

Rebecca sat in front of her computer, ogling the photos that she had included in her thesis. Her lusty eyes lingered on the images of a stocky goblin humanely draining blood from a curvy, caramel-skinned woman. Another photo showed the same goblin slicing skillfully through the woman's large breasts. Rebecca grinned at the picture of the goblin holding a shapely leg in his hands, after removing the smooth leg from the woman's hip. Her smile widened at the image of the goblin's cheerful face as he merrily chewed on a detached breast. *Soon I will have you right where I want you*, she thought silently as a mischievous grin spread across her face. Pressure was building in her groin as she thought back two weeks to her trip to the forest with her closest friend...

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Rebecca's studious eyes darted rapidly between the goblin's trap and her hiking partner, Sol. She carefully crafted a plan as her friend spoke up, "Hey Becca, are you sure this is a trap? It just looks like a few sticks fell onto the path..."

"I'm sure" Rebecca confirmed quietly. "See the way that some dirt on the path has been disturbed? Can you see that rope dangling next to that big tree? It's a crafty little deer trap. Finally! This is the goblin that I have been hunting for weeks." Her blue eyes shined as her lips curled into a self-satisfied smile. She crouched low to the ground, letting her pale knees rest on the dirt path. Despite her khaki shorts, simple t-shirt, and hiking boots, the sandy-haired girl still seemed like a bookworm to Sol. *Those thick eyeglasses belong in a college lecture hall, not a nature trail*, Sol thought silently.

Sol lifted a long-lens camera up to her caramel-colored face. The curvy Latina girl started snapping photos of the primitive trap, as well as the trees and forest. She wore a bright-colored jogging outfit, with pink tights and a matching pink top that hugged her large bust. A tiny photography backpack hung from her small shoulders. She panned her camera trying to get artistic lighting for a late-summer sun photo, while her friend stared cautiously around the forest.

"Try to stay quiet Sol, I think that we're being watched." Rebecca's voice was cool and soft, still calculating a plan.

Sol quickly lowered her camera as she scanned the thick trees around them. The quiet forest trail seemed empty except for the two college girls. She quietly whispered, "Can you see him?"

"No," Rebecca whispered while still smiling, "he's far too clever to let us see him. But he knows when prey is close to his trap. I just need to find the right way to lure him out here... Help him overcome his fear..."

"Why would he be afraid? We're not scary?" Sol's whisper was curious as she continued scanning the forest.

"We're bigger than he is, and there are two of us. The woman he ate last year was alone. So... I think that we need some goblin bait." Rebecca turned her studious gaze toward her friend again. While Rebecca was slender, pale, and nerdy, her friend was curvy, dark, and playful. A brief burst of envy flashed across Rebecca's face as she noticed how her friend's large, firm breasts were pressed

upwards by an overworked sports bra. "One of us needs to step in this trap, so that our little hunter can come to claim his prize." In her mind, Rebecca pictured her busty friend, hanging upside down from a tree branch, with her large melons resting against her face. While toying with this mental image, Rebecca didn't notice the shocked expression on her friend's face.

"Wait, seriously? You want to get caught in the trap?" Sol's voice wasn't a whisper anymore as she stared at Rebecca with disbelieving eyes.

Letting go of the mental image, Rebecca turned back to her friend with a shrug. "Yes, I want to get caught in the trap. Please be ready to take photos; we can only do this one time. Also, please stay several steps away from me, so that our goblin friend has room to work. Oh, and please be as quiet as possible." Rebecca's tone was excited and warm, though her eyes narrowed as she turned back towards the trap.

As Sol moved several paces along the forest trail, Rebecca stepped slowly towards the twigs that she knew would trigger the trap. She clenched her fists and her jaw, struggling to force her nerves to step down on this trigger. Her body was tense as her foot slowly descended on the innocent-looking twigs. She flinched when her foot snapped a twig, then slowly continued pressing her foot down.

She felt a tiny movement beneath her boot, and her eyes widened as a hidden rope flew up around her ankles, pulling upward. "EEP!" escaped her lips as her vision went upside down, with her arms swinging uselessly towards the ground below her. Cords pulled tightly on her ankles, suspending her from a tree branch as she swung helplessly in the summer breeze.

