

Mini-Story: Satirical (Rude Knight to Pregnant Satyr TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Sir Bellic is a rude, prudish knight who is in for a rude awakening when a witch turns him into a lustful satyr, one who is bound to breed with quite a few of the local town's inhabitants!

Satirical

Bella cried out in utter bliss as she was fucked against the wall from behind. It was a nobleman that was taking her this time - one Sir Fenn - and he had quite the big sausage too, because she was being filled right up as he thrust deeply into her.

"M-more!" she cried. "N-need more! Harder!"

"I don't want to go too hard," the young nobleman laughed, placing a hand around her large belly. "Otherwise we'll enjoy your little babe against the wall!"

"I'm b-braving my hands again it, aren't I? Go as hard as you like! I promise you, this little one will be as healthy as all the others."

The nobleman chuckled. "Well, there's a good chance he's my bastard, after all!"

"Yours - ohhh - or about twenty other c-candidates, sir! Mhmm! Don't s-stop, I swear you'll put me into labour with how well you're f-fucking me!"

He thrust again, and the woman cried out, her horns scraping against the wall as they often did. Fenn gripped her hairy hips before squeezing her little tail, and he must have known it was a sensitive spot for her, because it made her cum early, crying out and causing her long, soft and furry ears to shake on the sides of her head.

"Yesss! F-fill me up, quickly! I need your seed inside me! I need it!"

The nobleman was clearly aroused by this statement, because he gripped her swollen pregnant belly with one hand and her large left breast in the other, and rammed one final time. It was pure ecstasy that followed, because he howled in release, sending a veritable flood of his issue right into her waiting tunnel. The female satyre cried out, her immeasurable lust overflowing with ecstasy, her left breast sending a stream of milk into the wall as Fenn groped it. The other simply leaked as if it often did these days. That was okay; Fenn liked to suckle from her. Most of them did, in fact.

The orgasms - nearly a dozen of them, which was a perk of being a satyr - finally passed, and she collapsed into the corner after Fenn extracted himself from her.

"Gods above," he said, tucking his impressive member back into his breeches. "You really are a lustful creature, aren't you?"

Bella nodded, still panting too much to speak properly. "Y-yeah, I am, s-sir. Gods, that was great. Best I've had this m-morning."

"I'm not your first?"

She held up three fingers from her slightly hairy hand and grinned with something approaching embarrassment.

"From the regulars," she explained. "Downstairs in the tavern. Couldn't help myself. Satyr problems."

"I still can't truly believe it. You *really* used to be a knight?"

"Sir Bellic," she said, shifting to the bed and motioning for him to sit beside her. Her little child squirmed in her belly, kicking its hoofs against her. "Nghh . . . that was my name. But that was years ago, sir, back when I was a noble too, and when I wasn't . . . well, this."

"A satyr whore."

"Hey! Watch it or you'll never have me again! I may be a slut now on account of that witch, but I never ask for payment! I get my coin serving in the tavern and from kind donations. If a gentleman pays me after, that's his business as a thanks. But I'm no prostitute."

Fenn looked amused, but put up his hands in a placating gesture. "My apologies, dear lady. But I would be happily regaled by your story. It's not every day that a man enjoys the warm body of a true satyr - most of your kind are far beyond the horizons, and yet here you are."

"With a kid on the way," she complained, "and three already born. At least Madeline downstairs is looking after them when I get my urges up. Look, there's not much to tell. You've probably already heard the stories of 'boorish, brutish Bellic.' I was a moral man, at least that's what I thought. I served the kingdom, but I always made sure to tell promiscuous ladies what was what, and that they'd find no salvation with the gods unless they repented from their harlotry."

"I'm guessing you told the wrong person that?"

Bella ran her fingers through her very curly brown hair, which was cut relatively short. She stamped a hoof upon the floor, and it made a hard knock.

"You're damn right there, I did. Turns out one scantily clad lass was a witch enjoying a night of seductive wiles. Well, I got right up in her face. I was a big bloke, you see, so I loomed right over this redhead, calling her a slut and a whore, telling her that she was a monster, that she had succumbed to her endless lusts. I told her that if she wasn't careful, she'd end up with a whole litter of bastards that would only burden the kingdom, and that a woman like her should aspire more than to be the town wagonride for gents to sow their wild oats in. I went on and on; I'd had a bit of a drink, you see."

She rubbed her swollen belly, then scratched her furry thigh. She could feel Fenn's gaze upon her, and there was genuine interest in it. But also a bit of lust; she had quite the

pair on her chest, especially now that she was on her fourth consecutive pregnancy, so she thrust them out a little, leaning closer to him.

