

Orc Obsession

The treacherous mountain path did little to dissuade Daniel and his bright, olive colored eyes from seeking out what laid beyond the horizon. His traversal of the dangerous road wasn't due to ignorance of its many perils. It was born from a need to better his skills and live up to the expectations that had been thrust upon him ever since he was a child.

From a young age, the soft-faced young man showed much promise with his intelligence. With his vast knowledge, he managed to excel in various subjects such as medicine and sewing. However, his abilities were best expressed through the practice of the arcane arts. Not wanting his potential to be squandered his parents and neighbors had done everything in their power to give him the supplies he needed to become a top class spellcaster. It was with great pride that he boasted the title wizard as a sign of respect for those in his home village that supported him.

With the wind blowing through his curly brown hair, Daniel clutched the spell book fastened to the side of his black traveling robes. Though this was a far cry from his peaceful life back in his home town, he was determined to reach the city on the other side of the treacherous path. There, he would find fellow spellcasters and other books to increase his already impressive magic skills. His motivation to help more people with his skills and make the people in his hometown proud pushed him forward even as his boots occasionally stumbled on the stones lining the path ahead.

Daniel's eagerness allowed him to make a sizable dent in his journey as the sun was starting to set. Taking a swig of water from his canteen, he grinned at the distant gleam of the city far off in the distance. Wiping his mouth clean, he spotted something else further up ahead. Recognizing the visage of two people next to an overturned cart, his sense of righteousness

helped to push away any lingering tiredness. Putting away his drink, he double checked the location of his spell book and sprinted off towards the scene.

“Is everything alright?” Daniel shouted out as he ran up to the man and woman.

“Thank goodness you came along,” the man said, the shivers going through his body making their way through his long, black beard.

“What happened here?” the young wizard asked, looking at the broken down cart and the collection of arrows pinned to its side.

“It was just awful,” the woman replied, further fraying her strands of black hair by burying her hands in her face as she sobbed. “T-there were these awful bandits who attacked us. They took everything from us, even our precious daughter. Who would be so vile as to attack an innocent couple?”

“I’m not sure,” Daniel commented, peeking into the cart to see that it was empty. “Whoever they are, hopefully they won’t have a reason to return. Come with me. We’ll make our way to the city and return with a group of adventurers to rescue-“

“They’re back!”

Turning on his heels, Daniel spotted a group of men with swords surrounding him and the cart. Confident in his abilities, he raised his hands in order to cast a spell to effortlessly take care of the villains. However, moments before he could speak the necessary words, a gag was placed over his mouth. A second later, his arms were pinned to the side as a rope was tightly wound around his torso.

“What a fucking idiot,” the formerly crying woman said as she tightened the knot around his wrist.

“Yeah, even the most basic of travelers don’t fall for this trick,” the man said, helping himself to the wizard’s precious spell book. “Honestly you’re lucky that we’re so merciful. Most other bandits would kill you on the spot.”

“He’s right,” the woman said, shoving Daniel to the ground. “Instead, we’re going to leave you out here. I’m sure that the wild animals will get you before you starve to death. Or at least, give you enough time to regret your actions. Think of it as a lesson you can carry on to your next life.”

While the “couple” rummaged through Daniel’s robes for any other valuables, he struggled to find a way to escape. In spite of his magic powers, there wasn’t much he could do with his arms restrained and his voice silenced. Squirming around with his slim limbs and body did little to make the rope budge. Letting out a sigh, he tried to remain calm as he desperately strained his mind to think of a way to escape.

Closing his eyes and waiting for the bandits to go away, Daniel was forced to look once more at the sound of something stomping in his direction. What he saw was the unmistakable green skin and upturned tusks of an orc. Their imposing figure stood nearly nine feet tall with a suitably bulky body to match. Wiry, black hair lined their arms and legs to partially obscure the thick muscles beneath. Contrasting against the toned limbs was a protruding potbelly that peeked out between their tunic and loincloth to show off the hairs lining its center like the pelt of a wild animal.

As the orc drew closer, Daniel was able to recognize it as a female thanks to the meaty mammarys nestled inside of her tattered tunic. An equally wide rear shook with each heavy stomp and sent ripples through her long mane of black hair adorned with golden circlets. Making her way towards the outer circle of the bandits, she let out a snort from her large nose as she

hoisted up a club as large as a tree trunk. Considering the violent look on her face and the sneer peeking out from behind her thick lips, Daniel wasn't sure if she had come to save him or to make him her next meal.

