

My Minotaur

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In Which Lady Ailara Acquires A New Slave

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Part 1: In which Lady Ailara buys her last slave I stepped off the boat, wrinkling my nose at the smells of peasantry. It's not that peasants are bad people of course, they just don't have the intelligence to escape their plight. Of course I was one once. I just happened to be born with a particularly ample bosom, and the brains behind it to land a worthwhile husband. I married him and his wealth at 18 years, and I've never looked back. That's my story, and I stick to it. After all, a lady must have some secrets. I told my entourage to stay on the trireme and await my return. The men voiced their protest; my husband is not one to risk me on the poor streets of the mainland, but I would not relent. I value the little time I get to myself, or at least away from people who know me. I admit a certain thrill in how the peasantry devour me with their eyes. They snack on my elegant clothes, today an expensive purple-dyed dress covers my hips and thrusts my buxom décolletage on display. They refresh themselves drinking deep in my sapphire eyes, and nourish themselves on my full lips. These I stain purple. The main course, is of course, my chest, most assuming I've fashioned the display through some trick of wealth and tailoring. They little suspect I was naturally endowed as such, sporting these pumpkin-sized orbs by my first year of womanhood. Aside from drinking in their intoxicating gazes, I pay them little regard. It would not be proper to do otherwise. I lamented the fact that I had an errand to run, it would cut into this wonderful time away from our lonely mansion, but I would not be an undutiful wife, the price for that was far too high. So I made haste through the winding streets, dodging dung and urchins alike, finally stopping as I reached the auction block. The slaves were for the most part particularly un-notable today. My husband's latest run-away had been a particularly strong young man, a captured war-boy from another island. His skin was tan and lovely, but scared from his time in battle. I waited through many lots, drinking in the gazes of the crowd and heat of their presence. As the day wore long, I was bored and disinterested, studying the strange clothes the

peasants wore. It is interesting what they use in the absence of buttons and clasps, and I wouldn't mind some time trying to weave some of their simple leather lacing and frog-eyes into my own clothing. Then I caught sight of him! Oh he was a sight to behold! His shoulders were nearly as broad as I was tall, and bulked with muscle. So chiseled were his arms, the light played on dozens of angular shadows where his obvious power stuck out in meaty slopes and hills of strength. His stomach rippled like the ocean itself, and his pectorals were broad and flat, defined to the extreme. All this was set on a pair of thighs with visible slabs of meat that sloped down to proportional calves and huge squar-ish feet. Between the works a loincloth dangled down, his only clothing. His head was hard to look at though. The beast's flared nostrils and curved horns were off-putting to a lady of delicate sensibilities like myself. Though down-cast, the wide, brown bovine eyes shone with an intelligence that belied all I'd heard of the Taurprimate; "Myrnotor" I believe the peasants call his kind. Ugly things they were. "How much for this bid? He's a strong laborer, enslaved by Kairish command training, so he'll obey your every word. What you'll save in work effort will make up for how much he eats...and he can be underfed.... Do I hear 29 minae? 28 minae?" The Auctioneer began calling his numbers, no one from the crowd responding. The price was high for commoners, and they seemed a little intimidated by the sheer massiveness of the great beast. Being an educated woman, I know to trust the Kairish methods (some of our dogs had been disciplined in this manner), and I raised a pale hand. "60 Crowns." The crowd gasped. "Milady, you might have misunderstood. I said, mere minae, not whole crowns." "I heard what you said. Just put a ribbon on him and wrap him up for me." Humor is totally lost on peasants. The auctioneer sent a boy for a red bow, and soon my new slave's tail was adorned with it. I rolled my eyes and beckoned the beast to follow. * * * But now you wonder why I overpaid. Spending too much money for things is one of my small personal pleasures. I certainly wasn't gleaning any satisfaction in the bedchamber. Oh certainly 'milord' tended to me, frequently in fact, and sometimes twice daily. He'd clamber into our bed and mount me, thrusting and stabbing impotently away until he was spent, grinning at me like he'd been made king of the fair from beneath his stupid mustache. Not that I was bitter. I admit the musculature of this creature fascinated me from the beginning. His back held a thousand crevices, and sprouted to his amazing 9 foot height from the huge globes of his buttocks. So large were his thighs, they kept all in front of them from view, though I tried in vain to peer at just what that might be. So possessed was I with the powerful, plodding grace of his walk, I scarcely realized when we'd reached the water. "Stop!" I hastily commanded. Kairish training is effective on beasts, but also robs them of any impulse but fear. It can cause them to do things, like walk into the sea as he was about to, unless told otherwise. He halted and my other slaves took him in with some obvious apprehension. "Don't stand there gawking at your new accomplice! Load the ship!" I helpfully, and loudly, suggested. The slaves got to work, seizing crates of raw goods to return home with. The Myrnotor pitched in, his rippling mass barely flexing at all as he lifted the second heaviest crate. Several of the younger slaves gathered around him in awe, one being so bold as to wave a hand in front of his eyes, testing the Kairish mind-state for any break. He did not even blink as he set the huge wooden box on the deck. They followed him back as he returned for the heaviest of all, a huge carved fountain for the garden, and circled it to find the easiest

