

Mini-Story: Going Green (Man to Female Half-Orc TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Gale is playing a fantasy board game with his friends, but wishes his character could become stronger. His friends are shocked when his dice roll activates a strange change that leaves him transforming into a powerful and very stacked she-orc, complete with showy barbarian costume, and strands the new her into the game. Can Gale's friends rescue her in time?

Going Green

Both Ian and Meereen were trying not to panic. Who could blame them, given the circumstances they were in? A massive orc warrior with dark green skin and animal pelts for his clothing was escorting them into the heart of his people's encampment. It was a large, proud fortress, made not just from enormous logs but also buttressed with boulders and crude brick. Pit fires churned, and numerous orcs and half-orcs fought for the best pieces of meat over the turning spit. Others laughed and cackled as they drank from their bloodwine. To their left were a group of younger orc males, separated from the females at this age, though both groups could see each other. The men were trying to impress the females, but the women were no slouches either; they were dressed in furskin skirts and spartan tops that left their powerful muscles and green or grey midriffs on display.

But as Ian and Meereen moved forward, they found themselves the centre of attention. Ian was not exactly a bad looking; despite being a nerd at heart he loved to visit the gym and work on his form, and he was an avid hiker. Several orc women, especially the more human-like half-orcs, smirked in his direction. One even whistled, placing her fingers between her jutting under tusks.

"I'd like a piece of that lovely manmeat!" she called out.

"Get in line!" yelled another. "I've always wanted a human for a concubine. He could be my pet, and give me strong strapping children."

Ian grinned sheepishly. "Um, hello there!"

The group of men burst out laughing from the other side, though Meereen couldn't help but notice a few eyes were on her. She was a wilting flower of a woman, a mousey brown-haired young woman with prescription glasses, a modest flowery dress, and a real difficulty with meeting people's eyes. She was terrified these orcs would eat her alive, but their guide just chuckled.

"Ignore them. They are young and brash. Our ways seem much more . . . forward than humans. Threatening, given your obvious softness. No harm will come to you."

Mereen noticed a young man holding up bracelet in her direction, flexing his muscles as he did so. It made her blush a little.

“What’s that one doing?”

Their guide chuckled again. “Ah, that is Brugnar. A half-orc. It seems he knows which half of himself he wishes to ensnare for a mate. I wouldn’t accept his offer unless you wish to be his orcwife.”

Mereen blushed even harder, continuing to move with the guide. She and Ian were brought before the throne of the orc chief within a mighty yurt-like hut. A great feast was being had as if in celebration of something. Numerous children - no doubt his - surrounded him, though their pigmentation was far more green than his more muted grey. He had a thick white beard and was practically undressed from the waist up, showing many battlescars and warrior’s muscles.

“So, this is the pair of humans caught by my scouts?” he said, his voice a brass boom. “The ones who say a friend of theirs is lost? A friend who became a half-orc? Did I hear this right, Igmoth?”

Their guide nodded. “Their description does match Umar.”

The chief scratched one of his tusks, which jutted up over his lip. “It does indeed. Amusing. Fascinating. And their dress sense . . . like none I have seen. Perhaps they are the ones. Fetch Umar for me, she will confirm. For now, I will hear your tale, young ones. I am Chief Prahk. Sit and feast as guests. No orc will violate guestrite. But know that if your tale is false, it shall be revoked, and I shall have you fed to our aurochs.”

Ian and Mereen both gulped. But they had come this far. Surely just a matter of days could easily be explained? This was all recent knowledge, recent events. Mereen put a hand on Ian’s shoulder.

“Can you start? I’m . . . nervous.”

Ian took a deep breath and began.

“Good Chief Prahk, my name is Ian. My friend here is Mereen. Our clothing is different because we come from another land, one that is not on this, er, plane of existence at all. It is a plane called Earth, and there we only know of orcs and goblins and dragons from stories - they do not exist in our realm.”

