

“Leanna...Leanna, are you awake?”

Princess Leanna Heatherton stirred awake when she felt someone gently nudging her. She pushed aside strands of blond hair from in front of her face and rubbed her eyes, taking in her surroundings with a yawn. She recognized her tent, adorned with her bedding and a modest wardrobe of clothing that she brought with her during her present journey. Past the opening flap of the tent, she caught a glimpse of two of her royal guards patrolling the perimeter of their camp.

“Leanna,” the male voice whispered again.

She turned to her side and saw the adolescent face of Henry Oakenshire beaming down at her. His freckled face was turned up in a cheeky grin, and she could see that he was adorned in his leather jerkin amid the soft glow of the nearby candlelight.

“You should not be here, Henry,” Leanna said tiredly, rubbing her eyes again. Though as she said it, her voice did not contain any hint of condemnation. On the contrary, she wore a wry smirk of her own. “Wendel would not approve if he caught us. And he’d be sure to tell my parents upon my return home.”

Henry waved his hand dismissively. “Bah, that old coot. He’s fast asleep, trust me. I checked to make sure before I snuck in here. That crusty old steward of yours could sleep through the sounds of battle and an earthquake combined.”

Leanna covered her mouth with her hand, stifling a laugh that could alert one of her guards or attendants to her. “Henry! You’re incorrigible!”

The young man quirked his eyebrows at her in a playfully dashing manner. “That’s why you want to marry me.”

Leanna rolled her eyes. “I’m marrying you because your father is a war hero and your family provides the best soldiers, lumber and furs in all the kingdom. That’s why my parents chose you.”

He grinned and shook his head. “Nah. You love how charming I am. Just admit it.” He cleaved himself into her side and rested his head on her pillow beside her.

“You’re such a dolt,” she laughed, giving him a playful shove. “But maybe you’re not entirely wrong.”

They laughed together and Leanna felt her heart swell as her young love tucked himself against her, resting his head against hers as she felt him wrap the blanket over both of them. Her arm wrapped itself around his shoulder as she pulled him into her embrace, breathing in his scent.

His head of brown curly hair rested on her shoulder while, beneath the blanket, she felt his fingers lacing themselves with hers as he gently took her hand in his.

From an outside perspective, they would make quite the mismatched pair. Her, eighteen years old, golden blond hair, tall stature and with the gentle beauty that came with royalty. Him, curly brown hair, short stature, but with a rugged sort of handsomeness that the hardy boyfolk and menfolk of Oakenhall often possessed.

When Leanna first met Henry over a year ago, she didn't know what to make of him. Gone were the girlhood fantasies of her being married to a stocky man several years her senior, who towered over her and was muscular like the knights and heroes of legend, who would sweep her off her feet on their wedding day. Instead, she found herself met with the son of the lord and lady of Oakenhall; a boy four years her junior and several inches shorter than her, who did not look like he was physically capable enough to sweep her off her feet even if he wanted to.

At the time, she had of course protested to her father and mother, the king and queen, for this farce of a marriage arrangement. How could they think to marry her to a boy who was younger than she was and whose height could barely reach up to her shoulders?! Granted, she knew that she was a tall girl for her age, and so the height difference could not entirely be blamed on Henry, but it still felt like an insult to her.

However, she quickly discovered that Henry was quite charming and humble (though he could be plenty cocksure when he wanted to be as well). It took only several meetings between the two of them - supervised by her parents' attendants, of course - for the princess to realize that her betrothed was quite pleasant to be around. Despite him being four years younger than her, he was wise beyond his years, dazzling her with detailed stories of his rugged, forested homeland and of his many exploits and adventures among the local hunters and fur trappers of his land. When he took her out for walks in the woods surrounding the capital city, he would attend to her every whim and desire, stopping to ask if she needed a break and always asked her what she wanted to do next.

On one particularly long hike through the woods, he'd even sat her down by a nearby creek and gave her a long foot rub without any prompting, when she told him that her feet started to ache from the hike. It was a bold move, even for the lad who was to marry the princess of the kingdom, but it was a move that made her heart swell with admiration for the boy for the first time.

As for his physical appearance, it didn't take long for Leanna to look past his shorter stature and realize that his other looks could be deceiving. Sure, at his age, Henry was not rippling with muscle like a knight who'd fought many battles, but she saw that he was in very good shape and had the musculature of a boy who spent most of his time outdoors. This was hardly surprising considering that most of the boys of Oakenhall supposedly learned how to hunt and

fight practically from the cradle. She quickly grew to have an appreciation for a fiancée who was worldly rather than sheltered and spoiled, as many lord's sons often were.

Months after they'd first met each other, Princess Leanna and her betrothed shared their first kiss together. It was at this point that Leanna came to the realization that Henry being younger and shorter than her had long ago ceased to bother her. On the contrary, she realized that there was something undeniably lovely and (dare she say) romantic about kissing a boy on the lips who was so short that she had to lean her head down slightly in order to meet his lips with hers. By the Maker, just the thought of it gave her butterflies in the pit of her stomach and made her feel so sinful for enjoying it so much.

Leanna turned her gaze toward the boy nestled up against her. She saw that his green eyes were intimately focused on her.

She turned on her side to face him. "So...why did you sneak your way in here?"

He pursed his lips, snuggling himself a little closer to her. "I thought we could...you know..." he whispered.

Leanna shook her head automatically. "Henry, no." During times like these, he did show small signs of naivety that reminded her that he was younger than she was. "You should know that you and I can't do...*that* until our wedding night!"

"I know that," he replied with a boyishly nonchalant shrug. "But I was just hoping we could...erm...kiss a little." His eyes twinkled at her with an expression that somehow seemed equal parts warm and mischievous.

She chewed her lip, glancing at the front flap of the tent again to see if anyone had spotted Henry's little nightly intrusion into her tent. *Maker, it is worth the risk*, she thought.

"I...suppose we could do that...for a short while," she whispered with a blush.

Henry blushed too and beamed at her, snuggling just ever so slightly closer to his older fiancée. He brought his face closer to hers until their foreheads touched. Leanna could feel her own heart pounding a mile a minute as his soft lips made contact with hers. She mewed softly into his kiss, reaching up a cupping his cheek as their lips gently danced with each other with feather-light pecks.

The princess' breath caught in her throat when she felt her betrothed's hand sneak its way up to her leg, rubbing small circles there. She pulled away from their kiss to see him panting with excitement in the darkness, and felt herself suddenly sharing his excitement; his exuberance was contagious.

"Is this alright?" Henry whispered, motioning to his hand rubbing her leg, closing in on her thigh.

Part of Leanna - the prim and proper part that her parents had instilled in her - felt that this was wrong, sinful. But how could something be wrong if it felt so right? Besides, this was a young man who would be her husband someday soon, not some stranger. Surely there wouldn't be any harm in touching each other a bit more...

"Yes...I- I think it is," she chewed her lip, surprised at what she would say next. "But...maybe you could rub a little... lower?"

Her young lover's adorable steely eyes widened at the implication. But, composing himself a moment later, he gulped and complied with her request. His hand snaked its way down her leg and to her thigh, rubbing there gently but with a slight amount of pressure.

Leanna cooed from the relaxing sensation, snuggling herself against Henry's warmth as his fingers worked their magic. She felt butterflies in her stomach from the realization that his fingers were so very close to her virgin sex. If not for her gown and underclothes to get in the way of Henry's fingers, he would...

The thunderous clattering of steel on steel and panicked shouting interrupted the two young lovers from their intimate moment. They broke off from their kiss and Henry's rubbing and paled as Wendel, Leanna's servant, burst into the tent. The portly old man was red-faced and sweating.

"Princess, my lord!" he gasped at both of them, too alarmed to even notice that his princess' young man fiancée was not supposed to be in this tent. "We're under attack by bandits! Half the guardsmen are already dead; they must have known we were coming!"

Terror gripped Leanna and horrid images of all the things that these foul men would do to her and to Henry spring into her mind. Henry must have seen the horror on her face and took her hand in his, calming her nerves slightly.

"What do we do, Wendel?!"

The old servant peered outside the flap of the tent where, in the distance, a royal guardsman was desperately trying to fend off three lightly-armored bandits at once. "Flee into the woods, both of you! The guardsmen and I have a duty to give our lives for you if need be, Princess. We will hold them off! You and Lord Henry get yourselves to the nearest town at once!"

Leanna gasped at the implications of Wendell's words. She'd never liked the overbearing old servant very much, but realizing that he was very likely about to give his life for hers made her rethink all of that.

“Wendel, I’m sorry, I-

He shook his head. “Hush now, child.” He turned to Henry. “Keep your future wife safe, lad!”

Henry nodded resolutely, trying to appear as brave as possible. “I will.”

Wendel pulled open the flap and ushered them out quickly. Leanna and Henry, hand-in-hand, ran as fast as their legs could carry them, stopping only once briefly so Henry could take up one of the fallen guardsman’s sword and bring it with him.

They ran and ran until the horrible sounds of battle at the royal entourage’s camp faded into the distance. Leanna clung to Henry’s hand as he ushered her through the forest, shivering from the night time chill. She and Henry had needed to flee camp so quickly that they hadn’t the time to even bring warmer clothing. Leanna noticed that the cold didn’t yet seem to be bothering Henry, probably because he was used to the outdoors as well as the harsher winters of his family’s land.

When they felt they’d run far enough, they ducked behind a large tree, panting and trying to catch their breath.

“W- what do we do now?” Henry gasped. Leanna could tell that he was trying to stay strong for her, clutching his sword so tightly that his knuckles were white, but he was clearly worried. She couldn’t blame him, as she was more terrified than he was.

She took a few breaths to compose herself, still shivering from the cold. “I don’t know. I- I’ve only traveled through these lands once, years ago. I don’t know where the nearest town is.”

The boy across from her frowned, squinting around the surrounding forest. “Maybe...we ought to find some place in the forest to hide until the bandits pass. It’s not safe at night anyway, with wolves prowling about-

“Wolves is the least o’ your concerns, lad.”

Henry and Leanna’s heads snapped to the sound of the voice in front of them. Six bandits rounded the tree in front of them, brandishing their daggers at the two youths.

The lead bandit, a man with a dirty face and a thick mustache, grinned at them. “Try’n to escape on foot, eh?” He made a “tsk tsk” sound. “Not the best idea.”

Henry put himself between the bandits and Leanna, puffing out his chest with as much bravado as he could muster, pointing his sword at them. “Get back!”

The bandits all laughed. "You're outnumbered, boy. Best you and the princess don't struggle and come along quietly with us now, or else we put a blade 'tween your eyes!"

"Try it then!" Henry challenged, readying his sword.

Leanna paled. Though part of her admired her betrothed for being willing to defend her. But surely he could not fight all six of these men on his own.

"Henry!"

One of the bandits, skinny and pallid, ignored her plea and drew his knives, facing down Henry. "You've got quite a mouth on you, ya little shit. I'm gonna enjoy ripping your tongue from it!"

The bandit dashed forward, knives thrust toward Henry's chest. The heir of Oakenhall was ready for him though, deflecting one of the blades with his sword and swiveling to his right. The bandit recovered and lunged again, but Henry dodged, swung his sword around in a swift arc, severing both of the bandit's hands.

The bandit fell to his knees and let out a blood-curdling cry as blood spurt forth from his maimed arms. Henry, red-faced with the adrenaline of the confrontation, took quick, labored breaths as he turned toward the other bandits.

Leanna meanwhile looked at Henry with amazement. She knew that he'd been well-trained in swordsmanship by his late father, as with many Oakenhall boys, but to see a shorter and younger boy swiftly dispatch a taller, grim-looking man was something to behold.

The rest of the fallen bandit's comrades were no longer amused by the situation. The lead bandit snarled and he and his comrades brandished their blades. "All together, boys. Kill the little shit and take the girl."

This is it. Henry fought well but he can't fight five armed men at once. Oh Henry, I wish it didn't have to end like this, she thought.

A soft "thunk" sound was emitted, causing both the bandits and the two humans to jump back with surprise. The bandit on the far right quivered and blood spilled from his mouth before his body fell to the ground, dead. A small throwing axe was embedded in his back.

"Oy, you cunts!" A husky voice barked out from behind the bandits.

To the amazement of all the humans present, a tall orcess sauntered into the forest clearing. Rippling with muscle and bearing a partially-shaved warrior's haircut that did not detract from her feminine curves and ample breasts, the emerald-skinned female was armed to the teeth with more throwing axes, and a larger axe clutched in her hands. The orcess was easily several

inches taller than even the tallest bandit there, and they all instinctively took a step back when she approached them.

“All of you spineless maggots against a pair of kids?” She spat on the ground in front of them. “A pissing dog has more honor than you lot.”

She bared her teeth and raised her axe to the nearest bandit. “Come get it, you cocksucking nancies!”

Though initially intimidated, the bandits rushed her at once. What occurred next was a brutally efficient massacre. The orcess let loose a battle cry, bringing her greataxe down onto the head of the first bandit that came close to her, splitting his skull open and killing him instantly. She kicked away the next bandit, swinging her axe around in an arc one-handed and cutting off his legs with a sweep beneath him.

She rolled away to avoid the slash from the third bandit, grabbing his arm after her recovery and using it as leverage to slam him face-first into a nearby tree at full force. The fourth bandit she quickly executed with a quick toss from another one of her throwing axes that easily tore through his light leather vest. The final bandit, the leader, she disoriented with a haymaker to the face, followed by a cleave that split him in half.

Leanna surveyed the aftermath of the one-sided fight with amazement and a small bit of terror. If Henry’s quick victory against the one bandit was impressive, this was downright jaw-dropping to the princess. She also felt an immediate wave of nausea coming over her when she beheld all of them mutilated, dismembered corpses of the bandits littering the forest.

The orcess slung her axe over her back and wiped the bandits’ blood from her face. She turned to the two young humans, and Leanna grew immediately defensive as she walked up to them.

“Stay back!” Leanna recoiled from the muscular orc female covered with blood.

She cocked her head at the princess, putting her hands on her hips. “That’s one way of thanking the bitch who just saved you, girl. I ain’t gonna hurt you.”

Leanna’s shoulders slumped as she relaxed. “My- my apologies, miss.”

Henry sheathed his sword and wrapped his arm around Leanna’s shoulder, pulling her close when he saw that she was still shivering.

“Why did you help us?” Henry asked softly.

The orcess glanced back at the corpses of the bandits with disgust. "This lot fucked me over. Swiped shit from one of the blokes who hired me. I wasn't gonna let that go. I tracked them for the past five days."

Her face softened as she turned her attention back to the two humans. "And then I saw these pricks cornering a human lad and a human lass. So, I gotta wonder, who might you two cuties be? Must be pretty important, judging by that fancy silk gown, girly," she said, motioning to what Leanna was wearing.

Leanna made a face at "cutie" and the mention of her manner of dress. She opened her mouth, but then snapped it shut. Orcs were a notoriously violent and untrustworthy people by nature, according to her mother and father, and she had no idea if this particular orc had the same vile intentions in mind as the bandits she'd saved them from.

The orcess rolled her eyes, pointing around the forest. "Look, I already said I ain't gonna hurt ya. I don't have the heart to cut down a pair of youngsters like that. But here's the thing; you need my help to get out of these woods. There may be more of those bandits prowling about. If you wanna go it alone, good luck, because you won't last the night."

Henry and Leanna looked at each other with uncertainty, Henry rubbing his arms and Leanna gulping. The princess sighed and turned back to the orcess.

"I am Princess Leanna Heatherton, daughter of King Ferdinand Heatherton," Leanna admitted. "My royal guardsmen were escorting us across the country so we could visit all of the vassalages of the kingdom."

The orcess looked surprised for a moment at the fact that Leanna was the princess of the human kingdom, but her expression relaxed again. "And who might this strapping man-boy be?" She asked, turning to Henry and appraising him with a grin.

Henry blushed at the term she used for him. Leanna answered for him. "He's my betrothed, Henry of Oakenhall," she said, lacing her arm around his.

The orcess smiled widely. "Betrothed, eh? I thought you prim and proper human royals didn't get to even meet each other until after you got hitched, let alone skip across the country with each other."

Leanna thought back to the kiss that she and Henry shared in their tent before they were interrupted, and her cheeks grew warm. "Henry's family thought it best to spend time together before our wedding, so he could show himself to be an honorable suitor worthy of marrying the princess."

The orcess whistled. "Bold." She looked at Henry's sword. "I'd say your lad proved himself a good hubby from his fighting. I saw how you killed that one scumrat. It was a good kill. Not something I was expecting to see from a sweet-looking little lad like you."

Henry pouted, seemingly confused by the compliment laced with a jab at his short stature. "Hey! I'm not short!" He argued petulantly.

The orcess winked at Leanna. "Course you're not, lad. Like I said, good fightin, even if you could stand to work on some things."

Henry shrugged and grumbled under his breath. The orcess then turned toward the direction that Leanna and Henry had fled from. One of her pointed green ears twitched.

"We'd best get goin from here. More of those bandits are out there, lookin for ya both. Where were you off to?"

Leanna smoothed out her gown and took Henry by the hand to follow the orcess. "Henry's home of Oakenhall. I was to spend several weeks there, with Henry's family before returning to the Capital."

"Hmph. No short distance, but I'm in need of a new job. I'll get ya there, but it'll take us about two weeks on foot."

Leanna let out a sigh of relief, not happy that she no longer had her royal wagon, but immediately relieved that they had a protector, even an orc protector.

"Miss, you have my undying gratitude!"

"Mine too!" Henry chimed in.

The orcess batted the air with a hand. "Bah, you sweet things. Think nothing of it. Come along now. Let's find you two some shelter away from more of these filthy, thieving cunts."

She ushered the two teenagers along through the undergrowth. After moments of quietly making their way through the woods, Leanna looked ahead at their orcish escort with curiosity. "Miss...can I ask your name?"

The orcess spun around to face her two charges. "Ah, where're my orcish manners? Zaela, at your service." Both Leanna and Henry were taken aback as, one after the other, the orcess gently took each of their hands and planted a kiss onto each of them in a manner not uncommon among noblemen at court. Henry especially looked bewildered and bemused by the orcess greeting both himself and his future bride as a gentleman would greet a lady.

Zaela seemed oblivious or unconcerned with their reaction. She winked at both of them. "Come along now, you lovebugs."

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After traversing the forest for several hours, Leanna felt as though her feet were going to fall off. She already wasn't accustomed to traveling long distances on foot to begin with. This was made worse by the fact that she had only her slippers with, having had to abandon most of her footwear along with the rest of her wardrobe. Fortunately, Henry was courteous and attentive, helping her along whenever she slowed down.

To her relief, their orcish guide soon found them a roadside inn, its candlelit windows and bustling noise promising warmth and reprieve the moment they set eyes on it. Zaela walked the two human teenagers up to the front door, turning to them.

"This place is as good as any to spend the night. Doubt those fuckers that attacked you will follow ya here. Best to keep our heads down and not draw too much attention to ourselves though," Zaela said.

Henry nodded, while Leanna's hands were rubbing together with uncertainty. "And is this a...decent establishment?" She asked.

Zaela snorted. "Not one bit, but don'tcha worry, sweet thing. I'll protect you." She looked at Henry and winked. "And so will your man here."

Leanna sighed and Henry took her by the hand to comfort her. Zaela pushed the door open, revealing the chaotic, raucous bustle of the inn. Drunken patrons were hollering and chuckling boisterously, mugs of ale were being guzzled and spilled, the musicians were playing an upbeat tune. In one corner of the inn, two men were having a knife-throwing contest that was destined to end badly for one or both of them.

Sidestepping scores of oblivious patrons who were bumping into them, Zaela and the two humans made their way to the front, where the innkeep was attending to various patrons. When he finished with them, his gaze turned to Zaela and his eyes widened with recognition.

"Zaela, you ol' girl! How in hells are ya?" The innkeep boomed. He took notice of the blood splotches caking her green skin and light armor. "Looks like you got up to some business."

Zaela shrugged her shoulders and rubbed the bridge of her nose. "Doing alright, all things considered, Edwin. Killed a band of thieving shits."

Edwin shook his head. "Must've been Holleran's boys. They've been causin' no small amount of grief around here recently. Word is they were planning to make some kind of big move tonight, but I don't know the details."

Leanna rubbed her feet together uncomfortably at that.

"I'm glad I was able to spoil their fun," Zaela said, and Leanna could tell she was trying to turn the conversation toward something else. "So, how about a room, Edwin?"

"Can do. Will you be wanting any...special company like usual, lady greenskin?" He asked with a mischievous grin. "I'm sure one of the lads or girls is free tonight."

What kind of special company? Was he referring to courtesans?! Leanna thought, not liking the idea of sharing a room with the orcess while she was engaged in some kind of debauchery.

Zaela gave a coy smile. "Thanks, but nah. Just a room for me and my two friends here."

Edwin took notice of Leanna and Henry for the first time, and the bald man appraised them with a raised brow. Leanna kept herself shielded behind Henry as much as possible, knowing that she would be the more recognizable one, if anyone here knew what the princess of the kingdom looked like.

"Who're they?"

"Edwin, don't be a nosy prick," she said, casually moving her body in front of him to block his view. "But if you must know, they're the son and daughter of a merchant who hired me. I'm on an escort job."

Edwin nodded, accepting the answer. "Sure, fine. One room coming up. Only got one bed though. That a problem?"

Leanna bit her tongue to keep from protesting. Henry just shrugged. Zaela looked back at them and smiled. "I'm sure we'll make due. Have no choice I guess."

She turned back to him, tossing a small coin pouch onto the countertop. "That should cover it," she said. She then tossed another smaller coin pouch onto the countertop alongside it. "And that's for you to draw me a hot bath and bring me up a couple bottles of yer best brandy, maybe that good shit they drink in the southlands."

Edwin nodded, pocketing the coin. "Pleasure as always, Zaela."

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Some time later, Leanna, Henry and Zaela found their room ready for them. Zaela ushered them in quickly before any unwanted eyes spotted them. While containing little in the way of opulence or style, the bedroom contained a single large bed and a few other simple amenities. And as requested from Edwin the innkeep, a large wooden tub sat in the corner of the room, alongside two bottles of aged brandy on a nearby end-table.

Zaela let out a long, relaxed sigh. "Urzna's tits, it's nice to have a place to kick back for a bit. Been on the road a while, ya see." She withdrew her battleaxe and propped it up against the wall, along with her satchel and personal items.

Leanna twiddled her thumbs, idly rocking back and forth on the balls of her feet. She looked to Henry and saw that the brown-haired boy seemed to feel equally awkward over their current circumstances. Spending the night with an orc mercenary in a random inn is not what they thought they'd be doing when they'd first made camp with their royal entourage the previous afternoon.

Zaela, while taking off her leather shoulderpads, looked over at the two humans. "Well? No need to stand there like a pair o' timid field mice. Get yourselves cozy."

Snapping to attention, Henry gently took Leana by the hand and led her over to the bed, and the pair sat down on top of it, looking back at the towering orcess silently, but with no small amount of curiosity.

"Miss Zaela, can I ask you something?" Henry asked after a few moments.

The corner of the orcess' mouth turned up in a slight smirk. "Of course, little lad," she replied, removing her belt.

"How is that....err I mean..why is it that you seem so *friendly* with humans?"

Leanna was about to reprimand her betrothed for asking such a personal question, but quickly realized from the orcess' responding chuckle that she didn't seem to mind the inquiry.

"Can't rightly say, kid. I've always just gotten along better with yer folk than my own, even if some of your folk don't like me all that much. I never rightly fit in very well with my tribe. I was too rowdy for our males, and I didn't very much care for most of em anyway. I didn't give a rat's ass about being the chieftainess of my tribe either."

Leanna's eyes widened, and Henry looked just as surprised by this information. "I beg your pardon? Did you say you were a chieftainess of your tribe? Your tribe's leader?"

Zaela nodded nonchalantly. "No, but I was supposed to be. My da was the previous chieftain, ya see, and I was his oldest girl. He had no sons." She picked up one of the bottles of brandy from the nearby table and poured herself a mug, taking a swig before continuing. "But like I said, I didn't want it. There's a whole wide world o' adventure and fuckery out there for me. Why would I want to be cooped up in the Badlands looking after a tribe?"

"So you just left?" Henry asked.

"I just left," Zaela confirmed. "My younger sis, Kraulga, runs things now. I always got along fine with her, and she likes the job more than I ever would've. And she's fine with me fucking about as a mercenary, as long as I bring her back tales of all my bloody adventures whenever I go to visit her."

She poured herself another mug and gave the humans sitting on the bed a wide smile. "Besides! Being an orc in the human world is loads more fun. I get to save a pair of sweet human royals who're just looking to have a romantic tour o' the country!"

Leanna looked at Henry and rubbed her arms sheepishly. "Thank you," she said, not knowing what else to say.

"Say," Zaela said, walking over to the bathtub and running her hand smoothly across the water's surface, testing the temperature. "For an arranged marriage, you two already seem like quite the pair of lovebirds, if ya don't mind me saying. How'd that come to be?"

Leanna was taken aback by the very forward inquiry. Though, it hardly seemed fair not to answer her considering that the orcess had just openly revealed quite a bit about her own personal history.

"Well...Henry is to be my lord husband and, well, it is natural for a husband and wife to have affection for one another," Leanna answered plainly, and Henry nodded.

"No offense, Princess, but it bloody aint," Zaela chuckled. "I've been around humans, even your lords and ladies, long enough to know that a lot of husbands and wives wouldn't want the first thing to do with each other if it wasn't for their parents forcing em to marry."

