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Seduced by a Satyr



Angeline BRIGHT

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By

Angeline Bright



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Dedication:

For my lover, who is too shy to be named in an erotic novel but is always supportive of my writing.

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Chapter One

“We’ll rest here,” Artemis ordered, pointing to the clear spring that bubbled out of the hillside and trickled down through a wooded ravine. “Then we’ll take up the trail again.”

Kalliope set down her bow and quiver and lounged in the lush grass. She was grateful for the break. Artemis was the greatest huntress of them all, the goddess of the hunt, but she was tough to keep up with. As Kalliope looked around, she saw that all the other maidens were equally tired. Some were soaking their sore feet in the stream. Others lay down on the grass to catch a quick nap.

She snuck a peak at Artemis. The goddess was radiant in the white robes she and all her followers wore. An aurora of pure light shimmered about her. A golden bow was slung over her left shoulder, and a quiver of silver arrows was strapped to her back. The goddess paced back and forth. Artemis always got impatient during these breaks, eager to resume the chase. She just couldn’t accept the fact that mortal flesh was weak. She demanded too much from her followers.

Looking at the all-female hunting group, Kalliope was reminded of another thing Artemis didn’t understand. The goddess had pledged herself to a life of virginity, pushing aside countless suitors in order to dedicate herself to the hunt. She demanded the same of her followers. Kalliope had long yearned for a man, gazed at them from afar as they worked in the fields or practiced with their swords and spears. Their strong arms and gleaming torsos enticed her. What would it be like to have those arms around her? To feel those chests pressed against her?

Kalliope sighed and nursed her tired feet. All she would get to do was look.

A strange, soft music lilted through the trees. It sounded like pipes, but no pipes Kalliope had ever heard. She strained to listen to the almost inaudible music. It was beautiful and compelling, too. The faint strains were so haunting, so heartfelt, they gave her a feeling she had never experienced before.

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“Do you hear that?” Kalliope asked the maiden seated next to her.

“Hear what?”

Kalliope looked around. No one else seemed to notice the music. Even Artemis gave no sign that she heard it, and the goddess had ears sharper than any human or beast.

Curious, Kalliope picked up her bow and quiver and stood.

“Where are you going?” Artemis demanded.

“I...um...I wanted to investigate that deer trail we were following. I’ll be back in a little while.”

The goddess nodded and Kalliope set out. She was surprised at herself. She’d never lied to Artemis before, but for some reason she felt compelled to, as if the mystery of the music was hers alone to discover. She pushed these thoughts from her mind and followed the sound.

The forest was thick here. She pushed through brambles and close-set trees, the music drawing her on. As she continued it grew louder, more insistent. The hairs on the back of her neck prickled at the ethereal sound. She was intrigued, but a bit frightened too. She progressed carefully, skills honed from years with Artemis’ band kept her passage through the underbrush silent. There was no sign of her passing. Kalliope paused to string her bow and notch an arrow. The music was beautiful, but so were the siren’s song and the body of the Medusa. Beauty could be dangerous in the land of Hellas.

She came to a small clearing. At the far end a satyr sat beneath an olive tree. It was he who played. Rough hands held a set of panpipes to full lips. The music that emanated from those pipes sent soothing thrills of pleasure throughout Kalliope’s body.

She knew of satyrs, knew of their reputation, but she had never see one. She studied the figure before her. He did not look at her, did not seem to know she was there.

His face was handsome. Dark features and soft brown eyes. A pair of small horns poked out from a shock of bushy brown hair. A little goatee sprung from his chin. His bare chest was broad and strong, like those Kalliope had so often admired from a distance, but below it the body was different. His hips and legs were those of a goat. Strong, hairy legs ends in cloven hooves. But what was between those legs made Kalliope start in surprise.

An engorged cock stood tall and proud in the dappled sunlight. She had never seen one before, only heard about them from giggling, whispered conversations with the

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other maidens. It was bigger than she imagined it would be, thick and firm.

That can actually fit inside someone? she wondered, gasping at the thought.

The sound made the satyr stop his playing and look up. An expression of radiant joy spread over his face as he saw the huntress standing at the edge of the glen. He leapt up.

“You’re as beautiful as I hoped! I am Demetrios. What’s your name, my love?”

“My love?” Kalliope asked, indignant. “You don’t even know me and you call me your love?”

Demetrios bowed low.

“Ah, but you are my love. These panpipes you see here were fashioned for me by nymphs. Although I enjoyed their company they saw I tired of their sport. I told them my heart was heavy because I had yet to find true love. So they made me these pipes and wove a spell in them so that only my true love would be able to hear their song.”

“This is ridiculous! I am a maiden of Artemis. I am no man’s love, and no satyr’s!”

“Then why did you follow the song?” Demetrios countered. “I can see your eyes straying down to my middle regions. I can see the longing in your gaze. Why not dally with me for a while? You are sure to find an exciting time.”

Kalliope felt a strange prickling on her skin. She had never had an offer from a man before, or a satyr. While she was sworn to chastity, that oath had never been tested. Her eyes once again strayed to the satyr’s erect member. It stood shamelessly in the sunlight. She looked back up at the satyr’s face and blushed. He was smiling at her.

“Ah, so you *are* interested! But don’t worry, we will do nothing you don’t want to do. Let me play for you again.”

“If Artemis finds me here there is no telling what she will do!” Kalliope protested.

“Artemis cannot hear my panpipes. She’s not my true love, or anyone’s for that matter. Just listen for a little while, and we shall see if you want to stay longer.”

With that he raised the panpipes to his lips again and began to play. It was a joyous song, not the beautiful, longing tones of a moment before, but an ecstatic celebration of life. He was speaking to her through his music, she realized, and his joy at meeting her was resonant in every note. She smiled at the compliment. She had never had a man compliment her before. Being constantly with the hunting band, she hadn’t even had much of a chance to speak with men at all, and here was this attractive satyr,

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half gorgeous man and half horny animal, playing a song just for her.

From around the panpipes Demetrios returned her smile. His cloven hooves beat time on the ground. His music rose in tempo and he began to dance around the little glen. Kalliope laughed and clapped in time with his music, then she found herself dancing too.

Around and around the glen they spun, she making graceful pirouettes, he stamping his hooves and lustily following. Kalliope laughed and danced faster as Demetrios picked up the tempo. She felt happy, free. She and her fellow maidens had never danced like this. As the two of them cavorted she stole glances at the satyr's erect prick. What would it be like? She felt flushed with pride that he was so obviously interested.

Without a thought she slipped her robes off one shoulder, then another. Her raiment fell to the ground, revealing her bare body. The satyr missed a note, then played even more vigorously, his song rising in cadence, fueled by lust. She looked back at him. His eyes burned with desire. Her nipples hardened in response.

Kalliope kept dancing. Around and around the circle they went. She reveled in his gaze, knowing the thoughts going through his head. The huntress had heard stories about the conquests of satyrs. For a brief moment when she disrobed she thought the goatman would leap on her and ravish her, in fact she half wished it. With a mixture of admiration, gratitude, and disappointment, she realized he was keeping to his word. He would not make the first move. Whatever happened in this glen would be her decision.

Despite the cool air of the glen she and the satyr's skin gleamed with sweat. Kalliope's heart was pounding, not solely from the exertion of the dance. She slowed her circling, but not from fatigue. She wanted to allow this satyr to approach a little closer.

She slowed a little more. Demetrios was nearly on her now. She could smell the rich sweat on his body, the heady scent of his cock. She faced him now, dancing slowly backwards as he came within a handbreadth of her, still playing, still serenading her with the pipes he claimed were made just for this meeting, just for this joining...

She reached out for him, running her hands across his hairy chest. The muscles were firm underneath, the skin rough and tanned from a life outdoors. Still he played. They had almost stopped dancing now, just little steps, he forward, she back, not trying to keep away from him now as her hands strayed down to the hairy, animal hips. Fingers slid through long hair, joining at the nexus of his sex, brushing up the smooth, firm flesh of his cock to its very tip.

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The music stopped. The dancers stood still before one another. Demetrios took the panpipes from his lips. As he did, Kalliope planted her lips on his.

Her first kiss. She never thought it could be so exciting. The satyr's lips were soft, warm, full. Her mouth opened and his tongue darted inside. She reveled in the delicious taste of it. Kalliope put her arms around him, feeling the strong muscles of his back, and pulled him to her. The panpipes fell to the grass.

They kissed long and hard. Kalliope held him close, delighting in the warmth of his body, the rasp of his hair on her bare skin, the hot hardness of his cock pressed against her thigh.

He kissed her along her neck, working his way slowly downward. She trembled at the sensations sweeping her body, so wonderful and so new. She let out a little gasp as he sucked on her nipple. The folds of her Venus mound moistened and swelled, making her remember those times she had watched men from afar, touching herself and fantasizing about them. Now the fantasy was becoming real.

The satyr's lips worked ever downward, caressing her flat belly, her hips, her inner thighs. Rough hands squeezed her ass, and then Kalliope felt the rasp of his tongue against her sex. She stood there, proudly naked in the sunlight of the glen, moaning again and again as the satyr, on his knees before her, worked his tongue around and around the folds of her warm center.

His tongue worked faster, pushing up against her maidenhead, pressing her clit against her pubis and making her shiver with joy. She felt the warmth building in her, and knew she was going to experience her first orgasm with another person. She loved the sensation; it was so much better when given by someone else.

But not yet, she did not want it just yet.

Gently she pushed him away, then got on her knees in front of him. She caressed his face in her hands, gazing into his smiling eyes. Then, heart beating a furious rhythm in her chest, she lay back on the grass, pulling him on top of her. The satyr settled between her legs. She could feel his cock brush up against her Venus mound.

He looked into her eyes.

"Are you sure, my love?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Take me."

She drew him close. The tip of his swollen cock pushed between her labia, pressing against her maidenhead. The satyr pushed gently, but firmly, and Kalliope cried

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out as her maidenhead stretched and tore. She gasped as his thick member pushed deep inside her. He was filling her up, touching her where she had never been touched before.

He paused a moment, allowing her to adjust to his girth a little, then pulled out slightly. She gasped again as his shaft pressed against her clit, rasped against the torn edges of her virginity. Then he pushed in again, deeper this time, and pulled out a little farther. He began working up a rhythm, pressing deeper and deeper into her. Their lips locked in a sensuous kiss. Her fingers raked along his strong back, clenching into fists with each thrust, grasping him and pulling him back with each withdrawal. Pain merged into pleasure, and soon she felt nothing but the sheer joy of a rising orgasm.

