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THE ORC'S GAME
an adult Orc yaoi story by Lustful_Orcs

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DESCRIPTION: A Dwarf discovers that being small can be a great thing.
explicit yaoi; Orc x Dwarf pairing

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Open your mind, buckle up and enjoy the ride!

Lustful_Orcs

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Rimalc the Dwarf sat back and took a sip from his chalice of Dwarven spirits and looked around him. The humans of the tavern paid no attention to his writing, but rather exchanged smalltalk amongst themselves while the beer and wine flowed profusely. The drinks were cheap and not outstanding in this tavern and it was odd to find a Dwarf as effluent as him in a place like this. But - he liked the atmosphere of the tavern and the fine Dwarven spirits the innkeeper imported for him from Dorat Mountain took care of his fine tastes. He kicked out his legs and stretched his arms, growling a closed-mouthed yawn and then got back to his writings.

He dipped the tip of his quill in the ink and slowly calligraphed on. Business had been good, quite good. His trading partner in Dorat had finally gotten his order, seven cases of fine spices, which he would trade for sixteen fine Orcish horses from Ritdent mountain. There was a war going on, that awful Supremacy War that had brought Dwarves and Orcs alike such misery. It still raged between his Dwarf Mountain of Dorat and the Orc Mountain of Kogorad.

Trade was good though: there was no way there was going to be trade between Dorat and an Orc mountain, yet Ritdent's fine horses were famous across the lands for their superior breeding, an art which the Orcs mastered like no other. This way he could be an intermediate in their trade: The Dorat got their horses, the Rigorai and even the Ritdent and Dorat's sworn enemies the Kogorad Orcs got their fine spices and it was good trade for all involved. If his Dorat and the Kogorad Orcs couldn't find peace through their hearts then they would eventually through their money-pouches, because trade for them would be so much more profitable if they finally dropped the hostilities and started negotiating.

Rimalc smiled. If his wide-eyed nephew Kilein, who had left the mountain five years ago, hadn't opened him up to the business opportunities that lie dormant between mountains of Orcs and Dwarves, he would've missed out on gold as well as pleasures and satisfactions of many kinds.

Rimalc reached in his pocket, retrieved a clove which he bit in two, eating one half and smelling the other and he let the sweet numbness take his tongue. Fine, fine spices, Dwarves were wild for cloves, the Orcs loved their anise and nutmegs and black tea blends from the Eastlands were welcomed by all. He would at least make two hundred goldpieces per case with quality like this.

"WAARGH!!" a booming roar startled Rimalc and as he looked behind him he saw five big Orcs entering the tavern, clearly an Orc Army Halftroop.

Orcs! Though the so-called enemy of Dwarves according to his Dorat heritage, ever since his first trading with Ritdent all Rimalc could do nothing but admire them. Crude and wild as they could be they had a charm of their own and with radiant smooth green skin and bulging muscles underneath the Life Force must've been proud to create such magnificent beings.

The Orcs peered through the tavern for a table to sit. Rimalc's eye was caught by one of them, their Troop Overseer, a magnificent Orc which stood about seven foot tall. Rimalc liked the looks of most Orcs - and he had seen many of them since he came to the Valley, but this one made him gasp in awe.

The big Orc wore no clothing but a loincloth made from broad, black loose-hanging strips of leather all the way around the thick belt fastened around his loins, reaching down to right above his knees. This kilt-of-belts, as the Orcs called it, looked good on the Orc and hid and revealed enough to tickle Rimalc's fancy. This particular Orc was unusually muscular, thick bulges and slabs under his shiny dark green skin, and his shoulders were an easy two foot apart, quite intimidating to a three foot, six inches tall Dwarf like he was. This Orc was a mountain of a man, and Rimalc blushed discovering just how much he would love to climb this mountain.

But an Orc! That would be, umm, unusual to say the least. Definitely not proper, or as some would say a treason of the highest order. Rimalc looked up, straight into the great Orc's warm, kind eyes. The Orc's face matched his proud, fierce masculinity, yet had a warmth to it that was a bit unsettling. The intimidating green demigod looked at him, squinted his eyes and gave a menacing, toothy grin with a short lewd growl.

