

# Satyr's Scent

**For Kayllik**  
**By TheSpiralledEye**

A cry of ecstasy echoed out from the bedroom and Dave rolled his eyes and silently reached down to turn up his headphones. He knew from personal experience this would only do so much; one of the unfortunate side effects of having a Satyr as a roommate was that more often than not, his apartment was filled with the horny women who followed him home. As a person, Pan was pretty cool; he cleaned up his own messes, always paid the rent on time and gave Dave full run of the living room to practise magic when he wanted. Both students at the local magical university, they wants and needs were fairly well aligned, he'd be the perfect room mate if it wasn't for-

“Oh yes! Almost there-AAH!”

That.

No matter how much of a player you were, a human man simply could not compete with a Satyr when it came to sex. Not only was Pan incredibly skilled in that regard, judging by the sounds his partners made, but his mere presence enticed women to him.

“It's not their fault.” He'd shrug as women fawned over him at the supermarket, “My musk affects the mind and body of females, it's just something I've learned to live with.”

Dave turned the headphone down now that the cries had stopped, replaced with muffled words from a very flustered voice. He chuckled, Pan always had to spend several minutes consoling his partners that no, it's quite alright there is no need to feel embarrassed and yes, he made sure they were safe. Would they like a cup of coffee? Like clockwork, the door opened and the satyr appeared, towel wrapped around his thick, muscular goat legs with a hurriedly dressed redhead behind him.

“Oh.” She flushed, “I didn't realise you had a roommate.”

“You stumbled right past me while you were on the way to the bedroom.” Dave sighed with a teasing smile, “I waved to Pan.”

The woman turned crimson and Pan placed a hand on her shoulder.

“It’s alright, my musk was well and truly in your system. You wouldn’t have noticed an elephant if it were in here.”

“I just...I was so turned on and you were touching me and...” She trailed off, legs squirming slightly as memory took her. “I think I should go.”

Pan just nodded and saw her out while Dave held back a chuckle.

“Good one?” He asked when the door closed, Pan nodded, rubbing at the back of his ram style horns.

“Decent enough.” He smiled roguishly, “Not as good as the woman I had behind the smoothie bar this morning.”

Dave just shook his head in disbelief.

“Do you not get tired?”

Pan just laughed.

“Would you?”

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Just like science labs, magical experimentation chambers have safety posters everywhere to remind students of the importance of cleaning out caldrons to avoid contamination and the like. Dave, like most people, had let such warnings fade into the background of his life so he had nobody to blame but himself when his transformation potion went awry. It was just supposed to change his bloody hair colour from brown to blonde, simple, an easy A. Well, it had certainly done that but when said blonde hair had started to grow at a rapid pace he realised he may have fucked up. When his chest began to swell and his dick disappeared back up inside him he was sure he had.

Which left him in his current predicament; the school nurse said that since they had no idea what caused the contamination of his potion, the safest bet would be for them to wait until it wore off naturally. Which meant Dave was now stalking back to his off campus

apartment in ill fitting borrowed clothes from the lost and found because his male clothing no longer fit. His new breasts and ass bouncing as his hips swayed while he walked. He'd just wanted a new hairstyle, not to be a damn woman! If he ever found out who didn't clean their cauldron properly he was going to murder them.

Thankfully, it was Friday, which meant he had the whole weekend to wait this out and hopefully by Monday morning he would be himself again.

"Pan you will not believe the fucking day I've had." He huffed, slamming the door closed and dropping his keys into the bowl on the bench only to freeze.

There was an odd scent in the air; sweet but also musky with an earthy overtone. It made his insides twist strangely, almost like smelling your favourite food when hungry except instead of growling, his stomach filled with butterflies. The Satyr popped his head out into the living room with wide eyes, his jaw dropped when he laid eyes on Dave.

"I thought I smelt a woman." He mumbled, "Dave?"

"Magical accident." Dave swallowed, his mouth was suddenly dry, that smell was permeating the air to the point he swore he could feel it sinking into his skin.

"Oh, uh, maybe you should go stay somewhere else?" Pan suggested with a strangled voice, "You smell quite, well I am sure you can smell me too and well... you know how I work."

Pan's pheromones were not something he could control; Dave knew this, he'd just assumed because his mind was male they would still be harmless to him but wow, was he wrong on that front. His eyes were already roaming over the Satyr's muscled form, his strong hooves, the curved horns, the short beard; all things Dave had seen a thousand times and yet now found unimaginably attractive.

"I uh, don't have anywhere else I can go." Dave looked at the ground, "It's not like I can afford a hotel right now. DO you have anywhere...?"

"No." Pan bit his lip, "I could go find a girl I guess but I really have to study for this magical history exam."

The two of them stood in awkward silence for a moment.

“This is stupid.” Dave grit his teeth, “We are grown ass men.”

“Well-”

“Shut it, we are both men. We can control ourselves.”

Pan swallowed.

“Yeah, of course we can.”

Another awkward pause.

“Well, I’m going to go study okaythenbye!”

