

"Nobody ever lives their life all the way up except bullfighters." ~ Ernest Hemingway

El Matador de Toros

A matador de toros (lit. "killer of bulls", from Latin *mactator*, killer, slayer, from *mactare*, to slay) is considered to be both an artist and an athlete, possessing great agility, grace, and co-ordination.

~ Wikipedia

Missing cows are not a news story. Missing cows are not interesting.

Naomi's editor believed she was the only one smart enough, despite her little experience as a reporter, to make the story interesting.

Naomi had worked as a gopher/intern for over a year on *The Tribune*, and finally managed to work on an occasional story. It had been difficult for Naomi because she was extremely gorgeous. Long dark hair, a slim figure with a good round ass and large breasts, Naomi looked more like a model than reporter, but she had the brain of someone who could write for the *New York Times*. No one took her seriously, except for the city editor, Doug. He gave her small assignments to help her learn how to write for *The Tribune* and ignored the office gossip that bubbled up. Doug saw in Naomi the bravery and tenacity to interview anyone and be able to see through bullshit. She was also clever enough to turn any boring story into 200 words of tripe into succulent menudo.

But missing cows? This was going to take everything she was to make it urgent, make the story so vital that the public must know about it.

Naomi really, really wanted the cow thieves to be aliens. Driving down empty dirt roads through endless farmland, Naomi decided that was the only way to spin her story about the missing cows. Kidnapped by aliens.

Naomi actually did believe in aliens. Why not? Life has crazy shit in it. Go to an aquarium and see how fucked up life can get. She had also read everything she could about any mythological creature, still retaining her childlike hope that the world was magical and she would be the one to prove it.

One of the farms from which the cows were absconded was surrounded on three sides by corn fields. The fourth side was dense woods.

As she parked by the red barn house with the huge satellite dish on the roof and metal lawn ornaments littering the ground, Naomi thought something was wrong. Was this the right place? How did someone take cows away from such an isolated place without making any noise or being seen? The livestock were kept off to the left, near where Naomi parked. Any truck that came up the same gravel road she did would have been heard.

Suddenly, three giant labradors appeared and surrounded Naomi's car, jumping and barking at her. No way anyone could get in this way without anyone noticing.

Naomi questioned the farmer and his wife, two older people who looked like former models for Norman Rockwell. They reeked of cliché Americana.

They told her the cows just disappeared. No tracks, no noise, nothing. Just gone one night.

Naomi took a chance and asked if they have seen any strange lights in the sky. The couple laughed at her and the woman said, "Dear, this isn't an X-File."

This wasn't anything substantial enough to make into an article, but this had become slightly interesting. It's possible the farmer miscounted the cows, but what about the other farmers? How likely was it that they miscounted as well? And how did the cows get out with no one noticing?

Most of all, why cows?

The second farm had a layout similar to the first, only with the right side along the thick woods. The house looked like it was barely holding itself together. Naomi wasn't sure what color it was as the paint was peeling off. The farmer had the biggest belly she had ever seen and the skinniest legs. He had the definite shape of a flamingo, but a flamingo in overalls that looked like he'd been wearing since the Reagan administration.

His name was Butch and he told her exactly what happened to his missing cows.

"Aliens."

"Did you see lights or hear—"

“You don’t see lights or hear nothing,” he said, astounded by her ignorance. “Because they got that cloaking device from *Star Trek*. Must be a younger generation. In my daddy’s lifetime, them aliens just dissected the cow and left the remains, which was damn polite, even if we couldn’t use none of what was left. But we respected them. We don’t know what they wanted all them genitals for, but it’s not us to judge. This new generation of alien, they don’t give a shit. They’re selfish and probably making texts as they fly around. They’ll crash and get their fool asses killed and give themselves away and the government ain’t going to like that, because it’s a violation of the treaty. But these new assholes, they took the whole damn cow. Motherfuckers, that ain’t right.” And so on for ten minutes. Then Butch seemed to realize that Naomi was a gorgeous woman with long dark hair and enormous, beautiful eyes and breasts. He invited her in for coffee and to show her pictures of his mama.

