My Minotaur Part 8

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In Which Lady Ailara et al Rescue The Enchantress

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Traveling with Talitanitia was spectacular. Some mornings I would wake up mid-orgasm, her greedy, long tongue snaking in and out of me, lashing across my clit at the same time. Others, I would instead awaken to some audacious act of lovemaking between her and Oluth, one morning the two of them caught in some acrobatic ball of sex, another the great bull on his hands and knees, massive prick pulled back between his legs as she licked and slurped upon the undersides of his upside-down balls.

In the evenings, the two of them would train, their grunts and shouts echoing wherever we were, the great Amazonian Princess teaching and molding Oluth's fighting technique, honing his brute strength into precise skill; she seemed sure he would surpass her in time. Their mock battles would inevitably give way to lovemaking. Somehow my jealousy was just not as great as it had been in the past. Talitanitia was not merely another member of Oluth's harem, she was an extension of him, an improvement, and I simply loved her with the same heart I pined after my Minotaur with.

But such travel was not with happy cause. We'd been following what tracks Valsivale's captor has left for a week now, and still could not feel that we had grown any closer. It was with some despair on the 8 th morning that 'Tia relented in her search.

"I do not understand it. The trail is now completely cold. It's as though they simply vanished."

"They probably did." I explained. "Valsivale can do exactly that, in the blink of an eye."

"Then she is lost." Oluth growled.

"Don't be so sure of that." Saela said, holding an object aloft. It was one of Valsivale's glass beads.

"Why didn't you use that sooner!?" I demanded.

"When you… borrow…as many things as I do, you sort of lose track." Saela answered. Then she

pressed the orb to her forehead and closed her eyes.

Emotion after emotion chased themselves across Saela's face. Even without the expressiveness of her large and luminous eyes which remained shut tight the whole time. She was scared, then angry, then in agony, and somewhere in the middle of it all she seemed to have a sort of orgasm, and then she was calm and her eyes snapped open.

"She's not far from here." She revealed, but raised a hand as though to stop us from celebrating. "Someone's with her. A woman with tattoos. She's very dangerous."

"Who could be more dangerous than Valsivale?" I demanded. The Enchantress was easily the strongest mortal being I'd ever met.

"I don't know. But she's a skilled torturer. Valsivale has snapped. She won't be fighting on our side."

"I fear no woman or man." Said 'Tia, furrowing her brow. "Let us go collect your Enchantress, save her if she can be saved, and kill her if she cannot."

"I'm not sure there's any use. She can pluck your emotions from the very air and weave them into anything she chooses." I chimed in.

"Then we shall face her with nothing but cold purpose. No emotions to pluck: No power." The Amazon offered. "I shall teach you."

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I shall not, dear reader, bore you with the details of the next few hours after that. We sat around the fire as Talitanitia barked orders at us, using her great voice and presence to rouse emotions in us, then taught us to breath them out or put our minds elsewhere, a tactic her people have developed as the cold rational counter to a rival tribe's berserker rages; a way of maintaining calm in the face of fear.

I was especially good at it; I'd always been a cold bitch and I knew it. Oluth seemed equally capable of a stone façade that befit his imposing figure well. But Saela was a weak link.

"Maybe I shouldn't go." She whined in frustration. "I'm not good at this!"

"Very well." I soothed her. "But when this is over I get to suck off Oluth next." It was her turn, and she scowled, but didn't offer any protest.

Then I spoke to the others. “If things go bad in there, don’t worry. I have a trump card I can play. I can only play it once, and I desperately do not want to, but just know that I have it, and let that fact keep you calm.”

* * *

We made our way into the cave that Saela had led us to, though she turned back at the mouth to wait for us. I do not know what range Valsivale could pluck emotion from, but I hoped this would be far enough.

It was dark in the cave, and it wound left and right, but Talitanitia brought out a strange glowing rock from her bag that lit the way. Soon it was not needed as we found ourselves emerging into a vast room with a wide opening at its top that allowed for the influx of light.

