

The wind tasted of autumn's chill as Calder Vorn, ranger of the Silver Stag, crouched on the wooded hillock, watching the four figures walk up the trail. Sheltered by the bristly limbs of the pine trees, he had an excellent view of the three diminutive figures being led in fetters by the taller one.

The three were goblin maids, of that there was no doubt. Calder recognized them easily due to their height, light green skin, and their stunning curves. Two were dressed in red robes that clung teasingly to their figures, necklines plunging into the valleys of ample green breasts. The third wore nothing but loose straps of cloth, one like a band across her breasts, just barely hiding the nipples, another looping around and between her thighs. Summer clothes, Calder knew. Clothes to tempt and tease while their arts brainwashed and dominated. Goblin maids tended to try and seduce themselves some husbands during the hot months. Turning those men to obedient studs would keep their beds warm during winter.

The man who led them however was well built. Sturdy. Leathers garbed him and a long cloak was wrapped around him. Over a shoulder was slung a bow, at his side hung a sword. As they drew nearer, Calder could make out the man's face, and the ranger smiled. He stood, the branches that sheltered him rustling as he waved at the approaching group.

"Steven!"

The man coming up the hill stopped and raised his head, but relaxed when he saw Calder stepping out of the brush.

"Calder!" Steven cried as the two rangers clasped hands, shaking. "Good to see you again."

Calder laughed. "I should hope so! We were starting to worry up at the lodge." He glanced past the other ranger, his face growing grim. "Are these them?"

"They are," Steven said, giving the chain a yank, tugging the three goblin maids after him. "Found them trying to curse a village. Turn the men to little more than mindless thralls."

"A cruel fate," Calder said grimly.

"Think so?" the lead goblin crooned. "I think they'd have loved it."

Calder grimaced as the trio giggled. Though lovely, that only showed the depth of their evil. Goblins. He shook his head and turned back to his friend. "Come. We'll drop those in the dungeon. Then, a celebration for your return! It will be a grand thing to have another senior ranger."

"Another?" Steven said as he walked with Calder along the stone path up to the lodge.

"Indeed. I don't know what has been going on, but it seems like monsters and demons sprout like the weeds across the realm! It's only me and a bunch of trainees fresh from the academy."

"Ah," Steven said, looking strangely dreaming. "How... interesting."

Calder laughed, patting his friend on the shoulder. "But no worries, Steven. You and me, we'll see them trained up before the spring thaw. We'll make men of them yet!"

Steven nodded, touching a heavy wineskin at his belt. Calder noticed it, wondered at it, and why the goblin maids behind them were giggling again.

#

The great hall of the lodge glowed with the fire blazing from the hearth. Spars of wood arched overhead to form the ribs of the hall, the walls emblazoned with the iconography of the Silver Stag. Calder laughed along with the others as Steven broke into another tale of his adventures. The long table had over a dozen younger rangers seated along it, all listening raptly to the older man recount his battles with monsters, demons, and more.

"Did you really bring back those goblins on your own?" Levin, one of the new rangers, asked.

"Of course," Steven said, puffing out his chest. "Goblin maids are clever monsters. Their true strength is in their cunning rather than any physical prowess. They can't squeeze or crush like a lamia, nor do they have the perfume and vines of an alraune. But in many ways, that only makes them more dangerous."

"More dangerous?" Levin said.

"Oh yes," Calder put in grimly. "They are easy to underestimate. And in the hunt, that is the worst mistake a ranger can make."

He saw his words impress upon the younger rangers, a muffling heaviness of mood.

"But enough of such gloomy thoughts," Steven said abruptly, grinning at them all. "I've brought something I think will make the evening even more delightful." He lifted the wineskin from his belt and poured a glass. "Summer Wine, my friends. Picked it up after defeating the goblins. Prized in the valleys around the area. It's said to capture the very heat of the season. Perfect to beat back the growing chill."

Calder took the offered glass with a chuckle. "I really shouldn't," he said. "Have to start interrogating those goblin maids."

