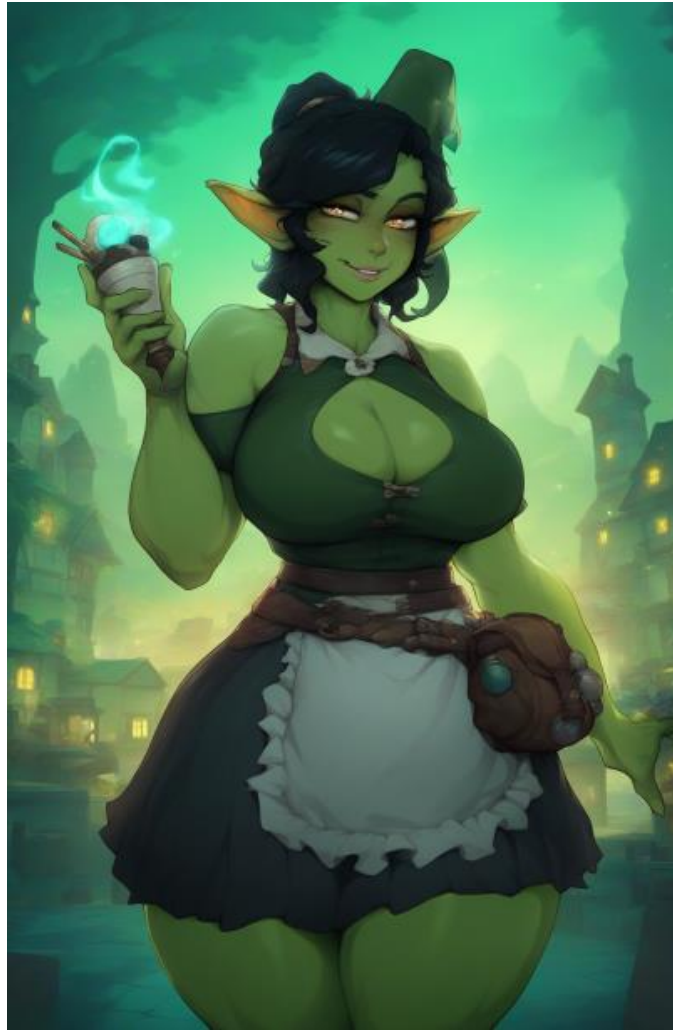


## Bride of the Emerald Isle



Officer Miles adjusted his footing on the deck of the ferry as the pier came into view. It seemed to slowly emerge from the gentle mists, crawling down to the waters. The thick pines of the island reared from the whiteness like green giants standing silent sentry, and as the mists drew further back it revealed the dark trunks and the deeper, encompassing darkness that gathered at their feet.

In contrast to those green giants, the woman waiting on the pier was remarkably short. Miles felt his jaw tighten and he resisted the urge to grasp the revolver holstered at his side.

A goblin.

Which, to be fair, he shouldn't have been surprised at. During his assessment of the community of the Emerald Isle, he'd learned that there was a small goblin maid population on the island. Though, it had been decades since a proper census had been carried out.

As the ferry drew closer, Miles got a better look at the waiting goblin. She was typical of her kind, being short, maybe coming up to his stomach. Large pointed ears rose from a mane of curly dark hair done up in a bonnet. A dress garbed her, and was cut to her advantage, showing off her cleavage that seemed even larger on such a small body, while what looked like bottles, phials, and pouches hung from her belt in layers.

Once the ferry had docked Miles descended the ramp, and the goblin bustled up to meet him.

"Well hey there! You must be our new officer," the goblin said, thrusting out her hand. "Gilly Greenbriar! At yer service!"

"Delighted," Miles said guardedly as he shook the goblin's hand, glancing past her and at the thick pines. "You live in the community?"

"Oh sure! All my life. But come. Come! Whole island's been just agog at the thought of finally getting assigned a royal officer."

"No doubt," Miles said as he slowly followed the goblin maid. "I understand my predecessor passed away?"

"Oh yes. Dear Officer Errol," Gilly sniffled, dabbing at her eyes with the hem of her apron. "Poor man. Took a fever and went in the course of a few days. Tragic thing, really."

"Yes. Tragic," he echoed, his face betraying none of his inner thoughts.

"Yeppers! A real loss. Especially since the old Emerald Isle doesn't see many visitors. Hells! Only once in a blue moon the ferry brings newcomers by."

"So I've heard," Miles said evenly. "I'm keen to get to work."

"And so are we," Gilly said enthusiastically. "We just can't wait!"

Not something he expected to hear from a goblin in the Empire. It wasn't exactly a mystery what the policy was on demi-humans. Though they weren't outright persecuted, it was closer to say goblins and their ilk were barely tolerated by the authorities, which was hardly unsurprising. In many regions of the world, the human population had been entirely wiped out by their more monstrous cousins. Or outcompeted in... other ways. It was well known that it wasn't uncommon for the female only species of monsters to kidnap men to use as breeding bulls.

Miles strongly agreed with the Empire's policy to curb that. Just a look at Gilly showed the risk such a female would pose to less stolid of men. Her curves would tempt many a male from his proper duty to his own kind. Enough so to distract from her more inhuman features like her height, green skin, and pointed ears. In fact, some might even find those attributes... cute.

"Here we are!" Gilly suddenly exclaimed, snapping Miles from his thoughts. He shook it off and looked ahead, discovering they'd reached the small community. Homes wound their way about the compact hills of the isle, surrounded by thick trees that shielded them from the powerful winds coming off the sea.

And yet, those tall pines seemed to wash a certain gloom into the village. A long stretch of shadows that reached across every home and shop, casting them in a dimness that made Miles feel uneasy.

And that was before he saw all the goblins.

