

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

The Lottery had taken place and the name had been drawn. Only in this Lottery, if your name was drawn you were far from the winner. Ariadne, the youngest daughter of Aegidios, a simple shopkeeper in the village was the name drawn this time.

The town drew the name of a virgin girl every three months in this Lottery. You see, this was Pelatrea, and this town was cursed.

Long, long ago, there was a young woman in the town, an extremely lovely woman, who caught the eye of Zeus, the most powerful of all the Greek gods. He came to earth one day in the form of a young man and seduced this beautiful woman and she became with child.

Hera, Zeus's wife was, of course, furious with her husband's infidelity and cursed the woman and the town in which she lived. The curse was that the child, when born, would be a Minotaur – a creature with the head and lower legs of a bull and the body of a man. And so it was that when it came time for the woman to give birth, the curse revealed itself to everyone's horror.

A local seer was called on to explain why this child was born so and it was decided that this child and her mother should be banished. A labyrinth was constructed a few miles away from the city at the top of a nearby mountain. This labyrinth was where the Minotaur and its mother would live for the rest of their lives.

The villagers of Pelatrea were told that because of this woman's indiscretion, they too, would share in the curse and the lottery was set up to decide who would be sacrificed to the Minotaur. Every three months, each eligible girl over the age of sixteen who was still a virgin was required to put her name in the Lottery and one name would be drawn. Anyone who tried to hide their daughter or cheat the Lottery in any way risked the terrible wrath of Hera herself – something no one wanted!

That was a great many years ago and everyone who lived in Pelatrea at that time was long dead. It was assumed that the woman died not long after being banished to the labyrinth, however no one knew for sure because no one had ever come back from the labyrinth. The Minotaur though, being sired by Zeus, was immortal.

Now it was Ariadne's turn. For the last two years, she had been able to beat the Lottery. She had seen nine young women of the village called to be sacrificed. Some went bravely, most went crying, and a couple went screaming for help. She was certain that all of them screamed for help at one point or another.

Like others before her, once Ariadne's name was called out, she was allowed some time to say goodbye to her family before being whisked away to be prepared. She was taken to the mayor's house and given a very nice room to stay until the following day. Guards were posted at the door and outside just in case she decided to try to escape and she was fed a sumptuous meal.

The next morning, several women came to prepare her for the Minotaur. The women went about their work saddened that once again they had to prepare an innocent girl for who knew what horrors would befall her in the labyrinth. They barely spoke at all except to give directions – it was just easier for everyone that way. Ariadne was going to certain death and there was nothing anyone could do about it.

The women disrobed her, gathering her clothes to return them to the family. She was washed

thoroughly with luxurious sponges until she was squeaky clean. Then she was shaved completely until she was smooth everywhere and a healing creme rubbed into the skin where she was shaved to soothe it. Her long brown hair was washed and brushed until it shone. Then the women began preparing her for the sacrifice. Her nails were painted red, her face powdered, and her lips were colored to match her nails. Her eyelids were colored and her eyelashes darkened.

Once she had been washed, perfumed, and her makeup applied, she was given a floor-length, flowing gown, made of a very sheer material, so sheer as to hardly be worth the trouble of putting on! Her feet were adorned with simple sandals, the straps of which wrapped around her ankles and up her calves.

When all the preparations were done, Ariadne was taken to the village priest for a simple ceremony to bless her and offer her to Hera for her approval. Once the village priest saw her and found her worthy of the sacrifice, and the blessing ceremony was over, Ariadne was taken up the long road to the top of the mountain and the labyrinth.

Ariadne was carried on the ceremonial litter, a fancy chair supported by two long poles and carried by some of the village men because they wanted her to be fresh and pristine for the Minotaur. Several of the village people – her friends, family, and others, followed behind her as far as they could. But once at the top of the mountain, she said her final goodbye to her father and two men led her to the labyrinth entrance.

From the outside, the labyrinth looked like a huge stone building with walls roughly twenty feet tall. But the curious thing was that there was no door or windows anywhere to be seen! The only exterior landmark on the whole building was a set of stone stairs going up the side of the building.

The men escorted Ariadne up the stairs and over to a grated hole. One man slid the two massive bolt latches holding the grate closed and lifted the heavy hinged grate. They lowered Ariadne on what looked like a swing with a wooden seat. She stood on the seat and held onto the ropes as the men lowered her until she could step off. The swing was then raised back up and the grate replaced and locked. Ariadne knew now why no one ever returned from the labyrinth ... there was no way out!

With a blank stone wall behind her, there was only one direction she could go from here, so she began to slowly walk down the hallway. As she got further from the hole she was dropped through, it quickly became very dark. She walked slowly along the hall, carefully running her fingers along the wall so she could feel for any openings.

The floor of the labyrinth was soft and sandy and the air was warm and only slightly humid, not dank and moldy like she expected it to be. Were there more light, it might even be slightly pleasant! The air smelled of a faint ocean smell and a musky animal smell she could only surmise as the Minotaur.

That was when fear began to creep in. Ariadne was walking down an almost pitch black hallway with no idea where it might lead and knowing that there was some terrible unknown beast lurking around someplace! How long would it be before she confronted it? Would she even see it coming? If it was this dark now, how would she possibly have a chance against the beast?

She had heard the stories about the Minotaur, and although no one knew exactly what it looked like, rumors and speculation had made it into a terrible, horrific carnivorous nightmare that preyed on the flesh of anyone unlucky enough to be trapped in here with it.

Slowly Ariadne made her way down the hallway. Then she came to an intersection of two hallways. One to the right and one to the left. The right-hand one felt as if it was going slightly downhill, deeper into the labyrinth. The left one smelled of ... the sea? Could it be?

Her hopes raised slightly as she took the left-hand hallway and continued slowly walking in the darkness. The hall turned to the right and then a little further on to the left. It was then that she noticed the walls were getting a bit lighter. Somewhere at the end of this hallway was light! She moved carefully but quicker now, and as she got closer it got easier to walk. Then she saw it, an opening in the wall. She ran toward it and what she hoped would be freedom.