handholds. Laughing, the slaves all piled into the bowl of the thing. This dismayed me. "He will hurt himself trying to lift—" I cut short as the beast's muscles bulged explosively, and 8 tons of marble, steel and idiotic slaves were born into the air. The slaves for their part lapsed into a stunned silence as he laid them onto the deck. My lips curled into a smile, and a feeling I could not yet place shot through me. * * * I was on the deck of the my ship, enjoying the exhilarating rush of air from the added speed the Myrnotor put to the oars. I'd earlier caught one of my worthless dregs not rowing, but before I could call for him to be lashed, all the other slaves dropped their oars as well. The speed of my craft did not diminish one naught. I laughed for the span of three breaths, and then screeched in my best harpy impersonation, "You mendicants cannot even ADD to his effort? 12 of you, and you cannot match the effort of ONE brute? Pathetic! You are not men. Drop your trousers now! Shame yourselves before this superior thrall!" The "men" complied, and 12 shriveled, tiny members were exposed to the cold. Now curiosity had the better of me. "Beast! Remove your garment!" He did not comply. "Disrobe!" I tried. Sometimes the Kairish methods leave out an instilled phrase. It happens. Besides, he'd probably only inherited the human-sized equipment. It is the lower body of a man after all, which on a frame his size's proportions would look even smaller than those sub-humans around him. And that's how I ended up on the deck. I don't know if my nipples were poking out like thimbles from the cold, or for some other reason entirely. * * * We hit shore at sunset, and I marveled a moment at the beauty of my house in that light before directing my shameful, naked slave to their labors. I had the Myrnotor led to a small room. I would present him to my husband after I attended to some basic hygiene. An hour later I lay naked in my suite, two tan island women applying a bucket of rich cocoa butter to my ample breasts, as they did every night. As they worked my heavy hills of creamy flesh to a perfect, gleaming shine, my eyes were closed in fantasy. It was not tangible nor familiar what ran through my mind, but it was making me very moist. My women looked at me as they always did, envy ruining their faces. It was doubtful that all the titflesh in their whole tribe could even be combined to rival my set; this bothered them in some primal way, and it showed. Suddenly they scattered to the side as my husband strode into my chamber. His mincing little steps brought him to the foot of my bed which he grunted and strained to ascend. "I see you've made yourself ready for me, milady. Your randy little snatch is drooling with lust for this!" "Uh, yes." I lied as his pants made their short trip down his legs to the floor. Then he was fucking me, at least I think he was. I'm not really sure since it was about as long pleasurable as a handshake. Fluffing one of my chest-mounted pillows he lay his head down, and gazed into my eyes. "So, how many times did you cum?" He asked. "I didn't keep count." I was being quite honest there. "Of course pretty thing. You never did have a head for numbers." He said with an affectionate pinch of my cheek. I multiplied the number of ways that made me want to kick him by the number of times I'd saved his fortune by catching a mathematical error on his ledger, and got a huger number than he could understand. Then I divided that by the amount I was worth through marriage to him forced my sweetest smile onto my face. "Now show me this new servant." He said with two claps. I hastily threw on a silken robe and came to find the beast in the small room where I'd left him. "Follow." I said and turned on my heels. Moments later, my husband was precariously perched on a chair, inspecting the Myrnotor's teeth and gums. "Hm.