"But you two," the orcess continued with an affectionate smile, "I saw you two giving each other doe-eyes the whole way here. It's the cutest shit I've ever seen from a pair of royal kids like you. I guess it just surprised me a bit, that's all. Especially considering yer differences."

Henry raised an eyebrow and cocked his head at her. "What differences?"

Zaela rolled her eyes playfully at the question. "Aint no secret that your gal is taller, and I'm guessing older, than you, lad. How old are you two anyway?"

Leanna was embarrassed to answer, afraid that the orcess was going to judge her. Henry promptly answered for her though.

"I'm old enough to marry," he said, somewhat defensively.

Zaela let out a husky whistle, glancing at Leanna. "You like em young, eh?"

Leanna looked aside, not knowing what to say. Henry just shrugged and was looking down at the floor, downcast.

"Right, I've teased you both enough. Now, if you don't mind..."

Shocking both Leanna and Henry, the orcess casually undid her leather top and let it drop to the floor with a thunk. The muscular orcess was now standing completely bare from the waist up in front of the two human teenagers. Leanna covered her mouth with a finger and Henry's mouth was open like a gaping fish as both of their eyes were drawn to the female orc's naked breasts - green as the rest of her skin and dotted with even darker green nipples with areola the size of a large coin. The orcess' nipples were both pierced with small silver piercings, and her breasts were perfectly formed along with the rest of her battle-honed body.

Oh my...they are so....large! How does she manage to fight properly with those?! Leanna could not stop the unbidden, sinful thought from coming to her head the moment the orcess' mammaries were revealed to her. The princess could not help but feel a passing stab of envy at the fact that she could not imagine her breasts ever being as big as the orcess'.

"...I'm taking that bath now," Zaela finished her original statement. Just as casually as before, she shimmied her curvy hips, sliding her underclothes down her legs and playfully flinging them off to the side with her foot in an uncharacteristically girly manner. Whether from the novelty of seeing a nude orc for the first time or something else, both the human youths could not help but watch the seductive sway of orcess' toned green buttocks as she sauntered over to the tub, swinging one leg and then the other over as she slid her body into it with a soft splash.

Leanna looked back at Henry and he looked back at her. Both paled, as if they both simultaneously realized that each of them had caught the other ogling the orcess' naked body. They both trained their gazes from each other, looking in different directions to evaporate the strange atmosphere in the room.

"Fuccck this is nice," Zaela sighed, snapping them out of it. Sneaking a glance back toward the bathtub, Leanna saw the orcess picking up the nearby sponge and was scrubbing herself clean, clearly enjoying the feeling of the hot bath water as she did so.

While continuing to scrub, she looked back in the direction of Leanna and Henry. "I bought this bath for all of us, you know. Come on in, if you'd like. I aint gonna bite," she said with a warm smile.

The two teens looked back and forth between each other and the orcess. "I...I don't know. This isn't very proper," Leanna said hesitantly. "Henry and I...we really shouldn't see each other...naked before our wedding night."

Zaela let out a slight laugh. "That's what you're hung up about, Princess? Come now, I'm an orcess who's buck naked in front of ya right now. Who am I gonna tell?"

Leanna's resolve was crumbling. Truth be told, the thought of a hot bath, even one shared with an orcess, was incredibly appealing given the tumultuous night they'd had thus far. She looked back at the boy sitting on the bed across from her. "Henry?"

He was rubbing his feet together shyly. Leanna also noticed that his hands were on his lap as if he was trying to cover something up. "I...I don't mind, Leanna. B- but, why don't you go into first? I'll look away while you undress."

Leanna gave him a soft smile and nodded. "Ahah, that's the spirit!" Zaela boomed from the tub, as she started dousing her head with handfuls of water.

Henry obediently turned his eyes toward the back wall as Leanna stood up, facing away in the opposite direction from both Henry and the orcess as she shakily began to undress. She pulled her gown over head, smoothing and untangling her fine blond hair after she did so. As she slowly pulled her underclothes down her legs, she had the niggling suspicion that the orcess was watching her undress even if Henry was being courteous.

Turning around, she covered up her firm breasts with one arm and her nethers with the other hand. She felt so exposed and vulnerable, naked in the room with the orcess and a future husband who she shouldn't be naked in the presence of until their wedding night. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the orcess continuing to leisurely bath and rinse herself, not seeming to really give much attention to Leanna at the moment. The princess could have sworn that she saw the barest hint of a smirk tugging at the greenskin woman's lips though.

Hesitantly, the eighteen-year-old quickly tiptoed up to the bathtub, slipping in as well as she could alongside the orcess, all while still trying to cover up her breasts and sex as she did so. She hissed as the hot water made contact with her skin, but this was followed by a sigh as all the tension quickly drained out of her and her muscles relaxed from the feeling. She was immediately thankful for the orcess' pushiness about the bath now.

Zaela gave Leanna an indulgent smile, turning to the teen boy still sitting on the bed. "Alright, little lad, your future wifey's naughty bits are hidden underneath the water now. Your turn."

Henry nodded and got to his feet, still keeping his head faced toward the ground and not wanting to look in Leanna's direction for fear of embarrassing one or both of them. It was a simple yet gallant gesture that warmed Leanna's heart. She couldn't help but notice that Henry was still covering up his groin though.

As Henry took his leather vest and then his shirt off, Leanna scolded herself for ogling longer than she should. Giving her betrothed the same decency he'd given her, she squeezed her eyes shut as he undressed. A small, devious part of her kept telling the rational part of her mind just how easy it would be to sneak a quick peek at the handsome young man's body. Maker forgive her, it wasn't as if she hadn't already wondered what he looked like underneath his clothes many times before.

Leanna heard the sound of the final piece of Henry's clothing hitting the floor followed by a gasp from the orcess in the tub beside her.

"Grok's teeth!" Zaela swore. "Where were you hiding that thing this whole time, kid?!" Zaela exclaimed. From the sound of it, the orcess sounded amazed about whatever she was seeing.

Where was he hiding what? Leanna wondered, her curiosity running wild now. She really shouldn't be doing what she was about to do, but Maker, she couldn't help herself. Slowly opening her eyes, she nearly fainted at what she saw.

Henry was trying and failing to cover up a very long, thick tube of flesh dangling between his legs. The fact that this large male member was attached to a young man as short and slender as Henry only made it look even larger by comparison. Leanna felt that she'd had some fairly reasonable preconceived notions about what to expect when she eventually saw her first flesh-and-blood penis - Henry's penis. In fact, she'd been perfectly prepared to forgive Henry some potential shortcomings in that department when she eventually saw his nude body on their wedding night, considering that he was young and because he appeared to be a late bloomer in terms of his height.

But judging by what she was looking at now, it was clear that she had been greatly mistaken. It was simultaneously the most beautiful and daunting thing she'd ever been wrong about.

Oh...Henry. Leanna felt a tingle between her legs, and her nipples began to harden. *That thing is going inside me some day? How will it even fit?!*

"Did seeing me and yer naked fiancée cause that?" Zaela asked, motioning to his throbbing erection. She let out a purring sound. "I'm very flattered." She playfully nudged the princess sitting the bathtub beside her, "and you should be too, Princess."

Leanna remembered her place and quickly turned her away, seeing that Henry was growing uncomfortably by having two sets of female eyes on his naked body. A few moments later, she

felt Henry slide his way into the tub alongside her, in between herself and Zaela. Leanna chewed her lip when she saw Henry's oversized manhood break the surface of the water as he lowered himself in with a relaxed sigh. Leanna licked her lips, knowing that it was underneath the water, so close to her, within arm's reach of her grasp...

"So," Zaela said, snapping Leanna out of it, "doesn't this feel nice? Didn't I tell ya it would?"

Leanna nodded her head in agreement, idly combing through her blond hair. Her eyes still occasionally darted down to the orcess' big breasts breaking the surface of the water, finding the pierced dark green nipples strangely impossible to avoid looking at, as much as Leanna tried to.

Taking a glance at her betrothed beside her, she noted that he seemed to be having the same dilemma. He chewed his lip and was looking down at his crotch beneath the water. Leanna gave him a look of sympathy, knowing that this...big, throbbing thing between his legs was causing him some distress. She reached her hand beneath the water and took Henry's hand in hers, causing him to flinch. He looked surprised at first, but relaxed, giving a weak smile back at her.

This did not go unnoticed by the orcess though. "Well now, I see Princess grabbed a hold of something she really likes down there, eh little lad?" she winked at him. "Or maybe I should start calling you 'big lad' from now on, hmm?"

Leanna let go of Henry's hand and pulled both hands out of the water. "Wh- I... no! I just held his hand!" she stammered.

Zaela looked at her coyly. "Just his hand, eh? Shame. I'm thinking yer young man has a really stiff, uncomfortable problem down there." She looked at Henry. "How about it, lad? That fat todger o' yers was lookin real bloated and painful. I'm thinking you're about to burst if someone doesn't do somethin about it."

Henry shook his head. "N- no, it's f- fine," he said unconvincingly, looking down at his erection beneath the water that, by Leanna's estimation, did not seem to have decreased in size.

"Henry, is that true?" Leanna asked with concern, brushing her hand against his cheek. "Is it terribly painful?"

"Of course it is!" Zaela answered for him, sliding herself closer to the pair of humans. "Terribly painful, and it'll get worse if we don't do something about it right now." She turned her amber eyes to the human princess and gave a knowing glance. "But we'll help 'im out, won't we?"

Leanna gaped, not knowing how to answer, and Zaela didn't wait for one. Her tusk smile widening, the orcess turned back to Henry and dipped her strong, calloused hand beneath the water.

"Miss Zaela, I think...I think I'm alright," he said, clearing his throat. His gaze was fixed on the orcess' bountiful naked breasts right in front of him. "There's really no NEE-

His sentence could not be finished as he gasped sharply, gripping the rim of the large bathtub tightly. The teen boy's eyes rolled back in his head and his voice cracked as he moaned.

"There we go, that's it, cutey," the orcess cooed huskily, "you just sit back, and we'll give this monster of yers the attention it needs."

The muscular orcess' hand was shifting back and forth smoothly beneath the water's surface. Leanna knew by now that the orcess had taken hold of her lover's manhood and was rubbing it. She struggled to process what was happening right in front of her, merely dumbfounded for a few moments as it happened.

"Zaela! You- you can't! He's my future husband!" Leanna protested.

Zaela casually turned back to the human girl, and still her hand continued to shift back and forth beneath the water's surface. "I know that, Princess. I aint going to take him from you. I'm just helping him out. You saw how bloated this adorable boy's cock was, didn't you? Do you really want him to suffer just because you're worried about samplin a taste of what he'll be giving ya on yer wedding night?"

Leanna looked back at Henry, who was holding on for dear life, gripping the tub. But he didn't look like he was in pain. His boyish moaning was admittedly having an effect on Leanna, and she again felt the telltale signs of stirring in her loins, clouding her better judgement.

It's not proper sex like the way mother explained to me years ago. It's about giving Henry the relief he clearly needs. Maybe there's no harm in this, as long as it goes no further than this, she thought.

"...I suppose not," Leanna replied. With more conviction, she added, "but he's my future husband. I should be helping him too!"

Zaela licked her green lips. "I couldn't agree more, sweet girl." Her other hand reached over and gently took hold of Leanna's idle hand, bringing it underneath the water. "Follow along with me."

Leanna reached out, searching. She flinched and gasped when her fingers made contact with it, and she saw Henry stiffen and suck in a quick breath above the water. It was so...hard, and firm, and thick. Her fingers gently ran themselves up the length of a fleshy appendage, feeling as this thing pulsed with Henry's heartbeat.

She felt the orcess' hand take hold of hers, bringing it forward until both of their hands were brushing up against Henry's cock. Zaela's hand urged Leanna's to wrap itself into a fist around the shaft. Leanna was open-mouthed, a thrill pulsing through her body at having her betrothed's erection gripped in her dainty hand. She marveled at how simultaneously hard and soft his...cock felt all at once.

"Now...grip it tightly. That's it. A nice, firm grip," Zaela instructed seductively to Leanna. "Now stroke it, up and down, the whole thing. Gently when you get to the top though."

Leanna took a breath and did as instructed. Gripping it, but not too tightly for fear that she might damage it, she began a smooth up and down stroking of Henry's member. Starting from the base, her soft hand - barely big enough to wrap around his thickness - traveled the whole length, giving his shaft a nice squeeze until she reached the mushroom-shaped head of his glans, before she slid her hand back down to the base and repeated.

"Mhm, that's it. Look at him, look at his face," Zaela said to the human princess.

She did, looking at her sweet Henry's face. His head was thrown back, he was making a silent 'O' with his lips as soft little moans and sighs occasionally slipped from his mouth.

Leanna was beginning to delve into a world that she didn't know existed. She'd already scratched the surface of it when she and Henry snuck in their first kiss with each other, and earlier that night when he'd started rubbing her thigh in her tent. But this was something else; the ability to make a boy - a man - unravel with just her fingers...it gave her feeling of euphoria that she wanted more of.

"You're doing that to him. You're giving him so much pleasure with that baby-smooth royal hand of yers," the orcess continued. Leanna saw that the tall orcess was now rubbing her own nipple, using thumb and forefinger to pinch the dark green nub, piercing and all, causing it to stiffen even more.

Leanna licked her lips and looked back at Henry's face. His green eyes met hers briefly and she blushed. "Does it feel good, Henry? Is this helping you?" Leanna asked softly.

"Oh yes, so good, Leanna!" Henry moaned with pure adoration. "Your hand feels so soft...so nice on my..."

"Your cock," Zaela finished for him with a toothy grin. Leanna let out a small laugh at that. It was so tawdry a word, but she liked it.

Leanna continued her gentle stroking for several moments, Henry's moans music to her ears as she did so. She felt the muscular orcess' hand tap her on the shoulder suddenly.

“Princess, I think we ought to bring this fat, angry beast o’ his out of the water now and let it breathe. We don’t want it to start pruning up now, do we?”

Leanna pouted for a moment, not wanting to let go of Henry’s member just yet. But she acquiesced, letting his cock out of her grasp. In an almost comical display due to their size difference, the orcess took that surprised lad by his armpits and stood up, lifting him easily and setting him on top of the rim of the bathtub, water dripping down his hairless, slender chest. Giving him a very close-up view of the orcess’ massive breasts did nothing to help his current erect state, as she squatted down in front of him in the bath again.

Leanna felt herself grow moist between her legs from something entirely different from the bath water, thanks to what she was now seeing in front of her. She had a clear, unhindered view of Henry’s cock now, and the young man no longer had any interest in covering it up this time. The thick member was peach-colored and completely smooth, save for a vein running up its length, pulsing with Henry’s steady heartbeat. From the plum-sized cockhead, droplets of fluid were dripping out of it with his obvious arousal. The member was, in that moment, the most beautiful thing she’d ever set eyes on.

Zaela seemingly agreed, licking her lips lasciviously. “I’m thinkin your betrothed has a bit of orc in him,” she said to Leanna. She stared at the thick cock bobbing in front of her. “How’d a shrimpy lil lad like you get such a hefty slab o’ meat between your legs? Not that I’m complaining,” she purred.

Henry was so enamored by Zaela’s green breasts, as well as Leanna’s own. His eyes darted back and forth between their naked bodies, his cock seemingly becoming ever harder, if such a thing were even possible. Leanna was flattered by this, glad that the greenskinned female’s muscular body and massive breasts did not seem to be distracting Henry away from her own body.

Zaela grinned, reaching a thick finger down a stroking Henry’s cockhead, swirling her finger around and playing with the dollop of precum there. She playfully pulled her finger back until the precum stretched out like a cobweb. She looked back at Leanna.

“Poor scamp can’t decide which of us he likes better, Princess. I’ve got the bigger titties, sure. But you’ve got the cutest, most suckable pink nipples. Hell, I wanna suck em myself,” Zaela cooed with a wink.

Leanna rubbed her arm with embarrassment, looking down at her own firm, unblemished breasts. Still, the comment gave the human teenager a surge of confidence after the brief tinge of worry that her Henry was becoming too attached to the orcish female and her big breasts.

“Do you mind if I take over where ya left off, Princess? I’ve got something special in mind for your sweet lad.”

Leanna hesitantly nodded. "I...I suppose not..."

Without further preamble, the orcess squatted down between Henry's legs. She let a glob of spit fall from her mouth and land in the valley between her breasts. Then, hefting both of those big things, she planted them on either side of Henry's cock, using her hands to squeeze them together and encase his member in a warm cocoon.

Henry's reaction was immediate, as he thrust his hips up, sliding his cock smoothly up the nice, squeezing little chasm that the orcess had made for him between her large mammaries. His cock was long enough for the head to emerge and come close to her chin at the end of his upstroke. Zaela fluttered her eyelashes at the boy for his taking initiative, and responded by squeezing her breasts around him tighter, tilting her head down and flicking her tongue at the spongy pink cockhead that emerged from between her tits, causing Henry to let out a loud moan and nearly tumble off the edge of the bathtub.

Leanna could not deny her voyeuristic arousal at this display. Part of her own mind was telling her that this was madness, that she was betraying her family, her religion, and the sanctity of her future marriage by allowing this to continue. But watching her younger lover gently thrusting his throbbing babymaker between the tall orcess' large breasts, Leanna couldn't help herself nor stop the wetness that was seeping from her virgin sex and dripping down her legs. The stark contrast of Henry's pink-colored cock against the orcess' emerald-colored breasts only added to the bizarre, delicious debauchery of the situation.

Zaela used her hands to press her green breasts tighter around Henry's cock, raising and lowering herself up and down his pillar of flesh in tandem with his own steady upward thrusts. Leanna became immediately more envious of the orcess' larger breasts upon seeing the effect it was having on her betrothed. The young man lad, usually quite restrained, was now rutting against the older female chest like a dog in heat, and the princess craved that very same attention for herself. More than that, she wished she possessed breasts that were big enough to provide a pleasurable, snug embrace for his manhood, as opposed to the comparatively smaller buds that she possessed.

The orcess began to tweak her own nipples, tugging at the silver piercings in a way that looked painful to Leanna, if not for the fact that Zaela was letting out a husky moan from the treatment. Amid the steady upward and downward gliding that thrust Henry's cock between her tits, and then occasionally flick of her tongue against his cockhead, Zaela looked back at Leanna and winked.

"He's gettin' close, I can tell. I can feel him about to pop off," she cooed. "Come help me finish yer lad."

Leanna was all too eager to comply, no longer wanting to sit meekly by while some other female satisfied her future husband with her massive green breasts. She shuffled herself close to Zaela and Henry as the orcess removed her breasts from Henry's cock, much to the boy's disappointment, Leanna noted. This sudden lack of stimulation was short-lived, as the orcess gripped his long, pulsing member in a two-handed grip. Henry shivered as her strong, calloused hands - accustomed to handling all manner of weaponry in her line of work - began to tightly stroke and kneed the entire length of his cock from base to head.

The contrast between Leanna's soft, gentle caresses earlier and the orcess' iron-tight handiwork now was apparent from Henry's reaction. Truth be told, looking at the handjob up close, Leanna was surprised that the orcess' tight grip wasn't too painful for Henry. The strong orcess would have probably rubbed the poor lad's cock raw if not for the abundance of clear fluid flowing from the tip of Henry's cockhead, lubricating her strokes. She also began to deliberately let the occasional glob of spit drip down onto his cock to make her efforts easier. A slick squelching sound was produced every time the orcess' tight stroking wrung out another dollop of Henry's precum from the tip of his cock.

Between Leanna's earlier gentle handiwork, then the pleasures of sliding himself between the orcess' big green breasts, and now her rough handiwork, Henry felt himself reaching his peak. "Ohh...Zaela...I'm gunna....ahhh!"

The orcess beckoned Leanna over. "He's about to pop, princess. Give his balls some attention with those soft hands o' yers. Let's make this cutey cum together now."

Leanna chewed her lip, feeling undeniable arousal as she reached her hands out and delicately caressed Henry's warm orbs beneath his cock, feeling their warmth and delightful smoothness. Her explorations were short-lived, as Henry let out another loud moan, Leanna suddenly felt his sack tighten and contract. She turned her gaze to his cock, realizing all too late that the orcess was continuing to pump Henry's shaft with one hand while aiming the plump cockhead right at Leanna's face.

Like a geyser, a thick rope of white fluid belched out of Henry's cock, striking Leanna right in the forehead with a faint thwacking noise.

"Oh!" Leanna gasped with shock. Still, the orcess kept pumping, and Leanna realized that her own soft hands were still caressing Henry's balls, feeling them contract and relax, contract and relax over and over again.

Another rope and then another fired out of the tip of Henry's cock, dousing Leanna's delicate face. A strand of Henry's seed extended from the bridge of her nose all the way down to her chin, another landed in her hair, and a third actually shot right into her mouth - held open accidentally in awe of the moment. A salty flavor overwhelmed her taste buds, but the virgin princess' main focus was on the lovely yet terrifying one-eyed monster in front of her that

continued to spurt out frothy strands of white, warm seed, coaxed along by the jerking green hand of the randy orcess. Leanna squinted as one shot hit her left eye and shivered as she felt the warmth of it coating her pert breasts as another rope landed on her chest.

Leanna thought that Henry's ejaculations would never stop, but they finally did after several more moments. He let out a long sigh as the creamy fluid spurting from his cock slowed to a trickle. Zaela smiled at him and unfurled her hand from his member, a cobweb of semen extending from his softening cock to her green hand as she pulled it away. The orcess lewdly licked her fingers clean of his seed, clearly delighting in the taste.

"Mmm, that was a big one, little lad. You must've been pretty backed-up, ya?" she asked with a cheeky grin. She turned to Leanna and her smile widened. "But I'm thinkin that Princess here can confirm that herself."

Henry's eyes shot open now that he was coming down from his staggering climax. He gaped at the sight of his betrothed utterly doused in a deluge of his seed. "Leanna! I'm so sorry...I- it just felt so good and I wasn't paying attention and I-

"It's...it's alright Henry," Leanna mumbled, interrupting his stammering. She licked her lips, again tasting the salty fluid as she did. She couldn't say that she liked the taste per se, but knowing that all of this seed came from her Henry, more than made up for it. "It just surprised me, that's all. You really made a mess," she said with a nervous laugh, wiping away the cum from her left eye so she could see again.

Zaela chuckled, slapping her thigh. "I'll say, Princess!" She scottled herself close to Leanna. "Yer lad really covered you," she purred. "And just think; if he had pumped all of this big load into that tight little cunny of yers, yer womb would be full of his swimmers right now. He might've even knocked you up." Leanna shivered as the orcess sensually ran her hand down to Leanna's tummy, rubbing her there in a small circular motion. Leanna rubbed her legs together, feeling a heat in her loins from Zaela's lascivious words. She chewed her lip as the orcess seductively grazed her skin, and she heard her chuckle again.

"Oh Princess. You're as adorable as yer lad there, especially lookin' the way ya do now. I could just eat you up. In fact..." Zaela leaned her head forward.

"Huh...wha...?" Leanna mumbled with confusion as she felt the orcess' tongue run itself across her cheek, devouring Henry's semen. The orcess moaned in her throat contentedly as her tongue collected every dollop and drop of human seed that she could find, smooching and sucking at the teenaged princess' youthful, unblemished skin as she did. Leanna's initial protest died away once she realized that the orcess only intended to clean the mess that covered her face at the moment. Sure, it was an utterly tawdry and filthy way of getting the job done, but in a strange way, Leanna was appreciative of it.

Still she couldn't help but feel a flutter in her tummy from the feeling of the other older female pressed so intimately against her in that moment, her big green breasts squished up against her tenderly as she sensually ran her tongue across every inch of her face...

The princess gasped as the orcess worked her way down to her breasts. "Oh, Miss Zaela, there's no need for that, I can rinse myself in the water now, I...oh...oh my!" she was silenced again as Zaela ignored her and swept her tongue down the curve of her perky breasts, licking away at the line of Henry's seed there. Leanna let out a moan as the orcess' mouth closed in on her right nipple, suctioning onto it as her tongue swirled around her areola. Zaela's lips fastened themselves to Leanna's nipple, an audible sucking sound filling the air, before the older female's mouth pulled away from the pink bud with a soft popping sound, the nipple now slick with saliva and visibly hard from the stimulation.

Goodness, this is so wrong, so very wrong. But...it felt...so good, Leanna shivered, never dreaming that so much pleasure could be derived from having her nipples sucked. *Maker forgive me but...I hope she does the other nipple too.*

Sure enough, Zaela switched to Leanna's other nipple. A large glob of Henry's warm semen was plastered onto her nipple there, which seemed to catch the orcess' attention. Rather than applying the same sensual, slow attention that she gave the other breast, Zaela rather aggressively fastened her hungry mouth directly onto her left nipple, causing Leanna to let out a gasp. Like a babe suckling from a teat, the orcess sucked away at the sensitive pink nub, a wet smacking sound filling the air as she did.

Leanna's eyes opened and she was again reminded that Henry was there watching this. His eyes were like saucers and his mouth was open in awe from the lewd display of watching two women fooling around with each other. His cock, having so recently ejaculated a massive load, was already twitching with the stirrings of arousal again, Leanna noted.

Finally Zaela pulled herself away from Leanna's oversensitive breasts, winking at Leanna as she did so. Before Leanna could utter a word, the orcess brought her face close to the human teen's and pressed her lips to the princess' soft lips, kissing her hungrily.

"Mmph!" Leanna gasped into Zaela's kiss, her heart pounding in her chest like a drum. She was actually kissing another woman, and an orc at that. And this was no soft, delicate kiss that a lady might share with a gentleman. No, this was a frenzied, debauched kiss, as the orcess' dominant tongue pressed past her lips and shoved its way into her mouth without preamble, and all Leanna could do it respond submissively with her own tongue, awkwardly swapping saliva with the orcess.

