

Mate of the Minotaur

The light of the full moon leaked through the window only to be overshadowed by the flicker of candles spread across the cozy cabin. It was a modest abode, mainly consisting of one large room that contained the bedroom and a small kitchen. Though it was far from luxurious, it was the comfortable home of the woman sitting in front of a vanity mirror nearby the bed.

Taking a brush to her strands of ruby red hair, the woman meticulously groomed out the various knots she had accrued throughout the day. She had to pause once or twice to pick stray locks from her white night gown, a silky garment that ensured a peaceful night's sleep. She hummed to herself as she took care of the last few unruly strands, blinking her violet colored eyes as she reveled in the peaceful atmosphere. Letting out a breath of satisfaction, she put her brush down and reached out for a nearby glass of milk to quench her parched throat.

The woman nearly choked on her drink as she heard something rustle the bushes right outside of the house. Getting up from her seat, she turned her gaze towards a series of heavy stomps approaching her front door. She clenched her fingers and cautiously approached the entrance in the hopes of catching a glimpse of what was lurking outside. Just as she got within a few feet of the door, it flung itself open to reveal the hulking creature waiting on her front porch.

Broad shoulders grazing the threshold, the beast had to duck down to get his long horns through the door. The dark brown fur coating his muscular form was partially obscured with leather armor that was covered in various scrapes and more than a few splotches of dried blood. The same violent splatter was found across the double-headed axe gripped tightly between its rugged fingers. Watching the creature take another step forward with its cloven hooves, the woman momentarily glanced at the large bulge in its pants as she tried to take in his fearsome visage.

Craning her neck up to look the male minotaur in the eyes, she got a good look at the silver ring dangling from his bovine snout. Looking past his muzzle, her gaze lingered on the pair of flat ears that flickered beneath his horns. Looking below the minotaur's head of short, black hair, the woman dared to look into his red eyes. Feeling her hair get pushed back from a snort of his heavy breath, she knew that she only had one option.

Cracking a wide smile, the woman leapt forward to embrace what she could of the minotaur man's torso. "Welcome back, Micaelo," she said, nuzzling her face against his chest.

The minotaur man let out a sigh. "Merana, couldn't you have at least waited until I got my armor off? You're lucky the blood dried up hours ago." Releasing the grip on his axe, Micaelo used his free hands to return the gesture and pull her in close. "Although, I am grateful for the warm welcome. Especially such an unexpected one." Walking her over to the bed, he gently placed her down onto the mattress. "How did the job go?"

"Pretty obvious, isn't it?" she replied with an air of smugness Micaelo had come to adore. "We finished up a few days ahead of schedule, so I thought I'd do something special."

"Oh, what would that be?" Micaelo said as he hung up his axe.

Merana finished off her drink before turning back to him. "That's for me to know and for you to figure out. As long as you behave yourself."

Micaelo let out a snort as he began to tug at his armor. "Knowing you, I doubt your plans involve a quiet evening."

The minotaur's fumbling with his armor came to a halt as Merana grasped his hands. "No need for that. Isn't it up to the wife to take care of a brave adventurer after an arduous quest?"

Micaelo opened his mouth to protest, only to let out a groan and allow her to take over the task of undressing him. "First off, I love you, but we're still just dating. Second, and I mean

no offense by this, you're far from a demure housewife. Or should I retell of how we first met over a job of mercilessly slaying trolls?"

"Can't a girl roleplay every once in a while?" she replied, shimmying off his leather tunic to place her hands against his bare, fuzzy pecs. "Spending a night with a rugged warrior that is in need of some relief?"

Micaelo huffed upon seeing her slide her fingers down his well-built pecs to better examine his abs. "Sorry, but it's hard to forget about who you really are. That's why the two of us get along so well in the first place. We can get frisky after I've had a chance to drink something. I'm absolutely-"

The minotaur nearly choked on his words as Merana pulled down his pants and whipped out his massive cock. His girthy member was nearly over a full foot in length, a double-edged sword he was reminded of constantly whenever he had to purchase new armor. Unphased by the monstrous member, Merana slid her palm across the length of his shaft to have her hand grasp at his tip.

"Are you sure you don't want something else first?" Merana teased as her other hand felt up the rigidness affecting his member.

Taking a nod from the bull man as a personal invitation, Meran wrapped her lips around the tip of his cock. Though her ambitions were admirable, Micealo knew that she had her limits. Enjoying what little of his member she could manage to swallow, his eyes nearly fell out of his skull as he watched her push forward to engulf the entirety of his member. Though he was curious as to how she was able to perform such a feat, coherent thought was lost the moment she grasped his testicles in her palms.

