Orc Attack pt.2 (Early DRAFT)

"There once was a prince with long golden hair

The prettiest boy in the realm

And when the orcs captured that sweet little thing

They gave him an arse-load of sperm-"

"STOP that at once!"

The guards tittered, hefting their halberds as the queen passed, red faced.

"Sorry m'lady."

"Yeah... we was just... doin' some poetry."

Queen Ezmerelda tightened her lips and moved on past the gates of the keep, nostrils flaring wider as the guards behind her chuckled. She crossed the courtyard to see her husband, the king, saddling up in all his pageantry.

"Oh thank goodness. So you heard?"

"Heard what."

The man had a regal air, his hair a rich nutty brown, but Ezmerelda had come to realise that it was merely pomposity of the utmost degree. He spoke whilst checking his bow.

"…Has the Dukes arrived?"

"A…..*About our son,"* she murmured, glancing at the party saddling up behind him. "How quickly can you….."

She frowned at the relaxed nature of the men tending to their horses or chatting behind their liege-lord.

"…Wait… You are going to rescue him, no?"

King Percival chuckled in a way that only one worshipped from birth could manage.

"I'm sure Dumon will return him safe and sound from whatever embarrassment he has created. My Cousins and Uncles from the South are visiting. We will be hunting deer for the day."

"B… *but what about Erin?!"*

"As I said, Dumon always returns him safe and sound. I have other sons to see to... I'm sure he'll turn up in a week or two, none the worse for where."

Queen Ezme clawed at the golden frills of her dress.

"PERCIVAL, he was *captured by orcs!!!"*

“Orcs you say?” he responded offhand, motioning for the men to gather behind him. He had to be the one to be seen leading the party out of the gates. A king must be seen to lead.

“YES, ORCS!”

He finally set both eyes on her for the first time, half in annoyance.

“Well, as I said, Dumon will look after him-“

“Dumon is missing too…. And they found the coachman!”

"Oh?"

"They... oh I can't bare to say it... the orcs.... *raped* him. He couldn’t even WALK!"

Percival’s face tightened for a moment.

"Hm... perhaps he should have driven faster then."

"*Faster…?…. B-but…. Our SON!* Will you do NOTHING?!"

The man sighed, seeing the anguish on his queen's face. It would be a week’s worth of nagging at the least.

"..... *Very well, very well*…. Sir Horace! Tell….. *Sir Laveshire* to lead a troop to the deep forest. Recover our son from the orcs that have stolen him away."

“Sire.”

"*Thank* you," Queen Ezmerelda murmured.

"Yes, well.... if you'll now excuse me," he said in such a disregarding fashion that any good will he'd engendered was immediately snuffed out, "to the hunt!"

They trotted out the gates with their banners and dogs, looking quite the gallant troupe. Her husband only hunted deer, as boars had the tendency to bite back. Ezme thought to herself that if he'd been a real leader, it would be him leading the charge to find his son instead.

"We're coming my darling Erin," she murmured, before shooing Horace who was walking a tad too slow for her liking.

"MOVE! He's OUT THERE SOMEWHERE AND YOU'RE TAKING A MERRY STROLL!"

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Prince Erin felt something stroke his cheek.

“NNnuhhh….”

Nanny shouldn’t wake him up so early. He was still sleepy…. She usually came in around noon.

“Up.”

The voice was gruff. Deep. Not one he recognised from his many servants and staff…

Prince Erin's eyes snapped open. Where he expected to look up and see the purple roof of his four-poster bed, he instead saw the green and brown tapestry of a giant oak, silhouetted by the pale blue dawn. Branches and twigs were splayed out like a great formation of rivers and tributaries, and he might have found it beautiful if he hadn't also seen the huge face and tusks of Skarra, the orc leader, peering down at him from inches away, her giant hand brushing his cheek.

"UUUY!"

He yipped and bolted upright, barely managing to stop himself soiling his pantaloons as he scrabbled out from the pelts he had been clutching**.**

"W-what-?!"

"Eat."

It took him a moment to understand she was proffering one of four apples to him. It took him a moment just to form the courage to speak.

