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In the time of the gods, when monsters still roamed the lands, there was a divine hero by the name of Thera. She was not an ordinary mortal, but a demi-god, the daughter of Aphrodite goddess of love, and the mortal man Pandrus. From her father, she inherited a warrior's courage and fitness of body. From her mother she received an unearthly beauty, with shining brown hair and skin that was said to resemble ivory in its perfection. As well, she effortlessly charmed those around her even without thinking, and with prolonged contact, could even seed her will into their minds. Her adventures took her all around from Carthage to Cyprus, where she encountered monsters no mortal could best, and creatures few had even seen. These are her tales.

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## **Chapter One: The Cyprian Centaurs**

The island of Cyprus was hot and dry this time of year, and coupled with the rough terrain, Thera's trek across the foothills of the Troodos was difficult. She had only been living in the village for a short time when the attacks had begun. The centaurs from the nearby scrublands raided the village every few days, carrying off sheep and casks of wine and fleeing before any force could be raised to stop them. The last straw came when a young shephard was nearly dragged from the fields as well, only being saved when her screams alerted one of the herding dogs. The next day, Thera had armed herself with her short sword and lacquered cuirasse and set off, swearing to kill or drive them from the village.

The centaurs of Cyprus were unlike those on the mainland. They were wild creatures, with bull's horns on their heads and an appetite for debauchery. So the legend went, they sprung into being when Zeus came on the earth after being rejected by Aphrodite. Thera hoped it wasn't true, and gritted her teeth as she remembered the story. Creatures spawned by godly blue balls didn't seem like they would be the easiest to handle. In truth, she had only dealt with the occasional wolf and even a boar: she had never attempted to slay a monster before.

Thera squinted into the distance, the heat waves making the landscape hazy. She could see two figures cresting a hill towards her, and the cloud of dust they kicked up told her they were moving fast. Taking a deep breath to steady herself, she continued walking to meet them, her hand resting on the hilt of her sword. After only a few minutes, the pair of centaurs were upon her. They slowed as they approached, hooves clacking on the hard ground. Rather than stop, they circled her, calling and jeering.

"What's this?" the first one shouted. His hair was black and curly, the same colour as his equine half.

"They're coming to meet us now!" the other called. He was slightly taller than his companion, with a brown mottled coat and lanky blonde hair that hung over his eyes. "Don't even have to grab 'em!" Thera steeled herself, speaking calmly.

"Take me to your chief." she told them in a flat voice. "You must leave this valley and its people alone." She drew her sword with a flourish. "Or I will make you." The blonde centaur laughed at that.

"Oh, I'm shaking!" he mocked, bumping her with his flank as he made another pass, throwing her off balance. "Girl, my prick is bigger than that little knife of yours." Despite herself, Thera let her eyes trail downwards, flicking them back and forth between him and the bronze blade in her hand. He wasn't wrong. Nearly two feet of mottled pink and black shaft hung beneath him, the bulbous tip

twitching. Thera glanced to the centaur's friend, seeing his erection swinging as well. She sighed. This was going to be more difficult than she anticipated. She had hoped not to use her power until she met with their leader, but these two stallions didn't seem intimidated and she didn't fancy trying to fight them both. She put her sword away.

When the black haired one trotted up to her and ran a hand through her hair, she grabbed him by the wrist, spinning to face him and sliding the other hand around his waist. He looked surprised at her directness, clearly expecting her to put up a fight or at least run away. Instead, she kissed his stomach, feeling the hardness of his abs even through the coarse hair that crept up from his human half. Her skin tingled slightly where it touched, and her eyes glowed with a soft pink light as her power began to work. The centaur was transfixed as she knelt down, moving towards his haunches. She could smell it even before she did. Thera doubted the creatures ever bathed, and a musky stench came from every inch of his body. She couldn't help but wrinkle her nose at the smell, which mingled with the tang of precum that oozed from the tip of his shaft in a long string.

"What are you...?" He managed, still taken aback and his mind clouded by Thera's charm. She rolled her eyes.

"Is not what you wanted?" She asked, and he stammered something. Thera wet her lips and slid them along the length of the shaft, which shut him up. She had first learned of her powers just over a year ago when she was attacked by poorly trained hunting dog near her home village. It had stayed dazed like this the entire time she was pleasuring it. Once she was free of its knot, she found the dog would listen to anything she said. Thera doubted the effect would be quite as strong on the centaurs, but hopefully she could get a suggestion or two in before she sent them away.

She held the shaft with one hand, stroking the other side as she ran her wet lips up and down, then began to lick. She could feel each bulging vein along its length, and it twitched like it had a mind of its own. It tasted about how it smelled, but Thera pushed through it, licking and rubbing with all the eagerness she could muster. She ran her tongue up to the tip until his salty precum coated her lips. He bucked forward, trying to push into her mouth, but she tilted her head and his cock slid along her cheek instead.

"Not so fast," she chided, giving a few hard strokes with her hand.

"Hey!" The blonde centaur called, trotting up alongside his companion and giving him a shove. "I saw her first, she's mine." The curly haired one pushed him back.

"Obviously she likes me more, so go find someone else to screw!"

"Well if you're so... ahhhh..." The blonde one trailed off as Thera grabbed his cock with her other hand, bringing it to her mouth and planting a kiss on the tips. She was getting tired of this, it was best to finish them both quickly so she could get to the root of the problem.

"Think you boys can learn to share?" She asked. They seemed to think so, and stood flank to flank, so their cocks hung down on either side of her. She cupped each in one hand, stroking them and keeping them close to her head. Giving the blonde one the attention he was craving first, she alternated between them. Thera licked and kissed up to the head and back down, then switched back to his partner. Soon they were both stamping in place restlessly. She could tell they were getting close. Realizing that riding into camp soaked in cum wouldn't quite give the best first impression, she moved backwards. Giving the fist one a few fast pumps of her hand and gentle licks to keep him close, she brought her mouth to the other.

Sucking on the tip, she swirled her tongue over the bumpy surface of the engorged head. She

pushed her lips to it, straining to open her jaw wide. Thera bobbed her head slightly, holding the shaft in both hands to keep it steady as she pushed forward. When her lips finally made it around the head, she could relax slightly. She sucked as much as she could with the whole head in her mouth, and moved one hand back to the other to keep him busy too. Spit and precum leaked from the corners of her mouth, though she did her best to keep a tight seal. Pumping her hand faster up the massive shaft, she sucked hard, moving her tongue in rapid circles around the tip of his cock.

He bucked, jostling her as his semen shot into her mouth. Swallowing as fast as she could, Thera could barely keep up as each pump brought more of the thick cum. It flooded her mouth, salty and pungent, and she finally pulled her head back, leaving long strands dangling between her mouth and his cock. Chin dripping, she licked up what she could and wasted no time moving to the other centaur. Pressing her lips to the head, she pumped urgently with both hands. More impatient than his friend, he thrust forward, taking Thera by surprise when the head forced its way inside her mouth. She couldn't do more than try to keep her mouth open, but regained enough composure to keep stroking. When he came, he thrust forward until the tip bumped against the back of her mouth. Each sticky shot trickled down her throat as she swallowed, and she eventually had to push it away. She slumped to one side, coughing and wiping the cum from her face. The two centaurs stood numbly, breathing hard as their cocks grew limp. Thera stood, cleaning herself off as best she could.

"Gods," she mumbled under her breath. "Hung like a centaur more like." She cleared her throat, chasing the last drops of semen from the corners of her mouth with her tongue, but the taste still clung to it. "Ready to take me to your herd now?"

"Yeah." The blonde one mumbled.

"Fuck, that was amazing." The other muttered. Thera chose him, climbing onto his back. He didn't even protest, his eyes slightly unfocused and under her spell. Thera wrapped her hands around his waist.

"Then you'd better take me there." She turned to the other one. "And you can get lost." He obeyed numbly, wandering off into the woods. The black haired centaur galloped away, carrying Thera off to meet their leader. He rode hard, hooves pounding against the dusty ground. It was almost half an hour by the time he slowed, entering a stand of pines. Thera ducked the needle lined branches until her mount stopped in a clearing. A group of centaurs lounged around, scattered casks of wine from the village strewn about. The leader, she assumed, judging by his prominent horns and brass chain about his neck, glanced up, confusion on his face.

