

Chasing Willow

t'Sade

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Rain crashed into the small clearing in the forest. It pounded with a senseless fury that shoved the leaves down; the trees appeared to huddle together and against themselves to avoid the harsh, biting rain. Above, dark clouds boiled across the sky, flicking with the lightning as they glared angrily down. Little wind rustled through the trees, just the constant roar of falling water splashing off battered leaves.

The south side of the clearing burst open as a naked woman fell into the clearing. She looked around with wide, frightened eyes as she tried to push herself up in the thick mud. Her dark brown hair was plastered black against her shoulders. Thick streaks of mud crossed her skin, almost hiding the tiny scratches that covered her chest and legs.

A half-strangled sob fell out of her mouth as she slipped and fell face first into the mud. Her whimper was unheard in the rain, but she started to move as soon as she caught her breath.

Along her back, red lines bled slowly, signs of being whipped with something hard. A large bruise was forming near the small of her back, its tendrils reaching almost to her shoulder blades as she struggled to push herself up. Burned into one shoulder was a slave brand; blood oozed out of the healing wound, fading in the water that poured down her body.

She managed to push herself up and stumble across the clearing, ignoring the sharp rocks that pierced her feet. She was already trailing blood behind her.

A thick howl pierced through the storm and she looked up sharply. Fear and terror glowed in her eyes as she gasped for breath.

Water sluiced down her naked skin, pushing away the thick mud to reveal her nakedness once against the cool rain.

Her breasts were firm, tipped with rounded nipples standing hard against the cold. Below, muscles flexed under soft skin. Between her legs, a small patch of brown hair continued to cling to a few scraps of mud, resisting the water that poured against them.

Along her left hip, right above the point of the bone, a tattoo burned into her senses. The lines were puffy and red, signs she had it less than a week. In only a few places was there color, they stop abruptly in mid pattern in a cut of a needle being torn out.

Another howl broke her position. Her hair whipped in the air as she looked for another path. Spying a brief niche in the wall of trees, she scrambled for it. A faint trail of blood marked her path as she disappeared into the darkness of the forest.

Rain continued to fall.

Less than a minute later, four large hounds burst into the clearing. They ran with their noses near the ground, sniffing and following the trail of blood. A few moments later, two men stepped into the rain.

Both were dressed alike, a thick cloak pulled over black chain. In their hands, they carried long swords; the hilts were functional, not flashy. Both men looked around the clearing silently as the hounds circled around, trying to find the trail.

One of the hounds caught the smell of her blood and howled loudly. The other hounds circled closer, smelling the same trail and joined the howling. One of the men spoke in a harsh language and the hounds bounded into the forest, after the naked woman.

Laughing, the men followed, their boots crushing the grass under their feet.

Inside the forest, too close to the hunters, the naked slave slammed up against a tree, clutching it tightly. Her lungs ached as she drew in long, shuddering gasps for breath. From below, her legs reminded her of their own burning pain; they quivered from the effort of just standing up. Other pains reminded her, but she focused on the two. Breathing and running was all she had time for.

Even with the howl of the slaver's hounds coming closer, she couldn't push herself away from the tree. Her legs refused to move

as she continued to draw in deep breaths. Each movement sent bolts of pain through her spine and a cold prickling shivered through her.

A whimper vibrated through the tree, unheard through the roar of the rain. She pushed hard, but her legs gave out from underneath her and she crashed to the ground hard. Her right hand scraped along the rough bark, leaving a smear of bright blood against the wood.

She looked up in fear, then over her shoulder as the hounds drew closer. Reaching out for the wood, she tried to find a handhold, but the tree was too thick for the only hand she could force to move. Hours of terror was finally breaking down her body and soon the hounds would be upon her.

Reaching up, the slave tried again to pull herself up along the harsh bark. She made it half-way before her bare feet slipped on the mud and she came crashing down; a few sharp points of bark tore at her skin. With wide, brown eyes she looked at her bloody hand, then in the direction of the almost constant howling.

Her sob was unheard in the pound rain but her trembling bottom lip was obvious. Her eyes flickered with fear and uncertainty as she looked around for somewhere to hide. Dragging herself along the ground, she managed to pull herself up a hill and look around.

The dark forest looked back at her, the only sound was the pounding rain against her back. Her ass glimmered wetly as muscles twitched underneath her skin. A few of the whip cuts dribbled out a red streak.

