

Feeling too unsteady on his feet to walk upright, Maelduin crawled back into the river and, shuddering, spent a lengthy time forcibly purging the wolf seed from his backside. Though instantly diluted a million-to-one, the slimy fluid nevertheless made its presence known as it oozed out between the druid's buttocks. Maelduin cringed and bore down harder with the fervor of a priest exorcising a demon.

Only once he was thoroughly convinced that no more of the wolf's spunk remained inside him did he finally turn his attention to scrubbing his penis, an uncomfortable and awkward experience as passing grazes of his hands on his foreskin made him flash back to specific moments of his most recent encounter: with the graze of a misplaced finger, he could see the wolfess vividly in front of him, her head cocked ever-so-slightly and turned a little to the side so he could see her eyes half-closed and her tongue lolling out ecstatically. No sooner did he shudder and shake himself from that reverie than his thumb applied pressure just the right way on the top of his shaft, and he could feel her backing up onto him, her back legs dancing with anticipation, her tail unsure whether to flag or wag, her vulva so very warm as they squeezed him just so.

"Augh!" Maelduin cried, shaking his head violently and flinging himself backwards into the water.

The cool liquid crashed over him, yet it did nothing to quench the arousal that the mere memory of the ordeal had stirred. He scowled underwater and put both his hands over his crotch to hide his throbbing member.

Cripe, haven't you had enough? he scolded his loins. *Or was an hour of constant fucking not enough for you?*

His lungs began to assert their right to air, and he surfaced, flinging his head side-to-side.

"Damn you, Aethnid!" he screamed, shaking a fist in the air while his other tried to bend his penis downward, to force it into flaccidity.

Yet none of his actions bore fruit. The goddess did not appear; his penis did not go limp, and his fist did not make the forest tremble. Scoffing in disgust, the druid huffed forcefully and waded out of the water. His stomach grumbled, and for once, he was glad for the distraction.

He started to retrace his steps down the trail but then stopped short and looked around suspiciously.

"What, no manic rabbits come to pin me down and have their way with me, Aethnid?" he jeered.

Scoffing again and rolling his eyes, he resumed his walk.

The incident with the wolves had left his memory slightly hazy, but he was sure he'd seen berries on his way to the river. He looked this way and that, but for over an hour, he didn't see anything edible. He did note after a while, though, that at least the implacable heat had abated, and he wondered to himself whether it had vanished as quickly as it had arrived or if he'd just been too distracted to notice its slow dissipation. Either way, the going was once again pleasant, and he found himself smiling in spite of all that had happened. It was hard to remain dour when the sun was shining, the birds were twittering, and the air felt so good all over him.

He started abruptly sometime later, realizing that he'd been daydreaming and suddenly coming to. He stopped short and frowned, realizing he didn't quite recognize his surroundings. Looking behind him, he breathed a sigh of relief on seeing the trail in the distance. But as he was thanking his lucky stars that he hadn't ventured too far off to get himself truly lost, he suddenly gasped, his face lighting up as he charged forward towards a raspberry bush.

His stomach growled in approval, and he set into the berries with wild, ravenous abandon, deftly grabbing the red, ripe fruits with both hands and stuffing alternating handfuls of them into his mouth. He began to pant, his pace accelerating as each bite seemed to stoke his hunger even more. This went on for several minutes until the food in his belly finally caught up with his hunger, and his pace at last began to slow. Sweating from the rapid digestion, he slowly became aware of his surroundings once more.

But a little too late.

A pungent, yellow liquid suddenly rained down the berries and his hands. Shocked and startled, he jumped and fell backwards on his back. Looking down his body, he saw a little brown pony mare. Her back was

turned partly towards him. Her back legs were splayed and bent, her tail raised, and it was her urine spraying out behind her that had startled the druid. Doing a double-take, Maelduin scoffed indignantly.

"Really?" he demanded. "There's an *entire* forest where you could do that, and you had to do it on *that* particular bush?"

The mare's ears swiveled to listen, and she slightly turned her head to regard him from the side. As she did so, the relatively clear fluid behind her turned milky and thick.

Maelduin's eye twitched.