But her hopes were dashed only feet away when she got to the opening. There, in front of her, was a short platform overlooking a sheer cliff of no less than three hundred feet. The ocean was indeed down below her, but directly below her were terrible jagged rocks. She looked out at the beautiful Mediterranean Sea.

Out in the distance, almost too far away to make out, was a sailing ship. She looked down at the waves throwing themselves onto the vicious rocky shore. Then it occurred to her. This WAS the way out! But it was a way out by suicide. These were her choices now – to face the Minotaur and who knows what horrors, or to end it quickly on the rocks below. She wondered how many girls had given their broken and battered bodies to the sea over the years.

Ariadne turned around. She wasn't ready for such a gruesome fate. Not yet at least. She would keep it in mind should she need it, but she wasn't ready at this time.

She began walking, knowing that she was walking deeper into the labyrinth. The hallway got darker again like before, and once more she was forced to walk with one hand trailing on the wall. A few minutes into the hallway, Ariadne began hearing faint animal noises. Logically, she knew it must be the Minotaur, the monster of the Labyrinth, half man, and half beast and the nightmare of the village children. But strangely, Ariadne felt sorry for the creature. It sounded so mournful, so lonesome. Being condemned to these dark empty hallways for all time must be a terrible punishment. And for something that wasn't even its fault! And now, Ariadne was going right towards it. She was at once curious and terrified of what she might find.

The hallway branched and branched again. At each intersection, she chose randomly which direction to go, not knowing where she was going or what she would find. With her right hand trailing along the wall and her feet carefully half-walking, half-shuffling along the sandy floor, she used her left hand to feel in front of her. The sounds of the ocean had faded away now and all she heard was her own breathing and the pounding of her heart. Every so often she heard the faint sorrowful wail of what she could only think was the Minotaur.

As she walked on, she began to reflect on her life and the people in it. She missed her mother who had died many years ago. She wished she could have said goodbye to her today. She pictured the face of her father, sad and heartbroken that his only daughter was being sacrificed to the beast in the labyrinth. She thought of her friends and all that she had thought her life would be, now all those thoughts were as far away as home itself.

Ariadne walked steadily down the tunnel without any particular direction. Without realizing it she had followed the twists and turns of the hallways past several more branching tunnels, taking her ever deeper into the labyrinth.

Suddenly she was startled by a slight rustling sound, a movement in the tunnel just in front of her. She stopped, and her breath caught, and then sighed and leaned against the wall in relief when she recognized the slight sounds of a rat just looking for a scrap of food.

After walking for what seemed like hours to her, but were in reality only about twenty minutes, she heard the Minotaur bellow again. This time, however, it sounded much closer and louder. Ariadne

stopped, trembling with fear, her heart pounding in her chest. She was tired ... weary from the darkness, the endless walking and the fear around every corner.

Ariadne just wanted to stop, to go to sleep like this was all a bad dream and she would wake up in her own bed with her father's kind smile and soft face. She sank down on the floor in the hallway and began to cry, her tears trickling unabated down her soft powdered cheeks. She was tired, and she was terrified. She was also hungry and thirsty. She had not been given any food, figuring she wouldn't live long anyway once she met the monster and food was a precious commodity in Pelatrea. If she was to survive down here, she would need to find food and water somehow. That's if the Minotaur, or something else, didn't get her first.

She shivered. It was somewhat cooler now that she was deeper in the labyrinth. She pulled out her cloak, the only comfort she was allowed to bring, and swathed herself in its warm woolen pleasure. Then realizing that just sitting here feeling sorry for herself wasn't going to get her anywhere, she bravely stood up, dusted herself off and started out again down the tunnel, continuing her trek.

Even though it was pitch black where she was, her eyes picked up a faint glow reflected off the walls up ahead of her. It wasn't very bright at first and she thought it might just be her mind playing tricks on her. Like a mirage in the desert, she thought it might be her own hopefulness that made her "see" the improving light conditions. But as she walked, the light steadily got brighter and brighter.

Ahead of her, down the hallway, she could hear a snuffling noise, like something was noisily eating. She came to an opening and there was a faint flickering glow spilling out. She cautiously peered around it, careful not to make a sound. And there in the room, Ariadne saw the Minotaur for the first time.

He had his back to her, tending to his dinner cooking in the fireplace and hadn't noticed her yet. Ariadne was shocked at the size of the beast. With the body of a pro wrestler, bulging rippling black muscles, he was at least eight feet tall and seemed entirely human - that is, until she saw his head. She could only see the silhouette of the back of it, but she could make out that it was shaggy, covered in a thick black hair, with two curling horns jutting out either side above the long pointed ears.

Without thinking, she gasped, and then instantly covered her mouth, mentally kicking herself for being so careless. The Minotaur stopped what he was doing and cocked his head, listening intently. He turned on what she now saw were hairy legs ending in giant cloven hooves, and stared into the darkness where she was hiding around the corner.

When she realized the Minotaur hadn't seen her, she peeked around again and recoiled in shock. He had the face and head of a bull, with a long bovine jaw and fur over his face. Both of his eyes were set at the front, but looked curious rather than angry or aggressive. He made a funny snorting noise as if sniffing the air trying to figure out what was there in the darkness.

In his huge human hands, he was holding a big platter. Ariadne assumed it was what he was going to have for dinner. But instead of some bloody chunk of some kind of meat (human perhaps?), it looked like just vegetables.

Ariadne stood there watching the beast for a few moments as it tried to figure out what was out there in the dark hall. It made no move to either step forward nor retreat, it just stood where it was straining, its eyes with its ears cocked forward listening and to try to determine what was going on.

I may as well get it over with, Ariadne thought to herself. She knew that if she made any movement at all the beast would hear her and with his sense of smell he was bound to smell her perfume at any

moment. She stood up straight and stepped into the room, the lair of the Minotaur.

The light coming from a hearth against one wall, along with a couple oil lamps on the walls, provided enough illumination to move around the room comfortably. It was a warm room also, thanks to the fireplace, and not too stuffy. There was an area against one wall that appeared to be a sleeping area, with a roughly hewn wooden bed covered with various furs. There was also a rough wooden table and chair and a second chair close to the fireplace.

