

A few days passed without anything particularly noteworthy happening. That is to say, Aethnid's curse or blessing or whatever it was *did* still seem to have an effect on the animals around them, as Maelduin found himself in near-constant demand, but though the encounters were frequent, they all proceeded much as the many encounters he'd had before. In the interim, he and Cythraul wandered the forest, enjoying the occasional swim or a bush of wild berries, and above all, enjoying each other's company.

It was mid-morning when they found themselves ascending a slope in the woods. At the top was an opening in the trees, and as they came to the edge of the glade, the sun shone brilliantly down on them from the far end of the clearing. Maelduin shielded his eyes from the blinding rays, then gasped and did a double-take.

There, silhouetted against the vibrant light, was a massive buck, the biggest he'd ever seen.

"Cythraul! Psst!" he hissed, pointing. "Look!"

The llama cocked his head this way and that, trying to make out the figure in the distance. At last, he hummed indifferently.

"Aww, come on!" the druid whispered, nudging him in the side with his elbow, "He looks like you used to!"

They crept forward so as not to spook the buck—or, rather, Maelduin did; Cythraul didn't care—but they needn't have worried. As they got closer and off to the side to let the canopy shield the sun's blinding rays, they saw the buck lower his head and scarf something down with almost unnatural fervor.

A faint breeze wafted the smell of rotting fruit to Maelduin's nose. He did a double-take, then glanced back at the buck. Sure enough, he had come across a cache of rotten berries and was *really* going at them with gusto.

Snap.

The buck froze, his ears flicking backwards. Maelduin held his breath and gave Cythraul a dirty look. The llama did his equivalent of shrugging indifferently, and then, to Maelduin's dismay, hummed loudly.

The buck raised his head, then turned to look directly at them.

Maelduin gasped. This was no buck.

Its *profile* was like that of a buck—it had a magnificent rack, and its body was generally buck-shaped—but as it turned and stared at the druid with burning, red eyes inset into a face covered with black, shaggy hair, the druid recoiled in shock. The "buck's" lip curled upward to reveal teeth like a wolf's.

"Wh—what *is* that thing?" Maelduin whispered, but Cythraul was equally transfixed.

As the creature turned its body to point at the interloping pair, Maelduin caught glimpses of the rest of its body that made him shudder. Its middle torso was a patchwork of the sleek, brown hair of a buck and tufts of shaggy, black wolf's fur. Though all four legs were long like a buck's, its forelegs were shaggy and ended in wolf's paws. Yet, that paled in comparison to its backside, which seemed to have been supplanted by a pig's butt and back legs. Its rump was rounded and consisted of leathery, mottled pink and gray butt skin, sparsely covered by coarse, stiff hair that contrasted garishly with the patchwork of buck and wolf. A corkscrew tail poked out above the creature's buttocks, dangling above two massive testes that would have put even the most endowed boar to shame. The animal's muscular haunches traced down long, buck-length legs into pig trotters, and beneath his belly, a nearly hairless sheath vanished into the mixture of wolf and buck fur that started abruptly about mid-waist.

The jarring combination of animal traits mixed into a single animal that was *clearly* not naturally occurring would have been unnerving enough, but on top of all that, the animal was visibly swaying. Maelduin thought it was just his imagination, but then he saw it again. Very definitely, the creature was having trouble maintaining its balance.

Unsure of the creature's intentions, Maelduin froze for a long time before finally getting up the courage to speak.

"I—it's okay," he said, cautiously extending his hand in a manner he hoped came off as appeasing. "W—we're just passing through. Didn't mean to interrupt your, uh, meal."

He swallowed hard, then with a glance at Cythraul, he began backing away slowly.

The creature stared at him, its eyes flashing with recognition yet offering no indication of intent. It wobbled again.

"You, uh, might want to lay off the rotten berries," Maelduin offered. "Staggering around is not a good look for such a—um... a *striking* figure." To Cythraul out of the corner of his mouth, he said, "That's fair, right? 'Striking' is honest but not insulting..."

"Hmm."

The two glanced at each other, then both turned and headed back the way they'd come.

