

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

We have been cursed, me and the monster sucking at my breast, cursed by the Gods and now cursed by my husband. We are trapped in the dark labyrinthine passages beneath the brooding palace my husband had built to hide me in shame from the eyes of the world. The curse was not my fault, but my husbands.

My husband is a King and shares the faults of many Kings, greed and arrogance being but two. He was suppose to share this island with his two brothers, but my husband decided he did not want to share, so with force of arms he drove his brothers away into exile. The people of this island grew concerned and some of the council voiced doubts about my husband's right to claim the whole land as his realm, but my husband boasted his right was a divine gift from the Gods and would prove it. The Gods, he told them, would honour any prayer he asked of them and called a great assembly.

The royal court, the council and the people from across the island gathered at the traditional site of assembly near the shore. The seats of the open air assembly could hold many thousands and all were full. In the centre of the stone floor stood my husband, bare chested with a rich blue short kilt of the finest cloth studded with gold and precious stones and around his waist was a wide, gold belt. In his hand he held a golden sceptre in the shape of a double-headed axe and on his head was a golden crown adorned with long, exotic feathers, to everyone's eyes he looked a true King. The priests built an altar of great beams of oak and ash and with many long invocations dedicated the altar to Poseidon and prepared it for sacrifice. Then, with his arms held high, my husband called upon Poseidon to send a worthy sacrifice - a white bull.

At once a shout and then cries rang out from people gathered on the shore, we looked towards the commotion and saw a great white bull swimming towards the beach. The bull walked out of the water towards the fisherfolk who ran in terror, but the bull did not charge but stood calmly.

I followed my husband down to the beach to look at the miracle. The beast was indeed great in size and the purest white with not a single blemish or mark and its behaviour was calm and placid. My husband was overjoyed at the beauty of the animal and said it was far too magnificent to be sacrificed, so called his chief herdsman and told him to take the bull to join the Kings herd and to bring back another bull in its place, which he did. After this, all the people wholly accepted my husband as rightful King, except one. The high priest told me that Poseidon had sent the bull for sacrifice and would not accept it being withheld and an inferior sacrificed in its place. When the Gods are angry they inflict cruel and terrible punishments on the mortal world, I was not aware then, but I was to be the target of Poseidons wrath; the God wanted to shame and humiliate my husband by cursing me.

I awoke early one morning with the visions still in my mind of the dream I had while I slept. It was of the great white bull. I had been standing by the beast, quite naked, stroking its head and body. The bull had responded in turn by licking my body with its large, rough tongue, my breasts, stomach and between my legs were quite wet with its saliva. As I lay on my bed, I looked at the fresco on the ceiling of my chamber of my father Helios, the sun God, wondering why I should have such a dream, and noticed that between my legs I was indeed wet. I felt my sex with a hand which was moist with my own secretions and began to think of the wondrous bull again.

I worked my hand over my groin, softly and slowly at first, caressing the outer lips of my sex feeling

the pleasure slowly building within me. I closed my eyes and saw myself, naked, standing beside the animal looking in awe at its size and perfect features. Just the image in my mind was enough to create feelings of lust that began to gently pulse through my body. I teased the little nub at the top of my sex softly with a finger as I imagined the belly of the bull and the furry sheath that I knew contained his member.

I had but a vague idea of what It might look like. The bull is greatly revered by my people, a symbol of great strength and fertility and the penis of a bull was, on very special occasions, served as part of a banquet, a delicacy reserved only for the high classes. I knew it to be about the length of a forearm from wrist to elbow and the width of two fingers. But because the white bull was larger than other bulls, I presumed his member would be also.

I could see it projecting from the sheath and I could see my hands reaching out to hold it as I eased a finger into my sex, the moistness and sensitivity of my inner parts heightening my growing state of erotic bliss, holding its great member in my hands, caressing it across my face, and then taking the hot, moist head into my mouth.

In my daydream I was sucking greedily on the beast's penis, filling my mouth with its hot, thick member, flicking and teasing it with the tip of my tongue then licking the hard head. While my hands rubbed up and down the bulls long, moist shaft, I began thrusting my finger faster into me, then two fingers, then three and rubbing the palm of my hand against the nub that sent spasms of delight coursing through me. My body began to twitch with the coming ecstasy and in my dream the bulls member began to twitch and pulsate also and as the waves of pleasure rolled through my whole being, the bulls penis burst forth into my mouth. As its semen flooded out, my body convulsed in surges of ecstatic bliss and in my dream I thought I might drown as the mighty animals seed coursed like a river down my throat and out of my mouth.

Once the passion had subsided within me, I rose and went to the room which housed my bath. I had risen earlier than usual and my attendants had only just begun to fill my bath with warm water from large clay jars and from the glances I received from the younger girls, they had heard my cries of delight which I had tried hard to stifle. After washing me, I stepped out so they could anoint my body with sweet scented oil and then dress me.

Today, there was to be a grand demonstration of the bull dance in the central court of the palace, one of the many celebrations ordered by my husband to celebrate his acceptance as the rightful King and it would be attended by all the nobles of the island. My dress therefore was of the most exemplary quality. The long, layered skirts dyed with vivid bands of blues, reds and green, a fine, sheer linen vest cut low at the front to my waist exposing my breasts - as was the fashion of my people - and a bodice of deep blue embroidered with gold and silver thread cut low also that fitted tight to my body.

Once dressed, I ate a light meal of warm, fresh bread and goats' cheese and some figs with my attendants as they gossiped about who would be at the bull dancing and what they might wear. It was usual for me to eat only with other women of the court or sometimes with just my handmaidens as my husband rarely sought my company unless it was required by court protocol. He preferred the pleasures of his concubines and mistresses, which is why I placed a charm on him so that he would ejaculate serpents, scorpions and centipedes killing those who lay with him. Only Procris was immune to the charm, using a protective herb she would consort with him at will.

I joined my husband in the royal pavilion situated above the Hall of the Double Axes and overlooking the great central court. Many merchants and ordinary folk from the town were gathered around the wooden arena built for the bull dance while the nobles watched from the terraces around the court.

The bull dance was a popular entertainment among the people and the best athletes were feted as heroes. Four of the islands best, two men and two women, oiled and dressed only in small, leather loincloths, entered the arena with much cheering from the crowd and then a large black bull was driven in from an enclosure at the far end. Each athlete in turn would entice the bull to charge and as horror was about to ensue they would grab the bulls horns and perform wonderful acrobatics over the animals back before landing behind the bull to great roars of approval from the excited crowd. As much as I usually enjoyed this spectacle, my attention was wholly on the bull, not the athletes, my mind full of visions of the great white bull. I was determined to seek it out as soon as the entertainment was over.

The Kings herds were pastured on the best land on the island, the hills just beyond the town towards the mountains. My attendants and I walked in the warm morning sunshine, talking about this and that, but I was not listening, I could think of nothing but the bull. As we passed through the Kings olive grove I waved away my handmaidens instructing them to enjoy some leisure in the shade of the olive trees as I wished to be alone.

Beyond the olive grove was a wood of oak trees and beyond the wood was the pasture land. The Kings herd contained many hundred animals which were scattered grazing on the grass. I stopped at the edge of the wood and looked for the white bull. It was standing alone, away from the rest of the herd and nearby was my husband, the King, and his chief herdsman. I hid behind one of the trees and watched. My husband seemed to be praising the beauty and magnificence of the extraordinary animal which took little interest in the two men and grazed contently, though neither would go too close. I waited, wishing to the Gods that they would leave and in time they did.

