

"Hm."

Maelduin blinked and frowned, turning to look over his shoulder at his familiar.

"Well... no," he said hesitantly, "I guess I don't mind."

"Hm."

"Ah." Maelduin's frown intensified, though he did feel somewhat relieved. "Well, I guess I can understand that." He chuckled, brightening. "I can't imagine having nothing but my cum to last me a month, either. Yeah, go on, get outta here," he said, wryly giving his familiar an affectionate scratch on withers and a slap on the butt. "I'm sure you'll find me once you've had your fill."

"Hm."

The llama wandered off a few steps, hesitated, turned around, came back and nuzzled Maelduin, and then turned and wandered off to browse for grass.

Maelduin watched him go with a hint of wistfulness, then shook his head, turned, and began to slowly wander off into the forest.

How long had they been together? It seemed now like it had been forever, yet Maelduin distinctly remembered his time before being summoned to Aethnid's forest, and after that, a time when he had wandered alone, without the companionship of his familiar.

"Gosh, it—it seems so *lonely* now," he murmured to himself.

Overhead, birds chirped and flitted from tree to tree, and the sun beat down warmly through the cracks in the canopy, spearing the soft earth beneath the trees with brilliant beams of light. Walking among them, Maelduin felt a weird sense of contentment. Cythraul wasn't angry with him, after all; they were just taking a little time apart. Frankly, the idea had never crossed the druid's mind; with them traveling together and trying to avoid losing each other entirely, taking time apart seemed counterproductive. But now that things were relatively calm, it seemed like as good a time as any.

Maelduin stopped abruptly, a sense of nausea welling up in his throat.

"How long will it last *this* time?" he muttered, grimacing. "What's the next thing that's gonna happen? Some new jilted lover of Aethnid's comes to call, and I get blamed for it? Cythraul and I end up sent to opposite ends of the earth to die of the elements?"

He sighed and tried to be more positive, but things lately hadn't exactly given him a warm, fuzzy feeling. *Every* time he ended up in the woods—the place he felt most at home and comfortable—something bad happened.

As if a switch had been flipped or a cloud had passed over the sun, a pall came over the forest. The once cheery beams of light now seemed gloomy and eerie. The birds flitting above might as well have been Aethnid's spies; their chirping informing on his every movement. Even the petrichor—that wonderful, woodsy smell that greeted and comforted him—now seemed tinged with bog stench, its once sweet smell tainted with the hint of impending betrayal.

"Ugh."

Maelduin shivered, though it wasn't cold. Looking around him, he felt as though all the cheer, all the good, had been sucked out of the world, and he was left with this foreboding husk.

Movement out of the corner of his eye made him jump.

His head whipped towards the figure, and he held his breath, staring.

A small figure looked back at him.

The two locked eyes.

Maelduin held his breath.

"Meh-eh-eh-eh-eh!"

Maelduin leapt back.

Startled, so did the goat.

The two looked at each other again, but this time, Maelduin was breathing heavily, regaining his breath after holding it for so long.

"Wh—what do you want?" he asked guardedly.

The goat cocked its head, then took a tentative step forward, its little tail flicking curiously side-to-side. It looked at him, cocked its head again, then took a few more enterprising steps.

*Why is there a goat in the woods at this elevation?*

Maelduin started.

His subconscious was right: goats' natural habitat was in the mountains and arid climates; the forest here was far lush and closer to sea level than what they were used to. And what goat was *that* white?

His eyes narrowed.

"What *do* you want?" he asked suspiciously. "Alwyndd, if that's you, I want *nothing* to do with you!" he declared.

The goat cocked its head, then walked up to him and sniffed his crotch.

"*That's* enough of that," Maelduin said, shying back a few steps. "Look, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather not have anything in my ass right now; the last time that happened, it hurt, and then I got plunged into frozen darkness, and then I had a llama nursing my cock for a month. I've learned *that* lesson!"

The goat approached him again, cocked its head, then turned around and looked over its shoulder at him.

Her tail quivered above a set of glistening vulva.

"M—meh-eh-eh-eh?" she asked plaintively.

Maelduin's mouth fell open. As he closed it, his mind began churning, working through the probabilities. It *probably* wasn't Alwyndd; never had the elf-god-thing offered to bottom for him, and frankly, the notion of him doing so seemed pretty out of character. Was it some kind of trap Aethnid had set? Maybe to test his loyalty to Cythraul? No, that didn't make sense; she'd even *conceded* that he really did care the last time they'd interacted. Well, maybe it was just the opposite: maybe she was testing him to make sure he wouldn't forsake her other animals in favor of a monogamous relationship with Cythraul.

