

# Guardians of the Labyrinth (Minotaur Couple TGTF, Hydra TF)

By FoxFaceStories

## An Anonymous Commission

*Sylvia has just returned from a holiday to Greece and brought back a miniature labyrinth reproduction she found. Unfortunately, when she and her friends Alex and Mia touch it together, they are transported into an actual ancient Greek labyrinth. Soon, all three friends find themselves transforming to become this area's new guardians, while also indulging in some new lusts and instincts of their own . . .*

## Guardians of the Labyrinth

Sylvia beamed as her two friends beheld the stone relic she'd placed before them on the table. She knew at once that she'd captured their attention: the miniature replica of the supposed Minotaur's Labyrinth that Theseus had explored and escaped from was incredibly impressive, carved from actual stone, and with numerous little details inside it, ranging from altars and statues to trap doors and hidden chambers. It had required an extra baggage cost just to transport, but it had been more than worth it, especially for their reactions: they were all big into ancient history and old mythology.

"Damn Sylvia, this is amazing!" Alex beamed. He was the male of their group, a slightly nerdy looking individual with frizzy brown hair and glasses, and an infectious enthusiasm for all things nerdy. He leaned over the item, taking in all of its intricate features. "Where on Earth did you buy this? It's seriously detailed?"

Sylvia pointed to an inscription in Greek on the side. "Okay, so outside of Athens there was this little store that sold strange antiques, all to do with ancient mythology to the region. There was lots of junk there, but this was in the back and it caught my eye. The lady didn't want to sell it, and made a whole thing about it being cursed and connected to Theseus and stuff, buuuuut . . . in the end I convinced her."

As the natural group leader, Sylvia stood proud and tall as she gave this explanation. She had dark hair and olive skin, and while she wouldn't be called a great beauty, she had a certain commanding element to her expression. A confidence that had drawn Alex and Mia to her way back when they'd become friends in high school.

"It's a good thing," Mia said. "Because this is quite the display item. I'm impressed with the little statues inside of it."

"They're neat, huh?"

"Very neat. I won't touch it though. I'm, uh, a little nervous about breaking anything."

Mia blushed a little, shying her hands away. She wanted to inspect more of it, but she had always been the most timid of the group, and unlike what many thought would happen, she hadn't grown out of that shyness even as she entered college and worked towards her degree in economics. Numbers made sense to her, but people had always been difficult, and so these two were her only friends - just the thought of damaging this awesome replica made her nervous about ruining things, that's how anxious she was.

But Sylvia just shrugged her shoulders. "It's all good Mia, I get it. I know you wouldn't do anything destructive. You wouldn't hurt a fly!"

Mia gave a sheepish grin. She was the shortest of the group, with a green-tinged pixie cut and a set of glasses like Alex. While she didn't have all his nerdy passions, she was enough of a numbers geek to qualify for their little group. More than enough, in fact: she was already examining the patterns of the labyrinth to try and memorise it.

"So I take that it was a good semester in Greece, then?" Alex asked.

"Very much so," Sylvia replied. "I really missed you though. Uh, both of you, I mean."

Alex smiled. "Well, I missed you."

"So did I," Mia added.

"But it's good to have you back for Spring Break."

"Well, just one more semester in Athens and I'll be back for good. I won't lie though, guys, I could seriously spend my whole life there. It's not just that I've got Greek ancestry myself, though that's really cool to reconnect with, it's all the ancient history, the marvellous sculptures, the vibrant atmosphere. And, of course, finds like this."

"I bet it was expensive, convincing that lady you wanted to buy it."

Sylvia bit her tongue a little. She hadn't been totally forthcoming to her friends, because she'd actually *taken* the labyrinth from the back of the store while the woman wasn't looking. She'd often had an impulsive streak, but had never gone that far. But something about this had just drawn her in, and she hoped that nothing came of it.

"It was expensive," she said, lying quickly. "But totally worth it. I mean, how great will this look in a display cabinet by my study desk?"

"You could get *lost* in it," Alex joked.

"Oh, haha."

"But seriously, it's pretty hypnotic," Alex continued. "I could just keep looking at it."

"Me too," Mia said. "I can't even work out the proper pattern. And I'm, well, I think I'm pretty good with patterns."

"You're amazing with patterns," Sylvia said, but she too was starting to eye the labyrinth in a strange way, just as she had on the day she'd stolen it from the store. All three friends were looking closely, finding it hard to look away. The contoured lines of the little

stone walls, the dead ends, the hidden passages, the safe harbours, the small monstrous carvings . . . they were *entrancing*.

Slowly, and without really knowing what they were doing, the three friends reached out, placing one hand each on the labyrinthine carving. None of them said a word, until a strange humming began, a thrum of energy coursing through their bodies.

"I f-feel weird," Alex said.

"M-me too," added Mia.

"Guys," Sylvia said. "I've got something to confess. This model, I may have -"

But her words were never finished, because suddenly a bright light erupted across their vision, and the world fell out from under them, dissipating into darkness. They only had time to scream in shock before they were separated.

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Sylvia sat up in darkness. The ground beneath her was hard, pebbled over, with some dirt in places. She couldn't see a damn thing, until suddenly a torch lit up on its own in its sconce upon the wall. She gasped: she was in a curving hallway of some kind made of some kind of sandstone. The walls were high - roughly thirty feet or so - and spaced out at least ten feet wide, but they terminated in a cave ceiling with descending stalactites. Several other sconces of lit flames were upon the walls, but otherwise there was almost no other detail.

"What the hell?" she said. "Where am I? What happened?"

Her voice echoed through the dark in the distance, rebounding back to her.

"Guys!? Alex? Mia? Where are you!?"

Again, no response but her own voice. Her mind panicked, and it took some moments to regain her determined take-charge attitude and get ahold of herself. She was Sylvia, damn it! She always stayed in control. But such thoughts were little comfort compared to the dread in her heart: something about her surroundings were intensely familiar.

"Gotta find the others," she said to herself, grabbing the torch from its sconce and moving down the hall. "Figure it out with them. They have to be here, somewhere. Wherever this is."

