

# Mother of Goblins (Goblin Broodmother TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Story Tier Prompt for Babjie

*Malcolm is a giant of a man - literally! Or at least, he's half-giant on his mother's side, giving him a huge stature within his adventuring party. But when he gets separated from his fellow heroes in a dark forest, he finds himself treated with hospitality by a goblin tribe. Little does he know that the tribe is lacking a broodmother, and their food and drink will ensure that Malcolm will soon be transformed into one . . .*

## Mother of Goblins

### Part 1

Malcolm swung his sword, and the last of the ogres was extinguished. Specifically, this one was literally cleaved in half, the body sagging in two directions, the smell of rotten offal and intestines spilling out.

"Eghh," Taleria said, the elven archer covering her nose.

"Did you have to open him that far?" Jarice said. He was a human soldier and trained martial artist, and even his seasoned senses rankled at the smell.

Malcolm blushed heavily. "S-sorry. I just swung my sword like so. I didn't expect him to just sort of . . . split open."

There was a general groan from the party, but Wilkins, the short dwarven axe-wielder, just burst out laughing.

"Well, what can we expect of ya, laddie? Nae can we expect anything but cleaved enemies with a stature like yours!"

Once again, Malcolm blushed, looking over himself, and certainly down at the rest of his friends and adventuring party members. No one could mistake Malcolm for being entirely human, not given that he was literally over eight feet tall and built like a king's wagon. His mother had been a giant that his father had somehow seduced, and while he'd been raised by the pair quite lovingly, he always felt out of place - too short for the immensity of giants, and definitely too tall for everyday folk. Even orc-folk were tiny compared to him, and these ogres, while large, were only fatter - he *still* loomed over them! The half-giant scratched the back of his head, tousling his brown hair, and made a sheepish grin.

"I'll try to be more surgical next time?"

"No, it's alright," Taleria said. "You keep on being you, Malcolm. It's not like you aren't our first line of defence."

“Or attack, given that reach,” Jarice joked.

At this, Wilkins just bellowed his laughter harder. “You’re practically an adventuring party all to yerself, laddie! Still, I’m thinking we should get upwind of that wee dreadful draft, don’t ya think?”

There was agreement all around. Malcolm outpaced the group by the sheer breadth of his stride, and had to keep reducing his step so that they could catch up. He apologised often, as was his gentle way when he wasn’t in combat. Taleria even patted his thigh kindly as they moved up the hill to the edge of the Sakaria Forest, a silent apology for her earlier words.

The party made camp. It was getting late, after all, and they wanted to explore the forest in the daylight, so that they could follow the trail of the lost treasure they were seeking. Somewhere in the Sakarian Forest was the Lost Tomb of King Adumere, and within it would be his enchanted sword, Nahalis. It was said to be *priceless*, but they’d be happy to put a real king’s ransom to it. Malcolm even dreamed of buying a mansion with doorways high enough for him to easily walk through, not to mention a larder big enough for his appetite. It groaned now, and he ate easily as much as the other three companions put together, much to his embarrassment. He sometimes wished he could be smaller. Often, in fact. He knew that his height and reach and strength made him a powerful fighter and defender, but was it worth all the fuss? He dreamed of becoming rich enough to hire a wizard to reduce his size, if such a thing was even possible. Then he could truly feel like part of a community instead of standing out.

“Tomorrow, we begin our journey towards riches and glory!” Jarice announced as they readied their tents.

Malcolm could only nod in hope. He didn’t have a tent. He was simply too big.

\*\*\*

The Sakarian Forest was immense, its trees tall, their canopies so thick that light sometimes barely escaped through them. Already they’d tangled with a pack of direwolves and needed to stitch up Wilkins, not that he minded the new scars. But the thing about the forest was that it also possessed inhospitable geography; massive cliffs and low valleys and winding paths that never took you exactly where you wanted to go. Taleria held the fragile map they’d uncovered, the one that would lead them to Adumere’s tomb, and took them up a winding cliff path. Their space to move around it was so thin that they were literally moving sideways to prevent themselves from going over the cliff; there was nothing but hard rock against their backs, and progress was slow. Even Wilkins had stopped joking; the dwarf’s fear of heights was greatly evidence.

“Why would anyone want to live above ground!” he exclaimed.

But Malcolm was even more nervous; his boots could barely fit on the tiny ledge. Naturally, he went last of the group, but he had to edge along carefully, taking each footstep with an elegance and delicateness that he certainly didn’t naturally possess.

“You can do it, Malcolm!” Taleria encouraged, the elven woman having made it to the other side with the others. “Just a few more steps!”

Malcolm took a deep breath, the half-giant summoning the courage. He moved his boot to the left . . . only for the rock to crumble beneath his weight. Everything seemed to happen at once.

Jarice reached out to grab him.

Malcolm flailed and began to fall.

A rockslide began.

The others jumped to safety.

And then, careening down the cliff like a dive-bombing bird of prey, like a great boulder cast from the heavens, Malcolm fell. He didn’t even had time to scream; Taleria did that for him.

*SPLASH!*

He fell into the raging torrent of the river below, and somehow missed every rock and jutting knife-like formation. He was sucked under, gasping for breath. He tried to signal to the others that he was okay, but he was so far beneath the water that they likely hadn’t even seen his miraculous survival. And while the giant was strong, the river was stronger. It took all of his strength to keep with the current and - *THWACK!*

He crashed into one river rock, then another. They batted at him, knocking him about, then finally unconscious. His vision turned to black, and the last thing he realised was that he’d opened his mouth to breath, only to fill it with water.

*Ah, he thought. I am dying after all.*

Funny, how he finally felt so very small. What a cruel joke.

\*\*\*

Malcolm woke. To his shock, he was not in the Ever-Mountains as his mother had taught him he would go when he died, the afterlife of all giantfolk. Nor was he in the Shining Eternal that his father believed in, with its golden gates and never-setting sun. Instead, he was in . . . a cabin of sorts. One with a low ceiling and many hanging trinkets. The smell of boiling and cooked meat filled his nostrils, immediately eliciting a loud groan from his ever-hungry stomach. There was a fire in the cabin, and it warmed him, making him forget how strangely claustrophobic it was in here; small, even by human standards.