I left my hiding place and walked slowly towards the great animal, then stopped when it stopped grazing and looked straight at me. If it were any other bull in the herd I would have run away, but I knew in my heart I had nothing to fear and approached again. Very close, I stopped and held out my hand almost touching the animal's nose; the bull snorted softly then sniffed my hand. I stepped closer still and stroked the brow of its mighty head, whispering soft words of how beautiful and wonderful he was.

The bulls of this island are widely noted for their great size and fearsome strength, but this animal was larger still than any other beast in the Kings herd. His height at the shoulder was more than half an arms length more than my height to the top of my head. The dazzlingly white hide was perfect and softer than the softest duckdown. The horns were longer than the length of my arm and twice as thick, curving sharply upwards halfway along their length and tapering to sharp points, the width at the tips was nearly equal to my height. Through his great weight his hoofs left deep marks in the ground, each hoof print being the size of my head. His body was solid and of the most elegant and perfect proportions, he had, most assuredly, been sent by the Gods. Indeed he was a God; there could not be any other animal in the mortal world to match in grace, strength and beauty.

A voice shouted behind me,

'Majesty, Majesty!'

The herdsman had come back and was running towards me. When my bull saw the man he let out a bellow which stopped the man in his tracks.

'Majesty, come away he may be dangerous'.

I spoke softly to my bull.

'You would not harm me would you?' My bull shook his ears and looked at me with tender eyes, then

nuzzled his head against my body. I called to the herdsman,

'Leave us; go about your other duties'.

'But Majesty...' he began to protest.

'Leave us' I told him, with anger in my voice and to make sure, my bull bellowed again. The herdsman turned and ran away.

I was in love in a way as only once before when I was a young girl growing up in Colchis. There was an officer in the palace guard whom I adored beyond measure. I tried to entice him, but he only thought I was a playful little girl and paid little attention to me and when he was killed in battle I was inconsolable for a long time. Though I am now a grown woman and the mother of eight sons and daughters, my heart, soul and mind can accept no other but my great bull.

That night there was a great feast at the palace attended by all the nobles and worthies of the island, another of the many celebrations ordered by my husband. For the sake of court requirement my husband sat next to me, thought I knew he would rather be with that harpy Procris who would steal enticing glances at the King from across the room.

For the first time that day my husband spoke to me.

'I hear tell that you have been seen in the pasture with my herd'.

'Yes'.

'And you were talking to my white bull'.

'Yes'.

'It is not seemly for such a high born woman to be associating with the animals, return to your weaving and others women's work, the beasts, swine and goats are men's business'.

I was angry but did not want to make a scene so I spoke gently.

'My bull is not a beast'.

'Your bull?' my husband replied, his voice getting louder and attracting attention from some of the nobles around us.

'Yes, my bull,' my voice remained calm but now with an edge of anger '...and he will not allow to be attended to by any other than me'.

There was a look of shock and surprise on my husbands face and it was a moment before he spoke again.

'Well wife... we will see about that'.

With as much grace as I could muster, I excused myself and left the feast early. I sat on the bed in my chamber and fumed at my husband, but he would not keep me away from my bull.

After my attendants had finished preparing me for sleep and left, I lay on my bed and thought of my

darling bull. I remembered the soft hide, the warmth of his strong body and his smell, not the foul stench of the rest of the cattle, but a deep, masculine musk like the athletes after strenuous exercise.

From a small chest next to my bed I took out the phallus that had seen much use since my husband deserted my bed. Made of the blackest ebony, it was the length of my hand from wrist to fingertip and the thickness of two fingers. It had been given to me by a lady of the court who understood my sadness as she too had been deserted by her husband and as a thank you, I placed a charm on her husband which had shrivelled his penis to the size of a knobbly acorn. She had been told by the carver that it was modelled on the aroused member of a slave he had once seen from a land far to the south of this island, with ridges and veins along the shaft and large testicles at the base, it was a far cry from the smaller, dainty things I have seen among the athletes and soldiers.

I removed my sleeping robe and took a small jar of scented olive oil from the chest. Lying naked on my couch, I dribbled the oil over my body then with both hands rubbed it all over, my mind full of the sights and smell of my bull. I squeezed my breasts then pulled and pinched hard my nipples, I could imagine my bull sucking and biting my teats, his large mouth would be easily able to take in all of a breast and could caress it with his tongue.

I poured more of the oil over the lips of my sex, then over the phallus and began rubbing it slowly along the lips of my sex and against the small nub. The sensations of arousal began to build within me as I continued to stroke and caress my breasts and tweak the nipples until they stood hard and proud. Slowly I eased the circumcised head between the lips of my sex. Pulses of desire rippled through me as I pushed the black penis in further then withdrawing it almost all out before thrusting it in again. I wanted this pleasure to last, so began slowly, with one hand I would ease the phallus in and out of my sex and with the other, gently caress the nub that was hidden away.

I imagined stroking the body of my mighty bull and feeling the warmth of his breath and body against my naked skin. As the divine sensations of pleasure echoed through me, I rubbed and pressed the nub and pushed the phallus harder and faster trying to take all of its length right up to the testicles as my breath came in pants and I began to cry out in pain and ecstasy.

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## **Part Two**

The following morning I again woke earlier than was usual, and again I had dreamt of my bull and again my sex was moist with fluid. I called my attendants from their sleep and told them that I wanted to look most special today. They giggled and asked who the lucky fellow was, for they were sure it would not be for my husband, but I told them kindly - for I am very fond of my attendants - not to worry their silly little heads on such things, though I knew it would be their only gossip for the rest of the day.

They washed me and anointed my body with oil scented with peach blossom, then the two senior attendants arranged my hair, plaiting it around my head and weaving in it flowers and leaves from the palace garden. From the others I chose a white robe of the finest gossamer thread and around my waist I wore a golden belt resembling a serpent - a creature of great importance to my people - made with a thousand tiny scales linked together and the tail going into its mouth.

I wanted to be with my dear bull all day so instructed my chief handmaiden to collect from the palace kitchen a picnic of fruits, dried fish, bread and honey. When she returned with two baskets full, one for my attendants and one for myself, I slipped a white woollen shawl over my head and

shoulders and with my attendants following behind, left my chamber. In the palace garden we collected more sweet fragranced flowers and strands of vine so I could weave a garland to decorate the mighty head of my beloved bull.

Leaving my attendants in the olive grove, I walked alone through the oak wood and found my bull grazing in the middle of the pasture. When he saw me, my bull raised his head and watched with his tender sweet eyes as I approached him. I placed the flowers on the ground and threw my arms around his neck, though I could barely reach half way around, and kissed and kissed him, telling him how much I loved and adored him. I could tell from the look in his eyes that he understood my words and nuzzled his head against my body. I held my arms around him tighter, my breasts crushed against his firm, warm neck.

During the morning, I weaved the garland which I placed on his head around his horns and sang love songs, and with my shawl discarded on the ground I danced for him, my fine robe flowing as I moved.

'May I climb onto you strong back beloved?' I asked him softly. My bull slowly lowered himself down and with a little bit of effort I was sitting on his back, gripping tight as he raised himself to his feet. I lay there all morning, resting my head on my bulls head between his mighty horns, singing songs of love.

Just as the sun was reaching its zenith and I was thinking of food, I saw my husband striding onto the pasture from the oak wood, his chief herdsman a few paces behind. There was anger in his eyes when he saw me on my bull and I sat up quickly a little frightened as he stomped towards us.

'Get off woman, get off my bull' he shouted across the pasture. This attracted the attention of my bull who turned his head to watch.