Oh!

Rimalc got gripped by shyness, awestruck by the creature's untamed masculine beauty and hastily blotted his parchment, rolled it up and screwed the cap on his small ink jar. He put it all away and held up two fingers at the innkeeper.

"Sir! I'm partial to a piece of bread and some basil cheese if you have it."

The innkeeper nodded and started preparing the platter, adding some greens to please his small but affluent and even generous customer.

Rimalc peered at the Orcs, who had found a table and had sat down, taking off their big backpacks and resting their spears against the tabletop. He looked at that one Orc, the demigod in green, admiring the size and shape of his bulk and the smooth green shine of his skin. Then the big Troop Overseer caught his gaze and gave him a menacing grin again, quite intimidating yet not at all unkind.

Oh, the shine of his broad, rounded, ivory teeth..
Rimalc gasped and hastily looked away.

Shy. The Dwarf rarely felt that way, but this Orc got him shy and even thinking some exciting thoughts which he discovered to go as far as he let them.

But an Orc! He shook the thought off as too odd, he liked the male pleasures which in itself bore controversy, but to actually fantasize of the three foot, six inches him and this enormous seven-foot Orc.. It couldn't be. It was silly of him to think such things, let alone to let his mind dwell the sheer perversity of it all.

He.. he looked so mighty sitting there laughing with his troops.

"Good sir, I've added some lettuce and radishes to your bread and cheese."

"Put it on my tab, my man.." The Dwarf mumbled absentminded and a bit displeased the innkeeper put down the platter and left.

Rimalc cut some bread the bread and covered a slice with a leaf of lettuce, some cheese and bits of radish on top.

He ate. Hmm, the cheese was a bit aged perhaps, but not spoiled. But his thoughts were not with food. Oh shyness! He dared not look at that magnificent creature yet found himself longing, nay yearning for it with every fiber of his body. When he had finished he had finally gathered some courage and looked to his side again, at that magnificent Orcish warrior.

And sure as anything, the Orc caught him looking. He put his fists against each other and made his huge chest swell up even bigger, letting the spellbound Dwarf admire him. Then he tilted his head and cast a questioning look with a flash of his eyes.

Rimalc gasped. Oh! He could not help but humbly nod a bit at the green giant.

"DWOARGH!" the big Orc demanded with a roar, and made a stern gesture with his arm. Rimalc just had to heed that. The big green Warrior had gestured him to come to him and he was powerless to resist, enchanted by fancy.

The Troop Overseer smacked his big hand on the bench.

"Next to me!" he ordered, not at all unkind but not expecting defiance either.

"Umm if you wish sir Orc.." Rimalc humbly whispered and sat down next to the green giant. His grunts obviously were under orders to mind their own business, because they didn't dare as much as look at their Troop Overseer or the Dwarf that had joined them.

Orc musks, strange sweat and greasy worn leather. Intoxicating smells most unusual to the Dwarf who wasn't used to any of these, especially the Orc musks proved hypnotic to his senses. These scents always had fascinated him, but this Orc's musks hit his nose most arousingly.

"Urrrrrrr..." The big Orc rumbled softly, put his hand on Rimalc's shoulder and

turned towards him.

"You took lookie at Orc." He decided.

"I.. I saw you come in, sir Orc. No harm in that, really." Rimalc almost whispered. The big Orc looked down to him. He was intimidatingly masculine yet had remarkably friendly emerald green eyes.

"Yess Dwargh.. No harm.. But then you did go and take lookie again." The Orc was calm, amused and rather self confident.

"Umm.. It.. It's not what you think it is.." Rimalc feebly protested.

"What do Orc think it is?"

"Umm.. I.. I don't know?" the big Orc smiled.

"No, then it not what Dwarf thinks Orc thinks it is." the big Orc decided and started gently rubbing Rimalc's shoulder.

"But then you did go.. and take lookie again."

"It.. It's true. But it's not what you think sir Orc, it's.."

"Me thinks Dwargh likes to see me Orc.. That be it?" the Troop Overseer teased, still speaking rather slow and calm.

