

Revenge of Hera - Part 3

By TheSpiralledEye

After a mental battle, Zues finally leaves Eros' garden and goes to face the minotaur the only way he knows how...

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The gardens of Eros made time stand still. It seemed as though he was stuck in a perpetual cycle of exhaustion and love making. Everything; from the sweetness of the water to the taste of the fruit on the trees, seemed to increase his sex drive. He was constantly wet and wanting. Eros seemed to take great pleasure in this and his body. Zeus lost count of how many times God took him, each one turned into a passionate blur of orgasms and wonder. Inside he felt ashamed; every time he brought himself before the God to be taken yet he couldn't stay away.

He also met others in the gardens, nymphs, humans, muses, all of which fell into his arms with such eagerness he could not deny himself. He laid back on soft grass, aching his backs as nymphs feasted upon his womanly flower. The clothing he had debased himself for spent more time off him than on.

He could feel the magic of this place slowly warping his mind. He'd lost track of how much time had passed since he arrived here and he was sure Hera was watching, laughing at her powerful husband bought so low.

When he woke from yet another orgasm induced sleep with his stomach rumbling it took all of his self control not to indulge into another lotus fruit. They were so tasty but a single bite was enough to have his loins burning. He knew if he was ever to reach the summit he had to go now.

He did not say goodbye to Eros, for he knew the God would insist on one final tryst to say farewell. Knowing how wonderful it felt Zues knew he could not resist and then the cycle would all begin again. He watched to the back of the garden where the mountain's sheer sides were and eventually located the cave the God had mentioned when he first arrived, the one that led deep into the mountain's core.

He peered inside, finding rough hewn steps of stone leading up into the mountain toward the summit. Yes, this was where he needed to go. As he stepped into the cool tunnel he shivered, his tunic material thin and worn, especially at the back where he had been laying against it so many times in the garden.

As he walked further into the darkness he found a discarded torch and lit it against the flint stone that made up the passage. Grateful for warmth that did not come from another body. The further he got from the garden the less its magic seemed to cloud his mind and his shame seemed to grow tenfold. He could not believe he had fallen victim to such a spell; He knew Eros' abilities well and had laughed at the many mortals who had wandered into his path. Now he was no better than them.

His pussy ached, the punishment of the last few days finally catching up with him. He hoped it would be enough to deter him from ever returning to the blasted place.

He wandered for what seemed like an age, passing through twisting tunnels and many dead ends. It was almost like a maze, a labyrinth of stone within the mountain itself. He always took the path that headed upwards, higher and higher toward the peak that was his goal.

Finally he saw light up ahead, not the golden light of sun, but of fire and torchlight. This had to be the way! As he turned a corner, his torch illuminated a massive chamber that seemed to stretch to infinity. He squinted through the darkness until finally he saw it, a small prick of light that was the doorway back out onto the peak of the mountain. Just as Eros had said though, he was not alone. For there, blocking the entrance with his back to Zues, was a great minotaur.

It was a massive creature, towering over the Zues' mortal form at nearly eight feet tall. Its body was covered in short, coarse fur, ranging in colour from dark brown to black. Its head was that of a bull, with a broad, flat nose, flaring nostrils, and a set of sharp, curved horns that protruded from its skull. It turned, nostrils flaring to face Zues. Its eyes were deep-set and black, glinting with an animalistic intelligence that hinted at a cunning beyond its fearsome appearance.

Its body was muscular and powerful, with massive shoulders and a broad chest that rippled with each breath. Its arms were thick and sinewy, with hands that ended in long, sharp claws that could tear flesh with ease. Its legs were thick and sturdy, ending in hooves that clattered against the stone floor as it stepped toward him.

Such a creature was once his servant; the God of Thunder would never have feared him. Yet now as it took thundering steps toward him Zues found his heart pounding. It came to stand only a few feet away from him, several heads taller with Zues' only reaching its shoulder in height.

"Who dares to disturb the Gods?" he rumbled, the deep timbre of his voice sending vibrations through Zues' bones. "Humans are banned from these peaks."

Once more Hera's spell prevented him from explaining who he was and even if he could, he had no proof. This minotaur may have the appearance of a beast but the glint in its eye showed intelligence; he would never believe the word of this strange, white haired mortal. If he was as loyal as he appeared, he may even strike Zeus down for daring to pretend to be a God.

"I must reach the summit." Zeus said quietly, "It is of great importance."

"You cannot pass. Not without going through me." The minotaur snorted, hefting an axe almost as big as Zeus off his back.