Kalliope cried out from the crashing crescendo of her orgasm. Her back arched, fingers digging into Demetrios' shoulders. She fell back, shuddering in his strong grasp as bolts of pleasure coursed through her.

But the satyr was not finished. The animal in him had taken over now. There was a wild, bestial gleam in his eye. His thrusts came quicker, harder, as he took his mate with all the fury of a creature of the forest.

He pounded into her, and Kalliope spread her legs even further apart, heels in the air as she panted and groaned with animalistic pleasure. She rose on another tide of sensation, screaming as the satyr tore another orgasm from her the very instant she felt the hot gush of his seed splash deep inside newly opened womanhood. Demetrios grunted, face twisted and sweat dripping off his brow and splattering on her face and shoulders. He moaned and fell into her arms.

They lay there, he still inside her, gasping for breath. After a long moment Kalliope kissed him on the cheek, stroking his powerful back.

The satyr's cock was just as rigid as before. He began to slowly rock back and forth, rekindling the fire they had lit. Exhaustion was replaced with desire, and desire with new energy. His thrusts became deeper. He kissed her neck, kneaded her breasts with his hands, playing with the hardened nipples. She writhed in desire beneath him. His thrusts increased in tempo. The satyr was descending once more into an animal frenzy. She laughed with pure joy and anticipation. She had never felt such pleasure. She wanted to feel him inside her again and again.

Kalliope grasped the satyr's hips, curling the long hair around her fingers as she pulled him against her, reveling in the sensation of having his cock deep inside her. They rose together into another orgasm until the glen rang with their shouts of joy.

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Finally finished, Demetrios collapsed in Kalliope's arms. Soon they drifted off into a sweet slumber.

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Chapter Two

“What’s going on here?” a booming voice tore them from their slumber.

Kalliope gasped. Artemis stood in full glory before them. The aurora around her divine body shone with the brightness of the sun. The rage on her face shone brighter still. Behind her, almost invisible in the glare, stood the other members of the hunting group. They gaped and tittered at the entwined couple.

Kalliope and Demetrios leapt up, then threw themselves back down again, trembling and bowing before the luminous figure.

“Artemis! I...uh...” Kalliope struggled to think of an explanation.

“You have slept with this satyr!” the goddess shouted. “Given up your sacred chastity to rut with a goatman! You have lost your right to be one of my hunting maidens.”

“What of it!?” Kalliope demanded, suddenly angry. “I love to hunt, but I’ve discovered that I love sex too. Why can’t I have both?”

“Silence!” boomed Artemis. “No mortal dares to defy a goddess! I should hunt you and your satyr friend like the beasts you are!”

“Goddess,” Demetrios pleaded. “It’s my fault. She didn’t want to. I raped her. Kill me and spare her!”

“There was no rape,” Artemis declared. “I heard your panpipes. Oh, you were right, they cannot be heard by any mortal other than the person they are intended for, but you forget that I am a goddess. As soon as I heard your music I knew its nature. I let Kalliope go to you and then followed. I wanted to test her loyalty. She’s always sneaking peaks at men. I wanted to see if she would stay chaste. Well, I certainly found out!”

“Please don’t kill her,” the satyr repeated. “I’ll do anything for you.”

“Anything?” the goddess asked.

“If it will spare her, yes.”

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Artemis considered for a moment. The blaze of glory around her waned somewhat as her anger cooled. She gave out a low chuckle.

“Very well, I will make you an offer that will spare both her and you. It is almost time for the great springtime Bacchanalia near Athens. As a satyr you are surely invited. Go there with Kalliope and bring me back the pubic hairs of Bacchus himself!”

“What!?” Kalliope and Demetrios exclaimed.

“You heard me, and don’t miss a one! I want the short hairs of the god of wine and fornication. One of his followers has insulted me by bedding one of my maidens, so it is only fitting that he should be shaved as bald as a babe in his nether regions. It will be a joke they will laugh about on Mount Olympus for a thousand years!”

With this the goddess let out a booming laugh that echoed throughout the forest. The giggles of her hunting maidens were almost inaudible as they joined in.

“But...but...how are we supposed to get his pubic hairs?” Kalliope asked.

“That’s your affair. You are already acquainted with the genital regions of a satyr. Perhaps you should explore the crotch of a god!”

“But Athens is on the other side of Hellas!” Demetrios said. “And there’s a war on between the Athens and Sparta. The land between here and there is one giant battlefield.”

“Once again, that is your problem. Perhaps you should have thought of the consequences before deflowering one of my maidens. Now go. If you don’t return with the public hairs of Bacchus in one month’s time, I and my maidens will have a unique hunt ahead of us!”

Rough hills cut by steep ravines made for tough going, but Demetrios and Kalliope were both used to walking in the wilderness so they made good time. Demetrios looked very downcast.

“I’m so sorry for this,” he said, “In my selfishness for finding a mate I got you cast out of the hunting band, and now I’m leading us both into danger.”

“It’s not your fault.” Kalliope replied, touching his arm. “I wanted to sleep with you. Getting shunned by Artemis’ hunting band is no great loss. I loved the hunts, but they got dull after a while. There’s more to life than the chase.”

Demetrios turned and smiled at her.

“I’m glad you see it that way. Would you like to explore a little more of the

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‘more to life’ with me?’”

Kalliope laughed and slapped his exploring hands away.

“We have a long way to go,” she said. “Besides, we’ll have the nights together.”

Demetrios stole a kiss and they headed out again.

“So what happens at a Bacchanalia? Artemis never allowed us to talk about them,” she asked.

“I’m not surprised. They are parties in worship of Bacchus.”

“You have a party to worship your god?”

“Of course. Bacchus is the god of wine and sex. To follow him is to dedicate yourself to living life to its fullest. By drinking and having sex with lots of people at the Bacchanalia, the followers of Bacchus show that they want to live up to his ideal.”

Kalliope blushed. Despite the passion of that morning, she was still unused to the thought of sexuality.

“How did you end up in Artemis’ hunting band?” Demetrios asked.

“I’m an orphan from a little village. I was still a child under the care of some kindly folk there when Artemis and her hunting band passed by. I was out fetching water at the stream when I saw them. Artemis took a liking to me and offered me a place with her huntresses. I’ve been with them ever since. I’m grateful to her for raising me, but I want to see more of the world.”

“Well, you’ll see plenty of the world at the Bacchanalia!” the satyr laughed.

“So how are we going to get there?” Kalliope asked. “I’ve heard Sparta and Corinth are gathering forces to march on Athens. And we have to pass through the Isthmus of Corinth to get to Athens!”

“I really don’t know,” Demetrios replied. “But there’s an old oracle that lives on a mountain not far from here. Perhaps we could ask her.”

“That’s a good idea. Lead the way.”

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Chapter Three

The old woman's haggard face was wreathed in steam as she bent over a rift in the stone. She took a deep breath of the noxious vapors issuing from deep within the mountain, then let loose with a wild cackle.

Demetrios and Kalliope sat nervously on the other side of the rift, at the end of the steep path that had taken them to this desolate mountaintop. They could see little beyond the curtain of steam that separated them from the oracle, just the dim outline of a wretched hovel sheltered under a rock overhang.

The hag took another breath of the vapors, baring blackened stubs of teeth around which drooled long strands of greenish ichor. Finally, with the rasping sound of a file on metal, she spoke.

"What do you wish of me?"

"Oh, great oracle!" Demetrios cried. "We are on a difficult quest and we have come to you for aid. The goddess Artemis has caught this fair woman, one of the goddess' hunting maidens, and me, abed together. As punishment she has sent us to the Athenian Bacchanalia to fetch the pubic hairs of the great god Bacchus. How can we accomplish this, oh wise one?"

"Ah, a very strange request. In all the long years that I have lived on this mountain, I have spoken with many wondrous heroes, but none have asked such a question as this."

She bent over the rift in the stone and took another deep breath.

Kalliope watched, entranced. She could imagine what those fumes must be doing to the oracle's mind. She was sitting a half dozen paces away, but even so the faint wisps that came to her made her feel lightheaded. She leaned over and spoke to her lover.

"That steam must be intoxicating. I've heard the oracle at Delphi uses them too."

"Bah!" the oracle screamed. "The oracle at Delphi is a charlatan! What does she know about the future? Why, her prophecies aren't worth the pigeon poop that spatters

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my roof!”

“Oh, great one,” Demetrios intoned, “She did not mean to give offense. We know you are far greater than the imposter at Delphi, which is why we came to you. Help us, oh seer of that which is to be!”

“Hmph. The only reason you came to me is that Delphi is too far away! Fine, you will get your prophecy. What do you have to pay me with?”

The lovers looked at each other and shrugged.

“I am a satyr, oh wise one, and she is a huntress. We have no need for money and have none.”

“Hmm, I see,” the oracle studied the satyr through bloodshot eyes.

“Please, your greatness. We need your help. If we do not get the short hairs of Bacchus, Artemis will kill us both!”

“Very well,” the oracle said as she staggered to her feet. “I do not need your coin. Instead, dear satyr, you will bed with me.”

“What!?” Demetrios and Kalliope exclaimed.

“That’s right. It gets lonely up here on this mountain. I want you to rut with me, goat man!”

The oracle gave a little dance, swinging her patchwork hide shift back and forth to reveal deflated breasts and ravaged thighs.

“I’ll do it,” Demetrios sighed.

“Aha!” the oracle skipped for joy.

“What?!” Kalliope cried.

The satyr turned to Kalliope and took her in his arms.

“It’s the only way. How else are we going to find out how to get to the Bacchanalia?”

“But how could you think of sleeping with another? I thought you cared for me.”

The oracle made little cooing sounds.

“But I thought you cared for me, oh boo hoo,” she taunted. The couple ignored her.

“Of course I care for you, Kalliope. My panpipes found you for me. You are my true love...”

“Blech!” spat the oracle.

“...but there’s nothing wrong with sleeping with other people.”

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“What do you mean?” Kalliope asked.

The satyr kissed her while the oracle made taunting kissy faces.

“You have a lot to learn. I’m in love with you, but why should that stop either of us from enjoying others?”

