

# Halls of Myth: Minotaur Queen

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20-11-09

## A Patreon Story

*A cat finds himself swept up in the affairs of the gods and sent on a quest to entertain the Minotaur Queen. What will his mission entail, and will he make it far enough to see it through?*

**Content Warning:** This story is intended for Adult readers and the following tags apply: Male, Feline, Female, Bovine, Public Nudity, Size Difference, Teasing, M/F Sex, Vore, Soft Vore, Unbirth

The cat stirred in his sleep, unable to find comfort. No amount of tossing and turning found that sweet spot in his sheets, nor did it wake him from restless dreams. Strange visions plagued his inner eye and weighed on his thoughts, taking an undetected toll on his body. His teeth ground together under ephemeral stress, and his muscles strained under a lode of conjured responsibilities. Fortunately for the feline, those nightmares proved as fickle as any other dreams, and his imagined ailments dissipated as swiftly as they gathered. His posture relaxed as his breathing evened out, though deep down he couldn't shake a feeling of dread. His head throbbed as he reluctantly opened his eyes, and what he saw called his consciousness into question. The feline found himself floating in a sphere dyed with all the colors of the night sky. Points of light broke up boundless nebulae with patterns and swirls, and they twinkled with every hue imaginable. Panic gripped him when he realized his bed had abandoned him, though that fact fell to the back of his mind when a voice began to resonate in the back of his head.

"Hello mortal," the voice murmured. "You have chosen, or rather been chosen, to enter the Halls of Myth. Prepare yourself for adventure and select your destination when you're ready to begin."

The cat sputtered. "What?! Why me?"

The voice audibly shrugged. "Luck, fate, the will of the gods? Take your pick."

"But I have no idea what I'm doing or what's going on!"

"Does anyone when they start?"

"Well no, I guess not, but there's no way I'm cut out for this. I've never even camped before."

"Oh, so this one will be a comedy."

The cat was speechless, but his expression asked his next question well enough.

"You're familiar with... what's the phrase," the voice snapped its fingers until the phrase came to it. "Reality TV! Yes, that's it. Think of this as that. And I assure you participating is a very important and honorable task."

"Do the gods really have nothing better to do," the feline sighed.

"Not really, and believe me when I say that's not a good thing. Historically, bored gods have been very bad for you lot."

The cat huffed. "Fine, I'll play your game. Just send me to Medusa or something so I can get this over with quick."

"We're not that heartless," the voice laughed. "But how about this. Since this is a bit of a

pilot, I'll go easy on you. I owe the Minotaur Queen a favor, so I'll send you her way. I promise she's not as scary as she sounds."

Before the cat could voice his concerns, the choice was made. The sphere of stars spun into motion, whisking galaxies by until it settled on one in particular. Glowing lines blazed through the darkness and overlaid his selected destination, coming together to form a pair of horns. Ornate patterns and shapes filled the negative space around the spires, granting it a regal aura. The air within the cat's chamber charged as it finished, and the tension snapped the instant after. His breath caught in his throat as his disembodied captor flung him through space and time, hurtling him through the universe toward his destination. Clouds obscured his blurred vision as he neared the Minotaur Queen's realm, then parted just before he touched down. A thunderous boom resonated across sprawling fields and announced his arrival. He braced for a swarm of curious locals, but after an empty moment, it became clear no one but the breeze intended to greet him. A breeze that cut through his fur with surprising ease.

In that moment, he realized his nudity.

His cheeks flushed and a wave of bashfulness swept him, spurring him to seek out some form of improvised clothing. A quick search of his surroundings revealed next to nothing, however. A large sigil burned into the ground marked his landing pad, and a ring of rocks provided some cover, but there were no signs of life or clothing. A path leading into the fields suggested the site was not totally abandoned however, and after weighing his options, the feline ventured forth. Soft grasses crunched under his paws as he wandered under the gentile sun, gradually growing accustomed to the environment. The wind rustling through distant crops relaxed him to a surprising degree, and his hands slowly fell from his crotch as he became more confident. The cat's thoughts drifted back to his situation, and he pondered just how exactly entertaining he could be to the gods.

