

Milked for Information, Ch. 02

Oriole's mind sloshed and drowned as he sank into the holstaur's massive tits and suckled at her nipple. His mouth was full of sweet, thick, creamy milk. His lap was full of plump, plush, grinding cowgirl ass. And his mind was... almost empty.

The knight couldn't help himself. He dimly felt like he was supposed to do something, or—or *not* do something. But he was so thirsty. The taste of Heather's milk made his worries feel so small and soft, and something about being squished into her breasts made his brain wanted to just shut off and go to sleep. He might have, too, if it weren't for how—

—how—

—how her luscious ass kept *bouncing*, making his cock twitch and drool and *throb* with every long, lazy grind along his shaft...

“Okay~!” Jallzi's voice rang out softly in the quiet of his mind, and a pinprick of awareness seemed to return as he registered that venomous triumph the little goblin maid had barely been bothering to conceal up until now. “Ready for the third question, *sweetie*?”

Questions...?

Oh. Right. The pretty girls were asking him... questions. What kinds of questions?

The second one echoed in his mind, a sultry, echoing purr. *Are you thirsty, sweetie?*

That question hadn't been so hard, he thought dreamily. He pressed in a little deeper, lips locked firmly onto Heather's nipple. Of course he was thirsty. He wanted to keep drinking, so he had to be thirsty. Heather's milk tasted so nice...

Heather's fingers ran through his hair. He shivered at the delicate touch.

“This one is even easier than the other two,” the holstaur cooed in his ear, rocking her hips steadily against his throbbing bulge. “You're going to do so well for us.”

“Mm...” Oriole tried to nod slightly, but even that small act felt like too much work right now. The more he drank, the heavier the world felt, and the harder it felt to move. Heather's heartbeat guided every suckle. Even easier than... what had the first question been, again?...

Don't you think you owe Jallzi an apology?

Heather had asked it so sweetly, so innocently, and... and he'd agreed, he had, he'd been so mean to Jallzi when all she was trying to do was... was whatever he'd thought he was mad at her over...

... running the Cherry Street Dancers, Nyaska's worst criminal syndicate...

... kidnapping, extortion, espionage, larceny...

... trying to torment him into betraying his friend so they could... catch her... and...

Oriole's eyelids drifted open. He stopped suckling. He could hear his own heartbeat, now, and it was a deep, thudding instrument.

He wrenched away, eyes widening as full consciousness snapped back into him.

He could hear the goblin maid's smug cackles echoing off the walls of the dungeon cell as he looked between Heather—who just gave him a sweet, innocent smile and cupped her tits expectantly—and then at Jallzi, who nearly doubled over with laughter.

Briefly, all he could do was stare.

He stared at Heather, with her deep hazel eyes and plump pink freckled cheeks, pouty lavender lips, and soft, angelic features. Her wavy auburn hair rolled down around curving bull horns to sway just past her shoulders.

But looking at Heather's pretty face was obviously like trying to grip a cliff's edge by the fingertips.

Because he could feel those massive, fat udders compelling his eyes downward, heavenly bodies drawing his gaze by simple irresistible gravity. They had a perfect round teardrop shape, and were still jiggling from his quick departure, almost rippling where he'd been squished into them.

Her nipple was also still leaking that sweet, heavy, intoxicating cream. He could smell it. Taste it.

He ogled them helplessly, and his cock throbbed beneath her ass as she bobbed in slow, easy motions, swaying her whole body like a serpent hypnotizing its prey. Her breasts bounced and swung to a slow, weighty rhythm.

At the sound of the cackles subsiding into giggles, his eyes drifted over to Jallzi. Jallzi, adorable little Jallzi, with her luscious shortstack curves squeezed into that *tight* leather armor, those plump dark lips curving in a greedy smile beneath those massive, beautiful burning red eyes.

He'd never realized how... *sexy* Jallzi was until now. How much he loved watching those wide hips sway as she paced around him, how nicely her armor showed off her own big, round tits, how sweet and musical her voice sounded to him even when she was...

... was laughing at him, laughing at his deep humiliation, her lovely face lit up by that bitchy, insufferably self-satisfied smirk...

Oriole's world tilted back into balance again, and he reeled, tearing his eyes away from the both of them.

Jallzi's giggles subsided. She bounced from heel to tow. "*Theeere* he is," she crowed. "Welcome back, *Sir Oriole*! You've been *sooo* very helpsome so far."

He glared, hating the burning of his cheeks. "And y-yet I..." Heather's tits swayed just out of the corner of his eye. He struggled to keep his eyes on Jallzi's, focusing on his anger. "... h-haven't told you anything yet, you d-damn *pest*."

He didn't use that word lightly. *Pest* was usually a word guaranteed to make Jallzi howl in anger, and an angry Jallzi could be deadly. Even now, with all the power his bitter enemy held, he saw those red eyes glitter like someone had thrown a log onto a fire.

But then he saw the anger give way into... something else. And he sensed, with a dark pit growing in his stomach, that something irreversible had already changed between them.

"You've admitted you love breastfeeding at Heather's nice, big tits," she said sweetly, reaching up to touch his chin. He jerked away from her touch. "And you gave me *suuuuch* a nice little apology, didn't you, *sweetie*?"

His jaw clenched.

"And you've been so *cooo-operative* for proving me right," the goblin cooed, leaning in very close until her lips were at his ear, "about how weak and *inferior* boys really are! I always *knew* you were only huntin' our gang 'cause you were hoping we'd *catch* you and put you back in your place. Nice to prove an apotheosis."