She suddenly felt something else. Opening her eyes, she noticed for the first time that Zaela's cheeks were bulging as if her mouth was filled with something. As Zaela's tongue tangled with her own, her tastebuds were suddenly assaulted with the familiar salty flavor of Henry's semen.

The realization struck her like a hammer on an anvil: the orcess was funneling all of the seed that she'd collected from Leanna's skin into her mouth while kissing her. Leanna moaned in a haze of sheer eroticism as the orcess' bulging cheeks deflated as semen was swapped from her mouth into the young human princess's mouth as they kissed.

Zaela pulled away, a thin strand of spit and Henry's seed connecting her full orcish lips to Leanna's. The orcess licked her lips, reaching over and brushing her thumb across the princess' lips as Leanna blushed a bright red.

"Swallow now," the orcess commanded, her eyes blazing with mischievous lust. "Every drop of your lad's cum."

Looking back and forth between Zaela and Henry, Leanna was compelled to comply. She felt a heat in her loins as she swallowed all the rich, salty fluid down her throat, looking away with embarrassment after she did.

"That's a good girl," Zaela cooed, caressing Leanna's cheek.

The orcess raised herself up out of the bath, stretching out her muscles with a relaxed sigh. "Now," she began. "Let's dry off and get some rest, ya?" She picked up a linen towel and began to dry off her arms and legs. She seemed to take notice of something and pointed at Leanna. "Oh, we missed a spot, Princess."

Leanna didn't know what she was talking about at first, but then she gasped as she realized that a glob of Henry's semen was still in her hair. Wanting to wash it out before it caused her hair to stick together, she dunked her head under the water, running her fingers through her blonde hair as Zaela shook her head with a soft laugh.

Zaela finished drying off her wet green skin before she set down the linen and took another big swig of brandy. Leanna turned her eyes downward sheepishly again, not knowing what to say after what had just happened in the tub. The orcess' casual, nonchalant reaction to the whole affair just confused the human princess even more. She looked over at Henry and saw that he looked equally flustered, though the orcess' unabashed flaunting of her toned, green body might still be the cause of this as well.

"Wanna drink before hittin the sack?" Zaela said, holding up the bottle of brandy to both of them.

Leanna knew she probably shouldn't, but she really could use a drink now. With the salty taste of semen still on her tongue, guilt was starting to seep into her thoughts now that her lust had abated. Her Faith's doctrines had been hammered into her head from a young age by her parents, including that which had covered premarital fornication. If her parents somehow, ever, found out about what had transpired in this room, they'd lock her away for months and forbid Henry from ever seeing her again.

And yet, she could still feel a tingle in her loins. And the more she thought about kissing the orcess, and of rubbing Henry's unusually large boyhood, the more intense that tingle became.

Leanna shook her head and quickly whisked her way over to the endtable, wrapping one of the towels around her body before taking an unladylike swig of brandy from one of the mugs Zaela had set aside. The brandy was strong, and she almost coughed it up from the first gulp, but somehow she got it down, as if her body knew that she needed it right now.

She felt Henry's hand touch her shoulder and she flinched from the contact. He was standing beside her and she saw that he'd wrapped a linen towel around himself too. She cleared her throat, her eyes turned downward to where his...cock would be hiding beneath the towel. It was within arms reach of her again, even now. She only had to...

"Leanna."

She snapped out of it and looked up at Henry's face. He was doing his best to give her a reassuring smile as he touched her shoulder gently, and she felt her a warmth in her heart again from the sweet gesture.

"Sorry, Leanna I didn't mean to..." he stammered. "I'm just sorry."

She smiled at him. "It's alright, Henry." She turned and saw that Zaela, still completely nude and unashamed about it, was now sprawled out on the large bed, reclined back against the pillows as she idly closed her eyes while idly sipping at her mug of brandy. "Maybe...maybe we should talk to her about...what happened."

"Yeah," Henry agreed. The boy rubbed the back of his neck. "Maybe we should."

Leanna and Henry approached the bed, and Zaela opened one of her eyes. Her mouth spread into a tusk smile. "There ya are. Come on, snuggle in. There's plenty o' room for all three of us," she said, patting the spot beside her.

"You're sleeping like *that*?" Leanna asked, motioning to her nude green body with a blush.

Zaela nodded. "Yep. Need to give my clothes and yers a good wash, and I will in the mornin. Aint no need to go to bed while stinkin up the place in the meantime, right?"

"I...I suppose not," Leanna conceded.

The orcess already had her eyes closed and was humming something to herself as Leanna and Henry hesitantly crawled into bed on either side of her muscular body. Zaela had a small little

smile on her face, and one of her eyes slid open to glance at Leanna briefly before she shut it again.

Leanna could hardly believe how sinful this was. She and her future husband were both as naked as the day they were born, and crawling into bed with an equally naked orc.

Glancing across at Henry, she waited expectantly for him to confirm her earlier reservations. Surprisingly, he just shrugged at her this time, although she could tell that he still wore a blush from the debauchery of the night's events.

Somehow, Henry's apparent ease transferred itself onto her. She also realized how tired she was, and if getting some sleep meant snuggling up against an orcess, so be it.

Leanna sighed and tucked herself into Zaela's right side. It was so foreign to feel the heat radiating off of someone else as she began to drift off to sleep, having been used to sleeping in a bed by herself all her life. But it was not entirely unpleasant, she had to admit. She blushed as she felt the orcess' muscular arm gently snake itself around Leanna's pillow, not touching her but forming something of a protective aura around her with her strong arm. Without looking to the other side of the bed, she knew that the orcess was doing the same with Henry.

Leanna felt the orcess pull the large fur blanket over all three of them. "G'night," she muttered tiredly with a yawn.

Leanna pulled her end of the blanket tightly over herself as she heard Zaela already beginning to snore beside her a moment later. Her eyes drifted shut as sleep overtook her. Her last lucid thought was of green orcish breasts, and Henry's member squeezed tightly between them...

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Two hours passed, and Leanna found that sleep did not come easily to her. The events of earlier still ran through her mind and left her restless. There was still a small, small part of Leanna - brought on by years of racial prejudice instilled in her by her parents - that was telling her to grab Henry and flee from the orcess while she slept. Perhaps all of this was a ruse on Zaela's part, a ploy to get them to lower their guard so that she could turn them over to enemies of her family in exchange for money.

Leanna shook her head, banishing the thought a moment later. No, that couldn't be true. Zaela may have been a mercenary, but she did not strike Leanna as a backstabber. No doubt Zaela was expecting some sort of reward for her and Henry's safe return to Oakenhall, but she would not have slain the men who killed Leanna's royal entourage if she was secretly on their side.

Still, Leanna couldn't help but feel that there was something more to Zaela's show of altruism in saving them. And the...events that took place in the bathtub, Leanna could scarcely wrap her head around.

It still felt surreal to the young princess. *She*, the daughter of King Ferdinand, had allowed a female orc to touch her future husband's manhood and bring him to completion! And not only did Leanna allow it, but she had helped the orcess to do it. She gulped, still tasting Henry's seed on her tastebuds - seed that the orcess has swapped with her in a heated kiss. She began to feel dizzy.

The worst part was that Leanna was intoxicated by every moment of it. It was a shameful admission, but one that she could not deny to herself. And it wasn't just Henry's manhood that had aroused her, or the feeling of his thick member pulsing in her hand as she held it, or the act of him covering her face in his seed. It was the orcess as well. The thought of the orcess' bountiful green breasts, and her Henry's gorgeous member sliding between them made Leanna's mouth dry just thinking about it.

And that kiss that Zaela had unexpectedly planted on her - a kiss that would get the orc decapitated if her parents ever knew about it - made Leanna blush. She hadn't pulled away from the kiss or resisted, she shamefully realized. When the orcess tongue began to tangle with hers, swirling Henry's seed around in Leanna's mouth in a decadent dance, Leanna had deepened the kiss on her own. It was just one of many confusing, terrifying, and yet exciting thoughts that ran through her head in that moment.

As if on queue, Leanna felt the orcess mumble something and shift in her sleep, making the princess realize that the orcess was pressed up against her again. Leanna turned her head and her cheek made contact with something soft yet firm.

Even without light, Leanna realized that her face was pressing up against Zaela's breast. Her heartrate picked up and her face felt warm as the orcess's pierced nipple grazed her cheek. Zaela appeared to still be sleeping and was unaware of this, but Leanna could concentrate on nothing else in that moment.

Through the dim moonlight peering in through the window, Leanna could see the orcess's silver nipple piercing and feel it when it grazed her cheek as Zaela shifted in her sleep. It drew the young princess's attention to the dark green nipple itself. She chewed her lip, rubbing her legs together beneath the fur blanket, undeniably aroused by the close proximity to the female orc's breasts.

Leanna was overcome with a mixture of arousal and envy. She thought back to how Henry had looked at the orcess' with such desire when she'd first disrobed, and she couldn't blame him. What would it be like for her to have breasts just as large, firm, and desirable?

Hesitantly, for fear of waking the orcess up, Leanna slowly drew her dainty hand up. A part of her mind was telling her that this was a bad idea, but her curiosity and some deeply-held feeling was commanding her actions in that moment.

Just a quick touch, that's all, Leanna thought.

Her fingertips made contact with Zaela's left breast, and she quickly pulled her hand back, expecting the orcess to jolt awake immediately. The orcess kept snoring. Leanna breathed a sigh of relief and was emboldened to touch the orcess again. She gently stroked the green mammary, gaping as she did so. She was amazed that the other female's breast was larger than the palm of her hand. The orcess's skin was so much hotter than her own, and quite pleasant to touch, not at all like the mottled, ugly skin that humans sometimes described orcs as having.

Leanna ceased her experimental touching of the orcess's breast and turned her attention to the nub dotting it. She noted that the silver piercing looked quite ornate, possibly made of elvish moonsilver.

A nipple piercing...so tawdry! Leanna thought with a slight grin. And yet, the concept aroused her curious mind immensely. Would Henry like it if she got a piercing too? *Imagine that...a princess with her nipples pierced, like a woman of the street!*

Leanna's fingertips moved toward the green nipple, too emboldened by her earlier experimenting to stop now. Zaela was still sleeping soundly, and so Leanna felt confident as her fingers circled Zaela's areola. She chewed her lip, her breath catching in her throat as Leanna's fingers playfully swirled themselves around a dark green areola twice the size of her own. Then the tip of her fingers closed in on Zaela's nipple itself. She cooed at how hard it was, playing with the silver piercing for a moment.

"Mmm," Zaela mumbled in her sleep, causing Leanna to gasp. She pulled her hand away, thinking she'd been discovered. In the moonlight, she saw the orcess smiling, but she still appeared to be sleeping. Leanna gaped as she realized that her curious touching was arousing the other female in her sleep.

Leanna's legs squirmed beneath the blanket and she felt herself grow moist between her legs. Morals and religious values ingrained in her were cast aside in an instant as she realized that touching another woman was arousing her, when only a day ago she'd not even given an idle thought to such a thing.

Soon, the heat between her legs was getting the better of her. As her fingers continued to thumb the orcess's nipple, her other hand shifted lower, and brushed at her own wet virgin flower.

Another sin, she thought. When she was younger, her mother had caught her touching herself and had spanked her and sent her to the pastor for days. And yet she somehow felt, or knew that she needed to give herself this small bit of reprieve. Especially after earlier, after the bathtub and Henry...

She sighed with relief, trying to keep her voice down as her fingers made contact with her wet vulva. She ran her fingers across her swollen pink lips, gently inserting the tip of her pointer finger ever so slightly inside herself, even as her other hand continued to palm the sleeping orc's breast. The feeling was exquisite, but she still needed more. She thought about Henry - who still slept soundly at the other side of the massive bed - sliding himself into her, his big penis undoubtedly stretching her out so much more nicely than her small fingers.

She heard Zaela purr, and the blanket suddenly shifted away. "Well now, this is quite the way to get woken up," Zaela whispered huskily.

Leanna paled as she realized she'd been caught by Zaela. She pulled her hand away from Zaela's breast and ceased rubbing herself. The orcess had pulled aside the the blanket, exposing the princess's naked body, prompting her to instinctively cover up her sex and breasts again.

"Hey now, don't go and stop on my account," Zaela whispered. She gently took hold of Leanna's hand, pulling her hand aside to unveil her sex again. Zaela gave her a warm smile that somehow convinced her to go along with it. Blushing a bright red, Leanna allowed her naked body to be exposed in all its glory.

Zaela's smile widened as her gaze turned down to Leanna's virgin sex. "There it is," she softly whistled. "That has got to be the cutest little pussy I've ever seen. And it's very wet, isn't it?"

Leanna looked away shyly, rubbing her knees together. "Miss Zaela...I'm very sorry, I...I shouldn't have..."

Zaela cocked her head at her, stroking a hand through Leanna's blond hair. "What do ya mean? Seems to me ya need this real bad."

Leanna shivered as Zaela was rubbing her fingers over her flat tummy, slowly drifting lower and lingering right above her soft patch of blond pubic hair. Zaela looked over her shoulder, where Henry was still sleeping on his side. Leanna briefly thought about how adorable he looked, even while sleeping.

Zaela turned back to Leanna. "How bout we let your lad sleep in a bit longer," Zaela began, using her fingers in a tiptoeing motion across Leanna's abdomen down to her nether regions, "and you let me take care of ya for a bit?" She winked.

Leanna opened her mouth to respond but then closed it again, trying to process the orcess's offer and formulate a response. "I...I can't," she said weakly. "You're a...a..."

"Orc?" Zaela asked without any condemnation in her voice.

Leanna's eyes widened at the implication that she may have offended the orcess. "I was going to say woman."

Zaela smirked, continuing to caress Leanna's tummy and hip. "That didn't stop you from feelin me up while I slept."

The princess blushed a deep shade of red. "I shouldn't have done that. It is sinful, and very punishable in the kingdom."

Zaela stopped her caresses and looked at the teenaged girl with sympathy. "You ever been to the Southlands, Princess?" Zaela asked, changing the subject.

Leanna looked at her strangely from the question. "No." She had heard of the folk of the southern kingdoms and had met a few of their dignitaries who'd come to the capital to meet with her parents over the years, but she'd never been to those lands herself.

"Down there, human lads can get hitched to other human lads, and human ladies can get hitched to other human ladies. I've seen loads of humans who fuck around with multiple partners even. No punishment, no preachin' from religious folk. Now tell me, you really think *all* those southern folk're gonna burn in Hell for supposed sin?"

Leanna absorbed this, surprised by this information. A land where pre-marital fornication was common, and two women could lay with each other without consequence? It all sounded unreal to her. "I...I don't know. I don't think so..."

Leanna looked across the bed at sleeping Henry again. "I...should not betray my future husband," Leanna croaked out another excuse, though she felt her resolve crumbling from the orcess's green breasts occupying her gaze and the feeling of her gentle caresses on her soft skin.

Zaela let out a soft laugh. "Your lad fucked my tits a few hours ago. Shouldn't you at least get somethin in return for lettin him do that?" She asked, playfully nudging the human girl.

The human girl chewed her lip, not even resisting as the orcess gently used her strong hands to spread her thighs apart. She wanted, needed, to touch herself, to give herself relief, Faith be damned. "What are you going to do to me?" She asked with uncertainty.

The orcess gave her a smile that was equal parts mischievous and comforting. She stroked her delicate porcelain skin until it was covered in goosebumps and then lowered her head toward Leanna's nethers.

"I'm gonna eat this lovely little royal pussy of yours. And it'll feel real good for ya, I promise," Zaela purred. She got close enough to begin blowing wisps of breath onto her pussy, causing her to shiver. "So you just lay back and let me take care of what ya need, Princess."

Leanna gaped as Zaela's head descended lower, until her own thighs obscured her green face and she could only see the top of the orcess's head. The orcess took a gentle yet firm hold of both of Leanna's creamy pale thighs and spread her legs wide open, leaving her naked virgin sex as exposed as it had ever been.

Leanna cooed, squeezing her eyes shut as she felt the orcess plant a soft kiss on one thigh, and then the other. With feather-light pecks, the orcess's lips migrated lower, planting kisses as she went. This went on for some seconds and then minutes, and Leanna went from a feeling of cautious curiosity to impatience. She still felt moisture dripping from her cunny and a pestering heat in her loins that needed quenching. Whatever the orcess was going to do to her, bad or good, Leanna somehow knew that she needed it now!

Finally, she'd had enough of the teasing. "Zaela...please!" She gasped, trying to keep her voice down so as not to wake Henry. "I- I really need- OHH Maker!"

Zaela, having raised her head up to cast one grin up at Leanna, had suddenly dove back between the princess's slender legs and pressed her lips right up against Leanna's quim, making an audible smacking sound akin to someone sucking on a lemon. The effect for Leanna was immediate, as the sensation of sparks went off in her virginal flower. She moaned, her legs spasming but then held steady by the orcess's firm grip as the orcess mouth sucked at the fleshy pink lips of Leanna's pussy. Minutes of the orcess ignoring her sex and planting teasing kisses along her thighs and legs had magnified the sudden outburst of physical sensations that were thrust upon her pussy.

Zaela pulled her mouth back and her head rose up from between the human girl's legs. She was smiling widely, her green lips wet with some kind of shiny fluid. *Was that from me?* Leanna thought with embarrassment.

The orcess licked her lips. "Fuck, I ain't never tasted a virgin human's pussy juices before. I've had my fair share of human ladies though." Zaela winked at the blushing princess, reaching down and using two fingers to separate the wet lips of Leanna's pussy, spreading her open like two pink curtains opening. "And your's might be the sweetest I've ever tasted."

She dove back in, and her tongue vigorously lapped away at Leanna's cunny, an audible "mmm" sound reverberating from her throat as she did. Leanna let out soft gasps and moans, rocking

her hips against the orcess's talented mouth as the older female's tongue flicked away at her pussy. The orcess then burrowed her tongue inside of her pink tunnel, and the effect from Leanna was immediate. Her buttocks and hips rose up from the bed several inches as her body uncontrollably spasmed from the new sensation. Zaela purred and her strong green hands moved to grab the human by both firm buttocks, holding her in place and keeping her cunny planted against her mouth.

Leanna was breathing heavily now, shivering and moaning as the orcess ate her out. She began to marvel at how deceptively long an orc's tongue was, and it was bringing her to heights she didn't know existed. Zaela's tongue flicked at Leanna's vulva delicately several times before working its way through her tight virgin tunnel, lapping away at every possible, toe-curling pleasure point, before she would pull out and repeat the process again. The princess felt something building in the pit of her tummy down to her loins as the muscular female's vigorous tongue went spelunking in and out of her inexperienced pussy, a chorus of wet squelching, lip-smacking noises and Leanna's moans filling the room.

Zaela pulled her tongue out of Leanna's dripping pussy abruptly. Before the human girl could protest, Zaela smiled knowingly and used two fingers to rub the princess's damp pussy idly to keep her on the plateau of pleasure she was previously dangling on, causing Leanna to coo softly. Zaela turned her head to her right.

"Ain't no point in pretending you're still sleeping anymore, little lad," she said, continuing to rub Leanna's pussy as she did.

She felt the bed shift as someone made movement to her left. Leanna, despite the pleasure currently being bestowed on her sex, opened her eyes widely. On the far side of the bed, Henry was very much awake and his gaze was now fixed entirely Leanna and what the orcess was doing between her legs.

Maker, how long has he been watching us?! Is he angry with me?! Have I ruined our future marriage by pursuing immediate, hedonistic pleasure with this orcess?!

Before she could fall into terror or despair from being caught, her wide eyes fell lower and she gasped as she saw Henry's hand shifting back and forth beneath the blanket. The teen boy was biting his tongue and licking his lips as he stroked himself beneath the blanket.

Leanna covered her mouth from the realization that Henry was pleasuring himself to the sight of *her* and Zaela fooling around with each other. Her emotions rapidly morphed from shock to even greater arousal from this revelation. Leanna never felt so desirable as she did in that moment. In the past, she'd often only felt desirable as far as one would as the princess of the kingdom, and the political influence that a marriage with her would entail. But Henry's longing, lustful gaze at her was proof that she, as a *woman*, was truly desirable to her future husband, and the feeling was intoxicating to her.

"Now that we're all awake, why don't ya pull away that blanket and give that big pecker of yours some air, eh?" Zaela offered with a grin. "I want to watch you rubbing that lovely thing. And I think Princess here would like that too, wouldn't she?"

The female orc's shameless exuberance was becoming contagious, and Leanna found herself giving a slight smile as well. "Yes...yes I think I would very much like that. Henry?"

Henry smirked with renewed confidence of his own, and he nonchalantly threw the blanket aside, exposing his naked youthful body to both women. He propped himself up against the pillows behind him with an arm behind his head in a relaxed pose. *He looks very much like one of those gallant nude men in the famous palace paintings right now*, Leanna thought with a sudden burst of arousal and desire from seeing Henry's lean naked glory again.

His hand returned to his hard cock, and he began masturbating himself, causing Leanna to swoon from the arousing display and Zaela to give a rumbling purr of approval. Dollops of thick, syrupy precum dripped like a fountain from the thick head of Henry's cock as he stroked his member, and Leanna found the pleasure of Zaela's fingers on her cunny to be magnified tenfold from the voyeuristic proceedings.

Zaela peeled back the lips of Leanna's pussy, and slipped her pointer finger into her. Leanna gasped from the unfamiliar sensation of something hard entering her. She grew concerned, however, as the orcess's finger delved deeper than she was comfortable with.

"W-wait, stop," she gasped. "That's my..." her words broke off into a hiss from a slight stinging sensation as the orcess's sharp fingernail superficially made contact with the fleshy thin barrier of her innocence inside her.

"Ah, found the cherry, right there," Zaela purred. She thankfully drew her finger back from her pussy with a wet squelch, licking her finger before she began to rub Leanna's vulva, relaxing the princess and pleasuring her again. "Don't worry, girlie, I ain't gonna pop it." She raised an eyebrow at her while continuing to stroke her cunny. "Unless ya want me to?"

"What? N- no! I must keep my virtue for my wedding night! Henry..." Leanna explained weakly, looking over at Henry who was still rubbing his cock but had slowed his pace down to listen to their conversation with puzzled confusion.

Zaela huffed and shook her head. "I ain't never understood you human royals and yer obsession with girls bleedin' during their first breedin'. Most of us orc girls lose our cherries just from all the rough-housing we get up to as young brats." She looked up at Leanna's face intently while continuing to rub her, keeping her on the edge of arousal. "You know your first time is gonna hurt a bit, ya? You really want your first time with this sweet lad to be painful?" Zaela asked, motioning to Henry.

Leanna frowned. "No...I don't. But that's why I don't want you to do it either," she said fearfully.

"Ya, but / know what I'm doin'. I'll get rid a' that cherry as quickly and painlessly as I can," she smiled, looking at Henry. "That way you two ain't got nothing to worry about but good fuckin fun on yer wedding night."

Leanna felt conflicted, but she could see the wisdom in what Zaela was suggesting. She looked at her betrothed. "Henry?"

Henry opened his mouth as if to say something but then closed it again. "Leanna...I want our wedding night to be special. I don't want to do anything to hurt you. And I like you just the way you are, with or without your maidenhood."

Leanna briefly almost chuckled and rolled her eyes from Henry saying he "liked" her. His immaturity slipped through in small ways from time to time. But he was sincere in his words, and his opinion carried a lot of weight. She still had some small reservations though.

"But...I still need, want, to save my virtue for Henry. I...I really care about him, and / want to save that special something for our wedding night."

"Getting rid of yer cherry and getting rid of your 'virtue' ain't exactly the same thing, Princess. I lost my cherry when I was eleven thanks to some rough play with my sisters. Didn't get fucked by my first cock until three years later though," Zaela explained wistfully. "Don't worry, sweetie. You'll still have your virtue and you'll still be plenty pure and virgin-like for Henry when I'm through with you."

Leanna didn't know what to say. Her good sense and her sense of traditional values were being eroded by the orcess's skillful fingers playfully opening and closing the slick petals of her pussy and tickling her inner thigh.

Zaela smiled warmly at the eighteen year old girl and dipped her head down. "Tell ya what: I'll get my tongue up in this sweet little pussy of yours again and make you cum, and you think on what I said."

Leanna was inclined to agree, as it was all her brain was capable of at the moment. She let out a surprised gasp followed by a long sigh as the orcess hefted her by her slim hips, pulling her crotch right up against her mouth as her long tongue penetrated her pussy again. Leanna's eyes rolled back into her head and her toes curled as the orcess's tongue swirled around her pussy, pleasuring her frazzled nerves and bringing her again to the precipice she was previously at. The feeling began to build in her loins again as Zaela held nothing back this time, driving her tongue in and out of her virgin pussy without mercy and turning her into a moaning mess.

She turned her gaze to her left and saw Henry rubbing his cock with a blushing expression on his face. His self-pleasure increased in tandem the orcess's frenzied tongue fucking. She felt herself grow even wetter from watching the way his cock twitched, spewing out a steady stream of preseminal fluid onto the bedfurs, the plump almost purple cockhead looking so attractive to her, and she found herself wanting to touch it again.

That exquisite ball of pleasure in the pit of her stomach was about to explode, and soon. The orcess was making ravenous slurping and smacking noises in tandem with contented purring, sounding like was she guzzling down a delectable nectar as her tongue wetly explored every nook and crevice of her virginal inner core. Amid her own frantic breathing and moans, Leanna looked down and her eyes met with Zaela's captivating golden gaze. *Goodness, her eyes are actually...quite lovely too*, Leanna admitted. Zaela winked at her, and brought her pointer finger to the entrance of Leanna's cunny right below where her tongue was inside her.