"Oh, no. Not a chance," he said automatically. "We are *not* doing this."

Two sets of instincts diametrically opposed to each other began working on his muscles at the same time, and his cock sprang to attention even as he got to his feet and began marching deliberately away.

The mare watched him for a few seconds, and then seeing him retreating, cut off her stream with a few sharp winks of her pussy. Lowering her head determinedly, she began pursuing her quarry, walking and then trotting haughtily out in front of him.

"No, for fuck's sake!" Maelduin shouted. "I am *not* doing that with you. Leave me alone!"

He turned abruptly, heading off in a different direction, but the pony-mare was not about to take "no" for an answer. Pinning her ears defiantly, she trotted out, easily outpacing him and planting herself right in his path. In a fluid movement, she turned her head to look over her shoulder, swiveled her ears to look at him endearingly, lifted her tail up and off to the side, squatted, and began to wink her vulva. A thick, milky-yellow substance clouded her passage's scarlet interior, collecting at the base of her rhythmically everting clitoris before dripping down, suspended by a thick, fluid thread.

Maelduin stopped short, muttering under his breath as his cock throbbed purple, jutting out in front of him. Swatting irritably at it, he turned again and began trying to retrace his steps.

It took a moment for the mare to notice his change in direction, but the look of frustration was evident on her face as she stood back up, huffed, pinned her ears, and trotted around in front of him again, this time stopping only a few inches past him as she again lifted her tail, squatted, and began winking at him.

Not expecting her to stop so abruptly, Maelduin practically screeched to a stop, his hands close enough that he could reach out and touch the mare's black, surprisingly smooth and untangled tail if he'd wanted to. Sucking in a breath, he congratulated himself on stopping in time, but he wasn't out of the woods, yet.

No sooner had the mare stopped than she began backing up, and far more aggressively than the wolffess had done. Caught off-guard, Maelduin yelped in surprise and nearly tripped over himself as he tried to back away. But the mare was on him like a fly, tracking him with infuriating precision and determination, and Maelduin began to feel like a mouse being chased by a cat: knowing he was doomed yet desperate to avoid his fate. His head whipping back-and-forth, trying to keep an eye on where he was going while also trying to avoid being stepped on, he began to stumble from the disorientation. Whipping his head forward and flailing to regain his balance before he fell, he didn't see the tree behind him until he slammed into it, the force knocking the air out of him. A second later, the mare backed into him.

Time slowed down. The mare's vulva winked, slowly opening and grasping towards the druid's member. Finding nothing, they winked again in slow motion as she backed further up. This time, their sensitive, glistening folds brushed against something hard and equally glistening. With another wink, they unfurled and flared, lightly grasping Maelduin's glans and then slipping lusciously down his length. Another wink squeezed her walls tightly around him, centering him in her passage as she glided backwards, unrolling his foreskin and caressing his length as she hilted him in one motion that could not have been better choreographed.

The air reverberated with the sound of a heavenly host. Maelduin gasped in shock, catching his breath abruptly as his eyes tried to bug out of his head. His hands instinctively reached down to grasp the mare's hips, who took his reaction as encouragement. She pushed backward roughly, pinning the human's hips between her rump and the tree trunk as she began to sway her hips side-to-side, the resulting friction and rubbing on the druid's already throbbing, dripping, and now unfurled cock making his eyes roll back in his head.

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Paralyzed with pleasure, Maelduin couldn't offer any argument or protest. His toes curled up tightly under his feet, and his whole body went rigid as he breathed in shallow gasps, gritting his teeth and trying not to succumb to the mare's ministrations.

And minister, she did. As time sped back up, her winking intensified, and with each contraction, she squeezed, caressed, and taunted the druid's member, each squeeze so intense that his legs twitched, and were it not for the tree behind him and the mare in front of him, he would have fallen over.

Wink. Wink. Wink.

Maelduin's heart began to pound. Any misplaced sense of decency he might have had with the wolfess had died in its infancy when the mare claimed what she wanted; her movements were too precise, and she gave too little warning for the druid to get worked up enough to protest. In fact, it seemed that this mare had done what neither the buck nor the wolf-pair could: she had spoken directly to his body, circumventing his mind entirely. But as her passage held him hostage and his body began to beg for release, his mind finally began to catch up, to second-guess, to begin to make a fuss. Looking down in horror and realizing that he was very near to purging himself, he began to push on her rump, to try to get her to go away.