“I’ve been waiting for you.” Came a voice, a little husky, female, and scornful. We looked up to one of the naturally formed pillars of the room, atop its flat surface sat Valsivale, her legs dangling over the edge, her expression an odd mix of sadness and anger.

But it was not she who had spoken; next to her stood a woman in a hooded cloak, her features fair from what I could see.

“If you surrender yourselves now, this will all be much easier.” The woman added.

“My husband sent you.” I said calmly, ‘Tia’s techniques working perfectly to circumvent my fear.

“No, he did not. But he will reward me handsomely when we do meet. I am Mad Malarielle, and I have never failed to bring in a bounty.” She reached down and gently caressed Valsivale’s cheek. “But this one was very dangerous, and I couldn’t risk trying to take you all on. Now that she knows her place,” and with this she reached across Valsivale’s torso and fondled a breast possessively, “she will help me to bring you in… unless you’d like to do this the easy way and surrender now, of course.”

“You’ve lost Malarielle, and it is you who should surrender.” Rumbled Oluth, voice echoing in the cavern. He moved to the wall of the mini-mesa, starting to climb it opposite Talitanitia who did the same. She spoke too as she started to climb, “I come from one of the eastern tribes, and we have ways of cooling our emotions. Valsivale will not be able to help you by drawing on us, and we can surely take you.”

Malarielle’s laugh was piercing and loud. “Idiots. She doesn’t need to. I’m here.” And with that she did

a curious thing, stepping across the Enchantress' legs and facing her, she opened the robe. She must have been naked beneath it, for though I could not see around the back of it, I could hear licking and lapping sounds, followed by Malarielle's breath quickening. She was moaning in the throes of orgasm by the time Oluth and 'Tia had reached the top of the pillar.

It didn't take a magical or empathic gift to sense that now the air was saturated with lust. We were in trouble.

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Oluth and 'Tia charged across the pillar and it gave me a moment of hope, but at the last second, Mad Malarielle simply stepped out of the way, allowing the two of them to clash in a passionate embrace, Valsivale's hands dancing in their eldritch patterns as she seemed to be heightening the level of sexual arousal the two were experiencing.

Oluth's cock was hard so quickly that one could hear the audible *whack* of it lifting and striking Talitanitia between her already dripping thighs. The two sort of dry humped in this position for a while, Oluth dragging the greatness of his member back and forth, his flared head giving her an extra treat at the end of each pull-back.

I moved forward, desperate to find a way to help them, though I was no mighty warrior and could not simply ascend the pillar as they had. I caught a better glimpse of the mad one beneath her robe. Her body was marked with tribal tattoos, lines and triangles all over her form, surrounding her substantial (though insignificant compared to any of other women in this cave) breasts and framing her meticulously trimmed and tattooed sex.

She was lithe, and muscular, and her face was mischievous and bemused at her apparent victory.

"It's all over now. You two will simply fuck until exhausted, and then I will bring the lot of you with me to Lord Fizzlethip." I shuddered at the horrible sound of my husband's stupid last name. Fizzlethip. Seriously. Fizzlethip. You know what sounds awesome? Lady Ailara. That's really my first name. You know what sounds atrociously stupid? Ailara Fizzlethip. Ugh.

But, dear reader, I digress. After the initial annoyance at hearing my husband's stupid name, I actually pulled back and relaxed. The bounty huntress had made a horrible miscalculation in this plan. Oluth and 'Tia fucking until exhausted? I hoped for Malarielle's sake that she'd brought enough food and water for herself to last that long.

And the two "victims" of the lust spell seemed to know it too. At her words, they exchanged a

meaningful glances before allowing their embrace to take them to the floor, Oluth's long tongue snaking over 'Tia's neck, and breasts, down to her thighs where he spiraled and drove it into her, devouring the Amazon's sex like so much delicious honey.

The loud, smacking, wet noises of Oluth's tongue on her cunt filled the cave, echoing loudly off the walls. Valsivale and Mad Malarielle and I, all looked on with a bit of jealousy, the Amazon's enjoyment expressed in abrupt, splattery gouts of girl cream that stuck out in light contrast to Oluth's beautiful dark skin. His muscles tensed barely as he lifted her huge frame into the air, legs wrapped around his horns, pussy dipped low for his big tongue to continue its feast.