"Oh…. Th-thank you…"

After taking a few breaths to stop his hands shaking quite so much, he managed to take one from the centre of her large palm, heart pounding out of his chest. The fruit was large, yet they looked tiny in her fist, and as he bit into his own, grateful for the sweetness that filled his mouth, he noticed that the rest of the orcs were already well awake and preparing to move out. Dumon was hastily slung onto Tryx's shoulder, naked and still apparently exhausted from constant use, barely able to raise his head. Erin noticed that Til the elf, and his mistress 'Uéz', were not there.

"Where are we going?" he murmured.

"Finish yeh breakfast first small'un. Quickly."

He noticed a few orcs giving him side-eyes and shrunk.

"Right… alright."

A few chomps later and, with his cheeks full, he threw away the core. Skarra looked at him confused.

"Yeh full already?"

"What? N-no… I… I finished it."

She frowned, and shoved one apple in her mouth whole. Barely a few chews, and she swallowed. The same happened to the others. He eventually realised that in her eyes, he'd thrown away almost half his meal.

"Oh… Ah, we can't… *don't usually…* eat the cores."

"Hm."

She grunted, almost as if it was funny, and then touched a finger to his arm. He shirked away.

"That's why yeh humans are weak. Wasting the parts that make you strong."

She shook her head before motioning to the pack.

“LE’Z GO!”

The howl of the orcs was bone-chilling, and Erin felt the world lurch sideways as he was hauled onto Skarra’s shoulders via one arm, coming to an instant grip like a toddler clamped to its mother.

Once again he felt the broad muscles across Skarra's back rippling, her body pumping and pistoning with power closer to a horse than a man as the orcs moved in one uncoordinated, yet somehow seamless herd. Tirelessly clambering through the foliage, they made such ground in the forest that even the most seasoned human hunter would be left floundering miles behind, quads pistoning, the only sounds the soft grunts, thumping feet and light whisper of leaves as they brushed past. It still struck Erin how they seemed so at ease with the forest, moving between trees and rocks like flowing water. The musk of Skarra's alpha scent was flush in his nostrils, and he shivered, clinging tight as she leapt a small brook in one easy bound.

As the neck and shoulder muscles writhed against his cheek, Erin blinked back tears as he wished for his mother, his bed, his fantasy books. The latter in particular seemed ironic in the extreme, as here he was living out the nightmarish reality from whence fairytales came…. Except in reality the proud hero had gotten bent over and fucked in the dirt by a pack of Orcs.

He glanced over at his guardian and ‘hero’ in question; Dumon, slumped on Tryx’s shoulder, and felt the tears fall again as he watch the naked man’s asshole leak white every time Tryx took a jump or longer step, the fine hair on his legs matted with glistening ejaculate. Tryx noticed him look over and sneered, before touching her finger to the man’s asshole and fluttering against it, licking up the side of Dumon’s thigh as she ran. The man’s soft whimpers were just audible, although Erin couldn’t see his expression as his legs kicked pitifully, still slumped over his current abuser's back.

Erin’s tried his best not to cry, squeezing tighter to Skarra’s back for some shred of comfort in her warmth.

‘This is hopeless.’

The forest was endless, and Erin began to feel the terrifying reality set in that they might never be found, ferried at a rapid pace deep into the heart of the woods. How could anybody ever hope find them in this endless sea of murky green?

They stopped only once in the afternoon for some brief grazing (he tried his best to eat almost all of the strange, pear-like fruit that he was given), and continued until the sun began to sink past the tree-tops, a bruised purple sky signalling rain and darkness on the horizon, exactly where they were headed. Skarra motioned to their tracker, Uéz, who had rejoined them. He noticed the elf Til again. The boyish figure remained apart as the orcs conversed, waiting patiently until his mistress Uéz nodded at something Skarra said, and came to collect him. The orc muttered something and he nodded, before the green beauty grabbed him and lifted him, pressing him against a tree.