She continued around the corner, only to come across three separate entrances. She tried one, only to wind around to a dead end, but the second was more forthcoming: it led to three more entrances, as well as a chamber that had some food upon the table, including fine grapes and what looked like wine, as well as a hatch that might lead to a larder. The plates, the mead, even the make of the table looked ancient, and yet new. Ancient in design, but not in terms of its actual age.

It was then that she realised where she was. She had seen this exact little supply room in the labyrinthine sculpture.

“Oh God. No way. That’s impossible. I’m *in* the labyrinth? Shit, the lady was speaking the truth! This place is cursed. I gotta get out of here. I’ll find a way to return it to her and apologise.”

She left the room - no way was she eating any food here, in case it was deadly. She continued to wend her way through the caverns and tunnels and halls, still calling out for her friends. Occasionally something else would respond, but it didn’t sound human: there were *things* here in the labyrinth, and the fact that some of the marks upon the floor looked at times to be serpentine, or wolf-like, or like the claws of a harpy, only made her increasingly terrified.

“Need to find something to defend myself with,” she remarked.

Thankfully, such an item was forthcoming in the next room. It was a chamber roughly twenty five feet by twenty five feet, with numerous weapon racks that denoted that this was some kind of barracks. Large mauls and swords and daggers and bronze-tipped spears lined the walls, while resplendent mosaics showing a diverse range of mythological monsters from Ancient Greece were displayed above. It was a stark contrast to the previous tunnels, and for a moment she felt a little safer. That was, until she realised who or *what* the barracks was probably for.

“Just one weapon, then keep exploring,” she said to herself.

She grabbed a large axe from the wall. She’d always been the most athletic or her little group, and her father had taught her how to wield an axe long ago when it came to chopping wood, so this felt most comfortable. She took it from the wall and continued on. To her surprise, the axe began to light up, becoming even brighter along its head than the torch she was carrying. She dropped the torch and went with the axe alone, and something about that felt right. In fact, she found that she couldn’t let it go: its light and protection comforted her, and she increasingly wielded it like an expert warrior ready to strike, despite it being a bit too big.

She was another twenty minutes into exploring, calling out for her friends and trying not to backtrack too much, when she began to feel odd. Sylvia groaned as a gurgling began in her belly, a series of pressures extending down her limbs and across her form.

“Ughhhh, wh-what’s happening, n-now?”

The sensations increased, becoming overwhelming, and what’s more, they were coming *from the axe*. It glowed even brighter, but it turned to a crimson red, bathing the area around her in that menacing light. She looked at the axehead, and saw the ancient Greek symbols realign in her vision, suddenly becoming words she could interpret and understand.

“*Axe of the Minotaur*,” she read. “What the - Ohhhh! NGHH!!”

Suddenly, the pressures gave way. Her body nearly buckled, and she let loose an uncharacteristically animalistic roar as her figure began to transform. Her shoes were torn apart as her feet rearranged in structure, becoming much thicker and larger. Her ankles cracked, and she almost lost balance as her feet took on a digitigrade stance. Her toes flattened, fusing together in a moment of brief pain, until suddenly all sensation disappeared as they began a set of cloven hooves, black and shiny. Hair sprung out from around them, black and curly, and this fur quickly raced up her legs as they too expanded, thickening in size and growing a great deal of muscle.

“Ohhhh, what the f-fuck!?! What’s happening to me? Someone *HELP!*”

She clasped her hands over her mouth in response to the loud boom of her voice. She had always had a bit of husk in her voice, something that gave it a kind of commanding quality, but now it seemed to have dropped a whole damn octave, sounding almost *manly*.

But Sylvia barely had time to take this in, because the changes were sweeping up her legs. Her trousers tore, unable to give any more space as her thighs thickened impressively. This was accompanied by a massive growth in height that left the poor woman panting in terror: her spine surged upwards, becoming stronger and better able to support this increase. She was normally five-foot-seven, but inch by terrible inch she raised up until she was well over six feet, her limbs swelling to accommodate. Fur continued to sprout across her body, reaching up her belly and across her hips. It itched terribly, and the changing woman found herself scratching her body furiously. Her fingers fused as she did so, becoming a set of more manipulable hoof-fingers which easily tore apart her shirt and bra without thinking - they were already at breaking point anyway.

“MWAHHH!! Stop it! STOP THIS!!”

Sylvia’s voice became increasingly bullish as her body did. Her upper body expanded massively, muscle developing at lightning speed. Her shoulders cracked wider, followed by her upper arms and then her forearms. Fur surged from her skin, thick and dark and coarse. She tried to rid herself of the axe but it was fused to her new hoof-hand: she was unable to let it go as it shone its red light upon her.

“ALEX! HELP MEEEEEE!!”

She called to him, not Mia, because she knew he would be of far greater help. More than that, she had always had a bit of a crush on him that she was uncertain about whether he returned. Now, as she became increasingly changed and desperate, she needed him more than ever, if only for his presence. She barrelled forward as the changes continued, as the last of her clothing left her, as testosterone coursed through her system, supercharging it. She was easily six-foot-four by that point, far taller than she could ever imagine being, and her incredibly strong legs carried her forward. A pain began in her backside, the beginnings of a bovine tail, but she ignored it, twisting and moving and winding her way through the

labyrinth in a panic. For a moment she thought she might faint, but then her lungs expanded in size, followed by her heart and other organs in her massive frame, allowing her to continue onward.

Right into the path of an aimless Alex, who was carrying his own torch fresh from a nearby sconce, and looking a bit dazed.

“ALEX! HELP ME!” she cried, but her booming voice simply terrified him. Her friend screamed in a somewhat unmanly fashion and fell backwards, scrambling in terror while pointing the flame in her face.

“Get back, beast! Don’t hurt me!”

“Alex, stop!” she continued, trying to keep her voice a bit more calm. “It’s me! It’s Sylvia! You have to believe me!”

But he was already turning tail and fleeing - perhaps at the sight of her own tail that was extending out her backside. It pushed outwards, vertebrae by vertebrae, and the sensation was utterly alien: a full new limb was developing with its own tendons and muscles. It took her mind a moment to grasp it, by which point it was wagging a little on its own, shifting as if to counterbalance her heavy weight.