Oriole shook his head, trying to dispel the flutters of pleasure at her voice. What had that milk done to him? Why did his head feel so... why did Jallzi's *words* feel so...

After all these years spent trying to bring them down, dozens of vague accounts of the Cherry Street Dancers' terrifying interrogation methods, Oriole had always just assumed it had to be some sort of heinous torture, or extortion, or bribery. Mind control, hypnosis, seduction, fey tricks—he'd always figured that nonsense only worked on people who'd already basically *wanted* it, not—never *him*—

“I don’t know what it is you did,” he muttered, trying not to engage with Jallzi’s wicked taunts or obnoxious malapropisms, “but if you think I’m going to tell you...”

Heather’s hand touched his cheek as her ass slowly rocked forward, bringing her breasts almost close enough to smother him. His words dotted away from him.

“*Shhh. It’s okay, sweet boy.*” The holstaur’s gentle voice descended over him like a shielding blanket, drawing his focus away from Jallzi’s infuriating grin. “She isn’t trying to make fun of you. It’s okay to relax around us.”

“Wh...” Oriole turned to face her, forcing his gaze to remain at eye level. “Y-You two are... are really...”

Heather smiled and gave her boobs a few playful bounces, and his gaze sank like a stone.

“It’s *okay*, silly boy! You’re *safe with us now*.” Heather was making her pretty voice as sweet and gooey and sticky as flowing syrup as she slowly rolled her hips, rocking her plump butt against his captive cock. His attempted retort was choked off in a broken moan. “I know you’re *so embarrassed*, but Jallzi is just trying...” She cupped her breasts, lifting them with visible effort, and slowly squished them together. “... to *help~*”

“H-Help?” Oriole meant for his voice to sound contemptuous, disbelieving. It came out sounding small and confused.

“Of course, sweetie!” Heather smiled broadly, bouncing her breasts between her hands. “She’s just trying to help you understand what happened, in her own way.” Her butt bounced slightly against his captive cock.

“H-Her own... way...” This time, Oriole’s voice came out as a moan, and his cheeks burned.

“That’s right!” He heard Jallzi giggle. Her lips brushed his earlobe. “It’s *aaall okay*, cutie. I know I prob’ly seemed *awful* rude before, but I wasn’t, actually! You were just bein’, y’know... *hysterical*.” She planted a little kiss on his cheek. “Because you were shy around a pretty girl. Duh.”

“A-As—” Oriole bit back the words to hold another moan in as Heather bounced her butt in his lap. His racing heart was burning with anger and shame, but heavy with something strange and fluttering and overwhelming, something that made him think of the taste of Heather’s milk.

“*Mm-hmmm.*” Heather’s smile widened slightly, her voice washing over him with sweetness and love. She kept slowly swaying her upper body, drawing his focus deeper into those big, bouncing tits... “You were never really an enemy, poor sweet boy! You must have just been... *confused!*”

“N-nn—” Oriole shook his head weakly, his eyes trailing after her boobs as they swung before him like slow, heaving pendulums. Every time they swung low, his mind seemed to sink with them, and he couldn’t figure out how to make it stop, couldn’t break free, couldn’t resist—

“Everyone knows that behind every disbehavin’ boy,” Jallzi said in an almost instructional tone, her hand sliding down his side, “is a *girl* who got that poor boy’s cock all *big an’ hard* so she could tell him exactly what to do~” She kissed his cheek again, a wet, sticky kiss. “So of course I don’t blame you, *sweeeeetie!*” The pet name couldn’t possibly have sounded any more condescending, any more sarcastic, or any more like an obscene insult, and yet Oriole felt that fluttering shyness again in his chest. As if some part of him was reading it as actual *flirtation*.

“Y-You...” Oriole withheld the curse, but only because Heather had just bounced a little closer, and the holstaur’s big breasts were near enough that opening his mouth too wide could risk a nipple just... sliding inside...

“You wanna be real *goood* for me now, though, don’t you?” Jallzi’s fingernails traced around the far side of his neck, almost drawing out a squeak—fuck, he was so *sensitive*. She cupped his chin and made him face straight towards Heather’s massive, jiggling udders. “You wanna be a good li’l dummy titslave *boytoy* for the *Cherry Street Dancers*?”

Oriole’s thoughts sloshed and swayed as he ogled those tits. His cock throbbed as Heather’s ass wriggled teasingly. No, he... he *wouldn’t*...

“Of course he does!” Heather nodded happily, beaming down at him. “We know he didn’t mean any harm! Did you, sweetie?” She lifted her breasts slowly until they were just above his head. Oriole tried not to let himself get drawn in, but he felt like his mind was sandwiched within those big, soft tits...

... his thoughts being slowly lifted up and getting... *squished between them*...

“Well, gosh, I dunno...” Jallzi patted him on the head. “He was bein’ awful mood before! Maybe he’s not *ready* for more interlocution just yet.”

Oriole needed to stop looking at Heather’s tits. He knew that. He knew Jallzi wasn’t strong enough to restrain him even if she used all her might, let alone with just one little hand under his chin, but...

... but every time he considered looking away, Heather’s breasts would bounce, or jiggle, or wobble, or her butt would grind, or...

“I... I w-won’t—”

“Oh, Jallzi...” Heather suddenly let her breasts fall, and Oriole’s words fell away with them. She was pouting. “He’s having so much trouble speaking!”