Erin rippled as Til made a mewling, excited noise, the orc's tongue slobbering into his mouth and around his lips. Like a woman, he moved his head up to allow her access to his neck, and she acquiesced with a series of deep hickeys that had him crying softly to the moon. They elf's hand slithered down, and gripped under her pelt, and Erin watched as the hard shaft unveiled, the tip gilstening in the moonlight. His hand looked tiny gripped around it's bulk, although it was still not as big as the ones that Dumon had been unmade with.

The young prince was watching so intently that he didn't notice Skarra until the ruffle of leaves as she sat nearby. he turned to see her shadowy form hunched forwards.

"OHHH!"

Skarra smirked. Even from the few feet away that she sat, it was like looking up at a mythical statue brought to life. His eyes darted to the pelt which hid the creature's womanhood, and then to her large green cleavage half-presented but easily enough for him to drown in (not that he was willing to do so when he knew what was between her legs). Nearby, he heard Uéz begin to grunt a butter churning sound echoed through the glade.

Skarra murmured, "You like?"

"W-what?"

She motioned to the young elf being manhandled by his captor, and Erin grimaced. The sounds of the butter-churning accelerating were incredibly distracting.

"You like watchin', huh?"

"N-no."

"Yeh sure?"

Skarra's expression gave no hint as to whether she was joking, aroused, or disgusted. It almost made him more nervous that he couldn't read her at all.

'*Probably she just wants to rape me… like all of them.'*

He remained silent, fidgeting. Better to be demure and silent than say something that could cause escalation.

"MMMh!"

Til was moaning, and Erin's eyes darted back to see Uéz dry-humping him against the tree. The ooze from her piss-slit was clear as day even in the low light, and as other orcs struck up two fires, the flames seemed to bloom with their passion.

Skarra growled. Perhaps it was a chuckle… perhaps annoyance. Maybe even both. It was hard to tell.

"*UÉZ!"*

The small, lithe orc attached to Til's front growled, her arm reaching instinctively for the blades at her back. Skarra gave her a measured look, not even flinching as she uttered another guttural

word. Uéz looked like she was going to explode, sinewy arms taut… but eventually she snorted, grunting to Til as she dropped him to the floor (The elf landed so lithely it was as if he allowed the ground to be graced with his presence). A hard spank on his ass made him yelp, tripping for the first time… and yet he bit his lip, flushed on his hands and knees as some of the other orcs chuckled, watching Uéz corral him to his feet, the pair disappearing fast into the undergrowth.

“Good,” Erin muttered.

“Hn?”

Skarra looked over at him. He met her gaze for once.

“It’s good… you stopped her.”

“Huh.”

Skarra’s face was impassive, the firelight flickering across it, making her expression soft, then hard, then demonic, all in ever-changing flutters of orange and black.

“…. I told ‘er to hunt. Once they’ve caught our dinner, she can fuck ‘im all night.”

Erin jerked, rebutted. He felt sick in his mouth, that these people had their way with whomever they found, and even more-so disgusted with beings like Til who allowed them to do so… embraced it, in fact.

‘The worst of all races.’

He tried not to cry and failed, sniffling as Skarra busied herself with carving something with a short knife. The quiet *click-click-click* of her knife chipping at wood was steady as Erin wiped his tears away. Further in the glade where they had stopped, he heard the beginnings of sexual intercourse and told himself not to look. Unfortunately his mental fortitude was just as weak as his slender limbs, kept soft and plump by their cushioned existence in the heights of the castle.

Erin’s red eyes found Dumon. Or at least, they found what little of him was visible between the six or so orcs all congregated around him. His feet dangled above the floor, jerking whenever his body was catapulted backwards onto the current occupant, Tryx, who was freely slamming him as hard as possible. The spanks of his buttocks against her hips were like whip-cracks echoing through the forest, and the screams would have been just as loud if he hadn’t been plugged from the other end, each forwards release from his anal punishment only impaling his distended lips down to the base of the second orc.

“MMh-mh-mhm-mhm-!”

