A Girl and Her Minotaur

by StokerFan

Summary

A shipwrecked teenage girl washes ashore on an island, with only a minotaur to help her survive...and more.
Chapter 1

Hayley tries to keep her head above water. The currents are too strong, the waves too high, with salt water pouring into her mouth.

She looks up; into the sky that is raining on her, showing brief flashes of lightning. It seems only moments ago, and yet so long ago at the same time, that she was on a ship with her family.

then it all happened suddenly, the waves overtaking the ship, the cabin flooding.

She does not know where her parents are. She had caught a glimpse of Figures in the distance, but the fickle nature of the ocean separated her from them.

Now Hayley could see something in the distance. Is it land? She paddles her way towards the sight, even while being pushed and pulled by the current. After what seems like such a very long time, she finally feels a solid surface on her hands. She looks around, and sees a sandy beach. Waves crash down on her.

Hayley scrambled up the sand, past where the waves can not reach. The rain is still pouring. This has to be a nightmare, she thinks. Maybe she is still asleep on the ship, or even at home. How could this be happening to her? She is only fifteen years old. Is this going to be the end of her life?

She experiences a flood of dreams. Jumbled images of her life at home, the ship, and the storm. She sees an image of a figure standing above her. She feels rain. Hayley then feels herself stirring awake. She notices that she is laying on something soft. She sees the light from a fire, feeling the heat on her skin. She notices a figure standing up.

The first thing the teenage girl notices is that the figure is not human. It is covered with coarse black fur, with a leather loincloth around its waist. It has the head of a bull-, with a long snout and horns protruding from the head. The creature has two hands like a human, with two hooves for feet. The exposed skin on the snout and the palms of the hands are a bluish gray.

"You're a minotaur," says the girl. "I...I've heard of you, fighting in arenas and stuff."

"Other minotaur do that," says the minotaur in a deep voice. "Me not fight in arena in long time."

It is then that Hayley notices something else. She is naked. She immediately squats down and covers her breasts, shielding the most intimate and feminine parts of her body from the creature's view.

"My clothes?" she asks. She looks and sees her miniskirt, blouse, bra, and panties hanging from a rope above the fire.

"Clothes all wet," replies the minotaur. "No want you cold."
Hayley places her hand near her vulva. Her feminine canal did not feel sore. She is a virgin, as many girls her age are, even as she and they are curious about sex.

"What is this place?" she asks.

"Old, old place," replies the minotaur. "Built long ago. Empty long time."

"You did not do anything to me after, uh, taking off my clothes?"

"Mating you? No."

"Are you a boy?" she asks.

For a minute she wonders if the creature would remove its loincloth to answer her question, something that would frighten her, and yet...

"A male? Yes. All minotaur is male. How you get here? Were you in boat?"

"Yes. There was a storm? It sank. I was separated from my mom and dad."

"Me not from here. Me stranded here like you many summer ago."

"Is anyone else nearby?"

"No."

"Are you hungry? Me have roots."

"Sure," replies Hayley, her stomach grumbling like a quake.

The minotaur looks at the girl as he boils the roots in a steel cooking pot. He had seen her when he was walking along the beach early in the morning, when the storm was reduced to a drizzle. He can still remember when he first saw her naked. Milky white skin, curly red hair that reached her shoulders, red fuzz near her vaginal opening, big breasts with large areolas around the nipples, and a face showing that she was in the transition from girlhood to womanhood. Gazing upon her, his penis became rock hard. He was so tempted to just stick it in her. He finally manually relieved the tension, until it spilled out in liquid form. Just thinking about it makes him hard again.
Minutes later, Hayley eats the roots. There was not much flavor.

"Not good cook," he says.

"It’s okay," she says. "it'S not like there are a lot of restaurants here. Anyway, cal me Hayley."

"Hayley,” replies the minotaur, pointing at the girl. He touches the clothes hanging from the

“Clothes.”

"Is there a place where I can change?" asks the girl.

"There," he says, pointing down a hallway.

Hayley grabs her clothes, covers herself on the furs on which she was lying,and walks down the hallway, entering through a door on her left. She can see the stone blocks that make up the walls. The place had been inhabited in the past.

After putting her clothes back on, she walks out to what she assumes had been the main hall. Seeing more clearly, she can see that there is a fire pit, where the fire had been burning. She sees sunlight coming through one of the doors, and steps outside.

