

Getting painfully to his feet, the exhausted druid felt something tugging at the hairs in the small of his back. Reaching behind him, he felt something sticky and warm plastered against his skin. He froze, momentarily paralyzed with revulsion before scooping the combined dirt, cum, piss, and feces into his hand and flinging it to the ground with a disgusted "ugh!"

Then he set out in urgent search of a river.

Every step he took made the drying mass on his back tug on his hairs. Every movement of his cum-crust-ed buttocks rubbed his irritated skin rawer, eliciting an uncomfortable hiss. All the while, foreign plants with sharp leaves reached out to lance the skin of his arms, legs, torso, and even exposed penis, leaving a crisscross pattern of shallow but painful cuts. Above and all around him were the deafening hoots of monkeys, chirring of insects, calls of thousands of unfamiliar birds, and the irritating whine of mosquitoes clustering around him. The air was humid and growing increasingly warm. Not only was this uncomfortable for the druid, who was used to more temperate climates, but it also made the mess on his back and between his legs smell particularly pungent.

It was this latter detail that kept him moving in spite of everything else.

Following the terrain and putting all of this water-finding skills to the test, he wandered for a solid hour before at last setting eyes on a flowing river.

"Oh, finally!" he cried in elation.

But as he began to rush towards the moving water, an alarm went off in the back of his mind, making him freeze. What was it that had caught his attention? Suddenly he gasped with recognition.

The gasp sounded deafening in the silence that had suddenly fallen over the forest. The hair on the back of his neck stood on end, and he whipped his head around to look behind him.

There was nothing there. His heart pounded in his ears as he looked around in vain, whipping his head this way and that, but still, nothing.

Suddenly, he heard a faint growl very close to his right ear. He jerked his head and found himself face-to-face with a jaguar, whose spots had made it blend so perfectly into the background that he hadn't noticed its steady approach.

"Whoa!" he yelped, throwing himself backwards, turning on heel, and sprinting away.

The jaguar let out a fearsome roar and leapt after him.

Fearing for his life, Maelduin let out a shrill screech as he zigzagged his way through the sharp vegetation with the jaguar right on his heels.

"Aethnid! I don't want to die!" the druid cried hoarsely. "If you let me live through this, I'll—I'll—"

He didn't get to finish the sentence. With a sudden pounce, the jaguar leapt onto him, knocking him to the ground. Maelduin shrieked and flailed, kicking and punching at the jaguar, but in an instant, the big cat had his neck in its mouth. The druid could feel the feline's sharp teeth and the heat and moisture of its breath stimulating the hairs on his neck. Its breath was fetid and reeked of long-decomposed meat between its teeth, and hot saliva dripped from the roof of the jaguar's mouth down onto the helpless druid's neck.

Maelduin lost control of his bladder and pissed himself right there, but he was so paralyzed with terror that he didn't notice. Fortunately for him—or perhaps unfortunately—the jaguar *did* notice, and rather than clamping its powerful jaws down in a terminal bite, it raised its upper lip and inhaled deeply. The unexpected rush of cool air made the druid shiver.

But what made him shiver worse was when the big cat's hips started humping of their own accord. Thoughts of his impending death dissolved away as it dawned on Maelduin that of *course*, the feline would rather fuck him than eat him.

"Ugh, fine," he scoffed bitterly, his heart still pounding from all the adrenaline. "Just get it over with so I can go wash off."

But the jaguar couldn't care less what the druid was saying. His primary drive had shifted abruptly from food to sex, and much to Maelduin's dismay, he wrenched the druid's body around by the neck, moving him into a more mountable position. Letting go of Maelduin's neck, the big cat made sure to keep at least one paw—with claws extended—on the druid at all times, flexing his sharp appendages from time to time to remind Maelduin not to do anything stupid.

At last, the jaguar had Maelduin where he wanted him: hunched over on all fours in a tightly curled ball. The feline wasted no time wrapping his torso around the druid's back, sinking his teeth into Maelduin's shoulder, and pulling his hips up under the druid's backside. Maelduin winced and held his breath, waiting for the jab of a cock against his ass.

He was *not* prepared for the truly sharp, abrasive surface that scraped against his raw buttocks.

"Whoa, ow!" he yelped, flinching.

The jaguar roared above him and tightened its jaws on his shoulder, making Maelduin wince and grit his teeth, forcing him to hold still and take it as the big cat's cock continued feeling its way towards his entrance. The druid twitched uncomfortably with each miss.

"Oh, come on!" he spat impatiently after over a dozen failed attempts, unable to take the anticipation anymore. "Here, just go *in* already!" he snapped, moving his hips to align with the jaguar's cock.

