

Maelduin ducked and tried to run away just as the llama materialized, but Aethnid grabbed his wrist and wouldn't let go.

"No, Aethnid! Anything but that!" Maelduin cried, darting behind her to put her between the llama and himself.

"Why, Maelduin, I'm surprised at you!" Aethnid said sternly, though she had trouble keeping a straight face as she scolded him. "Surely you remember Cythraul, your familiar?"

"That is *no* familiar of mine! That thing is a demon! A fiend!"

Aethnid smirked. "Fitting," she said.

With her hand still firmly wrapped around his wrist, she pulled him out from behind her and made him stand face-to-face with the reddish-brown llama, who immediately pinned its ears and spat on his face. Maelduin yelped and wiped his face with his free hand, then cowered, looking miserable.

"You might find that adequate sex puts him in a better mood," Aethnid said pointedly. "Why don't you show everybody how to do it?"

"Please, Aethnid—"

"Do it, or I will puppet your body again," Aethnid snapped.

"I feel *no* love for him!" Maelduin snapped back. "I *hate* him!"

"The feeling is mutual, I assure you," Aethnid spat. "If not for love, then do it because he's horny—or, better, do it because I SAID SO!"

Lightning struck, and all the druids jumped.

"No," Maelduin growled. "You've been pulling my strings all day; you might as well keep doing it."

The druids gasped, and a pang of remorse and fear suddenly struck Maelduin. His eyes darted to Aethnid.

"I—that is, I—I—"

Aethnid scowled at him. "So be it," she whispered.

"Aethnid, I—I'm sorry!" Maelduin shrieked, but it was too late. His arms were already reaching out for Cythraul.

The llama looked at him uncertainly, then indignantly as he reached out, hugged it, and shuffled up to bring his lips to its fuzzy face. The llama responded by pinning his ears.

"Aethnid, he's gonna—"

Maelduin couldn't finish the statement. All of a sudden, his mouth opened wide, and he let out a whimper as Cythraul hocked a loogie.

"Ack!"

The llama's saliva and stomach acid tasted revolting and burned Maelduin's throat, but instead of spitting it out like he wanted to, he closed his mouth, swirled the vile stuff around, and then swallowed it. At the same time, he began feeling up Cythraul, running his hands down the llama's back and scratching him.

A curious look came over the hellspawn's face. He cocked his head uncertainly, and then stretched his neck out in an unmistakable expression of enjoyment as Maelduin's fingers began to scratch a particularly itchy spot.

"Now *there's* a way to tame the beast!" Kas laughed.

In his mind, Maelduin was still cursing and feeling nauseous, but Kas's words distracted him from his misery just enough to notice the llama's reaction, how his long eyelashes fluttered ecstatically, how his cruel expression turned almost loving.

Huh... Well, that's—

He didn't have time to finish the thought. Moving with a mind of their own, his hands moved down and felt of the llama's sheath. Startled, the llama jerked his head down to look at what was going on, his expression immediately turning cross. But before the camelid could work himself up to spit again, Maelduin's fingers found and began lightly stroking the opening of his sheath. Cythraul's expression abruptly changed again, and he shifted his legs to grant better access.

"Are you ready, Maelduin?" Aethnid asked.

"Huh?!" Maelduin gasped, surprised to be able to speak even as his hand was operating with a mind of its own.

"I'm about to release you," Aethnid said evenly. "And unless you want to suck every bean out of Cythraul's butt—I can make that happen, you know—you had better reach *deep* down and find some love and affection for him. I want to see you taking his cock like he's the most gorgeous creature on the planet!"

"There's no way I can—"

His hand stopped, and both he and Cythraul looked down, startled. The llama pinned his ears.

"No, nonono!" Maelduin cried, his eyes bulging.

In a flash, he yanked his hand back, turned on heel, and took off, sprinting away with the llama humming and hot on his heels. Spying an opening between the river and the edge of the crowd of druids, he aimed for it, hoping to run past them all and hopefully use them to bar the irascible llama's way.

"Say, now, that's no way to treat your familiar!" Bartold said, stepping into Maelduin's path.

THUNK!

Maelduin barreled into him, and Bartold, stocky as he was, leveled him with his forearm. Collapsing on his back and not knowing what hit him, Maelduin looked up, screamed, and covered his face just as Cythraul caught up to him and spat in his hair.

"Boys, would you bring my demonstration back?" Aethnid asked sweetly.

"Gladly, Goddess," Bartold growled, hauling Maelduin up and manhandling him back up the hill.

Cythraul followed, hell-bent on tormenting him.

"Get up there!" Bartold yelled, finally shoving Maelduin up next to Aethnid. "Aethnid alive! What the hell is wrong with you, man, treating your familiar like that?"

"That is *NOT MY FAMILIAR!*" Maelduin bellowed.

"Come off it, man! He's right there and—"

"My familiar is *dead!*" Maelduin snapped, a wild look in his eyes as he bared his teeth.

The druids all gasped—all except for Mies, whose stony expression had turned from sandstone to obsidian.

Suddenly aware of the silence about him, Maelduin jerked his head to look out at the audience.

"Yes," he spat as angry tears appeared in the corners of his eyes, "My familiar is *dead.*"

Silence.

Kas shifted uncomfortably. "Oh, hell, Maelduin, if—if we'd have known..."

Mies put his hand up, silencing him.

"Before you go offering pity," he seethed, "Ask him *how* his familiar died."

