

Kinky Demons: Green with Envy

For Rel.Pink

ByTheSpiralledEye and Rel.Pink

When something goes wrong at the BMO House, Jakob is curious; the show is being filmed not too far away from him after all. Then one night he spots a strange woman in the forest and after following her for a bit develops a strange, insatiable need to become just like her; green skin and all.

~

Jakob sunk back into the couch. The latest episode of BMO TV was airing, and just like the weeks before there was something strange going on. This season had been all over the place so far: contestants resisting their serums, general unruliness; it was always expected for there to be conflict and drama in these reality shows, but it had really been something else this season. All that drama also meant it was the most popular season so far.

The whole world was talking about this show, specifically about the one male contestant they had added this year. BMO TV was the most popular show on the air and had been for several years now. Ever since the Sex Positive Act had passed and allowed more adult content to be shown at prime time, there had been an explosion of more of what the network called intimate shows. The nature of BMO TV wasn't inherently sexual, but it was inevitable.

The contestants were all women who volunteered to live in a luxurious house together, all with access to BMO Corp's special hormone formulas. The contestants took turns tricking one another and injecting the chemicals into one another by force. There were different categories of syringes. GROW+ made you incredibly curvy. HEAT+ gave you the sex drive of a nymphomaniac. DUM+ reduced your IQ to the minimum, and Elong+ made your hair grow long within one day. There was also a cream called SKIN+, which made it impossible to wear clothes over certain body parts like the decolté or the legs, making sure that all the contestants always looked like sexy bimbos.

Of course, this was all just an advertisement for the company's "cosmetic products," which had been circulating for a few years now. The products everybody could buy weren't as potent, but a lot of people still bought them because of the effects they had on the show's contestants.

Eventually, they all started turning into hot, nubile bimbos after just a few injections. However, it didn't quite work that way this year. While there usually were male contestants in the house competing who could seduce most of the girls, this year, they had added a man to the pool of bimbos. He was supposed to get turned into a woman, but something went wrong right at the beginning. It turned out he needed almost ten times the amount of syringes than the biologically female contestants, so there had to be some improvising.

While contestants usually had to buy the syringes with votes, this time, all female contestants got their investments back if the syringe was used against the man. This meant that the poor guy was getting hit with the chemicals almost every day, turning him into the hottest bimbo Jakob had ever seen.

The winner usually ended up as a ridiculously hot but ditzy woman with a butt tonne of money, make-up endorsements, and men falling at her feet, ready to treat her like a princess in the hopes that she'll show them some of the love she had the other contestants on the show. Jakob had to admit; he'd been tempted to sign up just for the cash and excitement; yeah, it would be embarrassing growing tits and a pussy on live TV, but the pros far outweigh the cons; he'd never have to work another day at that stupid little supermarket down the street for starters. At least his life would have something exciting happening.

It was an idle fantasy, of course, but one he'd been entertaining a lot more often lately. After all, they let that one guy on, why not him? They even filmed not far from his village; a few miles away through the small forest was the huge city of Cologne and, within it, the BMO House. He often wished he lived there instead of in his tiny village. Nothing was happening in Overath, but because of that, the rent was cheap. The few times he'd considered moving, he realised pretty quickly even the tiniest of shoebox houses were out of his budget.

There were only a few thousand living in the tiny valley, meaning life was incredibly boring, and there weren't many options for work. Hence, his crappy job at the supermarket. So BMO TV was his only escape, and now even that was going downhill.

Jakob chuckled, watching a group of contestants surrounding the pool area where Erica was lounging. They had tried to attack her so many times, but after nine weeks in the house, she had not gotten a single transformation. This was the other big story of the season. Erica had been accused of cheating so many times. The forums were evenly split between Lovers and Haters; it was a minefield. How she'd made herself immune to the syringes was a mystery, as was why. She'd taken on a domineering, almost dominatrix sort of personality, and because of that, the viewers loved her just as much as her fellow housemates seemed to loathe her. She had attacked her opponents, specifically the 'man' so many times that she was always first in the voting.

Jakob could tell something big was happening as the women surrounded the pool. The last few days, there had been an odd sort of air in the house; he couldn't describe it any better than that. Something was brewing; the women were whispering to one another, eyeing off Erica...as if they were planning something.

