



Clinical Comparison

The Waiting Room

The waiting room at the Corinthian Fertility Clinic was nicer than Harold expected. He had imagined white tile floors, harsh fluorescent lights, and the faint smell of rubbing alcohol. Instead, it looked like the lobby of a boutique hotel: potted plants, soft couches, an espresso machine that hissed every few minutes. A lamia behind the registration desk who did the same. OK... not *exactly* like a boutique hotel.

The only thing that reminded him it was a clinic were the posters. Smiling couples — usually one human, one... not

— holding babies with horns, tails, or hooves. The slogans were chipper: “*Genetics without limits!*” and “*Diversity begins at conception.*”

Harold tried not to stare at the poster of the beaming centaur dad cradling an infant with a fluffy foal tail. His Adam’s apple bobbed as he adjusted his tie.

His wife, Laura, was radiant. She had always been that way, but today she had a purposeful glow. She leaned across him, whispering: “Isn’t this exciting? We’re really doing it.”

Exciting. That wasn’t the word Harold would’ve picked.

As he sulked, a staff member in scrubs crossed the waiting room and dropped a pen near the reception desk. She bent to pick it up, and Harold’s eyes locked instantly on the low dip of her blouse.

Good lord. Her bra was lacy and crimson, cupping her breasts like they were too valuable to be left unshelved. When she leaned forward, he got a glimpse of the pale swell inside, soft and just a little damp where the fabric pressed tight. His imagination went straight to work — what it would be like if that neckline dipped just another inch, if he could bury his face there, motorboat like a college kid at Mardi Gras.

Laura elbowed him lightly in the ribs. He flinched.

“You’re staring,” she muttered, lips pursed.

“I wasn’t—”

“You were. Why are you lying to me?”

“Eh,” Harold smiled sheepishly, “I had a fifty-fifty chance.”

Before Laura could respond, the nurse approached. She was brisk and cheerful, the sort of woman who’d call a colonoscopy “a fun little adventure.” Harold’s gaze flicked one more time toward her cleavage before she raised her clipboard like a shield, blocking the view.

“All right, Mr. and Mrs. Benson,” she said brightly. “You’re here for our Dual Sample Collection Protocol. Excellent choice. High efficiency, very reliable.”

Harold frowned. “Dual?”

“Yes!” the nurse chirped. “Mrs. Benson will be placed in Exam Room B for direct insemination with your assigned donor, while you’ll be in Booth 7 producing your own specimen. We process both samples for viability, which gives us the widest range of options. Isn’t that wonderful?”

Laura nodded eagerly. Harold swallowed hard.

“Your donor is already prepped and waiting,” the nurse continued.

Harold thought about asking if there was a mistake — surely they didn't mean *direct* insemination — but Laura squeezed his hand, and before he knew it, he was being gently ushered into a narrow hallway.

The Specimen Room

The nurse led Harold to a narrow door with a number stenciled on it: 7. She unlocked it with a keycard and ushered him in.

The room was exactly what he'd feared. A tiny beige cell with a vinyl chair, a side table stocked with tissues and hand sanitizer, and a plastic specimen cup that looked insultingly small.

On the table sat a tablet, already awake, its glowing screen displaying an "Adult Media Library." Harold scrolled through the clinic-approved options, trying not to grimace.

"Oh, you've got to be kidding me," he muttered.

The selection was abysmal. Clips that looked like they were ripped from hotel pay-per-view in the early 2000s. Grainy softcore. A couple of grainy magazines scanned into PDFs — Playboy from the Reagan years, complete with articles about "compact disc players."

Harold sighed. *This is what I get. Laura's next door getting... whatever she's getting, and I'm stuck with Skin-a-max After Dark.*

He tried to rally. “Come on,” he muttered to himself. “This isn’t about porn. This is about producing a sample. You can do this. Think about... cleavage. Think about that nurse...”

But as soon as he leaned back in the vinyl chair, specimen cup in hand, a sound drifted through the wall.

At first it was muffled voices — his wife’s bright laugh, a nurse’s calm instructions. Then another voice, low and resonant, like a bass note from a church organ.

