

*A/N: All characters are over eighteen. Duh.*

Steven Landle, ranger of the Silver Stag, was dreaming.

He lay in a dark void, floating, his body but a dim sensation at the edge of his awareness. The hard earth where he'd lain his bedroll was gone. The chill of the forest night was absent. Only he existed, detached. Ethereal.

Him, and the hands touching him.

He shivered as they ghosted over his body, stroking him, teasing him. He couldn't move. Couldn't speak. Helpless as they admired his firm muscles. His fluttering chest. His aching, stiffened cock.

He gasped. Soft. Those fingers gently wrapping around his shaft. Pumping it. Using it. Clever fingers. Tender fingers.

Whispers brushed against his ear, making him shiver, moan.

"Good boy."

"Silly boy."

"Good slave."

He whimpered. He wanted to deny those words. Those whispers. But he couldn't. Couldn't voice them. His tongue was tied by the sensations throbbing from his cock as it was pumped. His body singing to the hands that teased and tickled and stroked.

"Gonna cum."

"Good boys cum."

"Good boys cum."

"Gonna cum."

"Gonna cum."

"Obedient boys cum."

"Good boys cum."

"Cum for mistress."

"Cum for mistress."

"Cum."

"Cum."

"Cum!"

He tried to resist. Tried to fight the sensations. But they were too many. Too strong. Too wonderful and pleasurable and he gasped and moaned and came. He moaned as his cock spurted. Milked. Stroked by those ghostly hands. Teased by fluttering kisses that peppered his twitching shaft as he came. Sweet euphoria numbing him. Pleasure sinking him deeper. Deeper. Deeper into slumber.

“Good boy.”

“Good boy.”

“Good boy,” the voices breathed.

Steven shivered in delight, and sank into bliss.

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Steven yawned again into his hand and blinked away some sleep.

“Feeling tired?”

He grimaced. “Shut up,” he growled.

The speaker giggled, joined by her two companions. Steven glared at the green trio who followed him, their wrists clanking with their manacles and chains as they tried to smother their laughter. Goblin maids. Why did it have to be goblin maids?

There were three of them, their short height more than compensated by their curves. Despite the days of travel their clothes remained curiously immaculate. Two wore pretty red robes whose plunging necklines did nothing to hide the expansiveness of their breasts. Meela and Geena, they were apprentices to the third, the shaman Carama. Carama was as short as her apprentices, but carried herself with more matronly confidence, her clothes little more than a few cloth straps that held back her impressive breasts from the world, her hips curving outward in a squat hourglass shape, her dark hair tied back. She once wore an elk’s skull as a hat, and her belt had been looped with potions and charms, but Steven had gotten rid of those when he captured them. The trio had been in the midst of cursing a village, driving the residents to debauchery with foul magic until he came upon them.

Fortunately, magic needed time to prepare, and they’d been easily overcome by him despite all their sorcery. Their shackles bound their powers now, the runes written in the steel glowing softly with the reassurance that they were active.

“If you want,” Carama said, tugging down her top a little more, revealing more of that mouth-watering emerald orb, “you can always take a nap on my pillows. I promise they’ll give the sweetest dreams.”

Steven realized he was staring, flushed and turned sharply away. “Keep to yourself, temptress. In three days you’ll be in a cell at the lodge.”

“Oooh! Will there be lots of cute boys?” Meela asked.

"Dumb dumb!" Geena cried, shoving the other goblin with a giggle. "Of course there will! Ranger Lodges are always filled with silly, horny boys. Just look at Steven! Poor thing is so pent up!"

Steven felt his cheeks burn some more. It was true. He hadn't dared touch himself since capturing the goblins. Mainly because if he did, he'd be forced to do it in front of them. He didn't dare leave them alone for even a minute. Who knew what tricks they had? But it would be beyond humiliating to masturbate under the golden eyes of the three goblins. So he endured as best he could, especially when his prisoners delighted in showing off their plump curves.

Not for the first time, he wondered why he hadn't just killed the trio. It would have been so much easier. But no. No. Evil they may be, but he didn't have to sink to that level. He was a better man than that. A good boy.

He blinked at the errant thought, feeling his cock stiffen in his pants. He bolted to his feet suddenly, kicking dirt over their campfire. "Come on," he said, grabbing their chain, unlocking it from the tree he'd bound them to for the night. He tugged them forward. "We have a lot of ground to cover."

"We're coming," Carama said, her golden eyes glittering with mirth. "Coming right along."

Steven felt his breath hitch as he led the goblin girls back onto the trail. Three days. Just three more days and he'd be rid of them.

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Steven squinted at the hues of evening painting the distant mountains. Was it so late already? It felt like they hadn't made any distance to the lodge.

