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Shae groaned weakly, her head swimming in a mire of pain and fatigue, her arm strained around the shoulders of a broad figure that held onto her, her feet limp as she was dragged, wet mud clinging to her feet as they trailed through the filth together, her tracks a single line beside the footprints of her companion.

Her mind was pained and on the edge of consciousness as she vainly tried to order her thought, coming slowly to. There had been a battle, she remembered, a brutal conflict between Elf and Orc, one that, she thought, they had been winning. She had been in the fray, in the thick of it, encouraging her lessers around her, a beacon of Elven beauty and ferocity, then one of her Sargents had let out a cry of fear, Shae had turned, and her world had gone black.

Weakly she tried to lift her head, groaning again, feeling every muscle ache as she tried to pour into them the effort of movement. She was being carried, she realised, held fast by someone, an arm around their shoulder, rescued, she realised, though it was undignified. A captain of her rank and standing? Being dragged back to their staging point like a hapless child? She would have to stand and walk, she had to be seen to be strong, if only to inspire the others.

“Mm... Let me... Let me walk...” she whispered, again trying to rally her spirit and body. The person carrying her slowed to a halt before, after a moment’s hesitation, unceremoniously released Shae.

With a surprised gasp, as her muscles failed to catch her, she fell down into a heap on the ground, landing face down in the thick slick mud, filthy water filling her mouth as she struggled to roll herself onto her back, coughing as she spat out the mud, the taste foul and gritty on her sensitive tongue.

After an exerted effort she got a hand under herself, mud pressing between her fingers as she managed, just, to roll herself onto her back, gasping in shock as she opened one eye, the other plastered closed with the muck.

Her vision, which had blurred, began to clear as droplets of rain began to fall onto her skin, a welcome sensation, pleasant and clean contrasting to the coarseness of the dirt she felt across her face, in her mouth and matting her hair.

She looked up at the figure looming over her, past the rugged worn mismatched armour held together with leather straps, to the spread grinning face looking down at her, eyes red and teeth gleaming as rainwater trickled down the distinctly, green features.

She hadn’t been rescued. She’d been captured.

“What? Can’t walk? Stupid Elf.” The Orc sneered, reaching down and coiling Shae’s once lush, now mudstained, hair in her fist, drawing a loud cry from the Elf as she was wrenched to her feet, the pain shooting from her scalp down her spine.

Fear, pain, disbelief, she wanted to reach her hands up, to grab a hold of her attacker’s hand, to twist and throw as her mentor had taught her so many years ago, the knowledge springing to her mind, but not her body, which once again sagged. So many lessons on self-defence wasted when she needed them most.

As the blackness once again closed in on her vision, agony and terror suppressing her conscious mind, one thought rang true, one lesson, drilled into every Elf. Never be caught by an Orc.

Her dreams were vibrant and horrific, remembering a battle sister, Lhana, who had been lost to the Orcs. Presumed dead, but no. Shae saw her in her own mind as clear as day, they had been harrying the Orc camp for weeks, disrupting their supplies, testing their defences, until finally, the assault at dawn had come. It had been a bloody affair, the Orcs fighting with a ferocity that easily matched the skill of the Elves, but they had ultimately been victorious. Shae remembered walking through the tents, recovering lost Elven treasures and counting the dead when she had come across her. In a tent, chained by heavy iron to a crude bed. Lhana. The battle sister she had trained with since they were children, brought up together, raised for war, the stronger of the two, Shae had always thought. She remembered the unseeing gaze of her eyes, a void, where once there had been passion and mirth, was nothing.

She had fought when they had saved her, screaming that she didn't want to be rescued, she wanted her owner, her Orc Mistress, to serve, to please, to worship. Shae had never seen a more broken Elf in all her days and to imagine it had been Lhana, her Lhana, so addicted to dark pleasures that, after mere days in the comforting companionship of her own kind she had fled, back towards the twisted offerings of her tormentors.

Did her fate await Shae? Or worse?

She inhaled sharply as shock lanced through her entire body, causing her to jerk in surprise, her eyes flying open as her body, soaked with icy water, arched in reflex.

Breathing hard, eyes wide like a startled animal she looked around, wild, noticing the Orc from before, standing before her, grinning with mirth as she held an empty bucket, dripping with the drops of what she had just thrown over the Elf.

Breathing hard through her nose Shae grit her teeth, her expression severe as she looked at her captor, trying to adopt a stern, dominant outlook, she was an Elf Captain, no lowly soldier, she was born of high blood and forged in the steel of many combats. She would not flinch before this fiend. Not show her weakness.

"Ha! Tenacity! I like it. You know, I figured you for a blonde. I thought the brown was just the mud. Shame, I like the blonde ones." The Orc grinned surveying the unbound Elf before her, splayed out on the floor, her crimson gaze admiring the Elf's slender form with its impressive curves, only vaguely visible under her intricate gold inlaid breastplate, "What is your name, Elf?"

Shae's eyes flickered around, taking in her surroundings. She was in a makeshift wooden box, three of the sides slotted to give her a view out, or more likely to give others a look in. Bizarrely it was larger than most Orc cells she had freed others from in the past, with an odd wooden box in the middle, like a table but with no chairs. She glanced down, running a gauntleted hand through the straw and hay that coated the ground before she let her eyes trail back up her Orc captor with her black hair tied up in a single matted knot behind her head, bejewelled with coloured glass and bone.

"Are you stupid? What is your name!" The Orc asked, louder, her knuckles tightening around the rim of the bucket she held as her eyes narrowed to slits, everything from her tone to her posture indicating what Shae would suffer should she continue to not answer her.