'Get off, leave here' he shouted again, waving his arms. My bull turned suddenly to face the King, so suddenly that I fell off his back onto the ground. The herdsman stopped when the bull turned, but my husband continued forward, shouting at me to leave and flaying his arms. My bull let out a roar so loud the Gods at Olympus surely heard it which stopped my husband for a moment then he walked forwards again more cautiously. My bull took a couple of steps towards the King and roared again, even louder and scorching flames shot from his mouth. My husband halted and shouted unkind things to me then stamped his way back into the wood, his herdsman running after him.

In the afternoon he returned with ten of his soldiers in their full armour, their long spears pointing forwards. I slide off my bull and hide behind him, terrified of what my husband would do. My bull had seen the men before I did and as they approached he turned and in an instant was charging at them faster than even the best athlete could run and the ground shook as I had known only once before when the Gods had caused the ground to quake with such force that whole buildings fell down. Now the soldiers of the King are brave and fearless warriors in battle, but at the sight of my great white bull thundering towards them letting out deafening roars and his searing fire threatening to engulf them, the soldiers and my husband turned and fled.

The following morning as I was leaving my chamber to go to my bull my way was barred by two soldiers of the palace guard. They stood each side of the door facing each other and crossed their spears, blocking my path. There are guards within the palace but I had never had them outside my chamber before.

'What is the meaning of this?' I asked them, 'Why do you block me?'

One of the guards turned his head slightly to look at me.

'The order of my lord the King. You are forbidden to leave your chamber.'

I stamped my foot and spoke in my sternest voice.

'Forbidden? Away with you, I am the Queen and will come and go at my pleasure.' The soldiers stood still and silent, their spears still blocking me.

I was a prisoner in my own chamber for two days. I told the guards to fetch the King to explain why I was held so, but my orders were ignored and I knew why I was held; to keep me away from my beloved bull. On the morning of the third day one of my husband's advisors came to me. He was a rather small, fat man who always seemed to be perspiring and was not averse to intrigue and other devious schemes to increase his own power and status. I had never liked him.

'My Lord the King - your husband,' I did not care for his not so subtle reminder, '...orders you to go to his great white bull. The beast has become violent and uncontrollable. It has already killed an apprentice herdsman, badly gored another of the King's bulls and scattered the rest of the herd.'

Before the little fat man finished speaking I ran out of my chamber (the guards had now gone) faster than I had ever run before and out of the palace. At the furthest end of the pasture my bull walked in circles and even from across the field I could hear him grunting and huffing causing grey puffs of smoke to stream from his nostrils. At the edge of the oak wood were many soldiers and as I ran across the pasture the captain of the guard called.

'No your Majesty, stay away, it is dangerous.'

I ignored him and ran to my bull. The moment I reached him he calmed himself as I held his head tight to my body and told him how much I had missed him and that it was not of my choosing to have been away from him. From then on no one dared interfere and I kept my bull far away from the rest of the herd which was finally rounded up.

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That night, as my attendants were preparing me for sleep, I asked my senior handmaiden, who was brushing my hair, what the people were saying about me.

'They are saying nothing Majesty.'

'Please my child, I need someone to tell me the truth. I know there is gossip and people even seem afraid to approach me now.'

My handmaiden was silent for a moment then spoke, nervousness evident in her voice.

'Some people say you are bewitched Majesty, cursed by the Gods, others say it is the great white bull that is bewitched and that you are the cause.' There was a tremor in her hands as she brushed my hair. I turned towards her and took her hands gently in mine. My other attendants had stopped their work and were watching and listening to us carefully.

'And what do you think?' I asked her.

'Please Majesty, I dare not say.' I squeezed her hand and smiled as a mother would smile at a frightened child, for she was frightened and I could see tears begin to well in her eyes.

'And what of my husband, the King?' for I had not seen my husband since the day he approached



with the soldiers.

'I have heard tell that he is very angry with you. He wanted to mate the great white bull with some of the cows in his own herd, but now even his soldiers are afraid to go near the animal.' I was happy my husbands' plans were thwarted; my bull was destined to mate only with me.

My handmaiden began to blush.

'Some people say you are in love with the bull Majesty, is it true?'

I did not answer her question, just smiled and took a thin, gold necklace from my jewellery box and placed it in the palm of her hand.

'You have spoken the truth child, and for that I thank you. You may all leave me now.' They each bowed low to me and left through the door leading to their own rooms.

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Beyond the pasture where the king's herd grazed was a narrow, little used path which led down to a small cove. I wanted to take my bull down to the sea to wash and groom him as his dazzling white hide had become marked with dirt from his nights lying in the field. I removed my robe and walked naked into the sea with my bull and began to wash him with my hands and rubbing him down with a piece of woollen cloth. I missed not a piece of him, beginning with his great horns until his coat quite blinded me with its radiance, then we walked onto the beach where I brushed him with one of my own combs. I paid great attention to his underbelly, to the sheath where his member was hid and to the large testicles between his hind legs which were magnificent, much, much larger even than those of a stallion.

I cupped one carefully in my hands, it was very warm, almost hot, and the white sack that contained them was the smoothest, softest leather I had ever felt. As I held it I could feel the orb inside moving slightly. I cupped the other testicle and held them both against my cheeks, my face buried in the sack between; their warmth, life and energy radiated through my skin and flowed through my body. Carefully I massaged them and kissed them and kissed them again and my bulls' member began to grow out of the sheath. I watched in awe until it hung beneath his belly in a gentle arc towards the ground. I remembered that first dream I had and now my bull was presented to me in all his glory.

It looked almost like a man's penis, though much, much larger. I crawled forward beneath my bull who stood motionless as I gazed in wonder. His penis was almost the length of my arm from my shoulder to the tips of my fingers. At its base, where it entered the sheath, it was twice as thick as my wrist but tapered down to the head, which bore a similarity to a circumcised man, and was the length of a finger and the width of three.

I desperately wanted to touch it, to hold it, but being underneath his great body I did not want to startle him, so I spoke and asked if I could handle his beautiful member, my bull lowered his head and huffed softly. I touched the glistening, white shaft with my fingertips then traced them down the length to the bulbous head when the penis twitched and my bull gave a gentle snort. I wrapped my hand around the shaft. At the head I could barely get my fingers around its circumference and as I moved up its length, I needed both hands to grip him.

I rested my cheek against the shaft and drew his strong, masculine musk through my nostrils, a scent that on its own was enough to cause a deep, lustful tingle in my stomach.

Slowly I moved my hands up and down the firm shaft and began to kiss him and run my tongue along

the hot, delicate skin. My bull moved slightly and snorted some more. I kissed the very tip of the head, opened my mouth and slowly took it in. The bulb slipped slowly between my lips and was all I could manage and so began to suck gently and lick it with my tongue. Suddenly my bulls' body moved forward slightly and I almost choked as the tip of the bulb touched the back of my mouth, as though my bull was trying to push the length of his penis down my throat. I moved back, but kept the head in my mouth and kept sucking and licking and stroking his shaft with my hands.

The ecstasy I was feeling was not just physical but deep in my very soul. To be with my bull and to share the unbridled bliss of physical love seemed now to be the sole purpose of my life, something I could not, and would not share with any other being. With his hot shaft in my hands and his glands in my mouth my bull and I honoured each other, an honour that could only be complete with the oneness of intercourse.

The shaft stiffened until it was almost as hard as wood and I could feel the warmth growing as my bull passed his love and his life to me. He snorted loudly and his penis twitched and suddenly my mouth was filled with his hot seed, much went down my throat and as hard as I tried to not lose a drop, most poured out of my mouth, it even felt as though some would pour from my nostrils. I remembered in my dream feeling that I would drown in his ejaculation and in reality I had to pull away and my face and breasts became covered as his semen poured out.

