

"I can't believe you've been letting the camels take the credit all this time," Maelduin said. "I've spent a month paying them back and haven't even gotten *started* paying you back."

"Hmm," Cythraul replied.

"It's big of you to say that, but... you wouldn't fault me for trying, would you?"

"Hmm."

Maelduin chuckled. "I didn't think so."

He leaned in, hesitantly at first, watching his familiar's reaction.

Cythraul leaned forward, too, and their lips met. All at once, they melted against each other, and Maelduin wrapped his arms around the llama's neck. Cythraul's fuzzy lips mouthed over Maelduin's nose, his angular teeth parted, and his tongue slipped into the druid's mouth.

Had such a thing happened when they had first met, Maelduin would have recoiled and probably thrown up. But now, after all they had been through, the druid leaned in and stretched his own tongue out to caress his familiar's (which tasted a lot like cactus juice). Maelduin's breath began to stutter and quaver with anticipation.

Without a word between them, Cythraul leaned over and lay on his side, and Maelduin stretched himself out, pressing his groin against the llama's belly and scooching down until he could feel his familiar's sheath between his buttocks. He quivered again and squeezed his arms even tighter around Cythraul's neck as the llama's penis slipped out, poked gently at his perineum, then found his hole.

Maelduin gasped and squeezed his eyes closed, then moaned hornily into his familiar's mouth as the llama's prick entered him, wriggling side to side to tease every bit of his hole and rubbing lusciously against the druid's prostate. Maelduin felt his own penis getting hard between them, the feeling of Cythraul's belly-hair titillating his protruding member. Panting, Maelduin wrapped his legs around Cythraul's belly as best he could, and his familiar rolled over on top of him.

Cythraul was getting into it, too. He began humming with each exhalation, and within a few seconds, his droning began to warble as his own passion mounted. Hot llama breath smelling of masticated plants washed over Maelduin's face and flooded into his nostrils. It wasn't a *bad* smell, but it was so strong that Maelduin could practically taste it each time his familiar exhaled.

Its tip fluttering erratically, Cythraul's cock stretched out with each hum and pulled back in with each inhalation. The druid's buttohole rhythmically squeezing around it felt wonderfully good, and unlike the llama's usual "cum and go" routine, he felt his climax emerging from deep within his balls, the kind of build-up that feels good on its own, even without climax. Shuddering, he drove his cock ever deeper into the druid, eliciting ecstatic moans in response.

Maelduin squeezed his eyes closed and clung to his familiar's neck, gasping big handfuls of llama hair tightly in his fists. He wanted to grit his teeth, yet his tongue was at that moment doing a thrilling tango with his familiar's. Instead, he began to undulate his body, rocking his hips up and down, forward and back, left and right to use his anus to apply varying pressure on different sides of Cythraul's shaft as he stroked. The llama gasped into Maelduin's mouth, but the druid didn't care.

"C—Cythraul, I—" Maelduin grunted haltingly.

The llama opened his eyes, startled, and then suddenly held perfectly still.

Maelduin's eyes snapped open, and he pulled his head back and stared at his familiar in disbelief. A trail of saliva connected the two for a moment, then broke.

The llama would have smiled if he could have, but he didn't need to; the glint in his eyes did it for him. Maelduin cocked his head, then smiled faintly himself. Leaning forward, he nibbled the llama's lower lip invitingly, and the two dialed their passion down several notches. Maelduin closed his eyes and sighed contentedly, savoring the feeling of buildup without the urgency that accompanies the edge of climax. His penis drooled liberal amounts of precum between them and stuck to Cythraul's belly-hair, but neither of them minded.

After a minute or two to cool down and step back from the edge, they began to grind against each other once more. Cythraul's penis began to flutter, and Maelduin's hips began to undulate. Soon, they were at the edge again, panting, humming, and groaning like the horny animals—horny *lovers*—they were. Each of them felt his balls throbbing, *aching* for release, yet once more, they reached the edge and stopped, both of them shuddering hard from the exertion and force of will required to do so.

