

Bree was, like most goblins, finding herself in a frenzy of sweating, grunting and heavy breathing. Unlike those goblins, it was due to her bench pressing her way towards a new personal best (though other goblins did get their kicks at the same gym while lying on their backs). Bree pumped the barbells usually used by orcs twice her size, her arms and pectorals bulging larger than people believed a goblin could.

She racked her weight with a heavy huff and sucked down a drink from her water bottle. She was tall for a goblin, around 3'6" with biceps that were nearly a foot thick. She was a little green brick house of pure muscle, the only softness around her ass, face and chest. She had short, purple-blue hair that she kept scrappy and loose. Her lime green skin glistened with sweat like her muscular curves were made of ripe tropical fruit molded into the shape of a short woman. She wore sneakers, skintight shorts and a matching workout top with "Going from shortstack to 6-pack" written on the front. The outfit hugged her massive thighs and showed the finely sculpted pecs that had outgrown her breasts, pushing them out into perfectly perky bumps of muscular flesh. Her tight core bulged with abs sculpted into a six pack that hid its edges under her hanging pec-tits.

Bree licked her dark blue lips and toweled off her machine before getting her own sweaty body. It had been an intense workout, with even her ears tensed and tight against her head. She tossed her shoulder across her low but broad shoulders and went back to the locker room to get her phone out of her locker.

"Hey, babe. Just wrapping up. On my way home <3," she texted back to her boyfriend Taylor.

"I'll have a snack ready. Can I see it while you're still sweaty?" he messaged back.

Bree beamed and her thin, pointed ears wiggled at their base. A bluer tint of blush went across her cheeks as she read the good news of food and his obvious interest in her progress. She struck a quick pose, puffing up and flexing her chest and bicep while she tensed up her abs. She snapped and sent a selfie back to him. He immediately reacted with a variety of gushing heart and blushing face emojis. Bree let out an eager squeal and stashed her stuff, quickly rinsing off in the showers and hurrying back home to her man.

Bree adored Taylor as much as he did her. They were plenty different, but she thought he was sweet and supportive and a master cuddler on top of adoring her insane amount of muscle for a shortstack. She jogged her way home as the tail end of her workout, arriving back at their apartment. She immediately trotted into the living room, her short but heavy footsteps thudding across the floor to find Taylor on the couch.

They were definitely different for how mushy they could get. In fact, most of the mush came from Taylor as he was a plain, softly built human man. He kept himself clean shaven but with shaggy brown hair. He had done his best to work out with her but was so far behind her ridiculous mass that it felt silly to try and keep up with her. His softness squashed inward as Bree dove in and

hugged him around the middle, burying her face into his belly with an affectionate purring noise for such a beefy monstergirl.

“Hey, babe! Miss me?” she pried sweetly.

Taylor rubbed her hair and kissed her on the head. Even after her quick shower, goblins had a distinct odor about them. Bree’s constant exercise gave her an even stronger scent that had literally rubbed off on him.

“Missed you tons. I got your peanut butter shake in the fridge and I made some more of those protein bars you like.”

Bree let out a delighted groan. “God, you’re the best. I’m fuckin’ tapped. But I upped my usual reps by another 5 pounds today!”

“That’s great, B. Keep smashing those records.”

Bree ran a strong hand over his arm before heading to the kitchen, coming back with her recharging snack. She rapidly devoured her bar and took a long drink of her protein shake as she sat next to her boyfriend in front of the tv. His softer build immediately yielded against her more solid one, squishing back from her beefy shoulder and hips. The average goblin diet had gone from literal trash to fast food and anything processed, considering they could live off just about anything given enough of it. Bree was one of the few with any interest in eating right and exercising in more ways than running away and having sex, but it had clearly gotten her far.

“So how about your day?”

“Work was decent. I was mostly training the new guy but the rest of the team’s finding their stride while I’m busy.”

Bree bumped herself lightly against his side, cozying in closer. He could feel the pulsing of her powerful upper arms, let alone her needy little nudges. He slid his arm over her broad little shoulders, hugging her closer to him. Her ears flicked again as she nuzzled in closer, wrapping her brawny arms around his middle and hugging him tightly. Taylor gave his usual little grunt from the force before his guts got used to the pressure. She breathed a big, content sigh while he huffed in a fresh breath. Even after her shower, the jog had brought back her distinctive scent. Goblin sweat had a smell he’d had to get used to living with one; faintly oily and swampy compared to the bitterness of humans, and he’d take it over the alternative. She breathed deeply herself, the attraction between human and goblin musk no longer a secret to anyone.

“Missed you, my big fuckin’ teddybear,” she groaned, giving him a few more pulsing squeezes.

“It’s only been a day, meathead,” he reminded her, but he liked the overly cutesy side of the little jock.

Taylor used his looped over arm to squeeze and massage one of her shoulders. They were dense and tight, but she moaned and melted into him as much as the solid she-goblin could. She nuzzled into him, burying her firm body into his softness.

Bicep, lifting, suck and pec bounce, thigh squeeze,

Muscle goblin Bree

Chunky human? Taylor