"*O-oh no...*"

He caught a glimpse of the man’s eyes… manic, bulging, inhuman. Then he realised that two more giant green cocks were clutched in each fist, and he was furiously attempting to pleasure both whilst two more cocks rubbed up against his face, oozing white liquid into his hair. The twizzled black moustache that had previously looked so dashing was now moist with cum, bedraggled and as unkempt as the hair on his head they occasionally pulled just for fun.

Erin could not look away. There was no way of tearing his senses from it, made worse by the cloying smell of sweat and stinking orc cum that seemed to hang like a cloud around them even when they weren't swinging freely. In these moments where they unclothed it was as if the forest transformed into a swamp of cum, Erin coughed as the bitter tang of their seed itched inside his nostrils, and one of the orcs bellowed.

Huge loads of cum exploded over Dumon's face, and soon over his back. The steam rose off it as another orc kissed the orgasming warrior's neck…. And then began to bend her over.

"RAARARGH-"

Caught in the moment, she struggled but was unable to fully control her body as her arm was twisted behind her…. And the thick, wet cock of her kin pressed up between huge, muscled glutes. The sight of her thrashing was terrifying, eyes wild, but then the other of the orcs that had no place in Dumon grabbed the other arm and her head. The orc's expression became fearful, even as she continued shooting her load out over the forest floor. Then she shrieked, and her spine straightened as the orc at her back pressed a dick deep into her body.

"YUUUHHGGgg…..NNNHH…."

Just as the orc was being wrestled to her knees in a position parallel to Dumon, a nudge made Erin almost jump out of his skin.

"D-DON'T RAPE ME!!!!"

"'Ere."

It took a moment to blink back the impending darkness as he steadied himself against a tree-stump... to see a large green hand, held within it a small wooden tusk. His jaw bounced as he stared at Skarra's offering, and then at the impassive expression on her feminine, yet handsome features.

"Wh-what-"

"Luck."

"But..."

He pointed a trembling finger at the episode.

"… your warrior is getting r…. *r-raped!"*

*"*They're takin' their pleasure. She'll be fine."

"But she doesn't want it..."

"She will. If she didn't, she shoulda fought harder."

"… *N-nooo,"* he breathed, "*this is s-so wrong...."*

"It's the way 'o the world, small'un..."

tearfuly he looked back and saw the orc now sagging, mouth clogged by a new cock as the other butted her ass, sliding her back and forth like a toy to be used. The cock that had been exploding over the grass beneath them now oozed gently, even as she tried to struggle but was met with a sharp spank of her ample buttocks.

SMACK

“MMMh!”

“HN…. You’re almost as tight as that runt human!” the orc behind her guffawed, and this riled up the victim who began to rock side to side until a dozen hard shunts sent her grunts up an octave, and she began to quiver as the pleasure was forced into her body. It looked for a moment like Dumon might have the easier of it compared to the warrior until other orcs idled over to begin insistently pressing their hard dicks against his jizz-covered mouth, already clogged by one large appendage. In frustration another one slapped onto his forehead, the third hitting his cheek. The man let out a demented mewl of pleasure, overwhelmed by the two already inhabiting his throat and anus as he began to tremble, and then shake as if his bones might shatter. The orc behind felt his butthole tightening and spasming around her girth and groaned to the dark sky.

“RRUUghhhhh-“

The squelches. Erin covered his face so Skarra wouldn’t be able to see his sobs as Dumon let out the heaving moans of a bitch, cum squelching up into his anus, his belly distending just as the orc in front made a similar noise, juddering.

SPLURRRGE!

The man was already swallowing before the sound even arrived, taking such huge gulps that it seemed like he was trying to down a river, white cream squirting from his lips as he tried not to drown. Masculine grunts and chuckles from his captors didn’t tell the full story of the man being broken in the forest, tears streaming down his face, overwhelmed as his insides burned with pleasure and piping hot orc-cum. As the sperm thickened in his gut and butthole, Dumon began to sweat through the layers of jism, some inside, some outside of his body.

“MM-MMHm-MHM-mMH-!”

Writhing as the mass of orcs casually abuse him, he was barely aware of the orc being rutted next to him. Perhaps it would have given some comfort to see such a muscular, powerful creature brought low by her own kind, eyes flickering up as she began to assume a similar demure, obedient role.

