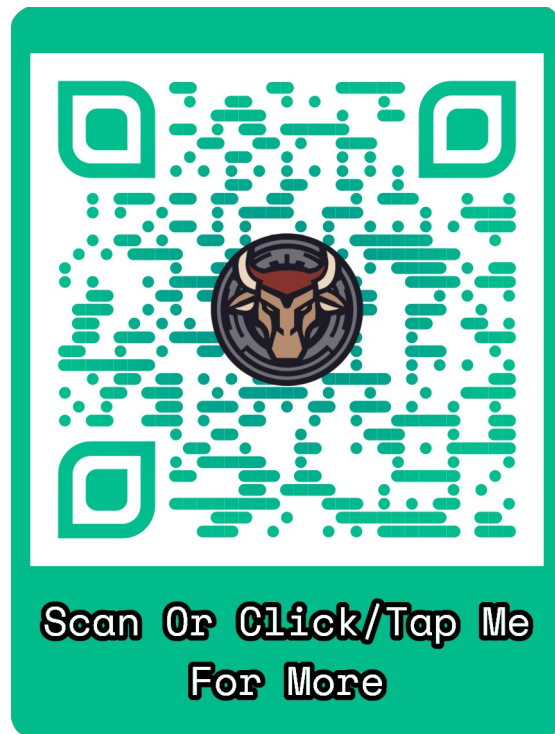


Neatendita

Chronicles of Sami and Wyatt 3

HenrickTheBull



A week and a half had gone by, Wyatt was growing more concerned every day. Since he'd returned he'd had three or four sexual trysts and none of them had turned out well. He wasn't able to function, and that upset most of his regular partners. What really got his goat was the hookup last night, they'd met online had a chat and decided to meet at a bar downtown. But when it came time to do the deed, the guy sneered at Wyatt and told him to his face. "Dysfunctional? Fucking limp trash." Then he just walked out on Wyatt.

Barry the son of Wyse the Shaman had repeated his father's advice, whoever had done this to him was the only one that could undo it. The idea of walking back into the lair of that bull headed bastard infuriated Wyatt so badly he'd thrown a punch one night in a drunken rage and slammed his fist clear through a wall in his house. But the longer it went on the longer the man had to think, and he decided. He had to go back.

Of course when he made that decision, he was bowled over with a wave of pleasure that knocked him clear off his feet, he felt like he was going to blow his load in his bath robe but he didn't and when the wave cleared up he was left a groggy mess on the floor of his bedroom. So exactly one week and 4 days since he encountered Sami, Wyatt was packing his hunting bags with provisions and tools. He didn't know how long he'd be gone but that was fine. Picking up his phone he called Barry to let him know he was leaving and he would have to take care of the place while he was gone.

Once outside, the man waved down one of the ubiquitous rickshaws in Sanktejo and told the drive to take him to the town gates where Wyatt's own ATV was waiting after the city guard had recovered it earlier that week. The town was quiet this early in the morning, most people would still be smartly ensconced in their homes until the sun was up so they could avoid all the terrors that walked the streets at night but with dawn this close, Wyatt didn't need to worry about a cum vampire or similar nasty springing a trap on him.

When they arrived at the city gates the man was greeted by two guards armed with rifles and another guard in a robe armed with a staff. "Morning Wyatt. Off early? I thought you weren't due to head out until next month?" The robed guard asked. "Yeah, I have something to check up on. Is the bike fueled up?" Wyatt said as he threw his bags on the back of his ATV. "Oh yeah. I just charged it up last night. We've been running behind on maintenance for the city's own equipment this month so I tried to get to it as soon as I could when you messaged me." The robed guard looked concerned. "Look Wyatt. I know something happened out there to you and all, but take care of yourself. I charged up you're ATVs main battery and I got you two spare charge packs in the tool pack. Get home safe kay?"

Wyatt nodded and thumbed the ignition, the bike's lights came on and the man gave the magitech engine the gas opening it up to full and peeling out of the city gates.

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Once out on the plains around the city Wyatt followed the cues of his GPS he'd programmed remembering the path he'd taken leaving the farm. The quiet of the wild Outlands relaxed Wyatt as he rode the silent magic driven ATV. It was enough to let him forget his worries for just a little while.

Turning off the road on to the unused path to the Minotaur's hide out Wyatt couldn't help but wonder how the Minotaur got there all alone. It seemed so strange, he was capable of speaking like a man, capable of plotting, capable of lots of things other Minotaurs didn't seem at all capable of doing. The man didn't really have much time to think more on this as he was coming up to the gates of the farm, looking down the clock in the instrument cluster said it was a little after one in the afternoon, Wyatt had been driving for nearly eight straight hours.

