

An unfamiliar sound gently penetrated Maelduin's consciousness and roused him from slumber. Stretching and blinking his eyes, he frowned and looked around. It was daylight out, but the lighting was coming from weird angles. The birds were singing overhead, and it looked like a clear sky through the canopy.

As he looked around, his eyes fell on a familiar set of legs. Following them up, he smiled up at Cythraul.

"Morning, buddy," he said.

"Hm."

The druid craned his neck to look past his familiar, up at the sky.

"Oh, wow. You're right; it *is* afternoon! Ugh. How long was I out?"

"Hm."

"Okay, fair enough; that was a dumb question. Have you been up long?"

Eager to skip past the small talk, Cythraul nudged the druid on the hip, rolling him from his side to his back. Knowing what was coming, Maelduin stretched out and spread his legs to give his familiar better access.

Cythraul kushed on Maelduin's abdomen, covering the druid's cock entirely as he got comfortable. His own long, slender prick slithered out, feeling around for his human's ass.

Maelduin shivered. No matter how many times he and his familiar had sex, the first part was always a little squicky. He squirmed, and Cythraul found his mark. Maelduin sighed in relief as squeamishness turned into heart-fluttering pleasure. He closed his eyes and put out his arms. Cythraul leaned forward, and for the second time in only about twelve hours, the druid wrapped his arms and legs around his familiar.

There was something so wonderfully intimate about having sex this way. The full-body contact was pleasant in itself, but something specifically about wrapping his legs around Cythraul's round belly made his face burn. It was a blush, for sure, yet there wasn't a sense of shame associated with it. It wasn't *exactly* arousal, either. Arousal was there, to be sure, but this wasn't it. If he had to put his finger on it, it was something to do not only with how vulnerable he felt spreading his legs, but the *delight* inspired by that vulnerability. And, there was more to it, too: spreading his legs opened him up for more contact with his familiar in his most intimate place, which also delighted him. The more Maelduin thought about it, the more he realized that having sex with Cythraul was his favorite activity, something he enjoyed more than eating, drinking, or sleeping.

With this realization, he held his familiar close and basked in the heat of his own blushing face. As Cythraul began to cum inside him, Maelduin gently rocked his hips forward and back as best he could, trying to make the experience as wonderful for his familiar as it was for him. Shuddering, he squeezed the llama tightly, then rested his weight back on the ground and began to stroke and scratch Cythraul's neck, pouring everything he had into making his companion feel good.

Above him, Cythraul sighed contentedly, his eyes closing and his neck growing heavy on Maelduin's chest as he relaxed and enjoyed his human's ministrations.

They stayed that way for a while, both of them enjoying the experience and neither of them in a hurry to do anything else. Even after Cythraul was completely spent and his penis retracted back into his sheath, they continued to lie there together, enjoying each other's company.

But, at last, nature called.

"Sorry to break this up, buddy," Maelduin said, patting his familiar's neck with an air of reluctant finality. "I gotta pee."

"Hm."

"Unless you want me to pee on you—'cause where *else* am I gonna pee with you lying on my dick—you're gonna have to let me go," the druid chuckled.

Cythraul let out a hum that sounded unmistakably like a grumble but nevertheless dutifully roused himself.

"Thanks, buddy," Maelduin said, scratching his familiar affectionately between the ears.

He went off to stand behind a tree—he didn't know *why* he felt that was necessary; Cythraul had certainly watched him piss countless times, and vice-versa—and let himself relax.

"Ungh," he groaned in relief.

Glancing around, he suddenly did a double-take, surprise momentarily interrupting his stream.

Off a little ways in the adjacent glen was a pair of ponies. One was white with a big, round, brown spot that looked like it had slipped down off its back and stuck partially to its side. The other was reddish all over. Both had long, straight manes that draped over their necks and hung towards the ground. Both seemed as though they had been grazing before but now were both staring at the druid curiously.

Maelduin looked at them, feeling weirdly self-conscious about peeing with them staring at him like that. But, shaking his head and chiding himself, he shrugged and resumed. As he felt the pressure alleviating from his bladder, he glanced over at the ponies again, then did another double-take on seeing them approaching. As he looked, they both stopped, tilted their heads back, and curled their upper lips upward.