The hound's howling grew louder as she looked around. Her eyes caught on a dark mass to her right. She managed to pull her knees under her, exposing the pink slit of her sex to the trees, as she peered into the darkness.

It was a massive bulk of thorny bushes. The bright red thorns danced under the weight of the rain. No light marred the darkness of the bushes as they called to her, the only obvious hiding spot.

In the center, a massive willow tree sprouted up in cascading leaves. Each bright green blade swirled and danced in the roar of the rain. For a brief moment, the slave thought it looked like a king over the crowd before the darkness settled deeper around her.

With a fierce determination, she half-crawled, half-dragged herself to the edge of the bushes. Her eyes locked on the sharp

spikes sprouting out from almost every leaf, their bright color reminded her uncomfortably of the blood on the tree and mud behind her.

When her first finger reached out for the bushes, she stopped. A sense of... strangeness flooded over her as she looked up with trembling eyes. The leaves continued to shake as rain poured off them. A cold stream of water splashed against her back, running down the indentation of her spine and splitting around her buttocks to pool in the mud.

Nothing appeared wrong, but she felt something alive and aware of her. She started to turn back, but one of the hounds bounded around some trees and stopped, sniffing the air.

She looked at the dog for a long breath before frantically pulling herself into the bushes. Long scratches tore at her back and side, catching in her hair and skin as she dragged herself deeper into the darkness.

The hound caught her scent again and bayed. With a growl, he lunged forward after the feet disappearing into the bushes. Slobber dangled from its jaw as it bounded over a tree.

Its growl turned into a whimper when it skidded to a halt, a few meters from the bushes themselves. Survival burned in its eyes as it scrambled to find enough traction to stop the slide into the thorny branches. It managed to stop, but just barely. A primal fear flickered in the hound's eyes as it sniffed the air.

The leaves continued to dance in the rain.

Whimpering, the hound paced back and forth on the mud, looking into the darkness of the bushes. Its paws slurped through the muddy ground for a few moments until it finally sat down and howled pitifully.

Darkness came quickly into the forest. One moment it was bright and rainy, the next the rain fell from darkness to slam against the ground.

The naked slave whimpered herself and pulled her body deeper into the darkness of the bushes. Rain continued to pound down on her back, washing away the blood as the thorns scratched deeply. Her eyes looked out frantically; she continued to crawl into the bushes until her outstretched hands brushed against the thin

smooth bark of the willow tree. Her wide eyes looked at the thick vines surrounding the bark like a cage.

Wind slammed into the tree and bushes, driving the rain almost horizontal with its intensity. Branches squeaked against each other as the force shifted the tree and vines.

Before her eyes, she saw vines around her wrist suddenly tighten, like the shackles she abandoned less than a day before. Her whimper turned into a scream as she yanked at her arm; the thorns dug deeper into her skin, but the vines held tightly to her hand and forearm.

She would have screamed more, but a noise caught the edge of her hearing. Looking of her shoulder, past the rain-soaked hair, she saw the two hunters step into the clearing. Both of them were holding torches that hissed and flickers with the force of the rain.

Ignoring the feeling of being trapped, the slave held her breath while she strained to be silent. Her right leg slipped a little in the mud, spreading her legs briefly before she pulled them together; the brief flash of her sex was unseen by anything other than the vines and thorns.

Their voices were unheard in the roar of the weather as they spoke to each other. Both of them grew silent as they stalked toward the hound, searching the darkness of the bush with angry eyes. One of them lifted his torch above his head, trying to cast the flickering yellow light deeper into the darkness surrounding the slave.

She watched with wide eyes as the flickering tendrils of light grew closer and closer. Trying to pull her feet under her body, she tried to stand away from the light. Her trapped wrist, however, stopped her. Her struggles forced her to slip as she frantically worked at the vines around her wrist.

With a slurping sound, her knees parted in the mud. Her left leg slid hard against one of the bush's trunks; her right slid into a rabbit hole in the ground, twisting slightly as it lodged deeply.

The slave whimpered, the brief pain flickering through her body as she found her face pressed against the bark of the willow tree. Remembering her trapped hand, she yanked back to find a couple thorns pressed against her throat and neck.