"Umm.. yes, I think so.."

"Then Orc know Dwargh better then Dwargh know Orc."

"Yes.." Rimalc sighed,

"Yes, the look of you pleases my eyes; really a lot if I may say so. Sir Orc."

"Good. Me likes that."

The magnificent Orc slowly reached out and took hold of Rimalc's wrist. Rimalc, stunned by the Orc's kind but overbearing ways, let him. The Orc let Rimalc's small hand rest on his bare green leg. Rimalc gasped. In a worrisome way this was quite arousing!

"Oh!"

"If look of Orc pleases Dwargh me thinks feel of Orc pleases him too."

Rimalc could not contain his curiosity and moved his fingers a bit. The Orc's skin was smooth, a bit greasy and warm to the touch, surprisingly soft despite its shine. Underneath there was hard muscle, capable of carrying a great Orc for miles and fast too if it needed be.

"It.. It pleases me, yes."

"That good, little Dwargh, because me Orc feel pleased by it too."

Poor Rimalc was too overcome by this strange seduction to feel offended by the words 'little Dwarf'. In matters of business, friendship and love he was used to taking charge, but this magnificent Orc with his strange seduction made him powerless to resist, spellbound by the pleasant way in which he was led to the point of forgetting the Orcs around the table, who shielded them from looks from the humans in the tavern.

"Me Orc has strange little idea in head." the big Orc teased.

"Me thinks little Dwargh be hot on Orc. That be so? You be hot on Orc?"

Rimalc gave in. Whatever his reservations had been, they were now put aside and Rimalc let this great Orc have his strange hypnotic way with him. Resisting him was no use anyway: the magnificent green creature would see right through any deception and call him on it.

"Yes, sir Orc.. I must say you excite me with your strange ways.."

"Sir Orc.. Me likes that. Yes. It only natural that you little Dwargh call me great big Orc warrior as -sir- Orc.. Not so?" the big Orc teased, slowly reeling him in like a fish on the line.

"Yes.. Yes sir Orc."

One of the other Orcs laughed but the Troop Overseer's eyes shot lightning at him which hushed him up, then his big emerald eyes returned to kind fascination as he slowly talked to Rimalc again while the other Orcs resumed their Orcish smalltalk and drinking of foamy beer that was just a bit off.

"Pet." the Orc warrior decided.

"Pet?"

"Dwargh like petting leg of Orc, do he not?" Rimalc bit his lip. Indeed, he still was gently feeling and petting the big Orc's muscular leg absentmindedly. He humbly looked down.

"Yes, sir Orc."

"Look at Orc." Rimalc shyly looked the big Orc in his big green eyes, looking up in an admiration he could not hide.

"Me likes to play little game with Dwargh.."

Rimalc was spellbound and nodded slowly, his mouth ajar.

"Great big warriors of legend all have servant for selves. Me be warrior. Me like you Dwargh to go and serve body of Orc for night.."

Rimalc gulped and the big Orc smiled and slightly winked.

"Then Dwargh get more than lookie of Orc and more than feelie of leg too. You likes feelie of Orc so me thinks you go and say yes to great big offer to serve body of Orc."

"Me.. I.."

"You likes to serve body of Orc." the big warrior patiently decided and Rimalc sighed.

"Yes, sir Orc."

"Yes you say to?"

"I.. I want to serve your body, sir Orc." Rimalc whispered and blushed.

"Good. You be servant of Orc now. Me thinks you be staying in tavern because you not wearing cloak."

"I.. I have a room above the tavern, sir Orc."

"No.. You kept room for Orc warrior and now he go to room and you wear stuffs of Orc. Dwargh servant: Get on feet." The big Orc smiled a slow, ivory smile and teasingly let his finger slide over the Dwarf's black fur trunks.

Rimalc got on his feet and the big Orc warrior, who stood almost twice as tall, stood beside him. The big Orc took his huge backpack off the floor and crossed its belts across the Dwarf's chest before he eased the load on the Dwarf's back.

It was so heavy! Rimalc had to bend over far to not fall over backwards. The Orc handed him his huge Orcish spear, which weighed over ten pounds as it's octagon rod was all steel too.