"To go, then," Steven said. "One must keep their strength up. And it's the finest vintage you'll ever taste."

"To go, then," Calder echoed, clinking his glass against Steven's. He downed a sip, his eyes widening at the flavour. The wine was warm, spiced, pleasant as a summer day. He shivered in delight at the soothing sensation as the wine flowed down his throat, spreading like tendrils through his body.

"Gods," he breathed. "That is good."

"Only the best for us," Steven said with a wink.

Letting Steven top him off, Calder rose, glass in hand, and left the hall. As he went, Calder saw Steven filling the cups of every young ranger present. Calder chuckled, shook his head. It really was so good to have Steven back.

But he had to put such thoughts from his mind. He had work to do. He descended down into the dungeon, the sounds of revelry fading behind him. They'd separated the three maids to different rooms in the prison. An obvious benefit of this was that by separating them, it would make the goblins more liable to talk. Goblins were notoriously social. You never dealt with just one, and solitude was their greatest weakness. Some say it was why they felt compelled to enthrall men, but Calder had little sympathy for such plights.

Calder opened the cell door to one of the younger goblin maids. No sense trying to interview the goblin witch this early. Far better to quiz the less experienced ones first.

As the lamplight fell upon the bars of the cell, the goblin maid stirred. She was stretched out on the lone cot, and Calder's breath caught in his throat when he saw her. Her paltry gown was folded up to serve as a pillow, leaving her in nothing but some sparse lingerie.

There was no way Calder could stop his eyes from tracing the curvy form of the goblin maid, lingering on her wide, soft hips and ample breasts, cupped in the thin fabric of her bra. Her large, golden eyes were lidded, her lips quirked with a promise that awakened a stirring in his pants.

But Calder was a ranger of the Silver Stag, and he would be a poor one if some bedroom eyes were enough to turn him from his duty.

Still, he took a quick drink of his wine to moisten a suddenly dry mouth as he grabbed a chair set by the door and dragged it in front of the cell. The goblin maid yawned, straightening, arching her back and pushing out her ample breasts for his perusal.

"Mmm. Hey hot stuff. Like what you see?" she cooed.

"Hardly," Calder said, taking a seat, glowering at the goblin maid. "This is an interrogation."

"Oooh! Gonna break out the whips?" she giggled.

"If necessary," Calder said.

"Well, you'll definitely get me talkin'. But it'll be mostly to beg for more."

Gods, Calder hated dealing with goblins.

"First, what is your name?" he said.

"Meela," the goblin girl said.

He noticed her looking at his glass. He lifted it. "Thirsty?" he said.

"Mmm. That does look tasty," Meela said, licking her lips. "Much like you."

Calder smirked and took a sip of the wine. "Mmm. It's very good."

"Is it really?" Meela said.

"Very," Calder said, examining the cup contentedly. "A certain herbal spiciness. You'd probably have gotten plenty if you'd managed to corrupt that village."

"Oooh, that does sound tasty," Meela said, licking her lips. Her big... soft lips...

Calder realized he was staring and quickly pulled his eyes back to hers. Her lashes lowered, fanning with a flutter. He caught her hands moving and saw her cradling her breasts.

"So, what was it you wanted to ask me?" she crooned.

Calder cleared his throat. "A-at the village. You and the other goblins were trying to corrupt it. Why?"

"We need a reason to want handsome studs?" Meela cooed, her fingers molding her breasts. So soft. So ample. They fairly wobbled in her hands as she pressed them together and gave them a bounce.

Bounce.

Bounce.

Calder felt a twitch race through him at the sight. He blinked, feeling warm. He quickly took another sip of his wine. "That... There were too many men there. A goblin maid never takes more than one husband at a time."

"Ooooh, that's true. But what if we wanted a harem?" Meela giggled.

"Goblin maids aren't known for that."

"What are we known for? I bet it's for having the biggest, most gorgeous tits. The softest boobs around. Massive melons that good boys love to bury their face in and just... submit..."

