

OFFERINGS TO THE TWISTED KING

by Bo Blackstar

[f/minotaur, non-con, huge insertion, multiple penetration, implied impregnation, forced kissing, aphrodisiacs, Bad End (slavery/breeder)]

The sun climbed toward its highest point, the warm rays beating down on the forest valley below. Through the dense, untamed foliage, four figures cut and picked their way closer to the valley's center.

“Okay, so I know I complained about the last one,” Frisk remarked. “But I could *really* go for another stream to cross right about now.” The tiefling took a pull from her water skin before tucking it back into her broad, dark cloak. Her tight, light clothing was perfectly suited to her usual activities of sneaking through cities and dungeons looking for traps and treasure, and worked well on the trudge through the wilderness. Her cloak, with its innumerable pockets for holding tools and palmable loot, wasn't working quite as well. She had the hood down, showing her short black hair framed by swept-back horns. The tiefling's skin was red, though it more closely matched the pink of a guava fruit's flesh than it did the rich red of a rose. The half-smile on Frisk's cute face was irrepressible, and served to stave off the dreariness of the hike. Trailing behind her, the rogue's red tail stuck out beneath her cloak, its base resting just above her notably full backside.

“I'm doing fine,” Taela said, effortlessly hopping onto another fallen tree. “Are you remembering to use the breathing technique I taught you?” The half-elf was right at home in the wilderness, her sun-kissed skin and long, blonde braid shining in the sunlight as she kept ahead of the party. Keen eyes picked out each step, while sensitive ears tracked the sounds of the forest around them. Short bow in hand, Taela paused for a moment to reaffirm their position and heading, displaying the very picture of lean athleticism in her physique. She was dressed in a light, lavender tunic, with high leather boots and leather bracers. The knife on her belt, opposite her hip quiver, was mostly for utility. Few foes ever made it past Taela's arrows, as she was quick to remind everyone.

“I am alright,” Ora affirmed. “But... a stream would be nice.” The young woman trudged along, trying not to seem too out of breath. She wasn't as accustomed to long trips as the adventurers she trekked alongside, but in her simple travelling gear and with the aid of a walking stick she was doing an admirable job keeping up. Ora seemed unremarkable in every way, but the vigor of a youth just into adulthood and her drive to

see this quest through were all the advantage she needed. A light shawl helped keep the sun off her dark skin and closely woven hair, but she couldn't seem to decide between being protected from the harsh light or letting herself feel the gentle breeze on her skin and scalp.

At a small hill, Ora's foot slipped, and she slid down to one knee. Arms wrapped around her from behind.

"Take care, Princess," Shori warned, her voice somewhere between a hiss and a whisper. "We wouldn't want anything to happen to you before... you receive your birthright." The warlock's grip tightened as she helped Ora to her feet, and then lingered uncomfortably long afterward.

"I'm no princess," Ora corrected. "At least... not yet."

"Of course..." Shori nodded, wide eyes never leaving the young woman. Part of Shori's tangle of chestnut hair dangled in front of her eerily pale face, which was decorated with black lipstick. She wore a black sundress and lace-up sandals that rose halfway up her calf. A curved knife and small satchel hung from her cord belt. Her figure was soft and curvy, seemingly ill-suited for the active adventuring lifestyle. Fortunately, an investiture of dark power gave the warlock all the unnatural stamina she needed.

"So, when you become queen or whatever," Frisk asked. "You can pardon us for crimes, right?"

Taela rolled her eyes. "Fanteria isn't going to recognize the authority of a long-dead empire. You'll still be wanted. Which you could have avoided, if you'd just listened to me."

"Yeah, but doesn't it come with magical powers and stuff?" Frisk looked back at Ora. "You're descended from god-dragons or something, right?"

The young woman, who until recently worked as a seamstress, shrugged. "It was... implied? I don't really know what's going to happen. I just know it's important."

"A great empire shall rise again," Shori whispered, her voice somehow carrying enough to be heard by all. "It begins with the Heir of Sacred Scales."

Ora tucked her pack more securely on her shoulders, trying not to think about the warlock's voice or relentless stare.

"I can see the walls," Taela announced. "Nearly there."

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A short while later, the group was gathered at the entrance to the structure they sought. It was an ancient thing, long-abandoned, and no roads or trails led to or from it. Black marble walls, twenty feet high without any roof, stood before them.

“Yep,” Frisk nodded. “That’s an ancient maze, alright. And a fancy one, too.”

“The Ascension is at hand,” Shori whispered, grinning at Ora.

“Hey Spooks?” Frisk said, arching an eyebrow. “Can you not? It’s pretty ominous already, thanks.”

“Just another ruin,” Taela dismissed. “Everyone remember to stay sharp. No touching weird things or pulling levers until Frisk or I look at it first. And be *careful* before you try any looting.” The last statement was directed squarely at the tiefling, who rolled her eyes in response.