“Alex! Please! I need you! I’m scared!”

She pushed ahead, getting more used to her cloven hooves. They were still utterly strange to her, but as if by some instinct she was becoming more used to them. The ground thudded with each step forward, no doubt making Alex even more terrified, but she needed to reach him. If only she could get rid of the damned red-glowing axe which seemed so threatening.

Thankfully, he wasn’t hard to find. The labyrinth should have made it easier to hide, but somehow a greater sense of direction was flowing through Sylvia the more she changed. It was almost as if this labyrinth was *meant* for her, or at least the body she was developing. As her muscles swelled, and her chest was overrun with hair right up to the base of her neck, she experienced a heightened awareness, an ability to track her target. She took a left, then a right, then carrying on the fourth entrance out of five in a small chamber.

Only to find Alex cowering against the wall in a dead end. He was holding out the torch, trying to be brave, and it moved her to see. He did have a courageous side, despite being a lovable nerd.

“Get back! I’ve taken fencing training!” he called. “I wasn’t good at it, but I know how to hit all the worst spots quickly, and you look hairy enough to set alight!”

She huffed - actually *huffed*, just like a cow - and planted her hooves on the ground. She slammed the axe into the wall, still holding the shaft, but it got his attention, and Alex seemed to realise violence wasn’t occurring long enough to actually take in that Sylvia’s face hadn’t changed.

“For fuck’s sake, Alex! It’s me! Sylvia! I touched this axe and its transforming me, I need your help!”

“Wait, Sylvia? Oh my God! What - I thought you were a monster.”

“I’m turning into one!” she exclaimed. Tears bubbled up in the corners of her eyes. “That’s why I need you. Please, I can’t stop touching this axe, and the light is transforming me.”

To his credit, Alex instantly put aside the torch and went to her side. She kneeled down, her heavy weight clunking on the ground as he inspected her over. More fur spread down her arms, and her three-digit hands swelled, becoming thicker. With a tendon-stretching sound her chest ballooned, breasts melting away as they became a set of hard pecs. Sylvia was overwhelmed, but she couldn’t deny that the changes were making her feel oddly powerful. Dominant. She pushed these strange thoughts out of her mind as Alex tended to her. Not that there was much he could do.

“It’s like you’re becoming some sort of minotaur,” he marvelled.

“I know,” she whimpered. “I’m huge, and ugly!”

“You’re not ugly, this is just . . . pretty wild. Can you let go of the axe?”

“N-no. It’s like it’s part of me, at least until - NGH! - until the changes finished. G-God, I’ve got a tail. It’s g-getting bigger!”

He patted her fur, and it felt strangely nice. “Hey, hey, it’s going to be okay, Sylvia.”

“It’s not! I’m becoming a freak! This is all my fault Alex.”

“Don’t say that. We all touched the labyrinth. You had no way of knowing that this crazy magic was actually real.”

She swallowed. There was a pressure in her skull. Two points at the top of her scalp. She had a sneaking suspicion as to what was developing there, and she wanted to hold off. Worse, her groin was also experiencing a strange pressure, almost like something wanted to push it way out. Wanted to *grow* to demonstrate her dominance.

“No, you don’t understand Alex. I *stole* the labyrinth. I know I shouldn’t have done it, but I really wanted it. I didn’t believe the lady. I was a *thief*. And now I’m paying for it, and God only knows where poor Mia is. You’re all stuck here because of me! I d-deserve this!”

More stretching. More pushing. Something was descending between her thighs. It was painful and pleasurable all at once. Wrong and right in equal measure.

“Ohhhhhh,” she moaned. “You should r-run.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” he said. “Obviously you taking that labyrinth wasn’t good, but you never could have imagined this. Look, we’re hear now, and I’m not abandoning you, okay?”

“Th-thanks,” she muttered, voice lowering again. Her frame grew, and the last of her body below her head - including her neck - was now covered in thick black minotaur fur.

Once again, that feeling of strength and power came over her. "You're the b-best, Alex. I know this is a t-terrible time to admit this, but I've always had a crush on you."

He looked up. "Really? Holy shit, I wish I'd said something earlier. I've . . . I've always liked you in that way too, Sylvia. I just thought you were too cool for me."

"I am," she joked, before grunting at that thing between her legs. It was bulging out, and two other things were coming with it. "But that's okay - I I-like nerdy guys like you. You're c-cute."

"You are too."

"Not at the moment, not while I'm - oh shit! Oh FUCK! OH MY GOD I'M GROWING A BIG - MMWAAAHHHH!!!"

She roared, transitioning from a bovine mooring sound to something much more threatening, like a bull about to charge. Alex backed up, uncertain of what was happening, but his eyes quickly clocked on to what change Sylvia was going through. He gasped at the sight of it, just as she breathed heavily in response.

"Holy crap Sylvia, you're growing a dick!"

"I KNOW!"

It was *massive*, thick and girthy and monstrous, extending out of her passage and filling it up as it went. A pair of large balls *squeezed* through after it. There were two brief instances of pain, and then they plopped out, hanging in a large sheath-like sack. Sylvia was no longer a she at all, but a large male minotaur in all but her head, which looked ridiculous and small on her enormous body. She lowered her free hand to touch her cock and it stirred instantly, as if suddenly awoken. It hardened, growing taller and even larger, and she nearly hit Alex across the face with it before she stumbled back.

"Oh my God, oh my God, this can't be happening! It's huge, and it's - ahhhh - so sensitive! Fuck, it feels like there's such a rush!"

She wasn't lying. At the moment it finished developing that sense of power and dominance came through even stronger. Instincts flared, and so did arousal. A deep-seated need to use her new cock, as staggering and alien as it was. It disgusted her, but a growing part of her was also fascinated with it. She clutched its girth with her hoof-hand and rubbed it idly before realising what she was doing, whereupon she stopped and went red in the cheeks.

"S-sorry!" she exclaimed.

Alex just blinked. "Um, uh, don't be. I'm sure it's very big. I mean, weird! It's very weird!"

"It feels weird. And . . . full. Ohhhhh, we need to move. We need to find a way to change me b-back."

"I'll come."