Shae thought fast, eyes flickering around, there would be opportunities to escape, but she had to keep her strength up, something a beating wouldn't help maintain, "Shae." She answered, simply, her voice hoarse, her skin chilled as her body dripped with water from her rude awakening.

The Orc grunted and lessened her grip, testing the name with her own vile accent, "Shae. Whore name. Will suit you." She grinned, tossing the bucket back behind her, out into the still raining war

camp of the Orcs.

Shae stiffened some, her anxieties bleeding through her steely visage for a brief moment, something that did not escape her captor, "Ha, do not fear little Elf. You will be popular here!" She grinned deeply, stepping forward and squatting down, just a foot or so from Shae.

Shae could kick her, but would she have the strength to stand? To fight? To flee? No. If she was to escape from the heart of an Orc war camp it would be through her natural Elven stealth and wisdom, not brute strength, "I will not become a slave to your monstrous desires," She said coldly, "I am a Captain, I'm sure if you were to send out a party my people would pay a more than fair ransom for my safe return."

The Orc laughed, tilting her head as her red eyes continued to travel over Shae's form. It sent a shiver through her, she felt as if the Orc were viewing her bare skin, picked clean of armour and cloth, "Oh do not worry, little Shae. We dispatched a party to your people as soon as we saw your Captains insignia! Ha, leading from the front. Does not seem so wise now? Does it?"

Shae felt her body relax. A ransom would be paid. She may have to endure this monster for a day, but no longer.

"Although," the Orc continued, pursing her lips and tapping them with a finger, "I think the plan was to either steal the ransom money and kill the envoy, or steal the ransom money and kidnap the envoy. Maybe they will be blonde..."

Shae glared up at the Orc, a pit of anger in her chest welling at her words, "You dishonourable curr!! You cannot approach our kind under truce then attack and plunder! What are you, animals!?"

The Orc's expression split into a fresh grin at the Elf's outburst, her hand reaching out to grip the Elf's head in her palm.

Shae grit her teeth and was forced to tilt her head back as the Orc lifted her slightly towards her own face, leaning down until their faces were mere inches apart, Shae feeling warmth against her face each time the Orc exhaled, the green skin coarse and rough against her own soft silky skin, "We can do whatever we want, Elf. We are not bound by your stupid notions of what honour is. Honour is strength of the heart. Honour is loyalty. Orcs. Orcs have honour. Not your kind, filth."

She pushed Shae away, knocking her down into the floor, drawing another pained gasp from the Elf as her head knocked against the ground, making her dizzy, "Y-you're wrong, I doubt you even... Ah... Even understand the meaning of the word loyalty."

The Orc let out a short barking laugh and shook her head, hands moving to unstrap the heaviest piece of her own armour, letting them fall to the floor piece by piece, "I will teach you, how unloyal your kind are. We will break you. We always do. You will fight at first. But then you will beg, you will plead," she smirked, reaching a hand down to grip her own crotch, swelling where Shae's own was flat, "for Ru'Kash's cock."

Shae stared up at Ru'kash in defiance. Her training, her will, her own sense of being told her that there was no chance, despite whatever a beast like Ru'kash could force her to endure that she would break, give in like that, but her mind kept flitting back to Lhana, what had they don't do her? What would they do to Shae?

"No words of defiance? Shame! Perhaps they will come as I strip you." Ru'kash grinned as she let the last of her own armour fall to the floor. The clothing she wore underneath, a simple shirt that

covered her sizable breasts strapped over her shoulders leaving abdomen and arms left bare, all rippling with muscle. Below the waist she wore simple leather leggings that, she couldn't help but notice, were growing tighter on the Orc.

Gritting her teeth, her eyes going wide she recoiled as the aggressive Orc set herself upon her, laughing as she toyed with Shae who kicked and pushed Ru'kash, turning her head away from the defilement that was taking place. Ru'kash was unbuckling armour straps, shedding her armour with ease, able to all but ignore Shae's feeble resistance.

Shae squeezed her eyes shut, feeling panic well within her which she fought for control, feeling her body grow lighter, making it easier to fight back even as she knew she never stood a chance. At one point she closed her hand around the Orc's upper arm, feeling the warmth of the Orcs bare skin under her delicate fingers.

Opening her eyes as she held onto Ru'kash she watched her grin, the Orc flexing as she leaned over Shae, putting her entire weight on to the gripped arm. Shae's eyes widened, amber orbs twinkling with barely restrained tears as she felt the muscle under her hand swell, a massive and unstoppable force that Shae knew she was powerless against unarmed, even without the exhaustion that crept through her being.

"Do you understand yet? Elf?" Ru'kash snarled, her face barely inches from Shae's, eager to see the defeat in the former Captains twinkling gaze.

Shae stared up at her captor, eyes scanning over the Orcs expression, her red eyes glimmering with the victory that she felt, the conquest of predator over prey. Shae wrinkled her nose and spat.

Surprised Ru'kash recoiled away, her smug expression melting into a snarl as she reached up a hand, tracing two thick fingers across her cheek where the spit had landed, collecting it then looking at it, her eyes turning back to Shae as she wiped it on her own tunic.

The look that Ru'kash gave her, by all accounts, made Shae consider every previous look to be kindly in nature.

"You like to swap spit huh? You might regret sharing that with me, Shae." Ru'kash said in a too quiet, too calm voice, before settling down atop Shae.

Shae let out a panicked whimper as she felt heat, not realising just how little of her armour remained, merely a greave and sabaton on one of her legs, though Ru'kash didn't seem to care.