“Yeah thanks, *mom*. I got it.”

Taela stepped into the structure, kneeling down beside one of the massive walls a few paces in. The floor of the forgotten maze was not as pristine as the walls, the dyes faded from its worn and broken slabs of pale stone. Grasses and ivy sprouted through the cracks among the tried and dead portions that the sun had baked brown. “That’s weird,” the ranger said. “The ivy doesn’t grow up the walls more than a few feet.” She held a hand over the ivy and concentrated. A green glow emitted from her palm, and the ivy sprang to life, growing up and out another foot from where Taela was casting.

“Well,” Taela shrugged. “It isn’t cursed or anything. Let’s get in there and find Ora’s crown.”

“And grab anything valuable along the way,” Frisk added. “And with the crown comes magic and boons and stuff, right?”

Ora took a deep breath. “That’s what the visions said. Or... suggested, I guess. It’s like I can... feel it, close. Heh, my stomach is in knots.”

While the others talked and tested, Shori drew a small bottle from her satchel. She spritzed herself with it, filling the air around her with a warm, heavy scent. The effects on her would be particularly pronounced, but that was fine. The others had to be properly prepared.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Twenty Minutes Later...

“Hey, uh...” Frisk spoke up, fanning her cloak out a few times to cool herself. “Anybody else feeling... warm? Like, a particular kind of warm?”

Taela furrowed her brow. “Actually, now that you... Whoa, hold that thought.”

The group turned the corner into a large room. They had passed through a few so far, but none quite like this. In the center of the room was a short, circular dais, upon which stood a statue of stone and metal carved like a massive, armored knight and holding a huge, iron axe. At four points around the dais, spaced evenly between the statue and the edge of the room, were man-sized pillars made of the same black marble as the walls, but covered in small copper circles.

“Oh, a golem,” Frisk declared, her voice echoing dully in the chamber. “That’s fun. Ora, look. It’s your first adventure and we get to fight a golem. How exciting!”

The lost heir stared at the tiefling, uncertain what to do with her face.

“No, it sucks,” Frisk clarified. “Golems suck. I was being funny. I’m hysterical.”

Ora gave a nervous chuckle, her eyes drifting to the armored figure.

“It’s not even active,” Taela pointed out. “Let’s just walk around, keep outside the perimeter of the little pillars, and get to the hall on the other side. Everyone be calm, and we should be just fine.”

“Yeah,” the tiefling nodded. “It’s so simple, even *we* couldn’t fuck it up! You can laugh at that too, Ora.”

“Uh, no. Thanks.”

They made their way around the room, but just as they passed the halfway point there was a rumble through the floor. Huge slabs were sliding into place to block both exits. Taela made it to the far exit just in time for the massive marble barrier to seal them in.

“Uch, of course,” the half-elf complained. Looking back, she could see the huge golem stirring and lifting the giant axe. “I’ve got the golem! Frisk, get the door!”

“Already on it!” Frisk called back, rushing over to where the path had been closed off. Skimming the nearby walls, she quickly located the hidden panel and pulled out her tools to start prying it open.

“I’ve got you,” Shori whispered in Ora’s ear, startling the young woman nearly out of her skin.

Taela engaged with the golem, artfully ducking the first slow swing of its oversized weapon and slipping between its legs to get behind it. She gave it a kick on the way, just to keep its attention.

Meanwhile, the copper circles on the pillars opened. Out of the holes, tiny globs of blue slime the size of a grapefruit started to emerge, each with a little solid ball inside and moving on their own power as they spread through the room.

“Ah! Oh no!” Ora shouted, stamping at the small creatures with her boots and walking stick. As they closed in, the slimes started to jump at the women. One slapped wetly onto Ora’s thigh and started climbing higher. While she batted it away, three more landed on her other leg and backside. They were coming faster than she could remove them, and soon there were more than a dozen swarming across her.

A hiss heralded a series of violent slashes, Shori raking the slimes away from Ora with hands that had been twisted into beastly claws. “Even water rots when still,” the warlock snarled, her nostrils flared as she continued to swipe at the approaching slimes.

Over at the door, Frisk was tampering in the panel she’d opened, turning her tools and honed intuition against the bronze cogs and tumblers of the ancient mechanism. She slapped at the first slimes that reached her, simply annoyed until they started to gather *en masse*, sliding up her crouched body beneath her cloak and spreading cool slime through her clothes.

“People are trying to work, here!” the tiefling shouted, springing up and doing a short series of spins to dislodge some of the oozeings. She slapped at them, her nimble hands getting coated the tingling slime. An arrow flew past, popping one of the little slimes like a bubble as it pierced the solid ball within.

