

# Len's Labyrinth

For Kayllik

By TheSpiralledEye

Like most people, Ryan had chalked up the strange happenings and rumours about the old maze to superstition and dumb teenagers too drunk or high to make sense of their surroundings. It was sequestered off in some forgotten area of the national park and while nobody could remember who had built it, when or for what purpose, the local government deemed the area of 'historical significance' leaving the crumbling stone walls that stretched out for miles in the middle of the woods to rot on their own. Talk of the strange creature that lived there changed from story to story; sometimes male, sometimes female but always with the power to bring one's sexual fantasies to life. So, after several months striking out with the ladies Ryan figured, why not? In the likely event that the tales were just that, he'd at least get a nice hike out of it and it's not like anybody knew why he was going.

Though his good mood had soured after the third hour of samey moss-covered walls, the only highlights being the occasional statue depicting the odd monster or a broken water fountain. Finding his second dead end in as many minutes Ryan grumbled, he hadn't actually taken into account getting lost in here. Somewhat nervously he wondered if anybody had ever died within the walls, they seemed to go on forever and were so tall and sheer that climbing up to get a better look at his surrounds wasn't an option. He knew there was an old saying about always turning a certain way in a maze to get the middle, but he couldn't remember if it was left or right, or if it was even true. He was just about ready to try doubling back and launching himself at the high walls off one of those statues when he finally stumbled into a large round courtyard which could only be the mazes' centre.

It was remarkably well kept, with empty metal braziers surrounding a paved centre with a raised dais. Though unfortunately, there was no sign of any magical being, Ryan did his best not to feel embarrassed and disappointed. At least that raised dais was probably high enough that he could see the quickest route out of here. He walked up to it quickly, more than ready to put this foolish idea behind him only to realise there was something sitting on the stone table; a ring.

It was a pretty thing; made from bright bronze and emblazoned with the face of what appeared to be a bull. It looked pretty valuable; somebody probably lost it in the maze and a kind samaritan had left it here where it could be noticed. He should leave it, obviously, it wasn't like he had any need for jewellery but there was something oddly alluring about the object. Almost as if in a trance Ryan found himself picking it up.

*'I should try it on.'* The thought came into his head suddenly, *'it would suit me.'*

It wasn't as if he intended to keep it so, it's not like there was any harm in trying it, just briefly. Ryan slipped it onto his ring finger and held it out to the fading sunlight, the metal gleamed and for a moment he found his vision dazzled by the unnaturally bright reflection.

“Well, it’s about time.”

Ryan whirled around in time to see a being casually leaning up against the archway he had entered through. At first, he mistook the smooth white fur for marble, assuming the strange creature was one of the many monster statues that decorated the maze but then it blinked before sauntering toward him. It had a muscular human shaped body, with a bovine head and a pair of pointed horns, it took Ryan a moment to remember the name from his ancient mythology books at school; minotaur.

“What, you were expecting something else?” The minotaur grinned, crossing his arms and cocking his head to the side.

“Well...yeah.” Ryan felt his mouth go dry, this creature towered over him, “A genie or fairy maybe? No offence! It’s just when people talk about a magical being granting sexual wishes minotaur isn’t the first thing that comes to mind.”

“I’d have thought the maze would have given it away.” He snorted, narrowing his eyes slightly.

*‘He’s hot.’*

Ryan felt his cheeks redden at the thought, it had come out of nowhere but he’d be lying if he said it wasn’t true. He’d never been attracted to guys before, let alone guys that weren’t even human! He wasn’t a furry!

“What’s the matter?” The minotaur asked with a smirk, “You seem flustered.”

“Nothing, um, right so how do we do this...?”

“Lenneth.” The minotaur replied, “Call me Len.”

“Right, Len, so how do we handle this whole wish thing?”

Ryan was feeling very hot under the collar all of a sudden, despite the setting sun. He just wanted his wish granted so he could get out of here and deal with the confusing arousal that was slowly manifesting looking at the creature in front of him. Despite the dusting of white fur his toned body was clearly defined and there was very little left to the imagination by the loincloth which was his sole form of clothing.

“The ring, whomsoever wears it, I can grant a wish for.” Len actually seemed somewhat annoyed for a second before snapping back to cocky, “So make your wish and I will see what I can do.”

If he didn't know better, Ryan would have said Len seemed impatient, his eyes were filled with mischief and anticipation.

“I wish...to have the best sex of my life.” Ryan rubbed at the back of his neck with embarrassment, “Everything the last few months, before the dry spell was so...average.”

Len's eyes seemed brighten with joy at his wish, his smile turning almost sadistic. Ryan couldn't help but swallow nervously as the minotaur walked toward him; he wasn't the smallest guy and this creature could still snap him like a twig with muscles like that. The last of the sunlight glinted off his black horns before disappearing behind the high maze walls.

*'He's so hot...'*

“I can grant that wish.”

There was a sudden flare of heat from his finger and Ryan yelped, gripping the ring which was now tightening. On instinct he tugged at it, finding he was unable to remove it even as the metal heated uncomfortably and began to glow. Then, the light shifted, forming a second band next to the ring and slowly moving up to encompass his wrist, smoothing the skin as it went. The ring of light moved up his arm, thinning it as it went and Ryan, panicking, desperately tried to grab at it to stop or slow its progress to no avail.

“What's happening?” He cried, “What are you doing to me?”

“Making your wish come true.” Len replied, “Just wait.”