As she was slid back and forth on her packmate's cocks like a pig on a spit, the young prince watched on, muttering to Skarra, throat hoarse.

"I bet... you'd never let this happen to yourself."

She chuckled.

"It did."

"It....*what?*"

"All orcs get put in their place. When yeh're young and brash... takes a few bigger girls to make you understand. Even age doesn't mean you ain't gettin' taken."

"So at any moment... they could just turn on you?"

"Not if I'm strong."

He fell silent. Watching the green cocks sawing into both human and orc alike, their hunger was like nothing he could imagine, rutting in a brutal fashion, their jaws slavering, licking up Dumon's cum-covered neck and making the man heaved with delight. It sent ice down his spine hearing his former chaperone make such emasculating noises.

As he watched, Skarra murmured, “They’ll be fine n’mornin’.”

“But how can they be so…. Cruel.”

“Because we’re not soft. Like your people.... besides, why you complainin'? Looks like you might enjoy it too."

"I-I WOULD NEVER-"

He paused and flushed with heat as she gave a knowing look to between his legs where a small tent stood proud, before rising to her feet and leaving without another word.

Erin automatically covered his crotch... and then turned back to the disgusting display being presented by the orc bandits with his head swirling.

'Why?!?! That's not right... I must be tired... I can't have a stiffy from such horrors!'

The orc being sandwiched was now beginning to get into it, her fully erect cock swinging wildly between her legs as she was shunted back and forth. At one point, all working in unison, the trio seemed to unite in their pleasure. Each one spasmed, and a series of deep, bubbling squelches issued from the now-submissive orc's ass, mouth and balls. Shaking so hard that he feared for her sanity, Erin watched was the orcs slammed themselves balls deep into her orifices, as her cock jumped and fired a long stream of jism out onto the forest floor. The orc behind her grabbed her hair as her balls swung into her trapped packmate's with reckless abandon, both pumping a prodious amount of seed. The orc's eyes were white, grunting like a wild boar as she was inseminated and pleasured, spraying the forest floor with such a flow that some banks of leaves were sprayed back into a pile of grey sludge. Next to her, Dumon was unplugged from his 'lovers', and slumped to the ground, belching bubbles of white, as steaming cum sprayed, foaming, from his anus.

Erin covered his eyes, and pulled the pelts he had been left, and sit wide awake as Dumon leaked over the forest floor, ready to be used again.

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Erin waited for the snores of Skarra to begin. Once he was certain she slept, he crept out from his pelt, and over to where Dumon was resting in a pile of orcs. He winced as he realised the man’s mouth was sealed tight to the base of an orc’s crotch, his own cock and balls nuzzled on the chest of his captor, nostrils flaring as they pulled in air past a clogged passageway.

The man's ass looked tender and raw, and Prince Erin nearly vomited upon seeing the amount of orc-cum lathered inside and around his anus, a white sink-hole within red glazed hillocks. The smell of him was a whore's house contained within a human body.

"D…. Dumon…"

He tried to nudge the man's shoulder.

Immediately the man's eyes snapped open, and he wildly began sucking like his life depended on it, the whites of his eyes showing as he began to work everything in his face to pleasure the dick filling it, terror scrawled across his features.

"MH-MH-MH-MHHGH!"

"S-Stop! It's me!" hissed Erin.

Dumon slowed, eyes roving around for the source of the noise, before locking on his, and almost immediately upon seeing the prince the struggles abated, tears coming to him, shying away from his ward as the cock bulged in his throat, stopping his suction as much as possible, although he didn't exactly have a say in pulling back from the gigantic crotch-meat which must have made his jaw ache fiercely.

"look, we need to escape."

"Mpgh-"

Dumon tried to shake his head, but couldn't, instead raising a hand, which trembled as he did so, covering up his blatant hardness with the other which was gently weeping pre-cum onto glistening, rock-hard abdominal muscles, the tint of green just visible in the moonlight.

