

The White Bull:

Mytherotica Series

by:

Emerald Ice

The White Bull
Copyright © 2013 by Emerald Ice
All rights reserved.

* * * *

All Romance Ebooks Edition

Edited by: <http://editorscove.com/>

Cover Images: <http://www.canstockphoto.com/>

No part of this book may be reproduced, scanned, or distributed in any printed or electronic form for profit without express permission from the author. Please support authors and do not participate in the piracy of copyrighted materials.

* * * *

This is a work of fiction. All characters, names, and events in this book are of the author's imagination and not to be confused with fact. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

* * * *

WARNING: Contains graphic and explicit sexual content and situations. This book is not intended, and should not be viewed by anyone below the age of 18.

Chapter 1

I set the last cardboard box in the storage unit and sighed. My entire life was inside this small tin-walled garage, and it seemed a bit on the pathetic side. There were so few things I really treasured inside the small space. I shrugged my shoulders and smiled—material items never mattered to me; what did matter were the memories and the things to come in the future.

After ten years at university, I graduated with my doctorate in History and Cultural Anthropology. Just seeing the words, “Dr. Diana Crown” sent my brain into a tizzy. Was that really me? Yes, dammit, and I was proud of my accomplishments!

I’d worked hard to earn my degrees, and most of the time, I found I got what I wanted in life; the only exception was a certain tall, dark and handsome man I’d lusted after for the last five years. Dr. Antonio Barbas was ten years my senior, made all women drool at the sight of him, and was all business, all the time.

I first met him through an online class when he’d lectured from Crete and my eyes nearly fell out of my head when Dr. Barbas appeared on the television and started lecturing. Though he always dressed professionally, his toned physique was obvious. His sexiness radiated through the screen and when he spoke, I had to remind myself to listen because I was so busy watching his sensual lips move. Besides being hot, he was intelligent and witty – two traits that complimented each other quite well, in my opinion. When I had the chance to study as an undergrad right next to the man, I jumped at the chance. Since he was my mentor, I’d had plenty of chances to throw myself at him, but he never seemed interested, which was more than a little frustrating.

Though I wasn’t a knockout, I took pride in my appearance, and I always made sure to look my best when he was near. Even when we were on a dig site, I still managed to appear acceptable, which—believe me—is not easy. I didn’t wear a ton of make-up, except mascara because working with dirt in the sun makes a woman sweat off powder and blush. I always wore my shoulder-length hair in a ponytail or a bun with a pencil stabbed in the middle to keep it out of my face.

When we were in the office, I cleaned up well, but even then I never overdid the make-up. I always went for a soft, subtly sexy look and still got nothing from him. I’d nearly given up until yesterday when I received a call from him. I was sure I was

dreaming when he asked me to join him on a trip to Crete. Now that I'd graduated with honors and was no longer his student, would he finally see the real Diana Crown as a woman and not his apprentice?

"I'd love to study in Crete with you!" I replied excitedly.

In the next heartbeat, my dreams were crushed when he replied, "Wonderful! I'll give Wilson the good news."

"Wilson?" I asked, confused.

"Yes, Wilson Kristof," Dr. Barbas hesitated, "You remember him from about five years ago, right?"

"Um, yes, but—," I began. Remember him, uh, yeah, and I'd not been terribly impressed. Wilson was nice but he could hardly put two words together when he was around women. He never talked and was always involved in his work.

"He's been assisting my research in Crete, and he's really quite good, even with his quirks," he commented as though reading my mind. "Wilson will meet you at the airport and escort you to the hotel" he said excitedly. "I'll join you at the site a few days later."

He had to be kidding! I was going to have to spend time with Wilson Kristof of all people? Gods, no! Remembering that this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, I mentally recouped and answered happily, "Of course, Dr. Barbas, whatever you need."

"You're a peach, Diana," he said, practically smiling through the phone. "You'll leave tomorrow at seven sharp."

"Sounds great," I beamed at the phone before we both hung up. Maybe it wouldn't be so terrible—if I could just get through a few days with Wilson, hopefully I'd get some time to work on seducing Dr. Barbas.

I supposed I shouldn't feel quite so special; after all, I wasn't the first female college student Dr. Barbas had asked to join him in Crete. Now that I thought about it, there had been quite a few, at least five that I could think of offhand. I was certain that none of the women who had accompanied him had assisted him in anything other than research, because the rumors would have been rampant.

I thought for a moment: even with Wilson along, the experience would be life-changing, and no one could take away the academic kudos I was sure to gain under Dr.

Barbas' guidance. I giggled to myself; with any luck, guidance wasn't the only thing I hoped to gain "under" the intellectual.

Chapter 2

The trip overseas was tiring to say the least. When I arrived at the airport, Wilson was late by about forty-five minutes. When he finally arrived by bus, we were joined by so many others, there were no empty seats. Wilson and I were smashed against each other like sardines. Though I am average height, even I was cramped; Wilson, who was a lanky, lean, beanpole at around six-and-a-half feet had to be miserable.

Wilson hadn't changed the least in two years. He was still the same snuffle-nosed, vest-wearing, tissue-carrying, discombobulated human being he'd ever been. His mussed brown, curly hair and thick glasses were only the beginning of a classic nerd look, and he took the accidental fashion statement to the hilt. The guy was sweet but was so terribly shy, his voice seemed to disappear when he tried to speak. When I asked him how far we had to travel, he had a coughing fit and literally threw a cloud of tissues into the air due to his nervousness.

Needless to say, we didn't say much during the remaining bus trip, and, at some point, we both fell asleep. I awoke to light snoring in my ear and realized Wilson's head was on my shoulder. I put my hand on his head to readjust his position and noticed his hair felt silky and smelled really good, like kiwi strawberry. His glasses had fallen off the bridge of his nose and were hanging on his lips. I gently slid the spectacles off his face, revealing an entirely new Wilson.