Getting a good grip on the minotaur's member, Merana slowly dragged her head back across his shaft. Just before his tip popped out of her mouth, she shoved the entire girth back down her throat with her tongue sliding along its length. The same motion was reciprocated several more times, each repetition increasing in speed to ensure she didn't miss a single inch. Shivering under the expert tongue techniques of his partner, Micaelo let out a primal grunt as he released his seed.

Merana wrapped her arms around his legs upon hearing the bestial cry. Keeping her mouth firmly around his dick, she proceeded to drink up every last drop. Body shuddering with each release, Micaelo reached out for something to steady himself with. What he got was a pair of hands wrapping around his wrists to place them on his partner's shoulder. Tilting his head down, he watched her put on a brave smile as she swallowed the rest of his load.

"Thanks for the meal," Merana commented, wiping her face clean.

"How did you do that? You couldn't even get down halfway before."

Standing up, Merana placed her finger against his snout to quiet him. "I'll tell you later. IF you be a good boy and return the favor."

Placing a kiss on Micaelo's cheek, Merana made her way over to the bed. Grabbing the hem of her gown, she lifted it up and gestured towards her nether region. Knowing what she was expecting, Micaelo graciously got down on his knees before her. Running his fingers across the tips of his horns to ensure they had been filed down enough to avoid injury, he lifted up her skirt to slide his muzzle between her legs. Paying close attention to the scars along her thighs, he pressed his snout up against her dripping womanhood.

Well acquainted with what made her tick, Micaelo put his tongue to work slowly dragging it across her labia. As his mouth met her clit, he made sure to lightly drag his fingers

across her thighs to add another series of red marks to her flesh. His motions were more than enough to make her squirm and release a series of minute gasps from her mouth. Egged on by her continued wetness, he sucked and maneuvered his mouth across her womanhood in search of her release.

Through Micaelo's constant motions, he was forced to stop as he felt something drop onto his head. Keeping his mouth between Merana's legs, he shifted his gaze upwards to see a pair of wet spots forming across the front of her gown. His curious gaze was obscured by Merana's groin as she pushed his head back against her womanhood. In turn, he upped the speed of his tongue and sunk his fingers deep into her thighs. With his vision solely focused on her needy vagina, he put all of his effort into giving her exactly what she needed.

When Merana finally released her grasp on his head, his ears flickered under the sound of her euphoric moan. Licking up the remaining wetness from her orgasm, the minotaur once more looked up to see the same spots on her gown had gotten larger. As he continued to stare up at her bosom, he noticed a droplet of white liquid begin to seep through the fabric. Opening up his mouth, he let the drop fall onto his tongue. A single taste was all he needed to confirm his suspicions.

"You're lactating?" Micaelo asked, lifting himself up to meet Merana face to face.

"Am I? I haven't noticed," she replied, a childish smile revealing the blatant lie. "Maybe you should get a closer look."

Confused, but more than willing to continue, Micaelo grasped the hem of her gown and pulled it off of her body. He saw the same battle scars he had become quite familiar with over the course of their relationship. The red marks along her mid-section were partially obscured by the

white droplets as they continued a steady drip feed from her nipples. Grasping her hips between his fingers, the minotaur followed his feral instincts.

Opening up his mouth, Micaelo wrapped his mouth around one of the leaking teats. A small taste of the milk overwhelmed his taste buds with an otherworldly sweetness. Taking a long drag of her nipple, his ears perked up at the sound of a moan pursing Merana's lips. That was all the motivation he needed to push the interaction that much further.

Swapping his mouth over to the other breast, Micaelo let his hands wander across her body. The main area of his focus became her bosom, ensuring a steady flow of milk to keep up both of their pleasures. Despite his need to drink up every last drop, he made sure to not leave the rest of her body unattended. Sliding his fingers across her battle-worn flesh, he gave it tender squeezed and scratches that added new red marks between her scars. For his due diligence he was rewarded with more of her delicious sweetness and having his ears privy to the murmurs that coincided with her own enjoyment in the act.

Moving back and forth between each of Merana's breasts, Micaelo subconsciously moved closer to her. Pressing up his bulky body against her, he could feel his rigid erection slide up against her thighs. Pushing her breasts together, he squeezed down to take in the two spouts of milk. The act did the job of sating his thirst and forcing out a loud cry from Merana. Drinking his fill of her milk, he could feel a few drops slide between their bodies to trickle against the tip of his cock. Pressing his lower head up against her womanhood, he wondered if she was ready for the next step.

Micaelo's pondering was answered as Merana grasped his horns and tilted his head up to meet her gaze. "Come on. I'm more than ready. Get in position big boy."