Hayley could tell wherever she is is the high ground. Below her is a thick forest, like a massive floor of green. In the distance is the blue ocean. She catches a glimpse of the strand of sand where She had first washed up.

"What you do?" asks the minotaur.

"I don't know," replies the teenager. "I don't know how to build a boat."

"No know how to build boat."

"Have you tried to leave this place. You said were not not from here."

"Where I was from," says the minotaur, "only fighting before crowds in arena. No want to go back. You?"

"I know some people back where I was from. Maybe they miss me already."
"What you do there?"

"I went to this girls' school. Sometimes we would hang out and stuff and play games."

“I learn take care of me since I was here. No want leave.”

"But what if you get hurt? I mean, there would be no one to help you."

"I try to be careful."

"Could you, well, show me around."

"Palace or all island. Island is big."

"The important parts, I guess."

The minotaur shows his new guest around the important parts of the island. He shows Hayley the stream that runs into the ocean, the waterfall at the head of a canyon from where the stream emerges. He shows the empty chambers of the palace, and Hayley imagines what they had once been used for. And he shows her a spring near the palace where fresh water flows. She tasted the water, which had a slight mineral taste.

"It's almost like a faucet," she says.

"Humans build palace here because of water," replies the minotaur.

*This bull-head guy must be smart even if much less articulate than I am,* thinks Hayley. *Of course, if he were a dumbass he would have starved to death.*

Later that evening, The minotaur serves dinner. Dinner in this case is the remains of a boar that he slew with a bronze-tipped spear. The boar had been roasted over an openfire.

"it could use more spices," says Hayley, eating a piece of meat from the thigh.

"They eat anything," replies the minotaur. "They would eat me if they have chance."

"I guess you have to be careful. I remember reading about your kind. A king from long ago offended heaven and was turned into a minotaur. Or was it a queen who was cursed and her first born child was the first minotaur?"

“Much we not know about days before.”
"I do wonder if the curse could be lifted. I wonder what you would look like."

The minotaur looks at his hands. It never occurred to him that he could be a human. Would he want to?

Evening arrives, and Hayley lies down on the soft furs inside the main room. He looks at the girlwashed ashore. He watches over her intently, wanting to protect her and more. He feels her curly red hair with his finger. He stares at her for a few minutes before falling asleep beside her.

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The next morning, Hayley wakes up. For a minute she wonders why she does not feel the mattress of her bed.

Looking around, she does not see the white plaster wall of her bedroom, the shelf with stuffed toys. She instead, sees the stone walls, the fire pit. The memories of the ship sinking, being carried by the ocean currents, washing up on the beach surface.

And she sees the minotaur sleeping next to her on the floor. She stares at him for a few minutes. She feels safe. Her heart races as feelings surface, feelings that are not familiar, and yet at the same time, feel as it is awakening something from within.

"Good morning," she hears after glancing away for a moment.

"Uh, good morning," says Hayley to the minotaur. "I was wondering what there is for breakfast?"

"We have fresh fruit," he says. He walks to a storeroom and gathers some fruit. There are some fruits Hayley recognizes, like oranges, and others that she does not. She soon bites into the fruit, tasting its sweetness.

"Me picked fruit two days before you here," says the minotaur.

"I read that drying food can help preserve food. Along with putting a lot of salt on it."

"Good thinking."
The girl goes outside. She looks up to the blue sky, now clear of clouds. "I'm wondering if I can build a fire, try to send a signal. I mean, maybe a ship will pass by."

"So you want go home."

"That's my place. I have family...and some friends, there."

"You must love them."

"Yes. Is there anyone you miss?"

"People take care of me. Some of them nice."

"We..us humans...we all live in different ways." Hayley looks out towards the beach where she had first washed up. "Let's see if we can send a signal. We'll need firewood. Do you have a match or a lighter?"

"No," replies The minotaur.

"How do you make a fire?"

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Hayley watches The minotaur strike two tiny pieces of rock together. She sees sparks come out. After about two or so minutes, one of the sparks ignites a pile of dried leaves and bark pieces.

"I really do miss matches," says the girl. She watches the flame as it burns the leaves and bark on top of the pile of twigs. Smoke starts to rise, dissipating as it gets higher. She hears the waves crash upon the beach where she first arrived here. The fire gets bigger as it consumes the twigs.

She looks to the sky and out to the sea, hoping that a ship or a plane would appear and notice the smoke. She waits for what seems to be hours.
"You want to wait for ship all day?" asks the minotaur.

