonderful sight it was, just to leap down and join in…

But Tom held Sam’s hand tightly in his and focused on the trees off in the distance where their escape lay, the pair walked slowly at first but then with mounting confidence bounded forwards, pleased that they had conquered their desire and made it a victory of mind over lust.

As they cleared the crowd and plunged into the woods they heard the Queen cry out “Oh how boring!”

Her voice had none of the playful, toying glee but was now short tempered, impatient and dangerous.

The sounds of rope twisting and hundreds of feet stomping the undergrowth clashed around them. Tom and Sam were once again surrounded by the Amazon babes, only now they didn’t seem so pleasant for most of them had spears or arrows drawn and pointed.

Tom held his friend tightly and swallowed in fear when he saw the Queen step from the crowd with anger written all over her face.

“Disgraceful, horrid even!” she spat “Aren’t we good enough for you? Turning us down like that, I’m insulted! And I just loathe it when true love prevails, considering I don’t believe in that tosh, ugh!”

And then something of a miracle happened, one of the large big breasted babes, the shapely red head stepped forward and spoke.

“Excuse me? Your majesty, perhaps I could call in that favour?”

The Queen shot her a look of disgust like a kid who was told to clean her room.

“Yes?” she said trying and failing to conceal her annoyance.

“I like these two,” said the red head “and you’re always telling us that deep down we’re a decent bunch so shouldn’t we show them a little mercy? Plus, there’s that gift we bestow upon deserving visitors…”

The Queen resented her speaking up but anyone could see she had a duty to honour her subjects, and this favour had to be honoured as well. She was beaten and she bloody hated it.

“After all,” the red head continued “the boy would be worn out and die in a couple of weeks and the girl would mop around over her lost love. An orgy doesn’t mend a broken heart.”

“Dead?” panicked Tom “if I joined you, I’d be fucked to death?”

The idea that he could die from his most favourite thing scared the lad and this note of hopelessness pleased the queen. For it meant that a little sadistic power was restored to her.

“Oh alright,” she sighed rolling her eyes, “let’s make their lives perfect.”  
  
“Yay!” cried the red head.

Two women stepped forward, pressing what looked to Tom like wooden flutes to their lips. They blew down on these pipes, and in a flash two tiny red darts shot out, hitting Tom and Sam on their necks. All at once their limbs turned to water, their heads floated off their shoulders and they fell to the floor.

“Every girl,” Tom heard the red head say “deep down wants to be as sexy as us, so let them be I say! Why, they’d die of envy otherwise!”

She then came into Tom’s line of vision, smiling sweetly, perhaps too sweetly given how terrible he felt.

“And a couple of inches never hurt anyone, you handsome hunk.”

Tom felt his own body break out into a cold dizzying sweat. What was happening to him, he didn’t know, but as he cast a concerned glance Sam’s way, his eyes shot out of his head.

Sam’s limbs were being stretched as if her very bones were elastic bands. In a few seconds, she had gone from five feet to something short of Tom’s own height. Her narrow hips had widened too.

Tom tried to scream as his brain couldn’t accept what was being presented. Sam moaned for the sensations were obviously overwhelming her.

In a flash, her wee ass inflated into a soft firm bubble butt and her breasts, non-existent likewise expanded. Rising like loaves in the oven, growing firmer and larger with each beat of her pulse, Tom saw Sam thrash on the ground as if she was torn between an orgasm and being sick.

Her face seemed more beautiful, fuller and sexier, she had gone in half a minute from a scrawny girl to some gorgeous photogenic babe, every inch as sexy as her amazon captors.

The sickness in Tom’s own body got too much for him and he soon lost consciousness.

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It was the steady cranking hum of a tractor a few miles away that eased Tom out of his slumber. The lad smiled recalling his strange dream of Amazon babes in Surrey, opened his eyes and saw the reassuring green nylon of his three-season tent.

Tom yawned, checked the time via his mobile phone and crawled out of his sleeping bag, ready to brush his teeth and cook some beans for breakfast. But he froze when he felt something big and firm hit his legs.

It was his cock.

Only now it was larger.

*A few more inches couldn’t hurt.*

He looked down to confirm the impossible, it had grown longer since yesterday. And as he recalled his dream, the scarier parts came back to him.

Tom hastily unzipped his tent, hurled himself out and stood up straight, gasping as he found he had grown a few inches in height as well.

Impossible, and yet…Sam…she had…hadn’t she?

“Wow!”

Tom coughed and nervously called out “Sam? You okay?”