“Don’t say that!” she boomed, and he fell silent. “Sorry, it’s just . . . it sounded like cum. This thing . . . it wants to be used. It’s so f-full. These b-balls.”

She rubbed them openly, again stopping from shame. Alex wisely said nothing. He couldn’t imagine how bizarre and humiliating this whole situation was for her, so instead he led on ahead, with her guiding. No more changes occurred, and the red light had faded. Sylvia realised she could drop the axe again, but she chose not to for reasons she wasn’t quite certain of. The whole time they explored, Sylvia couldn’t stop looking at Alex, her cock occasionally twitching. He smelled nice. So damn nice. But he wasn’t *right* for her. She had no idea what *right* would be, perhaps even feared it. Alex, for his part, kept looking back in fascination - his friend and crush was a real-life male centaur! But he had no idea of knowing how horny Sylvia was, or how much her monstrous change was affecting her mind.

Eventually, after several more minutes of exploring, as well as shouting out for Mia in the hopes that she was okay, they came to another small chamber. This one had a spear, and the inscription on it was also in ancient Greek.

*The Spear of the Minotauress*, it read.

Her eyes widened, and a powerful instinct stirred within her. She was a male minotaur, even if her head had not changed, even if her mind was still female in identity, the evidence of her body was undeniable. Her cock was fucking *aching* for release, to enter a mate. That word stirred in Sylvia’s mind: *mate, mate, mate, mate*. She couldn’t escape it.

“What is it?” Alex asked.

She bit her tongue, but couldn’t stop herself from speaking. Her new monstrous need was too great. “The spear. I think it might be part of the cure. It needs to be w-wielded by someone else.”

Alex was eager, which made her feel all the more guilty. “I’ll take it!” he said. He strode forth.

“Wait!” she exclaimed, and he did stop. She knew she should warn him, tell him that it could well transform him too, but the monstrous instincts of the minotaur were too powerful, and her arousal was only getting stronger. She *needed* a mate.

“Be careful,” she stammered.

Alex nodded, approached the spear, and after a moment’s hesitation he pulled it from the altar, sliding it out and holding it in two hands. It was large, far too large for him.

“What do I do with it?” he asked. “Do I have to stab you? I don’t want to stab you, Sylvia. Please tell me I don’t have to - Ah! AGGHH!!!”

He fell to the ground, the spear stuck in his hands. A pang of guilt hit Sylvia, but she couldn’t look away. The tip of Alex’s spear glowed a bright purple, and that same purple energy flowed along its length and into the nerdy man’s body. His glasses fell off, but he was unable to get them back on due to both hands being occupied.

“Sylvia! What’s going on? I don’t - NGHH!!”

“You’re changing, Alex! I’m sorry! I didn’t mean for this to happen! I couldn’t help it!”

“Ohhhhhh, you knew? Why do you keep - AAGH!!”

The transformation began in full, and there was no way of stopping it. Perhaps it was the presence of Sylvia in her near-full male minotaur glory, or perhaps it was just that Alex was so overwhelmed, betrayed, and less willing to fight back, but his changes happened much more rapidly than hers had. They mirrored Sylvia’s as well: Alex’s shoes came off as his huge minotaur hooves developed, and his trousers tore themselves to pieces with the immense swelling of his legs. He groaned and grunted, his voice remaining his own, though it did gain a husky quality to it that made Sylvia’s huge minotaur cock harden like iron.

She couldn’t help herself: she began to stroke her new manhood up and down, her hoof-hands gripping the thick base of the shaft and sliding up and down.

“Yes,” she stammered. “Yesssss! Chance, my mate! Oh shit, what am I saying? I’m sorry Alex, but I want this! I need a mate!”

“No, we’ve g-got to fight it! You’ve got to fight it and help me Sylvia!”

But he was quickly lost in his own pain and pleasure. His body supersized much as Sylvia’s had, growing over six feet in height. Sylvia was now almost seven feet, but his changes stopped at six-foot-five, leaving him noticeably smaller than Sylvia. Like her though, he had burst out of his clothes, which were now in tatters. His hoof-hands were thick and powerful, while his tail was ropey and proud. His midsection had powerful muscles, but to both of their surprise, his chest inflated in a very different way to how Sylvia’s had: instead of developing hardened pecs, a huge set of heavy minotaress tits grew.

“Boobs!? Oh sh-shit, I’m growing boobs. It’s just like in the online fantasy games - ohhhhhh, they’re huge!”

“They look *magnificent*,” Sylvia said, marvelling at them. She stroked her cock even more, feeling the pressure grow as much as Alex’s tits were. They expanded in size rapidly, becoming a large set of udders that were easily the side of Alex’s head, and then far larger than that. With his enormous minotaur frame they still had room to expand, but by the time they were done they were massive indeed, with huge bare nipples. His fur covered much of the rest of them, but unlike Sylvia’s fur which was matte black, his was white with tan patches. His massive breasts wobbled on his powerful chest, huge and heavy and proud.

“M-massive! Why do I feel good about that, Sylvia? Shit, why am I feeling so good about that?”

He wasn’t lying: as wrong and huge and feminine as they were, having such a large minotaress bust *felt good*. Maternal emotions stirred in him, a powerful female proud at how big his assets were, and how they might attract a mate. He sniffed the air, taking in more of

Sylvia's intoxicating scent, and that was enough to set off the next major change, which was a direct reversal of Sylvia's last one.

"Sh-shit! I'm growing - it's happening, Sylvia! I'm growing a vagina! Ohhhhhh!"

Sylvia huffed, incapable of not enjoying the sight. It was magnificent to watch, even as Alex's big body shuddered from reluctant bliss. His cock - which was fairly average for a human before - slowly withdrew back into his body. It was utterly alien in sensation, and yet as it slid back up there was a wetness to the ensuing passage, a massive arousal that flooded him with a need to be *filled*. To replace the empty space that was forming with something long and hard and thick and . . . male. He squeaked twice as his balls retracted, and then one final gurgling in his belly informed him that a functioning womb and set of ovaries had formed. In mere moments, he had gone from a minotaur to a minotaress. Estrogen raced roughshod over his testosterone, and his body instantly switched into heat. In estrus.