“Wakey wakey, big man!”

Malcolm leapt up, his adventurer’s instincts rising in response to the unexpected and guttural-sounding voice. He was rewarded with a hearty *thwack* upon his forehead as he smacked right into the ceiling. The man folded like a flimsily-constructed cake, collapsing in on himself and nearly breaking his feeble bed. A loud cackle followed, and looming into view was a creature he had fought many times early in his heroic career: a short, green-skinned goblin. He was male, with darker splotches on his skin and a simple leather tunic and fur pants. His ears were long and pointed, sweeping back behind his head, and he had sharp, triangular teeth, perfect for a carnivorous creature. His golden eyes with their vertical slits showed excitement, perhaps even anticipation. It made Malcolm’s stomach groan even more loudly, now from nervousness instead of hunger. Well, mostly instead of hunger.

“Looks like the big man is awake!” the goblin announced cheerfully. “Finally! We was worried we’d have to carve you up and serve out chunks of meat if ya didn’t wakey wakey soon, heha!”

Malcolm reached for his enormous sword, but it was long gone. Probably fell from his person in the river, or the goblins had taken it. He rose again, slowly this time.

“Beware, foul creature, I will not be torn apart so easily if you think you can devour me.”

The goblin sized him up, then *burst* out laughing and slapped the half-giant on the calf. He was so tiny compared to Malcolm that the action was almost comical.

“I’m just kiddin’ with ya, stranger! Ya think we want ta really eat ya? I’m just yanking ya chain! We done been keeping ya alive these past few days, making sure to rest ya up and tend to ya wounds.”

He extended a small hand; green, with clawed fingers. “Name’s Kagga.”

Malcolm didn’t know what to do.

“I hear that in polite society and all, it’s good to return a name, yeah?”

Malcolm blinked. “Oh, ah, of course. I’m Malcolm. Thank you for saving me, though I don’t know how.”

He shook Kagga’s hand, enveloping it entirely. It was like forming an agreement with a toddler, one with a very green skin condition. The goblin chuckled as their hands parted.

“Wasn’t easy, can tell ya that! But I sure as shit didn’t work alone! Come, come! Grab some rabbit and lamb stew and eat ya fill, big man! Not sure we can keep feedin’ ya as much as we have, but the others’ll want ta meet ya! See the fucking tall giant who washed up by our village!”

Malcolm nearly banged his head on the ceiling again. “I’m in a *goblin village*?”

“The best fucking goblin village around, yeah! Or at least, it was. Haven’t been having too many good times lately, not since our beloved broodmother passed on into the Great Feast.

Malcolm nodded. *This* part of goblins he understood. Their societies were usually tribal, though evidently this one might not be violent, isolated as it was. Goblins bred like anyone, of course, but there were often far more males than females. The *true* job of swelling their population came from a goblin broodmother, a female whose body took on immense fertility, sometimes to the point of being able to carry multiple partners’ children at once, even at various stages of pregnancy! It was, in some ways, a fascinating and very strange part of their physiology.

“I thought, um, that a female would become a broodmother if there wasn’t one in the tribe?” he asked. He took the ladle and ate some of the stew, and immediately sighed in relief; it tasted amazing, and clearly had some exotic spices in it that were almost addictive.

“Normally they do, normally they do! But we had a sickness come through years ago. Real shit stuff. Our females can still produce but can’t become broodmothers, and so our ranks are falling, yeah?”

Malcolm nodded after devouring more stew. “In that case, I especially thank you for your kindness in aiding me. I fell from a cliff while travelling with my friends, I need to find them and - agh!”

He rested too heavily on one leg as he shifted, and the pain radiated upwards. Kagga simply grinned.

“Methinks ya might wanna be here a bit longer, mate. Rest up and meet the village till we get ya back on those giant legs of yours.”

Malcolm nodded, understanding just how close he’d come to death. Certainly, he still felt quite weak, that was for sure.

“Again, I thank you. If I could try to send word to my friends and-”

“We’ll work all of that out later. Come on, finish up and see the village. Ya got a good few goblins ta thank for you surviving an’ all.”

Malcolm, always polite when not in battle, hurriedly finished up his food. His stomach wanted more, but he wasn’t about to complain. He shuffled out of the thankfully large entrance to the cabin, though he had to get down on his hands and knees to do so. Mind, it wasn’t as tight a fit as he’d first assumed. Hell, it almost felt like he’d shrunk in height a little, though that was obviously crazy.

He exited out onto the grass and dirt, finally able to stand again. The sunlight filtered through the thick canopies above in only a few places, illuminating the wider goblin village. Despite his impression of goblins, the area was surprisingly beautiful: their huts were simply log constructions with thatched roofs, but they were also build up into the trees above,

merging with the great trunks, with plank bridges connecting them like a series of spiderwebs without clear pattern. Torchlight lit the darker spaces, and there were many totem carvings and spiritual displays, including chalk murals upon sacred stones in the centre of the village. Numerous goblins moved to and fro, though clearly less than a full village's worth: there were only a scant few children around, some carried by mothers, none of whom appeared pregnant bar one. Slowly, attention turned to Malcolm as it always did, and the giant felt a great deal of embarrassment at how much he stuck out - even more among small goblin folk! They were mostly green-skinned, though there were some yellows and dull oranges around as well. Fur and leather were evidently the extent of their clothing, and the scant few females wore fur wraps around their breasts and short fur skirts, otherwise leaving their midriffs on display. Few wore shoes of any kind, but then they would have hardy feet.

"Um, hello?" Malcolm said, somehow making it a question. His voice bellowed throughout the village, to the point where others emerged from their high huts in the trees to look at him. Still, the village looked easily less than half its capacity, perhaps only a third or so!

"Welcome, outsider!" a loud voice declared, also male. A tiny green-skinned figure, aged and wrinkled, approached. He barely stood to the height of Malcolm's calf, but his elaborate headdress and many trinkets gave him an air of importance anyway. "I am Skurg, the village elder and chieftain! From whence to ya hail?"

"Um, from Portis," he said.

There was a general grumbling among the goblins. "Never heard of it!" one cried. "That's made up!" said another.

"I assure you, I am. It's well beyond here, out of the forest."

