

longer. The howling wind and distant music gave way to silence, the cold was displaced by a numbness and his mind became dreamy and tranquil as he slowly drifted off into a merriness that stood apart from where he was, and suddenly the world itself seemed to slip into nothingness, but rather it was he who slipped into oblivion.

A mountain of a man, dressed in a thick vermillion velvet cloak lined with white snow-hare fur, walked through the scarcely lit alley. He stopped abruptly and gazed down upon the collapsed wretch. His hot breath was thick as steam from a kettle, but the tramp barely made a wisp of fog in the cold night air.

“Poor bugger!” the mountain of a man mumbled, bent over, effortlessly took the icy bundle of despair into his strong arms and walked off into the night.

In the quiet of witlessness a sharp pop was to be heard, as if waking Romark from a sleep slept within. His body was icy cold but surrounded with warmth, such incredible warmth that it almost hurt his flesh. He let out a moan and gradually returned from wherever he had been to the body he almost had to leave behind.

Slowly warmth returned to his body. He felt a searing heat in front of him and something huge and warm behind him. He pressed his back to it and it wrapped itself around him.

He had lived.
Somehow, some way, he had made it.

As he regained sentience he became aware the warm thing was moving... Then he discovered it felt just like a huge muscular naked MAN lying against him, vast arms wrapped around him, heavily breathing musky hot air in his neck.

He opened his eyes and blinked.

In front of him was a huge fireplace with a bubbling kettle over the huge fire, he lay on a big soft reindeer-skin and the massive arm that shielded his chest was smooth and the darkest Orc green.

“Nooo!”

He whimpered and turned. He now faced the beast, it must've been seven foot tall and three-hundred pounds big, bulging with thick bundles of Orc muscle and buck-naked, just like he was. The giant Orc hugged the far less impressive man with arms and legs and to his horror Romark felt an enormous Orctail, ten thick inches but not firm in the least, being pressed to his tummy. He tried to escape the huge naked beast-man but twas to no avail. He looked up and begged in helplessness:

“Let me go...”

“Huumonnh..” the big Orc rumbled in frightening joy and firmed up his full-body hug.

“U-u-unhand me you villain....”

Suddenly a harsh Orc voice growled from behind the beast:

“Well merry bucking Yuletide to you too, huemon! Okratan damn you fer bringing stray huemons in and letting em yap at you for thanks.”

“It be season for good deeds..” the huge Orc argued and seemed to actually blush.

The unseen Orc now walked past them at the top half of a big pinetree tossed in a corner of the big room. He grabbed a thick branch and yanked it off, snapped the thick branch in four and tossed in the fireplace sending a huge cloud of orange sparks around the kettle and into the chimney.

“No it season for cuddling up and stuffing lotsa food up yer gullet with yer buddies. Don’t get all mushy like huemons be. Me caught you hanging apples on red ribbons in firewood pine for buck’s sake! What you gonna do with huemon?”

The huge Orc that was all over him looked at Romark almost too kindly.

“Let him have dinner with us. Stay night. Give some coins... It Yuuuletiide!”

“Yer so raw-mantic. Well not stinking like that he’s not! Me gets tub and you go bathe de huemon or he out the door.”

Minutes came and went and slowly Romark began to see the nature of his peril.

“Please don’t hurt me Sir Orc.. “

“Sir Orc!” a third Orc roared after spitting out a drink he apparently drank,

“Now it’s Sir Orc! He smells the gold on you Okratan!”

Romark looked at his big green captor. A kind Orc, he never dreamt it to be possible, kind enough to take his ragged and indeed quite smelly self in, and warm him with his body.

Probably the only kind Orc he’d ever see, and certainly kinder then anyone he met ever since he gotten to look as broke as he was.

He softly rubbed his belly to the huge but still soft Orctail and looked up at the somehow strangely attractive Orc.

“I.. I’d do –anything- Sir Orc...”

“huh-huh-huh Ork go get kick outta this..” the third Orc chuckled but he was ignored.

“Anything, little smelly huemon?”

“Anything I can..” Romark rubbed his tummy up to the Orctail, which clearly took the bait.

Modesty and honour are praised qualities, but for Romark they were the first items on sale once hunger and thirst really set in earlier that year.

