

The Surrogate Wife

By Rawly Rawls © 2021

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

When they raided the orc village and the enemy had either died or fled, Ruyvin found a single orc baby in a burning yurt. He proposed putting the pup out of its misery. But his wife, Alavara, intervened.

“He’s precious, a little jewel in the rough.” Her heart melted when she saw the helpless green creature. She wiped blood from her sword and sheathed it. “As elves, we are sworn to kindle the fires of those in the darkness.”

“I do not think that applies to orcs.” But Ruyvin handed his wife the orc baby when she reached for it.

“It applies to all who are helpless. Like this little emerald you have found.” She tickled the creature under his chin and listened to him laugh. “We will call him Sontar.”

“That is an elf name.” Ruyvin frowned at his wife. Her gentle nature would get them into trouble one day.

“Exactly.” Alavara smiled at her husband from under her helm. “He will be raised as an elf. We are now his parents.”

Sontar grew up strong and tall. He loved his elven sisters, mother, and father. The elvish village accepted him as almost one of their own. He fit in so well that for most of his life, he barely thought about his differences. Of course, he could see how his green skin did not match his family’s fair complexion. He knew none of the elves had long, sharp teeth. And he did stand head and shoulders above everyone. But physical dissimilarities

mattered little when he was young. Once his teen years arrived, however, things began to change.

It seemed overnight that he went from a lean thing to a hulking figure. He startled more than one elf when they happened upon him in the streets. And some changes he kept secret, even from his mother. By the time he was eighteen, his desires grew until they felt like they burned his very soul. He undressed every female elf in his mind. He did this, to his great shame, even with his mother and sisters.

Nothing was missed by Alavara. But she thought his changes were simply an analogue to what male elves went through when they reached adulthood. So, she did little more than give him his privacy when she heard his grunts of need through his chamber door. It was well past time they found Sontar a wife, but the elves in the village were reluctant to wed their daughters to him.

It was on a hunt in the wood that Ruyvin first spoke to his son on the topic of a wife. "It is time we talked of marriage, Sontar." Ruyvin nocked an arrow and crouched low, beckoning his son to do the same. The stag was nowhere in sight, but he could feel its presence slowly moving toward them. "We have yet to make a match for you. But we are trying. I know it is past time and you must be ready."

"Yes, Father." Sontar dropped to his knees, aware how he dwarfed his father. "How long do you think it will be before you find a match? I would have a wife. I do not desire to live a monk's life." This was an understatement. He fantasized about every female elf he met.

"Yes, of course." Ruyvin eyed him coolly. How different the conversation would have been if Alavara had born him a son, and they had not rescued the orc before him. "You are young and coming into your own. Give us some time."

"I cannot wait forever," Sontar said. "Might we try another elf village? Or the cities of man?" He did not even mention seeking out his own kind. He knew they would not accept him.

Ruyvin shook his head. "For your mother's sake, do not roam in search of a bride. The world fears an orc. You are protected here." He dropped his voice and drew back his bowstring. "I do not have a good answer. If we wait a year or two, I'm sure we'll find a family willing to make you a groom. Have patience. Put aside the urges of the young for a little while more. An answer may present itself." Ruyvin loosed the arrow and it flew, landing true. The stag leapt, ran a dozen yards, and collapsed onto the forest floor.

"I will wait for a match." But Sontar didn't know if he could. His desire was building to a terrible eruption. He could feel it.

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A week later, Alavara approached her son with a fateful request. She found him helping one of his sisters carry a wounded sheep to the healer. "I would have you journey with me on the morrow, Sontar. The rack of that stag will make a fine offering to the count. I need your help transporting it to the castle."

"A horse might serve you better, Mother." Sontar held the bleating sheep securely despite its wriggling attempts at escape.

"But a horse's company would not be so fine as yours, my emerald jewel." She smiled up at him. Despite what anyone said, she thought he was as beautiful as any elf. "And also, your father needs the horse. Will you carry the rack for me? It is many miles."

"Please don't call me that. I am no longer your little emerald."

Alavara frowned at him. "Very well." But she didn't mean it. He was her precious emerald.

"Thank you." He nuzzled the sheep's head and it calmed in his arms. "Would you be safe with me ... if a stranger saw us on the road?"

"A cloak should be enough of a disguise for the road. And they know me well at the castle. They will expect you." She smiled brightly like his cares were all quite trivial, even though the dangers were real.

"Very well." Sontar offered his own, peculiar smile. "Of course I will help you."

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The first day of travel was a long, strenuous slog. The rack was not so much heavy, as awkward. Especially because he also carried a pack. To make matters worse, one of the points caught his shoulder early in the day and birthed a dull pain.

Alavara kept a steady pace and peppered him with facts about the landscape as it passed. She was well aware that after the first hour, Sontar was exploring virgin territory. He had tread only close to home until then.

As the sky flamed with pinks and purples, the pair ventured off the road to set up camp. Sontar sighed as he placed the rack on the ground. But there was no time to rest. He helped his mother pitch the tent, start a fire, and prepare their dinner. After dinner, they sat around the fire. Alavara gazed at the stars. Sontar gazed at his mother's beauty.

“The stag constellation travels right above us. That is a good sign.” Alavara’s hand rested on her sword, but her mind was far away. She breathed in the night air. “Your father and I made this journey several times. Your sister, Zilyana, owes her existence to such a trip.” Memories moved through her mind like an incoming tide. Her nostrils flared. There was a familiar scent on the evening breeze. It was ... orc blood. She looked over at her son. “Are you injured, Sontar?”

“An antler caught my shoulder. I’m fine.” Sontar shrugged and winced at the pain.

“Let me have a look.” Alavara fetched her healing kit and moved over to him. “Well, take off your clothes. Let me see.”

“Um ... okay.” Sontar removed his cloak and gingerly pulled his tunic over his head. He was glad for the low light, for he was only in his underwear.

“I haven’t seen you so scantily clad in ages.” Alavara was suddenly aware what a large creature her son was. She was little more than half his mass. “You have grown to have ... so many muscles.” She cleared her throat. “Now, let me see. The wound, yes.” She bent low to examine his shoulder.

Sontar tried not to look at her dangling cleavage. He really did. But it was impossible. The fever inside him burned brightly, and his cock rose from its slumber. Thankfully, she didn’t seem to notice.

“I think some kingsfoil and a bandage should do it.” Alavara worked his injury with skill. When she was done, her concentration diminished. The smell of Sontar’s masculinity registered with her, and she felt a bit dizzy. Staring at his bare chest she thought how odd that she should love someone built in such an alien fashion. “There now. All better. How do you feel?”

“I feel that I cannot wait any longer.” Sontar reached up and picked his mother off her feet.

“Oh ... Sontar ... my jewel ... what are you doing?” She was perplexed as he placed her on his lap. But then she felt the steel rod he had waiting for her. His penis was in proportion to the rest of him, which meant it was huge. It strained at her dress and underwear, pressing between her legs. She looked down and could see the green head of his thing up past his belly button. He was even larger than she had supposed. “Wait ... I’m your mother ... Sontar ... wait ... wait.” There are several tricks elves possess in close physical combat. Despite their stature, elves are formidable. But Alavara used none of these.

“That is the problem, Mother. I can no longer wait for a wife.” Sontar looked up at her with pain in his eyes. “I have urges that compel me beyond my cautious mind. I did not

mean to put you on my lap, but my body cannot wait." He lifted her off. "I am sorry. I did not mean to grab you."

"Your father and I are working on a match for you, Sontar. Just a little while longer." Alavara stood shaking despite the heat of the fire.

"I must find a wife now and quell my urges." Sontar tried not to look at her beauty. The firelight accentuated her curves, and it was a dagger twisting inside him to desire such a lovely creature and have her so far beyond his grasp. "I have traveled this far down the road. I will continue on beyond the castle and find a wife in the cities of man that lay beyond the seas of sand."

"They will not marry you," she whispered.

"I must try."

"They will murder my sweet son. Do not do this thing." She reached down and caressed his forehead, trying to draw his pain away.

"What else can I do?" A red tear ran down his green cheek. "I will go mad without a wife."

"A mother knows when her son has such longings." Alavara reached under her dress and lowered her underwear. "But I did not know they were so strong for you. There is much we do not know about where you come from, Sontar." She bent down and kissed the tear off his cheek. "I cannot have you destroy yourself. You would destroy me in that act, too. But I can offer you a surrogate wife, to fill in until your father and I find you a match in our village."

"What surrogate wife?" Sontar looked at her with hope. Did she have a plan she had kept in reserve? He had forgotten that half his long cock was exposed in front of his mother.

"It can only be one." Alavara was guided by love. She could no more forsake this orc than if she had borne him herself. He was hers to protect from the world however she could. "There is only one who can be trusted to keep it a secret. And to let you move on to your real wife when we find her."

"Who?" But Sontar thought he knew the elf she meant when she pulled her dress off and stood naked before him. Of all species, elves are said to boast the fairest of the fairer sex. More alluring even than a woman of a man's world. And Alavara was an especially beautiful elf.

"It is I." She reached down and gently pulled his undergarment down his legs. She then climbed back onto his lap, resting her vagina on the bottom of his hard penis. "I assume you desire me from the way you handled me moments ago?"

Sontar nodded dumbly.

“Okay, then.” She ran her finger down his bulging chest and past muscle after muscle on his abdomen. Her hand found his penis, and she gently caressed the head. “I will do this. But you must promise that my time as your temporary wife must remain secret from everyone. Even your sisters. Even your father.”

“I ... promise.” Sontar could scarcely breathe he was so enamored of her.

“Then put it in.” She lifted herself up to give him room to spear her. She almost smiled when he stared at her in equal parts desire and confusion. “You want a thing so badly you’re willing to die at the hands of men for it, but you don’t have the foggiest idea where to put it? That is understandable. No one has taught you.” She tenderly kissed his forehead and lined up his penis with her entrance. “It ... goes ... here. But I am ... worried that ... it may not fit ... I am an elf ... and you are an orc ... and never before have the two ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” The head pushed, stretched, and made its way in. Alavara’s scream echoed off the trees and rose up to the stars.

“It’s better ... better than I dreamed.” Sontar watched her pretty face twist in pain and ecstasy. “A little ... deeper ... please ... Mother.” He placed his hands on her bare shoulders and pushed down. “My ... wife.”

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” She felt like her son would tear her clean in two. But love carried her through the pain. Inch by inch she let him press himself into her vagina. After about ten minutes, she realized her butt was resting on his heavy balls. He had somehow succeeded in getting it all in. “Oh ... gods ... Sontar ... what once was pain ... is now ... something else ... I can feel myself ... opening for you.” She trembled on him, not daring to move.

“Thank you ... ugh ... now give me ... more.” His massive hands fell to her delicate ass, pressing his fingers into her flesh. He pulled her up high, so that he almost slipped from her, and then slammed her down. They grunted together. He did it again and again. Soon, she was bouncing of her own volition, riding him like a champion. Her tits jumped in unison. They mesmerized Sontar. Her constant groans and whimpers were sweeter than any music. Sontar had been right to want a wife. There was no moment in his life more precious to him than that time by the fire.