"Mhmmmm," he moaned, dropping the spear. He clutched one breast with one hoof-hand while the other rubbed at his wet opening. It was already slick, demanding to be penetrated. "F-fuck. I feel so w-warm. Sylvia . . . what's happening?"

"You just became my mate," she answered.

"You tricked me!"

"I didn't mean to - you can f-feel the instincts, can't you? Can you fight them?"

Alex realised he couldn't. His eyes were locked onto Sylvia's form, and his monstrous female body wanted hers. Needed hers. He swallowed, trying not to huff too loudly, and staggered towards her on his new hooves.

"You're r-right. I can't. I need you, Sylvia. Please, my body is going crazy. I need you to f-fuck you mate. I need your big minotaur cock in me. I can't explain it!"

"I understand. I'm sorry Alex, but I need it too. I can't fight it. I didn't want to turn you, but -"

"I know, it's t-too powerful. Please, let's just do this. I can't stand it. It's torture!"

Neither could resist their urges, which were simply too strong. Instead, the two crushes finally came together, just not in a way either would ever have expected. They ran their hoof-hands over each other's bodies, feeling the wonderfully coarse fur, and their respective muscles. Their faces, still their own pressed together, and the two kissed, tongues dancing on one another's mouths.

"I need you, oh fuck I need you!" Alex moaned. "I don't care if you f-fuck me! I need it!"

"Me too!" Sylvia replied. "I need to take you as my mate!"

Soon they were on the ground together, Sylvia on top of him and forcing her partner's legs open. Her cock was hard against his belly, but she was taking time to suck and play

with Alex's new tits, which were massive in size. He moaned and whined, voice going up an octave so that while it was still husky, it was also undeniably feminine as well.

"F-feels amazing!" he huffed. "Don't s-stop! Suck my nipples, make me y-yours!"

Alex couldn't believe what he was saying, but the instincts and urges were too powerful to resist, and at his larger lover lapped at his breasts and stroked his fur in a dominant fashion, he didn't even *want* to resist, simply give in. He parted his thighs further, giving access to her immense manhood. After only a moment's hesitation, she entered him, parting Alex's folds and making him experience sex in a way he never could have foreseen. The two grunted, beyond words as Sylvia's length slid all the way in. Alex groaned, clutching his mate to him, willing him to enter even deeper. The pleasure was unimaginable, the lust even more so. His body craved Sylvia's seed, and she knew it as well from the scent he was giving off.

"Yesssss, f-fill me!" he managed.

"I will, my mate. All the way!"

The words were more true than either could have known: the twin pressures in their scalps gave way, and their skulls began to alter shape. Their transformation into a gender-swapped minotaur pairing was finally on the verge of completion, but neither cared. In fact, they *welcomed* the change by that point. Their faces swelled, noses becoming bulbous and wide, nostrils increasing in size so that they huffed ever more powerfully. A set of powerful horns erupted from Sylvia's head. It was painful, but a good pain, and soon she was the proud owner of a great set of horns that swept back dramatically. Alex's followed, growing with each thrust into him, as if *she* were powerful his changes. They were smaller than her own, but no less magnificent. With each ram of her cock inside him, the two continued to change, heads growing, ears becoming long and furry, and that same hair extending over their faces.

In moments, there was nothing human physically about them: they now both had large bovine heads, with Sylvia's being the larger and more dominant looking one. Still they licked one another, breathed into each other's mouths. Still they fucked with wild abandon, even more animalistically than before. There was a violence to the act, but not an unwilling one. Alex pulled and tugged, fought and kicked a little, and Sylvia gained the upper hand, wrestling Alex and submitting the minotaress to another thrust, ensuring that *she* was the dominant one. The alpha. The worthy.

Well, *he* was, for even in his mind, Sylvia was now male, just as Alex was now female. The two continued to thrust and groan, and their words shifted until they were speaking fluent Ancient Greek, their modern English long forgotten.

"Close, my mate! I'm close!"

"I will breed you, Alex. You are worthy of being bred, my mate!"

Another powerful thrust, another ramming of his huge member into his mate's passage, and Sylvia finally erupted. He roared, squeezing Alex's huge breasts as he poured what felt like gallon after gallon of minotaur semen into his mate. Alex cried out, also roaring in her higher voice. She was being taken, being mated and bred, and it felt totally right. She belonged to her mate now: he had won her, and for all that they were leaving behind, their new instincts made the change all the easier to cope.

The pair nuzzled one another in the aftermath, Alex's womb full of minotaur seed. She moaned in her husky voice.

"That wasn't all bad," she muttered.

"No. I think . . . I think I could learn to like this new life," Sylvia said, flexing his proud muscles and sucking gently on Alex's nipples.

"I just wish I knew what happened to poor Mia."

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Mia's fate was unfolding at that very moment, in fact, but it was altogether different from the new minotaur pair. The timid young woman flitted from hallway to hallway, passage to passage, tears of fear growing in her eyes. In fact, she was practically *blubbering*.

"Please, I don't know where I am! Someone help me! I'm lost!"

She was so lost, in fact, that it took her much longer than the other two to even think of taking a torch from the sconces on the walls, and at several times she was bathed in darkness, hyperventilating in fear. Mia had always relied on others to give her a boost up: despite her shyness, she had latched on to Alex and especially Sylvia to help her navigate the world. It was a terrible combination, really, to be always anxious around people and yet at the same time to need them to help guide you. Her two friends were her only friends, and now that she was lost in the labyrinth, she was out of her wits. The only thing that made sense were the numbers, the patterns, the corridors, and she charted these well, but soon her emotional state overwhelmed her, and it all became impossible to follow, or to conceive of any kind of escape.

"S-someone?" she whimpered. "Anyone? P-please, I don't want to be alone anymore! I don't want to b-be alone!"

She had never felt so alone, or lost. She was missing her two friends, missing Sylvia's confidence and decisiveness and Alex's wonder and optimism. She needed those qualities now and she knew it, but all she had was the mystery of the maze, and her own fears and insecurities and uncertainties.

Which only increased when she rounded a corner, nearly tripping over her own small feet, and came face to face with a pair of moments.