She felt naked, more so than before, with her legs pulled apart. With a grunt of effort, she tried to pull them together. The one

trapped in the hole sent a twinge of pain as the other caught tightly on some vines. Her other hand flapped against the tree as it caught inside a mass of thick vines.

She struggled while trying to be silent, trying to pull free of her natural bonds. Her grunts were muted as the light continued to dance along all the surfaces, except where her naked body was exposed to the weather and rain. Only the darkness and the leaves of the bushes hid her from the slaver's search; the wind continued to slam against the tree and the leaves danced to obscure her while giving her frighteningly brief glances of the torch.

After a few seconds, the slaver pulled down his torch and talked quietly in the rain. The hounds circled the bush, alternating between whimpering and growling as they paced around the slave's prison. One of the slavers stepped forward toward the bush, but something stopped him. He made the sigh of his local god on his chest before trying again.

Wind snapped through the bushes, sending a errant branch to lash out near him. The slaver dodged back, struggled for balance, then fell ungracefully. The torch snuffed out when it hit the wet mud. Anger on his face, he scrambled to his feet but made no effort to return to the bush.

Rain continued to filter down against her naked skin. The coolness pooled in the small of her back before dripping down her sides. More rain dripped along the sensitive folds of her sex, sending a gentle, wet pleasure through her system. Bound in her position, she found herself focusing on that pleasure and the other pleasures of the rain as they cascading down her breasts, arms and thighs.

Behind her, beyond her sight, the two slavers moved underneath a large tree and started to build a camp. Their fire was small, but enough to cook their food; one of the slavers caught some rabbits while chasing her through the woods.

The smell of cooking food teased her nose, reminding her that she hadn't eaten in many hours. A dull grumble from her stomach sent pangs against her spine as the thick smell of fresh meat wafted across the bushes.

Lightning flashed.

She struggled some more, but manage to pull her bounds tighter against her skin. The wind seemed to be intelligent, pushing and

pulling the vines to guarantee she was trapped with her gaping sex exposed to whatever tortures the bushes had in mind.

Hungry, the slave found herself torn between the screaming hunger in her stomach and the soft pleasures of the rain. The vines continued to hold her tight as she struggled against them, slower and quieter than before.

After a few moments of silent struggle, the naked slave stopped and tried to think of anything else other than the rain and food. Her eyes probed the growing darkness, looking at the bark of the tree, but it didn't hold her attention for long; her mind kept drifting back to the feel of water against her naked skin and the dull hunger growing inside her.

An hour passed and both sensations grew. Thoughts of sex, from before she was a slave, began to pass through her mind as she struggled to focus on the pleasure and not the pain. Her back ached from her position, as did her neck, but she locked onto each drop of rain as it slipped against her vulva and each dribble that slide down her breasts.

The focus on pleasure pushed back the pain of her stomach and she smiled to herself. If she was going to be stuck in this strange position by an almost intelligent wind, she might as well pay attention to the pleasure to ignore the pain.

From behind in the darkness, she could feel her lower lips began to respond to the almost constant thoughts of sex. The red folds swelled slightly, parting like a gasp of pleasure. The rain continued to splash against her skin, pouring down between her buttocks to caress her lips before dripping off the hard bump of her clitoris.

Hours passed extremely slowly for the slave. Each moment sent more tiny caresses against her inner folds, against her nipples, against every square inch of her flesh. But, the pleasures were not enough to reach a climax, just a steady growth of pleasure frustrating far away from her growing need to orgasm.

One of the slavers watched with silence, mainly at the darkness of the bushes, while the other slept. The dogs rested in the mud, two of them watching with glittering eyes as the other rested in the cool rain.

Deep inside the darkness of the bushes, the slave was panting softly as she wiggled her hips. Her legs were still trapped, but she

tried to imagine her husband, before his death, mounting her from behind. The soft emotions of love and pain drifted through her, adding to the torturous pleasures caressing her body.

Her growing moans of frustration were drowned out by the rain, unheard by the slavers less than ten meters away. Their actions and movements were completely ignorant of their prey.

Sleep did not come to her, the rain against her skin kept her body in a state of constant arousal and prevented her from getting her much needed sleep. When she slumped against the vines, trying to free her neck and hands, sharp thorns pricked her skin.

The wind danced around her, teasing the hanging breasts and the soaked bit of hair between her legs. Goosebumps formed along her flesh with each caress of the wind.