"Leaving so soon?" a boisterous, male voice boomed behind them.

They froze, then whirled to see the ~~buck~~ creature standing majestically at the top of the hill, the sunlight blazing behind him like a halo.

"You should stay!" the creature said, "There's plenty more of those berries to go around!"

Hearing a voice other than his own was uncanny, but the part that really got Maelduin's attention was that the creature moved his lips as he talked.

"D—did you just... *talk*?" Maelduin stammered.

"Yes!" the creature offered helpfully.

"Who—who *are* you?" Maelduin asked.

"Hmm," Cythraul added.

"Y—yeah, um, if it's not too rude, *what* are you?"

"Me?" the creature thundered enthusiastically, "I am a chimera!"

Maelduin and Cythraul exchanged glances. "A chimera? I've never seen a chimera before."

"I am the only one of my kind!"

"Hmm," Cythraul said, pinning his ears.

"Easy, Cythraul," Maelduin said, patting his familiar's neck. "He seems friendly enough."

"Hmm."

Maelduin did a double-take. "Really? *That's* the thing you disapprove of? The fact that he can talk? Well, what about you?"

"Hmm."

"I feel like that's arguing semantics. You 'modulating your hum' to convey different things doesn't seem all that different from him 'modulating his sounds' to do it."

"A—are you two okay?" the chimera asked. "Do you need a minute?" he teased.

"N—no," Maelduin said, giving Cythraul a quick pat on the neck. "We're just—you know—we've never seen anything like you before, and Cythraul here, he—he doesn't know how to take it."

"Hmm."

"Oh, come on; I was being polite. Are you *that* jealous?"

Cythraul glared at Maelduin, then huffed, conceding the point.

"I have not seen you before," the chimera said. "Who are *you* who wander my woods?"

Maelduin did a double-take. "*Your* woods? Are—aren't these woods *Aethnid's* woods?"

"These woods are my woods," the chimera reiterated. "I have claimed them as mine, rubbed my antlers on the trees, marked the ground with my urine. See?" he asked, gesturing to a spot right under Maelduin's foot.

The druid looked down, then jumped off of the urine marking and wiped his foot on the ground.

"Ah, ha! You *do* see!" the chimera said triumphantly. "So, my question still stands: who are you?"

"I'm Maelduin, and this is Cythraul, my familiar."

"My name is Alwyndd. I am glad to see you."

"Glad?" Maelduin asked, looking around. "Why glad?"

"It has been a long time since I have had company," the chimera replied. His burning eyes narrowed piercingly. "But, how did you come to be here, wandering my woods?"

Maelduin's mouth opened and closed, but no sound came out. Where to even begin?

"That's a—a long story," he admitted at last.

"By the light of the sun and the glow of the moon, we have all the time in the world!" Alwyndd boomed. "Tell me everything!"

"*Everything?!?*" Maelduin's mind reeled.

The chimera raised an eyebrow. "How about one step at a time?" he asked with an encouraging smile. "Come, you can tell me while we walk."

Maelduin couldn't quite pin down why, but he had a good feeling about this Alwyndd chap. Over the next couple of hours, he relayed the major events of his life—how he had pledged himself to serve Aethnid, his fall from grace, her summoning him. He left out the details about the sex with the animals, vaguely describing his punishment as being made to "serve" the animals in Aethnid's domain. All the while, Alwyndd listened attentively, his fearsome appearance taking on a more thoughtful, interested expression that Maelduin found endearing.

"So, what about you two?" Alwyndd asked after a while, gesturing to Cythraul. "How did you come to travel together?"

Maelduin hesitated, then said that Cythraul was his familiar, reincarnated from a previous life after Maelduin killed him.

"Killed him?" Alwyndd asked quizzically.

"My lowest moment," Maelduin confessed. "He was beautiful, a majestic buck, not unlike you, except—"

"—Except *all* buck?" Alwyndd asked knowingly.

"Yeah. Suffice to say, when Aethnid reunited us, he was not very happy to see me."

"And yet, I've been watching the two of you for several days, and—"

"Whoa, whoa, you've been *watching* us?" Maelduin asked.

