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THE DWARVEN BOOK OF ORCS

an Orc yaoi story written by Lustful_Orcs

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DESCRIPTION: A human discovers that things aren't always what they seem and that a book of ten chapters sometimes has eleven. *explicit humanoid yaoi; Orc x human pairing*

WARNING: This story is quite explicit and is rated Triple X, NC-17 meaning it is suitable for **ADULTS ONLY**. It contains explicit descriptions dealing with -homosexual gay sex between males of the same gender- and in addition to that contains scenes that might be regarded as distasteful or even disturbing. Liking or disliking this story or its direct or implied content is in no way indicative of the sexual preference of the reader. All acts take place between consenting adults and are fictional. The writer's sole intent is to provide the reader with an entertaining or even stimulating reading experience. The writer can not be held responsible for anything closely or remotely associated with this story, sentient life or the universe in general. Protected by international copyright laws. This story or parts thereof may be kept, multiplied and printed for personal use or that of single acquaintances at the same time, but may not be quoted or publicized without expressed consent of the writer.

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Open your mind, buckle up and enjoy the ride!

Lustful_Orcs

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Okratan roared with laughter and smacked his mug of beer against his friend's with such force beer and froth shot up and showered down on the two Orcs.

"BUT ME SURE RUMPED HIM !" the Orc roared in triumph and they gulped down a pint between them. They slammed down the mugs, put their hands wide apart and bent forwards over the oak tabletop, facing each other up close with stern, earnest looks.

Then they belched loud and long, their hot breaths of spirits and hops mingling and stroking their faces. They suddenly drew back and slammed their foreheads together, grabbed and slammed their mugs together and emptied them out.

"MOOOOOARR !" Okratan demanded and the annoyed human innkeeper brought them another gallon jug of his cheapest ale.

Ortax filled his mug and then his friend's, not even bothering to stop pouring in between, making more beer spill from the ale-covered tabletop on their shiny green legs.

They grabbed their mugs and slammed them together again.

"HERE BE TO -FUCKING- TROOP OVERSEERS!" The two massive Orcs clearly were oblivious to the customs of humans, and the few that remained sat at the periphery of the tavern, exchanging worried looks.

"WE TOOK TURNS THE FOUR OF US !" Okratan roared.

"WHO BE THE GRUNT NOOOWW !!" The other Orc warrior bellowed and more unhinger went down their gullets. They slammed their mugs down again and repeated their belch-and-bounce routine once more. Ortax' paw shot under the table. "Me gots Orc itch.." he growled and vigorously rubbed it.

"If Orc got itch Orc go scratch !" Okratan laughed, grabbed a handful of hazelnuts and threw them at his friend.

"TENN-SIONN !" he roared and Ortax lewdly growled at him with his sharp fangs bared.

"Me wisssh me be grunt in Halftroop of yous.. Hmmm.. me'd fucked him senseless..."

A thin wooden stick whipped down on the tabletop, splattering the two Orc Army grunts with beer. Slowly they turned their heads and tried to focus on the angry human innkeeper who swung his stick at Ortax.

"Will you stop -masturbating- in my tavern ya fucking Orc?!" Okratan dizzily peered under the tabletop to get a glance of his buddy's Orctail.

“WHAAA-HAHAHAH ! ORC CAUGHT WITH A HANDFUL !” he roared and Ortax hissed in excitement. The innkeeper prodded the Orc’s massive green chest.

“You’re still jerking that –thing- of yours ya fucking swine!”

“Huah hah hah.. Innkeep be liking a taste or a pokie?” the heated Orc hissed and roared in pain when the innkeeper’s stick hit his bulging biceps. He rubbed the cramping muscle of his bulky arm and cast the innkeeper a glance of pain and wonder.

“Why.. Why you huemon go and be hitting? We Orcs just be having fun..”

“Well not in the Silver Dragon yer not! Get the –fuck- out of my tavern.” The innkeeper held his stick an inch from Ortax’ snout. The Orc squinted his big green eyes, saw the slender stick was wet with ale and started licking it. Innkeeper Hamuc got as ballistic as a human could when faced with an Orc that outweighed him by fifty pounds of green-clad beef. The human whipped Ortax’ shoulder hard with the thumb-thick stick, making the Orc grunt aloud and grab the bulging muscle. He started growling in mounting displeasure, but Okratan slapped his face with a loud smack to get his buddy’s attention.

“Orc had it coming: huemons no like see Orcs tug it in front of them!” The agreement of the bigger Orc gave the human more confidence who whipped Ortax over his shoulder blades to get the drunk Orc’s attention.

“Out!” he whipped the Orc’s back again,

“Out ya fucking swine!”

Okratan chugged his beer and got up. Ortax shrugged his shoulders and got up as well. His Orc Army loincloth tented a good eight inches, and this combined with his total lack of a rump-flap made the bulky Orc quite something to behold. Innkeeper Hamuc was beside himself with anger.

“You fucking lustful swine..” He growled and whipped his slender stick to the smaller Orc’s chubby green tummy. Ortax shrieked aloud and clutched his soft belly groaning in pain, his bending over making the Orc’s sizable green rump even more prominent than it already was.

Hamuc’s eyes seemed to explode as he took in half the air the tavern held. He raised his stick and whipped it across the bent Orc’s shiny green buttocks. Ortax shrieked aloud and clutched his blazing rump while Okratan roared with laughter.

“OUT !! OUT YOU BARE-ASSED SWINE !!” Hamuc shouted and while Okratan dragged his buddy along by his snoutring the innkeeper flogged the smaller Orc’s rump until the door shut behind them.

The night air was cool, quite refreshing after the hot summer’s day’s heat that still lingered in the tavern. Ortax had found support by holding on to his bigger friend’s shoulder and moaned softly.

