

“Ahaha! Those chumps didn’t even know what hit ‘em!” Battam cheered as he trudged through the door leading into his messy abode. His potions had sold remarkably well today, and that wasn’t the half of what had the diminutive mage so giddy.

“Indeed they didn’t!” Came Sal’s voice from somewhere underneath the massive pile of ill-gotten goods. Battam’s part-wolf satyr lackey was left to carry the entirety of their ill-gotten gains, and given the duo’s array of shady practices their ill-gotten gains for that day turned out to be quite a lot. Carrying all those blankets and food and drink and furniture was putting an incredible strain even on Sal’s fit body.

“I love my job! I can bottle my spit and eat for a week off what those maroons pay for it.” Battam cackled. The short, cerulean-haired sorcerer had a rare and special talent. He could summon magic liquids from his very body, and in good capitalistic fashion he had found a way to turn his gift into an enterprise that maximized profits and minimized his workload. In keeping with the capitalist tradition many of Battam’s business practices were less than legal which was why he had had to travel so far to hawk his wares in the first place. His lackey’s propensity for the five finger discount didn’t help his social standing either.

Sal dropped the pile of loot over in a slightly less cluttered corner of the hut and chimed in with a chipper, “You are the master, sir.”

“What was that?” Battam asked suddenly.

“What was what?” Sal asked.

“What you said. You called me something.” Battam insisted.

“Master...?” Sal replied. He was perplexed by his lover’s sudden interest in his lexicon, and it showed on his face. His furrowed brow and pursed lips said more than his words did.

“Yes! I like the sound of that! I am the master! Pay homage to me for I am the master!” Battam cheered. He was somehow managing to be even more of an obnoxious shit than normal, and that was saying something. Although there was one person that didn’t find Battam’s abrasive actions annoying.

“Master... I... I like the sound of that too...” Sal muttered softly. His tanned face was already turning shades of red. A furtive grin played at the corners of his lips as he tried to word on for size. Sal brought his hands to his cheeks in an effort to hide his blushing face, but the maneuver only drew more attention to his fawning.

“Ehehehehe.” Battam giggled lecherously. “I think someone enjoys the title a little too much.” He commented and nodded towards Sal’s chubbing dick. Battam’s half-human assistant wasn’t much of one for clothing and had shirked his limited amount of clothes mere seconds after unloading his armloads of loot which left his cock to fly free for all to see.

“Would you... mind if I start to call you that... master?” Sal stammered. He was blushing bright red as he stumbled through the words. The mere mention of the title made him positively giddy.

“Hmm... that sounds like fun...” Battam mused out loud, but he didn’t seem too set on the idea. An idea was percolating in the mage’s mind, but the exact nature of it eluded Sal. Even though he didn’t know the specifics of Battam’s thoughts, Sal had a pretty good idea as to the nature. The growing tent in the front of Battam’s witches garb said it all.

“If I am your master that means you have to obey my commands, doesn’t it?” Battam mused out loud. His voice dripped with lecherous glee. Sal already knew where this was headed and was more than happy to comply. Already the wolf-man’s cock was standing straight at attention amidst the bristling fur that covered the lower half of his body.

“Y-yes... I will do anything you ask, Master...” Sal replied. He was so horny and giddy that he could scarcely keep from giggling, but despite his arousal Sal didn’t even think of rubbing one out. He didn’t care about his own climax. He was only interested in seeing that his short, snarky little lover got his.

Battam plopped down unceremoniously in a large, padded armchair nearby. The maneuver caused the bottom hem of his large, loose witch dress to catch around his knees. Battam slouched down in his seat and spread his legs nice and wide so that his horny lover could catch sight of just a bit of balls. Sal tried to discretely sneak a peek of more of Battam’s package, but he was failing miserably at being subtle. He was out and out craning his neck and hunching over as far as he could just to catch a brief, fleeting glimpse of the witch’s big, thick, crimson-branded cock.

“You seem interested in what I have under my dress.” Battam commented. His sly smirk was not nearly as coy and playful as his tone. He shifted in his chair as he slowly shimmied his dress higher and higher up his thigh. Sal was practically drooling as he watched more and more of his lover’s cock slowly slip into view.

Battam’s cock was quite the sight to behold. It was impressively long and impossibly thick. His huge, fat cock was an amazing sight in and of itself, but its size was doubly impressive given Battam’s short stature. Sal’s gaze was transfixed on the witch’s dick. He couldn’t wait to have that in his mouth. He couldn’t wait to taste it; to feel the warmth of it against his tongue; to feel it against his lips. He more than wanted it – he needed it. Sal slowly began to stagger forward like a thrall caught in an evil sorcerer’s spell which wasn’t too far from the truth, but Battam wasn’t done just yet.