“Kill the nucleus!” Taela called, bending backward and dropping to the ground to duck another swing of the golem’s axe. She rose and let off another few shots, each knocking a slime off one of her companions before she sidestepped a downward chop that buried the oversized weapon into the dais. “Hah! Was that supposed to hit me?” she asked the golem. “It’s almost cute how fucking sad of a guardian you are. You’re not even worth taunting, you brainless toy.”

Now moving in constant circles to keep from being overwhelmed, Shori and Ora continued to batter at the encroaching slimes, the warlock with her magic claws and the lost heir with her heavy walking stick. In the center of their trail, the slimes started to bunch up on one another. They fused and grew, their nuclei melding as well, and soon a vaguely humanoid brute of blue slime rose menacingly over the two women.

“*To’gruul phalad pargon,*” Shori whispered, and reached out to touch Ora on the back.

“Oh!” Ora yelped, her eyes going wide as a rush of searing power swelled within her, her muscles trembling with sudden strength.

Shori grinned. “Strike with the might of the Horned Conqueror.”

Vibrating with unnatural power, the wide-eyed seamstress lifted her walking stick like a club and swung at the giant slime. The firm wood bit through the ooze, dug into the melon-sized nucleus, and sent the solid core of the creature flying and unspooling through the air. Gallons of blue jelly splashed to the floor at once.

“Door!” Frisk shouted, the massive slab sliding away and giving them an exit.

Shori and Ora ran for the door, the younger woman nearly losing her balance from the sheer strength of her strides, while the warlock bounced merrily behind. Taela flipped over the golem one more time, waited for a second, and then bent at the waist into a low, dramatic bow as the iron axe went sailing by just above her.

“You really know how to *bore* a girl,” the half-elf remarked before bounding away.

Frisk tweaked something in the wall panel before Taela caught up, and the blocking slab of marble sealed behind them just as they got to the other side. The group crushed the few remaining slimes, then paused to catch their breath.

“Slow breaths, Ora,” Taela coached. “Slow and deep. Panting isn’t going to do any good.”

Ora nodded, the adrenaline and rush of dark strength fading quickly.

Frisk brushed herself off, making sure there were no more slimes hiding in her cloak. “Whew! Wow. So going back to what I was saying, is anybody else like, weirdly horny?”

“It’s Shori’s perfume,” Taela said, turning her gaze on the warlock. “Which I’m sure she had a *very* good reason for using. *Right*, Shori?”

Her pale face blushing crimson, the warlock’s only answer was a quiet, wheezing laughter.

“Okay, what is that!?” Ora shouted. “What does that mean? Why is she doing that?”

“She just does that,” Frisk answered. “She’s probably thinking about goats again.”

“Goats?”

Taela sighed. “We don’t know why, but Shori finds goats really funny. She’s fine. Let’s keep heading toward the center. Oh, and Ora? Good job with the giant slime.”

The lost heir blinked. “Oh, uh... Thank you.”

“No, but really,” Frisk interjected with a soft chuckle. “Sex break? Taela? Spooks? Mm? Ora, you down?”

“Not in the dungeon,” Taela said sternly.

“But is it *really* a dungeon?” Frisk asked. “It’s not underground, it’s open to the sky...”

“We’re moving on. Now.”

“Ugh, fine...” Frisk threw out her arms in begrudging acceptance. As they continued through the tall, ancient corridors, the tiefling used her tail to slap Shori’s ample backside, at which the warlock ran her tongue across her black lips.

“So, this is adventuring,” Ora muttered under her breath, trying to think about anything besides the moisture between her legs.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A Half-hour Later...

The group found themselves in another chamber, this one hexagonal and about half the size of the room with the golem and slimes. Some of the walls held alcoves, in which ceramic busts had once stood. The busts had long since been destroyed, and into the walls of the alcoves were carved dozens of dark sigils and menacing images. Hanging along one wall was a massive, bronze gong, engraved with a collection of differing animal horns arranged into a vaguely ovular shape. In the center of the room was a pedestal, upon which rested an ornate box of ivory and gold.

“Hold back for a minute,” Taela instructed, directing Shori and Ora to a place along the wall near the gong. “Don’t touch anything. Frisk?”

“Might as well tell me to breathe,” the tiefling sighed.

Together, Taela and Frisk scanned the floor around the pedestal, then the pedestal itself, and finally began examining the box. Taela conjured a little ball of light that shifted slowly in hues as they investigated. Frisk sprinkled a couple different powders over the box and top of the pedestal, then blew most of it away before taking another look through a small lens.

Their investigation was interrupted by a loud bang on the gong, which echoed through the whole of the ancient maze. In response, a din of dozens of deep, howling bellows rose from all around them.

“Spooks, what the *fuck!?*” Frisk yelled.

The warlock had grabbed Ora, holding her curved knife to the young woman's throat. She let out another jittery, wheezing laugh. "The Ascension is at hand!" she rasped. "All are offerings to the Twisted King!" The alcove she had dragged Ora into spun away, separating them from the room and cutting off the lost heir's cry for help.

