

locked their eyes on the green meat dragged in front of them. Orac grinned shyly and his eyes flashed all over the white marble that chilled the soles of his bare green feet.

“Head up, Orcbeast!” Guarai hissed venomously and fortified it with a merciless squeeze-pull at Orac’s sensitive nub. Orac could not help but squeal aloud, but immediately he blushed a dark green as he had squealed in front of a crowd of Dwarves that ate his green flesh with their eyes. He was dragged in front of the Dwarves where an old Dwarf looked him over and then addressed the crowd.

“Dwarves of Rigorai: Master Guarai!” Guarai raised his fist in a greeting the Dwarves answered with a wild stamping, a loud sharp smacking of leather sandal soles on the smooth marble that made Orac cringe with fear. The old Dwarf resumed.

“We all know Master Guarai; Chairman of the Council for Order and Discipline, a fine disciplinarian and a great tamer of Orcs!” the crowd rustled with approval and Guarai smiled.

“Rai: What have you brought us today?”

Guarai dragged the big oil-shining Orc close to him and hissed:

“Get on the tub!” He let go and yanked the flogging scourge from under his belt. Orac’s eyes grew wide in horror. Guarai stabbed his finger towards a big wooden tub that lay upside down on the marble. Hastily Orac stepped onto this makeshift one-Orc platform and saw a hundred hungry Dwarven eyes feasting on every bit of his green body as they shamelessly looked him over in merciless appraisal.

Guarai took charge.

“This shivering green piggy here calls himself Orac. The..”

“D-Dwarghmas..”

“Hush!” the Dwarf growled and shivering Orac slapped his maw shut.

“...The oinkboar is pretty new here but it needs be said: Orac is a nice tame Orkie!” He piercingly looked at the big Orc on the tub who could not help but mutter:

“Orac be nice tame Orkie..” Some pretty humiliating chuckles rose from the Dwarvish crowd. Guarai slapped his hand against Orac’s slickened hip and leaned heavily against it.

“He’s pretty green for an Orc, heheh.. but this is an oinkboar that’ll go the distance to obey your every command!”

Guarai rubbed his small hand over Orac’s muscular green tummy and the Orc gasped for breath. He took firm hold of Orac’s bulging green biceps.

“As you all can see: Orac’s a strong, well-shaped Orkie..” he smacked his little hand on the solid muscle of Orac’s leg.

“Strong legs too. Jump on his back and he’ll ride you all the way to Ritdent!”

“Yeah! To get a –better- Orc!!” one of the Dwarves sneered and Orac pinched his eyes shut when all those Dwarves cruelly started laughing at him. His cringing proved oil on the fire.

“Well Rai; Shy beastie you got there! Sure it’s an Orcboar?”
Guarai grinned at his friend Remilac, who had spoken.

“Yeah! IS it an Orcboar to begin with, didn’t you bring a scared little kitty?” Another Dwarf complained.

“Legs, legs, all this talk of legs.. What the greenboar’s got -between- those legs, that’s what I want to know! OFF WITH THAT LOINCLOTH !” this hit the spot.

“Cloth-Off! Cloth-Off! Cloth-Off!” the heated Dwarves jeered and with his teeth bared in a frightened, humiliated grimace Orac’s light-green eyes shot all over the place.

Guarai laid his hand on the buckle of his Orc’s leather loincloth, turned to the mob and excitedly shouted:

“Need the loincloth come off?!”

“Cloth-Off! Cloth-Off! Cloth-Off!” over fifty Dwarves yelled in unison and Orac’s knees rhythmically slapped together.

“Do YOU wanna see a big slick ORCTAIL?!”

“Orc-Tail! Orc-Tail! Orc-Tail!” the heated Dwarves screamed aloud and fiercely stamped on the marble.

Guarai gave a big yank at the buckle and Orac’s loincloth dropped on his green feet. There he stood: a frightened Orc, naked and shivering on a wooden tub while a hundred Dwarven eyes all shamelessly gazed at his Orctail and green balls, fifty Dwarves appraising his Orcish manhood while he stood there shivering and shaking, overcome by emotion.