This caused some minor commotion, but Prahk indicated for him to continue.

“We were playing a game, of sorts. I guess you could say the kind you would play around the mead hall. We were telling great stories of adventure as part of this game, and in doing so, took on the voices of different characters. I played the role of a mighty wizard, while Mereen took on a sneaky rogue.”

“Most dishonourable,” an orc muttered somewhere.

“Um, it’s, uh, not dishonourable in the game,” Mereen managed to add.

“Continue,” Prahk demanded of Ian.

“Well, we had a third in our group. His name is Gale. He played a powerful paladin. It’s kind of like-”

“We know what a paladin is.”

“Oh, good. Well, he played a *human* paladin. Now, the game has a number of cards that can deliver curses. It was a new game to us, one we found at the back of a shop, and its owner didn’t recognise it. It promised to be a ‘portal to another world,’ but we just took that to be an amusing description. Well, in this game our friend Gale - he’s a red-haired man of small build and height, even for a human, I guess you could say - came upon a genie. Genies are known for trickery in the game, but he felt his character in this story would wish to be even stronger, in order to increase his paladic might. But the genie delivered a curse card - well, just a curse you might say - to ‘unman’ him, so to speak. He did in fact become stronger . . . but only by becoming a half-orc woman.”

At this, the room erupted into laughter, but also a strange pride.

“An orc woman is an upgrade from a mere human male!” one called out.

“And far stronger too!”

An orc woman is worth three times the strongest human warrior!”

“And far better looking too!”

“Shut up, Durag!”

More laughter followed, as well as a few stray punches among the arguing members of the clan, until once more the chief had to maintain control over the crowd and insist the story continue. Ian found his voice once more, trying to puff out his chest a little to match the bravado of the orcs around him. Mereen tried not to think about how adorable the little orc babies were, with their little tusks and green skin. Several were looking at her with curiosity.

“Well, he was rather annoyed about this, but then we all heard a booming voice we later understood to be the spirit of the game itself, something called *Erutell*. It said ‘If thee is not happy with thine new form, then thou shall have a more appropriate venue for it.’ We were all surprised, but then suddenly Gale doubled over, and his body began to change. It was horrible; he groaned and grunted and yelled, wondering what was happening to him, even as his body literally ripped out of his clothing. He grew from less than five-foot-five to seven feet tall! His muscles - and he had basically none before - suddenly expanded rapidly. His hips grew, his hair became a big red mane, and his skin turned green right before our eyes! What was left of his tattered clothing became a fur battleskirt and wrapping around his chest, which, well . . .”

Mereen found her own voice: “She became quite well-endowed. In the chest, I mean. Very well-endowed.”

“The whole time he was screaming, wondering what was happening to him, and then a big double-bladed axe appeared in his hands, his tusks grew in, his voice changed, and I’ve no doubt he became, well, fully female, to judge from his reaction.”

“We were so surprised that we didn’t think to act or try something in the game rules to change him back,” Mereen continued. “Gale had been transformed into a massive half-orc woman, a real barbarian fit to burst out of what little clothes she had, thanks to her muscles and, er, other ample assets.”

“Before we could act at all,” Ian said, “she was suddenly sucked into the game. ‘*A life of a half-orc brawny beauty is the life for thee,*’ the game said. With a flash of light it was done, and our friend was gone.”

“I see,” Prahk said, his low voice even. “And you expect me to believe that your friend, this ‘Gale,’ was not only transformed into a beautiful orc woman of pleasing shape and vibrant greenness, but also ended up here, in the world of Erutell?”

Mereen and Ian both nodded, the pair overcome with nervousness before the judgement of this warchief.

“Yes,” Mereen said. “We poured through the rules of the game, certain we could try and find a way to get her back. The only chance we had was to find a way in and bring her back. We don’t have a great deal of time or else the portal back to our world will close. Please, you must believe us.”

