

The Fallen Druid: Introduction

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The Modest Hut was anything but modest. Or a hut.

With ten rooms, each more luxurious than the last, the Modest Hut could have been a tourist attraction in the present day, but existing as it did some thousand years ago, there were not many tourists to the fair isle, let alone to the remote forest in which the Modest Hut had been built. Wrought tree branches, sanded and hewn by expert craftsmen and laid with pelts from the grandest, most majestic of forest creatures—harts, bears, rabbits, and the largest wolves of yore—formed a silvan throne from which the proprietor received his visitors. Gold and gems decorated his halls, reflecting brilliant hues down onto the adherents who came to pay their respects—and tithes. Each day, the proprietor feasted upon the bounties the forest brought him: fish from the rivers; wine from his private cellars; venison, bear, and wild boar he had himself hunted; and countless grouse, pheasants, and even the occasional swan to change things up. His was the life of a king long before a king would ever rule on the isle. It was a good life, a splendid life, one that many the impoverished visitor could only imagine and look upon with envy, for the proprietor took much but gave back nothing.

He was called Maelduin, and he was a druid, a servitor of the powerful faerie goddess Aethnid, who held dominion over all of the animals great and small. He had served Aethnid almost his whole life, ever since he was stolen from his woodsman father at the age of four and taught the ways of druidism: how to live off the land, how to honor his goddess, and how to teach others to do the same. His service had been pious all throughout his childhood, yet not long after adulthood, he had turned from Aethnid in search of more corporeal rewards than the goddess could offer him. Learning early on that his eloquence could sway the minds of anyone to whom he spoke, he quickly secured for himself a lucrative enterprise.

"The goddess watches over you!" he cried from his tiny tree stump. "Does she not protect you from harm? Does she not bless you with consistent, diverse harvests year after year? And *what* do you give her in return?" he demanded. "I have served her all my life," he proclaimed, "And as her servant, I shall personally see to it that your gifts reach her in her faerie realm, that she knows of the tribute each of you has given to her!"

It took a few years, but his tiny stump became a larger stump, which became a crafted box, and then a platform. Yet for all his success, Maelduin *knew* that he could do better for himself.

Enter the poachers.

Preaching to peasants was not the way to build wealth, he realized. While the peasants were pious and gave all they could, there just wasn't much to give in the first place. The poachers, on the other hand, hunted the rarest and most beautiful of the woodland creatures and could sell them to the foreign merchants who came from beyond the sea. Poachers had *gold*.

Once more, Maelduin was blessed. His long years of living off the land had taught him to be more alert than the most anxious rabbit, stealthier than the most adept wolf, and quieter than the most silent of night-owls. As the poachers entered the forest, he tracked them without their knowledge until he was ready to spring his trap.

"*Repent!*" he would scream, leaping from the woods and knocking them to the ground just before they loosed a fatal arrow.

Rolling them over on their backs, he would brandish and shake a big stick at them, his muscular, lithe body painted with fearsome markings of black, red, and white as he sat on their chests, wearing a crown of branches that lent the appearance of antlers. Terrified and certain that he was one of the dreaded dark-magic faeries of the forest, the poachers would beg for their lives and offer him anything if he would just let them go. He would name his price—modest at first—and hint at the possibility of an arrangement that might let them return should they feel like sharing in their profits.

A few years later, he built the Modest Hut. The rest, as they say, is history.

Yet as greed supplanted Aethnid as the goddess of Maelduin's soul, he began to crave more and more, and the more he had, the more he came to disparage and later despise those around him. For what use were peasants who could not give him gold? What good were kept birds who made raucous noises and were not fit to eat? What good were wolves and domestic dogs if they were not putting meat on his table? What started as begrudging tolerance turned to simmering resentment. That gave way to open scorn. The

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bright-eyed, gifted boy who had been called to serve Aethnid had grown into a bitter, arrogant, nasty thirty-something who lorded what he had over those around him, extracted tithes and bribes from everyone he could, and was callous and nasty to those in greatest need of help and compassion. Yet all of that was about to change.