“uhhhh.. Rump be stingie-hot and ouchie..” Okratan plunged his hand into a rainbarrel they passed and gently rubbed his friend's blazing rump with the soothing water.

“It good?”

“mmmmh.. It real good. You good friend of Orc...”

“Us Orc buddies go cuddle up for night?” Ortax let the words sink in, distracted by a gentle finger tracing the divide between his hams.

“Oww.. Me knows Orc too well.. Orc want go and rump Ortax..” Okratan's stroking did nothing to lull his chubby friend's Orctail.

“That bad?”

“mmmmmmh.. You too big for pokie.. Orc know that.. And me need go back to stables to cuddle up with Halftroop. It be order and me already late.. Moon be too high.”

Okratan smiled, turned and faced his buddy of old.

They thudded their chests together and hugged, while licking their cheeks and locking their tusks, rubbing their backs and bare buttocks as their Orc hearts thumped in unison.

“Tomorrow..” Okratan's growl held mesmerizing promise and Ortax gave his big friend's cheek a playful jab with his tusk. Their snoutrings clanged as they pressed their snouts together, looked deep in each other's eyes and then turned sharply, parting in opposite directions.

As Okratan walked the tickle of the ales dwindled already. Alas, how he envied the Dwarves and huemons who could drink and be in spirits for hours because of it. Orcs got drunk like anyone, but the tickles of wine and beer alike dwindled rapidly when they stopped doing so.

He smiled broadly, now recalling they were thrown out of the tavern without having payed. True, the beer was off, it was the soured kind of cracked barrels, the spoilt beer none but the Orcs liked drinking, sold at a halfpint's price per gallon jug, but nonetheless four jugs had passed between them so it did count.

Awww, getting more sober one street after another and no nookie tonight, as his Halftroop left him in the huemon city of Hindevelt to watch the gear while they were off travelling from farm to farm to buy some rye for next year's planting.

He sighed.

His Halftroop.. His four Orc Army friends were getting it on right now no doubt, playing and cuddling up by a fire in a field somewhere. Mmmm.. The scents of their sweats and musks of arousal, all the tastes from all over their bodies, from the soles of their ticklish green feet to the tips of their pointy green ears that made any Orc squirm in delight if you nibbled at them just right. It had been a mere four days but how he yearned to be back in that cuddle pile again. Cuddlepiles! Where the musks

and flavours mingled with moans and groans as strong Orcish bodies slick with their sweats and slimes squirmed, teased and pleased until the last desire was quenched and they yielded to the night, needing no warmth by the heat of their green Orcish bodies that often hugged and cuddled on until the deepest of sleeps overcame them. Damn! With Ortax under orders this would be one of those tugging nights again..

Okratan left for the periphery of the city to the stables. It was common knowledge that when in huemon towns Orcs slept in stables. Huemons were harsh to deal with in a bad way and offered them no lodging. The lower rank Orc Army officers refused to leave their grunts to themselves and with a few Orc taverns present it was simple fact that Orcs slept in stables. Not only did it rid them of huemon hostilities but the price of a copperpiece for a stablebox that easily held a Halftroop could not be beat, and some stables welcomed Orcs and approved of their cuddling up. Perhaps horse tender Vozall was on shift again. Okratan smiled.

That huemon liked Orcs a little more than he admitted to himself, and when he got on his knees and tugged it under Vozall's watchful huemon eyes he not only got to keep his copperpiece but also got some lusts going for them both, just as long as he played along with the silly game that Vozall did not like Orcs.

Heh, dumb huemons.. Why just look if you can cuddle up and join in? But with every shift he got closer and closer to making the huemon unbuckle, and in fact had a five-day gurkie bet going with his friends the cute huemon was going to at least tug his Orctail before they returned.

A clattering of hooves echoed through the street and a coach rattled by. Okratan wouldn't have noticed it particularly, were it not the coach had halted some twenty yards in front of him, half-turned, almost blocking the road.

Even in his bedazzled state Okratan got a strange feeling because of it. He looked closely.

The coach was nicely rounded, black in colour with beautiful ornaments in silver and a Nobleman's emblem on its door. Two big horses pulled it, fine, fine black Orc horses from Ritdent breed, no less. This was a private coach, a coach obviously belonging to a House of wealth. The window of the coach had a finely woven black curtain in front of it, bearing the same heraldry.

Okratan scratched his chin.

Then he scratched his tummy.

Just when he wanted to scratch his backside a voice from within the coach addressed him.

"Orc. Approach." It was a male huemon voice that had the ring of nobility about it, clear and pleasant, but clearly a voice seldom opposed.

Okratan now developed all sorts of itches to scratch. It did not dawn on him it was instinct, the wine still clouded that, Orc instinct cloaked by the beer like the coach window through which the nobleman could look at him, but which denied him sight of the one addressing him.

“Orc. Step up to the coach.” And Okratan –did- it, hesitantly, contrary to any instinct born into him he did so. The voice had up until then sounded neutral but now it had acquired a tremble as the nobleman once more.

“A fine specimen. Take him.”

Before Okratan could fathom what this implied two huemons jumped off the coach, one pulling a gunny bag over his head and tugging a shutting cord. Immediately a soft but heavy thing thudded down hard on Okratan’s head, making stars shoot in front of his eyes.

Roaring aloud he tried to get free of the bag, but the shutting cord proved one that would not open, and the coarse gunny bag was made of well-woven strong fibers.

Bright lightning shot in front of his eyes when he got walloped hard on his head again, making him stagger and robbed of his sight he flung his arms about uncontrollably.

The next wallop made him fall to his knees, it hit him again, and one more time still, until a darkness unimaginable came over him and he fell faint onto the cobblestones.

Amidst the darkness a moaning was heard. It was a moan of helplessness and despair.