“Oh ... Sontar ... my jewel ... ugh ... my emerald ... you ... have me ... you really ... ugh ... have me.” Alavara’s orgasm burst in her mind like a shooting star. She howled. In the distance, she could hear wolves answering her howls with their own. In her son’s arms, she was more beast than elf. She rode him until her legs were sore and trembling. Young male elves did not take long to reach their completion, and she had assumed that would be true of an eighteen-year-old of any species. But even though she gave him her all, he did not release. Her own climaxes, on the other hand, had no trouble finding her. “Too ... tired ... too ... tired.” She pulled off him. Her son’s grunts at the loss sounded enraged. “It’s okay ... Sontar. We are not done. A wife’s duty is to bring her husband to his end.”

She spread out his cloak and lay on her back. She opened her legs wide and beckoned him. He couldn't find his way in by himself again, so she lined him up. They humped like that until the fire died low.

“Ugh ... Mother ... uuugggghhhhhh ... it's happening ... it's finally happening.” Sontar could feel his balls tightening. His roar nearly shook the moon.

“Go ... ahead ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... and finish.” Alavara's ears rang. She wasn't afraid of letting him release wherever he wanted. She was an elf and he an orc. Conception would be impossible. Another loud roar shook her to her core, and then the heat of his seed splashed inside her. She barely recognized her sweet son. Savageness had taken him over. She held on for dear life, and then she barely recognized anything anymore as a powerful orgasm seized her mind completely. When she recovered enough to regard her surroundings, the fire was little more than glowing embers, and Sontar was moving inside her again. She was sore, but she let him have his way. “Yes ... my glittering emerald ... do it again ... do it again.” She clutched at his massive butt and let him plow her until dawn lightened the sky.

Chapter 2

The sun was well up above the trees when Alavara woke. The first thing that greeted her was the masculine scent of the orc sleeping next to her. She breathed deeply and sighed. The next thing was an image of her husband conjured by a guilty conscience. *I am sorry, Ruyvin. You would never understand, but I was guided by love.*

The fire was out. Alavara sat up and stretched. "Oh ... gods ... what did I do to myself?" she muttered. Her whole body was sore, inside and out. Her vagina may have borne the brunt of Sontar's desire throughout the night, but it seemed she had pushed every bit of herself beyond its limit. She stood and found her dress, damp with dew, and pulled it on. She groaned with the effort.

"Aaaawwwwwwwwwww." Sontar yawned loudly and rolled onto his back. Without opening his eyes, he sniffed the air. He could smell his mother's sweet scent, and a faint hint of their effluence from the night before. "So, it wasn't a dream. You are my surrogate wife, Mother?"

"Yes, my emerald jewel." Alavara sat heavily on a log. "Your very sore wife and mother."

"Are you hurt?" Sontar opened his eyes and sat up quickly. He found her looking rather pale.

"Nothing a little rest and some meadowsweet won't cure." She eyed him. "Although you seem to need no rest." She nodded at his erect penis. Its great length pointed to the tree canopy above.

"Well ... um ... if you are well enough ..." He felt the familiar fires kindle inside him. He stared at her cleavage. Had he really felt those magnificent breasts only hours before? "... maybe ... we could do it one more time?"

"I am not well enough, Sontar." She stood. "Not well enough for that. And not well enough to continue our travels today." She turned and walked toward the river. "You will have to be satisfied with what we already did. Come, let's wash in the river."

"Oh, yes, of course I understand." He jumped to his feet and followed her, his hard, heavy cock seemingly directing him to follow his mother. "I am very satisfied." But that was not true. She had slackened his frenetic hunger, but that had been replaced by a powerful swell of desire that pushed on his mind like the tide.

Alavara removed her dress again, and splashed out into the water. The cold seeped into her tortured muscles and did her good. They carefully scrubbed themselves for several minutes. Her eyes never left her mountain of an eighteen-year-old. "I would have thought the cold would temper your morning steel some."

“The sight of you keeps the chill out.” Sontar stopped washing and took hold of his cock with both hands. “I cannot touch you, I know. But would you mind if I ... took care of myself ... while I watched you?”

“That is a thing no son has ever said to his mother.” *Nor orc to elf.* Alavara chewed on her bottom lip. “Yes, my jewel. Take care of your needs. As your wife, it is my duty to help you. Shall I just stand here?”

“You may ... ugh ... continue washing.” Sontar stroked himself and stared at her pale skin. He had desired a wife from their village with all his being for so long, and now he prayed his father and mother would never find him a match. No elf could be a finer mate than his mother.

Alavara continued to scrub herself, watching her son work that mighty penis just above the water. A change came over him quickly. He looked to her mind both hungry and fierce. His species were predators, but she so rarely saw that side of her sweet jewel. His muscles flexed and his expression darkened. “You look so angry, Sontar.”

“I am ... only ... frustrated.” He pumped himself harder. He had cum so much the night before, he didn’t know how long it would take. “My release ... ugh ... is not near.”

“I see.” She stopped washing and walked through the water toward him. The loose river stones felt good on her aching feet. “Your father often requests that I help him with my mouth. He is very complimentary. I think I might be able to find the energy for that. Would you like me to try?” She stopped in front of him. The water was up to his thighs, but it was almost to her breasts.

“You would put it in your mouth?” He was in awe. His hands released his cock to see what she would do with it. “Wives do such things?”

“Loving wives do, yes.” For her husband, Alavara would sink to her knees. But for her son, she could do this standing. She leaned forward, ignoring the complaints of her aching body. “Tell me right before your ending, I will finish you with my hands.”

“Of course.” He watched his sweet mother open wide and take the green, bulbous head into her mouth. Her wet hair hung around her face, so he gently brushed it back. She seemed to struggle at first, but when she took hold of his shaft with both hands, she steadied herself. “Gods ... Mother ... your tongue ... is wrapping around ... my ... aaahhhhhhhh.” His imagination had never conjured anything that felt like oral sex. What else had he missed about the fantastic world that was opening up to him?

“Mmmmmppppphhhhh.” She didn’t have the strength to put her full effort into the act. So, instead of pumping him, she rhythmically squeezed his girth. And instead of trying to thrust more of his length into her mouth, she sucked and rolled the head. Despite her curtailed effort, her son seemed to enjoy her work immensely. His grunts

grew fierce again, and he muttered such sweet nonsense to her. After a time, she could feel him begin to tremble. She knew she should pull off him and let him spray into the frigid water, but her desire to please him overruled her better judgment.

“It is ... time ... Mother.” Sontar tried to hold back, waiting for her to finish him with her hands as she had said she would. “Mother ... I can’t ... you must ... oh ... Mother ... I ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” His scream startled birds from their trees and echoed through the forest. He shot his cum in her mouth. Minutes ago, he hadn’t known this was possible. Now, he wanted nothing else.

Alavara swallowed the first burst. Her mouth filled with his stuff on the second. It was much hotter and saltier than she was used to. The third burst made her lips overflow, and she released him, coughing his sperm into the water. He continued to shoot next to her, his screams turning into a long, satisfied rumble. “It seems ... I’ve already ... had ... breakfast,” she said between coughs. She dipped her face into the water and scrubbed away his semen. Clean, she stood back up and blinked at him. The obvious joy on his face melted her heart.

“You must be exhausted. Let me help you.” He reached down, lifted her into his arms, and carried her out of the river. He stopped to pick up her dress, and then carried her back to camp. His cock finally deflated and hung between his legs. “I will prepare you a proper feast for breakfast.”

“Thank you, Sontar.” Alavara let her son wait on her all morning. Near a rekindled fire, she sat under his cloak, laughing with him and eating the smoked fish and porridge he simmered over the fire.

Sontar foraged in the forest and found some meadowsweet stems, which he minced and gave to his mother. He knew they would help restore her to full health. She had trained him well.

They would be late getting to the castle, but that couldn’t be helped. In the early afternoon, she retired to the tent and fell fast asleep.

An owl’s hoot woke Alavara from deep slumber. She stretched and nearly laughed when her body did as she told it with hardly a complaint. The meadowsweet had done its work. In the darkness, she felt around the tent, but her son wasn’t with her. Naked, she crawled out into the chill night air. The Stag constellation peered in through the trees above. It was quite late. She had slept a long time. A hulking shadow leaned against a log by the glowing coals of their fire. “You did not join me in the tent, Sontar.”

“You needed your sleep, Mother.” He turned his face toward her and smiled in the flickering light.

“And what of your needs, my emerald jewel?” She could see his penis rising under his cloak at the sight of her. She stood, stretched, and walked over to him.

“Can we do it again so soon?” Sontar’s voice was full of optimism.

“Not tonight.” She sat between his legs and removed his cloak. “But I can please you as I did this morning.” She took hold of his fat penis and slowly stroked him. “That was this morning, was it not? How long did I sleep?”

“It was ... this morning.” Sontar sighed and leaned his weight against the log behind him. He growled when she took him into her mouth. This time, she bobbed her head on him and pumped him furiously with her hands. He thought he might die from pure joy.

When he came, Alavara coughed and sputtered again. But she managed to swallow two mouthfuls for a midnight snack. They then curled up together and slept under the stars.

The next morning, Alavara drained her son’s balls at first light. She made a meal of it and said she didn’t need breakfast afterward. They washed in the river again, packed up, and headed back to the road. The stag’s rack felt much lighter to Sontar than it had a few days ago. With any luck, they would be guests of the count by nightfall. He happily chewed on some stale bread as they walked.

Several hours into their journey, they saw a figure moving toward them in the distance.

“Quick, Sontar. Put on your cloak.” Alavara had some worry in her voice. This part of the world was not friendly to orcs. He did as instructed, hiding in the shadows of his hood. They carried on. When they were closer, they could see that it was a human form, a woman marching quickly. “This is good,” Alavara whispered to her son. “Humans around here are all servants. She will not bother an elf. But keep hidden, just in case.”

When they were closer still, the woman stopped and curtsied. “Greetings, Mistress. I am Sophie. I hope the road treats you well.”

“Better than you know.” Alavara inclined her head slightly. “Greetings. I am Alavara. What brings you out this way?”

“There is a sorceress that I must track down. She has promised a cure for my son, but did not keep her date of arrival.” The woman eyed the elf’s large companion. “Perhaps you know of Yezzeh the Wise?”

“I am sorry, Sophie.” Alavara motioned with her hand for Sontar to continue. “I know of no such healer. Good luck to you and your son.”

“Thank you, Mistress.” Sophie curtsied again, and hurried on her way.

When the human was a good way off, Sontar breathed a sigh of relief. “She seemed harmless. And quite pretty.”

“Is your surrogate wife not enough for you?” Alavara’s laugh was a high, lilting sound.
“You desire humans, too?”

“I wish for no other than you.” He did not directly answer her questions. And they were both aware of the truth omitted. He eyed her nervously, but she only laughed louder and patted his arm. She broke into song, and after a minute he joined in. They sang the rest of the afternoon, until the high turrets of the count’s castle finally came into view.

Chapter 3

“Halt!” The cry fell upon them from the castle’s outer wall. Both Sontar and Alavara gazed with apprehension at the guard lining the barbican above the portcullis. They could see bows drawn and arrows notched.

“I am Alavara and this is my son, Sontar,” she called in her clear, high voice. “The count expects us.”

“Stay where you are,” a voice replied. This was followed by an interminable length of silence. Finally, the portcullis rumbled to life, rising slowly. “You are late. We did not know to expect you today.”

“Our apologies.” Alavara took her son’s hand. She heard him grunt as he shifted the weight of his pack and the stag’s rack. They marched through the gate.