It is until almost sunset that Hayley decides to go back to the palace.

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Hayley becomes more familiar with her surroundings the next few days, with The minotaur showing her around.

She sees the meadow where feral goats graze, fruit trees growing in places around the island. The girl figures that these trees were descended from groves that people used to make here. The minotaur even shows her what the people in the palace used for a bathroom- seats with holes positioned over a channel of running water.

"You would make a good tour guide," the girl says to him.

One morning, The minotaur takes the girl to a bay on the island. Hayley notices a partially collapsed stonestructure arising from the end of a cape next to the bay. She figures that it was once a lighthouse; in her mind's eye, she can imagine ships with huge sails entering and existing the bay.

"Oyster grow there," says the minotaur, pointing at a small cove.

"I've had those," replies Hayley. "They serve those at restaurants."

"More than oyster here."
A bird with blue feathers dips its long, narrow beak into the shallow sea water.

He takes a strap of leather. He twirls it around, and increases its angular momentum. It twirls faster and faster until he releases a polished stone. It travels fast through the air until it strikes the bird down. The minotaur sprints over to where the bird is and kills it with his hands.

"We get more dinner," he says.

Hayley smells something. "Is there a place where I can take a bath or a shower?"

"A bath?"
"Well, the water here is salty."

"Waterfall not salty."

The girl remembers where the waterfall is. "I'll be heading there."

It takes quite a while for her to walk upstream where the waterfall is. She takes in her surroundings a second time, looking at the rock walls of the canyon, the brush growing on the surface, the shallow stream.

And she sees the waterfall ahead, hearing the sound the water makes as it crashes into the pool.

Stripping off her clothes, she goes under the water.

It feels cold. It had been a very long time since she was under cold running water. She shivers and gets goosebumps on her pale skin.

for a moment she wonders if The minotaur is hiding in the bushes to watch her like a voyeur. That thought does not frighten her.

She emerges from the waterfall. She feels cleaner. She then realizes she does not have a towel with which to dry herself. After using her hands to wipe off the excess water, she puts on her clothes and walks downstream. About a few minutes later, she sees the walls of the palace. She enters the main hall, seeing the minotaur cook a meal.

"How was shower?" asks the minotaur.

"I never had to walk so far just for a bath," replies the girl. "And the water was cold." She can smell the remains of the bird and the oysters cooking over the open flame.

"Lunch ready," says the minotaur. The two of them sit around and eat the meal. The bird meat is a little dry, though the oysters are delicious.

"These oysters are good as they are in restaurants," says Hayley.

"No know ress raunt..."

Then Hayley feels something on her knee, notices that The minotaur had placed his hand there. She moves
her hand to brush it away, and then looks into his blue eyes. Her heart races.

She places her hand on his furry thigh, and kisses him.

Startled, The minotaur withdraws. He then leans in for a kiss.

Their hearts race. They had never been this close, and want to stay this way for all time. The minotaur's beastly hands run over the girl's breasts, with only the fabric of her blouse between them. The teenage girl runs her hands through the minotaur's fur. Hayley's blouse slips off, baring her tits encased in her lacy bra.

"Where are we going?" she asks.

"There is better place," says the minotaur.

He takes the girl up some stairs and they emerge out into a balcony. The outside is much brighter than the main hall, the sun shining high overhead. The minotaur places a pile of soft furs on the floor.

Hayley takes a step back. The minotaur can see her bare stomach and arms, and the bra covering her breasts. The girl unhooks her bra and reveals her breasts and areola-ringed nipples.

The minotaur starts squeezing and feeling the girl's large and firm tits.

"You only fifteen?"

"They grew in just around the time of my last birthday," she replies, squeezing her tits together.

The minotaur removes his leather loincloth, revealing his bluish gray penis. Hayley touches it with his hand and it grows even bigger in anticipation. The minotaur experiences pure pleasure as she plays with it with her hand. He breathes in and out deeply.

Hayley looks at The minotaur's dick and notices that it had turned a deep purple. The veins are throbbing with excitement. She immediately pulls down her miniskirt and panties, and lays down, her heart racing with anticipation.
The minotaur looks at the teenage girl, completely naked, her white skin shining in the sun, curly red hair falling to her shoulders, big tits, and red fuzz over the entrance to the most feminine part of her body. He gazes at the teen’s vulva; the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. Two pale lips framing a pinkish hole. As he gazes, he feels a stronger urge to enter, as if this girl’s very femininity is calling out to him. He kneels between her spread thighs, and uses his thumbs to spread apart her vaginal lips. He guides his erect throbbing male organ, making contact with those lips.

