

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



"Die, Abomination!" screamed Katrina as her blade sliced into the throat of yet another greenskin opponent.

The warrior princess gave a cold smile of savage satisfaction as the doomed goblin clutched at his wound, incapable of comprehending the spurting dark green blood. Down he went and moved no more.

Suddenly finding herself with no enemy in front of her Katrina lowered her sword and brushed back her long blonde hair. All around her she could hear the sounds of battle – sword versus axe, elf versus greenskin monster, good and free versus pure evil. To her left Katrina smiled to see the loyal redhead Hannah, her weapon gleaming as she decapitated yet another foe. To her right blonde Martine was also winning, – winning, killing and laughing.

"These scum are pathetic!" snarled the raven-haired Laura, "We kill them as easily as slaughtering sheep!"

Katrina nodded in agreement. She and the rest of the Virtuous Maiden Regiment of High Kevlava weren't so much as fighting the enemy army as massacring it. It was truly incredible that this worthless rabble had caused such terror amongst the peoples of the Free World. Katrina had heard tales of how the huge army of the Orc King Delrog had countless numbers of massively-powerful orcs and trolls that had wiped out every human force sent against them. How even the dwarves hid in their tunnels for fear of facing the fearsome horde of Delrog.

When the human king had stood before the High Elven King Falenronda at the court of Kevlava to beg for help Katrina had noticed with contempt how the wimp had shook with fear when he described the advance of the orcs.

"An unstoppable horde of monsters!" the coward had whimpered, "Lead by that most rare of things – a clever orc!"

A clever orc!?!

Ridiculous notion!

Orcs were stupid. Strong, yes. But their strength tempered by their foolishness. This clown had led his people to the brink of defeat and was trying to excuse his mistakes by exaggerating the prowess of his conqueror...

Now as she stood amongst the greenskin dead on this field of battle Katrina modified her opinion. Not only were her opponents stupid, they were smaller than she had been led to believe. Not a worthy foe at all...

"Boobies!" drooled a grinning goblin as he moved towards her arms out-stretched, "Nice boobies!"

"Degenerate scum!" spat Katrina as she readied herself for combat.

Clearly the belief that these monsters were immoral was one notion that was correct.

"Ugh!" gasped the princess as the ugly brute unfastened his belt and let his tunic fall to the ground. It was now obvious that he found his beautiful opponent attractive...

How dare this low-born beast conduct himself in such a vulgar manner in the presence of the only daughter of an Elven king!

"Me sucka boob-GARK!" choked the rude fellow as Katrina stuck her sword into his chest, swiftly withdrew it and then spat at the corpse.

"My lady!" came a small voice from somewhere amidst the noise of warfare.

Katrina turned to see a male elf soldier calling out to her. The man looked tired and scared.

"Typical male!" was the thought that flashed thru Katrina's mind.

Men were little better than orcs!

"We are enveloped!" the man spluttered, "The day is lost!"

"You fool!" Katrina responded with a sneer, "Look around you! My girls and I are killing all who oppose us!"

To emphasis her point Katrina struck an heroic pose with her hand on her hips, long slim legs standing firm and her full bosom thrust forward.

"But look elsewhere!|" whined the man, gesticulating wildly.

Now Katrina looked around.

Beyond her stoutly fighting girls giant trolls could be seen attacking the lines of the rest of the Elf army, their huge clubs rising and falling in bloody business. A volley of arrows slammed into one of the powerful brutes and didn't slow him down a jot.

Further off swarms of wolf riders were racing forward, pausing to rip apart Elven soldiers in their way.

Surely her father would be able to counter this?

He had his bodyguard after all.

Where were they?

"Aroooo-hah!" arose a guttural cry, causing Katrina to spin round.

The wimpy goblins were now nowhere to be seen, disappearing like wisps of smoke. In their place advanced wave after wave of orcs, three times the size of their smaller brethren.

Katrina felt her heart rate rising. Her mouth suddenly dry.

"It s a trap!" she gasped, looking around to see countless numbers of the enemy almost surrounding them, "We've charged into a trap!"

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"B-but father!" entreated a desperate Katrina, "Surely there is another way!?"

Her voice echoed around the empty hall of the Royal Palace. The guards, the few that were left, had

been stood down while the King explained the terms of the surrender to his daughter.

The old King turned away and went to slump down on his throne. He had visibly aged in the past few weeks, weeks of relentless bad news. Three of his sons had been left dead on the field of that first battle with the orcs. Two more had fallen in subsequent defeats. Of all his children only the teenage girl in front of him remained.

"I'm sorry!" he cried, "But the Orc King's demands MUST be accepted!"

Katrina felt overwhelmed by the horror of the situation. Elves had never been beaten by Orc-filth. It was impossible! The news that her father had agreed to surrender was shocking enough, but the terms...

"What of the other Elven kingdoms?" she demanded, "Why will they not come to our aid? They must know that they are next!"

"They know," replied the King sadly, "But they need time to find a way to beat this Delrog. Time we must give them. No matter what the cost."

"B-but father...," she tried again, "The shame of it..."

"I know!" barked the old man, "But as the leader of our people I must put aside my feelings and we all must do our duty."

Gently he caressed the reddening cheek of his daughter. He could see her lower lip trembling and feared that if his shame gave way to tears she would fail in what she had to do.

"Duty." she said quietly.

"Yes, our damned duty," he replied, "The curse of a royal family."

Katrina swallowed hard. She could feel tears welling up in her eyes and prayed she could control herself.

"Go now, sobbed the King, "Go and gather your cousins. The wizardess of the White Tower will speed you on your way."

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Few citizens could bring themselves to watch as the group of riders rode out of the city. At the head of the group Katrina noted dully that Delrog had kept the first part of his promise — he'd ordered his army to abandon their siege trenches. That had been after all the gold of Kevlava had been handed over. Katrina and the four other horse riders were the final part of payment. They were to ride east to the White Tower. Once within range of the wizardess' powers their steeds would be magically propelled to Delrog's fortress- the old Dwarven stronghold of Zangubba.

Katrina paused and looked back. Behind her were her cousins Hannah, Martine and Laura. Beautiful Elven maidens all. Their fate should have been marriage to a high-ranking Elven noble and taking their place in the ruling of this land. Not this...

The fourth rider at the back was struggling to keep up, even this early. This was Eliza, a mere servant. She was only here as a replacement for Claudette, daughter of the Baron Redialle. Upon hearing that all the noble girls of the Royal Household were to be handed over to the orcs Claudette

had been gripped by terror and leapt from the highest tower in the palace. Such cowardice disgraced her and would disgrace what was left of her family for a generation. Eliza was given Claudette's finest clothes and was to be sent in her place. Katrina regarded her with a sneer, a peasant in the clothes of a noble! How times had changed!

The quintet rode on. The ride was a grim one, carried out mostly in silence. The scenes of death and destruction that had accompanied Delrog's advance were everywhere. Corpses not just of Elven soldiers but civilians and even children. Some had clearly been tortured before the blessed relief of death had overtaken them.

"I wonder what sort of husband an orc will make?"

Katrina spun round in astonishment at Eliza's feckless comment.

Surely this was a jest? But no, the simple girl actually meant it!

"You seriously think we're on our way to Zangubba to be married?" gasped Martine, "By the Lords, you're stupid!"

"Leave it!" ordered Katrina, shooting a glare at Martine to silence her.

If Eliza didn't suspect what was going to be done to her and the others then perhaps that was for the best.

Katrina, though, knew exactly what kind of treatment they would receive.

As she had been fleeing from the field of that first bloody defeat Kaye with the long dark hair had been felled by a rock. Katrina hadn't noticed for a moment and ran on for a good few yards before realizing. When she had turned she saw a pair of orcs racing up to the sprawling Elf maiden. Kaye tried to raise her sword but it was knocked aside like a child's toy. Katrina expected to see her friend receive a death-blow, so it was even more shocking what did happen; Working together the orcs first pulled off Kaye's breastplate then slapped her face to send her falling onto her back. Now shoving aside his comrade the bigger of the two leapt on top of the downed elf, pulled her slender legs apart and – despite his victims' jabbering protest – stuck his powerful hand up her skirt and ripped off her knickers.

