

More like Proudless

Two stories tall, centrally located, six bedrooms, three bathrooms, over a dozen curtain-covered windows, a brand new roof, and plenty of natural light... The house was almost too good to be true, and almost too normal looking.

Almost.

If the reports of strange noises at all hours of the night hadn't highlighted it for investigation, it was the kind of house your eyes would slip right past before you realised you were already looking at the next house over.

It was astoundingly clever, hiding in plain sight like that, thought Jaina Proudmoore as she strode towards it, preparing herself for the near-limitless number of bad things that could be waiting inside as well as the stern and serious face she'd been practising for a while.

The archmage was one of the few people who could and *would* see the structure clearly for what it was — *as well as what it wasn't* — and a normal house was what it most certainly **wasn't**. There was magic in the air — *subtle and nearly imperceptible to the average neighbourhood resident* — but she was anything but average.

Or a resident...

Three sharp knocks on the front door was all it took for the building to reveal its first of many tricks: *a sliding peephole that when closed, was perfectly flush with the wood, and came complete with a pair of **inhuman** eyes...*

*"Inspection. **Open up,**"* was all the mage had to say to get the message across that it was better to let her in than not.

The intimidating swirl of magic surrounding her didn't hurt, though.

The wide eyes disappeared for a moment as the viewing slot was closed and more than the usual number of locks and latches were hastily undone before the door — *if it could even still be called one at that point* — swung open soundlessly on *suspiciously* well-greased hinges...

The smell that suddenly hit Jaina square in the face was stronger than even the stench of an unwashed Tauren — *though the poor Tauren doorman who let her in looked and smelled like **he** bathed fairly regularly* — but her second surprise was at least a... **thoroughly revealing one.**

Sex. *It turned out to be the stench of **sex**... Quite a bit of it, to be certain.*

The archmage and protector of the land had stepped into a bawdy house of some description, and as her eyes threatened to start watering at the *unique and **overpowering** odour*, she felt confident of at least that much.

*The various non-human creatures strolling past in all **sorts** of revealing, fetishistic leather garments dyed in every colour of the rainbow only helped confirm it.*

"You should have your sound-proofing re-examined..." she uttered to the troll sitting at what she desperately **hoped** was a front desk and not some manner of... *sex furniture...* "I'm going to have a look around to make sure there isn't anything even **more** illegal or **dangerous** going on here..."

“We’ll get right on that, mon~” he replied somewhat drunkenly, but altogether pleasantly and *compliantly*.

Looking around at last, the structure really **was** larger on the inside... The mage had thought as much beforehand, but it was another thing entirely to be standing in what had to be the building’s ‘lobby’ and get to see the magic craftsmanship first hand. Whoever constructed — *or perhaps renovated* — the building spared no expense when having it enchanted, and boy, *did it ever show...*

A grand staircase led up to the second floor, what at least *looked* like marble columns filled the space, lavish dark-wood doors were on every wall, and plushly upholstered chairs were occupied by...

Better not to look too closely, actually.

It seemed as if the clientele were of the *discerning* variety, so hopefully she wouldn’t have to worry about the *worst* thoughts still swirling around in her head. *At least not yet...*

Mounting the impressive staircase and ascending to the second floor, dozens upon dozens of rooms stretched on for what seemed like the entire length of the street just outside the building, and as all manner of creature either entered or *re-entered* one of the private spaces after catching sight of her walking down the hall, Jaina got a much better idea of just how profitable the illegal enterprise must be.

*If the obviously magical oddly-coloured clouds of **smoke** seeping out of one of the nearby rooms meant the owners were indulging in illegal substances or even worse, **potions**, she’d need to have the place surrounded and cleared out before sunset.*

Creeping up on an already ajar door, it swung open silently and effortlessly *just like the building’s entrance* as Jaina pushed it with a single finger to get a better look inside.

A bubbling cauldron... Someone was brewing something up, and it didn’t look entirely harmless, either. *Neither did the rows upon rows of already bottled potions that lined what little she could see of the wall opposite her...*

Better to stop whatever was going on right then and there — *even if she **was** by herself* — before whoever was behind the magic could escape, *or even worse*, finish whatever they were working on... The last thing the only *slightly* prideful mage wanted was for the whole place to get blown to bits so she ended up having to be dug out of the *disgusting* and undoubtedly **sticky** wreckage.

“Stop right there! By the authority of the realm, I am—!” Jaina commanded as she opened the door wide before her jaw dropped at what she saw.

There, *just in front of her*, tending to the cauldron that was easily twice her size while standing on a **stool** half her height was a **goblin...** A completely **naked** — *save for a pair of goggles resting on her forehead* — female goblin with long, flowing purple hair and an ass that looked like it spoke for the majority of her overall weight...

Even with all her experience, *not to mention her expertise*, the sight was so unexpected and downright *unbelievable* to her that the archmage was completely and utterly caught off guard. It was only for half a moment, *if that, but that was all the time the goblin ended up needing...*

As if without even having to think about it, the small green woman reached behind herself to grab and then fling a bottle full of roiling liquid at the unexpected intruder in one smooth, fluid, and no doubt **practised** motion.

Before Jaina could even manage to *think* about what was happening — *the goblin's manically excited smile and wide, twinkling eyes having drawn her attention for some strange reason* — the bottle landed at her feet and shattered into a million tiny pieces as small as grains of sand. Some of its contents splashed onto her legs and the rest quickly evaporated into a thick cloud of acrid smoke that immediately filled her vision.

Try as she might, there was no getting rid of the purple cloud that obscured both the goblin and rest of the room, and it didn't seem to dissipate in the slightest no matter *what* Jaina did, or how long she held her breath and waited.

*That was when the **heat** started to make itself known...*

What little of the strange concoction that had managed to splash onto the sorceress's pants soaked through the fabric and somehow managed to coat her legs. Even worse, it felt as if they were on **fire!**

*Albeit not unpleasantly, **somehow...?***

A **warmth** — *but not a pain* — invaded Jaina's senses, starting from her legs and rushing up towards her head, and as the sensation overtook her, she couldn't stop herself from taking a deep breath and letting the foul smoke into her lungs. That too made her feel hot, and as she fell to her knees and the smoke finally started to clear, she saw the smiling goblin clearly again.

*"Jaina, Jaina, **Jaina~**"* the green woman teased, approaching the mage with a **sultry** shimmy in her walk that swung her massive ass from side to side. "Now what's someone like **you** doing in a place like **this**, hmm~? *Didja get **lonely** and want to hire a little **Horde meat** for a night~!?* **Hahahah~!**"

With her head buzzing, eyes watering, and body heating up, the human woman could only manage to chide herself for making such a rookie mistake and rushing in when she was supposed to be on a **reconnaissance** mission...

So much for keeping a low profile, she thought as she coughed and wheezed and struggled just to take another breath.

*"Oh **goodie~!** Looks like we're **both** in for a treat~!"* the goblin continued, *though not tauntingly, oddly enough*, as she looked down at where the bottle had smashed.

She was excited, *clearly*, but there was also a kind of... enthusiastic *delight* in her voice...? Not malicious, but... **aroused...?**

The gleam of the goblin's teeth as she smiled her widest smile yet was the last thing Jaina saw before darkness overtook her and she slumped to the floor unconscious.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

*"**Wakey-wakey, Jaina-baby~!**"* cackled a shrill voice from somewhere deep in the fog of the archmage's mind.

Consciousness was returning to her slowly as she felt small fingers turning her head from side to side, a smaller green face undoubtedly scrutinising her at the same time.

“Wh-What have you done to me...?” Jaina managed to get out as she cracked one blurry eye open. *“Where are we...?”*

*“Why, we’re in my **play room** of course~!”* the goblin teased as the room came back into focus and the rest of the mage’s senses started to return to her.

First, *sight*, albeit blurry: she was in a small room made even smaller by the floor to ceiling shelves overloaded with what looked like *ingredients*... All manner of jars stuffed with plants and critters — *both alive and dead* — meant that her goblin captor had more than enough supplies to keep her there for as long as **she** wanted, **and** the goblin could do all manner of unspeakable things to her, too...

Next, *smell*: the much smaller cauldron the goblin was bent over and stirring energetically this time had another, *different* coloured roiling liquid in it that brought back the memory of how she was knocked out in the first place, but this one looked and **smelled** so much better...