In one movement, all the druids turned their heads to look at the auditor, who fixed Maelduin with what should have been a withering gaze.

But Maelduin had had enough, and he glowered back defiantly. The druids all turned to look at him.

"Well?" Mies asked.

"I... *Killed*. Him," Maelduin hissed through gritted teeth.

Another gasp.

Outraged scowls appeared all over the audience.

"And then?" Mies asked over the crowd's growing agitation.

"I *skinned* him," Maelduin sneered. "I made a place to rest my *ass*, a *throne* for myself!"

"Just wait," Mies barked, silencing the now-angry mob of druids. "And where did you *place* this throne?" he asked with grim satisfaction.

"At the Modest Hut, my temple."

"*Your* temple?" Mies demanded, now having to yell as the druids began to voice their anger.

"Yeah, *my* temple!" Maelduin roared over the crowd. "*My* temple! To *me*!"

"Blasphemy!" someone yelled.

"Heretic!"

"*Murderer*!"

"Aethnid, *damn* him! How can you let him *live* after this?!"

"He must be punished!"

"What kind of heartless monster *kills* his own familiar?!"

"Prideful apostate! Cast him into the abyss!"

"Break him on the wheel!"

"Boil him alive!"

"No, brothers! *Flay* him as he did his familiar!"

CHILDREN!

Lightning struck, and the forest was cast into utter blackness—and utter silence.

As the light slowly returned, the druids gasped on realizing that it came from Aethnid herself. And there was more: she was visibly shaking with rage.

"Am I not merciful?" she asked quietly. She took a breath, let it out slowly, and asked, "What do I love most, children?"

"Life, Goddess," someone blurted.

LIFE!

Lightning struck again.

"I love... life," she whispered, her voice quavering. "All this talk... Of *death* and *torture*! Are you my children?!" she demanded through gritted teeth.

HAVE YOU FORSAKEN EVERYTHING I HAVE TAUGHT YOU?

"Th—there will b—be *no* death," she said, choking on her words but resolute nevertheless.

"But, Goddess, he killed his own familiar!" Bartold cried. "There is no greater sin!"

"And I have been punishing him," Aethnid replied, suddenly very calm.

Daylight returned, and everybody turned to look at Maelduin. But far from the belligerent defiance he'd expressed only seconds ago, he now just looked tired, dirty, and underfed.

"It's not enough," Raedin said at last, breaking the silence.

The druids gasped, and the clouds began to roll back in, albeit not all at once.

"I'm just saying what everyone is thinking," he said. Shaking his head, he went on. "Goddess, please forgive us, but we are only human, and *that*"—he pointed to Maelduin, his hand shaking—"is something we cannot let go unpunished."

"You *know* my stance," Aethnid warned.

"Yes, Goddess, we do," Raedin replied. "I propose an alternative."

Aethnid narrowed her eyes and raised one eyebrow. "I'm listening," she said evenly.

"You love life, do you not?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then I propose that we *all* let him experience some life," Raedin said grimly. "He used his familiar selfishly and threw him away. Let us do the same to him."

"Let our *familiars* do the same to him," Kas chimed in. "Let us *all*—us and our familiars—have our way with him, then cast him aside to live out the rest of your punishment for him."

"And since he stole his familiar's chance to live in the beautiful form *you* gave him, Goddess, let us change *his* form as we see fit," Mies rumbled.

At this, the druids all murmured agreement while Aethnid herself nodded slowly, mulling it over.

"But what if he won't perform?" Bartold asked presently.

"He *will* perform," the goddess said, her mind made up. "I will see to it personally."

Mies shook his head. "Goddess, *you* should not have to perform these acts; what punishment is there in it for him if he—"

"I will not be puppeteering him this time," Aethnid interrupted, cutting him off. "I shall just... make it impossible not to do as he's told. But he shall remain a male," she added, looking around the crowd for signs of dissent. "He did not change his familiar's sex, and you shall not change his."

"But how will our male familiars know that he is there for their pleasure, Goddess?" Raedin asked.

"Oh... they'll know," Aethnid smirked.

"Do I get *any* say in any of this?" Maelduin asked, raising his hand.

"NO!" the crowd chorused.

"Why are you even still standing there?" Bartold snapped. "Shouldn't you be making your *new* familiar feel loved?" he sneered.

Something clicked inside of Maelduin, hard enough that he visibly jerked. All of a sudden, thick, wet, foul-smelling fluid began seeping out of the crack of his ass—not from his anus, but from the very skin itself. He dropped to his knees and reached around behind himself, a look of agony on his face as he began scratching furiously at the itching fluid.

About the same time, Cythraul noticed the smell and trotted over eagerly. Wasting no time, he used one of his forelegs to knock the druid off-balance, and before Maelduin could get back up, he laid down on top of him.

The druids crowded around, and Kas lifted up the llama's fluffy fur to give everyone a look.

"Yup, there he is," the breeder proclaimed. "We'll just, uh, yup, just like that," he said, closing one eye thoughtfully as he reached up with the other hand to guide Cythraul's frantically searching cock into Maelduin's ass.

Maelduin whimpered, feeling the llama enter him, but the worst was yet to come. Cythraul's prick carried with it a thin film of the itchy fluid, and on contacting his anus, it made his whole intestinal passage clamp down hard on the llama's member, and new nerves he'd never had before suddenly materialized inside his anus. He could feel every nub, ridge, and indentation on the llama's prick with greater detail than if he were holding it in his hands. He could feel the growing blob of precum on the tip of the llama's glans, could feel

where it ended, and could feel it smear along the llama's length as he slid in. The fidelity was so great, in fact, that like a raccoon using its sensitive paws to "see" what it was holding through tactile sensations, he could "see" the llama's cock inside of him as if he had been given a front-row seat—with x-ray vision—to watch himself get fucked.