Shae arched her back and squirmed as the Orc lay across her, their legs intertwining as Ru'kash leaned in, their heavy soft breasts pressing together through the thinness of their shirts before she dragged her thick tongue up over the sweet silky tan skin of Shae's neck, causing her to gasp and almost wretch in disgust.

Despite her station, her pride and training, as she felt the Orc's rough hand slide up under her own undershirt, coarse palm pushing up over her stomach to cup and brutally squeeze one of her sensitive heavy breasts she cried out, a tear streaking down her cheek as she again squeezed her eyes shut, willing it to be over, for it not to be happening to her.

She pushed and writhed to no effect as Ru'kash enjoyed her soft cries and desperate whines, avoiding any pleas or begging, likely because she knew it was what Ru'kash wanted to hear.

Shae's whimper deepened into a groan as Ru'kash's thumb slipped between her luscious lips,

tracing across the inside of her cheek to hook behind her teeth pushing in to lock her jaw open, forcing her mouth wide and preventing her from biting.

Shae's hands were so focused trying to pry the Orc's calloused hand off her heavy breast, trying to free it from the brutal mauling it was receiving, cupped, squeezed pulled and pushed against her chest, that she ignored the relatively painless intrusion of the thumb in her mouth, but, as she felt hot breath against her lips and the hand at her breast lessen its grip she realised her error.

She gagged and twisted helplessly in Ru'kash's powerful grip as she felt the thick hot intrusion of the Orc's searching tongue into the sweet smallness of her mouth, stealing her first kiss, the first of many thefts today, she feared.

She groaned into the forced kiss, trying to bite down on the intruding snake that caressed and explored her mouth, giving no care for her comfort or pleasure, merely sating its own needs, but the thumb locked behind her teeth made it impossible, leaving her no option again but to endure the assault.

Ru'kash kissed her long and deep, getting off as much on the Elf's inevitable submission as she was on the actual kiss, though the Elf's mouth was delightfully sweet and sensuous. She offhandedly continued to casually play with Shae's soft breast, kneading it like dough in her hand and, to her delight, felt the results of her labour as the Elf's nipple involuntarily hardened in her hand.

Panting low, she broke the kiss, leaning up to look down into the Elf's eyes, which had opened at some point and were staring unfocused off at nothing, detached from her mind.

With a smirk, Ru'kash spat on the Elf's face, causing her to jerk, her eyes focusing suddenly at the shock as her lips were wetted with the Orc's spit, her eyes coming to rest on Ru'kash's own.

"Beg for my cock," Ru'kash demanded, more a matter of course than anything, she knew it was too early, but she had to keep reminding this Elf slut what her goals were.

"N-never..." Shae said, her voice quiet, but her eyes resolute. To be forced was one thing. To ask for the abuse? Inconceivable.

Ru'kash grinned, "You will, you will beg for my cock, you will worship it. I will teach you why. Wait here and take off the rest of your armour for me."

And like that the Orc stood, climbing from Shae and, wearing only her underclothing, stepped from the abnormally large cell into the rain and mud of the warcamp, leaving her suddenly alone.

Shae panted softly, feeling violated, but with her wits intact. Her captor had left her, unarmed, yes, but unbound and practically free. Quickly she set about removing the last of her armour, not because she had been commanded to, but because it would slow her down. Yes, the Orc's were unmatched for strength, but for speed and stealth? This was her chance.

Her heart racing, Shae unbound the armour and cast it aside, standing and feeling the lethargy drain from her limbs, replaced by pure adrenaline. She wouldn't be given another opportunity like this anytime soon, she knew.

Looking towards the exit to the cell she wanted to stretch, to following the warm-up regime that had been drilled into her through years of training, but time was a serious factor. Gritting her teeth against the pain she knew would come, she braced herself, exhaling as she pushed off against the box, setting off at a sprint into the welcoming embrace of the cold rain.

And skidded to a halt.

Almost as fast as she had leapt from the cell, three warhounds had leapt from spots nearby, their teeth bared their hackles raised as they confronted this alien pink skinned Elf in the heart of their territory.

Shae froze, her mouth open, her eyes wide as she held her hands out in a placid gesture before her, "W-whoa, easy there," she whispered, glancing about, seeing no Orc's, but seeing fewer options. Swallowing she eased back as they began to approach her, maw's dripping with saliva as they slowly bore down on her, hunger in their evil eyes.

Breathing hard Shae's heart skipped a beat as her heel clicked against the wood of her cell. With a pang of shame, she realised they were herding her like cattle to her pen, looking down and spotting her own tracks her shame intensified as she noticed, unguarded and free of binds, she had made it all of five steps before skidding to a halt. Five steps.

With resignation coursing through her veins she stepped back into the comparative safety of the cell, moving to sit on the odd wooden box in the centre as adrenal fatigue took over, her hands shaking, her skin cold, her hopes dashed in an instant.

Ru'kash, smirked deeply as she stepped from her tent. She had watched the whole thing, more than that, she had staged it, there had been a chance, of course, that Shae would have stuck to it and been run down by the hounds, but Ru'kash figured she had an understanding of the Elf's character, and events only proved her right. The Elf was tenacious, sure, but she thought too much into the future, seeing that a new chance was always likely to present itself eventually. But Shae would soon learn that for everyone, at some point, their last opportunity passed them by.

With three sets of chains draped over her shoulder and a bucket in one hand she walked back to the open cell, whistling with a sharp note that got the dogs to back off to their spots as she stepped in, eying the sitting Elf over with a smile, "Mm, good girl," she growled.