The rain continued to pound against the slavers and bushes, trickling down to splash against her skin. Lightning flashed in the sky, loud and painful as it cracked against the ground.

Many hours passed for the slave, each breath a torture of pleasure and hunger. Her hips rocked back and forth, begging the silence gods for something to bring her to orgasm.

Something answered.

A powerful blast of wind slammed hard against the slaver's camp, blowing apart their tiny fire in a shower of sparks and ash. The awake slaver jumped to his feet, swearing, as the clearing was plunged into darkness.

The wind also slammed against the tree until the slave heard a cracking sound. Something powerful and heavy crashed through the bushes until she feel it slam hard against the ground between her legs. She screamed in fear, then choked it down in fear of the slavers hearing it.

One of hunters' head snapped up, glaring at the bushes. Igniting a torch, he lifted it above his head as he tried to identify the source of the noise. Even though he looked deeply into the darkness of the bushes, his light barely missed her trembling skin by mere centimeters. After a few moments, he growled and sat down again, trying to rebuild the fire.

The heavy object between her legs fell against her, stinging her back with the sharp tips of the willow leaves. The heavy wood of the

branch smacked against her hips, almost sliding off. It stopped, balanced on the rounded edge of her right buttock.

The slave held her breath, trying to identify the branch with her touch; the branch quivered as she tried to hold her body still. The rain continued to pour against her until she felt the branch begin to slide off.

Her lust and need for a climax briefly took over, shifting her body to allow the branch to slide toward her aching sex. The folds of her body spread slightly as she felt the rough wood slide and rest heavily between her legs. Sharp edges of willow leaves caressed her buttocks and back in the rain as she felt the pressure against her sex.

Her moan was unheard by the slavers, but it vibrated with a primal need to orgasm. Her position of danger was forgotten as she tried to move her body against the branch. The sharp leaves of the branch caressed against the sensitive flesh of her vulva, but she ignored it as she explored what she could of the thick, ridge-filled wood with her sex.

Even though it was rough, almost to the point of painful, she continued to rock against it, trying to build her pleasure. The stick slid against the mud for a second and she was rewarded with the thick end; leaves sprouted from it and continued to scrape against her pink folds.

Finding an end, she let loose with a needful moan as she positioned her hips against the tip of the shaft, ignoring the leaves as they scratched her sensitive skin. The cool rain dripped against her tiny cuts, building at her pleasure.

She felt the tip slip against her opening, the rough ridges pressing against her tightness as she arched her back against it. Her eyes, glazed with lust and hunger, stared at the tree as she rocked her hips against the thick wood.

Slowly, she pushed her body against the tip of the branch, feeling the leaves scrape against her insides before the rough ridges of the wood pushed against her tunnel. The slickness of her excitement made it easier as she pushed down on the branch, pushing it into her with a desperate need.

As she pushed down, the thick branch sunk into the mud, trapping itself between the steaming entrance of her sex and the

thick mud below. Her labia stretched white around the leaves as they pushed themselves into her body, cutting and caressing her sex with each centimeter. The slave, lost in desire, ignored the brief pain, letting it build her need as she continued to push down on the branch.

Slowly, it disappeared into her sex, scraping the flesh raw but pushing her pleasure higher than the rain alone could do. She managed to get about five centimeters down before she pulled up. The branch followed her, the leaves partially caught in her sex, for a few moments, then it caught on the mud and slipped almost out.

As the last of the thick wood began to escape her body, she pushed back down, bringing into into her body again. The mud slurped around her as she strained her body to shove the wood deep inside her.

She managed to get it deeper inside her, feeling each leave as it was dragged inside her body; each scrape pushed up her pleasure as she bore down.

When she pulled up, the wood and leaves glistened with her juices, but only the frequent lightning caused them to sparkle. Pain and pleasure began to merge together as she pulled her body down on the branch, pushing the thick ridge of wood into her sex along with the sharp leaves of the willow tree.

A few drops of blood glittered on the branch, but she ignored it in her need to orgasm. She thrust harder, pushing down with a silent need that spoke volumes. The branch held still, letting the tightly tunnel envelope it before being pulled out.