Suddenly, there was a flurry of movement; the camera shook, and Katy, the buff one of the group, jumped at Erica, who... seemed not to be resisting. Had they actually overpowered the dominatrix? Bambi, the former scientist, opened a huge bag of syringes. One after another, they were entered into Erica's arms, and the effect was unusually fast. Her body was growing huge. Jakob had never seen breasts this big, but he had to admit that they looked great. He wondered what it would feel like to have massive balloons like that hanging off your chest. Meanwhile, Erica was still unconscious as the others dragged her through the house towards her room.

Jakob was getting excited seeing the inside of Erica's room for the first time, which was another mystery happening this year. The forums were full of questions about why that particular room had never been shown on air, while all the other contestant's rooms were on full display almost every day.

Now, they would finally get to see it! The door was smashed open, and...

The screen cut to black.

The words 'Transmission interrupted' sat across the screen in big bold letters, and Jakob blinked in surprise. What the hell? He waited a minute, expecting the camera to return any second, but they didn't. His room felt eerily silent, without even static for company, but perhaps that was a blessing in disguise; if there had been any background sound, he wouldn't have heard the faint sound of an explosion.

Jakob rushed to his window and looked out to see a thin trail of black smoke coming from the direction of Cologne; somehow, he knew it was coming from the BMO TV set. Though how he knew, he could not explain. Hurriedly, he opened the discussion threads to see them in disarray, with new comments flooding in every second.

'What the hell was that?'

'Has this ever happened before?'

'This is so exciting! What do you think happened?'

'Was that a bomb?'

'Don't be so dramatic, I bet a water pipe burst or something, it'll be back on the air in an hour.'

Jakob threw himself into reading the different threads, keeping one eye on the screen. But after an hour the screen was still blank, those two words the only thing illuminating the dark room.

Jakob looked out his window toward the forest and watched the smoke trail higher. His brow furrowed; burst water pipes didn't cause black smoke, that bomb idea was sounding more and more likely.

But who would do that? BMO was almost universally loved! Sure this season hadn't been that great but he found it hard to believe somebody would take their grievances that far. Besides, it was just about to get good! He watched the smoke trail higher and higher into the sky and as he did Jakob couldn't shake the feeling that something big was coming.

~

The next few days passed...strangely. On the surface, nothing was different, save Jakob having lost his favourite pastime. He went to work, spending hours standing behind his supermarket check out feeling bored and sorry for himself without even BMO TV to look forward to when his shift finished. Every time he turned on the channel that same transmission ended message was on the screen and even the forums had lost their appeal.

People could only theorise so much and while the discussion was as active as ever, Jakob was growing bored of the same discussion points and rumours. Every few hours a new, fake account popped up claiming to be one of the contestants or a worker on the show with some convoluted explanation; only for somebody to trace the IP address to somebody in Boston or London and they'd get banned.

The one thing that made Jakob suspicious was the frankly insane level of dedication the mods on the forum suddenly had. If anybody posted claiming information it was gone in minutes, sometimes seconds. At first he thought they were just overzealous mods but then he started to notice similar messages popping up outside the official forums.

It started on his local area page, a small group dedicated to both his village and Cologne. Most of the time it was full of people wanting to sell old furniture or rooms for rent but then help messages started appearing. Once or twice shaky, hard to make out videos appeared showing people running through the local forest and every time they were deleted within minutes.

Most people dismissed them as kids trying to be funny but Jakob didn't think so. For starters none of the names claiming it was all pranks were unfamiliar to him. Not that he knew everybody who lived in both villages but he had been a member of the page for years, he knew the frequent posters. Cologne was huge though so perhaps the disaster had prompted more people to join? Then the same sorts of messages started appearing on the main feed of all his socials, disappearing just as quickly and more people started to get suspicious.

Once or twice he managed to watch the shaky videos before they were taken down but that only gave him more questions; blurry figures that looked like women, but also like animals, or maybe demons? It was hard to tell through the gloom and shaking camera but he caught glimpses of sharp nails and strangely shaped bodies approaching the person holding the camera only for static to take over before it cut off.

He had to admit, it did look like those classic creepypasta videos that were popular ten years ago but there was something about them that seemed oddly real. His mind kept going back to that trail of black smoke in the sky the night of the cut transmission. He started taking his phone out at work, the shop was dead half the time anyway. He kept refreshing the social sites, trying to catch a glimpse of a new video or message in the hopes of saving them before being deleted. He was so absorbed in it that he didn't even notice that somebody had entered the shop until the smell of sulphur made his nose wrinkle.