"March, little Dwargh!" the big Orc teased and smacked Rimalc's buttocks with his big green hand.

Rimalc braced himself and started for the door, the Orc following right after him. The innkeeper snorted in disapproval.

Behind the door and on the stairs the big Orc gave insisting little smacks on Rimalc's buttocks to urge him on. Upstairs Rimalc took a candle, unlocked a door and entered, lighting a few oil lamps in the modest-sized room. When he turned the big Orc took his spear off him and took the heavy leather pack off his back, putting them to a wall while Rimalc hastily shut the door and locked it.

The green giant nodded in approval. It was a reasonable-sized room with two human-sized beds, a closet, desk and small table with washing materials.

He walked towards the beds and briskly shoved them aside, grabbing the mattresses and put them next to each other on the floor, then turned to the

small Dwarf.

Rimalc was overcome by humility and great excitements of his body and mind. Somehow all his usual demeanor had been swept aside, and in his lust there were no limits to his admiration. This Orc was so mighty, that he wanted to be nothing but be small to him, small to this noble giant.

"Master Orc!" he gasped, then got on his knees in front of the magnificent Orc and looked up in adoration.

"You be mine.." The Orc softly growled and grinned slowly.

Rimalc bent over, put his hands to the Orc's bulging calves and without hesitation he started licking the big Orc's toes, who gave a soft approving growl.

"Oh master Orc.. master Orc..." Rimalc moaned in humility and let his tongue slide over the Orc's green toes, wiggling it between them, tasting the strange Orcish musks and saltiness. He now lapped his small tongue over the big dark green Orcfeet and made them shine even more. Then, still bent over, he looked up to the satisfied smile of the big Orc warrior towering over him.

"Me likes that.. Now take off vest, pouches and trunks." Rimalc wanted to get up but with an amused smile the big Orc slowly shook his head.

"No.. Little Dwargh will get all nakie for his Orc master while sitting on knees."

"Yes, master Orc! For you, master Orc!"

"For Orc." the Orc smiled and watched the small Dwarf undo his vest and reveal his modest chest and lard-lined tummy.

"And now off with those trunks. Little Dwargh get nakie for Orc."

Rimalc undid his pouches and belt, pulled down his black fur trunks and took them off, and now was naked except for his sandals. He sat down on his knees and looked up in unbridled admiration. The big Orc put his foot between the Dwarf's legs and gently rubbed his modest Dwarfmeat and balls with it.

"Little Dwargh be all eager between legs.. it good and hard."

Then the big Orc turned and walked off to the two joined mattresses. He got on them, put the pillows on top of each other and lay down on his back, fully outstretched with his hands behind his head.

Rimalc hurried towards the lying Orc's feet and started to massage them, while licking the smooth soft soles of the big Orcfeet he kneaded with his hands.

"Urrrrrr! No tickle Orc with tongue..."

"Master Orc.. I want to lick the green soles of the feet that carry you.. Please

let me lick your Orcfeet.."

The big Orc closed his eyes and softly sighed in relaxation.

"My Orcfeet please the tongue of Dwargh?"

"Yes, master Orc.."

"Then me say that it is good."

The small Dwarf eagerly started licking the soft green soles of his master's Orcfeet while looking at him in admiration. He was so big, so beautiful.. Such a magnificent creature.. The big Orc looked down at him and smiled calmly in satisfied silence, he didn't hide in any way how he took pleasure in having his Orcfeet licked. Rimalc licked on and on for minutes on end, his tongue stroking the soft green skin of the magnificent Orc's feet.

"Hooohh Troop Overseer.. You're a warrior of such majesty, noble one!" Rimalc whispered in reverie and licked on in devotion. He felt such honor that he, a small Dwarf, was to be allowed to please this great Orc that had captured his adoration.

In life outside of lust it was Rimalc who led and decided, but gripped by lust for this Orc he felt nothing but admiration for this great creature and to lick his big green Orcfeet was a delight beyond the pleasures of his life of luxury. He felt small, so small in the presence of this magnificent warrior, and all that felt so good that it dazed his senses.

