

## The Fallen Druid: Chapter 6

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Maelduin was in the river for a long time. A *very* long time. He scrubbed his body, scrubbed his hair, and even probed his anus with his fingers, trying to purge the stench of bear sex that seemed to seep from every square inch of himself. Yet every time he thought he had finally vanquished the foul odor, he caught another whiff and plunged back into the water, scrubbing like a madman and even employing mass handfuls of astringent herbs to try to scour the scent.

At last, his skin pink and tender, his anus tingling, and his hair brittle from so much washing, he staggered out of the water and collapsed in a heap under a tree to try to get some sleep. Utter exhaustion flopped onto him like a whale, crushing him in its somnolent grasp, yet he was tossing and turning within mere minutes as his mind tried to process the last day's events and ended up reliving the worst bits of it over and over.

After an hour, he awoke drenched in sweat and once again reeking of bear musk, yet the exhaustion had not released its grip on him, and he fell back asleep to relive the experience some more, punctuated this time by the odors oozing from his pores that only acted to enhance the memories, further indelibly etching them in his mind.

It was a very long night.

By the time the sun finally came up, the frustrated druid rolled over and began trudging back towards the water. Plagued by the smell yet without any real hope of purging it, he mechanically went through the motions of the day before with equal lack of effect. Sighing heavily, he shuddered and began walking. He had no particular direction in mind, but he had to get away from there, to go someplace far away. Perhaps, he thought, if he walked enough, he'd be able to put the thoughts—and maybe, eventually, the smell—behind him.

And so he began walking, leaving the woods far behind him as he ventured far out into the prairies. The wind blew the wild grasses that tickled his waist and groin as he walked through them, and overhead, the sun beamed down from the biggest, bluest, most open sky he had ever seen. He ascended a hill and then gasped as he looked down across miles and miles of wide, open grasslands. Far in the distance, he could see herds of bison ambling about, the calves cavorting and playing as the adults browsed the dry vegetation.

It was a bucolic, serene scene, one that should have purged the cares from Maelduin's mind, yet it was marred by the nearly constant calls of the males, the strange sound a cross between a lion's roar and an extended grunt from a pig. Despite the considerable distance to the nearest herd, the grunts rang out like clarion calls, at first distracting and then annoying the druid.

"You couldn't just leave it alone, could you?" he spat bitterly as he turned and walked away from the distant herds. "You *had* to make it about sex."

He shuddered and scowled, staring at the ground as he kicked angrily at the grass in front of him.

"I was close to actually enjoying it!" he yelled, raising his fist in the air, "And then you made me endure those *disgusting* bears, who used me like a plaything, like a prop! Damn you, Aethnid!"

"Aww, does the poor druid feel used and dumped?" the faerie mocked.

There was no lightning strike. Maelduin sneered as he turned to face her.

"Of *course*, I do!" he snapped. "It was bad enough that I had to have sex with them, but then getting trapped with their crotches in my face for *hours*? What the hell is wrong with you? Do you want me to get into this or not?"

The goddess raised her eyebrows, her eyes flashing with anger.

"I don't give a *damn* if you get into it or not," she said as clouds rolled in from a *very* long ways away to cover the sky. "Your job is to serve, whether you like it or not. So what if they used you like a plaything? You *are* a plaything! *That* is your punishment, and you would do well to get used to it!"

"Every time I try to get used to it, you make it worse!" Maelduin retorted.

"Aww, is the poor baby druid not feeling like the center of attention? Is he used to having the world revolve around him and getting whatever he wants like a spoiled little baby? Is—"

She cut off abruptly, and a massive grin spread over her face, her eyes lighting up most terrifyingly as a devious thought entered her mind.

"Well," she said, her tone abruptly softening, "If you wanted to be *courted*, you could have just said so."

"I don't want to be *courted*," the druid snapped. "I'm *done* with all this!"

"Nonsense!" Aethnid said, beaming. "Why, I just pushed too hard, is all. You're right: I should spoil you just a *little* bit."

"No, Aethnid, you're not listening, I—"

"You win, Maelduin," the faerie interrupted, patting him and giggle-cackling. "You win. I'll see you later."

"I do *not* win; I'm leaving!" Maelduin snapped, but she had already vanished.

"Argh!" he screamed, kicking at the grass again but stubbing his toe on a root hidden by the vegetation. "Ow!" he yelped, hopping on one foot and wincing.

He snarled and seethed for a few seconds, but then with deliberate effort, he put his injured foot down and started hobbling. Glancing down at his ring, he narrowed his eyes.