Oluth and 'Tia stalked around the little pillars perimeter this way for several moments, the bull somewhat blinded by the sex in his way, the Gladiatrix equally blinded by her sex in a different way. Valsivale and Malarielle were forced to awkwardly maneuver out of the way, time and time again. Perhaps by some warrior instinct that I could not fathom, Oluth and Talitanitia seemed to sense when they'd managed to stalk themselves to the right place in relation to the bounty huntress, and shifted to form a sort of trap for her. 'Tia arched her back and unfolded down Oluth's body, legs still lock around his horns so that her back was to his magnificent abdomen, and in this way pinned Malarielle between the two of them.

Mad Malarielle grunted and beat her fists against Oluth's invincible chest, but could not move, the Amazon's back against her, holding her in. Try as she might to push off the Myrnotaur to free herself she could not; for now Talitanitia was sucking Oluth's humongous cock upside-down and backwards, the very vacuum of her lips strong enough to lock the two in place like this.

"Oh no!" Oluth mirthfully intoned between lusty licks of 'Tia's served-up pussy, "How can we possibly fight such magic?"

'Tia might have answered were she not stuffed throat deep with impossibly wide cockmeat, but I suspect she was at least invisibly smiling.

They continued on this way for what must have been agonizingly moments for Malarielle, selfishly and selflessly pleasuring each other as one licking, sucking, being. Finally Oluth sank to his knees, keeping the bounty huntress trapped as 'Tia went into a handstand, twirling gracefully to face him now, still upside-down without his member leaving her face. Next he lay on his back and she went with him, sucking him off and sandwiching Mad Malarielle between her thighs as she continued to suck.

Now she pulled her head from his cock. "You know as long as you're down there you might consider making yourself useful." She chided the huntress. Then she went back to work on the great cock,

rolling her head on him, polishing the knob of it thoroughly, periodically pulling back to admire her handy-work, tendrils of slobber connecting her to it, the flaring prong so wet she could nearly see her face reflected in the layer of drool dripping over it.

Malarielle was no willing participant in this tryst, but that didn't stop the Amazon from skillfully working her thighs, grinding her clit against that tattooed face no matter which way it angled, anything from nose to lips to high cheekbones imparting pleasure to the assaulting pussy. 'Tia's own mouth was hard at work, gradually pulling more and more of Oluth's shaft into her throat, the impossible yard of meat going as much as 2/3 rd 's down, drawing muffled gurgling noises from the Amazon's gullet.

Pulling off with a pop she gasped for air, jacking the great prick with both her hands, shellacking the coating of slobber from it in spraying flecks.

"I want more… get up, Oluth, and feed it to me!"

He didn't need to be asked twice, pushing their fuck-captor forward as he rose to his knees and then his feet, Talitanitia's mammoth breasts resting on Malarielle's back, keeping her pinned as she was spun to face him. The Amazon rested her chin on the bounty huntress' head as Oluth began to feed his cock into the former's face. His pace was urgent and brutal, though whether urged on by 'Tia's phenomenal skill or the power of the lust spell I could not be sure. Soon his was majestically bucking his hips, the tight and massive globes of his buttocks flexing as his pillar plunged purposefully into the pliant puckering lips of his favorite fuck.

You might have thought 'Tia was getting the worst of it, slobber and drool spilling messily down her face and tits, as her eyes rolled in their sockets and her nostril visibly flared as they fought for air around the behemoth fuck-pole , but you would be wrong.

Down below her, sandwiched between a pair of massive Amazonian breasts, a captive in cleavage endured swat after swat of Oluth's unrelenting nuts, the gigantic orbs powerfully slapping her in the face, knocking her silly, and to add insult to injury, the constant nasty stream of drool and precum that spilled down was getting all over her. The Bounty Huntress was as utterly helpless in this position as she had wanted to make them, getting taste after taste of her own medicine, and her own medicine, in this case, tasted like a pair of huge bull balls.

