

## Aly vs. the Goblins

=====

The scream of terror rang out in the forest before being silenced by the simple expedience of a club to the head.

"Careful!" the burly goblin cried, backhanding the goblin who had struck the human. "We don't want killin', Thag!"

"Bah!" a third goblin spat. "Are we allowed no fun, Groc? Should we bind their wounds? Dust off their clothes?"

"Fool!" the first goblin, Groc, snarled. "We steal, we get local law after us. Weaklings. We kill, we hunted by the cursed rangers. We not strong enough yet! You want to be skinned, Tissy? We lay low for now!"

"When we strong enough, Groc?" Tissy persisted.

Groc punched his nose. "When I, Groc, your leader, say we are!"

As Tissy held his nose, cursing behind his hands, Thag leaned down to check the man he had hit. "This one ain't dead, Groc," he reported. "I was only wanting to stop his ruddy screaming. Bloody skull shattering, it was."

"I'll shatter your skull," Groc angrily said, "or any of you lot," he eyed the others, "if any of our victims die. We raid smart! Kill no one!"

"What the matter, Groc?" a fourth goblin asked in a menacing, taunting tone. "Do you fear the scrawny ranger humans?"

Groc hesitated for moment, just long enough to ensure all goblins' attention was on this challenger, before slugging him and knocking him to the ground. He put his foot on his foe's chest and drew his long, wicked knife. "One more word, Dimlok, you scum, and I'll gut you and leave you alive for the crows. Got it?"

Dimlok, in a surprising moment of intelligence one would not have expected (given his name), said nothing and nodded, rubbing his jaw.

"Rangers are not the usual weakling humans! They are strong and tricky. Now, loot these humans!" Groc snarled, pointing to the quartet they had ambushed. "Get their shinies, their food, everything, but leave them alive!"

"Hey, Groc!" a fifth goblin called. As the runt of the group, he had no interest in arguments over leadership and had already been looting the humans. He now held up a fine chain with a heavy jewel on it. "Look what Twig find! Many shiney!"

The goblins crowded in to see. The woman who had owned it protested, but an idle shove from Dimlok sent her tumbling and silenced her. Groc snatched the necklace.

"That be worth a fortune!" Thag said, awed. "Many good sharp clubs!" Dimlok added.

"Lots ale for us!" another goblin excitedly said. This particular fellow's breath was so atrocious, even his goblin companions recoiled, gagging. Thag shoved him away.

"What Thag tell you, Bogface?" he snarled. "You no open your stinkin' mouth near Thag!"

"I'll stink your mouth!" Bogface shouted as he punched Thag, clearly more interested in a brawl than intelligent reposte.

As the pair punched and bit, the other goblins cheering them on, Groc examined the necklace thoughtfully and cursed. "We hit the jackpot, boys -- both good and bad," he said.

"What bad about dis jool?" Dimlok asked angrily.

"A shiney like this will surely bring the rangers down on our heads," Groc explained. "We'll need to prepare for their visit." He stroked his chin in thought.

"Thag, you still want to play with the humans?" he asked, idly. "If the rangers will come for this shiney, anyway--"

--Then we goblins get to play," Thag finished with a wicked grin. Groc returned it with a ferocious smile of his own...

Days passed. For Groc and his lads, life continued as normal: Their days were filled with bickering, thieving, and fighting amongst themselves. Their nights were filled with bickering, thieving, and fighting amongst themselves. Only Groc's commanding presence (and ready backhand) kept the goblins focused enough on hating everything non-goblinoid to permit some semblance of unity to remain.

For a while it seemed no ranger would come to look for the shineys — but Twig spotted a lady ranger roaming in their neck of the forest -- Groc knew it was time to prepare for a meeting with the ranger.

When their trap was ready, they set up one more successful ambush on a passing caravan, and were heading home. Tissy was laughing -- nigh-giggling, actually.

"Did yoo see da way that guy ran?" he asked. "Dat lady shrieked 'he'p me! save me!' and looked over, he was dun runnin' all wobbly and clankin' in that fancy armor o' his!"

The others laughed. "Woulda been a shame to dent up such shiney little armor," Thag said. "Good on him to get it to safety."

"The way she screeched," Dimlok said, "I reckon he was welcoming us to her, eh, Groc?"

Groc gave Dimlok a menacing glare, and the lads stopped in surprise.

