

Untitled

Samuel grit his teeth and cursed his luck as he stepped from the forest onto the main road. He'd been so *close!* Practically able to put his *hands* on the little green witch! He spat on the ground and tried to prepare his notes in his head. Had to check in with the chief as soon as he got back, after all, and he needed to compose his report while it was fresh in his mind.

He'd gone out on a solo operation to try and apprehend a goblin queen that'd been spotted in the forest. Had a retinue in tow, clearly preparing to infest the town. For the most part, he'd been able to keep tabs on them without being noticed – even with a queen's supervision, goblins were prone to drinking and revelry on their own – but he'd been too hasty in his rush for the queen.

Samuel sighed through his nose, a terse little puff of frustration.

He'd *almost* captured her and brought her in for a decrowning to neutralize her magical powers, but even if the rest of her hangers-on were drunk, the queen was cold-sober. She'd caught him at the last second and sent him reeling with one little kiss. The magic in it had knocked him out for a day and a half, and they'd evidently packed up and shoved off in the interim. Chances were they'd reached the outskirts of town already...or had already begun their infestation. He had to act quick, and he had to continue his investigation as soon as he could.

First things first, though. Samuel laid a hand over his silver locket and muttered a spell through his teeth. As soon as the last syllable had left his lips...he felt a sense of clarity fill him. Truesight would help him root out any goblins that had wriggled their way into town already, and he was *sure* there'd be at least a few.

He just had to hope the queen had stayed back at the camp to protect herself. If she was in the town already...

Samuel shook his head. No, there was no way.

He made his way past the fields on the outskirts of town, then into the center towards the inquisitor's lodge. Offered a nod to the fishmonger as he passed by. Marketplace was a little slow, perhaps. Possible that a few of the normal buyers and sellers had been snatched up already? Samuel grimaced at the thought.

His expression only soured from there as he made his way to the lodge. He'd been so *foolish*. So rash and *hasty*. People depended on him! Hell, he was one of two inquisitors in the entire town, and if *he'd* already fucked up, that only left the chief to deal with the problem! Samuel shook his head and steadied

his nerves. No. No, he'd handle this himself, and as he stepped into the lodge itself, he resolved to fix the mistake he'd so foolishly wrought.

"Samuel." The chief nodded as he entered, a wry smile on her lips. Customary for there to be at least one woman and one man at each lodge, a sort of failsafe against any attempts at seduction or enchantment. That's what the chief said, at least. Right now, Samuel had the feeling they'd need that failsafe if things got out of hand. "You were gone a spell. Let's hear about that investigation." She sat up at her desk, reaching over for a smooth, stone tablet and tapping a fingertip to it. The surface glowed with runes, and the chief's fingertip hovered above it.

He sat opposite her and sighed. Pinched the bridge of his nose. "Didn't go well," he muttered.

The chief blinked at him and set the tablet aside. "How bad're we talking here? She get away?" He nodded, and she clicked her tongue. "Shit. And she was definitely on her way here, yeah?" He nodded again, and she rumbled with a sigh. "Fuck's sake. Hoped you might've sent her packing, but that's a two-person job, truth be told." The chief shut her eyes and shook her head, leaning an elbow on her desk in thought. "Should've gone out there with you."

"No," Samuel snapped. "What, and leave the whole town unprotected? Worst case, she knocks us *both* out-"

"She knocked you out?" The chief perked up, glancing over at him with a quirked brow.

His cheeks went red, and he looked away. After a few moments' silence, he nodded. "Yeah. Drugged kiss. Day and a half."

The chief groaned and leaned back in her seat. "A day and a half! Sam, why weren't you *warded* against something like that?! You never heard of a goblin queen before?!" She balled her hand up into a fist, let it sit on the desk for a few moments, and then abruptly *slammed* it down against the surface.

"Fuck's *sake!* Alright, you get back out there and see if you can find any of 'em out in town." The chief rose from her desk and hurried to her scrying stones.