They were immense, easily over six feet each, with the larger one perhaps seven feet in height. Mia could hardly believe it; they were a pair of real-life minotaurs, strong and muscled and dangerous. The male was thrusting into the female, who made strange grunting sounds of pleasure. She was speaking, whimpering something in a language Mia couldn't recognise, but sounded ancient.

She just barely managed to keep her mouth shut and prevent herself from squealing. The creatures huffed, and for a moment she actually thought they'd spotted her, or perhaps *smelled* her. But thankfully they were too intoxicating in their mating act to truly notice her presence, and she managed to flee through a separate corridor before they could notice the intruder.

A minotaur!

A pair of minotaurs!

Real life minotaurs mating on the ground like that was ordinary!

Her heart beat in her chest at a hummingbird's pace, and she barely managed to control her breath. She needed to get far away, to try and find an exit, or at least find her friends. But with each different passage she went down, fear took over her actions, and her sharp mind was unable to keep pace with all the patterns. She needed someone else to help guide her. She needed to not be so alone.

Instead, she ran headlong into an ornate vase in the centre of a small chamber, tumbling it over and causing it to smash to pieces. The poor girl bowled over and landed on her flat chest, scrambling to get back up. She stopped moving in response to the echoes of the distant minotaur mating.

"Please don't investigate, please don't investigate, please don't investigate."

She only stopped talking because she was coughing on the strange green dust that emanated from the vase following its destruction. It tasted ichorous. Revolting. It clung to the back of her throat and insides of her lungs.

"Ack! Ugh! That's t-terrible!"

She fell to her knees to cough several more times, and it was then that she noticed the strange images on the broken shards of the vase she had just destroyed. Painted in great intricacy by some ancient individual, though it looked strangely modern, was of a monstrous mythological creature, serpentine and green and with many heads.

"The hydra," she said, momentarily fascinated. "Alex would love this."

It strangely brought her some comfort, though she couldn't say why. She reached out and touched part of the image she had destroyed, feeling a strange affinity for the creature.

"You aren't ever alone," she said to herself. "You always had yourself for company."

It had three heads: one cobra, one like that of a great dragon, and another like an immense lizard's, like a komodo dragon. Three great reptiles, all with interesting expressions

that denoted hunger, power, dominance, confidence, and all sorts of other traits shared between and amongst them. Almost like her group of friends.

"Why is this bringing me comfort?" she asked herself. "It's like I have some kind of . . . connection to this thing. This c-creature."

She coughed again, choking on the strange green dust. This time, though, she began to feel different. With each gulp of the green haze a sense of urgency raced through her veins. Mia's breath quickened as a number of pressures rose within her body, particularly on either shoulder. It was like something was trying to push through the skin, to grow outwards.

"Ngnhhh . . . ohhhh. Wh-what? I don't understand . . ."

She gritted her teeth and tried to move on, but found that she couldn't. Something was rooting her here to the spot, and it had something to do with the strange green dust in the air and her own mental fascination with the image of the hydra. Despite being partially shattered, it was undeniably beautiful in some way. The three heads were roaring, monstrous, but also in perfect union. There was something to be admired about that, but with each moment of said admiration the powerful pressure in her shoulders rose.

"Ahhh . . . my shoulders! I don't - I can't - AAGGHH!!!"

She raised her head and roared as if she were a monster herself, and the pushing flesh finally gave way. There was a terrible rending sound, and for a moment Mia didn't know what had happened, until she looked to either side of herself and nearly screamed: two piles of flesh had grown out, almost like serpentine necks, from her shoulders. They pressed against her own neck, and they were still expanding.

"Oh God, oh God! No!"

The pressures extended to her shoulders. The left shoulder widened, creaking audibly as it expanded and pulled at her shirt. The right followed, stretching the shirt to breaking point and causing her two new fleshy protuberances to spread out a little. They were greenish, and she realised it was because they were actually *scaled*.

"Necks? Tentacles? Tails? Wh-what are they?"

But she had a good idea. The hydra image was still at her feet, and she continued to look for it even as the transformation continued across her body. Her guts churned as they expanded, her limbs stretched as they became larger and longer. Just as had happened with Sylvia and Alex - not that Mia knew this - her boots exploded off of her feet as her legs enlarged. But unlike them, she had not grown hooves but rather a long set of lizard-like feet, complete with curving talons that raked across the stone floor of the chamber.

"AAaaghh - it can't be!" she cried, realising much more quickly than her friends what was happening. "I'm b-becoming a hydra! No, this isn't what I wanted! This isn't what - NGHH!!!"

But what she wanted was not important to the magic of the vase and the arcane powder she had inhaled. Her body bloated up magnificently, gaining massive bulk and muscle rapidly. Her skirt tore off her form, her underwear too. From her increasingly bulky spine erupted a tail from the end, one which swelled in size at its base and extended far longer than she would have thought, until it was roughly eight feet long. It looked ridiculous behind her, fleshy and wrong, but then it was hit by an incredible itching sensation. She tried to scratch at the abhorrent flesh, only to find her arms also gaining that same itch, even as they too gained an incredible amount of muscle. Talons erupted from her fingers, replacing her nails, and her five digits shrunk down to a mere three, her thumbs absorbing back into her body uselessly.

“RAGGGH!!” she roared. She hadn’t meant to, but it seemed the most appropriate reaction: a monstrous roar in response to her monstrous body. The itching continued across her entire form, and it only dissipated as her skin was covered in large, diamond-hard green scales. They first covered her tail, then her buttocks and haunches, and then raced down her legs, which cracked audibly as they shifted to a more digitigrade stance. Her humanoid half no doubt looked like a little pimple on top of her enlarging lower half, but it soon began to catch up. Mia tried to control her breathing as her upper half expanded yet further, first in the shoulders, but also in her chest. Her breasts melted away as she lost the obvious sexual characteristics of a mammal, replaced by the bulky frame of her new reptilian race. Her spine adjusted, cracking, and she was thrown forward.

“Quadruped . . . I’m a quadruped!”