"I didn't mean nuffin'," Dimlok quickly said, confused but desperate not to incur Groc 's wrath.

"I was just thinkin' I could understand his position," Groc said. "Stuck with a whiney girlie of no use to anyone." The lads wilted, looking away. "But then his little girlie never pulled off a great ambush 'n' heist, neither!" Groc added, laughing.

The lads' mood lifted right back up as they all laughed together. "That brave knight took one look at our Thag and knew his day was done," Groc said.

"Ya, that knight he no ranger, rangers don' run like that." Thag replied.

Dimlok added, "that girlie no ranger neither, girlie ranger no screech an' whine like dat."

"I can make girlie ranger screech and whine," Tissy said. He made little hip-pumping motions and the other goblins laughed. Thag matched Tissy's hip-pumps and added a spanking motion to an imaginary bottom before him.

Bogface spoke up, "I bet girlie ranger tasty. Groc, you think girlie ranger good eatin' or too tough meat?"

Groc raised his hand to smack Bogface, but didn't want to get within stench range.

"Bogface, your breath would tenderize meat. But ranger girlie isn't for eating."

"Oh really, you vermin?" The 'ranger girlie' in question stepped out from behind a tree and into their path, striking a heroic pose. "Just what is a Ranger girlie for, then? Besides cracking your skulls, that is."

The goblins all dropped their bags of loot and took defensive poses. Except for Dimlok, who stood there looking at Groc questioningly. "yeah, what is ranger girlie for, Groc?"

The other goblins stood back up from their defensive crouches and stared at Dimlok. Groc took a half-step with hand raised to clip him again.

The Ranger spoke up, "no, wait. I'd like to hear the answer." Apparently she had identified Groc as the leader of the band, and focused her gaze upon him. "Well?"

Groc knew this was an important moment for his leadership. He squared up to face the ranger and made himself appear as tall and bold as possible, puffing out his goblin chest. “Girlie Ranger for making example of. Goblins not be pushed round no more. Goblins get respect from humans. Girlie Ranger gonna respect Groc too.” He struck his chest twice with his fist proudly. “Girlie Ranger beg Groc for mercy.”

The ranger had been listening to groc with a bemused smile, but now she laughed out loud. “Rangers do not beg anyone for anything, little beastie. And certainly not little criminals like you. You want respect, do some honest work. Like...I don’t know, clean out stables or fetch water for people or something useful. Not run around scaring them or stealing their jewels. Speaking of which, I don’t suppose any of you know anything about a missing red gem?” She looked around at the half-circle of goblins, watching their reactions.

Dimlok spoke up again. “Was it bout dis big, and red and shiney and stuck in gold? With words on back?”

“Yes, that sounds exactly like the one.”

“Nope. We no seen dat.”

The entire group turned to look at Dimlok, the Ranger smiling and the goblins doing face-palms.

The ranger looked back at Groc. “Not the sharpest broadsword in the armory, is he?”

Groc tried to reassert himself despite the insults and embarrassment from his band. “Girlie Ranger surrender to goblins now and we only hurt you some. Kneel and beg Groc mercy now.”

The Ranger cocked her head to the side and smirked at Groc. “You’re a funny little beastie.” Then she took on a serious tone, looking him in the eye. “How about you tell me which one of you has the jewel, and then beg me to let you keep breathing!” She moved her hand closer to the hilt of her sword.

Groc had had enough of her insults. “Get girlie!” he commanded. “But no kill!”

Thag, Tissy and Dimlok all approached the ranger cautiously. Bogface and Twig moved forward, too, but not as enthusiastically. Groc held back to watch his plan unfold.

What followed was a beatdown that will go down in goblin lore, whispered around campfires to entertain generations of little goblins to come. Not a tale of glory and victory over a ranger, but embarrassing humiliation of five goblins at the hands of one ‘girlie ranger,’ with bloodied noses and kicked bottoms, pained eyes and punched goblin-jewels.

Only five vanquished goblins, for once Groc’s lads engaged the ranger in combat, he quietly slipped away into the trees. The ranger noticed his departure, and taunted the remaining goblins with insults about goblin cowardice in the face of a noble ranger. Soon all five lay on the ground, the fight effectively over.

