

Maelduin stared at the seemingly endless columns of rodents and then realized he was holding his breath. Letting it out all at once, he scoffed.

"Really?" he asked, skeptically shaking his head. "I mean, how is that even going to *work*?"

Lightning flashed, and Aethnid appeared in front of him while the mice formed concentric rings between Maelduin and the goddess.

"Are you saying you want to go back?" she demanded, putting her hands on her hips.

"No!" Maelduin cried sharply. "N—no, Aethnid, *please* don't send me back there!"

"Then why are you complaining?" the goddess asked.

"I—I'm not *complaining*, per se," Maelduin stammered, warily watching as the number of mice surrounding him grew to over a hundred, and more were still streaming in. "It's just that, well, they're *tiny*. I mean, forget fucking me; my ass is big enough that they could *live* in there if they wanted to!"

"Don't give me ideas, Maelduin," the fairy warned. "Your rectum might be large, but I promise you that a thousand mice packed in there would *not* feel good."

Maelduin gulped.

"Besides, I think you'll find that they can *grow* on you," Aethnid said with a hint of emphasis and a glint beneath her eyebrows.

"Not likely," Maelduin muttered, rolling his eyes.

But then he started. In the time it had taken him to roll his eyes, something had changed about the mice. He was certain he was just imagining it, but it almost seemed as though their positions relative to him had shifted somewhat. They seemed a little further away, yet they also seemed somehow taller—not by much, but enough to make him do a double-take. And when he did that double-take, he found himself doing a third and fourth take because every time he looked, the distance had grown, and so had the mice.

He had been lying on his side when he suddenly found himself back in the forest, but now he hurriedly sat up, peering hard at the still-increasing number of mice encircling him.

"What's going on, Aethnid?" he asked, squinting and cocking his head.

"Have fun, Maelduin," she replied mysteriously. "I don't think they'll have *any* problem breeding you now. And be on your best behavior; I'm going to make an example of you, and I want it to be a *good* example."

"Example?" Maelduin asked distractedly, now watching the mice—as well as Aethnid and the rest of the forest—growing before his eyes. "For whom?"

"You'll see," Aethnid singsonged. "Best behavior, Maelduin!" she said, and then she vanished.

The mice all around Maelduin had now grown so much—or, more accurately, Maelduin had *shrunk* so much—that they were each the size of a mastiff. Maelduin swallowed hard, suddenly acutely aware of the thousands of eyes watching him with a hungry look. Maelduin bit his lip and wondered whether there was any chance of just walking away. But as he got unsteadily to his feet and turned to look behind him, his heart sank. The mice were shoulder-to-shoulder all the way around him, and their ranks extended deeper than those of a legion.

"Fuck," he muttered under his breath.

As if on cue, the mice all surged forward. Maelduin yelped and staggered backwards, only to turn and see that the circle was shrinking around him on all sides. He screamed and fell to the ground on all fours.

The sound of feet scrabbling through the grass and the squeaks of countless rodents were nearly deafening as the mice swarmed all around him. Whiskers brushed and tickled against his sides as they tried to organize themselves and figure out who was going to go first. A naked tail raked across his foot, making him flinch. The smell of dust and stale piss clinging to their underbellies assaulted the druid's nose, and he could smell the breath of those passing right by his face. Though he might have considered them cute to look at when they were small, now that they were so much larger and right in his face, he couldn't help but

recoil from their long teeth. Their beady eyes were now each as big as his fist, and every one of those eyes looked at him with hunger.

The temperature began to rise as countless warm, furry bodies with fast-beating hearts writhed all over him. He felt the first brush against his ass and then felt his hips seized by a surprisingly strong pair of forelimbs. He yelped in surprise and fear just as another mouse mounted his face. Everything came at him so fast. The mouse's cock lunged towards his face, a pair of little mumps about an inch in diameter on the tip of his prick jutted forward from a dome-shaped glans that grew to almost 2-1/2 inches in diameter almost immediately. Covering that were rings and rings of little spines, each about a quarter-inch long. The druid didn't even have time to consider what spines that big were going to do to him, but he would get plenty opportunity to find out in short order. After the spines was another step in the rodent's penis diameter, to over 3 inches and slowly increasing from there by another half inch—and also covered with spines.

