

Call Your Local Smithy

There was something musical about the sound of a hammer banging metal into place. A cord in a concerto of heat and steel singing in harmony throughout the forge to make something new altogether. Or so, Albera thought once he'd finally set his hammer aside the anvil with an audible clank.

The blacksmith's day had been a busy one. The hustle and bustle in the cobbled streets had long-since died with the sinking sun setting the horizon on fire. And the saluki watched as the humans, furs, and other creatures alike shuffled off home or to the local pub.

"As sure a sign to close up shop as any. I'm completely knackered..."

Albera's long, frayed ears flickered as he clenched the freshly shaped metal in a massive pair of tongs that looked more like jaws. The forge had once been his mother's. And like with most everything she owned, she'd dragged her Cerberus themed décor kicking and screaming beyond what was reasonable to her place of work. It really just made the entire forge akin to crawling into the belly of a beast.

But she knew her shit. Made sure to forge her only son in her trade just as spectacularly as she had her own meticulously crafted tools. Got him familiar with a hammer in his paws. And helped him fall in love with the smokey scent of flames, the tang of metal, and the legacy she inevitably left behind.

"Can't be bangin' away into the ass hours of the bloody night, though..." The canine huffed as he quenched his latest project in a pot of water to cool. The steam ruffled his dirty brown fur and tied-back afro to the point of frizzing, though he barely noticed while examining his handiwork. The blade would make an adventurer a fine companion someday. "But for now, time to clock out—"

"Hey, Al—good thing I caught ya'll before closin' time!"

The customer hurricane-ed herself past the saluki faster than he could blink. A blur of inky black hair and emerald skin, she was already past the clerk counter and at his workbench proper. Albera took off his gloves, shoved his paws into his overall pockets, and tried not to bark loud enough to deafen the entire town. Because there was only one individual who'd barrel in with the subtlety of a shot cannon near closing time.

"*Chiherizode*, bloody hell—you gonna' make a point of this every time you return to town?" The saluki wheeled to face the goblin who waltzed into the forge like she owned the place. She was about half his size with a build that was the definition of "short stack". And her mane of busy hair made it easy to hide the sinister glint in her eyes as she just plopped her bag onto the bench with a heavy thunk.

"Thanks for askin' iffin' I made it back in one piece, Al." The goblin said with a coy grin that showed off her pearly fangs.

Albera rubbed the back of his head and let his blood-red eyes half-lid in equal parts guilt and annoyance. "You're here. You're running your mouth. And you're about to kick your muddy boots up on my workbench—don't do that, Chihea." He had to damn near yank those dragon-

scaled disasters down before she could swing them up on the surface. And then looked at the bag that was twice her size and ready to snap the table in half. “What’s all this rubbish?”

“The business I brought ya’, obviously. Prepare to make a purdy penny today!” Chihea jumped to dump the contents in what Albera could only describe as a nightmare.

They were weapons. Anything ranging from a small dagger to a double-headed battle axe. All of them broken. Like she had dumped a miniature graveyard to some poor smithy’s work before him.

And sadly, Albera was that smithy...

Reconciling the feelings at war inside of him was like trying to punch through a brick wall. On one paw, Chihea was the customer that frequently visited the forge most, and so probably paid seventy-five percent of his bills. She’d always stuck around it, even when they were kids. And while she swore up and down that it wasn’t on purpose, the hound didn’t mind the lie. The forge was probably warmest when the goblin was there.

On the other paw, she had a clear vendetta against his blood pressure in how every weapon she touched required its own funeral the moment she returned. And he sincerely hoped that wasn’t on purpose either...

“Fucking—again?!” The saluki’s long tail thunked the ground while he cradled a nearly-snapped shotel like a lost child. “What the hell did you get hired to fight, a bunch of rocks?!”

“Succubi—a whole ass coven of ‘em.” Chihea was already snatching her armor off to chuck under the bench until she was just in her trousers and a tank. “They were mighty tough, but I showed ‘em what fer—you wanna’ hear the harrowing, heroic tale of how I did it?”

The goblin’s smile was poison to his frustration. Because Albera probably should have been yelling at her. Instead, he began to sort her arms aside for tomorrow’s workday. Like he normally did.

