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A dark tale of punishment, revenge, and the harsh lesson a Queen must learn when she denies the gods a proper sacrifice.

Prelude

My name is Daedelas, and I have a story to tell. It is a dark and terrible story; one filled with vengeful gods, a beautiful woman, and a terrible curse that would bring about the ruin of an empire. It is a story of corruption, greed, passion and lust. But most of all it is a story of revenge.

Perhaps I should start at the beginning.

In my youth I had been an inventor of great renown. So famous was I, every king and tyrant throughout the ancient world vied for my talents. I had created chalices that could keep water cold in the summer and crafted sculptures so lifelike that you would sworn they were real. So great were my skills that they brought me to the attention of the greatest monarch of the age—King Minos, ruler of Crete.

In those days Crete was unrivaled in its power. It was an idyllic island, but it held sway over all other kingdoms, with princes from every corner of the world bowing to Minos' awesome navy and force of arms. Minos' rule was absolute and if there was ever anything that he so desired he would simply have it. When it came time to take a wife there was only one woman for him—Pasiphae, the jewel of the ancient world, and the most sought after woman of her time.

Ah Pasiphae! She was a beauty like no other: to see her was to believe in the power of the gods to make the ethereal into flesh. Her skin was smooth as ivory, her eyes like celestial sapphires, and her long flowing hair as black as midnight. It was said that a small lock of her hair was enough to ransom a small kingdom. All the princes of the world fought bitterly for her hand in marriage, but none could come close to offering her what Minos could—the title of Queen of Crete, fellow ruler of the greatest empire the world had never known, seat of wisdom, culture and learning, and not to mention a palace of legendary opulence. Minos and the beautiful Pasiphae soon wed and it was a joyous occasion for all—in Pasiphae the empire had found a jewel worthy of so great a crown.

Minos was besotted with his new wife, and who could blame him; she barely passed her twentieth her and he more than twice her age? Pasiphae was like a new toy to our king, and he could not help but shower her with presents and adoration. He was a man who valued his possessions, and Pasiphae was the ultimate possession. Minos was determined to please his beautiful young wife, which is how I came to arrive in Crete.

Minos was eager to indulge Pasiphae in anyway he could and how better then with gifts from a world famous craftsman? Minos offered me a great sum of gold to come to Crete and construct amusements for his Queen's pleasure.

And so I did. I left my homeland of Athens and arrived in Crete to make for the royal family whatever it was they pleased. I crafted necklaces that gleamed like moonlight, perfumes that ensnared the mind, and any other trinket that the Queen could think of. When I think back to those early days in Crete I cannot help but feel a pang of guilt remembering how powerful was their empire, and how happy Minos and Pasiphae were. But all that was to change on that fateful day when the Queen came to me with her lustful request.

But then I am getting ahead of myself. I began, with what I had thought at the time was a dream...

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## Chapter One - A Strange Gift

Even to this day I remember it well—the night the gods and goddesses gifted me with omens in my dreams. I took to bed one night and dreamt of things which seemed more real than dream. It was night in the royal stables but strangely, all the animal stalls were empty, all except one and this one held a most foreboding creature in it. Even in my dream I could sense its power, its raw, animal, sinister power, emanating, pulsating even, from its flawless white hide. It had hooves of the darkest ebony, horns so wide they seemed capable of cradling the moon in one and the sun in the other, and most of all the creature had the bluest, most penetrating eyes, like all the power of the sea in those murky blue eyes. It was a bull in form only, for I sensed immediately that this creature was far more than just a mere animal. And somehow I knew that it would be wise for me to be as far from this unearthly creature as possible, but the dream beckoned me to stay and bear witness to what happened next...

I heard voices from behind a door, the first was the stern voice of the King.

“...you will fall in love with it the minute you lay eyes on it, Pasiphae.”

“Why won’t you tell me what it is, darling?”

“You don’t want me to ruin the surprise, do you?”

“But Minos, this is not exactly a place fit for a lady...” The Queen clearly was not thrilled to find herself about to be entering the stables.

“Never mind that. Come, let me show you.”

The door opened and in came King Minos and his beautiful young wife, Minos looking as certain of himself as ever. His coarse beard was an equal mixture of black and gray and the crown that he wore covered an increasingly gray head. This was in stark contrast to Pasiphae, whose long flowing hair was as dark as midnight, cascading in silky waves down the length of her back. She looked bewildered to find herself in the stables.

“The smell...,” she said, covering her nose with her hand.

“Never mind that, come see what I have to show you.”

I made to bow, but the royal couple walked right through me reminding me that this was only a dream. They stood casually before the creature of pure white, as if to consider it, oblivious to the unease and trepidation it aroused in me.

“So, what do you think of it, my love?” Minos asked at last.

“You have brought me here to see...this?”

Minos sounded hurt: “But what else, Pasiphae my love? It’s your present.”

“It’s a bull.”

“Pasiphae, surely you must see that it is more than just that.”

"It's a bull, Minos. You have brought me all the way from the palace in the middle of the night to show me this? When you said you had something to show me I thought you had something special in mind like a new yacht or a carriage, or maybe even diamonds. But a bull? What am I supposed to do with a bull?"

"This is no mere bull, my wife, but a rather special creature. Come, look closer at it. Look at how white its hide is, look at how it is all sinews and muscle."

"I don't see what is so special about a bull. In fact, it looks rather common to me," Pasiphae sniffed dismissively. The large, horned creature snorted loudly in its stall causing Pasiphae to glare at it accusingly. "And it smells."

"Common? Look at how its hide gleams like the moon. I have never seen a bull like it. It is beautiful. I dare say, next to you it might be my beautiful possession."

"Oh, how charming," Pasiphae said icily. "I'm a possession now? Perhaps next you will describe my beauty of that of a cow."

"No, no, you miss my meaning. I..." Minos sighed. "Do you know how this creature came to be in our possession?"

"Oh Minos please, you know that a lady does not take interest in matters of commerce or animal husbandry. However you procured the beast is entirely..."

"That's just it, I didn't procure it. It came from the sea, Pasiphae! The gods have sent this bull to us," Minos paused to lend importance to his words. "They say it swam out of the waves, formed from water and sea foam, only taking material form once its hooves first touched our soil. We are to offer it in sacrifice to the gods, as a sign of our devotion."

"A bull...from Olympus? Minos, how is this possible? How do you know this is true?"

"The priests were there when it came from the sea and saw it all happen. They brought it immediately here and told me the gods are testing our devotion."

Pasiphae laughed: "Oh they did, did they? Now I think I am beginning to understand. And would these be the same superstitious fools that make omens of doom out of bird droppings? You will excuse me if I put little stock in what they have to say."

"Pasiphae..."

But the queen just rolled her eyes. "If left to the priests, they would have us as mere puppets to their whims, spending our days praying to this god and and groveling before that god. I have better things to do with my time than sending devotions to every little whim they make up. I'm sure they just dragged one of their own bulls here and came up with that elaborate story."

"You are too quick to dismiss the powers of the gods, Pasiphae."

"So you think this ugly brute used to be sea water?"

"That's not the point. Even if this bull is just another bull, it would still do you well to give this creature in sacrifice to the gods."

"Why on earth would I..."

"Because it would serve as a good example to our people if they saw you paying homage before the gods at the next festival. You are their Queen after all."

"Minos, you know how I feel about those ridiculous rituals. If you want to stand up there before an altar with a barnyard animal standing next to you, chanting bizarre incantations then be my guest. Just don't expect me to take part in any of it."

"Very well, I can see that you are determined to not like your present." Minos sighed. "I will make the necessary arrangements for the white bull myself."

"Good. You do that. Now if you will excuse me, this night has been rather strange, and I cannot abide the smell of manure a second longer. Goodnight, husband."

Minos didn't respond but looked dejectedly at the bull.

I watched as Pasiphae made her way hastily to the door, the musky scent of animal heavy in the air. She reached out for the handle but suddenly stopped, her eyes narrowing and looking back at her husband.

"Minos, darling?" Pasiphae called over her shoulder with the feigned tone of mild disinterest. "What god did you have in mind to sacrifice it to? I merely ask."

Minos cleared his throat, shifting his weight. Something about this line of questioning bothered him. "Oh well, you know, I thought next festival would make the most sense so..."

"And that festival would be?"

"The...uh...well, it is the Festival of Fertility in two weeks and so I guess that would mean..."

"Oh," Pasiphae said, cutting her husband off icily. "I see. Aphrodite!" She whirled around with fists balled in cold anger.

"Now Pasiphae," Minos began, arms spread out plaintively, "I know how you feel about the goddess of love but it is only one small sacrifice. And besides, it wouldn't hurt if you paid a little homage to her."

"Wouldn't hurt?! Why should I have to pay homage to her at all? She isn't even that pretty," Pasiphae said, playing with her own, beautiful hair.

"You know, sometimes I think you are jealous of her."

"Aphrodite's a cow," Pasiphae sniffed contemptuously. "Why would I be jealous of a cow?"

"Pasiphae, I think you make too much of it. She's just another goddess, like all of the others."

"And that's the problem. Look at me." Pasiphae commanded. "Can you tell me that her hair is more beautiful than mine? Or that her figure is somehow more feminine than mine? Perhaps her waist is thinner? Her breasts fuller?" And here Pasiphae stood tall and proud, throwing her hair back and putting her hands on her hips so that Minos could see for himself. Blasphemous though her words might be, they were also true—if one of Aphrodite's many statues had come to life I don't think they could have competed with the beauty of Pasiphae. "Now tell me why I should send her one of our best cattle and fill her temples with our gold?"

"It is true, my love, no one can compete with your beauty, not even a goddess. But I don't see why it

should bother you that I sacrifice the bull to her. It is only one day.”

“Because it isn’t not just one day, Minos. She has three Festivals already, plus four holidays, and a feast day. Her temples overflow with more gold than her priests know what to do with and now you want me to give her my bull. That hardly seems fair.”

“But Pasiphae...” Minos began but then startled, stopped. “Wait, what do you mean ‘my bull’? I thought you said you didn’t want it?”

“I did. And I don’t. But what I mean is...well...,” Pasiphae thought for a moment, looking petulantly at the creature she had found so beastly. Her eyes seemed to be reassessing it. “I never had a pet before, not like this one. It is so big and white. It would look quite stately in our fields, I should think.”

“That’s great! I’m so happy you...wait...you want to keep it as a pet?”

“You said yourself that it was beautiful. It seems a shame to kill such a beautiful creature.”

“But it really isn’t killing it if all we are doing is sending it back to the gods from which it came. And besides dear, bulls don’t make very good pets. Let me send for a rare bird from Africa, or a better yet a...”

“I don’t want a bird. I want my bull!”

“But what about Aphrodite?”

“What about her?” Pasiphae said, folding her arms. “She already has everything she could possibly want. Why does she need my bull as well?”

“I just don’t want to risk offending the gods. The priests said...”

“Never mind the priests, what about what YOU said! You said this bull was my present and if it is you can’t go promising it to others now can you? And what about me?”

“I don’t see what that has to do with...”

“I am a Queen and what a Queen wants a Queen gets!”

Minos sighed. He did so like to indulge his wife, but at the risk of offending the gods?

“Well, perhaps we could think on the matter for a few days. There is no harm in that, I suppose.”

“The gods dislike hasty decisions,” Pasiphae agreed.

“But are you sure you really want the bull? And not just because I was going to sacrifice it to Aphrodite because I could always sacrifice it to another god.”

“I’m sure.” Pasiphae could hear Minos’ will beginning to waver. Her eyes looked triumphantly at the trophy she was stealing from Aphrodite. “Absolutely, positively sure.”

Minos sighed. “Very well. You sure are a difficult one, you know that?”

“So I can keep it?”

"You can," Minos said with a smile.

"Oh, thank you, Minos!" Pasiphae exclaimed, jumping up and putting a hand lovingly to her husband's cheek. "You won't regret this, I promise!"

Minos kissed her hand: "I'm sure I won't my love."

Pasiphae sighed contentedly. "But dear, next time?"

"Yes?"

"Save us both the headache and just buy jewelry!" Pasiphae laughed merrily before kissing her husband on the cheek.

And with that the King and Queen left the royal stable and my dream faded.

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Chapter Two - Content like a Cow

I remember the days following my dream well, for they created a minor scandal at the palace, though nothing like the one that was to come.

Two weeks later Aphrodite's festival arrived, only it was renamed as The Festival of the White Bull, and though I was not in attendance, I heard that the mood of the people was quite sour.

They had expected to revel in all the licentiousness that worship of Aphrodite involved. Instead they got something else entirely. Aphrodite had been usurped and with her went the public sexual excesses in the market square replaced by speeches celebrating reason and control over one's emotions and passions. And at the heart of it all was Pasiphae, our Queen, and the white bull, given to her by the gods themselves, a symbol of divine power used as proof by Pasiphae that the gods approved of these changes.

A day of debauched revelry had become a day devoted to her highness, the most chaste Queen Pasiphae. No woman had ever reached such high heights of power as Pasiphae had that day. I sometimes wonder if the gods gave her this day so that when her fall came, she would have that much greater distance to plummet.

What happened next is not so well known if only because Minos did his best to keep the scandal quiet. The night after the Festival, Pasiphae slept alone in her chambers, Minos being busy with matters of state. I am told that the Queen instantly fell into a deep and impenetrable sleep.

At dawn Pasiphae's handmaidens arrived to awaken their mistress only to find her bedchamber was empty! When the Queen could not be found anywhere within the palace walls the alarm was raised and the King alerted to his missing wife. The King sent his guard in every direction, fearing the worst.

He had no idea what the worst actually was.

Even in my workshop, far away from the city walls, I could hear the alarm in the city streets. I was summoned to the palace to begin work on new siege weapons, Minos being convinced that his wife had been abducted by a jealous prince. It was while I was at the palace that news reached Minos that his wife had been discovered, alive and unharmed.

A shepherd had found her sitting under an olive tree in the royal fields, watching the herd graze. She must have been there the entire day even though Pasiphae was in a state of near undress, wearing nothing but a gauzy nightgown, complete with unbound hair, no jewels and lacking any kind of makeup. This from a queen who never set foot outside of her bedchamber until her ladies had spent two hours on her hair alone.

The court knew at once that something was terribly wrong.

My services were no longer needed and so I was told to leave. As I did, I can still remember hearing Pasiphae's voice, for the first time insane, echoing down the winding corridors as her servants brought her back.

"I am all right, I tell you! I just wanted a little air, nothing more! What is so strange about that?"

"But your majesty, the fields are no place for a Queen. What if one of your subjects had seen you in your night dress?" I heard one of her handmaidens say.

"Can a Queen not go where she likes in her own kingdom anymore? It is my field! I can do what I like in it!"

I heard whisperings from her servants, imploring Pasiphae to keep her voice low. This only infuriated her, making her voice grow louder and angrier.

"I will not be careful what I say! Let them hear! Let the whole kingdom hear! Let me go! I just want to go back to the fields! Let go of me! Let go! I want to go back to the fields!"

I knew at the time that the Queen's words sounded strange, mad even, but how could I have known that her mind was even then, being controlled by another?

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### **Chapter Three - A Cownundrum**

Days passed. Weeks. Months. And all the while I worked for Minos, toiling away bitterly for his spoiled wife, dreaming of my homeland that I would never see again. Indeed my work load for the queen increased dramatically in this days, making for her one mindless diversion after another, almost as if my trinkets no longer held her attention.

It happened one dark and cool summer night, about a year after my strange dream, that I heard a light knock on my door. Before I could answer it the door opened and in came a sight I never expected to see in my cottage. It was nearly midnight, a strange hour for visitors of any sort, so when the most beautiful and powerful woman in all the realm stepped into my workroom my mouth nearly dropped.

Queen Pasiphae entered my workshop just as she would her own dining chamber with a small entourage of handmaidens in tow. "I hope you don't mind me letting myself in." She smiled sweetly at me. It was more a statement than it was a question.

So stunned was I that I forgot to lower my eyes or kneel before my royal sovereign. Instead I simply stood and stared like a man struck dumb. It was the first time I had ever set eyes on the Queen so up close and personal, and what I saw put all legends of her to beauty to shame.



She was Aphrodite's equal in every manner and by the look of her mocking smile she knew it.

Pasiphae seemed amused at my sudden fit of dumbness and walked leisurely about my workshop with taunting eyes and a faint smile, surveying it as though it were her own. She carefully inspected my tools, picking up one of the longer chisels and running a hand suggestively down the length of it, looking at me appreciatively. She did the same admiring all my instruments of creation, inspecting the heat of my furnace, the current projects I had on my table, my drawings, my blueprints, my measuring cord—she took it all in with a careful eye.

"Yes, this will do nicely," she decided and smiled at me.

I finally remembered to bow, which I hastily did. She motioned for me to rise.

"Daedelas, I have come to you because I wish for you to make me something...unusual." Pasiphae explained, her tone one used to strict obedience.

I didn't know what to say, the king had always sent his commissions for Pasiphae via a servant, never in person, much less sending his wife to make her own requests. It must be something special indeed to require the Queen's presence. I wondered what it could be? "My talents are yours to command, Your Majesty. I am at your service. And the King's."

But something I had said clearly did not sit well with the Queen.

"Yes, the King, my husband," she said contemptuously. "It is technically to him that you have taken your oath, not to me. But I wonder...can you serve your Queen as faithfully as you serve your King?"

"Your Majesty? I don't understand..."

"You don't need to." Pasiphae dismissed my objection with a flick of her hand. "You just need to listen. And obey." She paced a little bit, as if not sure how to proceed.

"My husband says that you are the greatest inventor in all the world. He even tells me that you are a genius and that you can create anything that you set your mind to. Is this true?"

"It would not be proper of me to boast, your majesty," I said, choosing my words carefully, "but I do not wish to disagree with the King, either."

"Then it is true, what my husband says of you, you can create anything, anything at all?"

"Anything at all," I repeated.

"And I all I have to do is describe it?"

"Yes," I nodded. "You have but to name it, and I can craft it." Then uncertain, I added: "Do you have something you wish for me to create?"

"Yes! I must have..." A desperate mania overtook the Queen as her eyes lit up and she nearly lunged at me, so desperate was she to tell me, but she halted, remembering herself. I saw a look of hesitation as she looked from me to the corner of the room where her handmaidens waited in perfect quiet. She seemed to consider matters for a moment. And then...