He winced and squeezed his eyes closed as the feline's prick finally hit home, but some small part of him must have felt relief that at least now that the cat's member was settled in, he would finally quit the rough rubbing.

That part of him would have been wrong.

In fact, now that the jaguar was in place, the intensity of his rubbing only increased. What had been uncomfortable rubbing on chafed skin was now excruciating tugs and scratches on his anus by thousands of tiny, backwards-pointing barbs on the feline's cock. The first one made Maelduin yelp in surprise: he hadn't realized that the jaguar's anatomy could feel so uncomfortable. The second one drove home the point that yes, in fact, it could. After that, the sensation was increasingly painful as the barbs scratched and then re-scratched the same places on his anus over and over. Maelduin writhed under the big cat, begging him to just cum already, but the jaguar seemed quite content to keep doing what he was doing, using his rough penis like a bottle brush inside the druid's quivering butthole.

Maelduin tried clamping his ass down to hold the jaguar still, but he quickly regretted it as the tightness just deepened the scratches. He tried to relax his anus, hoping to make the cat give up due to lack of stimulation, but that just seemed to encourage him more, and he picked different parts of Maelduin's ring to rub, seemingly at random, and each unexpected stroke reflexively forced the druid to contract around him once more.

The relentless discomfort went on for countless minutes that seemed like eternity. Maelduin thrashed and squirmed under the cat's steady thrusts, but even after all that time, the cat did not seem satisfied. About that time, something clicked in Maelduin's brain. Even as he was writhing unhappily, he felt a sudden, awkward tinge in his groin. Startled by the feeling, he gasped just as the jaguar coarsely rubbed him again. Looking down between his legs, he saw his own cock leaking. Without warning, it suddenly gave a feeble spurt and splattered his undercarriage. Yet far from the relief the druid usually felt after getting off, he only felt embarrassed.

Or, at least, that's what he felt at first.

The jaguar continued its relentless scrubbing, the pain of which had peaked some time ago, but Maelduin had managed to get used to it. But now that he'd drained his prostate—his anus clenching as he did—his sensitivity had redoubled, and he was acutely aware of every minor twitch of the jaguar's cock, let alone each deliberate scrub. He began writhing again.

And yet it seemed that the druid's renewed discomfort was exactly what the jaguar had been waiting for. After a few scrubs and with the druid vocally protesting, the jaguar abruptly held still a moment, and without warning, shot a blast of the hottest cum into Maelduin's ass that the druid had ever felt. The temperature of

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the liquid alone would have been bad enough, but all the scratches were particularly sensitive to foreign chemicals, and Maelduin yelped and hissed as the cat's cum burned and stung inside him.

No sooner had the jaguar finished than he let go of Maelduin and started to walk off, leaving the druid to slump on the ground. But just as he was about to disappear out of sight, the jaguar stopped, turned, and looked over his shoulder.

"Go on," Maelduin muttered miserably. "Shoo!"

But the feline suddenly had other ideas. Moving up to Maelduin's face, the cat sniffed a few times, then leapt up and sank its claws into Maelduin's buttocks. The druid cried out in pain just as the feline thrust forward, aiming for his mouth.

Maelduin jerked at the last moment, and the spiny barb heading for his mouth missed, grazed his upper lip and cheek, and plunged into his right nostril. Maelduin reflexively jerked back, but doing so sank the cat's claws deeper into his backside. He yelped and screamed, but too late: the jaguar had begun its mating ritual, and as far as it was concerned, Maelduin's nostril was a nice, hot jaguar pussy begging to be stimulated.

And stimulate it he did. Every thrust made the druid's eyes water, and he sneezed over and over again, his body convulsing from repeated reflex-triggers in his nose. But each jerk either dug the cat's claws deeper into his buttocks or scraped the inside of his nose even worse, eliciting an even stronger reaction. Maelduin's nose, eyes, and throat burned, and snot, tears, and drool poured, unchecked, from his facial orifices.

At last, the cat came, and his cock jettisoned his balls' contents deep into the druid's sinuses. Maelduin jerked back just as the cat released his grip on the druid's hindquarters, and the force of Maelduin's jerk flipped him over backwards. He lay on his back, clawing at his nose and snorting constantly. The jaguar stalked off, leaving him there to try to get the smell, taste, and stinging feel of cat cum out of his head.

Unable to take it anymore, Maelduin got to his feet, pitched forward, and charged headlong into the river, dunking his head under the surface and forcibly flushing out his sinuses with the river water. His ring rearranged its stars to show the druid's imminent danger, but Maelduin could not have seen the warning in time.