Hot, pungent fluid suddenly erupted from the mare's passage, drenching Maelduin's cock and balls and startling him out of his belated indignation. His eyes snapped open, and he gasped, inhaling the sharp scent of the mare's climax. That should have sent him over the edge, but the sudden spurt had also surprised his body, jarring it just enough to delay orgasm.

The mare shuddered and shook her mane, then with an unmistakably satisfied huff, she took a step forward, freeing the druid and also pulling his cock out of the warm, wet, luscious place it had gotten used to. The mare walked off a few paces and then found some grass to graze on, her lightly raised tail, winking pussy, and drenched thighs the only indication that anything out of the ordinary had happened.

Maelduin, trapped on the edge of climax and now teetering dangerously towards falling away from it, stared at her in disbelief and desperation.

"B—but!" he protested.

Forgetting himself, he staggered after her, desperate to shove himself back inside for just a *second*. One second was all it would take to get him off!

What are you doing? a voice in the back of his mind demanded accusingly. *That's a horse! You do not fuck horses!*

But at that particular moment, that voice held no power over the druid. As he felt the sands of orgasm slipping through his fingers, he waddled faster towards her, on the verge of panic at being led on and brought so close only to wind up empty-handed.

The mare watched him with a coy expression, and the second he got behind her and lifted her tail, she took a few steps away, nonchalantly munching.

"Oh, come on!" Maelduin snapped.

Yet as she played her little game and he pursued her, he felt his throbbing rod beginning to droop, felt the cold, clammy, and strangely tingling sensation of her drying piss cooling his loins, and after a few minutes, he gave up, letting out a soft moan of frustration. At last he huffed, shook his head, and turned away. But as the desperate need to climax wore off, he found himself feeling guilty.

"Well, at least I didn't *actually* fuck her," he consoled himself. "She backed onto me, and I was totally passive," he reasoned. "Then, even though I *wanted* to fuck her, I didn't. That...that counts, right?"

You only didn't fuck her because she wouldn't let you, that voice accused, much more forcefully this time. *If she'd held still for just a few seconds, you would have been the instigator!*

"N—no, I—*she* started it! I—I was just...just finishing it!"

She finished on her own just fine. All she needed was for you to hold still, and when she was done, she made it clear she didn't need you anymore. No, you wanted to use her so you could get off. Admit it: you're no better than Aethnid says you are!

"That's not true! This is just another one of Aethnid's games! She—she *made* the mare do that to me so she could lure me in! Just like the wolves!"

Aethnid's not here.

"So what? She—she can do it from a distance!"

Yet the more he protested, the less sure of himself he felt. That voice had sown its seeds, and as he forced himself to return his attention to the berries, he couldn't help but feel the nagging doubt that maybe Aethnid was right. But as the raspberries filled his stomach and he repeated his argument over and over to himself, his confidence began to return.

"I'll *prove* it," he said at last, putting his fists on his hips. "No matter what anybody says, if some female tries to use me again, I'll just stand there passively, and when she leaves, that'll be that." He raised his voice. "You hear that, Aethnid? Your tricks won't work on me! I'm drawing a line in a sand right here, right now!"

Something suddenly nudged the small of his back. Leaping forward, startled, he whirled to see another pony looking at him, a jet black one with a glossy coat.

"Too obvious, Aethnid," he muttered, shaking his head. "Let me guess: this is the male, come to put me in my place, right?"

As if in answer, the pony turned, looked over her shoulder, spread her legs, and lifted her tail.

Maelduin felt his stomach churn as his cock rose instantly to attention.

Wink, wink, wink.

The druid shuddered, swallowing hard. His member began to throb in time to the mare's winking. *Gosh*, how he wanted to step forward, to put his hands on her hips, to gently guide himself up under that tail, feel her lips spread, and slip inside. His legs began to tremble with anticipation, yet the mare just stood, watching him expectantly.

"Well, come on, then," Maelduin murmured breathlessly. "Are you gonna come ravage me?"