At a glance there had to be more than two dozen visible right off the bat, mostly working in gardens, making their way about the dirt roads, or chatting animatedly with one another. There were men about as well, often accompanied by a goblin or two. The closeness of the two people alarmed him. There seemed to be far more goblins about than the last reports had indicated.

"Something the matter?" Gilly asked him.

"I... suppose not. There are a lot of goblins here, aren't there?" he noted, his eyes dragging about the area slowly.

"Are there? Hadn't noticed," Gilly giggled. "But you know how it is. We get by! The goblin girls around here all work very hard. Mostly as maids. Servants. That sorta thing. We wouldn't dream of doing anything more, of course."

"No," Miles said thoughtfully. "Of course."

And now that he was watching, he did notice that the goblins seemed mostly engaged in simple house work. Things any hired maid would be doing. Still. The numbers did seem... unusual.

"Where is my station house, exactly?" he asked.

"Right this way," Gilly said, bounding forward.

Miles followed, keeping an eye on the town. There really were a lot of goblins about. An uncommon amount. He felt again a tingle of worry. But if there was a problem, the previous

officer would have noted it in his reports before he died. There hadn't seemed to be anything wrong.

But if there was, Miles would soon find out.

Their journey didn't go unremarked upon. More than a few of the townspeople listlessly watched him pass. But it seemed every goblin stopped to watch him go. But not warily. No. In fact, there seemed to be a certain heat to their gaze that Miles wasn't sure he liked. It felt a bit too bold for a demi-human living in the Empire.

"They don't see a lot of newcomers is all," Gilly assured him, seeming to read his thoughts, or at least, his expression. "Especially not a handsome young man like yourself. We're just a tiny dot in the corner of the world out here. No one pays us much attention, which is why we're so happy you came so quick!"

"Yes, well, the Empire doesn't like to leave itself blind to its goings on," he said guardedly.

"Sure. Sure. Absolutely," Gilly agreed readily. "And we'll be plum tickled to have you keep an eye on us! Anyway, here's your station. Not much, but I'm sure you'll love to call it home."

Miles was less sure of that. His posting was a small building nestled in the rear of the village, with a single floor and what looked like an adjoining office where he, presumably, would take care of his actual work. The whole place seemed painfully poky, though to be fair, it being a village that only had need of a single officer surely justified this.

He approached the door and tried it, finding it opened smoothly, leading him inside. No sooner had he stepped over the threshold he was drawn up short by the sheer scale of the mess within. Clearly, his predecessor hadn't thought much of organization or cleanliness. There were clothes strewn about the floor. Papers piled everywhere. Dirty dishes scattered hither and thither like whoever used to live there would make themselves food, sit down, and never bother to bring the used dishes to the kitchen.

"Dear gods," he found himself saying.

"Yeah. Errol was a bit of a scatterbrain," Gilly said. "But he meant well!"

Miles sighed as he took in the room. Then, straightening, he rolled up his sleeves. "Suppose I'd better get started," he said.

"Want some help?" Gilly asked eagerly.

He gave the goblin maid a level look. "That would be highly improper," he noted.

“Aw, now, c’mon,” she said with a lazy shrug. “Everyone on the island has a goblin maid or two. We’re hard workers, y’know? And very discreet,” she said with a wink.

Frown deepening, Miles glared at the goblin. “I will be fine,” he reiterated firmly.

Gilly shrugged. “Suit yourself! I’ll leave you to it. But I’ll see you tomorrow! There’s a lot of ground to cover around the island, and I’m sure you’ll want a guide.”

“I-”

“Great! Until then,” Gilly chirped, waving flirtatiously before bouncing away with a flutter of her skirts, phials, and pouches.

Miles watched her go, still frowning with thought. Goblin maids, eh? He shook his head. He certainly didn’t approve.

Though, he also found it a little hard to forget her plump curves, which she’d been so eager to show off...

He shook his head firmly. Enough of those thoughts. He had much to do. Some good old fashioned physical labour was just what he needed to keep his mind straight.

And looking again at the mess, he knew only too well there’d be plenty of that...

#

The knock on his front door in the morning jarred Miles awake. He grunted, pushing himself off the couch where he’d ended up crashing during cleaning. He hadn’t even gotten started on the mess in his bedroom.

Again the knock came, and Miles shambled towards the door. “Here! I’m here,” he grunted, pulling the door open and peering out.

Gilly stood there, but she wasn’t alone. A beautiful young woman smiled warmly his way. She was dressed in a farmer’s plain spun dress and apron, neither of which was much of a distraction from the way her chest positively swelled against her top. She had to be the bustiest woman Miles had ever seen. Even more so than Gilly herself. Blonde hair snaked over her shoulder in a long braid, and curiously, there was a bell roped around her like a necklace, while a look of patient happiness sat pleasantly on her face.

“...Yes?” Miles asked uncertainly.

“Morning, officer!” Gilly greeted, hefting what he now saw was a basket. “Me and Betsy brought you breakfast!”

“Breakfast?” he said blankly.

"Oh yes," Betsy said, her voice light and airy, and her face dim with amiable docility. She lifted the basket she was carrying demonstratively. "Brought you breakfast!"

"We figured you wouldn't have had a chance to pick up anything last night," Gilly said, peeking past him and into the still messy house. "Seems we were right."

"Er, yes. True," Miles said, taking the basket and giving Betsy a quick once over. He felt a bit relived, in truth. He'd been wondering about not seeing any women yesterday, but if felt reassuring to see a suspicion he'd been forming had been for naught. And if there were women on the island, that allayed some of his other worries. The strongest bulwark against goblin maid's corruptive influence was human women. Unsurprisingly, they didn't appreciate it when busty green newcomers moved in and tried to steal the eligible bachelors.

"Wanna eat before we tour the rest of the village?" Gilly asked.

"I think that would be wise."

"Wonderful! Want me t' join you?"

"Just you?"

"Of course," Gilly said brightly. "Betsy has lots she needs to take care of. Even with goblin maid help, it's busy living on the island."