Another rumbling. "Far from home, eh?" said one. "Wandering by himself?" said another. Skurg looked up, as if directing the questions to Malcolm.

"Um, I've got friends in the forest. They think I'm dead. I need to find them once I'm better and tell them I'm alive - we got separated."

More rumblings, this time with excitement.

"He's alone! He needs help!"

"Doesn't look human to me, is he magic? Please let him be magic!"

"He looks more like a giant than a man!"

Malcolm smiled awkwardly. "Well, I'm *half*-giant, technically. My mother was a giant, and my father was human.

*This* caused an immense excitement which Malcolm certainly didn't understand. Kagga went over to Skurg and whispered something in the aged chieftain's ear, and the chieftain's eyes lit up with renewed youthful vigour.

“A half-giant, ya say? There’s real fuckin’ power in a giant’s blood, I tell ya. Real magic power. The power of change. The power of renewal. Did ya know that?”

Malcolm slowly nodded. “Mother told me such things, though not much. Um, thank you for saving my life. All of you.”

“Nah, we thank you!” one woman cried, one of the only ones Malcolm could see. She carried a babe who was suckling at her full green breast, and she looked to Kagga, who gave her a meaningful nod, at which point she erupted into tears. Goblins gathered around her, offering comfort. The entire display confused Malcolm.

“Look, I don’t know how I can repay you all, but unfortunately I can’t do magic. But if there’s something I can do while I recover, I promise to help you if I can just stay here for a time.”

“Of course ya can!” Kagga declared, and Skurg repeated the proclamation more officially. “You’ve got the magic of change in ya, lad! You’re exactly what we’ve been waiting for, a sign from the Great Mother of the Feast!”

Malcolm had no idea what that quite meant, but the crowd erupted into cheers, wailing, and tears, all of it like a religious awakening. He was even more thoroughly confused, but clearly these people viewed him as a good omen of sorts. He felt a little deceitful, but if they saw it that way, who was he to argue? He needed food and healing, and these kind goblins had provided it. Slowly, he sat down to be closer to their level, and it was Skurg who stood beside him, readying a proclamation to their village.

“It is our job now, fellas and lasses, to make this giant welcome! He’s got the magic we been waiting for! The Great Mother of the Feast hasn’t abandoned us! She’s sent us this sign! Ready a great feast! Fill this hungry big fella up with as much wine and pork and good tucker as he can take! He needs healing! His leg is frickin’ busted and needs mendin’! Ladies, gather your things to help him! Fellas, get hunting! Shamans, say the words upon the blessed tucker they bring back! Tonight we’re havin’ a feast in here Malcolm’s honour! The village’ll be restored, and all of us with it!”

The group erupted into cheers, and Malcolm found himself swept up in it a little; he cheered too, happy to be among people that simply accepted him, even if their near-worship was a little odd. It was only when the party parted that a female goblin approached him. It was the nursing one who had cried earlier, but she seemed to have regained herself. She was actually quite beautiful, at least for a goblin, and had quite the curvaceous figure on her little form. That was another thing that sucked about being a large half-giant man; finding date partners was almost impossible.

“Thank ya, Malcolm,” she said in a husky voice.

“I didn’t really do anything. You all saved me.”

“You a gonna save the village though.”

“Er, how am I doin’ that?”

She grinned, sharp teeth on display. “The most important way. The secret way.”

“Not being eaten, I hope?”

She cackled. “Not at all! What do ya fuckin’ take us for? Nah, much better than that. You ever had a goblin feast before?”

“I can’t say I ever have, no.”

She grinned. “It’s a wild show. Much better than you prudish non-green folk have it. And the food is *delish*. You ever try goblin patter?”

Malcolm shook his head, trying to keep up with it all. The goblin woman drew out a package from her satchel, mindful of the babe nursing at her breast. It looked like a hunk of meat, but it was wrapped in green vines of a sort, albeit they looked like rolled lettuce leaves, sort of. It also smelled wonderful, those same exotic herbs in it. Other goblins were watching this interaction, and Malcolm got the sense that he had to eat it as a form of politeness. He took it, sniffed it, then swallowed it.

It really was delicious. Or *delish*, as the woman had said. He actually moaned a little from the taste.

“Holy shit.”

“Much holier than shit,” the woman said. “You ever want more, you come to me. I’m Cazzi.”

Malcolm thanked her. The contents hit his stomach and seemed to bloom within him, and Gods it was tasty. His stomach rumbled happily, and there was a strange . . . pressure in his body. Just slightly. He blinked, and was surprised to see that the world looked smaller, as if the goblins had grown, or he had shrunk. He gaped at his fingers, still with a little patter on them, and blinked several times. Could it be that this humble goblin village could make him smaller with such a delicious spice?

Without thinking, he licked the delicious spice upon his fingers, already addicted to it.

He didn’t notice, but every goblin in the village was watching with excitement.

## Part 2

Malcolm groaned as he held his head. It felt like he’d fallen from that cliff all over again, and landed twice as hard. Shapes gathered around him, various figures prodding him and speaking.

“*Spice be working! It’s fucking workin’!*”

“*Calm down, Kazza, you’ll give the game away, ya fool!*”

*"He looks shorter, eh? Shorter and plumper."*

*"Just like I like my women, yeah. Plump and fertile."*

There was a hush as Malcolm finally opened his eyes. The light filtered in through Kazza's cabin where he'd first woken up.

"Gods," he managed, clutching his head. "How much grog did I drink last night?"

Kazza laughed. "Last night? Matey, you've been out of it for two nights!"

Malcolm sat up, fast. It almost meant he immediately hit his forehead on the low cabin's log beam . . . again. He cringed and clutched his head, but was surprised to find that he hadn't hurt himself as bad. He'd almost missed the beam, in fact. Had they adjusted the ceiling a little for his height? It was the only way to explain it.

"Two days. Shoot. Gods, I partied too hard. I'm sorry, I need to be going. You've all been such a friendly tribe, but I need to meet Taleria again, and Wilkins too. They won't know I'm alive."

He made to exit the cabin, but pain shot up his leg. He was acutely aware that it wasn't remotely healed right enough yet. Worse, there was also a heft in his belly, as if it was slightly swollen. How much had he drunk? Even his skin looked a little off-colour as he examined his big, half-giant arm.