"Alkus, why is this human riding you like a broken-in mare?" He said, prompting a roar of drunken laughter from the others. Thera dismounted, striding up to him with a hand upon her sword.

"I've come to make a bargain with you." She announced. "To leave this village in peace and return to the wilds where you belong." The centaurs laughed, but the leader silenced them with a wave, walking up to Thera. He scowled, sensing there was more to this girl than appeared if she brought Alkus to heel.

"What do you have to offer then?" He asked. Thera approached, laying a hand on his arm and staring up into his eyes. With the other, she gestured down the length of her body. He hesitated, more willful than the first two it seemed. "But I could take however many girls from the village I wanted." Thera shook her head, then ran both hands up his chest. It was smoother than the others, though she doubted he actually shaved. The centaur leader didn't stop her as she kissed her way down to just above where a human's loins would be.

"But I'm here." She urged him. "And you want me."

"I...I do." He stammered. "It's a deal." One of the centaurs looked up with confusion and started to say something, but stopped when it was clear he wasn't listening. Thera got beneath him, cradling his massive balls with one hand while she coaxed out his erection with the other. It didn't take much, and soon the whole length was throbbing in her grip. His cock had at least a couple inches on Alkus and his friend, but unlike them, the chief seemed to at least wash it on occasion. It still had that musky smell, but as Thera ran her tongue along the length, she was grateful the smell was stronger than the taste. She gave his balls a light squeeze, feeling their weight, and began to rub the shaft.

Shifting back, she pumped up and down the whole length with both hands, kissing around the head softly. Thera licked up the dripping precum. Getting impatient, he thrust forward and Thera took him into her mouth with some reluctance. She could barely get her jaws around it, and he continued to thrust, bumping against the back of her throat while she tried suck on it. Gripping the shaft as much for support as to stimulate it, Thera was jostled back and forth as he bucked his hips, balls swaying. Without warning, he pulled back, leaving her gasping for breath.

"What's the matter?" she asked, wondering how he had been able to free himself from the charm. He reached down and seized her by the wrist, dragging her roughly over to one of the wine casks that lay nearby.

"We had a deal, girl." he said. "I'm going to make the most of it, and take what's mine." Thera looked between the centaur's thick cock and the barrel. Not seeing another choice, she stripped and straddled it, lying forward until her ass was in the air at just the right height. Her feet barely reached the ground on either side, just enough to keep her steady. The centaur mounted her, his cock sliding over her ass and up to the small of her back. *Gods, he's huge!* She thought, trepidation creeping up on her. *How is it going to fit?* He pulled back, and the tip pressed against her rear, soft cheeks parting as he pushed against her ass. For a moment, she thought he was going to try to fuck her ass, but the tip finally slipped lower. She felt the tip press against her pussy, her wet lips stretching to accommodate it. Her nails dug into the wood as she braced herself. The head was pushed past and into her pussy and she gasped.

Another inch slid inside as Thera was stretched wide by the massive cock, then another. At last he began to pull back just when she thought she couldn't take any more of it. Abruptly, he thrust forward again roughly with a triumphant laugh. Thera did her best not to whimper, but once the shock faded, it didn't hurt as much as she thought. He fucked her relentlessly, the wine cask practically bouncing as she clung to it, biting her lip. Thera had lain with her fair share of beasts when testing out her power, but this desire was all her own. He was using her, and she loved it. As if sensing it, he sped up, slamming into her pussy as deep as possible, but still only half his length made it in. Groaning from pleasure, it was all she could do to stay balanced.

She came, clenching tighter around his shaft, if that was even possible. Her legs shook, and she gasped for breath, but still the centaur thrust into her. He couldn't keep it up forever, and Thera felt his whole body twitch. Through the pounding she couldn't feel him cum right away, only a spreading warmth deep inside. As he slowed, each spurt sent tingling aftershocks through her body until hot cum seeped out around his shaft as his balls emptied. Eventually he pulled out, still dripping. A steady stream oozed from Thera's pussy, and she slid off the barrel, landing roughly on the ground, panting. The centaur trotted in a circle before settling to the ground. He looked breathless as well.

"So," she started, staring intently for signs that he was under her influence now that their session was done. She couldn't quite tell. "Our deal." The centaur chuckled.

"You are a strange human," he said after a while. "But I keep my word." He gave another short laugh. "We'll return to the mountains, but any that trespass into our domain should be prepared to make the same deal as you."

Thera was so sore that she could barely walk, and she didn't make it back to the village until the next day. While the town was skeptical of her claims at besting the leader in single combat, the attacks had stopped. That gave some credence to her claim, and she was rewarded with enough money and supplies to journey far from Cyprus. She decided to take a ferry from the south, rather than venturing into the mountains again. Soon, word began to spread across the isles of this new, beautiful hero who could best a centaur in combat...

...and had a certain way with beasts.

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Chapter Two: the Amphisbaena

Eager to leave the Isle of Cyprus for the Greek mainland, Thera journeyed towards the southwestern coast, hoping to find a ship to take her there. Travel was slow, and while she had enough coin to purchase supplies, towns in the region were far apart, and she was running low on food and water. Her path skirted the foothills as she travelled west. Thera was pretty sure she was out of the centaur's territory, but she was still feeling her encounter with their leader and certainly didn't want to run into them again. When she crested the next hill, it looked down into a lush valley, at least relative to the comparatively arid landscape surrounding it. It was thick with tall pines and other vegetation, meaning there was a river or at least a stream at the bottom. It was the perfect opportunity to refresh her supplies.

Thera descended into the valley, picking any edible plants she came across. Most wouldn't keep for the journey, but it would make for a nice change from dried rations for tonight. She found a few nuts and half-ripe fruits which she stuffed into her bag. When she reached the clear stream that ran through the base of the small valley, she sat at its bank. Filling her waterskins, she glanced around for signs of any animals that might have come to drink from the stream. Thera didn't have a bow with her, so hunting bigger game wasn't an option. Still, she was a decent shot with a sling, and some fresh rabbit would be excellent if she could catch one or two. There were some tracks nearby, and once Thera had finished resting and filling up on water, she began to follow them.

They were clear in the soft clay on either side of the creek, making them easy to follow. There were other tracks as well: deer, and birds mostly, but she paused when she came across a long, winding trail. It was smooth, with no footprints, and almost looked like someone had dragged a heavy sack through the dirt. The path wasn't straight, but instead wound back and forth. It was mid afternoon by now, and she had two rabbits slung over her shoulder. Curious, but not wanting the smell of the dead rabbits to give her away in case it was a beast or monster, she decided to leave it for now. She headed back to the edge of the stream, where she could set up her camp for the night.

She lit a fire, feeding it with pine twigs and began preparing her makeshift meal. Night would come sooner in the bottom of the valley, but there was still a couple hours of daylight at least. As she tended the fire, there came a soft, rasping sound from the trees, like something being dragged through the dry needles. Thera sprung to her feet.

"Who's there?" She called, drawing her sword and looking around. The sound continued, and she followed it as it made a slow circle around her campfire. The creature's head slowly came into view as it slithered along the ground. It was a snake, enormous with a head over a foot long and as thick

as some of the younger trees in the grove. Thera took a few steps back in surprise, levelling her blade at the monster. The snake approached in an unhurried manner, and Thera didn't take her eyes off the head as it's coils whipped and slithered back on themselves. She kept backing up in a circle as it followed her around the fire, and she had just about made up her mind to run when a blur of movement caught her eye.

The snake lunged at her from the side, fangs bared, but that was impossible: she had been watching the head the whole time, it was right in front of her! Were there two? Thera fell back, narrowly avoiding the snapping fangs and hitting the ground with a thud. While she scrambled backwards she saw it. Rather than two separate snakes, a second head sprouted from where it's tail should have been, just as large and deadly as the first. She had heard of these creatures: amphisbaena spawned from the blood of Medusa. She rolled over to stand, but the monster was too quick, encircling her before she made it to her feet. In a desperate attempt, she lunged for its coils with her bare hands as it moved to strike again. Her fingertips hit the smooth scales, and she squeezed her eyes shut, calling on her power.