"Very busy," Betsy giggled airily.

"I... suppose so," he said, opening the door a bit more.

Gilly skipped inside her quick eyes taking it in. She gave a low whistle as Miles shut the door behind her. "Wow! They sure left a mess for you to clean up," the gob said.

"That they did," Miles grunted as he sat down at a nearby table, careful to keep his eye on the goblin maid. He cleared a few stacks of papers and set down the basket, fishing out a loaf of bread and a bottle of fresh milk.

"Get very far in the reading up on the island?" Gilly asked as she settled into a seat across from him.

"Not yet," he admitted. "The cleaning has been taking up a lot of my time."

"Makes sense. Ol' Errol was a great officer, but he was never very clean. I had my hands full picking up after him."

"You did?" he asked in some surprise.

"Mhm," Gilly said, nodding with a smile. "I was his house gob."

"What is a house gob?" Miles asked as he sliced into his loaf of bread.

"Don't have them where you come from? How interesting," Gilly said, leaning in with a gleeful grin. "Well! A house gob's a local tradition kind a thing. Naturally, us gobs can't own property or really much of a job. So a house gob's a kind a traditional servant 'round the island. As soon as a human comes of age, they get a gob to cater to their whims and take care of the housework. In return, the gob gets to live with them. Shelter, food, all that."

Miles paused in unscrewing the cap on the milk jug. "And the goblins are fine with that?"

"Sure! Why wouldn't we be?" Gilly asked sweetly. "It's where we belong, ain't it?"

Miles stared at her in silence for a long moment, then nodded and finished opening the milk. "Quite right," he said, taking a swig of the pearly cream.

Which was shockingly good.

Miles took the bottle from his mouth, giving it an amazed look.

"Nice, isn't it?" Gilly said sweetly.

"It is," he admitted, shooting the smirking goblin a quick look. "It's local?"

"Course! We pride ourself on our self-sufficiency. Kind of have to, given how cut off we are on the island. Right?"

"I suppose so," Miles said, taking another drink of the milk, tearing off more of the bread and devouring it heartily. "But getting back to your previous point," he continued, "you said you were this home's former... gob, was it? And yet, it's in quite a state."

"Oh, I tried to clean up. Believe me," Gilly said helplessly. "But Errol was a bit set in his ways, if ya get my drift. Liked things this way, and when I tried he almost kicked me out! Then, when he croaked, I didn't dare do anything just in case his replacement liked things this way too.

"Though, speaking of," Gilly said, her voice growing soft and almost... insinuating. "If'n you didn't mind things getting cleaned up a little, then it seems to me like you could maybe use yourself a house gob too."

Unbidden, Miles found his eyes straying to the goblin maid's chest before he jerked them back to her smiling face. "No. That's quite alright," he said. "It wouldn't be appropriate."

"Weeeeell, actually, it wouldn't be appropriate for you to go without," Gilly said.

Miles gave her a stern stare. "Explain," he ordered before he took another swig of the milk.

“Well,” Gilly said, wriggling happily in place. “Seems ta me that if you want to become a proper part a the local community, you should be taking part in some of the local rituals ‘nd culture. Right? Really immerse yourself innit. That way, if anything goes wrong or somethin’ gets suspicious, you can know right away. Unless you wanted to keep yourself in the dark.”

Miles frowned. But as he took another swig of milk, he had to admit she did have a bit of a point. Policing these people while he himself did nothing to actually learn about them or their habits was a recipe doomed to failure. If he was to be the royal officer, he had to know them inside and out. And apparently, that would involve taking on a gob.

Still, he didn’t much like the idea. Despite how generous Gilly’s curves were. There was something about the goblin that made him uneasy, though that might have had more to do with the way her tight top squeezed her breasts up, as if begging for a fondle. For a kiss. For him to drive his cock between them until he...

Well, anyway, he had reservations. “I’m still not sure...”

Gilly glanced down, nervously fidgeting. “I... I didn’t want to bring this up, master,” she said, and the way she used ‘master’ sent a subtle thrill through Miles. “But the thing is, this is kind of my home. I’ve been staying here until you arrived, and if you don’t want me, I’ll have to... try and find another on the island to serve. And there’s ain’t anyone just now who doesn’t already have a gob...”

Though he knew he shouldn’t, Miles felt a faint stab of pity for the goblin. He looked around the mess of his new home again. Was he really willing to live in such a sty while he cleaned up? And did he have time to do it while also familiarizing himself with the island and locals? Time. Time. So little time...

Taking another gulp of milk, he glanced back at Gilly, the goblin looking at him earnestly. Eagerly. And surely coincidentally, her crossed arms were squeezing her bust tantalizingly...

Well... really, what could a goblin do? They clearly knew their place. The people had formed a clever system for making sure they didn’t get any ideas or power. So why not?

“Fine,” he said at last. “I suppose I could tolerate you doing some house work around here.”

“Eeee!” Gilly squealed with delight, bounding over to him and enveloping his legs in a delighted hug. “You won’t regret this, master. I’ll be the best darn gob you’ve ever seen! Promise! I’m gonna make you so happy with my work.”

Miles felt a flush grow on him and hastily cleared his throat, pushing the ebullient goblin away. "Right. Yes. Certainly. Just, none of this. And ask me before you do anything with the paperwork."

"Of course, master. Anything you say! Now, you about ready to head out?"

Miles realized he was, though that was mainly because he'd finished the milk in the bottle. He grunted. "I suppose so," he said, rising from the chair and brushing away the crumbs of his breakfast. Why not?

Gilly would clean it up.

#

Exploring the island took much of the day, and Miles had to say the place wasn't too impressive. It was beautiful, yes, with craggy rocks of shore and deep, quiet forests alive with the sound of birds. He'd even had time to interview a number of the locals, introducing himself, and getting their feelings on what was happening on the island. He was pleased to find that everyone he talked to seemed satisfied and peaceful, with only the usual complaints about neighbours being inconsiderate or the odd borrowing and failing to return nets and whatnot.