*It didn’t smell **pleasant** by any means, but at least it wasn’t the same kind of choking, lung-burning gas from earlier...* In fact, the more she breathed in the thin, wispy fumes, the better it started to smell, and the more feeling returned to her body.

*Which only meant that she could finally **feel** the restraints she was in...* Rope, leather, **metal**... Clearly she’d been bound in a hurry if the mishmash of straps was anything to go by, but if she wasn’t in the whorehouse anymore—

*Actually, **was** she still in the Horde-house...?*

The archmage couldn’t make out much of the walls to see if they were the same, *but then again*, since the building had seemingly been enchanted from the start, *who was to say that any one of the rooms would be identical to another?*

*“Don’t worry, **sweetie**, you’re perfectly safe here~! *Though that could change at a moment’s notice if you do something **stupid**...*”* the goblin piped up, taking notice of how much Jaina was moving her head to try and take a look around the room.

“Wh-Where are—?” the somewhat frightened mage tried asking as she watched and waited to find out what her captor had in store for her.

*“We’re in my **play room**! Weren’t you listening!? ...**Ah**, but that’s not what you’re **really** asking. *You want to know what I have in store for you, and why you can’t summon any of your **magics**, right~?”*”*

It was true, the otherwise powerful sorceress couldn’t feel so much as a *drop* of her usual magical power — *not even a tiny tingle* — but she was a little more preoccupied with the glass vial the goblin had started filling from the still-bubbling cauldron...

*“This’ll answer **all** of your questions... *Just try and relax, alright~? You’ll be **thanking me** by night’s end, so be sure to enjoy yourself and don’t forget that **Ozixx** is the name you should be moaning~!”*”*

Quick as lightning, Ozixx — *apparently* — crossed the gap, vial in hand, and slammed it to the mage’s lips, pinching Jaina’s nose shut at the same time and leaving her no choice but to *drink* if she didn’t want to suffocate.

Odds were that if she refused and held her breath until she passed out, she’d wind up coming-to having been force-fed the potion anyways, so it was better to comply with the— with the...

As the last drops of the brilliantly gleaming potion disappeared down Jaina's throat, she found it hard to think about **anything**, much less her current predicament as another kind of heat spread from her belly down to her groin.

*"That's a good girl, I made that one with **love**, so I **know** it's good to the last drop~!"*

Once Jaina's mind returned to her, she could only watch in wide-eyed horror — *and then bared-teeth pleasure* — as the goblin stripped her of her clothes and her body began to **change**.

First, her nethers began to swell, inflamed by an urge to be filled — *a desperate longing to get **fucked*** — but as her clitoris grew more and more erect, *and then started to just **grow**, that desire changed...*

Bigger and *bigger* and **bigger still**, her body was *shifting* as her massive, turgid clit drifted upwards, engorging by the second until it—!

*"**Hahahah~! Perfect~!**"* Ozixx cried, admiring her handiwork and giving Jaina's new *equipment* a teasing, testing rub.

The bestial *neigh* that escaped the mage's lips all on its own somehow shocked her more than the massive, dangling **horsecock** she'd grown, and the saggy, positively **pent-up** testicles she was **still** growing.

"How's that feel, honey~? There's no alchemy like goblin alchemy, I'll tell you that much~!" Ozixx cheered with a few more rubs and a couple *jerks* of her tiny green hands.

It was only when Jaina's new equipment finally finished growing in — *the skin darkening as it engorged with blood* — that her mind was assaulted with a desire to **breed** so strong that she could only manage to ask a single question, *and even then*, just one word:

"Why...?"

*"You **wound me**, my dear~!"* the emerald alchemist replied with an overdramatic, sneering grin, taking her captive's new appendage by the base and staring deeply into her eyes. *"Because you went poking your nose where it didn't belong... **This** oughta teach you to stay out of trouble while having the added benefit of keeping **me** out of jail~!"*

"...So what if I brewed up a couple aphrodisiacs and helped a few taurens, goblins, trolls, and—?"

*The full-body **throb** that travelled down Jaina's pinched cock knocked the goblin out of her rant for a second, the massive slab of meat suddenly drooling precum and arcing in such a way that Jaina's captor couldn't stop herself from licking her lips.*

*"Suffice it to say I was **bored** and thought this might be enough to keep you out of my way for a little bit~ Though there's no telling until I put you through your **paces** properly, **horsey~!**"*

*"**Please, no, I don't want this! I don't—!**"*

Jaina's pleas fell on deaf ears as Ozixx had already gotten underneath her new schlong, releasing her improvised cockring and licking, sucking, slurping, and lapping at the sheath the human mage was horrified to find out she now had, as well as the massive testicles she could feel roiling with some manner of **seed...**

*They had to be, there wasn't anything else that could explain the way they bounced and **sloshed around** as the little green **whore** played with them!* Jaina thought, immediately caught off guard by just how **vulgar** that particular thought was.

She didn't normally think like that, after all...

"I think this might be—" the goblin spoke between running her tongue along the underside of Jaina's impressive length and filling her mouth with the human's bulging balls, "—my greatest work yet~!"

With her new scrotum positively **soaked** after being **basted** in hot goblin spit, Jaina couldn't vocalise anything but pleased moans. Even as the goblin positioned herself atop the massive pole and started to part her gleaming emerald folds with it one excruciating inch at a time, Jaina was speechless.

*It took many, **many** seconds for the astoundingly stretchy green woman to feel the archmage's sheath rub against her clit, but the toe-curling feeling of being so **full** eventually took her breath away completely.*

For all of a second or two, that is. *If that.*

*"I don't think I've **ever** gotten results this good~!" the mad-scientist screamed as she started to shake her hips side to side, back and forth, and most importantly **up and down** Jaina's throbbing, twitching, *pre-streaming* horsecock.*

With teeth once again bared, eyes screwed tightly shut, and nostrils flared, Jaina couldn't comprehend **or** process the flood of new feelings scorching every inch of her brain, the organ she'd never so much as dreamed of wanting taking up 100% of her brain-power at that moment.

*"Congrats on losing your **dick-ginity** to a goblin snatch, Ms. Mage~! You'll **never** find a cunt as hot, wet, or **tight** as a goblin's, and you'll **never** forget your first~! ...In fact, you'll **crave it**. More than you've ever craved anything in your life~! How convenient for me that you'll be addicted to **my** cunt and won't be able to sink **this** bad boy in it if I'm in **jail~! Hahahah~!"***

The words lapped at Jaina's mind like waves against the shore, the lewdest and raunchiest parts hitting her brain over and over again with the kind of force you might use to drive in a nail, *or that **she** used to use when speedily stamping large stacks of papers...*

*It was repetitive, forceful, distracting... Distracting her from what she **wanted**...*

*All Jaina knew was she wanted to **cum**. She had no idea how that would work — though she prayed that it **would** work — but the balloon inflating inside her that was almost ready to pop **demand**ed that she cum long and hard and **loud** inside the goblin that was riding her like some people liked to ride bulls...!*

*That was when Jaina felt like she was being taken by the horns and tried her best to move her hips to get just a little more enjoyment out of the green cocksock treating her like a **toy**...*

*"Oh my, does someone want to **cum~!?**" Ozixx teased, taking Jaina to the hilt and **stopping**. Not moving an inch, not wriggling, not clenching around her or **anything**... She'd ground all movement to a complete and utter halt.*

It was *maddening* to the archmage — *some of the worst torture she'd ever been subjected to* — and as she struggled in vain against her bindings to get just an inch, *or even a fraction of an inch*, deeper inside the goblin harlot, *that* particular goblin harlot just smiled wider and wider...

“Tell you what, **honey**, if you promise not to—”

“**I PROMISE! NOW LET ME CUM!**” Jaina roared, spittle flying from her mouth, her eyes wide and wild with lust and desire.

“Just what I wanted to hear~♥!”

With *some* kind of bargain struck, *and knowing she had maintained the upper hand*, Ozixx decided to have a little fun and focus on enjoying herself. That particular potion didn't create uniform results, so each horsecock was different, and Jaina's...

Well, Jaina's was the finest she'd ever tasted. With either mouth, and it was divine.

Cheek-clapping, ass-quaking thrust after full-body, muscle-straining thrust left both Ozixx **and** her captive sweating like animals in rut by the time the goblin apothecary was ready to cream all over the newly-christened horsecock, and she couldn't have been happier.

