

"Come, Maelduin!" Aethnid urged, grabbing the druid by the wrist and hauling him to his feet. "I have something else for you to see!"

Maelduin staggered behind her, barely able to keep his balance and scrambling to keep up as semen trickled unchecked from his gaping anus.

"Just in case you were secretly harboring any preference for females over males alongside your blatant speciesism, I thought I'd show you something to cure you of that, too," the goddess said.

"I don't have any—"

"Oh, pshaw, Maelduin. You're not fooling anyone—least of all, me."

They traveled for perhaps half a mile or so, and then as they ascended a kopje, they spied a cave in the distance.

The hair on the back of Maelduin's neck stood on end. He began to struggle, but his efforts were in vain against Aethnid's iron grasp on his wrist.

"I have a bad feeling about this, Cythraul," he muttered.

"Hmm," his familiar replied unhelpfully.

"Maelduin, you cut me to the quick," Aethnid said dryly. "I've never put you in a situation where you'd get hurt—"

"I can't close my ass right now, thanks to the hippo *you* just made me fuck, Aethnid!" Maelduin exploded.

"I was going to say, 'permanently'," Aethnid finished. "Your anus will tighten back up like it always does, and then I'll find something new to stretch it back out for you."

"But what is the *point* of all this?" Maelduin whined. "You made your point: not all prey is good to have sex with."

He shriveled his nose and shuddered.

"No, you've missed the point *entirely!*" Aethnid said, whirling to face him. She sighed, exasperated. "The *point*, Maelduin, is that you are to have sex with *all* my creatures, and you are to welcome each of them equally, regardless of species, gender, how they smell, how they go about their mating rituals, and so on. If there is a species that likes for the male to ritually piss on the female before he breeds her, then you'd better get ready to get a nice, golden shower before he pressure-washes your insides with jizz. If there's a species—like the hippo—that likes to use its feces as an attractant to the other sex, then you'd better become a scatological connoisseur of the finest order—and fast. If a species wants to bite you while it breeds you, you'd better grow thick skin. Get it?"

"I'm only human, Aethnid," Maelduin offered helplessly.

"With a goddess watching out to make sure no permanent harm comes to you," Aethnid added pointedly.

"Right. Thanks," the druid muttered flatly.

"Come. Your training continues."

Yanked forward again—for Aethnid had never released her grip on his wrist—Maelduin did his best to keep up with the goddess's long stride.

Before they'd made it within 50 feet of the cave, Maelduin's stomach churned on seeing its denizens: a pack of spotted hyenas that had emerged to see what the unfamiliar approaching sound was.

"And, here we are," Aethnid said, abruptly releasing Maelduin's wrist. "Have fun!"

Lightning flashed, and she vanished.

Maelduin took one look at the group, then turned on heel and started to walk away. But, before he could make it three steps, the cackle—Maelduin would have thought it a weird way to describe a group of hyenas if the group's intentions weren't at the forefront of his mind—had already encircled him, and each of its half-

dozen members was looking at him hungrily. One of them, the biggest, was sporting a large erection. Maelduin glanced from the erection to the hyena's grinning, toothy mouth, and back.

He swallowed hard.

"O—okay, Aethnid, point taken," he quavered as the hyenas advanced on him. "Better to have sex than be eaten."

The goddess did not appear, and the hyenas closed in.

"J—just make it quick, okay?" Maelduin whispered.

He started to get down on all fours when the well-endowed leader abruptly stopped and turned its back on him. Between the hyena's legs, its erection was subsiding. In fact, its penis disappeared entirely, sucked all the way up into its sheath. Maelduin cocked his head, puzzled.

"B—but how are you going to have sex with me if you put it away like that?" he asked helplessly.

A sound from the bushes near the cave made him jerk his head to look.

The bushes obscured the view somewhat, but on the other side of them, two of the hyenas were sporting large erections. One turned its back on the other, and just as the one currently looking expectantly at Maelduin had done, it withdrew its erection up into its body. The other, seeing this, mounted the other and—to Maelduin's amusement—began aiming its penis for the spot where the other's had been. Standing nearly vertically on its back legs—and falling over on its back more than once—it persistently kept trying to push its penis into a place it obviously wasn't meant to go.