Another thing that Miles observed among the townspeople was that they had a uniform look and air about them. Something languid and relaxed. An easy submission to the whims of fate and contented disposition, as if everything in life would work out for the best.

There were also an awful lot of goblins.

Though he now knew the arrangement with the green women, it disturbed Miles a bit to see so many. It almost seemed like every house had at least two gobs around. Usually just visible doing domestic chores, or helping a man with his own work. But it bothered him. He'd had no word of so many goblins here. Could they have only arrived recently? They couldn't have all been born on the isle. Miles's predecessor would have put a stop to any illicit relationships. But such things did happen...

Still, there didn't seem to be anything too alarming about the place. No disappearances. No alarms. No hint of conspiracy or other monster sightings. The whole island felt almost painfully ordinary.

In fact, the only thing of note that Miles saw was the Women's Temple.

Gilly had been showing him along the more fertile region of the isle, where crops grew in waving rows among tiers carved from the hills, when Miles heard the dull tolling of a clanking bell.

"What's that?" he asked at once, looking about in confusion.

Stopping, Gilly cocked her head, then brightened. "Oh, that's the Women's Temple calling."

"The Women's Temple?"

"Sure. Traditional house a worship for the gals of the island. Want to see?"

"I would very much appreciate that," he told the goblin.

With an amiable beckon for him to follow, Gilly hurried down the path, Miles striding quickly to keep pace. They soon reached the village once more, and from the hill, he beheld a somewhat curious sight.

It seemed like every woman in town had left her home and was making their way towards a large building sitting at the crest of the slope on which the village was built around. Large double doors lay open, and the women moved inside as if drawn by the ringing of the bell.

"Honoured tradition," Gilly said proudly as she looked down on the women filing into the temple. "Three times a day, in the morning, afternoon, and night, all the local girls go to the temple to pray for bountiful harvests and relief from their aches, pains, and worries."

"Does it work?" Miles asked.

"Can't say we've had many complaints," the goblin said. "You musta noticed all the girls 'round here are nice and docile."

"I had," he said. "The menfolk as well."

"Yeah! Well, that's 'cause the women are, ain't it? Happy wives makes happy homes, eh?" Gilly said.

Miles could agree to that. "Can I watch?" he asked.

Gilly gave him a stunned look. "Oh no!" she exclaimed. "No no no. Men ain't allowed in there. Kind of defeats the point of a Women's Temple, doesn't it? Just for us girls, you know."

"Goblins take part?" he asked.

"Oh sure. Some of us. We love to be helpful, you know."

Miles grunted, watching the last woman vanish into the temple, an eager spring in her step before the doors groaned shut behind her, sealing them in tight. Miles crossed his arms,

considering it. It was hardly unusual for small regions like the island to have residual folk beliefs and traditions.

Yet, something irked him. Some niggling uncertainty he couldn't quite place.

Well, he'd figure it out sooner or later, he supposed. After all, he was the island's officer, and he'd keep the peace.

No matter what.

#

It had been nearly a week since Miles had come to the island, and he had to admit that having Gilly around really did make things easier. Although her presence was a bit... distracting.

Not to say he considered firing her. Ever since she'd started cleaning the house things had been much more orderly. More proper, though her outfits rarely were.

For instance, Miles was endeavouring not to glance at his house gob as she dusted the tall shelves, her extremely short skirt riding high up her rump, revealing the soft orbs of her ass and the tight panties that outlined them so thoroughly. And if she was facing the front it would hardly be better. Her apron made nudity seem downright proper compared to the way the fabric hugged her curves.

Miles sighed as he sorted through some more documents. Small complaints and reports of incidents with arguments and conflicts. It seemed that twenty years ago, the island was considerably more violent. And he was honestly surprised by how meticulous the reports were, considering the mess his predecessor left the house in. Such a strange contrast in habits, but he supposed not the strangest.

"Gilly?" he asked.

"Yes, master?"

That was another thing he was trying to get used to. Every time the goblin called him master sent a quick thrill shooting through him. Not that he'd ever act on it, of course. And really, it was only a proper reaction and reminder that he stood above the goblin maid.

He glanced up at her as she hopped down from the stool, her curves jiggling in a very distracting way as she scurried up in front of him, standing eagerly for instruction.

"Yes," Miles said, looking quickly to his papers lest his eyes linger longer on her bust than would be strictly proper. "I've been noticing some interesting changes in the reports. It seems like there were no goblins here twenty years ago. But then, the reports indicate the population grew considerably."

“Really? Weird. They must not have been countin’ us before that. You know how easy it is to miss us a few gobs.”

Was it? Miles wasn’t so sure. The way Gilly flaunted herself almost demanded attention. Begged for his eyes to run over her green curves. Linger on her plump rump and the way her tight outfit clung to her figure...

He shook it off, trying to focus on the two papers in front of him. Documentation had badly fallen off during Errol’s tenure. Miles had managed to find a few documents about ten years ago, but there was little in the interim, the files either lost or still buried in the mess of the house. But he had found two maps. One more recent of the Emerald Isle. But another from fifteen years ago, and not showing the temple in the middle of town. Which was a strange thing, wasn’t it? For a ritual involving all the women in town to come into existence so quickly? It was odd. Uncommonly odd. He was sure it was.

He was just... finding it so difficult to concentrate on why.

The reason for this, however, took very little investigative effort. It was, however, extremely odd. He just... he couldn’t seem to look away for long from Gilly. The way she moved. How sensuous she was. It really didn’t help she always found work to do around him. And she made it damnably hard to focus on the paperwork. Every time she leaned up to dust something her skirt rode up, revealing the teasing flashes of her rear. Something that... that certainly didn’t arouse him. He would never be so... so depraved as to find a... a goblin appealing.