“That stuffs all real.”

The voice made him jump and he looked up to see a man with a sooty face standing there, six pack of beer gripped in his hands so hard his knuckles were white.

“Long day?” Jakob asked awkwardly, scanning the item without taking his eyes off the customer. He knew this guy, he lived down the road and worked making furniture, didn't get out much, maybe the isolation had finally made him go off the deep end.

“Went to Cologne to deliver furniture.” He said, staring right past Jakob's head, “I went to hell and back boy, hell and back.”

With that he dropped a crinkled note on the table and walked out again. Yeah, okay, that was weird. The weirdness continued, people started talking about monsters living in the woods that separated the two towns. It was as if everybody had suddenly been transported back to the age of myth and superstition; kids dared one another to walk close to the treeline, running back screaming and giggling before they even got close.

Out of morbid curiosity, Jakob started walking home via the outskirts where he could see the treeline up the hill in the hopes of spotting something. Nothing interesting ever happened in his life, spotting a 'monster' would at least add some spice to his day. Some days he even walked up the hill to peer into the trees but never saw anything but twigs, leaves and the occasional deer. So he got closer and closer each day;

And that was his mistake.

~

He was walking home slowly, dawdling really in the hopes of something, anything interesting happening when it finally did. A shape in the darkness, darting between the trees caught his eyes; judging from the size he expected a fawn but then he noticed the build; distinctly humanoid. Too small to be an adult though and he groaned; one of those damn kids on a dare no doubt.

It was tempting to keep going but his conscience made him stop; there were no monsters in the woods, of that he was sure now but they were still a dangerous place for kids to be alone. Especially at night. He couldn't just let the kid wander off to die of exposure or fall down a ditch. Plus, even if there weren't monsters, there was clearly something weird going on in this forest right now.

"Hey, kid!" He called, "You should get out of there, your parents are probably wondering where you are!"

A giggle met his ears; high pitched and playful. A little girl.

That was surprising, normally it was the boys pulling these sorts of stupid stunts. He took a step forward and she froze; her features still hidden in the gloom and to his annoyance, the girl turned and bolted.

"Great."

Jakob looked around; the path was abandoned, the nearest house was a good two minutes away if he sprinted and then by the time he got some help and returned here the kid could have wandered into a ditch; no, he had to go after her.

"You'd better not cause me any more trouble." He muttered, stepping into the bushes and quickly following after the shape.

The figure looked over her shoulder and started running faster, darting through the trees with almost unnatural speed and dexterity. It made Jakob blink in surprise, almost running into a branch in the process.

“Wait!” He called, “I just want to get you back to the village! It’s dangerous out here!”

The figure kept running and Jakob cursed; he couldn't even blame her, he was a strange man chasing her through the woods. What girl, hell what kid, wouldn't run? He had the advantage of much longer legs though and was making fast progress, he flew around the corner, over an old crumbling wall left from some ancient building as noticed the figure huddled against the stone; obviously hoping he would continue on without noticing.

Jakob smiled and held up his hands in what he hoped was a non-threatening gesture as he walked toward her.

“Hey, I’m not going to hurt you.” He said as warmly as possible, “but it’s dangerous out here, even without all the weirdness lately. Plus it’s getting dark. I bet your family is wondering where you are.”

“A man?”

The voice that greeted him was distinctly not child-like in the slightest and it almost knocked him off balance. The clouds above parted, fully illuminating the area in silver light and this time, Jakob actually did stumble back a few steps in shock.

The creature, yes that was the word, before him was certainly no child. She was a woman; short, only coming up to his chest at her tallest point but undeniably a fully grown woman. Her skin was dark, smooth green, her ears tall and pointed enough that they broke through the long black hair cascading down her shoulders and as she smiled Jakob could see rows of sharp, shark-like teeth.

“I wouldn’t have run if I’d realised you were a man.” She cooed, her entire demeanour changing all at once, “Or if I realised you were alone.”

She was half his size, so why did Jakob suddenly feel like he was the one in danger here? Her outfit was ragged but not dirty. It almost looked like her dress was made out of a shirt that was far too big for her; with a belt wrapped around the middle keeping her cinched waist

visible. She was barefoot and as she slowly walked toward him he could see sharp, black nails glinting in the moonlight.