“I’m not in the mood for your tosh tonight. I want to close up so I can get a drink, piss, and take my tired arse to bed.”

“Bed? Like...right *now*, right now?” Chihea’s long, studded ears shot up like lightning rods.

“It’s late, mate, and I’m closing. But I promise I’ll take care of—”

She gave no fucks about invading Albera’s personal bubble. Grasped his paws quick as a shot when he instinctually stepped back. And leaned up on tiptoe to shake her bangs back like some battle-hardened super model. Her gorgeous, violet eyes were the hammer that warped his resolve like hot, flimsy metal. Especially when she batted them in a way that said she was about to ask him something he had no business saying yes to...

“Albera...”

“Oh lord...”

“Sweet, sweet Al—won’t ya’ll at least take care of *one* weapon for me tonight?”

“Why tonight?” The hound blinked.

“In case I gotta gut somethin’ in my sleep?” Chihea chimed with a playfully scary amount of conviction, “But also because I might be in a bit of trouble because of it.”

She didn’t move away after. Didn’t let his paws go. Didn’t seem to care he’d gripped her hands back in response. Up this close, she was like holding lightning—beautifully wild and sparking every nerve in Albera’s body while his girl-next-door syndrome kicked in full force.

Until he grunted, carefully let go, and shoved his paws into his pockets so they wouldn’t act on instinct after.

“Fine. Let’s see what you’ve got, then.”

“Hell yeah!” Chihea practically skipped to rummage through her mess. Her long, furry tail swished like a whip until she came back with just one blade.

The dagger was a gorgeous piece of work. An onyx blade like gazing into the darkest midnight; a handguard encrusted in blood red gems and ending in points that looked like fangs; and a hilt as silver as the moonlight. He would have just grabbed it—if bad vibes didn’t radiate from it like a miasma.

And if it hadn’t suspiciously been the only weapon in the pile that *wasn’t* broken...

“...wait a damn minute! I’ve seen something like this before.” Albera scrambled into the forge’s office. His mother hadn’t kept many books on the built-in shelf. Just a few hobby tomes and a handful of journals on the various items she’d either forged or encountered.

The saluki yanked one to thumb through quickly. All while Chihea practically thunked her head to his chest when she tried to rubberneck with him. It made him feel even lankier in comparison as he stopped on the page he was looking for.

“I thought it looked dodgy. That’s a Lilin Blade...”

“The heck is that?” The goblin blinked.

“A blade infused with demonic energy that will probably curse the hell out of you if you use it.” Albera looked down at his friend. And cocked his brow in a silent question.

“...does guttin’ a coven of succubi with their own weapon after all mine broke co—ah!”

Albera snatched her hand up to examine it. He wasn’t a healer. But he wasn’t stupid enough to miss the two puncture wounds on her palm. As if the hilt of the blade had bitten down on her nice and deep at the points.

“Fuck! We need a priest.”

“No, there’s a reason why I came here—”

But Albera was already pulling her along while speed reading the text again. If anything but to determine what curse they were dealing with and how long he had to drag Chihea to the local church. And that was hard to do when the goblin suddenly koala-ed onto his arm. Her cheek buried

against him, chest pushing against his side, and his every wholesome thought got sniped by his emotions.

He would have fish-wiggled her off if he didn't finally find what he was looking for. Only to suddenly shut the book like it was explosive. And felt those wholesome thoughts now being thoroughly pummeled into the dirt...

It's a rough curse, yeah?" The goblin fidgeted against him.

"It's bad...I mean, not *that* bad? I mean good—erm, fuck, I dunno!" The hound felt strands of his afro popping out of the belled tie that held it up while he furiously blushed. Then mumbled, "Apparently, it...curses you with a succubus's libido..."

"Well, shit, guess that explains why it's hotter n' all nine circles of hell in here, huh?" Chihea whistled and fanned herself as if *that* were the appropriate response. Undermined by a conscious close of her thighs, "I'd actually gone to a priest before I got here because I was concerned. They said iffin' I can get the blade smelted down into somethin' else, I'll not only be right as rain, but can use it safely, so here I am..."

"Bloody hell, Chihea, you were all the way up north!" Albera exclaimed, "Why didn't you stop at another smith's shop instead of coming here? Who knows what kind of havoc that curse is wreaking on you."