And yet, being unable to look away from watching his own rape was still not the worst part, nor were the involuntary, rhythmic spasms that started going up and down his anus and colon, rhythmically squeezing, stroking, and milking the llama's rod.

Even the burning, itching feeling that had been between his buttocks and that was now inside his rectum was not the worst part. Even though it stimulated him to produce significant anal lubricant that titillated Cythraul and ran freely out of his ass, mixing with the stuff coming from his buttocks to form a pungent, reeking stink that made him smell just like a female in heat, it still wasn't the worst part.

No, the worst was still yet to come. Even as that same burning, itching infiltrated his balls and made his penis begin to ooze copious, foul-smelling precum, the worst still had not yet hit him.

Cythraul, meanwhile, was humming over and over, "Hmm, hmm, *hmm*, hmm, hmm-hmm," ecstatically draining himself into Maelduin's overly tight passage.

"Yeah, that's a good boy!" Kas said encouragingly, patting the llama on the neck. "Get it all outta there!"

And getting it out he was. Beneath the horrendous itching and the increasingly bad smell that seemed to seep from his pores, Maelduin was still acutely aware of the llama's progress, feeling him fully erect and now cumming inside of him a few dribbles at a time. He could practically see the consistency of the llama's spunk inside of him: the thin, watery parts that sprayed feebly up against his bowels and were fairly quickly absorbed, and the thicker, more congealed parts that splatted against his lining and stuck to it like boogers. He could even feel the variations in temperature along his colon where the llama's cum landed versus where it didn't. The result was a riveting, detailed account of every twitch, throb, and spurt that could not be ignored.

Raedin sniffed. "You smell something?" he asked.

Kas sniffed, sniffed again, then did a double-take. "Whoa! Looks like the deviant is getting into the spirit of things." He grimaced. "Hoo, that's pungent! Bring out your boys," he called, "Rutting season's on!"

At about that time, Cythraul finally decided he was done and pulled out all at once, making Maelduin jerk. Not much cum came out, but as the llama stood, the closest onlookers covered their noses and recoiled.

"Aethnid-bless!" Bartold cried, "There's enough lube and shit there to grease up an elephant!"

"My gosh, it's coming out of his dick, too!" someone said, poking Maelduin's now-sticky member.

"I *told* you the animals would know," Aethnid said, smirking.

"You weren't kidding, Goddess!" Kas chuckled, waving his hand in front of his face. "That there's a smell that only a male could love."

"Speaking of males," Mies said, glancing down at Messer, "I think he's ready to go again."

"He's already gone," Bartold said. "I think it's time Brutus got a chance."

"Gents," Kas said with a broad smile, "He's got two holes; use them both!"

Suddenly, Maelduin felt a wave of nausea, and before he could hold back, he threw up a foul-tasting, sticky substance that had no business being in his gut. Seconds later, he grimaced miserably and began to drool more of the stuff with so much volume that it quickly began to stream down his face and off his chin.

The worst had finally come.

Mies and Bartold didn't even have to call dibs for their respective pets. Brutus, Bartold's Angus bull, trotted up through the throng of spectators, took one sniff of Maelduin's ripe ass, and mounted him then and there. The bull's cock skidded along the copious lube and went straight home. Maelduin gasped, his body lurching forward as his overly tight, hypersensitive passage traced the progress of a particularly prominent vein on

the bull's cock. In graphic detail, Maelduin felt-saw his rectum being straightened out by Brutus's pointed tip, saw the bull's girth throb, saw the spurt of cum splatter against his insides and begin oozing out.

Brutus grunted contentedly and pulled back.

"Attaboy, Brutus," Bartold said, stepping up to pat him.

But instead of backing out entirely, Brutus shoved forward again. Maelduin saw stars and lurched forward again—right into Messer's muzzle. The wolf sniffed his face inquisitively and gave a few tentative licks. Though Maelduin sputtered, he had no room to retreat, and Messer seemed intrigued by the tantalizing taste of Maelduin's mouth-pheromones. He licked again, deep into Maelduin's mouth, and then leapt up onto him.

Just as his ass had, Maelduin's tongue, cheeks, palate, and throat became hypersensitive and relayed to him a vivid picture of the dog's equipment going down his gullet, every vein and the little indentation above the dog's urethra rendered in minute detail in Maelduin's mind's eye. Messer began to cum, spraying it out in short, forceful spurts that were much hotter than Cythraul's or Brutus's cum had been. His knot swelled, forcing Maelduin's jaw open further than should have been possible and cutting off his windpipe.

Panicking, Maelduin began jerking, trying to take a breath.

"Aww, does he *dislike* being killed?" Bartold mocked.

"Maelduin," Aethnid said.

Like magnets to a bar of metal, Maelduin's eyes swiveled to look at her.

"I told you there would be no death," the goddess said, "So quit thinking of yourself, pleasure *them*, and your needs will be met. Fight it, and suffer."

Mies did a double-take, then nodded approvingly. "How *just*, Goddess!" he said.

"I have my moments," Aethnid replied, tossing her hair teasingly.