The ranger brushed the light sheen of sweat from her forehead and chest, and looked about for their leader. She noted a trail of broken brush leading into the trees, and knew he would be easy to track. Still, it would be useful to know where he was headed and try to outflank him.

The ranger poked at one goblin and nudged his head toward her. She bent down closer to his face. “Oi! Where’d your cowardly leader go? Where’s the gem?”

The fallen goblin opened his mouth to speak, and a tangible stench emerged. “Oh Holy One! What died inside of you? Steal a tooth rag, will you?” she strode over to the littlest one. “Boy-goblin, tell me where the jewel is hidden. Where is your camp?”

The little goblin cowered in fear, and managed to stammer: “past bog. down hill.” He pointed in the direction of Groc’s retreat.

“Very well, then,” she said. She resumed her heroic pose above them, preparing to deliver a heroic lecture. “Let this be a lesson to all who steal and plunder, you shall all suffer the same vanquished fate at the hands of the rangers.” And she strode off heroically after Groc.

As soon as the ranger disappeared from sight, the goblins sat up and grinned. Had the ranger seen them, she would have marvelled at their miraculous recovery. They all smiled and winked at each other, then gathered their belongings to make the brief trek to camp via the shortcut around the next bend in the road.

=====

From his perch in a tree, Groc listened for the sounds of the ranger coming along the trail he had left. From his view point, he had a clear view of the trap he had set. All their belongings were laid out near the bog, with his personal bag of treasure perched front and center. To get to the campsite between the forest and the watery part of the bog, the ranger would have to pass directly over a pit of water-sand.

The lady ranger came into view before he even heard her coming. For a girlie she was stealthy, he thought. She emerged from the forest and caught sight of the camp immediately. She looked slowly around, and then hurried along the muddy bank of the bog straight toward the camp. Groc had to clamp a hand over his mouth not to laugh in excitement.

The ranger was practically running when she reached the edge of the water-sand. She seemed to sense danger at the last moment, but it was too late and her momentum carried her into the trap. She struggled to push back against the muck, and her legs went down into the looser mud below. Her arms flailed about trying to grasp something in vain.

Groc had never had a prouder moment in his miserably unlucky life. The sneaky girlie ranger was in his trap! He had outsmarted a human! And a ranger! He started to climb down from the tree to gloat, but held back for a moment to make sure she wasn't going to escape and come beat him up.

He needn't have worried, for the ranger was truly well and stuck. It must have been her first go with water-sand because he watched her flail about like a baby goblin in its first

goat milk bath. She must not know that the more you fight the water-sand the more it eats you.

When the ranger girlie was stuck past her waist, Groc jumped down from the tree and strolled over. There was no way she would get out now without help. She was throwing her sword and pack and anything else that would weigh her down over to the solid ground by a tree, but each toss made her sink a little more. She had pulled off her cloak and tunic and wore just the little cloth that covered her girlie things. Groc liked the way her skin looked splattered with mud.

When the ranger noticed Groc approaching from behind her, she called out to him. “You! Beastie! Is this your doing?”

“Maybes,” Groc said. “Maybes not. Maybes ranger girlie just bad lucky.”

“Stay back! Leave my things alone!”

“Ok, I stay back. I sit over here and watch you sink.” Groc laughed.

The other goblins came down the main path to the camp. They all congratulated Groc on her capture and commended him for his brilliant leadership. “Now what we do Groc?” asked Dimlok.

“We wait and watch.” he replied, looking down at the ranger mired in the water-sand.

“But you promised...” Tissy began.

“We wait, I says.” At this point, just raising his backhand was enough for Groc to silence them. Groc licked his lips as he looked at the ranger’s bare arms and chest getting splattered with mud as she tried to stay above the surface.

“Ok! Help me!” cried the ranger girlie.

“No.” replied Groc.



“What? I am a Rithian Ranger! As a citizen of the realm, you must help me!” said the ranger, her voice rising.

“I not ceetizen. I...vermin, remember?”

“I..I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it...You can keep all your plunder. I’ll let you go.”

“We already can go. You beg Groc mercy.”

“Aw, crap. Ok, you win. Merciful Groc, please help me.”

“Take cover off girlie things. Me want.”

“What? My bra? No! How dare you! I am a ranger! You can’t!”

“Ok, you die with cloth on. Or take off, we pull you out.”