At this, the orc chief’s brows creased, and a silence fell upon the halls. Mereen got the sense she’d really stepped in it by telling the warchief what he *must* do.

But then, to the surprise of both out-of-place humans, the immense orc sat back and laughed heartily and straight from the belly. He smacked his knee.

“Well, what do we say, good tribesfolk? Do we believe them?”

“I’d say so!” one called.

“Sounds like Umar to us!”

“Indeed it does,” Prahk said, grinning so that his tusks showed more than usual. “I’d say that sounds like my Umar indeed. Would you not say so, blood of my axe, fire of my spirit?”

Ian and Mereen turned, looking back to where the chief was now looking to someone with burning love in his eyes. For a moment, hope rose in their spirits that they were going to find their friend.

But it wasn’t Gale, or at least . . . it couldn’t be.

The half-orc woman before them was tall, definitely around seven feet in height, and she indeed still bulged with muscle. Her hair was fiery red, and her figure thick and undeniably beautiful in a highly amazonian way, with strong thighs, wide hips, and a set of boulder-like breasts that jutted impressively out from her green chest, positively *straining* her

fur skin wrap. Apart from said wrap and her fur skirt, along with some trinkets, tribal necklaces, and wrappings around her wrists, her entire body was on display in all its muscular, curvaceous glory.

Including the rather obvious pregnancy in her belly, which looked to be around four months along or so: not huge, but big enough to be easily noticeable given her bare green midriff.

"It's not here," Ian said.

"I thought it might be," Mereen whispered back, crestfallen. "It looks like her."

But already the half-orc woman's eyes were lighting up. To their surprise she *surged* forward, and for a moment both were terrified until she easily scooped them both up in her arms and hugged them to her chest so deeply that Ian thought he might die - and happily at that - suffocating in her immense cleavage.

"My friends!" the woman declared. "I thought I would never see you again! Oh, I've missed you so! You look like you haven't aged a day! So much has happened here! I'm married! I've taken the name Umar!"

She set the two back on the ground, grinning down at them, her hands on her broad hips, her smile as wide as the day is long.

"G-Gale!?" Ian stammered.

"Is it really you?" Mereen added.

"Of course it's me! Gods of the stars, I swear I was starting to forget what you looked like! It must be crazy seeing the new me after all these years!"

Ian and Mereen exchanged a confused glance.

"Gale -"

"Please, call me Umar! As you can see, I've been quite busy in this new half-orc existence of mine." She patted her pregnant stomach. "I've certainly gotten used to the female side of things, I can tell you that!"

"Umar," Ian continued. "It's - it's only been two days since you went into the game. Into Erutell. Hasn't it been the same here?"

The large, fertile half-orc paused. The other orcs in the chamber, including Prahk, observed this exchange with interest.

"Two . . . days? That . . . doesn't make any sense. I've been here for *years*, Ian! I've become a full member of the Clan of the Blooded Axe! I've been betrothed, battled my suitors in the mud and wrestled with my chief until he claimed me! I've drunk the ceremonial bloodwine, told my story and had our omen readers confirm it. I mean, stars above, I've birthed children!"

Mereen's eyes went wide. "Child . . . ren? As in, multiple?"

The green half-orc smiled, went down on one powerful knee with a thud, and yelled out towards several of the children in the chamber.

“Come to mother, children! She missed you all!”

A parade of screaming, excited little green and grey and green-grey children surged towards their mother as if they were storming a castle. With one great sweep she picked four of them up in her arms, two more around her legs, clutching them tight.

“Meet my ever-growing brood!” she boasted. “Quite a shocker, I imagine, from how you saw me two days ago, then! Time must go at a different pace here, because it’s been nearly a decade, friends. More than enough time to embrace my inner orc woman and become a mother of the tribe.”

“A very fertile mother, at that,” Prahk said, holding up his cup in a great boast. Several male and female orcs present cheered this on, and Umar took it in great stride too, rubbing her belly while thrusting it out, using one big arm to hold her host of squabbling children.