"Ya can't leave yet, big one!" Kazza called, his saviour chasing after him. "Ya haven't healed up yet! Just look at ya, ya big lad! You're sick as a mutt!"

Malcolm collapsed forward. He hadn't even taken something to use as a cane. Pain rang through him, and his headache thudded. He felt . . . compressed, somehow. It wasn't a kind feeling. It wasn't just Kazza that was trying to stop him, though, but others as well. The similarly named Cazzi was with them as well, one of the few female goblins in the village, and one of the only ones pregnant. Not a broodmother like Chief Skurg had told him about, but regularly expecting. She held her back, one hand on her swollen belly, but she stood in his path.

"Uh-uh, no way can we help you leave, not fucking yet! You still got healin' up, Mal. We got plans for you!"

Malcolm furrowed his brow. "Plans, what plans?"

"Plans to fix you up," she said hastily. "We're not gonna eat ya, by all the Gods! But no way can we have the disrespect of havin' our freakin' honour undone by letting a sick fella like yerself leave, got it?"

"She's sure as shit right," Kazza added. "Another week, Mal. We'll send our best scouts out to find your friends and help 'em here. The Chief will surely be okay with it. Right Chief?"

Skurg had entered the scene, having risen from his own larger cabin. The small goblin was adorned in his various trinkets, and looked to Malcolm with a serious gaze.

“Yes,” he said. “I will send my six best at once.”

Malcolm considered this. He was fiercely loyal to his friends, but he knew that as a half-giant he was clumsy on his best days. His brute strength was what helped his adventuring, and his keenness to help. If he couldn’t help properly, and he was clumsier than normal . . .

“Okay,” he said. “I’ll stay. Just a bit longer.” He licked his lips, smelling something spicy in the air. It made his stomach gurgle. “Um, particularly if you’ve got some more of that spiced patter stuff I ate the other day?”

Cazzi chuckled. “I’ll go nurse my young un, then see what fuckin’ masterpiece I can cook up for ya!”

Malcolm thanked her. He truly was hungry after being out for a day. He felt smaller, and his skin did indeed look a little green, likely from some follow-up infection or sickness. Taleria would be able to heal it, were the elven ranger present, and Wilkins would probably fill him up with dwarven ale just to set him right. But without those two present, he had to rely on the kindness of this goblin village. Besides, he *really* wanted that patter again. It was a simple spice, but it had made the broth, the drink, and the bread all remarkably delicious, to the point where it was the main thing about the party he actually remembered. The goblins had celebrated each time he’d imbibed it. It was strange to think about, but when they did so, he actually felt like one of them.

Which was why, when Cazzi returned with more of the patter in one hand and her nursing babe in the other, Malcolm was grateful to sit down and rest his recovering leg, and chow down on what she’d brought. It was like a giant rolled dough with packed flavour inside, but the patter spice was all the way through it; potent and hot and *delicious*.

“Mhmm!” he declared, and the goblins surrounded him, cheerfully watching him eat. “Thith ith delithiious!”

He could barely get enough, and with each bite he felt more fulfilled.

“It’s fucking amazin’!” he declared after finishing, at which point Cazzi already had another meal package ready to pass to him.

It was an odd thing for the gentle giant to say. He rarely swore at all, and never in such a coarse manner or with such a gravelly tone. He didn’t think much of it, though. He simply scratched his hair, which he had yet to notice had turned a more auburn colour than its usual dull brown, and continued to eat away.

He didn’t even notice that his nipples were starting to protrude against his shirt, or that his hips were starting to fill out. All that mattered was recovering, the patter was the goblin’s best dish for wounds like his, they assured him.

So Malcolm continued to devour the patter, feeding his hungry belly. By the time he was done he let out a loud and rather ungentlemanly burp. The half-giant turned red, humiliated by his actions.

“S-sorry!” he declared. “I’m not usually so-”

“It is a good sign!” Skurg said. “It is part of our way! Praise to Malcolm!”

“Fuckin’ praise be!” the goblins shouted, cussing like it was a second language to them.

Malcolm could only grin sheepishly. Quite a few returned the smile. Such sharp teeth they had, like little triangular points. He ran his tongue along his own teeth, and was surprised to find them sharper than he remembered.

It was odd, and yet he found it difficult to think further about. Already, he was craving more of that special spice.

\*\*\*

The goblin village was incredibly welcoming. Malcolm couldn’t believe their kindness and hospitality. Yes, they were often coarse and crude and cussed like demons in the lowest circle of the seven hells, but they did everything they could to help him recover. Without even meaning to, he found himself occasionally swearing as well, despite being a gentle-tongued giant most of the time. When a party was sent out to hunt for wild hogs, he actually called out, “Go fuckin’ get ‘em!” with such a growl in his tone that the others cheered.

“You’re an honorary goblin!” Kazza declared. “Have some patter an’ spice!”

To which Malcolm greedily grabbed the food from him and consumed it whole, licking his lips in a rather graceless manner just to make sure all the spice was consumed.

“Mhmmm,” he moaned. “That feels so, so fuckin’ good, yeah.”

Kazza grinned wide, his teeth sharp. “Keep on eatin’, and you’ll be on ya way, Malcolm mate! The more patter ya eat, the more you’ll be meeting ya destiny!”

It was odd, because Malcolm occasionally had hesitation about the way everyone kept encouraging him to consume that special spice. At times it seemed to put a fog in his mind, making it hard to think, and left him more impulsive than usual, such as when goblins dared him to see how far he could throw them into some hay bales, and he actually went along with it! Occasionally, he’d look over himself and consider the fact that something was happening to his body. He was normally so very tall, but now . . . now he was *still* tall, but only as a tall *human*, not a half-giant. There was a pressure in his limbs and upon his spine every time he ate the spice, and it was compressing him down in size. It did make him less clumsy, at least, and that remained in his dreamy thoughts as he changed further.

"Maybe it's not so bad," he said to himself after the goblins had yet another forest party while he rested up. "Maybe it'll help me be a better hero."

He regarded his arms and legs, which were now a light hue of green. Not greenish, but actually *green*. It had alarmed him at first, but Cazzi the goblin mother told him that this was normal, and just a temporary side effect of the pater. It was probably a sign he should stop, but it was practically an addiction by this point. She'd even left him a little pouch of the stuff, raw and unrefined, and when he placed it on his tongue the more pure ecstasy flowed.

