

Seduction In The Woods

By Scarlett Thunder

[Pink Sky Press](#)

Copyright © 2013 Scarlett Thunder

Cover Art by James Caldwell @ [The Digital Hook](#)

Smashwords Edition

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

Thank you for downloading this free ebook. Although this is a free book, it remains the copyrighted property of the author, and may not be reproduced, copied and distributed for commercial or non-commercial purposes. If you enjoyed this book, please encourage your friends to download their own copy at [Smashwords.com](#), where they can also discover other works by this author. Thank you for your support.

* * * * *

The Legend of Leshy

Leshy is a legendary creature who is the protector of the forest and animals. Thought to appear as a tall man but able to change his size and shapeshift into different forms. His hair is made of living grass and vines, and in some instances, he has been said to have a tail, hooves, and horns. His bright green eyes seem to glow against his pale white skin. His cheeks sometime appear blue because his blood is blue, and he is said to have no shadow. At times, he carries a club and is accompanied by a gray wolf.

Leshy is mischievous but not evil. Leshy likes to play tricks on people in the woods, leading them astray, hiding the axes of woodcutters, and even kidnapping young women. If Leshy crosses one's path, he/she will become lost in the woods. Should one ever encounter Leshy, he/she must turn all clothing inside out and backward, and place his/her shoes on opposite feet to thwart Leshy and find his/her way out of the woods.

"Ivyyyy..."

There was that voice again. Was she imagining it, or was it real? The eerie voice whispered through the night air and sent a shiver slithering down her spine. She didn't like being out, alone, in the dense woods at night, but it had been unavoidable.

After rounding up the last of the cows that had broken free from the fence earlier in the day, she'd been tired. It had taken her most of the morning to patch the fence and all afternoon to locate the last two escapees. She had made the mistake of indulging in a quick nap under the blue sky, one of her favorite things to do, but the afternoon doze had turned into a marathon.

Her horse had wandered off while she'd slept through the daylight hours, and she couldn't leave the beloved animal to fend for itself. As her name floated through the air again, she began questioning the wisdom of that decision.

"W-Who's there?" She asked quietly, praying that no one would answer. She was known for her over-active brain, and hoped that her mind was simply playing tricks on her...the alternative was too scary to entertain.

She stumbled over a twig camouflaged by the thick cover of autumn leaves.

"Careful, Ivy."

She spun in slow circles as if searching the gentle breeze for the source of the words. "Please stop. You are scaring me."

Next time, she'd leave the damned horse to fend for itself until morning, but she knew that was a lie. She was a lover of all things furry, and had never been able to idly watch an animal suffer.

"It was not my intent to scare you."

Her breath whooshed from her lungs when she saw the outline of a huge man with glowing green eyes that appeared out of thin air in front of her. "Who are you?" Her voice croaked then squeaked while her hands opened and closed in nervous agitation.

"I'm Leshy. Surely you've heard of me?" He chuckled.

The sound of his chuckle embraced her, making her feel warm and alive, draining some of the fear and apprehension from her taut body. But how was that possible? She had heard the stories of Leshy, the shapeshifting protector of the forest and animals. But she always thought Leshy to be a myth, not real.

He stepped closer and she sucked in a deep breath as she saw his features up close. He was pale as the moon, had sharp, angular cheek bones, a straight nose, full lips, and a beard that looked like living, moving vines growing from his face. He was muscular and smelled like the air before a thunderstorm.

"I-I have heard of you, but thought of you only as a tale, nothing real. What do you want, and how do you know my name?"

"Ah, Ivy. I know everyone's name who enters my home. As to what I want? That is simple. I want you. I am bored this night, and it has been a long time since I have had a woman."

Her stomach churned in fear, but then he came closer, and his eyes glowed brighter which seemed to bathe her in a tide of calm and acceptance of what he was asking of her. She couldn't deny that he was a beautiful sight, that she was fascinated by this fairy-tale-creature-come-to-life, but could she have sex with him? His eyes dimmed then grew brighter again. Yes. She could.

He reached out and pushed her jacket from her shoulders. Then he slid one long fingernail up the middle of her shirt, ripping the fabric as he went along until he had torn the garment in half. She gasped, but stood still for him as he did the same to her bra. With her breasts exposed to him, he licked his lips.

"Take off the rest of your clothes."

For some reason, she automatically began doing as he'd commanded. When she had everything off but her underwear, he stopped her before she pulled them over her legs. He reached behind her head, twisted his fingers in her hair, and brought her up against his chest. She gasped, but the sound was cut short when his mouth slammed over hers. She knew she should be cold, standing nearly nude in the cool night, but his body heat kept her toasty warm.

She moaned when his tongue pushed her lips apart and dove deep into her mouth. She felt as if she were drunk and swayed under the onslaught of his kiss. His other hand stroked down over her breast then lower over her hip. When he reached her silky underwear, he ripped them from her body before tumbling her backward to the soft, forest floor. The action broke their kiss, and she looked up into his green eyes once again as he guided her hand to his groin.

He was fully erect, and bigger than any man she'd been with. Her pussy clenched in response when she thought of how much he'd stretch and fill her. Wetness wept from her and coated the insides of her thighs. She unfastened his pants, and his huge cock sprang into her hand, hot and hard. When the thought of why she was doing this edged into her mind, his eyes glowed bright once again, and her focus turned again to him, and the pleasure she instinctively knew he'd bring her.

