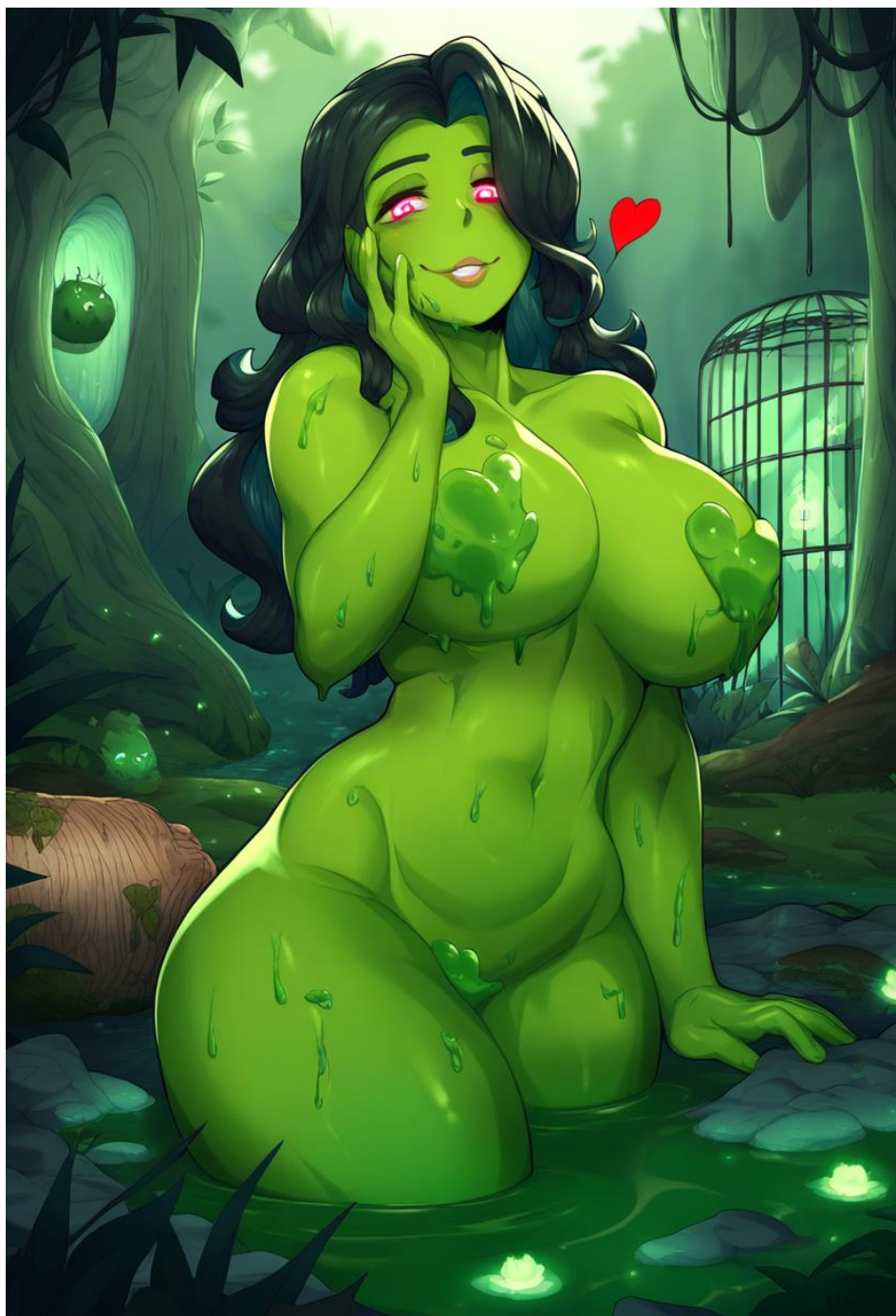




The broom scraped across the cobblestones just outside the shop as Narris, as ever, lost himself in the sky and the dreams within it. He'd always been told he was a dreamy young man, more focused on the possible rather than the actual. But that suited him fine. Unfortunately, it hadn't suited his father, who'd gotten him a job with dear uncle Castor.

But Narris did like Shopworth. The big port city was a feast of delights, so long as one had the money. Sadly, Narris rarely did. Ah, but if he did, he would have visited the delightful red light district

again. Or maybe buy a ticket on a ship to distant, exciting shores. Or maybe even a pleasure cruise to some of those islands where the women only wore leaves...