“The hell is an orc doing out here?” the fake wife spoke up.

The orc let out a grunt as she dragged her grungy nails across her mid-section. “I was just passing through,” she replied, flicking away the loose follicles she had collected from her belly button. “That was until I saw you beating up this little wimp. Are you really so cowardly that you would pick on a defenseless-“

“DIE!”

The bandit's loud shout made him an easy target for the orc woman as she swung her club. No sooner did she send the man rolling down the side of the mountain with the hit did another two come try to get revenge. She managed to incapacitate the pair with only a backhand slap of her bulky arm. Though the rest of the bandits tried to take her down, each of them were dispatched through a series of vicious blows. So busy watching the monstrous woman effortlessly make her way through the group, Daniel was caught off guard as the fake wife hoisted him up and held a knife to his throat.

“Stop right there,” the bandit woman said, pressing the blade against Daniel's skin. “Take one more step and I'll spill his blood.”

The orc huffed. “Why would I care? I don't even know the guy.”

“I-I mean it,” the human woman said, scratching the tip of the knife against Daniel's neck as she shivered. “You get any closer and he's done for.”

“Fine,” the orc said, taking the necessary step back. “I'll stay right here.”

“Good, now get rid of your weapon and-“

The fake wife's demands were met as the orc's club was tossed through the air. Receiving the brunt of the impact to her face, she was forced to let go of Daniel and collapse to the ground. Stomping over to the limp woman, the orc hoisted her up to toss her down the side of the hill like the rest. When she turned around, the green woman smirked at the sight of the remaining bandits running away.

"Figures they wouldn't put up much of a fight," the orc commented, adjusting her loincloth. "But I was hoping that they would at least kill my boredom for a minute."

With her enemies defeated, the orc made her way over to Daniel. Still bound by rope, there was little he could do as the brutish woman picked him up with one hand. Brought up to head level, his vision darted back and forth across her bulging gut, sizable muscles, and the black hairs dotted across her green skin.

Another snort from the orc's nose forced the wizard to look straight at her face. Daniel's panicked squirming gradually died off as he got a closer look. Past her fearsome tusks and oily, black hair, were a set of violet eyes. Staring into her irises, he was mesmerized by the clash of beauty and brutishness before him. Lost in the sea of purple, he nearly forgot about the hand currently holding onto his robes.

"What are you looking at?" the orc woman sneered as she yanked off his gag.

"Y-you saved me," Daniel stuttered out. "Thank you so--"

"Don't mention it," she replied, dropping him to the ground like a bag of rocks. "You can pay me back in gold after I escort you to the city."

"What?" Daniel asked, as he stood up and knocked the dirt off his robe.

“Those bandits were scum, but they also had a point,” she answered, handing him his spell book. “Without any help, the only way you’re getting off this mountain is in the belly of a monster. If you want to get to the city in one piece, you’ll need to hire me.”

Seeing the orc stretch out her hand with the book, Daniel cautiously took it from her. “Who are you?”

“My name is Tulca,” she replied, beating a fist against her chest. “I’m a mercenary. Now, do we have a deal?”

“Yes,” Daniel replied. “Thank you so much for your assistance. How much do I owe you, Ms. Tulca?”

“We’ll discuss my payment once we get off this mountain,” she replied, picking up her fallen club and gesturing for Daniel to follow her down the path. “Just don’t try to get in my way, human.”

“My name is Daniel,” he pointed out, his nature pushing him to meet her harsh gaze with a friendly smile. “Thank you again for helping me.”

“Yeah, yeah,” she replied, continuing to walk without looking at him. “We’ll see if you still feel that way once I give you your bill.”

Even with Tulca’s help, the journey across the mountains had been a long and arduous one. Their pace was slowed to a crawl thanks to blocked off paths and unstable footing. On multiple occasions, the wild beasts that roamed the area had tried to make the duo their meal. While Daniel could hold off a few with his spells, most of the work was thrust upon the orc to

defeat anything that so much as looked at them funny. She made this abundantly clear when the time came to take shelter from a powerful downpour.