“Uh-huuuh!” Jallzi chuckled. “Boys always do around pretty girls, Heather! They get all blushy and crushy an’ *tongue-tied*...” He heard her licking her lips. “... and pretty soon they don’t know *what* to do but drool over our tits and beg to fuck us silly~!”

Oriole’s anger was subsumed in a moan as Heather’s hips slowly swirled.

“But *Jallzi*.” Heather sounded very concerned. “Feel how weak he’s gotten!”

Oriole’s whole body burned with indignation. He tried to pull his head away from Jallzi again, but couldn’t muster the willpower.

“Men are always weak,” Jallzi husked in his ear. “They act all big and tough, but one look at a nice pair of big, bouncing boobies and they’re just another buckbrained *pet* lying in bed and eating out of a pretty girl’s hand while she does *aaaall* the hard work for them.” Her hand caressed his cheek. Oriole almost whimpered. Fuck, he was so hard...

“But that’s just it, Jallzi.” Heather seemed unassuaged. “What if he’s hungry?”

There was a pause.

“*Ooooh*.” Oriole could hear the furnaces heating up in Jallzi’s mind, could sense her glittering malice forming a new design. “Say, I’ll bet you’re right! Poor *boy*.” She kissed him deeply on the neck, then turned his head around—he didn’t think to resist until he was directly facing her, staring into those bright red eyes. She grinned. “We can’t possibly question him like that, can we? Are you hungry, *Sir Oriole*?”

Oriole swallowed, trying to banish the sight of Heather’s big, bouncing tits from his mind. The taste of the milk was still lingering on his tongue, still making him feel so strange and flushed around these two.

He actually hadn’t eaten in over a day by this point. He never ate before a mission, and they’d been holding him here since yesterday. Whatever they fed him couldn’t be more humiliating than... than what he’d already let them do. Right?

As if it had overheard, his stomach let out a soft, traitorous grumble. It echoed in the quiet of the underground cell.

He watched Jallzi's grin slowly widen. She reached somewhere behind her—the whole world beyond Jallzi and Heather, he realized, suddenly seemed foggy and indistinct—and procured a round cookie lathered in thick pink frosting.

“Was that a yes~?” she teased.

Oriole stared at the cookie. He tried not to lick his lips.

He'd always had a guilty sweet tooth, and that cookie looked utterly decadent. He'd always heard stories about how delicious goblin maid cooking could be, but he'd never... fuck, *no*, he couldn't just let them...

Jallzi giggled, reached up with her other hand, and dabbed at his cheek with a little handkerchief. Oriole realized he'd started to drool.

“Heather, babe,” she cooed, “switch~”

The pair moved in a blur. He heard Heather giggle, and her weight suddenly left his lap. He barely had time to process that his legs were now free again, watching her tits bounce as the holstaur twirled to stand by his side, before a new weight plopped into it.

And the knight turned back to see Jallzi—bitchy, snide, *crime gang leader* Jallzi—now nestled cozily in his lap, giving him the sweetest and smuggest of smiles.

At some point through all this, she'd wriggled out of her pants.

Jallzi's body had a supple hourglass shape, tapering in at the waist before spreading into to wide, heart-shaped hips. Her body was very hot, and very... very...

Fuck, he didn't want to notice how *perfect* her figure was, but he couldn't help it, because where Heather had been content to slowly grind, Jallzi was *wriggling*, *rocking* her hips, mercilessly pleasuring his hard, throbbing cock with that wonderful soft, jiggling bubble butt.

He let out a choked breath, trying desperately to keep any less dignified sounds from spilling out—he refused, not for Jallzi, no matter how *pretty* she was, how *natural* it felt to have her here grinding against his clothed cock...

“You've been *so* good for us so far,” Jallzi chirped, her wide eyes sparkling with innocence, “so I think you've earned a little treat. Don't you, Heather?”

“Of course~” He turned to see Heather beaming down at him, the lamplight framing her lovely face like a rosy-pink halo. Her hand was on the back of his head, stroking his hair as she leaned down low.

He watched her tits sway before his eyes. “He’s been a *natural* so far. He knows where he belongs. And good boys deserve rewards~”

Jallzi hummed happily and rocked her hips, sliding along his shaft with torturous slowness.

Oriole’s head swam. His world seemed to wobble in time with Heather’s nice, big tits. She smelled so nice, and her nipple was so close...

His heart was pounding. He made himself turn away, back to face Jallzi. Stupid, obnoxious Jallzi, his enemy, his captor. He tried to focus on her infuriating smile, to make his anger and indignation pierce through the fog of pleasure—

—but he couldn’t stop noticing how prettily her lips parted. The thickness of her dark fluttering lashes. Her deep, jiggling cleavage...

And the pleasure was indescribable. Jallzi moved in his lap almost like a liquid, never halting, never speeding up. It was a perfect, expert lapdance, and every time her butt squished against the head of his cock, he found he couldn’t even remember what had him so angry. He was panting, staring hopelessly at her tits, breathing in her sweet, cheap perfume, and—

—and the cookie smelled so, so wonderful, oh, gods, he was so hungry, just—just one bite couldn’t—

“Looks like you’re starting to figure out,” she teased, tipping his chin up, “why we’re called the Cherry Street *Dancers*, dummy~”

He blinked rapidly.

Jallzi’s breasts were still bouncing in his mind’s eye when she grabbed his arm for balance and gave her hips a long, deliberate *swirl*. Pleasure flooded in, blissful, unbearable. He trembled, and she grinned, swirling again, gyrating her hips in an endless, merciless, spiraling *griind*—

—and his lips parted in a loud, helpless moan.

