

Malte pants, fanning himself while relaxing against the cavern wall, the stalagmites dripping little water onto the ground. The ampharos frowns, reeking of sweats.

"God, it's so hot in here," he says in a light tone. "The summer heat is no joke around this forest, even with the waterfall overshadowing this cave."

DROOP!

"Eh?" His black-striped ears flicker, the sheep turning to his side. An orange weasel stands before him, fanning himself while stepping on some water puddles. The chubby sheep eyes the Buizel's thick hips and curves, grinning.

"Well well, looks like someone's entering my territory." He stands, his own fat hips wiggling. "Time to assert some dominance here."

The Buizel keeps walking, water dripping down his body while his voluptuous booty jiggle. (Pretty unfortunate that the heat didn't die inside here, but I'll live.) The Buizel thinks before bumping into something in front of him. "Oof, what the hell?" He blinks before noticing his shadow being darker than usual. Vasso looks up, a large Ampharos smirking down at him.

Vasso absorbs so much of the ampharos' appearance: The fairly big moobs, the big belly, the massive asscheeks he can see beneath the sheep's tail, and lastly the hyperly huge dick and balls that his medium-sized balls and big cock are nudging. The two exchanges each other's sweats as the buizel blushes, flabbergasted by the sexual built this sheep has.

"Um, h-hi," is all Vasso can say.

"Hello hello, handsome trespasser," Malte says in his light but now seductive tone.

"Trespasser?"

"Yes: You're in my cave. My *territory*, per say." He grinds on the weasel's dick, his cock slowly erecting. "Not quite wise of you to do, hmm shorty?" Malte grins. Vasso gulps, his own dick erecting from the frottage.

"Well sorry sir, but um...I just needed a place to stay for a bit." Vasso lifts his feet, displaying his orange pawpads. "I don't feel like walking for hours on end right now."

Malte lays his paw against his chin, eyeing the stalagmites. "Hmmm...." The Ampharos smiles. "Sure!"

Vasso gasps. "Oh sweet! For real?"

"Absolutely. But with a catch."

The Buizel groans. "Ugh, another one of these." He folds his arms. "Alright, what is it? A battle? Some sort of race towards the finish line? Hell, even clean the puddles around here?" He taps his arm.

Malte wiggles his paw. "None of those, sweetie." Smirking, he gropes the weasel's fat cheeks. "You let me fuck that ass of yours to show my dominance~" His tail wags.

Vasso gasps, letting out a soft moan before staring back at Malte's behind. He chuckles. "Sorry to disappoint you, but..." His paws smack directly by the side of Malte's large cheeks, the Ampharos releasing a soft gasp and moan. "I'm not a complete bottom."

"Oh!" Malte licks his lips, shivering in anticipation. "My my...that's fine by me. Been awhile since I've had sex with a switch like yourself." The ampharos then lays down on his back, spreading his asscheeks out. His big puffy hole puckers itself, his dick flopping against his chest. Vasso blushes wildly at the sight, drooling as his nose bleeds. Malte giggles, winking at the weasel. "Like what you see? I may prefer to top my visitors, but with such delicious cheeks like my own, it would be a *disservice* for me to not let my visitors tap it. So go ahead and give this bad boy a good ol' pounding."

Vasso nods eagerly, already grinding his cock against the hole, to which the ampharos giggles. "You don't even have to tell me twice!" The buizel grins, groping and gripping the sheep's asscheeks.

Malte gasps before feeling his insides being infiltrated by the buizel's dick, tightening around such a large shaft. "Oh my! Quite the, mm, visitor huh?" he says, jerking himself off as his legs spread.

"Mmm, so tight..." Vasso moves his hips back before pushing forward, causing the sheep's voluptuous cheeks to ripple and quake. The warm insides clench around the weasel's cock, Vasso moaning in joy. "Nice ass, stranger." Vasso keeps going, his own asscheeks rippling and shaking from each movement, his balls slapping those sheep's buns.

Malte licks his cock's tip, murring. "No problem, trespasser. Most visitors would've ogled at my dick more than my ass. But you, mmm, seemed to be the exact opposite. Hehe." His legs spread, the sheep moaning.

"Mmm, not entirely. Your cock looks really good to suck, but your ass is the main attraction for me right now." Vasso pants, licking up the tall sheep's cock and balls before he speeds up the pacing. "And man does it not, mmm, disappoint!"

Malte pants as well, his tongue hanging loose. "Thanks, handsome. Now less talk, more fuck." He arches his back. "Put more strength to that thrusts, shorty. I can barely feel it inside of me~" That's a lie: He definitely feels that shafty length hammering his insides, hoping for more while moaning.

Vasso frowns. "Keep calling me that and I'll show ya what strength is."