The morning light managed to penetrate the tightly woven branches that formed the walls of the Modest Hut, casting its warm, inviting rays onto Maelduin's eyelids. He stirred, his eyelids fluttering as he awoke. Scowling, he muttered something about exacting revenge on the weaver who had made that wall for allowing the sun to wake him. He stretched and rolled off his luxurious down bed. As he started to get on his purple robes—that color for it was the hardest to make and required expensive dyes from across the sea—he was suddenly blinded by the most intense white light he had ever seen.

Throwing his hands up in front of him and averting his eyes, he cried out in a loud voice, "What is this magic?! Who are you? What do you want?"

The light faded, and he gasped to find himself no longer in the Modest Hut. Looking around, he tried to find his bearings, yet though his memories of living off the land some fifteen years ago were hazy, he was *certain* he had never seen this particular patch of woods before. The trees here were far taller than the ones he knew. The streams were clearer and wider, and the ground smelled much more strongly of petrichor than he had ever smelled before. Yet what would have awed him fifteen years ago and filled him with joy was met only with a merchant's eye: he knew he could extract a hefty price for such large, straight trunks; the water could be sold off as medicinal tonic, and even the strong-smelling detritus below could be sold off as fertilizer. He happened across a massive buck—twice the size of the largest he had ever seen before—yet instead of reveling in its majesty or appreciating its lack of fear of him, he instead began calculating the harvesting fee he would charge if he were to lead an enterprising poacher to its exact location.

If he could figure out where he was, that is.

"Hello?" he called, looking around. "Who has brought me here? Show yourself!"

As if in response, a sharp yelp pierced the silence, and a mongrel dog came running out of the woods with its tail between its legs. Seeing him, it made a beeline towards him, went past him, and then turned and peered out from behind his legs.

Maelduin instinctively looked in the direction from which the dog had come, yet he saw nothing. Listening, he heard nothing. Smelling, he smelled nothing but wet dog. His pounding heart slowed, and as he came to realize that there was nothing there, he looked down and scowled at the dog.

"You pathetic cur!" he yelled, kicking at the animal. "What a worthless waste of breath! Get out of here! You pollute this place with your weakness! You are vile, *detestable* to me! You—"

He cut off, his eyes bulging and his jaw dropping as the cur morphed before his eyes into the figure of a woman, her body perfectly proportioned, with long, flowing silver and gold hairs that cascaded down the white, form-fitting but flowing silk dress she wore. Her features were fine and perfect, her eyes dazzling yet never just one color and never the same. Yet for all her beauty, her eyebrows were arched in such a way that gave her an austere, angry-looking countenance.

Gasping, Maelduin collapsed to his knees on recognizing her.

"G—goddess Aethnid!" he gasped. "Y—you..."

A withering look from the goddess silenced him, and he swallowed hard, shaking with fear as he averted his head.

"Oh, come now, Maelduin, is this how you greet your goddess?" she asked at length, her voice hinting at amusement.

The terrified druid whipped his head to look at her, startled.

"O—oh!" he gasped, scrambling to his feet, taking her hand and kissing it profusely. "I—I've forgotten my manners. I—I'm terribly sorry."

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"Oh, relax, Maelduin," the goddess laughed, her eyebrows making it impossible to tell whether she was actually laughing or if she was mocking him, "I disappear for fifteen years, and it's like you've completely forgotten how close we were, what good friends!"

Maelduin chuckled nervously.

"Why, you act as if you've done something *wrong*! As best I can tell, you have the whole *island* worshipping me and bringing me tribute! Isn't that so?"

The druid blinked and pursed his lips, and then a crafty smile came over his face.

"W—why, yes, Goddess! I have, um, taken it upon myself to collect *quite* the tribute for you. Gold and jewels, fine wines, the finest furs—"

"Sorry, furs?"

If the druid could have swallowed his own head, he would have. Unfortunately, that was not an option.

"U—uh..."

"Or, did you mean *firs* perhaps?" Aethnid asked.

Maelduin swallowed. "Mm. Sure. Firs."

"I do *love* a grand fir tree," Aethnid said, gazing wistfully at one of the trees before her. "Such a good habitat for my creatures."

"And quite good for lumber, too," Maelduin offered.

"Sorry?"

"Um, I meant *umber*, yes, you know: dye. For, um, painting."