Guarai grabbed hold of Orac’s Orctail and wildly shook it.

“Now is this an Orctail or is this an ORCtail?!”

“Its a worm! Let that lazy greenboar stiff it up for us!” one of the Dwarves, Djal, demanded with a sharp voice.

“Stiff-It-Up! Stiff-It-Up!” the Dwarves jeered and stamped like never before and guarai hissed to his slave-Orc:

“Show ‘em what you’ve got Orac: it’s use it or lose it now!”

Overcome by fear and humiliation Orac took hold of his soft Orcmeat and started playing with it amidst the cruel laughter and jeering of all those Dwarves, all those fully dressed Dwarves that saw his naked green Orcish body and mocked him as he was forced to play with himself in front of them. He was so ashamed, he was so excruciatingly ashamed that he had to stiffen

up his Orctail with all those Dwarves watching.
He was dazed by humiliation.

“Hey Orcbeast! Show us the red one!” one of the Dwarves yelled and Orac sharply turned to Guarai. For an Orc the act of showing the bright red head of his green tail signals total submission to a Higher One. To have to do this in front of this excited, jeering crowd of cruel Dwarves was nothing short of the ultimate humiliation. Orac begged with his eyes but Guarai showed him no lenience.

“Face them and show it to them, Orac! Unless you want me to tie you up and show it to them myself, take your pick...”

With the courage of despair Orac faced the heated horde and intensely humiliated he pulled back the velvety green skin, exposing his bright red spearhead and thereby signalling his complete surrender and lowliness to all of them.
The Dwarves cheered, stamped and whistled.

To his astonishment Orac’s Orcspear grew in his hand, the bright red spearhead swelling and throbbing as if it actually wanted to be seen and humiliate him further. Orac felt and squeezed his Orctail a little, and had to gasp for air as for some strange reason his Orctail was very willing amidst his turmoil. Guarai left him no time to ponder it.

“Hands to your sides and show it to ‘em, big boartoy of mine!”
Shaking with emotion Orac complied and showed his pounding Orctail in all its glory to the hungry mob of Dwarves.

“Nope, doesn’t take the prize, Orkie!” one of the Dwarves shouted and Orac looked down, hit by yet another cruel remark. He took pride in his nine inches, but the Dwarven mob chewed him up and spit him out.

“Come on, Orac: Be proud or the two of us are going to cook some eggs...” Guarai teasingly threatened and the Orc tried his best to face the crowd. But the one that mocked poor Orac most was his very own Orctail, because it grew painfully stiff and shot small squirts of Orcslime, completely independent of Orac’s humiliation and apparently determined to be seen. Guarai addressed the Dwarves again.

“Look at it in all it’s glory!” he took hold of Orac’s velvety green pouch and shook it.

“Now those are two big thick balls for an Orc his size!”
Apparently the crowd was familiar enough with what was carried in the green pouches between Orc-legs to agree that Orac’s balls were good-sized. The little pride that awoke in Orac’s mind was ran into the ground when Guarai showed to all those Dwarves that fondling him there made him squirt some slimes.

“Turn!” Guarai growled and Orac hastily complied. Guarai loudly smacked his hand on the bulging muscles of Orac’s rump that shone with the oils the Dwarf had rubbed him with.

“Now take a good look at those big thick hams on my Orkie! Now the oinkboar won’t admit it, but he dreams of a Dwarf that’ll give it to him good on that shiny green rump! In fact: give it to

him good -in- the rump and you'll really make his day! Yes: Orac here likes it both –on- and –between- his hams and either way he'll oink for more!" Unseen by the mob Orac's eyes filled with tears by sheer humiliation. His tummy hummed like a beehive and his knees were shaking.

"TURN AROUND!" hesitantly Orac complied and the cruel Dwarves started jeering and stamping when they saw his Orc eyes had gone moist.

Orac stood there trembling and shaking on a tub, his green body shining with oil, his Orctail fully aroused, a stark naked Orc in front of fifty fully dressed Dwarves who cruelly delighted in his nakedness and shame.