Once they'd taken a breath, a wild look came into both of their eyes, a glint of mischief and devil-may-care. This time, they threw themselves completely at each other. Maelduin grasped the back of the llama's head and pulled him forward as if trying to swallow his whole muzzle. Cythraul was taken aback by the druid's forcefulness yet found it arousing, and he responded by drilling the druid's ass even harder. This time as they rushed towards the edge like an out-of-control locomotive, they screamed and leapt from it.

The result was a gut-wrenching, anus-clenching, testicle-draining orgasm that lasted far longer than usual and left them both giddy. Like the feeling after the first workout in a long time, the depth of climax left a pleasant but unfamiliar soreness deep in Maelduin's abdomen that stretched from the tip of his cock through his balls down to his anus, as if he had successfully grabbed and lifted a fifty-pound weight through the sheer will of his pelvic floor. He could not remember any point in his life when he had orgasmed so hard. His grasp on the back of Cythraul's head relaxed, and as his familiar pulled his head back into a more comfortable position, the druid's fingers trailed down the llama's face and came to rest on his muzzle. Chuckling in spite of himself, Maelduin gently caressed his familiar's face.

"Well," he said at last as Cythraul's spent cock slid lusciously from his ass, "That felt good."

"Hmm," Cythraul agreed emphatically.

"Aethnid was right," the druid murmured.

Cythraul did a double-take, then pinned his ears.

Maelduin laughed. "I don't deserve you," he said, stroking his familiar's face affectionately.

The llama seemed to breathe a sigh of relief, then moved his head to the side and rested it next to Maelduin's face. The druid dozed off with his familiar snoozing on his chest.

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Brilliant sunlight awakened them both, and Maelduin instinctively covered his eyes before opening them. Groaning, he stretched as Cythraul clambered to his feet and did the same. Getting to his feet, Maelduin shielded his eyes and looked around. Having spent so much time with the camels in the blistering heat of the desert, it was disorienting to be back in the savannah so abruptly. While the temperature and terrain were far more comfortable, the druid had to admit that he had gotten used to the slightly-different-shaped dunes that had become landmarks, and their absence now left him feeling a little bit lost.

"Cythraul?" he said at last, "Where the hell are we?" He frowned. "Cythraul? What are you looking—holy crap!"

He jumped forwards and whirled to see a warthog that had somehow snuck up behind him, its wet snout only an inch from his crack.

"Where did *you* come from?" the druid asked incredulously, looking around disbelievingly for some kind of inter-dimensional portal—or at least a rock large enough for the warthog to have hidden behind.

The warthog didn't answer, yet it seemed keenly interested in Maelduin. It raised its tail in anticipation and stepped towards the wary druid, its large, sharp tusks coming dangerously close to the human's fragile skin.

"E—easy does it," the druid said nervously, his toes curling defensively and his belly sucking in, out of reach of the inquisitive wild pig.

The warthog took another step forward and pushed its wet snout against Maelduin's leg. The druid shriveled his nose but stood stock-still, the combination of surprise and uncertainty rooting him to the spot as the interloper's nose traced its way around the curvature of his ass and then buried itself in the cleft.

Maelduin yelped and jumped forward, but the warthog's curiosity was piqued, and he trotted forward, doggedly keeping his nose between the druid's buttocks.

"Cythraul," Maelduin said over his shoulder as he led the warthog around by an invisible nose-ring, "I think he likes the smell of your dick."

"Hmm," Cythraul replied ironically.

The druid sighed and, resolving himself, came to a stop, bracing himself just in time as the warthog's momentum drove his snout so deep between Maelduin's buttocks that it moistened the druid's cum-cruste hole. Maelduin shuddered at the feeling, then shuddered again—violently—as the warthog's hot, snuffling breath washed over his now-wet taint.

*Duty calls*, Maelduin thought, but then a strange thought seized him. His eyes darted to Cythraul, who had kushed and was chewing his cud thoughtfully while he watched.

"It doesn't bother you that I'm about to fuck someone else?" the druid asked, feeling a *tad* betrayed.

"Hmm," the llama replied, as if shrugging his shoulders.

