

My Irish Nymph

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A young nymph searches for her other half.

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This is dedicated to my Irishgirl, and may not be as erotic as you are used to but it really is just a story for my dear girl. But I hope you like. There was once a wood nymph that lived in the forest of the land of snow-capped mountains and sheep. She would fly through the trees beating her insect wings as fast as she could try to escape a terrible loneliness. She watched the humans coupling, clutching at each other as if trying to become one. She came to enjoy watching the humans "fucking" as she found out the term was, but quickly was bored and was still terribly lonely. Then one day she came upon a camp with half the men and women smiling even though they were tied naked to trees and the other half clad in dark animal skins smiling as well as they struck their partners with sticks and leather tails. She was so fascinated she transformed into a human girl covered in leather. Working her magic on the humans they welcomed her as an old friend showing her how to work the tails, called whips and floggers, she never had more fun in her life but she still felt lonely as she whipped the beautiful humans, even when she allowed herself to be whipped she felt lonely even though she loved the sensation. Being thrilled at her discovery but still sad she went to the forest mother, the matriarch of the wood nymphs. Asking her why she could not shake her loneliness. The mother of the forest told her she was a half-soul and in order to escape her loneliness she must find her other half. "But where should I start looking?" she pleaded. "The world is so big." The forest mother told her the emerald islands north of the fog island far to the east of the smoke covered hills and crystal towers and across the great pond. Without delay the young nymph set out, beating her wings as hard as she could, she slept on the petals of flowers, the leaves of trees and in the wool of sheep for the first month sleeping only a few hours every night compelled by her loneliness and her love. And then she came upon some great metal tracks with a great metal snake moving faster than she could fly. She clung to the top of one traveling quickly through the sea of golden grass and under the smoke covered hills coming to the land of crystal towers. She took her human form and feeling tired she stopped a small tavern but noticed the female bartender was flirting with her. Feeling the stress of her travels she allowed herself to be taken to bed by the pretty bartender. The bartender was amazing in bed showing the young nymph the heights of pleasure but yet the nymph was still very lonely. She asked the bartender what the fastest way to get to the emerald islands were. The bartender brought her to a place called an "airport" telling her this way she the young nymph could get to her destination in hours

rather than months. The young nymph thanked her by showing her true form and flying up her skirt, bathing in her wetness till she heard the woman scream in pleasure. Now covered in wetness she rode to the emerald islands in the belly of a great metal bird having "charmed" and blown her way abroad. She began her searching sleeping with the beautiful, pale women and men of the islands, but still not finding her second half she became distraught and fled into the woods weeping into a small pond, the forest mother's face appeared to her in the water comforting her, asking her what was wrong. The nymph replied, "I have been searching among the humans here for weeks; I have gone to bed with as many of them since I've gotten here." The forest mother chuckled to herself before telling her that her second half is another nymph that often takes the form of a dark cougar. Reinvigorated she began searching the forest for the cougar nymph. She searched everywhere, asking the woodland creatures where she could find her. They sent her to the leprechaun village, where she asked every leprechaun until finally one sent her deep to a remote pond in the woods where the dark cougar had been spotted. Flying to the pond, she watched it from a distance as a dark cougar drank from the pond before jumping and emerging from it as the most beautiful nymph she had ever seen with delicate green wings and dark hair. She flew to the beautiful nymph as if drawn by a magnet and tackled the nymph; kissing her all over her face, she took the dark nymph by pure surprise. She fought the young nymph off as she demanded answers from the young nymph, demanded to know who she was and why she had tackled her. The young nymph looking down, embarrassed, and explained that she had travelled for nearly two months to find the second half of her soul and had been sent by the mother of her forest to the dark nymph. The dark nymph felt her icy heart melt and her centre moisten as she listened to the young nymph's story and felt herself wanting to tie the young nymph up and fuck her as she listened to the young nymph telling her about the countless men and women she had shared a bed with in her travels. At the end of the story the dark nymph grabbed the young nymph by her hair roughly and kissed her deeply and finally they both felt whole.