“Aw, hell,” Harold whispered. That had to be the donor.

He tried to block it out, focusing on the tablet. He picked a video at random: some tanned guy in a Speedo stumbling into a poolside tryst with two blondes. It was all glossy smiles and fake moans. Harold started to stroke himself, willing his body to cooperate.

Then he heard it.

A squeak from the exam table next door. A stifled gasp from Laura. Then — unmistakably — a deep rumble of breath, half growl, half chuckle.

Harold froze. His erection wilted like a punctured balloon.

Don't listen. Don't think about it. Just focus on the porn. Blonde number two has big tits. Round and firm, and just a little bit too large for her frame. Just the way you like 'em.

The blonde on the screen removed her top. She clearly had implants — one of those early-nineties boob-jobs that left her breasts looking plastic. Her nipples looked like they were auditioning for Marty Feldman's role in "Young Frankenstein."

The sounds from the other room seeped in, clearer now. Laura's voice, higher-pitched than he'd heard in years, was urging softly. The donor's heavy footsteps. The creak of something massive adjusting its weight.

He tried to block it out by turning up the volume on the tablet, but that only made the porn soundtrack more ridiculous. The fake moans from the actresses sounded like cartoon chipmunks compared to the very real, very urgent noises next door.

And then came the clincher: Laura's sharp intake of breath, followed by a long, throaty moan.

Harold's hand stilled. He pressed his ear to the wall without even realizing it.

"Oh god," he muttered, his stomach twisting. "She's really..."

His imagination supplied the rest. The minotaur wasn't just big; he was *enormous*. The kind of sheer bulk Harold had glimpsed in those posters. He pictured those massive hands bracing her hips, her body arching in ways it never did with him, every sound she made echoing through the wall into his sterile little booth.

He looked down at himself — half-hard, unimpressive — and at the stupid little plastic cup waiting expectantly.

“This isn't fair,” he groaned, rubbing at his forehead.

The porn on his tablet chirped another round of earnest saxophone. He muted it with a jab of his finger. The only soundtrack he could focus on now was Laura — laughing breathlessly, gasping, pleading — and the steady, rumbling grunts of her donor.

Harold shifted uncomfortably in the chair. Against his will, his body was reacting. Not to the porn, not to the thought of the nurse's cleavage — but to the raw, undeniable heat of what was happening just a few feet away.

The Next Room

Harold sat back in the vinyl chair, gripping the tiny plastic cup as if it were a life raft. The tablet lay forgotten at his side; the bad porn on the screen had lost all power over him.

From next door came the unmistakable rhythm of... *Laura*. Her voice carried — soft gasps, sharp exhales, laughter, the occasional moan that made Harold wince and simultaneously straighten in his seat. The minotaur's grunts punctuated her sounds, heavy and deliberate, each one a reminder of the sheer impossibility of competing.

He tried. He really did. He closed his eyes, tried to imagine the nurse's tits, or that tanned blonde in the porn he'd scrolled past. His hand moved, weakly at first, then more determinedly. But every time he felt a spark of arousal, another sound from next door undid him.

“Oh, god,” he muttered, clutching the cup. “She's... she's actually enjoying it.”

He pictured the minotaur towering over her, pummeling her from behind, the subtle shuffle of sheer bulk moving with precision and confidence. *Every sound from next door was like a masterclass in pleasure.*

Harold's erection was confused. He was embarrassed. Jealous. Horny. And somehow, the more he tried to focus, the less he succeeded. The cup sat in his lap, mocking him.

The minotaur laughed — or maybe it was a grunt — deep and amused, almost as if he knew Harold's predicament.

Laura's laughter followed, high and bright, mocking without meaning to.

Harold shuffled awkwardly across the vinyl floor, knees bent, pants around his ankles, trying to get close enough to press his ear against the wall. If anyone were to walk in, they would see him wobbling like a drunk toddler with his unimpressive pecker sticking straight out.

He started rubbing his cock.