While his mind wondered and his body wandered, the cat's surroundings populated. He passed a simple cabin perched upon a hill, then another and another, and eventually, a farm emerged from behind a ridge. Distant moos and lows droned through the air as he neared its central barn, tugging at his curiosity and interest. His lack of clothing derailed his train of thought when a farmhand crossed his path, sending his hands to preserve his modesty. The towering bull huffed at the display and did nothing to conceal his own nudity, then continued hauling his bundle of hay. That's cat's gaze lingered long after the sculpted bovine left earshot, entranced by the arm-length spire swaying between his knees. He took in a deep breath and savored the last wisps of his masculine scent, until a giggle from his side sent him into a coughing fit.

"He's my favorite too," a surprisingly sneaky cowgirl swooned.

The feline nearly jumped from his hide and covered himself.

"He's just about finished with his work for the day, if you want to stick around," she grinned.

"I could even introduce you~"

He shrank under the voluptuous amazonian's gaze. "T-that won't be necessary. I really should be going."

She leaned down and stroked a finger under his chin. "Nothing more attractive than a man on a mission," she teased. "But I won't keep you, as long as you promise to head back this way once you're done~ I could use a fluffy little bed warmer like you."

The cat gulped, unsure and curious of exactly what she meant. "I promise?"

The cowgirl bent down and kissed his forehead, leaving a mark on his fur. "Good~ And don't be too long, or I'll coming looking."

Whether actually there or merely perceived, the feline sensed something sinister in her smile and took that took his opportunity to continue on his way.

Fortunately for the cat, the path leading from the farm was more interesting than the one leading to it. The houses dotting the landscape grew more common and closer as he approached the capitol of the Minotaur Kingdom, where the only true lead to his "mission" resided. Towering bulls and equally imposing cowgirls joined him on the path in increasing numbers, all equally nude. The cat surmised clothing was little more than an outlandish custom to them, a notion that brought him a small degree of comfort. Still, that was largest piece of common ground he shared with the bovine populace. Everyone that crossed his path was chiseled, voluptuous, or some combination of the two, a stark contrast to his ordinary figure. They towered over him by both heads and horns, rendering his presence in the crowd with a void. That fact ultimately worked in his favor however, easing the task of keeping his head down until he reached the reached the city gates. He slipped through beneath the notice of dutiful guards and unsavory watchmen, though his advantageous stature backfired when he reached the densely populated city streets.

Chest high in a crowd of titans, the feline struggled to find his way. He squeezed between bovine citizens and ducked through legs, seizing the few routes available to him. His pace slowed to a crawl, but luckily, his challenge would not persist for long. The groups of bulls and cowgirls thinned as the sun climbed higher in the sky, marking the end of most residents' breaks. They filtered from the roads into taverns and businesses, granting the feline a modicum of breathing space. He took a moment to gather himself and his bearings, then set his sights on the castle at the core of the city. The feline traveled swiftly through the open avenues, ignoring the few bovines he passed until he reached the castle gate. The cat slowed to a stop at the foot of the closed portal, where he peered between its heavy iron bars. He surveyed the courtyard beyond and searched for signs of another entry point, eventually earning the attention of the gate watcher. A god among kings, the imposing bull lumbered to the cat's side, shaking the ground with each thunderous hoof-fall. The cat felt his presence before properly detecting it, leaving him slightly less than surprised when the bull picked him up by the scruff of his neck.

"You lost, fluffball," the bull rumbled.

"I don't think so," he stammered. "I need to see the Minotaur Queen?"

The bovine looked him up and down, then scoffed. "Her presence alone would break you. Besides, she's not seeing... whatever you are today."

"Please, you have to let me in. I don't know where else to go." The cat paused to consider his next statement. "I'll do anything you want if you can get me in there."

A grin spread across the bull's snout. "Since I'm not sure you realize what you're getting yourself into, I'll let you retract that."

The cat shook his head and showed his resolve. "I mean it."

"Well, since you so kindly offered~" With shocking swiftness, the bull reached down and snatched the cat from the ground, then carried him over his shoulder. "You'll make excellent tribute for the Queen."