"Away with you," she commanded, turning to her handmaidens. "I would prefer an audience with the commoner alone. Await my return outside this door."

COMMONER?! I was the royal inventor! The greatest in all the world! COMMONER!?

Obediently her ladies bowed and left my workshop, one after another, before closing the door quietly behind them, thus greatly increasing my discomfort. To have an audience with the Queen at midnight was strange enough, but to be alone in her presence was dangerous should anyone ever find out. My discomfort was obvious, though Pasiphae did not seem to mind it, indeed it seemed to amuse her. She smiled pleasantly at me, moving slowly toward me now with a casual grace. Nervously I took in a deep breath of air and caught scent of what was the most intoxicating perfume I had ever encountered. It was honeyed roses with a heady bouquet of something I could not quite place my finger on...

"Some transactions are best completed without an audience, don't you agree?" She smiled innocently as she moved closer.

I nodded dumbly. Me the most clever man in the world and I had no idea what to say!

"Now then Daedelas," she said to me in a soft, dulcet tone, reaching out to straighten some of the wrinkles on my tunic. "Let us talk, just you and I about what it is I want and what it is that you can give me."

"Um...yes...my...Queen."

"I want you to build something for me," she breathed. "Something very personal and...*private*."

"Your...your will is...," I said, finding the words difficult to get out. "My will. You have...but...to name...it...and I shall build it." By the gods she was close to me!

"Good." Pasiphae's smile widened as she leaned in closer to me. I tried to take a step back but bumped into my own workbench. "Because I need your help."

"Um...how...how can I help, Your...um...Highness?"

"I shall tell you," she said, her eyes looking up at me imploringly. "But first I must have your word that what I say here tonight shall remain our secret. You can't tell anyone. Is that understood?"

"A secret? Is this something the King needs for war..." I began, but Pasiphae cut me off.

"No! This must be kept from my husband most of all!"

"But, keep a secret from the King? That would violate my oath to him. I can't..."

"Has my husband in the past not had you make things in secret for me, Daedelas?" She asked, running a delicate finger over my chest.

"Yes, Your Majesty. But those were to be gifts to you, so surprise was naturally..."

"Then let us consider this a surprise as well, only one commissioned not by him for me, but by me for me. You're a man of logic, is this really so different than what you normally do?"

"I...um...well...I suppose not..."

"And you do want to help me...don't you?" She looked up at me sweetly, her blue eyes so lost and pleading that before I realized it I had agreed.

"Of course Your Majesty, I will help you in any way I can." Zeus' beard, why had I said that?!

"Good, because I have a bit of a problem and only you can help me. There is something I want...or rather, something that I need but not everyone would understand it if I told them what it is. And that is why I have come to you, Daedelas, because I know that as a man of science you will understand and that you can be...discreet. You can be discreet, can't you?"

"Yes, of course Your Majesty," I stammered. "And...and what would you have me build?"

"Well...you see..." Pasiphae blushed, letting her eyes drop demurely to her chest as she spoke. She was wearing a thin, low cut dress that, given her reputation for modesty, showed a surprising amount of flesh. Her hands played absentmindedly with a pearl necklace that was draped loosely about her, pulling at it so that it kept rising and falling between her soft breasts as she spoke. I could not help but follow the rhythm of that necklace moving in and out, in and out between that soft, milky white flesh, so near to me that...

And then like a cat the Queen eyes darted upward, catching mine with hers, and a smile of wicked delight told me that Pasiphae had caught me, and we both knew it. And then, so as to make her point, she took in a deep breath, pushing her breasts upward and outward, tightly against the thin linen of dress until it seemed as though they would surely tear through at any moment, before letting it all out with a sigh.

"I see that we have an understanding," Pasiphae said. "What I want is a costume for me to wear, nothing to strain your talents too much, and your pledge of secrecy. And what you want, well...I believe it is considered treason, isn't it?"

"Your Majesty I didn't...I wasn't...I swear I wasn't...!"

"I know you didn't mean to, commoner, but my husband, well...let's just say he is less understanding than I on matters such as this. Just make for me this costume and he never need know."

I tried to make sense of what I had just heard but it was nearly impossible with Pasiphae's cleavage there on display for me. A costume? Had I heard her right? I was the court engineer, not a seamstress. It didn't make sense.

"A costume, my Queen?" I repeated slowly, trying to force eye contact. "I think one of your handmaidens would be suited for such a task."

"No, you don't understand, Daedelas, I need you. This is a very SPECIAL costume that I have in mind. It must be...large. Yes, very large, large enough so that I can fit inside of it, almost like a carriage. And sturdy, too."

"I see..." I mumbled, wishing I could get some room between myself and the Queen. "Perhaps if you explained the nature of the costume you have in mind?"

"I want...I want..." Pasiphae blinked, all her regal bearing and confidence leaving her. "I..." And just like that her entire demeanor changed. She whirled angrily from me: "I can't tell you! It's impossible!" And then more to herself than to me, "It was a mistake coming here. I should have never come..."

"I can craft anything you like, but you have to let me know the sort of costume that you want. It's really a simple matter..."

"It is FAR from a simple matter! And I told you that I prefer not to speak on it at this instant." She snapped over her shoulder, wrapping her arms protectively around herself chest. "Let us just pretend that I said nothing at all. It was foolish of me to think that you would understand."

"Very well your Majesty, I will forget the entire thing, as you wish. Which is just as well, for I have many projects for the King as it is and it would have taken me a long time before I could have even..."

"No, it must be now!" She screamed. "I need it now and I can't wait another da..." She clapped a hand over her mouth in surprise by both the content and vehemence of her words. Head in her arms she seemed to think for a moment, a debate raging within her, the terms of which I knew not. For a moment I thought she might even cry and so gave her a moment, but eventually she held her head up and wrapped her arms even more tightly about herself. When she spoke, she spoke in a clear, calm voice.

"I apologize, commoner. I have not been myself as of late. I will tell you what it is I need." She kept her back to me, looking out the window to the darkness beyond. "But be it on your head if you ever whisper a word of this to anyone. I want..." Pasiphae paused. She looked suspiciously about my workshop. "We are alone, aren't we?"

I assured the Queen that we were.

"You would swear your life on it?"

"Yes, your highness."

There was a long pause.

"I need you to make me a costume in the shape of..." she paused, and then whispered hesitantly: "an animal"

"An animal?" I repeated incredulously.

"That IS what I said, isn't it?" Pasiphae said, annoyed by the very word.

"What kind of animal...?"

"By the Gods, must you ask so many questions!" Pasiphae was growing more and more agitated with each question.

"If it vexes you so, your majesty, then perhaps I should select the type of animal for you? I have a good eye for..."

"NO! Haven't you been listening? I said this costume was to be SPECIAL. It can't have just any shape to it."

"Well if you have something particular in mind," I explained, speaking as carefully as I could, "I must know what the design is to be. Without the design I cannot begin work."

There was another long pause. Then a sigh.

"By the gods. Breathe not a word of this, commoner! It isn't just any animal I wish for you to make. I wish to be a..." She whispered the last word so quietly that I could not hear it.

"A what, Your Majesty?"

"A..." Still refusing to look at me, Pasiphae whispered a little louder: "A cow. Make me into a...cow."

I was certain I had misheard her. "A cow?"

"Yes, a cow," she hissed.

"A...a cow???"

"Shh!"

"But, a cow?!"

"Yeeeesss!" Pasiphae seethed angrily in the loudest possible whisper.

"But...you...a cow? An actual cow? You a..."

"A COW!" She whirled around angrily and shouted it so loudly that I was certain that her handmaidens outside had heard it. "Yes. Me. A cow." She said icily. "Must I say it again?"

"But...but you are so regal, so graceful. You are a Queen! And a cow, well a cow is so..."

"What?"

"Common. Surely there is a better costume for one such as you, something more magical, with feathers perhaps. What about a beautiful swan, I should think that more to Your Highness' liking."

"This has nothing to do with my liking, commoner. Nor is it a costume I need for a fancy dress party. I have need of it for something else entirely. It must be a cow. It is the only way"

"I don't think I understand."

Pasiphae sighed and looked up to the heavens as if to summon the strength for what she was to say next. She closed her eyes.

"You know of the bull?" The Queen asked longingly, her voice seeming to fall into a trance as she spoke. "The big white one that roams the royal fields?"

I nodded. Everyone knew of the white bull, risen from the sea, a gift from the gods to the royal couple. It was the proud symbol of the empire's power and proof that the gods favored our King and Queen. Everyone knew of the white bull.

"A year ago, Minos kept it from the sacrificial altar, so beautiful was it that he could not bring himself to kill it. He kept it instead, in hopes of it breeding divine offspring on one of his cows. It has yet to so much as mount a single cow. Yet all the priests and soothsayers assure us it carries within its loins the divine seed of a god. And yet it waits in our fields."

I too waited, waited for her to continue. A long moment stretched between us. Her eyes were still closed. At last I spoke.

"And what is it you want this costume for, my Queen?"

"By the gods...I have said it every way I can!" Pasiphae cried in exasperation, her eyes looking upon

me in pained incredulity. "For so clever a man, you are ever so blind to the obvious. Very well then, let me make it plain for you commoner: I have come here tonight so that you can help me to join myself to this animal."

"Join...? I'm not sure I understand what you mean."

"I want it, Daedelas, I want the white bull."

"But, you have it, Your Majesty. The gods have given it to you. You own it."

"No, I do not have it, or at least not completely, not in the way I want it, I don't. I am so ashamed but...I want it..." and here I saw Pasiphae blush. "I want *it* to own *me*."

"Wait...! You don't mean..."

"I want it to fuck me, Daedelas."

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Chapter Four - Her Majesty's Secret Service

My mouth fell open and I nearly tripped over my workbench as I backed away from the mad Queen. Yet, despite my obvious revulsion, Pasiphae continued to speak as though she were commissioning a new chariot or carriage for the royal household.

"You will be well paid of course: gold, jewels, riches beyond your imagination, slave girls, whatever you please. I don't care the price; I care only that this costume is made," and here she stopped for emphasis. "And that it be made in secret. No one must learn of what I have asked of you this night."

"But...but...you...with.....a bull...?!" I stammered. "It is impossible...!"

"You will make it possible!" Pasiphae snapped, her eyes ablaze like the fire in my furnace. "That is why I have come to you. Did you not just claim to be able to make anything I named?"

"But this...!" I gasped. "I can't do this. You can't do this! If the King were to find out...!"

"The King will not find out, not if you do your job properly. Indeed, if you design this costume well enough, not even the bull will know."

"You cannot ask this of of me!"

"A Queen does not ask," Pasiphae corrected me. "She commands. And you WILL do this for me!"

"And if I refuse?"

Pasiphae could see the determination in my eyes. I thought she would match my will with her's, but to my surprise she merely shrugged her shoulders.

"Very well, commoner, have it your way," Pasiphae said casually, wrapping her linen hood over her head to leave. "I shall trouble you no further."

"You mean, you're leaving, just like that?"

"Yes. I can see that you are determined. Though, I do worry what my husband will say when he finds out that I have been away from the palace for so long. He's rather the jealous type, you know. More than one man is chained to the dungeon walls for having being alone in my presence, some for as little as a minute. I would certainly hate to see that happen to you, Daedelas."

"You wouldn't...!" I began, but Pasiphae cut me off with a knowing smile.

She had me, and we both knew it. I tried to think of some way, any way to refuse her mad request without ending up in the dungeon. I was a clever man, but the Queen's power was absolute. If she willed it, she would have it. I was trapped.

I sighed. "Very well. I will make this for you."

"I thought you might change your mind. You are wise after all...for a commoner," Pasiphae smiled smugly. "Now listen to me carefully, for I have instructions to give to you and must speak fast for I have tarried here for too long as it is and my husband will soon notice my absence."

"Yes...," And then added as an afterthought: "Your Highness." How in Hades had I got myself into this?! "I am ready, you may begin."

"Listen well for I do not have the luxury of repeating myself," Pasiphae said as she began to pace the room, addressing me as one might a child. "You are to make this costume in secret. Any materials that you may need I will have sent to you at night so that no one notices."

"Of course." I felt myself sinking fast. "A most sensible precaution."

"It will need to be built out of solid material but the inside must also be hollowed out so that I can fit inside of it. Make sure the outside is strong enough to protect me—I will need to support a great deal of weight over my back—but at the same time I wish you to design it with enough room for me to move around. Can you do that?"

"A strong exterior with a hollow center?" I thought for a moment, wondering how much the bull weighed. It was reputed to be as large as a house and weigh even more. "It will have to be made of the thickest oak possible and reenforced throughout with bronze ribbing. I might want to add a few strong beams of cedar on the inside, just to be safe. It won't be easy but...I think it can be done."

"Good, now as to my...comfort," Pasiphae tried saying as casually as she could, but I couldn't help but notice a slight blush again, "upholster the interior with soft pillows and line it with silk. Don't skimp on materials, I want it to be plush on the inside! And I want expensive silk too; something exotic, not the local stuff. Oh and make the silk purple, that is the royal color after all."

"Pillows, plush, silk, purple...got it." I said nodding. This was insane!

"And remember," Pasiphae continued, "it must be so real and life like that when I am inside of it no one, not even my husband—ESPECIALLY my husband—may know it is me!"

"Absolutely," I said, unable to believe my own words. "Protection, comfort and disguise—I understand. Anything more?"

"Just one," and here the Queen blushed a deep crimson. "I...I am almost ashamed to say this but I have come this far so I might as well say all that I have to say. I want you to make this cow a pretty one. I don't want to be just another cow to him, I want to be special. I want to be more gorgeous than any cow he has ever laid eyes on. When he sees me, he should know that I am his perfect mate."

Make the cow white, just like the bull without a blemish on its hide. And it is to have gold horns upon its brow, gold just like my crown. The eyes are to be a brilliant blue, like sapphires sparkling in the sea, big, bright and blue glittering with love. And lashes! Long, beautiful lashes. You may want to model the eyes based on my own. And I want the hooves to be of the darkest ebony."

I felt my mouth falling open again. The white bull? The Queen? A cow suit? What madness was this? Somehow I managed to utter a: "yes, Your Highness."

"Good, then you have your instructions. See to it that you follow them to the letter," Pasiphae said haughtily.

"I will do as you say, Your Majesty," I promised, unable to believe my own ears. Had I just promised to help build the Queen a cow so she could mate with a bull? A bull!?"

Pasiphae seemed to think something over for a moment. She looked at me suspiciously. "You are a clever man, Daedelas, but clever man can't always be trusted, now can they?" It was more a question to herself than it was to me. Then, with a sly smile and wink of mischievous delight she strolled casually toward me once more, this time making no effort to obscure her seductive purpose.

"But I think you can be. And you know something, Daedelas," she breathed, when she was near enough that all that separated me from her was her thin linen gown. "I have always had a great admiration of your what you can do with your hands. They have never failed to make for me the most amazing things, things that I have enjoyed...fully." She looked up at me innocently, her perfume swirling about us. "And isn't that why my husband has brought you to our island kingdom, so that you may craft for me trinkets for my amusement? That is all I am asking for really, if you think about it."

"Of...of course your highness. Yes...just an amusement. Nothing more." I mumbled as she leaned closer to me. Her perfume held me enchanted, and for the life of me I could not think of anything else save for the beautiful, flawless, young body so very near my own. The tips of her breasts glided gently across my chest as she leaned in closer.

"Serve me well," she whispered into my ear, putting a hand on my arm, "and I shall reward you beyond your wildest dreams, even a return to your home. Fashion for me this costume and I will see to it that you get everything you desire." She moved in even closer now, pushing her soft breasts against my hard chest, holding herself there as she spoke: "And I can give you ANYTHING you want, you have merely to name it. You just have to help me get what I want first." She looked up at me, her dark, tormented eyes boring deep into mine.

"Yes...anything I want..." I muttered, my mind spinning from the intoxicating ecstasy of her perfume. Had she really said that I could return home? It was hard to tell, as my only thought was the softness of her breasts and the fullness of those ruby lips so very near mine. Without realizing it I had moved in to kiss Pasiphae.

"Yes, I know I can trust you, Daedelas, because if you deny me..." she warned in the sweetest of voices, "I will deny you," and pulled herself away just before my lips met hers. My body ached as I watched Pasiphae's body walk nimbly toward the door. I could still smell her perfume wrapped about, my chest could still feel those soft breasts pressed against mine, and those lips...

"I think we are going to be good friends, you and I, Daedelas!" Pasiphae playfully called over her shoulder. "In fact, I am glad that I came here tonight. I have always wanted to see the workshop that has produced such fine amusements for me. You shall begin making my newest amusement tonight; tomorrow, I shall return for my measurements. I want to be fitted to this creation of yours as soon as

possible!”

I tried to speak but all that came out was an inaudible grunt. Pasiphae just smiled as she looked at the hardness between my legs: “Looks like you’re becoming something of a bull yourself.” And with a slight laugh she left, leaving me to wonder what madness had transpired before me.

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## Chapter Five - An Udder Dilemma

The Queen was as good as her word. The next night she returned eagerly with her handmaidens in tow and they quickly made themselves at home. They set up a small screen for Pasiphae to undress behind where they could take the measurements that I would scribble down on the other side. It was difficult to avert my eyes to the shadowy figure of the curvaceous Pasiphae and to her ladies who ran their hands over every part of her body. For her ladies part, they were under the impression that they were helping to craft a special outfit for the upcoming Festival. In a sense this was true, only not the sort of costume they might expect.

They spent night after night running a measuring cord over every part of her body. I needed ratios—fingers to hands, hand to arms, arms to legs—as well as measurements for every last part of her if this coupling was going to be a success. And when I say every part, I mean every part...

“I will need the queen’s chest measurements,” I called over the screen one night, as I watched a lady wrap the cord around the Queen’s ample breasts. “I will need to know circumference as well as the degree of hang...”

“My good man!”

The screen was just tall enough to block everything but the Queen and her ladies’ faces and the one holding the cord now looked upon me in righteous indignation and astonishment.

“This is your Queen you speak of!”

“Oh...I...um...” I wasn’t quite sure what to say.