For a few moments, I had a rare chance to study the man while he slept. Long, thick eyelashes cascaded below his closed eyes, and I realized I had no idea of the actual color of his irises. I glanced at the coke-bottle glasses and understood the reason his eyes looked tiny behind the corrective lenses—he was extremely nearsighted.

His lips looked kissably soft, and I couldn't resist tracing the fullness of his bottom lip with my thumb. My fingers trailed to his chin and continued toward his jaw. For the first time, I realized this bumbling man was actually attractive.

A bell sounded, and I whipped my hand from his face, lest I be caught admiring him. I stared out the window until I heard him mumble something about having fallen asleep as he fumbled around for his glasses. Without explaining how they'd gotten there, I picked them up off his knee and handed them to him.

“Um...th-thanks,” he said quietly. The man was so timid, he refused to meet my gaze, but I stared at him anyway.

“You’re welcome, Wilson,” I said in a sultry voice. I wasn’t sure of the reason I’d said the phrase in that way, but he noticed and blushed profusely.

I smiled to myself as we listened to the flight attendant talk to us about landing instructions. Every once in a while I’d feel Wilson glance at me as though he wondered what was wrong with me, but I pretended not to notice.

Finally, we arrived at our hotel near Heraklion, Crete. Though I felt incredibly jetlagged, I wanted to run to the location of ancient Knossos to begin our research. I gasped when I opened the door to our room and parted the gauzy material hanging just inside the doorway to the side. Our quarters were beautiful with white marble, gold fixtures, and large open spaces to allow the sea breeze to flow through the room.

Ten feet in front of me was a small pool that bubbled with a fountain and a sink. Directly above the pool, the roof opened to the sky, allowing the rain to collect in the pool itself. Looking left, right and straight ahead, I realized that what would serve as our separate bedrooms were separated by small doorframes; the catch was the lack of the actual door. Wispy drapes hung between the rooms, leaving very little privacy for any of us.

The smallest bedroom was straight ahead and split off slightly to the left while the other section of the small hallway led outside. I ran to the balcony and was stunned by the beautiful view. Our hotel was actually on the side of a cliff! I marveled at the waves crashing below, the warm breeze, and the scent of the sea breeze. This was absolutely heaven, and I suddenly didn’t care about the amount of privacy we had. I was going to enjoy every last moment, guaranteed.

Chapter 3

Wilson and I unpacked our suitcases then I called first dibs on the bath. It was late evening, and I wanted to freshen up after our long flight. Giving me the privacy I requested, he agreed to call for room service since we were both too tired to go out to eat.

As I glanced around, I was amazed at even the beauty of the room; hardly an inch was left bare as each part of the walls, pillars and floor was decorated in some small way. Sculptures and carvings were everywhere making the room seem primitive yet modern.

Before taking my bath, I discovered a small control panel craftily hidden at the top of the sink. I began pressing buttons and realized each one had a different function: one controlled the water flow in the pool, another raised and lowered the temperature, but the last took me by surprise. At first, nothing happened after I pressed the button, then I heard a mechanical whirring noise as several bolts of material unfurled from the ceiling until they met the floor. Though they were white and mostly see-through, they were weighted at the bottom, creating a private barrier that surrounded the small pool.

Relieved, I undressed and was about to lower myself into the pool but decided to press the button that controlled water flow; I guessed it would cycle like a hot tub then eventually turn off. The scent of flowers filled my nose as I stepped into the warmth of the pool.

I eased myself into the smooth seat and leaned back, thoroughly enjoying the feel of the water against my skin. Placing my arms on the ledge of the pool, I leaned my head back and gave myself over to complete relaxation.

Chapter 4

When I awoke, I was no longer in the pool but was on my stomach receiving a massage. Skilled hands worked my sore muscles from my shoulders to my lower back. I gathered I'd fallen asleep in the bath, which had to be the reason I was so achy; whatever the reason, I didn't really care because those hands felt amazing.

The first thing that alerted me to the change in the environment was the time of day; the sun was shining brightly, and the breeze was even warmer. I asked the masseuse about the time, and he informed me it was early afternoon. Needless to say, I was surprised. Had I slept from late in the evening until late afternoon, it would have been over twelve hours!

I raised myself up to get into a sitting position when I realized I was naked. I'd been so comfortable, I'd not even realized I had not a stitch of clothing. Throwing myself flat onto the table, I was at least able to cover my breasts.

"What troubles you, my Queen?" asked a voice behind me.

Queen? Was this part of the masseuse's act? "Diana is fine," I laughed as I glanced behind me. A woman of short stature stood behind me, smiling.

"I'm sorry, my Queen, I don't understand," she said in confusion as she looked at the floor. She stopped moving her hands and opened her mouth to speak but was interrupted when another woman barged into the small area.

"Come, Althea, we must tend to the Queen's garments," she ordered.

Althea obeyed and disappeared from the room, returning a second later with strips of cloth. Neither woman would meet my eyes, which I found very odd.

The second woman tried to assist me in sitting up, but I was having none of it. I wasn't about to get naked in front of two people I didn't know. When I resisted, the woman rolled her eyes.

"Althea, a moment please," she said and gestured for her to leave. "What is the matter, Pasiphae?"

Pasiphae? What the hell was she talking about? She was obviously addressing me, but the play-acting was making me uncomfortable. "Look," I said, "let's drop the act, okay? I'm sure you're doing a fine job but I'd prefer to be called by my real name, Diana—or Ms. Crown, if that's easier for you."

“You cannot be serious,” she said incredulously. “This again?” She tsked and grabbed me by the arm, pulling me forcefully upright. “We do not have time for your silly games, Pasiphae!” she angrily hissed in my ear.

I tried to take back my arm by yanking it toward my body, but the woman was surprisingly strong. “Let go of me!” I said firmly while giving her a serious glare. At that moment, I realized I was entirely exposed and fumbled for something to cover myself.