The goblin didn't answer right away. Instead, she sat on the edge of the desk and bit her lower lip in something ...a little too sensual. Albera had to wonder...had they always been that full? Had there always been an emphasis on the way her tank squeezed her bust close when she leaned forward? Had the bell shape of her hips always been that pronounced? And had her voice always been that sultry as she said,

"Well, I reckon those other smiths ain't *my* smith..."

That was probably the curse talking. And it was doing a damn good job as Albera mentally kicked himself to snatch his heat-resistant gloves up. "I-I'll see what I can do—and sit back for fuck's sake!"

Albera was accustomed to Chihea watching him work. But tonight, she wasn't doing him any favors. It was one thing for her to observe like a kid in a candy store. It was another to catch glimpses of her pulling the front of her top down; wriggling on the desk surface; or acting like her clothes were just a fancy straight jacket someone happened to set on fire. All while batting her eyes at him from afar.

He supposed it made him feel a little guilty. Her constant need for a weapon that wouldn't break didn't just get her in that mess, but spoke more to the skill gap between himself and his mother. It just...sucked his concerned was being completely derailed by the need to jump his best friend and customer right on the desktop.

However, as Albera shoved the cursed blade into the roaring furnace for the umpteenth time, he quickly realized they had a problem. At first, the hound had accredited the weapon's

durability to its fine craftsmanship. Now, that seemed more bug than feature as no matter how much he heated, hammered, or quenched it, the Lilin Blade had nary a scratch on it.

“Uhm...did ya’ll skip over this part, Al...?” Chihea held out his mother’s book while Albera cursed everything under the sun with every failed attempt. The hound reluctantly set his work aside to glance through his mother’s vision-killing paw writing.

And his kiln’s fire was suddenly butch to the sudden heat setting his cheeks ablaze.

“Says here that you gotta quench the blade in a liberal amount of ‘exchanged bodily fluids’ with the afflicted...” Chihea whispered. Albera blinked. Let a small eternity pass between them. And licked his dry maw to fumble out the dumbest response.

“...what, so like saliva?”

“Probably not...”

“You mean someone has to...?”

“Yeah...”

“And then, mix it in the..?”

“Yeah.”

“So not like—”

“Albera!”

Chihea’s shout *somehow* summersaulted into a moan that struck a chord somewhere deep inside Albera. It wasn’t so much that his thoughts couldn’t jigsaw the solution on its own. Just...this was *Chihea*. His best customer. His best *friend*. And the words took their sweet time syrup-ing out his maw.

“...So you gotta get fucked.”

“Literally. And maybe quickly since...uhm...”

The goblin had locked her legs together. And it did fuck all to hide the wet stains spreading like a puddle in the crotch of her trousers. Maybe his work kept Albera from noticing the twinge of musk and arousal knifing through the smoke and the metal. Or maybe his own hesitation made him ignore her nearly dry-humping his bench into a restraining order.

Albera did like Chihea. Probably to the point of painful obviousness despite how easily she ruffled his fur. She’d been there when he struggled to carry his mother’s legacy. Kept coming back despite the growth he still required. But that didn’t mean he had any idea of what he was to *her*. And if that was even a line he was allowed to cross...despite the squeeze in his overalls screaming otherwise.

“Uhm. I guess...” Albera sighed, shook his head, and ultimately kept it professional. “The tavern is still open if you need to handle business there....” He hid his reluctance as well as a train

wreck. But still closed his eyes to wait on the sound of her packing and leaving. Dubious nature of their relationship aside, he was still just the guy who fixed her shit when it broke.

So of course, surprise gut-checked Albera's thoughts when Chihea just sat there, frowning, and tilted her head. "Albera." She started, "Ya'll don't wanna do it?"

"I...whoa, *whoa*—wait, what?!" The blacksmith tripped back over his anvil. The goblin's frown cut deeper, ignorant that she was still mucking up his work bench.

"Is it because you got no bed in here? I've seen ya'll sleep overnight so there's gotta be *somethin'* to use." The goblin wholesale ignored Albera's incoherent babbling while suddenly poking around the office. Her rear wobbled like a heart-shaped peach while she did and it took the hound a moment to pick up both his jaw and his common sense off the ground.

