

Goblin Girl (Shortstack Goblin TF)

By FoxFaceStories

Commission for danio13

Lucas is an ordinary, kind-hearted and accepting man, who just happens to have a goblin girlfriend from another world who has found work as an auto mechanic. Thanks to some potions, his busty shortstack green girlfriend Frida is able to pass as human . . . most of the time. But what happens when she runs out of potions?

Goblin Girl

It's always an interesting experience waking up to find yourself getting a blowjob from a goblin. Thankfully, I knew this one, and rather liked her. I was having a rather ordinary dream, the kind where I was at work and having to deal with the fact that I'd arrived three hours late for some reason. My boss - who looked strangely like my best friend - was berating me for not wearing pink (dream logic, I know) when suddenly the most luxurious feeling came over my nethers. The dream world seemed to puff away, sleep fading from me as the feeling grew more intense, and I realised I was getting more and more aroused, my cock getting harder.

It was then that I opened my eyes, just barely enough to realise I'd been sleeping. I was back in my apartment, the beautiful morning rays of sun streaming through the small gaps in the closed blinds, my alarm not yet gone off. My legs were spread slightly apart, and there was a large lump beneath the blanket there that was unaccounted for. As I contemplated it, something wet and wonderfully warm slid its way up my shaft, causing me to shiver and jolt further awake.

"Aahhhh," I groaned, coming to a little more.

Another stroke, another soft, wet caress up to the tip of my sensitive head. My penis grew yet harder, enough that it would have tented the blanket significantly (I had recently been informed I had a pretty impressive 'monster' of a cock) if not for whatever was beneath the blankets.

"Mmhmm." Another stroke, another caress, another slide up and down my member's long length. It was heaven, far better than the dream I was just having, and enough to make me wonder if I was still in fact in one. Slowly, cautiously, as I gathered more and more consciousness, I lifted the blanket to find the source of this strange, unasked for pleasure.

There, between my legs, was a creature of fantasy, perfectly naked and female and hunched over my cock with her tongue upon it. She was undeniably a sexy shortstack

goblin, complete with large, elongated ears, a slight buck tooth, and very curvaceous features despite her small frame. She gave a sexy grin as she licked her way up my dick, her longer-than-human tongue practically wrapped around my large girth.

“Mmmhhmmmm,” we moaned, together. By that point, I was incredibly turned on, my balls beginning to tense with need. For the briefest of moments, I wondered if I should stop her, or get her into a different position to please her, but then I remembered that apparently goblin girls get very turned on from all sorts of sex acts, even climaxing just from making a man cum.

“Morning, Frida,” I said, the slightest trace of drowsiness in my voice.

“Morning morning sexy big man,” she replied in her higher-pitched, fast-talking way, “thought I’d get your engine revving with a taste of green this morning. Real nitro stuff, if you know what I’m saying? I bet you want to keep going, don’t you? Want to cum in my mouth? Make me swallow all your juice? I bet you’re really fucking squirming to have me impale my face on your big, fat cock aren’t you?”

I went to answer, but she cut me off.

“Well, you’re good news! I woke up feeling so fucking hot in my gears for you that I just knew I had to wake you up by sucking your huge monster third leg - but I guess you knew that already, didn’t you? And I’m not gonna stop either - it’s ride or die with me, baby - so you’re just gonna have to suck it up while I suck *you* up, and -”

I reached out, grabbed her gently by her thick, curly brunette hair which had been put back in a cute ponytail, and pressed her down on my cock.

“Yessir! Got! Stop talking the talk and start blowing the job, ha! Besides, I know that you find it really sexy when - MHPPHH!!”

I playfully pushed her back down, and her plump dark green lips wrapped over the head of my cock, causing her eyes to widen for a brief moment. Then, she rolled them, moaning in pleasure as she began to suck, taking in more and more of my length. That was the thing about goblins she had taught me; they were talkers. Absolute chatterboxes, really. That’s why I was okay with interrupting her; it was actually an expected part of social interplay in goblin culture. And besides, the feeling had been too damn good.

She evidently thought so too, as she continued to take in more of my length, until I gasped in response to my shaft descending into her throat. She was actually deep-throating me, and I could feel her oesophagus squeezing on my dick as much as her pussy enjoyed to. It caused her to elicit another moan of pleasure - she claimed goblins had a weak gag reflex compared to humans, but I called bullshit on that.