Naomi declined politely and took off.

“The first one is too hot,” she murmured, driving and checking her Google map for the third farm. “The second one is too cold. The third one better fucking be just right.”

The third farm also had a side along the woods, with a brand new freshly painted green house with white trim.

A woman ran the farm and greeted Naomi in a red flannel shirt, jeans and work boots.

Her explanation was *just right*: “They wandered off and probably got lost in all the caves in the woods.

“Caves?”

This was different. Naomi felt a thrill shiver through her. If she could find the cows, or something of them, that would be a story.

The woman told her about a park near town and a path that ran out of it and into the woods. Follow it, keep going once it ends, and you’ll find a cave soon enough.

“How many caves are there?”

The woman shrugged. “Hard to say. Some say just one, others say a hundred. People have tried mapping them out, but they get turned around and lost and just disappear. A lot of people in the past twenty years went in those woods and never came out. There were searches, too, but no one

found anything.. So be careful in there. Those woods are creepy. Everyone feels it. You'll see."

Tercio de Varas

The bull is released into the ring, where he is tested for ferocity by the *matador*...The matador confronts the bull with the [wooden sword], performing a series of passes and observing the behavior and quirks of the bull. ~ Wikipedia

He had only one memory of sunlight. It was the day his mother brought him to the woods. She cradled him, bent her head down to kiss his forehead. He smelled her sweat, her unique scent, but there was a bitterness to it he could taste. A tang that, in his mind, was shaped like something large and heavy. He saw the sun then, streaming around her golden hair. He tried to lick her cheek, but she pulled away quickly, as if he would bite. She crouched down and placed him gently on the ground, and her shadow cast over him. Her mouth moved and the sound that came from her was smooth and gentle. He would always remember it.

She seemed to stand there for hours, and perhaps she did, not knowing if she should stay or go. When the sun went down beneath the trees, when seeing him was difficult, she ran off.

He had no idea who she was, only what she did for him. She fed him and changed his diaper. But this afternoon, she left him naked.

This baby creature that his mother found so hideous she must abandon it, had no real concept of what had happened. He was the child of multiple curses violently flung upon his family. He knew none of his ancestors who had done the terrible deeds that created the form of his life. He was an echo of a sound that no longer existed.

He didn't understand that she expected he would die of exposure, being such a young thing in the woods. But when a chipmunk came upon him, sniffing him curiously, his tiny hand grabbed its head and crushed it, and he ate the raw flesh thinking only that it wasn't enough.

As he grew older, he found bigger things to kill and eat: dogs, cats, birds (though they could make him sick), and ultimately people. He avoided those who reminded him of the golden haired woman. In his mind, resemblance equated with relation.

But the others, the ones who came with large weapons, those tasted the best.

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He first smelled her while still deep within the earth. Her scent was strong and so similar to the golden haired woman that he believed for a moment she had returned.

But, no. This new female was just a little different. It didn't matter.

Smelling her gave him a furious erection.

Slowly, each step silent and carefully executed, he followed the scent through the labyrinth.

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Before going into the woods, Naomi went to Bass Pro Shop.

She bought the biggest flashlight available, a giant hunting knife (not knowing exactly why she would need it, but her instincts pushed the purchase), a fleece camo jacket with a hood, and "Performance Pants", which were nothing more than very thick camo leggings. She got a canteen, non-perishable food, and an "action camera" that shot both pics and HD video. At the last minute, Naomi bought a body camera, just in case. She wasn't sure what that case would be, but she wanted to be prepared.

"Sure you don't want a gun?" the young salesman said. He couldn't be more than eighteen and he looked genuinely concerned for her well being.

Naomi shook her head. "I was at Mandalay Bay."

Naomi's editor, Doug, went to cover the story with another reporter, and took Naomi along as an assistant. All that happened to Naomi at Mandalay Bay was that she vomited and cried a lot, and talked to many people.