In fact, she was actually *thankful* that Jaina had shown up when she did. *She was starting to get bored and was craving a little excitement...* What better source than breaking someone who was possibly the strongest human mage in the land~? The thought brought Ozixx no end of enjoyment, and only enhanced the toe-curling sex she was having.

Speaking of...

“Go ahead and cum for me, hors—!” was all the goblin managed to get out since it was all the permission Jaina needed.

That was when the hose Ozixx had been riding finally had all it could take and started **firing** — *with all the strength and fervour found in the animal it resembled* — great big globs, ropes, spurts, and *womb-bloating loads* of cum inside her.

“**Oop~!**” was the last sound Jaina heard her kidnapper make before the mage's mind was completely and utterly melted down to one singular desire: **cumming**. Everything she was — *and everything she felt* — was based on that disgusting, **marvellous** horsecock she'd been given.

Somewhere in the back of her mind, Jaina certainly **hoped** the female whose womb she was currently battering was fertile, *and that she could breed her*, but she had more important things to worry about.

Well, just the one thing, but still...

As her new nuts tightened up against her body and contracted in powerful waves to pump the creamy cum they'd been brewing ever since they were first created into the unsuspecting goblin **bitch**, Jaina could feel what *felt* like her magic returning, and she willed herself to channel every ounce of energy she had into stuffing the goblin cocksock to bursting.

Rope after rope of creamy seed erupted into Ozixx, *treating her womb like some kind of punching bag*, and Jaina's orgasm dragged on longer and **harder** than any orgasm she'd ever had before — *whether with a partner or solo* — her eyes watering and her brain **screaming** at her to take a breath before she blacked out.

She was more a captive to her new instincts than the goblin that had bound her in the first place at that point. *It felt like some part of her cock — somewhere near the tip — was bulging out and **flaring** wide, and while Jaina had only a rudimentary notion of **why** at that particular moment in time, the urge and primal **drive** to breed the goblin stuck on her cock had taken over all higher brain function.*

*So she didn't really care about the 'why', just the '**was**', and what she 'was' right then was a puddle of pure pleasure in human form.*

As her orgasm finally began to taper off and her tongue hung limply from her mouth, darkness overtook the sorceress once more, though this time, she at least had a smile on her face.

.....

Feeling just as bloated as she looked — *which was positively **pregnant*** — Ozixx had to waddle herself off the still-hard and still-twitching cock that had just given her womb the beating of a lifetime.

The first two shots left her dazed, but the next **dozen** or so told her she'd managed to find something **good**... *Something really good!*

Untying the unconscious human and laying her as *gently* on the floor of her workshop as she could, the seemingly villainous goblin found herself having to make a hard choice as she rubbed her full-to-bursting taut and distended belly.

On the one hand, she'd likely escaped arrest and prosecution *this time*, but on the other, she couldn't resist the thought of having a new toy to play with... *Especially one so **virile**...*

Better to leave Jaina be and let the proprietors take care of her. *That, or the **guard** once they knew she was missing and went looking for her...* Assuming, of course, that Proudmoore wasn't so **prideful** as to wander off without so much as telling any of her allies where she was going and what she was doing!

*No, that was impossible... The mage was smarter than **that**.*

With a shrug of her shoulders and a long, hard stare at the beautiful, now-shrinking horsecock she'd had a hand in creating, Ozixx opted to take the easy win and escape into the night.

*After she took care of the **mess** that was already threatening to start leaking out of her at any moment **and** got rid of the evidence, of course...*

A quick guzzle of one potion shrank her cum-filled belly back to normal size — *a small pang of disappointment flaring up in the goblin for a moment afterwards* — and a quick slather of another that she'd plucked off the wall and took a quick sniff of erased the still-wet horsecock from existence, the human woman's normal pussy returning in an almost comical puff of smoke.

Next came either getting rid of the body, or emptying her shelves, collecting her scrolls and tomes, and packing up her cauldron—