“UHHHGH...fine, here.” The ranger reached behind herself and unhooked her ‘cover,’ her chest dipping into the mud as she did. By the time she removed her bra and tossed it to him, her breasts were coated and the mud splattered her shoulders, arms and chin. With dismay, she looked down and noticed that the mud was colder than she thought. “Dammit.”

Groc motioned to his crew. “Tissy, Twig, Thag, get ropes.” The ranger rolled her eyes. If only she had a nugget of gold for every time someone was told to go get ropes for her.

The goblins returned, and tossed ropes out to her. She caught one, and the goblins started to pull. The mud on the ropes was slippery and she fell back, sinking lower. Tissy, being one of the smarter ones, tied a loop in the end of his rope. “Put hand inside. Pull tight. Grab rope.”

The ranger eyed him suspiciously, but it actually made sense. This time she budged a bit more, but was still quite stuck. “Throw me another! Move apart!” she called out.

“Hey, Hey, I in charge here.” Groc called out. “Throw another. Move apart!”

With a second rope on the other wrist, she could get a balanced grip, and the goblins could make steady progress getting her out.

“I have goats. This how I pull them,” Dimlok said, and tossed a lasso over the ranger’s head.

“Do NOT pull that rope!” The ranger yelled as it cinched around her throat.

“Ok, ok, Dimlok try help.” he muttered in frustration.

The goblins continued walking backward and pulling the ranger out of the water-sand on her belly. When she was halfway onto drier land, Groc said “stop pull.” He then jumped on her back and knelt down between her shoulder blades. “Bring hands together,” he commanded her.

“What?? No! You said you would let me go!” the ranger shrieked.

“Said would pull out. No said would let go.”

“You slimy weasel! Lying cretin!”

“Bad names again. I Groc mercy-full. Let you live. You respect Groc.”

“Curse you, Groc. You have bested me. I respect you.”

“Now you lying. You not respect yet. But you will.” Then, to Tissy: “Tie hands. Leave on long rope.”

“Oh Holy One, not again,” the ranger muttered in frustration.

When the ranger’s wrists were firmly tied together, Groc jumped off her back. He took the neck-rope from Dimlok and gave it a couple jerks. “up, go.” He looked to Tissy and Thag, who held the two wrist-ropes. “Hold tight.”

The ranger struggled to get to her feet, mud dripping slowly from her half-naked form. She kept a death-stare leveled at Groc, who kept tugging at the rope at her throat. Groc, meanwhile, was mesmerized by the sight of the thin mud dripping down her bare skin. They all were, except for Bogface who was staring at her boots and wondering if he could drink the bog water out of them.

Together the gang led the ranger back to the tree in which Groc had been hiding earlier. Groc traded ropes with Tissy and Thag and scampered up the tree to the branch from which he had watched, and pulled the two ropes until the ranger's hands rose up over her head.

She tried to pull back, but the ranger couldn't prevent Groc from pulling her fully upright, arms stretched to the point her heels barely touched the ground. Groc tied off the end of the ropes and sat down on the branch to rest. From his perch he could safely watch while the ranger struggled and kicked at the gang below, cursing angrily under her breath.

The ranger resisted valiantly as would reflect well upon her academy training, but outnumbered as she was, it was only a matter of time before she was stripped bare and her ankles tied too. Thag pushed a stake into the ground at her feet and Tissy anchored her ankle ropes to it, while Dimlok pounded in the stake with a mallet.

"Maybes I lick mud off girlie?" Bogface offered, watching the drips coming down her back and onto her bare bottom.

"Ewww!" most of the gang cried out.

"Ewww!" the ranger said, trying to lean forward, away from his tongue and its stench.

"I dunno, girlie parts have mud too. Maybes I lick them." Tissy said. As one of the taller goblins, her mud-covered breasts were at his eye level and he found them oddly pleasing. He moved around behind her, and he found that view pleasing, too.



Meanwhile, Twig and Thag were rooting through her bag. Among the things they found was a small carved idol. “What dis?” Twig asked.

Thag leaned over and peered at the idol. “Dunno.” He looked closer, then gave the head of it a sniff. “But had dat smell in nose before.” He looked up at the ranger swaying from the rope, her stretched-out belly just above him, her still-dripping thighs right before his face. “Dat smell I know...” He took the idol from Twig and started to move closer to the girlie ranger.

The ranger glared down at him angrily. “Don’t...you...dare...!”