Peeking out the mouth of the cave, Daniel watched the nearly solid wall of water coming down that would be occasionally lit up by a flash of lightning. The miserable conditions outside contrasted against the warmth of the fire they had managed to scavenge together from pieces of dry wood. Illuminated by the flame, Tulca busied herself with inspecting her club for any damage. The blunt weapon mixed with her generally intimidating demeanor had helped the pair scare off the bear that had used to call this cave its home.

As Tulca continued to inspect her weapon, Daniel hazarded to let his gaze linger on her. Over the course of multiple days spent with her, he couldn't quite get rid of a growing obsession with the brutish fighter. She had been very clear in her efforts to treat this all as another job that she wanted to get over with as soon as possible. However, that didn't prevent the wizard from trying his best to strike up a conversation every once in a while in an effort to better understand her and his budding feelings.

Tapping his fingers along his book, Daniel hazarded moving a little closer to her. The change in position allowed him to take a long look at Tulca's ever beautiful, violet eyes. He was certain that their gaze had been the thing that made him look past her more fearsome features. While he was trying to tell himself internally that this was the case, Tulca let out a grunt.

"What are you staring at?" Tulca asked, using the purple eyes to glare at him.

"S-sorry, I just, um, you see--"

Tulca slammed her club against the ground. "Stop stuttering and speak!"

"I'm staring at... you."

The orc let out a laugh. “Trying to think of a way to take me out, huh? Fat chance. Even with your magic, I’m pretty sure I could break your fingers before you could have a chance to cast anything. You’re welcome to try though. I could use some exercise.”

“No, I don’t want to fight you,” Daniel said, placing his hand against his chest. “You saved me and have been crucial to my survival. I would have never gotten this far without you.”

“Then why do you keep staring at me like that?” she accused. “Don’t think I haven’t noticed the way you keep gawking at me. Am I some kind of freak to you?”

“No, not at all. You’re... beautiful.”

Tulca’s gruff expression faltered for a moment. Shaking about her head of oily hair, she put back on her usual glare. “The hell are you talking about? I’m over 300 pounds of green flesh, muscles, hair, and rage. What exactly is so attractive about that?”

“Well... your eyes are pretty,” he forced himself to say. “They’re like a set of dazzling amethysts. Or stars glittering in the night sky.”

Crossing her arms, Tulca stood up and stomped towards Daniel. Looming over him to give him a full view of her intimidating stature, she exposed her fangs. “What else?” she asked, her bad breath washing over him. “Come on. Try and describe the rest of me with that flowery language of yours.”

“I, um, well-“

“That’s enough out of you,” she said, putting her hand on his scalp. “What you’re feeling isn’t attraction. That’s just lingering gratitude from me saving your ass. Once we get to town and that wears off, you’ll be back to thinking I’m as gross as any other monster we’ve run into.”

Released from Tulca’s grasp, Daniel watched as she began to stomp her way back to her seat. As if possessed by an unnatural force, he got up from his seat. “That’s not true!” he called

out, getting her to turn around. “I really like you. Just because you’re an orc or that you saved me doesn’t change anything. Whether you believe me or not, I really am attracted to you.”

The admittance of feelings towards Tulca didn’t do anything to sway her. Instead, she took the words as an invitation to walk back over to him and send him sprawling to the ground with a bump of her belly. Picking himself up, he watched as she squatted down over his puny body.

“You obviously don’t know how vile us orcs can be,” Tulca said. “For a wizard, you’re really not that smart. Fine. Then I’ll show you. Maybe then it’ll sink into your head just how repulsive I am.”

Grabbing hold of Daniel, the orc pulled him in close to her body. She started with her legs, making sure his face was properly introduced to the black strands of hair running across the bulky limbs. The wizard winced as he got a whiff of something awful coming from her nether region that was just barely covered up by her loincloth. Too busy wondering what lurked beneath the tattered fabric, he didn’t have a chance to brace for the feeling of having his face pressed up against her furry belly button. Dragged along the fuzzy trail leading up her torso, he momentarily got caught on her sagging bosom. Pushed past the cleavage, he finally got a chance to take a breather and meet Tulca face to face.

“What are you doing?” the wizard asked, his face dripping with sweat from the orc’s body.

“Making sure you understand just how revolting my kind is,” Tulca replied, showing little remorse as spit flew past her tusks to land on his face. “By the time I’m done, you’ll be begging to go back to those bandits.”