The surprised Minotaur stood standing with its mouth slightly open, staring at her. No one had ever ventured this far into the labyrinth before, and certainly no one had come into its lair like this. It flabbergasted the Minotaur for a moment.

The beast slowly set the platter down on the table and brushed his hands off on his hairy legs as he slowly moved around the table. Then, with nothing between himself and this intruder, he strode towards her, covering the twenty-five feet across the room in three quick bounds. He reached out one of his large powerful hands, grabbing her by the upper arm and then his other hand caught her other arm.

Ariadne shrieked and struggled, but the beast didn't release her. Instead, it brought her over closer to the fireplace to get a better look at her. She twisted and struggled, trying to break free of the creature's grip, however, its strong hands held her firmly but gently.

Eventually, she tired of this useless attempt to free herself and relaxed a bit. It dawned on her that her fighting would amount to nothing as she was trapped in the labyrinth with the beast and at any time it could simply kill her if it wanted. In addition, her fighting so may just give it excuse to do that very thing!

The Minotaur gradually relaxed its grip on her as well and finally let go of her completely. It studied her for a bit and the Ariadne noticed something strange. The creature's face softened and its eyes looked almost ... kind.

She swallowed. "Hello, my name is Ariadne. Can you talk?" she said softly and calmly. She didn't want to sound afraid because she knew the bulls back home could sense fear and it made them nervous and skittish too.

The Minotaur shook it's head at her mournfully, then opened it's mouth and pointed to a long, thick cow's tongue. "NNNnah tlk" the beast replied.

"Oh, I'm sorry." she thought for a moment, "But you do understand me?" she asked. The beast nodded affirmatively.

"Oh good," she said with a little smile. She hadn't really expected the beast to be intelligent. What should she say now? Hi, I've been picked to be your virgin sacrifice? I am here for your ravishment? For your dinner?

Dinner. That reminded her she hadn't eaten anything since last night. "Please ... I am terribly hungry. I haven't eaten all day. The Minotaur's brown eyes, very expressive eyes really, looked as if it wanted to apologize for not being a good host. It turned and picked up the tray to offer her some of its dinner.

That's when the room started to spin and go dark and she fainted dead away.

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## Chapter Two

Ariadne felt the odd sensation of being whisked through the air. In her dazed semi-conscious state, she heard a thunderous beating. She could hear it through the soft fur under her ear. Pounding ... rhythmic ... strangely soothing.

As she began to return to consciousness, she slowly opened her eyes. She was being cradled in the strong, powerful human arms of the Minotaur. Carried across the room towards the bed she first noticed in the room. She could smell its musky animal scent strongly now – it filled her head. Her hand rested on the large, powerful chest and she could feel the muscles rippling underneath as the beast carried her. She looked up at her host, but its strange face made reading any expression impossible. Yet the creature carried her with a gentle tenderness that belied all the rumors and hearsay she had been told about the terrible Minotaur

Ariadne was laid carefully down on the bed and patted gently. Then the creature pulled one of the furs up over her, smoothing it over her protectively as a parent would their child. The Minotaur then went back to the table and selected some fruit and some bread and brought it back to her.

She smiled as she slowly raised herself up on one elbow. “T-thank you,” she said. The Minotaur made a sound she took as “You’re welcome,” and watched as she took a bite of one of the fruits. Then Ariadne noticed the creature’s eyes had moved down and was now staring intently at her breasts. She looked down and realized that the fur blanket she had been covered with had slipped down to her waist and the gossamer, nearly transparent gown she had been given to wear was not hiding much of her womanly figure!

The Minotaur saw her notice and quickly turned away, but not before she glimpsed what the beasts barely there loincloth was attempting to hide.

Ariadne gasped a little at the sight and continued to eat, but her eyes were now transfixed on the Minotaur’s growing excitement. The Minotaur, suddenly bashful, pretended to busy himself with stoking the fire and other tasks across the room from her, glancing back over his shoulder to check on her.

His shy, bashful response brought the out the mischievous side of her just as it did with some of the boys in the village. However, in the village, all she could do was tease. Here, with the Minotaur, she wouldn’t have to be so virtuous. She had often wondered what it would be like, what it would feel like to finally be a real woman. And she was about to find out! She finished the fruit and the bread and then rearranged herself on the bed, letting the fur blanket fall even more and uncovering more than just her breasts...

After a while the Minotaur turned and, with his eyes averted to the floor, he brought her a mug of wine. He walked curiously because of his legs and hoofed feet, but that also allowed him to run faster than any man. As he got to her side, he handed her the mug and she took it with a smile.

“Thank you,” she said softly, “you have been most kind. Do you have a name?”

He looked up with smiling eyes, then went to get a book on the table. He flipped the cover open and on the inside, it read: “To my dearest son, Erinyes”

“Erinyes ... is that your name?” she asked. The Minotaur nodded yes in response.

“Well Erinyes, it’s very nice to meet you. Thank you for the hospitality,” Ariadne said, softly touching his hand.



If an accursed, hairy, man/beast from the pits of Hades itself could blush, then that is what Erinyes did at that moment. But Ariadne's touch and soft words brought about another, more unexpected response from him as well. His loincloth pushed aside and from beneath it rose an erection so enormous and so huge, it caused her to drop her cup, the metal cup clanking loudly against the stone floor of the room. The gigantic member was black as coal with veins like thick ropes. Its large bulbous head throbbed and twitched as it seemed to stare right at her.

"Oh my," she swallowed nervously, "you have a very large..." She sat up, unable to take her eyes from it, she was also strangely aroused. Her nipples stiffened to diamond-hard points and her pussy tingled, becoming very wet.

Erinyes picked up the dropped cup and took it and the book back to set them on the table, then he turned. Seeing the state that Ariadne was in now, he whuffed, a snort of interest, a sign of his own arousal.

The Minotaur approached her slowly, putting each hoof on the floor solidly before moving the next. It wasn't that he had trouble walking, but he had done this approach so many times before. Sometimes the girl would bolt and try to make a run to get away - a fruitless endeavor every time because once she got into the darkness of the halls she couldn't move fast. And he knew every inch and every turn. Sometimes the girl would try to fight - another useless tactic. The Minotaur was many times stronger than any man and even more powerful than a hapless half-naked girl. Whatever tactic the victim used, it never ended well for them.

