

NOR

I lounge in the window of the swanky hotel I booked Cath and I for this weekend. Now that I've taken my woman on a few trips and she's more comfortable leaving Annabelle for the weekend, we're traveling more.

I love it.

This weekend we're in the New York City-based haven of Rainbow, visiting some old friends of mine from the New York Nightshades coaching team. The longhorn couple is out tonight at a concert they already had tickets for, so Cath and I are on our own for the evening.

Not that I've ever minded that.

"Sunshine, we've got plans tonight." I glance over to where she reclines on the sofa, blanket over her toes as she reads a book about longhorn history. Specifically, about the ancient tradition of hunting maidens through a maze.

The front of the book has a delicate looking witch held tight in the arms of a big minotaur male who's licking his way up the front of her torn dress.

God damn that gets me hot.

Catherine curls a dark brow upward. "Oh? I thought we were staying in, Mister Longhorn."

"Nope." I pop the 'p' as I stare at her luscious, thick body. "Get dressed. We're leaving in twenty."

She shoots upright, mouth dropping open. "Nor, I don't even know what to wear. Is this fancy? Not fancy? What's the deal?"

"Literally doesn't matter."

She faux scowls at me. "Are you telling me we're going to a sex club?"

I shake my head. "Another nope. Just get *something* on and let's get movin'."

She sets the book down and climbs onto my lap, sliding her hand down between us to stroke the rigid bar of my cock. Grunting, I press my forehead to hers.

"You can't distract me with that, woman. Nice try."

She laughs and pinches the tip of my cock until I whine, throwing my head back for her to take more of what she wants.

“I could force us to stay in,” she teases. “Make you do whatever I want all night. Maybe I’ll make you come until you’re oversensitized, then drag a final orgasm from you until you pass out. What do you think about that, mate?”

“Mmm.” That’s all I can say as I run both hands up her back and press her hard to my body. Even after all this time, I’ll never get over the feeling of Catherine in my arms.

She narrows her eyes and purses her lips in a teasing smile. “Manorin Longhorn you’re serious, aren’t you?”

I nod as I slap her ass. “Get going, woman. I’m ready to take you out on the town.”

She slides gracefully off my lap, casting a sultry smile over her shoulder at me as she disappears toward the bedroom.

Night *out* on the town isn’t exactly right. Because we’re definitely going to be in.

CATHERINE

I brush lint off my spaghetti strap top, smoothing out the fabric as Nor slides a big hand up my thigh, resting his fingers in the crook of my leg. The New York Taxi cab winds through traffic as we head toward...wherever we're going.

Nor has been tight-lipped about our destination, but that suits me just fine. He's planning something sexy and I'll always be down for that.

I glance over at him, admiring how the city lights play out over his strong jaw and the rubies glinting in his nose ring. Red eyes narrow and he turns to me, the corners of his mouth curving into a sensual smile.

"What's going on, Sunshine?"

The impossibly deep rumble of his voice has goosebumps peppering my skin.

I playfully shrug, tossing my hair over my shoulder. He follows the move with those crimson eyes, angular nostrils flaring as he scents the way I'm tweaking my pheromones for him.

"Mmm, can't wait to reach our destination," he says softly, almost to himself. "Gonna be a night to remember, sweet girl."

I scoot closer to him and lay my hand on top of his. The pixie taxi driver glances in his rearview mirror but quickly looks back at the busy road ahead.

This is not the right place for Nor and I to get frisky.

Thankfully the driver pulls over at the next stop. Nor exits the cab and rounds it to open my door, holding a hand out for me. Sliding my fingers into his, I allow him to pull me out of the car. He leans in and pays the driver, and then joins me in staring at a gothic building in front of us. I'd guess vampire sex club because vampires do seem to adore the older architecture styles, but I can't be sure. And he said that wasn't where we were going.

Nor presses against my back, sliding a big hand up my front to my throat. His fingers rest lightly in the hollow at the base of my neck, a possessive touch I love as he moves them along my mating tattoo.

I knew how important the tattoo would be to him, but I underestimated how much he'd stare at it and touch it, as if he can't believe I went through with it. The way he loves it makes me feel cherished in a way I never felt with another partner.

Which is exactly how it should be.

I deserve that.

I deserve him.

And he deserves me.

So whatever he has planned for tonight, I'm a thousand percent down. If I know anything about Nor after all this time, it's that he'll make sure it's a night to remember.