“I’ll say!” she yelled, laughing. “Okay, down you go, little ones. Go practise the arts of war while I talk to my human friends. Yes, you too Utek.”

She kneeled down before Ian and Mereen once more, though with her height she was still practically taller than him. Ian found it hard not to look down into her very, very full green cleavage. Mereen wasn’t even trying not to. This made Umar laugh again.

“Quite the pair, right? Don’t worry, I’m used to it. Orcs don’t exactly hold back on the catcalling here. You should have seen how many slapped my green ass when I first arrived before I learned a good orc female, half-orc or not, should give as good as she gets. But trust me, I’m well-adjusted now. Nine hells, I’ve rather come to love this body. My chief certainly does.”

Ian and Mereen had no idea what to say. They’d come to rescue a friend, only to find that not only did she apparently not need rescue, but had gone native for too long to make that a realistic option anyway.

“I’m sorry you came all this way to save me,” she said, as if reading their minds. She ran a hand through her mane of wild orange hair. “If you’d been there in the first year I would have jumped at the chance to come back, but I can’t now. Not just because of this little one growing in my belly, or all my other kids, or even my beloved Prahk, but because I’ve learned to love being a half-orc.”

“But why?” Ian asked.

Mereen scoffed. “C’mon, Ian. She’s seven feet tall, muscular as hell, and good looking.”

“Damn straight!” Umar chuckled. “Not to mention I’m a girl at heart now; giving birth to a pair of twins in your first pregnancy will more than make a woman of you, let me tell you

that. Besides, I'm in a fantasy world. You wouldn't believe the things I've done, the places I've been, the spectacles I've witnessed. This is everything I could want and more, and I've got a massive orc family around me too. Before, it was just you guys."

Ian could only give a sheepish laugh. "Well, I guess we came here for nothing, except to know you're happy and well, which I guess *is* everything."

"And I'm so glad you came. We have a big festival tonight; you should be our guests!"

"Unfortunately," Mereen said. "The portal will close in a few hours if we don't get back."

"Ah, damn."

Silence passed between the large green amazon and the two much smaller humans. Umar scratched her right tusk, trying to think of what to say.

"You could always . . . stay, you know."

"What!?" the pair said as one.

She shrugged, her shoulders heaving. "Or go back, then ask the boardgame to fling you back to Erutell in a new form. Gods know I've come to love mine, how could I not love being a total she-hulk of an orc? I'm just saying, I know you both would have absolutely died to live in a fantasy world, and this one is even better than our wildest dreams. I could show you the ropes. Hell, you could join the tribe, go green like I have!"

Mereen bit her lip. Images of being a wild centauress, or perhaps a beautiful mermaid, ran through her mind. Ian wondered what it would be like to learn magic, or be a renowned fighter and explorer.

"We . . . we can't," he said, but his hesitation said all, because Umar wrapped them both in yet another magnificent hug, practically suffocating them in her bosom once more.

"Just think about it, promise me," she said in her husky orcish voice. "And don't take too long to decide either. Orcs only live one hundred and thirty years or something, and if you are coming back to stay, I want as much of that time as possible with my wonderful friends."

She released them, got to her feet, and wiped a tear from her eyes.

"See you round, Ian, Mereen," she said. "Hopefully sooner than later."

With that, she stomped up to sit beside her chief husband and take a squalling green child from a nearby orc woman, freeing one of her breasts to feed the child openly.

"See you round, Umar," Ian replied.

"Maybe sooner, maybe later," Mereen added.

They farewelled the tribe, Umar's words still ringing in their minds. They couldn't, could they? No, of course not. It would be completely made. They couldn't just give

everything up for a new life. They certainly couldn't just leap into a fantasy world to experience all kinds of escapism and wonder.

But then again . . . if you put it like that . . .

By the time they reached the portal to head home, it was already starting to feel like they were in fact leaving it.

Sooner than later it was, then.

The End