Thankfully Martine had then pulled Katrina away so she was spared from seeing what happened next, but Kaye's piercing shriek of 'NO!' had haunted her dreams every night since.

Any hope what was done to Kaye was an isolated incident was swiftly dispelled when Katrina rallied the pitiful remnants of her beloved regiment. All survivors told the same tale – when the orcs fought the sword-maidens they were clearly trying to disarm or wound them rather than go for an outright kill. Once defeated the women were raped, brutally and repeatedly. Many survivors had heart-rending stories of gravely-injured friends been literally gang-raped to death as they lay bleeding in the dirt.

Thereafter Katrina and her warriors had made a vow never to be taken alive. Katrina herself kept a vial of poison in a pouch on her belt, to be used just in case.

Now such action was rendered pointless. She was to become a prisoner of the Orc King Delrog and was to serve as he commanded. This was her father's order. To save the kingdom.

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"Mornin' Elf Bitches!" grunted the hideous orc that blocked their way, "Is yer looking fer Orc cock?"

"Yeah!" cackled his friend, "Betcha they wants some!"

"Stand aside you vile vermin!" ordered Katrina, imperiously.

"Ooooooh, get her!" laughed the first orc, "Wot a stuck up cow!"

"Yeah!" drooled his clearly-moronic mate, "She ain't too friendly, dats fer sure!"

Katrina was furious. If she were armed it would be a simple matter to hop off her mount and slaughter these impudent rogues. Simple and satisfying.

"Move!" she roared, spurring her horse until it almost ran into the green twosome, "We have business with your King!"

"You be having business with our King's cock more like!" responded the orc with a sly grin.

Such blatant crudity shook the blonde princess. The orc observed this and snickered all the more.

"If you know we have business with your King then you will not want to delay us!" she finally said with as much composure as she could muster.

Grudgingly the two orcs moved aside and left the path clear.

"You won't be so proud next time we meet," growled the orc as Katrina rode past, "Once Delrog has had his fun yer'll be thrown to us!"

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It was getting dark when the miserable quintet reached the forbidding fortress of Zangubba. A mere two orcs guarded the main gate, framed by burning torches.

The women dismounted and paused.

"Remember, my friends," said Katrina softly, "We are here to save our people. Be brave and our families will remember our sacrifice."

"Make way for the Elf cunt!" grunted one of the guards as the gates were swung open.

Taking a deep breath Katrina led the other four inside.

Flickering, flaming torches lit the way thru the stone corridors. A hot stench of decay assailed the delicate nostrils of the high-born Elf maidens as they walked on. Further corridors, clothed in inky darkness led off to the left and the right. Some things seemed to be scuttling around down there.

The dull thud of the gate closing behind caused Katrina to pause and look back. Even in the poor light she could tell that the others were shaking and pale with trepidation. Martine put a sisterly arm around the shoulder of Eliza.

"C mon," whispered Katrina giving a ghost of a smile.

Up ahead the gloom was now giving way to a large wooden door. As Katrina neared it swung open.

"Enter Princess Katrina!" boomed a low voice, "You and your delightful cousins are most welcome!"

Peering into the gloom Katrina could make out a large figure sitting at the far side of a large room. Gingerly she and the others entered. The stench of hot filth assailed her as she went in. As she did so two flames sprung into life either side of the seated figure, flooding the room with light. Now Katrina could see either side of her were squatting four orc warriors – large ugly, muscular beasts, seemingly naked.

"Behold my warriors!" boomed the large figure, "King Falenronda sends us his most treasured possessions just as I promised!"

The voice belonged to Delrog – King of the orcs.

He was sat in crudely carved throne, smiling at his most reluctant guests. Katrina bravely met his gaze.

'By the Gods!' she thought, 'Even for an orc he is huge!'

Most orcs were a foot taller than most Elves. Delrog was a foot taller than most orcs. Tall and broad, his rippling muscles evident by his naked torso. His hairy skin appeared to be of a darker hue than the usual orc. As was usual with orcs his face was repulsive.

The monster regarded them with the fiery dark red eyes of his kind.

"We are here to honor my father's promise," announced Katrina, "To secure peace between our peoples."

This seemed to provoke sniggers from the assembled orcs sitting on the floor.

"Yeah!" guffawed one of them, "Us Orc studs and you Elfie bitches will be getting very peaceful tonight!"

"Quiet," ordered Delrog smoothly.

It was noticeable that the room was indeed immediately quiet.

"And how does your father's promise affect you?" he continued.

Katrina swallowed hard. Why didn't they just get it over with?

"W-we girls of the royal household are here to serve you as you see fit," she answered.

"But are you royal?" asked Delrog, "Let us see."

Katrina was unnerved by this question and gave Eliza an involuntary glance.

A small door off to the left opened and in burst a small wretched-looking goblin. The foul creature stopped and looked about in a confused manner. Then stopped and started sniffing.

"Gobshite smells somefink," he chattered, "Somefink nice!"

He turned to face the standing Elf maidens, sniffing all the louder.

"Elf flesh!" he announced with a flourish, "Female Elf flesh!"

He shuffled over towards Laura, who shrank back in disgust.

"Cunt!" sniffed Gobshite, pointedly sniffing towards her crotch.

"What manner of Elf-cunt?" asked Delrog.

Gobshite sniffed deeply.

"Royal cunt!" he barked, then shuffled over to Martine.

"Royal cunt!" he repeated after having a sniff towards her.

Now he was in front of Katrina. He gave a little sniff then paused. With a truly-disgusting leer on his face he looked up at the tall blonde girl and licked his cracked lips.

"Super-royal cunt!" he burst out.

Pausing to wink at Katrina he moved to Hannah.

"Royal cunt!" was the cry that soon emerged.

When he moved to Eliza Katrina's heart skipped a beat. Surely he wouldn't be able to... ?

"Peasant cunt!"

"Treachery!" roared Delrog immediately, standing up and glaring down at Katrina, "Are you trying to trick me?"

"No-no ... please ... listen!" gasped Katrina, holding up her delicate hand to deter Delrog's further advance, "I can explain!"

There was a pause.

"Proceed."

"Well," started Katrina, "My cousin Claudette was due to be here but her courage failed her. S-She took her own life and Eliza bravely took her place."

Delrog folded his arms and looked at her sternly. Then his face softened – as much as an orc face can – and he chuckled.

"Claudette jumped from the roof of your palace. This creature was merely a serving wench."

Enjoying Katrina's confusion he continued,

"I know many things Princess, do not try to trick me again."

He turned and went back to sit in his chair.

"Feed her to the Trolls!" Delrog suddenly roared, pointing at the hapless Eliza.

Quick as a flash two of the orcs jumped up and seized the servant.

"But ... no... , she gabbled as she was dragged to the little door.

"Come, my pretty," cackled Gobshite, "Trolls need love too!"

The two orcs roughly shoved Eliza thru the door then returned to their seats. Gobshite followed her out, pausing at the door to turn round and give a wink. Then he slammed the door shut behind him and was gone.

Katrina bit her lower lip and stared at the ground. Delrog's cruel laugh made her look up.

"Do not look so sad, Princess," he smiled, "Your fate will be far, far worse!"

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## **Chapter Two**

The Orc King caught a swig of beer from a tankard and let rip with a mighty burp.

"This attempt at deceit will be forgotten if you and your cousins behave yourselves from now on," announced Delrog, "Will you?"

"We will do as my father has commanded," replied Katrina in a resigned voice, "Yes, we will behave ourselves."

"Excellent," said Delrog, taking another slurp, "Well my first command is simple - STRIP!"

Katrina was stunned. Of course she knew that sex would be demanded but when she had allowed her mind to dwell on her fate it had involved a brutal rape and then killing, not having to put on a show.