"Seriously?" Frisk balked. "*Again!?*"

Taela let out a quiet groan. "Okay, I guess we're doing *this* now. No problem. Let's just find the mechanism, and--"

She cut off mid-sentence and lifted her head. From all around them, echoing through the labyrinthine structure, thundering steps were closing in. Hulking, horned figures appeared in the entrances to the room.

"Oh, good," Frisk sighed. "We're fucked."

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

"Why are you doing this?" Ora asked as Shori dragged her down another corridor.

"Silence from the Mother of Mayhem," the pale woman hissed. Shori continued to drag Ora along, her silver blade against the lost heir's umber neck. After another minute of seeking, they turned the corner and stopped.

There before them were two hulking brutes, ten feet tall and broadly muscled, covered in short, rough fur from head to toe, with thick hooves and the heads of monstrous bulls on an otherwise humanoid body. Shori wheezed with glee and shoved Ora at the minotaurs. One caught the young woman and lifted her into a crushing embrace.

"No!" Ora shouted. "Let me go! I have to find the crown!"

The minotaur hauled Ora away, ignoring her futile struggles and protests. The other remained, peering down at the wide-eyed warlock.

"Glory to Io'gruul," Shori chanted. "Glory to the Master of Beasts. Glory to h-*rkk!*"

Just like Ora, the curvaceous traitor was hoisted into the air, then thrown over the shoulder of the second minotaur.

"N-no!" she sputtered. "I am not an offering! I am His agent! Release me!" She continued to argue with the hulking beast as he carried her deeper into the maze, his ears deaf to her reasoning.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

“Too many!” Taela shouted, ducking the scooping strike of yet another minotaur. A half-dozen lay dead around the room, but more kept coming. She switched to Elven, which she’d been teaching the tiefling a smattering of. “Run away! Come back later!”

“Run for the hills?” Frisk called back in Common, diving between the legs of a minotaur and slicing at its hamstrings along the way. “You got it!” Frisk turned and bolted for an exit. She tossed a sachet of flash powder at the face of the bull-man blocking her way and slipped past, doing another dive past the one behind him before taking a sharp turn at the first opportunity and sprinting away. She continued to run, doing her best to keep track of her turns while dodging the minotaurs that suddenly seemed to be everywhere. She passed a staircase leading down into darkness, and a minute later passed another. That explained where they had come from, at least. There was a whole underground level that had been hidden until the gong went off.

Frisk turned another corner and kept right on running. Along the way, she felt a stone tile depress beneath her foot. Up ahead, a marble slab started to slide into the corridor to block her path. “Oh, come on!” she shouted, pumping her legs as hard as she could. She slapped against the barrier a few seconds after it closed, kicking it in frustration. She turned around, but one of the brawny bull-men was already at the far end of the corridor and stalking toward her with a determined pace. “Shit shit *shit shit* shit...” The tiefling looked around for a panel, but instead discovered a half-concealed doorway on the left with an ornate, circular lock. Her tools were in her hands and working frantically, picking around the ancient mechanism, as steady as possible while the rest of her trembled. Every pounding step brought the huge minotaur closer. Frisk started to pant as the distance between them quickly disappeared. Sweat beaded from her face, her cheeks flushing violet as the scent of the beast-man’s musk hit her.

“Dammit!” Frisk shouted, springing up from her position to intercept the minotaur before it reached her. She slipped past his huge, grasping hands and left a slice along his arm with her dagger, earning a bellow of anger from the monster. In the narrow space of the hallway, the rogue danced around her foe, peppering him with superficial cuts and jabs. The minotaur grew angrier and angrier, roaring and thrashing at his quarry while she ducked around and between his legs time and again.

Something struck Frisk in the face, leaving her dazed for just a moment. Blinking, she saw the growing mass of the minotaur’s manhood throbbing before her. Stunned at the sight, Frisk was grabbed around the waist by two beefy hands and lifted into the air.

“Nope!” the tiefling shouted. “I could use some dick, but I prefer my organs the shape they are.” She flung a handful of blinding dust into his eyes. The beast cried out and released her so he could grab at his face. Not wasting a moment, Frisk returned to the side door and worked with unprecedented haste, finally kicking the mechanism into action and sliding the passage open. With the angry minotaur shaking his head clear,

and another having appeared at the end of the corridor, Frisk pushed her way through without a moment's thought or hesitation.

A mistake.

“Oh, *fuck me!*” the tiefling cried, pulling up short right in front of a massive, mutant plant. The huge, mottled red and yellow bulb of the plant was open, revealing a dewy maw that was already closing down on the rogue. It clamped shut slightly above her waist, pinning her arms at her sides as it engulfed her upper body. Frisk kicked and screamed, her pink tail thrashing wildly as the giant plant lifted her. More accustomed to smaller prey, the predatory plant was just able to get her feet off the ground, leaving Frisk's lower body dangling while she struggled. The interior of the bulb was damp and warm, and combined with the lingering effects of Shori's perfume it was starting to make Frisk's head spin.