The mare responded by squatting and letting out a stream of milky, aroused fluids. Still looking back at him, she did not close the distance between them by even an inch.

Maelduin whimpered, his jaw trembling as he balled and unballled his fists and then glanced around furtively.

"M—maybe just this once," he said to himself. "That last mare really left me high and dry, so..."

He took a step forward.

Don't you dare. You just drew the line in the sand, remember? Do you have that little self-control?

He could smell the mare's arousal, and his eyes half-closed in response.

"Oh, come on," he begged both the mare and himself. "She obviously wants it. And Aethnid said—"

Oh, no. You're not doing this for the mare's benefit, and you know it. Don't try to pass this off as anything but what it really is. The second you get off, you'll pull out of that mare whether she's gotten off or not.

"Yeah... My *gosh*, she probably feels amazing inside, just like that last mare did."

Wait, what? No! You need to—

He opened his eyes again and looked at the mare, whose vulva were still winking, each contraction showing off how deep-red with arousal her passage was.

Cripe, you know you can just jack off, right? You don't have to debase yourself like this!

"Yeah, but...she's right here and... and so willing... Just *look* how horny she is for me!"

But—

Unable to stand it anymore, Maelduin took two steps forward, grabbed the mare by the haunches, and pressed his cock forward. The mare's pussy twitched in response as his malehood grazed her labia, and

he slid right in, all the way up to his balls. Mare and Maelduin both let out contented huffs, and within seconds, the druid was thrusting in and out of her without a care in the world. Her walls were so *wonderfully* silky smooth and caressed all the right spots on his shaft. Angling his hips a little bit, he found that he could rub his glans against the top of her passageway, quickly making his balls quiver with anticipation. And as the mare began to respond to his touch, he felt her beginning to rhythmically squeeze all up and down his length, making his heart pound and his ears ring with excitement.

"Ah, now that's *just* what I wanted to see!" a voice said.

"Aethnid!" Maelduin gasped, leaping backwards out of the mare approximately one thrust before he (and she) got off.

"Why'd you stop?!" Aethnid cried, mortified. "She was so close! Get right back in her this instant!"

But Maelduin had turned a very deep shade of red—redder than the mare's passage had been—and was actively covering his throbbing, mare-slicked cock with his hands.

"Aethnid, I—I can explain," he babbled. "It wasn't what it looked like."

"I should say not!" the goddess snapped as the sky darkened. "Here I thought you were actually *pleasuring* her as I commanded you to do! Her body language, the ecstasy on her face—you *had* her, Maelduin! And *now* I realize you were just trying to get yourself off, *using* her the same way you used my pets as coverings for your seat-cushions! You have learned *nothing*!" she thundered as lightning lit up the canopy and *cracked* all around.

Scowling, she stopped abruptly to recompose herself.

"Ordinarily, I like to teach as I discipline, Maelduin, but this *will not* stand. You *will* do as I command, even if I have to make you do it myself."

"Goddess, I—"

"Enough!"

Thunder cracked.

"You stand right there, Maelduin," the goddess ordered.

Maelduin gasped, suddenly realizing that he was rooted to the spot.

"And uncover your shame."

His hands moved off to the side, revealing that his cock in all the chaos had gone flaccid.

"And get hard so that you can fulfill your duty!"

Maelduin shuddered as his prick suddenly swelled, throbbing almost painfully hard. Glancing down, his eyes bulged on realizing that not only was it rock-hard, it was actually bigger than he'd ever seen it by several inches.

"You will enjoy this at first, Maelduin, but you will *not* receive satisfaction," the goddess said grimly as the sky began to clear. "Come along, my pretties," she said. "Come take what is yours."

The druid's eyes widened. Pony mares appeared from all around him, too many to count.

They wasted no time. One-by-one, they lined up and backed onto him, each of their passages crimson, hot, luscious, and dripping. One-by-one, they used his lengthened member to rub their sensitive spots, and one-by-one, they climaxed around him. Each wet spurt would have made Maelduin's fingers and toes curl, but though he could move his head, his limbs were completely immobilized. After the first two, he was certain the next would get him off, but though his balls quivered and ached for release, mare after mare relieved herself on him without granting him what he so desperately needed. After a dozen, he was hyperventilating and babbling incoherently. After a score, tears ran down his face.

