

TWIN MOUNTAIN VALLEY PURE LAND



***adult erotic fiction
written for the www
by
Lustful_Orcs***

TWIN MOUNTAIN VALLEY PURE LAND

*adult erotic fiction
written for the www
by
Lustful_Orcs*

INDEX

Front Cover 1
Subcover 2

Index 3
Foreword 4

Campfire in the Twin Mountain Valley 5
 The Highest 24
 Here Be Dragons 45
 The Forgemaster's Ring 59
 The Playings 70
 First Notch Right 77
 Stablebox Delights 110
 A Hundred Miles From Kogorad 115
 The Orc's Game 124
 Three Bronze and a Copperpiece 136
 The Seven Days of Orcyon 142
 A Cold Winter's Night 170
 The Stallion 177
 Ferals In The City 185
 Gonads In The Lightning 192
 Burden 199
 The Dwarven Book Of Orcs 211
 When We Meat Again 211
 Beasts Of Burden 233

 Afterword 317
 Dedication 318
 Back Cover 320

FOREWORD

How to write a foreword to the Twin Mountain Valley Series, this bundle that contains the entire series of stories written between 2002 and 2007?

I, the author, a Dutch male have had these Orcs and Dwarves on my mind, building the Twin Mountain Valley in my mind since the late 1980s. I fantasized, daydreamed, wrote stories and drew pictures for myself in private, I was so ashamed then of this secret little world that occupied a warm, cosy and exciting secret corner of the mind.

In the year 2000 I got online and by 2002 I stumbled upon a small fandom of Orc Fanciers that at first resided on a mailing list, now defunct, called the Orcs List. I decided that these people might be interested in hearing of the fictional world I had been building for over a decade and in a frenzy wrote my first English Language story ever, Campfire in the Twin Mountain Valley.

It was met with great enthusiasm and I began writing more stories. I translated one of my pre-Internet stories to English, The Highest. This went on and on for five golden years, where I wrote more stories culminating in my final, novel sized story "Beasts Of Burden" that concludes this book.

The stories have varied topics and varied quality of writing. Some I would consider pulp, others I am far more fond of. Writing in a non-native language is hard.

Some others in the Orc groups started creating derivative works, stories and visual artworks. The wonderful graphic artist Corwyn made for Beasts Of Burden the artwork featured on the cover of this book, as a gift of appreciation.

Personally I think my best stories are Campfire in the Twin Mountain Valley (Even though its the most amateurishly written, The Forgemaster's Ring, First Notch Right, The Seven Days of Orcyon, The Dwarven Book of Orcs and my biggest most appreciated story, Beasts of Burden. Beasts of Burden I think is THE best of them all, and can be read as a first and only story in the Twin Mountain Valley genre, as it playfully reintroduces the fictional world and its races and combines many of its, attributes in a novel sized story.

The stories. Ooh, I think some of you would think I'm a little crazy for writing them. Very unusual stories that feature eroticism and consensual sadomasochistic games played between a race of big green submissive Orcs and small cunning Dominant Dwarves, in a region of a fictional world known as the Twin Mountain Valley. The stories are written in a kind, warm, uplifting way, playfully and with a sense of humor, not taking itself too seriously and reading not unlike fairy tales, even though they of course are extremely unsuitable for minors due to their graphic content. What's typical about their style is all characters tend to be kind and benevolent towards one another, no one gets killed but there are plenty of bruises, playfully and lovingly administered upon eager submissives.

Now in 2015 no more stories have been written, and I assume this book contains the complete series. I sincerely hope that you enjoy these stories and if you are offended, I'm sorry a thousand times over. My intent was and always has been to write fun naughty Orc stories for those adults who like them. I will conclude with the greetings and conclusion of the disclaimer from yesteryear:

Open Your Mind, Buckle Up and Enjoy The Ride!
Big Orc Hugs & Snoutring Tugs!
from
LUSTFUL_ORCS
2015

CAMPFIRE IN THE TWIN MOUNTAIN VALLEY

Far, far over the Snowy Ridge in the deep forest of the Twin Mountain Valley a young dwarf had set up camp for the night. He had gathered twigs to fuel his fire and while the sun slowly descended below the horizon to give way to the stars of the night the small, lonely Dwarf hummed a hunting song, being all alone amidst hundreds of miles of lush forestland. He had walked all day and only had some rye bread and half a garlic sausage to nourish himself, having shot and lost all arrows of the longbow he wore over his shoulder. He tried not to despair. He was hundreds of miles away from Dorat Mountain, home of his Dwarfclan, stranger in a strange land, virtually unarmed, unskilled, hungry and alone. His destination, Dwarfclan Rigorai of the Northern Twin Mountain, still was days away but at least he had conquered the Snowy Ridge that shielded the Valley of the Twins from the outside world.

It had been a lukewarm spring day, but now the chill of night was setting in as darkness descended upon the dense forest. No arrows, not even a dagger, and he couldn't distinguish sweet brambleberries from deadly belladonnas so the little food he had left should last him until he arrived in the safety of the neighboring Dwarf Mountain.

"Grrrmmbl.. That's Queen Esmeraldide allright: sending me off thousands of miles to deliver some scroll to King Gyroras Silverfist of Rigorai Clan. 'Highly important'... yeeeeeah right, probably some 'Queen E. sez Hi!' diplomatic thingie.. Pffffh! I wanna be home, HOME gosh-darnit! Sending me off to find my way through Orc-infested lands to send some stupid royal greeting card to some stupid..." The young Dwarf froze. Out of the darkness emerged a huge form, walking directly towards him and now stepping into the flickering light of the fire.

The stranger was huge in both ways: He was so big that the Dwarf barely reached up to his chest and was broad, big and bulky, bulging with thick muscles. All this would be upsetting enough had it been a Human. But no: The creature had shiny green skin, a beastly snouted face with two big white tusks protruding from his lower jaw. Oh Gods, oh sweet ever-loving Gods... IT WAS AN ORC!!

Unlike the Clan of Rigorai, the Dwarves of Dorat fought the ancient Dwarf-Orc Supremacy War: It was The War to Extinction, the war's only outcome could be the destruction of one or both species. And before him stood 300lbs of ferocious wild Orcboar, his mortal enemy. Kilein Copperforger jumped up, grabbed his wooden bow and frantically started swinging it.

"AWAY YOU MONSTER! AWAY! AWAY!!"

The big Orc wasn't the least bit intimidated and smiled broadly. Kilein went ballistic.

"I'LL BASH YOUR BIG MONSTER SKULL IN! COME HERE AND BE KILLED !!"

The Orc growled a deep, booming grawl that made Kilein shut his yapper real quick.

Whiteknuckledly he held up his wooden bow, ready to strike at the Orc facing him from behind the flames. Then, after an eternity had passed between them, the creature spoke.

"You Dwarf trough with ranting?" His voice was deep and dark and shook the air before him. Poor Kilein was trembling all over.

"YOU DWARF THROUGH?!"

-ee!-

"Good. Then let us greet proper. Me be Orc of Riddent Radl, South Twin Mountain of. Who you be?"

Kilein gasped for air! This Orc didn't jump over the fire to tear his throat out yet. This monster wanted to KNOW his prey! He gathered courage.

"I'm a Dwarf from Dorat Clan, Dorat Mountain." The Orc exposed his sharp white fangs.

Now he was going to make his kill! -the jump never came.

"The Orc Orchallon I am. What your name is?"

"I'm Kilein the Dwarf."

"Keeleen?" the green giant inquired,

"KEE-lay-een.." the Dwarf articulated, "Orc-Gallon?"

"Me not keg of Ale!" the Orc smiled menacingly, "Oar-KAL-lawn.. Me been stalking for you all afternoon long." Kilein gulped. There was no way he was going to escape this beast alive.

He had been stalked and watched like game and now the green Orcboar had decided it had been enough and had moved in for the kill.

"You not eaten good me've seen. Me caught you this."

Kilein's jaw fell to his chest. The Orc held up a freshcaught hare by it's ears, and shook it to capture the Dwarf's attention. The Orc.. Brought him FOOD?!

"Here, you catch!" The Orc threw the hare at him, he grabbed it and sent his wooden bow flying through the air. The Orc caught it in mid-flight and held it out to him.

"Here: Kilein dropped bow."

Kilein dropped the hare too.

"You.. You're not going to kill me -er- Orc Orchallon?" The Orc stuck his left thumb under the thick belt of his leather loincloth and pressed the other under his chin. He curiously looked at Kilein with his piercing green eyes. Then suddenly he snapped his fingers, pointing at Kilein.

"Kogorad! Dwarfclan Dorat fighting Orc-Radl Kogorad! You be at war Orcs with, and now you think me is enemy. This be why you act and talk so oddly?"

"As a matter of fact: yes.." the Dwarf snapped, having recovered a little.

The Orc stared at him with his burning eyes and growled with his dark, strong voice:

"You may think me enemy of you, but you not be enemy of Orc Orchallon. Orc Radl Ritdent and Dwarfclan Rigorai in peace are. In this valley, Orc and Dwarfs not fight anymore. Not for centuries. Not for serious anyway. Me Orc Orchallon like to make peace with Dwarf Kilein. Me Orc like Dwarfs."

"You LIKE us?" Kilein inquired, still in fear but refinding himself.

"Dwarfs good, good friends be. Dwarfs much better than dumb Huemons. You not trust Huemons, Kilein: take this from Orc!"

"Humans ARE deceitful.." Kilein sighed, quite relieved to be talking to rather than fighting the big Orc, and even to have found some common ground. He looked down at the warm furry thing in his hands.

"Thanks for the grub, Orc. Want to join in on it?" Dwarven hospitality. Stupid, STUPID Dwarven hospitality! Without thinking he had invited the beast to join him by the fire for a meal! There was no turning back now, the damage was done.

"Me welcome to come sit by fire of Kilein? DORAT-Kilein? Me likes that! Me will go and cook hare for you! Me have herbs and rocksalt and everything! Me Orc Orchallon make Dwarf Kilein fine Orc meal!"

'yeah, looking forward to tossing it, greenboar.. I really can't figure who's the BIGGER idiot here. What fool would invite a monster, even IF it's friendly like this one.. moron...' Kilein thought, hoping the Orc couldn't read his thoughts.

The Orc grabbed the hare from Kilein's hands and ripped it's fur throat to tail with the sharp curved black talon of his right index finger. The hare's guts spilled out, the Orc grabbed the entrails, gave them a good hard yank and crammed them up his white-fanged mouth before Kilein's disgusted hazel eyes.

"They're still full of.. Oh never mind.." The Orc skillfully removed the fur as if the hare had worn it for a coat, held it up and asked in his penetrating, whisper-like voice:

"You want hareskin or me gets to eat it too?"

"Go ahead, you look hungry.." the Dwarf bluffed and watched in horror as the green creature tore shreads off the hareskin with it's sharp fangs and started to chew on them with eerie crunching sounds.

There was no doubt in Kilein's mind: This formidable beast could sever his wrist with a single bite of it's monstrous jaws. His fear came crawling up on him again. Here he was, face to face with a monstrous big Orc. A ferocious monster, chewing bloodied hareskin like bacon with it's sharp ivory fangs. And all he had was the arrowless wooden bow that lay impotent before him. Was the creature feigning it's friendliness? Was it cruelly chuckling on the inside, plotting to cook the Dwarf and have the hare for a side dish?

"You be scared of me." The big Orc growled. There was no denying it, but the naked fear was such that Kilein couldn't utter a squeak. The Orc dropped what was left of the hareskin on the thick soft moss whereon Kilein had set camp, and put the skinned hare on top of it. Suddenly he rose and grabbed Kilein, who squealed in fear.

The Orc stood behind him, holding him up in the air with a big muscular arm wrapped tight around him. The razorsharp black claws of his right hand were on the Dwarf's throat.

"Nooo! Nooo! Please DON'T..." the poor Dwarf passed gas out of sheer fear,

"Don't KILL ME Orc Orchallon! There's peace here! There's peace here!"

"Dwarf keep kicking my groin.." the Orc growled, "And it be all-out war soon! STOP IT!!"

The Dwarf let his frantic struggling die down somewhat.

This was it. The Orc had decided to go for his jugular and soon his Dwarvish reds would be all over the Orc's shiny green skin. Grabbed tight by the monster there was no escape, no chance, not anymore. All he could do was pray the Orc was as skillful in the killing of Dwarves as he was in the skinning of hares. The calm of imminent death came over him. "Me have claws on Kileins throat.." the Orc hummed with it's deep, dark yet fiery voice, "Me can kill this Dwarf of Dorat now. Fathom you this?" Kilein sighed, shivering with cold hard goosebumps all over his body.

"The Orc stands victorious.. This will be my final hour. I will not fight death. Do it."

The courage of despair made Kilein ready to stand before his Gods. He gulped.

"If Orcs have any compassion to them, you'll make it quick and painless. I stand defeated. Smite me with Death."

Orchallon was in awe. How beautiful these last words were! How heroic this small Dwarf of Dorat was, if only out of sheer desperation. It moved him deeply, but he carried on.

"My claws be at your throat. You Dwarf at mercy of big strong Orc. Fathom you this?"

The Dwarf carefully nodded.

"Me never wanted go kill you and me not go do so. Fathom?" Kilein was amazed to hear genuine warmth in the Orc's growled words. Perhaps it had been there all along and he had just been too intimidated to notice, but it most certainly was present now. Kind, genuine warmth of heart. It was as if he only now started to really listen to what the Orc was saying.

"Me said me not want or go kill Kilein of Dorat. Kilein fathom?"

No word the Orc spoke casually. Every word, every sentence was growled, strongly articulated and in it blazed a roaring fire of animal lusts and uninhibited passions. The Orc soared on incomprehensibly strong emotions. He was passionate, fierce yet gentle, the green creature was more alive than anyone Kilein had ever met. This was no savage beast.

The Orc was no monster.

"..Kilein fathom?" The Orc felt the Dwarf body he held relaxing, stopping all struggle.

"I do. Orchallon the Orc does not wish to kill me. Why am I being held?" The Orc felt in his bones that with these calmly spoken words Kilein wasn't feeding him false sentiments.

"Orc hold Dwarf tight until Dwarf find peace with Orc."

"I fathom."

Kilein grew calmer and calmer as the minutes passed. Engulfed by the Orc's bodyheat and warmed emotionally by the comforting words, he let himself be held. For so long he had harbored such intense feelings of hatred and loathing for everything Orc. He now realized all this hate and disgust stemmed off his mortal fear of these creatures. He was bred to fear, he was fed the fear and had learned to spread the fear of Orcs.

'Orcs are monsters.. yeah. uh-huh. sure they are, all of 'em. But this Orc is no monster. Orchallon is no monster. Dwarfclan lore has lied to me once more. Only Dwarves can be trusted, Ore Tax benefits all of Dorat and Orcs are mindless beasts. Yeeeeah.. You're a genius Kilein, your mind's the crown of creation...' It was incomprehensible.

He had traveled the land for hundreds of miles in the last three weeks. He had been thrown out of taverns by humans to sleep with the horses, Elves had arrogantly shoved him aside, kids had been throwing rocks at him and here beyond the Snowy Ridge he found the first genuine kindness and warmth coming from an Orc, AN ORC, his so-called mortal enemy. The hard goosebumps faded by the heat the Orc radiated with his body and soul. Kilein detested being picked up and held as much as any Dwarf, but he felt the big beefy Orc was trying his best to be gentle at it and that the green creature intended no disrespect.

He let his body go limp in the strong arms of the big Orc and sighed of relief.

"Dwarf Kilein has found his peace with Orc Orchallon?" the gentle green giant inquired and Kilein nodded, rested his head against the big green chest and replied in total tranquility:

"You make me feel safe and cared for, Orc. My fear has passed. Unhand me if you wish." With his hypnotizing demanding voice the Orc whispered.

"Dwarf Kilein now trusts Orc Orchallon not go kill him?" The situation was completely surreal. The Dwarf of Dorat was grabbed and firmly held by a 300lbs creature he had always believed to be his mortal enemy. This creature, this Orc, had total power over Kilein, and the small dwarf could do nothing but await what fate the green giant had decided for him, powerless to resist. And despite all that and his ever-present urge to be in control of most everything Kilein had surrendered completely, abandoned all fear and hadn't felt as safe as this since the gates of Dorat had closed behind him. Quite oddly he had the strong feeling that this Orc could be trusted, he had found a companion and a century of fear seeped out of his body into the ground beneath him. His fear of Orcs was such that he sometimes awoke screaming in the night, and now the dark clouds of this lifelong dread had parted to let the Sun's rays warm and comfort him once more. He didn't know what came over him, but knew that it somehow felt like a strange kind of homecoming.

"Do I trust you now? Completely, Orchallon of Orc, and I would like it if you banished the foe of my loneliness by joining me by the fire this night. My trust is such that I dare sleep in your waking presence. The green friendliness you offer so generously has lulled my fear of Orcs and I know it to be genuine. You, green Orcish giant, I trust." Ouch. Kilein was using big words again, and Orchallon was grasped by them, moved by the beauty of their sound and meaning. He had managed to gain the trust of his Dwarf companion.

"Me welcomes you in the valley that be my home." The Orc decided and gently Kilein's leather sandals descended onto the thick carpet of moss as the Orc put him on his feet. Kilein looked at Orchallon's face. His big green eyes were piercing, yes, but were not at all cold or reptilian like they had seemed to be before. His look became a stare.

"Kilein likes what sees?"

"Oh! I.. I've never seen an Orc before. Not really, anyway..."

"NOT SEEN ORC BEFORE!!" Orchallon's voice roared, shaking the Dwarf before him. He threw his big backpack behind him, planted his feet a pace apart and made an inviting gesture.

"Me want you to take real, real good look at Orc. You touch and feel Orc too. You go look and not feel shame to touch and ask. Orc body look and feel quite different from Dwarf!" Kilein raised his eyebrows. His so-called mortal enemy offered him to examine his Orcness! He was struck with a sudden blush of shyness. Invited to explore this big Orc body...

"You won't mind?"

"Me insists you go look and see all of Orc. Kilein want to see and Orchallon will show!" The Dwarf's shy blush now acquired a slight purplish hue.

"You really wouldn't mind me eyeballing you?" the Orc shook his head.

"Kilein young Dwarf. If lucky Kilein is, he go live three, four centuries more. Me Orchallon be first Orc in Kilein Dwarf's world. Me want to give Orcs fine place in Kilein's world.." He smiled.

"Besides me been stalking you and me think you nice and funny dwarf be. Me likes you." "Funny?"

"Kilein go trip over treeroot. Kilein not think 'me dumb Dwarf' but go screaming and kicking treeroot maybe fifty times more. Me thinks Dwarftoes of Kilein still hurting now and tree still dumb tree. That me think nice, but now me getting to know Kilein and go thinking maybe me can go liking him as folk. And Kilein look good for Dwarf too." The Orc looked conspiratorially at Kilein and gloatingly asked:

"You me tell: little Dwarftoes still hurting from mad trampling like idiot?"

"They do." Kilein grinned sourly, and this was the first time an Orc had made him smile.

"Good. Now you go look and touch and ask Orc. Me first Orc for Kilein so you not waste good chance."

Being invited to do so, Kilein now dared look at the green creature. Orchallon's snouted face was big, strongly masculine and despite it being both Orc and quite alien to Kilein it looked noble and Highborn, not at all savage like he would've expected before this encounter. His bright green Orc eyes looked straight at him and it was a soul-piercing yet friendly look. His eyes locked with the Orc's captured by the sheer intensity of emotion that lay inside them. A minute came and went, but he could not escape their fierce yet benevolent gaze. The bright green Orc eyes were as hypnotizing as it's dark, growling voice.

"Me looking makes Kilein uncomfortable?" This broke the spell.

"Thine eyes be the mirrors of thy soul..." recited Kilein something he'd read somewhere and looked on.

The Orc had big pointed ears that were over six inches long, they moved and tracked noises in the forest that Kilein's Dwarven ears could not catch. The Orc saw his gaze and volunteered:

"Me could hear you walking near half mile away. You were talking to yourself with strange Dwarf words. Orcs have good ears and really good strong snout. You see ring?" The Dwarf looked at the thick goldbrass ring through the Orc's boarlike snout and nodded.

"You go grab and give good hard yank at it." The Dwarf raised his eyebrows in amazement.

"Come on! We Orcs do all time to get Orc friends attention. You now go and give it big sharp tug."

The Dwarf reached upward and caught the thick ring with his middle- and index finger. The ring was warm to the touch, and the air escaping from the big Orc nostrils was moist and searing hot. The Orc got somewhat excited and his breathing got a little quicker and

shallower. Kilein gathered courage and pulled. Orchallon snorted in disappointment. "Me be threehundred pound Orcboar, not little purr-meow! Me said you go give big hard tug at snoutring, you be man and show you be strong now!" slightly insulted and kind of pleased to be allowed to do this Kilein complied and tugged the snoutring hard. The giant Orc pinched his eyes shut and a violent snore-like sound pierced the night sky. His eyes locked with Kilein's who saw to his shame some tears oozed from them. He wanted to apologize, but the Orc smacked his big hand fairly hard on his Dwarf shoulder.

"Now that be good hard tug! That me like very much! You Dwarf not be afraid. It really hurt big but Orc can hang from ring and not it go tear Orc snout. You want go and give snoutring big hard tug again? Me likes!"

"No, no.. My curiosity is more than satisfied.." the Dwarf blushed, "Orcs got a good sense of smell?"

"Me smell hair of Dwarf, me smell body of Dwarf and little Dwarf feet in old leather sandals me smell biggest of all!"

"Yeah: they're stinkers allright." Kilein had to admit.

"Me not think stink at all. Me like all Dwarf smells. You like smells of Orc?" Kilein shrugged his shoulders. Sniffing up Orc stink. Well: had to do that too, so Kilein cleared his nose and stepped forward.

It was alarming. The big Orc did not stink at all, but rather he had a peculiar fragrance about him. It was a rich and strong musk-like scent, quite overpowering, strange but highly masculine and –quite disturbingly!- it was pleasant, intriguing and what really scared Kilein was that the Orc musk excited him somewhat.

"Ooff! That's strong! Nope: that sure doesn't smell Dwarf!" Orchallon gazed at him in curiosity.

"Kilein like Orc smell of Orchallon?"

Rancid butter, stale piss and old sweat. How comforting it would be to the Dwarf if the Orc carried any of these stenches about his body. But it wasn't like that at all: a powerful smell of Orc musk, alien to Kileins nostrils yet readily accepted and deemed desirable shook him. The sheer odour of it brought up strong emotions so detestable he had to physically shake them off to be rid of them. His own brain, the very seat of his soul had betrayed him and turned on him with the most unacceptable of fantasies:

Him liking the big green Orc way, way more than he should.

This was insane!

"You reek!" the Dwarf snapped at Orchallon and the Orc looked at his bare green feet in disappointment.

"Friends be smelling good and enemies be smelling bad. Me hate smelling bad to Kilein." This wasn't good, this wasn't good at all! The outburst of his inwardly aimed anger had hurt Orchallon's feelings. Kilein did not deem it possible, but the big green creature was hurt bad and it showed.

"I.. I really didn't mean it coming out like that.." Kilein apologized. The Orc cast him a glance of hurt.

"It's not that you smell bad, not that at all, but you smell strong and strange and I've got to get used to it. I'm really starting to like you and you've got to believe you really don't stink to me."

Turmoil. Was this too readily admitted? Could the Orc sense the disturbing thoughts that nagged in the back of his mind? Hurting the Orc's feelings was wrong, but was it as wrong as the thoughts he was having? The battle being fought in his small Dwarven skull reminded him of the Supremacy War his Dwarfclan was engaged in since before time was. It was a clash of titans, both awesome and at the core of his being.

The first titan was Nurture, all he was brought up in and led to believe about Orcs and the

Dwarven Stance.

The second titan -oh dread!- were these disturbing feelings and –worse yet!- it was his very own Nature.

As he stood there thunderstruck the big Orc gently rubbed his shoulder.

“You not feel bad on it. Me believe you me not stinking to you.”

‘get your mocking self together gosh-darnit! Orchallon’s no dumbie, he’ll catch the scent of this and punch you to kingdom come for nature OR nurture! and now you stop these mocking thoughts and look this mocking Orc over before he gets wind of this! STOP IT!!!’ Kilein managed to repress his inner conflict, felt his head clear up and soon he felt like nothing was amiss, well.. almost at least.

His glance caught the Orc’s incredibly big chest at eyelevel and his eyes locked on one of Orchallon’s protruding nipples, almost as big as the tip of his pinky. He jammed his eyes shut and his mind screamed:

‘STOP MOCKING AROUND!!!’ When he opened his eyes the Orc merrily volunteered: “Me see you cringing big for twice now. If you Dwarf be having piles me got salve for all sorts of pain!”

“No, I’m okay, left some milk in my cupboard that’s all...” Stupid! The Orc wouldn’t fall for that.. Would he?

“Now you be thinking ‘me dumb Dwarf’ and not go jumping like idiot. That big improvement!” the Orc smiled, and Kilein sighed in relief, thrown clear of his inner conflict by the distraction.

He took a good look at the Orcskin of Orchallon’s chest. It was dark green of color and seemed so smooth that it shone in the flickering light of the campfire. The Orc had no bodyhair, at least not where he could see it. Looking at Dwarven or Human skin one could on close inspection see a tiny wrinkling of some sort along with it being riddled with pores. This was not so with Orc skin, it seemed completely smooth and although in the smell he could discern fresh sweat, the pores must’ve been tiny enough not to be seen.

“You may go and touch Orc. Me really not mind.”

His fingers started stroking the green skin of Orchallon’s chest. It was extremely smooth, a bit silky to the touch, searing hot and despite the rockhard muscles that lay beneath it it was soft and flexible. It reminded him of treesap leather powdered smooth with flour. His gentle fondling became a rubbing of fingers, and soon the palm of his hand joined in. He discreetly started smelling again, delighting in the strong Orc musk that had captured his fancy. Smooth Orc skin, so hot and pleasing to the touch, and that smell! That sweet yet strong Orc musk that gripped his nostrils and made his mind travel freely along untrodden paths...

He noticed he needed a little more breath than he took in. Then he noticed the Orc to a smaller degree suffered the same affliction. Then he noticed he was gently rubbing and greedily sniffing a six feet Orcboar and when he finally noticed his Dwarf-twig stood wet and throbbing in his black fur trunks he bit his lip so hard it drew blood. Betrayed again: his demon brain had tricked him again and this time the Orc noticed.

“HOLY WIT!! I was kinda outthere Orchallon! I really wasn’t mocking around or anything! My thoughts were somewhere else and I didn’t think! Really: I wouldn’t dream of pulling this sorta wit on you, honestly! I feel like a mocking idiot right now! Oh wit! Forgive me, please!!”

The big Orc shrugged his shoulders.

“Me not get this. You go and look at Orc and touching too like told, me sees you be getting curious if Orc skin rubbing same as Dwarfs and go try, then you be going like mad again and trampling Orc toes with sandals! Me think you be really different from other Dwarfs me knows...” Kilein nearly snapped his neck looking down and discovered that both his

sandals were indeed pressing Orchallon's green Orc toes into the moss. He jumped back, not realizing this would hurt even more.

"Oh my GOSH! I'm SO SORRY!!" The Orc chuckled and grinned:

"Me like that! You be fun Dwarf, Kilein! If you be liking tread Orc toes with little Dwarf sandals you go do when want to! You be mean tricks Dwarf but me likes that!" Kilein stood amazed. Instead of a violent punch for his mistake he got encouraged for doing it on purpose! He decided there was much to be learned from this Orc. He stepped up to the giant once again and the Orc held out his arm.

"You see big Orc arm? You see big thick Orc fingers? You go look and touch claw, but it be sharp one!"

Kilein was glad attention shifted back to his inspection of more innocent parts of the Orc's anatomy. He took Orchallon's index finger in his hand, and felt up the curved black clawnail

with his thumb. Good Gosh! Not only was the one inch claw sharp as a spike, underneath it had an edge that was sharp as a blade. The finger-tendons in his hand were as thick as Kilein's little finger. Orchallon decided to get graphic.

"Me can drive claws completely through ironclad knight's chestplate in one hit. Me can tear padded and leather armour like you parts cloth with knife! Me can slap clawnails into tree and start climbing right away!" Kilein was stunned speechless. This creature was a one Orc army! He could picture his green companion gashing and slashing away on the battlefield. He now understood the dagger the Orc wore under the thick belt of his brown leather loincloth was utility only: His formidable companion needed no weapon of any sort. If his fighting skills would be lacking the Orc could more than make up for it with claws and strength alone. Had the Orc wanted it, he could've swatted Kilein like a fly. Kilein looked at the Orc's feet. The Orc walked barefoot and his feet were big and exceptionally wide. The tendons of his toes were finger-thick too and the green toes had even bigger claws on them. He slowly followed the bulkily muscled Orc legs upward and looked at the beltbuckle of his loincloth, a big steel disk with a simple white skull painted on it. Around the skull there were sharp Orc runes engraved into the thick steel. The Orc snapped his fingers and he looked up at him.

"Me has great big Orc surprise there for small Dwarf..." the Orc smiled,

"..And sometimes surprise is even bigger." Kilein blushed a deep red when he realized he had been staring in the general direction of Orchallon's private parts. How was he going to explain his indiscretion?!

"Me talking about Orctail..." Orchallon patiently explained to the bewildered-looking Dwarf, "Orctail sometimes bigger... You get gag?" Stunned Kilein tried to laugh innocently.

"Wait! Me be making too rude joke now? Me be sorry if is..."

"Oh-no-no-no! No offence taken; I like it, really!" Yikes. That was kinda TOO snappy, awkwardly so...

The Orc chuckled almost shyly, then looked at Kilein with a little more intensity than usual. "If Kilein go exploring Orc he really must see Orctail... That really big impressive sight for small Dwarf!" this was too much! He had his mind overflowing with the most detestable, lewdest, vilest thoughts he just had managed to get control of, and the big green Orc in his innocence wanted to show off his undoubtably green package... It was clearly not the Orc who was the monster here!

"I must decline.." Kilein managed to force out of his throat and the Orc looked disappointed.

"That bad! Orc tail really is good looks. Especially Orctail of Orchallon..."

"Sorry.. Some things are better left unsaid, some things are better left unseen. No hard feelings?"

“No hard at all.” the Orc growled with just a little touch of annoyance that Kilein didn’t catch.

“Nice muscles you’ve got there, Orchallon..” Kilein cheerfully went further down the exploratory path,

“Wish my stomach looked just a bit like that! Can I...?” Orchallon nodded casually and let Kilein check the smoothness of his skin and hardness of his muscles. He needed a little more breath and took it in discreetly. The Dwarf was fondling around his bellybutton, and lightningbolts of excitement shot through his body. He wanted to tell his newfound friend how he enjoyed this fondling, but swallowed it wisely. He tried to stand straight and proud like an Orc of Riddent should and fought the urge to burst out in wild ticklish giggles. When he almost couldn’t stand it anymore, the Dwarf stopped his sweet torture.

“Can you –er- turn around?” Orchallon eagerly complied.

“HELLO!” Kilein exclaimed aloud and chuckled manically. Orchallon turned around like lightning.

“You, er... kinda lost something while stalking me, Orchallon.. Its.. kinda essential for decorum, really...” Orchallon checked his belongings. Nothing was amiss, he turned around and saw his backpack and rolled-up elkskin still lying there. Behind him the Dwarf broke down in laughter again and he turned once more.

“WHAT?!” he growled, amused but kinda annoyed by the distinct feeling he was made fun of.

“Could... Could you turn again please..? I gotta... I gotta check if it’s still missing!” He saw the fun of it. Somehow this Dwarf found a reason to make fun of him, he liked the teasing and yearned to be let in on it.

Sheepishly he turned around and let the Dwarf hoot with laughter again. He decided to play dumb but in earnest really didn’t grasp what was so funny. The Dwarf made him turn again and yet again before he finally revealed the cause of his delightful teasing.

“You, er.. seem to.. er.. kinda lost your backflap there, Proud Warrior...” Orchallon let noone

mock his fighting skills, but decided to let this one go because he delighted in the way the Dwarf led him on. But understand it? Backflap? A part of his backpack perhaps? Had he.. had he lost his belongings? His confusion evoked even more laughter, the Dwarf thriving on the green giant’s bewilderment.

“You lost your BUTTFLAP Orchallon!! The back part of your loincloth is missing and I’ve been eyeballing your big green Orc BUTT the whole time! Hee-hee-hee! Your privates are covered but that’s about it!”

Orchallon’s mood lifted greatly. Somehow this Dwarf took delight in seeing his Orc rump exposed, and somehow that sounded humiliating enough to tickle his fancy. Perhaps this was one of those Dwarf things: that seeing this was something to make fun of. In some odd way the barenness of his Orc rump made him look like a complete jackass in Dwarf culture and he decided to ride this supposed humiliation out to its limit. But what’s Kilein ranting about backflaps? A second flap on a loincloth?! He never wore such a silly looking thing. No-one did. Ah, well, let’s just play big dumb Orc and harvest more of these delicious insults!

“Oww, Orchallon: didn’t you feel kind of a breeze? Hee-hee!” Kilein completely lost the last shred of his fear and common-decency respect was temporarily suspended. That he actually delighted in seeing Orchallon’s muscular round buttocks exposed to his view and that his laughter held sexual charge escaped him.

Orchallon stood there and enjoyed the thrashing of his honor. When the laughter seemed to die down somewhat he refortified it by getting something from his backpack and giving Kilein a full view which worked like a charm. After fifteen minutes of wallowing in a

humiliation he didn't understand the Orc decided to simply turn around and let the sight of his bare rump saturate out the laughter. Kilein calmed, suddenly realized he had made fun of the 300lbs Orc warrior to the utmost extreme and he sobered up.

"I didn't... mean to laugh like that, Orchallon." Orchallon nodded with closed eyes and acted insulted.

"You think Orc-rump of Orchallon be looking funny?"

"It looks good, friend: real good!" Orchallon turned with the broadest of smiles and sparkshooting eyes.

It took a while, but then it dawned on Kilein what has caused this sudden uplifting.

"Yes.. I called you 'friend', Orchallon. And I consider you one. My living in Dorat holds no future for our togetherness, but for this journey I would love if I could be your friend. May I be your friend?"

Orchallon fell to his knees and buried the Dwarf in a big hug of his gigantically muscular arms. The sheer emotion of the moment made his eyes water, but Kilein could not see.

"Me Orc Orchallon of Ritdent would love being friend of Dwarf Kilein of Dorat... We be friends now." It dawned on Kilein that his words, often idly spoken in the ranks of Dwarves and Men, held deeper meanings for Orcs and that he had engaged into a commitment of the heart with the Orc, nothing short of that. He felt the Orc now held him dear. He couldn't know Orchallon, being the stronger of the two, was now bound by Orc Honor to defend him with his life, but he surely felt the forging of this tie meant a whole lot for him too.

But this dark night in the Twin Mountain Valley would bring the two unlikely friends closer still, much, much closer he had ever been to any Dwarf, anyone, ever.

"You Dwarf Kilein be friend of Orc Orchallon now..." the Orc solemnly affirmed.

"Orchallon and Kilein, Kilein and Orchallon: friends..." Kilein added, more to himself than to his newfound friend. It was incomprehensible. Here, in the dark of night, he had forged ties with one of his former enemies. Former. He was done with the lies, the lies being fed to him from the day he was born. In times of War each Dwarf had to do his part, but even as a messenger he could fight the Supremacy War no longer. His battle was over. All he was ever told about Orcs has been a lie. Untrue. Fabricated to lull him into a killing rage and condoning that of his fellow Dwarves. The memories of public Orc executions flashed before his eyes, one green-red monstrous image after another. He had never been a front-row Dwarf at the courtyard, even though he had been entitled to that. He had done his share of the namecalling and the hating and the calling of 'traitor' to those who refused their part in the genocide.

He was sick to his stomach, felt overwhelmed with disgust and angered to the bone.

He felt raped by the Doctrine of Dwarf Supremacy.

He could fight the War no longer.

He was through.

Orchallon calmly tore the skinned hare to bits with his claws and lay the pieces out in the moss. He would not speak, for he saw in the expression on his small friend's face something serious was being contemplated. He knew the look of Dwarves being frivolous and that of Dwarves being serious. From observing none less than the Dwarven High King Gyroras Silverfist of Rigorai he also knew the sight of Dwarves engaged in watershed decisionmaking. It was exactly this look he saw on his new friend's face.

He got a bag of mixed dried herbs from his backpack and liberally covered the meat with Ritdent Seven Spice Mix. He took a small lump of rocksalt and crumbled it over the shreds. Then he got his cooking kettle and the pot of pig's lard that doubled as cooking fat and sore knee ointment. He put the small kettle halfway into the fire and smacked a dab of lard in. After it had melted he dumped the spiced haremeat on top and started vigorously

stirring with his dagger, and all the while no word passed between them.

Suddenly Kilein broke the silence.

“I’m through.” he decided firmly, his hazel eyes locked with Orchallon’s bright green ones, “Queen Esmeraldide can gracefully bow down and kiss my hairy Dwarf butt!” The Orc awaited clarification.

“I’m done with the Supremacy War. You said there’s no War in Rigorai?” Orchallon nodded.

“Then I’ll look how life is there and if it’s even a tiny bit to my liking..” Orchallon was all fixed and focused,

“..I will request political asylum at the Rigorai palace of High King Gyroras Silverfist.” It was said.

“My friend want go and leave home Mountain for good?” Orchallon reacted in disbelief to this bombshell.

“I can no longer fight this pointless War. To eradicate the Orc species is an abomination in the eyes of the Gods. I can not be a part of genocide any longer: Before you sits a Mountainless Dwarf. There: It’s said.” Orchallon didn’t know what a genothingie was, but the rest was as clear as a mountain spring to him.

“Me hopes me not have made you turn back on home Mountain.. Me would bite fingers in shame...”

“You have done nothing than being an Orc. A real Orc, not one invented by Dorat Defence. A real Orc that has shown me the crystal-clear truth about the lies I’ve been fed. And more than that: You are my friend. My big green threehundred-pound Orc friend.” Lightning had struck. Four eyes oozed with tears.

“Orchallon: I could use a hug now.” Kilein got jumped and had to gasp for air as it was squeezed out of him.

“Good grief! What kind of peppers you GROW on the Southern Twin slopes?! It burns like boiling lead!”

“Me hope you be liking it spicy... Me didn’t think on it.” Orchallon apologized as he watched his Dwarven friend turn as red as the Ritdent bonnetpeppers that were in the seven spice mix.

“Like it? I love it! I’m sweating like a pig here!”

“Pigbeasts not sweating do, but me thinks it be good.” Orchallon skewered more meatbits on his dagger and shared them with his friend, who completely got off on the spicyness and taste of it.

“BAM! Top notch cooking, Orchallon! So this is cooking Orcstyle?”

“This be ‘Akhicl-Kohoth-Icac’, this meaning ‘Quick Hare Grub’. Me likes you liking simple Orc cooking...”

After they had finished Orchallon was rubbing the inside of the cooled-down kettle with his fingers and licking the spicy lard off of them. When he sat back beside his small friend who had just fed the fire with some branches, both let an hour pass just looking into the fire, each alone with his own thoughts.

“Me be saddened you not have fighting skills..” the Orc started, but got interrupted.

“How so no skills, you big mocking Orc?!” Kilein feigned outrage and gave a pinprick of his own.

“You be wearing bow. A shooting bow a weapon is for not-skill fighters. Me can grab zipping arrow out of air but me thinks it be coward’s weapon if one has skill of fighting.” Kilein nodded.

“I see that where combat is concerned; But how to hunt without one? You can’t outrun a rabbit...”

“If not running you can too, you pick up stone and you throw stone at critter.”

“Aha! But what if there’s no stone to throw?” Orchallon grinned broadly.

“What if there be no arrow to shoot? You sit in forest with dumb stick and string waiting for Orc!”

Kilein dealt a vigorous elbow jab to Orchallon’s side, who let it hit him for the fun of it.

“What me really not fathom is why walk with arrowless bow. Me friendly Orc but there be bears outhere. If me would stop eat and go small like you me eat bow and find big stick..” Kilein ignored the bow-eating bit and scratched his chin.

“How do you mean: getting small?” Orchallon looked at him in amazement, then he decided his Dwarf friend wasn’t playing dumb and really didn’t know.

“Me Orc not eat me get small. Me Orc much eat and me grow way big. Us Orcs not grow thin or fat like Huemans do, we just be growing or shrinking to meet food.” Kilein was utterly amazed and joked,

“So I could tie you up and make you my pocket-sized Orctoy?” to his utmost surprise Orchallon nodded smilingly. He could see the Orc liked the idea.

“But me can also eat what find and come after you fifteen foot tall and make you Dwarfon-leash pet!”

“Fifteen foot tall!”

“You be looking funny standing on little Dwarf toes to reach big Orc knee!”

“I’ll think of something..” the Dwarf grinned, trying to look mean and royally succeeding in doing so.

Another half-hour came and went. Kilein noticed the big Orc needed some more breath than he used to and that this unexplainable need seemed to slowly increase. Suddenly the Orc looked at him and grinned:

“Me much liking you, friend Kilein..”

“That goes both ways, my friend!”

“Me be going both ways too sometimes..” Kilein’s mouth slapped shut. What was his friend implying?

“How friend Kilein would like being my cuddle?” Kilein jumped up like he just sat down on a tack.

“Your WHAT?!”

“The Orc Orchallon’s cuddle...”

An Orc thing! This definitely had to be one of those Orc things! One of those things like tugging snoutrings and walking around bareassed or some other innocent Orc thing he perversely misunderstood. It just had to be one of those! His friend the Orc was pure and unspoiled, more like an animal than a Dwarf in his innocence, he had to misunderstand this somehow! Cuddle, cuddle... Yeah, that’s it!

“Does my big green friend want a big Dwarf hugging?”

Orchallon got on his knees before Kilein. To his extreme alarm he saw that the brown leather flap of the Orc’s loincloth was horizontally suspended in mid-air, with only the ragged end hanging down. Something had come up.. Something huge, HUGE had come up!

“Kilein’s big green friend be wanting a suckling...” Orchallon groaned in lust, panting off the heat.

“Me be wanting big sweet suckling by Dwarf-friend Kilein and me want him to be Orchallon’s cuddle...” There was no question about it: the gigantic Orc was beside himself, maddened with lust and this suckling he so direly craved was going to happen one way or the other.

“Holy hogshit on a goad-rod! What’s gotten into you for fuck’s sake!” Kilein lost his cool.

“Me go get good long suckling by Kilein and he go be my cuddle...” the big Orc panted out of breath.

Kilein, who had harbored equally lewd feelings towards his green friend suddenly felt violated.

“Like fuck I am! Go beat off you fucking Orc!” Orchallon slowly advanced on Kilein on all fours, and the Dwarf was driven back in slow circles around the campfire. Orchallon’s Orc eyes were now fiery with lust.

“You be saying: fucking, fucking... What have happened to ‘mocking, mocking’? Me big lust-filled Orc going to be mocking with you, Kilein.. Me go mocking with you all night long...”

“Jumping witches on a broomstick! You’re a MAN god-damnit! You go beat off now: I mean it!”

A sudden snarl awoke Kilein to the possibility that there might be a slight danger-factor to his disrespect.

“Me likes you way better without the swearwords, friend Kilein..” Kilein understood but was still fearful.

“Orchallon: I don’t know what’s gotten into you but I sure know what can’t get into me! You’re way too big!”

“Aaahh... Dwarf-friend Kilein starting to like idea of being Orchallon’s cuddle. Dwarf Kilein be hot on Orc!”

“I most certainly a-” a roar interrupted him.

“Friend Kilein go lose himself sniffing and rubbing chest of Orc. Him say distracted. Friend Kilein go look and laugh and look again at Orc rump and go saying look be good. Friend Kilein go rubbing and rubbing Orc belly and make Orc hot with steam! Me Orc good fathom this?”

Kilein was caught between a rock and a hard place. In the matched fight between Nature and Nurture, he had crippled Nurture by closing the door on his Dwarfclan Dorat for good. He liked Orchallon, he lusted for Orchallon, and now this beefy 300lbs giant gave him no choice but to satisfy their lusts.

He walked backwards around the fire, the lustful orc on all fours stalking him like a panther does it’s prey.

“Me Orc good fathom?” Kilein nodded, Orchallon immediately gave a deafening roar, “IT’S TRUE!! IT’S ALL TRUE!!” was Kilein’s screamed confession. A viscous thread of Orc mucus dripped out of Orchallon’s panting mouth as he looked up to his beloved friend and prey.

“Me Orc not be monster...” he slowly said, articulating fiery and nearly blinded by desire, “Me go give you choice in things... Me go now be spoiling you good, and then you get choice to be Orchallon’s cuddle or not. If you want be Orc cuddle, then we go have good fun tonight. If you not want be Orc cuddle then me go sit by fire and go tugging till falling faint. You get to watch then. Now you good hard think and say if me big Orc go spoiling you good. And if Orc say spoil good it go be REAL good... Fathom?”

Heavy rainbows! Kilein didn’t know what the Orc meant by “spoiling him real good”, but his Dwarf-twif who came up minutes ago throbbed up to near bursting to find out. He had lusted for the Orc, and now it lusted back for him with a vengeance. He never had indulged in what some referred to as the “Male Pleasures”. He had always staved off approaching fantasies of this sort with such success he never considered them to be a genuine desire, just a mere curiosity... His green friend changed all that. The green giant was of great passion, great manhood and great beauty. The fire of Life burned hotter in this Orc than he had deemed possible and his own inhibitions lay far beyond the Snowy Ridge, hundreds of miles to the east.

Here in the midst of the lush forest of the Twin Mountain Valley there was no reality but that which the big Orc and he made for themselves. The campfire cast a circle of light fifty

feet across, but not wider. All that really mattered here and now was he, his yearning friend and whether or not he wanted to find out what the Orc meant when he talked about "spoiling him good". Despite the ferocious sight of the Orc's desire he knew he just had to decline sternly and he'd just get too see his giant green friend spouting his Orc seed in the fire over and over until he would finally pass out. That would be the 'no' side of things. The 'yes' side of things would be to surrender his body and soul to the Orc's desire, find out just what his friend meant with "spoiling him good" and then deciding what to do. He looked down on Orchallon. The poor Orc was beside himself with desire, slime dripping from his tongue and from under his loin cloth on the moss below, panting heavily, looking straight at him with intensely yearning, almost demanding eyes. The past was carved in stone, the future lay hidden in the mists of the yet unseen and the choice was here and now.

"My Orc friend Orchallon, I will flee you no longer; I shall yield to Lust and Desire..."

Kilein stopped circling the campfire, and slowly, very slowly his Orc friend advanced towards him, practically rubbing the moss beneath him with his broad green chest.

This was it, there was no turning back now. Kilein had for the first time in his life yielded to what were called the "Male Pleasures", and the object of his desire now slowly crawled towards him with the agility and fierce hungry look of a tiger stalking its prey. To be spoiled good.. He'd find out what that meant soon enough...

Orchallon arrived at Kilein's feet and passionately looked up to his small friend. His eyes fixed on Kilein the Orc slowly whispered with his dark lustful voice that was half demanding yet held mesmerizing promise:

"Friend Kilein going be taking delight out of this.. "

The big Orc bowed his head and started passionately sniffing Kilein's feet, wildly shaking his head.

Heavy rainbows! What was his big Orc friend up to?

Suddenly a jolt shot through Kilein's belly as a warm, wet Orc tongue vigorously licked his sandaled feet.

"Heavens Allmighty..." he whispered, frozen to the bone by this most unusual sensation that quite unexpectedly filled him to the brim with enjoyment and aroused him immensely. So skillfully the Orc set about his task, displaying such agility of tongue that his small Dwarf friend stood trembling on his legs, heavily panting off the heat now blazing inside of him.

Orchallon enjoyed the spicy, salty taste of the Dwarf's feet and the musty taste of his sweat-soaked leather sandals. The Orc thrived on the pleasure he gave and the feeling of willing submission made the Orcslime of his passion ooze out of his rock-hard Orc tail. He gently yet firmly grabbed the Dwarf's ankles, thereby denying his friend retreat from the pleasures he dealt with his long Orc tongue. He surrendered his honor to his Dwarven friend yet his agile licking demanded his Kilein to yield to him at the same time. Lightning flashed trough his body as he heard Kilein moaning and begging for more.

'Kilein be liking this Kilein got other thing coming!' flashed trough his lust-crazed Orc brain and he looked up.

"Ooooww.. Don't stop, don't STOP!" Kilein begged his green friend, tried to lock his eyes on him.

"You go and be sitting now.." was the hypnotising reply,

"You go be sitting and me Orc go and be spoiling you REAL good..." merciless he slowly promised:

"Me go make you cry for more..."

Kilein simply let go, his Dwarven buttocks hit the moss with a thud and a jolt of pain that passed unnoticed. His big Orc friend started vigorously yanking the straps of his sandals

with his teeth.

“Oooww! What you’re going to doooo...” proved Kilein’s wits were temporarily suspended. The Orc looked up, straight into his Dwarf friend’s hazel eyes and like a Demon of Lust he menacingly growled:

“Me go make you wet yourself with Pleasure...”

Orchallon had undone the straps of one sandal, bit it and threw it aside with a twist of his head. His big strong hands firmly held Kilein’s calves together, denying his beloved prey any chance of escape. The other small Dwarf-sandal was tossed aside samewise. With ferocious intensity in his voice he warned:

“You go brace yourself now...”

With a hungry growl he thrust his head down and started to vigorously lick the soles of Kilein’s feet.

“HEEEEEEEE!!!” the Dwarf shrieked most unmanly as naked pleasure ripped his sanity to shreds. The poor Dwarf was devoured by the sheer intensity of his feelings. Unable to bear it he screamed in torment:

“MERCEEEEEE!! PLEEEESE!!”

‘Good! This be too much then. Me take licking down some notch..’ the lustful Orc delighted in his friend’s shrieks of desperation, stopped for a moment and just when his friend’s swollen red face barely lost its purplish hue he started to lick the soles of his little feet with tease-torturing slowness.

“Ohmygosh-ohmygosh-ohmygosh...” Kilein frantically tried to regain control, thrashing his head from side to side. Being a Dwarf of the World he’d had some decent head every now and again, but nothing he knew could prepare him for this delightful torture that tore his sanity to shreds. It felt good, sooo mocking good, he nearly fainted from the naked intensity of these exquisite feelings.

Kilein started breaking out in sweat. It was too much, too much! The big Orc mercilessly held him exactly at the brink of madness, forever teasing to drive him beyond all reason. Like a drunk Kilein clumsily threw off his black fur vest and let himself fall on his back, lustfully squirming and firmly stroking the hard bulge in his trunks. Orchallon looked up from his tasty task. Tongue-fondling Kilein’s Dwarftoes he grimaced in triumph. The tip of his Orc tongue held his Dwarf friend raptured and now blindly flailing his arms in the air, fingers desperately clawing to grab anything that could make him hold on. He was driving his poor beloved friend beyond reason and had Kilein not taken a leak shortly before he would most certainly have wetted himself.

The spicy salt of Kilein’s little feet was highly arousing, but the ever-increasing firmness with which the Dwarf was now rubbing his tenting trunks signaled Orchallon he should stop his licking torture and take it all one step further. He gave one last zig-zagging lick over both soles, stopped and waited for Kilein to recover.

It took the Dwarf a while of heavy panting, sweating and clutching his hair to come to his senses. He was dripping-wet with sweat and shaking all over. Slowly he regained sentience.

“Offhh..Offhh... Ooorchallon... Offhh... Why’dya stop? Offhh... Why...?” The big Orc started to rub Kilein’s knees for attention. When he got that he smilingly growled:

“Me wonder wether friend Kilein’s been liking it...”

“LI-ffffh!-LIKING?! You tore me to shreds with rapture! Oooww...”

“That good and well be..” the Orc grinned cruelly, pleased to see his friend still was quite outthere,

“But me not hear magic words..”

“Uh... Huh?” Orchallon calmly took the time to let his words sink in. Suddenly it hit his friend.

"Yes!! Yes I'll be your cuddle! I'll be your Dwarftoy cuddle all night long! Release me! Release me!!"

Growling with lust Orchallon reached upward and opened the belt of Kilein's trunks with a fierce yank. Snarling ferociously he pulled them off Kilein's feet and sent it flying through the night air. He eagerly looked what his Dwarf friend had kept hidden for him all this time. His eyes widened and became devouring black holes by the sharp rise of his lust.

Kilein's Dwarf-twig stood gloriously erect, about an Orc's handwidth high and two Orc fingers wide, all wet and shiny with a slime which odor dazzled Orchallon's senses. Sure it wasn't big, but quite good for a four foot Dwarf and real slick and tastylooking too!

Orchallon slid his hands between Kilein's knees and slowly parted them. Sheer excitement drew Kilein's tingly balls up into firing position.

"I'm yours, Orchallon... I'm your all-night Dwarftoy cuddle... I'm yearning for you..."

Willingly the Dwarf spread his legs and squeaked quite unmanly when the big snarling Orc thudded down between them.

His Orc of Pleasure started sniffing him again and Kilein writhed under his searing hot breath. He got goosbumps all over and couldn't wait to welcome that heavenly Orc-tongue again. The big Orc gave his swollen pouch and painfully throbbed-up twig a long, thorough sniff-inspection, which drove Kilein wild with the rising tension of his mounting desire. If he was deemed worthy the Orc would lustfully devour his throbbing flesh, of that Kilein was sure. But would his willing, eager Dwarfish privates measure up to his Orc friend's standards? All Kilein could do was offering his yearning twig to Orc inspection and await judgement.

Orchallon was satisfied to have absorbed Kilein's scent fully and the sheer smell drove him wild with passion. His self-proclaimed 'all-night Dwarftoy cuddle' lay waiting for him, begging him with his hazel eyes. He slowly filled himself with the cool night air, and let go of it with a soft growling moan.

He started licking the Dwarf's twig and savoured the taste. A good spicy Dwarf taste, his friend hadn't been at it for at least a week he could tell by the sheer scent and the flavor of his slime of yearning.

Kilein clasped the back of his head and thrust his hips up, jabbing his twig firmly between thick Orcish lips. "Give it to me! Let me in and have all of you!" he demanded, nearly consumed by his lust. Orchallon grasped Kilein's buttocks, supporting and kneading them at the same time. Kilein clutched Orchallon's head between his thighs and took charge.

Orchallon felt his bowels turn in delight. His conquering of the Dwarf's body was now taken over by Kilein who forced himself on him now. He lay Kilein's body down on the soft moss and devoured his Dwarfhood pouch and all, kneading the willing Dwarfmeat with his stong tongue and lips and pleasing his friend to yield him his essence, the thick white Dwarfish liquid that had been on his mind all evening now. He wallowed in the moaning of his willing prey, whose heels were prodding his back to urge him on. Suddenly the Dwarf grabbed his pointed Orc ears and made him suck as much Dwarf as he could put his mouth around. He closed his eyes. The mounting panting of his friend revealed he was about to taste Kilein's essence, so he pressed and rubbed the flesh twig with his tongue, tickling Kilein's balls with its tip.

A sudden sharp tug on his ears that genuinely hurt made him roar, muffled by the Dwarfhood that filled his mouth. A squirt of warm Dwarf's essence splattered his Orc mouth all slick and slimey. Another sharp tug made him roar again: He liked it rough and this was it, for his ears were tugged hard and he was made to roar for each squirt of seed his small friend fed him. The squirting ended with a seep, his ears were released and he heard Kilein fall back on the moss.

Orchallon now got his chance to really taste all this delicious slimestuff that shared his

mouth with the twig and pouch he still was sucking on. Mmmm.. Good! His friend tasted good! It tasted like, like.. Like he wanted a lot more of it! But he knew Dwarves could not keep at it all night and this knowledge was fortified by the steadily shrinking twig in his mouth. Oooww.. This was good, and the tugging on his ears had been the cherry on the cake! He greedily swallowed all the delicious slimy Dwarfstuff, released his sucking hold on pouch and the now fully receded twig, and started licking it clean as thanks for tasting. Having finished he sat up to find his friend lying peacefully on his back, breath slowly pumping, eyes closed.

“Kilein?” no reaction of any kind.

“Kilein! ..you better not be snoring...” lustful Orchallon got a bit restless.

“Mmmmm.. Tihoth cathath e achlath, Orc gehessian, let me come to a little...” was the limp-willed response

“You go snoring now me go and slap you! You know promise?”

“I’m your all-night cuddle, don’t worry there, just gimme a minute here!”

Allright. Lust-filled Orchallon, seed boiling in his now aching balls, had to be a good Orc and await his turn. He couldn’t grasp this side of Dwarves: to lie resting in the middle of – this- was incomprehensible to his Orc mind. Best pleasure is to keep it hard and stay on it until full satisfaction or falling faint, whichever came first. Dwarves.. So eager to play the game of Lust, yet so easily tired... His instinct roared to grab this lazybones and let him have it, but he respected Kilein’s Dwarfness, wanted to play it the Dwarf way and so he sat there kneeling with his stinkingly stiff dripping battering ram, panting in lustful agony waiting for his cuddle to wake up and go please him. He got a bit annoyed at the sight of Kilein’s relaxed lying around while his Orc balls were ablaze with craving, but he liked this humiliating torment enough to stay happy about it.

Kilein opened his eyes and sat up. Orchallon sat there waiting for him, yearningly looking at him with a gaze that for some strange reason had a touch of demanding in it. Butterflies started swarming through his belly again. He looked at his big green friend with sparks shooting from his eyes, and Orchallon’s slight annoyance melted away upon seeing his friend look at him like that.

Kilein looked down at Orchallon’s loincloth that revealed the Orc still was fully aroused, awaiting him to make good on his promise. He knelt down before Orchallon dazed by the prospect of things to come.

He looked at the belt buckle and saw it held the belt of Orchallon’s loincloth closed, and that removing it would release it. He grasped the belt buckle and looked teasingly at his green friend.

“With no backflap I figure the whole thing is kinda useless..” Kilein was trembling with excitement. His friend’s loincloth was going to come off, this tantalizing secret called ‘Orctail’ was about to get revealed and he’d get to play with it too! He had lived for over a hundred years, seen many a sight, but never had he been so satisfied yet so deliciously aroused as he was now.

“You’re going to show me your Orctail now.” he announced quite unlike his character, pulled up the belt buckle, heard the pop of the belt snapping open and smiled at his big green friend. Slowly he let his gaze stroke the muscular Orc body downwards, until he saw what he had been so vividly fantasizing about.

“..triple-wrapped gosh...” he uttered in amazement, not believing what he saw before him. Unlike Orchallon himself his so-called Orctail WAS a monster.

It was over ten inches long, so dark-green it seemed almost black and so thick that if Kilein were to grab hold, his fingers would not meet around it. At the end of this green cosh there was a big, shiny, bright-red head almost as big as an egg and with a slit so

huge Kilein might be able to fit his pinkytip into it.

The whole Orcmeat club was dripping-wet with very thick, water-white slime.

Eyes wide from sheer shock Kilein looked up to his big green friend who grinned white fangs at him.

“Am I.. Am I to satisfy THIS?!“ Orchallon lay his hand on Kilein’s shoulder and chuckled.

“You to go satisfy ME. You just go suckle Orc and go swallowing before choking on slime...“

“I can’t.. I don’t think my jaws can go that wide...“

“Then you just go and try very best and not get crampjaw doing it. Kilein: You go be cuddle.”

“But..“ Orchallon grabbed his head and pushed Kilein’s lips to his Orctail.

“You go suckle Orc now and me take care of but!” Orchallon growled full of lust.

Kilein sniffed and his eyes widened. That delicious Orc musk he so craved.. It’s smell was so overwhelmingly strong where he now was! This was unbelievable... He was at the very source of the most exciting odor he had ever smelled in his life, and this facing an enormous Orctail monster! He licked the thick slime from his lips. It was salty, sweet, and tasted of Orc musk. He was hooked! As his twig started throbbing up in excitement he licked the bright-red ball of flesh. Immediately a short jet of slime splattered into his mouth. This was a turnon beyond belief! He licked again, and again got splattered by this delicious Orcslime. He looked up at his green friend in amazement, panting with excitement.

“This be why it be called ‘suckling Orc’. Now Kilein be good cuddle and go suckle Orc!”

Kilein put his lips at the red flesh, opened wide and started pushing, immediately rewarded by copious amounts of slickening goo. He pressed and pressed, but could not get his mouth around it without overstretching his jaw. So he took it half-in and started ‘suckling Orc’ as it appearantly was called, and each lick made the Orcjuices jet and him swallow and eagerly lick for more. He felt Orchallon’s claws scratchingly course trough his hair with one hand and stroking his back with the other. The big Orc was breathing heavily and growled deeply with each exhalation. Kilein was pleased he was able to give such pleasure and carried on, drinking Orcslime fresh from the spout as if this was common Dwarf behavior.

Orchallon’s lust rose and rose, and when Kilein grabbed hold of his Orctail and started tugging it too, he was beside himself. Hours ago this Dwarf had thought he hated Orcs, and now he drank one, tugged it’s tail and was eager for more. He had stalked this Dorat and gained a friend AND a cuddle! But this was nothing compared to the pleasurable jolts that each lick and tug shot through his Orc flesh as he panted and growled and let himself get squeezed of his juices. The naked lust and intensity of his pleasure was ungraspable to anyone not Orc, and the big green giant merely panted and sweated of it. His whole world shook at it’s foundations and he pinched his eyes shut with enjoyment when Kilein’s other hand found his thick swollen Orcballs and started playing with them, making him near mad with desire.

This Dwarf never had pleased an Orc?

It could not be!

His thick Orc balls being gently squeezed and fondled, his Orc tail tugged rough like he liked it, a Dwarf’s tongue trying to plug his spouting slit and now the Dwarf had discovered his tail was nice and chewy too.

This was getting serious! He had to reach his arms back to support him sitting up, and let the small Dwarf do his fondling, tugging, sucking and chewing that made him howl and moan and pant like mad.

Oooooww! The pleasure! He could not contain his seed anymore and exploded with lust.

Kilein suddenly got hit by a big hard jet of steaming hot Orcseed that filled up his mouth, and managed to gulp it down before getting shot full again. The Orc roared deafeningly loud, spouting his hard jets of thick Orc seed into Kilein who was hanging on and swallowing all he could, determined to catch it all. He could not believe how hard and thick the jets were, how much seed the Orc had for him and how he went on and on spouting it.

One last howl, the one that echoed and died out through the forest, and Orchallon fell limp on the moss.

A final ooze ended his spouting. Kilein pressed the last seed out of the now softening Orctail, licked the slightly bitmarked head clean and looked at his green friend, who just seemed to lie there.

That's odd.. He didn't move...

Kilein got up and sat beside his friend, his belly near filled with all the slime and seed he had got. He checked the Orc's huge chest. Still pumping! Pumping's good... Kilein had a sudden fear come over him.

What in name of the Gods was going on?!

Kilein sat beside his friend and gently rubbed the white-tusked Orc face until the giant came to.

"Mmmm.. Kilein good... Kilein keep rubbing now..."

"What's happened!"

"Hmmm.. Me Orc fainted.. You really good cuddle, me most never do that..."

"Thank you. Er.. Satisfied?"

"Me all satisfied.."

"Please lie down and let me stroke you some more, my big Orc friend," Kilein smiled,

"Just stay put and count on me to spoil you good!"

Orchallon let himself be stroked and petted and now it was he who lay down limp.

"Normally me go seven,eight, nine times before satisfied. You did in one: you being good cuddle!"

"Well, I suggest you leave the cuddlestuff up to me from now on then!" Kilein smiled cheerfully, and occasionally exchanging kind words they basked in the afterglow for over an hour.

Orchallon got the elkskin from his backpack and threw it out over the mossy forest floor.

"Tonight my cuddle be sleeping with me!" he exclaimed and lay down naked on the fur.

"Me suggest we let fire die down. You be with Orc now, not afraid you need be wild animals for." Kilein cuddled snugly against his side, feeling completely protected and totally safe in Orchallon's presence.

"We be past Snowy Ridge, there be no Huemons here, so you no worry. Here be good Orcs and good Dwarves so there be no monsters to fear. Me say again: Me welcome you in valley that be my home."

Kilein sighed. No Supremacy War, just peace and his newfound friend by his side to care for him and protect him from the wolves and the bears that roamed the forests. Orchallon could take them all, that he knew for certain.

He got up, pulled the elkskin over his friend and lay at his side.

"Dwarf bodyhairs be itchy! Me lying here sleeping with furry animal!" Kilein laughed: he hadn't looked at things that way before. Orchallon started to gently rub his side and buttocks.

"Me joking.. Me liking little furry animal..."

"Orchallon, where were you going before you jumped me and forced me to suckle Orc?"

"Me be going to Dwarfclan Rigorai like Kilein Dwarf.."

"You're full of wit, Orchallon!"

“Me like going where Kilein be going. Me Orc welcome in Rigorai too!”

“Travel together, eh?”

“You be liking that?”

“On one condition only...”

“What that be?”

“I get to be your cuddle, and you’ll be mine!”

Somewhat later Orchallon was dreaming sweet Orc dreams, and Kilein happened to be in all of them. Kilein stayed awake for a while contemplating his new life from this day on, totally at peace with the new Dwarf he had become. He had never felt as satisfied, complete and whole in his life.

He would return to Dorat once, twice a year, but Rigorai became his Home Mountain, accepting his request for asylum and thereby granting him the opportunity to start life anew, away from the War, the Hate and the Violence that scourged the lands of Dorat and Kogorad.

Through his friendship with Orchallon, a friendship that eventually culminated into a deeper Love than he ever imagined to be possible, and through long nights of soulsearching by the fire of his Rigorai home, he managed to wash himself clean of his life lived amidst the Dwarf Supremacy War. Many a time he was to be found in the Southern Twin Mountain, in the Orc Radl of Ritudent, to visit some of the many Orcish friends he made throughout the years.

Seasons came and went like day after night, and he never came to regret -or forget- this very night, the night he met the love of his life, and Life itself, by his campfire in the Twin Mountain Valley.

THE HIGHEST

Guurai knelt before his Dwarfking.

“King Gyroras.. How may I serve..”

“Allright, Rai! Get on up now!” Guarai got on his feet and looked at his friend, the High King Gyroras Silverfist of Dwarfclan Rigorai.

“How may I serve thee?” The old King fondled a curl of his beard. Then he looked Guarai straight in the eyes.

“Rai: Aside from being Chairman of the Council of Order and Discipline you’re well known to be an Orc-tamer, are you not? Guarai hastily nodded. Nothing would be wrong, would it? The King made a reassuring gesture.

“How does one of the Rigorai Domination Guild go about such things?” Guarai fell silent.

“Let’s have it now..” The King invited, and Guarai gulped.

“Would the taming of Orcs involve things like chains and shackles?” the old King inquired, and Guarai hesitantly nodded. He knew that up to now his King had preferred to remain uninformed about these matters.

“Would this be involving whips and the use one could be making of them?”

“Majesty: an Orctamer works with pain and humiliation, punishment and reward.”

“Good: that’s all I desire to know about these matters. And you’re good at this?”

“No Orc has ever complained, Sire..”

“Hmmm..” the Dwarfking mumbled and fell silent for some time, then proceeded:

“Allright friend Rai, the matter lying before us is this: A special Orc, a good friend of mine, would like to be tamed, let’s call it ‘Domineered’ for now...”

Guurai’s eyes widened in amazement. A request... through his KING?! This Orc must be oblivious to manners of conduct...

“And this Orc specifically requested for you to do the Domineering. The Orcs of the South Twin Mountain holds you in high regard, you know?” Guarai blushed shyly. He knew.

“The nature of the case is such that this matter should be handled with the highest degree of discretion...” the old Dwarven King calmly continued,

“The request came from none less than Orc Chieftain Orkhan Tusk..” Guarai screamed in shock, but quickly regained control.

“The.. The Orc Chieftain of Ritdent?!” he could not grasp it.

“The Highest.” his King added, glad to have shocked his otherwise quite shockproof friend.

“Well: do you think you can handle this kind of delicate matter without plunging the Twin Mountains into all-out war?” Guarai thought about it for a moment. He knew the Orc Chieftain of Ritdent always held special interest for his words and opinions. He himself had always felt somewhat uneasy in the presence of the breathtakingly attractive Highborn, since he himself was known for subjecting willing Orcs to his cruel whipping games, which struck him as offensive to their Chieftain. But now Orkhan Tusk, the Highest himself, wanted to submit himself to him in good knowledge of what this entailed.

Guurai knew his Orcs and the Chieftain he knew personally, but he never would’ve dreamed the noble Highborn harbored feelings like these, even

requesting him personally to come and tame him.

“I can, Sire.”

“Good: I’ll count on you then. Lord Orkhan Tusk specifically requested to receive merciless treatment, as none of his trusted Orcs in Ritdent dared meet this demand.”

“When will he arrive in Rigorai?”

“I can top that: He’s in your Domination Guild’s quarter’s right now..”

Guarai sped through the halls and corridors of the Dwarf Mountain. The Orc Chieftain of Rigorai... He had to make a lot of arrangements, and aside from that regain hold of his Orctamer role. Taming Orc Chieftain Orkhan Tusk of Ritdent... Never had the Dwarfmaster felt this small.

Guarai turned the key and stepped into his quarters. He walked the small corridor and there he was. Stark naked Orc Chieftain Orkhan Tusk sat kneeling before him, humbly bowing his head. Guarai looked him over. The dark-green Orc was heavily muscled and had a big Orctail that still hung off limply. Through his snout he wore a thick solid gold ring and on his right arm Guarai saw the Royal tattoo of the Family Group of Tusk. Guarai estimated him to be seven foot tall, with himself not even reaching to the Highborn Orc’s chest. All in all, the Orc Chieftain was highly masculine and of breathtaking might and beauty, even when compared to most other Orcs. Alright then... Guarai threw the leather sack he carried on the marble floor beside his Orc. He felt quite insecure, but the all too familiar sight of a giant Orc who nakedly knelt before him snapped him back into his role of Orctamer. Seeing the eagerness of the Orc Lord he smilingly thought:

‘Alright then, Highest One: Let the Games begin.’

“Wellwell, what’s this then.. Kinda looks like an Orkie!” The Orc Chieftain looked up but nearly folded in half with a tortured groan when Guarai’s sandaled foot kicked him hard in his muscular stomach.

“Who gave YOU the right to look at ME?!”

“Me.. me be sorry...” The strong Orc growled humbly in his low, dark voice.

“A sorry Orc indeed.” Guarai tapped his sandal on the big Orctail, pulled the noble-featured Orc head backwards by its pointy ears and exploded:

“Me be sorry WHO?!” he started to rub the big limp tail against the Orc’s own leg with the sole of his sandal and looked piercingly at his big captive.

“Me be sorry Orc, Dwarfmaster Orchuarai.” the Chieftain humbly growled and stared at his swelling Orctail. Guarai stopped his rubbing and watched the Orc monster swell up to some 12 inches in length, about as long as his forearm elbow to wrist and just as thick too. He fiercely pointed at it.

“And what would THIS be...?” The Orc Chieftain started to grin shyly, but got a fierce slap to his tusked cheek.

“A stiff-tailed Orkie... This Dwarf knows how to handle that!” Guarai grabbed in the leather bag and dug up a small shackle. He crouched down and seized Orkhan’s huge Orcballs. Then he closed the small shackle tight around the velvety soft Orc pouch, so that its green Orc balls dangled four inches below its throbbing tail. He grabbed the big Orc balls and started kneading them a bit. The Orc Chieftain hissed and ground his teeth in pain.

Guarai grabbed in the bag and out came an Orcmocking-mask. He pulled the black leather thing over the Orc’s head and closed the straps on the back of its big head. The mask let ears, mouth and snout of the Orc Chieftain exposed, but covered the top half of the Orc’s head.

The triangular eyeholes were cut out such that it gave the noble-featured Orc Chieftain a dumb and fear-filled expression, which made him look quite ludicrous. Guarai chuckled. Robbed of his highborn features in this way the taming of this Orc would be easier for him.

He took a leather biceps-band and strapped it on the Chieftain's arm to hide its Royal tattoo.

The Orc was now unrecognizable as the Chieftain he was, looking just like any other willing green submissive.

"And now something special for our little Orkie..." Guarai strapped a broad leather band around Orkhan's neck that had thick sidestraps to it.

"Hands behind the neck, Orcbeast.." Guarai said teasingly, the Orc complied and got his wrists strapped to his leather neckband.

Guurai was pleased. He was huge, but with his wrists strapped to his neck this Orc would not get far. His Dwarf-twif started swelling by his arousal. The poor Orc Chieftain didn't have the slightest clue what lay waiting for him on this stormy autumn night..

Guurai got Orkhan's nipple and started to squeeze and rub it quite cruelly. Then he suddenly pulled.

"On your feet greenboar!" As fast as his bound arms permitted it the Orc got up. Guarai slapped the flank of the naked Orc standing before him. He didn't even reach up to his chest, but was used to handling big Orcs. He grabbed and out came a pair of black leather fetters. He crouched down and buckled them around Orkhan's ankles, which looked rather thin compared to his huge bulging calves and his big broad Orc feet. Guarai was pleased with the result: The heavily muscled Orc legs were fettered together with just a single goldbrass ring between them.

There he stood. A big, beautiful Orc creature, smooth green skin shining in the torchlight, spectacularly bulging huge muscles. His gigantic Orctail stood gloriously erect, glistening with Orcslime and eagerly throbbing by the excitement that raged through its Orc owner. Standing there stark naked, ankles fettered together and wrists to its neck the Orc stood there panting and trembling of tension, peering with frightened eyes through the holes in the Orcmocking mask that parodied his noble Orc features.

Orc Chieftain Orkhan Tusk awaited him, shivering with fear.

His Orc was ready.

Guurai grabbed into the bag one last time, and out came a fierce-looking scourge with ten thick leather strings. A huge jolt shocked through the big Orc body, but there was no escape.

"Yeeeah... What's this Dwarf going to do next my dumb Orkie thinks, now doesn't he?"

The Orc Chieftain tried to step aside, but the fetters would not allow this.

Guurai faced his huge, naked, chained Orc captive and made the scourge whoosh ferociously.

Guurai raised his arm and saw the masked Orc pinch his eyes shut in fear. The scourge hit the Orc Chieftain in the flank, who jumped a good three feet in the air with a wild grunt. Never the Orc could have suspected a small Dwarf to be able to deal such a fierce lash. He got hit again, again! There was only one thing to do: flee! Flee this sadistic little Dwarf who flogged him so ferociously! He turned and clumsily hopped away.

Guurai's twig was wet with excitement. He had rendered this Highborn Orc

powerless, and now it pathetically tried to escape him. He now saw for the first time his green Orctoy had big round muscular buttocks, all shiny and green, and they happened to be at convenient flogging height. He was going to make his Orc regret turning around and offering his Orc rump to him..

Guarai burst out in cruel laughter as he flogged and chased the big Orc who frantically tried to out-hop him. Again and again the leather strings splattered down on the big Orc rump and the green giant grunted and screamed like wild. He was hopping high and far with all his might, but the room was small and locked, the Dwarf fast and his flogging merciless.

Such was the flogging of his green rump that it sent him oinking with pain, not at all like a swine yet somehow akin to it, this being the utmost humiliation for an Orc of any rank. "Higher, greenboar! Oink 'em and higher!" The small sadist screamed with his razorsharp, mocking voice. Whenever Orkhan jumped, he had to bend his legs and thereby offer his blazing green rump for yet more spark shooting lightning to land down on it. This cruel Dwarf let no rump-flogging opportunity pass and chased the frantic Orc round and round the small chamber. All the Highborn Orc could do was grunt and hop and oink out in pain and humiliation. He had always liked it rough, but only now found out how rough things could actually get.

Minutes passed, Orkhan Tusk dripped with sweat and had sweated so much his big Orc feet splashed into puddles of it on the white marble floor. Panting with all his might from sheer exhaustion he was chased, tongue dangling from his wide-open mouth and frantically oinking as the scourge swooshed down on his blazing green Orcrump over and over again. When he was completely out of breath the Dwarf jumped before him and grabbed hold of his rock-hard Orctail like a vise slamming shut.

"And now, my grunting greenboar?! What's next?" Tusk, eyes wide of sheer horror, tried freeing his tail with sharp little tugs, but this was as futile as his attempts to flee his tormentor.

"Now my beastly greenboar is going to play Good Orc and oink for me!" The leather strings bit Orkhan's flank.

"I said OINK you dumb beast! OINK LIKE THE BOAR YOU ARE!!"

Humiliated to the bone and driven mad by pain the Highborn Orc Chieftain obeyed and oinked long and hard whenever the scourge struck him.

After being satisfied his Orc's honor was thrashed in full Guarai put the leather handle of the scourge under the belt of his black fur trunks and gently yet firmly pulling the big slimy Orctail, which made panting Orkhan moan by this unexpected delight.

"Aaahh.." the Dwarf now spoke kinder than a close friend, almost whispering.

"Aahmm.. Would my good Orkie be liking this...?"

"Mmmm.. Yes, Dwarf Master Orchuarai..."

"That's good. I like seeing my Orkie all pleased and happy.." Orkhan Tusk felt completely overwhelmed by this sudden change. This Dwarf, this Orchuarai had been so cruel and mean to him, he had been driven way beyond his former concepts of what torture could be, and now this very same Dwarf pleased him with honey-sweet words and gentle tugs on his rock-hard, yearning Orcmeat that responded willingly, shooting short jets of Orcslime. The contrast with the pain he had suffered so and still blazed in the green flesh of his rump made this pleasing into a bliss he never had experienced before.

“Oooooww.. Me likes, me likes... Orkhan Tusk be good Orkie now...” he moaned as the gentle tugging went on. Harsh words came, yet so gently spoken he readily surrendered himself.

“Good Orcs go oinking if they’re thankful..”

“Oink-oink..” Orkhan’s honor was thrashed to shreds, but all he felt was intense gratefulness for this sudden kindness and the pleasure he was given.

“Yes... My Tuskie is a good, good Orkie now. Would Tuskie like some more?”

“Oink-oink..”

“Gooood Tuskie!”

Guurai increased the vigor and length of his strokes as his hand slid over the thick Orctail, slime started dripping between his fingers and never stopped shooting from the Orc’s spouting slit. The deep-green spear was hot and slippery and trembled slightly, all the while throbbing up for more.

“Tuskie enjoys this?”

“Tuskie like very much..” Orkhan panted, now more out of lust then of pain, “I didn’t quite catch that..” Guurai said ever so gently and Orkhan understood.

“Does Tuskie like me pleasing him?”

“Oink-oink...” never had humiliation been as complete and remotely as satisfying to the Highborn Orc.

Orkhan started trembling, then shaking on his legs as his lust mounted. This had been a short torture, but a delicious one. He was ready now to spout his Orc seed and go please his Dwarfmaster.

“Master Orchuarai want remove Orcball-shackle now? Me want go spout and please too..”

“All in good time, Tuskie.. Like me doing this?”

“Oink-oink!”

“Now that’s gratitude!” The Dwarf increased the vigor of his strokes yet further and now Orkhan was getting fully tugged up to a climax.

“Dwarf Master please remove ballshackle..” he pleaded panting aloud,

“Me Orc not spout can with shackle and me gets trapped in lust then..”

“When the time is ripe my Tuskie will spout...”

Orc Chieftain Orkhan Tusk, now answering to the name ‘Tuskie’ with excited oinks, got heated up further and further. His round Orc rump still glowed and tingled, half pain and half lust, he was tired and humiliated by the very same Dwarf that was now vigorously tugging his twelve Orc inches. How stern yet just this Orchuarai was! How merciful this sweet pleasing! He started moaning and oinking constantly and lost all that was left of his dignity.

Guurai drank in the pleasure. The Orc’s tail sliding through his hand, the big red head he was rubbing up and the slime that shot from it.. The Orc moaned and oinked in the rhythm he commanded, his enormous green chest pounding with it’s stiffened Orc nipples. His Tuskie was hot, searing hot with lust and about to burst. It was so unreal: this lowly Orc who panted and oinked for him was none other than the Highest Orc of Ritdent, the name of his Royal Orc bloodline now bastardized to yield the teasing name of ‘Tuskie’. But right now an Orc was an Orc, and this one oinked and yearned for him just like any other would. Guurai’s twig was at war-strength, but he wasn’t quite finished with his seven foot Orctoy yet...

“Is my Tuskie a lustful Orcboar?” Guurai teased and two soft heated oinks made clear the proud Orc was now pliable like green wax in his hands. He gave a sharp tug that had to hurt.

“Louder!!” He vigorously churned away and all big Orkhan could do was moan.

“I want to hear you!”

“Oink-oink-oink! Me Tuskie be real hot on Dwarf Master Orchuarai! You please take ballshackle off?”

“Stop whining!” Guarai now tugged and churned like mad which robbed the big Orc of his senses. His Orctail was now so hard he could push a mine-cart with it, panting squint-eyed with lust.

“Tuskie... all hot now.. Tuskie go... Tuskie go...” All the Orc’s bulging muscles suddenly tensed up and he squeezed his eyes shut. An unbearable yearning now tore his flesh apart, burning in his tail and sparking through his body...

And there he remained, for if Orc balls are bound the Orc cannot spout its seed, and will forever be stuck in mid-orgasm, a pitiful creature until released from this delightful yet unbearable horror. This was the cruellest of Dwarf tricks, unleashing the roaring fire of orgasm without the relief of it receding.

What poor Orkhan felt was lust beyond lust, yearning beyond yearning, torture beyond torture.

Orkhan Tusk, proud Orc Chieftain Orkhan Tusk, dropped to his knees crying. With all his strength he tried to release his buckled wrists, but to no avail. He was made a prisoner of his own lust, driven beyond sanity by the unbelievably cruel Dwarf that stood before him chuckling evilly.

“Merceeee!” He cried in his desperation,

“Mercy your poor Tuskie for! You make free –oooww!- you make free poor Tuskie!!” Guarai slowly shook his head.

“Begging for mercy won’t help you now, greenboar. You may try oinking for it, however..” Orkhan started to oink uncontrollably and begged with tears streaming from his eyes:

“You mercy give to me greenboar slave! You me give, you me give!”

“If you want some, you’ll GET some!” Guarai sneered and grabbed his scourge.

“Nooo! Tuskie tame Orcboar! Tuskie tame Orcboar!!” The first hit him over his soft Orc belly. He folded in two, and the second thrashed his still glowing Orc rump. He grunted with all his might, threw out his legs as the third lash kissed his back. Then his buttocks got theirs again and the poor Orc shrieked, oinked and screamed as if he were skinned alive, hard jets of thick Orcslime shooting from his Orctail splashing on the marble floor.

Satisfied Guarai stuck the scourge under his belt again and looked down on the bound, naked Orc giant.

“Tuskie tame Orkie now..” the Orc shook from crying,

“No hitting me more! Orkie good! Orkie good!” Poor Tusk didn’t know how to humiliate himself further to stop the sadistic four-foot Dwarf from flogging him yet again. On elbows and knees he crawled towards him, his stiff wet Orctail leaving a slimy streak on the marble, and with shivering tongue he started to lick the sandaled Dwarf feet the best way he could.

Guarai let the big Orc please him as he did it well. Warm Orc tears dripped from the eyeholes in his Orcmocking mask on the small Dwarven feet below him. Guarai almost felt sorry for the wretched creature, had he not known the Orc was soaring on pleasure deep inside. His twig now shamelessly tented his black fur trunks and he looked at the big Orc rump, mesmerized by the pattern of darker-green lines now crisscrossing it. The poor creature was

moving his hips, rubbing up the bright red head of his Orctail on the marble floor in a desperate attempt to liberate his now boiling Orcseed. Poor Orkhan, trapped within the purgatory of endless orgasm for five minutes now. But: he had to be strict. He still had some pretty surprising plans in store for the shivering Orc at his feet.

“Allright, allright... My Tuskie’s a good Orkie!” Guarai smiled when the desperate Orc now started licking the straps of his sandals, and stepped back.

“Mercy.. You please..” Guarai lay his hand on the scourge and the Orc swallowed his words. The Dwarf’s eyes were stroking the beautiful Orc body. “My greenboar has a pretty green Orcrump.” There he was all kind again, leaving Orkhan dazed by this sudden change to sweetness.

“O..Orchuarai’s Tuskie pretty green Orcrump has..” the Orc Chieftain repeated the humiliating words. Guarai walked around him and opened the fetters round his Orc ankles, seeing the green giant rubbing his Orctail through a puddle of thick slime.

“Good. Orc: Spread your legs for me!” Orkhan immediately complied. Guarai started to stroke and rub the searing hot smooth buttocks that still glowed from the thrashings. Then he smacked them and said firmly:

“Such pretty things are not to be left wasted, ain’t it so my greenboar minion?”

“Huh?” Tusk looked back at him in amazement. What was the Dwarf...

“I’m going to take a little ride, Tuskie..” Guarai smiled, leaving Orkhan bewildered.

“You be having pony?”

“I’ve got a riding-Orc!” Guarai got seated on Orkhan’s sweat-slippery Orcskin back.

Orkhan was maddened by merciless, tormenting desire as the never-ending Orgasm held him captive. His big Orctail throbbed no longer: it was pumped up to full hardness, tingling with soul-tearing pleasure and yearning. His Orc balls seemed about to burst, swollen as they were. The poor Orc shook on his elbows and knees, driven beyond reason by the desire that filled his big Orc body. He was in ‘Agrraght Aclath’, the Daze of Desire so cruel no Orc could bear it and he panted like a racing horse. Only the Dwarf could set him free, free him of this all-encompassing torment that flooded his senses. He’d do anything, absolutely anything to please his Orchuarai, for besides being tormented to near fainting he never in his entire life had come even close to the pleasures he was now dealt by this cruellest of beings. If all this had merely been a part of Orctaming, he never had been Wild at all.

Guurai made himself slide forwards over the wide, slippery-wet Orc’s back and felt the enormous pumping chest spreading his Dwarf legs some more in a steady rhythm. He grabbed Tusk by his big pointy Orc ears, pulled the big green head up and prodded his sandaled heels into the sides of Orkhan’s chest with such vigor the Orc moaned of it.

“Crawl, my riding-Orc! Crawl for me!”

The Dwarf was in total control so the proud Orc Chieftain yielded to his commands and started crawling on elbows and knees, dragging his tortured Orctail over the marble floor. Oh Pleasure, oh Desire! In his mind the Orc pleaded his stern Dwarf again and again to free his green balls but he was silent, fearful more lightning would strike his tormented, sensitive Orc rump. Guarai pulled Orkhan’s right ear and the Orc rode him into the small corridor.

Guurai slid off the Orc's back and opened the door. Tusk's eyes widened with fear. He wouldn't have to.. Where everybody could see him? The Dwarf jumped on his back again, tugged his green ears and heel-prodded his sides. "Out, Orcbeast!" Tusk stood there frozen stiff, unwilling to move. Guurai heelprowded him five times more with such vigor the Orc grunted each time. To no avail. The Orctamer tugged the green ears.

"I said OUT, greenboar!"

"Not.. not Tuskie dares, Orctamer Orchuarai... Me scared me get recogni-"

"Then you'll need some motivation!" Guurai grinned and dangled the scourge before the scared Orc's bright green eyes.

"Mercy..." the big Orc squeaked in terror, but Guurai turned around on the broad Orc's back so he had the shiny, bulging Orc rump before him. He raised the scourge up high, and sent it down with a high-pitched swoosh.

"OIIIIINNNKK!" never had the sadistic four-footer hit his Orc rump like that.

And he whipped yet again, so fiercely tears shot from the Orc's big eyes and made the inside of the leather Orcmocking mask all wet, merging with sweat and making it hotter than it was already. Again and again the scourge swooshed down on the bulging Orc rump and animal roars an humiliating oinks echoed through the corridors of the Rigorai Domination Guild. It took about twenty lashes and two spark-shooting Orc buttocks for Orkhan to accept this was going to happen one way or the other, and grunting in humiliation he crawled out into the corridor, trembling uncontrollably and dripping with sweat. Guurai turned, didn't even bother to close the door, grabbed hold of the sensitive Orc ears and yanked them hard.

Orkhan's eyes frantically looked around. Oooff! Nobody saw him! The big eartug sent him off crawling again, he had never been a riding-Orc but it all seemed to come naturally.

Guurai was having a great time! He thrived on his power over the monstrously big and breathtakingly beautiful beefy Orc who now served as his naked green mount. The Orc Chieftain panted and moaned, sweat pouring off his body dripping a trail on the marble. His mount's rump was fully ablaze by his repeated floggings and he knew his Orc was nearly torn apart with lust, captive of the ballshackle. Sure, proud Orkhan Tusk protested all he could, but Guurai knew Orcs well enough to recognize this was all part of the game he knew the Orc Chieftain was enjoying with incomprehensible intensity. At corners he tugged ears to steer his greenboar mount and rode it off to... The poor Orc had no idea what torment still lay waiting for him.

"Rai!" another Dwarf greeted, dragging along a five foot Orc by its snoutring, "Orcriding, I see?" Guurai halted his mount, which nearly died of shame and fear of recognition.

"Well if it ain't ole Kagfisk!" he looked at the five-foot stark naked Orc his friend held by its snoutring,

"Taking a walk?" Kagfisk grinned and shamelessly looked Guurai's mount over with hungry eyes.

"Goodlooking Orc you've got there, seems a good mount to me! Look at this one here.." he tugged the snoutring and the young five-footer let himself be watched grinning in humiliation.

"Kinda small but got a good firm tail that made me try him on tonight. But on second thought that big Orc mount you're riding seems sturdier and the way he's rubbing his tail on the marble kinda says yes to me.." Orkhan hissed in

humiliation, to be seen rubbing up his Orctail like that.

“So you like my Tuskie? I kinda fancy the boartoy you’re holding. Show me his rump, willya?”

The Dwarf named Kagfisk tugged his small Orc’s snoutring so hard as to make him oink earpiercingly sharp.

“Show it or I’ll make you sing and dance again!” Almost crying the small Orc turned and showed Guarai his buttocks that were looking good and muscled enough to shine brighter than his back.

“Now that’s a fine-looking Orc rump... I could think up a whole night of fun with a nice rump like that!” Guarai praised.

“You know what? I’ll take that shiny green rumpie off your hands and you’ll get Tuskie here!” This was too much, way, WAY too much for poor Orkhan! He shrieked in fear and hastily crawled on as fast as he could.

“See you around Kag!” Guarai laughed and rode on.

Orkhan crawled and crawled through the maze of corridors, and was showed off to six more Dwarves until Guarai sharply tugged his ears to halt him.

“You’re quite a wet Orc, but a good mount nonetheless!” Guarai praised the Orc Chieftain and slid off his back. He walked to a door and pounded it three times, cruelly announcing:

“Your greatest fear lies beyond this oak door...”

Orkhan’s eyes grew wide with terror, but the Orcmocking mask made him look so dumb Guarai chuckled cruelly.

“What IS going to happen to my poor butt-naked green Tuskie?” Guarai teased, threw open the solid oak door, grabbed Orkhan by the ear and harshly demanded:

“ON YOUR FEET, GREENBOAR!!” Tusk complied instinctively and Guarai grabbed his enormous swollen Orctail like he caught a snake, grabbing hold of the slick monster just behind the shiny red head so it wouldn’t slip out of his grasp.

“Close your eyes and let me lead you!” fearful bright green eyes looked at him in horror.

“My black leather scourge looks good on your shiny green rump, dear Tuskie...” Orkhan pinched his eyes shut and felt a big tug on his Orctail, followed by enticing smaller ones to make him follow his cruel Orctamer. Where was he being led into? A torture chamber? Was he going to get racked? He heard Guarai turning a key and followed the gentle tugging. He felt Guarai halted, and started rubbing and squeezing his Orctail. Lightning of sheer pleasure shot through his overstimulated Orc body.

“Does my big green Tuskietoy like this?” so sweet a voice! He wanted to answer, but remembered in time.

“Oink-oink!” Orkhan panted, taking delight in being called the Orctamer’s Tuskietoy.

“Gooood Tuskie! Now open ‘em up and look what I’ve got for you...”

The Orc Chieftain opened his eyes and his chest nearly exploded with sheer horror as he saw eight Dwarves, black hoods over their heads, standing in a row before him.

He squealed quite undignified and the eight Dwarves chuckled evilly at him. He ran towards the door, but it was locked and his wrists were still strapped to his neckband. Nowhere to go, nowhere to go! Guarai caught his Orctail and with both hands dragged him into the middle of the room. The hooded

Dwarves now circled him and Guarai let go. There the Orc Chieftain was! Bound, naked, his huge Orc tail stiff and willing but with his thick Orc balls shackled four inches below his body. He was naked and bound, half-tortured and half-rapturous, knees shaking with lust and fear.

Suddenly he felt two Dwarven hands feeling and kneading his blazing Orc rump and nervously he made a little jump forward.

“Nice rump, Orc!” a cruel voice remarked, and he heard a mumbling of agreement. He sharply turned around, and now the Dwarves behind him started fondling and rubbing his round green buttocks, praising him benevolently. The circle got smaller and smaller and no matter how the Orc turned and turned to try and escape this humiliation, all eight of the hooded Dwarves took delight in fondling his shiny Orc rump and praising him on it. “Dwarf Master Orchuarai!” he called out to his tamer, who caught hold of his Orc nipple.

“You didn’t think I’d come and rescue you, did you Tuskie?” Guarai cruelly grinned, stepped back and let the eight hooded Dwarves close in on him.

“Down on your knees, Orc! We’ll give you something to ponder...” one of the hooded Dwarves growled, not totally unkind. Another grabbed hold of his Orc tail and started churning it gently, while three others felt up his Orc rump. “Me be Orc of Orctamer Orchuarai!” Orkhan protested, moaning and panting off the heat of the churning of his tail and the fondling of his rump by all those Dwarf hands.

Guurai stepped up to him and lay the palms of his small hands over Orkhan’s tusked cheeks.

“And my own Tuskie you’ll remain. Dare or flee?” his words were so comforting and gentle, Orkhan suddenly felt safe. His Orctamer Orchuarai would watch over him, he could trust him completely.

“Me.. me daring..” Guarai grabbed hold of his tusks and commanded:

“ELBOWS AND KNEES!” Orkhan didn’t want to admit it to himself, but he enjoyed his own fear and all that lustful attention paid to his bound, naked Orc body. Dazed by lust and desire he complied and got on all fours, dripping with musky-smelling Orc sweat and trembling all over.

The Dwarves laughed cruelly. The unsuspecting Orc offered his bare rump to them! Orkhan made some soft, nervous grunting sounds. What was to be his fate? It soon would be clear to him.

Guurai got behind him, stroked him gently between his green buttocks, sending shivers up his spine. Then the Orctamer crouched down and brought his cupped hand under Orkhan’s Orc tail. The fingers of his other hand started squirming between his Orc buttocks.

“HUHH!” The Orc Chieftain uttered in shock as Guarai worked his hand in. Suddenly the Dwarf’s fingers found Orkhan’s spouting gland. He started fondling and rubbing it, making his Orc moan like a damned soul. Hard jets of Orcslime splattered into his cupped hand every time he rubbed the Orc’s spouting gland.

“Aaaaaaaaahhhhhmm... Ooooohhhh... Aaahhhh...” Orkhan moaned but Guarai relentlessly went on until his cupped hand was filled up with the thick slime. Then he retrieved his hand, making Orkhan shiver of pleasure.

“Oooohh.. What.. what my Orctamer be doing?” Guarai started to rub the Orc’s own slime between his buttocks, making it all slick and slippery. When he had worked in all of it he rubbed the remainder onto the already shiny

green buttocks and got on his feet again. He held his still slimy hands before Orkhan's face.

"Be a good Orkie and clean 'em!" Orkhan quickly started licking his own slime off of the hands, immediately understanding his Orctamer's command.

Guarai stepped out of the circle and grinned demonically:

"Okay guys, he's all slickened up now: Have your way with him!"

One of the hooded Dwarves stood in front of Tusk, and before his startled eyes started undoing his leather trunks. He got out his Dwarf twig and held it out to the amazed Orc.

"Go be a good Orc and suck it up hard..." Orkhan looked at his Orctamer and Guarai nodded in consent. Orkhan smacked his lips, and started sucking the Dwarftwig as told. When it was all hard and stiff the Dwarf popped it out and rubbed it over his snout.

"Prepare to get rumped, Orc!"

He walked around the naked Orc, put his knees onto the soft soles of Orkhan's big green feet, grabbed the Orc's flanks and pressed his stiff twig between the muscular Orc buttocks.

Orkhan hissed, which became a moaning when the pushing Dwarf had found his swollen spouting gland with his hard twig and started poking it ferociously. Without pausing the Dwarf went in and out and in again, making the Orc moan to his thrusts. Another Dwarf grabbed the Orc's ears and pulled them for attention.

"Orkie's gonna suck me good!" The Dwarf put his already stiff twig to the Orc's lips.

"Open up, Orc!" there was no choice in this, so while rump was under attack poor Orkhan was forced to suck another, the two Dwarves thrusting such that they both drove their twigs in at the same time, denying the Orc any escape. And again and again his spouting gland was poked, making Orkhan moan with his mouth full of Dwarf's twig and splattering his Orcslime all over the marble between his legs.

"Ooooffhh!" The Dwarf puffed and added his squirts to the already slick Orc's cave. He panted and pulled out. Immediately another Dwarf took over and pressed his twig, a bit bigger than the former, inside of the Orc. The Dwarf in front had grabbed hold of the Orc's ears and used them to force the Orc into licking him the way he liked it. Orkhan was being had good, and had to admit to himself he enjoyed it immensely. His big Orc Chieftain body now became the lusting-toy of the Dwarves, who obviously knew how to get their lusts out of him. The big strong Orc now faced the task of letting himself get used to satisfy all eight of these hooded Dwarves, being the sole object of their desire. Orkhan was maddened by lust and his body trembled like a violin string strung too hard. His Orc seed boiled in his tight-swollen balls and his spouting gland was under constant attack by the second Dwarf's twig that skewered him relentlessly, again and again... He moaned, grunted and got cross-eyed with lust, smothered by the Dwarftwig in his mouth he had to suck the way that was forced onto him by sharp tugging on his ears. Suddenly the Dwarf grabbed the back of his Orc head and wildly thrusting shot his squirts in the Orc's mouth. He greedily swallowed and sucked some more but the Dwarf popped it out and patted his cheek in approval. Orkhan moaned and panted to the pounding of the Dwarf rumping him, but didn't get the opportunity to come to breath.

Another Dwarf stepped out of his trunks, offered him his five inches, grabbed and tugged his snoutring.

“Open up for something tasty, Orc!” Orkhan the lusting-toy took it in.

Something tasty?

Great was his outraged humiliation as the Dwarf started pissing his bitter-salty juice into his Orc mouth. But what was he to do, a bound, naked Orctoy amidst eight hooded Dwarves and the Orctamer that could take him alone?

Deeply humiliated he started gulping it all down, as the Dwarf behind him suddenly thumped hard and shot some squirts of his own, almost making him choke with the violence of his final thrusts. He felt a warm liquid shot into him, and his rumprider pulled out. The Dwarf that had drenched him gave him a close look at his twig.

“See this one?” tired and desperate Orkhan nodded,

“Good, now you’ll get to feel it too, Orc!” the Dwarf walked around him and got in position.

“Orc’s ready?”

“Uh-huh..” the Dwarf rammed it in in one thrust and started a fierce offensive of merciless jabs.

Orkhan moaned of lust and the passionate rhythm enforced on him. Suddenly he got knocked on his mockingmask-covered head, and looked up. Another Dwarf stood before him, this one already out of his trunks.

“Orc: you’re going to lick me good and deep between my buttocks...” Orkhan vigorously shook his head and got slapped.

“Listen up Orc: either you start licking now or I’ll get my belt before that!” the Dwarf threatened, turned around and pressed his buttocks into noble Orkhan’s masked face.

With soft, humiliated grunts Orkhan started working the tip of his long Orc’s tongue between the hams and started stroking and tickling there. The Dwarf started breathing heavily as the Orc’s lust-swollen lips stroked his tightened cave while his searing hot Orc’s breath passed it.

Again he felt hot fluid splatter between his Orc buttocks as another Dwarf got his way with him. The Dwarf between whose buttocks he was licking turned to face him.

“AH! MY TURN!” he shouted in triumph and took position behind the shining Orc’s rump that had became all soggy and slippery by all the Dwarf seed that had been shot in there. This Dwarf hugged the Orc’s waist and grabbed hold of the Orc’s tail, tugging it fiercely to the rhythm of his thrusting. Each tug on his slippery Orc cosh made him gasp for breath, sending lightning up his spine and making the Orcslime shoot out of him like never before.

“Waaaaarrgggh-ungl!” Orkhan’s roar got smothered by a Dwarf that jabbed his twig into his hungry Orc mouth and made him suck his Dwarven pouch too, effectively silencing him.

“Go gimme a good suck you big green Orctoy!” he panted, more of lust than commanding, and muffled-moaning Orkhan set about his humiliating yet highly arousing task, pinching his eyes shut with every tug on his tormented Orctail. The Dwarf grabbed his head and pressed it tightly to him. “Mu-uhuhngl! Gluh-uh-uhmm!” he protested as his breath was cut off because of this.

“Yep, quite a mouthful even for a big Orc like you!” the Dwarf teased, made him frantically grunt for breath a few times before pressing the Orc’s snout into his belly again.

His breath cut off by a Dwarf's twig and balls, the glow of the rumpfloggings he had gotten before, the burn of his Orc cave under constant attack, the fierce tugging on his tail and above all the boiling of his Orc seed: It was too much, too much for the poor Orc Chieftain. He pinched his eyes shut, took in a sparse ration of air when allowed to and let himself get used by the onslaught of Dwarves. Never had he even remotely felt this powerless, so crazed by his lust and so at the mercy of others as he was now. He gave all he could to satisfy the lust of his tormentors, but they kept demanding more, more of him...

Then came the tailtugs that shook his world, and this Dwarf added his squirts to his foam-slippery Orc rump too. Orkhan wanted to beg for mercy, even oink for them if that would please enough, he wanted to cry out to his Orc tamer Orchuarai, but he was smothered by a Dwarf's twig and pouch which prevented any outcry other than his deafening grunts to take in air whenever he got it. His poor Orc's cave, tightened by his anxieties, was burning of all thrusts they had made him endure, but he felt two new Dwarf knees press down onto the soles of his Orc feet, his hips being grabbed and his bulging Orcrump split for the fifth ride that was forced out of him.

The Dwarf in front of him grabbed hold and started to pull and tug his Orc ears so cruelly the big proud Orc Chieftain burst into tears. Then he was fed squirt after squirt of thick Dwarf's essence, which he eagerly swallowed, rubbing the twig with his mouth. This one pulled back too and patted the big Orc on his green shoulder.

"Nice work, Orcbeast: you're quite the ride!" he praised the exhausted green creature, which frantically gasped for breath.

"Lick my feet, Orc! I'll keep my twig for that pretty green rump of yours!" Orkhan was too overwhelmed by the onslaught to offer any resistance, so he started licking the sandaled Dwarf feet as demanded. The Dwarf behind him had an exceptionally hard stake, and was vigorously skewering the Orc with it. The never-ending poking of his spouting gland for well over an hour now drove poor Orkhan beyond lust, maddened by the unceasing poundings that made him wild as Dwarf after Dwarf pierced his burning Orc's cave and relentlessly had their way with him. As he licked the small salty feet of his next tormenter the pounding went on and on, forever poking his gland. Had the Orc Chieftain not been ballshackled, he would've spouted his Orc seed several times already, but ballshackled he was and had to endure all this without any chance of release.

The Dwarf riding him added his own to the slick foaminess between Orkhan's green buttocks. He paused for a moment, then shouted:

"NOW IT'S SERIOUS, ORC!" and started pounding like mad, so wildly Orkhan shrieked of it, until he at last squirted again between the moaning Orc's muscular green buttocks. The Orc Chieftain felt the fierce twig soften up and it was yanked out of him with a soggy pop.

"Orkie.. Got something for ya..." the Dwarf in front of him teased, and crosseyed by lust Orkhan looked up. The Dwarf that had gotten his smelly feet licked tapped his stiff twig against the Orc's snout a few times, smeared his spicy-smelling slime of yearning all over it and grinned:

"Spread those green buttocks: Here I come!" The Dwarf took position, parted his buttocks with his small hands and drove his member home. Then it all started again, the endless, merciless pounding in Orkhan's burning cave.

Trembling on his elbows and knees the Orc willingly underwent this torment. He had never imagined a delightful torture like this and never had he been so mercilessly taken as here in Dwarfclan Rigorai, supervised by mean, mean Orctamer Orchuarai who watched him crumble with an evil grin and cruel, piercing eyes. He let himself get taken over and over again and dazed by the onslaught he pinched shut his eyes, to feel this final Dwarf squirt his seeds into him and pull out.

There bound, naked Orkhan Tusk stood, dripping-wet from his sweat, a roaring inferno in and between his buttocks, trembling all over. The impossible had happened: He had endured. All eight Dwarves had satisfied their lusts on him, and had managed to withstand it all. The torture of lust had ended.

“Well? How has my Tuskiety been liking it?” It was his Orctamer!

“Ooooww.. Dwarfmaster Orchu.. Orcuarai’s Orctoy all hot and all tame now...”

“Good: then you’re ready to handle this one?” Orkhan looked up and his eyes widened when he saw what his Orctamer was holding.

On a short handle a flexible thick rod was affixed. It was a foot long and two inches thick, made of black treesap leather with thick goldbrass rings all around it. Guarai wiggled the monster in front of Orkhan’s snout, the thick metal rings clicking as they touched.

“Ohh! No.. Nooo! Please mercy you have poor Tuskie for!”

“I’m going to teach my cowering greenboar a gratitude lesson..”

“Mercy! Merceeeee!”

“Mercy is for pussies!” Guarai grinned cruelly and crouched by Orkhan’s head, hugging it and gently whispering:

“Only if my Tuskie can handle it.. Don’t have to like it, but can you?” Orkhan closed his eyes and exhaled a shivering breath. Then, eyes still closed, he nodded his consent to this cruelest of tortures. Suddenly he realized what he had done and shrieked in terror. He jerked his head from the embrace and tried to crawl from the fate that had been decided for him.

“GRAB THAT GREENBOAR!!” Guarai ordered, and with frantic eyes shooting across the room Orkhan saw how all eight Dwarves started closing in on him. He turned round and round, slipping and wriggling over the marble floor slickened with his own Orcslime, but there was no escape.

“NOW!!” Guarai screamed, and all eight jumped the shrieking Orc all at once.

“SPREAD HIS LEGS!!” somebody screamed, and despite Orkhan’s struggling he couldn’t stop many Dwarven hands from slowly parting his muscular ankles.

There the naked Orc Chieftain lay: One Dwarf held him firmly by his snoutring, bracing himself with his sandaled feet on the Orc’s wrists that were strapped to his neckband. Three others held down his body while the four remaining hooded Dwarves held his legs apart. However he squirmed, weakened by exhaustion he was overpowered by these eight Dwarves, unable to resist. Finally he let go and stopped all struggle.

“Mercy...” he cried in desperation,

“Please gentle you be poor Tuskie with...” the Dwarves laughed cruelly at the pleading of this helpless Orc.

Guarai kneeled down between Orkhan’s spread legs and rubbed his slick green buttocks. Then he put the sableather monster against the Orc’s entrance, and slowly started pushing.

“Fffffh-fffffh... gentle... fffffh.. Please gentle you be...” Orkhan tried to take

the huge snake in as good as he could, and was relieved his Orctamer truly was gentle on him. Then the rings around the thick cosh started sliding in one by one, each giving him fiery jolts of pleasure as they rubbed his spouting gland. Each jolt that shut up his spine made him utter a short squeak, and this most undignified rapid succession of tiny squeaks invoked laughter from his small tormenters. With each squeak a jet of hot Orcslime shot out of his tail, splattering onto Guarai's bare legs as he kneeled behind the Orc.

"Those rings feel good, don't they?!" Guarai demanded an answer, but laughter flushed out Orkhan's whispered reply. The naked Orc tried to wriggle free, but despite the slipperiness of his sweat-soaked body the Dwarves managed to keep him subdued. Guarai pulled back and made Orkhan squeak and splatter him again. He let the big Orc come to breath before pushing the black monster inside of him again, driving the green creature mad with lust. The beastly thing was all slick with Dwarven seed and slid in and out smoothly, so that Guarai could up the tempo a bit and make his poor green Orctoy squeak wilder yet. It wasn't long until the big Orc broke down crying and panting, stopped struggling and let his burning entrance get tortured beyond comprehension by his cruel Orctamer, who delighted in the uncontrollable pleasure he gave his desperate yet willing captive.

His legs were now wet with Orcslime and he knelt down in a big puddle of it. Orkhan moaned like a damned soul.

"Can you take it, Tuskie?" Orkhan nodded so ferociously sweat and drool splattered from his face. The Dwarf before him grabbed his snoutring again, tugged it hard and held it firmly.

In and out, in and out.. Poor Orkhan lost any sense of whom and were he was as he got completely absorbed by this cruel lustful torment.

And Guarai? His hard Dwarf twig was wet with slime too, tenting his black fur trunks. Each time he pulled out the monster he heard a wet sucking pop, that aroused him greatly.

"Had enough, Tuskie?" he inquired as he saw his Orc now falling apart with pleasure, and his toy nodded in exhaustion. Guarai drove the huge thing in one final time, and then pulled it out with a vigorous tug that sent Orkhan shrieking.

"I think my Orctoy has learned its lesson.."

"Me all tame... Orctamer Orchuarai's Tuskietyl's all tame now..." The Dwarves laughed and started stroking and rubbing the beefy Orc body in approval. Orkhan was beside himself by this unexpected physical reward from his hooded tormentors.

"I guess this Orc knows his place in Dwarf hierarchy..." Guarai smiled and the eight let go and got up. Used up Orkhan lay flat on the floor, heavily panting with his tongue on the marble, uttering soft oinks of sheer exhaustion. Guarai let him come to breath and his senses.

"Okay guys: It's been a pleasure as always but I'm taking my Tuskie back now.." He grabbed hold of Orkhan's snoutring and tugged it hard.

"On your feet, greenboar! You ain't half ready yet!" One of the Dwarves got a piece of cloth and wiped as much lathered-up Dwarfseed he could from between the green Orc buttocks. The big Orc got on his knees and stood up, shaking on its legs, standing a little bent with his feet apart. The hooded Dwarves gathered around him, started fondling his Orctail and ballpouch and stroking him all over.

“You’ve been a good, good Orkie, green one!” one of them kindly praised. “You’re the best Orc I’ve rumped in weeks!” another added thankfully, and Guarai let them please and thank the Orc for some time. Then he grabbed Orkhan’s Orctail and gave it a gentle tug.

“Come on, Orcbeast: a long night lies ahead!” One of the Dwarves opened the door for them.

“Greetings to all and thanks for showing Tuskie where Orcs stand in Rigorai!” Guarai greeted.

He gave some small, delightful tugs and hopping from one leg on another Orkhan let himself be led by the tugging on his Orctail.

“Well? How’s my Orcbeast been liking it?” Guarai looked up to the huge seven-foot Orc who tried to focus on him from behind the Orcmocking mask, cross-eyed with lust.

“Mmmmm..” the Orc moaned and Guarai tugged its Orctail some more, his green toy oinked with pleasure.

“Me all.. mmmm.. me all.. ooooww.. me...”

“Hush now..” Guarai whispered as sweet as honey and led the hopping Orc through the maze of corridors,

“Tuskie’s moans are telltale enough!”

“Aaaaahhhmm..” The green Orc moaned and Guarai smiled ear to ear. Orkhan’s world spun before his eyes. The pleasure was beyond description, his desire an all devouring Demon. The glowing of his Orc rump, the unbearable burn of his cave, the lightning shooting up his spine each time his Orctamer tugged his Orctail, the merciless torment of his boiling seed contained by the ballshackle. The poor, poor Orc Chieftain couldn’t shape word nor thought anymore and let himself be led to whatever would lie waiting for him.

Guurai halted and opened a black oak door decorated with beautiful goldbronze patterns, grabbed Orkhan’s Orctail with both hands and commanded:

“IN!” He dragged his willing Orc in and bolted the door behind them. The small candle-lit room was beautifully decorated with spectacular tapestries, tasteful furniture and the like, but this escaped Orkhan’s attention completely. All he was aware of was that the sidewall was covered in all sorts of things arousing him: there were whips and restraints, ballgags and scores of objects whose use he couldn’t even grasp. What was going to happen to him?

Guurai got his scourge and shook it menacingly.

“On your knees, Chieftain Tuskie!” he growled and immediately the green giant complied. Guarai tossed the scourge onto a large thick leather mat in the back of the room. He took off his black fur vest and tossed it aside.

Demandingly looking at Orkhan he unbuckled his trunks and stepped out of them.

“Good.. Tuskie here needed taming rather direly. In the last three hours he has received punishment and reward to teach him where Orcs stand in Dwarf hierarchy...” he started to undo the thick leather straps that tied Orkhan’s wrists to his neckband.

“My big green Orkie has a chance now to show his Dwarf what he’s learned. Twenty-five lashes await your green rump if you misbehave. Am I clear?”

“Me all tamed-down! Tuskie all obeyings now!” When his hands were released Orkhan immediately grabbed hold of his tormented Orctail and started tugging

it like mad. Guarai watched this for a while and then sternly commanded: "ORC! HANDS OFF OF YOUR GREEN TAIL!!" Orkhan went on tugging his tail with both hands, thick jets of Orcslime shooting from it that splattered Guarai's legs.

"I SAID STOP IT! NOW!!" The Orc let go of it and pleadingly looked at his tamer.

Guarai put his foot on a chair and undid the straps of his sandal, then did the same with the other one. He held them in front of Orkhan's snout, who started sniffing up their scent. He threw his small Dwarf sandals across the room and demanded:

"ORC: FETCH!!" The Orc Chieftain crawled on hands and knees across the room, bowed down and returned with the small sandals dangling from his mouth. He dropped them before Guarai's feet, and sat up awaiting further instructions.

"Good Orkie.. But my sandals are far from clean... Make 'em shine!"
Orkhan quickly bowed down and started licking the sandals with his long Orc tongue, licking and licking until Guarai spoke again.

"Good.. Looks like a tame Orkie to me. How do Orcs thank their tamer?"

"Oink-oink!" Orkhan eagerly replied.

"Good.. You're such a good tame Orkie you may lick my feet now.." Orkhan started licking the small Dwarf feet and relished in their salty, spicy taste. He delighted in being allowed to please his Dwarvish tamer, who had taught him obedience and had dazzled his Orc mind with breathtaking punishment and heavenly rewards. So he licked and licked the best way he could, minute after minute and crawling around the Dwarf, careful to not miss a single spot.

"That's a good, tame Orkie! Despite his rank Tuskie knows how an Orc should use his tongue! You've splattered my legs with your Orc juices, Tuskie... Lick your way up slowly and clean them."