My thoughts were interrupted as she began to bob her head up and down upon my manhood, taking in more than any woman I’d ever had the good fortune of getting a blowjob from, and then receding back. I was nearly ready to cum, the pressure was building, and the

sight and feel of her huge chest balloons slapping against my thighs as she sucked me off only hastened my coming climax.

“Mmmh - aaahh - oh fuck Frida, I’m so f-fucking c-close!”

She elicited a moan of pleasure at that fact, and sped her ministrations up, drawing ever greater anticipation from me. The pressure built and built and built until I could stand it no longer. My balls quaked, and suddenly my cock went utterly rigid for a moment, before throbbing heavily.

“NNGGGGHHH!!!”

I strained as I came. My balls emptied load after load of my spunk down her throat, and she cooed, still attached to me, as she swallowed every last drop. I breathed heavily for a time, coming down from that astonishing high, as she withdrew a little, releasing my cock as it became less hard. She wiped her lips and brushed her dainty green fingers through her hair.

“Oh wow, that was an absolute fuckton amount of cum, babe. No, seriously, that was like way more than you’ve shot out, it was like a flood down my throat. I don’t think I’ll even need to eat today, you’ve given me so much protein.” She giggled, and prodded my penis lightly with her finger, flashing a toothy grin. “I’m just kidding, you know I’m always hungry, particularly for *you*. Did you like having your cute little green goblin gal go down on you like that? Betcha it was a nice wakeup call, huh?”

I gave a weak smile, raised my thumb, and said, “yeah, it was amazing, Frida.”

She gave a cute wink, her emerald irises sparkling.

“You bet it was, lover boy.”

Some context is probably required. After all, it’s not exactly common knowledge that goblins exist, or that they are sex-crazed nymphomaniacs, or that they are a chatterboxes who could talk your much smaller ears off. To understand my story, you need to understand a little bit of the backstory.

It was only a month ago that I was set up for a blind date. I knew nothing of the woman I was set to meet, only that she was ‘my type’ and ‘was pretty good looking.’ Frankly put, I was pretty desperate for a relationship at this point, and while I wasn’t the blind dating type, I just wanted to meet someone on the off chance I could hit it off with someone. Imagine my shock when a rather gorgeous brunette sat down opposite me, her hair in a curly ponytail and her figure pretty damn curvy too. She introduced herself to me as Frida, pronounced ‘Free-Dah.’ She had emerald eyes, and a cute smirk, and we hit it off pretty quickly, even if she was a bit awkward and talked a mile a minute, and also seemed to have

some odd grease stains on her cheek, on her dress, and in her hair. In fact, it turned out she was a mechanic, a damn good one too, with a knack for fixing up just about anything, though cars were apparently what really got her 'engine running.'

That was another thing about her; despite us being on a first date - a blind one at that - she was pretty open to sexual innuendo straight away, happily talking about how guys often overlooked her due to her 'nice tits' and 'pretty face.' I won't lie, those very qualities initially made me doubt her mechanic skills, until she started talking car junkie jargon that had my head damn near spinning in circles.

The date was going damn well when suddenly the skin of her hand started turning an odd shade of green. I asked if she was okay, but she simply gave a little shriek and ran. I pursued her, and to my shock found her hiding in the alley behind the restaurant. Instead of the somewhat-short woman I'd just been dating, however, she was now - impossibly - a real life goblin woman. She still had a big pair of boobs, now much bigger on her chest in proportion to the rest of her, and a very curvy ass and wide hips, but her plant-green skin, enormous pointed ears, and heavily reduced height made her obviously a creature of another race entirely.

With great embarrassment, she revealed to me that she was in fact a goblin by nature, and she had travelled here by pure accident in a wizard's laboratory, and had no idea how to return, not that she wanted to; much of the rest of her kind were quite unhelpful to her. But she loved human inventions, and had managed to steal a number of shapeshifting potions from a wizard prior to her travel. These disguised her form for roughly twelve hours, though due to her short attention span, she sometimes lost track of the time. It was enough to work successfully during the day, however, using her goblin skills with finicky objects to fix things up.

She was about to run away again when I told her that I was amazed, not horrified, and moreover, I also 'had a thing' for shortstack girls.

To say she was ecstatic would be to put it mildly. She practically pushed me into my car to take us back to my place for some fun, but her needs were too great, and we ended up going at it twice in a row in my car instead. She turned out to be quite the energetic lover, and adored having my sizable member inside her, almost too big for her, though thankfully only 'almost.'