"Do you want to cum in one of them, Maelduin?" the goddess asked him quietly.

"Yes! *Please*, Aethnid!" Maelduin cried.

"But I thought all of this was beneath you," the faerie mocked him. "I thought the very idea of having sex with my creatures was abhorrent!"

"I—I don't care," Maelduin gasped. "I—I need to—"

"Don't *care*?!"

Clouds rolled in, and Aethnid's voice shook the ground.

"That's *it*, Maelduin," the goddess growled. "You will *never* get off again until you court one of these mares as a stallion would. When she *truly* climaxes and feels *fully* satisfied, only then will you ever be allowed to cum again. Now, get out of my sight!"

The druid's leg shot out to catch himself as the goddess suddenly released her hold on his limbs. He tripped and caught himself just in time. A lightning bolt struck the ground right behind him, and he yelped and began to run away.

"And once you cum, Maelduin, I *never* want to hear you complaining about how 'beneath you' all this is!"

With that, she disappeared, and the mares, who had scattered when the storm rolled in, suddenly looked at Maelduin with interest.

But the druid had other ideas. With his hands freed, he immediately reached down and began jacking himself off as hard as he could, desperate for relief.

"Oh, come on," he panted, feeling the pleasure welling up in his balls. "Yes. Yes! Yes!" he panted.

But just as he should have gotten off, he felt the sense of build-up suddenly reset right back to where it was before he started jacking off. He was still desperately horny but had lost that imminent sense of relief. And his arm was getting tired.

"Huh?!" he yelped. "Wait, what?"

He continued jacking off, rubbing harder and faster and changing his grip. Again he felt the anticipation building, again he felt himself on the edge.

"Argh!" the druid screamed, feeling himself reset again.

Panting from exhaustion, his arm aching, he let go of his cock and whimpered in frustration. Coming to suddenly, he realized that the mares had all surrounded him and were watching him intently.

"Yeah, fine," he spat, beckoning to the nearest one. "Hurry up; I just wanna get off!"

And yet, even though the mare wasted no time and immediately did as the others had, even though Maelduin put his hands on her hips and thrust into her with gusto, even though she spurted and her fluids splattered down his ball-sack, Maelduin only felt even more desperate. Mare after mare used him in this way, and each time, he tried harder and harder to get himself off, but to no avail.

After several hours, it had gotten dark, and there were only two mares left waiting for him. Desperate but exhausted and despairing, Maelduin halfheartedly went through the motions on the first, got her off, and then collapsed to his knees as the second one approached.

"What's the use?" the druid asked miserably as she stepped up to him and began sniffing his head. "I've gotten every damn one of you off, and this is the thanks I get."

The mare continued sniffing and then began lightly ruffling his hair with her lips.

Maelduin sighed. "Fine. At least then I can go get in the river and maybe get a little relief that way."

He got to his feet and presented his still-hard, *extremely* sore cock. The mare took a step back and looked at him.

"Well?" he demanded. "Aren't you gonna get yourself off?"

The mare responded by turning, squatting, and pissing, looking over her shoulder at him.

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"Hey, wait. It's *you*, isn't it?" the druid asked, recognizing the jet-black, glossy-coated mare he'd been caught with earlier. "Why are you different from the others?"

The mare didn't reply, but seeing that the human didn't seem like he was going to do what she wanted, she stood back up and began to walk off.

"Wait!" Maelduin said, scrambling after her. "Aethnid said I had to court you like a stallion. Is that it?"

The mare swiveled her ear and stopped walking off but otherwise gave no response.

"Like a stallion, huh?" the druid mused. "How's a stallion do it?"

Glancing down at his hands, he gasped to realize that the stars on the ring were practically an instructional video. Pursing his lips, he glanced from the ring to the mare and back again.

"Oh, what the hell. What have I got to lose?" Maelduin muttered. "So, like this?" he asked, peering at his ring.

He crouched down, reached forward, and pinched the back of the mare's front leg. She whinnied in response, rotated her back towards him, squatted, and let out a few stuttering streams of urine.