My lack of confidence with my nudity gave the other woman the upper hand, and she jerked me to my feet. “You are Queen. Your name is Pasiphae. Your husband is Minos,” she said in clipped phrases.

I looked at her as though she was mad, but her only response was to wipe the oil from my body in sharp jerks. She reached behind her then thrust a small bowl in my face, “Drink this, it will help calm you.”

I shook my head, “I don’t want a drink.”

“Pasiphae, I swear, if you screw this up, I’m going to kill you!” she nearly shouted.

“I’m not Pasiphae!” I yelled at her.

That seemed to enrage her, and she clapped her hands rapidly three times. Three women barged into the room and grabbed my arms. Suddenly hoisted onto the massage table, I found myself helpless, my body even more revealed than previously. What was wrong with these people?

The woman with the bowl stood above my head and took me by surprise when she shoved what appeared to be a funnel into my mouth. Before I could react, I felt a sweet liquid pouring down my throat, and then I became quite dizzy.

My arms were released, and I stood up slowly, though I stumbled around. The world was hazy, and my vision was swirling. I heard someone giggle and realized the sound had come from me. The woman smiled a bit evilly and guided me into another room where I was dressed, if you could call it that, in very strange attire.

Having studied ancient Minoan culture, I discerned the clothing was royal dress, but it wasn’t any less revealing. The bodice was red in color and made of smooth fitting lace that clasped under my breasts, leaving my chest exposed. A colorful skirt was held on tightly by a large belt, emphasizing my waist.

Another woman entered the room and tended to my hair, which seemed longer. A foul stench filled the room, and when I asked about it, my hairdresser replied that she was dyeing my hair yellow. I found that interesting since I'd never been blonde and was mildly curious to see my new look. The woman handed me another bowl of liquid which I drank without question. A sudden wave of dizziness swept through me, and I was back to not caring about my appearance or anything else. The floating feeling was all I needed.

Several colors of bright paint were set on a nearby table to which, in my daze, I easily walked. The woman dipped her fingers in the different pots, using my arms, hands, neck, breasts and stomach as her canvas. After finishing her work, she declared that I was ready to meet with Minos, my husband and king. The thought that I was hardly what could be called "decent" in modern society crossed my mind, but my will had pretty much disappeared.

My mind was pliable and part of me knew it, but the rest of me didn't give a damn. The formerly-bossy woman bowed in front of me and held out her hand, "This way, my Queen." At this point, she could have called me the Easter Bunny, and I would have obeyed.

Chapter 5

The woman led me through a maze of hallways until we reached a large room with a balcony. A man rushed up to the rude woman and said, "Handmaiden Gaia, you are late."

Gaia cast a nasty look at the man and said in a low voice, "There were complications," she directed her eyes toward me silently. She sighed, "How angry is the king?"

The man replied, "He is in a festive mood, but I fear it will not last."

Gaia nodded, "Then we must be quick." She nearly dragged me to the balcony, and the moment the sheer curtains were pushed to the side, she thrust me between them. I bumped a man's shoulder, and he turned abruptly, his eyes filled with angry fire.

"Ah, Pasiphae, you shouldn't make your king wait," he said with a hint of annoyance.

"S-sorry," I replied with a bit of a slur.

I think he took my slur for a stutter and thought I was afraid of his reaction because his face softened. "It is all right, my dear. I shall make my announcement now that you are by my side."

He smiled, so I smiled, though I didn't understand the reason we were supposed to be happy. Trumpets blared from all around us, and the wall of guards standing in front of us parted so we could step forward and be seen by the people on the ground.

They began to chant, "Minos, Minos, Minos," which went on for several minutes as the king soaked in the sound of his name. After several long minutes, the king held up his hands, and the crowd finally quieted.

He spoke to them about the bountiful yield of crops, the continuing success of wars waged as well as the issue of the sovereignty of Crete. I suddenly perked up when he said the following: "I have requested that Poseidon send a sign that will demonstrate my right to our nation as king."

In the next second, a tumultuous storm formed just off the coast, creating waves of such immensity, some of the crowd ran for cover. Lightning zig-zagged through the sky as the waves rose up to one hundred, then two hundred, then three hundred feet.

When the waves appeared as though they would overtake the city, they split as though a hand parted them right down the middle.

The people were frozen in place, amazed at the sight before them, and the next instant were on their knees bowing to Minos and to Poseidon. But, the show wasn't over yet, as they soon discovered, and the people gasped collectively as a huge white bull was presented to Minos from the god of the sea himself.

The white bull proudly made its way from the shore as people parted, allowing the majestic beast room to walk to his destination. Minos' subjects stared in awe as the bovine came to stand just below the balcony where we stood.

Minos shouted to his people, "You see, my kingship has been blessed and sanctioned by the god Poseidon. I am your true king. Let us celebrate!"

Still in my fog, I smiled happily and followed my supposed husband to the ballroom. A huge feast had been prepared, and we ate and drank until we were sated, all the while my all-too-kind handmaiden made sure my drink was spiked.

The king had been mingling all night and had decided it was time to retire only as the last guest left the festivities. I was trying to decide whether I'd lost my mind or if the whole experience was real when I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder. My handmaiden informed me that the king was so elated about the day's events, he wished for me to join him in his bedchamber. Needless to say, I was less than thrilled.

Chapter 6

King Minos laid across the bed, his body heaving with sweat in post-coital bliss. His fingers slowly traced the mounds of my breasts as he complimented me, “You are magnificent, Pasiphae!” he grinned in pleasure. He tapped his finger on his chin as he thought for a moment, “almost as incredible as the white bull from Poseidon,” he smirked.

I wished I could say the same about him. His lovemaking skills served one purpose—and that was to please himself. Even with the cocktail my handmaiden had given me beforehand—of which I drank such an alarming amount that she had to pry it out of my hands—I wasn’t nearly as out-of-it as I’d have preferred.

