

*Forget where this one came from, but the idea of the stoner goblin being a dude really rang out. I pretty rarely write male on male stuff on my own, and I don't know if it shows here or not. Also don't smoke anything particular, so I probably took some liberties by making the weed magical. King of has to in order to affect a goblin who can drink soap without being affected. More than anything, I quickly got that the story was a comfort-centric thing. Trot is squishy and comfy all over, he's kind of a willing stress ball as the main premise, and he's always just sort of there ready to fuck and play video games when you want, bro. I think a very early idea was the house rule they have, but the way it develops was a quick afterthought to it.*

Lyle came back to his dorm and tossed his backpack into a corner. He gave a frustrated growl as he shoved the door shut and let himself collapse on the couch. He flopped down next to the unphased goblin already sitting next to the stressed ragdoll of a human.

"Sup?" Trot asked with his unshakable state of slacker zen.

"My job needed me to cover an extra shift because Gort keeps calling out! Test's on Monday, I feel like I'm the only one doing any work on this group project, and the party got canceled when I probably couldn't have gone anyway!"

Lyle stopped venting to take some more angry breaths. The goblin next to him nodded slowly.

"Shit sucks, dude. Wanna get high and play some Kirbo?"

Trot's Buglug (Trot to his bros) was a scrawny goblin, as many of their males tended to be. He had a short, upturned point of a nose and big purple eyes that gave him a pretty face for the short stoner he was. He wore a baggy hoodie and some cargo shorts, both a little too big for him and exposing flashes of his low boxer shorts and celery-green skin depending on his position. Long, tangled pink hair hung down from under his beanie to dangle around his comfortably tired looking face.

Some credit to his endless chill had to be credited to his ability to find good weed. Goblins were always happy to indulge in mindless pleasures, though drugs were difficult to come by with the trash-eaters' hardcore immune systems. Considering all the things a capable person could do with magic and the integration of over a dozen new species going on, the legality of marijuana quickly became one of the least of the government's concerns. So long as it wasn't a fire hazard, the dorms let them take it however they pleased.

Lyle sighed as he looked up at the ceiling. He was a decent looking guy with short, straight black hair, light skin and some light muscle from all his running around.

"Yea. Fuck it," he sighed.

“That’s the spirit,” Trot chuckled as he carefully slid off the couch.

He tossed a controller into Lyle’s lap, grabbed the large candy box from his drawer, and climbed up next to him. He opened the box with one hand while he fired up the game with the other. Inside was a small collection of joints, baggies, edibles and a small but ornate bong that Lyle still didn’t fully understand how it worked. He took out a hearthstone, packed it into his bong along with the weed, and took a long inhale before breathing a thin, greenish gray fog out his nostrils. He held it up for Lyle to take.

“Is this more of Hemlock’s stuff?” Lyle asked.

“Of course it’s Hemmy’s. Dude keeps buying in bulk and guy’s like six inches tall. I can always bum some offa him.”

Lyle shrugged and took a hit. He grunted a little under his held breath. Smoking with a goblin meant they needed the strong stuff to get them anywhere. He finally blew it out, feeling a little more lightheaded and relaxed already.

“Aright. I gotta get some more stars so lets fuck this game up, bro.”

Trot always knew what Lyle needed. He overworked himself and stressed over saud work, so the overly grounded goblin had been a treat to room with. They played alongside each other, sucking up and shooting down cute little creatures that got in their cute little creatures’ way. They’d take another hit between stages or if they found a spot they could coast through, maintaining a comfortable high on their foggy, relaxed safezone.

There was a pop and a little flash of color as Lyle’s character died.

“Back to hell for me,” the human shrugged, sitting back and taking another tainted breath. They had passed the bong around enough that he could taste Trot’s mouth on the rim.

“This is why you’re always the helper and I’m always Kirbo. You’re my sidekick. You’re my Kir-bro,” Trot reminded him as he kept flying through the level.

“You only play as Kirbo because you’re the best at sucking,” Lyle jabbed back playfully.

“HeIIIIII yea, my dude. One of the best,” Trot grinned proudly.

“God, you’re hard to insult...”

“Speakin’ of...” Trot chimed as he theatrically hit the last couple buttons.

“Level’s done. Mini game time. Loser sucks off the winner?”

“So you win no matter what, is what you’re saying. And you know I’m straight.”

“Sure thing, man. But you know the house rule.” Trot flashed some finger guns at his roommate.

“It’s not gay when you’re high or with a goblin.”

“Yea... good point. I’m in,” Lyle agreed.

They set their characters to swinging their squeaky hammers, and a minute later there were some cute fireworks on the screen as Trot came out on top. He cracked a calm smile.

“That does it. And if porno’s taught me anything, it’s that you can’t ever back out of a bet.”

