

## Creatures of Myth - Part 3

For Sawdust22

By TheSpiralledEye

*Three men travel to a deserted island for a week of adventure only to get more than they bargained for when they start becoming seductive mythical creatures.*

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Hank panted for breath; his skin and fur was slightly damp from the heavy work out and yet the sexual frustration continued to build. He hated masturbating; it seemed like a waste of time, not to mention it made him feel like a failure. If he couldn't find a girl to get off with, he didn't, as a general rule. Of course that was going to be hard given his location regardless but now that he was turning into a horny minotaur it came with a whole other host of issues.

As soon as his pussy formed he'd been tempted to touch it. His hoodie loincloth had only been a tease, with the fabric rubbing up against him as it got caught between his muscular thighs; so he'd discarded it. Open air didn't seem much better though. He'd started picking up the crumbling stone and repairing the maze; for the sole purpose of distracting himself.

A good workout usually dealt with these sorts of feelings but now it seemed to be doing the opposite. Each time he lifted a new column into place he was keenly aware of the curves of his new body. His cord-like tail whipped back and forth between his thick thighs and his breasts hung heavily against his chest. He wasn't sure what size they would be; they had grown past any normal human body type.

With a heavy sigh he clambered up the embankment so that he could look out over his work; he'd somehow managed to rebuild the entire maze now and it looked pretty good if he did say so himself. It almost felt homey. The idea of leaving it to return to the beach felt awkward almost. The maze bought him a sense of belonging he couldn't quite put into words.

He slid back down and began wandering through the now rebuilt walls. Trying hard to ignore the burning between his legs. He'd never been so painfully horny in his life, nor more aware of his thick, dexterous fingers. How would it feel just to slide them inside for a moment or two..

"Stop it." He hissed at himself, groaning at the sound of his own voice.

It had taken on a much more feminine air now; you'd never guess he had been a man only a few nights ago. Or human for that matter. He reached the centre of the maze and gazed at his reflection; rippling muscles over what was clearly a female body. His horns were delicately curved and his face had taken on a more bovine shape. He couldn't help but secretly wish for a ring to put through his nose to complete the look.

God, he was so hot. He'd never been into any of that furry stuff but something about the musk that wafted off his fur made him suspect that were his human self ever to come across his minotaur body, even he would be into it. With a groan he began to fondle his tits;

sighing with pleasure as his rough fingers brushed over the nipples. They were so sensitive. Once he started he couldn't bring himself to stop.

A shiny piece of polished marble caught his eye, wedged firmly into the ground in the middle of the reflective mural; upright at a slight angle, polished, clean and smooth. And perfectly sized for him. It was so wrong, but he was so damn horny he could barely think straight. Any and all reservations went out the window as he slowly lowered himself onto it; feeling the cold stone instantly warm as it entered his velvet walls.

He opened his mouth and a deep bray escaped his throat; yes! His body screamed for more and he began to hump; fucking the hard stone dildo as hard as he could. It was long enough that it brushed against a small bundle of nerves deep inside him and Hank saw stars. He never thought he would debase himself like this but it just felt too good to stop. With one strong hand bracing himself, he used the other to squeeze one of his massive tits and moaned. He watched his reflection in the tiles and continued to moan and bray. He was sure the whole island could hear him; he didn't care, he was *close*.

He slammed down hard on the shaft and cried out loud enough that he swore he saw the walls of his maze shake. He orgasm left him dazed; it was stronger than any he'd ever had and yet, he didn't feel satisfied.

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Justin was just putting the finishing touches on his next when he heard the distinct roar of a minotaur echo up the cliff. He smirked; it seemed Hank was enjoying himself. After seeing those images in the cave it was a wonder it had taken him so long to give in to his new urges. Justin had started fingering himself as soon as he had the chance, his new pussy still forming around his fingers when he gushed the first time. He'd been enjoying himself, feeling new feathers grow with every orgasm he teased out of himself.

Some had even fallen out, which he'd used to make himself a comfortable nest to laze in. He had made it high enough that he was above the treeline, but not quite so high that the wind was sharp. He felt more at home up here, near the sky, where he could stretch his wings. Literally.