W- what is she doing?

Before Leanna could react, Zaela pulled her tongue out of Leanna's snatch and used two fingers to spread her lips open. Her tongue, like a viper, began to lash repeatedly at some hidden spot at the top of her pussy that Leanna herself was scarcely aware of. She cried out in bliss, gripping the bedsheets beneath her as the ball of growing ecstasy inside her finally snapped, and she only realized later that she was having her first orgasm from having her clit licked.

Clear juice squirted out of her pussy, splashing onto the orcess's mouth and tongue. Amid the haze of ecstasy, Leanna heard Zaela give a surprised gasp of her own, but the orcess quickly adapted and happily drank down all the juices that were expelled into her mouth greedily. Leanna's body was in such a catatonic state of pleasure that she scarcely realized that the orcess's strategically-placed forefinger - that had been resting against Leanna's sex hole up to this point - suddenly made a quick yet careful poke a couple inches deep into her pussy.

Leanna gasped as she felt something nick inside her and a sharp stinging sensation emanated from her loins. But it was a passing trifle amid the sea of pleasure that was bestowed upon her from the orcess's tongue flicking away at the sensitive nub at the top of her folds. More juice flew out of her pussy as the orcess drank from her honeypot, until finally her orgasm abated and the orcess finally relaxed her iron grip on her thighs and allowed the human girl's slack, sweating body to collapse onto the bed.

It took what felt like an eternity for Leanna to regain her senses. But when she did, she saw Zaela licking her lips of Leanna's juices and extracting her dexterous pointer finger from Leanna's depths. Her first observation was that the amount of clear fluid bathing the green orc's face could not have possibly all come from her...could it? Secondly, she noticed a smaller patch of red fluid that dripped down the orcess's finger and stained the bedfurs between her thighs. Realization hit her when it occurred to her that the second fluid was her blood.

"You...you did it?" Leanna gasped, panting. True enough, she could feel a dull stinging sensation in her loins in contrast with the abating feeling of pleasure and relaxation from her oral-induced orgasm. Her maidenhood was gone, nicked away by the sharp tip of the orc female's finger. And she had only just barely felt it, so consumed she was by the pleasure.

"I did it," Zaela confirmed, smiling warmly at the human princess. "And your experiences with fucking will only get better from here, sweet girl. That was the worst of it."

She turned to Henry. "Little lad? You mind getting some of that cloth over here? Need to clean up myself and yer wifey-to-be."

Henry, noticing the blood of Leanna's ruptured hymen for the first time, sprung into action and ran to the other side of the room to retrieve a strip of linen from near the bathtub. His erection slapped against his thigh as he ran over to where Leanna was tiredly sprawled on the bed, Leanna noted with brief amusement. He handed a cloth over to Zaela and was at Leanna side in an instant.

He stroked Leanna's blond hair. "Are you alright Leanna?! You're bleeding!" He said with concern. He looked at the orcess who was dabbing at Leanna's pussy with the cloth. "You didn't hurt her, did you?!" He asked the orcess defensively.

Leanna gently took Henry by the hand and pulled him down toward her, kissing him passionately. He let out a surprised "mmph" but soon fell into her kiss as she ran a dainty hand through his curly brown hair. She pulled away and gave a small smile at him, blushing.

"I'm alright, Henry," she said, as the immediate shock of losing her maidenhood had abated and a feeling of contented acceptance came upon her from the experience of her first orgasm. "It stung, but I think I'll be alright."

Henry nodded and smiled at her, leaning down to kiss her again and brush strands of blond hair away from her face.

"Bleedin' on her first time is normal," Zaela chimed in. "Like I said, you'll be fine from here on."

Henry and Leanna hadn't noticed that Zaela had retrieved a jar of some kind of off-white cream from her pack while they were kissing. She uncorked it and took a big dab of the substance and gently inserted her cream-tipped finger into Leanna's pussy.

Leanna winced with discomfort. "What are you-?"

"Shh it's alright. This is healing salve. It'll numb the stingin' and nasty feeling from havin your cherry popped," Zaela explained. Leanna reluctantly nodded and let the orcess tend to her,

wincing from her sensitive pussy having a finger wiggling it's way inside it again, but she cooed as she felt a cooling, numbing feeling alleviate the discomfort of her torn maidenhood moments later. The cream itself was actually making her feel...quite pleasant in fact, and she let out a relaxed sigh.

"There, done," Zaela said, pulling her finger out of Leanna's pussy and screwing the top back on the jar. She planted a kiss on both of her thighs and then winked at both her and Henry. "Thank you for lettin me do that. Hope you liked it, Princess."

Leanna blushed, rubbing the back of her neck. "It was...quite better than I was expecting," Leanna admitted. Zaela raised an eyebrow at her and cocked her head, seeming to act offended that her efforts had been sold short. "It was really quite...good actually, truly it was!" Leanna stammered with a blush. She thought back to how that clear fluid had erupted from her pussy when she orgasmed and she inwardly realized that it was better than just good, it was incredible, she had to admit.

Zaela grinned cheekily. "Glad to hear it. Gotta admit, I didn't think this morning that I'd have my tongue buried in a princess's snatch tonight. Don't think I'll be able to get enough of that sweet royal pussy now that I've tasted it though." She tickled Leanna's leg and winked at her. "Anytime you want more of that, you just say the word, sweet girl. At least for as long as I'll be travelin with you two of course."

Leanna lamely just nodded, not knowing what to say to that. The orcess's crassness and complete lack of inhibitions when it came to pleasures of the flesh was still new to Leanna, and it was going to take some getting used to. As for the orcess's offer to...lick her again, she surely wouldn't take Zaela up on such an offer again...would she?

Zaela rose up onto her feet, standing before the two humans in all her green nude glory. She glanced at Henry, her eyes taking on the same lustful look that she gave Leanna when she went down on her.

"One problem though, my lovers," Zaela purred. She reached down and spread her own green folds apart, exposing her dripping wet core to both surprised humans. "Eating out the princess and watching little lad stroking his third leg has gotten me pretty fuckin horny."

Leanna watched with bated breath as Zaela inserted a finger into her dripping core, pulling it out and licking her own finger clean with a purr. Leanna noted for the first time with a dash of envy that Zaela's mound was shaven bare, unlike her own. As such, Zaela's smooth pubic region left nothing to the imagination, and her dripping wet green pussy was fully on display for both humans to see. With a glance at Henry, she noted that he was equally enthralled and, if his throbbing erection any indication, aroused as well.

"I *really* need to get fucked," she cooed seductively, swaying her hips as she approached Henry's side of the bed. "And I'm hoping young Henry here will take care of me with that big prick he's packin'."

Leanna gulped from what the orcess was suggesting. She herself was still, perhaps, a virgin. But her sweet Henry, losing his virginity proper to this orcess mercenary? Could she go along with that despite every boundary they'd already crossed that night thus far? Could Henry go along with it?

She looked at Henry. The boy was trying to form a coherent thought as his eyes were fixed right on the orcess's wet green pussy in front of him. He cleared his throat. "Ah, Miss Zaela, you're, erm, quite pretty. *Really* pretty," he said, as his eyes traveled up to her large tits, "but if Leanna wants to save something for our wedding night then I think I should too."

Leanna smiled lovingly at Henry from his answer. And yet, a small part of her - a part of her that had just woken up thanks to the orcess's sexual tutoring - was disappointed. She didn't know why, but a part of her *wanted* to see Henry fornicating with the orcess. She was nearly two feet taller than he was, and years older; how salacious would it be to see her lover writhing and moaning and coupling with the voluptuous greenskin woman? She started to feel the spark of arousal in her recently-deflowered loins again just thinking about it.

Zaela was still rubbing her pussy and gave a small pout. "Aww. Well, I ain't about to force ya, and I can just rub myself off if I have to. But, maybe you ought to consider the spice this'll add for yer wedding night..." she said suggestively, licking her lips.

"Spice? What do you mean?" Henry asked inquisitively.

The orcess grinned and, swinging one toned leg and then the other onto the bed, she straddled him. "Lots o' women like a man with *experience*. That goes for human and orc women." Her pussy juices dripped down her leg onto Henry's balls, and Leanna realized how close Henry was to burying himself inside Zaela right then and there if he wanted to. Her dripping pussy was hovering right above his plump cockhead.

"When a woman gets a cock pushed up inside her for the first time, they'd like it to come from a fella who knows what the fuck he's doin, you know?" Zaela purred. She looked over at Leanna. "Just imagine the good stuff this sweet lad is gonna do for ya on your wedding night if he's had time to get some practice first."

Leanna considered this. Once again, the orcess's logic was devilish, immoral even. But the prospect of Henry making love to her on their wedding night with finesse and grace rather than the two of them fumbling around with each other in their inexperience was an enticing one. If what the orcess told them was true, she would have no pain or discomfort on her wedding night now that her hymen was gone, and Henry would have enough knowledge of female anatomy by

then to make it an even better experience for her. She was starting to really warm up to the idea.

And truth be told, the orcess deserved something of a reward for what she'd done for them. She'd put herself at risk to save a pair of complete strangers based on nothing but the *promise* of a reward later. Leanna knew only enough about mercenaries to know that it was very atypical behavior for one of their profession.

"Henry," Leanna said, prompting him to look at her. "I think...she has a point." She leaned forward and kissed his cheek. "I appreciate you wanting to save yourself for me. But, I just want you to know, you can do it if you want." Part of Leanna still couldn't believe she said it even as the words left her lips, but then again the night's events had been quite strange thus far anyway.

Henry gaped at her, doing a double take at her. "Leanna...are you sure?" He chewed his lip, looking back at the smiling orcess who was still straddled above him, rubbing her cunny and smiling at their exchange with each other.

Leanna nodded her blond head. "Yeah, I am. But I want to watch."

Henry took her cheeks in his hands and kissed her, grinning an eager grin of a boy who was about to lose his virginity, which he was. "Thanks Leanna." He turned to the orcess. "Miss Zaela, I'd like to- woah!"

With the boy's consent now given, the orcess cut his sentence off by taking the comparatively smaller teen lad by his arms and flipping him on top of her. In one quick move, Zaela was sprawled out on the bed on her back. Her legs spread open widely and invitingly, thick strands of her vaginal lubrication were dripping from her green pussy lips as she swirled her finger around her pussy. She smiled toothily and beckoned Leanna over to them with a 'come hither' motion with her finger.

She ran her hands up and down Henry's athletic boyish body as Leanna approached to get a better look at their intimacy. Henry let out a gasp and goosebumps dotted his skin as Zaela clapped her hands to both of his buttocks and gave them a firm squeeze.

"You are just fuckin adorable, little lad, you know that?" Her eyes turned downward to his throbbing, pulsing cock, hovering a couple inches above her pelvis. "And you've got a bigger prick than any humie runt has any business possessin'. And I love that," she purred, leaning her head up and snatching his lips in her much larger ones, kissing him ravenously.

Henry pulled away from the kiss and was panting with arousal. "Thank you," he blushed, though Leanna could detect a hint of cocky confidence from having his size complimented.

"No, thank *you*. I haven't gotten laid in a longggg time. You have no clue how bad I need this right now. And I haven't had a cock inside me for a while, so I'll be nice and tight for ya," she winked. Zaela looked over at Leanna and smirked. "Not as tight as her though."

Leanna gave a sheepish smile which morphed into a gasp of anticipation as she saw the orcess take hold of Henry's thick member, stroking it a couple times until a bead of precum emerged from the tip of his cockhead and then dripped onto her green slit. *So close now. He's so close to entering her!* Leanna thought with arousal.

"Nuff chit chat," Zaela said, licking her lips. "I'm ready for that virgin cock." She used his cock to rub it up and down her sodden green pussy lips, smearing her juices onto the head of his cock. Henry groaned from the sensation, pushing his hips forward on reflex and rubbing his cock against her swollen clit. Zaela smiled indulgently despite the young man missing his mark.

"So eager," she cooed. She looked at Leanna again. "Hey Princess? You mind doing the honors and steerin' him in for me?"

Leanna chewed her lip, and nodded. She was amazed by how quickly she sprung into action to do what the orcess asked. In a strange, depraved way it felt right for her to be the one to help guide Henry in and lose his virginity.

She shifted herself closer to Henry and put her head on his shoulder. He turned his face to the side and smiled warmly at her. She smiled back at she reached her hand down and gently took hold of his warm, throbbing cock. She lined him up with Zaela's pussy, licking her lips from the arousing sight of his plump cockhead mashed up against her orcish sex hole, marveling at the color contrast of his peach-colored cock against her green cunny.

Leanna kissed his shoulder and then whispered in his ear, "Push, Henry, push it in her."

The young human nodded at Leanna's urging, unable to form words in that moment. He braced his hands into the bed on either side of Zaela's voluptuous hips and gave a strong push with his slender boyish hips. Human male and orcess moaned simultaneously and Leanna gasped with voyeuristic excitement as his thick member pushed past Zaela's folds and slid about three inches into the orcess's pussy.

Henry groaned and made other masculine sounds that were music to Leanna's ears as he lost his virginity inside the orcess's pussy. She ran her dainty hands up and down Henry's torso, feeling his heart beating like a drum in his chest as she planted encouraging kisses on his shoulder and cheek. Her Henry was a *man* now, and she couldn't help but be excited and happy for him.

"Oh Henry, you did it!" Leanna squealed excitedly, "you're inside her and you're not a virgin anymore! How does it feel for you?"

Henry moaned, gently moving his hips around, drawing small circles with his cock inside the first couple inches of Zaela's sex hole. "Oh Leanna...she's, ah, so warm, and wet, and tight! It's like something silky is gripping and massaging me down there!"

Zaela blew a kiss up at him as she seductively moved her hips, causing him to groan as the movement shifted his cock in and out of her slightly. "Told ya so," Zaela teased. "You feel fuckin great inside me, little lad," she huskily moaned. "You're stretchin me out real nice, and I can already tell you've got the size to go deep," she said, reaching down and stroking the inches of his teen cock that had not yet entered her.

Henry groaned and shivered, and Leanna could tell that he was trying to hold back from spilling himself too early. Leanna could only imagine how hard that was for a lad like Henry, who'd just lost his virginity.

Zaela seemed to notice this as well. "Take a minute to get comfy and get a feel for it, lad. Ain't no need to rush. Then, when you're ready, you and I will get to some good hot fuckin," she purred.

Henry took a deep breath and nodded. He took several minutes experimenting with his thrusts, pumping in and out of her an inch at a time and getting a feel for being inside of a woman for the first time. Zaela was patient with him, smiling at him and giving him all the time he needed to acclimate to the velvety embrace of her pussy. Leanna could hear the orcess let out little "mmm" and "aah" sounds whenever Henry would hit a good spot inside her - sounds that were no doubt quite encouraging to the recently-devirginized Henry. Zaela was the perfect woman to teach her young betrothed the act of lovemaking, Leanna had to admit. It amazed her that an orcess of all women could be so sensual and so considerate as a sexual teacher.

Finally, Henry seemed to calm himself and stave off his own climax to the point that he was ready to (in Zaela's words) "get to some good, hot fucking." With about half of his member inside her, he nodded at the orcess.

"Good, yeah?" She grinned. She reached around behind him and clapped both of her strong calloused hands to his buttocks, causing him to gasp. "Brace yourself now, sweet lad. Your first time with an orc bitch is gonna be quite the workout."

With that, Zaela's hips thrust upward, burying the remainder of his long cock inside her until his nearly hairless balls slapped against her ass. Henry moaned and his eyes rolled back in his head and Zaela let out a bestial grunt as his cock went deep. With her strong green hands gripping him by his rear end, she directed his movements for him, practically using his comparatively smaller body like a sex toy. Henry, despite his initial surprise, didn't seem to mind the control being taken away from him though. He dug his fists into the bedfurs and held on tight

as the orcess gripped him by his buttocks and hoisted his cock in and out of her aroused pussy with wet slaps.

Leanna ran her hand over her own sex as she watched the sordid display. She didn't think that anything could get more arousing than what had already transpired that night, but she was proven wrong by the delicious sight of human lad and older female orc mating. The size difference between the two of them added to the salacious debauchery of the coupling; Henry's head only reached up to Zaela's green breasts from this position, and his slender body was rutting and writhing against a female nearly three times larger than him. He took to his task with gusto, however, and with a manhood sized to the task accordingly, and Leanna could see that the mismatched pair of lovers fit together quite well despite the oddity of their body differences.

"Fuck this is really hittin' the spot," Zaela panted, and Leanna could somehow tell that the orcess wasn't just lying to make Henry feel good. She squeezed his asscheeks and ran her hands up and down his sweaty back, fluttering her eyebrows at him in a girlish manner. "You're perfect for me, you know that? Sweet, short lad and adorable as fuck, with a orc-sized cock to boot."

Zaela wrapped her legs around Henry's thrusting buttocks and grinned as she saw Henry take over where she left off, keeping up the same energetic pace as when she was guiding his movements, but of his own accord this time. Her hips thrust upward as his hips drove downward, and they met in the middle, and soon enough they were in perfect sync with each other. Leanna was impressed in Henry's performance, and even more grateful for this arrangement, knowing what lovely fun would occur on her wedding night.

"I'm gonna cum soon. It's just been too damn long. Keep it up, cutey," Zaela gasped.

Henry was moaning and panting, clearly doing all he could to hold off his orgasm for as long as possible, not wanting to disappoint the gorgeous orc woman now. He shifted his angle of penetration which seemed to allow his cock to go deeper and his pelvis to rub against Zaela's clit on each downward thrust. Zaela loved the change in position, if her increasingly loud grunts were any indication.

Between their legs, Zaela's green pussy lips were clinging wetly to Henry's peach colored member, sliding along the fleshy inches of his cock as he pushed in and then pulled out. A small river of Zaela's vaginal juices and his clear precum was soaking the bedfurs beneath their point of union, and that wetness was increasing as their pace grew more energetic and frantic.

Zaela and Henry were working up a good sweat now, a symphony of wet smacking sounds and their grunts and moans filling the air. Henry's cock slid into the orcess's snug pussy up to the base of his cock, her wet emerald lips clinging lovingly to his member, before he would slide back out of her and repeat the process again.

Leanna was envious of the orcess's ability to take nearly all of Henry's cock without even a wince or grimace of discomfort, considering the stinging sensation she herself felt when she lost her maidenhood. Looking at the orcess's clearly pleased reactions, she was willing to believe that Zaela was telling the truth about lovemaking only getting better now that her hymen was gone.

Zaela seemed to crave Henry's manhood, and Leanna could see small glimmers of disappointment whenever her young lover's member would leave her pussy, followed by rapturous bliss whenever he would push it back in again. She suddenly halted him for a moment, stretching her legs out and balancing them on both of Henry's shoulders. She grinned mischievously and nodded at him to continue. From this new position, Henry was encouraged by Zaela to fuck his cock even deeper down into her, drilling down toward her core as Zaela's legs and feet bounced and dangled on Henry's shoulders past his ears. With each deep plunge, Zaela would let out a loud moan as a sweet spot deep inside her was deliciously struck again and again by the plump head of Henry's cock, and Henry groaned from the sensation twofold.

Henry and Leanna both took notice of Zaela's breasts seductively bouncing up and down her chest. Henry, amid his deep fucking, leaned his head down and took one of her dark green nipples into his mouth. Zaela let out a long sigh from the surprising initiative from Henry, and her body shook as she seemed to approach her climax.

Leanna shifted herself closer to the fucking mismatched couple. Her future husband's confident lovemaking with the orcess emboldened Leanna herself, and she made her own decision. This orcess had saved their lives, and Leanna decided at once that working with Henry to make this strong woman feel as good as she'd made them feel tonight seemed like a far better way of rewarding her for such selflessness than simply giving her gold.

Leaning her head down, she sucked Zaela's other nipple into her mouth, prompting an even louder moan and a rippling shudder to escape from the orcess's body. Her hands came up and clutched the two humans by their heads, running fingers through their hair as they suckled her luscious green breasts like babes.

Zaela screamed in a way that caused Henry and Leanna to jump out of their skin for a moment as her climax ripped through her. She cussed and groaned something in the orcish tongue and her legs stiffened out and shot up in the air from their place atop Henry's shoulders. Leanna popped the orcess's green nipple out of her mouth and looked down at Zaela and Henry's point of coupling. As Henry continued his thrusting, Zaela's juices soaked his cock, covering it in a sheen of female ejaculate.

Henry looked wide eyed at Leanna. "Oh! She's squeezing down on me tighter now. I can't hold it, I'm going to-

Zaela, her face flushed a darker shade of green from the workout of their fornicating, looked up at Henry with lust blazing in her golden colored eyes. "Inside me, you little fuckin stud! Pump every drop of your human baby batter into my whorish orc womb!"

Henry squeezed his eyes shut and his face scrunched up as the orcess's salacious request sent him over the brink along with her. He leaned his entire body into the muscular orcess beneath him, burying his cock as deeply into her as he could and letting out a long gasping groan.

Leanna had pulled her head away from the orcess's breast to watch. She played with her own pussy as she watched Henry's thick stem pulsing over and over again and his balls jumped in his sack. The human princess felt her mouth go dry from the realization that her teenaged fiancée was inseminating the orcess in that very moment. She could picture his fleshy pole blasting rope after rope of his warm virile seed into the orc woman's womb.

"Grok's Teeth! It just keeps coming! Even after we drained your balls earlier, you still got enough spunk to knock up an entire clan o' bitches!" Zaela moaned. Her ankles crossed themselves behind Henry's back, keeping him firmly in place to deliver every thick, frothy rope of sperm-rich cum into the orcess's welcoming pussy.

It dawned on Leanna that Henry was freely emptying his seed into the orcess. *What if Henry...*

"Zaela! What if Henry...what if he makes you..with child?!" Leanna gasped.

Zaela, through her haze of lust actually grinned. "I have a potion for that. I'll take it in the morning, Princess, don't ya worry." She then winked. "Or maybe I won't, who knows." She turned to the still-climaxing Henry and kissed him ravenously on the lips. "How bout it, little lad? How about you putting a half orc little lad of your own inside my belly?" Henry could only respond with a moan as he continued spurting his cum inside her womanhood.

Leanna didn't know if the orcess was being serious, but the implication was startling to the eighteen year old girl. *A half orc fathered by Henry! Goodness what a scandal that would be! What would it look like?* And yet amid that stunning line of thought, Leanna's fingers had instinctively continued rubbing her pussy of their own accord.

Henry finished ejaculating inside the orcess and collapsed atop her with a long, exhausted sigh. He rested his head on her chest, catching his breath as the orcess and her young lover basked in the afterglow of such an intense mating session. Zaela stroked her hand through Henry's sweaty head of curly brown hair and smiled warmly.

She let out a relaxed coo of her own, rubbing a hand through her unkempt warrior's cut of black hair. "Alright," she rasped tiredly with a toothy smile, "I drank down a sexy virgin princess's cunny juices and got off to an adorable virgin lad's cock fuckin me. I think I can die happy now."

She patted Henry on the shoulder and he raised his head up from her breast to look at her face. "How was your first time, Henry? Was it good for you?" Leanna noted with amusement that this was the first time she could recall the orcess not referring to her betrothed as "little lad."

Henry gave her a goofy grin, and Leanna almost chuckled. "It was amazing, Miss Zaela! I'll remember it for the rest of my life."

Zaela rolled her eyes. "We need to stop with the 'Miss Zaela' shite," she chuckled. "I'm glad you liked it though, sweet thing. I really enjoyed myself too. You fuck *really* well actually. You sure you were actually a virgin?" Henry looked up at her with a sheepish smile.

She turned to Leanna. "We put on a good show for ya, Princess?"

Henry blushed at Leanna, as if the gravity of what he'd just done sank in. "Leanna, are you...alright with this?"

Leanna smiled at Henry, and she leaned over and kissed him passionately. "I am alright with it. More than alright. It was really quite something to watch." She bit her lip as his handsome freckled face smiled back at her. "Truthfully, I'm really looking forward to you doing the same thing to me as you did to her."

He eagerly leaned forward and kissed her again, and she accepted the kiss before patting his arm to get his attention again. "But...not until our wedding night. I...I know it may sound strange considering what has happened tonight, but I want to at least save *that* for when we get married. I want something special, and sacred to look forward to."

Henry pondered this for a moment before he nodded at her. "I agree, Leanna. I'll do whatever you want." She smiled at him.

Zaela suddenly made an "ahem" sound to get their attention. "Not to ruin the moment, but would you mind gettin up now, little lad? I think you and I could both use a good stretch," she chuckled.

Leanna and Henry realized with embarrassment that Henry was still embedded in Zaela's pussy, and had been using Zaela's firm orcish body as an impromptu cushion while he and Leanna whispered to each other.

He stammered an apology and raised himself up from between Zaela's green thighs. With a slurp and suctiony sound, his wilting cock slipped wetly from her well-fucked pussy. Leanna turned her head down and looked wide-eyed at the orcish sex hole that her young man betrothed had lost his virginity inside of. Her green pussy was spread open and thick globs of Henry's semen dripped from her hole onto the bedfurs. A string of cum extended like a web from her cum-filled hole to the tip of Henry's cock, snapping finally when Henry pulled far enough away from her.

Zaela cooed and reached down to rub her cum-filled cunny. "Like I said, I think he pumped more than enough seed inside me to knock me up twice, eh?" she laughed.