With one thrust, he pierces the veil of her virginity.

Hayley makes a funny girlish squeal as she feels a sharp pain in her vagina. It is then it hits her that she is no longer a virgin. A penis is inside her vagina. What was more was that this is a minotaur’s penis. She never imagined that she would give her virginity to a legendary beast like a minotaur.

For a minute he enjoys the feeling of her pussy wrapped around his dick, and she enjoys the feeling of his dick stretching her pussy.

The minotaur begins a series of gentle thrusts in and out of the girl, his shaft pressing to the hilt, and then pulling out until only the bulbous head is in. After a few strokes, he feels her vagina start to squeeze and clench his penis. His heart beats faster and faster as he thrusts harder into her girlhood. He grunts savagely with each thrust, his testicles slapping against the teen. As he fucks his beasthood in and out of her, he licks her breasts and rubs his face in her cleavage, feeling the softness of her skin.

As the thrusts grow in intensity, Hayley rubs her hands through The minotaur's black fur, which is now damp due to his sweating. She pushes against the floor with her bare feet to meet his thrusts. It seems as if he is penetrating deeper into her feminine depths.

"It feels so good," she says. "I want more."

"Yes," he replies.

The teenage girl's pussy becomes burning hot as the fucking continues, and the heat spreads throughout her whole body. Sweat covers her skin. She feels as if a beast inside her is waking up. She starts shaking with pleasure, letting out a low moan.

They both look at his huge purplish beastly penis disappearing into and reappearing out of her vagina, smiling at the arousing sight. To them, it is the most beautiful sight possible.

The minotaur can feel pressure rising within him, and feels it concentrating into his dick. He tries to hold the pressure as he makes a few more thrusts. He is finally at his breaking point

He draws back until the tip of his glans is just kissing her labia, and then he slams his penis into her vagina with full force
And then he erupts like a volcano, shooting his sperm into Hayley's vagina and filling up her teenage womb. The feeling becomes more intense, and he grunts louder and fucks her pussy harder as he spurts more and more of his passion and desire in its liquid form into her feminine depths, the parts that make her a girl.

Hayley feels per pleasure rise to the maximum, and she moans loudly. The feeling of his dick sliding against the sides of her pussy is accented with the feeling of his liquid lust coating the inside of her fertile belly. Her vaginal muscles squeeze the male organ, as to milk more cum out of his nuts.

He then slows down and they lay together, his penis inside her vagina. His semen overflowed and some of it trickled down her thighs.

But inside her, the work continues. Millions of sperm cells swim inside. In one of her tubes, an egg awaits. The sperm furiously attack the egg like a pack of wolves, until one of them gets inside...
Chapter 2

The minotaur had noticed many changes since the first time he joined with Hayley. The most obvious thing he noticed was that the sex was much more frequent. Not a day goes by that the girl's pussy was wrapped around his dick, having it in a tight squeeze until he came. They slept together naked, with her bare skin against his fur. He became familiar with every square inch of her naked body.

He also noticed that he became even more open to her. As inarticulate as he is, he shared his feelings and thoughts with her as readily as he shared his semen. He would tell her about his experiences in the arena, the few pleasures that he had in his off time, his experiences on the island ever since he was stranded there. The fifteen-year-old girl understood him even with his limited vocabulary.

And of course, he noted that Hayley was as ready to open her mind as she was to open her thighs, becoming more familiar with her thoughts and feelings.

They had started playing many games together, even while hunting game or gathering fruit. Many of these games concluded with a hard fucking, uniting his beasthood with her girlhood, with his sperm coating the inside of her teenage womb. He always considered it the grand prize.

In all his life, he never felt so much affection, so much desire to just be in anyone's presence.

He never thought it possible for one person to have this effect. Her arrival here was the start of the best time in his life.

One day, The minotaur and Hayley decided to have what was called a beach bonfire. It required building a fire on the beach, the same beach where the girl had first washed up. It is summer, and summers are often humid. The minotaur is adorned only in his loincloth, as usual; his fur is not as thick during summers.

Hayley is only wearing her miniskirt. Her whole body above her waist is exposed. One of her new discoveries was liking her breasts being free and exposed.