I mumbled, “Like a white bull,” sarcastically. How dare he compare me to a bovine!

Thankfully, he took my words in a way to flatter himself, “I am rather like the bull, aren’t I?”

Right, that was what I meant. Sure. I smiled at him once again.

He continued, “It is a great gift from Poseidon, is it not?”

I was beginning to think I should just wear a mask with a smile and nod my head in agreement. “It is,” I answered.

He put his hand on his chin and thought for a moment, “Perhaps I shall not sacrifice such a beautiful creature.” He further reasoned, “After all, wouldn’t it be an insult to Poseidon if I marred the earth with the white bull’s blood?” He spread his hands wide, concluding his argument, “I could do no such thing! I will keep the bull, allow him to graze in our fields, and have his choice of cows.”

King Minos slapped his hand on his knee, got up and delivered his orders to the nearest guard. As if having sex with the king wasn’t enough displeasure to make me believe the situation was real, what happened next made a true believer out of me without a doubt.

* * * *

The moment the king relayed his intention to keep the white bull, my body began to heat unnaturally. Even in my drugged stupor, I was quite aware of the progression of changes taking place within my body. My nipples became erect and jutted out

prominently. When I swiped my hand over the taut peaks, I gasped at the hot prickling sensation that cascaded throughout my body.

The image of the white bull came to my mind and my body responded immediately. A tightness low in my belly began to grow more severe with each second, and my sex was instantly wet. I put my hand between my legs, slipping my fingers into my most private place and nearly fainted at my own touch.

From the next room, the king boomed, "Wonderful! Contact Daedalus at once so we will meet at first light."

I knew the story of King Minos, Poseidon, and the white bull. It did not end well, and Pasiphae was humiliated beyond words. If I was to play her role, I'd be damned before I followed her path. I could change things, couldn't I. Wasn't this up to me now?

Another raging wave of lustful desire swept through me as the king returned to the bedchamber. "Oh, you're still here?" he said in surprise. Oblivious to my change in behavior, he clapped his hands and had several female guards escort me to my own room.

For hours I lay on my bed, trying to sate my unnatural desire to no avail. I would reach the point of glorious bliss only to fall short of falling over the edge and into orgasm. Each and every time. My handmaidens attempted to assuage my lustful needs, but nothing seemed to work. The white bull kept invading my thoughts, pushing my desires of men far from my mind.

I was exhausted but still aroused to the point of pain when I finally relented and allowed my handmaidens to seek help. In the early hours of the morning, I sent for Daedalus and demanded he fashion an apparatus to give me relief from my suffering.

He smirked, "How shall I know the correct size, my Queen?"

"Do you not have other...models from which you can design?" I snapped, knowing full well his intentions were to fuck me.

With a wicked grin, he smiled, "Yes, but it is the sheath in which they are placed that is my concern, my Queen."

"Then be swift and do what you must," I angrily agreed.

"It would be easier if you were to accompany me to my shop," he paused, "and you are less likely to be noticed than if we were to research the problem here."

He did have a point, dammit. "Fine," I seethed.

My handmaidens dressed me in commoner clothing and a wig, which was quite tricky due to my incessant squirming and moaning. I hoped, if nothing else, that by having sex with Daedalus, my roaring arousal would be slaked for a short time. If nothing else, I was planning on imagining the white bull pounding into me from behind rather than the fumbling architect.

We arrived in his shop, and the man wasted no time positioning himself behind me. With a glare, I informed him that if he breathed a word of what happened here to anyone, I would see him killed very slowly.

He quickly expressed his understanding then shuffled around, moving objects and clinking items together. "My Queen, it would be better if you bent over this contraption," he said and pointed to what looked like half of a table with wooden leg braces.

I consented more out of impatience than compliance and could have cared less if he'd wanted me to stand on my head. I wanted this sensation gone from my body. Oh, to be with the white bull would be magnificent. Its member must be enormous and would fill me in a way I'd never felt.

My mind snapped back to reality when my upper body was bent at the waist and laid flat on the wooden contraption. After securing my legs but leaving my hands free, he lifted my skirt and bared my sex. The slightest touch of air caused me to writhe so violently, he called for the handmaidens to secure my hands as well. When they had succeeded, I heard the shuffle of his clothing fall to the floor.

The very thought of having him inside of me made me shiver, and I whispered loudly, "Get on with it!"

Now feeling quite superior to his bound queen, he dared respond, "I want to hear you say it," as he came around to stand in front of me.

"Say what, for fuck's sake?" I shouted.

I could see only his knees until he put his hand under my chin and wrenched my face up to look at him. "That you want me to take you," he said smugly.

Oh, I could tell he was enjoying this more than he should and was milking it for everything it was worth. The fact remained: I needed him, and he knew it. I chose to give him what he wanted since the cost to me had already been more than I could take.

Then, he did something irresistible, and he knew it—with his free hand he grasped his erection, stroking it ever so slowly. My face was inches from his erect cock, making my burning arousal intensify beyond control. “Yes, Daedalus, fuck me, please!” I screamed.

“Of course, my Queen,” he smirked as he released my chin then shuffled out of sight.

Even though I wanted him, his touch still startled me, and I jumped when his fingers brushed against the lips of my sex. I could feel myself tremble with need and his comment said as much.

“So ready—so willing, aren’t you?” he said with obvious glee.

In the next moment, he spread me wide, and then I felt the tip of his erection against my opening. I wanted his cock inside of me so badly, I tried to push back against him in an effort to impale myself, but he merely laughed. I readied myself for him and heard him bellow a moan as he pressed himself into me—at least that was what I assumed he did.

I could hear his hips smacking against the back of my legs and the grunts of pleasure coming from him. I felt his shaking hands tremble on my hips, but I couldn’t *feel* him inside of me! It was as though he was air-fucking me. I’d seen his cock, and it wasn’t insignificant in the least—it would definitely bring a woman pleasure, more so than the king’s narrow shaft.

