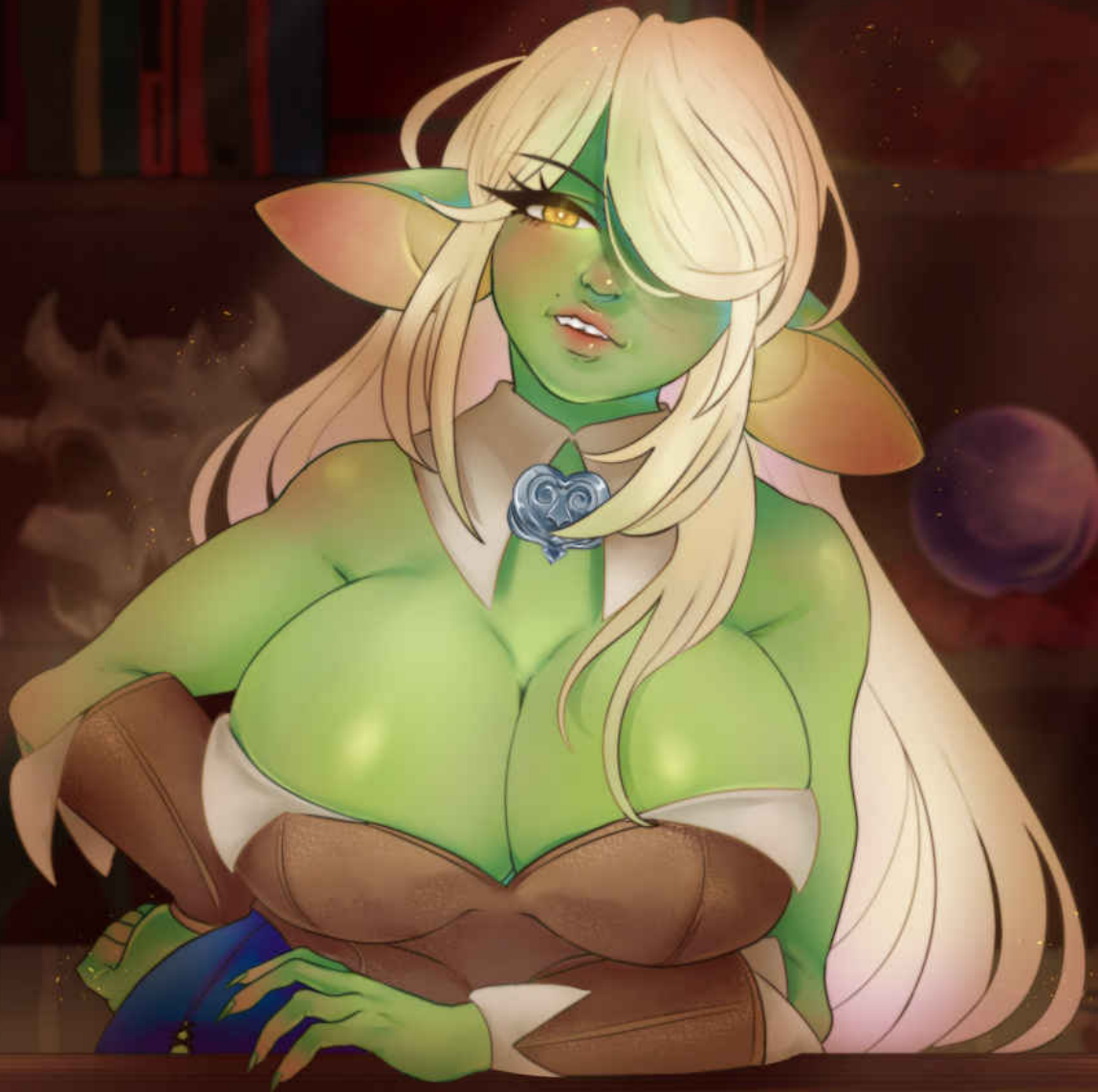


MONSTER GIRL LORD

The Root of Corruption



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Monster Girl Lord The Root of Corruption

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The New Lord

The way the cart rocks on the rutted road bothered you once, but you've grown used to the discomfort. It's been a long road, but it's nearly done.

You lie on your back, rereading the letter that has brought you to the very edge of the Brodwen kingdom, the words by now engrained in your mind, but still you read it. And not just because you're bored out of your skull.

To Eric Zahn,

Knight of the Crimson Order.

In recognition of his deeds to the Crown of Brodwen, King Belland bequeaths him the lands of Rovenia, the castle of Bludwor, the income of those properties, and the title of Lord. Unto him is given the right to tax, to rule, and to keep the lands in his Majesty's name. May he rule justly, rightly, and with honour for his sovereign.

His Majesty, The Honourable King Belland, Ruler of Brodwen

You thoughtfully tap your fingers against the paper, frowning. You highly suspect the king gave you these lands to get you out of the capital. The queen has a notorious wandering eye, and it has landed on you more than a few times of late. Not to say you don't deserve some reward for your services. But there's gotta be a catch here. King Belland is not known for his charity. If anything, quite the opposite.

"Comin' up on it now," Darby, the driver, shouts.

You stir from the back of the cart and rise, grunting. Rolling the scroll back up, you push ahead and out of the cart, peering ahead.

Ragged cliffs retreat on either side of the road, forming the mountains that cuts Rovenia off from the plains of Brodwen. Below spreads a lush valley through which the highway runs. Rolling hills rise ahead in waves of green, stirred by a warm wind that brings the

scent of summer and flowers to you. And nestled at the end of the pass lies your new castle.

Or, what's left of it, anyway.

You gape in shock. Bludwor castle sits in a defensible position, back to the sheer cliffs, rising on a rocky overlook to loom over the sole path through the mountains and into Rovenia. Once, it was a strong fort. A seat of power. Of strength! None could enter the lands you now call yours without conquering such an edifice.

Now, rubble would best describe it.

Those walls couldn't keep out the rain let alone an army, their jagged curtain like a row of broken teeth. The keep itself looks like a skull half caved in. A few towers rise like desperate fingers clutching at the sky, only one looking even remotely livable. Even as you watch, you see some masonry crumble off one.

"You've got to be kidding me," you say.

"Nope! Welcome to Rovenia!" Darby says, grinning back at you.

The closer you get, the more you feel the weight in your stomach drop. The gate is little more than an arch held aloft by the keystone. The courtyard is overgrown with weeds and an air of neglect. When the wagon stops you get out slowly, looking about the place with the sinking realization of how fucked you are.

"What... what happened?" you ask.

"Hm? Oh, well," Darby says as he begins unloading things from the wagon. "You know how it is. When the last heir of Rovenia died, there was no one to take on the family name. Whole place just fell apart. Pity too. Heard it was lovely in summer."

"How'd the heir die?" you ask.

"Murder suicide!" Darby says brightly as he thunks down a barrel. "But don't worry! You're not alone. See?" he says, pointing at the one semi-intact tower of the keep. "Up there's where the wizard lives."

“Wizard? What wizard?”

“Groat.”

“Isn’t that a disease?” you say.

“Nah, nah,” Darby says, leaning on the barrel he’s dragged out. “Though he might seem like it. He’s taken up residence in there years ago. Came for research, so he says.”

“Great,” you say. “So not only is my castle in ruins, but ruins that are being squatted in!”

Darby shrugs. “Guess so.”

“What about my subjects?” you say.

Darby scratches his unshaven chin. “Mmm. Couldn’t say. Doubt most people in Rovenia consider themselves subjects. Haven’t had a lord nigh on three generations. One that wasn’t barmy since four. Only pass is here, so folks don’t wander out too often. Very tight knit communities in Rovenia. One decent port, but that’s not saying much.”

“Oh...” you say.

“Yep,” Darby says. Then brightens. “Well! See ya.”

“What?” you say. “Aren’t you... I dunno, staying here?”

“Pfft! No,” Darby scoffs as he climbs back into the driver’s seat of the cart. “Place is cursed. Haunted, they say. I’m not staying here after dark. Anyway, good luck!”

“Wait!” you shout over the crack of the whip and rattle of the wagon’s wheels. You run beside the cart. “But... but what am I supposed to do!”

“Beats me!” Darby says. “Rule, I guess. Best of luck!”

He clicks his tongue and snaps his whip, the old mare pulling vigorously at the cart, seemingly as eager to be gone of the ruins that are your homes as his master.

You slow down, soon coming to a stop as you watch him ride through the broken gate, vanishing down the road. Your arms fall to

your sides as dust clouds fades. Once more you look about the rotting stone walls of the keep. Your keep. Your seat of power, so to speak.

“Well,” you say, voice echoing through the empty courtyard.
“This sucks.”

[First Night](#)

First Night

Somehow or other, you managed to find a room that wasn't in absolute ruins before night fell. The main keep is actually built into the very base of the mountain, and the grand hall is no less grand for a few decades of neglect. You dragged in the supplies Darby brought and piled them in a corner, then survey the hall.

The ceiling has withstood time's trials, arching above you like a church's dome. On the walls, the tattered remains of what may have once been tabards of the fallen house hang, rotted and decayed. The head of the room still holds a throne, but the cold stone thing stands more like a tombstone than in readiness to receive its master.

You sigh, taking in the room again, shivering a little at the chill that seeps through the open doorway. You were so busy, you didn't even have time to quiz the wizard in the tower before darkness fell, and your arms burn with the exertion of carrying all your goods inside. You'll have to explore more tomorrow, not to mention try and figure out how to restore your new lands.

You sigh in exasperation as you plod towards your bedroll. Well, this wasn't quite how you expected to spend your first night as lord of Rovenia, but you've slept through worse on campaigns. And hey! At least there's a roof over your head now.

With that effort of cheer, you wriggle into the bedroll, closing your eyes. Yeah. A good night's sleep. That's what you need. You lift the nearby lamp and blow it out, smothering the chamber in darkness. Things will look better in the morning.

If the morning ever comes.

Hours slip by. At first, you think you've fallen asleep, and it's all a dream. A dream of a sound that hums gently through the stones. Through the halls. A low song. Like a woman's voice, whispering just a little too softly for you to hear the words. Yet soothing. Compelling.

Powerful.

And even as you listen, you realize it's not a dream.

Years of living on the road have given you a powerful sense of danger. You open your eyes to slits and peer about.

The throne room is awash in a strange, purple glow. It seems to seep from the stones beneath you, peeking through the cracks. It bleeds like a mist, steaming into the air.

You jerk upright, looking around quickly. The humming sound is stronger now, but no more discernable. A whispering drone that tickles your ear and vibrates through your bones and, more saliently, your cock. You're rock hard under the blankets, throbbing with a strange arousal that fills you with the moaning purr of power.

A stronger glow catches your eye and you turn your head. The seeping purple light has outlined a door in a wall behind the throne. A secret passage?

"Come... come to me..."

The voice whispers, brushing you like a kiss. You shudder, swallow hard. You throw off the blankets and stand, grabbing your sword from its sheathe. Your fear wars with your arousal as you move towards the wall. You hesitate before it, then give the outline a push.

Stone grinds as the passage sinks into the wall, revealing a set of stairs descending deep into the earth. The glow pulses from below, thrumming stronger than ever. A compulsion aching through you, beckoning you to descend.

You grit your teeth, resisting the urging of the enchantment, but nonetheless slowly moving down the ancient stone steps. Something's going in this castle. Your castle. And you'll be damned if you're just going to stand around and let it happen. Your grip tightens on your sword as the pulse of light grows. As the air cools with the clammy cold of the deep earth.

The steps end and you find yourself in the undercroft of the castle. Cells flank you on either side. Who keeps a dungeon under the throne room? But there's no time to critique the décor. The glow is positively pulsing in here, coming from a cell at the far end of the room. A huge wooden door bars the way, mist seeping from under it, wrapping like smoke around rusting bars and crumbling cells. Water drips into puddles. Water that's... oddly viscous. You move around them and towards the door. You flex your fingers at the handle, grasp it, and slowly pull it open.

You're not sure what you expected, but it wasn't this. The cell you've entered is a large, deep one. Perilous steps wind around the circular walls and to the floor. Chains hang from the ceiling and slick moisture oozes from the stones.

But all of this is window dressing to the thing jutting out of the floor, masonry crumbled around where it burst through like some monstrous worm.

Like the twisting root of some subterranean horror, the curling black thing swells into the dungeon. Strange markings seem to shift and crawl up and down its surface, swirling in the light it emits, the purple glow pulsing in heavy throbs that seem to echo in your groin, the mist oozing from its base in a haze that soaks the floor and crawls up the stairs.

"What in the fuck..." you breathe, staring at the pulsing spire.

"Ooooooh..."

You freeze at the moaning sound. Look warily around. Nothing. But... wait. There's something on the floor. You descend the steps slowly, squat among the eddying mists. A pile of abandoned and a large pack sit there. You pick up a pair of women's pants sceptically. What the...

Something drips onto your shoulder. You look up.

A slimy, dripping blue mass dangles from the ceiling right above you. In a sudden rush it falls, and with a curse you hurl yourself out of the way.

The ooze barely misses you, plopping onto the steps in a bubbling mass. You hit the floor in a roll and bound back to your feet, sword upraised as you face off against the thing. It jiggles before your eyes, flowing up. A slime! And a big one. A basic monster. You can already see the core that forms its weak point deep within its body. All you have to do is destroy it. You can handle...

...it...

Your jaw slowly drops as the slime takes shape, forming a stunningly curvy figure. One that immediately reminds you of the tightness of your pants. Wide hips rise out of the gooey mass to narrow in a slim waist, then balloon outward in a pair of gravity defying breasts. A face of dim loveliness takes form atop her torso, smiling happily at you, her hair dripping glops of goo.

“Hi hi!” the slime girl giggles, her form shimmering purple in the glow. “Oooh, yooooou’re a cuuuuutie!”

“Uh,” you say.

“Weeeee’re gonna haaaaave looooootsa fuuuun,” the gelatinous bimbo says.

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Attack

Sword in hand, you lunge up the steps, taking them two at a time. You shout, your blade flashing in the purple glow of the twisting root as you swing it at the googirl. Your blade slices into her wobbly form, sinking towards her core.

Slowing.

Stopping.

Elation turns to alarm, your blade barely making it halfway through the googirl's body before it gets stuck. You try and pull it back, but her jiggly mass sucks at your sword like a swamp.

"Ooooh! You cuuuute," the googirl giggles as she flows forward, her body enveloping your feet up to your ankles.

Panic starts to take hold. You try and retreat, but your legs are stuck fast! You move to jerk your sword out of her, but her torso pushes forward, sucking in your blade and trapping your hand up to the wrist in her wobbly tits!

You're suddenly right in front of her jiggly form. Her smile is beaming down at you, her eyes bright with the unearthly glow of the room. "Hiiiiii," the googirl coos, and presses a kiss to your startled lips.

You gasp, a shock of strange pleasure shooting through you. Your head spins and you try and lean back, but your feet fail to move, sending you falling back onto your ass into the googirl's form. More of her body flows around you, lifting you back up to her. She leans in, and her jiggly tits are suddenly pressed against your chest, her face level with yours.

"You're cuuuuuute!" she says.

"Uh, yeah. You mentioned that," you say, still trying to yank your sword and arm out of her form.

"Wanna fuck?" she says.

“Huh?”

Her lips meet yours again. You're not caught so off guard this time, but the press of her lips is... strange. Almost compelling. You realize you're kissing back, but can't quite seem to understand why.

Perhaps it has something to do with the strange stone in the room? With the way it pulses and throbs with power. A power that seems to vibrate through the googirl and you. How it makes your cock twitch and balls ache with pleasure. Even as the googirl's tentacles wrap around you, pulling you against her, trapping your legs, your arms, your chest. Her breasts rubbing you. Her lips kissing you.

You stopped fighting back, but can't quite remember when. Possibly when the googirl's body pressed against your crotch, an acidic hiss melting away your underpants, your cock tearing through the dissolving cloth, instantly sinking into the googirl's form as smoothly as your sword once did.

“Mmmm!” the googirl moans as your cock plunges into her jiggling body. Her face brightens as she breaks her kiss, moaning happily. “Yessss! Moooooore!”

“Oh f-fuuuuck!” you groan as her body ripples around your cock. Sweet heavens! You're no stranger to sex, but this is beyond anything you've ever known! Her body sucks at your cock like a sleeve of perfect, rippling pleasure. It forms around you, tighter than should be possible. And all the while her curvy, lovely, impossibly perfect female form presses against you, jiggling breasts wobbling against your chest, perfect lips kissing you, fairly sucking at your mouth.

And all the while the stone pulses.

Hums.

Fills the room with its unearthly glow.

Your mind is fading. Surrendering. It's all just too good. There's no escape. Why not enjoy it? Why not surrender to it? Why not kiss her back? Thrust? Fuck her? Love her?

Why not?

Of course, there's a hundred reasons why not. But none of those seem equal to what's happening to your cock. You groan, plunging with greater urgency into her jiggling form, fucking her with ever increasing eagerness. The sucking of her body is driving you wild. To the brink. You can't hold back much more. You've got to cum. You've... you've got to... to...

"Mmmmm!" you moan into her lips, eyes rolling back as the pleasure of your peak spears through you. As you frantically thrust up into her jiggling form, stiffening, groaning as you cum. As your cock pulses, spurting into her form.

"Ooooooh!" the googirl moans, seeming to grow even bigger as she sucks up every drop of your spurting cum. "Mooooore!"

You groan into her tits, smothered under her expanding breasts as she squeezes and massages you faster. Your cock is so sensitive! But you can't escape her. You're trapped. Her body flowing over your waist and legs, sucking you into her jiggling mass. Deeper. Deeper. Soon your entire lower half is consumed, your cock still being sucked and massaged by her impossible body, your face trapped between her breasts.

You're starting to lose consciousness. She just keeps sucking at your cock. Your face is buried deep in her tits, every helpless orgasm making them grow bigger. Bigger. Smothering you. Your lungs burning. Your eyes rolling back.

The last thing you see before darkness claims you is the googirl's beaming smile, and her immense tits wobbling around your head.

Bad End

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Seduce

You eye the jiggly googirl with care, especially those massive tits. You've fought slimes before, but never like this. But you have to get at that core of hers. Perhaps there's a way to do that...

You look at your sword, then drop it, the clang of steel echoing in the room. You open your arms, giving the wobbly beauty your most suggestive grin. "Hey there!" you say. "Wanna have some fun?"

The googirl cocks her head, her body swaying a little as she tries to process this. "Fuuuun?" she says.

"Oh yeah," you say. "I bet I know how to help you have tons of fun."

"You dooooo?" she coos.

"I do," you say, shucking off your underpants.

The googirl's eyes glow in excitement at the sight of your cock, which itself has grown significantly since you beheld the bouncing beauty. Her soft lips form a perfect O and her form jiggles in anticipation. She flows towards you in a mass of gooey excitement, and as she moves before you, you reach out and grab great handfuls of her tits.

"Ooooh!" the googirl moans as you bounce and squeeze those ample orbs.

"Yeah?" you say, molding her breasts, as soft and malleable as jello. "You like that?"

"Yessssss."

You try not to flinch as you feel her rubbery mass flow around your feet, locking them in place. Tentacles sprout from her form, wrapping around you. Don't worry about it. Don't focus on it. Just focus on the core. On getting it. Even as her tentacles slither up your. Sliding and teasing against your balls, making you suck in a

breath as they wind around your shaft like a single long, glistening tongue.

“Oh f-fuck,” you gasp, pulse pounding in your head as her tentacle slithers and glides around your cock.

“Ooooooh,” the googirl moans, pressing in closer.

You take that opportunity to push one hand forward. Your heart nearly stops as your palm sinks into her breast, the feeling like plunging your hand into gelatin. Cool but tight. Thick and heavy. Fairly sucking you in deeper.

“Yesssss,” the googirl moans. “Soo goood!”

“Ah!” you gasp, leaning in deeper as she pushes herself against you, your cock sinking into her jiggling form, grasped by the tightness of her body. You groan as hot pleasure aches up your shaft, her body squeezing and massaging your cock with almost unholy skill.

A by-product of this, of course, is that you’re now up to your forearm in her torso, her core inches from your fingers. But the resistance has only grown the closer you come. And speaking of cumming, you’re nearly there! Your legs are tense with the effort of holding back your orgasm. You can feel your muscles quake with the exertion of resistance. Almost... almost...

“Ooooooh!” the googirl suddenly moans, her form suddenly swirling around your cock.

It’s too much. That last trick pushes you past the edge. Your vision goes white as you groan with pleasure, as your cock surrenders, your balls tighten, and you release into her form.

“Ooooooh!” the monster girl cries, her body jiggling around you, pulsing as she sucks in every drop of your cum. As she grows bigger. Bigger! Her own orgasm sweeps through her as she takes in your seed.

And in that instant, her resistance fades, your hand pushes those last inches, and grabs her core.

Your fingers grasp the smooth orb, warm against your palm. With a great groan you pull away, your arm sliding out, coming free with a wet squelching sound.

You hold the googirl's core above your head, panting. The gelatinous beauty stares at you blankly.

And melts.

"Ah!" you gasp as all the tension of her form evaporates. Her gooey body deflates spreading across the floor in a puddle. Your feet squelch in it as you step back, but you're free of her.

You're breathing hard. Panting. You look at the core in your grasp, feeling it pulse with power. In time, you know, the googirl will regenerate herself around it from ambient liquids, but that will take a while. Long enough for you to figure out just what the hell was happening here.

You turn once more to the twisting black thing growing from the floor, which continues to pulse with strange power, the patterns etched into the stone seeming to flow before your eyes. To look on it hurts your head and you wrench your gaze away. What the hell is going on here! Who could have...

The wizard!

You remember suddenly the sorcerer in the tower. Bloody wizards. Always fucking with powers beyond their ken! Well, he's going to get a goddam piece of your mind! You turn from the dungeon, storming back up the stairs. Time for some answers.

But first, you think as you feel a breeze brush you in places it shouldn't, perhaps you'd best get some pants...

[The Wizard in the Tower](#)

Parlay

You've never seen a googirl like her before, which is a real shame, but that also means you can't assume anything either. She has a human(ish) form, so perhaps she has something of a human mind as well? She's certainly capable of speech.

You slowly lower your sword. "Um, hello?" you say.

"Hiiii," the googirl giggles, her whole body jiggling with her mirth, which does some very interesting things to her breasts.

You feel heat rise in your face, and your cock in your boxers. You clear your throat. "Uh, yeah. Hi. What's your name?"

"Gooooooooa," the googirl says, bouncing in place.

Your eyes watch those massive, bubbly tits bounce on her chest, your jaw going slack. Dear gods, they're just huge! No. No! Focus! You force yourself to look at her face. "Okay, Gooa? Then, what are you doing here?"

"Having fuuuuuun!" she burbles.

"Are you?" you say.

"Wanna have fun?"

"Uh..."

"Let's have fun!" she squeals happily.

Her form ripples, and tentacles suddenly burst from her. You yelp, backpedaling, but her rubbery limbs are much faster. They grab you, looping around your arms and legs, reeling you in with impossible strength. Your heels skid on the floor, but you haven't the strength to resist her. You're hauled towards her chest, face smacking right between her enormous, pillowy tits.

Your rebound off her chest, dazed, only to be tugged back in, smothered against her. Gooa giggles in delight, rolling back, and taking you with her, laying you atop her like she were the most beautiful waterbed ever conceived.

And speaking of conceive, you suddenly feel your clothes dissolve against the slime coating her lovely body.

“Loooots of fuuuuun!” she moans.

You try and answer, but only a gasp escapes you as you feel your lower body press down on her, your cock bursting from your melting boxers and sinking into her jiggly form. “Ooooooh fuuuuuck!” you groan as her body envelops your shaft, pulling it deep inside her, squeezing around you in wonderful pleasure.

“Oooooh. It goooooood!” Gooa giggles, her mirth making her breasts jiggle forcefully around your head.

You vainly try and struggle free, but you’re not getting anywhere. Her tentacles have you tight in their grip, and there’s no way around it. In fact, your movement only seems to excite her further, your cock plunging into her rippling form, sucked into her sleeve of perfect, squeezing pleasure. You feel the heat of lust thump through you, and before you know it, you’re proactively fucking the googirl, plunging your cock in and out of her, the beat of your hips against her rippling body soon filling the room with the smacking sound of a proper fucking.

Your breathing grows ragged. You stopped fighting her at some point, but can’t quite remember when. Your head feels heavy. Fogged. Fogged like the mist that seeps from the root bursting from the floor. Feeding into your head in a haze of dumb pleasure. Your eyes roll. Your body works frantically, plunging your cock into the softness of the googirl, your face bouncing between her breasts.

“Yessss! Yessss!” Gooa moans. “Yessss! Good! Feeeeeel goooooood!”

“Ah... ah...” you pant, feeling the growing tension of your impending orgasm. Knowing you shouldn’t. Helpless to stop it. She’s just too good. Too soft. Too tight and delicious and oh... oh... oh, “Fuuuuuuuck!”

You cry out as you’re pushed past your peak. As your cock plunges deep inside her, her rippling body milking you of your seed,

drinking it down. Every spurt of your cum dissolves within her, sucked into her body.

And helping her grow.

You can feel it. Feel her breasts balloon even further around your head. Your eyes roll back as Gooa moan, rippling with pleasure as you're trapped further between her jiggly mounds, smothered between her tits.

And you're still so hard!

You can't understand it. Can't comprehend it. Your mind hasn't seemed to recover from your orgasm. A haze consumes you. The only thing that seems sure is your cock, which knows that it has to keep fucking this jiggly beauty. Has to keep cumming. Has to give her every fucking drop!

The root in the center of the room pulses, its glow throbbing through Gooa's body, refracted and deepened in her form. Her eyes seem to glow with it, her full lips filled with it. Filled with you. Filled with the pleasure of your surrender as you frantically pump into her form.

You cum again.

Again.

Every orgasm making Gooa swell bigger.

Every burst of your seed sinking you deeper into her embrace.

Your mind has gone blank as you cum in her. Drooling away. Drained like your balls as you continue to thrust into her. Darkness edges the corner of your vision as you rut mindlessly atop the jiggling googirl, her cooing moans and stroking touch ferrying you on into the mindless darkness, the glow of her wobbly tits the last thing you see.

Bad End

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The Wizard in the Tower

Some new pants later, you're striding across the ruined battlements and to the crooked tower of the wizard's home. It leans, faintly askew, masonry crumbling from it here and there to the point it looks almost impossible to still be upright, but you realize the sorcerer is probably using his magic to aid in that.

You reach the base of the tower and instantly start hammering on the wooden door. "Open up you bastard!" you shout.

At first you get nothing, but after a few minutes the door creaks open. You step back as the wizard peers out.

You know he's the wizard because he's wearing a pointy hat and a robe stitched with stars on it. Groat peers at you, a pair of huge glasses on his nose. He's fat, which is the most salient part of him, his robe flowing over his large body a bit like a circus tent. His face is fuzzed with a salt and pepper beard and his eyes look at you blearily.

"Eh? What?" he says.

You shove the googirl's core under his nose. "What the hell is this!"

Groat's eyes cross as he tries to look at the orb you've shoved under his jutting nose. "Hrm? Er, a marble?"

"No! The core of a slimegirl woman from the basement! One that tried to eat me!"

"Really? Well, that is unfortunate..."

"Yes! Yes it was! And I want to know what the hell is going on! What were you doing down there? And what the hell is that weird black... thing growing out of the floor?"

Groat's eyes uncross as they peer at you. "Black thing?" he says slowly, stroking his beard. "Hmmm... I see. So it's already gotten to that point, eh?"

“So it was you!”

“Hm? Oh no. No. That’s not my doing. Hmmm...” He flips out a pocket watch and checks the hour. “Well, it’s past scotch o’clock, but I suppose you may as well come in...”

Though confused by his words, you begrudgingly follow, pushing through the door. Inside is a mess. Bookshelves are stuffed to the brim and seem to have spilled their contents onto the floor. Tables loaded with beakers and other bubbling over alchemical devices litter the room, while skulls and relics are piled all over the place. You have to pick your way carefully among them not to knock over anything.

Groat shuffles through the piles, picking up a flask perched perilously atop a pile of books and takes a swig. “Mmm. That’s better,” he says, smacking his lips. He plops down behind a large desk and adjusts his glasses, peering at you and gesturing across from him. “Please, take a seat. Would you care for a drink?”

“No, thank you,” you say with icy politeness. “I want to know what’s going on in my basement!”

“Your basement?”

“Yes! My basement! I’m the new lord of Rovenia, and this is my castle!”

“Oh,” Groat says sleepily. “Congratulations.”

“Thanks,” you say with absolutely dripping sarcasm. “But why is there a creepy stone root in my basement and a monstrous googirl!”

“Ah, that’d be the Root of Corruption.”

“The what?”

“Root of Corruption. Do pay attention. Ah, young people. Always in such a hurry.”

You plant your hands on the table of the desk, glowering at him. “Talk. Now.”

Groat takes another swig of his flask. Hiccups. "Hmmm? Oh. Yes. The Roots. They're popping up all over the region, you see. Turning the women, flora, and fauna into monster girls. Very awkward to be sure."

"What?" you say. "Monster girls? What the hell is going on in my new realm?"

"Hm?" Groat says. "Oh, yes. I suppose I should start from the beginning."

"Yes! Yes, I think you should!"

Groat leans back in his overstuffed chair. From a pocket he fetches out a pipe and lights it with a tongue of flame conjured on his thumb. He waves his hand, extinguishing the flame as he takes a slow, contemplative puff of his pipe.

"Hmmm. Well, it all began long, long ago. When the dark goddess Setaria was cast down by her sisters and sealed beneath the land of Rovenia. Apparently she was a bit of a bitch."

"Is that right," you say.

"Oh yes. Did all sorts of nasty things like cause plagues, natural disasters, and stole everyone's left shoe. But the real meat of it was meddling with her sister's creations. The goddesses had this idea of a balance to existence, and Setaria disagreed. She was a more... fun goddess. And she loved having fun with mortals. She'd corrupt her sister's creations, turning them into unholy horrors of seduction and fertility. Those men she couldn't change, she enslaved to her new creations. Bit of a misandrist. Anyway! Into the earth they forced her, and into a deep, deep slumber she was sealed."

"Let me guess," you groan. "The seal has weakened?"

"Hm!" Groat grunts, wagging the stem of his pipe at you. "I see you know your sealed evil! Yes indeed. Her prison in the Mountains of Morn has grown weaker, allowing tendrils of her power to pollute the lands. Which, as you may imagine, has not been good for the locals. Leylines of her dark power now fill the hills and homes of the people who once lived in Rovenia. No corner has not been

touched, but it has been a gradual thing. You stand on the very outskirts of the realm, and her powers have only just now begun to push through here. Though it is ahead of schedule,” Groat says, tilting his head and peering at a nearby calendar. “I had her breaking through on Tuesday at the earliest.”

“It’s Friday,” you say.

“Ah, well. Must have passed out again. Anyway! The goddess’s corruption seeps into the world, changing things. Slowly at first, but accelerating. The deeper into Rovenia you travel, the stronger her influence. Shit’s crazy as you get closer to her mountain prison. I believe a cult has recently started up around it.”

“But what about the googirl?” you ask.

“Ah, well, as for that, that’s the goddess’s corruption at work. You see, the Roots create their own guardians. Sexy, lovely guardians. And the goddess has no use for men other than as breeding studs. Bit of a bitch, if you’ll recall.”

“You did mention that, yes.”

“Hmm! Indeed. Anyway, nearly every woman in the realm has been corrupted into sexy, sadistic monsters. As have various foliage and animals. Tough to tell at this point which was a beast and which was a woman first. You didn’t happen to find anything down in the dungeon, did you?”

A sense of dread grows like a ball of lead in your chest. “Th... there were some clothes and... and a backpack...”

