

Battam had woken up that morning particularly fussy and grumpy, a mood which Sal was all too familiar with. It didn't bother him, as Battam's grouchiness wasn't aimed at him, but more so just a side effect of other things— coven dealings, finances, and maybe a touch of anxiety about it all. Sal quickly scooped Battam up in his arms and spent time holding him, cooing and reassuring him. Soon, the witch had melted like butter in his hands.

In the past, Battam had called Sal, “easy”, which was true, but Battam in turn was easy when it came to things like this. A soft romantic word whispered in his ear by only Sal would turn him into jelly; it truly made Sal feel so special and loved.

It wasn't long after that when Sal felt Battam rub up against him, softly asking him if Sal would take him, his breath hot against Sal's hairy chest. Sal had said yes, of course, and quickly removed what little clothing Battam was wearing.

Sal held Battam against him, “I'm gonna turn you over, alright?” Battam nodded yes in response. Sal gripped Battam lightly, who turned on his own, ass against Sal, head already hiding in the pillow.

Sal chuckled to himself, how funny it was to see the “famous dom” Battam like this, it was awesome. A sight only for him, it was utterly thrilling. This was his secret, his gift, only for Sal. Nobody else would ever know, Sal was sure of this.

As always, it didn't take much to prep Battam. His magic made entering him a breeze; easier than anyone Sal had ever been with before. Sal was a bit envious of Battam in this way, but then again, Battam's dick was much of the same, so it wasn't like he was having any problems either. Oh, how lucky both of them truly were. Sal wondering briefly if lube would ever be a thing Battam would consider selling— but quickly snapped out of the thought to focus on Battam's ass again.

He sunk his cock deep into the smaller man's ass, letting his belly touch Battam's back as he leaned over his lover. He pet Battam's hair as he felt and saw liquid magic rise up from his skull. “Already?” Sal teased, to which Battam grunted in response, “Y-You should be flattered...”

“Oh, I am.” Sal smiled, looking at all the little hearts Battam's magic formed in front of him. So honest, “I always am, babe.”

“Huu...uh...hggn...” Battam's noises were soft as Sal rocked his hips back and forth slowly against his bare ass. Their shared bed squeaked ever so slightly in time with Sal's

slow, shifting motions. He felt his tail begin to wag as he could feel Battam shuddering and panting below him. This soft stuff was really getting to him...



“You’re so cute, Battam... so cute.” Sal cooed, “I’m so glad we can be together, hmm...” He felt Battam clench around his cock when saying this.

“S-Sal, you’re being too– hah, aah...” Battam gripped the pillow around his head, “Too much!”

Sal lifted his hand to touch Battam’s ear lightly around the cuff, feeling how hot it was from Battam’s blush, and feeling Battam shake in response.

“Oh? I am? I hadn’t noticed, hehe...” Sal teased, in which Battam groaned in response.



“F-Fuck... I wish you’d go faster...” Battam said, pushing his ass back on to Sal ever so slightly. Sal didn’t waver, he simply kept up his slow, consistent rhythm.

“Slow like this is too... ah...” Battam whimpered.

“Too embarrassing, huh?” Sal started, “I have a feeling you like it like this though...” Battam twitched as Sal said this, revealing that, of course, he did like it like this. Relishing the embarrassment of it all, relishing Sal praising him in a way that made him blush from head to toe.

“Right, babe?” Sal said, ever so sweetly. Battam groaned as a wet spot formed on the pillow below him. His magic seeping from everywhere it could.

Sal pinched an eye closed suddenly. “O-Oof, I didn’t—” Sal paused, holding back for a moment, “I didn’t realize how close I was...”

A small, mischievous smile could ever so slightly be seen on Battam’s face, “My ass is that good, huh?” He chuckled with a familiar confidence.

“Hmm... don’t get too cocky.” Sal retorted, which only made Battam buck up against him more, “Hgggn! Aah...” Sal could barely keep up now, “Y-Yeah, I think I’m gonna cum, shit— I’m sorry...”

Battam didn't hesitate, "Then cum. Cum in me. Use me to cum..."

Sal's head was spinning hearing Battam say that, it was too much. He barely sped up, a few heavy slaps of his balls against Battam's ass and ah, he felt himself start to unload deep into his lover.



"A-Aah... there... there we go..." Sal kept his hips tight against Battam's ass, "You're so cute the way you take it like this..."

"S-shut up... it's only cuz it's you, mm..." Battam's tone betrayed his arousal, he was way too excited.

"Oh, I know..." Sal said softly, huffing as he regained his breath. He toyed with Battam's hair between his fingers.

"Do you want to cum, Battam?" Sal asked.

"..." Battam paused, "Y-Yeah..." His voice was muffled by the pillow. Sal figured he had teased Battam enough for the day, so he got down to work. Pulling himself from Battam's ass, he replaced his cock with fingers, quick to stroke Battam's prostate in a steady, pressing motion.

With his other hand, he took the head of Battam's dick in his palm, stroking it with a small up and down motion. He focused on the most sensitive parts of his witch lover, which caused Battam to jerk his head up with a loud moan.

"A-AAH..." Battam hissed, "Y-You—" Sal laughed a little bit, "Too much? You said you wanted it to be faster..."

"Yeah, I said I wanted it to be faster but not so i-i-i—" Battam stuttered as his body started to shake in Sal's hands, "S-so in-intensseeeeeaaaaah..."

Battam really had been close, as Sal felt his ass squeeze around his fingers and hot, thick cum pool and pour into his hand. He continued to stroke and prod at Battam all through his orgasm, milking every last drop he could.

Sal cooed once again, "There we go... that's it... that's it..." Battam whimpered, utterly embarrassed to have Sal talk to him in such a manner. With a flop, Battam's heavy body fell on to the bed, trapping Sal's hand between him and the bed.

"Wha—?" Sal started, "Hey! The sheets, dude!"

"Hah... ah..." Battam panted, "They were already destined... for dirtiness... the moment you started fucking me..."

"No they weren't! I came in your ass, didn't I? That's clean enough!" Sal says, playfully slapping Battam's ass who groaned in response.

"I guess today will be a laundry day then..." Said Battam, muffled by the bed below him.

"Yeah, I guess so." Sal said, laughing. He lied next to Battam as he caught his breath, admiring the shape of his handsome body, loving these moments they could share together. He was really glad this was a side of Battam that only he could see. His wonderful, special Battam.