Katrina glanced to either side. Her cousins couldn't bring themselves to look her in the eyes as their trembling hands moved to remove clothing...

"No, no, no!" laughed Delrog, waving his finger at the three girls standing slightly behind Katrina, "The Princess will go first. C'mon Katrina, lets see what you're packing!"

Like the others Katrina had dressed herself in dazzling silk trousers and matching blouse - she in yellow, Hannah in red (to match her hair), Martine in light blue and Laura in dark green.

Taking a deep breath Katrina moved to unbuckle her belt, let her pants fall to the floor and stepped aside from them. Then she kicked off her sandals to feel the cold bare floor beneath her.

She bit her lip and made an effort to control the shaking in her hands as she unbuttoned the blouse. Once fully undone Katrina slowly let the garment float floorwards.

"One moment, please," uttered Delrog, "I wish us all to enjoy the sight of you standing there in your regal bra and knickers."

Head bowed Katrina stood motionless before the Orc King. Her heart was now pounding so hard she felt it would burst forth from her chest. Her mouth felt dry and getting drier all the while.

"Very well!" commanded Delrog with a clap, "Show me your tits!"

Katrina's trembling hands moved to her back and she undid her bra strap. Free of constrain her full breasts burst forth and pushed the bra down her arms and onto the floor. She watched it fall and fixed her eyes upon it.

"Impressive, Princess," Delrog murmured, "The sight of you peeling off to show your tits really is the sight of our greenskin victory."

He chuckled and drank again.

"Now let s see the full show. PANTIES OFF!"

Katrina gave a sigh and moved her hands to her hips. She jabbed her thumbs inside her knickers but then paused. Her mouth felt dry, her heart pounding. Once these panties were off she knew that her life as an Elven princess would be over. Inside her belly Katrina could feel a knot of desperate panic forming...

'NO!' shouted a voice in her head, 'I'll act as a princess till my dying breath!'

She pushed the knickers down to her knees, then let them fall.

Now naked, Katrina stood before the Orc King with her head bowed.

"Nice arse!" grunted an orc, behind her.

Consumed by her stripping, Katrina had forgotten about the others in the room. She could hear the slurping and guffawing of the seated orcs, could sense the embarrassment her cousins were feeling for her.

"Be courageous, Katrina," chided Delrog, "Take a deep breath and look me in the eye."

She did as instructed, her blue eyes resolutely meeting those of pure evil.

Delrog chuckled to himself. There was still much defiance in those eyes. Elf women were so very proud, and this one was the proudest he'd ever seen. Reducing her to absolute subservience would be quite a challenge - and fun!

Slowly his eyes drank in the sight of his new property. Long slim legs raising up to a pure blonde pussy. Shapely hips hour-glassing up to those magnificent breasts. The long curly blonde resting on her bare shoulders. And the face, such a beautiful face with striking blue eyes, full cheeks (reddening the more he gazed) and that enticing mouth with its full red lips...

That such a magnificent body had previously been destined for some tiny little Elf cock was ridiculous. A body like this deserved a huge cock ... his cock.

"Hand me your panties," Delrog ordered after what to Katrina seemed like an age.

She picked up her discarded underwear and handed them over.

"Behold, my brothers!" yelled Delrog, gleefully as he waved the discarded knickers around, "Handed over willingly to her new master - your Boss!"

This produced much satisfied grunting from the other orcs in the room.

"She is now my whore!" continued Delrog, rising, "But don't just take my word for it..."

Delrog roughly grabbed Katrina by the shoulder and spun her round to face the others. Hannah, Martine and Laura gasped in horror at the sudden sight of their naked cousin, causing Katrina to blush instantly. In a forlorn attempt to hide her shame her cousins all looked downwards...

"Phwoaaar!" drooled one of the orcs, "Look at the tits on it!"

"I'd fuck that all night long!" gasped another.

"Me wanna knob dat!" grunted one more.

'Pigs!' thought Katrina, 'Uncouth savage swine!'

Briefly the thought flickered thru her brain that the seated orcs were far more orc-like than Delrog. He seemed different, more intelligent and therefore more dangerous.

Delrog moved up close behind Katrina and seized her arms in a powerful grip.

"Now, Princess," he whispered into her dainty pointed ear so quietly that only his captive could hear him, "Repeat after me."

To the others in the room it now appeared that Katrina was speaking unprompted...

"Until today we Elven girls were ladies of the Royal Court. But from this moment onwards we are..." she paused then continued, "Royal Cunt."

This produced much guffawing from the seated orcs.

"We live to serve you brave orc warriors," Katrina continued in a faltering voice, "To serve orc cock. Whatever you command me and my cousins will do. For we are your fuck-toys and you are our masters."

"Well said, Princess," laughed Delrog, moving to seize his captives' wrists and pulling them so far apart she grimaced, "Would you like to see the particular orc cock you'll be serving?"

Katrina was too frightened to speak. Delrog felt her naked body shaking against his. He could smell the terror inside the Elf Princess. It made him chuckle. Slowly his long dark red tongue licked her ear and he felt Katrina recoil in disgust.

"From the moment your father told you that you were to be handed over to me you knew that I would fuck you, didn't you?" breathed Delrog, "Did the thought that excite you?"

Without waiting for a response he released his grip on Katrinas' arms and stepped backwards.

"Now, Princess Katrina, it is time for you to meet your destiny!"

Slowly Katrina forced herself to turn around. As she faced her new master she noticed that he had removed the material that had previously covered his groin...

"By the Gods!" she gasped.

As a virgin princess of the Royal Household Katrina had never had any reason to see dick, never really had much desire. Once she and some friends had dared each other to sneak into the mens' exercise area. A couple of the men were exercising naked and Katrina remembered girlishly giggling at the sight of their genitalia. The memory of giggling at a tiny little penis flopping about was a lifetime away from the monstrous thing swinging between the legs of the Orc King.

Such a dark shade of green it appeared almost black, thicker than her arm and throbbing with masculine sexual energy the cock of Delrog at once horrified and fascinated.

Delrog gave a satisfied smile. An Elven bitch may claim to be disgusted by his dick, but deep down they were all sluts who carved such a dong.

"Rather more impressive than anything an Elf has ever wielded, don't you agree?" he asked, placing his big hands on his hips.

Katrina was too stunned to answer. Wide-eyed she stared at the penis – almost a foot-long yet still not erect. Surely been penetrated by such a cock would prove fatal?

"On your knees!" roared the Orc King.

The sudden noise broke the hypnotic spell that Delrogs' cock had on Katrina. Her clear blue eyes flicked upwards to meet his.

"Kneel!"

Katrina dropped to her knees. She focused on the floor. A striped animal cloth protected her bare knees from the cold stone floor. Such a nice pattern she thought. I wonder how...

Delrog moved forward, his big feet now filling the blondes' field of vision.

To look up meant to once again to see that thing so Katrina kept her head bowed.

"I'll assume that sucking cock is not a skill taught to Elven princesses," chuckled Delrog, "So I shall instruct you. Look up!"

Katrina swallowed hard, then slowly raised her head. Her eyes traveled up Delrogs' feet, his calves, his thighs...

"Ahhh...", the kneeling blonde gasped as she once again saw the mighty cock of the Orc King.

It hardened as she gazed upon it, seemed to rise to look back – the glistening pre-cum at its' tip winking at her.

"When we orcs are young we are made to stand before the most powerful of our runes and ask our Orcish Gods for a gift," said Delrog, "Most ask for strength, some for courage, a few for brutality..."

He moved his legs wider apart and chuckled.

"You can see what I asked for," he continued proudly, "A cock like no other in the World! A cock that would be the envy of all green skins! Of all creation!"

As he spoke his obvious pride swelled his voice ... and his dick. It now rose thru the horizontal, gaining in length and girth all the time. Katrina was assailed by its stench of rampant masculinity, by the power of savage evil emanating from it. But rather than flinch away she found herself compelled to gaze upon it, her mind beginning to swim from its hypnotic power.