Calder felt hot despite the coolness of the underground cells. He took another drink to steady his nerves. "I... Look, can you stop that?"

"Stop what?" Meela giggled.

"Your... your breasts. Stop... stop playing with them."

"Aw. Is the big, strong ranger getting flustered by me playing with my tits? Mmm. But it really helps me concentrate. You want me to concentrate, right? You can do it too. Just concentrate on my big... soft... jiggly boobs..."

Calder realized he was, which was unlike him. He shook his head fiercely and looked more intently at the goblin maid, trying to ignore the way her breasts bounced. But that only got him looking at her hips, which had begun to rock back and forth. Swaying like a pendulum, her whole body falling into a rhythmic pattern of motion that drew the eyes. Compelled him to watch.

Calder took a swift gulp of his wine, and found the cup empty. He grimaced, sweating with the effort it took to concentrate. Gods he felt tired. But focus. Had to focus...

"There were too many men for three goblin maids. What were you really up to?" he demanded.

"Oooh, that's true! That many cute boys would be enough for a whole goblin tribe!"

Calder's eyes widened. "You... You're not saying..."

"Of course not!" Meela cooed. "My mistress and I weren't bringing a whole goblin tribe down on that village. That'd be silly! We'd never get all those cute men all hot and bothered. All entranced and drunk on goblin girls. On big green tits. Big... bouncy green boobs. Big... soft... swaying hips..."

Calder squinted at her. She seemed to waver before his eyes. Shimmer like a summer heatwave. Gods he was so thirsty... "Then what were you planning?"

"Do you wanna know?" Meela cooed. "Then, you're gonna have to do something for me."

"What?"

“Strip outta those tight pants and fuck me like a breeding slut!”

Calder’s chair banged off the floor as he surged to his feet, flushing and furious. “You... I would never!”

“Noooo?” Meela giggled. “Then, you don’t wanna know? Don’t wanna find out what me and my sisters were up to? I’ll tell you. All you gotta do is show me that sexy bod of yours. I’ll even sweeten the deal! If you do, you can get a handful of these babies,” Meela giggled, cupping her ample green tits and giving them a bounce.

Calder stared at her body. Felt his cock throb in his pants. He wiped his brow and shook himself, forcing confidence into his voice. “You... I’ll leave you to cool off down here. We’ll see how you feel tomorrow.”

“Oooh, I’ll be even more hot and bothered for you tomorrow, sweet thing,” she said, winking at him.

Face flush, Calder turned on his heel and left the cell. As he slammed the door shut behind him, he leaned against it, resting his forehead against the wood.

Gods. What had happened in there? To be so... tempted? He was a ranger, damn it! This wasn’t like him. But she was very beautiful. So soft. So green. Those breasts bouncing. Those hips swaying...

Calder realized he was panting again. His mouth was so dry. He needed another drink. Something to clear his head. He smacked his lips at the thought of Steven’s wine, but that would surely be empty by now. Fortunately, there were plenty of stores in the lodge.

The wine cellars weren’t far from the prison. It was, after all, simply convenient to have them in the cool underground. He’d nearly reached the heavy wooden door when it opened and Steven emerged.

“Steven?” Calder said.

The other ranger stopped in his tracks. “Ah, Calder.”

“What were you doing in there?”

Steven smiled and held out a pouch. “Preparing more wine.”

“Preparing?”

“Special herbs. Makes the wine taste amazing.”

Calder frowned. Something about that seemed wrong. “We aren’t to add anything from the outside to the stores. You know that.”

“It’s fine,” Steven said airily.

Calder squinted at his friend. Steven looked... dull. As if he were sleepwalking. “Can I see the herbs?” Calder said.

“Used them all.”

"All?"

"There were a lot of casks," Steven said. "The new rangers love the spices. Just wanted them to have as much as they could drink."

Calder shook his head. He was too tired. Too hot. He'd deal with this later. "Alright," he said. "Just... don't do it again."