Somehow giving up his body for coins to other males had not been a great sacrifice to him, and somehow he wasn't even thinking of coins looking in this Orc's kind animal-like eyes.

Somehow the sheer masculinity and wildness of this Orc had caught his fancy.

“You be naughtie..” Okratan grinned in embarrassment.

Suddenly a huge bang followed by the splashing sound of water broke the spell and the other Orc roared:

“Blast-dammit Okratan! That stray huemon be bucking up to yous and yous LIKING!”

The big Orc was very embarrassed. Suddenly the other Orc lunged over them, roughly pushed his big paw between them and felt up Okratan's Orctail.

“Yous getting HARD!”

“Me sorry! It no biggie Ork..”

“It sure GETTING biggie!” The Orc snorted and firmly but almost gently rubbed between Romark's legs.

“HUEMON be all hard and throbbing! That no biggie for you but it biggie for me. SHARE!”

“Share!” Romark gasped, shocked by what that implied. Ork gazed at him with a strange kind of stern demanding kindness and kept rubbing between Romark's legs.

“Now you all hard for Okratan and willing for playings me thinks you no mind second Orc tagging in on fun.”

“Or third!” the third Orc added.

Romark gave a sort moan, closed his eyes and nodded, while Ork kept rubbing his sweetspot.

“hmm-hmm-hmm you likes that don't you huemon?”

Romark suddenly got quite uncomfortable by all this attention.

“Ehmm.. What's for dinner, Sir Orc?”

“Rape.” Ork growled and kept rubbing the startled human.

“R-rape?”

Ork folded his arms in outrage.

“Boiled rape no good enough for huemon? Us Orcs like eat boiled rapes so rapes it go be!”

Romark indeed smelt an odor akin to turnips and sighed.

“I.. I really didn’t mean it like that, Sir Orc..”

“We go eat boiled rapes and then we gots reindeer stew and goat cheese and coprolate pudding.”

”Chocolate pudding.. It Yuuuletide pudding...”

Ork reached down and slapped Okratan’s cheek playfully but with more then a little annoyance.

“It Winter Solstice and that be that. You a sap for huemon holidays. Now get up an wash that cute piggie or it go be rape stew left in pot for boiling too long.”

Okratan got up and helped Romark get on his feet.

“You be good looks huemon..” the third Orc praised. He was huge, with a barrel of a belly, and rested his feet on two stools about a yard apart. He wore a thick kilt of vermilion-red velvet and wide rims of white proved it was fur-covered on the inside. He lifted the Orc-kilt and showed off his huge soft tail with the bulging Orc-pouch underneath, that was smooth as their green bodies.

“This be good looks?”

Romark blushed, then nodded and the third Orc drank down some more beer from his mug.

When he was satisfied Romark had gotten himself a good look and liked what he saw he slowly lowered his kilt.

“You all furry huemonkey. Me likes what sees.” Ork finally thawed and poked a long fork in the boiling kettle of rapes.

“Get in tub.” Okratan ordered and Romark crouched down in the warm water that was slick and slippery by the ridiculous amount of thyme-soap jelly Ork had shook up into it. Romark wanted to wash himself but Okratan started rubbing his body with his smooth Orc hands.

“You stinkie huemon. Me go wash you myself so me sure you all clean enough for Orcs.”

Romark got quite aroused by all that gentle rubbing with the slick soapy water. Somehow the magic of Yule had struck and his worst day had given way to the most pleasing night since he lost his belongings. In an odd way these Orcs ignored his wretchedness, despite the fact they obviously were as wealthy as he would've envied in his richest season.

Okratan really took his time with washing him, even beyond what was needed to take his fiendish smell away.

"Rapes ready and you good smells." Ork announced and slammed the kettle on the dark spot in the middle of the table the third Orc had set. He forked out two formidable turnips, halved them and smacked them on the four tin plates, then he got a second kettle and put it on the fire.

"Ork... " Okratan called, and as he turned Okratan gave him a firm hug and let his tears flow.

"Me looves you.." he moaned and tears flowed from his eyes. Ork nuzzled his ringed snout.

"Oooh you sweet love of Ork.." Ork answered his lover's croon and they got tusk to tusk, locking them for a deep passionate kiss.

Ork looked aside, noticed Okratan held up his arm and looked up why this was so.