"I'll send the word out to Greensborough and Lukastown. And-"

"Hold on-" Samuel rose from his seat. "Greensborough, sure, but Lukastown, too? Isn't that a bit-"

"What, a bit much? Sam, we got a *goblin queen* on the loose. We let her keep faffing around much longer, she'll be able to set up shop and expand her Domain for *miles*." The chief shook her head and started tracing sigils on her

scrying stones. "Then it won't matter where she is, because just about every goblin in the barony is gonna be piggybacking off her magical influence and able to convince anyone they want about anything they want. Cor!" She shook her head. "They'll be out in the boonies telling farmers that it's the law they gotta have a gob wife now, and the poor suckers'll buy it wholesale. A queen's magic is dangerous stuff, not least of which when it's such a *petty* little queen."

"Get back out there. See what we're dealing with in town. And-" The chief turned to point a finger up at him. "If you see one, do *not* say anything. Gobs *thrive* on panic. People who aren't thinking straight, they're more vulnerable than *anyone* if a gob tries to trick 'em. I'm serious; ward yourself before you go out, but don't so much as *touch* your locket until you get back here. If someone sees you warding, they'll realize something's up, and the last thing we need right now are rumors getting people worried. Understand?"

Samuel shut his eyes, sucked in a breath, and nodded. He opened his eyes and placed a hand over his locket and cast just about every ward he could think of, a steady stream of murmured spells. By the end of it, he was swaying on his feet, but he could bear this much, at least. Had to, if he was gonna make up for his mistake.

"Ah-" The chief blinked and glanced over her shoulder. "Check in with the guy who was manning the gatepost last night."

"Hob?"

"Musta been. He could've seen something. At least, he would've if they decided to come barging in." She sighed and shook her head. "Not the *most* likely, but it's better than skulking around in alleys."

"Right." Samuel turned to leave. "Ought I check back in if I find something?"

"Not right away. People might catch something's wrong if they catch you ducking in and out. Come back tonight." The chief sighed. "At the very least, I'll have gotten the word out."

With that, Samuel stepped back out into town. The air seemed to thrum around him, a phantom barrier against any and all attempts to deceive him. Not a permanent one, but it'd last until night at least. Right? The most he had to worry about were a few goblins trying to pretend they were milkmaids from out past the forest, and those wouldn't be nearly enough to undo every ward he'd cast over himself.

Besides, he wasn't supposed to actually apprehend any of them right now. He'd just note where he saw them, to whom they were speaking, and report

back when he saw the chief next. Observation was the cardinal tool in an inquisitor's kit, and Samuel had to make full use of it if he were to eventually expose the interlopers.

...Still, his blood ran cold as he saw a farmhand flirting with a green-skinned shortstack in the market square. The goblin all but swooned against him, marveling over his tanned skin and his "muscular" frame.

And when she glanced over at Samuel? She just winked with a smile.

Before going back to her newfound beau, that is! Samuel grit his teeth and forced himself to move on as the goblin crooned sweet little lies about how she had nowhere to stay, how she'd be so thankful if such an industrious young man could let her stay the night, just *one* night.

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Hob lived by the outskirts, right next to the river, so it was a bit of a walk to get there. Sam counted at least three more goblins past the one in the market on the way. One had been asking all sorts of questions of the deacon, giggling at his red-faced embarrassment when she asked if he could still get married. Another had hugged a woman right in front of her husband, proclaiming herself to be the wife's long-lost sister. The last had tried to stop and ask *him* for directions before focusing her attentions on an unwarded bricklayer just off work.

He'd never seen it firsthand, but Samuel quickly came to realize just how insidious the queen's influence was. Before, a goblin would've been thrown out on her ear for telling such bald-faced lies. Hell, he'd seen *that* before. But now, empowered by the queen's presence, the goblins' obvious deception just seemed to fluster and confuse their targets...before their insistence paved the way for acquiescence. All the goblins had to do was repeat the lie over and over before their victims seemed to sincerely believe it.

Probably helped when they mashed their curvy little bodies up against a man, though. Lies were a lot more palatable when they came pouring from plump, pouty lips. Even sweeter still when they were delivered breathlessly between kisses.

Well, Hob must've seen something if there were already a handful of gobs in the town. Samuel stepped up to his front door and thumped his fist against it. "Hob! It's Sam. Gotta question for you."

The door opened, and Samuel's eyes went wide.

Smiling up at him was a curvaceous goblin-maid, her sumptuous form wrapped up in a plain, grey dress...and an apron. She bared her teeth in a grin and turned to call over her shoulder. "Honey! Sam's here to see you!" Then those glittering green eyes were back on Samuel, and she reached up to grab his hand. "Oh, don't stand out there like a scarecrow! Please, come in!"