"Troop Overseer... Master Orc.. I'm all yours.. All yours..." he panted and started sucking on the big Orc's green toes, the Orc's curved black clawnails resting to his tongue.

"Yes, little Dwargh.. You be all mine.. That be the game of Orc and that be the game us two go play. Go on: lick toes of Orc.."

"To please you, master Troop Overseer..."

"You little Dwargh likes do lickies of feet of Orc?"

"Oh yes, master Orc!"

"Then you now must go lick soles of Orcfeet again.."

"Ooooh master Orc!" Rimalc moaned in worship and hastily started licking the soles of the Orc's feet again, the smooth, green, uncalloused skin of the feet of this magnificent Orc warrior who felt no shame in taking pleasure in his Dwarven servitude.

Rimalc's mind flooded with the pleasure of the secret desire he had never allowed himself even in fantasy and which now had become reality - to fully submit to an Orc of great masculinity, and humbly lick the feet that carried this

magnificent creature, the so-called enemy of his kind. Rimalc licked and looked up, his eyes meeting the benevolent gaze of the big Orc who's feet he licked, and while he licked on they looked in each others eyes, the humble Dwarf and the magnificent Orc whom he pleased. There was not a speck of shyness between them.

Minutes, eternities passed with their eyes locked, the big Orc gazing upon humble admiration, the Dwarf looking at the pleasure his licking evoked in this so-called enemy of his kind.

"Orkhan be pleased with his little Dwargh. Come sit by side of Orc."

Rimalc hastily sat down on his knees beside the big outstretched Orc, who sedately fondled his balls and gently squeezed his Dwarfmeat to feel it up, then approvingly sniffed his fingers with his boarlike snout.

"Mmmmhh.. Go please Orc, little Dwargh.." he lazily said and Rimalc bent over and started licking the swollen nub of the Orc's nipple. Orkhan grinned and sighed in pleasure.

"Mmmmhh.. Go on.."

Rimalc started playing with the Orc's nipple with his lips and tongue and the green giant closed his eyes and let his small admirer please him.

"Hmmmhh.. Little Dwargh go spoil Orc all rotten.." Orkhan smiled and put his hands behind his head, shivering as he sighed because it pleased him much.

"Ooohh.. For you, master Troop Overseer.." the Dwarf panted in thrill.

"No.. Methinks it a pleasure to Dwargh too... You all hard between legs, little Dwargh! You be hot on Orc!"

"Yes, Troop Overseer.. I'm at your mercy.."

"Yess.. Now get on top of Orc!"

"Oh! On top?"

"Lie over Orc and do more lickies.. Other nipple of Orc want little Dwargh-tongue too.. Lie over Orc. You may do this."

"Oooh master Orc!"

Rimalc carefully slid over the Orc's green body. His skin was so smooth, soft and so warm, and the muscles so hard and thick underneath. Rimalc hugged the Orc with his whole body and laid his ear on the big Orc's chest, listening to the forceful thumping of the creature's heart, the pace of its thumping revealing the big Orc was more excited than his tranquil pleasure showed.

"Oooh Troop Overseer.."

Orkhan smiled.

"Other nipple of Orc be tasty too.. Little Dwargh missed spot!"

Rimalc hastily took the Orc's pointy nipple between his lips and started gently sucking on it. It was hard, like the other one, showing the magnificent Orc's arousal. The big green Orc moaned in delight without shame. Rimalc returned to the left nipple, and after a while played with the right one again.

"You be good pleasings, little Dwargh.."

"All for you, master Orc, only for you.."

"That be big liiie from little Dwargh.. Me thinks little Dwargh deserve little punish for that.."

"Little punish!" Rimalc gasped.

"It can be big punish if Dwargh likes.."

"No! Give me little punish! Err! Uh oh..."

"Yess! If little Dwargh go ask for punish then little Dwargh go get punish!" Orkhan decided and gave a playful snarl.

Rimalc gulped. To get a mock punishment from the big Orc he admired so much was a thought so arousing he could hardly contain himself. He looked the big Orc in his eyes and saw the creature's gentle eyes sparkle with teasing joy.