The goddess frowned—an effect made *particularly* frightening given her eyebrows.

"You know, Maelduin, I sense that something is off with you. You seem terribly fidgety, very nervous, not at *all* like I remember you." She extended her arms. "Come. Embrace me, and let me embrace you."

Feeling the distinct sensation like he was walking into a trap, Maelduin tentatively reached forward and hugged her. The moment he touched her, she swept him up in her arms, her embrace making him feel as light as a feather and filling him with peace, and he immediately felt his confidence return.

"My, Maelduin!" she gasped, "You've been harboring *such* discord! That was almost painful to remove!"

As she let him go, he breathed deeper than he had in years and felt almost euphoric. Looking at her, he sighed happily.

"Ah, ha! *There* is the Maelduin I know and love!" Aethnid beamed. "Goodness, I will *have* to make sure I visit you more often than once every decade and a half! You humans forget far too easily, I'm afraid."

"It is good to see you again," Maelduin said, finally feeling relaxed and at ease.

"Carrying such anxiety and tension, it's no *wonder* you lashed out at me when I ran up to you."

The tension returned.

"Why, I thought you actually tried to *kick* me back there!"

The druid very carefully did not say anything. Not a word.

"But, of course, that wasn't the case. After all, look how much you've *done* for me! You've made such a lovely palace in my honor. I shall look forward to moving into it. It is, I trust, built completely according to the rules I have taught you? You used only wood that fell on its own and used it as a sanctuary for my creatures? And, of course, the firs—"

"There are *no* furs!" Maelduin yelped. "No animals were harmed, Goddess. I—I promise you—"

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"Animals harmed?" the goddess laughed. "What an absurd thing to say! Of *course*, my Maelduin would not hurt any of my precious pets to create the temple he built for me!" She shook her head and laughed again. "You always were a kidder, Maelduin, but the last fifteen years truly *has* sharpened your wit."

Maelduin swallowed.

"Actually, I summoned you here to thank you. Walk with me," the goddess continued, breezing past him as she led him on a walk through the woods.

"To thank me?" Maelduin asked, his ears perking up.

"Of course! Why, none of my other druids has shown me anything even *close* to what you have done! A decadent temple? Gems and gold? The other druids offer me berries and prayers, but *you*—you have offered me something quite different entirely, and I—I wanted to offer the same in kind."

She paused next to a crystal-clear pond, the water perfectly still save for the ripple she made as she dipped a toe into it. Reaching down into the water, her fingers penetrated the sand. Something glittered beneath the surface, and Maelduin's eyes flashed with recognition. His heart began to pound with anticipation as his greedy eyes glanced towards his goddess's face, wondering what manner of golden present she had made for him. Of course, it would be *far* superior to anything he could have even the finest craftsmen across the sea make. For that reason, it was probably worth holding onto. But, such a rare find might also sell for a small fortune, or even a large one. He couldn't *wait* to see what it was.

"Hold out your hand, Maelduin," she said, cupping the object in her fingers. "I can't wait to see what you think of the gift I have made for you."

Maelduin eagerly did so, and as he felt something solid slip from her fingers into his hand, he snatched his hand back to get a look.

In his hand was a ring. A plain, gold ring. There were no adornments, no inlaid gems, and based on the feel of it, it might well not even be pure. His face fell, and his shoulders slumped. But as he looked at it, he did a double-take.

On the outer band, as if by magic, were sparkling outlines and silhouettes of deer bounding across the surface of the ring, running in circles around its perimeter. He inhaled slowly, his eyes transfixed with wonder. As he watched, the deer paired up and began to breed, the males performing their mating rituals, the females squatting in response, and the males propelling forcefully upward to seal the deal. One by one, the couples parted, and the females gave birth to a new generation. Those frolicked and played until, one by one, they began to run in a circle around the ring to start the process anew.

The druid gasped, realizing that he had stopped breathing. Such a thing did not exist in his world. He could name his price, buy the entire *island* with this ring if he wanted to! He was about to start gloating when something else caught his attention.