Replying with a smirk, Micaelo pulled away from Merana to give her a chance to get off of the bed. Rolling onto the mattress, he remained perfectly still as she climbed across him. She used this opportunity to regularly press her cheek up against his toned muscles, nuzzling up to the fur she had become quite familiar with over the course of their time together. Keeping his instincts in check was proven harder than usual as Micaelo felt her still leaking teats drop milk across his torso as she got in position. Despite his rising libido, he was well aware that they were about to hit the limits of what a human and minotaur could reasonably do together.

The usually gentle approach required for their sessions of intimacy seemed lost on Merana as she steadied herself with his knees and shoved his cock as far it would go inside of her. What worry the minotaur could manage to muster up was momentarily sated by the feeling of pleasure provided by the mere act of insertion. Daring to look back, he was surprised to see that she had somehow take in the entirety of his girth with room to spare.

“How is that possible? Micaelo asked.

Merana let out a laugh as her body shivered with anticipation. Holding up her breasts, she gave them a squeeze to unleash a spurt of milk down her body to splash against his groin. “This is just a side effect of the potion,” she explained, showing little hesitation in sampling a droplet of her own milk. “The main purpose of the drink was to enhance my body so that it could take all of you in one go. Not that you seemed to mind the other effects.”

“That must have cost quite a lot of coin,” Micaelo replied.

Leaning forward, Merana shifted her hips to jostle about his cock and grinned at the way it made the minotaur squirm. “Judging by your reaction, it was more than worth it. So, are you ready to see how good I am at bull riding?”

“Knock yourself out,” he replied. “Just don’t hurt yourself.”

“You know that’s not really a worry to me.”

Raising her hips back up, she shoved herself down on his cock at a much slower pace. Each inch taken by her womanhood gave her another chance to hear her minotaur let out a series of grunts as he tried to hold himself back. Once more hitting his base, she allowed him to hear a moan of her own parse her lips. With the tone set for what was to come, it came time for Merana to put the potion through its paces.

Hoisting herself up once more, she began to rhythmically pump her hips. Sliding his member in and out of her pussy, Merana’s tried to maintain her smirk even as it was constantly broken by cries of her own ecstasy. Micaelo wasn’t faring much better, evidenced by the way his body became a trembling mass of lust that only worsened with each repetition. As he got closer to his limit, he could feel his body urging to go even further. Mere moments before his release, he gave into his desires and bucked his hips to push his cock deep inside of her womb. The motion brought the two of them to orgasm and drizzled the bed with spurts of Merana’s milk.

Coming back down from their session, Merana gingerly pulled herself off of his member. Cleaning off the remnants of Micael’s release with her tongue, she reveled in the tremors that still affected his body. Crawling across his chest, leaking a trail of milk across his fur, she cuddled up to his head to plant a kiss on his cheek. “So, how was it?” she asked, already knowing the answer.

“Amazing,” Micaelo replied, taking in deep breaths to recover.

“I glad you feel that way, but I don’t think it was nearly enough for your little guy,” she commented, shifting to the side to ensure he saw his member was already up for another round. “You’ve seen what I’m capable of. Don’t see why we can’t take things just a step further,” she added, tapping her fingers along the length of his erection.

Micaelo let out a huff to deal both with his rising libido and Merana's playfulness. "We'll do it, but you have to promise me you'll say something if it's too much for you."

Moving up further, Merana pressed her face up against his for a kiss. "Such a sweet heart," she said, sliding her hand along her chest. "Fine, we'll play by your rules." Rolling off of his body, Merana laid down on the bed and spread her legs. Reaching towards her womanhood, she parted her labia to give him a clean shot. "The safe word will be dairy."

Unable to stifle a small chuckle, Micaelo climbed off of the bed and got in position. Still wary of the couple's abilities to give and receive, the minotaur carefully approached her. Taking hold of her legs, he once more let his gaze wonder across the leftover droplets of milk clinging to her chest. Pressing his tip against her vagina, he began to slowly push it inside of her. Managing to get half way at a steady pace, he let out a bovine yelp as Merana reached out toward him. Grabbing hold of his buttocks, she gave him a helpful push to sink the rest of his member into her waiting womanhood. Powering through her feelings of pleasure and mischievousness, Merana laid back down and gestured for Micaelo to get on with the show.

Too far in to stop now, Micaelo did as he was told and began to shift his hips back and forth. The building desire between the two of them let him gradually work up to a speed that Merana would call satisfactory. Even the initially glacial pace proved its usefulness with each penetration diving his dick far deeper than he ever thought possible. For her part, Merana was more than happy to ride out his growing ambition with each thrust, feeling her body shiver as she got to sample more of his ferocity.