Exceptional quality, Ailara, well done." He dropped down to continue his scrutiny, pacing around, his head barely clearing the creature's knees. "Yes, totally and completely marvelouuuuu—" The color drained from his face as he trailed off. He had evidently caught a glimpse of whatever lurked beneath the loincloth, and was terrified by what he saw. But my husband is a little man; very little is all it would take to impress him. "Go back to your room." He ordered, and left the chambers without another word. The beast did as it was told. It was the following night that my life was forever changed. * * *

The next day I worked in the garden, braving the warm noon sun in a white cotton blouse that did nothing to conceal cleavage, and a short skirt that showed long legs. The Myrnotor was holding a wheelbarrow with one hand and an ounce of his strength while I desperately tested the limits of his mental domination by leaning over and enticing him with ever more voluptuous valley views. As usual, he didn't blink, but I swear I might have seen a nostril twitch. Dinner was light. Cocoa butter was warm on my breasts. Then I read while waiting for my husband to do a mosquito's business in my poor deprived little slit. Only tonight was different. One of the guards burst into my chamber, slamming the door behind him. I heard a click behind him in the lock. "Jules!" I shouted his name, "What is the meaning of this!? Leave immediately" He looked upon me coldly. "Sorry miss, Milord's orders were quite clear. I'm not to follow what you say, only to punish you." "Falsehood! Punish me for what?" It was my husband's voice that came through in response, though muffled. "For how you shamelessly flirt before the new beast like a brazen strumpet!" I could now see a small hole in the wall through which my husband's eye could be seen, spying. "I do not!" I protested, stamping my foot. In truth it was not until this moment I realized his words were true, but I stuck with my story. "End this stupidity!" I then added, "How do you mean to punish me? Lock me up forever?" His laugh was cruel. "No my dear. If I'm to be a cuckold, then I shall choose how, not you!" Jules had dropped his pants. The seven inch weapon that was now leveled at me must have seemed a mile to my husband. But it would hurt in my un-aroused, never-fulfilled depths. Hurt a lot. "No! Stop this now! Jules?!" I tried to appeal to the man. He advanced towards me, "Sorry ma'am, I've dreamed of this at least as much as all the other men." He grabbed my robe by the collar in his left hand and shoved me hard with the other. Fabric tore and I fell back on my bed, the wind knocked out of me. Jules cast my ruined garment aside and stalked up on me. I could hear a hurried sound like a child applauding behind the wall. The little bastard was pleasuring himself to my torment, and I could hear his piggish grunts as Jules reached the intersection between the foot of my bed and the path of the door. Suddenly there was a massive crunch and the door soared from its hinges at the velocity of an arrow, crushing Jules against the wall with a sickening series of crunches; clearly bones had been shattered. The Myrnotor strode into the room with a bold posture. My husband's feet could be heard scampering awkwardly from the next room, tripping over his pants at every other step. The Hulking brute pulled the door aside and threw the unconscious Jules from the room before turning back to me. So swift was his spin, the loincloth gave me a flash of what most surely have been its hard cock, hanging by sheer dint of its weight straight down. Just that flash nearly stopped my heart. It was at least a foot of broom-handle thick meat, capped by a flared head, like that of an ornate lampshade. My stomach felt almost queasy as my brain reeled to comprehend more man than it knew how to understand. It didn't even