"You RAT!" he growled, grabbed the twig of mistletoe Okratan had held above their heads and chased him around the room flogging his lover's bare Orc-rump with it.

"It –ow!- It –ow! ow!- It Yuletide!!" Okratan protested but it was in vain as Ork pinned him to the wall and force-fed him the bitter twig of mistletoe.

"Yous got the holiday crankiness..." Okratan protested Ork's mood and got a slap to his cheek. He liked his lover rough, but he truly was a sap for cute huemon customs.

"Ocul says rapes be getting cold." Ocul announced, smacking his huge belly, so they gathered round the table. Romark started on his turnip but noticed the Orcs listened to Ocul for a while.

"Tonight it Winter Solstice. The Sun of summer been dying for long now, and tonight at dusk it died."

"Sun dead and live again." Okratan and Ork said in unison and Romark frowned.

"But tomorrow sun will rise again. And then as days go by it go be shining brighter and brighter and give us Sun of summer again. Hail to Newborn Sun."

"Hail to Newborn Sun!" they spoke, and started chewing their rapes, which was a bit undercooked to Romark's taste, but by all means was the best food he had sank his teeth into in months, peculiarly spiced and slick with a dab of lard that had been used

in the baking of the reindeer-meat to come. Okratan offered the feeble human to drink from his mug and Romark eagerly drank down the strong sweet beer.

The Orcs held decent conversation, not at all like Romark had ever expected Orcs to do. Ork and Okratan were horse-breeders and big Ocul turned out to be a quartermaster of the Orc Army of Mount Ritdent. They asked all about Romark's tale and actually paid attention to his words as he laid down his tale of prosperity and misfortune.

Ork got the kettle of reindeer stew and poured and grabbed out the good portions for all.

Suddenly Okratan jumped up and wildly started gesturing in silence. Ork gave his lover a cold stare. Okratan put two fingers behind his ear and whispered in anticipation:

"Sounding as...."

Ork smacked his cheek.

"No huemon holiday kiddiegames. Go sit and eat stew."

They started on the delicious stew and slowly worked their way to the bottom of their plates.

After that they sat in silence digesting the main course of their meal.

Romark became aware Okratan stared at him quite lewdly and licked his lips slowly with the tip of his tongue.

"Romark.." he said calmly,

"Sir Orc?"

"Get under the table and go give us three Orcs a good suckling with mouth."

Romark's heart seemed to fall into his tummy and he blushed in the shyness he never could shake.

"Yeah.. Ocul likes a huemon's suckling now after main meal, Romark." the huge-bellied Orc nodded contently.

"Me seen you be liking meat and drinkings.." Ork smiled mildly,

"Me bets you wants get under table and get taste of Orcmeats and drink slimes of Orcs.

How about it... Romark?"

Romark, who hadn't lost much of his hardness now throbbled up till his cock hurt. He tried to repress a panting as he blushed as red as Ocul's Orc-kilt.

"Get under the table, Romark.." Okratan gently teased, gazing at him with eager

eyes.

“Us Orcs go talk some Orc things, you huemon get down and talk with Orctails.. Me all hard under kilt, Romark.. Methinks you wants taste of that...” Ocul spoke, slowly nodding.

“Get under the table, Romark..”

Romark gulped.

Not for coins.

Not copper, not silver and not for gold.

Benignly watched by the Orcs Romark slowly let himself sink down under the dinner table because he really, really wanted to. And as the noble Orcs talked Orcish above, he was in the place of Orc-legs and most importantly three huge slick Orctails he was to satisfy with his tongue and mouth. He knelt between Okratan’s legs and slipped his hands under the Orc-kilts of Ork and Ocul to take hold of their big hard Orctails, as he started licking Okratan’s spicy Orc-meat with total devotion.

“Hmm.. tasty huemon got me by tail and doing playings..” Ork smiled mildly and sat back in comfort.

“He got good hold of Orctail of Ocul too.” Ocul growled in satisfaction.

Okratan felt the deliciously coarse huemon tongue lick his sweetspot and gently petted Romark’s head, running his fingers through the huemon’s silken hair. He smelled the resin of the pinetree, felt the heat from the fireplace and snow whirled past the windows as he looked around the table of their Yuletide dinner.

“God bless us, every one of us..” he smiled in endearment and Ork slapped his cheek with a disgruntled snort.

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