“Ah, that would be the peddler. Poor girl. I did warn her.”

“You did?”

“Well, I meant to. But the Roots are potent artifacts. They prey upon one’s weaknesses. Which, of course, is why Setaria’s creatures are all so damn sexy. Makes fighting them less appealing. But fucking them is delightful! Last fuck most have, but ah well. There are worse ways to go. Tetanus for one! Nasty thing.”

“So,” you say, your voice tight with the edge of hysterics. “Let me get this straight. Not only is the realm I’ve been granted lordship over in ruins, but it sits atop an evil goddess’s prison, and she’s turning every woman into a monster girl, and every man into their prey or slaves? Am I missing anything?”

Groat tilts his head, puffing contemplatively at his pipe. “Hmm... No, I think that about covers it.”

“Great,” you say. “Perfect! Why wasn’t I told?”

“Beats me,” Groat says, shrugging. “I sent a report to King Belland ages ago. Weren’t you here to put a stop to this?”

“I wasn’t told anything about this!”

“Ah. That’s a shame.”

Your hands tighten to fists on the arms of your chair. Belland. The bastard! You knew he was an idiot, but you didn’t think he was this much of a dick! He must have sent you here to either die, or fix the problem in this corner of his realm. Either is to his benefit, but the fact he gave you absolutely no warning implies your death or damnation at the hands of monster girls was the preferred outcome.

“Well, perfect,” you say, throwing up your hands. “So I’m doomed to wait in a crumbling castle until that thing downstairs spawns another monster girl that inevitably ends me!”

“Oh no, I doubt you’ll need to do that.”

“No?” you say.

“No,” Groat says with a dismissive wave of his hand. “No doubt another monster girl will wander by at some point and get you first. There’s a nearby trader clan by the winery just filled with goblin maids that would love to make you their stud.”

You groan, burying your face in your hands. “Then I’m doomed! There’s nothing I can do.”

“Well, you could reseal the Roots,” Groat says.

Your head jerks up. You stare at him. “I can?”

“Of course! Didn’t I mention that?” Groat says.

“No! No you didn’t.”

“Really? My my. I meant to.”

“How can I?”

“Hm?”

You force yourself not to throttle the wizard. “How can I reseal the goddess!”

Groat stares at you. Blinks. He suddenly slaps a hand on his leg. “Oh! Right, yes. That. Well, I have been studying the Roots for quite some time. It’s absolutely possible to cap them off. Cauterize the wound, so to speak. I have just the sorcery for it.”

“You do? Then... why haven’t you been doing that around Rovenia?”

“Hmm. Well, I would. But I’ve been far... far too drunk...”

“You... you’re kidding right.”

Groat stares at you dimly. He slowly blinks one eye, then the other.

“...Alright,” you say. “Is there any way you can help me seal the Roots?”

“Hm? Oh, yes. I can do that. I have just the thing.”

Groat heaves himself out of his chair and shuffles across the room to you. “Might I see your sword?” he asks.

Wary, but not knowing what else to do, you unsheathe your sword and pass it to the wizard. Groat takes it, scrutinizing the blade. He starts fishing among the junk that covers his desk, finally pushing aside a skull being used as a paperweight and retrieving a sheaf of fine vellum.

“Ah, here we are. I discovered this sign during my research of the Mountains of Morn and the cult. A mark of sealing. The very same that once adorned the temple that binds the goddess. Now, if we just do like so...”

You watch the wizard place the paper on your blade and rub it into the weapon. The steel glows, warming the air. You lean back as Groat lifts your sword, brandishing it. Before your eyes runes spread across the blade, etching themselves in strange, swirling patterns.

“Aha! There we are. Now, the blade is set. This will banish the corruption of the goddess, binding it once more into the earth.”

“I see,” you say, taking the blade back, examining it. “Then, this will seal the Root under the castle?”

“Hm. Could be.”

You look sharply at the old wizard. “You mean you don’t know!”

Groat shrugs. “I haven’t had a chance to test it. Corruption of that scale doesn’t happen just any day. And I’m not going where I know a Root is. Those things are protected by powerful monster girls, and the corruption has warped the landscape. I don’t have a death wish.”

“Oh. Then...”

“But now that you’re here, we have our chance,” Groat says. “So let’s see if this works!”

[Sealing the Root](#)

Sealing the Root

You won't lie, you're extremely reluctant going down into the basement again, even with Groat wheezing after you. You have to pause halfway down into the dungeon as the sorcerer leans against the wall, huffing and puffing, sweat glistening on his face as he dabs it with a cloth.

But soon enough you stand once more before the throbbing Root, rising like a curling claw from the shattered flooring. The pulse of it seems to grow the closer you come, as if sensing your nearness. The presence of the googirl's remains glisten near your feet, and her core throbs within your pocket.

You grasp your sword and draw it, the runes glowing in the presence of the Root. Pulsing in sympathy to the twisted thing before you. You grip the sword with both hands, feeling the vibrations through the hilt.

"That's got it!" Groat shouts. "Now, plunge it into the stone!"

"Right," you say. "Okay. Ah... any particular reason you're hiding behind the door?"

"Oh, no. No. None at all," Groat says from the top of the stairs, his long nose peeking inside. "No reason. Just plunge your sword in there. I'm very sure it won't explode."

"How sure is very?" you say.

"No worries! I'm sure I'll be fine," the wizard says, pulling the door a little more closed.

You eye the cowardly sorcerer with annoyance, but you're here, no sense in delaying further. You turn to the Root and ready your blade, trying to calm your pounding heart. The sibilant whispers coming from the pillar seem to grow. A sense of promises radiating from it. A sense of power. You grit your teeth, raise your sword, and plunge it into the blackness!

The blade sinks into the Root like you'd just stabbed a loaf of butter. Unlike butter – except for Wizard's Butter, which tends to do some truly heinous things when stabbed – the stone cracks. The glow stops, slowly fading from the surface.

Like a spiderweb the cracks spread across the surface of the Root. The swirling patterns still, fading. You step back as, with a sound like shattering glass, the Root crumbles to shards around your sword.

You gasp, yanking your blade back and retreating further as the inert fragments clink onto the floor, dissolving with a hiss. A whisper like a sigh goes through the room, the mists which clung to your feet fading away even as you stand there, the air clearing.

Groat opens the door again with a creak. "Did it explode?"

"So exploding was a possibility!" you say.

"No. No," the wizard says as he steps inside and waddles the stairs. "I was utterly certain it wouldn't. Absolutely sure. Anyway! Enough gab. Aha. See? The Root is broken. The corruption has been stymied! In fact, our googirl will be freed of her compulsion."

"She will?"

"Of course! Go ahead. Free her."

You draw the core out of your pocket, eying it. It does look less... evil. The purple glow has faded in favour of a greenish hue that swims across the hard ball. The slimy on the floor quivers in answer to the nearness of the orb, and with a shrug, you put it back onto the goo.

Instantly the slime reforms around the core, swelling up and taking the shape of the busty googirl. Her head burbles from the mass, her face defining itself with a bubbly smile.

You tense as she suddenly rushes towards you, but her arms merely wrap around you, her cheek pressed to yours with a moan.

"Maaaasterrrrr saaaaaved meeeeee," she moans.

"Uh..." you say.

“Aha!” Groat crows, clapping his hands. “You see? Without the Root, the corruption that compelled her has faded. As I was sure it would. Had no doubt. None at all.”

“G-great. Um, yeah. You’re welcome. Could you just... uh...”

With some effort you slip out of the googirl’s embrace. “Then, it’s over?” you ask Groat.

“Hm?” Groat turns to you blankly. “What? Oh no. No no no... no. No.”

“What do you mean no?” you demand.

“What? You think this was enough to stop her? Goodness no! This was like pricking her pinky with a needle. If you don’t eliminate the source, those Roots will regrow, and she’ll break through the seal again anyway.”

“Are you kidding?” you gape.

“Nope!” Groat says easily. “It’s all very fascinating. You’ll have to seal the other Roots around the region if you want to have any chance of stopping her.”

You groan.

“Issss maaasssster feeeeeling bluuuuue?” the googirl moans.

“Fucking hell,” you say, slumping down onto the steps.

Groat pats your shoulder. “There there. It happens to the best of us.”

“What? Getting conned into taking the lordship of a realm being covered with corruption, consumed by a goddess’s evil and filled with monsters?”

“Well, I didn’t say often.”

You give him a flat look. “Thanks,” you say.

He pats your shoulder again. “Well, at any rate, will you go?”

“Go? Go where?”

“To sever the next Root. It’s not far. I spent the last few years keeping track of them, and this one is actually quite near. At the trader town Lamrick. Lovely little place at the crossroads. Most traders frequent it, stopping by before delving deeper into Rovenia. It’s there that the closest Root of Corruption has sprouted.”

“I have to chop down another one!”

“Hmm. All of them, in the end, unless the goddess’s corruption is left to fester and spread. You know how it is. And it is your new realm, after all. Can’t just abandon it to monsters!”

“Ooooh,” the googirl moans.

You glance back at her, then Groat again. The wizard stands expectantly.

[Abandon Rovenia](#)

[Take on the Quest](#)

Take on the Quest

You sigh. Well, you are the lord around here now, and even if your castle is in ruins, your title worthless, and your subjects being turned into slaves and monster girls by a sleeping evil goddess, you can't just abandon the place. Who knows? Maybe it will even work out in the end.

"Alright," you say. "Let's do this."

"Marvelous!" Groat says, clapping. "I'm so happy you've agreed. I was almost afraid I'd have to move my things out of the tower, and I've finally gotten the post owls to figure out where my address is. Things are terribly stupid. It once delivered my acceptance to sorcerer's school to some prat living under somebody's stairs. Not a great way to start a career!"

"Right. Speaking of starting," you say, "what is this trader town?"

"Ah! Right. Lamrick is more a trader's post really. After the castle fell to ruins, it was fortified by the Falsetta goblin clan. Clever little buggers. A goblin trading family that bought an old winery on the hill, reinforced it, and used it as a stopping point for merchants wanting to trade with Rovenia. Now, their wine is renowned throughout the region, and anyone seeking to trade in Rovenia stops there and picks up news, supplies, or even trades strictly with the clan."

"Can't they just bypass it?" you say.

Groat snorts. "Without paying the toll? If there's one thing goblin maids demand, it's respect, my friend, and the Falsetta's surely get that, among other things. Their gobmother has built that clan up from a bunch of tinkers to a power to be reckoned with! And she doesn't suffer fools long."

You'll believe that. Goblin merchant clans can be vicious when money is involved. Though the males of their species are well

known for being stupid, the females have compensated for their brethren with a brilliance and acumen that shocks most. Goblin trade caravans wander all over the world these days. You've had some business with them on campaigns, and the clans are shrewd and hard bargainers. Plus, their maids aren't above using their looks to sweeten the deals.

You remember one night with a certain clan gob. Short, but she'd stacked all that height into her curves. Though she did take you for a bit of a ride, you took her for one too, and it'd be hard to say who came out on top of that one.

Still...

"You say a Root is there? Where?"

Groat shrugs. "Bugged if I know."

"You mean you don't?"

He snorts, stroking his beard. "Hmph! Of course not. I can estimate roughly where it is, but heaven's sake man, I haven't gone near one! I don't want to end up some monster girl's beau. I'm fairly shooting blanks as is! They'd drain me dry within an hour or two. I haven't visited Lamrick since this whole business began. Though, I do note, most of the merchants who I've had bring me goods haven't been returning when they venture deeper into the region. I've left some strongly worded reviews about them, I'll tell you that much."

You grimace. "Lovely," you say. Then sigh. "I suppose I'd best get going."

"Oh! But before you do, I have one more thing that might be of aid to you. Let's see... aha! Here we are."

You lean back from the two potions Groat suddenly dangles before your face. The pink glow of one and dark, greenish hue of the other do not look appealing. "What are those?"

"Potions! Here. This one is a potion of Bestial Might. An invaluable little concoction that is bound to aid you. Drinking it will temporarily instill in you all the might of a beast! Power beyond your

reckoning. Uh, but do be careful. Should you prove unable to retain your sense of self, I fear the potion may overwhelm you, and you will become the beast in truth.”

“Greeeeeat,” you say, taking the twin potions. You swirl the pink one. “And, this?”

“A potion of Feminine Beauty! That little concoction will turn you into the loveliest maiden the world has ever seen.”

“What!” you gasp. “What good is that?”

“Have you ever been to an all boy’s school?” Groat asks, raising a brow. “That little trick made an education in wizardry much less of a sausage fest. And there are some places a woman’s wiles will best a man’s arms, if you know what I mean.”

“Nooooo!” the googirl suddenly cries, flinging herself against you once more, her goopy arms wrapping about you, her eyes pleading for you. “Not lose coooooock! Neeeed iiiiiiit!”

“Oh calm down,” Groat scoffs. “The potion is only temporary! Unless it isn’t. It tends to react strangely when one is impregnated or... ahem, their state of mind is changed. Have to tell you, that caused some awkward situations back at school. But ideally you should turn back to a man after a short time.”

“Wonderful,” you say, awkwardly squirming out of the googirl’s grasp once more. “Then, I guess I’m ready.”

“As ready as you’ll ever be!” Groat says happily. “And remember,” he adds with a wag of his finger. “If things get bad, never fear! They can always get worse.”

[Lamrick](#)

Lamrick

Using a portal conjured by Groat takes a whole new kind of courage, but once you've finished being sick from the vertigo in a nearby bush, you're ready to begin. Wiping your mouth, you look out upon the landscape running along the highway. Hills roll away in gentle mounds, and atop one can only be Lamrick itself.

A wooden palisade surrounds it, pushing up towards the road. Above the wooden stakes rises what can only be the winery. A huge, stone and wooden building looking more like a fort than a simple place to make wine. But then, you suppose it basically is a fortress for the goblin clan that now controls it.

You duck behind the bushes as a wagon rocks along the road, the driver looking bored as he drives his horses towards the open gate, and he easily passes through after a quick exchange at the guard post.

As you look at the town, you feel your sword vibrate subtly at your side. According to Groat, that means a Root of Corruption is nearby. Looks like you're going in there no matter what.

With a sigh you start off down the road. As you draw near, you can make out more of the guard post. Built into the wooden wall, facing slightly inward, a surprisingly pretty goblin maid sits within. She wears a garish blouse with tons of frills, her firm breasts pushing out the front of her dress almost obscenely. Lace bursts from her plunging neckline, framing the green valley of her breasts, and her dark hair is gathered in a high bun. Several male goblins loiter around the entrance, their scrawny frames belied by the leather armour they wear, knives jammed in belts and spears in hand. They eye you with lidded interest as you approach, but not much else.

The goblin maid, on the other hand, leans out the window as you come near and brightens visibly at the sight of you. "Well hey there cutie," she purrs. "Come here often?"

“Just passing through,” you say. “Looking to wait out the night. I hear the country isn’t too kind to travellers these days.”

“Ain’t that the truth! But we’re plenty friendly. Name’s Lulla, at your service. Mmm. But you look like a man who know how to take care of himself,” she says with a suggestive wink. She looks you up and down with appreciation, lingering on the sword at your side.

You straighten a little under her eye, puffing your chest up. “Thanks,” you say.

“Any time.”

You eye the winery at the top of the hill. Just from here you can make out the front door, and the many guards idling near it. Breaking into the place might be hard. “Say,” you say. “Any way to meet with the clan head?” you ask.

“Oh?” Lulla says, leaning over the edge of the booth, eying you with blatant and obvious interest. “Interested in lending the family some skills?”

“I might be looking for some work...”

“Hmm. That’s what I like to hear. You know, the clan is always looking for more good men.” She reaches under her counter and pulls out a copper disc with a strange mark on it: two scales weighing a gold coin and what looks like a bundle of grapes. “This little number’ll see you in past the guards. Show you’re accepted and put in a good word for you with the gobmother.”

Your ears perk up. “The gobmother?”

“Gobmother Gabbia. She can be a real ball breaker, but the pay is better than you’ll find anywhere else. Believe me,” she says with another lewd wink.

You feel again the warming of your face. “Uh...”

“Course,” she adds with a wiggle of her brows, flipping the coin in her dexterous green fingers. “Nothin’ in this life is free. You know how it is. I scratch your back, you scratch mine? Get me?”

“I think so,” you say slowly.

“There’s a good stud. ‘Course, studs don’t really need to think. They just need to know how to use their swords. And I’ll wager you’ve got a real good one sheathed in there,” she says with a look at your crotch. “Thirty gold can go a looooong way, but that other pouch you’re stuffin’ would go even further. So how’s about it, big boy? Wanna do some business?”

[Fuck Lulla](#)

[Bribe Lulla](#)

[Find Another Way In](#)

Abandon Rovenia

You raise your hands. “Woah, woah. Look. This is... way too much for me right now.”

“Oh?” Groat says, raising a busy eyebrow.

“Ooooh?” the googirl burbles curiously.

“I mean, yeah!” you say, looking between them. “I came here because I was promised a lordship and territories! Income! I didn’t know I’d have to fight the gods themselves for it!”

“To be clear, just one goddess,” Groat says. “Although I have heard some strange stories about the fishing villages along the coasts...”

“Look,” you interrupt. “Thanks, glad we did... whatever it is we did here,” you say, gesturing at the hole in the floor. “But I’m not going to fight an army for this. I didn’t even really want this territory.”

Groat strokes his beard. “Hm. Well, can’t say I blame you.”

“Right. Thanks. So, I’m just... gonna go, then. Lovely to meet you both. So long!”

You turn and head back up the stairs, leaving Groat and the googirl. “So, ever tried getting freaky with those tentacles?” you hear the wizard say. You fail to hear her reply, already well past the doorway.

You return to the ruined throne room and immediately begin gathering things in your pack. In short order you’ve packed up all the gear you need and have shouldered it, already on your way out of the ruined keep. Within the hour the dust of the road is under your feet, the walls of the pass surrounding you and Rovenia at your back. Belland will doubtless denounce you, maybe send some assassins or something, but fuck it. That’s fine. You can handle some sellswords. Heavens know you won’t be hanging around Brodwen long enough for the dark goddess to rise. Maybe you’ll head across

the sea? There's always work to be had in the desert kingdom of Lazula.

Well, no matter. You'll have many journeys and adventures ahead. You'll see foreign lands and women. Discover new enemies, friends, and lovers, and in every port hear growing tales of a dark blight spreading across the land. Guilt knowing you could have stayed and fought it will gnaw at you, but you'll soothe that wound with women, wine and work.

All of this will come, but not here. For now, your adventure is at an end.

End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Fuck Lulla

You size up the goblin maid. You're no prude. You've fucked women other than humans before, and to be sure Lulla has all the right curves. She might be short, but all those inches seem to have swelled outward, providing her with breasts the envy of any human woman you've known. You smirk, leaning on the counter. "I think a barter can be arranged."

"Oooh, a barter? I like the way you think," she says, winking. She crooks a finger. "Come around, sweet thing. Let's have some fun, me and you."

You move around the booth, noticing Lulla has tugged down a shutter for the window with 'Out to Lunch' written on it. Well, you'll give her something to swallow, that's for sure. At the side of the booth is a door that opens with ease, letting you inside.

It's dark and tight in the booth, only a sliver of daylight working through the bottom of the shuttered window. Lulla stands on a stool set before it, her figure outlined by the glow. Your eyes adjust slowly, which explains why Lulla is able to grab you so easily, pull you inside, and press a forceful, hungry kiss to your startled lips. Her kiss is heavy, passionate, and you find yourself instantly responding, wrapping her up in your arms and pulling her close, deepening the kiss with a passion you can't suppress.

Lulla breaks the kiss with a gasp, her eyes shining like gold in the gloom, her green cheeks flushed a deeper emerald with lust. "Mmm. You know how to kiss, big boy."

"Know how to do more than that," you growl, cupping her ass through her skirt.

She gasps, purrs, pushing herself against you, her soft tits mashed against your chest, her mound grinding against your bulge. "Ooooh, been a while since I've had a stud so hungry for it. C'mere."

She hops down from the stool she was standing on, only to shove you onto it. You land with an oof, and instantly the lovely goblin is again before you, unlacing your pants. She's as skilled as a pickpocket, and in no time your cock is out, jutting up before her eyes. Little wonder you're so hard.

"Ooooh," Lulla purrs, her hand stroking your shaft, making you groan. "All for me? What a bargain!"

Giggling, she leans forward and plant a kiss to the tip of your cock. You gasp, moaning as her lips gently slide over it, her mouth sinking down on your manhood, her earrings jangling as her pointed ears twitch with pleasure. She begins to gently bob, slowly at first, clearly trying to get the most out of her time between your legs.

"Oh fuuuuuck," you groan, planting a hand on her head, driving her down harder onto your cock, letting her suck and moan, head bobbing with ever growing eagerness, her voice humming in a low, deep purr as she takes you, the sound vibrating through your cock, tingling in your balls and stomach.

"Ah... Yes. That's it. Oh fuck yessss," you groan, rutting up into her mouth. "Fuck! Take it. Suck my cock. Ooooh goods yessss. Fuck, your mouth is so good!"

"Mhmmm," Lulla moans, working fast, her hand coming up, cradling your balls, massaging them tenderly as you fuck her throat.

You gasp, twitching as her hands do their work, as your cock throbs with need, your balls aching with wonderful pleasure. Her tongue strokes and teases around your shaft. Her lips shortening their strokes, growing tighter, stronger around your root. You groan, gripping her head as she does her wonderful magic. Her fingers teasing your balls, running along the sack, stroking you until you're ready to burst!

"Oh fuck. Fuck! Lulla. Lulla I... Oh g-gods yesssss!"

You cry out, pushed beyond the limit by her sinful mouth. You thrust deep into her, taking her lips to the root, your cock pulsing, spurting your hot load down her hungry throat.

“Mmmm,” Lulla moans, her eyes growing lidded like some addict given their fix, her throat working as she eagerly swallows every spurting drop of your cum.

You pant, sagging in your chair, head spinning and chest heaving with pleasure. Lulla slowly lifts her lips from your wilting cock, licking them lips with satisfaction.

“Mmm. Thanks for the meal, cutie,” she purrs, still stroking your balls. “Ready for round two?”

“T-two?” you gasp.

“Sure! You don’t think I’d have enough of that cock with just a kiss, do you?” she giggles. “Hmm. But looks like you’re not so hard anymore. Well! I got the fix for that.”

She leans against you, her breasts rubbing against your cock, which gets you plenty hard once more. Her fingers slide free a wine bottle that had been under the counter. She lifts it, giving it a teasing shake, the thick contents sloshing.

“Goblin Wine! Guaranteed to get that cock nice and stiff for me. Here you go,” she says, popping the cork free and pressing the bottle into your hand. “Have a drink!”

You take the bottle, the scent rising to you. The thick sweetness of alcohol and... something else. Something that stirs your cock and hardens it. You glance down at Lulla’s smiling face, seeing something else in those lovely eyes. Something like a lurking fox waiting for the rabbit to take the bait.

[Drink the Wine](#)

[Pretend to Drink](#)

Bribe Lulla

Thirty gold isn't nothing, but given the fact this, albeit lovely, goblin maid is absolutely corrupted by the goddess, fucking her seems less than ideal. At least for now.

"I'd hate not to show my appreciation," you say, sliding some gold onto the counter. Lulla's eyes spark, her smirk growing deeper as she deftly swipes the coins, subtly weighing them in her hand. She nods at last, slipping the money into her purse and flipping you the pass.

"Here you go, stud. Can't wait to work with you," she says, giving you a lewd wink.

You return the smile, snatching the disc out the air. "Likewise of course. So, I just go up to the winery, then?"

"Sure thing, hon. Have fun."

You nod at her and pass through the gates, the eyes of the goblin guards following you for a time until you're far from the gate and no longer their concern.

The interior of Lamrick is surprisingly orderly for a merchant town. The streets are laid out and mostly clean, though traffic is heavy. Inns and some shops crowd the space, not a residential home to be seen. Most buildings are made of wood, the elaborate frontings obscuring the more makeshift nature of the actual constructipm. There's a lot of carts parked before the taverns and warehouses, with a number of merchants as well, but the real surprise is the number of goblins about.

In fact, the closer you look, the more you notice that you could count the number of people other than goblins on two hands. A few merchants are near their carts, but they're already being drawn into a tavern by a number of truly lovely goblin maids. Every shop stall appears to be run by a busty green short stack and the nearby tavern is absolutely swarming with them.

Fortunately, you don't have to deal with any of them. You've already got your way into the winery. Now you just need to get in, find the Root, and break it.

Simple.

"Yeah, sure," you say under your breath as you make your way through town. The way to the winery is simple to see. It winds up the hill towards the building with a broad avenue surrounded by warehouses. Up close, the winery is even more imposing. Thick, heavy stone walls surround it. A large waterwheel creaks from the side atop a rushing stream. A bridge spans the river, and as you draw nearer you see the guards waiting.

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One, an almost ludicrously fat goblin who's been sitting atop a barrel by the door, is stirred by one of his companions. This goblin lifts his head, blinking, his gut nearly bursting from his shirt and stained uniform.

"Eh? Wha? Oh," the goblin says, levering himself off the barrel. He lands with a grunt and waddles up to you, glaring. "Right!" the goblin says, adjusting his belt. "No one goes in winery unless invited. So no humies."

You pause, considering how to handle this clearly inebriated goblin.

[Wait](#)

[Parlay](#)

[Attack](#)

[Potion of Feminine Beauty](#)

[Potion of Bestial Might](#)

[Show the Disc](#)

Drink the Wine

Just the thought of leaving here without thoroughly enjoying Lulla's body makes you lift the bottle. And besides, it's just wine. Alcohol has never had a huge effect on you. What's the harm?

You take a swig. Smooth, sweet alcohol pours onto your tongue and down your throat, tickling your senses delightfully. "Mmm," you moan, drinking deeper, tilting back the bottle to down more of that sweet brew.

"You like?" Lulla asks.

"Y-yeah," you pant, taking the bottle away, your head spinning.

"I can tell," Lulla giggles, running her finger up along your hardened cock. "Oooh, that's a nice stud dick you got there."

"Stud?" you say, taking another gulp of wine.

"Oh yeah! You know what a stud is, right? It's a hot guy with a big cock who gives all the pretty girls what they want. That sound like you?"

You blush at her words and the way her lashes flutter. "Um, I uh..."

"Take another sip, sweet thing. It'll help you think."

That hasn't been your experience, but maybe she's right. You certainly don't need another excuse to take another draught of the bottle, the berry flavour drowning your tastebuds, the rush of alcohol spinning through your head. You hiccup, grinning.

"Feelin' horny?" Lulla asks.

"Yeaaaah," you say as your cock throbs.

"Mmm. I bet you are. Nice and horny and needy," Lulla purrs, climbing into your lap, straddling you on the chair, pressing you back as she hovers over you, eyes hot, lashes low and dusky. "And a good stud loves taking off my dress, right?"

“Yeah?”

“Oh yeah.”

You grin, reaching around her, fumbling with the laces of her gown. They part with ease despite your efforts, the goblin maid moaning as her dress falls, unveiling the heaviness of her green breasts. Perfect, firm green orbs that fairly burst into the open.

“Ooooh yeah! There we go. Mmm, and I bet you’ll wanna get a good handful of them, right?” Lulla says.

“Yes,” you gasp.

She giggles, takes your arms and pushes your hands onto her tits. You gasp as your palms are filled with heavy goblin titflesh. You massage her breasts, squeezing them, feeling how firm yet soft they are. Pliable. Perfect.

“Ooooh yesssss,” the goblin maid moans, pushing forward. “Yesss, that’s a good stud. Studs always love big breasts. And you’re a good stud, aren’t you?”

“Y-yeah. G-good stud...”

“I bet you are! And really good studs get to fuck lovely goblin maids. That something you want?”

“Oh yeah,” you gasp eagerly.

“Mmm, I thought so. You’re gonna be a great stud, hot stuff. How about another drink?”

More wine? You brighten considerably. “Yeah! Sounds... sounds good,” you say.

With a sly grin, Lulla grabs the bottle and takes a swig herself. Your confusion at this lasts only until she puts aside the bottle, grabs your face, and presses an absolutely bruising kiss to your lips.

Your mouth parts in shock, and wine flows from Lulla’s mouth into yours. Warmed. Spiced. You drink it down without thinking, a fog of pleasant drunkenness falling over your mind. Your eyes roll back

as Lulla sits in your lap, your cock trapped between her mound and your stomach, stroked against her hot folds, slickened with her juices as you moan and rut against her pussy. Her hands grasp your shirt, dragging it open, unveiling your toned chest, heaving with pleasure and exertion.

“Mmmm,” Lulla moans, breaking the kiss, beaming down at you. “Like that, stud?”

“Uh-huh,” you slur, smiling dimly.

“Course you do! But gosh. You’re such a good stud, I don’t think we even need to interview the Gobmother. In fact, how’d you like me to hire you right here?”

“H-hire?” you ask.

“Yeah,” Lulla purrs, her teasing finger drawing mindless patterns on your chest. “I’ve got a contract delivering wine out of the city soon. And I could use a strong, muscular, sexy guard to go with me. How about it? Wanna join my family?”

“I uh... Ooooooh,” you groan as she resumes grinding herself on your lap, trapping your cock against her and her pussy.

“Hiring bonuses include getting to pound my slutty pussy full of cum. Every night. Every day. Getting all the wine you can drink, and giving me all the cum I can take. Come on. Won’t get a deal like that everyday. How about it, stud? Wanna be gainfully employed?”

Oh you do. You really do. But... but wasn’t there something else you were here for? You think so. It’s at the tip of your tongue, but it’s like trying to spot something through a fog. An indistinct shape masked by the warm haze of the wine. Your brow furrows with the effort. “I um... I...”

“Now now! No thinking. Studs don’t need to think. They just need... to be hot... and dumb... and do whatever their boss says. And your boss says you should agree, and fuck her hot green pussy.”

You groan as the lips of her cunt rub against your tip. Any other concern is flattened under the steamroller of your need. Your need to fuck this green beauty. To pound and rut and plunder her hot cunt like the horny stud you are. “Y-yessss!” you moan under her. “Please! I... I want to w-work... work for you. Please! Oh fuck, pleeeeeease!”

“Mmm. I love negotiating,” Lulla giggles. Her lips press against yours in another steamy kiss.

Her hips drop.

And sheathe you deep within her.

You groan in heavenly pleasure. Your eyes roll back as the tight, massaging vice of her pussy squeezes your cock, riding you. Almost as soon as she’s taken you, you’re cumming, a throaty moan heralding the bucking, panting, groaning ecstasy of your orgasm, pumping her full of your hot cum.

But you’re still so hard!

“Oh fuck!” Lulla gasps, her eyes smoky, golden as newly polished coins. Her curvy frame rides your lap with ever growing urgency, her silken pussy stroking your cock in unspeakable ways. “Yes. Oh fuck yessss! Gimme that cock, stud! Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Give me your human coooock!”

“Fuuuuck!” you groan, hands looping under her legs, squeezing her thighs, bouncing her urgently atop your cock, hammering her tight pussy with frantic strokes, your moans rising in volume as she takes you to the root, her plush breasts mashed against your chest, her eyes molten with pleasure.

“Fuck! Fuck! Oh fuck yes! Take me stud! Fuck me! Fuck me full! Fucking breeeed meeee!”

“Yes! Yes! Oh fuuuuck!” you groan, hiltng her again, her orgasm tightening her around you like a vice. It’s too much! With a needy groan you plunge up into her, and cum!

Pleasure burns through your veins as you're pushed past the limit. As you twitch in her, unloading again into her needy pussy, your orgasm joined with hers in a peak of pure physical bliss. Your head slumps back, your eyes spinning and mouth parted, gasping in short, hot pants.

