

The days got longer, and the late spring Sun would burn down on him these beautiful but hot days, and he would sit in the shade beneath the old tree, if a sheep hadn't tried to escape again. He had no love for this work, but his family was poor and as the youngest of the three sons his father trusted him the most to take care of the few sheep his family possessed. So he was sent away to this far-off place, only seeing a human now and again, usually when his family had sent him some food.

His name was Timotheus.

He put the errant sheep back into the enclosure to walk to his favourite place beneath the old tree, the high grass moving against his sandaled feet and shins. The long run and search had made him tired and even beneath his lithe chlamys he felt hot and sweaty. "It is too early for such things..." Timotheus thought aloud as he slumped down, putting his staff aside, whipping his brow beneath his light brown hair.

He was so exhausted that after only a few moments the young shepherd dozed off.

He dreamed of girls, girls and their shapely curve – and as his stiffening penis rubbed against the fabric of his cloak he awoke: "Oh by the gods, why do I get horny all the time!"

He sighed, looking down at his erection, proudly standing between his legs. Not that he really minded being so horny all the time, in fact he quite enjoyed pleasuring himself from time to time, but he felt strange that now even the sheep started to look good.

He reached for his cock and started to rub it, slowly, thinking of the neighbour's daughter again, moaning softly.

"Well hello my young friend," said a voice that suddenly cut into his fantasies. "Can I assist you in your search for pleasure?" Timotheus opened his eyes turned around to look into the face of a satyr, with dark brown hair and a thick beard, holding a pan-flute.

He froze there still holding his manhood in one hand. "S-Sorry *what?*" He quickly rearranged his chlamys so the satyr could no longer see his naked body.

"Don't be shy I – won't bite it off," the satyr answered, before adding, slyly: "Although some seem to *like* the feeling of teeth around their best parts."

Timotheus reached for his staff; "What do you want creature!"

"Why nothing at all! Just to give you a pleasant time – must be lonely out here with just the sheep keeping you company."

"Go!" Timotheus commanded. "Everyone knows one has to pay a price for whatever a satyr offers him!"

The satyr just smiled. "Let's guess: your grandfather told you so?"

"Yes – and what if he did?" Timotheus asked.

"Why nothing, nothing at all – I will let you be, young shepherd." The satyr walked away through the high grass, before turning, with a sly, lecherous smirk: "...only that I thought you might have liked something different than just your right hand – for a change." And with that the satyr continued walking.

The youth watched him, and although his grandfather's words were burning in his mind, and with several moments of hesitation, he called out after the satyr just before he reached the enclosure: "Wait – wait, what do mean?"

The satyr smiled, pleased – young human males were so easy to distract.

The shepherd continued walking towards him, that smooth gait, those youthful, almost hairless legs.

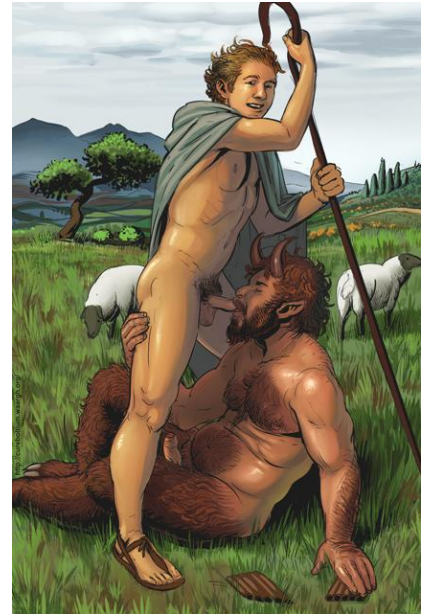
"Well I could give you pleasure you haven't experienced before," he explained, with his smooth, charming voice. "How?" Timotheus asked as he stood in front of the creature again. "Well you have to find out, I'd rather show you than tell." The satyr smiled at the conflicted expression on the human's face. Timotheus looked around; there was no one for miles, who would ever know what he did up here in the hills.

"Well let me show you!" The satyr simply said and sat down in front of the youth: "Might I know your name shepherd?" He asked while stretching his, with dark brown fur covered, legs from him allowing the young man to see his thick phallus for the first time. "Ahm Timotheus!" The youth said distracted by the satyr's genitals. "A good name! But I think I will just call you Timo!" The satyr said looking at the shapely young man. "Well what now?" The shepherd asked the laying satyr, "What now come here?" The creature answered and Timotheus slowly walked closer.

The satyr reached for his chlamys and moved it aside so he could see the youth's phallus again, hanging lazily above a pair of well formed testes and nestled in light brown hair. He took in the young man's shape in from the flat stomach that showed small muscles up to the well formed chest that was yet bare of any hair.