Finally feeling comfortable enough with Merana's body, Micaelo hazarded to slump down to have his chest press up against hers. Pushing down on her body, he put his full strength into giving her the pleasure they both sought. Ears flickering at the noise of Merana's euphoric

moaning he let out another huff as he searched for her favorite spots. While his member took care of her lower half, his hands moved away from her legs to squeeze and grope her flesh. Adding more red marks to her battle-hardened body triggered something in the back of his mind. Still cognizant enough to be careful, Micaelo tilted his head to the side to give her neck a gentle bite. Hearing her hiss in a mix of pain and pleasure, he repeated the action several more times as his thrusts became all the more unhinged.

Adding his own cries of animalistic pleasure to the act, Micaelo gave it his all as he repeatedly rammed his cock inside of her. Heeding her cries of ecstasy, his mouth took breaks between his heavy breathing to sample Merana's leaking bosom between spreading hickeys across her body. Through the minotaur's barrage, Merana curled her toes as she got ever closer to her release. Reaching the very edge of her climax, she pulled herself up to embrace his chest as she rode out her orgasm. The sudden jolt was the last step needed to make Micaelo follow suit, filling her womb with his seed as he forced out a loud MOOOOO.

Body still shaking from his release. Micaelo took his time before removing himself from her. As he began to pull away, he was stopped by her hand reaching out to grab at his arms. The look on her face told the tale, a glance at her eyes letting him know that she was far from done. Echoing her desires was his own member, becoming rigid once more and throbbing against her womanhood.

"Think that's the first time in a while I've heard you moo," Merana commented, putting on a playful smile even as her body continued to shiver. "Up for one more?"

"As long as you can handle it," he replied, already grabbing her by the waist to hoist her into the air.

"You know I can. Now shove that monster cock of yours as far and as hard as you can."

“As you wish,” Micael replied, using his well-trained muscles to put her in the right position.

Merana wrapped her legs around the minotaur’s torso, helping him to guide his cock inside of her. Pushing his dick in with a single thrust made them both call out in simultaneous ecstasy. Gritting their teeth, the couple met each other’s gaze to make sure they were ready for the next step.

Grabbing hold of Merana’s hips to keep her steady, Micael began to jolt his body up and down. Bouncing along on his rigid member proved too much for Merana to keep up her confident grin. In the face of Micael’s raw, animalistic nature, she found herself succumbing to her own lust with each penetration of his massive cock. Losing herself to the tremors of her euphoria, she latched onto his hairy chest for a semblance of balance.

Even as he continued to aggressively pump his dick, Micael was still cognizant enough to reciprocate the motion by embracing her within his bulky arms. His nostrils flared, his mind pulling from his bestial nature to keep up with Merana’s libido. Going far further than ever thought possible, he intended to show off his appreciation for Merana’s hard work with each jostle of her body against his member.

The couple’s thought became a mire of lust as they reached their limits. Milk pouring from Merana’s breasts ensured that the two of them were drenched in it after just a few reps. They didn’t care about the mess on the floor or the variety of guttural grunts and moans that left their mouths. All that mattered at that moment was showing each other how much they adored one another’s bodies. Pressing themselves close together, they lost themselves to their desires as they shared a joint orgasm that drained the last of their strength.

Stumbling about on his own hooves, Micael forced himself to make his way over to the bed before collapsing. Caressed by the soft sheets, he barely felt Merana slide out from between his arms. Crawling up once more to his head, Merana leaned down to offer her teats. More than happy to accept the strange drink, Micael leaned his head up to suckle from her breasts.

“I take it you enjoyed yourself?” Merana asked, sliding her hand along the bottom of his muzzle.

Micael pulled back and wiped his mouth clean. “You first. This was all your idea in the first place.”

Merana laughed. “I suppose it was...satisfactory, to say the least. Although we may have to try it a couple of more times before I form an accurate opinion.” Holding onto Micael’s head, she turned him to look at a non-descript box in the corner of the room. He didn’t even need to ask what was inside.

“How much you got?” Micael asked as Merana rested herself against his torso.

“More than enough to keep us busy before I head out on next month’s job.” Sliding further down his body, she nestled up against his sides, using his chest as a makeshift pillow.

“Sounds like a plan, although I think I’m about done for the night,” he replied, gently running his fingers through her hair.

“Awwwww, is the big bull man tired?” she asked, barely able to stifle a yawn.

“A little,” he said, craning his neck down to kiss her forehead. “Or perhaps I just want an excuse to spend some quiet time with you.”

Merana let her blush wash over her face as she got closer to him. “That sounds...nice.”

Unable to keep their eyes open any longer, the two fell asleep, content in both body and mind of their relationship now more than ever.