I wiped my eyes and stood next to my bull who turned his head to look at me. With my fingers I wiped his seed across my face and tasted some, which was like thickened milk with a salty taste, but to me it was as sweet as ambrosia. I rubbed his seed over my breasts and stomach and down between my legs, rubbing the thick semen across my lips and into my sex.

My bull was watching me very closely, he huffed and his great tongue licked his nose and in his eyes I could see passion and sensed that he wanted to return the pleasure. I ran into the sea and washed my body then dried myself by rubbing against his strong neck and firm flank, reminding him of the unquenchable love I had for him and the heights of the passion and desire that welled in my body. I stood in front of my bull with my legs slightly apart, presenting myself for him.

'I am yours my beloved and you are my desire'.

My bull sniffed my body and licked me, then snorted softly and shook his great head. I must still taste of salt from the sea. I picked up a clay jar from the basket of food that contained honey and poured it over my body. I covered my breasts and let the honey run down my stomach and poured more to coat my sex and my upper thighs, then presented myself to him again.

My bull sniffed my body again and then began to lick the honey from my skin. The merest touch of his large, rough tongue sent waves of passion pulsing through me and as he licked my breasts I thought my legs would give way from desire and I had to hold on to his great horns for support. When his tongue rasped across my now hard nipples they burned like fire and I pressed them closer to my beloved bulls' mouth. His tongue wrapped around my breast pulling it into his mouth and he began to chew, his teeth digging into my flesh. If my bull had begun to eat me alive I could not have been happier and my moans and cries of delight began to echo off the cliffs of the cove. I suddenly pulled away and laid my woollen robe on the sand in front of him, lying down and spreading my legs I exposed my sex to him.

'Take me to the heavens my sweet darling'.

My bull lowered his head and licked the honey from my thighs then touched my sex and a thousand darts from the bow of Eros pierced my body sending waves of euphoria that shook my entire being.

My bulls tongue pressed hard against my lips and pushed its way between and into me and then across the exposed nub at the top of my sex. Tears rolled down my cheeks as I rode the waves of ecstasy that I never thought I could survive and my cries became screams as the force of my bull's mouth and tongue against me pushed me across the sand. I gripped his head and pushed my sex harder against his mouth as the very thunderbolts of Zeus himself slammed into me, my body quaking uncontrollably.

I held myself hard against my bulls mouth until I was unable to take any more and I backed away, exhausted. But my bull seemed disappointed, he snorted and shook his head and stepped towards me. I held out my hand against his head to stop him.

'No more my sweet bull, please, no more'.

He huffed loudly and turned away from me. I tried to stand but my legs gave way beneath me, so I knelt beside him and held tight to one of his fore legs, my breasts crushed against his beautiful soft hide.

'Do not be angry my darling, your love is too great for me to bare and I fear I may die of rapture if you continue'.

I kissed his head and his nose and his mouth and he licked my face.

I lay on the sand by his head singing soft songs of love and adoration and stroked his legs. I had never known delight like this before and I wondered if any mortal woman had ever known such bliss. I looked under my bull at his member which was mostly hidden again in the sheath beneath his belly. My bliss could only be complete if my bull would enter into me, and I began to wonder how it could be done. I could not lay down and allow my bull to lower himself on to me as his great weight would surely crush me. I could not go on my hands and knees as my sex would be too low for him to penetrate me and to stand and bend over would still mean having his weight upon me. I thought of ways, but it still meant trying to bare the great bulk of his magnificent body. As I began to despair of ever finding a way, the face of a man flashed in my mind. I needed help from a clever and trustworthy person and thank the Gods, I knew of such a man.

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Among the people of the royal court there was one person who had not turned his face away and deserted me. His name was Daedalus, an Athenian who lived at our court, exiled from his homeland. He was renowned as an artisan, engineer and architect, having been instructed in these arts by Athene herself; some even said that his skills were equal to that of Hephaestus, though Daedalus himself was too wise to compare himself to one of the Gods. He would still greet me happily and did not take part in the gossip that I knew circulated through the royal court about me and my bull. So I sent one of my handmaidens to his workshop in the town to invite him to dine with me in the evening.

Daedalus was a man in mid life, not handsome, but not displeasing and despite the sometimes heavy work he undertook, he was not muscular as one might think, in most ways, an ordinary looking fellow. As my attendants served our food we talked of simple things and he showed me how to open a beautifully carved mahogany egg he gave to me as a gift to find another egg inside and another inside that. When the food was served I dismissed my attendants who bowed low to me and left silently for their own quarters. When we were alone I explained to him that I wished to seek his advice on a most delicate matter and even though he did not take part in court gossip I asked him to take an oath that he would not repeat a word to a living soul. I think he knew the subject on which I

wanted to speak and promised by all the Gods never to repeat a single word.

I asked him what people say of me.

'Unfortunately, you are the talk of the island, people seem to speak of little else. Have you not heard any of it?'

'I have heard only gossip and lies. My attendants try to protect me from it, but it is only tittle-tattle, what do they say at court?'

Daedalus was reluctant to answer.

'My girls know only the gossip. You have spoken with my husband, what does he say?'

Daedalus took a deep breath and looked at me.

'You are becoming a great embarrassment to the King. The Gods sent him the white bull and people make jokes now behind his back because he dare not go near it, only his wife can control it.'

Inside I smiled to think that my husband is made fun of, but I was angry also, he is the King and it is wrong that the peasants and merchants should ridicule him so.

Daedalus continued.

'The king has decreed that you and the great white bull are not to be spoken of under penalty of harsh punishment, and though they make sure not to speak of you when the King can hear, it is hard for people to stop talking altogether, one woman has already been banished from the island.'

'Do you think my love for my bull is wrong?' I asked.

'It is not for me to judge Majesty, I am a craftsman, not a priest, but the bull is a symbol of great reverence among your people and as the high priestess of the Mother Goddess it is your task to lead that reverence and worship. From hearsay I have heard in the town much of the peasantry think it is fitting that only the high priestess can control a bull sent by the Gods. It is only the merchants and some of the nobles who are prone to more malicious talk.'

'My love is more than just reverence.' I told the craftsman.

'Do not some of the peasants indulge in relations with their goats or sheep? In great Egypt, high born women will symbolically mate with the Apis bull and it is said even the mighty Zeus himself copulates with mortal women disguised as an animal.'

I ate some fruit as I thought of what Daedalus had said.

'I know this desire is not of my choosing. The high priest has said it is a curse from Poseidon to avenge the insult my husband did him by withholding my bull from sacrifice, but the desire is in me and I can think of nothing else but to be with my bull. I slept with him in the field last night, did you know?'

Daedalus shook his head.

'No my Lady, I did not know.'

'I would be with my bull now, but I needed to seek your advice.'

It was a difficult thing to do, to speak so frankly about my problem. I explained that my only wish was to have intercourse with my bull but without coming to some harm.

Daedalus thought for a moment.

'Yes, it may be possible Majesty. I have made many animal toys for children, it would not be too difficult to make one full size, large enough for you to fit inside, but it may take some time.' and he explained briefly what he would do.

A sudden burst of excitement shot through me as Daedalus talked. His plan was elegant and simple – for me to become a cow for my bull.

'Truly, you are the most clever and skilled man in all the world' I told him.

He smiled and bowed his head to me then stood to take his leave, but before he left I asked if he could make something else for me.

'A phallus of my bulls member,' and I explained the size.

'I will have it for you in a couple of days. Good night your Majesty.' Daedalus bowed again and left.

