

Greek Life (Satyr TF)

By FoxFaceStories

Elena is visiting a museum on Ancient Greek mythology when she suddenly feels a strange connection to an ancient artefact. To her shock, the artefact pulls her into a world of myths and legends, Gods and mythical creatures. Unfortunately for the young woman, a satyr takes an interest in her. Understandably too, given that she has satyr blood in her too, ready to be awakened . . .

Greek Life

Elena walked through the museum, fascinated by all the marvellous objects behind the protective displays. It was a new display, one dedicated entirely to Ancient Greek history and mythology. There were sculptures of wild mythical creatures such as the graceful centaur and terrifying minotaur, preserved displays from the ruins of Delphi that depicted the great prophecies of its omen reader, and, of course, numerous amphora and vases with gorgeous carvings and paintings. These last ones captured her imagination particularly: her late mother had loved sharing her Greek heritage with Elena, despite the fact that Elena herself had never stepped foot in Greece. With her curly black hair, defined nose, thicker lips and hazel eyes, many people had often commented on her 'Mediterranean beauty.' It made her want to visit the land of her heritage one day, but for now, being immersed in the ancient mythology her mother had taught her was enough.

That was, until she felt a strange connection to a particular vase, as if there was a particular music coming from it. Pipe music. This one was in the very corner of the enormous museum display, away from where much of the attention was gathered. Intrigued by this odd feeling, Elena stepped towards the vase, examining it. It depicted a playful satyr on it, strong and male, playing his pan pipe as he clearly worked to seduce a beautiful woman with long curls of black hair much like herself. Interestingly, the next section of the vase showed the woman again in several stages, seemingly transforming into a satyr herself and coming together with the male.

"Strange," she said aloud to herself, reaching out her fingers to the protective glass around the object. "It seems so familiar . . ."

It was as if she were in a trance, because suddenly her fingers passed *through* the glass, followed by the rest of the body. The images on the vase seemed to animate, the satyr shifting and grinning, playing his pipe and beckoning her to join him, his goat legs dancing merrily with excitement.

And then, before she could realise what was happening, or snap out from the satyr's musical display, she placed her hands on the vase . . .

Elena woke in shock. Something strange had happened. She wasn't in New York anymore, and she certainly wasn't in any kind of museum. She was out in the wilds, a great forest before her, a series of long sloping plains behind her, and a great mountain rising up behind them. She recognised the mountain.

"That's - that's Olympus! That's impossible!"

She pinched herself, but did not wake. The air was humid and warm, and nature called through the trees. She looked down at herself and was astonished to find that she wasn't even wearing her proper clothes anymore: she was wearing a tunic, one she recognised as a chiton, something ancient Greek women wore. It fit her nicely, and was a lovely blue colouring, but how on Earth did she get it?

"Something is seriously wrong here. Wait, that vase! It entranced me with it's-"

She didn't get to finish the sentence, because suddenly a great roar filled the sky. She ducked down, terrified, as a creature with a lion's head, a goat's head, and a snake's head shot through the sky, pursuing a white horse with great silvery wings which neighed as it was pursued. A rider was upon it, hurling spears back at the chasing enemy.

"What in the name of Tartarus!?" she said, not even meaning to say that instead of 'Hell.' "That - that can't be real!?"

"Don't worry about the chimera," came a deep voice. "That's a demigod upon that Pegasus, favoured by Zeus himself. You should more worry about me, lovely woman."

Slowly, Elena turned, eyes wide. Before her was a tall and proud centaur, his muscles rippling, his upper body hairy, a bow in one hand. He smirked at her.

"I'm surprised to see a woman like yourself in the wilds. Are you from Corinth? Delphi? No, you have the look of an Athenian about you."

He advanced, his powerful equine legs stamping upon the ground. Elena backed up, not knowing what to say.

"I - I just want to go home!"

"And where is that?"

Elena couldn't even say it. Worse, she realised she wasn't even speaking English anymore. She was speaking Greek. *Ancient* Greek. The realisation hit her in that instant: somehow the vase really had been a portal to an ancient world. Not the Ancient Greece she knew, but a version of it that really *did* have the strange creatures, the gods and demigods, the mythology.

“Oh Gods,” she said, and then she turned and ran.

The centaur laughed, giving her some time. An arrow shot passed her, landing in a tree, but she ran through the forest as fast as she could, terrified for her life. The haughty centaur, clearly lustful for her, began his pursuit.

“A human is no match for a centaur, lovely woman!”

She tried to ignore him, running on her bare feet. They hurt upon the forest floor, but she didn't know what else to do. Suddenly, though, her ears caught something, pricking at the sound of a set of pan pipes. Again, that hypnotic draw came, that desire to follow the sweet, fanciful music. She changed direction, leaping over a stream and heading up a hill that would be harder for the centaur to mount. As she did so, she listened carefully to the music: it was warm and inviting, celebratory even. The kind of music to dance to.

