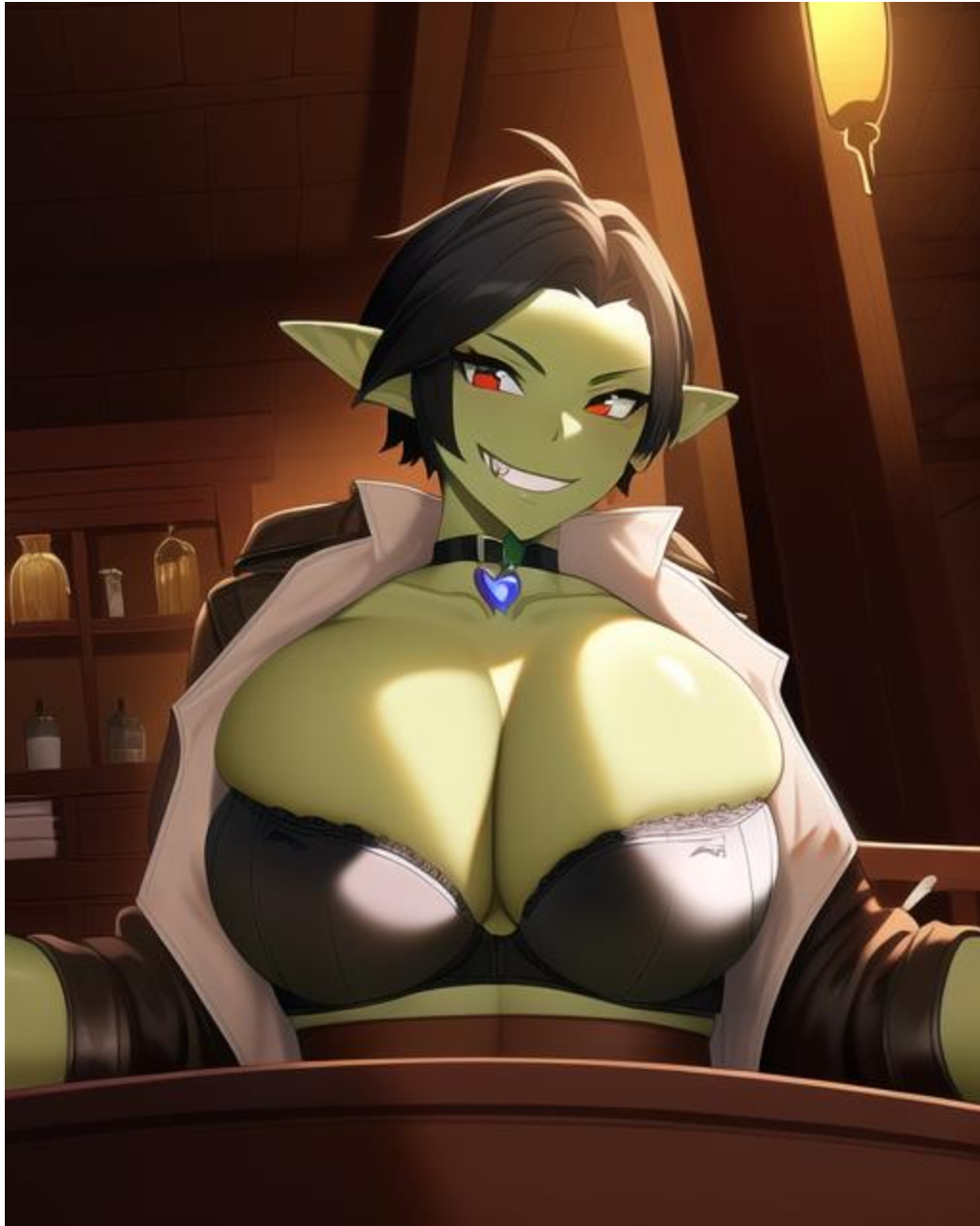




Levin had never known a finer party.