"Ooooh," Lulla moans, settling on your lap, your twitching cock still buried deep in her pussy. She smiles at you, her sharp teeth making your cock twitch anew with desire. "Mmm. That was great, stud. You've got the job!"

"I... I do?" you say dimly.

"Sure thing!" she says, picking up the bottle of wine and taking another swig. She leans in, kissing you again, and as you surrender to her kiss, the wine flowing into your mouth, into your head, you relax, lids fluttering. Yeah. Good thing you found such a smart, wonderful boss. Much smarter than a dumb stud like you. You better do absolutely everything she says.

Like a good stud should...

[Merchant Guard](#)

Merchant Guard

“Twenty gold! You outta your mind?”

You tense subtly at the sound of the mistress’s raised voice. Crossing your arms over your chest, you do your best to look subtly imposing where you stand by the wagon stall. The fat man who fidgets under the shaded awning sneaks a glance at you, and you glare back at him.

Naturally, his gaze doesn’t linger on you overlong, but is drawn inevitably back to the mistress. Lulla leans over the counter, a potion in hand, one from the hundreds that line the racks behind her. She wags the bottle meaningfully. “This potion is worth top dollar! Forty gold at the minimum. You think we can just give this away?”

“I ah, I understand that,” the man says, his eyes drawn repeatedly down into the cleavage Lulla is ‘accidentally’ showing off by leaning towards him. “But still, forty gold coins?”

“Listen, you seem like a nice guy. A smart guy. But I can’t just give this away. This is a potion of Virile Masculinity! Guaranteed. It’ll make you as horny as a minotaur and near as big! Your wife’ll be the happiest girl in all of Rovenia! All of that for a measly thirty five gold?”

“Twenty seven is still so much,” the portly man says.

Lulla sighs, shaking her head, gazing at the awning of her booth in exasperation. “Honestly! You men. Fine. Thirty two gold, and not a bent copper less! And I’ll even throw in a bottle of Lamrick’s finest. The wine that’s sweeping the world!”

The fat man perks up. “Lamrick brew? I have heard interesting things...”

“And that’s not even half of it! So, how about it? Deal?”

The man hesitates, but when Lulla leans in again, pushing the potion and a bottle of rich, purple wine across the counter, he makes his decision. “Deal!”

You watch closely as the money changes hands, then the potions. As the portly man shuffles away down the dockyards of Avash, clutching his prize. Lulla grins and counts her coins.

“Nice,” the goblin maid purrs. She glances your way. “Come around back, stud. Time to close up shop.”

You straighten at once, an eager smile on your face. As Lulla pulls down the shutter of the stall and awning, you walk around the cart, climbing the steps into the back. Opening the door, you slip inside, shutting it behind you.

The interior of the cart is home, shop, and everything else to you and Lulla. The racks of potions have been hidden behind painted panels. A lamp hangs from a corner, its pale yellow glow the only light. The alchemical workbench consumes a whole corner, while the rear of the cart sports a long ledge in which your and Lulla’s bed is tucked. Lulla herself sits on her stool, admiring the coins she’s made before slotting them into the lockbox, snapping shut the lock with satisfaction and sliding it back into its hidden compartment.

“Mmm, a good haul. Even with the taxes we have to pay to those snakes in the palace,” the goblin maid purrs. “At this rate, we’ll be able to open a proper shop in this city! And you know what that means.”

“I do?” you say.

Lulla glances at you, bemused affection on her lovely green face. “Honestly, you are pretty dumb, huh?”

“Yeah,” you say, grinning.

Lulla giggles. “But that’s okay. I like ‘em dumb. Men don’t need brains, after all. That’s what we’re for. They just need this.”

You groan as she cups your bulge, gently kneading your cock. Your face flushes at the brazenness of the diminutive beauty, but you love her even more for it. Her eyes glow as she coos softly, stroking you through your pants.

“Yeah,” Lulla purrs. “Men just need big cocks and bigger muscles. So let me explain, stud. These sorts of profits? At this rate, we’ll be able to open a proper shop! And when we do, the Gobmother is going to want someone to head the operations here. And guess who that’ll be?”

“Um... is it... you?” you say.

“Good boy!”

You blush with her praise.

“But you know what else that means?” Lulla says sweetly.

Aw shit. More questions? Your brain can’t take this kinda testing. Fortunately, Lulla follows up quickly.

“It means, I’ll also get to run the shop! With a proper backroom. And a nursery. And plenty of employees. And that means, you and I can get down to some good and proper breeding.”

Your eyes light up. “I like that sound of that!” you say.

“I bet you do,” Lulla croons, her ass subtly grinding against the seat, just the thought of being bred getting her hot and needy. “Now take off your shirt, stud.”

“Yes ma’am!” you say, unlacing your leather jacket, shrugging it off to reveal the firmness of your figure. Lulla whistles low, letting her hand glide along your abs and pecs.

“Mmm. There is it. You know, it’s a real comfort having you around, stud. Single, lovely gob like me, all alone in the big city? Who knows who’d try and take advantage of me?

“But not with you around,” she says, sliding out of her stool, her face only coming up to your waist, but the heat in her gaze makes her seem two stories tall. “Not with a big, strong, handsome stud who knows how to use his sword. Nobody’d dare try anything with a hottie like you guarding me. And you love guarding this body, don’t you?” Lulla coos, cupping her tits, giving them a bounce.

“Yeah,” you breathe, admiring her figure.

“Which part of me do you like best?” Lulla purrs as she unlaces your pants.

“Um...” you say, furrowing your brow. This level of thought is usually reserved for the mistress. She’s the brains of the operation. You’re just the muscle. Making it harder to concentrate is the fact your pants have just slid down your legs, unveiling your thick cock to the warm air of the cart. “Ooooh. Um... Your boobs,” you finally say.

“Oh yeah?” Lulla giggles, cupping her breasts for your admiration. “You like these big, green tits, eh?”

“Oh yeah,” you say, practically drooling.

“Mmm. I know you do. You wanna feel these big, green tits around that needy cock?”

“Yes ma’am!”

Lulla laughs heartily. “Thought so! Well, consider it a bonus, stud, because I want a load of that hot cum you’ve got there. So let’s do it!”

You grin happily as she pushes you back against the wall, already undoing the laces of her dress. Lulla sighs in satisfaction as it comes loose, revealing the firm, emerald orbs of her tits, nipples dark discs the size of coins. She presses forward, lifting her breasts, squeezing your shaft between those flawless orbs.

You moan, helpless, clutching at the wall behind you as Lulla begins to bounce her breasts around your cock, sliding those perfect green orbs up and down, stroking your shaft until you’re flushed and panting in abject pleasure.

“Yeah? You like this, stud? You like the boss’s tits wrapped around your big cock?” Lulla purrs.

“Oh f-fuck yessss,” you moan.

“I know you do, stud. Ooooh fuck. What a prize you are. Can’t believe I almost missed out on you. But that’s not gonna happen ever again. Because you love being my stud, don’t you? You love working for me, right?”

“Yes,” you gasp. “Yes. Oh fuck. Fuck. Love... love you. Love you, ma’am. Love being... ah... being your s-stud. Oh fuck. Ma’am. I’m... ah... I’m getting close. Oh fuck.”

Lulla blushes. “Aw, you always know just what to say! Here, let’s give you a reward.”

You groan in uttermost ecstasy as her lips descend onto your cock, enveloping your tip in tight warmth. Your knees nearly buckle with the sensation that throbs through you as her breasts and mouth adore your cock, sucking you in lazy strokes. You have no defence against this. Your mind melts to pudding and body yields with joy to the pleasures of your mistress.

“Oh gods. Oh gods yes! Ma’am! I... I... Mnnnn!”

You groan as you’re pushed beyond the brink. As your cock throbs, pumping a sudden deluge of cum into Lulla’s hungry mouth. The goblin maid moans in delight, her lashes fluttering, her throat working to swallow every drop.

You gasp, sagging against the wall. Lulla lifts her lips from your cock, smirking at you.

“Mmm. Like that, stud?”

“G-gods yes,” you pant, smiling dumbly down at her.

“Course you do! Studs always love to cum. It’s what they’re for! Now, let’s take this to the bed. And don’t forget to take a drink of wine! Want that handsome cock of yours all ready to pound this pussy.”

“Yes ma’am!”

It’s your nightly ritual and reward, along with fucking the boss. Well, one of many rewards. The bottle of wine is never far from hand, and as you take a swig, you taste the richness of the liquor and berries fortify you once more. A heat that stirs your thoughts to a lather and thickens your cock with vitality.

“Ready, big boy?”

You turn from the bottle to the beauty in the bed nook. Lulla reclines, naked, her green curves glowing in the lamplight as she gives you a sultry smile. You swallow the wine, the sudden swimming of your head focusing you utterly on the beauty awaiting you. Your boss. Your mistress. Your beloved.

You cross the short distance, meeting her lips, kissing her hard as you press her back into the nook. Lulla moans, submitting eagerly to your powerful frame, her legs opening, her gasp as your cock fills her slick pussy all the sweeter for the heat of love that burns in you.

You take her long into the night. Slowly. Gently. Hard. Brutally. Every way she wants. Every way you can think, strengthening yourself with further swigs of the wine bottle. There's no need to moderate it. You've never woken up hungover. You'd never dare. Mistress needs you. And you need her.

When at last, hours later, spent, sweaty, the two of you snuggle down in the blankets, your arms wrapped around your lovely employer. You have a vague feeling you had intended to do something other than be the obedient bodyguard of the lovely goblin maid, but those moods are passing. As the sweetness of the goblin brew settles within you, your mind thick with pleased obedience, you can only sigh in satisfaction. For you are doing the thing you love most.

And you love being Lulla's stud.

End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Pretend to Drink

You recall Groat's warning that goblins are expert potion makers, among other trades, and their sorceries can be subtle. Lulla herself may not be, but it's pretty clear that if she wants you to drink, odds are it's not to your benefit.

You tip up the bottle, putting it to your lips. Even just the fumes of the liquor make your head spin as you pretend to chug it down. Lulla's eyes glow like golden coins, watching you take the bottle away with a gasp.

"Wow," you say. "That's good stuff!"

Lulla giggles. "I'll say. And look at that! You're all nice and hard for me again."

Well, you didn't need wine for that. Just the sight of the lovely shortstack has done more than enough to stiffen you up for her. But you don't have time to play her games anymore. You're starting to suspect if you do, you won't be leaving here with free will intact.

"That I am," you say, grasping her hips. Lulla squeaks in surprise as you lift her, changing places with her, planting the goblin maid on the stool. You spin her about and bend her over the counter, her shapely rump raised. You grab her skirt and flip it up, revealing her green rear. And surprise surprise, she's not wearing panties.

"Oooh! The forceful kind, hm?" Lulla purrs, giving her ass a teasing wiggle. "Well, no complaints here!"

"Good to hear," you say, grasping her hips, her legs spreading instinctively, baring the lush folds of her pussy. You ease forward, rubbing your cock against her glistening folds, the goblin maid moaning softly as your fingers dig into her emerald hips, your cock slickening itself further on her arousal, then pushing forward into the tightness of her pussy.

You groan aloud as you sink into her molten depths. Your hips pull back, hammer home again, beginning to thrust a steady

beat into her tightening cunny. Lulla moans, arching back against you, meeting your thrusts with her own, her breasts mashed to the varnished counter, her breath coming in short, fast pants as you rut into her.

“Oh fuck. Fuuuuck!” Lulla groans. “Yes! Yesssss! Ooooooh, take me! Fuck me! Fuck me, stud! Fuck my green pussy! Yes! By the scales yesssss!”

Your thrusts grow harder. Slower, driving her into the wood, mashing her against it. As you feel her pussy tighten, rippling around you, you grab her, pushing her down on the counter, shortening your thrusts, hammering her clutching pussy in quick bursts of your hips, barely drawing away before you press into her again. The slap of your hips on her shapely rear echo in the booth. Her moans thrum in the air.

“Yes! Yes! There! Right there! Right fucking there! Oh f-fuck! Oh fuck yes! Yes! Yesssss! Cummmiiiiing!”

Her wail of pleasure heralds a sudden tightening around you. Her moan sings as her pussy squeezes your cock, pulling you beyond the edge. You cry out, hitting within the green beauty, your cock throbbing as you cum, pumping your hot seed into the moaning slut of a goblin.

Aftershocks ripple through Lulla. She moans, slumping against the counter, her ass twitching as you unsheathe yourself from her. You take a heavy breath, cleaning off your cock with a nearby rag. As you hang it up, you notice the gleam of the disc Lulla had shown you earlier. You pick it up, considering it.

“So uh... Bye.”

Lulla only moans in well fucked satiation. You tuck the plate away in your pocket, doing back up your pants as you ease open the door of the booth with a creak, slipping outside. The goblin guards idling by the gate grin and snicker at you, but you ignore them and hurry away. Seems they think whatever Lulla intended to do worked. No sense in disabusing them of that idea.

The interior of Lamrick is surprisingly orderly for a merchant town. The streets are laid out and mostly clean, though traffic is heavy. Inns and some shops crowd the space, not a residential home to be seen. Most buildings are made of wood, the elaborate frontings obscuring the more makeshift nature of the actual construction. There's a lot of carts parked before the taverns and warehouses, with a number of merchants as well, but the real surprise is the number of goblins about.

In fact, the closer you look, the more you notice that you could count the humans on two hands. A few merchants are near their carts, but they're already being spoken to by a number of very flirtatious goblin maids. Every shop stall appears to be run by a busty green short stack and the nearby tavern is absolutely swarming with them.

Fortunately, you don't have to deal with any of them. You've already got your way into the winery. Now you just need to get in, find the Root, and break it.

Simple.

"Yeah, sure," you say under your breath as you make your way through town. The way to the winery is simple to see. It winds up the hill towards the building with a broad avenue surrounded by warehouses. Up close, the winery is even more imposing. Thick, heavy stone walls surround it. A large waterwheel creaks from the side atop a rushing stream. A bridge spans the river, and as you draw nearer you see the guards waiting.

There's at least a dozen male goblins idling by the doors. Dressed in piecemeal leather armour. Armed with clubs, they look more bored than anything. But when you come near they spur themselves into something resembling order. Curiously, they don't seem terribly interested. Something that might be explained by the various empty bottles scattered around.

One, an almost ludicrously fat goblin who's been sitting atop a barrel by the door, is stirred by one of his companions. This goblin

lifts his head, blinking, his gut nearly bursting from his shirt and stained uniform.

“Eh? Wha? Oh,” the goblin says, levering himself off the barrel. He lands with a grunt and waddles up to you, glaring. “Right!” the goblin says, adjusting his belt. “No one goes in winery unless invited. So no humies. You leave!”

You pause, considering how to handle this clearly inebriated goblin.

[Wait](#)

[Parlay](#)

[Attack](#)

[Potion of Feminine Beauty](#)

[Potion of Bestial Might](#)

[Show the Disc](#)

Find Another Way In

This whole conversation has more red flags than a jousting tourney. You raise your hands and back off. “Thanks, but I think I’ll try my luck.”

Lulla pouts, but shrugs, the disc vanishing between her fingers as deftly as any magician. “Suit yourself. I’ll be seein’ you.”

“Sure thing,” you say, not sure what else to say as you retreat from the gate and into the town proper. The goblin guards eye you, but soon dismiss you, returning to their own business as you walk into Lamrick proper.

The interior of Lamrick is surprisingly orderly for a merchant town. The streets are laid out and mostly clean, though traffic is heavy. Inns and some shops crowd the space, not a residential home to be seen. Most buildings are made of wood, the elaborate frontings obscuring the more makeshift nature of the actual construction. There’s a lot of carts parked before the taverns and warehouses, with a number of merchants as well, but the real surprise is the number of goblins about.

In fact, the closer you look, the more you notice that you could count the number of people not goblins on two hands. A few merchants are near their carts, but they’re already being drawn into a nearby inn by a number of very flirtatious goblin maids. Every shop stall appears to be run by a busty green short stack and the nearby tavern is absolutely swarming with them.

You hesitate at the crossroads into town. You don’t regret not taking Lulla up on her offer, but it does put you in a bit of a bind for the whole getting into the winery thing. As your eyes wander across the fronts of the tavern, you’re suddenly arrested by a familiar looking wagon. The very one that Darby brought you here in! Is the merchant here? Well, it would make sense. But maybe he can get you in.

Of course, you could always try and get into the winery another way...

[Go Up to the Winery.](#)

[Head into the Tavern](#)

Go Up to the Winery

You don't like the looks of those taverns. Something about going into a place filled with corrupted goblin maids, booze, and good times strikes you as a bit dangerous. Dangerous in a very different way from heading up to the winery itself and finding another way in.

Well, it was going to be dangerous no matter what, you suppose.

"Alright," you say under your breath as you make your way through town. The way to the winery is simple to see. It winds up the hill towards the building with a broad avenue surrounded by warehouses. Up close, the winery is even more imposing. Thick, heavy stone walls surround it. A large waterwheel creaks from the side atop a rushing stream. A bridge spans the river, and as you draw nearer you see the guards waiting.

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Wait

Parlay

Attack

Potion of Feminine Beauty

Potion of Bestial Might

Head Into the Tavern

You head for the tavern, realizing quite simply your best bet is to gather some more information. Music and laughter bursts on you as you open the doors, the interior smoky and glowing with mirth and the golden light of lamps. Tables crowd the floor, most of them occupied. A number of humans and a smattering of other races sit at them, never more than one at a table, the rest of the seats taken up by goblin maids.

There seems to be dozens of the lovely green ladies. They crowd their guests, dresses lowcut, eyes glowing like gold as they smile into the dazed, happy faces of their guests, hands stroking, lips giggling when not kissing, always pouring more wine into glasses whenever they're emptied.

And they are emptied fast.

You peer through the crowd, trying to pick out Darby among them, but having a bit of trouble. There's just so much going on!

"Looking for something, stud?"

You look down to find a goblin barmaid before you. The upper globes of her breasts tease through the lace of her dress, her skirt scandalously short and her eyes bright with amusement. She balances a tray of glasses in one hand, her other on her hip as she eyes you, smirking.

"Uh, yeah," you say. "I'm looking for Darby. Merchant. A bit uh... rounded around here? Thinning hair? You know him?"

The barmaid nods. "Oh sure! He's in the booth over there."

You look up to one of several booths tucked away in the back. "Ah, excellent. Thank you."

"No problem, sweetheart. And if you really want to thank me, hang around. I'm off shift in a half hour and maybe we can have some... fun."

She gives you a wink that leaves no mystery just what she expects from that 'fun' and sidles away, her hips swinging pendulously.

You swallow hard and pick your way through the common room, slipping around tables and guests, dodging groping green hands as a couple of goblin maids try and catch your attention. You ignore them dutifully, at last managing to get to the corner booths.

You find Darby easily enough. He's sitting in a corner, roaring with laughter, a goblin maid in each hand as the plush, green beauties lean against him, beaming up into his face with giggling delight. Perilously shortcut gowns of lace and frill clad the two lovely goblin girls, their curves mashed against the merchant's body, their dark lashes fluttering with delight as they spoil him with attention.

You slide into the seat across from the trio, clearing your throat audibly. When that fails to stop their flirting, you frown.

"Darby!"

The merchant blinks dazedly at you as if trying to see you through a haze. His face lights up at last. "Ehhhhh!" he says, beaming. "It's yooooou! Long time no... hic... see!"

"It was yesterday," you say.

"Was it? Hooo! Time flies when you're having fun!"

"Absolutely," the goblin maid at his side giggles.

"Soooo much fun," the other chimes.

You glance between them. Well, this isn't going anywhere fast. You lean in a bit closer. "Darby? Can I talk to you in... private?"

Darby frowns. "Ah..."

"Ladies?" you say, looking to the two goblin maids. "Darby and I need to discuss some private business. If you would..."

The two goblin maids pout. "Aw."

"But he's having so much fun," the other says.

"Nonetheless. I just need to borrow him for a minute."

The two exchange a glance, then smile, nod. “Ooookay,” one says.

“We’ll be right back with some more wine,” the other titters.

Leaning up, they sandwich Darby between a pair of loving kisses, the merchant melting under their affections. The two beauties giggle, sliding out of the booth, swaying towards the bar.

You watch them go, licking your lips, your pants notably tighter for the experience. You look quickly back to Darby, who looks dazed and lovestruck. You reach across the table, grabbing his arm tightly. “Darby!”

“Eh?” the merchant says, blinking at you.

“Listen to me. I need to see the gobmother.”

“Ooooooh,” Darby moans, another brainless smile on his face. “Gabbia soooo lovely...”

“You’ve met her?” you say in surprise.

“Yeah,” Darby says, grinning wide. “Joined the clan.”

“Really?” you say. “Why?”

“Greeeat trade benefits,” Darby says. “She takes... um, eighty percent of profits. And I get to be part of the family.”

“Er, unless I’m missing something, Darby, that sounds like a terrible deal,” you say.

Darby’s dreamy look grows a little confused. “No, but, see, I get... uh... I get to work for her, and pay for the privilege... It’s called a... a franchise?”

“That sounds like a rip off,” you note.

Darby’s face grows slack, as if his brain is unable to compute this new information. You can actually see the mercenary part of his mind try to fathom how profit can be turned by giving away eighty percent of said profits. It’s kind of sad, but mostly disturbing.

You give his arm a shake. “Darby?” you hiss. “Listen, how did you get to speak to Gabbia?”

Darby starts, looks at you blankly. "I... I got a pass..." he says vaguely.

"Do you still have it?"

Darby giggles drunkenly. "Oh nooooo. Don't need it. Got a partner. She does... all the business..."

You sigh. "Great," you grumble.

"But... have a key..."

You lift your head again, head cocked towards the addled merchant. "Key?"

"To the vineyards. Gotta... gotta pick up some barrels through there."

You lean in closer. "Darby," you say, your voice low. "I need that key."

Darby frowns. "But..."

"The key, Darby," you reiterate pointedly.

Darby hesitates, but so hopped up on goblin maid love and whatever is in that ale, he can't quite suppress the urge to obey. His hand moves to his pocket, fumbles, and finally pulls out a silver wrought key.

"Here's... key..." he says woozily.

You pluck it from his limp fingers. "Thanks, Darby. You've done a great service to your lord."

"I did?"

"Sure you did. Now, I better not keep you. Those pretty goblin maids probably want to talk to you again. And far be it for me to stand in the way of that."

Darby's eyes light up. A dopey smile seems to melt his face of all the tension his thinking caused. "Yeaaaah," he breathes, sinking back into his chair. "That sounds goooood."

"Of course it does," you say, patting his shoulder. "See you around."

You rise, slipping out of the booth and crossing the room once more. You don't dare linger. Once those goblin maids get back to Darby, you doubt it'll take long to figure out what you did. Hopefully, they'll be more interested in teasing and fucking him dumb to come after you, but all the same, speed is of the essence.

You leave the tavern, making your way back into the street and heading up towards the hill. More than a few goblin maids are lingering outside shops and bars. All try and catch your eye, but you wave them off or ignore them. You've already got an appointment.

You soon reach the vineyards. A wall surrounds them, separating them from the streets. It's an older wall than the palisades. Stone and sturdy, clearly a relic of the winery before the trader town popped up at its feet. The dirt path runs straight into the gate, which is barred metal worked in the shape of climbing ivy, all flowing from a large keyhole.

You look about suspiciously, but not a guard to be seen. Which is, of course, good for you, but also somewhat concerning. Either Gabbia is supremely confident no one would think of breaking into her vineyards, or far more likely, she's got an even nastier surprise waiting within.

You really hope it's the former.

Too late to turn back now, though. Fitting the key into the lock, you give it a turn. The lock turns smoothly and the gate opens with barely a creak. With a last look around, you slip through it, shut it behind you, and lock it tight again.

[The Vineyard](#)

Wait

You eye the guards. There's a lot of them, but they're not well armed. Still, this many goblins won't be easy to take down, and there's no way past them and directly into the winery...

Something about your stance has made the captain suspicious. The fat goblin tenses, those behind him shifting, lifting themselves up and eying you, gripping their weapons.

You realize that this isn't going the way you'd hoped. "Sorry," you say. "Just wanted to take a look. I'll be going..."

"Who you?" the goblin captain demands.

"Sorry?"

"We not see you before. You not come here. What you doing here?"

"I ah-"

"Grab him!"

You reach for your sword, but it's too late! Two goblins hurl themselves at you, hitting you hard in the waist, driving the wind out of you. You go down with an audible, "Oof!" and suddenly the rest of the goblins pounce! They throw themselves atop you in a mob, bony hands grabbing and yanking. You try and struggle, but there's too many! In short order your arms have been forced behind your back, tied up, your ankles likewise.

The fat captain sits on your back, forcing you into the ground. He smirks down at you cruelly.

"What we do with him?" one of the guards ask.

"Throw in dungeon!" the goblin captain scoffs. "He stupid, but we find something for him."

You pale. That doesn't sound good, but you've lost your chance to decide your own fate. You'll just have to wait for an opportunity to act, whatever that may be...

Into the Dungeon

Parlay

"I'm here to speak with the Gobmother," you say.

The captain eyes you. "That so?" he sneers.

"It's so."

"Why she want to talk to you?"

"That's not your business."

"What if I make my business?"

"What if you don't?"

"What if I say is?"

"What if I say that's for her ears only?"

"What if I say me ears good too?"

"What if I say she'd cut them off if they heard what I had to say?"

"What you say?"

"You heard me."

The goblin captain glares at you, annoyed, but perplexed at how the conversation has played out. He finally rallies, planting his hands on his hips, glaring up at you. "You tell me or you no see Gobmother."

You sigh. "I'm the new lord of Rovenia. I came to speak to her about a trade partnership."

The goblin straightens, blinking. "You is?"

"I am."

The goblin captain gnaws on his lower lip uncertainly. He glances at the rest of his band, who eye you with similar interest. You can see his indecision, and know he only needs one more push...

"The Gobmother would no doubt reward whoever brought me to her," you observe slyly.

That gets the captain's attention. He licks his lips at the thought and nods. "Okay. You go in."

"Mighty obliged," you say, walking past the captain.

"You tell Gabbia me one who let you in!" he shouts at your back.

"Oh don't worry! She'll know," you say as the guards move out of your path, clearing the way to the large wooden doors. You open it, the creak making your spine tingle, and you pass into the winery, no worse the wear. But you have a feeling the real work start now...

[The Winery.](#)

Show the Disc

“Actually, I am invited,” you say, digging out the metallic disc you’ve been given.

The goblin looks surprised, but after looking over the disc he shrugs and waves you on. “Okay,” he says. “You go in. Gobmother inside, down hall.”

“Thanks,” you say, tucking away the disc and passing him by. The guards move listlessly out of your path, already bored of you. A few grin and nudge one another, which is interesting and a little concerning. All the same, your way is clear to the large wooden doors. You open it, the creak making your spine tingle, and you pass into the winery, no worse the wear. But you have a feeling the real work starts now...

[The Winery.](#)

The Winery

The doors slam shut behind you, sealing you in the winery. Your eyes adjust quickly to the dim lighting, giving you a glimpse of the expansive interior.

Wooden arches rise above, crisscrossing to support the ceiling. Faint sunlight gleams through narrow windows here and there, illuminating the inside in slashes of light. Rows of racked barrels fill the space around you, and you find yourself slowly making your way between two, reading the labels.

Painted into the wood are the names of towns they are no doubt destined for. You come up short when you recognize a number of familiar places. These are towns in the Brodwen kingdom! You didn't realize the goblins sent their wine that far.

Or... did they?

As you walk down the quiet racks, your footsteps the only sound, you remember all the merchants outside. The ones being tended to by the goblins. Teased. The ones who were being coaxed into obeying the pretty green babes. Every one of those men could take at least a couple barrels with them. Trading wine made from the corruption of the goddess with the world outside. You're not sure just how powerful the corruption would be away from Rovenia, but you have a feeling any amount wouldn't be good.

"Dear gods," you breathe, looking the hundreds of barrels waiting to be shipped out.

An echoing bang makes you jump. You look in the direction of the noise and see a distant door. A goblin maid has just exited it and is hurrying down the hall, her footsteps slapping in the echoing emptiness of the winery.

You linger for a moment until the goblin is gone, then move towards the door. The varnished wood is of high quality and gleams in the meager light. There are two doorknobs, one your height, one

goblin height. A brass plate has been nailed into the wood with the words '*The Boss*' stamped on it.

"Subtle," you say. You press your ear against the door and listen. A strange, distant thudding sound echoes through, but little else. Is she alone down there?

Well, if not, you're probably not going to get a better chance here. Taking the handle, you gently turn it, opening it a crack and peering through.

You're looking down a set of stairs descending into the foundations of the building. You hesitate, then open it fully and start going down.

As you go, you notice the air getting thicker. Almost smoggy. It tingles against your skin, a gloom seeping out from below, the lamps that guide your way fluttering fitfully. The scent of liquor is heavy in the air. Thick. So pungent it makes your head throb. You reach the bottom of the stairs and look about.

You stand in the production room of the winery. Huge presses rise around you, the wooden tubs thumping as massive paddles squeeze down on the corrupted grapes. Wine flows freely into waiting barrels to be further processed. But all your attention is drawn to the back of the room, where rests a massive work table.

So embossed with gold you can hardly see the wood, it's buried under alchemical glasses, bottles, and strange, bubbling potions. Behind it rise massive shelves set behind glass cabinets, loaded with tonics and bottles, their contents glowing fitfully, their labels printed in flowing script.

And yet, none of that is as important to your eyes as the black tree rising from the floor.

It's huge, sprawling out of the middle of the room, nearly reaching the ceiling. Branches curl from it and twist in the air, bearing heavy, bloated fruit. The wood whorls with the strange hues, glistening like oil in the sunlight, its roots clawing out of the earth and humping across the floor.

“Woah,” you breathe.

“I was wondering when you’d show up.”

You look quickly to one of the presses as a goblin maid steps out from behind it. She’s like most of her kind, in that she’s lovely, busty, and green. But her green is a darker hue, and her figure even curvier. You can tell, because the dress she wears does nothing to hide it. Laced with gold stitching in dizzying patterns, her blonde hair hangs so long it nearly reaches her waist, her pointed ears jangling with earrings and her fingers bejeweled with rings. She walks with an arrogant confidence, dangling a glass of wine from her fingers, her head tilted back, her eyes taking you in with casual amusement.

You tense at the appearance of the goblin, grasping the sword at your side. “You must be Gabbia,” you say.

“That I am, hot stuff. And you must be the new lord of Rovenia.”

You stare at her. “How did you know that?”

“Please!” the goblin says, a flick of her fingers making you start. “I’m the merchant queen! And there’s nothin’ more valuable than information. I’ve known you were comin’ probably before you did. Not to mention that idiot Darby told us as soon as he had a bottle of our brew in his stomach.”

“Oh,” you say.

“That’s right. And now, I suppose you’re here to fight me and claim this place as your own, eh?”

“Well...”

“Well too bad! Because I ain’t gonna fight you.”

That raises a sceptical brow. “You’re not?”

“Nope. Look at me!” she says, tracing her hands over her curvy figure. “I’m a lover, not a fighter,” the goblin says, giving her hip a sway. “Besides, I’m too rich to get into fisticuffs with some hero.”

“I see.”

“Yup! That’s what the help is for.”

A shadow moves from among the wine presses. You take a quick step back as an ogre steps into the open.

Huge, powerful, he looms above you, his small head nearly reaching the top of the wine presses. He wears a jacket that once probably looked quite nice before he tore the sleeves off, revealing the thick, corded muscles of his arms. His potbellied form looks fat, but you have no doubt he’s all muscle, his underbite showing off sharp teeth in his grin, his huge hands hefting a club that looks like half a tree with metal studs pounded into it.

“This is Rigar,” Gabbia says with a flourish of her hand. “And he’s what we in the biz call ‘the muscle’. Say hi, Rigar.”

“Gonna break y’r head,” the ogre growls at you.