Slowly it dawned on Okratan it was he himself who was moaning.

His eyes fell open and he slowly regained sentience. A vague flickering light bounced off a white ceiling high above.

Okratan’s head hummed a little, but he had merely fallen into slugging-sleep and he knew no harm was done, he just had been out for some time which was a grave danger to all but harmless to Orcs when it felt like it did. He had seen far worse and emerged from that with no harm done because of it.

Okratan slowly came to his senses.

He lay on some soft, padded mat that felt like leather which supported his head, back and buttocks quite comfortably. The warmth of the mat proved he lay there for some time.

His arms were stretched out above his head, and just like his legs they were spread some four feet apart, suspended in mid-air by something sturdy that held his wrists and ankles, he could wiggle his limbs a little but not bring them together or move them more than five inches in any way.

At first Okratan wasn’t the least bit concerned by this. In fact, the soft mat was quite comfortable in his drowsiness and wiggling his limbs about felt good to him. He tugged and pulled a little but his limbs were insistently held. He pulled harder, but to no avail. A bit annoyed he started really pulling at the funny things that creaked by his strength but they held him like he was.

Then it dawned on him he was held by shackling belts, and that he had been knocked out by slugging in a hostile attack.

Immediately he was wide awake and alert by a jolt of raging Orcish fire.

He was caught, shackled, strapped to a bench of sorts with shackling belts on short chains!

He looked left, he looked right, but nothing but darkness engulfed him. He looked down and gasped for air in shock.

Behind the bench three huemons gazed down on him. The one in the middle wore a vermillion red robe with the same emblem that had been on the coach. Over his shoulders a he wore a crimson cloak. He looked Highborn as huemons go, and looked down on him sternly but not overly hostile.

The two huemons that flanked him, standing a little back, both wore the same clothing: They wore black leather vests studded with goldbrass points and equally black masks enveloping their heads, the holes for their eyes and mouth were cut such they looked quite menacing. They each held a candle in front of their chests and these shed the only light in the room.

Okratan frantically pulled and tugged at his leather shackles but beside creaking by the force the half-inch thick belts did not yield, not the least bit in fact. He started squirming and his huge green muscles bulged as he tried all he could to break free.

“A Dwarven interrogation bench made for Orcs. It’s old I grant you, but you can count on it being quite effective in holding you like that. Cease your struggling, green one. Or struggle for all your worth as the look of it pleases me.”

Okratan felt humiliation rolling over him and stopped his struggling for now.

“Rrrrelease Orc or you go PAY !” The crimson one smiled in amusement.

“Good. The sound of your voice agrees with me. Nobody says “Orc” quite like the Orcs do themselves.”

“Set me frrrree and you go LIVE, puny huemon.”

“Aaah: puny.. I guess we must be to one as formidable as you. Just look at you: A real strong Orc boar laid out in front of me. A –warrior-.. A proud Orcen warrior !”

Okratan blinked. Orcen.. Huemons sprang from the womb and fell to the earth within a century, and yet this one, barely thirty-five huemon years old, used an ancient word for his Orcish kind lost to all but a few by the succession of centuries since.

“You look amazed, green one.” The huemon spoke calmly, fixed in fascination.

“Let go of Orc or Orc go kill you when free..” Okratan growled menacingly, he would scare a giant with his tone of voice, had he not been helplessly strapped down like he was.

“Light the fires.” The two masked huemons backed away and lit four oil torches in the four corners of the huge room, large as a tavern and three times as high. Okratan looked around.

All sorts of things decorated the walls. The first thing that caught his eye was a war banner of his own Orc Tribe. It was ancient, a big green flag bearing a yellow hexagon and the Ritdent emblem of old. He saw Orc Army spears, crude ones that were older than time itself, the legendary Zarahic spear with the black steel octagon rod and the long slender blade that zig-zagged left to right to a point, the steel still shining like it must have shone eleven centuries ago. He saw Orc Army loincloths, most ragged and discarded centuries ago, tusk necklaces and talismans long forgotten. But he saw also a collection of things made by Dwarves to be used on his kin: Orc-mocking masks, shackle contraptions for all sorts of ways to restrain Orcs from the smallboar to the twenty foot Orc giant, a collection of Orcwhips, a boarcatching-net with the dried up sticky stuff still on it. He also saw common Orcish items, such as coins from many tribes hanging from thin nails through their triangle, square, hexagon and octagon holes.

"A fine, fine collection is it not?" the crimson one gloated in pride.

"Let Orc go..." Okratan growled.

"I think not.. Now all has come to completion. The greatest collection of Orcen artefacts in human hands, MY hands, lining the walls of my treasure room.. And in the midst of it my very own Dwarvish interrogation bench with my very own Orc strapped to it.

Okratan's eyes widened.

"...You go kill me?"

"Oh no-no-no! Nothing of the sort, have no fear green one.."

"Me no fear me roaring mad and go tear you to shreds if not release Orc RIGHT NOW!"

"In a few days I shall release you and you're free to use your claws on me then if you so desire. But until that time the straps stay on until I've had my way with you.. Orc." Okratan snorted in displeasure.

"What you go do to Orc?" The Crimson One smiled kindly.

"It was about four years ago I got hold of a book. It cost me ninety goldpieces but it was well, well worth the investment. You want to see it?"

"Show Orc book." Okratan growled, quite angry but a little curious about what this odd tale had to do with him. The human snapped his fingers and one of his servants walked off and returned with a book. It was small, yet a good three inches thick. It was clad in old leather now hardened and cracked but looked good for its appearant age.

"This is my prize. It is a Dwarven book, Rigorai mountain, dating back well over four hundred years yet still quite the read. It's about you, Orc. Or rather, your ancestors I think, as you seem too young to have lived back then."