Shae looked up, frowning at the words, uncertain as to what Ru'kash meant, then looked down towards her leg. With shame, she realised from Ru'kash's perspective she had ordered Shae to remove the last of her armour, and she had complied. She returned her gaze, parting her lips to defend herself, but realised the futility of it.

"Keep going," Ru'kash commanded, grinning hungrily, "show me the rest of what I felt."

Shae stiffened and looked up at Ru'kash, her defiance keeping her from complying, but fear making her uncertain.

"If you prefer, I could beat you with these chains?" Ru'kash said, her voice mockingly amicable as she watched Shae's mind turn over the problem. She had this Elf all figured out. As with the hounds, she would surrender each tiny battle if it gave her the chance of winning the war, a true Captain's point of view. Stripping her clothes would be a loss, but being beaten with chains would reduce her strength, stop any future prospects, not that she really had any.

Hesitantly she reached down, her eyes downcast as she tried to ignore the Orc's prying eyes as she lifted the shirt up, revealing, inch by tentative inch the tan skin of her abdomen, the swell of the underside of her full heavy breasts and to the peaked tips of her nipples.

"Good tits," Ru'kash growled, if only to remind the Elf of her gaze and presence as she continued to strip, her hands shaking, probably from a mix of her adrenal fatigue and utter humiliation.

Slowly she slid her leggings down over her hips and let them fall to the floor around her ankles, which she absently kicked free, her head remaining downcast, her thighs squeezed shut and an arm resting over her breasts, trying to preserve her already tattered modesty as the Orc's lecherous eyes drank in every inch.

Smirking she stepped towards the Elf, setting the bucket with its thick gloopy contents down and piling the three lengths of chain and iron around it, "Look up here, Elf."

After only a moment's hesitation she completed, her entire body feeling cold, save for the blush that flushed her cheeks, right up to her pointed ear tips.

Ru'kash smirked, lacing her fingers through Shae's head and pulling it forward, into the straining bulge of her crotch, pressing her half hard cock against the Elf's cheek through the too thin fabric of her leathers, close enough for Shae to feel its heat and terrifying size.

She looked up at Ru'kash even as the Orc ground her cock into her cheek, a look of disgust on her fair Elven features.

"I'm not going to fuck you until you beg for it..." Ru'kash said low, studying the Elf's reaction, uncertainty, distrust, fear.

"T-then you will never sate your lusts on my body, you monster..." Shae whispered, wrenching her head from the Orc's grasp, again turning her head away, unwilling to meet her gaze.

Ru'kash smirked and squatted down a little, "I will give you this one chance today. One chance, Elf. Beg for my cock. Plead to take my thick Orc cock in your sweet Elven cunt. Refuse and I'll ask you again tomorrow. And the day after that, and the day after that, till you say yes."

"I'll never agree to that..." Shae said, turning her body from the Orc, hiding her alluring curves.

Ru'kash shrugged, "That's fine by me... But uh, I should mention, until you do, you'll be entertaining the scouts. Girls?"

Shae tensed as she heard footprints, turning to see Ru'kash lean on the entrance to her cage, a pair of slender, younger Orc's stepping forward toward her, purpose in their eyes a smirk on their lips.

"N-no!" Shae shouted at them, ineffectual as they took her by the arms, one each, drawing a shout of panic from the already exhausted Elf as they dragged her over to the central wooden box, hands collecting the loose chains that Ru'kash had left as they shoved her over scrambling at her neck and limbs.

All too late as their quick nimble hands worked her body did she notice the iron ring built into the side of the box on the far side, through which one attached a chain, the other linking to a thick iron collar that was swiftly bolted to her neck.

She struggled, she writhed, she cried out, but was helpless against the deftly skilled actions of their hands. She felt iron lock around her wrists behind her back and her ankles down on the ground, her body forced over the box, her breasts pressed into the hardwood, her chained neck holding her in place. She pulled and strained against her bonds to no effect, barely able to rattle the box.

To make things worse as she struggled she heard Ru'kash laugh and she blushed suddenly, realising in this compromising position the Orc doubtless had a view of her unguarded virtue, which she kept smooth. She squeezed her thighs together in an effort of modesty but knew with her build, unless

she was able to cross her thighs her pussy lips would remain pursed towards her tormentor.

“Y-you can chain me down but you won’t break me!” she shouted back in defiance, trying to mask her own mounting humiliation behind her words.

“You’re right, Elf, I won’t break you, the scouts will.” Ru’kash chuckled and a wet sloppy sound reminded Shae that she wasn’t alone with the warrior at the door.

The two smaller, more slender Orc’s who had so quickly bound her were set behind her, each resting one arm over her lower back, flanking her ass and thighs, hands caressing over her skin, pinching and squeezing, causing her to bite her lip to avoid letting out undignified noises at their explorations.

The two of them began to speak in Orcish, a crude rough language that Shae couldn’t understand, but as she felt their hands prying at her body she could at the very least understand what they were talking about. Writhing helplessly, chained and pinned down as they sank their fingers into the plushness of her cheeks, parting them to inspect her star, causing her blush to intensify as she grit her teeth, horrified that no less than three vile Orc’s were staring at and discussing her most private of places.

“W-whatever you’re going to do just do it!” she said, head bowed, eyes closed, feeling as if her humiliation was complete as she was laid bare.

The Orc’s exchanged a brief bout of words, Ru’kash talking briefly before all three laughed, “They said they’re surprised you’re so eager. They thought Elves were supposed to be modest,” she said, mocking, “yet here you are, asking them to hurry up and finger your tight Elf ass.”