*The answer seemed pretty obvious after thinking about it like that, and with another shrug, Jaina was disposed of with **another** puff of smoke courtesy of **yet another** potion.*

~~~~~

Drenched in sweat and panting like a lunatic, Jaina Proudmoore sat straight up in bed after waking up in her room only to find her sheets just as soaked as she was — *by sweat and*



*hopefully nothing else, she thought quickly* — the mystery organ nowhere to be found no matter **how** hard she looked.

*Could it have all been a dream...?* the archmage asked herself after taking a quick account of the rest of her body to make sure she wasn't missing any fingers or toes, and that there weren't any scars or other markings that would answer that particular question definitively.

Hale and hearty, and without so much as a blemish on her immaculate skin, it took just a few moments for Jaina to convince herself that she wasn't **crazy**, and that what she felt was so real, and so unbelievably **good** that she couldn't have imagined it herself if she tried.

*She couldn't get it out of her head either, though...*

The phantom limb seemed to tease her, the memory of it like an especially pleasant but immediately forgotten dream, the toe-curling realisation that it **had** to be real adding to the wetness of her mattress as her steaming-hot pussy twitched and leaked some more.

Consulting her room, nothing seemed out of place — *nothing was missing, nothing had been moved, and nothing was there that hadn't been there before* — so she'd either made it back on her own with **no** memory of how, or someone had found her and dropped her off instead...

Perhaps a guardsman? *A friend?* Could it have been the goblin herself...?

*That goblin... Ozixx...* Just recalling the name set her clit twitching again, and as Jaina sank a few fingers a few knuckles deep into her drooling cunt, she couldn't believe how utterly **disappointing** that pleasure felt in comparison to what the goblin had done to her...

*It would tide her over, of course,* but it was the difference between a glass of cool, clear water and an old bucket of warm, dirty *muck*. It wasn't satisfying in the least, *and it certainly wasn't quenching...*

No, what she wanted — what she **craved**, she realised just a little fearfully — was feeling Ozixx the goblin alchemist twitching and clenching on her **cock** as she furiously **bred** the pint-sized green **slut...**

*She needed to knock her up... To seed her... She needed to play with the goblin whore's ears and pull on her hair and suck on her tongue as the little green minx spread her legs wide and she sawed into her sodden green box and—*

A shudder ran through Jaina's body as she came, the orgasm so utterly underwhelming that she pulled her fingers out of herself in shame and disappointment, staring at them as though it was *their* fault somehow.

*Ozixx was right,* Jaina realised. Whatever the goblin had done to her — *or more accurately, the way in which she'd done it* — had changed her. Now that she knew the truth, *now that she'd tasted that forbidden pleasure and attained forbidden knowledge*, there was no going back.

It didn't matter to Jaina anymore how she'd gotten home, or who might have tucked her into bed. *The only thing she knew* — *and it was a thought that would hold her mind hostage until she fell into unconsciousness from sheer exhaustion an hour later* — *was that she needed to find Ozixx before anyone else could...*

The archmage really *couldn't* allow the seductress to rot in a jail cell, leave the city, *or take any cock but her own...* Just as soon as she could get it back, of course.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

As it turned out, after consulting her calendar and speaking with some **very** concerned colleagues, a full day had passed between Jaina following up on the noise complaints about the Horde-house and when she'd awoken in her own home, covered in her own sweat and... *arousal...*

Given the indisputable fact of her sudden and unexplained absence, the mage's very first order of business was to **lie**. She needed to cover up the whole thing and concoct a believable enough story as to why she hadn't reported for duty for a whole day.

As much as she hated the thought that the goblin had played her like a fiddle, the sorceress really couldn't run the risk of the **very** illegal *but otherwise quite harmless* establishment being shut down and Ozixx being arrested in connection to it.

Just as the tiny green temptress had planned, she was starting to feel **goblin-pussy withdrawal**, *as much as she hated the sound of saying it like that and admitting to it in her head...*

Luckily for her, the name 'Jaina Proudmoore' had quite the reputation attached to it, and as odd as her story about having a little too much to drink and being violently ill sounded to anyone who heard it, she was given the benefit of the doubt in light of her otherwise exemplary service and wasn't questioned about it any further.

Once relatively free of suspicion, Jaina ran back to the scene of the crime only to find the house utterly normal and suddenly up for sale...

*They worked fast, apparently, closing up shop and relocating in just a day.*

But something as small as moving wasn't about to stop her. The human woman's almost delirious **hunger** for more sopping-wet emerald **twat** set her mind aflame and had her quite literally sniffing the air like some kind of tracking hound might.

*At least until her wits returned and she searched instead for the kind of camouflage magic and space-altering enchantments she knew the business would have to have if it still wanted to operate inside the city's borders...*

It took close to the rest of the day, but Jaina **finally** caught a whiff of the goblin's trail and it got her heart beating double-time. She'd had to ask around while in disguise, *trying her damndest not to be too obvious and learning a little from every creature that turned her away*, but she eventually stumbled upon the right combination of words that said both 'I'm looking for the *whorehouse*' and 'I am **not** a guard'.

By the time the sun had started going down, Jaina had at long last gotten within spitting distance of the goblin. Ozixx couldn't hide her tantalising curves under just any old cloak, and the human mage all but tackled her when she went running up to grab the sides of the **very** *luckily* cool cauldron the alchemist was stirring.

Eyes wide and somehow bloodshot, the sorceress could only pant and drool and make intense eye-contact since her brain was already shutting down her language centre, but the goblin's sly, coquettish smile told her the little green harlot knew **exactly** what Jaina was there for.

*"I didn't expect you to find me this quickly..."* Ozixx whispered huskily, the human mage's hips flexing and twitching uncontrollably at the sound of the goblin's sultry voice positively **dripping**

with ball-draining lust. *“I take it you’re looking for another **hit~?** Another dip of your new **nib** in some... **emerald ink~?**”*

Nodding like a woman possessed, it was only when Jaina managed to tip the cauldron slightly and made the goblin’s eyes widen in horror that she found the ability to stand up straight and speak again.

*“**I need it!**”* she almost shouted before a stern look from Ozixx reminded her to keep her voice down. More composed, and quite a bit quieter afterwards, Jaina continued: *“Please, I don’t know what you did, but I **do** know that I’ve never, **ever** felt **anything** even **close** to what you did to me last night! Er, the night before last! **Whenever! Whatever! You know EXACTLY what I mean!**”*

The archmage spat her whispered words out violently while managing to not draw the full attention of the few onlookers nearby who already assumed she was there for something *less than legal* but still conveying her need — *and more importantly* — her **fear** and **desperation** in regards to that new need.

*The new need that consumed all of Jaina’s thoughts, that drove her to do things she never would have otherwise, and that had her all but kneeling at the goblin’s feet begging for mercy...*

The two women **knew** that the goblin was the only person in the world who could help the human sorceress at that point, and it showed on each of their faces. One was lined with desperation, the other with smugness and the odd fleck of *pity*...

*“I haven’t gotten you or any of your friends in trouble...! I’ve already promised not to, and I intend to keep that promise, but I need just one more taste of whatever it was you did to me yest— two nights ago...! **Please...!**”*

Fidgety, nervous, but most of all *honest*, Ozixx could see in Jaina’s eyes that she really was telling the truth. Also, just how much the mage **loathed** what she’d been reduced to *and how much she **enjoyed it** at the same time*. There was embarrassment behind her eyes... *Lust, shame, uncertainty, fear, and maybe even love...?*

**No**, love was too strong a word. The alchemist knew that. *Friendship, perhaps?* They weren’t friends, but Jaina had approached her like someone she was at least familiar with... An *acquaintance*, perhaps... Someone she felt comfortable approaching for a **favour**. *Someone she felt she could **beg** for something...*

For a heartbeat, Ozixx felt bad about what she’d done to the human woman. ...*Well, maybe **half** a heartbeat*. She was only protecting her own best interests, after all, and if Jaina of all people couldn’t kick a horsecock habit, then that was her *lovelife’s fault!*

**Still...** It clearly pained the mage to be there, *and yet there she was*. Jaina had done the leg-work and managed to wind up on the other side of her cauldron, begging for another roll in the hay. No matter what the human was thinking, she’d followed her *feelings* and gone in search of *pleasure*...

*In search of the most noble of all desires! A pleasure she knew only a **goblin** could give her! ...Well, **force upon her**, but that was *splitting hairs, really~!* In the end, the mage wanted— no, clearly *needed* more, and that was all that mattered. It brought a twinkle to Ozixx’s eye*

and an even shrewder smile to her lips. *Her new **toy** had returned, looking for another **play date**...*

*"Couldn't quite get the same effect with magic, eh~?" Ozixx asked with a chuckle, Jaina's blank, deadpan face catching her completely off guard. "...You didn't even **try**...? Not that you had much of a chance to start with, but **still**, you didn't even—!?"*

Jaina's confused, then bewildered, then confused again face was all the answer the goblin needed.