Orkhan sat up and let the small Dwarf slide off him.

"Sooo... Little Dwargh wants a punish from me big Orc! Hmm.. what it go be? What go be just right for Dwargh for being naughtie.. Ah! Orc knows what Dwargh got coming! Little Dwargh?"

"Master Orc?"

"You go crawl on all fours and lie over legs of Orc.."
Rimalc gasped.

"Oh no.. Please, master Orc!"

"Yess.. Little Dwargh go get big spankie from Orc.."
Orkhan smacked his hand loudly on his muscular right leg,

"Go lie here, little Dwargh.. Get Dwarghie rump up in air for Orc!" Orkhan slowly spoke with a lewd grin, mocking a threat in a very playful way. He saw all too well that this Dwarf was eager to play.

Rimalc gulped and could not help but blush. The Orc was huge and masculine, but also was younger than he, and the highborn Dwarf who always led would now bare his rump to this younger Orc warrior's hand. It was not entirely without humiliation.

The small Dwarf slowly crawled around the big Orc's legs on all fours and stood hesitantly next to his muscular upper right leg. Orkhan smacked it loudly as a promise for things to come. Rimalc slowly slid his chest and chubby belly over the smooth hot green skin and the warm leather strips of the Orcish kilt of belts. His glans touched the Orc's leg and was pushed downward, until Rimalc lay across Orkhan's legs with his hindside up. The big Orc put his left hand on Rimalc's back, denying him escape, and his right hand briskly rubbed and squeezed the Dwarf's hams.

Rimalc had totally surrendered himself to the big Orc, putting full trust in the magnificent creature to not drive him too far. This giant green warrior now had him lying over his legs and his powerful hands held and kneaded him.

Orkhan slowly raised his hand and let it come down on the highborn Dwarf's backside with loud smacks, a firm spanking but not as hard as Rimalc was willing to take it. His backside stung and started glowing, no doubt blushing a hue of pink, and Orkhan slightly upped the fierceness of his smacks to make Rimalc flinch a bit under each of them.

"You like this!" he growled in mock outrage, halted his smacks and let the Dwarf come to breath, rubbing his glowing backside.
"It getting nice and warm too."

"Ohh.. ohh.. Troop Overseer.. Please.." the Dwarf now whispered, panting in great excitement,
"Please give it to me a bit harder, master Orc.. Make me sorry.."

"Now you be blushing above -and- below." The Orc observed and slowly raised his hand. Rimalc pinched his eyes shut, awaiting what was soon to come. With a loud slap the green warrior's hand met the small Dwarf's hams.
"This be what you want?"

"Oww.. Yes.. Yes master Orc!"

"No."

"N.. no, master Orc?"

"No me thinks little Dwargh wants it a bit harder. Do he not?"

Rimalc gulped.

"Yes.." he whispered,
"Yes, please!"

"Me thinks you wants five like that one!"

"Please master Orc, please.."

"If it no go please you it go please me." the Orc decided and merrily dealt five

slaps, then gently rubbed the fiery hot hams of the small Dwarf that lay panting over his legs.

"Thank you.. Thank you sir Orc.."

"You likes it too much!" the Orc again playfully feigned to hold back outrage, "Little Dwargh know what that be meaning?"

"I.. I get -Oww! Oww!"

The big Orc calmly laid some firm smacks on the Dwarven hams and then started rubbing them while his small servant moaned softly. He gently poked and rubbed with his finger between the small hams, turning the Dwarfs moans more towards delight.

"Naughtie one.." he chuckled in heated fascination, then raised his hand, the small Dwarf braced and calmly he laid down more smacks that got the Dwarf and him panting in arousal. He kept this up a while, dealing smacks and letting his small servant come to breath before smacking his rump some more

"There.." the Troop Overseer spoke in satisfaction, "Methinks it is good. For now." The big Orc put his hands behind his head and laid back over the pillows, then spread his muscular legs a bit, the Dwarf still lying over them.

Rimalc did not think one moment. Dazed by the excitement he let himself slide between the Orc's legs, clutched this enormous chest and started licking his green belly, making Orkhan shiver in delight.