However, this time it was different. This was the first time that he didn't have to drag his victim, screaming and struggling, to his lair - she came to him. In fact, she didn't act like a "victim" at all. She sat there on his bed, waiting for him and even excited that he was approaching her. He could smell her excitement, her arousal. He could hear her heart beating faster and her breathing quicken. And he could see her trembling - not from fear, but from eager anticipation. This girl was not afraid of him ... she wanted him! The idea that this beautiful young woman was actually waiting and wanting him excited him beyond belief. His huge black cock was getting harder and bigger with every step he took. He was larger than a normal bull, even the biggest bull in the village. And Erinyes held it tightly in his huge human fist, stroking himself as he neared her.

Her eyes widened as he got closer, she could feel his hot breath on her skin, blowing her hair gently, his musky scent filling her nostrils. It was not an unpleasant odor, she had worked the fields and animal pens back in the village many times. She kind of liked the earthy, animal smell. She watched the way he held his gigantic cock, its swollen head pointed at her as he slowly stroked the shaft up and down, getting himself ready.

When he got close enough he reached out to her with his other hand. Ariadne expected a rough, callous touch in keeping with his appearance. Instead, he was surprisingly tender and gentle, first touching her soft brown hair as if he had never seen anything like it before. His meaty hand then moved to her cheek and stroked it tenderly as a father would his own daughter's. Ariadne mewled softly and laid her head in his hand, enjoying this gentle moment.

Then the Minotaur's eyes moved down her feminine and hardly covered form, stopping at her full breasts with their hard, pointed nipples. He looked back up at her as if he was asking if he could touch her. She didn't say anything but she made no move to stop him, so he reached down to gently caress her breast, cupping it and feeling its weight, then rubbing a finger across the nipple toying and teasing it and eliciting a soft moan from her painted lips. Encouraged by her sounds, he lightly pinched the bud and tugged on it. Ariadne held perfectly still although her breathing had markedly increased.



As Erinyes played with her breast, Ariadne began to feel more at ease and more aroused as well and she gently placed a hand over his, letting him know she was enjoying his touch. He looked up at her, his soft brown eyes surprised but pleased that he was making her feel good. He made a low rumbling sound in his throat and continued toying with her aching nipple.

Then it was Ariadne's turn to surprise him with her touch. As he toied with her breast, she reached down gently taking his hand from his hard rigid cock and put it up on her other breast. She then began stroking his cock herself, mimicking the movement he was just doing.

With the Minotaur getting more and more excited and Ariadne's pussy leaking, her own scent created a distracting aroma in the Minotaur's nose. It didn't take long for him to make the next move, either. After smelling her perfume, hearing her moans, and feeling her pillowy softness, he had only to taste her.

The Minotaur slowly lowered his bull head. His long, thick, bovine tongue came out to give her breasts a cautious lick at first. The heat of his mouth combined with the feel of the thick tongue made her moan despite herself.

"Mmmmm" she moaned, arching her back upwards unwittingly.

Her obvious enjoyment at what he was doing encouraged him and he repeated his licking again with an even more ardent response. Erinyes raised his massive bull head and reached for the buttons on the front of her gossamer ceremonial robe. Even though he had human hands, they were far too large and clumsy for such delicate work, so after trying unsuccessfully several times to unbutton her robe, she reached up and took his hands, smiling at him and gently moved them aside.

"I'll do it," she breathed. She unbuttoned her robe and took it off laying it beside her on the bed.

Sitting on the Minotaur's rough-hewn bed, Ariadne was now totally nude and totally exposed. Erinyes the Minotaur looked at her, his heart beating fast and his heavy breathing a declaration of his interest in her. Ariadne was likewise aroused and sat there semi-reclined, leaning back on her elbows as her breasts heaved in excitement, her pink nipples hard and her pussy leaking heavily. He could smell her lust and it drove him crazy.

Erinyes knelt in front of her and pushed her legs apart. He snuffed at the sweet scent emanating from her apex and a low rumble came up from deep in his throat. He inhaled her aroma, a heady mix of the perfumes and scent she wore as well as her own.

The moment the Minotaur's broad lapping tongue touched the bare cleft between her legs, she gasped out loudly.

"Aaah!" she bucked upwards, towards the mouth and tongue that promised so much pleasure. Her hips thrashed against the face of the monster eating her pussy out. She could hear animal grunting coming from his bull's head as he buried his face in her pussy, lapping at her with his long wriggling tongue and driving her out of her mind.

The intense pleasure he was giving her was something she had not anticipated at all. All the legends, rumors and tales she had been told growing up was that the beast in the labyrinth was pure evil and the young girls sent there as sacrifices were consumed in a most horrific manner. She had been told they were first raped and brutalized to get his sexual needs filled and then he ate them feasting on the flesh of the hapless girl. These thoughts went through Ariadne's mind at first too, but now here she was laying on his bed, helplessly moaning and writhing for the beast that was about to take her

virginity. And what's more ... she wanted him to!

"Please," she whispered, "make this torment end! Please take me ... take me and do with me what you will!"

And the Minotaur was more than happy to grant her plea. Reaching up to grab both her breasts simultaneously, his strong fingers curled into the creamy flesh, mauling and massaging the meaty globes. He used his thumbs to rub her taut nipples, further stimulating her.

While his powerful hands assaulted her breasts, the Minotaur was indeed feasting on the young girl, but not in the way she had first envisioned. With his bovine muzzle directly in front of her open and exposed pussy, he stabbed his long, thick, muscular tongue deep into her leaking slit. Due to its unusual length as compared to a human tongue, it easily reached her virgin membrane and pierced it, entering into her vagina where nothing had gone before. Ariadne's moaning stopped as she screamed out at the pain of his penetration, grabbing hold of his horns with both hands. But he waited patiently, his tongue inside her soothingly lapping at her pussy walls. Gradually, the pain diminished to be replaced again by the wonderful feeling of his tongue's caress. His long tongue moved gently inside her as he lapped against her inner walls, gathering up all the sweet juices she would offer.

