

## Chapter 14 - Mila

Mila was a mess. Her body burned and sweat dripped from her bare, green skin. Her loins ached with an urgent need to be filled and her tongue was starving for the taste of cum, but, struggle as she might, her feet were firmly clamped into a set of stocks, while an iron yoke locked her arms at right angles to her body with her hands on either side of her head. She writhed on the stone floor of the cell she was chained in, mind buried beneath an avalanche of lust. Were she in any semblance of control over her own senses, she would have heard the sound of Pointer, in the neighbouring cell, similarly groaning and struggling with his own shackles, desperate to unload his seed into any welcoming orifice.

The two had been discovered by the Redtooth tribe mid-coitus in the centre of the orb chamber. It had taken four burly orc warriors to separate the frantically rutting pair, and another two warriors to get them shackled. Only Grotag's word that Mila had warned him of the theft had prevented the angry orcs from killing the elf and the warg-rider on the spot. Now, they were housed in two adjoining cells beneath the Pa.

"We have tried to question them numerous times," said Grotag as he led Dayna down the steps into the cool, dark dungeon, "but they are both incoherent. The elf wouldn't have said much, anyway - he is a mute. All we have been able to do is feed them, and even that is a struggle."

Dayna looked through the cell bars at the two naked, chained, sweat soaked and writhing figures. The elf was pale skinned, whippet lean and startlingly handsome. His corded musculature was in severe contrast to the bulky strength of the orcs around her, but as he struggled against his bonds, the mage could clearly see he was immensely strong. The lattice-work of scars that covered his skin spoke of much experience in combat. The female orc in the cell beside his was also clearly a powerful warrior. Rounded biceps stood out on her arms and her abs rippled as she tugged against the restraints holding her down, her face a mask of snarling desperation. At a glance, Dayna could see that both were under the effects of a powerful lust spell; the elf's cock was engorged and leaking copious amounts of pre-cum while the orc's quim secreted a steady stream of viscous pussy juice that puddled beneath her asscheeks. The nipples on her large breasts were hard and erect.

"Six days like this, you said?" asked Dayna.

"Yes," replied the female orc that had introduced herself as Kami, sister to Grotag. "They must be force fed food and drink, and their condition only gets worse when we enter the cell to do so."

"We should kill the thieves!" snarled a large orc with deep green skin.

"Enough, Konta!" bellowed Grotag in response. "If we kill them, we have no chance of retrieving the sacred stone!"

“The stone is gone!” snapped Konta, “And let us not forget it was you who brought the thieves into our midst! Now you stand here giving us orders? You are not chief!”

Dayna was taken aback. There was clearly a burgeoning power struggle happening in the tribe. She wondered how much worse things could get.

Grotag didn’t bother with a verbal response. The huge orc simply swivelled at the waist and slammed his massive, meaty fist into Konta’s face. Konta stumbled backwards, but stayed on his feet.

“Do we do this now?” rumbled Grotag menacingly.

Konta snarled in response, flecks of green blood spraying from his mouth as he spoke. “Yes! Now! Let us decide who is the new chief as custom demands!”

The orcs gathered in the dungeon began to murmur, a sound that steadily coalesced into a chant that grew louder and louder as the mob moved back up the stairs and out into the clearing in front of the main hall. “Pa-dak! Pa-dak! Pa-DAK!” the sound reverberated in Dayna’s ears as she was swept along with the crowd. More orcs emerged from the various huts and dwellings, taking up the chant as they did so. “Pa-dak! Pa-dak! Pa-DAK!”

“What is going on?!” shouted Dayna to Kami.

“My brother and Konta both claim right to be chief!” Kami bellowed in reply. “They will now fight to see who will have the honour.”

“But I NEED to talk to the prisoners!” exclaimed Dayna.

“Well, if my brother survives, perhaps you shall!”

