

Satyr's Desperation

For Kayllik

By TheSpiralledEye

After his weekend with Dave, Pan discovers he had a thing for men who have been transformed into women.

As a Satyr, Pan was used to sexual frustration. When your species had such naturally high sex drives and the ability to attract mates so easily, it was only natural that it took several women a day to truly satisfy him. He was a good man, he always informed people of what was happening before he took them to bed but most were eager to finally feel a Satyr's touch. A few even begged him to go without a condom so they could feel the high. Though he never did for the sake of responsibility; well, almost never. As he gripped the base of his cock and groaned, leaning against the shower wall as he came, feeling little to no gratification from the act. A Satyr having to masturbate was ludicrous, if another of his kind found out he'd be laughed into the street. He couldn't help it though, the women lately just were not enough.

He could not stop thinking about that weekend last month, the one where he gave in to his deepest desired and fucked his roommate for almost two days straight. Yes he had been in a female body but there had been something different about him compared to other women. A sense of desperation and humiliation that came from his actions. He could sense Dave's embarrassment as he held him down; how ashamed he was of wanting another man so badly. It had been such a turn on Pan couldn't help but pump him full of seed over and over again, making Dave even more horny and desperate. He loved it. He had long grown used to the power of his musk and the way it drove ladies wild but this was a whole new level of control and power that turned him on so much it hurt. And it was an itch that could not be scratched by conventional women alone. He had tried, by God, he had tried. Pan had slept with more ladies in the last month than the past three combined but none of them could give him the same level of pleasure as Dave had.

He considered bringing it up, but ever since Dave had been jumpy, nervous in his presence and he knew better than to ask. It was a miracle they were even friends at all, if he asked him to change back into a woman he would probably lose him forever. He took to the internet, in the hopes that somebody perhaps had made porn of what he needed and it was then that he discovered stories. Men turning into women and vice versa, there was a whole kink scene dedicated to it. It was mostly roleplay but a few people with the coin used potions and other such things to facilitate their kink. This could be the answer.

He started asking for money in exchange for the wonders of sex with a Satyr; he didn't care if that technically made him a man whore, all he wanted was enough money to buy one of those expensive gender bending potions. It took weeks of unfulfilling sex to save up for it and when he finally had enough he popped a boner right there, knowing soon he may finally get to feel a man beneath him writhing in ecstasy. He ordered it and waited for the delivery with baited breath and when it finally arrived he was grinning ear to ear.

The bottle was inconspicuous really, a little glass phial with a diamond shaped stopper. The liquid inside a strange mixture of metallic pink and blue that seemed to switch hues depending on the light. It was beautiful, mesmerising even. Idly, part of him wondered

what it would be like to drink it himself. Satyr females almost never left their own communities; the sight and smell of human males drove them wild. The few that did inevitably worked as whores or exotic dancers, it was just their nature. There were exceptions of course but for the most part, his species were made for sex and pleasure. He dismissed the idea though, what he wanted was that same thrill he'd felt with Dave; and thanks to the potion and this new community he had discovered, he might finally get it.

~

James was not what Pan had been expecting. They had met on one of the role play chat sites he had discovered. James was a complete sub, he loved to be dominated and loved the idea of being turned into a helpless, horny woman. So when Pan opened the door to see a man almost twice his size and build his jaw had dropped. James looked closer to the stereotypical gym jock than anything else. He had been expecting a typical, what did they call themselves online? Femboy? The realisation did not disappoint though; if anything, this would make watching him become a lust driven woman all the sweeter.

"Wow, you really are a Satyr." James breathed as he walked in, Pan smirked watching him stare at his little deer tail sticking up behind his waistband.

"Of course, did you think I was lying?"

"Well, it's a roleplay forum so..." James poked his fingers together, such a nervous gesture coming from such a strong man was downright comical but Pan kept his laughter in check.

"I understand, do you want to get started?" Pan grinned, he indicated to his crotch where a bulge was already forming, "I get excited easily, as you can see."

James swallowed, a small tent appearing in his own pants and he nodded.

"I didn't think Satyr musk affected men." James said nervously and Pan patted him on the back.

"But you're not a man, are you?"

"Oh are we starting right now? I mean, ahem, no, I'm not."

This was obviously James' first time meeting up with somebody from the forums in person. Pan could not have planned it any better if he tried. He let the man undress in front of him, revealing toned muscle; over compensation for his true nature no doubt.

"First though, a drink, gotta keep your fluids up." Pan passed over the phial, if James was suspicious about the odd glass he said nothing.

The man thought he was here for some TG roleplay, he was about to get the real experience and Pan could not wait. James coughed and spluttered slightly, clearly not expecting the strange medicine flavour.