"Oh shit," the salesman said. "That's intense. Did you see a lot of..."

Naomi nodded and inserted her credit card in the appropriate slot. She couldn't look at a gun without feeling physically ill.

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Feeling the need to tell at least one person about exploring the woods, Naomi told Doug. Doug attempted to dissuade her or accompany her, but Naomi refused. "This is my deal."

"Aren't there supposed to be Satan worshippers in those woods?"

“I’ll bring my crucifix.”

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Naomi stood at the entrance to the woods. It was nine in the morning, but the woods seemed so dark it could’ve been midnight. The trees grew tall and thick, huddling together as if to keep warm. She smelled thick pine and her first step into the woods crackled. Naomi had all of her supplies in a large backpack; she hitched it up on her shoulders, a gesture designed to make her feel stronger.

It was slow going. The trees were so close together, Naomi had to squeeze through some. The further she ventured, the more she thought this was a waste of her time. Skinny and short, Naomi could barely fit. How could multiple enormous cows? This wasn’t even logical. Why would the cows wander in here? It wasn’t exactly an inviting place.

Several times Naomi decided to turn back, but she was too curious and kept on. After a half hour of climbing over piles of branches, twigs, and pinecones, she froze. There was something in the air. It wasn’t rotten meat. It wasn’t the smell of a farm animal exactly. It was something different. Something musky. Something enticing.

Naomi kept on. And after fifteen minutes, she was rewarded for her dedication. The woods thinned abruptly into a clearing and an enormous cave.

Automatically, Naomi took out her camera and began snapping pictures. She looked closely at the ground. There were hoof prints in the ground, now cleared of the debris of trees. Then she found a large dark stain. She knew what it was. Naomi brought along plastic bags and took a sample.

Then, against the rock, next to the cave entrance, there was a yellow stain. When she got closer to it, she could smell it: very aromatic urine, yet not the same as human urine, nor anything like a cat. It covered at least ten feet by three feet of the rock. Naomi didn’t think a human male could piss that high.

Digging out her taser, Naomi put it in her back pocket. She hooked her knife to her belt. Her camera slung over her shoulder, she turned the flashlight on the brightest setting and entered the cave. She wasn’t afraid at all; she was unbearably excited and no idea why.

Naomi moved carefully through the cave. It unusually made an abrupt left turn, and then a right turn, and Naomi found herself completely cut off from all light. She cursed herself for not getting a night vision camera, but perhaps her flashlight would help.

The smell became stronger and stronger, and much more enticing. She saw something on the cave wall on her right and turned her flashlight on it. It was a crude drawing of an enormous bull, with an enormous erect cock. It was a good crude drawing of a bull. It reminded her of the Lascaux Cave in France and its ancient elegant, simple drawings of bulls and horses that managed to capture the vitality of the animals. Only, unlike those drawings, these were coarser, and appeared to be painted with blood.

Naomi snapped as many pictures as she could, using her flashlight awkwardly to help the exposure. What she managed to capture would have to do. She continued on, finding more and more drawings, some of trees with rocks. Drawings of the farmhouses she had visited, as well as trucks and corn. Then, in what she felt was the deepest, coldest part of the cave, drawings of women. Women on all fours, with tails like a cow's, the head of a cow, with large swaying breasts with milk dripping from the nipples.

Taking dozens of pictures wasn't enough. Naomi did not want to risk never seeing this again. She dug out a reporter's notebook and pencil and did a few drawings. Just one didn't seem enough. It became a sudden, manic compulsion to capture and own this image.

Naomi was so engrossed, she didn't hear the creature, the artist who was responsible for this art, come up behind her. He lifted her up from behind, flipped her, and put her easily on his shoulder. Naomi cried out, but didn't scream. She was too shocked; as in a dream, she couldn't make a sound. The creature that had picked her up was an enormous naked man. Still gripping her flashlight, she shined it down his back and saw how utterly gorgeous his body was. The muscles in his back were almost perfect in definition, the shoulders broad and his waist tiny. This was the source, Naomi abruptly realized: the source of the aroma she had picked up at the mouth of the cave and it nearly made her faint.

