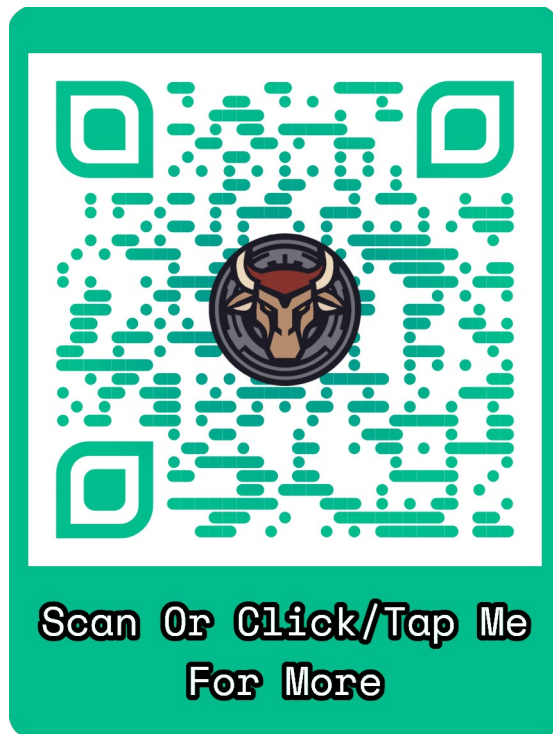


# Neatendita

Chronicles of Sami and Wyatt 2

HenrickTheBull



Wyatt was something of a local celebrity. He'd evaded Milkers, Werewolves, Orcs, Minotaur tribes, and more. In fact until yesterday he'd never even been close to captured. That was until he stepped on that branch and triggered the trap of course the man cursed him self for that. Why wasn't he more careful? Why didn't he check his surroundings better? Who the hell was that minotaur that could speak like a man?

He didn't really have time to ponder these questions as he ran down the path in just a pair of boots and hunting trousers his hat, shirt, jacket, and backpack cradled in one arm as he tried to put distance between himself and that... that farm. He needed to get back to town. He needed his gear and he needed to get back there and kill that mino- even as the thought crossed his mind it felt as if someone kicked him square in the balls causing him to tumble to the dirt of the path. "Fuck." Wyatt belted out as he recovered his face and sweating chest covered in dirt from the tumble. "What the fuck was that." Wyatt thought about going back to the farm and a warm tingle tickled his balls making him moan. "Fuck, fuck. Did I get cursed some how?"

Standing back up Wyatt brushed off the dust and began his jog back to town. "Gods be damned the damn bull must be demon possessed or something." He said to himself "Of course what else could it be?"

When he reached town he huffed and puffed from the exertion of jogging the five or more miles back to town through the brush. His legs continued to carry him forward though and he pushed his way into the town Shaman's office. The young man sitting at the desk looked up at him and his jaw went slack. "Shit, Wyatt?" The teen jumped up from his chair and moved to catch the older hunter before he could fall. "What the hell happened to you?" The teen helped the man lay on a couch nearby. "I got captured that's what happened Barry. Some fucking Minotaur. Out at some farm all alone."

"Wyatt, that's... I don't know how to tell you this but Minotaurs don't run solo and they normally don't ever let their victims go alive. Just wait a second while I get dad." The young man turned on his heel and vanished into a back room somewhere.

"Yeah well tell that to the Minotaur I met last night." Wyatt said to the empty air.

The clock on the wall ticked away, the only sound besides Wyatt's breathing in the otherwise quiet office. The sound annoyed the man greatly. Tick tick tick tick tick. It made concentrating hard, and Wyatt had to guess that was the purpose. Shaman Wyse was a hypno specialist after all.

After some unknown time Wyse and Barry came back into the room and Wyatt snapped back to reality. "Shit you were right. Wyatt you look fucked up. What happened?" The shaman's voice came through clear and cool, though with an undercurrent of worry. So Wyatt relayed what had happened. From the moment he'd been captured, up until he staggered through the door. "Alright, alright. Lets get you back into my office and we can see what was done to you." Wyse helped Wyatt stand up and lead him back to the shaman's exam room. There he was placed on an exam table much like those at a doctors office.

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“Ok gonna use a talisman on you. Just gonna try figure out the origin of the curse that’s on you if it is a curse.” The talisman hung from a chain and swung slowly over Wyatt. At first nothing happened but a dim glow appeared in the talisman. “Huh. It’s a curse.” The glow built up becoming brighter and brighter as Wyse moved the talisman towards Wyatt’s crotch. “Looks ancient. Something old, something not from Neatendita or anywhere else in the Outlands.” Wyse put the talisman down. “What ever you got it’s not something I can fix. Hell I don’t know anyone that could fix this. There used to be a Shaman, much better than me. He figured out how to tame cock leeches and use them and their secretions to cure prostate cancer. He lived outside of town, but no one’s heard from him in two or three years. This is the type of magic he’d be proficient with.”

Wyse sat next to Wyatt on a rolling stool. “Look, you might have to go back there. If you want my honest opinion. Whoever did this to you... Well they made you a slave using this curse. It might not seem like it now but they did. You can’t cum unless they want you too, and from what you told me; thoughts of harm against the Minotaur results in pain, but thoughts of return results in pleasure.”

“What the fuck Wyse?!” Wyatt sat up. “You lost your mind if you think I’m going back there.” The older man shrugged. “Look Wyatt your not going to have much of a choice. If the person who cursed you wants you back their going to get you back. So go back and save yourself some pain yeah?”

“Fuck that. I’m not going back there.” Wyatt jumped off the table and put his shirt back on taking up his backpack he walked from Wyse’s office and waved down one of the passing rickshaw drivers. Climbing into the back of the rickshaw Wyatt told him what street he wanted to be dropped of on and the little motorcycle engine revved up as they pulled away from the Shaman’s office.

Wyse shook his head as he looked out his door. “Barry cancel my appointment with Mr. Smith.” The randy old shaman said as he closed the door.

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