Maelduin, however, was in no laughing mood. Tears streamed from his eyes—forced to squint by the sheer volume of dog cock in his mouth—and his lungs were still spasming involuntarily but getting nothing in return. Not knowing what else to do, he desperately ran his tongue along Messer's knot. The dog twitched in surprise and pleasure, and Maelduin got a sip of air. His vision dark, he licked again and was rewarded with another sip. He tried swallowing and got another, bigger sip, and when he tried swallowing and licking at the same time, he suddenly gasped in two lungs-full of air. His head was pounding, but he had figured out how to survive, and he went to it with the determination of a person stranded in the desert: do or die.

"Well, it's not as passionate as when he made out, Mies, but I'd say he's definitely showing some enthusiasm," Kas said, crossing his arms and watching thoughtfully.

"I hope he chokes on it," Mies replied bluntly. "If I had the power of shape-shifting, I would jam a cock down his throat that he couldn't swallow."

Kas's eyes glinted. "Shape-shifter, you say?" he asked, cracking his knuckles. "What did you have in mind? Bigger dog? Pony? Bull?"

"Someone mentioned an elephant before," Mies said ominously.

Kas did a double-take. "You don't fool around, do you?" he laughed. "Maybe later. I think we ought to let him have a chance to experience life as 'less than human', don't you think?"

"It seems fitting," Mies agreed.

About that time, Messer pulled out, and Maelduin gasped for air—but only one or two breaths before he started drooling again. Brutus, who had gotten off about half a dozen times already, had long since left to go sleep off his afterglow, and Maelduin was without a suitor.

"What do we think he should be turned into first?" Kas asked the crowd.

"What was his familiar?" Raedin asked.

"Ooh, good one," Kas said. Kneeling down next to the drooling, itching, burning, gasping Maelduin, he asked, "Well, Deviant, what was your familiar before you turned him into a 'throne for your ass'?"

Maelduin closed his mouth, refusing to answer, but a second later, a flood of pheromone-laced drool poured out of his mouth.

Kas sniffed, then raised his eyebrows. "That'll do," he said. "Deer," he said, rising. "Whitetail by the smell of it."

"Then turn him into his familiar, and let's see how *he* likes being used!" someone said, eliciting a roar of approval from the crowd.

Maelduin shook his head. "N—no," he managed through the mouthfuls of drool. "P—please, don't—"

Blinding light surrounded him, and before the crowd's eyes, his limbs extended, his body grew taller, longer, and narrower, his neck stretched, and two dainty nubs that would eventually be antlers, given the time to grow, sprouted from his head. Looking down at his hooves that used to be hands, Maelduin tried to scream, but all that came out was an alarmed bleat. His tail raised straight up and, to the amusement of the crowd and his own mortification, his ass started leaking doe urine.

"Cervids! Call your deer, moose, elk, and caribou!" Kas crowed.

Whoops, whistles, and bugles sounded, and within seconds, the crowd was flooded with over a dozen members of the extended deer family. Maelduin's eyes darted to look, and then his new body's instincts kicked in, and he tried to bolt.

He was immediately knocked to the ground by an immense bear paw.

"Stake him!" someone yelled.

As he struggled to get to his feet, multiple burly druids grabbed him by the legs, immobilizing him. Long, wooden stakes were brought and pounded into the ground, while ropes were looped around each of his feet.

"Ready? One, two, three!"

The druids let him up, but others immediately yanked on the ropes. Maelduin scrambled to his feet, but only just in time to have the ropes wrapped around the stakes, immobilizing him. He struggled and thrashed, but he couldn't even kick a leg.

"*That* looks tasty," Kas growled as he shifted from bear form into human form and then immediately began transitioning into the shape of an elk.

Maelduin whipped his head around to look, and gasped. Already Kas was twice his weight, and as the human-turned-elk got used to his new body, he immediately lifted his nose, raised his upper lip, and inhaled deeply. As the elk began advancing on him, Maelduin thrashed and yanked on his legs, but not one of them could budge even an inch. Wild-eyed with terror, he bleated piteously as the elk charged up behind him. He squeezed his eyes closed and waited.

But nothing happened.

Confused, he cautiously opened his eyes and turned his head to look behind him.

The elk's tongue on his ass made him jerk in surprise, but the sensation immediately made him weak in the knees. Panting and looking straight forward, he thrust his ass back towards the elk's face, who buried his nose under Maelduin's tail and made his head swim with its frenzied licks.

But just as abruptly as Kas had started licking, he stopped.

Maelduin blinked in bewilderment, then turned to look again. The elk had left and was, in fact, out of sight. In its place was a moose—even larger than the elk had been—carefully sniffing his backside. Maelduin's eyes bulged. The elk would have been bad enough, but the moose must have weighed twice again what the elk did!

But that fact was quickly lost on Maelduin as the moose's cock poked out of his sheath. It was *huge!* Maelduin began to breathe hard again and to struggle, but his limbs remained as unmovable as ever.

The moose lined himself up and leapt into the air.

Unable to watch, Maelduin swung his head around and started to squeeze his eyes closed.

He jerked in surprise. Kas had moved in front of him, and just as Maelduin straightened out, the elk leapt up onto his face and shoved his cock down his throat. Maelduin lurched backwards as best he could with his feet rooted to the ground, but just as he did, the moose came down on his back. Sharp pain shot up his ass as the moose's prick found its mark and slid roughly inside.