He pulled out of me for a moment, and his weight shifted as he leaned to the side. “Yes, this size should do well enough,” he muttered. Again, I felt him touch my sex, but this time the sensation was cold and I knew he was using a phallus instead of his cock.

My sex must have accepted the shaft without resistance, but I’d never have known. I still felt nothing more than the breeze from the back-and-forth movements of Daedalus’ hand as he shoved the phallus in and pulled it out of my body. Becoming

angrier by the second at the lack of pleasure, I shrieked my rage, which he took as a full-out orgasm.

He tossed the tool to the side and sunk his cock into me once again. When I looked back, it was quite clear he was inside of my sex, but all I could do was take it, receiving absolutely no pleasure and no relief. Panting and sweating, not a muscle in my body escaped my aching desire. I wanted to scream—to rant and to rave about what I wasn't feeling—but I knew it wouldn't do a bit of good.

Tears streamed down my face as Daedalus' thrusts came faster and faster and still I felt nothing. There was no pressure inside my sex, no friction, no push-and-pull from the movement of his cock, and it was maddening. My arousal became even worse when he released his seed into my body and froze in place as his cock jetted streams of semen into my waiting sex.

While he roared his climax, I joined him with a scream, but mine was a scream in aching pain, the lack of satisfaction infuriating me beyond anything I'd ever felt.

I knew I was doomed when I realized my next command to Daedalus was one that would seal my fate in Pasiphae's role; however, the more I tried to push it from my mind, the more arousing the thought became. I was nearly out of my mind with desire for the white bull. I *had* to have the white bull. That was the answer...the only answer.

After the architect finished, he came to stand in front of me as he tied his tunic. "Even if you kill me right now, I will die knowing I fucked a queen, *my* queen," he smiled broadly.

After I found my voice, I said, "I'm not going to kill you."

The shock on his face was evident. "Wh-what are you going to do to me?" he asked in fear.

Another wave of hot, prickly desire swept through me, and I moaned loudly. "You will fashion a female bovine for me," I commanded. The look of confusion on his face was priceless. "I need to fit inside this false cow so I may receive the rod of the white bull in its glorious entirety." I shuddered as I spoke the words.

His face lost all color as he realized exactly of what I was demanding. He swallowed a few times, trying to find his voice, "The king's white bull?" he asked in a whisper.

I nodded, "Yes."

"But, my Queen..." he began to protest.

"If you won't do this for me," I narrowed my eyes, "think of the ways in which I will see you tortured."

For a moment, he looked as though he was going to be ill, and he covered his mouth in caution. A new strength seemed to flow through him, and he agreed quite readily to take on my task. He would make my wooden cow, and I would finally be able to receive the magnificent white bull into my very being.

Chapter 7

For three days I continued to writhe in aching pain on my bed. I attempted completing other tasks, but the results were fruitless since I could hardly walk without feeling such agony and wanton need. Countless times, I had pondered calling for Daedalus' unhurried torture if he wasn't more expedient; however, I was swayed each time he reminded me that this would only result in taking more time to create the wooden cow.

The intelligent scholar, the independent woman, Dr. Diana Crown, was gone. It was as though she never existed. My thoughts were consumed with fantasies regarding the white bull in my "husband's" pasture. Even now, I'd accepted my fate as Queen Pasiphae, wife of Minos, the scandalous woman who had joined with the white bull.

It was evening when my handmaidens led me down my private stairs to the pasture behind our luxurious estate. Each one knew full well that to breath a word of any of these happenings would result in her death, though they were still quite stunned with my behavior.

I found myself walking across the field until we reached several large rocks surrounded by wide shrubs. Daedalus waited for me, completely secluded, and for the first time in nearly a week, the cravings of my loins were interrupted, if only for a moment.

Next to the architect was the most convincing female bovine I'd ever seen. The only hint that she was false was her rigidity, for she even wore the skin of a cow. Her tail swung in the slight breeze, and I could see the opening where the white bull would insert his erection and we would finally be joined.

With that thought, the surge of desire crashed over me even more than before, and I tore off my clothing to everyone's shock. "We've no time for modesty," I nearly shouted as I stalked toward the device that would finally aid in my relief.

Daedalus began to explain the mechanics of his creation, but I waved him off, not caring about anything but what I knew was to come. The architect fitted the apparatus around me, and I found myself in quite a unique position.

Similar to the wooden contraption at the architect's house, the inside of the faux cow provided an area for my body to bend at the waist and lay flat. My arms would stretch out in front of me where I would grasp two handles, one for each hand. The handles served two purposes: to move the front legs of the cow and to brace myself when the white bull and I copulated. The device fit very snugly in the legs—I expected no less since I needed a modicum of control to receive the bull.

Surprisingly, I mastered the wooden cow's movement quite quickly, but I suppose my fiery arousal had much to do with my ability to learn. After a few tries, I was ready to venture out to find the mate for whom I lusted.

Chapter 8

Daedalus and my handmaidens craftily directed the herd toward me, and I could hardly wait. Through the eye-holes, I spotted the great white bull, and the very sight of him made my heartbeat accelerate. This was going to happen!

I dismissed my subjects as the bull came closer, and I nearly fainted when I realized he was headed straight for me. My body began to shake in anticipation, and my lust for this creature was more than my mind could conceive.

The white bull's muscles rippled and flexed with power and strength as he neared me, and I was awed by the sheer size of the beast. A glow of light appeared around him and I watched in amazement as his form flickered from human to beast. He seemed familiar but my eyes were unable to determine his identity. The moonlight was giving away his true identity! Now I understood the reason Pasiphae had been so taken with the white bull, he had the power of a demi-god and the sexual appeal of one as well. He was a shapeshifter and even in the form of a bull, he was imposing and powerful.

The light died down as he strode toward me, and I knew I was right when I looked into his eyes. There was a working mind behind those pair of eyes; it was as though he was looking into the false cow and could see into my soul.