***Wow**, she **really** didn't get off much, thought the little green woman, a shred of remorse and sympathy coming and going like a leaf on the wind.*

*"...Fine. Just... come back in an hour or two. I can't risk us being seen together like this and having someone accuse me of being a **spy** or anything stupid like that..."*

*"**Thank you**...! Truly, thank you!"* Jaina said under her breath so only the goblin would hear her, pulling her disguise a little closer to her body before leaving hurriedly and basking in the temporary relief of knowing she'd get to have a **cock** again.

.....

The sun had completely set by the time Ozixx finished whatever business she was conducting, her cauldron drained to the last drop and safely put away after a whole crate's worth of empty glass bottles were filled, corked, and the box nailed shut again for shipping to *wherever in the world it was going*.

*None of that mattered to Jaina Proodmore, however.* She couldn't possibly care less, in fact. All she cared about as she anxiously watched from a good distance away — *her vision magically enhanced to enjoy every shake, shimmy, and ripple as the unbelievably thick goblin strutted her stuff towards her at last* — was getting to split the stretchy little ball of lust in half again just as soon as she got her cock back...

A stain started to form in Jaina's trousers, *utterly imperceptible for starters* but growing by the second until there didn't seem to be a dry patch left. The archmage was drooling from both ends watching her saviour — *the bringer of **relief** and **freedom** from the hellish nightmare of not being able to experience that same **bliss** again* — take her sweet time and even strike **poses** just to rile her up some more!

*At least, that's the way it felt to Jaina...*

What Ozixx lacked in the bust department — *her chest perfectly natural and rather small at that* — she **more** than made up for with her narrow waist, child-bearing hips, soft-and-cushy thighs that the mage couldn't wait to feel wrapped around her, and most of all her heat, or perhaps **rut**-inducing **ass**...

The goblin certainly had **dark meat** where it counted, and as the human mage wiped drool from her lips with the back of her hand, she was getting hungrier by the second. *In fact*, Jaina's clit was more than hard enough to cut gemstones at that point, and her hands felt empty and lonely not being wrapped around the goblin and lifting her up and down on her raging erection—

*Soon, soon...* she scolded herself, swallowing the fresh batch of spit that had already pooled in her mouth and trying her damndest to remain *composed*. It was a losing battle, however, as

the mage's palms were dripping sweat onto the ground and her knees were wobbling to the point she looked like she was going to fall over at any moment.

That was when the mage's new partner-in-crime surprised her, crossing the remaining distance at a brisk, ass-clapping run while she was still distracted with her sordid fantasies.

*"I won't ask any stupid questions, so just follow me and try not to look too suspicious, alright~?"* came the combination question and order said in passing as Ozixx slowed down for just a moment before resuming her quick pace, soon chased by the mage before she disappeared altogether.

It took a second or two for the human woman to close the gap while leaving a respectable distance between them, but the sight of Ozixx's wobbling, gravity defying cheeks were more than enough incentive to follow her **anywhere**.

.....

Street after street, and twist after turn, the mage only noticed how far they'd travelled once the alley they found themselves in grew so dark she nearly tripped over a piece of garbage at her feet that she could hardly see.

Leaning down to free her foot from *whatever* managed to get stuck around it, the unmistakable sound of a key in a lock drew her attention right before Ozixx opened a goblin-sized door and the garbage-ridden alley was lit up by the bright light coming from just beyond it.

*"Chop chop, pony-girl..."* the alchemist teased with a toothy smile, disappearing into the portal but leaving the door open for her guest.

The cock-hungry (though in a different sense) woman practically ran face-first into the wall she was facing before her brain reminded her she'd need to duck down to enter what had to be Ozixx's—

*Jaw slack and eyes wide, Jaina Proodmore was left utterly **breathless** once she entered the taller-on-the-inside abode and was able to take in the **majesty** of the room she was in...*

Bathed in the warmest of golden lights, the room reminded her of the one at the Hordehouse, but it was an order of magnitude... *nicer* was the only word that came to mind...

It felt like **home** — **someone's home** — oddly enough. Not quite as cold or sterile as one would expect a laboratory to be, the space was clearly *lived in*, and in the best way possible. Personal knick knacks lined just as much of the walls as potion bottles, and the odd pages of scribbled equations and formulae that weren't stacked nearly in corners felt less *strewn about* and more *deliberately placed*...

If this was where Ozixx lived, it suited her. *Well, the 'her' that Jaina knew so little about, at least...*

*"Stop staring and close the damn door already!"* the goblin barked when she turned around to notice Jaina's eyes roaming all over the place while light was still spilling into the dark and dirty world just outside. *"Are you trying to get us **caught!**?"*

With an awkward apology and ashamed blush on her face, the grand magus hastily closed and then secured the door before turning around again to find her goblin host stark-naked save for her (at that point) trademark goggles.

Not bothering to open her mouth and risk uttering a stupid question, Jaina opted to instead strip as well, *albeit quite a bit slower than her quick-change partner seemed to have...*

Eyeing the bottles lining the wall covetously, when Ozixx went instead to dig around in a wooden chest in a corner of the room, the still cockless human woman was left just a little confused.

*Hadn't Ozixx agreed to—?*

**“Aha! Here it is!”** the alchemist cried triumphantly, digging whatever ‘it’ was out of the bottom of the chest with a good deal of difficulty before falling right on her ass when the thing finally came loose.

As it turned out, ‘it’ was... *a strap-on?* It certainly *looked* like a cock, and it had well-worn leather straps where a woman of the goblin’s size and stature might put her legs through, and—

*“You know, I said to myself: ‘Self, why should Jaina get to have all the fun~? She doesn’t even know everything she can do with that thing! You really oughta show her~”*

The devious glint in the goblin’s eyes as she stepped into the harness and the metallic-looking member started to *come to life* made the mage take a step back instinctively.

*“I picked up **this** baby more than a couple years ago by now... Had to spend a **pretty penny** to get that dwarf to make it for me... Ain’t no craftsmanship like dwarven craftsmanship, but I’m sure I don’t have to tell you that~!”*

What looked like runes along the side of the pseudo-phallus glowed dimly as whatever magic it was imbued with brought the thing to life, the honestly impressive member throbbing and twitching and **breathing** as if it were the real thing...

Eyes still glued to the magical implement, Jaina nearly fumbled the potion-bottle that was tossed her way.

**“Gulp that down and then *bend over, horsey~* I think you oughta get a taste of what it’s like to **really** be milked~!”** Ozixx cackled menacingly, her tiny hands already stroking the strap-on and slathering whatever juice it was *oozing* from its tip over the rest of its shaft...

It didn’t even take a moment for Jaina to pop the cork on her bottle and guzzle its contents. *There was nothing to think about.* At that point, the decision had already been made.

So as the seemingly familiar warmth filled her body and her already engorged clit grew and grew and grew some more until the horsecock that consumed her mind the past day or so reared its flared head again, she let out a weary sigh of relief.

*Or perhaps let go of the breath she didn’t know she’d been holding...*

Just the same as it was when it grew in the first time, Jaina would have kissed it if she could. *In fact, just that thought alone earned her a hearty twitch and a few drops of pre-cum,* so she gripped the meaty shaft in her hands to confirm it was real and felt a jolt of pleasure as she sent a squirt of pre to the floor.

*“You’re gonna have to clean that up, you know...”* the goblin watching replied, clearly unamused at the sickeningly-sweet long-lost-reunion unfolding right before her eyes.

With her mast at full attention — *and being a woman and mage of her word* — Jaina allowed the goblin to guide her to what seemed to be a human-sized bed. The mattress was soft enough and made for a decent perch for her upper body as she tried not to rest too much of her weight on her knees on the floor.

“...It’s more comfortable, don’t ask,” Ozixx commented with just a hint of embarrassment in her voice before small green fingers grabbed hold of large, pale, human asscheeks and started to massage them. “Not bad... I figured it’d be **doughier** since you probably sit on it all day and read books and scrolls and stuff like that...”

Taking the awkward compliment in stride, *and just maybe making a note to go for more walks in future*, Jaina allowed her ass to be played with as her cock continued to bob and pulse under the goblin’s bed.

...At least until she felt hot breath and soft lips make contact with her pucker. **That** was when Jaina’s cock hit the wooden frame with a loud-enough **thunk** to get Ozixx giggling.

Looking eye-to-eye with the thoroughly confused human who had turned around to face her, the alchemist could only chuckle at Jaina’s innocence and *inexperience*.

“First time~? Oh **boy**, this is going to be even more fun than I thought~! ...Just, **don’t move**, I’ll be right back~”

Standing up and quite literally *skipping* deeper into what *had* to be her house given the extra rooms Jaina was only just then noticing, Ozixx disappeared into what might have been a bathroom before the sounds of loud rummaging could be heard.

*Then even more rummaging, then a victorious yelp, and then happy vocalisations punctuated by mouth popping and kissing sounds, and then—* Then the goblin woman was back, prosthetic cock flopping side to side and hitting her thick thighs with every step.