The first thing that had to be done was starting a fire. The couple spends dozens of minutes trying to ignite the tinder. Finally, Hayley strikes the flint, and the spark creates a tiny flame which spreads throughout the combustible material.

"Your first fire with stones," says the minotaur.

"I should get the first bite of the goat meat," she says.

This is not the first time she had eaten goat- goat is a common food here, as there is a herd of feral goats wandering the island, eating the plant life.

This would be the first time she- and the minotaur- would eat goat meat barbecued on a stick over an open flame. Once the fire is established, they both slice pieces of meat and
skewer them on pieces of wood.

They then hold the raw goat meat above the fire, and the meat starts sizzling and turning brown. They then eat the meat off the wooden skewers. The two of them feel the heat from the flames and hear the sound of the crashing waves. The scent of the cooking meat arouses feelings of hunger.

"You eat much," says The minotaur after Hayley eats her third skewer.

"What can I say?" asks the girl. "I'm hungry."

"You do this often?"

"Only with my family on vacation. I had few friends; I was not part of the in-crowd."

"In crowd?"

"The girls who are on the top, popular."

"They on top of you like me on top of you?"

"It is not like that. They were the leaders of the pack, as it were."

"I get it. Why they lead pack?"

Hayley takes another bite of meat. "That's a good question. I never thought about it." She looks out towards the ocean, at the crashing waves. To the west, the sun is setting. Could you lie down?"

The minotaur's ears perk up. He is familiar with the tone of her voice, knowing what she wants next. The minotaur lies down on his back on the sand. Hayley removes his loin cloth and grabs hold of his bluish-gray penis. She strokes and sucks it, and the glans emerges from the foreskin as it grows erect and turns purple.

The teenage girl takes off her skirt and panties. She positions herself over the minotaur, touching the head of his dick with her pussy lips. She then slides her pussy on his dick, fully impaling herself.

Using her arms and legs to support herself, she then bobs up and down his male organ, feeling it slide in and out of her pleasure tube. The girl feels the heat turn up in her vagina as she fucks the minotaur's penis. She moves faster and faster, her whole body shuddering, her teenage tits bouncing, crimson hair shaking about, sweat trickling from her pale skin. She feels her pussy squeeze his dick. Waves of pleasure course through her body, increasing in intensity as she moves up and down, enjoying the
feeling of his hardness.

She feels his dick pulsate and feels his sticky seed spurting inside her, over and over again, coating her insides. The ejaculation continues for minutes, until some of the semen trickles out of her pussy and down her thighs. She continues to move up and down on the minotaur's erupting dick.

The girl stops when she finally exhausted herself. She sits still on top of him, still impaled.

The minotaur looks up. He notices her tits are even bigger than when he first saw them, and that there is a slight bulge in her belly. The very thought of what that might mean hardens him.

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After a few more weeks consisting of eating, sleeping, gathering food, and sex, Hayley starts noticing the changes in her teenage body. Among other things, she knows that she had not had her period, her monthly feminine flow, not ever since the minotaur pierced the veil of her virginity. From health classes that she took in school, she knows what this means. There is a life growing inside her, relying on her for sustenance.

Her conclusion scares her, and yet excites her as well

"I'm pregnant," she says to the minotaur.

The minotaur looks at her. Her belly is noticeably bigger. The thought that a calf is inside that womb- a calf that he made inside her- hardens his dick. "This is good," he says.

"I just feel scared."

"I be with you. I will be father to calf."

The girl feels her belly. The minotaur starts rubbing the belly, knowing that their child is inside.

He gently turns her around and bends her over.

"I want to celebrate," he says, as he pulls down her panties. "Are you in?"

"You'll be the one who's in," replies Hayley.

The minotaur sees the slight redness around her vaginal opening, a bright sign of receptiveness. Grabbing the girls hips, he pulls her up towards him, pulling her pussy right around his dick. With a firm grip around her pelvis, he slides the walls of her cunt against his shaft, enjoying every stroke. As he continues the fucking, he notices Hayley’s body getting slick with sweat. He breathes in and out as he fucks his teen lover hard. His grip on her hips becomes tighter and tighter as her pussy's grip on his dick gets tighter and tighter. He feels pressure building up in his penis. He slows down a bit, maximizing the pleasure of every stroke. He breathes more deeply.
When the pressure reaches near the bursting point, he bone her teen pussy faster and faster. And then his dick spurts out semen. He continues fucking her hard as he fires massive loads of sperm into the girl. It continues for even longer than when he was fucking prior to his coming. He only stops after his balls are completely drained of cum.