"Ooooh, getting dark!" Meela said.

"Mmm!" Geena moaned, stretching. "And I'm feeling so tired! Can we stop now?"

"We keep moving," Steven growled.

"Darling," Carama said. "I know you dearly want to get us to the lodge, but really. Soon, it'll be too dark to see our hands in front of our faces. I can barely see my own breasts as it is! And if I have trouble finding something so very large, so brightly green, however will we find a camping spot?"

Steven winced. But she had a point. Not about her breasts of course. Though they were large and...

Steven shook his head violently. No. Don't think about it. Don't think about her firm, bouncing green breasts. Focus, damn it! Camping spot. That was a good idea. Then, maybe, he could finally get a decent night sleep. He looked about as they continued along the trail, putting all his focus into finding some place to camp.

"Here," he said, spotting a clearing near a gently rushing stream. "We'll camp here."

"Wonderful idea," Carama said, smiling at him.

Steven felt his heart throb and coughed, turning away with a rustle of his cloak. "Right. Well..."

He found a tree and hastily tied the chain to it. The three goblin maids soon made up their own bedding, and Steven never understood how they could get so comfortable in the wilds. He was used to the roughness of the road, but the trio made it seem like they were on a picnic.

"Here," he said, giving each their rations for the night.

"Old bread and jerky again?" Geena moaned. "I'm going to lose my womanly figure on this."

"Really, darling," Carama said with a wry look at the ranger. "If you let us cook, I'm sure we'd make the most delectable meal."

"You're not getting anywhere near a pot or herbs," he said. "I know too well what a shaman can do."

"Is it really so wrong to want to cook good food?" Carama said. "Especially for such a cute boy?"

Steven scowled at the goblin. "Just... just eat. I need some sleep."

"Of course, darling. Sweet dreams."

He shot a sharp glance at her, but Carama merely smiled back and began chatting with her apprentices. Steven glanced again at her manacles. Still on. Still chained. Still secured. She couldn't touch him with sorcery. Couldn't invade his dreams. He rubbed his head, his eyelids heavy. It was already so dark. He needed some sleep. He was getting paranoid. The goblins were beaten. They couldn't torment him.

But it took him a long time to get to sleep, because the three goblins had many ways to entertain each other, and their giggles, moans, and the soft slap of green flesh filled his thoughts until exhaustion at last closed his eyes.

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The touches came sooner. The whispers faster than ever before.

Steven shivered, moaning, bucking as the hands teased him. Tormented him. Touched him in ways he'd never imagined he could be. Something soft and tight enveloped his cock that night, stroking him. Sucking him. He moaned, lips parted while kisses rained down on his face.

"Good boy."

"Pretty boy."

"Eager boy."

"Good boys love being played with."

"Good boys love their mistresses."

"Good boys."

"Silly boys."

“Good boys get to cum.”

“Good boys get to obey.”

“Good boy.”

“Good boy.”

“Good bimbo boy.”

“Cum.”

“Cum.”

“Cum.”

Steven gasped, bucked, panted, his every atom glowing. Tingling. Euphoria pouring through him like hot wine and into his silly bimbo cock. He moaned, whimpering, twitching as those invisible lips sucked him. Drained him. Drank his every drop with teasing gulps.

But they weren't done.

It wasn't done.

The hands continued their torments. Teased him to hardness anew. New lips sucked him, subtly different in their texture, the same in their need. Need to make him cum. Make him spurt. Make him whimper and moan and surrender to lovely, wonderful, tender lips.

“Good boy.”

“Silly boy.”

“Good boys cum.”

“Good boys surrender.”

“Good boys sink.”

“Good boys obey.”

“Good boys love their mistress.”

“Good boys adore their mistresses.”

“Good boy.”

“Good boy.”

Steven drifted away, those soft words in his ears and thoughts like pink clouds as the darkness of the void and pleasures unending seeped in again and again.

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Steven could barely put a foot before the other.

He'd woken hours after dawn, but felt like he hadn't slept a wink. His eyelids drooped, and he'd barely managed to break camp before shambling onto the road.

"Is our ranger feeling tired?"

He mustered up the energy for a venomous look at the busty goblin shaman, but found it fading as he stared at the firm, bouncy green orbs of her breasts.

"Want a closer look?" Carama asked with a teasing flutter of her lashes, her arms crossing beneath her bust and bouncing those plump orbs.

Steven felt his face redden, the sudden rush of blood making his head spin. He jerked his head around and forced himself to quicken the pace, even though he walked with leaded feet. Just one more day. Just a day more and he'd be rid of them. Rid of pretty goblins. Teasing goblins. Bouncy, moaning goblin babes...