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“I thought we would have separate rooms.” Sontar looked about the cramped quarters with an eyebrow raised. “This is smaller than my room back home.”

Alavara blanched and glanced at the door. “Not so loud, Sontar. We wouldn’t want to offend our host. Space is at a premium inside the castle. It is an honor to be given lodgings.”

“If you are worried that someone might hear, I don’t suppose we might continue ... from before.”

“I sometimes forget that you have seen so little of the world.” She patted his hand and began unpacking the few things they had brought with them. “I should have prepared you more. We must act as if we are being watched at all times when we are in this room. Do you understand?”

“Crystal clear, mother.” Sontar bowed to her. “What do you need of me?”

“Dress yourself in the outfit they have provided for you. I will do the same.” Her smile was thin as she picked up the clothes they were to borrow and tossed him his outfit.

“We will present the rack at supper.”

“Yes, Mother.” Sontar hardened as his mother undressed. “Not in front of me ... please.”

“Oh ...” She could see the fervor she had caused under his clothes. “Turn around. I will do the same.”

“Of course.” Sontar tried to think of anything but his mother’s naked form, but his mind betrayed him. It was fortunate that she had drained him so thoroughly at their camp, or he might not have been able to control his urges. As it was, he held his breath as he undressed. His skin was turning from green to a sickly shade of purple when his cock finally deflated. He gasped for air and then dressed. If his mother wondered at his behavior, she said nothing. When he was ready, he turned around to see her dressed in a beautiful gown. His own clothes tugged and pulled at him in the most awkward way. He tried to stand straight. “What do you think?”

Alavara put her hand over her mouth to stifle a giggle. “I think they tried to find something that fit you, and they may have resorted to the finery of a trained bear.” When she saw his deep frown, she added, “A bear with impeccable taste and decorum.” She walked up to him and tried to fix the ill-fitting clothes, tugging and pulling the fabric this way and that. “It is a good thing you are so handsome. No one will notice the outfit.”

“I’m afraid your appraisal of my looks will be lonely in this castle. They think me a hideous monster. I have seen it in their eyes.” A sad smile tugged at his fearsome mouth as she continued to worry at his clothing with her hands.

“They may not see you as you think. But, in any case, you are my emerald jewel and don’t you forget it.” She grabbed his ear and pulled his head down toward hers. She kissed him on the cheek. “Come take a quick walk with me, and then we’ll have supper.” She led him to the door and they left their small quarters for the meandering corridors of the castle.

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“So many people, and they all seem to be watching me,” Sontar whispered to his mother while bending his head down to her level. She merely nodded and smiled at him. The massive orc was apt to stick out in the dining hall. Seated all around him were diminutive elves, an overwhelming sea of new faces. Serving the elves were many men and women.

“You are quite unusual, my friend.” The elf seated next to him jabbed an elbow into his side, spilling some of his blackberry wine. “I am Rhildor from across the river. I own three orchards.”

“Greetings, Rhildor. I am Sontar. I own no orchards.”

“Well, of course I know that.” Rhildor’s laugh was rolling and jolly. “The mind does excite at the novel, bizarre, and exceptional. How tall did you say you were?” Rhildor’s

wife stared up at Sontar from the next seat beyond her husband. She looked like she'd just met a wolf in the forest.

"I didn't say." Sontar tried to smile. "I'm not sure I've ever measured myself."

"You ... are ... big ..." Rhildor's wife stood and reached her hand over her husband. "I am Gelderel. It is a pleasure to meet a tamed orc." She blushed when Sontar took her hand.

"I am not tamed, my lady." Sontar dropped his lips to her hand.

Gelderel heaved a great sigh and almost fainted when he kissed her ring. "Oh ... my ..." She leaned heavily back in her chair, waving her hand before her face like the midday heat had overtaken her.

"As I said, it excites the mind." Rhildor smiled and gulped his wine.

The rest of supper was filled with small talk about apple thieves and harvest. When it was time, Alavara and Sontar presented the rack to the count, a priest recited a blessing for their village, and the count himself announced the opening of the dance.

Much to his surprise, Gelderel asked Sontar to dance. He looked to his mother, who gave him a quick shake of her head. But the she-elf pulled him toward the dance floor with such force that he thought it would take violence to dissuade her. Violence was not an option.

It is not easy for an elf and orc to dance, but Sontar had practiced plenty with his sisters. He hunched himself low and moved to the rhythm of the drums. He bumped into a few elves, but managed not to bowl anyone over. Gelderel wore a massive grin until the song ended. She frowned when it was time to change partners. Another elf took her turn with Sontar. And then another and another. He had thought that the she-elves of the castle abhorred him. But that didn't seem to be the case at all. They were all so beautiful in their gowns and wore such joy on their faces. When their tiny hands disappeared beneath his fingers, Sontar's heart melted.

Sontar was sweaty and buzzing when his mother cut in. Instead of dancing, she took him by the hand and led him out of the dining hall. Back in the stone corridors, the heavy thump of the drums faded behind them. Sontar could hear the rapid percussion of his own heart. "What is it, Mother? Did I do something wrong?"

She stopped and turned toward him, checking to make sure they were alone. "I'm sure you didn't mean it, but I was afraid there would be a scene."

"Is my dancing that poor?"

"You dance beautifully, Sontar. You always have." She pointed at the pavilion his rigid penis made of his breeches. "That is the problem. And the ladies noticed. I mean, how could they not? It was right in their faces."

“Oh ... no.” Sontar had so enjoyed the merrymaking that he hadn’t noticed his erection. “I’m sorry. They were all so gorgeous, and new, and at home the fairer sex barely pays me any mind.”

“Here at the castle, they adore novelty. And most have never seen a live orc.” She tapped her foot. “Can you make it go down?” She checked the corridors, but all was still clear. Everyone was in the dining hall.

“Um ... let me see.” Sontar held his breath until his skin started to turn purple.

“Stop that.” She hit his chest. “You’ll murder yourself.”

Sontar took in a deep breath. “Sorry. It worked before.” He was still hard. It was impossible to divorce his mind from thoughts of the beautiful elves who had smiled up at him. He still felt their tiny hands in his.

“Don’t say any more about it. I know a place your father and I once ... um ... it’s a secret place where prying eyes and ears won’t look for us.” She led him away at a brisk pace. They weaved their way through the castle. They only saw one servant along their way, and the woman did not make eye contact with them.

They were both huffing and puffing when Alavara suddenly grabbed a torch from the wall and ducked under a tapestry. “Come along, my jewel. We need to get you taken care of,” she called from under the fabric.

Sontar scratched his head in wonderment, bent low, and followed her. There was a door behind the tapestry.

Once they were inside, she closed it and locked it. She walked around the walls lighting torches.

“If there are torches on the walls, this place must be looked after. I do not think it is a secret.” Sontar watched his mother with an eyebrow raised.

“You are clever.” Alavara hung up the torch she carried and began undoing the laces on her gown. “There are many such places in the castle. None of them a true secret. But we are far enough away from where people would expect to find us, that I feel comfortable being your wife here. Undress, please. We cannot have you walking around with that pavilion before you.”

“How did you find this place?” Sontar wiggled and wriggled out of his clothes.

“Your father found it a long time ago.” She looked around the room wistfully. “The things we did here.”

“Are they the same things we will do?” Naked now, Sontar folded his clothes and placed them neatly to the side.

Alavara giggled. She was naked, too. "With you, things are quite different." She turned around and placed her hands on the wall, pushing out her butt. "You are more than ready, and I am as wet as I've ever been. No need for preliminaries. Take your wife quickly, and we'll get back to the dance."

"Inside?" He moved slowly into position behind her.

"There is no river here to wash us afterward. You can't make a mess of my face like you did before." She wiggled her butt. "Do you need help getting it in?"

"I can manage." Sontar had to squat low behind her to get his cock in the right position. He stared at her glistening vagina. He looked to his cock, and then back to her nether lips. It was a miracle he hadn't broken her on their travels. It was a miracle she wanted him again. "Ready yourself." He saw the muscles in her back tense. He pushed forward and entered her with a soft, wet plop.

Alavara gritted her teeth and clawed at the wall. A whistling hiss escaped her lips. Her emerald jewel accelerated his hips. He had already changed her. It wasn't as tight a fit as before. "Yes ... yes ... I am your wife ... when all those other pretty elves ... excite you ... uh ... uh ... uh ... you come to me ... for relief." Stars danced before her eyes. She could almost see the Stag constellation. She shook and cried out her pleasure. "I will ... always be here ... for you."

"Yes ... Mother ... aaaaaaggrrrrrrrrrr." His low growl joined her cries and the sounds of slapping skin. "I no longer need a wife ... I have ... you." His legs burned from the position he was in. He couldn't continue much longer. He grabbed her hips and lifted her into the air. She was tossed about like a rag doll as he pumped her with her feet off the ground. However private that room was, he wondered that the rest of the castle didn't hear her screams.

There were no more words between them, only ecstasy shared. When his orgasm arrived, he lifted one hand to her breasts and held her firmly against his chest. His roars sounded very much to Alavara's ears like an orc battle cry. But where one had turned her blood to ice, the other fanned the flames of her heart.

"I ... ugh ... feel it ... Sontar ... the heat ... inside ... I feel it." Alavara drifted though the clouds. After a while, she felt him pull out of her and place her on her feet. She turned toward him. He was still hard. "Will it ... never ... go down?" She leapt back into his arms. Soon, she was bouncing away on her emerald jewel's long pole again. The rest of the castle could have their merriment. This was the only dance she would ever want.

Chapter 4

So lost in their coupling were the orc and his surrogate wife, that the passage of time became a mystery to them. Sontar seeded his mother four times before they dressed and left their hiding place. When they returned to the main hall, the human servants were cleaning and there wasn't an elf to be found.

"It must be very late." Alavara looked up at her son with a frown and squeezed his massive hand. "We should not have missed the end of it. With any luck, the merriment was great enough that nobody noticed our absence." She turned and pulled him down the hall, walking gingerly like she'd ridden a horse hard for a fortnight. She felt like ... well ... like she'd had a massive orc penis inside her for hours. She was incredibly sore.

"You have a limp, Mother." Sontar grimaced at the sight of her gait. "May I carry you back to our lodging?"

Alavara blushed and looked around. It seemed all the castle's elves had turned in. "Yes, please." She felt light as a feather in his arms. "My big, strong emerald jewel." She kissed him on the cheek and yawned. "We have one more day here. I must meet with the provost tomorrow evening. I think I may sleep the morning away. How does that sit with you, Sontar?"

"You need your rest." He carried her through torchlit halls. "It sits well." He did not add that her touch had enlarged his cock yet again, but he wouldn't ask her to satisfy him. She was asleep in his arms before they returned to their lodgings. He tucked her into the bed, and curled up on the floor next to her, wishing his desires would ebb.

By morning, Sontar's cock had grown only more rigid. He listened to his mother's soft snores. Waking her was not an option, and neither was taking care of himself. What would he do with the mess? Cursing his rapacious carnal hunger, he quietly stood and dressed himself in his own clothes. He tucked his cock under his belt and swept on his cloak. He needed some fresh air and thought it wise not to advertise his erection as he had done accidentally the night before. "See you soon, Mother." He kissed her sleeping cheek and left the room.