The orc villagers formed a rough circle in front of the Pa as the chant grew to monumental proportions - then, suddenly, as Konta and Grotag walked into the centre of the clearing, there was silence. Dayna sized up the two opponents with her inexperienced eye. Each was a behemoth of rippling muscle and ferocity, but there were some differences. While both were barrel chested, with long arms and slightly shorter legs, Konta had a lankiness to his body that gave him a reach advantage, while Grotag’s chest seemed more heavily muscled. As she watched with dreadful fascination, the two warriors drew their heavy, vicious looking cleavers and turned to face one another. With nary a stitch of protective clothing between them, Dayna knew that there would be blood, and lots of it.

Konta straightened his stance and raised his arms to the night sky before letting out a deafening roar. Twenty paces away from him, Grotag simply smiled, his large tusks glinting in the pale moonlight as he tossed his cleaver from one hand to the other and back again. Dayna couldn’t

decide which gesture was the more menacing. Then, with no further ceremony, the two massive orcs charged directly at one another.

Grotag held his blade low as he moved towards Konta at a surprisingly fast, loping gait. In contrast, Konta's cleaver was held out behind him, his arm at full extension, his legs a blur as he barrelled towards his challenger. Once the pair reached the centre of the clearing, Konta swung his weapon in a high arc over his head, aiming to simply cleave Grotag's head in two. The move was obvious, however, and, with agility that Dayna didn't think possible in a creature built as Grotag was, Kami's brother tucked his shoulder and rolled to the right, coming to a halt in a low crouch and swinging his blade at Konta's left thigh. Unfortunately, Konta was more clever than Dayna had given him credit. The dark green orc maintained his momentum, moving with Grotag's attack, and managed to avoid the worst of the sword slash, taking only a slight cut to the back of his leg. Bellowing with anger, Konta swept his empty left hand out in a colossal left hook that connected with Grotag's temple.

Grotag stumbled backwards, trying to make distance between himself and his opponent as he shook his head. Konta was having none of it, however, and pressed his attack, swinging his blade at Grotag's left side in a fell blow that his opponent was barely able to parry. There was a steely clang as the two heavy swords collided. With dread, Dayna noticed that Grotag's parry had left his ribs exposed, and, once more, Konta took full advantage, grabbing Grotag's right shoulder with his huge left hand and jumping upwards to drive his knee into Grotag's chest. The crack of ribs was clearly audible and Dayna heard Kami groan quietly as her brother slumped forward, a droplets of green blood spraying from his mouth as ragged gasps escaped his lips. Konta wasn't finished with him, however. The dark green fighter shifted his grip on Grotag's shoulder to seize the wounded orc by the throat. Dayna watched Konta's muscles bulge, veins etched clearly on his skin, as he hefted Grotag's bulk skywards with his left arm while winding up his finishing blow with his right. Just as she was about to turn away, not wanting to see the display of gore to come, she realised that Grotag smiling.

Konta saw it too and hesitated. It was all the opportunity Grotag needed. The big orc brought his knees up, shifting his weight higher and causing Konta to totter forward. Both tumbled earthward, Konta atop Grotag, who wrapped his brawny arms around his opponent. Konta swung his weapon as they fell, scoring a deep cut into the flesh of Grotag's shoulder, but the adrenaline fueled behemoth didn't seem to notice, all pretense of his weakened state shed now that his deception had played out and he had Konta at close range. There was a solid thud as the massive warriors hit the ground. Grotag roared and Dayna saw his immense muscles flex as he crushed Konta in a suffocating bear hug. Konta smashed the pommel of his cleaver into his foe's head and shoulders - Grotag had him too close for him to use the wicked looking blade - but the blows, which would have cracked an elf's skull, seemed to do all but nothing to Grotag. Now it was Konta's turn to gasp and a rumble of excitement began to rise from the assembled orcs. The dark green orc's blows seemed to become increasingly weaker and the elf mage watched in awe as Grotag gave a mighty shout and flexed his tremendous biceps with staggering strength. Atop him, but clearly not in control, Konta's mouth opened in an airless

snarl and a gout of blood drooled from his jaws as Grotag's ridiculous strength crushed his ribs and squeezed the breath from his lungs. Knowing he had his foe at his mercy, Grotag kicked out with both legs and Konta staggered backwards, only barely landing on his feet a few yards away. The dark green orc sucked in air as he stumbled to find his footing, the action producing a sick, wheezing, wet noise, but the sound died quickly in his throat; the moment he had launched his opponent, Grotag heaved his right arm forward, sending his cleaver spinning end over end to halt with a meaty crunch in Konta's ribcage. Konta blinked, dumbfounded, his left hand plucking at the hilt of the weapon in his chest, as Grotag sprang to his feet and followed the path of the thrown weapon at a run. There was another resounding thud as the two fighters collided once more, but only Grotag stood up after they crashed to the floor, his blade now shoved deep into Konta's chest cavity.