The ribbed hall of the ranger's lodge seemed to swim in colours of violets, reds and oranges. The crackling fire in the great hearth glowed wonderfully, shining off the varnished wood floor, buffed by centuries of ranger boots. He'd always heard that the Silver Stag was a stuffy, grim order. How wrong they had been. And all of this to celebrate Steven Landle's return, along with his three goblin prisoners. Levin sighed longingly. That was why he became a ranger. To punish the wicked and protect the weak. Some day, he swore, he'd be given such a reception by his brothers too...

And Levin knew he wasn't drunk. He hadn't downed nearly enough wine for that, and the brew at the hall was notoriously watered down. So he was fine. Everything was just fine...

As he sat there, he realized the thudding sound wasn't the music in his head, but a knocking on the doors of the lodge. He looked about the table, but none of the others seemed to have heard. They were having far too much fun. With a shrug he quaffed another mouthful of wine, fortifying himself as he rose from his chair and made his way across the hall. He grasped the handle, pushing the door open and peering into the night.

Levin stared blankly at the short figure standing on the threshold. Buckskin straps clad her, hefting a pair of impressive green breasts in an X, while a girdle of the same held a strip of fur to cover her nethers. She wore a fur cap that pressed down a mass of unruly black hair, failing to repress a pair of pointed green ears. Her face was pretty, with a small nose, large golden eyes, and a smile of wicked mirth. A necklace of bone charms was strung about her neck, rattling softly in the chill autumn wind.

Levin stared, wondering if he'd been mistaken about how much he'd been drinking. It would have to be a lot if he was imagining a goblin maid outside the lodge. Especially one dressed like a shaman. His eyes wandered down to those plump green tits. So firm and large. He licked his lips. Well, as far as drunken visions went, he'd certainly seen worse...

"Hey cutie," the goblin said in a shockingly solid voice. "Going to invite me in?"

Levin started where he stood. "You... you're real?"

"Sure am! Wanna see?"

Before he could answer the goblin maid grabbed his hand and pulled it to her breast. He gasped as his hand reflexively squeezed her ample teat, feeling the warm firmness of her breast. Oh yeah. That was very real.

Realizing what he was doing he yanked his hand back. "But... w-wait... what are..."

"Am I doing here?" the goblin maid giggled. "Isn't it obvious?"

"Uh..."

"I'm surrendering of course!"

Levin blinked dully. "Huh?"

The goblin maid sighed dramatically, sticking out her soft lower lip in a shameful pout. "See, I've tooooooally realized that us goblins just aren't a match for you studly rangers. No matter how hard we try, you cute boys are always one step ahead of us. We'll never win, and just get hunted down. So I figure, hey! Why not just surrender?"

"W-well," Levin said, unable to prevent himself from puffing out his chest a little, growing warmer with the praise. "That's... um..."

"So I came right up here to throw myself on your tender mercies. I'll face any punishment for all those naughty things I've been up to."

"Naughty?"

The goblin tittered, not looking particularly contrite. "Yeah! Like turning humans into brainless breeding bulls. Selling potions to pretty farm girls looking to make their bodies more vavoom! Love potions. Lust potions. Virility potions. Fertility potions."

Levin felt his head spinning at the storm of crimes being admitted before him, to say nothing of the visions they conjured. He put a hand to his throbbing head. "But... you..."

"And I feel just soooo bad about it all!" the goblin cried, clasping her hands before him, her breasts squeezed in their leather straps, although the sparkle in her eye made Levin wonder at the sincerity of it. "I must be rehabilitated. I want to become functioning members of human society."

"Right. That uh..."

"Vivanne."

"Huh?"

"My name," the goblin maid said with a flutter of her lashes and twitch of her smile. "It's Vivanne."

Levin felt another rush of heat rise from his groin and into his chest. His cock throbbing, pressing against the tight fabric of his pants. Gods she was gorgeous. He tried to keep his eyes on hers, but somehow they kept getting pulled down to her chest. He grasped the doorframe for support, closing his eyes tight and opening them as if to clear them of the vision before him.

"Right. Right. Um, if you're... if you're surrendering, I... I have to take you in."

"That you do," Vivanne said with an impish smile that made him feel uneasy. As if he were missing something. Something important. Not as important as her breasts though. So big and soft. Gods, he'd love to just bury his face between them...

"Like what you see, stud?"

Levin jerked his eyes back to hers. "I uh..."