She swirled her finger around her pussy and pulled out a dollop of thick white fluid, licking it from her finger like a tasty treat. Zaela grinned at Leanna and spread open her thighs invitingly, pointing to her sodden core. "Unless you want to clean it up for me with that sweet mouth of yours, Princess? Got a whole batch of your lad's tasty batter just waitin to be eaten up."

Leanna blushed a bright red from the idea. For the briefest of moments, she considered it, thinking it was only fair to return the favor to the orcess for what she did with her mouth earlier. And the idea of tasting so much of Henry's seed again was very appealing to her. But she ultimately shook her head, deciding she wasn't quite ready to go that far yet with the orcess.

Zaela smiled coyly and nodded at the princess's answer. "I get it. That's a bit much. Just cause I ate your muff don't mean you need ta eat mine." She dipped her finger back into her snatch and fished out more cum that she licked off her fingers with gusto. "More spunk for me anyway," she teased playfully.

Leanna looked at the aftermath of what had taken place. Zaela and Henry were covered in sweat and had a frazzled, unkempt appearance about them, and she herself looked no better. She gave an amused chuckle inwardly from the realization that the earlier bath had been rendered rather pointless.

"Well, I'm beat," Zaela said, catching Leanna's attention again. "Best get a couple more hours of sleep while we still can, ya?"

Leanna and Henry both nodded their agreement, yawning. Zaela had already slipped beneath the fur blanket again. The princess noted that the orcess inadvertently left a trail of Henry's spunk from one side of the bed to the other as she slipped her tall green body beneath the furs. She gulped with a mixture of arousal and bewilderment, still mulling over the sheer amount of seed that Henry had filled her with. Leanna could only hope she was telling the truth about the potion she'd mentioned.

Leanna snapped out of it when Henry took her hand in his, smiling at her as he ushered her beneath the furs alongside Zaela. She oddly felt minimal guilt or discomfort compared to earlier; snuggling herself up against this orcess no longer seemed to bother her, nor did it seem to bother Henry either. Given that the two humans had shared themselves with the orcess in a very intimate way, sleeping naked next to said orcess now seemed tame by comparison. Leanna had to admit that the orcess had earned her and Henry's trust and their affection in a strikingly brief span of time.

The eighteen year old princess found herself intimately sandwiched between the muscular greenskinned woman and the young man she was to soon marry. She smiled warmly, feeling very much at ease and protected between the two.

“Sleep tight, loves,” Zaela purred, stroking her hand through Leanna’s and Henry’s hair. “Still got a bit of a long trip ahead of us in the morning. But I’ll get ya both to Oakenhall safe, don’t you worry.”

Leanna nodded, comforted by the orcess’s words, even as she still wondered how she and Henry would explain any of this to Henry’s mother, the Lady of Oakenhall, when they arrived at his home. She found herself too tired to dwell on it further, however; she hoped that Henry’s mother would be gracious enough over the orcess saving their lives that all else would be of little concern to her.

Henry turned on his side and kissed her. She felt his flaccid, sticky member rubbing against her thigh as he cozied up against her. She shivered, half tempted to reach out and take hold of his babymaking thing again. Maker, she didn’t know how she’d be able to keep her hands off of him at all now that the orcess had opened her world to all the possibilities that came with pleasures of the flesh.

“G’night, Leanna,” he whispered, his eyes twinkling at her in the dim moonlight creeping through the window.

She smiled back, kissing him on the forehead. “Good night, Henry. Good night, Zaela.”

The orcess was already snoring in response, and Leanna grinned. “You tired her out,” Leanna whispered to Henry, biting back a laugh.

“Not bad for my first time,” he whispered back with cocksure attitude, grinning. “We’ll see if I can do it again next time.”

There it was. *Next time*. “You want to do it again, Henry?”

“Don’t you? Sounded like you liked what she did, you know, with her tongue.”

Leanna blushed. He was right of course. She’d never dreamed of doing anything with another female before tonight, but now she couldn’t deny that the orcess had worked wonders on her with her mouth.

“I kind of do,” she softly admitted. “But it’s going to take us a few weeks to get to Oakenhall, Henry.” Her fingers playfully tickled Henry’s skin beneath the blanket mischievously. “Our orcish protector is going to want you putting your big thing inside her a lot during that time.”

Henry, playing along with her salacious little game, grinned and responded, "And *you're* going to want her getting her tongue inside you and making you do that squirting thing again."

Leanna gave a mock gasp and playfully shoved him beneath the blanket, trying not to wake the orcess snoring behind them. "Well! I guess I'll be up for the challenge then."

"So will I," he replied with a soft laugh.

They kissed each other one last time before Leanna felt herself drifting off a few moments later. She pulled the fur blanket tightly over the two of them and rested her head on Henry's shoulder, feeling his naked body relax against her. Their fingers intertwined with each other lovingly beneath the blanket.

Henry's admission that he wanted to continue their affair with the orcess was truthfully a weight off her shoulders. She did not want to be the one to suggest continuing these nighttime activities, for fear of what Henry would think of her. But now that he'd suggested it, she felt no more guilt.

This night had changed both of them, Leanna knew. Much of this new experience was still confusing and daunting to the young princess. And yet, she had to admit that she was looking forward to what was in store for herself and her betrothed the next time they settled in for the night with their lovely orcess.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Zaela

Fuck, what bloody time is it? Feel like my body is fuckin twisted into a knot, Zaela thought.

She rubbed her eyes and tried to move her limbs, finding two pinkskinned bodies curled around her - one male, one female. The orcess grinned as she remembered where she was.

Ah, right, she thought, chuckling inwardly.

Zaela the mercenary glanced down at the two human pups who were just as naked as she was. On her right was Henry, who she affectionately referred to as "Little Lad," though such a moniker could only refer to his height, as he was anything but little in certain other areas of his anatomy.

If the human gods exist, they'd been quite fuckin creative when they made young Henry. It's like they said, "fuck it, let's make this human runt shorter than the rest of the boys, but let's put a troll-sized cock on 'im. That makes sense," Zaela thought jokingly.

Still, Zaela looked affectionately down at the boy. Truthfully, she was quite smitten with the little fucker. His oak-colored curly hair and freckled face was cute as fuck, and he was energetic as a jackrabbit when he was horny, as the orcess had learned firsthand many times over the past couple weeks.

The young human male was nuzzled up against Zaela's right tit and he was using it as a pillow, not that Zaela minded. Zaela gave a toothy smirk when Henry mumbled something incomprehensible in his sleep before he turned on his side and his mouth was accidentally pressing up against her nipple again.

Horny little bugger sucked my nipples raw last night, and even when he's sleeping he still can't get enough of em, Zaela thought with wry amusement. *That's teen males for ya!*

Zaela looked to the figure on her left, smiling at the blond female companion of Henry. The eighteen year old young woman was the definition of delicate royal beauty; an hourglass figure and flawless skin, gorgeous flowing blonde hair, a good pair of average tits with the cutest pink nipples, and a nice, firm ass that Zaela loved to ogle during their travels. The unique thing about Princess Leanna Heatherton was that she seemed to be on the tall side, at least as far as human girls her age were concerned. This made the match-up between her and Henry even more sweet, as far as Zaela was concerned.

They really made quite the pair, Zaela had to admit. She saw this almost as soon as she'd met them weeks ago, having come to their rescue from a band of thieves (or ransomers) hoping to snag the royal duo for a big payday. It surprised the orcess to see a young lad like Henry so devoted already to his wife-to-be and vice versa, but she couldn't deny that it gave even a vivacious, thrill-seeking orc bitch like herself satisfaction knowing that there were still good-hearted and doe-eyed young lovers like that left in this fucked-up world. She had no desire to permanently get in the way of such a pure and honey-sweet thing either, but she was happy that the young lovers were willing to let her fuck around and have some good fornicatin' fun with them.

Zaela had not actually *intended* to seduce the pair of human virgins at first. Truthfully, when she'd happened upon Holleran's gang grouping up on Leanna and Henry, the sight alone had just made the orcess's blood boil. Five grown ass men against two inexperienced young human pups was hardly a fair fight, it was shite cowardice, plain and simple. Though she was a mercenary, she still liked to think that she had some sort of code of honor. At least more of a code than those thieving, stinkin' shit bandits had possessed.

But once she'd settled in with the human princess and her betrothed, she just couldn't help but start putting some subtle and not-so-subtle moves onto the young humans, and she was ecstatic to see that they'd responded to her advances in kind, albeit reluctantly at first.

She hadn't told the pair, even to this day, but she honestly had a bit of a human fetish. For the past decade at least, the orcess had mated almost exclusively with humans. She just hadn't been interested in fucking around with her own kind for a while; most orc males just rutted away without any kind of finesse or grace, and it grew static and boring to her. Whenever she had the opportunity to find herself a good, virile human male who knew what he was doing and had the stamina to keep up with her voracious appetite, she was much more content. On the female side, orcish females still appealed to her on some level, but she much preferred a dainty, delicate human woman who she could squeeze and stroke and dominate in the bedfurs.

There were orcs back home in the Badlands who would probably call her a "pig-fucker" or all other manner of derogatory shite insults that her folk had attached to orcs with mating preferences like hers, but Zaela had long ago stopped caring about such opinions. She liked fucking humans, and so she fucked humans.

And she could say for damn certain that nothing in all her years beat the thrill she got from being protector and sex ed teacher to a pair of wayward human virgins. After that first night at the roadside inn, it didn't take her long to figure out that Leanna and Henry were a pair of horndogs who'd just been itching to break free of their sexually-repressed cages. Hell, if she hadn't come along, the two probably would've fucked each other's brains out sooner rather than later.

For the past two weeks, the trio had fallen into an unspoken routine of sorts. They would travel by day, staying off the main roads to avoid unwanted attention. Sometimes they stopped at an inn, sometimes they would simply make camp in the woods. Either way, the night always ended the same: good old-fashioned filthy delightful fun.

Zaela had made it abundantly clear to Henry that her orcish cunt was pretty much open season for him to finger, lick, shove his prick into, and pump his spunk into whenever he wanted. And ever since their first night when she took his virginity, he took her up on that offer very frequently, much to Zaela's delight. It wasn't uncommon for Zaela to wake up and find her pussy being used as a sheathe for the lad's throbbing morning wood, as he accidentally or intentionally slipped the fat teenaged fuckstick into her pussy while they shared a bedroll together. The orcess didn't mind - she relished it, in fact - but she had made it clear to Henry as well that he was not to take such liberties with just any female he encountered, including Leanna. Henry was a smart young man though, and he understood that Zaela's complete and utter lack of sexual boundaries was exclusive to her, and her alone.

Leanna, meanwhile, was a bit more reserved than her future husband, though not by much. She'd allowed the orcess to nick away her cherry as a merciful prelude to her eventual wedding night with Henry, but there were certain things that the teenaged human princess was not ready

for, and Zaela could respect that. The girl did, however, spread her legs and allow Zaela to get her tongue up inside that sweet royal snatch frequently. Leanna was still sometimes shy about it, and refused to ever vocally ask or beg the orcess for her oral services out of fear of seeming too desperate. The blond girl would usually chew her lip and twirl her hair in a timid manner, and give a small nod at the orcess. That was more than enough for Zaela to get the hint, and would happily spread the lovely human girl's legs open and dive her tongue into that sweet human cunny hole, to the pleased and no longer shy moans of Leanna.

Leanna's steady transformation from a religious girl who'd shunned the idea of girl-on-girl action, to a horny little strumpet who sought out an orcess's tongue buried in her snatch was a lovely thing for Zaela to witness.

The princess's taste still lingered on Zaela's tastebuds, and it was a taste the orcess had grown quite addicted to. She had discovered very early on in their trysts that the eighteen year old human was a squirter, much to her delight. She'd only come across such a thing once or twice during all her sexual conquests with other women. Leanna made a watery mess of Zaela's face every time she came, and the orcess had drank down probably a good gallon of her pussy juices since they'd started fucking around with each other.

Zaela stared up at the ceiling of her tent, grinning. *A sweet humie lad with a disproportionately big pecker, and a sweet humie chick that can squirt. I struck gold,* Zaela thought wistfully.

A few moments later, she untangled herself from the two humans as carefully as she could so as not to wake them. She stretched out her muscular, battle-hardened body and yawned. Her pointy green ears twitched as she heard birds chirping outside. The sun would be out soon, and they would need to be on the move again.

They were only a day or two away from Henry's family home of Oakenhall, having crossed the border into its territory the day prior. Zaela was disappointed by the possibility that she would soon need to part ways with the two young lovers, but such was the nature of her life as a nomadic mercenary. She'd learned not to get too attached to things. At least she had some very pleasant memories to hold on to, and she'd taught the two cuties some good shit for whenever they decide to get each other's rocks off.

Zaela shook her head to focus back on the present. A mischievous smirk spread across her face, her small tusks poking from her mouth as she did. She glanced down at Henry, whose morning wood was throbbing at full mast as it always had like clockwork while he softly snored, blissfully unaware. The bugger always slept like a rock, which had provided Zaela a wealth of creative ways to wake the kid up over the past two weeks.

She tiptoed her way past Henry's sleeping form toward Leanna's side of the bedroll. The princess's pretty golden face was turned to the side as she peacefully dozed. It was a pity to

wake up such an angelic sleepin' chick, but she would forgive her once she saw what the orcess wanted to show her.

She gently shook the naked girl. Leanna's blue eyes slid open and she yawned, rubbing her eyes.

"Zaela? Mmm...what time is it?"

The orcess smiled and rubbed the young woman's shoulder. "It's mornin'. Gotta get goin' soon. But I wanted to show ya somethin'."

Leanna yawned again and automatically nodded. "Oh, oh, very well," she said, as if she'd only been half paying attention to the orcess.

Zaela ushered the sleepy girl over to Henry's side of the bedroll. The orcess carefully flipped the boy's slender, athletic body onto his back, and she smirked when he just kept snoring away unperturbed. *Yep, like a rock*, she thought again.

Henry's bloated pink-colored dong was throbbing at attention in front of her and Leanna. She looked at the princess and saw the girl's eyes widen as she suddenly became very, very awake.

"Oh, Zaela! What are we doing? We should let Henry sleep!" She whispered out the protest.

"Relax, Princess," Zaela whispered back. "Lad needs to wake up anyway. And," she paused, gripping his throbbing cock in her green hand, "I figured we could wake 'im up with our mouths."

Leanna covered her mouth conspiratorially. "That's quite naughty, you know!" Leanna gasped. Zaela could see that the girl was trying to hold back giddy excitement beneath the facade of disapproval.

"Yeah well," Zaela continued, stroking Henry's fat cock as precum began bubbling up from the tip of his plump cockhead, "so is feelin' up an orc bitch's titties while she's sleepin, hmm?"

Leanna blushed red from the memory of their first night together. Duly chastised, Leanna nodded and gulped, smiling sheepishly. "Very well. But, err, why don't you do it." She was rubbing her palms together nervously.

Zaela rolled her eyes. "You ain't gonna get better at suckin' Henry's todger unless you get practice, Princess."

Leanna sighed. "I know, I know. But it's just so...big. It stretches my mouth, uncomfortably so. And you're just so much better at taking him than I am."

"So *practice*," Zaela repeated.

"I will," she pouted. "But...just do it this time, please?"

Zaela shook her head, muttering under her breath. "Alright, cutie," she laughed. "You're just lucky I love your lad's big cock as much as I do," she said, gripping the sleeping teen's fleshy pole again.

She felt the human teen's shaft throbbing in the palm of her strong grip. She leaned her head close, taking a strong whiff of his musk, feeling intoxicated by the virile human adolescent's scent. The orcess smiled as she gently tapped the thick cockhead against her lips, dabbing her mouth with his precum as she readied her hungry mouth to take in his cock.

This ten inch piece of male meat had been Zaela's main source of enjoyment for the past two weeks. Sliding this sweet lad's cock inside her cunt and snatching away his virginity was a moment she'd cherish for the rest of her life (and probably rub herself off to while remembering it). Part of Zaela wanted to paint her old clan markings on young Henry's shaft, marking the young man's recently devirginized cock as hers.

Zaela looked up past Henry's lovely, throbbing case of morning wood and winked at Leanna. The blushing blondie was chewing her lip and rubbing her legs together, her own fingers drifting down to touch herself from the lewd anticipation of the show she was about to witness.

Oh, I'll be getting my tongue right up in your juicy royal cunt again soon enough, Princess. Don't ya worry, Zaela thought mischievously.

Without further ado, the orcess's full green lips dropped down and suctioned themselves right onto the plump flushed cockhead of Henry's fuckstick, giving it a big wet kiss. Maneuvering her lips in a way that his sensitive manhood was unscathed by her small tusks, Zaela began planting tender kisses from head to shaft to base, as if the orcess was reuniting with a long lost lover.

Giving a wink at the sleeping lad's wifey-to-be, Zaela's long orcish tongue snaked out of her mouth and twirled around Henry's tender teen cockhead. The mushroom shaped head was soon coated in a layer of her spit her tongue flicked and twirled and curled around his pinkish/purple colored cock. Despite sleeping, she felt Henry shiver and groan in his sleep, and Zaela felt a burst of pride from her expert ability to deliver pleasure to the sweet young man even when he was out for the count.

The tip of Zaela's tongue probed against the slit at the tip of his cockhead once, twice and then three times, and was rewarded with a burst of precum spurting into her mouth. The orcess savored this delicious appetizer for the main course, wiggling her tongue about his shaft and cockhead so as to get him to produce more tasty clear fluid for her. She let out a contented purr

as her hungry tongue eagerly collected and drank down each dollop of delectable human preseed that her oral efforts conjured out of his cockhead.

She saw a blonde head of hair in her peripheral vision as she continued fellating the delicious teen fuckstick. Leanna had shifted herself closer and was getting a close up view of the orcess's sloppy sucking action, her wide sweet-as-fuck doe eyes were wide with curiosity and excitement. Zaela grinned through her cock-filled lips, letting Henry's thick member retreat from her mouth after giving it a quick suck and a big smooch onto the glistening cockhead.

"You want to see me take him in my throat again like last time, ya?"

Leanna blushed and eagerly nodded. Her fingers were dipping down and playing with her own undoubtedly wet virgin pussy even harder when the orcess suggested it.

Zaela winked. "Happy to do it, Princess. But I'm gonna need you to tend to his balls. A horny little stud like Henry needs *two* females to drain him proper. So...git to it!"

Leanna jolted, startled. She raised her hand up from her crotch, her fingers dripping in her own cunny juices, and she shifted herself closer to Henry's crotch, quickly complying with the orcess's blunt command. Her dainty hands came up and began to tenderly massage her lover's plump orbs, cooing as she felt them pulse in her hand.

The orcess grinned and turned back to Henry's member. She took a firm hold of it and opened her mouth wide as she lowered her head down. Taking care not to injure him with her small tusks, she swallowed inch after inch of his teen human cock. Turning her head toward Leanna to gauge her reaction, she grinned as the girl chewed her lip from the sight of watching her lover's cock making a small bulge in the orcess's throat. Zaela cock-filled mouth watered when she heard the young man moan loudly in his sleep thanks to her efforts.

This was one of the greatest joys in life, as far as Zaela was concerned. She took genuine pleasure from swallowing a sweet human lad's lovely thick fuckstick until the thick meat made a nice bulge in her throat. She'd been sucking Henry's cock on a regular basis for the past two weeks, and she didn't see herself ever getting bored of it anytime soon. If that made her a 'Pig-fucker', or whatever spoilsport members of her own race wanted to call her, then fine, she was a 'Pig-fucker' indeed.

Zaela took to the task with gusto, humming with every suctiony slurp as the human lad's delicious cock was sucked in and out of her mouth. Two weeks of frequent experience had given her a good feel for Henry's cock - long enough for her to decide that it was one of her favorite in all her decades of experience. He was a healthy, thick size that made deepthroating the thing enough of a fun challenge but not unbearably so. Henry's cock made a lump in her throat, and that lump traveled up her down her neck everytime she went down and then drew back up again for another plunge. Globbs of her drool and his precum pooled at the base of his

cock and balls as she made a mess of the adolescent human fuckpole, and she made a “gluk” sound over and over again as she deliberately hilted the plump cockhead as deep into her throat as it could go, pushing her experienced gag reflex to its limit.

Zaela smiled when she saw Leanna’s dainty little princess hands tenderly stroking her lover’s balls, watching tentatively as she deepthroated him. There was a look of envy on the princess’s face, as the girl clearly wanted to be able to do what she herself was doing right now without choking. Zaela would have Leanna handling Henry’s todger like a well-trained whore soon enough, if she had anything to say about it.

Henry’s slender hips rose up from the bed and he let out increasingly loud moans in his sleep as her tight throat gave this thick peach-colored cock a good, thorough suction as she sucked him. She could tell that he was getting close, as his fleshy member began to pulse and grow ever so slightly more engorged. She glanced over at Leanna, whose fingers were rubbing away at her own cunny even harder, and Zaela suddenly had a wicked burst of inspiration.

She popped his cock out of her mouth and licked her lips lasciviously at the princess. “Hey Princess. Let’s finish him off proper, ya? Squat your pretty little pink cunny on top of his big, fat babymaker.”

Leanna’s eyes widened at the suggestion. “Zaela, I can’t! You know I want to wait until my wedding night!” she whispered as loudly as she could without waking Henry.

Zaela kept grinning, rubbing Henry’s cock to keep it stimulated. “Imagination, Princess. I aint talking about proper fuckin, and I aint talking about him squirting his load inside of ya. I’m talking about you rubbing your pretty pussy lips up and down his cock until he blows. Now aint that just the next best thing to fucking without *actually* fuckin?”

Leanna’s eyes widened. “Oh...that’s...oh!” she mumbled as realization dawned on her. Zaela noted with amusement that the girl’s fingers rubbed at her needy pussy with more vigor from the suggestion.

“Or I could swallow another one o’ his tasty loads myself if you’d prefer...” Zaela teased.

“No!” she pouted, springing to her feet. “I’ll...I’ll do it,” she said, blushing. Zaela smirked from the girl’s sudden burst of spunky competitiveness. The orcess had a feeling that the princess had secretly yearned for an excuse to rub her lover’s cock against her virgin cunny for some time now, and was eager for an excuse to do so, barring actual penetration.

Leanna took great care not to wake the slumbering Henry - who somehow had still not woken up yet - and straddled his prone body. She squatted above him and lowered her dainty hourglass figure down onto the young man boy’s pelvis, hovering just above him. Zaela smiled warmly and gripped Henry’s steel-hard and spit-slick pole, holding it upright to aid the girl.

Zaela felt her own cunt grow wetter when Leanna's tender, slick cunny lips made contact with the swollen head of Henry's cock. A serene moan of pleasure spilled from the aroused eighteen-year-old human girl's lips as the mushroom shaped head mashed up against her labia. She shifted her hips to steady herself, and Zaela licked her chops hungrily as she saw a clear strand of Leanna's pussy juice intermingle with a clear strand of Henry's syrupy precum as she pulled her pussy away.

Zaela felt his thick stem pulse in her hand. "He's gonna pop soon, girlie. Give 'im a good ride with yer wet cunny, and I'll get back to lickin' it. And don't forget to give yer clitty a good rub with his cock. You'll like that," she said, winking.

Leanna nodded and settled herself into a comfortable position. Her pussy pressed up against Henry's ten-incher again, sighing with bliss when her aroused pussylips slid down the surface of the teenager's cock. Zaela meanwhile leaned down toward the action herself, flicking her tongue out to lap out at the opposing side of Henry's cock. To the horny orcess's joy, she tasted a frothy mixture of Leanna's cunny juices and Henry's bubbly precum dripping down Henry's pole and onto her tongue as she lapped away at it. To an orcess with a penchant for human-fucking, the liquid mixture was like the sweetest of ambrosia to her.

Leanna pinched her own dainty pink nipples (as Zaela had shown her) as she shifted her hips back and forth, slickly sliding her aroused pussy up and down sleeping Henry's cock over and over again. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she buried her own fingers into her trusses of silky blond hair when his cockhead poked and prodded away at her sensitive clit at the end of each glide and stroke.

"Oh...Henry!" she moaned, forgetting to keep quiet. "It's like we're making love for real! I wish you were awake for this."

Zaela smiled as she continued licking and sucking away at every inch of cockflesh her long tongue could access. She went lower and licked his balls, hearing quick gasps of breath escaping Henry's lips at the other end of the bedroll. She felt his balls pulsing overtime now, and knew he was about to cum.

She quickly yanked her tongue back and moved her hand down to jerk his cock rapidly. It throbbed intensely in her hand and Henry let out an almost pained groan as a burst of his cum erupted from his cock. Leanna, whose pussy was pressed right up against his cock head, gasped with surprise as a thick rope of cum splashed against her sodden pussylips. Amid her lust, she pulled her pussy back so that he would not accidentally press into her and inseminate the inside of her pussy, choosing instead to rub her cunny lips along the side of his cock like before.

A mere moment later, Leanna gasped and shuddered as she reached her own orgasm. A few mere moments of rubbing stimulation with her young lover was enough to set her off, especially after the arousal of watching the orcess deepthroating his thick member earlier.

Zaela wore a prize-winning smile on her green face from the lovely sight of the two human cumming together. Henry always spurted out a thick load of creamy white cum the likes of which didn't seem possible coming from a young man runt, meanwhile Leanna's trademark orgasms always had her squirting out a barrage of clear fluid, and this time was no different. Zaela jerked Henry through his orgasm harder as Leanna's pussy drenched his cock and her own hands in clear secretions. Henry's cock belched out ropes of his sperm which covered Leanna's pussy lips and pelvis.