Two days later, true to his word, a box was waiting for me when I returned to my chamber after leaving my bull. It was wrapped in a fine woollen cloth secured with a wax seal. When my attendants had left me I hurriedly broke the seal and unwrapped the cloth to find an long, elegant box made of oak and on its lid, inlaid with turtle shell, was an image of my bull. I opened the lid to find an exquisite masterpiece in ivory – a perfect representation of my bulls' member. I lifted it out of the box and marvelled at its exact detail. How had he got it so right? I could only guess that Daedalus had modelled it on a bull penis sometimes sold by the butchers in the town, but larger, much larger.

The ivory was wonderfully smooth, but though a master craftsman of high renown, Daedalus could not give it the warmth, feel and life of the real thing. I removed my sleeping robe and lay on my bed and covered my body with scented olive oil, spending time caressing my breasts and my sex while remembering the pleasures I had had with my bull and what pleasures would come.

I took the phallus in my hands and slipped the large head into my mouth, it filled my mouth as my bulls had done, though it did not feel or taste like my bull. As I caressed it with my tongue I remembered the hot life that had emanated from the real thing and could feel the moistness pooling in my sex. I took it out of my mouth and covered it in olive oil and rubbed the head across the parted and ready lips of my womanhood, savouring each little wave of passion as it pulsed from my groin and through my body. At each little touch of my nub I could not help but moan softly with delight.

Gently, I eased the head of the phallus into my sex. It felt huge inside me and I wondered how much I could take and as I pushed further I could feel delight begin to flow through me. I would push and then withdraw slightly and push again, allowing the walls of my sex to stretch to accommodate its great thickness.

I tried squatting over the phallus, the base of which was flat and could rest on the floor as I lowered myself and each time I pushed down, the great phallus would penetrated me a little further until I felt the head pressing against the entrance to my womb.

With the phallus deep within me, I grasped it with my hands and lay on the floor. Slowly I withdrew it then pushed it in again, spasms of pain mixing with my heightening pleasure as I pushed deeper and deeper. The strokes became rhythmic, pulling out so just the head was within me, then pushing

in until I could push no further and when I felt my body ready to burst with ecstasy I would stop for a moment and begin again. I tried my hardest to stifle my cries, but I was sure my handmaidens could hear me and so would anyone passing my chamber, but it was really of little concern. I cannot say how long I kept up this performance but eventually I could resist no longer and allowed myself to submit to the surge of lust that engulfed my mind and body.

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Part Three

Days turned into weeks and I heard nothing from Daedalus. I wanted to go to his workshop in the town to see how far he had progressed with my plan, but I feared that if I was seen in the workshop the secret may be revealed, so I contented myself with just being in the presence of my bull whenever my official duties as Queen and high priestess allowed. There had been a few occasions when my bull and I had exchanged the delights of physical pleasure, but I yearned more as each day passed for the rapture of feeling my bull's member within me. I used the phallus that Daedalus had made for me often and felt that my sex was ready to accept the real thing.

Then one evening, when I retired to my chamber, my chief attendant handed me a wax tablet which had been delivered earlier in the day. It was a message from Daedalus. My cow was ready.

When I awoke, I wanted to rush at once to the workshop of Daedalus, but there were tasks to carry out first. As always, my first was to tend to my darling bull. I would feed him the prime fodder the head herdsman would leave at the edge of the pasture, as he was still fearful of coming anywhere near my bull. Then I would groom him and adorn his head with a garland of sweet smelling flowers. I told my bull that Daedalus had completed his work and soon he would be able to fulfil my most heartfelt wish. Next, I had to attend to religious rites and then discuss necessary matters with the overseer of the palace kitchens, so it was past noon when I was carried in my litter through the town to the workshop of the master craftsman.

When Daedalus and his nephew Icarus, who Daedalus was teaching his craft, saw me enter, they bowed low and Daedalus welcomed me to his humble establishment. The main room was filled with tools, benches and several objects still being made in bronze, wood and stone. The master craftsman sent his nephew and two boys who did the more menial work - sweeping and clearing and tending the furnace in the courtyard outside - on an errand and Daedalus and I were left alone.

He led me across the cluttered room and unlocked a wooden door to a side room and bade me enter. The room was well lit with several oil lamps but this made it rather warm as the only means of ventilation were four square openings cut into the top of one wall. What I saw when I entered the room amazed me, for standing in the middle of the beaten earth floor was a cow. At first I thought Daedalus had borrowed it to use as a model for his creation, but then I realised the animal was quite motionless - this was his creation!

'This is my cow?' I asked him, utterly surprised.

'It is your Majesty.'

I really did not know what I expected Daedalus to build, certainly something that resembled a cow, but even my husband's chief herdsman would mistake this for a real animal.

'The frame and body are made of well seasoned oak and very strong and I covered it in a cow skin'

Daedalus explained to me. The animal was a uniform brown colouring like many of the cows in my husbands' herd except for the head and the feet which were white and there were two short horns on its head. The height of the animal to the shoulder was just slightly more than my own, the same height as the other cows. I walked around it in complete awe, marvelling at how he had replicated even the smallest detail. I bent down to examine the udder which looked as though it would satisfy the hungriest of calves and touched it with my hand.

'It is full of water my lady.'

'The skin has been preserved?' I asked.

Daedalus told me the skin had been treated by the best tanner on the island and would last many years.

I stood up and then a thought occurred to me.

'How... how would I get in?' I felt my cheeks blush slightly as I asked.

Daedalus smiled and led me to the animals' hindquarters and pointed to an area halfway down its left thigh, where on close inspection it was possible to see a join in the hide.

'Press, just here' he told me and as he did a large panel suddenly popped open. He lifted the hinged section that opened sideways revealing a large opening that extended from the tail to the middle of the animals back and almost halfway down its body.

I looked inside to find the animal was completely hollow. A wooden frame, even to my untrained eyes, looked more than able to support the great weight of my bull and along the centre, almost to the head, was a padded bench.

'I will lie on this?' I asked Daedalus and he explained to me how it would work.

I would stand with each leg inside the hollow rear legs of the animal and bend forward, resting my body and head on the bench. Then he pulled on a hemp cord which ran through bronze rings to the head of the bench which lifted up the cow's tail to reveal an opening covered in carefully stitched soft leather which my bull would penetrate. Lying on the bench I would be in the correct position to receive my bull. A hemp cord on the open panel would allow me to close it and Daedalus pointed to the wooden lock and how to press it to release the catch that locked the panel in place.

'It will be very dark inside' I said to the craftsman.

'Yes my lady, but the open mouth and the glass eyes will let in some light and you will be able to see a little of the outside'. I was very impressed that Daedalus has gone to such lengths as glass was a very rare and expensive commodity.

While he spoke, feelings of desire and anticipation built within me. I felt as if I would lose all self control, remove my garments, climb in and have Daedalus take the wooden cow to the pasture straight away, but I am the Queen and a certain composure and decorum is expected of me, but I could not prevent the beat of my heart from quickening nor the perspiration I could feel on my skin, though that could be from the warmth of the room.

I asked how it could be moved, as it looked rather heavy, and Daedalus showed me small, bronze levers in the hooves of each leg. By pushing down on the levers small bronze wheels covered in leather appeared from the bottom of each hoof allowing the wooden cow to move quite easily, but

Daedalus said it would still need two people to handle it. Icarus and the two boys returned from the errand they had been sent on and so I took my leave. Daedalus closed the wooden cow, blew out the lamps and locked the door.

I was desperate to fulfil the desire that had become an all consuming passion, but there was an official duty that I could not avoid or pass to one of the noble ladies of the court.