“You mean...if I ran off into the bushes with a human or a satyr or even a centaur, you wouldn’t mind?”

“Of course not!” Demetrios laughed. “I might even join in.”

Kalliope thought for a moment. This was all too new for her.

“Look,” Demetrios said. “It’s for the best. Just an hour or so with her and then we can learn how to complete the quest. It won’t mean anything.”

“But with *her*?”

“It’s going to be tough, yes, but I’ll manage.”

“Perhaps the oracle at Delphi is better looking.”

“Bah!” the oracle spat. “That tart? You’ll get such a case of clap that Asclepias himself will not be able to cure you.”

“Do you think you’ll even be able to?” Kalliope asked.

Demetrios stood up and grinned.

“I’m a satyr. I can get hard at will.”

With that his member stiffened, enlarged and in a moment stood firm and ready.

“*Well.* You will certainly get a good prophecy after I sample *that!*” cackled the oracle. “There’s a narrow path around the rift just to your left there. Careful with the fumes, they can make you dizzy. I wouldn’t want you to plunge into the Stygian Abyss before I got to sample that sloppy satyr sex!”

Demetrios edged carefully around the abyss and joined the oracle on the other side. She shimmed up to him, trying to run her gnarled fingers through her matted hair. Demetrios trembled, but held firm. She looped a moldy arm around his waist and led him into the hovel.

Kalliope shook her head. The idea of sleeping around while being in love was strange to her, but she could see nothing truly wrong with it. The fact that Demetrios was not going to enjoy the next hour made it easier to accept.

Curious, she picked her way across the narrow path and snuck up to the doorway of the hut, from which emanated an ecstatic cackle counter-pointed with gagging sounds. Kalliope peered into the room and saw...

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“Ugh! Nobody wants to watch *that!*” Kalliope cried as she drew a ragged curtain over the hideous scene.

It was late in the afternoon before Demetrios’ ordeal was over. Once again he sat by Kalliope on one side of the steaming crevasse. The oracle had taken up her accustomed place on the other. She gazed dreamily at the satyr through a curtain of rising vapor.

“It has been many a year since I felt this well. I owe you a debt, satyr.”

“And you were unexpectedly vigorous, madam,” he replied, looking a little queasy. Noxious smells rose from his body, making Kalliope edge away.

“It’s the fumes that do that. They give strength to old bones, allowing me to enjoy young ones,” the oracle replied, smacking her slack lips.

“The prophecy, oracle,” Kalliope insisted.

“As yes, the prophecy, hmm...”

She bent over the rift again and inhaled deeply of the fumes. Her spare body shook as she raised bleary eyes to the sky. They widened as if she beheld a glorious vision. In a lone tone, she began to chant.

*“Wish to shave the Bacchus prick?
First you play a double trick
Against generals you win
Offer them sex, give them sin
Past fair Corinth you must sneak
In hydra’s cave you must peek
A balanced stone is your aid
Ere the god’s crotch you can raid
From thence comes your greatest test
Mighty Bacchus you must best
Win a contest in his bed
Gallons of wine numb his head
Then the sacred hairs you cut
And the lovers’ fate is shut!”*

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Kalliope leaned over and whispered in Demetrios' ear.

"That wasn't very helpful"

The satyr nodded.

"Perhaps we can try at Delphi," he replied.

"I heard that!" the oracle snarled. "I've had enough of your insults. You've gotten your prophecy, and I've gotten my multiple orgasms. Now get out of my sight!"

The pair slunk away. Once they were back on the path headed down the mountain they breathed a sigh of relief.

"So what was all that supposed to mean?" Kalliope asked.

The satyr shrugged.

"I'm as baffled as you are."

They made their way down to the nearby valley. A large pool fed by a mountain stream shimmered in the sunlight.

Demetrios turned to Kalliope.

"We need to figure out what the prophecy means. Want to sleep on it?" he grinned.

"You stink of that crazy hag. Only the Gods know what filth your cock is covered in!"

"But I need you," the satyr pleaded. "Your luscious body is just what I need to take my mind of the ordeal I went through."

"I'll be happy to help, but first..." with that Kalliope pushed him into the pool.

The satyr landed with a splash, followed by a yelp.

"The water's cold!"

"Too bad! Stay in there until you are nice and clean."

The satyr splashed around for a few moments, cursing and shivering all the while. Then he leapt back to the shore.

Kalliope examined him.

"Well, the water couldn't have been *that* cold."

Demetrios looked down at his erect member, then back at Kalliope.

"I'm a satyr, after all."

He leapt on her. With a cry of surprise and glee she tumbled with him, rolling over and over in the soft grass. He tried to get on top, but her huntress' reflexes got the better of him and she pinned him down. She straddled him, grinding her hips against him

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so her clit rubbed up and down the length of his shaft. Kalliope rose a little and positioned his cock with her hand, then slid down his thick satyrhood. She moaned as the throbbing flesh filled her. Running her hands across his hairy chest, she smiled at the feel of the hard muscles beneath. His hands kneaded her breasts, massaging both nipples as she rode up and down on his cock.

They worked up a rhythm, increased it. Soon the huntress' strong hips were bouncing up and down atop the satyr's goatlike middle. He sucked at one nipple, then the other, then arched his head back and tensed as he tried to hold his gushing orgasm back for one more moment.

She sensed he was close and increased the tempo of her gyrations to bring on her own orgasm. Screams echoed through the hills as they crashed into ecstasy together. Then Kalliope collapsed into Demetrios' arms, grateful for his strong grasp, and his still-hard member deep inside her.

A faint voice echoed down from the mountain.

“Quiet down there, I'm trying to take a nap!”

But the two lovers didn't hear it. They were already dozing in a warm embrace.

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Chapter Four

“Look at these tracks,” Kalliope said. “About a dozen men have passed this way.”

“You have a sharp eye. I would have missed them.”

“These are experienced warriors, I suspect. Look how they try to walk on the stones, avoiding deep grass or any bushes that might bend with their passing. They are trying to mask their trail.”

It was three days later and they were approaching the Isthmus of Corinth, the narrow finger of land that connected the Peloponnese with the mainland of Greece. The city-state of Corinth controlled it, holding the lands between Sparta and Athens. The war zone was close.

“I’ll wager a night with a nymph that these are Spartan soldiers patrolling the rearguard of their army,” Demetrios said. “The main force is probably at the Isthmus now, joining up with the army of Corinth before marching on Athens.”

“Let’s follow them and see what they’re up to,” Kalliope suggested.

“It’s probably best not to get too close. If we get caught...”

“Don’t worry. The forest is pretty thick here and we’re both good at being silent.”

They crept along through the underbrush, following the faint trail as it led the way for another league before ending at a small valley. They peered over an outcropping of stone and spotted the soldiers resting nearby.

Demetrios was right. The men wore the insignia of Sparta, the letter Lambda painted in white on their red shields. It stood for “Laconia,” Sparta’s region in the Peloponnese. Each of them was heavily armored with bronze corselets that molded to their broad chests front and back. Bronze greaves covered their legs, and shining bronze helmets topped with red or black plumes guarded their head. Each was armed with a spear, sword and shield.

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A dozen of them lounged in the shade, drinking from wineskins or nibbling on bread. Two of them, an older man and a younger man, were playing a game of knucklebones. All of them looked tough, hard and rangy. Several bore scars from old battles.

A great cry came up from the older of the two knucklebone players.

“I have won, Tanthanos! You will be my woman today!”

The loser of the game whooped with glee and hurriedly removed his armor.

“What’s going on?” Kalliope asked.

“You’ll soon see,” the satyr chuckled.

Once out of his armor, Tanthanos slipped off his tunic, revealing a lean young frame. The other man reached into a satchel and pulled out a small amphora. He pulled out the stopper and poured olive oil over the younger man’s body, making his chiseled muscles gleam in the sun. After a quick rubdown, the older man removed his own clothing, revealing his erect member. He rubbed some olive oil over his shaft as Tanthanos knelt on all fours in the grass. The other soldiers looked on with interest.

“Are they going to...?”

Kalliope’s question was answered a moment later. The older man straddled Tanthanos’ gleaming, oiled ass and started humping. Grunts of pain and pleasure came up to them from the valley below.

“Men having sex with men?” Kalliope gasped. “I’ve never heard of such a thing.”

The satyr chuckled again.

“Artemis really keeps her maidens shielded from the world. One man using another as a woman is quite common, especially among the Spartans.”

“Why don’t they just sleep with women instead?”

“Many women won’t sleep with a man until they are wed. The men have to find relief somehow. Some even prefer the ass of a fellow warrior to the Venus mound of a woman. And some prefer to be treated as a woman rather than act as a man.”

“Really?”

“Yes. The Spartans like it the most. The men are raised separately from the women. When they become warriors at twenty, they avoid women entirely until the state chooses a wife for them. They seem to prefer it that way. Spartan men find the idea of sex with a woman unseemly. They’d probably get rid of women entirely if they could

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figure out how to have children without them.”

“That’s very strange.”

“Well, giving up women is strange, but men can actually give just as much pleasure to another man as a woman can.”

“You sound like you have some experience in this regard,” Kalliope arched an eyebrow at her lover.

“Oh, I’ve tried it, of course, but I prefer women. Women sleep with women, too. Didn’t you ever try that?”

“Artemis didn’t allow it.”

“What *did* Artemis allow you to do?”

“Hunt, sleep and eat.”

“No wonder you were so easy to seduce.”

The pair turned back to the scene below them. The other warriors were joining in. A dozen oiled bodies squirmed and rutted in a big pile.

“Let’s get away while they’re distracted,” Demetrios suggested.

“Wait, I have an idea. Let’s steal some of their armor. That way we can mask ourselves as soldiers.”

“A woman and a satyr? I don’t think we’ll fool anyone.”

“From a distance it might help. We’re not going to join the Spartan army or anything.”

Demetrios shrugged and followed Kalliope as she led the way around the valley, coming up behind the Spartan orgy through a thicket. Both moved slowly and silently, and the preoccupied warriors were unaware of their approach.

They got to the place where the Spartans had piled their clothing. Kalliope spied a suit of armor and a tunic that looked her size. Quick as lightning, she slipped out of the underbrush, crawled through the high grass, and grabbed them. She gritted her teeth as the armor clinked, but the Spartans were raising such a racket that they didn’t hear. She slipped into the bushes with her booty. Then she went back for a suit for Demetrios while the satyr helped himself to a spear, sword and shield for them both.