Maelduin started. He'd never considered something like that before, not even when they were on good terms and Cythraul was still in his buck form. Was it possible they'd never *really* been that close? Given the druid had gone on to murder his familiar, that seemed pretty plausible. But now, as Maelduin considered it, it actually seemed kind of nice. Not that he was trying to shirk his duties to Aethnid—well, if any of that even mattered anymore; who *knew* what anything meant now?—but if he *had* to limit his sexual activities to just one person, he felt he'd be pretty content with his llama.

The druid smiled, feeling a bit of cheer return to the world at the thought of his familiar. He might have continued to bask in it were it not for something wet, hot, and kind of sticky rubbing against his leg. He looked down, then jumped in surprise again to see the she-goat's vulva pressed up against his shin.

Seeing she had his attention, she looked up at him hopefully. "M—meh-eh-eh?"

Maelduin held his breath for a moment—but only a moment, because then it exploded back out of his lips as a defeated chuckle.

"You are too cute," he conceded, bending down to scratch her ears.

She leaned into it, and within seconds, the druid was using both hands to scratch her head and neck. For her part, she closed her eyes in an almost catlike manner and absorbed the druid's affection.

Shaking his head, Maelduin knelt down beside her for a more comfortable position as he moved his hand up under her chin to give it a good scratch.

The moment he was down, she lost interest in the scratching and leaned over to sniff and mouth his groin. "Yipe!" Maelduin yelped, not expecting it and jumping back a little bit—as much as he could from a kneeling position, anyway.

The nanny seemed taken aback and looked up at him, bewildered for a moment, before nuzzling his belly with her head.

Maelduin breathed a sigh of relief and resumed petting her. She turned her head this way and that, leaning against him, but then she abruptly turned and backed herself up against him, her vulva missing his penis by an inch and pressing warmly against his thigh.

The druid sucked in a breath and held it, his heart racing.

She did seem *awfully* persistent.

He glanced around furtively, as if checking to make sure no one was watching.

*That's ridiculous*, his subconscious scolded him. *The only person likely to be watching is Aethnid, and she wants you to do it; the only other one is Cythraul, who's never had a problem with it before and is the reason you're here by yourself!*

With that goading, Maelduin found himself up against an *awful* lot of pressure: Cythraul's tacit assent, Aethnid's not-at-all tacit commandment, and certainly the she-goat's persistent pleas. Hell, even his own subconscious was telling him go for it!

"I really hope this isn't a bad idea," he murmured.

Swallowing hard, he tentatively moved his hand down to his leg, then slipped it up behind the nanny goat and brushed over her folds.

His heart skipped a beat. She was so *soft* down there! Her flesh was warm and moist but had the consistency of a large marshmallow, kind of a spongy-firm, and its texture was softer than velvet or satin. His mouth opened slightly as he grazed his fingers over the surprisingly pleasant mound.

It was so much nicer than Cythraul's toothy mouth...

Below him, the nanny perceptibly relaxed, leaning into his ministrations. A soft, appreciative bleat escaped her lips.

Maelduin kept going for a few more seconds, then removed his hand and patted her butt with an air of finality. But, as he started to rise and go somewhere else, curiosity got the better of him, and he brought his fingers to his nose.

It was his turn to sigh in appreciation.

The smell of her folds was mildly sweet, and although there *was* a hint of musk, it snuck up on him—a far cry from the overt, musk-forward, heady scent of so many animals he'd bred. In fact, she smelled so good that the druid instinctively stuck his finger in his mouth to taste it. Startled, he pulled his fingers out of his mouth and licked his lips.

"Honeysuckle," he murmured. "Wow, that's... quite nice."

He sighed again, looking down at her, uncertain of what to do.

She glanced up at him, then turned and looked up at him imploringly.

"Meh-eh-eh!"

Maelduin pursed his lips.

"Aww, bloody hell," he muttered, shaking his head. "Something bad's probably gonna happen anyway; might as well enjoy it while it lasts."

He sat down, then grasped the she-goat's haunches on both sides.

"Okay, girl," he said as he gently lifted her hindquarters off the ground and laid her on her side, "Let's give this a try."

The nanny goat seemed surprisingly unperturbed at being manhandled in such a way and went with it, lowering her front to the ground and rolling on her side as Maelduin laid her down.

Stretching out beside her, Maelduin started to spread her legs and move his head in between them, but even as he started to move that way, he could tell it was going to be less comfortable than it had seemed in his mind.

"Let's try this," he said.

Taking gentle hold of her legs just before the hooves, he rolled her over onto her back and straddled her neck with his legs, his torso extending back towards her hind legs.

"Ah, that's much better."

Bending over her, he gently pulled her legs apart and lowered his mouth to her vulva. But before his lips brushed against the soft, puffy folds, he closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, his mouth opening and letting her faint, sweet scent flood his sinuses. As he exhaled, he let out another faint sigh.

"Gosh, that's nice."

