

Confession of a Forest Nymph

By

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Oh Sacred Tree of Wisdom, I plead with you this morning for guidance and deliverance.

My name is Neve. I'm a young Nymph in desperate need of your quiet insight. I will spare no detail nor hide any feeling as I reveal my troubled story.

Since you have no eyes to see the physical world, I will describe myself to you. My glittering skin is as green as the greenest grass. My big eyes and plump lips are as pink as stargazer lilies. My tiny nose is pointed and my long ears are twisted. My curly hair is rose red and reaches to the crack of my butt. At five inches, I'm tall for my age, with long sleek legs and a petite bubble bottom. My chest is dominated by two mounds of soft flesh, topped with itsy-bitsy pink nipples. Each of my sizable breasts is usually wrapped in a bit of orange tulip petal, same as my nether regions, which matches my sparkling tangerine butterfly wings. Besides my scanty bra and panties, I wear a shard of rose quartz in a tangle of vine, tight around my neck. It was a gift from my nurturers for my sixteenth moon of life. The gleaming choker signifies that I'm now of ripe age for mating. The celebration was two nights past.

It was the day after that my dilemma commenced. I hugged my nurturers goodbye, then gave my two younger sisters a kiss so full of passion that we nearly returned to bed. They wept and sniffled as I flew away and it stung my heart with thorns to leave them.

I followed the bubbling creek out of our village with plans to visit the neighboring village of Nymphs to seek out a mate. It was the first time I'd ever left our patch of woods. I was glowing with excitement.

I was gliding on a spring breeze some time later, enjoying the melodic birdsong and the mellisonant humming of dragonflies when I came upon what I had thought was a Nymph from the neighboring village. She was fully grown at six inches, with heavy firm breasts and well-defined muscles. Her glittering skin was topaz, her shoulder-length hair dark green, her almond-shaped eyes silver, her tan lips puckered, and her sparkling butterfly wings were violet. She was alluring in a way unlike my little sisters. So strong and graceful. Stunningly beautiful.

She was floating upon the blue water, drifting lazily through the forest, sunbathing in the nude, while also caressing her sensitive button. Her legs spread wide, petals of her flower peeled back to reveal her pink center, she was biting her lower lip and moaning. The sight of her touching herself was fascinating and enticing.

I dove in an excited twirl to meet my first new friend from outside my home, leaving a trail of rainbow sparkles in my wake.

I squeaked, "Good morning! My name is Neve!"

As she fluttered to her feet to stand on the surface of the glistening water, she looked at me like a hungry Gnome does a fresh licorice root. "I am Fayettea." Her demulcent voice was low-toned, another octave lower and it would be considered masculine. "You my sweet precious are still untouched, are you not?"

I stepped down onto the flowing water before her. "Yes, my maturity celebration was just last night. Are there any available males in your village?"

Fayettea strolled around me, looking me up and down, and I got a good peek at her thick rump. It looked as if she could crack acorns between her cheeks.

She replied, "I know a man that would love to meet you, but he isn't from any village."

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It was then that I realized with a gasp and a jolt that she was a Pixie, a feral Faerie without clothes or customs or culture. My nurturers warned me about them, but I hadn't believed them to be real. My instincts told me to fly away as quickly as my wings could carry me, but I was frozen with terror as well as intrigue.

I blurted, "You're a Pixie!"

A confirming grin tugged at the corners of her lips. "The way you tremble at my presence is absolutely adorable. If you taste as good as you look, I'll take you to my man friend."

I wasn't sure what she meant, so with quivering lips, I asked, "What do you mean if I *taste good*?"

She gazed deep into my soul, enchanting me with a hunger that caused my flower to heat and tingle and ooze. She stepped around me and gave my shoulders a gentle massage that relieved all the tension that had arose when I realized she was a Pixie. She dragged her warm tongue along the full length of one ear, and my eyes rolled back and my nipples tightened with desire.

Fayettea whispered, "I mean the orgasmic ambrosia of your tiny cherubic pussy."

This word was new to me. I had always known my vagina as my flower.

Fayettea tore off my top and clutched my breasts, squeezing and mashing them together, as she sucked wet kisses up and down my neck. Her touch was a puissant aphrodisiac. Heat rolled through me. My knees shook and my wings jittered. I moaned with need.

She replied to my soft moaning with voracious groans as she nipped my neck and pinched and pulled my nipples. The prickling pain was a new sensation that caused me to winch even though I enjoyed it ever so much.

I reached behind me and gripped her rump, giving it an embrace. It was so firm in comparison to my sisters' downy bottoms. I was surprised by my craving to kiss and bite her cheeks.

Her hands squeezed and scratched their way down to my panties, and tore them off. I was completely naked. I'd never been nude anywhere outside the hollow log that was my home. It was exhilarating.

One fingertip rubbed softly pressured circles over my sensitive button, sending tingles throughout my body and driving a heavy moan from my throat. Another finger squirmed into my creamy depths and I squealed in delight.

I had never been intimate with anyone besides my sisters, and we used only our tongues to pleasure each other. Never had I been penetrated in any way. That was reserved for a mate. I had tread onto forbidden ground and had no thought of halting my descent into such a wanton and licentious rhapsody.

I craned my head around and parted my lips for a kiss. Fayettea's lips sealed over mine at once. Her smooth tongue darted in and swirled around mine. She tasted like morning dew off a viola petal. I was suddenly parched and couldn't get enough of her succulent mouth. I wanted to drink her in, every ounce of her. I sucked fierce at her tongue, thirstily swallowing her tasty spittle.

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As we kissed deep and ardent, I whirled my hips, grinding my bottom against her flower, and she kissed me even more fervently, her bosom heaving against my jittering wings.

