

Rogue Vacation

What a wonderful day at the beach. Skarid takes a moment to just take it all in and stand in the shade of the costal grove he and his partners are hiding in. Both from the midday sun and some angry folks back in Orgrimmar. Orc isn't sure who they are and what they want. It isn't his role in the group to worry about such things. All he needs to do is to be scary and crush the skulls when there is dander. Armeri and Hazald are usually taking care of the rest for him, like, for example, finding a unmarked and uninhabited tropical island to lay low for a few months. Although, sometimes they need some help with taking care of themselves.

Skarid makes a deep breath of the ocean air before ripping a whole coconut in two with his bare hands. After a few minutes of chopping, crushing and squeezing out some other fruits he puts little umbrellas in both halves before walking down to the beach.

The goblin and the vulpera are sitting under a big tree and playing cards. Orc walks over and places the juice next to them.

"Thank you, big guy" Hizald smiles at him and reaches out. Orc allows himself to be embraced around the neck and then kissed on the cheek. Skarid can't contain his smile and feels his cheeks and ears turning red. "Wanna join us?"

Orc shakes his head. He would prefer to have a nap, especially after the last night. Few weeks in on this island all of them got pretty bored. Each other's company is the only thing that allows them to kill time, so as a result, Skarid receives so much more *attention* from both little guys every night, he needs his lunch naps to rest. He crawls into the huge make-shift sunbed and gets comfortable. It doesn't take long for him to fall asleep.

His sweet slumber is still holding him down with gentle, yet overwhelming force when a pair of small hands playfully slide along his thigh from the knee up and up. Slowly, but surely the caressing fingers

are moving forward until reaching his crotch. Skar exhales a silent moan and tries to concentrate on the feeling without letting go of the blissful dream he is having just yet. Orc feels his loincloths being undone when another pair of hands rests on his chest and slides its claws along the pecs before circling around the nipples. This time his moan comes out much more audible. And the moment Skar lets it out, he feels something hot, hard and musky poking his left cheek

“Ska-a-ar. Oh, Ska-a-a-ar~ Are you sleeping?” Orc could hear how wide Hizald is smiling without even opening his eyes. Yet, Skarid is holding on to his dream which is seeping through his fingers with every touch of small hands on his sweaty balls and flaccid cock. His cheeks are red and burning and are already covered with wet “kisses” from Vulpera’s foreskin.

“I’ll take it as a no then.” Orc moanes again when hands wrap around his cock in one tight ring and begin to pump it along the whole quickly hardening length.

“You know, we were thinking. And decided, since we are having a vacation, you deserve more than just a thank you. Good boys like you gotta have some treats. So... How about you just relax, open your mouth and let us do all the work for a change, hm?”

Skar finally gives up on his slumber and opens his eyes. He looks at the vulpera standing over him with a wide happy grin. Catching his eye, Hizald wink at the orc and slides his shaft along the tusks. Skar smiles back, but then suddenly reaches over and scoops the mischievous vulpera in one hand and the grumpy goblin between his legs in the other.

“Hey! What are you...” Armeri tries to object, but before he finishes, the orc has already placed them back in the sand, sitting next to each other. Then he moves two of them closer and closer, until both short guys are now frothing their cocks together. Skar wraps his hand around both of them and slowly rubs the tips between his fingers making both men moan in unison.

“Oh, my~ Skar, you don’t have to. We are just messing around” Hizald tries to object as well, but a mischievous smile on the orc’s face tells him all he need to know. “Ah, alright then. I see. Enjoy yourself.”

Skarid licks his lips in anticipation before wrapping his mouth around both the cocks at once. Two hard shafts fit perfectly between his tusks as he starts to move his head up and down.

“I told you, he just loves the taste.” Armeri chuckles and gives the orc some pets. Skarid responses with a low growl of pleasure and satisfaction. What a wonderful day at the beach.