“It is fine ladies,” the Queen explained easily, as only one skilled in courtly intrigues could. “This is a *special* costume, remember. I am having it made for Minos, if you understand me.”

“Oh Your Majesty, of course! How could we be so foolish.”

“We only thought...!”

“And right in time for the Festival of the White Bull, too!”

“Can you tell us what it is?”

Pasiphae just smiled slyly as she stretched her arms out gracefully for the cord to be wrapped around her back. “Even a Queen needs her secrets.”

“I bet it is the goddess Isis!”

“No, I bet a lady Pharaoh’s costume.”

"I bet it is something that shimmers like gold but that can be seen through in the light of the moon."

"Oh, you have the happiest marriage in all the world, Your Highness. The King will be so pleased, whatever it is."

"Yes," Pasiphae agreed serenely, as her maids ran my cord her breasts, "but remember not to tell him. I want it to be a surprise."

When I had those numbers added to my notes it was time to take the most...*vital* of all numbers. But how do I tell her maids this?

"Um...I need...what I mean is...now I need to get the measurements for..."

"Perhaps it would be best," Pasiphae suggested, "if you ladies took a break. It has a been a long night after all. I'm sure I can take these next measurements on my own."

"But my Queen," they protested, "leave you alone in the presence of a man while in a state of undress?!"

"Don't worry yourself over me, I will be fine. If you dares to look at me I will have his head by the morning. Now go!" She said sweetly, shooing them out of the room with a flick of her hand.

"Now then commoner," she said as soon as the door had shut behind them, "I think I know what it is that you need." Through the shadowy paper thin wall of the curtain I watched as Pasiphae leaned over a table, spread her legs wide. "Am I right?"

I said nothing at all, transfixed as I was by the imagine of my sovereign in such a position. It was like...

"AHEM! Daedelas?"

"I...um..." I said, finding my voice dry and hoarse, unable to take my eyes of the inviting silhouette before me. "Yes, Your Majesty?"

"Don't you want to tell me what to measure before my handmaidens return?"

"Oh, yes, yes, of course. Forgive me, it must be the heat from my furnace..."

I tried shielding my eyes as best I could, as she took the cord in her hands and placed it between in her legs. After a few painful minutes I was able to direct her through the curtain as to where I needed each measurement, completing them all before her ladies came back. By the time they returned, Pasiphae was already half dressed.

"See commoner," she said, pulling her gown over her head, "that wasn't so hard, was it?" Then looking over the curtain at me added, "oh, my mistake, it looks like it still is."

In the weeks that followed the Queen and her maids came to my workshop every night at the same hour and always under the cover of darkness. The handmaidens were a constant nuisance, always underfoot and getting in my way and when they weren't in my way they we filling my work space with their mindless patterings. Eventually the project developed far enough along that we could no longer risk the presence of her maids, no matter how loyal they might be. It was then that I realized that as much of a nuisance as they might have been, their presence was preferable to the nights I spent with the Queen alone. At least with her maidens present Pasiphae was forced to hide her

madness, something she found increasingly difficult to do. Each night I was forced to play witness to a madness that was tightening its grip on her, bending her will to serve another's.

On such night I sat at my workbench, pouring over the details of my careful design, while the Queen paced a furious tread back and forth behind me, looking over my shoulder again and again, seeming to have a skill for interrupting me at just the wrong moment...

"What's that?" She asked, thrusting an arm over my shoulder and pointing at a parchment I had just been working on.

"What? Oh, that. Don't worry about that, we don't even need to go over that parchment yet."

"But what is it?"

"Sigh. It's just an equation. Perhaps you could attend the furnace for me while I..."

"What's it do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? If it is nothing then why did you write it?"

I sighed. "It is an equation comparing the ratio of the bull's weight to the sturdiness of the curved oak that I plan to cover your lower back with."

"So it isn't nothing. If it was not nothing then why did you just say it was nothing?"

"Your Majesty! I am never going to any of finish this if you keep asking questions."

"I...yes, right. Of course. I'm sorry. I don't know what has come over me. Sometime I feel like is something in my mind controlling me, making me ask..." but another blueprint caught her eye. "What is that one for?"

"Nothing."

"That's what you said last time and it wasn't nothing."

I sighed. It was like dealing with a child. "It is a drawing of where I am going to hide the wheels inside of the hooves." I saw her open her mouth to ask another question. "Perhaps Your Highness would like to sit?"

"I prefer to stand."

"You aren't standing. You're pacing."

"Then I prefer to pace."

"You look tired," I said, and in truth she did as each night seemed to take a greater toll on the Queen. Her hair was a little less perfect each night, her grace a little less polished, and tonight I had come to see circles under her eyes. "You really should sit, rest would do you good."

"I cannot rest, not until I have had my bull. Besides, I can't sit," she said at last. "If I sit I get...excited."

"Excited? What do you mean exci...?" but her eyes told me precisely what she meant. "Oh! You mean..."

"Yes," she snapped irritably. "It is quite vexing."

"Surely not every time..."

"EVERY time."

Was the Queen really telling me she achieved climax just by sitting? I tried to play it off—"But that isn't so bad. I know a lot of people that would love it if they could so easily feel pleasure by..." But with a shock, I realized why she was so tired and irritable. "Unless, of course, you only get excited but you can't..."

She nodded: "And I can't."

"But...not at ALL?"

"No, not at all. Not a single time. I used to quite easily, but ever since I first saw the bull I feel like I am right on the edge of one but can't..." But here her voice trailed away and she put a hand to her head in sorrow. "Oh, why I am telling you this? What am I doing? I'm scared, Daedelas. Sometimes I feel as though someone else is telling me what to think and say and I have no will of my own. I know my desire is not natural and yet...I can think of nothing else."

"Perhaps it is just the summer heat affecting Your Majesty? It is said that the summer air can play tricks on the minds of women. Maybe if you waited until the cooler months your desire would go away like a forgotten reverie?"

She shook her head sadly. "I would never make it. If you don't build this costume for me I will throw myself at the beast. I am desperate for this. I must have relief from the fire that runs through my veins. It is all I can think of in my waking hours and it is all I dream of when I sleep. Did you know last night my handmaidens said I was sleep walking through the palace?"

"That is not so bad. Lots of people..."

"Without any clothes on. What the palace guard must have thought..."

"Well...it is hot out and you can't help what you wear or don't wear when you are asleep."

"I feel asleep fully clothed but when I was found in the grand hall I was completely naked."

"You can't help what you do when your mind is asleep."

"Chanting about the white bull?"

"I see."

"The night before that I had to explain to Minos why I had bramble in my hair at breakfast. I couldn't very well tell him that I spend many of my nights in the pastures with the bull. I doubt if he would understand."

"No, I don't think he would."

"So you see Daedelas why I cannot wait much longer for this creation of yours to be finished. Each

night my need grows ever more urgent and I fear that soon I will lose my mind entirely. Even now I feel as though..." But she just shook her head and she motioned to me to return to my blueprints. "Return to your work. I will not to disturb you further. I am sorry to have delayed you as much as I have."

I returned to my current drawing, confident this time that I would be able to complete my work, but before I could set chalk to parchment...

"WAIT! What are THOSE?" She pointed accusingly at the diagram I was working on.

"That's the cow."

"No," she said, her eyes narrowing. "THOSE."

"What, those?" I looked to where she was pointing. "Those are the udders."

She glared at me. "They are too big."

"What?!"

"You heard me—they are too big. Did you do that on purpose?"

"What...no! I'm trying to make this cow as accurate as possible."

"I told you I wanted this to be a pretty cow, the prettiest in the herd, not some common harlot-cow with large, swinging udders underneath it. Is that what you think of me?"

"What?! What does how I think of you have anything to do with the size of your udders?"

"You wouldn't understand," Pasiphae said softly, turning away angrily from the diagram. "How could you, you aren't a woman." She sighed. "I hate cows."

"What does this have to do with the size of your...?"

She laughed a sad and bitter little laugh. "A woman wouldn't ask that, she would understand!"

As arrogant as she might be, she was not unworthy of my pity. I poured her a goblet of wine from my worktable. "Here, perhaps this would help."

She looked half surprised by the offered goblet as if no one had ever offered her anything before that wasn't out of a sense of duty or obligation, which I supposed was the true. "Yes...yes, it would. Thank you. That is very kind."

"Now maybe if you explained it to me it would help?"

"I very much doubt it but...very well, Daedelas," she sighed, taking a sip gratefully from the wine. "You do not spend a lot of time at court, do you?"

I confessed that I spent as little as possible.

"Well, when this is all over you will have to find the time to be in attendance more regularly. For when you do you will quickly discover one thing about court—all the ladies there are cows."

"Cows?"

"Cows," she repeated, bitterly, taking a deeper sip. "Every last one of them. They are big eyed and emptied headed, just like cows, but most of all they are easily contented. Nothing makes them quite so happy as to be penned to their estates, just like a cow to its pasture, to be taken care of by their husbands. Clasp a necklace around their pretty little necks like a shepherd might bell a cow and you own them life. Can you imagine what it must be like to be the one woman at court with a spark of intellect and an ambition to rule? Even if I am Queen, it is not easy."

"Yes, I imagine it must be difficult." I admitted. "But I still don't understand what this has to do with the udders?"

"Men! You never grasp the subtleties. Once more let me make it plain for you Daedelas—do you know what else these fine, pretty, empty-headed little cows at court all have in common? Giant breasts, almost every single one of them! It is obvious what traits the men of my court judge a woman by! They select their wives much like a merchant assesses a cow at the market. I am a woman fit to rule a boundless empire, not some vacant headed cow to be penned to the palace breeding like a brood mare."

"I think I am starting to understand."

Pasiphae downed the rest of her wine. "And these ladies—these COWS!—are jealous of me Daedelas, jealous because I am not so easily contented like them. They cannot understand my ambition for power and they hate me for it. They can't imagine why Minos chose me and not them. And yet," Pasiphae sighed sadly, shaking her head, "for all of this, sometimes I wonder if Minos would not prefer me to be such a big breasted, emptied headed cow..."

"My Queen," I said, seeing where her madness was leading toward. "Surely not. Why else would the King have chosen you if not for your mind? No one who saw you would ever mistake you for a..."

"Cow?" She smiled bitterly, looking back at my design. "Yes. And yet, let us hope that they do. Because if not..."

A long moment stretched between us. Finally Pasiphae spoke again, this time her voice less like a sovereign's and more like a frail, scared woman.

"Those cows at court would love for nothing more than to see me humbled. If they or anyone were ever to learn that I wanted to dress myself as a cow and spend my nights in the pasture..." She turned and looked at me with eyes as sad and as tormented as any I have ever seen. "Well, it would not go well for me."

"I won't let that happen," I said and without realizing it I had put a comforting hand on her shoulder. She turned away from me angrily.

"I do not need your pity, COMMONER, just your skills." And then standing tall and proud, stretching herself to her full length: "Do your work and when you are done make sure that when you are finished that all who see their Queen will think her a..." and here Pasiphae wrinkled up her nose in disgust: "cow."

I bowed. "Yes, Your Majesty."

She looked bitterly at the design before her. "Your design is perfect; painfully so. See to it that you complete it as quickly as possible. I will anxiously await word from you in the palace and will return at night when all is ready. You can then push me into the royal fields. Until that night it would be best if I not return here again. My mind is increasingly not my own. Hurry Daedelas, I do not know

how much time I have left before I go completely mad.”

“I will, Your Majesty.”

“I know you will,” she nodded and turned to leave. She opened the door but paused on the threshold.  
“Oh and Daedelas?”

“Yes my Queen?”

“Don’t exaggerate the udders.”

And with that she closed the door and was gone.

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Chapter Six - A Fitting Punishment

I spent a fortnight completing the Queen’s project, working on nothing else and sleeping very little. Even as far away as my workshop was from the palace, I heard tales of the Queen’s increasingly erratic behavior. I tried to pay these stories little mind and concentrated on my work.

I finished the last modifications to the cow appropriately enough on the eve of the Festival of the White Bull and sent word to the Queen to meet me in my workshop the next night. It was a thing of beauty, built as two halves that would fit together with the Queen inside of it with a fake head and false rump that I would attach to the two halves.

Imagine my surprise then when I awoke at dawn to give the Queen’s costume one last look over when Pasiphae unceremoniously pushed open my door and staggered into my workshop with the first rays of light shining behind her. She was mumbling unintelligibly and looked nothing like her normal self.

“My bull, my bull, my bull,” she panted, again and again.

“Your Highness, why have you not waited for nightfall?!”

But Pasiphae did not seem to hear me and I knew at once that something was terribly wrong—her normally proud, tall posture was replaced with shoulders slumped forward and her keen, penetrating eyes were dull and glassy. Her hair, always so immaculately done in flowing braids and adorned with priceless jewels was half done up and half disheveled as if she had tried to do it herself and given up the effort. Even her crown sat partially askew on her head as if it might fall off at any moment. She stumbled into my workshop, seemingly half asleep, panting, and knocking herself clumsily into one of my tables, sending the tools falling to the ground.

The sound of my crashing tools seemed to awaken her from her dream state.

“...my bull, my bull...oh! Where...where am I? Da...Daedelas is that you?”

“Yes my Queen, and you are here, safe in my workshop.” I had never seen her without makeup before, nor so pale. And the circles under her eyes...

“Daedelas you have to help me! I’m desperate. I must have this now or...,” she pleaded, hurrying frantically toward me but tripped over one of my tables, “Oh!” . She fell forward, gripping the ends of a table to steady herself as she panted like an animal in heat.

"Daedelas!" she panted, "It must be now. I need it now. I need the bull! I have never needed anything as much as I need this. You must make this happen. Now!" she demanded again and again in a deep, husky voice. "It must be now! My bull, my bull, my bull..."

Although it had been a couple of weeks since I had seen the Queen last I was shocked by how much deeper into madness she had fallen. It was like she was almost more animal in heat than woman.

"But Your Majesty, I think the summer heat is clouding your better judgement. It is only just now dawn, it would be best if we waited until it is dark so as..."

"NOW!"

"I...I do not question Your Majesty, I only wish to remind your majesty that *privacy* was a key concern when you..."

"This heat is unbearable," she moaned, not hearing a word I was saying, pressing her face onto the dusty surface of my workbench. "I am in heat. I am in heat! By the gods, I am in heat for the white bull!!!"

"I...I suppose I could ready the device for an earlier fitting than we had planned. Maybe then we could discuss when to..."

"Yes! Do so, now, without delay!" She let go of the table and took a few steps towards me. "Oh Daedelas, there is a terrible buzzing in my mind...I can't concentrate and it's like someone is whispering in my ear, telling me what to do. And all I can hear is it telling me how beautiful my white bull is and...OH!" She stumbled forward, tripping over her own feet and falling hard against me, clinging to me like a woman drowning in a storm. Pressed against my chest she looked up at me with mad, pleading, beautiful eyes, her breath coming in short, rasping breaths like a woman on the verge of climax: "Sometimes I wish you were the white bull."

"My Queen, what do you mean...?" I nearly choked on the words, not understanding what she could mean by that. But before I continue any further Pasiphae's madness cut me off.

"He has rejected me every night, Daedelas. I've tried so many times, I've tried so hard, but he has always rejected me. But not this time, I saw it in my dreams last night. He is waiting for me right now in the fields. And this time he will finally return my love at last. I was always destined to be with him, I knew it the minute I saw him. He is so beautiful." And here she looked up at me with imploring eyes of insanity: "I love him, Daedelas, I love him so much it hurts. I want to be with him, always and forever. He is the most perfect creature I have ever seen and I can think of nothing else but him. I must have him," she whispered, her voice dry and hollow, "and he must have me. If I do not have him this night I will end my life. Please, please, please do as you promised!"

"Of course, my Queen, everything is ready, just as you have ordered." I said, wrapping my arms around her to steady her while trying to hide my alarm. Her eyes were insane, filled with an untamed, monstrous lust like I have never seen before. "But are you sure that no one saw you on your way here?"

"I don't care, none of that matters now! I just...I must...I...my bull, my bull, my bull..." she panted torturously, the words coming out of her in snatches now, as if at any moment she would burst forth in her long awaited orgasmic release. "Bull...I can't...bull!...think. Please Daedelas...bull!...now...please. Put ...bull!...put me...bull!...in the ...costume...bull!...now. You must...you must..." Her breathing became deep and labored, as if she were working up to something. "I...bull!...I...need it...bull!...so...badly... Daedelas please..." Her head slumped against

my chest and I knew that the delirium of her lust had claimed her at last. "Buuuullll..."

"My Queen? Now, are you sure?"

"Buuuullll!" She clung to me desperately, every fiber of her exuding lust. She was too far gone to whisper anything more into my chest than a hoarse, throaty: "Please!"

"Very well, it shall be done. This way Your Majesty." I motioned for her to follow me to my creation but she was so unwieldy and so far gone she bumped into my work table and nearly tripped over her own feet again. In her lust maddened state she had all the grace of a cow.

I gulped hard. All the grace of a cow?

"Here, let me help you, Your Majesty," I took her by the hand to steer here around my tables. Even this slight contact with the Queen's flesh was enough to have me imprisoned and tortured to death. "Are...are you sure you want to do this? It isn't too late to turn back. I could perhaps find a cure, or another means of alleviating your desire. My Queen? Pasiphae?"

I winced realizing that I had just used the Queen's actual name, but she said nothing as if deep in a trance. I swallowed hard a second time: her mind was an empty as a cow's.

I looked from the bottom half of the cow frame to Pasiphae. She swayed slightly from side to side, and I was half afraid that if I let her go that she would topple over. Her skirt would have to be hiked up to her waist before entering the cow but my efforts were frustrated by the elaborately latched gems and intricately tied laces that bound her dress about her legs. I would have to undo the latching before I could pull her dress up.

These was not as easy as it seemed. I steadied Pasiphae against the bottom half of the cow and knelt down to undo her skirt. She swayed about like a woman besotted with too much wine making my job that much more difficult.

"You really must stand still. Now let me see if I can detach these things..." I muttered, trying to undo all her needlessly intricate lace and jewelry. But her unsteady nature made an already tedious task nearly impossible. "Let me just see if I can..."

"Silly man," she giggled, as my hands touched the flesh of her ankle as I tried to undo her bindings. "Siiilly, inventor maaaaan. Mmm!..." Skilled as I was working with gears and pulleys, I had no experience in frivolities such as these.