A cold, forked tongue flicked up from her neck to her ear. Thera opened her eyes, the snake's head just inches from her own. It stared at her with reptilian eyes, but didn't move to bite her. She let out a slow, shaky breath.

"That was too close." She muttered to herself. Her charm seemed to be working, and it didn't try to attack her again. She knew what was coming though, as that certainly didn't mean the monster's interest in her had ended. Its coils circled around Thera's feet, sweeping her legs out from under her. One head leered down at her, fangs dripping while the other pressed between her legs. "Alright, alright!" She asked, starting to tug off her armor and clothing. Not taking any chances, she kept one hand on it while she undressed. It still seemed partially aggressive despite her doing her best to keep it charmed, and she wondered if the two heads were making it harder to control.

Finally, she had her armor off and it brought the one head back between her legs. Its scales were rough against her thighs as it nosed them apart, and Thera let out a shiver when its forked tongue ran up and down her slit. The tips brushed her clit teasingly as it tasted her and she squirmed, growing flushed. It seemed satisfied after about a minute, and slithered its length up her body. Thera couldn't help herself from closing her thighs around it, moaning as the scales on its underbelly rubbed against her as it moved. When something wet brushed between her legs, she looked down to see it's cock, fully erect and protruding from its belly. Both of them to be precise. Two separate shafts curled out from the same point, pink and slimy with bulbed bases and strange, flat tips. They were angled downwards, and couldn't see how it planned to penetrate her like this.

"Do you have two of everything, or is this normal for snakes?" Thera wondered out loud. She was just about to turn around to try getting it in, but the creature kept slithering forward, it's twin shafts sliding over her bare stomach. The snake coiled underneath her, propping up her back so she half sat, and it held its body in the air so they hung just above her head. She twisted her head as a drop of precum fell from one, narrowly missing her eye as it ran down her cheek. "Oh." She said, as a second pair of cocks slid up her thigh. "I guess it's both." The heads continued to writhe, and one hissed as it pushed more insistently against her. Sitting up and holding onto its body, she brought the other between her legs.

Gripping one shaft, she guided it to her pussy. She wouldn't be able to fit them both, so this would have to do. The monster thrust in gradually, Thera biting her lip as the swollen base stretched her lips. The other shaft slid over her clit and up her stomach. She let out a moan once it pulled back and thrust again. The grinding and thrusting were so incredible together.

“Oh, I could... I could get used to this.” She whispered. It sped up, coils shifting to thrust into her harder. The head near her feet hissed in triumph. The thrusts grew rapid, until it was barely pulling out more than an inch or two before driving back in, working itself deeper. Thera wrapped her fingers around the other shaft, pumping it up and down. It grew slick in her hand, and she moved as fast as she could. The pair above her head brushed her cheek as the snake thrust hard. Thera screamed with pleasure and squeezed her thighs together as the last inch of its cock finally slipped inside. She gave its second one a last squeeze as she came, and it throbbed. Cum shot from the tip in thick ropes, and she could feel it deep inside her pussy too. It splashed onto her stomach, pooling in her navel and running down her sides. The last pump was the largest, hitting her chin in a sticky line that travelled down her neck and chest. Thera panted, still clenching as the last of its semen emptied inside her as well. The head near her feet let out a long hiss in what she took as satisfaction, and Thera was inclined to agree. She took a shaky breath to steady herself, wincing slightly when the shaft was pulled out with a squelch.

Once she had recovered from the orgasm, she laid her hand on its side to push herself up. The other head hissed, bringing its fangs up to her ear, threatening.

“You’re... you’re not done yet?” she asked, disbelieving. Apparently not, as the twin pairs of cocks were still fully erect. The ones at her pussy pushed back suddenly, the tips of both vying to enter. Now she was starting to get nervous, maybe her power didn’t lend her as much control of monsters as she thought. “Look,” she said, doubting she could reason with the beast but willing to try. “I enjoyed it too, but those aren’t... aaah... going to both fit?” The snake brought the ones above her head down, and the intention was clear. They slid along her cheek, and she reached a hand up, taking one into her mouth. As she sucked on the tip, the other pair kept trying, but even the creature seemed to realize they were too big together.

“Mmmph!” Thera let out a muffled cry, pulling the shaft free of her mouth suddenly. “What are you doing?” she demanded. The tip of one slid into her pussy, and the other was pushing insistently against her asshole. “Don’t...uuungh...” she gritted her teeth as the tip made its way inside, stretching it open to accommodate it. She thanked the gods it was going slow, and the heat spreading from her pussy as it fucked her there was masking any discomfort. The snake hissed by Thera’s ear, getting impatient, and she opened her mouth, sliding its other cock back inside. It was thrusting slowly this time, barely thrusting at all. It pushed about an inch into both holes, backing off most of the way and thrusting back in the tiniest bit deeper.

She sucked on the one in her mouth, noting that the salty precum tang seemed to be the same as any other creature’s. The other shaft smeared over her cheek, and twitched in sync with its pair. Thera reached up to stroke it with her hand. It was stiff and rubbery, and twitched under her fingers. Pulling her head back for a moment, a trail of drool stretched between the tip and her mouth before breaking and falling down her chin. Swapping hands, she closed her lips around the other. All the while, she rocked her hips in time as the snake worked deeper inside her. With both her holes stuffed, Thera could even see her belly distend from the sheer girth of them inside her. She grunted slightly when the thickest section reached her ass. It strained, then pushed inside with a pop. Stars danced in her eyes and she closed them tight.

She was too distracted to keep sucking for a moment, and the creature thrust into her mouth, the tip entering her throat. Thera gagged, getting the message. Resuming with earnest, she twisted her head as she slid her lips up and down the length, the tip hitting her throat each time. Her tongue swirled around it, and she pumped her hand faster around the other. Now that the other two were fully inside, they started thrusting. The snake pulled out about halfway so quickly it nearly took her breath away, then pushed back in with that methodical slowness that had Thera trying to push her hips against it, desperate for more. Finally, it slammed its body against her, spreading her legs apart

as it thrust in to the base, her pussy tight against its hard scales. Cum pooled her mouth and splashed over her hand and face as it came. Thera opened her mouth to moan as she came, and it ran down her face and onto her chest. Both her holes were filled with the hot semen as the creature pumped inside her with a hiss of triumph. It slowly went limp, lowering her down as it stretched its body, pulling free with a trickle of cum from her aching holes.

Thera lay there for several moments, staring up at the sky as it turned to evening. The snake creature, apparently satisfied, wound off into the trees. There was no sign of it when Thera propped herself up on her hands and looked around. Groaning, she got to her feet and staggered to the creek to wash the monster's cum from her body. The cold water calmed her shaking body, though it was a little chillier than she would have preferred. That was too close. She thought to herself as she made her way back to camp. The fact it hadn't stuck around was a bad sign, maybe her charm wasn't as powerful as she thought. Thera sat back down, tossing new sticks into her fire and watching it flare up. Still, it seemed to be done with her, and she was in one piece despite its rather rough treatment. It would be best to leave the valley as soon as dawn broke though. Tentatively, she gnawed the rabbit leg that had been sitting over embers the whole time. It was a bit overcooked.

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### **Chapter Three: The Labyrinth**

Thera fell to the floor with a grunt, the door slamming shut behind her and leaving her in the dark. She struggled to sit upright, her hands bound with strands of rough cord behind her back. She spat.

"Stupid..." she cursed herself, adopting a mocking tone. "Oh, I can just charm him if things get out of hand. No worries?" She puffed to blow her hair out of her eyes. "What if he's gay, Thera," she grumbled to herself. "Didn't think of that one, did you?" Squinting as her eyes adjusted to the dark, she realized she wasn't the only resident of the cell. About another dozen prisoners lay or sat against the walls. The one sitting closest to her shuffled away awkwardly, and Thera realized with some embarrassment that they had heard her talking to herself.

"Hey," she called out to them. "Anyone mind telling me where I've landed?" She asked. "I'm afraid the captain of the ship I stowed on neglected to mention." One of the other prisoners laughed grimly.

