

Encounter: The Minotaur's Maze
Echo Ishii

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The Minotaur's Maze

Andrew savored the moment as he stood naked under the clear blue sky. A robin flitted from one tree to another. A frog jumped across the dirt path, splashing into a puddle, and jumped out again.

Andrew glanced at the sign above him: *The Minotaur's Maze*. It was a pristine garden maze of grass, vine, and wood owned by Mistress Layla. She was the most famous Domme in the region. Her fifty acre exclusive playland -- chateaus, gardens, dungeons -- invited carefully vetted, distinguished guests from all over the world. Andrew served as her accountant for the last five years.

Andrew's first master-Master Steven- had been a close friend of Mistress Layla's. Andrew missed Steven. Steven had guided and nurtured Andrew in his true nature. His Master's sudden disappearance had shaken Andrew to his core. He hadn't had a truly fulfilling master since.

The maze called to the naughty creature Andrew kept tightly hidden under his suits and ties. Much in the way his old Master had, the Maze kept Andrew's daily life and deeper nature in balance.

Andrew needed a good run and the Minotaur's Maze was a treat. And even better, in Mistress Layla's mazes, lucky submissives got chased. There were few things as exhilarating to Andrew as the thrill of being chased. The anticipation of being trapped and caught stirred within him, fueling arousal.

Some phantom pursuer was out there -- waiting.

Andrew was ready for some fast-paced erotic play. He cupped his hands around his mouth and called out. There was an answering howl. A wild, firm, strong, call. His mysterious pursuer was out there.

The chase was on.

Andrew dashed into the maze. His bare feet raced across the grassy ground, his nose taking in the smells of peat and moss, the feel of wind running through his hair.

And he heard it -- a little behind him and just beside him- on another path parallel in the maze.

His minotaur.

The minotaur was chasing him, thundering through the brush. Andrew was surrounded by the sound of twigs cracking and leaves crunching underfoot. He pushed himself to run faster.

Andrew turned right. Then left. He reached an opening in the thicket and saw the path branching off. He danced in a little circle with glee, taunting the minotaur to catch up, and then darted into the path heading due east.

Andrew was quickly lost in the maze, but he didn't care. He noticed movement among the vines. The minotaur was close.

The chase was instinct. The chase was intense. Andrew darted; cheating a bit to squeeze through a hole in the shrubbery and continue towards the east. The paths narrowed as he heard his pursuer directly beside him. Footsteps in rhythm.

They crashed into each other at the turn. Andrew was knocked off his feet. He rolled in a ball across another grass clearing in the maze. He shook his head to get his bearings.

A man stepped through the brush. He wore a heavy minotaur totem mask decorated in brown fur with long, white horns jutting out on each side. Only the human eyes staring behind the mask made Andrew realize he hadn't stepped into some alternate reality. As it was, he wouldn't have cared if he had.

Andrew gazed up and down the minotaur's body, taking in each and every bit of his dark black skin. He noticed the taunt, tight muscles of his stomach and the thick, black hair that covered the his manhood. Andrew's cock went hard just looking at him.

"You come to my maze," the voice said from within the mask -- harsh and low, but not cruel. Almost welcoming. Inviting.

"You are the minotaur?" Andrew said moving closer.

"Cunning like a fox," the minotaur said. This time he took several steps closer to Andrew. So close Andrew felt the heat radiating off the creature's body.

The minotaur pushed one hard, heavy finger against Andrew's chest. "Those who come to my maze wish a chase. Those who are chased may be caught," the minotaur intoned in a slow, mysterious voice.

Caught. Andrew felt his desire rise at the word. He licked his lips; sweat dotted his brow. Andrew's breathing became so harsh and rapid it echoed in his ears.

The minotaur flattened his palm and stroked it across Andrew's bare chest. It was large and rough, like a workman's hands, but Andrew didn't mind the feel of it. Not at all.

"An exciting chase," the minotaur said, "Most exhilarating."

"I heard your call," Andrew managed to say, his throat feeling dry.

"What an attractive catch," the minotaur said as he reached across Andrew's stomach and touched his cock.

Andrew gasped.

"Fitting prey. A feast in my maze." Andrew felt every muscle in his body tremble with excitement. "There are penalties for prey caught in my maze."

Andrew's mind was ripe with possibilities.

"I should bind you and keep you here."

Andrew liked that idea.

"For now, I will only demand tribute," the minotaur said, "on your knees."

Andrew wasn't a fool. He had a rather clear idea of what tribute entailed. He dropped down instinctively and looked up at the minotaur.

The minotaur inched closer. "Aren't you eager?"

Andrew wasted no time readying for the fullness of the minotaur's cock in his mouth. He was hungry for it. Andrew craned his neck to graze the small slit at the tip of the minotaur's cock.

He heard the minotaur grunt with desire. "So you are skilled at tribute."

Andrew took the minotaur deep, reveling in the taste, the thickness, the hardness, the pumping blood. The minotaur let out a growl.

"A worthy prey in my maze," he gasped as Andrew continued working him.

Andrew's sense of submission and shame was overwhelmed by his desire to hear the minotaur's grunts. He worked the minotaur with his mouth, taking him in as deep as he could. Those who thought a submissive was weak underestimated the surge of delight in knowing that you had another's desire under your control.

The minotaur's rough hands fisted Andrew's hair, pulling him closer, forcing more of its long, thick cock down Andrew's throat. Struggle was pointless. "This is what happens to those who are caught," the minotaur said between grunts.

Andrew, obviously, was in no position to answer.

The minotaur thrust his hips forward. Andrew struggled to remain upright. He craved the taste of the minotaur's cock; shivered as a few drops of the minotaur's salty essence dripped on his tongue. He ignored the feel of pebbles and twigs under his knees. He grasped at the ground as if to grip the dirt, knowing it was impossible.

Pointless because all of Andrew's soul wanted nothing more than to give in.

The minotaur pulled away and fell back onto his haunches.

"I've never had a creature such as you in my maze," the minotaur said, gasping.

Andrew pondered the minotaur, looking him over. There was sweat all across his chest.

"Who are you behind that mask?" Andrew asked.

"I am the minotaur," he said. "That is all you need to know." He stood up. Andrew readied himself, licking his lips, lifting his head, imploring with his eyes to service this otherworldly master.

"You took my fullness," he said.

"Yes," Andrew nodded, "and I will gladly do so again."

"Hmmm," he murmured. "You will indeed."

Andrew waiting, kneeling. The minotaur came over to him. He stroked the side of Andrew's face.

"Lie face down on the grass," he commanded.

Andrew did as he was told. He felt the heaviness of his body above him. He lifted his hips slightly, focused his eyes down, spread himself just enough.

The minotaur was a fierce creature. With little preamble, the minotaur plunged into Andrew. Andrew yelled out as the full length of his cock dove deep into Andrew's ass. Dear gods, Andrew felt as if he were being split in half.

The minotaur pulled out half way, and thrust back in. Thrust, relent, thrust, relent. Andrew moaned until his throat was hoarse. This was what he'd needed for so long. He wanted nothing more than to lay here in the grass and dirt with the minotaur fucking him senseless.

He hadn't been taken this hard, this mercilessly, since his former master.

With a loud howl, the minotaur cried out with release.

Andrew grunted, sex sore and satisfied, as the Minotaur rolled off of him. They both lay in the grass, panting. Andrew's body still aching in just the right ways.

The man reached up and pulled off the mask.

There were... gentle brown eyes, almost shy. Finely carved cheekbones and tender kissable lips. And Andrew knew those eyes. "Steven?"

And his Master Steven smiled back.

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