"Look, we just need a plan… I'll… I'll distract the guards or…. Or something…"

As he was talking Dumon's eyes became unfocused, and he let out a small moan of pleasure as the sleeping orc grunted in her sleep, and a tiny squirt of liquid came frmo her balls. Dumon sucked down a little bit of what must have been pre-cum.

"… Or maybe… D… Dumon? Are you listening?"

The man blinked, remembering where he was, but his hand continued to gently creep towards the orc's balls, and began softly stroking them.

"…. Dumon….."

Dumon closed his eyes, looking away as best he could with a dick in his mouth.

The conversation was over.

"And if ya want to join in, yer more'n welcome, *princess*."

The deep voice made him nearly jump out of his skin as he looked round at the open yellow eyes of the orc, a condescending smile on her face.

"N-NO!"

He backed away, shaking from head to foot. The orc leered, and he was sure she was trying to make a point as she grabbed Dumon's head and sank him all the way to the hilt, so his forehead was pressing tight against her nutsack, the sweat on it rubbing against his face as Dumon's heaved like he was about to vomit, managing to somehow suck through his gag reflex. The slurping got louder quickly.

Disgust hit Erin as he realised the man was whimpering in delight, sucking greedily at his stick of never-ending joy.

He fled to the sound of a freakish blowjob echoing through the midnight air.

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"Wait… *what do you mean, this is it?!"*

Queen Ezmeralda cried out in dismay as she surveyed the stableboys barely turned to adulthood sat on a collection of the eldest or weakest horses in the stables, clutching rusty swords, and archaic wooden shields; not a single trace of steel held the wooden **struts/planks/beams/** together, instead cobbled together with rusted iron strips. One even bore a hole directly in the centre which may very well have contributed to its previous owner's demise.

The only figure in chainmail was perhaps the youngest of the bunch. The bright-eyed, pink face of 'Sir Laveshire'

"Thith ith my loyal troop! Fear not M'lady…"

His lisp was so prominent that every word felt like it began and ended with *'th'.*

"… we'll get him back thafe and thound!"

Ezme's lip quivered with rage and terror.

"But.. Sir Horace…?"

"Ah.. He rejoined the hunting party, M'lady…"

"How.. Old are you, Sir Laveshire?"

He squinted.

"Eighteen yearth, and ready for battle!"

The boy looked like the only thing he was ready for was to seat himself on his well-cushioned derriere instead of ride a horse, and Ezme saw nothing but a hollow mirage of hope. These 'men' would find and defeat nothing. She frowned at the vast amounts of satchels on sir Laveshire's horse in particular.

"You... seem to have many supplies, sir laveshire."

"Ah!"

His eyes lit up."

"Bookth."

"... Books.?"

"Yeth. They might be utheful on our journey! Do you read bookth?"

She nodded, face white.

“Yes....."

For a moment darkness beckoned... but then Ezmerelda glanced up at the flag of the Ballagh dynasty - a golden crown on an otter, and then her own family’s livery beside it, smaller - Two black wolves.

She bared her teeth.

"*Very well then*…. Sir Laveshire, I'm afraid I must ask one condition of you and your *men* riding to save my son.”

“Yeth M'Lady?”

“I’m coming with you.”

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Tendrils of smoke in the distance.

Erin’s eyes glazed over as he watched them getting closer and closer, black chimneys of death.... until the woods parted.

Erin stared into a large clearing with the trees on the other side almost distant. The encampment was huge... no, encampment was the wrong word.

Town.

Log hovels with thatch and hay were dotted throughout, with some larger than others, including one particularly big hut that looked like it had been made out of unbroken tree-trunks rammed together and held with some natural mortar and twine, covered in a leathery tent. A river ran through the centre, with more tree-trunks straddling it in a roughshod bridge.

The smell of cooked meat and acrid blacksmith coal was not enough to dim the orc’s strange animalistic odour akin to the sweat and jism of a hundred men that clogged the town air like a fog, overwhelming Erin’s senses.

“HHhoh..”

He squeezed a little tighter to the woman carrying him. Large green figures lazed around, all female, some older and perhaps a little less muscular or athletic, but still imposing. A few young

figures already taller than Erin were wrestling furiously in a dusty, muddy area, their pelts covered in brown powder from scrabbling in the dirt.