On the inner band, he saw wolves running in a pack and then splitting off into smaller groups. These joined with other groups, paired off, and began to mate, the females flagging, the males mounting, the knots tying, and the pairs standing butt-to-butt for some time before snuggling up together in dens. A second passed, and the couples emerged, followed by a litter of tiny dots that grew and became pups, adolescents, and finally adults that ran in packs.

The theme of this ring is certainly, ah, intended for mature audiences, the druid thought. That might affect sale price. But, as rare as it is, I don't think it should hurt it's value too, too badly.

"Well?" the goddess asked.

Maelduin started, realizing that she had been watching him the whole time.

"I—it's *beautiful*, Goddess!" he cried, taking it in one hand and about to put it on his finger. "Thank you *ever* so—"

"Maelduin!"

He froze.

"Yes, Goddess?"

Aethnid smiled and put her hand on his shoulder. "Do you like it? *Really* like it?" she asked.

Maelduin nodded vigorously. "Goddess, it's *perfect*. So beautiful. I—I've truly never seen anything like it before."

"Then...you like it?"

"Of course, Goddess! I *love* it! It is...stunning."

The goddess nodded, smiling and taking her hand off his shoulder, and Maelduin eagerly put the ring on. For having come out from under a lake, it was strangely warm and surprisingly soothing. Maelduin sighed, suddenly feeling very happy.

"Is it—is it magic, Goddess?" he asked.

"Quite," the goddess replied with a smirk.

"Will you teach me someday?"

"Oh, I expect you will learn a *lot* starting very soon."

Something about her expression and the tone of her voice raised a few hairs on the back of the druid's neck. The happiness lapsed.

"Is—is something wrong, Goddess?"

"Oh, it's... It's just a little thing. Well, a few little things. And, a big thing. Well, *several* big things," the goddess said, counting on her fingers before fixing him with a hard stare.

The druid gulped.

"Tell me, Maelduin, what is it I love the most?" she asked.

"W—why, *life*, Goddess!" Maelduin replied, taken aback.

"That's right. And yet, I can't help but wonder... If I love life, then why would you have *living* trees cut down to build me a temple of death?"

Maelduin broke out into a cold sweat.

"And, why would you adorn it with rocks and metals? They're not dead, but they're *certainly* not alive!"

The ring began to feel much warmer than it had before, and Maelduin felt a distinct sense of general discomfort. Not ill-ease—he had plenty of that, too—this was a general physical discomfort all over, as if he had a dull itch all over his body that he couldn't quite isolate.

"And *WHY*"—her voice boomed like a thunderclap as the sky above them darkened—"would you kill my *babies*—my beautiful, *living* babies—to make a seat for you to put your miserable *ass*?"

"G—Goddess, I—I can explain..."

"You have *forsaken* your vows to me!" Aethnid roared, the wind from her voice whipping up the leaves off the ground and slapping them against his skin—which he suddenly realized was naked and bare. "I offered you *life* fifteen years ago, and you chose *metal*. *Metal!* Well, you made your choice, Maelduin: I hope you truly like that ring as much as you said you did! You're stuck with it!"

At that, Maelduin immediately reached for the ring and tried to take it off, but to his horror, it had shrunk and fused with his skin, joining his body to the point that he could remove it no more easily than he could remove his foot.

"Goddess, I—I'm sorry!"

"It's too late for that, Maelduin! For *fifteen* years, you have *taken* from me, demanded sacrifices of my children for *your* benefit, *your* gain. You did not build that 'temple' to me; you built it for yourself! You didn't even share it with those around you; instead, you stole from them, stole from *me* to enrich yourself at the expense of my *true* followers! You have spread lies and misery, Maelduin, and you shall pay for your sins!"

"Please, Goddess, don't kill me!" Maelduin screamed.

The wind stopped. The clouds overhead vanished.

"Kill you?" the goddess asked, laughing. "Oh, no, Maelduin. You're not getting off *that* easily! You have a tremendous debt to repay. No, I expect you will live for *quite* a long time to repent for what you've done."

Maelduin swallowed and began trembling. "Wh—what do you mean?" he asked.

"You have taken away but given nothing back, Maelduin," Aethnid replied. "It is time you gave back."

"Give back...*how*?" the druid squeaked.

"What did you see on the ring?" the goddess asked, "Or were you too busy calculating how much gold you could trade it for?"