"My oinkboar may be pretty green, but I swear on my balls he'll do anything that pleases you! It's quite a boartoy fiend, this Orc of mine! It may take some sparks off his green rump but Orkie here will do all what pleases you and he will –like- it too.. NO?!" Numbed, in a haze of humiliation Orac mumbled:

"Me.. me go do all Dwarghmaster be liking.."

"I can't hear you!!"

"ME GO DO !! ME GO DO !!" the Dwarves nearly brought down the mountain with their stamping and cheering.

Guarai smiled cruelly, gave Orac a mean glance and said:

"I'm going to let you all in on a little secret about this boartoy.. Orac here can stand his ground pretty well.. There's lots of whipping fun to be had and.." Guarai reached down and slapped his hand on Orac's impressive calf,

"This Orc actually thrives pulling a cart! But there's more -and now for the secret- my Orac here is very, very ticklish!"

Orac gasped for air! His secret! His well-guarded secret! The Dwarves hooted with laughter and the humiliation gave way to fear, and the sight of that made them stamp the marble and poor Orac cringed at the thought of his secret being out.

"And I do mean –very- ticklish my friends! You can drive this big proud Orc shrieking mad with feathers and fingers, and if you like Orcs squirming in a puddle I'd say you tie him up and tickle his feet! Ain't that so, you gigglish greenboar?"

Orac was paralysed by fear. Guarai slowly and gently closed his fingers around the now sweaty green pouch.

"Me.. Me be very ticklish Orc.." he squeaked fearfully.

"Shrieking mad? Squirming in a puddle?" Guarai snapped and Orac burst into tears.

"Me be good obeyings! Me'd do anything for not get tickled!"

It was clear many Dwarves liked the sound of this 'anything'..

Guarai gently fondled Orac's balls and the Orc could not help but have a shivering sigh escape his mouth. Orac felt betrayed by his own body. He was terrified and humiliated to tears, and yet his Orctail was big as a stick and Guarai's gentle fondle made him aware his balls had swollen hard and sensitive despite his excruciating peril. Reduced to a naked Orctoy he stood there at the brink of crying, and yet he was all pumped up between his legs. And the gentle fondling of his Dwarghmaster made him, the proud Orc, humiliate himself by squirting slimes and moaning as if he were enjoying it. He couldn't possibly be enjoying this cruelty.. Ofcourse not! No Orc with any honor left to him would enjoy such a thing!

Guarai stopped his fondling and firmly grabbed hold of the overpumped Orctail.

"With an Orctail like this and a pouch like that its no surprise that Orkie here likes to spout it! Is this not so my Orc?"

Orac nodded eagerly. Who didn't? No Orc of Ritdent he knew at least! He bit his lip. Guarai inquired permissively:

"Isn't this so?" Orac could do nothing but admit it.

"Me.. me really likes to go and be spouting.. Dwarghmaster.."

The Dwarves laughed once more. But this time Orac heard more then mocking and jeering. He lost a bit of shame as he noticed the Dwarvish gazes cast to every inch of his Orcish body, underneath the jeering and mocking, bore approval and now his shame and fear dropped a little he noticed the Dwarves took pleasure, not just in the teasing but also in the look of him. Still fearful and quite humiliated an amazement came over him. This cruel toying with his honor was not out of animosity.

"Look at that trobbed-up Orc monster! My beastie's quite the spouting fiend! And remember this: A couple of coins and he's yours this day, this night right up until the morning! And trust me: he -will- be up until the morning!" He gave the Orctail some pulls and let some Orcslimes squirt out.

"Think of the fun you'll have with this Orctoy.. And since we're talking fun.. You gotta see this greenboar blow his top! The oinkie not only shrieks the plaster from the ceiling when he's there but this beastie fills a mug my friends! He could easily shoot that Dwarf's cap off!"

"Now -that- you gotta prove to us!" the Dwarf with the cap yelled excitedly. Orac trembled and shook by a wild unrest in his tummy. Dwarghmaster Orchuarai wouldn't... He got no time to ponder.