The bustle of the castle shocked him. Elves and men swarmed all about the place on what seemed like urgent errands. Most stole glances at Sontar, but none said a word. He did not even hear a good morning. Lost, Sontar thought about asking directions to find a courtyard or arboretum, but he dared not stop anyone.

"Ah, if it isn't Sunbear with the no orchards." Rhildor waved and laughed. "Good morning to you."

“It is *Sontar*, master.” Sontar grinned like an idiot. It was so nice to see a friendly face. “A good morning to Rhildor of the three orchards from across the river.”

“You remember me? Ah, good.” Rhildor walked up to the orc, stood on his toes, and gave Sontar a genial slap on the back. “Where are you going, looking like a lost kitten?”

“I was off to take my morning constitutional, but I seem to have gotten myself turned around.”

“You look hungry, lad. Come back to my home. We have modest lodgings, but we have breakfast enough for three. And the walk is nice. You will get to cross the sterling bridge.” Rhildor nodded his head like it was decided and continued on his earlier route. “My wife will be thrilled to see you.” He looked over his shoulder. “Come along then.”

Sontar did not think it polite to refuse, so he followed the elf. Instead of fresh air, he had found breakfast.

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“The pie is made from our apples, of course.” Gelderel made a little squeaking sound of contentment as she watched their guest help himself to another helping.

“Are you sure you don’t mind if I have more?” Sontar looked up at the little sound. He found that she was smiling at him indulgently.

“We would be honored.” Rhildor shoved a forkful into his own mouth. “My wife and I understand that you must be very hungry.” He took a long quaff of his blackberry wine and noisily smacked his lips.

“Yes.” Gelderel nodded earnestly and took a long sip of her wine. “It must take lots of food to sustain one as big as you.”

“Well, thank you.” Sontar ate their food and listened to their small talk about the county. The glass of wine before him remained untouched. It was a little early for such nourishment for him, but he didn’t begrudge his hosts their imbibing pleasures. And they seemed to be champions of the habit. Husband and wife polished off two bottles, which was impressive for their size.

After a time, Rhildor’s head drooped to his forearm on the table. Apparently, he had commenced his morning nap.

Gelderel smiled lazily at Sontar and watched him through half-lidded eyes. “You certainly do like my pie.”

“It was delicious.” Sontar stood and politely dabbed his lips with the little napkin they had provided. He deftly avoided the rafters near his head. Navigating homes that were too small for him was second nature after eighteen years spent in an elf village. “Thank you very much for your hospitality. I must really be getting back to the castle now. Mother will wonder where I’ve run off to.”

“Not yet.” She stood and gave him the most ridiculous, pouting face. “When will we ever have such an interesting guest again? Rhildor and I are simply delighted to have you here.” She glanced at her sleeping husband like he was in full agreement. “Come, I want to show you something.”

“Very well.” Sontar still had not managed to vanquish his morning steel. If only he had been able to relieve it himself, he would not have been staring at this shapely elf’s round bottom as she led the way. The hunger inside him was maddening, and devouring the woman’s pie had done nothing to sate his craving. He needed to return to his mother and they could find a hidden spot and ... He stopped when he entered what was clearly Rhildor and Gelderel’s modest bedroom. “What ... did you want to show me?”

“I must have misspoken.” She twirled around and stumbled, catching herself on one of the bed’s four posts. “I believe *you* have something to show *me*. All the wives at the dance last night were a chatter about that pavilion in your trousers.” She caught his eye and laughed at his shock. “Yes, we all saw it. We had heard rumors about the size of orcs, but never ... of course ... have we seen one who behaved as an elf.” She strode unsteadily toward him, pulled open his cloak, and gasped. “I thought that was why you hid yourself this morning. It’s huge, just like last night.”

“I am ... I am ... more elf than orc.” Sontar was deeply offended and aroused.

“This monstrous appendage ... would disagree with you.” Gelderel reached out and touched the tent with the tip of her finger. “I must see it. I simply must.” She unbuckled his trousers, her eyes popping when removing the restraining belt allowed the bulge to stretch the fabric even more.

“Your husband is in the next room.” He stared in awe as she pulled down his trousers and his penis sprung free. “You are inebriated. We will regret this.”

“Good gods, it’s as big as my head!” She held the shaft gingerly, placed her face next to it, and laughed up at him. “As to your points, Rhildor sleeps heavily when he’s been drinking. You are right, I am quite drunk. And my only regret would be passing on such an opportunity. A situation that I am actively seeking to avoid.”

“Oh.” He contrasted her pretty face with his monstrous cock. It was indeed bigger than her head. Her little hands felt so good delicately squeezing his tumescence.

“Have you ever been with one of the fairer sex? Or am I your first?” She giggled when he stared at her blankly. “Of course, I’m your first. Do you like me? Do I please you?” She abandoned her grip on him and quickly undressed.

“You are quite beautiful, mistress.” He watched her alabaster form emerge from her dress. He ogled her as she spun for him, tripped, and steadied herself with a hand on the leaking head of his penis. Her breasts were large and ponderous, her hips flared wide, and her behind was round and inviting. “You have a much fuller body than my ...” He stopped himself just in time.

“Oh, so you have been with a female. A slim one.” It took her a moment to process that her hand was wet. “You’re leaking. Did you already finish? How disappointing.” She looked at the clear fluid on her fingers.

“That is only the beginning. There is much more at the end.”

“Oh, intriguing. I have only ever been with Rhildor, and he doesn’t begin this way.” She waved her hands at the penis. “He is quite different in many ways, actually. So ... what would you like? I am your host and seek to please you well. What does this slim female do for you that you enjoy? Shall I use my hands, or maybe you would like to try something new? I use my breasts for Rhildor, and he adores it.”

“Um ...”

“Let me see.” She tried to wrap her breasts around the shaft. She could not envelop him the way she did her husband. “Goodness ... you are a monster. Let me see ... let me see.” She pumped him with her cleavage. The head was so close to her face now. She gathered up her courage and stuck her tongue out. “Oh ... my stars. You are as delicious as blackberry wine.” She placed her mouth over his hole and drank right from the source.

“You look ... so captivating ... doing that.” That was when Sontar knew he would hump her. Whatever she had thought would happen toying with an orc, his hunger made its own plans.

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“What?” Rhildor sat up and wiped the drool from his chin. He heard a deep voice from the bedroom.

“You look ... so captivating ... doing that?” It was Sontar speaking.

Who looked captivating doing what? Rhildor’s brain was slowed by the wine. He tried to place himself in time and space.

“Wait ... we can't do that.” That was Gelderel's voice. “I just wanted to see it. Maybe have a little fun. You would destroy me with that. Wait ... wait, wait, wait.”

A low growling sound emanated from the orc.

Rhildor stood and teetered on his feet. He should burst into the room. But the sudden fear pulsing through his veins argued for caution. Their guest was a tamed orc. And his wife would never let another creature take what was rightfully Rhildor's. It sounded like she'd gotten a little carried away with their guest, but she would put her foot down. He sat back down, and put his head back on his arm. He would pretend he was asleep so when they burst from the room in a few moments, he could spare his wife her dignity.

“Oh ... my ... oh ... my ... you're really going to ...” Gelderel's voice was pitched very high. “It won't fit. It simply won't ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” The scream filled the whole house.

“She will take charge. It won't happen. It won't,” Rhildor whispered to himself despite evidence to the contrary. There was no sound but the orc's low growling for an interminable time. Then, the elf heard their bed slam against the wall with a thud. And then another thud. And another. The resounding crashes grew closer together. He knew what that sound was. She hadn't put her foot down. That's when the song started. He had heard tales that some she-elves sang the most beautiful, feral melodies when locked in coitus. But until that moment, he had never heard his wife's secret song.

In a trance, Rhildor stumbled to his bedroom. The door was open. He looked in. The orc was on top of his wife, his face a tapestry of carnal delight. His wife lay on the mattress, her legs spread wide in the air, her fingers gripping the blanket for dear life. Sontar was pure savagery. His wife's familiar face was twisted almost beyond recognition. Her breasts danced with the orc's rhythm. Her song filled their home. The orc's hips moved with unnaturally long strokes. Rhildor saw that it was due to the length of his green penis. And his wife's vagina somehow allowed it to pass, stretched beyond his comprehension. Rhildor blinked twice and blackness came for him. He fainted in the doorway, unnoticed by the mating pair.

Chapter 5

“I can feel ... the pressure of your seed ... inside me ...” Gelderel rode the massive creature as if he were her beloved husband. Of course, he was not, and it would be wrong to think she rode him as if he was. She had never had this kind of enthusiasm for Rhildor. “With ... your penis ... still inside me ... I am corked ... like a bottle of wine.” Her actual husband was passed out in the doorway, but she had yet to notice. Her hips undulated like waves on a shore.

“Does it ... ggggrrrrrrrrrr ... please you ... to carry ... my wine ... ugh ... inside you?” Sontar grunted and growled out his pleasure. His eyes roved over her body, enjoying her zaftig form. His mother had a wonderful, slim body. He looked forward to returning to her embrace. But this might be the last time he bedded a creature with such lovely curves, and he sought to commit every arch, crook, and jiggle to memory.

“Yesssssssssss ...” She looked down at her belly. It curved more than it did before he’d seeded her. “It bulges! Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... gods ... you are nothing ... like Rhildor. Uuuuggghhhhhhhh. It looks ... like ... I’m carrying a barrel ... of your libations.”

Hearing his name, Rhildor roused. He slowly sat up. His bearings were loath to return to him. The squeaking of his bed gave him the missing piece his mind needed to puzzle together what had happened. The sound wasn’t the cacophony that had pulled him to peek into the room in the first place. As he focused his eyes, he saw why. His once perfect, gentle wife was doing all the humping now. Her smaller elf body couldn’t put the kind of energy into mating that an orc could, even though she was grinding her hips at a faster pace than she’d ever ridden Rhildor. He stared at her protruding belly. *Was it ... could it be ... that the brute had stuffed his wife so full of his vile seed that he’d warped her body?*

“I wish ... I didn’t have to go. My mother ... and you ... are both perfect partners.” Sontar didn’t realize his admission, he was too enamored of this angelic creature on top of him. “Between the two of you ... I could never want for more.”

Gelderel’s hips stopped. Her dainty fingernails dug into his heavily muscled chest. She stared at him with her mouth gaping and eyes wide. “You and ... your mother ...? The mysterious, supercilious Alavara ... has raised an orc eighteen years ... so that he could be sire to her hybrid pups?” Her gaze dropped from the orc to her belly.

“I ... um ...” Sontar didn’t know what else to do, so he admitted the truth. “Yes ... she only did it to ease ... my hunger. But I have given over to my urges ... regardless.” He couldn’t bare to have Gelderel merely sit atop him, so he thrust up into her. She let out a joyous cry. So he did it again and again. Soon, he was humping up into her from below.

“Oh ... gods ... you might give me ... orc babes ... and all I can do ... oooohhhhhhhh ... is want more. What have you done ... to me?”

“Gggggrrrrrrrhhhhhhh.” The deep, wild sounds of Sontar’s pleasure saturated the room.

Hearing all their talk of orc babies vexed Rhildor enough to spur him into action. He slowly stood and pointing an accusing finger at the orc. “You ... you ... have bewitched ... my wife.” He was still quite drunk, and he wobbled where he stood. His muddled brain couldn’t decide where he’d put his sword. Was it in the room with him or by the front door? “You have repaid our hospitality with bold thievery.”