“Thag! Let me see that.” Grumbling, Thag tossed the idol to Groc, who examined it, also pausing to sniff it. “This goblin-made. Lust totem. Enchanted. I knows why girlie ranger keeps.”

The ranger redirected her angry gaze in Groc’s direction. “I was going to return it to the palace of the Goblin King...maybe you can return it for me, and I’ll leave you all alone.”

Thag, still unhappy he had to give up the idol, risked Groc’s ire by speaking up: “You promised we could play with human. We let girlie ranger beat us up so you could capture. When we get to play with her?”

Groc, lost in thought while staring at the idol, waved toward the ranger absentmindedly. “Go on, have fun.” Thag grinned widely, and stood to face the ranger. The others gathered around as well, with a mixture of devilish and inquisitive looks on their faces.

“Hey, now, all of you stay back!” the ranger said, her angry look and voice starting to take on some anxiety. “Keep your hands off, or I’ll kick all of your butts again.”

“How you going to do that, girlie?” Thag asked. “Doesn’t look like you can touch us at all. But we can touch you...” He reached out his arm toward the ranger’s face.

The ranger wriggled her arms, trying to swing her elbows at him with what little range the ropes allowed, but couldn’t make contact. Suddenly she snapped her head forward, biting at his outstretched fingers, but just missing her target.

Thag yanked his hand back, and the other goblins laughed. Thag’s surprise turned to a playful grin. “This human lots more fun than other ones.” He reached out his hand again, this time placing it against her taut belly. “Not so soft as other humans.”

Tissy, who was still behind the ranger, placed his hand on her rear and gave it a little squeeze. “Plenty soft back here.”

The ranger yelped at the grope, and tried to lean away, but leaned right into the hands of Thag. She yelped again as his hand pushed into the flesh of her breasts, and pulled herself backward again.

“Girlie parts are soft, too,” he said, and reached out for them again. From the sides, Dimlok was touching her hair and Twig was running his hand up her thigh. Bogface was on his hands and knees, tracing his fingers over the drips of mud still drying on her feet.

There were simply too many hands for the ranger to avoid them all, but she tried mightily. With her ankles and wrists tightly secured and stretched, her body bowed and flexed, but only within a narrow range, and there were always at least a few hands on her body. She yelped and grunted and cursed at them, threatening dire bodily harm to them and all their loved ones.

When Twig ran his fingertips over her ribs, the ranger loudly shrieked, and flinched away from him. The others suddenly stopped, trying to figure out what happened. All was silent except for the ranger’s heavy breathing.

The ranger was looking down at Twig apprehensively, and trying to lean away from him. Thag noticed this, and asked, “Twig, what you do?”

Fearful of Thag, Twig cried, “Nothing! Did nothing!”

“No, no, do it again!” Thag said.

Twig reached out his hand, and the ranger flinched away again. Tissy grabbed the ranger’s shoulders from behind and Thag gripped her hips, holding her still. Twig reached out and brushed his fingertips against the ranger’s ribs again. Again, she squeaked, and tried to pull away, but the goblins held her still. “Again, Twig” Tissy commanded.

Twig obeyed, and the ranger cried out, “No! No! Stop, please!” But her cries were not the usual wails of a human begging for their life. Thag noticed that she was actually laughing. “No! No! Don’t!” she continued as Twig’s fingers rippled up and down her side.

“This human lots more fun!” Thag laughed. “Dimlok, get that side.”

Within seconds, each goblin was trying out a different part of the ranger to see if they could get the same reaction as Twig. Even Bogface got in on the fun after he wiped mud from the arch of her foot, and soon she was hopping from foot to foot. The ropes from which her wrists hung jangled as she thrashed about in vain, and her squeals and sobs of laughter echoed throughout the goblin’s valley.

Groc watched, amused, as the ranger thrashed and wailed under the attentions of his crew. Her cries delighted him, and he was pleased to see his lads having such fun. But Groc had been thinking (relatively) deep thoughts and he had been forming other plans for the lady ranger. He knew exactly why the ranger had been carrying around the idol. He also knew the power of the enchantment of the idol. And he had an idea for how to get this ranger under his control.

Groc called out to his crew to pause their torment of the ranger. “Awwwww!” they whined like chastised children, but removed their hands and stepped back. The ranger, having spent so long flailing against the ropes and hands, collapsed from the effort and hung limply from her wrists. She looked up through her perspiration-matted hair at Groc, the anger still in her eyes but dulled by the exertion.

