

The Minotaur's Mate (Prince to Princess TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for MezzaPezza

The young Prince Brioc has gone exploring again, off to test his manly might against the dark woods that neighbour his father's kingdom. But things take a turn when he meets a powerful male minotaur who offers him succor after becoming lost. But the minotaur has a deeper motivation; and will use magical means to achieve it . . .

The Minotaur's Mate

Prince Brioc was lost. The young, ginger-haired man had been eager to prove himself, looking for adventure beyond the city walls. He had managed to get free of his personal guard, desiring to become like a great knight of legend; slaying beasts and monsters and recovering glorious treasure and beautiful princesses, all on his own.

Only now he found himself without any clue where he was, lost in the Dark Wood, the appropriately named forest which few entered and fewer left. Strange sounds echoed in the darkness, and as the sun began to die upon the horizon his skin shivered. He was merely a man of twenty years old, his facial hair thin, his figure fit but not giant or intimidating by any means. It was precisely because he was viewed as not manly enough by his father's court that he had developed dreams of proving himself otherwise. He was beginning to regret such dreams.

"Hello! Is anyone out there!" he shouted. "I am Prince Brioc! I ask for your aid!"

He didn't expect anyone to answer, and yet a deep, low, almost brutish voice did.

"Stranger! Come here! I'll light us a fire!"

His skin prickled. Was this a trap by some goblin foe? But already Brioc was shivering, and needed succor. He moved forward towards the sound of the voice, and entered an unexpected clearing where a fire was being lit. He halted right there, staring at the creature before him.

"You're - you're a minotaur!"

The great beast nodded its heavy bovine head. It was huge, even sitting, and he had no doubt that it would be easily seven feet tall when standing. Its muscles rippled beneath its fur, and its three-fingered hands had hoof-like digits, while its legs ended in hooves proper. Its horns were very impressive, and it wore only a sort of warrior-skirt made of furs from hunted creatures, with several loops and scabbards to hold its implements and weapons.

"Fear not," the creature boomed. "I do not harm man, so long as he does not harm me. I heard you are a prince; is that true?"

Brioc nodded, drawing closer and summoning his personal courage. The creature did not seem suspicious, and made no moves to harm him. The fire was already glowing with warmth.

"It is," Brioc said. "I am son of King Elbar, far north of here."

"I know of him. He is . . . indeed a king."

"You do not like my father?"

The minotaur shrugged. "He wants to expand into this forest. I prefer my quiet and calm, and my simple lodgings. You do not strike me as his son, if you do not mind my saying."

Brioc thrust out his chest. "I may be smaller, but I carry his royal blood within me."

The minotaur nodded thoughtfully, quite fascinated. It sniffed the air, its nostrils enlarging. "You do indeed. A minotaur can smell such things. I am Aytric."

Surprisingly, the minotaur extended a hand, and Brioc found himself shaking it. Gods, the creature was strong.

"You are lost?" the minotaur said.

Brioc said he was, and explained his story.

"Mhmm, adventure is worth seeking, though not all are suited for it. Some are suited for . . . other roles. Other changes. Hmmm. There is possibility there. I will take you to a settlement in the morning to get your bearings, but in the meantime you must eat and drink with me. I will offer you lodgings. A minotaur is serious about guesstrite."

Brioc was very thankful, and indeed the food that the minotaur was cooking smelled incredibly sweet. The meat was roasted over the fire, but Aytric made sure to place extra spices and seasonings upon it as he passed it to Brioc, who ate it with aplomb.

"Mhmm," he said, voice getting strangely higher without his realisation. "This is fantastic!"

"It is indeed," Aytric said, watching the prince carefully. "Fantastic indeed. Keep on eating. Take it all in. Royal blood will mix well with what I offer you."

Brioc was too naive to look deeply into the minotaur's words, and the food and wine was simply too addictive. He continued eating, and as he did so the minotaur finished his own meal and retrieved a lyre.