All of those monstrous features; the teeth, the ears, the skin, the talon like nails, they should have been terrifying. She was a monster, this goblin woman and yet Jakob couldn't help but find her oddly beautiful. The silver light of the moon on her green skin made her look almost ethereal; her dark hair blended with the shadows themselves and her figure, despite the baggy, unfitting clothes, was clearly voluptuous.

Jakob forced himself backwards; what the hell was wrong with him? Yes, he was a red blooded man, he had need but he wasn't completely ruled by them. It wasn't like seeing a hot woman was enough to make him flushed under the collar normally, let alone a strange monster woman. Yet there was something a foot here, something in the air and her coy smile that had his blood pumping. It was pumping in the wrong direction too, far away from the organ that let him think rationally.

"I am so glad, I'm so empty right now but I know you'll get my belly swollen in no time." The goblin woman moaned, "It feels awful, being empty. I want to be filled and then feel your seed take root."

This was insanity, he should have been terrified, in fact he was but there was an undeniable attraction building within him. His eyes found the Goblin woman's own ample chest and his mouth went dry. She took a step toward him and he took one back in turn, tripping over a root and tumbling down into the grass which elicited a giggle from the woman.

"Oh I knew you'd fall for me." She grinned, rushing over and straddling him with glee.

He groaned, not from the bad pun but from the warm pleasure that was starting to build in his crotch as she ground her hips down upon him. There was something so alluring about her he couldn't resist. Already he could feel dampness soaking through his jeans; she wasn't wearing any panties.

"What are you?" He whispered and the woman laid a clawed finger over his lips.

"Shhh now, I don't need your mouth, just your cock."

Fuck that was the hottest thing a woman had ever said to him, monster or otherwise. He felt frozen in place; torn between giving in to this strange horniness that was rapidly fogging his

mind and running for his life. Her nimble fingers were undoing his belt and pulling his pants and underwear down just enough to pull out his length.

Her touch was light, yet somehow firm at the same time and it made him see stars as she stroked him to full hardness. ‘

“Oh yes, you will have me good and pregnant soon.” She whispered, “Gods, I want that so badly.”

This was too weird, but all he could do was nod and moan. Her hands felt indescribably good, what would her pussy feel like. She stood, feet either side of his waist and lifted her ratty skirt almost like a noble lady about to curtsy and Jakob got a good look beneath. Her folds were shaved and green just like the rest of her skin, except the inside which blended to rosy pink.

Even in the dim light he could see the moisture glistening there and the tight puckered hole. Her body was much smaller than his; would she even be able to fit him? He didn’t need to wonder for long as she sunk down in one fluid motion and cried out passionately; drawing a similar sound from his own lips.

Without thinking his hands rose to grip her wide hips and began to lift her up. He intended to lift her off, at least at first but as she rose her tight pussy squeezed him so wonderfully he couldn’t resist lowering her back down again. They found a rhythm, the goblin woman bouncing up and down on his cock with her head thrown back, howling with pleasure.

She was unlike any human woman; there was no inhibition at all. She cried out and bucked her hips with wild abandon. She was almost animalistic in her love making, rutting against him hard and fast, desperate for more. He felt something inside her tighten, then her pussy quivered around him as she came, the rhythmic squeezing felt so good it was almost painful.

Jakob could feel his balls tightening as the bliss got stronger. There was no way he could stop now; this was the best sex of his life! His head pushed back into the grass as he back started to arch and his mouth hung open as he gasped for breath. He wanted to slow down, to keep his thrusts shallow and slow so he could prolong it as much as possible but it was impossible; his body had a mind of its own.

With a raggard cry he came and felt hot seed spilling out of his tip deep into the Goblin woman’s womb. She cried out and tightened herself around him to make sure not a drop escaped

“Yes! Yes! I want your babies in me! please!”

Long, beautiful seconds passed and he was somehow still cumming as the Goblin woman bounced up and down, milking him for all he was worth.

“Give me every drop of that seed, beautiful, that’s it, cum for me again.”

There was a beat, then Jakob groaned and came once more till his balls were totally empty and he was spent both physically and mentally. For a moment he just lay there gasping, staring at the beautiful, terrifying woman still mounted on his softening cock. She really was incredible and when she finally pulled herself off him she shivered and sighed with pure pleasure.

“Yes, I just know I am filled now. I cannot wait to see my belly start to grow thanks to you.” She cooed.