"F-fuuuuuck, yeaaaah," he groaned, running his tongue along his sharpened teeth. His ears twitched, growing longer, becoming pointed. His entire body shuddered, but he was able to fit more easily into the goblin cabin now, and so he squirmed on the ground, overcome with pleasure. Without even meaning to, he began touching his nipples, fondling their sensitive places. Gods, they were so sensitive now. For some reason, part of his brain wanted them to grow. To become *bigger*. And the flesh behind them too!

Shifting, he moved to the edge of the cabin and pulled the hanging furskin curtain to one side. Peeking out, he could see the drinking and cheering of the goblins, and also their more taboo-breaking social celebrations. Many of them were fucking, and while they had much fewer women than men, the females seemed all the more eager for it. Two goblins were fucking a young goblin lass named Ekka, and she looked to be in fits of ecstasy as one goblin male took her from behind while another had his member down her throat. Her heavy breasts hung low and wobbled with every thrust.

"Gods," Malcolm growled, licking his lips. He touched himself more, feeling his member. It wasn't as big as he remembered, but he didn't care. This sight was too erotic. He'd never been a voyeur before, but the sight of Ekka, and also Cazzi, who was lying back on a table, was too enticing to resist. The latter was deeply pregnant and yet allowing two males to suck milk from her tits while another stood to the side and fucked her as she lay back, her legs spread impossibly wide.

"I wish I was gettin' fucked like her," Malcolm grunted. "Wait, the fuck am I thinking?"

But the thought was already there. The half-giant pulled his breeched down and began to masturbate. He tugged on his member, which was already raging hard. At the same time he grabbed more of the spice from the sack Cazzi had given him, and sucked it entirely into his mouth and downed it with water. It produced a high like he'd never experienced, and the pressures rippled along his body.

"Y-yessssss," he groaned. "Fuck yessss! F-fucking breeeed meee!"

He wasn't even sure *why* he was saying this, but the image was too erotic to push away. What would it feel like, to be a pregnant goblin mother? Or better yet, to be one of their special broodmothers, constantly knocked up with entire litters of babies, literally

*orgasming* as she pushed them out? It would be a never-ending cycle of fucking and breeding and mating and pushing and - and -

“OHHHHH!” Malcolm cried out, his voice so loud that it silenced the goblins in the middle of their drunken, debauched reverie. “FUUUUUUCK! AAAHHHH!!”

The pleasure was too great. The pressure in his chest rose and gave way, and the same was true of his hips and his thighs and even his ass. Green flooded through him, and his entire body vibrated as it shrunk and became compacted even more. Several goblins approached, pulling back the flap to see him, but by this point Malcolm was already writhing on his back again, staring up at the ceiling but seeing the *stars*.

As his body changed and bloated and became ever more goblinoid, the euphoria only rose to ever greater heights. The last thing he heard were the drunken cheers of the goblins around him.

“I told you he’s the one!” Kazza cried, his voice distorted. “Our new breeder!”

“She’s gonna be soooo fuckin’ beautiful,” Cazzi cried. “I’m so frickin’ jealous.”

The chief’s voice overrode them all.

“Silence you mangy dogs! He can’t know just yet, eh? We’re so close to the point of no return. Then, the breedin’ can finally begin!”

Malcolm just smiled. It all felt like a dream to him. The most wonderful dream. He lay back and began to fall asleep, cupping two new formations on his chest that he didn’t quite understand the presence of.

\*\*\*

When Malcolm woke the next day, he already had a hungering for the spice. But something was also wrong. So very wrong. His body was odd . . . lumpy in some bizarre places, and it had definitely shrunk.

“What the f-fuck?” he said, voice raspier than ever. Like the voice of a goblin.

He lifted himself up, only to realise he was naked. His clothes were entirely gone but for the bed sheet over him. He flung it to the side and his eyes widened instantly.

“By the Gods,” he muttered.

He was *green*. Not just light green, but a deep shade of forest green just like so many other goblins. He was also *female*, or at least looking far more feminine. Upon his chest were two plump female breasts, more sizable than the slim Taleria’s, though not quite as big as a busty tavern wench, though that was little consolation. Terrified, Malcolm cupped them, and then let loose an involuntary moan. They were more sensitive than they had any right to be, and his nipples throbbed, distending. They were dark green in colour, entirely wrong and yet deeply pleasurable to touch.

“Ohhhh, n-no. I can’t . . . what’s happened to me?”

His mouth watered for more of the patter spice, but he kept that addiction at bay for now as he stood from the bed. He didn’t even hit the rafter this time. Gods, he must have shrunk to half his height overnight! Or had the shrinking been going on longer than he’d realised, and he just hadn’t been paying attention. He thought back to previous days and nights: the partying, the drinking, the consumption of spice.

“They’re ch-changing me,” he grunted, looking over his body. His hips were wider, and his backside had swollen up. His old clothes wouldn’t fit him now even if he was his old size. Even his legs had changed, and his torso: where was all his body hair? There was only the hair around his member, and that looked half as big as it should be as well, or even less. It was also stirring.

Mating.

Fucking.

Breeding.

The thoughts hit his mind, and Malcom found himself stroking his cock. He barely managed to pull his hand away, but it was rigid and firm.

“N-need to get away,” he stammered. He grabbed the fur cover and wrapped it around his body. It looked like a crude goblin dress, and did little to hide his new, thicker shape, or the way his flips flared outwards of his breasts jutted forward. Still, he emerged into the daylight.

Immediately, a number of goblins, Kazza included, looked his way. Several others gasped. Ekka actually had tears in her eyes, and so did Cazzi, who was feeding her baby and looking as swollen as ever. Without even thinking, Malcolm’s own hand flung to his midsection. What would being so pregnant feel like, he wondered.

“Beautiful!” Kazza cried. “Mal, buddy, ya lookin’ frickin’ beautiful today!”

“The village is saved!” another goblin cried.

“The spice is serving us well! Soon we’ll be a rising tribe once more, fuck yeah!”

Malcolm’s jaw fell. They were changing him, and they’d known all along.