“I have better idea, you will like. Hold girlie up.” He tossed the idol down to Twig, then worked to untie the ropes from the branch while Thag and Tissy kept the ranger upright. When the rope was free, he let it fall and directed the lads to lay her on her back. He ordered Dimlok to get another stake and his mallet, then had the crew stretch her body just as taut horizontally as it had been vertically. They secured her wrists, still together, to the ground with the stake.

Hopping down to the ground, Groc walked over to where the ranger lay on the grass and stood astride her, looking directly down on her for maximum gloating effect. “Ranger girlie seem not so tough now, hmm?” he smirked. “Maybes now human the servant and goblins the masters?”

“Dream on, little beastie,” she growled. “Takes you six on one and a bunch of ropes to hold a Ranger down. One on one, not one of you could take me.” Her withering gaze returned.

Groc motioned for Twig to give him back the idol. “Not six, girlie.” He held the idol over her face, waving it slowly. “Seven.” Then he called over his shoulder to the lads, “Get another stake. Stretch legs apart.”

“Damn you, Groc, don’t you dare touch me with that thing! I will beat you with it and leave it all the way inside your little arse.”

Groc paused for a moment and squinted as if imagining that scene, then turned and stepped between the ranger’s legs, which were being stretched by the lads outward at a severe angle and lashed by to stakes. Another goblin was holding down each thigh to prevent more kicks to their goblin jewels. Their hands lingered there long after the ankles were secure, though.

“Get your filthy hands off me, you damn dirty beasts.” the ranger snarled through gritted teeth.

Dimlok let go of her leg and looked at his hands. “You the one is filthy, you make my hands filthy.”

Tissy agreed. “Covered in water-sand and smells like Bogface left out in sun.”

“Then we clean her before we play more!” Thag exclaimed. He looked at Groc expectantly.

Groc smiled, despite the fact he hadn’t thought of it himself. “Yes, clean filthy human.”

The gang of goblins rushed over to their camp to get ‘cleaning’ supplies; Dimlok grabbed a bucket and went to get some clean pond water, and Tissy remembered looting a lady’s luggage during last week’s raid.

When Dimlok returned with a full bucket, he promptly dumped the cold water over the prone ranger, causing a great howl and more cursing. Groc felt that move was worthy of a backhand, and sent him off to get more water.



Soon the goblins were kneeling or sitting around the ranger's stretched out body, trying out different items found in the stolen luggage. There were squishy things that held water and sweet smelling liquids in fancy bottles. After trying to clean the ranger with wet cloths and brushes, they found that it was easier to just use their hands.

Groc noticed that the ranger's anger had faded and she was remarkably quiet as twelve hands worked their way over her body, making sure every bit of visible mud was removed. Thag also made sure mud was removed from some less visible places, and when he did, Groc thought he heard a soft sound from the ranger. Watching her face, he saw her close her eyes and bite her lip before resting her head back on the ground and then giving off a low 'Ohhhhh' sound.

Just then, Tissy made another observation while thoroughly cleaning the ranger's breasts. "Look! Tops of girlie parts get bigger!" Then, after reaching out to poke at them, he cried out, "and harder! Didn't know they do that!"

At Tissy's rough poke, the ranger's eyes snapped open and she looked at the treasonous nubs responding to the goblin's touch. "Dammit, nipples! Not again!"

It was far too late to suppress them at that point and all the goblins began to test out the nipples for themselves, flicking them with their nails or squeezing them between fingers. The ranger responded with alternating "ooh" and "ouch," and the occasional muttered curse through clenched teeth.

When Dimlok spilled too much of one of the jars of scented oil on the ranger, the crew found that it made the lady ranger's skin smooth and slippery, and they happily spread it all over her body—bringing forth many more 'oohs' instead of 'ouches.'

Finally, when Groc declared the human girl to be clean enough, he resumed his position kneeling between the ranger's legs. Holding up the idol for all to see, he said, "now watch what goblin totem is for."

The ranger opened her eyes again and told Groc “no, no, don’t do that” in a thoroughly unconvincing tone. As Groc brought the idol down between her legs, she again called out, “no, no, no, no,” but as soon as the idol made contact with the slippery soft flesh between her thighs, the ranger’s head fell back and she sighed, “oh, yesssss....” Groc and the other goblins grinned at each other, marveling at the rapid change in the ranger’s disposition.