begin to with it all, but I knew that I wanted it. My jaw dropped and a drooling mouth competed with my suddenly saturated pussy for attention. My finger and thumb subconsciously grazed a nipple that had instantly turned to stone as he strode closer, his state of arousal betraying what his one intent could be. "Please!" I gasped, breathing so hard, "Don't rape me!" But the creature slid his warm muscular body over me, letting me feel the ridges of his spectacular abdominals grazing my skin as he came face-to-face with me, huge hands on either side of my head. "Please!" I whimpered, anticipation shuddering through me. He held for a moment and then suddenly snorted, rearing back his awesome pectorals convulsed in deep laughter. "Rape you!" He boomed in mirth. "You're dripping for it!" And now my emotions were at a tug-of-war. On one side, his words stung me for they were true, and on the other, they were delivered in THAT VOICE. His voice was so low, it echoed in his massive chest, surged up from his abs, yet clearly had its source from somewhere beneath even that. It vibrated into my very soul, and shook me within at such great force, I nearly found myself at orgasms doorstep, teased and enticed, but unable to cross the threshold. As he continued to speak, it felt as though sheets of hot crushed velvet were being rolled over my flesh, even through his words were still cruel. "Besides, what made you think I wanted you? I'm obviously not even aroused!" All the color must have drained from me then. "Clearly not arouuuuu—" I trailed off as he leaned in close again, untying the ribbon that the market had placed on his tail. I just stared down that long muzzle into those deep bovine eyes as his arms encircled my head to tie back my hair with the ribbon. "Wear your hair up, you silly bint. I like it that way." He patted my cheek twice and was out of the room in three strides, leaving me a panting, lustful mess of sweat on the bed. * * * The next couple of hours were very strange to me. I know I masturbated a long time, bringing a torrid pinch to my engorged nipples and furiously frigging my equally hungry quoint. The friction brought me off dozens of times, yet still my clit beckoned more, and I felt only longing. I sat up and arranged myself, leaving my hair in the bow. Then I brought out the finest weapon in my arsenal; a black corset with red trim, custom fit to lift my bulky bosom and serve it up as an exquisite seal to any sexual endeavor. As I skillfully wobbled my watermelons into the cups, I could hear the sounds of a scuffle growing closer. I had just tied the last of the lace as a guard flew past my doorway. Stepping out I beheld the beast, steam coming from his nose in shallow bursts. The hallway was littered by dozens of mangled men, yet the aftermath of whatever battle had taken place here was a far greater testament to the Myrnotor's control rather than his strength. Each groaning man was alive. "Lady Ailara." Came that mega-bass. "And what shall I call you?" I asked. "Oluth." He replied. "Oluth." I repeated, tasting the name on my tongue, and liking the flavor. "What will you do now?" "I go to pay my farewell to your little lord, then I am going to start heading for my home." "This I simply must see." He shrugged his indifference as he rolled down the hallway, forcing me to run in order to keep up. It was so much a struggle to fight myself into the bustier cups, that I ended up crashing into his legs from inattention to where he had stopped. We stood now in my husband's court, the little bastard sitting smugly on his great chair, four archers training crossbows on Oluth. "Release my wife and yield to me or die." "No." Said the bull-man, his tone level, yet with such power behind it I could almost feel the hair on every arm rising, the shriveling of every testicle in fear. My husband gaped, and totally unable to deal with his real fear,

turned instead to me. "How could you tempt this monster from it's Kairish hold? You little slut!" I rolled my eyes. "Dearest darling most adorable fucking moron," I dripped sweet, sarcastic venom in my tone. "Kairish training doesn't work on thinking, intelligent creatures. It would be more likely to work on you!" "His kind are stupid beasts!" My lord said stubbornly. I began to retort, but Oluth cut in. "Whatever I am ignorant man, and beautiful but whorish woman, I will take my leave of your home now or ruin you if you try to stop me. My husband smiled smugly, looking to the crossbowmen. "Fire." He intoned. Launching into a whirl of more speed than I could imagine from so massive a creature, he neatly ducked one bolt, a meaty hand slapping another from the air, and a third ricocheting from an expertly-placed horn I lifted my arms and winced as the fourth suddenly flew wild, narrowly missing his neck. In two great strides Oluth was seizing two archers by their wrists and flinging them like clubs into the next men. For good measure he slammed his impromptu weapons together before mercifully releasing them to the floor. My twisted husband whimpered and fell back over his chair. "Thank you for your hospitality." Spat Oluth. I charged forward and trousered the little man, exposing his wannabe manhood for all. It was smaller than Oluth's pinky, and at the moment rock hard; who knows why. Oluth and I shared a laugh. "How do you pleasure your woman?" Oluth asked, with some genuine curiosity. "Her nostrils?" "just go." My defeated husband whispered, making no effort to clothe himself as he crept from the room, weeping silently. Oluth turned to leave, and had gotten four huge strides before he found me blocking the way.