Hoisting up her muscular arm, Tulca gave Daniel just enough time to admire the bushel of black hair sticking out of her pit before shoving him into it. Blinded by the coarse strands, his vision became even worse as she brought her limb down to press against his head. With nowhere else to go, his face was forced to suck up the sweat and stench coming from her pit. When the orc finally saw fit to pull him back out, it was only to give him the semblance of hope before shoving him under her other arm for a second round.

“What do you think of me now?” Tulca asked, her voice barely audible with his ears clogged by her pit hair.

Allowed to pull himself out of the sweaty mess, Daniel was faced with the obvious answer. Just as he was about to talk about how rancid and salty the taste of her armpits was, he was stopped a glance of her eyes. Entranced once more by the purple pools, he steeled his resolve.

“I... still think you're beautiful,” Daniel forced out, managing to wipe his face clean with the collar of his robes.

Tulca let out a huff. “Either you're bat shit insane or you're thinking a limp dick human like you only has a chance of getting laid by being with an orc. Well, if that's how you want to play, allow me to show you the reality of what our bodies are like.”

Dropping Daniel to the floor, Tulca grabbed the bottom of her tunic. Hoisting the fabric over her head, the orc took away the only form of support keeping her breasts up. No longer hindered by the cloth, the heavy meat sacks were free to rest against her belly and show off their girth. Much like the rest of her, the pair of tits was made up of green flesh and black hairs that lined the surface. However, what stood out was an even darker hue adorning her teats. The

change in color highlighted the pair of elongated nipples that stuck out a full inch from her body that dwarfed the various bumps surrounding her teats.

While Daniel was still trying to process what he was staring at, Tulca grabbed hold of one of her drooping breasts. Giving her teats a few squeezes, she turned her head away as something began to drip out. The reason became clear as a pungent odor filled the cave to add to her already fragrant form. Forcing himself through the aroma, the wizard watched as a thick, yellow liquid seeped out of the tip of the plump nipples.

“See that ?” Tulca asked, hoisting up her bosom and drizzling the foul droplets along the ground. “That’s not normal, even by orc standards. I’ve had these rotten milk makers since I was a teenager. I’m the only one whose known just how disgusting this stuff is. Until now.”

Grabbing the back of Daniel’s head, Tulca shoved his mouth up against her bosom. With his lips pried open by the orc, he was forced to take in a large helping of the yellowed breast milk. The taste was unlike anything he had experienced before. It was a mostly bitter flavor, with a salty aftertaste akin to what he had experienced in her armpits. The unique texture of the rotten liquid did little to compensate for the fact that it was absolutely horrid as it chugged down his throat.

Daniel’s forced chugging of the slurry of rancid breast milk continued as his lips were forced over to the other teat. Putting her strength to use, the orc pushed down on her chest to continue his drinking session. Try as he might to hold out against the onslaught, there was little his scrawny form could do in the wake of the vile feast. Just as he felt like he was about to drown from the milk, that was when the orc mercifully let him drop back to the ground.

Dazed and a little bloated from the rancid breast milk, Daniel tried to take his time sitting up. The liquid feast nearly came rolling back up his throat as Tulca turned him over to have him

looking up at her. With droplets still leaking from her teats, she loomed over him to allow them to spill onto his robe. Reaching out towards his face, she wiped off a lingering spot from his lips and brought it to her mouth to give it a lick.

“Ugh, just as awful as I remember,” she said, cleaning off her hand on the wizard’s robe. “So, you ready to give up now?”

Once more, Daniel’s intellect kicked in to plead for him to stop. By now, he had to admit to himself that the enticing purple eyes alone shouldn’t have been enough for him to overlook the rest of the brutish woman’s features. By all accounts, the fear of being further tormented by her disgusting features should have been enough to send him running out into the rain. However, an unknown feeling going through his body fought against logic to try and push him to continue the orc’s session. Still not completely understanding the way he was feeling about Tulca, he regardless pressed on.

“Never,” he said, trying to look as determined as possible, even as the orc grabbed him by the chin.

“Heh, guess wizards are stronger than they say,” Tulca commented. “That, you’re a lot dumber than I thought. Fine. Guess I’m breaking out my secret weapon.”