Groc continued to press the head of the idol into the folds of the ranger’s flesh, encountering some resistance to accepting the girth of the totem. “Ohhh, too big!” the ranger moaned to no one in particular, but Groc knew better—it had fit before, and it would fit again.

Dimlok impatiently grabbed his tent-stake mallet. “Here, I help!” he said to Groc.

“No!!!” Groc yelled as he pushed Dimlok back on his heels. “I got dis.” And sure enough, once the head of the idol got slippery enough, it began to pass smoothly into the ranger, causing her a sharp intake of breath and a long sigh.

The entire crew was mesmerized by the facial expressions of the lady ranger and the slow undulations of her belly and hips as she moved in rhythm with Groc’s in-and-out strokes. It amazed them that the ranger who had kicked and punched and threatened them all earlier, now appeared to be tamed by pleasure.

Finally, Groc decided the idol had served its purpose and was ready to be replaced. His resentment and anger for the haughty female ranger had been overtaken by lust for the soft and helpless creature before him. He withdrew the idol slowly, prompting a forlorn “noooo...” from the girl. “Not to worry,” he said as he hastily removed his armor and tunic. “I’ll replace it with something better.”

Groc had never been with a human woman before. He had heard countless stories around campfires of the liberties taken by warrior goblins with their ‘spoils of war.’ These bold pillagers claimed that a human woman would actually begin to enjoy being mounted by a goblin who had conquered and claimed them.

Groc had assumed that just was false boasting by drunken warriors, but right after he had captured the lady ranger, he had started thinking about those tales. And now he was determined to find out for himself. Stripped down and ready, he again knelt between the girl's legs and eased himself inside her.

The ranger's eyes flashed open as she felt the goblin leader enter her. He was not as wide as the idol, but he was warmer and smoother. And neither unpleasant nor unwelcome. She moaned as he glided into her, and contracted to envelop him tighter. Her eyelids slowly closed again as passion overtook her and she accepted her fate.

Groc beamed with pride as the human woman submitted to his taking of her body. Now HE would have campfire stories to tell. He was so excited that he nearly gifted her his seed prematurely. 'That was close,' he thought. He wasn't going to completely tame her with just a few pokes.

Indeed, the ranger started to move her hips in time with Groc's insistent thrusting, and her soft noises joined the rhythm. "That is right," Groc said. "Girlie ranger knows Groc her master now." A vision entered his mind of the lady ranger kneeling at his feet, with the leash to her collar in his grip, and that was all it took for Groc to lose his seed inside her.

After his frenetic final thrusts were complete, Groc studied her face for some evidence she had been fully tamed, and he was slightly alarmed that her moans and grinding had not climaxed. Groc would have taken some solace though, had he known that she was currently imagining a scene similar to the one he had just envisioned.

Groc looked around at his crew, expecting to see their admiration at their leader's conquest of the lady ranger. He was mildly disappointed to see that they had all disrobed and were handling their own members, stroking them to keep them in the ready position while they awaited their turn.

"Oh, go ahead," he said as he got out of their way. Tissy wasted no time replacing him and soon was thrusting away at the ranger with enthusiasm. Groc was further dismayed to hear

her moans again becoming louder and more insistent under Tissy's efforts. Quicker than Groc had, Tissy also let his seed go. Though to be fair, Tissy was more concerned with his own satisfaction than any conquest.

Thag was next, but at the last moment nudged Twig ahead of him. Twig nodded gratefully but nervously; trying to mate a human had never entered his thoughts before today. After a few tentative thrusts, he gained confidence and enthusiasm. But Thag noticed that the ranger had nearly ceased moving her hips and had become nearly silent. A sour look crept across her face. Thag was ready and willing to fix that for her. The instant Twig twitched and finished, Thag grabbed him by his short 'gohawk' haircut and yanked him out of the way.

The instant Thag forced his hefty rod into the ranger, she squeaked loudly and her body shuddered. Her eyes flew open, and when she saw the imposing bulk of Thag leaning over her, her eyes grew wider still. Her bound hands flicked open and closed, and her hips squirmed under his weight. This pleased Thag greatly, and he began to push himself in and out, watching her reactions. After only a few strokes, the ranger matched his pace with her hips, and her whimpers and mewls kept time with his grunts.

