



# Hands-On Training

## Corinthian Fertility Clinic 3

### Chapter 1 — Chest Master

The two old men met in Rittenhouse Park every Saturday to play chess while their wives did the grocery shopping. Edwin — a retired press foreman for the now-defunct *Tribune*, was well on his way to another decisive victory. That's when he noticed Vince's attention had wandered to the walkway that curved through the park.

Jenna Holloway and her husband, Ryan, walked past, pushing their baby in a stroller. With every step she took,

her enormous breasts swayed, bounced, and jiggled under the tight, clingy shirt as if defying gravity itself.

As Jenna bent down to adjust the baby's blanket, gravity took full advantage. Her enormous breasts hung heavily, spilling downward and pulling the already-low neckline of her shirt further down, creating a brief, breathtaking glimpse of smooth, creamy skin beneath. The fabric stretched taut across her chest, accentuating every curve, every slope, every subtle jiggle as she straightened again. The movement was hypnotic — two pendulums of impossible weight swinging and colliding with gentle authority.

“Checkmate,” croaked Vince.

Edwin stood abruptly, grunting at his old friend. He hadn't lost a game to Vince in ages, but he knew all too well how the old bastard loved to gloat. He had no intention of sticking around for that. Besides, his wife should be getting home from shopping just about now, and he had no intention of wasting his first good erection since Thanksgiving.

Yes, Edwin was that much of a breast man.

But, compared to Jenna's husband, he was a rank amateur. Ever since he was a kid, Ryan had been obsessed with breasts — the shape, the softness, the way

they seemed to demand attention. His fascination began innocently enough: the first time a teacher bent down to help him tie his shoes, he spied Mrs. Busenworst's plump boobies jostling in her bra — a "Chantilly Unlined Underwire" (style 7329), he later learned — and something inside him stirred that he would never quite forget.

Long after he learned how to tie his shoes, he walked around with loose laces — just in case.

As a teen, Ryan's first explorations on his iPhone led him straight to the 'big tits' category on Pornhub, as if the universe had curated it just for him. Ryan scrolled through so much heavy-hootered porn in the upstairs bathroom of his parents' house that his mom once slid a utility bill under the door and told him to start paying rent. By the time he came out, his iPhone battery was dead, his legs were numb, and the wallpaper was starting to peel. If you took all of the cum that he flushed in a month, you'd have enough to coat the mammary assets of Hitomi Tanaka, Daphne Rosen, Eva Notty, Nadine Jansen, Lisa Ann, and Bridgette B. — with just enough left over to glaze Gianna Michaels.

The thought of which would send him back to the bathroom.

It's a wonder the boy didn't die of dehydration.

As they walked, Ryan found himself watching the subtle bounce of her chest with every step. He swore, for a moment, he could hear the milk sloshing inside her — a ridiculous, impossible, tantalizing thought that made his cock throb beneath his jeans. Other men passed by, some casting furtive glances at Jenna, unconsciously touching themselves or averting their eyes too late. And to Ryan's surprise, the sight didn't anger him — it thrilled him. The thought that she was admired, desired, and irresistible outside their home sent an electric charge through him, mixing jealousy with a strange, delicious pride.

Jenna had always been busty, but her generous G-cups were more than just her body's natural response to motherhood. When they were having trouble getting pregnant, Jenna's sister, Callie, had suggested a fertility clinic that used some "non-traditional methods." When the eight-foot-tall minotaur walked into the examination room and explained calmly how he was going to fuck a baby into Jenna's fertile womb, Ryan realized just how non-traditional it was. It wasn't easy watching his nubile wife being ravaged by a mythological creature. And the minotaur's mythological cock didn't make it any easier. (Nor did Jenna's insistence on follow-up visits throughout her pregnancy.)

But the couple got a beautiful, bouncing baby boy out of the deal. And Jenna got two beautiful, bouncing boobs

that the doctors say will remain that way long after she weans the baby. They described it as a “known side-effect” of the procedure.