“So if I am your master, what does that make you?” Battam asked playfully.

“I am your loyal dog, my lord.” Sal murmured in reply.

“Bah! That’s no fun.” Battam grumbled in reply. He crinkled his nose and grimaced as if he had just gotten an whiff and a taste of something awful. “Just cus I got a bone for ya doesn’t mean I want you to be my dog. Pick something else.” Battam grumbled.

"Then I am your humble slave." Sal replied.

"As if I would be the kind of trash to hold slaves. I don't buy respect I command it!" Battam snapped.

There was an awkward silence as Battam slowly mulled it over. If he wasn't the type of person to own slaves then what did that make him... "You know... that brings up a good point. I'm telling you to aim higher, but I set the bar too low for myself. I'm not some simple master. If anything I am the lord of a sprawling manor and I demand to be treated as such!" Battam announced defiantly.

"Yes, my lord." Sal replied. He was now so close to Battam that he could practically feel the heat emanating from the little lord's branded skin. Sal slowly got down on his hands and knees before the seated mage. Sal could barely contain himself anymore. That great cock was so close he could practically taste it, and that was just the tip of the sexual-frustration iceberg. Battam's cock was as great as ever, but it was the diminutive witch's bravado that really got Sal going. The ego trip that Battam was on thanks to their little master play just made his seem even hotter.

Sal slowly began to scoot closer and closer to the glorious cock. "I am your humble servant, my lord. I wish only to serve you." Sal moaned breathlessly. He was so excited that his whole body trembled in anticipation. He was so horny that his breaths were coming out heavy, labored gasps. He was so aroused that his dick felt ready to pop like a champagne bottle on New Year's and he hadn't so much as laid a finger on it the entire time.

Sal was mere inches from his target when he felt Battam's bare foot make landfall on the side of his face. Battam's foot didn't hit hard enough to actually hurt Sal, but that had never been the intent. Battam was merely blocking Sal from coming any closer. The cheeky mage sneered down at his canine companion. "As if I would let a lowly servant touch this lordly scepter." Battam said salaciously.

Sal hugged his lover's foot to his face and began to nuzzle against Battam's sole. "I understand, my lord." Sal cooed.

"I don't think you do." Battam replied playfully as he gently rubbed his foot against his lover's face. Battam paused for a moment to both build up suspense and to allow Sal a chance to have a little more fun with his foot before he continued. Eventually Battam continued with his exposition. "I wouldn't leave such an important task to such a lowly servant. You serve your lord well, and your lord grants you this boon. I name you my vassal. You serve me and me alone." Battam stated dramatically. The little mage puffed up his chest in an effort to make himself look more regal and imposing, but given how tiny he looked in the giant chair he just ended up looking like a ventriloquist's dummy without his puppeteer. This didn't matter to Sal though. Sal was so caught up in the moment that Battam's little diatribe sounded like a Shakespearean Soliloquy.

"Yes, My Lord!" Sal gushed.

"Good then!" Battam replied. He pulled his foot away from his lover's face and slammed it down on the wooden floor with an authoritative thud. The sudden motion and booming sound was enough to

snap Sal out of his stupor just long enough for Battam to direct his newly appointed vassal to his first task.

Battam gave a quick nod towards his rock hard cock and said, "Now do your duty to king and country."

"Yes, My Lord!" Sal cried out with glee. He all but threw himself onto his lover's crotch. His lips made contact with Battam's big dick almost before his knees even touched down on the wooden floor. Sal could taste the mage's warm pre cross his lips and trickle across his tongue. Sal needed more. He needed to feel more, to taste more. He began to run his tongue up and down the length of his lover's thick dick.

Battam sighed in ecstasy. The lupine satyr really knew how to use his mouth. There was so much passion and energy in the way he used his tongue and his lips, and yet at the same time Sal managed to be so soft and gentle that Battam never had to worry about Sal's impressively sharp teeth.

Battam ran his palm along the side of his lover's face while the satyr continued to lick and suck at his cock. Battam's fingertips sensually grazed Sal's cheek before sliding into Sal's dense, brown hair. Battam ran his fingers through those dense locks until his hand grazed by the satyr's wolf-like ear. At that point Battam just did what came naturally. Battam gently scratched behind his lover's canine ear. Sal's reaction was instantaneous. He tilted his head to the side just enough to nuzzle against his lover's palm while Battam continued to scratch behind his ear yet despite the motion Sal's lips never once left Battam's impressive cock.