"By the Gods," she cried as the pleasure built in her loins. She was prepared for pain, she was prepared to suffer a terrible horrible death, being torn apart by a wild beast no one had ever lived to tell about. But she was not prepared for the pleasure she was now enduring. She was not at all prepared to give herself over so willingly to the lustful desire that now coursed through her veins, consuming her so completely. Soon the combination of nipple stimulation and long slow strokes of the Minotaur's agile tongue inside her overwhelmed her senses. She bucked helplessly against the beast's broad nose.

The Minotaur kept his lapping and probing up as Ariadne's passion boiled over. With another scream, this one of raw, unbridled lustful rapture, she came, her pussy filling and pouring out the result of her ecstasy. The Minotaur relished this delicious treat, licking and lapping even more furiously now. Which, in turn, caused Ariadne's orgasm to intensify and extend to maddening lengths.

As her tumultuous storm abated, the Minotaur slowly and gently withdrew his tongue from inside her. She noticed his cock was painfully distended now, red, swollen and twitching with anticipation. He would wait no longer.

He looked down at the beauty lolling on the bed before him. His sacrifice, a gift to him from the people of the village outside the walls of his labyrinth prison. A tender young virgin, giving herself to him for the good of her people. He had to admire her courage - a great many of the young women that had been sent to him were not so noble-minded. He surveyed her voluptuous breasts, with nipples red and distended as they heaved with the panting from her orgasm. Her narrow waist tapered to full and round hips, her long lean legs still splayed carelessly.

Ariadne was lost in her lust fog and didn't realize what was happening as the Minotaur climbed up into bed with her. It wasn't until the beast's broad, hairy chest blocked her view that she became aware of him over her. She didn't struggle or fight him, though - for one she was still too weak from the tremendous orgasm to fight anything. And she had come to understand this man-beast more and understood he didn't really want to hurt anyone, in spite of the legends to the contrary.

The Minotaur pointed his hard, throbbing member at her dripping slit. With one hand, he rubbed the

swollen tip up and down her pussy lips, parting them just enough so she could feel him there. She was already hypersensitive from her first ever orgasm and she moaned unintelligibly as he toyed with her. She looked with lust-filled eyes between her legs at whatever was causing the delicious sensations and saw his monstrous cock, long and thick and hot as he slid it up and down, getting it lubed up and ready for her. She felt a wave of fear and apprehension – could she take such a large thing into her nearly virgin pussy? She was about to find out!

Once he felt he was sufficiently lubricated, he aimed the tip at her hole and Ariadne felt him begin to enter her. He went in slowly, mercifully working his extraordinary cock in an inch or so at a time. She was thankful for that and smiled up at him. Her sensitive pussy took him in easily, wanting him, craving more of him as he moved deeper into her.

She remembered the last words the men who put her down here had said to her. “Enjoy yourself, sweetheart, this beast is going to fuck you good and proper!” one man had said.

“Yeah, the Minotaur is supposed to have the biggest cock in the whole kingdom ... he’s going to split that young pussy wide open!” the other one said and they both laughed at her predicament.

She wondered if what they said was true. No one had ever come back and told about their experience with the Minotaur. But her worries were soon put to rest and her desire and her raw carnal lust took control of her mind. Soon foreign, lustful words began spewing from her mouth.

“Please, I want you to ... fuck me. Shove that monster cock deep into me and fuck me till I scream,” she moaned wantonly.

The Minotaur had never heard such vulgar words from one of his virgin victims and he lost all control of himself. His animal lust inflamed, he reared up and grabbed her by the shoulders holding her in place as he speared her on his huge bull cock, driving himself into her again and again.

It was painful for her. Ariadne’s pussy was still tender from his oral deflowering. But it was still glorious. She wrapped her long legs around his furred hips, encouraging him on with her sensuous whispers and feverish grinding. Her eyes sparkled with her newly-awakened passion and she gasped and moaned as his massive cock thrust deep into her over and over again.

“Oh, yes! Yes!” she screamed. Ariadne writhed and squirmed and clawed at the bed as he fucked her deeply. At times she did feel like he would split her apart, but she loved every hard thrust, every stretching of her young pussy walls. He pounded into her relentlessly, his monster seed boiling in his hairy balls until, with a deep and animalistic growl, his massive cock exploded in her. The very instant she felt his scalding hot cum splash against the walls of her pussy, Ariadne joined him in orgasmic oblivion, her own sweet cream filling her womb and mixing with his to leak past his pistoning lovestick and drip out down her thighs onto the floor of the Minotaur’s lair.

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Chapter Three

The Minotaur got up off the bed, leaving the dazed Ariadne laying there, cum still oozing from her abused slit, too weak and wobbly to get up. He moved over to his chair by the fireplace, but looked over at her from time to time to check on her.

Gradually, Ariadne came to her senses. Her moaning diminished and her breathing and heart rate slowed. She stirred, catching his attention and he watched, interested, as she rose to a sitting position. When she felt strong enough, she slipped off the bed carefully and stood, holding onto the

side of the bed for support.

The Minotaur turned his chair to watch her as she began walking slowly, seductively towards him. His concern at first was that she might fall and hurt herself, but when he saw her watching him and slinking towards him, his cock stirred once again. He adjusted his seat a bit and she smiled coyly, seeing what she could do to this man-beast. It would seem that he didn't hold ALL the power in this relationship after all!

Ariadne came over and knelt down in front of the Minotaur. She gently spread his legs and slid between his strong, powerful legs. The Minotaur had regular man's legs down to just below the knees where they turned to furred bull's legs, complete with hooved feet. She took one of the beast's legs and put it in her lap, slowly petting the fur on his lower leg and examining the hoof below. The Minotaur watched perplexed as she stroked his fur and held his hooved foot. This was something entirely new to him!

Ariadne looked up and smiled warmly at him. She saw his growing "interest" in her affections and she bit her lip coquettishly. She moved closer, between his legs and began stroking his upper legs lightly, moving slowly up his legs and back down just a short ways at first. But then as he watched her, she lengthened her strokes a little at a time until she reached where his loincloth draped over his legs. She looked up at him again and seeing no hint of resistance, she slipped her hands under his loincloth and further up his thighs. Quickly she found what she was looking for - he was already getting hard and engorged again.