Eagerly Orkhan started licking the Dwarf's legs licking upwards as he was told.

"I said slowly! You can either lick my feet again or choose a whip for your Orc rump..." Orkhan quickly chose the former and after a while he was allowed to lick the Dwarf's legs again. Slowly licking his own Orcslime off of the Dwarf's legs the Orc agilely crawled around him. When he reached the point where the legs met he started to lick the Dwarf's buttocks and when they were shiny and wet he worked the tip of his tongue between them, squirming it like a worm.

"Seems like my Tuskie needs not shown his place among Dwarves.. Tuskie uses his Orc tongue rather well." Guarai started panting and Orkhan relished in this wonderful humiliation that aroused him so. Several minutes slipped by. "Tuskie has made his Orctamer's twig all stiff and sticky with slime. He will now lick there until it's all clean." Orkhan eagerly crawled in front of the Dwarf and started sucking the five inches held out to him.

"Tuskie! I said: 'lick', didn't I?"

"Me go lick real good! Me dumb Orc!"

"You look it." Guarai started panting as his twig got licked with great agility by the warm, slick Orc tongue. This was so arousing to him he quickly lost patience.

"My Tuskietyl will take it in now and suck it nice and good until I tell him it's

clean.." The Orc Chieftain hungrily complied and started licking and sucking as good as he could. He got tugged by his ear and the Dwarf whispered: "Tuskie can't suck it out: it has to come by itself!" He understood and sucked with a little less vigor. Guarai held the back of his Orcmocking mask-covered head and gently made him devour his Dwarvish pouch too.

"Now that's a good, tame Orkie! I could find use of you." After some minutes more the cheerful comments ceased as the lust got steadily stronger. Guarai let himself be sucked and licked and it was remarkable how agile the Orc Chieftain was in giving such pleasure. His panting mounted until he finally rammed the Orc's head between his legs and squirted his Dwarvish seed in the mouth of his Orc Chieftain Tuskietyl. He blushed all hot and red and with his heart pounding in his throat he let himself come to his senses and felt his twig receding despite the Orc's continuing licking.

"Mmmm.. Tuskie really IS a good, tame Orkie. He's made his tamer's twig all clean and has satisfied him. How did Tuskie like all that goodie Dwarfseed he so eagerly ate?"

"Oink-oink! Oink-oink!"

"Gooooood Tuskie: I'd say you need no further taming. Go lie on that mat; arms wide, legs wide and Orctail up in the air... NOW!" Orkhan eagerly complied and lay down on the soft mat. His Orctamer sat down between his legs and grabbed hold of the Orc's stinkingly stiff tail.

"Aaaahh: all hard and stiff and slick with slime! Let's see if I can make it shine some more!" Guarai started to rub the slick Orc's tail and it never ceased spouting small jets of the Orc's slime of yearning. He undid the ballshackle whilst holding his Orctoy too rapturous to notice.

"Not at all satisfactory! I'm rubbing and rubbing, but there's no stopping that slime of yours! Let's shine that Orc's tail the proper way!" Guarai bent forward and started licking the Orc who shrieked with joy and started oinking to encourage his Orctamer.

"Yeah.. You go and enjoy your reward now: Orkie's been real good!" He managed to get the huge red head of the Orc's tail into his mouth and started sucking it like mad, all the while gulping away the slime his licks brought forth and tugging the slick Orc's tail so hard like he wanted to tear it off, encouraged by the rapidly mounting oinks of his Tuskietyl.

Orkhan couldn't see, couldn't think, could do nothing but squirm, oink and moan with pleasure as he was raised to the breathtaking heights of Orc climax. All that had happened this evening flashed before his eyes. Nakedly kneeling, waiting for his Orctamer, being bound and then ferociously rumpsmacked so severely it burned him still, becoming Orcuarai's riding-Orc and the unbelievable abuse that awaited him at the hands of those eight merciless hooded Dwarves. And all tamed and humiliated he had to fetch sandals and then was allowed to go please his Orchuarai, source of all these pleasures and the rapture that befell him now.

His sanity was torn to shreds by sheer pleasure, lightning shot through his body and his masked Orc head seemed to explode with sensation. He was completely oblivious to anything but the Dwarf suckling him and the pleasure that blotted everything else out of his awareness.

If he had been on fire, he couldn't be more ablaze then he was now. Stars shot before his closed eyes, burst apart into thousands of sparks, his whole body soaring, his mind rapturous he felt it rise.. rise.. rise...

Suddenly all his muscles tensed and roaring ecstatically he shot hard jet after jet of thick, hot Orc seed into Guarai's mouth, who gulped and gulped to swallow it all. He roared uncontrollably, firmly grabbing hold of the Dwarf's shoulders unaware his clawlike nails drew some blood. He rammed his head back into the leather mat and suddenly darkness engulfed him. Orkhan drifted away on fluffy clouds, blissed like he never had been before. Completely relaxed, he let his tongue hang over his tusked cheek as his panting decreased. There he lay for all Eternity, adrift on the Sea of Satisfaction. After a thousand years had passed, reality slowly returned on him in waves of increasing awareness. He regained who, what and where he was and felt the exquisite feeling of his belly being stroked and caressed ever so gently by his tamer, the Dwarf Orchuarai...

Minutes passed silently between them as they looked into each other's eyes. "Me be sorry Orc.." he then sighed as he saw the scratchmarks he had made on the Dwarf's shoulders. Guarai hushed him.

"Never mind that.. Lie still and let me thank you with my fingers.. Like it?"
"Oink-oink!"

"Ssshhh.. No need for that anymore. Shall we end the game?"

"My tamer means we equals be? That good."

"I'd like that. Skip the tamer bit. My friends call me Rai –er!-"

"Me would love being friend of Rai.."

Guarai sighed. Everything was perfect, even better as he had envisioned it.

"Has it been to Orc Chieftain Orkhan Tusk's satisfact-“ Tusk silenced him by pressing two fingertips on the Dwarf's lips.

"You not say Chieftain. You me Tuskietyl named. That be your name of me.." Guarai smiled.

"Somehow 'Tuskie' would sound inappropriate on diplomatic meetings, as does this Orcmocking mask. Here, let me take it off.." Orkhan shook his head.

"Me want wear mockingmask Orctamer friend Rai for..." Guarai smiled broadly.

"It –er- makes you look kinda ridiculous, friend Tuskie."

"Me likes being Rai's dumb-looking Orc friend. Me want keep mockingmask."

"Quite OK, Chieftain Tuskie! Did I satisfy your lusts well enough?" Orkhan smiled.

"You more than satisfied me. Me go stay Orctoy Tuskie of Orctamer Rai and he now has duty to go come sometimes to Orc palace and go tame Tuskie. Now me go lie with friend Rai." Guarai grinned.

"I get no say in this?" Orkhan shook his head. He suddenly grabbed hold of the naked Dwarf, lay him on top of his muscular Orc body and buried him in his huge, strong arms.

"Me be Orc Chieftain of Ritdent. You must obey and go taming me! Me huge Orc rank and me make you tame me when me likes!"

"Your willing Master!" Guarai chuckled and got licked over his cheek. Orkhan reached and pulled the bearskin over them, then hugged the small Dwarf again.

"You go lay with Chieftain Tuskie now or Tuskie go and bite you where hurts!" Guarai looked at the candles that lit the room.

"Me want take good look at friend Rai when me is wake. You go sleep on Tuskie now!"

The Orc Chieftain and the Orctamer exchanged some sweet words for an hour, until Guarai fell asleep, still lying on top of his big green friend. Orkhan just lay there looking at his small Dwarvish friend for two hours more, gazing at this pretty-looking Dwarf and pondering all this beautiful little creature so mercilessly had put him through that evening.

Orc Chieftain Orkhan wasn't joking, for every once in a while Guarai was summoned to appear at the Ritdent palace on the Orc Chieftain's command, only to whip the Highborn Orc into submission in the private quarters of the Ritdent palace. But that was just play, and their togetherness quickly encompassed far more than their game alone

This had been the most remarkable of evenings, one that started with a viciously cruel

Dwarvish Orctamer and his cowering green Orcish toy, but ended with the embrace of equals who were to become friends for life.

HERE BE DRAGONS

an ADULT orc yaoi story written by Lustful_Orcs
partly based on a story-concept by DemonDragon

It was a cool spring morning in the Kingfisher Delta, and the mists of early morning dampened the lush forest and grasslands with shiny pearls of dew. This was Igokh Radl Soitac, Six Tribe Forest, home of the six Orc tribes that lived off the land amidst a wilderness where no human dared tread. The tribes lived a happy life here, the corn grew huge cobs on the fertile soil, the cattle, sheep and pigs they raised were beefy and full of health, and the tribal wars they fought were mere Orc-hunts for the fun that could be had with the captives. Blades nor blood were drawn in these lands and the tribes lived in harmony with themselves and the overwhelming beauty of the Orclands that spawned and sustained them.

And yet strange, strange things went on every spring. This was not as much spoken of as it could be seen. For in a huge grassy forest-clearing there stood two black poles. This would not easily bewilder the onlooker, were it not that from each pole three young male Orcs of exceptional beauty hung by their ankles, their wrists tied to their necks. The six Orcs wore nothing but small yellow trunks that fitted them as tight as their skins, and all six of them were painted with the colors of the six tribes that had so oddly left them hanging there, protected from the wild animals by six Orc warriors with shiny metal spears whose glistening in the morning sun signaled their presence in the forest around the clearing.

The six neatly tied Orcs, and it need be stressed once more that all of them were in the prime of their lives, rippling with muscle and of striking beauty of both body and face, simply hung there suspended by their ankles -their mist-moistened bodies shining in the early morning light- and could do nothing but await the things to come. So the halfnaked Orcs hung there shivering and shaking, not as much by the cold of that early morning in spring, but by the sheer fright and terror that filled their minds.

“We be fucked good..” one of the Orcs hissed and sighed a shivering sigh.

“That me wiss..” the Orc to his left hissed back in equal terror,

“Me wiss me got hard rumping by trunktailed giant rather than being green monsterbait here on pole. This not fucked this be doomed..” An Orc from the other pole growled in anger:

“You Oharac Radl Orc be coward! We go live and kill monster and that we do! You Oharac Orcs be little scared purr-meows! Meoww! Meoww! Me sooo scared be!!”

“You shut op or you be getting Oharac foot for grub!” the Orc of the Oharac tribe snapped, glad to get the chance to replace his fear with some good old-fashion Orcish threats.

“You not can! You go kick and me go lick Orcfoot all nice like gurk! You bound and being little pussy ‘bout it! Me not fear of death!”

“You no scared?!” another Orc replied,

“Poles be fifteen feet apart and wind be blowing but me smells you be shitting stink all time!”

“Will you dumb gurks go hush?!” the oldest of the Orcs snarled ferociously,

“We all be scared and we all be shitting stink! If me had gotten grub and soak last days and damn trunks be fitting as should me would piss myself, that be my scared now!”

“My trunks be squeeze-tight too! Me now has three throatlumps instead of one!”

“Linen thingies be right color for pissing too!” an Orc who had yet not spoken added,

"Mine be so tight big strong Orc got sweats tying tight shutcord. Me rather hang nudie than all squeezed-in like me be right now! All of you get Dwargh-size thingie like me?" The Orcs mumbled in agreement.

"We Orcs hang here and go be grub for big winglizard. Tribes go dump us for monstergrub but they be squeezing us into tight little cloth things size of Dwarghs. Me no get it..."

"That because you be dumb!"

"You take back! Me go tearing you..."

"You be tearing yellow trunks and go look stupid for beast! Me sees cloth thingie be throbbing! What be matter, dumbie gurk? Can't get tail up?"

"Me go KILL you!"

"You go squirt Dwargie-pants all sticky if talking big words like that! Me SEES you be hot on me! It be fun look for beast if Ogac warrior be all slick and sticky like that!"

"Me HATE you!"

"You not sweat it: you know me would give you long big suckling if we not be tied up! Me likes you and you sure be good looks!" This calmed the Ogac somewhat.

"Go hush up! You two talks of squirting be making my trunks more tight!"

"Damn Dwargiepants and damn sacrifice! We six Orcs be having six-tribe tail itch and we not can play fun with them!" the word sacrifice sobered them up. A silence came over the Orcs and one by one the repressed bulges in their tight trunks receded somewhat.

"Soon beast will swoop down and that be end of it. We be green meat grub and that be that..."

"Me not sure on that..." one of them hoarsely hissed,

"Me been hearing things on big monster in tribe..."

"You be hearing lot then Oclac gurk! Fate of spring sacrifice-Orcs be mystery."

"Me not be slave-Orc! Me means: me not be gurk YET..."

"Yet? What yet be meaning in this?"

"Me been hearing we go and be gurks for big monster."

"That better than being grub! But monsters not think so how can be slaves then to beast?"

"Winglizards be old as time. Me been hearing we go be gurks and not grub."

"Me rather be your tribe's rumping-gurk than cramming food up mouth of ugly beast..."

"Orcs...?" the youngest one squeaked,

"Me be scared like little mousie..." The bound Orc started sobbing.

"You no cry! Winglizard be huge big beast, so one bite kill you on spot and he not go nibble you like rats be doing. He go bite you in half and that be a death of heroes."

You go be proud big beast leave tribe alone because you be grub for monster."

"God of Thunder! LOOK!! LOOK!!"

It came from beneath the mists. A small flying shape flew towards them, becoming larger and larger as he advanced. It was a big red lizard with a thick, long tail and enormous wings.

"Monster be DRAGON!" one of the Orcs hissed in fear and managed to utter:

"You all hold piss and pray to Orcs in sky! We go and be heroes now!" Alas, these noble words fell to waste.

"ME NOT WANTING DIE!! ME NOT WANTING DIE!!" the youngest one worded all of their thoughts, and the tied-up Orcs squirmed like strung-up worms in desperate attempts to break the ropes that bound them to the poles of sacrifice. Prayers for strength were yelled and mingled with intensely humiliating shrieks for mercy of the

squirming Orcs that dangled from the poles. While the Orc guards in the woods ran for their lives the red Dragon hovered over them, swinging the big Orcs in the mighty gusts of wind from his gigantic red yet batlike wings. If the Orcs hadn't been kept hungry and dry for three days, each and every one of them would've soiled himself in fear of this formidable beast.

The Dragon's body was about thirty foot long and his tail equally so. His body was glistening with tiny red scales and somewhat resembled a man, but a powerful one with tail and wings, and his beastly head had huge, huge scales and horns.

The Dragon thudded down on the grass, it's reptilian feet sinking nearly a foot in the soil by the sheer weight they carried. Looming over them it stood twenty-five feet tall, its breathtakingly large wings spread out full and its bulging arms with one-foot clawnails on its stubby fingers. It raised its enormous head and roared a thundering, groundshaking roar that echoed for miles through the forest.

The Orcs found peace with their fate and let their bodies go limp, overcome by the calm of imminent death. This was it. Their thick Orc blood would soon splatter the ground and all over the Orcs left hanging for the next bite. They would get eaten one by one and that would be the end of things.

The enormous Dragon plunged it's head down and started sniffing the scent of the halfnaked Orcs strung up there for him. The Orcs could not help but have their nipples harden by the searing hot Dragonbreath that stroked their sweating bodies. The Dragon growled a booming growl that shook the Orcs. The Dragon brought his pointy head up close and sniffed strongly, his snout nearly touching the yellow linen trunks of the Orc of Ogac.

"No bite Orc there!" The Ogac squeeked quite unmanly, terrified by this sudden interest for his tightly wrapped Orchood.

Suddenly the Dragon raised his head into the air and roared deafeningly loud. He grabbed the two bundles of Orcs off of the poles and clutched them in his huge reptilian hands. Then he crouched down, jumped up and beating his huge wings he flew off with his prey.

The Orcs screamed and screamed as they dangled two hundred feet into the air, soaring over the treetops with breathtaking speed. They were so vulnerable, tied up into two bundles like that. As the wind blew past them they could see the forest below shooting by as they rapidly flew from their birthgrounds. The bodies of the six Orc tribesman thudded into one another by the wind's force. Suddenly the Dragon opened his wings wide and soared over Kingfisher lake. Once over Kingfisher lake a stretch of grassland was passed, and then they arrived at Thunder Hill, where the huge dragon had its lair. He swooped down and rammed his feet into the ground, sending a huge shock through the Orcs he carried. He almost gently dropped them on the ground, raised his head in another earpiercing roar and flew off to his lair halfway up Thunder Hill. The Orcs just lay there out of breath, pumping air and trying to regain themselves.

"Well, well, well... Looks like the greenboar have arrived!" a sharp voice sneered. They hastily looked up and saw four Dwarves walking up to them. They wore black fur trunks and vests and leather sandals. More worrisome was the four Dwarves each had big scourges under their belts, long knobbed handles with broad strips of thick leather dangling from them. "Kneel!" the Dwarf commanded in ancient Orx, and they clumsily complied as quick as they could, sitting up on their knees in two rows of three, wrists tied to their necks. The Dwarf who'd spoken before yanked his scourge from under his belt , walked up to them and looked them over.

"Niiice colors!" he grinned and looked at the tribal paints on the Orcs chests. He

walked up to the biggest one and pointed the knobbed end of his scourgehandle at his face.

“NAME!”

“Me.. me be Orc Okratan...” The Dwarf nearly exploded.

“That’s not your name! NAME!!”

“Me be Orc Okratan!” all the anxieties of the last days had taken their toll and the big Orc burst out crying. The Dwarf jabbed the knobbed scourgehandle into his mouth and screamed:

“Okratan is dead! Stone-cold dead! From now on your name is GURK! Now what’s your name?!” he popped the scourgehandle out of the sobbing Orc’s mouth , who screamed:

“Me be GURK! Me be GURK now!!” the Dwarf stepped back and made a wide gesture.

“You’re all gurks now! You’re the gurks of the Dragonlord and this day we’ll teach you how to be good little gurkies!” The six Orcs simultaneously sighed and another Dwarf smiled:

“You gurks thought you’d get eaten!” the Orcs nodded, quite relieved. The first Dwarf spoke again, his words now being a lot less harsh than they were.

“You gurks can count on not being killed, no need to fear death: you’re quite safe!”

The Orcs smiled but suddenly the Dwarf harshed up again.

“The gurks’ll get tied, whipped and worked like the beasts they are, but death is not among our intentions. Your Master from this day on is the mighty Dragonlord and we’ll make sure you’ll fulfill his every need!”

“This Dragon be –ungl!-“ the Oharac got the scourgehandle jabbed up his mouth.

“Gurks start out with ‘Master’. That you’re seven feet tall does not mean we can’t –or won’t- whip respect into your green gurk rump!” He pulled out the handle with a wet pop,

“Well?”

“Master Dwarf.. Big Dragon not go and eat us?”

“To you it’s DragonLORD and you’d better make him not eat you! We Dwarves serve him but the six of you are just gurks so there are no guarantees, never!” the Orcs gulped.

“Now on this first day you won’t get worked but we’ll teach you obedience instead. Got that?” the Orcs nodded.

“We’ll teach you to be good little gurks for your Dragonlord and we’ll have a little fun with your sorry green rumps too! Are your trunks nice and tight?” Six Orc nods.

“You! Yours seems –especially- tight! I was talking about teaching you sorry gurks obedience and suddenly it’s nothing but throbs in your yellows! What’s that about?”

“Me.. me be sorry Orc, Master..” The Dwarf let his scourge swoosh.

“Gurk! Me be sorry gurk!” The poor Ogac shrieked in fear;

“You’re sorry indeed, but I like your eagerness. I’d say you’ll make a fine gurkie by the end of the day..” The Dwarf slipped out of his simple sandal and rubbed his foot over the throbbing linen.

“You’re quite a big gurkie too!” he praised with sudden kindness and the Ogac grinned shyly.

“First let’s get acquainted. Orcs like sniffing each other when they meet so you gurks may sniff our feet to get to know us.” How humiliating! Sniffing up an Orc was good manners indeed, but being all tied up and sniffing feet was quite something else. The youngest Orc burst out in tears. The lead Dwarf walked to him, put the big Orc head to his chest and rubbed his back in comfort.

"Eeeeasy there gurkie! You're safe with us, there's no need for big gurk tears now.. You get to be gurkies of the mighty Dragonlord and if you serve him well you bring honor to your tribe. There: that's better!" The Dwarf stepped back and announced: "Your tribes have chosen the six of you to serve the Dragonlord. The better a gurk you are, the more honor will befall your tribe. To serve your Dragonlord is to serve your very tribe itself. The gurkies will bow down now and sniff our feet." One by one the Orcs obeyed and started sniffing the scent of their masters, hesitantly at first but then their Orcish instinctive curiosity for body odors took over and they greedily sniffed up these alien scents. None of them dared to stop unless told to and so they sniffed on and on for several minutes.

"Allright: sit up!" The Orcs sat up on their knees again and awaited further instructions.

"You: promise us and yourself that you'll serve the Dragonlord and us for all you're worth and swear on your Orcish Pride you'll be our humble and loyal gurk... Go on!" This was serious: an oath sworn on Orcish Pride was as binding as the strongest shackles, and these oaths could not be forsaken like humans often do. The Orc closed his eyes and let his head hang low in defeat. The Dwarf let his finger coarse on the lines of his tribal paint.

"Warrior of Ocilacac, don't fear. You'll get a good chance at freedom when you've proven to be a fine gurk so the winters won't come and go for you here. Swear your oath now."

The Ocilacac yielded.

"Me Okraturik of tribe of Ocilacac swear on Tribe, Pride and Life me will go and be.. good gurk to Dragonlord and the Dwarfs that be my Masters now. This be sworn."

The Dwarf kneaded the muscles of his shoulder and nodded in approval.

"Cut this gurkie loose." One of the Dwarves pulled a knife and cut the thick rope that was tied around the Orc's neck. The Orc held out his arms and his wrists were freed too. Then the Dwarf got behind him and cut the rope around his ankles and wound it off of the Orc's legs.

"Orc of the Tribe of Ogaclac: You're next..."

Minutes later the Orcs all sat on their knees, freed of the ropes but now bound by their oaths.

"Good: you now truly are the gurks of the Dragonlord. Bring forth the gurkchain!" One of the Dwarves had a long chain and walked up to the Orc on the left. He opened a small steel shackle and shut it around the Ocilacac's snoutring. He then let the black steel chain slide through his fingers and shackled the Ogaclac's snoutring to it. He then went on shackling the snoutrings of the Oharac, the Ozacac, the Ogac and the Oclac warriors. The six Orc tribesmen sat there, kneeling neatly in a row with their snoutrings shackled to a black round-linked chain.

"Now there's six good gurkies! Follow us on all fours, we'll show you your new home!" The Orcs crawled after the Dwarves, the gurkchain swinging between their snouts, following them to a hole in the mountain closed off with a door of steel bars. The lead Dwarf swung the door open.

"This one'll be locked at night to keep the gurks in and the bears out. If you've been a bad gurk we'll tie you to it and whip your rump real good..." The Dwarf cheerfully commented and the Orcs followed them into the small cave. Next the entrance was closed off by a hide. The Orcs at first thought it was to keep the cold out, but when the Dwarf opened it they decided it was meant to keep the stink in. Their sensitive snouts picked up all sorts of smells signaling Orcs had been kept locked up here for a long time. It was a strong Orc smell, quite offensive for most but the Orcs felt

comforted by it as they smelled all sorts of Orc body odors, but the smell of blood was not among them, nor did the stench carry the odor of mortal fear, odors any Orc could distinguish.

“In!” They followed and entered a small chamber hacked out of the solid stone of Thunder Mountain and filled up with a thick layer of stinky, moist sand. In the middle of their new home burned a small fire with a hole in the rock ceiling above it. To the left lay a big pile of old ragged hides spreading a strong Orc smell, to the right lay a big tree trunk, likely meant for them to sit on. On the walls hung six pairs of orcsized shackles and a collection of straps and other tools of punishment likely to be used on them should they be disobedient. In the wall facing them a small hole was hacked out -about four foot high, wide and deep- and closed off with a steel bar door. The Orcs fell silent intimidated by this small filthy cave that was to become their home and the fear-inspiring stuff inside of it.

“Like your new home, gurks? First rule is nothing new comes in and nothing old goes out. There’ll be no new hides, no fancy woodcarving or whatever you used to do: you’re gurks now. Fancy new ideas get to play with the stuff hanging there and get locked in the gurkcage there. Fire. Since it’s your first night here and we’re really too kind, you’ve got a fire here. Fire has to be earned in the day to be had at night. Good gurks get fire and bad gurks get.. other things. No fire means no warmth, no light and raw grub. We supply the fire, but you’d better have some firewood to burn. You’ll be serving us all day and that means we’ll work you hard, you’ll serve the Dragonlord in the evenings so consider this your home because it’s the only place you’ll have to come to breath and sweat off your exhaustion. Oh, right: cavewall-drawings get licked off. Am I clear?” The Orcs nodded, making the gurkchain swing between their snoutrings. Sweat off their exhaustion.. They could readily smell a lot of Orcs had been doing that here!

“And now we’ll show you the fields we’ll work you on.. You’ll get some practice crawling around and you lazy gurks get to sweat for us too!”

And so the Orcs were shown the fields and surroundings, all the while crawling on all fours as hastily as the Dwarves could make them. Afterwards they were led back to their small cave and three of the four Dwarves left.

The six gurkchained Orcs thuddled down on the pile of hides, heavily panting and profusely sweating by the strain of all that crawling under the surprisingly hot afternoon sun. So there they lay, adding their sweats and odors to that of the Orcs that had lived in the cave before them.

“Goood gurkies: very nice crawling for your first day, we’re all very pleased with you..” The Dwarf soothingly said and let the huge green Orcs come to breath.

“We’ll work you hard but don’t worry: we’re not monsters or anything. You’re the gurks of the Dragonlord so we’ll take good care of you. Being a gurkmaster carries big responsibilities.” This Dwarf obviously was the friendlier one of the four.

“Master..?”

“Go on..”

“Master Dragonlord be ferocious beast? If we be bad gurks, he go eat us?” The Dwarf smiled,

“You ought to get some on that bulging rump of yours for calling the Dragonlord a beast but no, I really don’t think he’ll eat you. We’ll get really tough on you but you gurks can rest assured: We won’t treat you any different than another Orc tribe would treat a gurk captive.” The Orcs were delighted to hear they were not likely going to get mauled or abused beyond Orc standards. This was going to get rough and hard, but they felt confident their Tribal Chieftains had not sacrificed them to be killed. But

that huge Dragon monster filled them with fear. Dwarves with whips were one thing but a ferocious thirty foot dragon was quite another.

“First day’s always the hardest...” The Dwarf volunteered,

“You’re made a gurk and it’s all new to you but you’ll learn to trust us as the weeks pass and perhaps we might even get along a bit, er... speaking from Master to gurk, that is! I’ll leave you now & we’ll fetch you this evening to offer you to our Dragonlord. Talk some Orcstuff..” The Dwarf shoved the thick firewood logs closer together and left. They heard the steel door bang shut and being locked with two hard clangs.

“Me thinks it not all bad...”

“Me guesses we could be dragonshit by now so comparing that nothing be bad..”

“We be getting worked hard by Dwarves and have to go work hard for monster. That do beat getting eaten. Me big scared of winglizard. Dwarves go talk all harsh and like making Orcs sweat, but they not hit with whips yet so me thinks they be safe. But winglizards me not know of. Dwarfs say beast not go eat us but they not can stop monster if beast wants go grub us..” The youngest Orc started sobbing again and the Orcs at his sides hugged him with their bodies.

“You not go cry now. Me been gurk of Oclac tribe and that not all bad. Dwarfs not real mean me thinks. They be harsh on Orc but me likes it so far.”

“Me likes too.” The Ocilaac added and the others made sounds of agreement.

“You no worry: you be weakest so we go protect you.” This proved comforting.

CLANG-CLANG! The lock was opened and the steel bar door creaked open. The four Dwarves barged in and the lead Dwarf looked them over.

“I see the green gurks have rested and dried up. Now that’s just fine because you’ll get to serve the Master now. On-your-feet!!” The Orcs got up as quickly as the gurkchain permitted. The lead Dwarf inspected them and rubbed the knob on the handle of his scourge under the Oharac’s balls in his yellow trunks.

“Niiice and tight! Gurks: Follow!” The Orcs followed the lead Dwarf and the other three made sure the Orcs did not try to flee. They left the smelly Orc cave and walked the path leading to the Dragon’s lair halfway up Thunder Hill. They entered the huge cave and into a big hall where the Dragon lay waiting for them. The enormous creature lay flat on his stomach, his big pointed head resting on his forearm as if he were basking in the sun. His big wings lay spread out over the granite floor and his enormous muscular legs lay spread-out on the stone with his big tail draped over one of them. Torches lit this hall and it could readily be seen the caves stretched much further than this hall alone. The Dragon lay behind a square black mat that had fifteen foot sides and was a foot thick, and piercingly gazed at them with his reptilian eyes. The Orcs were filled to the brim with fear: the monster was far bigger and menacing now they got to really see it, his head covered with all sorts of white horns, his fiery red scales glistening in the torchlight.

The friendlier Dwarf undid their gurkchain and sternly ordered:

“Row up on that mat for your Dragonlord! Kneel down, knees wide!” What could they do? They got on the mat. It was surprisingly soft and smooth under their bare green feet, being made of treesap-leather it was soon warm to the touch and had a skinlike feel. The Orcs sniffed the scents of the cave and what they smelled startled them. They smelled the big Dragon most of all, a sweet smell that was actually quite pleasing. But they also smelled many Orcs had been here, and it was clear as a mountain spring they had been very, very aroused. The Orcs knelt down as ordered, facing the Dragon whose reptilian eyes looked them over. The Dragon took in a lot of air and the Orcs feared being burned to a crisp with firebreath.

“So these would be my new gurks.. Quite a finelooking bunch...” The Orcs gasped

for air in shock, for it was the Dragon who had spoken. It was a strong, thundering voice, yet it was pleasingly friendly, entirely conflicting his ferocious looks.

“Nice gurks, your Chieftains have chosen you well.” The Dragon gazed at each and every one of them, clearly enjoying the sight of their halfnaked bodies. He started sniffing slowly.

“Mmmmm..” he thundered,

“Fresh Orcmeat that’s been sweating.. I guess you’ll sweat some more this night! Nice green bodies, fine fine meat... Up on your feet gurks, step up and let me look at you...” The Dragon’s voice was so friendly! He was in total control and really liked seeing their bodies. The Orcs complied and the Dragon sniffed their scent.

“Mmmm, all of you smell quite tasty..” somehow all of them understood the Dragon didn’t refer to eating them at all but rather had a particular liking of Orcs. The Dragon clearly got a little aroused they could see by the way he looked at them and his breath seemed to quicken somewhat.

“Go on my gurks, show off your tasty Orc bodies to me..” The Orcs were surprised at this sudden interest being paid to them. They nervously looked around.

“Come on now, don’t be shy! My gurks will show off their greens to me now..”

Surprisingly it was the youngest one who stepped forward and started rhythmically tensing his muscles as if dancing to unheard music, turning around in circles and showing his agility.

“Mmmm.. that’s the spirit! You’re a fine-looking gurk and you know how to please! It’s obviously the tribe of Ogac that’s got the most courage!” This teasing provocation hit the spot and soon all six of them showed off their bodies to the thirty foot creature who most obviously was enjoying this.

In some mysterious way it proved to be arousing to the Oharac too, and it showed.

“Look at that! Something green’s fighting that cloth! Look at it’s pushing and throbbing! That Orctail wants out, I can tell!” The Oharac blushed a dark green.

“Don’t be modest now! Be proud of that Orctail! Go on: give it a good rubbing. I just know you’d like that!” The big Dragon started excitedly slapping his big tail from side to side as he saw what was going on in front of his eyes.

“Now look at the six of you! My six green gurks are coming alive between their legs! Look at that throbbing, look at the size of those! They want out: I can see they want out!” Orcs aren’t exactly known for their sexual inhibitions, so without being urged on they started rubbing their trunks and shamelessly panted aloud doing it. The huge creature clearly delighted in them and each of the Orcs decided all of this was quite bizarre, yet highly arousing.

“Look at me green gurks, look at me while you’re rubbing it!” They were taking peeks at the Dragon anyway, so being allowed to look was all encouragement they needed. Soon the Orcslime of their yearning made sticky dark spots in their yellow trunks, but they did not mind, absorbed into this unworldly yet highly arousing game. They started sweating too as the Lusts mounted, as they stood there rubbing up their Orctails for the Dragon.

“Stop it!” The aroused Dragon gently hissed, but some were too hot to hear.

“I said stop it!” The Dragon mocked to threaten them, and they stopped, panting and sweating. The Dragon got closer and sniff-inspected their slime-stained trunks.

“Now look at you eager gurkies! Getting your trunks all wet and sticky like that.. Go on: take them off!” the aroused Orcs hesitated.

“Don’t be shy! Show me what’s between the legs of the Oharac, the Ogac, the Oclac, Ocilaclac, Ozacac and the Ogaclac tribesmen! You’re mine, every bit of your green gurk bodies is mine so tug those shuttingcords and show me what you’ve been

hiding!" More hesitation.

"If you can't take them off my Dwarves will happily assist.." The Dragon cheerfully volunteered and a quick glance showed the heated-up Dwarves indeed would most gladly help them out of those tight trunks.

Something must have happened since it was the youngest of them, the warrior of Ogac, was the first one to tug his shuttingcord and pull down his torturing-tight trunks. The friendlier Dwarf walked up on the mat and took the Orcslime-soaked linen from him.

"Aaaaah, look at that, look at that! A nice and stiff Orctail glistening in juices.. Step up to me and let me see it up close!" The Ogac complied and the Dragon sniffed and nudged the firm Orctail with his snout leaving a slimy streak on his bright red scales. "Fuck that me has bigger!" a heated Ocilacac growled and stripped off his trunks too, which the Dwarf took from him also.

"These are two brave, brave gurkies!" The Dragon praised whipping his tail. The other Orcs saw this was good and fine and soon the Dwarf left the mat with six slimestained yellow Orc trunks.

"Look at the six of you eager little gurkies! Six big hard Orctails standing to attention! Well: your Dragonlord has something to show you too!" The Dragon got up and sat down at a corner of the mat, lining two sides of it with his muscular Dragon legs. Between them hung a pouch with two melon-sized Dragonballs and above that an enormous reptilian battering-ram five foot in length and almost a foot across. The Orcs gasped for air. Oh, they had all played nudewrestle with Orc giants, but this treetrunk was simply beyond anything they had ever remotely conceived. They fell to their knees in lustful awe, unable to take their eyes of the fiery red monster. The Dragon laughed a thundering laugh that shook them.

"Now you gurkies come and sniff THAT!"

"It be so big!" the Ozacac gasped, but was not corrected for his lack of respect. "Come sniff it and feel how hard it is!" Ofcourse it was the Ogac who seemed beyond fear now. On his knees he crawled up to the Dragon and slowly licked his lustswollen lips.

"Me.. Me may go touch Dragonlord?"

"I insist!" The Ogac lay his hands on the big head and immediately a hard jet of slime splattered his face and chest and slowly started dripping off of him.

"How's that for a bath!" the Dragon lustfully joked, the Ogac licked it off his lips and tasted.

"Mmm.. It smell good and taste good too. Me glad me allowed!"

"Oh you're allowed all right! I intend to give you all a facefull and THIS gurk's next!" The Dragonlord grabbed the Oharac by his waist and held him just in front of his huge spouting slit. The Oharac could not help but lick it and got smacked with thick Dragonslime too. The other four now crowded eachother to get splattered too, and soon they were covered in the slippery goo that had a highly arousing smell and taste to it.

"My dear slickened-up gurkies: Whenever I want and for every single night you will get to be my playthings. On the hundred' day you shall be released to freedom but up until that time your sole purpose shall be to satisfy my lusts. On the hundred' day you shall be clad once more but all days and nights my gurkies shall wear a snoutring but nothing to cover their bodies. Is that understood?" The Orcs nodded eagerly, blinded by their arousal. They would be kept nude like the animals, but would get to please this lewd Dragon for a hundred days on end. They had expected to die, but were cast

into Orc Heaven for a hundred days alive and well!

"I will now see you gurkies sniffing each other.." The Orcs turned to each other and started sniffing their slickened green bodies and touching, fondling, hugging...

"My gurkies will now play together like the Orcs they are. Touch. Feel. Taste each other and give pleasure. I will see you wet this mat with your juices: that's an order!" The Orcs needed no further enticements and crawled together in a cuddling-pile of rubbing, hugging, moaning Orcs increasingly absorbed into their sexual play under the watchful eyes of their four Dwarf masters and their Dragonlord who fondled his Dragonhood and splattered his slimes over the green pile of squirming Orc bodies, delighting in wetting every single Orc.

The Ozacac found what he looked for, grabbed hold of the swollen Orcpouch and started slurping the big Orctail that shot its slimes into his mouth. He felt fingers probing between his buttocks knowing an Orcspear would soon follow, his fingers found a stiffened nipple he started fondling. Moans and panting was all around, as was the sweating and the slick juices of Orc and Dragon alike, the latter making it into the slickest Orc Orgy each of them ever had been in. The Oclac got his pouch sucked and felt hot breath on his stiff spear as his rump was split by a big Orctail that relentlessly pushed inward while he licked the sole of an Orc foot his tongue could reach and was hugging someone green nearby. The Ocilacac was under vicious tugging attack which roughly shook his pouch, but could not help it as two strong smooth thighs clutched his head so he just licked the pouch and Orctail until his captor had to release him.

The Dragonlord got seated on his knees and towered high above the moaning pile of lustful Orcs, tugging his Dragonhood and splattering the Orcs below with his thick hot fluids. The Orcs now slipped and滑 in a puddle of slimes, being fully covered in it and writhing of lust on the slick treesap-leather of the soft mat. The Dwarves hungrily absorbed this sight and were glad their apprentice-gurks were quick learners. They could feel the heat of the steaming hot pile of moaning Orcs and shut their eyes in delight whenever an Orcish roar signaled another one of their gurks was spouting his seed.

The Dragonlord was beside himself with joy. These were feisty gurks indeed!

The Oharac couldn't resist the licking anymore and roaring about he shot his seed all over the Ocilacac's face he held clutched between his thighs and who eagerly opened his mouth trying his best to catch it. The Oclac got rump-rammed hard and then felt himself getting slickened on the inside with Orc juices, which oozed out of him when the big Orctail was pulled out. The young Ogac got beside himself with lust as his tail was suckled good and firm and giggled hysterically because some Orc had grabbed hold of his ankle and mercilessly licked the sole of his green foot, being very ticklish there just like any Orc. He struggled frantically to escape the torture, but just for the fun of being forced. The Ozacac held the slickened Orcpouch tight and teasingly chewed on a stiff Orctail, the tips of his ears being squeezed hard by its owner just like he liked it, while his stick-hard tail and swollen pouch were held tight by an Orc who had his tongue inches deep between his buttocks and wriggled and squirmed there like a snake on a hot rock. The Oharac had not let the Orc's head escape from between his legs and it kept on licking him. He tightened up and spouted his Orcseed again roaring uncontrollably, but a hard jet of Dragonslime slapped into his face and wide-open mouth making him swallow while spouting his own.

The Dragonlord got intoxicated by watching the Orc orgy beneath him and his tugging mounted and mounted until he could contain it no longer. He raised his head

in a deafening roar which made the Orcs stop and look and moan in delight as all of them were splattered with thick white Dragonseed of intoxicating fragrance and taste, which kept on spouting and spouting until a bucket could be filled with it. Panting with his whole body the Dragon looked down on his soaking-wet green minions.

“Go on!!” he panted,

“Play, my green gurks, show me your Orc Lust!” Growling and snarling the pile of Orcs tightened as they clutched each others bodies and tugged, licked and pushed their tails mouth and rump alike. The Dragon came to breath somewhat, but sat there watching the hypnotizing sight of six Orcs enveloped in a rapturous orgy, their slickened bodies slipping and sliding over one another in a huge puddle of slimes on the soft sableather mat. A roar was roared, Orc seed spouted upwards, the Dragonlord caught it with his hand and tasted the Orc’s essence while his enormous reptilian battering-ram receded to a no less impressive half-hard 4 foot length he squeezed the last juices out of.

The Dragonseed had made the Orcs slick as oil on water and their bodies滑 like eels in a bucket. Being covered in fragrant, salty Dragonseed was a turnon beyond belief and they got harder still as they orgied on.

Now Orcs in lust can go on and on for hours, spouting their seed five, six, seven times before tiring a bit, and so they did and their squirming, moaning, panting and their roars of orgasm were quite something to behold. But finally even they reached satisfaction, and soon they just lay there wet with juices, panting and moaning their Orc bliss. The Dragonlord smiled and looked at his Orcish minions in full satisfaction.

“You gurks go lie there for a while.. I’m very pleased with you and you’ve been real Orcs for me. You fresh gurks are a feisty bunch, our hundred days will be real sweet for all of us!” He patiently waited until his Orcs had regained themselves, and then teasingly spoke:

“Now just look at you gurks: being all slick and slimy and wetting the gurkmat like that! I will now see you lick the mat and each other until it’s all clean and proper. Go lap it up now my gurkies: that’s an order too!”

The tired Orcs got on all fours and set about their tasty task. For anyone not Orc this would’ve been quite a chore, but not so for these green gurks who happily and eagerly complied and licked the delicious juices, all the Orc sweat, slime and seed and above all pint after pint of the thick salty Dragonslimes off of the mat and each other’s green bodies.

“Now look at them eagerly licking my goodie Dragonsquirts, I can see you’re liking it!” the Dragon lustfully teased and was quite right for licking the mat of their orgy and all that delicious goo off of each other’s bodies proved highly arousing, making the six green tribesmen half-hard in their Orctails again. It took about half an hour for there were more juices to be lapped up than a bucket could contain but finally the Orcs were ready licking each other and neatly rowed up on hands and knees awaiting further instruction.

The Dragon squeezed his now soft Dragonhood, shook his hand and smacked some slime on the mat.

“You missed a spot!” He teased, and watched with sparkshooting eyes how the Orcs crawled for it and fought to get to lick it up like they were doggies thrown a bone.

Finally the six Orcs sat up, their tummies filled with all those delicious juices of Dragon and Orc. The Dragon looked down on them and solemnly promised:

“And this shall be the evening meal of my gurks for every night of the hundred.” He fell silent and listened to the Orcs panting of the pleasures they had felt.

“You’ve been fine, fine gurkies this first night. You’ve shown me you’re true Orcs and

have brought much honor to your tribes. I have seen the six of you enjoyed this and you will remain so for the next hundred days, for your Orc bodies are now gurks to my lust and you'll get fed and taken care of in trade for your seed. Overseers: gurkchain them and bring them to their cave. You may satisfy your lusts on them but spare them the whip as they have pleased me much. The Dragonlord of Thunder Hill has spoken."

One of the Dwarves got on the mat that was still moist with Orc saliva and joined their snoutrings to the gurkchain.

"On your feet!" The satisfied Orcs complied, their big Orc tails half-hard with a sexual tension which endured beyond their satisfaction. They bowed down for their Dragonlord in sincere gratitude and then followed the Dwarf off of the mat. The friendlier Dwarf shook the sticky-wet Orc trunks in front of them.

"Take a good look because you won't see them again for a hundred days!" he cheerfully announced and the six aroused Orcs, naked except for their snoutrings and the gurkchain, followed the Dwarves to the smelly cave which was to become their home.

The lead Dwarf swung open the steel bar door.

"In!" The Orcs got in and found the fire still smoldering inside.

"Kneel in front of the treetrunk!" the six chained Orcs complied.

"Now bend down over it with your snouts on the ground and your Orc rumps in the air!" The Orcs reluctantly complied. Had not the Dragonlord ordered they should be spared the whip?

"Arms on your backs, wrists together!" The Orcs complied and one of the Dwarves took six thick leather straps and buckled the wrists together of each of the six Orcs. Another of the Dwarves got a kind of gurkchain with leather straps and shut these snugly around their velvety Orc pouches, trapping and tying together the green warriors by their Orcballs.

There they were: Six Orc warriors of six Orc tribes, nakedly gurkchained together, arms behind their backs laid over a treetrunk with a ballshackle that prevented them from getting up. All they could do was lie there with their bare Orcrumps in the air.

"You've been good gurks.." The lead Dwarf praised,

"You've given us quite a sight and the Dragonlord was very pleased with the six of you." He smiled and they rowed up in front of them.

"But Dragonlord said you're ours now and since you've managed to please us too four of you are to be lucky gurks and will get a nice Dwarf rumping! Men: Pick yourselves a nice beefy gurkierump and pound away!" The Dwarves got behind them and all the Orcs could do was hope they'd get picked, as all of them were very willing to please their Dwarfmasters and get a poking for it too! All Orc rumps were thoroughly kneaded, felt and otherwise inspected, and it turned out to be the Ogalac and the Ocilacac who merely got to listen to their friends panting and moaning intermingled with those of their Dwarven captors. The Dwarves had gotten very aroused that night, and the four lucky Orcs got quite a rumping for it. But finally the Dwarfish seed was liberated as the Dwarf Masters got their way with their fresh catch.

"Consider the two of you to be next!" The lead Dwarf sternly promised the Orcs left out.

"You're promising gurks and I think you're quite the catch. For this night we'll leave you bound and if any of us so desires he'll have your six gurk rumpies rowed up for him. Tomorrow you get to be gurks of burden as we'll go plowing the fields. I suggest you go and sleep for we'll work you like you've never been worked before. Whips'll

crack and gurks will sweat, but we'll keep you fit for the Dragonlord as you're his. Welcome to Thunder Hill and a good night, fresh gurks!"

The Dwarves left, slammed the steel bar door shut and locked it with two sharp clangs. Then the silence of night came over them and for some minutes they were quiet.

"Now we truly be fucked good." The Oclac concluded once more and all agreed, but in quite a different way as they did that morning.

"Me not know who Orcs been fucking me but it been good and Dwarths sure be good fuckers too. They not be bigtailed but they be knowing where Orc likes be poked!"

"Me bit shame to say but me all hot on Dragonlord!" the young Ogac hesitantly confessed.

"Anyone hand up who not be hot on Dragonlord!" the Oharac hissed and all bound Orcs chuckled.

"He sure be good looks and smell good and spouting yummy Dragonstuff!" six Orcs licked their lips recalling the spicy salt of the Dragonslimes.

"Oww!"

"What be wrong?"

"Me tried get up but that be tugging balls! We be tied-up good!"

"Why you want and get up?"

"Me just want see if me tied-up good. Us lying here rump-up must be yummy sight!"

"You not be satisfied?"

"In Orctail me is, but me never gets satisfied in eyes!"

"Me be wanting go lick and rub and have tail of Dragonlord all for me!"

"Then that gets be big nudie-fight because me go first!"

"We all be getting turns hundred days in row..." The Oclac sighed.

"Me be tied up nudie like gurk, me been rumped by Dwaragh like gurk, me had go lick dragongoo like gurk and had to go fucking for big Dragon. Now me really feel like gurk..."

"You be sad on it?"

"Sad? Me will no Orc tell but me loves being little gurk fuckbeast for Dragonlord!"

The Orcs chuckled, all of them intensely happy with the fate that had befallen them on the day that started out as one of the worst, but turned out to be one of the best days of their lives. They softly wispered on, enjoying the humiliating way they were tied up and what was to be their fate now they'd become lustng-gurks for a giant, friendly, exciting Dragon. One by one they yielded to the dreams of night and dreamed arousing Orc dreams.

The next day proved one of hard, hard work with sweating and whips snapping on their bare rumps. They were worked hard, then fed again and rested, and the night proved more arousing than the one before.

Days came and went, they lusted and orgied and although they remained mere gurks they got closer and closer to their Dragonlord and the stern but just Dwarves. Weeks yielded to months and the six Orc gurks came to not want to be anywhere but at Thunder Hill where they got worked and fed and where all of their lusts and desires were fulfilled to the utmost extreme.

But the hundred' day came as it inevitably would and the six green gurks were offered their freedom. They all forsake it, choosing to remain with the Dragonlord for as long as tradition would allow, which was a year and one day. When that final day came there was a heartbreaking goodbye with sobbing and hugging and comforting. But such was tradition, and the six gurks of old had to yield to the six gurks of new as

it has been for hundreds of years. The Orcs returned to their tribes like all gurks before them, unnoticed as the tribes were thousands strong. The bond forged between them was never broken, and having earned their places around the fires of the Brothers of Sacrifice they were part of sustaining the peace and relations between the tribes, and bound by secrecy they never revealed what was to be the faith of those sacrificed when spring came.

The six of them became healthy, happy Orcs and their stars shone brighter than ever before. But whenever a falcon or vulture came flying in from afar, far enough as to not be clearly seen, a warm tickle of longing coursed through their bellies taking them back to the times they were the gurks of their Dragonlord of Thunder Hill.

THE FORGEMASTER'S RING

Orac the Orc knocked on the small door in the closed gate of the forge, now a bit harder than he had done before to be heard despite the clanging of a heavy hammer on steel. The fierce banging stopped.

"Enter!" roared a booming human voice, and Orac opened the small door and got in. The forge was warm and humid, a workshop of ten by fifteen meters with a red brick coal furnace in the back and tables and shelves to the sides, bearing ironworking tools and projects in various stages of readiness.

"An Orc!" the blacksmith, a mountain of a man, roared in surprise, clunked down his hammer on the granite tiles and walked towards Orac.

Orac was stunned. This was a really impressive human, he was almost two meters tall and very muscular as humans go, endowed with a good lining of lard, wearing a brown leather blacksmith's kilt and short heavy boots. Orac only reached up to his nose-height and despite being an Orc could not match this human's strength even if he were just as tall, as he was less muscular than most Orcs. The blacksmith put his heavy hand on Orac's shoulder and squeezed the muscle gently.

"My, an Orc! And not too big an Orc too I must say. Okay, Foral's the name, what can I do for you green one?" Orac blushed, hidden by his dark green complexion.

"Me be O-Orac.."

"Here, have a look at this, oh-Orac!" The blacksmith teased, and held out a horses' bridle. Orac looked hesitantly at it.

"Go ahead oh-Orac, no mean tricks on my part. I'm coldforging it, same job only you got to bang it harder. I'd be damn mean to give you something hot now wouldn't I?"

Orac nodded and took the horses' bridle. It was quite warm, but this by the banging of the hammer, not by the forge. Judging from the hot part the blacksmith had been ramming in a steel peg.

"It good made, sir forgemaster." Orac said politely. In Orc society blacksmiths held high status. You don't disrespect a forgemaster. Ever.

"Forgemaster!" the blacksmith laughed, and took the bridle, threw it up in his hand and then onto a bench.

"Now what can I do for you, young Orac?"

Orac pulled his dagger, and without second thought the blacksmith took it from his hand and inspected it. He held it up with both hands, the pommel pointing at his nose and the point of the dagger at Orac's face, and looked over the line of the edge.

"Now that's quite some abuse, oh-Orac, quite some indeed! What have you been doing, cutting rocks?"

"It.. it fell on cobblestones and cart drove over it, forgemaster." Orac shyly answered, feeling as if he had to justify what had happened to his blade.

"A cart drove over it!" Foral laughed and shook his head.

"Two bronze and half an hour and I'll toss in a wetstone to sharpen it properly, how's that?"

"Good, forgemaster! Thank you, forgemaster." The blacksmith smiled.

"I'll see how you Orcs make the hilt come off, look around a bit, see if you see something you like." Foral walked off with the dagger and Orac turned to a

long bench with a lot of metalware on it. There was rough-iron, steel, copper and bronze forged into all sorts of things such as tools, arrowheads, nails, hinges...

Orac saw a small box with thick goldbrass rings in various sizes, obviously intended for holding together riding-gear and other leatherwares, tantalizingly glistening in the light of the oil lamps. These were finely crafted rings.. Orac gulped. He could never afford these, he barely had enough on him for having his knife fixed and today's food and lodging.

What if..

Orac shook his head briskly. To take something from a forgemaster.. His fingers played nervously with the ring he desired. It shone in the shimmering light of the oil lamps, so thick and heavy and beautiful.. So suitable for his purpose.. But.. to take something from a forgemaster!

It.. It was so beautiful..

Orac held his breath and pinched his eyes shut. He had never done this! He slowly slid the ring under the belt of his leather loin cloth.

A heavy hand smacked on his shoulder and turned him, so he faced the blacksmith.

"I saw that, oh-Orac. I didn't take you for a thief, young Orc!"

"Me sorry forgemaster! Ohwww me no mean to.."

"For something you didn't mean to, you did it rather well.. But not good enough not to get caught!" the blacksmith said sternly, then poked his thick finger under the Orc's belt and retrieved the ring. He waved it in front of Orac's face, calm but angered.

"Do you have any idea how much work this is, oh-Orac? To cast it, file it, and then take it from coarse sandpaper all the way to salt-paper until it shines like it does?"

"Me.. me sorry, forgemaster!" Orac almost squeaked, as he cringed in embarrassment.

"Sorry won't do it. And a night in a cell won't do it either." the blacksmith said, and tapped the ring against the ring through Orac's snout.

"You already got a snoutring, what's this for then? Wanted to sell it off? My ring?"

"No-ooowh.." Orac moaned and bit his lip.

"What's it for, oh-Orac?"

"It for my Orctail.." Orac whispered in defeat,

"It ring for to put around Orctail."

Foral blinked and looked at the ring.

"Standard goldbrass, one-half of an inch. Inner diameter one three-quarter inches. Are you a liar as well as a thief?"

"It true.." Orac squeaked.

"We'll see about that." the blacksmith decided, put his finger in the belt buckle of Orac's loin cloth, pulled the slack end thought and gave it a brisk tug, Orac's loin cloth and pouches fel on his green feet and the blacksmith looked down. Over a sac as thick as an apple the Orc indeed had a soft Orctail, hanging down a good six inches, that might well fit the ring.

"Well I'll be this and then some." the blacksmith said in amazement and fell silent.

Then he held out the ring and sternly looked Orac in the eyes.

"Orc. Put it on." Orac gasped.

"Please!"

"Orc: put it on. You wanted to steal it didn't you? Now wear it to your shame."

Orac hesitantly took the ring. He looked at the blacksmith but he showed no lenience. He sighted a shivering sigh of fear and slid the cold ring around his Orctail. And yes, awoken by the nakedness, tension and the coldness of the ring his Orctail betrayed him. With determined throbs Orac's Orctail started swelling bigger and bigger, capturing the ring at the base of it. And because the ring held the base of his meat so well it swelled as big and hard as it ever had been, the green foreskin sliding back to reveal the bright red glans that pumped up to a thick shiny knob on a nine inch cosh.

"Well.. well.. well.." the blacksmith slowly said,

"You're getting pretty excited by the bounty of your theft. That is not what I had in mind Orc: here's what I had in mind."

The blacksmith slid his finger through Orac's snoutring and led the naked Orc, who wore nothing but a ring around his hard swollen Orctail, to the great anvil at the middle of the forge. The blacksmith sat down on the anvil and with a tug at the snoutring he forced Orac to lie across his lap, then pinned the Orc's back down with his strong left hand.

"No! Nooo! Nooo!" Orac begged, because now he knew what was on the blacksmith's mind.

"No, please, forgemaster! Pleeease!"

"Here's what thieving Orcs get: I'm going to cold-forge some Orc-hams now!"

The blacksmith raised his strong hand and smacked it down on Orac's bare buttocks. And then he slapped again and again, over and over in a steady rhythm.

Orac roared in pain, as the blacksmith's hand, used to forging iron, smacked down on his Orc-hams. The blacksmith didn't deal his rumpsmacks fast, but rather dealt them one by one in a steady rhythm, whipping with his wrist as if banging a heavy hammer.

Oooow! Oooooww! Ooow!

Orac's roaring became a howling as the rumpsmacks went on and on, and his green body writhed in sweat on the leather of the blacksmith's kilt. Foral diminished nothing in pace or vigor, and minutes passed where there was nothing heard other than the smacks of flesh on flesh and the howls and shrieks of the Orc that had stolen.

Then the blacksmith halted and Orac moaned and gasped for breath, dripping with sweat and tears oozing from his eyes. The blacksmith slowly rubbed his big hand over the Orc's now dark green hams.

"Quite warm I must say Orc. Are you sorry yet?"

"Me sorry forgemaster! Me sorry, me sorry!"

"Not nearly as sorry as you'll be when I get your Orc-hams as hot as they deserve to be!"

"Noooo!!"

Briskly, but at the same steady pace the blacksmith started smacking the Orc's hams again, over and over, making his howls and shrieks fill the forge with noise, and the scents of soaking wet sweaty Orc perfuming the air with a scent of an Orc thief who was very sorry indeed for what he had done.

Minutes came and went, and the rumpsmacks came still undiminished while Orac now finally succumbed to agonized shrieks and yelps. Then, finally, the blacksmith stopped, all of a sudden.

He slowly rubbed his big hand over the round, shiny green Orc-hams, which were as wet with the pouring sweat as the Orc was all over.

"Now then: now your Orc-hams are as hot as they deserved to be."

"Pleeeease forgemaster.. Pleeeease.."

"No, no, don't bother to plead, Orc. There won't be any more of that, I'd say your Orc-hams paid the price for your thievery quite enough. Come to breath but better stay as sorry as you are right now!"

"Thankyou.. Thankyou forgemaster.."

Foral kept slowly rubbing the glowing green Orc-hams while Orac regained some of his breath. Then he pushed the Orc off his lap, onto the floor.

"Get on your knees, thieving Orc."

Orac hastily got on his knees. His Orc-hams glowed and stung so much that he kept moaning softly, trying to find some comfort. There he sat, a naked Orc on his knees on the floor, looking up at a mighty human forgemaster, seated on his anvil like a king on his throne.

Orac's Orctail still was swollen as hard as it could be, as the punishment somehow had been very arousing to him, and the thick goldbrass ring kept his Orctail swollen as hard as it was going to get.

"Your mouth speaks of mercy but your Orctail speaks of something else. It is as if you liked your punishment. Did you, Orc? Did you like your punishment?"

"No.." Orac whimpered,

"Well.. maybe bit.. Orc deserved it. Orc been bad.."

"And right now it is your Orctail that is bad. Tug it for me."

Orac blinked. Could it be that this was more than mere punishment to the forgemaster too?

"Tug your Orctail for me, thieving Orc. And look me in the eyes while you do it until you squirt your Orcseed at my feet, to your shame for thieving."

Indeed, Orac was very ashamed at the thought alone, but it was not going to stay thought alone.

"I could ofcourse smack your Orc-hams again until you obey me better.." the blacksmith calmly said,

"And I even may smack your hams after that. But fact is that you will spill your Orcseed at my feet before nightfall comes. Do it."

Orac hesitantly took his meat. Oh, as hot, hard and eager as it was! How it betrayed him even now in his humiliation!

Orac started fondling his Orctail and gradually his fondling became a kneading, and the kneading became a firm massage.

"Ah, I must say you know how to handle your meat, thieving Orc. Now look me in the eyes and do so even if I avert mine to look at what you are doing for me. I take it you are very ashamed right now."

Orac hissed in embarrassment and looked the blacksmith in the eyes. He looked stern, but with a kindness to him. He had not been cruel, he had been very harsh on Orac, and for an Orc this made a world of difference. Orac hissed again whenever Foral's eyes strayed and calmly gazed at him massaging his Orctail and panting to the rhythm, then looked him in the eyes again.

The gazes between them, looking up to the mighty forgemaster, hypnotized Orac until he felt nothing but him pleasing his flesh and the Forgemanster looking down on him to assure that it was done. Orac got beyond shame, and now panted aloud, and started tugging his meat with both hands.

This was wild!

Finally the young Orc could not contain his lusts and moaning and hissing he pushed down his Orctail and hissed and thrashed his head left to right while he spilled his seed on the granite floor between the blacksmith's boots. Then he leaned with his hands on his legs for support, let his head hang low and came to breath, staring at the large puddle of his bright white Orcseed on the grey marble.

"That was more than I thought it would be, young Orc. You can take a rumpsmacking and you did a seminal penance that was most impressive. Most impressive. Now come closer until you kneel in the puddle of your own Orcseed."

Orac obeyed. Whatever was to come, he would yield to it to get what he deserved, yet what came surprised him still.

"Well, well.. It looks like you found remorse for your guilt, thieving Orc. I have given you your punishment. You have given me your seed. Now, to conclude the punishment for a thieving Orc, you may take mine."

The blacksmith, still seated on his anvil, pulled up his brown leather blacksmith's kilt, revealing his human seven inches which stood gloriously erect. Orac gulped and looked up at the magnificent forgemaster.

"Yes. I too have taken pleasure in these punishments. You may refuse, and I will merely smack your Orc-hams back to the hotness they had some moments ago. If you deem it right to please me to pay for your wrongdoing, you know what you must do now."

Orac did not need much time to decide. Watching the forgemaster oversee his tugging had showed him that it was good. With his Orctail still hard by the ring and his arousal he moved forward, hugged the blacksmith's loins and took his strange-tasting human meat into his mouth.

Orac slowly sucked on the heated human meat, working it with his tongue and lips and trying his best to taste all of it, and alternated lunges forward to drive the meat into his throat with slow retractions and licks from his tongue.

The blacksmith petted his bald green head and played with his long, pointy Orc ears, occasionally seizing the back of his head and skewering the Orc on his meat when he felt impatient.

"Now there's a good Orc." the blacksmith praised, and pushed the Orc's snoutring and tusts to his body, then drew his head back and pushed the Orc back onto his meat. The blacksmith was less patient with the pleasing of his meat than with the smacking of Orc-hams, and he soon increased pace, with Orac fighting to please him as much as he could and getting some air doing it. "There!" the blacksmith groaned and his human seed squirted in the Orc's mouth, which welcomed it as a treat. The blacksmith kept the Orc skewered and licking until his meat had gone soft again. Then he pulled Orac's head back, who released the human meat with a sucking pop, and held his green Orc head in his hands, lining his tusks with his thumbs.

"Orc: your debt to me is duly paid. It seems only fair that I let you keep that ring, and work your dagger for free."

Orac looked at him, eyes wide with adoration.

"Oh.. thank you, forgemaster.." Foral smiled, pushed the Orc's shoulders back and saw that his ringed Orctail was by no means diminished.

"I will even allow you to stay around and eat a bite with me but.." the blacksmith smiled shamelessly,

"Only if you wear nothing but that ring you've earned, and I take it you know how to thank me for your meal."

Orac sighed in admiration.

"Me.. me wants, forgemaster.."

"Sure you do!" Foral smiled and got on his feet,

"You're my Orc now. You like that, don't you?" Orac, still on his knees, looked up at the blacksmith in admiration.

"Yes.. Me your Orc now, forgemaster.."

"Well I like the forgemaster bit so that stays, young Orc. Now as for that dagger of yours.." Foral walked away and took the blade of the dagger off a bench. Orac startled, because his fine dagger was stripped to the bare blade. Foral smiled.

"What kind of warrior are you, that you never saw your dagger undone?" Orac hissed in embarrassment. It was true. He was twenty-two and had gotten his dagger after his Initiation at sixteen, yet never taken it apart nor knew how to. "Over here you." the blacksmith ordered, and Orac got on his feet and got to him. Foral demonstrated it before his eyes, slapping the parts together in a casual routine.

"Okay, here's your blade. The hilt slides over the tang like so: perfect fit. Now the handle comes on, see? Just one way in which it fits. Okay, now the pommel comes on like so, push it down, twist it halfway and pull it up. The leather cord goes between the handle and the pommel, locking it in place. To undo it, other way around." Fast like lightning the blacksmith undid the parts and took the blade. Then he looked the smaller Orc in the eyes.

"I'm not in the habit of spanking Orc-hams even though I must say yours tempt me, young Orac.." Orac hissed in humiliation. His muscular rump still was glowing fiercely, and was still quite stingy.

"But are -you- in the habit of thieving?"

"Ooh! No forgemaster.. Me no thief.." Foral looked at Orac with a bit more confidence than the Orc was comfortable with.

"I -did- slap those Orc-hams of yours well enough, didn't I? It is not that I'd have to lay you across my lap again because I find things missing, will I?"

"No, forgemaster.." Orac looked down in remorse, but Foral lifted the Orc's chin with his finger until he faced him again.

"I believe you, young Orc." Orac relaxed. The thoughts of more rumpsmacks was a bit too exciting for him right now and his fear-tightened tummy relaxed.

"Now get me my one-inch roundhead hammer off that bench there. Oh and Orac.." Orac looked at him in anticipation.

"Better hurry up a bit too." the tension was too much, and Orac ran to the other side of the forge, frantically looked for the requested hammer and dashed back to hand it to the blacksmith.

"Here, forgemaster."

"My, by the looks of it you seem eager to please. I never did have a helper so forthcoming as you are..." The blacksmith took Orac's erect Orctail in his hand, feeling the warmth and the soft skin over the hard meat beneath, and gently played with it.

"Or as naked as you are.. beastie!"

Orac hissed hard as he startled by the word, and blushed a dark green. There he stood, a naked Orc warrior, Orctail sticking out hard and ringed, being fondled gently by a greater human forgemaster.

"Yes.. You like that word, don't you, beastie? So befitting a naughty Orc like you." Orac looked down and gulped, then softly whispered:

"Yes, forgemaster.." Foral stopped and held the side of the Orc's arm.

"I'm not pushing you too hard, am I? You seem to like the pushing."

"Me likes, forgemaster.."

"It's odd, I don't usually do this, but you and your naughtiness invite it. I like you, green one."

Suddenly the door was banged. Orac startled, grabbed his loincloth and pouches and hid behind the brick forge in the back of the workshop.

"Enter!" Foral invited, and the small door in the gate opened. A well-dressed human, obviously a nobleman, entered the forge.

"Good evening good Sir!"

"Sir Foral!" the nobleman greeted and they shook hands, then Foral made an apologetic gesture.

"I said I would, but I didn't finish your request, sorry about that. I got the belts and most of the rings, but it turns out I'm one ring short. A one-threequarter incher, I'll have it ready for you tomorrow.

"Umm Foral: There's an Orc hiding behind your forge." Foral heard a telltale hiss from behind him and smiled.

"Oh that's okay, that's young Orac. Don't mind him. If he likes to he'll come out and if not he won't bother you. Leave him be I'd say." The nobleman scratched his chin, then shrugged his shoulders.

"When will the final ring be ready?"

"I don't know what comes in during the morning, but I'd say in the early afternoon. From what you ordered I'd say it's for riding gear, I'd be happy to rivet it for you if you take your horse, sir. No charge too: You're good business."

"It's.. Hey, kind of you good sir but it's not for horse's gear. I'll send a servant to fetch it. If that shy helper of yours will be around they can shake hands, he's an Orc too. You'll be seeing more of me, fine blacksmith!"

"Until then, good sir!" Foral smiled and the nobleman left. There was a quick slapping of Orc-feet on the granite tiles as Orac ran towards him, his undiminished Orctail swaying left to right. The smaller Orc hugged the big blacksmith and pressed his bald green head down to the blocksmith's broad chest. Foral put his big arms around the younger Orc warrior and petted his back.

"There, there, Orac!" He smiled, overcome by the Orc's affection, "I have your dagger to tend to." Orac let go and watched in admiration how the human forgemaster used the hammer as well as strange small metal chisels on the edge of his blade with skillful taps and bangs.

Foral held up the blade and looked over the edge of it. He put it aside, turned to Orac and seized him by his Orctail, pulling the Orc body to body against him, looking him in his big green eyes with barely a hand's width between them.

"Your blade has seen more than a cart's wheel, Orac.." he said, giving a few firm tugs at the young warrior's inviting Orctail,

"I really should give your Orc-hams some smacks just for disrespecting the forgemaster who made it."

"Oh!" Orac gasped.

"There's much naughtiness to you, green one.. Go sit on that bench." Foral

swiped some metalware aside and Orac got seated on the benchtop, back leaning against the wall.

"Good. Now let's see about that naughtyness.."

The blacksmith walked off and returned with a couple of long, narrow leather belts. He took Orac's wrist, and closed a belt's and around it, then took the long end and tied it to the back leg of the bench to Orac's side.

"What you go do?" Orac gasped, his belly quivering with tension.

"Something about that naughtyness of yours." The blacksmith decided and bound Orac's other wrist to the other side of Orac with a long slack of belt.

"You are way too naughty to my tastes and I want to see if something can be done about it. If you get scared I'll stop, but I see curiosity in your eyes." The blacksmith crouched down and took Orac's leg, and closed a third belt around his ankle, which was rather thin compared to his calf and Orcfoot. He then put the slack end around the bench's leg, and pulled Orac's foot toward it before tying it.

"What you go do! What you go do!" Orac nervously whispered as the blacksmith did the same with Orac's other ankle, and slowly pulled the Orc's legs wide apart.

"A little game I thought up just now, to deal with your naughtyness." A fifth belt went around Orac's leg, above his knee, and a sixth finally around his other knee. Then Foral fastened these.

There Orac sat: Arms tied left and right of him, ankles apart, knees spread wide and between them his ringed Orctail, pointing upward in lustful eagerness.

"What if someone go come?" Orac gasped.

"Oh, then they'll knock before they come in, won't they? You're quite a sight to see.. What would embarrass you more? If it were a Human, an Orc or a Dwarf?"

"Please forgemaster, pleease.."

"I could lock the door and call it a day as for forge-work. What do you say?"

"Pleease!"

"Good. Lock the door it is then." Foral walked off and closed the door with a big metal bar, then walked back to the tied Orc on the bench, and put his big hands on the Orc's smooth green thighs.

"Then there is the matter of your Orctail. I think that is the source of your naughtyness, is it not?"

"Y-yes.."

"Well, the sight of it makes me curious. I never -did- taste an Orc's tail before, and I don't think you'll object."

The blacksmith came closer and slowly started smelling Orac's big Orctail, then looked up.

"Your Orc musks please my nose, beastie.. Now to see if they please my tongue as well.."

The blacksmith put his mouth to the hard-swollen dark red glans of the Orctail, and parted his lips as he let it slide into his mouth. Then he slowly started sucking on it for a while, making Orac moan softly and tug a bit at the belts that restrained him. The blacksmith popped the big Orc's glans from his mouth and stood upright, taking Orac's Orctail in his big but soft hand and started kneading and massaging it.

"Ah, but you like all this don't you Orc?"

"Ooo-yess! Yess forgemaster!"

"Well I'm going to taste you some more, but I warn you: I'll have not a drop of Orcseed in my mouth. Warn me right before squirting and make sure you spill not a drop or else.." His eyes narrowed in a teasing promise,

"..or else it's rumpsmacks all over again for you."

"Ooh!"

"Not a drop from you, do you promise?"

"Yes!" Orac squeaked in excitement. This was an arousing game indeed..

The blacksmith let the huge Orctail slide into his mouth again, and briskly started licking and sucking on it, playing with Orac's green ball-pouch with one hand and rubbing his Orc-hams with his other.

Orac sat there, eyes wide, staring down and gasping for breath. Oh! This was so lustful, to be tied by this mountain of a man in such a way that he could do nothing but offer his Orctail, and to have that Orctail deliciously sucked on and licked by this magnificent forgemaster.

Orac started panting uncontrollably, let the back of his head rest to the wall, closed his eyes and just sat there, taking the pleasing of his Orctail like it came, with no power to resist it nor a will to do so.

It became too much, and he couldn't bear it anymore.

"Forgemaster.. No! Me almost.. almost.." Foral stopped, stood upright and held Orac's head by wrapping two fingers behind his tusk.

"Aah! Almost, but not quite.. Good Orc! You managed to control yourself!"

The blacksmith took the Orc's blade, placed it between Orac's spread legs, then took a little chisel and hammer and started tapping the blade, while Orac panted and moaned in disbelief and lust.

"Forgemaster! What.. what.."

"Fixing your dagger, like I promised to!" Foral teased and briskly worked on.

"Oh.. me all.. me all hot in Orctail!" Orac feebly protested, and Foral put down his hammer.

"You're hot in your Orctail.. And?"

"And me likes.. me likes.."

"Not one drop beastie.. I'm warning you!" The blacksmith came forward and took the huge Orctail halfway in his mouth again, and briskly started sucking and licking it.

"Aaaaah... Ooooh..." Orac moaned and let himself go limp against the wall again, panting and moaning, tongue hanging from his mouth. The forgemaster was very persuasive and all too soon Orac couldn't contain himself anymore.

"Forgemaster.. Nooo!" Foral halted and started rubbing Orac's chest, playing with his hardened nipples while the young Orc moaned on.

"Ooooh! Me Orc wants to squirt it -so bad-!"

"Sure you do, beastie. Go ahead while I straighten this edge here.."

"Ooooh! You're so tough on Orc!" Orac moaned while between his legs his dagger was fixed further. Orac got to breath a bit, when suddenly Foral looked him in the eyes.

"Not a drop, Orc! I mean it!" Then Foral started deliciously sucking again and all too soon Orac had to stop him again, and the blacksmith finished off the blade, reassembled it and put it aside.

"Good, now where were we? You tell me, beastie!"

"F-Forgemaster was licking tail of Orc.. Oooh me Orc all hot on forgemaster!"

"Are you now?"

"Yeeeess!"

"Choose. Either I take your Orctail in my mouth and you have to stop, or I will take it in my hand and you get to squirt for me. What will it be, beastie?"

"B..Beastie wants to squirt.."

"Good Orc! Calling yourself beastie too!" Orac was beyond shame, so far in lust there were no second thoughts, and very few first thoughts to begin with. Foral took the thick-knobbed red-and-green Orctail in his hands and started squeezing and massaging it, making Orac moan and gasp in utter bliss.

"You get to squirt for me, beastie.. You're going to yield your Orcseed to me, every last drop..."

Suddenly the young Orc seemed to cramp up, pinched his eyes shut and let out a booming howl, and with this howl came thick hard jets of white Orcseed, splattering against the forgemaster's chest, slowly oozing down, sticky and warm. And while Foral squeezed the last drops from his Orctail, Orac panted frantically to come to breath, then lay limp against the wall.

"It brings me lust to please you, my sweet green beastie.." Foral growled in excitement, and started undoing the restraining-belts one by one. Orac's Orctail, held by the ring, still stood erect undiminished.

"I can see why an Orc would want such a ring.." Foral said,

"And I'm glad to have given it to you even though you tried to steal." The blacksmith grabbed Orac's waist and pulled him off the bench, then turned him around and made the blissed Orc bend over, elbows on the bench. Foral dealt some loud smacks to his green Orc-hams, sliding his fingers up between the crevice after each smack. Then he tugged on his belt, dropping his blacksmith's kilt.

"I've got something for those Orc-hams of yours Orac.. Something you'll get from me right now!" He rubbed some Orcseed off his belly and rubbed his cock and balls with it, then worked the slick goo between the green hams.

"I'm going to mount you, Orkie! Mount you right here where you stand!" Orac moaned in desire and pushed his rump back. He was eager to get his.

Foral put his feet outside Orac's and hugged him from behind, grabbing the Orc's shoulders from beneath. Then he put his slick-shining cock to the green Orc-hams, poking impatiently.

"Let me -in- beastie!" he commanded and Orac obeyed by relaxing his muscles.

Foral slowly pushed halfway in, then out and then slowly drove his meat all the way up Orac's rear, who moaned and hissed, this time in unbridled lust. Foral started pumping and leaned heavily on the smaller Orc, who bowed his head, elbows on the bench, trying to take it like a warrior.

"Yeah Orac, you're nice and tight and hot in there, looks like my rumpsmacks did you good!"

"Mount Orc hard! Show Orc! Harder!" Orac commanded in the heat of the mounting, and full of lust Foral fulfilled his wish and briskly started pumping his full length in and out, over and over, harder and harder.

"You're in -my- forge now, beastie!" Foral panted and bit the rib of Orac's ear, still thrusting his seven inches for all their worth. Minutes passed and both the human and the young Orc were fully immersed into their play.

"Got you now you sweaty green Orc!" Foral moaned, and squirted his seed between the Orc's hams he had smacked so briskly before. Slowly both came

to breath, still in the mounting position, while the blacksmith's meat receded within Orac.

Foral pulled out and took a step back. Orac turned, still panting a bit, grinning from ear to ear.

"Sweaty green Orc.." he mocked,

"Well you do sweat a lot, feisty one!" Orac jumped at Foral and hugged the big human, putting his head to his neck and letting out a soft squeak of joy.

"My Orac, sweet Orac.." said the blacksmith gently and stroked the Orc's slick back.

"Me here in city of Hindervelt for nine more days.." Orac whispered.

"I could use me a helper as able as you. I can offer three silver if you work hard for it too. You'd sleep in my bed and eat my food, that goes without saying.."

Orac softly growled a lustful growl,

"And me be -all yours- all of the time.." he whispered back,

"That go without saying too.."

Foral thudded his big hand on the Orc's back.

"Good, that's settled. And now, my beastie, you are 'all mine' for peeling potatoes! Let's see if you cook as well as you romp!"

And with that said, it was decided that Orac was to stay.

THE PLAYINGS

"Mmmmm!" Okraturik growled and stuffed three Orc-berries up his mouth. He and his friend Orkhan had been wandering the Twin Mountain Valley forest for most of the morning and half the afternoon, and had now found a bush of berries that Orcs found so delicious that the berries themselves bore the name of their kind. Beautiful, glistening sweet black berries, just right, so ripe they almost dropped off their stems. It was autumn, but early enough in the season for the afternoon sun to be hot as it was. It had been a week since last rain had fallen, but despite the dry air it still was quite warm even in the shade of the trees. They were close to a small lake with cool water which they had set out to, but the berries they had found proved to be as irresistible as Orc-berries should be.

Orkhan, a big green Orc wearing a leather loincloth and wristbands just like his friend, suddenly lunged forward and seized Okraturik by the waist, throwing them both on the soft moss. They laughed and chuckled as they wrestled beneath the trees that sheltered them from the afternoon sun.

"You be naughty!" Orkhan said, and rubbed his fingertip over the swollen nub of Okraturik's nipple,

"Me's just wrestling but buddy got plans!"

"You always got plans Orkhan, no lie on it!" Okraturik chuckled and rubbed his friend's nipples,

"See?"

Orkhan growled in play, grabbed his friend's wrists and pinned them to the moss.

"Who you calling -liar- there 'Kratt?" he grinned, using his greater strength and being on top to his advantage,

"You -very- naughty Orc and that you be!"

Okraturik's round belly was filled with the feeling of buzzing bees and butterflies.

"Me no naughty!" he protested. Orkhan gave him a lick across his chest which made him chuckle, then Orkhan drew his face so close his snoutring touched Okraturik's.

"See? You naughty.."

"Me Orc warrior! Me no naughty!"

"Orc warrior? Now that does it and that it do.." he softly whispered.

"You know what me go do?"

Okraturik gulped in excitement, then eagerly shook his head.

"Me go tie Orc warrior up." Orkhan got off him and sat up. Okraturik chuckled excitedly.

"That meeean!" he shivered, buzzing bees and butterflies all over.

"Still, that is what me go do with Orc buddy: Me go tie him up!"

Orkhan got up and sat down behind Okraturik who just sat there looking dumbfounded. He hugged his smaller chubby friend, got up close and gently whispered in his long pointy ear:

"You be too naughty Orc to walk free so me go tie you up now."

Okraturik got shy as well as confused. He blushed a darker green and stumbled:

"Me.. me.. me.."

"It all about you again 'Kratt! You no think of buddy just of self?"

"Me.. me.."

Orkhan seized his friend's wrists and his confused and aroused friend offered no resistance. He undid the middle straps of Okraturik's leather wristbands and shut them again running underneath each other, so that his chubby friend's wrists were strapped behind his back by his own wristbands. Okraturik resisted feebly and

Orkhan pressed his friend's back to his bulging chest and drew near. Playfully he whispered with his deep Orcen voice:

"You tied up now.. Try do wiggles.. Me likes that!" It dawned on Okraturik how in the blink of an eye he got lovingly but seriously tied. He pulled at it, but his thick leather wristbands now held him comfortably but without escape. His instincts played up and he got a little frightened.

"What you go do? What you go do?" he panted, but his bigger friend behind him calmly rubbed and kneaded his soft belly until he calmed down again. Then he whispered:

"What me go do is strip Orc naked.. How that be?"

"Strip Orc naked!" Okraturik gasped in astonishment as it dawned on him what that meant, and Orkhan took that as consent and slowly let his hands slide off to his beltbuckle. He hooked his finger beneath the end of it and slowly pulled the broad belt through the buckle.

"Relax." He whispered and Okraturik involuntarily slumped back against his body, as if enslaved by some Orc magic.

Orkhan pulled the belt and took out the buckle's pin, holding the pin and loose end of the belt in his hands. He teasingly whispered:

"Be it –this- big or –this- big 'Kratt?'"

"Hoooh.." Okraturik shivered despite the heat of the air and his friend's body he rested against.

Orkhan opened the belt and then laid the loincloth's flap behind them. Okraturik's eight Orc inches stood gloriously erect and the velvety skin of his green pouch was tight around his swollen Orc-balls.

Orkhan took the green Orctail of his chubby friend and fondled the soft sheath of meat and the bone-hard flesh beneath it. He cupped Okraturik's thick balls in one hand and slid his hand down his chubby friend's length with his other, exposing his bright red cosh-head.

"See? You be naughty!" he teasingly hissed in Okraturik's ear,

"..So me go tie Orc up even better! Get on kneeeeess green buddy!"

"Oh! Oh!" Okraturik staggered over his words. Orkhan sat back and the chubby Orc now clumsily got on his knees, hindered by his strapped wrists.

Orkhan sat down behind him and wound the thick leather belt several times around Okraturik's ankles, before buckling it closed. He got up and stood before him.

The chubby Orc now sat naked on his knees on the moss, his hands strapped to his back by his own wristbands and his ankles strapped together by his own belt, his Orctail hard and willing and his foreskin pulled back to reveal the sensitive red meat that lay beneath.

"Now lookie at Orc warrior! Orc warrior no look so tough now! Me can do strange playings with you like Dwarths be doing!"

Okraturik bared his teeth in a wide toothy grin of excited embarrassment.

"It lookie that Okraturik be all mine for the playings.. And it lookie like Orc be liking that..."

"Orc tied all nakie!" Okraturik gasped in shock as if he was convincing himself of the obvious.

Orkhan picked an Orc-berry and dangled it on it's stem above his friend's head.

"Gegegege!" Okraturik giggled shyly and Orkhan grinned:

"Go on.. it just us two herel!" and tapped Okraturik on his bald green head with the berry.

Okraturik's eyes sparkled as he looked up to his friend, then he looked further up to

the berry held out right over his snout. He opened his mouth in anticipation, but Orkhan tapped it on his snout. Blushing dark green he tried to catch it with his lips and tongue, but Orkhan let him just lick it and then pulled it out of his friend's reach. "Not good enough!" he chuckled and threw the berry in his own mouth, before picking and holding up another.

Okraturik, a bit embarrassed, now snapped at it but time and time again Orkhan pulled it out of his reach.

"You be like doggie!" Orkhan chuckled and took Okraturik by his crude tusk necklace. "You be my Orc-on-a-leash pet! Go on! Jump! Jump!"

Humiliating as it was, Orkhan made it feel so very good that Okraturik eagerly lunged forward and snapped at it, while being held by his tusk necklace as if he were a green pet of sorts.

Finally he got to eat the berry and Orkhan hugged his head to his muscular tummy and Okraturik moaned in happiness.

Orkhan smiled and pushed Okraturik over on his side, spat on his fingers, sat down beside his tied Orc friend and briskly rubbed his spit between Okraturik's soft round Orc-hams.

"What are you doing!" Okraturik gasped, then moaned involuntarily by the deep rubbing.

"Well: You be Orc-on-a-leash pet, and now me go and mount Orc!" He skillfully flipped Okraturik over on his belly, sat over him, slapped his loincloth aside and smoothly pushed his Orctail between the hams of his thrilled friend who shrieked in excited surprise.

"What are you doing!"

"What's it feel like me be doing? Me be mounting Orc-pet buddy!" Okraturik huffed and puffed as Orkhan matter-of-factly started thrusting and pulling his huge Orctail back and forth, took his wind to stifle protest and brought him too much pleasure to make him do so.

Okraturik was tied up, stark naked and his buddy was eagerly mounting him with vigorous thrusting, making him shiver and moan in lust. He was being had, plain and simple, but he loved every second of it, eager to experience yet a bit scared of what big Orkhan would think up next. Oooh, he trusted his buddy, and loved him so.

"Waaaaargh!" Orkhan roared and with hard thrusts he shot his Orcseed between his buddy's soft green hams. Then he thudded down on his back, embraced him and just panted off the heat this mating had added to the hot afternoon.

Orkhan got up off his naked green friend, collected his loincloth-flaps, hunting knife and pouches, rolled them together and stuck them under his belt.

"Buddy untie Orc?"

"No such thing, 'Kratt! You be too much fun now you tied up. Get on knees!"

Okraturik clumsily complied and Orcseed oozed from his backside onto his legs.

Orkhan grabbed him by the shoulders and put him on his feet. He rubbed the Orcseed out over Okraturik's rump, making it shine in the sun. He grabbed Okraturik's crude tusk necklace.

"Now let's go for walk, Orc-on-leash pet!" Okraturik looked at his big green feet.

"Legs be tied."

"Hop." Orkhan smacked Okraturik's rump so he really got his excited friend's attention.

Orkhan took his buddy's tusk necklace in his hand and walked, and Okraturik clumsily hopped behind him with both legs tied together with his belt.

Soon Okraturik glistened with sweats, panting and moaning, but Orkhan had no intention to make it easier on his best buddy.

“Ooooff! Ooooff! It hot! Ooooff! Me tired!”

“No complainings now, Orc warrior!” Orkhan chuckled and gave him a smack on his rump every now and again to urge him on.

“Hello! Now THAT’S a sight you don’t see every day! Good afternoon, fine Orcs!”

A Dwarf riding a donkey greeted them and threw what resembled an Orc Army salute.

Okraturik pinched his eyes shut in shame. There he was caught hopping, tied up, all naked and his tusk necklace used as a leash! He just knew this wasn’t going to be easy.

“Greetings Dwargh! Me be Orkhan and this be my Orc-on-a-leash-pet buddy!” The Dwarf grinned and looked at the two big Orcs.

“Orc-on-a-leash pet! Hmm I’d say you’ve got quite something on that leash there, Sir Orc! I never saw a naked Orc before but given the present situation would you mind if I take a closer look?”

Orkhan looked Okraturik in the eyes, then licked the corner of his lips and winked teasingly at his buddy who blushed a frightening dark green.

Then he put a step back.

“Take lookie, Dwargh!”

The Dwarf dismounted and walked up to the two Orcs, feeling safe by the Truce of the Valley that existed between the Orcs and the Dwarves, at peace with Orcs himself and calmed by the friendly situation.

He was good-sized for a Dwarf but came no higher than their bellybuttons, having long black Dwarven hair from under his white felt cap, was in lack of a beard like many Dwarves of the Rigorai and wore a short deerskin vest, fur trunks with a modest short-sword to his side and thick-soled leather sandals on his small feet.

He admiringly walked slowly around naked Okraturik, feasting his eyes on the chubby young Orc.

“Looking good, looking good..” he praised and Okraturik grinned in a shy embarrassment that won it of his fears. For that Dwarf he would be just another Orc in the woods anyway.

“Just look at that well-muscled Orc rump.. Bit of lard.. Just right...” Orkhan chuckled. This Dwarf had a little more interest for his friend than he had expected. Then the Dwarf had come around and looked at Okraturik’s Orctail, so huge to a Dwarf’s eye, it’s sensitive glistening red head still exposed. He looked up.

“I’d parade mine around all day too if it were as big and green as yours, Orc!” Orkhan chuckled.

“Dwargh can do playings and see what it do!” Okraturik almost fainted. The Dwarf looked at him and shook his head, covertly placing his hand over his gold ring.

“I.. don’t think he wants me to. Besides I got to be back before sundown and that won’t be long.” The Dwarf took hold of Okraturik’s ham and kneaded it, looking straight at him while saying to Orkhan:

“It’s a pity my time is short.. Hmm I’d like me an Orc-on-leash pet too, especially one so good-looking as this Orc here. Hey is that a purr?” Okraturik hastily swallowed his soft lewd rumble brought about by the Dwarf’s admiring praise and the kneading of his Orc-ham.

“Orcs, it’s been a pleasure and that whole Orc-on-a-leash-pet idea got me thinking. Have fun the two of you.. Orcs: have a fine day!” The Dwarf got on his donkey,

which for some reason didn't seem to sit as comfortably as it did before, and rode off.

Orkhan was all over his tied buddy, stroking and hugging his naked green body and licking his face.

"Sweet Okraturik, hhhmmmmmmhh sweet, sweet buddy of Orc!" he growled in lust. Then he smacked his Orc rump loud and hard, pulled his tusk necklace and made him hop behind him again, keeping a good pace.

All too soon Okraturik was dripping with sweat again, panting like a race-horse and moaning in exhaustion. Orkhan halted and turned. He rubbed Okraturik's slick green belly.

"On your knees 'Kratt! Me has little surprise for you.."

Okraturik thudded down on his knees and looked up in anticipation.

"Close eyes.." Okraturik complied.

"Open mouth wide..." Orkhan teased,

"Know what surprise be?" Okraturik briskly shook his head. Orkhan chuckled.

"Orc go and pee all over Orc!"

Okraturik opened his eyes in shock.

"That right.. You heard buddy.. Orc go and pee all over Orc! Now how that be?"

Okraturik wildly looked around. When he was sure there were no Dwarves on donkeys to be seen he looked up at his buddy and grinned shyly.

"Ooh that be mean! Me all tied up and now you go take leak over Orc too! We be Orc buddies for long time but me no knew you be mean tricks Orc with the tyings and showing me to Dwargh and now the pissings on Orc too..." Orkhan smiled and slowly a toothy grin grew on Okraturik's face. He closed his eyes and opened his mouth again and eagerly awaited what was coming to him.

Orkhan looked at his buddy and held out his Orc tail. With a chuckle he started pissing, slowly going all over his Orc buddy's face, into his mouth, over his chest and back up again to his face and mouth, his smelly yellow Orc-juices splattering down all over his buddy who giggled and chuckled and gurgled in glee.

He shook the last drops at him and then gave him a good long looking over.

Okraturik opened a curious eye.

"Me looking at Orc warrior Okraturik who be all wet with piss of Orc! You be strange naughty warrior that you be liking this.."

"Gegegege!"

Orkhan grabbed Okraturik's shoulders and put him on his feet again. Okraturik glistened with sweat and Orc-piss, and reeked of it too. Orkhan smacked his green Orc-hams.

"Hop-op! Faster! Faster! To the lake with smelly Orc! Faster!"

He kept urging his friend on with rump-smacks that made quite a difference, and teased him all the way until they finally arrived at the shore of a small lake. There he tugged his belt and dropped his loincloth and their belongings, made Okraturik hop into the cool water and then tackled him so that he landed on his belly in the soft mud in the shallow water.

Immediately Orkhan began rubbing his friend's body, washing his tied friend who just rested and let it be done to him. Orkhan briskly rubbed Okraturik's bulging hams that just stuck out above the shallow water, and washed him on the inside with his fingers. He went down, rubbing his legs and finally ended with his buddy's feet in his lap, and he thoroughly massaged them which was very welcome as he did it well and they had gone quite a distance that day.

Then he rolled him over on his back, and saw his Orc tail still was hard and ready. He

washed Okraturik's face, rubbed his tusks squeaky clean and stroked his cheeks.

"Me loves you, great big Orkhan..."

"Me all love for you.. Orc-on-leash Okraturik!" Orkhan teased and started slowly rubbing his bulging green chest with the cool welcoming water. He started playing with the stiffened nubs of Okraturik's Orc nipples, who growled in thrill.

"Urrrr! Me wish me could do pleasings but you tied Orc up.."

"Seeing you all glee and purring be all pleasings me need.. You mine, all mine

"Kratt.. You be mine for the playings so lie back and enjoy the pleasures..." Orkhan's

hands slid down and rub-washed the cooler, softer chubby green belly of his buddy.

"Me loves you got great big all soft tummy.. Oooh you not just sweet Orc you hot Orc for eyes and feelies too.."

Orkhan's hands now went further down. His hands cupped and fondled his friend's swollen pouch and he rubbed cool water over the heated Orctail.

"Aaah here my buddy be naughtiest! Here me go really clean him to wash out the naughties.." Orkhan started fondling his buddy's velvety pouch and rubbed his length and Okraturik hissed in heat.

Suddenly Orkhan's hand shot into the water and he pulled out a large fish, smacked it dead on Okraturik's head, tore a piece out with his teeth and took it from his mouth, gently leaning over as he fed it to his buddy, taking a good bite for himself.

Dusk was slowly descending upon the two Orcs in the cool soothing water.

"Hmmh it long day.." he moaned and fed his friend another piece of the raw fish.

"It was good day for the playings... You good to Orc buddy..."

"Me pissed you in face and you went chuckling when me did.. You be naughty Orc and that you be. And that be why me no go untyings you yet."

"No.. untyings?"

"No untyings.. Me likes buddy all tied up and mine for the playings."

"Me.. me likes being all tied up Orc for you. Me never thought tyings be fun but you be bestest buddy and you be mean playings.. Good mean me means."

Orkhan threw away the fin of the fish's tail and sat up again.

"Aaah you still all hard and willing.."

Orkhan started to knead and rub the green Orctail and fondled his buddy's pouch and Okraturik squirmed in his straps, moaning and snarling in pleasure. He drove his friend wild, but suddenly let go just before Okraturik would spill his seed.

Okraturik wrestled with the wristbands that tied his hands, but there was no release.

"Oh PLEASE! No DO this!" he moaned frantically, but Orkhan calmly stroked his inner thigh and belly and patiently let his friend come to rest.

Then he started pleasing him again.

"Oh me can do –anything-, Okraturik.. You be Orc-on-leash pet now for being naughty! Now be a nice Orc warrior and stop purring!"

"Oooooww! You be mean tricks Orc!"

"That me be, and you no nearly allowed your squirties yet!"

Just on the brink of orgasm Orkhan let go, and let frustrated Okraturik wrestle his straps and moan.

"Oooh pleeeease! Me go suckling Orc if me allowed, me promise!" Okraturik begged, and Orkhan smiled:

"Oh you go suckling Orc when Orc wants to and even if it be for whole hour too! But me no let you do squirties.. yet."

"Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!" Okraturik panted, but then Orkhan took hold of him again and raised his pleasure.. to just hold back at the verge of orgasm.

"Oooooww! Me go and do ANYTHING!"

“You will go and do anything, just like me wants. And right now me wants to tease Orc with own tail!”

Almost an hour later, when night had fallen, Okraturik was beyond himself, and Orkhan this time let him squirt his seeds, which shot almost ten feet in the air by the violent spasming of the tormented Orc’s spouting gland, and splattered down all over them.

Okraturik roared and shrieked, and then sighed softly as his wits left him.

When he came to Orkhan was washing him again, ever so gently.

“Ooooh you be so good buddy for Orc.. Me loves you..” Okraturik whispered and Orkhan laid himself next to him in the cool water and the soft mud below. He started licking his friend’s face, who joined in, and they were passionately kissing moments later, Orkhan hugging his tied-up friend.

And so they lay there for over an hour, stroking and fondling and whispering sweet words, and then they yielded to sleep, two big Orcs one tied and one in a protecting embrace, with a cool lake as their bed in the Twin Mountain Valley.

FIRST NOTCH RIGHT

The sun slowly slid behind a storage barn's roof, and the heat of the hot summer's day slowly

gave way to the coolness of night. Three big Orcs, their strong green bodies shining with sweat, thumped down the squat wooden barrels they carried on their shoulders onto a four horse cart. They had been moving these barrels all afternoon in the searing heat, barely pausing, determined to get it over with.

One of them got back to the large storage barn and returned with the last one over his shoulder, thudded it down on the cart and shook the pains from his big tired arms.

The cart-driver snapped his whip and the four horses strained to get their heavy load moving,

then the last of the heavily loaded carts slowly rode off.

There they stood, exhausted panting Orcboars, dripping with the sweat of their labour, satisfied with the mountain they had moved that day. The huemon trader walked up to them

and looked them over in admiration.

"Will ye just –look- at you! The three o' you cleared out m' whole storage in a single af'ernoon. If I round up six men it would be two full days but you Orcs just spit in your hands

and get it done for me, no whining o' slacking! I am so impressed with the three o' yu's!" The elderly trader had lived in some port city years ago before moving to Hindenvelt and still

spoke in a lively dockworker's tongue, cutting words short and flattening them out talking with clear emphasis to parts of his words, making him a hard to follow but pleasant speaker.

He had the gold, tons of it, but always retained the simple dockworker mentality which the Orcs admired, since big money all to often put people apart from the simple life.

The Orcs grinned shyly upon hearing his kind words. Sure, an Orc could pick up a job here and there in the huemon city of Hindenvelt, but being met with friendliness and actually being

appreciated for their hard work was quite rare, as huemons all too often disliked all who came

from the Valley, Dwarf and Orc alike.

"One-hundred a' forty barrels of cabbage-in-sou'r in a single af'ernoon, five cartloads, fohteen thousa' pounds of sauerkraut carried off before dusk. Well I'm going green from now

on and that's all there is to it! No more slackers on my time! Hey come in, the wife's got nine

pounds o' pohk with yow names o' it!"

The green ones exchanged satisfied grins. Free grub too.. They rubbed their bodies and shook

the sweat off their hands, then followed the trader into his house. In the kitchen the trader's wife was stirring the meat chunks in a big frying pan. The Orcs tried to not flinch at the smell

of the cabbage-in-sour stirred into their grub that would be so yummy without it. Chopping up

white cabbage, mixing it with salt and letting it rot for months in barrels.

What a nasty huemon thing to do to a meal, but since this nastiness was the trader's own produce they'd be good Orcs and only comment on the edibles in the dish.

The trader's wife smilingly leered at the three of them while stirring the pot. Three big Orcs in the sweats, bulging with shiny green muscle and wearing nothing but loincloths with a front flap only, the soft greasy leather hinting on big packages and when they turned their rounded backsides were in plain view. Now a decent women ought not look at Orcs like that but these beefy virile creatures, clad in little more then shiny green skin were a feast to her eyes. Strong and savage as they were with their tusks and piercing green eyes nonetheless these socalled monsters were far more decent and ten times the man the so-called nobility was with their posh arrogance and their pouches fat with the coins of the poor. That shy-looking cute one, she'd like some chitchat over dinner to see how shy he'd really be when all alone with her. Orcs.. everybody knew they were strangers to shame and driven by lust.. So unlike her husband... Oclac nervously played with the ragged fringes of his loincloth. "Orcs: me tired, me no lie on it. Me thinks me go snoring early tonight and no spend coins on chugging.." The other two Orcs showed their fangs in wide grins. Tired. Yeah, right.. The trader's wife slammed the heavy kettle on the table and squeezed between the sitting Orcs to fill their bowls, leaning over in teasing indiscretion. The Orcs had no eyes for her naughtiness but held on to the tabletop, overwhelmed by the stench of the rotted vegetables poured right under their snouts. "Well Orcs, does my cooking look good to you?" "Ufff! It strong.. It looking yumyum and me likes you using lots of spices. Pork be just right too. It go be delicious, it –has- to." Oclac politely squeezed it out of his throat and even when breathing through his mouth only the acridness itched their airways. Courageous Orc Warriors as they were they forked up the rotten cabbage and worked the sour nastiness up their gullets. "Hmm! It good grub! Me never –uff- tasted anything like it.." This was no lie. It was only the warm friendliness of their huemon hosts that made them go near it, let alone eat the stuff. Oclac was afraid to belch, not weary to offend but rather to not hurl up all that sour cabbage he had managed to work his way through yet. "Humm.. Lady be having bonnetpeppers?" Okath inquired and their hostess smiled. "I've go' ground Devil's Fingers, they're not quite as hot but still quite fierce. Here ye go.." Okath took the jar and liberally sprinkled the hot pepper over their polluted meal. "Wow that's a lot! Cayya even taste the food through that blaze?" Immediately Oclac lifted the jar of peppers off of his friend and sprinkled his plate, with Ork taking a big pinch from it while he held it. "Orcs be having strong sense of taste, we go and be tasting yummy food Lady made..." Oooff! The fiery burn proved a good distraction of the stew's general unpalatable-ness and they might keep it in too. The lady smiled in pride over her universally liked cooking.

"Orcs: I'm grateful for what you've done here. We settled on two bronze and a copper for each, but I'm doubling it up because you not just promised you'd get it done before dusk, but

you actually did it and that's quite rare as folks go. Now I've got a friend who is quite famous

for 'is high-class ores and he needs some strong guys to handle 'em.."

The three Orcs spat their unsavoury meal into their bowls in shock. What?!

The trader looked at their surprised reactions.

"Ores! You Orcs mus' know ores!" The Orcs nodded and ate on. Indeed they knew some, a strange huemon custom, just like many things they did not grasp.

"We'll he's go'a shed full o' ores and he needs them on carts. Now they are –crude- you see,

so they'll need quite some banging to make good sacks." Oclac looked at his friends.

How strange these huemons were... You crack a joke and they say you're rude and then this!

"Now bangin' ores for sacks is hard work but I saw you're quite good at working hard so shall I send word that I've got some fine Orcs to work his ores? I bet he'd be thrilled if he sees

you filling 'em up and give him some good sacks to brag about!"

The Orcs looked at each other in silent query. They nodded and shrugged their shoulders.

It

was not their thing at all so they'd better sleep on it.

"Us Orcs need time to think on it." Ork decided and they finished forking up the unsavoury meal, managing to actually convince their hostess they had liked the huemon food. The trader

smiled and handed them their double pay.

"Hey thanks for helping me out Orcs! If you'd like to let's meet tomorrow about those ores.."

They exchanged some chitchat with the trader and his remarkably friendly wife and left.

The night air was cool and a gentle breeze stroked their green skin. Their stomachs were with

them and swiftly crammed their filthy stuffing down their entrails making the ill feeling pass and feeding their now heavy bodies. Oclac hesitantly said:

"Me.. me tired Orc... Me go snoring now to be fit in morning.." His friends roared with laughter and hugged him from both sides, nuzzling him with their ringed snouts.

"Oclac be Orc of lieeee! Orc no go sleep.. Orc go do playings with mean huemon!"

Orkath teased and tickled his friend making him twitch with joy. Ork sobered up.

"Why Orc go do playings of stable-man Vozall? He no fun huemon and he no even try."

He rubbed his friend's shoulder and pressed him to his chest.

"Now Fotar be owner of stables and he one that lets Orcs bunk down there. You no need do

playings of mean huemon stable-man. He bad playings and that me say."

Oclac grimaced shyly.

"Me likes playings of him. Me knows it look bad but.. me do. He not –all- bad like seems.." Okath hugged them both, nuzzling left and right.

"It great you Ork go be protecting but if Oclac likes then Oclac do. It be life of Oclac not of Ork. But Oclac go promise us he no let huemon do tyings. Me no trust huemon for that."

Oclac nodded. There was sense in his friend's words. With a growl the three-Orc hug got as

tight as their near-naked bodies could get and they growled in excitement, as Okath and

Ork

had plans for the night and Oclac had chosen what he liked best.

“We go be –very- late!” Okath winked .

“Orc look out for self..” Ork warned, eternally protective of his smaller friend Oclac.

They parted with a roar that startled the huemons as it echoed through the streets.

A disturbing mixture of emotions crawled through Oclac’s tummy as he approached the stables where they spent the nights. Huemon taverns only rarely gave Orcs lodging and were

frighteningly expensive for an Orc working for bronze and copper. The Ritdent Orc Tribe had

quarters and a tavern in the huemon city too, but these were strictly for Orc Army men.

All sorts of mixed emotions grew stronger and stronger inside of the young Orc. There was no

way he could totally say yes to this huemon Vozall, but it certainly wasn’t a total no either. He felt strong emotions, but the arousal was mixed with fears and uncertainty.

Okath had been right.

Oclac would not let himself get tied up by this huemon, in fact his instincts clearly warned against even going to sleep when alone with him.

Oclac gulped as he stood in front of the stable doors. Things would only go as far as he would

let them, he should not forget that.

He nodded and knocked on the pinewood.

“Damn!” Vozall cursed from the bowels of the stables as he walked up to the doors. He slammed the big latch aside and pushed open a door. There he stood. The huemon stableman

was almost a foot shorter than Oclac and wore a huemon horseman’s outfit that had paled and

lost its looks long ago. He was slender of build, perhaps not so for a huemon, and his eyes piercingly gazed at the Orc he faced in clear contempt.

“Its you.” He spoke coldly. He looked the Orc over like a sickly horse and grimaced.

“You stink of pig. And the rest of the lot?”

“Errr.. They.. they be away for most of night. They out chugging.” Oclac almost whispered. Vozall repressed a grin that held no kindness at all.

“Away for the night. So it’s me and the pig again. In.” Oclac passed the huemon who slammed the stable door shut behind him and smacked the wooden latch-beam closed. Oclac shivered in what was mostly fear, but with quite some arousal too.

He liked the rough playings of Orcs and the deliciously cruel games of Dwarves, as with Orcs

and the Dwarves of Rigorai Mountain it was always clear there were lines not to be crossed.

With huemons, and especially Vozall, he was not sure -when- lines were crossed.

With huemons, and especially Vozall, even the dividing line between earnest and playings was quite hard to distinguish. He would not be tied. Oh no. Not by him.

“Night in the stables. Me, the animals.. and a beast.” He walked up to Oclac with an unyielding gaze, seemingly oblivious to his own lack of strength and fighting skills.

“A filthy beast. A green beast that would frighten the pigs in a sty.” Oclac shrivelled and the huemon stable-man smiled cruelly.

“What are you?” Oclac gulped, being jumped like this by Vozall even upon entering.

“I’ve trained you to say it. WHAT ARE YOU?” Oclac looked down and yielded.

“Orc be dirty beast. Orc be dumb. Orc needs shown. Orc needs told. Orc dumb beast.”

Vozall pulled a riding crop from under his belt and made it snap in mid-air.

“Now this was a fine horsewhip. But now it’s my Orcwhip. You know the bite of it don’t you?” Oclac nodded.

Vozall never whipped to tease. In fact he barely avoided to mark.

“You know you’re going to taste it tonight, don’t you?” Oclac flinched.

“WELL?”

“Orc beast go get punish tonight. Orc gets taught he be dumb beast.”

“Well put... Beast: on-your-knees.” Oclac bowed his head and got on his knees in front of the

huemon. This was nothing like Orcs playing or Dwarvish games. This was scary.

“Just –look- at you..” The same words a huemon spoke to him earlier that day, but the way they were spoken couldn’t be further from the praise of the trader.

“A filthy beast that’s eager to get on his knees. You want it, don’t you green pig? You want your lesson taught.” Oclac pinched his eyes shut, consumed by mixed emotions.

“Dirty Orc needs taught he dumb beast.”

“Now what’s wrong with this picture?” Oclac saw them as if from a distance. Him, a big proud Orc, genuinely scared on his knees before a gangling huemon with a whip. He could not begin to think about what was –not- wrong with that picture, but Vozall filled in the blanks.

“Orcs are filthy beasts. Beasts. Don’t mock me and take that loincloth off! You have no business wearing anything not of use to me.” He smacked the thong at the end of his whip against Oclac’s leather loincloth.

“Off!”

Oclac hesitantly pulled his belt and laid his loincloth beside him. He now sat there naked on

his knees, his soft Orctail in plain view of the cruel huemon. His arousal was matched by his

fright, keeping his green tail soft between his legs.

“Now look at that. An Orc’s brain. It doesn’t look like the centre of the universe now does it?

You beasts walk around all day poking it in every hole that fits.. Which brings us to this...”

Vozall walked away to a corner and back again, dragging a big black leather Orc Army saddle

behind him. He let go of it, leaving it in the middle of the room in plain view of Oclac and slapped the greasy leather with his whip.

“You remember what -this- is for, don’t you Orc?” Oclac knew.

He knew all too well. His balls tingled with a fear highly exciting to him.

“Many Orcs know how I use this on them. You boars need your lessons taught the way you understand them. You disgusting beasts are far too eager to be taught your lessons by me.”

Oclac shivered. He had to admit to himself he really was, which was pretty disturbing in itself. Vozall walked up to him making Oclac startle in shock.

“Orcs everywhere, walking around all nude in their bare butts across town with what you dare

to call loincloths. And all you think about is this...” he started prodding Oclac’s Orctail with his riding crop, not at all to please.

“..always wanting to stick it in, stick it where it –doesn’t belong-, always thinking lust, lust, lust and not a decent thought in there. I can hear you beasts at night, you know? The moaning

and whispers and the sounds that I won’t even talk of.. And all right under my nose.

Because I

smell it.. You beasts smell when you're doing it.. The whole stables reek of your filth when you've been doing those disgusting things you do..”

Oclac could not help but become very aroused by this huemon's ranting on the lewdness of

his kind, and he could indeed still smell the Orc musks of the pleasures the three Orcs had shared the night before. And while the huemon's piercing eyes and hypnotizing spoken humiliations demanded all Oclac's attention, his Orctail and balls were poked and prodded with a whip soon to be used on him.

“Disgusting beasts... Every night I am sitting here listening here to filthy beasts manhandling

each other while I breathe your stink. Every bunch of Orc beasts bunking down here have been groping each other for hours.. Every night of the fucking year.. Don't you see that won't

do, ya dumb green beast?” Oclac wondered whether the furious huemon heard himself talking. He got distracted by the stable-man's firm prodding with the riding crop's thin rod and tickling of the whipping thong attached to it, but hastily nodded.

“All the time you're doing your filthy things but now I'll teach you your lesson. Again. The beast will be taught his lesson. I'll show you how filthy and disgusting you beasts are and-” Oclac could not help it. He simply could not help all this talk of play and prodding was making his green tail swell despite his fear, and now Vozall had noticed it.

“What... Is... That?” he growled ominously and stared at the big green Orctail that was pumping up larger and larger in front of his disgusted eyes.

“You filthy -beast-” his words bit like a whip,

“Spread your knees and show what a disgusting beast you are..” Oclac hissed in humiliation.

“Look at it! Look at your beastly thing coming up even now. Even NOW !” Oclac had to sit knees-wide and show the mean huemon how his Orctail firmed up while being reviled.

“You lewd, disgusting beast. You like all this don't you? All that Orc seed has made you so crazed you're getting hot right here. Look at yourself! I'm telling you how filthy you are and there you sit on your knees with your beastly thing throbbing. Well I'm going to watch you humiliate yourself by throbbing that monster thing in front of me. Just -look- at you...”

Oclac could do nothing but let himself be watched and ridiculed and he blushed dark green in

embarrassment while his Orctail shamelessly grew to full hardness, its green skin pulling back

revealing his bright red glans, shining with some slimes oozing from it.

And so the Orc sat there in shame for minutes, the huemon stable-man calmly walking around

him, looking at him from all sides, prodding him with his whip and cruelly humiliating the kneeling Orc with his hard and dripping Orctail showing how lewd a creature he really was. Oclac noticed Vozall needed more breath like him, and more then mere spite would call for.

He did not get much time to ponder this as the huemon whip-prodded his swollen Orctail.

“Vile, disgusting, horny beast. On his knees with a huge -thing- and quite happy about it..”

Vozall tapped the side of Oclac's eager Orctail quite hard, making him flinch.

“You know I will punish you for this, don't you?” Oclac nodded.

“You want it, don't you filthy beast? You're eager to get your punishment because you know

you deserve it. Say it.” Vozall prodded Oclac's stiff Orctail until he got an answer.

The poor Orc almost cried by the humiliation of it and whimpered in anguish:

"Me.. Me filthy beast wants my punish..." Vozall cruelly grinned he got the Orc to say that.
"Well, well, well... The filthy green beast begs me to give him the punishment he deserves.
And you know how Orcs like you get their punishments here, don't you?"

Oclac pinched his eyes shut and nodded humbly. He knew very well what would happen now.

He could still feel the burn from yesterday's punishments.

"Yes you remember –that- don't you? I can see you do. Now be a good beast and show me what you've learned."

Oclac pinched his eyes shut and shivered. He got on his hands and knees and crawled past the

huemon towards the Orc Army saddle. He knelt beside it and Vozall approached.

"Beast!" the stable-man commanded and Oclac bent over the big saddle. On his knees, chest

on the cobbles and his rump pushed up by the saddle he was ready to take his punishment.

"I'm going to teach the filthy beast his Orc-lesson now. You're quite excited, aren't you?"

Oclac gave a terrified squeak. He trembled with fear and anticipation of what would follow.

"I bet you are. It's Orcish to like that. Well you'll be all joy now, I promise. You'll get twenty-five on the rump for showing me that thing of yours, oink or squeal and its fifty."

Oclac clenched his teeth and fists and squeezed his eyes shut. Lying over the high saddle he

could not help but offer his rump in the most humiliating whipping position imaginable.

Immediately the whip snapped and a shock shot through his naked green body. He braced for

all his worth but was given no time as the whip's thong crackled over his bulging green rump

with merciless force. The fierce snapping went on and on undiminished until all were dealt.

The huemon walked around the lying Orc, who had gotten wet with sweats of pain and excitement. He stepped in front of the moaning Orc.

"Orc: you buck well under my whip and not an oink out of you.. UP !" out of an instinct whipped into him Oclac sat up. His slimes had wetted the saddle and his Orc-tail was still every bit as hard as before.

"All you Orcs do is poke that thing where it doesn't belong. And I bet you wanted to poke it onto one of your beast friends later tonight. Weren't you?" Oclac reluctantly nodded.

"Orc.. Always got that seed on your mind, don't you? Always looking to get that itchy goo out, aren't you? Aren't you?" with a soft squeak and tears flowing Oclac nodded.

"Well I will make sure you won't have any to craze them with. Tug yourself!"

Reluctantly Oclac took hold of his all too willing Orc-tail and started tugging it, squirting slimes all over the Orc Army saddle that had found new use in Orc-punishing.

After Oclac's first punishment Vozall had notched the rim of the saddle to the left of its pommel, and a mere glance revealed that over three dozen Orcs had been punished by Vozall

before him, and likely were forced to tug themselves for the stable-man too. For someone disliking Orcs Vozall took remarkable pleasure in punishing them and let no moment alone with Oclac pass without at least treading the barefoot Orc's toes to hear him whimper..

"I said tug it don't play with it!" Oclac hastened his handiwork and clenched his teeth to be seen squirting as much slimes as eagerly as he did. It was incredibly humiliating and despite

the very real contempt the huemon so clearly showed it was very arousing to the naked Orc.

“One squirt vile beast..” Vozall hissed, now clearly panting,

“One squirt missed and I’ll make you lick each and every cobble of the stable floor.. Tug it!” Oclac briskly tugged himself, but showed too much eagerness in doing so.

The thong of Vozall’s whip smacked across the soles of Oclac’s feet who shrieked and shot

up a bit. Vozall used this startle to smack it across the Orc’s bulging green buttocks.