“You stupid shrub!” the tiefling spat, trying in vain to slip free. The bulb slowly compressed in around her, smearing the dew that covered its interior on her face and working it into her clothes. The fluid was chemically warm, and made her red skin feel vaguely ticklish. “You can't digest me, you dumb weed! I resist acid! Let me go!”

Frisk gasped, going stiff and still. Big, powerful hands had grabbed her wide hips. Thick thumbs pressed into the cushion of her butt for a few seconds before the minotaur gripped her trousers and forcibly tore them apart, exposing the rogue's plump, naked backside. She shrieked and started kicking again, but was stunned a second later by a firm, stinging smack to her ass. Several more followed, each jostling the tiefling within her plant prison and leaving her wincing. While she squirmed in the bulb's fluids, the fabric of the cloak and shirt began to unravel and fall apart.

The bitter minotaur leaned down to sniff the captive tiefling, finding her well ready. The foolish warlock had done her job in preparing the offerings. However, this minotaur had different plans for the feisty rogue. He broke a thick leaf of the giant plant and gathered its thin sap. The plant shuddered in protest, but with its bulb full it was unable to retaliate. With his hand well-slicked by the sap, the bull-man grabbed the tiefling's tail by one hand, and with the other started forcing a lubricated finger into her puckered backdoor.

Frisk's eyes shot wide. “Waugh! No! No no no, stop it!” She kicked and struggled again, her shouts muffled by the tightening bulb.

With a cruel smile, the minotaur shoved his beefy finger into the captive woman's backside all the way to the knuckle. He pumped it hard a few times, gathered more sap, and then shoved a second finger in alongside the first. Frisk wailed and strained, her hands balled into fists and her toes curling at the rough invasion. Her clothes within the

bulb had almost entirely dissolved away, leaving her bare skin and modest bust rubbing against the damp interior of the carnivorous plant.

The minotaur kept up his assault until the tiefling's muffled cries started to quiet. There was a brief pause, and then Frisk screamed again when the sap-lubed head of the bull-man's massive cock started stretching at the ring of her asshole. With his powerful hands firmly gripping the tiefling's broad hips, the minotaur forced his way past her tightness with a single long, straining push, until the whole of his thick meat was swallowed by her backside. Frisk panted in the humid confines of the bulb, her head spinning from the lack of fresh air and the brutal anal invasion.

"Holy shit..." Frisk exhaled. "I'm alive. Yay... Spooks, you bitch. I'm gonna-- *ohsweetfuck!*"

The tiefling's eyes rolled back in her head, her mouth agape in a choked-off scream as the towering beast-man withdrew his dick and then drove it back in.

"TAE LA HELP ME!"

Huffing through his nostrils with each thrust, the minotaur built up speed and power as her tight ass yielded to him. Soon he was hammering into her backside with abandon, his heavy sack slapping against her dripping pussy at each blow. Within the bulb, Frisk squirmed and mewled and gasped for breath, each desperate intake of air driven from her lungs by the next staggering impact from behind. Her legs dangled, periodically twitching and her toes curling under the assault on her pretty, pink rear. Her tail swished about like a confused serpent, coiling and lashing erratically.

Feeling his pleasure mounting, the minotaur adjusted his grip around Frisk's waist and doubled his efforts. Her voice broke, her throat tightened under the strain, and a rush of her own ecstasy flowed down her rosy thigh. The bull-man bellowed, then crammed himself to the hilt in the tiefling's abused backside. She could feel every vein as his cock swelled and throbbed, preceding a burst of hot, thick spunk into the rogue's bowels.

Murmuring gibberish, Frisk curled her tail around the base of the minotaur's cock as it gradually softened inside her. "F-fug... Mmmn that... Okay. Okay. I'm okay. It's over. Holy shit." She groaned as the bull-man withdrew, his spunk oozing from her tender hole.

Then the next one stepped into place, and with no more delicacy than the first had shown he crammed in his turgid tool, filling Frisk's ass once again. A new round of muffle wails and choked moans followed. The tiefling's upper body scraped against the inner flesh of the plant bulb with every motion, leaving her raw and tingling. A third

hulking brute had shown up to wait for his turn, but the transition was impossible to track as Frisk passed in and out of consciousness.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

“Nice try, you dumb animal!” Taela laughed, flipping over the minotaur as it dove at her. She slid between the legs of another, slapping the beast-man on the ass as she went, then took off down another corridor. The half-elf bounded over the bodies of a handful of dead bull-men, each having earned an arrow in the eye or throat for their effort in the chase. Another of the brutes appeared in front of her, roaring as it charged. She sprinted on, angling low to dive between this one’s legs as well. The minotaur stooped, ready to catch her in the attempt, but at the last second the ranger sprang from the ground and kicked off first one wall, then the next, tumbling right over the confused monster’s horns and landing on the other side still running. The beast-man turned to pursue, and caught an arrow in the eye before he could take a step.