Finally, their orgasms subsided and Leanna collapsed atop her young lover, catching herself at the last second. Zaela stopped jerking Henry's wilting member and smiled as every last drop of rich human seed dribbled out onto Leanna's cunny lips. She pulled her hand away and licked it clean, grinning at the exhausted human youths.

"L- Leanna?"

Zaela and Leanna both jolted to the tired sound of Henry's tired voice. They saw him rubbing his eyes and looking back and forth at Zaela and his betrothed. He blinked sleep away several times and realizes the position they were all in. His eyes widened, and Zaela thought for a second that he would be shocked or even mad at him and Leanna. The poor girl looked ready to profusely apologize to him. Instead, he gave a very large grin, surprising both the princess and the orcess.

"What're you smirkin' at, little lad?" Zaela asked.

Henry let out a relaxed sigh, ogling Leanna's perky bum which was still settled on his pelvis. "I was having a very good dream. Turns out it wasn't a dream at all, was it?"

Cheeky little fucker, Zaela thought with amusement.

The three of them erupted into laughter. Leanna spun herself around and leaned down to kiss Henry on the lips. Zaela grinned mischievously and leaned down to curl her tongue around Henry's soft member, cleaning him up of his cum. He shivered and moaned into Leanna's kiss.

Once he was good and clean, Zaela swallowed his cum down with a satisfied "ah" at the end of it. She looked back at the two humans again, both of whom were flushed and looked at her with weary yet satisfied expressions.

"That was the only proper way to wake you up anyhow, kid. You sleep like a fuckin rock."

Henry rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly, making no attempt to deny it. He looked back and forth between her and Leanna, and the rest of their tent. "How far now?" he asked.

Zaela rubbed her chin while idly scooping over a few stray glob of cum from her bountiful green tits. "About a day away from Oakenhall now. You're gonna be home soon, just like I promised, ya?"

Henry nodded and Leanna sighed with relief. The girl looked back at Henry, idly rubbing her fingers over his slender chest. "We will have to explain all this to your mother somehow, you do know that, Henry?"

Henry looked away shyly. "I know. I'm still working on that."

Zaela clapped her hands together. "Well I can't wait to meet the lady that made such a cute little stud!"

Leanna and Henry shook their heads at the orcess's complete carefree attitude over their current arrangement. Leanna, changing the subject, looked down at herself and realized the sticky state she was still in. "Before we go anywhere near Oakenhall, I think we will need to find a stream somewhere."

Zaela chuckled and shuffled herself closer to the girl. "Oh I don't know if that's necessary. In fact," she said, winking at Henry, "I think we still have a bit more time before we need to get movin'."

Leanna's eyes widened and she looked at Henry beside her with disbelief. "Henry...she's insatiable!"

Zaela licked her lips ominously. "Yep!"

The muscular orcess quickly yet playfully shoved the princess onto her back, prompting a surprised "hey!" from the girl. Before she could protest, the orcess took hold of both of Leanna's knees, spread her legs open, and dove right down into Leanna's sweet spot with precision. Her long tongue injected itself right into Leanna's cum-coated cunny, ensuring that any and all protests died on the girl's lips.

Soon enough, Leanna was moaning again and building up to her second orgasm, as the orcess's vigorous tongue went diving and drilling methodically in and out of the girl's pussy, lapping up the delicious mixture of male seed and female juices like candy. Henry began jerking his cock as he watched the lesbianic show playing out right in front of him, as the trio of mismatched lovers continued making the most of their early morning.

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Lady Clarina Oakenshire was on edge. The thirty one-year-old lady of the fiefdom of Oakenhall didn't get ruffled easily, but this mid-afternoon had left her flustered, especially when her family was concerned.

"Captain. You mean to tell me that the escort containing my son and the Princess Leanna are behind schedule?"

The tall, mustached man in leather hunter vestments rubbed the back of his neck but nodded. "Yes, milady. My fastest scouts have ridden ahead to make contact with the caravan and confirm their whereabouts."

Clarina rubbed her eyes. She couldn't let herself appear concerned before her court, but truthfully she *was* concerned. Never mind that she'd been the one to convince the king and queen to sanction Henry and Princess Leanna's tour of the kingdom, but the idea that some misfortune had befallen her son sent a chill up her spine.

After an ailment had taken her husband's life two years ago, Clarina had become fiercely protective of her Henry. In her day-to-day duties in governing Oakenhall and its lands she was an unflinching leader, much like her late husband had been. It was what her people needed her to be, in order for her fiefdom to be governed well and therefore respected by the Capital. But in private, she had a very warm adoration of her only child. Truth be told, she was reluctant to even allow Henry to go on this tour, if not for her late husband's insistence on not coddling the boy too much.

She prayed that she was overreacting, and that the royal caravan was behind schedule for harmless, mundane reasons.

She swallowed the lump in her throat and stiffened in her high oak chair at the head of the hall, straightening her posture into something more commanding. "See that you do Captain. Relay any news you have right to me."

The Captain bowed and exited the hall, flanked by two guardsmen. She looked at the rest of her attendants and courtiers.

"That'll be all for today, thank you," she said, rising from her chair. The hall began to disperse, as the attendants went to attend to other business in the castle.

When she had departed from the hall and to her personal chambers, Gertrude was waiting for her. The twenty four-year-old raven-haired handmaiden smiled as she approached.

“Shall I draw up a bath for you, milady?”

Clarina let out a long sigh of relief, rubbing her temples. “You know, Gertrude? That sounds wonderful, thank you.”

The handmaiden smiled indulgently and nodded, as if she was expecting this. Clarina liked Gertrude; she was one of her only close confidants, especially since her husband had passed, and had done her job very well in all the years she’d served her.

Gertrude led her into her personal chambers - luxurious enough for Clarina’s tastes though nowhere near as opulent as the bedchambers one would find in the Capital. The room felt empty these past two years without the presence of her husband, however.

Clarina shook her head, staving off the feeling of melancholy. She glanced at the large oak bathtub situated in the corner of the room as Gertrude began filling it with water, periodically leaving the room to retrieve bucketfuls more. Once the tub looked full enough, Clarina began to strip off her dress, shrugging the fine silk garment from her shoulders until it slid down her body and pooled up at her feet.

Gertrude seemed unphased by her lady stripping naked in front of her; the handmaiden had seen such things countless times before, having dressed Clarina up and prepared her wardrobe time and again. Looking over at her, Gertrude gave a small smile at Clarina while she was preparing coals to warm the bath water up.

The Lady of Oakenhall looked at herself in the mirror, taking in her own appearance. She loosened her hair tie and let her auburn hair flow down her shoulders. At thirty-one, she still retained a decent amount of her beauty from her youth; she was shapely in the hips but not overly so, and her skin was still mostly unblemished. Her breasts were a healthy, ample size and had not yet begun to sag. Her late husband had delighted in feeling them and giving them a good squeeze while they were in bed together, she would recall with a blush.

Gertrude emerged behind her, startling the usually composed lady. The handmaiden began to brush her hands through the naked lady’s reddish brown hair.

“You are as beautiful as ever, milady,” the handmaiden said softly looking at her lady’s visage in the mirror, combing her hair through Clarina’s hair. “What man would not fall for you at first sight?”

Gertrude’s words were comforting to her, and she knew there was a degree of truth to them. She was young, only seventeen, when she gave birth to Henry, and had not given birth since. As such, she was still trim and fit. And given her title as Lady of Oakenhall, she knew that she would still be an eligible bachelorette to many suitors in the kingdom.

Clarina gave an indulgent smile to Gertrude. "That's kind of you, Gertrude. But Henry is coming of age, and will take my place as Lord of this land soon. It may be best for me to gracefully accept the role of widow."

She meant what she said; she wanted nothing but the best for her darling son who was soon to marry Princess Leanna. And she missed her late husband dearly. Still, while she consciously was willing to accept her role as the Lady-Regent of Oakenhall and a widow, the desire for companionship was still there. And she felt it in her loins when she went to bed each night, even more so since her husband's untimely demise.

The handmaiden smiled coyly. "Well, / think you should allow yourself to feel love again, when you are ready, of course."

Clarina sighed and gave a weak smile. She appreciated the openness of her handmaiden, but she wished to not dwell on this subject. "Thank you, Gertrude. Is the bath ready?"

Gertrude nodded. "It is, milady." The handmaiden suddenly gave a strange look toward the door to make sure no one was eavesdropping before continuing, "and I left a certain...*special something* by the tub for you. With a bottle of herb-scented oil, like last time," Gertrude whispered conspiratorially with a wink.

Clarina blushed. "Gertrude! I didn't ask you to!"

Gertrude shrugged, playing coy. "I wanted to surprise you, milady. After the last time you requested this, I took it upon myself to purchase you a new one from an elvish merchant. And I think you'll *really* like this one."

Clarina rubbed her temples and let out an exasperated laugh. "Gertrude..."

Gertrude, however, had already retreated to the door. "Enjoy your bath, milady. Do holler when you are...*finished*," Gertrude said, punctuating the last word with a devious grin as she slipped out of the chamber.

Clarina huffed, shaking her head. She turned toward the tub, tiptoeing over to it, blushing as she did. She knew what her handmaiden had left there for her, and she anticipated it with embarrassment and - dare she say - a hint of excitement.

There, sitting by the bathtub, was a glass dildo. Finely crafted by elvish hands, the translucent sex toy was quite...impressive, Clarina admitted. Gertrude had clearly spared no expense this time.

Some time ago, several months after her husband's passing, lack of intimate companionship had begun to take its toll on her. Gertrude, being the inquisitive and worldly young woman that

she was, soon sensed this and told Clarina about a personal solution to her dilemma. The Lady of Oakenhall was initially surprised by the revelation, not knowing that sex toys for women even existed, but she reluctantly allowed Gertrude to purchase one for her.

That last one was a smooth wooden dildo purchased from a seedy shop in the nearby town; it was no proper substitute for a living, breathing partner, but it had scratched that itch that needed scratching, somewhat. She currently kept it hidden away in a cupboard, and made sure that Henry would never accidentally happen upon it in between intimate sessions of hers in solitude.

Clarina picked up her new toy and inspected it. The glass phallus was average sized - not very thick but long enough to go a bit deep, by her estimation. It had a bulbous tip and had a bit of a curved shape to it to make it easier for and smooth in-and-out. Looking at the pristine sex toy was beginning to have an effect on her, and she felt a tingle in her loins.

"Bugger it all," Carina swore. "Damn you for knowing me better than I do, Gertrude," she laughed under her breath. Picking up the glass dildo and the small jar of scented oil along with it, she wasted no time in slipping into the tub, hissing from the heat of the water against her skin. It wasn't long before she felt her body loosen up and relax, the stress of the day's tiresome stately matters fading away in the warmth of the bath. Still, the bath could only help for so long, as there was one part of her that had gone neglected, and it needed attending to.

She licked her lips and shakily uncorked the jar, immediately smelling a pleasing floral scent from the herb-scented oil. With eager anticipation, the lady of Oakenhall took up the glass dildo again and began to coat it liberally with a slick sheen of lubrication. Once her elvish-made sex toy was slick enough to thoroughly explore her needy sex hole, she practically tossed aside the jar of oil and propped herself up on the side of the bathtub.

She lowered the dildo down to her wet pussy as droplets of bathwater and her own arousal dripped down her legs. She hesitated just as the bulbous tip of the glass dildo was positioned against her swollen lips. A salacious fantasy began to play out in her head, and she couldn't stop herself from giving words to said fantasy.

"Oh Hector!" She said out loud to her phantom partner, uttering the hallowed name of her late husband as she acted out her fantasy. "You're back from your hunt early, I see, husband," she smiled. She reached down and began to rub her breasts, one after the other, before she pinched her nipple. "But now that you're here, why not join me in the bath," she cooed.

She took hold of the dildo and began to rub the tip, smearing the scented oil around the tip as she continued her fantasy. "Oh...did seeing me like this get you so...mmm...*hard* for me?"

She pictured Lord Hector's chiseled body gleaming with sweat from a successful hunt, and she imagined him nonchalantly shrugging off his leather pants until his cock sprung out in front of her, making her mouth water just thinking about it. Truth be told, this was less of a fantasy and

more of a memory for her, as her husband had made wild love to her in this very bathtub on several occasions. A wave of melancholy washed over her from thinking about her Hector, but it was drowned out by the more immediate desire for relief.

Clarina shivered as she quickly spread her legs wide open, baring her glistening pussy and soft patch of neatly trimmed, auburn pubis to nobody but herself. In her fantasy, she pictured Hector being the one to grip her thighs, and forcefully spreading her legs open as he settled himself between her thighs in the bathtub. Mimicking the fantasy, she acted out her husband pushing his hips up against hers as if he was teasing her with his hard cock; she lowered the glass dildo down and settled it on top of her pussy, delighting in the warm, tingling sensation that the herby lubrication provided as the sex toy glided along her sodden vaginal lips.

Just as he often would in life, she pictured Hector firmly gripping her thighs and giving a hard push between her spread legs, his member gliding inside her pussy. She pushed the dildo inside her pussy in tandem with the memory, moaning loudly as she did. She looked down between her spread legs and shivered with relief from the sensation, her juices dripping down the clear glass surface of the sex toy.

“Oh yessss,” she moaned, gripping the edge of the tub with one hand with the other continued to piston the dildo in and out of her squelching pussy. The Lady didn’t realize how badly she’s truly needed this. As she continued working her neglected pussy, she made a point of giving Gerturde a day off or something as a reward; she’d well and truly found a good toy this time.

She increased her pace in tandem with her fantasy. She imagined Hector working up a good sweat, his toned warrior’s thighs slapping against hers as he drove himself in and out and the hard pace that she had come to appreciate.

“Oh Hector, you beastly man! Did hunting those boars get you hot and bothered?” she moaned to her late husband’s phantom. “Well then take it out on your wife, Hector! Fuck me harder!”

Clarina felt herself coming up her climax sooner rather than later. The fantasy coupled with the fine craftsmanship of the elvish glass dildo and that fact that any ounce of stimulation was enough to arouse her right now was enough to bring her off quickly. As she reached up to pinch her tender nipples, she took a firmer hold of the middle of the opposing end of the dildo so she could pummel her needy orifice even harder.

“I’m going to climax, Hector! Maybe we ought to try - ugh - keeping our voices down though! We may wake Henry!” Clarina gasped amid her fantasy. She shivered with the naughtiness of rutting with her late husband in a way that ran the risk of waking their son up. There was some truth to the fantasy, as she and Hector *had* narrowly been caught doing some very salacious things by their inquisitive son, usually when Henry would go sneaking off around the castle to get into all manner of mischief. She wondered if Henry ever actually had seen his parents doing filthy things to each other, and wondered what the boy must have thought of it.

Moments later, she came with a sharp gasp, shoving the glass dildo inside her as far as it would go. Juices dripped freely down the dildo, mixing into the bathtub beneath her, shaking and shivering the sweet release of her climax washed over her. Amid her ecstasy she kicked up water in the tub accidentally, but paid little mind to it.

When her orgasm winded down, she lowered herself down into the bath water again with a long, drawn-out sigh. She pulled the glass elvish dildo out of her pussy and the bathwater and set it aside next to the tub. Her auburn hair - usually so well-kept considering her station - was disheveled and out of sorts. She brushed aside stray strands of her hair in front of her face and closed her eyes, embracing a comforting cocoon of post-orgasmic bliss and relaxation from the warm bathwater.

She felt a brief wave of sadness again, along with partial guilty over having utilized the memory of her late husband for her fantasy. It was a passing feeling though; she knew Hector well enough and was sexually intimate enough with him to know that he would want her to be as sexually free as she could be under the circumstances.

She couldn't help but wonder if he would want her to go a step further than that and find a new sexual partner rather than be alone for the rest of her years.

She shook her head and moved on from this line of thinking. Now that she could think more clearly and her itch had been temporarily scratched, she knew she should finish up her bath and prepare for bed in preparation for the next day's events at court.

"Gertrude?" she called out to the door. She raised herself up from the tub as water dripped down her flushed naked body. "I know you're probably outside my door right now, so I'm finished and need a linen towel!"

She shook her head and laughed as she looked at the recently-used glass dildo. "Also, you did quite well with your recent purchase, damn you."

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Zaela and her younger charges arrived at Oakenhall the following afternoon. The orcess had her large pack with most of their gear and was hauling it along with minimal effort, her greataxe slung over her shoulder. Beside her, Leanna was carrying just a small pack containing most of their food and Henry was hauling along the rest of the gear that Zaela wasn't carrying.

Well, Zaela *could* carry it easily, but Henry insisted on shouldering the burden along with her, and he would not let Leanna burden herself aside from her small pack. Zaela found his effort to

be sweet as fuck. Maybe she'd reward his chivalry later by letting him bust a nut between her tits again. That was always fun.

All three of them were as presentable as they could be under the circumstances. Being on the road for over two weeks offered only a handful of opportunities for proper grooming and dressing, but they'd found a way to manage. Zaela had purchased a simple change of clothes for Henry and Leanna from a merchant, given that they'd lost most of their wardrobe when they were attacked by bandits. It would have to suffice for the imminent meeting with Henry's folk.

Henry had told Zaela a bit about his family - well, his mother. His dad Hector kicked the bucket a few years back from some sickness, leaving his mother to be the one in charge of this place. A firm, no-nonsense sort of woman, but she and Henry were quite chummy, according to Henry. Made sense to Zaela, given that Henry was the only kid Lady Clarina had. Why wouldn't she be protective of him?

In any event, Zaela had no intention of fucking with the Lady. If anything, she was hoping she'd become good pals with the old hag. She also promised Henry she would do her very very best to keep the classic orcish swear words to a fuckin minimum, and not let momma know that she swallowed up her only son's virginity in her cunnyhole. Zaela had long ago learned that humans, especially royals, were typically not as open about that shit.

Keeping that last part to myself is still gonna be pretty tricky, Zaela thought with a laugh. If it's any consolation, Henry is a really really good lay for a young pup, so maybe his momma would actually be proud of that if I told her.

They arrived at a large wooden drawbridge that led to the castle gateway. Two guards noticed their approach, and their hands instinctively went to the hilts of their swords when they saw the tall, muscular orcess at the head of the trio.

"Halt! Come no furt-

"It's alright, Samuel," Henry said, interrupting the guard and stepping in front of Zaela. "It's me."

The guards gaped, withdrawing their hands from their weapons. "Lord Henry! We're very sorry, milord. We didn't see you there." They then turned and saw Leanna huddled behind Henry. "And Princess Leanna! Apologies to you as well, your grace," they said, bowing graciously.

Leanna bowed back, appreciative of their deference, but Zaela could see the weariness in the human girl's face as she did. Clearly the princess was tired of being on the road.

The guardsman who spoke before cleared his throat. "We sent our scouts to search for you and the Princess, milord. After you fell behind schedule, we began to worry."

Henry rubbed the back of his neck. "Yes, well, there was reason to worry. But I'd like to save the rest of the story for my mother," he said.

"Did some misfortune befall you on the road, milord?" the guard glared suspiciously at Zaela, and his hand drifted to the hilt of his sword again, "Has this orc taken you prisoner?!"

Zaela looked at the guard's efforts to intimidate her and snorted. "Careful before you hurt yourself, small man. I'm the bitch who rescued your young lord and your princess."

Samuel the guardsman looked back at Henry. "Milord?"

Henry nodded. "It's true, Samuel. Now please, I'd like to see my mother."

Both the guardsmen nodded, stepping aside and signaling for the drawbridge to be lowered. Zaela, Leanna and Henry stepped past them and across the bridge, with Zaela smirking at the guard she'd told off as she did. As they made their way through the castle and into the main hall, Zaela got her fair share of strange looks. This was something Zaela had grown accustomed to, especially among the prim and proper royal crowd, so she shrugged it off.

As they entered the main hall, Zaela saw a auburn-haired woman at the head of the room, addressing a small group of pasty-faced aristocrats with a calculating facade. When the woman saw their arrival however, her eyes widened and the calculating expression softened and fell away completely into something more vulnerable. She bounded from her high chair, ignoring the babbling petitioner she was speaking to, much to his chagrin. She ran right up to Henry, not even taking notice of Zaela, and pulled him into a big hug, Henry's head pressed against her bosom.

"Oh Henry! My darling boy!" she said warmly, smiling and stroking a hand through his hair. Zaela was surprised to see such a business-like woman turn into that of an adoring mother so suddenly.

Zaela took a good look at Henry's mother. The orcess was pleasantly surprised by how young the lady looked, dashing her preconceptions of her being a "hag." On the contrary, the lady barely looked a day over twenty-five, by human standards, with barely a wrinkle or a sign of aging to be found in her face nor a sign of greying hair to be found on her flowing, reddish-brown head of hair.

Well fuck me, Zaela thought, whistling to herself inwardly. *Henry's momma is a fuckin' hottie!* Her gaze fell to Lady Clarina's chest, and she noted that her tight dress and corset seemed to be pushing out her already ample-sized breasts and making them look even bigger. The orcess was in that moment quite envious of Henry, whose head was currently squished between those big milkers as she hugged him.

Henry is a handsome little fucker. Why am I not surprised that his ma would be a sexy thing too. His dad must've been a stud too, for the two of them to make Henry, Zaela thought.

Henry pulled back, blushing. He had all the look of a son who was embarrassed to be smothered with affection by his mother in front of everybody. "I'm fine, mother. I'm fine," he huffed, looking over at Leanna, who was grinning at his embarrassment.

Clarina put her hands on her hips. "Don't you 'I'm fine, mother' me!" she said with mock annoyance. "I haven't seen you in months, and I was beginning to worry when you took longer to arrive!"

"It's a long story, Lady Clarina," Leanna said, stepping up, bowing daintily and demurely to her future mother-in-law.

"Princess Leanna," Clarina said, smiling welcomingly as she bowed back, and Zaela noted that the rest of the humans in the room bowed along with her, in deference to their princess. Clarina looked behind Leanna and suddenly grew confused. "Princess...where is the rest of your escort?"

Leanna paled, looking back and forth between her and Henry. Her son cleared his throat. "Mother...we should speak in private at length. There's much to discuss."

Clarina frowned grievously as the gears turned in her head, clearly realizing that something foul had transpired. She nodded at Henry and Leanna. Her gaze hardened into the business-like visage that she had before. She clapped and addressed the rest of the room. "Clear the hall, please! I'd like to speak privately with my son and the Princess."

The attendants and servants filed out of the room compliantly. Zaela noted that the old petitioner who was addressing Clarina when they'd entered the chamber looking especially incensed over his complaints being cut short. After the chamber had emptied out, Clarina finally noticed Zaela for the first time. Zaela couldn't help but be amused that she only just noticed the big greenskinned bitch in the room.

Clarina's brow raised, clearly surprised to see an orc here, but she hardened her posture again a moment later. "Who might you be?"

Zaela gave a very exaggerated and theatrical bow. "Zaela, foul-mouthed bitch and mercenary extraordinaire, at your service." In her peripheral vision she saw Henry rub his temples and sigh from Zaela already breaking the promise to keep swearing to a minimum.

Clarina didn't seem to put off by it, however. She snorted and returned the bow with a curt one of her own. "Well, you certainly have the first part down, I see." She appraised Zaela, looking her up and down, seemingly bemused by the orcess' relative state of undress, and her

musculature and orcish build. "What brings an orc mercenary so far from the Badlands, and as a travel companion of my son and the princess no less?"

Henry cleared his throat to get his mother's attention again. "Mother...we were attacked by bandits. Zaela was passing by, and saved us."

Clarina's eyes widened. "What?! Attacked?! Were either of you hurt?!" Clarina asked fearfully.

Leanna shook her head. "No, my lady. Miss Zaela arrived just in time, and made short work of the foul men who attacked us. I know not what happened to the rest of my royal escort, however. We were forced to flee, and I fear they may have all perished."

Clarina regained her composure and turned back to the orcess. "Miss Zaela, I don't know you, nor do I yet know your motivation for saving my son and his betrothed during their time of need, but you have my undying gratitude. You will, of course, be compensated for your efforts, and the hospitality of Oakenhall is yours. Please stay the night as my guest."

Zaela smiled toothily and bowed again. "That's mighty generous of ya, milady. Could use some chow and a place to sleep tonight, if I'm bein' honest."

Clarina nodded. "You shall have it, of course. It's the least I can do." She turned back to Henry and hugged him again.

"I said I'm fine, mother," he said, sighing.

"But I'm not!" she said, suddenly angry. "What sort of bastard sons of whores think they can attack my son?!"

I'm starting to like this woman, Zaela thought with a grin.

"Bastard sons of whores who ain't breathin' anymore," Zaela said, proud of her handiwork. "You shoulda seen your son fight too. He killed one a' the bastards as well."

Clarina looked back at Henry. "Who attacked you?"

Henry sighed. "Mother...err...Leanna and I have been on the road a while, and we are tired. May we have some time to rest, and we can discuss this later?" He looked back at Leanna and she smiled at him wearily, clearly sharing his thoughts.

Clarina forgot herself and quickly nodded. "Yes, of course. I'll have Gertrude prepare a chamber for the princess and for our guest. *Your* chamber is just how you left it, Henry."

“Captain!” she called out, and an armored mustached man entered the room. “Prepare a double guard patrol tonight.”

“At once, milady,” the Captain replied, removing himself from the room a moment later.

Henry shrugged his shoulders at his mother. “Zaela already killed the men, mother, like we just said.”

“Someone went after my only boy. So let me satisfy my own peace of mind, yes?” she said, tweaking his chin. He shook his head with a laugh, muttering something to himself.

Clarina turned back to Zaela. “After you’ve gotten settled, we’d be honored if you would join Henry, the princess and I for dinner in the main hall, Miss Zaela.”