"Take me with you." I said. He cocked his head at me. "No." "I can't just stay here. He's insane!" I said, pointing the direction my husband had gone. "But you've known that for some time, haven't you?" Chided Oluth. "Yes, but that was before..." "Before what?" "Before I saw your... Ab, uhh, I saw you." He smirked, seeming to know I had not really misspoken. "If I leave you here, I can depart freely. Take you with me, and he'll keep hunting me to get you back. Possibly with help from authorities far more dangerous than he. Now why should I risk that?" I put my hands behind my back and arched it, thrusting my gigantic jubbles out as I spoke. "I'll let you fuck me if you do." "Now what makes you think I—" He started. But I'd reached my breaking point. "LISTEN, you two-ton meatpile of gorgeous beast and hot hot man, let me clarify! I am going to fuck you, and we are going to leave together. Do you understand?" My growling voice filled the room for a moment, and I clenched my fists, angrily panting. Oluth seemed somewhat taken aback, and shifted a leg. "Wait, Ailara, I—" with a little scream I launched forward. Taking one step and leaping up I slammed into his mass, locking my legs around his torso. I bared my teeth and moved my head in for attack, trapping his lower lip between my plush, purple stained ones. I sucked his lip hard, even nibbling it gently with my teeth a little before releasing the hold and plunging forward once again, force feeding him my hot pink tongue. Now his shock turned to something else as he returned my kiss. I was surprised how human his mouth felt, despite being in such a different shape. He spiraled his tongue around mine, completely entwining the morsel as he drilled forward, tasting me, thrusting between my lips. We

shared this mutual moment to the sound of wet smacks and contented moans. Mine, a deep throaty purr, and his a spine-melting groan of impossible depth. Reluctantly I pulled back, lips still parted and yearning. My eyes took in his muscles yet again, and my mouth tired of jealousy wanted its turn. I slurped down his corded neck to his tri-cleft shoulder, licking between the hard valleys there. I continued down his arm, devouring his hulking bicep like a succulent fruit. I continued shimmying down his body, leaving a sheen trail of my own juice streaked on his abdominals. The sight of those glistening muscles was too much for me and I gave them my full attention as I touched down to the ground. I sent my tongue over all eight bulges and into all six valleys. The salt of his post-battle sweat mixed with the sweet of my own nectar made for an intoxicating mix, and it was some time before I'd lapped it all up. Something beneath that loincloth was stirring now. I began to climb him again, but he scooped me up with one hand, easily cupping my ample bottom. I shared our flavor with in a salacious exchange of slobber, and moaned on his tongue as I felt a thick finger pull my small-clothes aside and inch into my waiting nethermaw. My lips pulled back with a smack and I focused on grinding my sensitive nipples into his chisled, perfect chest as he fringed me with that enormous pointer. It was thicker and longer than my husband's prick, and his skill full curling of it against my inner golden-spot brought an orgasm from me like I'd never experienced before. As I gave myself over to the wave of sensation, a copious gout of cream drizzled from me and showered the stone floor with a wet splatter. "Gods you Bull-stud! Take me! Fucking take me! I'm yours!" I screamed through my passion. It was then I felt something hot and firm tap me between my shoulder blades. Confused, I casually looked back and saw that it was his dick. His dick!!! I fell sideways, ass over teakettle, cheek to cement. I gazed back up at it, a long thick shadow being cast over my face, expression completely cockstunned at the sight. His loin cloth had flipped over on itself, and I let my wide-wide eyes crawl over every inch of this omnipotent organ. There were a lot those inches. The veins made a convenient map of the thing for my eyes to trail over, pinky-thick spider-webs criss-crossing to bear what must have been quarts of blood. Beneath this monolithic monstrosity—no, this altar at which I would now be doing all of my worship—was a pair of hanging bollocks, weighty at their grapefruit size, so much so that the wrinkled scrotum seemed overtaxed by their pendulous mass. I could not help but seize one in both hands, grunting slightly, amazed at the way both my arms flexed just to lift this thing. There must have been enough seed in one of these orbs to drown a leviathan! I wrapped one hand squarely around the shaft, just above these titanic twins, and then placed another hand above that. Then another hand above that, so on and so on until I finally had one palm perched on the deep cum-canyon at the top. My hands were not large, and it was fifteen hand-spans from the top of this thing to the bottom. Oluth had a flat yard of cock. "You see?" He said, his voice now seeming to match the sheer masculine force that was his towering truncheon and dangling dragon-eggs. "I was not fully aroused before. Now you know why we really can't be together." "Like Hell we can't!" I bellowed, jumping once again and seizing this bull by his horns. Like an acrobat I flexed my body and placed my ravenous pussy on the enormous head. Even as my rivulets of juice cascaded down the shaft, Oluth gave me his last warning. "I'll never fit." "Yes you will!" "How?" "A lady must have some secrets!" I shot back. Whatever words were about to come out of his mouth were replaced

