

Creatures of Myth - Part 4

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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Life on the island had been peaceful of late, though Justin was growing restless. It had been several months since he'd lured a new boat into their waters, and he was growing bored with their small community. They had a dozen or so men on their island at the moment, along with a handful of women who had found themselves transformed into beings such as the three of them.

None of the other men were transforming, something Justin and his friends had been confused but also relieved by. Only their female castaways became creatures like them, and quickly took to helping them seduce. Of course, that also meant more competition for male company. And so, more were required.

Hank theorised that perhaps women were supposed to be transformed but since the island was empty when they arrived; the magic had taken what it could get. Now that they existed to lure more sailors to their shores, the men took on the role of pleasure partners rather than being transformed.

Justin and another Harpy soared over the seas. It had been months since their last castaways and he was eager to find some fresh meat. Word must have spread of treacherous seas though; because ships were entering the area less and less these days. The first few times they had lured vessels to their shores Justin had been forced to land for several days; lest the search and rescue boats spot him.

Once had willingly landed on their island to come looking and of course found themselves ensnared by Trent's music and Hank's maze. They willingly joined up soon after and were presumably added to the list of the missing. Nobody wanted to leave of course; even if there wasn't the magical component keeping them bound to the island and compelled to sleep with its inhabitants; why would they leave. They got to live in luxury, their every need provided for and had the love of horny mythical creatures lavished upon them.

"There!" His companion called, tilting her wing toward the sea, where a small fishing boat was moored.

On the deck he spied four sailors, three of which were hauling up a large net of fish; excellent; that would make organising dinner for the next days easier as well. Two birds, one stone.

Justin took a deep breath and began to sing, his wordless, enchanting tune that no man was immune to. His companion joined him and they circled, dipping through the clouds and watching with smiles as the boat began to move, following their song. He sailed high in

the sky until they were closer to their island before swooping down and letting the sailors catch a glimpse of him; brilliant grey and blue feathers and a soft, feminine smile.

He watched their eyes widen in awe, one even started to move toward the edge of the boat as if he meant to walk across the waves to join Justin and he giggled; he loved the eager ones. As per usual, they continued on with reckless abandon, leaping over the reef and into the bay where their ship ran aground on the rocks.

Justin was careful though, he never wanted to hurt anybody, so he made sure to lead them to the safest part of the shore. Where the rocks were sharp enough to damage their ship but not so treacherous that they risked being slammed against them by the waves if they fell in. Which one did of course, his companion swooped like a seagull, plucking him from the water and carrying him into the dense jungle.

“Greedy.” Justin sighed, oh well, there were three more.

They were holding their heads, confused as to how they managed to run aground so easily but then the eager one, the man who’d tried to walk across the water to meet him, noticed Justin in the sky circling like a bird of prey.

“She’s beautiful...” he whispered, arms outstretched, ready to be collected.

The other two seemed less sure; but a few magical notes had them reaching too; all vying for his affection. It was so lovely, watching them all desperately clawing at the sky, wanting to be the first to sample his body; it made Justin wet and he decided he had been patient enough.

Elegantly he dropped down onto the sand and motioned for his eager lover to step forward. In the distance he could hear the telltale sound of panpipes; Trent must have seen them approaching and come looking, these two wouldn’t be lonely for long.

Trent opened his arms and welcomed his newest lover into a warm embrace with a happy sigh; eager to get started. He pressed himself against the sailor’s body, smiling coyly and watching as the man’s eyes dilated. He wasn’t even singing anymore, just humming, the melodic tune bringing the man to hardness as his talons made short work of his clothes.

“Make love to me.” He sang quietly, “Come to the sky. Cum in the sky.”

“Oh, yes.” The man groaned.

He wrapped himself around Justin’s body and Justin spread his arms out wide, taking to the skies and flapping hard to gain as much air as possible. He could feel the man’s naked body clinging to him, his erection poking into his thigh, God he couldn’t wait a second longer to feel it inside him.

He reached a point high in the air, nearing the top of the mountain before spreading out his wings and beginning to glide. The man seemed to know what to do, thanks to the music of Justin’s song. He wrapped his arms around the Harpy’s shoulders and in turn, Justin wrapped his legs around the man’s waist and pulled his cock inside his folds. The man began to thrust, humping him in the sky as Justin gilded slowly around the mountain; it would take them several minutes to reach the ground, provided he would keep his arms outstretched; plenty of time to have him a few times.

It felt so dangerous, fucking in the sky like this; Justin came with a cry that was almost musical and seemed to spur the man on further until he too finished. Justin felt the seed filling his womb and he shivered; it felt so much better than fingers could. Yes, he needed more. He opened his mouth and began to sing again; the man groaned; his cock rehardening immediately and he began again, thrusting and humping as the Harpy continued to glide.

They fucked in the sky so many times Justin lost count; did it even count as more than once if his partner never got the chance to pull out? Each time he came all Justin had to do was sing a few notes and he started again. Eventually though, the ground began to near and Justin could feel his partner's grip loosening in exhaustion. He'd keep going till his heart gave out if Justin let him; but he wasn't that cruel.