Breathe Becca she commanded herself, fighting to relax. While she had expected the trap to suspend her, the speed and tightness had left her shocked and unnerved. She could see her eyeglasses on the ground beneath her, leaving her eyesight too blurry to watch for movement in the forest. Something in the back of her mind noticed the tiny sound of Sol's camera clicking, and Rebecca forced herself to act cool and calm. Her t-shirt hung down around shoulders, revealing her creamy skin and b-cup sports bra to the camera. Her slight smile returned as she laughed mentally about her instinctive response to getting trapped. *Just wait, he will be here soon*, she thought.

After several minutes of waiting, Rebecca was doubting herself for the first time. Her pale face was turning dark pink from the blood rushing to her head, and her arms felt strangely heavy as they swung beneath her. Eventually Sol walked quietly towards her suspended friend, quietly whispering "Becca, are you okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine," Rebecca responded in a dizzy whisper. "Uh, please stay back so that you can get photos when he arrives."

Sol's mouth opened as she started to argue, but no words came to her mind. With a soft sigh, she crouched to lift Rebecca's eyeglasses from the dirt, then gently placed the glasses on her friend's face. Then she quietly walked past the dangling woman who was swinging slowly in the breeze. "I'll find good light for photos" she whispered as she gingerly stepped further along the path.

Rebecca's mind escaped thoughts of her growing headache and aching ankles by returning to the mental image of her friend's caramel skin hanging in a trap. She imagined a goblin slicing through that pink outfit, leaving her friend's smooth mocha skin glowing in the summer sunlight. A subtle smile had crept back to her lips when a loud crash and feminine scream pulled her back to reality. She twisted her head, struggling to see behind her back as she heard Sol swearing loudly.

"Uh... Becca... Uh... Oops!" As the breeze slowly turned Rebecca, she gradually saw that Sol was hanging upside down from a similar tree branch. Her large breasts bounced against her chin as she frantically swung her arms, trying hopelessly to gain her balance. The rope around her ankles held her snug. Sol's camera hung safely from a strap on her backpack; as the young woman flailed desperately, the camera stayed secure.

"Hey... It's okay Sol. Maybe... maybe this is a good thing." Rebecca's voice was pensive, as she formed a new plan. "We are less intimidating now, so our goblin can safely come find us." The wry smile spread across her flushed face as she watched her busty friend stop flailing. Much of Sol's cleavage was hanging out of her tight exercise outfit, and Rebecca enjoyed noticing how the girl's nipples were visible through her straining clothes.

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"Do you think that he knows we're here?" Sol's voice had a slightly hopeless tone, as she hung red-faced and vulnerable.

"Uh... Yeah." Rebecca tried, unsuccessfully, to make her voice sound confident. "He's probably watching us now, just feeling kinda... shy." She had noticed after a couple of hours of hanging upside down, her mind was getting hazy and slow.

"Maybe he doesn't think that we look tasty..." Sol's dizzy voice was sarcastic, but Rebecca's brow furrowed as she considered those words.

"Sol, you're a genius. Let's make ourselves look tasty, so that he won't be able to resist coming to claim us." For the first time in several minutes, Rebecca opened her heavy eyes to glance at her friend.

"Hm. Yeah, sounds great, let's get yummy," Sol responded in a tired-yet-eager voice. "So, how?"

"Well," Rebecca replied casually as she shrugged out of her t-shirt, "I guess we better show him our tasty meat." Sol watched as Rebecca pulled off her sports bra, revealing her creamy breasts and small pink nipples. The exhausted girl reached upwards to unbutton her shorts, then slowly lifted the fabric up past her wide hips. She rested her shorts on her thighs, revealing her shaved mound. A slight smile stayed on the nerdy girl's lips as she let her sleepy arms hang low again, almost touching the ground beneath her.

Sol chuckled, then sighed. “Well, I’ll admit Becca, you do look tasty. Our little goblin friend will be rushing forward to bite off your lovely pink nipples.” The pale girl’s smile widened; Sol’s cloudy mind slowly processed that her friend was getting aroused by this situation.

With another chuckle, the Latina girl reached both hands up to grasp her tight jogging top. She slowly pulled the tight shirt down over her full breasts and past her black hair, casually dropping it on the ground below. She noticed Rebecca’s excited gaze as she reached her fingers around her soft melons, pulling her sports bra past her large, dark areolas. With a smile forming quickly on her own lips, the curvy girl slid her tights and panties up her thighs, showing her neatly-trimmed landing strip next to faint pale bikini lines. With her full breasts leaning insistently against her chin, she couldn’t see whether her own womanhood was glistening with excitement, though the soft breeze against her bare folds gave her a thrill. She fought the urge to lift her fingers towards her flower.

