

The morning sun crested over the horizon, bathing the land below with its warmth, driving away the chill of the night. Birds sang about as the forest came to life with the sound of wildlife. The snow capped mountains reflected the sunlight as did the rivers and lakes that dotted the forest. A perfect for morning for Garik the goblin farmer. Garik stood on the front porch of his wooden house, sipping from a cup of warm coffee as he watched the morning sunrise, a feeling of peace for the goblin. He was dressed in his white loin cloth and wore a wide brimmed hat to complete his outfit.

"A good morning it is," he muttered to himself as he drunk the last bit of coffee before setting it down on the railing of the porch. A malicious smile formed on his lips as he stepped off towards his garden located on the side of his house. As he

approached, his earling picked up faint muffled moans that stirred his cock, making him increase his pace until he finally stood in front of his "garden". The word "garden" was just something he used but thought it fit well. Before the goblin farmer was a large dug up area filled with vegetables of all kinds but what stood out from the rest of his garden were the moving "plants". Fake plants that represented the real vegetables growing around them. Fake plants that hid something, that were attached to the leather hoods encasing the heads of the women Garik held captive in his garden. There were various women from all the races buried in his garden, naked, bound, gagged and hooded. Each woman was buried up to her neck in dirt with their arms bound behind their backs with rope and then placed inside a leather sheath that was sowed up tightly like an armbinder. Their legs were then bound with rope

around the ankles, below and above the knees and around their thighs.

From there, another leather sheath was pulled up over their legs and stitched up tightly to keep their legs pinned together. This was the first part of their imprisonment. From there, Garik had tattooed an enslavement symbol below their stomach above their pubic mound. Said slave symbol prevented the women from raising their hands against Garik should they ever get free and it forced them to follow his orders. But it also had another purpose that was tied in to the large ribbed plant like vines that filled their pussies and ass. The vines were connected to the roots of the vegetables and when Garik would cast the correct spell, the vines would start to vibrate while also twisting and pushing in and out of the women. This in turn stimulated the women, sending waves of pleasure to

course through their bodies. Further up on their bodies, each woman's nipples were clamped on by more vines which also stimulated them and with the slave symbol, caused the women to produce milk. The orgasms of the women and their breast milk were absorbed by the vines which in turn used them to make the vegetable plants grow faster. A form of twisted magic that Garik had created after his time learning from the Dark Mage of the forest.

Above ground, a large rubber sphere filled each woman's mouth, keeping her gagged as the sphere stretched their jaws to their limits. On top of that, a leather strap was wrapped around the lower half of their face and sewn up on the back side to keep their mouths sealed. From their, Garik inserted a hook into their noses that pulled them back, giving each woman a pig snout of sorts. The wire connected to

the nose hooks went over the tops of their heads and down the back where it connected to the thick leather collar encircling their throats. The final touch was the leather hoods encasing their heads, leaving them in darkness, adding to their misery.

"Growth of green," whispered Garik, saying the command spell to activate the vines beneath the ground. This elicited muffled squeals and moans that made Garik laugh as he watched his enslaved women shake their heads as pleasure coursed through their bodies. The spell would remain activated until each woman reach ten orgasms, leaving them weary and tired by time it was over. There was also another insidious purpose of the vines and the enslavement spell and that was it kept the women from getting thirsty or hungry and prevented their minds from breaking. Another spell upon the dirt sent

nutrients into the bodies of the women through the skin, ensuring they were well taken care of and he didn't have to remove their gags.

Garik's eyes roved over his garden, looking over the system he had in place for the vegetables. The far right side of the garden was for growing tomatoes and where all the Amazon females were kept. Next to them was the eggplants and where he had the dark elves. Next up was the carrots which got their growth from the female dwarves held there. Then there was the green beans and the white elves. Potatoes in the next slot got their growth speed from the female orcs held there and the last section was the strawberries where he kept the human females. Since creating his garden months ago, Garik had already gathered much harvest that he would then sell in the underground Goblin city nearby. On top of that, he already had

plans to expand the garden with the female Knights he knew were going to pass through the forest in three days.

"Have fun my little garden," said Garik eliciting more muffled pleas and a few garbled growls. The goblin farmer went back inside his house and back into his bedroom, the sight of his garden had turned him on and he was already to unleash his lust upon his slave wife. Said slave wife was a former human Queen he had captured several months ago, her high level of magic power drawing him to her, thus he captured her and her female attendants. The former Queen laid naked upon his bed, bound, gagged and hooded. She was spread eagle with her wrists and ankles bound to the corners of the bed while a large metal ring gag stretched her jaw open to its limits and revealed her now pierced tongue that hung out of her mouth. The leather hood encasing her head was

so tight that it accentuated her facial features beneath it. On top of that, her nose bore a large ring piercing with a length of wire tied to that was connected to her nipples, pulling up on her breasts in a manner that left her moaning in pain and pleasure. Around her neck was a magic enslavement collar that prevented her from disobeying his orders and like the women in the garden, she bore the enslavement tattoo upon her skin. The Queen's stomach was swollen as she was now three months pregnant and that filled her with terror. She quivered as she felt Garik climb onto the bed, his fingers caressing her skin. Garbled pleas and whimpers were ignored by him as he drew closer.

"Soon you will give birth to my sons and then we will expand my garden. There are some female knights coming by and will soon join my garden, just like you

attendants," he whispered into her ear, enjoying the way her body trembled. "My garden will grow and you will help me my dear wife."