Pasiphae hummed happily to herself as I looked the situation over with an engineer's mind for detail. I had no idea how her laces and gem-latching worked and her inability to stand still gave me little chance to learn. What was I to do?

"Silly inventor," she giggled again before pouting like one drunk on too much wine: "I just want it, is that so wrong? Why can't I just have it? All I want is my big, beautiful bull to love me back. Why won't anyone understand that? My people should want me to be happy."

There was only solution: I would have to tear the dress from Pasiphae's body if I was to fit her to the cow. She would have to be completely naked within the cow.

"Minos should be happy for me," she continued in a far away voice as I knelt down and grabbed at her hemline. "Doesn't he want his wife to be happy? I don't say anything about his mistresses."

“Okay, let’s see here...”

“He shouldn’t have given me the bull if he didn’t want me to play with it.”

“If you did not have such expensive taste this would have been much easier for the both of us!” I scolded Pasiphae, trying not to listen to her mad ravings.

“He’d have such a happier wife if he would just let me get some.”

“There, I think I have it...here goes...”

With a loud ripping sound I tore at least a foot of silk from her dress.

“Is it so wrong to want a little bull co...AAH!” Pasiphae jumped, startled by the sound of her dress tearing but her mind was still far away. “Oh my...”

I tore at another piece, its worth alone was probably more than an entire village made in an year. This time Pasiphae just smiled, pursing her lips up and moaning in delight. “Oooh....mmm!”

I continued to tear strips of clothing from her until I had uncovered her ankles and her calves. The sound of her garment being rent apart filled my workshop and Pasiphae’s befuddled mind too, moaning her pleasure and running her hands through her hair with each new sound of her impending nakedness. Somewhere in the deep recesses of her dark mind it seemed to be exciting her. I stripped her an inch at a time, up to her thighs and then her waist, then tearing the cloth from her chest that she pushed forward helpfully and then finally her sleeves from her outstretched arms until nothing was left but the crown upon her head.

I staggered back stunned by what I had just done. I had to look, I had no choice. I might be a man of gears and numbers but I was still a man and I hungered to see what until now, had only ever been glimpsed by Minos and a few select handmaidens.

I should never have looked for at once I was overcome with an ungovernable passion of my own. She was pure ethereal bliss blended with darkest, animal obsession all in one perfect human form. Pasiphae was a goddess made flesh, a perfect statue come to life, and yet I knew this warm, inviting body also housed the soul of a cold, calculating, arrogant, haughty queen.

But at this moment I did not care about her faults. I saw none of her flaws but only her perfect female form. Her flesh was soft and white, white like the moon, and her skin as flawless as marble. Her dark midnight hair—her pride and joy—went the length of her back cascading down to the small of her back. And her legs, those long beautiful legs, made a lengthy, shapely journey up to her inviting thighs where waited the softest, silkiest, darkest triangle a man had ever seen, invoking within me feelings I dare not set to paper. I knew then what it meant to feel like an animal, to feel like a bull, for Pasiphae’s naked figure aroused in me my most basic and savage nature

The only garment that remained on Pasiphae was the crown that sat so precariously on her head.

She was all flawless beauty save for one feature that made my mouth drop. She was big. Or rather, *they* were big. Her breasts, that is. I mean...BIG. Enormously big. They were round and gleaming like pale white twin moons, and so...so...impossible! Where the rest of her body hinted at seduction and grace, her breasts were just the opposite—big, round and shamefully obvious. They did not fit with the rest of her at all. This was not the subtlety of a Queen but the obviousness of a co...

I bit down hard refusing to finish that thought. I tried to look away but I couldn’t. With almost no

waist at all and long, shapely legs, Pasiphae was almost all breasts and legs. I knew now why she had walked slumped over and had moved about so ungainly! Just the slightest of movement in any part of her body caused those breasts to sway and dip and...

But then my engineer's mind reasserted itself—I was nothing if not a man of numbers, shapes and equations. Grabbing my measuring string I wrapped the cord around Pasiphae's waist. Making a mental note of the number I raised her arms up and wrapped it around her again, this time just under her shoulders. Then, with admittedly shaking hands, I wrapped my cord around the largest part of her breasts, marveling at just how soft and yet firm they were. Pasiphae arched her back for me, pushing her breasts forward, her bright pink nipples insistent that I touch them. I ached to...but then remembered that both Minos and Pasiphae had the power to remove my head from my body.

Hands really trembling now I tore through the diagrams on my workbench until I found the one I was looking for—the list of measurements her maidens had given me just weeks early. My suspicions were confirmed: everything about Pasiphae was the exact same except for her chest. Pasiphae's breasts had grown. Significantly.

I looked in trepidation from the svelte figure on my diagram to the more bovine figure standing before me. What darkness was at play? And yet all I could think about was how badly I wanted to touch her...

I shook my head of my insane desire and quickly let go before I went down a path that would surely lead to my destruction. She was meant for the bull, not me, but the bull. With great difficulty I took my eyes from the Queen's naked and mesmerizing figure to that of the cow costume I would have to bind her to. If I didn't fit her to it soon, I would myself go mad with lust.

I put a tentative hand on the young Queen's back to steer her and felt a jolt of desire as I guided her toward the cow. She was perfectly content to allow me to guide that I think I could have guided her back to the palace and away from this dark work if not for all the onlookers who surely would have stoned me for such blasphemy. I made the mistake of allowing myself a glance at the dark curls between her legs and the hardness of my desire pressed so insistently upward that I was certain I would tear through my tunic if I looked again.

"Just this way my Queen," I soothed through gritted teeth. I steered her perfect figure before the opened half shape of the cow, her hourglass figure driving me mad.

I pushed that delicate figure up against the hard backend of the cow where a wooden beam waited to bend her over at the waist. The beam was in the shape of a ramp so that it would bend her hips at an angle, pushing her buttocks upward so that the bull would be better able to achieve penetration. It had been all so theoretical on parchment, but now that the time had arrived...

I swallowed hard with the sudden realization that theory was about to become practice—Pasiphae the queen, was about to become Pasiphae the cow.

Whispering to the gods for forgiveness, I gripped Pasiphae about the waist and hoisted her onto the ramp. It bent her over perfectly, thrusting her cheeks upward with minimal discomfort to her so that her feet now dangled several inches above my workroom floor. Her normally sweet perfume became especially heady now as I took her by the hands and maneuvered her onto the frame. Animal lust coursed through my blood at the sight of the pendulous hang of her breasts as I lowered them into the tight confines of my creation.

Inside the frame I had made a bed of soft leather for Pasiphae to lie on, sort of like a leather hammock, with the sides upholstered in soft padding to keep the queen in place as comfortably as

possible. Her head—like her bottom—would poke out of the frame where I would attach the false cow-head and rump once the top was fitted to the bottom half.

As I lowered her onto her leather bedding I thought I noticed Pasiphae wince in discomfort as her breasts spread out beneath her, splaying out not-quite-flat as she lay upon them. Underneath the undercarriage of the frame I noticed two round large indentations made where the Queen's breasts now were. There was nothing for it. Had I more time or had I known beforehand just how well endowed Pasiphae was I could have sewn in support cupping, but as it was she would just have to endure the discomfort.

“Is everything to your satisfaction, Your Highness?”

Pasiphae's head drooped listlessly out of the front end of her unnatural costume. The only noises she made were like those of an animal in heat.

At least her lust induced haze would make for an easy fitting.

I slipped her arms into the forelegs of the cow which I had built up so that the Queen could press her palms flat, inside of which leather straps awaited her which I buckled around her wrists and forearms. I wrapped a similar strap under her shoulders, buckling it tightly over her back, making sure it held her securely. Her docile state was making my work exceptionally easy, which was something I was thankful for given what I would have to do next.

I turned my attention to her hindquarters, trying to avert my eyes from her pedaled opening for fear that sight of it might make a bull of me.

The ramp was not the only part of the cow intended to spread the Queen open. I had built the hindquarters in a way that they would force Pasiphae's thighs into a “v” position, which the bull would recognize as a cow presenting. As I guided the Queen's legs into those of the cow, I saw just how well my design worked, spreading her out nicely, stretching apart her those tight, silky cheeks of hers into a most inviting target.

More straps awaited her ankles and calves. I buckled a thicker one around her thighs, just under her protruding buttocks, tying these outward so as spread her legs even further. She gasped in unconscious surprise by the sensation, almost seeming to wake for a moment from her lust induced haze, before returning to obliviousness. Finally I buckled straps around her waist and another just under her breasts, binding Queen to cow and cow to Queen.

I stood back to assess my progress.

It was at once startlingly beautiful and disturbing to behold. The most beautiful woman I had ever seen, inside the most disturbing creation I had ever crafted. Her long flowing hair cascaded down over her face and onto my earthen floor, her slender back still hinting at unparalleled feminine beauty, but the rest of her was hidden, already made bovine and common by her costume. The sooner I no longer had to see her in this hybrid state of half woman, half cow the better. I made ready to attach the top of the frame.

With the help of a set of pulleys and gears, I hoisted the top half of the cow from where it lay atop a workbench, and with difficulty maneuvered its heavy mass across my room so that it hovered precariously over the Queen. Then, to the echoing THUD of wood crashing upon wood, I dropped the frame, sealing Pasiphae within. All that remained visible of her now was her protruding head and midnight hair on one end, and her bare butt at the other. Eager to attach the false head and rump and be done with this uneasy business I grabbed my tools and quickly bolted the two halves

together, trapping her inside her bizarre costume.

It was only early morning but the summer heat was already oppressive making for hot, sticky work. How much hotter to be trapped inside leather padding, I thought. I stepped back, wiping sweat from my brow, unable to believe what I helped create.

Pasiphae had all appearance of a real cow. The two frames bolted together made her appear bulky and rotund, just like a real heifer, with hooves, cowhide and everything else, more fit for the fields than Mino's fine palace. In fact, if someone had stumbled into my workshop just now, they would be hard pressed to decide if the woman had been fitted to the cow or the cow to the woman. In many ways the cow appeared the more natural of the two.

She panted lustfully, her long hair that spilled over her face raising and falling with each breath. Without even realizing it, I ran a hand over her costume, petting her with a soothing: "there, there girl" as one might to a real cow.

I was ready to be rid of my blasphemous work. Wiping my brow one last time I went to retrieve the false head from my workbench. But before I could reach it I heard a heard a strange noise from behind me, like the crackling of lightening just before it strikes. I turned around to see what had made such a noise but as I did so I felt my joints and limbs tightening until at last I found it impossible to move. I tried to yell out, but even this I found impossible. Just then, like the sound of thunder, a loud voice bellowed throughout my chamber...

"SO THIS IS HOW THE QUEEN OF CRETE CHOOSES TO DRESS HERSELF THESE DAYS!!!"

I saw appear out of nowhere what I knew instantly to be the goddess Aphrodite for she may as well have been one of her stone statues made into flesh. She had blonde hair and long flowing robes that moved with a wind that rustled at her feet only for her. But what I noticed more than anything else was her malevolent eyes and wicked smile.

She had come to take her revenge on Pasiphae.

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## **Chapter Seven - Queen of the Cows**

Aphrodites eyes feasted maliciously on Pasiphae-made-cow.

"Well, well, already in your bridal gown I see. I'm sorry I missed the fitting," Aphrodite purred, running a finger playfully over the back of the cow.

I think I had always known that a curse lay upon Pasiphae's head yet despite that my heart still raged at the thought of my skills being used for puerile revenge. As if able to read my thoughts Aphrodite's penetrating eyes suddenly shot from Pasiphae to me. She seemed to study me for a second. She spoke at last.

"Oh, you foolish man. So much intellect and so little sense! You actually care for her, don't you?" Aphrodite's eyes gazed so intently into mine that I was certain she was looking into my very soul as she spoke. "Yes, you do, or at least a part of you does. You are conflicted. Your heart sees her as you wish her to be—all warmth, love and caring—but your mind sees her as she actually is—cold, haughty, caring only for power—and neither can convince the other of the two. Intriguing."

She seemed to study me for a moment before speaking again.

"Perhaps I can help you see her for what she truly is." Aphrodite said when she at last turned away from me, making her way toward the front of the cow. It was only then, to my great horror, that I realized where it was that Aphrodite had frozen me in place: I stood directly behind the Queen.

"Enjoy the view, inventor."

And there it was, her insatiable lust in all its god-driven hunger, on full display for my eyes alone. I tried to look away, shut my eyes, blink, anything, but even this small mercy was forbidden to me. I had to stare, stare at her thick, pink, fleshy lips, parted ever so slightly with a dark, ravenous, glistening hunger.

The sight of Pasiphae's insatiable desire mixed with the aroma of her perfume which now clung to me, sitting heavily on me like a cloak. By the gods! Only then did I realize that it had never been perfume that I found so intoxicating but the scent of her natural arousal. And now it lay there so perfectly displayed propped up as it was, the false legs of the cow stretching her out so that nothing was left to my imagination. My hunger became just as great as her's.

Aphrodite patted her playfully on the rump as she passed he by, running her fingers over the cowhide, enjoying the feel of the soft grain leather as she made her way to the front.

"My, my don't you just look the part? Big, fat, and round—just like a real cow." She sighed happily as she looked at the Queen's head hanging limp. "You'll make a fitting bride for the bull."

From a mirror across the room I could see Pasiphae feebly stirring to life, a dull consciousness returning to those lust filled eyes.

"Greetings Queen of Crete." And with an outstretched finger Aphrodite lifted the Queen's chin up so that the two met eye to eye. "I have heard it said that your beauty is so great that it rivals even my own. And I have also heard it said that you are so beautiful that you don't have to make sacrifices to the gods. You must be a very proud Queen indeed, to be considered so beautiful. A very proud Queen." And here Aphrodite made a little frown of mocking chagrin: "Oh, but then, you're not a Queen, are you? You're just a cow. And what's more, a cow that can't even attract the attentions of a bull that she is in heat for. You poor thing. You must be so very, very...*frustrated*."

"Goddess?...Goddess Aphrodite...NO IT CAN'T BE! I can..." Pasiphae stammered, but before she could get any further...

"Ah, ah, ah! No words from you!" Aphrodite snapped her fingers cutting Pasiphae's voice off. "Cows don't speak, little Queen, cows moo."

"Mrphf?!?" Pasiphae muttered, sounding as if she had a muzzle about her.

"Oh, not even one little moo? For me?"

"Mrhpf! Mrhpf!" Pasiphae mumbled in a way that sounded a lot like 'not in a million years.'

"That's too bad because I was going to tell you a secret about that bull of yours."

"Mrphf?" Pasiphae seemed to ask but Aphrodite ignored her, continuing on.

"You know, I'm almost glad you stole that bull from me. I've enjoyed watching your silly attempts each night to seduce the creature. My personal favorite was the night you read the beast poetry. I don't think I have ever laughed so hard as I did that night."

"Mrhpf!!" Pasiphae shook her head, swinging her hair in all directions. "Mrhphf!"

"Oh, but look at what lovely hair you have! Do you mind if I play with it?" Aphrodite smiled deceptively as she ran an appreciative hand through Pasiphae's long dark hair, admiring the long dark silky strands. "Such lovely hair. I can see why you are so proud of it. I bet Minos just loves playing with it at night."

Aphrodite gathered up Pasiphae's hair as if it were a bouquet of flowers, breathing it in deeply and sighing.

"Now then, I think it's time we had a little chat you and I, just girl to girl," she said, working one side of Pasiphae's hair into a long braid. "Or girl to cow, in your case. Now not going to lie, you and I have had our issues—something about a missed sacrifice, a stolen bull and poorly chosen words?"

"Mrphfmrphf!"

"And yes, that is true, perhaps I went a little overboard with the whole 'no-orgasming-thing' and making you fall in love with the bull."

"MRPHFMRPHF!!!"

"Which is why I am have come here today—I want to put this all behind us." And here Aphrodite winked at me: "well...behind her, anyway."

"Mrhpf?!"

"And what better way to make sure we are friends again then by helping you get ready for your big day. And let me be the first to say," Aphrodite said, as she finished the first braid and started the second, "that I just LOVE the wedding dress you picked out."

"Mrhpf?"

"Oh, I do! It is SO you! But then I never did liked those stuffy palace weddings. Country weddings are so much more intimate affairs, don't you agree? But then, obviously you do. And I can promise you, this one will be *very* intimate."

"Mrhphf?"

"Now remember that secret I promised you?" Aphrodite held up the second strand, admiring the two braids that she had made.

"Hphf?"

"I know you're worried and wondering if you can capture the bull's heart because every time you try he just rejects you, but you have nothing to worry about. He totally wants you, honey."

"MRPHF?"

"Absolutely! He's just playing hard to get. But when he sees you all dressed up like this..." Aphrodite stood back to admire my handiwork, beaming proudly at her dark designs, "well, he won't be able to control himself, will he? You're sure to win his heart and much, much more than that. He's going to fall hard for you. Really hard."

Pasiphae just sighed longingly.

As awful as Aphrodite's words sounded in my head, I could feel desire coursing through my thick member.

"Oh, but one last bit of advice?"

"Hphf?"

"I think it's going to hurt. A lot."

I couldn't see what Pasiphae's reaction was for just then Aphrodite stood in the way of the mirror and folded her arms in smug satisfaction. "Well, you're almost ready for your big day but I see that you forgot something." Aphrodite said pointing to the underside of the frame. "You forgot your udders."

Pasiphae shook her head back and forth frantically pleading for mercy.

"Don't worry, it might be too late to have the inventor make you some but I think with a little help from my magic we can set you up nicely."

"Hrm?"

"Don't squirm!"

And with a playfully wicked giggle, Aphrodite began twirling her fingers about so that underneath the harness I saw leather stitching magically appear surrounding the circumference of the Queen's breasts. Then Aphrodite began to slowly pull at them from afar, and with each yank of her fingertips I could see the stitching being broken apart. Pasiphae could not see it, but she could hear the snap of each broken stitch and her look of befuddlement told me that she had no idea what was going on. Then, suddenly, she must have felt the leather binding start to loosen for a look of panic effused her face, but before she could react...

*Riiiiiiiiip!*

Pasiphae's chest tore through the remaining stitches and burst free, her huge milky white breasts spilling out and swinging lazily beneath her like two great big udders.