"Do not be afraid, my little slave," purred Delrog, "It will not harm you. On the contrary it wishes to be your friend, to be caressed by your love."

Licking her lips in anticipation Katrina leaned forward and reached out to the throbbing, veined organ that was her destiny. Her heart rate increased, breath had to be fought for. As one hand neared cock she felt the urge to move the other down to between her legs, to further stimulate her desire.

NO!

The sudden realisation of what she was doing and how she was feeling sickened her. Katrina rapidly blinked her big blue eyes and shook her head to clear her mind. In a flash the hypnotic power of the Orc Kings' manhood was dissipated. Swallowing hard she looked again at the stiffening dick mere inches from her face. Now Delrogs' penis appeared to her to be a vile, ugly abomination – a bloated, sweaty piece of evil.

Katrina rocked back in disgust and glanced up at Delrog.

"Your so-called magic dick will not tame me," she breathed, "The purity of my Elven beliefs will ensure I will never become your willing toy!"

Delrogs' dark red eyes flashed in hatred then he sneered at the girl kneeling before him and snarled;

"You are a fool not to surrender yourself to greenskin magic. Your fate will still be the same but it will now be even more ... unpleasant."

Delrogs' right hand took hold of his cock and moved it to the right. With his left forefinger he jabbed at the base of his manhood.

"Kiss! Here!" he spat.

At her masters' bidding Katrina leaned forward and planted her full red lips where commanded. The stench of Delrogs' prick almost overwhelmed her, a foul mixture of dirt, sweat with a hint of sulphur.

"Move up!" Delrog ordered, indicating a point on his shaft two inches higher.

Taking a deep breath Katrina went to kiss again. As she did she heard the sound of sobbing behind her – doubtless Laura. That girl shouldn't be showing frailty in the presence of these monsters! Tch!

At a grunt from the orc towering over her Katrina was bidden to kiss further up the shaft. Desperately she tried to blank her mind, but with each kiss the heat from the throbbing beast seemed to consume her. The reality that she was on her knees kissing the penis of an orc was starting to unhinge her mind.

As Katrina kissed yet again Delrog tugged his foreskin back, exposing the deep purple head beneath.

"Kiss the end," he commanded, "I want the great Princess Katrina to taste orc spunk!"

This order elicited another sob from the brunette standing behind the kneeling blonde.

Katrina grimly pursed her lips and moved towards the bulbous head. Suddenly pre-cum emerged from within the beast, winking at her in the dimly-lit room. Katrina stopped, then took a breath, closed her eyes, leaned forward and planted her lips on the end of Orc dick. The foul taste of greenskin spunk – hot and salty – made her recoil and provoked her to rapidly wipe her mouth clean with her hand.

"Open your mouth!"

Katrina looked up with her lower lip trembling.

At her fathers' court she had often seen the kissing of hands as a way of declaring fealty. She'd kidded herself into hoping that simply kissing Delrogs' dick would be humiliation enough.

But no.

Helplessly Katrina felt tears forming in her eyes as she forced herself to sit up. Slowly she leaned forward and dropped her jaw.

"Keep your eyes open! I want you to see it enter!"

Katrina could see it now, a mere inch from her open mouth.

'It's getting bigger!' was the thought that made her heart sink still further, 'It won't fit! It's too-ahh!'

Delrog seized the blonde hair of the girl in front of him, yanked it up and rammed his thick cock into the mouth of the Elven princess.

Katrina felt it pass thru her lips, between her perfect teeth and slam into the roof of her mouth where it seemed to slide along towards her throat. Her tongue could feel it too, involuntarily moving around to explore the huge, sweaty piece of orc-meat that had invaded its' domain.

"Ha!" gasped Delrog, "I can feel your tongue! You Elven SLUT!"

He stood straighter, forcing Katrina to raise up on her haunches to appease him. She could feel his cock pushing down into her throat, felt she was going to choke. Desperately she tried to push him back, but then her doomed duty compelled her to pull her hands back.

"Work it, slut!" barked Delrog.

Katrina was too bewildered to do anything. There was an erect orc penis in her mouth. Now what?

"Work it!" repeated Delrog.

With an exasperated grunt the Orc King took a firm hold of the girls' hair and worked it back and forth in time to the jabbing of his dick. Drool and the incessant frenzy of her tongue was making him even bigger.

"SUCK!" was the command that pierced Katrina's ears in the hot, sweaty confusion of her mind.

She obeyed.

"Ahhhhh!" groaned Delrog, "Better! Much better! Ahhhh!"

Tears filled Katrina's eyes. She could feel tears falling down her face, reaching the cock and adding to the lubrication of her slurping efforts.

'OW!'

New tears burst forth from her eyes, tears of pain. Delrog had grabbed her pointy ears between his thumb and finger and roughly held on as he fucked her face.

She could hear him laughing.

"Starting to enjoy it, aint ya?" he grunted, "Yeah! Uh, uh, uh! FuckingElfSlut! Uh, uh!"

The instant Katrina felt the sensation of a liquid blasting into her throat he eyes flung open and she made to shoot backwards. Delrog let her go and Katrina landed on her ass and then her back, orc

cum hitting her face all the while. As she sprawled on the floor Delrog took a step forward and aimed his dick at the fabulous breasts before him. Another sustained spurt coated them in more fuck-slime. Too paralysed by shock to move Katrina had to lie there as Delrog worked his cock to shoot more of his jism over her naked body.

Eventually the torrent came to an end and the Orc King's balls were drained.

There was a pause within the room, then Katrina rolled over onto her side and vomited over the floor. Delrog let her finish, then chuckled.

"In future I expect you to be more respectful towards the spunk you will receive. You'll be receiving quite a lot!"

Delrog paused, waiting to see if the Elf he'd just raped would collapse into sobbing and begging. He'd like to see that.

Katrina didn't break down. She pushed herself up onto an elbow and glared back at him.

"My dignity remains," she said grimly.

"For someone who has just sucked cock and now lies on the floor covered in cum, sweat and vomit that's an interesting point of view!" sneered Delrog.

He forced himself to chuckle again, but he couldn't hide his anger at her defiance. His cock had not tamed her, it had suffered a defeat.

Then he composed himself. Her defiance would be broken. The breaking would be fun! When she realized what he had planned for her she'd break for sure!

"Over here, slut!" he ordered, pointing to a place at the side of his throne, "Crawl over here."

With a sigh Katrina did as she was bidden. As she moved on all-fours she could feel the cum drying on her body, could smell her own sick.

"You'll find a bucket of water there," continued Delrog, "And some soap. Clean yourself so you'll be fresh for our next fucking!"

Katrina felt a small ounce of gratitude as she was now able to wash the muck off. Oblivious to the watching orc eyes she used to soap to create a lather over her boobs and washed herself.

"Now!" barked Delrog, cutting thru the transfixed orcs, "It's time for these other sluts to start showing us orcs some affection!"

He looked from Hannah to Martine to Laura. All three girls were now shaking.

"Who'd like to go first?"

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### **Chapter Three**

"Hothgrob... ," the Orc King intoned to the biggest and meanest-looking of the four seated orc warriors, "The redhead is yours!"

Bellowing a mighty roar the big orc sprang up with surprising alacrity and launched himself at the ginger elf.

Poor Hannah didn't even have time to turn before the huge orc barrelled into her, sending her sprawling to the floor with a gasp. With unnecessary ferocity Hothgrob unleashed his fist into the Elven maidens' pretty face.

"Bitch! Bitch! Elfie Bitch!" he snarled, his mouth foaming with hatred.

The flimsy material of Hannah's blouse was torn open revealing her surprising pert breasts.

"Ahhhh! Please!! Arghhhh!" screamed the Elven maiden as Hothgrob sank his rotten teeth into her left boob.

F-Whack!

Another blow knocked her head back onto the floor with a sickening thud.