Timotheus looked at the satyr and felt a bit uneasy; maybe it was a wrong decision. He already wanted to turn around when the satyr reached for his manhood and started to wrap his left hand around it. A tingly feeling moved through the youth's body and his phallus started to swell slowly. The satyr smiled, happy that the human reacted so fast.

He bent a bit forward and started to lick the tip;"He what..." Timotheus protested as the satyr began sucking his manhood but was silenced almost immediately by the feeling. At first it felt strange, with the satyr's tongue swirling around his phallus, it was far from anything he had ever experienced. The satyr stopped for a moment; "How do you like it so far young Timo?" He gasped for air; "It it...!" "That's what I thought". The satyr smiled and gently grasped for the young man's thigh drawing him closer to continue his art.



Soft moans escaped the youth's mouth as the sucking got more intense. His shaft now fully erect, the satyr's head bobbing around its length. The moans got louder and the satyr could taste the first drops of Timotheus seed not much longer and he would ejaculate his load. "This..this feels amazing!" He thought a dopey grin crossing his face, his knees suddenly went weak as he felt this tingly sensation spreading from his groin. Timotheus had to support himself on his staff, his breath getting more and more ridged his moans turned louder when he blew his load into the expecting satyr's mouth. The satyr smiled inwardly knowing quite well what was soon going to happen, once a second pan-flute appeared out of nowhere near Timotheus's right foot.

The young man felt weak after his pleasuring by the satyr and sank into the creature's lap, not even caring that the satyr's cock was rubbing against his crack. The satyr held Timotheus close feeling his heartbeat. "I could take him right here and now." He thought taking in the young man's scent, and ruffling through his light brown hair.

"That was incredible!" The youth finally said after catching his breath again. "I am glad you enjoyed it that much young one!" "Can I offer you some food?" The shepherd asked as he rose again. "That would be very thoughtful of you." The satyr answered and watched as the young man hastened towards the tree: recognizing the fuzz that had started to grow on the youth's shins; "No let's take it slow!" He thought picking up the second flute and following Timotheus.

The young man was rummaging through his bag with the food for something he could offer the satyr, still feeling hot and sweaty he loosened the needle that held his cloak, which simply fell to the ground, now just standing there in his nakedness, not recognizing that his feet had started to grow fine brown hair.

He found some cheese and bread along with a bottle of watered wine; "Here it is not much, but I hope you like it?" He said to the satyr who had sat down beneath the tree and examined the young man with fond eyes.

"Thank you this is more than enough!" The satyr answered "Here take this flute as sign of my appreciation!" He handed the shepherd the pan-flute who looked at it with curious eyes; "I

have never learned to play on it". "Ha ha shepherd who can't play his patron-gods instrument!" The satyr laughed; "And there I thought I have already seen everything! Well dear Timo that has to change I show you how to play it!" The satyr said and blew a few tones on his own instrument, making the young man sit down beside him.

The sounds made Timotheus feel funny and lightheaded, the surrounding area seemed to blur around him as the satyr continued to play his melody, a melody older than humans could possibly think of. The satyr looked at the young shepherd smiling a faraway look on his face; "Just give in young one you will feel so much better!" He thought as he continued to play his song. He observed as Timotheus's ears started to grow a tiny bit bigger and pointed.

When the song had ended Timotheus sat there mesmerized, his head filled with strange pictures of satyrs doing the most frivolous things he never even had thought of. Still he liked them more and more. The old satyr could see the youth's phallus grow again, but he didn't touch it rather he caressed the young man's thighs that had started to grow light brown hairy fuzz.

"Did you enjoy it?" He whispered into the now very pointed ears of the youth before moving down his neck covering it with small kisses. Timotheus couldn't reply too much were the feelings washing over his body, his mind assaulted by pictures of satyrs again and again, slowly replacing the thoughts of the young human.

"Yes..!" Was the only answer he could give as the satyr's hands moved over his body, causing a tingly but enjoyable feeling, making his phallus harder and harder although never even touched once. The satyr smiled, as soft moans escaped Timotheus's mouth and he suddenly came again; "Seems you were quite in need of my help, young shepherd!"

The young man blushed as he recuperated from his latest orgasm. "Seems so"; He answered a little bit ashamed. "Oh don't be hard on you Timo so far away from home and so alone, I think it is quite understandable; Said the satyr and smiled giving the young man a reassuring clap on his back. "So why don't you play me a song as well?" "But I have never learned to play?" Timotheus interjected. "It doesn't matter it will come to you, play me your song Timo!" The satyr asked looking at him with his kind, but lusty dark eyes.

The youth put the flute to his lips; at first hesitantly he started to play. The tunes were deep and slow until with a sudden change his melody turned fast and wild, chiming over the meadow fitting his fiery spirit. The old satyr felt the fire taking the young man's soul knowing that he was becoming more and more like him; Hairs starting to grow on Timotheus's chin, forming a bushy goatee.

