

Gwendolyn vs the Minotaur

An elven paladin of love takes on a minotaur, and her goddess decides to “help”. A lewd TF story by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

Gwendolyn threw up her left arm, the blow meant for her head hitting the enchanted alloy at an angle, causing it to glance to the side with a metallic ringing. She immediately ducked, the point of her tiara just barely slipping under the club that flew over her head.

“Hit him left!” She bellowed, swinging her mace at her opponent’s right leg in an attempt to capitalize on his wild swing at her head that had left him overextended, as well as draw attention away from the attack she had just called. “Anyone need healing?”

The elven paladin of love had been locked in a brutal melee with the minotaur across from her for several minutes now. Apparently he’d been attacking farmers and travelers in the area, and the town had put a bounty up for anyone who could put an end to their troubles. Restoring the ability of people to live in peace and love *and* getting paid, two of her favorite things!

“Nope!” The halfling squeaked in response, half hidden behind a broken column. He flicked a dagger at the beast, which sidestepped it close enough to still lose a few hairs. “Keep him busy!”

“I’m good! The bard yelled from behind as three points of light flew over her head, hitting the monster right between his horns.

She turned from the party back at the monster before her, watching him raise his club and circle about. She dropped back a half step, raising her shield in anticipation of another blow as she circled opposite him, staring into his dark, brown eyes. Brute force hadn’t been working for either of them. Her armor had some scuffs and scrapes but was for the most part no worse for wear, while the beast’s wounds unfortunately seemed only superficial so far.

“Hold!” Gwendolyn yelled to her companions, not looking as she kept her eyes locked with the minotaur.

They slowly circled, staring each other down for a weakness. For several seconds she saw nothing but an insurmountable mountain of muscle and hide, before it suddenly clicked. They were both exhausted. With each snort she could see the hot steam in the cool dungeon air. She could see the way his sweat matted down his fur, sticking it to his handsome bovine muscles. He was feeling the heat of extended combat just as bad as she was, gasping away in her heavy, damp plate mail. She could really feel the weight of it on her slender frame now, the humid air trapped inside, a tightness and in itch in her crotch where it didn’t fit right-

"Oh goddess, not *now!*" Gwendolyn exclaimed under her breath, lowering her weapon hand to the apron of her armor and feeling for a strap to adjust.

Awww... Why not? Seems like the perfect time to me

"I'm in the middle of something..."

Gwendolyn slowly lowered her mace, placing the handle of it into a loop on her belt. Her shield still raised cautiously, she gradually reached for the apron of her armor, slipping it behind.

Mhmm. And you two would make such an adorable pair. Lying in the afterglow together, running your hoof-hands through each other's fur...

"Ugh..." Gwendolyn groaned in frustration as her armored crotchplate came loose in her hand, revealing something she had hoped not to find. Behind the apron of her armor she had a small, furry sheath. And while it had been contained by the armor, now that it was freed, she could feel it quickly swelling larger in her hand.

Here. Let me borrow your body for a moment and show you what I mean.

There was a flash of pink, and suddenly she was lowering her shield. She tried to raise it again, but instead her left hand let go of the strap, dropping it at her side as her body responded to commands that weren't her own. The minotaur tilted its head in confusion at the sudden change in behavior, lowering its club as her body took a step forward, with her along for the ride.

With her right hand still under her control she pressed on the swelling sheath, trying to push the changes coming out back inside her. Instead, the rubbing of her growing package only served to arouse her and spur the changes onward as a thick equine shaft extended out of the sheath into her hand, poking around her apron as the coarse white fur started to spread down her legs, the straps of her armor magically coming loose to accommodate the growing fur.

"Unh..." She groaned to herself, looking down at the dick in her hand as she felt the fingers around it stick together, five fingers becoming three. She looked back up to find the minotaur taking a step closer to her, his loincloth starting to bulge. She tried to step back, her legs again failing to respond as the cuisses fell away, revealing short, white fur over muscled thighs.

"We're... really... doing... this?" Gwen asked herself and the goddess she was sharing her head with, in a strained groan.

*Don't tell me you're not excited for your first time with a minotaur. I'm a pleasure goddess and I'm in here too, so I **know** you want it. You've gotta let go of that part that's worried.*

Or just let me do it.

Gwendolyn watched as her body stepped forward, the minotaur taking a step to match. With her chestplate nearly against his pecs her left hand reached down on its own, brushing aside the loincloth and causing the minotaur's massive bullcock to spring forth, poking against the base of her own. Her hand grabbed it, pulling it upwards so that their cocks were both trapped between their furred abs.