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The sun was setting as the two dizzy girls ran out of topics to chat about. Rebecca’s foggy mind noticed that a sound was approaching, like soft steps on a forest path. With some effort, she slowly opened her bloodshot eyes.

A short, stout goblin moved towards her with quick, stubby steps. A tattered, grimy cloth hung miserably from his stocky, dusty shoulders. His sickly-grey face was smiling widely over mismatched cheekbones and a twisted little nose, with a jawline that was several sizes too wide for his small head. Black, beady eyes studied her from top to bottom, lingering on her modest chest and creamy torso. She ignored the hungry gleam in his eyes as her dazed mind tried to focus. “Sol,” she called out weakly. “Photos.”

The goblin’s eyes darted quickly behind Rebecca as a camera flash lit up the forest path. He crouched low as another flash burst through the trees, trying to decide whether to run or fight. After three more flashes, Rebecca thought that she could see calm cheerfulness return to his face. He stared hungrily at Sol’s nude curves, then turned his eager eyes back to Rebecca’s slender body. He had moved close enough that Rebecca could almost reach out her hand to touch him. She stared in stunned silence. *Months of planning this day, and now I can’t think of anything to say...* She thought to herself silently.

While still smiling broadly, the short grey person walked towards the trees behind Rebecca. She listened closely to sounds of rustling leaves, then dragging sounds. With a sudden jerk, she dropped downward until her hands touched the ground. Another sudden movement lowered her down again until her face rested on her elbows above the path, then a third movement lowered her hips down to the ground. While her legs were still suspended, her headache was fading and her pink face turned creamy again. She barely noticed the rough twigs under her belly as she laid happily on the dirt path.

“You deer.” The goblin’s gravelly voice was cheerful, albeit commanding. Rebecca turned her head to face her captor, noticing how his tiny, muscular build was barely half of her height. “I deer” she agreed in a warm voice.

“You no run” stated the goblin as he smiled, and Rebecca tried to guess whether he was issuing a command or merely mentioning an observation. He casually grasped her wrists, and tied them together in front of her using a coarse rope. He clearly wasn’t trying to be harsh, but the firm treatment left Rebecca panting slightly. She stifled a moan as she felt his rough hands wrap rope around her thighs, trying a few knots that she could feel but not see. Then she felt his pudgy hands pulling on the cord around her ankles, and he gently lowered her legs to the ground.

“Thank you” Rebecca heard herself say as she flexed the sore muscles in her legs and feet. Pins and needles were already burning through her feet from the reduced blood circulation, but it felt nice to be able to move her toes. She gently rolled over onto her back as the goblin walked towards Sol. Though her legs and wrists were tied snugly, she enjoyed laying on the dirty path, feeling blood flow normally again. She closed her eyes, smiling contentedly while listening to Sol get lowered from the tree branch. Her bound hands brushed lightly on her stomach, then down around her hips and towards her thighs. By the time Sol was on laying on the ground, Rebecca’s fingers were busily rubbing circles on her wet flower.

“You walk.” Rebecca stopped rubbing and opened her eyes. The goblin stood above her, still smiling happily. He pulled the rope around her wrists, slowly pulling her up to a sitting position. Then he lifted gently but firmly on her elbows, helping her stand upright. With his rope and her shorts wrapped around her knees, she could only take tiny, shaky steps. The goblin casually grasped her thigh with both hands, trying to help steady her. She found herself staring down at him with excited eyes, wishing that he would move his hands higher up her legs.

The goblin grasped an end of the rope that tied Rebecca’s wrists, and pulled her gently towards Sol. Another camera flash lit up the forest, and Rebecca smiled as she saw that Sol was managing the camera despite her tied wrists. Standing naked, bound, helpless, in a forest, and now on camera, Rebecca felt her arousal drip down her leg.

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The walk toward the goblin’s cave had been uneventful. He had pulled firmly on their ropes at first, but when he realized that neither girl was resisting, he eventually stopped pulling. He even paused to loosen the knots on Sol’s wrists after she almost dropped her camera. As he re-tied the knots, she tried to show him how a camera works. She stopped trying when she noticed that he was staring hungrily at her breasts instead of looking at the camera’s digital display. With mostly free hands, Sol snapped nonstop photos of the goblin’s grungy clothes, his puppy-dog smile, and Rebecca’s smooth, pale skin. She even ventured a few shaky selfies as she stumbled along on hobbled legs.