Once away, Demetrios smiled at Kalliope.

“It looks like that hag’s prediction is coming true. That was quite a trick we pulled on them.”

“I don’t think that’s what she meant. Remember, she said it would be a double

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trick, and it would be on generals. I don't think there were any generals in that crew."

"Hmm. You're right. I guess that won't be the last time we'll run into soldiers."

They stopped to try on the Spartan armaments. With her hair tucked into a helmet, and her breasts pressed uncomfortably into the suit of armor, Kalliope looked like a lean young man. Demetrios was less convincing. The hair from his goatlike legs tufted out on either side of his greaves, and his cloven hooves were very conspicuous under them.

"I don't think this is going to work," Demetrios lamented.

"Wait," Kalliope said. "I have some leather in my satchel I use for repairing sandals. I'll make you a pair of covered shoes."

"But people only wear those in wintertime. It will look strange."

"Stranger than a pair of hooves?"

"You have a point, my love."

Kalliope sat down and started to cut a piece of leather into the shape of a pair of shoes. As she formed them, stuffing their ends with bunched grass so it would look like human feet were inside, she wondered about what Demetrios had said. He had called her, 'love.' He had repeated that word many times over the past few days. Demetrios was so certain that they were meant for each other, that the nymph's magic panpipes had really led him to his one true mate.

But what did she feel?

She wasn't clear yet. Demetrios was a boon companion, to be sure. He was funny and reliable and strong and a great lover, but this was all happening so quickly. Less than a week before she had been a naive maiden in Artemis' hunting band, and now she was the lover of a satyr headed off to the most notorious orgy in all Hellas.

She stole a glance at him as he dozed in the sunlight. His tanned skin and muscular arms sent thrills of delight through her. But she felt more than the delicious anticipation of lovemaking that came every evening with Demetrios. Gazing on his face, those open, honest features now softened in sleep, she felt a tenderness she had never known. Kalliope tried to imagine life without him, and found she couldn't. Was this love? She didn't know. She had never experienced the emotion before. But if it included wanting to spend the rest of her life with someone, then yes, maybe she was in love with Demetrios.

Kalliope shook her head, still confused. Such questions would have to wait.

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They had a quest to perform. Artemis' threat of hunting them down if they failed was not an idle one. They had to succeed in this insane task, or they would both perish.

The angry glow of a thousand campfires lit up the night, reflecting on the low clouds to make it look as if the sky was bleeding. Beyond the huge camp, they could see another glow, silhouetting city walls.

"That must be the Spartan camp, and beyond it the city of Corinth," Demetrios said from their hiding place.

"That army is massive! How are we going to get around it?" Kalliope asked. They had already had several close calls with patrols. "And even if we do, they'll be marching on Athens soon. The Bacchanalia will be disrupted by the invasion."

"The prophecy has to guide the way, but how?"

"If we play a double trick on the generals, how does that get us past? Wait, perhaps when she said a double trick she meant a trick on the generals of each army. Maybe we can set them to quarreling. If we do that, they might end up fighting each other and we can slip past."

Demetrios nodded.

"That makes sense," he replied. "And it will delay the invasion. Then the Bacchanalia can go forward as planned."

"But how do we get them to fight?" she asked.

"I have an idea."

"It involves sex, right?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Because *all* your ideas involve sex."

"Oh, right. Anyway, here's a thought. The Spartan general Antiokos is known for his love of fine young warriors. That's not too unusual for a Spartan, but he has a special weakness for them and a more than usual hatred for the feminine sex. The Corinthian general, Medon, on the other hand, is unusually fond of women and does not like to bed with men."

"That's all very interesting, but how does it help us?"

"Let's imagine what would happen if a young Corinthian soldier seduced Antiokos and then turned out to be a woman, and if a young maid from Sparta seduced Medon and turned out to be a man."

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“The two generals would be furious at one another! It would certainly be ‘offering them sex, and giving them sin.’”

“Exactly what we want.”

“But we don’t have a Corinthian soldier or a Spartan maid,” Kalliope objected.

“You can play both parts, and I can help.”

“I don’t want to sleep with a pair of generals!”

“You won’t have to. Besides, it wouldn’t be so bad if you did. It’s about time you started sampling a bit more of what’s out there.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“Never mind, let’s just handle one thing at a time, shall we?”

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Chapter Five

The Spartan camp was quiet. Most of the soldiers had gone to bed, but from the low moans coming from the tents, it was obvious that many had not gone to sleep. Kalliope and Demetrios picked their way quietly between the tents, careful not to get too close to the patrols. Their armor and Spartan shields would fool someone at a distance, but they did not want to risk closer inspection. Luckily for them, security was fairly lax. Athens was far away and the Spartans were in friendly territory.

At the center of the camp was a large pavilion, the personal tent of the Spartan general Antiokos. A pair of guards flanked the entrance. Kalliope and Demetrios searched the area for an unoccupied tent. Once they found one, they huddled in a whispered conference.

“So I should just go in there pretending to be a boy and bring him back here?” Kalliope asked.

The satyr nodded.

“He has a soft spot for younger men, and with your beardless face and big brown eyes, I don’t think you’ll have a problem. Keep your hair tucked inside your helmet. Remember, pretend you are a Corinthian. Leave your shield with me. It wouldn’t make sense for you to have a Spartan emblem. Better leave your weapons too. We don’t want the guards to think you’re an assassin.”

They kissed hurriedly.

“Good luck,” Demetrios said.

Kalliope sauntered towards the main tent. The sentries stopped her with a challenge.

“What do you want here?” one of them asked.

“I am a Corinthian warrior named, um, Testakles. My general Medon sends me as a welcome to the great Spartan general Antiokos. He wishes his Spartan ally to enjoy his time in our fair city-state.”

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The sentries smirked.

“Well,” one of them said, “you are certainly a fine gift. The general will be most happy with your coming.”

“And I will be most happy with his. May I go inside? As you see, I carry no weapons.”

The guards parted the tent flap and Kalliope ducked inside.

Bronze oil lamps lit the tent with a soft glow. The ground was covered in animal pelts. To one side, a pair of men rested on a golden couch. The younger of the two, completely naked, lay sound asleep. An older man in a loose tunic lay propped on one elbow and studied Kalliope with a steady gaze.

“I overheard your conversation with my guards, young fellow,” the man whispered. “I am Antiokos. I see that the Corinthian’s know how to treat their guests. What was your name again?”

“Testakles, my lord. I have heard your skill in bed equals your skill in battle, so I volunteered for this mission the instant you arrived.”

The general put a finger to his lips.

“Keep your voice low, dear Testakles. My friend here is the jealous type, and I do not want to wake him. My, but you are a fair young warrior. Firm of muscle and lean of body. And you haven’t even grown a beard yet. You look fine in that armor, but you would look finer out of it.”

Kalliope smiled at the compliment. Her heart was racing but, despite the danger she was in, she could not help but notice the strong arms and handsome features of the general. He was a renowned warrior, and she was curious as to his skill at other pursuits.

“You are blushing, my dear young warrior,” the general continued. “You must be relatively inexperienced in the ways of love, to blush at my comment. Where can we go where we will be undisturbed?”

The general got to his feet. Kalliope gulped as he buckled on his sword belt. She gulped again when she saw the large bulge under his tunic.

“I have a tent nearby,” Kalliope managed to say, taking his hand.

“Ah, your hand is slim as a woman’s, but strong as a warrior’s. We are well met, young Testakles. I will enjoy this night.”

I think I will too, Kalliope thought.

Kalliope led Antiokos out of the pavilion, past the snickering guards, and to the

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unoccupied tent she and Demetrios had found.

The inside of the tent was pitch black. The pair fumbled around for a few moments. Antiokos grasped Kalliope by the leg.

“There you are,” he said. “Get your armor off and let me show you how a Spartan treats a young warrior.”

Kalliope chuckled and fumbled with the straps of her armor. She could hear Antiokos disrobing nearby. Her armor dropped to the ground, leaving only a thin tunic to cover her. She reached out and felt the firm muscles of his bare chest. Her fingertips raked down the rough hair of his torso to his throbbing sex below. She cupped his cock in her hands and rubbed the smooth shaft. It was almost as big as Demetrios’. Kalliope reached back and played with his balls. Then she reached around his husky frame and drew him close. Their lips met, opened, tongues playfully gliding over each other in a sensuous embrace.

She was surprised at the passion in his kiss, and felt a warm thrill go through her body. For a moment she felt a pang of guilt for enjoying a kiss from someone other than Demetrios, but then she questioned herself. Why would it be wrong, if he knew and approved? It was not as if she was in love with this Spartan.

Strong hands grasped her, feeling all over her body. She pushed them away when they strayed towards her breasts.

You’ll make your unhappy discovery soon enough, my friend, but in the meantime I’m going to have a little fun, she thought.

“Oh general,” she whispered. “Did you bring any olive oil?”

An incredulous gasp came from outside the tent, followed by a suppressed chuckle.

“What was that?” the general asked.

“Oh, nothing,” Kalliope replied. “Just someone disporting themselves in another tent. Get the olive oil, quickly.”

“Right away,” came the reply.

More fumbling in the dark, then the sound of a stopper being pulled from a bottle.

Kalliope got on her hands and knees. Her heart was racing in anticipation. Despite all her play with Demetrios, she had never had sex in her other hole. She trembled as she felt rough hands pull her tunic above her waist, then rub warm oil across her ass. Unseen fingers explored her crack, and one, then two fingers easily slipped

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inside, lubricating her interior with oil.

Kalliope gasped at the sensation, rocking back and forth a little to encourage him to explore deeper. He reached around her hips, and she had to slap his hand away before he discovered her true sex.

“You do not want me to play with your spear, young warrior?” Antiokos asked.

“I want you inside me,” she whispered hoarsely, “*Now.*”

Antiokos’ hands grabbed her hips and held them tight. She felt the moist tip of his cock slip between her cheeks and press against her hole. She tightened up reflexively, then relaxed, letting him enter her.

She winced as his thick shaft plunged inside her. It was like losing her virginity all over again: the brief pain, the strange sensation of being filled up, then the sweet pleasure of a firm cock sliding back and forth in delicious rhythm.

“Oh, Testakles,” the general sighed. “You have the finest ass this side of Sparta.”