Slowly, her fear ebbed, and though she still believed she was in some kind of danger, she didn't feel like her life was threatened.

He carried her deeper into the caves to an enormous inner chamber that was lit with sunlight. Remarkably, this chamber was close to the surface and a series of openings in the ceiling gave the place adequate light.

The creature abruptly threw Naomi on her back on a large bed made of cows hides and soft leaves.

What she saw before her made her scream.

The creature was a Minotaur. His head as an enormous bull's head, with curving, long horns ending in a sharp point. He must have been ten feet tall and was all muscle. Naomi found her profoundly shocked and aroused by the red, pulsing, hard cock between his legs pointed at her. It also was bigger than any cock she could dream of being.

The Minotaur began tearing at her clothes, ripping them as easily as tissue paper. Naomi had the presence of mind to remember the stun gun in her back pocket. The knife would be easier to get to, but she had no desire to kill him. As he went for her pants, she jammed it into his neck.

His roar echoed off the cave walls, and Naomi's ears hurt. She pulled it off him, expecting him to collapse, but he only snorted heavily several times and tore the front of her pants open. Now she was topless, her large breasts swaying back and forth, and her pelvis exposed. He still didn't have access to her pussy, so Naomi jammed the stun gun into the same spot again, then again, and again, and on the fifth time, he finally dropped.

Naomi scurried back against the cave wall, and stared dumbstruck at the enormous creature. She knew it wouldn't be out for long. The best thing to do now was run, but she didn't. She wasn't sure why. She felt terrified, and terribly excited. As if this was an fantastical roller coaster and she wanted to ride it again and again, despite the terror. Or because of the terror.

So Naomi sat there, staring at the prone figure, until it raised its head.

Then, shockingly, she realized the Minotaur was crying. Looking back, Naomi would pinpoint this as the moment she fell in love.

The Minotaur sat up and looked at her, one hand to the shoulder she had stunned. Naomi could see it was already bruised and swollen. There was also blood; she must have punctured him as well.

Naomi jumped and moved to the other side of the room where her backpack fell. The feeling of her breasts swaying in the cold air was arousing and she desperately wanted to squeeze them. She stared at the enormous cock, absolutely entranced with its beauty. It truly was beautiful, long and straight with impressive girth. Naomi knew that fucking it would be and incredibly painful scenario, but deep down she was curious.

His eyes were like a cow's eyes, large, round and dark. He had long lashes, and Naomi could see tears clinging to them. His chest, just like the rest of his body, was physically perfect.

The only sound was his heavy breathing, a rhythmic snorting that sounded exhausted.

There were thousands of questions she wanted to ask, and all of them seemed inadequate to explain this incredible anomaly of nature, this mythical creature come to life.

Naomi said, "What's your name?"

The Minotaur's eyes became wider, this time with sudden happiness and pleasure. He said nothing, but his breathing increased. He got to his feet and Naomi took a few steps back. She was backing into a corner, and started moving along the wall, yet not toward the exit. Escape wasn't something that occurred to Naomi.

"Can you speak? Do you understand me? Are you the one who took those cows?"

These questions, she realized, were dumb, but the last was self evident if she looked about the cave. There were bones everywhere as well as cow hides.

Naomi continued her questions, not because she was expecting responses, but because the Minotaur looked more and more docile and pleased by hearing her voice. She stopped asking questions and began telling him about herself, who she was, why she was here.

Naomi did the cliché thing of touching her chest and saying her name slowly. The Minotaur grunted and crossed to her very quickly, though he wasn't rushing her. He reached out and put his hand on her left breast and grunted. His hand was enormous and it completely covered her breast.

Now Naomi's breathing increased. Had he read her mind? Naomi felt so aroused, she thought she would piss herself--something that occasionally happened.