Thag's prowess made Groc worry he might lose his alpha status, so he tried something else from the campfire stories, and moved to kneel beside the ranger's head. Her eyes were closed now as Thag thrust deeply, so she didn't notice Groc's presence until the bottom of his shaft was lying across her lips. Her eyes popped open again and focused first on Groc's rod, then on his face. Groc had a momentary fear that she might bite, but he saw only lust in her eyes.

The ranger reached out her tongue and flicked it against Groc's shaft, then moved to take his head in her mouth. She made a humming sound that vibrated against him, then began moving her tongue around the head. The ranger's eyes closed again, but Groc told her, "no, girlie look at me." She opened her eyes, and kept them focused on the goblin leader.

Meanwhile, Thag was increasing both the speed and force of his thrusts into the ranger. She kept pace with her head bobbing up and down on Groc, who in turn was trying to push deeper into her mouth. Finally the lady ranger was overwhelmed, and her body convulsed while she tried to scream around the goblin cock in her mouth. The sounds of her climax spurred both Thag and Groc to reach theirs as well.

Apparently this scene was a little too much for the spectators, for suddenly splashes of goblin seed landed on the ranger's belly and chest. Groc looked up in surprise to see Twig and Bogface standing over them, looking sheepish with rapidly sagging members.

The scene replayed itself a few more times with a rotation of goblins enjoying ravishing the young lady ranger's body and enjoying the attentions of her talented tongue. Not once did the lady ranger complain or resist; in fact, she climaxed a few more times before settling into a trance-like state where she accepted whatever goblin parts were pushed into her.

After a while, the goblins found themselves drained and unable to continue, and settled in to rest around and upon their lovely captive. Soon they were sleeping as soundly as the ranger herself appeared to be.

A short while later, however, the ranger began to stir. Opening her eyes slowly, cautiously, she looked about and saw her captors all dozing. One rested against her belly, another slept with his hand cupping her breast, and the littlest one was curled up between her legs with his head on her thigh.

The ranger looked above her head to where her bound wrists were anchored to the stake. She cupped one hand and easily slipped it through the loops encircling her wrist. A little shake of the other hand, and both wrists were free.

Had the goblins not been so distracted washing and toying with her naked body, they might have noticed how she had gotten her wrists loosened almost immediately, and could have escaped at any time. And had the goblins not made her so highly aroused with their little hands all over her body, she might have made an escape attempt.

She carefully removed the goblin hand from her breast and just as gently she eased the head of the second sleeping goblin off her belly. That allowed her to sit up gingerly. She looked down at herself, covered in a sheen of bath oils, perspiration, and numerous globs of goblin spunk. Reaching over the little goblin sleeping between her legs, she untied each ankle from the stake to which it was lashed. She could then pull her leg to one side while easing the little goblin's head from her thigh.

The ranger got to her feet and moved stealthily to gather up her belongings and clothes and pack them into her bag. The stolen gem was tucked in a pocket of Groc's tunic. She picked up her sword, and for one moment thought of finishing off her captors while they slept. But that wasn't very sporting, she thought, and besides the little beasties had earned at least some measure of her respect. Particularly the leader who had first tricked her and then successfully dominated her. And the bigger one, with his...well, anyway.

As she was turning to leave, she spied the goblin lust totem lying beside the sleeping leader. For a moment, she considered abandoning it, for all the recurring trouble it caused her. But then she thought of all the pleasure it had brought her, and stooped to retrieve it, tucking it in her bag. It was sticky to the touch and a faint odor arose...it could use a good cleaning, she thought.

“Come to think of it, I could use a good cleaning, too. A nice hot shower.” Her mind flashed back to the last ‘cleaning’ the goblins had given her. “Or maybe a cold shower...”

=====

Groc became aware of something amiss, and awoke just in time to see the lady ranger heading back up the path to the road. For a moment he thought of raising an alarm and giving chase, but thought better of it. He looked around at his satisfied crew sleeping off an amazing experience, and knew that his leadership was consolidated, his conquest legendary, an epic tale that would be told for generations.

Besides, he thought as he watched her naked form disappear into the woods, she wasn't likely to forget him and his lads or take them for granted. No, he had a feeling they might be seeing her again...