Ariadne moved the Minotaur's loincloth aside and took the large cock in her hands. She marveled at the size - the first time she had gotten a good close look at his enormous cock. He was so large that she couldn't wrap her tiny hand around the circumference completely and the head looked like a closed fist!

She licked her pink lips and lowered her head. He had pleased her with his mouth earlier and now she wanted to return the favor. She reached out her tongue to gingerly lick his cock. She had never sucked a cock before, but knew that some of the boys in the village enjoyed it. She didn't find the taste unpleasant - a sort of sweet, musky flavor that she quickly found she liked.

The creature moaned a low rumbling sound from deep within him, but Ariadne knew the meaning without the words. She smiled at him then kissed the tip of his cock. She opened her mouth again, but the Minotaur didn't wait this time. He thrust his cock into her mouth with force, grabbing the back of her head with one hand and pushing her down on him driving the head of his cock deep in her throat, and forcing her to take more of his cock than she had thought possible. Ariadne gagged and tried to turn away, desperate to push the intruder free, but it was pointless, impaled as she was on the thick shaft.

She managed to get her urge to gag under control at last and started sucking on the huge black cock. A small droplet of precum formed at the tip, giving the meaty shaft a little extra flavor - a flavor that Ariadne found very much to her liking.

"Mmmmm," she moaned around the big piece of meat stuffed in her mouth. The sound of her moan and the vibrations on his cock only served to arouse him more. He thrust deeper into her mouth, past her gag reflex, and down her slender throat. Ariadne couldn't believe how much of this man-beast she was taking down her throat! Well past her gag reflex now, her tongue danced along the underside of the beast's cock while her hands reached up to cradle and massage his huge hairy balls, each one the size of a good-sized grapefruit!

He continued to deepthroat her until she could feel the familiar firming of his cock and his hairy nuts drew up close. She could tell by his trembling and labored breathing that he was close. She pulled back a bit, just enough so that she could swallow when the time came and within moments that time arrived.

With a great roar that sort of scared her for a second, the Minotaur gripped the arms of his chair and threw his bull head back as thick jets of cum burst from the tip of the beast's cock, filling her mouth in a second. She swallowed as fast as she could, but there was no way she could keep up with his cock's jets. Ariadne could feel her stomach swell as she kept swallowing more and more of his seed. She choked and sputtered as white cream burst from the corners of her mouth. She pushed herself free of the Minotaur's white creamy fountain, falling backward onto the floor, and felt waves and waves of semen bath her entire body. His cum shot over her breasts, stomach, and mound, and her face was drenched in semen. Every inch of her was sticky with his seed by the time the creature had finished.

He was still panting as she got back up on her knees in front of him, still sticky and dripping cum. She looked up at him with her cum smeared face and smiled, swallowing what she had in her mouth. "So are you done or do you still want more?" she asked, already knowing what his answer would be. The beast's cock was still rock hard and twitching invitingly, like a curled finger calling her to come closer. The nice thing about being immortal is that it also makes you very virile!

The Minotaur jumped up, grabbing the young girl by the upper arm and half walking/half dragging her across the room to the bed again, hefting her up on the edge and pushing her upper body to lay back on it. He spread her legs roughly and moved between them, positioning his still oozing cockhead at her entrance.

A flash of apprehension crossed her mind; he'd already abused her young inexperienced pussy only a few minutes ago, could she handle him again so soon? She was plenty wet, that was not a problem - her pussy was leaking so much both of her legs were soaked with her lubricating juices.

She felt the monster's huge cockhead push itself past her pussy lips and begin to enter her wet tunnel. She felt him stretching the entrance and begin to burrow into her. At first, the pain returned but only momentarily this time. She grabbed a nearby pillow and hugging it to her chest, she shoved a corner of it into her mouth to stifle the scream trying to get out. The invading cock spread her pussy more than it had ever been and more than she thought possible. Even though he had just been inside her, this time he felt even larger and it seemed he would tear her this time. *This must be what childbirth feels like!* she thought to herself as he pushed into her further.

After a couple brief moments of screaming and pain, the creature stopped and the pain faded away. She looked down between her spread legs, wondering what had happened. When she did, what she saw very nearly made her cum right then and there. The Minotaur had buried his entire length, all the way up to the hilt, in her very stretched pussy. So deep was the bull cock in the young girl that she could see the lump in her belly caused by the head of the cock pushing into her.

Ariadne could not believe how full she felt - how full and how incredible it felt to be so stuffed with this man-beast's cock. A fresh wave of pussy juice poured out from her. "Fuck me! Please, please fuck me now!" she cried out in blind lustful passion.

Minotaur immediately withdrew his cock from her lewdly stretched pussy with a wet sucking slurp, confirming just how wet she was. The instant his cock was free from her womanly grasp, Ariadne came. Hard. With her juices pouring out of her like a waterfall and her arms and legs thrashing about maniacally, she came so hard that she was afraid she might lose consciousness. But the

Minotaur, somehow sensing her state of mind, grabbed her shoulders firmly and held her in place. That reassuring feeling of its steady hands holding her in place kept her in the world.

Her pussy spasmed and convulsed with an incredibly powerful orgasm; her entire body shook and she felt like every part of her soul was on fire with a lust she could never have imagined. But the man-beast was far from done with her. Again and again, he slammed into her, and each time she came. Over and over again she came.

Ariadne could feel every ridge and vein of the Minotaur's enormous black cock and it drove her out of her mind, as well as exhausted her more completely than she had ever been exhausted before. The more he pounded her, the more she gushed juices around his iron-hard shaft. And the more lubrication he had, the more and harder he could slam into her. After what seemed to her like an eternity, and after countless thrusts and orgasms, the Minotaur reached his limit.

Suddenly he thrust into her again, harder this time than ever, and at the same time yanked her down onto his hard cock, impaling her, his head breaking through her cervix to pour its seed directly into her womb. The immense load was just as big as any of them, gallons and gallons of white cum spewed like a river from the tip of the Minotaur's cock straight into her hungry womb.