And then, because she was a goblin, after we'd come down from the sexual bliss we'd just experienced, she determined the weird sound with my engine was a problem with the starter motor, and set about fixing it with a toolkit.

That's how the magic started, and ever since my motor has been running smooth, and my sex life even smoother.

So that's how I ended up with a beautiful goblin girlfriend who is very much in love with me, and - I have to admit - my body. After giving me that wonderful morning starter she climbed up over me and held me tight, her big green breasts with their darker green nipples rubbing against my body with every breath. I put my arm around her, pulling her even closer, loving the feel of how warm and small she was. I loved the sight of her fantasy body; her cute, short size (she liked to call herself 'travel sized'); her large, cantaloupe-sized breasts, and her cute butt. That too was nicely rounded. Her ears were nearly the size of narrow paper planes, and they worked exceedingly well; it got her out of more than one possible situation where someone nearly walked in to discover her. Or sometimes, *us*. Like I've said, she can get really randy, and sometimes a hidden place in public just has to do. I reached out a hand and felt along the tip of her ear, and she shivered in bliss. I'd found out she rather liked having them stroked.

"Stop it, you know that turns me on," she complained, still with a smirk on her cute little face, "you humans have no idea how much you're missing out - oohhhhh . . ."

"Do you want me to stop?"

"Mhmm . . . maybe just a little longer. And then maybe you can also put your big hands on these big tits, and then we can -"

BEEP BEEP BEEP

"Oh, shit and fuck!"

BEEP BEEP BEEP

We parted, our second round of intimacy ruined by the sound of my alarm. Frida rolled off the bed, annoyed, her various curves bouncing as she hopped down. Amusingly, her shoulders were barely above the height of the bed. She flicked her hair in a sensual manner.

"Fine, but we *are* gonna shower together."

I rolled out of bed myself and gave her a mocking grin. "Fine, but only if we *have* to."

"Teasing human."

"Taunting goblin."

We both chuckled, though with her higher-pitched voice it was more like a giggle, and we showered together. We both luxuriated in the warm water, though I had to step back a number of times so she could get enough of it; being only three and a half feet tall, it meant it was easy to block out the water for her. Of course, as I also found, sometimes it was easier just to lift her up personally. She liked it, and having those big green boobies right in my face wasn't exactly a punishment either. We had to contain ourselves from having sex right there

in the shower stall, but we settled for some light little caresses of interest. After all, it wasn't like we were exactly starved for intimacy.

We dried up, she got dressed in her orange pants and tied white mechanist's shirt, and me in my regular shirt and pants. We enjoyed breakfast - that was my job, goblin dishes were to 'die for' in a much more literal way, at least from how much they burned them - and then made to move to get to work.

It was only when we were about to step into public that my morning brain ended and my thinking brain kicked into motion.

"Frida, wait!"

"What? What is it? Oh, don't tell me you're all excited to go round two, babe? You know I want you to scratch that itch so damn bad, feel your big monster in me, but we have to work otherwise there's bills and power shortages and all that human rubbish to con-"

"No! No, not that. You need to take your potion! You're still in goblin form!"

She looked down over herself.

"Shit, you're right. Damn, my mind was . . . elsewhere. Hang on just a second."

She half-ran, half-quick crawled up the stairs and retrieved a red-coloured potion. It was in a glass vial, the kind you might expect to see in *Dungeons and Dragons* art (she loved the game, said it was 'like visiting home without all the shitty slavery bits). She pulled the stopper, winked, and said: "Bottom's up!" before downing the whole thing. She gave a big burp that smelled like sugar. That was another thing about goblin girls; apparently burping was customary at the dinner table.

The potion didn't take long to come into effect. Slowly, her joints altered, limbs extending outwards. She groaned and grunted, perhaps in just a little pleasure - or a *lot* - as her body grew and grew.