Stepping down off his bike Wyatt looked up at the sign above the gate, it was hanging crookedly, it's paint was faded from the sun and neglect but it clearly read "Dark Bluff Cattle Ranch" which Wyatt thought was strange. He'd lived in this region his whole life and he'd never heard of it. But never mind that. The man pushed the gate open and climbed back aboard his bike. His hand twisting the throttle to give the bike a little gas he crept nearly silently into the drive way of a farm house. It was in decent shape even if the lawn around it was over grown and the two trucks under the carport next to the house were gutted and broken down for scrap.

It was eerie, it seemed no one was home, not even the Minotaur. So Wyatt slid from his bike quietly, killing the engine and walking slowly over to the nearby barn, peeking in Wyatt had a sudden flash back to the Minotaur, that tight warm chute milking his cock over and over, Wyatt shuddered. "No, no. Not yet." Walking in to the barn Wyatt noticed the cage and the inscription on it. That was as far as he got, a heavy, huge hand on his shoulder. "Human, came back. Early. Human want to cum?" There was a chuckle, a loud brassy chuckle behind Wyatt. He didn't even have time to pull his knife or his gun, the bull spun him around and stared deep into his eyes.

The strangest thing to Wyatt was the fact that as he stared at and was stared at by the bull his cock began to harden. "Yes, human wants to cum. Found out balls are useless with out Sami or his Magic?" The question was rhetorical, of course he'd found out it was useless. The hunter finally found his voice after being taunted. "Fix this curse! Let me go!" He grunted, the big bull pushing him back against the cage as he spoke, those huge flared nostrils only inches from his face. "No. Human will be slave to Sami and there is nothing he can do."

The bull grabbed Wyatt's hunting jacket and yanked on it ripping it clean off the man. "What the fu-" Wyatt tried to get out but a hand came out of nowhere and nearly knocked him down. The bull standing before him holding his hand as he'd just slapped the human. "No talk. Human slave speak only when spoken to. To answer questions, Sami is special bull. Requires semen of others to fill hunger. Sami's Master dead leaving Sami no semen. So Sami use notes and make special potion, then uses notes and does ritual cursing potion, Sami find you and use you as Sami's new semen provider. Sami treat human well for cum. Human live here, human fill Sami's belly with cum, human be fed, and housed. Human

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help Sami with project and Sami lift curse.” The bull said in the longest most complete sentences he could manage with his muzzle.

“What project?” Wyatt asked the bull. “Glad human ask. Sami wish to elevate old tribe, powerful magic required to not mess up others like Sami.” The minotaur nodded and grabbed Wyatt off the ground. “Now Sami take human clothes, and stuff. Human not need. Sami provide.” The bull held out his hands. “Give Sami all clothes and tools, give Sami keys to bike.”

Wyatt cringed and thought about resisting at first but the growing pain in his balls put a stop to that. He nodded and began to shed his clothes giving them to the bull, when he was just in his boxers the bull coughed and Wyatt complied taking them off as well. After confiscating everything from the man the bull smiled. “Welcome home Human.” Sami beamed. Wyatt cringed. “My name is Wy-“ there was the hand again taking Wyatt completely off his feet. “Sami call human, human. Human call Sami, Master. No exceptions or Human not enjoy cumming or eating or sitting.” The bull threatened, reaching down to grab the man’s junk giving it a tight squeeze causing Wyatt to wince in pain as his manhood was squashed in those big hands.

“Good, Human. Sami control pain and pleasure for Human.” The bull let go of the man. “Human can leave any time he want but if he does then he won’t find pleasure ever again.” Wyatt bristled internally but said nothing, it was all he could do to not lash out at the bull, pain be damned.

Sami moved away from his new slave Human and grabbed a pair of garden sheers. “Human have chores to do. Clean up around house.”

After that Sami dismissed Wyatt who spent the next five hours trimming bushes, pulling weeds and hauling the trash off. In that time Wyatt rebelled in his mind, part of him wanted so badly to leave, and leave the bull alone, another part of him secretly wanted the bull to control him. Wyatt realized that, that part of his subconscious had driven him here, and now he was here he couldn’t leave.

Before dark fell Sami whistled and gestured for Wyatt to join him on the porch of the house. Putting his tools away Wyatt joined the minotaur on the porch and was handed a large glass of lemonade. “Do good job. Very pleased. Tonight Sami tell you things and you listen and obey.”

As Wyatt cooled down from the long hours in the sun cleaning the yard Sami told him some of his story.

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