*Warning: May cause excessive admiration, chronic staring, intermittent jealousy, unplanned fantasies in public, uncontrollable sighing, and minor wrist strain. Consult your doctor before giggling uncontrollably at your spouse’s chest.*

Jenna caught his gaze, raising an eyebrow in amusement. “Something you want to share?” she asked, the corners of her mouth twitching.

Ryan shook his head quickly, forcing a casual smile. “Just enjoying the scenery,” he muttered, and it was true in every sense. Every curve, every sway of her hips, the way her shirt clung to her chest — it all consumed his attention. He’d spent years fantasizing about this kind of body, and now it was hers, and he could savor it in ways that were intensely personal, private, and thrilling.

The baby cooed again, bringing Ryan back to the present. He smiled down at the little bundle, then back up at Jenna, marveling at how motherhood had changed her body—and how it had awakened a new, deeper kind of arousal in him.

## **Chapter 2 — Bull Boy**

The doorbell rang just as Jenna carried the baby from the nursery to the living room, balancing a bottle in one hand and the baby in the other. Ryan peeked from the kitchen, trying not to stare too obviously at her chest, which was spilling slightly over the low-cut top she'd chosen that morning.

"Ryan, he's here," Jenna called.

The door swung open to reveal a young man who looked slightly out of place in the suburban entryway: tall, lean, with small, polished horns curving from his forehead and a confident, almost nervous posture. His wide eyes scanned the room, then fixed on the baby with immediate care. The name tag on his shirt read **Evan**.

"Hi! I'm Evan," he said, voice a little too high, hands clasped in front of him. "... from the clinic."

Ryan forced himself to step back, trying to appear casual as Jenna gestured him inside. She moved fluidly, shifting the baby to the opposite hip. As she did, the stretch of her shirt over her chest revealed just enough skin to make Evan's posture stiffen, eyes widening, a visible flush creeping up his neck. He coughed and tried to glance anywhere but down.

The fertility clinic had a program for new parents whose children were the product of hybrid inseminations.

Because their baby was half-minotaur, the clinic suggested pairing them with a compatible helper—someone who understood the unique needs of their offspring. Evan had been trained extensively: first aid, baby care, developmental milestones, and household management. He was a personable, competent, and discreet young minotaur/human hybrid.

Except when it came to Jenna's round tits. Then he had the discretion of a bull in a china shop.

Ryan suppressed a grin. He knew that look—he'd seen it before, during the fertility procedure. The combination of youthful awe and barely-contained horniness was oddly... thrilling. And Jenna was completely oblivious, flipping the bottle, adjusting her pumping setup in the corner, swaying casually as she went.

Evan tried to focus, making notes in his clipboard about the baby's sleeping schedule, but every time Jenna leaned over, bent down, or adjusted her top, he stammered. His ears flicked, tail twitched slightly—he was half-minotaur after all, and some instincts ran deep. Ryan watched, fascinated by the nervous, almost reverent attention his wife commanded, and a warm, possessive thrill stirred in him.

Jenna moved around the kitchen, bouncing the baby gently as he fussed, tiny fists scrabbling at the air. She

shifted her posture slightly, preparing to nurse him. As she leaned over to settle the baby in her arms, she raised the shirt over one engorged breast. The nursing bra that held the mountainous mammary back was already damp. Evan made a sudden, involuntary intake of breath. With a practiced flick, she popped open the flap, exposing a plump, red nipple. Evan snapped his gaze away, feigning fascination with the window treatments on the other side of the room. But he found himself stealing glances again, jaw tightening with effort as he struggled to maintain composure.

Ryan, perched in the kitchen doorway with coffee in hand, smirked at the display. The young bull boy's polite professionalism was already fraying under the sight of Jenna's generous chest, and the twitch of his ears and the faint flick of his tail left no doubt about the internal struggle. Ryan had to admit it was... thrilling.

Jenna tilted her head, smiling lightly. "If you want, you can burp him when I'm finished," she said, completely unaware of the effect she was having. She settled into a rocking chair, and the youth clambered onto the couch facing her.

After a torturous nursing session, Evan had gained an encyclopedic knowledge of the crown mouldings that circled the couple's living room. Jenna rose to transfer the baby to the stationary half-minotaur. As she leaned

forward, her wobbling breast sprang free of its confines, jiggling lewdly between the two.