Dave would have laughed if the situation didn’t feel so serious; he’d never seen Pan so flustered. Normally it was the other way around; the Saytr oozed confidence and sexual prowess out of every pore. Seeing him act like a schoolgirl was sort of funny. That smell was still in the air and Dave couldn’t resist taking a deep breath; it almost made him lightheaded to the point where he had to sit down. His new pussy felt warm and wet between his legs. He bit the inside of his cheek and prayed the spell would wear off soon.

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The night was pure torture. Despite being in their bedrooms on opposite sides of the apartment Dave could still smell Pan. Each breath made his want grow; and when he heard the shower turn on a whimper had even escaped him imagining the Satyr’s naked body. Eventually he’d fallen into a fitful sleep filled with hazy, sexy dreams that had him waking up in a hot sweat with pussy juice soaking into his mattress. He didn’t even bother getting out of bed, he was so horny he knew that all it would take was one look at his roommate to send him into a frenzy just like all those women before. He curled around the blankets, stuffing them into his nose in an effort to keep the musk out.

Then came the sound of his door knob twisting. He froze in place as a fresh wave of musk washed over his room; it was so powerful it almost knocked him over and a moan rumbled in his throat.

“I couldn’t help it.” Pan whispered, his voice husky with want, “I could smell you all night, no amount of touching myself was satisfying.”

The image sprung to mind unbidden; the Satyr gripping his hard cock as the shower stream washed over his hair back, his face pink as he came surrounded by all the steam. It was too much, Dave flung back the blankets, already naked and ready and opened his arms, spreading his legs to show off his soaked, pink pussy. With a groan Pan was on the bed with him, looming over his body and staring down into his eyes. The smell was all over Dave, soaking into his pores, sending his hormones into overdrive. He grabbed at Pan’s broad shoulders and pulled their bodies together, savouring the sensation of that flat, muscled chest pressing down on his sensitive tits. Their bodies pressed together and he arched into the touch, pressing one hand into the small of Pan’s back and the other gripped at his horns. There was a hot, thick length resting against his inner thigh and wordlessly, Pan moved to position himself.

Dave leaned upwards, burying his nose in the thin collar of fur that grew around Pan’s neck, breathing in deeply and letting his musk settle in his lungs. There was a spurt of wetness between his legs as his pussy clenched and the tip came to rest at his hole.

“Don’t hold back. Please” He begged.

“I don’t think I could even if I wanted to.”

Without any further hesitance Pan thrust inside Dave’s waiting hole and he almost wailed. The sensation was so unlike sex as a man; he could feel his inner walls stretching, sending a pleasurable burn through his entire being. As the girthy cock came to rest deep inside him it brushed against his G-spot and his whole body quivered in response. After denying themselves all night neither of them had the willpower to hold back; Pan thrust hard and fast, pulling all the way out to the tip before plunging back inside. Each time the sheer intensity of the pleasure knocked the wind from Dave’s lungs leaving him unable to speak at all outside of breathy moans and cries. He in turn began to clench his pussy around the length, trying to keep it inside as long as possible each time and treasuring the feeling of his silky inner walls being teased.

Pan was grunting, making animalistic, primal sounds as his heavy balls slapped against Dave’s legs.

“Gotta-ah, pull out soon. Fuck, so good.”

Dave knew well how addictive Satyr seed was, it was said some women came again feeling it soak inside them; others claimed they could no longer be satisfied by sleeping with human men afterwards. That meant Pan had to pull out before he came, they had been in such a rush they'd not worn any protection, but he was so close.

"N-no," He begged, "Just a bit more, don't stop! Please!"

His pussy was beginning to pulse, the pleasure building, he was right on the edge. Pan buried his head into Dave's shoulder, his curved horns knocking against his skull slightly as he bit down on his lip, trying desperately to hold back.

"I c-can't-oh fuck, I'm gonna-"

"Almost there!"

Pan's cock slammed against his G-spot and for a moment all his muscles tightened inside him; then the Satyr groaned, whole body shuddering and Dave felt a wet splash inside him and his vision went white. The scent had been one thing but now he could feel it inside him, almost taste it as Pan's began pumping him full of the musk filled seed. Dave was cumming, harder than he had ever done in his entire life. It was almost an out of body experience; his whole form pure ecstasy as he writhed and bucked against the Satyr before finally crashing back to Earth.

Pan collapsed on top of him, cock softening inside his pussy as he gasped for breath. Dave could feel the seed inside him, soaking into his very core.

"S-sorry I couldn't hold back any longer." Pan mumbled, "You were so tight."

"It's fine." Dave breathed, already feeling the telltale signs of horniness beginning to grow inside him again as that fur tickled his nose.

"We...we won't do that again." Pan said, not sounding remotely convincing.

"No, we just needed to get it out of our system." Dave replied, knowing full well it was a lie. "Let's go shower and we can forget this even happened."

The Satyr nodded, pulling out and bringing a flood of seed and juice with him before fleeing to the bathroom. Lightheaded Dave sat up, looking down at his temporary body and

wondering how many more times he could coax his roommate into bed again before the spell wore off.