The slave thrust her body harder against the branch, her breath coming fast and hard as she felt her orgasm begin to reach. Hours of teasing pleasure pushed the pleasure against her as she thrust up and down on the leaves buried inside her. With each stroke, her grunt was lost as she pressed her cheek and mouth against the trunk of the willow tree.

Her orgasm crashed into her as the sky light up with lightning. Her scream of pleasure was lost as she bit down on the tree, impaling herself one last time on the branch, feeling it plunge deep inside her aching sex. The waves of pleasure matched the bolts of lighting as they crackled along the sky.

Her eyes saw nothing but intense white light. It filled her with passion, lust, and need—her life energies. In a timeless senses, she watched it gather then flow out of her mouth with a shuddering gasp, the last noise of her orgasm. Under her lips, she saw a faint blush of her energies spread out into the tree, right below the bark. It stretched out into the furthest branches and deepest roots at the same time she felt all the energy drain out of her.

The last thing she felt was the branch slipping from her sex, soaked with the juices of her pleasure. Darkness crashed into her with a cold fist and pounding rain.

In the morning, the slavers woke up to see her naked body almost hidden in the bushes. They called out to her, but she didn't respond.

One of the dark men unslung his bow and aimed carefully into the dense branches. The arrow whistled through their air before slamming into the mud; the slave didn't move even when a long red light appeared along her thigh. He fired another arrow, this one burying itself into her other leg with a dull thud.

The slave just slump to the ground bonelessly. Her face smacked into the mud in lack of grace no living creature could duplicate. The slavers looked at each other, then pull out their swords. In silence, they moved forward, slashing at the branches until they cleared out the thorns away from the dead slave.

Dropping to his knees, one of the slavers checked her pulse. He shook his head, talking quietly in the breeze as they discussed what to do with her corpse.

The one standing suggested an idea and both of them grinned. He moved between her legs, pulling them apart to expose the blue-tinged edges of her sex while the other began to unbuckle his pants.

The three hounds watched, whimpering but not moving closer to the bushes.

A hard wind slammed into the brushes, sending broken branches and thorns flying in the air. Both slavers felt hundreds of tiny pricks as the vines wrapped around them; the sharp points easily penetrated their leather and chain armor. One of them managed to yell out before a thick branch cracked down, snapping his neck. The remaining one had enough time to stared in fear at the branches before a poison flooded through his system and stopped his heart.

He was dead before his head hit the ground, splashing mud on the dead slave.

Time passed for many hours as the three hounds waited for their masters to move. One of them shook its head, as if clearing it. Without looking back, it bounded away, in the direction the slave was heading. The other two barked once at the bush and three corpses and bounded after their leader.

Silence brushed past the clearing, tainted by the cool breeze tickling the leaves. The three corpses hung for a moment before the mud underneath them began to bubble and shift. Slowly, the bodies sunk into the mud as the roots and branches pulled away a makeshift grave. More vines grew up from the mud, replacing the path the slavers made.

It took almost another hour for the bodies to disappear and the bush to reform itself, but soon there was no sign any human's tread inside the dark circle of the bushes; their footprints stopped at its very edge.

The slave felt strange, alive but still immobile. She could feel her body hanging in motion, no longer trapped by the vines. She tried to look around, she found with growing panic that she couldn't see. Struggle vibrated through her body, but she couldn't move her arms or legs, even though nothing bound her tightly.

A scream vibrated in her mind, her throat unwilling to respond. Fear and terror prickled through her veins as she strained to thrash, but nothing moved.

Then, something touched her, with a chorus of pleasure dancing in her mind. With a gasp she felt in her mind, she strained to feel the sparkling warmth that suddenly flooded into her. Energy curled around her, hot and powerful, and with a start she realized it was sunlight against her skin.

A breeze rippled through the glade, gently pushing her from side to side. She felt every burst of energy as it spread around her, teasing her sides and rippling along the leaves that hung from her.

Confusion slammed into her, but soon dissolved underneath the pleasures of the wind and sun against her bark, her branches. Around her, a presence of the bushes sent a bolt of pleasure against her as hundreds of tiny thorns skidded harmlessly against the bark of the willow tree.

She was the tree.

Pleasure coursed through her system as she pushed out with her senses, feeling the cool roots sinking deep into the ground below her and the branches spreading over her protector, the thorn bush. A warm, primal loving flowing out of the vines, leaving her bark tingling and her mind begging for more.

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.