All of these details flashed before Maelduin's face in the blink of an eye, and before he had a chance to react, those little mump-lumps were pressed up against his lips. They had a rubbery consistency but already reeked of musk and stale cum. As the mouse thrust forward, he felt them bump and flop against his mouth. As they flopped, their tacky surface grabbed his lip and slipped it open. Before Maelduin could react, the mouse thrust again and shoved his cock-nipples into the druid's mouth. Maelduin sputtered and tried to pull back, but at just that time, the mouse behind him began thrusting, too. Those same mump-lumps slipped down into the crack of his ass, rubbed and dragged against his sensitive flesh, and snagged on the side of his anus. The feeling wasn't so much painful as it was surprising and unexpected, eliciting a gasp from the besieged druid. The timing of the gasp proved perfect for his frontal assailant, who shoved forward and buried his ribbed glans in the druid's mouth.

Dried smegma scraped against the druid's teeth, its consistency like hardened animal fat: both sticky and flaky at the same time. Bits of the bitter, sour-tasting by-product flecked off and got under the druid's tongue, eliciting a shudder of disgust at the unpleasant taste and texture. Stale piss clinging to the mouse's glans was pressed forcefully up against the druid's tongue—the mouse's cock-tip was so large that it filled the druid's entire mouth, pressing his tongue down and the roof of his mouth up in an attempt to fit itself inside. The mouse's mump jutted further still, lightly tickling the druid's uvula and positioning itself to paint the druid's throat as soon as the mouse was ready.

And the mouse was ready. As prey animals, they didn't have time to wait around to get into the mood. The second the mouse's spines raked against the druid's teeth, the mouse started cumming.

It wasn't a lot of cum, maybe half a teaspoon, but what it lacked in volume, it made up for in rapid delivery. The mouse's mump acted like a sprayer nozzle to fan out the pungent liquid, and with a single, intense spurt, the whole of Maelduin's throat and part of his sinuses were instantly covered in pungent mouse jizz. And it was *pungent*. The taste was bitter and smelled strongly of musk, like an aged, foul-smelling cheese that immediately began attacking the druid's olfactory nerves without mercy. Even the texture and consistency of the mouse's spooge were offensive, at first running down the druid's throat like post-nasal drip but then congealing and sticking to the back of his throat like phlegm that refused to be cleared.

But the mouse had saved the worst for last. As it began to pull out, the feel of Maelduin's teeth on its spines made it shudder, buck, and spurt once more. The volume this time was minuscule, little more than a puff of liquid, but that liquid quickly dispersed around his mouth and instantly solidified into a thin, foul-tasting sheet that trapped the mucus-sperm against the back of his throat and prevented it from going down his throat.

Maelduin began to hack and cough as the mouse pulled out, but as another one took its place, the druid's attention was yanked towards his backside.

The mouse who had mounted him had not been sitting idly while the other one fucked the druid's face. The mouse's rubbery mump had wriggled and flopped its way up against Maelduin's anus, and with a well-executed thrust, flipped itself inside. The twin lumps were not very big—only about half an inch in diameter each and about an inch long, but they acted as a guide for the rest of the mouse's cock. As the mouse thrust again, the little rubber nipples pushed inside, followed by a sharp punch as the mouse's tennis-ball-sized glans struck and then ripped through the druid's abused hole. As if that wasn't bad enough, those spines the druid had seen and felt on his tongue were *far* worse as they shoved through the thin ring of tissue. Each one grabbed at the thin flap of muscle that was already stretched to its limit, tugging it this way

and that. And all of that was to say nothing of the sheer shock of having his anus stretched so large with so little preparation.