He swallowed, licked his lips, then lowered them the rest of the way. Soft, puffy vulva greeted him, and he rotated his head a little bit to make a seal between his lips and hers. Just the feeling of something so gentle and feminine touching him was nice, but as he slipped his tongue out and into her, they both let out quiet moans of pleasure.

"Honeysuckle" was right; it was an almost perfect description of how she tasted. And, though Maelduin had been with countless animals by this point, he was certain she had the cleanest vulva of any animal he'd encountered. A *little* bit of grit or dirt was common—and some animals seemed to pride themselves on just how filthy they could keep their undercarriages—yet she was as clean as a whistle, tasted heavenly, and as Maelduin moaned into her folds, she hunched her back, lightly driving herself onto his tongue.

Oh, the way those puffy folds stroked and squeezed his tongue! Maelduin felt himself getting hard despite his penis being down at her opposite end, far away from any direct stimulation. As the druid began to tongue-fuck her, his own hips began to lightly rock in rhythm.

He gasped abruptly, freezing as something warm, wet, and at least as soft as her pussy grazed the side of his shaft. Jerking his torso up and looking between his legs, he saw the she-goat licking her lips. Just as he saw her, she leaned forward and took his whole penis into her mouth.

Maelduin's eyes rolled back in his head, his hips thrusting forward involuntarily.

"Aethnid bless," he drawled, "*No* creature has any business with a mouth *that* exquisite."

But, not about to make the nanny do all the work, he exhaled sharply and lowered himself back down, finding her folds once more and slipping his tongue inside. The two began to sixty-nine each other, him licking, sucking, and nibbling her vulva, and her licking and nursing the pre from his prick.

Forgetting his earlier concerns, Maelduin dove in with gusto, sucking and slurping harder and harder at the she-goat's sex, which responded by getting even fuller and puffier than it was before, and also hotter and wetter. All the while, the nanny's back-hunching got harder and more intense as she ground herself against his face.

Suddenly, her body twitched, then began to shiver against him.

"M—m—meh—*meh-eh-eh!*" she cried.

Abruptly, hot, wet, yellow liquid shot past Maelduin's tongue, flooding his mouth. Startled, he jerked his back in surprise to see drops of urine still dribbling from the nanny's groin. Frowning, he raised himself up on all fours and looked back at her.

The abashed look she gave him would have melted a heart of lead. As soon as she gave it, she averted her eyes, let go of his cock, and looked away, her body language seeming to want to bury her head in the soil.

"Oh, there, there," Maelduin chuckled, lightly running his fingers over her nipples. "It's not as bad as *that!* I've had way worse! You just surprised me, is all."

He did a double-take. He had said it to be reassuring and hadn't *really* thought about it, but it was true: he really *had* been on the receiving end of worse things than a little goat urine; *much* worse things!

Frowning at the uncanny realization, he shrugged and lowered himself again.

"Now," he said over his shoulder, "Why don't we pick up right where we left off? And, if you feel like you need to do that again, well"—he hesitated, actually thinking about it this time—"then you just go right ahead and do it," he added confidently.

A droplet of urine greeted his tongue as he closed in on her again, but he didn't care. He licked it up and swallowed it, then pressed his lips once more against the goat's burning folds. She lightly bucked in response, and another squirt of pee slipped into Maelduin's mouth.

Ready for it this time, the druid took it in stride, using his tongue to channel it to the back of his mouth, where he swallowed it without a fuss or disturbance. Closing his eyes, he began kissing, licking, and sucking on her labia once more. The nanny tensed, squirted, tensed some more.

And then, she relaxed.

Inhaling quickly through his nose, Maelduin got himself enough of a breath that he could hold it for a little while as the she-goat's urine began to flood into his mouth. As it did, something twinged in his mind. He couldn't explain it, but he felt an upwelling of passion as a result and thrust his tongue into the nanny's passage. For a brief instant, it blocked her flow, but then, he began to draw it out of her with long, slow, powerful slurps that began at the tip of his tongue, worked their way back to the root, and concluded with a deep swallow that carried her faintly sweet, mild-flavored urine down his throat.

The nanny goat bleated, and Maelduin felt the same way as both of their bodies hunched against each other, basking in the unexpected intensity of the moment. Swallow after luxurious swallow, Maelduin drew her urine out of her and drank it down as if it were water from a fountain or wine poured from a pitcher.

At last, her bladder ran dry, and the deep swallows slowed to a trickle, then stopped altogether. But neither of them minded. Maelduin shifted his tongue slightly inside of her and found a new target. As he continued to slurp and suck at her folds, he rubbed luxuriously over her g-spot again and again. The she-goat shivered under him, and then she squeezed his tongue tightly, momentarily forcing it out of her as she climaxed, a much smaller squirt filling his mouth with the strong taste of honey and a hint of musk.

"My gosh, you taste good," Maelduin gasped, pushing his tongue as deep into her as it would go.