The light was beginning to spread now, settling in a rim around his neck before splitting in two, the larger of the rings slowly moving down; as it did so, Ryan's shoulders began to slope, his shirt melting away to reveal creamy flesh. As it reached his clavicle, he felt what could only be described as his skin inflating. His smooth chest began to grow, becoming round as two full, heavy breasts took the place of his pectorals. Ryan opened his mouth to scream in shock but before he could another of those invasive thoughts entered his mind;

*'This feels good. I like it.'*

And...the thought wasn't wrong. The feeling of his breasts growing did feel nice, more than nice actually; he couldn't help but moan as his nipples turned a pretty shade of pink, becoming hard as they were exposed to the air. Len leaned back against the stone dais, giving the transforming man an appraising look. Despite the strangeness of the situation Ryan couldn't help but flush with pleasure noticing how Len seemed to like what he saw.

*'I want him to desire me.'*

The ring of light continued down, forming his hips into an hourglass figure, and moulding his ass into a beautiful peach shape before burrowing between his legs. Warmth and wetness spread there as the lights moved on and Ryan looked with fascination and lust at the mound of curly hair. His manhood being stolen from him should have disturbed him but it didn't, if anything this new sensation of dampness and the ache of possessing a needy hole turned him on more than anything. He couldn't help but move his now dainty fingers to the soft curve of his ass, cupping it in disbelief while the ring split in two to slim and shape his legs and feet in turn before disappearing into the earth.

That just left the final ring of light still buzzing around his neck where it had original split. Gradually it began to climb, up his throat to his face where he felt his lips plump and hair grow long as it passed. In bewilderment he looked up at Len's face just as the light passed over his eyes and he felt it sink down into his very mind.

*'So horny...'*

Ryan found himself blinking in surprise; this...this wasn't what he'd wished for but for some reason he couldn't bring himself to be angry. He was too distracted by the throbbing of his pussy and the way his new breasts ached to be touched; most of all though, he couldn't take his eyes off the toned form of Len, still leaning casually against the dais with a wicked smile on his face.

"Time to make that wish of yours come true I think." Len teased, finally standing to approach.

Ryan couldn't help but swallow nervously, eyes glued to the bulge viable beneath the minotaur's loincloth. Once his eyes had found it, Ryan couldn't look away.

*'I want him.'*

Ryan did.

He was naked, save for Len's ring and already wet and wanting, so he did not resist when those strong hands reached out to cup his breasts. The sensation of those rough fingers brushing against his soft skin and nipples was glorious, he stepped forward, pressing himself into Len's hard body, trying to get as much skin contact as possible. Already he could feel the hard press of that bulge against his pussy, the only thing keeping them apart that thin cloth. Ryan felt desperate in a way he never had before, he needed to be fucked, now.

He felt laughter rumble in Len's chest as his hands slide down the smooth slope of Ryan's back, coming to rest on each of his ass cheeks and giving them a firm squeeze. He keened, letting Len play with the mounds and enjoying the warmth and pleasure the touch bought him. He could feel juices dribbling down his leg in anticipation, he was torn; on the one hand he desperately needed Len inside him but on the other he never wanted that touch to stop.

Suddenly, Ryan found himself in the air, scooped up by Len's strong hands and deposited onto the dais. Ryan spread his legs invitingly, but Len did not indulge him yet, instead placing his hands at Ryan's hips and firmly turning him around. At first Ryan whimpered, desperate and disappointed but then he realised what was happening and eagerly obeyed; obediently positioning himself against the dais, it was so tall his toes barely brushed the ground. He presented his pussy, opened and ready, shivering as Len patted his ass before positioning himself behind him.

From his position against the dais Ryan couldn't see the minotaur, but he could feel the head of a great cock pressing against his hole and he moaned.

"Yes! Please!"

"As you wish."

Len thrust inside and Ryan cried out, he could feel his inner walls stretching, and Len just kept pushing in further and further; he was so big Ryan was worried he couldn't be able to take it all like he desperately wanted to. By the time he was fully impaled Ryan felt completely overwhelmed; it was utter bliss, so much so that he couldn't help but groan as Len pulled out before thrusting back in again. The pleasure was all consuming, he couldn't think about anything else but the feeling of the minotaur inside him, making him see stars. Ryan wanted to praise him, tell him how good this felt and how he never wanted anything else ever again but even speaking was too much for him to

handle. He could only moan and press back against the cock, eagerly seeking more friction as the ecstasy grew.

He could feel something building inside him, the pressure and bliss becoming too much to handle. He tried, so very hard, to hold back. He didn't want to cum yet, he didn't want this to be over but it was hopeless, Len was too skilled, rubbing against his G-spot with perfect precision. Helpless against the onslaught Ryan came, crying out as his body writhed beneath Len's, cumming for a second time almost instantly as Len continue to fuck him through it. Ryan was lost in a sea of sensations, his oversensitive body shuddering against the dais as Len had his way until final, a spurt of something warm filled his hole and the minotaur finally let him go.

Ryan had no idea how long he lay there against the cool stone in a haze of post-coital bliss but when he did finally raise his head, he found his body unchanged. Still female, still horny. Len was standing nearby, watching him with a curious look on his face. Ryan felt as though his head was in a fog.

"More?" He begged, standing, and walking toward the creature that had granted his wish but the minotaur shook his head.

"Nah, if you're still feeling the need though, there are other people in this maze. I am sure you can find somebody to service you."

Len gave him a wink before dissolving into a wisp of thick white smoke, it swirled around him for a moment before disappearing into the bulls' head on the ring, which was still fastened tightly around his finger. Ryan groaned; nobody would ever be able to satisfy him like Len had; but what choice did he have?

Lacking any better plan, he set off deeper into the maze in search of satisfaction.