"It's okay. I'm your prisoner," Vivianne giggled and gave her upper body a shake, sending her breasts bouncing in the tight straps that garbed her. "You can do aaaaanything to me."

Levin caught his breath at the sight, his cock throbbing in his pants. Gods he was so horny. But he shouldn't be. A good ranger was always in control.

But wasn't he in control? She was his prisoner. She had surrendered. He'd seen her use no magic or charm or spell. So... so what was the problem?

"What is the problem..." Levin mumbled.

"None at all," Vivianne said with a wide grin.

Levin felt the tension bleed out of him, as if he were merely waiting for those words. Yeah. That was right. There was no problem. He had his prisoner. And wouldn't that be a damn fine thing? A damn fine thing! Not even a full ranger and he had already brought in a goblin, one of the trickiest monsters known.

"Yeah, that's right," Levin said with more certainty and only a modicum of slurring. "You're my prisoner."

"That's the spirit, stud!" Vivianne said, then peered past him. "Ooooh, but looks like you're having a party in there! Well, it seems only fair that you make your new prisoners serve you. Really show us our place, huh?"

"It would?" Levin said.

"Totally," Vivianne said.

Levin nodded. Yes. Yes, that would work. Really humiliated the goblin. Show her he wasn't to be messed with. And he had to admit, with another more open look at her curvy form, his eyes following the lazy rock of her hips as she shifted her weight, it would be nice to be served by such a lovely woman. Even if she was a monster girl.

"Yeah. Okay. Sounds good," Levin said, then furrowed his brow. "W-wait. Us?"

"Oh yeah!" Vivianne said, giggling. "Didn't I mention that? When I decided to surrender, I told aaaaall my sisters. And they totally agreed with me! We should all surrender to you hot ranger boys and show you what manly men you are."

Levin raised his head. There were eyes in the dark, he now saw. Eyes low to the ground. Eyes in pretty faces with long, pointy ears and bodies wearing scanty little despite the cold. And smiles. Many, many smiles.

For the first time Levin felt a quiver of unease. "I-"

"Hey now!" Vivianne said, taking his hand and pulling him back into the lodge. "No getting greedy! It's not fair for you to capture all us pretty goblin girls, hm? All your brothers should share in the fun."

"I uh..."

"Isn't that right?"

He sucked in a breath as her hip rubbed against his leg, sending tingles shooting that short distance straight to his crotch. He gasped as his cock throbbed, his thoughts growing leaden, his worries unimportant.

"Y-yeah. Yeah. Not... not fair..."

"What a generous captor I have!" Vivianne giggled as she pulled his arm between her breasts, smiling up at him. "And to the victor goes the spoils, right?"

Levin watched, scarcely believing it as Vivianne took his hand and pressed it to her breast again. He shuddered in ecstasy as he instinctively groped her, feeling the heavy, warm softness of her breast through the strap. Good gods. He'd never felt something so wonderful. Just the feel of it made all his worries so very unimportant.

Vivianne giggled again, her laughter vibrating through her chest, infecting Levin with a grin as he groped her, no longer even attempting to hold back his hand. Yeah. That was right. She was his prisoner. He could do anything to her. Strictly a no no among rangers, but it was an open secret some broke the rules.

He let her tug him back into the warmth of the grand hall, finding himself at his chair once more. He plopped into it with a grunt, and no sooner had he done so Vivianne had hopped into his lap. He groaned as her soft bottom pressed down on his bulge, the goblin maid cooing as she straddled his lap and mashed her plump breasts against him.

"You look hot, master," she said, her fingers walking their way down his chest. "Should your servant help you... cool off?"

"Y-yeah. Do that," he gasped.

Her ears twitched with amusement. "As you command," she teased, grabbed his shirt, and fairly ripped it off him. Levin jolted in surprise at the violence of the motion, his skin tingling in the open air. Vivianne's eyes flashed. "Ooooh," she said, resting her palms on his firm, toned abdominals. "Jackpot!"

"Ohhhh f-fuck," Levin groaned as she stroked his chest.

"Aw, are you still hot, master? Well, I got a fix for that!" Vivianne said, reaching back and swinging around a stein filled with sloshing wine. "Here we go. Something to... cool you off..."