And yet...

Miles flushed, taking another quick gulp of milk. That was another thing he’d learned. The town seemed to run on milk. Water was almost an afterthought. Miles frowned at the bottle. Come to think of it, he’d been here a week and hadn’t seen any cows at all.

“Gilly,” he said slowly. “About this milk.”

“Yes master? I- whoops!”

He looked up sharply as Gilly suddenly gasped and dropped her duster. Immediately she bent over, her rump pressing against the tight fabric of her panties. And... and he could almost see... see the way her pussy pressed against the tight, naughty fabric...

“Master?” Gilly asked, looking over her shoulder at him. “Something wrong?”

Miles almost choked. “Wr-wrong?” he stammered, quickly averting his eyes. “N-no. Of course not. Not at all. I was, uh...”

"Because ya know," she said, turning about, her breasts bouncing in her top, nearly sliding out as she sauntered towards him. "If you ever needed aaaaanything, I'd be happy to serve! It's what a gob does. Serves her master. Makes him happy. And I'd do anything," she said, leaning in, her top straining against her chest, nipples pebbling the fabric. "Aaaanything... to make my master niiiice 'nd happy."

Miles swallowed thickly. Gods. Gods above, his pulse hammered with lust. His cock strained against the inside of his pants. He couldn't let her see. Couldn't let her know. He stumbled to his feet, awkwardly angling his body away. "I have to... I'll be right back."

Without waiting to hear her reply he hurried out of the room, slamming the door. He found his way to the bathroom and slumped on the toilet, breathing hard and fast.

Gods.

Gods, what was the matter with him? Was he really... really finding a goblin attractive? Well, clearly, according to his cock. But what was he to do about it? He couldn't exactly go back in there and let her see. That would be... would be highly improper.

Which really left... well, one solution, didn't it?

Miles bit his lip, but nonetheless opened his pants. His cock immediately sprang to attention, twitching with desire. Reaching down, Miles grunted as he grasped his shaft, feeling the throb of desire shoot through him and ache to his very balls.

"Gods," he gasped as he began to stroke, pumping his manhood. And when he had the sudden vision of Gilly's green fingers being the ones on his cock, the thrum of pure pleasure that shot down his root and into his balls made him groan anew.

But... but he couldn't focus on that. He couldn't... couldn't imagine a goblin pleasuring him. It was indecent. Improper.

Yet as his hand moved, it was Gilly's figure which populated his imagination. It was an image of the goblin girl squeezing her taut, green breasts around his cock. An image of her smoky eyes looking up at him. Her smirking lips opening and kissing the top of his cock. And her breasts which slid up and down his cock with the slow, teasing pumps of her teats.

"Master is so big," she breathed in his imagination as his cock throbbed between her breasts. "Master's cock so mighty. Poor gobs have to serve his mighty cock. Poor gobs have to suck..."

"Fuck," Miles gasped in the haze of daydream and reality as he continued to pump his manhood. Imagining Gilly bouncing her breasts. Her lips kissing his tip. Suckling it lovingly. Increasing the pace. Eager. Hungry. Almost desperate to get a taste of his cum.

“Ah...” Miles gasped as the fantasy ached through his cock. As his hand quickened, pumping desperately. “Ah... ha... Nnn... Oh fuuuuuck!”

He groaned in the ache of surrender, his head falling back as his cock throbbed, pulsed, spurted with the thick heat of his seed. He slumped against the wall, breathing hard and deep, basking in the pleasant afterglow of his orgasm.

Gods.

Gods, had he... had he really done that? Cum to a fantasy of a goblin’s breasts getting him off?

He felt a flush of shame and shook it off, hastily cleaning himself off and doing up his pants. He washed his hands, scrubbing furiously as if to remove the taint of that fantasy. Those images of Gilly’s eager face. Her plump breasts. The feel of his hand furiously stroking like they were those soft, black lips.

“Stop it,” he snarled, shaking his head and trying to ignore the twitch of his cock. He slapped his damp hands against his cheeks and left the bathroom, refusing to confine himself in there a moment more.

The living room was just as he’d left it, the goblin in the midst of piling some papers on a desk. As he entered she looked up, beaming. “Feeling better, master?” she asked sweetly.

“Yes,” Miles grunted, settling into his chair again, and it was true. He did feel some relief. But it wasn’t lasting long in Gilly’s presence. He scowled and took another drink of milk, noticing the bottle had been refilled while he was gone. Well, good. That was good. He’d need his energy for research.

He picked up the maps again and looked between them, his brow furrowing with unease. There as something about the temple. Something strange. And he intended to make some... inquiries...

#

Deep night had fallen on the Emerald Isle. Only the moon illuminated the scattered houses, its silver rays barely peeking through the tall pines all around the village.

In this darkness Miles moved silently along the side of the temple. The tolling of the bell in the night had roused him, and once he was sure Gilly was still asleep, he’d hastily dressed and snuck out.

Now he closed the distance, careful to keep to the deeper shadows. As he drew nearer to the Temple, he began to hear a sound. A thudding beat like someone was pounding a pile into sand.

And when he was near enough to touch the wall, he heard something else. Something that made his hairs tingle and stand up on end. The sounds of women groaning and gasping. Almost... moaning?

Miles felt the warmth of a flush. He had a sudden urge to leave. To head away and back to bed. It was... was improper to do this.

But he had to know.

There was something about the Women's Temple. Something strange. He couldn't leave it alone. There was a mystery to the isle. One he couldn't quite grasp, but every one of his instincts screamed it centered on the temple before him. He had to see what was inside.

He had to.

His hand moved to the shutters of one of the windows and tried to ease it open, only to find it nailed shut. Miles cursed, but was undeterred. He knew it wouldn't be that easy. He drew a knife and fitted it between the planks. With care he wriggled the blade, the sharp edge sliding along the wood. A flick had it cut off a wedge and lever it out. The second was easier. As was the third.