But both cervids had only just made their preliminary entries. As Maelduin reeled, trying to come to terms with the sharp pain in his ass and the urge to throw up around the spear lodged in his throat, both bigger males coiled their hindquarters. Out of the corners of his eyes, Maelduin noticed the motion, and deep down, he must have known what was about to happen, yet he was still too overwhelmed to react, and he couldn't have moved if he'd wanted to.

As if on cue, they both sprang up at once. The elk's groin forced itself up into Maelduin's face until the druid-turned-deer had elk balls slapping against his chin. The moose, meanwhile, slammed his sharp prick upward, and his much heavier balls slapped against the back of Maelduin's dainty ones, eliciting an uncomfortable grunt. Yet the initial slap was just the beginning as the two heavy animals' momentum carried them up even further. The elk's hips slammed into Maelduin's face and began shoving it up and back even as the moose rocketed his hips off the ground and into the air. A split-second later, the ropes around his ankles tightened and began to jerk him back down, but the powerful males had his body hooked on their cocks. Blinding pain flashed into Maelduin's throat, bowels, and tightly bound limbs all at once. *Something* was going to have to give, but the elk and moose hadn't yet finished flying upwards.

A piteous bleat escaped Maelduin's throat around the elk's cock. The strain on his legs peaked, and all of a sudden, the ropes snapped. Maelduin was flung upwards, outpacing the larger males as they exhausted their momentum and began to fall back down.

The moose's cock slipped out, and shit and cum shot out of Maelduin's ass before he could even reach the ground again. Kas's trajectory had kept him lodged firmly in the buck's mouth and throat, but the sudden jerk of Maelduin's body as the ropes released caused the elk's cock to slip out of his throat, and he sprayed a thick load of jizz all over Maelduin's mouth.

THUD. THUD-THUD.

The three hit the ground, moose-first, then elk and deer. Already sated, the moose turned to wander off, but Kas's elk-cock hadn't quite finished, yet, and was shoved down Maelduin's throat on landing. Maelduin's body convulsed and doubled over, expelling Kas's malehood from his throat and sending him skittering backwards. No sooner did he catch his balance than he began morphing back into a human.

But everything that had just transpired had overwhelmed Maelduin, and the deer stood on wobbly legs, hunched over, erupting elk cum out one end and moose cum out the other. The shock of unpleasantness had even made him lose control of his bladder; urine streamed out of his slender prick, splattering his own chest and the ground below him.

"Ya like that, you deviant?" Kas jeered, reaching up and grabbing Maelduin by the muzzle, forcing his mouth closed. "You just hang on to that taste," he growled. "Get a nice, big taste of elk life to roll around on your tongue! All right, guys, who's next?" he called over his shoulder.

All of a sudden, Maelduin got his wits back, his thoughts coalescing into a single imperative: *run*.

He bolted off, not making the same mistake twice and darting off the other side of the hill towards a fairly large opening.

"Catch him!" Mies roared.

"I got him," Raedin said.

The druids around him turned to look quizzically at the druid, who was nowhere near the retreating buck and instead stood with a knowing smirk.

"Uh..."

"It's like I always say," Raedin said, leaning over and putting his arm around one of the druids' familiars, a doe. "Let the river do the work. It won't be long now."

RUN! Run away! To freedom!

These thoughts spurred the exhausted, pained, overwhelmed buck forward. Already the gathering was retreating behind him in the distance, and Maelduin knew that if he could just get far enough away, maybe he'd have a chance to take stock of all that had happened and figure out a path forward.

Keep going! Ignore the pain in your lungs! Run! Run a—FUCK!

He skidded to a stop. His heart pounding and his body shaking with exhaustion, he stood for half a second, then whipped himself around and began running back towards the druids.

Wait, what? No, no, no! Stop! Don't go back there! It's a trap! he urged himself, but no matter how loudly he yelled in his head, he couldn't drown out the most important command of all: *breed*.

"Whoa, look at him go!" someone cried.

"Works every time," Kas laughed. "Good thinking, Raedin."

The druids parted as Maelduin, dripping with sweat and drooling out his mouth, ass, and prick, charged through their midst and raced up the hill, where the doe stood waiting.

The distance closed rapidly. The doe turned her back, spread her legs, lifted her tail, and looked over her shoulder.

Maelduin kept running.

The doe's eye twitched involuntarily. She tensed, sensing a sharp impact.

Maelduin slammed into her.

With arrow-like precision, his cock found her hole and slipped inside. But unlike his ass and throat, his cock had little to no sensitivity to speak of. He could feel her wrapped around him and therefore knew that he'd hit home, yet there was no pleasure to be had, no enjoyment. Startled, he looked down at her standing beneath him, as if it was somehow her fault.

His momentum spent itself, and he stumbled backwards, his prick sliding back out of her. Unsatisfied, he shook his head, regained his footing, and thrust into her again.

The double-thrust surprised the doe, and she fidgeted uncertainly. Believing that she was trying to escape, Maelduin grabbed her as tightly as he could with his forelimbs and thrust again.

"What a pig!" someone snarled.

"Pig, you say?" Kas murmured. "Hold that thought."

But despite his selfish intentions, Maelduin's actions only improved the experience for the doe—and worsened it for himself. The first thrust had primed her passage, getting it used to the shape and feel of his prick as it entered. The second thrust now provided additional stimulation—stimulation she would not have gotten from a normal suitor. Startled, she froze for a second and then practically melted under Maelduin as he thrust again and again in a desperate bid to get some pleasure for himself.