She pushed it into his hand, and the young ranger had already lifted it towards his lips when he remembered something. Something breaking through the fog, making him hesitate. Goblin... goblin wine. That... you must never drink that.

He lowered the cup an inch. "I... I don't..."

"Worried?" Silly," Vivianne said, tapping his nose playfully. "That's your order's wine. Can't you tell? You've been drinking that aaaaaaall night."

Levin blinked. Blinked again. He brought the mug closer and breathed in. He relaxed, melting with relief. She was right. It was the order's wine. Not goblin brew. Not something that would turn him into a braindead bimbo stud.

"Take a drink," Vivianne said. "Go on. Everyone is."

Levin looked about the room. She was right. Every ranger in the hall was drinking freely, every one having at least one, sometimes two giggly goblin maids in their laps, cooing and admiring their muscular young men, never leaving their mouths unoccupied for long without either a swig of brew or the kisses of the busty green girls.

All of which was fine.

Perfectly fine.

Levin smiled and swigged his mug. The sweet spiciness of the special wine swirled in his mouth like a flash of sparks. He savoured it, swallowed.

And took another drink.

All the while he could feel Vivianne in his lap, her bum rubbing against his bulge, his cock throbbing as it strained to free itself from the prison of his pants. Gods he was horny. So fucking horny. Her breasts mashed against him. Her lips kissing fire up and down his chest while her hands stroked him, sending fluttering tremors of desire through his stomach.

All of which was fine.

Absolutely fine.

Levin put down the stein, gasping from the long drink, his vision swimming as if the room's many hues were melting together. He happily grasped Vivianne's rump with his free hand, admiring the firmness of her bum. The goblin groaned in delight. "Ohhhh, master! How naughty."

"Naughtier than you?" Levin slurred with a grin.

Vivienne chuckled, leaning up against his chest. "Oh now, I dunno," she said as her lips drew closer. "I've been so very... very... naughty."

The kiss that followed that was headier than even the wine. Levin groaned as her tongue pushed into his mouth, warring with his own, submitting with ease and allowing him to deepen it. He found himself pushing forward, overturning his chair, pressing the goblin maid back onto the table. She whimpered beneath him, squirming eagerly as his hand squeezed her rump, the other her breast.

He broke the kiss, panting, pulling back. Vivanna lay beneath him, bent over the table, her breasts having come free of the buckskin straps in their passionate struggle. A coal-black nipple lay bared, her green cheeks tinted a deep lime and her lidded eyes burning hot.

"Mmmm. I've been so veeeeery naughty," the goblin moaned. "I need to be punished by a sexy, studly ranger."

"That... that right?" Levin said, his voice hot, tasting of wine and her lips. His cock throbbing, aching to be free. To taste this green seductress he had conquered. To fuck her. To mate her. To breed her fertile green curves.

"Oh yeeeeeees!" Vivanna moaned, cupping his cheeks, her hands soft, his face burning against her palms. "And I must be... punished."

He grunted as her foot brushed his bulge, her toes stroking him through his pants. Yes. Yes, he had to punish her. Had to show her who was in charge. Who was the hunter. He had to put this green slut in her place. He had to fuck her.

Pound her.

Breed her!

He grabbed the strap of her girdle and yanked it off, the buckle coming loose with shocking ease, baring the emerald slit of her shaven pussy, slick and ready. The goblin maid groaned and undulated beneath him, begging for it. For him.

“Yes!” Vivianne cried. “Take me, stud! Show me what a slut I am! Fuck me hard!”

“Yes,” Levin gasped, his fumbling hand undoing his pants, a groan escaping him as his cock fairly forced the last laces open, freeing his manhood, the cool air tingling against his skin. But it would be somewhere warm so very soon. With one hand he grabbed the goblin maid’s hip, aligned her with his cock.

And he thrust home.

“Ohhhhh!” Vivianne cried.

“Gnnn! Fuck!” Levin gasped as her hot depths gripped his manhood tight.

“Yes!” she gasped under him, her arms looping around his head, pulling it close, face to face with her, inches between them, the intensity in her eyes holding him as she gasped, “Yes! Fuck me! Punish me! Take me haaaaard!”