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NOR

I'm sure Cath is putting together that I've brought her somewhere sexy. I mean...it's me, so sex is a given. But tonight is also about tantalizing her, about pushing her limits and allowing some of my dominance out. I love it when she beguiles me with her power but, on occasion, I need to beast out.

I open the door for my beautiful mate, scenting her as she sashays past me and into the dark entryway. A black minotaur female in a three piece fitted suit stands at the desk. She smiles at us as we enter.

"Mister Longhorn, I presume?" Red eyes drop to Cath. "And your mate?"

"That's right," I confirm, sliding a hand up to grip the back of Catherine's neck.

The hostess smiles bigger. "Everything is ready for you. Let me show you to your private room." She winks at me. "Per your request, we'll let you explain tonight's festivities, but don't hesitate to call the front desk with any questions."

I nod, guiding Cath to follow the tall minotaur. My woman's silent as the hostess leads us down an all-black hallway. Crystal chandeliers above cast faint, sensual light on us as we hook a left. The hostess opens a glossy black door and gestures us inside. She smiles first at Catherine, then at me.

"Have a wonderful evening, both. Thank you for joining us for this evening's...celebration."

Catherine cocks her head to the side, seeming to try to read between the female's words. But the minotaur turns and disappears into the darkness of the hall. I guide Catherine into the room and close the door behind us.

She plants both hands on her hips and looks at me with a sly smile. "Manorin Albert Longhorn, what is going on? What is she talking about?"

Our room is opulently decorated with a large wingback chair and a table arranged artfully in front of a black stone fireplace. A happy little fire crackles within, the room's only light. The back wall features a black sheet of glass. I know what's on the other side and I'm already hard thinking about it.

Crossing the room, I pull Cath with me and plant her hands on the glass.

"Look closely, sweet girl," I whisper in her ear.

This close to the glass, it's easy to see through it. Below us and stretching as far as the eye can see is a barely lit labyrinth.

"Oh my gods," Catherine breathes, her voice barely above a whisper. "Nor, is that a maze?"

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CATHERINE

Goosebumps pepper my entire body at the sudden realization of what we're doing tonight.

"I need control," Nor growls against my neck. "I need to hunt, and I need that with you, Cath."

A full body shudder wracks my frame as I press harder to him. Knowing he wants and needs me to be his prey sets my power on edge in a way we haven't played with yet. All minotaur are predators at their core and Nor is no different. We discussed coming to one of these maze experiences the first time we dated, but we never did it.

I stare below us. Shadowy figures move throughout the halls, the other participants barely visible from up here. We watch in silence for a few seconds before I spin in his arms, staring up at him.

Nor's red eyes narrow, nostrils flaring as he plants a hand flat on the glass above my head, leaning down to lift my chin up so I can stare deeply into his eyes.

"Can I assume you've still never been to one of these?"

I nod.

"Good," he croons. "I like being your first, Catherine."

His use of my full name sends a second shiver down my spine.

Nor jerks his head toward a small armoire against the wall. "Take off your clothes. Put on the white gown in there. Do it now."

My mouth drops open at the sheer command in his voice, and I turn to the wardrobe. When I open it, a very ruffled, sheer-looking dress hangs on a hanger. I shuck my clothes off and pull the white dress over my head. Nor joins me and slips the straps over my shoulders then tightens a soft belt around my waist that highlights my curves.

"Perfect." He grips my chin. "We can do this one of two ways, mate. We can select a private experience where I'll hunt you in an us-only section of the maze. Or,"—his gaze goes wickedly delighted—"I can hunt you in the public maze and we might run across other couples."

The idea of stumbling upon other monsters in various stages of being predator and prey does something to my power, and my hackles rise.

“Oh yes, I think that’s it,” Nor murmurs. “Unless you don’t feel comfortable with it?”

“I’m down.” I say it before I really comprehend what it means. But when I sit with my answer for a moment, I’m still good. It’s been a long time since I had physical pleasure like I have with Nor, and now that he’s opened those floodgates, I’m a damn hussy in the best of ways.

If he can think it up, I want to do it.

He bends low and brushes his muzzle over my lips. “Good, my sweet mate. I want you to run, Cath, really run. Do your best not to let me catch you.”

A mental vision of Nor’s feet pounding the stones behind me as I flee filters through my mind, there and gone as my nipples pebble at the promise of him in predator mode.

He points behind me. “You’ll go in that door there and the maze gives you a five minute head start. Any questions before we get started?”