But his efforts were all in vain. Though his little balls twitched and eventually spat their essence inside the doe, the only change in sensation he got was a sense that he didn't need to breed anymore. There was no overwhelming feeling of relief—such as after taking a much-needed piss or scratching an itch—just a cessation of the need to fuck. The druid-turned-deer shook his head in disbelief, but then, as the realization washed over him, he staggered backwards and came off the doe, who trotted off to her human looking quite pleased with herself.

Maelduin was still reeling when his body changed back to normal. One second, he was on all fours with hooves and antler buds, and the next second, he was on hands and knees, naked and cold. He did a double-take and began feeling of himself, not quite believing he was back in his old body.

"You wanna *act* like a pig? Well, why don't you *breed* one?" Kas asked with a cruel grin, startling Maelduin from his self-inspection.

Maelduin shook his head. "N—no, please, I—"

His body jerked again. Looking over, he saw a sow who had waddled up to stand a few feet in front of him. He felt himself pulled towards her, like a shipwreck victim being pulled under the waves by a shark. He fought the urge, gritting his teeth and squeezing his eyes closed, yet his leaden limbs began to carry him over to her on hands and knees nevertheless.

"That's it: get yourself some nice sow pussy, you filthy pig!"

But Maelduin's fighting was beginning to pay off. He made it up behind her but then balked, refusing to go any further.

"Aww, I think he needs a good sniff of what she's offering," Kas said pointedly.

As if driven by a thousand-ton press, Maelduin's arms lowered, and his head tilted back, pointing his nose towards her little, puffy pussy.

"Damn it, I don't *want* to sniff her!" he cried.

"Just keep telling yourself that!" someone jeered, eliciting a roar of laughter.

Maelduin leaned forward. His nose brushed the sow's folds.

As if on reflex, she began to piss.

"Ack!" Maelduin cried, but instead of leaping backwards like he'd intended to, he pressed his face up into the acrid stream, rotating his head side to side to drench his entire face in the stuff.

Oh, no...

Ever since he turned back into a human, the druid had been soft, and he had—perhaps subconsciously—consoled himself with the thought that as long as he wasn't hard, he couldn't possibly breed the sow.

But now, he felt in horror as his cock stiffened, the smell of the sow's urine, the feel of the hot, wet liquid on his face, the humiliation, or some combination of all three inciting his traitorous penis to betray him.

"See? I knew that's all he needed," Kas said, chuckling as he patted the sow's rump. "Come on, little piggy. Up you go!"

"No! Please, don't make me do this!" Maelduin cried even as he lifted his torso, scooted forward, and laid his chest down on the sow's back.

"Shh, there's a good piggy," Kas said with a wink to the crowd, who chuckled malevolently.

"Get your *hand* off my *dick*!" Maelduin screeched, but Kas was used to males protesting his presence during breeding and paid him no mind.

Maelduin gritted his teeth, feeling his prick stimulated by the foreign touch of the druid's hand. Worse still, he felt the heat of the sow's folds as Kas steered his tip into place. Maelduin's face burned with embarrassment, feeling the eyes of a hundred druids watching him being guided into the sow like a common animal.

Warmth enveloped his glans. His hips bucked involuntarily.

"*There* it is!" Kas said, patting Maelduin's back. "Good piggy!"

But Maelduin once again resisted. Though he was *definitely* lodged inside the sow, he refused to thrust any deeper.

Kas did a double-take. "N—no, piggy, you gotta scoot up," he said, patting Maelduin's butt encouragingly.

"F—fuck, y—you, K—Kas," Maelduin grunted through gritted teeth.

Kas started. "Fuck me?" He laughed. "Oh, *no*, Maelduin, fuck *you*! Say, that's not a bad idea! Anybody got a boar?"

There was a squeal, and the crowd parted to let an enormous boar through. Teeth still gritted, Maelduin turned to look, then let out a frustrated groan.

"Come on up, boy!" Kas said, slapping Maelduin's ass. "She's all ready for you!"

"I am *not* a 'she'!" Maelduin snapped.

"That's not what the stuff coming out of your ass says," Kas chuckled.

The boar thought so, too. Maelduin squirmed, but the boar's strong snout effortlessly spread his buttocks and deeply inhaled the intoxicating scent. One second, Maelduin felt the boar's cold, wet nose leave his ass, and the next second, he felt the beast's weight on his back.

"N-no," Maelduin grunted.

"Now *that's* a good piggy!" Kas cheered. "Get up deep inside of him, then *push* him into that sow!"

The boar's cock slithered around Maelduin's slimy ass several times, long enough that for a split-second, Maelduin dared to hope that perhaps the boar might give up. But, inevitably, he felt Kas's hand brush against his buttocks, felt another hand spread them apart, and then felt the pig's pizzle stuffed into him, forcing a nauseated "*guh!*" from the druid's lips.

Just as before, his hypersensitive colon gave him such a vivid depiction of the boar's anatomy that he could practically see the corkscrew tip fluttering in and out and oozing slime all the way, spurred on by Maelduin's own involuntary anal muscle spasms that squeezed and milked the boar for all he was worth. But much worse than that was what happened next.

Eagerly seeking those luscious sensations for even more of his cock, the boar thrust forward. His hips slammed into Maelduin's, which shoved the druid's hips up against the sow's rump and his cock balls-deep into her passage. The sow grunted approval and began to leak sticky, strong-smelling vaginal fluids against his balls.