He got her off twice more, but for as much as they were both enjoying the moment, Maelduin could tell she wanted more.

And so did he.

As she quivered under him, her little body shivering and doubling over, she let out a plaintive bleat as he started to go down on her again.

He paused.

"About that time?" he asked quietly.

"M—meh."

He nodded slowly.

"All right."

Moving carefully, he lifted his leg over her neck, pulling his penis from her luscious mouth in the process and moving off to the side of her. Scooting deliberately on his knees, he moved behind her and grasped

her hocks with both hands, lightly spreading them. As he looked down, he let out a soft sigh of appreciation at the sight of her deep red folds, which still glistened despite how well they'd been eaten out.

Maelduin's penis throbbed with anticipation, yet part of him was reluctant to move on to this part, to hasten their time together in any way. Still, as the she-goat looked up between her legs at him and bleated soft words of encouragement, he knew it's what they both wanted.

Leaning forward, he didn't have to use his hand to guide himself. He rocked his hips forward; his tip met the little indentation in that impossibly soft mound, and she welcomed him inside.

His mouth opened, and a soft cry escaped as her warmth enveloped his glans, her tight passage pulled back his foreskin, and her arousal bathed his shaft with slippery, luscious moisture.

*Aethnid bless indeed...*

He couldn't utter the words, but he certainly thought them in the most heartfelt way he could.

His breath caught, and he lingered a moment, afraid that the slightest movement would set him off and spoil the mood. But then, letting out a quavering breath, he pushed himself in up to his balls. The she-goat bleated in delight, and after catching his breath, he began to slowly, passionately thrust into her.

As his hips settled into a slow, luxurious rhythm, he leaned forward and cradled her head in his hands. She looked up at him with a dreamy expression, and Maelduin thought it perfectly captured how he felt, too. Uncertainly, he leaned forward a little more, his face closing in on hers. She didn't flinch back but seemed to encourage him.

As his penis slipped in up to the balls, he leaned the rest of the way. He felt the brush of fur against his lips, felt her lips begin to pull back, and before either of them knew what they were doing, he'd wrapped his hands around the back of her head, and their tongues were caressing and hugging each other. Passionate gasps escaped their joined mouths, and they both closed their eyes tightly as their orgasms both began to rapidly build.

"Oh—*ohh...*" Maelduin moaned, lightly biting the goat's tongue in his mouth as he sucked hard on it, as if trying to swallow it.

As he did, he pulled his hips back, then thrust once more.

He felt his balls shudder, felt his cock harden and his urethra swell as it began to act as a conduit for his seed. As he felt himself starting to climax, he felt hers start, too, her passage beginning to rhythmically squeeze and stroke him with such intensity that it was almost painful.

Almost. But not quite.

As her body shivered against him, he felt his scrotum contract, felt his testes pull up tightly against his abdomen. A wave of euphoria crashed over him, and he began to cum into her.

It was not one of the over-the-top climaxes he'd had when nursing Cythraul back to health. But, it did feel exceptionally good, and the she-goat squeezing him as she herself climaxed made it feel even better. He nevertheless flooded her passage and could feel her filling up, could feel his own semen beginning to mix with her aroused fluids and bathing his cock. Shuddering, he pressed himself in as deep as he could and rode it out, his hips twitching in response to hers, the two of them setting each other off many times.

At last, their climaxes subsided. Maelduin let go of the goat's tongue, and she reluctantly took it back as their lips parted.

Sighing, Maelduin looked down at her and caressed her face.

"Thank you," he said, smiling faintly. "That was... *awfully* nice."

The goat responded by reaching up and nibbling the hair on his forehead affectionately. Maelduin chuckled and hugged her close as his penis withdrew from her, trailing their mixed fluids.

Finally, he let her go and scooted back. He was about to cuddle up next to her when she abruptly rolled over and got to her feet.

## The Fallen Druid: Chapter 40

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"Leaving already?" Maelduin asked, sounding disappointed.

The goat hesitated, turned and licked his face, then turned away and scampered off.

Maelduin watched her go.

"I'm gonna miss her," he said wistfully once she was out of sight.

As he turned to leave, he didn't catch the faint flash of light, barely perceptible through the canopy. He did, however, feel better, as if the life and warmth had been restored to the forest.

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At her celestial home, Aethnid turned herself back into her usual form but without her clothes. Her breath still quavering from the encounter, she reached down and felt of her passage. The feeling of semen beginning to trickle out of her for the first time in centuries made her heart skip a beat. Withdrawing her hand, she gazed at the whitish substance on her fingertips, thinking fondly of the encounter she'd just had.

"Yes, Maelduin," she murmured, her voice cracking as she rolled the semen between her fingers. "It was... *awfully* nice." She swallowed hard, a tear running unchecked down her cheek.