I pop onto my tiptoes and press my lips to his snout, loving the slightly fuzzy feel of his muzzle. When I sink back down, I grin. “Five minutes should be more than adequate, Mister Longhorn. Best of luck to you.”

He swats my ass as I turn to find the door he referenced. It’s nestled in a small alcove between the window and the armoire. A shiver has me rolling my shoulders as I step into the doorway to see a sign indicating I should head down the hall and into the maze.

“Good luck, Catherine.” Nor’s rumble voice hits me straight in the chest as I disappear into the darkness.

NOR

I undress as a sign flashes red above the door Cath disappeared through. A five minute countdown timer begins while I unbutton my shirt and toss it over one of the wingback chairs. My focus narrows to the descending numbers as I loosen my belt and kick off my shoes. I'll keep the slacks on for now, despite the fact that my cock is a hard bar pressing against my upper thigh.

The timer indicates the final sixty seconds so I move to the doorway and wait for the indicator color to switch to green.

Ten.

Nine.

I crack my knuckles.

Four.

Three.

Two.

Rolling my shoulders, I step through the doorway and head left toward the end of the hall. I go down a set of stairs and halt at a dark archway. Beyond the opening, the maze's stone walls are barely visible in the low light. A trail of Cath's pheromones lingers in the air. A soft groan tumbles from me. My woman's in need.

I can't wait to find her and take her.

A light above my head flashes from red to green, and I stalk out of the hallway into the maze itself.

Minotaur senses are good on an average day, but in predator mode everything goes sharp and crisp. Every sound seems amplified, every smell stronger. Even my eyesight is sharper as I give myself a moment to adjust to the darker environment.

Closing my eyes, I twitch both ears and take a few slow, steady breaths, trying to place my woman through just those senses.

I hear breathing and footsteps, but they don't seem right for Cath. It was a good choice for us to be in the public maze because I can't be too sure if what I hear is her or another couple engaging in chase.

The idea that other minotaur could be in the maze hunting stokes my need for absolute dominance. Obviously no other minotaur would presume to touch my prey, but the idea of us hunting together riles me.

I follow the maze toward the right because instinct tells me most prey run in that direction...something to do with being right handed and preferring things on the right hand side. It's an odd thing to notice, but Cath's scent does get stronger as I take twist after turn through stone archways and along barely lit paths.

Moss and tiny stones litter the path beneath my feet. It feels good. No, *better* than good to stalk my way through the darkness with every bit of focus on finding her.

And there! The faint hint of pheromone. Even when she's not tweaking it, she can't help but exude it. It's heady and enticing, that scent that tells me I'm closer and my prey's anxiety is ratcheting up. Maybe she got herself stuck in a corner or maybe she heard me. Maybe she's hiding nearby. She's smart and resourceful. She won't make this easy.

A flash of white up ahead catches my eye. Narrowing my focus, I slink forward as soft footfalls reach me. The rustle of fabric tells me she's near.

Lurching around the corner, I halt as I damn near run into a tiny woman who shrieks at the sight of me. She's human with luminous brown eyes and a tangle of long blond hair.

It's not her. Yet this woman reeks of Catherine. I'd have sworn my mate was just around the corner.

CATHERINE

I snicker when the woman I just exchanged dresses with screeches loudly. The sound echoes off the stones. It was a pure stroke of luck that she and I literally ran into one another as she fled from her mate. The switching of dresses was my idea and she was just as up for it as I was.

Now I'm wearing a dress that's definitely a little too small and her scent is all over it.

My devious little plan seems to have worked, although the maze is silent once more.

It's dark in here, creepy if I'm being honest. I know logically that I'm safe, but there's nothing like enclosed spaces with predators to make a girl feel hunted. Which is the entire point.

I run to the closest hallway to find it splits in three directions. One doorway seems to lead upward, another straight and the third down. I pick down and jolt through the opening, flinging myself down a curved stone staircase as I regulate my breathing the best I can. I haven't run this much in years. Oh, who am I kidding? I don't run if at all possible, so this is pushing me past my comfort zone in the cardio department.

Of course, I could do cardio on Nor's dick all day long, but that's an entirely different set of muscles, and my energy for that is endless.

When I get to the bottom of the stairwell, it opens into a giant open room with various hallways leading off it. Crumbled ruins litter the room's floor. All the way across is a huge archway that seems to lead to another section.