The people of this island traded widely across the great sea, including the great land of Egypt. A high official, under the direct authority of the Pharaoh Ahmose had arrived at court on a trade and diplomatic mission and my husband considered the visit of great importance not least because the official had brought with him a not insubstantial amount of gold, a gift for my husband from the Pharaoh. Unusually, the Egyptian official was accompanied by his wife, whom, I was told, enjoyed travel and adventure. As much as my husband even hated the mere mention of my name, he was compelled to ask me, through one of his officials, to accompany the Egyptian lady. The visit lasted many days but I was still able to visit my bull each morning and tend to him and when the Egyptians left I made my plans.

I spent the whole morning with my beloved bull at the little cove where we often went and after washing and grooming him and making a garland of flowers which I placed on his head around his horns, I lay, naked, on his strong, broad back and sang him songs of love. Although I could have stayed there forever, two important matters needed to be addressed for my dream of dreams to become a reality, so, just after the sun had passed its zenith, I put on a light linen robe and my bull and I walked up the little path out of the cove towards the royal pastures.

The first issue, was where. The cove would be very private, but too difficult for Daedalus as I assumed he would have to transport the wooden cow on an ox cart and the little path was too narrow and I thought a bit too steep to try and man handle the large, heavy cow with safety. When we reached the pasture I looked around but could see nowhere that would offer even a little bit of privacy. In front of me was the wide open pasture. To the left was the great oak wood, beyond that the olive groves and beyond them, the town and the palace. To the right, the ground became rocky and rose towards the mountains that stretched along much of the centre of the island, and behind was the sea. I spoke to my bull.

‘Oh my darling, where could we go?’

My bull looked at me with knowing eyes and snorted softly, then turned and walked towards the oak wood. I followed him along the edge of the wood right to the end where he turned into a smaller pasture, of which I was unaware. When I saw it I threw my arms around his neck and kissed his head many times. Two sides of the enclosure were protected by the oak wood, a third by cliffs down to the sea and the entrance faced away from the pasture towards the mountains. It was perfect.

I held on to his neck and spoke softly into his ear.

‘Tomorrow, my sweet, after the herdsmen have gone, I will come to this place and be waiting for you. Daedalus will bring the cow here tonight, it is a marvellous thing to behold, so do not be confused at its sight for I will be your cow, waiting and ready to accept your love and your seed.’

After I was sure my bull was settled and content in the pasture, I walked along the path through the oak wood towards the town to attend to the second matter. My attendants were still in the olive grove where I had left them to enjoy a leisurely morning, but as I approached, I saw that they might be enjoying themselves a little too much as they had been joined by four men who, from their attire,

looked to be slaves and were paying far too much attention to my attendants – who were slaves also – than I cared for. The younger of my girls in return showed no reluctance to the men's advances, they were even encouraging them, of which I cared for even less. I watched for a moment, and then continued, deliberately rustling the undergrowth which attracted their attention. The men stared at me in shock then stood and ran off as my attendants rose, adjusting their dress and blushing as my chief attendant stammered an explanation. I raised my hand to cut her off.

'Never mind.' I told her. 'Come with me.'

They followed behind me, silent and with their heads bowed as I was carried towards the town in my litter and the workshop of the master craftsman. Upon arrival, I sent two of my girls on an errand to a weaver to collect some cloth I had ordered, while the others remained outside as I stepped through the open door to the workshop.

Daedalus was busy chipping away at a stone statue.

'Is there no end to your skills craftsman?' I asked. I think I startled him, as he was so engrossed in his work and rose hurriedly and bowed.

'It will be a likeness of your husband, when it is finished.'

I told him I would like a few private words and he led me to the outside yard where the two boys were pumping at the bellows of the furnace. Daedalus shooed them away into the workshop.

'I wish you to deliver my cow tonight,' I began, in a low voice so no one beyond the walls of the yard could hear, and explained to him how to reach the small pasture. The master craftsman said he and his nephew Icarus would take the cow on a cart just after sunset when the herdsman had returned to their homes. I asked if Icarus could be trusted to be discreet.

'He is a good fellow, though sometimes rash and with the impetuosity of youth, but he will keep his mouth shut if I tell him.'

Satisfied that all the preparations had been carried out, I returned to the palace.

I awoke later than was my usual practice, my chief handmaiden gently shaking my shoulder.

'Are you ill Majesty? I could not wake you.' She asked, her face showing some concern.

I still felt quite tired, as though I could sleep all day. The night had been long and restless, the anticipation of today had filled my head with many thoughts of what might happen and what it might really be like to be penetrated by something as large as my great bull, and it had been difficult to calm my mind.

Almost half a year had passed since I first set eyes on my darling bull as it walked out of the sea, half a year since the curse was placed upon me by Poseidon, half a year of love beyond equal and a desire beyond understanding. For a while I had walked on my private terrace in the dead of night and looked across the dark and still town to the faint silhouettes of the mountains beyond.

The more I thought of my bull, the greater the feeling of almost uncontrollable lust had built inside me. I wanted to abstain from any kind of sexual pleasure as I thought I would need all the sexual energy I could command to withstand what I hoped would be beyond the experience of any other

mortal, but in the end, to stop myself from running to my bull there and then, I had to resort to the great ivory phallus that Daedalus had carved for me.

I propped myself up on my elbow and looked at the early morning sun pouring through the open doors to my terrace.

'No, I am well. Is my bath ready?' I asked my attendant.

'Yes Majesty.'

I stepped into my stone bath and stood as my attendants washed me with a soap scented with peach blossom, a perfume I much favoured, The water too was scented with peach blossom, a fragrance of which my bull was now well familiar with as I wanted him to know that it was I who was inside the wooden cow.

After last night I was surprised at how calm I felt. In the pit of my stomach there were butterflies, but the feelings of anticipation and longing, even fear, which had troubled me during the night had subsided to a point of almost non-existence. My dream of all those months was soon - barring some unforeseen event - to become a reality and I wished to savour every moment that led to the wondrous event. What few responsibilities I had today I had delegated to responsible noble ladies of the court and my cow would be waiting in the small pasture... or would it? I had heard nothing from Daedalus since I last spoke to him which could only mean he had safely delivered the cow, but it was still early and I needed to be sure.

I stepped out of my bath and after I had been dried and a powder of finely crushed talc was applied to my body, I asked for a wax tablet and wrote an innocent enough message "Was your task successful?" then handed it to one of my more responsible attendants.

'Wrap this in a cloth and take it to the craftsman Daedalus without delay and wait for his reply'.

She took the tablet, bowed to me and turned.

'To Daedalus in person mind, and don't dilly-dally' I added. And with that she left.

Among the thoughts that had kept me awake last night was my appearance, It was important that I looked beautiful for my bull, but not Queenly and my clothes had to be elegant but not too elaborate as I would have to remove them and redress myself later without assistance.

I sat in a chair while my make-up was applied and my chief handmaiden plaited my hair in lengths which were then coiled loosely around my head and held in place with bronze pins. My other attendants brought me the clothes I had chosen - a fine, short sleeved sheer linen vest, the colour of terracotta, cut wide and low at the front to expose my breasts, a long, single skirt embroidered with geometric patterns in gold, blue and red and a sleeveless bodice also dyed the colour of terracotta and edged with wide bands of deep blue and gold thread. For conveniences sake I omitted the customary belt with a richly embroidered apron and chose a simple black leather belt with a bronze clasp. After I was dressed I slipping on a pair of soft white leather sandals - a gift from our recent Egyptian visitors - and was ready.

It was while I was being dressed when the attendant returned with Daedalus' reply.