"Should oinkie slicken up the marble right here and now for you guys?! Do you wanna see some Orcseed?!"

This did not fall on deaf ears and the cheering and stamping resumed in full vigour.

"Orc-Seed! Orc-Seed! Orc-Seed!" Guarai waved for silence but it took quite a while.

"So YOU wanna see some Orcseed?!" The mob roared and one gesture made them quiet

enough to hear a pin drop.

“ORAC: TUG THAT ORCTAIL FOR US !!”

Tears flowed from Orac’s eyes. Humiliation was stronger still.
A naked Orc among fifty Dwarves who demanded his seed..
What could he do?

“Please you have mercy your Orkie for..” he softly squeaked but Guarai did not give in.

Orac stood in turmoil. On one hand the idea of being forced to tug his tail and spout his seed proved unexpectedly arousing.. But what to become of his Orcish Pride? How scared and shy he felt at the thought of it. Tears rolled over his cheeks and he was torn apart by strong emotions.

Guarai gently rubbed his oiled green tummy and soothingly whispered:

“They all want to see you squirt it ‘Rac.. please don’t refuse..”

Mmmm.. The sweetness and loving side of his Dwarghmaster Orchuarai had come up again. Orchuarai, the small sadist and loving friend had spoken. He made it right. The sweet permission of his wise Dwarven friend and stern master cast aside his doubts. Through his fear and shyness he now clearly felt the yearning of his stiff tail, his painfully swollen Orcballs begging for release. Orchuarai had not forsaken him.

He was not betrayed by his body.

He really wanted this.

He retrieved some oil from his buttock with his hand, gathered all courage inside of him, took hold of his Orctail and started churning his hard, yearning Orctail. All the tensions and the excitement made him shudder of pleasure and he did not hold back excited purrs that escaped his throat. The entire hall seemed to hold its breath, a hundred Dwarven eyes were fixed on the big naked Orc that pleased himself on the wooden tub. The lack of teasing and the pleasure of his tugs gave Orac more courage. He planted his feet as far apart as the tub allowed. He thrust his pelvis forward and uninhibitedly panting he kneaded and tugged his Orctail who stood proud, hard and hot to full attention.

Back and forth he agilely rubbed his Orcmeat, firmly kneading his spearhead which made his slimes squirt and squirt like never before, slimes he put to good slickening use.

He looked up and saw all fifty Dwarves breathlessly gazing at him, eager to take it all in and awaiting what was to come. The alien feeling of being in the center of the lustful attention of fifty Dwarves, knowing they all were aroused by his play, seeing some of them rubbing their trunks and the thought of dozens of Dwarfstubs throbbing for him intoxicated him so that he cast aside all inhibitions.

He no longer held back and grunt-panted aloud, stood proud, impressing the Dwarves further, and churned and tugged his green-red Orctail for all his worth, pleasure shooting through his body like lightning and dripping oil and sweat. How could he have been so fearful? All fifty of these Dwarves were hot on his Orctail, he could see that clear as glass. Many Dwarves rubbed their trunks to the rhythm of his tugging and all this made his slimes splash far and in big squirts.

He was broiling of heat, his lusts and desire mounted as he started to play it rougher and rougher. He got full of courage and even threw the Dwarves teasing, defiant looks. The pleasures mounted and intensified beyond belief. Agilely he churned his green tail until he was so much in heat that his whole body shook and he panted like a race-horse while sweet oil and musky sweat trickled over his Orcish body.

Suddenly the pleasure consumed him. He thrust his pelvis so far forward that he stood on his toes, driving his clawnails in the wood for grip, and suddenly all his green muscles tensed. Shrieking and oinking he spouted thick jets of hot Orcseed high and far, the hot seed splattering the bodies and vests of several Dwarves before him. He grunted and oinked like a wild boar, shocks shooting through his body for jet after jet.. Finally the last seed oozed out of his Orctail.