“You m-monsters!” he shouted, though his voice was different, somehow. Raspier, yes, but also higher. More feminine. He had barely noticed until now that his hair was now a fiery ginger, and that it fell down to just above his shoulders. “You knew what you was fuckin’ doin’! You were makin’ me one of you! A goblin female, at that! I’ll kill ya! I’ll kill all of ya!”

The goblins backed away a little. Malcolm was steadier on his feet now, and was still twice as big as them, but he had no weapon and his strength was greatly reduced. But he was full of anger. He wanted to fight something.

"C'mon, then!" a voice cried out. It was Chief Skurg. He stepped forward and removed his elaborate headdress. The older goblin grinned, and for a moment Malcolm actually found him deeply handsome.

"What?"

"Fight me! Fight us! Usually, we do this with a bit of drinkin', though! Who's with me?"

Slowly, the goblins began to grow excited. Several drew forth their cups of ale and drank deep, while others ran to the kegs to upend them. Malcolm was confused as to what was going on - they were excited about this?

But then he *did* understand. His blood was getting warmer, his impulses coming over more quickly. Fuck yeah, he wanted a scrap. Not to kill, but for fun! To show dominance! To let loose some energy! To drink and be merry and fight and be *alive*!

"GIVE ME SOME GODSDAMN ALE!" he boomed, and soon a whole keg was delivered to him. He pried off the cork and upended it, drinking deeply. The spice was in it, but he didn't care. He *needed* that spice. It would give him the extra delirious energy he needed.

"LET'S FUCKIN' GO THEN!" the former half-giant shouted, his voice cracking up in octave again.

The goblins cheered, no longer afraid, but acting as if this fight would welcome him into their tribe. It felt like an initiation of sorts, and without another thought Malcolm leapt into the fray as the massive struggle began. Ale jugs flew left and right. Tables were upended. Bits of chairs were used as weaponry. Fists flew, claws scratched, and even the women got in on it, at least the ones that weren't pregnant, though Cazzi was definitely throwing stuff from the side. And there, in the middle of it all, wrestling five goblins at a time, was Malcolm. He couldn't even remember why he was angry. He was having the time of his life, and when his improvised bedcover dress was torn away, he happily fought naked, his breasts even heavier and rounder and bouncier than before.

It was like coming home.

In the aftermath, Malcolm lay on the ground, now merely the height of a short man. Two female goblins, one of them Ekka, were curled against him, fondling his breasts and his penis. He gasped as Ekka lowered herself to suck him off, while Cazzi moved to be on top of him, her magnificent stomach in his face. She let him suck her milk and fed him spice, and it was utterly orgasmic.

"Mind if I join?" Kazza asked, along with another goblin he recognised as Hezz, also a male.

For a brief moment, Malcolm's mind screeched at him to push them away. Instead, desire bloomed with him. His body was changing, and so were his appetites.

"Fuckin' get in here," he said, drawing the males over.

The intense love making and debauchery began, and Malcolm's changes continued with it. He was about to cross the point of no return.

### Part 3

Malcolm was in the midst of a goblin orgy, and it was *wonderful*. He'd never felt so right at home before, even compared to his actual adventuring party. He made love to every goblin available, drinking milk from the pregnant Cazzi and fucking the female goblins who pleaded him to fill their various holes.

"Get us knocked up with your half-giant babies!" they screeched. "Before it's too late!"

He was so high on spice that he wasn't even sure what 'too late' meant in this scenario. All that mattered was that he was high on the changes, his skin turning an ever more vibrant green, and his breasts expanding to a fantastically tremendous size. The more the orgy rave expanded, the more he began to look like the rest of the goblin folk. His spine began to shorten, and his limbs followed after. He'd already been shrinking for days now, but with so much of the patter in the air and in his lungs and in his stomach, the effects accelerated, leaving him the same size as all the other goblins. It was like coming home: suddenly it was easier to adopt various positions, to fuck the beautiful young goblin woman named Ekka, to let Kazza play with his dick and squeezing his expanding ass.

"This is the best fucking day of my life!" he cried, and he didn't even care that his voice sounded like a husky female goblin's. His dick was already receding by this point, but that barely mattered at all: his enormous bust was wobbling, his huge dark green nipples the subject of play and fascination from the goblin villagers, who fondled him and encouraged further growth.

"Ohhhhhh, f-fuck yeah! This shit is the best! Mhmmm!"

"It'll get even better soon!" Chieftain Skurg announced. "You're gonna make our village big and expansive again, Mal! You're gonna be our broodmother!"

Malcolm paused mid-fuck. "I'm - what!?"

"You'll be far more pregnant than me!" announced a goblin woman. "And you'll make us all so frickin' fertile as all hell again!"

"I dibs putting the first baby in Mal!" a goblin screeched.

"Fuck off," Kazza yelled. "I'm gonna be first! I rescued her, didn't I? I saw her potential! I should get her pregnant!"

"We all can!" Skurg said with a chuckle. "Remember, a goblin broodmother can be knocked up with lots of babies from lots of daddies, hargh! She'll be a beautiful baby-making slut. Won't you, Mal?"

Realisation came crashing down over Malcolm. He was now mostly goblin, and mostly female. His dick was shrinking away, and with so much patter in the air, the change was happening fast. His hips were already expanding to positively fertile proportions, and his breasts were massive, already leaking milk his body was so desirous to bear children. His thighs were thick, his waist also in order to carry many babies, and his ass was round and impressive, all the better to attract a mate. His hair was now fiery red and long, and he had little doubt that his goblin face was that of a beautiful woman's: or at least, a beautiful goblin woman's.

"Oh Gods," he muttered. "I'm - I'm gonna be a frickin' broodmother? This is what you're t-turning me into?"

"Of course!" Cazzi said, extracting herself from a flesh pile. "Trust me love, you're gonna be all over it. Getting knocked up is amazing, and you'll never *not* be knocked up, ha!"

Mal had two goblins still fondling his breasts, and a third squeezing his ass. He moaned at this, and tried to fight off these sensual feelings. In his mind, the need to bear beautiful green goblin babies was overpowering. He could make so many - he could feel it! He could birth *hundreds* from so many fathers, and never stop having a big beautiful belly full of litters of thrashing children. And birth! Ohhhhhh, something about that was strangely hot as well. He wanted to lie back and spread his legs, or press himself against a wall and push downwards, all to give new goblin life to an ever-expanding village from his ever-expanding green stomach.