In his mind, he saw it all in exaggerated detail. Laura's hair mussed, cheeks flushed, body arching in ways he'd only imagined during their honeymoon. The minotaur loomed over her like a living fortress, hands bracing her hips with impossible strength, each movement deliberate and commanding. Every grunt, every sigh filtered through the wall fed Harold's imagination, twisting humiliation into heat.

He pictured the way her laughter blended with gasps, the shiver in her spine as the donor adjusted, and the flush of pleasure that made her hands press against the exam table like she was trying to hold onto reality. His mind painted in vivid, impossible angles: the broad shoulders, the rumbling chest, the sheer bulk that dwarfed him, making him feel ridiculous and small.

Harold's own body betrayed him. He stroked faster, heat pooling in his groin as shame and arousal tangled into a confusing knot. The sounds and imagined movements next door were relentless, teasing him, mocking him, filling his fantasies with images he couldn't unsee.

Every gasp from Laura made him imagine her responding in ways he couldn't replicate, every grunt from the minotaur emphasized how unprepared he was, how laughably inadequate. And yet, with each beat, he edged closer to release, caught between humiliation and desire, trapped in a private storm fueled entirely by the other room.

After what felt like an eternity, Harold leaned back, trembling. His body jerked and spasmed wildly as he was wracked with a violent orgasm. As the convulsions slowed and the spots before his eyes cleared, the realisation that this was one of the most powerful climaxes of his life began to dawn on him. He looked down to see how close he came to overflowing the vial with what had to be a quart of hot spunk.

His eyes jolted. He had only moistened the bottom of the cup.

An electric shock ran through him as he realized he must have jizzed all over the room. Pulling up his pants and

grabbing a handful of tissues, he scanned the room to see where he had made his mess.

He was still searching fifteen minutes later when the nurse knocked on the door to check on him.

The Recovery Room

Harold finally slumped back onto the vinyl chair, trembling, flushed, and sticky. The frantic session pressed against the wall had left him disheveled, exhausted, and a little dizzy — a combination of shame, arousal, and disbelief.

He fumbled with his pants, pulling them back into place, wincing at the thought of anyone walking in at that exact moment. The tiny plastic cup sat on the side table. If half-full was optimism and half-empty was pessimism, the vial was minimalism.

Stepping out of Booth 7, Harold caught sight of Laura. She was in a wheelchair, pushed by a nurse — an older woman with a tall pile of red hair. Laura's hair was tousled as if she'd been tossing and turning all night, cheeks flushed, lips parted in a satisfied, lazy smile. She wasn't wearing her bra, and the curve of her breasts peeked from under her blouse like little promises. The edge of her lacy panties was half-visible, tucked mischievously into her purse, a silent reminder of what had just transpired. Dotted across her shoulders and neck were purple hickies, bright

against her skin, testaments to a session far more intense than any night they'd shared together. Harold's jaw went slack.

"She's going to have a little trouble walking," said the nurse, sizing up Harold, "so be sure to help her into and out of the car. Let her rest tonight and encourage lots of fluids."

Laura snorted.

She looked up as if remembering him for the first time. "You did your part, right?"

He opened his mouth, but words failed him. *My part? My pathetic little...* He shut it again. The comparison was etched painfully across his mind.

And then the minotaur appeared, scrubs slightly ruffled, hands resting casually on broad hips. His presence was imposing, even when he stood casually. He looked down at Harold and rumbled, deep and amused.

Harold managed a weak, strained smile, suddenly aware of the absurdity: sweaty, flushed, and humiliated. He nodded weakly.

"Do we..." his voice cracked despite his best efforts, "think it worked?"

Laura snorted again.

The giant bull simply grinned. “If it didn’t, you know where to find me.”

The Kitchen

Harold stood at the sink, sudsing up a stack of plates with exaggerated force, letting the hot water run over his hands to distract himself. He wanted to ignore it, wanted to pretend the morning’s horrors at the clinic never happened, but every muffled thought of Laura’s flushed face and the impossible bulk of her donor pressed insistently in his mind.

He didn’t want to ask. God, he *didn’t* want to ask. But the tension in his chest — and lower — left him no choice.