“Oh! I did not expect this.” Rebecca’s voice had recovered from arousal enough to sound academic again. She was standing at the entrance of a tiny cave, carefully weighing options. The word cave was generous; she would probably call it a hole in a rock that might be big enough for a single goblin to avoid rain and snow. The goblin had calmly walked inside, lightly pulling on the girls’ ropes. While their short captor could stand inside the little cave, the girls would need to crawl, and Rebecca didn’t think that they could all fit.

“Hey Becca, didn’t he go to that lady’s house to eat her?” Sol asked curiously while dutifully photographing a pile of discarded fishbones outside of the cave.

Rebecca didn’t respond to Sol. Instead, she knelt near the goblin. He had rummaged through a small pile of his belongings, and now held a large kitchen knife with a jagged, dented blade.

“Hey,” she said in a flirty voice, the voice that she used on rare occasions when she needed to manipulate her guy friends at college, “I have a big house. You want to see big house?” She noticed that he was looking her up and down as she spoke, licking his lips. She leaned her face in, demanding attention on her eyes. “We go to my house. You eat me there.” Her voice was still playful, but insistent.

The goblin seemed indecisive as Sol came and knelt next to Rebecca. His grotesque little face scrunched up as he considered options. After a loaded silence, he absently dropped his knife, and reached out his hands to grasp a handful of each girl’s breasts. He gently kneaded their nipples as he spoke. “Grugg want see deer house. Hm. But Grugg want eat now.”

Rebecca froze in anticipation, wondering if he would bite into her breast. A voice screaming in her mind slowly managed to reach her lips. “Grugg, it’s nice to meet you Grugg. Me Becca. At my house, you can eat me slowly. I have a fridge and freezer. My meat will stay fresh Grugg!” She saw a light in his eyes, and she smiled, realizing that he remembered the fridge from the house of the woman that he slowly ate several months ago.

Grugg’s little face brightened with an idea. “Grugg eat little now? Then go deer house?” Rebecca noticed that Grugg’s eyes were pleading now, begging for a snack before going. “Uh, hm... How will you carry me if you kill me and start eating me here?” The goblin looked at her, clearly not understanding her question. She hadn’t anticipated how adorable the beady little eyes would be. Still, she really wanted to convince him to come home with her.

“Deer house is close. Soon Grugg eat me.” She nodded down towards her nude body, then flashed a smile.

Her new goblin friend still seemed indecisive. Sol spoke up next “What do you want to eat Grugg?” Her voice was trembling slightly, nervously excited.

Rebecca grimaced as Grugg smiled. *Not helping Sol* she thought as the goblin stooped to pick up his battered knife. “Grugg want... fresh.” Both girls’ eyes shot open as Grugg suddenly grasped Sol’s areola firmly, then aligned the blade edge against her mocha skin. Both girls froze, stunned by surprise and arousal. Rebecca watched silently as her friend closed her eyes tight, bracing herself for the sting of the blade. Sol’s mind was swimming, overwhelmed—kneeling at a goblin cave, with her breast squeezed tightly in his meaty little hand, with cold steel resting against her skin, just above her areola; it felt surreal. Fear and arousal were building inside her, and she fought to control her

bucking hips as an orgasm flowed through her. “Do it... Cut me!” She heard herself say in a shaky, throaty, hungry voice.

A silent pause lasted a short eternity, and Sol finally managed to open her eyes. She noticed that Grugg had lowered his jagged knife, and seemed to be lost in thought. Eventually his thick fingers released Sol’s breast, then reached instead for the ropes tied to her wrists. “Grugg want see deer house” he mumbled nonchalantly, “deer walk now. Eat soon.”

Sol and Rebecca were both panting as they stood up on their shaky legs and started walking home. Rebecca sighed deeply, relieved that she didn’t need to figure out how to carry a partially-eaten friend through a dark forest.