Minotaur looked down at his cock and took hold of it. Naomi looked down at it and felt light headed. His scent, his pheromones, were like taking shots. It made her brave and careless. Any danger she felt the Minotaur posed was silly.

The Minotaur took his cock, stroked it a few times, and then aimed it at her pelvis, and began pissing all over her. Naomi made a sound in her throat that could only be created through sexual

arousal, and quickly got to her knees. She let the Minotaur's piss shower her. It drenched her hair, ran down her face and breasts, dripped off the points of her nipples. Her hands rubbed it in her cheeks and neck. Naomi not only felt incredibly aroused, she herself urinated through what was left of her pants.

The Minotaur knelt down before her, and pushed his enormous nose between her legs, sniffing and grunting, his face pushing against her thicket of pubic hair, her soaking wet pussy. Naomi fell back against the wall and awkwardly sat back, straightening out her legs. The Minotaur pushed his nose harder and harder against her, rubbing her clit, either accidentally or with specific purpose that he knew through instinct alone. It was too much for Naomi. She stopped peeing and pressing her palms on the floor, Naomi came very hard and fast, shaking and feeling her pussy squirting. The Minotaur withdrew his nose, and aimed his cock directly at her crotch, letting loose another long stream of hot, pheromone filled piss.

Naomi wanted this to go on forever.

Tercio de Banderillas

In the next stage, the *tercio de banderillas*, each of the three banderilleros attempts to plant two *banderillas*, sharp barbed sticks, into the bull's shoulders. These anger and agitate, but further weaken, the bull. ~ Wikipedia

Doug had been writing for the *Tribune* for twenty years and it wasn't until Naomi came along did he ever feel anything unprofessional for a co-worker. He couldn't smell her perfume as she brushed by him in the hall without getting a little hard. He was approaching the summit of forty and knew that he didn't have the distinguished older man look that would win women her age. He was much more fatherly looking, with thinning hair, a few extra pounds, and drab tastes in clothes. Numerous women commented through his life that his eyes were exquisitely sexy, so he always managed to look Naomi in the eyes when he talked to her. So far, it lead to nothing.

It was risky taking Naomi to Las Vegas to cover the shooting, but she was despondent and desperate to do something. As everyone in the office watched the news as it unfolded, Naomi cried silently and he gave her his handkerchief. She repeated over and over, *I have to do something*, and he made the decision to take her with him. To maintain an aura of professionalism, and avoid anything that may look like sexual harassment, Doug also took Carl. Carl and Naomi got along, almost too well, having a number of in-jokes between them.

Harshly, Doug preferred Carl accompany them because Doug felt more intelligent than Carl. Carl was short with hair cut exactly like Jimmy Olsen's. He always stood with his hands in his pockets and swaying back and forth on the balls of his feet. Doug couldn't figure out if Carl was good looking, and referred to him as Quantum Carl: he could be either attractive or ugly; you could calculate the probabilities of him being one or the other, but looking at him you would never know.

Luckily the drive to Vegas was only a few hours, and they spent a week interviewing survivors, donating blood, and talking to people walking along the strip. Naomi produced an excellent piece talking to tourists.

Now Naomi was going hunting in the woods. Doug believed she had a serious lead, but going alone was stupid, impulsive, and misguided and he loved her for it. Yes, he realized, his palms laying flat on his desk and staring at the seam where the door met the wall. He was *in love with her*.

Doug told his secretary he was taking the day to do research. Doug went straight home. He put on jeans, sweater and a down jacket, dug out all his old Eagle Scout stuff that he hadn't been able to throw away all these years, and found a canteen, compass, and Swiss army knife.

Having had about a half hour to contemplate this, Doug called Carl. It would be better to have help. Strength in numbers, additional witnesses, etc. Carl was too happy to come along as he thought Naomi was being stupid. Rescuing her would make her see powerfully masculine, or so he believed.