Sontar and Gelderel noticed Rhildor for the first time. They both looked stunned. The she-elf summoned all her willpower and dismounted the orc. She stood next to him on the bed. Without his cock holding the reservoir of semen back, a torrent of hot, viscous seed ran down her legs, soaking the bed under her feet. Her distended belly slowly returned to normal. “I ... um ... I ...” She looked back and forth between the orc cock standing steady and upright, and her husband, wavering on his feet and slouching like a drunkard. Her gaze finally fixed on the orc. She wasn’t ready to end things. Not yet. The pitcher of cream had already been spilled. There was no use crying. “Across the hall ... there is a wine cellar. It locks. If you place my husband there ... you can have me as you wish. I know I ask much ... but ... if you ...” Before she could continue the orc leapt from the bed, picked her up her toy of a husband, and carried him out of the room.

There was a great deal of cursing and oaths of revenge spat by Rhildor as Sontar locked him away. But after the orc closed and locked the oaken door, the elf’s shouts were muted.

When the orc strode back into the bedroom, ducking his head under the lintel, Gelderel swooned. She recovered herself a moment later, lying on the sopping mattress. Her paramour wore a concerned expression, but his cock jutted out ready as ever for their joining. “I’m fine ... fine ... you just looked so masculine entering my bedroom ... and ... the way you tossed about my poor Rhildor was truly sublime. How do you want me?” She propped herself up on her elbows and made doe eyes at him.

Without meaning to, Sontar threw his head back and roared. The whole house shook. He lifted his arms in victory, the ropes of his muscles bulging. He had conquered these elves and nothing had ever felt so right. When his carnal bellow was done, he looked back at the elf and saw fear in her eyes. “Be not afraid.” He wondered how many elves had heard an orc’s war cry without spilling blood soon after: either elf or orc blood, or most often both. But he was there to create life, not destroy it. “Turn around for me. Yes ... like that ... now extend your arms and arch your back. Your beauty knows no bounds.” He took in the luscious heart-shape of her ass and her gaping vagina below. “What you said before ...” He crawled onto their bed, moving behind her, and lowered

himself by spreading his knees. He was ready to enter her. "... do you think your fields will accept my seed?"

"You have furrowed me well, Sontar." Gelderel was sobering from the twin delights of drink and sex. Her mind was able to better regard the implications of his question. But still she did not run. She needed to feel him erupt inside her at least one more time. "And I have heard stories that our two species are not so dissimilar. Part of me prays that our progeny is impossible. Part of me ... oooohhhhhhhhhhh ... prays ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh ... otherwise." She convulsed as he entered her. The "otherwise" part of her took hold of her mind the way the orc took hold of her hair, reining her like a wild horse broken by an expert cavalier. "We ... would have ... strong ... babes ... you and I." She braced herself as his pistoning penis gained speed. Her hind-quarters absorbed the shock of each powerful thrust. "And ... I know ... that if you furrow me further ... your seed will take. I feel it ... at my core ... I ... Oooooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Her eyes rolled back, and she burst into wild, orgasmic song again. No more words were possible.

"I am honored ... that you have surrendered your tilth ... to me. And you are so very ripe ... and ready ... for conception." He had to speak loudly to be heard over her song. His hand held the flare from her hip to her waist. She was built to raise their child. That thought set his mind ablaze like wildfire burning in all directions. If she was correct and she could conceive, would his mother do so as well? Had she known and been keeping it from him? He imagined his mother with a pregnant, swelling belly. He let out a howl of delight. But his mind quickly tempered his joy. If that was so, how would they hide their love? How would he hide what he was doing now? In the space of a day, he had lost himself completely. Even knowing these things, he couldn't find the will to follow his moral compass out of the morass.

Gelderel's song circled higher and higher. She could feel his readiness. It wouldn't be long until she was again bloated with orc sperm. At the moment, the result was a necessity to her. Her lithe muscles went taut. Her eyes showed nothing but white. When he erupted in her with a ferocious roar, even her song exploded into discordant mayhem. Several minutes later she found herself writhing on the bed, sobbing for joy. She reached down and felt the torrent yet again flood out of her. The great, green body lay next to her. She turned over and hugged Sontar tightly. "My ... gods ... my ... gods ... you've turned me into a broodmare," she murmured.

Finally satisfied and spent, Sontar caressed her flaxen hair. He watched his cock slowly return to its somnolence. Thoughts that had been rudely shoved aside by his urges, came clawing back to him in full force. He had locked a respectable elf in his own wine cellar while he had seeded the elf's wife. His poor mother would be so disappointed in him when the Count readied Sontar for the gallows. How would he protect his Alavara

now that Rhildor and Gelderel knew of what she'd done? In a fit of passion, he had dug his own grave, and maybe his mother's as well. His muscles tightened.

"Shh. I feel the anxiety in your muscles." Gelderel gently stroked his massive pectoral. "We both got carried away by ... this bliss that you impart. But we can smooth out the rough edges. There is no need for worry." Even as she said it, she could hear her muffled husband thumping on the cellar door. There was reason for concern. She lay with copious, tireless swimmers working deep inside her, seeking her fields. She searched her feelings and decided they would probably succeed. "It will be fine. I will help you smooth this over."

"Yes ... I know." Sontar did not believe her lies anymore than she did. But they both wished it to be so. And for the moment, they could afford to pretend. They were sheltered for the briefest time by inaction. When they moved, Sontar knew the world would come crashing down around them.

Chapter 6

“I will part now.” Sontar hurriedly dressed himself. “If you could leave your husband locked away for some time, I would appreciate it. I know I may be asking for more than I should.” He regarded the lovely elf, still naked and stretched out on her bed. “I must find my mother and make my escape.”

“Leave him locked away?” Gelderel’s voice was faint and distracted. Her blue eyes followed the progress of his trousers as they slowly slid the most wonderful organ out of view. “I cannot do this.”

Sontar froze and stared at the elf. “So ... the gallows it will be for me.” His low voice dropped even further, until it was barely more than a deep, despondent rumble. When he’d conquered these elves, he’d never felt more himself. But he also understood that he was living up to his orc nature by having his life shortened by the hand of an elf. Such was the way of his people.

“No ... no.” Gelderel sprung from the bed, her heavy breasts wobbling from side to side. Her expression bore the semblance of one making a life-changing decision. “It will not be so. No gallows for you. I will not allow that. And what better way for me to protect you, than to come with you.” She fumbled with her underthings, struggling to put them on.

“I ... don’t understand.” He shook his head. “You will escort me back to my mother?”

“Yes, I will escort you. And I will travel with you on the morrow and the day after that.” She looked up into his face, her eyes full of pleading. *How odd that he looks so gentle now. He’d been animated by such ferocity while we had been joined.*

“You ... wish to leave ... all this?” Sontar waved at hand at the lovely room he stood in, blinking his disbelieving eyes.

“Rhildor and I have borne no children. We drink too much wine. I loved him once but ... the centuries pass.” Gelderel shook her head and changed tack. “I’ve heard from others about my most sacred song, but I thought I would never find it. On this day, you made me sing. You brought that beauty out. I cannot live the rest of my life without knowing such moments again. So, yes. I am leaving this behind and coming with you. If you will have me.”

Sontar processed her words. A deep rumble started inside him. He lifted his arms to the ceiling and raised his head. The rumble became a roar, and soon it was deafening. The house shook around him. He had so enthralled the lovely Gelderel that she could not part from him. His roar subsided.

Having heard his bellow of triumph before, Gelderel did not fear for her life this time. But she did cover her ears and tremble. When the sound faded, she offered a faint smile. "So, will you have me?"

"Yes." He picked her up and put her over his shoulder. Elves detested being carried, but he knew she wouldn't mind. "You may come with us. Maybe I can have two wives."

"Two?" She laughed as he spun her about the room.

"My mother is my surrogate wife," Sontar said. "She relieves my hunger as a surrogate wife, but ..." His smile faded, and he put her down. Would his mother let Gelderel travel with them? If so, would she deem her services as surrogate wife no longer necessary?

"I see that look." Gelderel finished dressing. She pulled a large bag from under her bed and packed it with clothes and items she could not leave behind. "You are worried that your mother will not acquiesce to my ... role in your life." She thought things over. "Gods, I've only just met this orc, and I'm cementing our fates together," she muttered under her breath. "I have lost all sense."

"What were those words?" Sontar finished putting on his clothes.

"They were nothing." She continued to pack, moving quickly about the room. "I have come to know Alavara a little over the years. She will see the sense in marrying you off to me."

"But you're already married."

"And ... I will talk some sense into Rhildor. I will tell him I'm leaving so we don't shame ourselves. If I were to stay, the whole riverbank would know what I've done. And he would never live it down." She thought through her arguments as she spoke. "I'm sure he would rather I disappear with you than live as a public milksop, losing me to ... one such as you."

"An ugly green giant, you mean." Sontar frowned.

"You are beautiful. Don't ever let anyone tell you otherwise." Gelderel closed her bag and handed it to Sontar. "Wait for me outside. I will speak with Rhildor. I will be as fast as I can."

Sontar nodded, slung the bag over his shoulder, and left the house. He felt like a fool standing under an apple tree as he waited. Surely, she would come to her senses and stay with her husband. Rhildor was an elf, while he was a brutish orc. His mood darkened. Even worse, she might barge from the front door screaming that an orc had soiled her. But Sontar's fears did not come to pass. A half hour later, she walked out the front door, a victorious smile on her face. She took Sontar's hand, and they walked together toward the river. He burst out laughing.

“What’s so funny?” Gelderel looked up at him quizzically. The grip of his hand in hers was strong, and he was so large. Hummingbirds fluttered in her belly. If she hadn’t already been wet with his sperm, her vagina would have soaked itself yet again.

“Before this trip, I was so sure that I would never have a wife. My mother had to talk me out of searching for a bride in the lands of men.” Sontar chuckled to himself.

Gelderel snorted. “A woman? How preposterous to imagine an orc with a woman. Thank the gods we found each other.” She squeezed his hand, and they hurried back to the castle. She had difficulty keeping up with his long strides, especially since she walked like a crab after what he’d done to her nethers.

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“What have you done?” Alavara glared up at her son. At her sides, her fists balled with rage.

“I ... um ... have found myself a wife. She can come back and live with me in our village.” Sontar dropped Gelderel’s hand. They stood side by side in the small chamber he shared with his mother. “This is what we wanted.”

“Gelderel is married. She owns orchards with Rhildor.” Alavara’s face was crimson with anger. “She –”

“I love Sontar,” Gelderel said. “You cannot deny me this, Alavara.”

“I cannot?” Alavara took a deep breath and walked in the confined space, looping around Sontar and Gelderel again and again. She stopped directly behind the other shelf, and rubbed her chin. “You only just met my son last night. How can you know that you love him?” She ran her fingers along the buttons down the back of Gelderel’s dress.

“He has given me something that I never –”

“Your special song? Yes, I can see it written all over your faces. You two humped like bunnies, didn’t you?” Alavara began unbuttoning Gelderel’s dress. “You buttoned this clumsily.”

“It was my fault, Mother. My hunger was ...” Sontar went silent when his mother held a finger up to him.

“I am very cross with you right now, my emerald jewel. Silence.” She opened the dress and slid it down Gelderel’s curvaceous body.