He almost didn't want to let her even *touch* him, but he couldn't make a scene, either. Sam just tugged his hand back and stepped inside on his own, doing his best to hide the worry creasing his brow. "Ah, thanks so much. Sorry for the imposition, it'll only take a moment."

"Oh, don't worry at all! My Hob's an *important man*, so it's only natural people'd come by to see him!" She giggled into her hand and turned to sashay into the house. "Honey! What'd I say? No getting up from your seat until you finished your slice of pie!"

"Sorry, darling, I only thought I'd stand up to greet Sam, and-"

"I won't hear a word of it! Sam, can you believe my *fool* of a husband?"

Samuel turned the corner to see Hob lounging back in a seat by the fireplace...and the goblin climbing up to nuzzle in his lap. She nearly mounted him, straddling his hips and taking a plate and fork in her hands to feed him. Slumped back in his seat, Hob couldn't do much more than stare adoringly up at his newfound cuckoo.

"I bake him his *favorite* kind of pie as a reward for being *such* a good guard at the gatepost, and he sees fit to let it go cold! What *am* I going to do with you?" She slipped a forkful of fruity, flaky goodness into Hob's mouth before leaning in to kiss his cheek.

"Mmf." Hob gulped it down without a second thought and cocked his head at her, as if he was bragging to Sam about his so-called bride. "I tell you, I must be the luckiest man alive. My darling here was picking kissberries all afternoon yesterday, *just* so she could bake me a pie today." His hand settled lazily on the swell of her hip. She wiggled back into his grasp with a giggle.

"She only ended up getting back past sunset. Met me at the gate to check in and see how I was."

"And you barely even recognized me!" The green-skinned shortstack shook her head with a huff. "Hob, if *this* is how you're going to treat me now that the *novelty's* run its course, I may see fit to pack my bags and just *leave!* Imagine, getting *bored* of a wife as kind and generous as me after two measly years!"

Hob opened his mouth to speak, but something seemed to...*dull* him. His eyelids drooped before blinking heavily, and his jaw dropped, too. Finally, he managed to speak, but his words were slurred and sluggish. "Two years...? Hazzit been that long...?"

"Yesssss!" The goblin seemed to hiss with delight, grinding her hips down onto Hob's lap as she cupped his cheeks. "Two *wonderful* years together as husband and wife. And to think we've been trying *that* long for children without any luck! Mm, it's just like you said: we'll just have to keep at it *every night* until you finally make a *mother* out of me, too."

"I said-" Hob mumbled a weak response before the goblin silenced him with a kiss, moaning against his mouth and bouncing her hips down against his lap. His eyes opened wider for a moment before sinking shut. His hands stayed on her hips, automatically groping at the soft curve of her backside as she rutted against him.

"Ah, and *Sam...*" The goblin purred, pulling away from the kiss, if only for a moment. She sat up on Hob's lap, straddling him and reaching to cast her apron aside. "Don't think I've forgotten about *you!*" Her eyes narrowed to slits, and she smirked at the stunned inquisitor. "Why, weren't you saying the other day that *you want to marry my sister?* She's *still* just working at the inn, you know." The goblin licked her lips and winked. "A *very* eligible bachelorette, if you were to ask me."

Samuel shook his head, turning away and moving towards the door. "No, no, I think you may have been speaking with someone else-" He muttered tersely. "I'm terribly sorry, but I actually have another matter to attend to. Hob-" Samuel looked over his shoulder at his friend as Hob's new goblin "wife" bounced mercilessly on his lap. He opened his mouth to say something, but what was there to say? As Hob's breathing turned steadily ragged, as his eyes rolled back and his jaw dropped...Samuel could only turn away and hope that he'd be able to save him. Somehow.

Sam shook his head as he shut the door behind him. Terrible! To think that one goblin would be able to do that to a man that quickly, warded or no! The only consolation was that Sam's wards had held up. There'd only been one little barb cast his way during that exchange, and there was no way that some flimsy attempt at matchmaking would undo the enchantments protecting him.