“Come on beast: spout me some! Tug it for me! Harder!” Vozall augmented his humiliating orders with fierce well-aimed whip snaps, keeping the Orc from resting his rump on his heels

again and making him tug it for all his worth. Oclac panted and moaned and tears shot from

his eyes whenever the whip hit him as hard as it did.

“Where’s your Orc seed now? Spout! Spout!” Oclac tugged and tugged and soon he could no

longer contain it. He lifted his head and snarling in heat he shot thick jets of white Orc seed over the black leather saddle. Lightning shot through his body and he let go as far as he dared.

Vozall watched him and just when the jets receded and the Orc wanted to sit back he whipped

Oclac’s rump again to get him up and obedient.

“Keep -tugging- it! I’ll have the last drop out of you! Tug! Tug up a nice big puddle for me!”

Forced by fierce, cruelly aimed whip snaps Oclac had to milk his Orctail for the huemon, making his seed shoot way beyond his desires.

“Mercy on Orc!” he pleaded, but pleading only made for louder whip snaps.

“Tug it! I’ll have you milk it till you’re dry! TUG!” Moaning in anguish Oclac had to obey, having spouted a small mug-full he was forced to keep spouting until he finally collapsed , his

tummy smacking on the wet, slimy saddle, falling unconscious.

Vozall now wildly whipped the Orc’s rump until he awoke moaning.

“Keep tugging it filthy beast! Tug it or I’ll make you REAL sorry!”

Oclac dizzily sat up and tugged his half-hard Orctail again that betrayed him by immediately

firming up in virile response. Oclac’s tummy was all wet and dripping with his own seed and

yet the huemon’s whip demanded more out of him. Oclac could do nothing but obey and still

dazed he was beyond liking or disliking until his fog cleared as orgasm approached.

“Yeah yer going again aren’t you? Yer going to spout me more Orc goo! SPOUT !!”

Oclac cried out by the fierce lash, the cry broke in his throat as lightning of lust shot through

his body and he his seed gushed out of his Orctail again. But now Vozall’s whip smacked his

buttocks over and over, harder then ever, while Oclac now spouted water-white slimes as the

seed had been milked from his Orctail. Suddenly the whipping stopped.

Torn between agony and thrill he looked up.

He saw Vozall gasping for air and grimacing in what seemed like pure pleasure. It became clear to him why when he saw a small wet spot form in the grayish pants of the huemon,

who

staggered back and had to regain himself.

Oclac let himself come to breath and tried to make sense of the obvious.

As Vozall came to the joy slid from his face.

“What.. what are you looking at, beast?” he sounded every bit as vicious, but knew that the Orc had seen it all. How could this have happened? To him? He drew a forceful breath.

“IF YOU..” he sighed and left the words unspoken.

“Orc, I...” he started, void of all hostility, but swallowed his words and shook his head.

“Me no Orc tell..” Oclac volunteered and Vozall looked at him in disgust.

“The filthy beast is going to lick all his slimes off that saddle and the floor.” Vozall was cold and cruel again. Oclac started licking up his seed and slimes, first from the cobblestones and

then from the Orc Army saddle that held many rich flavours and scents, all quite arousing to

him. He knew Vozall was watching him but the humiliation of it was mixed with feelings he could not make sense of. A bit sad the Orc now –hoped- that Vozall enjoyed the sight of his

chore, because he now got the eerie feeling Vozall was cruel to him without allowing himself

to enjoy it, an idea too twisted for Oclac to grasp.

When he was ready he sat up. Vozall sternly pointed to the floor and he quickly looked down.

The end of it always was that Vozall demanded to know what he had learned, and him saying

he had learned he was a filthy green beast. But it never came.

“Orc: to your stablebox and stay there. Do –not- make me whip you now. Go.”

Oclac fetched his loincloth and crawled to the stablebox on hands and knees. Reflected in a

steel saddle-buckle he saw Vozall stare after him with mixed emotions, all of them so bad it

really scared Oclac like never before. He needed to regain a balance in things. When at the

stablebox door Oclac cast a quick glance back.

Vozall stared at him with a gaze torn by unhappiness.

Oclac dashed into the stablebox. His rump ablaze with lashes, some of which would be seen

on him the next morning he lay down on his tummy in the straw, head on his arms, coming to

and thinking about all that had happened and what kind of game this really was.

He had been good obeyings and Vozall had not gone too far as he saw it. He now was certain

the huemon liked whipping him as much as Oclac liked ‘bucking on the saddle’ like Vozall called it. Oww.. If only Vozall whipped him to tears and then unbuckle to give it to him the other way. That would be very clear to both and it could not be that the thought of whipping a

big Orc to submission and then savagely rumping him as he lay there in sweats hadn’t occurred to Vozall. If you passionately whip naked Orcs to tug it for you and seed your pants

at the sight of them that really ought to tell you something...

He smiled. Vozall seemed to feel bad the Orc had caught the huemon liking it like he did.

Huemons play odd games... Liking and not liking and playing to not like. Vozall spat on Orcs, but pure dislike never made fragrant wet spots in pants as far as he could imagine so

perhaps the huemon was playing such clever games he was tricking himself too.

He startled as he suddenly saw Vozall standing in front of him and looked up in apprehension.

"Orc: either you leave by day or I'm going to really punish you tomorrow night. It's your choice, I couldn't care less but my whip likes you." Vozall turned and walked away in anger.

Cold, loveless words, but not without meaning. He pondered them for quite some time. The stable doors were rudely banged upon and a familiar roar sounded. The latch was shoved

aside and the stable door creaked open.

"Need I remind you two it is -night- and people want to -sleep-? Shut up or shove off." A soft ominous growl rumbled through the stables.

"Me hopes you did not go and hurt Orc.." Oclac smiled. Ork, protecting him as always. Vozall mumbled something even Orcish ears couldn't catch and the latch was shut.

Bare feet slapping on the cobblestones, Vozall's boots did not follow.

He looked up, right into the ivory grins of his two green buddies.

"Orrrc! Oooww that rump looking ouchie! You baaaad obeyings!" RitOrx, a language no huemon ever bothered to learn.

"Hech-eh! Me getting goood in bad obeyings!"

"Me knows huemon missed a spot or you no laugh on it!" Oclac thought but gave up.

"Orcfeet of Oclac be ticklisssh! And now you -go- be obeyings!"

Oclac got jumped and tickled by both Orcs and when they were satisfied with his defeat the

three of them soon merged in a cuddlepile of lovemaking Orcs, caressing and licking and fondling each other with playful snarls and teasing bites. Later they fell into a deep sleep, still

under and on top of each other, a cuddlepile moved by their breathing as the big Orcs snored

in unison.

Vozall looked at them from behind the stablebox door.

Disgusting! Such filthy creatures, every day, over and over, never enough. He looked at their

strong naked bodies, green and shiny with sweat and.. that stench, that fuckbeast stench! How he would love it if all those green monsters were taken by magic and swept off the earth.

How he would love to join in on their loveplay and cuddle up carefree without fear or spite. He stood there motionless gazing upon the sleeping Orcs, but the sight of them hurt his eyes

and he went to check on his horses. Oclac closed his eyes and softly bit his lip.

Huemons.. Too smart to remember life really is about the dumb things!

Safe in the cuddlepile of his naked warrior friends he let sleep overcome him and dreamt sweet Orc dreams of pleasure and pain.

"Hmmm.. mmmhh.." Oclac moaned and slowly squirmed as he was gently teased out of his

sleep. He opened his eyes and saw his friends sat at his sides and gently tickled his skin with

the sharp points of their clawnails.

"Uhhmm.. mmm.." Oclac moaned, but his waking up did nothing to stop his friends from delightfully teasing his naked Orc body by softly tickling his sensitive belly, tracing the bumps of his spine with their clawnails, squeezing and rubbing the tips of his ears, fondling and pulling his snoutring and other such things that would awaken any Orc in the finest of moods.

"Clackie go spread legs for buddies.." Ork teased and breathtakingly gently fondled Oclac's

Orcballs with his soft, smooth fingertips, while taking hold of his friend's snoutring and teasingly pulling it and giving sharp tugs that made Oclac shiver in delight.

"Clackie go spread legs wiiide for buddies or buddies go tickle and make Orc all crazy!" Oclac eagerly spread his legs, pleasantly surprised by this Orcish wakening. Okath slid his hand between Oclac's legs and seized his sac from behind.

Ork took hold of the soft Orctail and started kneading and stretching the flexible meat of his barely awoken friend.

"If 'clackie get hard he gets tickles till he fall faint!"

Oclac grinned shyly. It wouldn't be the first time and certainly not the last! The last Orc sleeping would awaken in trouble, and what delicious trouble it was!

"Does 'clackie need to go pissing ?" Ork gently inquired and teasingly fondled and stroked Oclac's lower tummy who got hit by an until then unnoticed urge to do just that.

"oooff! No tickle Orc there! Me needs go baaad..." It's always worthwhile to notice the first words one speaks in a day. For some it's a greeting, a kiss and pillow talk or even a swearword for having slept too long, but Oclac's day started with his best Orc buddies trying

to tickle the piss out of him.

"ummmhh.. me needs go baaad.." Oclac protested as he knew his friends would not hesitate

to

take it all the way and make him pee himself because they knew embarrassments excited him.

Ork drew near and bit his earlobe just right to make him shiver in delight.

"Orc no go.. it early before rooster and it cold still.. Cold no good wakie for Orc! Me go help Orc buddy out!"

Ork bent over to his side and started suckling Oclac's soft tail in encouragement.

Oclac grinned. So that was behind it! Ork was just thirsty and didn't want to drink from the rain barrel in the chilly morning air, and had acquired a taste for drinking a cuddlepile buddy

in the morning like most Orc Army grunts who had served for years.

Oclac sighed and let go, and with an appreciative purr his big friend drank his morning juices.

Two birds with one stone: He could lie there on the warm straw waking up with Okath stroking him and his friend needn't get up for a drink either.

"Me gots grub if you like it, too!" Oclac mocked and got bit on the tail for his crude joke as a

morning drink is good and well among Orcs, but even a former Orc Army grunt like Ork had

some personal limits left to him. Ork sucked and drew his head back, making Oclac's tail stretch and then slip from his mouth with a wet pop.

"Cabbage.." he growled in displeasure, but then he was all over his buddies again and the three Orcs hugged, licked and fondled for quite some time, letting moans and groans do

the
talking that words could not express.

“Hmmmhh.. Orcs thought ‘bout proposition of huemon trader yet?” Okath sighed.
“Nasty huemons, keeping whores in a shed. Keeping whores at all! Huemons weird.” His
friends exchanged nuzzles with him in agreement.

“Me no feel like it too! Poking huemons be tight fit, but when they say whores they mean
wombmen.”

“They no respect! Me feels like smacking up that friend of trader for making rudes with
wombmen. They’d try that on Orc! She’d show them respect!” Okath nodded.

“Me no think trader be like that. He huemon, that true, but me knows he no let that happen.
Me thinks we misunderstand funnytalk of port-town he coming from.”

“Banging whores for sex.. Me no think we –can- misunderstand! But it true it not sound like
good huemon he be, so it must be wrong talkings somewhere. Since his talkings be all
crooked and hard to understand me thinks he said wrong! Me say we go see and try
understand funny crooked-speak of huemon. If he go live here he best learn speak like
local...” they nodded in agreement. The middle-aged trader was a pleasant speaker, it just
was

hard to make sense of his words at times.

“Oooff.. Orc got runs!” Okath groaned and clutched his tummy, gripped by a spasm.

“When me say me needed go me no just talking drink of Ork!”

“Nasty rotted cabbage! They so kind but stir veggie-puke through the pork and serve it to
yous. Me gots runs too, guess we strap on loin cloth and go shiver little!” Orc complained,
but

then got back to his usual Orcish merriness.

Ha slapped Okath and Oclac on their tummies, got up and strapped a greasy, ragged
leather

loin cloth on. Oclac immediately dashed for another smelly Orc-cloth like a cat jumps a
mouse.

“Warrg!” Okath growled in resentment,

“Me got the new one again! Me never gets to wear the greasy ones!” Oclac took a small
ragged piece of the thin leather flap of the loin cloth that was his for the day and tore it off
with little effort. He dangled it in front of his friend, then threw it up, caught it in his mouth
and started chewing with a mean grin.

“When it itchy you need spread legs real wide and grope sac good every time it do itches!”

“That no help!”

“No, but we like see you Orc do that for us all day!” When Ork agreed to this Okath led
them

out of the stablebox.

At his table Vozall the stable-man piercingly looked at them with a coldness and contempt
that chilled the three of them. Oclac noticed Vozall’s riding crop lay across the table and
upon

seeing the flexible rod with the short whipping-thong he remembered the choice forced on
him the night before. Either leave, or come alone at night for the Orc-punishment of a
lifetime. His rump was still glowing and tingly from yesterday’s whipping. His breath froze
as

Vozall ignored his friends and looked directly at him just when he rubbed his fiery rump.

“Filthy.”

Each greets the early morning with another word. For Oclac, it had been words of
pleasure,

but the huemon stable-man clearly spent his night without sleep’s sweet oblivion or the

mood

of Orcs cuddling up. Oclac squeaked clumsily:

"-uh- Good morning Vozall sir.." The stable-man snorted in contempt. With his sharp, piercing, hateful voice the huemon slowly said:

"Morning's when the rooster's yapped. So it's still night and I'm still here. I'm always here at

night. I will be here the coming night. Will you be here the coming night.. Orc?"

Oclac shivered by the way Vozall spoke the name of his kind. Orc. As warm and as fulfilling

a word it was, Vozall buried it under tons of ice and frost, now more then before.

There was an understanding between them. Not the understanding of friends or kinsmen, but

more like that between a torturer and his captive. Oclac was by no means strapped to a bench,

but strapped down he was, shackled by his innocent curiosity and that disturbingly arousing

mixture of fear and excitement.

"Beast!" Vozall demanded sharply and threw his head up in defiance.

To his right, Ork started a thundering growl that boomed through the stables and awoke some

horses, and with increasing vigour he took in more and more air in mounting anger.

Without looking Oclac flung his arm out to his right thumping it hard into Ork's chest.

Among huemons this would precede a punch or fight, but among Orcs this was merely a way

to silence a companion.

Ork swallowed his anger.

Vozall smiled cruelly seeing his training and punishing of this Orc had taken hold.

"This is between -me- and the -beast- so stay out or get out." The huemon slowly said and Okath and Ork accepted.

Indeed this was clearly something between their friend and the nasty huemon. And since Oclac was his own man and if needed could break as many huemon ribs as could fit a blow of

his huge green fist, it was not for them to intervene. They knew Oclac liked it rough, so rough in fact that they had yet to find their buddy's limits, but this Vozall easily crossed theirs

with words alone.

Vozall took his riding crop and played with it a little. Then he smacked it onto the tabletop.

"Well ?!"

Oclac gulped. In front of his friends.. He looked down and let his shoulders droop. He couldn't hide it as a secret, because Ork and Okath knew his tastes all too well. He sighed.

"Me Orc beast will get big punish and gets shown and told tonight..."

A painful silence. Vozall was stunned Oclac told it like that standing beside his big strong friends but he saw they accepted their friend's grovelling and a cruel grin grew and made him

show more teeth then a huemon should.

"Good. So the two of... you.. can chug down a keg for all I care, because I'm taking my night

shift to teach this beast some lessons."

Ork resisted his strong urge to grab the hateful huemon by his collar and belt and dunk him

into the manure pit outside and instead checked up on his friend.

When his glance revealed movement under Oclac's greasy shammy-like loincloth he closed

his eyes, sighed and let it go. He nodded. His muckyshits and the cramping of his bowels fighting the rotten cabbage was nothing compared with the gush of bad feelings he got from

this Vozall. Oh he'd hug and forgive that huemon in a heartbeat like any Orc would if it turned out it was all just play, but he saw nothing but a stable-man taking a dump on his friend, the three of them and their Orcish kind itself, in a mix of vile hatred held back by the fears of a vicious coward.

Oh Oclac would get his games out of this one, and then some, just as long as he didn't let the

hateful huemonster tie him up.

He and Vozall had an understanding of sorts too, and he knew Vozall understood full well that a brick wall couldn't keep Ork away if Vozall would really hurt his smaller friend Oclac. Ork would forgive Vozall all crude remarks if he saw light in the darkness, but until now he saw nothing then that pains taken in the past were now dealt, but saw not a shred of love accompanying it.

Vozall was dangerous.

Ork walked past Vozall and threw open the wooden latch beam, put his foot to the stable door

and pushed it open. Right at that moment a rooster announced the sun had arrived. Ork smiled.

"Early morning cock! Orc likes getting up for early morning cock!" Something nasal was mumbled behind them as they walked around the stables and squatted down in a circle.

"Me Orc thinks we just go to trader and ask if he tell what be job, but not talk crooked so we

understand."

"Me too.." sighed Okath in consent and groaned.

"If go eating we no take rotten cabbage-in-sour.." Oclac hissed, then growled in discontent.

"Warrg! Muckyshits splashed on feet of Orc..."

Ork had thought ahead and had squatted with his feet far apart wisely followed by his friends.

"Oww it no shits it stink of cabbage! Huemon cooking be nasty!"

"Trader and wife be kind peoples and four bronze and two copperpieces be good coins for afternoon. Affffhh! Me finished already: it -that- bad!" Ork grabbed a handful of dewy grass and brushed his backside with it, then got up.

Minutes later the Orcs left for some food, and stumbled on a tavern called the Silver Dragon Inn.

"Good morning to huemon! Waxing it me sees?" Ork greeted the innkeeper who was vigorously rubbing a tabletop with a cloth. He stopped and tossed it over his shoulder.

"Orcs! You -are- Valley Orcs and not from up yonder ?" Okath grinned and tapped his goldbrass snoutring, alerting the innkeeper to their colour.

"If us be Steelrings you be flat on table now singing huemon kiddie songs! Wah-hah! No we

be Gold Rits, you be right on that!" The innkeeper apparently either did not get the joke or disliked the thought of being had by three wild Orcs on his freshly polished table.

"You and your sects! You could be Kogorads or Kingfisher Orcs or God knows which holes you'll crawl out of next. Now what's with those rings?"

Oclac shrugged. He tapped his snoutring.

“Snoutring be gold, you go and be old, snoutring be steel and the danger be real.

Steelrings

be

wild Orcs, they no had rite of passage so they be ferals and they be ruuude.”

“So steel rings make Orcs worse? Rude?”

“You got no ring and you be rude.” The innkeeper nodded. True. Blunt, but true. He wasn’t fond of Orcs but having raked in over eight goldpieces last night, with Orcs drinking almost two gold of the soured stale beer no one wanted at a mug’s price per pitcher, he ought not complain and spoil his mood.

“Look if they get rough can I stick ‘em like I do with the rest of you guys?” Okath shrugged his shoulders and made the universal face of cluelessness.

“When you Orcs get piss drunk and take it too far I get my stick and smack some muscles. Now you Orcs wear next to nothing and got huge muscles everywhere so with a thin stick like

mine you can always cramp one up that’s huge. Hurts a lot but you Orcs sober up and you Rits, especially Orc Army Rits, let me actually do that and then either step down or get out. Kingfisher Delta Orcs too, no problem most of the time. Now you green gents –I’m sorrygive

me lots of headaches sober and ten times that when you’re drunk, but I got to hand it to you as a kind: Drunk as you may be you slug each other but not a finger on the humans. When an Orc goes wild as a bear I smack him sober and I actually get respect for running the

place, or the other Orcs take over from there. Now that’s good, human drunks pull knives or

get vicious but you Rits and Kingers can be tall as a mountain and roaring and foaming with

anger but I can smack you sober –and I see it hurts- and you listen up and let me get away with that and the shit stops right there. Big thumbs up for the Kingers and you Rits, you know

you’re strong as bulls but you respect us humans, well, more then we do you. First class. Now Kogo Orcs are harder. Always five or ten of them. I get more noise, I get more shit for the customers and they got a temper. Tough. Bad for business. They will listen but I gotta really –beat- the anger out of them first and hey, look at all of you and then look at me. If I had legs like you Orcs got arms I could jump over a horse.”

“It martial law in Kogorad. It all-out war with Dorat mountain so you get Halftroops at war. Look for Orc with big whipping scourge under belt. That Troop Overseer. He set straight.”

“Yeah.. Except when it’s the officer making the mess here. I got to hit ‘em in funny places to

get laughs from the grunts before they take over and set him straight. Now I got a good lightweight

sword under there but hey: No way in –hell- am I going to draw a real weapon on an Orc! Not with what I’ve seen, no thank you! I’ve seen one of you Rits grab a sword’s – blade-,

pull it from a guys hand and beat him silly with the handle. And now I hear about bronze rings which are just about all Orcs I’ve ever seen which –excuse me- are pretty dire folk, and

steel rings which are worse yet. So: When they’re trouble, can I take my stick to them like I do with you guys?”

None of them took offence at what was said. As huemons went this was very honest, Orcs

just

were rough and did get on huemon's nerves a lot and a for a Tenderling faced with an overexcited Orc a good stick-whipping was an effective and perfectly acceptable way to sober

him up. No sane Orc, no matter how drunk, would not respect a weak tenderling getting their

attention like that and quite unlike huemons Orcish culture demanded the strong must respect

and protect the weak.

Ork shook his head. Oclac and Okath let him speak, as Ork had served in the Orc Army for well over a century.

"Hit Steels with stick be no good. Sticks go and gets Steels mad, pain pisses them off like it

does with you huemons.."

The innkeeper thought about it. Indeed stickings hurt a lot, but the Orcs just took it like it was.

"No sticks, and innkeep better think twice on pulling sword on Orc.."

"Yeah like fuck I'll pull a sword ! I had that one figured myself !"

"It best you give beer and pour Snoring-oil in. Then go chain Orc up and let him sleep it off chained to pillar or with back to wall so he puke and no choke. Good iron Orc shackles, ropes

be for playings. When there be Gold Orcs and Orc be really harsh on tenderlings they'll get him, if not or there be whole bunch of them go out the back and get Orc Halftroop.

Huemon

cityguard good, but not for fighting Steels alone: Steels no fight for playings. Orc Army quarters here in city go give you Snoring-oil for knock Orc flat and good iron Orc shackles for

chaining strong Orcs up nice and good. Me no believe it! Huemon no no this?!"

"No human no no, no!" the innkeeper frowned, glad to have learned something useful from someone who ought to know the Orc things. Indeed he recalled the Orc that started slashing

some others with his claws last autumn had a steel ring. Useful, worth something.

"Look I got a good one. I've got some fancy bread. But now its been three searing hot days in

the shack so they're not so fancy anymore. Well: you can hammer a nail in them by now to be

honest. Top stuff but dry as a bone so can't serve those decently anymore.

I'll let you crush them in a big kettle of flat beer with a full pitcher of beer on the side. One copperpiece for the three of you. Now how's that for breakfast?" The Orcs nodded eagerly. Bread in beer, the best of both worlds and the price was right, because no matter what the trader had meant with his gibberish-speak they needed to load up big for a hard day's work.

"Haah! I knew you guys would like that! No Orc ever said no to that!"

Indeed it was hard to refuse, especially for three Orcs who had to cope with nasty huemon sauerkraut and its aftermath the day after.

They scooped up the yummy mass from a kettle with cups and relished the best food that can

be had in a huemon city.

"Oclac go get his tonight..." Okath pondered between two gulps. Oclac shivered with this sudden reminder of what was to come. He nodded.

He thought of the breathtaking humiliations and the merciless punishments by the whip of Vozall, cold, cruel Vozal, who had to his very own amazement squirted his seed by the sheer

arousal of whipping naked Oclac's rump and make the Orc tug his tail for him.

"Do 'clackie like idea? Huemon stable-man be harsh on Orc with his horsie whip.." Oclac spat in his cup, then gulped down as they needed to down at least two loafs of bread each to

get any job done an Orc was needed for.

"How Orc know? You got punish of saddle too?" Oclac gulped in embarrassment.

"Saddle?" Okath grinned lewdly, letting his imagination run wild about how a saddle could be

used to punish his friend. Then he shrugged his broad green shoulders and chuckled evilly.

"Nooo.. But Orc walk round with beautiful colours from whip-thong all over rump. All the huemons seen you Orc gets it on rump with horsewhip !"

"It showing?!"

"It glowing!" Okath chuckled.

"Me no like Vozall but he must be good playings for you. Me no no what he do more but me

sees Oclac gets it on rump every night and keep come back for more. All huemons on street

see 'clackie gets it on rump too. Me seen them looking!" Oclac blushed a deep green in shame.

Huemons never seemed to get used to the one-flap loincloths Ritdent Orcs wore often, but that everybody could see he got whip-marks all over his green hams was very embarrassing.

Vozall had deliberately marked him so all could see some of the lessons taught to him, his bulging green hams showing the dark strokes of his whipping handiwork.

Vozall had left marks to humiliate him just like a naked Orc in the market square stocks.

All had seen it. The trader and his wife had surely seen the dark green streaks, and for the whole day to come all would see this proud green warrior bore the streaks of a horsewhip all

over his green rump.

The thought that Vozall had deliberately humiliated him like this made his arousal almost unbearable, as time slowly led him to the punishment awaiting him in the stables.

After this wholesome meal they left for the trader's house to see if there was a job for them to

do, and whether they agreed to it.

They were welcomed by the trader and especially his wife, who seemed to have had an argument of sorts.

The trader had managed to secure their day's labour as well as negotiate a good price for them. He inquired if the Orcs would be in Hindenvelt city some more days so he could order five thousand pounds of salt for the cabbage crops to come and for a royal silverpiece per Orc

he needn't bargain a lot and clearly aimed to secure their assistance for seasons to come, being so fond of them as workers and men he doubled the pay-per-load a human crew would

get to lure them, while his wife seemed fond of them too, casting friendly glances at Oclac. They were relieved to hear they had misunderstood banging ores for sacks and that it would

be a merry afternoon of crushing and bagging a fancy ruby-red quartz-bearing granite which they did with such enthusiasm they had to fit their sledgehammers with handles improvised from iron rods because the wooden ones kept their pace down by snapping all the time. The trader clearly had sweet-talked his friend into offering them big wages but they did not disappoint them, because the ore merchant spent his day staring at them with his mouth ajar, occasionally ducking to avoid cobble-sized granite rubble shooting off the rocks by the force of their slugging. Apparently he was also not used to workers using two sledgehammers with the skills and swiftness of warriors and not taking a break all the time. They were determined not to let the merchant down by slacking it off and worked in puddles of their sweat, each emptying out a bucket of well water and a skillet with beans to keep up with the hot afternoon sun. After having finished their so-called three-day job a few hours before sunset they made the ore-merchant's orchard their resting place, eating the pears they shook off the tree they rested under while lying flat on the ground, enjoying both the repose and the stingy pinpricks of ants who were determined to get them out of there. As the pain in their muscles diminished to mere heaviness the excitement mounted and mounted between Oclac's big pointed ears. Mercilessly the sun sank lower and lower, with the promise of punishment to come. Darkness came over the land, and finally after a last tiny flare-up the sun sank behind the horizon. Evening had descended upon them. Vozall was on shift again. "Orcs.. me go do it. Me really wanting this and me go do." "Orc sure on this?" Ork inquired but it was clear to the three of them. Okath added some concerns his own. "Oclac rested enough to take what he have waiting for you? You said he swore you will go and get huge big punish tonight and huemon had hours to think up cruel punishments for Orc.." Oclac sat up and thought about it. For the few days he knew Vozall he had no doubt the huemon didn't need and wouldn't spend hours to think up a night of cruel games and punishments especially for Orcs that came back for more like he would. "Me rested. Me thought on it all day and me go do. Me go be careful but me go." "Oclac, Oclac.. always looking for rougher playings. You sure on this?" Oclac nodded. "Me no trust him. Me thinks he want hurt you.." nearly a minute passed in thoughtful silence. "Perhaps.." Oclac got on his feet, greeted his friends and walked the city. He knew full well the huemons behind him saw the marks of Vozall's horsewhip all over his bulging green rump. He even heard whispered and not-so whispered fun being made of him because of this. He felt the mocking to the bone, yet he walked the streets towards the stables. The hot smooth

cobbles

under his sensitive Orc feet made him hasten his pace. The heat of the black stones under the

soles of his bare feet teasing him with a reminder of what was to come, and that the slapping

of his feet on those searing cobbles were the footsteps of an Orc walking, longing, nay yearning for the cruel games of a mean stable-man. And even though he knew little of what

was to come, he knew that within the hour it would involve him lying down naked over a saddle, and that with no shackles at all he would offer his green Orc rump to cruel, merciless

whipping which would make him groan and squirm, and if Vozall whipped him fierce like he always did, the proud Orc would beg him for mercy, which both knew was begging for more.

His green feet slapping on the hot cobbles, Oclac got closer and closer to the stables where

his

punishment awaited him.

When that door opened, there would be no turning back.

When that door opened and Vozall chilled him with his gaze then nothing could, or would, hide the truth that Oclac came back for the bite of the horsewhip and offer his muscled Orc body; an eager green slave and lustng-toy for the huemon's cruel pleasures.

And they would both know it.

Oclac turned the last corner and saw the stables right ahead.

Although well rested and quite fit Oclac's body felt like lead.

There he stood.

He knew Vozall could see his green toes under the crude stable door.

It could only be one Orc.

The Orc that had tasted his whip and now came back for more.

Oclac stood motionless, then nodded and knocked.

The latch was slammed aside and the door creaked open.

Vozall.

“Look what's standing at my door.. The beast.”

There was no doubt, aside from bitter contempt the stable-man was gloating.

“A buttnaked beast back for more lessons.. Aren't you, green pig?”

Oclac crumbled to dust.

“Me coming for learning obeyings and that me dumb filthy beast.”

Vozall laughed.

“Ohnonono.. not for obeyings as you call it.. You want a taste of this, don't you?”

Vozall dangled the whipping-thong of his riding crop in front of Oclac's face.

Oclac shivered and nodded, looking at the ground in defeat.

“So the filthy beast wants a taste of my Orcwhip? Well.. Lick it!”

Oclac startled. On the street! He had never met somebody as harsh and cruel and yet his cold,

unloving tormentor held him spellbound. He often harshly said to train his dumb Orc beasts.

Train.. And there he stood, another Orc who came back for more.

What was this cruel magic that shackled him with chains he could see nor feel?

“You heard me beast: Lick the strap, you won't believe how it smacks on a green rump if the

Orc's licked it first. I promise you'll get a front row seat..”

Vozall stepped aside. In the middle of the stables the Orc Army saddle lay in plain view. Vozall grinned as he saw Oclac's eyes grow wide in terror.

“Yes, beast.. I've got your favourite saddle ready for you, and you get to buck on it for as long

as it pleases me. And as the sight of your bucking under my whip pleases me and you deserve

a big punishment tonight I promise you you'll get to ride that saddle to your heart's desire. Now –lick- the whip's ribbon to make it snap loud on that rump of yours. You know you came back for it. Do it.”

Oclac closed his eyes and obeyed. Right on the street he licked the leather strap of the whip

that would soon be used on him. And at a mere arm's length Vozall cruelly watched him do this, the Orc who's rump he had marked with his whip had come back for more and now licked the very same Orcwhip held up in front of him by the huemon who would punish him with it. Words could not describe what Oclac felt.

He dared not look at Vozall.

“Look at the beast's tongue.. A big long beast's tongue. I bet it's been in every Orc's ass of the lands, hasn't it? Good.. make that leather nice and wet, you'll have such fun bucking on

the saddle.. I promise I'll make it snap like you never felt.. You want that don't you?”

Oclac hesitantly nodded. He could not sink lower then this.

Vozall swung his arm inward, pointing his whip towards the saddle with a sharp snap.

“In...”

Oclac obeyed, overwhelmed by a thousand thoughts and feelings.

Vozall slammed the thick wooden latch shut behind Oclac's back.

Oclac grunted wildly when the whip bit his bulging calf, quite loud but that paled in comparison with the pain the now wet leather whipping-strap dealt.

“Kneel...”

Oclac dropped to his knees.

Vozall walked past him and smacked his loincloth, which stung Oclac's Orctail like fire.

“Off...”

Oclac complied and lay his loincloth to his side. Nude and kneeling, the Orc was ready for what was to come. Suddenly the whip crossed his tummy. Oclac moaned and clutched it, pinching his eyes shut in pain.

Then it snapped in his flank and Oclac desperately held back a shriek. A few seconds passed

and now it snapped on Oclac's thigh. Moaning the big naked Orc curled up to a ball.

Fiercely the whip hit the sole of the Orc's left foot, and in the spasm it hit his right.

Oclac moaned in agony.

“Oooooww! What your beast must do?”

“What you're doing right now. Just that. And be quiet while you take my whip or I'll pick up the pace..”

Oclac convulsed wildly as it hit his lower back.

“Goood. Nice and quiet. That's a good beast.. Here's your reward..”

With a very loud snap the leather strap smacked right between Oclac's bulging hams.

Oclac shrieked with his hands over his mouth and then clutched his rump while tears shot from his eyes.

“Ohnonono.. Now that wakes a horse or two if you still do that at three at night. Squeals of joy are Orc-noises that suit a beast like you, but you weren't quiet when I told you to.. So

you

know what's next, don't you filthy beast? Say it!"

"Me.. me.. me.." Oclac frantically stumbled over his words.

"The beast gets to buck on the saddle! Now be a good beast and lie over it like you should..

You yearned for it all day with my marks still on you.. Show me you want those rumpsnaps!"

There was no honour or dignity left to him, Oclac had waived that with his knocking on that door. And the door had closed on the outside world, leaving him at the mercy of the cruel stable-man he had yielded to, agreeing to let the huemon force his cruel pleasures on him. He did not need to like it, that much was clear. He just needed to hurt when humiliated, obey

when told, buck and moan when hit and beg for mercy when hit over and over again.

Coming back for more was all the consent Vozall seemed to need, he just took over from there. Vozall liked to deal the pain as much as Oclac liked to take it. There were no shackles

to force him, his desire and the coercion of Vozall were all the restraints that were needed. And yet Vozall had changed. Ever since that wet spot the likeliness of Vozall being a huemonster had dwindled to Oclac. True contempt avoids. Deep hatred kills. If Vozall held nothing but contempt and hatred for him and his kin, he would certainly not spend hours in sadistic amusement depending on an Orc's consent.

Perhaps Vozall's feelings were more mixed than Oclac's but he had surely changed ever since

he made seed whipping a tugging Orc he believed to hate.

Oclac rolled over the floor as Vozall's whip snapped all over his body ten times over.

"I said the beast gets to buck on the saddle! ...I can whip you to it you know? I did that before

to Orc beasts less eager to take the whip then you are."

Oclac crawled on hands and knees towards the Orc Army saddle. He smelled it from where

he

was, the musky leather scented by the seed, sweat and musks of many Orcs, and the spit of the

all the Orc tongues forced lap it up. It was slick with grease, not saddle grease but the grease

of Orcish bodies sweating and squirming and rubbing their tails to it in hidden pleasure...

Just like he would, mere minutes from now.

He sat beside the saddle. That saddle! The mere thought of it had made him hard over and

over ever since he had smelled all those odors, ridden it as a whipping punishment, forced to

squirt his slimes all over it and then made to lick it clean afterwards like all the Orcs before him had done so many times. Those notches left to the saddle's pommel were Orcs, not punishments. How many had come back for more like he did, and how many times?

If Vozall could see his Orctail swell like it did no Orc had gotten his rump whipped like he would.

Oclac bent over and slid his chest over the high saddle, his smooth skin sliding over the musky leather. He let go and his tummy slid over it, stopped by his legs with his bulging rump

up in the air awaiting the whip. Mmmm.. as comfortable as it was now, it would soon prove a rumpwhipping-contraption far better then the low stocks of Ritdent, and Oclac had stolen more then once to get into those. He put his head on his arms, thrilled by what was to come.

“Now that’s a comfy beast. A little too eager..” Vozall prodded his horsewhip between the Orc’s thighs.

“Open up.. Legs apart and you’d better not be hard between them... I’ll go the extra mile with you if you’ve gotten hard there. Its Orcish lewdness that needs whipped out of that rump. And

this beast has quite the whipping rump. Legs wide. –Now-.”

Oclac gulped.. As eager as he was he was fearful to comply, as his Orctail could not be harder

and wetter then it was now and a swollen Orctail had gotten him the harshest whippings. But he had to. Over the whipping-saddle there’s no bad obeyings! Not for long anyway.. Oclac slowly parted his legs. Immediately Vozall put his boot between them and shoved left

to right to make the Orc legs part, then stepped between them. Oclac bit his lip. His rump held

up by the saddle and his legs spread wide with Vozall between them so he couldn’t close them

he had to offer his rump in a more humiliating way then ever. This added humiliation was not

lost on the stable-man.

“Good.. I like this. You’re just right for whipping lying like that!” Oclac blushed a deep green. He lay there just right for many things.. If only Vozall would whip him, get inspired by

the sight and unbuckle!

Vozall traced the insides of Oclac’s thighs with his whip. Oclac blinked. –this- wasn’t Vozall,

this actually bordered on gentleness! The whip ended up where the Orc’s legs met and rubbed

and prodded Oclac’s green sac.

“You disgusting beast! I’m prodding your balls and you’re spreading your legs wider! You’re quite the horny beast.. But I know just how to handle those.. Comfy?”

Vozall prodded Oclac between his sac and rump. Oclac moaned before he could think.

The

whip’s end now prodded and rubbed Oclac’s Orctail that was as hard as a stick.

“Look at you.. Hard between the legs, ready for Orc-fucking.. And it’s just the two of us in here. How am I to take this, filth? Up the ass like the bunch of horny beasts you are? Well since you’re swollen –where you shouldn’t- you’re getting an all new Orc treat.”

He rubbed Oclac’s length with the whip’s end.

“You’re going to be the first Orc to get his rump whipped with the whip’s thong wet with his own slimes.. How’s –that- for a treat? It’ll snap like a firecracker but it already sounds good to

me. I’ll make you squeal with your own slimes.. the way Orcs should be squealing.”

Oclac could hardly hold on to his senses. Mean as Vozall had always been, his newfound cruelty drove him as wild as the whip had before. Wet that whip’s thong bit way more fiery then ever, so Vozall would indeed make him squeal with the very slimes of his yearning,

and

that with his legs spread too, which flooded his green head with fantasies as dirty as the ones

the huemon was going to punish him for. To an Orc lewdness is a good thing, but Oclac had

to admit he was every bit the horny beast Vozall was going to whip him for, if not more so. Deserved?

Desired.

“Dripping wet with your own filth.. Just what’s needed for a nice good punishing..”

Silence.. stillness. Unbearable. Oclac shivered with tension.

“You made me look the fool when I punished you yesterday, filth.. If you want stupid, you should look at yourself from here...”

Suddenly the whip snapped like a firecracker and Oclac bucked in pain, clasping Vozall’s boots between his thighs.

“Now that’s Orc slimes.. Looks like the filthy goo has a purpose after all.. Spread those knees

beast! You know what’s next! You know you want it so show me!”

Slowly and intensely humiliated Oclac spread his legs. Vozall prodded his sac with the whip.

“Look! More Orc-whipping goo.. Just when I need it!”

Vozall dragged the whipping-strap through the Orcslimes and dealt some lashes that snapped

and stung beyond belief, making Oclac clutch his riding boots while Vozall kept lashing his bulging green rump.

“Ten claps from one goo.. not bad at all! Spread those legs, beast. You know you want it! ...there! A little rub on your sac and out comes the Orc-whipping goo for ten more green rump firecrackers!” The whip bit and bit his hams again and Oclac whimpered in pain, shaking all over with pain and humiliation.

“Goood beast, and this fresh Orc-whipping goo says you want ten more of those! I’ll whip you till your balls run out of goo for my whip. Funny.. its your Orcish horniness that makes me whip you and makes it hurt like it does! If you squirt it I’ll smack it on your rump, those monstrous Orc balls will tell me when you’ve had enough and by the size of them I’d say you’ll get much more where these came from. Hah! An Orc punished by his own balls, aren’t

–you- glad you’re a fuckbeast!”

Poor Oclac got whipped over and over in a routine so humiliating it hurt as much as the whip’s bite, but this humiliation bit him all over without end. He was beside himself, far beyond the realms of excitement itself. Oh, this would mark! All the huemons would see these

thirty yards away, and they’d stay with him for some days. He was made to squirt the very slimes he was punished for, and which made it hurt way more in his rump and spirit. In the end he got to moan and beg for mercy, Orc music so pleasing to Vozall’s ears he kept him begging for fifteen minutes and a hundred Orc rump snaps more.

Finally Vozall was satisfied with the total humiliation and exhaustion of the Orc who lay limp

in front of him, shining and dripping with sweat and a bulging Orc rump showing more shades of green then a forest. He stood there, full of cruel plans far beyond this mere whipping, watching the exhausted Orc pump air and slowly come to his breath and Orcish senses, unknowing of the many horrors awaiting him. Watching the Orc coming to for his further plans, after all the whipping that made the proud Orc howl, moan and beg for mercy

filled Vozall with a curious satisfaction.

It startled him. Yes: satisfaction. It had pleased him much, way too much.

The Orc's filthiness rubbed off on him!

Oh he'd make him regret that!

Oclac lay there when Vozall stepped up in front of him.

"Beast: Spread your arms wide and far above your head.. Do it!"

Oclac complied, spreading out his arms wide with Vozall standing between them.

"Good.. A nice worshipping position.. Quite suitable for an Orc beast worshipping his human

master. This is how Orcs stand to humans, or rather.. Should kneel for them.."

Oclac, no longer exhausted but dreamy with his Orc rump ablaze became aware again. He lay

over the saddle, rump in the air and chest flat on the floor with his arms and legs spread wide

and Vozall's boots right in front of him while he softly moaned from his rumpwhipping.

Quite humiliating.

"This is how Orcs should be. This is an Orc's place." Oclac caught a little annoyance drifting

through his head. He heard no more talk of Vozall and his beast, it was all about his kind and

the huemons now. This was another change, but not for the better.

"I'll show you a filthy Orc.."

Oclac's eyes shot open when warm fluid splattered all over his head and a trickle of its taste

and the scent of it reached him all at once.

"This is an Orc's worth.. A reward for your filthiness."

Vozall now pissed on him. All good and well if that were so, but that's not how it felt at all. This was Vozall pissing on an Orc, pissing on his very kind.

This was fun and games no longer.

Oclac pushed himself up until he sat on his knees facing Vozall who snapped his whip in front

of him.

"The Orc gets on his knees and licks his human master's piss off the floor like he should."

Whatever this was, it was no longer personal.

"NO !" Oclac decided and crossed his arms in front of him,

"This NOT be fun pla- " Vozall's whip smacked him right on his cheek with no restraint.

"The Orc kneels or it gets more!" Oclac rubbed his cheek in outrage then pointed at Vozall.

"You no do that to Oclac! What.. you.. think.. you- " again Vozall smacked his whip straight

in Oclac's face. He did not hold back. He just lashed out hard and cared not where it hit.

The oceans of the world are moved by the eternal tides. The water rises, and then drops as it

has always done, divided by the turn of the tides. For Oclac, that which he desired had ceased

and the tide had turned to the very opposite of all he stood for.

This turn of the tides did not just end the fun, but this was a game no longer.

Oclac jumped on his feet and roared in anger. Vozall screamed most unmanly in fear.

"I. I'm sorry! Don't kill me Oclac! PLEASE DON'T KILL ME !! I'm so sorry, I don't know why I do this to you ! Forgive meee !"

Oclac shook it off wildly, trying to grasp what happened. All of a sudden he had a -name-, the

first name Vozall called him that actually was his own, and fear brought out the talk of an equal, also a first.

This flipped the situation a full three-sixty once more, slamming Oclac back into gameplay, but quite a different one at that!

“Hoh-oh-oh-oh! Yuum no sorry yet! Yuum no NEARLY sorry yet! Vozall get BIIIG PUNISH! Vozall gets shown.. Vozall gets told.. Vozall gets to be hue-MONKEY of Orc! Hoh-oh-oooh, Huemonkey no NEARLY sorry yet!”

“Ow! Ow! Please spare me Ohclac! I... I... I...” Vozall cried.

“I-I-I not sound of monkey! Monkey go ooh!ooh!ooh! and thump hairy chest!”

“-please- I just... It was..”

“Playings?” Oclac demanded.

“Yyes! Just play.. I see that now!”

“Woohh! You be dumb because it STILL playings. Haaaah! Vozall gets shown! Vozall gets told!” Oclac’s fiery Orcish temperament flared up and with his wide-open green eyes fixed on

the stable-man he seemed beyond madness to human standards.

“Haah! What be that?!” Oclac pointed straight to Vozall’s crotch.

A new wet spot has formed, but this one was bigger and yellow in colour, as Vozall lost control of what he held in when Oclac jumped up. He blushed cherry-red!

“Baaaaad monkey! Huemons no should wear clothes ! They MONKEYS !” Oclac jumped five foot over the saddle right in front of Vozall who’s squeals were more piglike then any Orc’s ever were as Oclac ripped his clothes from his body, severing his belt and tearing his riding boots effortlessly with his clawnails, stripping away shreds of his clothes until Vozall was as naked as he was.

“Theeere! Now LOOKIE! Me show you monkey!” Vozall wanted to stagger back but Oclac’s

arm shot out and seized him by a tuft of his chest hair, pinching it like a vise.

“Now that be monkey hairs!” He grabbed hold of Vozall’s pubic hair and tugged at it to make

it just hurt a little.

“You be furry animal! You be baldyhaired tree monkey! And you been BAAAAD obeyings! And huemonkey gets shown. Huemonkey gets told. And now.. me takes furry animal to saddle.. and me go –spank- the monkey!”

“Nooo!” Vozall’s outcries in vain he was dragged of and slid over the saddle, slick with Oclac’s Orcish sweat and slimes. Oclac’s left hand on his lower back held him in place while

his right grabbed the huemon between his legs to stop his struggling. Oclac smiled and shone

with surprise.

“Vozall half-hard between the legs and growing harder still! Vozall likes saddle-game with Orc so much he likes ride the saddle too! Now THAT surprise for Orc!”

Well, not just ‘for Orc’.

Vozall discovered to his amazement he had gotten very aroused and got quite hard, painfully

so, and unbelievably all objections to Orcs or anything melted when Oclac started a gentle fondling. He started panting and shivering. Yes: the Orcs did their loveplay right under his nose every night of the year.

It only now dawned on Vozall that meant he himself had been without it and his resentment

had been sheer envy. He had shunned loveplay. Now he knew why: he liked it like the

Orcs

did it, man to man, and not male to female like he grew up to believe was right. It all made sense, it made perfect sense why a girl fantasy tug quite often turned an Orc-on-Orc thing in

front of his eyes just before blowing a load.

Oh! It all made perfect sense, for one thing why he didn't leave the stables where Orcs were

known to be welcome and volunteering the permanent nightshift in fact.

His thoughts ceased in peace because the skilful fondling of his willing member and his balls

were so sensitive now they nearly took his breath away with pleasure.

Oooh! This was what he had looked for all that time. And then.. That delicious soft, smooth Orc hand stopped pleasing him. He looked aside in puzzlement straight into Oclac's ivory grin.

"Vozall liking me fondling him.." Vozall nodded. He wanted to apologise but got no chance.

"Good.. Vozall learning.. But he forgetting one thingie.." Vozall had no clue.

"Vozall on the saddle now and he monkey go get spankies for being filthy beast and getting

all hot and hard in hand of Orc! If Orcs filthy beasts then Vozall really icky for getting hot on filthy beasts.. Vozall be hot on Orc!" Vozall gulped, then nodded.

"Yes.. Oh Ohclac I am so fucking hot on you that I deserve all the smacks you want to give me for being such a hateful.. hyoomonster you call it? I won't fight.. –make- me your monkey

and let me have it for being such a bastard all the time!"

"Ohnonono.." Oclac mocked Vozall's harsh playings side,

"Me go spank furry monkey for playings, not for mad! Me never spanked a furry rump of ape

before! Look, there even be fur between.. Me should pluck you like chicken!"

"Ooooh give it to me Ohclac! I am –so- hot on you if that's the word."

"Filthy monkey!" Oclac decided. He started rubbing Vozall's hams who moaned in pleasure.

"Oh you got all wrong! Me checking warmth to see how hot me can slap rump of you!" Oclac teased on, and then started slapping like he said he would, good smacks to start with,

and turning it up that extra notch when Vozall got a little too happy about it. When Vozall blushed and broke out in sweats Oclac stopped and gently rubbed the red-hot human buns.

He

knew rumpsmacking to near fainting was an Orc thing, and not even half of the Orcs took it that far. Nothing for a tenderling he outclassed by fifty pounds of rock-hard Orcish muscle and nearly a foot in length over him. Tenderlings needed pleasings, especially this one who

clearly had endured more hardships then were good for him.

Hmmm.. Pleasings!

He stroked Vozall's hams, tracing the crevice between them with his finger. Then he gave them a good slap.

"On feet!" he ordered.

"I.. I like lying over the saddle for you, Ohclac..." Vozall confessed.

"On feet to stablebox of Orcs. There good hay there for sitting.." he winked lewdly,

"And lying on, and me will take saddle and you go be lying over it for long time!"

That was a promise that got Vozall going. Odd, he had had well over thirty Orcs rump-up over that saddle for fierce whippings, and yet lying over it himself with Oclac beside him stroking his nude body held as great a charge to them, albeit one of a stillness he never felt before. Oclac smiled.

“Vozall: on elbows and knees for punish! Me go show you place of Vozall!” Vozall eagerly complied. With a wide grin Oclac took the heavy Orc Army saddle and dropped it over Vozall’s back. Then he took the horsewhip and gave a frightening mid-air snap that made their ears ring.

“That be place of Vozall.. He be animal of Orc and carry Orc saddle for playings to the stablebox of Orcs. Orc took load off your back and put saddle on for punish. You be a huemonkey, and that be animal not beast...” Oclac flanked him and teasingly urged him on by slapping his human hams with the riding crop.

“Ooooff! I had –no idea- how that felt.. This hurts!” Oclac laughed out loud.

“That hurting?! You best say you no no and swallow rest because me just teasing and whip not even close to snapping yet! No say tapping of Orc hurts because then you –really- no idea

how feels. But it good. Me likes getting whipped on rump..-hurr!- it just now whole city knows!”

With teasing slaps Oclac led Vozall to the stable-box where the Orcs spent their nights. Vozall let himself be led, bearing the Orc Army saddle and pondering Orcs, humans and horses and the divide between people, animals and beasts, overwhelmed by how everything

had come full circle and how he delighted in his newfound friend, the big naked Orc teasing

him with the whip and letting him carry the saddle he himself would lie on. The whip and saddle he had so coldly used on Orcs were now lovingly used on him by an Orcboar he had

been whipping cruelly for days. Orc beast, hue-monster... it dazzled him.

He just let it happen, this was too big for him to ponder.

Oclac swung open the stablebox door and gave teasing whip-pats to herd the stable-man in.

When they were in he lifted the heavy saddle off of Vozall pushed him on the straw with his foot and threw himself next to him. He stroked Vozall’s cheek who patted him back, avoiding

the ugly whipping-streaks he had slapped across the Orc’s cheeks

Oclac drew near and nuzzled Vozall with a heated purr that before had signalled things would

be going on in the stableboxes. Perhaps it meant the same thing now.. If only it would! Vozall stroked the Orc’s smooth and clearly sensitive skin.

“That first.” Oclac nodded. Vozall frowned in wonder.

“You never touched Oclac with hand, only with whip and stepping on toes with boot.”

Vozall

blushed in shame. It was true. All he could do to make amends was try and please this great

warrior who’s strength of character dwarfed even his bulging green muscle that rounded his

magnificent body. He felt painfully self-conscious to fall short in both body and mind but decided that if Oclac deemed him worthy, he must have something good going for him.

His fingers eagerly traced the muscles of this most masculine of beings and was delighted

to

see him shiver with pleasure.

"May I touch.. I want to play with your.. Orctail. Can I please touch.." Oclac snorted in shock.

"You lay Orc over saddle and whip rump for days and days in harsh playings.. And then you

go –ask- you can touch tail of Orc? If you no touch Orc there right now you go be knowing how whip-snaps feel! Me let you suck leather ribbon and give –you- ten on rump!"

Vozall snickered. Not touching the green warrior's tail was no longer an option. He grabbed

hold of the softened meat and was amazed how he could knead and even stretch it, but this

fondling quickly led to an eager swelling and heating, until it finally stood a foot tall, clad with soft skin and meat but hard as a stick underneath.

"It feels so good playing with it.. Do you like.." A quick glance made abundantly clear Oclac could hardly contain his pleasure. He knew Orcs were strong to react but he was thrilled to see the sheer pleasure this simple fondling dealt to his huge friend, who now dropped flat on

his back. Then it hit him.

"Wohw!" he gasped and a glance was enough.

"I'm making you smell of heat... It's so strong... I never quite got how ooofffh! arousing it is to smell you're so hot on me!" Oclac hushed him by pulling his head to his big Orctail.

"Hmmmmhh.. Sniff me.. Sniff smells of me.. Go touch and lick me.."

Vozall bit his lip in excitement. ...Lick it... The Orc wanted him to.. He nudged Oclac's sac with his nose and felt Orcish slimes land on his air and drip over his cheek. He took a chance

and gave it a good lick. Salty.. Steaming with Orc musks.. Hmmmmh, Oclac had a great smell

and flavour to him and after years of shunning Orcs he now wanted to feel, smell and taste it

all and of all the Orctails he'd seen in his harsh games this was the first one he held, smelled

AND tasted!

With the Orcslimes oozing down and him licking up that exciting green length his tongue and

the Orcslimes were sure to meet. Its taste was far from vile, it was sweet, salty and even meaty and he gently pulled back the Orc's skin, exposing his surprisingly bright red glans. Haah, if he licked that he'd milk Oclac of his juices and would take the Orc's heated growling

and moaning as far up as he could.

Oclac grabbed and turned him with ease and laid him on top of his slick muscular body.

Vozall felt fingers and claws stroking and tickling, but then got a ringed snout pushed between his legs where he started a vigorous and loud licking and sucking of cock and sac alike which frightened Vozall before plunging him into ecstasy. This was so hot, sooo hot to lick and suckle the juices of that big green warrior while he wildly pressed and squirmed his

ringed snout that seemed to spew fire-breath between Vozall's legs with frighteningly wild licking, sucking and lip-fondling. Like wolves rip and tear at their prey, so wildly the big Orc licked, nuzzled and sucked between the huemon's legs.

Then it dawned on Oclac huemons could not keep it up all night, so he nuzzled and sniffed

Vozall's scent for some time before retreating.

He slapped Vozall's buttocks.

"Baaaad huemonkey!" he teased and Vozall halted his delicious suckling, feeling a tension arise. Oclac rolled him off him and sat up.

"You baaad sucklings!" he teased and Vozall merrily took the bait.

"I, I.. I try my best!" Oclac grinned and sparks of joy shot from his eyes.

"Ohnonono.. Huemon needs shown. Huemon needs told.. Me go teach you to be goood suckler of Orcs and have fun training you on it! Me make you best suckling monkey and dirtiest Orc-licking beast in all of Hindvelt.. And filthy beastie go enjoying it."

Vozall nodded, he was sure Oclac thought up something good.

Oclac grabbed the saddle and slapped it down between his legs, resting his back against the

stablebox wall. Vozall understood his part in it and was all too eager to comply.

"Goood huemonkey!" Oclac praised as Vozall slid over the saddle between his muscled green

legs and holding on to the sides of the Orc's searing hot hams. Oclac took the riding crop and

made it snap in mid-air, before teasing Vozall with a lash that just hurt.

"You go lick balls of Orc and then up and if you be good huemonkey you gets suckle Orc again.. But whip on rump means you did wrong and must do all over again.. Or when me just

feel like seeing huemonkey bucking on saddle ! You my beastie now and me go train you to

suckle tail of all Orcs you see !" Vozall grinned but flinched when the whip hit his buttocks and eagerly started licking the Orc's balls. The Orc purred with excitement and kept him licking and suckling his green pouch, giving a correcting lash whenever Vozall too eagerly slid his tongue up his green shaft.

Oclac sat in comfort and a little lash to that yummy huemon rump made Vozall lick him just where and how he liked it and let him lick all the way up his Orc tail to make him start over again with a teasing slap.

"Mmmm.. Filthy beastie be liking this.. me sees he do!" Vozall wanted to answer but a few stingy slaps put him to his task again.

"No talkie with mouthful! Tongue of Vozall be for lickies not talkies!"

Vozall went near wild with arousal with this teasing game the Orc had thought up, he got to lick Oclac in all the good places, could rest his shoulders on the Orc's bulky legs and the green warrior knew just how to tease him right to drive him shrieking mad with desire and then use the whip just right pointing to where he liked to be licked and making sure Vozall would do it just like he wanted, uttering excited purrs and playing with Vozall's hair.

Every now and then Vozall was allowed to suckle his friend's juices and the whip and strange

Orcish purrs taught him how to do it just right. Vozall suckled to his heart's desire, and the Orc kept feeding him squirts of his salty Orc juices without running dry. Both were fully absorbed in their arousing play and Vozall, lying quite comfortable and eager to lick his Orc

warrior friend and keep him purring and growling in heat, filling his nostrils with arousing Orc musks and made him wish it would never end.

"WAAAAARRGGHH !!! Now –that- me calls good obeyings !!!" Vozall shot up and saw to his horror how Oclac's green buddies grinningly stood in the entrance of the stablebox, eagerly feasting their eyes on the lustful scene. Oclac seized Vozall's head and gently yet insistently led him back down, slapping his buttocks with the riding crop.

"Back on sac!" Oclac heatedly ordered and nodded to Vozall there was no need for worrying.

Urged on by some impatient whip-slaps he hesitantly started licking his warrior friend again

while his two Orc friends chuckled in clearly mounting arousal.

"Me no believe eyes on this. We snuck in because us worried but me no –fathom- this!" Ork hissed in amazement seeing clearly who had been taming who, and how both now delighted in their game of teasing and pleasing.

Whatever had happened earlier that night, Vozall had left all hostilities completely behind him, wiping his slate clean with both Orcs that walked in on their play and now saw him eagerly playing a game, being taught to suckle Orc and was quite a fast learner..

Okath smacked and licked his lips.

"Hmmmmhh.. That yummy-looking game.. Me gots tasty Orctail too and me likes teach huemon some lucky-tricks too.. He must learn suckling Orc with Okath too! Mmmm.. Me likes in on playings.."

Even Ork who had harboured quite some resentment for the way the stable-man had treated

them was beyond conflict and moved by the harmony he saw between the two now.

"Yesss.. That looking yummy playings. If huemon gets taught suckling Orc, he must suckle tail of Ork too.. It real big and big spoutings and it very yummy-tasting! Oooww.. Me wants in on this!"

Vozall was stunned and could barely keep on licking. He knew Orc buddies were all over each other, but now a three-Orc cuddlepile was forming around him and he wasn't even asked.

Through the thick Orcish lewdness he now saw innocence beyond his comprehension. It was

not horniness that made Orcs succumb to an orgy, but rather the lack of boundaries to their

love, the purest love he had ever felt, made them enjoy their buddies body and soul with no

intent but to please and be pleased. Hidden between Oclac's muscled legs tears oozed from

Vozall's eyes.

Where was this purity of love to be found among his kind? He saw spite and envy and jealousy and was no stranger to these sentiments himself. How could it be possible to find the

highest love amongst the beings most despised, to find innocence among creatures with tusks

like chisels and razorsharp claws? What had the spirit of Man lost by becoming human, and

what was gained by the severing of the bond with all living things, elevating their selves above the any and all?

These beings, these wonderful friends, they had a love flowing between them he knew was

rare even amongst those married for long. There was no shred of vileness to their intentions,

nothing but love, arousal and a yearning to give and receive pleasure...

Oclac petted his shoulder and he now drowned in the Orc's beautiful green eyes.

"Vozall want friends in on playings? They good friends of Orc and fun playings too.."

He looked at them, overflowing with love now the dam of his coldness had broken.

Hopelessly in love as if struck by lightning. With all -three- of these Orcs. Oboy. Ooboy.. “Oh yes.. Oh yes..” he panted and immediately Ork and Okath unbuckled to show him magnificent green packages, driving him wild with a passion easily dismissed as sluttiness by

strangers to feelings as strong as those consuming him.

“Orctails be good looks to huemon?” Ork inquired not without pride and they took a stance to be admired.

“Let me hold them.. Let me play and knead them so they’ll grow in my hands!” The two Orcs

exchanged overjoyed grins and hastily knelt down to Vozall’s sides before the growing had gone on without being held.

Vozall now held two soft Orc meats, eagerly kneading and pulling them while eagerly licking

a third one right under his nose. Big as the soft Orc meats were, they started swelling and hardening, parting his fingers as they grew to the incredible hardness within like was the case

with Oclac. Three huge Orc boars, stark naked and eager to involve him in their Orcish play

of lust and desire were now offering their willing green meats to him to fondle and play with.

A teasing lash on his buttocks snapped him out of it.

“Suckle Orc!” Oclac hissed in heat and got his just like he wanted it.

Intoxicated by their musks Vozall clumsily tugged and kneaded the two Orctails pleasing them ample to surround him with moans and hisses, soak him in musks of arousal and stroking his body searching and finding the special spots that thrilled him the most. Vozall’s entire universe shrunk to the three foot circle of the Orcs surrounding him, offering their eagerly squirting Orctails and pleasing him in all ways they could.

Suddenly Oclac took hold of him.

“Now you get taste –all- of Orc!” he hissed in wild excitement that mounted until he roared and squirting his Orc seed, well over three mouthfuls, into Vozall and after groaningly pumping his last squirts he let his dwindling Orctail be cleaned by the eager huemon mouth

While the three of them continued Oclac came to breath and rubbed Vozall’s head in gratitude.

“Oooww.. Me go make you sooo happy now! You choose Orc to suckle next and me go give

you goodie Orc treat!” Oclac left from under him and Vozall pulled an Orctail, making Okath

the second Orc to get a suckle just the way he’d like to, so Okath eagerly sat down with his legs wide, offering his eager meat to the pleasures of the formerly hostile stable-man, looking

forward to a suckle by the smaller but coarser tongue of a huemon, and especially Vozall who

gave himself body and soul to the three of them.

Vozall’s tongue eagerly explored the taste of Okath’s pouch and Orctail and he eagerly sniffed his musks, and all of Okath clearly had a different fragrance and flavour to it, and although eagerly aroused he quickly found out just what drove Okath into his delicious rapid

growls, that heated him as much as Oclac’s purring had aroused him before.

Vozall felt his legs were being parted behind the saddle, and eagerly spread them. Great was his shock when he felt the tip of Oclac's tongue probing between his hams, eagerly licking his sensitive spots, but then slowly pushing itself in, squirming like a worm which drove the stable-man through the roof with sensation, while suckling Okath's Orctail, holding his sac and eagerly fondling Orc's huge Orctail, which like the Orc himself was the biggest of all. And all the while the agile Orc's tongue tickled spots he didn't know he even had, but drove

him wild with sensation. Vozall squirmed to cope with all this pleasure, but Oclac took hold of his sac as to restrain him and force him to yield to the pleasure he could barely contain. "Aww, lookie.. huemon go wild with joy.. sooo cute.." Okath whispered between moans and Vozall thanked him with his tongue, giving him quite a time to the point of a rapid lustful oinking that mounted until he spouted his tasty Orc seed, making Vozall swallow and swallow, as Okath had much Orc juices to squirt him.

After cleaning Okath's Orctail he was held out of breath by Oclac's long Orc tongue that had

him and drove him beside himself.

"Oclac.. Now -me- play and push tongue for tenderling! We Orcs too big in tails but tongues

just okie to keep him in joys! It be sooo cute seeing huemon going wild with joy! Lemme have him with tongue, me good at it!" Vozall felt the Orc's tongue slide out of him and Okath

made way for big Ork, who truly had quite some tail to show him. Vozall looked up in awe. "Heh! Me go drench you for a day! If you thinking friends be good spoutings then me go give

you some real sucklings from Orctail !"

Ork's musks were different, every bit as intoxicating as Okath's before him, and his big sac held Orcballs the size of eggs, proving Vozall would get quite a meal out of him. Vozall eagerly licked Ork's unique scents and even the slimes of his yearning shot thick squirts landing al over him while Okath made him whimper with his tongue-wiggling and skills indicated he had pleased more then one huemon that way.

"You tugged up Orc nice and good.. Try best and suckle Orc.. me all hot now.." Vozall eagerly worked Ork's thick glans in and gave the big Orc the best he could give him, which made the big warrior shrivel in wild, uncontrolled panting that soon became a rapid grunting.

The slimes were so plentiful and Ork kept squirting them for him.. But now Ork's grunting mounted to deafening strengths and when Vozall felt his jaws being pushed open a little wider, he knew what this final swelling promised. With both hands he grabbed hold of Ork's

tail and tugged him up wildly. Ork's booming roar filled the stables with noise and he spouted

big hard jets that made Vozall cling on in desperation, determined to swallow every single mouthful the beastly roaring Orc filled him with.

Vozall cleaned out Ork's diminishing tail, but kept the now soft tail inside as a tasty mouthful.

"Haah! You no want let go of Orctail do you? Well there go be more squirtings for you, best skip meal before shift because we go fill your tummy with seed of Orcs! Huemon friend be liking taste of Orcs?"

Vozall nodded with his mouth bulging with soft Orctail.

“Now huemon get Orc treat from Ork! Lookie how big tongue me gots! Me go make you wet

yourself with pleasure!” Orc pulled his length from Vozall’s mouth who tried to hold the yummy Orcmeat in there. He apparently simply pushed Okath aside, spread Vozall’s legs further still, grabbed his loins, pressed his ringed snout to Vozall’s hams and drove his tongue

between them which was so large poor Vozall shrieked in fear. Ork relentlessly put his tongue

into him which was so big and strong he could wiggle and reach every spot and on top of that

his Orc tongue skills were the best of the three Orcs, so Okath had to restrain the tenderling

from going wild. When Vozall barely had adapted to this his painfully swollen cock was swallowed up by Oclac who gave him a suckling so dire he cried out in desperation, finally culminating in an orgasm so intense that it made him scream just like the Orcs had roared and

growled before him.

He tried to regain breath and Ork slid his tongue out of him.

“Please..” Vozall panted,

“Please take turns until I can’t stand it no more... Make me beg... It feels sooo good!”

“Huemonkey be coming back for more filthy Orc thingies. Oooh how we Orcs go make you beg to stop!”

And they did. They took turns keeping the tenderling wild with their agile tongues and only ceased teasing him until his begging couldn’t be more from the heart then it got.

Vozall lay panting over the Orc Army saddle driven beyond himself. Oclac sat next to him, got his attention and with his clawnail he tore a big notch on the right side of the saddle’s pommel.

“This be for first time Vozall got had by Orcs riding his own saddle of punish and bad obeyings.. How it feel now you be on saddle?”

“Ooooff.. The ride of my life. You really taught me the most valuable lesson of all...”

“That huemon looking dumb with ass in air like that?”

Overcome by peace Vozall laughed inaudibly of sheer happiness.

“Yeah, something like that.. Thank you. Thank you for giving the World back to me..”

Oclac rubbed his newfound friend’s rump in silent appreciation.

“Many Orc notches be on left side of saddle, Vozall be first notch right.”

“Oh.. Right? Absolutely right.. Things couldn’t be more right then they are now. Thank you so much..”

Half an hour later Ork grabbed Vozall’s ankles and slid him off the saddle to cuddle up among his Orcish friends. And there they lay, three green warriors and a huemon stableman

on top, cuddled up in a pile of naked bodies basking in each other’s warmth, gently stroking

and whispering sweet words until one after the other yielded to a peaceful sleep, with the huemon who had hated Orcs having found his peace with the world, and a warm spot in a cuddlepile of his former enemies.

STABLEBOX DELIGHTS

Guurai smiled as he put his saddle over his arm, took his riding crop and threw the stirrup-straps and bridlegear over it. It has been a pleasurable stay in the city of Hindevelt, and as humans go that was pretty decent. The Dwarf scratched his chin with his free hand. Hmm.. Stableman Vozall had left the stables unattended, quite unlike the man who seemed to take his job, or arguably even life itself, a tad too seriously. Pondering this Guarai walked up to stablebox twenty and to his utter amazement he found both halves of the stablebox door unlocked.

“You’re slacking it of there good Sir..” the Dwarf mumbled and opened the lower half of the stable door, which was high enough for a Dwarf to enter. Guarai gasped for breath.

Stretched out in the straw lay a huge Orc giant, very muscular and very naked, and the green giant calmly fondled and squeezed his huge Orctail, which stood erect and was as big as the Dwarf’s forearm with clenched fist. “hohhh...” the green giant exhaled, and tried to control his excited breathing. Guarai looked him over. It was a magnificent Orc to behold, dark emeraldgreen skin that had a waxy shine to it in the flickering torchlight. Huge black clawnails and a young, intimidatingly masculine Orc face with broad ivory tusks and surprisingly kind green eyes, that looked up to the Dwarf in mixed emotions.

Guurai let his riding gear slide off of his arm onto the thick layer of straw that covered the cobblestone floor of stablebox twenty.

“Well there’s a sight you don’t see every day. Nope: not a horse at all.”

The Orc giant needed to come to breath, still panting with excitement and giving off strong Orc musks of arousal.

“Me.. me be good friend of Vozall, master Dwarf.. Me watching over stables while he be gone.”

“You don’t say.” the small Dwarf calmly said and scratched his chin,

“Is this how stables get tended in this day and age?”

“hohh.. hohh.. Me just.. me just getting comfy in box master Dwarf.. Me just...”

“Be careful whom you call master, big Orc..” the small Dwarf teased,

“But you can call me Guarai for now.”

“Orculesh.. hohh.. It a pleasure..”

“Quite a big pleasure, might I add.” Guarai teased and looked at the green giant’s magnificent Orctail.

“Oo! Me all nakie!” Orculesh startled and grabbed a huge bundle of straw to cover his nakedness.

“No... No need to do that on my behalf, big Orc. No need for that at all in fact.”

“No need.. hohh.. No need...” Orculesh gasped, trying to make sense of it all.

“You were in the midst of something when I so rudely interrupted you.” the small Dwarf said not without a bit of tease to his voice,

“What were you thinking of, if I may ask?”

Orculesh hissed, part of it embarrassment and part of it excitement that just wouldn’t go away.

“Pretty things..” the Orc giant blushed a darker green,

“Naughty things..”

Guurai scratched his chin, feigning puzzlement and hiding his arousal.

“This is pretty naughty in itself, wouldn’t you say so? I mean me standing here

and you there lying naked and panting and all that.. That's a bit naughty in its own right I would say."

Startled Orculesh finally caught wind of Guarai's approval and the arousal the Dwarf kept in check so well. He cast a probing smile.

"It naughty.. It -very- naughty..."

Guarai smiled lewdly and gave the game away. He was getting heated as well, and the Orc giant's smile told him all too clear what he already knew.

"It would be even more naughty if you laid yourself back again and let me admire you.. That would be even more naughty.."

Orculesh gave a huge toothy grin and threw himself back on the straw, putting his hands behind his head and no longer restrained his panting.

"Well look at that big lustful Orc right here! Sticking that big hard Orctail up in the air like that! And quite a pouch underneath too.. "

Big Orculesh, hands behind his head, made his muscular chest swell and slowly parted his knees, showing off his magnificent Orcish manhood.

"You can live a hundred years and a hundred more and still miss out on a sight like that. Oooh you're -hot- aren't you, greenboar? Showing off your Orctail like that!"

"warrrrgh.." Orculesh lewdly growled ever so softly and made subtle pumping motions with his loins, his Orctail slowly wobbling a bit to the rhythm.

"Are you trying to hypnotize me now, Orculesh? What is this Orctail magic? I feel an irresistible urge to take hold of that Orctail of yours and I don;t think you want to stop me, do you Orc?"

"Nooo.. Play with tail of Orc.. Haaah! Do to Orc!"

"Squirming lustfully in the straw and offering your Orctail to the first Dwarf you see: is that the way you like it?"

"woooohh"

"Spread those legs a bit further then to welcome me as your friend of yearning."

"hooohh.. Me all yours, Dwargh.. Big tail of Orc be yours for the playings!" the big Orc eagerly spread his legs so far that his feet rested to both sides of the stablebox.

Guarai got seated where the big muscular legs met and looked. The Orc's green pouch bore balls the size of goose-eggs. Guarai cupped his warm hands over the velvety green pouch and slowly started rubbing the hard Orcballs it held. Orculesh moaned and slimes of yearning oozed out of his Orctail and trickled slowly down the shaft.

"Aaah, feisty are we?" Guarai moaned in lust and seized the Orc's tail with both his hands, which hardly met around the hot meat. The small Dwarf used the Orc's own slimes of yearning to slicken his Orctail up until it shone in the torchlight and was slick as a green eel of five inches thick. He squeezed, kneaded and let his hands go up and down the Orc's huge length, and whenever he kneaded and played with the rim of the Orc's bright red glans thick slimes of yearning spurted from the Orc's cock, oozing over his fingers.

"Does Orkie like?"

"Hurr hurr hurr!" the Orc giant rumbled eagerly and squirmed in the straw struggling to contain the pleasure.

Guarai held the side of Orculesh' bright red glans and smacked it gently with the other, making the Orc giant moan in delight and squirt his slimes over five foot in the air.

"Haah, you're a wet one, ya big Orc! That's quite a length of eager Orcish fuckmeat you've got for a Dwarf like me! Now let's see you like -this- big Orc!" Guarai started firmly kneading the Orc's huge meat and Orculesh went through the roof with lust.

"Waargh! Me all hot on 'Chuaraai!" the Orc giant exclaimed, bending Guarai's name with his thick Orcish accent and he shivered with his whole muscular body.

Guarai let go and teasingly gently started to slowly rub the Orc's pouch again. "Woohh! Woohh!"

"You're way too eager to my tastes, I don't want you squirting your slimes just yet, greenboar!"

"Ohww! Me all hot Orc!"

"Lie back and come to breath, ya big eager beastie! You're -way- too excited." Orculesh sighed a shivering sigh and closed his eyes in heat. This Dwarf knew how to tease him just right, it would've been a shame to squirt too soon no matter how bad he wanted it. Orculesh moaned by the exquisite feelings of his balls being very slowly but firmly stroked and rubbed by the Dwarf's small agile hands.

"Ooh me Orc hot on you..." he sighed in excitement.

"Oh you're just saying that! You were doing a good job tugging it on your own just now."

"hooooww-oowhh.. Me hot.. Me hot.."

"Were you at it for long, tugging that big Orc cock of yours? You must take pleasure in having such a big cosh with that thick knob on top. I'd tug it all day if I had an Orc cock like that! And as a matter of fact.. I -do- have that Orc cock right now!"

The small Dwarf firmly seized the Orc's meat and briskly started rubbing and kneading up and down it's length, driving Orculesh wild with thrill.

"Woo-oo-ooo! Woo-oo-oo-oo-ooo!"

"You're upsetting the horses with your howling! We're -not- in the Valley where an Orc's howls of lust can echo through the forest free. Contain yourself!"

"Oooww!" Orculesh moaned and tried to bridle his excitement.

"Yeah, that's it! Pant! Squirm! Moan! Show me just how hot an Orc you are!" Orculesh needed no such encouragement and his lusts mounted further and further still while the small Dwarven hands went firmly up and down the length of his Orctail.

Suddenly Guarai stopped.

"That's it: I'm going home."

"TEASE!!" roared the Orc giant in outrage, and the small Dwarf seized his Orctail and rubbed it up with increased vigor.

"And now I'm taking you there ya big Orc! Prepare to spout your balls dry!" Guarai growled in lust and did his best to tug up the Orc as rough as the Orc giant wanted it. His previous fondling of his Orctail had made Orculesh far too hot for his own good, and he needed release before his excitement would awaken half the district.

"Hurrr! Hurrr! Hurrr!" Orculesh went ballistic. He smacked his arms to his sides, pushed up his broad chest, shoved his thick green hams in the straw and roaring at the top of his lungs finger-thick jets of Orcseed spouted out of his heated meat so forcefully that they splattered onto the wooden ceiling of

the stablehouse and rained down on them in thick viscous drops that drew long slime-threads behind them.

Finally the squirting lessened and the deafening Orc roars made way for heavy panting, his huge chest pumping half a foot up and down sucking in the air the Orc giant needed to come to his senses. The small Dwarf lay his trunk down on top of the big Orc, pressing his ear to his bulging chest, listening to the vigorous thumping of the Orc giant's heart, being heaved up and down by the pumping of the Orc's muscular chest and tummy.

It took minutes for Orculesh to come to his senses. Guarai lined the Orc's tusks with his thumbs and rubbed his fingers over his hot green cheeks.

There they lay, barely a foot between them, staring into each other's eyes gripped by the heat of the moment.

"Now that sounded like a dragon being beaten silly by a mob. I'm impressed by your roaring but I'm not alone in that I think." Guarai smiled, took the Orc's finger-thick snoutring between his jaws and gave playful tugs at it.

"You're wild, a real feisty boar. I like that, Orculesh. A lot."

"You good to Orc, 'Chuaraai. Me likes that too. If me can repay you just ask Orc!"

"Repay me, now let's see.." Guarai smiled and got on his feet. He made a teasing gesture with his index finger.

"Roll over ya big Orc! And we'll discuss this repayment issue a bit more indepth.."

"Oooh me Orc gets mounted!" Orculesh gasped in joy and rolled over onto his tummy, spreading his legs wide to invite the Dwarf. Guarai got between them and started briskly kneading and rubbing the bulging green Orc-hams, thick soft green skin over rockhard muscle. Orculesh hissed and shivered and Guarai saw why.

"My, my, Orculesh: Looks like your Orc-hams have met someone with a big riding-crop and little mercy... For a week or so I'd say by the look of it."

"Stableman Vozall thinks Orculesh be big naughty Orc too. It.. It a game we play."

"A game.." Guarai said thoughtfully.

"Are you sure it's a game for Vozall too? That riding crop bit you quite hard and I've heard stories..."

"It game. Vozall no longer same man anymore. He still be harsh on Orc but it playings now. Big naughty Orc needs big Orc punish. Me.. me likes it like that."

"Do you? Well if you're -that- naughty then you're too naughty to deserve a good mounting. I'll leave your Orc-hams to Vozall's whip and look for another way for you to repay me.. In fact I found one right now.

Guarai got in front of the big Orc who still lay tummy-down, looking up to him with asking eyes. The small Dwarf slowly took off his vest, then undid his belt and stepped out of his trunks, until he was as naked as the Orc giant except for his small sandals.

He knelt down at Orculesh's head, his knees to the sides of the Orc's cheeks. Orculesh pressed his ringed snout to Guarai's modest Dwarf-meat and pouch and eagerly took in the scents.

Guarai felt the air cool his balls as it drew into the Orc's big snout, to return wet and seering hot when the Orc exhaled.

"Yeah, that's right: pick up the scent! Sniff my meat like a dog does a bone. It'll come to you what I want of you!"

Orculesh brought out his huge tongue and started licking the Dwarf's meat and balls in soft wet licks, his breathing and licking sounds hollowed by the small space between the kneeling Dwarf's legs.

"Yeaah, that's a good Orc! Just right! I knew you'd figure out what to do.. And now lick me ya big Orc! Lick me!"

Orculesh eagerly licked the dwarf's sweet spot, as well as his inner thighs and even his lightly lard-lined tummy which made the Dwarf chuckle and giggle and push his big head down again.

Guurai gave short sharp thrusts with his pelvis and Orculesh' big soft Orc's tongue was all over him.

"Naughty.. -very- naughty!" Guurai managed to tease despite his excited panting as the Orc was too crazed by the intoxicating licking game to think of giving the small Dwarf a breather.

The agility and quickness of the Orc's tongue took Guurai completely by surprise and all too soon he was moaning loudly in a humbler Dwarfish version of Orcish howls of lust. He grabbed hold of the Orc's pointy ears and held onto them like reins while the Orc blissed him with his tongue.

This went on for minutes on end until Guurai could not contain himself, grabbed the big Orc's head, forced his throbbing meat and pouch into his mouth and moaning in pleasure he fed his humble Dwarfish squirts into the Orc's eagerly licking and suckling mouth.

Then Guurai threw himself on his back, put his legs on the Orc's muscular shoulders and tried to come to breath while Orculesh teasingly gave gentle licks at his meat and pouch trying to coerce it into yielding more squirts. There they lay for a while, the big Orc giant licking the small Dwarf's pouch and meat ever so gently. Minutes came and went.

"Umm.. Then there is the matter of my horse." Guurai calmly said and Orculesh halted his licking for a moment.

"Dwargh can take Orculesh. You just strap saddle on back of Orculesh and you get great big riding-Orc. All nakie and on all fours too.."

Guurai frowned and then smiled.

"You'd like that? To be my riding-Orc?"

"You 'Chuaraai girth up Orc all fancy with reins and blinkers and little bells on straps and me go be riding Orc all nakie on all fours! That big Orc promise!"

"You -are- naughty. You'd better watch your words because there's a lot of riding gear in these stables and a lot of it just might fit you with some adjustments.."

"Ooo!"

"You're a strange Orc, but I'd rather lie with you and you can lick me where and as long as you want. You like that don't you?"

"Dwarf taste goood.. But on horsie: me put horsie of Dwargh in other stablebox so me could take this one for playings with Orctail."

"And playings they were, my big Orc."

A silence fell and the Orc giant gently licked on. He sighed. He couldn't have wished for a better evening than this one that had befallen him.

"Mmmm.. Dwargh taste goood..."

A HUNDRED MILES FROM KOGORAD

With a mighty bang a seven-foot Orc threw the door of the inn shut behind him. With a piercing gaze he marched up to the innkeeper, got a bronzepiece from the flat moneypouch on the belt of his brown leather loincloth and slammed it on the bar. The innkeeper threw him a glance of disapproval.

“A half-pint of ale?” The Orc growled in agreement, took the mug that looked small in his big green hand and thudded down on a bench by a table. He took a big gulp of ale and slammed the clay mug hard on the oak tabletop, nearly shattering it.

He rammed his elbows on the tabletop and buried his tusked face in his hands. He growled softly and shocks shot through his huge muscular body. Suddenly the dam broke.

“Wu-huuu-huuu-uuu... Wuu-huuu-uuu-uu...” the big Orc howled and the regulars cast annoyed glances in his general direction. Big Orc tears splattered on the oak tabletop, and a second gulp emptied out the half-pint.

“Wuuu-huu-uu-uu-uuu... Wuu-huu-uu...”

Suddenly he heard a bang and looked up. His tear-filled eyes saw a twopinter mug being placed in front of him. He felt a small hand rub his bare back and looked, tears still flowing. Next to him stood a Dwarf of little over four foot in length wearing a leather vest, black fur trunks and a friendly smile.

“Dwaaarrgh!” he fiercely roared, but the Dwarf placed his quarterpint besides the huge mug he wordlessly had offered the Orc and got seated next to the huge green creature.

“It breaks my heart..” the small Dwarf said.

“What you be meaning?”

“A crying Orc: it breaks my heart! Guarai’s the name...” The Orc snorted and wiped the tears from his eyes.

“The Orc Orutac I am..”

Guurai put his hand on the smooth green skin of the broad back of the beefy Orc, but Orutac shook it off.

“Why you Dwarf be coming to me Orc?” the Orc growled suspiciously.

Guurai smiled.

“I can’t stand the sight of an Orc crying and I wanted to comfort you. What...”

2

“You Dwarf be hating me? You be hating Orcs?” Guarai lifted his brow at the harsh words fiercely snarled at him. Then he understood and showed the palms of his little hands in a friendly gesture.

“Guurai, Dwarfclan of Rigorai... You’re not from around here, are you?” The Orc nodded and replied:

“Orutac of Kogorad Radl.. It be true, the Dwarves of Rigorai have truced Orcs?” Guarai spread his arms in a wide gesture.

“Hundreds of years of solid peace, green giant! The Twin Mountain Valley is an oasis for Orcs and Dwarves alike. Now go on, have some beer and tell me what ails you!” Orutac took a huge gulp of ale and growled:

“It not be fair play. No works there is for Orcs in Hindenvelt city and me has to sleep under stars too. Huemons all be hating Orcs and nobody be wanting speak with me..”

The Orc ground his teeth, then sighed.

“Me be lonely Orc here...”

Guurai scratched his chin.

“Yup: know what you mean. Hush.. A hundred miles from Kogorad... On foot?”

The Orc nodded.

“You can talk to me Orutac..Where are you going?”

“Me be going to Orc Radl Ritdent of South Twin Mountain. Me be wanting to see how peace is there. Me bit sad of war. So you is not afraid of me and you not be hating Orcs?”

“Not in the least. I’ve got many Orc friends, actually.” Orutac snorted and growled,

“Me be in doubt of that.” Guarai grinned and asked:

“Chai-Gac Alac Dwargh Clac Ritdent Orx?” Orutac’s big green eyes nearly popped out of their sockets as he stared at the Dwarf in amazement.

“You know Orc-speak of Ritdent?!”

“Chai-Challam!” The Orc’s eyes shot sparks and his heart filled up with joy.

“Orc FRIENDS you’ve got?!” Guarai nodded slowly, smiling ear to ear.

“Like I said: The Twin Mountain Valley is a haven for Orcs and Dwarves alike. The Supremacy war is a dark specter of a cruel past here. There are Orcs in Rigorai and Dwarves in Ritdent. In our Valley the war is over and Orc and Dwarf, arm in arm, have both emerged victorious. I like being among Orcs, Ritdent or Kogorad is no problem for me, just as long as you don’t mind. First impression is I like you, and that given time we might become friends.”

“Hohh..” the Orc pulled the table at arm’s length. He carefully picked up Guarai, put him on his legs and hugged him, pressing the small Dwarf against his huge green chest with his muscular green arms. Orc tears flowed once more, but now they were tears of happiness.

“Orchuarai of Rigorai...”

“Orutac of Kogorad...”

The inn hummed with murmurs of disapproval.

“Dwarves and Orcs together: unnatural.” A city guard growled, but they ignored them.

3

“In name of Kogorad me be making peace with you.. Friend Orchuarai...”

“O’Tac...”

“O’Chuaraai...”

“Are we comfy over there Master Guarai?” the innkeeper sharply inquired and Orutac quickly planted the Dwarf beside him, grabbed the tabletop and pulled it back to them. Orutac took his mug, Guarai took his and they clapped them together.

“On Peace and Friendship, O’Tac!”

“Peace and Friendship, O’Chwarai!” they both took a big gulp of the lukewarm ale.

Guurai smiled at the big Orc.

“Tell me more about this loneliness, green friend!” Orutac was aglow.

“In Huemon city of Hindervelt nobody want go and befriend Orc. But now me found friend and it be Dwarf too!” Guarai closed his eyes and smiled.

He scratched his chin.

“About that loneliness... Would that be ‘lonely-lonely’...” he gave Orutac a conspiratorial wink,

“..or are we perhaps talking about ‘Orcish loneliness’...?”

Orutac's mouth fell open in shock and he stared at Guarai with increasing amazement. He softly whispered with his deep Orc voice:

"What you be knowing of 'Orcish Loneliness'?" Guarai grinned.

"Well, Orcs need a lot of warmth.." he gave a big fat wink,

"Bodily warmth, I mean..." the startled Orc chuckled shyly and whisperingly replied:

"That be truuue! You be knowing so much about Orcs!" he sighed.

"But sure Dwarf like you not like..."

"But sure Dwarf like me not like?" Guarai grinningly inquired,

"But sure Dwarf like me DOES like, my green friend!" with an enormous smack the Orc rammed his flat hand on the table. Immediately you could hear a pin drop, and many hands reached for sword and dagger. Orutac's bright green eyes nearly shot from their sockets in amazement. He wildly gasped for air.

"A-Hazic Dwargh O'Chwaraai Iclath Ekh?"

"It would be a great honor and a great pleasure too!" Guarai replied in perfect Orx,

"A Dwarf like me also feels the need for some warmth every now and again... GREEN warmth in my case!"

"Ghee-gee-gee-ee!" the big Orc squeaked in excitement and lay his muscular arm over Guarai's shoulders.

"You be Dwarf and you want to be real friend of Orc Orutac! Me thinks me be snoring!" Guarai pinched his flank hard and Orutac grunted. Orutac looked at Guarai in shock and the Dwarf smiled:

"Well O'Tac? Awake yet? ...or are you stil snoring?"

Orutac showed all his ivory-white fangs in a huge grin.

"Not.. Not I know what say!"

4

"Would you like it?" Orutac nodded fiercely. He grabbed Guarai and started vigorously shaking the small Dwarf's body. Shocked by his rude enthusiasm he started rubbing the Dwarf's back in physical apology.

"O'Tac: Gollac Ka-hii Clac tavern Igi-ilac Tac Hindervelt Orc Dwargh Ai-Ghaliikh!"

Immediately Orutac stopped his rubbing, as they indeed drew a lot of attention to themselves.

Eyes wide with arousal and aglow with joy the huge Orc looked at his Dwarfish friend and whispered:

"Never I could think a Dwarf be wanting that!"

"This one does, my green cuddle!"

"Ghee-gee-gee!"

"Ahem: what strange business is being whispered there, Master Guarai?!" the innkeeper inquired from behind the counter and looked at them in disapproval.

"Well? Let's have it Master Guarai: What are the goings on?"

"Orutac and I go seventy years back, that's all. I've got a job for him and tonight he's bunking up with me." The innkeeper frowned.

"An ORC in one of my guestrooms?! That isn't quite my opinion on it if you catch my drift..."

"Actually I do not.." Guarai snapped with Dwarfish sharpness in his voice, "The only drift I want to catch is respect for my Orcish friend here, but I guess respect is beyond the service provided by The Silver Dragon Inn. I think the

ORL of Ritdent would find this highly interesting, nay? Aside from your puny little Town Guardsmen and the Guardians of Rigorai the city of Hindenvelt happens to fall under Ritdentian protectorate, does it not?" several guests mumbled their discontent. Indeed the Orcs of Ritdent's ORL Army passed through the human town and to the dismay of the Town Guardsmen these Orcs practically were the law in the human city. Protectorate of Ritdent... The innkeeper decided not to drive it to the limit.

"And still I don't want green –er- Orcs in my guestrooms. They stink up the place with their penetrating stench and walk out the door with half my belongings!"

Guarai shot up from his chair and marched towards the counter. He jumped on top of it, pointed straight at the innkeepers face and bit:

"Now you listen up rrreal good innkeeper Hamuc: That two-bed room is commandeered by the Council of Order and Discipline of the Dwarfclan of Mount Rigorai! It sits there catching dust half the year and ching-ching in come the copperpieces from the Dwarven Dominion. Every now and again an important Dwarf Lord, a nobleman like ME, uses this room and then it's still half occupied. Well: the next few days it's fully occupied. My friend Orutac here.." he pointed at the Orc who shone with joy his newfound friend went ballistic in his defense,

"My friend Orutac eats for four so that's quite the cashflow for a tavern as popular as this one. On behalf of the Kingdom of Rigorai I am willing to soak everybody in here –beer, wine, ledum, mede, the whole lot- when you decide to show my green Orcfriend some respect. Orutac did not travel a hundred miles from Kogorad to be verbally shat on... Well: think it through and

5

remember you are talking to the Chairman of the Council for Order and Discipline of Rigorai!"

The innkeeper sighed deeply. He and the Chairman went way back too, but it wasn't exactly a happy marriage.

"I approve but under protest, Master Guarai. My apologies to that Orc there but your soaking stands." Guarai jumped off the counter and spread his arms wide.

"Go grab yourself a mug everyone! Dwarfclan Rigorai of the North Twin Mountain is good to the Humans of Hindenvelt city!" A few imbibers applauded this and soon innkeeper Hamuc was busy filling mugs and chalices.

"How much, keep Hamuc?"

"One silver, eight copper and four bronzepieces. You won't put me on the Rigorai Redlist?" Guarai casually shrugged his shoulders and tossed two silverpieces on the counter.

"Keep the rest, Hamuc!" The innkeeper smiled. He felt the Dwarf Lord was right on this and the two silverpieces did wonders for his human sense of honor.

"Thanks, Master Guarai.."

"It's all right, Hamuc, fill up another two-pinter for my green friend and let the last word be said on this."

Guarai put down the mug and got seated beside the big Orc, who looked the small Dwarf over and hissed in astonishment:

"Chairman you be? That big Dwarf rank! You be big important Dwarf and me just simple Orc!" Guarai smiled shyly.

“Not only that, but I’ve just been promoted to Friend of Orutac of Kogorad, and that’s all the rank I desire for now!” Orutac giggled excitedly, quite unlike the big Orc he was, and looked at Guarai in amazement. The Commander of the Dwarf Army of Rigorai wanted to be HIS friend! He pressed his important friend against his side.

“Me be thankful you bit off innkeep’s nose like that for me simple Orc! Me feeling all good now...” Guarai grinned at him.

“A roof over your head and something warm and Rigorai for between the sheets! Like?” Orutac nodded fiercely.

“And for night you get Orc Orutac of Kogorad. Me be liking you real big and me want go and please you!” Guarai strategically placed his hand on the monstrously muscular leg and started stroking the soft skin of the Orc’s thigh ever so softly.

“Just as my green O’Tac will be getting his Rigorai pleasures tonight!”

“Ghee-gee-gee!”

They talked for hours on end and got to know each other a little better. Orutac developed great admiration for his small friend and Guarai, who knew the word ‘friend’ held great meaning for Orcs admired the green giant for his openness despite the Orc-Dwarf War his Radl was fighting against Dwarfclan Dorat. Guarai knew his Orcs and knew Orutac was sincere in his desire to be his friend, deeply rooted in the fiery temperament of the Orcs and the genuine

6

yearning for togetherness that is the nature of anyone born Orc. The Dwarf admired Orutac’s character. A War to the Death and still the Orc completely opened up to the small Dwarf. Both of them felt a small arousal slowly mount as the sun yielded to the moon and the hours passed like leaves in the autumn breeze. They softly exchanged sweet whispered words in Orx, and when night set in they climbed the stairs to Guarai’s guestroom.

Guurai latched the door behind them. He turned towards the Orc, sparks shooting from his eyes.

“O-O-O’Tac!”

“O’Chwa-a-araai!” The big Orc effortlessly lifted up Guarai and hugged him.

“Clac Orchuaraai Kotc Chra-hii Aii Dwargh Orc...” the big Orc whispered tenderly in the Orx of his mountain, and Guarai replied in the ancient language of Gimalc-Dverk:

“Nihiazgari kumatiz ehiitla kuma Orutac gehessic.. Oh Orutac Orc gehessic...” Orutac curiously looked at him and Guarai grinned. Orutac lay his cheek against Guarai’s.

“Mmmmm..” he hummed with his deep voice and Guarai hugged his big head, bit Orutac’s goldbrass snoutring and tugged it gently with his teeth.

“Ghee-gee-gee..” the Orc blushed a dark green and put his small friend on his feet. Guarai started stroking his smooth green muscular tummy, making Orutac close his eyes and moan of pleasure.

“My friend Orutac will now put the beds together, but quietly so..” Guarai spoke with a mesmerizingly sweet voice, Orutac picked up a bed and bent over to put it next to the other one. The small Dwarf stood behind him, rubbed his leg and started to rub his smooth Orc buttocks under the Orc’s greasy leather loin cloth.

“Oooooowwww...” the big Orc moaned.

“My green friend has a nice beefy rump..” Guarai tenderly whispered, stroked

the smooth Orc skin and softly slid his fingers in the crevice between the Orc hams.

Guarai got closer and hugged Orutac's waist, put his small warm hands on Orutac's muscular upper legs.

"I believe friend O'Tac has something nice and soft for me to knead and play with until it's all hard and slick with juices..." Gently rubbing Guarai's hands slid under Orutac's brown leather loincloth, who hissed off the heat of the lusts awoken in him.

Guarai's small hands found a warm, smooth Orc tail six inches long and almost two across that hung off limply. He took it in his hands and started to rub and knead the soft green meat with his fingers.

"See, there it is.." Guarai whispered, "A nice big Orc tail to play with..." Orutac shivered of lust!

"Mmm.. I feel your Orc tail is coming alive, O'Tac.. How big and hard it's going to get?"

"Ooooowwww..." Orutac moaned and let the small Dwarf fondle his Orchood. Guarai kneaded the Orc meat that got hotter, bigger and ever more rigid.

Before long the Orc tail had grown to be nine inches long and it had swollen

7

such that his Dwarven fingers did not meet around it. He left the Orc tail for what it was and started to gently fondle Orutac's velvety pouch, which held two heavy Orcballs the size of big walnuts.

"Oooww.. Oooww.. Fffffh.. Fffffh.." the big Orc moaned and panted as the skillful hands fondled on. Guarai let his hands slide from under the loincloth and slid them up to the thick leather belt. He found the closing-ring and teasingly gave little tugs on it. Finally he yanked it hard, the belt popped open and the leather loincloth fell down on Orutac's broad Orc feet. Guarai started to gently rub the Orc's tummy and bulging chest as good as he could reach it. He bent forwards a little and slowly let his tongue slide up between the Orc's buttocks.

"Ooooowwww..." Orutac shivered in delight.

Guarai let his hands slide over the silky green Orc skin. Orutac looked around and saw Guarai taking off his leather vest. When Guarai had taken it off the Orc sat down on his knees before him and put his big warm hands on Guarai's sandaled feet. With his teeth and lips swollen with arousal he started undoing Guarai's sandals and then yanked the Dwarf's belt open with a big tug of his teeth.

Orutac put his hands to Guarai's flanks and started tugging down his fur trunks with his broad Orc teeth. It slid down on Guarai's feet. He looked at Guarai's Dwarftwig that stuck out in yearning stiffness and at his furry-haired balls. He put his snout into the Dwarf's wool and started to sniff in the fragrance.

"Mmm.. Guarai Dwarf be smelling goooood..." he let his warm goldbrass snoutring slide over Guarai's Dwarftwig and started licking his little Dwarf pouch, caressing Guarai's woolly-haired body.

"Oooww.. so goood you be feeling and tasting too..." Guarai took the giant Orcish head in his hands and started playing with his pointy ears.

"You're such a sweet, beautiful Orc, Orutac.." Big Orutac looked up from his crouching position and let his snoutring slide off of Guarai's twig.

"A smart big rank Dwarf you are and a no-rank dumb Orc I am..." he

whispered softly, licking gently around Guarai's bellybutton.

"You be Dwarf Army commander of Rigorai and me be all pride and glad you big rank Dwarf be wanting be with no-rank Kogorad me. You be making me all warm inside and happiest Orc in world.." Guarai closed his eyes and smiled blissfully.

"Let us lie together, Orutac of Kogorad..."

"O'Chwaraai..."

"O'Tac..."

"Oooww!" Orutac hugged Guarai and got on his feet with the small Dwarf clutched in his strong green arms. In uninhibited lust he wildly licked Guarai's cheeks turning round and round overcome by joy. Then he thudded down on the beds with Guarai on top of him. He started caressing the Dwarf's body and Guarai placed his feet in the Orc's smooth flanks, kissing him engulfed by passion.

"O-O-O'Chwaraai!"

"Mmmmm O'Tac..." Guarai began rubbing Orutac's protruding Orc nipples and started playing with them. Orutac threw his head back, closed his eyes

8

and started to moan ecstatically, his slime of yearning shooting from his excited stiff Orc tail. He clutched Guarai in a crushing hug caressing the Dwarf's back, making him shiver in delight. Rubbing, fondling and softly squeezing Guarai's fingers played with the Orcish nipples, which swelled up by all this attention. Orutac made heated little grunting-sounds and kneaded and rubbed Guarai's buttocks, both enveloped by the lust and the heat of passion. And there they lay for a while, an Orc and a Dwarf, enjoying each other's body.

Orutac grabbed hold of his small lover and turned, getting on his elbows and knees with Guarai lying beneath him, never ceasing to play with the stiffened Orcish nipples. With uninhibited moans and soft oinks of excitement Orutac started licking Guarai's chest, then his soft belly, his Orc nipples slipping from between the Dwarf's fingers.

"Mmmmm... You be tasting goood, you being sweet sweet Dwarf O'Chwaraai!" Orutac skillfully licked on and on, tickling Guarai's navel with the tip of his tongue, making the proud Dwarf utter soft unmanly squeaks of pleasure.

"Mmmmm.. Sooo good you be tasting, but now me want go and taste Dwarfseed!"

"Ohh.. Kitarak! Kitarak!!" Guarai moaned in Gimalc and Orutac curiously looked at him.

"Go on! Go on! Do everything your heart desires, delightful Orc!" Guarai eagerly spread his legs and the big Orc passionately licked between them. Guarai puffed and panted, red as a beet by the sheer intensity of lusts evoked within him. Orutac licked the pouch and stiffly swollen twig of the Dwarf who moaned for all his worth, holding on to the tips of Orutac's pointy Orc ears, who enjoyed it immensely. Eagerly the Orc's tongue fondlingly slid over the Dwarf's twig, making Guarai squirm in lust.

"Mmmmm O'Tac! Take me between your lips.. taste me, ohh, taste me!" with a vicious snarl Orutac's head plunged down, devouring the Dwarf's twig, pouch and all. He licked and licked, eagerly turning and shaking his head.

"Ooohh! Oooh! More! More! Give me all of you, O'Tac! Give me all you've got!

My twig and balls are yours, O'Tac! Ooohh, more!!" Orutac let this pleading not fall on deaf ears and he massaged all he held in his mouth with his tongue as good as he could, savoring the taste and shooting his thick warm Orcslime onto Guarai's legs.

Guarai lost all awareness and let the Orc drive him beyond the furthest boundaries of lust. Suddenly he squeezed his eyes shut, grabbed hold of his hair, thrust his twig inward and squealingly yielded his essence to the wildly licking and sucking Orc's mouth. Then he let his body go limp and tingling throughout his whole body he let himself drift off on the Ocean of Bliss. For some time he lay there inert, amidst the slurping of the eager Orc who relished the flavor and fragrance of his newfound friend. Slowly Guarai returned to the room where Orutac eagerly awaited him.

Guarai got up and piercingly looked at his big beefy friend.

"Flat on your back, O'Tac! Flat on your back and put that green tail in the air!" Eagerly the green giant lay down, arms and legs spread wide, and like a tiger

9

Guarai jumped on top of him, seated his bare buttocks on the smooth warm skin of the Orc's belly. He grabbed Orutac's Orc nipples and started rubbing and squeezing them.

"Ooooowwww! You go firm it up! You go and squeeze harder!" Guarai eagerly complied and the squirming Orc violently shook his head side to side, dissolving into ecstasy, whilst his wet, sticky Orctail slapped and slapped against Guarai's back, wetting it with the Orcslime of his yearning. Guarai rode the rapturous Orc, never ceasing to rub and squeeze his green nipples, and the hot Orcslime squirted all over his back. Orutac panted like a racinghorse and uttered excited grunts and oinks that dazzled the Dwarvish satyr who kept the green giant excited to the brink of madness. For minutes and minutes Guarai played his Orcnipple-game but then he stopped and without letting the green giant come to breath he got seated between his huge legs. He put the deep-red throbbed-up cosh head to his mouth and immediately a thick jet of Orcslime, hot, salty and sweet splattered inside of it which he eagerly swallowed. With both hands he started vigorously tugging the slippery Orctail driving Orutac further still.

"Oooooowwww! Gac-Halac! Gac-Halac O'Chwaraai !" Guarai didn't need this encouragement and licked, swallowed and tugged like his life depended on it. With every lick and tug Orcslime splattered in his mouth and he swallowed all he could of the musky-smelling liquid. This wild ride couldn't last for long...

Suddenly Orutac squeezed his eyes shut, clutched Guarai's small body with his muscular smooth-green legs and howlingly shot his hard jets of neverending Orcseed into Guarai's mouth who tried his best to swallow all of the thick Orc's essence, but could not help having some spill from of the Dwarven mouth it was so ferociously shot into. Suddenly Orutac's big Orc body fell limp and the spouting became an oozing, despite Guarai's fierce attempts to suck out all the Orc could give him.

When he had swallowed all and had cleaned the Orctail and silky green pouch he looked up to his Orc. Orutac just lay there, his bright green eyes observing the Dwarf from beneath drooping eyelids, smitten by bliss as he was.

Guarai got behind him and lay the big Orc head on his lap, caressing his cheeks, fondling his big ivory tusks and teasingly playing with the Orc's thick

goldbrass snoutring. He wanted to say something but Guarai put his fingers to the Orc's lips, that still were swollen by arousal.

"Hussshh.. Enjoy this now..." Orutac let himself come to breath while the Dwarf gently rubbed and caressed his face and delightfully fondled his snoutring.

Ten minutes passed, but then he got up and placed Guarai on his lap, the Dwarf's bare buttocks on his soft Orctail. He rubbed and caressed the Dwarf, the bodyhairs of his small friend pleasingly tickling his hairless skin. Softly he mumbled:

"You be all slick with slimes of Orutac... Me big Orc made big mess of you..."

Then he hugged the small Dwarf and hummed with his deep voice:

"Me.. Me not know how to thank friend..."

10

"No need O'Tac, no need for all that! I.. I think you're wonderful..."

"O'Chwaraai Igiac Kallach Eticakh..." Orutac echoed in Orx, never ceasing to fondle and please. A few minutes came and went.

Guurai got off the Orc's lap and got seated between his muscular legs facing him, resting his legs over Orutac's. Orutac took him by his shoulders and started massaged them gently. Guarai took the soft Orctail in his hand. The limp green tail still was six inches long and almost two inches thick and he teasingly started playing with it, fondling, kneading and bending the warm smooth Orctail in his hands, making it swell and become half-hard, which assured him he had thoroughly satisfied his big green friend. And while the Orc massaged the small shoulders the Dwarf's fingers teasingly played with the huge Orctail he had satisfied, and all the while they looked nowhere but in each others eyes, hazel meeting green, soul meeting soul for what seemed an eternity.

It was Guarai who broke the silence.

"You were going to Ritdent?" Orutac nodded and let his Orctail be fondled further.

"I'm here for three days more. Do you want to stay with me and travel the lands together? I'll have to meet my Men in Ritdent and if you'd like I could show you my beautiful Rigorai.." Orutac hugged the Dwarf and pressed him to his body.

"Me Orc be welcome in Dwarf Mountain?" Guarai nodded.

"It be big honor and me love do! Me not leaving you alone, friend Orchuaraai..."

"Together, friend Orutac..."

Somewhat later Orutac and Guarai, Orc and Dwarf, cuddled together under the blankets they had joined. While in the tavern below the last guests left the two unlikely friends fondled and played with their so differing bodies, and after that they cuddled up in a tender embrace and yielded to a dream-filled sleep.

THE ORC'S GAME

Rimalc the Dwarf sat back and took a sip from his chalice of Dwarven spirits and looked around him. The humans of the tavern paid no attention to his writing, but rather exchanged smalltalk amongst themselves while the beer and wine flowed profusely. The drinks were cheap and not outstanding in this tavern and it was odd to find a Dwarf as effluent as him in a place like this. But - he liked the atmosphere of the tavern and the fine Dwarven spirits the innkeeper imported for him from Dorat Mountain took care of his fine tastes. He kicked out his legs and stretched his arms, growling a closed-mouthed yawn and then got back to his writings.

He dipped the tip of his quill in the ink and slowly calligraphed on. Business had been good, quite good. His trading partner in Dorat had finally gotten his order, seven cases of fine spices, which he would trade for sixteen fine Orcish horses from Ritdent mountain. There was a war going on, that awful Supremacy War that had brought Dwarves and Orcs alike such misery. It still raged between his Dwarf Mountain of Dorat and the Orc Mountain of Kogorad.

Trade was good though: there was no way there was going to be trade between Dorat and an Orc mountain, yet Ritdent's fine horses were famous across the lands for their superior breeding, an art which the Orcs mastered like no other. This way he could be an intermediate in their trade: The Dorat got their horses, the Rigorai and even the Ritdent and Dorat's sworn enemies the Kogorad Orcs got their fine spices and it was good trade for all involved. If his Dorat and the Kogorad Orcs couldn't find peace through their hearts then they would eventually through their money-pouches, because trade for them would be so much more profitable if they finally dropped the hostilities and started negotiating.

Rimalc smiled. If his wide-eyed nephew Kilein, who had left the mountain five years ago, hadn't opened him up to the business opportunities that lie dormant between mountains of Orcs and Dwarves, he would've missed out on gold as well as pleasures and satisfactions of many kinds.

Rimalc reached in his pocket, retrieved a clove which he bit in two, eating one half and smelling the other and he let the sweet numbness take his tongue. Fine, fine spices, Dwarves were wild for cloves, the Orcs loved their anise and nutmegs and black tea blends from the Eastlands were welcomed by all.

He would at least make two hundred goldpieces per case with quality like this. "WAARGH!!" a booming roar startled Rimalc and as he looked behind him he saw five big Orcs entering the tavern, clearly an Orc Army Halftroop.

Orcs! Though the so-called enemy of Dwarves according to his Dorat heritage, ever since his first trading with Ritdent all Rimalc could do nothing but admire them. Crude and wild as they could be they had a charm of their own and with radiant smooth green skin and bulging muscles underneath the Life Force must've been proud to create such magnificent beings.

The Orcs peered through the tavern for a table to sit.

Rimalc's eye was caught by one of them, their Troop Overseer, a magnificent Orc which stood about seven foot tall. Rimalc liked the looks of most Orcs - and he had seen many of them since he came to the Valley, but this one made him gasp in awe.

The big Orc wore no clothing but a loincloth made from broad, black loosehanging

strips of leather all the way around the thick belt fastened around his loins, reaching down to right above his knees. This kilt-of-belts, as the Orcs called it, looked good on the Orc and hid and revealed enough to tickle Rimalc's fancy. This particular Orc was unusually muscular, thick bulges and slabs under his shiny dark green skin, and his shoulders were an easy two foot apart, quite intimidating to a three foot, six inches tall Dwarf like he was. This Orc was a mountain of a man, and Rimalc blushed discovering just how much he would love to climb this mountain.

But an Orc! That would be, umm, unusual to say the least. Definitely not proper, or as some would say a treason of the highest order. Rimalc looked up, straight into the great Orc's warm, kind eyes. The Orc's face matched his proud, fierce masculinity, yet had a warmth to it that was a bit unsettling. The intimidating green demigod looked at him, squinted his eyes and gave a menacing, toothy grin with a short lewd growl.

Oh!

Rimalc got gripped by shyness, awestruck by the creature's untamed masculine beauty and hastily blotted his parchment, rolled it up and screwed the cap on his small ink jar. He put it all away and held up two fingers at the innkeeper.

"Sir! I'm partial to a piece of bread and some basil cheese if you have it." The innkeeper nodded and started preparing the platter, adding some greens to please his small but affluent and even generous customer.

Rimalc peered at the Orcs, who had found a table and had sat down, taking off their big backpacks and resting their spears against the tabletop. He looked at that one Orc, the demigod in green, admiring the size and shape of his bulk and the smooth green shine of his skin. Then the big Troop Overseer caught his gaze and gave him a menacing grin again, quite intimidating yet not at all unkind.

Oh, the shine of his broad, rounded, ivory teeth..

Rimalc gasped and hastily looked away.

Shy. The Dwarf rarely felt that way, but this Orc got him shy and even thinking some exciting thoughts which he discovered to go as far as he let them.

But an Orc! He shook the thought off as too odd, he liked the male pleasures which in itself bore controversy, but to actually fantasize of the three foot, six inches him and this enormous seven-foot Orc.. It couldn't be. It was silly of him to think such things, let alone to let his mind dwell the sheer perversity of it all.

He.. he looked so mighty sitting there laughing with his troops.

"Good sir, I've added some lettuce and radishes to your bread and cheese."

"Put it on my tab, my man.." The Dwarf mumbled absentminded and a bit displeased the innkeeper put down the platter and left.

Rimalc cut some bread the bread and covered a slice with a leaf of lettuce, some cheese and bits of radish on top.

He ate. Hmm, the cheese was a bit aged perhaps, but not spoiled. But his thoughts were not with food. Oh shyness! He dared not look at that magnificent creature yet found himself longing, nay yearning for it with every fiber of his body. When he had finished he had finally gathered some courage and looked to his side again, at that magnificent Orcish warrior.

And sure as anything, the Orc caught him looking. He put his fists against each other and made his huge chest swell up even bigger, letting the

spellbound Dwarf admire him. Then he tilted his head and cast a questioning look with a flash of his eyes.

Rimalc gasped. Oh! He could not help but humbly nod a bit at the green giant.

"DWOARGH!" the big Orc demanded with a roar, and made a stern gesture with his arm. Rimalc just had to heed that. The big green Warrior had gestured him to come to him and he was powerless to resist, enchanted by fancy.

The Troop Overseer smacked his big hand on the bench.

"Next to me!" he ordered, not at all unkind but not expecting defiance either.

"Umm if you wish sir Orc.." Rimalc humbly whispered and sat down next to the green giant. His grunts obviously were under orders to mind their own business, because they didn't dare as much as look at their Troop Overseer or the Dwarf that had joined them.

Orc musks, strange sweat and greasy worn leather. Intoxicating smells most unusual to the Dwarf who wasn't used to any of these, especially the Orc musks proved hypnotic to his senses. These scents always had fascinated him, but this Orc's musks hit his nose most arousingly.

"Urrrrrrr..." The big Orc rumbled softly, put his hand on Rimalc's shoulder and turned towards him.

"You took lookie at Orc." He decided.

"I.. I saw you come in, sir Orc. No harm in that, really." Rimalc almost whispered. The big Orc looked down to him. He was intimidatingly masculine yet had remarkably friendly emerald green eyes.

"Yess Dwargh.. No harm.. But then you did go and take lookie again." The Orc was calm, amused and rather self confident.

"Umm.. It.. It's not what you think it is.." Rimalc feebly protested.

"What do Orc think it is?"

"Umm.. I.. I don't know?" the big Orc smiled.

"No, then it not what Dwarf thinks Orc thinks it is." the big Orc decided and started gently rubbing Rimalc's shoulder.

"But then you did go.. and take lookie again."

"It.. It's true. But it's not what you think sir Orc, it's.."

"Me thinks Dwargh likes to see me Orc.. That be it?" the Troop Overseer teased, still speaking rather slow and calm.

"Umm.. yes, I think so.."

"Then Orc know Dwargh better then Dwargh know Orc."

"Yes.." Rimalc sighed,

"Yes, the look of you pleases my eyes; really a lot if I may say so. Sir Orc."

"Good. Me likes that."

The magnificent Orc slowly reached out and took hold of Rimalc's wrist.

Rimalc, stunned by the Orc's kind but overbearing ways, let him. The Orc let Rimalc's small hand rest on his bare green leg. Rimalc gasped. In a worrisome way this was quite arousing!

"Oh!"

"If look of Orc pleases Dwargh me thinks feel of Orc pleases him too."