Hayley lies down, her legs spread open, semen dripping out of her pussy, her hands caressing her pregnant belly. The minotaur watches her.

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Hayley's body changes even more as the calf inside her belly grows. Her womb stretches to accommodate the growing calf. Her thighs become thicker, and her breasts swell. She can feel the calf moving inside her.

The minotaur notices these changes too, and he notices a change in her gait. The girl walks with a waddle that gets more pronounced the more advanced the pregnancy gets; the sight of her waddling like pregnant arouses The minotaur. She goes out less frequently, only helping inside the palace once in a while.

One day, many months after they first had sex, Hayley tells him something.

"It's my birthday," she says. "I am sixteen years old."

"Happy birthday," replies The minotaur.

The girl rubs her hugely pregnant belly. "I never imagined that I would have a minotaur calf inside me making my tummy big on my sixteenth birthday.

It is winter now, and a fire burns in the main hall to keep them warm. Though the calf in her belly makes her less ambulatory, Hayley is able to observe the change in the seasons. She even saw snow in the higher elevations.

"You want gift?" asks the minotaur.

"Well, you can't exactly go shopping here," replies Hayley. "Take off that loincloth."

The leather loincloth drops to The minotaur's ankles. The girl kneels and takes hold of his penis and starts masturbating it, causing it to grow. The minotaur smiles, enjoying the sensation of her hands on her male organ; it feels almost as good as her pussy. His dick swells and gets hotter. He is a little confused. Is she not supposed to be getting a gift on her birthday, not
giving one?

Hayley continues to handle the huge beastly shaft with her hands and tongue. It has this salty taste, and yet it is addicting. She can feel the heat of the minotaur's penis on her hands.

Lubricated with her own saliva, she continues the masturbation, going faster and faster.

"This is quite a workout," she says.

"It feels so good," replies her lover.

Hayley can feel the dick in her hands throbbing and pulsating. She goes faster, knowing what is going to happen. The minotaur cums, ejaculating his semen on the girl. It continues to spurt out in torrents, drenching her red hair, pale face, and pale tits in minotaur cum. It continues to go on for a minute, like a huge storm. The 16-year-old girl wonders if this is what milking a cow is like.

"You like my gift?" says the minotaur.

Hayley answers with a smile. She does not wash for the rest of the day, enjoying the feeling of sticky minotaur semen all over her body.

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About three weeks after her sixteenth birthday, Hayley notices her thighs are wet. From health classes that she took, she knows that her water just broke.

"I'm in labor!" she calls out.

She rests for a long time, with The minotaur by her side, knowing that her cervix is dilating. She recalls from her health classes that this is the longest part of labor. She lies down on the floor and waits.

She feels a pain in her abdomen, and knows that the contractions are restarting. The pain travels up her spine. They grow with intensity with each minute, and she breathes in and out heavily.

"I am here for you," says The minotaur. He is scared, and yet excited. He had never seen his child before.

This will indeed be life changing, even more so than when he first met Hayley, or when he first arrived on the island years ago.

She pushes with her womb, and feels something furry brushing against the walls of her vagina. She pushes harder and harder. She screams loudly in pain.
And then she hears a voice cry.

The minotaur and Hayley look at their newborn calf. The calf is covered in wet fur, with a bovine snout. The feet end in hooves, and the arm ends in two hands with five tiny fingers each. Hayley is the first to notice that the calf is a boy. He has no horns, unlike his father. The umbilical cord is still attached. The minotaur cuts it off with a sharp piece of stone.

"So beautiful," says Hayley. She never imagined that, at the age of sixteen, she would have a minotaur's calf. But so much has changed in the past year. She is a mother now. the concept blows her mind.

"Our son," says The minotaur.

The new mother feels another set of contractions coming, and the placenta merges from her vagina.

It looks like a thin flap of tissue attached to the umbilical cord. She glances briefly at what had physically connected her child to her womb. She then holds her son and places his mouth near her right breast. The calf starts sucking the milk out of her nipple.

"And this is the beginning," she says.

The first few days are consumed with the new parents caring for their infant son.

But it is not long before the minotaur’s penis returns to his home in Hayley’s vagina; the calf they made sleeping soundly not far away.

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