"Oh my, you really ARE a cow!" Aphrodite exclaimed delightedly. "Just look the size of those. You could hold enough milk to feed an entire village!"

I hated to admit it but Aphrodite was right. The Queen was now nothing more than an obscene display of breasts, butt and face. And yet, terrible though it may be, I could feel the heat continue to pulsate through my shaft in ways I have never felt before or since. Pasiphae made the perfect cow.

"Now admittedly, I've always preferred a female figure with a little more subtlety and grace to it." Aphrodite pulled her robe tight against her body and turned so that Pasiphae could get a full view of her figure. I could have sworn the goddess' chest was precisely the same dimensions as the Queen's had been from her original measurements. The goddess sighed happily, "But then subtleties are lost bulls, now, aren't they?"

"Mprhf?"

"Never mind that my little bovine beauty, there is still work to be done. Now what else have you forgotten?" Aphrodite paused to study the Queen. "Ah, but of course—jewelry! You're the blushing



bride, you should wear something *special* for your wedding. Now what would a cow like you want to wear for her bull? Hm. Oh, I know just the thing!” Aphrodite held out a closed hand before Pasiphae and then, smiling wickedly, opened her hand to reveal two large, metallic bells, the sorts of bells that one might find affixed to the end of a jester’s hat. “Weren’t you the one who said that all a cow cares about is wearing a pretty little bell around her neck?”

Pasiphae’s muffled protestations had the distinct sound of pleading to them but Aphrodite pretended to ignore it.

“But these aren’t just any bells. I had my brother Hades forge them just for you. They are crafted from rare metals found in the deepest bowels of the earth and they are very, very *heavy*. Only you’ll notice that they don’t come with a collar on them,” Aphrodite said, flipping the bells over to reveal clamps on the underside of each bell. “Can you guess where I’m going to put these?”

“Hfhmpf mphf hhhfmpf hhhffhmpppff!!!!” Pasiphae knew.

Aphrodite laughed sinisterly. “Oh, now don’t fret, little cow. You have such fine, big udders, surely you want them properly adorned.” Pasiphae’s muffled cries grew to a frenzied pitch as Aphrodite calmly knelt down to get a better look at the Queen’s ‘udders.’

“Hfhmpf mphf mrhpf hrmhpf!!” Pasiphae squirmed desperately, but the leather bindings of the cow held her in place and all to ready for her humiliating adornment. “Hfhmpf mphf mrhpf hrmhpf!!”

“Don’t thrash about so much little cow, I want to get a better look at these magnificent breasts of yours. Oh, these are nice. They will produce excellent milk, when the time comes. Uh-oh, look at this,” Aphrodite gasped in a mockingly way, “your nipples look sensitive. Are they? Let’s find out!”

“Hfhmpf mphf mrhpf hrmhpf!!!!”

Aphrodite reached under the frame and grabbed a nipple like a farmer grabbing a teat, pulling at it to make it ready. The Queen’s adamant pleadings took on a new level of madness as she felt her nipple being made ready for the bell.

“Hfhmpf mphf!!!mrhpf!!!hrmhpf!!!!”

“Now really, I’m starting to think you don’t like my present.” Aphrodite pulled at the nipple, trying to work the clasp around it but it was no good, no matter how hard Aphrodite tugged she could not fit the clasp of the bell over the Queen’s nipple. Even from my vantage point I could see the problem—Pasiphae had large, flat aureolas, much larger than the average woman’s making it so she had less of a tip at the end to work with.

“This is not working. Hm, what can I use...?” Aphrodite stood up and considered the matter.

I could almost read her thoughts—or perhaps she was reading mine. My engineering mind knew that she needed something to harden the tips of the Queens soft nipples, but what? I thought about the bucket of water in the corner of the room directly behind the Pasiphae. It was a special bucket, one of my first creations when I had first arrived on Crete, and it had the magical ability of always keeping water ice cold.

“Ah!” Aphrodite smiled at me as if to thank me for the thought—she had found what she needed. She glided gracefully to the corner and grabbed the bucket full of unnaturally frigid water.

Pasiphae just lay there, trapped in a costume of her own making, docile and still, completely

oblivious to what was unfolding behind her. Aphrodite studied the bucket for a moment before nodding to me her appreciation. Then, with one quick heave Aphrodite splashed the ice cold water over Pasiphae's naked breasts.

"WhaaaaaAAAAH! Ohmygods...!!!" The Queen gasped, the cold shock of icy water bringing her out of her docile state before sucking the wind out of her.

While Pasiphae gasped her breasts dimpled from the rush of ice cold water, her nipples swelling outward so that her large, flat aureolas puckered into thick, tight pink nipples. The goddess now had more than enough to work with. She chose her first victim and stretched it outward, enjoying the feeling of taut flesh between her fingertips, before opening the clasp and letting it close again, this time on a nipple with more than enough flesh to hold it...

"AIIIEEE!"

Pasiphae jerked forward, bumping hard against the upper frame which kept her pinned in while her cries sent my tools tumbling from the workbench and onto the floor. Before Pasiphae could recover her senses Aphrodite had grabbed the second nipple and belled it as well. More screams came from the front of the cow, these even louder than the first.

The Queen was like a caged animal, unthinking and acting on instinct, blindly swinging her breasts from side to side, trying in vain to shake the bells off. But the bells were too firmly affixed to her pink flesh and all she succeeded in doing was filling my workshop with the jovial sounds of a sleigh ride. Aphrodite could stifle her laughter no more.

"It's not the pinching you should worry about, silly cow, it's the hang!"

But Pasiphae continued until both her front and her rear glistened with sweat. How hot she must be sewn inside all that leather padding! At last she had spent all her energy and her head slumped forward, beads of sweat falling to the earthen floor. The Queen's "udders" now drooped, tugged downward by the weight of the bells, stretching them and the nipple out so that their already enormous size was exaggerated even further.

"Oooww!" Pasiphae moaned in a far away, distant voice. She was clearly unconscious, but even half asleep she could still feel the bells pulling on her nipples. "Oooooowww!"

Aphrodite patted Pasiphae on her rump as she turned to me..

"She'll get used to them," Aphrodite assured me. "They hurt at first, but once she has had them on for a while she will hardly even notice them." Pasiphae moaned in unconscious disagreement.

"Oh, your udders will be fine, you vain little cow, besides it is this end that you should be worried about!" And then, just as a stable hand might to a real heifer, Aphrodite reached back and gave Pasiphae's bare bottom a good swift slap—SMACK!

"AAAH!" Pasiphae's head jerked up, seeming to revive for a moment before slipping back into unconsciousness again. I saw a red hand print from where Aphrodite had been. "Oowhhh...Oowhhh....oowhhh...oowhhh..." Her moans were a mixture of pleasure and pain.

"Passed out. She offers me no amusement like this." Aphrodite nodded toward me. "You there, inventor, you may complete her preparations for me. Come."

Suddenly I found myself under my own control again and able to move. I quickly fell to my knees.

"Goddess Aphrodite...I so humbly beseech thee..."

"I have no interest in your groveling inventor, only your obedience and efficiency to my commands. I wish to see this cow-queen joined in unholy matrimony to the white bull before the day is out so speed is of essence. I see that you have a pair of animal sheers on your worktable. You may use them to shear her of her hair."

I hardly knew what to say and yet I knew only to look at Pasiphae that one did not argue with the gods. Still I could not help but wonder: "Your will is mine to obey goddess...but...may I ask why her hair...?"

"It is rather simple, Daedelas: a cow is a creature who has no pride. We must therefore shear her of hers." The goddess instructed darkly, handing me the large scissors. "Besides, her locks offend me. Sheer them."

I looked at the scissors and knew that I had no choice. "As you command."

"I do not want it completely gone, mind you, just short enough so that I may see her face when the bull enters her. Have it to frame her face so that I may see her expression as it fills it."

"Yes...yes, of course..." Shaking, and not quite sure if I was moving under my own power or if like Pasiphae I was under the control of the goddess, I gathered up one of the Queen's dark, silky braids. Then, with a few steady strokes I severed it. Long, beautiful strands of midnight silk fell to my feet like the night sky falling to earth. Pasiphae moaned and began to stir to life, but her head slumped low again as she resisted the effort. I cut the the second braid off so that all that was left of Pasiphae's beautiful hair was just enough hair to reach down to her chin.

"Not so pretty now, are you dear?" Aphrodite said, pushing Pasiphae's hair behind her ears. "But then, it's not this end that you will be famous for anymore. Inventor, you may do the same to her other side."

"Goddess...you mean...?"

"Yes—shave her." And from thin air Aphrodite handed me my cup of lathering soap and razor I used to shave my beard. "I want nothing to come between her soft flesh and the prickle of the bull's coarse fur."

Pasiphae moaned what sounded like a muffled, half conscious protestation.

Knowing that to argue would mean a fate worse than death I set a tall stool behind the cow and I began lathering her up, spreading my white foaminess all over her spread, open cunt, for that is what it was to me now—just a cunt. I worked my foam over her tight flesh, marveling at just how well the ramp and hindquarters spread her out.

"Uh...uh...uh...uh..." Even asleep Pasiphae panted and moaned with hoarse desire as my hands slid easily over her swollen desire. Although I had strapped her in tight, she was still able to move her hips, which she did pushing her bottom out in rhythm to my hands. "Uh...uh...uh...!"

Lust pounded through my veins with each smashing drum beat of my heart. I felt an overpowering animal instinct as I slowly slid my razor gently over her soft, delicate flesh, making for a clean, smooth presentation at the back end of the cow.

"Uh! Uh! Uh!..." Pasiphae was pushing back hard now.

With a few more careful passes of my razor she still had a triangle of dark curls between her legs, but that was hidden away inside the costume; the only parts of her that could be seen were completely shaved, making for a clean presentation.

“Uhhh! Mmmm! Ooooh!”

I wiped away the remaining foam with a cloth towel, setting forever to memory the sight of the queen’s smooth hunger, ravenously awaiting her dark punishment, those thick pink lips parted just wide enough to allow entry for a man such as her husband. Of course, it wasn’t her husband or even a man at all that those lips hungered for; they would need to part much wider apart if they were to attain the object of her affection.

“UHHH! UHhhh??...uh? Ooooh!?” Pasiphae pouted, as I put my tools away.

“Here, drink this, you have earned it,” Aphrodite said, handing me a chalice of cold water. I downed it a single gulp, not feeling even a single flame of my lust lessened. “You should be proud of your work, anyone who sees her would think her the real thing. Although, I do think that I may have overdone her udders. What do you think inventor, are they too big?”

Aphrodite turned to me for a response but laughed when she saw what was between my legs. “Ha! Never mind, that hard shaft between your robe tells me everything I need to know. Men! You’re all the same.” She twirled her fingers over my empty chalice, “here, have a second drink, you obviously need it.”

I downed it as quickly as I had downed the first.

“You may leave the false cow head unattached as well as the the part that fits over her rump.” Aphrodite instructed as she slipped her hands admiringly over the Queen’s tight cheeks. “I think she looks a much finer cow as she is.”

“But those parts are...”

“And you are to push the Queen as just as she has instructed you to, only make sure that she arrives at the city center by midday.”

“But goddess, the city center? That would mean taking her to the market place. I had thought to place the cow in the fields at night when no one was around. The Queen had mentioned privacy.”

“A pity, for she will have very little of it.”

“But...”

“Her theft of my bull was done in public, a spectacle for all her kingdom to see. So too, then, must her punishment be made an equally...*public* affair.”

“Ye...yes, my goddess. I suppose that is only right.”

“Good. Take her there and I will see to the rest.”

“Hmmm?” Pasiphae began to stir feebly.

“Before you go, I should probably remove this,” Aphrodite said, returning to the front of the cow where she lifted the Queen’s crown from her head. “Queens wear crowns after all, little cow, not cows. But perhaps I can make you something a little more...*fitting*.” Then, with magic flowing

through her finger tips she molded and shaped the crown as if it were made from clay until she had reformed the royal crown of Crete into a crown of golden horns like that of a common heifer. "There that's much better," Aphrodite exclaimed, placing the crown back on Pasiphae's head. "You are truly the Queen of the Cows now!"

"Hmmm...mprhfwa...?" Pasiphae mumbled, her mind completely devoid of thought other than the raw animal need to be filled.

"One last word of advice, little cow," Aphrodite said, using an outstretched finger to lift the Queen by her chin again, catching the Queen's eyes with her own. "And do try to focus, I know it must be difficult. If you want this to work, and I mean if you REALLY want this to work..."

Pasiphae nodded her head eagerly. "Mmrph! Mmrph!" That got her attention! "Mmrph!"

"...you need to do more than just look like a cow..."

"Mrhpf???"

"...you also have to sound like a cow, if you know what I mean..."

"Mprhpmrhpfmhf???" Pasiphae shook her head in confusion.

"...and cows don't mumble, little Queen, cows..."

"MOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"

"Yes, they moo," Aphrodite agreed, with a smile of satisfaction spreading across her face like I have never seen before or since. It think the image of this haughty Queen nodding her head eagerly and bawling out a long, enthusiastic moo was of an even greater satisfaction for Aphrodite than the thought of her impending mating.

"MOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"

"Oh, but are you sure dear? I mean, it's not beneath your dignity? You aren't too ashamed?"

"MOO! MOO! MOO! MOO! MOO!" There was no mistaking her vehemence or her answer.

Aphrodite's laughter filled by workshop, but even that was not enough to drown out the sounds of the Queens enthusiastic mooing.

At last when the Queen's moos had subsided Aphrodite smiled and winked at me.

"She's ready, inventor. I think its time to take this little cow-queen to market." Then, after a moment's thought, Aphrodite leaned toward me and said in a more serious tone: "You have done well by me Daedelas and so in return I hope what you have witnessed here today has helped repay my debt to you."

"I don't understand."

"No, I think you do understand, you just don't want to. If this hasn't helped you see her for what she truly is, nothing will. I can only curse those to love that which has already found a place in their heart. I could curse you to love any woman, any device or creation you make, or even one of your equations, but I could never awaken in your heart a lust for a rock, or a tree, if you see what I mean. The darkness was in her soul to begin with, I only awoke what was already there and stoked it. It is

important that you understand this because what will happen to her next will be...*difficult* for her. And if you still love her...well, I wouldn't want to see you hurt, Daedelas."

I nodded knowing what that difficulty meant and looked at Pasiphae—her head bowed low, large, drooping breasts belled beneath her, butt thrust high and legs spread wide, all encased in a rotund shell so it began to appear to my mind that it was no costume at all.

"Now go, push her and remember what I have said—I will take care of the rest." With that Aphrodite vanished.

I was a little shaken by all that I had just seen and done. With Aphrodite gone the Queen was eerily quiet now, staring placidly ahead like a cow. In my nervousness I accidentally jostled the cow causing the Queen's breasts to sway beneath her. The cow bells jingled happily at the ends of her nipples though Pasiphae's moan indicated that she felt entirely differently about the matter. They continued to sway for a moment, side to side, like a lazy pendulum before settling again.

I wiped sweat from my brow as I opened up my workshop doors. The Queen had arrived in my workshop just after dawn so that when I pushed open the doors the sun burst in in all its glory, illuminating Pasiphae-as-cow in a halo. It was as though Apollo himself had taken this moment to give his blessing to the union of Pasiphae and the bull.

The morning already had a true heat to it, and I wonder just how much hotter yet it could become. How fitting, I thought, for the morning heat to mimic the Queen's unquenchable lust.

Standing behind her I placed my palms on her soft, rounded cheeks and pushed her out of my workshop and into the open morning air. I had built wheels into the hooves so that it moved with relative ease out of my workshop and into the light.

I breathed in deeply sensing frisson and wonder in the air, as if nature itself was keenly aware of the great portents of this day. I rolled the cow along the countryside, the Queen enjoying the fresh breeze on face, mooing contentedly from time to time. The scent of her honeyed arousal mixed with the flowery Spring air in a way that spoke of rites of fertility and wonders yet to come. Beneath the cow the Pasiphae's breasts swayed from side to side, rocking back and forth like the perfect metronome set in rhythm to the uneven landscape. The weight of the bells allowed for a greater arc of her breasts, swinging lazily on the smaller bumps but gaining good momentum with the larger ones. But none of this seemed to bother the Queen who kept on mooing, making for a strange and comforting music as I pushed her along. You would have thought her just another animal of nature and not a Queen born on high by how content she was. It must have made for a most bizarre sight on an otherwise sublime day.

But before I could dwell on the strangeness any further I saw not far ahead the city streets that would lead me to the heart of the city—to where Pasiphae's evil fate awaited her.

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Chapter Eight - A Public Punishment

Under the glare of the unforgiving sun I pushed the mad Queen from the countryside to the streets that would take her deep into the capital of Minos' empire. The first to see their Queen wearing her new costume were the peasants tending their fields on the outskirts of the city. I cannot explain the looks on their faces as they saw me pass, pushing a big breasted woman in a cow costume. They

were probably too far away to recognize that it was their Queen that I was pushing, but still their looks defy description.

At last we made it past the villagers and into the city itself, where by this time the Queen's juices had begun to coat my hands. I couldn't help myself and had to look—her lips glistened with lust and were so swollen with desire that like her breasts they swayed with each bump in the road.

I had entered the capital using the south entrance which I knew would be close to empty at this time of day but I also knew that as I made my way deeper into the city the streets would only become more crowded with each passing block until we reached the market square where the throng of people was always at its thickest. If only I knew just how right I was.

It was not long until the Queen came upon her first subjects who were happily going about their day on the busy city streets. Men and women stopped dead in their tracks and turned white as the linens they wore, first at the sight of a woman in such wanton dress, then at the recognition of who that woman was.

"By the gods!"

"Is that the Queen!?"

"Athena save us all!"

"The King will surely kill all who look upon her!"

I heard such cries again and again, but mostly I heard the creaking turning of cow the wheels as stunned silence filled the air. Men gaped at her breasts, women covered the eyes of children, but no one could look away. There was their once proud Queen, dressed as a cow. I think what sickened them the most was the few times Pasiphae noticed them and smiled pleasantly at them as though nothing were out of the ordinary.

"Moo!"