Jallzi popped the cookie right past his lips. He took a bite without even thinking about it.

Wonderful, sticky sweetness met his tongue, mixed with complex flavors he couldn’t quite name. The cookie was crispy, but gooey in the middle, and the frosting was thick and sugary with a nutty aftertaste. He heard the pair cooing with delight, and briefly, he couldn’t make out words. The fog was everywhere, and all he could think of was sugar.

Jallzi's grinding sped up, pulling him back into reality with a weak cry. She gave a little giggle and bounced in his lap. "... like that, huh?" she was saying, wiggling her hips from side to side. He whimpered and moaned as he ate.

"*Gooooo* boy," Heather was whispering in his ear, petting him gently. She smelled so nice, with her tits practically squished against his cheek, holding his head in place. Keeping his eyes on Jallzi. "You love how nice we are to you, don't you? This is so much better than arguing, isn't it? Just relaxing and letting us take care of everything."

He moaned, trying and failing to shake his head. He was almost bucking now. He was trying so hard not to, but Jallzi seemed to be noting every weak point now and attacking it mercilessly, grinding her ass *just* against his cock's tip, sliding to the *exact* rhythm that would fully overwhelm him.

"That's right!" Jallzi giggled, swirling her hips from side to side and then rapidly bouncing in place, her plump doughy butt squishing down against his twitching, dribbling cock. "This has gotta be *sooo* much better than tryin' to 'fight' us, isn't it?" She winked. "Not that the little brat routine wasn't awful cute, *sweetie*. But we always knew what you *really* wanted."

"I—ghh—" A cry split out from Oriole as she rose and fell. He heard her asscheeks clap together slightly around his still-clad cock, and it was all he could do not to buck hopelessly. He was letting Jallzi handfeed him without even thinking about it, gulping down the delicious sugary confection.

Dimly, he wondered if they might have put something in it.

He also wondered why that had only just now only occurred to him as Jallzi popped the last bite past his lips. The cookie practically melted in his mouth.

With it came an encouraging little wiggle of Jallzi's hips, and he swallowed, face ablaze at their laughter.

Jallzi leaned in close, ass sliding back, and he quivered with the effort of not thrusting upward...

"Question Three," she purred in his ear, and he went very still. She reached up to wipe his cheek of crumbs. "*Who did you tell about where you were going~?*"

Oriole's breath caught.

She drew back again, ass sliding forward, smiling that mockingly sweet smile as Heather handed her something. Her red eyes glimmered, and he couldn't believe he'd never noticed how *spellbinding* they were before, how they burned like hellfire, filled with the most sinful temptations... "Well~?"

He shook his head slowly, trying and failing to control his breathing as Jallzi slowly rolled her hips, her soft ass squishing down against his throbbing erection. “I... I w—”

“Oh, you should wash that cookie down with something, silly,” Jallzi cooed, and he found a glass being brought to his lips. He tried to keep his mouth shut, but then she bounced her butt a little, and his lips parted.

Cool, sweet wine trickled in. It was some sort of mead, maybe, with notes of... of honey, and berries, and...

Heather’s fingers ran through his hair. “Don’t you see, sweetie,” she whispered, “how you’re just doing whatever she says now? Don’t you see how badly you *want* to be a good boy?”

“Nnmfgh,” he mumbled. He only realized he was gulping down the wine when the glass left his lips. That should have made him panic.

Oriole’s head swayed. Although cool and sweet, the wine left a deep rumbling heat inside him. No, he... he hadn’t mean to...

Jallzi lowered the glass with a giggle. “Oh, my apologies, *sweetiepie*, what was that? Were you trying to give me that answer?”

Oriole’s head was spinning as he blinked down at her, lost in her gleaming red eyes. The goblin girl smirked and ground her ass deliberately from side-to-side, forcing out a moan. “I-I—f-fuck you, I w—” His words broke away as Jallzi started bouncing faster, her asscheeks plapping against his lap and tits bouncing in his face, and pure pleasure enveloped him—his heart was pounding, his head was sloshing unsteadily— “w-won’t—”

“Looks like someone’s confused~” Heather gave a little *tsk*, continuing to stroke his hair. Slow, soothing motions, like settling down a frightened animal. Oriole tried to shake his head, but every motion made his thoughts roll and bob, spin and twirl... no, he wasn’t, he wouldn’t...

“Pfft. Typical *man*~” Jallzi gave a breezy sigh. “One goblin girl in his lap and all those thoughts just melt and dribble and leak *riiiight* out of his silly head, huh?”

“Poor boy.” Heather giggled, patting the top of his head. “You can tell he’s having trouble *remembering* the answer~”

He flushed with anger. “I—I’m n-not just going to—”

“Silly, stupid boy,” Jallzi cooed. Her ass slid back almost to his knees, briefly releasing his hardness. “Don’t you know you don’t need to try to remember? You can just follow this big... *stupid*...” Her

hand slid under his trousers. He realized his belt was gone as he felt her delicate fingers encircle...
“throbbing... *obedient... **bullcock** of yours~*”

“A-Ah—” He moaned helplessly, trying to shake his head. The world behind Jallzi’s pretty eyes swam and swirled. “I—um—” His heart was pounding as his cock throbbed in her hand. Her fingers slowly slid down his length, and his whole world seemed to slow down under the easy, practiced motions.