Could he possibly reason that the female bovine of which I was encased was not real? What would this mean if he was able to realize the rouse I had set up in order to copulate with him? Would he make a mockery of everything I'd gone through and leave my body in this horrid state forever?

My thoughts became jumbled as I pondered these questions, and when I looked up, I was physically ill at having lost sight of the white bull. Tears flooded my eyes, and panic started to take over my body until I felt a nudge from behind. Could he truly be the one standing at my back? I wanted so desperately to turn around but knew I shouldn't risk the movement for fear I would scare him or drive him away.

My question was answered when I felt hot breath on the lips of my sex as he sniffed under the wooden cow's tail. It took all of my strength to remain standing due to the weakness in my knees when his soft lips tickled against my most private place. And,

when his warm, wet tongue swiped the juices from my pussy, I nearly moaned out loud, forgetting the importance of remaining silent.

The hot sensation was nearly ruined by my realization that I could indeed *feel* the swipe of his tongue and the heat of his exhale on my sex! Joy surged through me as well as carnal lust, but I knew I had to remain patient and allow the shapeshifter to dictate the course we now traversed.

His tongue sought out the honey my body produced because of his attention, and I didn't disappoint him as he lapped continuously. With each slippery stroke, his talented tongue massaged my sex from my clit to my anus, the sensation driving me wild with pleasure. I felt the beginnings of an orgasm build in my belly the longer his muscular tongue caressed my womanly place.

Over and over and over again, he tasted and explored my pussy as though it was ambrosia. Finally, I could no longer hold the pleasure within me as I exploded into an orgasm of such force I nearly toppled the cow before we had met my actual goal. It took great effort on my part, indeed, to remain quiet, and I hoped that the crashing waves covered the sounds of my panting and gasping.

For a moment, I would have sworn I heard a far-away masculine chuckle of knowing pleasure, but the thought dashed away when I heard a loud thunk on the top of the wooden cow. Where at first, I'd believed he was trying to split the false cow in-two, I abruptly realized I was incorrect when I heard the scrape of the white bull's hooves on the faux bovine's back. He was mounting me at last!

I gathered my strength to remain still as the white bull maneuvered himself into the correct position. The wooden cow creaked loudly, and I was positive it would collapse when suddenly I felt pressure at my opening.

Wasting no time, the bull drove his enormous shaft into my sex, and I couldn't stop myself from screaming in pleasure and exquisite pain. Never before had I been impaled by a cock so massive, so rigid, and at such depth! This was everything I'd dreamed it would be, and I never wanted it to end.

With a grunt, the bull pushed his shaft even farther into me, stretching me painfully as my sex struggled to accept his thick erection. I had little time to consider the pain I was sure to experience in the days following our copulation, but I knew I'd only

remember this moment with intense fondness. Each stab of pain would be welcome because it would mean that this really happened.

The bull began to ease his cock from within me with a gentleness I'd not seen among his kind, again making me wonder whether there was some part of him that was more than a beast. He was, after all, a gift from Poseidon. Was it not possible, he was divine in some way?

The thought was abruptly dismissed when the white bull drove his shaft back into me, filling me completely once more. He snorted as he began to move more quickly, his thrusts becoming faster and harder.

With abandon, I opened myself to him, welcoming his mammoth cock into me as I pushed back against his thrusts time and time again. His breathing quickened, and his consistent pace began to falter, giving clear indication that he was close to his own climax.

Sweat ran down my nose and streams of it raced down my legs and back as the intensity of our joining increased. The white bull pummeled into my sex, driving into me with such force each thrust guaranteed pain and an equal amount of intense pleasure. Once again, I could feel the bloom of heat building in me once again.

The white bull drove into me one last time, shuddering violently as he emptied himself into my pussy. Again and again, he jetted semen into my sex until it overflowed and ran down both my legs as well as the wooden cow's. As though knowing I'd not yet reached my moment, my bovine lover began to rock back and forth, continuing the slow friction of pleasure just for me.

It only took a few more strokes of his huge cock to bring my orgasm crashing over me, and though I tried to remain quiet, it was impossible. I screamed and shrieked my climax until my throat was raw, and there was no doubt the bull heard every sound; yet, still he remained, gently stroking in and out, in and out.

Shaking and momentarily sated, I tried to maintain my strength—if for no other reason than to remain hidden within the wooden cow. With a loud, wet noise, the bull's cock slipped free of my sex, and I felt him remove himself from the top of the wooden cow.

He pawed at the ground, snorting and chuffing as though he were proud of the act we'd just completed. The white bull nudged the wooden cow in which I was encased, making the contraption creak in response. I was still so weak from our joining, I could hardly right the false bovine when the great bull pushed again at its flank.

The bull came to stand nose to nose with the cow, and it was when he looked directly through the eyeholes of Daedalus' creation that I saw his true spirit; the prized white bull was not just a gift from Poseidon, it was a demi-god and actually *of* Poseidon.

Though my carnal desires had finally been sated only a few minutes ago, they came charging back in full force when the shapeshifter cast his gaze into my eyes. I felt hypnotized, even bewitched at his sheer masculinity and authority.

The fire in my belly spread like wildfire, and the bull chuffed as though he knew my predicament. I saw his powerful body cross in front of my line of vision once more, giving me another chance to view him in all of his glory. Shock coursed through me when I saw his member—the demi-god was already fully erect!

He caught me unaware when his large skull struck the side of the wooden cow with such strength the apparatus broke into several large pieces, and I fell to the ground entirely nude and exposed in front of my lover.

I shook in fear because this was not what I had planned, but the shapeshifting demi-god showed me only gentle kindness and respect. The great beast gracefully knelt on one knee, which is not an easy task in the form of a bull, and bowed to me. I reached forward and touched his forehead, finding the hair on his head slightly coarse.