by guttural and primal noise as I shoved down his shaft, impaling myself well upon it, held aloft by my hands on his horns. "FUCK FUCK FUCK IT'S HUGE!" I screamed, my eyes brimming with tears. What had been a broom-handle in flaccidity was now as thick as an Ale-mug and stretching me horribly. "I told you!" Said Oluth. "Let me help lift you off." I slapped him hard across the muzzle. "You will do no such thing! Fuck me! Use me like a brutal beast would! Do what you must to get this gargantuan, fucking fuckpole as deep as it will go!" He looked hurt, then angry, and he used that latter emotion as he shoved deep inside me. I came so hard that I thought some of my hair must have fallen out. Thrust after brutal thrust fed more and more raging bull-meat into the sea of pleasure-juice my pussy had become. Centimeters and inches added up until I was at ten inches and ten orgasms, gasping for breath, for words, for one spare thought. None of these things could happen though. I only managed a feeble caterwauling cry as he suddenly spun me around. Now my hands were stretched behind me, tits thrust up and out from my chest, legs dangling below. Still I held tight to his horns as he fucked dozens of strokes at phenomenal speed, now burying a solid foot of cock steak within me. It seemed each new, miniscule length of my pussy that he discovered held an orgasm waiting to happen, and when it would, that it echoed with shuddering climaxes back down every inch back down. It was at this point that I neither know if I lost consciousness or if the pleasure simply overwhelmed my senses to the point where I was an unthinking animal, but what I do know is that we fucked my husband's courtroom to pieces. I remember flashes. Oluth sitting in my husband's chair while I rode his pleasingly agonizing anaconda up and down, tits bouncing wildly. The remnants of my corset dangling from Oluth's teeth while he spread me on the long table, spearing me hard, moving the whole thing with every thrust. At another moment, my whole body was twisted in a long satin curtain, Oluth winding me and unwinding me, bringing incredible corkscrewing orgasms from deep within me. I remember few words, but I'm pretty sure at some point I screamed something to the effect of, "BREAK your massive magnificent bull-stallion COCK off in me and leave it there!!! I can't stop CUMMING, I won't stop fucking you, and I don't care if it DOES make me nothing but your HORNY huge-titted FUCKSLUT with a cuntfull of COCK and a mouth that knows nothing but obscenities to describe how horrifically good your hung WHORE-splitting spunk cannon feels inside my cream cauldron!!!" Or something like that. It was obvious he fucked my brains out by then, to say the least. It might have been when he broke that table in two while I was bent over it, taking at least 14 inches at last. (His SOFT size.) Or possibly when it was my turn sitting in the chair, kicking my legs while he held the whole thing aloft by the seat and blasted thick gouts of sauce from me with every savage thrust. Whatever the case may be, the last thing I remember of the epic fuck-session, was blurting out curse-words I didn't even know the meaning of as his balls swelled to the size of hammocks and discharged so massive a salvo of thick cum, that I actually burst off him into a wall, failing to stand as wad after fist-sized wad slammed into me. I was pulverized into a puddle of sex when his 20th and final shot had been delivered. We both stood panting and staring at one another for what felt like half an hour; he down his sweating muzzle, and I through a mask of cum which was heavy on my eyelids, clinging to my cheeks, dripping out of my soaked hair, and caked in sheets of frosting on my breasts. "So..." Said Oluth awkwardly. "Have anything you need to bring?" "Clothes." I said. "Clothes

would be good." One wardrobe later, we were stealing my husband's boat as we set off together into the night.

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