Okkatan growled. This was serious. Over four hundred years ago the War of the Mountains still raged. A Dwarven book on Orcs from that era sounded quite ominous to his pointy ears and made him visibly nervous.

“..The book was written on request of the Council for Order and Discipline of Mount Rigorai.” Okkatan gulped. A Dwarf Army book. Wartime. About Orcs. His Orcish body strapped on a Dwarvish contraption –designed- for Orcs and a huemon bent on having his way with him using that horrible book.

“It’s composed by The Orc-Breaking Committee and it is called: ‘Making Orcen Warriors Yield: Breaking The Orcboar Captive.’ ..I had to learn Gimalc Dverk to be able to read it and I’ve studied it ever since. And you, my green one, will be mine..” This was fear. Naked fear. This was fear strong enough to make a brave Orc pass gas in terror, and poor Okkatan’s fear was such the sound of it bounced off the walls.

“No.. No torture Orc! No do to me!” The Orc wildly squirmed and tugged his chains but the poles extending from both sides of the bench were made to withstand just that. The crimson one held out the book and one of his servants took it. The nobleman walked around the strapped-down Orc and stood at his flank, laying his hand on the struggling Orc’s smooth green chest and started gently rubbing it, looking him in his green Orcish eyes with a gaze that bore no apparent hostility.

“Eeeeezy green one...” The hypnotizing soothing words made Okkatan slow and then stop his struggling looking at the nobleman in terror and attempted bravery. The Nobleman gently kept rubbing the Orc’s muscular chest.

“Eeeeezy.. Struggle if you wish but know this: You will not be harmed. There will be no pain. No pain, if you take it like the Orcs of old did. Rest assured green one. Or should I say.. greenboar?”

Okkatan frowned and tilted his head. Now “green one” was polite, quite polite as huemons go. But greenboar was quite something else. Greenboar was a word of affection the Dwarves used when talking to Orcs they held dear.

His green eyes shot across the room bearing this impressive collection of Orc artefacts gathered and hanging from the walls like prized trophies. The nobleman’s gentle rubbing clouded his mind further still. What.. what was going on here?

“Eeeeeeezy.. No pain, I promise...”

The nobleman walked around the bound Orc, snapped the fingers of his both hands and pointed to the Orc’s sides, where his masked servants took position.

The nobleman lay his hands on the Orc’s spread legs and started rubbing and kneading his muscled calves, stepping between his feet. Okkatan did everything to close his legs as far as he could. The nobleman massaged the insides of his green knees and smiled.

“Open up for me green one.. There is you can do but delay things..” Okkatan let his struggling legs relax a little bit. The nobleman gave a short nod and the four hands of

his servants stroked and rubbed the Orc's bulging chest. At the same time the nobleman started stroking the Orc's inner thighs with unbearable tenderness while staring him passionately into his Orcish eyes. Okratan needed air, and a lot of it!

"Aaah, goood! You're starting to –feel- now, aren't you. It's good, isn't it? You got to admit it feels good to you." Okratan was caught between a rock and a hard place. On one side there was his Orcish pride, the pride of an Orc warrior who had been to Hell and back by the agonies of the Great Initiation. And yet on the other side of things.. It –did- feel good, he could not help but forsake his honor by admitting to himself it felt as good as it did.

"Let.. go.. of.. Orc..." he feebly protested and tried to shake the thirty fingers fondling his body. These weren't huemons! Getting on your knees and tugging it for the horse-tender is one thing but this was quite something else. He tried to shake the huemons who were deliciously pleasing him but failed. Gently, even lovingly the nobleman spoke again.

"No, no: You didn't hear me right. I said you've –got- to admit it feels good to you.. See: your nipples like it: look at those, quite pointy all of a sudden.. Are they hard?" Without order the two servants started playing with the now pointy Orc nipples, making Okratan moan in a delight to great to hold back.

Okratan should feel violated. He really should, honour dictated nothing less than furious indignation. Honour dictated he should roar death threats, show his fangs and snap at them, but all he did was squirm in delight seeking anything -but- release and moaned in lust doing it.

There was no Orc present to see him take pleasure in it like he did, all aroused and moaning, and the shackles freed him of his obligation to fight them or do –anything- but take this pleasure like it came. The very same shackles that held his body captive freed his mind from the burden of dishonour of liking it like he did. And he did. Should he regain his freedom, no Orc would ever know what had happened here. No Orc would've heard him moan and squirm like that. His captor had been right: All he really could do was delay things. Loyal to his Halftroop he decided to not delay things.

Okratan's huge leg muscles relaxed. Shyly blushing he slowly parted his knees.

"Look: Our greenboar's starting to give in.. Keep playing with his nipples: he likes it like that!" The two masked servants were eager to comply and delighted in their task, obeying and helping their Master with the teasing and pleasing of this beautiful green creature that so obviously delighted in it.

The nobleman stepped forward and started tickling and rubbing the Orc's smooth tummy.

Okratan's legs clasped the nobleman's pelvis like a vise by the pleasure of it.

"No, no.. Don't squeeze me greenboar.. Spread your legs for me or we've got a way to make you obey like a good Orkie.. Open up.."

Okratan hesitantly spread his legs, but the fondling of his tummy and nipples was so arousing he had to brace in some way, so his soft thighs clasped the nobleman once more.

“You really need to be taught don’t you? You really want us to punish you for being a naughty greenboar..” The nobleman’s teasing greatly enhanced Okratan’s excitement.

The big Orc found himself to be eager to bring this playful punishment, whatever it would be, upon himself. He slowly parted his legs, looking every bit the naughty Orc he was told to be.

The nobleman’s soft fingers tickled his tummy and Okratan could not help but cringe in pleasure and seize him with his legs again.

The nobleman stopped and sternly looked down on him in what just had to be playfulness.