Rimalc could not contain his curiosity and moved his fingers a bit. The Orc's skin was smooth, a bit greasy and warm to the touch, surprisingly soft despite its shine. Underneath there was hard muscle, capable of carrying a great Orc for miles and fast too if it needed be.

"It.. It pleases me, yes."

"That good, little Dwargh, because me Orc feel pleased by it too."

Poor Rimalc was too overcome by this strange seduction to feel offended by the words 'little Dwarf'. In matters of business, friendship and love he was used to taking charge, but this magnificent Orc with his strange seduction made him powerless to resist, spellbound by the pleasant way in which he was led to the point of forgetting the Orcs around the table, who shielded them from looks from the humans in the tavern.

"Me Orc has strange little idea in head." the big Orc teased.

"Me thinks little Dwargh be hot on Orc. That be so? You be hot on Orc?"

Rimalc gave in. Whatever his reservations had been, they were now put aside and Rimalc let this great Orc have his strange hypnotic way with him.

Resisting him was no use anyway: the magnificent green creature would see right through any deception and call him on it.

"Yes, sir Orc.. I must say you excite me with your strange ways.."

"Sir Orc.. Me likes that. Yes. It only natural that you little Dwargh call me great big Orc warrior as -sir- Orc.. Not so?" the big Orc teased, slowly reeling him in like a fish on the line.

"Yes.. Yes sir Orc."

One of the other Orcs laughed but the Troop Overseer's eyes shot lightning at him which hushed him up, then his big emerald eyes returned to kind fascination as he slowly talked to Rimalc again while the other Orcs resumed their Orcish smalltalk and drinking of foamy beer that was just a bit off.

"Pet." the Orc warrior decided.

"Pet?"

"Dwargh like petting leg of Orc, do he not?" Rimalc bit his lip. Indeed, he still was gently feeling and petting the big Orc's muscular leg absentmindedly. He humbly looked down.

"Yes, sir Orc."

"Look at Orc." Rimalc shyly looked the big Orc in his big green eyes, looking up in an admiration he could not hide.

"Me likes to play little game with Dwargh.."

Rimalc was spellbound and nodded slowly, his mouth ajar.

"Great big warriors of legend all have servant for selves. Me be warrior. Me like you Dwargh to go and serve body of Orc for night.."

Rimalc gulped and the big Orc smiled and slightly winked.

"Then Dwargh get more than lookie of Orc and more than feelie of leg too. You likes feelie of Orc so me thinks you go and say yes to great big offer to serve body of Orc."

"Me.. I.."

"You likes to serve body of Orc." the big warrior patiently decided and Rimalc sighed.

"Yes, sir Orc."

"Yes you say to?"

"I.. I want to serve your body, sir Orc." Rimalc whispered and blushed.

"Good. You be servant of Orc now. Me thinks you be staying in tavern because you not wearing cloak."

"I.. I have a room above the tavern, sir Orc."

"No.. You kept room for Orc warrior and now he go to room and you wear stuffs of Orc. Dwargh servant: Get on feet." The big Orc smiled a slow, ivory

smile and teasingly let his finger slide over the Dwarf's black fur trunks. Rimalc got on his feet and the big Orc warrior, who stood almost twice as tall, stood beside him. The big Orc took his huge backpack off the floor and crossed its belts across the Dwarf's chest before he eased the load on the Dwarf's back.

It was so heavy! Rimalc had to bend over far to not fall over backwards. The Orc handed him his huge Orcish spear, which weighed over ten pounds as its octagon rod was all steel too.

"March, little Dwargh!" the big Orc teased and smacked Rimalc's buttocks with his big green hand.

Rimalc braced himself and started for the door, the Orc following right after him. The innkeeper snorted in disapproval.

Behind the door and on the stairs the big Orc gave insisting little smacks on Rimalc's buttocks to urge him on. Upstairs Rimalc took a candle, unlocked a door and entered, lighting a few oil lamps in the modest-sized room. When he turned the big Orc took his spear off him and took the heavy leather pack off his back, putting them to a wall while Rimalc hastily shut the door and locked it.

The green giant nodded in approval. It was a reasonable-sized room with two human-sized beds, a closet, desk and small table with washing materials. He walked towards the beds and briskly shoved them aside, grabbing the mattresses and put them next to each other on the floor, then turned to the small Dwarf.

Rimalc was overcome by humility and great excitements of his body and mind. Somehow all his usual demeanor had been swept aside, and in his lust there were no limits to his admiration. This Orc was so mighty, that he wanted to be nothing but be small to him, small to this noble giant.

"Master Orc!" he gasped, then got on his knees in front of the magnificent Orc and looked up in adoration.

"You be mine.." The Orc softly growled and grinned slowly.

Rimalc bent over, put his hands to the Orc's bulging calves and without hesitation he started licking the big Orc's toes, who gave a soft approving growl.

"Oh master Orc.. master Orc..." Rimalc moaned in humility and let his tongue slide over the Orc's green toes, wiggling it between them, tasting the strange Orcish musks and saltiness. He now lapped his small tongue over the big dark green Orcfeet and made them shine even more. Then, still bent over, he looked up to the satisfied smile of the big Orc warrior towering over him.

"Me likes that.. Now take off vest, pouches and trunks." Rimalc wanted to get up but with an amused smile the big Orc slowly shook his head.

"No.. Little Dwargh will get all nakie for his Orc master while sitting on knees."

"Yes, master Orc! For you, master Orc!"

"For Orc." the Orc smiled and watched the small Dwarf undo his vest and reveal his modest chest and lard-lined tummy.

"And now off with those trunks. Little Dwargh get nakie for Orc."

Rimalc undid his pouches and belt, pulled down his black fur trunks and took them off, and now was naked except for his sandals. He sat down on his knees and looked up in unbridled admiration. The big Orc put his foot between the Dwarf's legs and gently rubbed his modest Dwarfmeat and balls with it.

"Little Dwargh be all eager between legs.. it good and hard."

Then the big Orc turned and walked off to the two joined mattresses. He got on them, put the pillows on top of each other and lay down on his back, fully outstretched with his hands behind his head.

Rimalc hurried towards the lying Orc's feet and started to massage them, while licking the smooth soft soles of the big Orcfeet he kneaded with his hands.

"Urrrrrr! No tickle Orc with tongue..."

"Master Orc.. I want to lick the green soles of the feet that carry you.. Please let me lick your Orcfeet.."

The big Orc closed his eyes and softly sighed in relaxation.

"My Orcfeet please the tongue of Dwarugh?"

"Yes, master Orc.."

"Then me say that it is good."

The small Dwarf eagerly started licking the soft green soles of his master's Orcfeet while looking at him in admiration. He was so big, so beautiful.. Such a magnificent creature.. The big Orc looked down at him and smiled calmly in satisfied silence, he didn't hide in any way how he took pleasure in having his Orcfeet licked. Rimalc licked on and on for minutes on end, his tongue stroking the soft green skin of the magnificent Orc's feet.

"Hooohh Troop Overseer.. You're a warrior of such majesty, noble one!"

Rimalc whispered in reverie and licked on in devotion. He felt such honor that he, a small Dwarf, was to be allowed to please this great Orc that had captured his adoration.

In life outside of lust it was Rimalc who led and decided, but gripped by lust for this Orc he felt nothing but admiration for this great creature and to lick his big green Orcfeet was a delight beyond the pleasures of his life of luxury. He felt small, so small in the presence of this magnificent warrior, and all that felt so good that it dazed his senses.

"Troop Overseer... Master Orc.. I'm all yours.. All yours..." he panted and started sucking on the big Orc's green toes, the Orc's curved black clawnails resting to his tongue.

"Yes, little Dwarugh.. You be all mine.. That be the game of Orc and that be the game us two go play. Go on: lick toes of Orc.."

"To please you, master Troop Overseer..."

"You little Dwarugh likes do lickies of feet of Orc?"

"Oh yes, master Orc!"

"Then you now must go lick soles of Orcfeet again.."

"Ooooh master Orc!" Rimalc moaned in worship and hastily started licking the soles of the Orc's feet again, the smooth, green, uncalloused skin of the feet of this magnificent Orc warrior who felt no shame in taking pleasure in his Dwarven servitude.

Rimalc's mind flooded with the pleasure of the secret desire he had never allowed himself even in fantasy and which now had become reality - to fully submit to an Orc of great masculinity, and humbly lick the feet that carried this magnificent creature, the so-called enemy of his kind. Rimalc licked and looked up, his eyes meeting the benevolent gaze of the big Orc who's feet he licked, and while he licked on they looked in each others eyes, the humble Dwarf and the magnificent Orc whom he pleased. There was not a speck of shyness between them.

Minutes, eternities passed with their eyes locked, the big Orc gazing upon humble admiration, the Dwarf looking at the pleasure his licking evoked in this so-called enemy of his kind.

"Orkhan be pleased with his little Dwargh. Come sit by side of Orc." Rimalc hastily sat down on his knees beside the big outstretched Orc, who sedately fondled his balls and gently squeezed his Dwarfmeat to feel it up, then approvingly sniffed his fingers with his boarlike snout.

"Mmmmmh.. Go please Orc, little Dwargh.." he lazily said and Rimalc bent over and started licking the swollen nub of the Orc's nipple. Orkhan grinned and sighed in pleasure.

"Mmmmmh.. Go on.."

Rimalc started playing with the Orc's nipple with his lips and tongue and the green giant closed his eyes and let his small admirer please him.

"Hmmmmh.. Little Dwargh go spoil Orc all rotten.." Orkhan smiled and put his hands behind his head, shivering as he sighed because it pleased him much.

"Ooohh.. For you, master Troop Overseer.." the Dwarf panted in thrill.

"No.. Methinks it a pleasure to Dwargh too... You all hard between legs, little Dwargh! You be hot on Orc!"

"Yes, Troop Overseer.. I'm at your mercy.."

"Yess.. Now get on top of Orc!"

"Oh! On top?"

"Lie over Orc and do more lickies.. Other nipple of Orc want little Dwarghtongue too.. Lie over Orc. You may do this."

"Oooh master Orc!"

Rimalc carefully slid over the Orc's green body. His skin was so smooth, soft and so warm, and the muscles so hard and thick underneath. Rimalc hugged the Orc with his whole body and laid his ear on the big Orc's chest, listening to the forceful thumping of the creature's heart, the pace of its thumping revealing the big Orc was more excited than his tranquil pleasure showed.

"Oooh Troop Overseer.."

Orkhan smiled.

"Other nipple of Orc be tasty too.. Little Dwargh missed spot!"

Rimalc hastily took the Orc's pointy nipple between his lips and started gently sucking on it. It was hard, like the other one, showing the magnificent Orc's arousal. The big green Orc moaned in delight without shame. Rimalc returned to the left nipple, and after a while played with the right one again.

"You be good pleasings, little Dwargh.."

"All for you, master Orc, only for you.."

"That be big liiie from little Dwargh.. Me thinks little Dwargh deserve little punish for that.."

"Little punish!" Rimalc gasped.

"It can be big punish if Dwargh likes.."

"No! Give me little punish! Err! Uh oh..."

"Yess! If little Dwargh go ask for punish then little Dwargh go get punish!"

Orkhan decided and gave a playful snarl.

Rimalc gulped. To get a mock punishment from the big Orc he admired so much was a thought so arousing he could hardly contain himself. He looked the big Orc in his eyes and saw the creature's gentle eyes sparkle with teasing joy.

Orkhan sat up and let the small Dwarf slide off him.

"Sooo... Little Dwargh wants a punish from me big Orc! Hmm.. what it go be? What go be just right for Dwargh for being naughtie.. Ah! Orc knows what Dwargh got coming! Little Dwargh?"

"Master Orc?"

"You go crawl on all fours and lie over legs of Orc.."

Rimalc gasped.

"Oh no.. Please, master Orc!"

"Yess.. Little Dwargh go get big spankie from Orc.." Orkhan smacked his hand loudly on his muscular right leg,

"Go lie here, little Dwargh.. Get Dwarghie rump up in air for Orc!" Orkhan slowly spoke with a lewd grin, mocking a threat in a very playful way. He saw all too well that this Dwarf was eager to play.

Rimalc gulped and could not help but blush. The Orc was huge and masculine, but also was younger than he, and the highborn Dwarf who always led would now bare his rump to this younger Orc warrior's hand. It was not entirely without humiliation.

The small Dwarf slowly crawled around the big Orc's legs on all fours and stood hesitantly next to his muscular upper right leg. Orkhan smacked it loudly as a promise for things to come. Rimalc slowly slid his chest and chubby belly over the smooth hot green skin and the warm leather strips of the Orcish kilt of belts. His glans touched the Orc's leg and was pushed downward, until Rimalc lay across Orkhan's legs with his hindside up. The big Orc put his left hand on Rimalc's back, denying him escape, and his right hand briskly rubbed and squeezed the Dwarf's hams.

Rimalc had totally surrendered himself to the big Orc, putting full trust in the magnificent creature to not drive him too far. This giant green warrior now had him lying over his legs and his powerful hands held and kneaded him.

Orkhan slowly raised his hand and let it come down on the highborn Dwarf's backside with loud smacks, a firm spanking but not as hard as Rimalc was willing to take it. His backside stung and started glowing, no doubt blushing a hue of pink, and Orkhan slightly upped the fierceness of his smacks to make Rimalc flinch a bit under each of them.

"You like this!" he growled in mock outrage, halted his smacks and let the Dwarf come to breath, rubbing his glowing backside.

"It getting nice and warm too."

"Ohh.. ohh.. Troop Overseer.. Please.." the Dwarf now whispered, panting in great excitement,

"Please give it to me a bit harder, master Orc.. Make me sorry.."

"Now you be blushing above -and- below." The Orc observed and slowly raised his hand. Rimalc pinched his eyes shut, awaiting what was soon to come. With a loud slap the green warrior's hand met the small Dwarf's hams.

"This be what you want?"

"Oww.. Yes.. Yes master Orc!"

"No."

"N.. no, master Orc?"

"No me thinks little Dwargh wants it a bit harder. Do he not?"

Rimalc gulped.

"Yes.." he whispered,

"Yes, please!"

"Me thinks you wants five like that one!"

"Please master Orc, please.."

"If it no go please you it go please me." the Orc decided and merrily dealt five slaps, then gently rubbed the fiery hot hams of the small Dwarf that lay panting over his legs.

"Thank you.. Thank you sir Orc.."

"You likes it too much!" the Orc again playfully feigned to hold back outrage, "Little Dwargh know what that be meaning?"

"I.. I get -Oww! Oww!"

The big Orc calmly laid some firm smacks on the Dwarven hams and then started rubbing them while his small servant moaned softly. He gently poked and rubbed with his finger between the small hams, turning the Dwarfs moans more towards delight.

"Naughtie one.." he chuckled in heated fascination, then raised his hand, the small Dwarf braced and calmly he laid down more smacks that got the Dwarf and him panting in arousal. He kept this up a while, dealing smacks and letting his small servant come to breath before smacking his rump some more "There.." the Troop Overseer spoke in satisfaction,

"Methinks it is good. For now." The big Orc put his hands behind his head and laid back over the pillows, then spread his muscular legs a bit, the Dwarf still lying over them.

Rimalc did not think one moment. Dazed by the excitement he let himself slide between the Orc's legs, clutched this enormous chest and started licking his green belly, making Orkhan shiver in delight.

"For you, great one.." he whispered and looked up for approval, but saw at a glance no one was more allowed than he. He started licking the Orc's smooth salty skin again, following the crevices between his abdominal muscles, occasionally sucking on the flesh, slowly going evermore downward.

Orkhan held back a cringing in pleasure, and he panted with excitement, holding onto the mattresses.

"You... you be good at pleasings, little Dwargh.." he panted, overcome with excitement at this unexpected pleasure. The Dwarf licked on, licking around and inside the Orc's bellybutton, an area quite sensitive to this gentlest of touching, and shivers and trembles ran through the powerful muscles underneath the Orc's green skin.

"Dwargh!" Orkhan commanded with sternness, panting in heat, and Rimalc hastily looked up, startled to have displeased his Orcish master - but when he gazed in the magnificent greenboar's eyes, and saw the Orc's pupils dilated to black disks of frenzied lust, the Dwarf saw that he had done no wrong.

"Dwargh.. Unbuckle me.. Me has treat for you.."

"Oh!"

The Dwarf sat up on his knees between the legs of his magnificent Orc. He was overjoyed with excitement. His hands gripped the thick, broad belt of greasy leather at the goldbrass buckle and he slowly started to undo it. The black leather was warm with the Orc's bodyheat, and shone with the Orc's sweats. It took Rimalc quite a pull to undo the belt, but finally it popped open and the eager, trembling Dwarf could lay the kilt of belts to the Orc's sides. Ooh, there it was! The Troop Overseer had a magnificent green Orctail, thick and swollen so hard that it exposed its dark red glans by its sheer tension. Freed from under the layers of black leather the meat rose thirteen inches proudly upward, and from it oozed thick fragrant slimes of yearning. It was

bigger and more fierce than Rimalc had imagined it to be. Without thinking he took it with both hands and felt it, the soft sheath of flesh over the hardness underneath, its searing hotness, and the mere touch made more slimes spurt from it, oozing over the Dwarf's kneading fingers. Rimalc used the Orc's own slimes to slicken his Orctail over its full length.

"Urrrrrr! mmm that good.. You be eager, melikes! Go on! Pleasure meat of Orc! It be all hard for you little Dwargh.."

"Oh thank you master Orc! It.. it's so.. It's so.."

"Eager for you!" the magnificent Orc insisted, and Rimalc started kneading the slippery green meat up and down, then bowed over and started sucking on its big red glans, eagerly swallowing the fragrant salty slimes as they came, and his pleasing was thus that there was much for him to gulp down. "Waaaarrrgg.." the big Orc growled and stretched himself out, while the Dwarf was all over his meat. He closed his eyes and let himself drift away in lust just like Rimalc's fascination had seized the Dwarf completely.

The Orc panted, moaned and sweated, and the Dwarf made wet sucking sounds and needed all the breath he could get. To themselves, the two unlikely companions were the universe entirely.

Orkhan got evermore heated and lust coursed through his veins. The Dwarf was really working him and in a reversal of roles it was now the big Orc who was led, led without hesitation to the summit of lust. Orkhan sweated and panted, his muscles swelled and radiated heat and he could do nothing but thrash his head about, until finally he exploded in complete pleasure, and pumped his seed into the Dwarf who was so eager and determined to swallow it all. Orkhan let out a mighty booming howl of the utmost pleasure, then colors inverted, darkness closed in and he drifted off, letting go completely to whatever it was that overcame him, and took his senses completely.

Rimalc gulped and gulped all that thick Orcseed, relishing in its flavor and the sheer force with which it was fed him by an Orc who filled him with excitement and noise as he howled wilder than a charging beast. Then the vigor of the thick squirts diminished and the howl broke, he looked up and saw the magnificent Orc fall completely limp and silent, as his well dried up.

The Dwarf sat up in amazement. His.. his magnificent Orc master had passed out in utter lust! Rimalc was filled with awe and pride that he had pleased his great companion so well.

He got up and sat beside the great Orc, and started to massage his chest and pumping belly. He was so in awe with this creature, and admired him with his eyes and hands, gently rubbing the smooth, sweat-slickened Orcish body.

"Urrrrrrrr!" a low growl that shook the room startled Rimalc, and he saw the magnificent Orc stare him straight in the eyes.

"Little Dwargh be thinking happy thoughts?" the Orc growled intensely.

"Me, I, I.." Rimalc stumbled over his words, seized by the magnificent creature again, intimidated by his majestic presence.

"You, you, you!" the Orc chuckled dominantly and pulled the Dwarf on top of him, holding him to his muscular body with his strong arms.

"You be mine!"

"I am yours!" Rimalc gasped in complete surrender.

"Urrrr... Dwargh be throbbing between the legs! That be all mine too!" The big Orc briskly turned so he was on his knees and an elbow, and laid down

the Dwarf beneath him with his free arm.

"Waargh! Orc smell manflesh!" he growled and he moved downward, holding Rimalc's chest with his hands, and starting to briskly lick the Dwarf's eagerly throbbing meat with his warm wet tongue. Rimalc was completely overpowered and just lay back with spread legs, letting the Orc ferociously lick, growl and snarl and treat his meat and pouch with a delicious wild licking. Rimalc could do nothing but hold onto the Orc's mighty hands that held him down, and let the lustful Orc have his way with him. The Orc was wild as if he were a wolf tearing away at prey, growling and snarling, but his licking did nothing but excite the Dwarf until he was finally as beside himself as the Orc had been before him.

The magnificent creature worked the Dwarf's meat with skill, licking, sucking, wrapping his big tongue around his length, pleasing him with his lips and nudges of his ringed snout. Rimalc pinched his eyes shut and squirted his seed, panting wild, the sweat glistening on his body, and when his seed was squirted the Orc licked it off him, and then licked his belly and chest also.

"You be good pleasure for Orc, little Dwargh." the green one praised his small companion, then thudded down beside him, and hugged the small Dwarf close to him with his powerful arms and legs.

"Thank you for this, mighty one.." Rimalc whispered and got a wet lick across his cheek.

"Oh you be goood for Orc and did great pleasings.. Me all satisfied with you, small one. You all mine for night, little Dwargh."

"Rimalc." the Dwarf whispered in submission,

"Rimalc of Dorat Mountain."

A shock went through the Orc's body, and he frowned.

"Dorrat.." he whispered in a surprise that clearly wasn't all good. Rimalc got an eerie feeling. Then the Orc gave him a puzzled look and said inquisitively: "Orkhan. Kogorad Radl."

Rimalc gasped and his eyes widened in shock. For the first time he felt the presence of fear making itself known within him.

"I.. thought.. I thought you were of Ritdent, of the Valley. An Orc of peace," This was serious. His Dwarf mountain and Orkhan's Orc mountain were in allout war. It was wartime, the Supremacy War and they were nothing less than total enemies.

The big Orc seemed to calm, and softly hissed, gently shaking his head, to hush down the small Dwarf still clutched in his powerful arms and legs. When the Dwarf had calmed he let a silence pass.

"Me forgive you, Dwargh of Dorat." Rimalc closed his eyes and nodded.

"I forgive you, Orc of Kogorad." he whispered in sincere reply.

"Me be Orc of peace to you." Orkhan said and Rimalc nodded.

"The peace goes both ways, wise one."

They calmed down again and regained themselves and each other. So, unknowing that their peoples were bitter enemies they had found a peace between them, a peace that might never had come to pass in another way. What they had shared was sincere, from the heart. They had found a peace their peoples could not.

"Pretty one." the big Orc smiled.

"Mighty one." the Dwarf answered as his admiration grew once more.

The Orc looked at him with sparkling eyes of joy.

"Exciting one." he tried, and Rimalc smiled.

"Lustful one." he added. They looked each other in the eyes.

"Orkhan... is your halftroop also from..."

"My halftroop be of tomorrow." the Orc decided,

"You be of tonight."

"All night?" Rimalc inquired.

"Urrrrrrrrrrr!" the big Orc growled, giving the small Dwarf goosebumps all over.

THREE BRONZE AND A COPPERPIECE

In a small corridor somewhere in the Domination Guild's Quarter of the Dwarfclan Rigorai of the North Twin Mountain stood a Dwarf and a big Orc, the latter shining with oil that had been rubbed all over his muscular green body. Orac the Orc just stood there, slowly nodding and looking meekly at Guarai who sternly laid it all out to him.

“..So once more: when it's your turn you'll give everything you got. Don't –dare- to do less than your best. AM I CLEAR?!” Orac humbly looked down, nervously playing with his simple leather loin cloth.

“Me go try do best for you, Dwarghmaster, but...”

“No buts! Its only for a day and if I ain't convinced its a good thing it won't happen. I'm good to my Orc.”

Orac nodded, comforted by knowing his Dwarghmaster indeed had been nothing but good to the lowly Orc slave he was.

Suddenly Guarai looked up at him with a piercing gaze.

“Should I need to take you back: I'll merrily push an egg between your hams and whip your sorry green rump till its boiled. You know I'm good for it?” Orac fearfully nodded.

“Me Orc knows Dwarghmaster likes whipping rump of Orac!”

“And on top of that you'll get twenty-five for any complaint I hear.. Does my Orcbeast fathom this?”

Orac nodded wildly. The thought of what was to come scared him beyond belief, but mysteriously was highly arousing too.

Guarai looked at his Orc's dark green body that shone with the oil the Dwarf had rubbed all over him. Orac wasn't used to being a slave-Orc and was shivering with fear of what was to be his fate.

Suddenly a gong was struck behind the black oak door. Guarai reached up, took hold of Orac's nipple and squeezed it to get his Orc's attention.

“Follow!”

Guarai dragged his Orc behind him into a big hall, where some fifty Dwarves immediately locked their eyes on the green meat dragged in front of them. Orac grinned shyly and his eyes flashed all over the white marble that chilled the soles of his bare green feet.

“Head up, Orcbeast!” Guarai hissed venomously and fortified it with a merciless squeeze-pull at Orac's sensitive nub. Orac could not help but squeal aloud, but immediately he blushed a dark green as he had squealed in front of a crowd of Dwarves that ate his green flesh with their eyes. He was dragged in front of the Dwarves where an old Dwarf looked him over and then addressed the crowd.

“Dwarves of Rigorai: Master Guarai!” Guarai raised his fist in a greeting the Dwarves answered with a wild stamping, a loud sharp smacking of leather sandal soles on the smooth marble that made Orac cringe with fear. The old Dwarf resumed.

“We all know Master Guarai; Chairman of the Council for Order and Discipline, a fine disciplinarian and a great tamer of Orcs!” the crowd rustled with approval and Guarai smiled.

“Rai: What have you brought us today?”

Guarai dragged the big oil-shining Orc close to him and hissed:

“Get on the tub!” He let go and yanked the flogging scourge from under his belt. Orac's eyes grew wide in horror. Guarai stabbed his finger towards a big wooden tub that lay upside down on the marble. Hastily Orac stepped onto this makeshift one-Orc platform and saw a hundred hungry Dwarven eyes feasting on every bit of his green body as they shamelessly looked him over in merciless appraisal.

Guarai took charge.

“This shivering green piggy here calls himself Orac. The..”

“D-Dwarghmas..”

“Hush!” the Dwarf growled and shivering Orac slapped his maw shut.

“...The oinkboar is pretty new here but it needs be said: Orac is a nice tame Orkie!” He piercingly looked at the big Orc on the tub who could not help but mutter:

“Orac be nice tame Orkie..” Some pretty humiliating chuckles rose from the Dwarfish crowd.

Guurai slapped his hand against Orac's slickened hip and leaned heavily against it.
"He's pretty green for an Orc, heheh.. but this is an oinkboar that'll go the distance to obey your every command!"

Guurai rubbed his small hand over Orac's muscular green tummy and the Orc gasped for breath. He took firm hold of Orac's bulging green biceps.

"As you all can see: Orac's a strong, well-shaped Orkie.." he smacked his little hand on the solid muscle of Orac's leg.

"Strong legs too. Jump on his back and he'll ride you all the way to Ritdent!"

"Yeah! To get a -better- Orc!!" one of the Dwarves sneered and Orac pinched his eyes shut when all those Dwarves cruelly started laughing at him. His cringing proved oil on the fire.

"Well Rai; Shy beastie you got there! Sure it's an Orcboar?"

Guurai grinned at his friend Remilac, who had spoken.

"Yeah! IS it an Orcboar to begin with, didn't you bring a scared little kitty?" Another Dwarf complained.

"Legs, legs, all this talk of legs.. What the greenboar's got -between- those legs, that's what I want to know! OFF WITH THAT LOINCLOTH !" this hit the spot.

"Cloth-Off! Cloth-Off! Cloth-Off!" the heated Dwarves jeered and with his teeth bared in a frightened, humiliated grimace Orac's light-green eyes shot all over the place.

Guurai laid his hand on the buckle of his Orc's leather loincloth, turned to the mob and excitedly shouted:

"Need the loincloth come off?!"

"Cloth-Off! Cloth-Off! Cloth-Off!" over fifty Dwarves yelled in unison and Orac's knees rhythmically slapped together.

"Do YOU wanna see a big slick ORCTAIL?!"

"Orc-Tail! Orc-Tail! Orc-Tail!" the heated Dwarves screamed aloud and fiercely stamped on the marble.

Guurai gave a big yank at the buckle and Orac's loincloth dropped on his green feet. There he stood: a frightened Orc, naked and shivering on a wooden tub while a hundred Dwarven eyes all shamelessly gazed at his Orctail and green balls, fifty Dwarves appraising his Orcish manhood while he stood there shivering and shaking, overcome by emotion.

Guurai grabbed hold of Orac's Orctail and wildly shook it.

"Now is this an Orctail or is this an ORCtail?!"

"Its a worm! Let that lazy greenboar stiff it up for us!" one of the Dwarves, Djal, demanded with a sharp voice.

"Stiff-It-Up! Stiff-It-Up!" the Dwarves jeered and stamped like never before and guarai hissed to his slave-Orc:

"Show 'em what you've got Orac: it's use it or lose it now!"

Overcome by fear and humiliation Orac took hold of his soft Orcmeat and started playing with it amidst the cruel laughter and jeering of all those Dwarves, all those fully dressed Dwarves that saw his naked green Orcish body and mocked him as he was forced to play with himself in front of them. He was so ashamed, he was so excruciatingly ashamed that he had to stiffen up his Orctail with all those Dwarves watching.

He was dazed by humiliation.

"Hey Orcbeast! Show us the red one!" one of the Dwarves yelled and Orac sharply turned to Guurai. For an Orc the act of showing the bright red head of his green tail signals total submission to a Higher One. To have to do this in front of this excited, jeering crowd of cruel Dwarves was nothing short of the ultimate humiliation. Orac begged with his eyes but Guurai showed him no lenience.

"Face them and show it to them, Orac! Unless you want me to tie you up and show it to them myself, take your pick..."

With the courage of despair Orac faced the heated horde and intensely humiliated he pulled back the velvety green skin, exposing his bright red spearhead and thereby signalling his complete surrender and lowliness to all of them.

The Dwarves cheered, stamped and whistled.

To his astonishment Orac's Orcspear grew in his hand, the bright red spearhead swelling and

throbbing as if it actually wanted to be seen and humiliate him further. Orac felt and squeezed his Orctail a little, and had to gasp for air as for some strange reason his Orctail was very willing amidst his turmoil. Guarai left him no time to ponder it.

"Hands to your sides and show it to 'em, big boartoy of mine!"

Shaking with emotion Orac complied and showed his pounding Orctail in all its glory to the hungry mob of Dwarves.

"Nope, doesn't take the prize, Orkie!" one of the Dwarves shouted and Orac looked down, hit by yet another cruel remark. He took pride in his nine inches, but the Dwarven mob chewed him up and spit him out.

"Come on, Orac: Be proud or the two of us are going to cook some eggs..." Guarai teasingly threatened and the Orc tried his best to face the crowd. But the one that mocked poor Orac most was his very own Orctail, because it grew painfully stiff and shot small squirts of Orcslime, completely independent of Orac's humiliation and apparently determined to be seen. Guarai addressed the Dwarves again.

"Look at it in all it's glory!" he took hold of Orac's velvety green pouch and shook it.

"Now those are two big thick balls for an Orc his size!"

Apparently the crowd was familiar enough with what was carried in the green pouches between Orc-legs to agree that Orac's balls were good-sized. The little pride that awoke in Orac's mind was ran into the ground when Guarai showed to all those Dwarves that fondling him there made him squirt some slimes.

"Turn!" Guarai growled and Orac hastily complied. Guarai loudly smacked his hand on the bulging muscles of Orac's rump that shone with the oils the Dwarf had rubbed him with.

"Now take a good look at those big thick hams on my Orkie! Now the oinkboar won't admit it, but he dreams of a Dwarf that'll give it to him good on that shiny green rump! In fact: give it to him good -in- the rump and you'll really make his day! Yes: Orac here likes it both -on- and -between- his hams and either way he'll oink for more!" Unseen by the mob Orac's eyes filled with tears by sheer humiliation. His tummy hummed like a beehive and his knees were shaking.

"TURN AROUND!" hesitantly Orac complied and the cruel Dwarves started jeering and stamping when they saw his Orc eyes had gone moist.

Orac stood there trembling and shaking on a tub, his green body shining with oil, his Orctail fully aroused, a stark naked Orc in front of fifty fully dressed Dwarves who cruelly delighted in his nakedness and shame.

"My oinkboar may be pretty green, but I swear on my balls he'll do anything that pleases you! It's quite a boartoy fiend, this Orc of mine! It may take some sparks off his green rump but Orkie here will do all what pleases you and he will -like- it too.. NO?!" Numb, in a haze of humiliation Orac mumbled:

"Me.. me go do all Dwarghmaster be liking.."

"I can't hear you!!"

"ME GO DO !! ME GO DO !!" the Dwarves nearly brought down the mountain with their stamping and cheering.

Guarai smiled cruelly, gave Orac a mean glance and said:

"I'm going to let you all in on a little secret about this boartoy.. Orac here can stand his ground pretty well.. There's lots of whipping fun to be had and.." Guarai reached down and slapped his hand on Orac's impressive calf,

"This Orc actually thrives pulling a cart! But there's more -and now for the secret- my Orac here is very, very ticklish!"

Orac gasped for air! His secret! His well-guarded secret! The Dwarves hooted with laughter and the humiliation gave way to fear, and the sight of that made them stamp the marble and poor Orac cringed at the thought of his secret being out.

"And I do mean -very- ticklish my friends! You can drive this big proud Orc shrieking mad with feathers and fingers, and if you like Orcs squirming in a puddle I'd say you tie him up and tickle his feet! Ain't that so, you giggly greenboar?"

Orac was paralysed by fear. Guarai slowly and gently closed his fingers around the now sweaty green pouch.

"Me.. Me be very ticklish Orc.." he squeaked fearfully.

"Shrieking mad? Squirming in a puddle?" Guarai snapped and Orac burst into tears.

"Me be good obeyings! Me'd do anything for not get tickled!"

It was clear many Dwarves liked the sound of this 'anything'..

Guurai gently fondled Orac's balls and the Orc could not help but have a shivering sigh escape his mouth. Orac felt betrayed by his own body. He was terrified and humiliated to tears, and yet his Orctail was big as a stick and Guarai's gentle fondle made him aware his balls had swollen hard and sensitive despite his excruciating peril. Reduced to a naked Orctoy he stood there at the brink of crying, and yet he was all pumped up between his legs. And the gentle fondling of his Dwarghmaster made him, the proud Orc, humiliate himself by squirting slimes and moaning as if he were enjoying it. He couldn't possibly be enjoying this cruelty.. Ofcourse not! No Orc with any honor left to him would enjoy such a thing!

Guurai stopped his fondling and firmly grabbed hold of the overpumped Orctail.

"With an Orctail like this and a pouch like that its no surprise that Orkie here likes to spout it! Is this not so my Orc?"

Orac nodded eagerly. Who didn't? No Orc of Riddent he knew at least! He bit his lip. Guarai inquired permissively:

"Isn't this so?" Orac could do nothing but admit it.

"Me.. me really likes to go and be spouting.. Dwarghmaster.."

The Dwarves laughed once more. But this time Orac heard more then mocking and jeering. He lost a bit of shame as he noticed the Dwarvish gazes cast to every inch of his Orcish body, underneath the jeering and mocking, bore approval and now his shame and fear dropped a little he noticed the Dwarves took pleasure, not just in the teasing but also in the look of him. Still fearful and quite humiliated an amazement came over him.

This cruel toying with his honor was not out of animosity.

"Look at that trobbled-up Orc monster! My beastie's quite the spouting fiend! And remember this: A couple of coins and he's yours this day, this night right up until the morning! And trust me: he –will- be up until the morning!" He gave the Orctail some pulls and let some Orcslimes squirt out.

"Think of the fun you'll have with this Orctoy.. And since we're talking fun.. You gotta see this greenboar blow his top! The oinkie not only shrieks the plaster from the ceiling when he's there but this beastie fills a mug my friends! He could easily shoot that Dwarf's cap off!"

"Now –that- you gotta prove to us!" the Dwarf with the cap yelled excitedly. Orac trembled and shook by a wild unrest in his tummy. Dwarghmaster Orchuarai wouldn't...

He got no time to ponder.

"Should oinkie slicken up the marble right here and now for you guys?! Do you wanna see some Orcseed?!"

This did not fall on deaf ears and the cheering and stamping resumed in full vigour.

"Orc-Seed! Orc-Seed! Orc-Seed!" Guarai waved for silence but it took quite a while.

"So YOU wanna see some Orcseed?!" The mob roared and one gesture made them quiet enough to hear a pin drop.

"ORAC: TUG THAT ORCTAIL FOR US !!"

Tears flowed from Orac's eyes. Humiliation was stronger still.

A naked Orc among fifty Dwarves who demanded his seed..

What could he do?

"Please you have mercy your Orkie for.." he softly squeaked but Guarai did not give in.

Orac stood in turmoil. On one hand the idea of being forced to tug his tail and spout his seed proved unexpectedly arousing.. But what to become of his Orcish Pride? How scared and shy he felt at the thought of it. Tears rolled over his cheeks and he was torn apart by strong emotions.

Guurai gently rubbed his oiled green tummy and soothingly whispered:

"They all want to see you squirt it 'Rac.. please don't refuse.."

Mmm.. The sweetness and loving side of his Dwarghmaster Orchuarai had come up again. Orchuarai, the small sadist and loving friend had spoken. He made it right. The sweet permission of his wise Dwarven friend and stern master cast aside his doubts. Through his

fear and shyness he now clearly felt the yearning of his stiff tail, his painfully swollen Orcballs begging for release. Orchuarai had not forsaken him.

He was not betrayed by his body.

He really wanted this.

He retrieved some oil from his buttock with his hand, gathered all courage inside of him, took hold of his Orctail and started churning his hard, yearning Orctail. All the tensions and the excitement made him shudder of pleasure and he did not hold back excited purrs that escaped his throat. The entire hall seemed to hold its breath, a hundred Dwarven eyes were fixed on the big naked Orc that pleased himself on the wooden tub. The lack of teasing and the pleasure of his tugs gave Orac more courage. He planted his feet as far apart as the tub allowed. He thrust his pelvis forward and uninhibitedly panting he kneaded and tugged his Orctail who stood proud, hard and hot to full attention.

Back and forth he agilely rubbed his Orcmeat, firmly kneading his spearhead which made his slimes squirt and squirt like never before, slimes he put to good slickening use.

He looked up and saw all fifty Dwarves breathlessly gazing at him, eager to take it all in and awaiting what was to come. The alien feeling of being in the center of the lustful attention of fifty Dwarves, knowing they all were aroused by his play, seeing some of them rubbing their trunks and the thought of dozens of Dwarf twigs throbbing for him intoxicated him so that he cast aside all inhibitions.

He no longer held back and grunt-panted aloud, stood proud, impressing the Dwarves further, and churned and tugged his green-red Orctail for all his worth, pleasure shooting through his body like lightning and dripping oil and sweat. How could he have been so fearful? All fifty of these Dwarves were hot on his Orctail, he could see that clear as glass. Many Dwarves rubbed their trunks to the rhythm of his tugging and all this made his slimes splash far and in big squirts.

He was broiling of heat, his lusts and desire mounted as he started to play it rougher and rougher. He got full of courage and even threw the Dwarves teasing, defiant looks. The pleasures mounted and intensified beyond belief. Agilely he churned his green tail until he was so much in heat that his whole body shook and he panted like a race-horse while sweet oil and musky sweat trickled over his Orcish body.

Suddenly the pleasure consumed him. He thrust his pelvis so far forward that he stood on his toes, driving his clawnails in the wood for grip, and suddenly all his green muscles tensed.

Shrieking and oinking he spouted thick jets of hot Orcseed high and far, the hot seed splattering the bodies and vests of several Dwarves before him. He grunted and oinked like a wild boar, shocks shooting through his body for jet after jet.. Finally the last seed oozed out of his Orctail.

With his hands on his knees the big naked Orc stood there panting with his face glowing in ecstasy, eyes closed to hold on to the ebbing orgasm. Ooohh.. All this tension and humiliation had fortified his climax beyond many boundaries, his softened Orctail dangled dripping between his legs and his balls and spouting glands had squeezed to their full power. Slowly he regained himself.

“Well done, Orac! You’ve been a good, brave Orc to us..”

Guarai’s soothing words slowly brought Orac back. He opened his eyes and looked at the Dwarves in horror. What had he done! He, a shy green Orc, had churned himself like wild in front of fifty Dwarves, oinked and panted and played with himself in a one-Orc tugging frenzy! What would the Dwarves think of him..?

“ORAC !!” one of the Dwarves yelled, and all of them cheered and stamped like Orac never heard them do. All Dwarves had taken delight in him! Orac’s doubts vaporized and he grinned shyly at all those Dwarves cheering his tugging game and courage.

Guarai waved for silence.

“Well: did I say too much? Let me sum it up for you guys: a goodlooking, feisty Orc, good tail and pouch between the legs, a bulging rump you just want to sink your teeth in, he’s a ticklish Orc who’ll satisfy your every lust and spouts like a dragon if you encourage him a little. If you’ve got mean or lustful plans for today and tonight Orac is your Orcbeast, because, like he said himself: Orac be good obeyings! He’ll do anything, whip him if you must but he can’t

handle stickbeatings yet. By the way: did I mention my oinkie likes it on his green Orc rump...?"

The old Dwarf took over.

"Virile Orcboar, isn't he, men? A bit shy but that suits an Orc.

BIDDING STARTS AT ONE BRONZEPIECE! Do I hear one bronze?" Over twenty fists were raised.

"Two bronze? An Orc in your bed for the prize of a bread!"

Slowly the price rose and Orac got gripped by the tensions of what he would yield and above all, which Dwarghmaster would take him for this day and what would lie waiting for him.

"Do I hear one copperpiece? One copperpiece for this feisty spouter! A mere flask of wine buys you a slave-Orc this fine!"

A copperpiece! Orac shone with pride a day's service by a lowly slave-Orc like him would yield his master this much! Three bidders were left. All three he did not know but each seemed to possess the right kind of ominousness.

"One copper and one bronze?" the Orcseller tried and one gave up.

"One of copper and two of bronze?" the two remaining Dwarves looked at eachother estimating how far the other would go. This kind of money was merely token bidding but both of them really wanted to take Orac with them.

"One copper, three bronze?" One of them waved off. No need to get personal over a slave-Orc, even a cutie like this one. No need to stroke this greenboar's ego too. He'll be around and around like all of them do. Later on he would have more skill of pleasing anyway.

"Anyone beyond one and three? No? Going once, going twice..." the old Dwarf rammed his staff on the floor, "Orcbeast Orac is sold for three bronze and a copperpiece to the meanlooking Dwarf with the black leather vest! The Orc's yours, come fetch him!"

The Dwarf smilingly stepped forward and payed the four coins to Guarai.

"An Orc's 'No' means 'No' to you?" he asked and the other nodded sternly.

"Years in the Domination Guild, I'm quite skilled and can handle Orcs so they keep coming back!"

"Will you be careful? Its all new to him.."

"Goes without saying. I'm a former Dorat Dwarf but no brute." Guarai raised his hand in approval.

"Have fun with him, Dorat!"

"Will do, Rigorai!" The Dwarf stepped up to the tub and pushed Orac off. He reached up and hooked a shutter on a thin chain to Orac's snoutring, then pulled the Orc on his knees.

"ORC: I'm Dwarghmaster Gruntav and YOU are pretty fucked!" Guarai rubbed the kneeling Orc's shoulder.

"Till tomorrow, 'Rac!"

"We go and see again tomorrow, Dwarghmaster Orchuarai..."

Orac's new Dwarghmaster tugged the chain and the naked Orc hastily followed him on all fours, while behind him the gong was struck for the next slave-Orc of the afternoon.

THE SEVEN DAYS OF ORCYON

Or.. Cy.. On...

Few words instill as much fear and terrified excitement into the hearts of the Orcs as does the mere mention of Orcyon.

Orcyon! Dreaded place of pain and excitements of the flesh! The Orcs had good reason for their anxiety and frightened upset as, unlike most lands of legend, the black diamond of Orcyon is a very real place in the bowels of the Domination Guild of Mount Rigorai.

Just like there is the great divide that separates the boys from the boars, there exists among the Orc warriors of Mount Ritdent two classes of warriors: Those who have seen the sights of Orcyon, and those who only have heard legend and lore about this most cruel of places.

And even the Orcs who merely heard the tales of those who had been cast into this most atrocious of places, have been changed forever by just the tales of the agonies and ecstasies of Orcyon, which could not have been more properly named.

Or, the rune signifying "Of Orcs"

Ceey, the Orcish rune for "Atrociousness" and

Ohn, which signifies "Abyss"

Orcyon: atrocious abyss of Orcish suffering!

And more worrisome than the words spoken of this place were the words that were withheld, and the intense gazes of fear, fascination and strange lustfulness of the ones telling the tales. That, I think, is the most worrisome of all.

.....

"Waargh! Be quiet the lot of you!" the Hundred-Orc hissed, and the Troop Overseers hushed their men. The hundred of them had gathered in a silently dug tunnel from the Orcish Mines of Ritdent towards an off-the-map hollow that likely was a tunnel of the Dwarven Mines of Rigorai.

Okraturik put his cupped hands to the ear of his Halftroop buddy Orkhan and whispered:

"Me bit scared on it. Orc never did steal Dwarves before. Orc heard stories..."

Orkhan suppressed a chuckle and whispered back:

"It lies! They even –meaner- than that! Me knows how Orc likes the playings. No worry: Me knows you go like it win OR lose!"

Then their Troop Overseer smacked the palms of his hands on their bald green heads and hissed with clenched teeth from between his boar-tusks:

"Hush or Orc get angry with Orcs!" then stared them down in a shameless display of dominance.

"Me big Orc all scared like little mousie.." Okraturik squeaked and his Troop Overseer held the young Orc's cheeks between his hands, played with the short boarlike tusks protruding from his strong lower jaw and looked him straight in the eyes.

"Cutie Okraturik.. Whatever go happen, no forget that this be playings, just playings. Dwarths can go and be whole lot more cruel and mean than you young warrior can imagine.. Us bit harsh on Dwarths too and –that- be just for playings, right?"

The Troop Overseer whispered affectionately and patiently.

"Now your Orc buddy Orkhan and me did go before. And we seen bad.. And we seen worse.. And worst of the very worst be Orcyon. And us Orcs tasted the great big agonies and ..pleasures.. of Orcyon.." The Troop Overseer trembled in fear and excitement as did Orkhan upon mention of Orcyon,

“Several times.. Oooh it just playings. It be so so baaad but it just playings. Me knows Orkhan no mind if we go and lose to Dwarths and get great big Dwaragh punish.. And that good. Dwarths be –good- at giving Orcs punish.. If baddest thing happen and Dwarths go and get cruel and mean.. then Dwarths still no want harm us Orcs, it just peacetime playings! Me knows you likes it if me Troop Overseer get all tough on you with Orc Army whip and mean wordings.. You know me no go and harm you! Well it just like that with Dwarths, only it rougher playings. Okraturik: Orc stay or Orc go?”

Okraturik blushed.

“Orc trust Orc and go and stay.” Okraturik decided. The Troop Overseer patted his cheek and then slapped the back of Okraturik’s head.

“Orc! Get ready! Orcs got war to win!”

Suddenly Okraturik and the Troop Overseer got their heads smacked together. When the Troop Overseer turned in anger he was stared down by his superior, the Hundred-Orc.

“Orc say Orcs hush then Orc go and BE hush! Orc got plan that work this time.”

.....

The plan, like so many Orcish plans before it, was simple but effective.

They would sledgehammer down the divide between their clandestine tunnel and the Dwarven hollow, invade their mines and steal as many Dwarves as they could before a swift retreat back to their Orctribe. There, as was customary with Dwarf-stealing whenever it was successful, they would have their fun with the captives awaiting payment of their ransom.

This mutual stealing of Orc-boars and Dwarven men, though it started in the bitter wartime of past, had become a longstanding tradition between the Mountains. Because peace had freed this practice of malice, it was code that whoever invaded would bear no weapons of any sort. And so it was: the hundred Orcs wore nothing but a loincloth consisting of a strong belt and a soft leather front-flap, with Dwarfshackles attached to the sides of the belt so each Orc could take two Dwarves captive yet still be free to move. Dwarves would use more elaborate means, but the Orcs had the size and strength to not need any gear and contraptions for the catching of Dwarves.

The defenders of these mock wars were allowed to use more force, and given the nature of Orcs and Dwarves it had become customary that the Dwarves, when attacked, were allowed great, yet benign, harshness, a great harshness that included almost anything but the breaking of skin and bones or the taking of lives.

But cruel as they could be, no Dwarf would even be inclined to such malice, as this fierce mock warfare made for great warrior training, yet was no more than harmless play between the peoples of Dwarf and Orc.

Those who chose to engage in the “playings” as they were called, did so by their free will and accepted the consequences of victory OR defeat, and given the nature of Orcs and Dwarves it was not surprising that the Orcs submitted to harsh defeat and punishment as eagerly as to victory and glory, because among the Orcs few things are regarded as honorable, and pleasurable, as bearing great suffering and seeing it through all the way to it’s end.

.....

“Guardsmen of Rigorai.. I hereby seize this opportunity to congratulate all of you for your glorious victory over the Orcs in the battle you so bravely fought in the coming hour!” highest officer Guarai smiled as he walked past the fifty Dwarven guardsmen in the full combat gear of mock Orc-war, being an uniform of leather sandals, black

fur trunks, a black fur vest and “weaponry” consisting of two green apple-sized balls to the sides of their belts and an “Orc-catcher”, a long staff with a large leather belt loop at the end of it that could be used to catch, block, prod and whip. Their five officers had small gear-packs to their belts. Their highest officer Guarai continued.

“Today we will achieve total victory: There will be not a single Dwarf stolen and we get to catch –all- the boars! Boars who, I like to add, will meet our Orc-catcher whippings with not a shred of cloth to protect or cover those big green Orc rumps of theirs!”

The assembled Dwarves chuckled. This was indeed going to be quite good, for they were no ordinary guards defending their Mountain, but rather in it for the fun of it all, respecting and even admiring the giant Orcs, but sparing them not the least bit in spite of this.

“The Orcs rely on the best strategy in the book, the element of surprise, and I assure you there –will- be surprise, but it will be entirely on their side. Our spyhole crew has counted a hundred boars and we can be assured there will be no trunks into Rigorai but the single one we know of. Now that’s a hundred buttnaked greenboars served on a platter! I almost feel sorry for the poor Orcs, they’ll be so surprised! I chose to deploy just the fifty of you because you’re the best boar-catchers of the lot, so there will be two huge Orcs for each of you to play with. If you fifty Dwarves can’t catch a hundred big Orcs I’ll let them haul us off to Ritdent! And I won’t even –call- for reinforcements if you fifty let yourselves get toyed with! A hundred big strong Orc boars served out to you on a platter! Now gimme a smack on the floor if you’re right and ready to whip some buttnaked Orc rumps!”

The fifty Dwarven guards simultaneously whooshed down their Orc-catchers and the long broad belt-loops on their end whipped the granite floor with a deafening smack that echoed through the corridors of the Dwarven mines.

.....
“Hssst!” the Orc officer hissed when they heard a loud clap of thunder through the thin layer of rocky soil that separated the Orc mines from the Dwarven.

“What that?” one of the Troop Overseers inquired and the Hundred-Orc growled.

“Dragonfire dust! Dumbie Orc never heard rockblasting before? This be it!”

“There be no rumble!” another Troop Overseer objected but the Hundred-Orc bumped their heads together and pushed them back.

“Come!” the Hundred-Orc commanded and the hundred Orcish warriors crowded close to hear his whispers and hisses.

“Orcs! This go be sweet day of victory! In few moments us go press our toes into Dwargh ground and us go catch us some Dwarghs! Yess: each of us go grab us two of the Rigorai and take to Ritdent. Orc got plans what to do with Dwarghs yet? Me do! Me thinks all of you got pla-ans! Now we attack and it true we not win all of the time. But this time Orcs do! Orcs got best trick in book going for us: Orcs got element of surprise! And it go be goodie surpri-ise! Oooh this go and be good! Us strike first with invasion and us take the glory. Hah! Win for change! Now Orcs.. Gimme nod if you be ready to strap some Dwargh guards to your belt and take ‘em home as trophy!”

The hundred Orcs gave a brisk nod and a loud hiss from a soft but hundredfold affirmation.

“Sledgers!!” The Hundred-Orc roared and two strong Orc grunts with two sledgehammers each started rapidly pounding the thin rocky soil between the mines until a hole formed that was big enough for three Orcs to enter side by side.

The Hundred-Orc snorted and growled:

“Aaah.. Smells sweet! Smells DWARGH!”

The hole came out into a Dwarven tunnel that was ten foot wide and barely five foot high, high enough to have most Dwarves walking straight, but for the great muscular Orcs that averaged seven foot tall it meant a good bending over to be able to walk those corridors. Just their luck: it was a Dwarven low tunnel instead of the higher Orcsize tunnels dug by the slave-Orcs the Dwarves kept.

The Orcs poured into the tunnel like a green swarm with a soft rapid slapping of two hundred bare Orcfeet on the Dwarven granite tiles.

“Runrunrun!” the Hundred-Orc hissed as he sped through the corridor, bent over and the leather Dwarfshackles slapping all over his thighs. The oil lamps to the sides of the supporting beams of the Dwarven tunnel flickered by the gush of wind of the hundred Orcs that whooshed past it in rows of four that clumsily bumped into each other as the corridor was but ten foot wide.

Two-hundred Orc ears stood up straight when a distant whistle-signal sounded.

....
Guurai heard the whistle signal and grinned. Unbeknownst to them the Orcs had passed the point of no return.

“Push!” he ordered and blew his whistle.

....
--WOOMPH !!—

A loud thud blew dust and acrid grey smoke into the corridor behind the last Orcs, as the wall caved in behind them.

“Dwarths pushed the wall!” the tail-end Troop Overseer roared in shock.

“RUN!” The Hundred-Orc roared and the Orcs ran through the corridor as fast as bent-over Orcs can run, because a narrow low corridor was the worst place to get stuck.

“What happen! What happen!” Okraturik hissed to his buddy as he ran as fast as the troop movement allowed.

“Dwarths caved in tunnel!” Orkhan snarled with a fiery excitement in his eyes, “Us Orcs stuck in Dwargh Mountain! The Higher be looking for place us can defend, it just tunnel here!”

“Me no wanna die-ie!”

“You NOT go and die!” Orkhan decided sternly to dispel his friends panic, “But us Orcs go be –very- sorry us set foot here!” He growled in unhinged excitement.

“Very, -very- sorry!”

“Hall! It be big!” the Hundred-Orc roared and soon the Orcs poured into a huge hall that served as a storage for mine-carts, two rows of mine-carts were neatly arranged to the sides of the huge hall that was about a hundred by a hundred feet and ten feet high, lit by the ubiquitous oil lamps and ended in a wooden gate that was shut. The Hundred-Orc ran up to it and tried to move it, but to no avail.

“Lockbuster!” he ordered and one of the Orcs ran forward and felt up the insides of the lock with his pinkie-finger. A strategy flashed through the Hundred-Orc’s head: if the lock wouldn’t open they’d plug it with soil, throw a barricade of the mine-carts, get in the tunnel and cave in behind them, to then hastily excavate the pushed tunnel wall and flee through the hole they had made to raid Mount Rigorai.

Suddenly a Dwarven voice was heard who shouted:

“Push!”

--WOOMPH !!--

Before the Orcs had time to respond the corridor they had come in through caved in

as it was pushed by a second Dragonfire charge. The Orcs were now trapped in a hall with one exit, and that exit was locked.

Suddenly, from both sides, two swarms of Dwarven Guards in full gear jumped out of the mine-carts, shouting ferociously and smacking their Orc-catcher belts like whips on the ground, driving the Orcs back into the middle of the hall by the first startle of surprise.

“NOW!”

Immediately the Dwarves started pulling the green apple-sized balls from their belts and threw them hard on the ground between the Orcs.

--HROO ?!— The hundred Orcs roared in collective surprise as the balls burst open and scattered something across the granite floor that looked a lot like dried peas covered with a sticky goo.

When the piece of floor where the Orcs stood was well-covered the Dwarves charged from both sides and started whooshing their Orc-catchers. There was a loud clapping and oinking as some of the Orcs got the catcher-belts whipped across their bulging green buttocks, that like the spyhole team told were totally bare to the Dwarven whipping.

The Orcs wanted to take position, but could not help stepping onto the dried peas that stuck to their feet and made them dance and shriek wildly as the sharp stings of these hard little balls made their bare Orcfeet impossible to stand on, it hurt so much! And while the Orcs could do nothing but hop around wildly shrieking and flailing their arms the laughing Dwarves thrashed their Orc-catchers left and right to smack those big Orc-hams that made such deserving targets for their whipping!

The Dwarf warriors had no intention of subduing these Orcs just yet, as whipping the green hams of these formidable green beasts, who could do nothing than dance and shriek, was far too much fun to resist!

It is often said that the hunt is often better than the catch, but what a wonderful catch these muscular Orcboar warriors would make!

Guarai ran towards a really big and dumb-looking Orc who was jumping from one leg on the other and tried to flee him. He raised his Orc-catcher and with a loud smack and a louder *AIEEE!* he made the belt of it smack into his Orc rump. Then he turned and lashed out to another Orc's rump, making the greenboar roar deafeningly loud, then stepped on the big green toes of a third and after that smacked the rump of a fourth.

“Their loincloths! Pull them off!” one of the Dwarves yelled, grabbed the soft leather flap of leather one big Orc had tucked under his belt and pulled it off, leaving the big Orc dancing naked with his big Orctail dangling fully exposed.

“Yeah, let's get those greenboars naked!” another Dwarf laughed, trod another Orc's toes and then put the big lug's Orctail and balls into plain view before sending him off, hissing in humiliation, with a good smack on his equally exposed Orc-hams.

A hundred giant muscular green Orcs were clumsily dancing around, while fifty small Dwarves with big whips were all over them, smacking their beefy naked Orc-hams and now they enthusiastically took to pulling away the flaps that covered their Orctails, so that all too soon the magnificent green giants wore nothing but their belts and did a naked Orc-dance for the Dwarves who whipped their Orc-hams for more.. and more!

And with nothing but belts on their bodies the Orcs could not hide that their huge Orctails became even bigger as one by one they grew and came erect as they got more and more heated by the lewdness and sheer humiliation of it all.

Being small Orc-fancying Dwarves with a hundred giant excited naked Orcs dancing

all around them, the slime-threads from their huge hard green Orctails flying about in all directions while fifty of them were whipping their bulging green Orc-hams... What could they do more than get throbbing hard themselves? And so they did, all of them, but their trunks hid theirs while the naked Orcs could not hide their huge Orctails from the eager Dwarven eyes and the firm Orctail-tugs they got whenever occasion proved too tempting to resist! Cruel as they were the Dwarves delighted in treading their big Orctoes every chance they got with the thick leather soles of their Dwarf-sandals, making the naked Orc-dance ever more frantic...

The Dwarves took their time, well over half an hour, to make the big Orcs good and tired and doing that had the rump-smacking time of their lives. During that uniquely humiliating half-hour more and more of the Orcs found that the only solace for their feet as well as their rumps was to get on their knees. And once an Orc got down on his knees two or three Dwarfs threw the loops of their Orc-catchers around his neck to restrain him while two others tied the Orc's wrists –oh irony!- to the sides of their own belts using the Dwarfshackles that hung from it.

An Orc on his feet could do nothing but dance and shriek and an Orc on his knees was immediately jumped by a bunch of Dwarves and effectively subdued. A few Dwarves herded the shackled kneeling Orcs together to have long thin chains with tiny shackles used to unite them in groups of five by the chain attached to their snoutrings. In addition to that the Troop Overseers got a tiny orange ribbon tied to their snoutring, and the Hundred-Orc a red one to set them apart from the grunts, as signified by the markings on their belts.

And so it came to be that the Dwarven officer had been right, and that within the hour the entire raiding party of a hundred big strong Orcs was now tied down kneeling, with all the panting, sweating and naked Orcs so excited that their huge green Orctails stood erect and throbbing, dripping with slimes of eagerness.

Okraturik hissed to his buddy, who luckily was on the same chain:

“What now go happen? What now go happen?” Orkhan chuckled lewdly, equally excited but master of his own fear.

“You be scared stiff! Scared stiff and throbbing.”

“Me can't help it! It be – it be hot playings!”

“That it be, ‘Krattik, that it be!’

“But what Dwarths go do? What go happen now?”

Orkhan chuckled with an excitement that was both lewd and a bit scared,

“Hoohohohoho.. Now we go get –big- punish! Oooh, us Orcs go be sooo sorry!”

“Me sorry already!” Okraturik hissed in a terrified excited grimace.

“Nooo.. That no nearly be how sorry you go get!”

Guarai smacked the belt of his Orc-catcher on the ground to get attention from the naked Orcs who were surrounded by evilly grinning Dwarves, clearly aroused, who let the whipping-belts of their Orc-catchers stroke across the green skin of their captives, with special fondness of letting the cold leather, now wet with Orc-sweat, stroke the big hard Orctails and swollen green sacs, making the heated Orcs involuntarily moan and humiliate themselves further.

“Greenboars of Riddent.. Just look at you! A hundred big strong Orcs...” Guarai gave a brief wink and the half-dozen Orcs who knew him up close winked back,

“A hundred big strong Orcs, and just fifty of us, and now look at you! Tied! Naked!

Kneeling! And look at those Orctails of yours! Rather big even for yourselves wouldn't you say? You dirty smelly piggies wouldn't be –enjoying- this would you? I mean big tied Orcs getting all hard between the legs, that has –got- to be the excitement of battle, right?”

The hundred Orcs hesitantly made some unintelligible mumbles and moans.

“It’s a rare sight, a hundred sweaty naked Orcs with stiff Orctails! Now I’d say every wholesome man in Rigorai would like to see –that- sight! And to make sure they do we’re gonna put you boars in the Orc-cage! Yeah that’s right! We’ll stuff you horny green boars in the Orc-cage and invite every man in Rigorai to have a good look and a little fun with the horny oinkboars who thought it was Dwarf-stealing season!

Well by the look of it, it’s horny greenboar season! Just look at the Orctails on all of you! All of you! So you oinkies wanted a taste of Dwarf, then? Guards: line those filthy beasts up in two neat little rows! Let’s give our greenboars their taste of Dwarf!” Tied, naked and lustful as they were, the Orcs needed but a tug on their pointy ears or a smack of the whipping-belt to hastily sit in two rows, shoulder to shoulder across the full 100 feet, facing each other with ten foot between the two rows, and the fifty Dwarves standing between them.

“Good.. Guards: pick out two greenboars you’d fancy. By all means take your time with ‘em, give those Orc-balls a prod if you like to.. These oinkies are going nowhere! The small Dwarves triumphantly inspected and cruelly teased the kneeling Orcs, until they stood in two rows of twenty-five facing the Orcs they picked.

Guarai let the whipping-belt stroke past the balls and tummy of his left Orc, then the one to his right, looking the giant creatures deep into their bright green eyes. The poor Orcs moaned and squirmed a little as the leather so gently stroked them.

“Yeah... The two of you like that, don’t you, Orcs? Yes.. don’t hide it, no use for that..” Guarai gently whispered and the Orc’s tails were painfully throbbed up with excitement. Then Guarai spoke aloud to address them all.

.....
“Sooo.. you greenboars came to Rigorai to steal some Dwarves and get a taste of them, didn’t you? Well.. let’s give you boars a treat! The hundred proud Orc warriors will now humbly bow down and lick our Dwarven feet, sandals and all! Let’s give you your taste of Dwarf! And those thick green Orc-hams go up in the air for a good smack or two if you’re lazy. Let’s teach you boars a nice trick that’ll be of use to you: Licking Dwarven feet! Your Dwarf will teach you how to do it juuust right! OBEY !!” The Orcs got restless, but the Dwarves were fully in charge. With tummy-prods and threats one after the other the naked green giants bowed down and had their “taste of Dwarf” in a way most unexpected.

Okraturik fearfully looked at his Orc buddy who grinned excitedly and had no apparent shame to bow down before the small Dwarf who stood there feet wide apart, and started licking the small Dwarven foot with startling eagerness, pulling Okraturik a bit forward by the chain that joined their snoutrings.

Okraturik got prodded in his pumping tummy, as he panted in excitement. He looked at the Dwarf who had chosen them.

“Lick my foot like that one there!” the Dwarf cruelly smiled,

“Seems to taste good by the look of it! Now you will bow down and –you- proud boar warrior, will use that nice big Orc tongue on my foot and sandal straps! You Orcs have been going on and on about your Orc-feet, but Dwarf-feet get tired too! Go on!” Okraturik was hesitant. He wasn’t... A proud Orc warrior wasn’t supposed to be so terribly excited and hot on this like he was! ...yet they all obeyed, and quickly at that! “Me.. Me.. Me..”

“Yes: you, you, you! Do you want me to pee in your face, Orc? Is –that- what you fancy?”

Okraturik gasped. Oh no!

Blushing dark green with shame he bowed down and started to sniff the small Dwarffoot

in its old leather sandal. It was musky and strange and strong to his sensitive Orc snout.

“Waargh!” he roared when the whipping belt smacked hit him right between the hams. His rump was ablaze for an hour now! The Orc-whipping had been wild and he had soon lost count.. He must've had at least fifty smacks to his Orc-hams already, and the Dwarves did not tease where it came to rumpsmackings! He bent the last bit and started licking the pungent, salty Dwarf-foot and the musky leather straps of the small sandal.

“Theeee’s a good Orcboar! Still: you hesitated!” Okraturik’s tormented hams got a good hard smack to them, and this Dwarf really knew how to lay it just between them where it hurt the most. Okraturik’s breath shivered by the fiery glow of his rump and the frightening degree to which he was hot on all these strange playings.

The hall was filled with the wet sounds of a hundred Orcs licking Dwarf-feet, and here and there resounded loud rumpsmacks and cruel Dwarven words.

Okraturik was dazed by the unreal-ness of it all. Little over an hour ago were they ready to invade and now the hundred of them were completely tied, completely naked and completely humiliated, licking the feet of just fifty small Dwarfs who had swiftly defeated them with a mean clever trick.

“I really think I –should- pee you in your face, young Orc warrior...”

“No please! No do that!”

“My, my... Choose: Do you want me to pee in your face, or does the big greenboar want a big rumpsmack?”

“Hhh.. Me.. Me..”

“Yes: you, we’ve discussed this before.”

Okraturik gasped, because it suddenly dawned on him that it was the truth. Cruel and dishonourable the Dwarven playings were: He really, really wanted this! How was this possible! But unlikely or not, he actually was thrilled at the thought, so blushing in humiliation he softly whispered:

“Orc wants rumpsmack..”

Immediately leather fire blazed right between his hams.

“Now -that- came easy! It’s almost like the dirty boar warrior –likes- it! Now let me hear you say that you want three rumpsmacks! And you’d better call yourself oinkboar before I make you one!”

Okraturik was dazed by the excruciating lusts that consumed him. Tears flowed in humiliation and excitement.

“Oink.. Oinkboar wants –three- rumpsmacks!” Okraturik confessed, and immediately he got a smack to his left ham, one to his right and one in between, and he could not help but softly oink by the fire of them.

“What are –you- chuckling at!” The Dwarf hissed in feigned anger and stuck five hard smacks to the Orc-rump of Orkhan beside him..

“Do the two of you oinkboars –like- our little game of three?”

“Yes, Dwarghmaster!”

“Oink.. Oinkboar likes..” Okraturik softly confessed and licked on.

.....
Guurai let the message sink in well that the Orcs were shamefully defeated, and let the hundred Orcs lick Dwarf-feet for a full half hour and the cruel play of the Dwarven Guardsmen made sure to rub it in, and keep their bulging Orc rumps as fiery hot as they ever were. It was quite a sight to see.

Guurai got the big key from his trunks, walked up to the gate and unlocked it.

“Men: let’s take these boars to the Orc-cage and give everyone a chance to enjoy

them. No need to hog the boars: they'll be with us for quite a while!"
That said the Dwarven guardsmen got behind the kneeling Orcs and a few fierce rumpsmacks made sure they crawled through the long maze of corridors behind the gate, twenty rows of five Orcs each.

The Dwarves led them straight to the Domination guild, and the gold-inlaid heavy black gates of the Guild quarters slammed shut behind them. The floors of the Domination guild were tiled with smooth white marble that was quite cool under the hastily crawling green legs of the Orcs. They were led to a big hall that was all marble, and there the Orc cage awaited them: A square cage of about ten by ten yards, and little over three foot high so that to Orcs it was a crawling cage only. The cage was made entirely of thumb-thick bars of black iron and had a sturdy iron frame for the ridges. The one-orc crawling door to the side was wide open to welcome the fresh Orcs.

Two Dwarves tugged a group of five Orcs forward by the snoutring chain, undid it and ten of them rumpsmacked them into the Orc cage. Then they took another five, and then another, until the large Orc-cage was crammed so full with the hundred Orcs that some had to lie on top of others to fit it.

Guarai kicked the iron bar door shut and closed the special lock to hold them. He walked past the cage full of naked Orcs and prodded some with his Orc-catcher. Then he got on top of the low Orc-cage. He walked over the top of the cage, a lattice of iron bars with a sea of tied naked Orcs beneath his sandals.

"Sooo.. getting comfy I see." Guarai grinned, enjoying the sight,
"Now I have at least two hundred Dwarves and guards who'd like to see a sight such as this! I think it's about time those Dwarves and you boars got acquainted! You: Get them, I bet they'll like to see this little greenboar zoo of ours!"

....
And it had been a boast nor a lie: Soon the big hall was filled with Dwarven men, guardsmen and Orc-tamers, and a few barrels of ale and other stuffs were carted in to celebrate the caging of the hundred Orcs. Central to the festivities was the big Orc-cage, crammed full of naked big greenboars who were teased from all sides. Dwarves were cruelly teasing and poking at them from the sides of the cage and many had climbed on top to look down on them.

Okraturik froze up at the edge of the cage where several Dwarves were teasing him, he had no place to go as behind him it was packed solid with squirming Orcs that were futilely trying to hide from their tormentors.

One of the Dwarves poked Okraturik's pumping green tummy with the rod of his Orccatcher,

while another had the loop of his Orc-catcher firmly around Okraturik's neck.

"That's a big Orctail you got for us there!" Then he rubbed the end-knob of the rod teasingly against Okraturik's balls.

"You like that don't you green piggie?" Poor Okraturik's heart throbbed in his throat as he blushed in shame and humiliation.

"Yes you dooo.. I can tell when an Orc is hot on me!" The Dwarves laughed, one prodded Okraturik's tummy and held the knob of his Orc-catcher rod against the Orc's lust-swollen lips.

"Open wide!" Okraturik hesitantly opened his mouth and the Dwarf slid in the knobbed handle and slowly moved it back and forth.

"Yeah, good Orc! Suck it like a good Orc!" with an Orc-catcher loop around his neck, one rod rubbing his balls and stiff Orctail and one insistently prodding his tummy Okraturik closed his eyes and started suckling the Orc-catcher handle, tears flowing

from his eyes when the Dwarves started laughing and teasing on..

.....
The Dwarf who had his feet licked by Orkhan and Okraturik stood on top of the Orc-cage and gazed down on the sea of naked green flesh with fearful Orcish eyes looking up in all directions. He stomped on the iron bar lattice and Orc eyes shot towards him. Looking down at them he slowly unbuckled his belt and pulled the front of his trunks down. He showed the big Orcs his soft Dwarfmeat, wiggling it for their eager green Orcish eyes. Then he started peeing, his warm Dwarven yellow liquids splattered on the naked backs and buttocks and heads of so many Orc giants.. He started walking over the cage roof, peeing on the Orcs that tried to squirm away from him. There was much laughter from the Dwarves and many unbuckled, and it wouldn't be long until all the hundred naked Orcs were wet with smelly Dwarf-piss.

.....
Orkhan got a knock on his head. He looked up and saw a Dwarf looking down on him who had prodded his head with the end of his Orc-catcher.

“Orc!”

“Uh! Dwarghmaster!”

“Good!” The Dwarf laughed in cruel amusement,

“Yeah! ‘Dwarfmaster’ works for me! You may be a big proud Orc warrior, but nonetheless I’ll have you lick the soles of my sandals or I’ll hunt you all across the Orc-cage and back again! Now how’s that, tough one?”

Orkhan closed his eyes and shuddered in humiliation. Even he could be taken by surprise. He licked his lips and moved up to the Dwarven sandals standing on the cage roof lattice and started licking the smooth leather sole of the Dwarf’s sandal, looking up at the Dwarf who looked down at the naked Orc beneath his feet.

“You look so dumb! Orc: you’ve got no idea how –dumb- you look from up here... Now be a good Orc and tell me you like it!”

“Orc.. Orc likes licking sandal-soles of Dwarghmaster..”

“I can tell! Now go on, there’s two of them!”

“If you’re done I’ve got a real tasty pair for that big red Orc-tongue of yours!” another Dwarf added,

“And I must agree you look like the dumbest Orc in the cage when you’re licking up like that! Take a look at this one!”

.....
Eight Dwarves dragged big gunny-bags on top of the cage and overturned them, spilling unsavoury things such as potato peels, stale onions, food leftovers and carrot shoots into the Orc-cage as they dragged the bags over the cage roof.

“Piggiefood for greenboar pigs!” one of the Dwarves yelled and the hall erupted with laughter, and a little prodding and some threats made the Orcs eat it off the granite floor of their Orc-cage too, as their hands were tied to their sides and they were kneeling they had to eat like the beasts.

These cruel humiliations went on well into the late hours of night.

Finally the Orcs were left to themselves. Stinking of Dwarven piss and Orcish sweats the Orcs huddled together to a big cuddle-pile and let sleep overtake them.

Okraturik moaned with each breath as his buddy Orkhan suckled on his Orctail to relieve the tension of the cruel playings of the Dwarves. Okraturik close his eyes. The running, dancing naked for the whipping Dwarves, getting tied and licking their feet and ooooh this Orc-cage! His snarl of orgasm was filled with anguish and pent-up lusts, like the snarls of the other Orcs that let their Orcseed be freed before sleeping. Then they lay down, skin to skin, Orc to Orc, licking and lapping each other’s faces in

comfort.

"Me.. me never thought it be like this! It.. you no told me!" Okraturik lamented while his older friend licked his boarlike tusks.

"You no like harsh playings of Dwarths?"

"No like? Oww! Yes.. yes me like... but there be so much of it!"

"Orc relax and take rest on it. It go be long long day tomorrow.."

"Oww!"

....
"I don't care that it was easy to catch these boars." The Councilman resumed,
"I want these Orcs cast into Orcyon for what they did."

Guarai grinned. The Council of Order and Discipline was in session, and frivolously at that considering their task was to decide a suitable punishment for the Orc invaders.

"Mmm Orcyon! Big words you speak, Sir! I for one like getting in the leathers but.. How about putting them in the stocks, butt-naked of course, for some amusement?"

"Let's work them in the mines, Chairman! Orcs are all muscle and a hundred Orcpower.. that's a lot to put to work!"

"Orcyon. They came to steal Dwarves. Playings or no the bottom line is that it's an Orc invasion so why not give them what they fear the most?"

The Council debated for an hour or two before the fate of the hundred Orcs was decided.

....
Okraturik, barely awake, started chewing down on an apple core and a few potato peels in front of him, while Orkhan, tears flowing, tried to eat a raw onion that stung his eyes.

"What go happen now to Orcs?"

"Us Orcs go get –big- punish!"

"P..punish?"

"Great big punish!" Orkhan hissed excitedly.

"Ooooff!" Okraturik moaned and spat out his food when a Dwarf behind him thrust the knobbed handle of his Orc-catcher between Okraturik's green hams.

"Haah: You like it better than food I see!" The Dwarf laughed and rhythmically prodded the rod back and forth between Okraturik's Orc-hams.

Okraturik was panting heavily. It was horrible of him, unworthy of an Orc warrior, but he didn't flee this humiliation as it inflamed his excitement and the Dwarf's prodding kept nudging his spouting gland, which kept him moaning and snarling and spewing slimes from his hard Orctail. It got too intense to flee it.

"Yeah: you're getting into it! What good is Orc honour when you can get a Dwarf's stick prodding up your Orc's ass and oink like a little piggie?"

The Dwarf kept at it, but after a while retrieved the rod from the Orc's rump with a sucking pop.

"I'll stop: you're getting a bit too eager there! Don't want you to like it, do we?"

Okraturik panted off the heat in astonishment and Orkhan chuckled at his buddy.

"Gee-gee-gee! You be likings, Dwarh be right on it!" But Okraturik could do nothing but pant for breath and his buddy let him, then they ate some more of the food scraps off the Orc-cage floor.

"It not right.." Orkhan decided,

"There be too few Dwarths here mocking us.. Dwarths be up to something and it go and be bad for Orc!"

"Bad for Orc?"

"When Dwarths be up to something it –always- be bad for Orc!"

....
And indeed something unusual was happening, because one by one the Orcs were taken out of the Orc-cage and led away by a three Dwarf escort: Two to the kneeling Orc's sides with their Orc-catcher loops around his neck and the third behind him to whip his Orc rump, to make the greenboar crawl as fast as he could.

The tension and restlessness among the Orcs rose and rose... What was to happen to them where ever they were led to one by one?

Then, when there were about ten Orcs left to the cage, the Dwarves on the Orc-cage roof started prodding and herding Okraturik to the cage door, and when he got there two broad leather loops were flung around his neck and he was pulled out of the cage.

There Okraturik sat, one of the last Orcs, with two Orc-catchers around his neck.

"What you go do?! What you go do?!" he hissed in utter panic, but he was given a fierce rumpsmack from behind.

"Waargh!"

"Shut up and –crawl- Orc! You'll see what we'll do with you soon enough!"

"No hurt Orc! No kill Orc! Please!" Okraturik begged and the Dwarves started a steady pull on his neck-belts, making him crawl, and then they made him crawl as fast as he could.

"We're gonna take you to the place where the bad Orkies go!" One of the dwarves hissed.

"Yeah, we'll take good care of –you- Orc!" the other snarled and the third just whipped his Orc rump to keep him going.

They led poor Okraturik from one corridor into the other, and finally into a big room. There were six Dwarves who jumped him and worked him to the ground. Once on the ground they put a sort of black leather cups to his bent knees and strapped them shut behind.

One Dwarf stood in front of him with a long black nightmarish-looking leather robe, and he solemnly stated with a demanding voice:

"Greenboar of Ritdent! Crawling-cups to your knees so you must crawl and cannot stand.."

Then the Dwarves strapped a broad leather collar around his neck that had leather shackles on short black chains, and they freed his arms from his Orc-belt and removed it, and strapped his wrists to the shackles of the collar.

"Greenboar of Ritdent! A shackle-collar to bind your hands.."

The six Dwarves put Okraturik on his knees and spread his legs. Then they closed a heavy goldbrass shackle around Okraturik's sack that made his Orcballs hang low.

The ball-shackle was decorated with long pointy goldbrass spikes.

"Greenboar of Ritdent! A spiked ball-shackle to keep your legs spread apart.."

And indeed, forced on his knees Okraturik had to hold his knees spread apart to not have his thighs stung by the vicious spiked ballshackle.

The Dwarves now took a black leather Orc-mocking mask and strapped it onto Okraturik's head snugly, making the big terrified Orc peek through small triangular eyeholes and wrapped tight by the many straps on the back of his head. The mask of soft but thick black leather was cut such that it made him look abysmally stupid, which he wasn't, and terribly afraid, which he was.

"Greenboar of Ritdent: An Orc-mocking mask because you have been bad.."

Then the Dwarves took a strap with a thick goldbrass ring in the middle of it. They stuck the thick goldbrass ring behind his lips, and the straps behind his tusks to be

closed behind his head, so that Okraturik's mouth was opened wide and he could not close it.

"Greenboar of Ritdent: A ringbit so you will not beg, for that is a waste of your Orc tongue and won't deliver you from the punishment for what you did."

"Huuu! Huuh!" Okraturik protested in vain, two dwarves opened a black gate and two others pulled Okraturik by his ears into a dimly lit room.

Okraturik was gripped by mortal fear. A sulphurous, humid stench was in the air. One wall of this marble hall was fashioned into a Demon's face, grinning at him evilly with wide-open jaws. The Demon's face was made of the blackest onyx stone that glowed red in the light of the smouldering coals in the firebaskets to its sides. The Demon's eyes were featureless orbs of polished gold. And from the wide-open mouth of the stone Demon head the most horrid sounds emerged: the lashing of whips and many Orcs roaring and shrieking, hideously distorted.

Above the Demon's head was an onyx plate, and in shining gold it read the three Orc runes which none feared more than he:

ORCYON

"Waaaargh! Waaaargh!" he tried to roar but his Orcish voice distorted by the ringbit in his mouth. Then the terrifying Dwarf in the black leather robe stepped in front of him, pointed towards the terrible mouth of the Demon and thundered:

"Greenboar of Ritdent: For the stealing of Dwarves you shall be cast into Orcyon for seven days. Plead all you wish: there will –be- no mercy in Orcyon."

"WAAAARGH!! WAAAARGH!!" Okraturik roared like never before in his life, torn by a fear a thousand times greater than he. But the two Dwarves pulled him by his ears right up to the mouth of the Beast, and with a merciless shove of their sandaled feet they cast him into the Demon's mouth.

....
"WAAAARGH!! WAAAARGH!!" Okraturik shrieked and shrieked as he slid down a spiralling tunnel of smooth metal slick with the piss of Orcs that had been as frightened as he. There was utter darkness as he slid through the spiralling round tunnel, ever downwards, sliding over the walls an top and round and round his axis. Clawnails helped Okraturik not: there was nothing in this smooth metal tunnel to cling onto, the metal just eerily rang as his spread out clawnails screeched over it. Suddenly the tunnel got less steep and a red light came at him.

....
With a huge splash Okraturik was thrown into a large tub of Dwarf's piss, he coughed, retched and spat to get it out of his throat and snout, rubbing his eyes with the short length the collar's wrist-chains allowed.

Before Okraturik could see he was grabbed by his ears and the chains to his wrists and dragged out of the tub by four hands. He lay wet with Dwarf's piss on a smooth stone floor that was riddled with painful little bumps. Immediately a whipping of broad leather belts rained down all over him. Mercilessly it smacked his tummy, his foot, his rump, his thigh.. Okraturik rolled around roaring and roaring until the whipping simply ceased and he regained his senses.

There he was: An Orc cast into Orcyon.

When he could open his eyes he saw sights unimaginable to his Orcish eyes: He was squirming on a smooth, shiny-black onyx floor that was riddled with a intricate pattern of small goldbrass knob-studs that were greatly uncomfortable any way he squirmed. He was in an eight-sided hall, thirty yards across. The floor and walls were made of flawless black shiny onyx, and each corner had a huge fire-basket that shone a dull red, with smouldering coal shining bright orange within. It was searing

hot, humid, and the air was laden by the smells of Orcish sweats, piss and stenches of all sorts.

At the opposite side from where he had come in there was a high gate with two immense black doors. And this place, Orcyon, was full of Orcs crawling around in fear, masked, tied and bitted like himself.

But they were not alone.

.....

Walking among the crawling Orcs were two Dwarves, if Dwarves they were, dressed in fantastically frightening costumes of black leather and goldbrass studs and with masks, if masks they were, that made them look like devouring Demons. And these two.. beings.. were holding two Orc-whipping belts each: Two foot rods with thick black two-foot belts tapering at it's and. And armed with these four hideous Orcwhipping belts the two beings walked calmly among the frantically crawling Orcs, fiercely lashing out at a pace void of haste or fierce emotion, herding the fleeing Orcs from one side of the Orc-pit to the next. Okraturik saw that two more of such beings dragged another Orc from the black tub of Dwarf's piss and whipped him calmly but fiercely until he fled their whips.

Okraturik saw one of the beings come his way, and he frantically fled on hands and knees, for stand upright he could not. There was a Dwarf, or Demon, in front of him that pointed at another Orc. Two giant Orc brutes with hideous black leather masks and belts and straps around their muscles and sandals to their feet, but nothing covering their huge soft Orctails, grabbed the poor Orc who shrieked and shrieked while they stuffed him into a black leather bag and tied it shut. The Orc in the leather bag struggled greatly and frantically and muffled shrieks sounded while the Orc brutes pushed and shoved the leather bag with their feet which seemed to cause great fear to the Orc within the bag.

Gasping at the sight of it Okraturik roared aloud when his rump got a belt to it from behind, but it was such a fierce smack that he jumped a yard forward and rolled around shrieking, and the clap of it had been so hard that even his sensitive Orc ears hurt of it.

Slowly the being walked towards Okraturik who scrambled to hands and knees, flinched in pain and hastily spread his knees and crawled off. Strangely the being did not pursue him but rather went on smacking other Orc-rumps.

Okraturik saw the other one coming and crawled away, looking back to escape. Suddenly he was thrown to his back and two Dwarves in demonic masks and leathers put their leather-and-studs-covered knees in his flanks.

"There you go Orc!" one of them growled evilly and his hands were all over Okraturik's masked face.

"Are you in heat greenboar? Are you hot on us?" the other Dwarf started tightly tying Okraturik's stiff Orctail and swollen balls with a leather cord that wend around and around, really tight. The talking Dwarf in black leather slapped his face.

"Eyes off your Orctail filthy beast! We'll see what you got to spew for us, greenboar!" The other Dwarf had finished tying Okraturik's tail and balls which throbbed and hurt so bad, and both started kneading his strangled organs: one his sack, the other his Orctail. It was excruciating, and the Dwarves started to painfully squeeze and pull his nipples with Okraturik moaning and howling in agony, but somehow enraptured by these cruelest of pleasures.

"Aaah yeah you –like- it don't you, dirty green piggie.. Let's hear you oink for us, go on! Oink for us!"

Okraturik started oinking as he was tormented by these Dwarves that frightened him,

yet aroused him beyond belief.

“Are you getting there? Let me help you!” One of the Dwarves said and clamped Okraturik’s head between his knees and cut off his breath with his leather-gloved hands on his mouth and snout while the other cruelly tugged Okraturik’s Orctail. Okraturik fought and fought but got all dizzy and then with agony and ecstasy the Orcseed gushed from his Orctail like never before, he roared into the hands that smothered him and fell limp. The Dwarf let go and the other undid the cord around Okraturik’s Orctail and balls while Okraturik fought to regain sentience and squirmed by the sting of the goldbrass studs on the floor.

One of the Dwarves pressed his sandaled foot on Okraturik’s chest and when Okraturik looked up he got pissed right in his face and mouth because he was still gasping for breath.

“Best flee us when we come for you again, greenboar!” the Dwarf cruelly growled at him and they walked off.

Okraturik saw that apparently the last of the hundred Orcs had made his splash in the tub of Dwarf’s piss, because the two whipping beings, whom he now trusted to be Dwarves instead of Demons had closed a goldbrass bar door in front of where they all had emerged from, and now had joined their kinsmen, so there now were four demonic Dwarves herding the hundred Orcs, calmly walking and casually but mercilessly rump-smacking every Orc unfortunate enough to come within their reach. The cruel tormenters had jumped another Orc and were tying his Orctail and balls, and the Dwarf with the black leather sack had his Orc brute minions shove yet another Orc in his mysterious yet doubtlessly cruel contraption, for the sack struggled nothing less then frantically and the muffled roars from it made Okraturik cringe in pity.

Suddenly Okraturik shrieked by a sharp sting on his ham, and when he turned he felt another jolt of pain as lightning seemed to strike his rump out of nowhere. Other Orcs seemed to suffer the same affliction, acting every bit like they got a riding-whip to their rump yet none was to be seen. All he saw that was out of the ordinary was a dried pea rolling across the shiny black stone floor.

Okraturik then heard many Dwarves laugh and cheer, and once more it were as if he got dealt a riding-whip’s snap to his rump. He looked upward.

His heart sank and he gasped for breath. The onyx walls of Orcyon were ten yards high, but all around the atrocious pit Dwarves had gathered and most had small catapults which they drew hard and used to shoot dried peas to Orc rumps, so hard that the Orcs shrieked and bucked because of it.

The devilish Dwarven catapults made for great confusion, frantic shrieking and great despair among the Orcs who now had no place to hide even if they –could- stay clear of the whips. The Dwarves laughed and cheered and the Orcs felt so humiliated and threatened that many Orc-tears fell on the onyx floor of Orcyon.

.....

Guurai heard his breath shiver inside his demonic mask as he calmly walked among the frantically crawling Orcs and smacked their Orc-rumps left and right. He had picked four thick-hammed greenboars who were now crawling in front of him and whenever one strayed he’d rumpsmack him back in line, and then the four of them as punishment.

Not a single Orctail in Orcyon hung limp, all were hard and pumped and dripping slimes on the onyx floor, that by now in many places was wet with Orcish sweat, Orcpiss and slimes and seed.

Guurai kept a brisk walking pace and led them around and around Orcyon, which

meant really hard work for the big crawling Orcs, and pretty soon the sweats poured off of the four of them and they got tired enough to warrant a good rumpsmacking just to keep them going.

Smacking Orc-hams was the standard punishment in the Orc Army, since the muscular hams of Orcs can take a lot more of it than in any other way and moreover because to Orcs it also is uniquely humiliating. Once the Dwarves caught wind of this Orcish secret and saw how a Dwarven rumpsmacking greatly upped the humiliating side of it, a good rumpsmacking became their preferred way of Orc-punishing, and it needs be said that with hams as beefy, shiny, round and green no rump was more deserving of a good smacking than that of a good-sized Orc, and Orcs were also first in line where it came to deserving, and covertly liking such punishments.

And at nearly twice the size of the Dwarf these Orc boars were particularly goodsized, as were their hams, so by relentlessly wearing the muscular greenboars out Guarai made them deserve it too.

With his two Orc-whipping belts Guarai simultaneously slapped the rumps of his outermost Orcs and then the bulging green hams of the two Orcs between them which he did so well the four big Orcs, scrambled frantically to keep up the pace, sweating, panting and roaring. Then kept this smacking-rhythm up until the giant Orcs were moaning and whimpering so pitifully that he halted and then stepped in front of them.

“Is that all that four big Orc boars like yourselves can do? I’m just a small Dwarf compared to you Orcs and you’re all tired while I’m still fit and ready to go ten more laps at double speed.” Guarai stared down the cowering Orc giants before him.

“Is Orcish muscle so weak that with legs as wide as my waist you can’t even keep up with a Dwarf? And those green rumps of yours have no use but receive a good smacking, since that thick muscle still didn’t help you sorry Orcs. Now personally I think you’re being lazy so I will give you a choice in things which is more than you deserve. But before that the four of you big boars will pay respect to my Dwarven feet and by now you should know how an Orc does that..”

Without a further word of command the four big naked Orcs crawled around Guarai, who took a wide defiant stance. Then they bowed down and started licking his sandaled Dwarf-feet, their mouths held open by their ring-bits, and they were such big boars that their tongues almost were as large as Guarai’s Dwarf-feet themselves. “There.. Now that is something the four of you do quite well so I’m going to give you time to make up for your laziness. You may take your tongues up to my knees but no further. My calves are tense so wrap your eager Orc-tongues around those too.”

Guurai looked at the huge round Orc-hams of the four big Orcs he had herded, and how they wiggled and flexed as the four Orcs licked his Dwarven feet and lower legs. He gave the four of them a good hard rumpsmack as a reminder who was on top and enjoyed the newfound franticness with which the Orcs licked his feet.

“Good Orcs. Now for your choice. Either you turn those big Orc rumps to me for some Orc-rump fireworks or you sit up towards me in a neat row and do my bidding.” The four Orcs sat up in front of the small Dwarf, bigger on their knees than Guarai was standing up. Guarai stepped up to one of them and took hold of his Orctail, big as Guarai’s forearm, and kneaded it a bit.

“Nice and virile, good and hard! Now this Orctail I can use! You! On elbows and knees!” the big lug complied and Guarai held the Orc giant he chose by the Orctail and impatiently capped his rump with his hand.

“Hop-op!” Guarai led the Orc giant behind the other one and slapped that one on his painful rump, the mere Dwarf’s handclap making the Orc giant cringe.

"Mount him! I want to see Orcs as big as you mating. That goes for you two too!"
The two pairings of Orc giants got in position and the two on top pushed their huge Orc tails in.

"And now start pumping! Let me see what Orcs do best!" Guarai belt-smacked the two Orcs on top to get them thrusting.

The Orc giants started thrusting and soon they got so much in heat they lost their shame and really pounded away.

"Good, but either you thrust harder or I'll whip it in! I want to see boars MATING, not frolicking!"

The Orc giants panted and sweated and their mating was quite a sight to see. Guarai smacked their rumps to get the most out of the magnificent sight. Then one on top, and after that the other, increased their vigour and then roared in raging orgasm.

"Well done. This was Orcs mating like the beasts you are. You've proven yourselves to be true Orcs."

Then Guarai simply turned and walked off, leaving the Orc giants looking dumbfounded.

.....
And so the hours came and went and the Orcs kept crawling and roaring and shrieking, pissing and licking and squirting, and there seemed no end to the cruelties and humiliations the Dwarves would think up next.

And after manymany hours a pole with side-pegs descended into Orcyon, and the demonic Dwarves followed by their Orc brute minions climbed out of the Orc-pit. Great was the shock of the Orcs when eight other Dwarves, clad in demonic black outfits and cruel masks of leather and goldbrass studs and rings, entered the Orc-pit, all eight of them armed with the two-foot rumpwhipping belts with two-foot handles. New tormentors! New cruelties! When the demonic Dwarves got tired there would be fresh ones to take their place.

Seven days of Orcyon!

.....
When the eight fresh demon Dwarves had entered Orcyon, and the pole-ladder had been lifted one of them smacked his whipping belt to the ground, spattering Orc wetness all around.

"Orcyon is a -mess- because of you green piggies! But not when -we- rule Orcyon!" He smacked his whipping belt into the wetness again and demanded in near boundless rage:

"Lick your Orcish -filth- off the floors of Orcyon! Lick the stone and lick it again to make it shine like you swine never set -foot- in this place!"

Most Orcs immediately put their bitted mouths to the black stone and started licking the sweat, piss, slimes and pearly white Orcseed off of the black shiny onyx floor of this cruellest of dungeons. The Orcs that didn't came to regret it a great deal because they got their rumps whipped without mercy.

.....
Okraturik felt that honour kinda dictated he should gag but somehow he couldn't. With a demon Dwarf standing right in front of him he licked the salty Orc fluids off of the smooth stone floor.

The demon Dwarf smacked his whipping belt to the ground.

"These squirts of seed! Lap them up!" he ordered and hastily Okraturik crawled towards it and licked the shiny white squirtings off of the black stone.

"There! A wild boar's been crawling and pissing! Follow the trail and lap it all up!" Shuddering with humiliation, disgust and disturbing arousal Okraturik started licking

the Orc-piss off of the shiny stone and followed the trail like ordered. Licking the trail of filth led Okraturik to one of the eight walls of Orcyon. There he felt warm liquids splash and splatter over his back and head. He sat up in wonder and saw that from the ten yards high wall of Orcyon a Dwarf was pissing down onto him, with the Dwarves around him laughing in cruel pleasure.

“There you go Orc, just because you like it! Open wiiide!”

Okraturik surrendered, he just surrendered to the humiliation of it all. He sat up straight on his knees, hands up in front of his chest by the short chains between his wrists and his collar, closed his eyes and looked up, the ‘open wide’ command being enforced by the ringbit. And there he sat as the warm Dwarf-piss splattered down on his Orc-mocking mask, over his chest and tummy, into his mouth that was eagerly swallowing and trickling over his Orctail and balls that were swollen in agonizing lust. Another Dwarf joined in, and another. Even though he was being showered with Dwarf’s piss Okraturik felt a peace inside because for a precious moment he didn’t fight the atrocities but surrendered to them. High up, Dwarves walked up just to pee over him, and there he sat a proud green Orc being peed on in a growing puddle of Dwarf’s piss.

“Look at that Orc gulping it all down! He’s having the time of his life I tell you!”

Naked Okraturik shivered in humiliation. So he was.. So he was that filthy boar the Dwarves kept calling him after all. When the Dwarves stopped it took no command for him to bend over and start sucking and licking their still warm Dwarf’s piss off of the majestic black floor of Orcyon. It had such sights to show him, and not in the least these were sides to himself he never dreamt to exist.

All around him Orcs were on all fours licking at the puddle of Dwarf’s piss and he saw they were as humbled and hard in the tail as he.

Half an hour came and went, but then the black stone floor of Orcyon shone again by the licking of the hundred Orcs. To get down on all fours and lick the floor of the Orcyon Orc-pit with so many Dwarves high up laughing and cheering them on was without a doubt the most humiliating experience they all had endured, and the demonic Dwarves left them taskless and sitting up facing the Dwarves for no purpose other than to be laughed and be fired dried peas at.

.....
Great blocks of lump coal were dropped into the giant firebaskets at the eight corners of Orcyon, sending billowing clouds of sparks upwards. Orcyon was hot and damp and the Orcs sweated by exhaustion, fear and the abundant heat that kept them away from the iron firebaskets that glowed at a dull red heat.

Atrocious Abyss of Orcish Suffering: the black diamond of Orcyon bore its name with solemn dignity.

Okraturik looked fearfully at the tall black gates at one of the sides of the octagon Orc-pit and shuddered at the thought of what horrors would lie beyond the only way out of atrocious Orcyon.

.....
One of the demonic Dwarves smacked his Orcwhipping-belt on the ground and thundered with a raging, demanding voice:

“Orcs! Now you are going to give the Dwarves up high something to look at! Get away from here!”

The Orcs were driven from the centre of Orcyon where the demonic Dwarves now stood.

“Yes.. a little entertainment to show all of us what filthy boars you are! You Orcs are going to lick each other’s Orctails nice and good, and when you’re juuust on the brink

of spewing your Orcseed, crawl to us! If you spew your seed without permission you're going to get whipped beyond BELIEF! Do it now!"

Now all Orcs obeyed, if only hesitant, and got together to lick each other's Orctails. The licking of their Orctails soothed them, and soon the air was filled with the wet sounds and heated moans and snarls of a hundred Orcs having their Orctails licked. As soon as an Orc at the brink of spawning came crawling, a demonic Dwarf made him sit up and squirt his Orcseed into a growing shiny-white puddle on the black floor of Orcyon. There was so much panting and moaning and sweating and snarls of pleasure, the scent of Orcseed now filled the air, crazing the Orcs into a frenzied hot orgy of a hundred Orcs, exciting the Dwarves looking down upon them.

"Lick! Don't tease! It's Orcseed we want!"

The demonic Dwarves forced the Orcs to spew their seed one by one until they decided that it was enough, with a ten foot puddle of bright white Orcseed on the black stone floor of Orcyon.

The lead Dwarf looked at the large fragrant white puddle of Orc-seed and nodded slowly.

"Look.. at.. thisss..."

And all did. It had been a magnificent sight to see a hundred Orcs licking and squirting and the great size of their puddle filled the Orcs with pride.

Suddenly the lead Dwarf commanded:

"Get the Hundred-Orc!"

The demonic Dwarves went looking among the Orcs and soon the Orc officer, who had gotten a tiny red ribbon tied to his snoutring to mark him, was dragged to the lead Dwarf.

"Sooo... You are the boar that –commanded- this Orc invasion?"

The high Orc made a pathetic throaty sound as his mouth was held open by his ringbit. In cruel lust the lead Dwarf demanded:

"Get in the Orcseed puddle.. Swine.."

Hesitantly the highest Orc complied.

"Well.. Well.. Well... Leading a hundred Orcs into a Dwarf mountain... Not so smart... Swine... Now roll through the puddle of the seed of your boars to show all the Dwarves... and your Orcs... What a filthy swine you are..."

"Horrr.." the Hundred-Orc protested, but immediately the lead Dwarf stepped into the white puddle, Orcseed squirting from under the soles of his sandals, and smacked his whipping-belt across the high Orc's tummy.

"Roll through the seed of your boars!"

Intensely humiliated the highest Orc officer started rolling around in the big puddle of thick white Orcseed, getting fully covered in the fragrant squirtings.

"Get on all fours and let us admire you!"

Crying behind his Orc-mocking mask the highest Orc got on all fours like he was told, dripping wet with thick Orcseed.

"Good.. And what would a swine do now?"

The highest Orc stood motionless. Slowly the lead Dwarf drew back his whipping belt, the Hundred-Orc pinched his eyes shut, and then got a loud smack across both hams that made the Orcseed splatter off them in viscous threads and drops.

"Oiiink!"

"Yeah that's right! Oink for us while I give you a smack on your beefy green hams for every single Orc you led into our Dwarf Mountain!"

And so it was.

Dripping wet in a puddle of Orcseed from his men the highest Orc was made to oink

over and over while he was given a very slow hundred rumpsmacks with the Orcwhipping belt. Past the count of eighty-thee he collapsed onto the Orcseed-puddle with each rumpsmack and was made to take position for the next, and the next. Finally he stood on all fours trembling.

“There.. that wasn’t so hard was it.. swine?”

There was much chuckling from the Dwarves up high.

“Lick, swine... Lick the seed of your boars off the floors of Orcyon.”

Hesitantly the Hundred-Orc bent further down and with a shivering tongue started licking the thick white Orcseed off the black onyx floor.

“But of course... We wouldn’t want to deny your –Troop Overseers- these pleasures, wouldn’t we? Troop Overseers: crawl to the puddle and offer your swine rumps for being officers in an Orc invasion... A hundred Orcs means a hundred smacks on your rumps too.. And you get to oink for us like the swine that led you...”

Very hesitantly the ten Troop Overseers crawled from the safety of their men to the centre of Orcyon where harsh punishment awaited them.

Slowly and filled with devouring, cruel lust the demonic Dwarf continued.

“Good.. Ten more swine.. Get around the puddle, two by two, rumps side by side on your elbows and knees.. And remember to oink for us all while you take your hundred rumpsmacks for leading these boars in here...”

Whimpering the ten Troop Overseers obeyed and took position around the Orcseedpuddle,

two by two, while their highest was licking Orcseed off the floor in their midst.

Five demonic Dwarves took position behind the pairs of Troop Overseers.

The lead Dwarf let some time pass. It was so quiet that all to hear the highest Orc’s licking and lapping.

“Ready the swine..”

The Dwarves swept their gloved hands through the puddle of Orcseed and rubbed the Troop Overseers’ green hams slick and shiny with it, then stood motionless and let silence fall for a long time.

“Give it to them. Good.”

The Dwarves started rumpsmacking the pairs of Troop Overseers in front of them, first striking the one, and on the lash back smacking the other Orc-rump at a good pace, with the big Orc-boars oinking and shrieking while the highest Orc shamefully licked Orcseed in the midst of them.

After a good five minutes of wild smacking and oinking, where a thousand rumpsmacks were dealt to the ten Orcish Troop Overseers, the demonic Dwarves finally halted.

“Good. And now all of you swine will lick and lap up the Orcseed mess your greenboar minions made until the floors of Orcyon shine black again.”

The lead Dwarf stepped out of the group of licking Orc officers and walked up to Okraturik who nearly fainted in fear.

“You... You get to lick the Orcseed off of my sandals, but if you as much as touch my toe with your tongue it’s a hundred on your rump too.”

Okraturik gasped. A hundred on his rump! The lead Dwarf coldly laid it down.

“A swine like you is unworthy of licking my feet.. Feel honoured I chose you to let you lick the soles and straps of my sandals...”

Okraturik bowed down and meticulously started licking the leather straps of the demonic Dwarf’s sandals, and licking all parts of the soles he could reach with the tip of his tongue. The Demon Dwarf then rested his foot behind him on the front rim of his sandal, and Okraturik hastily crawled around him and licked the sole of the

Dwarf's sandal, that was moist with the salty, spicy seed of the hundred Orcs, and after that the other sole when it was offered to him. Once finished Okraturik fearfully sat up in front of the lead Dwarf.

"You –liked- to do that didn't you? Having your Orc tongue allowed to touch my Dwarven sandals?"

Hesitantly Okraturik gave a slow nod.

"Let's see what we can do with that, an Orc boar who's eager to lick..." The lead Dwarf rubbed his belt buckle.

"This could use an Orc's tongue.. You'd like –that- wouldn't you?"

Before he knew it Okraturik had nodded quite eagerly, and he gasped. The Dwarf smacked his gloved hand on the big Orc's shoulder.

"You know on second thought perhaps you deserve a good punishment more than a reward.. Let's play a nice little game between a Dwarf and his Orc. Would you like to be my Orc?"

Okraturik nodded, trying to hold back his enthusiasm.

"No, its good to want that. But from now its oink-oink for yes and a good brisk shake of that big Orc head of yours for no. Is that understood, Orc?"

"O.. Oink-oink!" the Dwarf laughed.

"Good! You get to do that again, but now nice and loud.."

"Oink-oink!"

"And now for the game of ours.. See this?" The lead Dwarf shook his Orc-whipping belt.

"Oink-oink!"

"I'll throw it and you will fetch. You bring the Orc-whipping belt to me and then you will get to oink to your hearts desire, because you'll get three rumpsmacks if you're a good Orc, ten if you're a bad Orc and a hundred rumpsmacks whenever I feel like it just to amuse me. Is that understood?"

"Oink-oink!" Okraturik oinked in fear.

The Dwarf threw the Orc-whipping belt far away, and immediately big Okraturik crawled after it. Once there he popped the knobbed handle through his ringbit and dragged it beside him to the Dwarf, humiliated by the gazes of his fellow Orcs and knowing full well he was bringing the Dwarf the Orc-whipping belt for a purpose.

"Good Orc! So you know what you'll get now, don't you? Offer your green Orc-hams to me so I can give you your reward.."

Okraturik turned around and bent over on elbows and knees. He moaned in humiliated anticipation.

smack "Oiiinkk!"

"Good! With passion!"

smack "Oiiiiiiinnnk!"

"Good Orc!"

smack "Oiiiiiiinnnk!"

The Dwarf waived his Orc-whipping belt in a sweeping motion at the Dwarves up high who laughed and cheered the humiliating game.

"I say –let- them laugh! They're jealous they haven't got an oinkboar like you on their hands!" then the Dwarf toughened up.

"Orc! Face me with your licking side!"

Okraturik hastily turned.

"Now for your reward. Lick it!"

Okraturik carefully drew near and started licking the belt-buckle of the lead Dwarf. He felt incredibly aroused by being so close to that fragrant throbbing part the Dwarf

kept hidden from him. The Dwarf clearly got aroused too.

“Now why does this remind me of something, Orc?”

“Oink?”

“Go on and when it’s clean sit up like a good Orc. You... don’t... want to be a bad Orc with me...” Suddenly the Dwarf got all harsh with him again.

Okraturik licked for as long as he dared and then sat up in discomfort.

“What is it, Orc?” the lead Dwarf demanded aggressively, but strapped with a ringbit Okraturik could not answer.

“Oink..” he whimpered pitifully.

“Why is your lower Orc-tummy cringing, beast? Does my Orc pet need a piss? Bad?” the lead Dwarf demandingly inquired and Okraturik nodded in horror.

Harsh words came, but they were spoken with mildness.

“Pee for me. Right where you sit.”

Okraturik pinched his eyes shut awaiting punishment, but none came.

“Go on: let your Orctail hiss and pee for me. You’re allowed..”

Okraturik fearfully looked into the demonic mask of the Dwarf.

Then he let go and with a wet hiss a puddle of his Orc-piss formed around him.

“Good...” the Dwarf praised while Okraturik’s Orctail hissingly let go of its burden.

Okraturik sat up and fearfully looked up. Softly from behind his demonic mask he heard the Dwarf unexpectedly kindly whisper so only he could hear:

“Well done, Orc. Your excitement pleases me.”

Then the lead Dwarf turned briskly, slapping leather straps of his studded black leather demonic attire into Okraturik’s face, and walked off to grab a Troop Overseer by the ear. He dragged him to Okraturik.

“Orc! Sit up and sit still!”

Okraturik froze up so obedience did not fall him hard this time.

“Well, Troop Overseer... You’re going to lick that Orc’s piss from the ground. And then you are going to lick it off of the parts of this Orc that are wet with it...”

Okraturik blushed a hot dark green under his moist Orc-mocking mask when the Troop Overseer put his head between Okraturik’s legs and started licking his piss off of the floor and Okraturik’s legs, who sat petrified as a statue by mixed emotions while his Orctail eagerly tipped up as it throbbed to full hardness again.

The lead Dwarf smacked the Troop Overseer’s rump who squealed hot air between Okraturik’s legs and found more haste to his licking and lapping, trying to work the tip of his tongue between the crevice of Okraturik’s leg and the goldbrass-studded onyx floor.

The Troop Overseer shrieked between Okraturik’s legs as he got a fierce rumpsmack.

“Worthless swine!” the lead Dwarf growled, quite a bit more harsh to the Troop Overseer than to Okraturik.

“Can’t you do –anything- right? Now lets see: This Orc grunt here is unworthy to lick my feet, so I had him lick my sandals instead. But you are of far lowlier stuff, aren’t you, Troop Overseer?”

The Troop Overseer sat motionless and the demonic Dwarf smacked him across his tummy which hurt quite a bit.

“Well OINK damn you!”

“Oink! Oink! Oink!”

“Yeah right! Bit late for it now though, isn’t it?” Okraturik tried to hide a chuckle, which the Dwarf allowed him.

“Now let’s see: you are far beneath this Orc grunt here. This Orc grunt has pleased

me and you can't even –oink- unless you're told. I got just the thing to set you straight! Troop Overseer!!"

"Oink?"

"You get to lick the soles of this Orc's feet!"

And that is when Okraturik blushed the deepest emerald green of his life. To have a Troop Overseer lick the soles of –his- Orc feet! It was unthinkable! In fact, it was quite arousing! Okraturik had always been too shy to let such a thing be done to him, but to have a –Troop Overseer- do it... He gasped in thrill.

The Troop Overseer got behind kneeling Okraturik and bent over.

Suddenly Okraturik felt this delicious wet tickling under the green soles of his Orcfeet! It felt so much better than he had expected, his whole body squirmed with delights and the poor Orc could not contain himself.

"Gee-gee-gee!" Okraturik started frantically giggling, he just couldn't help it! He giggled most unmanly while at the same time looking at the Dwarf in utter terror. Behind him the Troop Overseer hissed by the humiliation of having to lick the soles of a lowly grunt's Orcfeet for all to see, and having the grunt giggle out loud by it too. The Dwarf, unexpectedly charmed, teasingly prodded his tummy with the handle of his Orc-whip.

"Yeah, it does feel quite good, doesn't it? Don't worry and giggle all you want, you've been a good Orc and I am pleased with you."

Okraturik gasped in awe.

So this, too, was Orcyon.

And he would see a great many sights more in the days that lay before him.

.....
"Orcs! Get in a bunch at the centre of Orcyon! NOW!" the lead Dwarf commanded, and the Orcs hastily huddled together in the midst of the octagon Orc-pit.

"And now it's time you boars got your reward for your first day in Orcyon!" the lead Dwarf growled cruelly.

Okraturik could not believe it. Had this.. all been.. one single day? Of seven? Would.. there be six more days of –this- ? He snarled in horrified excitement.

"So, you cowering boars.. oinking green Orc-swine.. Time for your reward. GIVE IT TO THEM!"

Suddenly, out of the ceiling overhead, thick streams of brown sludge smacked down on top of them and it kept on pouring out over them. The brown mucky filth got into Okraturik's mouth and he tasted its full vileness.

The Orcs, covered in the filth stood on all fours, petrified.

It was the same unsavoury slop of stale unions, potato peels and food scraps, except it was ground into a sludge with copious amounts of Dwarf's piss.

"The bunch of you boars is going to lick that off of each other AND the floors, and Orcyon should better shine like a black diamond real fast or we will descend upon you again!" the lead Dwarf threatened and the eight demonic Dwarves left the Orc-pit by the side-pegged pole ladder that had been lowered for them.

The Orcs hastily obeyed while the Dwarves up high laughed down on them, and after that they left the Orcs to cuddle together for as good as their bondage allowed, to suckle each other's Orctails to relieve their aching Orc-balls of their pressure and then slowly fall into an exhausted sleep, squirming uneasily on the tiny goldbrass knob studs that were just big enough to cause ever-present discomfort.

And this concluded the first day of the hundred Orcs cast into Orcyon.

.....
The second day of Orcyon was to be a day of Orc-rump whipping and humiliation.

The hundred Orcs were rump-whipped from the realm of roaring into the realm of shrieking, and from the realm of shrieking to the very threshold, and beyond, of howling. And howl they did for most of the day. So intense was the whipping of their rumps that their Orctails squirted their seed again and again without being touched, and the Orcs got in a daze and a frenzy because of it.

At dawn none of the Orcs could fathom that a rump-whipping day as cruel as this could be to their liking, but at dusk all of them lay, rumps up, blissed and moaning in what was so much more than agony alone.

.....

On the third day in Orcyon their Orc-hams were spared the Orcwhipping-belt for as good as they obeyed. With the burn of the belt still ablaze in their rumps the Orcs were taught the cruellest sorts of humiliating tricks, and they were made into a carnival of Orcs, to great laughter and amusement of all Dwarves assembled.

.....

The Orcs became dazed and crazed and none of them knew floor from ceiling, punishment from reward and they lost all track and sense of which day of Orcyon they were living. What good is counting the days when all you can remember and think of is Orcyon, and Orcyon is all you have come to expect for the day to come? And so Orcyon became an eternity for the Orcs, not one of the hourglass but one of the mind, as nothing they could think of took place outside of those eight cruel walls, and they felt they had been in Orcyon forever and would remain there forever more. And the most worrisome side to all of this was that a growing part of their selves had embraced the simple life of Orcyon.

What was Orcyon but a place of great excitement for the spirit and the flesh? For what were the infernal agonies and the blissful ecstasies of Orcyon other than intense excitement in many of its numerous guises? The divide between the snarl of pain and the snarl of orgasm slowly blurred and for many dissolved entirely, turning Orcyon in a frenzied orgy where all was welcomed with an eagerness that matched the intensity of that which was dealt.

And so it came to be that when the dawn of the Seventh Day of Orcyon was announced, it caused great confusion amongst the Orcs rather than the relief which one would expect.

.....

“Aaaaa-haaaaaargh!” Okraturik snarled in agony as a thick leather cosh smeared with fiery oil was mercilessly driven into his rump. He threw his arms to the ground and pushed his rump backwards to receive the cosh, hissing in frenzied agony by the burning heat of the torturous oil.

“There: you’re taking it like a good Orc! Fiery, isn’t it?”

Okraturik shuddered and snarled and the infernal rod was popped from his rear. Okraturik raised himself on his elbows and started crawling, the insides of his rump strangely ablaze and his spouting-gland contracting with every flinch.

.....

“Urrrrr...” Okraturik turned at the strangely familiar growl of lust. Before him sat a big Orc-boar on all fours, panting in excitement, slimes dripping from his Orctail and chin, lips swollen with lust and devouring eyes of pleasure behind the triangular eyeholes of his Orc-mocking mask.