“Sorry,” the young mother chirped, “You’re gonna have to get used to that. Things get awfully casual around here at feeding time.”

As she wrestled her heavy milker back into place, a loud burp reverberated in the small room.

It was Evan.

Jenna’s hips swayed as she walked her dozing infant into the nursery. Evan followed like an obedient puppy. Jenna gently laid the baby down in his crib. Evan’s tail twitched as he got another dizzying gaze at her magnificent cleavage from the other side of the crib. Straightening up, she gave the bull boy instructions for the rest of the day.

“Okay, here’s the plan for the rest of the morning. You’ll tidy up the bottles and wash any that need it, check the diapers in the nursery, and sweep the kitchen.”

Jenna motioned as she spoke, and Evan strained to keep from looking at the resulting jiggles.

Noticing a stuffed animal inside the crib, Evan mentioned that his training advised clearing such objects from the crib at naptime.

“Ooh! Good catch,” she said, awarding the youth with a genuine smile of appreciation!

Once more, she plunged downward, once more her pendulous breasts battered against their confines, and once more, Evan felt his pulse in his neck. She cradled the toy against her cheek. It was a small cow.

“I call her Bessie,” she giggled.

“I bought her because she reminds me of me!” Her eyes sparkled with her joke, and she absentmindedly stroked the happy little cow’s udders.

Evan snorted loudly.

Jenna cooed, “You have the cutest little laugh.”

It was no laugh, and as soon as it was safe, the bull boy risked a glance down, praying he wasn’t betrayed by a telltale wet patch on his pants.

Watching from the living room, Ryan sipped his cold coffee and chuckled.

### **Chapter 3 — Too much of two good things**

The house was quiet after the baby’s nap, sunlight streaming through the blinds in broad, golden stripes. Jenna moved easily from task to task, humming under her breath, her hair tied loosely back. Evan followed her into

the living room, carrying a basket of laundry with the stiff-backed formality of a soldier reporting for duty.

“Just set that down here,” Jenna said, patting the ottoman. She bent over the basket, tugging a blanket free. The motion drew her neckline forward, soft flesh straining against cotton, and Ryan, from his chair across the room, caught the tiniest *gasp* slip out of Evan’s throat.

Ryan smirked.

Jenna straightened, folding the blanket in quick, efficient motions, her breasts rising and falling with each neat snap of fabric. “You’ll want to sort the baby’s clothes separately from ours,” she said, turning to demonstrate. “Tiny socks, onesies — don’t want them lost in the wash.” She leaned again, reaching deep into the basket, the hem of her shirt riding up to flash a crescent of smooth skin above her waistband.

When she came up this time, it wasn’t with a baby onesie in her hand but one of her own bras — ivory lace stretched to its G-cup limits. Without missing a beat, she shook it out and folded it neatly, still chattering instructions as though nothing were unusual.

Evan’s ears went pink immediately, his eyes darting between the garment and the heavy curves it was clearly designed to contain. He nodded too quickly, as if

overcompensating, the tips of his horns twitching while he tried to focus on Jenna's words instead of the bra dangling inches from her chest.

Ryan nearly laughed into his coffee. This was better than television.

Ryan sipped his coffee slowly, savoring the moment. He remembered being Evan's age — helpless before the sheer gravitational pull of a woman's breasts, the constant ache, the impossible task of hiding desire in plain sight. But watching his wife reduce the bull boy to this jittery, blushing mess? That was something else entirely. A strange heat coiled low in his stomach, mixing jealousy with a sharp, guilty thrill.

Jenna, blissfully unaware, smiled brightly. "Perfect! You're a natural at this. The clinic was right — you really do make things easier." She turned back to the basket and continued to make things harder. Her breasts swayed heavily, brushing the edge of the fabric, and Evan made a strangled sound that he quickly disguised as a cough.

Ryan had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from laughing aloud. This poor kid didn't stand a chance.

Jenna dropped the bra on the folded blanket and reached into the basket again, this time pulling free a bundle of tiny socks. She spoke cheerfully about sorting them into pairs,

her tone brisk and matter-of-fact, completely unaware of the tension across from her.