*In all fairness, I was doing this before we met—well, with him in this form anyway...*

While Maelduin was lost in thought, the warthog had no such distractions and reared up on his hind legs, coming down against Maelduin's lower back. Caught off guard, Maelduin yelped and toppled forward, catching himself on all fours before he face-planted. But, although the warthog's momentum had knocked the druid forward, his porcine paramour had bounced off and likewise had to move quickly to avoid falling over backwards. Despite all that, the warthog regrouped quickly and thrust his nose up against Maelduin's anus to reassure himself. Feeling the hog's tusks grazing roughly against his buttocks, Maelduin froze, afraid that if he moved suddenly, he might be gored. The warthog took his stillness as acceptance and leapt up and forward, landing his chest solidly on the druid's rump.

The warthog's pointed penis struck his perineum. It felt like a sharpened pencil jabbing into him with the force of a 250-pound animal driving it forward. Maelduin yelped, seeing stars and instinctively trying to crawl away. But the warthog, now that he had his prize in his grasp, squeezed his forelegs around Maelduin's waist and danced forward on his hind legs to match the druid's movements. Far from the gentleness of the camels and outright caution shown by Cythraul, the boar's thrusts were a sharp reminder to Maelduin of what things had been like before. Though his ass had received *plenty* of attention while out in the desert, he had forgotten the brutality of mindless fucking. Gritting his teeth and squeezing his eyes closed, tears streamed down his cheeks as the boar thrust again and again, *finally* finding his mark.

Yet, all that achieved was redirecting the brunt of the warthog's blows from Maelduin's perineum to the wall of his rectum. What had felt like sharp, stabbing pain before now felt like getting stabbed and punched in the gut at the same time. The blunt force took the druid's breath away while the sharp stabbing made him cry out. It didn't take long for his lungs to empty. Feeling panicked from the twin pains of hog cock and lack of air, Maelduin at last gasped in a breath but immediately began holding it, willing the pig to hurry up and be done.

The warthog did *not* hurry up, but he did at least stop thrusting. Buried deep within Maelduin's passage, his corkscrew tip finally quit fluttering and stabbing and settled in to start cumming instead. The difference in body temperature between druid and warthog made the process noticeable, with Maelduin feeling as though someone were injecting hot metal into his bowels. It wasn't *quite* painful, but it was certainly uncomfortable. Grimacing, he adjusted his stance a little bit to get comfortable during the 15-minute ordeal. Aside from the warthog occasionally scrabbling to stay balanced on the druid's back, the copulation was not particularly noteworthy.

At last, sated, the warthog pulled out, eliciting a full-body shudder from the druid and then a disgusted grimace at the realization that the warthog had squirted a plug into his ass that would seal the hot semen inside of him for an hour or two. With a soft thud, the warthog dismounted, loitered a few seconds, and then wandered off nonchalantly.

Maelduin and Cythraul exchanged glances.

"Ugh," said the druid.

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"It wasn't *bad*, per se; it was just kind of, I dunno, ho-hum," Maelduin said sometime later.

"Hmm."

Lying on his belly with his legs spread, the druid glanced up and over his shoulder at his familiar, who was kushing on him and whose penis had just found the warthog's cum-plug. As the llama pierced it and half a liter of pig jizz squirted out of the druid's ass, Maelduin's eye twitched involuntarily.

"Truth be told, *that* was grosser than the actual experience," Maelduin remarked when he'd recovered. "I thought warthogs were supposed to be smelly and gross, but he was nothing like the hippos"—he shuddered at the thought—"and even the camels could get a little ripe. *Ohh...*"

He trailed off, gasping and quivering as Cythraul's penis began to torment his prostate.

"I feel like I'm being awfully passive here. Are you *sure* you don't want me to, I dunno, blow you or something?"

"Hmm," Cythraul responded as he began to cum.

Maelduin closed his eyes and exhaled sharply, arching his back as best he could and rhythmically squeezing with his ass. The llama's humming began to warble.

"Heh, heh. Feels good, huh?"

"Hmm... *Hmm...*"

They both tensed as Cythraul's orgasm peaked, and then both sighed contentedly. Though Maelduin had not gotten off this time, the feeling of his familiar's cock inside of him felt pleasant in its own right.

"You've definitely got me spoiled," the druid murmured. "Even when I don't get off, sex with you is mighty satisfying. It makes for a nice way to start and end the day."

"Hmm."

The two lay there, Maelduin with his hands layered under his chin and Cythraul kushing on top of him, lazily watching as the sun began to set.