“What the heck is this stuff?”

“Something special, to make both our fantasies come true.” Pan murmured, removing his pants and shirt in turn and taking a seat on the couch, leg crossed over.

“What do you me-oh.”

Pan’s eyes roamed over James’ body, trying to find evidence of the potion taking effect but it must have started deep inside because James’ was turning pink, his face confused and flustered as his knees pressed together and he pushed out his ass.

“Ooooh I can feel everything stretching.” James mumbled, “M-my butt...”

Indeed, it was swelling now. Taught, firm muscle inflating and becoming smooth. His cheeks continued to inflate as his hips widened and soon the flesh was jiggling and quivering as James jumped from foot to foot trying to see what was happening.

“What does it feel like?” Pan asked excitedly, “Feeling your butt grow like that?”

“I-it feel good, oh I-I didn't realise I was actually going to get to t-transform!”

James’ pupils were blown wide with arousal, his legs shaking not with fear but excitement. Pan watched as those thick calves thinned to dainty lady like legs; all the hair disappearing back into his skin leaving nothing but a fine dusting of blonde that his eyes could barely perceive. James looked almost comical now, as his thighs thickened and his feet shrunk. His bottom half that of a slim woman, the top a muscled man. Well, all except for what was between his legs.

Pan watched with fascination as his cock began to shrink, sinking into the wild tangle of hair between his legs which was slowly but surely becoming neater. For now at least, he was like a doll, smooth and featureless as the rest of the changes took hold.

“Oh shit, holy shit oh my god!” James’ hands were stretched out in front of him and Pan grabbed hold of one.

He watched, erection growing as the thick wrists and knuckles smoothed over and his fingers turned dainty. The nails each lengthened from half bitten messes to pretty half moons. Pan could feel them trembling and he smiled up at James, who was now much closer to his own height, and popped one of those fingers in his mouth. He ran his tongue along the smooth skin there and James’ moaned; Pan wondered if his musk was taking hold already. James was so horny already thanks to the transformation, it was impossible to tell.

Those muscle pecs began to disappear, his eight pack smoothing into a flat stomach as his torso thinned. Pan made a small sound of approval; he had saved for a good quality potion, James was sure to have a fabulous figure when he was done. The Satyr had never much gone in for those wafer thin models types other human men tended to like. He wanted curves, he wanted fat asses and huge tits big enough for him to grip and judging by how big his new, peachy ass was; James would certainly be his type.

“Mmmmm, oh, Oooh God Pan ma-my chest!”

The sounds James was making were like music to Pan’s ears; he revelled in them, the desperate horniness that was so obvious and of course, the slight panic that was always present as a human lost control of themselves.

Those now dainty hands flew to his chest, grabbing great handfuls of soft boobflesh and they started to swell. Pan could see James’ nipples between his spread fingers as they turned pink and grew, turning hard almost instantly. Their size shot past an A cup, then B and soon James was well on his way to E’s all while he groaned and sighed, massaging the skin as it stretched.

“It f-feel so good. Fuck I never thought it could be so good!” James’ words turned to soundless wails and Pan took one of those pretty nipples and tweaked it.

The former man let his hands fall away allowing Pan full access to touch and tease, all the while his tits were still growing and his shoulders taking on a gentle slope. Pan watched the nipples grow and was sure he’d never been so turned on in his life. His hard on was pulsing, his balls tightening in excitement as they filled with more seed, anticipating the sex that was too cum. It was going to be a struggle not to cum straight away at this rate. Then, just when he thought he had reached his peak of desire, James spoke once more.

“Fuck Pan you...you smell so nice.”

It was Pan’s turn to shiver with delight, his musk, his wonderful, alluring musk was drawing James in. He watched, as those eyes became framed with long lashes; James’ pupils grew so wide there was barely any iris left and the man leaned over, burying his nose in the fur at the base of Pan’s neck, sniffing deeply.

“Wow, Oh woowoow...”

Pan pulled away with a wry smile.

“Not just yet, my dear. You’re not finished.”

James’ sighed as long locks of blonde hair began to streak down the sides of his face. Delighted, he grabbed great handfuls and held them out to admire.

“Omigosh! I always wanted to be a blonde!”

“My lovely blonde bimbo.” Pan smiled, a strange sense of pride mixing with his lust.

“Oh,” James shuddered, “I like it when you call me that.”

“What, bimbo?” Pan teased, hefting up James’ heavy breasts, “That’s what you are now isn’t it? A horny, needy bimbo who wants my cock?”