Zeus was without his powers, without even a weapon to wield. And with those powerful legs there was no way he could outrun this creature even if he gave it his all. Yet he couldn't simply turn back now. Even if he pretended to leave and waited until the beast was asleep his scent would wake the beast in an instant, alerting him to his presence as it had this time.

Eros' voice echoed in his mind. There was one other option and so much of his dignity had been stripped already. At least here in this cave, perhaps he would be hidden from Hera's gaze.

"Please, I came all this way." Zeus begged, "I must have something to make this great journey worth it."

"What do you suggest?" The Minotaur asked, taking a deep breath, "I smell the Garden of Eros upon you..."

"Yes, I have trained there." Zeus swallowed, "I could...show you if you like. To be bedded by such a great beast of the Gods would be...an honour."

The words came so easily it almost surprised him. He never spoke humbly of himself and why should he? Yet here he was offering himself to a creature barely better than an animal without hesitation and what was worse; his body was already preparing for it. As his eyes looked over that bulging muscle his flower began to grow wet and warm but this time he did not have the magic of Eros to blame. Only himself. It had to be the lingering effect of the garden, that's what he told himself as he stepped toward the minotaur, getting more and more turned on, this new body of his had become accustomed to the touch of others; inside and out.

“If I could have you,” He continued, looking right up into the minotaur’s eyes, “I could return back to the foot of the mountain satisfied that the journey had been worth it.”

He batted his eyes, barely having to act as arousal grew within him, tingling his pale skin pink. The minotaur’s grip on his axe loosened and he tilted his head to the side, it was hard to tell with his bull like head but Zeus’ was sure the expression was one of interest.

“You must be so lonely up here, all alone.” Zeus continued, now just a foot away. “I’m sure a little company wouldn’t go amiss...”

He reached out, running his fingers along the short fur of the minotaur’s side. His body heat was immense and the scent of his musk filled Zeus’ nostrils, feeding his desire. He had to admit he was curious as to what it would feel like to have this giant bull of a creature inside him. If he could even fit.

The minotaur hefted his axe and for a moment, Zeus wondered if this was how his great story would end but to his relief, it was tossed aside. The great beast’s hands came to rest on his shoulders and he shivered as he was pulled in close to that hot, furry body. Even if he wanted to, he couldn’t get away now, this creature was many fathoms stronger than he in this form and for some reason that only made him more excited.

“I find these terms acceptable.” he rumbled, “It has been quite some time since Eros sent me any company.”

Is that what the minotaur thought he was, some whore sent by the God of Love? Did it matter? Zeus let the minotaur’s strong hands stroke through his white hair and drank in the masculine scent. All he had to do was put those lessons in the garden to good use; exhaust the minotaur and then sneak past him once he laid down to rest. In order to do that, he had to put on a good show.

He let the beast undress him, tugging away his tunic with a flick of his wrist before those warm hands were upon his breasts. For a few moments he stood stock still, solid as a tree while the minotaur fondled him; particularly out of shock as the lovely sensations it was causing and partly out of awkwardness.

The minotaur snorted displeasure and his anxiety flared. He needed to do this, damn his pride. He let the feelings of those strong hands holding his breasts wash over him, letting his eyes flutter closed before opening his mouth and letting out the most pleased moan he could. It echoed around the room, bouncing off the stone walls and surrounding them in the sounds of his own ecstasy. That was more like it!

“What pretty sounds you make,” The minotaur smiled, “I shall have to elicit them again.”

He lowered himself so that great bull's head was Level with Zeus' own, before he could prepare for it a long, rough tongue appeared and licked across his chest. Sparks flew beneath Zues skin and even if he wanted to, there were no holding back sounds now.

“Ooohhh, ooooh yes.”

The minotaur continued to lick and kiss along his breasts and neck, making Zues see stars. He reached forward to grip the creature's horns in order to steady himself as his knees went weak. Soon, his hands were trembling too much to even allow that and his legs folded beneath him. He'd have fallen to the cold ground were it not for the minotaurs strong arms catching and gently lowering him down onto his toga.

That tongue continued to work, teasing his nipples and breasts before moving down between his legs. It was so much bigger and more textured than the pretty little mouths of the nymphs from Eros' garden. It caused his whole body to shudder and it pressed against his clit.

“OOOOOOOOOH! Ah, ah...ahhhhh...”