"Now, Hothgrob, why don't you play a little gentler?" chided Delrog.

"Bitch!" snarled the big orc, ignoring his the admonishments of his King as his powerful hands moved to the top of Hannah's flimsy panties.

With a roar these were ripped off and flung away. Hannah had the misfortune to re-find her focus just at the moment Hothgrob took his stiffening dick into his hand.

"No! No!" she jabbered as her slim, pale legs were shoved apart.

"You'll have to forgive Hothgrob," smiled Delrog to Katrina, "His hatred for Elves really is intense. A few days ago his warband captured one of your pitiful Maidens. Even I was appalled by the amount of suffering that girl went thru. She lasted until morning. Brown eyes, short black hair. Did you know her?"

There was no doubt Katrina had known the girl in question, but as she didn't want to give Delrog the satisfaction of knowing he'd upset her she held her tongue.

Meanwhile the topless Hannah was desperately trying to back away from the hulking orc between her legs but it was a forlorn gesture as Hothgrob sprung forward.

"Argghhhhh!" was the shriek that pierced Katrina's soul that signalled Hothgrob's triumph.

With a grunt of satisfaction the orc pinned Hannah down by her bare shoulders and humped away with savagery.

"Well if was me I'd get the pointy-eared slut to do more work," said Delrog in a philosophical manner, "After all we've just seen what a whore this Princess was."

He took another swig of beer and belched.

Hannah was sobbing now, her mouth open in a silent scream of continuing pain as her chastity was raped from her.

"We'd best leave them to it," Delrog said to Katrina, "If there's one thing I've learnt in the past few weeks it's that orcs don't like to be disturbed when they fucking elves."

His hand reached out towards her. For an instant Katrina felt certain he was about to strike her, but instead he gently stroked her blonde head, as he would a pet.

"Don't worry, my little beauty," he breathed, "You'll be getting more greenskin cock soon enough!"

"But first!" Delrog announced with a clap, "It's on with the show!"

Both Martine and Laura had instinctively moved away from the site of their friends' rape but now froze to the spot, as they became the centre of attention. Behind them the three remaining orcs shifted in their seats, primed to pounce.

"The brunette, I think," Delrog spoke after a tantalising pause, "Judging by the way she's shaking I think she's gagging for it!"

The petite Laura was now in such a state of terror that she couldn't speak, just stared ahead wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

Katrina met her stare.

"Be brave, Laura!" she whispered.

"Yes!" sneered Delrog, "Be brave and suck orc dick!"

He paused for a moment then barked,

"Krel! Fuck her!"

The orc whose name was Krel jumped up and advanced on his elven prey. Shaking all the more Laura turned slowly around. Krel was giggling. Giggling and drooling like the retard he undoubtedly was.

"Boobies!" he chuntered, "Me like boobies!"

"You heard him, slut!" barked Delrog, "Show him your tits!"

Laura's trembling hands moved to the buttons of her blouse. She had the shakes so bad it took an age to undo one of them.

"Get on with it!" sneered Delrog, "We all want to see what you're packing!"

With a determination that gave Katrina surge of pride Laura summoned up her courage and pulled open the front of her blouse, exposing her breasts not only to Krel but to the two orcs still seated behind him.

Inane giggling showed that Krel clearly liked what he saw.

"You like that, Krel?" asked Delrog in a fatherly way, "You like the girl's boobs?"

"Yes! YES!" answered Krel, nodding vigorously, "Me like her boobies!"

"And she likes you," continued Delrog, "She likes your willy. Let her show you!"

"You heard me bitch!" said Delrog in a contemptuous manner, "Get on your knees and show him you like his dick!"

Laura hesitated, unsure of what to do.

"The quicker you learn to suck cock, the longer you'll keep your knickers on!" added Delrog, "Or do you want to be like the redhead?"

Laura glanced over at Hannah. The ginger-haired girl was flat on her back, barely moving as she surrendered totally to the fucking by her new master.

Katrina seriously doubted if there was anything that could be done to avoid any manner of orcish depravity but Laura seemed to be clinging on to some vestige of hope as she sank to her knees. Krel whipped out his dick and jabbed it at the pretty face in front.

"You gonna kiss my willy!" he giggled.

"She'll kiss it, lick it, but most of all she's gonna suck it!" chortled Delrog.

From her position behind Laura, Katrina could see her friend lean forward. The Elven princess turned away. She knew what was been done. She'd done it herself a few minutes ago.

"No point hanging around," said Delrog, "We orcs take our time when it comes to fucking. So let's get the blonde set up, eh?"

Katrina looked over at Martine, now standing alone amidst the rough sex around her. There was a look of defiance in her clear blue eyes.

"Aha!" said Delrog, "We have a problem here! Thanks to your earlier deceit there is only one elf and two orcs. What we gonna do? What say you, Feckarra and Grollox?"

The two orcs still seated - Feckarra and Grollox - moved uneasily in their seats. Warily they looked at each other, doubtless believing they'd be forced to fight for this blonde elf cunt.

"Let's see what she's got first, eh?" continued Delrog, "See if it's worth scrapping over?"

He sat back and smugly smiled at the standing blonde.

To the surprise of the room (well the parts that weren't copulating to various degrees of consent) Martine tore off her clothes and threw them to the floor. Now stark naked her steely gaze met that of the Orc King.

"Enjoy your triumph, you evil bastard," she snarled in a clear voice, "I'll die like a member of the Elven nobility, with the sort of courage you can only dream of!"

Katrina could tell that Delrog was angered. His hand shook with rage. Then he seemed to regain his composure and forced a smile.

"My dear Martine," he said with false friendliness, "You are not here to be killed. You are here to be fucked. Now please stand there quietly, while I decide which cock you will serve."

Once again the hand reached out to stroke Katrina's hair.

"Spirited thing, isn't she?" Delrog whispered into her ear, "And her tits are as big as yours." He paused. "But you are a little more beautiful. And a little more royal."

"I can't decide!" Delrog announced mockingly as he flung out his hands in a gesture of exasperation,

"So you can both have her! At the same time!"

For a moment Martine looked horrified, then took a deep breath and accepted her fate. Slowly she turned around to see that the two orcs were not only standing, but had stripped to their ugly, bulky nakedness.

"I believe she is also an expert with a sword," chatted Delrog, "I'm sure she's handled two orcs in the past. Let's see if she can handle them now!"

It was true that Martine was skilled with a blade, almost as proficient as Katrina herself. That was not the only thing they had shared. Forced to sleep in the open during the recent turbulent days Katrina and Martine had often shared their nights under a blanket. Katrina's juicy body may not have enjoyed the intimacy of Elven cock, but it had been derived delight from the gentle caress of Martine's hands and her warm, expert mouth.

Feckarra and Grollox advanced on the naked Martine, their stiffening cocks clearly glistening with pre-cum. Both were drooling and emitting the low rumbling noise that an orc gives when contemplating some dark deed.

Katrina couldn't bring herself to watch so turned away and shut her eyes.

"Ahhh! Uhhhh! UHHHHHHH!"

The strained gasp of Martine made Katrina look up and gasp herself. Her friend had been raised up by her armpits and was now been impaled on the erect cock of Grollox.

"Grrrr! Uhh! Grrr! Uhhh!" grunted the vile greenskin as he slowly stabbed his meat in.

Martine was flinging her head about wildly, fighting back the urge to scream. Grollox was so big and so strong that the elf had her feet fully off the floor. Her long legs were betraying her, for as they flailed about the effect of that and gravity impaled her body all the more.

"Go on, Feckarra!" urged Delrog to the second orc who squeezing Martine's peachy butt, "Stick it up there!"

Feckarra needed no further encouragement as he parted Martine's butt-cheeks and readied himself.

Sensing danger Martine twisted her head round.

"By ... By the Gods!" she gasped fearfully, "It's too big!"

"Hmmm...," ruminated Delrog, "Perhaps she cannot handle two orcs?"