She stroked him with slow, long strokes, and he growled. He gripped her thighs just behind her knees and pushed them apart and up toward her shoulders as he dipped his head to her sopping cunt. She cried out and buried her fingers in his hair when his teeth scraped her swollen clit.

"You taste good, Ivy," He purred against her labia before pushing his tongue deep inside her. "I think I could eat you all night long."

She arched up as his tongue stabbed deeper then stroked her before he nipped and pulled at her lips. She moaned and writhed against him as he fucked her with his tongue then screamed out when he fastened his mouth over her clit and sucked and licked mercilessly until she came. Before the spasms of her inner muscles had time to stop, he flipped her over on her stomach, pulled her up on her knees and drove his rock-hard cock into her pleasure-swollen hole. The juices of her orgasm eased his passage...to a point.

He stretched her to the point of pain and she gritted her teeth while her body acclimated to his invasion. She cried out as her eyes flew wide when he pumped in and out of her in three fast strokes. Her muscles clenched around him as if trying to pull him back inside during each retreat. He turned her head to the side so she could look into the glowing, green depths of his eyes again, and as before, a soothing calm washed through her as her body gave over to his cock that was now pounding into her.

"So tight, Ivy. I couldn't have chosen better," Leshy groaned as he filled her again. "I wonder though, how much tighter and better my cock would feel here." She moaned when he circled the rim of her anus with his finger.

He continued pushing in and out of her pussy, but also didn't stop rimming her ass. He spit on the hole that was no doubt exposed to him fully since he now spread her cheeks wide with his hands, and her hips bucked in invitation. She still didn't understand why she was having sex with a creature she never knew existed, a creature she'd never laid eyes on until today but her body didn't seem to care about those details at the moment. Leshy knew how to fuck, she couldn't deny that, and it had been a long time for her.

She closed her eyes, rested her forehead against her forearms that were cushioned by the bed of fall leaves on the ground, and gave her body over to the pleasure Leshy was giving her. Within seconds, her inner muscles clenched around him and her scream echoed through the night as she came. He continued plowing through the waves of her orgasm, never relenting, wringing every single drop of sensation her body was capable of.

Just as he slowed his rhythm, and she began to relax in euphoric bliss, he slid from her drenched pussy and began inching into her ass. The pain made her jaw clench, and when she tried to protest, he simply fixed his glowing, green eyes on her once again. He nudged her knees a bit wider, then slid all the way inside her. She could feel the tickling of his pubic hair against her cheeks, but more than that, the pain began turning into something else.

"Fuck!" She cried out when he pulled almost free of her before ramming back home.

"Yes. That is exactly what I'm doing, Ivy. I'm fucking your deliciously tight ass." He pulled out then drove in up to his balls. "Can you feel that? Can you feel the way you stretch around my cock?"

"God, yes! It feels... It feels..." There were no words to describe how good it felt. Everything she thought of seemed lacking in description of what Leshy was doing to her.

"It feels sublime and carnal. It's what you were made for, Ivy. You were made to fit my cock perfectly." He grunted as he increased his rhythm.

His hips slammed against her again and again, the slapping of their bodies resounding through the still night air. He reached under her, and circled her clit with his finger before applying a delicate pressure to it. Within moments, she screamed out as her pussy contracted into climax again. Her muscles clenched so tightly, he had to push harder to get past the spasms. A minute later, a guttural groan came from Leshy, and hot liquid filled her ass. When he pulled out, she could feel his cum sliding out of her asshole and down along her thighs.

She fell to the ground in a satiated heap when Leshy stood. She squinted up at him and watched as he tucked his enormous cock back into his pants and stared down at her.

"Thank you, Ivy. If you would ever like to repeat what we just did, all you have to do is come here and whisper my name." His eyes glowed again. "Don't take too long to come back." She nodded, and he started to walk away. "When you get dressed, put your clothes on inside out and backwards," He said over his shoulder. As he got further away, she barely made out, "And put your shoes on opposite feet. Do this or you'll never make it home."

As she laid there in the silence pondering what had just happened, the chill air raised goose bumps on her skin. She was getting cold without Leshy pressed against her. Leshy. Had this really happened or had she imagined the whole thing? Maybe her horse hadn't wandered off. Maybe she'd fallen, hit her head, and hallucinated the whole thing.

She looked down at her nude body, and groaned at the sticky evidence of her and Leshy's encounter. She smiled as she got dressed exactly as he had instructed, or as close to exactly she could manage with her ripped clothing. Damn but that had been the best sex she'd ever had. Just as she finished getting her second boot on, on the wrong foot, of course, Gypsy nickered at her.

She went to the horse and patted her head happy to see that the bridle and saddle were still intact. As she climbed on Gypsy's back, she wondered if she'd return to these woods. How could she not come back? Who in their right mind would walk away from a chance to have more sex like that? She clicked Gypsy into a trot and headed for home, grinning the whole way as she thought about her next encounter with Leshy.

The End

###

Coming Soon

Snatched Into The Sea

by Tempest Rose

Release Date: November 26, 2013

Available Now

Snatched From The Midnight Shift

by Scarlett Thunder

Connect with us Online

[Facebook](#)

[Pink Sky Press](#)

Email us at

pinkskypresserotica@gmail.com