Even the wobbling of the cock wasn’t able to distract Jaina from the **thick** coat of deep purple lipstick on the goblin’s lips, *or the other potion she just so happened to grab off the wall...*

“Just try and *relax*, Jaina-baby, and I’ll open your eyes to **another** whole new world~”

A treacherous drop of sweat started to form on the human woman’s forehead before running down her face, but she smiled as sweetly as she could under the circumstances, reminding herself over and over again that everything she did, she did for the **cock**.

*Her own cock... Well, the cock that Ozixx had given her with—*

Like a green streak, the goblin with a wicked smile on her face dove back between the human’s cheeks, spreading them to each side once more and giving herself full, unrestricted access to the quivering, **virgin** pucker she believed was crying out for attention.

“Did you miss me, honey~? Oh, we are going to have **so much fun together~**” the alchemist whispered — *as if to a lover* — before planting another, wetter, hotter, *sloppier* kiss right on Jaina’s pucker, the prolonged lips-to-ass contact painting it *purple* and leaving a perfect — *if a little larger* — imprint of her lips behind.

**Thunk!** went Jaina’s cock against the bed frame again, the unexpected stimulation not at all unpleasant or unwelcome, *per se*, but still new and altogether **alien...**

That first — *technically second* — kiss was **nothing** compared to the one that came after, though, *because the third kiss came with tongue.*

Letting out a surprised shriek when she felt the goblin's tongue lapping against and then *pushing into* her, Jaina had to grab the mattress with both hands as her cock decided it *very much enjoyed* the extra attention, *for whatever reason...*

*Lick, kiss, slurp*, Ozixx absolutely *dove* into the mage's ass, penetrating her front line defences with sweet, gentle kisses before bringing in the big guns and using her tongue like a battering-ram. On Jaina's end, the mage had never even *thought* of playing with herself *back there* — *though she'd heard about it being done before, and tried her best not to judge those that seemed to enjoy it* — but she was getting a crash course on **why** they enjoyed it so much one way or another.

**Thunk, thunk, THUNK!**

The last twitch was **at least** twice as strong as all the ones before it, and Jaina only *barely* managed to hear the goblin behind her mumble: *"Found it~!"* as she had to slump down on the bed for support. *Her cock was throbbing angrily, as if she was nearing another ball-draining orgasm, but how could that be possible without wetting it in the tight goblin snatch she'd come to love...?*

Seeing Jaina's confusion and feeling the kind of resistance that signalled unbridled pleasure instead of pain or reluctance, Ozixx pulled her head back, and her tongue out, of her new favourite toy to explain a thing or two.

"That was your **prostate**, sweetie~ Just like those great big **balls** I gave you, my potion doesn't do things in halves. *You've got everything you need to knock up a mare, or maybe an especially fertile woman if you wanted to~* All that scientific mumbo-jumbo doesn't really matter right now since I'm betting you can barely hear me, but if you hear just one thing, I want you to know it's your **joy-button~**"

Still clinging to the bed like a drowning man to a rock, Jaina could only manage to blink her limited understanding and permission to continue to the goblin. *Not that Ozixx really needed it...*

Heading back to the *pleasure mines*, the green woman plunged her tongue back into Jaina's cushy little rear and went to work beating the everloving **fuck** out of her prostate. *Up, down, left, right, spirals, letters, basic geometric shapes:* she did it all, and the drugged lipstick she was wearing only made it more pleasurable for both of them.

*Might as well make her first time as good as it could be, right~?* Ozixx thought, caught off guard by her uncharacteristic generosity, but explaining it away as an investment. *Foreplay would make the main attraction that much better, after all...*

It was only Jaina's whimpering and then **screaming** that brought the goblin out of her conceited trance, spurring her on to bully the mage's new p-spot as much as possible until she **blasted rope** under her bed.

**And blast rope she did...**

Jaina's first anal orgasm — *her first prostate orgasm* — rocked her core like an especially large and **angry** minotaur's one-two punch. Without laying so much as a *finger* on her beautiful new cock, she was cumming into thin air even **harder** than when she was bound and got to sink balls-deep into juicy, mouth-watering emerald—



As the sorceress lost consciousness and fell onto the bed again, she actually managed to pull her goblin torturer's face with her, her ass tightening up and clamping down on the tongue that had been exploring her untouched inner depths just moments before.

It certainly came as a surprise to the little green alchemist, but once the surprise wore off, she took the opportunity to make out with the unconscious woman's ass and lather it up some more in preparation for step **two** of her master plan...

. . .

Waking up with Ozixx's tongue still fluttering around inside her ass, Jaina was surprised, ashamed, and hungry for more. Surprised that the goblin seemed to be doing so much for her — *a woman who had enough authority to get her locked up for as close to the rest of her life as possible* — Jaina was ashamed at how much she liked what she would later be told was called a 'rim job', and having only just experienced the sex act for the first time, she was already hungry for more because of how hard her cock still was despite how empty her balls felt.

**“Good morning, sleepy-head~”** the alchemist teased in a sing-song voice as soon as she could pull her sword of a tongue from Jaina's stone of an ass... “I hope you enjoyed that, because **that** was just **foreplay**, my dear. *The main event is still to come, and I think you'll enjoy it even **more** than you enjoyed me tongue-punching your—*”

**“Yes...”** came the automatic reply, a single word, *a single syllable*, but full of so much honesty and truth that it made the lecherous goblin blush just hearing it.

**“W-Well alright then!”** she conceded, uncorking the bottle she'd laid to one side and upending it to slather her strap-on with its dark, viscous contents, *what little remained being rubbed over, around, and into the human mage's pucker.*

*Thunk!* came the sound of Jaina's cock hitting the underside of the bed again, though weaker this time as it tried to recover from the marathon it just ran.

**“Again, try and *relax*... I'm going to be going **slow** this time, alright? *No sense hurting you or me...*”** the still-blushing goblin breathed softly, the excitement in her body and the blush on her face helping to explain her reduced bravado.

Guiding her stiff pseudo-cock to Jaina's **thoroughly** lubed back door, Ozixx poked and prodded until the pucker relaxed enough to let the tip inside. **Then she stopped.** The human mage had stiffened up, *obviously* not used to the sudden invasion, but doing her best not to freak out or over-react.

*Slow had obviously been the right choice after all.*

With a touch so gentle it surprised even the goblin herself, Ozixx placed a fingertip, and then two, and then the rest of her hand on Jaina's back to soothe her, *not too unlike how you might try to calm down an **actual** spooked horse...* Whispered words of encouragement followed alongside the next few inches of Ozixx's cock, and as Jaina's back arched, she took a few more.

**“Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooh,”** was the sound she let out when she felt the goblin's hips finally hit her own, while the goblin herself bit her lower lip hard enough to draw blood with how good it felt to be inside the larger human woman.

Knowing she was penetrating someone so much more powerful (in *almost* every sense) as well as physically larger than her brought a certain kind of pleasure, but it *paled* in comparison the way Jaina's ass was clamping down on her toy.

*A toy which then magically transmitted that feeling straight to her rock-hard, twitching **clit**.*

*“Fuuuuuuck~!”* was all the green woman could utter through clenched teeth as she felt herself getting close to an orgasm without even riding her new pony properly.

Ever the glutton for pleasure, it would seem, Jaina wasn't about to let her new *mistress* get her rocks off without putting in a little work herself, *least of all when the warm, malleable metal implement inside her was brushing up against her now **second** favourite part of her new anatomy.*

Throwing her ass back in an amateurish but sincere attempt to give them both the mind-melting pleasure they were there for in the first place, the little green sexpot knew it was time to get serious.

So with a resounding **slap** to Jaina's perfectly pale ass, and an echoing **thunk** from the cock that was being 'neglected' under her bed, Ozixx went to **work**.

Thrust after thrust, slap after slap, both her and the sorceress's tongues were hanging out of their mouths as they beat their hips into each other so hard it looked and sounded like a fight. Pulling almost all the way out — *at least until Jaina clenched down and would allow her to pull out no further* — the goblin slammed her rod back to the hilt with the fervour and strength of a woman twice, *if not **three times***, her actual size.

The repetitive **thunks** of Jaina's cock beating into the wood fell to the back of Ozixx's mind as the steady **plap, slap, plaps** of pre-cum hitting and then splashing against the floor replaced it. *The way the human was clenching down and almost **guiding** her to her p-spot was absolutely orgasmic yoo, and the goblin gushed into her harness again and again throughout their rough **fuck** session...*

“C-Can you cum!?” Jaina managed to get out in between thrusts, her voice a hoarse whisper. When Ozixx didn't reply immediately, she tried again, an awful lot louder this time: **“Can you cum in me!?”**

*“Whatever you want, babe! Don't hold back on my account, fire when ready!”*

Those words were exactly what were needed to smash Jaina's dam to pieces, her cock **blasting** cum into the bottom of Ozixx's bed again until a wet and sticky stain showed up on the *top*. Even once she was done hosing the poor thing down, though, Jaina continued to work her hips and managed another first: *her first **dry orgasm**.*