"No! No!" the stuffed blonde gasped, followed by "NO!" as Feckarra penetrated her back passage.

Martine's beautiful face was contorted in agony as tears burst forth from her clear, blue eyes. Feckarra's large hands reached round and seized her big tits as pumped his dick in further.

Both orcs were hard at it now, rhythmically pumping and humping the sweaty, pink elf sandwich between them.

"Well, said Delrog, "It would appear that the minor nobility of your Kingdom have settled in nicely to their new role in life."

Martine was the meat in an orc fuck sandwich. Hannah had been seized by her hair and was been made to lick Hothgrob's cock clean. Laura's efforts at sucking Krel' penis had finally resulted in the inevitable and the hapless elf was almost drowning in the amount of spunk been blasted down her throat.

"Katrina, my dear," the Orc King whispered in the princess's pointy ear, "I'm sure you've noticed that, though impressive, the meat of my warriors cannot measure up to the meat of your master!"

Dully, Katrina's brain noted this fact - and it caused her lower lip to tremble.

"Up!" barked Delrog, pulling Katrina to her feet, "The sight of those fabulous royal tits is making my balls boil once more. It's time to give you a proper fucking!"

He pulled his reluctant guest towards the wall behind his throne. Pausing Delrog uttered some orcish words and a low door magically appeared. The door creaked open, giving Katrina sight of a large bed, and her was pulled inside.

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## **Chapter Four**

"Welcome to your new home Princess," smirked Delrog, "here you will sleep, eat and most of all ... fuck."

The big orc muttered some orkish words and the room was immediately lit by several wall-mounted torches.

'The bastard knows magic!' thought Katrina, 'He's even more dangerous than I thought!'

The room was dominated by a massive oval bed covered by a dirty red blanket. The structure seemed to consist of bones, real bleached-white bones.

To the left the flames flickered off a collection of weaponry that was sitting on shelving. To Katrina's experienced eye it seemed as though the weapons had been gathered from across the globe - human, dwarven, elven ... even a fimir blade.

Moving along Katrina gave a small gasp as her eyes took in the next display - severed heads in varying stages of decomposition. She quickly looked away lest she saw someone she recognised.

On the other side of the bed there was a small table. The wall seemed to be decorated with a small picture of pieces of tapestry. Before Katrina could study it further Delrog pulled her towards the skull display. Thankfully he then stopped and indicated a grate in the floor.

"Here you will shit!" he announced.

The pungent aroma put Katrina off but she was still able to peer down. At a depth of about 16 feet was a glistening pile of orc faeces and a small chink of light where, presumably, it was occasionally washed away.

"I have some presents for you, my dear," said Delrog, moving round to the table.

He pulled open a drawer, took something out and then held them up for the blonde to see.

The first two items were bracelets with a tiny bell on.

"These are for you ankles," Delrog explained, "so I will always know where you are. Put them on!"

Katrina did as she was bidden.

"In addition they will provide an amusing extra attraction when you perform erotic dances for me."

"I know nothing about erotic dancing!" said Katrina, "Elven Princesses are only skilled in the more sedate dances of the Royal Court."

"Hah!" sneered Delrog, "If I ask you to dance you will do it in a way that excites me ... because if you don't you will be made to watch as one of your friends outside is skinned alive!"

Katrina's mind wandered outside. The sound of orc grunting and elven sobbing provided an unwelcome background noise.

"Don't worry, babe," continued Delrog in a friendlier fashion, "we both know what a cock-sucking slut you are. And the sight of those fantastic tits is making my mouth drool and my cock stiffen, so simply wagging 'em will be erotic enough!"

Chuckling, Delrog threw the other item from the drawer towards Katrina. She caught it in her hand and looked at it. The item appeared to be a gold medallion.

"This is magical," she said slowly, "I can feel it."

"Turn it over," encouraged Delrog smoothly.

Katrina did so. As she looked at the medallion a word formed on it...

'SLUT' it said.

"Put it on!" Delrog commanded, his eye fixed on Katrina as she did as was bidden.

"It's magical quality is simple," smiled Delrog, "whoever looks at it will see that word appear on it. You will wear it round your neck and kneel at my side whenever I receive visitors in my throne-room. No matter what they are - human, dwarf, orse or whatever - they will know that the Princess Katrina of the royal family of King Falenronda, of the Elven kingdom of Kevlava and the most beautiful girl in Middle Earth ... is my personal whore. To emphasis the point I may ask you to suck my dick while they watch. I assume you have no objection?"

Delrog turned away and chuckled. He wanted to direct the conversation away from the medallion's other magical quality...

He turned back to face the blonde and revealed something in his hand.

"Your panties, Princess," he smiled, "I picked up what you so casually removed."

To Katrina's disgust Delrog took a deep sniff of the cotton garment.

"You must wear these during the day," Delrog explained, "The stench of your royal pussy will drive my warriors wild with desire, so it's best to cover it if possible."

"But you won't be needing these tonight, eh blondie?" winked Delrog as he moved over to what Katrina had thought was a small picture.

With a start Katrina now saw what was truly there – a line of knickers hanging from nails.

Delrog hung Katrina's panties on an empty nail.

"Do you recognise any of these?" he asked, "From left to right we have the removed underwear of Duchess Susanna of Beerom, Princess Louisa of Walfordack, Princess Emmalyn of Pott, the apprentice wizardess Anita and finally those of the Lady Charlotte, ward of Eamona the Wizard.

Susanna and Louisa were given to me when their lands surrendered. Anita was captured when my army stormed the Tower of Galfrogga. Charlotte was carried off when I defeated her master in a magic duel. Emmalyn was simply encountered as I walked in the woods one day. I got a little carried away with her – hence the torn appearance of her little, pink knickers."

Katrina was sickened. She'd known all these women. Susanna was the handsome sister of a human king, Louisa and Anita were really pretty girls blossoming into beautiful women. Charlotte was not only beautiful but becoming a powerful sorceress in her own right. Katrina couldn't at first place a Princess called Emmalyn. Then she did. And remembered with some disquiet how young she'd been.

"These knickers form my most favourite trophy display," continued Delrog, clearly relishing telling his tale, "What do you think?"

Katrina bit her lip and said nothing.

"Come, Katrina," cooed Delrog, "What are your thoughts?"

The Princess took a deep breath and looked the Orc King in the eye.

"You are a monster!" she spat, "These things are merely proof that you are merely a sick rapist!"

"Such spirit! So feisty!" laughed Delrog, "Susanna and Charlotte were also spirited fillies but you are level higher!"

Delrog became thoughtful for a moment...

"Yes, Susanna and Charlotte were spirited, Louisa and Emmalyn just sobbing screamers. Anita didn't say much. Perhaps she liked it?"

"Where are these poor women now?" asked Katrina, dreading the answer.

"Let's just say that their panties lasted longer than they did," smiled Delrog.

"Those human bitches failed to satisfy me," he continues savagely, "Let's see if an elf can! On the bed and spread your legs!"

Slowly Katrina climbed onto the bed. The mattress was surprisingly soft and yielding. She crawled up it and turned over so she was on her back. Delrog had moved round to the side of the bed. As Katrina glanced over to him she noticed he'd taken his stiffening cock into his hand.

"Prepare yourself, my friend," Delrog whispered to his manhood, "For tonight you will once more feed on royal flesh!"

Unsure of where to put her hands Katrina reached up, took a firm hold of the bony headboard and braced herself.

With a massive grin Delrog leaned down and licked one of Katrina's big toes.

"These dainty toes belong to me!" he murmured.

Working his way up the Orc King gently kissed the elf's honed calves.

"These legs belong to me!"

A kiss was planted on her knee.

"Spread your legs wider!"

With a sharp intake of breath Katrina did as ordered.

Delrog moved round to her side then moved his head towards her gaping intimacy. To Katrina's disgust he lingered over her vagina then noisily sniffed.

"Pure!" Delrog announced with obvious satisfaction.