Maelduin let out a breathless squeak just as another mouse mounted his face, but even the fresh taste of mouse cock wasn't enough to distract him from what was coming next. The mouse behind him pulled back, his spines raking, tugging, and pulling on Maelduin's asshole. Then the mouse shoved forward again, driving his glans deep into Maelduin's bowels. The force of the thrust slammed the rodent's softball-sized base up against and through the stretched opening, forcing the exhausted flesh to accommodate not only a tennis ball but a fist, too—a large, spiky fist. The force of the blow knocked the wind out of Maelduin, and he nearly fainted. The mouse, meanwhile, thrust the rest of himself into the hapless druid, pulled out partway, slammed back in, and then began cumming.

Maelduin was too out of it to fully grasp what was happening as the mouse spat his load, began to pull out, and then spritzed a film of cum-plug that was far too small to have the intended effect. In fact, Maelduin hardly felt the little dribble of cum or the spritzing; the ravaging of his anus had left him both sore and numb at the same time. The mouse dismounted and another one took its place.

Each mouse took his turn fairly quickly. Most didn't stay inside the druid's orifices longer than thirty seconds, and even extreme cases didn't even last a minute. By the time half an hour had elapsed and over fifty mice had had their way with him, Maelduin hardly even registered the sensation of having his anus stretched past the point of no return. What he *did* begin to notice, however, was that all of those tiny, barely noticeable volumes of spunk and plug were beginning to add up. What had started as a slightly annoying mucus drip at the back of his throat had become a slab so thick that it was beginning to affect his breathing. Yet, the location of the slab was such that he couldn't easily get his tongue back there to dislodge it. But after a few more mice used his face, the slab finally grew so thick that with some effort, he was able to break it free with his tongue.

That was a mistake.

The moment it broke free, the slab of dried mouse cum began to dissolve. Maelduin hacked and coughed, trying to expel it from his mouth, but just then, another mouse mounted his face and shoved its cock into his mouth. Maelduin yelped in protest, then coughed sharply as the half-cup of semi-solid mouse cum ran down his throat. Tears formed in the corners of his eyes, and his nose began to run. The mouse didn't care; he spat his load at the back of the druid's throat to start the process all over again and dismounted.

And it was not just the druid's mouth collecting cum. Although he couldn't even feel it when each mouse spurted its load into his rectum, a hundred of them was more than noticeable. It started as a general feeling of fullness, of needing to poop as layer after layer of cum and plug stacked onto each other, laminating themselves into a solid mass that slowly but surely grew towards his anus. After only a dozen or so hundred mice, the plug was so large that the newcomers were beginning to slam their mumps into it. But that did not deter them in the slightest. Each sharp thrust shoved the plug back just a little bit, pushing it deeper into the druid's bowels and making space for another layer to be added. After a hundred mice, the plug had completely stuffed his sigmoid and was beginning to pack into his descending colon. The sensation of needing to poop was overwhelming, yet Maelduin could never catch a break between mice to do so. Sweat broke out on his forehead and chest, and he began to breathe heavily as the urge to purge grew stronger and stronger.

It was at that exact moment—when Maelduin was choking on a clump of mouse cum and his bowels were desperately trying to purge themselves of the serpentine mass of vermin jism—that lightning struck. Maelduin squeezed his eyes closed and let out a whimper around the resident face-humping mouse's cock.

"Oh, *my!*" Aethnid said delightedly, "You *have* been busy, haven't you, Maelduin?"

The druid said nothing, still squeezing his eyes closed and wishing very hard for her to go away.

"Maelduin? I'm talking to you!" Aethnid said indignantly. "Is that any way to behave in front of our guests?"

Guests?!

Maelduin's eyes snapped open and darted towards the sound of her voice. His heart sank. Sure enough, there were three druids standing beside her, all of whom he recognized.