I trundled Pasiphae deeper into the city. The streets grew thicker with people, giving us very little room to maneuver. More than once, as we turned onto a new street, the merry clang of Pasiphae's nipples heralded her arrival before we got there and some of her subjects, thinking a court jester was nearby turned around eagerly for the fun. Their expressions quickly became a ghastly white as they withdrew in horror seeing they young Queen with bells fixed to her nipples parading toward them. I think a tidal wave or earthquake would have been received as a less ill omen than this.

Until now I had never realized just how uneven the city streets were, for the lips of Pasiphae's lust swollen sex and breasts both were jostled terribly the entire way. I could swear that the bells rang louder with each passing street and pitied her poor nipples. Though, to be fair to Aphrodite, Pasiphae no longer seemed to mind them as much as she did.

At last we arrived at the the market square where the crowd was so thick I had to use Pasiphae to push through them. Shouts of shock and horror broke out as one by one her subjects hastily recoiled, realizing what it was I was pushing. This at least made reaching the center of the market relatively easy, and as the crowd parted way I saw something that should have given Pasiphae the greatest dread—there before us, at the center of the market place, was the entire royal court in full session with Minos at its head.

I was certain to be executed immediately! Why on this day of all days did the King have to decide to

hold court in an open market?!

But as I rolled the Queen up no one seemed to pay attention to me so agog were they by the sight of their Queen in her cow garb. One by one, each subject fell silent as they caught sight of Queen-become-cow. Poor Minos stood with his back to us not realizing the chaos his wife's appearance was causing amongst his subjects. The Fates are not without irony—Minos was busy lecturing the court on the need for chastity and virtue—normally a favorite subject of the Queen. All eyes were all the Queen now, all save Minos', as she glided ominously toward the court.

Minos had gathered them all—every court advisors, ministers, and every lord and lady in the land was in attendance. They all made an impressive display, dressed in their fine array of family colors, with banners, crests, emblems and flags proudly displayed in all the pomp and ceremony that riches could buy. I even noticed too that there was a large group of foreign dignitaries visiting today, usually a rare treat for Pasiphae who enjoyed showing off her subtle charms to. Mouths drops, eyes bulged, as everyone now saw the Queen as she was, everyone save her husband, the King.

And there in the center of it all stood Minos, arrogant and proud, oblivious to the crowd around him or what was happening.

"...a land as powerful as ours cannot prosper by weapons and might alone!" He thundered to the assembled crowd. "We must have more than that! We just have virtue and chastity and self-control! But more than that we must set aside our bestial nature and embrace..."

But no one was listening, least of all his wife who I now pushed past the King and Queen's thrones. The Queen's throne was notably empty; Pasiphae noticed this too, and giggled as she rolled by it.

"...and so I say unto you all, give in not to your animal desires! Rather, I encourage thee, nay I command thee to..."

"By the gods!" one of the more fair hearted ladies gasped, fainting into the arms of her nearby husband as the Queen trundled up beside her.

"Moo!" Pasiphae called out to everyone, her bells punctuating her reply as I brought her journey to a swift halt. Fearful of what Minos would do to me should he see me, I patted the Pasiphae on the butt and whispered good luck and took a few steps back into the crowd.

"Who dares interrupt the King?" Minos growled at the lady who had gasped before turning around to glare at whoever had made the noise behind him. "Men have been sent to rot in my dungeon for much less than...!" But then he suddenly stopped, his eyes having finally caught sight of his wife as the cow that she was for the first time. "By the gods indeed..." he whispered.

I had pushed her to the center of the crowd so that she was right next to her husband. The crowd receded further, moving away leaving Minos and Pasiphae alone together, in the center of the market square, the all-powerful, imposing couple suddenly seeming very small and weak.

"This...this cannot be. What sort of black magic is this?" He asked, looking at his wife in disbelief. "Pasiphae? Pasiphae, that cannot be you."

Pasiphae smiled pathetically at her husband.

"By the gods, it is but...Pasiphae, your hair! Your lovely hair, what have you done to it?" Minos reached out and gingerly touched her sheered locks. "What happened to all your pretty hair?"

But Pasiphae just looked docilely back at her husband, no answer forthcoming.

Minos looked nervously at the foreign dignitaries.

“Pasiphae!” he seethed in a whisper, trying hard to keep his voice low. “Do you have any idea how many important dignitaries are here? The Theban delegation is here! A minister from Egypt is in attendance! Do you know how hard it was to convince them to come? What are you doing?”

Pasiphae just mooed happily.

The sound of his wife’s moo made him turn a sickening white. He took a quick step back in horror, paused, thought about it, and then with a few hasty steps backward made himself part of the crowd leaving Pasiphae very much alone.

Pasiphae shook her be-horned head at her husband and mooed at him accusingly.

“Pasiphae...I don’t understand? I...what madness has befallen you? Why are you dressed like a cow...what has happened to your beautiful hair, and what...BY THE GODS YOUR BREASTS!!!” Minos had not seen his wife’s naked breasts until now, but as he did so he choked on his next words. He gaped like everyone else in the audience, standing there dumbly, like the rest of us, staring at his wife’s enormous breasts for a very long, and very painful moment, unable to speak.

“That’s impossible...” he whispered to him. “Impossible....”

I think they were actually bigger than when we left my workshop. Perhaps it was just the way they hung? Or maybe it was the way the midday sun caught them? Without my measuring cord I couldn’t be sure.

“By the gods,” he whispered, “they’re...they are so...so...*huge!* Pasiphae, your...your...breasts...?!”

But Pasiphae just smiled and in reply gave her breasts a good shake so that they made a merry jingle in return. Minos turned a shade whiter as he looked cautiously from one foreign dignitary to another. He seemed to be more concerned about their opinion than his wife’s predicament!

All around me I could hear the crowd starting to whisper.

“I never knew she was so big!”

“Me neither.”

“They are pretty perky for being so large.”

“Its ungodly!”

“Her poor back!”

“She won’t like those after she has a few kids,” I heard another whisper knowingly to her friend behind me. “The stretching alone will be something awful and...”

Everyone was whispering and murmuring about the Queen except those standing directly behind her. They were the ones who had the most intimate view and they need not have made anything at all for their looks said everything. Lords, dukes, servants, peasants, *slaves even*, were getting a very intimate view of their Queen in a way that up until now only Minos ever had.

"By the gods," Minos repeated to himself, still unable to break the enchantment his wife's enormous breasts had cast upon him. "By the gods, by the gods..."

"Sire, if you would..." one of his ministers said, fighting his way through the crowd so that he could whisper in the King's ear.

But Minos only continued to mutter to himself: "So big. It is impossible."

"Sire, please!"

"Why would she expose herself...and with the dignitaries here..."

"Sire..."

"...dressed like a cow. Why is she dressed like a cow??? And her breasts...!"

"Sire, the um..." the minister looked pained as he tried to find the right words and then given the situation decided to give up on the attempt. "Sire, the royal breasts are not the only parts of the Queen that are exposed. Her other end is noticeably absent of any clothing as well."

Finally Minos heard his minister and catching the looks of his subjects that stood behind the Queen knew instantly what he meant.

"WHAT!?"

"Sire, we need to get her out of here before any one else see her like this. Especially certain...others..." The minister looked slyly to a group of ladies who had silently emerged at the front of the crowd and I instantly knew what he meant.

These were the ladies that Pasiphae so despised, the "cows" as she had called them. At first they had been as shocked as the rest of the crowd, but they had very quickly recovered themselves and I caught them giving knowing glances and thinly disguised smiles at each other, but nothing could hide the twinkle of malicious delight in their eyes. Pasiphae's discomfort was their pleasure. If Pasiphae had any idea that they were...

"Wait...someone had to have pushed her here! Who was it? Bring this man to me, so that I may wring his throat with my own hands," Minos roared, at last, the old thunder returning to his voice. "Obviously this man is a wizard, and has put my wife under a spell. Where is he? I will tear him to pieces!"

Everyone looked about, but none cast a finger in my direction. Indeed I don't think the crowd was trying to protect me, I think that no one truly remembered who it was that had pushed the Queen here.

"What did he look like?" Minos thundered in rage. "Someone must have seen him!!!"

"I...I know that I saw him..." stammered one.

"Me to...I'm pretty sure it was a man who pushed her..." said another.

"But I can't remember what he looked like."

"Me too. It's like his face had no features to it."

"I can't even remember what color his hair was."

"Or how tall he was."

One by one each subject of Minos confessed that they could not remember my face. It could only be the work of Aphrodite protecting me from the rage of the mob!

"By the gods, none of you remember what he looked like!? Foul magic is at work. That much is clear and none can deny it, a dark magic has caused all this."

Again nothing but a terrible silence greeted the King's ears.

At last another one of Minos's advisors stepped forward, "This is an ill omen, Your Highness. We must get her back to the palace. Once in the palace we can safely question her and find out who brought her here. Until then..."

"Yes, yes I see your point." Minos said, seeming to recover himself at last. "Yes...to the palace. You there, guardsmen, drape a blanket around the Queen and push her to the palace, and call for Daedelas, we will need his skill to freeing her from this contraption. Only mind where you place your hands when you push her! If a single one of you so much as..."

CRRAAAAAAACKKKKKAAAABOOOOOOM!!!

But Minos never finished his sentence as a large crack of thunder sounded, though there were no cloud, and in a great flash of light there suddenly appeared Aphrodite herself.

The crowd fell to their knees in supplication as Aphrodite stood in the center of the market square, easily a head taller than any man, with a swirling mist vanishing from about him. She let her sudden appearance wash over the crowd, increasing the level of terror, before turning toward Minos and his court.

"I think the Queen will stay right here," she said sweetly. "She is my cow, after all, not yours."

"You dare!" Minos seethed, sitting up rigidly on his throne. "My wife is no cow. Goddess or not, you will treat my wife with the respect she deserves!"

Aphrodite laughed. It was an evil laugh that sent shivers down my spine and sent many in the crowd into hysterics falling to the ground praying.

"Oh, but I am treating her as she deserves! A year ago, in this very square, you withheld sacrifice from me, and so today, by the rules of fate I am now taking something of equal value that is yours. I have chosen your wife. I think it only a fair exchange—your cow for my bull."

"Now see here..." Minos began.

"No, it is you who shall see!" Aphrodite's voice rang throughout the market square. "Watch!" Then, with a wave of her hand there was another resounding crack of thunder, more mist, and then suddenly there appeared the white bull.

It stood just behind the young Queen, the mist of its conjuration still evaporating from its flawless hide. It remained unmoving, almost uncaring, and yet it radiated to everyone in the crowd a terrible, masculine power of possession.

The crowd gasped in a single voice of awe. Even for a bull it was huge. It was tall, powerful, and all

knotted muscle from hooves to horns. It gleamed a brilliant white, sweat glistening from its hide under the glare of the hot sun. Its hooves and horns were an obsidian black, darker than the coal of Hades, and its nostrils pink like coral. But most of all I remember its dark, fathomless blue eyes just staring. I had seen many fabulous and wondrous sights in my lifetime, but none so fabulous and so terrible as the white bull. And as great as it was, there was also something vaguely evil about its presence.

Aphrodite looked mischievously at Minos. For a long moment the love goddess simply waited for Minos to comprehend what it was that was before him. It took a few moments, but when it came to Minos the shock and dread of it all hit Minos like a battering ram almost sending him toppling backward, tripping over and onto his throne.

"I thought this might be a good solution to our little problem. The bull you stole from me can mate with the cow that I stole from you and then we can both let bygones be bygones."

"NO! It...but...it's impossible..." Minos stammered. "You can't! It would...she could never... they could never...it wouldn't fit..." Minos' voice trailed away in disbelief. His eyes ran from his wife's protruding naked butt to the sinister beast standing several feet behind her. The size differential was extraordinary. She looked so small with the bull behind her. "You cannot mean to..."

"Oh, I don't mean to," Aphrodite assured the King, "but your wife certainly does."

"But...but...no..." Minos said weakly. "She...she could never...not with a bull. It's too big! She would never survive it. It would..."

"Crush her? Tear her, rend her to apart? Split her in two?" Aphrodite asked casually, seeming to relish each and every word of it. "You need not worry, your pretty little cow has thought of everything. She had this costume made just to make this mating possible. See what a clever wife you have? I got to play dress up with her earlier today and I have to say that she really got into the spirit of things. Yes, she will be just fine thanks to this," Aphrodite patted the cow costume appreciatively. "Though I can't say that she won't be a little sore in the morning."

"My wife will never mate with a bull! I forbid it. It's not right, it's monstrous, it's cruel!" Minos shouted. "It's..."

"Cruel?" Aphrodite laughed. "You are as more to blame for this so-called cruelty than anyone else, arrogant king." Aphrodite walked slowly toward the back of the cow, running her hand over the soft hide as she went.

"Lies! I have nothing to do with any of this."

"Oh really?" Aphrodite spun around. "Have you not spent a lifetime of giving your pretty little wife everything she wants?"

"I don't see what that has to do with..."

"Have you ever once said 'no' to her?"

"I...well..." Minos' voice trailed off. "I still don't see..."

"You have indulged your wife, King Minos, and you have spoiled her. In fact, she is so spoiled that anything she is told she cannot have, she wants more than ever." Aphrodite said, patting Pasiphae contemptuously on her bottom. "All I have had to do is whisper into her ear each night that she

cannot have her bull, and it has put her in a fever for it. And so today you and all your subjects shall have the pleasure of watching as your wife is indulged yet again, only this time to the fullest. After all, what a Queen wants, a Queen gets!" And here Aphrodite took her hand back and gave Queen Pasiphae's bottom so hard a slap that resounded throughout the market. Pasiphae gasped with pained surprise, and for a brief second I thought she might come out of her trance.

The love goddess shot the white bull a sinister glance. "Bellow!" She commanded and the bull obeyed with an eery call that sounded like a horn summoning demons from below. Many shrieked in terror, others covered their ears, but Pasiphae...

It was the first real sign of life I had seen in the Queen since Aphrodite's arrival. Her body stiffened as every nerve in her body surged to life, her head shot up, alert and ready. The bull bellowed its mating call again as Pasiphae shook her head from side to side, frantically searching for her beloved, but the padding of her costume made her too fat to see behind her, keeping the bull just out of view.

"Moo?!" she called out in panic to her bull. "Moo?! Mooo???" Though she could barely move it was obvious to all that she was desperately straining in the bull's direction. "Mooo!"

Only then did I realized the true intent of my dark creation—it was not to help Pasiphae unite with the bull, but to keep her *apart* from it. Did Aphrodite even intend for the mating to take place at all?

Pasiphae's belled breasts added to the strange cacophony of noises as she rocked back and forth in her cow.

"Moo! Moo! Moo!"

"Hahahahaha!!!" Aphrodite laughed and then shook her head contemptuously as she watched as Minos try shrinking into his throne.

"Little wonder you desire the bull, I might too if I am married such a coward," Aphrodite said making her way back to the front of cow. She reached down and grabbed the Queen's chin harshly, holding her still so that their eyes might meet.

"The lust you find yourself in for the bull shall lift just enough so that you may see and hear me, but nothing more than that!" Aphrodite commanded.

The light of consciousness returned to the Queen's hazel eyes and from where I stood I could see Pasiphae's eyes lock onto those of Aphrodite. I saw both terror and recognition in those eyes, but most of all her insatiable lust. The love goddess tightened her grip around the Queen's chin and leaned in close.

"You know who and what I am?" It was less a question and more a statement.

Pasiphae nodded weakly.

"And you know that something was stolen from me, right here, in this market square, a year ago this very day."

Pasiphae tried to shake herself free, but Aphrodite held her tight.

"You remember. And you remember *who* stole from me, don't you?"

Pasiphae tried furiously to shake her head, but Aphrodite held her firmly in hand. Finally, after a

terrified moment of gazing into Aphrodite's unforgiving eyes, Pasiphae nodded her head.

"I am glad you can be honest with me," Aphrodite said, stretching herself up tall before the Queen. "In return, I will be honest with you. It is a strange thing for a woman to give herself to a bull, but even stranger yet a divine bull. The seed from such a god-given beast can be powerful indeed. I wonder what could come of it?"

Pasiphae mouth dropped, half in horror half in confusion.

"You can never know for sure what will happen when a mortal mates with the divine. The only way to know for sure is to try it and see what happens. I know I'm curious to see what comes of a Queen mating a bull, aren't you?"

Pasiphae didn't know how to answer. She wanted with every fiber of her being to be mated, and mated as soon as possible, but was Aphrodite truly threatening that this would be a fruitful coupling?

"All the gods and goddesses are taking bets, you know. Most don't think anything at all will happen, some don't expect you to even survive it, but personally I think that this mating is," and here Aphrodite reached under the cow frame and rubbed the Queen's flat belly, "pregnant with possibilities."

"Moo?"

"I can't say I envy you the stretch marks." Aphrodite said, shaking her head. "You'll be as big as a house, for sure, if it happens. Though, you certainly have the tits for it."

"Moo?!"

"You won't be comfortable carrying all that milk, but these are plentiful enough and you should be able to produce enough for a bull-baby, again, should it happen." She gave Pasiphae's mammories a few appreciative squeezes, assessing their capacity for milk production. "Yes, they should do you proud, though afterwards, I am afraid they might droop a bit. That can't be helped, of course."

I was feeling sickened by all that I had seen. I found myself feeling pity and sympathy for Pasiphae, wishing the goddess would end her torment. And yet, I am ashamed to admit it, a part of me wanted to see how well my costume design would hold up to the ultimate test.

"Of course all this assumes the bull finds the right hole. Bulls aren't know for their finesse you know."

Pasiphae looked truly panicked now but Aphrodite had already turned away to address the crowd.

"Her torment has lasted a year now and while my brothers are all too eager to see her mated to the bull, some of my sister goddesses think that I have gone too far," Aphrodite announced to the assembled throng of people. "Until now I was inclined to agree with my brothers, but seeing you all here now, terrified in my presence, your Queen humbled before me, your King cowering on his throne, I wonder if perhaps the lesson has gone far enough?"

Cries for mercy went out throughout the entire crowd, though these were more out of fear of Aphrodite than love for their Queen, but no voice was quite so loud as Pasiphae's: "Moo!! Moo!!" She nodded her head frantically.