The feline kicked and flailed against the bull, but no amount of struggling or beating loosened his grip. The bovine restated his strength with a squeeze that nearly knocked the wind from the cat, taking the will to fight with it. He simply went limp in the bull's hold, intent on saving his energy for a more opportune moment. For better or worse, the feline had plenty of time to seek out an escape route. The courtyard alone spanned the length of several fields, and every inch of it bloomed with carefully tended plants. Exotic flowers and colorful fruits dotted the sides of their path, and guided vines wove together in a canopy above them. It thankfully shielded them from the worst of the mid-day sun, making the trek more pleasant than the captive cat expected. His attention drifted inward when they crossed the threshold of the main hall however, which severely limited his options. They dwindled further as he watched the red carpet at the bull's feet pass, and surveying the room failed to renew his hopes. Several doors lined the walls of the hall, and no fewer than two guards stood at each one. Though not as imposing as the gatekeeper himself, the cat knew he stood little chance of overpowering them. His gaze darted about in a desperate search for any possible exit, and his time ran out when they entered the throne room.

The instant they crossed the threshold, something in the air shifted. Wisps of smoke drifted between gilded pillars and intricate sculptures, each of which bore a king's ransom of shining jewels. Large brazers bathed the room in dancing firelight, keeping it in a comfortable warmth. It served the kingdom's tendency for nudity well, and the Queen herself was no exception. Her regal figure needed no robes or crown to mark her rule, her stature alone setting her apart from her subjects. Even lounging on her side, she far surpassed the gatekeeper in size, and that gap only widened when she sat up to acknowledge his presence. He crossed the span of the room in that time, then bowed in her shadow and presented his offering.

"My Queen," he boomed. "I have come bearing tribute. This... fluffball has given himself to me to give to you." The bull hoisted the cat from his shoulder and placed him on the ground. "May he serve you well."

The Minotaur Queen folded her arms under her colossal chest. "Thank you my son," she grinned. "Though I can't help but wonder why this cat didn't simply offer himself."

The bull shrugged. "Perhaps he is unfamiliar with our ways."

"I believe you are right. In any case, your tribute is accepted, and you are dismissed."

He shifted his weight, caught off guard. "Umm, don't you usually... uhh..." Despite his efforts, he couldn't hide his hardening cock.

"Your tribute is accepted, and you are dismissed," she repeated.

He knew better than to push again. The bull's shoulders sagged as he turned and shuffled out the room, eventually leaving the cat and the Queen alone together.

"My apologies," she murmured. "He is not a bad bull, but he doesn't always think with his head. Are you alright?"

It was the cat's turn to be caught off guard. He blankly stared at the Queen while he processed the question, but he eventually found his words. "I think so? There aren't too many cats around here, are there?"

"No there are not," she laughed. "It has been a long time since any of my children have seen someone other than their siblings."

"Wait, does that mean you're everyone's mother?"

The Queen shifted on her throne and crossed her legs. "Not in the same sense you're familiar with, but yes. Everyone here carries a piece of me with them, and in return they bear my image, to a degree."

"So you're more than just a Queen?"

"I am far from mortal, little one," she grinned, "but not so far that I've forgotten what it's like. That's why I've created this paradise for me and mine." She invited the cat to sit by her side, then squished him to her hip when she accepted. "Now I have a question for you, if you would be so kind as to indulge me."

The cat blushed as he enjoyed her warmth. "Of course, Your Highness."

"What brings you here? This is not an easy place to find."

"I'm not sure, to be honest. I was sleeping, I had a weird dream that I might still be in for all I know, and I was sent here."

The queen nodded knowingly. "Ah yes. I suppose it was only a matter of time before you stumbled in here," she grinned. "You were sent to entertain, yes?"

The cat nodded as well. "That sounds about right."

"Around here, that usually happens one of two ways," the queen explained. "You don't seem like the type for arena combat, so instead, I'll give you the chance to entertain me personally~"

The cat looked to the ground. "You're right about the fighting, but I'm not exactly an entertainer. Plus I left all my props at home."

The Queen plucked him from her side, spread her thighs, and placed him between them. "Not the type of show I had in mind," she laughed. "Just do what comes naturally and I'm sure you'll do well. Maybe even well enough to earn a place in my kingdom," she teased.

A blush heated the feline's muzzle, but he'd shed his sense of shame somewhere in the Queen's city. He peered over her belly and between her breasts, and once she gave him a sign to continue, threw himself at her.