“Verbose, ain’t he?” the gobmother says. “You boys play nice now. And, try and keep him in one piece, Rigar? We could use a hot piece of manmeat like that.”

“Kay boss,” the ogre grunts, moving towards you, still slapping the trunk against his open palm.

[Wait](#)

[Parlay](#)

[Attack](#)

[Potion of Feminine Beauty](#)

[Potion of Bestial Might](#)

Into the Dungeon

You sag in the cell you've been tossed into, grimacing in distaste. Your arms are hung above you by chains, rattling whenever you move. You tried to tug them, but they're bolted to the stone above. You don't know many wineries with their own dungeon, but you're not surprised the goblin clan has one.

You saw little of the winery interior as you were marched inside. Just rows and rows of barrels before you were forced into this side room, the only window a slit above your head, too small to fit through, just thin enough to let in a bit of light.

You sigh, head lolling to the side. You flex your wrists and look longingly through the bars at the table where your gear was tossed. A single goblin guard sits by it, lazing about. After all, what does he have to fear from you?

And much as it pains you, he's right.

You sit up when you hear the door to the prison open, and the soft steps of someone coming inside. You tilt your head as best you can as a goblin maid walks in.

She's different from the others. She's dressed in a wine-red dress that reaches her ankles, golden lace pouring over the front in strange sigils. Her hair is tied in a ponytail that flows down her shoulder, her face lovely, but there's a hard edge in her mouth that makes you wary and tense. Dozens of potions line her belt, their contents glowing and softly swirling.

The guard jolts up when the lovely goblin enters. He scrambles off his chair, the cringing male eying her warily.

"Er, what? Hi, Logira. What you want?"

"I came to see the prisoner," Logira says, eying you thoughtfully.

The guard wrings his hands. "Er, well, me told you not supposed to come down here. Me thought you-"

Logira rolls her eyes and pushes a hand into a pouch in her belt. She lifts her palm and blows a puff of dust into the guard's face. The goblin sneezes, blinks dully, then his eyes roll back and he goes down like a felled tree, his legs bouncing up when he hits the ground.

Well, that certainly got your attention. You shift as Logira eyes the insensate goblin, then looks to you. Her lips are pursed, her eyes narrowed with thought. From the guard's belt she grabs a key and steps forward, unlocking the door with a creak.

The goblin maid walks into your cell like she stands astride the world. She looks down at you, eyes roaming over you thoughtfully. At last, she nods. "You'll do."

"For?" you prompt.

"I am Logira," she says, placing a hand on the ample curve of her bust. "The true head of the Falsettas Clan."

"I thought that was Gabbia," you say.

The goblin maid scoffs. "A bean counter," she says contemptuously. "She may have developed the winery, but it was I who realized how the fruit of the tree could be distilled into the wine. I who developed the process to control the merchants! It is I who deserves to run the family. And you, my stud, are going to help me take my rightful place."

"I am?" you say.

"Oh yes," she says, smirking. She steps nearer, hands on her hips, her small fangs showing in her smile, the light of madness burning in her eyes. "Join me, and well will crush Gabbia, and I will take my rightful place as head of the clan!"

"And... what about me?" you ask.

"You?" she says. "Well, if you prove useful, I suppose I could make use of you. Oh yes," she says, eying your figure, her eyes lingering on your subtle bulge. "Yes," she says, licking her lips a little. "I think I could make use of you as my personal stud."

“Stud?” you say.

Logira scoffs. “You don’t really expect me to share power with a mere male, do you? Your kind are only good for two things: your muscle, and that thing between your legs. But don’t worry,” she says, looking down at you. “I’ll make good use of both. Now, will you come, human? Or should I leave you here, to your fate.”

[Agree to her Terms](#)

[Refuse Logira](#)

Refuse Logira

Things may be bad, but they're not quite 'become a goblin maid's slave boy' bad. You've too much pride to accept such an ultimatum. You scowl at her, hands tightening to fists. If the chains didn't bind you, you'd make a grab for this arrogant bitch.

"No deal," you growl. "I'll find my own way out of here."

Logira eyes you. She scoffs. "Males," she says with a dismissive flick of her hand. "I knew you were dumb. But I didn't think you were this stupid. You wouldn't even make a decent stud. Fine. Rot here, human. I hope you enjoy your future as a slave."

"We'll see," you say.

Logira sniffs, turns with a flutter of her skirt and walks out of the room. You watch her go, listening to her footfalls on the stairs, and finally the creak of the door. You look around yourself, but despite the door now being open, it may as well be barred, chained, and sealed with cement for all the good it does you. You growl, giving your wrists another shake, but the chains remain fast.

Well, so be it. There'll be other opportunities to escape. You've too much pride to be sold as some goblin sex stud. Yeah. You'll find a way out of here.

Any minute now...

[Sold as a Pleasure Slave](#)

Sold as a Pleasure Slave

It's strange to think you'd once loathed the thought of being sold as a pleasure slave.

But that was before you discovered all the benefits. Before Gabbia's girls got through with training you up. Making you handsome. Stripped. Available.

Copious amount of goblin brew helped things along, of course, but with the ease in which you came into the role, your trainer marvelled that you were born to be a slave. You'd have agreed, if your mouth hadn't been busy licking out her pussy while she tugged on your leash.

You were sad to say farewell to mistress after your training, but they are merchants, and you are a product, and as they drilled into you, the best thing you can do for them is to get a high price.

Which is why you're in the halls of the port city Avash, hustled down the streets in a carriage to the grand palace of the doge. Of course, you're not here to see him, as Lulla so helpfully explained. The real power behind the throne is far, far behind the throne. Through the secret entrance at the base of the palace. Into the halls of fluttering silks and the warm, sweet scent of incense and sin.

You breathe it in, deeply, aching with arousal. The cape that covers your bare chest and back tingles against your skin as you're presented among the arches of the underpalace to your new potential mistress.

She waits, wound astride a dais of marble, empty eyed musicians standing at attention, their fingers fluttering over the strings of harps, while nubile young women and men in nothing but golden collars stroke and caress their mistress. You've never seen a lamia before, but you know, instinctively, that this one is the loveliest of all.

Her skin is the tanned hue of olives, her serpentine lower half glittering with scales of red and gold. Her hair is bunched around her head like a hood of brown, her eyes golden and pupils slitted with amusement. She's big. Bigger than you by a degree, her breasts covered in gold plates that seem to adhere with nothing else, while jeweled necklaces of rubies, sapphires, and more drape her throat like frozen fire, ice and water.

The moment you look into her eyes you feel your body grow rigid, your breath catch and your cock throb. Submissiveness ingrained in you by your trainers melts you to obedient rigidity instantly. Her smirk at how quick she catches you is visible, her head lazily tilting into her open palm.

"Sssso," she purrs. "Thissss isss your newesssst plaything?"

"Yes, Lady Duchessa," Lulla says, bowing. "He was once a knight and hero of Brodwen. Of the Crimson Order, in fact, and would have been the lord of this very realm."

"And yet here he standssss. How issss that?"

"Well," Lulla giggles. "Fate works in mysterious ways."

"That it doessss," Duchessa says, her forked tongue flicking. "But let ussss ssssee if he issss worth what I am being assssked. Remove your cloak, sssslave."

"Yes, mistress," you say, the words coming at once, willing and eager. You touch the clasp of your cloak and release it. The fabric slips from your shoulders and flutters down, baring your toned body. Wearing nothing but a loincloth, your skin has been oiled to further showcase your muscles and trim physique. Strong, but not bulky. Slender but not too thin. You suspect some of the potions the goblins gave you helped balance the softer look you now sport. Not that you're complaining. You must look good for your new mistress.

And by the way Duchessa's eyes light up, you can tell she approves. Her forked tongue glides hungrily across her lips as she takes you in, eyes roaming from top to bottom. "Not bad," she hisses, low and husky.

“Our products are of the highest quality, my lady,” Lulla says. You feel a tingle of pride at being so described.

Duchessa merely chuckles. “Sssso true. But form isssss but one of the featurssss I desssire.” She lifts her arm, crooks her finger. “Come here, sssslave. It isssss time to ssssee how well you can sssserve your misssstresss.”

“Yes, mistress,” you say, striding across the floor and towards her. You climb onto the dais, kneeling at the edge of the lamia’s throne of cushions, looking up at her with expectant submissiveness. You can tell she approves by the slight lift of her lip. She shifts, her coils slithering with a dry, papery sound, her body easing down to reveal the slit of her pussy just below where her human and serpentine half are joined.

“Ssssserve your misssstresss,” she repeats.

Her eyes seem to throb. You gasp, shudder as the force of compulsion sweeps away your resistance, if there had been any. You smile dutifully, moving forward, gently touching her scaly folds and parting them, revealing the lush depths.

You lean in, running your tongue along her pussy. You know all the tricks. All the goblin girls of the family were eager to show you them while you were training. You’re an expert in servitude. A master of cunnilingus. Pride tickles your chest as you hear Duchessa moan low and deep, her coils slither, winding lazily around you, squeezing you possessively as you work.

“Yesssss,” the lamia hisses. “That’sssss goooood. Mmm. Ssssuch a sssskilled tongue...”

“We only provide the best,” Lulla says.

Duchessa pays the goblin little mind. Her coils lazily tighten and squeeze you, making it hard to breathe. Yet the struggle for oxygen only makes you harder. Your cock positively throbs in your loincloth, tenting the loose fabric notable as you lick at the lamia’s folds, the spicy taste of her arousal making your head spin. The

compelling, rippling patterns of her eyes drawing you deeper under her control.

You gasp as you feel a small body against your back. A hand reaching around you and grasping your twitching cock. “And his mouth isn’t the only skillful thing about him,” Lulla says, her voice a throaty purr against the back of your neck. “His cock is very obedient. You don’t even need to cage him. He won’t cum until you command.”

“Mmm. A demonsssstration?” Duchessa purrs as her coils undulate around you, the smooth scales making your skin tingle in delight.

“Of course. We always stand by our goods,” Lulla coos, her hand sliding slowly down your cock, drawing out the words ‘goods’.

You moan, but never stray from your task. Your mistresses subjected you to much more wicked tortures during your training. And even had they not, you’d still do your best, for you are their product, their slave, and there could be nothing worse than betraying those who worked so hard to prepare you.

You hum, lapping adoringly at the lamia’s cunt, teasing your tongue in deeper, sliding it up, up, until you find the hood of her clit. The slow, spiral motions you use focuses you, encourages you to give it your best to make Duchessa hiss and groan, her coils loosen, tighten, squeezing you delightfully.

“Yesssss,” the lamia hisses. “Ooooh you naughty... ah... teaaaasssse...”

“He’s very good. Our best yet,” Lulla says as her hand tortuously glides up and down your shaft, her thumb rubbing the peak, stroking you faster. Faster. “He lives to serve.”

“Mmmm,” you hum, finally working the lamia’s clit from its good, revealing the pearl of pleasure. Your tongue flicks it, making Duchessa gasp, her coils tighten sharply. Another flick. Another. Your lips gently close on it, sucking it, tongue polishing it as you do so.

It's too much for the lamia. Her body shivers atop her throne. Her head tilts back, eyes lidding, her fangs barred. Her hand grabs your hair, forcing you deeper into her pussy.

"Yesss! Yessss! There! Right there! Sssuck it! Lick it! Ah. Ah! Yessssss!"

Duchessa cums with a cry of purest pleasure. Your pulse pounds in your ears as her coils suddenly tighten, squeezing the breath from you. Stars dance in your eyes, but your tongue keeps working, carrying her over the hump of her orgasm, making her wail with purest pleasure as she rides your face to her orgasmic high.

All of a sudden her coils loosen. You slump against her, panting as your vision comes back into focus, though your pulse still hammers, Lulla's hand still stroking your obedient cock. But you haven't cum. Haven't cum. Mustn't cum until permission. Until mistress says so...

"Impressive, right?" Lulla giggles.

"Mmm. I'm... ah... mossssst pleasssssed," Duchessa purrs. Her smile deepens at your slack, panting face. "I'll take him."

"The Falsettas family is grateful for your patronage," Lulla says, taking her hand from your cock and drawing back.

"Mmm. I know," the lamia purrs. She flicks her fingers casually and an officious looking man comes forward. "Pay the goblin. Make sssssure sssshe issss sssssatisfied."

"Of course, mistress," the man says, bowing. "This way, my lady."

"So long, sweet thing," Lulla purrs, giving your neck a final kiss. You can't quite suppress a whimper as Lulla's hand slides off your cock, leaving you for the final time. Her curves pull away, and she goes with the mayordomo, already chatting up trade and bartering for the best price.

But you put those thoughts from your mind as Duchessa's coils wrap around you anew, pull you up towards her. Her hand

whips your loincloth aside, revealing your twitching cock. The lamia licks her lips, admiring your tonged figure, ready for her. Willing for her.

Owned by her.

“Now, time to sssshow me what you can do with that,” the lamia purrs.

You smile, your world already becoming absorbed by the lamia. “Of course, mistress,” you breathe, pushing forward against her, your cock teasing her slick folds. The lamia moans as you slide into her, hilding, beginning to thrust. Guided by the way the lamia’s folds ripple, tense, tighten. You’ve trained for this moment, and all those to come.

For you are a slave. Bought. Paid for.

And nothing else.

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Agree to Her Terms

“Sounds good to me!” you say, smiling at Logira.

The goblin maid raises an amused brow. “Oh?”

“Absolutely,” you say, laying it on as thick as treacle. “After all, I’m just a dumb human stud. Look at me! I got captured almost immediately. Clearly, I’m too stupid to really beat Gabbia. It’s obvious that I need a brilliant, ambitious mistress to use me to my full potential. I’d be happy to do anything you say, mistress. Just as soon as I’m out of these cuffs.”

Logira preens under your syrupy praise. “Well,” she says, fluffing her hair. “I’m glad to see I was right. Honestly, so many males have such inflated sense of self.”

“Oh, I do,” you say. “But it’s clear as day that I’m nowhere near as smart as you. I’m just a dumb stud. All muscle and cock. I need a woman to show me the way. Truly.”

“So glad you see the light,” she says, walking up beside you. She’s so close her breasts are practically right in your face as she leans over you, fitting the key in your manacles. You inhale the heaviness of her perfume, a shiver thrumming through you at the thick scent that lingers around her.

You come back to the present at the soft click of your shackles. You pull your arms free, rubbing your wrists where the metal bit into your skin.

Logira pulls back, smirking. “Now, Gabbia may be inferior to my genius, but she’s still useful. And she won’t go down quietly. Which is why,” she says, reaching for a swirling purple potion on her belt. “We’re going to make her an offer she can’t refuse!”

“We are?” you say.

“Yes!” Logira cackles, shaking the potion before you. “With this potion, we’ll not only make you a real stud, but we’ll enchant your cum! No woman who partakes even a drop will be able to resist

you! They'll be addicted to your seed! You'll be a walking slut factory! Gabbia will be your addicted cum slave, and therefore, my slave! I'll be unstoppable!"

You eye the potion sceptically. "You've... tested this, right?"

Logira scoffs. "Testing is for cowards. Now c'mon, stud," she says, pushing the potion towards you. "Drink."

[Take the Potion](#)

[Turn the Tables](#)

Turn the Tables

“That sounds great! But first, what did you use to knock out that guard?” you ask, playing to her planet-sized ego. “This stuff?”

You lift the pouch from her belt and Logira nods. “Yes, that’s it. Just simple knock out powder. One of our best sellers to the Assassins of Arkmount.”

“Wow!” you say, pouring some into your hand. “So, all you gotta do is blow it in someone’s face, and they’re out?”

“Of course,” Logira scoffs. “Even a dumb stud like you could use it.”

“You mean like this?”

You blow the powder into the smirking face of the goblin maid. She jerks back in surprise, blinking rapidly. She sneezes, squinting at you, her jaw dropping, her eyelids doing the same.

“Y-youuuuu...”

Logira topples into your lap, out like a light. Careful not to disturb her too much, you pull your legs out from under her and get to your feet. With a soft sound, the goblin alchemist curls up among the straw, snoring loudly.

You stand, stretching, joints popping with hours of uncomfortable position. You glance back down at the snoozing misandrist. “How’s that for a dumb stud?” you say.

“Mmmr...” Logira moans, wriggling deeper into the straw.

Leaving the goblin maid, you pass through the now open cell door, stepping over the guard and to the table. You grab your sword and belt it back on, potions following suite. As an afterthought, you loop the pouch of powder into your belt as well. That stuff might come in handy. With a quick look around to ensure no one’s been disturbed by your recent adventure, you take your leave, climbing the stairs quietly and back to the top. You open the door a crack,

peeking through, but there's no guards waiting. With a bit more confidence, you open the door fully, and walk out into the winery proper.

Wooden arches rise above, crisscrossing to support the ceiling. Faint sunlight gleams through narrow windows here and there, illuminating the interior in slashes of light. Rows of racked barrels fill the space around you, and you find yourself slowly making your way down a row, reading the labels.

Painted into the wood are the names of towns. No doubt destinations for the barrels. You come up short when you read a number of familiar places. These are towns in the Brodwen kingdom! You didn't realize the goblins sent their wine that far.

Or... did they?

As you walk down the quiet racks, your footsteps the only sound, you remember all the merchants outside. The ones being tended to by the goblins. Teased. The ones who were being coaxed into obeying the pretty green babes. Realization hits you. Every one of those men could take at least a couple barrels with them. Trading wine made with the corruption of the goddess. You're not sure just how powerful the corruption would be away from Rovenia, but you have a feeling that kind of enchantment would have an effect.

"Dear gods," you breathe, looking around the place in awe. There's enough goblin brew here to flood the kingdom!

An echoing bang makes you jump. You look in the direction of the noise and see a distant door in the far wall. A goblin maid has just exited it and is hurrying down the passage.

You linger for a moment until the goblin is gone, then move towards the door. The wood is of high quality and gleams in the meager light. There are two doorknobs, one your height, one goblin height. A brass plate has been nailed into the wood with the words *The Boss* stamped on it.

"Subtle," you say. You press your ear against the door and listen, but can't hear anything. Is she alone?

Well, if not, you're probably not going to get a better chance here. Taking the handle, you gently turn it, opening it a crack and peering through.

You're looking down a set of stairs going down into the foundations of the building. You hesitate, then open it fully and start to descend.

As you go, you notice the air getting thicker. Almost smoggy. It tingles against your skin, a gloom seeping out from below, the lamps that guide your way fluttering fitfully. The scent of liquor is in the air. Thick. Heavy. So pungent it makes your head throb. You reach the bottom of the stairs and look about.

You stand in the production room of the wine cellar. Huge presses rise around you, the wooden tubs thumping as massive paddles squeeze down on the corrupted grapes. Wine flows freely into waiting barrels to be further processed. But all your attention is drawn to the back of the room, where a raised dais looks over the room, and atop it a massive desk.

So embossed with gold you can hardly see the wood, it's loaded with alchemical glasses, bottles, and strange, bubbling potions. Behind it rise massive shelves loaded with potions and bottles, their contents glowing fitfully within glass cabinets, their labels printed in flowing script.

And yet, none of that is as important to your eyes as the massive black tree rising from the floor.

It's huge, growing out of the middle of the floor, nearly reaching the ceiling with its gnarled branches. The feel of its corruption permeates the room, making your skin crawl. Bloated fruits hang heavily from the curling branches, the wood whorled with strange, shifting colours, like an oil slick in the sunlight.

You've found the Root of Corruption

"I was wondering when you'd show up."

You look quickly to one of the wine presses as a goblin maid steps out from behind it. She's like most of her kind, in that she's

lovely, busty, and green. But her green is a darker hue, and her figure even curvier. You can tell, because the dress she wears does nothing to hide it. Laced with gold stitching in dizzying patterns, her platinum blonde hair hangs loosely almost to her knees, her pointed ears jangling with earrings and her fingers bejeweled with rings. She walks with an arrogant confidence, dangling a glass of wine from her fingers, her head tilted back, her eyes taking you in with casual amusement.

You tense at the appearance of the goblin, grasping the sword at your side. "You must be Gabbia," you say.

"That I am, hot stuff. Tha gobmother herself. And you must be the new lord of Rovenia."

You stare at her. "How did you know that?"

"Please!" the goblin says, a flick of her fingers making you start. "I'm the merchant queen! And there's nothin' more valuable than information. I've known you were comin' by probably before you did. Not to mention that idiot Darby told us as soon as he had a bottle 'f our brew in him."

"Oh," you say.

"That's right, hot stuff. And now, I suppose you're here to fight me and claim this place as your own, eh?"

"Well..."

"Well too bad! Because I ain't gonna fight you."

That raises a sceptical brow. "You're not?"

"Nope. Look at me! I'm a lover, not a fighter," the goblin says, giving her hip a sway. "Besides, I'm too rich to get into fisticuffs with some hero."

"I see."

"Yup! That's what the help is for."

A shadow moves from among the wine presses. You take a quick step back as an ogre steps into the open.

Huge, powerful, he looms above you, his small head nearly reaching the top of the wine presses. He wears a jacket that once probably looked quite nice before he tore the sleeves off, revealing the thick, corded muscles of his arms. His potbellied form looks fat, but you have no doubt he's all muscle, his underbite showing off sharp teeth in his grin, his huge hands hefting a club that looks like half a tree with metal studs pounded into it.

"This 's Rigar," Gabbia says with a flourish of her hand. "And he's what we in the biz call 'the muscle'. Say hi, Rigar."

"Gonna break y'r head," the ogre growls at you.

"Verbose, ain't he?" the Gobmother says. "You boys play nice now. And, try and keep him in one piece, Rigar? We could use a hot piece of manmeat like that."

"Kay boss," the ogre grunts, moving towards you, still slapping the club against his open palm.

[Wait](#)

[Parlay](#)

[Attack](#)

[Potion of Feminine Beauty](#)

[Potion of Bestial Might](#)

[Use the Knock Out Powder](#)

Take the Potion

You have no doubt that potion is going to do unholy things to you. But becoming a buff, masculine monster whose cum can enslave any woman who takes it? You're not sure Logira has really thought that whole thing out, but hey! If you can just fuck your problems into submission, it sounds like a win for you!

You take the bottle as she offers it, tilting it back and downing the whole thing without a second's hesitation. There's a potent alcoholic taste, one that's almost masked by the sweetness of blueberries and wine, with an undercurrent of something nutty and thick.

"Mmm..." you groan as you chug it down. Filling yourself up with it. Gods, it feels like there's so much in this bottle. You just keep drinking and drinking and drinking.

Feeling it fill you up.

As if your stomach isn't enough.

Spreading to your arms.

Your legs.

Through your chest.

Your head.

You groan as the last drops trickle into your mouth, except it still feels like it's spreading through you. Your clothes suddenly feel much tighter. Restrictive. You groan, grabbing your shirt, tearing it off with a single swipe of your hand. You're momentarily shocked at how easily you do it, but when you see your new self, you're not surprised.

Because you are fucking ripped!

Your muscles cord across your form. Powerful. Mighty! You grin at yourself, snorting.

Snorting?

You cross your eyes. Was your muzzle always this big? And did you always have a muzzle?

For that matter, does your fur always grow this fast?

You look at yourself, flummoxed as your fingers grow thicker. As your chest grows deep and powerful. Pain aches from your head and you grope above, finding a pair of thick, powerful bull horns jutting from your head.

You're a minotaur!

Which is... bad?

You furrow your heavy brow. You're not sure. Something about it seems strange.

"Whoops!"

You look down, and find a goblin maid before you. Right! She's... she's Logira. Which is important, but you can't quite remember why. Your head feels thick and woolly, like it's been wrapped in a fog. But you do know she's pretty. Very pretty. And curvy. Something your absolutely massive cock is very aware of.

Logira looks you up and down uncertainly. She glances back to the bottle you still loosely hold. "Maaaaybe I shouldn't have used so much holstaur milk?" she says to herself. "I could have sworn... Hmmm. Well," she continues, eyes brightening as she takes you in again, particularly the notable bulge in your pants. She licks her lips. "Maybe it's not a total loss. In fact, I think we can make this work. Yeah," she breathes, moving closer. "Yeah. In fact, why should those cows at the farm have all the bulls? Clearly, my genius is even greater than I imagined!"

"Hrrr?" you say.

She pats your bulge, which makes you grunt. "Don't worry about it, stud. Studs don't need to think. I'm the genius here. I'll do the thinking for the both of us. Now, let's get a look at what you're packing. Hmm?"

She barely touches your pants before the fabric suddenly gives way. You groan as it splits with a tearing sound, your thick, throbbing cock springing into the open like a massive slab of man meat. Logira gasps, pulling back in amazement at the sheer heft of what she's unleashed, but her eyes quickly go smoky. Her nostrils flare as she takes in the virile scent of your manhood.

"Oh yeah," the goblin purrs, cradling your cock, her fingers running over your throbbing brown shaft admiringly. "That's the good stuff..."

Her mouth opens and her tongue runs along the underside. You groan, head tilting back as her tongue bathes your cock, her green hand cradling your balls, massaging them tenderly. So heavy with your potent, churning seed. Your head throbs in time to the vein running along your cock. You grunt appreciatively, easing against the wall as Logira works her magic.

"Look at you. Big, strong brute," the goblin maid breathes, panting against your cock as she works it. "So big. So strong. So... dumb. Just a big, hot, stud. Can only think with his muscles and his cock. And I'm gonna lead you by both. You and me, big guy, we're gonna do great things together. Starting with me."

You grunt. You like the sound of that. And the sight of it. Though Logira is short she's all curves, something you can more than appreciate. Your cock certainly does, your thick shaft throbbing with arousal.

Logira sees your hunger for her and smiles deeply. She teasingly reaches behind her, pushing out her chest as she tugs the laces of her gown open. The fall away, revealing the plump firmness of her breasts, her hands cradling those ample orbs teasingly.

"You want these?" she croons. "You want my big, soft tits wrapped around your big, hard cock?"

You grunt in approval.

"Of course you do. Because you're my big bull. And you'll do anything for your mistress."

Well, that's an interesting point. Are you willing to do anything for her? Your attempts at consideration are promptly defeated as she leans forward and wraps her ample tits around your cock.

You groan as Logira begins to stroke you with her breasts, the softness of her tits pressed around your steely shaft, the flared tip oozing hot pre. Your head tilts back, a great moan rising from deep within your chest.

"That's right, stud," Logira purrs. "Show me that you want it. Show me that you need it. By coin and scale, I want it. I want that big cock. Mmmm..."

She leans forward and takes your tip in her mouth. You're so big she can barely fit more than the head of your cock in her, but her breasts provide ample compensation to the rest of your shaft. With a throaty moan the goblin maid sucks you off, her breasts lubed by your leaking pre, her lashes fluttering with endless delights as she takes your cock.

"Hrrrrrrr!" you groan, panting, snorting with growing pleasure. Your chest heaves and cock throbs between her ample tits. Her sucking mouth. You can feel your balls churn with your seed. You rest your hand on her head, driving her down onto your shaft with growing urgency. Your head tilts back, panting hotly as you drive the slut down onto your cock. There's no holding back. The beast demands to be freed!

With a hearty bellow you cum, your slab of a cock throbbing, pulsing your seed into the goblin's mouth. Logira's cheeks bulge with the first spurting load, but she quickly swallows, draining your cock with shocking ease. Every pulse of your cock throbs through you with unspeakable pleasure. An intensity you never knew was possible. As the last, laborious pumps of cum leave you, you sink against the wall, panting hotly as the goblin maid swallows the last of it.

Logira gasps, lifting her mouth from your cock, her stomach slightly distended from the sheer volume of your seed. She wipes her mouth, admiring you. "Good boy," she gasps, stroking your cock,

chuckling when you stir anew. “Just can’t get enough of me, hm?” she says.

“No,” you grunt.

“I know. Because I’m your sexy mistress. And studs can’t get enough of fucking hot, goblin girls. And I’m the hottest of them all!”

She rises, her hips swinging, and grabs her belt. You perk up as she tugs it down along with her skirt, revealing her naked body. All curves, her large breasts and hips form a perfect hourglass figure, her ass bouncing as she turns about, plucking a potion from her belt. She plants her hand against the far wall, pushing out her rear, spreading her legs so you get a thorough glimpse of her lush folds.

“Now, how about you show me what you can really do. Don’t worry, big boy,” she adds, taking a swig of the potion she grabbed earlier, gasping and tossing aside the empty bottle. “Mmm. I can take it.”

You’re not sure about that, but the opportunity demands an answer. You rise, lumbering up behind the goblin maid. Your huge hands engulf her shapely hips, your cock already at full mast and throbbing with the opportunity to stuff this green slut. You growl low and deep, rubbing the tip of your massive cock against the goblin’s hot folds, Logira moaning hotly with desire.

“Yesssss. Come on, fill me up, stud! Show me what you can do with that. Fuck me like the male you are! The animal! Men are only good for two things, now show me you’ve got at least one of them.”

Your hands tighten around her, engulfing her hips, and you push inside her. A low, rumbling growl rises from you as you feel the goblin maid stretch around your manhood. Logira shudders, moaning in hot pleasure as you stuff her with your cock. Her pussy envelops you more than halfway, something that surprises you given how short she is, but you’re hardly complaining.

“Yesssss!” Logira moans, panting. “That... ah... fucking potion... Stretch Cockstrong. Makes... mmmm... makes you able to take... ah... take any size... W-well! Don’t just stand there. F-fuck me!”

She won’t get any arguments from you. With a grunt you start to saw in and out of the lovely goblin maid, plunging your cock into her rippling folds. Logira gasps, her arms quivering where they hold her up against the wall, her moans rising in volume as she pushes back, meeting your thrusts.

“Yesssss!” Logira moans. “Yesss! Fuck me! Fuck me you dumb fucking stud! Oh g-gods yesssss! Give me that cock! Ah! No one... ooooh... no one can take this... ah... this cock like meee! Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Mate me! Breeeed meeeeee!”

You groan, snorting, doubled over her as you plunge your meaty cock into the shapely goblin’s folds. Steam fairly rushes from your muzzle as you plow her. You take your hands from her hips, grabbing her breasts, lifting her up and driving her down onto your cock.

Logira wails in purest pleasure, fucked like your personal cock sleeve. Her busty green form slides up and down your mammoth cock, so tight, so perfect. A perfect fit. A perfect fuck toy. “Yes! Yes! Yesssss! Fuck meeeeee!”

Her voice rises, a song of purest pleasure as she cums, tightening even further around you. There’s no question of cumming with her. Every instinct demands you plow this eager slut. You give a great, throaty bellow of pleasure, again pumping the goblin maid full of your cum, your cock throbbing as you unleash your full pleasure into her.

Logira moans, her stomach swollen from the sheer amount of seed you’ve filled her with, even more drooling from around her pussy. She pants atop you, leaning back, stroking your muzzle adoringly.

“G-good stud,” she breathes, smiling with exultant exhaustion. “Looks like... ah... I’m the genius I knew I was. Making such a potent bull...”

You snort, arguing out of the question. You nuzzle her hand as she strokes you. Logira chuckles throatily, her smile growing.

“We’re gonna do big things, me and you,” she breathes, her inner walls squeezing your cock again. “Big... things...”

[Bullman Bodyguard](#)

The Vineyard

The vineyard is more... overgrown than you expected. The trellises are positively bursting with vines, the grapes bulging in bunches. It's more like a hedge maze than a meticulously worked garden. But unlike a hedge maze (unless it was built for the absolute biggest idiot) a dirt path runs straight through it and to the heavy building of the winery.

You start off down the road, keeping an eye out for workers, but the vineyard is strangely empty. The bulging leaves rustle up and down the ways, stirred by the breeze and carrying to you the scent of grapes and a strong, alcoholic sweetness. It's surprisingly soothing, and you catch yourself breathing in that medley.