A sense of dread settled in the pit of Samuel's gut. It wasn't anything sudden, nor was its source unknown. Sam shut his eyes and sighed through his nose. It seemed all too cruel to have to visit the inn and see just how many goblins

had put down roots there, but... Ugh. He had to be diligent, even if diligence meant staring his mistakes in their smug little faces. If there was any comfort to be found, it was that there weren't liable to be many people there in the middle of the day. Maybe a drunk or two. He'd tally the barmaids that'd been conned into scrubbing the floorboards, count up the goblins that insisted they were the rightful innkeepers, and be gone. It'd be simple as that.

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Samuel stared miserably into his mug of cider and wracked his brain for an excuse to leave. This was more than disheartening, it was *humiliating*. He'd expected the goblins to have snuck in and taken over the inn, but Sam was beginning to wonder if the little green-skinned temptresses weren't just natural-born businesswomen. The sun had just *barely* dipped from its zenith, but he'd never seen the inn so utterly *stuffed* with people before. Tables brimmed with food and drink, great steaming platters of grain and meat and vegetables. Just about every seat had an ass in it, to say nothing of coopted laps. Some had two. One bench had *five*.

And everyone seemed so *happy*.

Being an inquisitor meant he had to put duty before pleasure, but Sam couldn't shake the feeling that he'd be spoiling just about everyone's fun as soon as he stepped out to make his report. It was as if there was some layer of invisible coldness around him, one that prevented any of the room's raucous joy from- Oh, right. The wards. Sam sighed. That'd do it.

"Aw, honey!" A voice chirped to his left. He glanced to see a goblin staring up at him, brow furrowed in sympathetic dismay. "What's wrong? You look so *sad!*"

"Whuzzat? Someone's not having a good time?" A voice squeaked to his right. Another goblin, this one sliding a plate of spicebread and butter in front of him. "Can't have that! Darling, you just eat up and enjoy yourself! You just say the word if you need anything, yeah?" She gave him a pat on the backside and bounced off to ferry more plates from the kitchen to other tables.

That left Sam alone with the first goblin, who'd since hopped up into the seat beside him. She hadn't stopped staring at him of course, but now she seemed to watch him with curiosity instead of concern. "Hold a mo', why d'you look so... Ah!" She stood up in her seat and pointed at Sam with a grin. "You're the guy what was looking for the queen!"

Sam sputtered and nearly spilled his untouched cider, and a passing goblin



gave her more guileless sister in crime a swat on the ass. "Shut your mouth, you *dunderpate!*"

The goblin rubbed her rear end timidly before settling back into her seat.

"Sorry, sorry!" She wiggled her hips, as if her derriere's own cushioning wasn't enough for her chair. "I've got a big mouth, yeah. But honey!" She scooted closer to Sam and hugged his side. For once, it seemed like a goblin was doing her best to *comfort* him as opposed to *prey* on him. He probably just had to give it time. "You don't gotta look so dour about all this! Here." She adjusted her seat once more and took a slice of spicebread. "This is *honestly* no big deal."

Sam felt her words as a little *ping* against his wards.

"I've ducked out of, what, two or three towns? Like, ones that we set up shop in, I mean. And it's not like anyone ever gets *hurt* or anything when we do! Here, pass the butter. *Thank* you. Anyway, look, we're not gonna break any husbands and wives up-

*Ping.*

"-we're not gonna *domesticate* the men here-

*Ping.*

"-and I can almost *guarantee* you that mostly *all* the girls that come into this town are going to end up moving on eventually."

*PING.*

The goblin took another slice of bread and plastered it with butter. "Yeah, I wouldn't be surprised if we were in and out by tomorrow morning. Nice place, don't get me wrong, but most of us get *bored* trying to settle down. 'less it's for the right man, I suppose. Then again, us gobs tend to be picky, y'know?"

This was entirely too much. Samuel had to finally take a sip of his cider if only to steady his nerves, because his wards felt more akin to a set of moth-eaten pajamas than a suit of armor. Some of the goblin's musings made an uncanny amount of sense, and Samuel was two steps from plugging his ears up with his fingertips for fear that his wards would give out completely. Lucky for him, the goblin had passed from hollow reassurance to a dreamy blend of speculation and specification, the subject of which seemed to concern her future husband. It was telling that her attempts at soothing his worries paled compared to the face that her ideal marriage candidate seemed to be nothing like Samuel.