"That was quite good!" The satyr said looking at the young man, who smiled at the compliment. The shepherd wanted to stand up. "Oh, my feet!" He suddenly called out falling back onto his shapely butt above which a small lump had started to form. Timotheus looked down at his sandaled feet, not wondering once how his legs had gotten so hairy; His toes straining against the thongs of his sandals the nails darkening. He removed his shoes as his

feet grew in length and his legs in overall changing their shape. The satyr grinned as dusk marked the end of Timo's time as a human, but the youth was not ready yet.

The sounds, his melody, it made him feel wild but also restless and quite horny. He stood up pacing around slowly his weight shifting to the balls of his feet. His toes slowly merging and morphing until the two remaining ones turned into cloven hooves. The proportions of his legs shifting until they were dig grade, the fine hairs thickening into a shaggy light brown pelt. The satyr looked at Timotheus content with the progressing changes; "Do you want more my friend?" "More of what?" ; The young man asked, flexing his hands, as something grew within him; wanting more of whatever the satyr could offer him. "More pleasure."; The satyr answered getting on his hands and hairy knees.

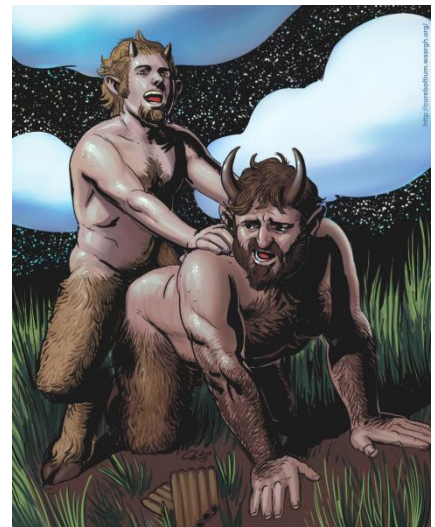
Timotheus looked at the satyr presenting his plump ass to him, a small goat-like tail protruding from above his butt. "What do you want me to do?"; The shepherd asked shyly. "Oh don't be so coy you already know what to do!" The satyr laughed but he was right pictures of satyrs rutting were manifesting themselves in the young men's head. He stepped towards the satyr his shaft starting to swell again.

He now stood in front of the satyrs behind his erection poking against the crack of his butt; "Just go on I will quite enjoy it!" He animated the youth, who with a sudden thrust entered the satyr's anus. The new sensation let him stay still for a bit the muscles of the satyr's hole flexing around his erection. "Go on!"

Timotheus started to move back and forth slowly making the satyr moan, but it was only the beginning. Soon he got more eager, his thrusts turning faster. The satyr looked back as the youth's chest and stomach were slowly covered by brown hair, the rising moon making his damp skin glisten.

Unaware to him while enjoying his first intercourse two small horns pushed out above his brow. The young satyr was quite handsome and although he had still much to learn, what he was doing back there just now, could rival any of his more experienced brothers' skills, the older satyr thought as the thrusts got more eager; "Harder!" He said between two thrusts; "With pleasure brother!" The young one answered.

The wild rutting went on for quite some time, until Timotheus felt his ball churning: "I think it is happening again!" Was the only thing, to be heard besides the constant moans before the young satyr pushed into the older one for a last time; He could feel Timo's semen fill up his bottom, his muscles clenching around the transformed human's cock. Exhausted the youth slipped out of the old ones anus, the haze dimming his mind slowly vanishing as he sat down, finally recognizing what had happened to him!"



“By the gods! What did you do to me?” He cried out touching his furry legs. “Oh I just helped a young human male, that’s all!” The satyr chuckled standing up, tapping the dust out of his fur. “I can’t be seen like this they would hunt me down!” Timotheus cried out loud. “Hm well there is a simple solution to that, you could accompany me?” The former human looked at the older satyr; “First you changed me and now you want to drag me away?!”

The satyr put his arm around the former shepherd; “Well you would be far away from any danger, and would see things no human will ever even dream of!” Timo looked onto the pasture and sheep that had huddled together. “But what about..!” “Oh don’t worry there will be someone taking care of them”; the satyr said looking at him with friendly eyes.

“Well what choice do I have?” Timo finally answered getting up onto his cloven hooves. “Where will we go from here?” “To the east I have heard some rumours about nymphs, which means we will meet a lot of our kind on the way!” The satyr explained, while getting up.

“What is actually your name? I can’t call you satyr all the time.” “Oh I have been called many names but you young satyr might call me Thalos!” The older goat-man said. “Here your flute no one of our kind ever goes without his!” He added while handing Timo his pan flute. “And now come we don’t want to miss the fun!” The two moved away from the enclosed pasture, forward the near woods. Timo looked back a last time back on his old life before a small smile appeared on his face and he vanished with Thalos into the darkness of the night.