Sal was so into it that he didn't even notice his own hand drift down towards his cock. He was so fixated on Battam's shuddering dick that his hand was acting as if of its own volition. Sal continued to plant passionate kisses up and down the side of his lover's shaft. The satyr alternated between tender kisses and passionate licks while all the while fervently stroking his own cock. Sal could feel his own cock shuddering in the palm of his hand. He could feel the need to cream welling up inside the base of his cock, but he fought it off. His needs were secondary to those of his master's. Sal's sole goal was to see Battam writhe in ecstasy.

Fortunately Sal didn't have to wait long. He could already hear the passionate sighs and moans coming from the mage's mouth. Battam's cheeks were almost as red as the runes and sigils that adorned his otherwise pasty, white flesh. Battam's breaths were coming in short, breathy, labored gasps. His cock was trembling. Pre was flowing freely from the tip.

Sal knew it was time. As much as he wanted to sit there longer and let Battam gently scratch his ears some more, Sal put Battam's desires over his own. He shook off his lover's gentle grip and leaned in closer to his lover's dick. Sal's gave one last, gentle kiss right on the tip of the witch's shuddering, pre-oozing cock. The slight tang of the clear liquid flooded his mouth. The warmth felt fantastic on his lips, but it was nothing compared to what was coming next. Sal slowly lowered his mouth lower and lower along his lover's dick. He could taste more and more of his lover's wonderful fluids as long as the familiar mellow taste of his lover's skin as more and more of the mini-mage's magnificent cock slid

across his tongue. Sal had a lot of practice by this point, but it was still always a shock when the tip of Battam's cock poked against the back of his throat. The sorcerer's schlong was so incredibly thick that it filled every last inch of space in Sal's throat, but the Satyr was not deterred. He had trained for this. He knew he could do it.

Sal could feel more and more of the mage's fat cock filling his throat as he lowered himself further and further down the incredibly thick rod. It seemed like it was taking forever to reach the end of the epic staff, but when Sal's lips finally made landfall against Battam's crotch it felt like it was over all too soon. Fortunately they weren't done just yet.

Battam writhed and sighed and moaned and cooed as he felt his lover's warm, wet throat close down around his cock. Sal's tongue-work had been fantastic before, but it was nothing compared to this. The lining of Sal's mouth and throat gripped his dick in an amazingly erotic way. Sal's mouth somehow managed to gently stroke and slide across every inch of Battam's impressive cock. There was not a single centimeter of skin along the oversensitive organ that was not being stimulated. Battam's toes curled and unclenched of their own volition as he writhed in ecstasy. His fingertips dug into the armrest of the old couch he reclined on while Sal slid sensually up and down his huge cock. Battam couldn't take it. It was so great. It felt too good to resist. He gritted his teeth and tried to fight back, but it was no use. A loud, low, guttural moan escaped the back of Battam's throat. His cock gave one last shudder, and then the dam broke. His full nuts pulled up. Warm, thick spunk erupted from his cock and launched straight into his lover's eagerly awaiting mouth.

The first spurt was impressive enough. A long, thick, solid stream of jizz pumped out of his cock and into his lover's mouth, but there was more to cum. Sal quickly pulled off the mage's huge cock and eagerly awaited the next wads. Sal stared up into the sky and waited excitedly as the second and third shot arced into the air. Sal closed his eyes. A smile so bright that it threatened to outshine the sun spread across his face. He sighed contentedly as heavy wads splattered against his tanned skin. The thick spunk coated his skin and caught in his hair. The warm wads soaked into his flesh. It all felt so fantastic; the whole scenario was so incredible that Sal didn't even notice his own cock was trembling. He hardly even noticed as he himself began to cum. He merely sighed contentedly as a few impressive spurts shot from his cock and splattered against the front of the couch and oozed down onto the wooden floor below. Sal would have to clean that up later, but at the moment it was the farthest thing from his mind.

Battam lay back in the chair for a moment just trying to steady his breathing and collect his thoughts. It had been a while since he had cum like that and the euphoria was clouding his mind, but he wasn't about to leave his friend high and dry like that.

Battam leaned forward and once again caressed his lover's cheek, but this time the sigils on his hand glowed with an ethereal light. The thick wads of spunk that coated Sal's hair and face began to move. The ropes of spunk slithered towards Battam's hand like snakes in the grass. The wad of spunk coalesced in his palm and solidified into a gelatinous orb.

"Bottle this for me. This'll make a great reagent." Battam said casually as he dropped the gooey blob in Sal's open hand.

Sal quickly hopped to his feet. He clutched the gelatinous lump to his chest liked a prized keepsake. "Y-yes, sir! I mean... Yes, master!" Sal replied excitedly.

"Ditch the master crap." Battam said flatly.

"U-um... sir?" Sal replied. He was clearly taken.

A lecherous grin once again spread across Battam's lips. "Yeah. Let's just keep that between you, me, and the sheets." He explained.