Ariadne came hard, and for what she thought would be the last time, the convulsing flesh of her abused pussy only helping to milk the creature's rod even more. Soon she was full, but still, the bull wasn't done. Cum gushed out of her, Ariadne's body unable to contain any more, and spilled onto the floor in a great, white tide. Her stomach expanded as it tried to take as much as it could, and by the time he was done filling her, she looked like she might be pregnant.

The Minotaur was panting, sweat rolling down his bare chest and making his fur darker than before. He pulled himself free of her pussy and as the barrier was removed, a fresh flood of seed and pussy juice flushed out of her and spilled onto the cold stone floor. Ariadne lay there on the bed, completely used and totally satisfied. Her eyes could no longer focus, and she felt dizzy and light-headed. Her belly felt so full, so complete, and so satisfied. As she came for that final time atop that blazing hot cock, she could feel consciousness slipping from her grasp. Then ... blackness.

When Ariadne finally came to she wasn't sure at first where she was. Then she remembered and sat up. Erinyes, her Minotaur host, was busy tending the fire and when he heard her stir, he turned around and came over to see her.

"H-how long have I been asleep?" she asked. The Minotaur shook his head.

"Oh, I remember. I wish you could speak. it's going to be awful hard to talk with you if you can't speak!" she sighed.

He hung his head. Then he raised it and quickly crossed the room. He rummaged through some boxes and brought back what looked to her like a child's school chalkboard.

"Nnnaah!" he said. He began to scratch something on the chalkboard: "I write," it said.

"You can write?" she asked. He indicated he could write a little. "Well, I will teach you how to write more so we can talk to each other - we are going to have to be able to communicate somehow since we are both stuck here!" she said.

Erinyes nodded his head caught up in the young girl's enthusiasm. "You know, I was going to be a teacher when I got older. Until the Lottery that is. But now I can be your teacher!" she said.

Ariadnes was so excited she forgot what she had been through. She hopped down off the bed and quickly found herself quite stiff and sore.

“Oh my! I guess I’m not quite used to all this! You sure gave me a workout last night!” she said.

The Minotaur shook his head. He wrote something on the chalkboard. He wrote down the number three. “Three days? I’ve been asleep for three days?” she asked. He nodded his head sheepishly.

For the next several weeks Ariadne and Erinyes spent the days getting to know each other, becoming very good friends. She began teaching him more words and phrases so they could communicate. And after a few days to rest up from her first day and all that happened to her, they continued enjoying each other physically as well.

He showed her pleasures she had never even imagined, things she had never heard of and some she didn’t think were even possible given his size. She learned that she loved the way he ate her pussy, she loved the feel of him inside her. And she loved sucking him off as well. She was never far from an orgasm with her Minotaur lover.

She learned that his mother had died many hundreds of years ago and since then he has been alone in the labyrinth except for the when the Lottery provided him with a visitor – but that only lasted for a little bit.

One day, as the two of them sat next to each other in front of the fire, the Minotaur suddenly reached for his chalkboard. Knowing he was about to write her something, Ariadne sat up expectantly.

She waited patiently while he wrote something on his chalkboard: You stay here with me? he wrote. He turned it and showed it to her. The look on the poor creature’s face as she read it nearly broke her heart. This horrible creature, this monster of legend, was so terribly lonely that he was asking her to stay with him.

Ariadne was too choked up to speak. She gently took the chalkboard from him and set it on the table next to him. Then she took his strong powerful hands in hers and she brought them to her lips softly kissing them.

“Yes, my dear, sweet Erinyes. Yes, I will stay here with you,” she said. Erinyes was overjoyed. He picked up his cherished Ariadnes and held her tight spinning them around in utter elation.

Finally, after so many years, his loneliness was coming to an end. The man-beast’s prayers had been answered!

He sat back down in his chair and pulled her into his lap. They sat there cuddling and enjoying the fire’s warmth as well as their own. Ariadne thought it rather odd that here she was with the beast of the townspeople’s nightmares, sitting on his lap and cuddling. When she was first chosen to be the sacrifice in the Lottery, she thought surely she would die, since no one had ever returned from the Labyrinth. But now she knew that all the man-beast really wanted was to be with someone. To have someone to talk with, to care for, and someone who cared about him. And she did. She found herself now not only connected to him by circumstance and by a physical attraction, but now she was becoming emotionally involved as well. She was very fond of this creature – more so than anyone else other than her father – and she sensed that he felt the same towards her. Which was good since she and the Minotaur would be stuck together for the rest of their lives.

Or so she thought.

It had gotten close to the time for the next Lottery and Ariadne became concerned that yet another girl's name would be drawn to be sacrificed to the Minotaur. She knew now that he had only wanted someone to keep him company, but no one on the outside knew that. They needed to know. They needed to know the Lottery was no longer necessary; that she would willingly stay with the Minotaur for the rest of her life, and that they cared for and about each other. No longer would innocent young ladies be subjected to the horrors of being torn from their families and thrown in the Labyrinth and an unknown, but nonetheless terrifying, fate.

She had to do something ... or at least try. "Oh Erinyes, the time for the Lottery is approaching again. I wish there was some way I could tell the villagers that the Lottery is not needed anymore. That I am happy and content to stay here with you forever and that no one else needs to be sacrificed. You don't wish for anyone else to come here do you?" she asked. The Minotaur shook his head no.

"But how? How can I tell them to stop the Lottery and tell them that we are happy here together, just the two of us? There's no way out of here except for the sea cliff!" she said.

Then Erinyes remembered - there was a way! I know, he wrote on his chalkboard. He helped her up off his lap and stood up. He lit one of the torches and taking her by the hand led her into the dark hallways.

They walked for several minutes, the Minotaur in the lead turning this way and that until Ariadne was thoroughly and hopelessly lost. But he knew where they were. And he led her down until all of a sudden a tiny crack of light could be seen at the end of the hallway. They approached and she could make out a door! This was a long forgotten back door out of the Labyrinth! But it was very securely locked and there was no way she could budge the door. They returned back to their home with sad hearts.

That night as they sat around after dinner, she brought the subject of the Lottery up again. "Erinyes, we have to do something. We have to figure out how to stop the Lottery. Somehow I have to get out and tell the villagers to stop this nonsense!" she said.

The Minotaur looked very sad. He took up his chalkboard and wrote: You leave me?