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Walking home was pleasant. While they didn’t pass any evening-joggers or hikers in the forest, both girls enjoyed being naked in public. As Rebecca’s mind slowly recovered from her arousal, her academic brain took command. Grugg was chatty, though his broken English was often incomprehensible. She maneuvered carefully through the conversation, sometimes solving the riddle of what he was trying to express, and sometimes giving up and changing topics. Every word fascinated her: she was starting to understand that he was living in a true state of nature, in a patch of forest that was surrounded by civilization. He could hear traffic and city noise from his cave, where he ate frogs and fish like a feral predator. His nearly-human brain could handle abstract thought and communication, though he associated humans as friendly meat. Rebecca found herself pre-writing lines on her thesis, *I had become Pork Chop, the farmers friendly pig, walking eagerly toward butcher*. Minutes passed quickly as she continued asking her jovial captor for more details about his life in the wild.

City lights brightened the trees as the trio approached the edge of the forest. Rebecca guided her new master on a narrow side-trail, then up the porch stairs to a small, simple house. The daily commute to her school had been exhausting from this forest house, but now she felt very content with her decision to rent a house at the edge of the woods; it would have been unpleasant to cross town while nude and restrained. The back door was unlocked, and she smiled as she held the door for Grugg and Sol to enter her rented home. She calmly wriggled her hands out of her loose restraints as she walked in behind them and closed the door.

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“Okay Sol, I left a detailed note on top of my laptop. You can just load the photos for today, add them to the appendix that I left for you, and then email it to my professor. I know it’s a lot to ask, but I hope that you can get photos of how he chops me up, and maybe a few pictures of Grugg enjoying my meat...” Rebecca’s mind was racing as she confirmed these last details. She couldn’t stop smiling as the pieces of her plan were working out perfectly.

“Wait Becca, I, uh, I want to change plans.” There was an apologetic note in Sol’s voice, and Rebecca’s cringed. She was afraid that her photographer wouldn’t be able to stomach this next part.

“Yeah, I understand,” Rebecca responded quickly, “I have already asked too much. Just please remember to pick up my laptop and the instruction sheet before you leave. It’s probably best if you sneak away now while he’s busy—”

“No,” Sol interrupted, “I’m staying. I’m *definitely* staying.” Rebecca noticed a mischievous gleam in her friend’s eyes. “There is a lot more to write now that you have talked with our friend Grugg, and you will be better at sorting through photos that match your thesis. So, it only makes sense for me to take your place—Grugg can eat me instead of you.”

Rebecca’s jaw dropped as her friend continued. “The camera is easy, I already adjusted it to the indoor lighting. You can run the photoshoot as he is cutting me up.” To emphasize her point, Sol lifted her hands under her massive melons, lifting them and shaking them slightly. Rebecca easily imagined how Grugg would slice through the fat mammaries, then chew through her soft flesh. Her eyes glazed over as she imagined the goblin’s pointy teeth chewing through her friend’s body. She pictured the stubby goblin hands holding Sol’s wide thigh like a drumstick, savagely tearing bites from her smooth, round ass...

“No, wait!” Rebecca shook her head quickly, trying to focus. “Sol! No.... No no no! You were only supposed to take photos; I can’t ask you to volunteer to become meat.”

Sol didn’t respond at first; she was still calmly shaking her large breasts up and down. Rebecca realized that Sol was also enjoying the fantasy of a blade slicing through her ample chest. Rebecca’s pale hands moved unconsciously up to her own smooth breasts. She gently caressed her hard nipples as she waited for her friend to respond.

“Well, I just think that it would be better for your thesis if, well... okay, actually, I don’t even care about your thesis. I just think that it will be *hot* to feel Grugg’s knife in my fat tits, or maybe even feel his hungry mouth wrap around my nipples. Gawd I just want him to eat me *now!*”

“Okay,” Rebecca started in her trying-to-be-professional voice, “I hear you. Getting eaten sounds hot. *Really hot*. But, you shouldn’t rush this, and, uh, I mean, the house is set up for me to get butchered. My freezer and fridge can fit my skinny little limbs, but I don’t know if your lovely curves will fit. You wouldn’t want Grugg to throw away any of your tasty flesh, would you?”

Sol smirked at her friend, then snorted out a little laugh. “I’m sure that I would fit just fine after Grugg slices me up a little. Admit it Becca, you just can’t wait to be a meatslut, can you?”

Rebecca frowned slightly as she followed Sol’s eyes down to her own crotch. One of her hands had somehow drifted downward from her breasts, and she was absently toying with her own clitoris. The glazed look returned to her eyes as she struggled to reply.

"It's... still my house, so I should be the one who decides." Rebecca's argument sounded very weak as she heard her own words, but her aroused brain couldn't find anything better to say.