"So, you want me to fuck those bison, do you?" he murmured. "Well, let's see how that goes if I'm nowhere near where they are. Good luck with *that*, Aethnid!"

He turned and began deliberately hobble-walking away from where he'd seen the bison on the plains.

"I'll get back to the forest where I'll be safe," he said to himself. "Whoever heard of bison in the woods?"

Feeling smug, he looked over his shoulder to make sure he wasn't being followed. The breathtaking view distracted him, and as his feet kept moving, he felt his jaw go slack as he stared in awe at the sweeping plains and the sky so big that it felt like it had swallowed him whole. He was so wrapped up in what he saw that he didn't see the downed tree in front of him or the upended root.

Until he tripped over it, that is.

Letting out a yelp, he turned his face forward and threw his hands out just in time to prevent smashing his face against the large trunk. Winded, he gasped and winced, trying to catch his breath before straightening himself back up.

There was a rustling, hissing, creaking noise. The druid's ears followed the sound, and he turned his head just in time to see some vines behind him stretching out to wrap around his ankles.

"Oh, no. Nonono," he said, hastily pushing off the trunk and standing himself upright.

But then another set of vines came out from over the other side of the trunk, lashed out, and wrapped themselves around his wrists.

"No! Let go!" Maelduin cried, but it was too late. The vines pulled back, bending him over the tree trunk and holding him there tightly.

"Damn it, damn it, *damn* it," the druid whimpered, letting his forehead flop against the rough bark.

The sound of bison calls in the distance caught his attention, and he glanced again at his ring.

"No! Damn it, no!" he snapped, suddenly ready to fight.

He pulled hard against the vines and actually managed to pull his arm back enough to use it to push off the trunk, but then the vine abruptly snapped tight again, scraping his palms and underarms on the trunk and eliciting a hissing wince.

"Well, well, well," Aethnid said, grinning as she materialized beside him, "Just *look* what a predicament you've gotten yourself into!"

"Damn it, Aethnid, let me go," Maelduin protested, struggling in vain.

"What, and let you miss out on being the center of attention? Why, I bet once one of those bison herds catches up to you, you'll have their undivided attention!"

She patted him on the shoulder, and then her fingers trailed down his side. Maelduin recoiled as best he could, given his bondage, but her long fingernails were undeterred as they trailed down his back, slipped between his spread buttocks, and poked something cold and wet into his ass that made him clench his ass around the foreign invader.

"What is *that*?" he grunted through gritted teeth.

"Well, the little princess would like a tiara, wouldn't she?" the goddess teased. "This was no tiara, but I'm sure it will keep *all* the boys' attention—the plains bison *and* the wood bison! That's a thing, you know..."

"I don't *want*—"

"Bye, Princess Maelduin! Have fun!" the goddess singsonged, vanishing.

"My name is not 'Princess'! Argh!" the druid screamed in frustration.

He struggled again, trying to free one of his legs, but without success. Whatever the goddess had shoved up his ass, it had cracked open and started leaking some kind of liquid that made him feel incontinent as it began to run down his leg. No matter how much he clenched his buttocks or tried to clamp his ass closed, the liquid continued to leak out of him, itching and tickling as it drooled down his inner thigh. The sensation was maddening, and he began to howl with frustration as he tried to free his wrists and ankles enough to be able to at least scratch the itching skin. This went on for quite some time until he heard the telltale grunting roar right behind him.

The hair on the back of his neck stood on end. He craned his neck trying to see behind him, but he couldn't see anything. He could hear the bison behind him. He shuddered, feeling its hot breath against his buttocks as it sniffed him intently.

"Look, guy, please, just leave me alone," the druid whimpered.

The bison bull responded by pressing his massive, wet nose up against Maelduin's taint. The druid let out an involuntary grunt of disgust and shuddered as the beast nosed and snorted, paying no mind to the druid's personal boundaries. His nose traced the cleft of Maelduin's ass, nosed down to his balls, and finally found the slime-trail of fluids leaking out of the druid's ass. Pressing his nose against the slime trail, the bison inhaled deeply and began following it up towards its source. The attention made Maelduin fiercely self-conscious and all too aware of how much his ass itched and tingled.

The tongue was unexpected.

"Guh!" Maelduin gasped as the raspy appendage reached out and delicately grazed his inner thigh.

The druid flinched, the gentle touch making his buttocks begin to quiver. But the bison had found what he was looking for, and his tongue returned, much more insistently this time, to begin to lap at the itching liquid, following it right to its source, where it lingered, probing and lightly spreading the druid's hole over and over with a slow, easygoing pace that made Maelduin begin to pant and writhe against the tree trunk. Closing his eyes and opening his mouth wide in ecstasy, he began softly moaning, biting his lip and beginning to wish the bull would hurry up and get on with it.