“Welcome... ome.”

“O.. ome?”

“Yeah. Ome.”

“Wait... HOME?!”

She took his arm and unwrapped it from her, dangling him above the floor before depositing him on the ground.

“Yeah. *Our* ‘ome.”

He looked around, terrified, as huge females with scars or even walking naked turned and eyeballed him like a pack of wolves. Huge swinging cocks began to rise upon spying the fresh meat, and one younger orc, still six foot and rather feminine compared to the others thanks to her muscle not being fully developed, made a gurn as she openly masturbated whilst staring.

“I-I think you’re mistaken... I c... I can’t live here....”

She growled.

“You will.”

The pack dispersed, Erin watching as some came to greet others with butts of their heads, some grabbing what must have been their partners or lovers and making out with them in the street. Some even charged each other, and grappled into the dirt, stripping each other’s clothes off to try and best each other. A small part of him wanted to see the outcome as one of the orcs managed to pin the other down, ripping her pelt away and roaring as her cock bounced out, fully erect as it flicked a wad of jism into the other’s face.

He heard the squeal and then the grunts and skin-slaps as Skarra continued to carry him through. He tried to becoming invisible, squeezing himself to her back as more yellow, red and green eyes burned his skin, or more accurately his ass. A hand reached out and grabbed his left ass-cheek.

“OOH!”

Quick as lightning, Skarra had swirled, and swiped with her free hand at the young, smaller orc. The orc had short red hair, and was oozing white from her piss slit onto the ground. Erin could even see the trail she’d left where she’d followed from down the dirt path, and a weak roar was met with a bellow from Skarra that seemed to shake the trees. Erin vibrated, feeling tears roll down his cheeks as his world shook, her body brimming with power like he was lying against an earthquake.

The smaller orc retreated, still clutching her erection and masturbating furiously as her gaze flicked between her leader and the prize... Then the orc squealed and fell back on her ass as she jerked fast enough to create fire, and a fountain of cum sprayed up into the air, back over herself.

Some of her compatriots, other young females with big swinging dicks cackled or mocked her. Seeing their society was almost alien to Erin, with so many shades of green and such humongous cocks dangling everywhere… and yet in some ways, the similarities to his own realm were startling. They still had their strange form of affection… and their bullies. The girls gathered round the fountaining red-head, all in different stages of growth from skinny females with teardrop breasts, all the way to near-full grown monsters with tusks and tree-trunk legs. As one their cocks were out, and they began to beat the red-head, one of them folding her back on herself as her legs shook, still in the midst of a violent orgasm and barely able to fight back as her legs shook.

"Sk-skarra-"

"Shut yer trap."

The yips as the red-head was entered haunted him as they made their way towards the large tent-ish hut. Erin realised as she placed him at the entrance and he scurried inside that she must be the chieftain or leader of the entire clan, for nobody else had a home as large as this, although upon entering, he would not have added 'luxurious' to the description. Pushing through the **cured leather** that counted as a door, Erin spied a large hammock attached to four heavy stakes formed a bed, with pelts lying on top of it. A woven rug sat on top of the dirt floor, with an iron stove connected to a makeshift chimney which rose up the side of the wall. What might have been looted wooden trunks sat side-by-side, covered in a small layer of dust. A pile of weapons sat in the corner on another rug, razor sharp and clean, but unaesthetic in how they dominated a portion of the room.

This was not a place of luxury.

Erin's head bowed. This was to be his prison.

Skarra carefully laid her current weapon down against one of the trunks, opened one, and placed some contents of her pelts inside, slamming it shut and gathering her weapon again as she left. Quietly, he scurried to the corner, and waited for the moment she would return and drag him to the bed…. But she did not. Instead, she only returned later with food and water, before leaving again. Erin dragged his knees to his chest, and cried.