He moved back then his big hands moved towards the trembling royals' breasts.

Gingerly at first, then harder he squeezed the nearest boob. Katrina turned away, eyes closed and bit her lower lip

"Your father was a fool to have given you to me!"

"My father was a good king!" Katrina panted, "He did what he could to protect his kingdom!"

"Your father was a coward!" came the snarling response, "If your mother was still alive he'd have given her to me as well. She'd be licking out my shit-hole while you were sucking on my dick!"

Katrina turned away again but could feel him crawling close to her head.

"I wish your father was here now," Delrog whispered, "That would really turn me on!"

Katrina shot her head round, intending to fire off a defiant response, but her words were choked off by the sight of orc cock right above her face. She gasped in shock as the sheer ugliness of it - darkest green, purple-veined and throbbing with potency.

Chuckling almost to the point of a giggling fit Delrog jabbed his cock into the beautiful face in front of it. Unsure of whether or not she was expected to start sucking Katrina froze.

"My dick can hear your pussy, Katrina! It calls to my meat!"

Lightening fast Delrog leapt between the bare legs of the Princess and positioned his erect penis at her entrance.

"You've teased us for long enough, you slut!" the Orc King roared, "Now take it!"

"Ahhh! No!" Katrina gasped as she felt his meat touch her.

She tried to regain her composure but then...

"Ah! Ah! Uhhh!" panted out as Katrina felt it entering her.

Her grip on the headboard tightened and tears sprung from her eyes as Delrog pushed in.

"Too big!!" was soon followed by a shriek of pain as Delrog powerful hands seized her bouncy boobs and humped his way to Orc heaven.

Nothing in Katrina's life had prepared her for what was now been done to her - the pain of her first penetration was ten times worse than any battlefield injury. It felt that Delrog's massive cock would rip her open at any moment. The urge to beg him to stop or to beg for mercy was almost overwhelming. But Katrina resisted. This was the price that had to be paid to obey her father's order and she would do her duty. It was impossible however to stop tears falling freely down her cheeks.

Then there was a new sensation. Instinctively Katrina knew what it was. Her mind screamed in protest as her body surrendered to the helpless feeling of defeat as Delrog pistioned his way into her as he came.

"Take it, bitch!" he spat thru gritted teeth, "Every last drop!"

Eventually he finished and dismounted, leaving a shocked Katrina to roll over onto her side. Despite Delrog's wish she could feel orc semen dribbling out of her violated cunt - though she knew much was currently residing in her body. Such was her state of shock that Katrina's mind was blank, incapable of dealing what had just been done to her.

"Did you like that, my little friend?" Delrog cooed to his dick, "Do you like Elf cunt?"

It was soon evident that it did as Katrina felt Delrog's hand on her bare hip, pulling her onto her back. Delrog was then towering over her, his cock once more erect. With a sigh Katrina spread her legs to accommodate him. Despite this Delrog made a point of forcing her legs further apart before sticking his meat into her.

This time the frantic copulation didn't hurt as much, nor did the third time, nor the fourth.

After Delrog had mounted her for a fifth time Katrina started to believe that this was something special. Even though she was inexperienced in the ways of fornication the ability of a male to fuck and keep fucking to this extent was surely unprecedented. As her sweat-drenched body flopped back once more the feeling of tingling excitement was starting to form and remain in Katrina's body. This cock was awesome! And all hers!

She looked over towards where Delrog lay. He too was panting. She'd done that!

Delrog met her eyes and smiled. The SLUT medallion was working it's magic. What it branded a slut, became a slut. He chuckled as the thought occurred to him that for this blonde elf this wasn't a particularly far journey.

"You're beginning to enjoy my cock, aren't you?"

She didn't answer, afraid to admit her slutty nature.

"Lick it clean!"

Without a word Katrina moved over to the Orc King's groin and took his dick into her hand. There could be no doubt - it was bigger than when she had first sucked it. Her little pink tongue got to work on the sweaty member as Delrog groaned in pleasure.

The royal mouth reached the top of the orc cock and greedily took it in. Katrina braced herself so as to be able to swallow the whole thing and, like the whore she now was, waited until she felt it hit the back of her throat before sucking.

"Uhhhh!" gasped Delrog in appreciation, firmly believing that his new slave had the ability to suck his cock off from his body.

Delrog couldn't contain himself for long and soon Katrina's cheeks bulged with his cum before she gulped as much down as she could.

"It tastes soooo good!" she gasped as though she couldn't believe it.

Exhausted and now somewhat confused the Elven princess collapsed on the bed. Outside she could hear the undoubted sounds of orcs and elves fucking. She smiled at the thought of her cousins enjoying the sort of sex she now had. A twinge of jealousy crossed her mind - how she'd love to get pounded by several of these well-hung hunks. But then she looked across to Delrog's dick and remembered how lucky she was to have this to herself.

'Oh look! It's ready for more!'

Katrina reached out to take it once again but Delrog slapped her hand away.

"Your turn to be on top," he commanded, "Ride me Princess!"

With a girlish giggle Katrina willingly impaled herself on the orc cock and worked her hips to ride her new master, shrieking with delight as she did.

"Truly you are my slut!" shouted Delrog as he gazed upon Katrina's fabulous breasts as they bounced rhythmically above his head, "A slut just like your sister, only more so!"

He threw her off so forcefully that she was sprawled upon the floor. Before she could rise Delrog was upon her, picking her up by her armpits and slamming her into the wall. Swiftly she was impaled and Delrog was able to use his free hands to position Katrina's feet either side of his ears.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh!" groaned the Elven Princess.

This new position granted this massive cock even deeper penetration than before.

Katrina grabbed hold of Delrog's powerful shoulders.

She had to show she was worthy of this wonderful honour. If necessary she would sell her soul to retain sole fucking rights over this regal greenskin dick!

And so it went on. Believing that her pussy had been thoroughly tamed Delrog worked his way over the rest of Katrina's tender body. Roughly he threw her down on the bed, climbed on her belly and gave her a sustained titty-fuck.

"Work those tits!" he barked.

"Yes, master!" Katrina shrieked in desperate girlish glee, "Fuck my boobies!"

Finally Katrina's peachy butt drew his attention. Her Highness was ordered on all-fours and then savagely fucked up the ass.

"Tell me what you're thinking, Katrina!" yelled Delrog as stuck his whole schlong up the elven shithole.

For a moment Katrina could'nt respond - she been so royally shafted the air had been forced out of her body. But then...

"I love it!" she gasped, "Fuck me some more! I live to serve your cock!"

"How can I refuse such an earnest request from such a pretty girl!"

Delrog shoved Katrina's face into the floor and banged her butt. It hurt but Katrina channelled the pain into feelings of ecstatic joy.

So long as Delrog wanted her, she'd be here and she'd never say no.

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## **Chapter Five**

Daylight woke Katrina. Her blue eyes opened to see that the room was lit by a myriad of small windows high up three of the four walls.

As she moved she pussy ached. Her hand reached down to massage her most intimate area. That part of her had taken a pounding the night before, and Katrina grew wet at the thought of getting another tonight!

She looked over towards her new lover - the Orc King Delrog. The powerful hulk seemed to be sleeping soundly. Katrina smiled at him with unconstrained love. How silly she'd been to have been so reluctant to share a bed with this god-like creature!

Feeling a little bit naughty Katrina sneaked a peek down towards what she liked best.

Delrog's cock was flaccid now, but still impressive. Last night Katrina had grown to know (and worship) every inch of this magnificent beast. Not only the shaft but the big hairy balls that lay beneath it had delighted her teenage tongue.

Oh those balls!

Full of the thickest, tastiest cum imaginable. Able to cum and just keep on cumming. Up her cunt, up her ass, down her throat and all over her big bouncy tits.

Katrina licked her lips, leaned over and tenderly plated a kiss on her masters' penis.

"Awake, my love?" growled Delrog.

"Yes, master!" answered Katrina, brightly, "Awake and eager to serve!"