With his hands on his knees the big naked Orc stood there panting with his face glowing in ecstasy, eyes closed to hold on to the ebbing orgasm. Ooohh.. All this tension and humiliation had fortified his climax beyond many boundaries, his softened Orctail dangled dripping between his legs and his balls and spouting glands had squeezed to their full power. Slowly he regained himself.

“Well done, Orac! You’ve been a good, brave Orc to us..”

Guarai’s soothing words slowly brought Orac back. He opened his eyes and looked at the Dwarves in horror. What had he done! He, a shy green Orc, had churned himself like wild in front of fifty Dwarves, oinked and panted and played with himself in a one-Orc tugging frenzy! What would the Dwarves think of him..?

“ORAC !!” one of the Dwarves yelled, and all of them cheered and stamped like Orac never heard them do. All Dwarves had taken delight in him! Orac’s doubts vaporized and he grinned shyly at all those Dwarves cheering his tugging game and courage.

Guarai waved for silence.

“Well: did I say too much? Let me sum it up for you guys: a goodlooking, feisty Orc, good tail and pouch between the legs, a bulging rump you just want to sink your teeth in, he’s a ticklish Orc who’ll satisfy your every lust and spouts like a dragon if you encourage him a little. If you’ve got mean or lustful plans for today and tonight Orac is your Orcbeast, because, like he said himself: Orac be good obeyings! He’ll do anything, whip him if you must but he can’t handle stickbeatings yet. By the way: did I mention my oinkie likes it on his green Orc rump...?”

The old Dwarf took over.

“Virile Orcboar, isn’t he, men? A bit shy but that suits an Orc.

BIDDING STARTS AT ONE BRONZEPiece! Do I hear one bronze?” Over twenty fists were raised.

“Two bronze? An Orc in your bed for the prize of a bread!”

Slowly the price rose and Orac got gripped by the tensions of what he would yield and above all, which Dwarghmaster would take him for this day and what would lie waiting for him.

“Do I hear one copperpiece? One copperpiece for this feisty spouter! A mere flask of wine buys you a slave-Orc this fine!”

A copperpiece! Orac shone with pride a day’s service by a lowly slave-Orc like him would yield his master this much! Three bidders were left. All three he did not know but each seemed to possess the right kind of ominousness.

“One copper and one bronze?” the Orcseller tried and one gave up.

“One of copper and two of bronze?” the two remaining Dwarves looked at each other estimating how far the other would go. This kind of money was merely token bidding but both of them really wanted to take Orac with them.

“One copper, three bronze?” One of them waved off. No need to get personal over a slave-Orc, even a cutie like this one. No need to stroke this greenboar’s ego too. He’ll be around and around like all of them do. Later on he would have more skill of pleasing anyway.

“Anyone beyond one and three? No? Going once, going twice...” the old Dwarf rammed his staff on the floor, “Orcbeast Orac is sold for three bronze and a copperpiece to the mean-looking Dwarf with the black leather vest! The Orc’s yours, come fetch him!”

The Dwarf smilingly stepped forward and payed the four coins to Guarai.

“An Orc’s ‘No’ means ‘No’ to you?” he asked and the other nodded sternly.

“Years in the Domination Guild, I’m quite skilled and can handle Orcs so they keep coming back!”

“Will you be careful? Its all new to him..”

“Goes without saying. I’m a former Dorat Dwarf but no brute.” Guarai raised his hand in approval.

“Have fun with him, Dorat!”

“Will do, Rigorai!” The Dwarf stepped up to the tub and pushed Orac off. He reached up and hooked a shutter on a thin chain to Orac’s snoutring, then pulled the Orc on his knees.

“ORC: I’m Dwarfmaster Gruntav and YOU are pretty fucked!” Guarai rubbed the kneeling Orc’s shoulder.

“Till tomorrow, ‘Rac!”

“We go and see again tomorrow, Dwarghmaster Orchuarai..”

Orac’s new Dwarfmaster tugged the chain and the naked Orc hastily followed him on all fours, while behind him the gong was struck for the next slave-Orc of the afternoon.

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