“Better luck next time!” Taela shouted, and continued on. The minotaurs seemed to be around every corner, but Taela was always one step ahead, leaving them dead or frustrated in her wake. She made a turn, found herself looking at a dead end, and doubled back quickly. She had to weave between a pair of the bull-men, slicing one’s hamstring with her knife and shoving it into the other before she broke away again. “Keep it up, boys!” she called into the ancient maze. “I’m almost having fun!”

That much was true, but Taela knew she had to lose this pursuit and find the others before they got into too much trouble. Taking a deep breath, she exhaled with an investment of power, and a thick fog rolled through the halls of the black marble maze. The half-elf stopped running, picking her steps more carefully as she backtracked toward the room where they’d lost Shori and Ora. She passed a few of the searching brutes, skillfully sneaking by them. Just outside the gong room, two of the beasts were huddled together, their ears perked up and heads turning as they listened for any sign of the evasive ranger.

Taela took a long, steady breath as she approached the dark, looming figures in the dense fog. More than half her arrows were gone already, and there was no telling just how many of the minotaurs remained. She stepped forward carefully, sidling along one wall as she attempted to simply slip past them. The soft grunts and huffs of the minotaurs seemed to boom in the otherwise silent stretch of the maze. Taela was halfway past the first when she paused, taking a moment to steady herself. The effects of Shori’s perfume were still very much active, and the heady musk of the bull-men up close wasn’t helping. This close and at this height, Taela could just make out the silhouettes of the beast-men’s beefy cocks through the fog. They seemed to subtly flex and stiffen before her eyes.

Swallowing past a lump, Taela pressed onward. She had to cross the narrow space between them, but as soon as she left the wall the second minotaur shifted his stance, bumping his leg against the hidden half-elf. There was a bellow of surprise, and Taela was already in motion. She slid back the way she'd come, past the first minotaur. With a laugh, she planted a kiss on his dangling dick before taking off down the corridor. "Almost!" she called behind her. "That the best you've got, you filthy beasts?"

Another figure loomed out of the fog, swiping down at the half-elf. She narrowly dodged past the powerful grasp, feeling down another hall. "Whoa, not bad for a bovine moron!" Hands reached out of the fogs from ahead and to the side, grabbing the half-elf by the legs. She sliced the wrists with her knife and broke free, sprinting away again. "Hey, now that's more like it! Too bad it won't do you any good!" As she ran she licked her lips, and reminded herself to punish Shori soundly for this one.

More of the beasts closed in, causing Taela to wonder just how many there were. It seemed like a whole city of them at this point. Eventually she even exceeded the reach of her fog spell, once more dashing through the maze with the sun shining overhead and the bull-men hot on her heels. She continued to lead them on, slicing and shooting at those who got close. Finally, the ranger passed an area of the maze overgrown by a thick carpet of ivy on the ground. She slowed, concentrating, and turned to face the only minotaur currently on her trail. The beast-man bellowed and lowered his head, charging down the narrow corridor.

Taela smiled, reached out her hand, and at just the right moment cast her spell. The ivy burst to life, springing up from the floor, growing and thickening into an implacable tangle around the charging minotaur. The momentum of the bull carried him further, snapping some of the vines, but only for the first few seconds before the whole of the hallway was filled with the living ropes. His limbs were captured and then held firm, hulking muscles straining against the vines as they slithered and secured their grasp. The minotaur was left standing in a slight forward hunch, leaning out of the magically-enhanced ivy that held his arms and legs. He glared the half-elf, roaring his rage repeatedly.

Taela squatted down, taking a minute to catch her breath and chuckle at the minotaur. "I bet you thought you had me, huh? You dumb animal. You? Get me? Not in a thousand years, dung-for-brains." She sauntered over to her prisoner and reached out to flick him across the nose, earning another violent bellow of anger, the minotaur frothing at the corners of his mouth. Feeling more flushed now than ever, Taela lowered her gaze and laughed again. "Well well, you have anything in mind for if you caught me, you filthy beast?"

Leaning in, Taela examined the bull-man's stiff, eager cock. She held up her forearm beside it for comparison. "You even know how to use this thing if you caught me? Tch,

probably still the needle-dick among your brothers, aren't you?" She slapped his manhood sharply, earning a bark from the bull, and she laughed again. "Totally pathetic." She grasped him with one hand, her fingers barely making it halfway around the shaft, and started pumping at him. As she did she looked up into his eyes. "Can you even understand me, you dim beast? Can you talk? I doubt it. You want to tell me where the little traitor took our lost heir?"