Great, another human calling me “Miss” Zaela, she thought with amusement.

Zaela nodded with a pleased smile. “Lookin forward to it.”

“A servant will show you to your chamber,” Clarina added. She surprised Zaela by taking her by the hand endearingly. “And thank you again for bringing my boy back to me.”

The orcess smiled and patted the pretty lady’s hand. “Believe me, Lady Clarina. It was my pleasure.”

Clarina smiled and graciously bowed, the hidden meaning behind Zaela’s statement eluding her. The Lady of Oakenhall went to depart from the hall, likely to make preparations for tonight’s dinner. As a servant showed her, Henry and Leanna the way to their respective bedchambers, Zaela looked over her shoulder at Clarina walking in the opposite direction. She grinned toothily as she saw the outline of what looked to be a very nice, heart-shaped ass swaying back and forth beneath the lady’s dress as she walked.

Yep, I’m thinkin’ that I’m going to like Oakenhall, Zaela thought.

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Clarina reflected on the day’s events, as her servants set the table for dinner. The knowledge that someone had attacked her son and her future daughter-in-law still weighed heavily on her. Whoever had been so bold to do so were likely hoping to take the princess hostage for ransom or threats against the crown, but Henry? Who knows if they would have spared him. Clarina shuddered at the thought.

And yet they'd been saved, for a female orc no less. The thought had briefly crossed her mind that perhaps this Zaela had saved Henry and Princess Leanna for the specific purpose of gaining a monetary reward. Still, it hardly mattered, as far as Clarina was concerned. Whatever her reason for doing so, this orc had saved Henry and Leanna from men who obviously intended something foul for them. This was enough for Clarina. And the two teenagers seemed fairly at ease in the orc's presence, which was doubly reassuring, even if she didn't know much about Zaela personally.

Zaela was quite the character, that was for sure. Contentedly foul-mouthed and vivacious without a care in the world - that was Clarina's first impression of her. The orcess would no doubt be an utter aberration in the Capital. While Oakenhall was not quite as proper as the Capital, the sheer nonchalant ease by which the orcess carried herself - in both dress and personality - caught the Lady of Oakenhall off guard. It did line up with what Hector had told her about orcs years ago, but still, it was quite a novelty in Clarina's eyes.

Proving this point moments later, Clarina heard Zaela boisterously cussing. She looked to her left as the orcess and Gertrude had entered the hall and were approaching her.

"No, I already told ya, I don't got no bloody *dress*!" Zaela argued.

Gertrude, who was following behind the greenskinned woman, huffed, rifling through a bundle of silk dresses in her arms. "I understand, Miss Zaela, but surely we have something *here* that'll fit you."

Zaela rolled her eyes and stamped her foot like a petulant child. "The answer is a bloody fuckin' *no*, you dainty bint! What's wrong with what I'm wearin'?"

Gertrude sighed, her eyes flashing in Clarina's direction before she looked back at the orcess. "I mean no offense, Miss Zaela, but you're about to sit down for dinner, and your...breasts are practically exposed for all to see."

Zaela chuckled, comically puffing out her chest. "What? Afraid young Henry is gonna pop a boner at the dinner table thanks to these puppies?"

Clarina was aghast at the crude joke. She didn't consider herself a prude, and Gertrude even less so. But still, the orcess joking about sexual matters in regard to her Henry put Clarina in a realm of discomfort. She shook her head, deciding to brush off the joke. This was, after all, the orcess who had rescued her son from killers. A state of undress for one dinner occasion could surely be forgiven, under the circumstances.

"Gertrude, it's alright. Our guest can wear what she likes at dinner, barring complete nudity," Clarina said with a small laugh.

Gertrude looked at her, surprised. She shrugged and nodded. "Very well, milady." She gathered up all the dresses in her arms and retreated from the hall. Clarina suspected that the orcess' near-nudity didn't bother Gertrude as much as she was letting on. If anything, the insistence on more proper attire was probably for Clarina's benefit.

Zaela gave a toothy grin at Clarina. "Appreciate it. Truth be told though, I was debatin' 'complete nudity,' but I decided against it."

"I'm quite glad that you did," Clarina replied with a raised eyebrow.

Despite allowing the orcess to wear what she wished to dinner, she couldn't help but agree with Gertrude's earlier assessment. Looking the orcess up and down, she couldn't help but marvel at just how little she covered herself up with. A thin leather breastpiece just barely held her breasts in place, and a leather shift of the same material did the bare minimum job of shielding her lower bits to onlookers. Aside from that, she was all emerald-colored skin and muscle - likely owing to her profession as a mercenary and her general traits as an orc. To Clarina, she looked very much like the legendary Barbarian Women of the Southlands that she would tell bedtime stories to Henry about from a picture book when he was a young child.

Clarina's attention was drawn away from the orcess and toward the end of the hall. Her face brightened up when she saw Henry and Leanna approaching. Her son had cleaned himself nicely and was wearing elegant nobleman's attire which once belonged to his father, and Princess Leanna was wearing a lovely blue dress from Clarina's spare wardrobe. Her son and the princess were whispering to each other; Henry said something to his fiancée that caused her to laugh.

It had become clear to Clarina that her son was very happy with Princess Leanna, and she couldn't help but be envious. Her own arranged marriage had been purely political at first, though she had grown to love her husband deeply after years of being together with him. But there was something pure and true about Henry and Leanna's relationship, unbothered by politics, and it made her immensely grateful that the king and queen had agreed to allow the two youths to spend time with each other prior to their marriage.

Leanna and Henry smiled at Clarina and Zaela as they approached. "My lady, Miss Zaela," Leanna curtsied at them. Henry bowed with a small smile. Zaela nodded at them with a toothy grin. Clarina was surprised to note that Henry and Leanna didn't seem as perturbed by the orcess's state of undress as her own household had been, apart from a slight twiddling of Henry's thumbs when he snuck a brief glance at the orc's breasts. Clarina assumed that their time on the road with this orc must have softened them up to her odd habits.

"The table has been set, come, please," Clarina said politely, ushering her son, the princess, and their orc guest over to the dinner table.

Clarina took her seat at the head of the wide oak table, Zaela took a seat on the opposite side, and Henry and Leanna took seats next to each other between them. Servants emerged from the kitchen to bring plates of food to the four, as an awkward silence settled over the table for a few moments.

Zaela downed the glass of wine that was in front of her, and broke the silence. "You two clean up very nicely, I have ta say," she said, smirking at Henry and Leanna.

Leanna twirled a hair and gave a small smile, while Henry rubbed the back of his neck. "Thank you," they said in unison.

Clarina looked curiously at the three of them, taking a sip of wine. Looking over at the three of them, she then turned specifically to her son and the princess.

"So, now that you are settled, will you tell me what happened on the road?" she inquired.

Henry and Leanna looked at each other and gulped. "Like we said, mother, we were attacked."

Clarina's mouth drew itself into a grim line. Her hand gripped her dinner knife tightly until her knuckles turned white. "And who were these men who attacked you?"

Zaela chewed a piece of pork loudly before answering for him. "Holleran's gang. Bunch o' common scumfucks who like ta attack traveling merchants and such. I've had my own run-ins with em plenty."

Clarina bristled. "This was no traveling merchant. This was the princess and my son escorted by over twenty of the king's elite guardsmen. 'Common scum' should have been no match for them."

Clarina took a deep breath before continuing. "Did any of your escort survive, Princess?"

Leanna shrugged. "I don't know, my lady. After Miss Zaela saved us, we got out of there quickly. Perhaps...perhaps some of my guardsmen survived and are out there somewhere?"

"Perhaps," Clarina said, nodding. "My fastest riders were dispatched to go looking for you before you arrived. They will report back to me with what they find, soon. Perhaps they can give us some answers."

Zaela finished off her glass of wine and poured herself another. "What I wanna know is how Holleran's boys knew that the princess and her betrothed would be passing through. Seems a little convenient if ya ask me."

This orcess is quite perceptive, Clarina thought.

"I agree, Miss Zaela. This concerns me more than anything else about this whole affair."

Henry was idly using his fork to fiddle with his food, barely eating a bite. He looked at her. "Mother, you don't think that...someone in *our* household worked with those men, do you?"

Clarina looked warily at the doors to the hall, where she'd told the guards to wait outside. "I hope not, Henry. Someone in the king's court may be responsible as well. Either way, I intend to get to the bottom of this."

Zaela and the two teens nodded.

Clarina shook her head. "But enough of that for now. Let's not dwell on such things." She looked across the table at their orcish guest. "Please, tell me a little about yourself, Miss Zaela."

Henry and Leanna looked at her and nodded, giving her a small smile.

Zaela put down her fork and nodded. "Sure thing, milady. Not much to tell though. I'm a mercenary for a livin', I left my clan to go explore the world years and years ago because I didn't want to be chieftainess, and that's about all there is to it."

Clarina gaped. "I beg pardon, you said you were a chieftainess? A leader of your clan?"

Zaela nodded nonchalantly. "Yep. My younger sis took over instead of me."

Clarina was quite surprised by this information. She didn't know much about orcish hierarchy, but she would not look at Zaela and picture her to be the orc equivalent of royalty.

"We were just as surprised as you when she told us, my lady," Leanna said to her with a smirk, and Henry laughed beside her.

Zaela put a hand to her chest in mock offense. "Oy now! You lot think that crass, cussing, axe-wielding Zaela ain't got what it takes to organize hundreds of orcs in an orderly manner?!"

Henry and Leanna looked at each other before blurting out in unison. "No."

Zaela blinked once and then burst out laughing. "Well then you've got that shit right."

Henry and Leanna laughed along with her, and Clarina smiled. This orcess may be crass, but her son and Leanna clearly got along with her in the weeks they'd known her.

Zaela took another bite of food and looked back at Clarina. "No way I could do the kind of thing you do, my lady. Having so much responsibilities on yer shoulders all the time? Oof, got to be tough. You must be one hell of a lady."

Clarina smiled. "That's kind of you to say, Miss Zaela." She looked over at Henry and raised her brow. "To tell you the truth though, that boy right there is the biggest of all my difficulties here."

"Hey!" Henry said petulantly in response to his mother's joke. Leanna elbowed his side teasingly.

Zaela grinned at him. "Oh he is certainly the *biggest*, I'm sure."

Henry coughed and mumbled something under his breath, and Leanna took a long sip of water as if to distract herself from what Zaela had said. Clarina looked at them curiously.

Looking back at Zaela, she asked, "Do you have children, Miss Zaela?"

Zaela stroked her chin. "Me? Nah. Ain't much sense in getting myself knocked up as a wanderin' mercenary, ya know? That ain't no life for a kid, travelin' with me."

Clarina nodded, seeing the logic in her answer. "I suppose that makes sense. I suppose your line of work offers you little chance to..."

"What, fuck?" Zaela laughed, finishing her sentence. "Oh I do that *plenty*, lady, let me tell you. I just do it with potions to keep me from getting knocked up."

Clarina blushed red. *That was...far more information than I needed*, Clarina thought. She looked over at Henry and Leanna, hoping they wouldn't be too put off by the turn that this conversation had taken. Henry was eating his food, giving a sideways glance at the orcess, while Leanna was twirling her hair again.

"I see," Clarina said, clearing her throat. "Forgive me, this is perhaps not the best thing to discuss over dinner. Apologies for asking."

Zaela smiled with a toothy smile. "Think nothing of it. My fault for forgetting I'm at a human lady's table."

A knock broke the awkward silence. "Enter," Clarina said.

A guard entered the chamber. "Milady. One of the men you sent out has something urgent to report."

Clarina nodded. "Very well." She wiped her mouth on a kerchief and rose from her chair. "Forgive me, I should attend to this. I will return as soon as I can. Henry?"

The boy quickly nodded and sighed. "Of course, mother. We'll be here when you return," waving her off as only a teenage son talking to his mother would do.

Clarina rolled her eyes. *Boys*, she thought.

Following the guard from the dining hall, she was met with the Captain along with another man she didn't recognize waiting for her in the entrance foyer of the castle. "Captain," she said, addressing him. "You have something to report?"

He bowed. "Milady." He directed her attention to the man beside him. "This man is a royal guardsman to the King, assigned to protect the Princess Leanna."

Indeed, looking at the younger man, Clarina saw that he wore the purple and gold colors of the royal family. "You were a part of the Princess' escort? We'd heard you had all been killed! What happened, guardsman?"

The man took a moment to catch his breath. "Milady, after our entourage were accosted by cutthroats, we made short work of the remaining brigands, though we lost two of our men. The Princess and your son fled into the woods, but we could not find them. We did, however, find signs of a struggle and several dead bandits in the woods. We all split up to search the surrounding hamlets, and I was sent here with all haste, where I was found by your men."

Clarina sighed with relief at the news that the remaining bandits had been killed easily. "I am gladdened by the news that most of his majesty's guardsmen survived. Is there anything more you can tell me about the attack?"

The royal guardsman shook his head. "I'm afraid not, milady. We searched the bodies and found no sign of a motive or a letter indicating who may have hired them. Aside from the ambush itself, they seemed ill-prepared for this."

Clarina frowned. "I wouldn't entirely say that. My son and the Princess told me that they were nearly taken by more of these bandits in the woods. I'm assuming these were the dead ones you were referring to."

"It sounds to me that the attack against the guardsmen was little more than a distraction. They *wanted* the Princess and Lord Henry to flee into the woods where they could be easily taken," the Captain interjected.

The royal guardsman nodded. "You may be right." His eyes suddenly widened. "I beg pardon, milady. You said that the Princess and your son are here?!"

Clarina nodded. "Correct, guardsman. They arrived earlier today, along with an orc mercenary who rescued them."

"An orc, with the Princess?! Has the creature done something foul to them?!"

"No, guardsman. This orc is the reason that my son and the Princess are safe and those bandits in the woods are dead."

The guardsman mulled over this information, clearly surprised by this turn of events. "I will need to report all of this back to my cohorts. The king and queen will also need to be informed of what has transpired."

Clarina inwardly cursed, but knew that this was inevitable. Henry's marriage to Princess Leanna was still not guaranteed, and this incident ran the risk of ruining all plans of Henry and Leanna's wedding. Never mind the political blowback this would cause to Oakenhall's standing with the Capital, Henry would be heartbroken if his betrothal to Leanna was called off.

"I understand, guardsman," she said.

Squaring his shoulders, the guardsman looked back at her. "Milady, if it please you, I would see the Princess Leanna myself. I want to ensure that she is well."

Clarina nodded. "Of course. Follow me, sir. We were just having dinner along with our guest."

She led the royal guardsman and her Captain through the castle and back to the dining hall. When she opened the doors to the hall, she saw Henry, Leanna and Zaela sitting where she'd left them. The orcess, however, was using a handkerchief to wipe something off her chest, wearing a wide grin as she did. Henry and Leanna oddly looked flushed and flustered, peering over at Zaela and taking deep breaths as they did.

"What's this now?" Clarina asked, getting their attention.

Zaela turned to look at her. "Ah, yer mama's back, Henry!" She said with a smirk. "I just spilled something tasty all over myself. Silly me." She playfully shrugged, wiping down the last of what she'd spilled on herself.

The orcess pointed at the flushed teens beside her. "But they rather enjoyed it, didn't they?"

Henry let out a small laugh and a cough. "Yes...erm...it was quite funny to watch."

Leanna nodded with him. "Uhm, yes, it went...all over her," she added with a laugh of her own.

Zaela shrugged. "What can I say? I can make a mess when I'm...hungry."

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Twenty minutes earlier...

Zaela let out a great whoosh of relief when Clarina left the dining hall to attend to some guest. She set aside her plate of food and took a big swig of wine. Henry and Leanna looked at her with curiosity and she pushed out her chair.

"Thought she was never gonna leave," Zaela chuckled. Looking at Henry, she added, "no offense to yer mama, little lad. I really like her, don't get me wrong." The orcess puckered her lips. "But she's not gonna want to be in this room for what I'm about ta do."

Henry and Leanna stopped eating their food and looked at each other and then at her. "What *are* you about to do?" they asked in unison.

Zaela pushed out her chest as she leaned over the table, grinning when she saw both of their hungry eyes honing in on her tits. "I've had dinner, but now I'm eager to slip beneath the table for dessert." She licked her lips.

Their eyes widened. "Zaela...are you mad?!" Leanna exclaimed.

Henry nodded in agreement, looking worryingly at the door that his mother had exited through. "Yeah Zaela, my mother could return at any moment!"

Zaela batted off their fears. "Relax," she said, picking up a fork and purposefully dropping it on the floor. "Anyone comes back in the room, just tell em I dropped my fork," she said, winking.

She ducked beneath the table before they could protest again. She shuffled herself on her knees to their side of the table, where both teens were rubbing their knees together with uncertainty, but made no move to stop her or stand up from the table.

The orcess's hands went first for Henry's breeches, and she began unlacing them. She felt a tremble go through him as she fished out his hefty, semi-hard cock.

"Zaela...we will get in so much trouble if my mother catches us."

Zaela grinned when she saw a bead of precum dripping out from his plump cockhead. *Yer cock seems to disagree with what yer sayin, little lad*, she thought.

"That's the fun of it, little lad," she purred from her place between his legs, jerking his cock to hardness. "The risk of getting caught!"

She leaned forward and curled her flexible tongue around her favorite cock, lapping at the precum and capping it off with a bit wet kiss right on his cockhead, delighting in the shiver that went through him.

“Ohhh...okkkay. B- but we need to hurry before she comes back!”

Good lad, Henry, she thought with a grin.

“Henry! You can’t seriously be going along with this?!” Leanna gasped.

Zaela gave Henry’s cock a long suck before she pulled back, turning to Leanna’s chair. She gently flipped up Leanna’s skirt and spread the girl’s long legs open, hearing her gasp above the table but she, like Henry, didn’t try to withdraw from her.

The orcess ran a finger up and down her panty-covered cunny, and found that the silk garments were wet.

“Princess, these lips down here are more honest than the ones up there,” Zaela huskily replied.

The Princess shivered, rubbing her knees together with needy anticipation, and the orcess knew that she’d won again, as she always had with these two horny human teens over the past weeks.

Playing coy, Zaela turned back to Henry. “Well...if you really don’t want some dinner time fun, I suppose I’ll just attend to only Henry here...”

In response, she heard a barely audible “no!” of protest from Leanna, followed by her silk panties slipping down her legs. Beneath the table, the eighteen-year-old’s sexy, slender legs spread open, giving her access to her tender virgin slit.

“You’ll do it to me *and* Henry. Just...be quick!” Leanna ordered breathily.

Zaela patted both Henry and Leanna on their knees. “With pleasure.”

With that, she went back to work, diving into Leanna’s succulent pink muff, injecting her tongue into her tight tunnel and lapping at the flavor that she’d come to love. Leanna let out a pleased sigh above the table, and Zaela heard a smooching sound when she realized that Henry and Leanna were kissing each other above the table as she ate out the princess beneath the table.

After a couple minutes of giving the royal girl’s pussy and adorable clitty some tongue-loving, the orcess switched back to Henry, practically inhaling his cock and slurping away at his ten inch teen meat, bobbing her head and making a sloppy mess between his legs. His cockhead

spewed out precum and rammed the back of her throat like a battering ram over and over again, in her desperate bid to make both him and his girl cum as quickly as possible. Her fingers kept Leanna's pussy busy while she sucked Henry's cock, wetly thrusting a finger in and out of her pussy and strumming her clit with her thumb.

Zaela was perfectly in her element, slurping and sucking away at the cock and pussy of her two horny sexual pupils. For the briefest of moments, she wondered if she was going too far this time, orally fucking the human princess beneath the dinner table along with her fiancée in his very own home castle. This was a passing concern for her though; she was enjoying the hell out of herself, and damn the risks and consequences. And if the singsong moans and sighs above the table were any indication, the two humans were enjoying her efforts immensely too.

Knowing that she was short on time, and Henry's mother could return at any moment, she doubled her efforts, performing what is perhaps the most vigorous bout of oral sex she'd ever given. While her hand stroked away at Henry's throbbing pole in a firm grip, her head dove back between Leanna's spread legs and went straight for the kill, lashing like a snake against her clit several times in quick succession. Leanna let out a sharp gasp and her legs spasmed, wrapping themselves around Zaela's head as the orcess had encouraged the princess to do many times during previous trysts. Zaela grinned and thrust her long tongue as deep into Leanna's cunny as she could, lashing it against her g-spot.

"Oh Zaela...I'm going to...OH!"

The princess came with a long feminine moan that was music to Zaela's ears, squirting her clear girlcum into Zaela's mouth, chin and onto her tits. The orcess yanked her tongue free of the human girl's tight cunny as more of her ejaculate squirted at her grinning green face. Her fingers rubbed away at Leanna's pussy, carrying her through the entirety of her orgasm.

With Leanna taken care of, it was Henry's turn. She swallowed his prick again, taking his tasty human shaft into her throat, lashing her tongue at the underside of his shaft, before she retreated again, curling her tongue around his plump mushroom shaped head, before repeating the process. She doubled her pace, making audible "gluk" sounds as she took sordid pleasure in choking herself on the sweet lad's oversized manhood. Henry's hands gripped the edge of the dinner table as if he was hanging on for dear life, and she felt his cock pulse and twitch in her hungry mouth.

Henry let out a long rapturous groan, and Zaela pushed him deep into her throat. While she really enjoyed the shit out of Henry busting his load onto her tits, that was not her objective this time. This was her dessert, after all, and she wasn't about to spare a single drop. She purred with delight as his cock disgorged a thick, frothy load of his semen into her mouth. Her cheeks bulged outward as her mouth filled with the young man's salty cum, and her throat worked to swallow each burst of cum that spurted from his cock. She pulled her mouth off of his cock,

licking her lips as a last shot of cum burst out from his cock and hitting her lips, dripping down onto her bountiful green tits with a splat.

Henry and Leanna both collapsed against their chairs with sighs of relief as their orgasms winded down. Zaela licked her lips, crooning at the delicious taste of male seed and feminine juices on her lips. She gave a gentle pat onto Henry and Leanna's knees.

"Phew, that was just what I needed. Thanks fer the tasty treat, loves," she purred with a grin. "This beats yer usual royal dinner parties, yeah?" she chuckled. "Maybe you ought ta drop a fork more often..."

Leanna let out a quick laugh of exasperation. "That was...quite good, Zaela," she panted. "But we are *never* taking a risk like that again."

"Aww...yer no fun, princess," Zaela teased.

They heard commotion coming from the adjacent hall, and Henry and Leanna stiffened in their chairs.

"My mother!" Henry gasped. "Quick, Zaela, get up!"

"You got it, little lad." Springing to attention, Zaela gave a reassuring pat on Henry and Leanna's knees beneath the table. Zaela grinned briefly at the dribble of cum from Henry's semi-flaccid cock and the trickle of juices dripping down Leanna's leg as she retrieved the fork from where she'd "dropped" it beneath the table. Henry hastily pulled up his pants, tucking away his cock and Leanna likewise pulled up her panties and covered herself up with her skirt beneath the table again.

Sitting back in her chair, Zaela looked down at her chest as Henry's cum coating it. "Oops," she chuckled. She scooped up a dollop of his cum and purposefully spread it onto the loaf of bread that the servants had brought out for the dinner spread. Henry and Leanna, still flushed and exasperated from their recent orgasms, looked at the orcess, aghast.

"What?" she asked with a mischievous smirk. "Figure it'll make for a fine 'glaze,' ya?"

Leanna and Henry shook their heads at her recklessly nonchalant behavior. She gave a cheeky shrug and cleaned off her chest of the remainder of Henry's sticky emission that coated her heaving, glistening chest with her kerchief. Clarina and two other men entered the room just as she was finishing. The two human teens tensed up and grew very quiet, clearly not wanting to give Henry's mama any hint as to the delicious quickie fun they'd gotten up to in her absence.

"What's this now?" Clarina asked.

Just ate out your future daughter-in-law and drained your adorable son's balls. Nothing unusual, Zaela thought.

"Ah, yer mama's back, Henry!" She said with a smirk. "I just spilled something tasty all over myself. Silly me." She playfully shrugged, wiping down the last of what she'd spilled on herself.

The orcess pointed at the flushed teens beside her. "But they rather enjoyed it, didn't they?"

Henry let out a small laugh and a cough. "Yes...erm...it was quite funny to watch."

Leanna nodded with him. "Uhm, yes, it went...all over her," she added with a laugh of her own.

Zaela shrugged. "What can I say? I can make a mess when I'm...hungry."

Clarina shook her head with bemusement at the orcess. *Good, she doesn't seem to suspect anything,* Zaela thought with an inward sigh of relief.

Leanna looked past her for the first time and took notice of the unfamiliar guardsmen's presence. Her eyes widened. "Jarod?!" She jumped up from her chair to approach the guardsman, and he bowed as she approached.

"Princess Leanna," he said with reverence. "It is such a relief to see you well."

"And you as well, Jarod. I thought you and the others were all dead!" she replied.

He shook his head. "No, your grace. We made short work of the brigands after you and Lord Henry fled into the woods."

Zaela harrumphed. "Where were ya when a group of them 'brigands' cornered your princess and her fiancée in the woods, hmm?"

The guardsman looked surprised that an orc was addressing him. Rallying to defend himself, he replied, "I've defended the princess for years, orc! I don't need *you* questioning us!"

"Yet you needed an orc to do yer job for ya all the same. Or maybe you weren't counting on me being there at all, eh?"

Jarod the guardsman looked appalled, his hand instinctively going to his sword. "Counting on...?! What're you insinuating, orc?!"

"I'm insinuating that yer either the most incompetent group a' royal guards I ever heard of, or you lot were in cahoots with those bandits," Zaela said plainly.