“Me.. me sorry..” Okratan panted in a great excitement he tried to hide.

“Do you know how naughty greenboars like you get theirs?” Okratan was thrilled and frightened at the same time, because he knew he now got his, whatever it would be. He shook his head and tried to look up at the nobleman with dignity.

“One of the strangest things I’ve read in the Dwarven Book of Orcs, and what I’ll really take my time for now you’ve been naughty, is that big ferocious Orc warriors are best punished by tickling their feet...” Okratan wildly convulsed in horror. Oh no! Not that!

“Are you ticklish? Are your big feet ticklish greenboar?”

“Please..” Okratan gasped in terror,
“No tickle Orc there!”

“Well, well, well.. A big Orc like you who’s so afraid to get his feet tickled. I’m really curious if it’ll drive you as wild as the book says it will.. Not so tough anymore, are you Orc?”

Okratan frantically struggled but the broad finger-thick leather belts shackling his ankles and wrists did little more than creak and the nobleman and his servants took pleasure in seeing his powerful Orc muscles swell and flex as he fought in vain.

Indeed: most Orcs are very ticklish and the soles of their feet are most ticklish of all. But strapped down like he was the nobleman and his servants would soon find out just how ticklish an Orc he really was.. Okratan tried to relax and prepare for an unbearable pleasure that would indeed drive him quite wild. Okratan gulped. So this was what naughty Orcs got..

The nobleman stepped back and looked at the big Orc’s feet. He smiled and stroked the soft green soles with the back of his fingers making Okratan cringe. He had not imagined it to be true, but the sight of the big Orc’s fear likely meant the book held true on this “Orc’s Secret”.

Looking Okratan into his shiny eyes he slowly started tickling the soft green soles of the Orc’s feet, which made him squirm and giggle as they were every bit as sensitive

as the Dwarven book had revealed. After he found the most sensitive spots of the Orc's big feet he suddenly really let him have it as well as he could.

Okratan howled and shrieked with laughter. Ten fingers tickled the soles of his Orc feet, the weak spot of every Orc, and Okratan was so ticklish and the nobleman so adept that it soon proved way beyond what even the bravest Orc giant could handle. Excited by the frantic squirming, chuckling and shrieking the nobleman tickled on and on.

After an eternity of wild Orcish giggles and tickling with short breaks to keep Okratan from fainting, but keeping him close to it nonetheless, the nobleman stopped and let the huge Orc come to breath, looking down on the green warrior in satisfaction.

"And?"

"Me.. go.. be.. good obeyings!" The nobleman shook his head.

"No.. That's not what I want to hear."

He started tickling the Orc's feet again which, as the Orc book had foretold, was quite enough to drive poor Okratan shrieking mad, he would beg him to stop if the nobleman only let him, but the crimson one was all too pleased to make this Orc squirm in incomprehensible pleasure. Minute after minute he kept the Orc at the brink of madness or fainting, whichever would come first, enraptured by a frenzy of joy, lust and thrill and total surrender.

At last he stopped and let the beefy Orc regain sentience. He looked at his servants who clearly thrived on the sight of the Orc going through the roof with unbearable pleasure that was his punishment and reward at the same time.

"Looks like fun doesn't it?" The servants eagerly nodded.

"You guys want to make him squirm yourself?"

Okratan squeaked unmanly. Agony and ecstasy, two sensations very dear to him. But this was beyond any comprehension, so unspeakably intense the Orc didn't dare to seek it out himself.

"It's fun making a big Orc squirm like that. Want to try?" Eager nods from both. Although masked it was clear that Okratan aroused their lusts and being servants the prospect of taking charge and driving this huge beefy Orc beyond himself held special appeal.

"Good! My greenboar needs taught a lesson so I'd say the two of you take turns at tickling those big Orc feet and let's see which one of you does it best! By all means take your time, my greenboar has been very naughty.."

"Please! No do to poor poor Okratan! Mercy on Orc! Mercy on Orc!" The nobleman smiled.

“mmm.. Okratan. A beautiful name for a feisty Orcboar! Let’s see how strong you are!”

The nobleman stepped back and let his servants take turns at driving the big Orc warrior beyond frenzy, time and time again, making him squirm and sweat so much the beefy green creature glistened with it, wetted the bench with his sweats until it dripped off it onto the floor. This Orc bulged with powerful muscles, but the nobleman had not expected him to writhe and shriek seemingly untiring for well over half an hour.

“Okay, stop it.. Let’s keep him from pissing himself. Now you’re both quite good at the tickling of Orc feet so whenever he gets naughty again I’ll let the two of you take turns at tickling him so you can keep it up a long time.” The nobleman then addressed the heavily panting but still quite lively Orc.

“Well?”

“Me.. me liking it..” Okratan had finally found the courage to speak his true feelings.

“Me Orc liking you do thingies to me.. Me wants you go on with playings with Orc. It good..”

The nobleman smiled and closed his eyes in satisfaction. The Orc’s pleasure had been clear for all to see, but now the green warrior openly admitted it to himself and the three of them, which held an unspoken vow to take all they had for him. The nobleman sniffed and closed his eyes.

“The book holds true. Orcen pleasure musks excite the nose. Let’s make you sweat all of them to scent my Orc room for months to come.” The nobleman got between Okratan’s legs and rubbed the slick wet skin of the Orc’s legs.

“mmm.. Hot and slippery like a good Orc..” He eagerly grabbed hold of the Orc’s loincloth and looked at the Rit, the encircled Orc runes symbol of the Orc Radl of Mount Ritdent as well as its Orcs, Army and currency. He played with the ragged edges of the leather loincloth that comprised an Orc grunt’s entire uniform.