"Good-smelling pee, huh?" he chuckled, shaking his head.

They lowered their lips, seemed to ponder what they'd just smelled, and then both resumed advancing on him. As they stepped out of the tall grass of the glen and into the much shorter, partially shaded grass, Maelduin saw that not only were they both male, both of their penises had dropped and were flopping back and forth the way they do as they close in on a good peeing-spot.

Without even waiting for Maelduin to finish, both ponies thrust their noses down to the ground where his urine had collected, lifted their heads and sniffed deeply again, and then, one after the other, pissed on the same spot, their streams milky yellow and extremely pungent.

"Whoa," Maelduin murmured, reeling. "That's... *that's* some pretty strong-smelling piss."

He looked back over his shoulder wistfully at Cythraul, who seemed to be waiting for him.

"S—sorry, guys," he said, patting the ponies on their backs, "I, uh, I'm already engaged."

He frowned to himself, thinking that an unusual choice of words, but he quickly put the thought aside as he moved to rejoin his familiar.

"Hey, buddy," he said. "You, uh, you ready to go?"

"Hm."

Maelduin followed the llama's knowing gaze, turning to look over his shoulder. He sighed.

"No—guys, I *told* you I've already got something I'm doing here!" he protested.

"Hm?"

"What do you mean, 'hm'?" Maelduin said, looking quizzically at his familiar. "Didn't you want to, I dunno, go spend time together?"

"Hm."

Maelduin's jaw opened, but nothing came out at first.

"Well, that's—that's awfully mature of you," he said. "You, uh, don't mind?"

"Hm."

If the llama could have shrugged, he would have.

"But—doesn't our—our *thing* that we have—doesn't that mean something to you?"

"Hm! Hm."

Maelduin smiled, then wrapped his arms around his familiar's neck.

"Hm," Cythraul said, squirming backwards and giving him a knowing look. "Hm."

Maelduin laughed. "Fair enough. Goodness knows, my holes have all been used before; I'm sure there's enough room for you should you be so inclined."

"Hm."

The llama lowered his head and nudged the druid surprisingly forcefully towards the ponies.

"All right, guys," Maelduin chuckled. "My boyfriend says we're in an open relationship, but he gets dibs."

The ponies, of course, didn't understand a word he said, but they *did* understand as he knelt and then got on all fours. In an instant, the spotted one had taken up a position behind him. The druid could feel the mini-stud's hot breath as he sniffed his backside. Meanwhile, the chestnut one had moved up beside the druid's head and stood at right angles to him, showing off his sheath. His cock had slipped back inside while Maelduin and Cythraul were talking, but now that the pony had sex on the brain, his sheath began to stretch out, becoming smooth and glossy before his glans suddenly erupted from the end. The stretched-out skin suddenly retracted and wrinkled like a wadded-up sock, but as the stallion's penis began to grow, the wrinkles began to flatten. Mottled pink and gray skin emerged beneath the little mushroom tip, then stretched out as his cock dropped down, down, down towards the ground. It was just about to brush the grass when the pony suddenly flexed, straightening it out and slapping his belly with it.

"Here," Maelduin said, "Let me help you."

The pony seemed to understand his body language, if not his words, and side-stepped a little closer, looking a bit flustered. As Maelduin reached out and gently grasped the smooth, pink shaft in his hand, the pony behind him rested his chin on his butt. Maelduin felt the pony pushing forward, rubbing his chest against Maelduin's rump.

Won't be long now, Maelduin thought as he guided the chestnut pony's penis towards his mouth.

He took a moment to lick the thick, rubbery head, then slurped it into his mouth. Covering his teeth with his lips, he pulled back a little bit, gently tugging on the pony's cock and eliciting a squirt of salty pre. The druid raised his eyebrows, evaluating the flavor.

Tasty, he thought, *And more copious than Cythraul's*.

With the pony's prick still in his mouth, he pressed his tongue to its surface once more and began licking firmly and persistently at it, feeling it firming up and beginning to spread his palate and tongue apart in response to his ministrations.