“Laura...” His voice cracked. “Can... can you tell me... what happened?”

She stiffened, twisting the towel in her hands. “Are you *sure?*” she bit her lip.

Harold froze mid-scrub, gripping the sponge like it could anchor him against the rising panic in his pants. “I... I have to know,” he said, unsure if it was true.

Laura hesitated, glancing at him, then finally leaned closer, letting her tone drop into something both gentle and mischievous. “All right,” she said.

After she had changed into a hospital gown, a nurse arrived to prep Laura for the procedure.

She produced a small canister from the cupboard against the wall and unscrewed the top. It contained a slick and rather pungent gel inside.

“What is this for?” Laura asked quietly.

“Minotaurs are some of our best inseminators,” explained the nurse calmly, “but their anatomy tends to be significantly larger than what many of our patients are accustomed to. This unguent increases your body’s elasticity.”

“Elasticity,” Laura said. “If I can give birth, how much more elastic do I need for a minotaur to —”

Her words died as the minotaur entered the room, dressed in a gown similar to Laura’s. The nurse continued to caress the salve into Laura’s folds as they both scanned him. He was so tall that he had to hunch slightly to avoid scraping his massive horns against the ceiling tiles. His shoulders were broad, and his arms rippled with muscles. The sheer heft of his chest made her breath catch, and she couldn’t stop imagining what it might feel like beneath her hands.

Laura’s breath hitched, and her spine tensed.

“Ahem,” the minotaur grunted at the nurse.

The nurse tore her eyes off the bullman and abruptly stopped her vaginal massage.

Laura relaxed.

Screwing the lid back on the canister, the nurse walked gingerly to the door.

“Let me know if you need anything,” she said quietly as she exited.

A loud crash shattered through the air.

Harold had dropped a dish.

Laura knelt to pick up the shards scattered across the linoleum.

“Harold, we don’t have to —”

She stopped. His erection was tenting his Dockers.

“Please,” he whispered as a wet spot appeared.

A slow, wicked smile curved Laura’s lips. She rose slowly to her full height and stepped towards her entranced husband. She held his gaze, like a snake looks at a rabbit, and unbuttoned his pants. They fell around his ankles with

a thud. Placing her hands delicately on his hips, she licked her bottom lip.

With a yank, she spun him forcefully around.

Harold's hands plunged into the water as he tried to maintain his balance. His wife yanked his briefs down. She stepped even closer, pressing her firm breasts into his back. As one hand slid up to cup his chest, the other glided down over his stomach.

Her fingers encircled his straining penis.

“Where were we?” she said against his earlobe.

The minotaur's name was Gorath. He had spent several minutes explaining to Laura what this procedure entailed. He told her she had complete control and could slow the process down — or end it completely — if she wished. He told her he would be checking in with her at different intervals to reaffirm her consent. He reminded her to be very clear if she experienced discomfort or unease at any time.

He did all of this as she stared at the shape that swung heavily behind his gown.

“You want to see it, don't you?” he set his clipboard down with a smile.

“Go ahead,” he said gently, holding his hands behind his back.

She grasped the hem of his gown between dainty fingers and slowly lifted it.

It was enormous, thick enough that Laura could only gape, swaying gently as if testing the room.

“I don’t think I can...” she stammered.

“You’d be surprised,” Gorath’s voice rumbled, removing his gown completely.

He patted the examination table. “Hop up here and remove your gown, please.”

She obeyed. Reaching behind her back, she untied the strings that held the flimsy garment in place and lifted it off her delicate frame. She sat quietly, with her hands in her lap, staring up at the monster in the room.

He gently cupped her small breasts. “May I?”

As she nodded, he lowered his immense head down to lick a swollen bud. Powerful, rough, and endlessly dexterous, his tongue made her mind wander to places she hadn’t dared.

“Thirty-four B?” he said, switching to the other aching nipple.

“How... how did you know?” she breathed as he traced a wide circle around her pink areola.

“All minotaurs are breast men,” he chuckled. “It’s kind of our thing.”