"PA-DAK!" The gathered crowd erupted in a cheer. A mob of orcs swarmed forwards to hoist Grotag above them. Beside her, Dayna could see Kami was grinning broadly.

"I never had any doubt," said the large female, turning to face the smaller elf before running off to join the throng of celebrating greenskins.

"Orc politics is fucking terrifying," said Dayna to Gomp as she sat down heavily on the ground, her pulse racing.

The celebration got out of hand with astounding alacrity. With Grotag hoisted on their shoulders, the mob of orcs bustled into the Pa and deposited their bloodied but beaming new chief upon the wooden throne. At the same time, barrels of potent liquor were rolled out from the wings of the hall and were broached with fantastic speed. In no time at all, most of the villagers were hard at work becoming obscenely drunk as Dayna and Gomp elbowed their way towards Grotag's new chair. The going was difficult; a crowd of orcs, all female, had gathered around the throne and were jostling each other quite violently as they attempted to get close to their new chief. Dayna watched as Kami punched and elbowed a few of the struggling women off the raised dais upon which the throne sat until it was clear but for herself and her seated brother.

Still grinning from ear to ear, Grotag raised his hand. Someone had given him a large, ox horn flagon brimming with pungent booze, a large portion of which sloshed messily to the floor as he hoisted it above his head. "Enough!" he bellowed to the mob of orc women. "My faithful sister Kami shall be the first to be granted breeding rights!"

Dayna watched, astonished, as Kami bared her tusks in a smile that could only be described as smug at the gathered village women. The voluptuous orc then turned to face her brother and dropped to her knees in front of him, seizing his weighty cock with both hands as she did so. There was a murmur of disappointment from the assembled orc females, who began to move away from the dais to join the rest of the celebrants. Soon, the hall was rowdy with orcs quaffing drinks and engaging in debaucherous activity, often simultaneously. With a path to the throne now relatively clear, the elven mage stepped over a moaning orc in the midst of getting her

cunny messily licked and walked towards the new chief. In the short time it took for Dayna to traverse the intervening space, Kami had used her mouth to nurse Grotag's enormous member to full hardness and as the elf got close enough to the pair for her voice to be heard over the din of partying greenskins, the new chief's sister stood up and straddled the engorged tool, loosing an audible sigh as she slid it into her cunt.

"Uh, sorry to bother you," said Dayna as Kami began humping her pussy up and down her brother's shaft, her large, green arse bouncing in time with her movements, "but it's rather urgent I speak with the prisoners."

Grotag moved his hands to grip his sister's asscheeks, spreading them wide and pulling her in such that her large tits mashed against his broad chest and he could look over her shoulder at the mage. "It is no bother," he said as Kami continued to heave herself up and down his swollen phallus. "Your task is an important one, but tradition demands this celebration when a new chief is named."

Beside her, Gomp was openly stroking his own turgid erection as he watched the incestuous greenskins hungrily. Dayna could feel her own quim perceptibly moisten at the wanton display before her, but, with credit due to the spell Trelisopoles had cast, she maintained a veneer of control. "I understand completely, chief, but perhaps I could examine the prisoners on my own and get started on trying to dispel the magic that possesses them?"

"Of course," said Grotag, raising his voice slightly over the wet squelches and meaty slaps of Kami vigorously riding his cock. "Romak, Siva!" the huge chief bellowed at two orcs at the foot of the dais. They, like most of the others in the hall, were enthusiastically following 'tradition', and Dayna watched as the male reluctantly ceased pushing his wide schlong into the female's asshole. "Take the elf down to the prisoners, and help her with whatever she requests."