Bewildered, Gelderel stepped out of her dress. "It was my fault. I was curious after seeing the size of his ... appendage through his trousers the night before. I meant to seduce your son, but not fall in love." She looked down as Alavara removed her underthings. "What are you doing?"

"I am seeing what my son bought with his lustful indiscretions." Alavara leaned forward and whispered in her ear. "This is not love that you feel. You chase pleasure only. I love him. I raised him. Sontar is not yours."

"I know what you have done with him! I will keep it a secret." Gelderel covered her bare breasts with one arm, and her vagina with a hand. She stood naked before them, but felt none of the shame she would have expected. She was burning with fear and anxiety. She was about to lose Sontar, and she would do whatever she could to keep him. The bridges burned between her and Rhildor, Sontar was the only way forward.

"Is it to be blackmail then? You threaten me? I was only easing his pain. He is special. Any mother ..." Alavara shot her son a look. "You let out our secret? I expected more out of you. Much more."

Sontar turned his head and dolefully gazed down at her. He could do nothing more than frown.

"No ... not blackmail. I would never. I love him! Please ..." Gelderel felt a fool. She was desperate. She turned around and faced Alavara, uncovering herself. "This is what I have to offer. If ever there was an elf built for bearing orc babes, she is I."

"Orcs and elves cannot procreate." Alavara's lips pressed into a thin line. She would embarrass this elf so thoroughly, that she would run from the room. Sontar would see how little she cared for him. "If you truly think you suit my son, show me."

"Mother?" Sontar's penis lurched despite the panic in his belly.

"You want me to join with him *here*?" Gelderel looked at the walls. "We are in the middle of the castle. Someone might be listening."

"If I see you can please him, I might be inclined to let you travel with us. If you then treated him well on our travels, perhaps I would be inclined to approve of the marriage." Alavara could see the fear in Gelderel's eyes. She was close to breaking. *Let her run back to Rhildor and mend whatever fissures she had wrought in her marriage.* "You need not have sex in front of me. I am not daft. I will not have you singing your sacred song for all to hear. Let me see you please him with your mouth or those enormous sow-sacks you possess. Then we can leave the castle."

"If that is what it takes." Gelderel lowered Sontar's trousers. "Goodness, does it ever go down?" His cock was massive, standing straight out, and throbbing with his pulse. "Are you okay with this, my ... mmmmmpppphhhhhhh." She didn't wait for his

approbation before pushing the giant, domed head into her mouth. Her eyelids fluttered, and she rolled her tongue. “Mmmpppppppphhhhhhh.”

“I ... um ... I ...” Alavara’s eyes widened. She stared at the elf, bent at the waist and bobbing her head on Sontar’s cock. Elves were modest, enlightened creatures. Alavara had expected Gelderel to balk ... to run ... but not to fulfill her request. What would inspire the orchard mistress to debase herself so? Was Gelderel truly in love? Alavara let out a long, slow breath. Rage seeped out of her. When her vagina began weeping, it surprised her. The delicate elf was so much smaller than her rugged son, and Gelderel’s pretty face was misshapen and distorted by her efforts. The sight moved something deep inside Alavara. She sat on the bed and stared at the sex act. “Does it feel good, Sontar? Does she please you?”

“She is skilled, Mother.” Sontar nodded.

“Grasp her head and force more of your penis into her throat. A good wife should be able to swallow her husband’s member.” Alavara tried to keep a chill in her words.

“But Mother, you never –” Sontar tried to protest.

“Do it, my emerald jewel.” Alavara crossed her legs so she wouldn’t be tempted to touch herself.

“Very well.” Sontar’s hand spanned the entire back of Gelderel’s head. He held her and pushed her further onto his cock.

“Aaaagggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Gelderel gagged and choked. Her eyes watered as she stared up at the creature she prayed would be her new husband.

“Can you take more?” Sontar looked down at Gelderel.

Gelderel nodded her head, a quarter of the shaft having disappeared past her lips.

“Aaaaaagggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

Sontar’s balls churned. He felt the now familiar feeling of victory building inside him. He glanced at his mother and recognized the expression on her face. He didn’t know if she knew it or not, but his mother bore the visage of a conquering warrior. Together, mother and son were taming the orchard elf. He fought the urge to roar. The whole castle would be upon them in an instant. Instead, he eased the pressure on her head and let Gelderel do her work.

Gelderel had never done anything like this before. But she knew her future hinged on how well she pleased the orc. She relaxed her throat, angled her head up, and stroked his cock with her mouth as best she could. Her nostrils whistled as they sucked in air. Her body nearly rebelled. But she quickly trained herself to take him deeply down her throat. She was an elf, and so she summoned up all the grace and dignity she could

manage. “Ggggaaagg ... gaaaagggggggg.” She was able to reach halfway with each stroke. A trail of saliva hung from her chin. She grasped his massive balls and massaged them.

“Gods ... look at her.” Alavara sat transfixed. Maybe she had been too hasty. Maybe Sontar really had found himself a wife.

Chapter 7

“Oh my ... oh my.” Alavara stared wide-eyed as Gelderel did the impossible. She took most of Sontar’s massive green cock down her throat.

“Gggggrrrrrrrrrrrr.” Sontar’s muscles flexed. What looked like rage spread across his face. The growl inside him built. He didn’t care if the castle heard. He had taken this gorgeous she-elf from her husband. She was desperate to demonstrate her skill as a wife.

Alavara saw that her son was about to make a noise no one would miss. She quickly moved over to him, stood on her tiptoes, and grabbed his ear. “You cannot let your satisfaction resound about this place.” She pulled his ear, bringing his face close to hers.

“Ow ... mother.” Sontar winced. His growl died out, but his pleasure increased. It was beguiling when his mother behaved like ... well ... his mother. He grinned at her despite the pain in his earlobe.

“Listen to me, my emerald jewel.” Alavara couldn’t help but grin back. *What has my life become?* She listened to Gelderel’s breath whistle through her nostrils. The debasing gagging sounds the once graceful cider elf made impressed Alavara. Whatever else Gelderel was, she was determined. “I wouldn’t deprive you of your finish, Sontar. I know how your urges vex you. But do it quickly and quietly. Fill her belly well, and then we can get about the rest of our day. With any luck, the three of us can leave the castle without much fuss. Finish ... finish ... finish.”

“Yes ... Mother.” Sontar bit his lip to keep from howling out his ecstasy.

“Gggggaaagggg ... ggggaagggg ... ggggaaaagggggg.” Gelderel threw all of herself into the oral pleasuring. An elf was equal to any task. Even swallowing orc cock, it seemed. “Gggggggpppppphhhhhhhhhhhh.” When he erupted, she did her best to swallow, but that task eluded her. There was too much. Where Rhildor made a meandering brook, Sontar burst forth a mighty river of sperm. After only a moment, it was running down her chin and dripping to her breasts.

“That’s good. That’s my good Sontar.” Alavara released his ear and stepped back. She was proud of how little noise he made. “It was sagacious of me to remove your dress, Gelderel. Otherwise, it surely would have been ruined.”

“Mmmpppphhhhhh.” Gelderel valiantly kept trying to swallow. When her new husband was done, she fell back to the stone floor on her butt, her legs splayed to either side. She watched his monstrous testicles and penis continue to twitch as he slowly calmed down. “My ... gods.” This was her life now. She would empty him whenever and however he desired. The thought of it thrilled her.

“The two of you clean up. I ...” Alavara paused when there was a knock on the door. “Quickly, both of you move out of sight ... into the far corner.” She pointed.

Sontar could see that Gelderel was too overwhelmed to move, so he lifted her into his arms and carried her to the corner. He did his best to shrink his hulking body out of sight.

Alavara opened the door a crack and looked out. The creature outside stood slender and tall, with a fox’s face, wearing a perfectly tailored blue coat with shiny copper buttons and a richly colored sash. Alavara gave the creature a tight smile. “Good day to you, Caladdis. What can I do for you?”

“You asked me to alert you if I heard any disquieting talk of your son.” Caladdis spoke hardly above a whisper. “It seems that a well-respected elf from across the river is with the count’s seneschal, hurling about wild accusations about his wife and Sontar.”

“Oh, my.” Alavara furrowed her brows. “I will confront the man right away and put down this nonsense. Thank you, Caladdis.” She nodded to him.

“Of course, Lady Alavara.” He gave a shallow bow. “My debt is now paid?”

“Yes, thank you.” Alavara quickly closed the door. She looked over at her son and his would-be wife. She could see that Gelderel was still dazed, but Sontar had returned to himself. “Get her cleaned and dressed as best you can, Sontar. Then ready yourself. I will pack our things.”

“Will we confront Rhildor?” Confusion filled Sontar’s face.

“Of course not. I imagine he speaks the truth.” Alavara looked over with a grim calm. It had been many years since she’d seen battle, and the moment conjured a similar feeling in her. “We will run.”

~~

“Are we not departing by the same road we arrived?” Sontar was relieved to be out of the castle. He carried their pack on his back and Gelderel’s bags in his hands. They moved in the opposite direction of home, quickly sliding into the nearby wood.

“We cannot go home ... for now.” Alavara’s pace was quick enough to make Gelderel huff and puff behind her.

“But father ... and my sisters ...” A pit formed in Sontar’s stomach. “We could have Gelderel explain to them –”

“That she bound herself to an orc after centuries of peaceful marriage in an orchard?” Alavara shook her head and snorted in derision.

“Will we see our family again?” Sontar stopped at a stream. He threw the bags to the other side and helped Gelderel cross while his mother waded up to her waist. Her quiet rage unnerved him. He’d never seen her like this.

“We will find a way to put this behind us.” Alavara climbed out of the stream and rung out her skirts. “We don’t yet know what the reaction at the castle will be.” She saw the fear in her son’s eyes. “Do not worry for yourself. I will not let them hang you.”

“I am not worried for myself.” Sontar put down Gelderel and picked up her bags. “I worry for you. For our family. This is all ... my fault. I couldn’t control my urges.”

“The fault lies with me.” Gelderel lifted a hand. “My urges ... surprised me.”

“You’re both right.” Alavara nodded grimly. “Regardless, you are my son, Sontar. I won’t let anything happen to you. And ...” She turned her gaze on Gelderel. “I may be your mother-in-law someday. I suppose I’ll protect you, too.”

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The sky glowed like burning embers to the west as they made camp. Gelderel massaged Sontar’s sore muscles as he built the fire.

Alavara paused her work pitching the tent and looked over at them. “You should be preparing our meal, Gelderel. There are tubers near the stream that you can harvest.”

“My husband needs me.” Gelderel barely glanced at the other she-elf. “Take off your shirt, Sontar. I brought some meadowsweet oil in my bags. I would burnish your skin.”

“You will prepare us supper, Gelderel.” Alavara put her fists on her hips. *My whole life is going sideways because of this inconsequential cider elf.* “Now.”

“Who are you to give me orders, Alavara?” Gelderel mimicked Alavara’s body posture, using her fists on wider hips.