A sputtering laugh came from outside the tent.

“What was that?” Antiokos asked.

“That was me, dear sir,” Kalliope hastened to say. “I’m not used to such fine treatment, as you say. I laughed out of embarrassment.”

Shut UP, Demetrios, or you’ll ruin my fun! she fumed.

Antiokos resumed his thrusts, harder and quicker this time. Kalliope grunted with each movement, her skin covered with a thin sheen of sweat. She was amazed that despite being in a different hole, the general’s cock was building her up to an orgasm. As he pushed forward, she pushed back, driving him deeper and deeper into her. The thrill of having a new man in a new way built her up quickly, and before the general was done Kalliope’s body shuddered with a powerful orgasm.

“Yes!!!” she cried out, not caring if the whole camp heard.

In her passion she forgot to monitor the general’s hands. She didn’t notice as they slid forward over her hips and towards her crotch.

“Let me grasp your spear,” he whispered.

Before she could react, his hands slid over her Venus mound. They fumbled about, searching for a penis that wasn’t there.

“What the...?”

His hands pushed under her tunic and grabbed onto her breasts.

“A woman!?”

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The general's cock instantly went soft, slipping out of her ass.

"Hey, I was building up for a second one!" Kalliope objected.

"Ugh! You're a woman!"

"So what if I am?" Kalliope demanded. "You were having fun, weren't you? What difference does it make in the dark?"

"You tricked me, you miserable wench! Where's my sword?"

Uh oh. Kalliope thought. *His one sword may have gone soft, but his other is made of bronze, and can pierce me even deeper.*

Luckily Demetrios was still listening. The far end of the tent was pulled up, a bit of moonlight streaming in.

"Out! Quick!" Demetrios called.

Kalliope scrambled out just as Antiokos found his sword and unsheathed it. He took a wild swing in the dim light but missed the retreating woman by a hair's-breadth, cutting a great rent in the canvas.

Kalliope ducked out of the tent and Demetrios pulled her to her feet.

"I didn't think you were going to actually bed him. You sounded like you really enjoyed that," the satyr guffawed. "Next time we have a chance I'll have to give both your holes equal attention."

An enraged roar came from inside the tent. There was a great tearing sound as the general started cutting his way out.

"No time for that now," Kalliope said. "Let's get out of here!"

They ran through the Spartan camp, Kalliope limping slightly.

"Antiokos bedded a woman! Antiokos bedded a woman!" Demetrios called out as they passed. Incredulous laughter followed in their wake.

Once far enough away, they quieted down, sneaking around patrols until they made it out of camp. They headed for the city walls of Corinth, beneath which the Corinthian army had pitched their tents.

"Once Antiokos gets over his initial shock he'll be sure to come after Medon. He'll take it as a personal insult!" Demetrios laughed and capered along.

Kalliope smiled at him.

"It's too bad. He was quite a lover. It's strange that some people can be so exclusive."

The satyr stopped for a moment, cocking his head and studying the huntress.

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“Well, someone has come far, haven’t they? Only a week ago you were a shy virgin, and now you’ve had two different men and are calling for free love.”

“I’ve had one man,” Kalliope corrected, running her hand along his cheek and pulling playfully at his goatee. “And one satyr. And despite the general’s many fine qualities as a lover, I still prefer satyrs.”

Demetrios threw back his head and laughed.

“So, my love, you are beginning to see. I’ll make you into a devotee of Bacchus yet!”

Kalliope smiled at him tenderly.

“First let’s finish this double trick, then get out of here before the real trouble starts.”

The Corinthian camp was barely guarded. They were not as strict warriors as the Spartans, and being in their own land with such powerful allies camped close by, they thought they had nothing to fear. Kalliope and Demetrios were able to slip into camp with no trouble.

Once again they went to the center of camp, and once again they found an unoccupied tent near the general’s pavilion. Kalliope hastily changed into her woman’s robes while Demetrios hid himself under some blankets in the tent.

“I’ll be back soon,” she said, kissing him before throwing the sheets over his head.

The guards at Medon’s tent leered at her as she approached.

“What’s a fine-looking young woman doing walking all alone in a military camp?” one of them asked, his eyes taking in her feminine yet strong body.

“My name is Kalliope. The Spartan general Antiokos sends me as a gift to the great General Medon on the eve of our great victory over our common enemy, the Athenians. He wants to show the general some Spartan hospitality before the invasion begins.”

The guards laughed.

“It is considerate of your general not to offer true Spartan hospitality, otherwise the great Medon would not be able to sit comfortably in his saddle tomorrow!”

“What’s all this prattling going on out here?” a gruff voice said. A tall, older man pushed out of the tent. The guards instantly came to attention.

“A girl, great Medon. Sent as a gift from the Spartan general,” one of the soldiers

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said.

The general eyed Kalliope, scratching his beard. Kalliope eyed him back. He wasn't as good looking at Antiokos, but the growing bulge in his tunic showed promise.

"I am Kalliope, dear General, one of Antiokos' servants. He does not want me for his own bed, so he decided to send me to yours."

Medon shook his head in disbelief.

"Antiokos is a fool to cast away a fine girl such as you in favor of some oily soldier. Bah! It roils my stomach to even think about it. Well, his loss is my gain!"

Kalliope took the general's hand. With her spare hand she pressed against the man's tunic, feeling the stiff prick beneath. She slowly rubbed it and the general's smile grew broader.

"Come, great Medon. I have been lonely in the Spartan camp. I have a tent nearby with wine and soft blankets. Join me."

"By all means," the general replied.

Kalliope led her prey through the camp until they arrived at the tent. She put a hand on the man's chest.

"Wait here, darling. Let me go in first and undress. I'm not very experienced and I'm a bit shy. I'll be under the blankets. Come to me in a few moments."

Medon smiled and ran a hand down her back.

"Poor thing. I'm not surprised you don't have much experience. It's a shame the Spartans treat their women the way they do. They should just give us all of their women. Don't keep me waiting long."

Kalliope slipped into the tent. In the darkness she felt Demetrios' form hidden under the blankets. He gave a low chuckle. She uprooted a tent peg at the rear of the tent and slipped out. Then she stuck her head back in the tent.

"Come in, Medon! Sample the way a Spartan makes love!"

She heard the general enter the tent, and the rustle of blankets being pulled aside.

"Come here, darling, let me show you the strength of a Corinthian blade."

Kalliope put a hand over her mouth to keep from laughing out loud.

"Come to me, dear one," Demetrios replied in a falsetto.

"Your voice has changed, Kalliope. You must be nervous. Don't worry, I'll be gentle with you. By all the gods on Mount Olympus, but you are hairy! Perhaps you should have shaved those legs before you came to me. No matter, let me feel

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your...aaaagh!”

“What’s wrong, Medon? Were you expecting something else down there?” the satyr’s falsetto voice mocked.

“Ugh! You’re a...a...MAN!”

“If you mean that I have a penis, then yes, I am a man. Come, let me show you how to make love in the true Spartan fashion. Now where did I put that olive oil?”

“Yuck! Get away from me! I can’t believe I touched it! Aaarg!”

There was a rustle of sheets and Medon burst from the tent. Demetrios and Kalliope laughed as they saw the general’s naked rear shining in the moonlight as he retreated.

Demetrios slipped out of the tent and the two lovers ran hand in hand through the camp, shouting and laughing, “Medon touched a penis! Medon touched a penis!”

Soon they were out of camp and away. They could hear bugles and war drums from the Spartan camp, calling the troops to muster. Soon they were joined by trumpets from the Corinthian side.

“That will keep them busy for a time,” Demetrios smiled.

Kalliope kissed him.

“Did you have fun with your general?” she asked.

“Not as much fun as you had with yours,” the satyr replied. “He was feeling me up quite nicely until he came to my cock. I think I gave him a rude surprise.”

“Poor thing. Got all excited and then rejected. Once we’re away from here I’ll make it all better.”

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Chapter Six

Two days later Kalliope and Demetrios lay hidden in a copse of olive trees, looking out at the plain that stretched before them. A high wall, hastily built of loose stones and rubble from a dozen dismantled villages, blocked their path. Soldiers patrolled the top, keeping a sharp eye out for intruders.

“It appears the men of Athens are going to make their stand here,” Kalliope said.

Demetrios nodded.

“They’re wise to try and stop the invasion before it gets inside their lands. I wonder how long our ‘double trick’ will keep them waiting.”

“Not long enough, I fear. Corinth and Sparta have more to gain by teaming up on Athens than they do fighting each other. The politicians will force Antiokos and Medon to make peace sooner or later, and then they will storm this wall.”

“Then we must be far away before that happens. But how?”

Kalliope scanned the wall. It stretched as far as the eye could see to the west. To the east it continued for another league, but near the horizon she could see it end as the ground gave way to a steep gorge.

“There,” she pointed.

The satyr sighed.

“I was afraid you were going to say that. This is the next part of that old bag’s prophecy. That gorge you see there is the lair of the hydra. It’s a seven-headed dragon, the offspring of the one that Herakles killed.”

“If the prophecy said we can make it through, then that’s the way we need to go. She was right about the generals, after all.”

“How are we going to defeat a hydra!?”

“Herakales did.”

Demetrios kissed her tenderly and looked into her eyes.

“Darling, I love you. You are a great warrior and a great huntress, but you are not

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Herakles.”

Kalliope shrugged.

“Maybe we don’t have to kill it, just get past it. What was the prophecy? ‘A balanced stone is your aid’. We need to find a balanced stone.”

“Where?”

“I don’t know. Let’s go into that cave and find out, unless you have any other ideas.”

“As you say, all my ideas involve sex. I don’t really think we can fuck our way through this one.”

Kalliope gave him a leisurely kiss, slipping her tongue deep into his warm, anxious mouth.

“Well, we don’t have to go into the hydra’s cave right away. Want to explore another cave first?”

“Mmmm. My thoughts exactly. Let’s just hope this isn’t our last orgasm.”

“Just in case,” she said as she slipped off her robes, “let’s make it our last multiple orgasm.”

The ravine was hidden from view of the soldiers on the wall. It was a steep-sided cleft in the earth filled with tumbled boulders along the sides and bottom. Little grew there but a few thorn bushes and some half-dead grass. The ravine sloped steeply downwards, ending in a dark cave. They heard and saw nothing.