"Won't need to," Steven said, smiling. He looked dazed. Drunk. Well, he likely was. Drinking all night with the other rangers. Calder sighed, rubbing his head.

"Here."

Calder found a wineskin pressed into his hand.

"Wha..."

"Extra wine. Nice and extra spiced. You'll love it."

Calder chuckled, his worries evaporating. "I really shouldn't."

"Our secret. Better get back," Steven said, moving back up the stairs.

Calder watched him go, envying the other ranger. He looked back to the skin he'd been given.

Looks like he had something to calm him down tonight.

#

Calder woke as if to a silent signal. He lay in bed for a long moment, staring at the ceiling.

"Calder."

He shivered at his own name. The way it purred on the speaker's tongue. Whispered like the first breath of spring. Warm and teasing.

"Calder..."

He slowly rose, legs swinging off the bed, knocking the empty wineskin to the floor. He opened the door a crack, peering out. He heard the murmur of conversation and laughter from the main hall, but no one was in the passage. Were the rangers still drinking?

How long had he been sleeping?

Calder wavered in the doorway, questions tumbling through his head. His heavy... hot head. What was happening? What...

"Caaaaalder..."

He shivered, gasped. His cock throbbed as if a ghostly hand had cupped it, massaged his balls. Gently tugged him on. He teased open the door like that voice teased him, drawing him out into the hall.

He realized where he was going, but didn't think to question it. His feet moved down the stone steps into the holding cells beneath the lodge, his hand pressed against the wall. It was cool down there.

He knew it was. But he felt so hot. Even in nothing but his bedclothes it felt like he were wearing suffocating wool on the hottest summer day.

And on he walked.

On.

The handle of the cell door turned under his hand. Creaked open.

"Hey hot stuff."

Calder stopped in the doorway, staring. Meela stood there, watching him with knowing, golden eyes. She stood behind the bars, naked now, smiling teasingly, her arms crossed under her breasts. Her big breasts. Her big, soft, ample breasts...

"Time for interrogation?" she asked coyly.

Calder tried to suppress a gasp, her voice seeming to reverberate through him, thrumming in his groin, his cock twitching in his pants. "Y-yes," he said finally. "That's... that's right."

"Mmm. Very clever. Coming to me late at night, when I'd be all addled and sleeeeeeepy," Meela crooned, her hands wrapping around the bars, her wide hips lazily swinging from side to side.

Calder blinked, his eyes feeling terribly heavy. He tried to shake it off, but his gaze lingered on Meela's hips. How they shifted. How they swayed...

"Why not take a seat?" Meela cooed. "We'll be a while."

Calder grabbed a chair and planted it before her bars. He sat down before her, then wondered why he had. Now he was on her level. That... that didn't seem right...

"There you go. Much comfier, hm?" Meela giggled.

"I... That's not important," Calder said.

"Oooh, but it is!" Meela crooned, her soft lips smiling. Almost as soft as her breasts, pressing against the bars. As her hips swaying back and forth.

Back and forth.

"Why?" Calder said.

"Because you poor rangers are all so... pent up. So... stressed. So... needy. That's why we're here," she cooed, winking at him. "Pretty goblin maids are always drawn to poor, stressed out boys. We just have a need to make them nice and happy and relaaaaaxed."

"By brainwashing them," Calder said.

"You look thirsty, Calder. You should get a drink."

Calder realized a wineskin was hanging from the shoulder of his chair. He looked at it blankly. How... He hadn't left that last night. How did it get here? Where did it come from?

He lifted it off the chair, looking at it, feeling the malleable heaviness of the skin. Big. Soft. It reminded him of Meela's breasts. Her big, soft, bouncy breasts...

"Go on," the goblin cooed, her hips lazily swinging. "Take a drink..."

Calder popped the cap. The sweet scent of wine wafted to his nose. Heavy. Tantalizing. He inhaled the scent, his head swirling with pleasure. The scent of spices tickling his nose. Intoxicating. Enthralling. Just a sip wouldn't be so bad...