"Mmhm - Nnggh!" she moaned as she extended upwards, the magic transforming her. Frida's green skin lightened, becoming a pale green, then just pale, until a warm fleshy pink settled into it, leaving her with the pigmentation of a tanned Caucasian woman. Her hair remained the same, growing only slightly but maintaining its slightly chaotic style, loosely tied back in a frizzy, curly ponytail. Her hips and bust remained just as big, shifting just a little in proportion to the rest of her body. Her face was the thing least altered; she lost her cute little snaggle teeth, and it obviously grew in size to match the rest of her, but it still had that excited, mischievous aspect. Her ears retracted back into the sides of her head, shrinking until they were ordinary human ears. The magic of the potion had no effect on her clothing, but Frida's entire wardrobe was built around dealing with that. She wore too-large or tied garments, and the result was that instead of a pair of loose mechanist pants and tied up white shirt, she now sported tight orange trousers for her shapely legs, as well as a tight white shirt that showed off her cute belly button.

Frida took a moment to pose before me, placing a hand on her human hip and arching her back to show off her impressive bustline, of which a line of cleavage was showing.

“Well, wadda ya think?” she said. Her voice was now much more light and peppy instead of the cute rasp she had in goblin form.

I raised my eyebrow, admiring her curves. “Sorry, did you say something?”

She punched me playfully on the shoulder. “Next thing you’ll be telling me you want some human girlfriend, you pervert.”

I pulled her in for a kiss, and as always, a regular loving kiss wasn’t enough; her tongue invaded my mouth and she placed her hands over my shoulders.

“Mmmhmmm.”

She pulled back, grinning.

“Oh, I think I’m definitely going to keep you, my big, cute human boyfriend.” She kept her arms over my shoulders, but her expression darkened. “There’s just one problem.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. The potions I use to change to human form, I only have a limited amount. I mean, you can only steal so much from a human wizard even if you’ve got a big backpack nearly the same size as you. I took as many as I could, but the fact of the matter is I’m nearly dry; I’ve only got a week’s worth left and I don’t know what I’ll do when I’m out!”

I had thought about it before, but had never broached the subject openly. It was a confronting thing to consider. She removed her arms from my shoulders, but I placed a hand around her little waist so that she pressed against me.

“We’ll figure something out,” I said, as I buried my face in her hair. “It’ll be okay.”

“I know,” she said, sobbing a little. She wiped away a few tears before immediately regaining composure. That was another thing about goblins: they fought and died so quickly despite having an ordinary lifespan that their average life expectancy was in the low twenties. As such, they’d learned to run through a gamut of emotions very quickly, and not linger on the bad ones. We humans could learn a bit from that, I think.

“Still, we’ve got today,” she said. “And this green - well, formerly green - gal has work to do in the shop. You’re lucky you’ve got the day off, but I guess that’s life. Too bad I have to work later today, or else you could enjoy my human form longer.”

“Actually, I like your goblin form a lot more. I’m always sad to see it go.”

“Aww, you are such a gentleman in public. And a fucking wild animal in the bedroom! Still, I can’t keep thinking about your big cock going between my little green legs or else I’ll never get anything done. Let’s get going.”

We hopped into my car - I had to fight a little to insist I be able to drive my own vehicle, thank you very much - and headed to her shop. She owned it outright; turns out

being a tech-savvy goblin means you go above and beyond other mechanics. It doubled at her abode as well, though I wasn't entirely okay with that; it wasn't exactly built to serve as a dual apartment, but she just told me that goblins are used to sleeping in worse conditions. Besides, she loved being able to focus her spare time on fixing things and looking over spare parts. That was, when she wasn't desperately in the grips of nymphomania, of course.

As we arrived, she looked over herself. Her white shirt was actually pretty grubby, and her pants too.

"Damn it. I need to get some of these stains out. Do you mind if I borrow some of your clothes for the day? I won't get them too dirty, promise?"

She flashed a mischievous grin.

"Fine," I said. "I've still got a change of clothes in the back seat."

"You're the best!" She gave me a quick kiss, then a long one, then a longer one, and then finally touched my crotch before I had to shoo her out of the car.

"No fair!" she whined, as she grabbed her clothing.

"Tonight!"

"Oh, you are *on*."

I drove off, waving goodbye to her. She waved back, before dashing inside. She was a little late to open up, in fact; smirked as I saw the small line outside already forming, people who wanted a tune-up or specific car parts, or deal with some other kind of automobile fiasco. She was a whiz with that stuff, and it never failed to impress me how much better she was at dealing with those issues than other mechanics, though some refused to see her on the principle that 'surely a female mechanic can't be better than a male one?'