"I heard one of the guards talking." He said, giving her a grin revealing missing teeth. "You got caught tied by your cunt to the ship's dog, huh?" Thera blushed, but didn't comment. "You're on Crete, dog-slut." He leered at her. "Enjoy your stay."

A few days passed, with little to mark them besides meals. A guard came in every so often to bring them food and water. Thera was able to charm him once, thinking she could make good on her escape with him under her influence. Unfortunately for her, the guard came so loud that another guard came to investigate and got caught in the act. She didn't see what happened to that man, but not an hour later two soldiers hauled her from the cell by each arm, and stoutly ignored any questions she asked. She was marched past the palace and into the courtyard, until they reached a stone dias raised above the ground. A small crowd was gathered, including what appeared to be a handful of priests. They brought her before a hatch in the floor. Nearly two metres square, the hole was carved straight through the marble. She realized where she was. "The labyrinth." She muttered. *This one might be harder to get out of than I thought.* She spread her arms imploringly. "Look, I'm sure this is all a misunderstanding..." She was cut off when someone forced a gag over her mouth from behind.

"Silence!" The priest snapped. "For your crimes against the laws of Crete, you are sentenced to the pit!" Attendants lifted the heavy doors to reveal the gaping pit below. Thera gave the assembly an imploring look and mumbled through her gag, but if they understood her they didn't show it. The priest called out prayers to Poseidon as Thera was shoved towards the edge of the pit. One of the attendants dropped a torch into the pit, revealing the dark stone interior. With a hefty shove, the guards pushed her forward, sending her tumbling into the labyrinth.

She landed hard, but with her hands free Thera was mostly able to break her fall. Reaching for her face, she tore off the gag and managed one good string of obscenities before the doors closed with a crash and a trickle of dust. The torch sputtered on the ground next to her, and she picked it up with a sigh. Casting the light around revealed unadorned stone walls, sanded smooth so there would be no chance of climbing them. Not seeing any other options, she picked a direction and started to walk.

The labyrinth was cold, and she was grateful for the small warmth that the torch gave off. Endless passages of blank stone stretched out, and Thera began to wonder if she should have stayed put and waited for the beast to come to her as by now she was hopelessly lost. Her torch was burning low, and if she wanted a chance of escaping, she'd have to find him before it ran out.

"Hello?" She called, the sound echoing off the walls. "Anyone home?" She kept walking, checking down each new passage so she wouldn't be taken by surprise. "Come on, let's get this over with you big bull." Thera wandered for what felt like an hour, calling again every once in a while. She reached a dead end, and turned around to hear heavy breathing from back the way she came. Hooves scraped over stone as he stepped onto the light, she took him in. The beast was massive. He must have been over six feet tall even hunched over, and Thera found herself admiring the thick muscle of his chest and forearms. His head was that of a wild bull, breath steaming from each pant as he narrowed his eyes down at her. The coarse brown fur continued down to his shoulders and chest to...

"Ye Gods..." Thera whispered, trailing her gaze down to his waist. His balls were larger than a fist each, and his cock, even hanging limp was one of the largest she'd seen. Besides those centaurs, she supposed. Thera barely had time to drink it in when the Minotaur charged her with a bellow. Seizing her by the neck with both hands, he lifted her bodily and pressed her against the wall as he roared. Thera did her best to hold up her own weight, grabbing at his arms while she stared into his eyes, her own flashing pink as her power surged through her. The bull-man stared at her for an uncomfortably long moment, then reached down with one hand to grip her shirt, tearing through the fabric with ease. Shifting his grip, the Minotaur held her up by the shoulders. He hoisted her higher, running his thick tongue up Thera's bare chest and over her neck. She shivered, then winced when he moved back down, sucking on her breast a bit harder than she'd have liked.

"Ee...easy there big guy." She stammered. He gave a grunt and dropped her abruptly. Thera got to her knees, making sure to keep a hand on its thigh in case the charm started to slip. His massive balls hung at eye level, and she started there, taking a steadying breath. Cradling them with one hand, she gave them a tentative lick. The skin was coarse and taut, and the pungent taste of stale animal sweat coated her mouth instantly. The rough hair coating them prickled her tongue. With the other hand, Thera stroked the base of his shaft. It was hot and surprisingly smooth against her palm. Her fingers couldn't quite close around it, but she twisted her wrist as she pumped up and down.

Sucking gently on his balls, she gradually moved up to the shaft, giving a slow lick up the entirety of his sack until she reached the shaft. Giving it a kiss, she wetted her lips and slid them down the length of his shaft. The minotaur looked down at her with a puff through his flared nostrils and she winked up at him, taking it as a sign he was enjoying it. She was too, Thera realized. It was nice to

have a chance to play around, most other times they would rush to the chase. Shifting back a bit, Thera licked up to the tip, looking into his eyes as she wrapped her lips around the head. He gave a snort.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, pulling her head back for a moment to pump his shaft with both hands. She planted a kiss on the head. “Tired of all the tease...ack!” She was cut off when he seized a handful of hair and tugged Thera towards him. With the other hand he steadied his cock, pressing the head to Thera’s lips. She parted them, not seeing much choice, and the beast pulled her forward. Thera placed both hands on his hairy thighs to brace herself as it filled her mouth. So much for taking it slow, she thought to herself. Swirling her tongue around the head, she could taste the salty precum oozing from it as she sucked. She continued for several moments until the grip on her hair tightened. Now what? The minotaur pulled her tighter, and Thera’s arms strained to keep some control as he forced his cock deeper into her mouth. Letting out a muffled groan, she tried to push back for a breather, but he held her tight. Drool trickled over her lips as her jaw ached, and she squeezed her eyes shut.

The monster gripped her head in both hands, thick fingers twining through their hair and locking her in place. He began to swing his hips, thrusting into her mouth and up speed. Her eyes went wide, staring up into his, but the beast showed no signs of slowing down. The tip rammed the back of her throat repeatedly, making her gag. Taking a deep breath through her nose, she willed her throat to relax, letting the tip of his cock in deeper. Finally, he pulled her head back roughly with a jerk. Thera gasped for air, spit dripping from her chin.

“Fuck.” She muttered, staring at the huge cock that still hung hard and dripping before her. “Not satisfied yet? Thera stood, stripping off the rest of her ruined clothes. She moved back to resume stroking him, but it seemed the Minotaur had a different plan. He grabbed her by the waist in both hands, lifting her with a grunt. Thera helped when the world spun, and she found herself dangling upside down in his arms. She squirmed, but the beast just changed his grip, hugging her stomach against his chest. Thera’s face brushed his swaying balls, and she couldn’t help but wrinkle her nose.

She startled when his wet snout pressed between her thighs. Hot breath washed over her pussy, leaving in tingling, and she tentatively relaxed her legs, letting the Minotaur work its way between them. The fur on his face tickled her bare skin. *Is he going to...* Thera gave a jolt when the muzzle reached her lips and his mouth parted. He gave her a long, slow lick. His huge tongue was slimy and felt impossibly hot against her body. Thera felt another puff of warm air as he snorted before beginning in earnest. She let out a low moan as the beast began to eat her out. Her cheeks were flushing red and stars played over her eyes, though that could have been the blood rushing to her head.

“Oohhhh, yes...” she moaned. He lapped at her pussy slowly, his enormous tongue parting her wet lips as he licked up and down. Thera placed her hands against him, pushing herself away from his body, until she could reach the tip of his cock from where she dangled. She opened her mouth, closing her lips around the head. Bobbing her head, she sucked on it hard, holding it steady with one hand and bracing herself with the other. In response, he increased the pace until Thera’s legs quivered. She hooked her ankles together behind his head, snagging on his horns as she pulled him closer. For once, he obliged, driving his muzzle harder against her. He began pushing deeper into her pussy, fucking her with his tongue for a moment before lapping at her clit once more.

Thera’s moans of ecstasy were muffled around the monster’s cock. He began to swing his hips, dropping one hand to press against the back of her head. This time, she welcomed it. Relaxing her throat and dripping her jaw wide, she let him fill her mouth with his shaft. He thrust into her, and

she could feel her throat bulge as it strained to take it all. She groaned, sputtering as spit and pre-cum pooled in her mouth and spilled over. Dropping one hand to the back of her head, the beast drove his cock forward and pulled her to him at the same time. She let out a gurgling scream as she locked her quivering legs, tugging his head to her as hard as she could. He pushed his tongue deep into her as she came.