"That's iiiit," Meela cooed, her hips swaying behind the bars as he took a swig. "Take a nice... long... drink. Nice and relaaaaaxing. Nice and soooooothing..."

Calder's throat worked as he drank. The wine poured down his throat. Smooth. Sweet. The fumes seemed to rise in his throat, fill his head with clouds of pleasant pink. He took the skin from his mouth, gasping.

And before him, the goblin swayed.

Her hips swung back and forth. Her breasts bounced in her hand. Her smile teased him. Colours seemed to shimmer from her. Radiate from her. Spirals of hues that drew him in.

"There we go. Doesn't that feel so goooood? So relaaaaaxing? So caaaalming?"

Calder nodded. "Y-yeah."

"And that means now you can ask me all those questions you have! But remember our deal?"

"D-deal?"

"Oh yeaaaaaah. You show me that sexy body of yours, and I'll tell you where our tribe really is. A whole bevy of cute goblin maids wandering the country. Who knows where they are! What they're doing. Ooooooh, it must be so... naughty..."

Calder swallowed hard. Right. Right. He... he needed to know. He... he didn't want to strip, but... but he had to find out.

He rose slowly from the chair. His hands touched his shirt. It was a good thing he was only in his sleeping clothes. His fingers felt so heavy and unsure. Fumbling with the buttons as he stripped them away.

And all the while the goblin's hips swayed.

Back and forth.

Back and forth.

Soon he stood, naked, his cock jutting out, the cool air tingling against his warm, sensitive skin.

"Thaaat's it," Meela cooed. "Ooooooh, what a sexy man you are. So firm. So muscled. You'd make an amazing stud."

Calder felt his body pink with blush. "You... you were going to tell me..."

"Yeah. That's right. But remember? I made another offer. You can totally fondle my big breasts while I talk. It'll help me remember. You want me to remember, right, big boy?"

Calder... Calder did want that. Needed that. And... and her breasts were so soft. So green. So bouncy in her hands.

He found himself crossing the room, standing before her. He slowly got down on his knees. Only to be level with her. That was all. All to fill his hands with her breasts. Her big, soft, green tits...

"Ooooooh," Meela moaned, pressing against the bars as his hands filled themselves with her breasts. Stroking them. Massaging them. Admiring them. "Thaaaat's it. Just fondle my big, soft tits. Mmm. Such clever hands. You love fondling my big, goblin tits. Don't you?"

"Y-yes," Calder breathed.

"Of course you do, hot stuff. Good boys love goblin maids. And I bet this lodge is just full of good boys. Good bimbo boys just waiting for a pretty goblin bride. Good brainless, bimbo rangers too green, too new, to know how to resist a goblin's tits."

"Not like that..." Calder slurred as he watched her green breasts bounce. As his hands squeezed and fondled her.

"Ooooh, I know," Meela moaned, her breath growing hot as he massaged her. As he smelled her perfume. Scented like wine. Like sweet, summer wine... "You were much too clever. Much too smart. That's why you needed a big, strong dose of the mistress's herbs. Get you nice and weak. Nice and pliable. Nice and easy, unable to resist a big pair of green tits.

"But the other rangers here?" she giggled. "Oooh, those poor boys. Still so new in their training! All they needed was a few cups of tainted wine. A few herbs slipped into their regular supply, and they were aaaaaaall ours."

"Y-yours?" Calder breathed. "But..."

"Oh yeah! They're having a great party upstairs. All those poor boys, so drunk on goblin summer wine, all the tribe needed to do was walk in and take their pick! And rangers make such good husbands. All pent up for so long, they'll just stuff their new wives full of their potent cum. Just cum away their silly brains and love their new wives forever and ever and ever."

Calder was panting. His mind whirling, struggling to understand. He could hear it now. The sound from the great hall, filtering down. So loud. The singing of the men, but now joined with another sound. The sweet, higher pitch of women's voices.