Grinning, Aphrodite turn around to face Pasiphae once more. "You were very foolish to steal from me. I hope you have learned a lesson in humility."

"Moo!" Pasiphae nodded eagerly, her bells ringing with each nod.

"I would need you to promise to put an end to your arrogance, once and for all. Never again are you to deny me sacrifice."

"Moo! Moo!"

"Nor are you to look down on others just because you are royalty. You must promise to change your ways not just as a sovereign but as a woman. You would have to become kind, pleasant, and humble. Can you do that?"

Pasiphae nodded enthusiastically.

"You would become kind? Benevolent? A true servant of your people?"

"Moooo!" Pasiphae bawled up to the sky in affirmation.

"Very well then," Aphrodite said, then looking over her shoulder to where the King sat meekly on this throne: "You may have your wife back. The heavens know you deserve each other, neither of you have made a rather impressive display this day." Then turning back to Pasiphae: "I lift the curse from your mind and you shall feel desire for the white bull no more! Go now, let this be a reminder to all who would cross the power of an Olympian..." And with that Aphrodite shimmered before fading from the market square.

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## **Chapter Nine - A Moooving Experience**

"Yes! Oh yes, please! I will do anything you ask of me, I will....wait, my voice!" Pasiphae gasped in shock at the sound of her own voice. "I...I can speak again!" Then crying up to the sky: "Oh thank the heavens, my voice is finally my own again!" I thought I heard her choke back tears of joy. "And my mind, too! My lust is gone, I can really feel it finally gone. Oh at long last..." My stomach, which I had just realized had been knotted this entire time, began to settle, as did my conscious. I could return home, and with very little guilt.

"I am finally free," Pasiphae sighed, bowing her head to rest for a moment. "I am finally, truly...wait...why can't I move?"

I saw her struggle for a second before...

"I am trapped! I can't move my arms or my legs! And what is that heaviness pulling at my..." Pasiphae paused in mid sentence. The Queen had just become painfully aware that she had an audience. "Oh! How did I get here?"

She looked frightened and lost as she ran her eyes over the crowd trying to find a friendly face. Her eyes ran over everyone—her slaves, the peasants, the priests, her advisors, the foreign dignitaries, her empty throne...

The Queen gasped. She had come face to face with her ladies.

Theirs was the look of unmasked triumph. They smirked, and looked down at their Queen with cold, pitiless eyes, judging her just as she had judged them countless times before. Their wildest dreams had come true—their haughty Queen was a cow.

Pasiphae looked very small and frightened, “What...what is everyone staring at?”

The lady nearest Pasiphae arched a brow to catch her attention, and with an icy stare of disapproval flicked her eyes in the direction the Queen’s undercarriage where her breasts hung naked beneath her. Pasiphae strained to follow the lady’s eye but could not quite bend herself enough. The lady simply smiled in a pleasant, deadly sort of way.

“I don’t understand,” Pasiphae said weakly.

A breeze blew just then across the market, cooling the sweat on Pasiphae’s breasts and causing that soft flesh to dimple. For a moment Pasiphae looked confused, and then suddenly...

“My TITS!”

I don’t think until now her full memory had returned to her, but it was suddenly flooding back.

“How dare any of you look at me! Avert your eyes this instant, all of you,” she demanded, turning on the crowd. “Do you hear me? I can have you fed you to lions or...oh,” her eyes narrowed on her target, “YOU!”

She glared; she had found her husband.

“This is all your fault!”

“My fault?!” Minos said, both shocked and hurt.

“If you had just sacrificed that stupid bull like you should have then none of this would have happened.”

“But Pasiphae dear, you told me we should keep it.”

“Oh, so you’re blaming me? This is my fault?”

“You said you wanted a pet...”

“I just made a —ouch! what is that pinching me? — a suggestion, that’s all. You’re the one who said it was so beautiful.”

“Well at least I didn’t fall in love with it!”

“I was under a spell, Minos! What was I supposed to do? ”

“Maybe if you hadn’t kept it as a pet...”

“And maybe if you had just bought me jewelry like I had asked...ouch!”

“I thought the bull was a nice present...”

“Who gives their wife a barnyard animal as a present, anyway?!”



"I thought you would like it."

"Do I LOOK like I like it!"

"Um...well..." Minos clearly did not know how to answer that one.

"And now—ouch!—I'm being—ouch!—punished all because of you."

"Me? I'm not the one who..." but sense overcame Minos at last. "Pasiphae, I really don't think this is the time or the place to be discussing this. I'll have my guard roll you to the back to the palace..."

"Oh, you'd like that, wouldn't you? You just want me to...to...Ouch! What is pinching my tits?"

"Pasiphae! Don't call them that in front of our subjects!"

"My boobs then, Minos! Whatever it is you want to call them, they hurt. What in Hades is making them hu ...?" And then she heard it—the all too cheery ringing of the bells. "By Hera! Do not tell me..."

"I'm afraid so dear. I've been trying to tell you that maybe this isn't the best time to..."

"I have been belled? My tits have been BELLED?"

"Pasiphae dear..."

"You are probably loving this, aren't you? "

"Pasiphae, no I promise you I am not!"

"Just because I won't go on all fours for you and find that position demeaning..."

"PASIPHAE! SHH!!!"

"I...I.....OUCH!" The Queen could stand the pain no longer and tried furiously to fling the bells off, shaking herself from side to side. All this did was make the bells ring louder and more cheerfully. "Oooow! What are they so heavy?"

Pasiphae shook harder, but the bells remained firmly affixed as ever. I saw a foreign dignitary's eyes bulge as the Queen breasts flapped ridiculously. "Why won't they come off? Ow, my nipples are killing me!"

"Pasiphae..." Minos whispered, turning white as sheet again. "Pasiphae...I think that maybe you should calm down..."

"Calm down?! No until I am out of this thing." But Minos was not listening to her, but was transfixed by something behind her. "Minos did you hear me, get me out of this thing! Minos? Minos, what are you looking at?"

But it wasn't just Minos, the entire crowd who was transfixed by something happening behind her.

"Have all of you gone dumb? Did none of you hear me!? Get me out! NOW!"

"Pasiphae," Minos breathed in alarm, "Do. Not. Move."

"You idiot," Pasiphae bellowed, shaking violently in her imprisonment. "I CAN'T move!"

"Pasiphae by the gods, just this once, do as I say!" Minos pleaded urgently. "The bull, I think the bull is getting ready to..."

"Get me out of this infernal thing and...wait what did you just say?" Pasiphae finally noticed that the entire crowd had looks of horror on their faces and all of them were staring at something behind her. "Minos, what is everyone looking at? Why are you all so pale? By the gods, will someone not answer me? What is everyone staring at?!"

But I think she knew.

Pasiphae could not see it, but I could and so could everyone else. The pungent scent of her arousal had caught the bull's attention and each time she shook about she made her scent a little stronger on the midday air.

The white bull lifted its head and sniffed at the air with its large, pink nostrils. It turned its massive head side to side in search of the seductive aroma. It took a few steps in Pasiphae's direction, everyone's mouth dropping as it did so. Was it possible...?

"Pasiphae," Minos breathed, "don't move. I think the bull might...um...I think the might..."

"The bull might what?!"

"...like you."

"Stupid brute." Pasiphae snorted. Then shouting behind her, "You can just stay well away from me you big dumb bull. Do I look like a cow to you?" And then it dawned on her. Her voice dropped a couple of octaves: "Oh by Hera..."

"Pasiphae..."

"MINOS!!! Minos get me out of here!!!"

"Don't panic..."

But it was too late for that as the entire crowd erupted into a thousand separate screams while Minos tried to roar over the clamor of his subjects to tell his wife to be still. But none were quite so panicked as Pasiphae, who thrashed about in a blind panic, desperately trying to escape her confinement.

"I'm not a cow! I'm not a cow!" she shouted insistently behind her.

But with every wild gyration and shake she only waved more of her honeyed aroma in the bull's direction. She may as well have been taunting the poor beast with a red scarf. Its heavy hooves struck the earth, shaking the ground beneath her cow.

"By the gods, that cannot be the...!" she gasped, but was cut off as another hoof hit the ground, shaking her like an earthquake. "Nothing is that big."

But it was, as big as a house and just as heavy. And it was coming her way.

"I'M NOT A COW!"

"Pasiphae! You have to stop moving," Minos shouted over the screams of the crowd. "You're only bringing more attention to yourself. For all that is holy—do not move!"

The market square was alive with panic as every man and woman in Crete shouted in mortal fear of what might happen next. The crowd was like one, alive with energy, moving this way and that like the wave of the ocean, everyone moving and churning, all save Pasiphae, trapped in the middle of this human whirlpool.

"Minos...!!!"

"STAY STILL!"

"I'm trying..." She bite her lips and shut her eyes, willing herself to stay perfectly still.

I found myself holding my own breath as was everyone in the crowd. Suddenly all the chaos and noise came to an eery quiet as the we watched the bull near its target.

Its huge nostrils sniffed at the air. It grunted eagerly, turning its wide, massive head from side to side, trying to catch wind of that intoxicating scent. It bellowed up to the ever watching sky, but no lulling cry of a cow met his call.

It grunted its frustration and turned its wide shoulders to leave. I breathed a sigh of relief when just then a gentle breeze below across the market square, carrying the Queen's amorous desire straight to the bull. The bull took a quick intake of air and snorted loudly—very loudly. It knew. It turned around and this time there could be no mistake—it was heading straight toward the Queen's quivering sex.

The Queen could feel it too, the ground moving beneath her with each pounding hoof. "Minos!?" she cried. "What's it doing, Minos?! Minos, just get me out of here. What is happenaaaah! Whatwasthat?!?!"

*snort!*

"Aaaahhhh!" Pasiphae shrieked as the bull snorted a hot blast of air up into the Queen's exposed womanhood. A second blast sent Pasiphae jerking forward so hard that I half expected her to break free of the cow, but I knew the cow would hold her no matter what. Her enforced docility allowed the white bull to consider the matter at his leisure, blasting more such powerful jets of air into the Queen's dark promise as he sniffed at her scent. "Bad bull, bad bull! Shoo! Get away from there! I'm woman, not a cow. You probably couldn't even fit..."

But the bull didn't seem to mind as he shoved his horned head up into the Queen's rump and began to nuzzle her with his snout.

"Aah!" Pasiphae gasped, unable to speak for a moment. "Oh! Oh!"

The bull's snout turned from nuzzling to outright, shoved-up-deep-into-her-sex snuffling. "But I'm not even a REAL cow!!!" she whined as its big, pink nostrils explored her small opening. Then I watched as the bull pulled back and took its big, broad, rough tongue and ran it over the Queens sex, licking the entirety of it.

"Minos! Mino-OOOHSS?! WHOAH! Minos, I think its trying to lick me open!" Pasiphae gasped, panting again and again as the bull's thick, broad tongue caressed across the entirety of her womanhood. "Oh my! Yes, um...that is...OH!...what it's trying to dooOOO!!! OH! Oh wow!"

"Pasiphae don't move!" Her husband warned her.

"I'm trying not to!" she cried through clenched teeth as it took another lick. "But its kind of hard not toOOooo! OH! By Hera that's a big tongue...!"

"It might lose interest if can just remain still."

"Um, I don't think it's losing interest. At least it doesn't—OH!— feel like it."

"Remain still!"

"WOW! Oh wow. Oh! Wait...it stopped. Where did it go? Is it done?"

"Um...Pasiphae..."

"Has it lost interest?"

"...I think.."

"What is happening? What is everyone looking at? I can't see. Someone tell me what is happening."

"Pasiphae...I think it plans to..."

"Plan to what?!"

"Mate."

"WHAT?!"

Pashiphae couldn't see, but the crowd could. The crowd shrieked and cries rang out as the white bull's dark weapon slid slowly out from its sheath. It was a shaft of the darkest obsidian and as hard as a black diamond. It glistened a sinister midnight in the bright sunlight as it slid into view. Pasiphae's punishment was arriving at last.

"Why won't anyone tell me what is happening???"

But no one did, we were all too busy watching in horrified fascination as the bull's shaft pulsed and arched upward, seeming to grow forever.

"Minos!!! You have to do something. Do something now! You can't let this happen to me. I'm...I'm afraid, Minos. Help me!"

"It is so big...I've never seen anything like it before..."

"MINOS?!"

"I...I...I don't know what to do." The King stuttered, unable to take his eyes from the monstrous organ. "Such power..."

"Damn you Minos!" Pasiphae clenched her teeth. "I'll save myself then. You there," she shouted to the captain of the King's Guard. "Lead your men and capture this bull."

"Uh...yes, of course Your Majesty!" The Captain said, shaking himself from his fixation and making a quick bow.

“Forge the bow and do it NOW!”

“Follow me, this way men!” He shouted, motioning for his soldiers to follow him. They took a few steps forward and readied their weapons, moving in a careful formation to surround the bull and take him down quickly, so as not to injure their Queen.

“You imbeciles, I said capture it, not kill it!” Pasiphae screamed furiously. “Do you have any idea how valuable a bull from the sea is? Put away your weapons and try using a net!”

Just then the white bull reared up, placing its massive hooves on the back of the cow, pinning the Queen.

*CACLANK! CLUNK!*

“AIEE! KILL IT! KILL IT!” Pasiphae screamed hysterically.

The bull gripped tightly.

*CREEEAACH!*

“Aieee! Now you idiots, what are you waiting for? Obey me at once.”

“Yes, you heard the Queen,” the Captain said. The others nodded and then as one, they sheathed their swords...just as she had commanded.

“What...no! That’s not what I meant...”

But it was too late, the guardsmen had sheathed their swords just as the bull had finished unsheathing his.

“Oh my gods, I have to see this,” I heard a woman in the crowd say.

And then another: “This is too good to be true.”

From the corner of my eye I could see a few ladies Pasiphae had called “cows” moving closer to the front of the crowd, hoping to get a better view of Pasiphae’s impending performance.

“Is it she really going to do it?”

“I don’t think she has a choice!”

“But with a bull?”

“I don’t know, but if she is, I have to see it!”

They had waited a long time to see their haughty Queen humbled and never imagined it would happen in such a memorable way.

“Get me out of here!!” Pasiphae screamed hysterically as her cow creaked beneath the massive weight of the bull. “Minos, do something!”

Minos just stared dumbly, murmuring to himself, “I don’t know what to do...I don’t...”

“You can’t let this happen to me! Do something! Anything! This can’t...Daedelas!?” For a brief

second Pasiphae forgot all her fear, stunned by the very sight of me. Had she expected me to discreetly withdraw and not watch what all her countrymen got to see? Why did she look at me this way? "Daedelas, I..."

But whatever she had to say I will never know for at that moment the bull raised its head high to the sky, covering her completely in its shadow.

Pasiphae looked at the dark outline of the horned figure on the ground before her: "By Hera...it is too big!"

It towered above her, blotting out the sun and engulfing her in shadow. Her mouth fell open as she stared at the figure on the ground, her breasts ringing as the bull sought to position himself.

"You were a gift," she cried. "A gift from the sea. My gift!"

*CRREEEACH!*

"But I'm not even a real cow!" Pasiphae whined as the bull's massive forelocks gripped harder.

The bull grunted its readiness.

"No! This can't happen." Pasiphae twisted and turned in her cow, still not giving up, trying to turn around just enough to see the bull. "You can't! I can't. I am a Queen and you are a..." And she saw him at last. "Oh."

High above her he towered like a god on Mount Olympus looking down at her with dark, fathomless eyes. For a moment Pasiphae and the bull, Queen and animal, woman and beast, locked eyes. I would have given anything to know what thoughts she had in that moment.

She said nothing, she simply stared.

After a long moment Pasiphae nodded, and turned back and faced forward and waited—it was just as well, it was all she could do. I saw confusion and bewilderment in those eyes, and fear more than anything, but I saw what I thought was a glimmer of dark fascination in Pasiphae's eyes. What had she seen in the bull's fathomless gaze?

The tip of the creature's huge member pushed forward finding the Queen's lustful opening at last. It brushed casually across her lust-swollen lips as the bull readied itself, its tapered head so big and so wide it played with her entire sex at once.

"Aaahaaaaah!" She bit down hard as the enormous phallus played casually across her maidenhood. "Aaaaaah!!! No, no, no, no!"

The bull shifted its weight, teasing its enormity across Pasiphae's ravenous desire, until the monstrous member was ready for the fatal plunge. Pasiphae choked as she felt her lips caressing her soon-to-be-invader.

"Please not me," Pasiphae pleaded. "I'll give you anything you want. Jewels, diamonds, anything! How about cows? I will give you cows! Acres and acres of cows! Cows by the thousands! Just not me. Not me! I'm not a cow. I am Queen! I am Queen of CreAAIIIEEE!!!!!"

The bull drove forward and Pasiphae's head jerked skyward, letting loose a cry powerful enough to shake the very foundations of Olympus.

“BY THE GODS!!!!”

The bull pushed with all its heavenly might, forcing its huge member up into Pasiphae’s cunt, grunting and straining as she screamed again and again, each time her pitch reaching higher heights until at last they seemed to carry all the way to the heavens for the gods to hear. It continued to push deeper, spreading her walls apart, until at last she was completely open to him and her bare skin felt the coarse prickle of bullhide. She was completely filled now, her flesh impaled upon his. The Queen cried out in anguish as the bull bellowed in triumph, their two cries mixing into each others so that they became one.

It roared again for all of us to hear—it was claiming her and wanted us to know it. The crowd screamed in mass hysteria, but one could be heard above all others—Pasiphae, who was being stretched to her limits.

“OHMYGODS!” She cried as the bull began thrusting, pulling back and driving into her again.

It was at once terrible and erotic. Two different forms brought together and made into one. Even all these years later it still has the power to wake me from my sleep screaming...and give me the greatest of pleasure.

It drove into her again and again, pushing her forward in the cow as it slammed into her. Pasiphae’s second round of screams sent several woman fainting into the arms of men.

The bull roared its approval of his new mate, humping furiously, made insane by the pleasures of tight of human flesh.

“Uh, Uh, Uh, Uh, Uh! OH! AIIIEAAH! OH!” Pasiphae grunted and panted between her screams. “Uh, Uh, Uh, Uh, OOOHH! OOOOHH!! AAIIEEAAH! Uh, Uh, Uh...”