Out from her tent she sprang, shaking, slightly frightened and yet overjoyed as she gazed down at her naked body.

She was utter perfection, totally sexy, cute and somehow even more appealing than her Amazon captors.

She held up her large breasts, admiring their weight and grace before turning around to show off her large shapely ass which she pinched.

“Incredible,” she said, “when I was little I dreamed about having a body like this!”  
  
She laughed and drove her fingers over her harden abs, and then with a grin flexed a bicep in pride.

“I think I’m going to outlast you now man, I’m fit!”

Tom gaped at her, a butterfly emerging from its cocoon, an awkward kid blossoming into a babe and not understanding why, Tom took a nervous step towards her whilst his better half told him to run away. Sam was too absorbed in exploring her new body to notice him until he brought his lips to hers. The kiss lasted for a good ten seconds and all the time Tom was convinced Sam would break it off, slap him and for years afterwards he’d cringe in embarrassment. But when he drew back, he saw Sam’s eyes swell with tears and she gave a goofy grin.

“Finally!” she said, “Oh Tom you…you…”

She grabbed him hungrily and kissed him right back.

Tom was a little self-conscious over his boner digging into her hip but Sam’s trembling hand rubbed it up and down, assuring him she loved it.

“Sorry,” Tom muttered.

“For what?”

“For not getting it into my head that you liked me.”

“Oh,” she flung the concern away with a flick of her wrist “we’re all like that, what matters is that it all worked out in the end huh?”

“Yeah but I kinda wish you were scrawny again.”

“Why?” she asked as she kissed his cheek “I rather like being beautiful.”

“Yeah but did you ever hear about this rich couple who went bankrupt and were overjoyed because it meant they could marry each other and prove it wasn’t about the money?”

Sam bit his earlobe.

“Tom, I’d like you if you were 400 pounds’ overweight and had a tiny willy but…”

She grabbed his dick.

“…I prefer you built like a stallion you know. Far sexier.”

Tugging on his cock Sam led him into her tent where she lay on her back and spread open her legs. She gently rubbed herself, blushing like crazy.

“Care to join me?”

A nervous Tom knelt in front of her and gently eased his cock past the moist barrier of her labia. Sam purred.

“Are you okay?” asked Tom a little worried “I’m not hurting you, am I?”

“No,” Sam smiled in utter contentment “I’m just so happy.”

Tom felt something jump in his chest. He let his tongue travel all around her wondrous body.

He gawked at her precious, pendulous tits. Creamy, pink, large, soft and firm. His mouth latched onto one big boob and began gently nibbling and sucking. Sam slowly exhaled and pulling Tom by his hair, brought his mouth to hers. He wrapped his arms around her back and pushed her down against his dick, this time filling up her pussy all the way. She broke off the kiss and gave a loud slow moan like a fog horn.

“Too much,” she gasped.

Tom increased his pace but didn’t forget to give Sam care and tenderness, tickling and caressing her. She sweated, a gentle sheen covered her skin. He marvelled on how wet she was and snarled as she clenched her muscles around his cock.

It was golden, it was incredible.

Sam pulled a silly expression so typical of her, letting him know that she was still Sam, Sam in her Samness, his friend, his confidant, a girl he had known for so long and yet…

Something popped in his chest, some emotion that overloaded whatever lust boiled in his loins. He passionately kissed her before doubling his efforts.

He was almost there as his free hand massaged her labia, forcing more moans, making her dig her toes into the ground. Her pussy tightly clamped around his cock when he shoved into her one final time.

He…was…almost…yes!

The volcano erupted and his seed shot out into her fanny. She screamed, gripping his body as the pleasure was too much.

How long did it last? Lying there, just letting the lust pass over them in complete satisfaction? Did it matter? What really mattered was the emotion swelling in his heart. His head cleared, Tom looked at Sam, who was to him at that moment the most wonderful person in the world.

“Sam,” said Tom aware of the tears in his eyes.

She was crying too. She pulled him close to her, and they just held each other, never wanting the moment to end.

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Sometime later Tom and Sam walked across the fields towards the hamlet of Kittle, occasionally having a quick peck on the lips, or squeezing each other’s hands. Sam wore Tom’s t-shirt and trunks, they didn’t fit so well but her old clothes were naturally too small for her.

The pair didn’t know it but they had been watched the whole time by eyes not entirely human.

Let’s say that what lives in Murton Woods isn’t entirely benign and Sam and Tom, were lucky to have escaped with their lives.

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