But amusement turned to amazement when the mounting hyena's penis abruptly vanished, sliding up deep inside the other. Maelduin stared in disbelief as the male rested himself gently and respectfully on the female's back—understandably exhausted after all the two-legged dancing, falling, and getting back up. After a little bit, the male pulled his penis out—all several inches of it—and dismounted. A few seconds later, the female once again extended her own erection and urinated copiously.

The hyena in front of him yipped, startling the druid and making him close his mouth.

"A—are you a—a *female*?" he stammered.

In response, the hyena flagged her bushy tail a little to the side.

Maelduin looked at her skeptically, then stepped up behind her. But, when he brushed her tail aside and felt for her vulva, all he felt was a fleshy, hairy, but empty approximation of a scrotum. He opened his mouth to ask a question, then thought better of it and got down on hands and knees to look.

Sure enough, her perineum was as smooth and featureless as any male the druid encountered. Looking further forward, then glancing over his shoulder, he really couldn't tell her genitalia apart from the others. He began to wonder whether they were all female, and he was the only one with a functional dick, hence their interest in him. And yet, that information wasn't going to help him do what he was supposed to do. Her sheath looked just like those of the wolf he'd been bred by so long ago, and yet something *had* to be different.

"Please don't bite me," he muttered, gingerly reaching up to feel of her sheath.

His eyes widened in surprise. Though the exterior looked essentially the same as a male's sheath, it was only by feeling of its hollowness that he could tell the difference. Even when not erect, males had some substance in their sheaths. Here, he felt only squishy emptiness. Curious, he ran his finger down to the opening and stuck it inside. His eyes widened again.

"Oh, wow," he murmured, "*That* is nice and warm."

The hyena turned and looked at him, then growled. Maelduin flinched and pulled his finger out hastily.

"S—sorry," he stammered. "I—I've never..."

He trailed off as the female turned away from him again, took up a stance with a decidedly impatient planting of her foot, and looked at him over her shoulder again.

"Okay, okay."

The druid got back up but quickly realized that there was no way he was going to be able to stand behind her and have sex at the same time; her sheath was too far forward. He tried kneeling and then scooting up behind her, but that put his penis too low to reach her, and he was still too far back. He tried squatting, but then his knees were in the way. He tried getting up under her like a crab but promptly fell on his back, eliciting whoops of laughter from the hyena clan.

Increasingly frustrated and embarrassed, Maelduin moved between her front and back legs and tried thrusting into her that way, but his penis was pointed the wrong way, and even if he'd been aroused—the frustration and humiliation had killed his sex drive—he couldn't have gotten into her if he wanted to.

"Ugh! How am I supposed to *do* this?!" he cried in frustration.

Finally, he laid on his back, pressed his feet flat against the ground, and lifted his hips. It was a very awkward position that took a lot of muscle to maintain, but the female hyena seemed to get the idea and straddled him. The heat of her passage as it pressed up against his groin elicited a gasp and a stirring in his crotch. Seconds later, her pseudo-penis reached out to slurp and swallow at his member, then retracted to pull him inside.

The feeling was so good and unexpected that Maelduin nearly lost his pose and fell out of her, but he quickly recovered, focused, and began awkwardly flexing his glutes, stroking his penis into and out of her.

"My gosh," he grunted, "No wonder it's so hard for the males to get inside!"

He continued attempting to thrust into her, but it was quickly becoming evident that neither of them was enjoying it. He was obviously uncomfortable from the awkward position and weird muscles in use, and she was growing increasingly fidgety. After a couple of minutes, her pseudo-penis started to grow.

The feeling surprised Maelduin again, freezing him in his tracks. He shivered in delight, feeling her slowly engulfing his malehood and even stretching out to swallow his balls. Maelduin had no way to describe the feeling—"cock vore" was not in his vocabulary—but the gentle, cozy squeeze all along his penis and the pressure as she gripped his orbs made him forget that he was supposed to be thrusting at all.