"Deer," Maelduin replied hurriedly. "I saw deer. And—and wolves!"

"And what were they doing, Maelduin?"

The druid reddened. "Breeding, Goddess."

"Why do you BLUSH?!" the goddess roared, the skies darkening again. "They are creating *life*, the thing I *love*! They are bringing me *joy*, and now you will bring *them* joy! From this moment, Maelduin, you shall give *intense* sexual gratification to every animal you see!"

The druid reeled, and then stopped and frowned. "Wait. Like, *sexual* gratification-sexual gratification? Like, having sex with them?" He scoffed. "Goddess, I'm—I'm a *human*. Even if they were interested in me, such *base* instincts are far beneath me. Now, as your druid, I can—"

Lightning struck the water, silencing him.

"As *MY* druid, you can do exactly as I command you! Or, have you forgotten in your lust for gold that your soul is promised to *me*? And make no mistake, Druid: all my children *will* show interest in you, and when they do, you *will* give them what they want!"

Maelduin shook his head, scoffing again. "Whatever you say, Goddess. I *was* worried, but if *this* is all I have to worry about, psh, I guess I'll jack off a buck occasionally or whatever."

The goddess looked like she was about to strike him dead where he stood, but then she stopped. The clouds cleared again, and she smirked.

"We'll see, Druid. See you soon."

With that, she vanished. Maelduin looked around, but there was no sign of her, not a ripple on the pond, not a footprint in the sand, not a rustle in the leaves. He sighed and pursed his lips.

"She could have at *least* put me back in the Modest Hut," he muttered. "Now I have to figure out where I am so I can get back there."

With no clue as to which direction would lead him out of the forest, he shrugged and picked a direction at random, striking out directly away from the lake through a fairly wide natural clearing in the trees. The detritus beneath his feet was soft and aromatic, and it felt good to walk on. As he walked, he found his old training coming back to him, subconsciously identifying edible berries and bark, seeing likely places where he'd find edible fungi, and picking out where the nests were likely concealed of the various birds he saw flitting by overhead. Before he'd traveled even a quarter-mile, he noticed that something was off about the birds' behavior.

"They are *not* attracted to me," he muttered, shaking his head and scoffing. His eyes narrowed. "No, there's something else here. Something I'm not seeing."

The hair on the back of his neck abruptly stood up. Whirling, he jumped backwards in surprise to see the biggest stag he had ever seen only a few yards behind him.

"Whoa," he murmured. "You snuck up on me, and that's hard to do."

The buck did not respond. Instead, he turned his massive twenty-point head and shook luxuriously all over, completely at ease with Maelduin's presence. While that had been typical when Maelduin was a practicing druid, his frequent presence on hunting expeditions had made the animals back home wary of him. Seeing one so unconcerned over him was somewhat gratifying, and the druid found himself smiling in spite of himself.

"Well," he said at last, "Nice meeting you. I need to find my way home."

Just then, the buck's, long, tapered, pink penis slipped from his sheath and let out a stream of urine that steamed when it hit the ground. Maelduin did a double-take, then chuckled.

"You really don't have a care in the world, do you?" he asked.

The scent of the urine wafted over, and he grimaced. "Agh, you *had* to be upwind, didn't you?"

He covered his nose and started to walk away, but he suddenly felt a pang of discomfort all over. It was like before, but much more intense, like a chigger bite *demanding* to be scratched. He stopped short, grimacing and rubbing his hands all over himself, not quite sure what he was feeling for but trying to identify the source of the discomfort. The stag, meanwhile, lifted his upper lip, tilted his head back, and inhaled deeply.

"Quit sniffing your own pee," Maelduin muttered, mildly disgusted as he continued feeling of himself.

He bent over, feeling of his legs. As he did, he felt a little relief.

"Oh?" he asked, standing back up.

The discomfort came back, and he immediately bent over again.

"Oh, man, this is weird," he said, squirming as the sensation seemed to move around depending on how he moved.

Getting down on his knees seemed to feel better, but as he did, the discomfort turned into something else. Not pain, not pleasure, but more like...anticipation.

"Ugh," he groaned, squirming some more. "What could I possibly be anticipating other than getting rid of this *lousy* feeling?"