A voice whispered on the wind and though I'd not seen his mouth move, I knew the command had come from him. "Come, Diana," the voice said again and I paused for a moment as I realized he'd used my true name. That he'd not referred to me as Pasiphae was odd indeed since everyone else had done so for the past three days.

He rose, and I thought that was the end of it...that he would simply walk away. Instead, he walked toward me, putting his face directly into mine, causing me to back away from him slowly. Though there was no malice in his gaze, I saw a new determination in his eyes as he herded me backwards.

My back hit against one of the boulders behind which we'd hidden to conceal our act, and it was clear I wasn't going anywhere soon. I had a rush of fear when the demi-

god abruptly raised up on his hind legs and roared loudly. His front hooves crashed down on one of the large rocks, splitting it in-two. The sound was thunderous and the ground trembled.

I was knocked to the ground as dirt, small pieces of rock, and some kind of fine glitter that caught the light of the moon rained onto my head. When a breeze swept the powdery granules away, I saw that the shapeshifting demi-god had created a cradle of sorts on which I was to lie. The beast did not have sleep in mind, however, as he nudged me toward his stone creation.

In the moonlit pasture, behind the large outcroppings of stone, I climbed upon the stone table and readied myself for the demi-god for whom I lusted. From my position on all-fours, his hooves startled me as they appeared on either side of my head, but the feeling was fleeting as I felt the nudge of the crown of his erection nudge at the folds between my legs.

I widened the stance of my knees just in time to receive his enormous cock within my sex once again, and the feeling was no less magnificent than the last. I pushed against him, helping him to sink farther into me until he reached the end of my body, and we both sighed in pleasure.

My breasts began to swing heavily underneath me as the demi-god took his time stroking his shaft against the friction of my pussy. With each thrust, I would tighten my muscles, and I could hear the effect of my efforts on my lover when his breathing hitched time and time again.

His pace suddenly increased, and the familiar mixture of pleasure coupled with pain pierced through me but I remained in place, wanting every stroke to last an eternity. Faster and faster, harder and harder, the demi-god hammered into me, sating my hot desire to be filled only by him as he hit that sweet spot within me continually.

My orgasm built quickly, and within a few strokes of the bull's cock, I was falling over the edge once again. My inner muscles clenched tightly, and my body followed suit as every muscle became instantly taut. The feeling was so powerful, it took my breath away, and all I could do was open my mouth in a silent scream of pleasure.

Intense pleasure crashed over me in waves, and I felt completely out of control as the demi-god pummeled into me. Again I was reminded that only he could sate this

burning fire within me and that I would willingly give myself to him over and over again to feel this way.

Small, mini-shocks of pleasure wracked my body, and though the heat of his erection was beginning to burn slightly, I didn't want him to stop. The sheer width and length of his enormous cock was so filling, I was willing to sacrifice a little pain for the immense amount of bliss I was receiving.

The white bull gave me little recovery when I felt his cock swell within me. How I'd not noticed this before escaped me, but it didn't matter as he continued to drive into me. He bellowed his climax, and it echoed loudly across the pasture, making birds take flight and other animals stop in their tracks to ascertain the sound.

He thrust into me one last time and soaked me with his seed. I could feel him shudder, and his skin trembled as my sex squeezed the last drop from his hard cock.

Suddenly, my strength left me, and I collapsed flat on my belly, gasping for breath in huge gulps of air. I heard my name pass through his lips but I was too spent to turn around and look at him. My vision blurred, and the last thing I remembered was the sight of the beautiful night sky above us.

Epilogue

“Diana!” shouted a far-away voice.

I was tired, so very, very tired, and I simply wanted to sleep. A sharp pain stung my cheek, and I winced in my delirium.

“Dammit, Diana, don’t die on me!” yelled the voice again. This time, it was closer to my ear so I heard it quite clearly.

I opened my eyes to find a set of panicked brown eyes staring down at me. I’d seen those eyes before not too long ago. The thought left my mind as the man shook my shoulders. Why was Wilson looking at me so closely?

“Oh, thank the gods!” he exclaimed as he gathered me in his arms.

What the hell was going on? Confused, I looked around the room and recognized the white marble walls of our hotel. I looked down at my body and realized I was naked. Oh, shit, I was naked! And, Wilson was inches away from my body.

I attempted to sit up to cover myself, but my colleague gently pressed against my shoulders. “How many fingers do you see?” he asked.

“Three,” I answered.

“What is your name?”

“Diana Crown,” I said.

“Who am I?” he asked.

“Wilson Kristof,” I rattled off. “Now, can I please sit up?” I demanded, becoming a bit exasperated. “How about a towel? Could I have a towel?” I asked.

“Oh, um...sure,” he said as he turned to grab a towel from the cabinet. “Here, uh...sorry,” he said as he looked at the floor, suddenly bashful.

“It’s okay,” I replied as I wrapped myself in the huge, soft bath towel. “What exactly happened? The last thing I remember is taking a bath.”

Still refusing to meet my gaze, he explained, “You took so long in the pool that I got worried about you, so I, uh,” he floundered.

“You looked in on me while I was in the pool?” I asked, my face reddening.

“Yeah,” he answered as he shifted uncomfortably. “Good thing I did, too, or we might have been too late.”

I pushed a stray hair off of my forehead and nodded, "Yeah...um...thanks." I thought for a moment then asked, "Who's we?"

"Sorry?" he responded.

"You said, 'we might have been too late.' Who is 'we'?"

"Oh, um, Dr. Barbas was here a few minutes ago but went for help while I stayed with you."

I started to get to my feet, but every muscle in my body screamed for me to stop moving. I stumbled, and Wilson was right there, helping me stand. "Thanks," I said, embarrassed.

Why was I so sore? It almost felt as though I'd worked out for days on end. Now that I thought about it, Wilson never did say what happened to me. Had I passed out or bumped my head on the marble? I was just about to ask when I heard footsteps behind us.