'You have something to tell me child?' I asked her.

'He said only one word Majesty - Yes'.

My heart skipped a beat and for a moment I thought my legs would give way. Suddenly the few little butterflies in the pit of my stomach became a veritable swarm and the feelings that had kept me awake for much of the night returned with a vengeance.

I checked my reflection in the large, polished bronze plate mounted in a cedar wood stand and was happy with my appearance. I looked at my attire to double check and saw, to my slight embarrassment, that my state of sexual arousal was now becoming visibly obvious as both of my nipples were hard and erect and I was sure that between my legs, my sex was also ready for the coming hours.

I put on a face of unconcern as I turned to my attendants.

'I will not require you this morning and maybe the after noon too, so you all have an opportunity for leisure, but you must all be back here when the sun reaches noon.'

'Majesty,' My chief handmaiden - Leda - stepped forward, her hands clasped together and spoke with concern '...you cannot go without us, what will people think if they see you unattended?'

'They will not see me'.

'Then why can we not be with you?'

I stepped towards Leda, held her gently by the arms and spoke softly so the others could not hear.

'There is something I must do, but I must be alone. Take this opportunity for time to yourself, it does not come often'.

'Have we displeased you Majesty?'

I smiled reassuringly.

'No, non of you have displeased me, but what I must do you can be no part of.'

I turned to the other girls.

'Enjoy yourselves, but listen to Leda and obey her.'

They each bowed their heads and replied in unison.

'Yes Majesty.'

I covered my head and shoulders with a dark blue woollen shawl, picked up the picnic basket that had been brought from the palace kitchens and walked to the door, leaving my handmaidens in the middle of the room, some looked a little bemused, some I think had a look of anticipation of their own.

There are several ways in and out of the palace, some for official occasions and designed to impress visitors, others more mundane for the tradesmen and merchants and those who worked in the palace. I left the palace through one of these and without my following attendants or my queenly attire and my head covered with the shawl, little attention was paid to me.

As I walked around the palace towards the royal olive groves I worried about my bull. Normally I

would be with him now, feeding and grooming him. I hoped he remembered what I said to him yesterday and would not get anxious and agitated, but after passing through the olive groves and the oak wood I need not have worried.

At the edge of the wood I stopped and saw my bull at the far end of the pasture where he normally resided, far from the rest of the herd, calmly grazing. I looked to my left and could see the other animals and among them were a few milkmaids milking the last of the cows. I thought of waiting until they had finished and left but the intense emotions that filled my body could not wait and besides, they had seen me before walking out to my bull and now paid only minor attention to me.

As I left the oak wood and walked towards my bull I held my free hand over my chest. I could feel my heart beating inside, beating with such force I thought it might burst out of me. The moment I left the cover of the woods, my bull stopped grazing and looked towards me. When he did I turned and walked along the edge of the wood towards the small pasture. My bull watched me intently and began to walk in the same direction, not with the trot as he would usually come to me, but a slower, more measured walk, allowing me to get to the pasture first.

When I turned the corner at the end of the wood I saw four cows already there, I paused and watched for a moment. They all looked the same but only three were grazing, the fourth stood still, looking towards the woods. This must be my cow.

Slowly I approached the animal in case I was mistaken but it was the only one that did not look towards me as I got nearer. The other three began walking towards me and I walked away from them. When I shouted to them to go away they stopped for a moment then continued towards me. Suddenly, there was a bellow behind me, I turned and saw my beloved bull at the entrance to the pasture. He bellowed again and walked towards the other cows who understood his message and walked quickly away and out of the small pasture.

When I reached my cow I put the picnic basket on the ground a short distance away with my wool shawl on top and looked towards my bull. He was stood still some distance away, his eyes fixed on me. I myself was in a state of high emotion, I felt a few beads of sweat on my forehead, though the weather was clement but not hot, and my heart was still beating like a war drum.

I gazed at my bull – the most beautiful, wondrous sight I could image – then began to remove my garments. The lust that raged within me wanted to tear them off, but I wanted to savour every single moment so disrobed with as much calmness as I could muster, laying them neatly on the grass next to the picnic basket. Soon I was naked and stood for a moment in full view for my beloved. My nipples were fully erect and as I touched them with my fingertips they felt as hard as stone and the merest touch sent a shiver through my chest. I traced my fingers down my body to my sex and felt how wet it was. I glanced down and could see traces of my fluids glistening in the morning sun on my inner thighs.

Slowly my bull walked closer and I could see that he too was ready, for beneath his strong body his beautiful member was partially extended from the sheath.

‘I am yours for the taking my sweet,’ I said softly to him ‘but please be gentle with me’ and I turned to the cow.

I pressed the point on the left thigh as Daedalus had shown me and the panel popped open. I lifted the lid wide open and looked inside, remembering the instructions the craftsman had given me. The rear legs of the cow were hollow down to the knees and holding on to the front edge of the opening, I lifted my right leg in. As I did, I could clearly see my sex, the lips a dark pink, flush with blood,

puffy and wide open and coated in my fluids that trickled out of me. With one leg in I lifted the other and slid it in the hollow. With my feet pointed down into the openings it was painful to bear my weight on my toes but this eased as I bent forward and rested my body on the padded bench. I adjusted myself into a comfortable position and found that the bench narrowed at my chest, allowing my breasts to hang either side rather than be crushed beneath me. Daedalus had thought of everything.

I looked behind me and could see my bull, much closer now, stood still, his dark eyes intently fixed upon me. I pressed my sex against the leather covered opening beneath the tail and reached for the cord on the open lid. For a moment I paused and in my mind a voice asked if I still wanted to go through with this? Yes, was my reply. Yes, more than anything in this world or the next.

With that, I pulled on the cord and the lid closed with a bang, plunging me into sudden darkness. I pushed on the lid and found it would not move and a sudden panic swept through me but then I remembered the catch that Daedalus had shown me and reaching down I groped in the blackness and quickly found the wooden lock and lever.

I held my breath for a moment and tried to calm my mind and my body. The emotions that coursed through me were beyond anything I had ever felt before, the desperate longing and desire, fear, anticipation, and uncontrollable lust. Within the hollow cow I was sure I could hear the furious beating of my heart echoing around the wooden cavity and down my thighs I felt the trickle of warm fluid.

My eyes began to adjust to the darkness and as best as I could I turned my head to look at my situation. In the dim light from the open mouth and glass eyes of my cow I saw my naked body coated in a thin sheen of perspiration caused by the warmth of my self imposed prison. I held on to the wooden rods at the head of the bench and waited.

It seemed like forever before I heard a noise behind me. At first I could not work out what it was, but quickly I realised it was my bull sniffing the false cow. I could hear his footsteps as he walked around, checking the animal before him, sniffing here and there. Through the mouth of the cow I caught a glimpse of my darling bull as he walked passed. He nudged my prison with his head and then nudged harder. I grasped the rods tightly as I felt myself begin to tip to one side then suddenly return upright with a jolt.

My bull walked around and stopped behind the false cow. I heard a few disgruntled snorts then my bull pushed and nudged the wooden cow. For a moment I could not understand what he was doing, then I remembered – the tail. I found the cord attached to the bench and pulled as far as it would go and hooked a bronze ring onto a small bronze nail. The false tail lifted up exposing the leather opening beneath. My bull snorted his satisfaction and suddenly pressed his muzzle against the opening. I gripped the rods and braced myself, pressing my sex against the warm leather.

Through the soft leather I felt the hot breath of my bull on my sex as he sniffed to be sure it was me who was inside the cow. I pressed my sex as hard as I could against the opening, his hot breath stimulating my already aroused lips as my fluids continued to flow. Then suddenly he stopped.