Those eyes!

Okraturik startled, for only now did he recognise his Orc buddy Orkhan. And what a sight was he! It was incomprehensible to see his proud friend in Dwarven slave-boar gear and so enraptured by lust like Orkhan was.

Okraturik knew he to his buddy offered no different sight, for he had grown to love these Dwarven playings every bit as much as he.

Then two Dwarves pushed Orkhan over and were all over him, winding his Orctail and balls so cruelly tight like they had done so many times to Okraturik before.

"HAAAAAAAARGH!" Orkhan snarled in agony, but the fire of lust in his eyes was not the least bit diminished.

Okraturik crawled on, his young Orc heart throbbing in excitement.

....

Okraturik saw all four of the Orc-whippers close in on him when it was too late for escape and frantically tried to crawl away from them, but the four of them encircled him.

"Not your lucky day today, is it?" one of them cruelly growled.

"I can smell that this Orc has been bad! Look at him shivering on hands and knees.. He's green with guilt!" another one added.

"I like the thickness of his hams.." the third one added,

"I wonder how they'll sound once my belt smacks all over them.."

"Will this be a shrieking Orc or a howling Orc? I love the sounds of Orcs howling for mercy. I think we should whip this one's rump as long and hard as it takes to get a nice good Orcish howling going.. Oinking won't do anymore, proud boar warrior..."

The Dwarf in front rubbed the side of his sandaled foot over Okraturik's cheek.

"Wanna howl for us, greenboar? I know you will, but do you –want- to howl for us?"

"Has to be a real rumpsmacking howl... Not one to please our ears..."

"Wanna howl for us, greenboar? Do you?"

Okraturik was petrified with fear. The four Orc-whippers now started prodding him with their Orc-whipping belts. If he were standing up these four demonic Dwarves would reach no higher than his chest at most. But with things as they were and him on his knees he was nothing other than prey to their cruel game.

Okraturik was petrified and shivering with fear and excitement. Oooh he really was going to get it now.. He slowly nodded. Yes. He wanted to howl for them.

"This... will be the rumpsmacking of a lifetime for you, Orc... Get on elbows and knees with your head on your hands, and offer us that big green rump of yours..."

"He likes getting it on his Orc-hams: I can tell!"

Okraturik sighed a shivering sigh of excited fear. Oooh yes.. he would not be granted a speck of mercy this time, not if he would offer himself willingly to their long-handled whippingbelts...

Slowly Okraturik bowed down and put his elbows wide apart. Crying in fear and devoured by sensation he put his masked face to his hands.

Then, very slowly, he raised his hind quarters, willingly offering his impressively muscular green Orc-hams to their heavy black whipping-belts.

The demonic Dwarves stood motionless and silent. Okraturik became very aware of how he, the great strong Orc, most humbly offered his green Orc-hams to the whippingbelts of four cruel Dwarves. They let him get very, very aware of that.

smack! Out of nowhere a fierce lash laid a whippingbelt across his hams and Okraturik grunted in agony. *smack!* another, from behind, over the crevice between his hams, and it had barely been slid off his Orc-rump when a third smacked down, and a fourth, and a fifth. This was by no means a whipping frenzy, if only it were! It would be so much easier to bare! But the four Dwarves took pleasure in making each rumpsmack count, walking slow circles all around him, letting the soft whippingbelt lie on his hams for a moment before sliding it off like a leather snake and then immediately another demonic Dwarf would smack his rump again.

Okraturik lay there, rump up and knees spread, gritting his teeth and flinching with each rumpsmack, moaning constantly and increasingly loud and desperate. A big Orc in the most humiliating pose imaginable, voluntarily offering his green rump to the whips of four Dwarves.. What a sight to behold.

Okraturik's moaning became a shrieking, but the demonic Dwarves showed no mercy at all, not in the rhythm of their rumpsmacking nor in the severity of it, as they slowly walked around the Orc dealing him a truly harsh punishment.

"Woo-hoo-hoooh! Wooo-hoo-hooooh!" finally Okraturik howled aloud in bitter agony, sweating and squirming. He howled in utter pain and utter desperation, but slimes shot from his Orctail with every rumpsmack he got.

Finally Okraturik could not bear it anymore and let himself fall on his side, still howling and wailing by the fierce blaze in his now darker green Orc-hams. One of the Dwarves put his sandaled foot on his cheek and bent over to him.

"We'll leave you now to come to your senses again, Orc... But trust me: in a while we will come looking just for you... and then you get to howl for us a great deal more..."

And with this promise of more rumpsmacks to come the demonic Dwarves left Okraturik howling and hissing, squirming in agony on the onyx floors of Orcyon.

The inside of Okraturik's constrictive leather Orc-mocking mask was wet with his salty Orc tears as he lay there writhing, but if his shackles allowed him to stroke his Orctail he would, for the great agony was matched by a lust that was equally unbearable. Yet oddly enough a part of him, even as he lay there moaning, yearned for the moment that they would catch him and make good on their promise.

How depraved of him, to yearn for such things...

.....

Okraturik crawled amidst the hundred Orcs who were cast into Orcyon. Suddenly he saw a demonic Dwarf step in front of him. What was this? Greater torment? Cruel pleasures he had not yet tasted? The Dwarf raised his hand and pointed at him. Oh no! Not THAT!!

The two Orcish brutes harshly grabbed him with their strong hands and dragged him across the floor, struggling with all his might, towards the cruel leather sack. The demonic Dwarf held it open and growled:

"Welcome to Suffering..."

Then the Orcish brutes shoved him into the leather sack and tied it shut.

Dark, humid, hot and amidst an asphyxiating stench of Orcish sweat, piss and seed Okraturik found to his horror that the wet, slimy insides of the constricting, asphyxiating leather sack were covered with pointy metal studs and amidst the darkness he found pain to be everywhere as it was under him, where his weight pressed the pointy studs to his skin, and from all sides the feet of the Orcish brutes and the demonic Dwarf pushed, rubbed and pressed the pointy studs against his flesh. He struggled and struggled, fought for his life and struggled in the tight sack, pissing with pulsing pressured hisses, struggling to get out of this worst of the nightmarish ordeals of Orcyon. He threw himself around, worming in the constrictive leather sack, the air laden with moisture and stench and hard to breathe, the slimes and fluids dripping and trickling down on him, while from all sides great pressure pulsed and clamped him between the pointy studs.

"Waaaaargh! Waaahaaaaargh!" he roared and roared but the sound fell dead in the leather sack, however he struggled the pointy studs rubbed painfully past his thrashing limbs and as he turned and twisted he got pressed from all sides by the demonic sack. He couldn't breathe! He couldn't think! He needed out, out, out! He felt he was dying and being born at the same time and scared and furious and

blissed and agonized as he was torn by agony and there was no end to his suffering. Finally, oh Greatness, the sack popped open and Okraturik crawled out, crawling away from his tormenters as fast as he could...

-BOOM!!-

Suddenly there was an enormous bang, and every horrid scene in Orcyon halted. The black gates! It came from the black gates!

Now the most maddening wide awake nightmare would befall them, the torture without precedent...

-BOOM!!-

A second bang, loud as the thunder up close.

All the Orcs now looked at the tall black gates, mortal fear awoken in their minds. And then it happened: A huge cogwheel machinery was set in motion, chains were rattling and the two tall doors were parting.

The Orcs were smitten to the ground by a white light so bright it felt like it burned their eyes into the back of their heads. Slowly the Orcish eyes, who had seen nothing but crimson twilight for seven days, adjusted themselves to the brightness of the light.

To his amazement Okraturik saw his fellow Orcs crawl towards this white light as eagerly as they could, and reluctantly he looked... And then he crawled out of Orcyon as fast as his tired limbs could carry him.

.....

It was an atrium, white marble floors and ornaments and lush green vegetation were all around, as was the sweet scent of the flowers that blossomed there. It was.. it was the most beautiful place, lit by a cloudless sky above, that eyes had ever beheld. And walking amidst this beauty were many Dwarven men, all of them dressed in white, light green and heavenly blue robes of the finest silk, they bore no whips or masks or cruel intent of any kind.

Two of these Dwarves hurried up to him.

“Oooh poor Orc! What has –happened- to you?” It was such a loving young male Dwarf who spoke these words, and their four soft hands were all over him caressing his naked green Orc body.

“Oooh poor you, how you have suffered! Let us take those off of you!” Straps came undone and one by one the objects of his torment were taken from his tortured Orc body.

They took the Orc-mocking mask off of him and threw it away, undid his ring-bit and massaged his jaws so he could close them again. They undid his wristshackle-collar and flung it through the air, removed the goldbrass ballshackle with the sharp spikes. Finally they unbuckled the crawling-cups and massaged his knees and calves so he could stretch his muscular green legs again.

One sped away and returned with a bucket that held warm soapy water and two soft sponges. They let him lie outstretched on his back, arms and legs wide in exhaustion, and they tenderly washed his body, stroking his chest and tummy and Orctail and balls with the soft, warm, wet sponges, and in the same way his arms and legs were washed. They helped him get on his tummy and sponged his back and tenderly rubbed his tormented beefy Orc-hams with just their bare hands and soapy water to avoid any coarseness and discomfort and then anointed his Orchams and between with a fragrant oil that took away most of the sting.

“Oh Orc.. you have struggled so hard.. But you came out. You have seen the sights of Orcyon and came out victorious. Oooh, just lie there and let us please your body..” Okraturik lay there recovering from his ordeal. He let himself be spoiled by the sweet

Dwarves because he knew he had gone through intense ordeals so he could accept their loving care. He saw that all around him the other Orcs were receiving the same sweetness and loving care he got. A great noise made him look aside, and he watched how the gates of Orcyon slowly came together, and when they finally closed with a thundering bang he felt assured the ordeal was now fully behind him.

“Sweet Orc..” one of the Dwarves whispered in his ear from up close, “How can I please you more?” So sweet was the Dwarf’s voice, yet not unfamiliar.. “Hmmh.. Orc likes you two do playings with oil and hands on Orctail. Please..” “Of course, let us help you turn..”

Okraturik turned and saw a tiny scar on the sweet Dwarf’s foot. He gasped. “You be the lead Demon of Orcyon!” he gasped, as he had seen this scar before. The Dwarf lost nothing of his lovingness. He gently winked and whispered: “It’s all a game..”

Okraturik sighed in relief and fully let go.

“Hurrrrr.. Yes. It all just playings.” Okraturik hissed softly in pleasure when the sweet Dwarf, who had been a Demon before, now with the greatest care started massaging his Orctail with the fragrant oil. Okraturik sighed in a Bliss most pure and true.

“Playingss... Mmmmmhh...”

Okraturik let himself be hushed by his former tormentor, closed his eyes and let his Orcish body be pleased. Grounded by these words reality gradually took hold of his senses again. All this harshness had been nothing more than a game between Orcs and Dwarves, a cruel game it was but all of them knew the essence of the possible consequences and had chosen to play it.

“Oooww... you been so tough on Orc...”

“And was that to your liking?”

“Yes.. Me been great big scared, me been great big suffering, but me been great big excited by it every step of the journey.”

“And oh how it showed in all of you.. You’ve been through Orcyon, brave Orc.”

Okraturik let himself get totally limp and fell silent, drifting out of their conversation until he became pure feeling, pure feeling of how the Dwarves pleased his Orctail. Slowly he became evermore heated, and more heated still, until he finally squirted his Orcseed with growls and snarls of undiluted ecstasy.

The Dwarves took to gently stroking his tummy and chest while he lay out flat, void of shame to be pleased as much as he was free of blaming the Dwarves for their part.

“Mmm.. Tell Orc, Demon...”

“If you’d like.. My name is Djal. I no longer am the Demon of Orcyon, I took that off with the mask.”

“Mmm... Djal.. Good Dwargh name. Me be Okraturik... Tell Orc, Djal.. what it like to be Demon of Orcyon?” Djal stroked his face and Orcish tusks and gently whispered: “Exciting. It’s a privilege to give Orcs like you such thrill and it’s greatly arousing to seize the power you let us have over you. I greatly, greatly admire you who throw yourselves at our feet in pure trust that we won’t abuse you beyond harsh playings. We all greatly admire you who submit to the game. I myself know the pleasures of the whip from both sides, so the joys of submitting bear no secret to me. It’s the inverse, our roles are the two sides of the gold coin of the playings.”

They talked a while and suddenly Okraturik felt a third presence. It sat by him, crossed its legs and put Okraturik’s head on them, gently rubbing his cheeks with its big soft hands. Okraturik, eyes still closed, took in the scents of this stranger.

“Orkhan...”

“Buddy liked the playings?” Okraturik slowly chuckled.

"Orc will not forget. Curse you for keeping things great big secret but bless you Orkhan for taking me along for the playings. It been so good to Orc..."

"Sir Orc: lie beside Okraturik and the two of you can talk while we please both your bodies." The other Dwarf added and with a delighted "Ooo!" Orkhan complied.

"It was great to have you in Orcyon again, Orkhan..."

"You took piggyback ride on Orc!" Orkhan chuckled in satisfaction.

"Nothing more tempting than a wild boar like you, isn't it? I'll slap your rump too the next time around!"

"Hroooo.." Orkhan growled in thrill.

Okraturik felt something being held up to his lips. He parted them and let it be slid in, where he chewed on it. It was a sweet grape. He let himself be fed grapes, one by one, while the gentle words flowed all around.

Okraturik sighed in pride.

He had made it through Orcyon and now was a Greater Warrior like Orkhan was. And even though the memory of Orcyon now filled him with fear he felt great lusts as well. Orcyon! Black diamond of pleasure and pain!

.....
And in this haven of comfort the hundred Orcs remained for the rest of that final day. They and their green bodies were spoiled beyond belief, and that night the Orcs snored in a peaceful cuddle-pile on a vast soft white silken mat.

.....
"Go away! We don't want you here!" the Captain of the Guard decided and poked an Orc's rump with his spear at the south gate of the Dwarf Mountain of Rigorai.

"Us nude! Us Orcs can't go back to Ritudent all -nude-! It lookie dumb!"

"Dumb suits the lot of you. Invading a Dwarf Mountain with just a hundred Orcs. Explain to me why that's more than just plain dumb!"

"Us had plan!"

"Well we all know how that one went, don't we?" the Captain of the Guard grinned. The Orc blushed.

"Know.. how went?"

"Let me put it like this: I'm positive that in one of those seven days I shot a pea up your ass..."

The Orc hissed in embarrassment and hastily ran off.

Guarai grinned and watched the hundred naked green Orcs walk off in the bright afternoon sun of the ninth day, enthusiastically exchanging merry Orc-talk with an undertone of embarrassment.

"Playings!" He laughed and shook his head.

"I'd say Mount Rigorai withstood this Orc invasion rather well, didn't we now?"

The Captain of the Guard chuckled.

"Look at them go after all that! I wonder when we'll see that lot again.."

"I give it a season, two seasons tops." Guarai smiled mildly and watched the green shape of the last of the Orcs vanish into the greens of the lush forest between the Dwarven and the Orcish Mountains.

A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT

Twas on a cold, cold night in the heart of Winter that Romark the Merchant found all was lost and there was little to be gained. For what is a Merchant without merchandise, and what is a man's worth when there's not a copperpiece left to him? It was the night of Yule celebration, and that of all nights was to be the night of no tomorrow, the dreaded night that he would die.

"A copperpiece for a broken man..."

A Nobleman gazed down at the dirty tramp, dressed in the rags of what once had been decent clothes, huddled beside a frozen rainbarrel, a heap of dirtiness in the pristine white snow.

"A copperpiece for a broken man, good Sir, this Yule night, Sir..."

"Bums have no business in these quarters. I will notify the first guard I come across of your presence, so off to where you coinless folks go, bum."

Romark pinched his eyes shut. He was cold to the bone, cold beyond freezing, and could not flee the beating the Town Guardsmen would lay upon him. If he were to be jailed he would welcome it, but town taxes were not paid for the housing of the homeless.

How oft had he not haughtily passed the poor and wretched like he himself had become? But ever since he lost all his belongings in spring he had learnt the reality behind the smiles of the wealthy: that they only gaze kindly upon themselves.

And so he was to die.

His body had fought the cold but now fought it no longer. His shivering and shaking had hushed and given way to a leaden numbness. His face felt like an ice-cold leather mask, too cold to show emotion or even have emotion at all.

His consciousness dimmed and brightened as in a tide, he could hear a violin playing merry tunes and people laughing far in the distance, while his body slowly turned to ice. With his back to a wall that had some warmth to it, in a corner with no frost shielded from the icy wind by a rainbarrel, a place of meagre solace like only a tramp knew how to find, this wretched place would be where he would draw his final breath.

Long after his body had ceased resisting his mind now yielded and fought it no longer. The howling wind and distant music gave way to silence, the cold was displaced by a numbness and his mind became dreamy and tranquil as he slowly drifted off into a merriness that stood apart from where he was, and suddenly the world itself seemed to slip into nothingness, but rather it was he who slipped into oblivion.

A mountain of a man, dressed in a thick vermillion velvet cloak lined with white snowhare fur, walked through the scarcely lit alley. He stopped abruptly and gazed down upon the collapsed wretch. His hot breath was thick as steam from a kettle, but the tramp barely made a wisp of fog in the cold night air.

"Poor bugger!" the mountain of a man mumbled, bent over, effortlessly took the icy bundle of despair into his strong arms and walked off into the night.

In the quiet of witlessness a sharp pop was to be heard, as if waking Romark from a sleep slept within. His body was icy cold but surrounded with warmth, such incredible warmth that it almost hurt his flesh. He let out a moan and gradually returned from wherever he had been to the body he almost had to leave behind.

Slowly warmth returned to his body. He felt a searing heat in front of him and something huge and warm behind him. He pressed his back to it and it wrapped itself

around him.

He had lived.

Somehow, some way, he had made it.

As he regained sentience he became aware the warm thing was moving... Then he discovered it felt just like a huge muscular naked MAN lying against him, vast arms wrapped around him, heavily breathing musky hot air in his neck.

He opened his eyes and blinked.

In front of him was a huge fireplace with a bubbling kettle over the huge fire, he lay on a big soft reindeer-skin and the massive arm that shielded his chest was smooth and the darkest Orc green.

“Nooo!”

He whimpered and turned. He now faced the beast, it must've been seven foot tall and three-hundred pounds big, bulging with thick bundles of Orc muscle and bucknaked, just like he was. The giant Orc hugged the far less impressive man with arms and legs and to his horror Romark felt an enormous Orc tail, ten thick inches but not firm in the least, being pressed to his tummy. He tried to escape the huge naked beast-man but twas to no avail. He looked up and begged in helplessness:

“Let me go...”

“Huumonnnh..” the big Orc rumbled in frightening joy and firmed up his full-body hug.

“U-u-unhand me you villain....”

Suddenly a harsh Orc voice growled from behind the beast:

“Well merry bucking Yuletide to you too, huemon! Okratan damn you fer bringing stray huemons in and letting em yap at you for thanks.”

“It be season for good deeds..” the huge Orc argued and seemed to actually blush.

The unseen Orc now walked past them at the top half of a big pinetree tossed in a corner of the big room. He grabbed a thick branch and yanked it off, snapped the thick branch in four and tossed in the fireplace sending a huge cloud of orange sparks around the kettle and into the chimney.

“No it season for cuddling up and stuffing lotsa food up yer gullet with yer buddies. Don’t get all mushy like huemons be. Me caught you hanging apples on red ribbons in firewood pine for buck’s sake! What you gonna do with huemon?”

The huge Orc that was all over him looked at Romark almost too kindly.

“Let him have dinner with us. Stay night. Give some coins... It Yuuletiide!”

“Yer so raw-mantic. Well not stinking like that he’s not! Me gets tub and you go bathe de huemon or he out the door.”

Minutes came and went and slowly Romark began to see the nature of his peril.

“Please don’t hurt me Sir Orc..”

“Sir Orc!” a third Orc roared after spitting out a drink he apparently drank,

“Now it’s Sir Orc! He smells the gold on you Okratan!”

Romark looked at his big green captor. A kind Orc, he never dreamt it to be possible, kind enough to take his ragged and indeed quite smelly self in, and warm him with his body.

Probably the only kind Orc he’d ever see, and certainly kinder then anyone he met ever since he gotten to look as broke as he was.

He softly rubbed his belly to the huge but still soft Orc tail and looked up at the somehow strangely attractive Orc.

“I.. I’d do –anything- Sir Orc...”

“huh-huh-huh Ork go get kick outta this..” the third Orc chuckled but he was ignored.

“Anything, little smelly huemon?”

“Anything I can..” Romark rubbed his tummy up to the Orc tail, which clearly took the

bait.

Modesty and honour are praised qualities, but for Romark they were the first items on sale once hunger and thirst really set in earlier that year.

Somehow giving up his body for coins to other males had not been a great sacrifice to him, and somehow he wasn't even thinking of coins looking in this Orc's kind animal-like eyes.

Somehow the sheer masculinity and wildness of this Orc had caught his fancy.

"You be naughtie.." Okratan grinned in embarrassment.

Suddenly a huge bang followed by the splashing sound of water broke the spell and the other Orc roared:

"Blast-dammit Okratan! That stray huemon be bucking up to yous and yous LIKING!"

The big Orc was very embarrassed. Suddenly the other Orc lunged over them, roughly pushed his big paw between them and felt up Okratan's Orctail.

"Yous getting HARD!"

"Me sorry! It no biggie Ork.."

"It sure GETTING biggie!" The Orc snorted and firmly but almost gently rubbed between Romark's legs.

"HUEMON be all hard and throbbing! That no biggie for you but it biggie for me.

SHARE!"

"Share!" Romark gasped, shocked by what that implied. Ork gazed at him with a strange kind of stern demanding kindness and kept rubbing between Romark's legs.

"Now you all hard for Okratan and willing for playings me thinks you no mind second Orc tagging in on fun."

"Or third!" the third Orc added.

Romark gave a sort moan, closed his eyes and nodded, while Ork kept rubbing his sweetspot.

"hmm-hmm-hmm you likes that don't you huemon?"

Romark suddenly got quite uncomfortable by all this attention.

"Ehmm.. What's for dinner, Sir Orc?"

"Rape." Ork growled and kept rubbing the startled human.

"R-rape?"

Ork folded his arms in outrage.

"Boiled rape no good enough for huemon? Us Orcs like eat boiled rapes so rapes it go be!"

Romark indeed smelt an odor akin to turnips and sighed.

"I.. I really didn't mean it like that, Sir Orc.."

"We go eat boiled rapes and then we gots reindeer stew and goat cheese and coprolate pudding."

"Chocolate pudding.. It Yuuuletide pudding..."

Ork reached down and slapped Okratan's cheek playfully but with more then a little annoyance.

"It Winter Solstice and that be that. You a sap for huemon holidays. Now get up an wash that cute piggie or it go be rape stew left in pot for boiling too long."

Okratan got up and helped Romark get on his feet.

"You be good looks huemon.." the third Orc praised. He was huge, with a barrel of a belly, and rested his feet on two stools about a yard apart. He wore a thick kilt of vermillion-red velvet and wide rims of white proved it was fur-covered on the inside. He lifted the Orc-kilt and showed off his huge soft tail with the bulging Orc-pouch underneath, that was smooth as their green bodies.

"This be good looks?"

Romark blushed, then nodded and the third Orc drank down some more beer from his mug.

When he was satisfied Romark had gotten himself a good look and liked what he saw he slowly lowered his kilt.

“You all furry huemonkey. Me likes what sees.” Ork finally thawed and poked a long fork in the boiling kettle of rapes.

“Get in tub.” Okratan ordered and Romark crouched down in the warm water that was slick and slippery by the ridiculous amount of thyme-soap jelly Ork had shook up into it. Romark wanted to wash himself but Okratan started rubbing his body with his smooth Orc hands.

“You stinkie huemon. Me go wash you myself so me sure you all clean enough for Orcs.”

Romark got quite aroused by all that gentle rubbing with the slick soapy water. Somehow the magic of Yule had struck and his worst day had given way to the most pleasing night since he lost his belongings. In an odd way these Orcs ignored his wretchedness, despite the fact they obviously were as wealthy as he would’ve envied in his richest season.

Okratan really took his time with washing him, even beyond what was needed to take his fiendish smell away.

“Rapes ready and you good smells.” Ork announced and slammed the kettle on the dark spot in the middle of the table the third Orc had set. He forked out two formidable turnips, halved them and smacked them on the four tin plates, then he got a second kettle and put it on the fire.

“Ork...” Okratan called, and as he turned Okratan gave him a firm hug and let his tears flow.

“Me looooves you..” he moaned and tears flowed from his eyes. Ork nuzzled his ringed snout.

“Oooh you sweet love of Ork..” Ork answered his lover’s croon and they got tusk to tusk, locking them for a deep passionate kiss.

Ork looked aside, noticed Okratan held up his arm and looked up why this was so.

“You RAT!” he growled, grabbed the twig of mistletoe Okratan had held above their heads and chased him around the room flogging his lover’s bare Orc-rump with it.

“It –ow!- It –ow! ow!- It Yuletide!!” Okratan protested but it was in vain as Ork pinned him to the wall and force-fed him the bitter twig of mistletoe.

“Yous got the holiday crankiness...” Okratan protested Ork’s mood and got a slap to his cheek. He liked his lover rough, but he truly was a sap for cute huemon customs.

“Ocul says rapes be getting cold.” Ocul announced, smacking his huge belly, so they gathered round the table. Romark started on his turnip but noticed the Orcs listened to Ocul for a while.

“Tonight it Winter Solstice. The Sun of summer been dying for long now, and tonight at dusk it died.”

“Sun dead and live again.” Okratan and Ork said in unison and Romark frowned.

“But tomorrow sun will rise again. And then as days go by it go be shining brighter and brighter and give us Sun of summer again. Hail to Newborn Sun.”

“Hail to Newborn Sun!” they spoke, and started chewing their rapes, which was a bit undercooked to Romark’s taste, but by all means was the best food he had sank his teeth into in months, peculiarly spiced and slick with a dab of lard that had been used in the baking of the reindeer-meat to come. Okratan offered the feeble human to drink from his mug and Romark eagerly drank down the strong sweet beer.

The Orcs held decent conversation, not at all like Romark had ever expected Orcs to

do. Ork and Okratan were horse-breeders and big Ocul turned out to be a quartermaster of the Orc Army of Mount Ritdent. They asked all about Romark's tale and actually paid attention to his words as he laid down his tale of prosperity and misfortune.

Ork got the kettle of reindeer stew and poured and grabbed out the good portions for all.

Suddenly Okratan jumped up and wildly started gesturing in silence. Ork gave his lover a cold stare. Okratan put two fingers behind his ear and whispered in anticipation:

“Sounding as....”

Ork smacked his cheek.

“No huemon holiday kiddiegames. Go sit and eat stew.”

They started on the delicious stew and slowly worked their way to the bottom of their plates.

After that they sat in silence digesting the main course of their meal.

Romark became aware Okratan stared at him quite lewdly and licked his lips slowly with the tip of his tongue.

“Romark..” he said calmly,

“Sir Orc?”

“Get under the table and go give us three Orcs a good suckling with mouth.”

Romark's heart seemed to fall into his tummy and he blushed in the shyness he never could shake.

“Yeah.. Ocul likes a huemon's suckling now after main meal, Romark.” the hugebellied Orc nodded contently.

“Me seen you be liking meat and drinkings..” Ork smiled mildly,

“Me bets you wants get under table and get taste of Orcmeats and drink slimes of Orcs.

How about it... Romark?”

Romark, who hadn't lost much of his hardness now throbbed up till his cock hurt. He tried to repress a panting as he blushed as red as Ocul's Orc-kilt.

“Get under the table, Romark..” Okratan gently teased, gazing at him with eager eyes.

“Us Orcs go talk some Orc things, you huemon get down and talk with Orctails.. Me all hard under kilt, Romark.. Methinks you wants taste of that...” Ocul spoke, slowly nodding.

“Get under the table, Romark..”

Romark gulped.

Not for coins.

Not copper, not silver and not for gold.

Benignly watched by the Orcs Romark slowly let himself sink down under the dinner table because he really, really wanted to. And as the noble Orcs talked Orcish above, he was in the place of Orc-legs and most importantly three huge slick Orctails he was to satisfy with his tongue and mouth. He knelt between Okratan's legs and slipped his hands under the Orc-kilts of Ork and Ocul to take hold of their big hard Orctails, as he started licking Okratan's spicy Orc-meat with total devotion.

“Hmm.. tasty huemon got me by tail and doing playings..” Ork smiled mildly and sat back in comfort.

“He got good hold of Orctail of Ocul too.” Ocul growled in satisfaction.

Okratan felt the deliciously coarse huemon tongue lick his sweetspot and gently petted Romark's head, running his fingers through the huemon's silken hair. He

smelled the resin of the pinetree, felt the heat from the fireplace and snow whirled past the windows as he looked around the table of their Yuletide dinner. "God bless us, every one of us.." he smiled in endearment and Ork slapped his cheek with a disgruntled snort.

THE STALLION

Zarac held out the handful of straw and let the pony eat it from his hand. He had done good business today: Dwarfclan Rigorai had gotten quite a few Orcish visitors today from the South Twin mountain, and most all of the Orc ORL Army officers were on horseback. Since he ran the South Gate Stables almost all stable boxes were full at a rate of a copperpiece a head.

The Orcs of Ritdent had fine mounts indeed. Huge, beautiful black horses, quite strong and fast and broken in to near perfection. The Orcs were good for their animals, too: each best was well-fed and the only whips the Orcish officers carried were for their men, not their horses. He smiled at the thought. Orc Discipline was sheer hell, but the green warriors seemed to thrive on it. There had been centuries of solid peace between the Orcs and Dwarves of the Twin mountains and when he had gotten to really know them he could not help but admire their strength of character and the sheer might and beauty of their heavily muscled green bodies. Zarac the horsebreaker liked Orcs a lot, liked chatting with them and gave them discount on his regular stable prices. "Here's a good pony.." he whispered and stroked the horse's manes.

Suddenly there was a loud knocking on the stable door. At this hour?!

"Coming, coming!" he answered and walked around the enormous pile of straw in the middle of the stable. When he got to the door he opened up and gasped for air.

Before him stood an Orc warrior, but a huge, huge one! The Orc was so big Zarac the Dwarf only came up to his beltbuckle. The Dwarf gulped and looked down. The Orc giant had big, broad but well-shaped Orc feet with two-inch black clawnails on his stubby toes. His legs were bulging with muscle and came together behind a leather loincloth that harbored a bulge that Zarac didn't even dare think about. The Orc's waist was surprisingly slender but bulged with huge abdominal muscles and above that an enormous, gigantically big muscular chest with arms the width of horse's necks. Looking down on him was an intimidating, masculine, fierce yet friendly Orc face with big ivory tusks, long pointed ears and piercing bright green eyes. Zarac was stunned.

"Enter I may?" the giant tried to whisper with his thundering voice, and Zarac swung open one of the stable doors.

"Come in, green sir! I'm actually closed at this late hour, but please enter!"

The Orc's bare feet slapped down hard on the granite tiles as he walked in and Zarac closed the doors behind him. The Dwarf turned and looked up at the Orcish giant.

"How can I help you, sir Orc? You're way too big to be the rider of one of the Orc horses, and I sure would've remembered if I'd seen you here before..."

The Orc smiled broadly.

"Me not sir Orc: Me foot-warrior Orculesh of Ritdent ORL. You just call Orc Orculesh: that me likes fine Master Dwarf." The small Dwarf nodded and let his eyes wander over the beefy green body.

"I'll skip the Sir if you lay off with the Master Dwarf bit. If you're Orculesh to me I'm Zarac to you. I'm sorry I haven't got anything near your size, but please sit down by my table and let me get you some rye-raisinbread..." The Orc giant sniffed in the odor of the stables, grabbed a handful of old straw and sniffed it, smiling with his eyes closed.

"Mmm.. Smells like horsie. Me likes smell of horsie..." Then he bit down and started chewing on the straw. Zarac eyes widened and he chuckled inaudibly in amazement.

"Er.. Don't wonder why it smells of horses?" he inquired, but the Orc giant munched on.

'well.. guess the bread's out then...' the Dwarf thought and the Orc followed him and sat down on the floor by the small table, still bigger sitting down than the Dwarf was standing up.

"You're huge! I guess you must be eating all day to keep that up!"

"Me likes being big.." the Orc grinned, obviously enjoying the size he had chosen to be.

"Nice you're here to keep me some company, but why aren't you in the quarters assigned to the visiting ORL troops? You're too big to ride a horse and the mountain gates are closed this time of night."

"Me likes being in horsie stables. Me likes horsies and stables very much too." Zarac smiled. How Orc of him, to speak in riddles. He went along.

"Hmm.. Horses AND stables.. Fine with me! How's life in the Mountain over yonder?"

Orculesh started, and while Zarac ate some rye-raisinbread they exchanged some smalltalk and got acquainted to some degree. Orculesh was Fifth Male of his Family Group and enjoyed being a foot-warrior with the Ritdent ORL so much he on several occasions had refused promotion to Troop-Overseer.

There are leaders and followers and the majority of the Orcs Zarac had gotten to know through the years liked being led, this green giant being no exception. He himself loved handling horses, had done it for over one hundred and fifty years now and with talk like this two hours passed near unnoticed.

"Ahem; great smalltalk and love you're here Orculesh, but you still haven't answered my question as to why you're here so late at night. Now I'm on a nightshift but you all aren't and I know you Orcs love some good shuteye.."

Orculesh showed all his ivory teeth in a shy grin.

"Me.. me likes stable very much.. Me wondering if stablebox be free so me Orc can sleep there like horsie. Me not care if straw not fresh.." Zarac slapped his hands on the table.

"That's a first!" he laughed, and the Orc giant regained his confidence.

"So big Orculesh not only comes to eat my straw but he wants to bunk down in one of my stableboxes too! Hey, what can I say? I've closed up for the night and so is the mountain so to tend twenty-seven horses and one Orc extra sounds fine with me. You've got me kind of confused though.. Will you pay the coin or your Troop Overseer? My customers usually don't pay for themselves!" Orculesh chuckled but then got serious.

"Troop Overseer may not know! You please be still on this.."

"No word from me and you can keep your coin. There's three free stableboxes tonight and as you can see there's enough straw here for breakfast! Sheesh! This is weird..." Orculesh started sniffing his ringed snout again, closing his eyes with enjoyment.

"Mmmm.. Stable smell gooood.." He got up and walked to the wall were the rider's gear was rowed up. He grabbed a Dwarven pony saddle in his hands and started sniffing it.

"Mmmm.. Leather saddle smell good.. real gooood..."

'this is going to be one weird night..' Zarac smiled to himself.

"Mmmmm.. Me smell Dwarf, me smell horsie, me smell leather of saddle..."

"Go ahead: It ain't mine!" Zarac smiled, bewildered at the strangeness going on, seeing the giant Orc clearly getting aroused by sniffing and fondling the riding gear. Suddenly the Orc got up, walked towards Zarac and sat on his knees before him. Zarac saw the Orc's pupils were big black holes, widened by arousal. What was...

"Me Orc has good idea... You Dwarf will like idea of Orc..." Zarac scratched his chin. Whatever it was going to be, it would likely be something to remember...

"Me Orc go sit in stablebox.. You Dwarf come and take me out of box.. Then you go saddle me like horsie.." Zarac eyes exploded with amazement, "And then you Dwarf go ride me like horsie.." Zarac burst out in laughter. He had never even remotely thought about a thing like this, but it immediately struck him as such a fun thing to do that he set aside his usual inhibitions, aided by the two chalices of wine he had drank earlier.

"So big strong Orculesh wants to BE a horsie!" The green giant nodded eagerly.

"And would my green stallion need breaking in or does he know all the tricks already?" The big Orc jumped up, ran towards the riding gear and returned with the biggest riding crop he could find.

"Me big Orc horsie need good hard breaking in! Dumb Orc horsie needs get it on rump if disobey or do wrong or when Zarac wants! Me Orc horsie want to learn and be good mount!" Zarac took the horsewhip from Orculesh. He thought about it for a little while.

"So big Orculesh wants to be my Orc horsie? But would the talk go all around Ritdent and would I end up with a stable full of hairless green horsies? I'll still have to think about what you've volunteered just now, but I definitely do not want any word of this out..."

"Me no tell anybody.. Me get big whipping myself if Troop-Overseer find out. Me want to be big Orc horsie and that be big Orc secret!" Zarac let it all sink in for a moment.

"So you want to be mounted and broken in?" The Orc giant nodded vigorously.

"Me for long time have dreamed of being Orc horsie. Me dare ask you because me likes you but we keep it big secret. Me Orc horsie want breaking in and go gallop you Zarac through stables until all exhausted. Now you be honest: That not be a fun idea Orc has?"

"You're crazy.." Zarac decided and nodded sternly to fortify his words. Then he got up, walked towards the stable doors and closed the shutting beam.

"But I happen to be crazy too..."

Orculesh' Orc eyes widened with joy.

"Me.. me gets to be your Orc horsie?"

"Always wanted to mount me a Ritdent breed once..." Zarac lied, but liked the idea.

"Wrahh! Me not want saddlecloth! Me want leather saddle on bare skin back!" Orculesh was excited and overjoyed his fantasy would finally come true.

"Now I know my horses and if you say no saddlecloth and talk of galloping I'd say it's going to hurt quite a bit.. Kinda like being saddle sore, only the other way around..."

"That me li-i-i-i-kes!" Orculesh neighed not unlike a horse and Zarac burst out

laughing.

“Hurt me really likes! You go saddle me plain and whip and go rough as you can. Me think you be nice for horsies but me want you be real harsh on Orc!”

“Orc horsie likes it rough, eh? Orculesh: I’m game for this! There: get in that stablebox and then I’ll make you my Orc horsie mount!” Faster then lightning the Orc darted away and shut the stablebox door behind him.

“Oboy..” Zarac sighed, silently chuckling about what he had gotten himself into. So there’s what you know: he had expected a bland evening of drinking wine and smoking his pipe, suddenly an Orc giant comes knocking on the stable doors and now he was going to ride this green foot-warrior like a horse! Orcs.. You never knew what would happen next when they were around. He took a last sip of his wine, got up and headed for the stablebox.

He swung open the thick oak door and gasped. On his hands and knees giant Orculesh sat there waiting for him, his bulky muscular body as naked as when he was born. The Orc had a big erect Orctail which was simply beyond belief: It was dark green with a big shiny red head, it was as thick as the bulk of Zarac arm and as long as his forearm elbow to fingertip. The Orc’s skin shone like wax, but his tail glistened with slime.

“Oooff!” Zarac had not expected the Orc to be all naked and aroused like this, but had to admit to himself he enjoyed the sight. Sure the Orc had its tail throbbing with excitement, but after all he was used to seeing stallions in heat and hey: no horse wore a loincloth...

“Eeeh.. come my beastie..” The naked Orc giant stood there motionless.

“Come on now...” Zarac encouraged. Nothing.

‘aaah: likes it rough and needs breaking in, eh?’ he thought to himself, walked up to Orculesh’ head and firmly gripped his goldbrass snoutring. He pulled and the Orc let him, but that was it.

“I haven’t the time...” he started pulling the snoutring with force and dragged the Orc out of the stablebox, “..nor the patience for this kind of thing. This horsie’s going to learn some tricks!”

When he had pulled the Orc giant out of the stablebox by its snoutring he kicked the oak door shut behind it.

“Stop!” Seemingly oblivious Orculesh crawled on. Zarac eyes shot fire and his horsewhip exploded on the Orc’s bulging muscled buttock.

“ee-hee-ee-ee!” Orculesh neighed and a hard jet of slime shot from his Orctail. He still crawled on, so the horsewhip cracked again.

“STOP!” The Orc stopped, Zarac walked around him, grabbed his snoutring and tugged it hard, drawing the Orc’s head closer.

“Now you listen up and behave or there’ll be hell to pay!” the small Dwarf threatened and let the riding crop snap loudly in mid-air. Sure, this had nothing to do with breaking in horses. Breaking in a horse requires gentleness and patience, but breaking in this Orc horsie would be quite different from anything he’d ever done anyway. He tugged the snoutring hard and Orculesh could not help but grunt aloud.

“That does NOT sound horse!”

“eee-hee-ee-e!”

“Now take a look at those hairs! Orc horsie looks like he’s been rolling on the ground. Orc horsie needs a grooming!” Sure, the Orc was shiny and hairless even within his snout, but such was the game and he was eager to play along. Zarac took a big horse brush with tough bristles and slipped his hand under

the strap. Then he started to vigorously brush the naked skin of the Orc's flank, who cringed and groaned under this harsh scrubbing. The Dwarf rubbed and scrubbed enthusiastically, and with sadistic amusement gave the Orc's protruding nipple a long hard scrub that made poor Orculesh squeak earpiercingly sharp with pain.

Orculesh' green skin was glowing and burned by the scrubbing he underwent, and the Orc giant braced himself to stop cringing. So this was grooming..

Perhaps if he had hairs and the Dwarf was kinder it would be as sweet to him as it seemed to be for horses, but right now it was simply burning pain.

"eeeh-e-e-e!" he whinnied and the Dwarf patted him on the head.

"Gooood Orc horsie.. Is my beastie enjoying this?"

"eeh-ee-e-e!" Around the Dwarf went, now his other nipple got scrubbed and he nearly pranced when the Dwarf started scrubbing the soft skin of his belly. After that the Dwarf had apparently gathered enough courage, because he stepped between the kneeling Orc's spread legs and started scrubbing his bulky green rump with a hard hissing of the bristles.

After having scrubbed the Orc's rump for quite a while Zarac threw away the horse brush, stepped up before Orculesh, grabbed his snoutring and gave it a few gentle tugs.

"And now it's time to go and saddle my Orc horsie..."

He walked away and got back with a brown leather Dwarven pony-saddle. He slapped it over the Orc's waist and crawled under him with the saddle girth.

On the other side he ran it through it's buckle and started pulling the girth with all his might.

"This Orc horsie's not going to throw me!" he grunted and closed the buckle making the saddle girth as tight as he could get it.

'If the Orc wants it rough, he'll get it rough!' the Dwarf grinned, enjoying the game as much as the green giant. He got a pair of steel stirrups and buckled them over the flanks of the Orc. Orculesh' waist was a bit too wide for a Dwarven pony saddle, but Zarac knew he could ride them better than on one of those big greasy Orc Army saddles.

He walked away and came back with some other riding gear. He threw it on the ground next to Orculesh' head and calmly spoke:

"My Orc horsie has a different head than my other beasties. I'm quite sure they've got special Orc-bridles at the Domination Guild but you're my horse so it's a horse's bridle for you!" He tried and tried again until he managed to get an ORL Warhorse's bridle around Orculesh' head. He dangled something before the Orc's green eyes., who recognized it.

"Yeeeah, blinkers... Orc horsie's gonna pay attention and go my way!" He fastened them so the Orc could only look straight ahead then held up a steel bit and smiled cruelly:

"Open wide!" Orculesh complied and got a bit in his mouth that actually still tasted of horse. Zarac closed the final strap around Orculesh' snout, fastened the reins to the bit and hurled them over the Orc's shoulders.

There Orculesh stood. Naked on all fours, a small saddle with stirrups on his back and tightly buckled around his waist, an Orc Warhorse's bridle strapped tight around his head and a bit strapped in place behind his tusks. The Dwarf walked away and returned with a yellowish-brown piece of dried root, which he put in his mouth and started chewing.

"This is the finishing touch.." he chewed on, and walked behind the Orc giant.

"Itsa piece of ginger. We use it for fancy trotting to keep the horse's tail up. I guess this'll kinda have the same effect on Orc horsies..." Orculesh suddenly felt something being pushed between his buttocks, where it started to burn and itch ferociously.

Strapped and gingered, Orculesh the riding-Orc was ready to be mounted. Zarac slid his sandaled foot into the stirrup, grabbed hold of the pommel and threw his leg over the Orc's back. He moved his backside side to side on the Dwarvish saddle and grabbed hold of the reins, clutching the riding crop into his right hand. He slapped the reins on the Orc's shiny green back, prodded its belly hard with his heels and commanded:

"Hop-op!" No response. He repeated his actions, now slapping and prodding as hard as he could. Still the Orc would not move.

"All right: let's MAKE Orc horsie walk then!" He turned as far as he could and started vigorously whipping Orculesh' shiny green buttocks until he started crawling.

"Theeere's a boy!" On his hands and knees the Orc slowly crawled laps around the enormous pile of straw in the middle of the stables, a lap still some forty yards long. With each turn the Dwarf vigorously tugged his bit as to turn his head the right way.

Zarac shone with joy. He was now riding an Orc, and he liked every bit of it. It was a different rhythm of rocking, a different height and not in the least a completely different sensation to not ride an animal but an Orc giant he had only moments ago been small-talking with. The Orc was panting as he crawled on. Sure he was excited, the whippings still hurt and the crawling did cost a little effort, but a lot of it was due to the red-hot piece of ginger between his green buttocks that burned and itched like mad. Zarac had once tried a tiny sliver of ginger on himself which caused quite a discomfort, so he grinned cruelly at the thought of what the Orc must be feeling with that big chunk up there, as it was far more than he'd give any horse.

But just as with his equine kin it kept Orc horsie's tail up like it should.

"Trot-trot!" Nope: Orc horsie insisted to be taught obedience the rough way. Zarac turned and started whipping the shiny Orc rump again, who shrieked neighs and started trotting on his hands and feet not unlike an ape running. Zarac gave a wild tug at the reins that made Orculesh gag.

"Off your FEET and on your KNEES, Orc horsie! If you try to throw me like that I'll box you up for the night!" quite sentient for a horse Orculesh immediately dropped to his elbows and knees and started crawling fast laps around the straw.

"Theeere's a good Orc horsie! GALLOP!" Nothing, so Zarac whipped it in.

"AT-A-GALLOP!"

Orculesh crawled as fast as he could with the Dwarf on his back, who whipped his back with the reins and prodded his belly with his heels and the sides of the stirrups. Faster, faster, Orculesh gave the Dwarf all he could, and even though he was on all fours his Orc gallop was as fast as a pony's trot. He panted for all his worth and hot sweat trickled off his body, while the slickened saddle rubbed his back searing hot which did hurt as Zarac had warned. He got a bit dizzy, but the Dwarf tugged his reins to make him turn sharply and go the other way around the huge mound of straw. This was so tiring, so incredibly humiliating and so unbearably arousing at the same time.. It was an Orc's dream come true.

Zarac felt something heavy slap his ankles apart time after time and finally it dawned on him this slimy lump of meat was in fact Orculesh' monstrous Orctail slapping from side to side. He really liked Orcs a lot, so giving one this kind of arousal and obvious pleasure was strange and new, but didn't really bother him. He was actually thrilled he got the Orc giant so aroused and willing to play this strangest of games. He was riding on Orcback, something he never dreamt he would ever do. His part of the game intoxicated him with joy, and he started prodding back whenever the big Orctail slapped his ankles.

It was incredible, but the Orc kept this up for twenty minutes before he started slowing down. His limbs started sliding on the granite floor that was slippery with his Orc's sweat. He himself was as wet as if he just had emerged from the water, and the leather saddle was searing hot between Zarac legs.

"Keep going! Keep going or I'll whip ya!" Zarac panted, as the ride was tiring for him and his stiff Dwarftwig demanded more. After twenty minutes more the Orc giant was near exhaustion and crawled at a mere walking pace. He panted with all his might, his tongue dangling from his mouth, and he shivered from strain. Suddenly his bit was tugged real hard.

"Hoooo, beastie.." He stopped and just stood there, breathing with his whole wet Orc body.

Zarac dismounted and stood before his Orc. He rubbed his head and praised: "Good Orc horsie! Good, gooood Orc horsie gave me quite a ride!" exhausted Orculesh managed to whinny between his pantings.

"Now regular horses don't get this, but I've got a tasty treat for my Orc horsie to suck on!"

He opened his belt and showed the Orc his painfully stiff twig. Eagerly Orculesh started licking it, quite skillful and highly pleasurable. Having been aroused by the game and rubbed by the strange rhythm of the saddle Zarac didn't need much stimulation so within two minutes he grabbed the reins and shot his Dwarven seed all over the Orc's bridled face.

"Good, gooood Orc horsie! Can't have this with a pony!" He walked around the Orc and sat down at his side. He grabbed the fifteen inch Orctail and vigorously started tugging it, making jets of Orcslime splatter all over. Orc sweat dripped down on him and some splats of slime hit him but he didn't mind. He sometimes engaged in the Male Pleasures, but never before with an Orc and never even remotely as bizarre as this. Big Orculesh started to squirm and his egg-sized Orcballs pulled up. Then suddenly he froze, all his muscles swelled and with wild roars he spouted finger-thick jets of thick white seed, jet after jet, more than a mug could contain. After that he just stood there panting, while the Orctail in Zarac hands shrunk to a soft, kneadable green sausage eight inches long and still thicker than Zarac could grasp around.

Zarac got up and slapped his mount hard on his wet Orc rump. He then grabbed a handful of old straw off the floor and held it up to Orculesh, who eagerly started eating it from his hand.

"Gooood Orc horsie.. Quite a ride until the end! And now horsie's back in the stable with me.." He got a big bucket of water and put it under Orculesh' head who plunged it in and drank it down with loud slurps. Zarac got another bucket and a big sponge on a long stick. He started washing his Orc mount just as he would any horse, but with special attention being paid to the Orc's big balls

and tail that he rubbed up and kept on rubbing until it shot its seed again. He washed on with his spongestick and let Orculesh come to his senses. After he was ready he let the Orc giant drink from that bucket too.

“Me.. Me be spent.. Me got to go sleep now... Ooooww.. Me all tired now...”

Zarac grabbed Orculesh’ warm, dripping wet snoutring.

“Should I..”

“Me wants sleep with saddle, bit and bridle if that be good with Zarac. Me wants to sleep big horsie’s sleep in stablebox now... You allow?”

“Cooome..” Zarac led Orculesh by his snoutring to a stablebox, opened its door and led the Orc giant in.

“I’ll watch over you all night, undo your riding-gear and get your loincloth before somebody sees you like this. Let this be our little secret. Satisfied?”

“Me all, all satisfied. It be more good than me have hoped. You real good for Orc horsie. Me Orc horsie all grateful and if you want ride, you go wake and mount me. Me be your riding-Orc horsie now.. If me come back tomorrow you want go and teach me fancy horsie tricks?”

“I won’t rest until my Orc horsie knows all the fancy tricks. Take a rest now, you’ve earned it.”

Orculesh thuddled down on his belly in the straw and Zarac went on stroking him for a while. Then he got out of the stablebox, shut the black oak door and routinely latched it. He looked down on his exhausted Orcish mount that lay down flat on his belly, still saddled and bridled.

“Eeeh-eeh-ee-ee-e!” Orculesh softly whinnied looking up at the Dwarven horse-breaker. Zarac smiled, closed his eyes and softly whispered:

“Sleep tight, my green stallion.”

FERALS IN THE CITY

Twas a warm autumn day in the lands, and the sun was on the decline over the human city of Hindervelt. People from all walks of life went about their business, the pleasant hum of a city afternoon on a beautiful day.

But look! In the merchant's quarters there was something to behold, something one does not too often see. Four big Orcs walked the streets, friends by the look of them, exchanging words and growls among eachother in a merryness becoming of a day like this.

They got stared down a lot but it didn't bother them, having gotten used to human disapproval they seemed to mind it not.

What got them this attention was the fact that they, all four of them, were completely naked and showed nothing but the green of their unclad skin. They carried themselves with dignity and the novelty and shame for their nakedness had long since passed.

These Orcs were feral, they had left their mountain and clothing behind, and having done away with the restraints of the past they were naked and free, open to whatever the future might bring.

Oh, they were quite a sight to behold I assure you! Clad in nothing but their dark green skin, smooth and shiny, they were bulging with muscle and youthfulness. Their chests huge and round like barrels, pumping with air, the cables and knots of the muscles all over their bodies, and they took no effort to conceal that the four of them were quite endowed between the legs too.

It wasn't all disapproval in the onlookers, they drew as much glances of envy and covert desire as they did rejection and spite, but it is improper among humans to gaze at naked Orcs and like what you see, so rejected they were in varied ways.

The Hindervelt guardsmen had warned them they'd be jailed and flogged without mercy if they were caught for misconduct of any kind, but the human city of Hindervelt fell under protectorate of the Orcs of Ritdent mountain, so these guardsmen could do nothing but urge them to get dressed - and leave it at that.

As these four Orcs walked the streets, they caught the eye of a Dwarf, who contrary to the humanfolk gazed at them in great approval, and then walked up to them.

"Orcs! Greetings on this wonderful afternoon!" the Dwarf exclaimed, and walked up to them with his arms wide in a welcoming gesture. The Orcs halted and looked at the small one, curious and on the lookout for deception. One of the Orcs stepped forward, thumped his chest and nodded. Dealing with Dwarves was often perilous, most Orcs and Dwarf peoples were either at war or at least kept their distance, and the trouble with Dwarves was that there tend to be many when you want them the least.

"Waargh!" the big Orc growled.

"Good afternoon to Dwargh. Us be feral: no Tribe, no war if you do not go and bring it on yourself." The Dwarf stroked his beard and looked up and down, left and right, clearly feasting his hazel eyes on these four magnificent creatures.

"By no means do I wish to bring it on, war. And an interesting wrestle it would be, four of you and one of me. Dolc's the name, Dolc of Rigorai."

"Rigorai!" the lead Orc smiled and gave an approving grunt,

"So Dolc is Dwarugh of peace?"

"Just like you are Orcs of muscle. So, there's peace between us. I like that."

"Me likes too." one of the four added, and got stares from the two other Orcs as if he were known for thoughtless remarks.

"That is good to hear, I like it that you like that."

"Goodie!" the Orc smiled and got stares again.

The Dwarf took a step closer and the Orcs stood around him, gazing at what most Orcs of their Tribe would consider a nemesis of their kind, but this Dolc didn't seem particularly menacing, nor did he seem threatened that these enormous naked Orcs were so close to him that he could feel the heat of their green bodies. On the contrary, his eyes were hungry to take in the look of them, his breath showed excitement and he smelled the air almost suspiciously often.

A human walked by, snorted in disapproval and spat on the pavement. The lead Orc stared him down and gave a soft growl which rumbled in his chest and shook the air.

"Us Orcs gets all the time. Huemons are spiteful."

"Ah gentlemen, but surely you are sympathetic to the plight of the Dwarves."

The lead Orc tilted his head and grunted in curiosity.

"The plight of the Dwarves, aye, to have to look up to people that others look down upon." The Orcs chuckled at this unexpected pun, and the lead Orc scratched his chin.

"Sooo? Dwarf means he looking down on us?" Dolc shook his head.

"No good sir, right that is not. If I look down to you Orcs I see powerful legs with thick knots of green muscle, that could carry you fifty miles in a day if you wanted to. When I look up to you I see chests as big as barrels and noble tusked Orcish faces demanding respect from all who behold."

The Orcs grunted in approval and two pushed out their chest to show the sheer size of them, pleased with the flattery of their small admirer.

"But whether I look up or down, it's what at eye level that seizes me most.

Four big Orcs as naked as innocence. You don't see that anymore. Not in the city, and not too often in the countryside too. Aside from being hung like horses, I take it you Orcboys are feral?" The Orcs chuckled as the Dwarf shamelessly admired and praised their virility. That sure was rare in the city too.

"Dwargh look like he likes what see."

"Oh believe me, I do. Toes to eartips I love what I see, the four of you.

Walking the streets naked as you are. I admire your balls!"

"You like to take lookie at balls too!" the lead Orc chuckled, and one of the Orcs, the chubby one, laid his hand on the back of the Dwarf's black vest.

The Dwarf did not recoil, in fact he leaned in a little, clearly pleased. The Orc known for his comments put a hand on the Dwarf's shoulder too. It seemed they had found what might well be a friend, and then as unlikely a friend as a Dwarf no less. So it was true that Rigorai Dwarves were different. Perhaps this Dwarf had wisdom for them they could use in their quest to get to know the world, because after all that is what going feral is all about.

The fourth Orc seized a tuft of the Dwarf's short beard between his fingers and felt it, this made the small Dwarf freeze but then relax as he saw the fondling was gentle.

Dolc sighed by all the physical affection he got from these four green strangers. For the Orcs all this was innocent, part of their Orcish culture, but to the Dwarf it was far from that.

"Orcs, Orcs.." he said, a tad softer which made the four naked greenboars draw closer,

"I'm going to level with the four of you. I want your Orctails. In my mouth. Bad. And I want to taste all you can feed me, all of it to the very last drop."

The four Orcs gasped, but then their eyes shone like their growing smiles.

"There is an alley there. It leads to a storage yard of boxes and crates where no one goes. I want to take you there and taste you, the four of you, and I guarantee my tongue will treat your Orctails well."

"You.." the lead Orc gasped, clearly caught off guard.

"I require your Orcseed, greenboars. All you can squirt me. All four of you."

"Then us go now." the lead Orc decided, a bit in a hurry as his Orctail already had swollen thicker, and all too soon would rise and stretch his inches, flagging his arousal to the humans in the street.

"Agreed!" The Dwarf gave a brisk nod and then smacked both his hands on the green hams of the two Orcs closest to him

"Follow me, greenboars!"

The Dwarf walked towards the alley followed by the four naked Orcs. The four Orcs already drew a lot of stares, but now the four of them clearly were swelling in the tail, an insistent throbbing and thickening that was not lost on several human passers by, which made the Orcs rediscover their shame, and that they had not yet succeeded in leaving that discomfort behind.

The Dwarf looked behind him and grinned in excitement as he saw the clear throbbing arousal of the four green creatures whom he admired so. He walked proud but calmly, somewhat like a hunter showing off his trophies.

Finally, they were in the alley, walls to both sides and no one to be seen.

Away from the people it was quiet, you could hear nothing but the tapping of the Dwarf's leather sandals, and the heavier slapping of the bare Orcfeet on the smooth black cobblestones. Dolc halted and turned.

The four naked Orcs could not hide their arousal anymore. Their Orctails stood fully erect, throbbing against full hardness, their green skins receded to reveal their swollen red glans.

"Look at you!" the Dwarf gasped in awe, then turned and grabbed the two Orcish meats closest to him. His fingers could not close around them, and the eager throbbing of their Orctails could not be held back by his gentle squeeze.

"Follow!" the Dwarf said teasingly, and they walked, the Dwarf leading two of the big naked Orcs by their throbbing meats to that secluded place where no one goes.

The alley gave way to a storage yard which was a maze between crates and boxes stacked high atop each other. They made a few turns, and were nowhere to be found. Dolc gave eager tugs at the big Orctails, and the two other Orcs were envious at being led by the tail like that.

The corridor between the stacked crates led to an open space where they would have some room. Dolc let go, and the four Orcs were all around him, stroking and patting him from all sides.

"Get nakie Dwargh!"

"Yess, get nakie just like Orcs!" urged on by the eager Orcs Dolc took off his vest, and immediately soft big hands were all over him, feeling him up, rubbing his skin, kneading his flesh.

"All nakie!" the lead Orc insisted and undid Dolc's belt, then pulled the Dwarf's trunks down so they fell on his small feet. Dolc surrendered, leaning into the hands that fondled and stroked him

"Lookie! Dwarghs got there hair too!"

"Dwargh be hard in meat!" one of them hissed excitedly, and this time wasn't stared at for stating the obvious, because it was clear that the small Dwarf was as aroused as them, and except for his leather sandals he now was as naked as them too.

"You Orc boys are in for a treat, all four of you, and *you..*" The Dwarf grabbed an Orctail which was a good nine inches long and two thick, "and *you* go first!"

Dolc grabbed hold of the Orctail with both hands. It was soft with bonehard meat underneath, it was hot to the touch and throbbing most eagerly. He took hold of the Orc's velvety pouch and gently felt up the thick Orc-balls that were swollen hard with arousal. He looked the Orc deep in his green eyes.

"Such thick balls must hold lots of Orcseed, and you're going to squirt it for me!" the Dwarf moaned, excited by lust, and he put the Orc's glans to his mouth and briskly started tugging the huge Orctail, sucking and licking without restraint.

The Orcs were all over him, touching him with as much skin as they could, rubbing and fondling, the three other Orcs eagerly kneading their Orctails, awaiting their turn.

Dolc was in a cocoon of soft green Orc skin and thick flexing muscles underneath it. He was stroked and kneaded from all sides, one of the Orcs was rubbing Dolc's cheek with the thick glans of his Orctail, slickening it with fragrant slimes as Dolc tugged, licked and sucked the first of the meats to come.

"Sweet Dolc be sweet sweet Dwarf.." the chubby Orc praised, and ran his fingers through the Dwarf's hair, while letting the slimes of his yearning trickle from his Orctail down the Dwarf's naked back. Deep rumbling growls and excited snarls were everywhere, as the tight circle of lust was oblivious to the world around them, as oblivious as the world was of their pleasures.

The lustful Orc under Dolc's hands and tongue panted louder and louder, his mighty green chest pumping more and more air, until finally he threw his head up to the sky and howled a booming howl that echoed across the storage yard, while he squirted more and more thick salty Orcslime up the Dwarf's mouth, with Dolc trying his best to gulp it all down.

Then the Orc retreated, staggered to a heap of burlap sacks and lay tummydown on top of them, shining with sweat and panting out of breath.

"Who is next? Show me your Orctails!" the excited Dwarf demanded, and the three Orcs made sure to make their slimy green Orctails touch Dolc's face all over, eager to be next.

Dolc lunged forward and jabbed a seven-inch Orctail as far up his mouth as he could manage, hugged the Orc's loins and licked and sucked so vigorously that the slimes of yearning kept on coming.

The three Orcs were all over him once more, touching him everywhere and in every way that gave pleasure. Dolc, who hugged the Orc's loins, held on to

the Orc's bulging green hams with all his might as he worked the Orc's tail like he was feral himself.

The other two Orcs kept kneading their meats and rubbing it against the Dwarf's skin, knowing full well they would soon be next and thriving on the orgy that took place between them.

The satisfied Orc had regained his breath and rejoined the close cuddle. He saw the Dwarf held onto his buddy's Orc-hams, spreading them, so he drove two fingers up his buddy's rear, who was now being pleased from both sides and nearly lost it with excitement.

"Woooooooooo!! Woooooooooo!!" howled the Orc in heat, deafeningly loud, and once more Dolc's Orctail-plugged mouth was filled up with hard squirts of thick Orcseed, the Dwarf trying his best to spill not a drop.

"Sweet Dwargh.." he panted in exhaustion, pulled his Orctail from Dolc's mouth with a wet pop and satisfied to the bone he took his turn lying spread out on the burlap sacks to come to breath.

"Who's about to burst?" raved the Dwarf, and both Orcs that were left were beside themselves with lust and nearly fought eachother to be first.

"Stop it! You're *both* next!" the Dwarf demanded. He took firm hold of both Orctails and drew them together until they were glans-to-glans, and Dolc lunged forward and started to work the two throbbed-up meatknobs with his lips and tongue, while above the two Orcs, pulled together, had to hug eachother to hold on, as the Dwarf started firmly tugging the Orctails he worked so well.

The fourth Orc rejoined them and started stroking and fondling the Dwarf from behind, like his other satisfied buddy did from the side. It took Dolc great effort to so firmly please the two Orcs who's tails he had seized, because the already satisfied Orcs gave his body such pleasure.

The two lucky Orcs panted and snarled in unison, the best of friends once more, licking eachother's faces and thick tusks with their long Orc tongues. All too soon their heat mounted and mounted and they exchanged short barks in excited Orx dialect. Then their embrace became a crushing one and their muscles swelled tight. Then the two Orcs howled long and loud, in unison and one after the other, over and over, as they squirted their Orcseed.

Below, Dolc was overfed on Orcseed from two sides, and a thick stream oozed from his mouth as his frantic gulping could no longer keep up with what the two greenboars were feeding him.

Then the howls stopped echoing across the wide surroundings, and the two Orcs retreated to the burlap sacks to regain their breath.

Dolc stood there in a daze, flanked by the two satisfied Orcs who playfully rubbed his body.

"I took it all.." the Dwarf gasped, still dazed by all that had just happened.

"Ooooh?" the Orc to his left said in feigned surprise,

"Us no through with you, strange Dwargh.." Dolc frowned.

"Noooo.. not through with you, Dwargh!" the other one teased.

"What..?" Dolc gasped, not quite getting it.

"Us should spoil you like Chieftain for what you did. Yes, us really should!"

"What..?"

The two green creatures got on their knees to the sides of Dolc, only now as tall as him.

"Us four go give you big Chieftain treat for what you did.." The two Orcs

bowed down and started to lick Dolc's feet, who startled by the warm wet tickle of those big Orc tongues on places tongues had never been. It felt good, surprisingly good, but the devotion with which the two big kneeling Orcs licked his feet made him blush.

"I.. I don't deserve this.." One of the two Orcs sat up and hushed the Dwarf with a gentle hiss, then bowed down and started licking again.

Two big Orc hands seized Dolc's waist from behind, and the small Dwarf startled when a third warm Orc tongue started licking his buttocks until they were good and wet, and then started licking between them, probing deeper and deeper, sending shivers of thrill up the Dwarf's spine.

"Ooh! Oh please!" Dolc moaned, overcome by ecstasy, and leaned into the strong arms of the Orc behind him.

"Oh please don't stop.." Dolc whispered, yielding to the three Orc tongues which gave him such pleasure.

The lead Orc stepped in front of him and looked down to the bliss-filled Dwarf who barely could keep his eyes open with pure delight. He grinned in satisfaction, then got down on his knees in front of Dolc, snapping his fingers to get the Dwarf's attention.

"For you. For thanks for you." he said gently, then bent forward and eagerly started licking the Dwarf's eager member and the pouch beneath it.

Dolc was beside himself, he thrashed his head side to side and the fleeting moments when his eyes were open he saw himself waistdeep in naked green Orcs, all licking him and bowing down, worshipping him as if he were an idol of Lust..

He sought support leaning with his hands on the massive shoulders of the lead Orc who eagerly licked his parts, occasionally giving him a playful jab with one of his thick tusks, all the while gently rubbing the Dwarf's chest overhead with his soft hands, the huge muscles of his arms flexing as did the knots and cables of his muscular back.

Dolc moaned aloud as he squirted his seed, not an Orcish howl by far but as much overcome by pleasure as theirs.

The lead Orc took him in a gentle embrace of bulging green muscle and lifted him up, laying the exhausted Dwarf down on the burlap sack still wet by the sweat of the Orcs that laid down before him. The four Orcs sat down in a small circle and lovingly started stroking and massaging the small Dwarf's body as he slowly came to, and kept massaging him for long after.

"You Orcs are amazing.. Thank you so much.." The lead Orc hushed him, as the four kept massaging on.

"Mmm.. I could get used to this.." Dolc sighed and closed his eyes while the green creatures massaged on ever so gently.

"Us liked it too!" one of them suddenly exclaimed, startling Dolc from his rest, and again he was cast stares for yet another awkward comment.

After a while Dolc got on his feet, and put on his trunks.

"I'm going to return the favor." he decided and reached for his vest.

"The four of you have fed me and fed me until I was full - and I'm quite stuffed now. May I treat you fine Orcs to a meal?"

"That be great!" the chubby Orc exclaimed a bit too eager, and Dolc smiled.

The Orcs got on their feet, and towered high above the Dwarf, who looked up in awe at the mountains of green muscle, and then a bit lower again.

"Your Orctails will not betray you when we hit the streets? Understand, I love to be followed around by four naked greenboars with throbbing tails, but the town guards might think otherwise."

"Us satisfied in tail." the lead Orc decided, and grinningly accused:

"You *likes* us all nakie: you no shy on it or anything!"

"Methinks he be feral like us.." one tried, expecting stares but this time it was deemed entirely appropriate.

"Feral? You should see the Twin Mountain Valley and the Rigorai where I am from." Dolc said solemnly, proud of his heritage.

"Dwargh mountain!" the lead Orc gasped.

"Oh as my guests you Orcs will be very welcome there, naked or no."

He grinned.

"Preferably naked though."

The Dwarf started walking and led the four naked Orcs to their meal.

GONADS IN THE LIGHTNING

Orkazuo cheerfully sang as he walked the forests of the Twin Mountain Valley. He had travelled many lands and when he caught wind of the peace in the Valley, the big chubby Orc decided his taller kin in Ritdent Mountain would offer him good grub as well as a good challenge. He smiled lewdly. The Orcs in these westlands were taller and somewhat more bulky than the Tribes of his home islands, but they were a bit slower in the body and mind, just the kind of opponent the travelling wrestler liked to take on.

Westland Orcs.. big cute lugs wearing snoutrings which were just too tempting to resist in a good grapple, as Orkazuo had left the rules of his fighting Art as far behind as the Islands that gave him birth.

Out here in the barbarian lands, in the fights fought, there simply were no rikishi of his kind, and as his Art was unknown in these faraway lands the fact that he had earned the impressive rank of maegashira had lost all meaning.

Fighting these barbarians stood apart from rising in the ranks of the banzuke, it was just for his personal honour and satisfaction that he travelled these lands and fought its natives beings.

He had travelled for thousands of miles and met many kinds of beings, but everywhere Orcs were pretty much Orcs, except these westlanders were in the habit of wearing quite revealing loin cloths that were open between their legs and stripped of its spiritual significance the Westland Orcs appreciated a good groin-grab in their wrestling, with his tight sumo mawashi giving him a good but slightly unfair edge over his loincloth-wearing westland kin.

He liked these westlanders: They were giants but not at all as brutish as he had expected these barbarians to be. They were in fact quite often tender lugs with a strange sense of honour that allowed for all-out lewdness right in the open, and this wildness was one of the charms that kept him travelling the barbarian lands. He licked his lips as the Twin Mountains seemed to grow taller and taller as he walked towards them in the afternoon sun.

The air got thicker and thicker as storm clouds gathered in the north. Good! Rain and wind would be welcome to wash the sweats off of him, as the day had been quite warm and an all-day walk was quite good training for an Orc sumotori as bulging as him.

Suddenly two huge creatures jumped in front of him and bellowed loudly. In trained instinct he agilely gave his bo-stick a fivefold whirl above his head and took a ferocious stance, with both paws casually holding the leather-wound fighting stick.

The creatures were broad of chest and rippling with muscle underneath short silken rust-brown fur. They were so tall he barely reached up to their chests. The muscle-bound giants had great ox-like heads and thick yellow horns that reached far outward before curling upwards.

Ah! He knew those! He flung out his fighting stick and whirled it so he could hold it upright

behind his arm and gave a deep bow.

“Hajimemashite, heifer-men!”

The creatures snorted and grunted, clearly insulted. Heifer-men! "Its MINOTAURS, funny Orc.." the taller one bellowed and Orkazuo suppressed a grin as their resemblance to cattle extended to the sound of their booming voices.

"You heifer-men be looking for greener pastures?" Orkazuo chuckled as the tallest one looked at him in mounting displeasure.

"Minotaurrrs.."

Orkazuo looked at them. Spectacular giants, really masculine and they took his insults well. He had judged them well. Their rippling muscle was exciting to behold and their black leather trunks held quite a lot of meat he'd like to see unpacked. Behind them theirs tails slapped about in what was likely annoyance. They were looking at him too, and not at all hostile in their gazes.

"You are a strange Orc." The smaller Minotaur decided,

"You've got a bigger snout then the Riddent boars and you're the first Orc I've ever seen to wear sandals. So: You must be smart.." Orkazuo nodded in agreement.

"And you've got your waist and groin wrapped in a big black belt of sorts.. Wrapped –very- tightly I must say.." The bull needed more air and shamelessly took it in. The bigger one, alerted to this now also displayed signs of arousal.

"So what are you hiding greenboar? What green package requires such a tight wrapping?"

Orkazuo grinned lewdly and gave their leather trunks a deliberately obvious glance.

"Orc thinks heifer-men got thickest tail in front." Orkazuo chuckled on the verge of insult and with the side of his fighting stick he stroked the inside of the smaller Minotaur's thigh and then gently prodded the Minotaur's sac in his trunks.

"Did cattle get their milking today?" he inquired and rubbed the spellbound Minotaur's sac with his smooth stick.

"It feeling like big bull has got too heavy udder.." Orkazuo teased and silently rubbed on.

The Minotaur was coming alive between his muscular legs, put them further apart and panted and groaned by the gentle yet insistent rubbing. His bigger friend stood petrified at the sight of it: This strange Orc, big and round by food and drink, had plainly taunted them and minutes later his otherwise quite feisty friend yielded in a heartbeat and let himself be rubbed between the legs by the cheeky Orc's fighting stick!

"Oishii heifer-man be liking this, don't he? That be small pants for big heifer-man!" Orkazuo hissed in heat and chuckled as the big Minotaur gave a soft moo in response.

In his home Tribe grave dishonour would press down on both of them to act like they did.

Orkazuo's Tribe was very strict and rigid where it came to honour, even more rigid then the Dwarves and Humans that lived there. On his island, Orkazuo would rather be swallowed up by the earth then be caught doing what he did.

But as with all things even this was only natural: The further the bow of honour is drawn, the fiercer the snap of the bowstring when the tension

is released. And releasing the tension and shooting the arrow of his lewd desires was perhaps the biggest reason why Orkazuo left his eastland island Tribe to wander among the barbarian wildmen of the westlands.

Barbarians.. How unjustly underrated they were!

They had such lessons to teach him.

The bigger Minotaur let his huge tongue slide over his nose in excitement. He sighed.

“Your green flesh looks soft, strange round-bellied Orc... I’d like to romp around with you.. It’s been too long that I’ve cuddled up with a greenboar that isn’t hard with muscle. It’s great to see an Orc or Minotaur that’s big in the way that you are.. I like well-fed Orcs.. I like the look and the feel of them. So how about that, strange Orc?”

Orkazuo abruptly whipped up his fighting stick and faster than a zipping arrow he gently tapped the Minotaur’s left and right horn, and then barely tapped his nose after which he swirled his stick behind his arm again. The Minotaur blinked.

“Me be fighting Orc of sumo. I travel the lands to wrestle its natives and you two..” he prodded their tummies with the end of his stick,

“You two seem good challenge for Orc. Orc likes to take you on. It will be friendly fight with few rules and the prize.. be the conquered. Which –will- be you, heifer-men.” The green maegashira gave a brisk nod in satisfaction. The cute Minotaurs were mountains of muscle, but they were slow to react.

He knew Minotaurs were ferocious warriors, but to be ranked a maegashira among sixteen Orc Tribes meant something too. And win or lose, the three of them would share and taste their pleasures, the enormous bullmeats made their leather trunks as tight as his fighting mawahi now was, so that part was clear.

He had set the trap, and a being of any honour could do nothing but accept his challenge.

The biggest Minotaur rested his heavy paw on the Orc’s shoulder.

“Goood, strange Orc.. I will do battle with you and win. Prepare to get very naked because we

–will- have you tonight! You will meet the Power of the Taur in fight – and- play.”

“Me hope heifer-men have power in tongues too.. But Orc find out soon and that be so.”

“Oh! How direly you will come to regret all this talk of heifers, strange Orc!”

The gold of sun had given way to blue, and then greyish light as storm clouds gathered and now filled the sky, darkening it to a twilight well before dusk. The thick hot air made the three of them shine with sweat and the air now became charged with the strange ticklish excitement that the Orc knew preceded a violent thunderstorm. He was ready for it. He welcomed the rain and unlike many Orcs in the westlands his strong belief in the Gods had freed him from the Orcish fear of thunder. Oh it excited and even aroused him, but he did not panic or flee from it like many of his kin. The Minotaurs showed no sign of fear too. Good, they would be game like him. The hot, moist air lay as a leaden cloak on the green sumotori but this was eclipsed by the excitement of the

approaching thunderstorm, the impending grapple with these formidable Minotaurs and the pleasures that would follow in its wake.

Orkazuo stepped back and he marked a circle in the forest soil, which was to be the dohjo on which they would wrestle. It was far wider than a real dohjo as he would be fighting giants and they would need every inch of the circle he drew out.

He played it fair: he matched the circle to the largest Minotaur's size and did not cheat him by making it a bit too small for the giant to show his skills in. The bull would not have noticed it, but a high maegashira like Orkazuo knew just how many space rikishi of any size would need: the stakes simply were too high to slack it or be casual about the eating and training.

The big Minotaur just fell short of 310 pounds of hard muscle with the smaller one being somewhere around 260. Shorter than both he nonetheless had an easy thirty pounds over the smaller one, which meant the big one outweighed him by twenty.

The Minotaurs had their bulk high up in their chests while his was low and massive, so that would be an edge over their stronger muscle. So it would now all come down to mostly speed, cunning and skill.

In fighting barbarians Orkazuo had broken with most rules of his fighting Art and parted with its spiritual symbolism as the many Tribes of the lands he had travelled had many traditions, all unlike his own. He threw his fighting stick like a spear into the ground and then turned to the Minotaurs.

"This be circle. Here we go do battle. Here Orc defeats heifer-men."

He knew all too well that overbearing presence was half the battle, and he chuckled at the irony that he was cowing two bull Minotaurs.

"We fight so: One heifer-man stand on side of ring. He no fight. If fighting heifer-man taps him you two switch on Orc. We go and do two fights. Second fight anything goes and end if heifer-man thumps fist on ground to end fight. First fight be having more rules: If you fall or be outside circle, even with toe, cattle loses to Orc."

The bigger Minotaur bellowed defiantly at the smaller greenboar.

"HAH! And what challenge do you have in mind, strange Orc?"

Orkazuo grinned. This was where he let his inner barbarian come out.

"When Orc win.. Heifer-men take off their trunks and fight Orc with their bull-meats all bare."

The smaller Minotaur hissed in astonished excitement. His big friend obviously liked the idea too and bellowed:

"Minotark: We'll be fighting a naked Orc for the second bout!" he chuckled and flung his head left and right .

"If heifer-men win, the mawashi of Orc comes off. But cattle no win this. Me so sure on it Orc will not even take sandals off!"

It was all a game of teasing and taunting, but in good fun to all. The Minotaurs liked this enthusiastic, self-confident chubby Orc very much, and they even consented in being teasingly called heifer-men, a word so inflammatory to their pride they would ram their head into anyone that dared call them that, and shake him off their horns. But this strange smart Orc Traveller.. he knew just what to say and when to say it.

In a symbolic gesture of honour Orkazuo took a handful of soil and

scattered it across the makeshift dohjo. He would not do the inner work because this could be not further removed from a temple fight. He would not parody the Ceremony by laying his spirit deeply into it.

He stepped into the circle and made an inviting gesture. From afar a huge lightning-bolt made the Valley rumble with thunder. The anvilshaped clouds had told Orkazuo a storm was imminent and a quick glance showed the sky was now grey as lead.

The Minotaurs exchanged glances and the smaller one stepped into the circle, facing the green sumotori. The Orc slammed his hands on the broad band of his mawashi so ferociously it startled Minotark before him. Then he slapped his hands on his huge green belly and slowly did a curious dance that showed his agility and coordination and made him look even better.

After that he put his hands on his monstrously muscled legs and to his side raised his sandaled foot almost as high as he was tall, before smacking the leather sole of his sandal an inch into the soil with a thud that shook the ground beneath Minotark's feet. Then he raised his other leg likewise and slammed it down.

He then crouched down with his arms drawn back and his open hands beside his round belly.

There he sat like a panther ready to jump its prey. Minotark felt quite uneasy, impressed as he was by this display of power. He tensed up his muscles, smacked his fists into his hands and then briskly walked up to the crouching Orc.

Like an arrow from a crossbow Orkazuo shot forward and with a big thud slammed chest-to-chest with the Minotaur who staggered back for balance. He stepped forward and smacked his open hand to the side of Minotark's jaw.

-MOO!!- "WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT!" Minotark bellowed in shock, rubbing his cheek.

"TSUPPARI !" Orkazuo roared and started a lightning-quick offensive of fast thrusts and pushes to Minotark's chest and kept him off-balance. Minotark grabbed Orkazuo by the throat, who immediately planted his heel into Minotark's calf and threw himself on top of him. Minotark bellowed aloud as all air was pressed out of him. Orkazuo got off him and lent a hand to let the big Minotaur get back on his feet. He slowly rubbed his belly, moving it side to side and licked his lips with the lewdest gaze the Minotaurs had ever seen.

"Now the trunks of the heifer-men come off and they go show Orc their bull-meats.."

Hidden by their velvety short-haired fur both Minotaurs blushed.

"No shy now.. Show Orkazuo your hard oishii bull-meats.. Me sees they be big. Me sees they throbbing in trunks of cattlemen. Take off leather trunks and show bull-meats to Orc!"

Panting in embarrassment and excitement the Minotaurs fondled the leather string that held their trunks closed. A small Orc making them unpack and show him their throbbing meats.. Their friends would torment them for weeks if they found out they did this!

"Niku...." Orkazuo groaned and shamelessly stepped up in front of them.

"Strip down trunks and show meats to Orc!" the green sumotori

lewdly demanded.

The Minotaurs grinned. Defeat could not get much better than this! They exchanged an excited glance and then pulled down their trunks, letting them drop to their ankles.

Orkazuo gasped. The meats of the Minotaurs were close to fifteen inches long and three inches wide, more than Orkazuo could close his fingers around. Freed from their tight leather restraints they stood gloriously erect and pumping up they pointed straight at the Orc.

Lightning split the sky and lit the Valley, the bluish light showing the Minotaur meats glistened with their slimes.

“Oishii..” Orkazuo moaned. The Minotaurs purred in delight. Any word moaned like that couldn’t possibly be a bad thing. The Orc took hold of their meats and squeezed and pulled them to feel their hardness. Then a booming thunder rolled over them, filling the Valley with noise.

Then a second lightning-bolt crackled and thundered and suddenly the lukewarm summer rain poured down on their bodies. The Minotaurs hugged the Orc to their bodies, their bull-meats pressing against the Orc’s slick belly.

“Strange Orc: you defeated us in the circle, now let us play the games we Orcs and Minotaurs love so much.”

“Me Orc be Orkazuo. Let us play game of lust.” The three of them nuzzled in enjoyment.

Orkazuo reached behind them, took them by the base of their true tails and started pulling them slowly yet insistently. Although he never had been with Minotaurs or any other sentient with a tail, he hit the spot just right, as the big Minotaurs groaned and snorted, gripped by a pleasure they could hardly contain. Their hands found his big green Orc buttocks and started kneading the soft meat that had strong muscle underneath. The larger Minotaur found the knot above the Orc’s rump and undid it to slowly unwind the Orc’s long mawashi-belt, leaving him naked as they were. They felt the Orc stood a glorious eight inches, about half their size but nice and firm, and what really counted was that the Orc shivered and moaned with pleasure when they fondled it.

“No talk of heifers now I hear.. Two Minotaur bulls and an Orc boar at play.” The big Minotaur concluded and Orkazuo passionately licked their huge chests and nipples, slowly advancing to their muscular tummies, still playing with their tails.

Minotark chuckled.

“Ah.. the Orc has smelled the bull-milk. Go on Orkazuo, we’ll spout you all the bull-milk an

Orc can swallow. We’ll spout you enough for your biggest appetite. Get your bull-milk Orkie, your musks tell me you want all of it.. –moo!- milk us bulls like you promised you would..”

Orkazuo’s agile tongue finally found the huge meats of the Minotaurs. He held their huge sacs and played with their egg-sized balls. These Minotaurs would indeed have much to spout him! He took hold of their lengths and eagerly licked, bit and sucked on their huge red heads. It smelled so strong and tasted so spicy, so unlike all those he ever ate, the Orcs from east, south and west, the Ogremeats he was forced to lick in the mountain-lands, the Apemen from the forests who had fur all over..

On his yearlong journey he had tasted human meats of all shapes and colours, a Dwarf and even a wingless Dragon, but these Minotaur tastes and smells stood apart from all of them.

The bigger Minotaur put his foot to Orkazuo's chest and pushed him over into the thick mud-pool the forest floor had become.

"Yeah.. Orcs like mud, don't they? Well so do we, Traveller!" The Minotaurs jumped in the mud beside him and started grappling, hugging and groping the green one while the rain

lashed down on him and roaring thunder and lightning filled the sky.

"We're in the Valley for the Orcs, Okazuo.. We like Orcs.. You boars can almost keep up with us! Oh how we'll make you spout and drink us, greenboar! We're going to suckle you dry and have our way with you until the morning comes.. Say it if you can't bear it anymore, but you can count on us to keep at it until the three of us are all bliss, head to toe.. You came from faraway lands, so let us welcome you! We'll taste every squirt you can feed us!"

And so it was. Their wild play went on and on with the Minotaurs spouting in all ways many times and suckling the Orc for all the seed he had. The virile Minotaurs went on and on and Orkazuo lasted until the dawn's early light when he was totally exhausted, fully satisfied and filled with bull-milk above and below. They kept stroking and petting him as he slowly recovered, and then kept pleasing his body until the sun would rise no further and afternoon was upon them.

They spent the hot afternoon in the shade of a tree, eating the plentiful fruits and roots the green forest so abundantly offered them.

After an evening of pleasures less wild they cuddled up together and slept long and deep, fully satisfied in the lush forests of the Valley of Peace.

BURDEN

Deep crimson and golden yellow were the oak leaves that whirled through the streets of the Human city of Hindevelt, blown forth by the winds of autumn that slowly descended upon the lands. The crops had grown lush in the summer past and the bountiful harvests made Harvestcoming quite festive indeed. The crop of rye had been reaped some weeks ago, so rye beer and spirits were plentiful again and flowed freely adding their share of joy for both the free of sorrow and those timid of heart.

A big Orc walked the streets of Hindevelt. This was no oddity as came and went there and although shunned and unwelcome the Humans had to yield to their presence, as Hindevelt lay between two Orc mountains, and Mount Riddent had declared Hindevelt part of its Dominion and protectorate.

But this Orc differed from others before him. Besides a ragged loincloth he bore a big backpack of sorts, a huge padded leather bag strapped to him by two leather belts that crossed his massive green chest and one that closed around his tummy. In this bag, and this was most unusual to behold, sat a Dwarf, who let himself be carried round by the green giant of near seven foot tall.

The Orc was quite something to behold. With little covering his body his bulging muscles lay exposed to the chilly air, no fine lines but massive bundles of raw power clad with smooth dark green skin. He looked strong even as Orcs went, and especially his bulging calves showed he had carried this Dwarf for a long, long time, or at least a burden equally heavy for many months.

The Orc's face bore short but broad tusks, his big green eyes and round face did not show the raging fire of many of his kin, but rather he had a careless, somewhat bewildered look about him that bore no sign of strong emotions or malice alike.

The Dwarf who had took him as his mount clearly had seen many winters come and go. He was not old, but the time of youth has passed for him which was clear to see. His brown hair shone with the wax from his scalp and like many a Dwarf from the Rigorai he had done away with his beard.

He looked ill-tempered, vicious perhaps, his hazel eyes showed no joy but rather discontent and all of his expression spoke of nothing else. It would stretch imagination far, too far perhaps, to imagine this Dwarf laughing or smiling, in fact he was scarcely likeable, and cared not whether this was so.

It was such a sight to see this pale, disagreeable Dwarf riding the meekly looking green giant of a kind not liked by Man that the Humans of Hindevelt did not hide their disapproval.

They got unkind stares, some spat at the sight of them and despite the the people swarming the streets the Orc could walk freely as the Humans stepped back, albeit not out of respect of any sort.

“I wanna chew.” The Dwarf grumbled,

“The market’s to the left.”

“Uh, okay..” the Orc shrugged and turned. The Dwarf took him by the tusk and the Orc let his head be turned.

“Ork: the other left.”

“Huh, me dumb Orc..” The green giant turned the right way and walked on.

Despite the celebrations a cocoon of unkind gazes and stares of disapproval surrounded them as the Orc walked the streets. The street gave way to the town square, the center of Hindevelt and the heart of the Harvestcoming festivities. There was a small market, there were drummers drumming, singers singing, jugglers juggling and thieves thieving. Many fine arts were to be seen, there was a play going on and merriness was all around in this beehive of rejoice. The harvest had been the best since long: indeed there was much to celebrate.

The Orc suddenly froze with a jolt, tossing the Dwarf up a little in his riding bag. He briskly started sniffing and got very aroused.

“What!” the Dwarf grumbled, more complaining then asking.

The Orc panted and his booming voice vibrated with excitement.

“Pie! Me Orc smell ap-apple.. Pie! Ohww.. Fresshhh.. sweet.. caramelled hunny.. pie.. pie!”

The Dwarf snorted in disapproval and sighed angrily:

“Orc, -please-!” but close as he was to them it fell on deaf ears.

“PIE !!” The Orc roared and started running wildly, Humans fleeing his path as he stormed straight towards the source of the scents that made him drool and crazed his brain.

He jumped and stopped in front of a small stand where a lady sold her freshly baked pies, and judging from her looks she often enjoyed her own cooking a bit too much.

The Orc looked at all the apple pies that lay warm and fragrant in front of him. His eyes shot from left to right and he vigorously sniffed the scents of them.

“Pie! ap-apple pie with hunny! Farrrreshh from oven!” The Dwarf grabbed the snoutring of the frenzied Orc and tugged it hard.

“Ork: -NO-.” The green giant calmed down a bit.

“Me Orc luv pies and these gooood!” he argued. The Dwarf held his snoutring clutched in his fist.

“Ork: get a grip or I will!” The greenskin yielded

“Z-Zartoth.. it.. it goood pies! We gots coins left for pies? It be hunny pies!” He looked up at the board where something was written. He let his shoulders drop in disappointment.

“Oh.” He sighed in disappointment.

“It costing three numbers. That much. Orc no pie. Orc sad.”

Unexpectedly his unpleasant rider rubbed the green mount.

“No Ork: those are letters and they say pie. P-I-E. And yer right that it smells good and for a half-copper a slice I’d say there’s coins yet.” The

Orc jumped up and down in excitement.

“Orc gets PIE!” It looked no better but the Dwarf actually smiled.

“Yes Ork, you do.”

The lady behind the stand had an uncanny ability in showing all sorts of disapproval, annoyance and loathing and all sorts of combinations of these ill sentiments.

“Pay up and sod off midget! Yer costing me money.” The Dwarf cast her a gaze that could easily pulverize solid granite.

“Will you please at least –try- to get laid this year?”

The Orc tried to look like he wasn’t part of it, which was hard since it was his rider who had spoken. He just hoped this wasn’t going to jeopardize the pie promised to him.

“That yer riding a beast makes you no less a midget.”

“Oh shove a rag in it and talk sense, ya sour raisin..

Sdat eight slices to a pie?”

“Pay it and bugger off please ugly crotch-sniffer!”

“Well, do me one-half and hold the hag-jabber crooked witch.”

He threw two copperpieces from his pouch to her face and slapped his hand on Ork’s shoulder.

His mount hastily grabbed half a pie and walked off drooling.

“Rot in hell, midget!”

“I see you’ve beaten me to it witch!”

As he walked off Ork stared at the warm pie with wide yearning eyes and forgot all that had passed.

“Pie.. yummy hunny pie...”

“Up here!” Ork parted with it and handed it over.

The Dwarf called Zartoth broke off a piece and munched down the handful.

“Hmm, good snout on you Ork: good pie indeed.”

“Me wants pie..” Ork whispered engulfed by sadness,

“Orc get some of it? Me really wants have..” Zartoth sighed in disappointment.

“Have you no trust? Here, take it all. Its delicious..” Ork eagerly took it and looked at the object of his tummy’s desire.

“Zartoth just took bit.. Zartoth no want more? Me share!” The Dwarfs disagreeable face split again in a smile barely shared by his eyes.

“C’mon take it big guy! Yer going wild over it and I’m not hungry anyway. Its getting cold..”

Ork eagerly started eating his beloved treat, oblivious to his surroundings. Mmmm it was so good! They had not eaten in a day and now.. apple-honey pie.. He was aglow with happiness, a sentiment alas not shared by the Dwarf that mounted him.

When he had eaten it all and was licking his fingers five Orcs stepped in front of him. He looked up. Shiny steel spears, black leather loincloths with skull-painted buckles and the Ritdent shield shining on the flap of their loincloths.

Orc Army! A halftroop of his Mountain.

He gave a brisk, happy nod.

Their Overseer addressed him.

“Ah, you Orc of burden! You be Ritdent Orc?”

“Me a Rit Sir!” The Troop Overseer looked over him.

“Dwargh! You be of Rigorai me thinks?”

“I am, I sure am..” the Dwarf growled. One of the grunts turned to another and whispered:

“He not be good looks..” The Troop Overseer turned sharply, walked up to his grunt and smacked the palm of his hand on the trooper’s head with a slap that made ears ring.

The grunt fell on his butt, rubbed his head and looked up in fear.

“Orilac BAAAD behavings !!” The Troop Overseer roared and pressed his grunt on the floor with his foot on the trooper’s chest. Then he started rumbling and snarling Orcish words that could be nothing but the worst of their language.

One of the troopers spoke.

“You Orc be good Orc for carries so Dwargh be all glad and you be making Ritdent look fine to he for us all?”

Ork shrugged his shoulders.

“Me no get.” Another grunt spoke.

“Orac wants know if you be making Ritdent proud by being good mount for he important Dwargh of Rigorai Clan.”

“Uhh.. Me no get.” The grunts looked at each other and blinked. One snapped his fingers.

“Ah! You be dumbie!” Ork nodded.

“Me dumb Orc.” The grunts were satisfied. Lack of wit was shame nor embarrassment among Orcs, but it made Zartoth frown with displeasure.

“Ork: leg it, we’ve seen enough here.” The green giant hastily greeted the warriors and walked on while the sun slid behind a roof.

After a while Zartoth had steered Ork to where he wanted to be. It was an inn in the outskirts of Hindevelt City that went by the name The Silver Dragon. Word had it that the food was good and the lodging cheap and if you ignored the innkeeper the crowd was decent as humans go.

Zartoth was starving all day now and really wanted to sink his teeth into something warm and nourishing. Ork could use some good grub too, as he had carried him all day with little rest and he noticed the Orc got a bit tired some time ago.

“Okay, Ork: this is it. Brace yourself and let’s face some huemons. Get in, time for grub and a chug, there’s coins for it. Ork moaned contently and walked into the tavern.

Zartoth sighed intensely. Not a Dwarf nor Orc in sight, an all huemon crowd and a drunk one at that. No guarantee the beer had any quality, mind you, just that it was cheap and plentiful.

“Hahahah! Look at that!” one of the barflies hooted and smacked them in the middle of unsavory attention.

“Mountain express!” another intelligently added.

Now even Ork sighed. He hated this kind of attention being

directed at him and Zartoth. Huemons had no sense of honor. He halted by a table to the wall of the inn. And there he stood. He hated this. Oh Gods how he hated this. He could count on it. Even an Orc of feeble wits like he knew what would come, if only because it had happened so many times before.

“Allright then Ork, lets give them their fucking spectacle...”

Zartoth growled in anger, overcome by bitterness.

“You.. You be sure?”

“Sure as FUCK!” Zartoth cursed in bitter resentment and sighed all air out of his lungs.

“Do it.”

Ork reached behind him and seized Zartoth under his armpits. He gulped in sadness. He lifted Zartoth out of the riding bag, and the onlookers saw Zartoth missed both his lower legs, his knees ending in two short stumps.

And, as always, the huemons lived up to their name.

Again.

“Look! That’s the shortest Dwarf I ever saw!” one hooted and many laughed. Ork held Zartoth in front of him, facing the wall, and tears rolled from his eyes.

“Let them rot..” Zartoth growled, holding back years of hurt, “Let the fucking huemonsters rot. Fifty years from now they’re feeding the maggots and there won’t be a wrinkle upon us. Let.. the monsters.. ROT..” Ork gently put Zartoth on the bench. He pressed his hands heavily on the oak tabletop. He pinched his eyes shut and pressed the air out of his vast lungs in what was more shiver then sigh.

“Now that’s what I call a half-ling!” one of the drunks hooted and there was much laughter deformed by spirits of rye. There were sounds of disapproval, but these were drowned out by few that had drunken out their decency, if it had been in there to begin with.

Ork’s enormous muscles tensed up. He clawed his fingers. He pressed his clawnails almost half an inch into the oak tabletop and trembling all over he scratched them equally deep through the hardwood.

“He ain’t HALF the midget he used to be!”

Zartoth shook his head slightly, but kept on shaking it unable to stop. This went beyond his control. The point of no return had been crossed. He could not hold Ork back anymore.

“Please Ork: no blood, I beg of you! Please! Not that!”

Ork gave a nod so fierce it would snap any neck less powerful then his. He pulled his clawnails from the tabletop with such force the oak wood thumped as if struck by a mallet.

He tugged the belt around his tummy and parted the bands of the riding bag, letting it drop behind him.

He turned like lightning and faced the crowd.

“heeeee-YUUUMONNSSSS!” he roared and immediately everybody armed grabbed blade and club.

Ork panted with his whole body, heaving and dropping his

upper body in the rhythm of his breathing.

“You hueMONSTERS go talk PUKE again!! You go be man..you go be man and stand by words! Let.. selfs.. be.. KNOOOOWWN!”

Everybody slowly rose.. An Orc enraged.. none had ever seen it but the tales of it were tales of horror. Some made way to the door.

Ork grabbed his double-bladed axe that hung from his belt and threw it smoothly. The fifteen pound steel-handled axe actually hissed by the speed with which it was thrown.

With an enormous bang it drove itself partially through the door and over four inches into the doorway. No single man present but Ork would have the strength to pull it out again.

“Nobody... gets... out-of-HEEEERE !!” Ork slapped his hands together with such force Zartoth grabbed his ears in pain by the sound of it.

“Me not ferrrrrrral..” Ork growled.

“You no guilt then you no pain... But pain.. there.. go.. be...”

He spread his arms, his voice now razor-sharp and biting,

“Me smells huemon muckyshits.. Heeeuemons all talk and no follow through! Heeeuemons got courage of MICES...”

One of the barflies, who happened to be armed with a crossbow pointed it at Ork and screamed:

“You take that back you fucking monster!”

“Hah..ah..ah...aaaahh... Me hears familiar voice! It be MOUSIE.. with stick-and-stringie thingie...

Ohoooh! Me so scared be!” This mocking and the aimed crossbow made six knifemen side with the first. The rest of the crowd distanced themselves from them making it plainly obvious with looks and their parting who had been the ones.

Ork rammed his fists to his chest with a loud thump, then spread his arms again.

“YIELDD !!” he commanded.

“Red on green looks good, Otuel! Shoot the beast!”

Ork nodded, exposing all his fangs.

“BRRRING IT ON !!” He roared and agile like a panther stalking his prey he very slowly advanced on them.

“I can’t miss ya dumb beast!” the guy called Otuel laughed as if addressing a moron and his henchmen laughed along. But Ork still steadily advanced on them, barely moving and showing the palms of his hands.

Silence had never been like this. It were as if everybody present held their breath. The tension mounted and mounted. It were as if time itself ceased to be, giving way to an eternal now, a spell only broken by the slow advancing of Ork on the seven thugs.

Then it happened.

The arrow zipped through the air with a thump of the bowstring, and with a snapping sound Ork grabbed it out of the air a foot from his bare chest.

And with his focus unbroken he kept advancing on them, slowly biting and chewing pieces of the feather side of the arrow with sharp crunches that broke the silence.

Onlookers blinked. Had this.. happened?

A knife was thrown and this shattered the standoff.

Ork threw the arrow burying its point into the wall, and slapped the knife aside.

“WAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGHHHHH !!!”

he roared and jumped seven foot in the air and ten forward, slamming down on two of the thugs and as he drove them to the ground he punched Otuel behind them so hard in his belly that he shot away to the back wall. Ork crossed his arms in front of his chest and swiveled his massive arms out to left and right, pounding his huge fists into the backs of two on his sides, still standing on the chests of those he jumped. A knife was stabbed, but he grabbed the wrist, jumped over his attackers head and at the moment his feet thudded into the ground he turned full circle making his attacker fly around him ,and using the thug as a mace he mowed down four of them before letting go and making him slam into the wall.

“YUE NO LAUGHING NOOOW !!!” he roared and slapped aside a chair hurled at him as if it were a fly. One of them grabbed a bottle and shattered it's bottom on a table. Then he stormed the Orc with a most unmanly shriek who just jumped sideways and sent him off in the opposite direction with a wild heelkick of his leg. The nearest was grabbed by shirt and belt, lifted overhead and hurled after him so swiftly it mattered not he held a knife.

This was all they could take. Ork marched to the door and pulled out the axe with a loud snap. He threw the door open, flung his arm outward with his finger pointing to the street and ordered.

“OUT !!” He took five steps back and the seven staggered to safety as fast as they could.

He slammed the door shut behind them, gave the handle of his axe a swirl around the axe-head that seemed suspended in mid-air and stuck its ring to the hook on his belt.

“WOH!WOH!WOH!WOH!” he rapidly bellowed in triumph and looked over the tavern. The autumn wind outside was merely chilly, but all were frozen, nay petrified at the sight of what had just happened.

Ork took a deep breath and sighed forcefully in relief. He walked up to his Dwarven friend.

“Thanks.. thanks for not killing them.. Thank you for.. for fighting in defense of my honor..”

“Nobody lay hand on cuddle of Ork and laugh on it. Nobody.”

Zartoth rubbed Ork's huge paw in thanks, biting his lip.

“I.. can never repay you for all you do for me...” Ork smiled.

“Me likes an ale.” he nodded, proud Zartoth had praised him.

“Get one..” Zartoth sighed, smiling and gently nodding.

“Take one for me too.”

Hamuc the Innkeeper clenched his teeth and looked across the room. He held love nor liking for Orcs, but he truly despised the lot the Orc had flogged out of his tavern, perhaps for good. Those thugs were bad for business, and had always been.

“Oooook... I’ve got a barrel of rye-beer I just popped the cork out of in the afternoon. Let’s all gather round and have some: the barrel’s on me. I’m sure the Orc only had beef with those insulting his friend, and he seems pretty civil now. The creature’s flushed out the rats so I’d say let’s grab a mug and let the good times roll..” This was cheered and the tavern slid back into festive mode, but without the rudeness that had passed before.

Ork lay his hands on the bar. Hamuc discreetly stepped back.

“Anything. Its all on me.. Didn’t like the scum and you rid me of them. Name it and it’s on me.” Ork smiled in satisfaction.

“Me likes pint and half-pint of ale.” Hamuc started pouring.

“Anything else?” he asked confidently.

“Ork see cheese there. There me see sausages with hazelnut bread. There they be having eggs and bacon. Me sees cookies and nuts that look yumyum there. That me likes.”

Hamuc made an annoyed gesture under the bar.

“Would that be all?”

“Hmm.. for two.” Hamuc sucked on his hollow molar.

“Oh! That and room for bunk down tonight. And grub for morning. That Orc likes.” Innkeeper Hamuc covertly tensed up to the point he could crush a hazelnut between his buttocks.

“Okay. That’s settled. Here’s the ales and I’ll bring the rest.

I sure hope my bad back can carry all that food..” Ork smiled.

“Me can carry that whole barrel of ale standing there.”

“I bet you can..” Any and all forms of sarcastic intent were lost on the simple Orc, so he grinned contently and walked off.

Ork put the pint in front of Zartoth and sat down facing him with the half-pint.

“Grub be coming and me got us snoring room. “

Zartoth smiled. He closed his eyes. What he had said just now cut deeper then the simple Orc could fathom.

Where would he be without Ork? Nowhere.

Or, at least: there where the dying go. He would’ve died there, died under the tree that crushed his legs, bled to death if Ork had not found him and... got the parts that mattered from under there and crudely but effectively healed his wounds.

The burden of his loss was such that he himself had turned sour, even towards the one least deserving his bitterness.

He grabbed his pint and took a good gulp.

He nodded to Ork and tried to smile but it was parody.

The loss he felt could be lulled nor dissolved by the strongest of rye spirits, and so he forsook them and returned to beer for the taste of it. He looked at Ork who watched some dice action two tables away. His love for the green giant was as pure as

the love Ork held for him and shared in abundance.
But alas there was more then this purest love between them:
Zartoth was carried by Ork in more ways than one.
Hamuc the innkeeper put a huge platter of plenty in front of
them.

“May it be to your liking, Men of the Valley. The key’s for the
back-left room. And there’ll be breakfast as promised.”

Ork’s eyes shone with joy and Zartoth’s spirits lifted again.
“Free grub.” The Orc contently nodded. Zartoth smiled, and
this time it truly came from within. His heart filled with
warmth, the ice of his pain melted by the fire of their love.
Ork showed all his ivory fangs in a broad grin.

“Me loves you.” He tried to whisper.

“I love me too.” Zartoth winked and Ork roared with
laughter.

After finishing the meal both were well-spirited again. They
talked and talked and all was well again. Darkness fell, folks
came and went in harmony.

“Well, strap em I say!” Zartoth smiled and cast his friend a
special look. Ork understood. He put on the riding bag and
stood up. Zartoth nodded.

Ork lifted him effortlessly and slid him in the padded leather
riding bag. One of the newcomers wanted to comment but was
stared down by some pretty alarming looks.

“Can’t tell me you’re leaving!” Hamuc smiled,
“No, we don’t actually...” Zartoth spoke with a touch of
annoyance, catching the unspoken words.

The night was cool and the air moist and fragrant with
odors of autumn. A lot of people walked the streets, far less
steadily then hours before.

Ork walked round the tavern and smiled.

“Nice big bog: that good.” He opened the door and shut it
behind them. He lifted his Dwarven friend from the riding bag,
held him to his chest with one arm and undid Zartoth’s belt
with his other. He cupped his fingers around the Dwarf’s
pouch and held his meat.

“Ooooff that’s been in there an hour or so!” Zartoth sighed and
Ork did the aiming Zartoth needed to stay dry and tidy.

“Zartoth bit tense here..” Ork smiled and fondled a little.

“Well.. I’ve got you for that, nay?”

“Orc be all sleepy all of sudden.”

“Can’t have that can we?”

“Geegheege!”

Ork squeezed and shook the wee from his friend’s twig and
rubbed the moisture on his flank. Then he pulled the Dwarf’s
trunks out and dropped them in the riding bag.

“Say what’s that!” the Dwarf frowned and Ork held him up.

“Me go take you to room..” he grinned,

“And nobody know you be nudie in bag..” Zartoth could not
help but grin back.

"Ork! What if I don't want to?" Zartoth feigned to object,
"Then best stay in bag!" Ork grinned, slid him in and headed
for the tavern.

"You cruel green beast!" Zartoth mocked, but in earnest felt
quite tense by both arousal and the threat of embarrassment,
enhanced by the arousal firming him up.

Ork walked in and shut the tavern door. They got a lot of looks
and this proved to be quite scary for the Dwarf, but very
arousing inside the riding bag. Ork stalled a little but then
climbed the stairs, lifted a candle and closed the door behind
them. He lit the oil lamps of the room and then blew it out. He
neatly lined up the three beds of the room side by side.

"Friend be hard?" he teased,

"Friend got hard by mean tricks Orc?" Zartoth bit his shoulder.

"Me go lookie!" He reached and lifted the Dwarf out.

"Ah lookie! That be hard!" he giggled and licked it teasingly,
"It tasting good too!" he put Zartoth on the bed, undid the
riding bag and casually tugged his belt and let his loin cloth
drop.

The Dwarf grabbed hold of the huge Orctail and tugged it
firmly.

"I sure wouldn't call this hard..." he complained grinningly,
but the Orctail grew in his hand, the swelling steadily parting
his fingers. Ork started moaning. He liked it rough and the
years had taught Zartoth exactly what got his friend going.

"No.. a man perhaps but hardly an Orc.. "

"No Orc?" Ork merrily took the bait.

"No, that's what I said. You gotta prove you're Orc enough for
me, green one! Its that or sleeping on the floor with a blanket."

"It be big! It be hard!" Ork wondered and looked at his
Orctail. It was huge, about a foot in length and aroused as it
was it was close to three inches thick. The green skin was
smooth and slick, soft to the touch but below the soft skin
sheath he was hard as a stick indeed.

"Nonono.. not so green one! I've seen pig-hogs with bigger
ones and if I look at that snout of yours.. Yeah you might just
be a piggie instead of an Orc!" Ork liked the insult and how
the Dwarf got his honor and naughty side nicely aroused.

"Me no piggie! Me Orc!"

"Prove it!" Ork scratched his chin.

"Uh.. how?"

"An Orc would know!" Ork grimaced in delight.

"On the bed with you, we'll see if you're a piggie soon
enough!" Ork complied and lay flat on his back, his enormous
Orctail pointing straight up. Zartoth pushed himself up and got
seated next to Ork. He started groping the Orc's sac that held
Orc-balls the size of small eggs. Ork closed his eyes and softly
moaned and squirmed in delight.

"Orcs have got honor.. Piggies are just dirty beasties...

Are we paying attention here?"

“Oooww... Ooooowwww!” Ork could do nothing but moan as Zartoth knew just how to handle him.

“It isn’t working is it? You’re not even paying attention!”

“Me.. Ooooowwww! Ohhh.. Me.. Ohhhwwwww.. Me.. Me..”

“Me, me, me, me, me, you selfish greenboar!” Zartoth teased on and on and kept Ork moaning and squirming in heat.

Then he stopped and let his green friend come to breath.

“Where’s your honor, man! You’re a piggie I tell you...”

“No! Me be Orc!”

“Lets see about that! I’ve got just the thing to part the piggies from the Orcs!” Zartoth used his hands to hop a little back, but his eyes strayed from his plan. His hands gently started rubbing Ork’s enormous bulging calves, the green skin shone brightly by the sheer tension of the skin over the massive muscle. He shivered.

“Oooh.. you’ve got such beautiful legs, Ork.. Such fine, strong, beautiful legs..” Ork closed his eyes as a sadness came over him. It saddened him so to see his friend as fragile as this.

“Sooo beautiful and strong.. And your feet..” he took hold of one and started fondling and massaging it.

“So strong of bone and meat.. tendons like cables..

Barefoot you stride and they carry both of us..”

Ork’s tears started flowing.

“Please.. no do this..” But Zartoth was gripped by it.

“Ankles like blocks of granite.. the bone so hard.. I wish I was whole again Ork.. I wish I was perfect and whole as you are..” Ork could not contain it anymore. He sat up, grabbed Zartoth and buried him in an embrace of green muscled arms and a huge bulging chest were a big passionate Orcish heart throbbed. Tears flowed as he sobbed and cried aloud.

“Me sorry.. me so sorry Orc..” Zartoth was loose, loose for an instant from the realities of it.

“Why.. why are you sorry?”

“Me took your lègs Zartoth.. Me.. me took my axe and hacked your lègs off of you.. Me broke your body for good. Me so sorry Orc for that!” Ork howled in torment and Zartoth burst into tears.

“You had to..” he squeezed out of his aching throat that cramped shut with grief, “I would’ve died if you didn’t. You saved my life Ork.. I can never repay..”

“Me took axe and hacked off your lègs Zartoth.. Me be monster to steal legs and you never go walk again for what me did.. Hooooooooowwww.. Hooooooooowwww... Me so sorry Orc me did what did..”

Here the Lusts were swept aside and scattered like the autumn leaves in the wind. The pain that burned within and between them, the pain that blazed and burned their souls rose to the surface. They hugged tightly with their bodies, pressed their heads onto their shoulders and the tears of pain flowed like never before.

“I.. I feel so guilty that you do all and there’s nothing I can do to make amends for all my bitterness and the burden I lay upon you.. The burden that is ME..”

“Me taken your legs Zartoth! You be my cuddle and love of life and me went and hacked into you. Me be dumbest Orc in all of world..”

“You are.. you were –never- dumb Ork.. And its you I love most of all. Forgive my spite and hatefulness..”

“Please go and forgive me monster Orc!” Slowly a calm came over both of them. Their tears that had flowed now oozed and receded until the last drop was spent.

“I.. I have never blamed you for it Ork.. But if you feel the need, I can assure you I forgive you with all my heart..”

Ork fell quiet. The calm gave way to a peace he never felt before. He lay the side of his head to Zartoth’s.

“Me never.. me never thought you be burden Zartoth.. Me carry you but me strong Orc and me carries what me loves most in all of world. Me knows it be pain of you that hurting and blacken spirits. It be pain to Orc but me no blame you because me knowing it be hurt of you.”

“I love you, Ork, I love you with all my heart and I always will until the end of time.”

“All love me knows me feel for you. Me’d fight for you. Me’d die for you. You be world of me..”

“I.. I love you..”

“Me loving you so..”

And with these words the curse that had vexed them for years had been lifted. Great was their love, but with the words spoken that fateful night the final barrier that held back their love broke down between them and their souls drew to each other and merged into one.

They never parted. Ork carried Zartoth, watched over him and protected him with the strength of his body and Zartoth lighted the path for Ork with the power of his wits.

The love between them grew stronger and never faded, and the void they had always felt within their selves was set alight by the love they shared, shining brighter than the stars of Izor that lit the western sky.

THE DWARVEN BOOK OF ORCS

Okratan roared with laughter and smacked his mug of beer against his friend's with such force beer and froth shot up and showered down on the two Orcs.

“BUT ME SURE RUMPED HIM !” the Orc roared in triumph and they gulped down a pint between them. They slammed down the mugs, put their hands wide apart and bent forwards over the oak tabletop, facing each other up close with stern, earnest looks.

Then they belched loud and long, their hot breaths of spirits and hops mingling and stroking their faces. They suddenly drew back and slammed their foreheads together, grabbed and slammed their mugs together and emptied them out.

“MOOOOOARR !” Okratan demanded and the annoyed human innkeeper brought them another gallon jug of his cheapest ale.

Ortax filled his mug and then his friend's, not even bothering to stop pouring in between, making more beer spill from the ale-covered tabletop on their shiny green legs.

They grabbed their mugs and slammed them together again.

“HERE BE TO –FUCKING- TROOP OVERSEERS!” The two massive Orcs clearly were oblivious to the customs of humans, and the few that remained sat at the periphery of the tavern, exchanging worried looks.

“WE TOOK TURNS THE FOUR OF US !” Okratan roared.

“WHO BE THE GRUNT NOOOWW !!” The other Orc warrior bellowed and more unhinger went down their gullets. They slammed their mugs down again and repeated their belch-and-bounce routine once more. Ortax' paw shot under the table.

“Me gots Orc itch..” he growled and vigorously rubbed it.

“If Orc got itch Orc go scratch !” Okratan laughed, grabbed a handful of hazelnuts and threw them at his friend.

“TENN-SIONN !” he roared and Ortax lewdly growled at him with his sharp fangs bared.

“Me wisssh me be grunt in Halftroop of yous.. Hmmm.. me'd fucked him senseless...”

A thin wooden stick whipped down on the tabletop, splattering the two Orc Army grunts with beer. Slowly they turned their heads and tried to focus on the angry human innkeeper who swung his stick at Ortax.

“Will you stop –masturbating- in my tavern ya fucking Orc?!” Okratan dizzily peered under the tabletop to get a glance of his buddy's Orctail.