“W-what! No! No no!” Shae exclaimed, trying to thrash about, but the two younger Orc’s with their arms draped across her back held her easily in place. As she squirmed, she heard a slick wet gloop and recalled the small bucket they had brought in with them.

One Orc held her cheeks open while the other traced slick hot fingers over her exposed ass, prepping her for what was to come.

Gasping out and doing her best not to scream she arched her back, clenching down as best she could as she felt one slender finger push forcefully into her tight unexplored hole with a sudden jolt, every second spent here stripping more and more from her. As she felt the intruding finger writhe around inside her ass, twisting and wiggling, a bizarre sensation that should’ve been pure pain blossomed, to her surprise into a spark of pleasure.

“Feels good, doesn’t it? Elf slut.” Ru’kash taunted, still leaning by the cell door, admiring the sight of the two lesser Orc’s as they played with her white ass, a finger locked deep within, twisting and spreading the special slime.

“W-what’re you doing to me!” Shae gasped, her eyes wide as she stared forward at nothing, feeling a bizarre tingling, a stirring deep within her as one of the two Orc’s by her began to work her finger in and out of her ass.

“It’s a gift!” Ru’kash laughed, “Something to help you enjoy what the scout is going to do to you.”

Shae stared ahead, panting hard as she felt the finger begin to glide in and out of her ass, the Orc’s hand pressing up against the softness of her cheeks with each push, her breathes syncing with the tempo of the Orc’s probing finger. She had expected pain, she had expected torture, she hadn’t

expected the pleasure and it's shame drove into her like a knife.

Ru'kash said something in Orc and Shae's toes curled as, after being dipped once more into the goop, a second finger was pushed into her ass, which was surprisingly accommodating to the additional digit that began its slick journey in and out of her of her body.

One of the Orcs spoke and Ru'kash, after a grunt of humour translated, "She said your ass feels great around her fingers. She can't wait for the next step."

Shae saw little stars, her thighs squeezing together as she tried to deny the pleasure that the two intruding fingers was bringing her, but as she did, she felt another finger dip between the folds of her sex, causing her eyes to roll back and a shameful moan to escape her lips. The Orc let out a mirthful bark which the other two picked up.

"Wet already, Elf?" Ru'kash grinned, unfolding her arms and stepping slowly around the cell, squatting down before Shae, reaching out and wrapping her hand in the Elf's damp hair, pulling her head up, her eyes rolling to focus on the Orc.

Shae looked up into those red eyes, beaming with sadistic mirth at her own disgrace, unable to control her body, to resist whatever foul alchemy was being worked inside her butt. Despite her best efforts at a snarl, as a third finger was worked into her already sensitive hole and her expression melted into one of forced pleasure, a look that Ru'kash obviously delighted in as she grinned.

Standing and stepping back she let Shae's head loll forward once again, stepping past her and reaching down. Shae let out a low sigh as she felt a thick intruding finger push deep into her womanhood, her core so slick the finger easily slid deep into her. Ru'kash let out a low chuckle as she writhed her finger around briefly before pulling it free, sucking on the soaked digit.

"Mm... Tastes good." Ru'kash grinned before speaking in Orc to the other two.

Shae wasn't sure what was said but as Ru'kash settled once more against the doorway to the cell she felt the fingers withdraw from her poor butt, giving her a moments respite.

"You won't... You won't break me." She said softly, more to encourage herself than for the Orc's hearing. But even as she spoke, she felt the smaller Orc's hands once more on her body, preparing to violate her, fingers soaked in whatever the stuff they were using was.

With a groan she felt as three fingers were pushed into her ass, her eyes rolling back as she felt stretched, her tiny hole, so unused to penetration of any kind now being spread beyond what she thought capable, the odd liquid that was bringing her pleasure, she thought, must be playing a part in it, helping to loosen her for whatever they had planned.

She lay there, her lithe tan body becoming slick with sweat as she jerked and writhed against the slender green fingers of the two assaulting Orcs. One groped and squeezed a cheek with one hand, her other with four fingers pressed together now, pushing deeper and deeper into her ass, the other Orc had begun playing with her virtue, two fingers gripping and squeezing her swollen lips as her thumb worked over Shae's clit. The pleasure was humiliating, her core undoubtedly soaking and hot with desire, it disgusted her.

Ru'kash smirked, leaning against the doorway as she watched the scene, pulling out a dagger which she used as a makeshift toothpick. She enjoyed the way the Elf strained against her bonds, helpless as the two lesser Orcs, defiled her in the most base of ways. She wondered how it felt, for a Captain who spent her whole life believing she was above even others of her own Kin, to be here, with two

Orcs, younger ones at that, going to town on her uppity pussy and ass.

Grinning she folded her arms and watched as the Orc currently enjoying her ass withdrew her fingers, smirking as the Elf's precious little hole gaped for a moment, winking at her.

"Get ready Elf," Ru'kash said with a smirk, though the Elf showed no sign of registering her words.

After a brief moments debating between the pair of lesser Orcs, one dipped her hand into the bucket of liquid, spending a moment opening and closing her fist in the thick goop, ensuring her hand was thoroughly coated before withdrawing it, holding it up in a fist, thick rivulets of the slime dripping down her arm onto the hay-strewn ground. With a curious look, the lesser Orc glanced towards Ru'kash, who, after a moment's consideration, pursed her lips and shrugged. The two lesser orcs shrugged at each other and set about their task.

Shae panted hard, her whole body quivering with exhaustion and pleasure both, it had felt so good somehow, her body radiating pure bliss even as her mind screamed in humiliation and disgust. But it seemed to be over, for now at least, the two of them finally allowing her a respite from their bizarre form of torture. Yes, the shame was getting to her, driving into her mind like she'd never thought possible, but these two scouts wouldn't break her. She would suffer, but she would survive, nothing they could do to her would make her beg to be Ru'kash's pet.