The vineyards become even denser the closer you get to the winery. The greenery sprawls, at times intertwining above the trellis racks, as if forming tunnels of woven leaves and dangling grapes. Several trellises arch over the path before the winery proper, and due to the shade you don't realize what's wrong until you're actually at the doors.

What you took for wavering shadows are actually vines! They positively encase the door like bony fingers, teased along the frame and seams of the wood, overgrowing it in a tangle.

You stare, perplexed at it. You grab the handles and give them a shake, but the door remains stuck fast.

"Well shit," you say. "How'd that happen?"

"My handiwork. Do you hic! like it?"

You whirl, hand on the hilt of your sword. The overgrown vines behind you creak, and part, lowering a swing of woven vines. A woman reclines on it, plump in a lovely way, her skin the deep purple of the grapes, her heavy breasts bare to reveal dark, almost black nipples. Leafy vines wind around her legs and body, twining up her curves before cupping her plump teats tantalizingly. Her hair is black

and two bunches of grapes grow from it like a laurel crown, and her eyes glow subtly in a way that makes your body tense and pulse speed up.

“Of course you... hic... do!” the alraune says, rising from her seat, her breasts wobbling, sloshing with their bounty. “It’s mine, after all. My personal lock on the... the doors. Mustn’t let intruders into the winery. That’s like... wroooong. Hic! The Gobmother, she said ‘Vinifera! I want you to guard these doors’. And I was like ‘okay, but only if I get cute hotties’. And she was like... hic! ‘Sure!’ And if any happen to come by, I get to keep them! Isn’t that just... like... like... hic! Great!”

You notice her flush. The slightly woozy way she stands. In fact, the vines appear to be supporting her like gentle hands, keeping her from swaying too much in either direction, with the added bonus that her breasts are in constant motion. You nose twitches at the sweet scent rolling off her. Even stronger than the vineyards themselves.

“Are you... drunk?” you say. You didn’t even know alraunes could get drunk. Admittedly you haven’t had lots of experience with them.

“What? No! I’m not... hic! I’m not hic! I’m... If you’re suggesting I’m getting... getting drunk on my own supply, I’d be... that’s just, like, terrible.” Vinifera puts a hand to her impressive chest, and almost falls over if not for the helpful vines. “I happen to have... have a huuuuuuge alcohol tolerance. Which is... which is why I can ferment the best wine in... in my own big tits!”

She cups her breasts, lifting them proudly, then seems to become entranced in the way they wobble and bounce in her hands. “Ooooooh...” she says.

A vine taps her on the shoulder. She lifts her head, blinks at you, a spark of intelligence surfacing in her inebriated gaze.

“Heeeeey,” she says at last. “Are you trying to break in?”

“Who? Me? No no no,” you quickly say. “Perish the thought!”

“You’re lying!” the wine girl cries, pointing an accusing finger at you, and almost falling forward again, saved as the vines grab her shoulders, holding her back. “You’re tooootally trying to break in! Which means I get to um... get to stop you. And keep you! And get to have... um... like, sooooo much fun with you! Yay!”

She claps her hands, grinning in drunken delight. The trellises around you tremble, leaves rustling, hissing, vines creaking as they stir, shifting like serpents around you.

[Wait](#)

[Parlay](#)

[Attack](#)

[Seduce](#)

[Potion of Feminine Beauty](#)

[Potion of Bestial Might](#)

Wait

You stiffen, tensing as you watch for the strike of the vines.

They come at you in a flash. From every side they lash like whips, the trellises rattling at the sudden attack. Instantly you know you can't get them all, but still you try. You draw your sword in a silver arc, slashing at the vines. You cut one, two, and that's it.

The next moment your wrist has been caught, the vine wrapping around your arm like a chain, wrenching it one way. You stumble, and another vine has your other arm, a third your leg, a fourth your waist. More and more grab you, holding you tight despite your desperate struggles. You yelp as they lift you into the air, dangling you helplessly, your feet an inch off the ground.

"See?" Vinifera giggles, swaying towards you. "I'm not so drunk I couldn't catch... hic... you!"

"Y-yeah! Great job," you say shakily as she comes closer, her eyes glowing a violet light, her flushed cheeks dimpled with her smile. "You sure showed me! Now, if you'll ah, just let me go, I'll be off and never bother you again."

"Oooh, that's not how it works," Vinifera says, swaying before you, her sweet breath making you lean back, head spinning. "Can't let you go without... without a hic... a party!"

"Party?"

"And what's a party," she adds, grabbing the front of your shirt. "Without some wine!"

You're suddenly yanked down into her tits. "Mppph!" you gasp as her expansive purple breasts hit your face. A nipple is pushed into your mouth, and Vinifera gives her ample breast a needy squeeze. In a gush thick, sweet wine bursts into your mouth like a flood of grape. The alcohol makes you gasp, but instinctively you swallow it down.

The wine goes down smooth and so very sweet. You groan as you guzzle it, your eyes fluttering, your body suddenly feeling light. Airy. Like every cell has been puffed with helium. Your head floats, and you realize you're suckling Vinifera's breast.

"Thaaaat's iiiiiit," the wine girl moans, cupping her breast, massaging it, spurting her sweet bounty into your mouth. "Ooooh, thirsty boy! But don't... don't worry. I've got... just... ah... gallons for you!"

She does? That's great!

Right?

You think so. You vaguely feel like it shouldn't, but as you keep guzzling her wine, you feel less and less like this is wrong. In fact, it feels just... um... f-fantastic.

You moan, eyes fogged, drunk and dim as you suckle. You sag in the vines, and they relax their grip, ease you further against the busty alraune. Vinifera coos, stroking your hair as your hands gently cup her breast, squeezing and pumping it for more of that wonderful wine.

"Ooooh, there you go. Ah. Wow! You're suuuuper thirsty. But that's okay! I've got soooo much for cute, thirsty boys..."

You blush hotter, though you're not sure why. She's right. You are a thirsty boy.

"Ooooh, you're looking a little flushed there, cutie! Must be sooo hot in all those clothes. You should to- hic! Totally go nude! That's what I do. Here, let's get you out of those."

You nod, which makes your liquidated thoughts slosh in your head. Yeah. Better... better get those clothes off. You shrug, helping Vinifera strip you. Of course, her hands are as clumsy as yours, so it ends up with her vines doing most of the work, tugging your shirt off. Your pants. Your belt and sword clinking as they hit the ground. There's a moment of concern at that, but not for long, as Vinifera suddenly falls back, taking you with her.

Vines cup her, cradling her in a swing of their own making. The plump, purple slut giggles as you fall atop her, gasping, moaning softly as she strokes your hair.

Your cock rubs against her thigh, your moan rising in a trebling sound as your sensitive shaft frots against her violet skin.

“Ooooh, somebody’s hic! Hard for me. Can’t help it, can you? Just gotta... mmm... gotta be a hot, horny hottie! And I love ‘em. Now, c’mere, silly boy! It’s a party. Let’s get freaky!”

She pulls your face from her ample breasts, which is disappointing for the second before her lips meet yours in a hungry kiss. You moan, melting against her, the vines wrapping around you adjusting you, your cock aligning with the lush folds of her pussy.

“Give it to me,” she breathes hotly.

You do.

You slide into the tightness of her pussy like you were made for it. Your moan rises in a needy whine as you sink into her. Without hesitation you begin to thrust, pounding your cock into the tightness of her cunt. Her pussy squeezes you. Massages you. Your head whirls with wine-drunk wonder. Pleasure pulsing from your cock and through your body.

“Ah! Ah! Yes! Yesssss!” Vinifera moans. “More! Mooooore!”

You groan atop her, her breasts pillowing your chest, absorbing the shocks of the impact. Wine gushes from them, squeezed from her by the fucking. The fumes only make your head spin more. Drives you deeper into her with heavy thrusts. “Ooooooh!”

“Yes! Yes! Gimme hic! Gimme your cum! Give it to me! Be mine! Be my wine sluuuuut!”

You have no idea what she’s talking about. You have no idea what’s happening. Everything is wrapped in the soft, delicious fog of the wine. You can only keep thrusting. Moaning. Panting. Needing it. Needing her. Needing to cum. Have to cum. Got to... got to...

“Ooooooh!” you moan, hilted in her, shuddering as the hot wave of pure pleasure flows through you. As your cock throbs and pulses in her, your body jolting as you cum with needy, shuddering highs.

“Yesssss!” Vinifera moans, her own orgasm joining yours, rippling around you, drinking your cum and drawing you into another haze of sweet pleasure.

Spent, drained, you sag atop the purple woman, the vine swing lazily swaying, making your head slosh and swirl with ever more pleasure. Her hands gently lift your face, her lips kissing you again.

“Good boy,” she coos, hiccupping. “We’re gonna... gonna party haaaard tonight!”

You smile woozily. “Aaaawesome,” you slur, kissing her again, sinking into her lips and the pleasant haze of drunken pleasure.

[Vineyard Tender](#)

Parlay

Vinifera is clearly not just sloshed, but so deep in the cups she's trying to read the tealeaves. But that sounds like an opportunity for you to float a few ideas her way.

"Yeah! You could absolutely do that. Or..." you say.

Vinifera tilts her head. "Or?" she prompts.

"Or you could do something even more fun," you say, nodding at the doors. "You can unlock the doors there and let me through. That seems like a pretty fun thing to do."

"It does?" Vinifera says.

"Absolutely!"

She cocks her head. "Mmm... Doesn't sound fun..."

"But it will be!" you say quickly. "Trust me. I've let people into places they're not supposed to go tons of times! It's the absolute best. The thrill of the naughtiness of it. The knowledge you did something bad. It's incredible!"

Vinifera purses her lips, her eyes rolling back as if trying to see her own brain process this information. "Mmmmm. That's true!"

"Really?" you say.

"Yeah! Totes! That does sound fun. Almost as fun as fucking you!"

You tense up again at that, but it's already too late. Vines snap like whips, grabbing your arms and legs. You yelp, trying to pull away from them, but their grip is tight! Your legs are suddenly knocked from under you and you fall to your knees, grunting with pain, your arms pulled taut on either side, your torso tilted back so your ass is against your heels.

"W-wait!" you say as Vinifera saunters towards you, swaying a little. "Y-you said it'd be fun!"

“Yep!” the plantgirl giggles, her curves looming over you, her hand lazily fondling her pussy, openly fingering herself an inch from your face, the slick, wine of her arousal dripping from her, the scent of her rolling over you with a boozy perfume. “And it might be. But you know... hic! Know what’d be fun too? To tootally ride your dumb face! So I’ll try that first. And if I remember, I’ll let... hic! Let you try and go through the doors. Deal?”

“Wh-what? No! No deal!”

“Oops! Too late! Now, let’s see what that tongue can do!”

Giggling, Vinifera moves atop you, pressing her dripping pussy down on your face. You groan, your neck forced back until she’s practically sitting on your face, her weight subtle yet omnipresent, your nose against her mons. Her dripping desire flowing onto your tongue before you can stop it.

And when you taste it, you don’t ever want to stop.

You moan, eyelids fluttering as her ambrosia drools into your mouth. Sweet wine. Thicker than usual, but even more potent. Already your lips have cupped her pussy, gently sucking, your tongue gliding in, needing to get more. Running along her folds until she moans with throaty delight.

“Yesssss,” Vinifera sighs, wriggling happily, her weight pressing down harder on you, forcing your head back as she uses you as her personal stool. “That’s iiiiiiit! Oooh, that’s a... hic! A goooood tongue. Just... ah... get right in there, party boy. Gonna... ah... gonna have a goooood time...”

You’re already having a good time. A wonderful time. A perfect, pleasurable, euphoric delight of a time. The wine soaks your tongue. Your mind sinks under waves of liquor-soaked arousal. Purple is all you can see. Your eyes are compelled to look up at the lovely curves of the woman astride your face, her wobbly breasts obscuring your view of her head half the time. But her flushed cheeks don’t escape you when she rocks back, riding your mouth and tongue like they’re her personal dildos.

You feel vines tease behind your head, interlacing in a hammock, taking some of the pressure off. But not all of it. They want you to feel her. They want you to know how heavy she is. How perfect she is. How good it feels to be smothered under this violet goddess of the gardens.

Vinifera's hand grips your hair, pulling you harder against her cunny. Her hips work faster, riding your face with the urgency born of rising pleasure.

The vines get in on it too. They wriggle under your pants, making you groan as they wrap around your cock. Your pants are torn to shreds by the vines, your shaft bouncing into the open, massaged, squeezed, milked by the fingers of greenery.

"Yes. Yesss! Deeper! Oooh! Hic! That's... thatsh good. Drink it up. Get your tongue mnnnn!" Vinifera moans as your tongue finds her clit, her thighs tightening around your head in a sudden swell of pleasure. "Oh yesss! There! Right there! Lick there like a... ah... a g-good wine s-slut! Oh f-fuck yesssss! Deeper! Get in there d-deeeeeeper! Yes! Yes! Yesssss! Mnnnn!"

Her body shudders atop you, dropping her weight firmly on your face. Her juices flood your mouth in a sudden rush of her ecstasy. You moan, drinking it up, gasping in hot pleasure as you take in every drop like the good wino you are. Your cock throbs in the grasp of the vines, your body pushed past its limit. With a cry smothered by the plant girl's pussy, you cum, spurting your needy seed all over the path in sharp bursts of pleasure.

Vinifera sighs, settling atop your face. Beneath her, trapped, desperately still horny, your mind swims with the pleasure of her conquest. The wine pouring down your throat spreads through you, warming you. Your thoughts sink under the haze; under her, lost in the drunken pleasure of the plant girl.

[Vineyard Tender](#)

Attack

You grab your sword and draw it, lunging for the alraune even as her vines whip at you. Your blade flashes, the runes running up and down it glowing hot in the presence of corruption. Thin, ropy vines part where you slash them. Vinifera stares at you, her senses so dulled with wine you're in front of her before she even manages to drop her jaw.

"Oh," she says.

You slash her. The steel slices through her like she's made of mist, leaving not a mark, much to your surprise. The lovely plant girl looks down at her stomach. Touches where your sword cut her. "Oh," she says. "Well, that wasn't so bleeeergh!"

You jerk back as she suddenly vomits a cloud of black smog. It twists and coils in the air like black ink, dissipating with a hiss once out of the plant girl. But in those moments you recognized it. Know it for the same sort of dark mist you saw under your castle.

The taint of the goddess.

Vinifera wipes her mouth with the back of her hand, swiping away some drool. She looks considerably less drunk than before, her eyes clearing, her skin growing a lighter shade of purple. "Ooooh," she groans. "What... oh wow," she says, her voice not nearly as slurred. "That was..."

"Uh, yeah," you say. "How do you feel?"

Vinifera winces and rubs her head. "Could you not talk so loud? Gotta monster hangover."

"Oh, uh, sorry," you say, voice barely above a whisper. "How are you feeling?"

"Feel like garbage," she groans. "But... better."

"You are?"

“Yeah.” She looks around herself as if waking from a dream. “Ooooh, this is... Oh,” she gasps, looking down under your feet. “Ooooh...”

“What? What is it?” you ask.

“I can... can feel it,” she groans. “In my roots. The darkness. The corruption. It’s still th-there.”

“Yes,” you say. “There’s a Root of Corruption in the winery. But with this sword,” you say, brandishing the blade, the steel glowing with a pale blue light. “I can get rid of it.”

“Ooooh, fancy,” she says.

“Yeah. Which means I need to enter the winery. So, if you would remove your vines from there...”

“Saaaaay,” she says, and you can’t help but notice she’s a bit more flushed than even moments before. “I got an idea. Since you saved me, how about we have a little party first!”

“A party?” you say.

“Suuuure!” she giggles, her breasts wobbling, still sloshing with her bounty. “A reward for saving me. That’d be fun!”

“I uh... really should do this whole hero thing,” you say.

“Aw, c’mon. I’ll let you through right after. What a few minutes? I promise it’ll be hic! Fun,” she says, cradling her tits teasingly.

[Party Hardy.](#)

[Get Thee to a Winery.](#)

Get Thee to a Winery

“Wow! A party sounds... just fantastic,” you say earnestly. “But maybe we should hold off on that until I eliminate the Root. Just to be on the safe side.”

“I guess...” Vinifera says, pouting.

“Plus, I bet there’s snacks in there that would really go well with the wine. Like... cheese cubes and little pieces of meat and salmon. We can’t have a wine party without finger food.”

Vinifera purses her lips thoughtfully. “Mmm. I guess that’s true.”

You sag in relief as she gestures, the vines that wind into the doorframe of the winery sliding away with a hissing rustle like serpents moving. As the last one slides out of the doorframe you grab the handle and open the door, slipping inside before Vinifera can reconsider.

[The Winery.](#)

Seduce

It's pretty clear Vinifera is not quite all there, and is obviously extremely horny. And you can certainly play to that a bit.

You flash the alraune a smile, shifting your stance to a more confident, easy look. "Hey! No need for force. I'd love to show you a good time."

Vinifera cocks her head. "Really?" she says. "Wow! Usually the humans I catch don't come around so quick! At... hic! At least not until they get a drink of these!"

She hefts her enormous tits, giving them a teasing wobble. You admire those sloshing orbs in awe. And why not? Getting a handful of them sounds pretty damn good to you. Not to mention the rest of her.

"But um... you're still tooootally wearing your sword," Vinifera says, pointing at your weapon. "We can't reeeeeally party while you hic! While you got that."

You glance at your blade, hesitating. But there'll be time to draw it after, you suppose. You unbuckle your belt, your sword falling away.

"Mmm," Vinifera hums, leaning back in her swing of vines, lazily rubbing circles around her budding nipples, her tongue licking her lips. "Now, the pants too."

Well, you've got no complaints about that. You shuck off your pants, your cock springing to attention as you step out of them.

"The shirt," Vinifera breathes, her circling fingers moving faster.

The motions are almost hypnotic, and the view spectacular. You grab your shirt, lifting it over your head and tossing it aside. You stand naked, the warm air kissing your skin, your cock shamelessly erect. From her seat Vinifera admires the view, licking her lips as she gently fondles her sloshing, wobbly breasts.

“Mmm. Tha’s hic! Tha’s good. C’mon closer,” she slurs.

You obey, every step bringing you nearer. The scent of her is heavy in the air. An aroma of berries and liquor. A scent that stuffs your head, not unpleasantly. In fact, it’s quite tantalizing. Sweet, almost. Even though you know it to be dangerous.

Vinifera shifts atop her swing, the vines adjusting as her legs hang off the edge, parting wide. She touches your chin, drawing you down. Her kiss is impassioned. Sweet. Pressing her lips to yours almost hungrily. You moan as her lips meet yours, drawing you in closer, her breasts cupped in your hands, making the wine girl groan in pleasure.

“Yessss,” she moans against your lips, pushing her chest forward into your hands. “Oh hic! Yesssss. Really... ah... get in there. Show my big, soft boobies some hic! Some lovin’,” she slurs.

“Of course,” you say, leaning your head down, kissing her soft titflesh, discovering even her purple skin tasting vaguely of wine, as if she bathes in it. Or maybe sweats it. Either way, you’re not complaining. You haven’t been complaining about any of this. In fact, you want more. Much more.

B-but only because you have to gain her trust. Convince her to let down her guard so you can escape. Yeah. That’s right. And she needs to... to drop it a bit more. And you’ll help her. Oh yes. You like helping her.

Like kissing her.

Licking her.

But... but have to avoid her nipples. Can’t kiss them. Suck them. You’ll get drunk on her wine. And mustn’t do that.

No.

No, that would be... would be bad.

You feel her hand on your head, pushing you gently down. Your lips kiss across her breasts, relieved, but also disappointed when you go past her needy nipples.

Down her chest.

Down her stomach.

Kissing.

Adoring.

Down.

Down.

Down to your knees.

Down between her thighs.

Down, level with her pussy. Her mound. Shaven. Sweet. Her juices so heavily scented of wine your head spins as you drool over her lush folds.

“Gimme some of that tongue,” Vinifera moans, her swing easing her forward, her hand pushing your head down.

It happens slowly, but too fast for you to think of a way out. And when your lips meet her folds, your tongue gliding up her slit, you suddenly can’t think of anything you’d rather be doing than tonguing out this beautiful, heavenly, sweet wine slut.

You moan, your lips kissing her folds, your tongue lapping up her juices. The taste is far stronger than her skin. Sweeter. More enticing. Enthralling. But you’re not drunk on her. You know that. You’re not sure how you know that. You just know that you’re fine. Everything’s fine. Everything is fine, and perfect, and soft, muzzy goodness.

Vinifera’s hand tightens in your hair, the alraune’s moans rising in volume as her hips rocks, riding herself on your face. “Oh yesss. Yesss! Hic! C’mom hot s-stuff. Gimme that tongue. Get right... ah... in there. Drink me, slut. Drink mistress’s pussy. Ohhhh! Got so... ah... so much wine for you. Yes. Oh f-fuck yessss!”

You mona obediently, suckling and lapping at her pussy. Your tastebuds sing with her wine. Your head floats. Your cock throbs between your legs. Oh fuck. You gotta... gotta get some relief. Your

hand wraps around your cock, a groan rising from you as you begin to stroke yourself as you lick out the alraune. Your tongue teasing up. Finding the harder pearl of her clit. Lashing that pleasure bead with loving strokes of your tongue.

“Mnnnn! Ohhhh g-goddess yessss! There! Right there! Get... ah... get in there! Suck my clit. Suck it like... ah... like a good boy. Good slave. Oh fuck. Oh fuck yes! Yes! Hic! Yesssss!”

Her hand forces your face against her pussy. Her thighs close around your head, squeezing you into her cunny until you feel like your head is going to pop! You groan in pleased joy, trembling between her legs as she cums, her juices the most wonderful wine you’ve ever drunk. You tilt your head back, frantically trying to get every drop. So much of it spilling down your chin. Into your lap. Lubing up your twitching cock until... until...

“Mmmmmph!” you moan, hips jolting, cock spurting your needy seed onto the ground in short, hot bursts of cum. Your eyes roll back, your body feeling light as air as you sag, panting.

Her legs loosen, and Vinifera eases your head back. The purple plant girl admires your soaked face and empty, dazed eyes with a drunken smile.

“Mmm. You hic! Like that?”

“Yeaaaaah,” you say, smiling dimly.

“Good! Because mistress... hic! Mistress is gonna want you down there for... for a while. Got a party to go through and gonna... gonna show you off!”

“Party?” you say vaguely.

“Aw, what’s wrong? Don’t you wanna go?”

The sight of her pout nips your niggling doubt in the bud. You smile happily at the buxom plant girl. “Noooo, mistress. Wanna... wanna go with you.”

“Yay! But we still got... like... hooours to go. How we gonna spend the time? Oh! I know!”

Her legs tighten anew. Her hands yanks you forward, and once more, you find yourself buried in the warm slickness of her pussy. Right where you belong.

[Vineyard Tender](#)

Potion of Feminine Beauty

Vinifera looks pretty out of it. So much so that a quick change in appearance might addle her enough to give you a way out.

...Well, it could!

Anyway, you grab the swirling pink potion at your belt and pop the cap. You down it in a single go, which is good timing, because in the next instant the vines lash for you.

“Mmmm!” you groan as your wrists are wrapped up, the bottle yanked from your lips as your arms are forced to either side. You squirm, struggling, but your strength is rapidly fleeing, along with your muscle tone. “Ooooooh!” you groan, your voice rising, pitch growing higher as your chest expands into your shirt, as your hips and ass well into your pants. As you feel your cock shrinking, inverting, a tingling sensation of emptiness that opens in your loins.

“Heeeey! What’d you do?’ Vinifera demands, taking a wobbly step towards you.

“N-nothing!” you squeak, your feminine voice surprising you.

“Yes you... hic! You did. Aha!”

You yelp as she grabs your shirt and yanks it up over your bouncy tits. “S-see! These were... were totes not there before. Right?”

“N-no! They mnnn!” you moan as she cups your generous breasts, squeezing the plush flesh accusingly. You try and turn away, but the vines hold you fast. Helpless.

And why is that turning you on?

“No they weren’t! You are a guy! Not a soft... um, cute... sexy girl...”

“H-huh?”

“Yeah,” Vinifera says, and her scowl has melted. A look of drunken interest is now on her face. Her lips lifting in addled arousal.

“You didn’t have such cute... hic... cute big tits. Or such a pretty... pretty face. With soft... kissable lips...”

“U-um... I... Um...”

Words fail you as Vinifera leans in. The scent of booze and berries surrounds you like a haze. You watch her lips pucker up, unsure what to do. And then, it’s too late.

Her lips meet yours in a hungry, passionate kiss. You gasp, then moan, growing slack in the grasp of the vines as Vinifera kisses you, her tongue pushing into your mouth. Her saliva tastes like the most wonderful wine, and before you know it, you’ve submitted to her kiss.

Your tongue shyly dances with hers, Vinifera deepening the sloppy kiss with a purr. Her breasts mash against yours like two plump balloons. You moan, groaning, your head growing light, your body aching for her touch. You can feel a heat bloom in the hollow space below your stomach. Throbbing through you as you dangle helplessly from the vines, panting hot and fast. Crushed beneath her lips and the pillowy softness of her breasts.

She breaks the kiss, licking her lips. “Mmm. You taste goood.”

“Th-thank you,” you gasp, not sure what else to say, too confused and aroused and horny to understand what’s happening.

“Wanna have a taste of me?”

“O-okay.”

Vinifera giggles and cups her immense breasts. “Ooookay! Here, sweet thing! Have a drink.”

There’s not time to think. And thinking is overrated anyway. Especially when two huge, soft, berry flavoured boobs are being pushed into your face. You moan, eagerly locking onto one of her breasts, sucking hard.

Wine gushes into your mouth like from a fountain. You groan, guzzling it, your head filled with soft, purple clouds. Lifting you up.

Crowding thoughts out. You moan, eagerly sucking even harder, wine spurting down your throat in heady, gushing spurts.

“Ohhhh yesssss!” Vinifera moans. “Oh f-fuuuuck! Keep... mmm... Keep sucking. Oh hic! Yes. Oh hic! Yesssss!”

You do. Oh fuck you doooo. Every spurt of her wine makes you sink deeper into the pleased haze. Every gush is better than the first.

You feel the vines around your wrists loosen, but use your newfound freedom to cup her plump teats, massaging them with needy, whimpering moans to gush more of her wine milk into you, milking her tits of their juice like they’re the blueberries of your dreams.

Vinifera giggles, gasps, her hand resting on your head, pushing you into her tits. “Mmmm. There we hic! Go. Ooooh, you sure know... ah... how to make a mmmm! A girl feel goood! Whoops!”

She suddenly overbalances, pushing you back. You fall onto the ground, buried under the wine slut’s tits. Vinifera bursts out in drunken laughter, and you join her. It’s just soooo funny! Who knew people falling down could be so funny?

“Oh g-gosh! But um, ooooh. Getting your clothes all hic! All dirty. Better... ah... better take ‘em off...”

Yeah. Yeah, that sounds... sounds good. You wriggle, and with Vinifera’s help squeeze out of your clothes, leaving your naked curves on full display. Vinifera takes a moment to admire the form offered to her, then giggles.

“Heeeeey. Wanna have some different fun?”

“Yeaaaah,” you slur, smiling dumbly. “Wanna have looooots a fun!”

Vinifera giggles, then moves around atop you. You suddenly find her ass dangling above your face, her flawless, plump, purple

cheeks hanging over you. “Here ya go!” Vinifera says, and drops onto your face.

You moan under her, the feeling of her weight and body pressing you down unspeakably good. You grab her ass with both hands, pulling it down more firmly on your face, your tongue delving up into the tight star of her asshole, eagerly licking it out like the ass slut you’ve always been. Above you, Vinifera moans, her rear grinding down on you, smothering you under her ample bottom.

“Ooooooh yesssss!” Vinifera moans. “Yesss. Get your tongue in there. Kiss my lovely ass. Oooh, that’s a good party hic! Party grrrrrrl!”

You giggle. It does feel good to party. To have fun. To be smothered under a lovely, purple woman’s ass. How did you not realize that before?

You’re going to have so much fun now...

[Party Girl](#)

Potion of Bestial Might

You don't like the odds of taking on the plant girl with just a sword. Fortunately, you've got an out in the form of the potion on your belt. You grab the green potion, downing it in one hearty swig.

The green concoction flows down your throat in a flood of intoxicating power. You groan, stretching, feeling it fill you from head to toe. Your face stretching. Your body changing. Your clothes getting looser.

Wait...

Looser?

You look down in alarm as the collar of your shirt suddenly rises up. You let out a cry, which turns into a "Peep!" as your face becomes a beak. You raise your arms as feathers flow down them.

You're a bird!

But not a big, powerful, impressive bird. You're a songbird! You frantically flap your wings, rising out of your shrinking clothes.

"Hey! How'd you do that?" Vinifera says.

Your head snaps to her, the plant girl squinting at you. "What'd you do?"

She reaches out to grab you, but you dart back. She pouts and gestures, and with a creak the vines of the trellis twist, grabbing for you like swinging tentacles. With another startled "Peep!" you try and dodge, evading one, another. Another. But there's too many! You dart for the opening at the end of the trellis, but a vine grabs you an inch from freedom.

"Peeeeeep!" you squawk as you're squeezed, carried down before Vinifera. The plant girl peers at you in confusion, then at the pile of your clothes.

"Woah," she says, rubbing her head. "Maaaaybe I've been drinking too hic! Too much. But you're a cute little bird." She giggles,

moving her hands as if cradling you.

Around you, the vines twist and reform, creaking as they take the shape of a bird cage. The one holding you tight expands, becoming a loop in which you perch. Your feathery chest heaves in panic as you look around, but the bars are too tight to allow you escape. You're trapped! Trapped and away from the sky above! You'll never fly in the heavens again.

Again?

Of course again. You're a bird! And birds must fly. But you are trapped.

Vinifera giggles, poking a finger through the bars, rubbing your chest. "Awww. There's a good birdie. Don't worry! I won't hic! W-won't hurt you. I'm gonna hic! Keep you. Haven't had a pet before. Don't worry! I'm gonna take good care of you."

You hop back, but realize there isn't any way out. You're trapped. Transformed. Little more than the plant girl's new pet. A bird in the hand may be better than two in the bush, but looks like you'll be in her bush for the rest of your days.

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Party Hardy

You can't help but admire the alraunes figure. The class. The poise! The absolutely massive, jiggly tits. You lick your lips. Wellll... after all, you did purify her. Surely it'd be okay to have a little fun. She wouldn't become corrupted again that fast.

"Alright," you say. "So... how exactly do alraunes party?"

She giggles, moving forward, wrapping her arms around your neck, pressing her enormous breasts against your chest as she leans up. "Only like the best!"

Her lips meet yours, and if you had any doubts this was the right decision, that clears them up. Her lips are soft, hungry, moving against your own. You groan softly, arms moving around her, pulling her close as you deepen the kiss passionately.

"Mmmm," Vinifera moans, lips parting, allowing your questing tongue into her mouth. Gods. She even tastes like wine. Not in a bad way, like someone hungover after a long night. But more like you're licking the inside of a bottle. Except the inside of the bottle is warm and has its own tongue to wrestle yours.

...That was kinda creepy. Maybe just focus on the body.

Yeah. Yeah, that sounds good. And what a body! Her curves respond instantly to your touch. Her gasps and whimpers delightful, her soft breasts rubbing tantalizingly into your chest as she rubs herself against you.

"Mmmm," Vinifera groans, rising to her tiptoes, your hands moving down to her ass, squeezing her plump bottom. She suddenly pushes forward, and there's a sudden spinny sense of vertigo as you fall back, only to be caught by a hammock of vines. You sway back into the seat, Vinifera atop you. On your lap. Kissing you harder. Her mouth tastes even more of liquor. Strong. Potent. It makes your head spin and mouth crave more.