When Thera's legs finally relaxed, the Minotaur pulled his head away, chin dripping. With a bellow, he pumped his hips harder. The tip reached deeper with each thrust, until he forced Thera's head against his hips. Curly hair trickled her face as her lips reached the base of the shaft, drool running down her face and onto his balls as they brushed her forehead. She felt them twitch, and the beast's cock pulsed as he came. Sticky cum shot down her throat as Thera struggled to swallow, throat still clenching around the shaft. It pooled in her mouth, dribbling over her lips. She squeezed her eyes closed as she felt it drip down, coating her. He let go, and she pushed herself off his cock, still hanging.

With surprising care, the beast righted her and set Thera down gently on the cold stone. She laid back as she caught her breath and the coughing subsided, letting the cold stone soothe her pounding head. She rubbed her aching neck and wiped a blob of cum away from her eye. The Minotaur stood stiffly nearby, panting as well. He tilted his head when she looked at him.

"Oh," she sneered. "Now you feel like listening?" With a groan, Thera got to her feet, placing a hand on him for support. "Fine then." Her body still buzzed from the orgasm, and she was shaky on her feet. "How about you take me back and give me a boost out of here?"

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Chapter Four: Isle of the Cyclops

It was late morning as Thera made her way to the docks, and gulls screamed obscenely as they wheeled overhead. The docks were crowded, but Thera slipped between gossiping sailors and pushy merchants with as much grace as she could muster. She had "incapacitated" the lone guard she met during her escape from the palace grounds, but the armor she had taken fit her poorly. Straightening it for the third time, she paused to check her reflection in a brass pot on display. The curved surface warped her reflection, but it was clear enough to make sure there was nothing left of her encounter with the Minotaur last night still smeared on her face. Satisfied, she made her way to the ship that rocked in the distance.

"I hear you're in search of a crew." she called as she approached. The man who she took to be the captain looked turned from his work to look her up and down. He wasn't particularly tall, but solidly built, with curly black hair and short beard on his chin. He stroked, then gave a dismissive grunt.

"I need warriors, girl. Why don't you give your Pa his armor back and run along." Thera scoffed indignantly.

"The state of my equipment isn't your concern, only my skill with this." She patted the sword on her hip. With a surge of boldness, she put on a sneer to match the captain's. "And mind your words when you speak to a child of Aphrodite!" The captain snorted in disbelief, but one of the crewmembers tapped his shoulder.

"I think I heard of her." He muttered. "I've got a cousin out in Cyprus, heard she routed a whole herd of centaurs there." A few crewmembers who loitered nearby made vague noises of approval.

“Do you even know where we’re headed, girl?” The captain grumbled.

“Word is that you’re heading west, searching for the golden apples of the Hesperides.” She responded. “You’ll need all the help you can get.” The captain scratched his chin for a moment.

“Alright. We’ll get you sorted with a bunk. You can have your share once we’re back at a safe port.”

The ship departed that afternoon, the weather holding fair as they made their way west. Much to her surprise, Thera wasn’t the only woman on the ship. She had approached her on the first day of sailing, but she brushed Thera off, saying that she “wasn’t here to make friends.” Thera didn’t try to break the ice a second time with her. They journeyed for several days, and as Thera settled in, she got to know the rest of the crew a bit. They were amiable enough people, she supposed, though they didn’t talk much, and had little in the way of camaraderie. The crew seemed to have all signed on independently in hopes of getting their hands on one of the apples.

Precisely what they hoped to gain varied among them: some had heard rumors of fantastic abilities gained by eating one, and others took the description of golden apples more literally, and were only after the wealth one would hold. The last few, Thera suspected were simply hoping for a chance to lay with one of the Hesperides themselves. From her own experience, nymphs were overrated, but she didn’t mention it to them. While she had joined the crew simply as a quick way off of Crete, she couldn’t help getting drawn into the sailor’s stories, and she began to look forward to their journey’s end as much as the rest of them.

They had been at sea for about a week, and their supplies were beginning to dwindle. They made landfall on a small, rocky island, and most of the crew disembarked to gather food and fresh water. Trudging up the gravel beach, the crew scanned the island. Sheep grazed nearby, one giving Thera a docile stare as she passed.

“These sheep aren’t wild, there must be a farmer on the island.” The captain grunted in agreement. It occurred to Thera that she still hadn’t caught his name. Jareus, or Jason or something.

“Good call. If he’s got some wine he’s willing to trade too, it would go down easier than river water.” One of the other sailors gave one of the sheep a prod with his foot. It responded with a resentful *baaa* and wandered off.

“Whoever it is sure knows what he’s doing.” He commented. “I’ve never seen sheep this big.” They wandered for another half hour, until one of them spotted a cave. The entrance was worn smooth, vanishing into the side of a steep hill. Half a dozen sheep grazed outside the entrance, and a flickering light could be seen inside.

“That must be the place.” Jacob muttered. “Let’s see if anyone’s home.” The crew made their way up to the cave. Some trick of perspective obscured its size: the entrance was more than twice the height of any man among them. They cautiously stepped inside, glancing over similarly oversized tools and other supplies that lay about the cave. The only light came from the embers of a bonfire that had burned down to coals.

“Hey captain?” a sailor started. “This isn’t right, I think we should...” he trailed off as a shadow crossed the cave’s mouth. An enormous silhouette blocked the light, looking like a man formed crudely out of clay. With a grunt that echoed around off the stone walls, he rolled a huge boulder over the entrance, sealing them in. The beast hunched over, inhaling deeply. A dead sheep swung limply from his belt, and he wore little else besides a ragged loincloth. In the dim light from the fire, one bulging, milky eye was visible in the centre of his forehead.

“More thieves!” The Cyclops bellowed. It didn’t look their direction when it spoke, the light glinting off its scarred and blinded eye. “More humans! Is Nobody here too?” The men scrambled backwards, grabbing for their weapons.

“Hold!” Jason shouted. “Hold damnit! If you kill that thing there’s no way we’re moving that rock.” The giant leered.

“That one’s right!” It growled. “No way out for little humans! Nobody tricked me before, but not this time!” He straightened, adopting a frown. He patted his belt until his fingers brushed the dead sheep. “Already killed sheep to eat today though.” He muttered, then made his way over to the fire. “Start eating you tomorrow then” he announced. While the cyclops began preparing the sheep, Jason motioned for his crew to retreat back to the wall.

“We need to find a way out of here.” He said. “We can’t kill it until the cave is opened or we’ll be trapped.”

“Maybe there’s a smaller passage? One it can’t fit through?” One suggested.

“Doubt it.” The captain grumbled back. He paused at the sound of bones cracking from over where the giant sat. “We’re going to need something solid before it decides it’s hungry again.”

“I can help.” Thera piped up, and all eyes turned to her. “I just need some time alone with him, maybe I can get him to change his mind?” Her cheeks reddened slightly. Jason snorted.

“Oh, going to use some pretty words and it’ll let us walk out of here? Maybe sing some poetry?”

“I don’t hear any better ideas.” She snapped back defensively. “It’s not like it’ll make things worse. Worst case scenario he decides to eat me first and it’s no difference to you.” The captain shook his head and waved her away.

“Whatever girl, you want to go get yourself killed, be my guest.”

Leaving the rest of the group to their hushed discussion, Thera crept her way over to where the cyclops sat. It hunched over the fire, dropping another log into it. He straightened up when Thera drew closer.

“I smell you, human.” It growled. “Want to be eaten first?” It asked. Thera took a slow breath, then strode up to the beast as quickly as she could. It made a grab for her, but she managed to duck beneath it, catching herself against his massive thigh.

“I think I’ve got a better plan ” she said, layering the words with as much power as she could muster. The cyclops leaned back, his arm falling back to his side. Thera began to stroke the rough skin of his thigh, slowly moving closer to the edge of his loincloth.