**THUNK, THUNK, THUNK, THUNK, CRACK!**

Without any time whatsoever to refill her reserves, the mage's balls came up empty when called on to deliver the goods, but her cock did its best without anyways. Jumping like **mad**, the otherwise small and delicate looking woman managed to break the sturdy wooden bed frame in half, both her and her goblin lover collapsing into and on top of the cum-soaked pile of scrap that *used* to be a mattress.

The aftershocks of such an intense orgasm left Ozixx catatonic once it was transmitted to her through her *vibrating-at-that-point* clit, and as she fell out of Jaina's ass, she didn't have the strength or the wherewithal to resist being pulled into something resembling a hug.

If she'd been awake, the last thing Ozixx would have heard before Jaina fell into a deep, restful, and fully relaxed slumber was a quiet and earnest *"thank you..."*

.....

Prying her tongue off the roof of her oddly dry mouth, Ozixx woke up slowly, smacking her lips together in her groggy state and wishing first and foremost for a *cold glass of water...* Without even opening her eyes, the first thought that popped into her head after that as she laid in the damp and sticky wreckage of what *used* to be her bed was that she'd need to buy a new one...

Right after she— **Proudmoore!**

The goblin's eyes snapped open in a panic as she sat up as best she could only to find the human mage kneeling in front of her and **viciously** beating her cock, *seemingly to no avail.*

At least, it looked and *sounded* like she wasn't getting what she'd hoped for with the way her eyes were squeezed tightly shut in a combination of disgust and disappointment, *her lips whiter than usual as she desperately tried to hold in her unmistakably needy squeals...*

*"...Not working like you'd hoped~?"* the green seductress teased once she could get into an appropriately tease-worthy pose.

Jaina's response was an unintelligible whisper drowned out by the rapid shuffling of her hands.

*"Huh...? Come again?"*

It was a perfectly normal response, but it encapsulated Ozixx's confusion not over what her human horsey had said, but that she couldn't get a rise out of her one way or another.

*"P-Pussy... I need pussy! Please, I need your pussy!"*

**Oh...** Well at least she was straightforward about it.

Crawling the short distance over to her new pet to give her an *extra* hand, the goblin couldn't help but snicker at the thought that she really *was* trying to calm a spooked horse. The poor mage didn't know that her new cock couldn't cum without some **goblin** TLC, so a *little* mercy wouldn't ruin her reputation, *right?*

Funnily enough, Ozixx couldn't shake the impression that Jaina was holding back. She'd woken up without her trusty strap-on still... *on*, and Proudmoore's eyes *had* been glued to her dripping twat, **but she hadn't done anything to her while she was still sleeping...**

If the roles were reversed, Jaina would've woken up with a hot horse-flavoured goblin-load in her snatch already! *So why hadn't she done the same to her...?*

Even as the little green woman lowered herself onto the almost painfully erect dong, she couldn't stop looking at the... *relief* etched on the mage's face. **Not lust or desire, but relief of all things...**

Maybe she hadn't asked for her pussy to be wrapped around her horsemeat because it was the tightest, wettest, and closest thing around... *What if she asked permission because she wanted help? What if she wanted it to be freely given...?*

When Jaina eventually blew another womb-stretching load and started muttering *thank yous* again, the little green alchemist started to think and *feel* things she simply hadn't before...

*Sure, Jaina was fun to mess with, but was that all it really was...? Was she just having fun with her? Were they just having fun together...? Why hadn't she cut her loose*

yet? Unleashed her on the city so a new wave of taurens or minotaurs or **whatever** would be born next year...?

Did she not **want** to let Jaina fuck anyone else...? Could that be because she was selfish, and didn't want to let any other man or woman have a taste of such a **peerless** slab of meat...? For that matter, did she **herself** want to have any other cock than Jaina's at that point?

Could that be **because** it was Jaina's...?

Ozixx was getting confused. Something was going on. She couldn't put her finger on it just yet, but she was getting there. The first time the sorceress mumbled the words "I love you" in a cum fuelled daze, she'd nearly said it right back for badness' sake! *The blush in her cheeks wasn't even from flexing her sadistic muscles, it was because she'd actually started to care about the woman...!*

...W-Well, it **was** her fault Jaina was such a horsecock addict, so...

**Dammit**, she was going to have to do something about that, wasn't she!?

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

**"There!** All done~! Probably one of my best works if I do say so myself, which of course, I do..."

Jaina felt a pang of regret, shame, and disappointment shoot through her as she craned her neck to look down at the Horde tattoo covering most of her hip and thigh, but the way her cock bobbed and *drooled* thick streams of precum at the thought of being **marked** by her goblin lover made her reconsider those feelings.

At least a little...

"...And you're **sure** no one will be able to see it normally...?" she asked meekly of her goblin-lover-turned-tattoo-artist.

**"Course I'm sure!"** Ozixx responded with a vigorous *smack* of the mage's backside, the tattoo fading away just as quickly as the horsecock it was magically linked to. "It took an awful lot of research to make this happen, you know, and I'm not about to do things half-assed and have you pop a stiffy in public when I'm not around to enjoy it...!"

*"It's not like I'd go through all this trouble for just **any** of my pets..."*

As those words hung in the air, a spark of jealousy and regret zapped between the two women as they looked at, and then away from, each other. Jaina could *never* bring herself to admit she hated the idea that Ozixx had others beside her, and Ozixx regretted what she assumed made Jaina feel disposable.

It had taken a while of course — *the months the two had been together feeling like years, their **many** covert rendezvous becoming more and more infrequent as guard activity in the city picked up* — but the goblin had finally found a way to allow Jaina to have her new *prized possession* whenever she wanted without the need to drink a potion first.

...Just as long as **she** was around, of course.

Jaina's new 'ink' was actually one half of a matching pair, the corresponding Alliance tattoo above Ozixx's womb easily hidden underneath her clothing. The goblin had convinced herself that the emerald ring she gave the human to 'mark' her and appease her own anxiety was

meaningless, or just something an *owner* would give their *pet* — *not unlike a dog and its collar* — but even then, as Jaina ran a finger over the quite honestly beautiful piece of jewellery, they each knew the truth of how special the other was to them.

Somewhere along the hip-slapping, load-blowing, lip-smashing line, the odd couple had developed real feelings for each other. It wasn't just an *addiction*. **Love** might have been too strong a word, but it wasn't **completely** inappropriate either...

The hickies and *bite marks* they left on each other were almost always given in the heat of a passion that burned hotter than a purely lustful one. *Lately, when they mashed their mouths together and neither gave way until the other surrendered because they had to breathe, it was less so a contest of power and more a sign that they just really, really liked the taste of each other... The way they shared hot, humid breaths right after their lips parted was more potent than any goblin-made aphrodisiac, and the only way that could be true was, well...*

"I'll be out on patrol for a few days, so I won't be able to come see you until I return... *Though I don't know exactly when that will be...*" Jaina confessed suddenly and somberly, snapping Ozixx out of her conflicted thoughts.

"**Oh...**" the goblin replied, a world of sadness hidden in her voice as she stared longingly at the mage's slender finger decorated by the emerald ring she'd given her.

"*Will you...? What I mean to say is...*" the archmage started, stumbling over enough words that her deep crimson blush became contagious.

"*Yeah. I'll be here, waiting,*" came the reply with a toothy grin, the goblin's clit twitching and womb throbbing already.

**Days... Without Jaina... Without her...** It really didn't take all that much soul-searching given her diminutive size, but by the time their all-too-chaste goodbye kiss ended, Ozixx knew what she had to do.

**No, what she wanted to do...**

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Jaina Proudmoore's duties took her outside the city for a grand total of *five days*, but it might as well have been an *eternity* for all the difference it made to her. By day three, just about everything she saw or heard reminded her of the woman who she couldn't stomach to deny was the *love of her life* anymore, and playing with the emerald-set promise ring she'd been given evolved into a *nervous tick* that her comrades couldn't pretend not to notice anymore.

Telling them it was a *gift* she wanted to return wasn't a **total** lie since she wanted to return the feelings she felt it was imbued with — *possibly on one knee while staring deeply into Ozixx's eyes* — but the questions died down once everyone else saw just how agitated she was getting in general, and *especially* when they brought it up...

The male horses were *lucky* to be born with what hung between their legs, and the *mares*, well... Suffice it to say Jaina felt 'sick' on more than one occasion when she caught sight or smell of what lay between *their* haunches, and dreams of perfect goblin pussy haunted her nightly.

An all too common nightmare featured her being caught and exposed for the *freak* she so undeniably was at that point, but each one ended with Ozixx being dragged away in irons, *never to be seen again...*

The drive to return to the city and see her lover again actually *helped* Jaina's performance out in the field, oddly enough — *she was like a one-woman army with the **feravour** behind every spell she cast* — and she rode like the wind the very *second* she and her companions were dismissed.

It was almost as if she were being *drawn* back to the city — *pulled by some invisible force* — right up until she *smelled* what was pulling her... Somewhere, *and she'd find out where sooner rather than later*, she could **smell** Ozixx brewing something up. It was unmistakable. The faint smell of rare spices and unimaginable ingredients alike told her to leave her poor horse somewhere safe and **run** to the green arms that were spread open and waiting for her...