"And it'd be *nice* if he were good with animals, but that's only because I wanna get a dog someday? Oh, but he *can't* eat fish, on account of the fact that I *hate* how it smells when it's cooked. I suppose we *could* have it once a year for his birthday or sumfin', but if it's a dish you'd serve on a special occasion, that probably means he likes it more, not less. Yeah?" She looked to Samuel for validation...for a moment. Then she sighed and slid the spicebread closer to her. "Ah, what's the point in talking to *you* about this sorta thing. Not like *you* remember what it's like to be unwed."

Samuel blinked. "What?" He looked back down at her, and she flinched back with a squeak. "What do you mean? What-"

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry!" She shook her head and waved her hands in front of her face. "I didn't know you could talk! It was a real shock, and-"

"No!" He looked down at himself. "Don't remember- Why wouldn't I remember-"

"What it's like to be unwed?" The goblin canted her head to the side. "...Because you've got a wife?" She pointed to his wrists. "You've got the bracelets and everything."

Samuel raised his hands and stared, bug-eyed, at his wrists. Two bracelets! Did that mean something?! He whipped about to look at some of the other men, but none of them seemed to have bracelets on! Were they all just bachelors? Had *Hob* been wearing bracelets? Was she lying? Her blathering had reduced his wards to tatters, Sam couldn't tell if she was telling the truth or not!

The goblin idly nibbled on a piece of spicebread as Sam gawked at his wrists, watching him the same way a child might watch a performer flounder during their act, wordless and enraptured. His panic was, after all, *fascinating*, and it was only when he rose from his seat that she spoke again. "Ah!" Or at least she opened her mouth to speak. Samuel had begun to run towards the door before she was able to actually *say* anything, and by the time she'd composed a thought, he had turned the corner and fled from sight.

Left by herself with a tab that Sam certainly wasn't going to pay, the goblin looked over her shoulder, shrugged, and helped herself to Samuel's half-finished cider.

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Sam sprinted to the lodge, heart pounding in his chest. He had to return, had to get back before some green-skinned temptress caught him with a lie. His wards were down; he was all but helpless if even *one* stopped him. And what

if he *did* have a wife? She'd be in danger, unwarded against the kind of spellbinding lies that the goblins told! He shook his head and burst into the lodge, sending the chief flinching from her stones in shock. "Samuel! What in the world-"

"My wards, they're done for. The inn's filled up with them, Hob's got one telling him he's married to her-" He leaned against the doorframe, panting. He raised a wrist and pointed weakly to it. "And- My bracelets-"

The chief blinked at him.

"Do they mean...I'm married?"

Then her eyes went wide. She reached a hand out with a gasp. "*Your wife!*" His panic returned, stronger than before. "You have to- Quick, hurry! You have to go and see if she's alright! Sam-" She looked to her stones for a moment, then back to Samuel. "If she's not there, come right back! But- Oh, pity's sake, I'm so sorry, the thought hadn't occurred to me-"

Sam was back on the streets not a moment later. He could remember where he *lived*, at least. Oh, how he hoped everything was all right! He just needed to be sure, and-

And there he was, right at his humble cottage's front door, hand on the knob, afraid to turn it. Should've been there first thing when he got back, should've warded her before *anyone* else! Sam cursed his feckless self, his miserable luck, everything that conspired against him now when it mattered most. He threw open the door, and-

Two eyes locked on his, wide with shock. The room was empty, save for *her*. Short, curvaceous, green skin, and a small, silver band resting just above her pointed ears.

*She was safe! His wife was safe!*

"Oh, darling, I'm so sorry!" Samuel fell to his knees before her, pulling her into a hug. His lips fell upon her in a frantic storm of kisses, and even if his heart still beat out a frantic staccato, its tempo had finally begun to slow.

"Sweetheart, I should've been here as soon as I returned-"

"Whuh-" She was just about stunned silent, stiff in his arms. "I- Buh-"

"There's a goblin queen ready to make her way into town," he finally gasped, slumping against her as exhaustion overtook him. "Her magic- It emboldens the others, makes it easier for them to deceive humans. I'm so sorry, I should've been here to ward you against what they could've done – forgot my own *wife* – but I simply-"

His wife blinked again before her lips curled into a wide, knowing smile. Her arms draped around his neck, and she leaned up to press a kiss to Samuel's cheek. "Oh, *darling*." She purred. "You're the sweetest husband a girl could ever ask for, but your dear Gwenevere is *fine*. You need to *relax*."