"Of course. It is a monarch's job to know what goes on in his kingdom, is it not?" He let that sink in. "Rest assured, you have certainly 'served' Aethnid's animals well," he added with a conspiratorial smirk, his eyes flashing at the recollection.

"Those sounds I heard in the woods—that was you?"

"In the flesh," Alwyndd said, bowing low.

"See, Cythraul? I *told* you there was something out there!"

The llama's eyes narrowed suspiciously at the chimera, but he said nothing.

"So, now the two of you travel together and seem to be pretty happy," Alwyndd said, redirecting the conversation. "So, why are you still here? If you've reconciled, surely Aethnid must be happy?"

Maelduin's face clouded. "I—I dunno," he said. "She seemed to get really angry that Cythraul had forgiven me, as if I'd, I dunno, tricked him or something."

"Did you trick him?"

"I—I don't think so?" Maelduin said, looking helplessly at Cythraul for support.

In response, the llama rested his head on the druid's shoulder but continued eyeing the chimera suspiciously.

"Well, if you ask me, Aethnid is being completely unfair," Alwyndd declared. "A little excess now and then can be a good thing! Take me, for instance. Those berries have left me feeling *quite* good-natured. Who is *she* to punish you, to tell you not to indulge in the bounties Nature has put forth?"

Maelduin hesitated. "Well, maybe a *little* indulgence can be okay from time to time, but I killed my own familiar in pursuit of wealth. That's certainly going too far. Besides, spending time with him here has reminded me of the simple pleasures of living off the land."

"Of course, of course," Alwyndd agreed, nodding. " 'Everything in moderation', the saying goes."

"Right, Maelduin said.

They fell silent for a moment, and then a glint through the trees got his attention.

"Like this," the druid said, beckoning with his head as he pushed back the vegetation and pointed to a clear pond. "These are all over the place here. Before Aethnid summoned me here, I would have taken them for granted. But, after spending time in the desert, deprived of clean water for so long, I cherish every one of these I find."

"They truly are a beautiful sight to behold," Alwyndd agreed. "And the water tastes quite good."

"Absolutely!" Maelduin exclaimed, his face lighting up.

As the two went off extolling the benefits of ordinary water, Cythraul found his attention wandering. There was something *off* about this 'Alwyndd' character. How many animals moved their lips to speak? Who did he think he was, challenging Aethnid's dominion or second-guessing her? Why did he attract Maelduin like a moth to a flame? Frowning thoughtfully, he found his gaze drifting out over the water, where he could see the reflection of his human. The sight of it elicited a contented sigh: his human, who had repented for his past sins and who treated him now like a most beloved lover. What more could he ask for?

But then his eyes trailed lower, and the llama jumped in surprise and alarm.

Where Alwyndd was standing was not the reflection of a chimera but that of a high elf, his ears pointed and his cheekbones perched imperiously high on his face. Cythraul's eyes darted upward, to where the chimera's mouth moved in unison with the elf's lips in the water.

"—for instance, a little bit of wine can be awfully nice, a refreshing, delicious alternative to water from time to time," Alwyndd was saying.

"Gosh, I can't remember when I last had wine," Maelduin replied. "It must have been before Aethnid summoned—"

"HMM!"

"—C—Cythraul? What's the matter?" the druid cried, startled by the llama's abrupt interruption.

"Hmm. Hmm!"

Maelduin listened, then frowned and shook his head. "Cythraul," he chided, "Far be it from me to tell you how to behave, but this jealousy is not a good look on you; you've been sour on Alwyndd ever since we first met him; what's he done to you?"

Cythraul started to retort, but then, before his eyes, the elf's reflection changed to a chimera. His eyes darted to Alwyndd, who fixed him with an ominous stare.

"Hmm," he said balefully.

"Well, sure, people aren't always what they seem," Maelduin said blithely, "But Alwyndd here seems like a nice, uh, chimera. Surely you have to give him that?"

"Hmm," Cythraul conceded.