Seeing the Queen get pushed again and again against the front of her cow, I was glad that I had the foresight to add extra cushioning to it. It should help, or so I hoped.

“Uh! Uh! Uh! Oh! OH!!! OH!!! OH!!! Uh! Uh! Uh! Ohmygods, ohmygods...not again! Not again. Not ag...OOOOOH!!!”

It snorted, blasting hot air down on her as it pistoned in and out of her, grunting and snorting as she screamed between grunts of her own.

“Uh, uh, uh...Hera help me! Uh, Uh, Uh...It is so big! I’ve never felt...uh, uh, uh... anything like it uh, uh, uh,...it in all my liiiiiiIFE-UHHH OHHHH!!! OH OH OH OHMYGODS!!!” She wailed again and again in agony. “OHGODS! OHGODS!”

Or was it agony? I started to wonder if...

But the bull was rutting her like it would any cow, and Pasiphae did not look like she could take much more. Beads of sweat ran down Pasiphae’s forehead as she struggled in vain against the enormity inside of her.

“UH! UH! UH! Aaaaaah! OHMYGODS, OHMYGODS! Aaaaaahh! It’s too big! UH! UH! Hera help me. Aaaaaah! It’s too big! UH, Uh, uh...uh...”

Her head started to bend, falling forward a little bit. She was weakening, losing her strength and her consciousness. The bull only increased its tempo as Pasiphae became more pliant. It was just as well.

The two grunted and strained together, the sounds of hers less in opposition to his now. Soon, her grunting and straining began to mix with his so that they were almost in harmony together. The white bull roared as it felt its impending release nearing while her grunts became more guttural, almost like that of an animal. At last her head drooped completely and she was spent. She continued to grunt and moan with each thrust inside of her, but it was involuntarily now, a semiconscious sound any animal in rut would make. It appeared to all that sleep would claim her at last, and she would be unconscious for the final indignity that would be visited upon her. All that remained now was for the bull to finish within her.

"oh, oh, oh, oh..." she panted deliriously. The bull's pace was quickened. We all knew the moment was at hand when...

I think I was the only one who noticed Pasiphae's eyes flicker.

"...oh, oh, oh..."

It was subtle at first, and her eyes were dull and glassy, pushed beyond the limits of human endurance, but suddenly...

"...oh, oh, OH!"

...her eyes burst open in wide circles, a terrible awareness had awoken her.

"Minos!" Pasiphae gasped, her voice hoarse from so much screaming. "You have to get it out of me! Something terrible is about to happen inside of me. Do something now before.... oh, oh, oh! Oh! GODS!!!!"

"Pasiphae, nothing can stop it now! You just have to be strong. It's almost over..."

"Minos, listen to me! Quickly, before it's too late. It's happening! I think the bull might....might...ooOooh," she groaned, straining against the bull. "The bull is going to...going to...OooOH gods!"

The bull bellowed.

"Pasiphae, I...I...don't know what to do. I'm only a king. I can't stop a bull!"

"I can feel it starting to happen...inside of me...the bull is about to...!" Pasiphae broke under the strain of it. "HERA HELP ME!"

Then I saw it—a milky liquid, like that of the cresting sea had started to foam out of the Queen's cunt, flecks of it spilling to the ground with each new thrust inside of her.

"So much pressure! The pressure is building and it's all inside of me. OH GODS, MINOS ITS BUILDING! Uh!!! It's building like an earthquake and it's all going to go off inside of me! You have to help me..." She grunted and then moaned, struggling at something deep and powerful within her. "Minos, you have to help me before it happens!"

"Pasiphae! What can I do? I love you, but I'm powerless."

The bull tightened its grip. Below the cow the Queen's nipples rang with a terrible mockery in rhythm to the mating she was receiving.

"No, you don't understand! You don't understand," The Queen cried, struggling under the strain.



"It's not just the bull! It's...it's...oooh gods not agaaaaain, oooOohhh!!

"Just hold on, the bull is almost finished."

"Something terrible is about to happen..."

"It's almost over."

"Something terrible...I don't think I can hold it in..."

"Just hold on!"

"I think I might..."

"Hold on!"

"I think I might..."

"You have to hold on!"

"Minos, forgive me..."

"You can make it!"

"I'm think I might, I think I might..." She struggled, choking on her words, biting down hard on her lip and then I realized that it was not the bull that she was wrestling with but something deeper still—her own lust. "I...I..."

The bull roared with insane animal lust, teetering on the edge of a culmination that promised to be like no other. She met his cry with one of her own.

"I...I...Yes! Yes! YEEES!!!"

"Pasiphae?!"

"Oh my gods, YES!"

"PASIPHAE?!"

"It's been too long, I need it. I NEED it!"

"You don't mean that. Not like this!"

"I'm...I'm...coming! Oh my gods at last I can feel it is going to happen!" She screamed with delirious delight, her cries now the purest joy that you could imagine. "Oh you sweet bull! Oh, you sweet, beautiful BIG bull! You're giving it to me! You're finally giving it to me!"

The bull rutted, pressing up and down on her delicious delight.

"I've wanted you from the first moment I saw you and you are finally giving it to me!"

"Pasiphae, don't do this! You can't. Not with a bull. Not with Aphrodite's bull!"

"MY bull!" Her eyes flared angrily, lustfully.

“Pasiphae?!”

“It’s MY bull!” she insisted, her eyes ablaze in jealousy “And I can do what I like with my bull!”

“NO!”

But there was nothing the King could do; his wife had not felt the sweet release of orgasm for a year but she was finding it now; finding it in a bull. HER bull. All her subjects, her peasants, her slaves, her ladies and nobles, and foreign dignitaries, and most of all her husband were about to witness her act of love making to very the creature that she had stolen from a god.

“Ooooooh,” she groaned, rocking in rhythm to the bull. “Yeeeeees. I stole you, I stole you from a God. From a God!. Myyyyy buuuulllllll. Ooooooh! My bull. My bull. My beauuuutiful bull. Ooooooh, yeeeeessss. I am fucking my bull!”

The bull roared savagely.

“Ooooooh, I own you. I own you, I OWN the white bull!” she began to chant as each cry reached a feverish pitch.

It roared again, pounding harder, as she drove them both to the edge of lust.

“OH! No, you own me! Ooooooh, yes, you own me! Yes, my bull owns me! My bull, my bull, MY BULL! MINE! MINE! MIIIIIIINE!!!”

And then the most terrible thing of all happened...

“Yes, yes, oh my gods yes, this is so good, so good, so, so, so...moo!” The crowd gasped as one. The looks on the ladies-in-waiting turned from amused triumph to disgust in revolt. Pasiphae just smiled decadently as she closed her eyes and mooed again.

“Mooooooo!” Pasiphae bellowed in rhythm her lovers bellows. “Mooooooo!”

The bull was slamming hard into her now, splintering parts of the upper shell of the cow.

“Pasiphae, no! You musn’t do this!” Minos shouted. “You are the Queen!”

“I’m a cow,” she said throatily. “I’m a cow in heat. And I’m mating with my bull.”

“PASIPHAE! STOP IT AT ONCE!”

“Moooooooooooooooooooo! Moooooooooooooooooooo!”

The bull pushed itself deeper, its loins swelling with what it was about to give her.

“Is she really going to...” I heard one woman say.

“Oh moo...!”

“Great gods...” another lady choked in disgust.

“...moo, moo...!”

“She’s going to culminate!” An advisor stammered.

“Moo! Moo! MOO!!!”

“She’s coming!” Another screamed as the crowd shrieked in terror.

“MOOOOOO!!!!”

More of the bull’s foam dripped from her cunt as her moos neared a wailing crescendo.

“Pasiphae...please...?” Minos pleaded weakly. But Pasiphae was lost to her husband..

Every sinew of power in the bull strained as it pushed itself forward, deeper into the Queen.

“More! More! Oh! Oh! I’m a cow! I’m a cow! Oh! Oh! Oh moo! Oh moo! Moo! Moo! MOO! MOO!!!”  
She pleaded.

The bull grunted and strained behind her, at last his release reaching his member, about to flood into her...

“Moo, moo, moo, moo, moo, moooooooooo,” she screamed each cry piercing our ears.

It gripped her hard, pinning her so tightly that entire top half of her cow cracked.

“Oh, by the Gods yes! My beauuuutiful bull! Take me! Take me! MY BUUUUUULLLL!!!!  
MOOOOOOOOOO!!!! MY BEAUUUUTIFUL BULL!!!! BYYYY THHHHHEEE GODDDSSSS  
YEEEESSS! OOOOHHHH YEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSS!!!!”

The bull let loose a pained, almost pleading bellow as its member shook and convulsed with the divine seed that he was about to send into Pasiphae.

“Give me more, give me more, giiiiive me moooooore! By the gods yes! Yes! YES! My bull, my bull,  
MY BUUUULL!!!! MOOOOOOOOOO!!!! OH MY BEAUUUUTIFUL BULL!!!! BY THE GODS  
YEEEESSS! OOOOHHHH YEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSS!!!!”

And then the bull let loose a final, triumphant bellow as Pasiphae broke into a wave of pleasure.

“MOOooOOOOoooOOOooOOO!!!!!!”

Her moos of submission blended with his roar of triumph and then just as her cry reach its zenith and she had come at last, the bull erupted into her, filling her completely with a thick stream of foamy sea spray. But it was more than her tight little womb could handle, spraying from her splayed legs like a pent up geyser as her screams of pleasure echoed throughout all of Crete and far beyond.

Her mind reeled from the exhaustion of having every orgasm that had been ever been denied her these past twelve months erupt as one and she slipped in the sweet embrace of unconsciousness. But not before she whispered aloud those fatal words to her prize bull—“I love you.”

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Epilogue

When the Queen awoke she found her legs wet and slick, her limbs slack, and her body spent of all energy, but the look of satisfaction on her face was undeniable. She looked behind her and smiled weakly to let her bull-lover know that she had survived their dangerous ordeal, but he was already

gone having ambled away as soon as he had pulled out of her. She had been nothing special to him, just another cow to breed with. Had she really expected to find her taurine lover standing protectively at her side, nuzzling her awake? I actually felt a pang of sympathy, mad though it might be, seeing her hurt expression as she realized that she was alone.

Well not completely alone.

Pasiphae's sad, weary eyes turned away from where the bull had been and fell upon the crowd. She looked at them one by one until they came to rest on the empty throne where she should have been sitting. The crowd remained perfectly silent, all wondering what their Queen must be thinking as she stared at that empty throne. Finally, when she turned to face her husband I saw eyes filled with regret and confusion.

"By the gods, I...I...cannot look at you." Minos said turning away from his wife.

'Interesting thing about curses,' I heard a voice speaking inside of my head say, 'is that you never really know if you are under one or not.'

'Goddess Aphrodite!' I thought to myself. 'You said that you removed the curse so that the Queen no longer lusted after the bull but she just...'

'I know what she did, Daedelas, for I have been watching through your eyes. I needed her people to learn what happens when you trifle with a goddess and seeing their Queen trussed up as a cow accomplished that nicely. But I also needed to teach the Queen a lesson in humility and if the Queen mated the bull knowing she was under a curse...'

'She could always say that it was only a spell that made her do it,' I said finishing the thought for her, "and wasn't really her fault.'

'Exactly. But now in her peoples eyes, in her husbands eyes, and most of all in her own mind she took pleasure in a bull all of her own will.'

'But she was under a curse all along?'

'Yes, but she will never know that. And it should make from some interesting conversations in the future. I can't imagine she will have an easy time explaining this one away. Her people will never see her in the same way, and I greatly doubt Minos can ever get over the sight of his wife mating a bull, but I suspect she will have the greatest difficulty explaining her actions to herself. I shall enjoy watching her attempts.'

'Goddess Aphrodite, you mentioned something else. You said that the Queen might become preg...'

"Sh, not now Daedelas, the Queen is stirring and I wish to watch.'

I obediently did as I was told and watched.

Pasiphae tried to speak but couldn't, too weak and spent was she from her brutal mating. All she could do was look at Minos, begging him with her eyes to look at her. I have never seen eyes so filled with regret as those.

"M..." she struggled to say her husbands name, but she was even too weak for that.

"I cannot Pasiphae, I cannot! You...with a bull...and in front of everyone! I can't look at you."

The Queen shook her head vigorously, frantically, desperately trying to get her husband to look at her again.

"I..." Minos cringed painfully, but he could feel his wife incessant pleading eyes upon him as well as the eyes of his entire kingdom burning him with their attention. "I...very...well," he whispered with a voice on the verge of breaking, "I will look at you."

Slowly he turned around keeping his eyes on the ground. All the crowd was on edge, unable to imagine what would happen next. Pasiphae bathed her husband with the most despairing looks of hope against all odds, imploring and begging him to forgive her. Her eyes seemed to beg him to just look into hers and then he would know. Minos hesitated, and for a moment he seemed almost seemed to turn away again, but bawling up his fists in determination he made his decision and slowly turned his eyes upward, slowly but undeterred, until at last his eyes met those of his wife.

No one breathed, not a single sound could be heard for almost a full minute. Pasiphae tried desperately too speak, but she was still too weak, but her eyes communicating more than words ever could. At last Minos spoke.

"You cow."

Shocked, stunned, Pasiphae's mouth fell open.

"You are no wife of mine, but a cow!" Minos thundered.

"Moo!" Pasiphae shook her head accusingly. She had found her voice at last. "Moo-moo-moo!"

"Don't blame me, this was all your doing! You stole the bull, and had the cow suit made so that you could fuck it. You fucked a bull Pasiphae! And you fucked it in front of everyone!!!" Minos roared.

"Moo!?!?" she shook her head in confusion now, not accusing anymore, but just pleading.

"AND YOU ENJOYED IT!"

"Moo..." Pasiphae whispered sadly, almost more to herself. Then to Minos, a pleading: "Moo?"

But Minos turned away.

"Moo?"

Pasiphae's head slumped forward, falling limp in her cow suit as tears began falling down her cheeks. Her bells jingled sadly with each silent cry.

No one made a sound. At last Minos spoke.

"Someone, remove my wi...remove her from that...that cow of hers. And take my wi...take her anywhere but just take her far away from me. I wish never to see the Que...that cow again!"

'Daedelas, you best use this chaos to your advantage and leave while you can,' Aphrodite thought into my mind. 'It won't be long until Minos realizes you are the only one with enough skill to make such a thing possible.'

I did as I was told, happy to be away from this scene of my evil doing at last. If I saw any more I knew I would go mad myself.

I wanted away from the market square and from Crete as fast as I could. I wanted to forget what I had just seen, I wanted to forget the image of a bull mating its Queen, I wanted to forget the sound of Pasiphae's cries. But even as I ran the sounds followed me. I could hear the ringing of her breasts as the tears continued to fall from her cheeks. I heard Pasiphae sigh in relief as her maids freed her nipples at last from the cruel pinch of the bells. I heard her groan as the guards lifted her weary body from her splintered cow, each arm wrapped around a guard as they hauled her up for all to look upon her nudity. The disgraced Pasiphae—no one bothered to look away now. I later learned by those who saw it that the royal guard carried her back to the palace in this manner as she was unable to stand under her own power. Her shame was been seen by all, no one bothering to wrap a cloth or blanket around her naked body until they returned her to the palace. As I ran I heard her cry in anguish and those sobs have never ceased echoing in my ears.

I know not what happened after that for I left the city as quickly as I could and kept running until I made it to the docks and set sail, not stopping until the sea itself separated me from Crete and its mad Queen.

I got my wish—I returned to Athens, to the place of my birth but not a day goes by that I do not question my role in Pasiphae's affair. When I arrived in Crete Minos and Pasiphae were a happy couple, respected and feared throughout the world, ruling in unison over the mightiest kingdom in the world. Theirs was a happy union, and their world was a strong, if not overly proud one. When I left...well I prefer not to think about it.

I can still see them when I dream—mating in the market square and it causes me great unease. I am not without blame after all. I could have refused the Queen her mad request. But then, the bull was stolen from a god and that theft had occurred in public. Someone had to pay and that burden fell to Pasiphae.

I have heard many tales regarding the ultimate fate of Crete and its ill-fated Queen since I have left. Some say the Queen to this day pines for her bull lover, others that she meets him at night, beneath the full moon, hoping to reenact that infamous day in the market square, but unable to without the benefit of the cow costume I had built for her. A more popular tale says that the Queen birthed a monster just as Aphrodite had hinted she might and that Minos put this creature in a giant labyrinth. Some even say he placed Pasiphae there too.

Personally I believe a less popular tale—this one tells that Minos eventually forgave his wife for her transgression and that in her shame the Queen never set foot outside of the palace walls again. Here, surrounded by opulence and free from matters of state, the Queen at last learned to hold her tongue, becoming pleasant and sweet. It is even said that Pasiphae became contented enough by her new surroundings to bless Minos with many an heir.

Why do I believe this seemingly less fantastic tale after all the horror I have seen? Is it because I want to believe in a happy ending? Hardly. This is no happy ending. For Pasiphae this fate is the most evil fate of all. She was a woman of unrivaled ambition and power, who lusted for power. And Aphrodite turned that lust against her, turning it inside out so that Pasiphae was forced to confront the darkness within her soul. And when she did look inside of herself—when she saw the bull staring down at her with its dark, fathomless gaze—gone in an instant were all the pretensions to power and ambition. It was at that moment that Pasiphae knew what she wanted most in the world—to be a cow.

Aphrodite had made Pasiphae's a cow. By this I do not mean that the costume the Queen wore to her unholy mating made her a cow. After all, a costume can be discarded; but what Pasiphae had

become while wearing that costume, what she had willing become, cannot so easily be discard. A monster in her womb Pasiphae could have born, of this I am certain, but to be turned into a cow...well that is another matter. The costume that I constructed for Pasiphae no more turned her into cow than her perfume and jewels had made her a lady. It was what was within the Queen, from the very beginning, that made her a cow—her costume only provided her the excuse.

True...Aphrodite had placed a curse upon the Queen. But I know this too—Aphrodite may have cursed Pasiphae's mind to lust, but it did not to love. That was entirely Pasiphae's own doing. And I saw it with my own eyes: Pasiphae, the Queen of Crete, had fallen in love—with a bull.

I pray the Gods have mercy on my soul.