Evan wasn't so lucky. He fumbled with the laundry in his hands, holding a tiny onesie and a sock at awkward angles, pretending to fold them while every subtle movement of Jenna made him shift nervously. His tail flicked once, betraying his nerves.

Ryan leaned back in his chair, sipping his coffee, and let his gaze drift lower. There it was — the unmissable outline pressing against the front of the bull boy's jeans, straining despite Evan's desperate attempts to angle his hips away from view. The kid might have been trained in first aid and infant CPR, but when it came to hiding a hard-on, he had all the finesse of a fire alarm.

Ryan felt a low, electric heat coil in his gut. His first instinct should have been anger — any husband's would. But instead, he found himself fascinated, almost giddy. The sight of his wife so casually flustering this half-grown bull, reducing him to a trembling mess with nothing more than folded laundry, was intoxicating.

Jenna leaned over the counter, wiping away crumbs from breakfast, her back arched just enough to give her chest full freedom. Each forward-and-back motion of her arms made her breasts sway and bounce independently, the generous curves jiggling in a slow, mesmerizing rhythm.

The neckline of her shirt dipped lower with every reach, teasing glimpses of the smooth skin above her bra, the delicate lace brushing lightly against her chest with the motion.

Evan froze mid-step, hands gripping the edge of the counter, tail twitching nervously, as he tried to reconcile the mundane task of cleaning with the hypnotic display of bouncing flesh right in front of him. He shifted slightly, but every movement only made the outline in his jeans more pronounced. He was caught — utterly, hopelessly — by the simple physics of her breasts in motion.

Evan tried to step back, telling himself it was just a fleeting reaction, a trick of the imagination. But with every bend and sway of Jenna's chest, the outline in his jeans became impossible to ignore. He shifted awkwardly, rocking on his hooves, trying to angle away from the view, but the combination of her casual movements and the natural rhythm of her breasts left him completely undone.

A small, strangled groan escaped him—half embarrassment, half helpless need—and his hands flew to cover the telltale evidence pressed into his jeans. His face flushed crimson, horns twitching, tail lashing in nervous agitation. He wanted to melt into the floor, but there was nowhere to go.

Ryan's eyes widened in delight. Finally — finally! — he had a clear view of Evan's first full-on reaction. The poor kid's flustered posture, the strained muscles in his arms, the flush racing up his neck... all of it screamed unmasked arousal. The sight sent a hot jolt through Ryan's own body, a mix of pride, amusement, and something far more primal.

Jenna, still humming and wiping the counter, remained completely oblivious. She shifted slightly to reach a stray crumb near the back, and her chest bounced again, pressing almost in slow motion against the curve of her bra. Evan's hands tightened desperately over the evidence in his pants, his jaw clenching. Ryan almost laughed aloud at the sheer, helpless misery of the young half-minotaur — so trained in baby care, so competent in every task... yet utterly powerless before Jenna's casual, domestic display.

Ryan sipped his coffee slowly, letting the scene settle in. He watched Evan fumble and shift, face blazing, tail flicking, horns quivering ever so slightly. The poor kid's reaction was almost too perfect, a live demonstration of what it meant to be undone by nothing more than a pair of moving breasts.

A thought slid into Ryan's mind, soft at first, then bolder: *What if this didn't have to be accidental?* What if the domestic tasks, the casual bends, the innocent

stretches... all of it could be orchestrated just enough to test Evan's composure, to tease and train him further?

He imagined subtly adjusting the furniture, leaving small chores in Jenna's path, or suggesting Evan help while she nursed or stretched. Each scenario made Ryan's pulse quicken. It was harmless, he told himself, and entirely playful—after all, Jenna had no idea, and Evan had clearly never encountered this level of temptation before.

Yet the thought of the young half-minotaur, *so earnest, so disciplined*, melting under his wife's inadvertent power made something coil low in Ryan's gut. He leaned back, allowing a slow grin to spread across his face. This could be... fun. Very, very fun.