The minotaur huffed through his nose.

"Bark, you dumb bastard!" Taela shouted, slapping the head of his dick.

Roaring, the bull-man strained against his bindings.

Taela laughed in his face. "What's wrong? You mad? You wanna punish my pussy with that staff? Too bad! You get or don't get what I say. I bet you wouldn't even last two seconds." Her sun-kissed cheeks flushing a bit more, the half-elf lowered her face toward the twitching, needy cock in her hands and let out a long, hot breath across the tip. The minotaur's hips bucked in their bindings, but Taela just shook her head. "Oh, you like that, huh? You want more, you disgusting animal?" She let out another hot breath across the tip, tracing her fingers lightly around the base of the shaft, and the bull-man whined while straining again against the vines.

"What a joke," the ranger spat. She let her open mouth hover over the head of the cock, and reached out to flick it with her tongue. "All that anger, all that idiot brute strength, and you don't get *shit!*"

Vines snapped and popped, plant flesh tearing apart. Taela's head was captured between two huge hands and forced forward, the head of the minotaur's cock slamming to the back of her throat and gagging her. Her gut reaction was to grasp at the hands, but her strength couldn't compete with his. The ranger reached for her knife, but the bull-man grabbed her arm with one hand, keeping the other on her head. Her arm was twisted until the knife fell to the floor. She used her free hand to punch the beast squarely in the heavy balls, causing him to flinch and curl, but her reward was a solid blow to the side of the head.

Seeing stars, Taela reached for the floor and tried to get her balance. She was lifted from the ground and hurled bodily through the air, landing in front of the other minotaurs that had finally ripped their way through the enchanted ivy.

"Fuck you! Don't touch me, you filthy animals!" she shrieked at them as they fell on her. Her arms and legs were pinned and twisted, her tunic and underwear ripped away from her. Left with only her high boots and bracers, Taela was held aloft by two of the beasts, her arms firmly pinned to her sides. "I'll kill every last one of you bastards! Unhand me, you scum-licking morons!" Her legs were forced open, and she was lowered

over a minotaur who lay on his back, his pillar of hot, throbbing meat waiting menacingly below. Taela thrashed in their grasp, the athletic woman utterly overpowered. “Fuck you! Fuck you fuck you fuck youooooooooohh!”

The half-elf’s wet cunt was positioned at the head of the minotaur’s cock, and with a scream she was forced downward, impaled on the beastly member. It took three of the beast-men, working with wrathful aggression, an agonizingly long time to fully seat the thrashing ranger into the lap of the supine minotaur. She sat there when it was done, trembling and panting, a bit of drool escaping the corner of her mouth.

“F-fuck... fuck you... Kill all you... mongrels...”

Screams filled the air again as Taela was bounced in the minotaur’s lap, each descent another brutal intrusion. She continued to curse them when she could find breath, more so when they bent her forward and a second minotaur stepped up behind her.

“Are you kidding me!? You numbskulls are going to kill me! Let me go now, you--
aaaaugh!”

Taela’s ass was speared by a spit-soaked shaft, the feeling of fullness inside her making her head spin. The minotaurs worked into a rhythm, sawing themselves into the panting, quaking half-elf with gleeful groans of satisfaction. Impatient, a third stepped up and grabbed her around the head. He wrenched her mouth open and forced his thick rod past her lips, stretching her jaw as he jammed his cock down her throat. Taela’s eyes were wide, tearing streaming down them as the new invasion bulged out her neck. She kicked and squirmed, trying to turn away, but the firm grasp of the bull-men gave her no room to escape. Stuffed with minotaur cock from every angle, Taela was nearly blacking out by the time the first came, filling her pussy with his thick load. It squeezed out around his cock, mixed with the half-elf’s own shameful secretions.

A dozen of the maze’s inhabitants were gathered now, and each was keen to take their turn. Taela was sandwiched between them, railed against the black marble walls, forced to swallow spunk until she coughed it up. Her fit figure started to swell with their seemingly endless supply of cum, the stuff soaking into her leather boots and bracers and matting her yellow hair to her skin. Taela continued to scratch and kick and curse. She was being spit-roasted between two of the behemoths when her limbs finally fell limp, her brain fogged by the intensity of the ordeal, and she had no more insults or threats to hurl.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Deep below the surface maze, in a grand chamber lit by dim braziers, Shori and Ora were forced to their knees before a twisted altar of antlers and horns. Ora was stripped,

her clothes and boots torn from her body by the gathered minotaurs. There, running down her right side from her neck to her hips, was a sweeping tattoo of a dragon that shimmered in the firelight like a dark opal.

"WELCOME, DAUGHTER OF D'HABGORA," a rumbling, scraping voice said. As it spoke, a pale green flame flickered to life around the altar of horns.

"What is happening?" Ora demanded, shaking in the grasp of the beast-men. "What do you know? Let me go!"