Imagine how much their tops would blow if they found out she was not only female, but a short little fantasy creature as well. If any of them saw her they'd probably freak, or worse, call her a 'gremlin.' She took real offence to that; she'd practically launched at the movie poster that depicted one once. Apparently, it was just one of those goblin things. They didn't like being mistaken for their repulsive kin.

Still, I was incredibly proud of Frida. Hard enough to flee your state, or even country, but to flee your entire world and manage somehow to adapt to a new one? It made me so proud of her. I was amazed at how much she was getting used to life in our world. Not just the technology either, but the human customs, even the ones she thought were weird (though she was still okay with cleaning her ears in public, that I doubted would ever change). Even if she found some of our human ways weird, particularly our mores about sex, she had done her best to get along and help, and successfully start her own business despite being a shortstack goblin woman.

I was heading home when I mused on this, and decided that rather than spend a day relaxing, I could spend at least part of it helping Frida out. After all, she gave up the better part of my working days to fix up my apartment that one time, and she was the only thing keeping my car running. So I turned around and headed to the nearby junkyard. In her rush, Frida had left a list of old car parts she planned to look for there later on, and I could do my best to find them and shorten her day.

Besides, there were some . . . personal benefits to making sure she didn't have to spend time scavenging in the late afternoon. What can I say? Frida's sex-obsessed nature was rubbing off on me. Besides, she was certainly an impressive woman; more than once I'd wondered how the hell she'd even managed to get a mechanics garage when she was from another world anyway? Most of the time she just winked and said, "I have my ways."

It was most of the day later when I rocked back up at Frida's mechanic business, feeling sore and dirty and a little silly. Turns out when you don't know everything you're looking for, it takes a great deal of time, embarrassment, and requests for help to get what you need. Still, I'd managed to score a large tray of spark plugs, fan belts, two faulty distributors, another tray of old oil filters, and more gasket parts than you could shake a limb at. It made the car reek of oil and metal, but I didn't mind that as much as I once would have. My association with that smell now was Frida, wearing her greased up wrench monkey outfit, fixing up some auto, large breasts bouncing with each movement as she wiped the sweat from her green forehead.

I entered through the back using the spare key she'd given me, and deposited the bits among the numerous other stacks of discarded bits that other people believed were now useless - even qualified mechanics - but that she could fix up with her magic goblin touch. I took a break for a moment, grabbing a drink of water and doing my best to wipe some of the stains from my shirt, when she walked in, humming.

"Mmh - mhhm mmmhh - mhmm - oh! Holy shit, I didn't expect to see you here!"

She ran up to me, her buxom chest bouncing in her tight shirt. She was getting better at using bras, though she still thought they were a strange invention, so her nipples were on display today, denting against the material. She slammed into me, knocking me backwards as she jumped into my arms, hugging and kissing me.

"What brings you back? Just missing me, were you? Wanted a sexy goblin in human skin to rev your engine, huh? Oh, I'd be soooo down for it. Seriously, babe. We could do it right now among all this junk and it would be the hottest thing ever to me. We could . . . but,

no! Don't tempt me. I still have a few customers. I can't believe you were so horny for me that -"

She stopped her mile-a-minute speech as her gaze shifted to the numerous items I'd brought. Her emerald eyes went wide, sparkling a little as small tears rose to the surface, not quite trickling over.

"By the green-skinned gods! Oh, this is amazing! I can't believe you went to the junkyard for me and got all of this. Oh, look at these spark plugs! And this distributor - I bet I can't fix that up toot-sweet, as you humans say! And gasket parts, fuck yes! I love cleaning these out! No wonder you smell so damn sexy with all that grease and oil on you. Holy shit, it turns me right the fuck on, I'm telling ya!"

She launched into yet another series of kisses, nibbling at my neck and even lowering her hand to my ass.

"Oh, I am totally getting the appeal of being tall lately. I love being able to touch every part of you I want without using a damned stepladder."

I chuckled, pulling her away slightly so I could look into those gorgeous green eyes.

"And I like being able to lift you up so you can touch every part of me."

"Mmhmm, that's nice too. Actually, that's a lot nicer." She pouted her full lips, expression changing on a dime. "But I feel so bad. You lost your whole day off doing this for me."

"It's no biggie. It was a fun adventure actually, and I felt kind of close to you going through all the scrap. I'm starting to see all the appeal. Besides, it means you can finish earlier."

Her face broke out into a broad grin.

"Which means *you* can finish in *me* earlier, ha!"

"Exactly. And I think we both want that."