"Erm, well, I usually just sleep at the desk—b-but that's not the bloody point."

"Well, I'm supposin' we can get by purdy fine with that." Chihea yet again haphazardly yanked everything off the desk like it was all hers. Utterly ignored his protest. And clambered onto the bare surface to start snatching her tank over her head...

"C-Chiherizode!"

Albera grabbed her shirt to stop it from going past her bust. His thoughts were reeling. His nerves shot to hell. And despite his brain repeatedly screaming that this was actually happening, he was too overloaded to process any of it. Her casual response did fuck all to help.

"I don't want someone from the tavern." Chihea stated like it was the most obvious thing in the world. When she leaned over to his ear; let her breath tickle the inside in her low whisper, the hound's knees buckled, "I want my local smithy."

Albera was going to die from his heart's overzealous attempt to jailbreak from his ribcage. Part of him wanted to stop; to not mess up the...whatever-they-were relationship they had. And yet, the selfish part of him punted that thought when the goblin carefully placed her hands on his paws. And helped him slowly lift her shirt over her head.

"Ya'll know how long I've been waiting for you to make a move on me?" Chihea whispered. And grinned when her breasts bounced free to bop him square on the muzzle with her dark areola. "So I go and figure iffin' I'm cursed with somethin' like this, you'd finally buck up and stop pretendin' like you don't want it."

It took Albera too long to realize she'd come to him on purpose. And that he was suddenly too focused on how close she was to him; wiggling his nose at the sweet smell of her and how her touch flared everything in him to life. Need made his overalls too tight. And his resolve shattered like glass.

"...Don't suppose the town would be too chuffed if this got out of hand anyway—"

She kissed him. Roughly yanked his maw up against her mouth; hungrily groped his cheeks so he couldn't stop her invading tongue from greedily finding his own. It only took a stunned moment for Albera to suddenly crush himself into her. Her warm body ground against his. Her tail

latched around him like a third arm. And when heat blossomed from his crotch like a fiery flower, the hound yanked the rest of Chihea's clothes like he was yanking petals off the stem.

The goblin didn't resist. Just wrapped her legs around Albera once she was free. Her muff was a sweltering mess, dribbling a faucet's worth of need in a spreading wet stain on the hound's overalls. Getting her to break the kiss was like trying to yank an anchor above water. But this wasn't how the blacksmith wanted to work.

"Ssshh...I'm not gonna' stop." Albera hushed Chihea's whimpers when she protested him breaking her death-grip on him. His head still swam as he lowered past Chihea's supple breasts rising rapidly with her excited chest falls. Practically salivated when he lowered beyond her warm, quivering belly.

And shuddered audibly once his muzzle settled right into the goblin's furnace of a pussy. Need pulsed in sloppy spades from that plump, bushy flower. And peppering it with kisses rewarded him with a shuddering gasp and Chihea's tight grip on one of his ears in anticipation.

Only for her to suddenly cry out once the saluki rammed his muzzle right into her honeypot. Albera had to anchor his claws to her hips to keep her squirming controlled while diving deep down. His tongue ravaged her velvety insides; loudly slurped the excited love sloshing from her and begged for more when he pressed deeper into her crotch.

A wet flick of her bean here; a warm suckle against it there. And a spasming Chihea gave no fucks to his oxygen needs when she suddenly clamped her legs around his shoulders; practically buried his face into her with one paw while yanking his ear with the other. Moans chimed from her like a bell with every hungry buck of her hips that just got rougher and more desperate as they continued.

"A-ahh! Fuck...! A-Al, don't—whoa!"

Albera pinned her back on the desk when she tried to take over. Let a possessive growl roll from his throat through Chihea like thunder. He had never wanted someone so badly before. And it showed in how he ate his goblin friend out like some exotic meal until she filled the forge with her cries.

"A-Albera...you're gonna make me...I'm gonna..." Chihea's breathless pants came with an arch of her back with every plunge into her folds. He gladly let her hotbox his face between her legs. He happily drowned in Chihea's taste. Suffocated on that intoxicating scent that was completely hers. And so didn't stop until he'd completely thrown Chihea over the edge.