She breaks the kiss, leaving you panting under her. She wipes her mouth with the back of her hand, smiling down at you.

“Gotta get you naked,” she says.

“Huh?”

“For the party! Isn’t a real party until everyone’s hic! Naked!”

“Oh. But... um...”

“C’mooooon,” Vinifera moans, cupping her breasts bouncing them. “I am. ‘S only fair.”

Well she... she does have a point. But you’re still a little uncertain about this. Not enough to keep your shirt and pants on. Especially with Vinifera’s eager hands helping divest you of both, but any minute now, you’re sure you’ll have had enough.

Just... maybe after she does whatever she wants with those tits of hers.

As your pants go down your cock goes up, springing to attention. Vinifera gasps in delight at the sight of it. “Ooooh! All for me? That’s so sweet. Not as sweet as, you know, my wine. By the way, want a drink?”

“D-drink? But... uh...”

“C’mon,” she coos, bouncing her wobbly tits as she settles into your lap on the swing, making it sway under you, her breasts bouncing with the motion. “I’m tooootally not filled with, like, evil goddess juice anymore. It’s super safe! And if you do, I’ll drink up that sexy cock of yours.”

“I uh... I dunno...”

“It is a party!” she giggles. “Have some fun!”

Well, you do like fun. Throwing caution and your admittedly loose chastity to the wind, you lean in and take her needy nipple between your lips.

Vinifera gasps, her flush growing as you gently suckle her teat. She barely needs any prompting before her plump, purple

breast surrenders its bounty. Wine gushes into your mouth in a sudden flood of alcoholic sweetness.

“Mmmm,” you moan, guzzling it down like the most dedicated wino.

“Oh g-goddess yesssss!” Vinifera groans, cupping her breasts, pressing them into your face with the height of her pleasure, her body pushing you back into the swing, her knees coming up beside you, her lush cunny pressing your cock down against your stomach, her hips grinding herself on your manhood, making it twitch, throb.

Your head is spinning. Pleasure aches through you with the wonderful weakness of submissive bliss. Wine sinks your thoughts under a sea of pleasure as you grasp her ass, squeezing her cheeks as you rut your cock against her cunt.

“Whooooops!” she giggles. “That’s hic! Right! I was gonna drink all your cum. Well, don’t worry cu-hic-tie, I’m gonna drink it aaaaall down right... mmmm... now!”

Her hips rise, your cock springing up between you and her. With a teasing grin, she lowers herself again, sheathing you in the glorious heat of her pussy.

“Ooooooh,” you moan as her inner walls squeeze and massage you. Taking you deep. Her breasts bouncing as she rides your cock, smothering you, her wine foaming a little as it spurts into your mouth, jetting in with every downward stroke.

“Yessss!” Vinifera moans, her voice slurring more and more. “Oh goddess yesss! Gimme that... hic! That cock! Gimme that party boy cock. Oh you’re... hic! You’re gonna... ah... gonna make me c-cum. Gonna make me cum on your... your... hic! Cock! Keep... ah... keep drinking my wine. Milk me. Milk my wine tits! Ooooh fuuuuck! Good human! Good slave. Good... good... Mmmmm!”

You moan beneath her, her pussy rippling around her cock. You haven’t a prayer of resisting, if you ever wanted to. And as the wine gushes into your mouth, your head sinks deeper into the haze

of drunken pleasure. Blanking as your hips thrust up eagerly into the succubi's pussy, your moan of helpless pleasure rising as you cum.

Cum.

Cum.

Pumping her full of your seed. Her pussy drinking you dry as you shudder in the grasp of the vines, trapped under her purple curves, helpless to do anything but adore her lovely form.

With a gasping sigh, Vinifera settles atop you, aftershocks teasing through her. She smiles down at your flushed face.

"That was fuuuuun," she moans.

"Yeaaaah," you slur, smiling dimly up at her.

"Ready for round hic! Two?"

"Yeeeeeeah!" you say.

She giggles. "Good boy! Here, have another drink."

As she buries your face under her breasts again, you briefly wonder if there was something else you were supposed to be doing? But what could be more important than partying with this floral goddess?

Nothing, that's what.

Especially once her hips begin to rise, fall, fucking you under her once more. Riding your cock as you sink anew into pleased submission. As you suck and guzzle her glorious wine. As you descend into a pagan orgy of pleased excess, stretching long into the night, and far into a future you can barely conceive...

[Vineyard Tender](#)

Party Girl

There was a time before the party. Before the grove and the endless nights, where lamps are strung among the trellises like fireflies glowing. A time before your breasts grew engorged from drinking the tainted wine. Before you joined the other women as Wine Sluts. Before the nubile young studs came to party with you and the others.

Yes. There was a time before this.

Thank the gods it's over.

You giggle, tilting back your head as another partygoer pours a bottle of wonderful, intoxicating wine into your waiting mouth. The taste of the berries and alcohol makes your toes curl, the wine splashing across your chin and between your naked breasts. Breasts slightly purpled with the changes taking place in you, your teats so large it's hard to stand. Which suits you. You much before to lie back. Much more interesting things happen while you're on your back.

At once, other partiers are against you, licking up the wine as it spills. You moan, wriggling in delight as hungry tongues lap at the juices, lips finding your breasts and sucking at your nipples, another finding your pussy and dipping their tongue into your folds.

You luxuriate under their attentions. So many pleasures. So much fun. You're sitting on a throne made of some waiting wine barrels. The queen of the harvest! And you harvest every day, and go figure! You're always the queen. A little laurel crown sits, askew on your head, your naked body teased and pleased by other hedonistic revellers. An eternal drunken orgy that never seems to end. Some women whose bodies like yours have grown plumper and more purple from the wine play reedy pipes under an awning. The grass has been trampled down by the whirling feet of dancers, who spin and laugh until they fall together, where they moan and kiss and writhe.

You stare at the starry sky above, the haze of dreamy pleasures laying on you like a comforting blanket. Around you dancers whirl, laughing, stroking one another. Pleasured gasps come from bushes, the other tenders playing among themselves. Naked. Lovely.

“Heeeeeey! There’s my hic! My party girl.”

You tilt your head, your expression brightening as Vinifera sways to your side. The lovely alraune beams down at you, looking as thoroughly sloshed as ever as she shoos away your latest bevy of lovers. She strokes your cheek, then cups your breast. You moan in pleasure as she gently kneads your taut titflesh.

“Ooooh, feels like someone’s toootally pent up,” Vinifera giggles.

“Mmmmmaaaaybe,” you giggle.

Vinifera joins in your laughter. “Oooh, betcha want... betcha want mistress to pump those hic!... those big titties, right?”

“Ooooooh,” you moan, wriggling in delight. “Yes pleeeeeease!”

Vinifera giggles, straddling your lap. Her weight makes you grunt, but then her lips are on yours, the sapphic kiss tasting of wine and love, her palms cupping your engorged tits and lazily milking them.

You groan, lashes fluttering as your breasts are molded and massaged in the plant girl’s palms. Shock of pleasure radiate from your core, and you suddenly gasp as you feel one of the lovers from before crawl between your thighs and begin to lick.

“Ooooh. Ohhhhhh! Ooooooh mistresssssss,” you groan, breasts wobbling as other revellers creep back, begin to kiss you. Stroke you. Your vision swims. Your body aches and rocks. Pleasure unlike any you’ve ever known visited on you every night. Hedonistic parties compelling you on and on.

You can feel the wonderful pressure build in your tits. Your pants growing hotter. Needier. Your body trembling with aching need.

“Mmm. Mmmm! Mmmm!”

You moan into the lips of your latest lover as your breasts surrender, sweet wine gushing from your nipples. Cups are instantly pushed under your gushing tits, your milky wine gathered up to fuel the party on and on.

Vinifera giggles, pulling you from the throne, laying you on the grass. The softness of the green tickles you as Vinifera straddles your face, her own delving between your thighs as she plants her pussy on your mouth. You obediently begin to 69 the sapphic alraune, your breasts and hers dribbling with wine, soaking the grass while others drink and spin and dance around you.

Because it's a party.

A wonderful party.

And it will never... ever... end...

Bad End

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Bullman Bodyguard

“Is this really it?”

The merchant wriggles uneasily before Logira, the busty goblin maid looming behind the desk, frowning with disapproval.

“Er... well, you know how it is.”

“No,” Logira says, leaning forward, her hands steeped before her face. “I don’t. Explain it to me.”

The man winces. You can smell his fear. Thick. Acidic. Like vinegar. His eyes dart to you again and again. Not only because you’re the biggest thing in the room, but because quite often, you’re the one to mete out the gobmother’s ‘disapproval’.

It’s a task you relish. You like showing off your muscles. Your big, burly form. Your horns nearly scrape the ceiling, your chest bare, the fur of it thick. Your muzzle snorts, the ring piercing it jangling. The only thing you wear is a metal studded kilt, and even that is off more often than on. The gobmother is a thirsty slut, and she loves having her bull help her ‘de-stress’.

She’s been needing a lot of that lately. Even you understand that business is going poorly. There’s a lot of competition, and a number of the other goblin maids have broken with the syndicate and formed their own clans. You don’t know how many. You don’t care. You’re not here to think. You’re here to be strong.

And you can do that.

Logira drops the measly bag of coins with a thudding clink. She scowls. “This isn’t nearly enough. A month’s cut? You’re not holding out on me, are you?”

“N-no, gobmother! I’d never!”

“You better not be,” she growls. “Or Big here’ll make you pay for it.”

You grunt, folding your arms, muscles creaking like leather. The man (what's his name? Arby? Hardy? Darby? Whatever) cringes.

“R-really! I swear! I'll do better!”

“Damn right you will. I'm done with him. Big? Show him the door.”

“Kay,” you grunt, lumbering forward.

The merchant squeals as you grab him, lifting him bodily and carrying him to the door. You hurl him out into the hall where he lands heavily, then slam the door behind him, dusting your hands.

Logira sighs, reclining in the boss's chair. Her chair, ever since she took over from Gabbia. You remember that day well. None of the mercenaries stood in your way. Not even Gabbia's ogre bodyguard had a chance of besting you when your fists came out. You grin a little at the memory. Of course, Gabbia escaped, but that's fine. Not your problem. And Logira was so happy to take her seat she let you do it first, then mounted your cock.

“Big? Come here.”

You return to the present, lumbering over to Logira. She pushes her chair from behind the desk, reclining and parting her legs, her skirt running up, revealing the lush folds of her waiting pussy. “I need a bit of relaxing. Get to it.”

“Yes, mistress,” you say, grinning as you kneel before her chair. You grasp her legs, lifting her, the chair creaking as it tilts back, allowing you to push your muzzle between the goblin's lovely thighs. Her scent makes you grunt and your kilt shift with the thickening of your massive cock. Your wide tongue lathes against her folds, the goblin maid moaning as her head resting against the padded back of the chair.

“Mmm. That's niiiice. If only more were like you. I'd have all of Rovenia under my thumb by now. Suppose I can't really blame them. After all, none of them are as smart as me. But still, if they

could just carry out my commands, then everything would go sooooo well.”

You have some dim doubts about that. You’ve heard some of Logira’s plans and schemes, and most of them seemed kinda dumb, even to you. But then again, you’re very dumb, so maybe they’re so smart you just don’t get it. But it seemed to you that confiscating the wheels to the merchant’s wagons for failing to make the profit margins prevents them from selling things. And demanding half of all the money a merchant makes doesn’t leave much to, you know, buy new things to sell. But whatever. You’re just the muscle.

Not that you’re complaining. As your tongue slides over Logira’s pussy, the goblin maid moans, her thighs closing tight around your muzzle, squeezing with soft, whimpers of pleasure. Her hands reach down, grasping your horns as her hips roll, riding herself atop your tongue.

“Ooooooh yessss! There is it. Ah. That’s my bull. Mmm. Well, guess I’ll just have to... ah... increase the toll again to... mmm... offset the costs...”

You’d heard Gabbia had actually paved another road recently. A route that’s a bit longer and out of the way than the one that goes through Lamrick, but her toll is a third of the cost of Logira’s. But maybe Logira knows something you don’t. Yeah. That must be it.

And if it’s not, whatever. You’re not really concerned if Logira’s business implodes. You can always find work with one of the other gobmothers around. Or you could head off to the holstaur farms not far. Or hell, even Avash and offer your services as a mercenary. There’s always space for a bull that can crush boulders in his hands. You’ve even gotten a few offers. Tempting ones too.

But until then...

You drive your thick tongue deep into the goblin maid. Logira gasps, her thighs tightening around your head, her own tilting back with a trebling, needy moan.

“Yesss! Oh fuck yes! Deeper you fucking stud! Lick me! Ah!” she gasps as your tongue lathes the bead of her clit. “Yes! Yes! That! Do th-that! Your boss demands... ah... demands... Ooooooh!”

Her hands wring your horns as she cums, her legs squeezing your muzzle. You lap at the juices that flood your mouth, content to pleasure the busty green slut. Because you know this isn't near enough to satisfy her.

You're proven right as, moments later, she's released your head, swung about, and has bent herself over the desk, ass raised and legs parted, her thighs still damp from your earlier efforts.

“Fuck me, stud,” she commands. “The gobmother needs that big, dumb cock in her to help her think.”

Well, if it'll help her think. You rise, looming over her, your furry form blotting out the sunlight streaming through the window. You grab her hips, making her gasp, groan as your thick, flared cock rubs against her dripping folds. You don't know what potions she drinks in order to take your massive cock, but maybe you should grab a few before everything goes to hell. Would be nice to be able to fuck your new boss as thoroughly as your old ones.

But plans for the future must wait. There's a slut in need of your cock, and you're going to give it to her. You tighten your grip on her hips, relishing the way her green curves feel in your hands, then push forward, filling her with the girth of your massive bull cock.

“Ohhhhh fuuuuuuck!” Logira moans, rubbing her face on the smooth wood of the desk as inch after inch of your bull cock sinks into her.

You groan. Even with the stretching potions she takes, she's still wonderfully tight. Her curvy form is like a perfect sleeve to your cock, and with a bellow you begin to saw into her, pounding your cock into her form, the desk rattling with every ruthless thrust into the soft curves of Logira.

“Ah! Ah! Fuck! Fuck! Yes! Yesssss! Fuck meeee! Fuck me, stud! G-gimme your coooooock! I can... nnnn! I can take iiiit! I can

take your f-fucking diiiiick!”

That she can. This is the real reason you stick around. The sheer eagerness of this buxom slut compels you to drive your cock into her, Logira clinging to the desk as you pound into her like a piston, her eyes rolling back, her mouth parted in a wet O of pure pleasure.

“Ah! Ah! Yes! More! More! Gimme that cock! Gimme your cum! Cum! Cum in me! Stuff me! Breed me, stud! Breed your goblin queeeeeeen!”

“Yes. Boss,” you pant, the words coming out in a throaty growl as you plunder her pussy with your cock, fucking her hard. Fast. You shorten your thrusts, driving them into her with a sharp staccato beat. Logira wails, shuddering with the sheer ecstasy of taking your massive tool. You don’t even bother holding back. She needs your cum too badly. You hilt yourself within her, throwing back your head, bellowing in hot pleasure as your furry balls tighten, your cock pulsing as you unleash your load into the goblin slut.

“Yessssss!” Logira wails as she takes your spurting cock. Her eyes roll and body tightens around you in sheer pleasure, her mouth wide open, moaning in wordless delight as you pump her so full of your bestial cum her stomach distends.

You let out a snorting breath, your cock still rock hard inside her. “Like that, boss?”

“Y-yeah. Like... fucking... that...” Logira moans, sagging over the desk in boneless satisfaction. She shakily looks up at you, her eyes narrowing. “Who told you... to stop?”

“No one, boss.”

“Then... get back... to it...”

“Sure boss,” you chuckle, beginning to thrust again, your cum spurting from her overstuffed pussy with every thrust, drooling down her thighs and onto the floor. Logira moans, head pressing again against the desk. You don’t know if this does help her think, but you

don't care. Studs don't need to think. They just have to obey the boss. Give her what she wants.

And when Logira's clan inevitably implodes, you'll be there to give the new boss what she needs. Because you're a stud.

And a slut always needs a stud...

Bad End

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Vineyard Tender

There's a lot of things you love about tending the vineyard. Be it your coworkers, having all the wine you can drink, working in the outdoors, but the task that you adore most of all is squeezing out the wine.

"Ooooooh!"

It's a tough job for sure. A lot of the other tenders don't manage it very well. They get too horny. Too distracted. But not you. You were born for the job. In fact, you might have been. What you did before getting the job is no more than a purple haze.

"Mnnnn!"

You don't wonder long what you used to do. The wine always helps you forget that, and there's always plenty of wine. In fact, out of all the workers in the vineyards, you're probably the one who drinks the most. Which just goes to show how skilled you are.

"Yessss!"

You smile happily at this understanding, pushing against the lovely alraune, your cock sheathed in Vinifera as the busty wine girl bounces back against you, her breasts firmly grasped in your hands as you squeeze and massage her ample tits.

Vinifera moans, as naked as you, bent over one of the many, many barrels that fill the grove. No need for the wine presses when she's got you. Your hands are filled with the engorged melons of her breasts, your breath hot against the back of her neck as you pump frantically into her sopping pussy, Vinifera's moans only making you harder, yet unable to cum due to the vines wrapped tight around the root of your cock, keeping you forever on the verge of cumming in this lovely slut.

The sun beats down on your bare back as you fuck Vinifera, whimpering as her ass presses back against you, your cock lost in

the silken tightness of her pussy, the scent of wine filling your nose as it gushes from her ample tits.

“Yessss!” she moans, clinging to the rim of the barrel as her breasts gush their bounty with a splash. “Yesss! Squeeze me! Fuck me! Ooooh! Ooooooh!”

“Ah! See you’re getting lots of work done.”

Panting, you tilt your head. Gabbia, the gobmother, walks through the arch in the center of the maze, looking with approval about the grove and the many barrels await loading not far, already capped off and filled.

“Mmmmisssstressss,” Vinifera groans, starting to straighten.

“Oh please! Don’t mind me. Keep going. We’ve gotta big quota to fill today, and I wanna make sure we can do it.”

“Ooooh! Not to... to worry, mistress,” Vinifera moans, grinding her ass back against your crotch. “We’re ah... sooo hic! ahead of schedule!”

“So I see,” Gabbia says, admiring the loaded barrels. The goblin maid glances at you as you continue your mindless thrusting into the lovely plantgirl. “All thanks to th’ new guy, hm?”

“Ooooh yessss,” Vinifera giggles, giving you a lidded look over her shoulder. “He’s been... ah... so veeeeeeery h-handy! Hee hee. Gots such goooood handiwork...”

“And here I thought you used your feet to crush grapes for wine,” Gabbia says.

“Ooooh! That’s for the hic! The weekends,” Vinifera says.

“Delightful,” the goblin maid says. “Hmm?” she says, looking between you and her, seeing the vines which tighten and squeeze around your cock. “Looks like ya gottem locked up nice and tight there.”

“H-have to,” Vinifera coos, grinding her plush bottom against you in a particularly cruel move. “He can’t s-stop cumming if I don’t.

Poor hic! Slut. Just spurts and spurts and is... mmm... just useless after.”

“Ah well. Men,” Gabbia says. “Ya know? I got some potions that could help with that. Keeps studs nice ‘n hard and productive for daaaays.”

“Ooooh! Then... ah... you hic! You could get me some?”

“Of course!” Gabbia says, giving the alraune’s bottom a spank. “Anything to keep business flowin’! People can’t get enough of your wine.”

“Mmm! So... ah... good!” Vinifera moans.

You groan with her. Being allowed to cum in mistress more? That sounds amazing!

“That’s the spirit. You kids play nice now. I’ll send some of the girls along to ship out these barrels. Have fun!”

“We willlll!” Vinifera moans, quivering as she cums again, her pussy milking your helpless cock, making you whimper, moan, mindless with pleasure. Aching for release. Your cock throbbing with need to unload your hot cum into the moaning slut.

Vinifera coos, your hands massaging her immense tits, milking your mistress like a good tender.

“Mmmm. Hear that, slave? I’m gonna hic! Gonna get to milk that cock of yours even... ah... even more!”

“S-sounds g-goood,” you slur, fairly weeping with need, your hips mindlessly hammering her ass, sawing your cock in and out of her rippling cunt.

“Sure hic! Does! And that... ah... that means that... that you deserve a reward. Because you’ve been soooo goooood. So... so c’mon, handsome. Give mistress hic! Give mistress all... all that... that... cuuuuum!”

As she cries out, her orgasm surging through her once more, you feel the vine loosen around your cock. You wail, hammering your shaft into her a final time, plunging your manhood into her hungry

depths. No sooner does her pussy squeeze you than you're pumping yourself into her, stuffing her bottomless pussy with great spurts of your boiling cum, your balls tightening with the sheer amount. Your mind goes white. Your hands squeeze her breasts, eliciting an absolute gush of her wine into the waiting barrel beneath her.

You come back to your senses slowly. Draped across Vinifera's back, your face in her hair as aftershocks of pleasure undulate through her. The wine slut moans under you, lifting herself from the barrel's edge.

"Oooh. Look at that! Almost all hic! All full." She looks back over her shoulder, teasing you with a smile. "Think you... hic! Think you got another one in you?"

Her steamy look stirs you anew. Your cock throbs, hardening. "Y-yes, mistress. Have... have more for you," you pant.

"Good slave! Mmm. Can't... hic! Can't wait until we've got you full of potion. Then we can fuck all hic! All day. But, until that..."

You whine as you feel the vines tighten around your root anew, squeezing you, paradoxically getting you even harder, though you know now you'll not get to cum for hours. But you make no complaint. There's none to be made. You are Vinifera's tender.

And as your hands wind around her once more and begin to squeeze, you know it's time to get tending...

Bad End

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Attack

You glare at the ogre. You've fought bigger enemies in your days as a knight. Of course, you had a group of allies with you at the time, but you're pretty sure you can handle this brute. The most important thing to remember is the bigger they are, the harder they fall.

You seize the initiative, charging the massive ogre, sword ready at your side. Rigar bellows and takes a step forward, swinging his club in a sideways swipe. You're too committed to dodge. You hastily bring your sword up in a frantic parry.

Which works, but then physics happen.

Your sword bites deep into the wood, but the club keeps coming, barely slowed down. Your eyes widen as the whole mass slams into you with bone numbing force. You fly through the air, the world spinning around you until you hit one of the massive wine presses around the room.

Breath escapes you in a rush. You slide down the barrel, your visions blurring with warring unconsciousness, your arms and legs like lead. You feel the floor shudder under Rigar's stride, then his hand grabs your arms, lifting you off the floor. The ogre's face fills your view, his toothy grin and halitosis threatening to overwhelm your consciousness.

"Ah ah! Don't eat 'im," Gabbia says, strolling up with a look of amusement on her lovely green face. "Already got him right where we want him, eh?"

"Kay, boss," Rigar says, frowning a little in disappointment, but obeying the lovely short stack. You gasp in relief, and then he drops you, letting you land in a heap on the floor.

You groan, your body feeling like you've been run through a laundry press. Gabbia leans over you, her hair tumbling around her head, framing her smiling face.

“Hey! Don’t pass out yet, stud. We’ve got work to do.”

“Buh?” you manage.

“See,” Gabbia says as she draws a potion out of her belt, the purple brew sparkling in the glass phial, “ya managed to impress me. Takes a brave man to get all the way down here and challenge an ogre. Stupid too, but I don’t mind that. Stupid’s fine for me. And I gotta say, having some respectability around the hoity toity human nobles ’d be a boon t’ business.”

“Uhhh...”

“So here’s the deal,” Gabbia says, uncorking the potion with a grin. “You agree to become my husband, and I’ll agree to make sure you get t’ be the personal stud of a goblin clan. Win win. Groan if you agree.”

“Errrrnnn...”

“Atta boy,” Gabbia giggles, pinches your mouth open, and pours the potion down your throat.

The potion crackles through you like fireworks. You jerk, jolting, vigour thrumming through your veins like electric wires. You jolt upright, swaying, your head spinning as heat blooms throughout your body in a rush.

“Oooohhhh fuuuuuck,” you groan.

“There we go! Getupngo VII. Top seller to the whorehouses across the continent. Gonna be big. Much like you, eh?” Gabbia says, eying your unmistakable bulge.

You look down too, and find your pants positively tenting around your cock. You gape at it, too stunned to understand what’s happening. In fact, you’re having a lot of trouble understanding anything. It feels like your head is swimming in the potion she fed you. Thoughts surface and sink like a drowning man at sea.

And when Gabbia cups your crotch, it’s like a storm just swept in.

“Theeeeere we go. Oooh, you’ve got some good material to work with,” Gabbia breathes as she massages your cock, lust pulsing into you with every squeeze of her hand. “Fuck yeah. We’re gonna have a great time with this,” she says.

“Oh f-fuuuuck,” you pant.

“Yeah, that’s what I like to hear. Hot studs who think with their cock instead of their heads. Well, the top one, anyway. Now, let’s see here...”

With a safecracker’s touch she undoes your belt, tugging your pants down and unveiling the full, veiny girth of your shaft. You moan, your cock twitching in the open air. Gabbia coos, her hand grasping your manhood, her green fingers lazily running up and down your length.

Your mind blanks. The sensation is beyond words. You gasp, trembling with arousal as she strokes you, the green short stack leaning in closer, expensive perfume wafting around her, stuffing your nose as her soft lips grin wickedly.

“Like that?” she coos, pumping your cock. “Like having a big, sensitive cock? I bet you do. Studs always do. They can’t help it. They’re just so horny all the time. They gotta get fucked or they can’t think. Can’t talk. Just gotta fuck ‘n rut like animals! And we’re gonna do it like that, stud. You’re gonna fuck me full of pups like I’m yer personal bitch. We’re gonna expand this family in every way we can. Sound good?”

“Sooooo goooood,” you moan.

“Then let’s get to it!”

Gabbia grabs her dress and, in a move that your eyes can’t hope to follow, strips the fabric away, revealing her buxom curves in all their emerald glory. She basks in your adoring stare, running her hands up along her thighs and to your soft breasts. You gape as she gives those perfect green orbs a teasing bounce.

“Like that?” she says. “Course ya do. Studs can’t get enough a big, goblin tits. Greatest weapon in negoitatin’. Now,” she purrs,

pushing forward, grabbing your shoulders and rubbing her green pussy on your cock. “You gonna leave me waitin’, stud?”

You pant, your mind a whirl. A mess. Your hands rise, running over the firm green globes of her ass, squeezing that perfect rear. But you can’t deny yourself the pussy hovering over you. You need it as much as an addict needs their fix. The only thought pounding through your mind is that of her pussy. How much you want it. Need it. Need to fuck it. You slam her down onto your lap, her cunny enveloping your cock like a perfect sheathe, the shortstack’s mouth flying open and lashes fluttering with pleasure.

“Ooooooh fuuuuuck!” Gabbia moans as her hips begin to move, riding you under her, her green breasts bouncing before your eyes, her hands squeezing your shoulders. “Yesssss! Gooooood stud. Ah... Ah! Fuck! Yes! Good stud! Gimme that fuckin’ coooooock!”

You couldn’t deny her if you wanted to. And you very much don’t want to. You want to give it all to her. Give her your cock. Your pulse thumps like a drum with lust. With need! Need for this green beauty. Need to fuck her and mate her and take her like the stud you are. All other concerns are secondary. All other thoughts are lost. Your hands squeeze her pliable ass, driving her down onto your cock. All your pains are forgotten. Your mission banished. Only this matters. Only this pussy. Only this moment and the wonderful green slut fucking you.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck!

“Yes!” Gabbia cries, crossing her arms behind her head, thrusting out her chest, her green tits bouncing before your eyes. “Yes! Fuck! Fuck me! Gimme that stud cum! Cum in me, stud! Cum in me like a good fffffucking husband! Cum out all those brains! Fuckin’ take me! Cum in me! Gimme that seeeeeed!”

The need in her voice clicks that hidden switch in your mind. You groan as you slam her down a final time, as you thrust up into

her hot box. You tense, crying out as you cum!

Bliss. White hot pleasure. You feel like you're floating as you cum into her, every pulse of your cock seeming to sink you deeper into pure pleasure. You moan, sagging beneath her, head spinning, eyes dulled as you soak in the pleasure of your bliss.

You feel a touch and tilt your head, finding Gabbia once more before you. The goblin maid smiles at you, and you smile dumbly back.

"Who's my good stud?" Gabbia coos, her pussy lovingly squeezing your cock.

"Meeeee," you moan.

"Good boy," the goblin maid says. "This is the beginnin' of a beeeautiful relationship."

[Trophy Husband](#)

Parlay

“Woah! Hey there big guy, no need for violence,” you say, raising your hands quickly.

Rigar knits his brow. “But... like violence.”

“I bet you do,” you say. “But I bet you like other things a lot more!”

He seems to consider that. “Likes hitting people,” Rigar says.

“Uh, right. And-“

“Likes gettin’ paid t’ hit people,” Rigar says, plodding forward, his club once more smacking into his palm.

“Yeah, okay, great,” you say, retreating before the advancing ogre, realizing this conversation is very much not going in a good direction. “But maybe ah...”

“Likes getting’ paid by da boss ta hit people and den buy booze,” the ogre says, his pinhead widening in a smile.

“I can uh, respect that, yeah,” you say as you run out of room, your back hitting one of the massive wine presses. “But if uh, we could just consider the... the moral imperative of such things-“

“Likes getting wine and fucking purdy goblins,” Rigar says, beaming down at you. “And dat mean, I get hit you!”

Your mouth open to provide a rebuttal, but the ogre suddenly grabs for you. You try and dodge, but there’s nowhere to go. His huge hand wraps around you, slams you back against the wine press, driving the wind out of you in a gasp.

“And I gots you, so I gets paid, and I gets lotsa booze!” the ogre says with satisfaction, his huge hand squeezing you until you feel like your eyes might pop out of your head. Your vision clouding.

“That you did, Rigar! And I’m very pleased,” you hear Gabbia say. “But maybe loosen up a little there, big guy. Don’t need him dead.”

“No?” Rigar’s hand loosens, and you take in a sharp gasp of air. “Why not?”

“Because this one’s still useful! Ain’t ya, stud?”

You look down, finding Gabbia standing beside the ogre, hands on her lovely hips. You swallow hard. “Y-yeah...”

Gabbia snaps her fingers and Rigar drops his club, holding out his hand for the goblin to step onto his palm. He lifts her up so that she’s level with you, the goblin maid’s hands on her hips, her head tilted back as she looks triumphantly down at you. “That’s right!” she says, fingers dipping into one of her pouches and fetching out a stoppered bottle filled with something purple. “Know he might not look like much, but he’s th’ new lord a the land! And gettin’ in with him ‘d be a fine feather in the cap. Get it?”

“He don’t got a cap,” Rigar observes.

“No he don’t. I mean doesn’t,” Gabbia says, leaning forward, dangling the bottle and her lowcut breasts before your eyes. “But he does have a nice cock and a title. And I’ve been lookin’ for a decent fuck stud, and you fit the bill, hot stuff! So, here’s the deal. You drink this potion, become my dumb, breeding stud, and we’ll all get along sweet-like.”

“O-or?” you gasp.

“Or Rigar starts squeezin’ again until your head pops off.”

“I likes it when they splat,” Rigar says, grinning.

“I-I’ll take the potion!” you whimper as Rigar’s fingers tighten in anticipation.

“Good boy,” Gabbia says. “You’ve made a wise decision. Now open wide!”

You have no choice. Well, you do have one, but getting crushed in an ogre’s fist is more of an ultimatum than choice. You open up and Gabbia pours the potion right into your open mouth. The concoction tingles on your tongue as it goes down.

And then up comes the heat.

You gasp as it blooms through you in a rush, rising in a wave to consume you. Your cheeks flush, your eyes glaze, your lips part with short, hot pants. And speaking of pants, yours are suddenly incredibly, agonizingly, awfully tight.