Malte grins deviously. "Do it then, shorty."

"Alright then biggie, you asked for it!" Vasso growls and starts slamming his dick after each thrusts, Malte screaming in joy.

The sheep grinds against the floor from the rough thrusts, the weasel's tip hammering against his g-spot upon deepening the penetration. "Oh shit, hun! I can feel myself moving on the ground from that!" He

spews precum onto himself, lapping them up instantly.

"Oh that ain't nothing. Get a load of this!" Vasso stops and lifts the sheep up, smirking with confidence.

Malte yelps, his paws against his face as he curls his toes. "What the fuck!?" Now it's his turn to finally blush. "H-How did your small ass manage to lift a big guy like me?"

Vasso snickers. "I'm filled with so many surprises biggie, you have no idea."

"Oh dear." Malte suddenly gets slammed down onto Vasso's cock, the buizel forcing him up and down while groping his fat cheeks. "OH DEAR!" Malte feels as though he's having hearts for eyes, his ginormous cock flopping back and forth while his balls nudge against Vasso. "Ah, at this rate I'll cum before you do!"

Vasso keeps getting himself smacked in the face by Malte's dick, but he doesn't care as his tails wags to the sex he's having. "Mmm, fuck this feels great." His balls keep slapping against Malte's behind, enjoying this stand and carry position to the fullest. His cock twitching, shooting its pre as his climax nears itself to victory.

Malte drools, his moobs bouncing. "A-Aaah~!" The sheep ushers loads upon loads of cum all over himself and Vasso, coating the walls and ceilings in his stringshots. "FUCK!"

"Mmm. MM!" Vasso thrusts more and more until he slams deeply, releasing his own massive loads of cum inside of Malte. His loads come spilling out of the hole, coating the weasel's balls, the sheep's asscheeks, and the floor beneath the two. The buizel grins, licking the seeds off his face. "Now then, what was it about you wanting to show your 'dominance' earlier, again?"

"...Hmph!" Malte leans back before pushing Vasso, pinning the weasel down.

"WHOA!"

Malte wiggles his ass around the weasel's shaft, grinding and shaking on it. Vasso shivers, curling his toes in delight while groaning from the sheep's dick nudging his face.

"Who the hell says that dominance has to be exclusive to 'tops', hmm?" He gives Vasso a deviously sharp, toothy grin, the buizel sweating and shaking.

"E-Eh?"

"Hehehehe." Malte raises his ass up before ramming down on the buizel's cock, his fat cheeks quaking so hard that it echos throughout the cavern from the slamming. The two moan, with Malte moaning the loudest of them all. "Ahahaha!" He keeps riding the buizel's cock, slamming and ramming each time, trembling the poor weasel's body.

"EEK!" Vasso yelps, jolting in both joy and shock all at once. "SI-Slow down!"

"Your tone says otherwise!" Malte grins, smacking his own asscheeks to increase the rippling pace.

Vasso chuckles. "Mmm, good point." Vasso kisses the sheep's dick each time it slaps him, mewling in delight.

"Mmm, so huge."

"Says the ampharos with the ridiculously biggest cock I've ever seen."

Malte giggles before speeding up the pacing, shooting his precum onto the weasel's face, to which Vasso gladly licks up. "Already adapting to my ways, huh? I like you, trespasser."

"Right back at ya, stranger." Vasso winks, his climax nearing already as he moans and groans. "Aaaah, your ass feels great even after I came in it!"

"Good. Let that be a sign of worshipping it, shorty." Malte stops at exactly the top of Vasso's dick, previous seeds oozing from his hole. "Do I make myself clear?"

"Y-Yes, sir."

"Mmm, give me something meatier than 'sir'."

"Master?"

"That should do, servant." Just as Malte caves his fat ass down one last time, the buizel releases his lovely loads of cum inside of him while he moans, Malte biting his lower lip and rolling his eyes up in pure goodness. "Fucking gooooooooooooooooooooood shit, right there. Making me miss my bottom days with cocks like yours', mmmm." That's when Malte starts shooting his seeds all over Vasso's face, the buizel's tongue hanging loose in pure bliss.

"A-Aaah..." Is all Vasso can say, feeling as though he's been knocked out by the menacing cowgirl ride. Once Malte pulls out, many seeds gusher out of his hole, painting the ground even further.

"Mmm...Now then." Malte grinds his dick against Vasso's face, humming. "I'll respect you as a switch since you actually did surprise me with your top side." He sets his paw onto Vasso's cock, lapping up some of the seeds, and then gives it a seductive lick. "Frankly would love to have more of your dick in me."

"Good to hear, heh..."