The size difference between them grew all the more obvious when the cat knelt between her legs. He knew he had little chance of satisfying her with his member alone, spurring him to draw on his carnal experience and innovate. He started at the peak of her lips and ran his tongue over her clit, sending a shudder through her thighs and coaxing out a moan. He sensed the rhythm of her body and followed it intimately, reading the rolls of her hips and moving with them. Her lust filled the air as he stoked her arousal higher and higher, tempting his member to peek from its sheath. It went ignored in that moment however, his attention favoring her slickening entrance. The cat gingerly traced a blunted claw around her passage and gathered her fluids on his fingers, then gently dipped into her depths. The Queen's tunnel fluttered around his finger when he hilted himself to the last knuckle, though it was obvious she needed more. A second and third digit followed, and before long, he sank his entire fist into her. A low groan and rush of lust confirmed his instincts, and her quivering thighs begged him for more.

Soft squelches sounded through the chamber as he pumped his arm, gradually working more and more of the limb into her passage. Every languid stroke soaked his fur and deepened the Queen's moans, until her lips sealed around his elbow. His rhythm broke when he failed to withdraw, though his partner gladly started a new one. Regular ripples ran down her passage as her lust built, inviting him deeper with ever strengthening tugs. The cat thought little of it and let her claim the rest of his arm, bringing them to the

impasse of his shoulder. Her internal clenches mashed his cheek against her clit, creating a cycle of bliss that made her sex all the more needy. The cat tapped her inner thigh in a bid for her attention, but she was too far gone in the throes of pleasure to notice. The feline decided he could handle a little discomfort in the service of his future Queen, though he wasn't prepared for the sacrifice she demanded. A wave of relief washed over him when her internal muscles relaxed, making way for a spike in anxiety when they pulled in unison.

The cat squeezed his eyes shut as her innermost reaches pulled him against her lips, tugging with enough force to bring him in. A sharp gasp escaped his muzzle when slick darkness overtook him, and before his shock wore off, she rolled her hips and claimed his shoulders. With one arm above his head and the other pinned to his side, there was little he could do to resist her. The walls of her passage kneaded and massaged her lust into his pelt, saturating him with need and marking him as her own. The feline's matted fur glided along her walls with frightening ease, and what struggles he could muster only translated into more pleasure for her. Still, it was not the worst situation he'd ever been in. Her pheromones swamped his senses and slowed his thoughts, eroding his resistance to becoming her toy. The Queen's argument grew more convincing as she claimed his chest, and his resolve faltered entirely when she reached his hips. The cat's shaft bucked and throbbed against her inviting entrance, and a subconscious roll of his hips slipped his length inside. The feline's self-control dissolved in an instant, and each pump of his hips helped bring him in faster. His rhythm only broke when his hand brushed against her cervix, and a shiver ran down the Queen's spine when it yawned open and clamped down on his wrist.

The chamber beyond stretched around his arm as her contractions brought him inward and upward, and a subtle bulge showed on her belly. Through her matronly pudge it was little more than a subtle bump, but it didn't escape the Queen's notice. She caressed its tiny peak with one hand while the other reached passed, where she teased her stretched entrance. The mix of internal and external sensations shoved her over the climactic edge, briefly pressing the cat in place. Her muscles bound him tight and brought out his own orgasm as well, and the pair shared their mutual bliss as her rapturous contractions shot him into her womb. The Queen's belly swelled as the cat curled against her internal walls, filling him innermost chamber in excess. Her hands flew to her middle as his legs squelched through her cervix, and a final jolt of pleasure lanced across her nerves when it sealed behind him. The two of them caught their breath as they drifted into their afterglows, basking in the moment before the Queen's body properly claimed her prize. She rubbed her belly with pride as her womb flexed around her passenger, massaging him into a deep sleep. Fluid filled the space as their intimate bond manifested, and a flood of maternal hormones washed through the Queen. A low moan tumbled from her muzzle as her breasts filled with milk, and her throne creaked as her hips subtly widened beneath the globe of her middle.

"We'll find a place for you here," she crooned. "But for now, enjoy your rest. You've had quite the journey."

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you saw, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it~

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<https://victorthemaker.sofurry.com/>

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