It seemed appropriate, somehow. She should have been screaming, but feelings of power and animal confidence were beginning to enter her mind, and it counterbalanced the terror, even overcoming it in parts. Mia had always been so afraid of life, letting her anxieties be dominated by pattern recognition and fearful analysis. Now she was transforming into a creature who would not need such follies: it could defend itself.

“Mhmmmm - no! This isn’t m-me! But . . . oh God . . .”

But she *wanted* to change further. She wanted to give in to her new urges in a way that could not be eloquently explained, or perhaps even understood. Her frame expanded, rib cage growing to accommodate her larger organs, and her tail swelled yet thicker. From her shoulders, the two protuberances grew yet larger, and it was obvious to her now that she was most certainly becoming a hydra: her spine separated in three directions to each neck. They moulded slowly, skulls forming in the lumps of flesh atop the lengthening protuberances. It was an utterly alien feeling, particularly since her senses were heightened by the formation of new ones: new eyes, new noses, new tongues.

On the left side formed a cobra-like head, just as in the vase painting. It was huge, with great fangs and yellow eyes, and yet it was *hers*. *Her* head. And yet not at the same



time. It hissed in pleasure at being 'born', and she felt the ripples of that pleasure, that excitement. And yet it was also somewhat separate from her: she could feel its own thoughts: its determination and confidence which reminded her of Sylvia. Its cunning.

"I n-needed you," Mia said, fascinated as her body grew ever heavier and larger, entering the category of several tons of weight, and easily seven feet in height already if one went to the top of the cobra head.

On the right, the next head finished developing, also a replica of the painting. It was vaguely like a T-rex head, or a komodo dragon perhaps. Its tongue flickers, and its snout was long with serrated teeth within it. It snarled as it whipped about, until it saw Mia and the cobra and then, unexpectedly, *licked* them both. Mia actually laughed.

"Aren't y-you optimistic? You r-remind me of my other f-friend."

Spikes emerged along her spine, and armour along her belly. She wasn't even sure if she was male or female at this point - in fact, she had a good suspicion that she was *both* judging by the odd sensations in her groin. It made sense: a hydra had many heads, and many natures. Why not male and female? Such a creature could procreate how it wished, and with itself if it so desired. Such a thought gave the growing hydra pause, and perhaps even relish.

Eggs. The thought entered Mia's mind. Her body was reptilian. It would lay eggs. A heat flushed in her innermost parts, which had changed so much. Her humanoid buttocks were gone, and there was only a sort of cloaca left behind. And yet the notion of mating, and reproducing was already flourishing through her mind.

"More monsters f-for the labyrinth," she realised. "This is the p-purpose of the relic. Does that mean? Oh God, the minotaurs!"

She realised at the exact moment that the final changes accelerated. Her other two heads swelled a little more, growing in time with her body so that they had long serpentine necks that could easily extend five feet or more from their body. Mia experienced a bout of jealousy, then shock at her own jealousy, and then just plain jealousy again. She had two new friends who couldn't run away, or be lost, or turn into monsters separate from her. They would always be with her, but now they were outpacing her! It made her want to grow, to expand just like them.

And judging from the image, there was still one more head yet to grow.

"Let me grow," she murmured, for once confident. "Let me become a hydra! Do it! Finish it! I WANT IT!!!"

She roared that last part, voice lowering in octave dramatically, so that a monstrous echo erupted from her otherwise pleasant face. And it seemed to work, because her neck twitched, then began to lengthen. It quite literally snaked outwards, growing more muscle and tendons and bones as it went, slithering in a serpentine fashion longer and longer. Mia

moaned, the pain of the transformation dying away and becoming replaced by sheer ecstasy. What would have been terrifying ten minutes before was now a magnificent release. The patterns and numbers seemed so less important now compared to what she was becoming. The itching extended down her neck, but that was okay, because moments later her green scales grew in, and they extended up to her face as well.

“YESSS! CHANGE ME!” she boomed. “MAKE ME THE HYDRA!!!”

Finally, the transformation reached her head and her face. They were slower to form and change than the snake head and the lizard head, and perhaps that was appropriate, because while she now had new friends and selves to keep her company, she was determined not to lean on them. She was the central head, and would be the body’s leader. *She* would be a leader, for once.

And so it was that her skull began to widen, her head enlarge. Her jaw cracked painfully, but she welcomed the pain. Her face extended forward, forming a powerful snout, though not one that was long and thin like her right head’s, but wide and powerful. Her teeth sharpened, and many more grew in as well. They were like curved shark’s teeth, capable of rending delicious flesh to consume, a prospect that excited her. Her hair fell away, disintegrating before it even hit the floor. Replacing it was a magnificent crest of steel-like bone, worthy of a mighty dragon. Like her talons, it was a brilliant gold-bronze colour, and Mia felt it was like being given a mighty crown, marking her as the monarch of this body.

“SO CLOSE! SO CLOSE!!”

Her voice was not remotely her own, lacking any timidity or frailty. Her ears sunk into her head, replaced by simple holes, and her nose melted in also, becoming part of her draconic snout. Her eyes shifted, allowing her to see both of her heads parallel to her, while also still facing forward enough to mark her as a true predator. Even better, her vision had enhanced - not only could she see through the eyes of her other heads, but she could see through the darkness of the tunnels ahead with ease, and in much greater detail. The realisation made her all the happier for the change.

The last of the scales grew in, and there was a final shudder as her dragon head grew one last time. And then the changes were done: her body was easily nine feet tall with her heads extended outwards, and that wasn’t even counting if she raised them straight up on their long necks. Her mass was incredible, but her strong legs could take it, and her powerful tail shifted like a weapon behind her. The victorious new hydra’s minds altered as the bodily changes finished. They did not become stupid, nor was Mia’s personality lost, but like with Alex and Sylvia she gained a set of powerful monster instincts as a new servant of the labyrinth. Hers were much more predatory rather than defensive, with a desire to consume any heroes that entered this place, as well as to hunt the life within it, in order to ensure that only the fittest survived her. That hunt did not extend to the minotaurs, thankfully:

she knew now that these were her friends, even if they had a slightly different place in the order of things.

There was also a powerful reproductive instinct, and one she could barely fathom until it immediately got started. The new hydra lurched forward on all four limbs, shaking the very foundations of the labyrinth, when suddenly its interior sex organs began to move.