Jakob was still in a state of shock as to what had just happened; the fact that he had loved it so much was even more shocking. His eyes roamed over the Goblin woman as she sighed and rubbed her belly with a soft smile there was something odd at work here, something magical keeping his eyes glued to her body.

It was more than attraction, there was something else about this goblin woman that was drawing him in. His guts twisted as he realised it was...envy? She seemed to understand what he was feeling because the goblin giggled playfully.

“Jealous?” She grinned, “I am very pretty aren’t I?”

Jakob’s mouth opened then closed again, he didn’t have any words, so he just nodded.

“I bet you want to be just like me? Don’t you?” She cooed.

“Yes.”

The words were ripped from his lips before he could think to stop them. He felt his cheeks flush with embarrassment; what the hell was going on? He’d never wanted to be anything but a man, strictly a human man at that. Yet all of a sudden, seeing her made a deep seeded yearning bloom in his chest. He couldn’t help but wonder what it would feel like to have skin that hue, it looked so soft and sensual. How might it feel to be so small, yet so busty, with a

butt so round it bounced when he walked. He wanted to know more than anything and words simply would not suffice. He wanted to feel it, intimately, in every way.

“I was like you once, you know.” She sighed happily, skipping right up to him. “Male. Human. Now I am this and I am so happy, so perfect.”

“How?” he breathed in shock, not doubting her words for a moment, somehow he knew they must be true.

“The smoke.” She smiled blissfully, “it came and set me free. As I breathed it in I realised I could be whoever I wanted to be.”

Jakob’s mind felt like it was getting fuzzy but those last two words struck a chord, they were familiar somehow. That in tandem with the smoke...could this goblin woman be one of the contestants? Or somebody else from the show? His curiosity piqued further at that yearning need grew ever stronger. The air felt thick in his lungs, almost acidic and the taste of sulphur coated his tongue for just a moment before it was replaced with an odd sweetness as the woman continued to talk.

“Being a sex goblin is the best, I am so wiley and fast.” She sighed, “I have so much speed and dexterity now, my fingers are capable of *anything*.”

She wiggled them in the air, showing off their delicate sharp and sharp yet shiny black nails. Jakob was suddenly hyper aware of his own digits and how fat and thick they felt, his nails all short and flimsy. If he had nails like those just think of all the pretty colours he could paint them.

As the thoughts entered his mind Jakob felt something inside him shift. His fingers began to tingle and he watched in amazement as they began to change shape, turning thinner as the nails began to lengthen and sharpen. It should have been painful; his bones changing shape and muscles stretching but it wasn’t. On the contrary, it felt wonderful. So wonderful in fact that he didn’t even question why or how it was happening he was too entranced, watching his body slowly shift as the goblin woman continued to speak.

“And being this small lets me get up to all kinds of mischief.” She continued, “I can literally clamber up a man’s body, press my whole self to him and rub myself all over him like some wild thing, it’s so freeing.”

And just like that Jakob could feel himself shrinking. His view of the world getting more and more warped as he lost a full foot of height, then another, till he was only four feet tall. His bones cracked and spine popped, sending shivers through him. It was like stretching after a stiff night's sleep. He felt utterly relaxed and at peace despite the strangeness of this situation. His clothing pooled around his ankles, his shirt hung off him like a dress now.

The goblin woman beamed at him, her razor sharp teeth glinting in the moonlight and she revelled in his change. He felt oddly proud and smiled right back, feeling his teeth change shape to mirror hers. The goblin cackled, throwing back her head and howling with delighted laughter.

“Oh, you will be so beautiful!”

“I’ll be anything I want to be.” he said in response, the words coming without thought. It just felt like the right thing to say.

“And you definitely want to be this!” The Goblin woman smiled, sweeping an arm over her body.

Jakob’s eyes danced over her curves, even with the ill fitting outfit she wore he could see her obviously voluptuous body. Once again he found himself envious as he admired them. A shudder went down his spine and Jakob heard a moan escape his lips that sounded nothing like him. A strange pleasure was coursing through his veins as his hips began to widen, his ass plumping to match as it turned peachy and round.

He couldn’t resist giving a delighted little jump just to feel the bounce of it and his new thighs that were swiftly growing to compensate for the extra weight above them as he took on a similar shape to the Goblin woman. His middle cinched in, briefly pushing the air from his lungs and forcing him to take in a deep breath. As he did so, he felt his lungs expand and his chest along with it. With each breath he took he felt his chest grow heavier as two beautiful breasts began to form.