The pony squealed, and Maelduin was rewarded with another, much bigger, squirt of pre. The druid gagged a little bit, caught off guard by its force and volume, but he recovered quickly and swallowed it down.

As he was emptying his mouth, he suddenly felt the pony behind him shift, the firm pressure against his rump abruptly slipping off to the side. Maelduin winced, anticipating getting stepped on, but the pony recovered his footing in time and quickly pressed his chest against the druid's backside again.

Horny fucker, aren't ya? Maelduin chuckled.

He returned his attention to the cock in his mouth and reached forward to lightly caress the pony's balls. The chestnut stallion squealed again and danced forward, shoving his prick almost all the way to the back of Maelduin's mouth.

Perfect.

With more surface to lick, Maelduin got busy doing just that, caressing the sides of the pony's shaft behind his glans, then rolling his tongue firmly up over the crown, much to the stud's delight. Another squirt of pre—this time, right down the druid's throat—heralded his appreciation.

Just as Maelduin was about to reach out and begin to lightly stroke the long, mottled shaft, he suddenly felt the pony's weight vanish from his rump. Before he could even think, *here it comes*, the pony came down on top of him. The druid grunted and braced for impact as a jet of hot pre splattered between his buttocks. The pony's cock came forward and slipped on the wet spot, jerking upwards. Maelduin tried to analyze where it had hit so he could adjust his position accordingly, but everything had happened too fast for him to tell. He resolved to pay more attention just as the stallion pulled back and thrust forward again.

Maelduin winced. That time, there was no question where the prick had hit. Eager *not* to have his perineum battered again, Maelduin spread his legs a little bit, lowering his ass and—he hoped—lining himself up with the stud's rod for the next round. Holding his breath and locking his jaw so as not to inadvertently bite the other pony, he waited for the final blow.

"Oof!" Maelduin groaned around the cock in his mouth as another cock buried itself in his ass.

He was grateful that Cythraul had already cum in him that day, for the pony in his mouth was pre-cumming a whole lot more than the one in his ass. With the pony taking advantage of the llama's sloppy seconds, his already-swelling glans was able to slip in much more comfortably.

That didn't make it any less intense, though; in fact, the ease (and speed!) with which the pony stuffed his cock into the druid's ass quite amplified the sensation. The druid nearly swooned as the pony's glans rubbed his prostate, shot past, and then the min-stud's medial ring did the same.

But the force of the pony's thrust had also shoved the druid forward a bit, and the pony's buddy, still in Maelduin's mouth, suddenly got an idea. Straightening up to angle his hips towards the druid's face, he thrust forward.

It was only a half-thrust—the little stallion hadn't meant to push hard—but it was enough. Maelduin's eyes bulged as he felt the pony's glans pop into his throat. His body jerked violently, but he hastily calmed himself down, willing himself to relax and be a good host to these two excellent stallions.

The one behind him pulled all the way back, stopping just short of popping out, then pushed all the way in again, as far as his little hooves could push him. Maelduin's eyes rolled back in his head as his own cock—which had been largely ignored when he was having sex with Cythraul—began to stiffen and drool pre on the ground.

Feeling light-headed, Maelduin reached out and grasped the shaft of the pony in front of him, then squeezed it firmly with both hands. The pony squealed, and his tail flagged. Maelduin felt the pony's shaft expand in his mouth, then felt the stud's glans flare. Uncomfortable tears came to the druid's eyes from the painful stretch, but just then, he felt his throat fill with pony jism. His eyes widened, and his body wracked as his belly swelled and grew warm to the touch, filled with the horse's seed.

As if suddenly overstimulated, the pony jerked back, hurriedly pulling his cock from Maelduin's overstretched throat. The druid winced as the stretch in his throat intensified, growing excruciating for a brief moment before the pony's cock abruptly popped free. The taste of semen flooded into his mouth.

Feeling woozy, Maelduin propped himself on his hands, his shoulders slumping and his posture sagging as he tried to catch his breath and come to terms with the incredible fullness in his ass. Sex with Cythraul was nice—wonderful, even—but the fact was that horse cocks—even the ones on these diminutive ponies—were more than three times the diameter of the druid's familiar's, and such girth had certain advantages.