Unfortunately, the lengthening of her pseudo-penis was the only warning she gave.

In an instant, she leapt off of him, whirled, and bared her teeth. Maelduin yelped in surprise and fell to the ground, but before he could get to his feet, she and the other females were nipping and biting at him. The druid scrambled up, spurred by the sharp pains of teeth ripping away bits of skin on his shins. Just as he was getting his feet under him, the lead female got his ear in her mouth.

"Augh!" Maelduin cried.

He reared up and got to his feet, but too late. Blood streamed down the side of his face. Instinctively reaching for his injured ear, he gasped and looked in horror at the lead female, who defiantly swallowed the small chunk of the top of his ear she'd removed.

She licked her lips.

"Aethnid!" Maelduin cried as he turned on heel, "Help!"

But the hyenas were on him in an instant. One tripped him and sent him sprawling while the others harried his arms and legs.

Lightning struck.

"Well, *well*, Maelduin!" Aethnid said, "I've been gone, what, three minutes, and here you are, getting beaten up by a bunch of *girls*?"

"You said I wouldn't get hurt!" Maelduin wailed, revealing his injured ear.

Aethnid raised her eyebrows.

"Ladies," she said quietly, "Give us a minute."

On cue, the hyenas all went and sat in a row, watching her attentively.

"Oh, Maelduin," she said, kneeling and taking his head in her hands, "You never learn, do you?"

The sky darkened.

"I am a fucking *goddess*!" she roared as thunder clapped. "I am *the* goddess of fucking! And you have the nerve to say to me, 'Fuck you, Aethnid'? You forget yourself, Maelduin: these are all *my* children, but they are also wild animals. What are you? A pathetic human who couldn't even do as he was told and who gets a big head every time I give him the slightest of compliments!"

The sky lightened a bit, and so did her vise-like grip on his jaw.

"I was going to overlook the 'fuck you' comment," she said, more calmly, "But then you scoffed when I reminded you that it is through *my* grace that these animals do not use you and then tear you to shreds." Her expression grew chilly. "So, a reminder was in order. Are we *quite* clear, now, Maelduin?"

"Y—yes, Goddess," Maelduin whispered.

"Good. Your ear will serve as a permanent reminder to you. Now your punishment can commence."

Maelduin gasped and looked up, about to protest, but the look she gave him shut him up.

"It's a shame that female hyenas get such a bad rap," the faerie said ominously. "Rumor has it that since they have a pseudo-penis, they can sometimes rape the males. Such nasty slander. But"—the hyenas all rose and advanced menacingly on Maelduin—"I think that in your case, they'll make an exception."

The biggest female was on him in an instant. There was no warm-up; she just thrust forward and instantly buried her pseudo-penis in the druid's still-gaping ass. She humped him a few times, and then Maelduin let out a groan as she began to urinate inside his bowels. The concentrated, acidic fluid burned his irritated lining and felt like being punched in the gut.

As Maelduin opened his mouth in pain, another female mounted his face. Before he could react, she'd shoved her seven-inch member down his throat, somehow deliberately hitting his gag reflex. He tried to back away from her but only drove the alpha female deeper into his rectum.

Suddenly, his throat filled with the same vile stuff as his ass. He could feel his throat swelling and his stomach distending to accommodate the heavy stream. The female pulled back and finished emptying her bladder directly into his mouth. His taste buds all screamed from overstimulation by the acrid liquid.

It tasted so bad that his face tingled and buzzed.

The other two females took their turns, likewise filling Maelduin's ass and throat with rank piss, and then the three lesser females went back into the cave, leaving Maelduin quietly sobbing and the alpha eyeing him coolly.

"Do *not* disrespect me again, Maelduin," Aethnid warned.

With a silent flash, she was gone, and the alpha moved in on him again.