“Are you sure this is the way?” Kalliope asked.

Demetrios nodded.

“Yes, the hydra lives here. I’ve heard this cave goes for a league and opens up to the north. It should get us past the wall.”

“But not past the hydra.”

“The oracle has been right so far.”

Kalliope strung her bow and notched an arrow. Demetrios hefted his spear.

“Let’s see if we can sneak through,” the huntress said. “I don’t want to take my chances trying to fight the thing.”

“Agreed. Even Herakles himself almost died fighting this monster’s parent.”

They crept down the gorge, careful not to send any loose rocks clattering down the slope. Once they got to the bottom, they made their way towards the cave.

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The interior was dim, lit only by a feeble phosphorescent glow. Kalliope winced as one of Demetrios' hooves hit a pebble and sent it skittering into the darkness. They stopped for a full minute, listening. They heard nothing. Continuing, they saw the light from the phosphorescence getting stronger. It came from a pale green moss that grew in large patches, giving the floor, walls and ceiling an unnerving gleam.

The tunnel descended, then widened into a large chamber. Stalactites hung from the ceiling, and strange stalagmites with bulbous tops rose from the floor.

"Maybe the hydra's away at the moment," Demetrios whispered.

"Let's hope," Kalliope whispered back.

They crept on, looking for a way out. Kalliope's arm brushed against one of the stalagmites, but she didn't feel stone.

She felt scales.

She leapt back as the stalagmite moved. The bulbous top turned a little, and then two glowing red eyes opened and gazed balefully at her.

"Run!" she cried.

To one side of them, a half dozen other stalagmites opened their eyes. There was a great rustling and a dark form loomed up in the pale light. Its body was indistinct, but the seven serpentine necks ending in hissing heads were unmistakable.

Kalliope fired her bow. The arrow lodged in one of the monster's necks and it let out an angry hiss. Two of the heads lunged down at her. She leapt out of the way at the last moment. She spared a glance at Demetrios as she notched another arrow.

The satyr was having his own problems. He had impaled one of the heads on his spear and was holding at bay, but two others were diving for him. He hid behind his shield as they snapped at him.

With a speed that was startling considering its size, the hydra advanced. Kalliope was reminded of a spider scuttling towards its prey. They backed off, Demetrios losing his spear as the impaled head, still alive, yanked upwards. Kalliope fired again, at the body this time, but the thing barely slowed down.

They turned and ran, stumbling in the half light. They took refuge in a forest of stalagmites, which they gratefully found to be real, and hid behind one of the larger ones. The hydra hissed and slithered not far off.

Kalliope risked a peek. The hydra was close, using its sinuous necks to peer around the stalagmites. They cast about for a way to escape.

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Kalliope spotted a dark arch in the opposite wall.

“Look, that must be the way out,” she whispered, pointing.

“It’s on the other side of the hydra,” Demetrios replied softly.

They had found their escape, but the hydra was between them and safety. They looked around them, knowing they did not have much time. Demetrios pointed to the wall. Not far off from them there was a wide ledge about thirty feet up. A large slab of stone stood balanced on the edge.

“The prophecy!” Demetrios said, taking her spear. “Protect my back, I’ll go get it.”

“Wait!” she cried as Demetrios ran towards the wall.

The hydra spotted the satyr and gave a triumphant hiss as it slithered through the stalagmites after him. Kalliope strapped on her shield, drew her sword and headed it off. With a warrior’s cry she lopped off the first head that came at her. Steaming blood sprayed on her armor. A second head rammed up against her shield. She batted a third aside with her sword, and ducked a fourth.

The hydra hesitated, and Kalliope gasped in amazement as the stump of the neck she had decapitated split in two. She watched, entranced, as the two new necks lengthened. Heads formed on each of them. Moments later, two pairs of eyes popped open.

The hydra resumed its attack. Kalliope fought hard, but gave ground as she did. It was all she could do to keep the heads from devouring her. As it was, she soon had a half dozen dents in her armor and helmet from where the serpent’s mouths had gnawed on the bronze. Blood welled from fresh wounds on her exposed skin. In a distant part of her mind she remembered that Herakles had defeated this thing’s parent with fire, but she had no fire, and even if she did she could not defeat something that had almost killed the greatest hero of Hellas.

“Look out!” came a cry from above.

Kalliope had her back nearly against the wall. She glanced up, almost missing one of the heads as it wormed its way around her shield. She poked it in the eye with her sword and it flinched back.

Demetrios had climbed onto the ledge and was yanking at the balanced stone. Small rocks and dirt clattered off her helmet. Another head battered against her shield.

“Now!” he shouted.

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Kalliope leapt aside. There was a great grinding sound as the huge slab came loose and toppled over. Kalliope screamed as she saw Demetrios falling with it.

The boulder landed on the hydra with a sickening crunch. The monster was crushed underneath. Kalliope ran through the settling dust, looking for her lover.

She found him lying not far off, half buried under small stones. She sobbed as she knelt over him, holding his head in her hands. Demetrios did not move.

“No! Oh, no!”

Kalliope had never felt such pain, such desolation. Her lover was dead. This wonderful creature who had shown her passion and offered her his love.

That was the worst part, she thought, as her tears spattered on his dusty face, still beautiful in death. He had told her he loved her, repeated it every day, but she had never said it back to him. She had been too shy and too unsure. Now he was lost, and she was all alone again.

“I love you, Demetrios,” she said, stroking his cheek.

His eyes popped open and he gave her a big grin.

“Well, I guess I better live then!”

With a cry of joy she took him in his arms. He laughed and kissed her.

“I can’t believe you tricked me like that! Bastard!” the huntress cried.

She slapped him and he fell back onto the stone floor, hitting his head.

“Ow!”

Kalliope slapped him again.

“Bastard!”

“Hey! I just wanted to see if you cared.”

“Of course I care,” she sobbed. She slapped him again. “Never do that to me again!”

A hissing from under the stone made her stop. The giant boulder shook as the hydra struggled to get free.

“I should have known that thing wouldn’t be killed,” Demetrios said. “Let’s get out of here while we have a chance.”

He struggled to his feet, limping heavily.

“Ugh, I really did hurt myself in that fall.”

“I’ll help you,” Kalliope said, holding him up. They stumbled towards the passage as quickly as they could. Behind them the hissing of the hydra and the grinding

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of the stone told them they didn't have much time.

"So you really meant what you said?" Demetrios asked as they entered the passage. A thin shimmer of sunlight shone far ahead, spurring them on.

"Of course I did, bastard," she said, giving him a light punch in the solar plexus.

"Oof! Hey, stop that! I only did it so that you'd realize you loved me."

"Hmph. Well, I guess you're right, but don't do it again."

They were approaching the exit of the cave. Demetrios was walking better and limped along without her aid. He stopped for a moment.

"Do you forgive me, my love?" he asked, concern in his eyes.

Kalliope kissed him.

"Yes...my love."

A loud crash from within the cave told them the hydra had broken free. A deafening hiss echoed up to them from the depths of the cavern. They turned and ran, Demetrios wincing in pain from his injured leg but keeping up all the same. They didn't dare stop until they were well away.

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Chapter Seven

The green valley and the hills around were alive with revelry. The air rang with joyous music from tambourines, cistra, flutes and drums. The valley was a shallow bowl, with a large flat bottom covered in rich grass. Tents and awnings had been set up, under which groups of men, women, satyrs and nymphs sat drinking wine. Several roaring fires roasted whole sheep on spits, their flames sending up a pungent smell of cooking meat. Circles of people sat around the cook fires, cutting off great haunches of meat and devouring them with gusto. Here and there, in pairs or small groups, people embraced in erotic play. It was still early in the day, however; the real festivities would not come until that evening.

As they walked through the valley, Kalliope looked around her in amazement. She had been a creature of the woods and had never seen a festival like this before.

“Welcome to the Bacchanalia!” a young man cried. He came up to the huntress and placed a wreath of olive branches on her head and bowed low. “You are beautiful and we’re all glad you’re here!”

Kalliope laughed, her heart lightening at the man’s enthusiasm and open friendliness.

“Thank you!” she said, and favored him with a kiss.

“Thank *you!*” he replied. “I hope I will see you at the great bonfire dance tonight.”

“What’s that?” she asked.

“Ask your satyr friend,” he said, dancing through the crowd. “And bring him along too!”

As they passed through the crowd they received similar greetings. Several nymphs, their nude bodies or diaphanous gowns displaying their ethereal beauty, stopped and greeted Demetrios by name. He greeted them with kisses and caresses, but Kalliope no longer felt any jealousy. More men came up to meet her. She kissed them all, and one

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especially handsome specimen got a long hug as Kalliope pressed her body against his. Eventually they parted, laughing and waving, and Demetrios and Kalliope continued hand in hand through the festival.

“Everyone is so friendly, I love this place,” Kalliope said to him.

“Yes. People come here to celebrate life and all its pleasures. You can do what you like here as long as you don’t bother anyone else. If you want to run off with any of these strapping young fellows, feel free,” Demetrios replied.

Kalliope gazed into his soft brown eyes and squeezed his hand.

“And you can go off with your nymphs if you like. I don’t mind if you come back to me.”

“I always will.”

They kissed and snuggled together in the teeming crowd as onlookers smiled at their obvious affection.

“Wine for the lovers!” a burly man said, pressing a brimming goblet into their hands before disappearing into the multitude.

They called out a thanks to him but he was already gone. They smiled at his casual hospitality.

“We still have some work to do,” Kalliope said, taking a sip from the wine.

“Yes, you’re right. The oracle has spoken the truth about everything so far. What did she say about this part of the quest? Hmm, let’s see if I can remember.”

He took a pensive gulp from the wine to clear his head. Then took another.

“How is that going to help you remember?” Kalliope asked.

“I’m a satyr. Wine helps me think.”

“Sure it does.”

He took another swig.

“Ah yes! Now I remember. She said, ‘win a contest in his bed, gallons of wine numb his head.’ That’s clear enough. You should be able to do that.”

“So I need to sleep with Bacchus?”

“That seems to be what the prophecy is saying. It’s traditional for Bacchus to pick a lover to sleep with as soon as he arrives on the first night of the Bacchanalia. He takes other lovers too, of course, often five or six at a time, but the first one he always sleeps with alone. If we can get you picked as the one, it will give us time away from the crowd to shave him.”