"Narris! Get your ass in here!"

Narris sighed and stopped sweeping the step. Oh well. Back to work, he supposed.

Letting the broom lean against the wall he turned his steps reluctantly back into the *Castor's Companions*. Passing into the gloom, he squinted at the lone light that lit his uncle's office.

The front of the store was a meager thing, with little more than a desk stripped of varnish sitting at the back end, the walls so tight on either side Narris felt like the place was trying to crush him every time he stepped inside. Behind the counter was the door into the back room and the warehouse, while hung all down and along the walls were framed posters of what kind of stock the shop had. Narris scanned them idly. He liked to do that. Most were very beautiful. Lots of shops specialized in more savage and deadly monsters, but his uncle had made a business out of dealing only in monster girls. A very risky venture, in all truth, for though every knew to avoid the teeth of a wyrm or the glare of a basilisk, looking into a lamia's eyes or cuddling a sloth demon was much more tempting. But no less dangerous.

Still, there was never a lack of customers. Monster girls were prized as companions, once 'tamed'. Though said taming was never a guarantee. One had to be careful, for a monster girl would gleefully turn on her master, and make him the slave.

Narris's eyes finally wandered down to rest on his uncle, who was positively fuming as he threw on a dun-brown jacket with long baggy sleeves, the older man's mustache bristling like Narris's broom.

"What's up, uncle?" Narris said, watching how the lamplight gleamed off the older man's bald head. He wondered if Castor used polish...

"What's up? What's up! I'll tell you what! Those damn idiots at the docks finally get my shipment of sprites in, and they drop the cage and split it open! Now the little bastards are filling up the ship's hold, which is making the whole damn thing float, and if it gets damaged, they're telling me I'm the one who'll get charged!"

"Wow," Narris said, amazed at how red the old man's face could get. First the nose, then spreading to the cheeks. He hadn't seen his uncle this furious in a loooong time. "That sucks."

"Sucks he says!" Castor snarled as he grabbed his floppy, pointy wizard's cap and shoved it on his bald head. "Yes, it does bloody well suck! So I need to head there and deal with that."

"Ohhhh," Narris said. "Then, does that mean it's a half day?"

"A half day? A half day! Dammit all!" the old man cursed, pulling out a pocket watch and checking the time. He cursed again, snapping the lid shut and shoving it away. "Listen here. Close up the shop and lock the doors. I'll be back before too long. But you stay here! Sweep up inside or... or something! I promised your father I'd make something out of you, and I damn well will, whether you like it or not! In my day..."

From excellent practice, Narris tuned his uncle out, instead focusing on a fly buzzing near the other man's ear. Ah, to be free as a fly. Not tied down to some silliness about magic and lineage and other stuff. But then, if he was a fly, he'd only live for... a week? Something like that. That'd be unfortunate. Not nearly enough time to romance that cute waitress down at the *Cutlass String*. What was her name again?

Narris instinctively sensed his uncle was winding down his tirade, so pulled his mind back to the present.

"...and by the gods I'll make you see that!"

"Sure thing, uncle," Narris said.

Castor harrumphed, jerking his coat shut. "See you do! Now watch the shop. And," he added, wagging a fat finger for emphasis, "don't you even think of going back into the warehouse!"

"Never, uncle," Narris said. "I'd never disobey you like that."

"Hmph! See you don't. Ridiculous. Utterly ridiculous!" Castor growled as he stormed past Narris, who had to squeeze against the wall to let the older man past.

Narris winced at the slam of the door, then he sighed, blowing some air to shift the bangs that had fallen over his eyes. He wandered over behind the desk and sat down in the chair, leaning back in it and planting his heels on the desk.

So. Watch the shop. Make sure no one breaks in or whatever. Sure. The door was locked anyway.

Well, the front door was.

Narris's eyes drifted to the backdoor. A heavy plank thing bonded with iron straps. He bobbed in the chair lazily. Uncle Castor had never allowed him back there without being with the older man. Usually to fetch some product for a client. And that was rare. His uncle always locked the thing otherwise, but it was a blood magic lock, like all the ones in the store, and was tied to his uncle's bloodline. Which meant that Narris could open it if he really wanted to.

The creaks of his chair faded as Narris stopped rocking it.

...Shouldn't he check on the stock?