"Yes chief," said the woman, disappointment heavy in her voice, and pushed herself up from where she had been bent over a nearby table. "C'mon, Romak, let's get this over with." The male orc seemed equally disappointed as he pulled his tool out of Siva's rump, but both orcs dutifully gathered their weapons and led Dayna towards the dungeon.

"Um, sorry..." said Dayna sheepishly as they proceeded down the steps to the cells.

"It's ok," said Siva, shrugging and reaching down to give Romak's cock a firm tug, "I was hoping for a cunt-full of the chief's cock anyway. Helping you out will probably mean I can get a ride after Kami's done."

Romak growled as his manhood was given second place to his chief's and pushed the door to the jail open. Pointer and Mila's lustful, desperate groans filled the air inside the gloomy underground room, mingled with the clinking of chains as they writhed in their shackles. "So, you cast a spell now and free them?" asked the male warrior.

“Well,” replied Dayna, “it’s a bit more complicated than that. After I’ve cast the spell on them, they’ll need to orgasm to break the hold the original enchantment has over them. Do you think you two could bring them both into one cell?”

“You have to fuck them both?” queried Siva as she and Romak opened the cell doors and began dragging Mila into Pointer’s cell. The warg-rider struggled, not so much against being moved from one cell to another but moreso to reach for Romak’s half-hard shaft.

If she was perfectly honest with herself, Dayna had been looking forward to getting mounted, especially after the sight of the orc’s celebration in the hall above, the grunts, groans and moans of which filtered, only slightly muted, into the jail. “I guess it doesn’t have to be me, but-”

“Ooh! Boss! Boss!” interrupted Gomp. “Can I? Pleeease?”

Siva and Romak laughed as Gomp hopped from foot to foot holding his hand up like an eager schoolboy. Dayna sighed. “Sure, Gomp. Go for it.”

The two orcs deposited the shackled greenskin next to Pointer, and she immediately tried to crawl atop the equally lust crazed elf. Their yokes and stocks made the effort almost impossible, but that did not stop the two prisoners from fervently attempting to mate. While they struggled uselessly, Gomp skipped over to the bound orc and pulled her off the shackled elf. A look of confusion momentarily crossed Mila’s face, before her eyes locked onto the imp’s swollen cock. With strength borne of desperation, she lunged forward on her knees, bowling the diminutive demon over onto his back and crawled over him until her breasts were mashed into face and his tumescent cock nestled between her legs.

Beside the imp and the aggressively horny orc woman, Pointer moaned and struggled with his bindings. His cock bobbed in the air, oozing a steady flow of pre-cum. Siva stood above him, gazing down at the long, hard tool. “You said it didn’t have to be you, right?” she asked, stepping over the elf’s waist and squatting down until his pre leaking glans was pushing against the rosebud of her anus.

“I... uh...” stuttered Dayna, “no, it doesn’t have to be me, but...”

“Excellent,” said Siva as she flexed her haunches to admit Pointer’s cock into her ass.

All Dayna could do was grumble to herself as she began Trelis’ incantation. Romak stood beside the elven mage, a slight frown of disappointment on his face as he watched the two happily fucking couples in front of him. He idly stroked his own hefty organ as Gomp and Pointer began frantically pistoning their cocks upwards into the orc women above them. Unable to support herself thanks to the yoke, Mila simply lay on top of the small demon, practically smothering him with her voluptuous bosom, his hands gripping her ample asscheeks firmly as

he gleefully thrust upwards into her sodden quim. Thanks to his own bonds, Pointer could do nothing but lie flat on his back, bucking his hips upwards, while Siva steadily worked his cock with her asshole. Her own breasts, while not as amply endowed as Mila, were still generous enough to quiver with the impact of their lusty humping. The wet, meaty sounds of flesh slapping flesh mingled with the rutting couples' grunts and moans to form a lecherous cacophony that set Dayna's pussy tingling with lust. Despite the distraction, she steadily worked through the enchantment, harnessing the energy within her and pushing it out to envelop the frenetically copulating elf and orc. So focused was the elven mage, she didn't realise that her own hand had wandered down to her crotch until she had finished the incantation and noticed Romak eying her, an eyebrow raised suggestively, as he stroked his engorged, blunt tipped phallus.