Without warning, she spun me around and pushed me to the surface of the water. Any more force and I would have broken the skin and been dunked. Grasping my legs, she spread them wide in a split, then fell atop me. One palm clutching my throat, she choked me. With the other she slapped my face, back and forth, stinging my cheeks. She smacked her flower against mine, again and again, as she choked and slapped me. I was so confused, gasping and crying and moaning all at once.

Finally, she released my throat and ceased slapping me. Fayetteta shouted, "You like it when Mommy disciplines you?! Tell Mommy you do, you little slut!"

I cried hard, "Yes, Mommy! I like it! I like it when you discipline me!"

"That's Mommy's good little slut." With one hand she squeezed my jaws apart and spit into my mouth, before kissing me with carnal vigor. She then slid down and fiercely nursed my breasts. Fondling them as she suckled, stroked her tongue over my nipples, then nibbled them harsh enough to draw cries from my lips.

My tiny nub was throbbing. I pleaded, "Please, Mommy! Kiss my flower!"

Fayetteta growled, "Mommy's going to gobble up your tiny pussy!"

Her tongue slowly slithered a winding path down my flat belly, paused a moment to tease my bellybutton, then skimmed down to my little mound. She mauled my flower with her mouth, moaning and groaning and panting as she sucked my sensitive button and jabbed her tongue inside me. Her hands groped my cheeks roughly, squeezing and splaying them apart. She was luna with lust!

I was completely enraptured, my fingers kneading her hair, my toes curling and uncurling, my wings beating the surface of the water. "Yes, Mommy, yes!"

She lunged into the air and came down atop me, knees on my shoulders, her flower pressed to my lips. She reached back and worked a slender finger inside me, stroking an unbelievably erogenous spot. With her other hand, she fisted my hair, pulling my head forward as she rolled her hips, humping my mouth.

Fayetteta growled, "Lick Mommy's pussy!"

I opened my mouth and lapped at her grinding and gyrating flower, my tongue swiping deep inside her.

Fayetteta groaned, "Mommy's pussy tastes great, doesn't it?"

I mumbled against her flower. "Yes, Mommy." And it was the truth. I wanted more of her sweet juices. I wanted to fill my belly!

I licked and licked and licked until Fayetteta crawled forward onto her hands and knees and looked back over her shoulder. "Now finger Mommy's pussy while you eat Mommy's ass."

I turned over, taking notice of a great school of guppies swirling below us in a rainbow vortex, and gingerly dabbed my tongue at her rosebud as I carefully slid a finger into the burning center of her juicy flower.

Reaching back with one hand, Fayetteta clutched my hair and shoved my face between her thick cheeks. "Dig your tongue in there deep, and cram three fingers in Mommy's pussy!"

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Jabbing my tongue into her rosebud was a newfound pleasure more salacious than I could have ever imagined. Her rosebud secreted a cream thicker and more potent than her flower but just as delicious. I gouged her tasty hole with a desperate gluttony as I corkscrewed three fingers into her flower. I cursed myself for never tasting my sisters' rosebuds.

Fayetta rolled over, still fisting my hair, and I was pulled onto my back. She dove forward, burying her face between my legs, attacking my flower with her ravenous mouth. I grasped her cheeks and laved her flower with the same lustful zeal. It was my sisters' favorite position. I often awoke to find them having fallen asleep like that, their little mouths drooling into each other's flowers. They looked so cute like that. It always gave me a giggle.

My bliss was so great I don't know how much time passed before Fayetta fluttered into the air, spun around, and came down atop me again. She kissed me rough as she burrowed two fingers inside me. I would have screamed with surprise if she weren't sucking my tongue like she wanted to swallow it.

After the initial shock passed of having two fingers stretching my taut insides, I pressed three fingers inside Fayetta. She used the thumb of the same hand she fingered me with to rub my nub, and I followed her example. The elation of her possessive kisses and her expertly working fingers was a glorious heaven.

Guppies leapt from the creek attempting to follow us as we took to the air. Our bodies entwined, wings fluttering madly, we flitted up and down and here and there and upside down in an ecstatic dance of wild euphoria. Colorful birds of every kind swooped around us chirping merrily. Then as our joined climax was fast approaching, we twirled up and up and up, plunging beyond the forest canopy, leaving a twisting trail of rainbow sparkles below us, until finally we both cried with joy as a burst of brilliant light, warm like the first rays of sunrise on a winter morning, filled us with surging shivers of bliss.

Cooing into each other's kissing mouths, gently fondling each other's breasts and bottoms, we slowly floated down to the surface of the creek like a falling feather. And I felt as light as one too.

Laying atop me, Fayetta nuzzled her flower against mine as we kissed slow and delicate. This carried on and on and on until the creek spilled us over a waterfall and we splashed below the surface of the cool water.

With a wave of her hand, Fayetta signaled me to follow her. Bubbles trailed from our nostrils as we swam up behind the waterfall into a grotto. A green luminescent moss carpeted the floor, walls, and ceiling, as well as a pool of water at the center. An inviting bed of dove feathers blanketed with a rabbit fur eclipsed the hideaway and partially obscured the entrance of a descending Gnome tunnel. A white-spotted red mushroom cap, with a few bites missing, sat beside the bed, along with a heap of sticky blackberries, my favorite food, which gave the air a sweet scent. A bow, a quiver of arrows, and a dagger rested against one wall. I'd never heard of a Faerie crafting or using any weapons. We only eat vegetation. And the dire implications sent a chill up my spine.

A bow and arrow is an Elf's weapon of choice, and I'd been warned that Elves *eat* Faeries!

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