“That’s it, big guy.” She mumbled, seeing the filthy cloth start to shift as the cyclops got hard. “Let me do something for you...” she inched her fingers towards the edge of the garment. “Then maybe you can do a favour for me, hmm?” He was certainly the biggest creature she’d ever tried to use her power on, but she hoped it had the right balance of stupidity and comprehension to make the charm stick. It seemed to be working so far. He made a grunt of what she assumed was agreement, and scratched himself between the legs. As he did, he lifted the flap of cloth aside, and Thera’s breath caught. It was huge.

It shouldn’t have surprised her: after all the creature was a literal giant. Even so, she stared at it

in stunned silence for a moment. He was only half erect, and already his cock was the nearly size of her whole thigh, short and fat. The cyclops put his hand on the shaft, pulling back the heavy foreskin, and Thera wrinkled her nose at the musky scent that crawled up her nostrils.

“Zeus alive...” she muttered. “This might be harder than I thought.”

“Changing your mind?” The cyclops asked. “Human looks too small.” It grumbled. “Maybe just eat you instead.”

“No no!” Thera exclaimed, placing her hand against the massive shaft as she straddled his leg. “Just taking a moment.” She hesitated before deciding to strip off her clothes and armor. She had a feeling this one might get messy. Once she was done, he spread his legs, and she knelt between them, taking the shaft in both hands and rubbing up and down. The cyclops seemed to relax, leaning his back to the cave wall with a groan. She worked her hands over the shaft. Leaning forward, she hugged her body against his cock, wrapping her arms around. She squeezed her breasts against it, tilting her chin down to press her lips against the head. There was no way in tartarus she was getting her mouth around it, so she moved in circles around the bulging member. Working her tongue, she planted slow, sloppy kisses all over it.

“Gods, I have no idea what I’m doing...” she muttered, taking a break while she stretched her neck. A tingling warmth that spread between her legs at the taste: a mix of salty pre-cum and stale sweat that had become all too familiar over the past few weeks. Ordinarily the taste would be repulsive, but she couldn’t help getting aroused by it, her body responding eagerly to it. Hardly noticing she was doing it, she started grinding her legs together, desperate for simulation. The giant moaned, bringing down a massive hand as he slapped her ass. The force sent her lurching forward against his cock, cheeks burning. She bit her lip, and as the stinging faded she found herself wiggling her ass, part of her wanting another. When it didn’t come, she switched up her tactics.

Hooking one leg around the shaft, she straddled it with her back to his stomach. Hugging it to her chest, she held it tight, pumping up and down with her arm around it. Thera settled into a rhythm, using as much of her body as she could so stimulate him. She pressed her bare chest against it, squeezing her thighs together as she stroked up and down the shaft. At the same time, Thera started to twist her hip, grinding on top of his cock. Growing flushed from effort and arousal, she sped up even more, practically bouncing on him. *Fuck*, she realized. *I’m getting into this!*

Lowering her head, she planted her wet lips on the very tip of the head. Opening her mouth she ran her tongue in wide circles, feeling his cock twitch beneath her. She pushed against it, rocking back and forth as she tightened her thighs around it. Thera let herself settle into a rhythm, a small moan escaping her lips as she brought herself close. The cyclops tensed and gave a low bellow. Thera barely had enough warning to pull her head back in time. The cyclops came with a groan. The first shot hit her square in the face, hot cum running down her chin as she coughed in surprise. As she leaned back, rubbing it out of her eyes, more landed on her chest, running all the way down her stomach and between her legs. When he was finally finished, she pulled herself off him, legs suddenly shaky.

“Someone was pent up.” She mumbled as she sat, wiping herself off. Her hand strayed downwards, still desperate to finish. Coated with semen, Thera’s fingertips glided over her skin, until they reached her pussy. The slick cum was still hot against her clit as she rubbed it desperately, lips tightening in a moan. Forgetting what she was doing, she slipped a finger inside, then two. Leaning back, she pumped her wrist faster, licking the cum from her lips as more dripped down her front between her legs, growing sticky. Thera’s hips lifted off the floor as she came, a loud whine escaping her clenched jaw. Finally, she collapsed back to the floor, out of breath.

She lay there for a while, her breathing slowing as she absently wiped the cum from her face, playing with it between her fingers. The cyclops still hadn't moved at all, its breathing deep and slow. *Shit! The cyclops!* Thera stood up as fast as she could, groggy and with her feet slipping. It had to be under her spell by now, but she still didn't want to waste time. *What was I thinking?* She placed her hand on its thigh, working charm into her words.

"Now about our deal, how about you let us..." she trailed off, staring up at it. "Bastard." She muttered, pounding on its thigh. The monster's single eye remained tightly closed. *He fell asleep!?* She shook the cyclops' leg, hit her fists against him, and tried everything she could, but it remained fast asleep, snoring contentedly. Thera ran a hand through her sticky hair. *How am I getting out of this one now?*

Several minutes and as thorough a wash as she could manage, she made her way back to where the others were gathered.

"So?" The captain asked, raising an eyebrow and wrinkling his nose. "You were gone a while and you smell like shit. How's your escape plan working?" Thera brushed him off.

"He's sound asleep, that should make things easier." The captain seemed genuinely impressed.

"Then we'd better get to work, I have a plan to get us out of here." He led Thera to the cyclops' flock. The rest of the crew was already gathering, each singling out one of the oversized sheep. Jason handed her two strips of cord, with a loop tied in each end. She gave him a look of confusion, not understanding. "That monster will have to let his sheep out to graze in the morning, right?" He stroked the wooly head of the one closest to him. "That cyclops is blind, but he'll be able to feel us if we ride on top of the sheep or try to slip out with them." He held the rope taught for emphasis. "But, if we lash ourselves under their bellies..."

"We can ride out underneath them." Thera finished.

"Exactly." A low rumble echoed from down the cave, followed by an enormous yawn. "He's waking up!" The captain exclaimed. "Better hurry up!" The crew hurriedly began climbing beneath their sheep, and Thera cast around for one that was unclaimed. A grizzled looking ram stood towards the edge of the flock. It would have to do.

Crawling beneath it, she lifted her legs, hooking them through the strap that dangled down on either side. The leather skirt of her armor flopped up, but this wasn't the time to be modest. Looping her second cord around the ram's shoulders, she slipped her wrists into the loops and pulled her body off the floor just as she heard the cyclops approach. The ram stamped its feet impatiently.

"Letting the sheep out!" The cyclops announced. "Humans better stay back there, or I'll eat you first!" He threatened. One of the sailors closest to the back of the herd shouted back.

"We'll stay right here!" It was hard to see anything from her position, but she could hear the stone roll part way open, just enough to let one sheep through at a time, she imagined. The herd began to move. Her ram gave a low *baaa* and lowered its head, licking Thera's face. It shifted its haunches awkwardly as it slowly followed the rest of the herd. Its thighs bumped against hers uncomfortably, but it was bearable until she felt something nudge right between them.

"Oh you've got to be kidding." She whispered to herself. Bending her neck, she could its long, pink cock pressing against her underwear. It was wet and veiny looking, with a tiny part that dangled from the tip and wooly balls swinging behind. "Not in the mood!" She whispered harshly at it. In response, it gave a loud bleat, bucking its hips harder. It began to stamp its hooves again.

Thera looked around, and saw the cyclops scratching his head, sightless eye peering around for the source of the commotion.

“Look.” Thera reasoned, knowing full well the animal couldn’t understand her. “We can find you a nice ewe to fuck once you get me outside, alright?” The ram looked down at her, licked Thera’s mouth, and belated again, louder this time. Thera looked at the cyclops, then back at the sheep and swore. Freeing her hands, she grabbed for the knife on her belt as her shoulders dragged on the ground. Wincing, she cut away the fabric of her undergarments as quickly as she could without cutting herself. Dropping the knife, she grabbed back onto the ropes for her hands, picking herself up.

“Happy now?” She growled, struggling to keep her voice down. “Now shut up or...mmmph...” The ram found her pussy immediately, still wet from her last encounter. It missed several times at first, its cock sliding over her warm lips before finally hitting home. Thera grunted at the sudden entry, biting her lip to stay quiet. Its cock wasn’t thick, but it was long, and the tip reached deeper than anything had in a while. One it was in though, the ram barely thrust at all, simply following the rest of the flock slowly towards the mouth of the cave.