"Do you mind?" the creature asked.

"Of course not, please go on, Aytric," Brioc said. He guzzled down more wine, not noticing that his facial hair was retreating, or that his chest and body hair in general was doing the same. His voice was sounding more feminine also. When the minotaur began to play a slow, yet entrancingly fey tune, Brioc's changes only increased and accelerated. He swayed to the hypnotic music even as his features softened, his angular face gaining a softness. He cracked his jaw as he ate, not even realising that it now had a more womanly

curve to it. His chest slowly expanded, pooling forward and gaining mass, forming two lovely breasts of an impressive size and weight. He shifted slightly, causing them to jiggle upon his chest, but still he ate, his hunger driving forth his changes. As his legs reshaped, becoming pleasant and long and blemish-free, right down to his dainty new feet, the minotaur's gaze focused intently upon Brioc.

"Mhmm, this is the best meal I've ever had," Brioc noted. By that point his voice was just as musical and sweet as the music and food respectively, and yet still further changes occurred.

Brioc washed down more wine, giggling a little from a light tipsiness even as his hands became small and slender. His Adam's apple flattened, his hair grew out, and it became an even more vibrant red - no longer ginger, but actually *red*, the same colour as a romantic rose. It was an unnatural and beautiful colour, and it was complimented by his now-full lips which also had a red tint to them, and his rosy cheeks. His green eyes were almost sparkingly emerald by that point, but these were just the changes to his face: his body had also become much more petite, losing hard-earned muscle and leaving him with the elaborate and beautiful curves of a fertile princess. His hips creaked wider, causing him to adjust his seating, and his rear also took on a delightful pertness. But the true change was not in his reduced shoulders or thinning waist, but rather between his thighs. With a long moan of pleasure as Brioc finished his meal, there was an intense rush of pleasure caused by the shrinking of his manhood. It pulled back inside him, forming a new passage. His womanhood flowered into being, and already it was wet with desire, just as his new large breasts tingled with arousal.

In just the space of twenty minutes or so, Prince Brioc had become a princess. He shook a little, the final waves of magic coming over him, and then they were finished.

"Ohhhh," the new woman moaned, holding her head. She blinked, seeing her long red hair, and then her bountiful breasts. None of her clothes fit right, and her body was all wrong!

"What - what's happened to me? What have you done to me!?"

With every breath, her heavy bustline rose and fell. She couldn't feel her manhood, and she ground as she cupped her new feminine mound. It tingled with arousal.

The minotaur Aytric continued to play his music, smirking as he looked her up and down. "The blood of a royal is a ripe agent for magic, and for change. I have needed a wife for some time in my loneliness, Brionne. Do you not want to be my wife? Do you not have the perfect body to please a manly minotaur such as myself, and bear my many powerful young? Do you not want that new kind of adventure? Is this not your destiny, rather than that of a weakling prince?"

Brionne swallowed. The name sounded so right to her. Was it the magic? Was it the lyre music? She couldn't tell. It was all so strange and wrong and terrible and she was meant to be a man and yet . . .

And yet her body *burned* for this minotaur. For his powerful muscles, for his manly musk, for the huge manhood that she could not see was lifting from his furs, rigid and hard and *throbbing* and desperately in need of a mate to be satisfied with.

A role she now had the perfect body to fill.

"I - I - I . . . oh Gods, I want you. I want you so terribly badly. Why is that?"

"Because it is what the fates have decreed," the minotaur's voice boomed. "Come, remove your clothing. It suits you ill now. I will give you garments worthy of a forest princess. But first, let us consummate our marriage, here on the forest floor beneath the moon. Become my wife, Brionne, and find the adventure and fulfilment you truly desire."

She couldn't resist him. She tried one last time to do so, but her arousal was too powerful, her new womanly libido *raging*. She fondled her very full chest without realising it, her sweet voice gasping as the minotaur rose and removed its light clothing. Aytric's enormous member was right before her, and it left the new princess licking her lips.