But to the druid's chagrin, the bull-bison seemed very intent on his inspection, his tongue's movements transitioning from sensuous licks to even more sensual taps and prods that made the druid's toes curl and an ecstatic croak escape his lips.

"Well, now! Aren't you just the belle of the ball, Princess?" Aethnid's voice said in his ear.

Maelduin opened his eyes and looked wretchedly at her, his face burning as he realized his reaction to the bull's ministrations was not private.

"Go away, Aethnid," he pleaded. "Let me suffer in peace."

"Suffer? *Suffer?*!" The faerie's face lit up delightedly. "Is *this* suffering to you?" she asked, stepping around the tree to press her face right up against where the bull was tonguing Maelduin's puckered hole. "Why, it seems like this fine specimen of a male is tap-tap-tapping at Maelduin's door!"

She laughed, her laughter strangely musical yet ominous, as if created by a symphony of music boxes and tiny wind chimes tinkling above a lone cello's mournful G-minor chord.

"I guess you're *really* going to hate what comes next, then," the faerie teased.

Before the druid could react, she'd vanished again. The bull, meanwhile, was *oh*, so diligent in his probing, and before long, Maelduin had forgotten the faerie's taunting and could think of nothing but bull's the gentle, tantalizing touch on his sensitive orifice. His eyes closed again, and his mouth opened ecstatically.

It wasn't long before his moans were accompanied by another sound. Startled, Maelduin opened his eyes to see another bison in front of him, his tongue stuck out, his abs contracting as he let out a long series of those unusual grunt-roars. Maelduin was annoyed at first—the sound was distracting him from the ecstasy he was feeling—but about the time the druid closed his eyes again, he smelled and felt something close to his face.

His eyes snapped open again, and he gasped and jerked backward as much as the vines would let him on seeing the newcomer standing face-to-face with him, his wet nose less than an inch away and sniffing intently.

"Ugh, no!" Maelduin groaned, grimacing and trying to smack the bull's nose with his head. "Shoo! Go away!"

But the bull was having none of that, and Maelduin's limbs were too restrained to let him mount an effective defense. Just as the first bull had done, the newcomer pressed his nose to Maelduin's face and then began to lick the druid's lips with his sandpapery tongue. The druid spat and sputtered, but he could not get the bull to back off. If anything, his reaction only encouraged his paramour, who followed his predecessor's example and began gently tapping on Maelduin's lips.

"Ack, no!" the druid cried, but in so doing, he opened his mouth and gave the bull the opening he'd been looking for.

The bovine tongue slipped between the druid's lips and began to gently palpate and stroke his tongue. Repulsed, Maelduin jerked backwards, his whole body spasming and retching, but the vines held him in place, and the bull was both patient and tender. The sharp movement only shoved the druid's ass more firmly up against the bull behind him, who took the opportunity to slip his tongue deep into Maelduin's passage.

The druid melted at the touch, completely forgetting his predicament. His jaw fell slack, releasing a euphoric sigh. The bull in front of him seized his chance and slipped his tongue deep into Maelduin's mouth, caressing the druid's tongue sensually.

Something clicked in Maelduin's mind. All disgust evaporated. The druid lay there, quivering and on the verge of climax. The sensations were so strong, so pleasant that he felt some part of himself beginning to panic. Desperate for a way to alleviate the intense sensations, he did the only thing he could think of in the moment and began sucking and caressing the bull's tongue in his mouth. The more he reacted, the more the bull initiated, and in mere seconds, the two were passionately French-kissing while the original bull continued gently exploring the druid's anus.

"No. Don't. Stop. No! Don't stop!" Aethnid teased wickedly. "It's just *awful* being the center of attention, isn't it, Princess? That's your name now, by the way: Princess Maelduin, the prissiest princess who ever did piss!"

The druid couldn't reply and was at that moment so enraptured that he ignored her and kept passionately making out with the bull, completely aware that she was watching him and equally uncaring.

"I think it's about time you earned your keep, don't you?" the faerie persisted. "After all, these boys have been such *complete* gentlemen."

Maelduin hardly noticed as the bull behind him at last stopped licking him and took a step back.

He *did* notice when the bull's weight came down on his back, though, and the abrupt, sharp spurt of burning-hot jizz against his well-washed hole was impossible to ignore.