I pause and cock my head from side to side, listening for any sign of being followed. If I know Nor, he'll have noted that other woman's scent and I won't fool him a second time.

A low snuffling at the top of the stairs raises the fine hair on the back of my neck. It could be Nor or it could be that other woman's mate. Either way, a hunter is close. Holding the long white fabric of the skirt up, I pick my way quickly across the room and tuck behind a column. I'm only halfway across but the sense of being watched hits me hard. Spinning in place, I peek through a missing chunk of stone.

A giant shadow fills the doorway as it slowly comes into view. An alarmingly huge, all-white minotaur steps into view and scans the room with beady red eyes. Black brows slash at harsh angles across his forehead. Short horns curve forward and up, capped in silver points.

“He’s as close to royalty as a minotaur gets,” a voice breathes into my ear.

The surprise at hearing him right fucking behind me causes me to jump and whirl, eyes wide at finding my mate not six inches from me.

“How did you...? What? How?!” I can barely find words.

He grins and shrugs, slipping both hands into the pockets of his slacks. “Good instincts, I suppose.”

I open my mouth to respond, but instead take off running, ducking between two skinny columns into a space Nor most definitely won’t fit into.

Fuck if I’m going to give up that easily.

NOR

I've barely clocked that Cath took off when her white skirt disappears from view between two pillars and into a crack in the wall. I hadn't noticed it and I should have. My woman's crafty. But I thought I had her when she was focused on the white minotaur at the other end of the room.

He's famous, well infamous, really. Not only for the pale coloring of his bloodline but for being the rare mix of longhorn and shorthorn breeding. Not to mention his business...tactics. A true hunter, through and through.

Pleasure curls through me at having her flee, and I press as close to the crack as I can, scenting the air and twitching my ears to listen for her footfalls.

I take off fast, her scent fresh in my nostrils as I round a corner and sprint down a hallway. Her scent remains strong. She's close, perhaps on the other side of the wall to my left. Looking around and up, I consider scaling the wall and coming down on the other side, but it's tall. Probably too tall. So I rush to the end and around a corner only to be met with a stone wall.

A faint, pleased-sounding laugh echoes from somewhere on my right. Momentarily confused, I look above again to see a small walkway that runs above me and comes down into the maze again behind me.

This *woman*.

Growling, I stalk down another hall as Cath's scent grows stronger. This section of the maze is full of dead ends without a lot of small spaces to hide in. If I keep pushing her, she'll get caught.

Her scent amps up until she's all harsh, bright pheromone. The heavy sound of breathing reaches me.

She's close.

Every muscle in my body tenses as I slide around a corner. It's a dead end and I stand in the only entrance.

In front of me, Catherine paces from side to side, chest heaving as she looks in every direction but at me. She runs her hands over the stones in the wall, looking for something—anything—to use.

I take another step, my foot crunching on a rock. She whirls in place. When I take another step toward her, she lets out a blood curdling scream.

The sound echoes off the stone and raises every hair on my godsdamned body. Crossing the scant space between us, I push until her back hits the wall and then I grab the front of her white dress with both hands. With a singular swift move, I rip her dress down the front and let it slide down her luscious body to pool at her feet.

“You’re caught now my pretty little maze maiden.” I laugh as she lifts her chin, ever defiant. “Time to have my way with you.”

“I might still have a trick or two up my sleeve, you know,” she says in her haughtiest tone.

I grip her throat and squeeze, lifting her off the ground although I’m careful to support her with my other hand. This is play, but care is still absolutely necessary given my immense size.

“You could try, Sunshine, but you won’t win. Not this time.”

She teases me with eyes flashing gold, but even as she leeches my strength with her power, I fight back.

“Not tonight, Catherine,” I say, my tone dark. “Not this time.”

CATHERINE

For the first time in my entire time knowing Nor, he fights my power to beguile, despite his hormones opening him up to it. His resistance is a physical punch to my power and it writhes and bucks against him. Power and anger and lust rise together, swirling into an electric storm as I fight harder, knowing it's exactly what he wants and what he said he needed tonight.

His eyes go glassy, then he narrows them and grunts, reaching down for his pants. With one hand he shoves them to the ground and guides his cock between my thighs. He drags the spongy tip through my folds, coating me with precum as I force my power harder into him. Smooth movements grow choppy and rough and then he grabs my hand and wraps it around his left horn.

