

Mini-Story: Greek Mythology is All About... (Cowgirls/Minotaur TFTG Breeding)

By FoxFaceStories

When four Greek mythology students travel to Greece and uncover a hidden set of ruins, they find that the magic of the gods - and that of the Minotaur - are alive and well. Too bad they are set to be the progenitors of a new Minotaur race!

Greek Mythology is All About . . .

It had seemed so exciting at the time; the promise of an entirely hidden set of ruins not witnessed by anyone else for hundreds, if not thousands of years! James, Tyrone, Lily, and Phil were all Classical Greek Mythology students who had saved up together to travel to Greece as a group. They were the best of friends, having bonded in the class over their shared obsession with ancient history and myth. James was their de facto leader, bold and confident, while Lily was the organiser, putting together their schedule. Tyrone was the best student among them, and was obsessed with visiting sights of mythical importance. Phil was just as eager to tag along even if he wasn't *quite* as interested in the myths as the other three. He was a transman, and was deeply thankful for the other three for accepting him, and so he wanted to be with them during this joyous journey.

It started off well. They explored Athens, looking at classical sights such as the Parthenon. They visited areas of historic and mythic importance, and they each savoured the fascinating tales of locals and storytellers. But when visited Crete, they were approached by a mysterious stranger, a man with a thick accent and a knowledge of Ancient Greek dialect and writing, who promised to show them a temple ruin not yet uncovered by the world. Lily was sceptical, but James wanted to jump at the opportunity, and after learning that the sight was connected to the legend of King Minos' minotaur, Tyrone urged them on. Phil was happy to go with them, and so Lily relented.

What they were shown did not disappoint, at least not at first. Leading them up into the lesser-travelled mountains, the stranger, who gave his name only as Minos, an obvious affectation, showed them a ruin built near the cliffs, one shrouded by trees and nature. It descended into the bedrock, a series of tunnels that became a maze.

"If you go in, you will find the true maze of the Minotaur," he claimed. "The one constructed by Daedalus and Icarus. The one braved by Theseus, who escaped the creature with Ariadne at his side. Go in, and see the wonders!"

They entered, James and Tyrone running ahead, with Lily and Phil pulling up the rear. But while the sight appeared genuine, the idea that it was 'undiscovered' paled in their

minds when they saw what could only be a tourist trap at the end of the interior, just before the maze began: a large human skeleton with a bovine head and great horns, like that of a powerful bull. It even had hooves and segments of a spine leading down to a tail.

They all agreed it was fake, except Tyrone, who was so excited he considered the possibility that it was at least composed of two skeletons.

"Just a tourist trap," James said bitterly.

"It's still pretty cool, at least?" Phil offered.

"But not genuine," Lily said.

They turned to leave, but that was when a sudden series of clicking movements terrified them. The skeleton was rising, and stepping forward, its bony arms outstretched. The four of them screamed, running to escape, but Minos was covering the exit, rolling a heavy boulder before it started to collapse the entrance.

"I'm sorry!" he declared. "But the minotaur must live again! I now see the error of my ways after all these years. My wife's child was a thing of beauty, not horror! It deserved to expand its progeny within the maze, until they were ready to rise up! Now finally, Zeus will allow me to pass into Elysium once your race is strong!"

"What the fuck is he talking about!?" Phil cried. "Is this some Ancient Greek thing!?"

But the others had no idea. They were blocked in as the last of the entrance collapsed. They turned, only for the minotaur skeleton to leap at them. They screamed again, covering their heads . . . only for the skeleton to smash to bits upon them, falling apart. They were soon covered in minotaur bones.

"Is everyone okay?" Lily asked.

Phil was about to say he was fine, but then he noticed the bones that were touching him were glowing. The same was true of the bones touching his friends. He pointed it out, and they scrambled to get out of the pile. But fate had other designs in mind for the quartet, because each of them doubled over, grunting and gasping as a series of changes swept through their bodies. Their rib cages started to expand, and their thighs swelled. Each of the college students cried out, yelling for help, but it was no use, not even as each of their waists expanded and their shoulders with them. James moaned, ripping off his shirt as a large pair of breasts began to expand from his chest, his nipples large and pink.

"What the fuck!?" he cried. "What is happening to moooo-eee!?"

He grunted, moaning again as a *second* pair of breasts rose up beneath them, giving him four in total. They were big and sensitive, and he struggled to cup them and hold them in place, they were so wobbly, especially since his hands were fusing to become three-fingered, with thick hoof-like digits replacing his fingers.

"M-moooo!" Tyrone cried along with him. His black, curly hair was growing out, and his skin was darkening further as black fur burst from its surface. He bent off, crying out as

his ass enlarged. With a painful pressure, a thick and ropey cow's tail practically *exploded* from above his backside, swaying with fear. Lily screamed at this, but her voice turned to a loud moo as well, her face pushing forwards to develop a bovine snout. Her slim body was becoming thicker, taller, musclier, but also softer in many places. Her breasts, formerly just A-cups, now swelled to rip open her shirt and then reduced it to tattered; they were each the size of her own head, and then another pair surged forth below them, lifting her upper pair dramatically.