His arms had transformed now into a beautiful pair of wings; he still had his hands, plus talons, but he was sure he'd be able to use them to fly if he tried. It was just a matter of getting the courage to jump. The strange part was how little hesitation he felt to do so; and that lack of hesitation, ironically, made him hesitate. What if he was going insane? And this was all some hallucination and he fell to his death? He didn't feel like he was mad, but then again, wouldn't a mad person say the same thing?

He leaned over the edge, watching as several small flocks of birds took to the sky. He yearned to join them; and before he could stop himself he was in the air. He hadn't felt his legs coil and spring but here he was, in the sky, arms spread...and *gliding*.

He gave them a flap experimentally and felt himself rise, he could feel the air passing through his feathers, sense the wind currents and how to manoeuvre them with a simple tilt or flap of his wings. Joyous laughter bubbled from between his lips, this was exhilarating! He laughed and whooped, diving and curling through the air. If flying weren't so tiring he'd never walk again!

He flew over the island, watching as the trees thinned to reveal a meadow far below, in the middle of which sat a gorgeous Satyr woman whittling away at some wood. She was singing and the sound was one of the most beautiful Justin had ever heard. The last tiny parts of his mind that considered themselves male were immediately drawn to it. If he wasn't

almost fully transformed into a woman himself he was sure the song would have enchanted him totally; like a siren song of old.

He flapped a few times and landed softly in the grass and the woman, who he now recognised to be Trent looked up at him. A small set of panpipes, half whittled in her hands.

"I...just felt compelled." Trent blushed. "This place gets my creative juices flowing."

"I never considered you creative in the slightest." Justin admitted.

"Me either and yet, here we are." Trent shrugged, "Your feathers are beautiful."

"Thank you," Justin preened. "I'll be sad to lose them, when we go back."

The words hung heavy in the air and for the first time, Justin realised he didn't want to go back to being a boring old human man. Being a harpy was so much more fun; he could fly! And just like Trent he could feel music in his soul that was desperate to escape. Trent began to test his new panpipes, filling the air with a soothing melody. Justin opened his mouth and began to sing, a wordless song that moved with the wind. It had that same allure that Trent's song had and a strange sense of pride filled Justin as notes flowed out of him; he felt beautiful, no more than that, radiant.

"We could...always stay like this." Trent suggested when they were done.

"We'd have to stay on this island though, if we go back at best we get stuffed in some medical lab, at worst, we go back to being normal guys. What about Tulla?"

Trent blinked and Justin held back his scoff; it was obvious this was the first time his fiancée had crossed Trent's mind. He smiled sheepishly after a moment.

"Don't get me wrong, Tulla is nice and all but I was more interested in...her...money you know?" He admitted, "And if we stay here, money isn't really a problem."

"We'll figure it out, we have days left before leaving is even an option, well, for you two at least." He said smugly, running a talon along his feathers.

"You're right, let's worry about it when that guy comes to pick us up at the end of the week." Trent smiled, seeming quite happy to put the serious thought behind them and get back to his whittling.

Somewhere in the jungle they heard the echo of a minotaur braying again.

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The days passed in a pleasurable haze. Now that he'd accepted and understood what was happening to him, Trent found himself enjoying being a Satyr, even a female one. His body skipped through the trees with ease, his curves and curls bouncing happily as he sang to himself. Hank had busied himself with perfecting the maze, setting up harmless traps, dead

ends and even fixing the statues. Justin flew above the island, enjoying the open air and freedom that came with it.

Trent had become quite happy in his little meadow; his ears had turned long and soft and he'd gotten much shorter but his pride stayed intact. He may not be as strong or tall anymore, but he was cute as a button and sexy to boot.

If it weren't for their unbearable horniness, things would be perfect. Their own fingers and created toys were nice, and satisfied for a short amount of time but nothing, not even indulging with one another, seemed to satisfy for very long. Their sex drives were in overdrive and after getting past the initial awkwardness, they all admitted to really wanting a man. Which was a problem considering the island was deserted.