"Oh God, yes!" she cried. "Make me your wife! Please, take me, I can't take it any more!"

And with that, Aytric *tore* her clothing apart, leaving her luscious body naked and ready for the taking. And he *did* take it. His hoof-hands roamed over her form, cupping her breasts and fondling her nipples. Brionne was left gasping, moaning, pleading for more. She caressed his furry abs, felt his immense muscles. The great minotaur kissed her, though it was not like any human kiss, more like a hot breathy envelopment, his tongue licking her.

Claiming her.

"Upon the grassy floor," he commanded. "On your back. I will take you. I will make you my wife in the old way, beneath the moon's gaze."

His deep voice and words were unbelievably erotic to the new woman. She made her way quickly to the grass beneath the moon's light, and she couldn't help but pose seductively beneath it. It was such an alien experience, and yet she wanted it so desperately. *This* was the adventure she had never known she had sought all along.

The minotaur lowered his enormous might to her, fondling her body and teasing her folds. Only when she was desperately begging him to enter did he do so. His enormous girth stretched her wet walls, causing her to cry out in relief.

"Yes, my new wife. You will always want and crave me. Your perfect body will breed me many young calves."

The thought of becoming pregnant via his seed almost shocked her out of it, but then he began thrusting, and she began to moan and wail with pleasure once more. He made her

a woman, breaking through her feminine seal and entering her fully. He was enormous. He was huge. He was *perfect*.

“Yessssss!” she cried, getting closer and closer to her climax, to her ultimate moment of submission. To *wifehood*. “Yesss! Please, plant your seed in me! Make me your p-princess wife! The wife of a m-minotaur! Please, Aytric!”

“I will, my beloved! I will! NGHNGHGH!!”

And then he spent himself inside her. She climaxed, crying out in unbelievable pleasure which washed and flooded her form, remaking her as Brionne completely. Torrent after torrent of his seed entered her, pouring into her waiting womb. She trembled, clinging to him, and in the aftermath of bliss she stared up at the moon, caressing her new husband’s fur.

She was pregnant with her first already, she somehow knew it.

“I’m your wife,” she said out loud, tasting the sound of it.

And now, despite her mind coming back to her, there was no hesitation remaining about her new role.

It was several years later, and Princess Brionne was already pregnant with her third child. Her belly was fully, the powerful minotaur calf kicking within her. It strained her gorgeous maternity dress, which was made of the loveliest flowers and vines and leaves meticulously woven together. It didn’t matter; she *loved* the feeling of being filled with life, almost as much as being filled with her husband’s manhood. She had just finished cleaning their gorgeous forest home, located within the trunk of a titantree. It was spacious and beautiful, and it could house quite the large family, one she planned to make with her husband. Truly, life was an adventure, one of legend and myth, even if not quite the legend of a heroic knight.

But then the door to their home opened, and her husband stepped through, powerful and strong and carrying a great deer carcass that would make a fine dinner. Certainly she would need it; minotaur calves required a lot of energy to grow, and she was ravenous.

“Welcome back, my love,” she declared, rising carefully to greet him. He caressed her round stomach.

“And how is my little one?”

“Not so little now. Our other two are sleeping. Shall I wake them, so they can see their father?”

But Aytric shook his mighty bovine head, cupping her chin as he did so.

“Not yet. It has been a hard day of hunting and chopping wood, and scaring off men from the city still looking for that missing prince to claim their bounty. No, more than anything right now, I want you, my love. Let us mate, and ‘practice’ for our next breeding.”

Brionne beamed as her husband hefted the deer’s body on the table. She took his strong hand gingerly, leading him to their large bed. Her body burned for him now as it always had since that fateful day of change. Even near full-term with her third calf, she wanted him to take her from behind in a bestial fashion.

“Come, my husband,” she said. “Remind me why I am so glad to be your forest princess.”

The End