"Mistress! Did you see that? He just couldn't stop staring at your big breasts." Meela gushed.

"He just loved your big, green boobies," Geena giggled.

"Now now, girls. Can't you see our poor captor is so tired? He just couldn't help it. All he saw were a pair of big, soft pillows he could sleep on."

"Oh mistress! You don't give yourself enough credit. After all, you're so beautiful!" Meela said.

"Yes! Exactly. I'm sure he was just dreaming of how nice it would be to kiss you and be your good bimbo."

"Mmm," Carama mused behind him. "Perhaps you're right. After all, I'm so generous with my bimbos. They want for nothing. They get to spend all day sleeping and fucking and being just the most precious, silly slaves."

Steven realized he was listening closely. Already he could imagine it. Imagine being locked in the green woman's arms. Trapped beneath her breasts. Kissing her. Spoiled by her. His mind her plaything, wrung out by her teasing games. His cock milked and pumped and... and...

Steven squeezed his eyes shut to try and banish the images, and nearly stumbled over a root.

"Oh! Darling, are you alright?" Carama cooed.

"F-fine."

"You don't look fine. Darling? Don't you think you should take a break? You've been working so hard to bring us to the lodge, after all."

"I'm fine," Steven snapped, trying to focus on the road. Ignoring the soft voices of the goblin maids plucking at his thoughts. Only one day. One more day of walking and they'd be at the lodge.

"But darling. If you collapse from sleepiness, then who knows what we'd do to you. All alone. On the road? Goodness, you'd be just... helpless..."

A shiver of delight coursed through him. He glanced back at the trio. All three bunched together. A gathering of soft, green curves and sharp ears. Teasing, sparkling eyes watching him. Hungry as wolves seeing a poor lost lamb all alone.

So why tell him?

Steven wavered on his feet. Why tell him what they would do? Why remind him? Were they just unable to stop mocking him? Did they enjoy tormenting him that much? He wasn't sure. He was confused. His heart beating quick. Tap a tap tap. His head spun. He... he needed a break. A rest. They would pounce on him if he didn't. He'd be theirs. Melting in their arms shackles or no shackles. Brainwashed by them. Reduced to their mindless, bimbo toy.

"Th-this way," he gasped, tugging the chain.

"There we go," Carama giggled as she allowed him to tug him along. "Good boy. We knew you'd do the right thing."

He whimpered, his cock straining against his pants at those teasing words. He staggered away and into a small clearing. With fumbling hands, he tied the chain to a tree and stumbled a distance from the trio, feeling their eyes on him. Watching. Waiting. He slumped to the grass, not even able to get his blanket out. He was so tired. He laid his head on his arms, and his eyes drifted slowly shut.

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Sleep came quickly. Wrapped him in its comforting darkness. The soft void. The tender nothing.

Nothing, but the whispers. The touches. The teasing, kissing lips.

"Good boy."

"Good boy."

"Good boy."

Steven moaned, sinking into the hands. The touches. The lips. Shuddering as he eagerly accepted their pleasures. As his body tingled and thrummed with awareness and desire. With sensitive delights. With servile submission to whatever they wanted to do.

And they did so much.

Teasing. Stroking. Moaning. Gasping. Lips sucked him. Hands touched him. He floated in perfect bliss. In utter contentment.

So much so, he barely realized that his eyes were open, and he was awake.

He blinked slowly, feeling so heavy, so rested, so utterly at ease. His head was resting on something soft. His body warm and naked and tingling with the feel of grass on his bare back. A face was looking down at him. A green face with shining golden eyes and perfect, plush lips lifted in a smile.

Carama's face.

Carama's smile.

Carama's big, soft breasts cushioning his head as Geena kissed his chest and Meela sucked his sensitive, twitching cock.

"Morning, darling," the goblin shaman cooed.

Steven whimpered, moaning as the other two goblin girls continued to touch him. Suck him. "I... wha... but..."

"Hope you don't mind," the goblin shaman giggled, her eyes twinkling. "When we saw how hard you were working leading us to the lodge, we just couldn't help but sneak over and play with you the last few nights. Poor bimbo boys are always so pent up and frustrated."

His eyes flicked to her bare wrists. "Where... I... the... the shackles..."

Carama grinned. "Aw. Poor boy," she cooed, Steven shuddering in delight as her hands stroked his head and cheeks. "Rangers are always so worried about magic. They always forget that it just takes some clever hands to pick a lock. And we have such clever hands. Don't we?"

"Mnnnn!" Steven moaned as Geena's fingers slid up his sensitive ribs, back down, leaving his skin buzzing and tingling, his cock thrusting. "I... You... you won't... I won't..."