And as Jenna hummed while wiping the counter once more, her breasts swaying with that hypnotic rhythm, Ryan silently plotted the next "accidental" moments. The little domestic chaos he had in mind promised to keep Evan flustered, distracted, and painfully aware of the effects of Jenna's casual presence.

Jenna hummed and bent slightly to reach for a stray bib near the edge of the counter. Ryan's eyes followed the hypnotic rise and fall of her chest, then drifted to Evan, who was tense as a spring, trying desperately to focus on stacking the washed bottles on the counter.

“Evan, could you pass me that pump?” Jenna asked, not looking up, as she reached for her breast pump, which was sitting on the counter. The simple, casual request sent a jolt through the young half-minotaur. He moved quickly, but in doing so, his hands brushed lightly against the base of the pump, and he had to lean slightly closer to Jenna than he intended.

The motion brought him uncomfortably near her chest. Her low-cut shirt rode up a fraction as she leaned forward to guide the pump into place, and Evan’s jaw went tight, eyes wide. He stammered, trying to mask the heat rising in his body, while his tail twitched with betraying rhythm.

Ryan leaned back in his chair, smirking. This was exactly the kind of scenario he had imagined — every small, innocent movement amplified by the tension in the room. He could almost hear Evan’s pulse, and the slight strain in the fabric of his jeans gave him all the confirmation he needed: the bull boy was completely undone.

And Jenna, of course, had no idea. She continued humming as she positioned the pump, adjusting the tubes casually, her chest lifting and falling with the motion, oblivious to the storm she was unleashing on the young half-minotaur across from her.

Ryan’s grin widened. The possibilities were endless. With each seemingly innocent domestic task, Evan’s discipline

could be tested further — and Ryan could watch every flustered, flushed moment.

Evan carefully handed Jenna the pump, but his movements were jittery, uneven, betraying the tension coiling in his body. As she leaned over slightly to attach the apparatus, the gentle sway of her breasts combined with the close proximity proved too much.

A sudden, unmistakable bulge pressed against the front of his jeans, and he froze, eyes wide. His tail flicked nervously, a tiny whimper escaping before he could catch it. He tried to shift subtly, hoping Jenna wouldn't notice, but Ryan saw it instantly: Evan was fully, undeniably hard, the tension in his body screaming his secret.

Jenna hummed, oblivious, adjusting the tubing with casual efficiency. She leaned back just enough to stretch, sending another gentle bounce through her chest. Evan's hands gripped the counter for support, knuckles white, trying and failing to mask the strain in his pants.

Ryan set down his coffee, leaning forward slightly, a slow, appreciative grin spreading across his face. The young bull was completely undone. Every instinct, every ounce of self-control he had been taught at the clinic was crumbling in the face of this domestic, accidental display.

Ryan leaned forward slightly, lowering his voice so only Evan could hear. “You know,” he said, a teasing edge in his tone, “Mrs. Holloway has never really been fond of that cold suction thing. Maybe... you could help her express some milk by hand? It’d be much more comfortable for her.”

Evan’s head snapped toward the man, eyes wide. His horns twitched in alarm, and he staggered back a step as a flustered, strangled noise escaped him. *Hand... by hand?* His mind raced—*what exactly am I being set up for here?*

Jenna, blissfully unaware of the storm she was about to unleash, smiled. “Oh, that would be so much better!” she said cheerfully, setting down the flanges. “I’ve always thought the pump is just... awkward. Besides... I’m sure you’ve had special training for this from the clinic...”

Evan froze, a flush creeping up his neck, tail flicking nervously. He tried to square his shoulders and look professional, but the very idea of following this suggestion — and being this close to Jenna’s chest, hands-on — sent his pulse hammering.

“Also,” she cooed, “You have those big, strong minotaur hands...”

Ryan grinned behind his coffee mug, delighting in the perfect combination of innocence and sin. Jenna looked up at her bull boy and casually released both of her swollen milkers.

Jenna handed Evan an open container from her pumping set and guided one of his large hands to her left breast. She spoke in gentle, soothing tones, explaining how she liked to be touched.

“Be careful,” she warned, “I’m very—”

A thick stream of milk shot from her nipple directly into the half-minotaur’s mouth.

“...full,” she chortled.