Carl, quite smartly, realized that he and Doug might not be enough to fight off whatever might capture Naomi. Satan worshippers was his favorite scenario, and in that case two against twenty would be ridiculous. So Carl called Becky, a full time movie critic and bubbly bouncy redhead with an hourglass figure, and someone he slept with a few times. Becky was enthusiastic to go along, believing that the cows had been abducted by aliens and they were going to find a ufo. She showed up at the woods wearing a red Chanel jackets, black leggings and high heeled boots.

As Doug was walking out the door, he remembered one more thing: he got his .38 out of his bed stand and tucked it in his pants.

He had purchased it in Las Vegas, the day after arriving and seeing Mandalay Bay.

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Naomi lay on the ground panting for several minutes. She kept her eyes closed; she didn't have the strength to look at the Minotaur because he was still very shocking and exhausting to contemplate.

The Minotaur moved around the cave and Naomi couldn't imagine what he was doing. At one point, she heard him leave the cave, and she decided it would be fine to open her eyes. The cave was empty, the only sound coming from the fire. She looked down at herself and removed what little shreds of clothing were on her body. The knife she buried in her backpack, as though hiding it from herself.

Naomi also spotted the stun gun on the other side of the room. Either he wasn't afraid, or he didn't understand. Perhaps he couldn't understand. Naomi tried to reason it out. How would a half bull, half human think? He obviously had some human concepts---the fire, the skins, and, as Naomi stood up, on the other side of the room she saw a long piece of wood that had been carved to a flat surface, and upon it crude tools. Obviously he was intelligent.

Naomi suddenly gasped: the Minotaur had done the cave paintings. That made everything different.

Then there was an awful, echoing scream. It sounded inhuman, something in agony, and then abruptly cut off. Naomi began panting and her heart pounding made her shake. She crossed quickly to the bed, her feet almost hurting from the cold of the stone floor. She snatched up the smallest of the hides and wrapped herself in it. It was stiff, but usable.

Then she heard it: the faraway sound of a body dragging along the ground.

Naomi figured it out before the Minotaur returned. He entered dragging a dead cow. It was headless, and only half of the body with one leg attached. The leg was what he used to drag it. The thing must weigh at least 500 pounds, but it was nothing to him. He pulled it to the fire and began carving out meat and throwing the pieces directly onto the sticks.

Had he learned how to cook by watching other humans?

His back was to her, and Naomi could see his shoulder where she had tasered him. It was swollen, and hideously bruised. Naomi went to her backpack a few feet away, got an instant cold compress as well as bandages and anti-bacterial cream. She didn't want to sneak up on him as that could turn terrible very quickly.

"Hey," she said softly.

The Minotaur turned and stared at her. He seemed to have no interest in the meat anymore. The look in his eyes was the most intense love she had ever seen. It was so pure and absolute, Naomi believed it could only come from his absence of human culture. Nothing had made him jaded.

Naomi pointed to her shoulder and said she wanted to help. He looked confused, so she stepped forward and pointed to his wounded shoulder. He fixed his eyes on the bandages in her hand, and gently took them. He smelled them and seemed intoxicated by them, rubbing them on his cheek.

Suddenly he was on Naomi, tearing away the skin covering her, his arms around her, lifting her and suckling at her breasts. She couldn't help, but moan and say, "Oh fuck."

The words made him more excited than anything. He put her down on the bed and began licking her breasts with a very large, very warm tongue. It was the width of a human hand. He licked the her breasts and nipples and Naomi felt helpless. He licked her belly and ribs, and she found herself turning onto her side so he could reach her back. He rolled her onto her stomach and made one long lick from her ass crack to the base of her skull. He returned to her ass, smelling it thoroughly, pulling it open and letting his tongue lick her over and over and over. Naomi thought she was going mad, that this had to be a dream, that what she felt couldn't possibly be real.

Pulling her up to her knees, but her face still pressed to the ground, the Minotaur flicked his tongue like a whip, pushing it between her labia, catching her clit, and licking all the way up to the small of her back. He did this several times and Naomi couldn't help but talk to him. She never, ever talked during sex, but knowing that he was aroused by her words made her aroused to say them.