"Haaa...*fuck!*" The goblin screamed, clung to her lover, and erupted all over Albera's muzzle. The canine greedily imbibed in the hot, flowing nectar Chihea bucked and humped his muzzle to ride her orgasm out. And didn't dare come up until the writhing goblin's movements had finally died down to a dull roar.

"G-gah!" Albera gasped when he remembered he still needed to breathe to live. Maybe it was the curse that had Chihea leaving his muzzle completely drenched. And maybe he didn't care as he gazed lovingly down at the quivering mess of a goblin on the table.

Chihea's low, affectionate whimpers rumbled with every breath she took. She was still shaking, toes curled in pleasure and tail beating the table like a drum. She gave him the kind of wide, toothy grin only a goblin could give and that...that was what made everything Albera was feeling finally sink in somewhere deep.

"Chihea..." Albera whispered, "Chiherizode, uhm...look, I..." He choked on the words. And her tail wrapped around his paw. A gentle, warm gesture that left him sheepish as if he hadn't just eaten her out like groceries. And Chihea just laughed breathlessly after.

"I'll make ya'll say it eventually...you don't need these, though."

Chihea damn near clawed Albera's overalls to ribbons to get them off. And pulled the hound close to her while letting his member finally pop free for air. The canine was already at full attention. Inches of hefty meat idly resting on his partner's belly till it left a sticky sheen of pre between them. It...admittedly wasn't very romantic, fucking on top of a wobbly desk in a forge that wished it could burn as hot as they did now. And yet, just laying there, matching his breathing with hers right down to the heartbeat...

Of course, the goblin wrecked that thought the moment she grasped Albera's dick with a hungry grin. Pleasure sparked like wildfire with every stroke, eliciting loud, desperate whimpers from the canine towering over her in return. Deliberately slow, deliberately pressing him up against her still messy folds, Chihea was clearly getting a kick out of stoking that fire inside him. Especially since it rewarded her with an absurd amount of sloppy excitement from him.

"I thought blacksmiths were supposed to be nice and proper with yer tools. How long's it been since ya'll did this? Yer leakier than a waterfall down here." Chihea cooed up at him.

"S-shut your gob, it's hard to get out of work when you break every damn thing..." The canine barked when Chihea ground the sensitive head just past her lips; just enough to frustrate him when she suddenly wiggled away from him.

The goblin could barely clear the table when she turned over on her belly. She stood on tiptoe, tail raised, legs parted just enough for a tantalizing view of her sopping gash. And between it and the bedroom eyes she gave him...he could have nuttied right then and there.

"Ya'll gonna say it now—oh shit!"

Albera was already on her, one paw pinning Chihea to the table, the other yanking her rear even higher by the furry tail. Being with her like this put her in an entirely new, beautiful light. Unlocked a hunger he never knew he even had. Where every inhale of that sweet musk; every chime of her whimper was like hosing down the fire in his loins with oil.

The saluki's prick lined up with Chihea's pussy. Pulsed in rogue anticipation. And then shoved down deep into those warm, damp folds.

"Albera...!"

"B-bloody hell, Chihea...!"

There was something cosmic in being connected so intimately in that one slice of forever they shared. The sensation of Chihea's slick inner walls gripping him like a vice; the tempo of Albera's leaky prick pulsing in time with his quickening heartbeat; the anticipation that raged the wildfire between them into an inferno...

He was ready to raze everything to the ground. And surged forward in powerful, hungry, desperate thrusts.

Albera's and Chihea's words had died for a hot moment. Replaced with the grunts every time the hound pumped into his lover; choked by the growls every time Chihea bucked back in response; overtaken by the claws dragging on the desk and the crash of hips against that thick, plush ass.

They never broke eye contact. Not once as they rocked against each other hard enough to rattle the desk off its legs. Like they could communicate all the love and lust in the world just by how aggressively Albera laid into the goblin's soaking wet depths.

Until pleasure finally wrecked into them in some verbal explosion gone awry. Chihea's shameless moans were only outdone by Albera's even more shameless barks that filled the forge in some carnal love song between them. Yet they were focused more on killing the space between them to utterly ravage each other.

"S-Say it, Al..." The goblin huffed, drooling at that point, "F-fess the fuck up already..."