Soon, a sliver of light bled out of the crack, washing over his face. The sounds within the room grew louder, the thudding from inside almost in time to his heart as Miles raised his head and peered inside.

For a moment, he couldn't understand what he was looking at. Neither his mind nor his eyes could properly process it.

But then he did, and he could only stare.

The women of the village were within. Dozens of them. Young. Youthful. Beautiful. And all of them topless. The reason for this was obvious, as all around the room were huge, silvery metal tanks and pumps. Threading from them were tubes attached to cups that cradled the breasts of the gorgeous village women, all of them thumping.

Pumping.

Draining their full, gravid breasts of their milk.

Miles felt his jaw drop as he watched the moaning maidens rock to the pumps, the bell necklaces – no, collars – softly clanking. And all of them were tended to by goblin maids.

The green women giggled and cooed, massaging eager breasts or sitting on benches, legs parted, moaning as they fisted the hair of adoring human women kneeling before them, licking out their green pussies while cups thumped and sucked from those women's breasts. A scene of almost impossible depravity. Insanity.

And the milk.

Dear gods, the milk...

Every day he drank it. Every day he'd guzzled it. Enjoyed it. Every day he'd been given it, and this is where it came from.

Horror twisted his gut. But it wasn't horror at the sight. No. It was the fact that he could feel his cock pressing against the inside of his pants. Straining to get free and twitching at the carnal vision before his eyes. He was turned on by this. Aroused by it. Dear gods! What was wrong with him?

And... and why was he reaching down, loosening his belt?

Undoing his pants?

Wrapping his... his hand around his throbbing cock and beginning to stroke?

Pump.

Pump like the machines.

Pumping slowly.

Heavily.

"Ohhhh," one of the village girls moaned, the sound almost bestial. Animal. Almost the lowing of a cow. After a moment Miles recognized her. Betsy. The young woman he'd first met. Lovely Betsy, naked from the waist up, her head lolling with mindless pleasure. Her skirt was pulled up, and her hands were thrust between her legs, furiously stroking her sopping wet pussy.

And behind her was a goblin maid, the green woman's hands clutching the young woman's plump breasts.

"Ohhhhhh!" Betsy groaned, thrusting her breasts into the goblin's skillful hands. "Mooooo!"

"Good cow," the giggling goblin maid attending her cooed, stroking and massaging the maiden's large breasts from behind. Kissing the flushed, gasping girl's ear with a wicked grin.

“Such a good cow for mistress. Look how productive you are. How heavy your breasts. Such a good cow. A very good cow.”

“Y-yesss,” Betsy moaned. “G-good cow. Good cow m-milking. Good cow loves miiiilking!”

“And good cows love cumming, don’t they?” the goblin whispered playfully. “They love getting milked as they finger their dumb pussies. They love being good cows for mistress. Good dumb cows moo and cum and don’t think. They just cream. They just cum.”

“Yessss!” Betsy wailed as her hands rubbed frantically between her legs. “Yes! Good cow cums! Good cow cuuuuuuums!”

Miles’s breath rattled. Hoarse. Fast. His hand furiously pumped his cock as he took in the scene. He felt his orgasm approaching with hers. Felt like the sounds of the temple were battering at him. Surrounding him. Filling him. The pleasure rose in him. A heat swelling in his body. His chest. He grit his teeth, biting back his own moans. Fighting it back even as his orgasm came closer. Closer.

“Yes!” Betsy wailed, writhing, shuddering. “Yes! Mooo! Moo! Mooooo!”

She lowed in ecstasy, her pussy gushing with her orgasm, her juices splattering shamelessly across the floor as the pumps on her breasts gurgled and churned at the sudden flooding of cream accompanying her orgasm.

“Ah... Mnn. Nnnnnnn!” Miles groaned, shuddering as he came, cock jolting, spurting his seed against the wall of the temple in shameful jolts of pleasure and surrender. Of weakness and ecstasy.

Miles panted, leaning on the wall, his head resting against the cool wood. The thudding of the pumps seemed to tremble through the wall and into him, and he squeezed his eyes shut against the sound.

His head was swimming.

He felt adrift. Lost. Insanity. It was insane. Even after witnessing it he could barely believe it, even as the sounds beat against his head. Shame sickened him. He had to get away. Had to focus. Find relief. He fairly tore himself from the building, staggering, barely able to do up his pants as he stumbled back into the night.

And his every step was followed by the thudding, beating, moaning of the temple and its denizens...

#

Miles threw open the door of his home and staggered inside, fairly falling onto the couch. He crouched there, breathing hard, trying to clear his mind.

But he couldn't.

The memories kept invading his thoughts. The sights. The sounds. The smells of the milking barn. He'd been wrong. Terribly wrong. The village, no, the whole island was corrupted. Was damned and sickened. The goblins weren't servants. They were the masters, and everyone there was their slaves. Willing, happy thralls. Was this what happened to Errol? Was he vanished because he discovered this corruption? Was killed before he could report?

"Master?"

His head jerked up.

Gilly stood in the doorway, watching him. The moonlight poured through a window, illuminating her in its cold light. Outlining the tight servant outfit she always wore.

"G-Gilly," he gasped, sitting up, every muscle tight.

The goblin raised an immaculate eyebrow, and she smirked. "Ah," she said, crossing her arms under the firmness of her plump bust. "So, you figured it out, hm? What did it? Did some gob get caught fucking her man outside? Or was it the barn? Ah," she said as he flinched. "Figured it'd be that."

"You... you've enthralled everyone on the island," he gasped.

"Sure did," Gilly giggled as she started towards him, moving casually, her fingers playing along her outfit. "We were smart around here. Menfolk are always happy to have a couple gobs around to give them what their wives won't. But girls can't stand us. Find us too sexy. Scary even. Always the ones to chase us out. So we got to them first."