His curiosity was overwhelming and he dug his new, sharp nails into the fabric and tore away at it so he could see. He didn't even care that the other woman was watching. Though he did stop for a minute when he realised he had referred to her as ‘another’ woman within his own thoughts. He wasn't a woman...right? Even with these big, beautiful tits growing on his chest he was still a man.

“The only downside is being so damn horny all the time.” The goblin woman sighed, “It’s so hard to find a man. Luckily I found you and not only did I finally get to breed, I will soon have a new sister!”

A rush of excitement filled Jakob at that. He knew exactly what that meant; he was going to be a goblin woman just like her. The idea thrilled him to his core and the pleasure deep inside grew causing him to moan once more as his cock and balls began to shrink until they were entirely gone.

“Having a pussy is so nice.”

He could feel it forming between his legs.

“So soft and wet, so sensitive.”

A gentle gasp escaped Jakob as the wind brushed against his new folds as they formed. An ache grew deep inside him, a gnawing emptiness that begged to be filled. Oh yes, having a pussy was so much better than a cock; he didn't even miss it or feel emasculated; the benefits far outweighed what he had lost.

Something brushed against the shell of his ear and Jakob realised it was his hair; turning long and blonde as it grew out of his skull at a rapid pace. Soon it was brushing his shoulders, then the small of his back before finally coming to rest above the curve of his ass. It was just as long as the other goblin’s now, though much brighter and golden in hue.

As it grew, the sounds of the forest around them grew sharper; as did his ears. He placed his now delicate fingers against the curve of his ears as they turned pointed and he sighed happily. Who knew it was so satisfying to feel your ears stretch?

“Almost done darling...”

She was right; he was almost fully a goblin woman now, save for one key feature. His skin began to tingle and pins and needles rushed over his entire being. Jakob looked down at his naked, beautiful body in delight as his pale skin began to turn a dark, smooth green. It was a shade darker than the other goblins but no less beautiful. As the colour spread any blemishes disappeared; scars, marks, anything. Leaving nothing but utterly smooth, beautiful skin in its wake.

And oh, it felt so lovely. It was as if his body was truly alive and able to feel for the first time. Every brush of grass, every waft of the wind made him shudder in utter delight. His

whole body was one small, beautiful package that ached to be touched. He was growing hornier and hornier by the second as he examined himself and Jakob remembered what the woman had told him about the need to find a man.

“Ah, I can see that hungry look in your eye, you wanna feel it don't you?” The woman teased, “A man's seed inside you.”

Yes.

It was no much more than a need for an orgasm, or sex. No, what he wanted more than anything was to become pregnant. To feel his small belly swell and stretch with child. The need was so intense his knees felt weak; the only thing that kept him standing was a need to move and find a man to ride.

“We should go hunt for some.” The woman finished, “Now that you're ready.”

“In opposite directions.” Jakob replied, “I don't want to share one drop with anybody else.”

The goblin woman cackled.

“Me either. Good luck!”

She giggled and practically danced away through the trees, her dark hair and skin disappearing into the foliage. This was her natural hunting grounds and now it was Jakob's as well. A new sense of power flowed through him; or rather her. Yes, 'her' suited Jakob much better now.

Jakob revelled in her new sense of authority and power; despite her small size she had never felt stronger. She felt strong and sexy; even with her stranger appearance she was sure no human man could ever resist her allure. She skipped naked through the trees, shivering in anticipation and delight as the wind and leaves brushed against her bare skin. This body felt so much more alive, she could feel her curves bouncing and her hair brushing against the small of her back as it swayed side to side. It was so exhilarating just to move that she found herself giggling.

If only she could satiate this deep need inside her, everything would be perfect. She moved closer to the village, she wasn't sure if it was her old home or the other one, the one

who's name she no longer cared to remember. All she cared about was finding a man to impregnate her and there, near the edge of the treeline was the perfect specimen.

A young man, maybe twenty-five. He was sitting alone, leaning against a tree smoking a cigarette; no doubt kicked out of the house by whoever he lived with to indulge. He was broad, well muscled but in a way that suggested a physically demanding job, not proper training. His arms were tanned deep brown and his hair slightly sun bleached to a lighter shade of brown than his roots. A salt of the earth type; perfect.