*The green **legs**, too...*

So following her nose and the throbbing in her hip no doubt caused by her magical tattoo, Jaina Proudmoore ran like a woman possessed. Up and down hidden alleyways, back and forth around various markets, and even to the tops of buildings so she could try and get her bearings depending on which way the wind was blowing.

Not caring if it took her all day, Jaina actually arrived at Ozixx's door — *the door of her latest hidden lab, anyways* — in just over two and a half hours to find—

***"Didja miss me, baby~?"***

With tears welling in her eyes, Jaina ran into the wide-open arms of her soon-to-be **wife**, Ozixx standing next to a *feast* wearing what she could describe as a wedding dress.

*"I'll take that as a 'yes', then~"* the equally tearful goblin replied into the mage's stomach, holding on to her as tightly as she could.

***"I thought I'd never see you again!"*** Jaina blurted out as tears rolled down her cheeks, the widest smile she'd ever smiled plastered on her by-then dripping wet face.

***"Don't be **stupid**, horsey~ As if I'd skip town and let someone else have **this!**"*** came the consoling reply and sharp smack on her hip, Jaina's horsecock returning with a moan and a groan.

***"I love you, Ozixx, I love you! I don't just mean this cock, I love **you!** I want **you!** Th-The cock's nice too, of course, but I—!"***

*"I do too, ya goof~♥"* was all the little green alchemist had to say before shutting up the stuttering mage with an extra deep, extra raunchy, and most of all extra **loving** kiss.

With tongues twirling inside each other's mouths, both women decided not to hold back any longer and simply went wild, running their hands up, down, and sideways over every inch of soft flesh and every lust-inducing curve they'd missed over the last few days.

It was only when Jaina went to pick up her new goblin lover that Ozixx made any sound at all, squealing in surprise and embarrassment as Jaina planted her flat on the nearest empty space to dive between her thighs and—

While the goblin had covered her face to avoid being seen by the archmage, Jaina's eyes were firmly glued to the gleaming alliance tattoo just above Ozixx's perfect little patch of purple hair that looked like it **belonged** above her winking green sex.

"Is that...?" the mage asked breathlessly, in total awe of not just the sight of the pussy she'd been *dreaming of*, but of the implications the tattoo held in her mind.

"Y-Yeah... It is..." Ozixx mumbled through her arms, not daring to meet Jaina's gaze.

*At least, not until the archmage shoved her tongue as deep as it would go into her green box... Then she writhed and screamed and **squealed** with joy as the fastest orgasm she'd ever had rippled through her tiny body.*

"I love it. And I love you. Ozixx, will you ma—?"

**"Don't say that when you've got your tongue in my cunt, you idiot!"**

"Oh, sorry..."

Pulling her tongue, face, and head from what she felt were their natural resting places at that point, Jaina tried again, twisting the gleaming emerald ring off her finger to start her proposal anew.

"Ozixx—"

**"Brightwatt. It's Brightwatt... Ozixx **Brightwatt**..."**

The silence between the two women was thick enough to cleave with an axe, but as soon as Jaina smiled a sincere, gentle smile, it was like it had never existed in the first place.

"Will you, Ozixx Brightwatt, do me, Jaina Proudmoore, the honour of—?"

**"I already said YES! A-And that ring's yours, anyways, so I should be the one down on one knee and—!"**

A kiss was all it took to shut the little alchemist up, and as Jaina slid the ring back onto her own finger and the two kissed just like they might on their eventual wedding day, their races, allegiances, and positions didn't matter. *All that mattered was the way they felt about each other.*

*Or so it seemed...*

**"Breed me,"** Ozixx commanded, *though not with the authority she held before...*

It took a moment for the archmage to register to the order after her cock finished ripping its way out of her clothes.

"I said... **breed me...**" the goblin repeated, more shyly, as if she were somehow embarrassed by the notion of sex for the purpose of—

*Nostrils flared, heart beating in her ears, and blood flowing through her body like a tidal wave, Jaina Proudmoore lifted the mother-of-her-children-to-be and **ran** her into the nearest room in search of a bed, only to be told it was in the other room she hadn't even seen in her **rut**...*

The race was on at that point. Between Jaina's sanity and her newfound desire to **breed** the stretchy little cocksock — **her stretchy green cocksock now and forever, something she hadn't even thought was possible before** — she would either get Ozixx pregnant or lose her mind trying. *There were no other options.*

Ripping the tatters she was still wearing off her body while Ozixx rushed to get undressed before the mage ripped *her* clothes off too, they were a naked mess of arms and legs in no time flat.

Lips found necks, breasts, and stomachs until Ozixx found herself pressed into her own bed with the human archmage on top of her, *holding her down*, the human woman's horde tattoo glowing menacingly as her drooling horsecock looked thicker and *angrier* than ever.

*Each woman knew they were going to be sore in the morning, but that thought didn't even register as Jaina **slammed** her cock into Ozixx's green cunt to give her **womb** an 'I do' kiss this time.*

*"Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck~!"* they both screamed in unison as their usual pleasure was magnified ten-fold, hitting them harder than an angry, charging Tauren could ever hope to, the feeling of pure, unadulterated *bliss* no doubt strengthened by the love they now so openly shared.

*"Fuck me, **Jaina!**"* Ozixx growled, noticeably dropping any teasing nicknames or other reference to equines and using the mage's name *positively* for once.

*"I fucking **love you**, you tight green **slut~!**"* Jaina growled back, earning herself a gush of hot femcum and a **deep** bite on the neck.

*Not that that could stop her...*

The pain became pleasure as Ozixx drew blood, the horsecocked sorceress thrusting her hips with every ounce of strength she had for the sole purpose of brutalising the alchemist's womb until it surrendered itself and its **eggs** for a seeding.

Jaina's balls felt fuller and fuller by the second, no doubt swelling to unimaginable size — *at least in her mind* — as they dragged back and forth against the bedding that was put to **shame** by how soft and plush the little green **whore** under her felt.

*"Do it, do it, **do it~!** Knock me the **FUCK** up! Fill my fucking **tubes!** **One-woman-gangbang my eggs!** Make 'em **YOURS**, Jaina! Ffffffffffucking remind me who I married! I want your fucking babies! **I wanna have your fucking babies!**"* Ozixx shouted in ecstasy as she was stretched out like she'd never been stretched before.

*Something* was happening. Some unforeseen reaction. Some kind of feedback loop between the fertility potions she'd been taking almost every night for the last three nights and the endowment potion she'd force-fed her love all those months ago.

*Whatever it was, it **scared** Ozixx, but in the best way possible.*

The risk only enhanced her pleasure. The breeding was **real** now. She really **was** going to get knocked up, and there was nothing she could or would do to stop it at that point. The thought of taking a potion to undo it repulsed her, and the more the reality set in, the harder she clenched around her human stud's cock, and the more she wished for **twins**.

*Maybe even **triplets**...*

*"Y-You're **mine** now, Ozixx! Y-You're gonna live out a life-sentence with **me~!** N-No more crime! N-No more potions for other people! Y-You're gonna clean up your act and be a **mother!** **Fuuuuuuuuck!** I'm gonna chain you down with a couple kids — one on each fat, green **tit~!**"*

*"Y-You got it~! **Mmmnnpph~!** I'll have as many as you want to make up for all the **bad shit** I've done~! B-But you're gonna have to w-watch me pretty closely~! L-Like **living with***



*me! We're gonna have to leave~! **Start a real family!** S-Somewhere **no one will ever find us again~!**"*

With the magic words finally spoken and hanging in the air like a miasma, Jaina was finally ready. *She couldn't hold herself back any longer.*

Erupting like a *volcano*, the once high and proper Proudmoore's thick and sticky **horsejizz** flooded Ozixx's supple womb, instantly ballooning her tight little tummy to the point both women **knew** for a **fact** that she was pregnant.

*There was no possibility of such high-quality sperm **not** finding an available egg to ravage.*

Shrieking in orgasm as she felt her greatest creation-turned-lover claiming her womb *and* her heart, Ozixx couldn't even muster the strength to wrap her tiny green legs around the panting, wheezing woman who had so thoroughly bred her. Luckily, Jaina's tank was just about out of gas too, and as she almost passed out — *managing at the last possible second to not land directly on top of the cum-balloon she'd just created* — the human mage wrapped the goblin alchemist up in her arms and pulled her on top of her.

*Both to show her her love and to give Ozixx a chance to be on top for the second round.*

*"Ozixx Proudmoore... That has a nice ring to it~"* Jaina managed to slur out as her balls continued to empty themselves into their favourite green cocksock, any seed that couldn't fit inside her dribbling out and down the sides of the still-hard equine member.

*"M-More like Jaina **Brightwatt** since I claimed **you**, girly..."*

Sharing a laugh, Ozixx couldn't stop herself from flicking her clit and Jaina couldn't stop her cock from throbbing back to full hardness inside the smaller green woman.

*"...We'll figure it out later~"* was the tired reply as the archmage hooked her hands underneath the goblin's armpits to start lifting her up and down on her cock like a proper milker.

*"Yeah, we **will**, cause I'm not changing my name for a **guard!**"* the goblin replied with a lick of her lips and shimmy of her hips to try and bully the undoubtedly sensitive cock that was starting to flare inside her again.

*"I love you too, honey~"*

*"I know you do~♥"*

*"**Good.** Because I'll never stop."*

*"...Shut up and cum inside me again! ...I'm starting to feel a little empty~♥"*