They had gotten so caught up in themselves and enjoying their new island paradise Trent had totally lost track of the days. He'd taken to sleeping in his meadow, on a bed of moss and flowers that seemed to grow just for him; though it was far too large, clearly it was designed to be shared. Since Justin always slept in his nest on the cliffs and Hank in his maze, their campsite was all but abandoned. They'd even learned to gather what food and water they needed from the island itself, it was only out of a sense of nostalgia that Trent returned to find something to snack on and saw the boat.

It was the same yacht that had delivered them to this place, with the captain standing on the shore looking nervous. He was inspecting the campsite, obviously looking for some sign of the men he'd dropped off and frantically checking his watch; clearly eager to leave. He was an older gentleman; with olive skin and dark hair that was going grey at the roots. He was handsome, in his own way, and Trent felt his new pussy moisten. At last; what he had been craving was right in front of him!

He felt his new seductress Satyr instincts take over and lifted the panpipes he wore around his neck to his lips. He could feel magic in the song; the same magic that had transformed him into this form perhaps. Immediately the man on the beach began to look relaxed; the song soothed his worries away without him even realising it and Trent's desire got stronger.

After a few minutes the man was swaying on his feet, lazily walking toward the treeline with a placid smile on his face; he almost looked drunk. Trent stepped out from behind the large jungle leaves, letting the warm sun warm his naked skin and watching as the captain's eyes grew wide. Trent felt his own arousal grow watching as the man's eyes roamed over his naked chest and down to his legs. It felt oddly intoxicating to be such an object of desire.

He giggled, making a come hither motion with his finger and turning to skip through the trees, his little tail bobbing above his peachy ass as he went. The sound of footsteps told him the man was following; the magic inherent in him now luring him along.

"Come on!" He smiled, "Just a little further..."

He curled his fingers and sharp branches from the trees seemed to stretch at his command, strategically scraping across the stitches of the captain's clothing. He didn't even seem to notice them falling apart at the seams until he was already naked, right at the entrance to Trent's meadow.

"What?" The captain blinked, looking confused and then back to the Satyr, "How...who are you?"

“Does that matter?” Trent cooed, leaning in close and taking the captain's hands, “I want you, that's what's important.”

He pulled both the captains hands between his legs and groaned, feeling the heat there and the fingers pressing against his mound. So close...he felt like he was on the edge of something beautiful and yet deliciously in control. His allure was too strong, the man didn't stand a chance.

His eyes began to dilate and he wordlessly followed Trent through his meadow until they reached the mossy bed surrounded by sweet smelling wild flowers. Trent dropped himself down onto the natural mattress and spread open his legs, blinking his doe eyes. The captain dropped himself down onto the bed and crawled up Trent's short body and began to lay kisses on his skin.

Trent groaned; it felt wonderful; these weren't just the kisses of somebody who was horny; they had true affection in them. This man was lavishing all the love he had onto him all at once, it was captivating. He moaned and the sound was almost musical, spurring his new partner on until he was almost at the point of madness, trying to touch and kiss every patch of skin the Satyr possessed. He was painfully hard and Trent couldn't stand it any longer; his new pussy was begging to be filled. With a playful giggle he turned the tables, rolling the man onto his back and sitting across his chest; he may have been smaller now, but his legs were strong and pinned the captain in place with ease.

“You're so beautiful..” the man moaned, “Please...please...”

Trent sighed, raising himself up happily to rest his hole against the tip of the man's cock. Slowly, he sank down and as he did a sense of purpose seemed to fill him; yes, this was what he was supposed to do, seduce and take all the pleasure he could.

It felt wonderful, after a week of nothing he finally had a man inside him, stretching his inner walls. He moaned, rolling his hips over and over again as his body was rocked with small orgasms. The man came once, then again and Trent milked him for all he was worth.

He knew then and there that they would not be going back; not when they could live in this paradise, experiencing all the love they could ever need. The captain would want to stay of course; he would become his new lover for as long as Trent would have him. Even if the spell broke and he wanted to leave one day, Trent was sure they could lure new men into their paradise. Perhaps he would even bear some new Satyr daughters into existence.

The thought made him cum again; this was it, his new forever. And he loved it.