Naomi told him how good he was, how beautiful, how miraculous. He licked her pussy, and then inserted his tongue deep inside her. Naomi bucked against his tongue, feeling it go deeper than most human cocks she ever knew. She continued talking, her tone becoming gentle and loving. This was the most extreme sexual thing she had ever done; Naomi had never contemplated bestiality. But was this bestiality? He was an artist and a builder. Those are not the characteristics of a beast.

She told him to fuck her. She said it over and over and over. Instinctively, the Minotaur must have understood. He withdrew his tongue and positioned his hard cock at the entrance of her pussy. It felt as wide as a Coke bottle, and Naomi felt a moment of terror---how could it fit inside her?

Then the Minotaur thrust himself in Naomi. The pain made lights flash behind her wincing eyes. He pushed deeper and deeper and deeper, and Naomi thought there must come a time when he couldn't go further. But her body was opening for the Minotaur, taking an endless amount of him. Finally, he went as far as possible, and he began fucking her. It was slow at first, and he gripped her hips, possibly understanding that he needed to work her pussy open more.

Naomi reached back and felt his cock moving inside her, her fingers grazing the soft skin. She said, "Harder. Fuck me harder. Harder."

Again, this was such an instinctive concept, such a natural request, the Minotaur started fucking her harder and harder. He thrust against her so hard she lost her balance and collapsed on the bed. The Minotaur took her by the waist, lifting her as he stood, and continued fucking her, several feet off the ground. Naomi thought absurdly that she hung off his cock like a coat on a hook.

Naomi shrieked as she came, her hands clenching and then pressing against her face. She howled and the Minotaur snorted fast and loudly.

When the Minotaur came, there was so much cum that after it filled Naomi, it squirted out the edges of her pussy and splashed on his stomach. It ran down Naomi's legs. Naomi reached for it, coating her hand generously, and licked it like she had dipped her hand in chocolate fondue.

Eventually, he pulled out although he was still coming. He lowered Naomi to the ground, and she quickly flipped over and put her mouth on his cock, letting the cum stream over her face. She could only lick his bright red, still hard cock. It would never fit in her small mouth.

After he emptied himself of cum, he let go another long, shower of urine, and Naomi crouched under it so she could wash her hair, face, and breasts with it. She automatically began urinating with him.

It was during this moment that Doug, Carl, and Becky stumbled into the cavern. They stared, shocked and dumb, by this scene. They asked one another if they were seeing it, too. They were, but couldn't believe it.

The sounds of the slaughtered cow, the smell of meat roasting on the fire, and Naomi's orgasm led them to the cavern.

Doug called Naomi's name, but she didn't hear it or didn't care that she did hear it.

Doug pulled out his gun and fired at the Minotaur. His aim was completely off. All it did was attract the Minotaur's attention. He stopped urinating. Naomi finally noticed the group and yelled at Doug to stop.

Becky had brought along her father's hand made \$600 Bowie knife and pulled it out. This was a poor choice. But wearing a red coat was a poorer one. The Minotaur got to her in two steps, bending his head and goring her through the heart. She must have died instantly; the Minotaur shook his head and flung her from his horn to the ground.

Doug took another shot at the Minotaur and hit him in his left bicep. It only pissed him off. The Minotaur dug the bullet out of his arm and charged Doug. He grabbed Doug's hand holding the gun. Drawing his arm back with little effort, the Minotaur pulled Doug's arm from the socket. He took the gun and crushed the barrel.

Having seen all of this, Carl took off in a blind panic into the caves. The Minotaur followed.

Naomi ran to Doug with one of the skins and tried to stop the bleeding. Blood pooled quickly around Doug until it looked like he was floating in it. Within a few minutes, he was dead. His last words to Naomi were, "This is going to be a great article. And I'm glad I got to see your breasts just once."