He glanced at the front door again.

...His uncle had left in quite the hurry. Probably hadn't even had time to check and make sure all the windows in the warehouse had been closed up.

And after all.

Narris was in charge for the moment.

Until his uncle came back.

Narris felt a lazy smile twitch his lips. With another creak he rose from the chair and touched the handle of the door. He felt the subtle thrum of magic in it. A more passive ward to prevent anyone but

his uncle from opening it. But since Narris was dear Castor's nephew, his blood was true enough that the latch flicked, and he was able to push the door open.

A wizard's warehouse was a strange thing to behold. For one, the idea of 'space' was more of a suggestion to those of the arcane inkling. For another, the cages which held the stock were quite different from what most might expect. To be sure, there were the heavy iron bars, all of which glowed with sealing magic, but the space behind them was more an opulent room than a cell. Necessary, for the buyers of Castor's stock were looking for companions and beauty, not misery and degradation.

Well, usually.

Instead, the space in the cages seemed to stretch out strangely, as if looking at them through a fish-eye lens. He spotted a palace bedroom of silks and pink behind bars. An lavish lounge glowed in another. And not far from that was what looked a bit like the interior of a barn.

And inside of them were the monsters.

Narris looked at them with appreciation. Castor may have been a dick, but he knew his stuff when it came to selecting the stock. An utter bevy of beautiful monster girls idled in the enchanted cells. He spotted a harpy with brilliant hues of feathers sitting in her roost. Another had selkies whirling in a glass tank, their scales shimmering with light. In another cage, he spotted a tawny lamia lounging on a branch, her firm breasts lazily rising and falling, her serpentine lower half lazily squeezing the tree as she sunned herself.

Narris admired it all in silence, a smile on his face. He couldn't quite help it. It was just such a stunning display of beauty. Like windows into different worlds piled atop one another. He began to walk down the main corridor between the cages, taking his time. Ah, on a level, he almost envied them. To live in ease and comfort, without having to worry about anything...

"Well hey there."

Narris stopped and turned at the voice. He was beside a cage whose interior resembled a barn, and standing near the bars was possibly the tallest woman he had ever seen. She was a full head taller than him, towering just beyond the bars of the cage. Her hair was flaxen gold and shaggy around a face which grinned down at him with country-girl confidence, a stalk of wheat between her teeth. A pair of bovine horns rose from her shaggy hair, marking her as a holstaur, though if there was any doubt of that one only needed to glance down. She wore nothing but a pair of overalls, the front of which strained against her massive breasts, easily bigger than Narris's head. She was muscled, her skin tanned to a bronze, one hand resting loosely on a wide hip, the other pressed against the bars as she leaned forward.

"Hello," Narris said.

Her grin widened. "Don't reckon I've seen you around here before," she said, her voice carrying an accented drawl. "But I ain't complainin'. You the new hand?"

"New hand?"

She nodded to the side. "Takin' care of the stock."

Narris glanced the way she indicated, and he found himself looking at a pair of buckets. His puzzlement lasted only until he looked back to her chest.

"Oh," he said. "Um..."

"Gotta say," the holstaur said, leaning further forward, her breasts bouncing and wobbling against the denim she wore. "Damn sight cuter than the last one. And probably got much gentler hands."

Recalling his uncle, Narris couldn't repress a smile. "Not a high bar," he noted.

"But you vaulted it, handsome."

"Ooooh, neeeew booooy?"

Narris looked towards the giggly sound. Another nearby cell sported what looked like a swamp. But it contained far more than that. Before his eyes, the water swelled, a mound of greenish slime rising out of the waters before taking a familiar shape. A head formed along with ropes of hair. A pair of large, glowing eyes blinked open in the mound, followed by a head as the ooze narrowed into a neck, then ballooned back outwards to form a pair of soft breasts that floated on the top of the waters.

"New asssssissssstant?"

Narris glanced aside and saw that the lamia in her cell had stirred, lifting her head, the slits of her pupils scrutinizing him intently. Her tawny scales shimmered as she shifted atop her branch, her modest bust wobbling tantalizingly as she leaned forward, the rings of her pupils staring at him with penetrating intensity.

"Ha ha," Narris said, rubbing the back of his head. "Yep, that's right. I'm the new assistant. Just learning the ropes."

"That right?" the holstaur said, smirking. "Well, name's Bess. And that there's Ooa, and over there's Serina."