“WHAAA-HAHAAH ! ORC CAUGHT WITH A HANDFUL !” he roared and Ortax hissed in excitement. The innkeeper prodded the Orc's massive green chest.

“You're still jerking that –thing- of yours ya fucking swine!”

“Huah hah hah.. Innkeep be liking a taste or a pokie?” the heated Orc hissed and roared in pain when the innkeeper's stick hit his bulging biceps. He rubbed the cramping muscle of his bulky arm and cast the innkeeper a glance of pain and wonder.

“Why.. Why you huemon go and be hitting? We Orcs just be having fun..”

“Well not in the Silver Dragon yer not! Get the –fuck- out of my tavern.” The innkeeper held his stick an inch from Ortax' snout. The Orc squinted his big green eyes, saw the slender stick was wet with ale and started licking it. Innkeeper Hamuc got as ballistic as a human could when faced with an Orc that outweighed him by fifty pounds of green-clad beef. The human whipped Ortax' shoulder hard with the thumbthick stick, making the Orc grunt aloud and grab the bulging muscle. He started growling in mounting displeasure, but Okratan slapped his face with a loud smack to

get his buddy's attention.

"Orc had it coming: huemons no like see Orcs tug it in front of them!" The agreement of the bigger Orc gave the human more confidence who whipped Ortaxis over his shoulder blades to get the drunk Orc's attention.

"Out!" he whipped the Orc's back again,
"Out ya fucking swine!"

Okratan chugged his beer and got up. Ortaxis shrugged his shoulders and got up as well. His Orc Army loincloth tented a good eight inches, and this combined with his total lack of a rump-flap made the bulky Orc quite something to behold.

Innkeeper Hamuc was beside himself with anger.

"You fucking lustful swine.." He growled and whipped his slender stick to the smaller Orc's chubby green tummy. Ortaxis shrieked aloud and clutched his soft belly groaning in pain, his bending over making the Orc's sizable green rump even more prominent than it already was.

Hamuc's eyes seemed to explode as he took in half the air the tavern held. He raised his stick and whipped it across the bent Orc's shiny green buttocks. Ortaxis shrieked aloud and clutched his blazing rump while Okratan roared with laughter.

"OUT !! OUT YOU BARE-ASSED SWINE !!" Hamuc shouted and while Okratan dragged his buddy along by his snoutring the innkeeper flogged the smaller Orc's rump until the door shut behind them.

The night air was cool, quite refreshing after the hot summer's day's heat that still lingered in the tavern. Ortaxis had found support by holding on to his bigger friend's shoulder and moaned softly.

"uhhhh.. Rump be stingie-hot and ouchie.." Okratan plunged his hand into a rainbarrel they passed and gently rubbed his friend's blazing rump with the soothing water.

"It good?"

"mmmmh.. It real good. You good friend of Orc..."

"Us Orc buddies go cuddle up for night?" Ortaxis let the words sink in, distracted by a gentle finger tracing the divide between his hams.

"Oww.. Me knows Orc too well.. Orc want go and rump Ortaxis.." Okratan's stroking did nothing to lull his chubby friend's Orctail.

"That bad?"

"mmmmmmhh.. You too big for pokie.. Orc know that.. And me need go back to stables to cuddle up with Halftroop. It be order and me already late.. Moon be too high."

Okratan smiled, turned and faced his buddy of old.

They thudded their chests together and hugged, while licking their cheeks and locking their tusks, rubbing their backs and bare buttocks as their Orc hearts thumped in unison.

"Tomorrow.." Okratan's growl held mesmerizing promise and Ortaxis gave his big friend's cheek a playful jab with his tusk. Their snoutrings clanged as they pressed their snouts together, looked deep in each other's eyes and then turned sharply, parting in opposite directions.

As Okratan walked the tickle of the ales dwindled already. Alas, how he envied the Dwarves and huemons who could drink and be in spirits for hours because of it. Orcs got drunk like anyone, but the tickles of wine and beer alike dwindled rapidly when they stopped doing so.

He smiled broadly, now recalling they were thrown out of the tavern without having payed. True, the beer was off, it was the soured kind of cracked barrels, the spoilt

beer none but the Orcs liked drinking, sold at a halfpint's price per gallon jug, but nonetheless four jugs had passed between them so it did count.

Awww, getting more sober one street after another and no nookie tonight, as his Halftroop left him in the huemon city of Hindevelt to watch the gear while they were off travelling from farm to farm to buy some rye for next year's planting.

He sighed.

His Halftroop.. His four Orc Army friends were getting it on right now no doubt, playing and cuddling up by a fire in a field somewhere. Mmm.. The scents of their sweats and musks of arousal, all the tastes from all over their bodies, from the soles of their ticklish green feet to the tips of their pointy green ears that made any Orc squirm in delight if you nibbled at them just right. It had been a mere four days but how he yearned to be back in that cuddle pile again. Cuddlepiles! Where the musks and flavours mingled with moans and groans as strong Orcish bodies slick with their sweats and slimes squirmed, teased and pleased until the last desire was quenched and they yielded to the night, needing no warmth by the heat of their green Orcish bodies that often hugged and cuddled on until the deepest of sleeps overcame them.

Damn! With Ortax under orders this would be one of those tugging nights again..

Okratan left for the periphery of the city to the stables. It was common knowledge that when in huemon towns Orcs slept in stables. Huemons were harsh to deal with in a bad way and offered them no lodging. The lower rank Orc Army officers refused to leave their grunts to themselves and with a few Orc taverns present it was simple fact that Orcs slept in stables. Not only did it rid them of huemon hostilities but the price of a copperpiece for a stablebox that easily held a Halftroop could not be beat, and some stables welcomed Orcs and approved of their cuddling up. Perhaps horse tender Vozall was on shift again. Okratan smiled.

That huemon liked Orcs a little more then he admitted to himself, and when he got on his knees and tugged it under Vozall's watchful huemon eyes he not only got to keep his copperpiece but also got some lusts going for them both, just as long as he played along with the silly game that Vozall did not like Orcs.

Heh, dumb huemons.. Why just look if you can cuddle up and join in? But with every shift he got closer and closer to making the huemon unbuckle, and in fact had a fiveday gurkie bet going with his friends the cute huemon was going to at least tug his Orctail before they returned.

A clattering of hooves echoed through the street and a coach rattled by. Okratan wouldn't have noticed it particularly, were it not the coach had halted some twenty yards in front of him, half-turned, almost blocking the road.

Even in his bedazzled state Okratan got a strange feeling because of it. He looked closely.

The coach was nicely rounded, black in colour with beautiful ornaments in silver and a Nobleman's emblem on its door. Two big horses pulled it, fine, fine black Orc horses from Ritdent breed, no less. This was a private coach, a coach obviously belonging to a House of wealth. The window of the coach had a finely woven black curtain in front of it, bearing the same heraldry.

Okratan scratched his chin.

Then he scratched his tummy.

Just when he wanted to scratch his backside a voice from within the coach addressed him.

"Orc. Approach." It was a male huemon voice that had the ring of nobility about it, clear and pleasant, but clearly a voice seldom opposed.

Okratan now developed all sorts of itches to scratch. It did not dawn on him it was

instinct, the wine still clouded that, Orc instinct cloaked by the beer like the coach window through which the nobleman could look at him, but which denied him sight of the one addressing him.

“Orc. Step up to the coach.” And Okratan –did- it, hesitantly, contrary to any instinct born into him he did so. The voice had up until then sounded neutral but now it had acquired a tremble as the nobleman once more.

“A fine specimen. Take him.”

Before Okratan could fathom what this implied two huemons jumped off the coach, one pulling a gunny bag over his head and tugging a shutting cord. Immediately a soft but heavy thing thudded down hard on Okratan’s head, making stars shoot in front of his eyes.

Roaring aloud he tried to get free of the bag, but the shutting cord proved one that would not open, and the coarse gunny bag was made of well-woven strong fibers. Bright lightning shot in front of his eyes when he got walloped hard on his head again, making him stagger and robbed of his sight he flung his arms about uncontrollably.

The next wallop made him fall to his knees, it hit him again, and one more time still, until a darkness unimaginable came over him and he fell faint onto the cobblestones. Amidst the darkness a moaning was heard. It was a moan of helplessness and despair.

Slowly it dawned on Okratan it was he himself who was moaning.

His eyes fell open and he slowly regained sentience. A vague flickering light bounced off a white ceiling high above.

Okratan’s head hummed a little, but he had merely fallen into slugging-sleep and he knew no harm was done, he just had been out for some time which was a grave danger to all but harmless to Orcs when it felt like it did. He had seen far worse and emerged from that with no harm done because of it.

Okratan slowly came to his senses.

He lay on some soft, padded mat that felt like leather which supported his head, back and buttocks quite comfortably. The warmth of the mat proved he lay there for some time.

His arms were stretched out above his head, and just like his legs they were spread some four feet apart, suspended in mid-air by something sturdy that held his wrists and ankles, he could wiggle his limbs a little but not bring them together or move them more then five inches in any way.

At first Okratan wasn’t the least bit concerned by this. In fact, the soft mat was quite comfortable in his drowsiness and wiggling his limbs about felt good to him. He tugged and pulled a little but his limbs were insistently held. He pulled harder, but to no avail. A bit annoyed he started really pulling at the funny things that creaked by his strength but they held him like he was.

Then it dawned on him he was held by shackling belts, and that he had been knocked out by slugging in a hostile attack.

Immediately he was wide awake and alert by a jolt of raging Orcish fire.

He was caught, shackled, strapped to a bench of sorts with shackling belts on short chains!

He looked left, he looked right, but nothing but darkness engulfed him.

He looked down and gasped for air in shock.

Behind the bench three huemons gazed down on him. The one in the middle wore a vermillion red robe with the same emblem that had been on the coach. Over his shoulders a he wore a crimson cloak. He looked Highborn as huemons go, and

looked down on him sternly but not overly hostile.

The two huemons that flanked him, standing a little back, both wore the same clothing: They wore black leather vests studded with goldbrass points and equally black masks enveloping their heads, the holes for their eyes and mouth were cut such they looked quite menacing. They each held a candle in front of their chests and these shed the only light in the room.

Okratan frantically pulled and tugged at his leather shackles but beside creaking by the force the half-inch thick belts did not yield, not the least bit in fact. He started squirming and his huge green muscles bulged as he tried all he could to break free. "A Dwarven interrogation bench made for Orcs. It's old I grant you, but you can count on it being quite effective in holding you like that. Cease your struggling, green one. Or struggle for all your worth as the look of it pleases me."

Okratan felt humiliation rolling over him and stopped his struggling for now.

"Rrrrelease Orc or you go PAY !" The crimson one smiled in amusement.

"Good. The sound of your voice agrees with me. Nobody says "Orc" quite like the Orcs do themselves."

"Set me frrree and you go LIVE, puny huemon."

"Aaah: puny.. I guess we must be to one as formidable as you. Just look at you: A real strong Orc boar laid out in front of me. A –warrior-.. A proud Orcen warrior !"

Okratan blinked. Orcen.. Huemons sprang from the womb and fell to the earth within a century, and yet this one, barely thirty-five huemon years old, used an ancient word for his Orcish kind lost to all but a few by the succession of centuries since.

"You look amazed, green one." The huemon spoke calmly, fixed in fascination.

"Let go of Orc or Orc go kill you when free.." Okratan growled menacingly, he would scare a giant with his tone of voice, had he not been helplessly strapped down like he was.

"Light the fires." The two masked huemons backed away and lit four oil torches in the four corners of the huge room, large as a tavern and three times as high. Okratan looked around.

All sorts of things decorated the walls. The first thing that caught his eye was a war banner of his own Orc Tribe. It was ancient, a big green flag bearing a yellow hexagon and the Riddent emblem of old. He saw Orc Army spears, crude ones that were older than time itself, the legendary Zarahic spear with the black steel octagon rod and the long slender blade that zig-zagged left to right to a point, the steel still shining like it must have shone eleven centuries ago. He saw Orc Army loincloths, most ragged and discarded centuries ago, tusk necklaces and talismans long forgotten. But he saw also a collection of things made by Dwarves to be used on his kin: Orc-mocking masks, shackle contraptions for all sorts of ways to restrain Orcs from the smallboar to the twenty foot Orc giant, a collection of Orcwhips, a boarcatching-net with the dried up sticky stuff still on it. He also saw common Orcish items, such as coins from many tribes hanging from thin nails through their triangle, square, hexagon and octagon holes.

"A fine, fine collection is it not?" the crimson one gloated in pride.

"Let Orc go..." Okratan growled.

"I think not.. Now all has come to completion. The greatest collection of Orcen artefacts in human hands, MY hands, lining the walls of my treasure room.. And in the midst of it my very own Dwarvish interrogation bench with my very own Orc strapped to it.

Okratan's eyes widened.

"...You go kill me?"

“Oh no-no-no! Nothing of the sort, have no fear green one..”

“Me no fear me roaring mad and go tear you to shreds if not release Orc RIGHT NOW!”

“In a few days I shall release you and you’re free to use your claws on me then if you so desire. But until that time the straps stay on until I’ve had my way with you.. Orc.” Okratan snorted in displeasure.

“What you go do to Orc?” The Crimson One smiled kindly.

“It was about four years ago I got hold of a book. It cost me ninety goldpieces but it was well, well worth the investment. You want to see it?”

“Show Orc book.” Okratan growled, quite angry but a little curious about what this odd tale had to do with him. The human snapped his fingers and one of his servants walked off and returned with a book. It was small, yet a good three inches thick. It was clad in old leather now hardened and cracked but looked good for its apparent age.

“This is my prize. It is a Dwarven book, Rigorai mountain, dating back well over four hundred years yet still quite the read. It’s about you, Orc. Or rather, your ancestors I think, as you seem too young to have lived back then.”

Okratan growled. This was serious. Over four hundred years ago the War of the Mountains still raged. A Dwarven book on Orcs from that era sounded quite ominous to his pointy ears and made him visibly nervous.

“..The book was written on request of the Council for Order and Discipline of Mount Rigorai.” Okratan gulped. A Dwarf Army book. Wartime. About Orcs. His Orcish body strapped on a Dwarvish contraption –designed- for Orcs and a huemon bent on having his way with him using that horrible book.

“It’s composed by The Orc-Breaking Committee and it is called: ‘Making Orcen Warriors Yield: Breaking The Orcboar Captive.’ ..I had to learn Gimalc Dverk to be able to read it and I’ve studied it ever since. And you, my green one, will be mine..” This was fear. Naked fear. This was fear strong enough to make a brave Orc pass gas in terror, and poor Okratan’s fear was such the sound of it bounced off the walls. “No.. No torture Orc! No do to me!” The Orc wildly squirmed and tugged his chains but the poles extending from both sides of the bench were made to withstand just that. The crimson one held out the book and one of his servants took it.

The nobleman walked around the strapped-down Orc and stood at his flank, laying his hand on the struggling Orc’s smooth green chest and started gently rubbing it, looking him in his green Orcish eyes with a gaze that bore no apparent hostility.

“Eeeezy green one...” The hypnotizing soothing words made Okratan slow and then stop his struggling looking at the nobleman in terror and attempted bravery. The Nobleman gently kept rubbing the Orc’s muscular chest.

“Eeeezy.. Struggle if you wish but know this: You will not be harmed. There will be no pain. No pain, if you take it like the Orcs of old did. Rest assured green one. Or should I say.. greenboar?”

Okratan frowned and tilted his head. Now “green one” was polite, quite polite as huemons go. But greenboar was quite something else. Greenboar was a word of affection the Dwarves used when talking to Orcs they held dear.

His green eyes shot across the room bearing this impressive collection of Orc artefacts gathered and hanging from the walls like prized trophies. The nobleman’s gentle rubbing clouded his mind further still. What.. what was going on here?

“Eeeeeeezy.. No pain, I promise..”

The nobleman walked around the bound Orc, snapped the fingers of his both hands and pointed to the Orc’s sides, where his masked servants took position.

The nobleman lay his hands on the Orc's spread legs and started rubbing and kneading his muscled calves, stepping between his feet. Okratan did everything to close his legs as far as he could. The nobleman massaged the insides of his green knees and smiled.

"Open up for me green one.. There is you can do but delay things.." Okratan let his struggling legs relax a little bit. The nobleman gave a short nod and the four hands of his servants stroked and rubbed the Orc's bulging chest. At the same time the nobleman started stroking the Orc's inner thighs with unbearable tenderness while staring him passionately into his Orcish eyes. Okratan needed air, and a lot of it!

"Aaah, goood! You're starting to –feel- now, aren't you. It's goood, isn't it? You got to admit it feels good to you." Okratan was caught between a rock and a hard place. On one side there was his Orcish pride, the pride of an Orc warrior who had been to Hell and back by the agonies of the Great Initiation. And yet on the other side of things.. It –did- feel good, he could not help but forsake his honor by admitting to himself it felt as good as it did.

"Let.. go.. of.. Orc..." he feebly protested and tried to shake the thirty fingers fondling his body. These weren't huemons! Getting on your knees and tugging it for the horse-tender is one thing but this was quite something else. He tried to shake the huemons who were deliciously pleasing him but failed. Gently, even lovingly the nobleman spoke again.

"No, no: You didn't hear me right. I said you've –got- to admit it feels good to you.. See: your nipples like it: look at those, quite pointy all of a sudden.. Are they hard?" Without order the two servants started playing with the now pointy Orc nipples, making Okratan moan in a delight to great to hold back.

Okratan should feel violated. He really should, honour dictated nothing less than furious indignation. Honour dictated he should roar death threats, show his fangs and snap at them, but all he did was squirm in delight seeking anything -but- release and moaned in lust doing it.

There was no Orc present to see him take pleasure in it like he did, all aroused and moaning, and the shackles freed him of his obligation to fight them or do –anything but take this pleasure like it came. The very same shackles that held his body captive freed his mind from the burden of dishonour of liking it like he did. And he did. Should he regain his freedom, no Orc would ever know what had happened here. No Orc would've heard him moan and squirm like that. His captor had been right: All he really could do was delay things. Loyal to his Halftroop he decided to not delay things.

Okratan's huge leg muscles relaxed. Shyly blushing he slowly parted his knees. "Look: Our greenboar's starting to give in.. Keep playing with his nipples: he likes it like that!" The two masked servants were eager to comply and delighted in their task, obeying and helping their Master with the teasing and pleasing of this beautiful green creature that so obviously delighted in it.

The nobleman stepped forward and started tickling and rubbing the Orc's smooth tummy.

Okratan's legs clasped the nobleman's pelvis like a vise by the pleasure of it.

"No, no.. Don't squeeze me greenboar.. Spread your legs for me or we've got a way to make you obey like a good Orkie.. Open up.."

Okratan hesitantly spread his legs, but the fondling of his tummy and nipples was so arousing he had to brace in some way, so his soft thighs clasped the nobleman once more.

"You really need to be taught don't you? You really want us to punish you for being a

naughty greenboar..” The nobleman’s teasing greatly enhanced Okratan’s excitement.

The big Orc found himself to be eager to bring this playful punishment, whatever it would be, upon himself. He slowly parted his legs, looking every bit the naughty Orc he was told to be.

The nobleman’s soft fingers tickled his tummy and Okratan could not help but cringe in pleasure and seize him with his legs again.

The nobleman stopped and sternly looked down on him in what just had to be playfulness.

“Me.. me sorry..” Okratan panted in a great excitement he tried to hide.

“Do you know how naughty greenboars like you get theirs?” Okratan was thrilled and frightened at the same time, because he knew he now got his, whatever it would be. He shook his head and tried to look up at the nobleman with dignity.

“One of the strangest things I’ve read in the Dwarven Book of Orcs, and what I’ll really take my time for now you’ve been naughty, is that big ferocious Orc warriors are best punished by tickling their feet...” Okratan wildly convulsed in horror. Oh no! Not that!

“Are you ticklish? Are your big feet ticklish greenboar?”

“Please..” Okratan gasped in terror,

“No tickle Orc there!”

“Well, well, well.. A big Orc like you who’s so afraid to get his feet tickled. I’m really curious if it’ll drive you as wild as the book says it will.. Not so tough anymore, are you Orc?”

Okratan frantically struggled but the broad finger-thick leather belts shackling his ankles and wrists did little more then creak and the nobleman and his servants took pleasure in seeing his powerful Orc muscles swell and flex as he fought in vain. Indeed: most Orcs are very ticklish and the soles of their feet are most ticklish of all. But strapped down like he was the nobleman and his servants would soon find out just how ticklish an Orc he really was.. Okratan tried to relax and prepare for an unbearable pleasure that would indeed drive him quite wild. Okratan gulped. So this was what naughty Orcs got..

The nobleman stepped back and looked at the big Orc’s feet. He smiled and stroked the soft green soles with the back of his fingers making Okratan cringe. He had not imagined it to be true, but the sight of the big Orc’s fear likely meant the book held true on this “Orc’s Secret”.

Looking Okratan into his shiny eyes he slowly started tickling the soft green soles of the Orc’s feet, which made him squirm and giggle as they were every bit as sensitive as the Dwarven book had revealed. After he found the most sensitive spots of the Orc’s big feet he suddenly really let him have it as well as he could.

Okratan howled and shrieked with laughter. Ten fingers tickled the soles of his Orc feet, the weak spot of every Orc, and Okratan was so ticklish and the nobleman so adept that it soon proved way beyond what even the bravest Orc giant could handle. Excited by the frantic squirming, chuckling and shrieking the nobleman tickled on and on.

After an eternity of wild Orcish giggles and tickling with short breaks to keep Okratan from fainting, but keeping him close to it nonetheless, the nobleman stopped and let the huge Orc come to breath, looking down on the green warrior in satisfaction.

“And?”

“Me.. go.. be.. good obeyings!” The nobleman shook his head.

“No.. That’s not what I want to hear.”

He started tickling the Orc's feet again which, as the Orc book had foretold, was quite enough to drive poor Okratan shrieking mad, he would beg him to stop if the nobleman only let him, but the crimson one was all too pleased to make this Orc squirm in incomprehensible

pleasure. Minute after minute he kept the Orc at the brink of madness or fainting, whichever would come first, enraptured by a frenzy of joy, lust and thrill and total surrender.

At last he stopped and let the beefy Orc regain sentience. He looked at his servants who clearly thrived on the sight of the Orc going through the roof with unbearable pleasure that was his punishment and reward at the same time.

"Looks like fun doesn't it?" The servants eagerly nodded.

"You guys want to make him squirm yourself?"

Okratan squeaked unmanly. Agony and ecstasy, two sensations very dear to him. But this was beyond any comprehension, so unspeakably intense the Orc didn't dare to seek it out himself.

"It's fun making a big Orc squirm like that. Want to try?" Eager nods from both. Although masked it was clear that Okratan aroused their lusts and being servants the prospect of taking charge and driving this huge beefy Orc beyond himself held special appeal.

"Good! My greenboar needs taught a lesson so I'd say the two of you take turns at tickling those big Orc feet and let's see which one of you does it best! By all means take your time, my greenboar has been very naughty..."

"Please! No do to poor poor Okratan! Mercy on Orc! Mercy on Orc!" The nobleman smiled.

"mmm.. Okratan. A beautiful name for a feisty Orcboar! Let's see how strong you are!"

The nobleman stepped back and let his servants take turns at driving the big Orc warrior beyond frenzy, time and time again, making him squirm and sweat so much the beefy green creature glistened with it, wetted the bench with his sweats until it dripped off it onto the floor. This Orc bulged with powerful muscles, but the nobleman had not expected him to writhe and shriek seemingly untiring for well over half an hour.

"Okay, stop it.. Let's keep him from pissing himself. Now you're both quite good at the tickling of Orc feet so whenever he gets naughty again I'll let the two of you take turns at tickling him so you can keep it up a long time." The nobleman then addressed the heavily panting but still quite lively Orc.

"Well?"

"Me.. me liking it.." Okratan had finally found the courage to speak his true feelings. "Me Orc liking you do thingies to me.. Me wants you go on with playings with Orc. It good.."

The nobleman smiled and closed his eyes in satisfaction. The Orc's pleasure had been clear for all to see, but now the green warrior openly admitted it to himself and the three of them, which held an unspoken vow to take all they had for him. The nobleman sniffed and closed his eyes.

"The book holds true. Orcen pleasure musks excite the nose. Let's make you sweat all of them to scent my Orc room for months to come." The nobleman got between Okratan's legs and rubbed the slick wet skin of the Orc's legs.

"mmm.. Hot and slippery like a good Orc.." He eagerly grabbed hold of the Orc's loincloth and looked at the Rit, the encircled Orc runes symbol of the Orc Radl of Mount Ritdent as well as its Orcs, Army and currency. He played with the ragged

edges of the leather loincloth that comprised an Orc grunt's entire uniform.

"Ah you've worn this for years.. Smelly, greasy and quite revealing with the holes and shreds. Nonetheless it comes off now and don't count on getting it back. You're either too thrilled or a bit scared because you should be up & throbbing by now."

Okratan gasped. Tied as he was he was going to get stripped bare and there was nothing he could do about it. He clenched his teeth in delight. This sweet teasing beat tugging it for the horse-tender a hundred times and then some!

The nobleman pulled the ring and the Orc's belt popped open.

"Aaah let's see what's true about those Orctails those Dwarves wrote so fondly of.. And fondle I will, my all too willing greenboar.."

The nobleman pulled off the Orc's loincloth who startled by the sudden wild tug.

The book held true again. Nine inches of Orctail two inches thick lay exposed to him, and this was still a soft and shrunk wagtail. The Orc's velvety pouch had swollen as big as an apple and bore huge Orcballs. The nobleman drew a little closer and eagerly sniffed the Orc musks that were quite overpowering there. The nobleman started fondling the Orc's sweet parts, playing with the swollen balls and teasingly kneading and tugging the Orctail that immediately started swelling by all this attention. All the tickling had driven Okratan over the top, but now he had calmed down and trusted them, longed nay yearned for all the teasing games these huemons could think up for him.

His Orctail now drew all attention to itself and he could sense their awe when it grew to over a foot in length and some three inches thick. Ortax hadn't lied when he complained Okratan was too big for him. Ortax packed a beastly tug and was quite adept at licking but simply could not take in an Orctail like Okratan's. Okratan was thrilled with what was to be done to his Orctail that eagerly offered itself to them.

The nobleman played with the enormous Orctail and slime of yearning shot from it. He rubbed his finger under the rim of the Orc's huge bright red head and made it squirt over and over.

"Join in! Let's milk this Orcboar and see how much he has for us!"

Eagerly four more hands joined in and as all six hands were bent on pleasing the, Orc's tail pumped its slimes of his yearning over and over, making him moan and squirm in ecstasy.

They went on for quite some time and the conveniently shackled Orc could do nothing but moan and shiver as he got his slickening slimes milked from his tail.

"Oooooww.. Me sooo hot Orc now.." Okratan moaned in despair.

"Squirt it for us you lustful greenboar: show us you're a -real- Orc!"

Squirting was beyond Okratan's control. Many fingers were all over his green tail that was hard as a stick yet had to throb and throb and his balls were gently yet insistently rubbed, fondled and played with, filled to near bursting with Orcseed that itched and burned to be freed.

Even he would not be able to hold it back for long.

The nobleman made a quick gesture. The servants left the enormous Orctail to him and started playing with the Orc's pointy nipples while teasingly tickling his slick green tummy, making the overstimulated Orc squirt his slimes from the tummytickling alone.

The nobleman gestured and all this delightful torment ceased.

"Please.. please let Orc spout for you.. Me sooo hot be!"

"Who said anything about letting you spout, Orc? We like milking your slimes but don't expect us to release you. You're too much fun like you are now.." Okratan got desperate.

"Please.. Please let Orc spout seed... It itchie so.." The nobleman looked at the Orc's huge tail that couldn't be harder then it was now. He tickled with his finger just behind Okratan's spouting slit and the Orc's slimes splattered all over his own green face. "Open wide greenboar.. Lets play a little Orc game!" the panting Orc complied and the nobleman took hold of the enormous Orctail and tickled his sweet spot, making the Orc's slimes squirt high up and splatter into the green creature's own mouth. He kept doing this, making the tied Orc catch and eat his own slimes in a cruel game while his servants chuckled and took delight in this arousing teasing game.

"Orc.. Oooww! Orc.. Ohhh! Orc.. Orc.."

"One word says it al. Want to show us you're a true Orc and spout it for us?"

"Please! Oohww! Me do.. Me do anything!" The nobleman let go of the Orc's overpumped tail. He teasingly looked at the lust-crazed Orc who was near fainting with pleasure and yearning.

"Anything.. Anything is a big word to say my panting beastie.. Let's have some fun with you and then it's your turn.." The nobleman walked off and returned with an oddlooking

thing. He made Okratan open his maw wide and then pushed something between his jaws with rings over his tusks and closed a leather strap behind his head. He stepped back to look at the result.

The Orc's mouth was held open by some sort of goldbrass ring held in place with two smaller ones slipped over his tusks and a strap around his head. With his mouth wide open, his lust-swollen lips protruding and his gaze of uncontrollable lust you just had to feel sorry for him.

"This is what the Dwarves called an Orc-maw bit.. In fact word has it they still do." The nobleman got behind Okratan's head and opened two latches, making the part of the leather mat that supported his head hinge downward. He held the Orcs big green bald head and played with the tips of his pointy ears.

"Trust me: you'll like this.." The nobleman said tenderly and the fully aroused Orc needed no further encouragement. He now felt that the part of the leather mat supporting his Orc buttocks was hinged away too, leaving him lying on his back with his arms and legs spread and suspended in mid-air.

Okratan let himself be led and let his head go back, as if looking up. From the side of the bench came a thin chain the nobleman pulled through his snoutring and attached to the other side, leaving the Orc in a not too uncomfortable yet quite odd position with his mouth held open by the Orc-maw bit which added to his look of amazement.. Right in front of him he saw the nobleman unbuckle and step out of his pants. He had never seen a huemon's meat, let alone one standing to full attention right in front of his snout.

He eagerly smelled the alien scents and gave soft oinks of excitement.

The purpose of the Orc-maw bit and this odd new tying now dawned on him.

"Good. Time to feed you some human juices, and you'll get to taste them all!"

Okratan wildly panted and oinked in excitement when the nobleman stepped up to him and allowed the Orc to eagerly sniff him before he slipped his huemon meat through the Orc-maw bit into Okratan's mouth.

Okratan needed no encouragement of any sort and eagerly started licking and sucking this alien yet delicious huemon meat offered as a tasty gift he could not refuse.

The nobleman took the Orc's pointy nipples between his fingers and rubbed the satisfyingly hard swollen nubs, making Okratan squirt with excitement.

One of the servants gently yet insistently pushed his legs apart and he gave a

muffled shriek of surprise when a second huemon meat was driven between his green hams and started rumping him. He got his belly tickled and fondled too, and the other servant started slowly tickling the soles of his Orc feet, teasingly adding to his pleasure but careful not to make the tied Orc choke on the meat of their Master. They kept Okratan dazed but just shy of losing control, fondling and tickling him all over while he was rumped by one and he suckled the nobleman's tasty meat out of pleasure and to help him hold on to his senses. The Orc-maw bit made sure Okratan wouldn't bite down in his dazedness and so actually made the Orc feel safer and allowed him to fully let go.

This was no cuddlepile, this was like nothing he had ever experienced. The nobleman and his two servants pleased and teased him in all they did, the thrusting between his green buttocks was quite exciting and the shackles made him take all of this pleasure dealt all over his body, allowing only the suckling of the nobleman's meat in return for all this pleasing. And suckle the huemon meat he did as eagerly and skilful as the pleasing of his Orcish body allowed him. And all the while his hard neglected Orctail squirted slimes of yearning.

The servant between his legs thrusted quite impressively for a tenderling and moaning with clenched teeth he shot his seed between his green buttocks. Oww.. That was –good-, the huemon had mounted him well. While he suckled the other servant drove the third huemon meat in his life into him.

Aaahh! This one was a bit smaller but more then made up for this with his forceful thrusting and the huemon meat now skewering him was hard like there really was a bone in there, hard and fierce like a smallboar but dryer then an Orc, making him feel it all the better.

The servant that had rumped him first now tickled the green soles of his Orc feet, but this one varied slow teasing with sudden bursts of unbearable tickling that drove him wild, never knowing when he'd get it like that so he had to brace all the time.

The nobleman quickly found just the things that made his Orc nipples spark with pleasure and kept on doing all of those, eager to find out new ways to make him suckle his meat better still.

The rumour was true: huemons –were- dryer, but the taste and smells of the nobleman aroused him just like an Orc's musks would, and he was overwhelmed with sensation.

Then suddenly the nobleman thrust and kept it in to the root, hugged the Orc's chest and started biting his slick green tummy quite fiercely. Then he spouted, and eager Okratan tasted the first huemon seed of his life, trying his best to make the nobleman shoot all of it.

As if ordered to the second servant now shot his seed, holding on to his Orc pouch like a rider holds the pommel of his saddle.

While the three of them pleased his beefy green Orc body he got to suckle on the nobleman's soft meat for a long time.

The nobleman pulled his meat out with a sucking pop, undid the chain and Orc-maw bit and held the Orc's head, making the hinged part of the bench support it once more while the servants let his green rump rest again, dripping more on the padded mat then Orc sweat alone.

The nobleman petted his tusked cheek.

“And –now- you get to show us you're a –real- Orc!” Okratan shrieked in glee as the crimson one walked around his bound body and stepped between his muscular Orc legs.

Eagerly he started playing with the thick one-foot Orctail that stood to full attention

and had never ceased squirting. Okratan hopped up his tail encouraging the nobleman to make him free. Okratan pinched his eyes shut and heatedly whispered: "Go rough on Orc! Big tail need big hard tugging.. Show Orc! Me likes rough!" The nobleman's eyes widened. The bound Orc was so absorbed in lust that he now ordered him to tug him hard, taking charge while tied down helplessly. He loved it. This Orc was a wild one!

He started vigorously tugging the huge Orctail and got rougher and rougher, led by the hissed encouragements of the tied Orc. Okratan's moans of pleasure now mingled with pain as the tugs got sharper and harder, it was just how he liked it. His squirts shot well over five foot in the air and shot further with the vigor of the tailtugs that now were beyond a lot of Orcs likings.

Suddenly his green muscles bulged like never before and while he roared aloud he spouted huge thick jets of thick Orcseed high and far as he fought the leather shackles with alarming creaks. The seed kept on coming and splattered all over the naked Orc and all of them, until it receded and the Orc fell limp to the padded mat of the bench.

The nobleman kept on milking the Orctail, denying it retreat and forcing it to keep spouting. Okratan got wild.

"Ooooowwww! No do! No do! It sooo sensitive now!"

"No talk for a –true- Orc! Let's milk this boar to his very last drop!" The servants eagerly nodded. Okratan moaned in unbearable lust, the fire of orgasm consuming his flesh with lightning of pleasure. He was milked senseless, he was kept hard and spouting in a lust that would never end. He could do nothing but moan but the excitements had been such he did not fall faint. One of the servants got a big clay mug and put it on the bench. The nobleman took it, held it to the Orctail and milked his seed into it.

"Oooooooooowwww! Orc all.. Orc go.. Orc go.."

"Orc go fill this mug to the brim and that's all there is to it! So be an Orc and spout or I'll tug lou all night and make you fill all the mugs of my kitchen!" Okratan moaned in agonized pleasure as he was milked for minutes, his Orc see got less and less, until it stopped an inch short of filling the mug.

"Ooooooooooooww! Me spent.. Me all, all spent now..."

"I'd say there's more if I keep at it!" the nobleman insisted and went on, some thick water-like squirts came every now and again until the very last drop he could squeeze out of the tied Orc. Then he let go and Okratan sighed in deep satisfaction, his huge tail going limp in mere seconds. The nobleman looked at the mug and smelled the fragrant Orcseed. Then he put it to his lips and drank the thick Orcslimes. "Hmmmm.. Good.." he praised dreamily and passed what was left to his servants, one declined and the second drank it down.

The nobleman snapped his fingers and one of them left. His servant and he started stroking the Orc's tummy and chest again, now not to arouse but to soothe the exhausted Orc.

"Yes. You are a –real- Orc, every bit as Orcen as the green ones of old. You have given us all you had and it was more then I would've thought to be possible.

Okratan: You are more man then any human and I want to thank you for trusting us like you did. This has been very pleasing."

"Me.. mmm.. me all satisfied in tail now.." Okratan dreamily moaned. The servant returned with a big bowl and a jug. The nobleman took the bowl and started feeding Okratan little pieces of meat and cheese with all the Orcen herbs, spices and flavors the book described. Dreamily Okratan let himself be fed and drank some milk from

the jug when it was offered to him. After he had finished the bowl and emptied out the jug the nobleman and his servants started petting and stroking him in gratitude.

“Me.. me Orc gets untied now?” Okratan dreamily inquired.

“By no means.” The nobleman decided and Okratan got some alertness to him.

“Me no free?”

“Orc: it’s been a great evening, but this has been one chapter of the Dwarven book of Orcs and there are ten. Tomorrow after a good sleep we’ve got all day. The book says you can take it and be rested and virile enough, so we take three chapters a day leaving three full days to explore your Orcness and thrill your body, mind and soul. I’ll make you mine, oh yes.”

Okratan gulped. He was going to get it all, the last he could give would be squeezed out of him. It was a War book after all. It was a torture of Lusts, preying on his Orcish desires. And like his kin centuries ago he did not object.

He was left tied to the antique Orc Interrogation bench that now found use centuries after the Truce.

He slept well.

And in the days to come he was driven further and further still. The strongest of pleasures, the most delightful ways of teasing, tried and improved on hundreds of Orc captives from the Old Era, were let loose on him, one by one, in the order best suited for the breaking of Orcs.

And so it was.

The days were long and filled with merciless teasing, Lust and excitement as he was driven further and further still. Lost were those fleeting moments of the brutality of his capture, lost in an ocean of a pleasing teasing he had surrendered too and was powerless to resist. And whenever the delicious agony made the poor Orc near the very brink of insanity his tormenters held back to make him hold on, but mercilessly resumed once he had caught his breath. Day after day, chapter after chapter, there was nothing but himself, the Nobleman and his servants and the Dwarven Book of Orcs, that ink-on-parchment told of the best hidden secrets, the hidden delights of Orcs, the things that enraptured him in joys uncontrollable.

On the fifth day, for it had taken time for the pleasures to be dealt, the nobleman dismissed his servants.

Okratan lay there stretched out on the leatherclad bench amidst his sweats and Orcish seed, his head lying to his left, panting with his long Orc tongue over his cheek, looking at the Nobleman beside him in admiring exhaustion.

“Orc: you did well.” The nobleman praised. Okratan looked at him with near-begging eyes, while the huemon stroked his slick green chest.

“The room is rife with your musks and scents.” Okratan nodded.

“You.. look.” Okratan looked and saw that on the stand the Dwarven Book of Orcs lay overturned, the back cover closed on it. He askingly looked at the nobleman in silent awe.

“Yes, Orc: you have lived it to the very last page. You have tasted all the pleasures and you have proven to be a real Orc, like your Orcen forefathers of old.” It needed to sink in.

“Me.. me no longer gets the teasings?”

“You did your part, Okratan of Orc, and now I must do mine.” The nobleman walked back and unstrapped Okratan’s left ankle.

“Me Orc free now?” The nobleman nodded and unstrapped the leather shacklingbelt of Okratan’s other ankle, stroking his big green foot. Then he walked around and as Okratan lay there in tranquil bewilderment his wrists were unstrapped and he was

free once more.

The big naked Orc-lust lay there, legs still spread, arms above his head, trying to figure it out as the entire world had been out of his thoughts for days on end.

“Me free..” he sighed in disbelief, trying to piece his world together again.

“In honor’s terms I wronged you, and wronged you direly. Exact your Orcen revenge on me, but know my servants had no choice in things..” Okratan fell silent for minutes.

“Me never..” he started, then thought it over.

“Me never felt so strong like me have for all the days. Me never knew Pleasure could be anything like this. Me yours.. Me your Orc now..” The nobleman hesitated, but was allowed to stroke the Orc’s tummy like he had done and had thrilled them both for the many days.

“Me Orc no broken. Me no mangled or crazed. Me just wanting to be with you more. Me never been big scared like was, but you gave me Orc such pleasures me needed shackles to endure them. Me.. me sooo grateful Orc..”

And so it was. The Orc that was released was not the Orc that was strapped down before. He felt great gratitude and loyalty to the nobleman and his servants. On the cover of the Dwarven book it said it dealt with the breaking of Orcs. If that was the word for it, you could say he was broken indeed, not broken of spirit but his mistrust of huemons had lessened and he had grown very fond of the nobleman and his servants.

It was a loyalty and bonding that proved lasting.

When he saw the stables of the nobleman the small branding iron bearing the symbol of his House, he demanded it be branded into his arm as a lasting display of his loyalty and he insisted such his wish was granted. He in turn merged them into his Family Group, sharing their lives and souls and the huemon who had loved Orcs so much now often walked the corridors of the Orc Tribe of Mount Ritdent, being among those he most admired, accepted into their Tribe and homes, made part of rituals he never even knew existed, as well as swimming the oceans of flesh that were Orcish cuddle-piles.

And so it came to be that the ancient Dwarven Book of Orcs had an eleventh chapter to it, a chapter that started with the undoing of the straps and is still being written to this very day.

WHEN WE MEAT AGAIN

“Well, wel... Ritdent’s kinda eager to get in, isn’t he?” The guard looked curiously at the small Orc, who stood a mere four foot tall, just like most Dwarves of Rigorai Mountain.

“What’s your business here?” the impatient Orc hopped from one foot to another. “Me needs getting in real bad..” the Orc growled in his dark voice that despite his small stature was quite low.

“My, my, my... Aren’t these the exact same words the Ritdent ORL Orc Army used some three centuries back...” The guard sneered and pointed his lance at the Orc’s chest.

“Me needs to see Chairman Orchuarai real bad. It be real urgent!” The guard’s mouth fell open, then he regained his stance and looked defiantly at the Orc who nervously fumbled the steel buckle of the belt of his leather loincloth.

“Chairman Guarai no less! The Chairman of the Council for Order and Discipline, my very highest commander under the King! What makes you think a lowly greenboar like yourself...”

“Me needs pass through! Me needs see: NOW!”

“And quite out of breath at that! Lemme rephrase that: if you were a Dwarven guard at Rigorai’s South Gate and you were confronted with a panting green...”

“Enough Azokh, stop that! Let Oinx pass and quit your teasing!”

“Oinks?” the guard inquired and smiled cruelly. The older guard cast him a frown.

“The Orc’s a good friend of the Commander. A very good friend I might add...” The guard made an inviting gesture and pointed his lance into the gate.

“Pass on through Oinx! I believe the com’s on duty so look for him at the Palace.”

The small Orc rubbed his hand on the older guard’s chest, closed his eyes and nodded his thanks. Then he ran past them, his bare Orc feet slapping on the granite. Guarai looked the parchment over and smiled.

“Oh Queen Esmeraldide, glorious ruler of the shining gem of Dorat Mountain... yada, yada, yada... I humbly greet thee.. yada.. It is from the depths of my utmost humility that I request... yup that should wet her... Five tons of Stannum metal cast in twenty pound ingots of the purity that cryeth when bent... Most humbly... Fifty standard ounces of 999 gold to be paid upon... Requested in name of my Lord the High King Gyroras Silverfist of the North Twin mountain of Rigorai State... Yup, looks quite OK to me! Now just some shellac and that one’s done...” He rolled the parchment and sealed it with the Rigorai Royal Seal, lay it aside and grabbed another parchment. He dipped the goose-feather in black ink and started writing another letter, this one in Orc runes.

“Oh Highborn, Oh Chieftain of the green Orcs Of Ritdent, Highest One of the South Twin Mountain, it is with the utmost respect and highest regards that we would like to...”

Guurai grinned, dotted the unfinished sentence and wrote:

“Tuskie: it’s me! We’ve been mining hard and have found a block of inferior granite to be in our way. It’s estimated to be at least eighty feet across. We’d like you to send a Dragonfire-troop to clear it up. There are no tunnels nearby so they can whip out the Lightningpowder and blast away. King Gyroras will pay the usual price of a silverpiece per barrel of twenty pounds plus a goldpiece hazardpay for each of them. We’ll clear our own mess. The King’s offer of a thousand ounces of 999 gold still stands regarding disclosure of the secrets of Orcish Lightning but you and I know that’ll never happen. My best wishes to Orchindra, your Men and the little ones and

hope to see you real soon..." Guarai grinned evilly, "...painfully yours, the CCOD of Rigorai." Guarai sealed it up, sipped a little apple beer and started on some more paperwork.

Heavily panting Oinx dashed through the corridors, Dwarves jumping from his path. He was close, he was so close! He could almost smell his friend now. It has been so long, sooo LONG since they last met! His heart pounded in his chest and he smiled with all his ivory fangs the widest of Orc smiles. His Chuarai was so close now! He had yearned so much for him, and now they would finally meet again. He ran a little faster, musky Orc sweat pouring off of him.

"Fifty lanceheads of fourteen by four inches forged from grade A manganium steel engraved with the Royal Rigorai inscription along with the five-foot blackened oak rods to match them. Usual quality, six copperpieces for every lancehead that's up to standards.." Guarai underlined the last three words, took a sip and dipped his feather again.

Paperwork, mindnumbingly boring paperwork... He had a whole pile of it in front of him, good for five more hours of him, the parchment and the scratching sound of the goose's feather.

Guarai got his pipe and smoking pouch. He sniffed it. Mmmm.. fine Orcish leaf, cured in rum, pressed hard and shredded to small bits. He loosely plugged the head of his clay pipe and held it upside down over the oil lamp on the small table in the middle of his study. When it was smouldering he sat back in his chair and calmly puffed fragrant clouds of sweet smoke. An uneventful day... How he would love to inspect the troops, wage a mock battle with the Orcish ORL, debate fiercely the latest equipment into the small hours with the Council or do anything to relieve the boredom of that intimidating pile that had to be worked through.

The smoke soothed and calmed him. Behind the table was a big tapestry with beautiful patterning, a gift from Orc general Orac Gar Orac and a beautiful one indeed. On the marble walls of the room hung all sorts of swords, daggers and lances, really ancient ones up to the latest Dwarf Army battlegear. And there in the middle of the room he sat by a small table with an oil lamp, a bottle and chalice, a bag of premium Orcish leaf and a ton of paperwork. He let the calm of pipesmoking lull him from the frustrating tension of a fine day wasted.

"OINX!" a Dwarf greeted the running Orc, who ran to him and grabbed him by the shoulders, running around him spinning round and round.

"Izagath.. me happy.. to see you! Happy-happy-happy-happy!!" He hugged his Dwarven friend, still spinning the both of them around and effectively soaking him in his musky Orc sweat.

"Me glad! Glad! Glad! To see you! Glad-glad! But me must be going bye!" he unhanded his friend and ran on at full gallop.

"Sure.. Glad to see you too..." The Dwarf gasped for air, staggered about and held on to the wall dazed by the corridor spinning around him.

"Fine, fine Ritdent leaf..." Guarai dreamily whispered and looked at the cloud dissolving in the air before him. He loved smoking his pipe, and the peace with Ritdent meant trade with neighbouring Radls was possible, so that all sorts of Orcish smoking delights had found their way into the North Twin Mountain. Aaaahh, the rich taste, this leaf had seen a lot of sun! He almost forgot the boring task awaiting him. "ASIDE! ASIDE! ME PASSING THROUGH!!" Oinx yelled at the Palace Guards from afar, as they crossed their lances to block his path.

"It's not going to HAPPEN Oinx! Be a good Orc and state your..." Oinx had reached them and at full gallop jumped high into the air and somersaulted over their heads,

landed eight foot behind them and ran on.

“HE’S IN HIS STUDY!!” the guard yelled out and chuckled. His companion trembled on his legs, gasping for air.

“He could’ve.. We could’ve... That’s a small Orc in a big hurry!”

“Fine, fine Orcish leaf.. Well worth it’s copperpiece..” Guarai softly whispered to himself and looked at the parchment before him. Manganium steel lances.. Excellent for combat, not that they’ve seen anything serious like that in over a century. Yet another splendid Orc invention: A manganium steel sword could easily cleave a thick chain of the carbon steel the Dwarves used to make, if one had the strength to hit hard enough. That sweet, sweet smoking herb! Guarai was all satisfied...

Suddenly the oak door nearly exploded as it banged into the wall with such force that all sorts of weapons fell from their hooks and clattered on the floor.

“CHUARAAAAAAAI !!” an all too familiar Orcish voice roared, and some more arms came clattering down as the oak door got rammed shut with a bang that echoed through the corridors of the Rigorai Palace.

Guarai jumped up and spit out the mouthpiece of his pipe that he had cleanly bitten off.

“OINX! What a surprise to see..”

“CHUARAAAAAAAI !!!” The Orc thundered and stormed his Dwarvish friend whose eyes and mouth opened wide in shock.

The Orc slapped the Dwarf’s pipe out of his hands. Then he buried his friend in a crushing hug of his big muscular arms, locked his mouth on Guarai’s and drove his long Orc tongue four inches into it.

“Muuuww!Muuuww!!” Guarai protested to this rough treatment, but Oinx insisted. He tugged the ring on his chest, his Orc backpack fell down and he kicked it back with his heel before it hit the ground. Then he wildly grabbed his beltbuckle, yanked it hard and his brown leather loincloth came down, leaving Oinx’ beautiful and highly muscular Orcish body as naked as the day he was born.

Guarai tried his best to escape the ferocious assault of his green lover, but to no avail, and their tongues slipped and滑 as they tried to tie together. Guarai now hugged back as strongly as he could, but it took Oinx little effort to grab Guarai’s vest and rip it open so that the buttons shot off and scattered across the floor. He grabbed the Dwarf’s shoulders and pushed him at arm’s length against his chair, staring right through him with his piercing eyes, his pupils were now gaping black holes by the sheer intensity of the joy and lust he felt upon seeing his Dwarvish friend.

Overwhelmed and quite a bit intimidated Guarai looked at his friend’s big green Orctail that throbbed up vigorously, shooting short jets of Orcslime in eager anticipation.

“Chuuu-arrr-arrrraaaai !!” the Orc growled and pulled off the Dwarf’s vest, tossed it away. He then pressed the air out of his friend again with a powerful hug, and started sniffing wildly.

“Me smelling Chuaraaai!! Me be smelling sweet, sweet Chuaraaai !”

“G-glad to see you too..” Guarai stuttered completely off his guard.

“WAAAARRGGG!!!” Oinx roared, frying the air with his thundering voice. He jabbed up his lower leg and stuck his toes behind Guarai’s belt. In one quick stamp the clawnail of his big toe tore the thick leather belt and the trunks slapped down, leaving Guarai aside from his Dwarven sandals as naked as he was.

Oinx pressed the Dwarvish body to his and started kneading his friend’s buttocks, all the while licking his cheeks. Guarai regained himself to some extent and laughed in shock:

"Hey! It's ME who's the Prime Male of our Family Group..."

"Prrime Male my Asss.. Your ass.. Me be wanting your ass!" Oinx hissed out of breath, grabbed Guarai by his shoulders, picked him up and set him aside. With a sweeping kick he sent the chair flying through the air. He slammed his arm on the table and slapped everything on it ferociously aside, the oil lamp shattering against the wall and starting a small fire.

"HEY!!" Guarai screamed in horror,

"I'm WORKING here!!"

"Me go and be working YOU!!" Oinx hissed aloud with his intense Orcish voice, "It been too long we not felt each other!" He grabbed his friend by his waist, lifted him up as a sack of potatoes and put him down on the table.

"Haaaands and Kneeee!" he ordered and Guarai complied without thinking. Oinx crouched down, jumped seven feet straight up and thudded down on the table, which gave way and the tabletop crashed down on the marble with them on it. Oinx let himself fall on his knees, grabbed his green cosh and shot his hand ful of Orcslime, which he slapped between Guarai's buttocks and started rubbing.

"Oinx! What are you doing!!" Guarai yelled out his astonishment. He found out soon enough when he got a mighty slap on his now wet buttocks, got grabbed by his flanks and felt the hot throbbing head of his friends Orctail push against his rear entrance and shoot hot sticky stuff there. The Orc grabbed his shoulders from underneath, pressing his sweaty green Orc body against Guarai's. He gently bit down on Guarai's earlobe and gave soft little tugs at it.

"Chuarai go open up..." he hissed out of breath,

"Oinx will be coming in now and go mating him..."

"I.. I'm yours for the taking.." Guarai surrendered and stopped his struggling.

"Ooooff! Ooooff!" the Dwarf puffed as the four foot Orc pressed his six inches in. The beefy green Orc was actually being gentle, yet he did not hesitate to drive it in to the root.

"You all filled up?" Oinx panted grinning broadly and Guarai made some unarticulated noises.

"Me go and let you ride Orctail now..." Oinx growled, lifted up Guarai's torso and let the Dwarf sit down fully on his Orctail.

"Ooooowwww! It's BIG, Oinx... Ooooff-oooff! Don't split me there Igahac!"

"Iga-ahc Chuarai, Ic karagac ac.." Oinx whispered, gently hushing up his friend.

Oinx grabbed his friend around his chest and lifted his body a bit, then pressed him down on his Orctail again and then he jabbed up his pelvis driving it in further still. Guarai could do nothing but gasp for air and moan as he got skewered again and again by the hard Orcmeat that never ceased spouting him full of hot slickening goo, that made the sliding easy and painless.

"You want and go hopping now?" Oinx hungrily inquired and Guarai moaned his consent. Oinx started to fiercely thrust up his Orc spear with such force Guarai's body bounced on him, slamming down on the green stake with all his weight.

"Oww-Oww-Oww-Oww!!" the Dwarf moaned and this encouraged his Orcish friend to start licking his back and increase the vigour of his thrusting. Hugging Guarai a green hand slid down and grabbed hold of his Dwarftwig.

"Aaahh! Friend Rai be all big and hard! Me been missssing that handful!" Oinx started to tug the Dwarfish twig and Guarai cried out in ecstasy.

"Rough! Friend Rai be liking it rough now, don't he?!" Oinx demanded and tugged the Dwarftwig ferociously. He let go, grabbed hold of Guarai's ballpouch and shook it wildly, then started tugging his friend again.

"Me go make you spout like Orc!" he commanded and made sure his friend hopped on his Orctail and got tugged so wildly he could not object, not that Guarai even remotely wanted to!

Oinx' stiff Orctail could not endure the hopping game for long, because despite all the Orcslime the thick red head was rubbed hard and thoroughly.

Oinx grabbed Guarai's shoulders and pressed him down on the tabletop, now pushing in his Orctail as deep as he could get it, while it swelled up to a size quite worrisome for the Dwarf he was skewering.

Oinx shrieked and shrieked as he spouted his seed into the tight Dwarfish cave, spouting so much he could easily fill a chalice with it. He gasped for air and he roared in triumph while the fire of orgasm blazed through his meat. After that he growled in satisfaction, a low and deep growl that shook Guarai beneath him.

Oinx' overpumped Orctail deflated to his normal stiffened size, which was enough for the thick Orc seed to flow past it and ooze from the still filled-up Dwarfish cave. Half a minute passed. An Orc and a Dwarf, wet and panting, unified to one body by the big Orctail Oinx held all the way up his friend.

"Oinx?" Guarai panted,

"It's still hard.. oooff! ..and it's still in..." Oinx smiled and teasingly bit Guarai's earlobe.

"Friend Chuarai... be liking hopping game?"

"Ooooff! It was great! But you –er- you're still..."

"Me bets hopping game still be great second time round!"

Guarai got lifted up and slid wholly around the Orc pole once more.

"Please! I can't take it!!"

"Me thinks me go give it anyways!" Oinx started bouncing the Dwarf on his Orctail again, and he could tell by the moans and shrieks his friend had lied and that this second ride thrilled him more than the first. His fingers found and grabbed hold of the Dwarf's twig.

"Aha! Friend Rai be hard as stick! Me Orc go tug Dwarf silly!"

And so it was: As Guarai was rhythmically skewered on the thick stiff Orctail his more modest twig was under ferocious tugging attack. Guarai cringed and squirmed under the pleasures endured, but then got pressed on the tabletop again and felt the Orctail pressed inside of him swell a further half-inch in width and length and then the Orc shot his seed again, howling and roaring, shaking Guarai's body by the rumbling force of his voice.

The Orc panted to regain some breath and Guarai got scared.

"Oinx..?"

"Ghwaraaai ?" the beefy Orc thundered,

"It –er- It's still hard and it's still in..." the Dwarf squeaked quite fearful.

"What friend Dwarf thinks this be meaning?" Guarai gulped in excited horror,

"I have to.. I have to go hopping once more?"

"And me go and be tugging you too!" Oinx decided, lifted Guarai and felt the slickened Dwarf slide down his cosh with surprising ease.

"Friend Rai be ready?"

"I.. I'm yours.."

"That bad! Me hoped you would go and get tight with fear!"

Oinx' strength was such that he easily bounced the Dwarf's body on his Orctail which was every bit as hard as it was the first time around. Musky Orcish sweat gushed off him and soaked his friend and the tabletop beneath them. He started tugging his friend again who rode the Orc cosh and let go completely.

Suddenly he felt Guarai tighten up real hard and squealing aloud the Dwarf shot his seed quite far for anyone not Orc. Oinx halted and hugged his friend, who lay limp against him, thrust his head back on the Orc's broad shoulder and started licking Oinx' ivory tusk. Oinx started stroking his friend's body that was slick with sweat despite his Dwarfish bodyhair. Oinx teasingly fondled Guarai's nipples the way he liked it, and made the Dwarf moan some more.

He let his Rigorai friend come to breath, then inquired:

"Friend Rai need some more Orc tugging?"

"Spare meee..!"

"You be feeling.." he thrust his cosh upward,

"..THIS?"

"You're not.. you're not..."

"Not being ready with you ?" Oinx teasingly filled in the blanks.

"Ooooooowwww!" Guarai moaned and this was the cue Oinx needed.

Soon Oinx was hopping his friend's body again, who desperately tried to hold on. Oinx was beside himself with lust now, and his thrusting got fiercer and fiercer while the thick Orc seed of his earlier rides oozed onto his swollen Orc balls. Suddenly it gripped him. His panting mounted to full power and roaring out loud he shot his seed for the third and final time. He was so enveloped in lust that he threw Guarai on the wood with his beefy Orc body on top of him, and forgetting Dwarfish delicacy he rumped Guarai wildly, all the while spouting his seed, thumping so ferociously Guarai shrieked of genuine freight.

Suddenly, at the summit of rapture, the Cosmos inversed on him and he lost all awareness.

Guarai, pinned to the tabletop by the weight of the beefy Orc, sighed of relief to have Oinx pass out on him. In the midst of ecstasy Oinx had started rumping him Orcstyle, but fortunately he blissed out on him before doing damage to his delicate innards.

Guarai now had the time to come to breath, and the wonderful Orctail that had given him so much joy now slowly receded within him, becoming all soft again. Guarai enjoyed to feel the Orctail being all limp inside of him, and was proud to have rode the green cosh until his beloved Oinx passed out.

Slowly Oinx came to and started stroking his friend beneath him, taking the bulk of his weight off of the Dwarf yet keeping his satisfied tail where it longed to be. A few minutes passed in silence. Then Oinx sat up, out popped his Orctail followed by an ooze of thick white Orcseed.

Guarai rolled over and sat up. He looked around.

A lot of weapons lay scattered across the floor along with a mountain of parchment scrolls now effectively de-alphabetized. To his right lay his broken pipe and chair, to his left the chalice, bottle and oil lamp in pieces in a small oil fire that was still blazing and consuming the oak handle of a two-hundred year old war-axe. The wood platform they sat on was what remained of the table he had worked on which was soaked in sweat, Orcslime and the seed of two Mountains.

Guarai looked astounded to his ripped-up clothing and then at his green friend who grinned his ivory fangs in what genuinely seemed like embarrassment.

"I should have you arrested for assault with intent to thrill !" Oinx chuckled and rubbed his friends shoulder.

"You be looking funny walking nudie in big important Rigorai Palace!" Guarai's eyes widened in shock.

"Me go get you new clothings of yours and you go send Orc from Domi to clean up mess. You been whipping poor tied-up Orkies when me was away? Me likes my

Prime Male be tamer of big strong Orcs!" Guarai grinned a mean grin.

"You know: You could be next, my Fifth Male..."

"Me likes and see that! Me go tie you up, be dragging you to Rigorai market square and go do hopping game for all Dwarfs eyes... You be Prime Male of Family Group but you not go and play whipping games with Oinx!" Oinx grinned defiantly and Guarai pressed his body against his green lover.

"Oinx.. we're One." Oinx nodded slowly, smiling with his eyes closed.

"We be One Spirit, and we been one body too just now..."

Ten minutes came and went.

"How come you assaulted me like that?" Guarai inquired.

"Me been missing you sooo much.. We been apart sooo long me could not bear not being with you.." Guarai smiled and Oinx continued,

"We been apart sooo long... Me couldn't stand it no more and ran to Rigorai to go see you."

Guarai chuckled inaudibly, deeply moved by the romance of it.

"It been ages since we got be together!" Tears oozed from Oinx'eyes and he grabbed hold of Guarai who hugged him firmly.

"Ages, ages..." the Dwarf soothed his green friend,

"Ages!!" Oinx cried,

"It been seventeen whole days!!!"

BEASTS OF BURDEN

"But how many actually get laid? I mean, really?" Thorzal turned the chicken over and inspected its feet. The trader laughed.
"Right.. the pitch is one egg a day, but all in all I'd say that - if you feed 'em well - you'll get ten eggs out of the two of them a week, give or take, throughout the year. And yes, that's also counting winters. And big well-shaped eggs too I might say, strong ones with well-defined yolks. The trick is you got to dust the grain with spent lime a wee bit.."

"I know all the tricks, been raising 'em since childhood." Thorzal smiled. It was a busy and sunny afternoon on the market of the City of Visbeeck, quite the walk from Schimmerlicht village, but well worth the travel, for the traders came far and wide to present their wares and so brought their very best. And it had to be said, these were magnificent chickens.

"Right, I'll have this one too..." he nodded in agreement and handed the trader the chicken, who put it in the yellowed reed basket with the other.

"That is, if the price says yes to me."

"I'm sure we can work out something sir." The trader smiled.

"How about I take your old basket and we'll settle on three chickens in a bigger new basket instead?"

"No such luck, but thanks anyway." Thorzal smiled,

"Two hens it will be. Name your price."

"With these two, I'd say a silverpiece and four bronze, good sir."

Thorzal smiled.

"How about eight copperpieces?"

"It's a beautiful afternoon sir. These are fine chickens. One silver and two."

Thorzal chuckled and crossed his arms in a decisive gesture.

"One silverpiece straight up. That's what I brought so it ends right there."

"Pff, fine by me sir, I came to sell after all. I'll take your silver." Thorzal retrieved the loose silverpiece from his pants pocket, paid, and took his basket.

"Your coin-pouch is ringing sir." The trader grinned, and with a greeting Thorzal took his basket and walked off.

Now that was a good deal. One silver for two big Woodsfielders was a good deal. If his rooster would have them, brown Woodsfielders were just the fresh blood his somewhat anemic coop needed. It'd not just strengthen the blood, it would probably make for interesting feather patterns too, and with that a more attractive chicken to take to the market himself one day.

Thorzal walked the streets admiring the unfamiliar faces and unusual attire of the cityfolk. How a couple of miles could make such a difference. In his village, things were the same always, whereas here in the city new and unusual things were readily embraced, of course also aided by the fact that citydwellers on the whole tended to have a bit more to spend. He stopped by a cheese-merchant's window, and watched the various hard cheeses that had been dipped in multi-colored waxes, and the wide array of goat cheeses in varying degrees of prized decomposition. Such variety.. Thorzal grinned. He'd likely put on a few pounds more if he'd move to the city. Perhaps things were for the best exactly as they were.

As he walked on something quite unusual caught his eye, something he'd never ever seen in his entire life. He came a bit closer to take a better look.

It was a small cart, with a closed storage compartment behind, made entirely of the smoothest wood painted with pitch-black shiny lacquer, decorated with patterns of brasswork that shone like gold in the afternoon sun. Be it small, the cart had a majestic appearance to it. But this is not what had caught his eye, no.

Instead of donkeys or horses, in front of the cart sat on their knees two enormous Orcs, half naked, attached to the bar between the lead poles with two broad belts around their waists, resting their hands on their muscular legs, breathing heavily through their boarlike snouts and glistening with sweat.

"Take a look at that.." Thorzal gasped in awe at the sight of them.

The Orcs, even though on their knees, were huge, perhaps seven foot or more standing up,

and wore black leather gear suited for making them cart-pullers befitting the cart behind them. They wore broad black leather bands around their ankles and wrists, with thick steel rings to them to aid their binding. They had thick black wrappings around their elbows and knees, and wore a chest harness of two broad, crossed leather belts joined with a big goldbrass ring over their hearts. On the top half of their heads they wore tight-fitting masks, also of the same shiny black leather, with triangular eyeholes and standing on top of their heads was a six-inch rod consisting of shiny goldbrass rings, from which hung a tail of many strips of red leather for decoration. Thorzal saw how the big Orcs even were bitted, with a thick rod of rolled leather holding their jaws wide apart. The only thing that amounted to clothing was a loincloth frontflap of the same leather, hanging from the broad belts that attached them firmly to the steel bar between the lead poles.

The Orcs themselves were magnificent muscle-men, their shapes curved and bulging with thick slabs of muscles and clad in dark green completely smooth skin that had a glistening shine to it. Never had Thorzal seen muscle-men as spectacular as this, and to see two Orcs no less, the proudest species of the planet, sit there on their knees in the attire of beasts of burden, was without a doubt the most intriguing thing Thorzal ever saw.

Such magnificent creatures in such complete submission. This was unheard of. Thorzal looked at the thick rolls of black leather spreading their jaws. Bitted. Not allowed to speak. They have to breathe air through their ringed snouts. Slaves to their Master in even their breathing. Thorzal got evermore fascinated as he looked it over - as he looked them over. Such powerful green muscle, glistening with sweat.. What kind of man was this that he could harness two big Orcs, none prouder than those, as beasts of burden for his carriage? Thorzal looked at the strange cart and gasped as he saw a long black whip sticking upwards from a holder beside the seat of the cart. He walked around a bit and saw the broad backs of the Orcs bore not a mark, but that the bare buttocks of the Orcs were adorned by stripes and patches in darker green.

To.. to tame these magnificent Orcs, to strap them in such riding leathers, use them as cartpullers and to whip their bare buttocks to make them obey.. There were no words to describe this! This was too strange, too outrageous, too... Thorzal noticed that the sight of this awoke his arousal. He was a Human with a secret desire, and these Orcs awoke that secret desire within him like nothing before.

He was absorbed in the sight of it, and had forgotten the world surrounding him. He walked around and now stood in front, at a good five paces, looking at the green creatures in their submissive leathers.

He gasped. The Orcs now looked up at him. Kind, intelligent, emerald-green Orcen eyes. There was no dismissal in their gaze, they seemed to look at him as admiringly as he looked to them.

"Orcs.." he whispered before he could hold his words. Bitted. Not allowed to speak. The two Orcs gave a slow nod in acknowledgment, almost simultaneously. There.. there was no shame in their eyes, no shame to be seen like this kneeling as strange beasts of burden in the Human city of Visbeeck, a region of the lands seldom visited by their kind. No shame.. And these weren't the eyes of broken men: the eyes of these Orcs shone with the same fire as those of their Warrior kinsmen, yet they sat there, kneeling on the pavement, strapped to a cart and ready to pull it.

He looked at them. They looked up at him. Thorzal's heart was pounding. Minutes came and went as he stood there, oblivious of the chickens in his basket.

"Wo-ho there good man! Admiring my beasts I see?" A strong voice said, and this broke the spell.

Suddenly Thorzal was back in the then and there, startled their mysterious intimacy had been broken, and quickly turned to whoever was the Master of these magnificent creatures.

Never in a million years had he expected to gaze upon a Dwarf, a Dwarf in these parts, and that this was the Master of these Orcs.

"Oh!" Thorzal gasped in amazement.

The small bearded man radiated confidence and appeared to be in the best of moods. He wore a short black leather vest and trunks which added to his presence. A riding crop with a

big square lash hung from his belt. He carried a small bucket of water in his hand, and had a loaf of bread and a two foot sausage under the arm he carried it with.

"Good afternoon mr. Oh!" he smiled and dumped the bread and sausage on the cobblestones and put down the bucket. Immediately the Orcs bowed down until their foreheads touched the pavement, their snoutrings rung as they hit the stones, and with their outstretched arms they each gently held onto a sandaled foot of the small Dwarf.

"Excuse me for one." the Dwarf smiled, then addressed the Orcs.

"Up!" he commanded.

The Orcs shot upright again, and the tails of red leather strips on top of their masks slapped onto their backs by the force of their response. The Dwarf stepped up to them and pressed their big heads to his flanks with his arms.

"There there my fine beasties." he praised with surprising gentleness, then stepped back, seized their snoutrings and sternly inquired:

"You didn't stare this good gentleman down and upset his chickens did you?" The two big Orcs bowed their heads as far as the Dwarf's hold on their snoutrings allowed and closed their eyes.

"Shame on you, startling the people like that. We'll have a word about this the three of us." The Dwarf gave their cheeks a tap.

"All aside I got you your treat. I take it the two of you are hungry again..." The Orcs each gave two eager nods in perfect unison. The Dwarf undid one side of their bits and took them from their mouths, letting them hang by one strap from their masks.

It was a scene not of this world. It was uncommon to see Orcs, you never saw Dwarves to begin with but then together and then *like this*. It was.. it was so unlike anything Thorzal was accustomed to. And yet, the sight of it agreed with him quite a bit. This small Dwarf confidently and even in a way kindly handling these enormous Orc slaves who responded to him with what almost seemed like willingness.. What a sight to see.

The Dwarf walked around the Orcs to the back of the cart, opened it with a small key and returned with a riveted steel bowl as big as a shield, which he threw down in front of the Orcs with a clap of metal thunder. Then he took the small bucket and poured half of it out in the steel bowl. The Orcs looked at it, then at him in eager anticipation, shamelessly licking their dry lips.

"Drink." the Dwarf commanded, the Orcs plunged their heads down and eagerly started drinking from their large bowl of water. The Dwarf looked them over, then turned to Thorzal, who stared at the scene with his mouth ajar.

"Beats horses every day of the week doesn't it, good sir? Guarai is the name, Guarai of the Dwarven Kingdom of the Rigorai of the Twin Mountain Valley." The baffled Human farmer managed to break loose from the sight and returned the greeting.

"I'm.. I'm Thorzal of this here region, sir. Twin Mountain Valley, that's way up north. You came a long long way. Did you umm.. drive all this way?"

"There's no riding like a two-Orc cart, I assure you." The Dwarf smiled, and exchanged a glance with the two Orcs who briefly looked up, then plunged their heads down again.

"I've never seen anything like this I must admit.." Thorzal said and looked at the Orcs, "Slavery is a rarity in these lands these days, and never ever as.. umm.. as harshly as this. They seem to bear their fate with dignity."

The Dwarf laughed, it was a kind laugh somehow, and one that was full of confidence.

"Don't you pity my beasts one bit, good sir." The Dwarf laughed,

"And by the definitions of the laws of your lands these Orcs are Freemen."

"They are *what*?"

"Freemen." the Dwarf said,

"Those straps and shackles come right off. Slavery as you Humans practice it, we Dwarves and Orcs consider that an outright abomination and a curse upon the world, with all due respect.."

"No, it's okay.." Thorzal hastily added.

"In a way these two are more free than you and me are, sir Thorzal, and in a way they are slaves even beyond what your Human slavery can facilitate. They are mine, that much is true,

but well cared for and live the life that is theirs." Thorzal blinked, trying to make sense of it all.
"Those are fine chickens."

"They're for my coop sir. Fresh blood for the stock and fresh eggs all year."
"Smart plan. They must love you here in these parts then.." the Dwarf chuckled,
"A chicken coop smack in the midst of a city."

"No, no, I'm from the village of Schimmerlicht, a couple of miles up yonder. I was just on my way home to my farm actually when I saw this.." Thorzal couldn't help but look at the Orcs, who now licked out the empty bowl.

"Quite the sight, aren't they?" Guarai said with a slight wink.

"Quite.." Thorzal nodded.

"You seem an upstanding man and civilized enough.." The Dwarf stroked his beard and made a gesture to his cart.

"It so happens that I'm on a travel to the Dwarf Mountain of Raggen, to the southwest, and your Schimmerlicht is on my route to begin with. Sir, if you're on foot you might as well ride with me and get a better look of my Orcs, well their backsides at least!" Guarai laughed and glanced at the Orcs who now sat up awaiting orders.

"Whoah, umm, I'd love to actually." The farmer said, and tapped his chubby belly.

"It'd be quite a haul for your Orcs though, me on board." The Dwarf shook his head and slapped the Human on his chest.

"Don't you mind their toil one bit good man. They'll bear the burden and see it through.." his voice strengthened as he cast them a stern look,

"Lest there be a lot of whipping.."

The Orcs looked down, and seemed to completely accept what was to happen. Thorzal looked at the two creatures in wonder. No shame, no hesitance.. They served as if submission itself was honorable.

"Put your chickens on the back." the Dwarf said, and Thorzal complied. He was offered a ride home, and what an unusual ride it would be.

When he returned, he saw the Dwarf break off a piece of bread and throw it into the metal bowl. The left Orc bowed down to eat it, but the Dwarf squashed the bread with his sandaled foot and barked:

"Not you. You've been a bad Orc today. First bread goes to the good Orc, and the good Orc is not you."

The Orc gave a slow lick across the sandaled foot that had seized the bread from under his mouth.

"No no, don't try to charm me." the Dwarf chuckled with surprising kindness, and the Orc hastily sat up. The Dwarf released the bread from under the sole of his sandal and pushed it to the right.

"This one's for the good Orc."

The Orc who apparently had been good tried to suppress a toothy grin, then bowed down and started eating the piece of bread. The Dwarf now broke off more large pieces and threw them in one by one, and now the apparently bad Orc was allowed to join in on the eating too.

The Dwarf picked up the two-foot sausage, pulled his dagger to cut off both end-cords, then sliced it in two, let the 'good Orc' lick the blade clean and put his dagger away. He held out a length of sausage to Thorzal and matter-of-factly said:

"Come on good Thorzal, give me a hand feeding these two here." Thorzal took the sausage and looked at the Orcs in hesitance.

"Don't worry, they may look wild to you but they won't bite and there'll be hell to pay if they as much as look at you the wrong way. They're well-trained I assure you."

Thorzal got closer to the Orcs than before, and took in their pleasantly musky scent. He held out the sausage and said:

"Umm.. take it, then.."

"No such thing Thorzal, they're not allowed to eat with their hands. Feed 'em like you would a carrot to a mule, like so." The Dwarf held out the sausage and then tapped the Orc's snout with it. The Orc opened his mouth and briskly chewed as the Dwarf fed it to him.

"Make haste." Guarai commanded and the Orc chewed and ate as fast as he could.

Thorzial smiled. This was somehow exciting. He was so close to the green one, who had no eyes for all but the sausage. He held it out and gave an approving nod, which made the gigantic Orc attack it with his ferocious teeth. A bit scary, but this Orc certainly intended no malice. Well-trained indeed.

Slowly but surely the briskly chewing Orc advanced across the length until all was eaten, and to his shock Thorzial got his fingers licked clean in thanks for the meal. Such a soft, agile tongue, the kind thankful look in the Orc's eyes as he looked straight at him.. Thorzial had had secret fantasies of being with males in dominance all his life, and all this strangeness somehow set the fires of lust ablaze within him.

"Your Orcs are... obedient."

"You like that, don't you?" The Dwarf smiled,

"A bit?"

"Umm.. I think I do.." Thorzial said reluctantly.

"You think you do?" The Dwarf inquired, and matter-of-factly bitted the two Orcs at a pace that can only come with experience. The Orcs did not reject their bit in any way, but complied as matter-of-factly as the thick rolls of leather were offered them. How could they not object to this treatment?

"Sure you do.. Up!" The last was a sudden command, and immediately the two Orcs got on their feet and stood to attention. Thorzial was smitten with awe. These muscle-giants were easily over seven foot tall, both about the same height, a head and a half taller than Thorzial who for a Human already stood fairly tall. The difference with their Dwarven Master was immense, yet they obeyed him without question or hesitation. And shyness. There wasn't a speck of shyness to detect in either, or even all three of them. Thorzial's mouth was ajar again in sheer admiration. They must've been a bit short of four hundred pounds each, and it was all muscle. From shoulder to shoulder they must've been over two feet across.

"So big.." Thorzial gasped under his breath, the slightest of sounds, but both Orcs closed their eyes and gave a humble nod of appreciation.

Thorzial looked up and down again one final time, from the red leather tails on their heads to their bare green feet which were going to carry him and their Master for a good many miles in the afternoon sun, then he got seated behind them, on the strange Dwarven cart. From behind, the Orcs were all naked but for some leather belts. Their bulging green buttocks were bared to his eye, and they were bared to the Dwarf's whip also. This was going to be an interesting ride to say the least.

For all his cruelty, the forty-ish Dwarf had unusual charm. For some remarkable reason he immediately felt at ease with this Dwarf, and he made such strange matters as these seem so natural. It was then and there Thorzial decided he really knew nothing about Dwarves and Orcs, and hoped to learn some in the short time given him.

The Dwarf returned from the back of the cart where he had put away the steel feeding bowl, then took the half-filled bucket of water and poured some out over the chests of the Orcs, who shivered in delight as the sun was warm that day. Then the Dwarf got behind them and poured out the rest over their backs, and left to put the bucket away.

Thorzial feasted his eyes on the sight of the glistening wet Orcs with their thick muscle everywhere, and especially their thick-muscled backsides. Mmm, to a man with secret desires like his, it was a great sight to behold. The Dwarf returned and got seated right beside Thorzial.

"Good, off to Schimmerlicht! I'd say make yourself comfortable and ignore the stupid people. All set?"

Thorzial nodded. The Dwarf lifted the long whip from the holder, let it whoosh gracefully through the air and gave the two Orcs a good snap across the backside each, claps that snapped like firecrackers and made the big Orcs startle, before they threw themselves forward as one, and were pulling the cart at what was to their giant selves a brisk walking pace.

Thorzial was embarrassed to be seen riding an Orc-pulled cart, yet enjoyed greatly that these almost naked green giants did this for him without protest. As they rode through the streets they drew quite some looks from passers by, but these oftentimes were pretty far from

approving of them.

"Ignore the stupid people, Thorzal.." the Dwarf calmly said, and gracefully dealt the Orcs a rumpsmack each,

"Every one of them has some kind of dream of wielding power, but they poison themselves with envy when they see someone wielding power in ways they dare not dream about. Tis envy, most of that, and needless pity for my beasts."

"Needless?"

"It's folly to pity someone ten times the man you are, who is unashamed to venture beyond the trodden path. My Orcs have not a want in the world, and they are well taken care of. My Orcs have a Master taking care of them, all the time, while these people at best come home to a nagging wife who after a good many years still is oblivious of their true desires." Thorzal let this thought sink in for a while. In a weird way, even though it was all wrong, it strangely made sense.

After a while of noting disapproval, Thorzal noticed a good many people looking at them with mixed emotions. Envy. Perhaps the Dwarf was right after all. What greater display of power is there, than to have tamed two proud Orcs to the point of becoming your beasts of burden, adorned in the leathers of cart-pullers, for all to see? Thorzal decided to forgive the Dwarf his vice of speaking without modesty.

At the city gate the guards crossed their pikes and Guarai gave two smacks to halt his Orcs.

"Look at this.." one of the guardsmen spoke and walked towards them.

"Leaving the city, sir?"

"Just passing through good man. In and out in less than an hour."

"In and out, still there is a city tax of a copperpiece per cart or carriage. To be paid on leaving."

"Is there?" Guarai smiled.

"Does that go for wheelbarrows as well?"

"Umm, no, but this isn't a wheelbarrow, man."

"It isn't a cart or carriage either, at least not by law." the Dwarf smiled in defiance, and the guard crossed his arms.

"Try me!" he challenged.

"A cart or carriage as defined by the law of the land is one pulled by a beast. This one however is a cart or carriage pushed or pulled by men, such as a wheelbarrow, thereby exempt from taxes."

"That is.." the guard thought a while,

"A loophole I think. It doesn't seem right, they're Orcs and all."

"These are friends, not animals." The guardsman looked at the leather-strapped Orcs and the long whip in the Dwarf's hand.

"Friends.. Oook, let's see what's in the back of this un-cart then."

"No." Guarai calmly said, and retrieved a scroll from under his vest.

"No my foot." The guard said, and unrolled the small scroll. His eyes widened as he looked back and forth between the scroll and the Dwarf.

"Bloody hell.." he whispered in amazement, hastily rolling up the scroll and returning it.

"Sorry to have been a nuisance sir!"

"I think nothing of it." Guarai smiled and the guard walked off to have the city gate opened in a hurry. And so they rode out of the city of Visbeeck into the countryside, with the rattle of cartwheels and four Orc feet slapping and thumping down on the cobblestone road.

"You're some kind of nobleman are you?" Thorzal smiled, recalling the sudden change of heart of the guardsman at the gate.

"I'm pretty big for a Dwarf, yes." Guarai smiled, gave a whoosh with the whip that made the Orcs brace for what was to come, and then landed two fierce smacks across their bulging green hams.

"There." he said and gave a smiling nod.

"You didn't order them to run or anything.."

"Should they run? I can have them run like the wind if you want them to."

"But, you whipped them and left it at that."

"I need no excuses to whip my Orcs. I wouldn't be up to handling them if I felt I did."

"Excuse me Guarai but that's plain cruel and inhuman!"

"Inhuman comes easy to us." Guarai smiled.

"We aren't Human to begin with. But you don't understand Orcs like I do, Thorzal. The occasional lash keeps them alert and into their task, and it's pleasing to do. What more do you need? It's pretty dumb work pulling a cart, and a good lash snaps you out of the sheer monotony of it all."

Thorzal chuckled.

"That's madness!" The Dwarf nodded.

"Aye, that said, listen up.." The Dwarf turned and addressed the Orcs.

"Beasts! There will be no consequence of any sort to anything but dishonesty. To satisfy sir Thorzal here - would the two of you like me to put the whip away for the duration?"

Thorzal startled as the two Orcs briskly shook their heads in unison.

"So you beasties like some whip-work done every now and again? To keep you sharp?" Two brisk nods from both.

"You mean like now? Like have a good hard lick of the lash right now? Tell it like it is!" the two Orcs reluctantly nodded twice, filled with mixed emotions for having been tricked by their Master. The Dwarf turned towards the Human and inquired:

"Can you land a whip where you aim it?" Thorzal had nodded before it dawned on him what he was asked. He looked at the muscular green giants pulling the cart, then at the whip, then at their Orcish backsides. He grinned. So this was the feeling of power the Dwarf had talked about, or perhaps it was his lust for these Orcs that drowned out his inhibitions. His grin widened. Oh evil he.

"They did ask for it." he argued, and the Dwarf gave him a good rub across his back.

"That's the spirit man!" the Dwarf cheered and said to the Orcs:

"We're negotiating your rumpsmacks, beasties. No worries, we won't try your patience too much." The bitted Orcs gave soft squeaks which somehow pleased Thorzal's ear.

"With the whip comes responsibility." the Dwarf said with conviction behind his words, then handed the young farmer the whip. Now that was a whip. It had good weight and the lash at its end was broad and long, a whip that wouldn't cut but in the hands of a fool. This was quite a whip. Thorzal's memory opened up to his younger years when he had played with a whip for fun, snapping playing cards out of peoples hands, barely ever missing. Oh he could handle a whip alright.

But then this, quite another matter.

"Orcs: you won't hate me for this will you?" The Orcs made those soft squeaks again as they reluctantly shook their heads. No, hate him they would not, but apparently the regret was already in place.

This was madness!

"Do it." The Dwarf said with conviction, Thorzal raised his whip and made the lash smack across the left Orc's hams, then let it whoosh and smacked the right one. There it was, the familiar startle and soft moans like when Guarai did it.

"And again!" Guarai cheerfully requested, and two fiery smacks landed across four green hams.

"Are we all sharp and wakie?" Guarai asked, and the Orcs briskly nodded twice to stop the smacks from coming. Thorzal wanted to return the whip but the Dwarf pushed his hand back.

"Hold onto it, Thorzal. In time they'll need reminding. Good smacks the four of them, you're free to do that again for a while and give my arm some rest. Beasts: Sir Thorzal is your Master of the Whip for now."

Thorzal was filled with mixed emotions. Somehow there was great excitement to this, yet in many ways that ought not be. But the Dwarf invited him, and the Orcs in some strange way did not mind it too much, and that to say the very least.

"They enjoy it." Guarai seemed to read his mind,

"It hurts like ball lightning so they're not too eager to admit it, but deep down inside they like it. It appeals to their spirit. And you like it too, don't trick yourself. My eye says you're twenty five years old. Fifty more and you'll fall wretched to the ground. Don't spend your life deceiving

yourself, especially a life as short as a Human's, because you'll get away with it for too long, but not long enough. What age do you give me?"

Thorzial looked the Dwarf over. He looked in his forties, with a short beard and all, but something was not right about him. Something about his age did not add up.

"I'm twenty-seven and I would guess you to be forty, forty five." Guarai stroked his beard and smiled peacefully.

"Dwarves age differently. I'm pushing three hundred years of age, young lad."

"You what?!"

"And my Orcs? Make a guess."

"Umm.. they're about my age?"

"Well over two centuries. Our friendship spans your entire lifetime times two, give or take."

"Friendship?" Thorzial inquired, curious at hearing that word describing this Dwarf and his Orcs.

"Friendship, if not outright love." the Dwarf gave a nod to fortify his words, words that were all wrong.

"That's.. unspeakable." Thorzial gasped in shock. The love between men had been a struggle for him all his mature life.

"For Humans perhaps. You Humans reject the Male Pleasures in some unnatural spasm of misplaced prudishness and warped perception. We Dwarves acknowledge the Male Pleasures and won't deny it its rightful place among the fancies. Orcs on the other hand embrace it as the norm. As do these two. As do I. And if three hundred years of observation do not deceive me: the Male Pleasures are alive within you. I take it there's no mrs. Thorzial." Thorzial fell silent. He should feel insult or outrage, but it felt like a homecoming instead. So unlike the people in his village, these strange beings clearly marched to a different drum. They came from lands where no taboos rested on his innermost desire, his well-hidden secret.

"No, there's no mrs. Thorzial. And yes - it.. The male pleasures, as you call them, are alive within me. How could you possibly know?"

"You ate my Orcs up with your eyes, my man! They excite you don't they?" Thorzial looked again at the shiny green mountains of muscle, in all their their ferocious masculinity.

"Oh yes. They do." The Dwarf smiled and fell silent for a while. Thorzial thought things over. In a bizarre twist of fate these strange beings were his kinsmen where it came to male pleasures.

"Sir Guarai: may I offer you a place to spend the evening and night in my home? You and your Orcs? I feel to already part this afternoon would be too soon. I.. I live alone. I'd love to have you as my guests, you and your Orcs. To talk. Of course."

The Dwarf smiled.

"I'll gladly accept your hospitality." The farmer looked at the Orcs but Guarai snapped his fingers.

"They have no say in this. Yes, we'll be your guests for the night. But I have a better suggestion than yours."

"Umm.. which is?"

"My Orcs excite you. As they do me. I on my part would like to invite you to an evening where you can have your way with my beasties. To your heart's desire." Thorzial gasped and Guarai caught the whip while it fell from the farmer's hand.

"My beasties are quite able to please and provide entertainment. And apart from them having no say in this they also quite enjoy doing so. You invite us to your house, let us invite you to a world of unheard of pleasures and delicious cruelty."

"Delicious cruelty.." Thorzial gasped.

"Come into our world, a world where flesh is willing, and taken to the edge of its limits. A place as wild as a fever dream, a place where these two Orcs will be all yours in any way that pleases you, eager to be nothing less than everything you desire at that place and time. How does that sound?"

Thorzial sighed and closed his eyes. This was no fleeting flirt with a carnival stagehand. This wasn't that exciting but on hindsight disappointing night in Visbeeck he had last year. These

magnificent Orcs were offered him, body and soul, to satisfy the wildest of his desires, expecting to be put to the test.

"I.. I would love that."

"Then they are yours my man Thorzal! Let's have the night of the year together!" It was decided, and now it would really happen. He looked at the magnificent Orcs.

"Do you wish to serve me?" Two brisk nods in unison, no doubt or hesitation.

"Really?" Two slower nods now, this time with hesitation to them.

"Thorzal, does this put your mind at ease? " The farmer nodded.

"You now have their consent, and put your trust in that you'll definitely know should that come to an end. When in doubt, come to me. I know better what's good for them than they do themselves. Ain't that the truth, beasties?"

Brisk nods left and right.

Thorzal sat back and thought it over.

"So they are mine to do as I please, right?"

"As of now. Within boundaries set by me. Yes, they're yours."

"I could show you I can be quite demanding."

"Show us nothing. Do as you please, do not prove yourself to them, let them prove themselves to you."

"Hmmm.. Prove themselves to me.." Thorzal mused.

"In that case, I would like to give them ten lashes with the whip. Each. But they have to ask for it."

"Fast learner!" Guarai chuckled and handed Thorzal the whip, who paused a while.

"Orcs - would you be up for ten cracks of the whip? By my hand? To show me your worth?"

The two giant Orcs slowly nodded twice. Thorzal was filled with excitement that these magnificent Orcs actually yielded to him.

"Then you might as well bend over a little, to offer those green buttocks to me properly." The Orcs complied and bent over, ready to take their rumpsmacks. Thorzal cast a glance at Guarai, then raised the whip, and with whooshes and fiery snaps he dealt them five each, leaving the bitted Orcs moaning and grunting. He halted.

"I promised you ten, that is five more each. Do you want them now?" the moaning Orcs nodded hesitantly.

"Aha: but a bit harder this time now? To prove yourselves?" The moaning Orcs nodded with even more hesitation.

"Then bend over a bit more please. To amuse me, just for that." The briskly walking Orcs complied and firmly held onto the steel bar between the lead poles. Thorzal raised his whip and dealt them five more each, and did make it harder like he promised. The big Orcs now grunted, snorted and moaned and seemed to sweat even more.

"Orcs: thanks for showing what you'll take for me. Walk as you did." The Orcs got upright again and moaning and squeaking they kept up the pace.

"So.. this is the game?" Thorzal smiled, deeply impressed with the complete submission of the Orcs.

"This is but one of the games." Guarai smiled,

"Theres plenty of time to think up more of those and if all else fails I got some tricks of my own up my sleeve. This will be your night Thorzal. Use it well."

Thorzal bowed towards the Dwarf and whispered:

"I never thought they'd do that.." Guarai smiled.

"Orcs hear everything Thorzal, there's no point in whispering. And there's no wrongness in talking about them behind their backs. They will not object, they know what they are in our little game, and like I said they by now are trained rather well."

Thorzal nodded. And what a game it was. For a while they exchanged some smalltalk while the Orcs walked on.

"Guurai.. Is it true what they say about Orcs?" Guarai smiled.

"They say a great many things about Orcs, a lot of them true, and others made up. What have you been told?" Thorzal smiled lewdly.

"Word has it Orcs got quite something between the legs.."

"Stop and stand!" Guarai ordered and the Orcs immediately halted and stood straight as an arrow.

"Come." Guarai invited and walked around the Orcs to face them. Thorzal eagerly followed. He now faced the Orcs he had whipped. They answered his hesitant gaze with uninhibited submission.

He was forgiven. He was allowed.

Guarai turned to Thorzal.

"Shall I bare these Orcs naked for you Thorzal? So you'll see what's yours for the night?"

Thorzal gulped.

"I'd like to see that."

"Good." Guarai decided, turned to the Orcs and pulled the leather loin cloth flaps from under their belts, leaving them naked but for their straps and masks.

So there was truth behind gossip after all. Both Orcs had huge round pouches with thick balls, and over them hung two Orctails that in softness already were eight inches long and two inches thick.

"How's that for you sir?" Guarai smiled and Thorzal was filled with awe.

"Hold them." the Dwarf said.

"In your hands. Feel up those Orctails. Knead them and see what happens. You two won't mind will you, beasties?" Brisk shaking of heads left and right.

Thorzal reached and took one of the Orctails in his left hand. So smooth and soft. He looked up in the Orc's eyes and was met with eager fire. Not letting go, he took the other Orc's meat in his other hand, looked up and was met by the same approval. In a haze of excitement he started kneading and pulling at the green meats, first slowly, then faster and firmer. All too soon the Orctails grew thicker, and with forceful throbs both came gloriously erect, hard meat under soft skin, and finally their foreskins slid back to expose thick deep red knobs at their ends.

Both Orcs were between ten and twelve inches long, and their meat was good and thick.

Thorzal grabbed the two Orctails firmly and drew the soft velvety skin back and forth over the rock hard meat beneath it, slowly but quite firmly. Both Orcs held onto the steel bar between the lead poles and loudly snorted for breath through their snouts, as they were still bitted.

"Thorzal, I'll keep an eye on the road and what's on it, you have your way with those Orctails. I'd say test their submission by making them squirt for you - there will be plenty left where that came from for tonight."

Thorzal nodded and briskly started milking the Orctails, adjusting his firmness up and up led by what these green giants seemed to enjoy most. He alternated tugs left and right and looked at the Orcs, his Orcs, as they squirmed and vigorously snorted for breath.

"Soo.. you two like it like this? Nice and rough.." The Orcs briskly nodded, squirming and moaning in delight. It was quite a sight how strongly the Orcs reacted to the kneading and tugging of his hands, the big green muscle-giants were gripped by lusts they could not contain and squirmed their magnificent bodies and rolled their eyes in what almost seemed like panic. Thorzal had the Orcs beside themselves with lust and excitement, and the creatures had no reluctance in showing him just how much it pleased them. This was power too - the power to please, and one to which the Orcs responded greatly.

"I can keep this up for two hours easy, how about you Orcs?" Thorzal smiled and watched in fascination how the Orcs were crazed by the lust he dealt them. It was very clear these Orcs by no means could keep this up for long.

Suddenly one seemed to swell in all his muscles, and fighting his thick leather bit he started squirting his seed. But oh! How much seed it was! Thick hard jets of white slimes squirted from his Orctail, so hard and so much that it grasped Thorzal's full attention, his eyes wide.

"My! Look at thaaaaat!" he gasped in awe, and Guarai chuckled in the distance. Then it lessened and stopped, and the Orc closed his eyes and tried to come to breath. Thorzal turned to the other.

"You thought I forgot about you, didn't you Orc? Well no such luck for you!" Thorzal seized the Orc's meat with both hands, and in this way worked up to a brisk hard tugging that all too soon had the Orc beside himself again, and then he drove him further still.

"Mmmm you like this better no?" The Orc was too far gone to respond, and instead suddenly firmed up and squirted his seed, which was every bit as much as that of his fellow, if not more. "Sit down and rest a bit Orcs - you two deserved it." Thorzal said, and the Orcs promptly responded by getting on their knees and letting their heads hang as they regained breath.

"I think this will be an interesting night." Guarai decided and added:

"One thing about Orcs: they squirt till they're dry but they fill right up again. And the more they've squirted, the greater their pleasure will be when you take more of them." Thorzal grinned wickedly.

"Then it will definitely be quite the night indeed."

"That was a good tugging, Thorzal. It pays to prolong it, but you got 'em nice and wild and kept 'em there. They liked you before, but I'll bet they like you two times over now!"

"They like me?" Guarai nodded.

"I know them better than they do themselves. Oh yes, they like you alright, well before you pulled the whip on them. Don't worry too much - so far you did nothing but impress us."

"Thanks.."

"Let's get the Orcs on their feet and head for Schimmerlicht. Are your neighbors close by?"

"I live in the outskirts, I got over a mile in all directions, why?"

"Noise."

"Noise?"

"Unless you want to keep them bitted, which is perfectly fine by me, things might get quite noisy. But a mile is good, noisewise. Indoors an Orc can go all out and howl to his hearts desire then."

"This is going to be wild isn't it, the way you say that.." Thorzal hesitated.

"Thorzal: the weakest link in our chain is you. If you can handle it, we surely can. My concern is that you cannot take it yourself more so than that I think you will drive an Orc too far. Promise you keep your head clear and warn us when your limit is reached."

"I promise. About the ride, can I umm.. wield the whip?" Guarai smiled.

"I did not appoint you as their Master of the Whip for nothing! It'll be my pleasure, your pleasure, and I'm sure my Orcs won't complain too much about it either. You seem to like that cruel "inhuman" game of us after all, don't you? Don't be shy.." Thorzal grinned and nodded.

"I guess it's not really cruel if they like it as much as they do."

"You're right about that. One thing though: don't go too far overboard on the Orc to your right."

"The one who's been bad? What did he do?"

"I caught him tugging his Orctail this morning. He's not allowed to touch that without my permission. For that he will be punished. When we arrive I intend to bind him some place good and give him a spanking to last him the rest of the day. Quite a smacking that will be.." They looked at the Orcs and saw the Orc that had been bad look at Guarai in utter fright.

"You know I'm good for it beastie!" Guarai threatened, and the Orc hastily looked down.

"..so don't go too far overboard on him because he has quite something coming as it is."

"Poor Orc!" Thorzal grinned in shock,

"He knows he'll be pulling your cart straight towards that kind of punishment!"

"Harsh isn't it?" Guarai smiled in satisfaction.

"Don't feel too sorry for him one bit, you'll find out that with these two that's merely a waste of your time. If you want to, you can help me smack those thick green hams of his. How's that for fun?"

"This punishment is part of the game right? I mean he likes.."

"You wouldn't think I'd do as much as flick his ear if it wasn't part of our game I hope. You can trust that no matter how wild things get between me and them, it is part of our game. It took me years before I dared play the game as hard as these naughty greenboars like me to play it. Don't let their sweet green eyes fool you: these Orcs like it rough. So, are you with me on spanking that Orc's hams when we get back? Good and proper?"

"I'm with you on that." Thorzal grinned, pleasantly surprised to discover that, in some ways, underneath the game the Orcs turned out to have quite a say in things. A game that had been on between these three for half a century now. What was this friendship, this strange love, that allowed for such unprecedented trust and devotion? And it was equally amazing that the

three of them so readily had let him, a stranger, in on their strange triangle of cruel love. Thorzal decided he was going to put his trust in their game, and would play a part in it trusting on the Dwarf's intuitions, and taste their pleasures in the way that had grown between the Dwarf and his two Orcs.

"Let's get back on the road." Guarai decided and walked back to the Orcs who, like Guarai had told before, had heard everything that was said.

Thorzal and Guarai got in front of the Orcs, and as they bowed down to the ground they not just held Guarai's but also Thorzal's feet. The farmer was moved by such an act of devotion, of complete surrender, by these two green giants who were so willing to give them their best without hesitation.

"Thorzal, what do you think?" the Dwarf said as he picked up the loincloth flaps of the two Orcs and shook them.

"Should we dress my beasties up for the occasion, or shall we make them walk the latter part of the pull as naked as they are now?"

"That would be very humiliating.." The farmer mused.

"Oh, and you can bet they'll feel it too. But these are your lands, and this is your time. The choice of the heart always is the correct one." The Dwarf was right. These were his lands, what if they crossed paths with a familiar traveler on this road through the heather-lands? Hmm.. the choice of the heart. It would be quite something to have them pull the cart naked.

"The loincloth flaps only come on in areas like Visbeeck where naked Orcs are not allowed." the Dwarf volunteered.

"As for me I like them naked at all times, save for the leathers needed for their use. But that is me." Thorzal smiled.

"I don't think their nakedness would make our procession that much more difficult to explain. When in doubt, I'll blame it on you strangers and your strange ways."

"Wouldn't want to offend the foreign traveler by snubbing their culture now would we." Guarai smiled.

"It is decided. We'll take these beasties Orctails bared. Like they should." the Orcs made a soft squeak from way down to the ground. Apparently there were limits to them after all. Guarai walked around the cart and put the leathers away. Thorzal placed a boot on the shoulder of the Orc who had been bad, and softly teased:

"And this little piggie is in a whooole lot of trouble.." The slightest sound in the Orc's throat proved that this comment hit the spot. Thorzal had decided he'd play the game like he felt it was supposed to be played. The Dwarf had called him a fast learner in jest, but indeed he proved to be. The farmer walked around the Orcs and got seated on the cart, the Orcs still kneeling down and exposing their muscular rumps and more in this humiliating pose.

Guarai got seated, and casually handed Thorzal the whip.

"Up!" he commanded and the Orcs jumped to attention. Thorzal scratched his chin.

"How well trained." the Human farmer praised,

"Almost army-like somehow." The Dwarf let out a rolling laugh.

"Thorzal: I am the Army. But yes these are Warriors of the Army of Ritdent Radl. The Orc mountain in the Twin Mountain Valley. Our former enemies but now.. quite obedient I must say. Do the honors." Thorzal let the whip whoosh twice, which made the Orcs flinch, then landed it across their hams with two loud smacks. The Orcs complained with a soft grunt, then threw themselves forward and set the cart in motion. Two big Orcs, now naked, serving him humbly at the slightest command. Thorzal felt a bit like an Army-man himself, though the Dwarf's cheerful comment had been somewhat enigmatic.

Thorzal made the whip crack twice more.

"Fast learner." Guarai said under his voice, and Thorzal remembered that there was no hiding words from Orcs.

The road forked, and the heatherlands gave way to Schimmermonde forest. So close to home now.

"Good, off the cobbles and onto the dirt. Good for Orc-feet, and the more interesting roads in the world aren't paved."

"It's not far now, couple of miles."

"You said that at the beginning. You walk like an Orc my man. How far is it?"

"Just shy of fourteen miles all in all."

"Aren't you glad you hopped on?"

"In more ways than one!" the farmer smiled and cracked the whip left and right.

They rode on.

"Guurai, don't your people frown on this? Orc-pulled carts?" Guurai smiled.

"By no means. Orcs thought up the Orc-pulled cart themselves, we were just keen to pick up on the idea and develop it. It is rather nice isn't it?" Thorzal nodded.

"But like this, naked?"

"No issue. Orcs look best when they're naked. And they're more motivated to do a better job." Thorzal chuckled.

"Surely your game is frowned on though." Surprisingly the Dwarf let out a laugh again.

"Not in the least. For several centuries there is peace between our mountains. Orcs have a strong tendency for living life under harsh discipline. This is something we're comfortable with as well. We adopted their system of Domination and Submission guilds.."

"That's a crazy thing to base a guild on!" The Dwarf cleared his throat somewhat intimidatingly.

"By no means. Thieving is a strange guild. In all shapes and guises, it is domination and submission that built this world, stone by stone. Without domination and submission the world's a boring place. The bricklayer submits to the designer, and the boss oversees them. The house gets built. It's just Orcs prefer the crack of the whip over word salad. That's pure. You can't improve on something that's pure. Enough praise. Now snap those gloating greenboars off of cloud nine before they get any ideas."

Thorzal wielded the whip with skill.

"No time in history was more exciting than the first century after peace came over the mountains, and yet it was the most troubled time of all as well. Imagine two such different peoples finding ways to get along after millennia of all-out ghastly war. It was magnificent to have witnessed it, oh yes." Thorzal closed his eyes. These were memories predating his grandfather.

"What's it like to live for centuries?"

"Fulfilling. The first century is lost on getting over yourself and spent in total confusion about the nature of the world.."

"Hey! That first century is all we Humans have!" Guurai nodded.

"And that's the tragedy of your kind. It's only after a good hundred and fifty years that clarity takes hold. Your society is one of confusion, and your terrible atrocities and wrongdoings illustrate that. Decay grips your elders before wisdom takes hold. We respect your people greatly for dealing with that in the way you do, and we exercise patience with your follies."

"Erm.. how considerate of you." Thorzal snorted at this swift breakdown of Humankind.

Perhaps in a way there was truth to this, but it escaped him.

They turned a corner and suddenly were faced by five Orc warriors, spears in hand.

"Ooooooooh!" Thorzal moaned, since they were driving a cart with enslaved Orcs before it. This was going to be bad. Orcs will stand in defense of Orcs in all matters. The Orc warriors would not let this pass. They were done for.

One of the warriors raised his spear and let out a booming roar.

"Waargh!" The Dwarf beside him suddenly yelled, and ordered his Orcs to stop. Guurai got off the cart, seizing Thorzal's whip.

"Roaghir Coga athath Orx! Kah! Kah!" the Dwarf yelled and without hesitation walked up to the biggest Orc, the one wearing a better attire than what presumably were his men.

"Fahaa! Kuzatuthath atharath olihii!" The Orc roared in return.

"Ozathath hakaah! Itoh! Tath!" Guurai barked back in what seemed quite the hostile encounter.

"Faaah!" the Orc roared in defiance.

"Itoh! Dwargh aclac Rigorai ilec! Itoh! Tath!" The Orc burst out in laughter.

"Reegorai! Itoh. Orc tac Orc gar Tuskath! Itoh. Kaaah?"

"Tuskath izeh! Tekoh! Thath! Acac Guurai. Ekamarratath! Koh!" Guurai produced the small

scroll from his vest and the big Orc unrolled it. He smacked his hand to his forehead and drove his spear in the sand before hastily rolling it up again and returning the scroll. "Tokazac Izeh! Izeh!" he hissed as he held his fist to his chest, and staggered back, staring at Guarai in amazement.

"That would be 'bloody hell' if I'm not mistaken.." Thorzal decided with a smile, recalling the guardsman's response. The lead Orc shouted a command and his four Orcs lined up in a neat row. Guarai walked past them and appeared to inspect the Orcs military style, but including such odd things as poking his finger in their snout holes, looking into their mouths and lifting their loincloths for a shameless grope and a sniffing of the hand. Okay . so Guarai seemed to be an officer of sorts.

Guarai walked up to the cart and got seated again.

"Wish my hands were where yours have been. You were all over them!"

"Ears!" Guarai nodded and Thorzal understood.

"Give them a good one Thorzal." Thorzal hesitated but then decided it was good, and smacked their Orcs' rumps with the whip. As they rode off Guarai made an incomprehensible roar answered by the lead Orc, and his men gave short shouts in rhythmic unison until they were out of hearing range.

"You have a strange effect on Orcs.." Thorzal decided,

"And a most unusual effect on guardsmen. Tell me, what's so special about you?"

"Does it matter?"

"I like to know." The Dwarf smiled.

"Well then. I'm a highest order nobleman. I command the glorious Army of mount Rigorai, I'm a council-member, guild master and personal advisor to the High King of the Rigorai, King Gyroras Silverfist."

"No!" the farmer gasped.

"Either that or I bake a fiendish confidence pie and everybody wants a slice." Thorzal thought it over.

"I raise rabbits and chickens and grow a field of corn in good years." he hesitantly said in shame.

"Do you get by?"

"Fine."

"Do your rabbits and chickens bother you about senseless State affairs and to your ears of corn hold night-long conferences about forecasts on the price of timber?"

"I think not."

"Then you might be better off job wise, trust me. You raise ears of corn, I raise questions that fall on deaf ears. You can't eat a word salad. A job's a job, let's drop this." Thorzal nodded and they rode on through the forestland, occasionally going left and right in a maze of unpaved forest paths.

This small Dwarf was three hundred years old and a great man. Who would have thought.

"Guarai?"

"Speak."

"It's four more miles. I'd like to see what these Orcs got. Race them, and whip them up to speed."

"Interesting."

"Will they be any good once we arrive?"

"That depends entirely on how hard you push them. But at a good speed give them twenty minutes of rest and they're good. They'll have a hard time with those bits in though."

"Should we take them out for the run?" Guarai winked with a broad smile.

"That depends on whether you want to give them a hard time. Either is fine, but perhaps with bit would be more amusing." Guarai reached to the side of the bench and retrieved a leather belt with two rings on each end.

"Attach them to your side, and I'll do the same. You wouldn't want to get thrown."

"Looks like you're in for a hard time, Orcs.." Thorzal teased, and the Orcs gave a soft moan, then let out some loud hisses to clear their nostrils for the run.

Thorzal threw out his whip and started smacking the lash left and right.

"Run!" he commanded and kept dealing smacks to urge the running Orcs on.

"Faster! Faster! Put some speed into it!" The Orcs ran at a great speed, and hissed and snorted wildly for air, sweat pouring off their magnificent green bodies. Thorzal felt the wind in his face and used the whip whenever it pleased them, urging the Orcs on and on to give him their best. Four miles proved to be quite a challenge for the Orcs, at least with a bit in.

"Right at the next turn!" Thorzal commanded and the Orcs turned the cart onto the path to his farmhouse. The Orcs were pouring with sweat and hissed and snorted wildly. With a bit, this was quite a challenge indeed.

"Stop!" Thorzal commanded, and the Orcs eased to a halt on the paved area in front of the farmhouse.

"Hug the granite beasties! Well done!" Guarai ordered, and the Orcs without hesitation threw themselves belly-down on the warm stones in the late afternoon sun, snorting and hissing for breath.

"Now that was quite something!" Thorzal said, impressed by the great effort put forth by the Orcs. Then he got off the cart and took the basket with the two chickens.

"I'm going to put these in the small coop, back in a yiffy." Guarai sat down by his panting Orcs and started to massage their big feet, making the green giants moan softly in delight.

"Thorzal: is that well-water good to drink?" The Dwarf pointed at the well between the farmhouse and the big barn beside it.

"Crystal clear Guarai."

"Good." said the Dwarf, still massaging the big green feet,

"You tend to your chickens and rabbits and whatnot, and I'll tend to my beasties. Take your time, I'll find you when I need you. Good spread you got here! Mind if I poke my nose around here and there?"

"No problem." Thorzal got in front of the Orcs and with his boot prodded the shoulder of the Orc who had been bad. The big Orc looked up to him, still snorting and hissing for breath.

"This little piggy is in biig trouble now." he reminded the Orc, then walked off with his chickens.

At the small coop Thorzal freed his newly bought chickens, who quickly ran to the other side. These were fine chickens. If they lived through the week, he'd introduce them to his best rooster. He walked around and returned with water and dusted grain, and the Woodsfielders quickly overcame their fear and hastily started pecking the grains he threw around for them. Walking past the hen house with a small prize of newly laid eggs he saw the Orcs, who had recovered quite well, being fed under strict discipline. What a game. Guarai sure ran a tight ship. Thorzal was greatly excited about what the night would bring. These Orcs and their Dwarf did not hold back. They marched to a different drum entirely. And first up would be a spanking of the bad Orc's hams, quite badly even by the Dwarf's standards.. Thorzal went to the shed to check up on his rabbits, and time passed for them all.

"Thorzal." Guarai suddenly said from behind, and Thorzal startled from his musings and turned.

"Guarai! I did take some time but - oh my God what are those?"

"Whatever they are, this one's yours." Guarai smiled his oh so charming smile and handed one of the things to the farmer, who took it in his hand. It was a wooden stick almost two foot long, smooth and lacquered shiny black, and on its end was attached a thick black belt of the same length and almost three inches wide.

"This my man is what we call a whipping belt. It's used for one purpose and one purpose only, which is to give Orcish hams the thorough spanking they often so well deserve."

"The bad Orc's punishment." Thorzal decided, and lashed the ferocious thing in mid-air.

"This is going to be brutal right?"

"That's why I'm taking you aside. Apart from my naughty beast this punishment will also be putting you to the test. I'd rather let you in gradually but discipline commands that my beast's spanking is up next. You got to draw one line and stick with that."

"I see.."

"No worries. His cries will break your heart if you let it, but know that deep down inside he'll thrive on it every smack of the way. Just alternate with as much back behind it as I put into it.

Stop when I do. Don't question it at the time of the punishment, if you go for it, carry it through. For a good man who is unexperienced like you it'll be quite a challenge, but not without its reward. It will be, as you put it, "inhuman", but a game nonetheless and you'll learn something about Orcs you wouldn't believe unless you've been through it. Either way, you're in or your out, it's all good. Choose either, but choose now."

Thorzial thought about it, weighing the heavy whipping belt in his hand.

"If I go for this I'll have to see it though?"

"That's vital. Backing down halfway is perilous. In these matters you have to be decisive for the one or the other and then stick with it, that's not just game, it's a matter of spirit."

"Spirit..."

"It'll be quite an experience for all." Thorzial nodded.

"I'll do it. All the way through. I surrender to your game."

"Good. I took a look in your barn and it's the right place for the punishment. I took the liberty of putting my cart there."

"There's a huge lock on there!"

"To us Dwarves that's not a lock. Besides you agreed on me poking my nose around remember?"

"Oook..."

"Let's smack some Orc-hams!" Guarai decided and Thorzial followed.

In the barn the Orcs sat on their knees, bits undone, neatly side by side. They were naked but for their elbow and knee windings, the wrist and ankle-bands, and those strange black masks with the upright red leather tails on top. They seemed fully rested, and one was quite a bit more anxious than the other.

Thorzial saw how Guarai had rolled a big empty barrel against one of the poles upholding the roof.

The time of the punishment had come.

"Not so eager tugging that big green Orctail of yours now are we?" the Orc who had been bad hissed in frightened excitement, and his green eyes shot left and right to the whipping belts of his Masters.

"Yeees.. You'll get yours. All of it."

"Master.." the big Orc squeaked softly in fear. Guarai walked up to him and held out the whip. The big Orc let out an anxious squeak and started licking the belt held out to him. Between his muscular green legs his Orctail vigorously throbbed up to full hardness.

"Like the taste of that?"

"Yes Master.." the big Orc squeaked, trembling before the small Dwarf. Thorzial watched in fascination as the Orc got increasingly excited in what clearly wasn't all fear.

"Master Thorzial and I will give you your punishment, and we'll show you just what it is you are. You can't wait, can you?"

"Ooooh Master.."

"Master Thorzial, step up and let this naughty greenboar have a taste of what you have for him." Thorzial approached and held out the whipping belt. The terrified Orc giant looked at him with begging eyes, then started to lick the heavy leather belt.

"No no.. No mercy for you greenboar. Not when you've been tugging that Orctail of yours without my permission. Your body is mine, every Orcen inch of it, and it serves nothing but me in any way I see fit. You know this, yet you had to rub that thick green meat of yours. Why is that, greenboar?" The poor Orc moaned and his muscular belly quivered with excitement.

"Ooohh.. It feel so good tugging it in morning when it all hard after dreaming Master.."

"You like that don't you Orc? Tell us what it is you did, and tell it to Thorzial who wasn't there to witness your naughtiness." Thorzial smirked. This was quite humiliating. The big Orc squeaked softly.

"Me took Orctail in both hands and squeeze real hard and then me go up and down it, Master.."

"Your Orctail is hard now. Show Master Thorzial what it is you did." The big Orc pinched his eyes shut in shame. So there was shame to them after all.

"And look him in the eyes doing it."