"YOU ARE EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE DESTINED TO BE," the voice replied, those olive-green flames flashing with each syllable. "YOU CAME SEEKING YOUR BIRTHRIGHT. THIS IS IT, D'HABGORA. YOUR PEOPLE FELL TO MY CONQUEST IN AGES PAST. NOW, YOU SHALL BE THE GATEWAY BY WHICH I AM REBORN INTO THE MORTAL WORLD."

Ora's stomach became a hollow pit, her eyes wide as she shook her head in denial.

"Master!" Shori cried. "Hail the Twisted King, Io-gruul! Your vessel is delivered!"

"YES, SUPPLICANT," the spiritual presence said. "YOU HAVE PERFORMED WELL."

A particularly large minotaur with jet-black horns stepped up to the altar. From it, he carefully withdrew a sharpened antler, and with reverence drove the implement into his chest. The olive flames around the altar dimmed and vanished, then reappeared in the eyes of the black-horned bull-man. He turned to face the captive women, and the voice of Io'gruul came from his lips.

"GIVE THANKS, AND REJOICE! YOU, D'HABGORA, SHALL FULFILL THE PURPOSE OF YOUR BLOODLINE, AND BEAR ME INTO THIS WORLD ONCE MORE."

"No!"

"AND YOU, SUPPLICANT." The possessed minotaur loomed over Shori, staring down at her with eyes of green fire, black ichor oozing from his chest wound. "YOUR GREAT REWARD IS AT HAND..."

The warlock grinned, eyes sparkling with fanatical glee.

"...AS A COW FOR MY MINIONS, AND MOTHER OF A NEW GENERATION TO SWELL MY ARMY'S BANKS. REJOICE IN THIS HONOR!"

Shori's face fell, confusion and horror washing away her excitement. "Master, no!" she rasped. He had already turned away. The gathered minotaurs grabbed the pale warlock and ripped her black sundress away, tossing the garment aside and exposing her bountiful curves, leaving her with only her lace-up sandals. One of them picked up her bottle of arousing perfume and popped off the cap. He dumped the liquid into his

hand before rubbing it into Shori's face, smearing her black lipstick. He did the same to Ora, the women growing dizzy with the scent's potent effects.

They were held and groped, the throng of bull-men reveling in the ceremony. The possessed minotaur, infused with the essence of his otherworldly master, penetrated Ora's vulnerable womanhood from behind while chanting in an ancient tongue. Shori was lifted between two of the hairy brutes, speared on one's cock and held with her back against his muscular chest, while the second happily groped and licked at her hefty bust. Protests trailed off into wails and moans as the perfume and violation clouded the women's minds. Thundering stomps from those bull-men still waiting for a turn kept beat for loud, indecipherable chanting in praise of the Horned Conqueror.

Held aloft and impaled on thick minotaur cocks, Shori and Ora were brought together, the black-horned minotaur and the one enjoying Shori sandwiching the women between them. The captives' breasts mashed against each other, and their flushed faces were pushed together by strong hands. Her eyes lacking focus, Shori at once began kissing the lost heir, already overwhelmed by her lust and the ritual. Ora resisted, trying to shove the warlock away, but the insistence of the minotaurs' grasp and the disorientation of the perfume wore her down until the two were locked in an aggressive kiss. Their tongues wrestled, little moans and yelps sounding with each mighty thrust from the bull-men. Ora whimpered, still making half-hearted efforts to turn away from Shori's hungry mouth, but all for nothing.

The two were separated only after the minotaur assaulting Shori blew his load into her. He dropped her in front of the horned altar, and another took his place almost immediately. The group was growing impatient, and several gathered to shove themselves inside the bliss-addled warlock any way they could, her large tits a point of interest as well.

Behind Ora, the possessed minotaur accelerated and deepened his thrusts, hammering away at the heir while she screamed. The flames had begun to spread from his eyes, searing his face and scalp, more ichor dripping from his ears, nose, and mouth as the presence of Io'gruul degraded the mortal host. "NOW!" the voice of the Twisted King bellowed. "REJOICE, D'HABSORA! BEAR MY ESSENCE, THAT I MIGHT RAVAGE THIS WORLD ONCE MORE!"

There was a flare of the olive-green fire, consuming the minotaur's head. Deep within the lost heir, his cock swelled and pulsed, heralding an eruption of demon-tainted spunk that forced its way into Ora's fertile womb. Ora's eyes flashed green for a fleeting moment, a splash of flames briefly shown on her belly, and then she fell limp and unconscious. The possessed minotaur, the flames gone along with the flesh from his skull, was able to set her upon the altar before falling over dead. A howl of elation filled

the dim chamber at the completion of Io'gruul's glorious conception, and the horde of bull-men celebrated by filling their pale new cow with their seed one after another.

It was the dawn of a new age for the servants of the Twisted King.