"How?" Miles demanded, the question coming almost in a gasp, his eyes glued to her as she shed her skirt in her wake, leaving her naked from the waist down, her hairless pussy glistening in the silvery moonlight

"Holstaur essence," the goblin said easily. "Those cowgirls are better traders than you'd think. They know they've got the good stuff, and charge a hell of a lot for it. But we manage. Sold it to the village girls as a beauty enhancement potion. Wasn't a one who didn't take it. Vain sluts. And then, just like that," Gilly said, snapping her fingers as her top fell away, leaving her naked, firm breasts wobbling, "they were just dumb hucows thinking with their fat tits. Their hubbies loved it. And so did we. Made them both nice and obedient. Nice and dumb and easily led by the tit. They were more than happy to have some pretty gobs come in and take care of all

that hard thinking they had to do. Do the cleaning, and keep their husbands nice and drained. So long as we did the same with their tits."

"M-monstrous," Miles said, yet to his shame felt his cock throb at the black conspiracy, and realized with horror his fly was still undone. His cock beginning to poke from it once more.

"Why so?" Gilly asked sweetly. "Everyone gets what they want. Girls get to be pretty, horny, and don't need to think. Men get to be fucked, happy, and have busty wives with eager goblins to drain their balls all hours of the day. And everyone gets aaaaall the tasty, corruptin' milk they can drink. Where's the harm?"

"They're little more than... than slaves!" Miles protested.

Gilly giggled. "Well," she said, resting her hand on his leg, "Won't deny that. But they're sure happy ones. And doesn't look like you find the idea all that terrible neither," she said with a knowing look down.

Miles glanced down and flushed when he saw his cock jutting from his pants.

"I..." he gasped. "I..."

"Isn't it hard," Gilly purred, her deft fingers wrapping around his throbbing manhood, "to resist, Miles? Isn't it so hard to be the good officer? The rule follower? Wouldn't it be nice to indulge? To just... have some fun?"

"As your slave?" he asked hoarsely. "A... a pet! A pleasure d-drunk stud?"

"Would it be so bad?" Gilly asked teasingly as her hand pumped his cock. As she leaned in closer, smirking, her hot breath washing over his twitching tip. "Would it be so bad to just... enjoy... and relax..."

Miles watched, warring between horror and awe as the goblin's lips moved down. As her mouth opened. As she took his cock in her mouth and... and...

"O-ohhhhh," Miles groaned, one hand fisting the couch. The other reaching up, grabbing Gilly's hair. The goblin moaned as his grip tightened, her head beginning to bob. Lips running up and down his shaft. Coating it in her dark lipstick.

He... he had to shove her off.

He couldn't let this happen.

Couldn't let her... let her corrupt him!

He was strong enough. Could easily do it. There was nothing... nothing stopping him from... from...

"Ah," Miles panted, teeth grit at the sensations throbbing through his shaft "F-fuck!"

"Mmmm," Gilly moaned, her fingers sliding down his root, finding his balls. She cradled them, rolling them in her fingers. Lazily pumping and playing with them as her mouth continued to run up and down his cock.

Miles groaned, trying to resist. Trying to hold back. But he couldn't. Her mouth was too good. Too skilled. He... he was... was going to... to...

"F-fuuuuuuck!" he groaned, shuddering, surrendering in a sudden hot burst of ecstasy. His cock throbbing as his body gave up. Gave in. Gave her the heaviness of his load in sharp, wonderful pumps of pleasure.

"Mmmmm," Gilly moaned, swallowing with downright sadistic glee, her golden eyes staring into his with amusement and pleasure. Only once he'd given it all did she lift her lips from his cock, sliding them free with a final pop of satisfaction.

"Delicious, master," Gilly cooed. "But you've got more, don't you?"

"Gilly..." he gasped. "I... I..."

"Sure you do," the goblin said as she climbed up onto the chair, reaching past his head to the table. He grunted as her weight settled on his lap. Her breasts mashing to his chest. She smirked as she drew back, and dangling in her fingers was a bottle of rich, sloshing cream.

Miles felt his mouth water and a thrill race through him at the sight. A sensation not even the truth could suppress. He felt a need for it. A downright physical thing that ached through him, his cock twitching despite having cum twice in a few hours.

"I..." he stammered.

"Take a drink," Gilly cooed, taking his hand and pressing the bottle into his palm, his fingers reflexively closing on it. "Take a drink like a good stud should. Then, you'll get all the energy you need to give me a proper fuckin'. To get that big, studly cock a yours up. To give me what every gob needs. Just a drink, Miles. It'd be soooo easy."

It would be easy.

Gods above, it would be so very easy.

The glass was cool in his hand, and he was so very hot. His breathing was coming in short, panting gasps. He groaned as Gilly lazily ground the curvy perkiness of her ass against his throbbing length.

Gods.

Gods help him. He... he couldn't... he mustn't...

And yet the bottle rose.

Pressed to his lips.

And as he stared into Gilly's triumphant, eager eyes, he tilted the bottle back, and felt that sweet, full cream hit his tongue.

The moment it did he felt his concerns melt away. His worries washed down with the cream and filling him with a contented bliss that made him sink into his chair.

"That's it," Gilly cooed, her hands already busy undoing his jacket. Tugging off his shirt. "Drink deep, master. Drink deep of the cream. I'm gonna make you so happy. So content. You're never gonna need to worry again. Never need to think. Just be a happy hubby for a pretty goblin gal. Isn't that nice?"

Miles groaned, half in despair, but mostly in bliss as another gulp of milk further soothed the guilt and ache of shame. He felt so wonderfully relaxed. So perfectly at ease with everything happening. And why shouldn't it? Why was it so wrong to love a goblin? Why shouldn't he let Gilly make him happy? That's all she wanted. That's all she needed.

For him to be happy.

Content.

To just... give in...