His partner groaned as they reached the ground, his legs gave out as soon as they touched down but Justin caught him just in time and lowered him onto the grass almost lovingly.

"You rest my dear." He cooed, "Once you are ready we will go to my nest, we'll make love all the more."

The man passed out with a smile on his face and Justin grinned; he could feel the excess seed dribbling down his leg and he turned to face the direction of the ocean; idly wondering if any of the sailors were still about and ready for a song.

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Hank sighed, arching his back against the cool stone marble and let himself relax. His large bovine head lolled to the side to watch in the reflective tiles as yet another man lowered his lips down to his pussy and began to lick. It was the third one today and he was still wanting. The thing about being so much bigger than most people was that it took quite a strapping man to satisfy, of which there was only one so far. Instead, he'd taken to having his lovers pleasure him with their tongues, one after another.

Honestly, the hardest part was making sure they waited their turn. The men were so eager to taste him they often fought and Hank had to fuck them just to keep all their emotions cool and calm.

The Maze of Pleasures, as he'd taken to calling it, was quite the fun game. He'd have people chase one another through its walls, teasing and kissing until they were hot and ready for him in the centre.

A lazy orgasm washed over him as he came again and he moaned; the sound sent the people still outside the maze's centre into a frenzy. He could hear their desperate groans and hurried footsteps through the earth. They were all desperate to reach the middle and be rewarded by his body. He'd never felt more at peace. He was just finishing up another orgasm when a voice disturbed his peace.

"Hank, I need you to get up."

With a groan he glanced away from his reflection and looked up to see Justin perched on one of the maze's walls. Reluctantly he pushed away his current lover and got to his hooves.

“What do you want? I was having fun.” He grumbled, “One of the newest sailors you lured here is in the maze and I am eager to try him out.”

“This is important, people just landed on the north shore.” Justin replied, “A search ship.”

“So?” Hank shrugged, “They’ll join us soon enough, send Trent to lure them here, I’ll set them right.”

“That’s just it though, one of the people on the ship...is Tulla.”

“His finance?”

It had been so long since they lived as humans Hank had basically forgotten all about her, as had Trent as far as they could both tell.

“Yeah, I figure we should warm him, together.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right.” Hank sighed, “Let’s find him.”

It was never hard to find the Satyr, he almost never left his meadow. Loathe as they were to admit it, Trent was the most popular of them for some reason and his home was always brimming with potential lovers. As they approached Trent saw them coming and smiled.

“New boat!” He grinned, “Two in a single month, how wonderful!”

“Yeah, about that boat...Tulla’s on it.” Justin winced, “I saw her while I was doing a fly by.”

Trent seemed remarkably calm, even a little excited. There was none of the guilt or awkwardness Hank had been expecting.

“That’s wonderful!” Trent exclaimed, “Let’s go meet her!”

The Satyr was off, skipping along with a song on his lips and Justin and Hank’s eyes met. They shrugged; guess they had no choice but to follow along. When they reached the beach there indeed was Tulla along with half a dozen others; all women. Trent skipped right out onto the sand, with Justin and Hank in hot pursuit and to their surprise; the women smiled.

Normally, it took a few days for any women who came to their island to fully accept their new life as Harpies, Minotaurs and Satyrs, when they first met the group they were always wary but Tulla and her companions looked positively thrilled.

“I knew it!” She cried, running forward to greet them with a wide smile. “I knew the stories had to be true; that the creatures of this island had returned just like in my grandfather’s stories.”

“And you came here anyway?” Hank blinked in surprise.

“My fiance and his bachelor party went missing after coming here.” Tulla explained, “When I started researching the myths around the island and discovered what it had once been, I knew it had to be true. He’s here isn’t he? Seduced by creatures like you?”

“What if he is?” Trent asked slyly, “What will you do? Take him back?”

“No, not at all. Well, not in the way you think.” Tulla smiled, “My finance was a bit of an ass, and frankly, having him worship the ground I walk on wouldn’t be half bad.”

She indicated to the women behind her.

“All of us want to become creatures like you.”

The women all nodded their heads eagerly.

“When Tulla told us what this place was we didn’t dare dream she was right!” One said, “I can hardly believe it’s true! How do we change? Do we get to pick what we become? I want to be a minotaur so bad!”

Hank, Trent and Justin shared a look; willing women to join their island home and one of them was Tulla! Trent was grinning ear to ear.

“Of course you can join, the changes will start soon enough, you’ll see. Come, join me in my meadow, it’s been a while since I enjoyed a woman’s touch.”

Justin sighed.

“I’m going to have to lure so many more men to the island to make sure there are enough to go around.”

“Don’t act like you don’t love it.” Hank rumbled. “How long do you think it’ll be before Trent tells Tulla who he is?”

A loud cry of “WHAT!?” echoed through the trees, so sudden that birds took flight and Justin laughed.

“Not long by the sounds of it.”