"Ohhhhhh, I can't h-help it," he moaned, his penis reducing to little more than an ultra-sensitive, already-throbbing clitoris. His pussy formed, slightly darker green, his labia already tingling, his tunnel already wet. The change was complete, and he - no, *she* - sensed it was permanent. "I c-can't help but want it! I need it! Fuck my new goblin p-pussy before I regret it! I need s-so many babies in me! Knock your slutty broodmother up already!"

To say the crowd moved with eagerness was an understatement. The goblin women giggled, withdrawing a little as the broodmother had her moment. Men flooded around Mal, each of them touching her and caressing her maternal form, but she batted several aside until Kazza had his opening.

"Y-you first!" she cried. "You m-made me into this, and I need to th-thank you! Now get me pregnant already, I'm so f-fucking horny I can't fucking stand it!"

Kazza cackled. His cock was hard and already pressing against her backside. He spun her around and they fell into the mud together. It was warm and inviting, and Mal cared little about the mess. She automatically spread her thick thighs, and no foreplay was even

necessary: Kazza climbed atop her and pressed his surprisingly big dick against her entrance, then slid himself in. Malcolm moaned like a whore in heat, barely able to believe that she was being penetrated, yet unable to fight the already-orgasmic feelings she was experiencing. Other goblins kneaded her breasts, and another shifted over her face to kiss her, sticking his tongue down her throat.

“N-no!” she shouted. “Give me your cock! I want to taste your jizz already!”

Eagerly, it was the Chieftain Skurg who took this honour, positioning himself over her so that she could gargle on his hard member and suck upon it. She knew how far she had fallen, but at this point she didn’t care: Kazza was thrusting into her wetness, pumping for all that he was worth into her, and the moment was soon arriving when he would cum inside of her. She moaned, sucking on Skurg’s dick, wanting both to cum at the same time.

And because she was such a damn good broodmother already, they absolutely did. Both men growled and dumped their seed inside of her. She swallowed all of Skurg’s issue, moaning with delight at its salty taste. Kazza’s dick twitched inside of her, then his goblin cum exploded into her in a vastly impressive torrent, pouring right into her womb.

“Fuck yeah! You’re so fucking hot! I’m gonna give you so many goblin babies, Mal!”

Skurg pulled away, allowing for Mal to finally scream with pleasure as wave after wave after fucking wave of orgasms hit her. “Put your b-babies in meeeeeee!” she cried. “I want a b-big belly right nowwww! Ohhhhhh!”

She would soon get her wish, though not exactly as she meant it, at least at first. Because Kazza was only the first. Soon goblin after goblin was having their turn with her, lining up and fighting for the honour to be the next to impregnate her. A goblin broodmother’s body could remain perpetually pregnant, Skurg explained as he fucked her again, this time to get her knocked up, and could hold multiple babies from multiple men across multiple months. The thought of it made her delirious, questioning what she was doing and yet ravenous for more. She moaned as a goblin named Hazz fucked her against the totem pole in the centre of the village clearing, and again as she rode the goblin Purkag, letting him drink her now freely lactating milk as she bent over to practically suffocate him in her boobflesh. Again and again she was fucked, and she could feel their little swimmers racing to her new womb, ready to do their work. Mal could swear she could actually *sense* each time they impregnated her: these little pulses of bliss bloomed within her womb, informing her that another seed had taken root, and there were so many that had so far!

“M-more!” she cried, spreading her legs as a goblin fucked her from behind. “More! I need more!”

The former giant had never experienced such bliss. A good thing too, because the magic had locked in, and the spiced patter had done its work. This was her permanent state now, and it was going to get a lot more reproductive in the weeks and months to come.

\*\*\*

When Mal woke, she instantly groaned. She had grown during the night. Again. Panting a little, she considered the possibility that perhaps she had overdone it those two weeks ago during the goblin orgy. But on the other hand, it had been so deeply pleasurable, and she hadn't been able to stop herself from fucking at least two to three goblins a day since, occasionally taking a break so that Cazzi or Ekka or one of the females could drink from her massive milky boobs and gain a small measure of her fertility.

But now her own fertility and fecundity was greatly evident. A goblin's gestational cycle was quick, and a broodmother's even quicker. To hear Skurg tell it, she could well be giving birth in less than a month from now, and after that she would be giving birth every single day to hordes of goblin boys and the occasional female too. One might even be a future broodmother like herself, though she hoped not too soon: she was liking the attention. She'd always stuck out for being too tall, but soon she'd stick out for her plump and pregnant state, and that excited her more. She was so central to it all, and it made her finally feel like she belonged.

"Mhmmm," she murmured, rubbing her naked green belly. "How are you going today, little ones? So fucking many of you, huh? Do ya want more brothers and sisters? What's that? Ya do? Momma better get herself knocked up even more today then, huh?"

She slowly manoeuvred herself out of her bed, which was by far the finest in the village, even better than Skurg's. Her pregnant belly already looked full-size with twins, and it *felt* that way too. She could barely wrap her hands all the way around it, and her belly button had popped just one week into her pregnancy. She could feel her little ones shifting around inside of her, and her naked breasts leaked milk over her dome, which she rubbed around her stomach like it was Klandassian moisturiser.

"Mhmm, these are bigger too," she said to herself, cupping her breasts. They overflowed her palms with easy, huge and yet surprisingly round, resting on her belly. "Nice big titties. Can't wait to never stop nursing. Ohhhh, I want to always be lactating. Fucking hell yeah . . ."

Just for fun, she pinched a nipple and pulled it, and was rewarded with a spurt of milk down her front. She giggled. She knew she should have been humiliated at her state, and sometimes a bit of former male embarrassment came over her. But then her lusts rose, or a child kicked within her mighty womb, or she simply lay on her side, stroking her fertile roundness and loving the way it felt. She never wanted to stop being filled with life; it was an intoxicating sensation.