He wiggled around on the couch, acting quickly but clearly taking his time. The short and curvy boy ditched his bottoms, his stiffened up green rod barely poking out past his chubby thighs. Lyle had seen it plenty of times with all their fooling around, and at least the little guy wasn’t too big a task to overcome. Trot’s cock and balls had the same green, glossy color as the rest of his skin, making it glisten like a piece of green apple candy.

Lyle breathed a heavy sigh, coughing a patch of smoke out of his lungs. He still slid down to his knees, tossing aside the shorts to make room for himself.

“Want me to beat the next level or wait for you while you do this?” Trot asked casually as he confirmed the end of the level.

“Whatever, dude. Just gimme that.”

Lyle tugged on Trot’s legs and drew him in, popping his little green cock into his mouth. The faintly sour, semisolid bit of flesh was about the size of the human’s tongue, which made his mouth instinctively flex around it. He hummed quietly as he got used to the flavor and bobbed his head slowly, lightly bumping his chin against the goblin’s smooth balls.

“Take your time, my dude. Not a race,” Trot groaned as he sat back, letting the losing human do his work.

Lyle grunted back and withdrew his head, lips and tongue pinching around his tiny shaft. It didn’t take many tugs of his face before Trot was as hard as he could get. He groaned and pushed up his hips, thrusting his dick into Lyle’s mouth. It couldn’t go far and his rubbery skin made it slip in and out easily, so it only made his job easier.

“Man, dude... you tryin’ to take my title down there?” Trot sighed.

He still hadn't set down his controller, just letting his arm hang to the side. He humped Lyle's face as the human just tightened up his mouth, taking the firm little thrusts from his stubby little teapot roommate. The pink-haired goblin gave a short, sharp huff as his plump butt bounced up, giving one last pump of his hips before his short, quick burst of jizz shot into his mouth. The oily fluid slid right down his throat with the slightest effort, mixing with his saliva. The smell of Trot's balls, Lyle's own saliva and their shared weed smoke made a pungent mix that hit his nose hard. The once annoying dare had Lyle shutting his eyes, tonguing Trot's cock while drooling over his junk.

Lyle sucked a bit longer than he needed, nursing the slightly sour juice from his juicy little dick.

"Thanks, bro... good shit, and not just the weed. You suck a good slug for a stilter."

Trot ruffled Lyle's hair as he finally lifted his head with a quick flick of his tongue against the goblin's cockhead. The overly chill teapot had a way of making even losing a bet to him feel comfy.

"Still quick and easy," Lyle chuckled, patting him on the leg.

The goblin's softening little dick bobbed around like a toy. Trot eyed his roommate up and down, giving a curious sniff.

"Didja get horny offa that?" Trot asked casually.

Even with the lingering smoke, there was no escaping a goblin nose.

"Yea... I guess. Goblin dick is weird like that..." Lyle admitted.

Trot smiled and stood up on the couch. It got him tall enough where he could stand up on his toes and run a hand up Lyle's chest, planting a quick kiss on his homey's lips.

"I gotchu, fam. You need some gobussy, I got that gobussy."

Trot slid his hoodie off, leaving himself naked as he brushed back some pink hair behind his pointed ear. The hoodie shed a few loose crumbs while his pale green skin looked pleasantly smooth and tempting. He dropped back onto his butt and lifted up his legs, flexibly pushing them up near his wide ears. His green balls and dicklet, warmed and slick from Lyle's mouth, bobbed to a stop just above his mild belly. Goblin orgasms were small and quick like their owners, but they were quick to recover for more. His plump cheeks spread out lightly as the soft buns settled against the couch, offering up his snugly puckered hole.

"Alright. Come and get it, dude. Clap 'em all you want."

Trot patted one of his ass cheeks, making the fat shorty's booty wobble around. Lyle didn't need to be high to be tempted by his tight and juicy ass so he went right for it, holding Trot by the ankles and folding the legs up even higher. The tension on his legs made his cheeks spread and his asshole opening even more invitingly. Trot gave a listlessly appreciative grunt.

"Ahh... thanks, bro. Ya just cracked my back for me," Trot sighed.

Even when Lyle plunged into his ass, he didn't let out anything more than a soft moan. The pillowy ass let him push hard and deep inside Trot's asshole. Between his built up arousal and lingering frustration, he was soon piledriving into his ass hard enough that the couch squeaked from the femmy teapot being fucked into it. Trot's rubbery behind bobbed him up and down to come pushing back at Lyle like it was asking for more.

Lyle smacked one of Trot's big green ass cheeks. It jiggled in a satisfyingly intense way against his palm.

"Fuck... that's the good shit," the high and horny grunted deeply.