Tercio de Muerte

In the final stage, the *tercio de muerte* ("the third of death"), the matador re-enters the ring alone with a small red cape, or *muleta*, and a sword. The matador uses his cape to attract the bull in a series of passes, which serve the dual purpose of wearing the animal down for the kill and creating an interesting display, or *faena*. He may also demonstrate his domination of the bull by caping and bringing it especially close to his body...The series [of passes] ends with a final series of passes in which the matador, using the cape, tries to maneuver the bull into a position to stab it between the shoulder blades and through the aorta or heart.

~ Wikipedia

Naomi covered Doug with the skin. She went to Becky and took her jacket, and put it on. The enormous hole and blood stain did nothing to Naomi; she was too numb with shock to react. Becky was a bit larger than Naomi and the jacket was a bulky fit.

Naomi sat at the fire and stared into it. She told herself this wasn't real. This was a dream. This had to be a dream. A nightmare. If she wanted to wake up, she needed to get to the surface. Get out of the bowels of caves and find light.

She looked up at the light coming through the small holes in the ceiling. The ceiling was too high and The walls too smooth to climb. The light was fading. It was already close to sunset.

Getting into the tunnels would be easy, but finding her way out probably impossible. But she had to try.

Yet, she remained sitting at the fire, holding her legs, smelling the piss and cum covering her. It was terrible that Doug tried to kill the Minotaur, but the Minotaur shouldn't have...Naomi beat her forehead against her knees, knowing that it was self defense.

But what he did to Becky. If Naomi had a gun, she could have killed him. She should have brought one. But would that have done any good? The Minotaur had one bullet in his arm and he didn't seem to notice it. And shooting him in the head? Trying to put a bullet through that bull's hide and dense bone, Naomi assumed, would be impossible.

Then the astonishing thought: the Minotaur was protecting her.

He appeared in the cave opening at that moment and Naomi jumped. She stood up and wiped her face, only then realizing that she had been crying.

This was a moment of confrontation. How could Naomi confront a creature who couldn't speak? Then she saw his bullet wound and melted. She hated seeing anyone in pain and bullet wounds made her deeply despondent.

He stood near the door, and seemed to be experiencing the same moment of crisis. Naomi walked toward him, and he stepped to the side. She stopped. He continued stepping to the side, staring at her, and moving along the wall. She moved closer and he began fast snorting. He began to crouch, to lower his head, his sharp horns pointed toward her.

Naomi looked about and found the knife. She picked it up, never taking her eyes from him.

Was this really happening? Naomi wondered. *Has he turned on me, too? I must defend myself, mustn't I?*

She took another step toward him, and his fear or fighting instincts increased. His feet compulsively stomped on the floor. He crouched lower.

Abruptly, the Minotaur rushed her, and Naomi spun to the side. One of his horns pierced her jacket and skin. Naomi felt blood running down her arm.

His feet pawing the ground, he lowered his head once again, and Naomi gripped the knife. A gun would have been better. But a knife? Could she really kill him with a knife? She'd have to plant it directly in his heart.

Another sudden charging, and Naomi ducked and dragged her knife across his calf. The Minotaur didn't scream in pain, but he did limp. Naomi saw how deep the cut was.

It was deep and he was weakened. Naomi couldn't bear it. She had used the taser gun on him, yes, but that wouldn't have killed him. And that was before...

It was stunning to admit that Naomi had come to care about him.

As he lowered his head again to charge her, Naomi realized she had been very stupid. She quickly took off the red jacket and threw it on the ground between them. Naomi held up her hands in a gesture of surrender.

The Minotaur straightened and his breathing slowed.

She took a few steps back. He took a few steps forward. A few more steps back and Naomi was where she had dropped the bandages. She showed them to him and the Minotaur made a sound deep in him that sounded soft and loving.

Naomi started crying and shaking as he came forward to her, trusting, loving, his eyes wide and trusting.

She let the Minotaur come to her, impale her upon his cock, drench her body in cum, lick her pussy and thighs and all the way to her small feet. His large tongue seemed to grip them all at once.

Naomi decided this was one world that should never be written about. And a magical world she would never leave.