"But, with you being a switch, you're also willing to take it in the ass, too." Malte smirks. "Which means it's my turn to truly show you why I run this cave~"

"Of course..." Vasso pants, nuzzling against the sheep's cock.

The ampharos snickers, his paw against his lips. "Hope you're not tired, hun. Because the party has *just* begun."

Vasso snickers back. "Not at all. In fact, this talk gave me the strength to keep going."

"Oh really? Well in that case, let's get right to filling your ass, now!" Malte flips Vasso around, stroking the buizel's big asscheeks before grinding his shaft against the buizel's puffy hole, his cock casting a shadow above him. "Mm, think you could take this, shorty?"

Vasso smirks, nudging the large shaft and even rubbing them with his pawpads. "My body is built for these, Biggie. I'll be fine." He then smacks his asscheeks, those buns trembling and shaking. "Now go ahead and take your revenge on me. Never hold back, either."

Malte grins back. "Gladly." He pulls back before ramming his entire hyper wood inside of the buizel's ass, Vasso moaning loudly as his stomach bulges like crazy.

"OH FUCK YES, SO HUGE!" Vasso grits his teeth, pressing back on the menacing cock.

Malte laughs. "Your cock is great, but mine is greater!"

"Hot."

Malte moves his hips back and forth, hammering the buizel's insides. His huge orbs slap against Vasso's balls, the two moaning and mewling. Malte presses down Vasso's head, his own cum-filled ass rippling and shaking. "Oooh fuck, this is quite the ass alright!"

"The best you've fucked yet, mm~?"

"Eeeh, I've fucked better ones, mm. But at least yours' is good and nice in there."

Vasso snorts. "It's better than not entertaining anyone with it, that's for sure!"

Malte grunts and moans, gritting his teeth. "So very tight, though. Ooo, that makes it pretty good!"

Vasso bites his lower lip, stroking and fondling Malte's balls with his feet, his asscheeks quaking at each thrusts. "More, Master. Keep fucking this weasel's ass hard and good."

Malte mewls, speeding up and ramming his cock further into the buizel. "Mmm, okay maybe I—AH, change my mind a little about your ass." The Ampharos picks the Buizel up, stroking his arms and pounding him like it's nothing. "A-Aah, fuck I can feel myself about to cum already."

Vasso nods. "Yes, please do! Ruin my insides with your sweet vengeance, master!"

Malte growls. "Mmm, yes. AH!" He thrusts a couple more times before releasing his massive loads of seeds inside of Vasso, keeping the thrusts going as more of those seeds ooze their way out and cover the ground beneath the two. Vasso's belly expands as he cums all over the place, making the ground even *more* messy. The weasel coughs up some of the sheep's seeds, mewling in joy.

Malte sighs in relief, grinning deviously. "Heh, maybe I can keep you around for much longer." He lets his tongue hang loose with intrigue. "You'll make for a great fleshlight, my shorty servant."

Vasso pouts. "Hmph." He disappears and reappears behind the sheep, so many jizz spill out of him at

once before he lifts the ampharos, moaning.

“E-Eh!?”

Vasso strokes the sheep’s buns, his cock grinding against his huge balls. “I can say the same for you too, Master Biggie~”

“Wh-What the—” Malte yelps from the sudden insertion, the buizel going ham on his ass as he moans. “Oh gosh, you weren’t lying about your body being able to, NYAH, handle my dick!” Malte baas like the sheep he is, Vasso giggling as he keeps pounding him.

“Once again, I am full of surprises!”

The two keep going from there on: Vasso thrusting inside of Malte while pinning him against the wall, Malte pounding Vasso while standing up and carrying him, Vasso riding on Malte’s cock while the sheep relaxing on his own back; Malte pressing Vasso against his left moob as the buizel sucks on them good, even grinding his dick between the sheep’s chest, the ampharos fingering him in response; Malte eating out Vasso’s cum leaking hole while having his face be massaged by Vasso’s feet; and then Vasso eating out Malte’s cum-leaking hole, including kissing the sheep’s anus over and over.

Soon, Malte is penetrating Vasso’s maw while the buizel is upside down: Vasso’s paws pinning on the ground as he clings onto the sheep’s hips with his feet. Vasso deepthroats the massive rod, closing his eyes as a bit of tears leak out. But it’s tears of immense pleasure he’s experiencing, slurping all over the menacing cock to further convey it.

“Mmmf!”

Meanwhile, Malte has his tongue hang loose, dripping his lustful saliva directly on the buizel’s exposed hole. The cave is quite messy by this point as the two go at it, Malte ramming his sacks against the buizel’s face over and over. And Vasso doesn’t mind it.

(Come on, Biggie,) the buizel thinks. (Give me those huge batters of yours’.)