A well-timed caress from the bull in his mouth distracted him just as the bison behind him thrust forward. Tears came to the druid's eyes, and he sucked, squeezed, and caressed the tongue in his mouth for all he

was worth as the penis in his ass throbbed against his prostate. He felt his own cock spit its contents onto the tree trunk and began to sob into the bull's mouth, overcome with emotion at the intensity and tenderness of the encounter. The bison's balls bumped against his buttocks and grazed up and down a few times as the bull began to empty them into him. He felt intense warmth deep in his core that only made him cry harder as it erupted out his backside and began to stream down his thighs and balls.

The bull in front of him, seeming to sense that something was wrong, pulled his tongue out of Maelduin's mouth and began sniffing him again. Reaching forward, he gently blotted at Maelduin's tears with his tongue. The druid opened his eyes and saw the bull staring back at him with a strange sense of intelligence and empathy visible in his eyes.

Dumbfounded, Maelduin stopped crying and looked at him just as he took a step back, then leapt forward, his pizzle poking from the fuzzy tuft on his belly and aiming for Maelduin's mouth.

Whether to protest or to welcome the advance, Maelduin would never know, but it was for one of those reasons that he instinctively opened his mouth as the bull's penis drew near. A jet of hot, wet, smelly liquid splashed across his face just as he thought the bull was about to enter him. His eyes bulged, and he gasped in surprise—just in time for the bull's tip to slip inside his mouth.

The taste was gamy, slightly reminiscent of piss, and very musky, yet after making out with the bull for a good half-hour, it didn't seem to bother Maelduin much. Just as he had done with the bull's tongue, his own tongue reached out to greet and caress the bull's sensitive member, welcoming it into his mouth and gently guiding it towards his throat.

Feeling the druid's throat muscles grasping at his glans, the bison stepped forward and slipped his cock into the druid's gullet. Maelduin gagged reflexively, but before he could either protest or encourage the bull further, he felt the bull's cock throb hard, stretching his throat and pressing his tongue down tightly against his bottom jaw. The bull thrust forward again, and his balls swung forward to lightly slap against the druid's chin. The bison's cock stroked its way along Maelduin's tongue and throat, making his body shudder in a bewildering mix of ecstasy and revulsion. The bull's balls settled against the druid's nose, and Maelduin's body sagged in an attempt to sigh as the bison's masculinity wafted into his nostrils and flooded his sinuses, communicating with him on a long-forgotten chemical level as if to say, "Don't worry; I'll be gentle and give you the calf you deserve."

Maelduin's mind went blank, save for the sudden, urgent need to feel the bull's seed inside of him. As if by instinct, he sucked and slurped at the bull's cock for all he was worth.

He was rewarded immediately.

The bison's rod throbbed again, stretching the druid's throat far wider than the last time. At that exact moment, Maelduin felt the bull's balls lift up and felt the jolt as the bull's cock erupted. Maelduin instantly felt nauseous and full, his throat and stomach suddenly feeling the warm fluid spurting into them. Overwhelmed with happiness at the joy of the bull in his mouth, he came again, his cock not spurting so much as drooling out its satisfaction. His body shuddered and shook as the bull's sack quivered against his nose, emptying itself into him.

Just as Maelduin was becoming aware that he couldn't breathe, the bull took a step back and began to pull its cock from his throat like pulling a sword from a scabbard. Maelduin's body again shuddered in response, unused to the intense pleasure his throat felt at being rubbed so roughly. Just as the bull pulled out, he let out one last spurt that simultaneously painted Maelduin's face and his tonsils.

As both bovines dismounted, the vines suddenly let go, and Maelduin sagged against the tree trunk, feeling weak yet euphoric, his heart pounding.

The druid was about to collapse, but a sensuous lap at his anus brought him back to consciousness just long enough for the bison in front of him to press his immense forehead against the druid's. Serenity and a muted giddiness coursed through the druid's psyche, and he instinctively reached forward to caress the bull's face with his now-freed hands. They held that pose for a moment, and then the bull stepped back and walked away, joined by the other bull. They paused to glance over their shoulders at the druid and then shook, sending a cloud of dust into the air before walking away.

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Maelduin watched them for a few seconds and then sagged to the ground, collapsing in a puddle of the bull's cum and falling into a deep, restful sleep.

"Never say Aethnid never gave you anything, Princess," the faerie murmured quietly as she watched the sleeping druid. "Sleep, Maelduin. You have so much more to experience, so much more to give."

She waved her hand, and as she disappeared, the stars on the druid's ring faded, then rearranged themselves in the form of a creature far more exotic than the druid had ever encountered.