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For the first two days, Erin didn't leave the hut other than to scurry into the woods to shit and piss, trying desperately to avoid the gaze of any of the local females. It seemed like they must have been warned not to approach him, or perhaps Skarra's roar upon her return had reaffirmed her dominance, but they only stared, or on occasion, followed from a distance (this alone was enough to terrify him to the point he hid under the hammock in case they entered to have their way with him, but none did). He didn't know what had happened to Dumon, but Erin knew he wouldn't be able to save himself, let alone his far more qualified companion.

Inside, he mainly slept on the rug, despite how cold it got at night and Skarra's inviting curves in the hammock. He could feel the heat radiating from her body as he clutched his pelts to himself, the place almost heated by her warmth alone. It must have been gloriously hot in her bed……

She always slept naked, and he snatched glimpses as she lay under a patchwork of pelts stitched together, occasionally spying a nipple or two looking back at him.

Every time he felt unnatural urges, he thought of Dumon, and what he might be going through. He wasn't sure if it was his imagination, or if he could hear squeals at night over the crickets chittering and hoots of eager owls.

'They are evil. I cannot forget that.'

Skarra brought food and water in simple wooden bowls, arranged on the carpet. He would eat and drink with her in silence, and crawl back under his pelts.

The following days were much the same. He kept indoors, and ate only when she was present.

He would be allowed to eat, but only from her plate. She didn't stop him when he scurried with a morsel of meat to the other side of the cabin, back against the wall. At first he had tried to be polite, but without cutlery it was pointless, and, hungry as he was, he began to tear into the meals when they arrived, and even scurried back for seconds on the third day.

Skarra would only sit and watch, taking huge chomps as she did so. Occasionally she would ingest a chicken leg whole, a sickening **crunch** issuing from her mouth. He'd lost his appetite that day. After one meal, during which he had given a particularly healthy sigh after a meal of fish and cabbage soup that had tasted closer to his sensitive palate, Skarra spoke in that gruff, calm voice.

"My people. What do yeh think of us?"

He looked up. She had barely spoken a word to him for the last three days.

"I… don't know."

"Yeh hate us?"

He fidgeted with his fingers. No answer came to his lips that would not potentially offend her, so he stayed silent. She grunted, reaching into the pot bubbling in the stove and pouring herself some more soup, which she drank whilst it was still steaming. It seemed like the orcs were able to eat incredibly hot food, perhaps because they were naturally warmer-bodied than most humans.

"Why?"

"I… Is Dumon dead?"

She frowned, and then snorted.

"*Dead? Your friend?"*

"Yes."

"He ain't dead…. Why would we kill 'im."

"He's worse than dead. *You… your people…"*

“Made ‘im cum like a river,” she grinned, “e’ loves it.”

“*Th-that’s… wrong,”* he whispered back.

“So yeh want us to free the runt that sold you out to save ‘is own skin?”

His lip wobbled. It was hard to deny Dumon’s desertion of all valour when faced with a bevy of orc cocks.

“But… you terrified him.”

“Yep. Fear shows yeh the true nature of a beast. He refused to surr’nder, n’sold yeh out ‘fore we even hollowed him.”

He searched for the words, brow furrowed. This monster was not right… she was just twisting his mind with her words….. Yet the high-pitched shrieks of Dumon directing them to the carriage on that fateful day came sharp to his consciousness. His mouth opened… and closed. As his fingers interlinked and wound across each other, representing two sides at war in his mind, Skarra leaned forwards, sniffed and jerked.

“… *Hnn….* Yeh smell.”

“M… *Me?! I-I am NOT dirty!”*

“Yeh smell like a swamp. Tomorrow we’ll wash yeh.”

Being called filthy by an orc was somehow the final straw. He set his bottom lip.

“N... no!”

Her teeth bared.

“I ain’t letting a dirty rat sit in my ‘ome. Got it?”

It chilled him to his bones seeing Skarra stand to her full height, almost brushing the ceiling with her hair as her yellow eyes gleamed in the reflection of the stove embers.

“Y-yes... I’m sorry…”

She nodded, and left. Erin felt the tears begin to run, and shuffled close to the stove for warmth, reaching for his pelts.

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The full story will be released on 4th November. Stay tuned for the full ‘Orc Attack pt.2’!

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