Tension seemed to bleed from him as Gwen pressed another kiss to his mouth, and it left him loose and boneless against her. "I should've been here. I'm sorry, Gwen-" He murmured into her mouth before she finally silenced him.

She flicked a fingertip, and the front door shut. Another airy swoop raised Samuel to his feet with Gwen in his arms. "There's absolutely nothing to worry about, dear. At least, not as long as my husband is here to protect me. And you wouldn't *dream* of straying from my side when there are such *tempting* threats out there, would you?" She batted her eyelashes up at him, lower lip seeming to quiver with innocent fright. "Who knows what they'd do to me! Or to *you*! Oh, *darling*!" She threw her arms around him once more. "We're going to bed, and we're *not* getting out until daybreak tomorrow! I won't get a moment's sleep if I don't have my husband's arms around me!"

She tugged his head down for a longer, deeper kiss. "And *you* aren't going *anywhere* until I've firmly reminded you why you chose *me* as your bride."

Sam carried Gwen to the bedroom as if he were puppeted, spellbound and sluggish. It was just the fatigue catching up with him, of course, but he was still grateful when Gwen set him off balance with a shift of her weight in his arms. It sent the two of them sprawling out on the bed, and she crawled atop of him not long after, giggling all the while. Her little hands deftly undid the fasteners holding his inquisitor's uniform on, and as soon as it was off? She'd mashed her chest up against his, wriggling and writhing on top of him.

"Is *this* your latest flight of fancy, darling?" Gwenevere cooed, straddling his hips and grinding hers down against him. "A goblin raid against the village? Any excuse to come home and be the big, strong hero for your wife, mm? C'mere, love." She shifted atop him, reaching a hand down to ease her undergarments to the side and pop his trousers open. "Be honest, dear. There's nothing *really* going on, is there?"

Samuel panted as he watched Gwenevere's hand wrap around his twitching shaft. She lined up his cockhead with the dripping slit of her sex, and...and he shook his head. "No, it's the truth-"

She dropped her hips down, and his eyes rolled back in delirious pleasure. Her cunt was exquisite, the kind that robbed him of thought and reason so *wonderfully* that he wondered how he ever managed to pull out. Hot, tight,

wet, almost *suckling* on his cock as she bounced gently on his lap. Her voice was sweet as honey, and it poured from her lips. "Darling." She cupped his cheek and kissed him once more. "Does anyone else know about this little incident you've invented?"

Sam couldn't really talk, but he managed his best. For his wife. "Th' chief. Thass it."

Gwen quirked a brow. "The chief- Oh!" Her eyes sparkled with delight.

"Morrigan! Mm, well." She kissed him again and brought her hips down in a loud, wet *slap* of pleasure against his lap. Her cunt clenched down, and Sam lost himself in the sensation. "It's a good thing that this little goblin issue is *just something you made up*, because it'd be *disastrous* if they got to me." She cupped his cheek and smiled down at him sweetly. "And not *just* because you love your wife and want to see her be safe."

She gave her hips a twist and purred. "Because," she continued, "you'd never get to feel me do *this* again."

Sam blinked up at her as Gwen sat down on his lap, taking his full length into her. It felt wonderful, of course, but not anything extraordinary. Then his eyes went wide and rolled back.

Gwen giggled down at him as he bucked his hips up, but there wasn't much else he could do in response. Not when her cunt seemed to *grip* him and *milk* him. If before he had felt something *like* suction, now there actually was some kind of wet, suckling hole latched onto his cockhead. And her sex seemed to tighten and roll along his length, cinching at the bottom and stroking up his shaft before releasing and repeating its *wonderful* circuit. Gwenevere just gave a happy little wiggle on his lap, wringing his cock without so much as a bounce.

"Oh, you poor thing!" Gwen cooed, kissing his forehead and patting his cheek. "You always get so *stupid* when you're in my *honey-hole*, but you *like* being stupid, don't you? And you know that when we finally have children, they'll be *clever* little daughters like their mother." She gave another wiggle of wide, plush hips...and a daring bounce of her derriere on top of him. The way her cunt suckled and slurped at his cock meant he couldn't truly focus on her words, but Gwen didn't seem to mind.

If anything, she encouraged his straying attentions.