All of whom he had insulted at some point or other.

"Well, I'll be danged, it's Maelduin Ingsbark!" said Raedin Austein, a goody-two-shoes druid whose task of helping rivers to alter course in an ecologically friendly manner Maelduin had mocked some years ago. "It's good to see you finally, ah, getting into your role!" he chortled.

"Mm, yes, getting into it indeed," said another druid, who had wasted no time wading through the sea of mice and squatting right next to Maelduin for a better view.

"Go away, Kas!" Maelduin whimpered in the brief interlude between mice in his mouth.

"Nonsense!" the burly druid retorted, getting down on all fours and pressing his cheek to the ground to peer up at Maelduin's underbelly.

Without a second thought, he reached up and stuck his hand between Maelduin's thighs, lightly cupping one side of the druid's balls as he used his finger to palpate Maelduin's perineum. He kept his finger there as the next mouse leapt up and began thrusting. The pressure of his finger intensified the feeling of the mouse's prick and reawakened Maelduin to the sensations that had long since dulled. He squirmed uncomfortably, his face burning with humiliation. Kas had been tasked with animal husbandry. If there was anyone who was qualified to be groping and probing Maelduin, it was Kas Vattaja, but that didn't mean Maelduin wanted anything to do with it!

"Mm, tsk," Kas said. "You aren't being a very good doe for these bucks, Maelduin," he chided. "Come on," he said, pressing down on the small of Maelduin's back, "You need to spread your legs a bit more to give them better access."

Unable to overcome the force of the breeder's weight on his back, Maelduin complied, spreading his legs and feeling somehow even *more* exposed than he had been before. The next mouse leapt up onto him, and with a single thrust, plunged balls-deep into him.

"There! That's much better," Kas said. "Now, what about this?" he asked, reaching down and roughly grabbing Maelduin's cock. "Mm, hmm," he murmured, moving his fingertips to the tip of Maelduin's glans and pulling back the foreskin. "Mm, no, no, you definitely need to do better," he said. "Here, let me help."

"Get the fuck away from me, Kas, you fucking pervert!" Maelduin protested, but to no avail.

The druid wrapped his hand around Maelduin's cock and began lightly jacking him off. Maelduin squirmed, but Kas was an expert at this kind of thing, and within seconds, Maelduin felt himself on the verge of climax.

"Yup, right there is where you need to be at all times," Kas said, edging him. "That will keep your body tense and your passage nice and tight for the males. They'll have better orgasms that way."

"I don't give a rat's ass!" Maelduin snapped, shuddering as his hips bucked involuntarily.

"Well, true, but you *are* giving your ass to lots of *mice*, and if you're gonna do it, you might as well do it right."

Maelduin was about to retort when he heard another voice saying, "I see you haven't changed a bit, Maelduin."

In spite of Kas's continued ministrations, Maelduin's blood ran cold. Even Kas and Raedin looked uneasy around the speaker, but for someone with Maelduin's history of disobedience, the gravelly voice of the steel-eyed auditor was enough to inspire miniature panic attacks.

"M—Mies, I'm already being punished," Maelduin stammered, wincing as Kas twisted his cock just as a mouse plunged into him, resulting in his ass contracting particularly hard around the mouse's cock and eliciting a delighted squeak.

"Inadequately, as always," Mies replied coolly, eliciting a shocked look from Raedin, who glanced from him to Aethnid and back.

"But how do you *really* feel?" Aethnid asked, a hint of amusement in her voice as she flashed a reassuring glance at Raedin.

Mies pursed his lips. "You've been punishing him in this way for what, a few days now?" he asked. Shrugging, he said, "Clearly the experience of being passively bred isn't enough to teach him the humility he needs to learn. He should be *thanking* Kas for his wisdom in these matters, not snapping at him."

"What do you suggest?" Aethnid asked.

"Perhaps making him take a more active role, making him *earn* every bit of spunk he receives, might help," Mies said.