Evan stammered an apology. Ryan guffawed.

Jenna smiled encouragingly. “That’s it, just like that... a little firmer, Evan. Don’t be afraid to squeeze,” she said cheerfully, leaning slightly forward so he had better access. Her chest swayed naturally, bouncing subtly with each shift of her weight, and every subtle movement made Evan’s jaw tighten and his palms sweat.

He pressed his hands carefully, trying to remember the instructions they had given him at the clinic. Apply gentle, steady pressure, coaxing the milk out without causing discomfort. But the feel of her breasts, so full and

impossibly soft in his palms, made him tremble. His tail flicked nervously, horns twitching, and a strangled noise escaped his throat before he could stifle it.

“Harder!” Jenna urged with a bright smile, tilting slightly to adjust her position. “It feels so much better this way, don’t you think?”

Evan’s heart raced. He wanted to run, wanted to hide, wanted to stop... yet every instinct in him rebelled against stopping. His hands moved tentatively at first, then a little firmer, and he was acutely aware of every shift, every bounce, every soft gasp Jenna made.

Mr. Holloway, leaning back in his chair with his coffee, hid a grin. The young bull was utterly undone. Every nervous twitch, every flustered motion, every desperate attempt to maintain composure made the scene more intoxicating for Ryan to watch.

After forty minutes of dedicated milking, Jenna leans back with a sigh. They had filled all of the containers as well as several other Ryan had brought in from the kitchen.

“You must be tired,” soothed Jenna, hoisting herself back into her bra.

“Actually, Mrs. Holloway,” the young bull managed, “I might need a short bathroom break.”

“Up the stairs,” directed Ryan. “First door on the right.”

“Be sure to give it a good jiggle when you’re through,” the husband added.

The bull boy’s eyes shot wide. “Wh-What?!”

“The toilet,” smirked Ryan, “sometimes it runs if you don’t jiggle the handle.”

After the youth had been upstairs for a while, Ryan made an excuse to retrieve something from their second-floor bedroom. Padding softly to the top of the stairs, Ryan stopped outside the first door on the right.

Inside, he heard labored breathing. A steady shick-shick-shick sound came through the door. Ryan smiled to himself. He knew this song by heart. What began as slow, measured strokes became a frantic, slippery rhythm. Ryan heard a quiet whimper.

Then snorting. The floorboards shook.

The next sound froze Ryan in place. It sounded like someone pulsing a pressure washer into a bucket of water. First one long stream, and then shorter bursts. Ryan lost count after seven.

The toilet flushed. Then flushed again.

Ryan was still trying to figure out how he was going to explain this clog to his plumber when the door swung open, and Evan stepped out.

Evan's eyes locked on Mr. Holloway's. There was no hiding what had just happened.

Then his gaze swung down to Mr. Holloway's pants. Ryan gasped.

Betrayed by a telltale wet patch on his pants.

#### **Chapter 4 — Putting the “pair” in *au pair***

On Evan's first day, he had become so aroused by his employer's heavenly udders that he had to jerk off in their bathroom. Worse yet, her husband caught him. And to top things off... instead of being mad at the young minotaur, he seemed to like it. A little too much.

That was Friday, and he spent the entire weekend in his room filling his spurttoon countless times. Minotaur culture had a far more tolerant attitude towards masturbation than humans. In fact, jerking off was seen as a crucial part of self-care for adolescents. As minotaurs started cohabiting with human communities, they borrowed the concept of the late 19th-century spittoon and adapted it for their needs. A spurttoon was a ubiquitous part of a young bull's bedroom decor — along with tubes of horn polish, a pony

keg of Axe body spray, and well-studied posters of holsatur cheerleaders.

Before he showed up for his shift Monday morning, he had filled and emptied his spurttoon a half-dozen times. If he had worn a Fitbit, it would have alerted him to call an ambulance. However, at long last, he was certain that he had his hormonal urges under control.

When Jenna Holloway met him at the door and greeted him with a hug, he was certain he was wrong.

Her firm jugs pressed against his chest, and her lips tickled his ear. Without releasing him, she beamed, “We missed you so much this weekend! We’re talking about asking the clinic to let us hire you as a live-in!”