The minotaur rocked his hips with a grunt, his shaft rubbing against the paladin's. She shuddered in pleasure as she felt his length rub against her own, poking at her bottom of her chestplate. Without thinking about it her hands immediately moved to her back, releasing the clasp and pulling the bulky plate off of her flat, furry chest.

With the obstruction removed, now she could tend to the throbbing need that was pressed between them. She thrust her hips, grinding her cock against the bull's in return, accompanying wave of pleasure accelerating her changes even further. She felt her greaves fall to the floor as her legs shifted, thrusts momentarily becoming erratic as her joints changed direction, wobbling on her now unguligrade legs.

Firmly planted on her new caprine hooves, she redoubled her thrusting, smearing the few drops of pre they'd produced across their fur. She could feel her nose stretching forward to get more of the delightful musky scent, her cock throbbing in excitement and as she realized how wonderfully soaked in it they both were. As she exhaled, she felt a weight fall between her legs, a grapefruit-sized pair of caprine balls dropping into place, full of her goddess' thick, creamy blessing, so very ready to be spread...

"Oooh, ohhh, ah- Baaaa" Gwendolyn moaned and threw back her head as the pleasure started to overwhelm her, her moans changing into goat like bleats as two spots on her head kept going, curling backwards into a pair of curled goat horns as the fur crept up her face, then finally down her ears, dragging their points down into a floppy pair of goat ears.

"Baaaah!" Gwendolyn let out an assertive bleat as the change from elf to goat-beast completed, before wrapping her muscled arms around the now equally sized minotaur, squeezing them together tighter, pressing their bodies and their cocks tighter together as hers swelled one last time, her sensitive flare teasingly stroking her companion's tapered tip as it stretched past, finally reaching her full, divine length.

"Muh- Moooooo!" With a bellow the minotaur came; hot, thick bull seed filling what little space there was between them, smearing against their fur. She leaned her head in as the grinding stopped, awkwardly locking muzzles with the bull-man in a drawn out kiss. As she pulled her muzzle away her attention drifted back her own pent-up need, and a thought came- *was placed* in her head.

"Not nice to leave a lady waiting, you know~" She flashed a sly smile across her face, before releasing her hug and gently spinning the minotaur around, smirking as she felt his tail raise, the tufted tip dancing across her chest.

"I think it will be worth the wait," the bull grunted, grinding his ass on her thick, needy horsecock. He wiggled his flanks side to side, letting out a soft moo of pleasure as she lubed up his ass with her slick, musky pre.

Gwendolyn grabbed her cock, making to line it up on his anus, then paused. With her free hand she gently pushed down on the minotaur's shoulders, causing him to drop to his knees. As soon as they touched the ground she gave him a push on the back, sending him forward onto his hands, rump in the air. She smirked as she knelt down behind him, placing her flare against his pucker.

"You didn't wait for an invitation when you barged in here~" the bovine eased, looking back at her eagerly. She smirked in return, and thrust into him with a newfound enthusiasm their earlier fight lacked. She made long thrusts, pressing in, then pulling out until her flare started to stretch his tight hole from the inside, then thrusting in again slightly deeper than the last. After a few repetitions she fell forward, resting her muscled chest against his back and grabbing his horns in her hooflike hands, using them for leverage to continue pounding.

Finally, after what felt like a small eternity of every increasing pleasure, as she bottomed out in the minotaur's tight ass, her furry balls brushing against his, she felt the goddess let go of the orgasm she had been holding back for her. Gwendolyn bleated incoherently in pleasure as she felt her oversized balls throb, and her thick cum pumping through her shaft, exploding deep within her bovine lover. Half lost in pleasure she distantly heard him moo, louder than ever before, before his cock weakly came again, a spurt of cum splattering against the dungeon floor below them.

As she felt her orgasm taper off she held the bull tight, hugging him from behind as the presence in her head chimed up again.

See? I told you you'd make a great couple

Gwendolyn let out a bestial grunt, and cracked a muzzled smile. Being the hand-picked champion of a love goddess certainly came with plenty of responsibilities, but some wonderful perks too. When She asked her to devote her body in service of Her, Gwen hadn't expected that her duties would involve *servicing* her goddess. The new body and equipment had taken some getting used to and she could still only partly control the transformation, but it felt good being Her instrument, whether on the battlefield, or in the bedroom~

"Uhhh...?"

Gwendolyn snapped out of the haze, rolling over with the minotaur to look towards the sound of the voice. Across the room stood the bard and rogue she had hired, standing stunned when she had told them to hold. The rogue blinked a couple times, before turning and walking away. The bard meanwhile continued to stare at the two beast-men, his mind still processing the rutting he had just watched, before carefully setting down his lute.

"Room for another?"