It was also the kind of music to *change* to.

Without even realising it at first, Elena's body began to change. Her ears began to flatten and then curl, rising further up upon her head, just a little, until they were like goat's ears. A brief pain in her tailbone came, but she assumed it was just the stress of her climbing to get away from her pursuer. In fact, it was the emergence of a short but bushy-haired tail. Her legs ached, the skin burning, and it was only when she managed to get some distance from the centaur by following the music through a wedge that was too tight for him to fit that she actually looked down and shrieked.

“Oh Gods! Oh, Zeus! Hera! What's happening to me!?”

Her legs were now entirely covered in hair. It was thick, chestnut brown in colouring, and it was spreading right down to her ankles. Her tunic wasn't particularly long, almost scandalously short, in fact, and this only meant that more of her hairy lower half was able to be seen. Her toes were starting to go numb, her feet cramped, and it left her briefly stalled right when she was finally getting distant from the centaur.

“Nghh! I don't - ahhh - understand!”

She clutched her head as pain grew there as well. Twin points were pushing out from her skull briefly incapacitated her. She groaned, terrified that she was going to die, only for new bone matter to literally push out from her skull, piercing through her skin. They grew outwards, and she clutched these new growths, astonished at them. They curled backwards and around, and were surprisingly weighty.

“H-horns!? I'm growing horns!?”

She was. She was also growing *hooves*. The changing woman grunted from the mix of pain and release as her legs literally changed shape, altering to become a pair of goats legs. Her toes fused and hardened, losing their natural feeling as they undeniably became a set of hooves. She stumbled upon them even as the centaur called out for her, clearly trying to find her in this more rugged area of the forest.

"H-have to keep moving," she muttered, pushing past the oddity of it all. She managed to get moving on her goat legs, even if the sensation of it was all too strange. She nearly tripped over several times before she got the hang of it. Her tail was sticking out through a gap in the cloth now, and she tried to ignore the way it bobbed. All that mattered right now was getting to the source of the pan pipes; the source of music and safety. Elena pushed forward, gathering speed until she was positively *running* on her new hooves, becoming acquainted with the agility and quickness they gave her. She clutched her horns occasionally, very aware of their weight and presence on her head, but they did serve to brush aside low-lying branches and keep injury from her face.

Suddenly she burst into a clearing, tumbled over herself and landed on her new goat rear, her hooves spread out. Elena panted heavily as she took in her surroundings: she was in an idyllic looking clearing, quite a large one, in fact, complete with calm streams and a beautiful lake and village home by the water. Small bridges of wood had been made across the rivers, and there were lamps and tables assembled, as if a party was ready to be had that night. To her astonishment, the pipe player emerged from behind a large rock, dancing merrily to his own tune. He was a satyr, and a shockingly handsome one at that. His chest was bare and muscular, and for some strange reason Elena was entranced by the movements of his hooves, which were enticingly quick. His facial hair was thick but not too long, and his horns were proud and curved. The sight of him, and the sound of his music, lit up something inside of her. Her nipples stiffened with arousal, and she found herself growing damp between her newly hairy thighs, despite all the horrors she had just survived.

"Finally, you're here, Elena!" the satyr said, his voice rich and charismatic as he lowered the pipes. He extended a hand and helped her to her feet. Well, her *hooves*.

"I - I don't understand," she said, still holding onto his hand. "I was in . . . a place I can't say. And now I'm here, and I'm speaking Greek, and there are centaurs, and I'm a satyr. What in the River Styx is going on?"

The satyr chuckled warmly, then moved to place a hand at the small of her back. It felt . . . good. Again, she found herself feeling oddly aroused. She'd never been like this before!

"Introductions are in order, I suppose. I am Deramos, a satyr and demi-god of the wilds. Yes, I trace some of my blood to the hunter beauty of the wilds, Artemis herself. And it has endowed me with certain powers. I have requested many times to be given a mate worthy of my . . . prowess, but alas, satyr women are rare and wanting. And so, with the aid of my demi-god nature, I stretched my awareness beyond this mortal veil, and found you."

Elena swallowed. Her sense of smell was enhanced, she realised. This man's musk was *delicious*.

"M-me?"

“Yes, you! A child of Greek blood! Did you know that your ancient ancestors were from *this* world, not your own? They were able to travel through the realms, through some means not even most of the pantheon upon Olympus knows. Lost knowledge now, alas, but they brought a representation of yours truly with them. Once you approached it, I was able to reach through time and space and call you here. Here, to be mine.”

Elena backed away a little, despite how *good* it felt to be near this creature.

“N-no! I need to get back! I’m not a satyr. I’m certainly not a mate. I’m - I’m a human woman!”