"Hiiiiii," Ooa burbled in her swamp.

"Nissssse to meet you," Serina said, her forked tongue drawing out the S sound.

Narris relaxed. Looked like the girls believed him.

"Then, ain't it about time you get started on your tasks?" Bess asked.

"Hm? Tasks?" Narris said.

The three women laughed. "To keep us nice and healthy. Don't ya know?"

"Oh! Sure. Sure, I knew," Narris said with an easy smile.

"Good. Then grab those buckets, boyo," Bess said as she unclipped the straps of her overalls. "Because I've been feelin' awful pent up today!"

Narris's eyebrows made a sharp ascent up his forehead as Bess's breasts fairly burst from the front of her overalls. His jaw dropped, and for the first time he was actually stunned.

"I..."

"C'mon, boyo," Bess said, her lips shifting the stalk of wheat, her hands lifting, cradling and bouncing the heavy, sloshing fullness of her tanned breasts. "This cow's real full, and she's lookin' forward to seein' what those milkin' hands of yours can do."

Narris's closed his mouth and looked back towards the buckets. Well, his uncle clearly did it. The buckets were there, and Bess certainly sounded sure of what she needed.

And... c'mon. How could he not do it? When would he ever get another chance to get his hands on a pair of breasts like that? Certainly not working for uncle Castor, who probably used his magic to tend to the stock. The man was so lazy. But Narris didn't mind getting his hands dirty.

Well, creamy.

"Sure," Narris said, thinking the widening smirk of the holstaur was just her satisfaction at getting milked. He picked up the buckets and brought them over. "How do I..."

"Hook them to them there bars. See the little rungs?"

Now that he was looking, Narris did see them, and obediently hung the handles of the buckets on the jutting bits of metal. "Now what?"

"Now?" Bess chuckled throatily, pushing forwards, her breasts squeezed between the bars. "Now, ya get busy."

Narris was more than willing. His hands rose, cupping her breasts, feeling their weight. Gods but she was heavy. But he was hardly complaining. The softness of her bust overflowed from his hands, the warmth and smoothness of her skin radiating into his palms. Gods. Incredible.

"Mmmm," Bess moaned, her breasts wobbling. "That's it. Get me nice and ready. Play with 'em a bit."

"Sure," Narris said easily, his fingers gliding over her breasts, swirling around the needy nubs of her nipples, Bess's voice rising in a deeper, lowing groan of pleasure. His fingers brushed her nipples and he felt the gentle dampness of the first few beads of her cream.

"Yesss," Bess breathed, her face flushed, her hips rocking, faintly rubbing herself against the bars. "That's it. Mmm. Get me soooo horny. Keep it up. Oh baby, that's good. So goooood. Ah. I'm all primed. Primed 'nd ready. Ohhhhh gods, I'm sooo fulllll!"

"Uh huh," Narris said, in awe of her breasts. His hands molded and bounced them. Stroked and teased them. Pumped and massaged them. It was fascinating. Impossible to look away from as her hips rocked. The need palpable. He could smell her. Cream, hay, and something strong but pleasant. He realized his cheeks were warm, but why shouldn't they be? This had to be the most erotic thing he'd done in years. Maybe ever. Gods, if this was what having a job was like, maybe he could make it work.

"Yes!" Bess gasped, the bars creaking in her grasp. "Oh gods yes! I'm... I'm gonna... I g-gotta... m-moooooo!"

She moaned in pleasure, her body tensing, shuddering, and like a fountain were turned on milk suddenly burst from her needy nipples. It sprayed into the buckets in gouts, plinking off the metal before it began to take on a steadier pace.

Narris realized he'd been holding his breath and let it out with an awestruck sigh. His fingers continued to squeeze and massage her breasts, milking the pearly bounty from the bountiful holstaur. Dear gods, she had needed this. The buckets were almost already full.

"Wanna taste?"

Narris gave her a startled look. Woah. When she was all hot and bothered and horny, she was even more beautiful than before.

"Sorry?" he said.

Bess licked her lips, arching slowly, her breasts lifted away from the buckets and brought nearly level with his face. "You can have a taste, if you wanna. For bein' such a tender milker. Don't think I've had a better pair of hands on me all my days. So come on, sweet thing. Have a treat."

His eyes went again from hers and to her massive breasts. Milk still drooled from her nipples. Much less now. But still so much. So rich. So heavy.