“Ah you’ve worn this for years.. Smelly, greasy and quite revealing with the holes and shreds. Nonetheless it comes off now and don’t count on getting it back. You’re either too thrilled or a bit scared because you should be up & throbbing by now.”

Okratan gasped. Tied as he was he was going to get stripped bare and there was nothing he could do about it. He clenched his teeth in delight. This sweet teasing beat tugging it for the horse-tender a hundred times and then some!

The nobleman pulled the ring and the Orc’s belt popped open.

“Aaah let’s see what’s true about those Orctails those Dwarves wrote so fondly of.. And fondle I will, my all too willing greenboar..”

The nobleman pulled off the Orc’s loincloth who startled by the sudden wild tug. The book held true again. Nine inches of Orctail two inches thick lay exposed to him, and this was still a soft and shrunk wagtail. The Orc’s velvety pouch had swollen as

big as an apple and bore huge Orcballs. The nobleman drew a little closer and eagerly sniffed the Orc musks that were quite overpowering there. The nobleman started fondling the Orc's sweet parts, playing with the swollen balls and teasingly kneading and tugging the Orctail that immediately started swelling by all this attention. All the tickling had driven Okratan over the top, but now he had calmed down and trusted them, longed nay yearned for all the teasing games these huemons could think up for him.

His Orctail now drew all attention to itself and he could sense their awe when it grew to over a foot in length and some three inches thick. Ortax hadn't lied when he complained Okratan was too big for him. Ortax packed a beastly tug and was quite adept at licking but simply could not take in an Orctail like Okratan's. Okratan was thrilled with what was to be done to his Orctail that eagerly offered itself to them.

The nobleman played with the enormous Orctail and slime of yearning shot from it. He rubbed his finger under the rim of the Orc's huge bright red head and made it squirt over and over.

"Join in! Let's milk this Orcboar and see how much he has for us!"

Eagerly four more hands joined in and as all six hands were bent on pleasing the, Orc's tail pumped its slimes of his yearning over and over, making him moan and squirm in ecstasy.

They went on for quite some time and the conveniently shackled Orc could do nothing but moan and shiver as he got his slickening slimes milked from his tail.

"Ooooooww.. Me sooo hot Orc now.." Okratan moaned in despair.

"Squirt it for us you lustful greenboar: show us you're a -real- Orc!"

Squirting was beyond Okratan's control. Many fingers were all over his green tail that was hard as a stick yet had to throb and throb and his balls were gently yet insistently rubbed, fondled and played with, filled to near bursting with Orcseed that itched and burned to be freed.

Even he would not be able to hold it back for long.

The nobleman made a quick gesture. The servants left the enormous Orctail to him and started playing with the Orc's pointy nipples while teasingly tickling his slick green tummy, making the overstimulated Orc squirt his slimes from the tummy-tickling alone.

The nobleman gestured and all this delightful torment ceased.

"Please.. please let Orc spout for you.. Me sooo hot be!"

"Who said anything about letting you spout, Orc? We like milking your slimes but don't expect us to release you. You're too much fun like you are now.." Okratan got desperate.

“Please.. Please let Orc spout seed... It itchie so..” The nobleman looked at the Orc’s huge tail that couldn’t be harder then it was now. He tickled with his finger just behind Okratan’s spouting slit and the Orc’s slimes splattered all over his own green face.

“Open wide greenboar.. Lets play a little Orc game!” the panting Orc complied and the nobleman took hold of the enormous Orctail and tickled his sweet spot, making the Orc’s slimes squirt high up and splatter into the green creature’s own mouth. He kept doing this, making the tied Orc catch and eat his own slimes in a cruel game while his servants chuckled and took delight in this arousing teasing game.

“Orc.. Oooww! Orc.. Ohhh! Orc.. Orc..”

“One word says it al. Want to show us you’re a true Orc and spout it for us?”

“Please! Oohww! Me do.. Me do anything!” The nobleman let go of the Orc’s overpumped tail. He teasingly looked at the lust-crazed Orc who was near fainting with pleasure and yearning.

“Anything.. Anything is a big word to say my panting beastie.. Let’s have some fun with you and then it’s your turn..” The nobleman walked off and returned with an odd-looking thing. He made Okratan open his maw wide and then pushed something between his jaws with rings over his tusks and closed a leather strap behind his head. He stepped back to look at the result.

The Orc’s mouth was held open by some sort of goldbrass ring held in place with two smaller ones slipped over his tusks and a strap around his head. With his mouth wide open, his lust-swollen lips protruding and his gaze of uncontainable lust you just had to feel sorry for him.

“This is what the Dwarves called an Orc-maw bit.. In fact word has it they still do.” The nobleman got behind Okratan’s head and opened two latches, making the part of the leather mat that supported his head hinge downward. He held the Orcs big green bald head and played with the tips of his pointy ears.

“Trust me: you’ll like this..” The nobleman said tenderly and the fully aroused Orc needed no further encouragement. He now felt that the part of the leather mat supporting his Orc buttocks was hinged away too, leaving him lying on his back with his arms and legs spread and suspended in mid-air.

Okratan let himself be led and let his head go back, as if looking up. From the side of the bench came a thin chain the nobleman pulled through his snoutring and attached to the other side, leaving the Orc in a not too uncomfortable yet quite odd position with his mouth held open by the Orc-maw bit which added to his look of amazement..

Right in front of him he saw the nobleman unbuckle and step out of his pants. He had never seen a huemon’s meat, let alone one standing to full attention right in front of his snout.

He eagerly smelled the alien scents and gave soft oinks of excitement.

The purpose of the Orc-maw bit and this odd new tying now dawned on him.

“Good. Time to feed you some human juices, and you’ll get to taste them all!” Okratan wildly panted and oinked in excitement when the nobleman stepped up to him and allowed the Orc to eagerly sniff him before he slipped his huemon meat through the Orc-maw bit into Okratan’s mouth.