“I am his mother and ... and ... and ...” Alavara’s face turned crimson with wrath. This orchard elf was going to make her say it out loud. “I am Sontar’s mother and his surrogate wife. I love him more deeply than you love even yourself, Gelderel. You are only here because I allow it. You have a chance to prove yourself worthy of marriage. This is your audition to be ... um ...” They were in uncharted waters. Alavara wasn’t sure what to call her. “This is your chance to prove yourself worthy of being his deputy wife. Second to me. You will work hard as we travel, making meals, mending clothes,

and whatever else we need. After Sontar and I have ... um ... had our congress, you will be there for any excess urges he may have. Think of yourself as a vessel to carry his surplus seed. And most importantly ... you do as I say." She pointed at her son. "You will both do as I say. Understood?"

"Yes, Mother." Sontar nodded. The kindled fire crackled next to him.

Gelderel could see she'd put herself on tenuous ground again. She averted Alavara's gaze. "I am his deputy wife."

"You are auditioning to be his deputy wife. I am impressed with the way you handled his bludgeon. I am not impressed with any other aspect of your wifely duties." Alavara pointed toward the stream. "Go search for tubers while there is still light. I see that Sontar has been riled up by this discussion." She nodded to the outline of his mighty erection under his clothes. "I will see to his needs while you cook."

"Right now?" Sontar tried not to grin too broadly.

"Well, first help me finish setting up the tent." Alavara waved him over.

Gelderel did as she was told. She scampered down to the stream and indeed found the tubers as instructed. When she returned to camp, mother and son were inside the tent. The canvas of the tent shook, and its poles rattled. She could see the rhythmic outline of orc butt through the thick canvas. His growls were low and frightening. They thrilled Gelderel to no end. She found her legs trembling and her vagina gushing as she peeled tubers. Alavara's moans were much more animalistic than she would have expected from the haughty elf. Gelderel wondered if she'd hear another elf's sacred song that night. She tried and failed to ignore their copulation and went about preparing supper.

In the tent, a naked Alavara spread her legs as wide as she could and let him plunge his cock deep into her soul. With a twisted face, she looked into his strange but familiar eyes. "We will ... ugh ... ugh ... make the best ... of this ... my emerald jewel. While we're away ... from home ... in the wilds ... I will no longer need to be ... a surrogate."

"Gggggrrrrrrrrrrr." Sontar wanted to ask her to elaborate, but her wet, warm sleeve gripped his cock too tightly. It squeezed the civilization out of him. His elf family had raised him to be a good member of society, but he cared for none of that at that moment. Only conquest and satisfaction.

"I ... uuuggghhhhhhhh ... will be your prime ... wife ... and you will come first to me ... for all ... wifely duties." Alavara's orgasm was close. She pressed her hands against the massive, flexing muscles of his chest. Unlike with her husband, she couldn't simply overpower Sontar when she wanted to switch positions with him. Instead, she dug her nails into his skin and pulled to the side. He understood well enough and rolled onto his back, keeping them locked together with his cock.

“M ... m ... mother.” To Sontar’s eyes, his mother looked like a queen riding her steed into battle. He tried to judge her expression. He decided it was equal parts ecstasy, determination, and love.

“Yes ... I am still ... your mother ... too.” Alavara’s boobs bounced widely as her hips lurched with each long thrust. “I ... am both to you ... and those roles are ... ooohhhhhhhh ... not so ... aaahhhhhhhh ... dissimilar ...” She thought of finding him when he was a baby, raising him up eighteen years, completely unaware of the new mantle she would don once his needs grew. The old Alavara, who had been so naïve about orcs, was gone. She was a new elf now. A wild elf ... lost in the wilds. The thought brought both terror and ecstasy. Her eyes glassed over, and her sacred song rose from her lips.

“Yes ... Mother ... yes ... Mother ... sing ... ggrrrrrrrrrr ... sing ... aaarrrrrrgggggghhhhhh.” Sontar flipped them around again, pinning her under him. He lifted his head and bellowed out his victorious battle cry as he emptied his balls inside his prime wife and mother.

Chapter 8

“Oh ... my ... you ... really filled me.” Alavara lay next to her son. She looked over at the green mountain of muscle that made up his hulking body. She caressed his arm tenderly. “It’s well ... past supper.” They were both naked, and she could see dancing fire on the tent’s wall. “I’m exhausted. Are your urges ... quenched?”

“If you wouldn’t mind, I’d like to empty my testicles completely.” He turned his head and looked over at her, raising an eyebrow. His penis, which had been in semi-slumber, began to rise again.

“You still have more?” Alavara laughed. “I cannot relieve you again.”

“I understand.” Sontar frowned.

“Gelderel, come into the tent please.” Alavara sat up on her elbows and looked toward the tent’s entrance.

A moment later, Gelderel’s eager face appeared. “Yes ... um ... what do you need, my prime wife?”

“You’ve made supper?” Alavara thought it odd giving an elf other than her distant husband a view of her exposed vagina. But if they were to make this work, more barriers would need to fall. When Gelderel nodded, Alavara smiled. “Good, Gelderel. Sontar needs another tumble, and I need to eat supper. So, you will give it to him.”

“Yes ... of course.” Gelderel squealed with excitement and began undressing.

“But first, I would like you to drain my vagina of Sontar’s seed.” Alavara spread her legs a little wider. “It is uncomfortable to move about while it slides down the inside of my thighs.”

Gelderel’s smile faded. “You want me to drink from you like a mare at a trough?”

“Show me that you can be a good deputy wife or head back to your orchard.” Alavara shrugged.

“Mother, perhaps you should –” Sontar began.

“Stay out of this, Sontar.” Alavara patted his arm like she would a puppy.

“Um ... I’ve never ... with a vagina.” Gelderel crawled across the tent floor and stopped between Alavara’s legs. She lowered her face to inspect the leaking gash before her.

“I’m guessing you never copulated with an orc before Sontar either. Think of this as a year for new things.” Alavara put her hand on the back of the she-elf’s head and pulled her face down to her task. “Yes ... that’s good. Slurp it up ... like a good mare.

Aaaahhhhhh ... yes ... use your tongue to get it all out.” The tent filled with Gelderel’s humming and slurping as she cleaned out a vagina for the first time.

Sontar’s cock stood tall and rigid. He was mesmerized by what his mother was doing to his new wife. “Mother, when I fill Gelderel, will you drain her, too?”

“Of course not. I am your mother and prime wife. To service a second wife would make no sense.” Alavara grasped Gelderel’s hair. “Okay, that’s enough now. I think you’ve gotten most of it.” She pulled Gelderel off her vagina and dressed herself. “You may see to Sontar’s urges now. I’ll see how skilled you are at cooking.”

“Yes, thank you!” Gelderel wiped her lips with the back of her hand. She had slurped out a good deal of salty orc sperm. She could also taste Alavara’s excitement on her lips. Gelderel shuddered and mounted her new husband. “Rhildor always said I was good in the kitchen. I think you will ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh ... enjoy ... oooohhhhhhhhhhhh ... the meal.” She skewered herself on the enormous cock and slid down its great length. “Oh ... gods ... such a thing ... has no business ... in an elf ... but it feels ... right at home.”

Alavara crawled out of the tent and served herself some tuber stew. Rhildor had been right, it wasn’t bad. She ate slowly and listened to the violent mating in the tent. Gelderel had greatly complicated their lives, but at least she was eager to be a good wife. And realistically, Sontar’s urges were too much for any one she-elf. They had a long journey ahead, and Alavara knew she wouldn’t make it if her son’s lust made her permanently bow-legged. Sitting by the fire, Alavara ate, watched the stars, and thought about the road ahead.

~~

They went north for a long many days, and then turned west. Each day, Gelderel humped, cooked, mended, slurped, and generally did as she was asked. Every task was performed under Alavara’s watchful eye. There was little to find fault with. Gelderel barely even talked back anymore.

The crisp, pale light of morning gathered itself in the east as Alavara savored her breakfast of rabbit stew. “Excellent victuals today, Gelderel.” The warm stew mixed pleasantly in Alavara’s stomach with orc sperm. On most days, she made certain that she was the first to relieve Sontar.

“Mmmppppphhhhhhhh.” Gelderel couldn’t give a proper thank you for the compliment, because she had her mouth suctioned around an enormous penis. She bobbed her head with vigor, hoping to coax out his seed with enough time to ride him

before they had to break camp. Above her, Sontar's growls grew deeper and more frightening. That was good, Gelderel knew that meant he was going to explode in her mouth soon.

"We'll work our way up the mountain pass today." Alavara's vagina flooded upon hearing the beastly sounds her son was making. He would soon roar loud enough to echo back across the lake. She watched Gelderel's skill at her task. She was making a very fine deputy wife indeed. Almost, but not quite, worth the trouble she had brought them. "It will get colder up there, and the way will be harder. There are troll caves along our path. When we descend on the other side, we'll face the Sea of Sands." Alavara held a suspicion about her health, and for the first time was setting a definite destination.

"Mmmppphhhhhh," Gelderel said.

"Rrroooaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr," Sontar said. He thrust up his hips and held Gelderel's head as he unloaded.

Alavara smiled. She hoped they would all still have the energy for copulation once the journey became difficult.

~~

It was high on a snowy mountain pass that Alavara accepted that she was pregnant. She was sitting under a tree and watching her son and Gelderel mate when her suspicions were replaced by truth. There was a nascent life inside her. Elves weren't supposed to be able to make offspring with orcs. Could it be her husband's child? She shook her head. That was not possible.

"You ... are ... mine ... aarrrrrgggggggggggggg." Sontar's roar was deafening as he held Gelderel off the ground and took her from behind.

"Not so loud ... my emerald jewel." Alavara shivered and pulled her cloak tighter around her. "There are trolls about."

"Aaaarrrrrrgggghhhhhhhhhhh." Sontar slammed Gelderel's delicate body with one final thrust and emptied himself inside her.

Alavara put a hand on the pommel of her sword. It was easier to go unnoticed in the forests controlled by elves. But up here, they would be lucky to avoid attention. And she now had another life to protect.

~~

The first attack came two days later when they were making their way through an icy ravine.

“You brought us elf meat, thanks, little brother.” A troll stepped in front of them and addressed Sontar.

“You brought us orc meat, thanks haughty bitches.” Another troll cut off their retreat behind them.

Sontar carried only a bow and dagger for hunting. The elves in their village had not wanted him to learn martial skills for obvious reasons, so he was not skilled with a blade like his mother. Gelderel had lived a quiet, peaceful life in an orchard. Perhaps if she'd had apples, she could have thrown some at the trolls.

Fast as lightning, Alavara unsheathed her blade, leapt high into the air, and sliced neatly and precisely across the first troll's neck. The creature gurgled and fell. She turned to find that Sontar had been too slow to draw his weapons. The rear troll held his throat with both hands, trying to cut off his air.

Gelderel uselessly beat on the troll's enormous hand.

How odd to see a creature that dwarfs Sontar. As Alavara's boots sped across the snow, she wondered what an elf family could do with a troll if it was raised from a baby in a peaceful village. The thought left her as quickly as it had come. Sontar was on his knees in front of the troll. Alavara vaulted off his shoulder and plunged her sword directly into the troll's left eye, making sure she applied enough force to punch through the skull. These weren't the first trolls she'd killed. She landed on its chest as it fell backward. The creature was dead on impact. She pulled her sword and cleaned it on the creature's dirty clothing.

“Sontar ... sweet husband ... are you okay?” Gelderel hugged Sontar tightly.

“On your feet, Sontar.” Alavara sighed. It was lucky they were crossing the mountains before her belly swelled. She didn't know how well she could fight with a half-orc baby kicking inside her. “There may be more trolls.”