Maelduin wanted to shut it all out, to ignore what was happening to him, to freeze and just let it all pass by, but the boar was having none of that. Though he could easily have just let his cock do all the work, the boar made sure to thrust up against Maelduin over and over again, forcing the druid's penis into and out of the sow's passage. The sow seemed to get the hint and began rocking forward and backwards in rhythm, maximizing the length of the druid's strokes into her.

It didn't take long for Maelduin to begin cumming. But just as before, his climax came without pleasure, and since he had not wanted to breed her in the first place, he didn't even get a sense of relief that his task was done. Instead, he found himself actively cumming and just wishing that the whole thing could be over, like a sports fanatic wanting to hurry up and finish pissing so he could get back to watching the game.

But unlike his usual "three spurts and done", Maelduin did a double-take as he *kept* cumming.

"W-what's going on?" he cried, wincing as his spent balls kept throbbing.

"What good is a piggy that doesn't cum for half an hour?" Aethnid asked with a smirk.

Maelduin's eyes darted to her, then squeezed shut. He gritted his teeth and began to moan in pain as he continued to dry-spurt over and over again.

Meanwhile, the boar was not lying idly on his back, his throbbing, twitching, fluttering, spurting cock occupying just enough of Maelduin's pain-addled mind to force him to stay in the present. Long, hot spurts of boar jism shot up the druid's passage, creating crisscrossed streaks of heated flesh that rapidly cooled until more spurts heated them again. But with his ass already saturated with cum, Maelduin couldn't absorb even the runnier bits of the boar's spunk, and they quickly began to fill him up, adding abdominal cramps and nausea to his already unpleasant mix of sensations.

"Say, whose boar is this anyway?" Kas asked after a while, startling Maelduin from the uncomfortable haze he'd drifted into. "I think I know just about everybody's familiar, but I don't recognize this guy."

About that time, the boar suddenly decided he was done. Maelduin shuddered as a foot of pig-cock slithered out of him, then did a double-take.

Something was missing. After *anything* pulled out of him, there was always an unpleasant feeling that came after. What was it?

His guts churned, and he let out an anguished groan.

"Ya like that?" Raedin asked.

Maelduin jerked his head, then started on seeing that the druid kneeling next to him was completely naked.

"I bet I've got you plugged enough to constipate you for a few days," the druid said, grinning wickedly. "You do have a nice ass, though; it's a shame Aethnid won't let us turn you female; I can only *imagine* what a pussy of yours would feel like!"

"Yeah, well sucks to be you!" Maelduin snapped.

His bowels churned again, and he squeezed his eyes closed.

"Maybe," Raedin countered, "But it sucks *much* worse to be you. Enjoy your plug!"

"Well done, Raedin!" Kas cried, clapping him on the shoulder. "I didn't know you could shape-shift!"

"I've been taking a course over the summer," Raedin replied sheepishly.

"Very impressive; well done!" Kas said, impressed. Turning back to the crowd, he said, "All right, boys! What's next?"

"Make him fuck a dog!" someone called.

"A bear!"

"A horse!"

"A sheep!"

"A goat!"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, one at a time!" Kas laughed. "Okay, I heard 'dog'!"

Light flashed, and Maelduin found himself on all fours and covered in black fur. Before he could react to his sudden transformation, a sable-covered bitch rubbed up against him, her swollen pussy mere inches from his face. Without thinking, he leapt up onto her, wrapped his front paws around her hips, and buried his bone inside of her.

He had, he thought, once wondered how wonderful it might be to be a male dog, basking in the sensation of a nice, in-heat bitch's pussy swaddling his knotted cock. But now, jeered at by a hundred mocking druids, he felt nothing. Oh, he felt the tightness of the bitch's passage around his swollen member, and he felt the exhaustion of his balls pumping out spurt after spurt, but there was, once again, no pleasure in it. Even as he stepped off of her and swung around to stand ass-to-ass with her, all he wanted was for it to be over.

"A bear, a bear!"

He found himself lumbering up onto a fuzzy female and sticking himself into her. Again, no pleasure.

"Horse!"

Oh, how Maelduin had always wanted to have *that* kind of endowment! But now that he had it, it was just big and clumsy, and it nearly made him pass out when it got hard. The mare's pussy was warm and wet, and it *should* have felt amazing to get off inside of her, but again—

Nothing.

"Sheep! Goat! Cow! Skunk! Gorilla!"

The mechanics of each species were slightly different, yet the end result was the same: Maelduin mounted, thrust, pumped, and dismounted. All he felt was such a deep, utter exhaustion that he didn't even register the crowd's jeering anymore, but the testosterone surging through him kept him awake, like someone hopped up on coffee. Somewhere, deep in the back of his mind, he wondered if this was what sex was

really like for so many animals: whether breeding was as transactional and unfulfilling for them as it had been for him.

"Are you *finally* beginning to get it?" Aethnid asked, startling him.

He turned his gorilla head to her and peered at her quizzically.

"Do you *finally* see why *you* must provide them pleasure?" the goddess pressed.

Maelduin blinked, and she was gone, back up where she had been the whole time: coolly watching the proceedings.

The frantic fuck-fest continued for a long time, but at last, the druids seemed to get their fill of watching him breed anything that moved.

"You ready?" Kas asked Mies, and the latter nodded stonily.

Maelduin opened his eyes and glanced down, mildly surprised to see himself in human form again, but too tired to react.

A shadow blocked out the sunlight.

Maelduin glanced up, closed his eyes, and let out a half-hearted whimper, then turned and dutifully started trying to crawl away.