Behind my breasts my heart was beating like a war drum, then I heard my bull huff and a loud thud and banging above me. The wooden frame of the false cow creaked and groaned alarmingly and with my mind's eye I saw my bull mount the cow as I had seen stallions mount mares in my youth. My fear about the creaking frame vanished in an instant as I knew what was about to happen and just

that thought alone was enough to push my desire towards the edge. From the very core of my body pulses of ecstasy flowed to every fibre of my being. My breathing became laboured and my heart was hammering against the bench beneath me. There was the sound of my bull adjusting his position and his front hoofs crashed against the side of my prison, then I felt it.

The head of my bulls member had found the opening and pushed against the sensitive, dilated lips of my sex. He was impatient and the head of his hard member stabbed against my body and I could feel his hot fluid already oozing and coating my nether regions. I wanted to tell him to be calm and gentle but through my rapid heavy breathing came only grunts. My bull jabbed at my rear parts a few more times then found the opening to my sex and his member slammed into me. I let out a scream of pain as he penetrated deep inside me, the head of his member pressing hard against the entrance to my womb. Holding tightly on the wooden rods, I pulled myself forward as far as I could to relieve some of the pain, but as he began to thrust into me, each was still deep enough to touch my womb.

Each stab of pain now merged with the intense desire that flooded my body and the first crash of ecstasy hit me. I had dreamt of this moment for so long and now it was happening. My knuckles turned white as I gripped the rods with all my strength as spasms shook my whole body uncontrollably. I shut my eyes and cried out loud with a mixture of pain and desire. For what seemed like an eternity my body convulsed and I could utter nothing but grunts and long heavy sighs. My bull, I think, sensed what I was going through and the thrusts of his member into me slowed, but did not stop. This was enough for the overwhelming sensations to subside and, as much as I could, I caught my breath.

I noticed now how hot it was getting inside the cow. My arms were now pinkish in colour and covered in perspiration and I could feel across my whole body rivulets of moisture running and dripping off me. With my face closer to the open mouth of the cow I could feel a gentle breeze caress my hot, wet face, but it reached no further into my confinement.

Though my bulls thrusts into me had slowed there was more force in them and with each thrust of his giant member into my sex, my body was forced forward and I had to maintain a tight grip on the rods or my head would hit the mouth of the cow. Each push was still painful, but it mattered little now, all I concentrated on was the joyous feeling of my bull penetrating my body. My sex had not been so filled and distended since the birth of my daughter Phaedra many moons past and my bulls member felt so much larger than the phallus Daedalus had made for me. And it was hot, so hot, as if his member was full of newly boiled water which added to the indescribable sensations I was feeling.

Suddenly, my bull increased his pace and my hallow cow began to rock a little and jolt forward with each forceful thrust. The creaking of the wooden frame became almost deafening as if it would shatter to splinters at any moment, but I barely heard it, my whole mind and body was focussed on what I knew was about come. Through my tightly closed eyes I could see nothing but stars flash and dart, my thoughts became blurred and jumbled and my body shook and quaked. My bulls member slammed into me with such force and ferocity I felt he could split me clean in two, but I cared not as my whole being was centred on what I could feel deep in my sex. Through the so sensitive walls of my sex I could feel the seed of my darling, beloved bull rise through his member and like a battering ram smashing the gates of a city his flood of life crashed against the opening of my womb with such force I was hurled forward inside my cow and hit my head against the frame. I screamed so loud with an ecstasy one could only receive from the Gods and outside my bull bellowed, a sound that made the very ground shake and was surely heard across the island.

His boiling seed flowed in a torrent into me and cascaded passed the lips of my sex, flooding the hollows which held my legs and pouring through the leather opening to splash in pools on the

ground beneath my bull. How long he poured forth his seed I do not know, but finally it stopped and I slumped onto the bench exhausted.

Slowly my breathing eased and the beat of my heart settled down, though I could still feel it pump behind my breast. My belly felt almost full to bursting and reaching a hand down to my lower stomach I was sure I could feel it bulging slightly. My dream was realised but I felt a little disappointed – was that it? For the better part of a year I had wished and dreamed and hoped for these last moments but it suddenly seemed all over too quickly.

As I was about to reach down for the lock securing the lid of my cow I heard my bull walking around again then his nose was against the open mouth of my cow and he sniffed deeply and snorted in satisfaction. I reached out and touched his nose with my fingers.

‘ I am still here beloved and full of your seed. Have you any more to give me?’

He sniffed and snorted softly again and walked away and as he did I saw a brief sight of his member, still expended and arching slightly towards the ground.

I gripped hold of the rods at the head of the bench again and waited and as I waited my breathing and my heartbeat increased again. I felt my bull pressing his nose at the leather opening beneath the tail and his hot breath on the still sensitive lips of my sex before the loud crashing and creaking as my darling bull mounted the cow again. Prepared this time, I pulled myself along the bench until my head was pressed against the head of the cow as my bulls member penetrated the false cow and slid easily inside of me once again.

His pace this time was slow and measured and only the head of his member was in my sex, so with the same, measured pace I began to slid my body back and forwards allowing the head to go deeper into me, though not quite touching my womb this time. My bull kept up this pace for some time and I began to hear him huff and snort with each push. Tightly I gripped his hard, hot member with the muscles of my sex as a wave of delight pulsed through me with each thrust. With one hand I reached back over my buttocks and with the tips of my fingers I could touch the phallus and held them against the opening of my very wet sex to feel it slipping in and out of me.

There was a continual flow of fluids dribbling out from between my lips, I am sure a mix of my bulls secretions and of mine, running down my thighs to join the semen that filled the hollow legs almost up to my heels. My bulls huffing and snorting increased in pace as did his thrusts. Reluctantly, I moved my hand from my sex and gripped the rods, pulling myself forward again just as my bull penetrated deep inside of me. I let out a scream of ecstasy as the head of his member not only touched my womb but felt as though it pushed through the opening. There was no pain this time, just overwhelming passion as each thrust went deeper and deeper into my body, the front hooves of my bull hammered at the sides of the cow with each penetration and as the penetrations increased in pace the hammering increased and my screams increased.

As before, I was finding it hard to contain the raw, naked passion that permeated every single fibre of my being, my head swam, my breath came in irregular, deep gulps and I tried to focus what thought I had control of on the feeling of my bulls member as it slid between the lips of my sex and oh so deep within me. Then suddenly everything went black.

I had no way of knowing how long I had lost consciousness, but I do not think it was too long, as when my mind awoke again my bulls thrusts continued, now with such forcefulness that my lower body was being lifted off the bench, almost touching the stout oak frames at the top of the false cow. I was nothing more than a rag doll now, unable to control anything, with no strength to hold to on to

the bench or even scream. It was in this state when my bulls member burst forth for a second time and I am sure even more semen flooded into me as I could actually feel my belly distend and bulge trying to contain the torrent of seed my bull gave me. I let out a cry that almost hurt and my darling bull bellowed to the gods, then all was quiet. My bull remained inside me for a long moment and I could feel his strong member begin to soften then suddenly he pulled out and his front hooves crashed to the ground, his seed gushed out from my sex and with all the strength I could muster I tried to keep as much inside of me that I could.

As I sit here in the dim, seemingly endless passages of the labyrinth I think often of that day but I have not seen my beloved bull since. I hear tell that he has gone on a maddened rampage right across the island, but there is nothing I can do now to calm him.

All I am left with are my memories and with his son. I have named him Asterion, which means 'Star-like', But others have another name for him - Minotaur.