“OHHHHHHH,” the hydra moaned. Mia’s dragon head was seemingly the only one capable of speech, and so she elucidated the pleasure that followed. “YES! MATING! IT IS GOOD!”

It was very good, and it proved her earlier suspicion about being hermaphroditic right. Her internal male organ began to slide in and out of an internal passage, and it generated feelings of pleasure she had never known. Her other two heads snapped and hissed in bliss as well, and soon they were rubbing their necks against hers in approval. They rocked their huge hydra body, pressing it against the walls as they fucked themselves. It was wondrous, it was alien and strange, and it was *productive*. An urge to fill herself with her own cum overwhelmed Mia. She had never imagined having kids, but her instincts demanded she produce new eggs for the labyrinth. To do her part to fulfil this curse and blessing.

“YES! MUST BREED! WE WILL MAKE MORE HYDRAS! YESSS!!”

She erupted inside herself, and all three heads roared in approval. The snake head spat acidic venom which chewed through part of the wall, while the reptilian head breathed poisonous gas from its terrible maw. But Mia’s draconic head erupted with fire, shooting an enormous pillar of it down the dark hall. The three of them continued to roar, connected by so much bestial pleasure, until finally their climax - male and female - was over, and their body was satisfied. No doubt it was already beginning the process of percolating some eggs to lay. The hydra was already excited.

The change was finished, and the new monster took some time to look over itself. The creature was magnificent, and all three heads approved. The snake head was confident and determined to show off its new body, and to dominate the hierarchy of this new maze-like home. The right head had nothing but happy thoughts towards the future, and Mia could tell it was looking forward to seeing the minotaurs, and showing itself off. She too held this feeling, but she still retained her desire to map this place, to uncover the patterns. She was glad not to have lost that part of herself, at least. But there was an aggression to her instincts now too: a powerful urge to be the mythological monster she now was, and fulfil her role in this place, where things were much simpler and easier to understand.

“I MIGHT ENJOY THIS,” she said to herself.

She lumbered her body forward, working in concert with her other heads. Some passages could not fit them, but that was appropriate - it only made the hunt more exciting if she had to beat them in the race before they escaped, or wait for them in certain places of

ambush. No doubt her long tail and serpentine necks would also help grab prey from such hiding holes. But prey was not on her mind just yet. Her language centres had changed, and she was not speaking English anymore, but what she suspected to be Ancient Greek. The fact that she could read some of the occasional signage in passages she passed only added to that suspicion: her reptile head in particular liked to read everything they passed. Perhaps it and Alex would get along. Mia sniffed the air, draconic senses urging her in the right direction. The ground thundered with each step, and finally she made it to the chamber where she knew her friends were.

Two minotaurs who were resting naked together suddenly shot to their hooves like well-trained legionaries, like soldiers of the labyrinth. One was obviously female from her enormous breasts and wide hips, and she carried a powerful spear. The other was . . . very male, judging from the sheaf, and yet smelled much more like Sylvia. It didn't surprise Mia that much: her own concept of gender had changed, but it amused her to think that her two friends had finally gotten together only now that their positions were reversed: they smelled of sex, after all. No doubt she smelled of sex too, though she was unembarrassed by it, which felt wonderful on its own as well.

For a moment, the minotaurs were on their guard against her. They looked well-practised in their organisation, no doubt stirred by similar instincts to what she had, albeit more cooperative. She just smiled with all three heads at once.

"What's wrong?" she said, lowering her voice. "Don't recognise your friend Mia? Hello Alex, hello Sylvia. I see you've changed as well."

The two looked to one another, then back to her, then lowered their weapons. For a moment, silence rang out.

"By the Gods, Mia," the male Sylvia said. "It's you, isn't it? You've been changed by the labyrinth too?"

"I have," she beamed, showing off all three heads. "And I *love* it. This is the real me now, Sylvia. I have never felt more confident and powerful in my life!"

"Just like we have never felt so in place either," Alex said. She stepped forward and pressed her bountiful chest against Sylvia's side. "Sylvia is now my alpha, my mate. We are the minotaur guards of this place, set to breed more guardians, and to hunt heroes that would dare plunder this place."

"Indeed," Sylvia said. "I am the dominant one, and I will protect my Alex against all harm, while defending this labyrinth."

Mia huffed. "Just as I will hunt creatures that would dare harm us, or threaten this place also. It seems we have a competition, ha! You will guard the labyrinth, and I will keep its dangers sharp."

She smiled again with all three heads, and the two minotaurs grinned as well - well, as much as bovine heads could. All three friends had changed so much, and their instincts were that of guardian monstrosities now too. But they were, at least, still friends, fellow defenders of their new home, and that would perhaps be enough.

It wasn't like they were getting back to their old lives, after all.

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For the remainder of their existence, the trio of friends guarded the labyrinth, serving as mythological guards against threats that would plunder its treasures and secrets. They never escaped the place, though they came to know its hidden exits and entrances, because they had no true desire to. They were monsters of the maze now, and it only felt right to remain within their set location, performing their duties. Besides, they had pleasures enough in the food and prey that were present, the latter particularly for Mia's hydra, which came to relish the joy of the hunt and feast. Alex and Sylvia continued to mate constantly, the bullish minotaur pair never leaving one another's side, and it did not take long for Alex to experience another womanly trial as she birthed minotaur children into the world. Mia, on the other 'head', simply laid eggs whenever her body needed to. She did not feel the need to raise them: the strong would prevail, after all, which was a core part of her new nature. But there were certainly more hydras in the labyrinth than before after several years.

Over time, they met other monsters, some in violent opposition, others fellow defenders against heroes and plunderers. Harpies, medusas, ogres, cyclopes, and even mermaids were present in different environments of the labyrinth, and some had even been from the modern world, just like Alex, Sylvia, and Mia. Each had their own stories of change, just as new arrivals could sometimes be spotted in the act of change, having found the labyrinth replica out in the modern world. And each in turn found a place within the ecosystem of the labyrinth, expressing their new bestial natures as its guardians.

But those are stories for another time.

**The End**