Okratan needed no encouragement of any sort and eagerly started licking and sucking this alien yet delicious huemon meat offered as a tasty gift he could not refuse.

The nobleman took the Orc’s pointy nipples between his fingers and rubbed the satisfyingly hard swollen nubs, making Okratan squirt with excitement.

One of the servants gently yet insistently pushed his legs apart and he gave a muffled shriek of surprise when a second huemon meat was driven between his green hams and started rumping him. He got his belly tickled and fondled too, and the other servant started slowly tickling the soles of his Orc feet, teasingly adding to his pleasure but careful not to make the tied Orc choke on the meat of their Master.

They kept Okratan dazed but just shy of losing control, fondling and tickling him all over while he was rumped by one and he suckled the nobleman’s tasty meat out of pleasure and to help him hold on to his senses. The Orc-maw bit made sure Okratan wouldn’t bite down in his dazedness and so actually made the Orc feel safer and allowed him to fully let go.

This was no cuddlepile, this was like nothing he had ever experienced. The nobleman and his two servants pleased and teased him in all they did, the thrusting between his green buttocks was quite exciting and the shackles made him take all of this pleasure dealt all over his body, allowing only the suckling of the nobleman’s meat in return for all this pleasing. And suckle the huemon meat he did as eagerly and skilful as the pleasing of his Orcish body allowed him. And all the while his hard neglected Orctail squirted slimes of yearning.

The servant between his legs thrust quite impressively for a tenderling and moaning with clenched teeth he shot his seed between his green buttocks. Oww.. That was –good-, the huemon had mounted him well. While he suckled the other servant drove the third huemon meat in his life into him.

Aaahh! This one was a bit smaller but more than made up for this with his forceful thrusting and the huemon meat now skewering him was hard like there really was a bone in there, hard and fierce like a smallboar but dryer than an Orc, making him feel it all the better.

The servant that had rumped him first now tickled the green soles of his Orc feet, but this one varied slow teasing with sudden bursts of unbearable tickling that drove him wild, never knowing when he’d get it like that so he had to brace all the time.

The nobleman quickly found just the things that made his Orc nipples spark with pleasure and kept on doing all of those, eager to find out new ways to make him suckle his meat better still.

The rumour was true: huemons –were- dryer, but the taste and smells of the nobleman aroused him just like an Orc’s musks would, and he was overwhelmed with sensation.

Then suddenly the nobleman thrust and kept it in to the root, hugged the Orc’s chest and started biting his slick green tummy quite fiercely. Then he spouted, and eager Okratan tasted the first huemon seed of his life, trying his best to make the nobleman shoot all of it.

As if ordered to the second servant now shot his seed, holding on to his Orc pouch like a rider holds the pommel of his saddle.

While the three of them pleased his beefy green Orc body he got to suckle on the nobleman’s soft meat for a long time.

The nobleman pulled his meat out with a sucking pop, undid the chain and Orc-maw bit and held the Orc’s head, making the hinged part of the bench support it once more while the servants let his green rump rest again, dripping more on the padded mat than Orc sweat alone.

The nobleman petted his tusked cheek.

“And –now- you get to show us you’re a –real- Orc!” Okratan shrieked in glee as the crimson one walked around his bound body and stepped between his muscular Orc legs.

Eagerly he started playing with the thick one-foot Orctail that stood to full attention and had never ceased squirting. Okratan hopped up his tail encouraging the nobleman to make him free. Okratan pinched his eyes shut and heatedly whispered:

“Go rough on Orc! Big tail need big hard tugging.. Show Orc! Me likes rough!” The nobleman’s eyes widened. The bound Orc was so absorbed in lust that he now ordered him to tug him hard, taking charge while tied down helplessly. He loved it. This Orc was a wild one!

He started vigorously tugging the huge Orctail and got rougher and rougher, led by the hissed encouragements of the tied Orc. Okratan’s moans of pleasure now mingled with pain as the tugs got sharper and harder, it was just how he liked it.

His squirts shot well over five foot in the air and shot further with the vigor of the tailtugs that now were beyond a lot of Orcs likings.

Suddenly his green muscles bulged like never before and while he roared aloud he spouted huge thick jets of thick Orcseed high and far as he fought the leather shackles with alarming creaks. The seed kept on coming and splattered all over the naked Orc and all of them, until it receded and the Orc fell limp to the padded mat of the bench.

The nobleman kept on milking the Orctail, denying it retreat and forcing it to keep spouting. Okratan got wild.

“Oooooowww! No do! No do! It sooo sensitive now!”

“No talk for a –true- Orc! Let’s milk this boar to his very last drop!” The servants eagerly nodded. Okratan moaned in unbearable lust, the fire of orgasm consuming his flesh with lightning of pleasure. He was milked senseless, he was kept hard and spouting in a lust that would never end. He could do nothing but moan but the

excitements had been such he did not fall faint. One of the servants got a big clay mug and put it on the bench. The nobleman took it, held it to the Orctail and milked his seed into it.

“Oooooooooowwww! Orc all.. Orc go.. Orc go..”

“Orc go fill this mug to the brim and that’s all there is to it! So be an Orc and spout or I’ll tug you all night and make you fill all the mugs of my kitchen!” Okratan moaned in agonized pleasure as he was milked for minutes, his Orc seed got less and less, until it stopped an inch short of filling the mug.

“Ooooooooooooooww! Me spent.. Me all, all spent now...”

“I’d say there’s more if I keep at it!” the nobleman insisted and went on, some thick water-like squirts came every now and again until the very last drop he could squeeze out of the tied Orc. Then he let go and Okratan sighed in deep satisfaction, his huge tail going limp in mere seconds. The nobleman looked at the mug and smelled the fragrant Orcseed. Then he put it to his lips and drank the thick Orcslimes.