His mouth drops open as he stares at me, still rocking that dick along my clit until heat joins the furious tempest inside me. I clench and writhe even though instinct tells me to look for any opportunity to run, to flee, to escape the predator holding me captive.

"Don't even fucking try it," he barks, snapping his hips and filling me with a single thrust.

My head hits the wall as I gasp, eyes rolling backward as sensation explodes through me. He hits spots inside me that nobody else could ever fill, and as he saws out of me and back in, I'm reminded why minotaur and succubi are such amazing partners.

He slips out again, grabbing my other hand and guiding it to his right horn so I'm hanging on for dear life. Then he moves both hands down to my hips and uses that leverage to haul me down his full length until he's buried to the hilt. His cock kicks inside me, splashing my womb with precum that drips back down his length to pool on the floor beneath us.

I whine at not having that delicious cum in my mouth instead, but there's no way I can get it from here.

"Don't worry, Sunshine," Nor grunts as he slips back inside with a mighty thrust that shakes my teeth. "After I come, I'm going to let you lick me clean, and then I'm going to find that other couple and fuck you in front of them."

I moan at the mental image of that as Nor picks up a steady pace, thrusting so hard the stones behind us start to crack and buckle, powder rising into the air as the wall slowly comes to pieces behind us.

This version of Nor is everything I've ever fantasized about, during those years we were apart. Powerful. Seductive. Feral.

"More," I command, staring deep into those shocking crimson eyes.

He rears back and lets out a deep, loud laugh that falls into a howl when I clench tightly around him.

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NOR

I lose track of everything but the feeling of my Sunshine taking every inch I have to give. Picking up pace, I focus on her heavy breathing, on the sway and rustle of those gorgeous full breasts. I narrow in on the way her pussy tightens, milking precum from my shaft as pheromones drench the air and soak my senses with her need.

Cath moans and writhes against me, using my horns as handlebars until I'm fucking so hard and deep, it occurs to me she might bruise from this.

Knowing her, she'd relish that though, so I keep going until I near insanity from the feel of her. She tightens around me until her pussy strangles my cock and seed roils in my sack, desperate to pump her full.

Vague awareness of being watched sends a shiver down my spine and I glance to the left to see the pale minotaur with a naked woman tossed over his shoulder. He flares his nostrils and stares at me, almost daring me to stop fucking my woman long enough to talk shit to him.

It's what we do, fight for maidens in the maze. It's what we've done since the dawn of time.

I let out a mighty roar and pull out of Cath long enough to spin us and face her toward the other couple. Guiding her left hand to my left horn, I bend low and whisper into her ear. "Hold on tight, Sunshine, while I give you the ride of your life."

She holds onto my forearm as I fill her with a snap of my hips, thrusting deep into her channel as she pulses around me.

The other minotaur sets his woman up on his big shoulder and she leans onto his horn like it's a table's edge, staring at us. The way they watch tells me they've done this before and likely often. His little woman is into it, brown eyes drifting down Catherine's body to the length of my cock every time I pull it from my mate's channel.

The heat, the being *observed*, it ramps up my sense of competition because I can *feel* Cath getting off on this. There's a fullness to our bond, a sentiment of deep, welling satisfaction that builds and burrows its way through me.

Pleasure swells and rises as she starts to pant, clutching tighter to my horn. She comes with a wail, body locking up tight as her channel clamps around me in fluttering rhythmic pulses that send pleasure jolting through my system.

I come with her, bellowing into the cavernous room as I pump my mate full of my seed, blissed out and washed up as she covers me in honey. It drips down her thighs and my dick and pools at my feet. Orgasm recedes slowly as my chest heaves. My legs tremble from the chase and the force of fucking her so hard.

In front of us, the pale minotaur grins and slides his woman off his shoulder and down the hard planes of his body. He bends low and whispers something in her ear and she smiles as she threads her fingers through his. Turning, she guides him off into the darkness.

Fingers splayed over Cath's soft stomach, I press my muzzle to her shoulder and nuzzle her softly.

"Mmm." That's all she says, but the air is practically dripping pheromones.

"You need more, Sunshine?" I plant a soft trail of bites to the edge of her shoulder and back up the side of her neck.

She rests against my chest and looks up over her shoulder at me. "You know I do, mate. Set me down so we can start over."

I laugh at how my Sunshine always surprises me. But just as she asked, I carefully set her down and watch to see what she'll do.

When she takes off running, dripping cum, I laugh as I watch her go.

Time to chase.