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“How am I supposed to best the god of sex in bed?” Kalliope asked.

“It will be a challenge, but I have faith in you.”

“I’m not so sure. The second part may hold the key. If we get him drunk, then maybe I *can* best him.”

“Now that’s the part *I’m* worried about. I’ve been to Bacchanals before. Bacchus can drink all night and still walk straight.”

“Even if he drinks gallons?”

“Even if he drinks gallons.”

They thought for a moment. Kalliope downed the rest of the flagon. An idea came to her.

“I’ve got it! There was a girl in our hunting band who knew a great deal about the properties of wild plants. She showed me an herb that grows in the woods called nepenthe. Mixed with wine it makes a powerful sleep potion. She was always sneaking off. I suspect she was drugging hunters and having her way with them while they slept.”

Demetrios laughed.

“So, you aren’t the only bad girl in Artemis’ hunting band! Let’s find some of this herb and make the potion. Bacchus won’t make his appearance until tonight at the great bonfire dance. That gives us plenty of time. Then we can take up your young friend’s invitation.”

Kalliope fingered the wreath on her brow, thinking of the happy young man who had given it to her. He had been quite handsome.

Demetrios got a glint in his eye.

“Aha! Thinking about what else was implied in his invitation, are you? Well, go ahead! But don’t get too tired. Bacchus will be quite a challenge.”

Kalliope blushed, realizing how plainly her thoughts must have been written on her face.

The bonfire crackled and sparked, sending sparks to dance like fireflies among the stars. A wide circle of revelers, hands joined, danced around the fire, their feet stamping on the hard ground in time to the thunderous boom of unseen drums. Most were naked, free in the night and unashamed among the accepting crowd. Kalliope and Demetrios were among them, linked arm and arm. To Kalliope’s left was the young man she had met earlier. Demetrios had her right arm, and to his right was one of the nymphs. They

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laughed and stamped as the circle slowly wheeled around the rising flames.

Kalliope's heart was filled with joy. The heat of the fire warmed her nude body. She raised her face to the sky and admired the stars gleaming above.

How free she felt! All those years in the hunting band of Artemis had never been as fulfilling as this. She looked over at Demetrios and kissed him on the cheek. It was all because of him. But no, that wasn't quite right. He had been the temptation, but the change in her life had been because of *her*. She was the one who decided to take a risk, break free of what she was supposed to do and take a chance doing what she wanted to do. With this thought she realized she could no longer blame Artemis for her suppressed life. In the final reckoning, Kalliope's life was her own decision. She had been responsible for her own dissatisfaction, and now she was responsible for her own joy.

Within the circle, men and women passed among the dancers with flagons of wine and cornucopias of fruit. A burly man, clad only in the wreath on his brow, came up to Kalliope and began feeding her grapes one by one. The huntress smiled at him, allowing the intimacy of his touching her lips.

A distant horn sounded a long, high note. The burly man's eyes widened.

"Bacchus! He comes!" he shouted.

The cry was taken up by others in the crowd, and soon everyone was shouting.

"Bacchus! He comes! He comes!"

The horn sounded again, closer now. There was a stirring in a distant part of the crowd. The dance and drumming stopped as everyone craned their necks to see the approach of their god.

The crowd parted as a parade of nymphs and satyrs came cavorting into the circle. Following them was a chariot pulled by a team of centaur. Their upper bodies were of men, and the lower bodies were of horses. They blew on trumpets to announce their arrival, but their engorged penises, trailing almost to the ground, were what caught Kalliope's attention.

Then her gaze shifted to the chariot they were pulling. It was made of hammered gold and shone like the sun in the reflected light of the fire. Standing tall and proud in the carriage was a giant satyr. He stood a full eight feet in height, waving with muscular arms to the crowd. He was naked, as satyrs always are, and his cock stood firm and erect before them. Kalliope gasped as she realized it was as big as the horse cocks of the centaurs.

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“Bacchus! All hail Bacchus!” the crowd shouted.

The giant satyr smiled and waved. The chariot came to a stop near the bonfire and the god of sex and wine stepped off. Instantly a crowd of worshipers gathered around him. Demetrios and Kalliope pressed through the throng.

“Bacchus!” Demetrios shouted to be heard above the throng. “Bacchus! I have a special surprise for you!”

The god looked over at him.

“Ah, Demetrios! It is good to see you. It is good to see all my faithful followers!”

“Wait Bacchus!” Demetrios shouted as the god started to turn away. “Look who I have brought with me. She is called Kalliope, a former maiden from Artemis’ hunting band. I have seduced her and brought her here. This is her first Bacchanalia!”

Bacchus eyed the huntress with obvious interest.

“One of the maidens of Artemis, eh? Well, Demetrios, you have made quite a conquest. She is beautiful.”

“Please, Bacchus,” Kalliope spoke up. “I have heard you take a woman on the first night to be your special lover. I am new to the ways of love, but Demetrios has taught me much. Won’t you pick me? I would be so honored, and I must make up for all the years I lost being a virgin among the followers of Artemis.”

Bacchus laughed and put an arm around her bare shoulder.

“How can I refuse such a request? A holy maiden who has come to one of my festivals? That is a rare thing indeed! Yes, you will be my lover tonight.”

Kalliope smiled at her success, then trembled in anticipation and a bit of fear when she looked at his hulking body. She wondered if she had finally come across a task that may be more than a match for her.

Demetrios bowed to his god, almost knocking himself out when his forehead whacked against the hard tip of Bacchus’ cock.

“This way, your Divine Hugeness,” Demetrios said, rubbing his forehead. “We have prepared a bower for the two of you.”

Bacchus turned to the crowd.

“I go to bed this fair, former maiden. I will return after I have tired her out. Let the dance continue!”

The crowd cheered and the revelry began anew.

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“This way, great Bacchus,” Demetrios said.

He led them beyond the circle of firelight and through a copse of woodland. On the far side was a starlit glade. A pile of straw had been set in the center and covered with soft blankets and pillows. Several jugs of wine stood nearby. The glade was silent save for the distant sounds of drums and the laughter.

“Here is all you require, Bacchus,” Kalliope said, pulling the god towards her. “Wine and a willing woman. Come join me on the bed.”

“I’ll be going,” Demetrios said, heading back towards the distant crowd.

The god took Kalliope in his arms. She felt small against him. His flesh was warm, as were his lips as she pressed them against his, and his godhood as it rubbed against her stomach. Kalliope felt a warm flush as she moistened between the legs.

“Would you like some wine, Bacchus?” she said, offering him a jug.

“Thank you,” he replied, bringing the jug to his lips and gulping it down. Within a moment he had finished it off. Kalliope gaped.

Bacchus looked at her and smiled.

“What? Did you think the god of wine could not hold his cups? I will have plenty more before the night is through. This is an unusual vintage. It has a strange flavor. Not unpleasant, but strange. Quite relaxing too.”

“Have another,” she said, offering him a second.

He tipped the jug and nearly drained it. Then he offered it to her. Kalliope shook her head.

“I have already drank much this night. I am not used to it,” she said.

Bacchus shrugged and finished it off.

“Not bad,” he said, smacking his lips. “But I feel like savoring a different dish.”

With that he kissed her fiercely. A thrill ran through her body, reminding her of that first time with Demetrios.

“Let me show you how a god loves,” Bacchus whispered.

She moaned as an exquisite heat filled her body. It carried her away, made her feel as if she were floating in a warm sea of pleasure. She was dimly aware of his lips traveling downward, over her breasts, her stomach, she crying out as they found her warm center. She had never felt like this before, not even during the many wonderful times with Demetrios. The divine kisses of Bacchus were nothing a mortal could give.

Bacchus lowered his shaggy, horned head between her legs and lapped at her

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womanhood. His harsh tongue worked at her, sending wave after wave of sheer joy up from her Venus mound to wash over her body. She cried out to the night as an orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave.

“Oh yes, Bacchus! That is fantastic. I have never had that done to me so well.”

“So, Demetrios has not shown you the full pleasures of oral sex, eh? I’m surprised he has been so negligent in his training.”

With that he descended once again into her womanhood, his tongue working between her labia to dart in and out of her hole. Kalliope grasped his head with both hands and pressed it towards her, bucking her hips as his tongue rasped against her clitoris. Within moments she ascended on the wave of another orgasm.

“Yes!!!! I’ve never had two so close together! Bacchus, you are wonderful!”

His lips worked their way up her body again. The giant satyr was atop her now, his thickset body pressing down on her.

“Do you think your little body can take my godhood?” he asked.

“Mmmmm. I certainly intend to find out,” she said. Then she remembered her mission. “But more wine, Bacchus. Drink some more wine. I do not wish to be a bad hostess.”

“There is no danger of that, huntress,” he said. He downed another jug, and another. After finishing a third, he turned his attention back to her.

“Now for the other great pleasure of life,” he said.

Kalliope felt the tip of his cock push against her moist labia. Despite her engorged womanhood, loosened by Bacchus’ oral treatment, Kalliope gasped at the size of his member. The god pushed slightly, the head disappearing inside her. Kalliope’s back arched. It felt as it did when having a full penis inside her; it felt as it had on the first time. But she knew more was to come.

“Is that too uncomfortable for you? I know you were recently a maiden,” Bacchus said.

In response Kalliope pushed forward with her hips so that she was impaled with the full length of his godly prick. She cried out, as she felt filled to the brink of her capacity.

“Take me, great god!”

“You are as horny as a nymph! You have certainly been cured of your maidenhood.”

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With that Bacchus pulled back and thrust into her again. Instantly Kalliope's body writhed with another orgasm, but the god was far from done. The giant cock thrust into her again and again as the huntress gripped onto the rippling muscles of his back and held on for dear life. Another orgasm and another crashed through her and her shouts echoed through the night.

With strength born of lust she pushed Bacchus off her and rolled on top of him, still pierced by his massive cock. She bounced up and down atop him, working down the length of his tool, sweat flying from her flushed body, nipples hard under his hard grasp, thighs rasping against the rough goat hair of his nether regions. Her back arched and she cried out to the stars in the throes of a final, flowering orgasm.

Then she fell onto the warm support of his broad chest, exhausted.

How long she lay there, she never knew. But finally her breath came regularly instead of in desperate rasps. Finally his godhood softened and slipped out of her. Finally she was able to think again.

