

New Nymph (Dryad TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Leonard is hiking in the forest with his friend Jason when suddenly he is chosen by the forest to spread nature's gift . . . by becoming a beautiful wood nymph. Unfortunately for the new dryad, she can spread nature's beauty, but needs to 'recharge' her power constantly. And such a 'recharge' requires a lot of passion with her best friend.

New Nymph

I was in fits of ecstasy as I wrapped my legs around my best friend and held on tight. His lips were on my left nipple, and the movement of his tongue around my areola made me moan and gasp in delight. I could barely believe what I was doing, but I really, really needed a 'recharge,' and this was the only way to do it.

"D-don't stop! Keep going! F-fuck me, Jason! Fuck meee!"

He thrust into me, harder. My womanhood was slick, squeezing him tightly, holding on for dear life as he exited almost the entire way before ramming back in. It was alien. It was foreign. It was so damn wrong and yet *perfect beyond belief*. I couldn't escape the feeling that this was part of my purpose now, and I embraced that during the act, squealing in a high, sensual voice. My power reached out, increasing his virility. Jason was already pretty damn hung - who knew, right? - but my power also made him able to keep in the game for longer, to bring me to the point of ecstasy as he fucked me on the bare ground of a dying forest.

"N-nearly there! I can f-feel it! Jason! Ohhhhhh, yesssss! YES! YESSS!"

I came. So did he. I could feel his jizz streaming into me, warm and magnificent, the power of the sexual act bringing my new magic to its full. The orgasms hit me like a goddamn freight train, and I cried out in pleasure as they quaked within me. I could not contain them, and I did not want to. The euphoria spread, bursting from me like roots from a seed, and what an appropriate metaphor that was, because suddenly the grass *exploded* from the dry ground, rising up lush and beautiful in an ever-expanding circle around me. The deadened trees were restored to life. Leaves manifested, and hanging fruits as well. Fertility and life were everywhere in a wide arc around us, and it was all thanks to our act.

Jason collapsed on top of me, and I couldn't help but stroke his hair as he laid his head upon my very large chest.

"Wow, that was something else," he finally said.

"Goddamn, yeah," I replied. "I think that was our biggest one yet."

"Sorry, I know this is kinda weird to say, but you are just so goddamn hot."

I smiled a little before biting my lip. "It's okay. It is weird, but I get it. If I were in your position I'd never get over having sex with a body like mine."

"You do make one hell of a woman, Leo."

"I'm Lyra now, remember? And besides, I'm not entirely a woman. I'm a nymph. A dryad."

He raised his head and looked at me. His eyes were blue. Mine had been too, but now they were an almost magical, emerald green. I tried not to . . . feel things when I looked at him. So far the sex was just out of necessity, but the way he looked at me . . .

Jason looked away, scratched his blonde hair, and rose. He extracted himself from me, which made me coo a little, and this caused more flowers to open around us. We were literally surrounded by a beautiful flower garden created by the act of our sex.

"We better get dressed," he said. "Do you feel recharged?"

"Absolutely," I replied. "More than ever. Jesus, that thing you did to my nipples, after you cupped my tits."

He blushed, looking at my massive chest. I was very much endowed.

"Well, I couldn't help myself. Sorry."

Now it was my turn to blush. "Don't be. I mean, if I really am stuck as a crazy hot nymph woman who needs to have sex to live and spread nature, I want the sex to be *good*, right?"

He nodded, a little uncertain. "I just feel bad about it sometimes. I mean, your entire life has changed. I still can't believe the forest chose you to become a nymph. A dryad. Whatever. I mean, I didn't even know forests could choose. I didn't even know nymphs and dryads and magic were a thing. I mean, it's just not fair to you! You didn't even get a choice!"

I began putting my clothing back on. It wasn't really clothing, per se. As a forest nymph, I couldn't wear proper human clothing. I'd discovered that to my chagrin several weeks ago, when I'd first changed. But I *could* use my magic to bloom and weave flowers and leaves and roots together. So far, the most I could really wear was a sort of flowery loincloth and bra or wrap. My midriff was always exposed, as were my hips, my legs, much of the upper half of my bust, and all that. It was embarrassing at first, but I was honestly fairly used to it for now. As a nymph, I didn't get cold, even when it was dark and stormy. The water *nourished* me, in fact, almost as much as sex. And wearing less felt . . . natural. In fact, when Jason wasn't visiting me, I often go naked, wandering through the woods, merging with the trees and simply . . . *existing* within them, nestled magically in their trunks like the old Greek myths. I sing with the birds, and while I'm too embarrassed to do so around my best friend, I can't deny that my voice really is *gorgeous*. There's a freedom to leaving behind all these other concerns of life - money, occupation, the endless grind of it all

- and simply being a magical being of nature. I don't even mind the green skin or the way the flowers bloom in my hair. It's rather beautiful, in fact, even if it's still a lot to take in.

I put my clothes back on and stood, placing my hands on my rather generous hips as I stared up at Jason. I used to be taller than him.

"Hey, it's okay," I said. "I'm still coming to terms with a lot of this, and I wish I'd gotten a choice, but it's not all bad. And like I said, the sex really is lovely, Jason."

"Really? Wow, Leonard - er, I mean, Lyra - that's damn good to hear. I feel guilty, coming up here. I mean, I know you *need* it, but you don't need to have sex with me. You could have sex with anyone."

"I don't want anyone," I said. "I want it to be *you*. If I have to be a forest nymph, if I have to heal this place and regrow it, then I want it to be with my friend. I'd rather that than a stranger. And . . . I don't mind it. Really, I don't. I mean, look at this field of flowers we just created together?"

I gestured out with my green arm at the beauty that had spread following our act.

"It really is quite something," Jason admitted, staring at what we had created.

"It is," I said. "It really is. Come." I took the daring leap of taking his arm, and began to pull him away. I knew his gaze was immediately upon my body, and I didn't care. Not even when I knew he could see down my top and appreciate my jiggling chest. I was a forest nymph, after all. A beautiful dryad. A creature of note. And I was sick of being ashamed of it, or embarrassed about it.

"Let me show you the most amazing waterfall," I said. "We can go for a swim."

"Oh . . . okay," he said, as I tugged him along.

I'd get naked, of course. The feeling of the water nourishing my green skin was too much to resist. It would catch Jason's eye too, and part of me liked the idea of teasing him. This body literally couldn't turn the sexy off, from my swaying hips to my bouncing breasts to my sultry voice to my strong need to bring life in all its reproductive glory into being. What was a little swim between friends? And besides, I'd want another recharge by that point, and my magic would keep my friend virile. He really did have quite an amazing cock, and thankfully my needs had really flipped my interests. He wasn't the only one staring at his friend's body. Apparently, shoulders and forearms really were just that hot to a woman, even one who used to be a guy.

And who knows? Perhaps, after everything, we could be more than friends. Who wouldn't want a hot, nymphomaniac nymph as a girlfriend anyway?

The End