Slowly and intensely humiliated the big Orc took his Orctail in both hands, and slowly but firmly pushed and pulled his meat up and down as far as it would go. He looked at Thorzal with begging eyes.

"This be what me did Master Thorzal.." Thorzal was quite aroused, but tried to remain dignified.

"And you enjoy this yes?" Thorzal asked,

"You like handling your meat like this?"

"Yess Master Thorzal.."

"Nope, we can't have that happening Orc. Not without permission." He turned to Guarai.

"I see. And what cure would you recommend for this affliction mr. Guarai?"

"I think the beast himself knows best." Thorzal looked at the kneeling Orc who hastily put his arms behind his back again.

"Well?" the big Orc pinched his eyes shut.

"When Orc be bad he go get great big punish.."

"I think he's ready for it." Thorzal decided and stepped away. The game grew on him rather well.

Guurai seized the Orc by the tail of red leather strips on top of his mask, and held it like a leash. The kneeling Orc got on his hands now too.

"Come, greenboar. It's time to take your punishment."

Guurai slowly walked the Orc towards the big barrel that rested on its side to the wooden pole. The big Orc trembled and shivered in fear and excitement.

"Knees to the barrel." Guarai ordered and the Orc kneeled down right behind the barrel.

"Now lay your body against it and cross your wrists behind the pole. The shivering Orc obeyed. Guarai got behind the pole, got out a small steel padlock of sorts, and joined the two steel rings of the Orc's leather wristbands together with a loud click.

"Ooooh please... please Masters.." the big Orc pleaded in utter terror.

Thorzal nodded in admiration at the evil genius of his small friend. The barrel and pole made it so that the big Orc sat on his knees and leaned all the way over the big barrel, with his wrists shackled behind the pole. The poor Orc had no place to go, and was tied such that he had no choice but offer his thick green hams in a most convenient and appealing manner.

Thorzal walked up to them. Up close it was even better.

"Are you sorry for tugging that Orctail now, greenboar? Now that you're over the barrel?"

"Ooooh me so sorry Orc!"

"Now that is good to hear. Still you are no further removed from your punishment. In fact you couldn't be closer to it than now. It did feel good playing with it, didn't it?"

"Y.. yes Master.."

"Running both your hands up and down that big thick Orctail of yours, surely that felt great didn't it?"

"Yes Master.. Mmmm it so good.."

"But you were not allowed."

"Me be sorry Master.. Me all sorry now.."

"And you deserve your punishment? You deserve what you'll get?" The Orc closed his eyes and shivered.

"Y..yes Master.. Orc been bad. Orc deserves punish."

Guurai made a gesture and Thorzal readied himself for the inevitable. Having confessed his disobedience, expressed his remorse and accepted his punishment this Orc couldn't be more ready than he was right now.

"Thorzal - match me at a good pace." Guarai said and raised his whipping belt.

SMACK!

The whipping belt came down with a loud clap, and Thorzal startled by the force with which it struck. He raised his, and sent it down trying to match its force.

SMACK!

"Oww! Oww! Oww!" the Orc moaned as the belts came lashing down one after another, and this moaning became louder and louder still.

Guurai picked it up, made it smack harder, Thorzal followed and so they took turns dealing

quite substantial smacks to the poor Orc's green hams, who all too soon moaned constantly and squirmed his body, while Guarai led the way and made his belt clap down harder and harder.

Somehow to Thorzal it was quite arousing, to put the belt to this green giant's hams, seeing his startles and hearing him moan to it. The Orc liked this. Somehow he did.

"Pick it up a bit Thorzal!" Guarai encouraged and the lashes became harder and harder still, the Orc moaned and yelped in torment and flexed his powerful muscles in his efforts to take it all. Then, after a minute came and went, the Orc suddenly started howling, such a loud and pitiful howl, he filled the barn with noise, sweated and clutched the pole in desperation.

The howls were long and deafening, not the howls of a wolf in the night but those of a four hundred pound Orc driven senseless by a rain of heavy belts smacking down across his hams. Left. Right. Left. Right. It went on and on, louder the howls, Thorzal felt such pity for the Orc yet was compelled to go on and on, to wherever this would lead. The enormous Orc held on with all his might, sweating, squirming, howling with all the strength that was in him. Was there no end to this?

Thorzal watched the broad heavy belts fling themselves across the Orc's hams, which contracted and let go under their rhythm, and hypnotized by sheer intensity he did his part, lashing on and on and on with such force behind it.

Suddenly the Orc's howl broke and Guarai stopped. Thorzal followed suit. Was this it? Was this the end of the punishment? The big Orc now let out fast tormented snarls, convulsing with his entire body as if the whipping had not stopped. Guarai pointed between the Orc's legs. Thorzal looked.

To his amazement he saw the Orc was spouting his seed with great hard squirts matching his convulsing snarls. The Orc was engulfed by an orgasm so powerful it frightened Thorzal, the way the Orc spouted so much seed with such force onto the ground. Then, when a thick creamy puddle bigger than a dinner plate had formed the squirting stopped and the Orc let go with all his muscles.

Thorzal looked at Guarai in shock.

"Now you know what you're up against." Guarai said with a satisfied smile. The Dwarf crouched down by the barrel and rubbed his arm over his broad sweaty back.

"Are you good?" he asked with startling kindness.

"Orc.. Orc all good now.." the green giant panted.

"Won't tug it without my say so for quite a while now will you?"

"No.. me all tame Orkie.. Thank you.."

"What's that?"

"Thank you.. Master.. Orc all humble.."

"And that's a good thing. Come to a bit and I'll undo you from this."

"Thank you Master.." Guarai got up and faced Thorzal.

"Never mind the naughty beast, how are you?"

"This is amazing. I expected anything, not this."

"Learned something about Orcs then did we? No regrets?"

"No regrets.." Thorzal whispered in amazement. Guarai slapped the Orc on his broad shoulder and announced:

"Enough laziness. I'll undo you off this, join Ogac and come to some more. You may hug the floor, you deserved it."

"Thank you Master.." the big Orc panted in exhaustion.

Guurai got behind the pole and swiftly undid the small steel lock from the Orc's wristband rings. The exhausted Orc got on hands and knees, slowly crawled to where the other Orc knelt, then dropped himself and "hugged the floor" as Guarai called it - lying tummy-down, limbs spread out, on the granite tiles of the barn. Thorzal looked at the slippery seed-trail down the barrel that led to the large puddle of white slime on the floor.

"How can this be? Do all people do this when whipped enough?" Guarai laughed and shook his head.

"No, that's an Orc thing, and even to them it's an acquired taste." Thorzal pointed at the kneeling Orc.

"And this one.. Has he acquired this taste?" Guarai chuckled.

"What are you getting at my man? Yes: he is like that too. A real fiend that one."

"I say it's his turn to ride the barrel." The kneeling Orc let out a frightened yelp. Guarai laughed his wonderful laugh again.

"The thing is: that Orc's been good."

"Me *really* good Orc today!" the kneeling one hastily added. Thorzal turned to him.

"Are you now? A good Orc? I'd say you'll be a good Orc when you lay across that barrel taking our whipping belts. I'd say you're a good Orc when your hams are ablaze like his!"

"Nooo nooo nooo Master! Nooo me do anything!"

"Anything? You'll just have to do one thing, and that's ride the barrel. Not because you've been bad, but because I want you to."

"Massster Guaraaaai!" the Orc pleaded to the Dwarf, who crossed his arms and smacked his lips.

"Don't expect any mercy from me greenboar.." he coldly said, and added:

"In fact you trying to weasel to me over Master Thorzal's head could be reason enough in itself."

"Nooooo!" the terrified Orc shrieked in desperation. Guarai walked towards him, followed by Thorzal. Guarai took his terrified Orc by the chin and pulled his head up.

"What do you have in mind mr. Thorzal?" Thorzal took the Orc by his red tail and played with the leather straps.

"This Orc. Riding the barrel. See where it leads."

"Sounds like a plan mr. Thorzal."

"Noooo.. Pleeeease.." The Orc pleaded with fire, but any doubt in Thorzal's mind was removed by the sight of the creature's big Orc tail that pumped up to full hardness. Thorzal was quite hard himself.

"Yes. I say we lay you across the barrel and let you have it. Would you like that Orc?"

"Ooooh!"

"Besides I wouldn't want you to miss out on all the fun, would I? That one had quite a thrill."

"Please no do this! Orc been gooood!"

"This isn't about being good, this is about leather smacks and howling."

"Mercy.."

"No."

"Mr. Thorzal, take this Orc to his ride!" Thorzal took the leather strips again and the Orc got on hands and knees.

"Please.. No do to Orc.." he pleaded, and the pleading by this being so mighty sent a shiver down Thorzal's spine. Thorzal slowly walked and the Orc followed on all fours, keeping the leather straps slack.

"Kneel by the barrel, Orc.." the big Orc knelt down in the seed-puddle of his kinsman.

"Good, now lie across the barrel. All the way. Get comfortable." The Orc complied in all but the getting comfortable.

"Good, now arms past the pole like your friend did.. Thats a good Orc!"

Guurai closed the small lock and the Orc was tied in position. Thorzal could not resist and started rubbing the smooth green skin of the Orc's bulging hams.

"Now that's a rump to be proud of Orc! I bet there's quite some lightning in there!" The big Orc couldn't help but relax a bit in response to the rubbing.

"I'd say they can use a whipping belt or two. And hey: we happen to have two!"

The big Orc moaned softly in excited lament of the situation he had gotten into. Thorzal spoke.

"Orc: you will get your rumpsmacks now. Will you bear them like a good Orc?" This apparently hit the spot. The Orc let out a shivering sigh and nodded.

"Yes Master.. For you Master..." Thorzal looked at Guarai and found approval in the Dwarf's hazel eyes.

"I'll lead the way." Guarai said with a smile, and they got in position while the Orc squeaked in fearful yet excited anticipation.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Down, down came the whipping belts, the Orc moaned evermore louder and more wretched, and Guarai steadily picked up the vigorousness of the smacks. It took more lashes and more force to them to get this Orc to the point of howling, but when it came it filled the barn with noise and let the big Orc hold onto the pole, like the one before him, with all his might. The smacks of heavy leather on flesh, booming howls like thunder, and Guarai picked it up harder and harder, quite a bit beyond the ferociousness of smacks dealt to the Orc that rode the barrel before.

For the Orc there was no chance to plead, all he could do was brace his magnificent muscles and howl, howl, howl with all his might, shaking the barn and those within it. Thorzal was filled with the same excitement again, the excitement of driving a willing Orc to the very limits of experience. He watched the green muscle-man buck under the lashes, belt-smacks so hard and plenty, dealt to his blazing rump from both sides so not an inch of his buttocks was spared the full ferocity of the spanking. It went on and on for minutes on end, before the Orc's howl broke and gave way to tremendous convulsing of his magnificent green body, as he squirted his seed with all the might that was in him.

Then suddenly the big Orc let go of all muscles and hung limp. Thorzal gasped in shock at what they had done, but the Dwarf hugged the Orc's shoulder and whispered to his unconscious ear:

"Good journey, my friend."

"No!" Thorzal said in shock and Guarai broke in on that right away and said with great determination:

"He's out. This is a good thing for him. Stop your worries now."

"Okay.. Good it is." Thorzal complied, his concerns violently subdued by the Dwarf's sudden overbearing words.

"Be there for him when he comes around. This one was on you. But: no regrets. Not one. Can you do that?" Thorzal nodded. If all was well he would go with it.

A minute passed and the big Orc moaned and dreamily opened his eyes. Thorzal got close to his face, massaging his back.

"This was quite something, Orc.." Thorzal said and the big Orc sighed:

"Thanks.. Thanks Master Thorzal.." Thorzal blinked.

"Sure on that?" The Orc slowly nodded in exhaustion. They let some minutes pass.

"Ogac: I'm going to undo your wrists, lie with Okratan. Hug the floor. You have been good."

Guarai undid the small metal lock, the big Orc crawled slowly next to his kinsman and spread himself out.

"That was good and wild. Are you good, Thorzal?"

"If all is well?"

"Then you're good. Zang, that must've been quite something for you." Thorzal nodded.

"For the next half hour or so the two of them are as much use as purring cats. Blissed to the brim."

"Blissed?"

"If the right pain hits you good enough, a great peace will follow in its wake. Well, this hit them more than good enough. Except for rumps you could bake an egg on, these Orcs are as happy as a lamb on beer. Let's go over there and pet the Orcs while they come to, and talk a bit amongst ourselves."

"They really do deserve it. That was harsh."

"They'll live." Guarai snickered, they went over to the green ones, sat down by an Orc each and started rubbing their shoulders, kneading their muscles and stroking their cheeks. The big Orcs let their Masters spoil them, moving not an inch, slowly recovering from the ordeal they had endured.

Thorzal rubbed the big Orc's shoulder, the Orc he had brought to the whip, and the magnificent creature softly growled in appreciation, even smiling in what indeed seemed like a great peace. Then, eyes closed, he softly growled:

"Orc been good, Master?" Thorzal petted his cheek.

"Yes." The Orc made his back rise and let out a shivering sigh, followed by a soft moan.

There was a silence.

"Did whipping of Orc please his Master?" Thorzal cast a glance at the Dwarf, who gave a quick nod.

"Yes, Orc. It pleased me to have you like that." Thorzal felt a bit uneasy by admitting this, but the green giant seemed actually comforted by these words.

"Then me glad me been good Orc, Master."

"I'm pretty sure you are, Orc."

"Thank you Master."

"Thorzal: You did lay down the whip on him to amuse yourself. It would be a waste of good suffering and hardship if you had not enjoyed it. But let's not let these beasts get too complacent here. The sun is still on its descent, and there will be a great many hardships before it will rise again. Is that not so?"

"Yes Master." the two Orcs said in unison, fully accepting of whatever was to come. Thorzal was walking on the moon. This was all so unreal to him, it was hard to fathom that he had so savagely whipped these Orcs, yet they bore no resentment. He decided to put it to the test.

"Oh yes. I'm not nearly through with you two." The two Orcs made the slightest moans in acknowledgment.

"Us go try be good Orcs for you, Master."

"Yes Master. To serve you." The Dwarf winked with the broadest of smiles.

"Good, let's establish some order here." the Dwarf cheerfully said,

"Thorzal: feel obliged to none but yourself and tell me: Which of these two Orcs is most of your choosing? They are both yours for the playings but it establishes hierarchy between them. Orcs thrive on hierarchy. It is clarity."

These Orcs were equally delicious, making the choice an easy one. He stroked the cheek of the Orc he sat by.

"The other one has his merit, but this one has taken the whip for me. I'll have this one."

"Thank you Master. To serve you Master."

"How adorable." Guarai said with a slight bite of cynicism to his voice, which served no purpose other than keeping his Orcs on edge. The strange game became increasingly clear to Thorzal.

"You chose well. I will not undercut your wishes so I guess I'll have to make due with this naughty beast here."

"Thank you Master."

"But you'd better make it worth my while, disobedient little tail-tugger you." It was odd to hear a four-foot Dwarf refer to a seven-foot Orc giant as little, but this term of affection was appropriate. After all this roughness, Thorzal now found himself overcome by a peace that put his mind at ease. There was such tranquility to this Dwarf and his Orcs, one that reminded him of old age somehow. But of course. Young and strong as they all appeared, the three of them had each lived over two hundred years. Thorzal could not fathom it. The Orc he was petting seemed barely his age, the mid-twenties, but according to the Dwarf this Orc was actually in his two-hundreds. Incomprehensible. He massaged the Orc's shoulder, who gave a slight snarl of pleasure. So much experience in life, yet so readily responding to a pleasure so slight as a good rub of the shoulder.

"You quite enjoy this, don't you Orc?"

"Yes Master."

"Easy to please are we?"

"Orc be all good with little, Master. That be nature of Orc."

"There's one thing you need to know about Orcs, Thorzal." The Dwarf interrupted,

"Orcs are different from you or me. Sensitive. The eye of an Orc sees what's hidden, like a hawk, and his ear catches the slightest sound, like a dog. This goes for all things. It takes but a little to fill them with sensation in any way you excite them, be it pleasure or pain." His voice turned towards a good-mooded sarcasm,

"That, and their tempers are like a box of firecrackers, rockets and bombs. But we managed to get that bit strapped and shackled didn't we?"

"Yes Master." The Orcs said in perfect unison. Thorzal smacked his lips.

"Is this about breaking their spirit? This game?" Guarai smirked.

"No, this is about control. To an Orc control is more precious than diamonds and gems, for they come into this world with none." Thorzal frowned.

"I'll hear you on that."

"What you're petting there at your feet is nothing short of a lion. A raging beast. Were it not for control, there would be no order. Without order the four of us would be in imminent peril.

These Orcs were subdued by their Tribe, tamed by ritual and discipline. These Orcs have control. Almost all Orcs in these lands have been tamed by their Tribes, and they have the snoutrings to prove it." Thorzal looked at his Orc's ferocious tusks with renewed respect. He let his eyes wander down the solid mountain of green muscle that was his body, to the curved black clawnails at his hands and feet. He looked at his Orc with some concern, but the green giant gave a soft rumbling growl and looked at him with a peaceful gaze. Thorzal rubbed his shoulder, and the big Orc closed his eyes and moaned in delight.

"Don't you hesitate for but a second, Thorzal. These Orcs will fight and die to protect our group. There is no peril in this, in fact you are safer than you have ever been. These are good Orcs, and in the years of our friendship I have trained them well."

"Master taught us many things." Thorzal's Orc said, taking pride in his small friend.

"The spirit of an Orc is wildness, but it's a wildness that yearns to be subdued. These opposites aren't contrary to each other, they are a balance, one that exists in all Orcs. Our game appeals to their innermost instincts, and it appeals to my nature. Aside from giving us great joy and quenching our lusts it serves a purpose." Thorzal rubbed his Orc's shoulder, kneaded the thick muscle and watched the green giant close his eyes in joy. So readily to respond..

"So you want to yield to me, Orc?"

"Yes Master."

"And have me drive you to your very limits?"

"If it pleases you, Master. Me likes." Guarai addressed his Orc.

"Speak of your rump, beastie." The Orc made a soft moan.

"Hams of Orc be burn with fire Master. It all stings and tinglies.."

"Two-Master rumpsmacks be harsh Master." Thorzal's Orc sighed.

"Hmm.. would you Orcs like a treat for your rumps then? For the stings and tingles?"

"Yes Master!" the Orcs said in unison.

"Feel like getting your hands dirty Thorzal?"

"What's the plan?" The Dwarf retrieved a small bottle from his short leather vest.

"Oil. To get the sting out. Give them a good rub there."

"Ooooh we likes *that* Master!"

"Sounds good to me." Thorzal said and got up. Guarai poured a bit of oil in Thorzal's hands, who wetted them with it. The Dwarf skillfully poured some on his free hand, corked the small bottle with his clean hand and put the bottle away. They sat down by the waists of their Orcs. Thorzal saw his Orc's hams were a darker green than they used to be, all over in blotches. He put his oiled hands on the Orc's hams, who hissed loudly by the touch. The Orc's hams were fiery hot. Slowly he started rubbing the muscular orbs, sending his Orc into moans of pleasure and pain. He decided that it was good, as Guarai's Orc moaned even louder, and was handled a bit rougher than his. He decided to match it, and add some kneading to his rubbing of the smooth green skin, and his Orc gave a heated snarl in response. Guarai got seated over his Orc's waist and increased the vigor of his rubbing, clearly getting excited as was Thorzal.

"If you get on him you can work him better." The Dwarf invited.

"I'm no Dwarf, Guarai."

"He'll take you, hop on and give him his treat proper."

"I think I'll get between his legs and give it to him proper."

"Urrrrr!" growled the Orc eagerly, and spread his legs as far as he could. Thorzal blinked.

"Sounds like a plan mr. Thorzal!" the Dwarf laughed and gave a fat wink,

"Your beast doesn't seem to mind a good hard mating either."

"I meant oil him up proper." Thorzial protested with a grin.

"But mount him at any time. Or this one. Or both."

"There's a thought!" Thorzial said and lewdly licked his lips. The Orcs seemed to like the idea as well.

"But for now we'll keep it at a good rub of the rump."

Thorzial got seated between the Orc's legs and started rubbing and kneading the green flesh, sending his Orc growling and snarling in mixed delight again. Thorzial feasted his eyes on the Orc's pouch, then took it in his hands and fondled it. Aroused snarls. More lustful this time.

"Quite the sac on you, Orc!"

"Mmmhh.. thanks Master." Thorzial gently felt up the Orc's testicles, that were as big as small eggs.

"And nice thick balls too.."

"Mmmhh.." the Orc moaned in satisfaction.

"Does it feel good when I hold them?"

"Yesss.." The Orc moaned and his breathing quickened.

"All mine to play with too, aren't they?"

"Mmmhh.. you excite me Master."

"As you do me, Orc. But let's not keep you from your treat." Thorzial started massaging the Orc's tormented hams again and once more sent him moaning.

"I could do with an Orc or two of my own." Thorzial smiled.

"Capture one, Master.." the Orc growled,

"Tame him. Train him. Make him yours. Capture another."

"I guess that's sound advice there." Thorzial said. Capture an Orc? The farmer thought it over what that would mean, to be Master over Orcs.

"It's a lot of work I tell you." Guarai smiled,

"Especially if you start from scratch like I did with these two. I have five Orcs that are my mates. These are but two.." his voice got that cynical bite again,

"..and not necessarily the best ones."

"Mates as in friends?"

"Mates as in mating. I am the lead male of our family group. Five Orcs are of my own. In Human terms, you could even say we're married, but in ways Orcen bonding goes much deeper than that." Thorzial chuckled.

"A group marriage of males? With Orcs?" Not exactly customary in Schimmerlicht. At all.

"Orcs bond in groups, not couples. I saw no reason to make my First Male unhappy by keeping it at just our two, and this whole monogamy thing doesn't sit well with me either. It's something women thought up, monogamy has no place in the hearts of men."

"That's terrible!"

"It's practical. Family groups it is, the Orcs have that bit sorted out better than Dwarves or Humans ever did. I have done away with women, bless them, so I might well do away with their monogamy thing as well. I'll sleep on top of the cuddlepile of my men thank you very much, not on my side of the bed."

"It makes sense I guess. Now to convince the people."

"Bite the people! You have right of way, life's for the living."

The Orcs just lay flat on the ground, moaning contently, exchanging glances. They had regained themselves quite a bit already, but their Masters were too absorbed in their conversation to notice their fortitude. With sparkles of the eyes, glances and slight winks they silently communicated their excitement about what the night would bring. They knew that they were in for big trouble of the kind they so craved, and silently exchanged their excitement about this Human who had joined them. For now, they let their bodies rest and their tormented hams be anointed, cherishing this calm preceding the storm that was to follow. And what a night it would prove to be.

Guarai smacked his hand down on the Orc's tormented ham, who startled by this sudden jolt. "No point in spoiling my beasts rotten." He decided and got on his feet. Thorzial got up too, and the Dwarf commanded:

"Sit!" The two Orcs hastily got on their knees, sitting side by side, hands behind their backs.

"The two of you thought you had it made, right? Us giving you a good rub like that?"

"Thank you Master!"

"Thank you Master Thorzal!" Thorzal smiled.

"Are there names to you, Orcs?" Guarai cut in on it.

"In the game, no. A name would serve nothing but make them feel entitled to things. To satisfy your right to know, this one answers to Okratan and yours answers to Ogac." Thorzal took his Orc by the chin and looked him in the eyes.

"Ogac." he said.

"Now you know their names, do without them. Orcs under discipline have no names. This is the Orc way of doing things and it befits our game. Thorzal - to be direct I could do with a meal. I have food in the cart if needed."

"No such thing Guarai. I'm your host - I will provide a meal for the four of us, I could use a bit of a bite myself. I take it Orcs like these are big eaters."

"They'd eat the world if I let them." again that cynical tone of blame, but once more it was void of malice. Thorzal laughed and rubbed his chubby belly.

"They're not alone in that. Follow me." Guarai followed and the Orcs trailed behind, the tails of their masks held by the Dwarf like leashes, following them on their hands and knees as they had no permission to get on their feet. Thorzal now saw the purpose of the black leather windings around their elbows and knees. Naked Orcs on all fours led by a Dwarf.. quite the sight to behold. They walked from the barn to the farmhouse, the sun lighting the sky fiery red as it was about to set, and once at the house Thorzal unlocked the front door.

"Welcome to my humble home." he smiled.

"Thank you good sir." Guarai said with a polite nod,

"Do you mind letting these lowly boars in your house? I can leave them outside or give them a good scrubbing down with brush and soap if you'd prefer, get these filthy beasts clean as to not defile your house." Thorzal smiled. The Dwarf was playing humiliation games again, and this in no way was lost on the Orcs who seemed to blush a darker green in shame.

"Scrub them down before having them enter?" Thorzal smiled. The idea appealed to him.

"They smell of Orc! You don't have to allow these beasts into your house to begin with. For lowly boars like these being allowed in your house is quite an honor. The question is whether they deserve that, smelling of Orc like they do." Thorzal quite liked the strange Orcen musk of them, but the Dwarf's idea was too tempting to ignore.

"They do smell of Orc." Thorzal pondered, watching in amusement how the humiliation sank deep into the minds of the Orcs who sat there naked on all fours awaiting what was to be their fate.

"Guarai: if you have two brushes I'll provide water, soap and towels and we'll get this messy job over with before the sun sets."

"You're too kind." Guarai smiled and glanced at his Orcs who had strong mixed emotions about all of this.

"They are rather smelly beasts, these two."

"We'll give them a good scrubbing down and, depending on how much they smell of Orc then, I'll decide whether I'll let them in or restrict them to the barn. Let me get what we need for the job." Thorzal walked inside and behind him heard the Dwarf complain in feigned anger:

"I can't take you beasts anywhere! Beast! Get the Orc-brushes!"

Thorzal returned with two buckets of warm water - one with soap, one without - and a big towel over each shoulder. He found Guarai drilling respect for the host into his Orcs in a most demeaning way. The Orc sent off had brought two big brushes and a clay jug, laid down in a neat row. In front of it lay two unusual looking riding crops.

"There! Let's get this dirty job done. My! Warm water even!"

"Not to spoil them or anything but to get them clean."

"I hope you didn't spend any good soap on these two." Thorzal shook his head.

"Nope, cleaning soap and a big glob of it too, as to get them clean proper." One of the Orcs could not contain his humiliation and hissed in shame. Guarai turned to him with a gaze that made the big Orc cringe. Then he turned to Thorzal and was courteous again.

"I propose we'll oversee them clean each other and if that falls short of expectations we grab

a brush and take it from there."

"Let's do this. Let's have these smelly Orcs clean each other and see to it that they do it right." Guarai walked over to their gear and took the two strange riding crops, and held one out to Thorzial, who slid the towels off his shoulders, put down the buckets and took one. The strange whip looked like a two-foot riding crop, but with a one-foot leather string at its end.

"Whips for every occasion!" Thorzial laughed and looked at the Orcs while he snapped it.

"This is what we would call an Orc-taming whip. Nothing too serious, just a good fiery sting to them if you use them proper. It gets their attention while you train them."

"It has their attention already." Thorzial smiled at the Orcs who gazed at them hesitantly.

"It's a light whip. Use it freely on either or both. That Orc-taming whip will be your whip for the evening. Used properly it has many uses, and they respond well to it. It's for urging them on or getting their attention, like so.." the Dwarf said and threw the whip, that gave a sharp whoosh as it flung through the air.

"That's a lot of attention." Thorzial remarked.

"There's a lot of Orc to work with. Used like this, this one's good for anywhere on their body, save for above the shoulders or between the legs. I myself prefer the tummy and inner thigh. Orc-taming whips wrap. Heed that and use it to your advantage."

"I definitely will."

"Good, now let's get these smelly Orcs clean before the sun sets."

Guarai took the bucket of warm soapy water and put it in front of the Orcs.

"There, my pungent piggies. Master Thorzial won't let you into his house smelling of Orc like you do, so he made a bucket of soapy water for you to get clean. I think the two of you owe him an apology. And say it properly." The two naked Orcs cringed in humiliation, and lowered their heads.

"Look him in the eyes and apologize!" The Orcs looked at Thorzial with the most pitiful gazes.

"Well?"

"Us Orcs apologize for.. for smelling of Orc, Master Thorzial."

"We sorry.. Us no can help it us smell of Orc, Master Thorzial. Us be Orcs.."

"That doesn't mean he has to put up with it, does it?"

"No Master." Thorzial would feel sorry for them if he had not come to know them like he did.

"I've made a bucket of water for you two. Warm."

"Thank you Master."

"I've put a good glob of soap in too, so you can try get rid of most of your Orc-smell."

"T.. thank you Master. Us go and try.."

"You'll now wash each other and do it properly. I'm not saying I'm letting you Orcs in my house then but the Orc-smell has to go."

"Us sorry us smell of Orc, Master Thorzial." Thorzial's Orc squeaked and almost cried in humiliation.

"We'll take the Orc-brush to you if you don't do it proper. You know how you like the itch and the burn of a good scrubbing, don't you? Scrubbing you all over?"

"Please no do to Orcs!" Guarai's Orc squeaked, intimidated by the prospect.

"Then you'd better do a good job. Get around the bucket." The two Orcs crawled to the bucket and sat close to it on both sides, knees wide with the bucket between them.

"Now let's see two dirty Orcs have some clean soapy fun!" Guarai walked over to the other side, so the Dwarf and the Human had both sides covered.

Thorzial's Orc gave a soft squeak and then put his hand into the bucket. He took his hand out and looked at it like he had dipped it in paint, then smelled it.

"It good. It no smell bad." he softly reassured his concerned-looking kinsman. He sucked on his wet finger, then spat it out in disgust. Immediately Guarai smacked his Orc-taming whip to the Orc's muscular tummy, making the Orc yelp by its fiery sting.

"How's that?!" Guarai barked in feigned outrage,

"Spitting on Master Thorzial's pavement? Get that Orc-filth off the ground!" The Orc ran his fingers through it to pick up the spit.

"Now smear it across your cheeks!" The Orc squeaked, and intensely humiliated smeared his spit on his face.

"Now rub some soap over it so it's clean!" The Orc started but was interrupted by a fierce lash.

"Not off your face! Off the pavement!" The Orc bowed his head. When he lifted it his eyes were moist. Then he took some soapy water in his hand, and cleaned the spot on the pavement with his fingers.

"Now apologize to Master Thorzal. Properly!" The Orc gulped.

"Me Orc sorry me put my Orc filth on your pavement, Master Thorzal." Behind the triangular eyeholes in his mask, it was clear to see how tears flowed from them. There is no species prouder than the Orc. How especially humiliating all this must be to one of his kind. It had to take a big gulp to swallow that kind of pride. Thorzal was moved, but had surrendered to the game as it was played.

"Don't make it happen again Orc. It is good." The Orc found comfort in those words and regained himself. For a moment it had been all he could take, but he had overcome it.

"Now wet your hands and get those Orc bodies all slick and soapy for us."

The Orc gave a nod, plunged his hands into the bucket and put them to his kinsman's broad chest. Then he started rubbing the slick soapy water over the bulging green chest, making it shine and glisten in the sun's fading light. The other Orc plunged his hands in the bucket too and started soaping up his fellow Orc.

Thorzal licked his lips as he saw those big green hands slide over the curves and shapes of these magnificent green muscle-men. This was going to be quite a sight. The Orcs wetted their hands again and again and made them slide over each other's naked bodies, and it didn't take long before they got more and more into it, breathing heavily, looking each other deep in the eyes while they soaped each other's bodies. The chore became a heated frenzy, and it didn't take long for their Orctails to throb up to full hardness, impatiently awaiting each other's eager hands.

"Orcs.. All it takes is a bucket of soapy water and they're happy! Look at my beasties having fun!" Guarai smiled and watched how the Orcs hugged over the bucket, rubbed each other's backs and groped for their now slickened Orc-hams with heated snarls of excitement.

"Let's spare them the whip and watch what happens!"

The Orcs had gotten totally into their slippery fun. One pushed the other onto his back, hopped over the bucket and briskly started slickening his kinsman's tummy, until his eager hands found his Orctail and pouch and rubbed that eager meat all wet and slippery too, while the other chucklingly tried to push him off. All this went on and on, there was an endless plunging of hands in the bucket and a great chuckling and snarling when the rubbing was applied in a playful yet heated wrestle.

"I think they can do without the brush, Guarai." Thorzal smiled as he watched the Orcs frolic and roll over the ground, absorbed in each other, oblivious to their Masters. Guarai chuckled. "I'll give them a few more minutes, then the game is on with a vengeance!"

Thorzal looked at the chuckling, snarling, growling tangle of their magnificent bodies, four hundred pounds of solid muscle each, wildly rubbing and sliding and trying to get on top in their slippery wrestle.

"Just look at them lose themselves like that!" Guarai was equally pleased, but more serious.

"Imagine Orcs losing themselves to anger like that." Ouch. Point taken. Mere minutes before they had been under strict discipline. To Orcs, this control thing was big.

Thorzal watched their playful struggle, but was now made aware of the sheer strength behind it. The glitter of teeth and tusks, the sharp curved clawnails at the thick fingers of their lightning-fast hands. There was not a shred of malice to them, but their capacity as fighters now filled Thorzal with respect.

"No worries, all is well." Guarai reassured Thorzal,

"And what an opening for gameplay they're giving us here, no?"

Thorzal nodded and smiled again. He sensed the small Dwarf was ramping up to unload on them, and the Orcs were so absorbed in their game they didn't notice their Master was coming to a boil.

"That's it. It's as fun as it will ever get, they're about to mate each other. Let's snuff this out at its apex and spare them being pulled apart from a mating." Guarai walked past Thorzal and

casually lifted his whip from his hand.

"I'll have your whip thank you."

Guarai, now with an Orc-training whip in each hand, walked up beside the wrestling Orcs, raised his arms as if greeting the setting sun, and then started raining down well-aimed lashes all over the tangle of Orcish bodies, turning the chuckling and snarling into pained and frightened yelps. He did not leave it at a couple, for a good minute he kept the whips whistling and slapping, and the tangle slippery wet naked Orcs now wrestled to be below, not on top, writhing and moaning in increasing torment.

"There!" he said with fire to his voice, holding his arms wide.

"Sit!" Still dazed, the Orcs hastily got on their knees, neatly beside one another, panting and softly moaning by the stinging of so many places all over their bodies. Guarai held his left arm out a bit to the back, Thorzal took the hint, walked up and took his whip from him.

"What.. was.. that?" he demanded.

"Us sorry.." Guarai's Orc squeaked, overcome by the sense that they had been very disobedient indeed.

"That was not the game."

"Us got carried away.. Oooww.."

"That was not discipline."

"Us no mean to.." these Orcs were very sorry to say the least.

"That was not control." The Orcs squeaked softly. They got the message.

"These misbehavings will go entirely unpunished." The Orcs let their heads hang low.

"For the remainder of the day you two shall be known as bad Orcs. That, for now, is enough. The two of you had great fun and it pleased my eye greatly."

"Thank you Master.."

"Let it be known that aside from fun there is purpose to our game still. The three of us are now reminded that there still is work to be done. It is good that this happened when it did." The Orcs nodded two times, slowly, in complete unison. This was a lesson to them they would not forget.

"Follow me to the clean water bucket, let's wash the lather off of you two and see if all that wild soaping you had such fun with did any good in making your Orc-smell meet Master Thorzal's approval. If a wild soap-wrestle like that won't do it, then I don't think your musky smells can be redeemed with the Orc-brush. You will be spared the scrubbing, but the next time one is due you will not escape it."

"Thank you Master. You are wise and just."

"Agahc Kahii Kumac. Itoh. Tath." Guarai whispered gently.

"Igac-hallac. Chuarai." the Orc returned softly and contrary to Orcs, Humans do not hear everything.

"Get around the bucket!" Guarai ordered, and the green Orcs who glistened with soapy water took the bucket of fresh water between them like they had done before with the soapy bucket.

"I'll have you Orcs getting clean properly now. Behave!"

"Us go be good behavings, Master!" One of the Orcs answered, and the other nodded in agreement.

"Good! Wash off!" The Orcs plunged their hands into the bucket and started gently rubbing each other's cheeks, flanked from two sides by their Masters.

Thorzal looked over their shiny bodies. Such a pity this glistening shine had to come off their muscles, they looked so good shining like they did in the light of the setting sun, which now was near the horizon in the West. The Orcs found fun in the washing of each other's bodies, but contained themselves and stuck to their task, only chuckling occasionally by their kinsman's skillful hands.

"I will say nothing of their Orc-smells yet, but they did get cleaner than I thought they would." Thorzal remarked, and watched the Orcs slowly taking their washing efforts downward, getting increasingly aroused doing it.

"Can I count on my beasties to be well-behaved this time?" The Orcs turned to the small Dwarf and gave two nods in eerie unison, then returned to their pleasant task.

"Good. Master Thorzal: Follow on if you will." The Dwarf walked off to the barn, the Human

following behind.

"A gorgeous sight, to see them wash each other like that, isn't it?"

"Yes, quite. I rather wanted to see where it would take them, with the soap."

"That would've been an all-out mating. That's quite a sight too, especially soaped up like that."

"Shame."

"It is a shame that they did not stop and ask permission before going wild like they did. That would've been correct, and with our say-so there wouldn't be a thing wrong with it."

"I see. Why didn't you punish them? They seemed so well-deserving of it."

"There's plenty of hours to the night. But it really shook them that they lost themselves like they did. A man can't move a mountain, not by himself."

"What's that?" Guarai sighed.

"No Orc will ever attain total control, nor should they strive for that. They and I have to forgive them their occasional trespasses. This isn't a game of breaking their spirit." Thorzal nodded. It made sense.

"Thorzal: Good shirt, sturdy pants and you put a good shine to your boots, but might I suggest you slip into something more comfortable and.. practical for the night? Something more Masterly too perhaps?"

Thorzal smiled.

"What do you have in mind?" The Dwarf unlocked the back of his cart and got out a tangle of leather, which he threw into Thorzal's arms. The leathers were quite heavy and had a strong, worn, Orcen smell to them. Thorzal held it out. It was a sturdy waist-belt, and from its length hung broad belts, loose at one end, with at their ends big round gold-brass rivets, looking like over-sized coins, bearing each a strange rune.

"What you have here is a Riddent Army kilt of belts, as worn by Troop Overseers. As worn by your Ogac when outside the game."

"He's an officer too?"

"Smalltime. He likes it like that. He commands four Warriors and himself, like the Troop Overseer I had my talk with on the way here."

"Is there more to it? Attire?"

"This is all. To even touch it imparts honor. To wear it, more so."

"It's quite revealing."

"The Orcs won't mind. I sure won't. Do you?" Thorzal smiled.

"No I guess not. Is it true what they say about Dwarves?"

"Yes, we are the finest people of the lands."

"No, I mean, that they're not just small of body." Guarai smirked.

"The word my man is 'modest'. Dwarves are modest in size. And yes, we're proportionate. We aren't small Humans, we're a kind of our own."

"Of course. Modest.. I hope I didn't offend you by saying small."

"By no means, but if I let you get away with it eventually some Dwarf will be." Thorzal smiled.

"Training me like your Orcs, right?"

"Civilizing you. Opening your eyes, that with twenty-seven years of age have the crusts of the sleep of the womb still in them, to the outside world in all its shapes and guises. Imparting decency to your Human-ness."

"Umm.. right."

"I hope you know I'm kidding. Don't say small to a Dwarf man, that's a big thing for us!"

Thorzal nodded. Point taken. He was amused by the Dwarf's pleasant demeanor.

"Well, strip down for you it is then!" Thorzal smiled.

"My man Thorzal: do not kid yourself. You belong to Men."

"I.. I guess I do."

"Sure you do. You had a bit too much fun today to not be one for the Male Pleasures.

Whether there is part of you for women too is a matter of spirit which none can answer other than you alone. Now expose yourself damn you!"

"As you wish Master!" Thorzal grinned and started undoing the buttons of his shirt. Once done away with, he thumped his chubby belly, somewhat uneasy.

"I see nothing not of my approval, don't sell yourself short man. All the way down to

nakedness please!"

There was some arousal to stripping naked under the eye of this forty-ish, or rather tricentennial, Dwarf of high rank that held no hesitation in dispatching the big Orcs. And the arousal showed.

"Now there's a good Human meat!" Guarai praised, without asking stepped up and took Thorzal's erect cock in his hand, feeling it up and pulling a bit at it quite skillfully.

"Human meat. It's been a while since I've been around one of those." then he stepped away.

"Now let's see you in greasy Orc Army leathers! This ought to fit you."

Thorzal put the belt around his waist and closed it. He walked around a bit. The free air and the heavy belts sliding and tapping his upper legs felt quite good. The Dwarf clenched fists to the sides of his shoulders, crossed his wrists in front of his shoulders, bowed, flung them out again and shouted:

"Aahooo! Heeee!"

"Ish! Ish! Ish! Ish!" was the conditioned response shouted back from outside to what must've been an Orc army salute of sorts.

"You look wonderful my man Thorzal. Will this do?"

"Definitely. It's quite something to have on your loins." Thorzal took in the scent, and he smiled as he had now no business blaming the green ones for smelliness. He smelled of Orc quite a bit now himself, the smell of Orc and of worn leather greased-up by their bodies. But Orcen musk never had offended him, it was a potent scent but a good one.

"All set?" Thorzal nodded.

"Get your whip and let's inspect the Orcs!"

They walked outside the barn again and saw the Orcs neatly kneeling side by side. they had not just finished washing off, they had used the towels and now were dry as well. Thorzal walked in. Despite him smelling of Orc himself, this was no business of theirs. The Orcs eagerly looked at his body all over. He let their eyes take in his sight. He felt somewhat insecure about being chubby like he was and be judged by these Orcs, these fine examples of what he considered bodily perfection. But there was admiration to their eyes as they looked him up and down.

"You be good looks Master! Strong feet for walking! Goodie soft coat of lard all over! Mmm you good looks to Orc, Master!"

"Don't flatter me." Thorzal smiled and snapped the whip in mid-air, making the Orcs sit upright again.

"Allrighty then. The two of you had to wash yourselves for me. Why?"

"Orcs wash to not smell of Orc in house of Master, Master." Humiliation took hold once more.

"And did you succeed? Is the smell of Orc off your bodies?" The Orc's snouts gently moved and they took in the scent. Thorzal's Orc hissed in shame.

"Us Orcs failed, Master Thorzal. Us Orcs still smell of Orc." Thorzal stepped up to them. Now it was no secret that he himself did too. He bowed down a bit and sniffed rather loudly around the faces of the Orcs, seeing up close the humiliation in their eyes.

"Then it cannot be helped. You still smell of Orc."

"Yes Master."

"Us sorry Master."

"However, since you two put up quite an effort, got rid of most of your Orc-smell and because I'll have.. use.. for you two, you are allowed to enter my house, despite smelling of Orc."

"Oooh! Thank you Master!"

"Thank you, thank you Master Thorzal!" Guarai stepped in.

"Now that is quite generous of this Master! You are two lucky boars, that's what I say. Now all that soap pulls and itches the skin a bit, doesn't it?" The Orcs nodded. Oops. Thorzal hadn't thought of that.

"You may get around the jug and apply your oil."

"Goodie! Thanks Master!" That came out quite readily. The Orcs crawled on hands and knees to the jug that stood beside the feared Orc-brushes, opened it and smeared some on their hands.

"Thinly. As to not make a mess any further!" Guarai warned, and the Orcs briskly nodded

twice.

"There you have it Thorzal. Orcs seem like solid granite blocks of strength, and in many ways they are, but there's specific creature comforts that need addressed, and oil after soap is one. Orcs are greasy by nature." Thorzal nodded.

"So they don't like soap?"

"The slipperiness yes. Anything remotely resembling a mud-fight excites them. But the dryness that follows is bad to them." Guarai smiled.

"These are clean Orcs, but just water. I only make them use soap as a punishment, for play in the game. Soap and the Orc-brush, oh how they hate that."

"Needless to say Orcs didn't invent the Orc-brush nor the Orc-taming whip." Thorzal grinned.

"Over the centuries the Dwarves of my Rigorai Domination Guild have devised a wonderful variety of Orc-handling gear. In fact I have quite the collection in a pack in my cart."

"Oooh. Now that is interesting!"

"And actually the Orcs *did* invent the Orc-taming whip. The poor beasties just didn't realize it would be held against them. Quite a bit of our Orc-handling gear stems from the Orcs, sometimes they're even made by the Orcs themselves."

"Whoa. You Twin Mountain Valley people are more than just miles away from here." Thorzal glanced at the Orcs who greased each other's naked bodies up to a silken shine.

"They do like oil though. You can tell."

"Anything slick and icky that doesn't stink to them."

"It does look good on them, oil." Thorzal praised and watched the Orcs get into the fun of rubbing each other in the last light of the sun, that now almost fully had set. The moon was rising, and a gorgeous full moon it was.

What a great sight to see, these two Orcs, and to think that their magnificent bodies were now Thorzal's to enjoy, in exploration of his and their most hidden desires, and this Dwarf, this strange but great Dwarf would be there every step of the way and take part and oversee their play to see it through.. The sliding of green skin over skin, muscle to muscle, body to body.. Thorzal was mesmerized. Tonight would be a night of abundance. Tonight he would be crowned as King of hidden pleasures and secret desires. Tonight he would be whole.

Guarai tugged Thorzal's wrist, pointed and said with his unusual calm:

"Look! There she goes.." Thorzal looked and saw the last rim of the sun slide beneath the horizon. Night had fallen, the night that was his. Guarai stepped up to the Orcs.

"Beasts! That's enough oil already, now you're just playing." He threw a small key which one of them caught, and gave a downward nod in thanks he had been given the key of the cart.

"You two put the oil and Orc-brushes away. You - get the Master's clothes, get rid of the water and hang the towels over that line there. Oh and you.. Get out the big pack, you know the one."

"Oooh! Yes Master! Great big pack of Orc-taming.. With the meeean Orc-leathers.."

"That's the one. We intend you two to be our entertainment for the night."

"Yes Master. As you wish."

The Orcs crawled off on all fours and set to their tasks and Guarai gave Thorzal a pat in the flank.

"All this Orc-play has given me a good appetite."

"I cook fairly well, and am stocked up decently."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. Let's have your Orc cook, let him spoil us with Orcish cooking. Lay out the stuffs he can use, instruct him and leave him to your kitchen. He's a servant, let him serve, if only to make him feel useful to you."

"Sounds good to me. Come." Thorzal led the way to his front door and opened it, letting the Dwarf enter. Then he went around the house lighting oil lamps and candles. Guarai looked around. The place where it was to happen, the main room had a ceiling of wooden beams, the walls were whitewashed and the floor was one of smoothly polished high quality white granite. There were couches and seats, and a big heavy oak dinner table. Here and there were vases and ornaments. A painting of a Human posing and in the midst of the floor lay a big well-decorated carpet. There were four thick wooden poles near the corners of the room that held the roof up, like in the barn. Good. Useful even. But there were no books nor written

language of any sort. If this farmer was uneducated, he had done quite well for himself.

"That's a good house, my man. Outside and in. You can be proud."

"A good house thrives on good houseguests."

"Speaking of houseguests, cat's scratching at your door."

"I have no cat." The Dwarf winked.

"The Orcs want in. They tap the door softly as to be polite. Take your time, I'll take that inviting couch in the mean time."

Thorzial walked to his front door. His well-kept secret was that he enjoyed, as the Dwarf called it, the "male pleasures". But buried beneath that was a secret of greater taboo, that he liked to stand as Master over men, decadently like the kings of old. He had tasted the male pleasures before, but now the decadence of unabashed Mastery had come at his doorstep. He opened his door, and behind it they were, the magnificent Orcs. Kneeling. Naked. One with Thorzial's clothes neatly folded, and holding his boots between his teeth, one carrying a big leather pack on his back. There they were, awaiting his every whim in eager anticipation. He sternly looked down at them.

"Well?"

"Us Orcs be ready for you Master. Us want in." The other one, boots clenched between his teeth, nodding eagerly.

"You want in. Well well. Master Guarai called you "boars". Why would I want to let boars in my house? I don't let beasts in to poo all over my floor."

"Us be Orcs, Master." The Orc begged on all fours.

"That's even worse. Will you poo all over my floor, Orcs?"

"No, Master Thorzial. Please. Us be good."

"Hmmm.."

"Master? You go and let dogs in house? Of guests of Master?"

"Yes, but you're hardly dogs are you?"

"Us.. Us be pets of Master Guarai, Master."

"Clever."

"Us be good. Us could honor and please you Master."

"Do so."

The Orc got closer, bent over deeply and started licking across Thorzial's foot, who startled by this unexpectedness.

"Hey!" The Orc got up again and looked up awaiting further instruction.

"So, you want to honor and please me like that, do you Orc?" Two brisk nods.

"Then get to your task. You: Drop those boots and join him." Both Orcs now bowed down deep and started licking Thorzial's feet. Warm, soft tongues, long wet licks of submission.

"Mmmm.. There's use to you still. Keep licking, while I tell you the rules of the house." The Orcs complied with their demeaning task.

"Orcs in my house are to be naked at all times, and they are not allowed to walk on their feet, unless I or Master Guarai demand it."

"Yes Master." The Orcs said in unison and licked on.

"Orcs should be completely obedient to the Master of the house at all times, and to their Dwarf Master. In every way."

"Yes Master. Us go be good obeyings to Masters in all things."

"You are allowed in for one reason only, and that's to entertain me and my guest with training and exciting your bodies and minds. To take you to your limits if it pleases us. Whenever we want. In any way that pleases us."

"Us be yours for the playings, Master."

"Is there enough seed to your sac for a few more squirtings? Are your Orc-balls up to that?"

"Orcs can go and squirt many times, Master. It just get harder for Orcs.."

"Your Orc-tails? Do they get harder? Or will it get harder for us to milk it out of you?" The Orc growled softly.

"It go be harder for Orcs to endure, Master."

"Good. Do you enjoy the taste of my feet?"

"Yes Master, taste be good for Orcs."

"It so, Master."

"That's fine because you'll taste more of them. It is a good use for Orc-tongues. I'll see how they can serve me in other ways."

"Tongues of Orcs be yours, Master."

"Good. Will you two obey all these rules?"

"Yes Master. Us go be your Orc-toys. Us go be good obeyings."

"Master, bodies and minds of Orcs are of yours and of Dwarfmaster. To serve. To please."

"Then get in before I take my whip to you!" The Orcs thanked Thorzal and crawled in one after another. Thorzal closed the door behind them and closed the shutting beam.

"Orc! Clothes, boots!" he ordered and the Orc gave him the neatly folded clothes, then the boots.

"Socks be inside, Master." the Orc said, and as Thorzal put them in a closet he heard a soft mumble.

"What's that?" The Orc squeaked softly.

"Uhmm.. Orc said to Orc about socks of Master."

"What did you say?" The Orc bowed his head.

"Orc said: socks smell of Human, Master."

"I see. Mocking me behind my back amongst yourselves are we?"

"Me be regrets, Master.. Master no like smell of Orc and me be bit sad on it." Thorzal shut the closet, got closer and played with the red leather tail on the Orc's head.

"It was play. Your smell excites me as do you both. Think nothing of it." The kneeling Orc hugged Thorzal's waist with his powerful arms and pressed his head to his belly.

"Thank you, Master. You play game of us well, Master." he softly whispered in sincere affection.

"Me be glad Master chose me as his closer Orc." Thorzal rubbed the big half-masked head.

"Make me proud." The big Orc let go and sat to full attention, straight as an arrow. Then he gave a humble bow with his head. This Orc would try his best to please him.

"Those big feet of yours: get on them." The Orc threw his body back in an agile manner and then rose up. The giant Orc towered a head and a half over Thorzal again. He was so much more intimidating standing upright, at once from but a servant he had become a mighty Orc warrior again. Hard to imagine that one so mighty desired to be so humble and low. Thorzal took him by his throbbed-up Orctail, that was almost twelve inches long. He felt the searing heat within it. He held it firmly. His.

"Master?"

"I like holding you like this."

"Orc likes too, Master." Thorzal slowly worked the soft sheath of skin back and forth over the hard meat. The Orc rolled his eyes and moaned in delight. Thorzal looked at the Orc, working his meat, watching how much it affected the green giant.

"You like this, don't you Orc?"

"Oooh yess Master.. Mmmhh.. It good.." Thorzal stopped, but did not let go.

"Then do my bidding, and there will be more of it."

"Yes Master. Master be good looks in kilt of belts of Orc and nakie for rest."

"Thanks. Now follow me and I will give you a task." Thorzal led the big Orc by his Orctail to his kitchen. He took an oil lamp and made the Orc hold it, then opened his pantry and led the Orc inside.

"See this? Within reason you can use any of these foodstuffs here to cook us a fine Orcish meal. And trust me: it better be good. You can look in all the closets and use all the kitchenware you need. But don't break anything or you'll be pretty sorry. Can you do that?"

"Yes Master. Orc can cook thing or two. No break things. Make Master Thorzal proud."

"That is good to hear." Thorzal said and gave the Orctail he held a little squeeze.

"Will there be any tugging of this when the Masters are away?"

"Me promised that me go and be good obeyings Master. And that me be. Put trust in Orc."

"I'd like to put a good hard thrust in you Orc, how's that?"

"Urrrrr!" the big Orc gave a heated growl that came from his enormous chest, and which shook the air of the small room they were in.

"If you obey me well, I might put that thrust in you before sunrise. You like that don't you, me mounting you?"

"Yess Master!" Thorzal worked his hand up and down the Orc's length again,

"And I might find use for that big hard Orctail of yours too."

"Oooh Master!"

"Make me proud!"

"Yes Master!" That said, Thorzal reluctantly let go of the Orc's tail and walked towards the main room.

He found Guarai there, sitting on the couch with his Orc kneeling in front of him, massaging the Dwarf's feet. He sat down next to the Dwarf and smiled:

"Creature comforts." Guarai snapped his fingers and pointed at Thorzal's feet. The Orc hastily knelt down in front of Thorzal, seized him by the ankles, put the Human's feet on his legs, then took one and started massaging it with skill, making Thorzal sigh in satisfaction.

"I didn't mean to take over."

"No problem, it's on me." Guarai smiled and slipped into his sandals again,

"Speaking of.." He reached into his vest and pulled out a small silver box, opened it and took out a little ball as small as a large pea.

"Before we eat, this is for you." he said, and handed it over.

"Good, what is it?"

"It is Orcish. It is tradition that it is either experienced or thought about, but it never is named. I heed these customs and do not name it. It's yours, take it." Thorzal looked at it closely. It was a brownish ball that was a bit sticky.

"Okay. What is it?" The Dwarf smiled.

"Interesting."

"Ya.." Thorzal sighed.

"What you do with it is put it in your mouth and then either you chew it or not, but then you swallow it." Thorzal scratched his chin. The Dwarf spoke in riddles.

"What is it?"

"It is something that is dried and then ground to a powder, then it is pressed to a ball with a drop of honey."

"Okaaay.." Thorzal tried to make sense of it,

"So it is something."

"If it weren't something, you wouldn't be holding it, and I certainly wouldn't offer it to you. You can choose either way, both are fine, but in honor of Orcen tradition I will not name it."

"What is it?"

"It is sacred."

Thorzal looked at the little ball between his fingers. Sacred?

"You said it is either experienced or talked about. How does one experience it?"

"To experience it, you got to eat it in the manner I told you of."

"What is it?"

"It is yours." the Dwarf stroked his beard.

"You can take it or give it back to me." Thorzal smelled it. A strange scent.

"Is it a medicine?"

"It can be."

"I'm not sick."

"Some medicines only work for the healthy."

"What is it?"

"It is safe."

Thorzal sighed. This was hardly going anywhere, but the Dwarf seemed so serious and even the Orc massaging his feet followed the goings on with unusual alertness.

"What does it do?" This one seemed on the mark.

"Take one, and to you the world becomes more so. Take a dozen, and the world becomes so much so that you can hardly fathom where you are. Take two dozen, and you will go places."

"Take three dozen and you die?"

"It is safe."

"Guarai, you speak a fiendish riddle!"

"This isn't a riddle. I'm answering your questions while I try to let you keep an open mind. My opinion hardly matters. What it is, certainly doesn't depend on opinions. Opinions are what you make of it, they are not what it is."

"Take one and to you the world becomes more so, you say. In what way?"

"The world becomes more so because you become more so. Be it beauty or ugliness, they will become more so. Touch, smell, sight and sound. Flavor. Your thoughts and feelings become more so. It is you that changes, the world stays the same."

Ouch. That indeed was something.

"In becoming more so, you will become more like an Orc. Because to them, the world is more so than it is to us." Thorzal stared at the little ball with concern.

"What is it?"

"It is but small."

"What is it?"

"It is approximately five hours in duration."

Thorzal sighed. It was of little use to ask what exactly it was.

"It makes everything more so because it makes me more so. That's quite something. Should I fear this?"

"Should you fear yourself?"

"Well, sometimes."

"Now?" Thorzal thought about that one. What an incredible day this was in so many ways.

How did he feel, really. Somehow everything was strange but perfect. He dared face himself with honesty.

"No, there is no need to fear myself now."

"Then you shouldn't fear it now." A silence fell between them.

"Hold on. If everything becomes more so..."

"Then this evening will become more so in every way, yes. Now you see why I offer it?"

"This is quite something." Thorzal shook his head.

"I got to think about this for a while."

"That you should. Meanwhile, give the one I gave you to your Orc. You will get a new one for yourself. My Orc and I have already taken ours." Thorzal slipped his feet from the Orc's hands and got up.

"One thing though: Let your Orc take it in his own way. Don't interrupt. Like I said: it is sacred."

"I'll do that." Thorzal said, and walked to his kitchen with the mysterious little ball that was so many things yet nameless.

In his kitchen he found his Orc making preparations for an elaborate meal that involved several dishes and craftily cut vegetables. The Orc immediately turned to him.

"Orctail!" Thorzal commanded and held out his hand. The big Orc walked up to him and Thorzal took a good firm hold of the Orc's eager meat again. Thorzal squeezed it a bit.

"Still hard for me are you?"

"Yes Master!" the Orc said and let out a playful snarl.

"Didn't tug it while I was away did you Orc?"

"No Master! Me promised!"

"Good. How's the cooking coming about? There's nothing on the stove."

"Orc do the cutting and cold foods first Master. Then cook the hot foods last so it just right."

"Cold foods, hot foods.. sounds like you got quite something planned. Good. But will it be ready soon?"

"Yes Master, soon. You go be proud of Orc." Thorzal held out the little ball.

"Master Guarai told me to give you this." The Orc carefully took it from him. He looked at it, and sighed. He closed his eyes and held the little ball to his forehead. It seemed almost like he was praying, but then again the Dwarf had said that it was sacred. Half a minute went by with the Orc in what seemed like a powerful prayer, and the Human holding his Orctail. Then the Orc opened his eyes, put the ball in his mouth, chewed and swallowed it.

"Master took his?" the Orc inquired.

"Master Guarai and his Orc took theirs, you took yours. I don't know what to do with mine."

"Eat it Master. It good."

Thorzial firmed up his grip on the Orc's meat.

"Tell me what it is then."

"It be not for words, Master. It for spirit." Guarai pulled the big Orc against him by his Orctail.

"I could make you talk."

"Orc cannot say, Master. It be tradition."

"Look me in the eyes Orc - and speak truth. Is it really a good thing?" The Orc looked at him and in absolute sincerity told him that this was so. Thorzial let go of him, ordered the Orc to make haste and left the kitchen.

"Guurai, I am ready." The Dwarf handed him a little ball, then put the small silver box away.

"Okay, here's to becoming more like an Orc for five hours.." Thorzial said with a bit of unease, then put it in his mouth and chewed on it.

"Mushrooms." He said,

"It tastes of mushrooms."

"It is not to be named. It is sacred. It is tradition. Please heed that."

"I'm sorry!" Thorzial said,

"It slipped me." He swallowed. Whatever it was, by eating it it now was to become a part of him.

"No problem there. And now just forget about it. Do this couch with me, and let my Orc massage your feet again." Thorzial got seated, the Orc took position and skillfully massaged his feet.

"Good Orc.." Thorzial praised and relaxed.

"You did walk fourteen miles on those today, you deserve it."

"How do you catch Orcs?"

"That depends. In the Twin Mountain Valley it is simple. There are simple rules known by all."

"Rules?"

"You don't just catch any Orc. The Orc should be open to the prospect of being caught, and caught as part of hunting-games, not malice."

"I'll hear you on that."

"The Twin Mountain Valley is a great stretch of land entirely surrounded by the Snowy Ridge mountains. In the Valley, there are the Twin Mountains. One the Dwarf mountain of Rigorai, the other the Orc mountain of Ritdent. As you can imagine one half of the valley is ours, the other theirs."

"Ours, Master." The Orc said humbly and massaged on.

"As you can imagine, roads run across it. As long as you are on the roads, all is well. Venture off the roads however., be you Orc or Dwarf, you can be hunted, or be a hunter yourself.

When you are caught, your mountain will pay a goldpiece ransom to the opposite mountain for your release, always. You are caught for a period of five to ten days, as decided by the captor. Then you are given the choice to either be released, or stay captive for a same period of time."

"Why would you want that?"

"It's quite something to be dragged off to an Orc mountain and be subjected to a week's worth of "playings" as the Orcs call it, or "game" as we call it. Because that's basically what will happen: You'll be their slave-toy in all sorts of delicious ways. On the same note, an Orc who's caught awaits the same fate in Rigorai. And not a few of you greenboars like that quite a bit don't you?"

"Yes Master! Us dooo!"

"There you go. During the war this started as "stealing Dwarves" as the Orcs called it, and it wasn't nearly as friendly. Now in peacetime it has become symbolic, for fun and pass-times. A tradition. And imagine the thrill of going on a great Orc-hunt, driving dozens of Orcs from a forest to a point of advantage, and then catching them, to be taken naked in chains to your mountain! And given our game here, imagine what a victory party would be like with a good hundred Orcs as your trophies. Quite festive."

"I can imagine."

"All Orcs be so sorry then Master Thorzal. There be whips and chains and cruel games for Orcs.." The massaging Orc said with fire in his eyes, clearly excited by vivid memories.

"Show me your Orc-tongue." Thorzal smiled, and the Orc massaging his feet stuck out his tongue and lewdly licked his lips.

"There are better uses for an Orc's tongue than talking."

"You're right about that!" Guarai added, and the Orc hissed in humiliation.

"You like massaging my feet, don't you Orc?"

"Yes Master.." the Orc softly said.

"I bet you'd just love to run that Orc-tongue of yours all over them, don't you?"

"That's a good use for an Orc's tongue." Guarai added. The Orc bowed his head in shame.

"Master." he softly said.

"That's not an answer of any sort. Either you put your Orc-tongue to good use, or you and I are going to play a little whipping game. You like games don't you?" The Orc gave a soft squeak.

"Orc will lick feet of Master.."

"Well?"

The Orc took Thorzal's ankles and held his feet up. Then he started licking the soles of them, left and right. Thorzal gasped at the unexpected pleasure. This felt really good! He relaxed again and watched the Orc humiliate himself.

"Creature comforts indeed." He smiled,

"You can tell he likes this better than talking."

"I sure like it better than him talking and it's not even my feet!" Guarai added, and the licking Orc cringed.

"How was the food coming? Your Orc's well underway I trust?"

"It will take some time but he's really making an effort. And this little piggy already found himself a nice little treat, didn't he?"

"Yes Master.."

"I didn't allow you to stop licking." The Orc set about his task again, his agile tongue providing Thorzal much pleasure.

"You do it well Orc." The Orc gave a soft squeak in acknowledgment.

"Good. Obedient."

"We can't have them talk for hours can we? Good you put that greenboar's tongue to better use."

"You can tell he's happy he has two." Thorzal smiled and watched the Orc lick the soles of his feet with dedication.

"I have two more should you tire of him."

"Orc! Now him." The Orc rubbed off the moistness to his chest, then knelt down by the Dwarf's feet and started licking them. Guarai sighed.

"Variety of spice makes for better eating." he smiled. Thorzal got on his feet.

"Excuse me." He said,

"Something's up in the kitchen."

"You're a Master - you're always excused. Have fun."

Thorzal walked to his kitchen and found it empty with the pantry door open. He walked into the small room, where his Orc was inspecting the shelves, and closed the door behind them, leaving them lit by the oil lamp the Orc had brought.

"Orctail!" he ordered. The Orc put away the tomatoes he was holding, turned to his Master and offered his swollen Orctail to his eager hand. Thorzal took a good hold of the thick green meat.

"Master!" the big Orc whispered, ready to obey.

"That's what I like, your Orctail thick and hard in my hand."

"Thank you, Master."

"Soo.. what's this then?" Thorzal said with sharpness to his voice.

"An Orcish raid on my pantry?"

"Me getting stuffs for cooking Master."

"Cooking you say. I say I caught a big naked Orc raiding my supplies!"

"Me sorry Master." The big Orc felt in no position to argue. Thorzial firmed up his grip on the Orc's meat, then slowly pulled the Orc's naked body against his, standing a bit aside, holding his Orctail beside his flank.

"Now what am I to do with you? A big naked Orc raiding my kitchen.." He slowly started kneading and pulling at the Orc's meat.

"A big naked Orc with a big hard Orctail." The Orc moaned in delight at this slow but rough and thorough handling of his meat.

"Oooh me in trouble now Master?" the Orc softly rumbled in mounting excitement. Thorzial said nothing, but picked up the pace of his handiwork, now building up to giving firm tugs at the Orc's meat, tugs that made the green giant flinch and made him breathe evermore heavily in the small, barely lit supply room. He put his free arm around the Orc's back and pressed him firmly against his body, skin to skin, touching as much of the Orc's warm smoothness as he could. His tugging at the Orc's giant meat was quite rough, and the Orc eager to respond.

"A big naked Orc raiding my kitchen, well well.. What's one to do with this?"

"Can Orc hold onto you, Master?" the heated Orc panted.

"You be having Orc good.."

"Indeed I am. Orc: Hold onto your Master." the muscular creature put his enormous arms around Thorzial, covering much of his back, and gently leaned in a little. The Human and his Orc were fully in the then and there, that barely lit storage room of Thorzial's kitchen.

"You're getting quite excited aren't you, Orc raider?"

"Ooooh yess Master! Orc likes.. Orc likes great big!"

"And something great big between the legs too!" Thorzial kept up his good pace of brisk hard tugs at the Orc's meat, holding the Orc captive by sheer lust. The big Orc started to sweat all over.

"Looks like my big Orc raider's in real trouble now, is he?"

"Oooh.. this be exciting, Master!"

"Sounds like my big Orc raider's about to make seed.. I forbid you to!"

"Oooh Master.. Orc no can hold back with *this* tugging!"

"You hold it back with all your might while I try milk the slimes from your tail.. Let's see who wins this, Orc raider, this tug-of war of man and Orc!"

"Oohh me no stand chance at your hand, Master! It be good firm tugging! This be hot game Master!"

"Hold your seed, Orc! Let's see who is the strongest of the two!"

"Oooh this no fair at all Master!" the excited Orc mocked to complain.

"Seems like that Orctail of yours is getting harder and bigger the more I tug it!"

"Orc all hot with steam Master!"

"Getting ready to burst are we, Orc raider?"

"Yes Master.."

"You can hold onto me more, but don't crush me you beast of muscle!"

"Thank you Master.." the panting Orc hissed, hugged the smaller Human a bit tighter and leaned in a little more.

"Me no crush you Master.. You can trust on Orc.." Thorzial's tugging was relentless. The Orc now shivered on his legs and was dripping wet with sweat, the musky sweat of an Orc in heat.

"Oooh it coming Master! Orc getting hard in balls!"

"If you can't hold your seed, hold your noise at the very least!"

"Me try Master.. Oooooohh.." The Orc's breath was building up speed and vigor. His muscles swelled big and tightened, but his hold on Thorzial did not. The green giant shivered all over. He braced with all his might, trying to hold his seed like he was told to, but he had to yield and thick squirts shot from his Orctail, splattering around as Thorzial kept up the brisk tugging all the way through his squirting. He did manage to hold his noise, somewhat, but could not help to hiss and snarl loudly in the small space of the pantry. Then the squirting ceased and his muscles relaxed. He leaned in a bit more. Thorzial milked the last drops from his Orctail, then let go and hugged the green giant with both hands as well.

There they stood while the Orc regained sentience.

"I guess we now know who the stronger one is, Orc raider."

"It be you, Master.. Thank you for playings of tugging! Ohh.. Thank you for letting Orc hold you like this.."

"Enjoy it while it lasts. " Thorzal smiled, then teased:

"You smell of Orc again. A lot. In my pantry no less."

"Orc sorry he do.."

"I'm not. " Thorzal said, and ran his arms over the now slick shapes and curves of the Orc's back. It felt so good holding him, feeling his warmth with all of his body. The pumping of his breath. That he was wet with the Orc's sweat bothered him not. The slickness felt great.

"You excite me, Orc."

"Thank you Master. And you excite Orc. Big." There was such warmth to this Orc's deep, growling voice, such affection.

"I'll be putting you through quite some hardships tonight, Orc." The Orc made a soft rumbling sound that shook the Human in his arms.

"Bring it on, Master. Orc can't wait." So sincere his words.. Thorzal cut it short.

"Orc: let go." The Orc unhanded Thorzal and now stood straight to attention. Proud warrior and devoted servant in one. Friendly eyes, yet they burned with emerald fire.

"I'll leave you to your cooking now. Do not disappoint me!"

"No Master. Orc go and make you proud."

"That will do." Thorzal cast him a last glance and walked out of the pantry, blinking in the light as he walked to the main room. This had been quite exciting.

"Thorzal! How's the meal coming along?" the Dwarf asked in the best of moods, his Orc massaging his feet again with his unbridled devotion.

"It will be quite something! I.. umm.. hey.."

"Hay is for horses, I was talking food my man!"

Thorzal looked around. This was his main room, yes, the Dwarf hadn't moved a thing, but it seemed a bit different somehow.

"This is really odd."

"Let's have it out then!" the Dwarf grinned.

"It's like the room is a bit bigger.."

"I've guarded it with my life and it hasn't moved an inch!"

"No, somehow it's not."

"And? Is there more to it?" Thorzal looked in wonder. It was so subtle yet could not be denied.

"Colors. They're off somehow."

"When my sausages have gone off I throw them out."

"It's not a bad thing. The shape of things.. Everything.. Somehow not quite the same."

"In other words the whole damn room has gone off!" the Dwarf laughed, his Orc chuckled and was brought to attention with a light snap of the whip.

"Well not off like your sausages. Not in a bad way, I just can't put my finger on it.."

"So in other words, might one say that the room has become more so?" Oh. Right. That.

"It seems like that which is not to be named has begun.., wouldn't you say?"

"I think it did. I think calling it "more so" is the best way to describe it. The room has become more so."

"Ah, but the room hasn't changed a bit, remember?" Thorzal nodded.

"I remember. It's not the room. It is I who has become a bit more so."

"You will become about two bits more so over the next half hour, that will hold for a good two or three hours more, then it will fade. Does that sound doable?"

"It sounds interesting."

"I did, on your second question, tell you that it was interesting."

"Hmm.. Yes.. So far it is good to be more so." The Dwarf grinned and casually pointed.

"It looks like your Orc has become more so all over your kilt of belts, there!" Thorzal looked. thick globs of white Orc-seed were on his leathers.

"I hope that's not what he'll put on the table for us. Beast; Clean!" The Dwarf's Orc scrambled towards Thorzal on all fours, and without hesitation started licking his kinsman's seed off Thorzal's leathers. Thorzal looked down at him, and was met with the Orc's gaze. Such fire. Such dedication.

"You really love this game don't you?" Thorzal said in gentle affection, and the Orc nodded and eagerly set about his task. Thorzal noted that the Orc too looked a bit more so as well. The Orc put his hands to Thoral's legs to hold on a bit. Big hands. Soft smooth skin. Warm. "So this is what an Orc feels like all the time?"

"No. But as all their senses are stronger than ours, eyes like a hawk, nose like a dog and so forth, this is as close as you'll come."

"The flames of the candles and lamps are a bit fuzzy. But in a good way."

"It's best to not think of it as a change. We have taken but one, so get into the things you like to do and let them be as they are."

"It all clean Master Thorzal." Thorzal held the Orc by the back of his head and rubbed it.

"You're a good Orc."

"I beg to differ." Guarai said, again with that delicious good-spirited sharp bite to his voice.

Then he slapped the couch beside him and laughed:

"Thorzal: Ride this couch with me!" Thorzal joined him, and sat down close beside him. The Orc scrambled to them, then looked left and right in confusion on who to serve. Whatever this was, it had started for this Orc also.

"Make up your mind, beast!"

"Ooooh!" Guarai calmed his tone.

"Go clean Master Thorzal's Rits, beast."

The Orc got in front of Thorzal, then bent over, carefully took hold of one of the straps of his kilt of belts, and carefully started licking the big round goldbrass rivet with the strange rune on it. Thorzal took another of the belts and rubbed the shiny metal with the Orcish rune.

"So this is a Rit?"

"Actually the rune that is on it is the Rit, but for his tongue, yes, the whole thing is." Thorzal turned it and looked at it. The Dwarf did not await the question.

"These Orcs are from the Orc Tribe of Ritdent, as you know. The symbol of their tribe is that rune. It is the Rit. To clean the Rit with your tongue is to honor the Tribe, that and the Orc who wears the Rit."

"I'm not an Orc."

"You do like him doing that though."

"Mmmhh, yes."

"Then it's good. This is also a Rit.." The Dwarf said, took a small coin-pouch off his belt and took out a sizable gold coin. He gave it to Thorzal. Sure enough, on one side of the coin was the same rune, on the other three inscriptions in what looked to be the same rune language.

"This is your typical Orcen coin. It has the traditional manner of marking you will find anywhere in the lands, at least with Orc Tribes that have established themselves in a mountain or area."

"It's got weight to it!" Thorzal looked at the coin, admiring it.

"The front side is the one with the rune, in this case the Rit, because it is minted in Ritdent. Each Orc Tribe has their own rune. The reverse side is the same everywhere, at least where tradition is upheld."

Thorzal flipped it over. Ah yes. The three words of rune.

"What do these mean?"

"Mean!" Guarai laughed,

"Let's have what they say first. Orc?" The Orc carefully snatched the coin from Thorzal's fingers and pointed at the lowest rune with the pointy black clawnail of his finger.

"It reading from down to up, Master Thorzal. It saying: Rakach, Clatath, Tokh. That go and be meaning: the Earth, Union, the Skies." Thorzal took the coin back and stared at the inscriptions.

"Oook.. What does this mean?"

"Clean the man's Rits, beast." Thorzal dismissed the Orc, who took another of the belts and started licking again. Thorzal petted the Orc's half-masked head. So loyal.

"The Orcs, like the Dwarves, have what is called a Great Legend, that being the most ancient legend of all. This will be strange, want to bear with a tale of legend?" Thorzal nodded.

"Better bear with legend than with hunger I'd say."

"Good. In short these three mean, that the Orcs shall live on the earth. That is Rakach. Then they will ally and form one people with their allies, this is Clathath, Union." He peered at Thorzal inquisitively.

"Then from the earth, and allied into one people, they will take to the skies, Tokh, where they will be welcomed by the Orcs in the Sky." Thorzal frowned.

"That's a really odd legend. Who will they ally with?" Guarai cleared his throat.

"Well, with us, the Dwarves. This is why there is always an Orc Tribe in close proximity to a Dwarf Clan.." his voice got that tickle of sharpness again,

"They basically follow us around and try to form their Union with us." The Dwarf closed his eyes.

"Unfortunately the tragedy is that my people in the past wanted nothing of it. War ensued."

"That great war between Dwarves and Orcs that's on for thousands of years now? The Supremacy War I believe?" The Dwarf sighed.

"Yes. Many thousands of years, and it is absolutely ghastly for both peoples. It is only recently that Dwarves and Orcs are making any progress in establishing peace. We're not even close to Union as it is foretold, but give it a few thousand years and we might get there."

"What brings them around?"

"Plotting, scheming and insidious infiltration." Guarai grinned a wicked grin.

"There are several Tribes and Clans that have found varying degrees of peace, like in the Twin Mountain Valley. There are diplomatic bonds between us. We cultivate the peace, and meticulously and might I say insidiously work at spreading the peace among the more stubborn Clans and Tribes. You could in a way say that we have stopped fighting the war of flesh and steel against each other, and now wage a war of diplomacy against our own kinds, for the greater good of all. And Dwarves and Orcs can be terribly stubborn and resistant to change when it comes to breaking with Tradition, oh yes. We wrote off four thousand years of our Ten Thousand Year Plan just to establish peace between the Dwarves and Orcs of the world."

"Four thousand years just for peace is quite stubborn indeed if I may say so."

"You may. But remember we live longer, so have fewer generations within a millennium. You should also realize this war has been on for tens of thousands of years. Lots of blood has been spilled on either side. It's a tragedy, war-business." Thorzal nodded, glad to not have seen wars during his twenty-seven years of life in this sheltered corner of the world.

"And once there is Union, according to legend, Orcs and Dwarves shall take to the skies, and meet our kinsmen in the skies who will welcome us with open arms."

"What about us, Humans?"

"You will be given the world entirely. Quite a gift too I might say."

"Yes but what you're basically saying is that you'll leave us behind."

"I wasn't finished. The strange part is yet to come." Thorzal smelled delicious food, a sign that his Orc had fired up the stove and was nearing completion of the meal.

"Tell me the strange part."

"Legend has it that there will be Orcs and Dwarves awaiting us up yonder. Legend also has it that we will travel from world to world, and place on them a tribe of Orcs and a Clan of Dwarves each, who after many thousands of years will take to the skies also."

"That's good and weird."

"Legend also has it that we came into this world like that also. That we are not from here. That this has been the way for thousands upon thousands of years."

"Us be from the skies, Master." The Orc interrupted his licking of the Rits and spoke.

"This planet be of Humans. Not of Dwargh. Not of Orc. Great Legend say us come and us go."

"We Humans don't have a Great Legend."

"You be a young people, Master. After Orcs and Dwarghs go, the world go and be all yours again."

"Yes, but without great beings like your kinds it will not be the same, Orc."

"Hyoomans will go and be filling all of world with their kind. You go and forget all about Orc and Dwargh peoples. Then will be coming your Clathath. Then Hyoomans will go and take to

the skies. Us will be there waiting Master. And us go be very grateful for using world of Hyoomans. That be foretold. Then Hyoomans go write Great Legend of own kind in the skies, and go from world to world with us. That be legend Master. That how it is and that it be." The Orc took another belt and carefully started licking the Rit on its end.

"It would be wonderful if this were true, but you can't just throw a rope at the moon and climb it."

"If there is any way whatsoever, the Orcs will find it." Guarai smiled.

"There is a problem with dismissing this as fable though. The Great Legend of the Orcs is inscribed in perfect gold plates that reside in their most sacred cave in the land of Orx. The Great Legend of the Dwarves happens to be inscribed in perfect gold plates that reside in the Dverk mountains. The problem with these Great Legends is that they are exactly the same, be it that they were written for two peoples. And then there is the issue of the gold plates themselves.." Thorzal listened in utter amazement.

"What about them?"

"The gold is different. Different from all the gold in the world. If you pour an exact measure of pure molten gold and let it set, there is a precise weight to it. Like water weighs the same always. The gold of the plates of either Great Legend come up a few grams lighter to the liter. It is not the same gold than that of all the world. And we examined samples of all the gold in the world. That is all the same. This is different."

"Magic."

"You say magic, I say poppycock. Magic produces sparrows from sleeves, but it does not make gold."

"Alchemy."

"If it at any time will, there yet is no evidence of it making gold. I practice Alchemy. I know of what I speak. The gold you're holding isn't the same. There actually might be truth to this somehow." Thorzal wanted to return the coin, but the Dwarf pushed it back.

"Keep it. To remember us by."

"It's gold! Big gold."

"It's a golden Rit from the Ritdent. It's a suitable present. You may keep it, spend it, or have it smelte to something more meaningful. Orc gold for a Master of Orcs. Fitting."

"You could buy a horse with this!"

"I wouldn't take a horse to town that I paid but a single gold Rit for. If you do spend it, spend it wisely."

"Well thanks a whole lot! This is.. amazing."

Thorzal's Orc came in holding two plates and balancing a big bowl on top of his head.

"What business has an Orc of mine to walk on his feet?" Guarai demanded.

"I allowed him."

"Me allowed, Master!" the big Orc said, glad to be saved by Thorzal's words, and put the plates and dishes on the big table.

"More coming Master! It not just this."

"It better not be! Make haste! And you - take this key and get your feeding-bowl. Make haste!" Guarai's Orc bowed his head for Thorzal.

"Me cleaned your Rits all shiny, Master." Thorzal petted the Orc's cheek.

"Good Orc! Now go obey your Master!" The Orc scrambled off on all fours, while Thorzal's Orc went to the kitchen to get the next load of plates and bowls.

"It's customary that Masters eat first and that the leftovers are for the Orcs, to be eaten on the ground in their feeding-bowl. Does that meet the rules of your house?"

"It could make for some entertaining play for dessert."

"I say the two of us eat.." Guarai winked and briefly licked his lips,

"And then the game is on for the night."

"Let's do this mr. Dwarf!"

"Our pleasure mr. Human. Does the force without form sit well with you?"

"I feel wonderful, Guarai. Thanks for offering me that which shall not be named. And the Rit!"

"All is well." The two Masters watched how Thorzal's Orc kept unloading dishes and running off to get even more. After six runs, the Orc stood to full attention in front of them, smiling in

pride.

"This be it, Masters! This be great big meal Orc made!" Thorzal looked over the half of the big table that was set for the Dwarf and him. There were twelve dishes and bowls with a wide variety of delicious-looking foods, not just prepared well but also cut to interesting shapes and arranged on the dishes and plates to please the eye. He was impressed to see a modest amount of his supplies to have been so well-prepared. He even saw things, like cubes of a bright yellow jelly, he had not a clue about what they were made of.

"This looks quite good to me, Orc."

"Thank you, Master! Orc did good?"

"Withold that until after you've tasted it, Thorzal. The things I see are the ones that are *missing*." Guarai took a fork from beside a plate and poked the Orc in the stomach with it.

"Ouch Master! What Orc do? Orc did good on meal! Ouch!"

"It's not what's there beast, it's what's missing!" Guarai kept jabbing the fork to the tummy of the Orc who stood to full attention. The Orc's proud smile of accomplishment was long gone. He didn't puncture the Orc's soft but tough skin, but it did hurt quite a bit.

"Ouch! Me no know what be missing Mas-Ouch!"

"Think harder!"

"Orc even -ouch!- Orc even brought water with a mint leaf in Master!"

"You set the dinner-plates with just forks! Eating with forks is for beasts! Real people like Dwarves and Humans use knives and spoons with that!"

"Me sorry Master! Let Orc get it for you!"

"No."

"Master?"

"I'm not through stabbing you with this fork!"

"Ouch Master! Please! Orc did good! Ouch!" The Orc seemed half-startled, yet there was a clear tone of amazed indignation to his protesting.

"Not good enough! Beast! Take that wiggly Orctail of yours and lay it out on the table!"

"Oh please no Master! No! What you go do?"

"I'm going to stab it with this fork while I address you."

"Oh please not Orctail Master! No!"

"There's a lot of "No Master" here. Do it!"

"Please! Not Orctail! Master!" Guarai now stepped up to match.

"I'll have your balls under my fork if you don't obey me now you disobedient beast! Your Orctail! On the table!" a soft squeak by the Orc proved there would be no more protest. He walked to the edge of the table, sank through his knees a bit and lay his eight soft inches on the table.

"Not like that! Get that red knob exposed." the big Orc whimpered softly, and pulled back his foreskin before dropping his Orctail on the table again. Guarai gave a gentle prick, but one that would be felt.

"Oww! Me sorry, Master!"

"No knives and spoons! Do you expect us to eat like Orc beasts?"

"Sorry Master! Oww! No Master! Oww!" Guarai now gave a mean prick with each word.

"Then! Get! Us! Our! Spoons! And! Knives!"

"Ooooww! Oooww! Yes Master!"

"Make haste!" Guarai shouted, and while the big Orc ran off clutching his tormented Orctail in both his hands, he got a jab of the fork to his buttock in the passing by.

"And wash your hands before you touch our cutlery!" Then, at once, Guarai was calmness itself again.

"Don't worry Thorzal: I'll use this fork myself." Thorzal smiled. This wasn't injurious, save for the Orc's pride.

"Poor Orc, all that work and then this!" There were a few soft, pitiful howl from the kitchen. Guarai tapped his ear, and Thorzal understood. Orcs hear everything. The howl was to appeal to his mercy.

"Serves the Orc right for disobeying though. How dare he!" He said with a wink to the Dwarf, and there were no more howls from the kitchen.

Thorzial smiled. This wasn't just a game of big things, there were lots of little things to it that needed to be played out just right. Guarai's Orc came in in his knees and a hand, clutching the feeding-bowl of the Orcs to his chest. He went to the middle of the open space of the room and put it down on the white granite. Then he sat up, facing his Masters.

"Hungry are we?" Guarai smiled and got two eager nods. With a slapping of Orc feet Thorzial's Orc ran into the room and put spoons and knives next to the dinner plates. Then he stood straight as an arrow.

"Masters! Dinner be served!" Guarai walked past him and got seated,. Thorzial did the same.

"Orc! Guarai shouted at the Orc at the feeding bowl,

"Kneel down on the empty half of the table, facing us, knees wide!"

"Yes Master!" the Orc obeyed, crawled to the table, got on top of it and did as ordered.

"You like to tug it don't you? That's gotten you a good rumpsmacking, remember?"

"Yes Master. Me likes tugging it and me got spankies for it by Masters. It still hot and stingy Master."

"Good. You will now tug your Orc-tail for us. Not for you, but to offer us amusement while we eat. There will absolutely be no squirting of any sort. Play with your Orc-tail. And make it look good."

"Yes Master.." The big Orc said in shame, and started to slowly knead his meat under his watchful eye.

"And you!" Guarai said the Thorzial's Orc, who was feeling up his tortured Orc-tail,

"You get under the table and lick the feet of your Masters. Let none of our feet be a minute without your tongue. That should keep you busy while we eat your Orc-food. Show me that Orc-tongue!"

The Orc reluctantly licked his lips.

"Good, now put it to use and do it well." The Orc got under the table, and shortly thereafter was very busy licking the four feet of his Masters.

Thorzial watched the Orc on the table hold onto his big Orc-tail with both hands and lustfully massaging it for their pleasure, while the Orc under the table pleased them in an even more demeaning way. And before them was a gorgeous dish of many tastes and flavors.

"This is pretty damn decent." He smiled in satisfaction, and poured Guarai some water.

"May the food become you." Guarai said with grace, and Thorzial returned it. This was it: the decadence of the Kings of old, now at his very dinner-table. A hidden wish had come true once more.

Thorzial and Guarai helped themselves to small amounts from several dishes, and ate the rich flavors and textures of a fine Orcish meal.

"There's the Orc cooking that is done in one kettle, and there's the Orc cooking of many dishes, The first befitting the lower ranks and the latter befitting the high." Guarai explained while eating some salad.

"We deserve no less than the Orc cooking of many dishes. Does it become you?"

"I had my doubts about some things, but it's quite tasty, all of it." Beneath the table Thorzial's feet got a sudden extra attention.

"There's quite a use of spices and herbs to it. It's full of flavor. My Orc used spices I didn't know I had. Quite tasty. Quite strong."

"That's what the toasted bread and water is for. To uphold variety."

"One thing's on my mind though."

"Well?"

"Whether these Orcs deserve a meal like this themselves."

"Don't lose sleep over that." Guarai cheerfully smiled. He closed his eyes for a while, smiled and helped himself to a potato, that had been glazed with spiced lard with a bit of honey.

Thorzial watched Guarai's Orc perform for them on the table, while his own Orc licked his foot below. The Orc on the table had really gotten into his Orc-tail-play, and gave soft excited growls and snarls while he pleased himself for them, doing it with a most graceful sway to his muscular body, as if moving to inaudible slow music. It was quite exciting to watch.

"There will be no squirting Orcseed on this dinner-table!" Guarai warned with urgency to his voice as the Orc was getting more and more into it.

"No Masterr... Orc trry hold in for Masterrs.."

"You'd better not fail. I'll take my whip to you if you will."

Thorzial smiled and ate while seeing the Orc on the table getting evermore aroused. An Orc holding it in? He'd really like to see that! They ate on.

"Good food, an Orc at our feet and a good sight to see on the table. What more could one wish for?" Guarai gave a mean grin under twinkling eyes.

"Well for one thing, I wish I wasn't here having dinner with a naked Orc growling and snarling at us! Beast! Bit yourself!" the Orc on the table gave an indignant snarl, then put the thick leather roll that dangled beside his cheek between his teeth, spreading his jaws wide, then adjusted it to the other side of the black leather mask covering the top half of his face.

"Beast! Tug your tail for us and look good doing it!" Quite a bit more humiliated the Orc now set about his task again, occasionally making throaty sounds of joy, stifled by the thick bit of black leather.

"Now that is much better. And there will be no Orc-seed from your tail or I'll take my whip to you!" The Orc whimpered softly, but it wasn't long before he got into his task again, be it blushing a darker green in humiliation. Beneath the table, his green kinsman was busy pleasing the four feet of his masters. Thorzial watched the lustful Orc and licked his lips.

"You are right. It is better to not have to listen to that lewd snarling of his." Thorzial helped himself to some of the yellow cubes, that proved to be made of gelatin and egg-yolk, sweetened and spiced with several herbs, particularly anise. Nothing he would've thought up, but quite tasty nonetheless. He watched the Orc on the table flexing his powerful muscles to a seductive swaying of his body, slowly massaging his Orctail quite excitingly.

"Some Orc's been put to this use more often. " He smiled.

"If you have them, you might as well enjoy them." The small Dwarf smiled, watching his Orc performing his seductive self-pleasures for them. It excited Thorzial more and more.

"The decadence of Kings." Thorzial said and closed his eyes. Surprisingly vivid, he saw the image of himself sitting on a throne, dressed like a king with a golden crown, smiling in total satisfaction. He held two golden chains in his hands, attached to the collars of two big naked Orcs that knelt down at the sides of his throne, pleasing themselves in this most seductive way. He opened his eyes. That was a nice thought! And how vivid the fantasy had been. He decided that the nature of this force was such, that even his fancies themselves had become more so.

Thorzial watched in arousal as the Orc got fully into it once more, and it was then he had a thought that made him smile. Oh evil he. Watching the Orc seduce them further, he decided to go with it. Yes. It fit the evening like a glove. This was his desire, and his desires were to be explored.

"It feels good tugging that meat doesn't it, Orc?" The bitted Orc eagerly nodded.

"Perhaps you need some help with that." The excited Orc looked at him in confusion. Thorzial got up from his seat, the Orc startled. Thorzial walked up to beside the Orc, slammed the tabletop and commanded:

"Orc! Kneel at the edge of the table!" The Orc hastily complied, now facing Thorzial, towering over him. He was still snorting and hissing through his snout with sheer excitement, now fondling his Orctail more hesitantly.

"Orc! Sit up!" The Orc now sat straight as an arrow.

"It looks like you need a hand with that.. Let me help you then."

Thorzial bowed down, took the Orc's meat in both his hands and slid the big Orctail quite a bit in his mouth. Mmmhh.. Man-flesh! Thorzial started sucking and licking the big Orctail, bobbing his head up and down the Orc's length. The Orc now struggled with his bit, overcome by sheer lust, greatly pleased in the tail by his Master. Thorzial stopped and looked up.

"Yeah you like *that* don't you Orc? Don't you, Orc?" Thorzial demanded and the Orc eagerly nodded.

"One squirt out of you, beast, and I'll take my whip to you!" Guarai warned with much urgency. Thorzial hugged the Orc's waist, slipped the big Orctail in his mouth and started exciting him again. The poor Orc was torn between his Masters. He had to obey the Dwarf, but could do nothing but yield to the pleasures and lusts the human evoked from his Orctail with his mouth.

Thorzial got up, seized the Orc by his slightly protruding pointy nipples and played with them, making the Orc snort and hiss in desperation.

"Yeah you like me pleasing you, don't you Orc?" He could do nothing but nod.

"One drop out of you Orc..." Guarai threatened, and the poor Orc moaned by his peril that was so confusing to him. Beneath the table, Thorzial's Orc now had to crawl back and forth between his Masters to keep their feet pleased by his Orc-tongue as was demanded of him. With two Masters to command him, he'd better be obedient.

"That's a good tasty tail on you Orc!" Thorzial said in excitement.

"Quite a tease, are you?" Then he plunged his head down again and slid the Orcs thick length a good end up his mouth, and roughly started sucking on the meat, up and down, kneading the hot Orc flesh with his tongue. Once more the bitted Orc was sent moaning, this time in utter lust. Thorzial took his time with it, delighting in the spicy taste of the Orc's meat, feeding off the slimes that oozed from it.

The Orc was absorbed in lust, needing all the air his snout could supply, getting far more excited than allowed to him. His thick Orc-balls now tightened, he softly but urgently tapped his Master's shoulder to make him stop, but the Human would have nothing of it.

The Orc seemed to swell in size as he tightened all his muscles, and then squirt after squirt of thick Orc-seed flooded Thorzial's mouth, who eagerly swallowed and swallowed the salty spicyness. So this is what Orcs tasted like, this was essence of Orc delivered to him fresh from the spout. Just when it seemed there was no end to it, the squirting lessened and stopped.

Thorzial popped the thick Orc-tail from his mouth and stood upright, watching the kneeling Orc sit there sweating, snorting and hissing in exhaustion, head bowed down.

"There. Looks like you needed some help with that after all, Orc." Thorzial got back to his seat, faced by a wickedly grinning Guarai. A few moments passed.

"I damn well hope you enjoyed that, beast!" Guarai shouted in mock anger, and the exhausted Orc cringed. Guarai grabbed the edge of the tabletop and pushed his chair back with a loud wooden noise across the granite floor. Guarai walked up to the Orc, his leather sandals smacking on the tiles.

"Down! Down on the floor!" he commanded in mock anger, snapped his whip rushing the Orc who complied as fast as he could. Guarai seized the kneeling Orc's snouting and dragged him to about the middle of the room.

"I said *no squirting!*" The Dwarf barked, the Orc cringing and moaning in what seemed like utter despair.

"No use talking to you is there?!" The Dwarf demanded.

"That's why I'll stay out of it and let my whip do the talking! This one's between you and the whip!"

The Dwarf lashed out his Orc-training whip and made it snap down hard on the Orc's body, over and over, in a whipping that had not a speck of mercy to it whatsoever. The cruel leather thong curled and coiled on the Orc's green flesh all over, sending him squirming on the floor, fighting the bit with stifled moans and howls in torment, writhing under the whip. This went on and on for several minutes, and Thorzial's Orc had to crawl back and forth between his masters to lick their feet as he had been ordered, terrified to be taken to the whip as harshly as his kinsman that lay writhing on the floor. Then, after an eternity, the Dwarf ceased his whipping and put his arms to his sides in defiance.

"Get back on the table!" The Dwarf commanded, fire shooting from his eyes, and the Orc hastily complied as fast as he could.

"And now tug your Orc-tail to amuse us you damn beast!" The Dwarf calmed down as he walked to his chair, got seated again and reached for a dish of spiced fried mushrooms, a smile of satisfaction to his face. Thorzial looked at the Orc in shocked amazement, watching the shivering, moaning and crying Orc tug at his half-hard Orc-tail in agony and utter humiliation.

"And make a sight of it damn you!" The Dwarf ordered.

It sent a shiver down his spine. The decadence of the Kings of old in all its cruelty. Thorzial closed his eyes. Surrounded by blackness he saw the scene of their table, one Orc on the

table and one below. But the Orcs were shivering in total fear, and on their chairs sat two mangy wolves, small gold crowns on their heads, viciously growling and showing their teeth at the Orcs, dripping with drool.

Thorzial opened his eyes. He sighed.

"So that is what we are, monsters?" The Dwarf smiled his charming smile at him and reached for some bread.

"No, not at all." He said almost casually,

"But if these Orcs did not desire this, we'd be no better than wolves."

Thorzial blinked. What a strange coincidence of the inside world and out. The Dwarf addressed the Orc on the table with a friendly calm.

"Okratan, are you enjoying yourself here?" The shivering Orc closed his eyes and nodded twice.

"Should I have him take the bit out and let him speak in words?" Thorzial looked at the Orc. Yes, this was sincere. The Orc's face was tight with anguish of the body and mind, but his eyes sparkled with excitement. He really did enjoy this, and did so quite a lot.

"That won't be necessary." Thorzial said, now reassured.

"Orc: tug your tail for us, but not a squirt or single drop from you this time." The Orc complied, his body in anguish and his mind in torment, but it didn't take long for his Orctail to harden and his excitement took over once more.

Thorzial closed his eyes. How did he feel about this? Quite exited to say the least, and it was all facilitated by the desire of the Orcs to be handled like they were. Somehow all was well with the world, the four of them tasted these forbidden pleasures only enjoyed because of their unspoken pact of consent. He opened his eyes.

"No monsters here." He said this calmly, having found peace with what was and whatever was to come.

"One could argue there's one on the table and one underneath." The Dwarf said.

"I'm just about through with this meal, how about you?"

"Another bit of that egg-pie like thing and I've had mine as well." Thorzial said in satisfaction and helped himself to another slice of the strange dish.

"The beasts are in luck: we left quite some chow for them." Guarai rubbed his belly in satisfaction.

"Beast! Bit!" he ordered sharply, and the Orc on the table undid the strap and took the bit from his mouth.

"Can you be trusted handling the good Master's kitchenware? And not break it?"

"Yes Master. Me go be good obeyings." The Orc sighed, tired by the ordeal.

"I think you will. In Master Thorzial's barn, the barrel still lies to the pole. Do you fathom?"

"If Orc go be bad obeyings he go ride the barrel for great big rumpsmacks.." the Orc said with a shiver of fear.

"No it means both of you Orcs will ride the barrel if either one of your Masters feels the slightest urge to wish it.."

"Ooooh! Master!"

"But yes, you'd damn well better obey us proper or you'll ride the barrel for sure. Or twice."

"Oooh Master! Me go be good!"

"And my licking-Orc?"

"Me go and be very good obeyings Master!" A voice from under the table announced with conviction.

"Me go be much better obeyings than Orc!"

"No! Orc go be better than Orc!" The green giant on the table protested this sudden backstab by his kinsman.

"Not so!"

"I'm suddenly vividly reminded of the smack of leather on Orc-hams somehow!" Guarai threatened, and the Orcs stopped competing for the favor of their Masters. Thorzial smiled. The sudden amusing squabble between these beings over two centuries old who fought to get his approval made him feel less like a hatchling with his mere twenty-seven years of age. "We'll find good use for both of you." He smiled.

"Be it only for a good smack and a howl riding my barrel."

"Us go be good obeyings Master! Really!"

"Us go be two good Orcs tonight Master!"

"If I recall correctly good obeyings don't actually entitle you to anything do they?" Guarai inquired sharply.

"Whatever pleases us, I believe it was." Thorzal smiled evilly.

"Beast! Dump the food in your feeding-bowl. And handle the good master's kitchenware with care! And you beneath the table: stop being such an Orc and licking our feet! Master Thorzal appointed you kitchen-Orc, take the empty dishes to the kitchen. With care! Tomorrow you will wash them with house duty. Now stop licking and work damn you!"

The two Orcs worked with the care and haste ordered them, while the Human and Dwarf sat and talked a bit, with the Orcish business surrounding them.

"That was a good meal and I won't deny it." Thorzal said to the Dwarf, and his Orc who had cooked it gave a soft growl in appreciation while passing by.

"So I guess the game is on for the night now." The Dwarf nodded in agreement.

"It was pretty much on already, just now." Thorzal smiled.

"The game is always on, at least then agreed upon." The Dwarf said while dishes were taken from the table, to be emptied in the feeding-bowl and handed to Thorzal's Orc.

"But I said the game would be on with a vengeance. There's a difference."

"Looks like you got something on your mind."

"I always have something on my mind, especially when amidst the force without form."

"Speak it." Thorzal said.

"Speak your mind."

"I'd say we first feed the Orcs properly, then I have something in mind also."

"That's always." Thorzal laughed,

"You just said there's always something on your mind."

"Those are two lucky Orcs right there!" Guarai chuckled and they sat for a while. The Orcs finished their tasks and then sat to both sides of their feeding-bowl facing their Masters, exited at the prospect of being allowed to eat. Guarai glanced at Thorzal, who nodded in agreement. They got up, the Orcs faced their bowl from both sides, and Guarai and Thorzal flanked them from both sides. Thorzal looked at the assorted foods in the feeding-bowl.

"No good." He said.

"Or rather too good for these two. I'm having second thoughts about feeding our Orcs."

"You are right." Guarai said with a wicked smile. Apparently, indeed something was on his mind.

"It has all these spices, yet little salt. This should be so as the meal was intended for us, not Orcs. Orcs thrive on salt."

"Orcs do, Master!" Thorzal's Orc nodded.

"Then I'll salt up your dish for you." Guarai smiled, and undid the belt of his black leather trunks.

"No Master! Please!" Thorzal's Orc gasped in shocked amazement.

"Oh you'll get your salt allright." Guarai took out his Dwarven meat. It was modest, Thorzal remembered, but not as modest as he had expected.

"It good food Master! Orc worked hard on it!" Thorzal's Orc protested, and there was shocked indignation to his voice again. The Dwarf then started pissing, raining down his golden yellows onto the dish, sprinkling all of the dish with it.

"Ohh! Orc worked so hard!" Thorzal's Orc's eyes grew wide as he saw what was done to his cookery.

"It has served our purpose. You don't deserve it like it was."

"Orc made it Master! Oww you be mean tricks Dwargh Master!" Thorzal smiled, watched how his Orc indignantly complained about what was done to their meal. He smiled.

"I'll add to that then mr. Guarai, and give these Orcs their salt." Thorzal's Orc turned to him in shock.

"No! No do this Master! It good food!"

"You will sit on your knees watching me do it, Orc. And not a squeak out of you."

"Did you hear, beast?!" Guarai added in threat and smacked his Orc-training whip to the Orc's hams.

"Mhhh! Orc will, Masters.." Thorzal's Orc bowed down his head. Thorzal put aside the strips of his kilt of belts and held out his cock. That sure had their attention.

"You like to see this, don't you Orcs? Your Master's meat?" The two Orcs nodded in unison, poised.

"Then you'll like me spice your food with it too." Thorzal started pissing, and like Guarai he made sure for it to rain down all over the food that had been so good. Guarai's Orc sat there with a grin of ashamed astonishment, watching what was done to his meal. Thorzal shook off and let the kilt of belts adjust itself.

"Thank me for it."

"Master!" Thorzal's Orc's voice had that delicious tinge of indignant shock to it, the human wondered to what extent the Orc played along and to which extent his Orcish pride was really hurt. He bowed his head.

"Thank you Master. Thank you for go wee all over good meal of Orcs." Resentment, slightly hidden.

"Thank you Master.." Guarai's Orc hissed in shame. He took his humiliation in silence.

"Good, let's get this over with." Guarai said and slapped his hands together, whip under his arm.

"Do either of my beasts have Orc-piss to them? For flavor." Thorzal's Orc sighed deafeningly. He just gave in and swallowed his downtrodden pride.

"Master.." He sighed under his breath.

"Orc gots hard bladder, Master."

"A hard bladder!" Guarai said in a praising tone.

"That's just what this meal needs. Now it will have all the flavors." Thorzal smiled. Indeed it would. It had Dwarf-piss, human piss and now it would have Orc-piss as well. Guarai's Orc just sat there, hissing in shame.

"Orc: on your feet!" Thorzal ordered, his Orc complied.

"Orctail!" he demanded, the Orc turned a bit to offer his meat to his Master, who took it in his hand.

"Quite a bit softer than when I held it last, Orc." Thorzal reminded him.

"Yes Master." The Orc looked at the wet dish below.

"This was good meal, Master." he said softly, with regret to his voice.

"It was, Orc." Thorzal said, and started softly rubbing the Orc's lower belly, that cringed at the gentle touch.

"It was quite a good meal. Now make it proper for you Orcs to eat." The Orc gave a soft nod of appreciation he at least got some praise on his cooking.

"I'll have you make water now." Thorzal gently said, softly rubbing on, and now the Orc let go and started pissing a thick stream of Orc-piss, which Thorzal aimed to wet up the food in their feeding-bowl. Apparently a hard bladder meant what Thorzal thought it did, as there was quite some piss to this Orc, not just wetting the meal but thoroughly soaking it to a mushy mass.

When the Orc finished Thorzal gave him an approving squeeze in the tail and ordered him to kneel down again.

"Have you to add to this meal, beast?" Guarai addressed his Orc,

"It would be fitting to have all four of us prepare this dish for you two."

"Orc dry in bladder.." the Orc hissed, very much embarrassed by the proceedings.

"And Master Thorzal drank juices from sac."

"Good, on your feet then." Guarai ordered and the Orc hesitantly got up.

"You'll do your part of this meal by mashing it up with your Orcfeet. Get in there and tread it to a mash." Thorzal's Orc gave a soft squeak as Guarai's Orc stepped into their feeding-bowl and started treading around in it, making the thick mash squirt up between his toes.

"Tear up the large bits with your clawnails and tread it to a mash." Guarai's Orc used the black clawnails on his toes like instructed, and it wasn't before long that the once so glorious meal had been reduced to a yellowish mud of delicious foods and the pisses of Dwarves, Humans and Orcs.

"I hope you're paying attention to Krat's cooking skills Ogac." Guarai said to Thorzal's Orc, "He is sooner to finish than you with your dishes." The once indignant Orc now growled in defeat.

"Beast! Out the feeding-bowl and onto your knees, then crawl back feet off the floor." The Orc obeyed this unusual command, then Guarai addressed Thorzal's Orc.

"Your kinsman made a fine Orc meal of your posh madness of dishes. You will thank him for this by licking clean his Orc-feet, while he licks his footprints off the floor as to not defile Master Thorzal's fine polished granite." While Guarai's Orc saw to his task Thorzal's Orc sighed a shivering sigh before crawling around Thorzal to get to his task. The licking of his Orc-feet made Guarai's Orc fight the urge to burst into uncontrollable giggling, as this magnificent Orc turned out to be surprisingly ticklish.

Guarai smiled and they watched their Orcs obey these intensely humiliating commands. Thorzal closed his eyes and nodded to himself. Yes. On this strangest of days he had experienced the greatly forbidden, the utterly taboo, and to his astonishment had found some of these pleasures to be quite to his liking, and greatly to the likings of the Dwarf and the Orcs that served his desire with utmost eagerness. He was going to let this decadent night of cruel lusts have its way with him, and he would follow it into the very extremes of the bizarre and the outrageous. And he would ride this beast of forbidden desires, whip it to frenzy, to the edge of the world, the very edge of experience itself. Further! More! Now! He opened his eyes and snapped his whip across his Orc's muscular back.

"Back!" he ordered, and the Orcs took position at both sides of their bowl.

"And now.. You Orcs.. Will eat." The Orcs bowed forward and sniffed the smells of the once fine meal that now had become a smelly slop of foods and the piss of their three kinds, mashed to a pulp under an Orc's feet. Thorzal put his foot on his Orc's masked head and pressed it down in the slop, then did the same with the other Orc's head. He stuck the thong of his Orc-taming whip to their hams and shouted:

"Eat damn you!" The Orcs, surprised by this sudden fortitude in their human Master, plunged down their heads and started eating the smelly mud that was to be their meal for the night. He whipped their rumps left and right.

"And chew it up well!" then he looked on as the Orcs obeyed his command. He was excited to the point of trembling all over, his erection parting the leather belts of his kilt. He looked at Guarai.

"Quite a spurt of excitement Thorzal!" The Dwarf laughed,
"Remember this is a game of control."

"Oh I do, Guarai.." Thorzal said and felt up his hard meat.

"And I am."

"Getting into it are we? All this strangeness?" Guarai smiled. Thorzal nodded, licking his lips.
"Then lose yourself, my Human friend, lose yourself to the world of leather and flesh. Become it. Live that desire once hidden to you."

Thorzal got behind his kneeling Orc, and took hold of the creature's velvety soft sac, gently rubbing, feeling the size and shape of the Orc-balls in it, sending his Orc moaning in delight at this unexpected treat.

"Eat!" He commanded, and the Orc ate on. He turned to the Dwarf, excited.

"This oil we used on their hams.. It was just oil, right?"

"But yes." Guarai smiled, retrieved the vial from his vest and held it out.

"Do you require some?"

"I have use for it, yes." The Human spoke, now void of shame, and took the vial. He poured a bit in his hand, then returned the vial. Then he slickened his hard Human length with it.

"My Orc here is up for a mating!" He said, taken by lust.

"A good hard mounting!" The Orc gave a lustful snarl in excitement.

"I said eat, damn Orc! I'll be having you like you are. Right here. Right now."

"Yes!" Guarai said, the same majesty of excitement upon his voice."

"Let's mate these beasts while they're eating!" He tugged the belt of his black leather trunks and stepped out of them, and slickened his Dwarfmeat with the oil. Modest, but more than ample to have an Orc good. Thorzal smacked his Orc's ham.

"Be ready to have me, Orc!" He commanded, then grabbed the Orc by his waist, putting his hard meat to the crevice. He pushed, and slowly made his length slide up the Orc, to a place of searing heat and tension. His Orc gave a lustful snarl, then hastily continued on the smelly Orc-slop again. Thorzal started pumping his meat into him, pumping his Orc to a good rhythm, while Guarai did the same. It was exciting and filled the four of them with lust.

"I said I would put my thrust in you, Orc." Thorzal groaned and gave a good jab with his length.

"And your Master is good for his word."

"Mmmhh Thank you Master!" The Orc growled in heat.

"Me be had good by Master!"

"How's the Orc-slop we're feeding you?"

"It still be bit warm Master." the Orc said.

"Chow down on it." Thorzal ordered.

"Chow down on your Master's piss while he's having you."

"Yes Master. It good for hunger Master."

"Not just for the hunger Orc."

"Master?"

"Also to put you Orcs into place." The Orc gave a soft moan.

"Yes Master. Orc feeling that all over."

"Then have a good mouth full of the stuff Orc, and chew it well." The Orc complied, as Thorzal pounded his rear. Thorzal slapped the back of his Orc.

"You're of good use to me even now, Orc!"

"Yes, these beasts make for fine mating!" Guarai said, thrusting his length up his Orc with fierce jabs.

"Does your beast hold a good squeeze for you?"

"He's holding nice and tight for me like a good Orc."

Thorzal pounded away, the heavy belts of his kilt of belts thrashing about, slapping against his legs, adding to the pleasure.

"Orc wants spawn of you in gut Master!" Thorzal's Orc swore in lust, plunged his head down again and started eating.

"Oh spawn you I will!" Thorzal vowed, and picked up the pace of his thrusts, sending jolts of pleasure through the massive Orc. He closed his eyes, and felt his meat, so hard, sheathed by this magnificent Orc. He felt like a King, but entirely for the good this time. Lust coursed through his body, he felt his blood pumping, the sweat on his skin, smelled the arousing musks of the Orc he was mounting.

"Aaaarghh!" Guarai groaned through his teeth, and pumped his seed into his Orc. So hot, so lustful..It excited Thorzal greatly, and that was all it took. Lightning shot through his body, the blackness behind his closed eyelids filling up with multi-colored blotches, suddenly his sensation had become all, and there was nothing but the greatest excitement of the flesh.

After an eternity he opened his eyes and found himself laying over the Orc's broad sweatslickened back, holding onto his chest.

"There. You were a good mount, my Orc."

"Thank you, Master. It good for Orc also." Thorzal popped his now soft length from the Orc's rear and stood up again.

"Orc: finish your eating already."

"Yes Master." Thorzal turned to Guarai, who had slipped into his black leather trunks again and was fastening his belt.

"That was like it should be: Good and hard!"

"Sometimes I wonder whether I'm too good to these beasts. Spoiling rather than training them." Thorzal wanted to answer, but found all the answers he needed in the sparkle of the Dwarf's hazel eyes.

"Follow me, mr. Thorzal."

"The pack!" Thorzal smiled.

"Let's have you explore it. This is all new to you." The Dwarf was right, yet somehow it all came remarkably natural to him. At the pack, Guarai unbuckled the belts that were closed

around it and stepped back.

"Undo it, mr Thorzal. See what it holds."

The black leather pack turned out not to be a pack, but a black leather mat, one that had goldbrass studs on its inside, and wrapped in it were a great many things. The exciting smell of leather, grease and Orc musks struck his nose as he looked at the tangle of black leather belts, objects, and the silver and gold shine of goldbrass and polished steel. There was so much there, and it was all so alien to him.

"Can I?"

"You are more than welcome!" Guarai invited with intensity to his voice.

"Explore."

There were so many objects, and most of them were so alien to Thorzal as to have their use escape him entirely. He took out a black leather cord, that had egg-sized balls of polished goldbrass at half-foot increments across its length. He couldn't begin to guess at its use, but how intriguing it looked. He retrieved a bamboo tube, that was lacquered shiny black with magnificent patterns of gold paint to them. He took the top off it, and inside were five one-foot silver rods with a ring at their ends. He took one out and examined it in his hands. The silver rod was actually a tube, one that had the smoothest curving shapes to them, tiny knobs and ridges with smooth edges.

"What are these for?"

"You will find out their use as the night takes its course." Thorzal returned the craftily made silver spike to the tube. With five of these, that was a pound of silver right there! The black, silver and gold of the leather and metal had a majestic style to it. Decadent. Quite befitting. He took up one small leather object of many small straps, and imagined how it would be put to use. He smiled, looked and found another one like it.

"I like to put these on the Orcs." He smiled.

"That could prove to be quite interesting."

"Oh it will. Especially if you excite them." Thorzal looked through the tangle of the big pack that was even heavy to an Orc. There was so much there. He picked up what looked like a thick foot-long black leather sausage covered in small goldbrass studs, rounded at one end and with a tangle of leather straps and a belt attached to a ring at the other hand. It was quite heavy. He shook it, and the leather sausage wobbled from side to side. Thorzal grinned. He had a pretty good idea what this was for.

"I'll excite them with this! Is there another one like it?" Guarai nodded.

"A good choice mr. Thorzal, a very good choice indeed." He praised.

"The two leathers you chose are actually most effective as a pair." The Dwarf grinned a wicked grin.

"There's a special ointment that goes with it. You have a fine choice in leathers sir."

"Let's put these on them when they finish their meal!"

"The beasts are licking out the scraps already." Guarai smiled, watching the Orcs clean their empty bowl with their tongues.

"Let's start out with the small and progress to the big." Guarai smiled.

"As not to startle these beasts early." The Orcs finished their cleaning of the bowl, and started to lick each other's faces and half-masks clean.

"Make haste! Then put the bowl aside and sit up, five foot apart." Guarai ordered, and took one of the small leathers off Thorzal. The Orcs hastily complied. They walked up to the magnificent creatures that sat naked and kneeling.