James’ nodded desperately, opening his mouth and only getting half way through the word before it turned to a moan. His hands flew between his legs and Pan’s excitement reached a

boiling point; he would not miss this for the world. Quickly he took James by the hand, leading him to the bed and pushing him back onto it. He didn't even need to give the order, James knew exactly what the Satyr wanted to see.

His pussy opened, wet and pink, like a rose between his legs. Pan watched gleefully as James' new clit grew and bulged, his hole quivering as more juices dripped out, soaking his hair and part of the sheets within seconds. James was panting, balancing on his elbows and looking down at the show with jaw dropped.

"Of fuck, it's really happening and oh...oh Pan you smell so good. Please, come here."

It took all of his will power to stay in control, to not jump forward and mount James right there and then. But Pan was careful, he was serious; it would take a long time to save up enough for another experience like this one and he wanted to savour it. So he joined James on the bed, kneeling between those spread legs and reaching a finger between them to swipe up and down the silken folds. James' elbows gave out, he laid back on the bed, gripping the sheets for dear life and Pan teased his new pussy.

"Feel as good as you imagined?" He teased.

"Better, ah, ahhhhh!"

Pan had a deft hand, he had pleased hundreds, perhaps thousands of women in his time and he knew exactly how to touch one. He knew where to apply pressure, where to dig his nail in slightly, how to slip inside and cook his digit just enough to drive them wild; he also knew quite well the signs of a woman about to cum and how to keep her on the edge. That is what he did, gently pumping his finger in and out of James' hole slow enough that Pan knew he could never cum. He could only writhe and moan, desperately bucking his hips and begging for more. Pan's erection began to leak seed; he was so fucking turned on right now it was almost painful but he kept up his teasing. He marvelled at James' face; he was making that expression, the one he had been searching for; a perfect mixture of humiliation, pleasure and helplessness.

"More! Oh please, more!"

"I can't hear you..."

"More! Pan, please I need you."

Pan shuddered, wetly withdrawing his finger and wiping it on the bedspread. More of James' juices were soaking into his expensive sheets but he didn't care; he'd had them specially washed today so that he could treasure the scent later, perhaps he would even save the blanket to preserve it. James was a quivering mess, incapable of even speaking anymore. As Pan placed a hand either side of his head the former man reached up and wrapped all his limbs around the Satyr's body, pressing Pan's cock and James' breasts between them. Pan hummed in satisfaction as James took great, deep breaths of his scent as if he had been drowning and desperately needed air. Pan grabbed for the condom and grumbled.

“Put it on me.”

“But I want...I want all of you...” James begged, “Please?”

Normally he would insist and he had to admit; he did want to see those pretty hands holding the base of his cock but this whole experience was going to his head. He needed to fuck; he needed to rut and mate and get inside something! Without another word he pushed inside; feeling the new pussy quiver around him, gently squeezing and relaxing as he pushed further and further inside. He was so wet and hot; so tight! Pan groaned, desperately clinging to the last vestiges of his self control; he didn't want to cum early, he needed to enjoy it. He pushed up on the bed again so that he could see James beneath him, that same delicious expression on his face.

He began to thrust.

James wailed, his pussy pulsing with each movement. Pan deliberately angled himself away from James' G-spot. Knowing all too well just how much of a tease it was. He could see it in James' eyes; this may be his first time being fucked a woman but he could sense it, instinctually, that there was some deeper pleasure that he was missing out on. So close, yet too far away.

Balancing carefully Pan grabbed a handful of James's breast, making sure his nipples was trapped between his fingers. He massaged the flesh, teasing and squeezing the nipple as he went and the sounds that came out of James were...exquisite. They weren't even words really just primal sounds of pure ecstasy. Pan felt merciful and began to thrust harder, hitting the G-spot every time while James cried out. It didn't take much; so James' back was arching and Pan felt the telltale squeeze of his partner cumming, splashes of wet juice pressing against the time of his cock as James squirted and Pan felt his balls tighten in response. He couldn't hold out any longer; it was just too good. He managed to hold back the urge to throw his head backwards and instead focused on the woman below him. The woman who had not too long ago been a big buff man; reduced to a whimpering, bliss filled puddle but Pan's hand. The power, the pleasure, it all mixed together and his balls squeezed. Hot seed shot out of him as he groaned. James moaned too as he came a second time as the powerful magic cum filled him. Pan had no doubt he had just made another junkie for his seed but couldn't bring himself to care.

He collapsed on top of James, feeling those bouncy breasts cushion his small fall. He was soft inside his pussy but was too exhausted to pull out.

“How long does this potion last?” James asked after several minutes of silence broken only by their heavy breathing.

Pan swallowed, already starting to harden again.

“Long enough for a few more rounds.”