Finally, after one particularly deep slam home into 'Tia's throat, and a scrotal slap that rendered Mad Malarielle at least temporarily cross-eyed, Oluth gave a loud grunt, his pendulous pair tightening up as wad after wad began to visible spurt into 'Tia's throat. With each shot he pulled out a little, blast after spunk blast drooling down to coat the ball-battered bitch's hair and face so thickly none of her tattoos could be seen. He continued to stroke himself, raining his thick cum onto Talitanitia's titanic

tits and pretty face, leaving the bounty-huntress below sputtering and coughing.

Now she was too weak to fight back as a still throbbing Oluth moved to mount the Amazon, cockhead spreading her wide as he begin to glide majestically inside her. The slickness of cum left Mad Mal' to slide down the Amazon's body as the latter shifted and spread herself to give him access, causing his heavy log of a cock to grind and press her whole body as he ravaged 'Tia.

Mad Malarielle's own dripping snatch no doubt presented a very tempting target to Oluth, but whatever work of the spell seemed to make it so that he could only focus his lust on 'Tia and she on him; the two were drawn magnetically to one another's sex in this state. This didn't prevent the bounty huntress from getting to enjoy herself all the same, his grinding hot shaft mashed her clit and labia around, and even brushed sometimes across her stiff little nipples, her cunt burst forth with juicy little gouts of liquid as her moans joined 'Tia's.

Oluth pumped and humped away for what must have been a solid hour in this position, leaving me to frig myself to climax after climax. Valsivale seemed a little perplexed even in her dazed state, sure that she hadn't ensnared me in her web of lust too, but with the veritable banquet of a fuck-session unfolding before me, I didn't need magic to be aroused.

Finally he changed things up, tugging the Amazon's ass up and around, curling over her body to mount her as a particularly well-hung bull might a particularly big-uddered cow. Mad Malarielle was still stock with this for the ride, his hands guiding her up and around his cock so that she was literally riding the shaft as his cock bullied and beat 'Tia's pussy around for its own selfish pleasure.

With each savage thrust, his balls would swing up and in unison slap both 'Tia's clit and Malarielle's, bringing them each to an ear-splitting screaming orgasm with every blow.

They fucked and fucked, until finally each collapsed, exhausted, first the bounty huntress, then the Amazon, and finally the great bull, his chest heaving as he dumped a final, preposterous lake of cum over both women.

Now the spell was broken, and Valsivale, without the commands of Malarielle didn't seem interested in picking a side, only withdrawing to the edge of the pillar and staring into the distance, hollowly.

We'd won.

* * *

We left the cave as one. I held Valsivale's hand to help give her the direction she seemed to need as

Oluth carried a still sleeping ‘Tia over one shoulder and a bound Mad Malarielle in the other. We found Saela nearby in a clearing, stood in front of a shrine, holding a statue of a figure familiar to most people in this part of the world.

“I’ve been praying, and I think She must have helped from the look of things.” Saela said as we stopped to collect ourselves.

Oluth rumbled. “I’ve never been one for prayer to human Gods, but I’ve no quarrel with the Goddess Rial’Aa. Besides, nice tits for a statue.” It was an obtuse fertility carving, the body almost spherical with hemispheres representing a head, breasts, and hips.

Saela shook her head at his blasphemy, but smiled.

“So what do we do now?” I asked, still quivering from my long period of voyeurism in the cave.

“First we go to the Arena and give them Mad Malarielle. See how much she enjoys fighting against prey that can fight back. Then, Valsivale can take us to my homeland. I believe it is time I faced my people and claimed what is rightfully mine.

“I’m not taking you.” Valsivale intoned grimly. “I… I have lost a little of myself the last few weeks. I must take some time. I’m sorry.” With those words she abruptly vanished, leaving us all to regroup.

Oluth only shrugged, setting a waking Talitanitia back on her feet.

“Then we go North.” My Minotaur said.

We were on our way.