She felt two hands on her cheeks, prying her soft ass cheeks wide and in instinct she leaned forward, trying to pull away as she felt a cool breeze where she never thought she would, her breasts pressing down into the wood of the box as she let out a whimpering sigh of regret, speaking in a moment of weakness, "N-no more." She panted, quiet enough that Ru'kash wouldn't hear, but the lesser Orcs couldn't understand her words, not that they'd listen anyway.

She opened her mouth to speak once again, but as she felt a pressure against her abused little star her eyes went wide, "N-no!!!" she cried out, sharp and high pitched, but as she felt the pressure give, her vision going white, all she heard was Ru'kash chuckle in amusement.

"Yes."

Shae let out a gasp and a groan as the lesser Orc's fist pressed into her ass, the hardest part of her knuckles over in an instant, her ass swallowing the fist eagerly until it reached the narrowness of the Orc's slender wrist.

Ru'kash grinned at Shae's animalistic grunts, her body bucking like she was a horse trying to dislodge its rider, though it would be to no avail. The low guttural sounds the treatment was eliciting from the Elf made Ru'Kash worry she might actually cave in before all was said and done, but she had hope, hope that the Elf would have just enough resilience to make this fun.

Shae's entire world became the explosion of stars in her vision and mind as the lesser Orc began rocking her fist in and out of her ass, a feat she thought must have been impossible, but one she couldn't deny was really happening to her.

Unable to form coherent thoughts her mind fell back on her training, applying tactics and strategies to a situation in which she could never have planned for. But some tenets stuck. Always find a battle to fight. Find a battle you can win. Never let the enemy gain the advantage. Though there was so much already lost, so much she could never recover.

With a gasp, her toes curling she felt pleasure flow through her ass, her pussy twitching and dripping with its lusts. She saw it, she saw it clear as day, the battle Ru'kash was trying to win, one

she above all couldn't lose. Ru'kash was trying to make her climax, it made sense, the ultimate humiliation, to make this proud Elf Captain cum with her ass impaled on the fist of a mere Orc scout. She grunted and her eyes rolled back as another movement sent a shiver up her spine, her growl coming in low.

"You... Won't win!" she gasped, biting her lip as her body rocked backwards and forward with the none too gentle movements of her assaulter.

Ru'kash grinned broadly, tilting her head to the side to better see the beautiful sight, the eye of Shae's ass stretched obscenely wide to accommodate the lesser Orcs pumping fist, her hole slick and dripping with the thick liquid they'd applied en masse, "What was that, Elf?"

"You won't, make me, ah! Cum!" She panted, her hands balled into tight fists, trying to use the pain of her nails digging into her palm to suppress the pleasure lancing through to her very core.

Her body wanted nothing more but to let go, to embrace the wonderful sensations drowning every nerve she had, but she fought it, sweat dripping down her cheeks as the brutal assault continued, driving her to greater and greater heights of need, her mind torn between begging for her lust to be sated and the pride that had been ingrained into her since birth. She wouldn't give in, not here, not to these cruel beasts.

Seconds stretched into minutes, though each push and pull felt like an eternity to the bound Shae, her teeth gritted, her muscles strained as her hole grew hotter and hotter, the walls tight around the Orc's dominating fist, each breath became a labour, a struggle with each exhale not to let the walls of her resolve collapse and to give into the pleasure being offered to her, but she fought every instant, knowing each push could be their last, could be the one they surrendered on, she clung to a piece of wisdom she had been taught by her mother at a very young age. The hardest step of any journey wasn't the first one, or the last one, it was the next one. She just had to make it through the next step, and the next one, it would end, it had to end.

Pleasure mounted on pleasure but yet she fought, even as her own juices trickled down her inner thighs, her pussy soaked with need she battled on, until, finally, Ru'kash let out a short bark in the Orcish tongue and, blessedly, she felt it, she felt the fist withdraw.

Shae lay there, breathing hard, exhausted, her body limp against the box as she listened to the footsteps of the two lesser Orc's withdraw, leaving her alone, her ass gaping and dripping their alchemic lubricant, her pussy ablaze, but sound in the knowledge that she had won the battle. She had beaten Ru'kash at this step, and where she could win one battle she could win more.

Unable to help herself she let out a laugh, small and quiet, interspersed between her deep gasps for air, but all the same, she laughed, feeling joy in her first victory, no matter how small.

"What're you laughing at, Elf?" Ru'kash asked, her voice curious, devoid of any anger or disappointment, as Shae had expected to hear from the loser of this bout.

"Ha... Haha... You... You didn't... Ha... Make me cum... Your... Ah... Your scouts failed..." Shae grinned a little, her head hanging limp, her pride intact, even if her body wasn't.

For a moment there was silence, then Ru'kash joined Shae in laughing, drowning out the Elf until she fell to silence, leaving the Orc to chuckle alone, "Oh Shae, you sweet little Elf. You thought they were the scouts I said would break you?"

"W-what else?" Shae panted, but even as she spoke she heard the unmistakable sound of hooves

approaching.

Ru'kash's laughed deepened, before speaking, her voice light and merry, her tone as if she was imparting the obvious to a child, "They're just the stable hands for the scouts."

Forcing her head up, a straining task, Shae turned it, twisting her head back to face the newcomer.

"I'm the scout, or at least, the first scout." A heavily accented voice said and Shae felt her heart skip a beat.