"Hm. Who should decide, really? I mean, we're both just willing meatsluts now, so our predator should decide which ass he wants to eat tonight." There was an edge in Sol's voice; some competitive part of Rebecca's brain fought for attention over the excitement that was building in her womanhood.

"Grugg!" Rebecca called towards the bathroom, where their goblin friend was relaxing in a warm bath. The sandy-haired girl hurried down her hall, sensing her Latina friend running behind her. "Grugg, deer is ready for you to eat! Look Grugg, I'm very fresh!" Acting on instinct, the pale girl leaned over the bathtub, moving her firm young breasts close to his surprised beady eyes.

Sol rushed beside her friend, playfully plowing her wide hip against the slender girl's thigh, pushing the pale girl out of the way as she placed her own mocha breasts against Grugg's confused face. "Hey big guy, don't you want to taste my big, juicy breasts?" She rolled her shoulders, bouncing her soft melons all over the goblin's grey face.

A surprised smile spread across Rebecca's face as she regained her footing after getting pushed aside. She realized that Grugg could easily just open his crooked mouth and take a bite out of Sol's chest. Without thinking, she spun around with her back toward Grugg, and plowed her own hip against Sol's leaning body, easily pushing the distracted girl out of her way. Rebecca rolled her hips towards Grugg, showing him her smooth, tight cheeks. "Doesn't my meat look tasty Grugg?" She teased warmly as she leaned forward, twerking her apple-shaped ass. The smile widened as Sol pushed against her shoulders, then tried to pull her out of the way.

Seconds later, both girls were rolling on the bathroom floor, wrestling while laughing, grunting and occasionally screaming. Grugg stood up in the bathtub, watching the grappling women with bewildered eyes. Sol was bigger and stronger, but she had no idea how to handle herself in a grappling match. Rebecca knew how to twist the Latina's limbs around, and before long Sol found herself pinned down on her back, with Rebecca kneeling firmly on her shoulders.

With her wide, mischievous smile and a flushed face, Rebecca looked down at her naked, curvy friend. She couldn't resist the temptation to squeeze the large, soft funbags that were smashed between her knees. "I win." Rebecca's voice was playful as she panted.

Between panting breaths, Sol found herself laughing. She was twisting and bucking as hard as possible, but she couldn't shake loose from under her friend's slender body. Finally she stopped trying. "You win" she conceded in a warm, cheerful tone.

The sound of splashing water turned both girl's heads, and they watched the newly-clean goblin crawl out of the bathtub. Water drops fell heavily onto the tile floor as he crouched on the floor next to the two smiling meatsluts. He flashed a toothy smile to Sol. "You lose!" he stated in a celebratory voice.

Grugg leaned forward, sliding his hands past Sol's face to grasp her left breast. She gasped as his head hovered over her chest. "EEEEEEP!" she shrieked as she felt his lips wrap around her areola, with tiny teeth pressingly lightly around her puffy, rock-hard nipple.

Sol moaned lewdly as she felt his teeth close hard around her nipple. Hot arousal and pain shot through her body as the teeth pierced her sensitive flesh. Her eyes closed as she trembled, bucking wildly beneath Rebecca's knees as the goblin teeth ripped her delicate nipple from her body. Sol forced her eyes open to watch as Grugg chewed aggressively on her soft skin, smiling contently as he savored her flavor. Another climax rocked her body, closing her eyes and shaking what was left of her breasts. "Eat me Grugg!" Sol begged desperately as she panted in ecstasy.

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Though the thesis was already submitted to her appreciative and impressed professor, Rebecca found herself opening her appendix daily. She ogled each photo that showed how Sol had been sliced up into beautiful slabs of meat, then stored carefully in Rebecca's freezer and fridge. She was enjoying using her cookbook from Julie's Catering; every day she cooked new meaty dishes for her voracious friend. Grugg made a surprisingly interesting house mate, so she was enjoying passing the time by learning about his life while she waited for her freezer to empty. *Only one or two more weeks until Grugg finishes eating up Sol's lovely body*, she reminded herself while staring at a close-up photo of Grugg's teeth digging deep into Sol's fillet. She closed her eyes, imagining how the goblin teeth would feel on her own body. Her fingers drifted back down to her moist folds as she carefully crafted a plan for her time with Grugg. *Soon I can feel your teeth on my skin*, she thought silently as her fingers rubbed familiar circles on her womanhood.