As it walked, its hips twisted from side to side slightly. Thera adjusted her grip on the ropes, determined not to pay attention to how the sheep’s cock was grinding inside her. Each step shifted the angle slightly, pressing on a different part of her pussy. She rocked on her ropes slightly as the ram’s legs bumped against hers, and she rocked slightly, sliding barely an inch up and down its cock each time. A blush crept into Thera’s cheeks as her body betrayed how she felt. Her pussy clenched reflexively around it, desperate for the teasing to end. She glared up at the ram, finally giving in.

“You’re...a real bastard,” she muttered. “You know that?” She squeezed the ram with her thighs, pulling on the ropes to swing her body back and forth. It was awkward at first, but the sheep eventually obliged. It made its way to the edge of the herd and stopped. With a bleat, it began to swing its hips in earnest. *Ohhhh...fuck!* Thera mouthed silently as the cock slammed into her. She bit her lip to keep silent. With its mate secured and willing, the ram wasted no time, thrusting hard and fast. The force of each one made Thera’s body swing slightly as she hung from the ropes beneath his belly. His heavy balls swung back and forth, clapping against her ass. Thera let go of the rope, grabbing handfuls of its wool and pulling herself tight against it, burying her face in the musty wool of its belly to muffle her screams.

“Fuck!” she moaned, muted by the thick fleece. *Why is he going so fast?* She tightened her legs around the ram to pull its cock even deeper. She could feel the tip brush her cervix with each pump, its hips slapping against hers as it thrust as deep as possible. *Is it...? Oh fuck...* Her body tensed up, an orgasm building as a whimper escaped from her clenched jaw. The ram gave one last, hard thrust and held there, bleating. Thera clenched tight. She could feel the hot cum spraying inside her, coating her cervix and spilling out as it filled her pussy. Her moan was long and muffled when she came at last, her whole body shaking.

When the orgasm faded, her head was spinning as all the strength drained out of her body. It took all she had to keep hold of the ram as it proudly trotted out of the cave, head held high. Thera barely noticed the cyclops checking the ram over, only realising it must have when sudden sunlight made her squint as they emerged from the cave. She dropped to the ground, the ram sauntering off to join the rest of the flock, while Thera lay there, cum still oozing out of her throbbing pussy. Her cheeks were flushed red with embarrassment as she stood, but looking around, it didn’t seem anyone else was around. Staggering to her feet and down towards the shore, she spotted Jason and the rest of the crew gathered a short distance away.

"Thera! You're the last one out, I thought you didn't make it!" the captain called. She waved him off.

"Let's just get the fuck off this island." she growled, making her unsteady way back to the ship before anyone could notice the cum running down her legs.

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## Chapter Five: Circe's Island

Thera struggled to awaken, head pounding as she drifted in and out of consciousness. *Where am I?* She was lying somewhere wet, but oddly warm, and had no memory of how she got there. Opening her eyes, the sudden light made her so dizzy she shut them again immediately. *What happened?* she wondered, straining her mind to remember. The crew's haste to escape the Cyclops had meant they were still low on food and water, so the captain had elected a small scouting party to investigate the next island they came across. Thera and five other sailors had gone ashore... *Then what?*

"My, my, look who's waking up?" Came a voice from nearby. Thera ignored it, sitting up awkwardly and blinking her eyes open. *There was that manor... and the woman she remembered. She gave us food and then... was it poisoned?* She realized with a start.

"Still in one piece, are you?" her captor continued. "You're not exactly human then, are you?" Thera stared at the woman as her vision cleared. She was slim and pale, with a shock of black curly hair atop her head. She was dressed in fine blue clothes, though she wore heavy leather boots to keep her feet out of the muck. In her hand was a thin olive branch, the cane held loosely in her fingers. Thera glanced around at herself and the surroundings. She herself was naked, her chest and stomach stained brown from the mud. They were in a low building of rough clay bricks, with a thatch roof raised above the walls so as to leave a gap between the two. A strange noise came from all around her, but she couldn't tell what it was. Her ears still felt as if they were stuffed with cotton.

"What did you do?" Thera demanded, her tongue fumbling over the words and her mouth dry. The woman, Circe, she remembered, clicked her tongue, crouching down to lift Thera's chin with her delicate fingers.

"Well, I had planned a bit of fun, you see. I thought it would be fun to see you all roll in the mud like the beasts you are." She grabbed a handful of Thera's hair suddenly, dragging her forward with a cruel jerk until she fell forward, hands sinking into the muck. "But then you gave me a better idea, seeing as you weren't polite enough to turn like the rest of your crew." She opened a wooden gate to her left. "Recognize him?"

A fat pig trundled out of the stall, with mottled black and pink showing through its coarse hair. It trotted over, snout at Thera's eye level as it sniffled and grunted, wet and leaking. Its mouth was crusted with half-dried slop and gods knew what else, and Thera could smell its breath from there. She turned away as it neared, but it still licked her face, leaving a long trail of sticky drool from her jaw up to her hairline. Immediately, Circe brought the switch down hard on Thera's bare ass, making her yelp.

"Don't be rude." She chastised Thera, punctuating it with another whip of the cane, though not as hard. "He clearly likes you," she said, kneeling down and tucking the switch under one arm. "So return the kiss." Circe grabbed Thera's hair in one hand and chin in the other, wrenching Thera's jaw open. Immediately the pig licked all over her face, coating it. Its rubbery lips brushed over her own. She struggled to pull away, but the woman's grip was strong and Thera was still weak from whatever had been in the food. The beast's tongue slipped into her open mouth, smearing her

tongue with the foul taste of its drool: a mix of bad breath and rotting vegetable scraps. She retched, and eventually the pig lowered its head with a pleased grunt. Circe released her and Thera spat, trying to remove the taste from her mouth with little success.

“He likes the taste of you, I see.” Circe tapped Thera’s chin with the cane. “Don’t share the sentiment?” Thera scraped her tongue against her teeth before responding, trying to scour it clean.

“What do you want?” She spat. Circe clicked her tongue. Holding the switch out, the pig sniffed at it, following it as Circe brought the tip behind Thera’s ass.

“I want to see you grovel in the mud like the rest of your poor crew, is that too hard to understand?” Thera tried again to push herself up from the ground, but the thick mud clung to her hands like a mire. She turned when the pig’s wet snout brushed her thigh, though there was little she could do to shoo it away. *Do you recognize him, she said.* Thera recalled.

“No way, you didn’t actually...”

“Turn your friends into pigs?” Circe finished for her. “It shouldn’t be that much of a surprise, you must have some magic of your own if you could resist it. You didn’t think you were the only one with any power, did you?”

“What’s the p- ahh...” Thera stopped when the pig brought its snout between her legs. She could feel its damp breath as it snuffled at her. Trying to pull away, her knees were still stuck firmly in the mud, and the beast was persistent. Its slimy tongue flicked out, soaking her exposed pussy. With a satisfied oink, it pressed harder, rubbery lips fumbling against her. Circe smirked, turning away to unlatch a second pen while Thera whimpered and squirmed.

“We’ll make a pig out of you sooner or later.” She said. “One way or the other.” Thera swore, her string of curses interspersed with small gasps and moans that she couldn’t stop. The pig’s thick tongue probed deeper, lapping sloppily as its own spit and Thera’s juices ran down her thighs. Gradually she stopped, falling quiet except for her rapid breathing and small whines. Thera was no stranger to the company of animals, but she drew the line at these slobbering beasts. *Who does this witch think she is?* The beginnings of an idea started to form, but it was getting hard to focus; An orgasm was welling up despite her best efforts to ignore it. Automatically, she found herself lowering her body, dropping down to her elbows and raising her ass. *If she doesn’t know, then maybe I can... oh fuck...*

Thera bit her lip, pushing back against the boar. It grunted happily, shoving its snout forward, slimy tongue pushing even deeper. Gritting her teeth, her fists clenched beneath the mud as she came, the pig still happily lapping away. Circe crouched down beside her.