As Ru'kash stood leaning on the doorway to the cell she had her hand on the flank of a huge beast, a Centaur of terrifying size and bulk. It stood tall, proud and a beacon of inspiration, all things that had been stripped from Shae that day, her muscles glistening across her bare chest, nipples hard on her impressive bust, her skin dark and complimentary of her amazonian build. Like Shae's, her ears were swept back, but unlike Shae's, her face was one of glee.

"It's not every day you get to get to fuck an Elf, is it Iphi?" Ru'kash said, giving the Centaur a solid pat on the flank, her eyes focused on Shae, a malevolence swimming in them.

Shae's eyes traced down from the Centaur's own Emerald gaze, away from the piercings and tattoos that defined her face, across the scarred humanoid body to the equine one below, strong and powerful, her gaze coming to rest on something that set alight a spark of fear deep inside Shae, a spark that was quickly fanned into a flame as the Centaur stepped forward. A huge, throbbing horse cock, pointed at her.

"No, Ru'kash, it is not, I will not forget this gift," Iphi said as she settled her bulk atop the Elf, feeling her struggle and writhe, locked and helpless under the short well-kept hair of her equine body.

"No!! Please!!! You cant, I can't!!! Please!!!" Shae all but yelped as she felt the flared tip of Iphi's equine length bump against her cheeks.

As the two lesser Orcs moved back into the cell, rubbing the thick liquid they had used to prepare Shae's ass onto Iphi's erect length, Ru'kash let out another laugh, "Oh Shae, this camp boasts a dozen such Centaur. You won't only pleasure our gorgeous Iphi here, but every, single, one of them. You will be nothing but a worthless sleeve for horse cock. Unless..."

Shae panting hard, turning her head around, able to make Ru'kash out of the corner of her eye, past the massive equine length of Iphi that glistened wetly, prepared for her, "Unless!! Unless what?!" she cried out, latching onto the word like a lifeline.

"Unless you beg to be my cock sleeve. Unless you surrender yourself to a life worshipping my Orc cock. Sucking. Fucking. Riding. Being bred. You'll belong to me." Ru'kash explained, grinning.

Shae watched as the two lesser Orcs guided the Centaur's huge shaft, the slick intimidating tip, broad and flat being lined up with her already devastated ass.

"Yes!! Yes please by the gods! I'll submit! I'll submit!!" She pled, all vestiges of pride shed from her without a moment's hesitation, now she knew what fate had in store for her should she keep resisting.

Ru'kash grinned, broad and victorious, "Oh, I know you will... Once you fully understand the depth of your punishment should you ever disobey or displease me. Elf-slut."

Shae opened her lips, drawing in a breath to scream and plead, but Ru'kash waved a hand idly towards Iphi, who had been shuffling her hooves impatiently, her massive member twitching and throbbing up against the underside of her body. Before Shae could exhale and with the help of the two lesser Orcs, her stable hands, apparently, Iphi took a half step forward, which was all it took in the end, to break the Elf.

Shae let out the softest of gasps, her hazel eyes wide and vacant as she felt the hot pulsing tip spear her hole, stretched wide behind the flare as the two lesser Orcs let go, no longer needed in helping their superior find its mark.

"Oooh fuck." Iphi said, again in that heavy accent, deep and rich, vibrant with pleasure, "She is tight."

Ru'kash snorted, grinning as she stepped slightly to the side so she got a better view of where the two lovebirds were joined.

Iphi had her front hooves up on the box, either side of the trapped elf as she took another half step forward, her hands reaching out to grip the bars of the cell for support as she fed inch after agonisingly thick inch of her massive horse cock into this tiny Elf's ass, that, up until mere hours ago, had been virginal.

"She takes it like a trained whore," Iphi said, laughing as she pushed forward, using a hand to brush her dreadlocked hair over one shoulder, hooking it behind her pointed ear, grunting as she continued her assault, pushing forward time and time again, filling the Elf entirely with her massive shaft until Shae's little ring was bumping against the preputial ring of Iphi's cock.

Shae couldn't think, she could barely breathe, it felt as if every aspect of her anatomy had been rearranged to accommodate Iphi, a fact that couldn't have been too far from the truth. The heat of it filled her, it's size stretching and owning her, able to feel each pulse of Iphi's heart through her straining cock, able to feel each tiny ridge, bump and vein as it rubbed against the walls of her ass, her ring gripping her tight, like it never wanted to let go. Which was in part, true, she didn't want to feel it move, because she knew what would come with it when it did.

Iphi chewed her thick lower lip and dragged herself backwards, the friction and suction around her cock a euphoric feeling as she slowly withdrew her cock until only the flared tip remained within, leaving a vacuum that needed to be filled, something she was all too happy to oblige.

Ru'kash bit her lip too, feeling her own cock straining at her pants as she watched the huge cock, thicker than her own arm push in and out of her new toy. There was no way after this that she would offer any further resistance. Ru'kash reached a hand down, unable to help herself from giving her package a squeeze through her trousers, as if reassuring her cock that it would find a home in this Elf soon enough. Shae would beg, she would plead just for the opportunity to bounce her hungry cunt up and down on her green Orc cock just to avoid a repeat of this fate. Though, she was sure she'd be able to find a few minor infractions here or there, reason enough to give Shae the occasional reminder session of what awaited her should she disobey.

Iphi wasn't even out of breath as she used her weight to slam her bulky frame forward and back, hammering her cock in and out of the pleasure sleeve that was her own Elf fuck toy, her walls hot and slick around her cock, gripping and milking it with each of her thrusts, her balls, heavy and round in their leathery sack swaying ominously, pent up with her seed that she knew could only be spent in one place.