"I need you to listen to me, darling. Listen to me carefully." Gwen implored him, staring into his eyes even as she wrung his stiff, throbbing manhood for every drop it had. "You know what you said? Earlier? About retiring your

post?" Before he could voice his confusion, she silenced him with a kiss, a roll of her hips, a hot, suckling clench of her sex around him. When she pulled back, Sam was breathing heavier, his eyes were clouded with lust. "I want you to know that I'm so proud of you for handing things over to the, ah...chief. It was so brave of you, and there are just a few things I want to go over now that you'll be living as my househusband."

"Mm. I think it goes without saying, but I don't think I'll be able to keep my hands off you," she purred, laying down atop him with a smile. Pull a blanket over them, and it'd look no different from a lover's embrace, a man and a woman nuzzled up close and enjoying their commingling heat. But just below the waistline, she was *staining* his cock with her scent, coating him in her pheromones and addicting his body to hers. A loud, wet *squelch* found its accompaniment in Samuel's shameless groaning, and Gwenevere licked her lips in delight.

"Earlier you said you'd want to get up around noon, but that's far too early, I think! After all, how am I to milk you dry *every day* if you're wriggling out of bed? I'm going to feed you, bathe you, pamper you. And you know how I've been practicing magic, yes? Because I'm the village's enchantress?" She kissed him again, even if he was too far gone to doubt her without it. "It's so sweet of you to volunteer for my practice. I don't know how I managed to find a husband as sweetly obedient as you, but I thank my lucky star every day that I did!"

Gwenevere wriggled her hips once more, and the steady, rhythmic *suck* of her cunt around him only grew faster. Her juices were leaking down from the root of his cock, seeping into the skin of his sack. "I've already had so many *naughty* girls coming to me asking me to ensure their husbands measure up. You'll probably end up with a prick sculpted to *perfection*, the kind of thick, throbbing tool that most men could only *dream* of having. And a pair of *fat*, heavy balls packed full of seed to plant in my womb. No doubt about it, you'll be a dumb, sexy *stud* now that you've given up your job."

Samuel gurgled some vague expression of adoration and pleasure, and Gwen perked up at it.

"*Really?* Right *now*? But darling, you haven't even cum yet!" She brought a dainty hand in front of her mouth, wide-eyed and scandalized.

"Whurh?"

"Well, if you *insist!* So *daring!*" Gwen sat up on his lap once more, but this time she seemed to be concentrating on something. She raised a hand and traced a looping, glowing whorl in the air, one Samuel found himself following with

his eyes. "I know you wanted to volunteer your body for my studies, but I never thought *you'd* be a client of mine. Still, if you really want me to *bloat* your cock up even *fatter*, who am I to tell you 'no?'"

The milking clench and stroke of her sex suddenly stopped, and Samuel felt some tiny pang of disappointment in his gut. She was still hot, wet, and tight, but there was a relaxing mindlessness in just laying back and letting her *ride him, fuck-*

The debilitating *suckle* of her sex returned, harder than ever. The grip was tighter, the strokes were longer, and her cunt was getting *hotter*. Sam was gasping in seconds, but soon his eyes crossed in shameless ecstasy. Every clench seemed to wrap *more cock* in hot, velvety pleasure. He couldn't quite process it, but Sam's cock was getting longer, and it felt *incredible*. That's why he was all too happy to debase himself for Gwenevere's amusement.

She cupped his cheek and snickered as his back arched in some pathetic attempt at coping with the mind-numbing pleasure flooding through him. Her voice was sweeter than honey as she crooned down to Sam. "Darling, could you tell me you're a stupid, fuck-drunk breeding stud?" Her words tinkled like chimes, and she cocked her head to the side adorably.

"Imma-" He gasped and grunted, eyelids fluttering. "Stupih- fuck- *stud-*"

"A *mindless* brute tugged around by his fat, bloated *fuckstick?*"

He mumbled some vague attempt at repeating her words, but his cock felt too good!

"A brainless, cunt-whipped *slave?* Can you tell me that you're a brainless, cunt-whipped slave, dear?"

Sam opened his mouth to speak, and as if to shut him up preemptively, Gwen clenched down around him with merciless, carnal delight. The most he managed was a weak gurgle and something that sounded vaguely like "love you." She clicked her tongue and cooed with a condescending "Aw!" in response.