"But not you," Meela giggled. "Mistress got Steven, and he was super cute. And I get you! Isn't that wonderful, sweetie?"

"B-but I..."

"Love my breasts?"

"I-I mean, I-"

"Want to kiss them?"

"I-"

"Adore them? Want them? Need them? Need me to fuck you? Need me to ride that good bimbo cock until you spurt that silly mind away? Oh, I know, sweet thing. I know. And we're gonna make it happen, handsome. We're gonna make you such a good stud."

Her hands lifted his from her breasts. Calder whimpered, his eyes widening as she grabbed the cell door and opened it. She saw his surprise, giggled.

"Who do you think put that wine there, cutie? Aw. Even if we didn't have a man on the inside, goblins are great with knots. And locks. If we want in, there's nothing keeping us out. Of homes. Of cells. Of minds."

She moved forward, straddling him. Calder realized he was still kneeling when the gusset of her pussy rubbed against his cock.

"And you let me in so easy, cutie," Meela cooed, her hands stroking his naked chest. "So eagerly. I think you wanted this. You wanted us to come in here and turn all your rangers into good bimbo studs. You wanted to sink and submit to a pretty goblin maid. You wanted to be my handsome, brainless husband. My perfect stud. My obedient hubby."

He let out a whimper as her arms looped around his head, pulled him down towards her smiling face. Her ample tits. Her hot, hungry golden eyes.

"And it's time to make you all mine."

She kissed him.

Sheathed him.

And he knew he was hers.

Calder groaned as her pussy enveloped him and she began to ride his cock. Her mouth swallowed his grunt, her breasts pressed against his naked chest, rubbing him as she rode him. She was so small. But so powerful. He felt helpless in her arms. Submissive. And that was right. It was right to feel that way against her. It felt perfect and pure and wonderful. He began to kiss her back, his hands looping under her ass, squeezing her firm bottom. Meela cooed, increasing her pace, the slap of flesh on flesh echoing through the cold, stone prison.

But Calder wasn't cold.

He was on fire.

The heat glowed in him. Heat of passion. Of love. Of the sweet flush of the wine. He panted, gasped, adoring the green beauty riding his lap. Fucking her. He found his strength again, but only used it to push forward, press her against the bars, pound his cock up into her with feverish passion.

"Ah! Mnnnnnn!" Meela moaned. "Yes! Yes! Ah. That's good. So goooooood!"

"Love you," Calder gasped. "Love you. Love you. Mistress. Love you. Ah. Love youuuuu!"

“Yes! Yes! Love me!” the goblin maid cried. “Love me! Fuck me! Breed me! Breed me, stud! Fuck me full of your seed! Don’t stop. Cum! Cum that silly mind away! Give it to me! Give me your cuuuuum!”

Her cry signalled the end. The triumph. Her inner walls squeezed his cock, her orgasm pushing him past the brink. With a cry of pleasure he hilted himself within her, and came. Pumping his hot cum into the lovely goblin. Balls tightening as he gave her everything he had.

His seed.

His mind.

His love.

He loved her.

Adored her.

He was hers.

All hers.

All his lovely goblin wife’s...

#

Calder watched as the man moved up the path, walking around the odd patch of snow still melting in the spring thaw. The newcomer was still dressed in the heavy coat and cloak of winter, but they were open in response to the changing season. With a smile, Calder stepped out from cover, raising a hand.

“Veld!”

The other man beamed and closed the distance, clasping Calder’s hand. “Calder! Come to meet me?”

Calder laughed. “Always, old friend. The pass open?”

“Finally! This winter seems to have lasted forever.”

“Really?” Calder said, thinking happily back to the last few months. The warmth. The laughter. The kisses and the snuggling of soft, green bodies. “Feels like it went by so fast.” He shook his head. “But no matter. You must be frozen! Come on,” he said, slinging an arm over Veld’s shoulders, leading him up towards the lodge, a plume of smoke twining in the air. “We’ll warm you up with a nice glass of summer wine...”