Shae's eyes were closed, drool running from her lips as her tongue lolled, unable to control even

that as what she feared came to light. With each push and each pull, a mind-shattering burst of pleasure coursed through her body, she'd never felt anything so wonderful in her entire life, but with each iota of bliss came a wave of shame, shame she couldn't handle, couldn't process, to think that she, Shae, Elf Captain, high born, was feeling such wonderful things from something so sinister, so lowly and animalistic as a Centaur. She couldn't stand it, could never forgive herself.

The lewd sound of their unholy coupling echoed wetly through the cell, the Centaur's pace growing more frantic with each passing thrust, Ru'kash knew Iphi wouldn't last long, as pent-up as she was and in as something as out of this world as Shae's ass, it was never going to be a lengthy breeding, but it didn't need to be for her to make her point. For her to break this Elf down into the slut she was destined to be the second she was in Orc hands.

All thought of the battle was lost to Shae, all trace of the next step gone from her mind, she couldn't resist the pleasure, it had been stupid to try, it was too good, far too good, she felt her whole body tensing, squeezing and milking down on the huge equine shaft, as if her entire body was trying to coax the load she knew was coming as they both drew close to their peaks.

Iphi leaned back, twisting her body to look down, just seeing Shae beneath her, her eyes closed, her face a mask of shame and pleasure as, finally, her mind surrendered to what was being hammered into it, her pleasures peaking in a single, unending climax that wracked her body mind and soul, her lips parting as she moaned with abandon, the noise of her pleasure traveling far throughout the camp, the sound of an Elf broken, cumming on a Centaur cock deep inside her ass.

As Shae came Iphi felt her own pleasures rise, the pulsing heat of her now eager lover beneath her massaging every inch of her cock, her heavy balls tensing and the already too-wide head of her cock flaring further, she embraced the pleasure, looking down with her piercing gaze at her Elvish toy.

She came hard, the torrent of horse cum firing like a hose inside Shae's ruined body, the first jet of thick cum alone enough to fill and squirt out around Iphi's cock to drip in thick rivulets onto the hay-strewn floor.

Shae gasped audibly, each shot of cum inside her pushing her to new heights with her climax, beyond anything she ever thought possible, she'd never believed she could feel like this and in that moment, all shame was forgotten, she wanted it, needed to feel a horse's cock deposit its sticky load inside of her, using her as nothing but a cumdump.

Pulse after pulse filled her body, her toes curling as pleasure piled into pleasure, giving her no escape, no moment's respite from the sensation as Iphi drained her incredibly sizable nuts in the Elf, painting her insides white and staining the box Shae lay on with her escaping cum.

As Iphi came, accentuating each stream of her seed with a thrust of her hips, ensuring she spent herself as deep as possible inside the Elf she felt her passions begin to wain, the euphoric high of her climax dwindling slowly to be replaced by a sense of dominance and victory, strength and satisfaction. she let out a long low breath, the first sign of any exhaustion since she had first mounted Shae like the animal she was to her.

"Fuck that was good..." Iphi breathed, biting her lip as she took a few steps back, her cock, already half soft and drooping between her rear legs, slick with her own cum which practically poured from Shae's abused hole, "I hope I get to play with her again, and soon."

For Shae, the story was different, she let out a single last groan as she felt the horse cock pull from her drained body, leaving a void in her, one she knew would be forever with her. There was no sense of victory or satisfaction for her, as the high of her climax ebbed away, it left room only for the

shame, for her own personal disgrace. Knowing that in the moment she had wanted it, wanted to be used by a Centaur as nothing but a place to cum shook her to her core. She could never again be in that dark place, could never stand the thought of being driven to such weakness as to lust for that defilement.

She had to pick her battles, she remembered. If she couldn't win that one, she had to find one she could. Ru'kash knew it and she knew it too. She would obey. Worse, she would want to obey, she would be a good pet for Ru'kash to avoid that feeling, to avoid the blissful euphoria and utter worthlessness that came with being a toy for an animal's cock.

Ru'kash smirked slightly as she stepped towards Shae, patting Iphi on the flank as she made her way from the cell, stepping off likely to brag about her conquests. Ru'kash squatted down, again lifting Shae's limp head by her hair, patting her on the cheek a few times until her eyes opened, focusing after a moment on Ru'kash.

Shae saw the Orc, tall, strong and muscled, brutal and cruel, hung and eager to use. But smaller, weaker, kinder than the Centaurs that she knew lusted for her body.

"Say it," Ru'kash said, her voice not laden with malice or anger, if anything it was soft and reassuring, luring Shae in with the promise of comparative comfort.

Shae panted softly, her cheeks flushed with colour, her whole body spent, "Ah... Please..."

"Please what..." Ru'kash prompted, tilting her head.

"I beg you... Please... Let me worship your cock... Anything... Please..." Shae spoke softly, her voice genuine in her desires.

Ru'kash tilted her head and eyed the Elf. It had been a fun evening all told. She would take Shae back to hers and spend the rest of the night violating her in a whole host of new ways to sate her own mounting lusts and imprint in Shae her new position, though, she knew, nothing she could do would compare to what the Elf had already undergone. Ru'kash knew it was something Shae would have to experience again, now and then, just to be reminded what fate awaited her should she renegade on her newly found loyalties. Though, if the scouts were unavailable, Ru'kash was sure the hounds would be interested in taking their turns with her.

She found herself grinning as she looked down at Shae, broken as she was it wouldn't be long until she was addicted to Ru'kash's cock. The perfect outcome.

"There now, was that really so hard to say?"