“All boys are the same,” Jallzi purred. “So big and tough and full of it... but get ahold of *thiiiis...*” Her hand slowly slid up, squeezing his cock, thumb swirling around the tip. She leaned in, peppering his face with kisses. “... and suddenly all—” *mwah* 🍷 “—those smart words—” *mwah* 🍷 “—just *leeeak—*” *mwah* 🍷 “—right—” *mwah* 🍷 “—out—” *mwah* 🍷 “—and they find they’re doing whatever.” *mwah* 🍷 “I.” *mwah* 🍷 “Want.”

He bucked.

He didn’t even think about it. It was like pure instinct had taken over. Or not pure instinct. Jallzi. It was like Jallzi had taken over, had hypnotized him, puppeted him, had *made* him do it, that had to be why she was suddenly wearing that big, wide, knowing grin—

“See?” Jallzi beamed, pumping a little faster. “A pretty girl, some kisses, her hand on your cock...” Her fingers squeezed gently as they slid up towards the tip. “... and you’re *hypnotized*. You’re *mine*. Your cock is gonna make *aaaall* the decisions for you now, like it does for all boys, and *your*. **Cock. Loves me.**”

“N-No,” he managed, but his words were slurred, small, humbled, and hers sounded so clear and confident... “I-I won’t... guh... uh...” Heather gently turned his head, trapping his gaze once again in the holstaur’s massive, jiggling tits. He kept talking for a few seconds before he realized he wasn’t producing cogent words anymore.

Jallzi’s fingers were slick with precum as they slid back down, slipping down his cock and squeezing rhythmically. “You’re being sooo good,” she cooed in his ear. “Your cock is just gonna make all the decisions for you now, isn’t it, dummy?” She kissed him wetly on the cheek. “And your big, dummy droolcock wants to make pretty girls *sooo happy~*”

Heather’s breasts bounced and swayed before his eyes. He stared, lips parted, moaning... *bucking...* the world was blurring, sound was fading in and out, he was lost, hypnotized by Jallzi’s steady, rhythmic strokes...

... up and down...

... *up* and... *down*...

“See, Heather?” Jallzi was laughing at him. “All it takes is a nice pair of tits in his face and he’s as docile as a duckling. Of course, having such a pretty *handler* can’t hurt~” She gave his other cheek another soft, indulgent kiss. He could feel her dark lipstick lingering on his skin. “Lost to a pair of pretty girls. Lost the moment we got near his big, stupid dick~”

No... he, he was...

“He’s so ready to give us whatever we want,” Heather agreed, bouncing her tits together. “Such a *good boy*, letting a pair of pretty girls *hypnotize him* so deeply~”

He moaned, throbbing, bucking into Jallzi’s hand... no... oh, their voices were so pretty, but he wouldn’t... he *couldn’t*...

His head drifted back to Jallzi. She was grinning, and briefly, he was lost in those big, dazzling crimson eyes. How had he never noticed how pretty Jallzi was? How... *gorgeous*? Such big, pretty eyes, with such dark lashes, those plump, kissable lips, that perfect, fuckable body—

She did a little flip, legs flashing out around him—and thighs sandwiching in around his big, throbbing cock with a soft, audible impact.

Plap.

His breath caught.

And then he started to pant and moan and buck in helpless delight as Jallzi started to ‘help’ him fuck her soft, supple thighs.

“Good *boy!*” Heather cooed. She pressed in close to plant a kiss on his forehead, and then several more, soft, wet, her boobs squishing against his face. “Mm~! Don’t you want to tell us? Don’t you want to tell us *everything*?”

He whimpered, babbling—no, but—but they—

“Of *course* you do,” Jallzi sang, wiggling her bouncing hips. “Just tell us who it *waaas*. We know you want to~!” Her hand slid up and down the head of his shaft, so small compared to his big cock and yet so dextrous, so skilled, fingers swirling around the tip— “Just fuck a pretty girl’s thighs and tell her *eeverythiing*~”

He—he did? Oriole’s eyelids fluttered. He bucked eagerly. “Um—but, but I—”

His head lolled. He stared into Jallzi’s pretty eyes, lost in her lovely smile—then lost in Heather’s enormous tits as they jiggled against his cheek, lost in the scent of her sweet milk—

“Just tell us who it was!” Heather whispered, stroking his hair. “Just give Jallzi a name, sweetie, and it’s going to make her *soooo* happy. You *loooove* making her happy, don’t you?”

“I, um...” His head bobbed unthinkingly as his hips bucked, thrusting between Jallzi’s soft thighs as they *squeeeezed* around his shaft. “Uh-hhhuh...”

Jallzi was crowing with laughter. “Good boy~!”

“Uh...” He blinked blearily. “W-Wait, um...”

Not waiting for him to finish, Jallzi darted in and planted a little kiss on his cheek. Then another. Then another, and another, and another, sweet little pecks and smacks of her soft lips on his sensitive skin until his head was spinning, until she finally cupped his cheek and drew him into a long, sloppy kiss on the lips.

He moaned. Jallzi’s tongue slipped in and toyed with his, and he could almost taste her laughter of triumph. Dimly, he knew he should be infuriated, humiliated, but the world was all melty now, and Jallzi’s lips were so plump and pillowy, and her lipstick felt so nice and tingly against his skin...

“I-I can’t,” he mumbled, blushing, as Jallzi pulled away. “I, um... sh-she wouldn’t... um...” He stared at Jallzi as she pulled away, watching her boobs jiggle. He was drooling. “She... she’d...”