Narris licked his lips. He did feel awfully thirsty. And she was offering. So why not?

Yeah. Why not?

Smiling a little, Narris shrugged. "Sure," he said, hefting her breasts. Not that he had to lift them far. Bess was so tall, her chest was nearly eye level with him. If it weren't for the bars, he'd be pretty intimidated. Though, then again, such a tall woman was appealing in some nameless way.

Narris leaned in, tenderly kissing around her nipple. Bess gasped, her breast quivering, a throaty moan escaping her as Narris's lips made their way about her dark areola. He tasted some of the splashed milk, and felt a tingle of pleasure thrum from his tastebuds and down to his crotch. The warmth of her breasts heated his face and the intimacy of the moment thrilled him in ways he hadn't dreamed were possible.

"Mmm. Naughty... ha... tease," Bess cooed, her arms slipping through the bars and wrapping around his head, pulling him against her pillowy teat. "But enough. Milk me like I'm a good cow."

Well, if she insisted.

Narris let his lips fasten onto the needy nub of her nipple, and gave a gentle suck.

As if only waiting for that, Bess's cream burst into his mouth in a flood. Narris groaned, shuddering as the sweet, smooth, warm milk flooded him, his throat working frantically to swallow those first pulses before the flow grew steady and more manageable, but no less enjoyable.

Narris felt himself relaxing, his body giving in to the pleasure of the gentle sucking as he drank from the heavenly cream of the holstaur. His body felt heavy, but his head light. Warmth oozed through him, and the tensions of the day seemed to evaporate like steam.

"That's it," Bess crooned, stroking his head. "Milk me just... mmm... like that. Yes. Ohhhh, that feels so... mm... good. Suckle me. Drink my cream. Oh gods yes. Tastes so g-good, doesn't it?"

"Mmmm," Narris moaned, switching teat, making Bess groan again as he guzzled her cream from her other breast.

Gods, but he was in heaven. Narris felt like he was floating on lazy waves of cream. He groaned in delight as he continued suckling. Drinking like a man dying of thirst. He felt full. Heavy. And so very horny.

The tightness in his pants was almost unbearable, and every second seemed to make him harder. He found himself shifting where he stood, his cock throbbing against his cotton undergarments, and even that stimulation only made him feel a greater need. His balls felt like they were churning with cum. What was going on?

He felt Bess ease him back, and though he didn't want to go, he also couldn't find the strength to resist her touch. His lips popped free and he gave her a dreamy smile.

"Did ya like that?" Bess asked.

"Y-yeah," he breathed.

She smirked, stroking his hair. "Mmm. Good boy. Because it's time you gave Ooa her meal."

He blinked dazedly at her. "M-meal?"

"Oh yeah," Bess said, turning him around so he faced the cage and the bouncy slime girl. "Poor Ooa's been just starvin' while she's been here. And we can't have that, can we?"

"N-no," Narris panted, his hips rocking as he tried to relieve the pressure of his cock. Fuck, he needed a chance to cum. A few minutes in private would do that...

"Good! Then you're ready to let that pretty gal milk those balls dry, right?"

"Right," Narris said, then his mind caught up with her words. "W-wait, I mean-"

"Surely ya got tha memo?" Bess said, seeming to have recovered from her breathless milking, her smirk coy and playful as a cat. "Googirls love the essence of man. Fills 'em right up. Ain't that right, Ooa?"

"Ooo!" the googirl giggled, bouncing just behind the bars, her face glowing with excitement. "Yes! Good. Tastes goooooood!"

Narris watched the jiggle of the googirl's breasts, for a moment at a loss for words. "Uh..."

"Surely ya could use a bit a... relief?" Bess said with a meaningful look, the stalk of wheat in her mouth lifting with her smirk.

Narris felt his face warm again with a blush, but he did feel so... pent up. And... and he could use the relief. And looking at Ooa, he did wonder what it would feel like to fuck a googirl. He'd heard rumours, of course. But he knew his uncle would object.

Yet, he found it hard to care. Not that he ever did, but even the faint hint of hesitation at his uncle's disapproval seemed so... lacking at the moment. He felt so relaxed. So easy and warm and content. And it was so nice watching Ooa bounce. Her jiggly tits wobbling just beyond the bars.

Why not?