"Sooo, beasts: How was that meal?"

"Orcs be fed and put in place, Master." Thorzal's Orc growled in humiliation.

"Good. That was the purpose of this."

"Yes Master."

"Master Thorzal, let's strap these Orcs where they need restraining. Use the back strap first, then the front, then the middle two, then close the loop around. Close them all to their worn notches, no further." Thorzal nodded and held up his hand like holding a scorpion by the tail, dangling it in front of his Orc who cringed at the sight.

"I'll put this on you now Orc."

"Master." His Orc growled. Thorzal sat down in front of his kneeling Orc and took his soft Orctail in his hand. He closed a strap around the base of the soft green tail.

"These are pretty tight Guarai, when strapped to their worn notches."

"They should be mr Thorzal. And bring his reds to light while you strap him. I will look after." Thorzal pulled back the Orc's foreskin, who gave a soft throaty growl in humiliation at having his Orctail handled. Thorzal now closed the small strap right beneath the Orc's thick red glans, and then closed the two straps in the middle, making the soft Orctail bulge between the straps. This was exciting to do, restraining an Orc's tail like that. He then took the longer strap, folded it over the Orc's red glans, threading it through rings on the three straps restraining the Orc's girth, then tightened it and buckled it to the strap at the base. The Orc's tail was now firmly restrained in it's length and girth, a harness of sorts that restrained it from swelling to its proud size.

"Nice and tight isn't it, Orc?" Thorzal teased and played with the well-strapped Orctail.

"Oooh Master.. No touch Orc there when he all strapped there like that."

"I'll do anything I please. Your Orc body is mine now, mine to toy with as I please." The Orc gave a soft growl and looked at him in submission.

"Orc will endure. Orc be yours for the playings."

"There's a stir to your meat already." Thorzal let go and the restrained Orctail came upright. He let go. For now, this would do. Guarai came over and looked at Thorzal's handiwork.

"That's a well-strapped Orctail." He praised.

"Just right."

"Quite tight already." Thorzal smiled.

"Let's have them fight this." The Dwarf smiled with sparkling eyes of joy.

"Beasts! Upright! Spread stance! Wide!" The Orcs got on their feet and now stood to attention, their feet wide apart. Thorzal saw that Guarai's Orc had a stir to the tail too. Both Orcs stood there in their humiliating stances, their half-hard Orctails all strapped and sticking out some eight inches. When excited these Orctails stood for a good three or four inches more, with quite some girth to them. That however was denied their Orctails by these strange harnesses strapped tight around their meats.

"There's excitement to my beasts, isn't there?" Guarai teased.

"Yes Master, Orcs go be good obeyings." Guarai's Orc said in excitement and Thorzal's Orc followed in with a firm double nod. An arousal had taken hold of the four of them.

"Now let's put those big leathers on them, Guarai." Thorzal said.

"Nice and tight." Guarai walked off, took two of the strange leather sausages, and dragged their tangle of leather belts behind them. He handed one to Thorzal. The Orcs looked on in nervous excitement.

"Yes my beasts: We'll have you play with these again. Thorzal: The belt closes behind." Thorzal took the broad heavy belt and put it around the Orc's hips, and tightly closed it above the Orc's rump. He walked around and looked at the Orc in front. Two strong straps came from the belt from at the sides of the Orc's well-restrained package, and were joined to a single strap by a goldbrass ring beneath the Orc's balls. To a ring on this single strap hung a thick, flexible sausage, about a foot in length and three inches thick, covered in small goldbrass knobs. Guarai had finished up also. What a sight, these big aroused Orcs with their strapped tails and the other leathers half-attached to them. To the side of their belts were thick metal rings.

Guarai walked to his pack and returned with four shutting rings.

"Snap rings. Push down, they pop open, release and it's a solid ring again. These hold a ton of weight."

"Quite strong. What do we do with them?"

"We attach the rings of their wristbands to the rings of their belts."

"I see." Thorzal smiled, looking the Orcs over.

"Wrists to their sides."

"Here, take two." Guarai said, and they set to their tasks. Thorzal took the Orc by the ring at the heavy leather band around his wrist, and led it to the ring at the side of his belt. He looked aside and saw Guarai push the snap ring through the two rings in a smooth move of his hand.

"Here's to binding you, Orc!" Thorzal said, and with a bit less skill snapped the ring on. Then he did the same to the Orc's other wrist. The Orc now stood legs spread wide, wrists shackled with a three-ring chain to the sides of their belts.

"What are you going to do now, mighty one?" He teased, running his fingertips across the Orc's muscular tummy, that cringed as it was quite sensitive to his touch.

"Mmmhh.. Me go be good obeyings Master!"

"I believe you will, Orc!"

"Me swear me go be, Master!" the Orc half roared in excitement, his tummy squirming as Thorzal tickled on.

"I'll see to that!" Thorzal promised and quit his teasing to for now to not excite the Orc any further. He felt the Orc's restrained tail. It was quite hard already. He bent it a bit. His Orc moaned in heat. He let go.

"Beasts! Stand!" The Orcs jumped up a bit, closing their legs, now standing straight.

"Sit!" The Orcs got on their spread knees in a well-practiced move.

"Cheek to the floor!" The Orcs bowed down so fast the red leather tails of their masks smacked on the granite, then softly pressed their cheeks to the floor, looking at one another. Guarai left for the pack and returned with a metal pot. Not even iron. It was craftily decorated silver. Thorzal decided that the gold Rit given to him would probably not be missed much. Decadent. Good. The Dwarf opened the pot and held it out. There was white ointment inside "Give that Orc-prodder a good slick coat of this. To the skin of Dwarves and Man, the ointment is without consequence. To Orcs, it has a rather persistent tingle and itch to it."

"Oh please no Master!" Thorzal's Orc exclaimed in shock, almost defiantly, and Guarai's Orc hissed rather loudly.

"Need I remind you of matters?" Whatever this was, it proved not to be needed.

"A tingle and itch." Thorzal mused.

"Painful?"

"No, arousing!" the Dwarf laughed.

"And in fact so much so that I've restrained their wrists for it."

"Ah! Excite them!"

"Words cannot express, Thorzal. Let's slicken the Orc-prodders. Use this much." The Dwarf took a good lick of it on two fingers. Thorzal took an equal amount and the Dwarf closed the pot. The Dwarf had quite an agility to his small hands, one that could only come through centuries of putting them to good use. He put it to the ground and slid the pot on its way to the pack. Then they sat down between the legs of the Orcs, and began greasing up the leather sausages, appropriately named for the use they would be put to. Thorzal let his fingers slide over the smooth leather and small gold-brass knobs that covered them. Oh, the Orcs would definitely feel this, even if it were just oil he was slickening the wobbly thing with. Thorzal looked at it. A bit like an Orc-tail, but with quite some girth to it.

"Mr. Thorzal: Give it a slow push all the way in, then fasten the strap to his belt. Tightly. In one smooth operation if you can." The Dwarf cheerfully announced. He put the Orc-prodder to his Orc's dark green pucker.

"Are you ready to take this, beast?"

"Oooh Master!" The Orc shivered. The Dwarf then gave it a smooth but forceful push, and slid the thick one foot length all the way up his Orc's rear. Then he slid his hand up, retrieving the strap with his finger, stood up and fastened the strap tightly to the Orc's belt, resting his sandaled foot on the Orc's rump to be able to fasten the strap as tightly as he wanted, driving it snugly between the Orc's muscular hams. The Orc needed breath, and a lot of it!

"Good. Now are you ready, Orc?"

"Yes Master.." the magnificent Orc whimpered softly at the prospect.

Thorzal put the Orc-prodder to the Orc's pucker and watched it cringe at the touch. This would fill the Orc up, and deeply as well! Thorzal pushed slowly.

"Ooooff!" His Orc bucked, and braced to take the length. With some force applied the slick leather rod slid in smoothly. Incredibly, his Orc too took it all the way in in one go. He got up, took the strap, threaded it through its buckle at the Orc's belt and pulled it hard, driving the strap between the Orc's dark-green muscular orbs, until it snugly lined the shapes of his body.

Then Thorzal fastened the strap. He looked it over, then joined the Dwarf who stood in front of the now panting Orcs.

"Sit up!" The Dwarf commanded and the Orcs responded at once. There they sat, their tails strapped, wrists shackled to their belts and two thick studded lengths between their hams.

The Orcs were panting and cringing, but their eyes shot fire of excitement.

"The combination of tail-straps and Orc-prodders was used at one time in the punishment of a good-sized band of Orc invaders.." The Dwarf calmly said, watching the Orcs cringe and get evermore aroused.

"Like I said, you have a nifty pick of Orc-leathers. You will like it when the ointment grips them. It is most entertaining to witness." Thorzal looked on. The Orcs were getting more and more excited, yet were quite restrained. His Orc had stopped protesting, now gripped by what had been done to them.

"Give it a minute." Guarai smiled.

"They're remembering already."

Thorzal saw how their Orctails now swelled between the straps, but were restrained well enough to not gain a bit of an inch in either length or girth where the straps were applied. The green meat bulged between the straps, pumping with throbs but not gaining. Their dark red glans now bulged and pumped to the left and right of the top-strap, fighting the leather to no avail. The Orcs moaned and hissed, slaves to the pleasures forced on their bodies by these simple but effective restraints.

It didn't take long for the Orcs to moan and snarl constantly, and they now thrust their Orctails back and forth for them, excruciating thrusts in mid-air, over and over.

"Whoa, look at them! They're fighting it with all their might!" Thorzal said, watching in arousal as the Orcs seemed forced to thrust their strapped Orctails for them, over and over.

"Quite a sight isn't it? When they thrust forward they seek solace from the Orc-prodder, that's itching quite persistently. But that puts tension on their tail-straps, forcing them to draw back again into the Orc-prodders."

"You mean they cannot help thrusting like this?" Thorzal said in cruel fascination and looked at the thrusting Orcs before him.

"They go back and forth to seek solace, but there's none to be had on either side. And it builds up."

"Whoah!" Thorzal exclaimed, mesmerized by the sight and hard in his meat because of it.

"Quite entertaining, wouldn't you say? And as you'd expect, all that thrusting and pumping as they fight their tail-straps will not be without consequence." Thorzal watched the vigorous throbbing of the well-strapped green meat and he licked his lips. How deliciously cruel.

"It gets them squirting right?"

"Savagely."

"Oooh! This I got to see!" The Dwarf rubbed the Human's back.

"But it doesn't end there."

"It doesn't?" Thorzal said eagerly in great arousal.

"These straps with that Orc-prodder deny them the slightest chance of getting soft in the tail."

Thorzal nearly burst with excitement.

"So they'll have to squirt over and over?"

"If we will it so, then yes, they'll thrust and squirt their seed to dryness, and then they'll burst dry over and over until they fall faint."

"Poor Orcs!"

"It's a good way to exhaust a band of Orc invaders into a peaceful snooze, wouldn't you say?"

Thorzal looked in utter fascination at the sight of these two magnificent Orcs thrusting their restrained tails for them with great vigor.

"Remind me not to get caught invading a Dwarf mountain." He snickered as he watched the Orcs readying themselves for the inevitable. They were beside themselves with excitement and seemed to stare without seeing.

"But if these beasts are to be of any use to us tonight, we should un-strap their tails before things get out of hand. This pair of Orc-leathers is for exhausting their bodies. Let's not do this overly so."

Thorzial closed his eyes. He saw a great hall, packed with hundreds of Orcs kneeling, thrusting their tails to the same bindings, on a floor covered in big puddles of their seed. He saw himself walk among them, Master of their lusts, and how Orcs were squirting seed left and right.

"Wild.." He whispered, and watched their two Orcs again, who were very excited indeed. Suddenly Thorzial's Orc threw his head back and howled, a noise that shook and filled the room, contracting all the muscles of his body in a forceful pumping, that made Orc-seed spout from either side of the strap that restrained his dark red glans. The Orc fought to squirt his seed from under the tight strap, but after a good dozen squirts he could not help but keep thrusting his Orctail forward over and over, watching in utter horror how the cruel leathers held him captive to a forced milking.

Now Guarai's Orc howled and squirted with all his might as sweat gushed off of him, but he too found himself captive of the ingenious pair of Dwarven leathers.

"Oh please! Please Masters!" he pleaded, panting frantically, thrusting with vigor.

"Please Master!" Thorzial's Orc roared in desperation.

"Unstrap tails of Orcs!"

"The decision is yours." Guarai smiled.

"I for one like them this way."

"Mercy please Master!"

"Mercy on Orc!"

Thorzial nodded, that was his cue. He crouched down in front of his Orc, and undid the top strap. This put the Orc's thrusting to rest. His red glans swelled greatly as it was released. Thorzial undid the four straps one by one, and as each came undone the parts of Orctail surrounding it swelled greatly. Finally all five were undone, and he held the tail-straps up by the longest strap for his Orc.

"Thank you Master! Thank you thank you Master!"

"Please free Orc too!" Guarai's Orc squeaked, already ramping up for another squirting.

Thorzial sat by him and undid the straps restraining his Orctail, that greatly swelled to maximum size and hardness.

"Oooh Orc all thankies for Master!" the Orc sighed in relief, having been barely spared a second squirting in the cruel Orctail-restraints. Thorzial got up.

"It feels quite good to free them too, doesn't it?" Guarai smiled at his Human companion. Thorzial looked at the tail-straps and saw the globs of Orc-seed on them. He brought them to his mouth and licked the thick white seed off the hot leather.

"Usually it is they who do this." Guarai smiled, but it clearly was fine to him either way. He enjoyed seeing Thorzial get so hot for his Orcs that he licked the seed off their tail-straps. The Orcs now sat on their knees with their tormented tails thrust forward, which provided some solace as the balance between the Orc-punishing leathers had been broken. The Orcs now sat in a pose where they offered their tails to them.

"Thorzial, give me those tail-straps and feel up those Orctails. The Orc-prodders and ointment have these two as hard in the tail as they'll ever be. Quite something to hold." Thorzial gave him the leathers and felt up his Orc's tail. A layer of soft meat lay over it, but underneath the Orc's tail was as hard as a bone. The Orc moaned as Thorzial handled his Orctail.

"This is quite impressive, Orc." Thorzial praised and went to feel up the other Orc, who was swollen to full hardness also.

"You take pride in this don't you?" he asked gently and the Orc eagerly nodded. And with reason. These Orcs, like Guarai had said, were swollen to their greatest hardness. Guarai returned.

"There, beasties. Quite the playings, no?" The Orcs nodded.

"Want some comfort for your tails?" Eagerness left and right.

"Then face each other and take turns pleasing each other's Orctail. For comfort. Not squirting."

"Thank you Master!"

"You be kind Master."

"Hmmm too kind perhaps." Guarai added with that sharp tone to him again.

The green ones turned to each other, Thorzal's Orc bent over deep and took his kinsman's Orctail in his mouth, licking and sucking, then slid down further, taking Guarai's Orc all the way up his throat. He went up and down his length a couple of times, then sat up again. Now Guarai's Orc bowed down and licked and sucked Thorzal's Orc in return. And so they alternated among themselves, soothing each other's Orctails.

Thorzal watched them please each other, amazed at how these Orcs managed to take each other in right to the base of their Orctails, and despite this managed to apply a good suction. The Orcs took great pleasure in this, and soon got absorbed in their task.

"It's for soothing each other's tails: go no further than that!" Guarai reminded them, and they looked on as the Orcs pleased each other. Thorzal looked at the firmness of their Orctails.

"Quite the meat these Orcs have, all hard like that." He remarked lewdly.

"Got an idea on how to put it to good use?"

"Mmmm.. I'd like to see them mate each other, but that'd be short-lived, with them excited in the tails like that." Thorzal mused.

Thorzal's Orc grinned. They were to be mated, the thought excited him further. The Dwarf grinned a wicked grin.

"Not necessarily so. Orcs! Sit up side by side!" The Orcs, their play interrupted, complied. A mating was quite to their liking!

Guarai went over to the opened pack and ran through the leathers, then returned with what he looked for.

"Let's keep them from squirting. Have them beg to make seed." The Orcs got nervous.

"That appeals to me." Thorzal said.

"What is it you have?"

"Ball-shackles." Guarai said, and sat down by Thorzal's Orc, and took hold of his sac. Thorzal looked on in curiosity. The Dwarf carefully gathered the Orc's sac together above the balls, then closed a small but wide strap around it.

"Orcs need to pull up their balls to make seed." The Dwarf lewdly remarked.

"The ball-shackle prevents them from doing so. When excited they will get to the very brink of orgasm, the apex of their yearning, but there can be no squirting to as to release them." The Dwarf now took a second, thinner strap and closed it so that it spread the strapped Orc-balls apart. Then the Dwarf turned to the other Orc. Thorzal looked at the Orc's well-strapped sac, with his Orc-balls spread beneath a wide leather strap. He looked at his Orc, who was quite uneasy at the prospect of being kept from squirting.

"You couldn't hold your seed for me in the pantry..." Thorzal teased.

"So obviously you needed some help with that, my Orc."

"Yes Master." Thorzal's Orc hissed softly, torn by mixed excitements.

"I was told you'll soon be begging me to make seed." His Orc gave a soft squeak.

"What's that?"

"Yes Master."

"How does that feel Orc? A ball-shackle?" Thorzal's Orc lowered his eyes.

"It good and snug, Master."

"It is to harness your lusts, Orc." Thorzal took hold of the Orc's pointy nipples, and gently started playing with them, rolling the tips between his fingers. His Orc moaned.

"And there are quite some lusts to you.. Not so, Orc?"

"Yhh.. Yess Master.."

"That's an excellent idea there mr. Thorzal." The Dwarf praised, and returned to the pack to get more leathers. He returned and gave two strange objects to the Human Master. Thorzal looked. They consisted of small clasp, connected with a short string of black leather to a heavy goldbrass ball about the size of a walnut. Thorzal grinned at his Orc, who stared at the objects with wide eyes.

"These go on their nipples, no?"

"Apply them. It's a fitting touch." Thorzal opened the clasps, and held them to his Orc's nipples, who got quite excited yet fearful at the same time. He eased them down, the clasps firmly gripping the Orc's nipples while Guarai looked on. Then he lowered his hands to let the heavy gold-brass balls hang by them freely. His Orc panted and moaned softly, but quite

excitedly so.

"Don't let his whimpering trick you, Thorzal: my beasts really love having their nipples seized." "No, I see that. This Orc won't trick me into mercy before it is due." Thorzal felt a shiver rum up and down his spine to be Master over this magnificent creature's yearning.

"His eyes speak of lust."

"You read them well." Guarai undid the snap-rings that shackled his Orc's wrists to his belt. Thorzal did the same with his Orc.

"Beasts: tug yourselves!"

The Orcs took their fully hard meats in their hands, and started to squeeze and tug at them. Thorzal watched them please themselves, their shackled balls and the goldbrass weights attached to their nipples dancing and rolling left to right.

"Quite exciting isn't it, Orcs?"

"Yes Master!"

"Orc all hot Master!"

"You look it, green ones. Firm up your tugging." The Orcs complied, and were now firmly handling their meats. Rough, just like they liked it. The Orcs started sweating again, and with their sweat came the scent of more Orcish musks, sweet and spicy, enhancing further their Orcness and masculinity. Thorzal had mocked to hate their Orc-smell, but though strong these scents were quite pleasing and arousing to him. He had yet to learn that these were musks brought forth by the very excitement of his Orcs, that these were Orcen musks of mating. Their game had them all very excited and quite aroused.

Thorzal closed his eyes. With his mind's eye he saw two Orc warriors savagely mating each other. In their heat of mating the Orc on top beckoned him to come closer. It faded.

"My beasts are quite hard in the Orctail, no?" Guarai teased.

"Yes Master. It good tugging meat like do." Thorzal watched his Orc's balls being held in a firm hold by the ball-shackle, dangling around freely while his Orc tugged himself to his command. Despite the threat of what the ball-shackle would do, the lust of his Orc was such that he did not hold back in tugging his fully hard meat. Now both Orcs were swollen so hard that they both were close to twelve inches, and with a good thickness of girth to their tails. It would be quite something to oversee their mating.

"Would you two beasts be up for a good hard mating?"

"Waargh!" Guarai's Orc roared in excitement.

"Me Orc *likes*, Master!" Thorzal's Orc growled in heat.

"Then undo my beast and mount him like he deserves!" The Dwarf ordered, his Orc got on all fours and offered his rear to Thorzal's Orc.

"Grrrwaargh!" Thorzal's Orc got behind him, and eagerly undid the strap of his kinsman's Orc-prodder. Then he slowly pulled, retrieving the slick leather rod from the Orc's rear, letting it drop to the floor with a soft thud. He gave his kinsman a couple of good smacks on his Orchams. "Waargh! Get tight for Orc!" He demanded with a lustful snarl, and he eagerly pushed his finger between the Orc's hams, feeling up the tightness. When he felt it was right, he grabbed him by the waist, got in position, and drove his fully hard Orctail all the way in the soft but tight meat.

"Ooooff!" Guarai's Orc could hardly contain his surprise and excitement. Thorzal's Orc bent over, reached under his kinsman's body and held onto his shoulders from underneath with his muscular arms. He slowly drew back, then forcefully drove his Orctail fully in again. Then he picked up a good pace of slower pulls and hard deep thrusts. Guarai's Orc tried to hang on with all his might under the force of the mighty rumping, the weight on his nipples dancing freely around to the rhythm enforced by his kinsman.

Thorzal watched, stepping back to give the Orcs some room. An Orcish mating was serious business, one the Orcs gave themselves to with all their might.

"Just look at that."

"Yeah, my beasts are quite into it, aren't they?" Guarai said in pride.

"But thanks to the straps on their Orc-balls there won't be as much as a drop of Orc-seed to release them."

The mating got more heated and heated still. Suddenly Thorzal's Orc tensed up, all the

muscles on his magnificent body tightened, but tight they stayed, and the Orc howled in torment as release would not come. Guarai smacked his whip across his back.

"Dismount!" He ordered.

"Dismount now you crazed beast!" He added three more lashes for good measure, the leather thong curling and snapping across the Orc's green hams. Reluctantly Thorzal's Orc slid his greatly excited meat from between the tight hot hams.

"Beast! Now you mount *him*!"

Guarai's Orc scrambled to between his kinsman's legs and undid the strap. So great was the arousal of this Orc that the Orc-prodder slid from between his hams by itself.

"Waargh!" He roared in excitement.

"Orc all tight for me!" He put his tail to the Orc's pucker, and drove the meat in.

"Hold!" Guarai demanded, and his Orc took a firm hold on his kinsman below, and waited as ordered. Guarai took his Orc-prodder, and slowly pushed it between the hams of the Orc on top, who sighed a shivering sigh to be skewered on this studded rod of flexible leather. Guarai closed the strap tight, then stepped back and made the thong of his Orc-training whip snap loudly across his spread hams.

"Mount him damn you!" He ordered, and the Orc on top eagerly started pumping. Guarai smacked his hams again.

"Harder you crazed beast!" Most eager to comply the Orc started mating his kinsman with great vigor.

Thorzal watched the lustful Orcs mating once more, and what a sight it was to see. His Orc beneath was beside himself with lust, to be mounted like this with his own balls ready to burst, but withheld by the ingenious Dwarven straps.

"You have quite a knack of teasing Orcs don't you.." Thorzal licked his lips.

"Dwarves I mean?"

"We like to make 'em sweat all right!" Guarai smiled.

"If they like to be good Orcs then they'd better be ready to prove themselves!"

"Is this delicious mean streak shared by all of your kind?"

"Not all, but many Dwarves desire to be on top of things just like many Orcs desire to be the one below."

"The Gods have matched you well." Thorzal said.

"Quite the Union you'll make."

"Watch this!" Guarai said, and sure enough, the Orc on top got evermore heated, them tensed all his bulging muscles.. and howled in lusts unbearable and unquenched.

"Get off!" Guarai commanded, taking his whip to the Orc's hams.

"And you get on top again!" The Orcs scrambled to switch places, Thorzal's Orc undid the strap again.

"This will be more interesting the second time around." Guarai promised Thorzal.

"Brief, but more interesting."

Thorzal's Orc snarled in heat. He did not await commanding of any sort, but grabbed hold of his kinsman and drove his Orctail in him with a brisk shove. Then he tightened his grip on the big Orc, as if to deny him escape, and then vigorously started pounding him with ferocity.

Thorzal was in awe as he watched the ferocity of the mating taking place in front of him. This was nothing short of a mating with brute force, Thorzal's Orc was on top, tightly holding on and pounding away with a ferocity that could subdue a horse. Both Orcs growled and snarled by the force of their mating, their bodies giving thudding smacks as they pounded into each other, the Orc below bracing with all his strength, pushing his rear as far back onto the Orc's rock hard meat as he could.

Then Thorzal's Orc tightened up, and filled the room with noise, a booming roar that had the lust and desire of this fierce mounting within it, and which died away pitifully as once more his desires had not been quenched. Guarai landed his whip with force.

"Dismount! Beast: your turn!" Guarai's Orc, once dismounted, took position, grabbed hold of the Orc underneath and drove his hard meat where it yearned to be. Then he too took to a ferocious mounting, Thorzal looked on in utter amazement. This was a mounting wilder than that of beasts. The eyes of the Orcs had blackened as their pupils lay wide open with naked

desire. There was no interrupting this, he knew this untamed wildness had to take its course exactly the way it was. Then it wasn't too long before this Orc too let out his booming roar, the noise gripping his ears, as the Orc howled of his lusts and restrained yearning. Then he lay down on top of his kinsman, panting like a racehorse.

"That was wild!" Thorzal gasped.

"And not a drop of Orc-seed spilled." Guarai added in cruel amusement.

"Sit up!" He suddenly barked,

"You beasts had your fun!" The tired Orcs complied, still trembling with the excitement of their unquenched desires.

"My! Aren't you two lustful Orcs!" Thorzal mocked, suppressing his awe with them.

"Us Orcs need squirtings bad Master!"

"And what entitles you two Orcs to having your way?" Guarai sharply inquired, gearing up on rank again. The Orcs had no answer to that.

"Us.. us boiling in sac, Master?" Guarai's Orc tried.

"Well well. Two beasts on their knees, their seed boiling in their sacs. What makes you think you are worthy of squirting?"

"Please, Masters.. Us go be very good Orcs. Please free Orcs from ball-shackles! Orcs need make seed *bad*, Master!"

"Please let Orcs do squirtings! Us go be good!" Guarai looked at them with a feigned coldness.

"What's in it for us, beasts?"

"Us go do pleasings for Masters!"

"Pleasings."

"Us go lick your feet all good Masters! Please let Orcs do squirties, us got it bad!" Guarai snapped his whip.

"Lick our feet? What makes you think your Orc-tongues are worthy to stroke our feet?"

"Oww Master, please.."

"They're smelling of Orc too, the two of them." Thorzal remarked, cutting in on the game of humiliation.

"Show them to us then, those Orc-tongues of yours." The Orcs slowly licked their lips again to show their tongues. Humiliation gripped them.

"And you want to put those red, icky Orc-things to our feet?"

"Y.. yes Master."

"And you hope that if you lick our feet, we'll allow you to squirt your Orc-seed all over Master Thorzal's floor?"

"E.. Yes Master. Please."

"You are far beneath us, beasts. To be allowed to put your Orc-tongues to our feet would be a great honor to you. Are you looking forward to the prospect of having these lowly beasts defile your feet with their tongues, Master Thorzal?"

"They'd wish that!" Thorzal laughed.

"Lowly Orcs like that." The Orcs now looked utterly defeated.

"You beasts aren't worthy. Say it properly." The Orcs bowed their heads.

"Us Orcs no worthy to lick feet of Masters with tongues."

"Us no even worthy to lick feet of Masters. Us Orcs be all low to you."

Guarai slipped out of his leather sandals, and slid one in front of each Orc.

"I'll allow you to clean my sandals with those Orc-tongues of yours. And even that is quite the honor for two eager little greenboars like yourself. Say it." This further humiliation was quite hard on the Orcs, and a silence fell.

"Us Orcs.. Us Orcs thank you for.. for allowed licking sandals of Master."

"Us be low." Guarai's Orc squeaked, almost crying.

"Us go and lick sandals of Master. It honor to Orcs."

"An honor indeed. So you will bow down to lick them. Do not disappoint me, and show me your Orc-tongues at least are of use to me." Guarai cruelly said.

"Do it."

The Orcs just sat there, humiliated to the bone. Then Guarai's Orc slowly bowed down and

started licking the worn leather. Guarai snapped his whip to Thorzal's Orc's side. Then he too obeyed, and bowed down. Their Orc-tongues now were reluctantly licking the leather of the small sandals.

"Finally they are of some use now." Guarai said to Thorzal with a playful wink.

"I'm amazed you let them at those, mr. Guarai. In a way it's like having them lick your feet."

"Yes, but a way that spares me their filthy Orc-tongues." Guarai's Orc burst out crying. Guarai stuck his whip to the Orc's ham.

"Quit it, beast! Don't drip on my sandals, beast. It is bad for the leather." The Orc let out a tormented yelp of hurt and got himself together again. Thorzal prodded his Orc's shoulder with his toes.

"Like the taste of that, Orc?" He said, seeking to fire up his Orc's sense of pride.

"Quite an honor for one as lowly as you."

"Orc cleaning sandal for Master." Thorzal's Orc said with powerful emotions held back. Somehow, he had managed to surrender himself.

"Orc go do anything for Master." There was a deep devotion behind those words, Thorzal saw that he could never begin to imagine how deep the loyalty and affection of these Orcs went. Within the remotest sense of reason, their submission to the Dwarf knew no boundaries.

"Enjoy your treat, Orc." Thorzal said, and watched the Orcs licking on.

"All this is a great honor to you beasts." Guarai cut in.

"I'll allow you to tug your tails to licking my sandals."

"Master.." Thorzal's Orc gasped, but no complaints followed. The Orcs took their Orc-tails in both their hands and started tugging their meats while they licked the small Dwarven sandals of their Master. Soon the pleasing of their meat shifted their defeat to arousal.

"You train your Orcs to strange pleasures, mr. Guarai." Thorzal said watching the Orcs.

"They might develop peculiar likings."

"I train these beasts to obey my every desire." Guarai said.

"Their liking is to please me in any way, and I train them to do just that in every way I see fit."

"They are Orc warriors. This must really eat at their pride."

"They are Orcish Warrior-Slaves, and this too demands their total submission to a greater one. Me."

"Warrior-Slave? That sounds like a conflict."

"By no means. What greater honor is there, than to bear dishonor and to endure it with dignity? And a warrior who only serves himself, serves none. The nature of a Warrior is to serve and the greatest beast to subdue is the self.. Any fool can swing a piece of iron about and go waargh at lesser men. Warriors are of stronger stuff, and strength whithers away if it remains untested. The finest sword-steel bends when force is applied. It is of stronger stuff than the steel that takes greater force but then snaps."

"I see."

"The Orcs have that part figured out better than we do."

Guurai suddenly turned, then his whip found their Orc-hams again, and each got a fierce lash dealt to them.

"I said clean my sandals not play with them with your tongues! Make haste!" Thorzal looked at the Dwarf. So harsh on these Orcs, yet he meant them so well. There was a higher love shared by these three than he was used to see among Humans, and Thorzal could see this in even the most subtle things. What a strange but wonderful bond these three shared, that it allowed for sharing these extremes of sensation in total devotion and trust.

"Sit up!" Guarai demanded, and the Orcs shot up from their tasks and sat to full attention, smacking their mouths to disperse the flavor of worn leather. Guarai snapped his whip and they sat motionless like statues of dark green jade. He looked at his sandals.

"So there is..." He said sharply, while slipping into his sandals.

"So there is use to you beasts after all."

"Thanks Master. Us Orcs glad us be of use."

"Orcs? A pair of lowly tail-tugging sandal-licking greenboars is what you are! You liked that didn't you?" The Orcs bowed their heads.

"Yes Master. Orc likes."

"This be harsh playings, Master! Us Orcs both be liking."

"What's one to do with you two."

"Master?"

"Beast?"

"Balls of Orcs be full of seed Master. It boiling. Orcs did good."

"You did good you say?"

"Guarai.."

"Speak up my man." At once the Dwarf was all charm again.

"Guarai, I'd like to release these Orcs and unleash the Orc-seed that haunts them so."

"Master Thorzal!" Thorzal's Orc roared in excitement.

"Oooh me Orc all glad now Master Thorzal! Us got good Orc-seed for Master! It thick! Us go squirt great big for you Master!" Guarai's Orc said quite eagerly.

"Us full of Orc-seed Master!" Thorzal's Orc added again.

"I'd say that's a fine idea mr. Thorzal, and a well-received one at that. Do it in your way. Me and my beasts shared ten thousand games between us and there will be ten thousand more. They are yours for the playings, this is your night."

"Orcs: on your feet!" Thorzal ordered, and the Orcs made that agile move again, that put them on their feet. They got up. Thorzal took hold of the small clasps on his Orc's nipples, and undid them.

"I'll take those." Guarai offered, and Thorzal handed them over. Thorzal embraced his Orc's chest, and gently started sucking his pointy nipple.

"Mmm thanks Master!" Thorzal's Orc gasped by this unexpected soothing of his tortured flesh. Thorzal then took to the other nipple. After having satisfied himself that his Orc's nipples were no longer as painful, he took to Guarai's Orc and did the same.

"Oooh! Thank you Master! You be good Master and that you be!" Thorzal now took to the Orc's ball-shackle, and undid the strap spreading his thick Orc-balls.

"This be good Master us have!" The Orc said to his kinsman and Thorzal smiled as he undid the broad buckle as well, freeing the Orc's sac for further playings. Not awaiting thanks he took to his Orc, and unbuckled the narrow strap spreading his balls apart. The balls of both Orcs were swollen hard by all the teasing.

"Thank you Master. Orc all glad." Thorzal's Orc whispered in a gratitude that had great warmth to it. Thorzal undid the final strap, and handed the leathers over to Guarai, who put them away.

"Next to each other. Orc to Orc!" Thorzal ordered, and the two Orcs went to stand right next to each other as ordered.

"I'll be taking your seed now." Thorzal promised and licked his lips.

"Hold onto me."

Thorzal stepped up until his body touched the Orcs left and right to him, their eager Orctails sticking out a foot's length to either side of him. He took hold of them both. Searing hot flesh with a great hardness underneath. The Orcs put a muscular arm over each other's shoulders, and with their free arms they hugged the Human to their bodies.

Then Thorzal started tugging up the Orctails to his sides, and the Orcs gave lewd snarls of encouragement. They started licking the sides of his neck with their agile tongues. Thorzal sighed in excitement. He was surrounded by a cocoon of soft, smooth green skin over thick slabs of rock hard muscle.

"Don't crush me when the squirming comes.." He softly whispered.

"Use your Orcish strength to protect me."

"Us no go crush you Master." Thorzal's Orc whispered.

"You be safe in arms of Orcs." Guarai's Orc added. Such kindness to their voices. He got goosebumps all over as the Orcs licked his neck again. Their teeth and tusks, so close to him. Their searing hot breath, mingling with his. Their strong muscle. Their Orctails being tugged by his hands. The excitement to the three of them, that so greatly rose and rose. Thorzal was mesmerized. He closed his eyes and basked in their intimacy. He firmed the grip on their Orctails and gave strong tugs to their wiling meat. The Orcs got more heated and heated still. They became moist with sweat again, and the air got thick with their Orc-scent, so masculine

and arousing. The three of them breathed in unison to the rhythm of his tugging. They were his, his to enjoy and please, his hard cock resting to their thighs.

"Us all excited Master!" Thorzal's Orc whispered under his breath.

"Us Orcs go squirting big for you." Guarai's Orc promised.

The excitement rose and rose, the hug of the Orcs tightened, Thorzal's tugging got a bit rougher still. Suddenly Thorzal's Orc turned to stone, he threw his head back and started squirting. Thorzal felt the hard throbs shooting through his Orctail. Now Guarai's Orc turned to stone as well, joined in on the howling, two big Orctails, throbbing hard as they squirted and squirted gushes of Orc-seed from them. Thorzal closed his eyes. It was true what the Dwarf had said. He belonged to the Men. There would never be a mrs. Thorzal, ever. This confession to himself filled him with profound peace.

The squirting ended, the howling died, what remained was the sweaty embrace of men, overcome by bliss. He kept holding their Orctails, than now receded and softened in his hands. Their embrace was undiminished. They licked his neck area again in blissed exhaustion.

"You be so good to us Master." One whispered.

"Us be liking you great big Master." Added the other. An eternity was shared between them as they stood there in tight embrace, breathing as one, calming down.

"And now my Orcs will get down on their knees and please my cock with their tongues."

Thorzal said in excitement.

"I'm yearning to make seed also."

The big Orcs broke the embrace, stepped back a bit and got on their knees. Then they held onto Thorzal's legs and body, came forward, and their tongues started licking Thorzal's willing meat that stuck out from between the leathers of his Orcen kilt of belts. The Orcs used their tongues with great agility, curling it around and lapping across the hot human meat and each other, their arms firmly but gently holding his body. Thorzal looked down, watching the magnificent Orcs please him, and what a pleasure it was. Thorzal closed his eyes.

Pleasure now consumed him, enraptured him with joy. This felt so good, oh how well the Orcs pleased him as they held him, licked him, gently stroked him with their fingers.

Thorzal looked down and saw them eagerly licking, the red leather tails of their half-masks swaying back and forth as they moved their heads left and right, trying to hinder each other the least while they tried to please him most. It was so exciting, so greatly exciting to have these two big Orcs please him like they did so well. Thorzal closed his eyes and moaned in thrill as his cock shot pearly white splatters on their green cheeks and black leather masks. "Oooh you gave me pleasure.." Thorzal sighed and looked down on the two kneeling Orcs, seeing pearls of his seed slowly run down their faces and masks.

"Unhand me." he said calmly, and the Orcs let go.

Thorzal walked up to Guarai, who had watched them from a distance.

"Guarai, you wonderful small.."

"Modest." Guarai corrected.

"Guarai you wonderful, modest-sized man, you Dwarven Master of these fine Orcs, let me get down on my knees for you and give your meat the good sucking it deserves!" Guarai smiled.

"My." He said as he loosened the string that tied shut his black leather trunks.

"That one I won't let pass by. Quite the night isn't it my man?"

"What a night this is and what a great man you are!" Guarai parted the string and took out his hard Dwarven length. Guarai got on his knees and hugged the Dwarf's loins, looked up at him.

"So modest in size, yet such a great man by any measure!" Thorzal said in admiration.

"So big, yet so eager to please." Guarai smiled.

"Should I drop the whip?"

"Hold onto it. You're going to need it."

"The holding on or the whip?" Guarai grinned, but got no answer as Thorzal slipped the Dwarf's length into his mouth and started to lick and suck it to the best of his skill. Thorzal tasted the Dwarven flavor, like he had the flavor of Orc before. The Dwarf had a good length for sucking his meat, and the small man now held onto his shoulders, one hand still holding

the whip who's lash lay across Thorzal's back.

"Quite the treat." The Dwarf sighed, and let himself be spoiled.

The Dwarf ran his free hand through Thorzal's hair as he continued on and let himself be taken by excitement. Thorzal took in the smell of the Dwarf. Like humans, there were no musks of arousal, just as subtle human-like man-smell with a faint hint of soap.

There they stood as minutes passed, and finally the Dwarf fed his squirts to the Human who was pleasing him. Salty. A bit thick. By no means the spicy flooding the Orc on the dinnertable had fed him. Thorzal squeezed out the last drops, then looked up at the Dwarf, who stroked his cheek.

"Thorzal, if there is any pleasure you want of me, you need but ask. Any whatsoever." The Dwarf gently said.

"It was my pleasure." Thorzal got on his feet again and Guarai got something from the tangle of leathers of the pack, and returned with four strange small things.

"What are those?"

"Plugs for curious Orcen ears listening in. Take these two and push them in gently until you can go no further. Then let's have a little Master-to-Master talk. Beasts! Sit!" The Orcs complied.

Thorzal got to his Orc and took him by one of his pointy ears, that flicked as it tried to escape his hand.

"I'm going to plug you up Orc. Be still." Thorzal carefully put the plug in the rather big orifice, until it met with resistance. Then he plugged his Orc's other ear. Guarai and he got to each other and turned their backs on the kneeling Orcs.

"Quite the night my man."

"You can say that again."

"Thorzal, this is your night so you have the final say in this. I'm thinking we'll take these Orcs to the barn and let them ride the barrel. Put the fear in them, and a good heat and sting in their Orc-hams. Give their balls incentive and time to fill up again. Then we take them back here and take these Orcs to the utter apex of excitement. Then, I propose, we call it a night." Thorzal closed his eyes, then nodded.

"It feels like the right thing to do. What a wild night this has been."

"We'll suspend the playings after that, share our words and then give these Orcs the ten hours of sleep they're entitled to."

"And richly deserve. What excitements we've put them through!"

"Oh and there's quite something to come. I'm satisfied. You seem also. Are you?" Thorzal closed his eyes again.

"I can't begin to tell you how great this feels. How good it has been for me."

"So you've decided it is a good thing we're doing here?"

"I've made my peace. It's what the four of us desire the most."

"So you like being a Master of Orcs?"

"With all my heart."

"And a great job you do, I'm most impressed that someone so new to this slides into our game with such smoothness. The finest trait of Humans, their ability to quickly adapt, is very strong in you."

"Thank you, there is no telling how I admire the three of you."

"You are satisfied, as am I. I'd say we run those Orcs through utter hardship just one more time, and leave them blissed and satisfied and thrilled to their heart's desire." Thorzal nodded.

"Let's excite these Orcs just one more time!"

"One more time my man, let's take them to the edge of experience, let's give until they can take no longer."

"Yes!"

"Let's do this." The Dwarf and Human turned and undid the plugs from the ears of the Orcs, who seemed glad to be rid of the things.

"Get that dumb grin of your face, beast!" Guarai sharply remarked. The game was on again.

"I had a word with Master Thorzal and we agree that you beasts have let us down."

"Us Orcs sorry Master! What us do?"

"For one thing, soiling Master Thorzal's floor by squirting beast seed all over it."

"And you stunk up my house with Orc-smell!" Thorzal cut in on the feigned anger.

"I let you Orcs in after that bath because your smells were down to the acceptable. It is acceptable no longer. My whole house smells, no, reeks of Orcs now."

"There you have it!" Guarai barked and snapped his whip.

"You entered a Masters house promising to be good and turned into a pigsty. An Orcpig-sty."

"Us sorry Masters!" Guarai's Orc squeaked and burst into tears again.

"Don't add even more Orc filth to the seed and the sweats you stunk up the place with."

"Us sorry us smell of Orcs Masters! Us no can help it!" Guarai's Orc cried in humiliation.

"Quit that! Right now!" The Orc fought himself and got his raging emotions under control.

"Us sorry Orcs soiled house of Master." Thorzal's Orc said with a lump in his throat.

"Us Orcs promised us go be good and us no did. That bad."

"My thoughts exactly!" The Dwarf snarled quite viciously and lashed his Orc-taming whip across their tummis, making the Orcs flinch and moan.

"Apologies will not do!" Thorzal decided in mock anger.

"This smell of Orc is intolerable. Look at me!" The Orcs looked at him, full of mixed emotions and excitements.

"You two promised to not stink of Orc, yet you did." Thorzal calmly said.

"And you Orcs will ride the barrel for that."

"No please Master!" Thorzal's Orc gasped in horror.

"Poor hams of Orcs still all glowies!"

"You Orcs will ride the barrel!" Thorzal demanded.

"I'm looking forward to smacking their Orc-hams and putting my back into it!" Guarai exclaimed.

"Please no do this to Orcs Masters.."

"I don't know about Master Thorzal but your hams won't escape the smack of my whip."

"The Orc-whipping belts!" Thorzal said.

"My thoughts exactly!"

"I don't know what I like best." Thorzal cruelly said.

"The smack of the belt on flesh or the howl that follows in its wake."

"Please Masters..." Thorzal's Orc whispered, gripped by this harshness as much as his kinsman but handling his fears and excitements better.

"There will be many smacks and much howling." Guarai promised.

"You can take your time deciding which you hear rather."

"No do to Orcs!" Guarai's Orc squeaked, fighting his tears.

"Beasts: undo the Orc-prodders. Not the belts." The Orcs, shivering by sheer terror, undid the two small straps that still held the Orc-prodders attached to their belts.

"Now crawl towards the barn. Crawl towards your punishment."

"Please Masters.." Thorzal's Orc whispered, trembling in fear.

"You will not escape this." Guarai decided.

"There is no escape for either Orc." Thorzal added for good measure. The Orcs bowed their heads. Somehow, they would get through this. Somehow, they would endure. The Orcs clapped their hands on the floor and started crawling on all fours to the front door.

Thorzal clenched his fist to Guarai in a gesture how hard a whipping the Orcs would get.

Guarai held out his fist, stuck out his thumb and pinky and wiggled them up and down, as if to imitate a weighing balance. So-so. Despite their threats the whipping would only be so-so. He picked up an oil lamp on the way out.

In the hallway Thorzal's Orc reached up to the doorhandle and backed up opened the door.

"Wonderful. Now there's the smell of Orc on my door as well!" Thorzal barked evilly. Thorzal's Orc cringed. Then they crawled out, followed by their Masters. The skies were clear and filled with stars. The Moon was full. Thorzal smiled. Full moons always brought out the wildness.

He gazed at the stars and wondered if there really were Orcs and Dwarves living among them. It seemed like he could see distances between the stars, how some were further off than others. In the east there was a faint stir of the slightest light. The Sun was on its way again. Thorzal looked at the Moon. Could there be Orcs and Dwarves out there, digging

mazes of tunnels under that desert soil?

Thorzial closed his eyes. The vivid imagery had been fading for a long time, and now there barely was any left. The force without form, the strange Orcish thing he ate that was not to be named, had been on the decline for quite some time now, just like the Dwarf had said it would. All it did now was give the stars their extra sparkle and added but a trifle to his mind. Instead of a sadness to see this pleasantness decline, it oddly enough felt like a homecoming, a glorious return to his senses. Life was beautiful, and the earth and skies were full of wonder. Odd that it took a tiny ball that tasted of mushrooms to remind him of that. He recalled the Dwarf saying that it was sacred. Perhaps it was, but only because life itself was. He felt a small hand rub his lower back.

"A sea of gems isn't it? The stars of night?" Thorzial nodded.

"Shall we take these Orcs to their punishment?" Thorzial clapped his hands.

"I'm not through with those two." He vowed.

"Leather to flesh!"

"Leather to flesh indeed! Let's smack some Orc-hams before the sun comes up." Two soft whimpers from the darkness. Un-human. Fear and excitement. They walked up the the barn door, where the Orcs knelt down in apprehension.

"Key's in the house." Thorzial said.

"I brought mine." Guarai said, retrieved a carpenter's nail from his vests pocket, inserted it into the padlock, moved it around listening closely, then pushed and the padlock popped open.

"I do need a better lock." Thorzial grinned in astonishment.

"Anything made by Dwarves is fine." Guarai chuckled and swung open the barn door.

"Beasts! Inside!"

Thorzial took his oil lamp to a torch and set it alight, lighting the barn with flickering yellows. He put the oil lamp on the ground and closed the barn door.

"For the noise of their howling." He said ominously. Thorzial's Orc gulped. The atmosphere was tense, you could cut the air with the knife. The flickering light of the torch illuminated the barrel, with its big puddle of Orc-seed in front of it. The Orcs got the fear.

"Masters.." Thorzial's Orc whispered with a shiver in his deep voice.

"Us Orcs go do anything."

"Good." Guarai said harshly.

"Begin by taking that barrel there and roll it against the other side of the pole."

"Two barrels to the pole." Thorzial said cruelly.

"Two barrels for two Orcs."

"Masters.."

"Any protests will be spelled out in smacks on your hams." The Dwarf threatened. The Orcs crawled to the barrel, put it on it's side and then rolled it to the other side of the pole. Then they knelt down beside it, side by side, awaiting instructions.

"Orc: you ride that barrel. And you: ride this one." Reluctantly the Orcs knelt behind the barrels. Then they lay their bodies over it, and put their arms behind the pole, from both sides. Guarai handed Thorzial two snap rings. Thorzial walked over and took the rings of Guarai's Orc's wristbands.

"Master Guarai will make you so very sorry, Orc." Thorzial said and watched the Orc cringe as he joined his wrists behind the pole with a snap of the ring.

"And you: you'll howl for your Orc-smell." He vowed to his Orc, then joining his wrists. The Orcs now were tied over the barrels.

"No escape for you beasts, not anymore." Guarai said, and held out a whipping-belt to Thorzial who took it, and gave a good whoosh through the air with it.

"You won't lick your way out of this one, Orcs!"

"Us sorry already!" Guarai's Orc squeaked and burst into tears again. He now squeaked most pitifully.

"Thorzial, come look at this." Guarai laughed cruelly, and Thorzial joined him behind his Orc. The Orc was kneeling in a puddle of his own Orc-piss. Thorzial felt sorry for the sobbing Orc but Guarai gave a slight reassuring wink.

"Pissing on Master Thorzial's floor are you?"

"Orc so sorry! Oooohh!" Guarai let his whipping-belt stroke the Orc's hams, making him tremble even more.

"Is there more of that beast? Are you holding on to more of this?"

"Ooooh.. Please.. Y..yes Master. Orc got hard bladder."

"Not that hard anymore is it?"

"Oooh.. No Master! Orc all sorry on this!"

"Let go, beast!" Guarai harshly said.

"Piss on the floor for us."

"Master!" the Orc moaned in torment.

"Relieve yourself. You know you need to. Amuse us with your pissing on the floor in fright."

"Ohh.. Orc no get punish on it?"

"Not for that, no. Now do it or I'll make you squirt it with my whip." The Orc tried to calm himself. Then he managed to let go, and a stream of Orc-piss splattered on the granite floor until the yellow puddle had grown so large he knelt down in it.

"That wasn't so hard was it? A filthy green beast you are."

"Thank you Master.." The Orc moaned in torment. Thorzal turned to his Orc.

"You thought we forgot all about you didn't you Orc?"

"Master!" The Orc gasped in shock.

"And you? Is there any piss to you, Orc?" Thorzal's Orc moaned.

"Orc can hold Master."

"No, I'll have you piss yourself over the barrel. In front of me. Right now." The Orc gave a displeased yelp.

"No do to Orc, Master. Please. Orc will hold."

"I say you will not, Orc!" Another yelp. More pitiful.

"It's your Orcish pride isn't it? That's getting in the way of your obedience." A slow nod.

"Should I give you two rumpsmackings then? One for your pride and one for you?" A pained growl. Silence.

"Orc go be good obeyings for Master." Thorzal's Orc said, followed by a wet splattering sound behind him.

"Hold!" Thorzal commanded. It stopped.

"Guarai, watch this proud Orc make water for us." Guarai joined him.

"Orc: piss." Another pained growl. The pride of this Orc was harder to tame. Then the Orc let go and softly whimpering pissed until he knelt in a big puddle, like his kinsman.

"You said you would obey and you did." Thorzal said in praise. Guarai got to his Orc again.

"Master Thorzal: Are you ready to smack some Orc-hams?"

"Let's send them howling!" Thorzal said, making both Orcs squeak as they braced to hold on. Thorzal drew back his whipping-belt, and smacked ot down.

"Oww!" His Orc barked in shock. Guarai made his Orc bark out too. They took turns, one after another, giving their Orcs a good smack of leather across the hams. Soon the barks became tormented growls, and then the growls became howls as the whipping went on and became fiercer.

"I like the sound of that!" He shouted and dealt another loud smack.

"You must like it too, Orc! You're all excited"

Oooooooooohohh!

His Orc howled as he had another smack delivered across his hams.

"Orc all sorry Master!" The Orc roared in desperation.

"What for?!" Another smack and howl.

"Orc sorry for smelling of Orc Master!"

"I'll whip the last drop of stink from your hide Orc!"

"Orc go just smell more of Orc Master! Please! Mercy on Orc!"

Thorzal halted.

"Guarai: Is this to your satisfaction?"

"I'd say we let them have ten more mr. Thorzal. Each. And hard enough to make them rub their rumps thinking back of them!"

"I like that thought mr. Guarai! Ten more for these two!" Thorzal smacked down his whippingbelt

and made it count. His Orc howled louder than ever before. Guarai dealt his, even a bit harder still. And so they alternated the twenty smacks between them, letting their Orcs howl and hold onto the pole with all their might as their bulging green Orc-hams were so thoroughly belted. Finally, after an eternity for the poor Orcs all smacks were dealt. The Orcish howls died down into a tormented moaning, and this turned to pained yelps and growls as the Orcs came to their senses.

"You smell more of Orc than ever." Thorzal said.

"But you cannot help it. You are forgiven your vice of smelling of Orc."

"Thank.. you... Master.." Thorzal's Orc moaned, still sweating profusely.

"Speak of your Orc-hams, Orc."

"They.. ooohw.. they burning with fire, Master!"

"Do you feel well-punished, Orc?" Thorzal's Orc sighed a shivering sigh.

"Us Orcs all punished now Master. Us never get rumpsmacking twice unless us real bad Orcs Master."

"But do you feel well-punished, Orc?"

"Yes Master." The Orc admitted, and Thorzal held up the whipping-belt.

"No need for this anymore then?"

"No Master." Guarai walked by and collected Thorzal's whipping belt on the way to his cart.

"Guarai: If you'll bring the jug of oil I'd say let's give these Orcs a good oiling of the hams."

Guarai returned with the jug of oil and wetted Thorzal's hands with the oil, then walked over, poured oil in a hand and wetted his also.

"Thank you Masters. It good Masters we have." Thorzal felt moved that such words came after such a whipping. He put his hands on his Orc's green hams, who hissed loudly. His hams were blazing hot. Another hiss proved Guarai had done the same. Thorzal started massaging and his Orc moaned in pleasure and pain.

"There. It's good, isn't it?" His Orc gave an encouraging snarl. Too deeply into it to speak. Thorzal massaged the dark green orbs, and more carefully also the crevice between them. Cruel as it had been, these Orcs had been given a thrill they yearned for. More and more arousal came in the sound of their growls, more lustful snarls also.

"Spoiling 'em rotten, that's what we do." Guarai said from the other side as his Orc snarled rather playfully. Thorzal smiled. His Orc actually pushed his rump back a bit to offer it better to his hands.

"You like that don't you? A good oiling of the hams after a good hard smacking!" Thorzal's Orc gave a snarl.

"Yes Master."

"Good. You may enjoy it some more."

"Thank you Master."

They massaged and kneaded on, and let their Orcs regain themselves. A few minutes came and went.

"There." Guarai said.

"That should do it, I have plans for you beasts." There was an ominousness to the Dwarf's voice that was all but lost on the two Orcs.

"Thorzal, shall I undo these two?"

"Let's take these Orcs inside." Guarai walked to the pole and undid their wrist-shackles. the two Orcs let themselves lie outstretched over the barrels for the little time that was given them.

"Beasts! Sit up!" Guarai commanded and the two Orcs got beside each other again.

"Follow!" The Dwarf commanded and got out of the barn. Thorzal took the torch and whipped it out, then took the oil lamp and closed up the barn behind them. In the East, there clearly was light to be seen on the horizon, and the moon had almost set.

"Behold the break of day." Guarai smiled, more to himself than to anyone in particular, and the odd group walked and crawled to the farmhouse again.

"I will tolerate your Orc-smell." Thorzal said the the kneeling Orcs.

"It is no use resisting what cannot be helped."

"Thank you Master." Thorzal's Orc whispered. Once inside in Thorzal's main room, Guarai

took an Orc-prodder off the floor and whipped its belts at the Orcs.

"We'll outfit you beasts with these again. Stuff your coils proper." The Orcs didn't seem to look forward to the prospect.

"On your feet! Spread stance!" The Orcs complied and stood there once more, their big feet spread far apart. Guarai got in front of his Orc and weighed his green pouch again.

"Good. I like my beasts ready for the playings." He fastened the two narrow straps to his belt again. Thorzal took the remaining Orc-prodder off the floor. Still warm. He fastened the straps to his Orc and got behind him again.

"Beasts! All fours!" Thorzal took the long-thick Orc-prodder and held it to the Orc's green pucker again.

"Yield." He ordered, the tension ceased and Thorzal pressed the flexible leather rod between the Orc's hams who hissed at being filled up again. Then he fastened the back strap tightly.

"There you go, Orc!"

"Orc all stuffed up Master." Thorzal's Orc said, and it was clear it was a feeling he didn't mind too much.

"You like that don't you Orc? You like being stuffed up proper!"

"Yes Master." His Orc admitted. The creature was getting hard in the tail again, the thick length up his rear saw to that.

"Look at you getting all excited, Orc."

"Master." The Orc softly said.

"Me Orc all excited all night. It just that Orctail be throbbing again."

"That was a good hard rump-smacking, wasn't it?"

"It burn with fire Master. Orc be shown good." Thorzal rubbed his shoulder.

"Beasts!" Guarai said sternly and the Orcs by trained instinct sat up straight to await orders.

"You two will sit down on the edge of the big table. Side by side, arm's length apart, sit on your rumps." The Orcs got to the table and complied. Guarai retrieved some snap-rings and a few ropes of intertwined black leather. The Dwarf walked up to them, and shackled their wristband-rings to their belts again.

"This will be brief, but interesting." Guarai said to Thorzal, who watched the Orcs being shackled.

"Flat on your backs, greenboars!" The Dwarf ordered and the Orcs complied, lying flat on the oak tabletop.

The Dwarf crouched down between them, and joined the rings of their ankle-bands with a snap ring, so two of their legs were spread out and joined. The Dwarf then took a leather rope and tied his Orc's outer leg to the solid table leg. His Orc's legs were now tied wide apart, his Orctail hard and eagerly pointing upwards. Then he did the same with Thorzal's Orc's leg. Both Orcs now lay flat on the table, legs spread wide. They were getting quite excited and worried about what could be the use of this. The Dwarf walked around the table with a big leather rope, tied one to a table-leg, threaded it through the snoutrings of the Orcs, and then fastened the loose end to the other table leg.

Lying flat on their backs, Orc-prodders firmly up their rears, tied down with spread legs and snoutrings restrained, the Orcs were helpless to resist what was to come. Guarai got between his Orc's legs and felt up his eager meat.

"All hard and excited. Thorzal: check your Orc's tail." Thorzal did. From the table his Orc looked up to him in excitement and apprehension, soothed by the stroking of his meat, that by the Orc-prodders had once more swollen as hard as it could get.

"Quite excited in the tail! Now what are we to do with these..."

"I'd say let's give their pouches a good rub, feel what they have left for us there."

Thorzal gently cupped the Orc's velvety pouch and gently rubbed it with his palm and felt up the Orc's balls with his fingers. His Orc started moaning in delight, and soon Guarai's Orc joined in, moaning in sheer heat and excitement. Despite the playings that went on before, Thorzal found that his Orc's balls were once more swollen hard with seed, and deliciously sensitive, as shown by his Orc's writhing and moaning.

"All fired up, aren't you my Orc?" Thorzal whispered, gazing at his Orc who rolled his eyes and moaned in heat.

"Mmmm.. got seed for me? Are you fired up for me my fine Orc?" Thorzial teased and urged the Orc on by massaging his excited Orc's balls further. Slimes now oozed from his Orctail and the poor creature was too overcome with lust to respond to anything but the stroking and gentle rubbing of his orbs.

"Quite fiery beasts aren't they mr Thorzial?" The Dwarf grinned, and his small skilled hand had his Orc even more excited than Thorzial's was.

"Something ought to be done about that.." Thorzial smiled with a wink.

"I'd say we ought to quench their lusts properly. Is there something on your mind?"

"Oh, but as you recall there's always something on my mind, isn't there?"

"Speak it!" Thorzial said, basking in their delicious game,

"Speak your wonderful mind!"

"Talk is cheap.. I'll show you what I have in mind instead!" The Dwarf ceased his delicious fondling and walked to the unfolded pack. He returned with the bamboo tube that held the strange silver spikes.

"Oooooh!" Guarai's Orc moaned in thrill when he saw what the Dwarf brought him. Thorzial Orc was equally excited by this strange object as well, both Orcs couldn't take their eyes off it, the green of their eyes receded by the pools of black that were their aroused pupils.

Thorzial was amazed to see such a strong response to objects so alien to him.

"What's the plan good sir?"

"The plan my man is to once and for all drain these Orcs of their seed and dry up their wells. That is the plan." The Dwarf popped open the bamboo tube and took out two of the hollow, foot-long silver spikes. He put the tube on the table, stroked past his Orc's tail to pick up some Orcslimes and started slickening the spikes with them. Something started to dawn on Thorzial. "Surely these aren't for.." The Dwarf nodded.

"It's quite safe I assure you, and quite a sight to see! Come, and take this one off me."

Thorzial walked to the Dwarf and took one of the silver spikes as it was handed to him, by the ring at its tip. He now understood, and saw the use of the intricate pattern of ridges and grooves and why the hollow spike was polished as smooth as it was.

Guarai held up his spike, dripping wet with Orcslimes and slowly waived it left and right for his Orc, who followed its movements, hissing in great excitement.

"Yes my beastie.. You know what this is and you know what it's for. I'll be taking *all* of you now, the time of teasing is over." Gurarai's Orc growled near wild in anticipation, like Thorzial hadn't seen it before.

"Come Thorzial, I'll show you how to do it so you can take yours to your Orc."

Guarai seized his Orc by the tail, and the slimes were oozing. He put the lower, rounded end of the hollow silver spike to the Orc's spouting hole and then slowly pushed it downward, while his Orc shuddered, growled and snarled in utter thrill. Down and down it went, until the footlong silver spike was up to its ring into the Orc's tail. Guarai kneaded the Orc's stuffed tail and his Orc writhed in utter bliss.

"See?" The Dwarf grinned.

"This is how you do it."

"Look at him all thrilled like that!" Thorzial gasped.

"Yes, quite something like I said. Now do the same for your Orc, I'll oversee you do it right." Thorzial walked to his Orc and showed him the spike, which excited his Orc like it did Guarai's. He carefully took the Orc's tail, who oozed slimes like his kinsman, put his spike to it's spouting slit and then pushed it downward, driving his Orc wild with utter lust.

At last, the silver spike was driven all the way in, and the bitted Orc moaned and growled without end.

"How's that for a sound?" The Dwarf chuckled, but it's meaning escaped the inexperienced Human.

"You did well my man." The Dwarf complimented and got to his Orc. He seized his Orctail with both hands and massaged it, and his Orc thrashed his head about in utter thrill. Thorzial did the same and watched in glee how his Orc got wild beyond reason. Guarai had been right: this was teasing no longer. The Orcs enjoyed this so much it almost frightened Thorzial. He couldn't imagine how sensitive an Orc would be inside the tail, but it was clear to see that it

was all good: his Orc was beside himself with thrill.

"Mr Thorzal: and now if you please, do as I do and retrieve it like so." The Dwarf put his finger through the ring and smoothly pulled the foot-long silver spike from the Orc's spouting slit. His Orc turned to stone, and then roaring behind his bit his seed gushed out of his tail, five foot in the air, splattering down on the bound Orc and his Dwarf.

"Aaah like *that* is it?!" Thorzal smiled and said to his Orc:

"Are you ready green one?" A brisk nod, almost in fright. Thorzal smoothly retrieved the spike and his Orc swelled in all his muscles and squirted his slimes harder than ever before.

Thorzal's heart was pounding with excitement as he watched his Orc shoot squirt after squirt of thick white seed. Then, after eight good squirts, it receded.

"And again, mr Thorzal!" The Dwarf said in encouragement and smoothly pushed his silver spike up his Orc's tail again.

"Again?!" Thorzal gasped, took his Orc by the tail and inserted his spike to its full length, his Orc almost convulsing in thrill.

"And, up!" The Dwarf cheerfully announced, they slid out their spikes and both Orcs exploded in a roaring orgasm once more, bracing to hold on with all their might as their squirts shot from their Orctails. Thorzal looked at his Orc. His eyes were now black pools of lust and excitement, their emerald greens fully drowned out by this greatest excitement.

"One more time!"

"Again?!" Thorzal almost screamed in shock.

"Drain them we will my man!" The Dwarf cheerfully announced and inserted his spike once more, Thorzal following suit.

This third eruption produced mere slimes, the seed had gone from it, but the Orcs were driven wilder still by its release. This was so unreal, yet so deliciously arousing! Guarai's Orc fell limp on the table, and the Dwarf whispered:

"Good journey my friend.." and then shouted at Thorzal:

"Come on, there's one more squirting to your beast still!"

Thorzal inserted his spike for the fourth time. His Orc was nowhere near coherent and it was clear he was overcome by sensation. When he retrieved the spike his Orc produced a bit of slime and a spasming beneath his sac showed he made a dozen more dry squirts, then his Orc too fell limp.

"Good journey, mighty one..." Thorzal whispered in awe and let himself too come to his senses.

A minute came and went.

"I'd say that is that, wouldn't you say? These Orcs are spent."

"I bet they are.." Thorzal said in awe.

"This was.. oooh what a night."

The Dwarf walked up to him and took the spike off him.

"Help me undo them. I'd say this concludes the playings for this day." The Dwarf and the Human undid the restraints of the two Orcs, who lay down and out on the table.

"Wrists too." The Dwarf said, and collected the snaprings and hurled them across the room into the tangle of gear. The Dwarf smiled in deep satisfaction.

"Satisfied?"

"This is beyond comprehension.. These Orcs are so.. You are.. Oooh I can't begin to thank you."

"No need, it was our pleasure. It's such a gorgeous sight to see you excited my man! I propose we suspend the game for tonight altogether so you get a chance to meet my Orcs.." He winked,

"Instead of just playings."

Thorzal nodded. An end to the nights game it was. Then it dawned on him what the Dwarf had said, and what that would mean.

"Equals?"

"If you prefer of course." The Dwarf said with a grin.

"There's more to my Orcs than just obedience and playings."

"Of course.." Thorzal said as it dawned on him that he didn't know these Orcs outside their

game. He closed his eyes and before his mind's eye passed all that had happened between them in this strange night, his fondness of their whipping, the many things they had put these magnificent creatures through to thrill of them all.

"Equals it is then." Guarai smiled.

"Ah Ogac, back with us I see?"

Thorzial's Orc, or rather Ogac, sat up staring in infinity.

"Give him some room Thorzial, this has been quite a ride for them." The Dwarf gently said and Thorzial looked on how the Orc slowly undid his bit, and then the straps behind his head.

Guarai's Orc now sat up too, and started undoing his bit.

"Aaah Okratan.. Welcome back my man." Ogac had undone the straps and removed his leather mask, putting it beside him. Only now did Thorzial see the Orc's face. He had a wildness yet a nobility to his features, he looked quite a bit more intimidating without the mask than with, but there was a kindness to him that was quite attractive.

Okratan now took off his mask and his Orcen face too was quite a revelation. Quite a sight to behold. Ogac got on his feet, and at once looked every bit the Orc warrior he was, albeit quite exhausted. He walked towards Thorzial and buried him in a strong muscular hug.

"Urrrrrrrrrrr..." He softly growled, a passionate growl that shook the air.

"Sweet Thorzial.. Me Orc be all stuffed between hams.. Please unstrap Orc-prodder of Orc." He let go and turned.

"Umm.. sure, of course mighty one." Thorzial said, a bit surprised by all this initiative.

"Orc playthings no more Thorzial!" Guarai said with a wink, and released his Orc from his Orcprodder.

Thorzial undid the rear strap and slowly pulled out the warm thick Orc-prodder, making his Orc shiver and growl in satisfaction. He then undid the large belt, Ogac took the leathers and threw it on the table next to Okratan's.

Ogac turned and hugged Thorzial in his powerful arms. Okratan joined in on the hug and the two Orcs growled softly in appreciation of him.

"You been goood, Thorzial.." Ogac growled and started licking the smaller human's neck.

"Great playings you put up for Orcs.. Us be liking.. So much.." Okratan added. Thorzial's knees almost gave way.

"Thank you mighty ones.." Thorzial whispered, overcome by all this affection.

"Now us mighty all of sudden!" Ogac chuckled and Okratan gave a playful snarl. They stood there, united as one for several minutes, then they broke the hug. Guarai faced them, his arms crossed in front of his chest.

"Hell yes I'm feeling left out!" he complained, but with that teasing sharpness to his voice again.

"You be all mean to Orcs and evil tricks!" Okratan protested.

"Yuh, you mean tricks Dwarf!" Ogac growled in feigned outrage.

"Ahiyacoth! Itoh! Tath!" Guarai said in defiance. The two Orcs got to him, lifted him and hugged the Dwarf with passion, and they exchanged words of great fondness in what sounded like Orcish. Thorzial watched the three wonderful beings lose themselves in their embrace and exchange words of passionate affection. And to think they went half a century back.. Thorzial knew he couldn't begin to grasp the love that existed between them. Odd, that such harsh games could exist between beings that held each other so dear. Some minutes came and went, and the hug broke.

"Can Orcs sit on couch, Thorzial?" Ogac asked politely and Thorzial smiled.

"Yeah, it'll hold, feel free." The two Orcs got seated in the middle of the couch, Guarai hopped on beside Okratan and Ogac made an inviting gesture to Thorzial, who sat down beside him. Ogac put his arm around Thorzial and held the smaller human tightly against his near naked body.

"Urrrrrrrrrrr.." he growled affectionately and gave a lick across Thorzial's cheek. Thorzial was elated that the Orcs, whom they had put through such hardships, seemed to bear nothing but fondness of their tormentors.

"Rump of Orc still all glowy with fire from whipping.." Ogac whispered and gave a playful snarl,

"You be liking whipping rumps of Orcs.. Hard.. Great big.."

"Ehmm.." Thorzial didn't know what to say.

"None more deserving than Orc-hams, and no Orcs more so than you two!" Guarai laughed.

"But me liiikes.." Ogac confessed,

"Me likes getting whipped on rump."

"Orc too!" Okratan volunteered.

"No be shy on it hyooman.." Ogac affectionately whispered.

"I do like doing that, yes.." Thorzial whispered.

"So my man, I take it our games on hindsight aren't so inhuman after all?" Thorzial sighed.

"It's.. it's so exciting.."

"Methinks Thorzial should catch Orc for self." Ogac said gently.

"Methinks too.." Okratan added.

"I should.." Thorzial sighed and closed his eyes. What a night. What an incredible night this had been.

"Now house smell of Orc." Ogac observed.

"Us go clean mess tomorrow, all of it!" Okratan vowed and Guarai said sternly:

"Tomorrow my beasties our game stands, so let me make that promise for you. Thorzial: They will!"

"I like it.." Thorzial mused,

"The smell of Orc. I hope you'll.."

"Us know hyooman does, you just likes playings with water and soap of Orcs!" Okratan chuckled.

"Mean tricks hyooman.." Ogac growled ominously, but hugged Thorzial tighter. Thorzial put his hand to Ogac's muscular tummy and started stroking it. Ogac sighed a shivering sigh.

"Oooh you so good to Orc.. But me spent Thorzial.."

"I know mighty one.. And I'll ask no more of you, but can I stroke you nonetheless in thanks for all you've given me?"

"Mmmhh that rrreal good Thorzial.." Ogac sighed and let himself be petted and stroked.

And so time passed for the four of them, while the sun begun its ascent in the eastern sky. Thorzial thought about all that had happened between them and sighed in satisfaction.

"Ogac, Okratan, Guarai.. I can't begin thanking you for this wonderful.. experience. You gave so freely of yourselves and it.. I learned so much about myself also.."

"It good." Ogac said softly, his eyes closed in total relaxation.

"Us great big thankful for great night too.. You showed Orcs good and welcomed us in home of you. That honor to us."

"Your smell of Orc.. I'm going to miss that." Ogac drew his head near and slowly licked Thorzial's cheek, then let out a soft growl of affection.

"Me likes taste of you.. You good hyooman.." He whispered.

Suddenly the four of them startled as Thorzial's rooster outside burst out in a loud call, announcing the new day.

"Oooh.. I'm tired my friends.." Guarai softly voiced the exhaustion they all felt.

"Cuddle up?" the Orcs gave an approving growl and Thorzial nodded without words. His rooster had made clear that this night was done for.

Ogac got up and with little effort took Thorzial in his strong arms. Then he lay down on Thorzial's rug and draped the tired human on top of him. Okratan got next to him and Guarai lay down on top of him. Thorzial hugged Ogac and lay his other arm across the Dwarf's small back, who in turn held him, and the strong Orcs hugged them both.

"Another fine, fine day." Guarai said.

"Thank you so much, all of you.." Thorzial whispered. Okratan had already drifted off to sleep.

"Dream of Orcs.." Ogac whispered gently and licked Thorzial's cheek slowly, over and over, until sleep overcame him too. Within minutes, Guarai slept as well. Thorzial heard the four of them, slowly breathing in unison. He closed his eyes and felt Ogac beneath him with all his body. Soft green skin over firm slabs and knots of muscle. Warm, smooth..

'what a night..' was his last thought before sleep overtook him too, and took him away to the land of dreams.

And dreams of Orcs he had, sleeping in the cuddlepile of these delightful creatures.

Thorzial opened his eyes, and found himself lying on top of a big strong Orc, who was gently holding him and stroking his body. So.. It hadn't been a dream after all. He closed his eyes again and let his fingers gently stroke the smooth green skin of the muscular chest he rested his head on. So warm, so smooth.. The strange smell of Orcish musks filled his nostrils, and made him sigh in tranquility.

"You wakie?" A voice softly said, he looked up and met the peaceful gaze of Ogac, who gave him a gentle wink and now stroked and caressed him all over. He had such kind, loving eyes..

"Yes, mighty one." Thorzial whispered,

"Thorzial did have pleasant dream?"

"Almost as pleasant as the night before Ogac, and you?" Ogac softly growled in satisfaction.

"It good being in cuddlepile with buddy."

"Mighty one.."

"Today me be mighty no more, Thorzial.."

"He's got that part right!" Guarai softly said across some distance,

"Want to do this couch with me mr Thorzial? Then Ogac can nap a bit more to get rested for the cart."

Thorzial looked at Ogac. Ah yes, the Orcs had a long pull ahead of them that day.

"Sleep well, great warrior." Thorzial softly said and gave the big Orc a tender kiss in the neck. He let himself slide off him and got on his feet, to join the Dwarf who sat on the couch smoking a small pipe that spread a delicious sweet fragrance. He saw how Ogac got on his side and put his arm across Okratan's chest who, still sleeping, rolled over to him and held him tight.

"They need some more sleep, the Orcs.." Guarai softly said and drew from his pipe, then blew another fragrant cloud.

"It's been quite a tiring day for the both of them as you can imagine."

Thorzial watched the Orcs, and heard by his breath that Ogac had fallen asleep again. He felt a bit of a sadness come over him.

"I guess all good things do come to an end. Can I persuade the three of you to stay with me just one more day?" Guarai closed his eyes and shook his head.

"Sorry my man, I'll have to take my whip to their rumps today as it is. We're expected in the Dwarf Mountain of Raggen in a few days, and the sooner we arrive the better it is really. We can't spare another day, if we could we would, really."

"What's in Raggen?"

"State affairs mostly. Remember I told you how the Dwarves and Orcs of the Twin Mountain Valley stand as the ambassadors of the Peace between our kinds, and how we try to further our Ten Thousand Year Plan through plotting, scheming and insidious infiltration?" Thorzial smiled, yes he remembered.

"Well, that's basically what we're going for here, even though the good people at Raggen are mostly under the impression that it's about trade negotiations. Now the Orcs of nearby Tuskath will be easier to approach on these.."

"You're going to visit an Orc mountain?"

"Aye."

"You're going to ride an Orc-pulled cart into an Orc mountain?" Guarai smiled.

"Aye."

"That's.." Thorzial scratched his cheek.

"They're not like how the story goes, Orcs. This goes for much of the world. The Orcs won't take offense, in fact they'd appreciate me putting my men to good use. You must remember I'm the lead male of my family group and these are my men, so this isn't a human slavery situation. The Orcs that matter will appreciate it and most others won't mind. Bite the rest."

"Still, with their war and all, it takes courage."

"Orcs respect courage. I have no concerns whatsoever about the Tuskath visit, my only concern is my Orcs being somewhat less than welcome in Raggen and meeting with some stubborn old rudeness." Thorzial nodded and thought it over.

"Will it be a long stay?"

"All in all a few weeks or so." Guarai blew another fragrant cloud.

"Thorzial.."

"Yes?"

"When we return to the Twin Mountain Valley, would we be welcome to spend some time with you?"

"Welcome? You'd be more than welcome! It.. I.. Please do!" Guarai put his hand to Thorzial's chest and petted it.

"Thank you so much my man. My Orcs will be yours for a good game of course. Sounds good?"

"Sounds great!"

"It is decided then!" Guarai smiled and fell silent for a while.

"I'm not exactly a stranger in Raggen or Tuskath my man. I have quite some friends in either mountain."

"You and your Orcs are welcome here whenever you travel up yonder, I hope that goes without saying."

"Well I'm glad you said it nonetheless! You're quite welcoming, Thorzial. Unusual in Human lands. You have my gratitude."

"Don't mention it, just be there. I'm glad it doesn't end on this day. Game or no, I want to get to know you, the three of you. I was saddened by the thought that today would be our last day."

"That wouldn't feel right, aye." Guarai said, and tapped his pipe on the granite of the floor, spilling out the ashes.

"I'll have my Orcs clean this place spic and span." He smiled and plugged his pipe with herbs again, then lit it again with a straw he held to an oil lamp.

"What's in it? It smells wonderful."

"Senthiomac, a traditional Dwarven blend. Herbs, flowers and resins. A good flavor but you'd cough your lungs out if you'd inhale."

"Can I have a draft?"

"Sure my man!" Guarai said and handed over the small pipe with both hands. Thorzial drew some smoke in his mouth and then blew it. A fine sweet and spicy taste. There was a slight tingle to his forehead when he returned the pipe to the older Dwarf.

"There's a first time for everything I guess. It's a fine flavor."

"My merchant has a taste for quality. It's from the Dverk mountains you know, this?"

"Your ancient lands."

Before them, the two Orcs stirred and then slowly awoke from their sleep. The two magnificent creatures started whispering to one another in a strange tongue, stroking and caressing each other's bodies still tranquil from sleep.

"We don't know what's given us, Thorzial. Life is a book that we can only read as the days go by. But it would be a pleasure to watch you bloom."

"Bloom?"

"Ascend through the years, reach a ripe age as humans go. If it's given us, ofcourse." Thorzial thought about this.

"What would you be like with the passing of seasons?"

"If it's given us, by the time you consider yourself old, the three of us would be mostly like you see us today. I'd gain a wrinkle or two and add some gray to my beard. The Orcs you won't see age at all, probably. Essentially the same."

"How old do you get? Orcs and Dwarves?"

"Dwarves tend to live five or six hundred years, give or take. Orcs.." Guarai closed his eyes and sighed.

"Orcs live for three or four centuries at most, the normal ones."

"So you'll outlive us all?" Guarai slowly nodded, eyes still closed.

"Aye. If it is to be." Thorzial thought about this. It must be hard to part with so many on your road of life.

"You.. you said normal Orcs. Are there special ones?"

"Aye, these would be the Ancient Ones. An Orc cannot know his true nature until he's about three and a half centuries old. You see, Orcs age strangely, much different from you or me."

"I'll hear you on that."

"At first, Orcs age as fast as humans, in fact a bit faster too in fact. At about your age they freeze in time."

"Freeze in time?"

"Ever seen an old Orc?"

"Orcs are rare in these lands but now you mention it the ones I see tend to look my age or so. Why is that?"

"When Orcs reach about your age their bodies are fully mature like yours. They will stay like this, frozen in time, for a good three or three and a half centuries. Young and strong."

"Forever young.." Thorzal gasped,

"That must be so wonderful!"

"And it probably is, though each age has its merit."

"Incredible."

"At about three, three and a half centuries their phase of maturity is over. They will feel a powerful change overcome them. Then, after that, they age like humans again, a bit faster, and live another thirty to fifty years more into old age. See the green of their skin?"

"Yes?"

"Like the leaves of autumn they will change in color as old age sets in. Golden yellows, deep reds and even blue. Eventually, like autumn leaves, they become dark brown all over, in their latter years. Then they fall to the ground, like we all do eventually."

"And those ancient ones?" Guarai smiled widely.

"They age about the same, but their maturity lasts two or three thousand years, and their aging spans three to five centuries." Thorzal gasped.

"What are they like?"

"Try the wisest men of this world, yet full of spirit. They are.. One can only admire them in every way." Guarai said in great respect.

Thorzal cast a glance at the two Orcs, who still were engaged in gentle whispering and the stroking of each other's bodies.

"What's up with them?" He asked and Guarai smiled with a chuckle.

"They're talking about you, Thorzal, how much they like you and all."

"Aww you're just saying that!"

"No lie. You've really quite impressed the three of us." Ogac and Okratan ceased their whispering and cast them a glance.

"You beasts didn't think I wasn't onto you did you?"

"Master.." Okratan chuckled shyly.

"For now the game is not on." Guarai decided,

"Proceed with your insidious plotting."

"Chuarai.." Ogac chuckled throatily in deep affection, and they turned to each other once more.

"He was right you know? Ogac."

"With what?"

"With that you should catch an Orc." Thorzal smiled.

"I'm serious my man. I've seen you at it during our game, and an Orc servant seems just right for you. I'm a fair judge of character and it seems to me you're the man for it."

Thorzal chuckled and blushed.

"Well, with the right Orc I can see that working yes."

"Moreover you have a small farm, chickens and rabbits and sometimes corn you said. I'm thinking a strong Orc could do you well, a farmhand to the world and your personal servant to you. With a strong Orc by your side there can be a field of corn and a good harvest every year. A strong Orc's muscle has a need to be worked and many Orcs prefer the discipline and guidance that you'd probably like to provide. And rough playings as they call it, like last night."

"That sounds quite good." Thorzal grinned. He closed his eyes and imagined what it would be like, an Orc who not only helped him out around the farm but who also liked it rough like Guarai's Orcs did.

"A sweet Orc with a taste for the whip and a hunger for men." Guarai smiled as he fed

Thorzial's fancy.

"Would you have use for an Orc like that?"

"It would be heaven, if there's an Orc like that and we got along well. Would it be like the game that the three of you play?"

"Yes and no." The Dwarf said,

"Yes, it can be every bit as umm.. intense as our little game. But this will be the game of the two of you, Thorzial, you and that one Orc. It will grow between you, evolve, take you places. You lead, he will follow, but in a way you have equal say. It must be a game that's fulfilling to both or it will be fulfilling to neither. Playings."

"Fulfilling for both, I like that." Thorzial mused.

"I sincerely believe that with the right Orc, both of you would thrive. Your farm too would prosper. I'm a fair judge of character and I think you'd be right for leading an Orc that's got the right stuff as well."

"Ah, the right Orc you say.. I can't just throw a sack over an Orc, and drag him to my farm and subdue him."

Guarai nodded. That indeed would not work in the least.

"I live outside your culture of, what was it, Domination Guilds?"

"Acathathlath Thorzial ihe uzcathath. Itoh? Karazathath ijec. Reh kumath tath Tuskath ezoh. Kamijeh. Tath?" Ogac said to Guarai, who fondled his beard and nodded.

"My thoughts exactly Ogac."

"Ac ijehac.. Kumath Thorzial. Tath." Okratan added.

"Tath indeed." Guarai smiled and knocked the ashes from his pipe on the granite floor. Then he turned to Thorzial.

"My man, you know I'm a Dwarf of influence." Thorzial frowned curiously.

"Umm.. yes?"

"The Orc mountain we'll be visiting, Tuskath.."

"What about it?" Thorzial said, feeling an odd excitement rise.

"I know my way there around the Submission Guild also. I'll probably be able to select a fine Orc servant for you who's up for this kind of thing, and adventure outside his mountain, working under a human Master."

"That would be wonderful!" Thorzial almost screamed in enthusiasm.

"My judging of character extends to Orcs quite well. I could select quite a good one for you, one that's just right for your likings and umm.. your lack of experience in the Mastery department. Obedient, kind and understanding. That shouldn't be much of a chore actually."

"I.. By the Gods how I'd want that!"

"Would your friends object?" Thorzial thought about it.

"I don't think it'll be a problem, if the Orc's well-behaved."

"Oh he'll be quite well-behaved I'm sure, a real Guildsman. What grows between you will remain between you as far as you'd like. You see, you call the shots. Up for that?" Thorzial nodded.

"Yes, I think I am."

"How about the mooing by the good people of Schimmerlicht? If your farm turns up an Orcish farmhand?" Thorzial smiled.

"Like you said yesterday in Visbeeck and now again today: Bite the people!"

"That's the spirit! Would you prefer to pay wages or have one that serves you for the experience? It's like having an ox really, working an Orc will give quite a healthy boost to your farm."

"Wages. It wouldn't sit right with me to reap off his work and not give him his fair share."

"Now I'm sure I can find you a good one my man. I'll have him pack the right leathers and whips for his domination also."

"I can't believe this is happening!" Thorzial exclaimed in joy.

"This not happening would be a wasted opportunity for you, for the Orc and for your farm. It crossed my mind yesterday night and my Orcs turned out to be of the same inclination."

"Bless you three!" Thorzial said in excitement.

"Methinks you go and do well, Thorzial. A good Master for Orc." Ogac said encouragingly and

Okratan gave an approving growl before Ogac hugged him to his body again.

"Shall I bring you back an Orc like that then, Thorzal?"

"Yes please! If it's not too much trouble.."

"Think nothing of it my man! It would be a pleasure in fact running through a few dozen of them to find the right Orc for the job."

"Thanks so much! I.. It.."

"It's fine, really." Guarai smiled and got on his feet. He winked slightly at Thorzal, then yelled: "Akath!!"

This sudden loud command startled Thorzal and the Orcs alike. Ogac and Okratan hastily jumped up and sat side by side on their knees facing the Dwarf, who walked past them and picked a half-mask off the oak table.

"Today you beasts will be put to the cart again and we'll make up for the miles lost during the morning!" The Dwarf sternly said as he put the mask on Ogac's head, and strapped it tightly. "It will be a hard pull, you can be sure of that."

"Yes Master!" The Orcs said in unison. Thorzal blinked. At once the three of them had snapped into their game again. Ogac and Okratan had names no longer, once more they were the willing Orc servants of the Dwarf who led them so well. Guarai fastened the last strap, and with a stroke of his fingers across Ogac's shoulders went to the table, picked up the other mask and started strapping it on Okratan.

Thorzal looked on. The Orcs sat perfectly straight, and their eyes shone with emerald fire again. They radiated with joy. This was their game, the game they so desired and yearned for. "Today I'll take you beasts as far as Wilgenvelt.." The Dwarf said decisively, his hazel eyes twinkling with joy. Thorzal whistled softly. That was a good march to start only in the afternoon, it was about twenty miles depending on where in Wilgenvelt they wanted to go.

The Inn probably, a good twenty-two miles from here.

"I take it you beasts are well rested?"

"Yes Master!" Both Orcs said in unison, eager to obey.

"Are you up to going that distance?"

"Yes Master!"

"Are your rumps up to taking my whip?"

"Y..yes Master." More hesitance this time. The Dwarf turned to Thorzal, again with his pleasant tranquility to his voice.

"Mr. Thorzal, would your pantry be up to another meal? I have food in the cart if it's needed." Thorzal shook his head.

"No, be my guest. And the Orcs can eat some too."

"My man I must warn you that they'd eat the world if I let them."

"I'm well stocked, it's fine." Guarai gave him a smiling nod in appreciation and then turned to Ogac and barked:

"Beast! Master Thorzal appointed you kitchen-Orc, you get us a meal."

"Master.." The Orc growled, cast a kind glance at Thorzal and hastily crawled on all fours to the kitchen.

"You - assemble the pack!" Guarai ordered and his Orc started collecting the various leathers and putting the pack back together. Guarai got seated again and smiled:

"I'll have them tidy up your place spic and span my man. Can't have them making a mess and leave it to you to clean it up. Mind if I light up before breakfast?"

"Go right ahead, the scent pleases me." The Dwarf plugged another pipe of fragrant leaf.

"He probably made an epic mess in the kitchen last night, your Orc." Guarai smiled and carefully lit his pipe again.

"I'll go take a look at that epic mess then if you don't mind." Thorzal smiled and Guarai winked.

"You do that my man."

Thorzal got up and walked to his kitchen. Orcs hear everything, but apparently Dwarves could read minds also. In his kitchen Thorzal's still-kneeling Orc was preparing foods he had gathered, sausages, cheese and rye bread.

"Master Thorzal!" The Orc growled eagerly.

"Raiding my supplies again are you, Orc raider?" Ogac looked down and blushed a darker green.

"Yes Master.." he softly growled in humility.

"On your feet Orc!" Thorzial said, and Ogac made that swift move again that got him from kneeling to standing in a fluent motion. There he stood, straight as an arrow, awaiting further instruction, still holding a garlic sausage.

"I'll take that off you Orc.." Thorzial said, took the sausage and gently tapped it to the Orc's goldbrass snoutring, who couldn't help taking in the scent of what was held up to him.

"Always hungry aren't you, Orc raider?"

"Yes Master.. Orcs got hard pull ahead today."

"My, a hard pull.." Thorzial said and put the sausage on a shelf. He got behind Ogac, put his arms under his and gently started stroking the Orc's muscular tummy and chest, pressing his cheek to Ogac's strong back.

"Urrrrrrrrr.." The Orc softly rumbled, shaking the air with his gentle growl.

"You're so big and strong.." Thorzial whispered and pressed his body to the Orc's.

"You be kind, Masterrr.." Ogac growled in affection.

"Your nipples are hardening my Orc.." Thorzial smiled,

"And your breath is quickening too. Why is that, Orc?"

"Ooooooh melikes Master.." Thorzial let his hand go lower and then took hold of the Orc's meat, that was throbbing and swelling between his fingers.

"Your Orc-nipples aren't the only things hardening, green one. And your smell of Orc is on the rise as well."

"Ooooh you excite Orc, Masterrr.."

"As you do me, my big strong warrior-slave."

"Urrrrrrrrrrr..."

"I'll miss you you know? This has been quite something."

"Oh.. Orc go and be back Master.. If allowed back in."

"Oh I'll let you in allright! I'll have use for this Orc and his throbbing tail."

"You be so good to Orc, Master.." The big Orc growled in affection and let out a playful snarl.

"My, getting feisty! Tell me Orc, will you pull that cart well today for your Dwarven Master?"

"Urrrr! Orc got strong legs.." Thorzial stepped back and started rubbing Ogac's thick muscular hams, kneading the meat, making the big Orc growl and snarl in heat.

"And that rump of yours.. So deserving of the whip! And I'm sure your Master will royally provide." The big Orc was panting in excitement, then carefully asked:

"Master?" Thorzial kneaded on.

"Orc?"

"Take Orc! Hard! Please!" Thorzial was taken aback by Ogac's directness and teased:

"Take you you say?"

"In rump, Master!" Ogac growled in heat. Thorzial got in front of the big Orc and seized him by the snoutring, rubbing his tummy.

"Quite unbecoming a slave-Orc like yourself to be demanding things like this.."

"Me sorry Master.. It the heat. Me all hot on you Master!" Thorzial gave two gentle tugs at the snoutring and led the Orc to the edge of the kitchen table. He got to the side of the table and by gently pulling the thick snoutring made the seven foot Orc bend over further and further until he lay across the table. Then he got behind him.

"Spread your legs, slave-Orc!"

"Oooh Master!" Ogac growled and obeyed. Thorzial weighed Ogac's sac that lay heavy in his hand.

"I think you can spread your legs further than that, Orc!" Ogac held onto the tabletop and spread his legs as far as he could, his feet standing wide apart. Thorzial started massaging the Orc's muscular green hams.

"Sooo.. It's a mounting you want.."

"Yes Master! Please!" Thorzial stroked with his finger between the shiny green orbs, and the Orc's pucker spasmed by his gentle touch.

"Quite sensitive here are you, Orc?"

"Yes Master.. Oww.. Take Orc!" Thorzal stroked the Orc's pucker that retracted in eager spasms by all this teasing.

"This could use some oil." Thorzal decided, walked to his shelves and poured some cooking oil on his fingers. Then he got back behind the Orc who lay bent over across the kitchen table, and started rubbing the oil between the Orc's muscular orbs and into his rear that opened up to his fingers rather eagerly. The big Orc lay growling across the table, inviting his probing fingers with lewd snarls of encouragement.

"Yeah, fuck you nice and proper!" Thorzal said in excitement, and stroked the last of the oil across his eager length that poked from inbetween the leather strips of the Orcish kilt-of-belts. "Ooooh!" Ogac moaned in eager anticipation.

Thorzal took position and then drove his meat into Ogac's rear with one smooth push, then grabbed the green muscle-giant in his flanks and briskly started mounting him. The Orc moaned and hissed and kept himself tight around Thorzal's eager inches. It wasn't long before both of them panted their breath to the rhythm of Thorzal's thrusting, the big Orc holding onto the tabletop as if his life depended on it.

"Ooooh Master Thorzal!" Ogac growled in heat and Thorzal firmed up his hold on the big Orc's flank's.

"There's a good Orc, now take it!"

"Ooohh yes Master!" Pearls of sweat glistened across the Orc's broad back in the light of the midday sun that entered through the kitchen window. Thorzal was thrusting and thrusting and got beside himself with lust.

Then the kitchen door opened.

"What's wrong with that damn beast that it takes him.. oops, I must've taken a wrong turn somewhere, see you in a bit!" Guarai cheerfully said and closed the door behind him again. Thorzal and Ogac were too much into their mounting to be disturbed by this brief interruption, and pumped air to the rhythm of the young Human's thrusting.

"Spawn me!" Ogac snarled, so consumed by the heat of the moment that it came out much like a demand.

"Keep tight you lustful Orc!" Thorzal demanded and upped the rhythm of his thrusting. Then hissing between his clenched teeth he pumped his seed in the Orc's eager hole. When he had squirted all he let himself lie on the Orc's back to regain himself.

"Ooooh.. it was good mounting Master!" Ogac praised and slowly came to breath.

"Orc all hot with steam!" Thorzal licked the sweat of the Orc's shining back and tasted the saltiness and the aroma of the Orc's strange but arousing musks.

There they lay for a while, until Thorzal got up.

"Hot with steam you say.." Thorzal said, licked his lips and then took hold of Ogac's swollen Orctail with both hands. It was hot, hard and thick between his fingers.

"Can't have you serve breakfast with your Orctail up like that.." Thorzal firmed his hold on the Orc's eager meat and briskly started tugging it with both hands, making Ogac moan and snarl almost continuously.

"I bet that's good isn't it?"

"Ooooh! Master! Master!" Ogac moaned, struggling for breath.

"Let's have you squirt on the kitchen floor!" The aroused Orc could do nothing but snarl in heat as he was tugged well and rough just like he liked it. Then finally his breathing ramped up and with a booming howl he shot squirt after squirt of thick Orcseed onto the granite kitchen floor.

"Thanks Master!" Ogac panted,

"Oooh Orc so grateful.." Thorzal firmly smacked his hand across the Orc's rump.

"Then make us breakfast, grateful Orc!" He smiled, rubbed Ogac's cheek as he walked by and left the kitchen.

He sighed in satisfaction. If that Orc servant would be anything like Ogac, he'd find good use for him indeed.

"My man Thorzal!" Guarai greeted as Thorzal entered the living room,

"I umm took a wrong turn I guess." They laughed.

"Have you prodded some sense into the beast?"

"Oh there'll be breakfast alright." Thorzal smiled,

"It'll just take a bit longer that's all."

"I'm sure that's not all." Guarai winked.

"Beast! Give Master Thorzal here a good foot massage!" Thorzal got seated next to the Dwarf and Okratan skillfully set about his task. The Dwarf gave the Orc's shoulder a prod with his sandaled foot that still shone from having been licked.

"No I said a *good* foot massage. Put up some effort damn you!"

Thorzal looked at the masked slave-Orc who delightfully massaged his feet, then at Guarai.

"I'm going to miss you guys that's for sure."

"What's a few weeks my man, and you know I'll bring you something worth having. Something with needs that have to be met, and good uses it can be put to."

"Creature comforts." Thorzal smiled.

"Playings is what the Orcs call it."

"If he's any bit as sweet as your Orcs here, I'll call it heaven."

"You'll call it home in a few months more." Guarai laughed and gave Thorzal's shoulder a playful shove.

"Playings aside the three of you are pretty wonderful people. You.. don't hold back somehow."

"Someone's been around Humans too long!" The Dwarf winked in the best of moods. Thorzal scratched his chin and thought about it.

"You think it's a matter of kinds?"

"Be it culture or kind, if you live as long as we do you either loosen up or grow roots. I hope we don't offend you in any way."

"Not in the least."

"Thorzal, I hate to say it but we'll be leaving shortly. My Orcs have to get two dozen miles behind their heels and it's best to travel by day. We'll be having breakfast together, I'll set my beasts to clean up their mess and then we have to go."

"It was a pleasure. But, so be it."

"Raggen won't wait, I'm afraid." The Dwarf nodded,

"On the way back however we might stay a few days, if you'd like of course."

"If I'd like?"

"You'll have an Orc servant to break in then." Guarai smiled,

"That'll rob some time off you."

"You'd be more than welcome of course!"

"Sir, you're on the brink of an interesting time. It's quite something, an Orc servant.." Guarai winked mischievously,

"You might want to stock up on eggs, walnuts and oysters to keep up with him." Thorzal chuckled.

"You're saying you'll bring me a lustful Orc?"

"It's custom that his mind and body belong to you from day one." The Dwarf said, a bit more seriously,

"His Orctail's part of that as well and even though it is your word that goes, he'd expect you to have use for that also."

"Oh I will.." Thorzal said,

"If you pick me a good one."

"Then the two of you will thrive. An Orc servant needs to be worked, to be led, to be disciplined and to be taken for pleasure.." Guarai fondled his beard,

"All in all that's a lot of attention. Provide him with that attention and he'll give you his best in all things, always." Thorzal smiled.

"Sounds like a lover!"

"Would you be open to an Orc servant that might become much more than that alone, such as a lover?" Thorzal thought about it.

"If he's right, and it works out between us, gladly. Friends, lust and love. Perfect. Not very romantic though." Guarai grinned.

"Perhaps you've been reading the wrong romances. It can be quite idyllic with the whip and all." Thorzal blushed.

"Umm.. I can't read or write. Never learned it."

"Really? If you don't mind that it's Orx runes, then your Orc probably can teach you if you're so inclined." Thorzal smiled.

"I'd like that."

"Good. I can tell you want to commit to this body and soul. Thorzal, I'll bring you a fine one." Grinning a big toothy grin Ogac came walking in with a big platter full of food and a pitcher.

"Food for Masters! And Orcs!" He announced and Guarai interrupted sharply:

"What's an Orc of mine doing on his feet without permission?" Ogac hissed in shock.

"Me allowed Master! By Master Thorzal!" Thorzal smiled.

"For the use I had for you, yes. Not for serving food." Ogac gasped.

"Are you playing Master Thorzal against me, beast?"

"Oh no Dwarghmaster!" Ogac said and hastily got on his knees.

"You're an inch away from being the bad Orc today, beast." Guarai threatened and Ogac gave a soft fearful squeak.

"Show us what you've made for us." Ogac sat beside Okratan and put his platter down. On it was a mountain of sliced rye bread and two mugs, the pitcher held water.

Thorzal reached forward and petted the cheek and tusk of Okratan.

"That was a good massage, Orc. You did well." Okratan looked him in the eyes, grateful to be thanked like he was.

"You're a fine Orc and a great servant." Okratan gave a soft growl in appreciation.

"Orcs! You praise them and they roar at you." Guarai chuckled, and Thorzal looked at the mountain of bread on the platter.

"You're right mr Guarai, they really *do* eat the world if you let them."

"And he came barging in on those big feet of his as well. Mr Thorzal as I'm in a good mood I'm going to leave it up to you. With the pillaging of your breadbox and the walking on feet, would you say that this Orc's been bad?" Behind the triangular eyeholes of his Orc-mocking mask Ogac's eyes grew wide with fright.

"Please Master Thorzal!" he growled.

"And insolent to boot."

"Bad.." Thorzal pondered.

"Bad Orcs get the whipping belt at nightfall, such is custom and that's how it will be. So tell me, has this Orc been bad would you say?"

"Hmmm.." Thorzal looked inquisitively in Ogac's eyes. He saw the fear and arousal the strange game evoked in him. He let his eyes wander downward. The Orc's tummy was tight and quivering with excitement.

"Orc: what would you say about yourself?"

"Orc been good Master!" Ogac almost roared. Thorzal snapped his fingers, then looked Ogac straight in his emerald eyes. Ogac's pupils dilated, then he averted his eyes and looked down. There was a stir to his Orctail as he softly growled.

"Oww.. Methinks Orc not go and been all good Master."

"Really? Speak up, Orc."

"Me.. methinks Orc been bad obeyings little bit." Ogac reluctantly said, but it was clear to be seen that his excitement and arousal were mounting.

"Not all good.. Bad obeyings little bit.. What's it you're saying Orc?" Ogac gave a soft pitiful growl.

"Me Orc should get whipped on rump. Great big. Me Orc been bad Orc today." Reluctant as the big Orc seemed in saying it, the stir in his tail showed he was quite excited at the prospect.

"And great big that rumpsmacking will be!" Guarai promised and got himself a garlic sausage sandwich.

"Pour me a glass, bad Orc." Ogac hastily complied.

"Master Thorzal wants water also?" Thorzal looked him in the eyes and saw the Orc's unbridled excitement, overtaken by the strange lusts of their game.

"Yes, bad Orc, pour me one." Ogac hissed with a shy toothy grin as he saw that Thorzal had noticed him getting excited over the whip like he did. Thorzal was amazed once more at the

different levels on which the game was played. He was sure some were so subtle he never had noticed them at all. He took the mug humbly offered to him and helped himself to a sandwich.

"Orcs, as you've got a hard pull ahead and it's the afternoon already, I'll allow you beasts to eat now with instead of after us, and you're allowed to use your hands for it."

"Thanks Master!" The Orcs said in perfect unison and started eating sandwiches at a quick pace, as they had to fill their tummies for a pull of quite some miles indeed.

"They eat like horses!" Thorzal laughed.

"I've given up on teaching them proper manners." Guarai complained in feigned discontent. Eating on, Thorzal was amazed at the pace at which the Orcs worked themselves through the mountain of sandwiches. With the dwindling of the bread it became clear to him that the time of their parting drew nigh. Alas, no more time was given them, but he decided they'd be back with him soon, and this return and the prospect of Guarai bringing him an Orc servant filled him with excitement. There's a time for everything, and what a great time they had.

He looked at the two near-naked Orcs who were fully absorbed in their meal. Such wonderful creatures with their strange but exciting ways. He looked at the beautiful curves and shapes of their muscular green bodies and discreetly took in the scent of their musks. Okratan gazed at him with such fire yet with a kindness that moved him. Ogac now looked at him too and gave a slight playful wink. He looked at Guarai, the small or rather, modest-sized, Dwarf with his curly beard and the most pleasant of smiles as he returned his gaze.

"You have a fine taste in cheeses my man." Guarai said, once more calling him 'my man' a manner of address that was centuries out of date yet so courteous and warm the way the Dwarf used it.

"You have a fine taste in Orcs, sir Dwarf." Thorzal praised and the Orcs gave the slightest of growls in appreciation.

"Melikes you, Master Thorzal." Ogac softly said.

"You be good to Orcs. You be good hyooman Master Thorzal."

"Quite the adventure is it, my man? What was and is to come?"

"All I wanted was some chickens for my coop." Thorzal said, letting his mind wander, "And now look what happened."

"Life is like that my man.." Guarai smiled,

"All you want is just a chicken and next thing you know you're rumping the silliness out of a slave-Orc on your kitchen table!" Ogac hissed and hid his dark green blush behind the sandwich he was eating.

"You strangers and your strange ways." Thorzal smiled and grabbed the last sandwich.

"Anyone want this?"

"I'm good thank you and the beasts have no say so do as you please."

"It's mine then." Thorzal said and ate.

"Orc can get new jug of water Master?" Ogac tried.

"Are you going to rub the water on your rump to cool it off for when nighttime comes?" Ogac didn't know what to say.

"If you're thirsty, go right ahead my beast." Ogac crawled off with the pitcher.

"Orc be thirsty too Master!"

"Follow your kinsman greenboar.. And take the platter and mugs with you." Thorzal and Guarai watched them crawl off to the kitchen.

"And clean up that mayhem the bad Orc made in the kitchen, beasts!"

Thorzal looked around his living room. When he had been in the kitchen giving Ogac a hard time, the Dwarf had put Okratan to cleaning the room. The room was tidy and the pack was packed. When the kitchen was returned to order they would leave. Guarai saw him looking around and smiled:

"Nice is it? I bet your floor's never been cleaned by an Orc's tongue before!"

Thorzal chuckled.

"What?!"

"Their slimes. Couldn't leave that mess for you so I had him lap it up."

"Well that's one way." Thorzal grinned in disbelief,

"You run a tight ship."

"Keeps 'em in check that's what I say., besides they wouldn't want it any other way."

"It's a strange game you play."

"You'll invent your own." Guarai said with an assured nod.

Thorzial played with the straps of his Orcish kilt-of-belts he still wore from the night before. He looked at the Rit at the end of one of the black leather straps.

"I'm gonna miss wearing this." He smiled.

"Orcs have a way with leathers, comfy, no?" Thorzial nodded.

"When I'm in Tuskath I could have one made for you. It's a nice thing to wear when training your own Orc wouldn't you say? Since there can't be Rits on them I could have them engraved with your name in Orx runes. Would look great too, your name in Orx."

"If it won't set you back.."

"Think nothing of it, I drink from the horn of plenty. But would you like it, a kilt-of-belts graved with your own rune? It would demand respect from Orcs I can tell you that!"

"It would be wonderful.."

"Consider it done my man."

Thorzial got up, collected his bundle of clothes from the hallway and put them on the table. He felt up the kilt-of-belts. Sturdy, a good fit. Thick leather but soft to his touch. He unbuckled and folded the leather kilt, then put it on top of the pack.

"Not shy to me anymore my man." Guarai remarked and watched Thorzial's nakedness with an admiring gaze.

"No, that's far past me, you delightful Dwarf." Thorzial laughed, and put on his pants, then his shirt and boots.

"Look at you." The Dwarf smiled,

"A fine resident of Schimmerlicht, looking sharp and nothing out of the ordinary." Thorzial smiled.

"How did you know back in Visbeeck about, well, my desires?"

"I didn't." Guarai said and plugged another load in his pipe,

"But I suspected."

"How?"

"The way you looked at my Orcs was the first clue my man. The rest just, well, happened like it did."

"And I thank the Gods it did!"

"As do I." Said the Dwarf and blew a cloud of fragrant smoke.

"And my Orcs are wild for you in so short a time."

"You're an amazing judge of character."

"And that my man will serve you when I pick your Orc."

They talked and talked until the pipe was spent, and then they talked some more until both Orcs came crawling in and sat up straight side by side.

"Us done Masters." Ogac said.

"Kitchen be good looks again." Okratan added.

"I'll be the judge of that!" Thorzial said and went to his kitchen, and found it looking better than before Ogac's cookery. He returned to them.

"All is well." Thorzial announced.

"Beasts: on your feet!" Guarai demanded and with a smooth move the Orcs complied. Guarai threw Okratan a key and ordered Ogac to take the pack and his kilt-of-belts.

"Thorzial, the time has come I'm afraid."

Thorzial nodded. Yes, so it was.

Thorzial led the strange procession to his barn and before he could object Guarai had opened his padlock once more with a mere carpenter's nail. Okratan opened the back of the beautiful black Orc-cart and Ogac put the pack and leather strips kilt into it, with Okratan locking it after him. Then the two Orcs took the cart by the lead poles and pulled it out of the barn onto the granite pavement.

It was a beautiful day, the sun was shining amidst small but thick clouds, it was warm with a gentle summer breeze.

"A beautiful day for riding!" Guarai cheerfully announced, then turned to Thorzal.

"Thorzal, my good, good man.. Time's not given us, for now we must part. It was a honor to be a guest in your fine home, to taste your food and your pleasures. We met but briefly but I consider you a friend already."

"Guurai, my small.."

"Modest." Guarai winked.

"My modest-sized but great Dwarven friend.. Thanks for everything. Words cannot express.

It.. No. Guarai, goodbye and until we meet again my friend."

"I'm looking forward to meeting again my man!"

Thorzal turned to the Orcs. The two mighty warrior-slaves stood there like big lugs, tears flowing from their eyes. Ogac walked to him and took him in his strong arms, shaking the air with thunder again as he growled a low-pitched growl.

"Us go meet again Master Thorzal!" He vowed sincerely. Okratan joined in on the hug and they buried him in their powerful muscle and smooth green skin.

"Wooooooooohhh.." Okratan howled a pitiful howl,

"Me go miss you Master Thorzal.."

"Oh Ogac and Okratan, I can't begin to thank you enough.."

"No thanks for Orcs.." Ogac hushed him affectionately.

"Us so grateful us could do for you."

Okratan started tenderly licking Thorzal's neck, and Ogac licked his cheek.

"Us go miss your taste and scent, Master.."

"Be well, sweet Orcs.." There they stood hugging for a few minutes more. A very slight and lukewarm rain came falling from the sky from a lone cloud that drifted over.

"Goodbye sweet Orcs." Thorzal said and the hug broke.

"Master." The two Orcs said in unison.

Guurai clapped his hands and the Orcs stood straight.

"Man the bar, greenboars!" Guarai said sternly, but with kindness.

"There's two dozen miles ahead of you."

The Orcs got in front of the cart and held up the lead poles, their backs to it. Guarai got between the poles and attached the backs of their broad leather belts to the sidebar once more. With the Orcs in place, the small Dwarf got on the cart again and took his riding whip. The slight rain stopped as the cloud blew over. The sun broke through again. In the distance, towards Raggen, a magnificent rainbow formed across the sky.

"Until we meet again my man! Be well!"

"Be well and good journey!" Thorzal greeted, and watched how the Dwarf lay a good one across the rumps of each Orc, who threw themselves forward and set the cart in motion.

Thorzal watched them ride off into Schimmerlicht Forest, the Dwarf sparing their rumps not the least. When they vanished around the corner to the main path Thorzal closed his eyes and stood there motionless, relishing in what had come to pass and what soon would be. He had lived his most secret desire, to stand in dominance over men, and what a joy and thrill it had been for them all. Two Orcs and a Dwarf, the strangest of strangers.

"Bless you, wonderful creatures." He whispered, and sighed in complete satisfaction.

AFTERWORD

These were the stories, as their author and your host to the Twin Mountain Valley realm I hope you enjoyed reading them as much as I enjoyed writing them, and that if you got offended by them that it doesn't trouble you too much.

After writing Beasts of Burden a stillness came over me, I felt the story had been written, and as an author I moved into far different regions, exploring different story types. The Orc fandom too had, for the most part, disbanded.

In my conversations with a Buddhist he told me that a particular school of Buddhism believes that humans come endowed with their own corner of the universe that is "their Pure Land", a separate dimension that they shape with their fantasies and dreams, and that all spirits, if invited, can visit this Pure Land and live through its adventures towards achieving the becoming One with Everything.

So wow, the Twin Mountain Valley might perhaps be real in some way, and a visitable place. For an author that is a most pleasant thought, I am very charmed by it. The Twin Mountain Valley sure isn't for everyone, many would be upset by it, but if there indeed is such a place I hereby extend the open invitation to come be a part of it and stay there as long as you like.

That goes for planet earth too. If you like to write a derivative story or make a visual artwork or whatever creation in the Twin Mountain Valley universe that is true to the spirit of the stories (consensual upbeat male-male BDSM between Orcs, Dwarves and their Human friends without death or aversive violence) then feel free to create them. If you want to spread this document whole to friends, give it away, put it on your website, if you are a friend of the Twin Mountain Valley and do it free of charge then by all means do so.

If you want to give feedback, no matter how many years after the fact or you have other plans or ideas related to the Twin Mountain Valley you like to discuss, or a hot similar fantasy you need off your chest, the author can be contacted as: **twinmountainvalley** then the @ symbol and this at the address **gmail.com**, you know how you can put this together. Please, no hate or hassles and I'm sorry but I don't think I will write further Twin Mountain Valley Stories for the time being so I won't do commissions. Positive feedback can be given at any time, even many many years later, I will treasure every bit of appreciation and positive comment or initiative you have. I know the formatting is off, there are spelling and grammar issues, I chose to publish the stories as they were posted in the original Orcs Groups as a tribute and out of nostalgia, so no grammar nazism please.

I also maintain a very low key mailing list for people who wish to be united in case new creations are made. This mailing list can be found at https://groups.yahoo.com/neo/groups/lustful_orcs/info As it is, the group is completely quiet but you may never know what the future will bring. Should it come alive, I might get entangled into writing stories in the realm again.

Hereby we have entered the last paragraph of the collection, and we close the book on the 2002-2007 series of Twin Mountain Valley stories. I cannot tell you how much I hope you enjoyed these stories and that they gave you a good feeling and sparked your imagination. Thank you so very much for taking the effort to reading and appreciating them. Whether you are an Orc, Dwarf or Human at heart, I love you very very much for having taken part in this. Good Journey!

Big Orc Hugs & Snoutring Tugs,

Lustful_Orcs

**Dedicated to the Orcs, Dwarves and Friends of any world,
may the eyes widen and the excitements rise forevermore**

**Out of Pure Love Conceived,
Out of Pure Love Given,**

Yours forever, in pain and pleasure,

Guarai, Orchallon and Friends.

The Twin Mountain Valley Series

Is a series of male-to-male erotic BDSM fantasy fiction written for the world wide web by an anonymous author by the pen name of Lustful_Orcs. It deals with the adventures of a race of Orcs and a race of Dwarves and their human friends around and within the fictional environment of the Twin Mountain Valley, a land where the big and strong Orcs submit to the small and cunning Dwarves with eagerness in a culture of sadomasochistic slavery between their peoples.

Initially written for an audience of a group of mailing lists centered around the appreciation of Orcs from all genres of fiction, these stories soon gained a modest following of readers and fans of their own and even inspired a few derivative works by friends of the author within the small Orc fandom where they were published.

The stories contain explicit subject matter regarding adventures in consensual male-to-male sadomasochism and as such are only suitable for adult readers legally allowed to view such materials. Adult Erotic Fiction.

Copyright 2002-2007 by Lustful_Orcs

Only allowed use of this material without authors permission is the hosting, spreading and online reading of the unaltered whole document as well as printing copies hereof for personal, non commercial use. This content is offered free of charge and is intended to be spread and read for free at no cost to anyone. Publication or quoting in derisive or defamatory context is not permitted. Friendly discussion and creation of benevolent derivative works is allowed and encouraged. Keep out of reach of the underage and those offended or not legally allowed to view these materials. Cover art created & donated by graphic artist Corwyn.