"Chihea, I...fuuuckkk..."

Pleasure cuffed his words. It took no time for the hound's casual hammer into Chihea to pick up to a maddening rhythm. His moans spiraled into deep, possessive grunts. And the goblin's cries just stoked his hunger even more. Enough to almost tip the desk they were fucking on. Enough to make him momentarily forget that *she* was the one more accustomed to slaying things than him.

The canine hadn't realized he'd yanked Chihea's tail for leverage until her pussy spasmed with each pull. Her words were slurring. And for a moment, she fell content with just letting the blacksmith work her heated insides like one of his projects.

At least, until she suddenly rammed herself back into him like a madwoman with a point to prove.

"C-Chihea...whoa, *whoa*, wait—!"

D-dagnabbit, just put it all in already!" Chihea huffed while purposefully trying to crush his pelvis. Or rather, trying to fit Albera's knot inside of her. It had been knocking at her honeypot for a while like a subtle reminder of where the point of no return lay. And now, she fought to utterly fling him right over it.

"B-bugger off, if I do, then I can't work after..." Albera protested.

"Fuck that, just tie me..." Chihea huffed.

He wanted to so damn bad. To let love and lust put his every good sense in a chokehold and just do it. Instead, Albera anchored his claws into Chihea's thick, plump rear. Mostly to keep her

from making him plug up her love tunnel. An obvious uphill battle as a cocktail of need, affection, and something carnal drowned his brain in an undertow of feel-good emotions.

The smell of their love mixing below...the grip of her insides around him... the echo of his name being called over and over again...Albera wasn't going to last.

"S-say it..." Chihea crooned.

Albera pulsed inside her, heat and pressure building in his loins like a wine bottle mercilessly shaken.

"Say it..."

The goblin shook that bottle harder, forcing him to fuck rougher; hump faster until they became a breathless mess against each other.

"Fucking *say it* already, dammit!"

And then punted that bottle to the goddamn moon without a solitary fuck. Albera howled. And his climax utterly rocked his entire body.

'Blackout pleasure' didn't do the moment justice. Couldn't even scrape the intensity from Chihea sending his every emotion careening over the edge. Albera broke into a euphoric, lung-collapsing howl of her name. And erupted a geyser's worth of hot, steamy seed into the goblin's belly. It all made him hold his Chihea tight. Refuse to stop humping or making her ride him out through his entire climax. As if that would make that slice of forever between them last even longer.

He didn't realize he'd possessively bitten down onto Chihea's shoulder until she cried back at him in her own messy orgasm. Her inner walls clenched and quivered like a vice; made it to where he couldn't pull away from the velvety furnace she'd become while she creamed his dick with her own overflowing love. Their bodies shook. Their heartbeats quickened. And everything collapsed into that one, intense moment.

Maybe they stayed like that for a few seconds. Maybe for hours—Albera wasn't sure he even cared. He didn't want to let that little piece of forever go while the two remained close, breathing in synch, connected on a level that made them one and the same. They didn't even notice the desk had long since toppled beneath them. Or that the forge had suddenly fallen into a calm silence outside of the breathless kisses they peppered each other with.

"I fucking love you, Chiherizode..." Albera hummed into her neck. And felt Chihea's wide grin when she laid her cheek against his while winding her tail around his own.

"Took ya'll long enough...love you too, Al." The goblin whispered back, "Even if I had to drag it outta' ya like a wild horse."

Albera snorted. But as much as he wanted to bask in the mess they'd made...and address the elephant in the room that was now their complicated emotions, he still had a job to do.

Pulling apart from each other was already a herculean task in and of itself. There was honestly no good way to...well, scoop up the sticky, hot cum still dribbling between them. And it was even more awkward to watch it swirl, but never mix in the quenching container he'd now need

to thoroughly clean later. But soon, Albera fired up the forge once again and set to work trying to smelt and reshape the Lilin Blade.

Honestly though, his craft was the last thing the hound could focus on. With Chihea lounging on the desk still stripped to her skivvies, the two were more interested in gunning down the other with flirtatious grins like school children. It distracted the hell out of him. But made the forge feel more homely.