She literally *bounced* on her feet in enthusiasm, giddy enough that she let out a little squeal of excitement.

"Oh, fucking hell yes! But not just yet. I've got a few customers and a couple of jobs to sort out. Nearly done for the day. Once the last pick up is done, we can have some fun."

She traced her finger over my lips.

"I won't be long."

She scurried – yes, even in human form she still moved like a goblin sometimes, much to the confusion of others – back out front, and what followed was an absolutely frenetic work pace. She dashed back into the back numerous times, fixing and adjusting and

testing and retesting engines, parts, manifolds, so on and so on, with such lightning speed that is almost seemed superhuman. Or, to put it more accurately, not human at all.

Finally, after what must have been less than an hour, which was easily spent by me casually browsing my phone, she returned, a little sweaty and exhausted, my clothes covered in a few new oil stains, and a wrench in one hand held upright in a dramatic pose.

“All done!”

I put away my phone. “Wonderful to hear. I’ve never seen you work so fast!

Frida threw the wrench up into the air dramatically, letting it spin rapidly, before catching it with a flourish and a twirl.

“That’s because you’ve never seen a goblin work her ass off when trouble was on the line before.”

She slapped her own behind for emphasis, laughing. I drew closer, enjoying the sight of her ‘greased up’, a little streak of oil on her cheek that somehow made her all the more sexy to me.

“Oh?” I said, “and what trouble is that?”

“Well, let’s just say sometimes goblin girls get really, really fucking horny, and it’s all they can think about even though they have other stuff to do, so what they do instead is they work like a fucking fire tornado. Because if you do a job good, and do a good job fast, then you’ve got all the more time to fuck like bunnies when you’re done. Right?”

She’s somehow managed to say it as fast as a fire tornado as well. That didn’t matter; her wild energy was what attracted me to her. Well, that and a pretty rocking bod, in either form.

“Shall we get back to your place, or do it right here in the grease and oil?”

I looked over at the rather unsanitary conditions of a mechanic workshop. I couldn’t lie; the kinky attraction to doing her right here was real, but not so much that I didn’t see the potential issues in it.

“How about another time? After all, I believe you were offering something morning.”

A toothy grin. She flicked her hair over one shoulder. “Oh yeah, alright I did! A nice fuck, so much so you have me scaring the neighbours with how hard you make me come.” She developed an innocent look on her face. “You’re talking about that offer, right? Not, like, vacuuming the kitchen or something?”

I kissed her. “Yeah, the first one.”

“Fuck yeah!”

At least, that was the plan. But Frida was nothing if not frisky. We'd just gotten into the car and she was all over me, sitting in my lap and rubbing her amazing ass against my cock. I groped her breasts through her top, feeling their tenderness, enjoying the way her nipples hardened against the material. She moaned in response to the way I massaged her breasts. Their heft flowed over my hands, and I took great pleasure in squeezing her nipples between my fingers. She shivered and whimpered in my arms as I planned with her.

"Mmhmmm, this is soooo fucking good. You have no idea how much I wanted to totally ride you all day, bae. Seriously, I - uunng! Oh fuck, yes, keep playing with my tits like that. Yeah, just there - but seriously, I was working with so much pipes and wiring today I just wanted *your* pipe to see my *wires* going, if you know what I mean."

Yeah, Frida didn't exactly know the meaning of subtle. I didn't care; it turned me on all the more to know she was incapable of *not* being the hot and horny woman she was. She rubbed against me, enjoying the way my cock hardened between her cheeks. It caused her to giggle a little.

"Mmm, now *that's* a big cock right there. I know you wanted to fuck my brains out at your place, but why not right in here? It'll get rid of the smell of oil stains for sure, right?"

I didn't need much convincing. I unbuckled my trousers, pulling hers off as well. She laughed as I removed her top; we weren't in public, instead parked around the back of her business, so there was no real risk of us being seen. She gripped my big member and placed it against her womanhood, carefully easing me into her depths. We both gasped together as I entered her.

"Oh f-f-f-fuck! That's just what I need. I need you to fuck me hard, this time. None of that 'gentle' shit. I want you to take me like an animal. Like a goblin would, you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"No, not ma'am. I want to be your naughty little bitch. I want you to fuck me like you own me, okay? It makes me so fucking aroused it's not even funny. I want you to feel like my master."

She twisted back so she could just barely see my face behind her.