He had to get a hold of himself; he was supposed to be exhausting the minotaur not the other way around but that tongue just felt so good. The minotaurs mouth lowered to feast on him, tongue plunging inside once or twice before withdrawing to circling around his clit before repeating the gestures.

“Gahhh! Ahhhh...ahhhhh...”

He would stop him, any moment now, just a few more licks...it was too good to stop him even as Zues felt his core begin to tighten. One orgasm and he'd take control, he just couldn't bear the thought of stopping him now, not when he was so close, so close-!

“Yes! Yes ye-ooooohhhhhh!”

He came, shivering as the Minotaur continued to tease him into overstimulation. He tried to wriggle away, to give himself a moment of peace from the overwhelming ecstasy but the bull

held him down, continuing to make him wail and moan until his mind was nothing but pleased fog.

“P-please, it’s too much-!”

The minotaur said nothing, simply breathed its hot breath over his exposed folds as it leaned back. Lifting Zues, limp, until he came to rest on the creature's chest. Zeus braced himself, feeling the coil muscles beneath his hands as the beast leaned against a pillar. There was a rustle of fabric as the minotaur removed his loincloth before moving Zues to his lap.

Sandwiched between them was the largest cock the God had ever laid eyes on. Bigger even than he as a man. Such a sight would have elicited jealousy from him mere days ago but now all he could feel was hunger and want. Hands at his hips, guiding him up the shaft to its tip; the head was huge, thicker than the base of Tiresias or even Eros; this creature put them both to shame. His whole body shuddered; filled with anticipation and fear, could such a thing even fit inside him?

“Time to see if you are stretched out enough.” The minotaur said with what Zues assumed was a grin.

A moment later he was being gently lowered; guided down on that thick cock and all the air rushed from his lungs. He could feel every single inch; the head alone seemed to stretch him to his limit. His pussy quivered and pulsed as it struggled to fit the huge girth.

“Nnnngh! I d-don’t think I-I can!”

Zeus wailed; it felt too good but it was so much! His inner walls were burning with pleasure and no small amount of pain and yet it was glorious, intoxicating. He was glad the minotaur didn't heed his words and instead focused on filling him even more. By the time he was fully sheathed Zues was in rapture. How was he supposed to focus on exhausting this creature when he was so overwhelmed simply having him inside?

Remembering Eros’ words Zues met the minotaur’s eyes and reached up to grip those broad shoulders. He rose himself back up, never breaking eye contact no matter how tempting it was to let his eyes roll back. Then, when only the tip remained, he let himself fall.

“AAAAAHHHH!!!”

He couldn't keep the wail from his lips; feeling that huge cock filling him so quickly was so intense he couldn't help it. He needed it again. He repeated the motion, faster and faster until he was humping the great creature with all his strength. Small, miniature orgasms rocked him every few seconds, causing pussy juice to leak out against the creature's cock.

The minotaur began to grunt, holding tighter to his hips; so tight Zues was sure they would bruise and the idea excited him. Those grunts were so bestial, so primal; he loved them. Each sound he elicited from the minotaur went straight to his pussy until yet another earth shattering orgasm rocked his body, causing his cleft to tighten even further. He kept going though, kept riding hard, trying his best to tease out that orgasm until finally, the beast went silent for a moment before a deafening roar echoed about the room.

Hot seed spilled into Zues hole and he shivered; the stream was so strong he could feel it against the sides of his inner walls. And yet still he did not stop, even as it began to leak from him he kept humping. Teasing another and another orgasm out of the minotaur as he felt himself becoming exhausted.

He was overstimulated, barely able to form a coherent thought as the time went on until finally, with one final orgasm, the minotaur's huge balls were empty and he was sated. The creature lifted him off gently, and Zues felt his eyes flutter as the creature held him to his chest.

He had to fight off sleep long enough to make this worth it. His pussy ached in the most wonderful way. Never in his life had he felt so satisfied and spent and the temptation to let the minotaur hold him as he drifted off to sleep was real. Yet he persevered, stabbing his sharp nails into his palm in order to keep himself awake even as the Minotaurs breathing turned slow, deep and almost hypnotic.

After an indeterminable amount of time had passed he slowly wiggled himself free. As soon as he stood, seed and juices flowed freely down his leg and he winced with each step. Gathering his toga Zues shakily walked to the exit and stepped out into the night air. How long had that minotaur been fucking him? He had no idea and tried to put it out of mind, along with the memory of the pleasure. At least now he knew what true ecstasy felt like; he would not be tempted by anything else after that. He could focus on getting to the summit.