"Yeah?" Maelduin asked, feeling his heart beginning to pound again. "What about this?"

He reached forward and pinched the skin right in front of her back leg. She whinnied again, turned so sharply that she nearly knocked him over as she pressed her buttocks hard against his face. In her excitement, she squirted a splash of urine onto his face. The druid gasped in surprise, but then his tongue instinctively reached up to taste one of the acrid, milky drops on his lip. He shuddered.

As if possessed by a demon, he reached forward, grabbed the fronts of the mare's back legs, and pulled her back towards his face. Pressing his mouth up against her pussy, he snuffed and snorted as he drove his tongue and even nose up between her folds. She squealed and squirted onto his face and into his mouth, her pussy clenching desperately against his tongue. This continued for only a few seconds before Maelduin, seized by a sudden, primal urge, leapt to his feet, pressed his chest against her rump, and slid forward to thrust himself into her. She squatted deeply, giving him much better access than any of the other mares had, and he began to thrust in and out of her hard, shuddering and bucking as he felt himself probing deep into her recesses. He was horny—there was *no* question of that—yet something about the way this particular mare acted made him extra attuned to her reactions, more focused on how she responded than how she felt to him. He could feel how her body reacted when he rubbed a particularly pleasurable spot inside her passage. He could tell when one of his thrusts didn't quite hit the mark. He began focusing hard on each thrust, making sure it hit as many of her pleasure-spots as it could, only to change things up and find a new set of pleasure-spots to stimulate. His balls grew heavy and his breathing grew labored, but he didn't care. The mare below him was spasming, twitching, and squirting almost constantly, her vaginal walls seeming almost desperate in the way they clutched his stroking rod.

The mare abruptly sagged, her hindquarters falling and impaling herself impossibly deep on Maelduin's cock. She let out an ecstatic groan, and Maelduin suddenly felt his balls heave.

"Oh—oh, *shit!*" he cried. "Augh!"

His balls fired so hard that he felt them rub roughly against her sopping-wet pussy. His cock throbbed as its projectile load raced through it, and he nearly screamed as a burst of cum erupted from his tip and flooded into the mare's spasming passage. Spurt after spurt rocketed through him, each one so intense that he thought he would pass out. By the third one, his body, too, had sagged, and he lay on the mare's back, helplessly riding out the most intense orgasm of his life. More than a dozen spurts followed, filling her and beginning to splatter back out along his shaft, matting in his pubic hair and running down the space between his scrotum and inner thighs. He didn't care. For possibly the first time, this felt so good and natural that he didn't want it to end.

Lightning struck beside him. He flinched in surprise but made no effort to pull out of the mare.

"Now *that* is more like it," Aethnid said from behind him.

"Mm," Maelduin replied.

"Now that I know that you know what to do, Maelduin, no more excuses. Understand?"

"Mm."

"I'll hold you to it."

With that, she vanished, leaving the two to finish up.

After a few more minutes, the druid came to and languidly righted himself, leaving his shrinking cock inside the mare.

"Well," he admitted, "That was good for me. Was it good for you?"

The mare seemed to come to, too, and abruptly stood up, letting the druid's cock flop out of her accompanied by a splash of mixed fluids. She stepped away, as if testing to see if her legs still worked.

"Well, fine. Go, then," Maelduin said, feeling a tad hurt.

In response, the mare turned, stepped up to him, and reached over to mouth and nuzzle his arm in a way that unequivocally conveyed thanks.

"Heh, um...my pleasure," the druid replied, ruffling her forelock.

She turned then and walked off with *ample* evidence of their coupling plastered between her legs. Maelduin watched her go, and when she'd vanished from sight, he sighed.

"I—don't know how to feel about this," he admitted to nobody in particular. "I feel like I should feel guilty, but... If she enjoyed it, too, then *why* should I feel bad?"

He shook his head. Why ruin the moment now? That was a problem for another day.

As silver moonlight began to stream down through the canopy, he started retracing his steps towards the river. The stallion and mare stars on his ring retreated, replaced by much larger moose, the female entreatingly nuzzling and rubbing against the proud-horned male.