He happened to glance over his shoulder and did a double-take. The stag had moved towards him and was now only a few feet away.

"Whoa, hey," Maelduin gasped, hurriedly getting to his feet. "You keep your distance, huh? That rack of yours could really hurt me."

A surge of discomfort washed over him, making him gasp.

"Agh! What *is* that?!" he cried.

Hurriedly getting back on all fours, he shuddered as discomfort turned once again into anticipation. He began to pant, swallowing frequently.

"What—what is happening to me?" he breathed.

Suddenly he felt hot breath on his buttocks. Yelping in surprise, he whipped his head around to see the buck right behind him.

"Whoa! No!" he barked. "Shoo! Go away!"

Yet as he raised his torso upright, the discomfort came back even stronger than before.

"Aww, come on!" he whined, getting back on all fours but trying to shoo the buck with one hand. "What are you *doing*, you weird buck?"

He tried to edge away, but the stag on four legs was far nimbler than he was on hands and knees, and every few seconds, the buck's nose would bump against his butt, its wet warmth making Maelduin both shudder and curl his toes. The anticipation began to build.

"Okay, go on!" he finally snapped, jumping to his feet and waving his arms over his head towards the buck. "Argh!" he growled as the discomfort washed over him, but determined not to back down, he advanced menacingly towards the huge stag.

The stag looked at him curiously for a moment and then lowered his head, aiming his rack at the druid yet not showing any signs of aggression. It was as if he was saying, "Go on. Impale yourself. Be my guest."

Seeing this, Maelduin froze, uncertain of what to do. Yet, the lack of motion provided an opportunity for the discomfort to reassert itself, and the druid found himself panting, sweating, and grimacing as he and the buck stood in a standoff. After only a few seconds, he found himself getting back on his hands and knees, the discomfort almost immediately switching back to anticipation.

But now the buck was getting impatient, too. Lifting his head, he pawed at the ground and sniffed the air. What Maelduin had not seen before but did now was that the stag's prick was poking from his sheath, his heavy balls swaying ponderously as he took a tentative step forward, looked, perplexed, at Maelduin, and then took another few steps to move beside and then behind him.

Maelduin felt the hot breath on his ass again and flinched.

"Guy, what the hell is going on with you?" he asked as he crawled a few steps away. "It's like you're—"

He gasped. His head whipped to look behind him at the now very-erect buck, who had raised his head and was sniffing the air again.

"Oh, no!" Maelduin said, getting to his feet and walking briskly away. "No, nonono. You are *not* attracted to me. I'm a human, for one thing. Also, I'm a guy. You're a guy, I'm a guy, we're both guys. I'm not a doe. So go away. Also—again—I'm a *human*, and you're a dumb animal. There is *no* way you are doing *that* to me! Ugh!"

He shuddered in disgust and then turned to look over his shoulder.

The buck was maybe three steps behind him.

"Augh! No! Go away!" he cried, breaking into a run. "Leave me alone!"

He could hear the buck's hoof-beats behind him, and he began to sprint, veering off in erratic directions like a rabbit would to evade a predator. But the buck, far more agile and much faster, kept after him, never more than a few paces behind him. All the while, his massive balls swayed and bounced below him and his penis slipped into and out of his sheath, dribbling a pungent, acrid scent onto his belly. A light breeze began to pick up, wafting the smell towards Maelduin. The druid's nostrils picked it up, and a pang of discomfort shot through him, starting in the soles of his feet and rocketing up to his skull, hitting his balls, the tip of his penis, and both of his nipples in the process. He came to a sudden stop, almost tripping as he collapsed onto all fours, panting, afraid, and feeling a growing sense of impending doom.

The buck stepped up behind him, and Maelduin once again felt the hot, wet nose on his backside. Too exhausted to run anymore, he gritted his teeth and clenched his fists but offered no resistance. The buck snuffled against him, sending bewilderingly thrilling sensations coursing up his back and making his groin tingle.

"Wh—I can't *possibly* be getting turned *on* by this!" he said in disbelief.

Yet to his horror, he felt himself getting hard and beginning to throb. Gasping, he shook his head to clear it.