"For you, great one.." he whispered and looked up for approval, but saw at a glance no one was more allowed than he. He started licking the Orc's smooth salty skin again, following the crevices between his abdominal muscles, occasionally sucking on the flesh, slowly going evermore downward.

Orkhan held back a cringing in pleasure, and he panted with excitement, holding onto the mattresses.

"You... you be good at pleasings, little Dwargh.." he panted, overcome with excitement at this unexpected pleasure. The Dwarf licked on, licking around and inside the Orc's bellybutton, an area quite sensitive to this gentlest of touching, and shivers and trembles ran through the powerful muscles underneath the Orc's green skin.

"Dwargh!" Orkhan commanded with sternness, panting in heat, and Rimalc hastily looked up, startled to have displeased his Orcish master - but when he gazed in the magnificent greenboar's eyes, and saw the Orc's pupils dilated to black disks of frenzied lust, the Dwarf saw that he had done no wrong.

"Dwargh.. Unbuckle me.. Me has treat for you.."

"Oh!"

The Dwarf sat up on his knees between the legs of his magnificent Orc. He was overjoyed with excitement. His hands gripped the thick, broad belt of greasy leather at the goldbrass buckle and he slowly started to undo it. The black leather was warm with the Orc's bodyheat, and shone with the Orc's sweats. It took Rimalc quite a pull to undo the belt, but finally it popped open and the eager, trembling Dwarf could lay the kilt of belts to the Orc's sides.

Ooh, there it was! The Troop Overseer had a magnificent green Orctail, thick and swollen so hard that it exposed its dark red glans by its sheer tension. Freed from under the layers of black leather the meat rose thirteen inches proudly upward, and from it oozed thick fragrant slimes of yearning. It was bigger and more fierce than Rimalc had imagined it to be. Without thinking he took it with both hands and felt it, the soft sheath of flesh over the hardness underneath, its searing hotness, and the mere touch made more slimes spurt from it, oozing over the Dwarf's kneading fingers. Rimalc used the Orc's own slimes to slicken his Orctail over its full length.

"Urrrrrr! mmm that good.. You be eager, melikes! Go on! Pleasure meat of Orc! It be all hard for you little Dwargh.."

"Oh thank you master Orc! It.. it's so.. It's so.."

"Eager for you!" the magnificent Orc insisted, and Rimalc started kneading the slippery green meat up and down, then bowed over and started sucking on its big red glans, eagerly swallowing the fragrant salty slimes as they came, and his pleasing was thus that there was much for him to gulp down.

"Waaaarrggg.." the big Orc growled and stretched himself out, while the Dwarf was all over his meat. He closed his eyes and let himself drift away in just just like Rimalc's fascination had seized the Dwarf completely.

The Orc panted, moaned and sweated, and the Dwarf made wet sucking sounds and needed all the breath he could get. To themselves, the two unlikely companions were the universe entirely.

Orkhan got evermore heated and lust coursed through his veins. The Dwarf was really working him and in a reversal of roles it was now the big Orc who was led, led without hesitation to the summit of lust. Orkhan sweated and panted, his muscles swelled and radiated heat and he could do nothing but thrash his head about, until finally he exploded in complete pleasure, and pumped his seed into the Dwarf who was so eager and determined to swallow it all. Orkhan let out a mighty booming howl of the utmost pleasure, then colors inversed, darkness closed in and he drifted off, letting go completely to whatever it was that overcame him, and took his senses completely.

Rimalc gulped and gulped all that thick Orcseed, relishing in its flavor and the sheer force with which it was fed him by an Orc who filled him with excitement and noise as he howled wilder than a charging beast. Then the vigor of the thick squirts diminished and the howl broke, he looked up and saw the

magnificent Orc fall completely limp and silent, as his well dried up.

The Dwarf sat up in amazement. His.. his magnificent Orc master had passed out in utter lust! Rimalc was filled with awe and pride that he had pleased his great companion so well.