Gabbia grins as she watches the changes come over you. "Let 'em go, Rigar."

"You sure, boss?" the ogre says as he lowers his hand.

"Oh yeah," Gabbia giggles, hopping off with a flutter of skirts. "Got nothing to worry about. Go get yourself a drink, big guy. You earned it!"

The prospect of booze makes Rigar quite happy to judge by the way his face lights up. His grip releases you, leaving you to drop to the floor with a groan. With a heavy stride the ogre swings about and wanders off among the wine presses, humming happily to himself.

Gabbia watches him go, then turns her whole attention to you. Her eyes light up at the sight of your bulging pants and the misty haze of your eyes. She licks her lips as if a feast were suddenly arrayed before her then reaches up to her blouse.

"Fuck, stud. You're lookin' so good," she breathes as she unlaces her top one at a time. "Just seein' you so pent up gets me rarin'. Been a while since I've got a hunka man meat like you all to myself. And you want to be mine, don't ya?" she coos.

"H-huh?" you say, addled, feverish, your pulse thumping with the strength of the potion.

"Course you do. Because if you do, your get a load a these!"

She suddenly yanks open her top, her green breasts bouncing into the open. Flawless. Perfect. You gape in amazement. Never have you seen a finer pair of breasts in all your life. They suck at your attention, and your cock gets even harder in the prison of your pants.

Then Gabbia turns, a flick of her fingers sending her skirts fluttering to the ground, baring the plushness of her spankable rear. The goblin maid plants her hands against the wall, pushing her ass out, giving it a teasing wiggle.

“C’mon, big boy. Give mistress that big, dumb cock of yours. I know you want to fuck me. Ya gotta. Your cock is telling you to, and good studs gotta obey their cocks. Let it do all the thinkin’ for you. Just cum and cum and empty those balls into your lovely wife’s hot pussy. And right now, it’s telling you,” she says, giving her ass a teasing bounce, “to rut your mistress like a good stud.”

It’s true. Your need for this green temptress is overwhelming. It throbs in your pulse. Your head swirls with drunken pleasure and lust. You fairly tear off your pants, freeing the thickness of your cock. Gabbia’s eyes spark in delight, her tongue flicking hungrily across her red lips.

“Yeah, that’s it. Now take me!”

“Yessss!” you groan, a cry of pure, animal lust as you surge after her, grab her hips, marvelling at the responsiveness of the green short stack. Her gasp of delight, the way her ass pushes back against your lap. There’s no need for hesitation. You align your cock, and thrust home!

You sink into bliss. Into tightness. Into heat. Your head falls back, a moan escaping you as Gabbia’s pussy squeezes your cock, the lovely short stack moaning in pure bliss as she quivers around your cock.

“Yesssssss!” the goblin maid moans. “Right theeeeere! Fuck yes! Give it t’ me stud! Fuck me haaaaard!”

“Yesss!” you gasp. You don’t need her encouragement. As your higher thoughts subside, deeper instinct rises to take its place. And it has only one answer to the green babe before you, offering herself to your cock, and that is to thrust.

You start hammering her, hips spanking her green ass as you frantically fuck her. Every saw of your cock is a new high of pleasure.

A new sweetness of her body. You moan, panting, moving faster. Faster. Fucking her with almost feverish need. Need to have her. Claim her. Breed her. You can't get enough. You suddenly grab her, eliciting a squeak, only to slam her down on your lap for even better leverage.

"Mnnnn!" Gabbia moans. "Yesss! That's iiiiiiit! Fuck! Ah! Fuck me! Love a s-stud who takes chaaaaarge!"

"Ha... ha..." you pant.

"Just don't... f-forget who's the boss heeeere!" Gabbia gasps.

"Youuuuu!" you moan. "You're the booooooss! You're mistresss!"

"Mmm. And don't... you... forget iiiiiiiit!"

Her voice rises in a high of pleasure, her pussy tightening around you as she cums. You're not far behind, bouncing her on your lap, your cock throbbing with need. When you hilt her a final time, you throw back your head and groan. Your balls tighten, your cock pulsing as you empty your balls into your lovely green mistress. Your cock twitches and throbs within her, molten pleasure sweeping you away, devouring you. You slum against the wall, slowly sliding down, Gabbia still sheathed atop your cock.

As you descend to a sitting position, Gabbia moans and rises off you on wobbly legs. She turns about, admiring your glazed expression, your flushed face. She giggles.

"Now that's what I like to see," she says, leaning in, your eyes immediately affixed to her firm breasts. She grasps your cheeks, forcing your face up to look at her. "You're gonna be a good stud for mistress, right?"

"Y-yes," you say, tongue thick and head empty.

"Good stud," she says, and you smile with contentment. "This is gonna be th' start a somethin' beeeeeautiful..."

[Trophy Husband](#)

Potion of Bestial Might

There's no way you're going to get into a fight with an ogre like this. For one, he's twice your size. For two, he's three times your width.

Which means it looks like it's time to test out the potion you got.

You grab the swirling green potion, pulling it off your belt and popping the cork. You down it in a single gulp, gagging as the acrid taste surges through you.

"Hrrrrrr!" you roar as the potion's power surges through you. You throw back your head, arms stretching wide, head tilting back with a snarl as your face stretches. As your limbs swell, your clothes bursting against your frame. Bones shift with fiery agony, your face extending as scales shine up and down your body.

You land on all fours, still stretching, your green body glistening, your jaw snapping. A massive crocodile! You swing your long head this way and that.

"Ewwww! Lizard!" Rigar bellows.

You look up as the ogre raises his club. Too startled by your changes and the ogre's sudden attack, you don't even try to evade it as the club comes down, pulping your head in a single brutal blow.

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Wait

You've fought ogres while a knight of the realm. They are far from the smartest, but their sheer strength and brutal might more than make up for their lack of intelligence. And by the look of Rigar, he's got all three of those in spades.

"Nice club. Make it yourself?" you ask.

Rigar pauses, looks at his club. "Yeah..."

"I can tell. Looks like your handiwork."

The ogre's brows knit. "Heeeeeeey," he says slowly. "Youse makin' fun of me?"

"Wouldn't dream of it," you say.

The ogre ponders this a moment, then scowls harder, his whole face seeming to scrunch up with anger. With a bellow he shambles forward, his club swinging high. Having been preparing for this, you deftly step out of the way as it comes down.

The floor shudders under the thunderous impact of the ogre's club, the force of the blow so great it actually splinters the weapon. Your bones jar with the vibrations, but you force a grin.

"Nice job! Got another one," you say.

Rigar roars in fury and rushes after you. You duck a wild swing. "Keep going! Almost got me that time!"

"I kill you!" Rigar snarls, foaming with anger.

"Not doing so well thus far," you notice.

Rigar roars again and comes after you, swinging wildly. You dodge the first few blows, his club thudding off the stone floor and walls until, finally, it shatters after a thunderous impact. The ogre flings away his ruined weapon and fixes his bloodshot eyes on you.

You smile in reply, which grows tense as you feel something solid behind you. You glance around and find yourself backed into one

of the massive wine presses.

Uh oh.

Rigar grins in savage glee, drawing back his massive fist. It flies at you like a battering ram, and you duck!

Wood splinters as Rigar's fist plows up to the elbow into the wine press. The ogre snarls and wrenches his arm free.

Wine blasts from the hole like from a firehouse. It catches the startled ogre in the face, blasting him off his feet through sheer pressure. You roll hastily out of the way and climb back to your feet.

"Noooo!" Gabbia wails from where she stands. "My stooooock!"

Rigar flails under the stream of wine until it slowly peters off, the floor soaked with the brew. You look at the ogre, but Rigar doesn't seem up to fighting. He sags against the far wall, his face slack, flushed with drunken pleasure. He suddenly hiccups and grins dumbly.

"Preeeetty... elephants..." the ogre slurs.

Well, so much for him.

You turn from the inebriated ogre and to the Root of Corruption. Like a pulsing black heart it threads its tendrils through the floor, the miasma pouring off it like smoke. You draw your sword, approaching it with grim purpose.

"Ah! Hey! Wait! We can make a deal!" Gabbia yelps, scampering after you.

"Nope," you say, raising your sword and plunging it into the twisted stone.

As your blade sinks deep into the Root the world seems to grow silent, as if a background noise you'd forgotten about suddenly stilled. The room shudders, and around your sword the black stone cracks. With a rumble the cracks spread, the shimmering colours fading as the tree crumbles, shards falling to the floor, the veins which clawed from it turning to dust.

You hear a groan from behind you and you look quickly around to see Gabbia on her knees, acrid black smoke pluming from her mouth, the goblin maid shuddering as the corruption escapes her in gushes.

You lift your sword, crossing the floor even as the miasma fades away like mist in the morning. Warily, you go down on one knee beside the goblin maid, patting her back.

“Uh, you okay?” you say.

“Ooooooh,” Gabbia moans, touching her head. “Feel like I have to woooooorst hangover ever.”

“Uh huh. But any compulsive needs to turn human men into breeding slaves?” you ask, keeping your sword handy.

Gabbia lifts her head. Her eyes don’t seem as wicked as before. More confused and a little dazed, but clearing up rapidly. She blinks at you, her jaw falling.

“Oh,” she says. Then, in deeper understanding, “Ooooooh...”

“Take that as a no,” you say, offering her a hand.

She accepts it, and you pull her to her feet, her hand on her brow as she sways a little where she stands. “Oof,” the goblin maid groans, looking to the shattered darkness that had been the Root. She shudders. “Gob’s balls,” she says. “Did that really happen?”

“Yeah,” you say. “It did.”

She nods slowly, then looks at you intently. “And you’re the one who did it in, hm?”

“Erm, yes,” you say.

Her smile widens. You tense uncertainly, but she merely grabs your hand and shakes it. “A bang up job,” the goblin maid says. “Real nice. Couldn’t ‘a asked for a better lord to rule over this land.”

“Oh,” you say, a little surprised by the sudden turn. “Well, you know. It wasn’t much...”

“Not much he says!” Gabbia chortles. “Well! Look at mister modest here. He only broke into the lair of a goblin trader clan, beat up an ogre, and ended a crazy curse! Don’t sell yourself short, hot stuff. Take it from someone who knows. Eh?” she says, nudging you with an elbow.

“Uh, thanks,” you say, rubbing your head. “But this is just part of it.”

Gabbia pauses, giving you a shrewd glance. “Oh?”

“Yes. I may have shattered the Root here, but unless I can stop its source, it’ll come back.”

Gabbia frowns. “That right?” she says.

“You didn’t know?”

The goblin shrugs. “Honestly? I was using this place as a base for a while when that thing came up. But even before, I was hearin’ whispers. A dreamy voice telling me all sorts a things. Can’t really remember anymore.” She shakes her head as if to banish a dream. “And you say it’ll come back?”

You explain what Groat told you about the dark goddess and her corruption. Gabbia listens intently, nodding along as you go. When you at last finish, she smacks a fist into her open palm.

“So that’s the way it is! Well then, good thing you have a goblin clan on your side.”

“I do?” you say.

She laughs, nudges you again. “This guy!” she crows. “Course you do! I’ve invested too much time ‘nd effort around here to give it all up. And getting’ in on the ground level with the new lord of the land? There’s money to be made there.”

“There is?”

“Not the brightest bulb, are ya?” she asks.

You flush a little. “Well, it’s been a rough couple days,” you say.

“Which is why you need me! Where you settin’ up?”

“Uh, Bludwor Castle,” you say.

“Those ruins?”

“They aren’t all in ruins,” you say a bit defensively.

“Hmm. True,” Gabbia says, touching her chin, her eyes gleaming as if already counting the coins. “And it commands the pass. Real defensible. And with a toll booth, we could really get some profits rollin’ in. Alright! We’ll go there. Congratulations, my lord! You’ve just entered into an agreement with the Falsetta Clan! We’ll get your castle set up in no time, and win you back your lands!”

You take her hand, head still spinning from the sudden whirl of events, but as you shake, you realize this may be exactly what you need. Sure, Gabbia is a larcenous short stack with gold on the mind, but she knows the territory, and perhaps more importantly, has some capital to build up your capital. Not to mention some curves that are always appealing. Your eyes run over her buxom green form, barely hidden under her dress. Breasts you could just fall into and bedroom eyes that suggest that’s exactly her aim.

“You know,” she says, pulling in closer, her breasts pressed against your stomach, her eyes lidded, smoky with suggestion. “There’s a particular... initiation ritual for the clan.”

“Yeah?” you say, voice as tight as your pants.

“You bet, stud,” she says, shamelessly rubbing her breasts against you. “Certain formalities. Not really used much anymore, but ya know, I just bet we could use them reeeeeal good.”

You suck in a breath as her hand teasingly slips between you, teasingly running along the bulge of your pants. “How about it, stud?” the goblin maid purrs. “Wanna become a part of the family?”

[Breed the Goblin Slut](#)

[Let Her Ride You](#)

Demure For Now

Potion of Feminine Beauty

An ogre is an ogre, and you just bet some feminine wiles will see you through far better than a man's sword.

You grab for the potion hanging at your belt and chug it down in one go. The sparkling pink flows down your throat, tingling through your body in a rush. You gasp, stiffening as it surges through you. "Ohhhhhh fuuuuuuuck!" you groan as your chest balloons into your shirt. As your pants swell to your new, perky bum. Your hips straining your belt and your waist narrowing in answer. You feel your features soften, your muscle mass decrease, and that's not the only thing shrinking. You can feel your cock invert, forming a perfect pussy.

All of which would probably surprise the ogre if he was observant enough to notice.

Before you can even register what happens next, the ogre grabs you, almost engulfing you in his massive fingers. The brute grins, showing off broken yellow teeth as he lifts you into the air.

"Now, me smash!"

"Wait!"

Rigar pauses, face growing puzzled. "Wait?" he says, looking down to Gabbia as the goblin saunters up to him.

"Yeah. Don't crush her," the goblin says.

"Don't crush?"

"Y-yeah!" you wheeze. "D-don't crush!"

"But... me like crushing," the ogre says.

Gabbia pats his leg. "I know ya do, big guy. And I appreciate how good y' are at it. But this one's special. See?"

"Special?"

"Sure thing! Now, drop her."

Rigar looks at you, then shrugs and opens his fingers. You fall, collapsing like a sack of potatoes when you hit the ground, sucking in a desperate gasp of breath.

Gabbia takes advantage of that moment, shoving a bottle into your mouth. You choke as something sweet pours down your throat. You weakly batter the goblin's arm away and grab the bottle, pulling it out of your mouth, gasping.

"What... what'd you..."

"How d' ya feel?" Gabbia asks, leaning over you with a coy grin.

"I feel... I feel..."

You blink dazedly, something warm and pleasant spreading from your stomach. Bubbling through you and into your large chest like it were filling with helium, stuffing your head with bubbles of fizz and sprinkles.

You feel a wide smile stretch across your lips, and giggle in delight. "I feel goooooood," you say.

Gabbia grins down at you. Gosh she's got a pretty smile. And boobs. And butt! Wow. She's suuuuper hot. And so are you! You look down at yourself in awe. Were you always this hot? And were your boobs always this big? You cup your breasts in awe, gasping, then moaning in pleasure as you roll those impressive orbs in your grip.

"Ooooooh."

"Like those?" Gabbia asks sweetly.

"Uh huuuuh," you say.

"I betcha do," Gabbia says, squatting down in front of you, the goblin patting your hair, making you feel all warm and fuzzy inside. "And I bet everyone's gonna love 'em too! How'd you like a job where you get to show them off?"

"A... job?" you say. You feel like... you had a job. Or something you were supposed to do. It's all a bit blurry. Especially

when you keep massaging your big tits. But you just can't stop. And why would you want to stop? It feels sooooo goood.

"That's right!" Gabbia says, petting your hair. Mmm. That's nice. "A nice new job where you can be a pretty, dumb, hot girl showing off your sexy body for everybody who wants to see. Don't you want that?"

"Ooooooh. I dooooo," you moan.

"Attagirl," Gabbia says, her eyes glittering like polished gold. "You're gonna do great!"

[Barmaid](#)

Trophy Husband

People are talking to you again.

You find this perplexing at the best of times. After all, why would people want to talk to you when they could talk to your beloved wife?

After all, surely no one could think you're in charge of your realm by now. Ever since Gabbia moved into your castle and refurbished it, who could mistake she was the brains? Seeing her standing in the courtyard as workmen laboured, her voice ringing out as she directed her clan in setting up the new keep, what moron could miss her clear command?

Likewise, who could miss your tendency to spout platitudes as if by rote? The glazed look in your eyes as your mind forever dwelled on your gorgeous green wife? Certainly all the local nobility who came to the castle's parties must have noticed. And if they didn't, whyever not?

One such event is taking place. A charity ball for orphans or... something. Several ladies have cornered you near the hors d'oeuvres. They're talking about business or some such nonsense, and you're smiling along, nodding, interjecting when appropriate.

"Oh yes. Weather. Ghastly recently, hm?"

"Did you see the last tourney? I think the Red Knight's a shoe in to win that one."

"Have you tried the crepes?"

"Yes, the orphans. Poor things. But my dear wife is doing such marvelous work with them. Good jobs are hard to find, after all."

The only time you do become animated is when someone mentions your wife. Then your eyes light up, and from your lips pour poetry of praise. At how beautiful she is. How brilliant. How wonderful and artful and skilled. How compassionate. How beautiful.

“With eyes like the stars and a body that just can’t quit,” you sigh dreamily.

“Really? All that?”

That voice. That wonderful voice. Your face lights up as you look down to where your beloved stands, dressed in a swelling gown of red, trimmed with gold and lace. Gabbia wears a fortune on herself in jewels and gold, but none of it can compare to your love for her.

“Excuse me, ladies,” Gabbia says, taking your hand with a sweet smile. “I need to have a word with my dear husband.”

The girls giggle behind their fans, not fooled in the least. “Of course, my lady.”

“Any time.”

“Don’t forget! You promised us some of that delicious wine to take home.”

“How could I forget,” Gabbia coos, pulling you away.

You follow obediently, smiling in mindless pleasure. You don’t need to think anymore. Gabbia is here. And she does all the thinking for you both. Little surprise. She’s considerably better at it than you.

She leads you quickly through one of the castle’s side passages, a tap of her hand opening a secret door. She made sure to install hundreds throughout your new home, this one leading to your bedroom, opening from behind the mirror and admitting you into the midnight chamber. You pay no attention to the fluttering silk hangings. The vanity. The jewels and gold and necklaces that drape the desk. It all cost a fortune, but you don’t care. So long as you have your wife, you’ll be happy.

Especially when she turns around, grab your collar, and pulls you down for the best kiss of your life.

You moan against her soft lips, deepening the kiss, your hands looping around her and lifting her against you. Gabbia squeaks in delight, then croons, her arms around your neck, but

even though you're the one holding her, there's never a question of who's in control. Her lips moving against yours, her tongue pushing into your mouth, her ample breasts soft against your chest.

You carry her to the bed and set her on the edge, kneeling before her as you do. Gabbia breaks the kiss, gasping, leaning back, her golden eyes gleaming in the gloom as she looks down at you.

"Mmm. Ya did a wonderful job tonight, stud," she purrs, lifting her leg.

"Thank you, darling," you say as you take off her slipper.

"Those girls were very impressed! They thought I was overselling my product. But seeing you being so attentive and sweet and dumb convinced them."

"Was I helpful, darling?" you say, your eyes puppyish with eagerness.

Gabbia giggles, her green toes wiggling as you pull off her stockings. "Ooooh, very! To think, those hoity toities wouldn't even give me the time a day without you there. They all still look down on me, of course, but who cares? Soon enough, they'll be eatin' outta my hand."

You smile as she slips back into her accent. You love her so much more when she's being herself, even if you understand the necessity of her putting on airs for all the nobility who come to see her. You lift her foot, kissing her toes. "I love you, darling," you breathe.

Gabbia smirks, her eyes glinting. "Mmm. I know ya do, stud. And I love you. Oh sure, at first, it was all business. Building this castle, becoming the noble lady, getting my girls good jobs runnin' as maids 'nd whatnot. But ya done grown on me, stud."

"Have I?" you say.

She flashes a cocky grin, hair half shadowing her eyes. "Wan' me ta show ya?"

She twists around on the bed, pushing out the back of her gown towards you. You at once get to work, unlacing her, Gabbia breathing a sigh of relief as the corset loosens and you tug it down, peeling her from the dress like a green banana. She groans, arching a little as you tug away her skirt, leaving her in nothing but a lacy bra and panties. You can't help yourself. You lean down, kissing the back of her neck and shoulders, your hands running over her plump green curves, filling your hands with her gorgeous green breasts.

"Ooooh," Gabbia moans as your hands adore her, molding her breasts, your thumbs rubbing the teasing nubs of her nipples. "Just can't get enough of me, hm?" she says.

"No," you gasp. "Never. Love you. Love you so much."

Gabbia giggles. "Aw, what a sweetheart. Then show me, sweet thing," she says, pushing her ass back against you.

You do so with a will, your hands abandoning her breasts only so you can tug down her panties, baring her ample bottom to the open air. You stroke her plump rear, adoring those green curves with passionate gasps.

"Hm hmm. Like that?" the goblin maid croons, her ass swaying almost hypnotically before you. "You like staring at my big, soft ass?"

"Yes," you gasp. "Gods yes."

"Bet you like fucking it even more."

"Yessss."

"Then get to it, stud. The boss needs that big, human cock!"

You obey. Of course you do. Why wouldn't you? Your beloved wife needs her stud, and you'd do anything for her. Again your lips kiss her neck, your shoulders shrugging off your jacket, your hands expertly undoing your shirt and stripping it away. Within moments you're naked, once more touching her. Stroking her. Adoring her. Your cock rubs against her lush pussy, the goblin maid cooing as she feels your length push against her.

“Yesssss,” Gabbia groans. “C’mon, stud. Gimme that cock!”

“Anything, darling,” you breathe, and push inside her.

Gabbia groans, tensing around your cock as you enter her. The feel of her soft body beneath you drives you to thrust into her faster. Harder. Panting hot and heavy as your hips slap her ass and cock saws in and out of her rippling pussy.

“Oh fuck,” Gabbia gasps as she rocks back against you. “Fuck! Yes. Ah. Yesss! Gimme that cock. Ah. Mnnn! Fuck! Fuck me, stud! Fuck your wife! Fuck your goblin queen!”

“Love you,” you pant between kisses to her neck and back, your hands taking her breasts again, feeling them bounce and sway into your greedy hands, squeezing them and massaging them as you claim her tight box. “Oh fuck. F-fuck, darling. Love you. Love youuuuu!”

“Mmmm! Love you too!” Gabbia gasps, all veneer of respectability shed, her hips rocking back, meeting your thrusts with an almost feverish passion. “Ah. Love your cock! Love your castle! Love you being a d-dumb, obedient... mnnn! Stud! Gimme your cum! Fuck! Breed me! Breeeed meeeee!”

Her words awaken something in you. You’ve fucked her often, but never has she so needed you cum. Never has she begged you to breed her. Just the thought of giving this green beauty your heir drives you harder. Makes you plunge your cock into her, fondling her tits, moan.

Gasp.

Cum!

“Love youuuuuuuu!” you cry as you hilt within her, your balls tightening, your hands squeezing her breasts, your cock pulsing, unloading the fullness of your virile seed into the ample beauty beneath you.

“Oh fuuuuuuuck!” Gabbia groans as your seed stuffs her. “Oh fuck yes! Love you toooooo!”

Her body quakes as she climaxes with you. As her pussy milks you with her orgasm, rippling around your cock, squeezing you in endless, gushing passion.

You sigh in satisfaction, unsheathing your cock from within her, settling against her. You wrap your arms around her soft, green form and hug her against your chest. The goblin maid laughs, snuggling back against you.

“Mmm. Had that much fun, hm, stud?” she says.

“Yes, darling,” you breathe, nuzzling her hair. “Love you so much.”

“Aw, yer all heart, my lord,” she says, nudging you with an elbow. “Every girl should have a hot piece a man meat like you. And with our wine, they will!”

You delight at the idea. Yes. Women should have adoring husbands. Mindlessly obedient. Obsessed with their wives. It was the proper thing. The best thing. Even the idea of anything else abhors you. Imagine! Not loving your goblin wife this much? Not adoring her? Obsessing over her? Not doing whatever your brilliant, lovely, perfect wife says?

Gabbia senses your shock, and she chuckles. She pushes against you, rolling you onto your back. She slips from your arms and straddles your waist, towering over you, her golden eyes gleaming like a panther’s in the gloom of the room. She brushes back some hair, smirking down at you.

“Ready for another round, stud?” she purrs, rubbing her ass against your cock, making you gasp and stiffen in obedient anticipation.

“Always, darling,” you breathe.

“That’s what I like t’ hear,” she says, her hips rising, lowering, moaning as she fills herself with your cock, begins to ride you atop the bed, her green breasts bouncing, her jewelry glittering.

You groan beneath her as her silken depths swallow your length once more, eagerly thrusting up into her. You may not have planned to become the obedient husband of a goblin crime queen when you claimed this land as yours, but there's no denying it's what you've become. And as the corruption of the goddess spreads across your realm and beyond, aided by your failure and more, you'll only know the married bliss of your goblin bride.

Bad End

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Barmaid

“C’mon toots! Need more drinks at table three!”

“On it!” you chirp, smiling prettily as you sweep up the tray. Your too-short skirt flutters around your shapely hips as you bounce towards the table, your breasts nearly escaping the strap wrapped around your chest with every step from. The eyes of the customers follow you, hot and hungry for your luscious body. You merely giggle, giving your bum a wag as you drop off more ale for the merchants at a table.

“Hey, sweet thing. You free tonight?” one asks.

“You!” you giggle, turning about. You feel his hand crack across your bum and squeak, blushing prettily as you sway away, letting your skirt flip up to hint at your plump bottom and the handprint on your rear. Laughter rolls from the table as its occupants get down to drinking.

“Good job there, Sugar,” Gazza says from behind the bar as you return.

“Thanks!” you say. “They really like my butt!”

“With good reason,” Gazza says with a lingering eye on your rear.

You giggle, your eyes growing lidded with suggestion. You lean against the bar, breasts squishing to the wood as you lean over it towards Gazza, your skirt riding up and giving the common room a good gander at your ass and the thin strip of cloth that is your panties. “Mmm. Then am I doing, like, really good?”

“Guys are drinking a hell of a lot more since you rolled in,” Gazza says with a shrewd glance at the tavern and its many tables. “Word gets around. You’re a biiiiig draw, toots.”

“Thanks!” you giggle. You bite your lower lip, hips swaying a little. “Then um... can I maybe get my...” You lean in closer, voice dropping. “...bonus?”

Gazza gives you an amused look. “Hmm? Think you deserve it?”

“Yes!” you gasp, leaning over the counter earnestly. “I’ve been super good! I’ve cleaned the tables. I’ve served the drinks. I’ve been a really good girl! Please, mistress? Pleeeeeeeease!”

Gazza licks her lips, her eyes running up and down your lovely form. “Hmm... Okay, Sugar, you’ve convinced me. Come on into the back.”

You fairly quiver with anticipation as the goblin maid saunters behind the bar with you eagerly trotting after. She opens a door into the warmth of the kitchens, and you slip in after her.

No sooner does the door close behind you than Gazza has reached up, grabbed your collar, yanked you down, and is kissing you. You moan adoringly into her soft lips, your legs going weak as her tongue plunges possessively into your mouth. At once you’re on your knees, level with the goblin maid, but beneath her in a far more real and tangible way.

Gazza growls, cupping your breast through your top. You whimper, moan in pleasure as she massages your ample teat. She breaks the kiss, leaving you panting, hot, your head spinning as you stare adoringly into her smirking face.

“You’ve been a real good girl,” Gazza purrs, squeezing your breast, making you whimper.

“Y-yes mistress.”

“And I’ve noticed all the extra work you’ve been doing. Going around without panties and bra. Taking some of those guys upstairs for a quickie. Selling all that extra wine and ale. You’re a born saleswoman, you know that?”

“N-no. Didn’t...”

“Course not! That’s why you need a manager like the family. Stupid human sluts always need a goblin to show them how to make the money. You’d give that ass away for free, wouldn’t you?”

“Y-yesssss,” you moan, knowing it’s true. You’re such a slut, you’d let anyone have a fuck.

“That’s what I thought,” Gazza cackles, forcefully kissing you again.

You moan into her mouth, lashes fluttering, body awash with waves of heat and coolness, your pussy aching with its emptiness, your breasts squeezed in the goblin’s expert hands. You’re so lucky you’ve joined the Falsetta Clan. Sure, you’re absolutely at the bottom of the totem pole, but that’s fine. It’s where a slut like you belongs.

And they let you know it. You’re always available for the goblin maids to enjoy. Whenever they need it, you’ll be licking them out at a word. If they want you buried under their ass, you’ll show them the time of their life. If a goblin male wants a piece of you, all he has to do is give your pretty bottom a spank and you’re on your knees, welcoming his randy little cock. You’ve been ridden more than the village bicycle.

And you love it.

You can’t imagine anything finer than being the fuck toy to a goblin trader clan. The maidens kissing you, dominating you. The males rutting you. The customers playing with you. You’re just a dumb, hot, bimbo slut. A needy working girl.

You groan as Gazza pushes you back against the wall, your legs parting, her hand delving under your skirt, her fingers ghosting over the gusset of your panties, feeling how much you’ve already soaked the pretty black fabric. She hums hotly, her ample tits rubbing your own as she tugs down the band, revealing your sensitive pussy, her fingers plunging into you, making you keen and whine.

“Mmmm. Thaaaat’s it,” Gazza gasps between kisses. “Take those fingers. Mmm. Fucking slut.”

“Myesssss,” you pant, shapely hips rocking as you ride her finger. “Ah... Mnnnn! Just a f-fuck slut for youuuuuu!”

“For the Falsettas, you mean,” Gazza says, giving your nipple a tweak through your tap.

You gasp, whimper. “Ah! Y-yes! For the c-clan!”

“I don’t think I believe you,” Gazza says evilly. “In fact, I think you need to be reminded. Over the chair, slut.”

You know what’s coming, but you don’t fight it. In fact, you eagerly climb over the chair, knowing she doesn’t really doubt your loyalty to the family. A good girl like you? You’ve taken a hundred cocks and at least a thousand tongues for them. But you still quiver with anticipation as Gazza flips up your skirt, baring your peachy bottom, her fingers tugging down your panties, unveiling those soft orbs.

“Theeeeeere it is,” Gazza giggles, her hand stroking your rear. “Good, obedient humans are the best.”

“Th-thank you misstraaaah!”

You yelp as her hand spans your perky bottom. “No talking! This is punishment time, slut!”

“Y-yes mistressssss!” you moan as her hand comes across your bottom anew. Every blow ripples through you, your pussy twitching with shameless pleasure as you’re demeaned by the goblin barmaid. Knowing it’s exactly what you deserve makes it so much better. You cry out in helpless ecstasy, your breasts wobbling as her palm reddens your bottom, your body trembling with servile pleasure.

“That’s! It! Take! It!” Gazza cackles.

“Mistressssss!” you wail in obedient shame.

When her hand stops at last, palm stroking your ass, soothing after your punishment, you can only whimper. Your rear stings, your cheeks as red as your ass, but short pants of pleasure escape you with every breath.

You twitch as you feel Gazza’s hand run down your ass, her finger stroking your cunny. You groan, thighs tightening, trying to

hold yourself back from cumming right there.

“Good slut,” the goblin croons. “You took that like such a good girl. Do you want your reward?”

“P-pleeeeeease,” you moan.

“Attagirl,” Gazza giggles, and pushes her fingers into you.