If anything, his erection was stronger than before. It seemed to be trying to peek over his waistband to get a look at her, itself.

As before, Mr. Holloway stood smirking from the kitchen.

“Would you like some coffee?” he asked.

“That would be nice. Thank you,” replied the bull boy in carefully measured tones.

Jenna guided Evan to the living room. “We fell behind on laundry, so you’ll need to handle several loads. Then sterilize the bottles, tidy the nursery, and I’ll need your help restocking diapers.” She paused, tilting her head as if checking off a mental list. “Oh, and could you get the baby monitor back from our bedroom? We moved it there while we were doing some work in the nursery.” Her tone was light, and her eyes held that same warmth that always left the poor kid nodding too fast, determined not to mess up again.

“If you’re OK with it, I may need you to hand-express my breasts again,” she continued matter-of-factly. “I fell behind this weekend, and they’re awfully engorged. It’s going to overwhelm those little pumps for sure!”

Presently, Ryan was at his shoulder, holding a steaming mug of coffee.

“I left plenty of room for cream,” the man smiled.

Before Evan could thank him, a stream of white liquid arced through the air and splashed into his cup.

Jenna sat proudly, both of her fat teats released from their confines. Her hand was still clutched around the dark areola of her left breast. “Right on target!”

Then she squirted her right honker, hitting him above his cheek.

“Oops! Sorry! Bullseye!” She giggled.

Forcing a chuckle, the bull boy excused himself to clean up, heading to the master bathroom. Closing the door behind him, he unzipped and hoisted his swollen cock out of his jeans. His head lolled back as he began furiously stroking his rod.

A gentle knock on the door froze him in place. When he didn't respond, the knock returned. He had been fearing this ever since seeing the wet spot on Ryan's pants last Friday. He was going to have to confront this issue head-on. Wrestling his bullhood back into his jeans, he opened the door.

Jenna was standing outside, looking at Evan through thick eyelashes. She had returned her heft bosoms to her blouse, and they rose and fell with her steady breaths.

“Evan, I think we need to talk.”

She led him by the hand into the bedroom, motioning him to sit on the king-sized mattress.

The monster youth blurted, “I’m so sorry, Mrs. Holloway, it will never —”

A graceful finger landed on his snout. “Shhhhh.”

“I owe you an apology, Evan. Mr. Holloway explained how uncomfortable I was making you on Friday. That was careless of me.”

“Evan, you know I conceived our child at the Corinthian Clinic, and you know what happens there. After I got pregnant, I returned for several more sessions with my minotaur technician. Officially, this was to prepare my body for childbirth, but honestly, the experience was mind-blowing.

“If you don’t want to stay, we will give you a glowing recommendation so the clinic can relocate you. However, if you do want to stay, I think we can work out a mutually —.”

Evan’s body went rigid, and his jaw fell slack. A tremble jolted through him. He looked down in horror to see a dark

spot spreading across the front of his jeans. He leaped to his feet.

“What’s Mr. Holloway going to do when he sees this?!” he hissed.

“He’s going to take the baby for a walk.”

Like an apparition, Ryan has appeared behind the stunned half-minotaur.

“Remember what Mrs. Holloway said. You’re responsible for several loads today.”

“You’re OK with this?!” blurted the youth.

“When my wife told you about enjoying the experience, she was speaking for both of us. I loved watching her being plowed by an enormous creature, and I never came as hard as when I was reclaiming her.

“I fully intend to watch, if you’re comfortable with that. But not today.

“I will be reviewing the video from that baby monitor, though.

“I want you to take out all of your sexual frustration on my wife. If you ask her really nicely, I know she’ll let you suck her milky tits while she strokes you off. It was a fantasy of hers during her pregnancy, but her minotaur was too large.”

With that, Mr. Holloway turned and walked down the stairs and out of the house.

When Evan’s eyes returned to Jenna, she was slowly pulling her top up over her smooth mounds. They fell heavily on her abdomen with a loud plop. She motioned to some empty containers on the nightstand.

“We have a long day of milking ahead,” she chuckled.  
“First me, then you.”