With her head pressed against his chest, she could hear his low, regular breathing. Otherwise, he did not stir. She sat up and looked at him. His eyes were closed.

Kalliope shook the god gently.

"Bacchus?"

She shook him again, harder this time.

"Bacchus? Are you awake?"

The god's only reply was a loud snore.

"Psst. Kalliope. Is he asleep?" came a question from the shadows.

"Yes. I thought he'd never fall asleep. I almost ran out of wine."

"Well, you didn't run out of orgasms. They could hear you all the way over at the bonfire," Demetrios said as he approached the bed and peered at the sleeping god.

"Let's hurry. He drank enough nepenthe to sleep for a month, if he were a mortal. But I don't know how long it will keep a god like him slumbering."

Kalliope lifted up the blankets and rummaged around in the straw until she found a small bag the satyr had left there. Removing it, she pulled out a razor and some soap. Using the wine to wet the soap, she lathered up Bacchus' crotch. Then, with infinite care, for she did not want to despoil that beautiful penis, she began to shave him.

"I can't believe we're doing this," Demetrios chuckled as he gathered the pubic hairs on a brass platter. "Make sure to get every one."

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“I will,” Kalliope replied. “I want Artemis to be happy so she’ll leave us in peace.”

Soon she was done. Bacchus still lay slumbering, sprawled on the pillows. His bare crotch shone in the starlight. The tray in Demetrios’ hands was piled high with rough, curly hair.

“That’s the last,” Kalliope said. “Now we just have to...”

A booming laugh shook the air.

“What a sight! It was worth losing one of my best huntresses just so I can boast about this on Mount Olympus for the next thousand years!”

Demetrios and Kalliope looked around. Artemis stood nearby, an ethereal light bathing her in glory. Behind her stood her hunting band, gaping in obvious wonder at the massive cock of Bacchus.

“Look at him, ladies!” Artemis continued. “His member looks like it is getting chilly now that it has lost its covering. I swear that I see it getting smaller!”

The hunting maidens tittered and pointed, but Kalliope could see the admiration and curiosity in their eyes.

Attracted by the noise, a motley band of revelers began to gather around the area. As they noticed Bacchus’ shaven state they gasped and whispered among themselves.

Demetrios went to one knee, offering her the platter. The goddess took it.

“Oh, great goddess, we have done as you asked. My god has been shaved bald as a babe. Not one hair is left around his celestial crotch. I hope we have atoned for the sin we committed against you.”

“You have indeed, satyr. I release the both of you. You will not be hunted and you are free to go. While you are no longer in my hunting band, Kalliope, I hereby name you the barber of the Gods!”

The goddess boomed out another great laugh as her huntress’ joined in.

A groan made Kalliope turn around. Bacchus stirred. He shakily put a hand to his head and rubbed his temple. He opened his eyes and looked around, confused.

“Artemis? What are you doing here?”

A cool night breeze blew across the glade. Bacchus shivered a little. He looked down.

“What the...?”

The whole crowd burst out in peals of merriment. The god of wine and sex leapt

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to his feet. The laughter cut off, sharp. Kalliope's heart skipped a beat. It was not wise to defy the gods. She had nearly been killed for defying one, and now she had just humiliated another.

Only Artemis continued to laugh.

"Did you think I would not take revenge for the seduction of one of my maidens, Bacchus? I sent this pair on a quest to shave your prick, to teach you the lesson that you should be more careful where you put it."

Bacchus was still staring at the big bald spot between his hairy flanks. His expression changed from bafflement to shock to a flicker of anger. Then a trace of a smile passed his lips.

He turned his eyes towards Kalliope and Demetrios. They both felt the divine power of his gaze and dropped to the ground.

"Forgive us, O Bacchus!" Kalliope cried. "We were ordered to. We couldn't disobey a goddess!"

"So you played a trick on me, a god!"

"Forgive us, O great one!"

The god was silent for a moment. Everyone tensed to see what would happen next.

Then Bacchus smiled.

"Well, Kalliope, you certainly gave me a good tumble in bed. Artemis is right; sex does not always come for free. And I cannot blame you or Demetrios for what you did. You could not disobey the order of a goddess."

Kalliope and Demetrios gasped in relief, not aware until that moment that they had been holding their breath.

"But you cannot defy a god, either!" Bacchus shouted, eyes blazing. Once again the two lovers trembled before divine wrath. "I will not kill you as Artemis threatened to. No, I will make you suffer a fate much, much worse!"

Bacchus pointed at Demetrios.

"You! Stand up!"

The satyr hesitantly got to his feet.

The god pointed at Kalliope.

"You too!"

Trembling, Kalliope stood.

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“For the crime you have perpetrated against me, I sentence you to a lifetime imprisonment of monogamy! I hereby declare you man and wife!”

Great groans and gasps emerged from the crowd.

“No! Anything but that!” someone shouted.

“That’s right! I sentence the two of you to sleep with no one else for the rest of your lives!”

Demetrios and Kalliope looked at each other. The huntress caught a mirthful sparkle in her lover’s eye. They ran to each other and embraced.

Kalliope pulled back a little, worried.

“Are you sure it’s okay? I’ve never heard of a satyr being married before.”

“Neither have I, but I don’t care. Being with you is all that matters.”

“What!?” Bacchus shouted as the crowd applauded.

“Oh relax,” Artemis said as the newlyweds kissed. “You gave them their punishment and now it’s over. You’ve lost, Bacchus!”

The goddess of the hunt looked at the snuggling couple with obvious distaste.

“As for the two of you, you are released from your quest. I hope you enjoy your disgusting carnal habits. Ugh! Maidens, we are leaving!”

The crowd of huntress’ whined and complained as she led them away, casting longing glances at the naked revelers. Soon they disappeared into the night.

Bacchus gave a rueful look at his shaved crotch. A pair of nymphs approached him.

“It’s not so bad, great god,” one said. “It makes your penis stand out all the larger.”

“I think it’s quite flattering,” said another as she knelt before him and rubbed his cock between her hands.

“Yes indeed,” said the first. She wrapped her lips around his swollen head as the other nymph kissed the bare pink skin around his loins.

“Mmmm,” Bacchus smiled, enjoying the attention. “Well, I guess I can’t hold a grudge for such a brilliant trick. Except for the married couple, I say we all continue the Bacchanalia!”

The crowd cheered. Wine was passed around and couples and groups fell to the ground and began their erotic play. Soon the orgy was in full swing while Bacchus stood tall and proud at the center, the two nymphs taking turns sucking on his cock.

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Demetrios and Kalliope looked around at the writhing figures all about them.

“I guess we’re no longer invited to this party,” Kalliope sighed.

“That’s okay,” Demetrios said, putting an arm around her. “We can make our own party.”

“And the good thing is,” Kalliope continued for him, “Our party won’t be only once a year. It will be for life.”

The pair walked through the orgy and into the darkness, searching for a place they could be alone together.

SEDUCED BY A SATYR

Historical Footnote

As an archaeologist, I like to put a fair amount of realism in my historical writing. While the mythological creatures that live in this book are obviously fictional, the rest is based on actual fact. The action in this book takes place in 431 BC, an interesting time in Greek history.

The war between Athens and her allies on one side; and Sparta, Corinth and their allies on the other, was called the Peloponnesian War. It lasted from 431-404 BC. The fight was over the lucrative sea trade in the eastern Mediterranean, which Athens dominated. Corinth and others wanted to get their share of the trade and soon fighting erupted between the two sides.

Athens had the most powerful navy in Hellas (the region that is now modern Greece) at the time. Sparta had the most powerful army. Pericles, the famous ruler of Athens, sent ships to raid Sparta while Sparta's army ravaged the Athenian countryside. The Athenians were no match for their infantry and hid behind the city walls. The wall just north of Corinth next to the hydra's cave is my own invention. The war was a draw until an epidemic in Athens started in 430 and killed thousands, including Pericles.

But the war was far from over. The Athenians fought hard but, after a rare naval loss, they gradually weakened until they were taken over by Sparta. The Spartans got rid of Athenian democracy and installed military rulers called tyrants. We are still dealing with tyrants today.

In the early days Bacchus was also known as Dionysus, but by 430 BC most people were calling him Bacchus. The god of wine was good and gentle to those who worshiped him, and brought madness to those who spurned him. It was said he died each winter and was reborn in spring, so he can be seen as a traditional fertility god. His biggest festival was the Greater Dionysia, which was held for five days in Athens each spring. The term Bacchanalia is actually Roman, but I use it here because it is so familiar to modern readers. The rites of Bacchus, while wild, were more than just an excuse to

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have a great party. There was a school of thought in ancient Greece that the best way to transcend the mortal world was through intoxication. By “doing it all,” it was easier to move to a higher spiritual plane. Followers of Bacchus laughed at the more conservative Greeks with their strict moral codes. They said these conservatives were more obsessed with sex and drinking than the followers of Bacchus, because they didn’t get a chance to cut loose once in a while.

Satyrs were popular figures in myth and art. They had the body of a man and the legs and hips of a goat. Living a freewheeling life, they devoted themselves to the pleasures of wine, women and song.

Artemis was goddess of the moon and the hunt. She was the twin sister of Apollo and the guardian of steams and protector of wild animals. Her priestesses were sworn to chastity, as was the goddess herself.

Oracles were quite popular in ancient Greece. The one at Delphi was the most prestigious, but she certainly wasn’t the only one. Archaeologists have recently discovered a fault line in the stone beneath the temple at Delphi that they think emitted a natural gas called ethylene, which in large quantities can cause hallucinations and a euphoric sense of being out of one’s body.

Gay sex was quite common and accepted in ancient Greece. It was generally between an older man and a younger one. The younger man could often be quite younger, but this was considered immoral even too many of the ancients. The sex I portray here, between older and younger *adults*, was the more common variety.

Greek women were given second-class status. Many men preferred the company of other men, both in and out of bed. If there really had been a band of huntress’ following Artemis around the countryside, it would have been a tempting choice to get out of an otherwise limited life.

And yes, the Greeks really did use olive oil for lube!!!

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About the Author:

Angeline Bright is a professional archaeologist and historical researcher. She has worked on excavations on four continents. Her research keeps her flying back and forth between Europe and the U.S. and she feels at home wherever she has a change of clothes and a couple of friends. When not buried in old books or even older artifacts, she enjoys writing erotica, watching old movies and hiking in the mountains.