"What? The weed or my ass?" Trot asked with a lazy, happy grin.

Lyle cracked a smile, but he pulled on the goblin's long pink hair. He reeled him in and kissed him aggressively, pushing his tongue into his mouth while his cock rammed balls deep into him. He could feel the shift in the goblin's whole posture beneath him. Trot made a shrill, muffled whining noise as his roommate not only pushed deeper inside him but pressed their bodies closer together. It pinned his ass to the couch and trapped his slippery green cock between their stomachs, making the short monsterboy shut his eyes intensely. The strange but familiar mixture of pot smoke and goblin sex clung to every part of him and only drove him to crave more of it.

Trot listlessly drew back from the kiss.

"Shit, dude... let it all out," he muttered assuringly.

He ran his nimble little fingers through Lyle's hair as he held him close and deep. "A rough day needs some rough sex, amarite?"

Trot wiggled his hips, making his pillowy butt grind against Lyle's pelvis. Lyle could feel his body start to tense around his erection. The rubbery flesh started clenching, subtly squeezing and stroking the human cock and bobbing his stubby goblin boner against Lyle's abs. Tilting his head back a bit, Trot's mouth dropped open and gasped as he squirted another burst of his thin, slightly oily goblin jizz between them. It came with a tight puckering of his bowels around Lyle's cock like an appreciative kiss, and his ball and booty bounced against the taller roommate with

some soft, fleshy clapping. Trot let out a long cooing noise that seemed to tickle Lyle's ears, and the orgasmic aftershocks still tugged on his dick with his ass.

"Dude... you're really lastin' this time. How you do that big dick humie shit?" he moaned into his ear as he loosened and tightened around Lyle's shaft. His little dick was already perking up against Lyle's stomach.

Trot tipped his head away from him, plucking up his bong and taking a quick, deep huff. He gently cupped Lyle's chin and the human mindlessly opened his mouth for him. The goblin locked lips with him and thrust his slick eel of a tongue in as deep as it would go, hitting Lyle with an even more intense taste of his spit and their shared smoke. It all felt a hundred times better coming from Trot's mouth to his and Lyle knelt on the couch, lifting the teapot up with him. He was suspended by just his hands on his ass (and cock inside it) as Lyle gave a few more pumps, bouncing Trot in place. His thick ass kept bouncing up and plopping back down with an intense clap to match Lyle's thrusts, an unspoken countdown that drove the human into his heavy orgasm. His heavy white load shot deep into him and Trot's ass instinctively clenched around him, coveting his seed inside him. Trot moaned and leaned into him, resting his smooth body against Lyle's chest. Another mousy little gobgasm shot off against the human's firmer body as his ass gobbled up his cum.

"Fuuuuck, dude..." Trot purred. "Everything about you humies is big, yea? Here, lemme down a sec."

Lyle felt a comfortable fatigue wash over him with his motivating arousal fading. He dropped back to the couch, holding Trot in his lap before helping him climb off. Trot barely got off Lyle's lap before he turned around on all fours. He knelt over and started delicately sucking on it, nursing the sensitive post-boner to clean up any leftover cum that his ass hadn't already claimed.

"Thanks, Trot... you're such a fucking bro," Lyle moaned as the goblin's lips cleaned him up.

"Anythin' for you, bro," the short stoner assured him between the soft kisses to his cock.

"Besides, I know bitches who'd fuckin' pay for a meal of of a chiefmaker like this."

Lyle groaned softly in the mix of afterglow and weed haze. He scritch'd his fingers through Trot's shaggy pink hair and thoughtfully glided his fingers over the tips of the goblin's ears. The lesser erogenous zone made Trot trill softly, tongue vibrating lightly against Lyle's cock while he worked.

"Y'know... about that house rule?"

"Mm?" Trot inquired without taking his mouth off Lyle's dick.

“Maybe we don’t need the rule?”

“Mmhm.” Trot smacked his lips and licked some cum off of them.

“Like it’s still gay when we do this, just... it’s okay anyway. Like we can just keep doin’ this all the time.”

Trot’s eyebrows raised, but only slightly. Like he wasn’t surprised but clearly considering it.

“Bro... you talkin’ about makin’ me your gay boyfriend?”

“Well... you’d just be a regular boyfriend,” Lyle reminded the stoned shorty. “But yea.”

“Aw shit. Hell yea, dog,” Trot said, cracking a listless smile.

“You’re chill, cute as shit and you got a junkyard bigger’n my face. What’s not to love?”

Trot blinked absentmindedly for a moment, getting lost in his fog as he flopped down in Lyle’s lap.

“So... what’d you wanna do when we have our first date?”

“You... wanna just get high and fuck again?”

“More than aaaanything, my dude,” Trot replied happily.