A symphony of hammer swings, the blaze of the furnace, and a string of profanities later, and Albera gasped when the blade finally snapped beneath his hammer with a loud chink.

“About goddamn time...” The canine huffed while fishing the piece up with his tongs. “Now that it’s off the handguard, I can smelt this down and get you back to normal—”

The broken blade spasmed. Light enough to make him raise a brow at first. Then utterly bolted from his grip onto the floor in a loud clang. Both his and Chihea’s ears shot up as it ping-ponged back and forth. All while a deeply purple smoke billowed off it like a smoke bomb.

Only to suddenly condense, and twist, and turn on itself before taking the very distinct shape of a...

“A succubus?!” Chihea jumped up and snatched a battle ax right off the wall in an instant.

The lady now sitting with her legs tucked certainly held an otherworldly beauty about her. Skin as fair as the silver moon; hair like flowing waves of flame; and an overly coquettish smile that showed off her sharp fangs.

“Huh...someone actually broke my Lilin Blade” The creature’s voice was somehow both a moan and a purr all at once, “I’ve been asleep in there for...hmm. What year is it, darlings?”

“I fuckin’ missed one..!” The goblin blocked the space between the succubus and Albera; met her kitten-ish gaze with a frown that screamed she was the decapitate-first-ask-later type of warrior. And trying not to be distracted by the fact that Chihea was still stark naked, Albera leaned past his goblin friend to ask,

“Oi, does setting you loose free Chihea from her curse?”

“Hmm...perhaps.” The succubus playfully puffed her chest without bothering to hide her breasts. “Point me in the direction of somewhere sexier than a shabby, questionably designed oven that reeks of dog and we can talk.”

Albera blinked. Then gave Chihea another battle ax, “Go for it.”

“It certainly seems like my curse did a number on you though.” The succubus dramatically sniffed the air, “Maybe we could make it a threesome as thanks, Mr. Mutt—”

Chihea moved in a blur of emerald and black like some beautiful drop of poison. Surging forward, blades raised, she shouted, “Ya’ll can thank us in hell!”

Only for the succubus to jerk to the side and barely avoid losing her head. Chihea slid and whirled across the floor for a graceful round two. And was completely blindsided when the

demoness breathed a heavy purple smoke right in her face. The goblin hacked and gagged while she wiped out before her foe.

“Chihea!!” Albera snatched his hammer up and sprang forward. And stupidly got blasted with the same violet cloud as Chihea did. His head swam. The world spun. And his body....

Albera’s body ignited with an arousal that made the fire in him before a mere candle to an inferno. Need and lust made everything feel too sensitive; like just breathing in too hard would have forced a nut right then and there.

When the hound looked up, the succubus had turned from them. She eyed the town beyond the forge with a hungry smile, her bat-like wings already spread for takeoff. “Don’t let me put a stop to your fun, then. We’ll just call that my gift to you, darlings.” And with that, she suddenly flew off.

“D-Don’t ya’ll run from me, I’m gonna kick your as-ahh, fuuccckk...!” Chihea noodled in her scramble back up. Her whole body shook. And her pussy was once again a sweltering mess. Steamy arousal dribbled down her legs like a river. And it left her every breath a ragged cross between a pant and a moan.

Albera fared no better. His meaty rod was not only pitched, but spewing a geyser’s worth of pre for all the trouble. Damn the fact that a demon was probably off to ravage the town. Damn the fact that the forge now reeked like a brothel for two. Once Alber and Chihea made eye contact, there was only one thing that mattered.

“Scratch that—first, I’m gonna shatter this mutt’s pelvis and *then* I’m gonna’ kick yer ass!”

“Wait, shatter my wha—”

Chihea jumped on top of Albera. And there was no fending her off as she straddled him with the hottest you’re-in-danger grin the hound had ever seen. They probably should have been more worried about the commotion suddenly kicking up outside. But it just as suddenly didn’t matter when the forge rang true with the sound of their intense love-making all over again.

But as Albera struggled to keep the goblin from making good on her word, he couldn’t help but feel himself floating on cloud nine. Especially when there was nothing to do but gaze up into the eyes of the one that mattered most, smile, and let the night play out. The demoness could wait.

She could wait until the town was just as spent as they would be.

Fin