Greenie
by msmin

Summary

For two years, the Gladers have been desperately looking for a way out of the Maze. When a girl arrives, she helps the boys of the Glade with their sexual awakening. Lusty, and always in desperate need of more, is Nym a gift from the Creators, or a variable for their downfall?

Notes

Hi!

This is my first time on AO3, so I hope I'm doing things the way they should be done. This is the introduction, which is why it's pretty short. Please review, and let me know what you think! :)

It was quiet. Or as quiet as the Homestead could get.

The banging of hammers and squeals from the farm; chatter, and the general buzz from the Maze,
were muffled inside. Amidst the creaking of floorboards, it was as quiet as the house could get. As he walked across the neglected floorboards and up the creaking stairs, Minho did nothing to cushion the loud racket that he made in the stark silence. His heavy boots thudded on the whining wooden floor as he made his way down the hallway on the second floor, a smirk cautiously tugging at the corner of his lips. As he opened the door of a nondescript room, he broke into a smug grin, and leaned against the door frame.

The room was small, with humble beginnings as a storage room, and presently turned into almost every Gladers favorite corner of the Maze. The best—and nicest—way to describe it was “cozy”, with a small bed crammed into one side of the room, and a small, makeshift window two arms span away. Neatly lined underneath the window (which was really the result of tearing away three boards from the frame of the house) were crude but good willed, handmade candles, courtesy of some Gladers or the other. It wasn't until three months ago, when Minho found himself in the room for a third time, sweaty and breathless, that he realized it was the first time he saw candles used for anything other than light.

What caught his gaze, and what made him smirk, made blood rush into his loins, like it always did. Laying across the bed, with her arms strewn above her head, and sinful, translucent stains spread across her entire body, was the Creator's gift to them: Nym.

When she first came to them, nude and unconscious, two small words were tattooed just above her round ass cheeks: use her. The boys didn't know what that meant at first, and nor did they understand the unconscious arousal growing in their pants, throbbing at the sight of her soft melon breasts, and her thick pussy lips. It wasn't until she regained consciousness, that everything changed (for the better).

Alby, as he always did, gave the Greenie a tour of the Maze, but halfway through, he found himself on the Maze floor, with his pants pushed down, and the Greenie girl riding riding his dark cock till thick white cream ran down his shaft. It didn't take time for the other Gladers to notice them, rushing over to the sight of it, confused and intrigued. They watched as she sat on top of Alby, her ass bouncing up and down as the two of them moaned, throaty and deep.
“Oh, oh, ohhhhh...mmhh, mmm, mmmmm...yeaaaah huh!” The girl slowed down to slide up and down Alby for the final time, sticky white cum rolling down his cock and her pussy in pulses. The Glade was silent, except for the ragged breath of the pair.

After a while, Newt spoke from the crowd that circled around the two. “Alby...,” he asked softly, confused, “what the bloody hell was that?” The girl raised her head and looked at him with hazy eyes, breathing deeply with knit brows.

Alby slowly propped himself to a sitting position, tucking his dick away underneath his pants as he began to be mindful of the scrutinizing eyes. After several tries of opening and closing his mouth, he said, “I know this—this feeling....” And after a long pause, “Use her...That's what she's here for...”

Newt looked around at the other Gladers, perplexed. “Come again, mate? What's that bloody mean?
And what the bloody hell did the two of you shanks do--” Before he could finish, and before Alby could stop his outburst, the girl had stood up.

She slowly sauntered to Newt, her breasts jostling against each other, her hard nipples facing opposite directions. “Fuck me,” she said, quietly. “Use me.”

When the Runners arrived from the Maze later that day, they saw a crowd gathered in the middle of the Glade. In the middle, biting her lip, was the Greenie girl, covered in warm streams of cum, moaning for more.

Nym, from nymphomaniac.
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