Jakob watched as his nostrils flared slightly as she approached; even before he'd laid eyes on her she knew he could sense her presence, feel her allure. That sense of power and delight raced through her, turning her pussy folds moist and ready for him. He dropped the stub of the burning cigarette on the ground and stamped it out, looking around as if he'd heard something though Jakob knew she had been silent in her approach. At least until now.

"Hey there, big fella."

Even her voice was sexy; this was wonderful. The man spun around, gazing into the gloom for a moment before locking eyes with her. Jakob watched as those eyes widened and pupils dilated. She could see him going through the same internal war she had; simultaneously shocked by the creature before him but also undeniably aroused.

"What are you?" He said, unable to keep the awe from his voice.

Jakob smiled coyly, flipping his long hair over his shoulders to fully display his figure.

"Does it matter?" He cooed, slowly and sensually walking toward his prey, "You want me all the same don't you?"

He let his hips sway, stepping one foot lightly in front of the other to fully accentuate the movement of his hips and butt. His pussy was on full display, the wetness clearly visible in the moonlight; the man had no chance.

"Yes." He said huskily, "I-I don't know why but I...yes..."

"Well, I want you too. SO bad."

It was true, her pussy was practically burning with the need to be touched; it was all she could do to stop herself from plunging one of her fingers inside. Somehow she knew the sharp nails wouldn't hurt, if anything they might make the pleasure stronger.

"So bad." She repeated, "Please, come, let me take care of you, big boy."

The man walked toward her without hesitation, leaving the safety of the treeline and following Jakob back into the trees to where a soft bed of moss was waiting for them. It was too perfect. With a single jump, she was on him, knocking him to the ground despite being half his size. A wild, crazed sort of energy filled her as she used those sharp talon-like nails to cut away the man's clothes while he groaned.

"Oh my God you're so...I don't know what to say."

He sounded desperate, he didn't even seem to care his clothes were being shredded to ribbons.

"Then don't say anything."

Jakob finally cut through the man's belt and jeans, revealing what she wanted more than anything. His cock was thick and hard, fully ready to be mounted and she simply couldn't wait a second longer. She raised her small hips up, positioning her hole over the tip and moaning with anticipation. For a moment she hovered there, just letting the tip pleasure her as it slipped in and out of her entrance before finally, she began to sink down.

She braced her hands on his stomach, forcing her tight pussy down the shaft and drinking in the sounds they both made. Oh yes, this was what she wanted. When she was fully sheathed she tensed and relaxed her pussy a few times, watching the man's face twist and his breathing grow raspy as she teased him. He was helpless against her; she would ride him raw.

Slowly at first she rose up then back down but soon her self control was broken and she was bouncing up and down on the cock, pumping and squeezing it for all it was worth. With a wild wail she leaned backwards to brace her arms against the man's legs, bearing her breasts to the sky as they bounced. This position was even better, she could feel her G-spot being stimulated and the man's balls slapping against her entrance as he thrust up into her.

"Oh fuck I-I'm sorry I can't-"

Wet seed flooded Jakob's womb and she cried out, the pleasure inside her went complete and she came, yet her hunger was not yet sated.

"Again." She half ordered, half begged, "Cum again for me."

The man didn't even have time to soften, Jakob just kept riding him, forcing the cock to stay hard inside her. Hands gripped her hips, perhaps at first to try and pull her off but then began to help her rise and fall. Another splash and another orgasm from her, but she wanted more. She needed to be full of seed, she wanted to be pregnant so badly she couldn't control herself, she needed to make sure she bore this man's child.

"Oh fuck, I can't stop!" He groaned, "So good, so good..."

"Yes! Again, fuck me harder! Please."

A ragged cry escaped the man's lips as he, impossible, came a third time. The seed was starting to leak out of her now but Jakob kept going; she wasn't going to stop until he was totally spent and with her magical allure, who knew how long that would be.

Jakob lost track of time, milking her lover for all he was worth until finally he collapsed into an exhausted sleep; a peaceful smile on his face.

"Sweet dreams." She giggled, pulling off and laying a kiss on his cheek. "Maybe I will come back for you, if this round didn't get the job done."

Deep down, she knew it had though and that knowledge made her squeal in excitement. She could feel the seed inside her womb taking root and she skipped back into the trees; human life was so boring, she couldn't be happier to be a Goblin girl. Now all that was left to find the rest of her sisters and maybe even make a few new ones.