Lifting Daniel up, Tulca carried him over to the cave wall and sat him against it. Backing away, she began the arduous process of removing her loincloth. Just as the fabric was about to snap at the largest part of her legs, she managed to squeeze the garment down. Kicking the cloth away to a corner of the chamber she lifted up her gut and spread out her stance to leave absolutely nothing to the imagination.

Matching the bushels of armpit hair and the numerous follicles dotting Tulca’s body, her pussy was surrounded by a thick pelt of fur. Beneath the intimidating strands, Daniel could made

out the plump womanhood slick with various fluids. Taking a gander at the drooping lips made him wonder if it had been a result of rough mating sessions with other orcs or from merely countless hours of self-stimulation.

As the orc reached down to fold back some of her pubic hairs, she unveiled the most astonishing part of her groin. A sizable clitoris, reaching out to be six inches presented itself. Left in awe at watching the protrusion throb with unknown droplets leaking from it, there was little Daniel could do as she stomped over to him and yanked down his pants.

“Heh,” she said, locking her gaze on the wizard’s cock. “Guess mine’s bigger,” she commented, sliding her palm along her clit. “Not sure yourself? Here, let me give you a better look.”

Grabbing the back of Daniel’s head, Tulca once more pushed him against her body. With his head placed in the perfect position, the orc closed her legs to lock him into place. Each throb of her thick thighs resulted in his face getting buried deeper into her pussy. His nostrils burned with the powerful odor coming from her unwashed vagina that reeked worse than a tavern bathroom. Each shift brought his attention to the protruding clit continuously bumping against the top of his head.

“Let me know when you’re ready to admit defeat,” Tulca said as she continued to rub him against her pussy, her voice barely audible from above.

Unwilling to give up on his burgeoning desires, Daniel allowed the strange feeling coursing through his veins to take control. Going against all of his logic, his body reacted by purposefully opening up his mouth. Pressing his lips up against her labia, he began to suck. Though the fluids were just as bad, if not worse, than the smell of the rancid genitalia something kept him going. As he continued to explore her nether region, he could feel her mighty body

begin to shudder. The excuse that popped into his head that this was all merely a means of escaping her clutches convinced him to go one step further. Deep inside, he knew the true reason, but just didn't want to admit it to himself yet.

Brushing his face along the orc's bush of pubic hair, Daniel eventually got a hold of her clit. Rather than turn away, he greeted the imposing protrusion by opening up his mouth. Swallowing up her clitoris, he sucked on it to gather up as much of the fluids he could get. The rancid taste could not deter him from shoving the clit as far down his throat as possible in an effort to get a good sample of her essence. As he continued to explore both her womanhood and his inner feelings, he was becoming aware of the thing between his legs beginning to grow rigid.

Before Daniel could finish sucking her off or attending his erection, he was shoved back with a single push. Looking upwards, he spotted Tulca's purple eyes leering down at him. The innate beauty of her pupils was undone by the sheer fury he felt coming from her snarled expression.

"The fuck is wrong with you?" Tulca asked with a snort from her nostrils blowing onto him. "Are you trying to get yourself killed?"

Daniel clenched his fists. "No, I'm trying to convince you that I really like you."

Baring her teeth, Tulca lowered her body on top of him. Getting his rigid member dangerously close to her nether region she slid herself forward. Leaving streaks of yellowed breast milk along his body, she eventually met him face to face. A misread of the situation got the wizard to tilt his head forward for a kiss, only to be rebuffed as she belched in his face.

"I think we've played around long enough," she said, bringing herself back up. "If you're so determined to be with a disgusting orc, then I have no choice but to show you the vilest part of me."

Daniel looked on as Tulca swiveled herself around. His eyes went wide as most of his vision of the cave was blocked off by the meaty, sagging, hairy ass hanging in front of him. Sinking her fingers into her meaty butt cheeks, the orc proceeded to spread them apart to give an unobstructed view of what lurked between.

Tulca's asshole was the epitome of her body's gross features. The orifice itself was centered around a puffy flap of skin that throbbed with each twitch of her body. Coarse, black strands lined the entirety of the area from the point of her crack all the way back down to the rancid vagina he had just escaped from. At the center was a green opening that reeked worse than anything else he had experienced on her body. It came as no surprise to him as moments later he was pulled in between the thick mounds to get properly acquainted with her anus.