He got up and sat beside the great Orc, and started to massage his chest and pumping belly. He was so in awe with this creature, and admired him with his eyes and hands, gently rubbing the smooth, sweat-slickened Orcish body.

"Urrrrrrr!" a low growl that shook the room startled Rimalc, and he saw the magnificent Orc stare him straight in the eyes.

"Little Dwargh be thinking happy thoughts?" the Orc growled intensely.

"Me, I, I.." Rimalc stumbled over his words, seized by the magnificent creature again, intimidated by his majestic presence.

"You, you, you!" the Orc chuckled dominantly and pulled the Dwarf on top of him, holding him to his muscular body with his strong arms.

"You be mine!"

"I am yours!" Rimalc gasped in complete surrender.

"Urrrrr... Dwargh be throbbing between the legs! That be all mine too!" The big Orc briskly turned so he was on his knees and an elbow, and laid down the Dwarf beneath him with his free arm.

"Waargh! Orc smell manflesh!" he growled and he moved downward, holding Rimalc's chest with his hands, and starting to briskly lick the Dwarf's eagerly throbbing meat with his warm wet tongue. Rimalc was completely overpowered and just lay back with spread legs, letting the Orc ferociously lick, growl and snarl and treat his meat and pouch with a delicious wild licking.

Rimalc could do nothing but hold onto the Orc's mighty hands that held him down, and let the lustful Orc have his way with him. The Orc was wild as if he were a wolf tearing away at prey, growling and snarling, but his licking did nothing but excite the Dwarf until he was finally as beside himself as the Orc had been before him.

The magnificent creature worked the Dwarf's meat with skill, licking, sucking, wrapping his big tongue around his length, pleasing him with his lips and nudges of his ringed snout. Rimalc pinched his eyes shut and squirted his seed, panting wild, the sweat glistening on his body, and when his seed was squirted the Orc licked it off him, and then licked his belly and chest also.

"You be good pleasure for Orc, little Dwargh." the green one praised his small companion, then thudded down beside him, and hugged the small Dwarf close to him with his powerful arms and legs.

"Thank you for this, mighty one.." Rimalc whispered and got a wet lick across his cheek.

"Oh you be good for Orc and did great pleasings.. Me all satisfied with you, small one. You all mine for night, little Dwargh."

"Rimalc." the Dwarf whispered in submission,
"Rimalc of Dorat Mountain."

A shock went through the Orc's body, and he frowned.

"Dorrat.." he whispered in a surprise that clearly wasn't all good. Rimalc got an eerie feeling. Then the Orc gave him a puzzled look and said inquisitively:

"Orkhan. Kogorad Radl."

Rimalc gasped and his eyes widened in shock. For the first time he felt the presence of fear making itself known within him.

"I.. thought.. I thought you were of Ritdent, of the Valley. An Orc of peace," This was serious. His Dwarf mountain and Orkhan's Orc mountain were in all-out war. It was wartime, the Supremacy War and they were nothing less than total enemies.

The big Orc seemed to calm, and softly hissed, gently shaking his head, to hush down the small Dwarf still clutched in his powerful arms and legs. When the Dwarf had calmed he let a silence pass.

"Me forgive you, Dwargh of Dorat." Rimalc closed his eyes and nodded.

"I forgive you, Orc of Kogorad." he whispered in sincere reply.

"Me be Orc of peace to you." Orkhan said and Rimalc nodded.

"The peace goes both ways, wise one."

They calmed down again and regained themselves and each other. So, unknowing that their peoples were bitter enemies they had found a peace between them, a peace that might never had come to pass in another way. What they had shared was sincere, from the heart. They had found a peace their peoples could not.

"Pretty one." the big Orc smiled.

"Mighty one." the Dwarf answered as his admiration grew once more. The Orc looked at him with sparkling eyes of joy.

"Exciting one." he tried, and Rimalc smiled.

"Lustful one." he added. They looked each other in the eyes.
"Orkhan... is your halftroop also from..."

"My halftroop be of tomorrow." the Orc decided,

"You be of tonight."

"All night?" Rimalc inquired.

"Urrrrrrrrrr!" the big Orc growled, giving the small Dwarf goosebumps all over.

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