"It's a goblin thing," she explained.

"Don't worry, we get your type among humans too," I said, and then, I thrust into her before she could launch into another spiel. My body wanted her bad. Evidenced from the way she began to cry out in pleasure, she wanted mine even more bad.

"F-fuck! Keep going!"

I grabbed her tits, squeezing her perfect orbs as I thrust into her over and over. She in turn pressed her ass against me, grabbing my thighs so she could angle herself, allowing my shaft to penetrate her pussy ever deeper. We were going at it hard, both savouring the

sensations, and I could feel the pressure building in my balls to cum into her womb, when suddenly:

“Shit - shit! I’m t-turning g-green again!”

I looked at her arm, and sure enough, it was. The skin was darkening, shifting away from its Caucasian tan looking and becoming a plant-like green. I continued to slide my dick deep into her, but I felt a change there too; she was shrinking.

“I’m - ooohhh - turning back! Fuck!”

Her voice was even becoming a cute rasp again.

She frowned, her expression of disappointment visible in the rear vision mirror, but I didn’t stop. Even as she shrunk, as her ears extended outward again, and her entire body became green, I continued to hold her, squeezing those wonderful titties as they became comparatively larger on her frame. Her pussy was even tighter in goblin form, barely able to contain my cock, and it made the pleasure all the greater.

She groaned, straining in response to my girth.

“Ohhhhhhhh s-so f-fucking b-big! God, you’re almost at my damn cervix! Shit, it feels good. I’m s-sorry, didn’t meant to turn green and mean, y’know? I was hoping we could - fuuuuuck, that’s good, lover - I was hoping we could do it like two normies, or whatever.”

She was her regular goblin self now, having shrunk naked onto my lap, still connected via our genitals. She pressed her green ass against me, still humping my cock, and both of us still gripped in the throes of pleasure. But her disappointment was clear.

It was a disappointment I could not allow to continue.

Almost as quick as her mechanic jobs, I grabbed her little waist and spun her round, giving her no time to protest before I reinserted my penis into her. She gasped, her clit throbbing against my shaft. I pressed my lips against hers now that she was facing me. Her breasts rubbed against my chest, her heard nipples tensing in response to the bliss.

“You’re still loved,” I reminded her, “human or goblin.”

“B-but if I run out of potions . . .”

“We’ll find a way. Hell, I’ll quit my job and can be your frontman, while you do all the actual mechanic stuff behind the desk. We’ll sort it out. For now though, I just want to suck your big green tits while you cum.”

Instantly he frowned dissipated, and a broad, snaggletooth grin took over instead.

“Fucking A!” she cried. She leaned back, still thrusting, but allowing me to bend over to suckle at her big green nipples. They tasted wonderful, and it only made me more eager to cum inside her. Could goblins get pregnant via humans? Right at that moment, I didn’t really care. All I knew was that I wanted to shoot my wad inside her, and make her squirm in delight as I did so.

“I’m g-gonna come! I’m so fucking closer, lover boy. My big, strong hero! Make me yours! I want to be yours! I want you to fucking take me!”

I grabbed her other breasts, fondling it as I continued to suck and lick and play at the other, and then the pleasure rose and rose so greatly that I could no longer ignore the building pressure. My balls pulsed, and I groaned loudly in her mouth, kissing her lips once again as I climaxed. She came with me, gripping her little green legs around my waist and causing the car to honk as she leaned back against the steering wheel on the other side of the car. She jolted, squirmed, writhed in incandescent pleasure. I rubbed her ears with a spare hand, heightening her bliss even further.

“NNNGGGHHHH OOHHHHHH!!!”

I came harder than I ever had before, and it felt like I was squirting gallons of my seed deep into her. Finally, after some seconds, she collapsed against me.

“Mmhm, that was pretty damn great. Best yet, I’d say. And that’s coming from someone with sexual experience in two whole universes.”

“Sounds like a good compliment.”

“You bloody well know it.”

We smiled, and kissed again. After getting just a little more clothed, she buckled in next to me, too short to be seen by any overly curious members of the public. We set off in my car, back to the apartment that was increasingly *our* apartment. Whatever worries we had about our future, we left them behind us for now. By the time we arrived home, we were already turned on again, and decided on another round of car sex.

What can I say? Goblins know what they want, Frida especially. And she knows that I want her. Regardless of any challenges, we had each other.

The End