“Time ta get even more knocked up, then,” she said with a giggle. She pushed her fiery red hair behind her shoulder, and considered putting on some clothes. She almost decided against it, but it was really hot when Kazza ripped off that fine purple dress they’d stolen from a caravan and then tailored for her. Plus, it made her feel like a queen. A plump, heavily pregnant queen. So she put it on, enjoying the way her nipples pressed obviously against the material, and how much more it pronounced her swollen belly.

“Time ta fuck,” she announced. She waddled out of her village home, eager to be attended by her female handmaidens, to feed them from her breasts to heighten their fertility, and then to let her favourite Kazza get her even more fecund.

But instantly, she noted something off. The goblins of her village were running about in a panic, arming themselves. Her handmaidens approached her quickly.

“Great broodmother, you’ve got to fucking hide! Heroes are coming, and they don’t look nice-like!”

For a moment, fear hit Mal. She held her great green belly, fiercely protective of her young, but then she rallied.

“Wait, what do these freakin’ heroes look like, then?”

“An elven archer! Female and pretty-like.”

“Taleria,” she whispered to herself.

“A powerful dwarf with a long beard and a hefty axe! He appears half-drunk!”

“Wilkins!” she said, now beaming.

“And there’s this fucking machine of a soldier. A human man, pretty sexy but-”

“Jarice!” she cried, utterly elated. “Tell Skurg to stop fighting! Tell them to welcome the heroes in, and that we offer peace! Tell them that Mal is here, and that *he* is okay!”

Uncertain but obedient, the women ran off, though Cazzi stayed with her out of loyalty - she was pregnant again thanks to Mal’s blessing. The tension continued to emanate from the gates, and the sounds of fighting and preparations continued, but suddenly things seemed to halt. Goblins shouted to one another across the village walls, and others showed confusion. Finally, the gates opened, and three rather surprised and very cautious heroes stepped into the village centre. They were just as Mal remembered, but then it hadn’t even been a full month yet, she supposed. Taleria was still elegant and beautiful, Wilkins stout and excitable, and Jarice stoic and meditative. They kept their weapons on them, but had lowered them, and the goblins were the same, forming a crowd that surrounded Mal.

“Don’t hide me!” she announced. “I wanna see my fuckin’ friends already!”

She waddled forward, moving from the goblins towards her former party members. They seemed so massive now, so giant compared to her own stature, where once *she* was the big one. Well, things had changed considerably, and that much was obvious from the

way each of them stared at her swollen stomach, which shifted and distended visibly from the dozens of babies growing within at different developmental rates.

“My friends, I’ve fuckin’ missed ya!”

“Do - do we know you?” Taleria asked.

“It’s me! It’s Mal! You knew me as Malcolm, of course. I was a tad different then!

Much more tall-like!”

Wilkins scratched his head. “Lassie, we didna’ know any goblin broodmother like yerself! Only Malcolm we knew was . . . hang on a bit. Ya not tellin’ yer the same as our giant lad, are ye? How dumb do ye think we are?”

“Dumb as the fucking weldwater ya been drinking when ya think no one’s looking, Willie! But not so dumb as that Tyrakian meditation mumbo jumbo Jarice gets up to, when he mutters about finding the Oneness of it all and becoming the perfect soldier and whatnot. Of course, Taleria ain’t dumb! Except when ya put her in a room with an orc male like that Taggard fella, and then she goes weak at the knees, just like when we were back in the city of Ankor! HA!”

The three blinked, gasped, and looked to one another and then her again in disbelief.

“Malcolm!?” Jarice said. “There’s no way - what foul magic has disrupted your form like this?”

“Goblin magic! Real good shit too! You won’t believe it! I’ll tell ya the whole story over breakfast.”

“We can’t eat with you like this!” Taleria exclaimed. “You’re a goblin broodmother! You’re tiny! And pregnant!”

“Very pregnant at that, lassie!” Wilkins added. “How many ya got in there?”

“More and more each day,” Mal boasted. “Probably more than four dozen on the go, but not all at once or I’d be a fucking ball by now! Not that I’m far off.”

“We’ll find a way to turn you back,” Jarice said, which got boos and cheers from her goblin villagers. Some even raised their weapons, which in turn led the adventurers to do the same.

“Nah! Turn me back? Why would you fuckin’ do that ta me?” she asked. “I’m happy like this!”

“It’s a hypnotic spell, perhaps,” Taleria whispered.

“No hypnosis, just a hell of a lot of fucking and orgies and feasting and playin’ about! I never fit in with the adventuring life, but here I’m right at home and I don’t stick out - except in the belly, ha! Don’t you dare try ta turn me back: I’m a goblin broodmother now, and I wanna pop out babies from my hungry wet green pussy every day of my life after my first labour comes. I wanna orgasm just from shitting out babies, and I wanna cock in me getting me knocked up again each mornin’ and night!”

Wilkins nearly spluttered at this. "Ya can't be serious!"

"I'm never serious now that I'm a goblin, but this is the closest I get! Look at me! Ya can't change me back and I don't wanna. I've got so many babies in me, and ya can't imagine how wonderful it is to have so much life in ya, or even just a little."

At this, she halted, remembering something Skurg had said to her about the spices that had changed her. She was uniquely suited to be a broodmother, and it was highly doubtful her friends could be such. But Cazzi was there, her belly already swelling with just one or two babies, and Ekka was starting to show already. Why couldn't she share the bliss of regular goblin femalehood? Certainly, the more the merrier to help the village grow.

"Say, why don't I show ya how happy I've become, just ta convince ya," Mal said, stepping up to her friends to take their hands. "Let's organise a big feast! A real big feast that'll fill our bellies up right good and let ya appreciate the goblin ways I've adopted into!"

"I don't know," Jarice said. "This is all a bit much, Malcolm. Surely-"

"Nonsense, ya need some good brekkie anyway! Come on and join the feast, I promise I won't even fuck someone during it, though it's a tall ask."

She pulled Jarice and Taleria further into the village, Wilkins followed along as well. Already, goblins were scampering about to prepare another grand feast to welcome them. To *initiate* them.

"I guess it couldn't hurt to figure out this insanity a little more," Taleria said.

"Exactly!" Mal said. She rubbed her pregnant belly, loving the way she felt in the presence of her friends and wanting to share a piece of her glory to them. "Trust me, goblin food is utterly *delish*. Say, have you ever tried something called patter before?"

**The End**