Jallzi grinned. “I *knew* it!” she purred, taking his chin between her fingertips. “I knew it had to be a *girl* who’s been telling you what to do~”

“S-She wasn’t!” he protested feebly, leaning in so she could kiss him again.

She kissed him on the cheek, yet another lipstick stain, yet another mark of her victory over his dignity. His indignation felt soft, half-formed, and her kisses felt so good... “Just a dummy, weak, drooling, stupid little titslave,” she cooed, her voice glowing with love and affection even as her words dripped with condescension and sadistic glee. “Doing whatever pretty girls tell him so they’ll make his cock go throb, throb, *throb*.”

She squeezed around his cock’s tip as he thrust up obediently between her thighs. Thrust. Thrust. He throbbed, moaning, and Jallzi’s grin seemed to widen. No, they couldn’t... he... he wasn’t...

“Poor boy.” Heather’s voice poured over his worries like thick syrup, soothing them, drowning them as her tits bounced before his drifting gaze. “You’ve clearly been *manipulated* by her into coming here. Putting you into so much danger... that wasn’t very nice of her, was it?”

“I... um...” He shook his head dizzily. “N-No, she—”

“That’s right!” Jallzi giggled, giving him another wet kiss on the cheek giving her butt a playful little bounce, thighs sliding and slapping against his cock. “No, it wasn’t~! You’re *soooo* lucky we turned out to be *soooo* nice.”

He moaned and babbled something as her fingers pumped up and down his throbbing, leaking cock—fuck, it felt so... nice, and Jallzi was so... *nice*...

... no, but—she was—

The whole world felt blurry. Swirly. His thoughts seemed to dissolve whenever he tried to grab hold of them, and every squeeze and throb and bounce and kiss made him melt a little more, it was so hard to... hard to... hard... *hard*...

“We’re *soooo* nice,” Jallzi went on, bouncing in his lap—*plap-plap-plap*— “and *soooo* sweet, and we make your nice, stupid, obedient, lovesick dick feel *soooo* good, don’t we?”

“Uh—”

“Don’t we?” she asked sweetly, and clapped her thighs together, squishing his cock tightly, plunging him into deep, mind-melting pleasure. “Don’t we, dummy~?”

“Uh-huuh,” he moaned helplessly, bucking faster. He barely knew what she was saying now, but he knew the answer, he knew what they wanted to hear. He heard them both giggling, and his cock throbbed...

“And your cock likes making *us* feel good,” Heather whispered in his ear, “doesn’t it, sweet, silly boy?”

He stared weakly at her breast. Her nipple was leaking, and he was so thirsty again...

“Your cock wants you to obey us,” Jallzi hissed in his other ear, moving in close. Her thighs rose and fell. Pumped up and down, pulling him in so his cock was sliding right past her slick pussy with every thrust. “Your cock *looves* obeyin’ us, sweetie! It makes us happy when you obey, and when we’re happy, your dick feels *good* and gets all *hard*, and that makes your big, dumb cock draw in *every drop* of energy your brain would be using... so it can throb and leak and *drool it all away*.”

She squeezed her thighs tightly. He cried out, and she repeated the motion with a little giggle. Slowly. Rhythmically. Like she was... milking him...

So nice. So much pleasure. Oriole swayed and smiled dreamily down at Jallzi's tits, sluggishly trying to parse what she'd said. He was pretty sure he'd been upset, but... but Jallzi and Heather were being so good to him, so why would he be?...

She drew back slightly to lock eyes with him, but she was still very close, and her lips brushed against his with every word. Her eyes were his whole world. "We both know," she purred, "you've *aaalways* had a soft spot for me. It's why you've wanted to 'catch' me so *bad*." She gave him a peck on the lips. "*Wanted me so bad*." Another teasing peck. His lips were parted, he was panting, lost in those pretty red eyes...

"Wanted her to catch you," Heather whispered in his ear, and his face went very hot and heart started to pound as a vicious grin spread across Jallzi's lovely face.

"I—I, ah—" His lips were so close to Jallzi's. Her breath was warm on his cheek. Her eyes sank into his, brilliant consuming crimson fires that left him feeling utterly naked, utterly captive.

"Th-That—I—I—"

"Wanted to thrust into my nice, tight, wet pussy," she sang, clapping her thighs together tightly, and "and fill me *riiight* up, to *do what boys do best*~"

"I—" Plap. Plap. *Plap*. "A-Aah—"

She kissed him on the lips. Just a small, soft kiss, her lips smacking stickily, her tongue playing with the tip of his...

"Do what boys do best," Heather whispered tenderly in his ear, "and do whatever pretty girls say~"

Jallzi broke the kiss with a wet *pop*. She smirked, licking her lips.

He stared up at her, bucking, panting, trying to remember what he'd... but he felt so confused, so drunk, so silly, so lust-dumb, and Jallzi was so, so *pretty and sweet and lovely and*...

Her beautiful eyes glimmered, dispelling his stream of thought. She started pumping his cock faster between her dextrous fingers. "Do what boys do best," she cooed, "and *break*~"

Her eyes seemed to flash at the words.

He blinked stupidly and gave an instinctive thrust of his hips. Jallzi's thighs were so slick and soft around his cock as they squeezed, bounced, plapped...

"I think he's ready," he dimly heard Heather whisper to Jallzi, and he smiled as Jallzi's grin widened.

... ready? Ready for... what?

“Hey, cutie,” Jallzi said, her voice suddenly a conspiratorial purr as she leaned in close. “You *like* me, right?”