“Ye gods, cumming already are we?” She taunted. “You make a better sow than I thought.” Thera turned her head to look at her, still panting. A scrawny-looking pig had come up beside her, and licked Thera’s cheek. Circe grabbed Thera’s chin and leaned in close. “Now how about you squeal for me?” Thera spat, catching the witch square across her lips and cheek. Circe scowled, recoiling only slightly as she wiped a sleeve across her face. Cracking the switch over Thera’s ass, she held the tip above her head. “Up, up.” She commanded. Thera struggled back up to her hands and knees, though the witch wasn’t speaking to her.

The smaller pig followed the cane with its eyes. Obediently, it placed its front legs on Thera’s shoulders, who winced at the weight and shall hooves. It grunted, shifting itself forward, and Thera pulled a face as the tip of its cock brushed her lips. It wasn’t like any she had seen before: long and fairly thin, but curling into a curious corkscrew at the tip. It reeked of the beast’s sweat.

"Let's put that mouth of yours to better use then." Circe told her. Still cursing her silently, Thera reluctantly opened her mouth. *You won't be laughing for long once they're done with me...* she comforted herself with the threat. *Just... ugh... have to get through it first.* She closed her lips around the slimy cock. While the shaft itself was relatively thin and it didn't have much of a head at all, the spiral at the end caused it to fill her mouth. Trying to ignore the taste, she ran her tongue over each side of the strangely shaped member. The pig's hooves squelched in the mud as it repositioned, trying to push in deeper, though Thera held it back as much as she was able. The pointed tip tickled the back of her throat, and it twitched in her mouth as she sucked.

The larger boar behind her began nosing her rear again, but Thera did her best to ignore it and focus on the other. Her lips curled around the twisted shaft, making it hard to form a tight seal. Soon, the pig's precum and her spit were running down her chin. Circe bent down with a chuckle, wiping a thumb over Thera's chin.

"Now you're just making a mess." She chastised. Thera looked away, gagging slightly as the pig tried to thrust again. Soon, she no longer had to bob her head, as the beast started pumping its hips in short, rapid thrusts. Thera grunted as the tip rammed against the back of her throat, and she gradually relented. Sputtering for a moment, she made herself relax as the twisted shaft entered her throat. The pig squealed eagerly, moving its hooves forward into a better position. Closing her eyes, she focused on keeping her throat loose as it bulged around him.

The pig started to thrust even faster, and Thera could tell it was almost finished. Concentrating, she focused her power for the moment it did. It grunted again, surging forward, and Thera's eyes went wide, glowing faintly pink as her power activated. Pushing in nearly to the base, the swine's pink balls swayed inches from her face, twitching as the first of its load emptied down her throat. It was thick and strong-tasting, but she did her best to swallow it down as the pig grunted contentedly to itself.

Suddenly, the pig pulled itself off her with a panicked squeal, a huge weight hitting her back at the same time. The large boar had started to mount her, his soft belly pinning her down. As the smaller pig's cock pulled from her mouth, she spat. Halfway through cumming, the rest of its load sprayed over her face as it pulled back, making room for the larger boar. Thera's knees sank deeper into the mud beneath the weight of the massive beast. It heaved itself forward until its head was next to hers, front legs squeezing around her shoulders and his cock prodding her rear.

"Mmmph!" Thera exhaled, trying to keep from being winded as the boar forced itself upon her. "You're fucking kidding me!" She groaned. Circe tapped Thera's cum-drenched chin with the tip of her switch.

"Oh, I'm not kidding anyone, dear." She replied with a smirk. "And you'll only be kidding yourself if you think this will be the end of it." She gestured around her to the rest of the pens. "I have plenty of your other friends with us here, and I'm sure they'll all want a turn too. Thera opened her mouth to respond, then shut it again as the boar heaved itself forward one last time. Clumsy, it missed the first thrust, and she could feel the length of its cock rub over her stomach. The tip reached past her navel, and she gritted her teeth as the pig pulled back for another try. This wasn't going to be pretty.

Thera let out a grunt of her own as the boar's aim struck true. The twisting shaft plunged into her pussy, already slick from its earlier efforts. Once in, the beast started with the same quick, shallow thrusts the other had. Circe walked a slow circle around the mating pair, but it was hard for Thera to focus on her over the pounding. Its fat body molded over her back, coarse hairs prickling her skin.

"Do you think you crew dreamed of fucking you like this?" The witch pondered out loud. "Not like

this exactly, but you're pretty enough, I'll give you that." Circe continued. "That one there seemed pretty desperate to get his chance with you." She added with a nod to the smaller pig, now laying in the mud a few feet away. When Thera didn't respond, Circe crouched down to her eye level. The boar licked at Thera's cheek, forcing her to meet the witch's gaze or else turn and meet it mouth-to-mouth once again.

"This fellow though, he was patient enough to butter you up first." She smirked. "What a gentleman, don't you think?" Thera's lips parted, but the only sound that came out was a strangled moan, barely audible over the wet slapping and the boar's grunts, and only goaded the witch on further. "Regardless, they'll all get their chance eventually." She said, standing.

"F... fuck... you..." Thera managed, but Circe didn't deign it with a response, moving to lean against a post as she watched. The boar was speeding up, the thrusts growing deeper too. She could barely hold herself up beneath its weight, and she gradually dropped back down to her elbows in the muck. Soon, she felt the narrow tip of its cock start to work its way into her cervix. Thankfully, it was thin enough that it wasn't painful, though nonetheless unpleasant. An orgasm was coming, but she tried to hold it back, concentrating for the moment it came to use her power on the beast's mind. Thrusting deeper still, its balls began to slap against her thighs as they swayed, coupling with the heart smack of the boar's hips against her rear.

The boar slowed, its breath in her ear becoming laboured. Rather than holding back, the thrusts grew longer, nearly pulling out each time and still pushing back in all the way. Moments later, the boar held in, driving its hips against her a final time. Its front legs tensed around her shoulders, entire body quivering. Thera could feel it a moment before, a ripple like a shock travelling up the length of the corkscrew shaft before his cum burst from the tip, all the way inside her womb. Her eyes flashed, but her own orgasm erupted over her at the same time, mouth falling slack in a moan.

The boar started to thrust again, though Thera could tell it wasn't finished. Continuing to pump semen all the way through her pussy, its cock eventually slipped out, another spurt dribbling onto the ground. *What are you...?* Thera wondered to herself an instant before realization dawned. Coming back for another thrust, the tip pressed higher, against the tight rim of Thera's ass.

"Oh, you bastard." She muttered out loud, and Circe laughed. Still slick from its own semen, the boar thrust inside with a triumphant squeal. Clenching her jaw, Thera held still as it sunk in, inch by inch, until its balls rested against the lips of her pussy. She felt its cock twitch again, either cumming a second time, or never having stopped at all. The pig's breathing slowed, though it made no move to dismount her as its cum pooled inside her ass. It licked at her cheek again and she turned her head away with a sigh, though it only earned her a lick behind the ear. Finally, as the big beast calmed down, she could feel her charm settle over it.

When it finally got off, Thera groaned, both at the sudden release of the weight on her back, and the thick flow of semen from both holes as it pulled out. Circe clapped gently, making her way back over to the young demigod.

"Good show!" Circe congratulated. "What now, little pig?" She asked, tilting her head. "Need a little break, do you?" Thera pushed herself up from the mud as much as she was able.

"No." She answered a grin spreading across her face, still streaked with dirt and cum. "It's your turn." She didn't wait for Circe to react before pouring her charm into her words, and issuing a single command. *"Get her!"* Confusion crossed the witch's face for just a moment, before the boar headbutted her from behind. It wasn't a hard blow, but taking her by surprise, it was enough to send her tumbling forward into the muck.

“Gah,” she stammered, spitting out a glob of it that landed in her mouth. “How did you...?” Thera managed to stand, still somewhat unsteady, and took a step forward. She picked up Circle’s switch where it had fallen, just as the boar started mounting the witch.

“You didn’t think you were the only one with power, did you?” She quoted. Cum ran down her chin and legs, but she managed a cold smile. “Let’s see if we can make you squeal.”