"That's my pal," Maelduin said, rubbing his familiar's neck vigorously. "And, don't worry; you have nothing to be jealous of. You're my familiar, and I'm your human, and nothing can take that away."

"Hmm."

"But you say the last time you had wine was before you were summoned here?" Alwyndd asked incredulously. "Surely you must know how to make wine; you just pluck the berries and let them ferment!"

"I've, um, had other priorities," Maelduin chuckled. "Since you know already," he said, reddening, "My punishment was to have sex with all the animals, and they can be a... *demanding* bunch."

"Well, then! I'd say you've earned yourself a little respite," Alwyndd boomed. "Come! I've got a nice little cache of it around here somewhere."

He lowered his head and began sniffing in a distinctly canine style. It took a fair bit of self-control for Maelduin to avoid snickering at the sight of the massive rack moving to and fro as the chimera's muzzle led him to what he was looking for.

"There!" Alwyndd said, pointing with his nose. "Just move a little dirt to the side, and you'll find it!"

Curiously, Maelduin moved up next to the chimera and ran his hand over the ground. The soil was indeed disturbed, though the disturbance didn't look like a typical rubbing. He scooped the soil out of the way, then did a double-take on seeing a small mass of fermented berries whose smell alone was intoxicating.

"Oh, wow," Maelduin said, lifting them out of the ground.

"Cup your hands tightly!" Alwyndd warned.

As if on cue, the rotted mass suddenly deteriorated, the pulp floating to the surface, leaving nothing but clear, red wine cupped in the bottom of Maelduin's hands.

"Taste it!" Alwyndd said encouragingly. "I've been working on my process."

Considering to himself that in his time here, he'd had countless penises, vaginas, urine, and even Cythraul's fungus-infested foot in his mouth, Maelduin figured whatever the liquid was, it couldn't be worse than any of that. Bringing his palms to his face, he sniffed the liquid, then let out an involuntary sigh as pleasant memories of his past life came wafting up to him: the parties, the indulgent dinners all captured in a single, pleasant whiff. He smiled and drank the liquid, being careful not to get the scummy pulp in his mouth.

He immediately felt a wave of warmth flow through him, followed swiftly by a calm, happy feeling.

"Ooh, Cythraul," he murmured, "This is some good stuff. You should try some."

"Hmm."

"Your loss."

"Good stuff, isn't it?" Alwyndd asked. "I make it myself!"

"It's really the best I remember ever having," Maelduin admitted. He frowned. "But, how do you—an animal—know how to make wine? And such good wine, no less?"

"I have lived a very long time," Alwyndd replied gravely. "Once you've spent many years just living, you start to find ways to liven things up. Then, you find ways to make livening things up taste good. And, here we are. How about some more?"

Maelduin nodded automatically, not even thinking about it. A few seconds later, Alwyndd pointed him to another buried pocket of wine, and the druid gulped it down eagerly.

"It's better than sex, isn't it?" Alwyndd asked.

"Oh, man," Maelduin replied, reeling a bit. "It's—it's *really* good."

"Would you like another?"

"Hmm!" Cythraul interjected.

Maelduin hesitated. "C—Cythraul's right," he mumbled, "I—I really shouldn't."

"Oh, and who's *he* to say what you can and cannot do?" Alwyndd asked, looking directly into the llama's eyes. "I think you should be free to be yourself, to cut loose once in a while, to indulge in what *you* enjoy!"

"You know, when you put it that way," Maelduin said, "Yeah! Let's do it. I *would* like another. Please."

"Well, since you asked so nicely..."

After six drinks, Maelduin was completely intoxicated and barely able to stand up. Cythraul had given up trying to stop him but now watched Alwyndd like a hawk, his suspicions confirmed that this—this *talking animal*—was not to be trusted, yet he still didn't know what the creature was up to.

Meanwhile, Maelduin was slurring his words and carrying on, his arm alternately draped over Cythraul's shoulder or Alwyndd's, and the chimera was actively egging him on.

"Y—you know s—s—something?" Maelduin slurred, "Fuck Aethnid and all her *rules*! *This* is the life for me! Mm, good friends, good wine, good water... who *needs* her?"

