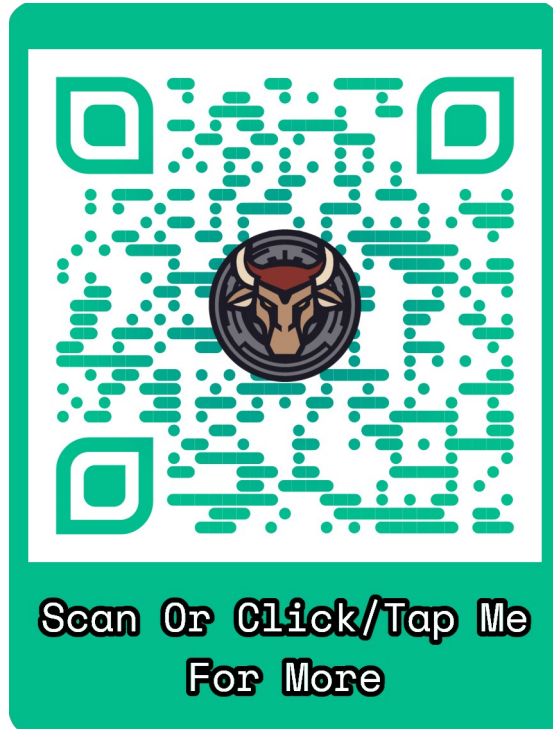


Neatendita

Chronicles of Sami and Wyatt 1



In the Outlands it's advice well heeded, avoid Minotaur lands. Lest you want to be raped and used as a cum dump. But the Outlands don't always have to meet your expectations, no in the case of Sami a Minotaur he would defy most of your expectations.

He lived alone on a small farmstead at the base of the foothills of a mountain known as Neatendita. The farmstead had once been home to a shaman, a man of some renown in the Safe Zone for his experimental procedures for taming cock leeches for medical uses.

But what happened to the poor shaman is something for another story.

Today was like any other day for Sami, checking his trap for wild game, foraging some vegetables and herbs. Until he ran across one of his larger traps, there squirming and writhing in midair was a well built man, his muscular frame and clothing tagged him as somewhat of a hunter. Before dealing with the hunter Sami scooped up the man's dropped belongings sorted through them, destroying weapons and communications devices and keeping only useful stuff for himself.

The big hunter struggled and screamed profanities at the Minotaur but Sami paid the man no mind he didn't care. Coming around Sami cut the man down dropping him unceremoniously on his head, with his ankles still tied the hunter was dazed and couldn't stand so with quick practiced hands Sami cinched the hunter's hands and threw him over his shoulder. For the poor hunter the world swam and lost focus and he passed out.

Waking several hours later the big hunter found himself lashed down naked to a table and the big Minotaur was near by, blood on the beast's hands didn't bode well for the hunter but he couldn't tell in the dim glow of the electric lights if it was human or animal blood, it didn't matter, soon the Minotaur would use him and then dispose of him.

For Sami he could hear the man's breathing increase, his struggles against the lashings binding him to the table. It didn't matter, for Sami it was that time of the month and he would be patient. Cleaning his hands of blood and waste the big bull turned to the hunter with hungry eyes. Sami had learned somethings from some Edgers he captured, and he would employ them to get the most out of this hunter. First was lustleaf tea, taking a funnel gag Sami gaged the hunter and poured the lustleaf brew into the funnel forcing the man to drink it. Then came an experimental potion made by Sami based on the works of the old shaman.

It would enhance the production of a man, and its most immediate effect was a drastic increase in testicular size and a mix of pain and pleasure as the prostate swelled with seminal fluids. Sami sat with a bemused expression on his muzzle as the man's balls expanded into large grapefruit sized sperm factories.

With the man's already sizable cock rising to attention Sami gripped it, using a stroke the Edgers had taught him he began to work the lusty moaning man's cock, teasing him even further, Sami wanted to break the man and hours later with no end in sight the man gave up all struggles, he moaned like a bitch and whimpered when Sami took his hands off. With one hand Sami removed his loincloth smirking as

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he showed the hunter his massive soft cock. The look of fear making Sami moan with pleasure, but the Minotaur couldn't wait any longer he climbed up on the table and squatted down over the hunter's cock, his tight bull tail hole touching the man's swollen sensitive head.

Sami teased the head a little more, before slowly working his hole down, impaling himself on the hunter's ten inch spear. The only lube was the huge amount of leaking precum and that was fine by Sami. The Minotaur kept going until the hunter was fully inside, after spending a minute adjusting Sami growled and set up a rhythm, fucking himself on the man's massive spear. Sami rode the man like this for an hour before both man and bull exploded together. The bull scooped up his own cum off the man's belly and poured it into the funnel, and looked down at his semi swollen belly, he smiled and leaned down. "Sixteen more times." The hoarse whisper made the hunter scream into the funnel gag.

At the crack of dawn, Sami dismounted the man's cock and sat down, his swollen cum filled belly gurgled, the poor hunter was exhausted and broken, his formerly massive balls and prostate now half their original pre-potion size. Sami unties the man and threw his clothes at him. "Come back two weeks, or never cum again." The hunter scrambled to get dressed and ran out the door of the barn, all without knowing his prostate and balls would never function right again without another dose of the potion.

Sami walked by a cage on his way to the house and rubbed the name plate on the empty cage, it read "Subject Alpha Minotaur 1"

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