“Yes ... Mother.” Sontar rose, carefully inspecting his throat with his fingers. “You were amazing.” He looked at his small mother with awe. He'd heard stories but had never seen her in a fight before.

Alavara curtsied. “You should have seen me in my youth.” She checked the trolls for anything valuable, although she didn't expect anything useful. “Are you hurt?”

“I'm fine.” Sontar nodded.

“That’s good. And next time you’re about to ejaculate in the mountains, what will you do?” Alavara looked over at her son sternly.

“I will find my climax quietly.” He bowed his head.

“Very good.” Alavara found nothing useful. They moved out of the ravine and on with their journey.

~~

By the time they were wending their way out of the mountains, Alavara was starting to show. Gelderel was the first to notice.

“Mmmppphhhhhhh.” Gelderel was between Alavara’s legs, slurping the sperm out of her. She looked up at the other she-elf with inquisitive eyes.

“You may remove your mouth from my vagina if you have something to say.” Alavara raised an eyebrow.

Sontar chortled next to them. He lay on his side, his cock ready for another round.

Gelderel sat back on her knees. “Your belly has a roundness that it did not before. I know you haven’t been eating extravagantly. And you have certainly been getting enough exercise dispatching trolls.” Gelderel had watched Alavara kill five more trolls as they descended from the mountain passes. “Are you ...?”

“Yes, I am with child. I have known for some weeks now.” Alavara was aware that her son had stopped breathing at her words.

“It can’t be ... mine.” Sontar wheezed.

“It isn’t your father’s. And there is no one else. I have only been with you and your father.” Alavara shrugged.

Gelderel’s face worked its way through a series of emotions, from horror to awe to introspection to joy. “I ... I ... will then also have your baby. You’ve put enough sperm in me to float one of the king’s barges.” She put a hand to her belly. “It must already be growing inside me.”

“This is why I set our sights on the Mottled Forest. There is a mage there that will know what to do with such pregnancies.” Alavara pointed to her vagina. “Now finish up your cleaning, I have chores to do.”

Gelderel ignored her. “Sontar!?! Are you happy? I will carry your child.”

“Mother asked you to finish up.” Sontar put his hand on the back of Gelderel’s head and guided her back to his mother’s vagina. “I thought orcs and elves couldn’t breed, Mother.”

“I thought so, too. But you must be special in more ways than one.” Alavara leaned back, enjoying Gelderel’s slurping. “Maybe it’s because you were brought up by elves.”

“Hmmm ... maybe.” Sontar nodded. “I’m not sure what to think.”

“That is ... ooohhhhhhhh ... wise my emerald jewel.” Alavara started to tense. She was going to have an orgasm, as she so often did recently when Gelderel drank sperm from her vagina. “We will ... uuuggghhhhhh ... sort this all out ... in the ... Mottled Forest.”

Chapter 9

“Come here, by the fire.” Alavara beckoned to Gelderel. They were near the Sea of Sands. The wind had picked up speed over that vast wasteland, shaking the trees around them.

Sontar perked up, eyeing his mother as he relaxed with his back to a log. His cock stiffened with interest. Whenever his prime wife ordered his deputy wife about, Sontar responded with an erection.

“Very good ... disrobe, Gelderel. Let’s have a look at you.” Alavara placed a hand on her own belly, which was quite full and round by now.

“Yes. Of course.” Gelderel quickly undressed. She stood naked, facing her new family, the firelight dancing on her pale skin. An owl hooted nearby. “Do I please you?”

“You are quite rotund. It seems a gravid state becomes you. You look healthy.” Alavara nodded with approbation. “What do you think, my emerald jewel? Does she seem suited to carry your children?”

“She looks beautiful, Mother.” Sontar glanced at Alavara’s tight face. “But not as beautiful as you.”

“Thank you, Sontar.” Alavara smiled and turned her attention back to Gelderel. “In all your years in the orchard, you never bore Rhildor children?”

“We thought I was barren.” Gelderel stared at the rising tent in her orc husband’s pants.

“That *is* interesting. The mage we seek will want to know such facts.” Alavara sighed and relaxed. “At any rate, it is good that you’ve taken to your new state in such a robust fashion. The journey across the Sands will be difficult without horses. We will have to leave much of our things behind and carry water instead.” She caught the look in her deputy wife’s eye. “Oh, for goodness sake, you may have a go with Sontar. I’m weary from the day’s journey, but I can see you two continue with boundless energy.”

“Thank you!” Gelderel ran to Sontar, her pregnant body jiggling as she quickly removed his trousers. Once his tower was released, she wasted no time in slurping his cockhead into her mouth.

“Ah ... thank you ... Mother.” Sontar could feel the passion building in him, ready to burst forth like an angry volcano. It was good they were no longer in the mountains. He did not have to hold back his growls and screams for fear of trolls. “Should I take her ... uuugghhhh ... to the tent?”

“No, my emerald jewel.” Alavara settled into her spot. “I would watch you two mate tonight. She does look beautiful swollen as she is.” She made a spinning motion with her hand. “Take her reverse saddle. I want to see her belly shake.”

“Yes, Mother.” Sontar lifted the elf’s sucking mouth off his cock, spun her in the air, and skewered her facing away from him. Her ass was quite full for an elf, but it looked tiny compared to his heavy, green cock. He slid her down his long pole.

“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... it’s almost there ... it’s almost ... there ... it has touched my soul ... oooooohhhhhhhh.” Gelderel bounced with wild abandon, gripping his thighs with her delicate fingers.

“What a sight.” Alavara’s hand slipped under her dress. “Where you two get such energy ... I cannot say.” She masturbated herself to several orgasms while Gelderel and Sontar howled together like crazed banshees.

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They arrived at the forest’s edge, moving slower now that both women were quite large. They camped that night by a babbling brook, filling extra water skins that they had taken from the trolls.

“I’ll carry all the water. You two must conserve your energy.” Sontar looked over at the naked elves as they took their last bath until they reached the other side of the Sea. He was naked too, his penis dangling into the water. As he watched his wives, his cock no longer touched the brook. It rose above the water of its own accord.

“That is prudent.” Alavara nodded, noticing his rigid member. “We’ll carry a few necessary supplies.” She nodded to his penis. “Do you need relief?”

“Yes, please.” Sontar smiled.

Gelderel tensed, hoping it would be her turn. Her face fell when his mother waded over to him.

“Lift me up, Sontar.” Alavara looked up at him with pride. She almost let out a giggle when he pulled her from the water.

“My beautiful mother.” Sontar cradled her back with one arm and held her legs with the other. He inserted himself in that sideways position so that her belly would not get battered and bumped as they mated.

Gelderel stood in the cold stream and stared at them, furiously rubbing her vagina. When mother and son were done, Gelderel kneeled in the stream between Alavara's legs and drank deeply of her husband's sperm secondhand.

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Several days into their crossing of the Sea of Sands, all three travelers were too tired for anything other than making camp.

The heat of the daytime hours was something more than what Sontar had thought possible. He didn't understand how it could be followed by such bitter cold at night.

In the tent, Sontar held his wives close. They were all naked under their one blanket, shivering and sharing body heat. The moons above cast silver light outside the tent flap, turning the wasteland into a sterling sea.

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A week into their crossing, Sontar was sure they would die. He carried most of their equipment now. They had abandoned the extra water skins as each became empty. They were out of food, low on water, and the sun had burned the skin of each.

Alavara shielded her eyes and scanned the horizon. "We're close," she croaked.

Sontar looked ahead but all he saw was more sand. His mother was in the lead, he stumbled behind her. He looked back. Gelderel was a ways behind, following in their footsteps. They were plodding. For the first time, he was regretting seeding them. Their pregnancies were slowing them down to a crawl. They might be the reason they would never make it to the far, forested shore.

What would future travelers think when they found the bones of an orc and two elves traveling way out in the middle of the Sea? He imagined their bafflement.

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Alavara had been right. It was early the next morning when green became visible on the horizon. They were too tired to shout for joy. Instead, they willed their bodies to cross the last, long stretch of sand.

In the evening, all three floated on their backs in a crisp, blue lake. The elves were bobbing islands of toes, bellies, heavy breasts, and blond hair. Only Sontar's sleeping cock, toes, and face bobbed above the water. They stared up at the cerulean sky. The first clouds were just turning pink above them.

"Gods, I've never been so happy for a drink." Gelderel splashed some water with her hand toward her husband. She didn't have energy to create more than a modest spray.

"We'll hunt tonight. Then spend several days resting here." Alavara felt almost weightless in the water. It was perfect for a body that had felt like it had been carrying the weight of the world. "We have no pots or pans anymore, so supper will have to be roasted." And indeed it was. They roasted venison over their fire that night, Sontar turning the spit. They ate with ravenous hunger. Finally satiated, they retired to their tent. The temperatures were more mild in the forest. That night they slept peacefully, cuddled together above the blanket.

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They ate, drank, and slept. Eventually, the burns on their skin healed and their strength returned. On the third day, Sontar woke with his first erection since the Sea of Sands. "Mother ... Gelderel ... I think I've recovered." He shook them awake.

"That you have." Alavara stretched and gazed at his monstrous penis. "When your father and I saved you all those years ago, I never would have thought we'd end up here. I could not have conceived it. But now we have conceived many things." She stood in the tent, leaned over, and took his cockhead past her lips. She didn't let him finish in her mouth, instead, she climbed on top as his growls increased in intensity. She bounced on him with all the energy she had recuperated.

"Aaaaahhhhhh ... Mother ... aaahhhhh ... ggggrrrrrrrrrr ... Mother ..." Sontar snarled as he emptied inside her.

Then it was Gelderel's turn. She wasn't as recovered as Alavara, so she lay on her back, spread her legs, and beckoned Sontar on top of her. Her feet bounded in the air as the large orc had his way with her. Her soft, high-pitched cries turned into her most sacred song. It somehow harmonized with the low growling of Sontar's passion.

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They traveled on from there. When they were within sight of the mammoth trees of the Mottled Forest, they paused to take it in. Alavara put her finger to her lips and pointed. In front of them, there was another group of traveling companions. These included a human man, two human women, three she-elves, and a few horses.

“An odd menagerie,” Sontar whispered.

“So are we.” Gelderel laughed softly. “There are elves there. Do you think they’re going to see the same mage?”

“Could be.” Alavara shrugged. “Best to let them disappear before we head in.”

As they watched, the new travelers made their way into the wall of trunks that made the edge of that great forest.

“Perhaps we should ask to join with them? The Mottled Forest is dangerous.” Sontar frowned.

“Unknown traveling companions are dangerous, too.” Alavara rubbed her belly through her dress. “And we have more lives than our own to care for.”

“I won’t let anything happen to you.” Sontar lifted his mother into a hug. “I love you, Mother. My perfect surrogate wife.” He paused. “My perfect prime wife, I mean.” A few seconds later, he lifted Gelderel into a three-way embrace. “And I love you, Gelderel. My perfect deputy wife.”

“I love you, my emerald jewel.” Alavara’s voice was muffled by the hug.

“Yes,” Gelderel agreed.

Eventually, he put them down. They stood next to him, each gripping his side. They looked out at the forest. The other travelers had vanished into its shadows.

“Come now.” Alavara smiled. “Let us see what new adventures await.”

THE END