"Yeah!" Alwyndd agreed. "Why bother worshiping some goddess who's never around and who only shows up to scold you?"

"That's what I—what I'm saying!" Maelduin enthused.

He stumbled and fell on his knees in front of Alwyndd. Peering into the chimera's eyes, he felt a faint sense of foreboding, but his wine-induced high helped him shrug it off.

"You know what would be crazy right now?" Alwyndd said quietly.

"Hmm? Wha'sat?" Maelduin asked.

"If—what if we had sex *right now*? Just, you know, right here out in the open?"

Maelduin stared at him stupidly for a moment, then burst out laughing.

"We can't do that!" he said. "Cythraul will see us! And you *know* how jealous that llama is; I'd never hear the end of it!"

"But, don't you have sex with everything else? It's just to be expected for you, isn't it?" Alwyndd pressed.

Mildly addled, Maelduin considered it foggily. "Wh—well, I—I guess it's no different, is it?" he finally concluded. "Yeah, I've taken a hundred mice—or, or rats, or—or whatever they were—in a single night..." He trailed off, not quite sure whether he was boasting or expressing deep regret.

"Well, how about a chimera, then?"

Maelduin looked at him, cocked his head, then shrugged.

"S—sure, I—let's do it. Top or bottom?"

"Oh," Alwyndd said, his eyes flashing as he licked his canines, "Top. Most *definitely* top."

In a flash, he was on top of Maelduin, dog's paws manhandling him into position while a porcine prick erupted from his sheath and sharply stabbed the druid in the perineum. Maelduin was used to harsh breeding, but even through the fog of inebriation, the stabbing pain was intense.

"Y—ow!" he cried, struggling.

"Just hold still," Alwyndd growled.

Canine paws wrapped tightly around Maelduin's hips, clamping the druid between the chimera's forelegs and sheath in a vise-like grip. The chimera thrust again, and Maelduin's eyes bulged as at least two feet of cock shot up his rectum all at once.

"E—easy!" he cried. "Ow! Not even wild animals fuck his hard!"

"Th—they don't know what they're missing," Alwyndd growled, thrusting even harder. "Oh, *yes!* Such a long, *deep* passage!"

Maelduin shuddered, his whole body jerking as the chimera's cock struck his transverse colon, struck it again, and then bent sharply and started traversing it. A wave of nausea hit the druid like a sledgehammer.

"Ugh," he groaned miserably, "How *long* is your dick?!"

"Oh, plenty," Alwyndd boasted. "Where do you think I get my big-dick energy?"

With a few more thrusts, he buried himself fully in the druid's ass. Maelduin could feel the chimera's testicles shuddering. They were so big that each one was almost as big as the buttock it was pressed up against. Maelduin's eye twitched involuntarily as he tried to get used to the member lodged so impossibly deep inside his intestines. Not even the walrus had been able to penetrate him so deeply.

And yet, as the druid tried to catch his breath, he found it increasingly difficult as the spot where Alwyndd's cock-tip should be started to throb.

"Ooh—oof," the druid gasped. "Wh—why does it hurt so much?"

"Hurt? Hurt?! It feels *amazing!*" Alwyndd guffawed. "*Finally*, something deep enough to take my knot!"

"Y—your *knot?*!" Maelduin panted, wincing. "Is *that* what feels like it's trying to make my stomach explode?"

"I dunno, maybe," the chimera replied dreamily. "Either way, not my problem."

He did something—flexed maybe—and Maelduin let out a sharp yelp as the now fully engorged knot lodged in his bowel and tried unsuccessfully to jerk backward.

"*Ohh, yes!*" Alwyndd groaned lewdly. "That tug. That glorious *tug!* I hope you're ready for some cum, Maelduin. I'm a—about to cum buckets!"

"No, wait—ngh!"