"Ohhhhhh!" she cried, voice a bit lower now, bellowing in a bovine fashion. "It's the c-curse of the moo-inotaur! It's m-making us cowgirls or s-something! Ohhhh!"

Phil watched in horror as his three friends changed. They each spread their thighs, their shorts and skirts bursting apart as large, round, and very full-looking *udders* swelled into existence. James screamed, trying to push it back in, but it only caused his enlarging teats to drip copious amounts of milk. They were all becoming fully engorged cow-woman, horns pushing out from their skulls, hooves replacing their feet. But Phil's changes were different. He gasped as his muscles expanded even beyond that of the other now-women of the group. His abs became a powerful eight-pack, and his head swelled, becoming even less human than that of his friends. A huge pair of horns pushed out from his skull, causing him to bellow loudly, but that wasn't even the biggest change in his eyes. After years of desiring such an appendage, a large, very powerful penis emerged from between his legs. No longer was his genitalia biologically female; now he had the very reproductive organs that his self-identity had yearned for, even if it was considerably larger and more bullish (literally) than he had ever imagined.

"G-guys! I'm becoming a minotaur! *The Minotaur!*" he bellowed.

He rose in height, spine cracking audibly as every muscle stretched, until he was finally nine feet in height, dwarfing even the tall cowgirls around him. They were all mooing, clutching their breasts and udders, struggling with their soft new bodies, but also with a new feeling that was arising in each of them. James and Tyrone had both developed vaginas, and now were feeling a sensation that Lily was able to recognise from experience before they did; *arousal*. They sniffed their air, their larger nostrils taking in the manly musk of the minotaur hunk before them. Phil's cock twitched, extending from its sheath to become gargantuan in size and rigid as steel, throbbing visibly.

"Oh God," James uttered. "Is anyone else f-feeling really, really horny?"

"I am," Lily breathed, staring at it.

"Moo-e too," Tyrone said. "That guy said something about b-breeding, didn't he?"

Phil grunted. The cow-women looked so beautiful, so *fertile*. He could smell them ovulating. He could smell their potential, and his new instincts pushed him to breed them. To *mount* them.

“He did indeed,” the Minotaur boomed. “And I think, whether we’re ready or not, our instincts are going to make it happen.”

The three cowgirls all looked at one another, all of them overwhelmed by their mammarys, and with shock. But none could disagree. They all felt a powerful instinctual need to be mounted by their friend.

The only question was who would be first?

It was a few years later, and the four friends were now so much more than that. After the initial humiliation and horror at their new lives, the minotaur and his cowgirl mates had thrived in their underground labyrinth, which was vast and extensive. They worked to repair its wells, to adorn its walls, to find its chambers and chart its corridors to make it a home. Of course, this was particularly necessary because of their ever-growing broods. It hadn’t taken long for Lily, James, and Tyrone to all be impregnated, nor for them to swell up with their first litters. Yes, *litters*. They were quite hyperfertile, and soon discovered there was a reason they had four breasts and an udder each, because all three of the cowgirls found themselves round and heavy with numerous children, which after birth were very hungry indeed. Even when able to walk, they often pulled at their mother’s makeshift skirts so they could access a teat and drink deep. Not that the three women ever stopped them; they’d become too engorged, otherwise.

James was never particularly happy about his fate, though. She never imagined becoming a hyperpregnant cowgirl mate, especially since she was the most fertile. Still, she could not deny her body’s needs, or its powerful lusts. Tyrone was much more willing to take on this life. She was astounded to become a mythical creature just as she had read so much about, and that helped her when she was once again experiencing the pangs of a long labour. Lily was willing to adapt, particularly since her organisational mind helped them make their new home, but she was frustrated to bear the largest litters of the group. Something about her already being a female must have left her even more fertile, because all three pregnancies had resulted in six or *more* children, and her fourth saw her pregnant with what would become octuplets. She enjoyed resting and directing the reconstruction of the labyrinth, rubbing her mound and wincing at the squirming in her womb.

Phil, though, was unbelievably happy. He was a fully biological male, and a potentially powerful one at that. He had three mates - wives, now, for he had insisted they each marry him to make it ‘official’ - and was the father of many children. His sons already looked to him for guidance in their young age, which excited him further. Plus, his wives were often lustful, mooing for him to mount them even when fully pregnant, James most often of all.

It made a lot of sense, really, he supposed. He didn't know nearly as much about Greek mythology as his friends-turned-pregnant-wives, but he knew this:

Greek Mythology is all about power, change and sex.

The End