Oriole smiled dumbly at the gorgeous little goblin maid as she bounced and rocked in his lap, pumping the head of his cock between her fingers as it slid between her soft, pillowy thighs. His mind struggled to parse the question. Like her? She was... a, um, criminal, or something, wasn't she? Something... bad.

“Um...” He licked his lips, tasting her. He didn't want to hurt Jallzi's feelings. He always felt bad making pretty girls sad. “You're, um... h-holding me...” His tongue lolled as her thighs plapped his cock between them. “... p-prisoner...”

The goblin maid cocked her head cutely.

“And, um...” He hesitated, blushing hot under that stare. She was so close, and her kisses felt so nice... “You're, um... b-bad?”

She smiled. Her eyes shone with innocence. “No, I'm not, stupid.”

He stared weakly. “Y-You're... n-no, you're...”

“I'm nice.” Her thumb swirled slowly around his tip. “*Soooo* nice. ‘Cause I'm making you feel nice, right?”

“O-Oh...” He moaned and nodded. “Uh-huh... but, um...”

“So I'm not bad.” She smiled sweetly. “Right? I'm nice.” She gave his cock a squeeze. “Say it.”

“Y-You're nice,” he cried, feeling dizzy, but relieved—because Jallzi's face lit up immediately when he said it, and he loved making Jallzi happy, and...

... wait, no, he... he frowned, that was wrong somehow, but he felt so dizzy, and she was pumping him so nicely...

“*Gooooo* boy,” Jallzi cooed, and pleasure poured into him at the words, or maybe how her hand and thighs were speeding up. “You *looove* being good for me! So you do like me, right~?”

She batted her lashes coquettishly.

“Look into her eyes,” Heather whispered in his ear. “Aren't they pretty?”

Jallzi's eyes were like dying suns. They made his head spin so nicely, his heart flutter, he stared, he drooled, he *bucked*...

"Yes," he whispered, his composure teetering on the edge—and plummeting as Jallzi's hand started pumping faster. "Yes! Yes yes yes! Y-Yes, yes, i—pretty—I-like you—!"

"You *loooove* pretty girls," Jallzi sang. She started pumping his cock with both hands. Her fingers were so skilled, so practiced, like she'd done this a thousand times...

"Uh—uh-huh," he moaned, unable to think to refuse, he wanted more, more—

"*Saaaay iit~*" Her hands slowed down, squeezing rhythmically, up and down, up and down, as if... pumping the words out...

"i love pretty girls~!" he burbled, thrusting between her thighs and into her soft, warm hands. "love, love, i l-luv y-you—"

"You wanna fuck me so bad," Jallzi teased, "it makes. You. Stupid."

"please please*please~!*" Oriole bucked and drooled, staring into her eyes, totally lovedrunk and utterly lost. He loved pretty girls, loved goblin girls—he didn't know why he'd always hated Jallzi when she was so pretty, so perfect, so—

"Sliding into her," Heather cooed in his ear, "as you nurse at my breast like such a *good, weak boy*, gulping down sweet milk and bucking, thrusting~"

"Fucking~" Jallzi hissed. "Breeding~"

"uh-huh, uh-huhh—" His head bobbed happily, everything was pleasure, everything was wonderful, he couldn't think, couldn't remember—

"No wonder you came here alone, really~!" Pumping faster. Squeezing. Milking. Giggling.

"You must have been hoping for this all along~" Heather kissed his cheek tenderly. She was so warm, so soft as she undid his restraints...

"uh-huuh," he managed, beaming stupidly at Jallzi as she gave a wicked grin. "always... w-wanted..."

"And you wanna tell me," Jallzi whispered, "*eeeverything*."

"w-wanna..." He blinked slowly. "... um..."

As if sensing hesitation, she sped up her pumping, leaning in and fluttering her lashes. “It’s okay, silly stupid boy! You can’t help it anymore. It’s all over now.”

“b-buh...” Buck. Thrust. Throb...

“You ate her food,” Heather cooed in his ear, “and drank my milk. Sweet, silly boy. You’re as good as ours.”

He stared into Jallzi’s beautiful eyes. She was so... pretty. So lovely. So *perfect*...

“Ours,” Jallzi repeated slyly. “And you wanna tell me. So tell me~!” She pumped him slowly, steadily, squeezing, finger teasing his sensitive tip. “You don’t hafta feel bad about it. It’s not your fault at *all*. Brainless boy. Tits-brained boy. Buckbrained boy~”

He bucked, whimpering. No, but... but he was supposed to... to... please them? Obey them? Buck? Thrust? Suckle? Stare? None of those felt quite right, but it was so hard to remember...

“Your dummy cock,” Jallzi panted, releasing his cock and slowly rising up until his cock was lined up with her... *oh*... “is gonna give me...”

He stared into her eyes, and he swore he saw hearts floating in there. Or maybe they were reflected from his.

“... eeeverything I want,” she cooed, and leaned in to kiss him on the cheek.

He trembled, throbbed, leaked—

“So,” his enemy cooed sweetly in his ear, “who did you tell?”

His will snapped.

“l-lehalia~!” he whimpered.

“And where is she?”

“c-corner of playwright street, second floor!”

“Does she live alone?”

“u-uh-huuh...”

“Can she stop us~?”

He smiled stupidly and shook his head. No one could.

“*Goooooood boy~*”

Jallzi pulled back, licked her lips—

—and plunged herself down onto his shaft and started to bounce.