Maelduin let out a pained groan as the chimera began to ejaculate into him. Scalding jets of high-pressure semen blasted his inner passage, immediately making him cramp. But, as the minutes dragged on, that became the least of his worries because Alwyndd had not been exaggerating. After half an hour, the druid's gut had distended so much that it was nearly touching the ground, and yet he could still feel the rhythmic throbbing of Alwyndd's penis all along his colon as spurt after spurt flooded into him. The pressure in front of the chimera's knot was immense, and Maelduin had long since started panting because it hurt too much to take full breaths. Light-headed and constantly nauseous, the druid's attention was fully occupied, divided between the uncomfortable feeling of being overfull and the ache around the swollen knot inside his intestines. His bowel throbbed painfully around it, and it pulsated with each squirt of cum, only irritating his intestine even more. Occasionally it tried to retract, lodging itself even tighter in the stretched passage and yanking so hard that Maelduin yelped in pain, feeling himself dragged backwards by the intestines.

It made for a *very* uncomfortable night.

When Maelduin awoke the next morning—well, "awoke" is not entirely accurate since the pain kept him awake most of the night—he found to his dismay that he was still on all fours, his belly so swollen with jism that it was pressed firmly against the ground. The druid looked around, then whimpered.

A moment later, he vomited up a solid jet of cum that lasted a good ten seconds before he managed to get it stopped. Coughing and gasping, he moaned miserably.

The sound of his own voice rang like a church bell in his head, and his hand instinctively went to his temple in a futile bid to alleviate the worst hangover he could remember. He groaned and let out a quiet hiss, wincing.

The knot inside him stirred.

"Mm, wha?"

Above him, Maelduin heard Alwyndd stir awake and begin to stretch. As he moved, his knot yanked hard on Maelduin's intestines.

"Augh! Stop!" Maelduin cried. "You're hurting me!"

Alwyndd smacked his lips, then looked down. He jumped, further disturbing his knot, much to Maelduin's dismay and anguish.

"You!" he said, surprised. "Didn't I breed you yesterday?"

"You never stopped," Maelduin whimpered.

"Ugh. I *hate* the morning after," Alwyndd groaned, talking to himself aloud. "They're fun to woo, fun to bed, but *not* fun to wake up to."

He lifted his forelegs, stepped over Maelduin, and turned to stand butt-to-butt with him, the way dogs do.

And then, he started walking.

Maelduin let out a piteous yell as the chimera began dragging him by the ass. At first, the druid tried to keep up, but that quickly proved impossible, and after several feet of having his hands, elbows, knees, toes, and belly dragged through the dirt, he wanted nothing more than to be freed.

"Please!" he shrieked, "Please, stop! Let your knot go down first!"

"But I'm *bored*," Alwyndd whined. "I've been knotted in you all night, and I want to go get drunk. You can either come along for the ride, or you can get off, but either way, *I'm* gonna go have some wine."

The regrets hit Maelduin like a pile-driver, all at once. He shouldn't have gotten drunk, shouldn't have let this *clearly* unnatural thing have sex with him. Cythraul had tried to warn him; he *should* have listened to him!

"Oh, Cythraul," Maelduin whimpered, "I failed you again."

"Hmm."

The druid turned, then gasped, then winced.

"C—Cythraul! *Agh!* Y—you're still here?"

"Hmm."

"I shoulda listened to you. I—"

"*Hmm.*"

Maelduin grimaced. "Right, right. C—can you get me outta this?"

"Hmm..."

"It can't possibly hurt more than it already does. Do it."

"Hmm."

The llama sidled up next to him, straddled him, then abruptly kushed.

The added weight stopped the druid in his tracks. The chimera, however, did not stop.

"*AUGH!*" Maelduin shrieked.

POP!

Like a champagne cork, the chimera's knot rocketed out of his ass, feeling like birthing a baby the whole way. When it hit his anus at high velocity, it jerked its way through with an audible sound.

Crushed beneath the weight of his familiar, Maelduin's bulging stomach squeezed into the ground like a water balloon. The druid's eyes bulged, and then abruptly he began shooting cum out both ends in twin jets from his mouth and ass, each shooting over ten feet for over thirty seconds.

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At last, the twin streams diminished to trickles, and Maelduin gasped in a breath through his cum-tainted mouth.

"Oh, Cythraul..." Maelduin sighed miserably. "I'm so sorry..."