Miles groaned as Gilly's hands found his crotch and undid his belt. He moaned in bliss as her hand grasped his shaft and gave it a slow pump, his manhood throbbing with desire.

"That's it, Miles," Gilly cooed. "Just give in like that. Just be a good hubby. No worries. Just happiness. Just pleasure. So many gobs are gonna want a piece of you. So many of my sisters have been waitin' for another stud around here. You're going to make us all so happy. Make us all good and bred. Fuck us full of daughters and breed us so well."

A shudder of excitement at those words went through Miles. Every sentence a promise he couldn't wait to fulfill. To give the goblins of the island what they wanted. What they needed.

And it was going to start with Gilly.

He realized the bottle was empty and dropped it, practically casting it aside. His blood was warm. Hot. His whole body was boiling. His balls felt so heavy. Heavy with seed. His head felt warm. Languid. Almost feverish and bleary.

Gilly met his eyes. A shiver went through the naked shortstack. She bit her lip, but her eyes were molten with excitement. She slid further into his lap. He grunted as he felt the heat of her pussy against his cock.

“Fuck me, master,” she breathed, grinding her sopping pussy against his cock. “I need it. Your pretty gob needs that big cock so bad. Give it to me. Fuck me like your breeding bitch! Gilly needs cock, hubby. Won’t you give it to meeee?”

Her teasing tone awakened something in him. A need. A desire. A fire that demanded he take her. Show her what he was capable of. Mate and breed her. His old qualms were forgotten. Didn’t matter. Nothing mattered other than getting his dick into this gorgeous, busty beauty of a goblin.

He grabbed her. Seized her! Gilly squealed in delight as he threw her down onto the couch, loomed above her. The goblin grinned wildly up at him, parting her legs, baring the delicate folds of her pussy.

“Fuck me!” she cried ecstatically.

He did.

With his whole body he thrust forward, burying his cock in the silken vice of her pussy. Gilly cried out in delight and ecstasy, her inner walls clamping down on his cock, squeezing it deliciously.

“Ohhh yesssss!” she wailed. “Fuck me! Breed meeeee!”

Miles grunted, his hands pinning hers to the couch as he drove himself into her, every thrust making her breasts wobble atop her chest. Gilly cried out, panting, rocking to his thrusts with needy pants and moans.

“Yes! Yes! Fuck! Fuck me! Fuck me haaard! Mate me! Gimme that... that fffffucking cock! Oh! Oh! You’re gonna... gonna stuff me full, stud. Gonna breed me! Breed my slutty goblin pussy! Ah! Nnn! Yes! Yes! Fuck your gob! I’m yours! All youuuuuurs! Gimme that cock. I can take it. I want it! Neeeeeed it! Don’t stop. Don’t... ah... s-stooooop! Fuck meeeee!”

Miles couldn’t dream of stopping. It was too good. Too perfect! Her pussy a sleeve for his cock. Begging him to fill her full of his virile cum. He growled, plowing her, breath escaping him in sharp pants. Balls aching to unload in the eager goblin. He was getting close. Closer. She was perfect. Wonderful. She... he...

“F-fuuuuuuck!” Miles groaned as he thrust deep into her a final time, throwing back his head with a throaty moan as his cock throbbed, pumping Gilly full of great bursts of his virile

seed. As if he were unloading everything he'd been storing since arriving on the island. As if he were giving up everything he had, surrendering it in hot bursts into the goblin's womb.

Gilly wailed with blissful pleasure, shuddering, her eyes rolling back as her own orgasm seized her, massaging his cock, milking him as her juices joined with his, staining the couch beneath them with their lovemaking.

Miles panted, head lolling, muscles twitching at the force of the best orgasm he'd ever had in his life. He drew back, then flopped over onto the couch, breathing hard and slow. Panting, but sated. Satisfied. It was... it was so good. Better... better than he'd dreamed. With a sudden wonderful certainty he knew he'd do anything for more. Would say anything to fuck that gob again.

He watched in senseless wonder as Gilly rolled back to her knees, her cheeks a flushed emerald, but her smirk wide and laughter dancing in her lovely eyes.

"Mmmm," she hummed, reaching down and running a finger along the cum oozing out of her pussy. "Fuck yeah," she said, sucking it from her fingers, the sight making Miles's cock to give another needy twitch. "Mmm. That's the goooood stuff. Should bottle this too. Nice and virile. You're gonna breed me no problem."

"Y-yeah?" Miles asked dully.

"Oh yeah," Gilly purred, her eyes flashing hungrily as she crawled towards him and between his legs. "Every night. Every day, you're gonna stuff me with this bad boy," she cooed, squeezing the plump green orbs of her breasts around his cock. "Mmm. Fuck me again and again. Stuff me with that dick whenever you feel horny. Whenever you feel that need to breed, I'll be there."

"Y-yeah?" Miles gasped as his cock throbbed, reviving in the warm softness of her breasts.

"Oh yes," the goblin smirked as she leaned in, her tongue stroking the tip of his cock whenever it emerged. "And you... are going to send... lots of reports back to the Empire. Tell them... that everything is so fine down here... and that in fact... they should send some new recruits down this way. Perfect training place... for young... impressionable... sexy young officers in need of a cute goblin to fuck... and breed..."

"O-of course," Miles gasped, swallowing hard, quivering with desire as she worked. Yes. Yes, he would... would do everything she said. Whatever she said. "I-I'll do it. Be a good... good gob husband..."

"Gooood boy," Gilly cooed. "Very... good... boy..."

She took her breasts from his cock, allowing him to slip free. But only for an instant before her lips captured him. Began to suck him. Her head bobbing as she lovingly sucked his cock, her fingers massaging his balls.

And Miles moaned, head falling back, body tensing sweetly as the goblin gave him his reward. Gave him his prize for being a good husband. A good stud.

A good... happy... permanent resident... of the Emerald Isle...