"How do you like that?" Tulca called out as she wobbled herself back and forth to sink him further into the filthy crevasse. "Let's see if you're still so stubborn once you get taste of my nasty asshole."

Though Daniel was momentarily stunned by the mass of green flesh and fur surrounding his head, he was exactly where he wanted to be. Opening his mouth, he placed his lips around the ring of her anus and began to give it the same treatment of her womanhood. The foul taste that attacked his tongue wasn't enough to drive him away. Nor was the sensation of the hairs brushing up against his face. His attention was completely focused on trying to prove his feelings for her.

Daniel was forced to stop as a fart came blasting out of Tulca's rear. The puff of rancid gas made him pause for a moment to reorient himself. The pause was just long enough to convince the orc that she had won the little contest. For him, the outburst was the final step needed to bring out the real reason that he was pushing himself so hard. This wasn't about

merely adoration for her as his savior. He was enamored with the orc's sweaty, hairy, bulky body and all of its disgusting features.

Throwing caution to the wind, Daniel dove himself in-between her cheeks to suck and lick at the nasty hole. Even another fart blowing down his throat wasn't enough to get him to stop. Enveloped by her flesh and fumes, he could feel his cock beginning to throb even harder. Overwhelmed by the ecstasy of getting to indulge in his desires, he barely noticed the series of strange shivers going across his body. Regardless, the sensation was enough for him to splatter his seed against the cave floor and force him to finally stop.

The wizard's view of Tulca's ass was replaced with the stony, grey features of the cave ceiling as he fell backwards. No longer in the midst of exploring the rank body, he was able to feel the exhaustion inflicting him. For a while, he was content to just lay there and suck in the lingering fumes of his own depravity. He only came to attention when he felt a waterskin touch his hand. Graciously accepting the drink, he put it to his lips to quench his parched throat.

Daniel nearly choked on the water as Tulca loomed over him. The expression on her face wasn't of anger or disgust. Looking into her purple eyes, he saw what appeared to be a begrudging acceptance.

"Are you okay?" she asked, placing a hand on his chest. "You're not going to pass out, are you?"

"N-no," he replied. "At least, I don't think so."

"Good. I want you awake for this."

Taking the waterskin from Daniel's hands, Tulca lifted him up. Placing him on her knees, she squeezed her nipples to cover her hand in the yellow milk. With her hands fully lubed up by the disgusting liquid, she reached out to grab at his manhood. Though it was still limp and

covered with leftover droplets from his release, she proceeded to grasp it between her fingers. Gingerly sliding up and down his shaft to bring it back to rigidity, she allowed her gaze to meet with his once more.

“What are you doing?” Daniel asked, chewing on his lip to try and hold out against the surprisingly tender touch.

“Paying you back,” she answered as she flicked her thumb up against the tip of his cock. “You did it for me, so... let me do it to you. Now hold still.”

“Tulca, what are you-MMMPPH!”

Daniel was promptly shut up as the orc tightened her grip on his cock. As she pumped, the smell of her body odor worked alongside the rough motion to put him back in the heightened mood from before. No longer able to hide his moans behind her green flesh, there was little hope of the wizard holding back the pleasure he was experiencing. As he let out one last moan, she managed to direct his cock away to let it splatter against one of the stone walls.

“There,” she said, brushing her fingers through his hair. “How was that? Not too rough?”

“It was... great,” he replied, hazarding to nuzzle up to her in order to regain his strength. “What does this mean for us?”

Tulca let out a huff. “Hell if I know,” she said, using the waterskin to clean off some of the lingering cum and milk from his member. “Maybe... we should stick close to one another for a bit longer once we get to the city. We might eventually figure out whatever this thing we have is.”

Daniel put on a weak smile. “I would like that.”

“I’m sure you would, you little pervert,” she teased, gently placing him on the ground before standing up. “The rain looks to be dying down. We should be able to head back out on the

trail soon.” Looking back over her shoulder, she shot him a look of embarrassment. “Sorry to ask, but I kind of forgot. What was your name again? I figured I should probably know what it is considering we’re going to be... partners for the time being.”

“My name is Daniel,” he said as he began cleaning himself up, “but, you can call me Danny if you like.”

“Alright, Danny,” she said, joining him in getting herself dressed for the journey ahead. “Let’s see where this takes us.”