Then she reached down, grabbed the silver locket around his neck, and ripped it from its chain. Gwen turned it over in her hand, seemingly unimpressed, and tossed it over her shoulder. "Now, darling." She bit her lower lip and watched his eyes carefully, savoring his indulgent reverie.

"*Cum.*"

Samuel's body obeyed her command instantly, and his back arched as his climax crashed down upon him. He pumped his load into her sex, flooding her

womb with his seed and emptying every drop he had packed in his bloated balls in hot, thick splurts of cum. But even that first heavy wad of spunk was just a precursor to her sex milking him for every shot that followed. She controlled his *mind*, she controlled his *body*, she controlled his *orgasm*. Gwenevere cooed down at him, kissing him and nuzzling against his cheek as the steady suckle of her cunt around his cock reduced him to a mindless cum-dispenser, a mesmerized body that just happened to be attached to his fat, throbbing fuckrod. Clench, stroke, *release*, clench, stroke, *release*, each mindless spurt something she gently guided his body towards.

"You love to fill my womb up with your seed," she whispered in his ear. "But it always makes you so *sleepy* when you do. Stupid, sleepy breeding boy, can't help but fall asleep and obey your pretty little wife when she makes you cum. Stupid and sleepy, stupid and sleepy..."

Her words seemed to curl in his otherwise empty head, and soon Sam felt his eyelids drooping with lethargy. Everything she said was true. Everything she said was...

His eyes finally shut, and his breathing slowed. Sam fell asleep, and his wife Gwenevere hugged him close, soon to follow.

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"Well, can't say I blame you," the chief sighed with a smile. "She's a handful. Hell, looking after Gwen alone's gonna be more of a challenge than the rest of the village, if you ask me!" Her eyes twinkled with delight, leaning against her desk.

"Isn't that the truth," Sam laughed. He scratched the back of his head bashfully, not quite able to look the chief in the eyes as his mind strayed to thoughts of Gwenevere's promises. "And apparently she's already expecting, so-"

"Ah!" The chief hopped up in her seat, her pointed ears twitching with excitement. "Sam, why didn't you say so! Oh, promise me you'll bring them over once they're born! I already *know* that Gwen's going to spoil them rotten, and you won't be able to do a *thing* if that's what she's decided." She thumped a hand over her chest proudly. "It'll be up to Auntie Morrigan to keep the little hellions in check! That's sort of an inquisitor's job, I'd say."

"Or something very much like it! Oh-" His smile faded, eyes glinting with steel. "I know it's not much of my business now that I've retired, but did you get in contact with-"



"Greensborough and Lukastown?" She eased back into her seat and dispelled his concerns with one lazy wave of her hand. "Managed to get ahold of someone yesterday evening. Told them it was all a false alarm, nothing to be worried about. Ha! A goblin queen." The chief shook her head and laughed. "Dunno what you were thinking. *Everyone* knows that they come in pairs. If you only saw one, it must've just been a goblin in a crown."

"Mm. I dunno what I was thinking, either." Sam shook his head. Almost put a lot of people in danger, making hasty reports like that. Thank goodness he had the chief to set him straight...and his wife to keep him occupied at home. "Oh-!" He laughed, shaking his head. "Goodness, it feels like I'm just forgetting one thing after another. My locket!"

The chief blinked at him.

"...You need it back? I figured that'd be passed on to whoever replaces me, so-

"Ah! No, no." The chief shook her head and tapped a finger to her temple. "Don't use lockets anymore. Meant to tell you earlier, but we've got *these* now."

"Oh, ah..." He narrowed his eyes. "What would you call that, you think? A...band? Circlet?"

She shrugged. "Tiara. Diadem. Doesn't matter, really. Anyway, don't worry a hair on your head. We only really need one inquisitor around here, I think. Either way, *you don't have to think about it.*"

Sam sank into his seat, nodding. "Mm. Not my job, as they say."

"Exactly!" She winked and adjusted her seat. The chief had always had such *wide* hips, and the human-sized furniture was just barely big enough to fit them. "*I'll be fine here. You can trust me to protect you.* Now, with all that said..." Her eyes locked on his, and her words poured into his mind. "*You need to go home. You're so pent-up, and only your wife can relieve you.*"

Sam nodded again, rising to his feet and smiling. "Mmmm."