Plap-plap-plap-plap—

He cried out in pure bliss, and Jallzi’s own cry echoed after. Her eyes had slightly crossed, then closed with pleasure—oh, gods, she was so pretty, so lovely, so wonderful—

—plap-plap-plapplaplap—

“Good boy~” Heather whispered in his ear, and turned him to face her massive jiggling tits. “You’re ready to be a good boy for us, aren’t you~?”

He stared at her tits. His breath caught as he felt the holstaur’s hand on the back of his head guiding him in...

And he heard Jallzi’s lust-addled laughter echoing off of the cell walls.

“Do what boys—*h-hha*—d-do best,” she said sweetly, and locked her thighs around him and pulled him *in* all the way to the hilt.

With an adoring cry, the Cherry Street Dancers’ new boytoy latched onto Heather’s breast and began to suckle.

“*And c-cum your brains out for your new owners, dummy~*”

He felt Jallzi’s pussy walls tighten slightly, contract, pulse—squeezing him, pumping him, *milking him*—

—and he came. He came, and Jallzi’s squeals of bliss filled his ears as he started to thrust frantically, his arms wrapping around Jallzi’s waist and helping her bounce and grind as he pounded insensibly into her—

—cumming his sense away, fucking his brains away—he heard Jallzi’s squeals, Heather’s coos, the pretty girls’ triumphant, smug, satisfied laughter—Heather’s milk was so sweet, her tits were so soft—

—bucking and thrusting and filling her up and giving her *everything* she'd always wanted—he couldn't think anymore, his thoughts were goo, they were melting down and spurting into her and now they were Jallzi's, he was Jallzi's—

He mewled and gulped down the sweet, wonderful milk, and his mind fully surrendered to the gangsters' control, and pleasure swept in where free thoughts had totally oozed away.

He sank.

He kept bucking, kept thrusting. He sensed Jallzi quivering with her own climaxes, and he felt so, so happy to please her. He heard Heather's soft, happy moans as she pressed him into her breast, and he glowed inside with delight at being able to make these pretty girls so, so happy.

That was why he'd come here, after all. Right?

He kept bucking mindlessly, kept fucking Jallzi's pretty brains out, because he was a drooling, fuckbrained stud meant to make pretty girls feel good. Like all boys were. He belonged here, lost in her sly purrs and Heather's lovely whispers.

Another climax hit him at some point. More pleasure. He spurted more of his seed into her to her squealing delight, only vaguely wondering if she was taking the herbs, only vaguely considering how damned he would be if the city's most infamous crime boss managed to make him knock her up...

He was drooling around Heather's breast, whimpering, moaning. Some part of him still felt that deep humiliation, that burning indignation, but it was all so nice and smothered beneath the pleasure, the softness, the sweetness, the *love*...

... every squeeze of her pussy hypnotized him a little bit deeper, every spurt left him more brainwashed, every sultry whisper, condescending coo, loving purr dragged him further into enslaved, infatuated, obedient devotion...

After what could have been minutes, hours, or days, he felt himself being gently pulled away. He drifted slowly out of his soft, rosy stupor...

The 'knight' wasn't tied to the chair anymore. It was a new room. He was tied to a soft, warm bed with silk ribbons, his head elevated on a plump pillow. His cock was still erect, still twitching, still leaking with need.

And Jallzi—now clad in cozy lingerie—smirked down at him, sitting crosslegged next to his hips.

Her hand was wrapped halfway around his thick cock and slowly pumping.

“Feeling better now, dummy?” she cooed.

He blinked up at her with a dumb, drooling smile.

She tilted her head expectantly, her smile widening slightly. “Well?”

Oh. That was a question she wanted him to answer. He stared, trying to think, but he knew boys were no good at that, thinking was for girls to do for him... “um... b-better?”

“Mm-hm~” Her hand slid up and down, slippery with precum. Her eyes shimmered with intensity, and he sensed a strange focus in her. Like she was... programming something into him. “Y’know, now that you betrayed your friend for a pair of tits and the chance to breed your... *crush*~?”

She giggled. The words sounded mean, but her tone was glazed with candy-sweet affection. He giggled back dizzily. He saw a whole plate of cookies next to the bed, along with a tall glass of milk.

“y-yes, Jallzi,” he recited happily, bucking into her hand. “s-so much better!”

“You’re such a natural,” she purred, leaning down. She cupped his chin, pressing in close. “You’re gonna make suuuch a good *husband* once I’m finished with you.”

“h-huhh...” His eyes crossed slightly, trying to process this.

“Mm-hm.” Her eyes crinkled. “My *husband*...” Her hand pumped faster to a merciless rhythm, timed with her words. “... to *fuck* me and *breed* me and *sneak me intel* while I *pamper* and *please* and *drug* him to his silly *lovedrunk* heart’s *content*~!”

He was moaning, bucking to match her rhythm. Husband... husband for Jallzi...

Jallzi slowed down and batted her lashes. “Doesn’t that sound *niiice*~?”

He smiled dreamily. “y-yes... dear...”

She giggled, patting his cheek with a sweet, smug, triumphant, almost fond smile. “I toldja your cock was gonna give me *eeeverything*, dummy~”

“everything...”

“And I’ve also told you, sooo many times...” The goblin maid climbed up to straddle his legs and cupped her breasts around his cock, squeezing it between her fat, jiggling tits. Her eyes glimmered. “The Cherry Street Dancers always get their way in the end~”

He moaned as she started to bounce her tits around his cock, peppering its tip with little playful kisses and licks.

“And I told you,” her voice sank like syrup right into his molten, broken brain, “that *girls. always. Win.*”

THE END.