“Well, she cast a curse on me. Took me nearly a week to change. I thought I was turning into a demon, what with those ram’s horns growing, and also when I lost my feet and grew hooves. I was terrified and ashamed. But then I couldn’t hide myself, because I was getting this damned lust around the time my tail came in and my tears started to develop. Those just kept on growing until I had a ripe pair of fruit indeed, and by the time they were bouncing on my chest with every hoofbeat I was a maiden with a slit between my legs and the body of a satyr. And if there’s one thing everyone knows about satyrs . . .”

“They’re a lustful bunch,” Fenn answered, licking his lips a little at the answer.

“Damn right they are! Gods help me if I ever meet a male satyr. We might just never stop! I couldn’t stay as a knight, of course. Satyrs don’t age physically, except right at the very end. So now I look like a young mythical wench with a big pair of knockers and a hairy hide that just can’t help wanting a man’s cock buried deep within it. I held out as long as I could, but a lady can only pleasure herself so many times before she wants a strong fella making a wench out of her. In the end, I ran almost naked out of my homestead and right to the very street where I used to judge all the girls of the night. I found the first fella that was interested in me - not a hard task, given that fucking a satyr lass is a dream all young lads have from the moment their balls drop - and that was it.”

“You didn’t try to fight it afterwards?”

She laughed as she stood, her hooves knocking against the hardwood as she waddled to her dresser. She adjusted her makeup and used a brush on her sides, then a wet cloth for the leaking seed down her hairy thighs.

“Of course I did, ya damn fool! I fought it every inch and mile, but a satyr’s instincts are too powerful. And it’s not just for sex either: it’s partying, socialising, even having sex in public places. I’ve ridden just about every man in this town and half of those who visit it. Just ask Jarm the butcher, he got me with my first child, I’m sure. And Taggart who used to run the bakery but retired, well, I brought the youth out in him again. I think he liked knocking me up with my first son, because he never had one, and besides, he hated me when I was a knight demanding a discount. I’m the town wagon, as they say, and by the time I was lying spread legged and in birthing pains, surrounded by midwives helping me deliver my first little babe, I was too damn lustful to even care.”

Fenn frowned. “Wait, you were lustful *during birth*?”

Bella grinned. “Here’s my secret, milord. I’m never *not* lustful. I just have to be patient. So why don’t you hold my belly like *this*, and I’ll get up on your lap like *this*, and you enjoy fucking your satyr lass so hard and passionately that you finally bring her labor on,

yeah? Because I am overdue and ready to start making the next one, and this time you might *definitely* get to sow your bastard in me.”

Fenn exhaled, shocked by all of this, even as he gripped her hairy hips and pressed his newly hard member against her entrance.

“And you’re really okay with this?”

“Gods, no! I’d go back in a minute! But that ain’t happening any time soon, and a satyr has her needs whether I like it or not. So why not try to like it? Now, why don’t you be a good nobleman and suck on my milking tits while I ride you, and I’ll make sure you cum like you’ve never cum before?”

Fenn grinned. “You know, I think I’m rather glad you turned, Bella.”

“Ohhh,” she moaned as he entered her. “Yesss. Mhmm. You know, when I’m going at it like this, I’m sometimes even g-glad too! Ohhh!”

The bliss and ecstasy and cries of joy followed. She rode him, mindful of her large belly which slid against his torso. The man drank from her breasts just as she desired, and the sensation of having her milk suckled by a lover was purely divine. They sped up, her gyrated her hips against his, her satyrical instincts letting her know exactly how to milk his cock for all it was worth. It was never a life she imagined for herself, and would have in fact disgusted her supremely once, but now she could only be a little ashamed and humiliated by it, even as her arousal grew with each passing second. The feeling of a big, hard cock inside her was just too damn good, and she’d long given up on fighting that need, and instead resigned herself to her lusts. By the end, Fenn had done exactly as she asked: Bella’s water broke over the pair of him, and soon the pangs of childbirth began.

“D-don’t go t-too far!” she said, even as she spread her hairy legs for the arriving midwives that had been called. “A satyr can get knocked up real fast after, and if this one ain’t yours I can certainly g-give you another! NGhhh!”

“I shall be downstairs with a drink in my hand!”

“That’s the - nngh! Ahh - spirit! MMHMPH!”

And then she was urged to bear down and bring yet another babe into the world. It would not be her last, not by far, she knew. She was the only satyr around for hundreds of miles, and her legend grew with each man she laid with and each child she birthed. The witch’s curse would ensure she would be subject to her lusts for a great many years yet. One thing was for certain: Bella could never judge another woman’s promiscuity ever again. She had them all beat, and her growing horde of children would only provide more evidence with each passing year. But at least even the birthing part was damn *pleasurable*, compared to what other women went through. Being a satyr had *some* perks.

The End