"Diana!" Dr. Barbas called as Wilson helped me into my bed. The look of relief on his face was obvious as he jogged in and sat on the white duvet. "We were so worried about you," he said with concern. "Are you feeling better?"

I nodded, "Yes, but I am confused."

"About what?" the doctor asked with a smile.

"What happened to me?"

"Didn't Wilson tell you?" he asked.

"No, and I don't remember," I said.

"I thought you hit your head," he explained. He put out his palm, and I put my hand in his. They were rough and warm, and I enjoyed his reassuring touch. His warm brown eyes smiled kindly at me, "Why don't you get some rest. I'll check on you later."

Something was not quite right about this situation, but I couldn't put my finger on it. Why was he being so vague? I opened my mouth to ask, but something that looked like glitter on his hand shimmered in the light. Oh gods, the freaking *glitter!*

Suddenly, I remembered quite abruptly the reason I was so sore. I nearly giggled out loud but suppressed the urge because my thought was simply too outrageous to believe.

My suspicions were confirmed when I looked into Dr. Barbas' eyes. Those eyes! The eyes of the white bull—the eyes of the shapeshifter, the demi-god were staring at me through Dr. Barbas!

With a knowing smile, Dr. Barbas gently kissed my forehead and left me stunned in my bed. If today was any indication of how my trip to Crete with the good doctor was going to fare, I couldn't wait for the rest of the journey!

Thank You for Reading!

Emerald would love to hear from you, so please send her a note at:

emeraldjice@hotmail.com

Visit Emerald's website at: emeraldjice.webs.com

* * * *

Other works by Emerald Ice:

Curse of the Minotaur (Mytherotica Book 2) – Coming Soon!

The White Bull (Mytherotica Book 1) – Diana Crown is elated when she receives an invitation from the sexy scholar, Dr. Antonio Barbas, to join his archaeological study in Crete. A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, Diana jumps at the chance to gain academic kudos, as well as the attentions of the provocative intellectual. Suddenly the past becomes real as she finds herself playing the part of Queen Pasiphae. She discovers her former mentor has a secret past and the ability to shapeshift from demigod to beast - a "gift" he received from Poseidon long ago. Will Diana find his true form so abhorrent she rejects him or will she accept the man inside the beast?

[The Beast's Desire 1-3](#) – While Chloe Sanders is collecting unusual samples from the forest for research, she finds an even bigger biological anomaly waiting for her. An elusive Bigfoot has the hots for Chloe and she finds herself unable to resist the sexual advances of the ape-man and his brother - especially after they find her alone and naked.

Chloe learns that not only Bigfoot has made his home in Apple Creek, but also several different species of were-animals live in the forest preserve. The shifters' very existence is at stake and tensions run high as Chloe tries to flee from the control the Bigfoot brothers have over her.

Will they force her to mate with them? Allow her to leave in peace? Read this erotic series to find out what happens when a normal woman discovers the strange world of the shifters of Apple Creek.

[The Panther's Desire](#) – As Lead Panther, Jag Winters has a huge amount of responsibility in keeping a group of high-testosterone were-cats in line & safe from humans. When a rogue cougar is captured on camera & makes headlines in the local news, Jag must not only squelch the rumor, but find the identity of the careless were-cat. His search for the interloping feline lands him in a situation in which he has no control & no hope of escape...until he meets Nichola.

Nichola Rokke works at Baalman Medical Research as a lab assistant. When a "supposed" glitch in the computer system puts her to work in the restricted section, she discovers BMR is more than a simple drug-testing firm.

Trapped in a room with a beast of a man and terrified for her life, she hopes to escape with only a few scratches, if she is lucky. Yet, she finds herself powerfully drawn to Jag for reasons she cannot explain.

Thrown together by fate, Jag and Nichola cannot resist their desires, especially when Jag's inner-panther senses his mate is right before him. Find out what happens to this steamy couple as they fight to escape evil and to save their very lives.

* * * *

Erotic Horror by Emerald Ice:

****These stories are not HEAs; they are true to the genre of Erotic Horror.*

You have been warned!***

[Alien Love Slave](#) – (*Sex Slave Series #1*). Sidney Marshall is abducted from her front lawn by aliens. After being subjected to an in-depth physical examination, she is horrified to learn she is now considered property to be loaned out for sex and breeding to any species that can pay. On the upside, her abductors have two requirements in their sex contract with other species: Sidney must experience pleasure and must be returned in the same condition. Will her life be hell or will she discover that life as a sex slave isn't so terrible after all? *Also titled: Sidney's Space Escapades 1*

The Sex Arena – (*Sex Slave Series #2*). Sidney Marshall awakens in yet another strange location. She quickly realizes her owners, the gray aliens, have loaned her out for sex and breeding once again. The Sex Arena has the largest audience in the universe and Sidney finds she, along with three new species, are the main attraction! Will she survive this round of sex and breeding or will she meet her demise? *Also titled: Sidney's Space Escapades 2*

Alien Sex Cove – (*Sex Slave Series #3*). No sooner than her return to the gray's ship, Sidney materializes on a planet. A trio of new species has contracted her for sex and breeding. As events unfold, Sidney finds she may be at an advantage when the gray's ship is attacked. Will Sidney die or will she escape to finally find peace? Find out in the final installment of the Sex Slave Series! *Also titled: Sidney's Space Escapades 3*

Succubus Fucked – Xevra Rush has a fetish; a cock fetish, to be precise. Word of her need to feed her obsession attracts the attention of a powerful man who summons her to him. Not about to obey a directive from some nobody, Xevra ignores his demand, but unknowingly plays right into his hands when she interviews for a position at the very company he owns. Who, or, more importantly, *what* is this alpha male and what will he do to Xevra when she shows up on his front door?

The Witch's Bitch – Prince Zayrd Hale is a man who gets what he wants. He uses women sexually until one day he meets his match; an evil witch teaches the prince a lesson he'll never forget.