Ariadne looked at him. She took his hands and lifted his face to her. "Erinyes. I have to try. But I promise you, as soon as I am done and have talked with them, I will return to you. Whether I am successful at convincing them or not, I will be back. I promise you," she said.

Then she added, "I love you." The Minotaur looked up at her and saw her smile, her bright eyes sparkling and he knew she meant it. He took her in his arms and gave her the only kind of kiss his bull face could give her. But she knew the meaning of the gesture and she kissed him right back.

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## Chapter Four

The next day, Ariadne got ready to go back to the village to talk to them and tell them about the ending the Lottery. Erinyes lit the torch again and showed her the way to the old door. After winding their way through the maze of the Labyrinth they reached the door. The Minotaur studied it for a couple minutes testing the chains that held it secure. Then he hooked on horn under a point in the chain and with a mighty twisting pull the chain broke! Then he repeated the same thing to the

second. Then the third. Finally, all the old chains fell away. The only thing left was to break the deadbolt in the door itself. The Minotaur took a few steps back and making sure Ariadne was well out of the way, he charged the door smashing through it and breaking the deadbolt cleanly. The sturdy old door stayed in one piece, but swung open partially. The dirt and rubble that had built up on the outside kept it from opening fully, but Ariadne was able to squeeze through the opening easily enough.

Once outside the door, she turned back. Erinyes was looking at her through the opening. Unable to get out himself through the small opening, he looked very worried and afraid.

"Erinyes, my love. I WILL be back. I swear to you, I will be back and soon," she said, kissing his outstretched hand. He wasn't too sure, but he had no choice. He watched her walk away hoping against hope that she would return...

It was a long walk back to the village and as she got to the outskirts, she wondered how she was going to convince the village elders to stop the Lottery. It had been in place for longer than anyone knew and it was ordained by the gods of Mount Olympus themselves. But she had to try. She had to do what she could to save the other girls.

As she got into town, the news that she was alive and had returned had the whole village in an uproar. She made her way back to her old house followed by a throng of townspeople. Her father was more than a little shocked to see his daughter alive and it took several minutes for him to calm down enough for her to tell him about her adventures and her new love, the Minotaur.

He couldn't believe at first what she was telling him - so many terrible tales had been told about the monster in the Labyrinth and so many young girls had been sacrificed. And telling him now that his daughter was in love with the creature was almost more than he could comprehend.

"It's true father. I have met the Minotaur and he isn't what everyone thinks. He is just a misunderstood creature that only wants to be loved, to feel like someone cares. And I do father. I love him. His name is Erinyes and I have promised him that after I have told the village about him and that the Lottery is no longer needed, I would return to him," she said.

"Out of the question! Ariadne, I thought I had lost you once already. You can't expect me to allow you to go back there again!" her father protested.

"Father I love you, you know that. And the last thing I want to do is to hurt you. But I made a promise to Erinyes that I would return. He trusted me enough to help me get out of the Labyrinth so I could come back here and stop the Lottery. I have to go back to him. I just want to make sure that the village knows they don't have to have the Lottery anymore. No one else needs to lose their loved ones over this. No one else needs to be sacrificed," she explained.

"You really love this ... Erinyes? You really want to go back and live in the Labyrinth with him? he asked.

"Yes, Father. I understand him. And he needs me. Father, the poor man has been alone for hundreds and hundreds of years. The reason he is so feared is because no one has taken the time to get to know him. All they see is the monster - they don't know what a kind and caring soul he is inside. All he wants is some company. All he wants is love. It wasn't his fault what happened to him, yet he has to suffer for it. The least I can do is keep him company and care for him as long as I can. Just give him some comfort while I am alive and make part of his life worthwhile. Like Mom did for you," she said.

Ariadne's father did understand and while he didn't like the choice she made, he respected her decision. So Ariadne and her father went to see the mayor of Pelatrea and tell him the good news. He also had a tough time believing that anyone could have escaped the Labyrinth, much less want to go back, but if that was her decision, he wouldn't argue with her.

The mayor made the wonderful announcement and the whole crowd was overjoyed. The name of the next sacrifice had not been chosen yet, but all those who were eligible to be picked were especially happy to learn that the Lottery would be canceled.

The town rejoiced and a party was planned for the very next day. Ariadne was to be the star of the party and everyone would attend.

At the party, she told her story to the townspeople and told them she would be returning to the Labyrinth to live with the Minotaur permanently. A collective gasp went through the crowd at that news, but she assured them this was her choice and she made it willingly and on her own. She also said that the Lottery would be gotten rid of and in its place, she asked that every three months supplies in the form of food and other necessities be dropped into the Labyrinth instead of a virgin girl. The village happily agreed and the other terms were hashed out with the mayor and town council.

Three days after she left the Labyrinth, she was heading back. This time, though, her father escorted her to the small door she and the Minotaur had opened. A couple of the village carpenters repaired the deadbolt lock and some new chains and locks were installed. When the work was done and all was in readiness, some supplies were put inside the Labyrinth and Ariadne said a tearful goodbye to her father.

"Now that I know there is a way out and the door works, perhaps I can come back and visit from time to time. I don't know if Erinyes will come out - we will see. But perhaps ... if people learned more about him ... he would feel comfortable coming out to meet people," she said. A couple men cleared the door so it would open fully and then Ariadne kissed her father goodbye and the village crier blew his trumpet into the Labyrinth to summon the Minotaur. Ariadne stepped inside and the door was locked and chained shut.

Ariadne waited for a few moments and sure enough, she heard the familiar sound of her Minotaur snorting and coming down the dark hallway. Erinyes was thrilled to see her again - in the torchlight, she could see the tears in his eyes at seeing that she returned. After kissing and nuzzling for a few moments, he picked her up and carried her in his arms back to his lair. Then he returned for the supplies that she had brought with her once he made sure she was home and comfortable.

That evening she told him all about the villager's reaction to seeing her and the party they threw in her honor. She told him also about the arrangement she made with the village mayor and council about giving them supplies every three months. Erinyes listened intently to her words but he didn't really hear her - he had his Ariadne back and he would never be lonely again.

And for him, that's all that really mattered anyway.

**The End**