He rose and gently guided her legs apart.

“Sorry,” she chuckled self-consciously, examining the baseboard. “I’m not much in that department.”

A smile bloomed across his face. It was dark. And hungry. “Not yet.”

Bowing once more, he planted his warm muzzle between her legs. His first licks were long, broad strokes from bottom to top. Then he pushed the thick muscle into her. As it flexed and stretched, she realized he was firing off nerves she didn’t know she had. When his soft, wet nose pushed firmly against her clit, she bucked forward and grabbed his horns for support.

Her orgasm pulsed through her core. It started as a tiny flicker, almost a whisper, and then, without warning, it surged through her, rolling over her in wave after wave of delicious, unstoppable heat. When her legs stopped shaking, he rose to his full height. His hands grasped her firmly behind her knees, and he coaxed her to open herself to him fully.

His cock — now fully engorged, with thick, ropelike veins snaking across its sides — fell heavily on her wet mound.

“We’re going to start with the tip, and once you’re used to that, I’ll push a little deeper,” said the bullman with soothing, gentle tones. “If at any time, you’re not comfortable, just say—”

“STOP!”

Harold’s face was bright red as his cock pulsed between the thumb and forefinger of his wife’s hand.

“Are you OK?” asked Laura quietly.

“Yeah... but I’m gonna cum, and I want to hear the rest of the story first,” panted Harold.

“Well, the rest of the story is pretty simple,” chuckled the young mother-to-be. “He fucked me.”

“I was convinced there was no way he was going to be able to fit inside me. It was just so big.

“But he rubbed the bulbous head of his cock up and down my wet pussy. It sent electrical pulses through my body. He coaxed the tip in as far as it would go and then back out. All the while, speaking in a soothing voice that vibrated in my chest.

“When he finally managed to pop his swollen head into my hole, I came with a shout. It was the first of many, many deep, powerful orgasms.

“He hadn’t even started moving yet.

“When he started to rock inside me, the sensation was so intense. I panicked. I told him I couldn’t do it. I would have bolted off the table if he hadn’t been gripping my sides.

“He told me we could stop. I was in complete control. He stroked my cheek, talking to me in low, even tones. He told me to take a deep breath in and exhale slowly through my nose. He was so patient. He held my gaze with his huge brown eyes.

“Once my breathing returned to normal, he told me to look down.

“Almost a third of his cock had disappeared into my body.

“When I gave him permission, he started gently thrusting.

“Harold... sweetie... I saw stars.”

She removed her hands from his pecker and grabbed him by the hips once more, pushing up against him with her pelvic bone.

“Slowly at first. And then a little faster. A little harder. A little deeper.”

“I felt my tight little pussy stretch for him. And then stretch some more. I saw the bulge from his mushroom head push up behind my belly button.

“And he still wasn’t all the way in.

“After a while, he calmly told me that he was going to cum, and that I should brace myself. I thought he was erring on the side of protocol. Then I felt his rod swell impossibly, and he started shooting into me. Hot. Wet. Pulsing. I could feel my tummy distending with the pressure.

“His orgasm sent me over the edge. When I stopped twitching, He looked down at me and said, ‘Good girl... the first one is always the hardest. Your body will start adjusting now, and then we can *really* enjoy ourselves.’”

“He was right. By the seventh time, I was *begging* him to plow me harder.

“When he told me to get on my hands and knees so he could go deeper, I—”

Harold grunted.

Laura darted her other hand around to catch his seed.

As he turned to face her, she held a small puddle of cum in her palm.

“Put it in.” It wasn’t so much a demand as a request. Not so much a request as pleading.

Laura smiled. She lifted her sundress. Her panties were soaked. As she tugged them down, the bullman’s seed — thick and viscous — oozed out of her swollen pussy, pooling in the gusset. Her inner thighs glistened.

With two fingers, she dabbed Harold’s sperm into her overflowing vagina.

“Now,” Harold offered meekly, “if you get pregnant, we won’t know **who** the real father is.”

Laura smiled at him. “You’ve got a fifty-fifty chance.”



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