"Why you greenskinned piece of-

Leanna gasped as her guardsman drew her sword, Zaela readying herself to gut this prick as she picked up her dinner knife. Clarina put herself between the guard and the orcess.

"That's enough!" The lady barked. "Sir Jarod, this woman is my guest, and I will not have harm come to her!"

The guardsman lowered his sword, noticing Clarina's own guards drawing their weapons and approaching him from behind, now that he was armed near their liege lady.

"Forgive me, Lady Oakenshire. But I really must protest. This orcess..."

"Is my guest, Sir Jarod," she repeated, firmly. Her piercing gaze dared the man to protest again. He paled, sheathing his weapon.

"Beg your pardon, milady." Zaela grinned, noticing the little man giving a small scowl in her direction. "With your permission, I would like to return Princess Leanna to the Capital now."

Clarina gave an indulgent smile. "Admirable, sir. But the Princess shall remain here for the next month, as was originally intended. And you will surely need to deliver your report back to the king and Queen, no?"

He sputtered at that. "Milady, we were attacked! Surely it is not safe for her here! I really should just return her to her home!"

"Jarod." Leanna stood up and addressed him. "Lady Clarina is right. I think it is safer for me here than out there, until we can discover who attacked us and why."

The guardsman looked back and forth between the princess and Henry's mother, clearly realizing that he was overruled. It gave Zaela some smug satisfaction seeing him squirm.

"What am I supposed to tell the king and queen, Princess?" he asked.

"If you are loyal, Jarod, you will tell them the truth," Leanna replied simply with a small smile.

Jarod sighed and bowed. "Yes...Princess."

Clarina ushered him from the table. "Come, Sir. My Captain will have your horse ready in the stable for you."

Jarod cast one more glance back at Leanna before reluctantly allowing himself to be escorted from the hall by Clarina's men. Once he was out of earshot, Clarina whispered something to her Captain.

Zaela's orcish ears were sharp though, and she heard Clarina say, "have him followed, but be discreet, Captain. If he goes anywhere except straight back to the Capital, I want to know."

The Captain bowed and went to carry out her command. The orcess was impressed with the lady's guile. For all her niceties and courtesies, it pleased her to know that the guardsman's story about the ambush sounded just as dubious to Clarina as it had to Zaela.

Henry looked back and forth between Zaela and Leanna. "So...do you really think your own guards had something to do with this?" he asked his fiancée.

Leanna sank into her chair, frowning. "I've known Jarod and the others for as long as I can remember. I'd like to think they'd never betray my family, but..."

"But men can be fuckin pricks who can bought, for the right price," Zaela said.

"Perhaps," Clarina said, approaching the table. "Or perhaps not. Let us hope we can get to the bottom of this. For now, let us finish our dinner, yes?"

Zaela smiled. "I couldn't agree more, Mama Henry."

Clarina raised her brow in Henry's direction. The boy shrugged and gave a small smirk at her. His mother shook her head. She, her son, the Princess and the orcess returned to their meal as the evening continued on.

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"Zaela. Zaela, wake up."

The orcess stirred awake and rubbed her eyes, taking in her surroundings. After dinner with Lady Clarina, they had all been escorted to their respective chambers for the night. Zaela had fully expected to be shoved away into some broom closet to sleep in. Instead, she found herself in a guest room that was bigger than any room she'd ever slept in, with a big fuckin' bed to boot.

The only downside was that Henry and Leanna had been separated into their own respective rooms, as was to be expected. After having shared close quarters quite intimately with the two for the past couple weeks, it was mighty lonely now to be in a massive bed without company to share it with.

That was, of course, before she found herself woken up by Henry and Leanna, who were sitting atop the bed on either side of her.

"Well hey now, you two. This is a surprise. You sneak outa yer rooms to see little old me?" she asked with a yawn.

Henry rubbed his neck. "Ya, we did. I told my guardsmen I was going for a walk, and they didn't ask questions. Leanna did the same from her room a few minutes after me."

Zaela grinned and raised a brow. "And here I thought you two were the ones who said we needed to be discreet."

Henry shrugged. "Well...it was Leanna's idea."

Leanna gave him a light shove. "It most certainly *was not*, Henry!"

Zaela chuckled, unsure of which human teen was fibbing.

"So...what brings ye two here at such a...late hour?" She asked suggestively, "accidentally" letting her fur blanket fall, exposing her large green tits that they'd grown intimately familiar with.

Henry and Leanna gulped, looking at her chest and then back up at her face with no subtlety. "We...we thought that since you would be leaving soon, we'd like to spend one last night...with you. As a thank you for saving us," Leanna said softly.

The orcess gave a feral purr of contentment. "Well, who am I to refuse such a lovely offer?" She licked her lips. "Surprised yer both so eager and ready still after I licked and sucked ya both dry during dinner though."

Leanna and Henry blushed in unison. "I still cannot believe you did that," Henry groaned. "My mother *absolutely* suspected something, you know."

Zaela grinned. "Yet here you are, like the horny little lovebirds ya are. So...what do ya say we give yer mamma something else to *suspect*, eh?"

"Zaela, seriously! We need to be quiet and careful as we can be. The last thing we want is for Henry's mother or anyone else in the castle to find out about this," Leanna argued, with Henry nodding vigorously in agreement. "There's still ample time for our marriage to be called off by my parents."

The muscular orcess gave a mock shrug at the princess. "I'll do my best, Princess, but it ain't easy for me ta keep quiet when yer sweet lad's big cock is tappin' away at my womb."

Leanna gaped. "Henry, we need to make her stop talking." Henry snickered at that.

Zaela licked her lips. "I've got just the thing to help with that!"

She took Leanna and flipped the dainty eighteen-year-old girl over so that she was lying back, her legs dangling off the side of the bed. Leanna yelped in surprise but not discomfort as Zaela practically tore her sleeping gown from her nubile body. Tossing the gown aside, the voluptuous orcess settled herself between the teen human girl's legs, spreading them open wide. Her pink pussy was wet, glistening in the moonlight creeping through the bedroom window, and beckoning the muscular greenskinned woman to it.

Licking her lips like a starving wolf about to devour prey, Zaela used her thumbs to spread open Leanna's labia, showing off the cutest human pussy the orcess had ever seen. She looked over her shoulder at Henry, who had stripped off his pants and was stroking his cock. The teen human boy's gaze was fixed hungrily on her emerald-colored ass, and the dripping pussy down below. Zaela grinned at her short lover and his disproportionately big cock, shaking her lovely green rump at him for good measure.

"No need for no foreplay this time, sweet lad. I'm wet enough for ya. Push it right on in and give yer orcess whore a good fuckin', while I take care of yer fiancée," she purred.

Henry shuffled himself up to Zaela's bountiful green rump, stroking his erect cock. His eyes met with his fiancée's as the orcess began working on munching on Leanna's delicate pussy. Leanna chewed her lip and nodded at Henry eagerly, an unspoken agreement between them to share themselves with the the older orcish female, as they had many times over the past weeks since she'd saved their lives from a group of bandits.

Henry turned back to Zaela, putting himself on the balls of his feet and angled himself up for penetration, but couldn't get himself into her dripping cunny - so significant was the size difference between himself and the tall warrior woman. He huffed, giving a gentle pat on the orcess' ass to get her attention.

Zaela paused from flicking her tongue at Leanna's sweet pink pussy, looking over her shoulder at the human princess' younger lover and future husband. She chuckled at his frustration and eagerness to get inside her - as eager as he was when he'd lost his virginity to her two weeks prior. Obliging his shorter stature, she shifted her bum down slightly so he could slide right on in. The orcess winked at him and nodded, turning back toward the spread-legged blond girl in front of her and diving right back into her muff, pressing her mouth right up against her juicy snatch and burrowing her tongue in it, to the delighted moans of the human princess.

Henry licked his lips and gripped Zaela's big rear, pressing his plump cockhead right up against the orcess' aroused pussy. Her horny cunny practically swallowed his teen cock whole as she pushed her ass back at him in synchronization with his forward thrust. The orc woman and her

boy lover moaned together as he slid deep inside her tight, wet pussy. Zaela moaned against Leanna's muff, which aroused the girl further, causing her to gently take the older orcess female by her hair and pulling her against her cunny even harder, the orcess's noise bumping against her clit. Henry let out a delighted gasp, sinking his fingers into the orcess' meaty ass as he readied himself for the next thrust inside he and Leanna's nymphomaniac orcish lover, anticipating the tiring workout that the older female's fuck sessions always entailed.

As Henry started increasing his pace, hammering her with steady, measured thrusts, Zaela felt herself already close to having her first of many orgasms of the night. The lad had really gotten good at fucking, putting more than a few older males she'd been with previously to shame. She moaned and delved her tongue deeper into Leanna's snatch in front of her, her thumb finding the girl's clit and giving it a little rub. Here, sandwiched between two of the sweetest humans she'd ever met, the orcess was in bliss.

After some time, Zaela reluctantly pulled out her tongue, winking up at the blushing Leanna and winking. She looked over her shoulder at Henry.

"Little lad?" she asked.

Henry was working himself into a good sweat, but he paused his fucking of the orcess. "Y-yeah? Did I do something wrong?" He asked with a dash of worry.

Zaela chuckled, shifting her rump around so that his cock shifted around inside her tight pussy, sending tingles up her spine. "Not at all, my little stud. Yer cock is makin' me feel as good as it always does. But, I was just hopin' you could do somethin' else for me, ya?"

Henry cocked his head at her, breathing heavily. He seemed to find it difficult to compose himself and hold a conversation while his member was sheathed inside the silky, vice-like grip of her womanhood. "S- sure. What is it?" Leanna looked down at Zaela with curiosity too, interested despite her eagerness to have the oral-induced climax that she was building up to.

Zaela answered by reaching back and giving one of her own bountiful green asscheeks a strong slap. "You mind giving yer orcish whore a good spankin' while you breed me?" She asked with a playfully innocent smile on her face.

Henry gawked at the suggestion. He paused for a moment and then chewed his lip with uncertainty. "I don't want to hurt you, Zaela. And I don't think of you as...an orcish whore."

The orcess smiled warmly at him from over her shoulder, abandoning the sultry look for a moment to look back at him more earnestly. "I know you don't, sweet Henry. I know you and yer fiancée ain't the type to treat nonhumans like shit or nothin' like that. It's just pretendin', that's all. You spankin' my bottom ain't gonna cause me any real pain, I promise ya."

She turned to look at Leanna, who was looking with concern down at her, as invested in this conversation as Henry was. "Think on it," she continued to Leanna. "Ain't it kinda fun to just pretend that you two are a pair of horny, debauched human royals who are getting yer rocks off using a orcish whore you picked up from a brothel?"

Leanna blushed a bright red, and Zaela was pleased when she noticed the girl getting just a touch wetter from the suggestion. "That is...quite a naughty suggestion," Leanna admitted with a small smile.

Henry nodded and stirred his cock around her pussy, keeping himself aroused. "Yeah...I suppose it is...as long as you are truly fine with it, Zaela."

She chuckled. "Wouldn't a' suggested it if I wasn't. Go ahead and give it a try, and if you don't like it, you can stop. Ain't gonna make ya do anything that makes ya uncomfortable."

Henry nodded, resuming his steady thrusts of his teen cock in and out of her tight, juicy pussy. As he did, his hand slid down to her large green ass. He palmed it for a moment, giving it a good squeeze that made her purr. He then raised his hand and brought it down onto her cheek with a slap. Zaela moaned loudly, her ass jerking back against his thrusting boyish hips.

"Was that alright, Zaela?" he asked with concern, groaning a moment later when he felt her pussy gripping him even tighter as he struggled to keep his pace.

She looked back at him with lust, her tusk, toothy expression grinning at him. "Very good, little lad. But you can spank me more, and a bit harder if ya like. And keep on working my pussy until ya burst out a nice sticky load into my womb!"

She turned back to Leanna and took the princess' delicate hand, bringing it back to grip her head of partially-shaved warrior's hair. "And you can really work my slutty mouth against your cunny at whatever pace you like, Princess. I *am* you and Henry's brothel whore, after all. Ya?" She said with a wink.

Leanna and Henry met each other's gaze again, and Leanna's barely-contained excitement in her eyes was evidence that the roleplay suggestion was enticing them. Leanna gripped Zaela's hair and, in a surprising display of initiative from the teen girl, mashed Zaela's mouth right up against her wet pussy, moaning. Zaela let out a surprised "mmph", her cheeks puffing out comically as her green face was buried against the human girl's pink pussy.

"Very well then!" Leanna said with a sudden show of haughty bravado. "You are going to tend to all my needs with your mouth, orc! And my lord husband is going to use your whorish orc hole and spill all his seed in it."

Grok's Teeth, I didn't know the prim princess had it in her! Zaela thought, impressed.

Henry was slack jawed for a moment, but, with his fiancée taking the lead, grew excited and followed along with the role play. “That’s right...whore!” He gave a swift spank to her bum again, as another gasp and moan spilled from the orcess’ lips. “We paid a lot of coin for you, and we will use you every way we want to. Isn’t that right?!”

Zaela, her mouth pressed against Leanna’s juicy snatch and her tongue buried in it, uttered a performative “yes master and mistress!” in response. Though, with her mouth preoccupied as it was, all that it sounded like was “yesh msshhr and mshhrrshh.”

What proceeded next was pure ecstasy for the horny orcess. Henry pounded her pussy, his smaller and slender form hunched over her and fucking her like a rutting dog fucking his bitch, periodically giving each green, toned asscheek a spank. Meanwhile Leanna’s hands gripped Zaela’s head, pulling her against her pussy and directing the orcess’ tongue-fucking movements, her juices cascading down the orcess’ chin. All the while, a chorus of moans filled the room from both humans and especially from the orcess mercenary, abandoning all earlier pretense of needing to be quiet and discreet.

Zaela couldn’t remember the last time she had felt so aroused. Her first orgasm was about to hit her, and she knew more would follow. If this was to be her last tryst with Henry and Leanna, by the Maker, this was a hell of a tryst.

So aroused was she that her eyes initially widened with shock when she saw the bedchamber door ajar and someone peeping in on the sordid mixed-race fuck session...

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Clarina wasn’t specifically sure what drew her awake at this hour. She had tossed and turned in her sleep for some time, before finally deciding to slip out of bed and take a walk in the direction of Leanna and Henry’s chambers toward the other end of the castle wing.

Perhaps it was the foreboding revelations from earlier, and the knowledge that there could have been a conspiracy to harm her son and the princess. Either way, her instinct was to go check on them and their orcish guest, to ease her own peace of mind to the point that she could sleep again.

She arrived at Henry’s bedchamber, where one of her household guardsmen was standing guard. “Good evening, Gregor,” she addressed him. She kept her voice low, not wanting Henry to think she was paranoid by checking on him in the middle of the night. “All is well?”

He nodded. "Yes, milady. Lord Henry went for a walk some time ago. Though...he really should have come back by now."

She raised a brow at him and looked at him sternly. "And this isn't concerning to you, Gregor?"

He rubbed the back of his neck. "Should I have refused his request to go for a walk, milady?"

She shook her head and rubbed her temples. "Never mind. Stay at your post and I'll go look for him."

Gregor nodded. "Of course, milady. And, err...sorry, milady."

Clarina sighed and continued on to the other side of the corridor. She rounded the corner to where Princess Leanna's bedchamber was located. The guardsman at the door snapped to attention when she approached.

"Louen. Have you seen my son? I do hope he hasn't snuck his way into Leanna's chambers. The last thing I need is the scandalous rumor of premarital foolishness making its way back to the king and queen's ears," Clarina said with a small laugh.

Louen the guardsman shook his head. "No, milady. I haven't seen Henry. But Princess Leanna did step out of her chambers a short while ago. She said she needed a drink, and sought to go retrieve it herself. I wasn't about to refuse her."

Clarina rubbed her chin. *So, my son and his betrothed snuck out of their respective chambers at the same time? What're you two up to, Henry?* She pondered.

Her first impulse was to check the hidden nooks and crannies of the castle, where her son would often get up to mischief in his boyhood years. But then her next thought was that it would be prudent to check on their orcish guest.

Truth be told, Clarina rather liked Zaela. She was a crass woman and somewhat bulky and intimidating from the outset, but she had shown herself to be uncharacteristically principled and friendly for one of her race and profession. But she also seemed to be rather carefree and vivacious to a fault, and Clarina worried about that attitude being contagious toward Henry and Leanna. Their betrothal was a delicate matter politically, and she did not want the teenagers to do something foolish that could upend such a marriage before it even happened.

If nothing else, perhaps Zaela would know where they had snuck off to.

Clarina made her way to the guest quarters, where Gertrude had set up a room for Zaela. She hadn't posted a guard right outside the orcess' chamber, since she did not want their guest to

feel like she was being held prisoner. She only had a guard patrol toward the entrance to the entire hall.

She approached the door and was about to knock on it, hoping that the orcess wouldn't be too upset over being disturbed at this hour, when an outburst from inside the room brought her to a swift pause.

"You can spank me more, and a bit harder if ya like. And keep on working my pussy until ya burst out a nice sticky load into my womb!"

Oh my! That is...very descriptive! Clarina thought with an inward laugh. This was *not* at all what she was expecting to hear from the orcess' chamber. And who did she have in there with her? Had she somehow managed to sneak a male lover into the castle to fornicate with? Or perhaps it was one of her own male guardsmen or servants that she'd taken to bed.

Clarina chewed her lip, briefly considering leaving the orcess to it. While she did not entirely approve of it, the orc woman's nighttime antics with a lover were ultimately harmless. The noblewoman ran her finger over the doorknob however, debating what she was about to do. It would be best to just leave, but something compelled her to sneak a peek.

Against her better judgement, her curiosity finally got the best of her, and she turned the doorknob, cracking open the door just a touch so as not to be noticed.

What Clarina witnessed next gave her the biggest shock of her life.

The moonlight creeping through the open window was the only thing illuminating the room, but Clarina could see clearly enough. The curvy, muscular greenskinned woman was on her hands and knees on the ground in front of her bed. Princess Leanna was sitting at the end of the bed, completely naked, with her legs spread wide open in front of the orcess. Finally, her beloved son Henry was also naked and hunched over Zaela's rear-end, clearly buried inside of the orcess.

Clarina was overcome with a whirlwind of emotions as what she was witnessing. Her son Henry was not a virgin; he had lost such innocence to the orc woman who had rescued them. When her shock wore off slightly, it was replaced with rage. This orcess had clearly manipulated the two teenage humans into being her sexual playthings as a sick form of payment for her rescuing them. That was the only explanation for the debauchery that was on display here. She had *forced* them into this, surely.

She was about to barge in and demand an explanation from the orcess, but she was caught off guard by what happened next. Princess Leanna gripped Zaela by her hair and shoved the powerful female's face against her nethers, smothering her in her womanhood.

“Very well then! You are going to tend to all my needs with your mouth, orc! And my lord husband is going to use your whorish orc hole and spill all his seed in it.”

“That’s right...whore!” He *spanked* - actually spanked - the orcess on her bum. “We paid a lot of coin for you, and we will use you in every way we want to. Isn’t that right?!” He then proceeded to *fuck* the orcess hard, pounding his cock into the orcess’ womanhood while slapping her bum one cheek after the other, while Leanna used her mouth.

Clarina was agape by this new development. Her young man boy and his eighteen-year-old betrothed seemed to be...*using* this orcess! It was bad enough that this was happening at all, and that the two youths had evidently not saved themselves for marriage, but that, from the looks of things, *they* were the ones in the dominant sexual position over a female warrior who was physically far taller and stronger than them. And from the looks of it, this was not the first time that Henry and Leanna had fornicated with the orcess. There was far too much skill involved, far too much familiarity with the orcess’ anatomy as both human teens rutted against her body in their sordid threesome.

Clarina’s anger had abated somewhat and was replaced with her prior shock. She did not know what to make of this, and she suspected that her mind would take some time to fully process what she was witnessing. *How many times did my son and the princess do this with the orcess since she rescued them? Did they make her do this? Why would the orcess allow herself to be in this position?* She thought.

The element that shocked her the most, however, was Henry. She had always known her son as a fairly mild-mannered boy, in stark contrast to his vivacious father. To witness his short, slender stature hunched over the comparatively massive frame of a battle-hardened orc female, *rutting* into her as if he was an alpha male and she was his submissive female. It was outrageous. It was unbelievable. It was...

It was the most arousing thing she had ever seen in her entire life. And she was utterly ashamed to admit this.

Clarina covered her mouth with a gasp when she realized that juices were trickling down her leg from beneath her sleeping gown. As if her body was waking itself up from a state of shock, she felt a heat in her loins the likes of which she hadn’t felt in years. The image of her boy, her precious only boy, ravaging an older female - an orc female - brought her to a state of arousal that she didn’t know she could reach.

The questions would come later. The potential confrontations with the orcess and the teenagers would come later. The crippling, overwhelming shame of being aroused over *her own son’s* sexual conquest would certainly come later.

But for now, Clarina's lust-addled brain could not focus on any of that. For now, the sex-starved lady of Oakenhall could do nothing but attend to her own needs, while she greedily lapped up as much of this as she could get away with watching.

Clarina, making as little movement and noise as possible so as to not alert the three, pulled up her skirt. Her panties came down her legs swiftly. And she slid a finger straight up into her own aroused pussy, shocked at how easily it slipped in, such was the state of how soaking wet she had become in such a short amount of time. Her other hand went to her mouth to cover it as she fingered herself while, inside the room, the sordid debauchery continued.

Henry increased his pace and was fucking the orcess hard now, so hard and fast that the orcess' hefty green breasts were swaying beneath her and slapping against each other. Meanwhile the orcess let out muffled noises as she was apparently forced to munch on the princess' aroused pussy. Leanna's legs had wrapped themselves around the orcess' head to keep her pinned in place as she let out singsong girlish moans that intermingled with Henry's grunts of exertion.

Clarina fingered herself harder, biting her lip to the point of bleeding as she did her very best to stifle a moan or a sound. She clenched down hard on the hem of her skirt when she saw the orcess suddenly tense up, her bum slapping backward hard against Henry's thrusting boyish hip as she let out a loud "mmmmph" into Leanna's sopping pussy. The orcess' great green body spasmed, and Clarina faintly noted trickles of clear fluid dripping at the point of union between Henry's body and hers.

Clarina gasped from the realization that the orcess had orgasmed. And Henry had been the one to make her do it.

Leanna's turn came next. She let out a loud gasp and her body rolled in waves against the orcess' mouth and tongue. Clarina was shocked to see that not a trickle, but a *flood* of vaginal secretions squirted out of Leanna's pussy, practically drowning the orcess in it. She saw Zaela drinking down all that the princess gave her with gulps and chugs, like a drunkard at a tavern.

"Oh! I can't hold it any longer! I'm gonna..." Henry gasped.

"Do it, Henry!" Leanna moaned.

Zaela turned her head and winked at him. She looked sweaty and disheveled from eating out the princess and from the intensity of her own climax. "Every drop, my sweet lad."

This admission surprised Clarina for a brief second, as it became clear that the orcess was not quite as submissive as originally thought. But she had little time to process this as Henry's slender frame slapped against Zaela's bum one last time and he looked up at the ceiling, letting out a long sigh of bliss. His hands gripped her curvy hips for leverage and he buried himself

deeply into his mismatched orcess lover. He made small, jerky movements, but was otherwise pressed up against her - inside her - intimately.

By the Maker, Henry is ejaculating inside her! My son's seed is going inside of a female orc's depths right now! Clarina felt dizzy from the realization, and her knees began to shake as she fingered her pussy with more vigor, feeling her own climax approaching.

She opened her eyes again as Henry was catching his breath. After a moment, he shifted back and pulled himself out of the orcess as she cooed at him, whispering sweet things to both him and Leanna. Clarina knew that she shouldn't look, but she could not stop her gaze from turning down toward Henry's lower body, now that it was no longer obscured by Zaela's. What she saw put her into shock again - as if such a thing were even still possible at this point.

The penis that Henry had pulled out of Zaela's sperm-filled pussy did not belong on a young man of Henry's height and frame. There was simply no way that it could, as far as Clarina was concerned. By her rough estimation, it had to be nine inches, at least, and Henry was not even done growing yet! And yet she could not deny the truth in front of her. Her darling son Henry had a cock that was - dare she say - as large as her late husband's if not larger already.

This was the final straw. Clarina bit down into the hem of her gown to stifle her moan as she climaxed, her juices flowing down her legs and onto the stone castle floor. She fingered herself through her orgasm, barely containing the noises she made as she did so, and then clutched at the wall to steady herself. She took in deep breaths as her climax abated, before she quickly slid back to the crack in the door to peer inside.

As she looked, Zaela was sitting on the bed with Zaela and Leanna on either side of her. She kissed both of them, one after the other, and whispered something to both of them with a tired grin. Henry gave a smug smile and replied something that she couldn't hear, but Leanna chuckled at in response, giving him a light slap on the shoulder.

This was all too much for the lady of Oakenhall. She withdrew from the door and went down to her hands and knees, hastily using her own gown to wipe up the mess that she'd made on the floor, and then she rose to her feet and made a hasty retreat from the guest corridor.

She hardly said anything to her guards on the way back. She rushed into her bedchamber, muttering some half-hearted excuse about "not feeling well", before she tore off her gown, scrambled her way back into her bed...where her elvish glass dildo was waiting for her.

There would be no sleep for her tonight after all. She took the dildo that Gertrude had bought her and furiously pumped herself with it. And all the while, the image of her own son's cock - dripping with a sheen of a well-fucked orcess' pussy juices - was burned into her brain.

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