Narris smiled lazily. "Yeaaaah," he said, walking somewhat unsteadily towards the cage. "Sure. Gotta do my... duty..."

Ooa giggled, her glowing eyes drawing Narris in. The closer he looked, he noticed that they seemed to swirl with colours. Not just one. And it was so...

Pretty.

Narris's hands fumbled with the front of his pants. He actually sighed in relief as he finally drew his cock out, his manhood feeling heavier and bigger than he'd ever known it. Gods he was so hard. His balls so heavy.

"Oooooo," Ooa cooed as he came to her bars. She giggled, rising further out of the swamp, her hips flowing to form perfect plump counterpoint to her immense breasts. An hourglass figure made of jiggling gelatin. She turned around, leaning over, her gelatinous bum curving with the suggestion of a perfect, plump ass. "Gimme coooooock!"

Narris chuckled at her needy words, his hands reaching through her bars and grasping her rear. It was like handling a full wineskin. Pliable. Soft. Yet slick with her slime. He found himself squeezing and stroking her ass in amazement, but the need of his cock demanded attention.

"Go on," Bess said from behind him.

"Fuck her," Serina cooed.

Their words spurred him to action. He moved forward, his cock prodding at the wobbling orbs of her ass. To his surprise he slipped inside easily, his cock sinking into the quivering jelly with almost unnatural ease. He groaned as the softness of the googirl tightened around his cock like a perfect sheathe, the ooze of her body slickening up his manhood like the most wonderful lubricant, the sensation unbelievably good.

"Oh f-fuck!" he gasped.

"Ooooooh! Fuuuuuck meeeee!" Ooa moaned.

He couldn't hold himself back. Couldn't have denied her if he wanted to. His body seemed to move on its own, his hips drawing back, thrusting forward, making the googirl jiggle with the sudden thrust.

"Ohhhhhh!" Ooa moaned, her body wobbling teasingly, rippling from the impact. "Mooooore!"

She didn't need to ask twice. Every thrust bounced him back, only for her greedy hold to suck him back in. Fucking gods! It was unlike anything he'd known before. Like a cross between a pussy and a mouth. The best of both worlds.

And he was loving it.

His body still felt soft. Relaxed. But the urgency of the pleasure burning in his veins urged Narris forward. He clutched her ass, pulling it against the bars, his cock thrusting frantically into her. Hot pants escaping him. His legs shook at the weakness of the pleasure throbbing from his balls. The tightness. Fuck. Fuck! She was so beautiful. So colourful. The green of her body shimmering with gorgeous hues.

In fact, her whole body seemed a kaleidoscope now that he looked closer. Shimmering colours. Swirling. Rippling with his every thrust...

Narris found himself lost in the colours. He thrust mindlessly. Blindly. The pleasure of his body all the more intense for the vacuity of his thoughts. It was so easy to focus on how good it felt to fuck her. How his balls spanked off her ass. How her tightness rippled and sucked at his cock.

"Fuck meeee! Fuck Oooooaaaa!" Ooa moaned.

"Yeah," Narris gasped, increasing his pace. Feverish. Frantic. Fucking her with almost animal urgency. "Yes! Gotta... gotta f-fuck! Gotta cum. Gotta... gotta cum!"

And he did.

Fuck he did.

The throbbing of his balls demanded it.

Begged for it.

"Cuum!" Oola moaned, her voice wobbling with his every thrust. "Cum in meeeee!"

"Y-yes. Yes! F-fuck yesssss!" Narris moaned, tilting in her a final time, shuddering.

And he came.

He felt his balls throb. The sudden spurt of his cum into the shimmering googirl burst within him in a shock of pleasure. His thick seed sucked into her body. Devoured. Her moan rising in pitch, her body seeming to grow as it absorbed his essence.

Narris groaned, his balls throbbing, his cock twitching as he emptied himself in the googirl. Relief swept him. A wave of euphoria lifting him into clouds of aching bliss. He felt his face sag with dumb relief. With the ecstasy of pleasure.

And then he was falling, his legs too weak to hold him up, his cock slipping from Ooa with a wet slurping sound. And he didn't care. He was floating in pleasure as he seemed to tumble in slow motion.

And yet, land on something soft.

"Did you enjoy that?" Serina crooned from the next cage as her coils, slipped from between the bars while he was busy, now lazily wrapped around him, slithering around his arms and legs.