“Ooooooh, your mouth feels as much of a fleshlight as your ass! How lovely, servant!” Malte pants, his cock releasing its pre.

(Good.) Vasso drinks up the pre-seeds, sweats dripping off from the ampharos’ menacing thrusts as he moans like the passionate sex lover he is.

Malte speeds up, emanating sheep sounds like crazy. He thrusts once more, dumping a massive loads of cum inside of the buizel’s maw. “Yes! Take it all in, my shorty servant!”

Vasso mews, doing his best to drink all of Malte’s seeds, but some spills out of his maw, creating a mess below. And then the others come shooting out of his ass, landing directly onto the ampharos’ face. Malte blinks before snickering, licking some of his own salty yet delicious jizz off.

“Lovely.” Malte casually pulls his cock out, a river of cum splashing out of the buizel’s maw.

“Look at you, making my cave look like a mess ya slut,” Malte says, grabbing Vasso by the feet.

Vasso grins. “Look who’s talking, the slut that bangs anyone who dares to come here.”

“Heh. Shut up and fuck my face already~” Malte tosses the Buizel up, getting on his knees.

“Whoa!” Vasso flips around before regaining his balance, falling directly towards Malte’s gaping maw, his tongue dripping saliva. He grins, aiming his dick towards the sheep’s maw before it gets inside. Vasso clings onto the sheep’s shoulders, moving his behind back before slamming down, repeating this over and over. “Oh fuck, your mouth feels nice, too!”

“Mmmhmmm~!” Malte states, moaning and mewling.

Vasso grits his teeth, pounding the everlasting heck out of the ampharos’ maw. He mewls and moans, his balls slapping against the sheep’s chin everytime. “Mmm, yes. Oh fuck yes.” Vasso pats Malte’s head, snickering. “You love this, don’t you? You love having your servant dick your face like this, huh Master?”

Malte nods, giving Vasso bedroom eyes. (Oh yes I do, servant! Oh fuck this master’s mouth real good!)

“Thought so~” Vasso keeps going, shooting several pres inside of the ampharos, to which Malte happily swallows. Vasso then yelps to his ass being smacked by Malte, receiving several taps. “Want me to back out or go faster?” Malte moves his paw forward, implying the latter. “Ah, gotcha then.” Vasso does exactly that and thrusts more quickly, the sheep moaning before twirling his tongue around the buizel’s shaft.

“Oh god, I’m almost there!” The weasel’s cock is twitching, Vasso mewling. “Ngn! A-Aaaah!!!” And there it is, the weasel’s erupting seeds spilling all throughout Malte’s maw, Vasso continuing pounding the ampharos’ maw. Some of the seeds spill out and coats the sheep’s chest along with the ground beneath the two, causing more pools of seeds to form!

(Oh gosh, so much!) Malte’s ass suddenly splashes out Vasso’s seeds, more of the weasel’s jizz even oozes out of the sheep’s nose. (HOW DID HE CUM SO MUCH WITH A COCK SMALLER THAN MINE!?) He mewls, rolling his eyes up in pure bliss. Eventually, Vasso withdraws his dick, shooting more cum all over the ampharos’ face before letting it grind against it, releasing a couple more onto his back and the floor. Malte closes his eyes.

The sheep doesn’t care about the mess as he pants on Vasso’s balls, tongue hanging loose and blushing with intensity. Pure shock that someone he deems lower than him in sex can just shower him with their seeds. A servant, managing to do this to their master? He is in complete awe at how any of it even manages to happen, but is all for it regardless.

...

Malte and Vasso lay down on their sides, the two gazing at each other, resting on their elbows: Seeds continously leaking out of their asses and cocks. They exchange bedroom eyes with each other, their faces painting in cum by this point.

"I gotta hand it to you shorty: You did a number on me throughout our time today." Malte smirks.

"I can say the same for you too, Biggie. You were going at it with me harder everytime I got done pounding ya." Vasso smirks back.

"Well, it's what a master gotta do, right?"

"Heh, I guess so." Vasso moves close to Malte, nuzzling his large cock as the sheep groans. "Although, masters also gotta tender their servants, too." Vasso eyes the Ampharos up. "You feel me?"

"Hmm..." Malte casually picks the buizel up, both facing each other. "Yes. I get you exactly." He rubs his snout against Vasso's, the two smiling. "I'm Master Malte, by the way. And you're free to stay here whenever you like."

"Heh. I'm Servant Vasso. And I'll gladly stay in this cave whenever I like."

Before Malte tries to make the move on kissing Vasso, Vasso does it first, the buizel smirking while moaning. Malte smirks back, bringing the weasel into a big hug, the buizel hugging him back while stroking the back of his head. The tongues swirl around each other, their gazes being exchanged, their asses oozing with many continuous seeds.