"I *did* have him take an active role a while ago," Aethnid said thoughtfully. "Perhaps it's time to reinstate that?"

"Absolutely. And, ensure that he is granted no opportunity to slack off, to become complacent. Instill in him a burning, desperate *need* to serve.

"Damn it, Mies, will you shut up already?!" Maelduin cried. "Augh!"

At just that moment, a mouse behind him and a mouse in front of him both climaxed at the same time, and Kas—either through inattention or maybe on purpose (Kas didn't like Mies too much either)—grazed his fingers over Maelduin's cock just right, sending the druid over the edge. Maelduin shuddered and came into his hand, and the druid unabashedly brought it to his face, sniffed it intently, then tasted it, much to Maelduin's mortification.

"Tsk, pitiful," Kas said. "Low sperm count by the taste of it, and you're not drinking enough water; your little swimmers are trying to swim through a sandy desert!"

"Shut up, shut *up*!" Maelduin screamed. "Why are you three even *here*? This is between Aethnid and me! Leave me alone to my humiliation! Ungh..."

He felt his stomach suddenly churn as the latest chunk of throat-cum made its way down his esophagus. Each lump of it had unsettled his stomach slightly, but this one made him suddenly feel like he was about to blow his guts. He clenched his ass, afraid of letting it happen, but doing so only thrilled the mouse behind him. In contrast, the mouse's cock spines plucking at his anus made him feel like he was going to lose control at any moment. He began to pant and sweat again, his whole body quivering on the verge of what felt like imminent incontinence.

"Oh, yeah, that's the cum-plug," Kas said sagely, nodding and smirking. "Don't worry; *that's* not coming out for a while."

"What do you know if it?" Maelduin retorted breathlessly. "It—it's gonna come spilling out right here in front of everybody!"

"Oh, no doubt," Kas said, shaking his head. "I mean, we're not leaving until it *does*, but I'm just saying, you've got several hours to go before that happens. Just relax for now, or you'll exhaust yourself."

As if that were possible!

"Raedin, you've been awfully quiet," Aethnid said. "What do *you* make of all this?"

Raedin pursed his lips. "Well," he said slowly, "With all due respect to the chief auditor"—he nodded his head respectfully to Mies—"sometimes taking the brutal approach isn't what's best. When I go to change the course of a river, I don't do it through brute force. I have to give it a few light tweaks here and there and let it—with its boundless supply of strength—carve out the path I have laid for it. Perhaps we need something similar here."

"What do you mean?" Aethnid asked.

For someone used to moving rivers sometimes miles out of their current path, Raedin seemed surprisingly timid among the mice as he patiently made his way through them. Kneeling next to Maelduin, he reached beneath the druid and felt of his abs and pecs.

"I mean, I'm no husbandry expert," he said, nodding to Kas, "But what if we, I dunno, provided some positive reinforcement when Maelduin does as he's supposed to?"

He moved his hand over to one of Maelduin's nipples and gently pinched and stroked it. Pleasurable jolts shot up Maelduin's spine and concentrated in his groin. His eyes closed, his breathing calmed, and his body relaxed a bit as his chest leaned into the pleasant sensation.

With his eyes closed, Maelduin couldn't see the glances Raedin exchanged with Aethnid and the other druids, couldn't see Kas's face light up as he gestured for Raedin to guide Maelduin lower to the ground. He *did* feel the gentle fingers seeming to tease him downward and lowered his chest, trying to keep in contact with those pleasure-generators. Before he knew it, his chest was pressed against the ground, making it much easier for mice to mount his face, and his ass was thrust into the air, giving the mice behind him a clear, easy target.

"See?" Raedin said. "I hardly exerted any energy, and he did what you wanted him to do."

Maelduin opened his eyes and gasped, scowling at learning that he'd been manipulated. But before he could raise himself back up, another mouse clambered onto his face and began going to town.