"Ohhhh," Narris moaned as the smooth scales rubbed his naked legs and waist.

The lamia chuckled, her eyes glowing with spiral hues as she leaned against her cell. "That's what I thought. What a good boy."

Narris shivered at that word, his mouth falling open, but nothing came out. For he had caught a glimpse of her eyes, and like a ship in a whirlpool, he found he couldn't escape the intense, sucking spirals.

Serina's smile deepened. Her coils flexed around him, squeezing him as she lifted him in front of her cage. "You're not really the new assistant, are you?" she purred.

"N-nooooo," Narris said breathlessly, easily, the words skipping from his lips before he could even register them.

"Who are you?"

Narris blinked. He... he probably shouldn't answer that. But... but why not?

Yeah, he thought, relaxing before those whirling spiral eyes.

Why not?

"Castor's... nephew..." he said, smiling dumbly. Softly. Easily.

"Oh yessss," Serina purred, her coils tightening deliciously around him. "But you're soooo much more. You're a silly, dumb, obedient boytoy for devious monster girls. Aren't you?"

The sudden pulse of her eyes made Narris moan in delight. A squeeze of her coils made him shudder, his cock throb, hard again. Tender. Needy. "Yessss!" he whimpered, wriggling with delight in her constricting coils.

Serina chuckled throatily. "And you'll obey all the naughty girls in here, won't you? You'll be their obedient slave, because you love obeying. You love not thinking. You adore being told what to do by gorgeous monsters who want to play with you."

Narris nodded happily along, feeling the truth in her words. Feeling how good it felt to surrender to those urges. Those delights. She was so right. She was so good. They were all good. All the girls in the backroom. It felt so good to just... surrender. To just give in. To let all his problems and worries evaporate. His head empty. Floaty. And just... obey...

Fangs gleamed in Serina's smile as she felt him relax utterly in her grasp. "Gooooood boy," she purred. "And I'm sssssure that you know how to open the cagessss. Don't you?"

He did know. His uncle hadn't told him, but Narris had seen the old man do it. Sigils that could only be undone by his uncle. Or one of his blood. Narris nodded happily. "Yeaaaah," he sighed.

"Gooooood," Serina crooned, giving him another squeeze, lifting him closer, the power of her eyes swallowing his thoughts, her voice slipping into his mind and filling it with her command. "Then open it, sssssslave."

Oh.

Oh, that did feel good.

That word felt so good.

So right.

Narris shuddered in ecstasy and raised his hand. Like in a dream, he made a sign over the lock.

Red magic sparked, the runes turning blue. With a clank the bars rose into the ceiling of the cage, allowing Serina to slither fully out into the open. The lamia groaned, stretching her arms above her head, then letting them fall to Narris's shoulders, pulling him against her breasts, squeezing him against the modest softness of her serpentine tits.

"Ssssssuch a goooood sssssslave," Serina hissed, stroking his hair, making him shudder anew with obedient pleasure, his cock throbbing between the rubbing thickness of her serpentine coils.

"Th-thanks," Narris said, smiling dumbly.

"And you'll do the sssssame to all the othersssss in here, won't you?" she said, her eyes continuing to pulse and spin, devouring his thoughts. "You'll unlock all thesssse cagesssss. Do you know why?"

"Because... because you told me to?" Narris said dreamily.

Serina chuckled. "Mmm. Yesssss. That too. But mosssstly? Sssso you'll have sssso many new misstressssssss to sssserve."

More mistresses?

More monster girls eager to use him?

Play with him?

Fuck him like the obedient toy he was?

Narris face lit up in excitement. "Yeah. Yeah, that sounds... sounds good," he panted.

"I know it does, ssssilly sssslave. Now, let'ssss sssstart with Bessss, ssssshall we?"

Narris nodded, and when he was carried to the barn cage, he eagerly made the sign, moaning as Bess hugged him tight against her creamy breasts, smothering him between those soft, tanned pillows. And he smiled as he made the sign a dozen more times, opening every cage in the store. Obeying the whims of all the monster girls. Ignorant of when his uncle returned, storming into the back room. He didn't even notice the screams as the old man met his former stock, who were eager to repay him for all his 'care.'

Narris paid no mind.

Because he finally knew what to do with his life.

And as Bess bounced atop his cock, and his tongue lapped at the pussy of a cooing harpy, Narris knew he was going to be the best fuck toy he could be.