You whimper, hips riding you back against her fingers as she fucks you. The shame of it only makes you love it more. With gasps and pants you take her hand like a queen slut.

“You gonna cum, pretty girl?” Gazza coos as she ruthlessly fingers you.

“Yesssss!”

“Then cum. Cum for your boss!”

“Yesss mistresssss!” you wail, shuddering as your whole body seems to shock with your orgasm. Your pussy tightening in delicious ecstasy. Your ass twitching, bucking atop the goblin’s fingers, your stinging ass clenching as you cry out with your peak.

You sag atop the chair, breathing hard, fast. Whimpering as Gazza pulls her hand from your cunny. The goblin maid giggles, gives your rump another pat.

“Good girl,” she croons. “Now, you take a quick break, and then get that pretty ass back out there. We’ve got thirsty customers with gold to spend.”

“Mmmm,” you moan from over the chair, limp and sated and so wonderfully happy.

Gazza chuckles, patting your rear, making you jump as your aching bottom twinges. You hear her leave, the door open, close, and relish in the relaxation of your break. For soon enough you’ll be hiking your panties up, flipping down your skirt, and getting back out there.

A barmaid’s work is never done.

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Demure for Now

“Uh, far be it for me to impinge on tradition,” you say carefully, “but I think we miiiiight have slightly bigger things to do first. Like deal with the rest of your clan and the merchants.”

Gabbia pouts, but shrugs and flicks her hair over her shoulder.

“Hm, alright,” she says. “Fair enough. But,” she adds with a wink, poking you in the chest. “We ain’t through here yet, hot stuff. A goblin maid always knows a good husband when she sees ‘em, and I ain’t gonna let you go ‘till you’ve bred me so full a pups I’m fit to burst!”

You blush hotly. “I... erm...”

“But we can talk ‘bout that later! Like you said, hot stuff, we’ve got a lotta work to do. But you ‘nd me,” she says, looping her arm in yours with a twinkle in her eye. “We’re gonna do some big things round here.”

You wonder at that, but don’t doubt it. Though you’ve freed the goblin clan from the influence of Setaria, you’ve still got a long road to removing the influence of the goddess from the rest of the realm you now call home. But you’ve taken the first of many steps, and gained a powerful (and curvy) ally. You don’t know what the future holds, but at least you don’t face it alone.

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Breed the Goblin Slut

“Well,” you say, arms looping around her, cupping her ass through her skirt, “far be it for me not to respect my new subject’s rituals.”

“Ooooh,” Gabbia moans as your hands squeeze your soft bottom. “That’s riiiiight. First rule of business is respect tradition. And you and me? We’re gonna respect the fuck outta it.”

“Is that so?” you growl, squeezing her ass, making the goblin moan, her knife ears flutter, her blush deepen. “Then, how about you tell me more about this... initiation?”

“Mmmm,” Gabbia moans as your hands squeeze her ass. “Welllll, first you strip me...”

“Uh huh,” you say, your hands stealing up her back, finding the laces of her gown and tugging them open. “And then?”

“Mnnn!” Gabbia gasps as you tug down her top, her hips swinging side to side to help you pull her skirt down as well, leaving her in nothing but a frilly black bra and panties. “Ooooh, and then you... ah... you bend over the gobmother over a barrel.”

“Go on,” you say, fingers expertly undoing her bra, letting it flutter to the floor, revealing the ripe, green orbs of her tits, fairly glistening in the low light of the cellar.

“Oooh, and then you... You...”

“I what?” you say, hooking your thumbs in her panties, yanking them down, revealing the full glory of her naked form.

“Then you f-fucking breed my goblin pussy,” she gasps, her cheeks rosy emeralds with desire.

“Is that all? And here I thought it was going to be hard,” you say.

“Like you aren’t!” Gabbia snorts. “I’ve been feeling your cock poking my stomach since we started.”

“Oh? In that case, I better poke it somewhere else then, shouldn’t I?”

Gabbia squeaks as you suddenly lift her up against your body. Your lips crash down on hers, kissing her hard and hungrily. The goblin maid moans, her arms looping around your neck, pulling you down with heated passion.

You chuckle into her lips, tongue pushing into her mouth, wrestling hers. She puts up a game fight, but your victory was assured before you even started. You carry her over to the table, planting her ass on the edge, Gabbia purring with pleasure. Her hand dives between you, undoing your pants with a pickpocket’s skill. You grunt as your cock swells into her hand, her fingers wrapping around your manhood, pressing it against her silken folds.

“Mmmm! Fuck me,” she gasps.

“Gladly,” you say, and push forward, impaling her on your shaft.

Gabbia cries out in ecstasy as your cock plunges into her. You groan in delight as her silken folds wrap around your throbbing shaft. You tense, beginning to bounce her atop your cock, plunging her up and down on your throbbing manhood, tilting your hips to find a better angle with which to plunder this minx’s green pussy like she so deserves.

“Yes! Yes! Fuck me!” the goblin clan mistress howls, her legs wrapping around you, squeezing you for all she’s worth as her inner walls ripple around your shaft, the alchemical equipment on the table ringing as you plow her. “Fuck me haaaaard! Fuck me like a slut! Fuck me with your big human cock! Ah! Nnnn!”

“Fuck,” you gasp, bouncing her, your fingers digging into the plushness of her ass with every downward stroke. “You’re such a fucking slut!”

“Yes!” Gabbia cries as you claim her. “A slut for you! A slut for your fuckin’ coooock! Give it to me! Fuck me hard! Fast! Ah! Breed

me! Breed me like a fuckin' stud! Fill me up! Fill me up with your fucking cuuum!"

Her words make your heart pound. Your hands squeeze. This slut wants your cum that bad? She wants it that much? Well she'll have it. She'll fucking have it! You fuck her ruthlessly. Claim her atop your cock. Her breasts mash against you, rubbing your chest as she takes your manhood, as she pants and gasps and moans.

"Cum! Yes! Gods yes! Cum in me! Breed me! Use me like your f-fucking sleeve! Yes! Yes! Fucking breed meeeeeeee!" Gabbia wails, her inner walls tightening, her voice rising in a cry of desperate pleasure as at last she hits the brink. As her inner walls squeeze, tightening with the sudden high of her gushing orgasm.

There's no way you can hold back after that. You cum in a sudden surge. Your cock swells. Your balls tighten, and you unload inside the goblin's tight pussy. Again and again your cock pumps, stuffing her full of cum, her cunny drinking every drop as she groans.

She sags against you, aftershocks rippling through her. "Oh..." she gasps. "Oh wow..."

"Fuck," you pant, head lolling back with the ecstasy, weak with the afterglow. You finally manage to raise your head, smiling dumbly. "Was it good for you?"

"Mmmm. So goood," the goblin queen purrs, nuzzling your chest affectionately. Her eyes gleam and her smile widens. "I think this 's the beginning of a beeeautiful partnership."

You chuckle, lean down and kiss her again, her lips eagerly reciprocating. But as the warm glow of orgasm fades, a heaviness settles on you as well. Though you've freed the goblin clan from the influence of the Setaria, you've still got a long road to removing the influence of the goddess from the rest of the realm you now call home. But you've taken the first of many steps, and gained a powerful (and curvy) ally. You don't know what the future holds, but at least you don't face it alone.

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Let Her Ride You

“S-sure,” you say as she runs her fingers up and down your chest. “Sounds good to me! So um... how do we uh...”

“Well,” Gabbia purrs. “First, we sit ya down like... this!”

You gasp as she pushes you. The back of your knees hit a stepladder, and you find yourself plopping down on the upper steps. Gabbia grins, reaching behind herself, pushing out her impressive bust as she undoes the laces of her dress.

“Part two is we get undressed.”

“O-oh?” you say as her top slips away, unveiling the gorgeous green orbs of her breasts.

“Both of us, cutie,” she says meaningfully.

You flush, but quickly comply. You shed your shirt and jerkin, revealing the toned abs of your chest and muscled arms. Gabbia is practically drooling at the sight of you, and she actually does when your pants go next, revealing the throbbing length of your cock.

“Oh yeah,” she breathes, wrapping her hand around your length, making you grunt as she lovingly runs her fingers up and down your shaft. “That’s the goooood stuff. Been a while since I’ve had a male like you around, stud.”

“R-really?” you gasp. “Can’t i-imagine why.”

“You bein’ smart with me?”

“No ma’am!”

She giggles. “Good. Not that I don’t mind a smart man. But as ya may ‘ve noticed, I don’t much mind big, dumb studs either. Hmm. And by the looks of it, you’re the best of both worlds! Now, let’s have a bitta fun, eh?”

“S-sure. That sounds goooooood!”

Your voice climbs in pleasure as the goblin's lips envelop your cock in a perfect seal. You grab the stepladder behind you, tensing in unspeakable pleasure as Gabbia's lips move up and down on your cock, sucking you off, that golden tongue of hers teasing along the underside of your manhood.

"Ohhhhh," you groan, head tilting back. "Fuck yessss! Ah... Ah! That's... oh fuck... that's so good. Ah... Mnnn... K-keep going. Oh yes. Fuck yessss."

You can feel the pressure building. Throbbing in your balls as she does her skillful work. Only for Gabbia to suddenly slide her lips off your cock, leaving you gasping.

"H-huh?"

"Oh, that was just to get you nice and ready, hot stuff," Gabbia giggles as she pulls off her skirt, her green hips swaying, her firm, curvy form revealed before your stunned eyes. "Now that we got all that seed pent up, time for the main course!"

She climbs into your lap, her curves rubbing against you as she straddles you, the teasing short stack grasping your twitching cock, angling it towards her slick pussy. She meets your eyes, grins, and lowers herself.

You moan as her tight pussy envelops your sensitive cock. You grab her ass, squeezing those firm green orbs as she slides down you, moaning hotly as she takes you to the root. "Oh fuuuuuuck!" you moan.

"Mmmm!" Gabbia groans, lashes fluttering, her teeth nibbling her lower lip. "Oh yeeeeeh, baby. Fuck yes! Give me that coooock! Ooooooh!"

She starts to bounce on your lap. Your hands help her along, plunging her up and down on your cock, fucking her hard. Fast. Earnestly. Her pussy seems to swallow you. Her green breasts bounce before you, nipples rubbing your chest as she fucks you.

You're not in control. She is. Despite her size she seems to almost crush you into your seat. Trapping you. Her pace increases.

Her pants grow hotter. Faster. Her blonde hair sways and bounces with every eager bounce atop your lap.

“Yes! Yes! Gimme that cock! Gimme that cum! Ooooooh! Pay the piper, hot stuff! Gonna charge you overtime for this! Yes! Yes! Fuck! Fuck me! Breed me! Breed me stuuuuuuud! Yessssss!”

Her voices rises. A pure note of furious pleasure as she hilt atop you, her pussy squeezing, milking, taking you with hot bursts of pleasure. You groan, slamming her down a final time, her orgasm too much for you to handle. Your cock swells, thickens, and cums! You feel your balls tighten, emptying themselves inside the lovely green trader queen, filling her to the brim. You almost imagine you can see her stomach distend a little with the sheer amount of seed she’s teased from you.

Gabbia moans, settling on your lap, growing limp from the heat of her passion. She snuggles against you, your arms automatically moving around her, holding her tight.

“Mmm. That was nice, hot stuff,” Gabbia coos.

“Th-thanks.”

“No problem,” she giggles, stroking your chest, making your muscles twitch. “Mmm. I think this is the beginning of a beeeeeautiful partnership.”

You chuckle, hoping so. But as the warm afterglow of orgasm fades, a heaviness settles on you as well. Though you’ve freed the goblin clan from the influence of the Setaria, you’ve still got a long road to removing the influence of the goddess from the rest of the realm. But you’ve taken the first of many steps, and gained a powerful (and curvy) ally. You don’t know what the future holds, but at least you don’t face it alone.

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Wait

You freeze at the sight of the goo girl, your weapon drawn, waiting for a chance to strike her.

Unfortunately, that chance has already passed.

Without hesitation, the mass of blue, jiggly woman surges towards you. You suck in a breath, try to take a step back, but she slams into you like a wave. Your feet are knocked out from under you and you go down, breath driven from you by the impact, dazed as your head cracks off the hard stone floor.

Your vision swims, and when it resolves, it's to find a pair of massive, jiggly blue tits hanging over your head.

"Weeee haaaave fuuuuun!" the googirl giggles.

"H-hey! Wait a minute! I-"

Her breasts suddenly descend, swallowing your face in their busty heft. "Mmmph!" you grunt under her gooey tits, trying to raise your sword arm, but more of her body has flowed around you, trapping you in her gelatinous form.

And then you hear the sizzle.

Your eyes widen. You can't move your head, but you can feel your clothes dissolving under the jiggly beauty's slime. Your shirt, pants, and every other stitch of clothes disintegrating, her slick body rubbing against you in far from unpleasant ways. You groan as your boxers tear under the surging of your hard cock, your manhood pressing against her wobbly body.

Sliding inside.

"Mmmmmph!" you moan into her tits, your eyes rolling back as the tightness of her goo form wraps around your manhood.

"Ooooooh!" the googirl moans, her head tilting back with pleasure. "Yesssss! Looooove coooooock! Giiiimmmmeeee cuuum!"

You groan as her body ripples around your shaft, sucking you with insidious need. Your cock throbs within her, your body swallowed in her endless curves. The light in the chamber pulses, radiating through you, throbbing in your balls. Urging you to give up your cum to this giggly bimbo. This gelatinous slut. You try and hold back, but you can't. It's too good. Too hot. Too... too...

"Mmmm!" you moan into her breasts, your cock throbbing as you cum, pumping helplessly into her jiggly form. Smothered under her bouncing breasts.

Which are getting bigger.

Shock pulses through you. She's getting even curvier! Her body absorbing your seed, turning it into mass. The weight of her breasts presses down even more on your face. Wonderful. Terrible. You can feel her body continuing to milk your cock. Despite all reason you're still hard. Still sensitive.

Still being sucked off by the jiggly slut.

You feel your consciousness swim in and out. You moan, sinking deeper under her form. Milked. Sucked. Drained. Unconsciousness fades the edges of your vision.

You cum again.

Again.

Your cock seems to pulse with your very essence. You dimly see her body shimmer with the dark, violet hues radiating from the twisting black thing growing from the ground. You wonder if there's a connection? But there isn't time to muster up the understanding. For you've cum again, moaning in terrible bliss as the googirl drinks you down.

Down.

Down into orgasmic darkness.

Bad End

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Attack

You rip your sword from its sheathe before the goblin captain knows what's happening. The fat goblin squeals in surprise, backpedalling frantically as you advance. Goblin guards shout and scramble out of the way, abandoning their leader until he's pressed against the door, your sword at his throat.

"Open it," you say.

"Er..."

You press the blade a little closer. "Do I look like I'm playing?" you growl.

You see his eyes glance behind you. You start to turn, but before you manage it something slams into the back of your head. Start explode before your eyes and you stumble falling to your knees. You manage to look back to see a goblin guard holding his spear, that which he'd just smashed into the back of your head.

"Stupid hummie!" the goblin captain snarls, kicking you in the face. Your head snaps to the side and you fall to the ground, groaning.

"What we do with him?" one asks.

"Put him in dungeon!" the captain growls, puffing over you. "Gobmother decide what do."

[Into the Dungeon](#)

Potion of Bestial Might

You pluck the green potion from your belt.

“What that?” the goblin captain asks.

“My medication,” you say, downing the potion.

The change is immediate. As you taste the limey green potion you feel your body change. You gasp, groan as your muscles suddenly bulge across your form. As your bones crack, shifting, changing shape. Your face extends into a muzzle, teeth growing, sharpening. Your clothes meld into your flesh as you go down on all fours, your ears going back, becoming pointed dog ears. A bushy tail sprouts from your hindquarters as you throw back your muzzle and let out a howl.

You’ve become a dire wolf!

The goblin captain stares in shock at you, then screams. The sound dies in a gurgle as you fling yourself upon him, tearing out his throat, the iron taste of his blood washing over your fangs.

The other guards recover from their shock. They howl and attack you. You whirl from the corpse of their captain, snapping at spears jabbing for your face. You back up as the guards swarm around you. Two suddenly jump from the barrels they were sitting on, landing on your back.

You snarl as their knives plunge into your fur. You twist your head around, snapping at them, and several spears are jammed into your neck. Pain washes your vision in red. Fear starts to take hold. You panic, whirling, lunging then retreating before the wall of spears as they jab at you. You shake yourself furiously, flinging several goblins off your back before you try and leap over the guards.

But your strength has been drained by blood loss, and a spear manages to plunge into your underbelly as you go over the heads of the goblins. You hit the dusty path, collapsing, tongue

lolling, breathing hard, fast, feeling the darkness of death close around.

You die there before the gates of the winery, and your pelt will make a fine coat for the gobmother.

Bad End

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Potion of Feminine Beauty

What was it Groat said to you? There are some doors a woman's beauty will open a man's strength cannot? You take the pink potion from your belt, eying the goblins. It's well known that goblin males are perpetually randy. This is because competition for goblin maids is fierce, due to a goblin maid's tendency to enjoy the affections of other races. Of course, male goblins do too, but they are, unsurprisingly, a bit less effective at it.

But as weird as it is, that might give you an opening.

"Er, what that?" the goblin captain says.

"This? My medication," you say, drinking the potion.

The bubbly pink brew pours down your throat with a taste of strawberries and fizz. You hiccup as the bubbles seem to spread through you, swelling into your chest and thighs.

You moan as your chest suddenly expands, breasts ballooning into your shirt. Your pants swell as your hips expand into them, your skin tingling as your muscle mass decreases, your face growing more feminine. You groan as you feel your cock invert, forming a perfect, plush pussy.

The goblin captain stares at you in shock. "What..."

"If you l-let me in, I'll give you a kiss," you say sweetly.

The captain's eyes grow shrewd, glinting with intelligence. He grips his belt, adjusting it around his gut with a huff, widening his stance. It's almost funny the amount of confidence he's suddenly showing.

What's not funny is the interest of the other guards.

"Yeah. Yeah, we do that," the goblin captain grins.

"O-oh. Um, okay. Good," you say.

"You kiss cock, and we let you in!"

“Wh-what!” you squeak.

Snickers rise from around you. You look back, but the goblin guards have closed around you, grinning lewdly. Dread chills you. You look back down at the captain, who smirks, unlacing his pants. His warty cock bursts into the open, bobbing lewdly. You gape in shock at the sight of it.

“What gonna be?” he says.

[Suck Him Off](#)

[Refuse](#)

Refuse

You shake your head forcefully. “I... I’m not gonna do that,” you say tightly.

The goblin captain sneers. “Then what you waste me time for?” he snarls. “Go on! Or me fuck anyway!”

You cringe from his sharp words, shuffling back. You yelp as one of the guards slaps your bum, hurrying you on your way back down the path from the winery.

As you walk, you feel the changes of the potion begin to fade. Your body fills out your clothes in a more familiar way, your face becoming stronger. More masculine. You sigh, running a hand through your hair. Gods. That was so awkward. You try and shake it off as you make your way back down the dusty road of Lamrick. But now, you’ve got no way into the winery. You sigh, looking about.

Your eyes wander, and are suddenly seized again by the tavern near the entrance. There’s a cart in front of it. One you know. Darby! You suddenly remember the merchant. He did say he was heading into Rovenia. Could he be here?

Well, if he is, he’s your only hope of getting into the winery now.

[Head into the Tavern](#)

Suck Him Off

Although goblin males are disgusting, pathetic little sods, you can't quite suppress a tingle of desire at the sight of his warty little cock. Some strange, new sensation aches from the space beneath your belly, throbbing through you as you stare at his randy little prick.

And... and you have to in order to get through the doors. This is the only way.

Yeah.

You definitely aren't doing this because you're a horny slut and your pussy is absolutely soaked at the thought of being humiliated by a bunch of goblins.

Heavens no.

That would just be depraved.

You smile nervously and get down on your hands and knees.
"So um-"

"Ah ah! First you strip. Me want see tits while you suck."

You blush hard, but obey. You've come this far. And, oddly, it just feels... natural to do it. You pull off your shirt, revealing your ample, firm tits. The soft sounds of awe from the watching goblins excites you, and you put a little show into pulling off your pants and panties, revealing the plump curves of your bottom. The warmth of the sun feels delightfully naughty on your naked skin, and you smile shyly at the fat goblin, brushing a lock of hair back.

"L-like this?" you say.

"Yeah," the captain breathes, already stroking his cock. "Look good. Naked good look for slut. Now," he says, picking up a bottle.
"Me give you big treat!"

You gape as he upends the wine bottle over his cock, dribbling the heady purple brew all over himself. The scent of grapes and alcohol fill the air, making you gasp, your head throb as the

goblin cackles, giving his warty little prick a lewd thrust. “You suck now!”

You blush hotter, but obey. Crawling up to the goblin and cupping his cock. His stench is sour. Thick. Pungent. But somehow that only makes you wetter. You realize you’re panting, and open your mouth, leaning forward and taking him between your soft lips.

The sensation is strange. Alien. Yet oddly pleasurable. You know this is unbelievably depraved, but you can’t stop your soft, feminine lips from running up and down his cock. You can taste the sourness of his cock. But far more, you can taste the sweetness of the wine.

It’s delicious. Wonderful. Your tongue moves around his cock, desperate to get more of the wine. You feel a flush spread through you. Your thighs rub together as an aching emptiness builds in your pussy. Oh gods. Oh fucking gods, you... you need something in you. Something to fuck you. You moan before you realize it, your lashes fluttering as you bob hungrily atop his cock.

“Ooooooh,” the goblin captain moans. “Yessss! Suck Reebi’s coooooock!”

Reebi. His name is Reebi. Having a name only makes you hotter. Your legs shift as arousal slides down your inner thighs. Your breasts tingle as the goblin grabs your head, thrusting more forcefully into your open mouth.

The savage plundering of your mouth by his cock is beyond anything you’ve known as a man. It feels so good to be owned. To be used. To be nothing more than a plaything of the goblin as he fucks your face. You moan, breathing through your nose as his warty little cock hammers into your mouth.

“Yessss! Suck cock! Suck... meeeeeee!” Reebi howls as he hilts his cock in your face.

And cums.

A deluge of his foul seed pours into your mouth. You groan, shuddering, pleasure radiating from your pussy. Oh fuck. Oh fuck,

you're so horny for him. You feel like you're drunk on his cum as he pumps it into your mouth.

At last, Reebi withdraws from your face, your lips lingering on his cock. Panting.

The goblin cackles as he admires the effect on you. "Mmm! Good look."

"Th-thank you. Do I..." You swallow, tasting his cum. "Do I get to go in now?"

He hoots. "You! You not see gobmother! You just fuck slut. And gobmother not have time for fuck slut."

You blush, your head whirling. "But... but I..."

"You talk back? You not talk back!" he snaps, a swing of his hips slapping his warty prick across your face. "You turn! Me fuck now!"

The impact stuns you. The command shocks you. But not half as much as when you obey, crawling about, pushing out your plush bottom like a bitch in heat. What... what on earth are you doing? You try and come to grips with it, but suddenly feel a finger slide along your damp slit.

"O-oooooh!" you moan, trembling with pleasure.

"That nice! So wet," Reebi breathes, bringing up his finger and sucking your juices off. "Mmm. Me like!"

"I... I..."

"Quiet! Me fuck now!"

What's happening? What's going on? You can't seem to process it. It's all going so fast! But your pussy aches. Your body pushes back, offering up your cunny. What... what is..."

Reebi's hands slap your ass, making you gasp as he grips you, and before you can do anything, he thrusts into your hot cove.

Pleasure unlike anything you've known before shoots through you. A cry of pure joy escapes you as the goblin begins to

rut your pussy, driving his cock in and out of you, his gut slapping your plump bottom.

“Ooooooh yessssss!” the runty goblin wails as he plows your lush folds. “Sooooo tiiiiiiight!”

“F-fuuuuuuck!” you gasp as he claims you, your pussy rippling around his cock, sucking him in deeper. “Mnnn! Yes! Yessss! Fuck... ah... f-fuck me! Fuck meeeee!”

The guards laugh mockingly. You blush furiously, but can't stop yourself from thrusting back against him, the slap of flesh as his gut spans your rear even better. The feel of his warty little prick rubbing your inner walls beyond comparison. You're moaning like a whore within moments, and you don't even care.

You don't care when one of the goblin guards grabs your face and shoves his cock into your mouth.

You don't care when more goblins move in, and you find your hands occupied wanking more of the runty little creatures.

You don't even care when you feel Reebi howl, plunge into you a final time, and cum with sharp, jerking shudders of his hips, flooding your womb with his wretched goblin seed.

You don't care.

Because another goblin takes his place and starts fucking you.

And it all feels sooo goooooood.

[Goblin Breeder](#)

Goblin Breeder

It's almost funny how much the goblin maids delighted in discovering your eagerness to be fucked by goblins.

It certainly it frees them up from having to satisfy their males. Especially since you've shown no reluctance in taking half a dozen goblins at a time, offering up your ass, pussy, hands and mouth to the pleasures of the runty males. Ironically, you've finally made it into the winery, although you rarely leave your room inside. Set up with plenty of cushions, goblin brew, and where any male or maid can find you for some satisfaction, you have no reason to wander. Especially when your stomach begins to swell up with your brood, your breasts growing heavy and pendulous with your rich milk.

The goblin maids are positively giddy at this change. So many admire your motherly heftiness. Your ample tit flesh, so productive of cream. They fairly fight one another to spoil you with maternity gowns and wonderful foods.

It seems like so long ago since you were a man. You certainly don't miss it. Being a plump, sexy breeder for the goblin clan has been much better than you could have dreamed. You're adored, delighted, and spoiled. Goblin males fight over each other for a chance to breed your seemingly insatiable womb.

Your daughters are lovely. Your sons quarrelsome but brave and strong. The gobmother has been very impressed with how productive you are, expanding the family and clan in your own way.

As you lie back among your blankets, moaning as Reebi plows you anew, the goblin male groaning as he empties his balls again in your gaping pussy, you take another swig of goblin wine. Your quest, your realm, all of it abandoned for this. To be a plump broodmother to the goblin clan.

And you wouldn't have it any other way.

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Use the Knock Out Powder

As Rigar lumbers towards you, you grab the pouch of powder you took off Logira.

“Here! Catch!” you say, hurling the bag at the ogre.

Rigar lurches back, his eyes crossing as the pouch soars up and hits his big face. The pouch bursts in a cloud of sparkling powder, Rigar taking in a startled breath.

“Ah... ah... Ahhh! Chooooo!”

Rigar sneezes, the sound booming like a cannon. The force of it seems to knock the ogre off his feet, his eyes rolling as the powder does its magic. With a thud he falls, laid out on the floor, already snoring like a bandsaw.

“...You gotta be fuckin’ me,” Gabbia says, gaping at her snoring bodyguard.

You turn from the snoozing ogre and face the sprawling Root of Corruption. Like a pulsing black heart it threads its tendrils through the floor, the miasma pouring off it the tree smoke. You draw your sword, approaching it with grim purpose.

“Ah! Hey! Wait! We can make a deal!” Gabbia yelps, scampering after you.

“Nope,” you say, raising your sword and plunging it into the twisted stone.

As your blade sinks deep into the Root the world seems to grow silent, as if a background noise you’d forgotten about suddenly stilled. The room shudders, and around your sword the black stone cracks. With a rumble the cracks spread, the shimmering colours fading as the tree crumbles, shards falling to the floor, shattering to dust the moments they land.

You hear a groan from behind you and you look quickly around to see Gabbia on her knees, acrid black smoke pluming from

her mouth, the goblin maid shuddering as the corruption escapes her in gushes.

You lift your sword, crossing the floor even as the miasma fades away like mist in the morning. Warily, you go down on one knee beside the goblin maid, patting her back.

“Uh, you okay?” you say.

“Ooooooh,” Gabbia moans, touching her head. “Feel like I have to woooooorst hangover ever.”

“Uh huh. But any compulsive needs to turn human men into breeding slaves?” you ask, keeping your sword handy.

Gabbia lifts her head. Her eyes don’t seem as wicked as before. More confused and a little dazed, but clearing up rapidly. She blinks at you, her jaw falling.

“Oh,” she says. Then, in deeper understanding, “Ooooooh...”

“Take that as a no,” you say, offering her a hand.

She accepts it, and you pull her to her feet, her hand on her brow as she sways a little where she stands. “Oof,” the goblin maid groans, looking to the shattered darkness that had been the Root. She shudders. “Gob’s balls,” she says. “Did that really happen?”

“Yeah,” you say. “It did.”

She nods slowly, then looks at you intently. “And you’re the one who did it in, hm?”

“Erm, yes,” you say.

Her smile widens. You tense uncertainly, but she merely grabs your hand and shakes it. “A bang up job,” the goblin maid says. “Real nice. Couldn’t ‘a asked for a better lord to rule over this land.”

“Oh,” you say, a little surprised by the sudden turn. “Well, you know. It wasn’t much...”

“Not much he says!” Gabbia chortles. “Well! Look at mister modest here. He only broke into the lair of a goblin trader clan, beat

up an ogre, and ended a crazy curse! Don't sell yourself short, hot stuff. Take it from someone who knows. Eh?" she says, nudging you with an elbow.

"Uh, thanks," you say, rubbing your head. "But this is just part of it."

Gabbia pauses, giving you a shrewd glance. "Oh?"

"Yes. I may have shattered the Root here, but unless I can stop its source, it'll come back."

Gabbia frowns. "That right?" she says.

"You didn't know?"

The goblin shrugs. "Honestly? I was using this place as a base for a while when that thing came up. But even before, I was hearin' whispers. A dreamy voice telling me all sorts a things. Can't really remember anymore." She shakes her head as if to banish a dream. "And you say it'll come back?"

You explain what Groat told you about the dark goddess and her corruption. Gabbia listens intently, nodding along as you go. When you at last finish, she smacks a fist into her open palm.

"So that's the way it is! Well then, good thing you have a goblin clan on your side."

"I do?" you say.

She laughs, nudges you again. "This guy!" she crows. "Course you do! I've invested too much time 'nd effort around here to give it all up. And getting' in on the ground level with the new lord of the land? There's money to be made there."

"There is?"

"Not the brightest bulb, are ya?" she asks.

You flush a little. "Well, it's been a rough couple days," you say.

"Which is why you need me! Where you settin' up?"

"Uh, Bludwor Castle," you say.

“Those ruins?”

“They aren’t all in ruins,” you say a bit defensively.

“Hmm. True,” Gabbia says, touching her chin, her eyes gleaming as if already counting the coins. “And it commands the pass. Real defensible. And with a toll booth, we could really get some profits rollin’ in. Alright! We’ll go there. Congratulations, my lord! You’ve just entered into an agreement with the Falsetta Clan! We’ll get your castle set up in no time, and win you back your lands!”

You take her hand, head still spinning from the sudden whirl of events, but as you shake, you realize this may be exactly what you need. Sure, Gabbia is a larcenous short stack with gold on the mind, but she knows the territory, and perhaps more importantly, has some capital to build up your capital. Not to mention some curves that are always appealing. Your eyes run over her buxom green form, barely hidden under her dress. Breasts you could just fall into and bedroom eyes that suggest that’s exactly her aim.

“You know,” she says, pulling in closer, her breasts pressed against your stomach, her eyes lidded, smoky with suggestion. “There’s a particular... initiation ritual for the clan.”

“Yeah?” you say, voice as tight as your pants.

“You bet, stud,” she says, shamelessly rubbing her breasts against you. “Certain formalities. Not really used much anymore, but ya know, I just bet we could use them reeeeeal good.”

You suck in a breath as her hand teasingly slips between you, teasingly running along the bulge of your pants. “How about it, stud?” the goblin maid purrs. “Wanna become a part of the family?”

[Breed the Goblin Slut](#)

[Let Her Ride You](#)

[Demure For Now](#)