"Be mine? Be ours? Be our silly bimbo ranger slave? Oh darling, but I don't think you've dreamed of the benefits of being our good boy."

Steven gasped, that word, that trigger, arching through him. He cried out, soft, weak, as his hips bucked, burying his cock within Meela's lips as he came, hearing the buxom green babe moan as she drank every dollop of his seed.

"Mnn. See?" Carama giggled, stroking his head, her fingers tingling. Stirring his thoughts to confusion. To oblivion. Teasing him with pleasures that ached through him. "We can be so generous to good bimbo boys. Good, silly slaves who just can't wait to do anything for his new mistresses. You'd do anything, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you love to be all sleepy all the time? All brainless? All our precious, simple, dreamy bimbo? Wouldn't you want all of your lovely dreams to come true?"

Steven gasped, panted, whimpering softly as Meela lifted her lips from his cock. He groaned at the sight of his shaft. Still so hard. So twitching. So needing more. "P-please..." he whimpered.

"Ah ah!" Carama cooed. "That's not what I want to hear. I want to hear how you're sorry for capturing us. How wrong it was to chain us up. I want to hear about how sorry you are not to have dropped to your knees the second you saw us. And of course, I'll forgive you. Poor bimbos need forgiveness from pretty goblin girls. Then, they can move on to a new life of utter, adoring servitude. Would you want that, darling? To be our pretty bimbo toy?"

"Say yes," Meela and Geena cooed, suddenly beside him, crowding him, pressing him beneath their big, bouncy green breasts. Unbound by their gowns, their dark nipples seeming to beg for his lips. His kisses. His vapid obedience. "Oh please say yes!"

"Just say yes," Carama cooed, slipping from beneath his head, replaced by Meela and Geena's lap, their breasts hanging over him, their eyes sparkling down at him as Carama sauntered about him,

her green curves etched by the fading daylight. A busty, curvy goblin girl swaying about his front, straddling his lap, looking down at him. He whimpered, his cock twitching, his moan trebling as she eased down, pressing her folds against his shaft, rubbing him beneath her emerald cunny. Pressing him down, stroking him with her velvety soft nether lips as he squirmed and whimpered, too weak to resist, too weak to escape, too weak to thrust up and bury his cock in her.

"Say yes," Carama whispered, the wicked shaman stroking him. Teasing him. Promising him everything he ever wanted. He ever dreamed. Promising perfect, mind melting submission.

He couldn't fight it. Couldn't resist. "Y-yesssss!" Steven moaned. "yes! So sorry! Didn't... didn't know so wonderful! So good! Please! Wanna... wanna be a bimbo! Wanna be your bimbo! Silly slave. Wanna be your good boy! Please! Please! Need to cum in you! Need to be your good booooooy!"

"Do you?" Carama mused, shaking her head. "Oh Steven, I'm not so sure. Would you still show us to the ranger lodge? Would you bring us inside? Would you help all your fellow rangers meet us? Adore us? Surrender to us? Would you betray your whole order just to be a good boy? A good, goblin, bimbo boy?"

"Yes!" he cried, uncaring what it cost. What it meant. "Please! Do it! Do anything! Need you... Need you so much. Love you! Love mistress! Please! Please! Mistresssss!"

The laughter of the goblins was damning. Humiliating. And gloriously addictive. He blushed and squirmed and whimpered as the two apprentice shamans leaned down and looked into his face with smiling eyes.

"Awww, he sounds so sincere!"

"Mistress? Please? Can we keep him? He's been such a good boy, after all."

Carama smirked at him. A ranger once so proud, now so low. And all it took was dreams and pretty girls. "Of course, darlings. I do love a good, bimbo boy."

And she descended, sheathing him in her.

And Steven wailed with blissful pleasure.

He rutted, pumping up desperately into the tightness of his mistress. Gasping and panting as she rode him, moaning, her big green breasts bouncing as she took his cock. As her pussy swallowed him. As the two other goblins smothered him in kisses and their big, firm green tits. As he surrendered, his mind drifting, sinking deeper, deeper. Sinking into his cock. Into his balls. Into his twitching need to breed this beautiful green goddess. As he grew hotter. Tighter. As at last, with a wail of purest pleasure, he came.

"Yesssssss!" Carama moaned, hilted him in her, feeling his final surrender, feeling him cum harder than he'd ever cum before. "Yesss! Good boy! Good booooooy!"

The trigger flicked in him. Steven moaned, sinking into submission. Into obedience. Into the dream of serving his three goblin mistresses. His mind fell into pink clouds. Into euphoric darkness. Into the perfect bliss of utter obedience.

And into that bliss was whispered two words in three dreamy voices.

“Good boy.”