"Oh, no. Screw this!" he said, getting to his feet again. "I am *not* about to get turned on by this—this *sick* game Aethnid is playing! I am a *man*, and I do *not* have sex with *beasts*!"

The buck seemed completely unimpressed and licked his lips, as if expecting Maelduin to either break into a run again or drop to all fours. Either way, the stag was ready for whatever the druid was about to do. The human was *far* easier to keep up with than a hesitant doe, at any rate!

For a moment, it looked like Maelduin was going to run again, but just then, he caught another whiff of the stag's pheromone-laden urine and dropped down to all fours again, crying out in frustration. The buck paid him no mind and stepped up behind him again with indefatigable patience, nosing around where the bare-

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assed mammal's tail should have been and finding an orifice of interest. Pressing his nose right up against it, he sent another shudder up Maelduin's spine. His tongue slipped out. He tasted the druid's hole.

Maelduin froze, his whole body going rigid. That tongue had felt so good, so *impossibly* good that he nearly orgasmed on the spot. Shaking his head, he began to panic. Why was he feeling this way? He wasn't gay, and he *certainly* wasn't into animals! Why was he losing control? Why was his body getting into this—this *filthy* act? He crawled forward a few steps, but the buck's tongue found him again, and he froze, perched on the verge of orgasm.

He heard the buck shuffle behind him.

No. Go away. Please, don't...

The buck's chest pressed up against his tailbone. He could feel the buck's heat and weight against him.

"P—please...don't..." Maelduin whimpered.

The buck shuffled again. The weight behind him disappeared, and then Maelduin gasped as the buck's weight came down on top of him. He felt something hot, wet, slippery, and pointed slipping between his buttocks.

"Shit! NO!" he screamed, trying to scramble forward.

But it was too late; the buck weighed too much. He couldn't escape.

The buck's penis slipped in and out from between Maelduin's buttocks a few times before butting up against his anus. The druid's face burned, and he began to tremble all over, knowing what was coming next.

Something sharp and wet pierced into Maelduin's vaginal hole, sending thrilling jolts of electricity coursing through his body. He began to pant, feeling himself so close to orgasm and increasingly desperate to go over the edge.

"Fine," he panted. "Just—just do it and get it over with! I'm so horny, I—I—"

The buck's prick slipped out. The buck's haunches coiled up tightly. Maelduin's eye twitched. He knew how bucks mated, and he was about to—

The buck launched forward. His penis hit its target, driving itself balls-deep into Maelduin's ass in less than a second. The residual momentum lifted the druid into the air before he even had a chance to scream. Burning hot jism streamed into his ass, encountered obstacles, and rocketed back out around the buck's cock. Gravity began to pull them both downwards. The pain of coitus finally registered, and Maelduin began to cry out. The buck began to fall a little faster, and his prick slipped out, trailing a stream of jism with it as it went. His back legs hit the ground, and he began to bound off a little way. Maelduin's legs hit the ground, but with the shock of the breeding still fresh on his mind, he couldn't catch himself. He crumpled to the ground in a heap, gasping and sobbing as his ass burned with fire from being forced open so quickly and jabbed so roughly.

The buck's cum streamed out of the druid's anus, coating the cleft of his buttocks with its sticky, pungent scent. Maelduin's face burned with humiliation, yet the worst was yet to come. As he instinctively curled into fetal position and brought his hands to his abdomen, his hands ran into something hot and slimy.

He didn't have to look to see what it was. He *knew*.

For all he had told himself that such carnal desires were beneath him, he, a human—a *wealthy* and *powerful* human—had just been bred by a buck.

And he had cum.

Whether he wanted to admit it or not, he had—well, *some* part of him—had actually liked it. Worse than the considerable pain, worse than the knowledge that he had just been raped by an *animal*, was the knowledge that his body had betrayed him, that a man who could convince others to give him their wealth could not dissuade himself from giving in to lust.

The stag stepped over and gently nosed Maelduin's buttocks.

The Fallen Druid: Introduction

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"Get *away* from me!" Maelduin snapped, kicking at the stag.

Taken aback, the stag flinched backwards, then turned, gave him a reproachful look, and then bounded off into the forest, leaving him lying there alone in a growing pool of their mixed fluids.