He stared into her face, enraptured with her. There was no question of not obeying. As he drove his cock into her, his lips locked with hers again, her mouth eagerly yielding to his kiss, his head floating on clouds of steamy pleasure as he pumped his cock into her, feeling her ripple, squeeze, take him deep inside her. Deeper than he had ever dreamed she could. She was so tight. So eager.

So perfect.

“Mmmmm,” Vivanne moaned, plates and cups rattling around them as the table shook under his thrusts. Levin broke the kiss, gasping, looking around the room blearily. Rangers all around him were in the arms of goblin girls. Kissing. Fucking. One had a maid mounted on his face, her legs braced on his shoulders and back of the chair while he ate her out, a second goblin maid moaning as she rode his lap, facing the room, her green tits bouncing. Levin looked at the man beside him and found the ranger with head tilted back, freckled face flushed, his eyes closed tight as a goblin maid with long black hair woven with animal bones bobbed her head in his lap, sucking him off with unholy skill.

But Levin couldn’t linger on the others long. For Vivanne drew his face back to hers, and he was kissing her again, pounding into her, plowing her with sharp, hungry thrusts of his hips. He melted into her lips. Into her eyes. His body bent over hers, plunging his cock into the shortstack’s depths, feeling the wonderful tightness ripple and squeeze his cock.

“Yes!” Vivanna gasped between kisses. “Yes! Fuck me, stud! Fuck me haaaaard! Don’t stop... Don’t... ha... s-stop. F-fuck me. Fuck me! Breeeeeed meeeeeee!”

Her final cry pushed Levin over the edge. With a shuddering moan he hilted into her, an aching pleasure rushing from his groin, shuddering from his cock, crackling through his veins as his shaft pulsed, his balls tightened.

And he came.

Moaning, Levin shuddered, convulsing with the sheer intensity of his orgasm, his cock pulsing, bathing the goblin’s cunny with his hot seed. Every throbbing jolt of cum made his head float. Weakness fill him more. More.

More...

Levin groaned, knees weak, surrendering to gravity and sending him falling back, slumping in his chair, his cock sliding free of the goblin maid. He sat there, sprawled atop the chair, chest heaving with exertion. It was a break short lived, for in the next moment he felt Vivianne slide back into his lap, her cheeks flushed, but her eyes glowing like molten gold. She cooed, stroking his cheek.

"What a mighty ranger I have," she giggled. "So strong and... mmm..." She wriggled in his lap. "Virile. I couldn't have lost to a better man."

"Y-yeah," Levin gasped. "B-better..."

"But surely you're not done punishing me yet?" Vivianne cooed. "Why, I barely learned my lesson! In fact, I might be so naughty, you have to punish me as many times as you can. Every night."

"E-every night?" Levin gasped.

"Don't think you can do it?" Vivianne said with a suggestive flick of her brows. "Well, not to worry, hot stuff! Have another drink. I bet you'll feel reaaaaaal dynamic after that."

Levin felt her push another stein into his hand. Without thinking he downed it. It was different from his wine. The drink was hot, spicy, electric! He gasped, sitting up straighter as he felt a shot of pure energy rush into him, his body quivering with sudden vigour.

"Attaboy," Vivianne said as she turned in his lap, pulling herself onto the table on her hands and knees, raising her lush green rump like a bitch in heat. She looked over her shoulder, grinning as she wiggled her plush bottom. "Now, how about you punish me some more, hot stuff? And you should know, goblins tooooooally hate it when you eat out their ass! We find it sooo humiliating. I'll for sure learn my lesson from a bit of that!"

Levin nodded, enraptured by the sway of her enticing ass. Yeah. Yeah, that made sense. He reached out, stroking those perfect orbs, admiring the way Vivianne shivered and cooed, her bottom twitching with sensitive eagerness. He grinned and pushed his face against her rear, his tongue flicking her tight backdoor, making the goblin coo as his tongue pushed inside her ass, tasting the earthy sweetness of her bottom.

Yeah.

Yeah, he'd show her who was boss.

He'd teach her the error of her ways. No matter how many times he had to fuck her raw.

After all, he was a ranger.

And to punish the wicked was his job...