The satyr smirked. “Are you? Take a look at yourself, Elena.”

He gestured to the lake’s clear waters. Slowly, Elena moved towards it and stared at her reflection.

And gasped.

She was indeed a satyress. Her ram horns were curved and wonderful, thick and healthy in their construction. Her ears were flatter and emerged further out from her head, and her nose was slightly broader. Her lower half was indeed far more goatlike, though none of her womanly nature had been sacrificed, somehow. Indeed, judging from her widened hips, it had in fact been enhanced. And then there was her tail, shaking slightly from a mix of nervousness, fear, astonishment, and continued arousal.

“Gods,” she said, eyes wide. “I’m - I’m . . .”

“Beautiful,” Deramos said, moving behind her and rubbing a hand softly down her back. “Entrancing. A figure worthy of being my mate.”

“But - my home!”

“This can be your home, Elena. A place of music and colour! Of dancing and drinking! Of rutting like mad animals and moaning well into the night! We have such festivities, our kind, and we are always safe from the creatures you fled from. Our magic pipes and knowledge of the forest keeps us safe, and so our life is one of endless pleasure, philosophy, debate and lively fun! You couldn’t have come here if some part of you didn’t want a land of magic and adventure.”

Elena breathed heavily. “I - I did want that. God, what’s happening to me? I feel so warm. So needy! I can’t concentrate!”

Another hearty laugh, one that warmed her further. She rubbed her hairy thighs together as he spoke.

“That’s the other thing about being a satyr, my dear. We’re a very randy people, as you’ll come to find out. We just can’t help ourselves, and Artemis knows I’ve been wanting a mate to rut with continuously day in, day out. And trust me, you’re going to want it too. You want it right now, don’t you, Elena?”

Elena hadn't even realised she'd been rubbing at her opening. She moaned softly, feeling that desperate want rising within her. Were her breasts a little bigger or was it just her imagination? She took in the image of the satyr before her. Deramos was so unbelievably handsome, so virile, she could *smell* that virility. She knew, logically, that she should fight this attraction, find some way back to her world.

But a satyr is ruled much more by whims and the desire for pleasure, and she was a satyress now.

"Elena?" he asked, his voice gentle. "Shall I teach you the pleasures of a satyr's life?"
One last breath. One last moment of resistance.

And then it collapsed. She literally *bounded* at him, gripping his firm body and wrapping her hooves around his waist, knocking him on his back. The male satyr laughed heartily as she kissed his neck, already ripping off her tunic.

"Ha! I'll take that as a yes, my sweet! What sweet music we shall make!"

It didn't take long for Elena to embrace her new satyrhood. In moments she was crying out in pleasure as her mate took her.

It would become quite the familiar refrain.

Philippa scrambled into the clearing. She didn't understand how this insanity had happened. She had just been staring at a strange vase, hearing such sweet pan pipe music. And then suddenly she was in another world, and not just that, but her body was changing. She was meant to be *Phillip*, but now her body was female and her own mind had changed in response, as if accepting this feminine identity! Worse, she wasn't even human anymore: she now had strange goat legs with pale blonde fur, not to mention curled horns that jutted out from her head. It was all too much, and the only thing that calmed her was the pan pipe music, though she gasped at the source.

"Finally! Another one to join us!" exclaimed a happy woman. She too was a satyress, with curly black hair and hazel-coloured eyes. She wore only a slim band of blue fabric around her full breasts, but was otherwise naked. She was also very, very pregnant, and had a number of little faun children running around her as she relaxed back upon the grass. She had a set of panpipes in one hand.

"Who are you?" Philippa questioned.

The woman beamed. "I was once like you!" she said, grinning as she rubbed her full, pregnant belly. "Until I touched a certain vase and ended up here. It's been a few years now, but as you can see, I've been very, very productive. The lovely life of a satyress, one might say!"

Phillipa couldn't believe it. This woman was from modern day Earth too? But how could she possibly accept a life like this? Phillipa needed to get back home. She needed to be human and male again.

"Don't run," the satyress said, slowly getting up and cradling her belly. She looked very fertile, her breasts full, but she looked utterly enraptured to be in such a state. She had a little faun in her right arm, but kept the pipes in the other so she could play a brief tune, making the small creature smile. "Trust me, it's dangerous out there. But here, you'll not only be safe, but able to be *wild*. You're going to love being a satyress, Phillipa. Especially once you meet Deramos."

"Wh-who?" Phillipa asked.

But then she smelled it, on the air. The most wonderful, manly musk the former male could imagine. The new satyress turned, and saw him emerging from the treeline, dancing with excitement at the sight of her.

"Well, well, our parties are about to get a whole lot more raucous, it seems!"

Just like that, Phillipa began to grow aroused.

The End