As hot and bothered as she was, Dayna didn't waste time with words - she simply uncinched her belt and shimmied out of her clothes before turning to grip the bars of the cell and spreading her legs for the big orc, inviting him to mount her. He grunted in approval and moved to stand behind her. The elf's eyes shot open in surprise as she felt the girthy cock push against her sphincter, but her arousal was so great, her need to be filled so urgent, that she didn't care what hole the brawny warrior used, so long as she got well-fucked and quickly. Besides, she thought to herself as Romak's swollen glans popped past her sphincter, Habernalle's enchantment had the benefit of making her able to take the heftiest of shafts.

Romak groaned in pleasure as he watched his slab of fuck-meat sink into the elf's petite body. Expecting to bottom out quickly, his groan turned into a grunt of surprise when he found himself able to seat the full length of his turgid pole into her ass. Still worried about breaking the slight woman, the orc warrior began gently sliding his cock in and out of her grasping butthole. Dayna needed more, however. Dropping a hand from the iron bars to massage her clit, she looked over her shoulder at the brute mounting her and urged him on. "Go on, big boy, fuck it harder! Fuck my ass!"

As his master was vigorously sodomised by a hulking orc warrior, Gomp was groaning in pleasure. The orc riding his cock was lustier than a succubus in heat and an obscene mixture of her cunt juice and his pre-cum oozed in pulses from her pussy each time he pushed his oversized organ into her. The small demon's fingers sank deep into her round, heaving asscheeks and he squeezed the green skinned globes happily as he fucked her with hard, heavy thrusts of his oversized demonic cock. Above him, the orc was clearly enjoying the hard dicking. Strands of spittle dripped past her fangs from her open mouth. Her eyes were unfocused and half closed and she thrust her bounteous tits into the imp's face as he plunged his cock in and out of her cunt, her diamond hard, dark green nipples pressing into his cheek as he turned his head to gasp for breath. Taking the opportunity as presented, Gomp grinned and gently gripped the erect nubs with his pointed teeth and flicked his tongue across their sensitive skin. The combination of pain and pleasure set off a flash inside the orc's head. A light flashed behind her eyes and her cunt clamped down hard on the huge schlong entombed within it, causing Gomp to groan as his balls unloaded huge gouts of pungent seed into her.

Beside the imp, Pointer writhed in exquisite agony. His balls felt heavy and swollen with need while his cock was crushed in the velvety warm embrace of Siva's anus. The orc was leaning back on one hand as she heaved herself up and down his veiny shaft, her other hand beating a desperate rhythm on her clit, driving herself towards orgasm as her asshole was reamed. Sweat beaded on the scarred skin of the elf's chest, mingling with the droplets that dripped from his orc jailer's bouncing breasts. His lust veiled vision traipsed from her heaving, perky tits to her oozing cunt and erect clitty to where her asshole was stretched tightly around his engorged tool, and, steadily, he felt the cum boiling up within him. The elf weakly thrust upwards a few more times, teeth clenched, until a sheet of bright white light flashed behind his eyes and his cock throbbed and pulsed and he began spurting ropes of sloppy jism deep into Siva's bowels, filling her until the obscene liquid oozed from her straining hole. The blasts of semen pumping deep into her anal passage, basting it with hot, sticky fluid, combined with Siva's vigorous clit massage to tease a momentous climax from her, and a gush of fem cum splurged out of her cunny to splash messily onto Pointer's abs. As her body quaked with pleasure, her muscles bulged and tensed beneath her sweaty skin and her sphincter squeezed and convulsed around Pointer's spasming cock.

Nearby, Dayna was in the throes of climax as well. Romak had pushed her hard against the bars of the cell, holding both her hands above her head with one hand while plunging the broad middle finger of his other hand deep into her quim. His calloused palm mashed hard against her erect pleasure button, wringing jolts of pleasure from her as he thrust powerfully into her ass with his monolithic slab of a cock. As she shuddered through her orgasm, she felt Romak's cock swell in her ass, growing to a ridiculous size until, with a loud bellow, the orc began pumping his cum into her. As jets of scalding hot seed burst into her anal passage, the big orc pressed himself hard against her back, almost crushing her between his bulk and the cold iron bars. His hips continued to thrust mechanically against her buttocks until the warm blasts of jism tapered off. When he pulled out, a cascade of spunk oozed from her gaping orifice to splatter on the stone floor.