The druid squeezed his eyes closed and shrank away, but the overwhelming scent of compost startled them open again. He gasped and flinched, but too late. The female had turned her back on him, and just as he opened his eyes, she squeezed a thick, greasy mass of hyena butter out of her anal glands and let it plop down onto his face.

Maelduin twitched in disgust but remained hunched there, too overwhelmed to get up as the hyena haughtily strode off.

The piss was gross, but it wasn't anything he hadn't experienced before. The hyena butter was grosser, and yet at least it didn't smell quite as bad as feces. But, the emasculation of being raped by a female—at the command of a goddess, who was also a female—*that* really got to him. It wasn't fair! He was used to being put in his place by males bigger and stronger than he was, but deep down, he realized, he had always seen females as a way to get his rocks off. Sure, he'd make an attempt to get them off, too, but he never had to worry about them hurting him.

Until now.

The sinking feeling that accompanied the realization how low he was—at the very bottom of the pecking order—nauseated the druid even more than the hyena butter did. He felt angry at being cast so low, yet he was also fearful of what Aethnid might do if she had so casually "allowed" him to be injured so grievously, what her other "children" might do to him if he ever fell out of her good graces. His hands alternately clenched and relaxed as anger and fear vied for control of his mind. He was so preoccupied with both that he didn't notice the soft padding of footsteps.

Something warm and coarse-furred brushed against his side. He gasped and looked, then shrank away as best he could while still hunched over.

"Come to finish the job?" he asked miserably. "Fine. Just do it," he spat.

But, to his surprise, the hyena did not try to eat him or even to fuck him. Instead, it curled up next to him, it breathing calm and strangely soothing.

Maelduin glanced over cautiously, then gasped again.

The hyena's ears both had nips taken out of them. Its body was scarred from nose to toes, and patches of hair were permanently missing.

"Wh—what happened to *you*?" Maelduin asked, his curiosity getting the better of him.

The hyena leaned up, then looked towards the cave and lay back down again.

"The other hyenas did that to you?" the druid asked, aghast. "What did you do to deserve *that*?"

The hyena hesitated, then lifted its leg and glanced down at its genitals.

Maelduin followed the hyena's gaze, and then it dawned on him.

"You're a male, aren't you?" he asked. "Wow, you—you guys have it really hard, huh?"

The hyena didn't respond.

Looking back on that day, Maelduin would never know what possessed him to do it, but an overwhelming urge welled up within him, and he reached around, stroked the hyena's side, then brushed his hand down towards the animal's sheath. With a few gentle strokes, he coaxed the hyena's penis out and began gently caressing it. The hyena's hips thrust involuntarily against his hand, and Maelduin shifted to gently jacking him off. The rest of the hyena's length emerged. He was no bigger than the females had been, and to Maelduin's surprise, he lacked a knot like a wolf would have had. Instead, his penis gently tapered into a slight bulge, then squeezed back in slightly at the base.

But, knot or not, the full-body shudders from the hyena as he began to cum were unmistakable. Maelduin could feel him twitching against his side in rhythm to the throbbing and pulsing in his hand. He let the hyena climax and shoot little jets into the air.

But the pleasant respite was soon interrupted. The lead female and her posse soon emerged from the cave and began advancing on the two. The hyena saw them first and scurried to his feet, then tucked his tail and joined them, leaving Maelduin still crouched down and lightly sprawled on the ground.

The female bared her teeth, and Maelduin was up in an instant, running away as fast as his injured ankles would let him.

To his relief, the hyenas did not chase him, and he quickly slowed to a pained hobble.

"Hmm."

He turned and, seeing his familiar, deflated.

"Oh, Cythraul," he whimpered, "At least *you're* not mad at me."

He collapsed on the ground and even spread his legs for the inevitable, but instead, his familiar cuddled next to him and draped his neck protectively over his back.

"Y—you're a good familiar, Cythraul," Maelduin murmured.

## The Fallen Druid: Chapter 26

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Despite the residual pain, hurt feelings, and the unpleasant smell of hyena excretions on his face, exhaustion won out, and the druid fell asleep quickly, barely mustering the energy to wipe the drying hyena butter off his face.