For a long while, Aethnid and the other druids mostly ignored Maelduin, letting the mice continue to do their thing as they all waited for the inevitable. Maelduin was acutely aware of the transitions. Every gurgle in his belly, every body-shaking grumble in his bowels sent a chill up his back and preceded wave after wave of nausea.

"Oh, wow, look how distended his belly is," Kas said presently. "It's not gonna be long now."

Without permission or even asking, he reached under Maelduin, pressed his hands against his pendulous gut, and squeezed gently.

A sharp gurgle rang out over the sound of the humping mice, so loud that Aethnid raised her eyebrows.

"Ooh, yeah, that's gonna be a big one, I'm afraid," Kas said somberly. "Glad it's you and not me!" he laughed, patting Maelduin roughly on the shoulder and eliciting another, even sharper gurgle.

Maelduin's eyes squinted, and his mouth contorted in an uncomfortable wince as he let out a pained "oof."

By that time, over a thousand mice had bred him, and though the others did not know it, his large intestine was packed from cecum to anus with solidified mouse jizz. What Kas did know that Maelduin didn't know was that all of that mixed cum and plug material had slowly been undergoing a chemical reaction, preparing it for what was about to happen. All of a sudden, the first little bit of mouse sperm changed state, turning rapidly from a solid into a paste and then to a liquid. That set off a chain reaction that ripped through the druid's intestines, turning a solid plug into over a gallon of runny liquid over the course of about three seconds.

Maelduin's eyes bulged, and his voice caught in his throat.

"That's it," Kas said with the patience he'd use when helping an ewe lamb for the first time, "Let it out; let it all out."

"Ungh! N-no," Maelduin gasped, his body now pouring sweat as he struggled to fight the overwhelming diarrhea. "N-not here, not like this, not in front of y—n-no, shit, n-no..."

An intrepid mouse stepped up behind him, and just as countless others had, stuck his dick into the druid's ass, breaking the seal that Maelduin had worked so hard to maintain. The druid wailed as his guts purged themselves around the mouse's cock in a solid, fetid-smelling stream that slid around the mouse's member and streamed along his sides. The mouse, not so intrepid now, decided this might not be the best time to fuck the druid and pulled out. But instead of leaving or going to the back of the line, the mouse went right up to Maelduin's face.

"N-no! No, not that!" Maelduin cried, but too late.

The brown, stinking stain on the mouse's white crotch filled the druid's field of view. Chunks of his own feces pressed up against his face, and bits of crap clinging to the mouse's glans and mumps smeared themselves against his lips before slipping inside. The awful taste of shit assaulted the druid's tongue, and the sticky, pasty stuff smeared itself on his teeth and all over his tongue as the mouse thrust in and started cumming. Meanwhile, liquid shit was streaming and sputtering out of the druid's ass. The chemical reaction that had turned the mass to liquid had also generated a fair amount of gas that explosively erupted out of

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the druid's backside, creating shotgun patterns of shit on the unsuspecting mice behind him. Pandemonium ensued, with the mice alternately scurrying away, grabbing his face to fuck, or tripping over themselves and each other in their hurry to get away. Aethnid and the other druids laughed uproariously, but by that point, Maelduin was too preoccupied with his intestinal holocaust to pay them any mind. His fingers gripped helplessly at the dirt, and a constant stream of moans and wails escaped his lips as he rode out the torrent.

After five solid minutes, he abruptly collapsed on his side. Not a single mouse remained, and unbeknownst to him, Aethnid had quietly returned him to his original size as he lay there. As she and the other druids vanished, Maelduin suddenly felt the next wave of excrement arrive at his doorstep. Without bothering to knock, it burst through the door, smearing and streaming its way between his buttocks and leaving a disgusting pool around his waist. Too exhausted to care, Maelduin at last passed out while his bowels finished emptying themselves. Meanwhile, the stars on his ring rearranged themselves to identify his next, masked assailant.