The elephant grabbed him around the waist with his trunk and pulled him back.

"No..." Maelduin murmured, but to no avail.

Dropping him unceremoniously, Mies-turned-elephant readjusted his trunk's grip, rotating Maelduin around to stuff him head-first between his legs. Maelduin's eyes bulged as he was thrust towards the enormous cock.

At seven inches in diameter, the elephant's penis was far too large to fit into Maelduin's mouth, and though Mies could have shoved with approximately six tons' worth of force, he could not perform the impossible task of fitting a seven-inch peg into a two-inch hole. In frustration, he settled for unleashing his bladder, the force penetrating Maelduin's squeezed-closed lips. The druid began to sputter, but in vain as the elephant's vile-tasting liquid shot down his throat. Then Mies pulled him back out and dropped him again, leaving him retching and drooling on the ground.

"I think Mies is determined that you're gonna take him one way or the other, Maelduin," Kas said, looking almost apologetic.

Almost.

With a wave of his hand, Kas guided Mies forward. Maelduin struggled to get up to his hands and feet, but towering legs appeared on either side of him.

"Whoa—whoa, not yet, big guy!" Kas said, patting Mies's leg. "Lemme get you lined up first."

The ever-present, foul-smelling lube had already caked itself between Maelduin's buttocks, and despite its immense size, Mies's cock nestled effortlessly between them.

"Okay, there you go!" Kas said. "I, uh, think this might hurt," he added to Maelduin.

Mies shoved forward, punching Maelduin's ass with enough force to crush a skull. The poor druid's wearied hole stood no chance. It stretched, felt as though it would tear in two, and then stretched some more. The hyper-innervated orifice sent crisis calls to Maelduin's brain, but there was little he could do but let out a piteous shriek.

Suddenly, the druid's passage opened up enough, and before anybody could react, Mies buried three feet of cock inside the druid's intestines before bottoming out in his chest. The elephant's cock was too blunt and inflexible to make the bend across his transverse colon, and Maelduin's passage was too rigid to flex without tearing. The force of the thrust lifted Maelduin off the ground, and for the remainder of the ordeal, he bobbed in the air, impaled on Mies's oversized cock.

Triumph surged through Mies's body, and he trumpeted loudly as he spurted a hot pint into his victim in a single spurt. The sharp, hot, bloating sensation was too much, and unable to take anymore, Maelduin—at last—blacked out.

Maelduin awoke sometime later, dropped right where Mies had finished with him on the hill. The sun had sunk low into the sky, and the druids had dispersed, but the sound of their partying not far away let Maelduin know that they had not, as he desperately hoped, left him alone.

Flashbacks of what had happened began to surface one after the other, each feeling like a painful but non-mortal arrow wound. Tears welled up in his eyes, and overwhelmed by the cruelty, the remembrance of what he'd done to deserve it all, and—surprisingly not least of all—the sheer joylessness of breeding so many times, he began to sob to himself, softly at first, but then loudly and with abandon.

Something stirred in the darkness, making Maelduin gasp. His head jerked towards the sound, and dread filled his eyes.

"N-no," he said halfheartedly. "Please, can't you j-just leave me alone? What *more* do you want?" he pleaded.

Cythraul looked haughtily down at him and pinned his ears. Maelduin sighed and waited to get spat on again.

But, to his surprise, the llama lay down next to him and cuddled up to him.

Maelduin froze. Unsure of what to do, he slowly reached out to pet the llama. Cythraul's eyelids fluttered, and he stretched out his neck.

Encouraged but still wary, Maelduin cautiously continued petting the llama for a while.

"Is sex *really* that bad for you?" he asked abruptly, stopping his petting and looking earnestly at him.

Cythraul's ears flicked back, then forward again. He stretched out, exposing his groin.

Maelduin shook his head. "Look, I wasn't—wasn't *hitting* on you," he said awkwardly. "I just—that sex was just... so *unsatisfying*!"

The llama's penis poked from the tip of his sheath.

"And how is it any different if *I* have sex with you?" Maelduin persisted. "What's the difference if you fuck me versus a lady-llama?"

Cythraul's ears laid back impatiently.

Maelduin flinched, but the llama didn't spit on him.

"L-look, *okay*," Maelduin said, defeated. "Just—be nice to me, okay? I don't even *know* you; why do you and all of your kind hate me so much?"

At that, the llama sprawled out completely, his neck and legs splayed out lewdly. Maelduin hesitated but then, knowing what was expected of him, reached down to grasp the llama's prehensile prick.

But looking down, he stopped and snatched his hand back.

The llama's penis had curled itself into a circle, and in the middle of the circle was a mark, one that made the druid gasp. It was not a mark that *meant* anything per se, but it was one that Maelduin had seen many times before—had sat on for many years.

"It... can't be..."

Cythraul looked up again, and Maelduin saw in the llama's eyes the soul of his former familiar. The druid's mouth opened in shock.

"I-I am so sorry," he murmured in disbelief.

Cythraul's ears flicked backwards again, and his penis curled upwards, reaching out towards Maelduin.

"I... understand," Maelduin replied.

The Fallen Druid: Chapter 17

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Without another word, he leaned down and began to nurse the llama's cock. Cythraul wasted no time shoving himself down Maelduin's throat, yet as Maelduin gagged and retched, he felt something in the back of his mind telling him that he was, at last, beginning to truly atone for his sins.

The llama fucked his face and ass until daybreak.