“Hmmm.. Good..” he praised dreamily and passed what was left to his servants, one declined and the second drank it down.

The nobleman snapped his fingers and one of them left. His servant and he started stroking the Orc’s tummy and chest again, now not to arouse but to soothe the exhausted Orc.

“Yes. You are a –real- Orc, every bit as Orcen as the green ones of old. You have given us all you had and it was more than I would’ve thought to be possible. Okratan: You are more man than any human and I want to thank you for trusting us like you did. This has been very pleasing.”

“Me.. mmm.. me all satisfied in tail now..” Okratan dreamily moaned. The servant returned with a big bowl and a jug. The nobleman took the bowl and started feeding Okratan little pieces of meat and cheese with all the Orcen herbs, spices and flavors the book described. Dreamily Okratan let himself be fed and drank some milk from the jug when it was offered to him. After he had finished the bowl and emptied out the jug the nobleman and his servants started petting and stroking him in gratitude.

“Me.. me Orc gets untied now?” Okratan dreamily inquired.

“By no means.” The nobleman decided and Okratan got some alertness to him.

“Me no free?”

“Orc: it’s been a great evening, but this has been one chapter of the Dwarven book of Orcs and there are ten. Tomorrow after a good sleep we’ve got all day. The book says you can take it and be rested and virile enough, so we take three chapters a day leaving three full days to explore your Orcness and thrill your body, mind and soul. I’ll make you mine, oh yes.”

Okratan gulped. He was going to get it all, the last he could give would be squeezed out of him. It was a War book after all. It was a torture of Lusts, preying on his Orcish desires. And like his kin centuries ago he did not object. He was left tied to the antique Orc Interrogation bench that now found use centuries after the Truce.

He slept well.

And in the days to come he was driven further and further still. The strongest of pleasures, the most delightful ways of teasing, tried and improved on hundreds of Orc captives from the Old Era, were let loose on him, one by one, in the order best suited for the breaking of Orcs.

And so it was.

The days were long and filled with merciless teasing, Lust and excitement as he was driven further and further still. Lost were those fleeting moments of the brutality of his capture, lost in an ocean of a pleasing teasing he had surrendered too and was powerless to resist. And whenever the delicious agony made the poor Orc near the very brink of insanity his tormenters held back to make him hold on, but mercilessly resumed once he had caught his breath. Day after day, chapter after chapter, there was nothing but himself, the Nobleman and his servants and the Dwarven Book of Orcs, that ink-on-parchment told of the best hidden secrets, the hidden delights of Orcs, the things that enraptured him in joys uncontainable.

On the fifth day, for it had taken time for the pleasures to be dealt, the nobleman dismissed his servants.

Okratan lay there stretched out on the leatherclad bench amidst his sweats and Orcish seed, his head lying to his left, panting with his long Orc tongue over his cheek, looking at the Nobleman beside him in admiring exhaustion.

“Orc: you did well.” The nobleman praised. Okratan looked at him with near-begging eyes, while the huemon stroked his slick green chest.

“The room is rife with your musks and scents.” Okratan nodded.

“You.. look.” Okratan looked and saw that on the stand the Dwarven Book of Orcs lay overturned, the back cover closed on it. He askingly looked at the nobleman in silent awe.

“Yes, Orc: you have lived it to the very last page. You have tasted all the pleasures and you have proven to be a real Orc, like your Orcen forefathers of old.” It needed to sink in.

“Me.. me no longer gets the teasings?”

“You did your part, Okratan of Orc, and now I must do mine.” The nobleman walked back and unstrapped Okratan’s left ankle.

“Me Orc free now?” The nobleman nodded and unstrapped the leather shackling-belt of Okratan’s other ankle, stroking his big green foot. Then he walked around and

as Okratan lay there in tranquil bewilderment his wrists were unstrapped and he was free once more.

The big naked Orc-lust lay there, legs still spread, arms above his head, trying to figure it out as the entire world had been out of his thoughts for days on end.

“Me free..” he sighed in disbelief, trying to piece his world together again.

“In honor’s terms I wronged you, and wronged you direly. Exact your Orcen revenge on me, but know my servants had no choice in things..” Okratan fell silent for minutes.

“Me never..” he started, then thought it over.

“Me never felt so strong like me have for all the days. Me never knew Pleasure could be anything like this. Me yours.. Me your Orc now..” The nobleman hesitated, but was allowed to stroke the Orc’s tummy like he had done and had thrilled them both for the many days.

“Me Orc no broken. Me no mangled or crazed. Me just wanting to be with you more. Me never been big scared like was, but you gave me Orc such pleasures me needed shackles to endure them. Me.. me sooo grateful Orc..”

And so it was. The Orc that was released was not the Orc that was strapped down before. He felt great gratitude and loyalty to the nobleman and his servants. On the cover of the Dwarven book it said it dealt with the breaking of Orcs. If that was the word for it, you could say he was broken indeed, not broken of spirit but his mistrust of huemons had lessened and he had grown very fond of the nobleman and his servants.

It was a loyalty and bonding that proved lasting.

When he saw the stables of the nobleman the small branding iron bearing the symbol of his House, he demanded it be branded into his arm as a lasting display of his loyalty and he insisted such his wish was granted. He in turn merged them into his Family Group, sharing their lives and souls and the huemon who had loved Orcs so much now often walked the corridors of the Orc Tribe of Mount Ritdent, being among those he most admired, accepted into their Tribe and homes, made part of rituals he never even knew existed, as well as swimming the oceans of flesh that were Orcish cuddle-piles.

And so it came to be that the ancient Dwarven Book of Orcs had an eleventh chapter to it, a chapter that started with the undoing of the straps and is still being written to this very day.

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