It was also overwhelming when Maelduin got out of practice.

It was in that foggy state that Maelduin drunkenly watched the chestnut pony wander away, then watched much fuzzier legs take their place.

"Ungh?"

Maelduin looked up to see Cythraul looking down at him.

"Ungh... hey buddy," the druid drawled.

"Hm."

"Mm. Okay."

Not entirely sure what he'd just agreed to, Maelduin returned his gaze to the ground, then did a double-take as he felt Cythraul's chest come down on his back.

"Mm, Cythraul!" he whined, batting ineffectually against his familiar's side, "What are you doing?"

"Hm."

The druid got his answer shortly thereafter when the llama's slimy penis slithered up against his cheek, retracted, then found his lips and shot through to his throat. Maelduin's mouth was still full of the taste of horse jizz, but the pungent flavor of his familiar's cock quickly joined the mix, along with a hint of piss. Apparently Cythraul had relieved himself, too.

"Easy, buddy!" a muffled Maelduin cried from under his familiar. "My throat's sore!"

"Hm."

The llama calmed down a bit, resting his dick in the druid's mouth. Maelduin, still woozy and getting even more so from the prolonged drilling in his ass, wrapped his lips around his familiar's prick and used his tongue to pet the tip from this side and that, then licked down the shaft as far as he could reach before doing it all again. Almost immediately, Cythraul began to cum, the taste bitter but not as strong as the pony's had been.

With the druid distracted by horse-cock in his ass and llama-dick in his mouth, he didn't notice as the chestnut pony sidled up next to him. In fact, he barely noticed it as that same pony began sniffing his cock.

He *did*, however, notice, when the pony's lips grazed over it.

Jerking back reflexively, Maelduin tried to turn his head to see what was going on at his groin, but between Cythraul's weight and prick, the druid was largely unable to move.

"Hm," Cythraul called down comfortingly.

"Don't let him bite me," Maelduin whimpered around the dribbling dick.

Soft lips brushed his dick again, and the druid shuddered, his heart pounding with a mixture of fear and arousal.

Abruptly, the lips wrapped around his cock entirely. Maelduin's eyes bulged, and he bucked involuntarily, just as the softest tongue he'd ever felt began to lick over his glans.

The druid's eyes crossed. The tongue on his cock felt so good, but it was also a bit much. The druid's pelvic floor tensed from the mild overstimulation, which squeezed his ass around its girthy invader. The spotted pony and Maelduin both jerked at that, grinding the pony's medial ring against the druid's prostate and eliciting a moan so lewd and piteous that Cythraul looked down at his human indignantly.

And still, there was that *tongue*. Maelduin figured instinctively that it must feel good when he used his own tongue to squeeze a willing male's cock against his palate, to stroke up and down its length, to caress the head. But certainly not in recent memory could he remember a time when someone had done the same to him. Cythraul had nursed him, to be sure, but that was a rather toothy experience, and it didn't count anyway since Aethnid had basically forced it on both of them. But *this*? *This* was like penetrating the most delightful pussy that also happened to be prehensile. The druid's hips bucked involuntarily, but the pony's tongue stuck with him, taking the opportunity to roll down his foreskin, tease his uncovered flesh, and roll it back up, all before the druid had regained control of his muscles. Maelduin felt his balls shudder, felt his cock and ass twitch in response, felt the pony's cock inside him do the same.

But then, the chestnut pony's luscious mouth delivered a coup de grace. As Maelduin crouched there, trembling on all fours, the pony reached forward, took his balls into his mouth, and began to slurp noisily at them. Maelduin's eyes rolled back in his head. His vision went white, and so did the inside of the pony's mouth as the druid violently shot his load.