The sounds of heavy breathing and contented sighs replaced the debauched noises that had so recently echoed about the jail. Mila and Siva had rolled off their respective partners and lay panting on the floor beside them, while Romak and Dayna had slumped down, backs against the bars, surveying the scene before them.

From her supine position on the floor came Siva's panting voice. "Did it work?" she asked, unmoving as elf cum dribbled from her well used ass.

"I should fucking well hope so," said Mila between gasps. "Get these damned chains off me!"

Mila checked her weapons and armour and was pleased to see everything was there and in working order. Grotag had ordered her equipment returned, but, beyond permitting him to redress, Pointer's weapons and gear remained locked in a large chest against the wall near the



steps down to the cells. Now, the two of them were standing before the new chief's throne, along with Dayna and Gomp and a crowd of orc villagers. Mila had watched, fascinated, as the elven mage had cast a spell that permitted Pointer to understand the orcish tongue and he had been given his chalk and slate so he could respond to the barrage of questions the chief levelled at him.

At Grotag's prompting, Mila told the full story of her first meeting with Kalliya all the way up to the duel with Pointer in the jewel room, sparing no details. After she had finished her tale, the chief addressed her, "So you were hired merely as a guide and had no inkling that this mage Kalliya intended to steal the orb?"

Before Mila could respond, all eyes turned to look at Pointer, who was scribbling furiously upon his slate. "She had no idea," Dayna translated, reading from the small tablet. "Kalliya did not entrust her with the full parameters of the mission."

"And you?" Grotag addressed the scarred thief. "You killed the guards and aided the mage in her escape. Clearly you were party to the theft."

Mila was confused. The elf was damning himself with his words, although his chances of escaping punishment were all but nonexistent even if he had remained silent. Still, she thought, he had no reason to support her story.

Pointer's chalk scratched the surface of the slate once more. "Yes. I'm a thief. I was brought into this endeavour to help steal the stone." As Dayna spoke aloud the words he had written, the gathered villagers murmured angrily.

"Do either of you know where the mage would have fled?" Grotag growled.

Both Pointer and Mila shook their heads and then looked over at Dayna as she spoke. "I have an idea where she might be going. I think she plans to travel to the university tower in Drasich. It works in conjunction with the stone, like a giant wizard's staff, although what purpose she has in mind, I have no idea, and how she plans to get past some of the most powerful mages in the world to use it escapes me as well. I fear she has a few more cards to play."

"Generations ago, this tribe was tasked with protecting the stone, and we have failed," grumbled Grotag. "We must gather the warriors and depart for Drasich. We may have no mages, but we shall do all in our power to prevent the sorcerer from achieving her goals, even if it means our doom. Honour demands it."

"You do your ancestors proud," said Mila. "I've a bone to pick with this mage as well. I think I'll tag along."

"Your intentions are noble," agreed Dayna, "I'll use my magic to travel ahead and make what preparations I can."

"What about the thief?" growled an orc in the gathered crowd. "The mage may have fled, but we have the other thief! He should be punished!"

"Yes!" came another shout. "Kill the thief!"

"It is true," said Grotag, standing to face Pointer. "You have murdered members of our tribe and stolen from us - for this, your life is forfeit." The big orc turned to Romak and Siva. "Put him back in the cells. There shall be no more killing on the night of the chief's crowning. Tomorrow, before we march, he will face justice."

Mila watched as Pointer was led down to the jail once more. In the cave where the orb had been kept, the two had duelled one another, lives on the line, but he had also warned her of the danger beforehand in an attempt to prevent the conflict, and she had a warrior's respect for the silent elf that she felt may have even become a friendship. Now, however, there was nothing she could do to prevent his fate and the orc felt a pang of remorse as she thought of his impending execution.