Never had he ever felt such an intense, pleasurable feeling before. The vibration on his nuts as the horse sucked aside, the combination of the velvet-soft, warm, wet tongue unrolling his foreskin and the suction drawing his semen out of him was mind-altering. Even after he came, his vision alternated between solid white and solid black for multiple seconds. To top it all off, his sharp spurt had coincided with an equally sharp squeeze of his ass around the other pony's cock, and that was enough to send him over the edge, too. For interminable seconds, the two squirted their loads, reeling in pleasure and neither one of them breathing.

The pony recovered before Maelduin did. With a bluster and a full-body shake, he dismounted and pulled out, leaving the druid's hindquarters gaping and leaking cum down his balls. The other pony contented

himself with the druid's cum, his tongue moving awkwardly to try to swallow the stuff that had landed much further back in his mouth than he was accustomed to. In the process, he kept grazing, stroking, and inadvertently sucking Maelduin's spent prick, prolonging the druid's orgasm.

At last, the pony stepped back, and so did Cythraul. For a minute or two, they all loitered around, waiting on the quivering mess on the ground to turn back into a human.

It took perhaps longer than any of them expected, but Maelduin did eventually recover his senses. Shuddering, he lifted his head and looked around, then twisted to sit cross-legged on the ground. To his surprise, the ponies had not vanished the minute they got off, and as they and Cythraul all lay down nearby, he took turns scratching and rubbing on them.

It was late evening by the time they all climaxed, and by the time they'd all rested up, it was dark. Sighing contentedly, Maelduin cuddled up next to Cythraul with the ponies lying within reach, and they all dozed off.

"Ugh. This was a bad idea."

Still in her doe form, Aethnid was pacing about her palace and muttering to herself.

"How long has it been? Less than a *day*?! Ugh."

She paced some more.

"And, how long is a doe's gestation?"

A book floated up to her and opened.

"Two *hundred* days?! Nope!"

The faerie *was* eager to have Maelduin's fawn, but two hundred days was a long time for anything, especially if she had to stay in *this* form to do it! Who *knew* how many calamities could arise while she was out of commission?

Nope. It was just plain irresponsible of her to abandon her children for so long. She'd done it before, and just *look* at the foolishness Alwyndd had wrought in that time! Egg-laying mammals—the nerve!

Fortunately, being the goddess of creation, she *did* have a few benefits that her children did not, though she suffered a pang of guilt at the realization that her children were not so fortunate and that—by her own hand—they were saddled with 200 days' worth of... *this*.

Ugh. She felt gross. She loved life—there was no question of that—but she didn't *particularly* care for its messier bits.

"Let's just hurry things along a bit," she said.

Closing her eyes, she focused first on her hindquarters, felt the presence—the signature—of her vulva, then followed them back towards her womb and to the life growing inside of her. Locking in on the baby fawn, which after only a day of incubation was little more than two cells by that point, she concentrated her energy on that tiny zygote. Her already snow-white body began to glow, getting brighter and brighter as she concentrated more of the cosmic energies inside herself. The cells, nourished and invigorated by the influx of raw power, began dividing rapidly. Two became four became eight in only a matter of seconds rather than weeks. After a minute, there were over a million cells, and her fawn was beginning to take shape. A few minutes later, she had achieved two hundred days' worth of pregnancy.

Opening her eyes and gasping at the sensation of the residual energy flowing into and through her, she inhaled deeply, then exhaled. Calming her nerves, she spoke telepathically.

IT IS TIME, LITTLE ONE. YOUR TIME OF WARMTH WAS SHORT; FOR THAT, I AM SORRY. BUT, THE WORLD AWAITS YOUR ARRIVAL. YOUR FATHER WILL BE ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU. SO, COME OUT, LITTLE ONE. COME OUT AND GREET THE WORLD.

The Fallen Druid: Chapter 43

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She squatted low, still in her deer form, and gently deposited her fawn on a silk pillow. There was a flash of light as she turned back into her human form, then cradled the tiny deer to her chest.

As if awakening from a dream, the little fawn opened its eyes and blinked uncertainly. As the baby buck looked up at her, he took her breath away. Snow-white and streaked with gold and silver, there was no question who his mother was. But that wasn't the part that had made the goddess's mouth part in awe.

"You have his eyes," she whispered, reaching forward to nuzzle and stroke her son between the ears.