"Excellent!" smiled the orc, "Then lie on your back!"

With a girlish giggle Katrina moved to obey.

"Good girl!"

To the delight of the Elven Princess Delrog took his cock into his hand and crawled over to position

the head at her mouth. Then he leaned over her and stuck it down her willing throat.

Pinned to the mattress Katrina moaned in pleasure as Delrog pumped his cock into her. Her eager tongue desperately worked its way over the sweaty oral intruder, making it hard as a rock. Then he came, blasting hot cum down her throat. Greedily Katrina gulped it down.

To her surprise Delrog did not then withdraw, but held his cock inside her mouth. Katrina was puzzled, then stunned as what was unmistakably urine blasted down her throat.

Delrog had drunk a lot the previous day and was now pissing a lot. Katrina swallowed cheerfully.

"That's better," said a relieved Delrog as he rolled over onto his back, "I couldn't be bothered to walk over to the cesspit. And you have no objection, do you?"

"Of course not, my love," replied Katrina, reaching over to have a swig from a nearby bottle of drink

Delrog smirked. Truly the SLUT medallion was a powerful magical item. It had utterly converted this stuck-up Elf bitch into his bitch. Later he'd make her eat his shit!

And she would. There was no doubt this whore would lick up every piece of shit and piss he'd produce. And thank him for it. Dumb worthless bitch!

"I'm sorry, my love," he said, "But I must go. Duty calls."

Katrina sighed with genuine sadness.

"Can't you stay?" she pleaded with a pout, "I want you to fuck me!"

Delrog chuckled.

"I know you do, you little slut. Better I must ready my army for my next campaign. I plan to destroy the Elven Kingdom of Percivallia. My warriors are eager for more wimpy Elven men to kill and beautiful Elven women to rape!"

Katrina smiled. Those women were in for a treat!

But something Delrog said jogged a memory...

"Master," she began, "Last night you said I was a slut like my sister. But I have no sister, only brothers."

"Now, now Katrina," said Delrog sitting beside her and patting her arm, "That's not true. You're forgetting Azaria."

Katrina was momentarily stunned. But it was true, she did have a sister. Azaria was the eldest daughter of King, but had disappeared before Katrina had been born. There were rumours that Azaria had been lured away to become a Dark Elf sorceress, or had turned into a unicorn or had tired of courtly life and lived as mysterious sword-for-hire. When she had dwelt on the fate of her older sister Katrina imagined that she given up her privileged life to be with her true love - a peasant blacksmith.

"What happened to her?" she asked, "And how do you know?"

The powerful orc beside her uttered some orcish words and waggled his fingers towards a mirror on

the far side of the room. The mirror exploded into light and then reformed as a picture - a moving picture.

"It is several years ago," intoned Delrog, "And this is the Princess Azaria."

Katrina watched as the moving picture showed a girl moving thru a forest. It zoomed in on the girl's face and Katrina gasped. It WAS her sister, she was just as she appeared in the portraits in her father's palace.

"Little Azaria lacked your soldierly prowess. She was far better suited to becoming a noble's wife. But the other ladies at court didn't understand this. They teased her, mercilessly. So one day Azaria resolved to prove herself by sneaking out and single-handedly killing a local orc who'd been bothersome."

To Katrina's experienced eye it was true that the girl in the picture was no warrior. She was wearing the boots, gauntlets and breastplate armour of a soldier, but it all seemed too big and too heavy for her. The effect of it all was for Azaria to walk with a stumbling/stomping gait that was almost comical. Katrina studied her some more. Though Azaria had some military equipment, she lacked other important pieces of kit. There was nothing beneath the armour to protect her bare skin, there was no protection below her waist, merely a flimsy blue mini-skirt, her helmet was clearly too big for her head and there was no scabbard, so she had to carry her over-sized sword in her hand.

"The orc was a typical orc - dull and stupid. But even he could hear Azaria's approach. He ordered his small warband to hide so that she could walk right into his lair and find him alone."

The scene in the mirror shifted. Now Katrina saw some dirty parody of a throne-room. A dark palace with a dull-red carpet. The picture moved to a raised dais, a stone throne. And a big ugly orc sitting there. The orc was hideous with big ears, a jagged rotten set of teeth and evil red eyes. He was topless with a rippling torso of impressive stature.

The scene pulled back and now Katrina watched as Azaria entered the room. With her sister as a scale comparison it was obvious that the orc was big, fully two feet taller than the petite blonde who now approached.

"Wot we got 'ere?" growled the orc in a common low voice, "Izzet a visitor?"

"I am Princess Azaria!" declared the blonde girl, "Here to kill you!"

There was a pause. Then the orc burst out laughing.

"Fuck off!" he spat, "Yo and wot fuckin' army!"

"J-just me!" said Azaria beginning to stutter, "J-just me is all that is n-needed!"

"Just you is all I wants!" boomed the orc standing up.

As he did Azaria involuntarily took a step backwards. It was obvious she was shaking.

Azaria and Katrina noticed the same thing at the same time. The orc was naked. And his impressive torso was matched by the size of his dick - thrusting forwards as long and as thick as one of Azaria's legs.

The little elf froze, transfixed by the size of the penis swaying as it got closer. Then she spun round

and took a step.

Wha-THUD!!

The door to the room, that had opened so invitingly as she had approached, now slammed shut in Azaria's face, trapping inside with the orc.

She spun round again, so fast that she almost stumbled over. Gingerly she raised her sword and pathetically waved it at the advancing laughing orc.

KLANG!!

Moving faster than he appeared able the orc knocked the blade out of Azaria's hand with own sword. As the girl stood rooted to the spot the orc put his sword at her slender throat.

"Now then, missy," he growled "You is mine!"

Still holding the sword at her neck the orc pulled Azaria over to his throne and sat down.

"P Please Sir!" whimpered the shaking and clearly terrified Azaria, "Don't hurt me!"

"Huh-huh!" laughed the orc, "You is pretty! But how pretty?"

Ignoring Azaria incoherent snivelling objections the orc took off her helmet and tossed it aside. Azaria had the same long blonde locks as Katrina, tied up in a girlish ponytail. Katrina could now see her face clearly. Azaria looked a little younger than she was. Younger and scared.

"You IS pretty!" declared the orc in delight.

"Isn't she pretty?" asked Delrog, his question startling her as she'd been so intent on watching the picture.

Katrina nodded. It was true. Azaria was as beautiful as she was with the same blue eyes and the same full red lips.

But Azaria's eyes were filling with tears, her lip was trembling.

The orc in the picture now moved his attention to Azaria's waist. He teased her by peeking under her skirt then ripped it off, to reveal the flimsiest pair of red panties imaginable.

"N-no please!" whimpered Azaria, raising her hands to fend him off then withdrawing them as he jabbed the sword at her neck.

With a swift chop the orc sliced open the string across Azaria's back that held her breastplate in place. As the armour fell forward he grabbed it and threw it away.

"Huh-huh-huh!" he guffawed as Azaria's pert boobs were fully exposed.

She sobbed openly now as her captor drooled over her nakedness.

Instinctively he tugged at his dick, revealing the ugly bloated purple head. As it emerged a dribble of white pre-cum appeared.

"Kneel!" he grunted.

With a look of despair Azaria sank to her knees.

The orc moved his sword round to the back of the head of the kneeling elf and used the blunt side to pull her towards her fate.

"Please! I'll be good! I'll go and leave you in peace! I'm rich! I can pay you!" jabbered the girl.

"Kiss it!" the orc commanded.

She was sobbing uncontrollably now. Sobbing and shaking so much the orc had to tighten his grip on her arm to hold her in place.

"Kiss it or die!"

Azaria closed her eyes, leaned forward and her puckered lips kissed the growing mass of orcish spunk. The orc held her tight and worked his dick to coat her lips with his muck.

"From this moment on, she was doomed," breathed Delrog.

With a dazed look on her face Azaria was pulled to her feet. It was noticeable that the orc was able to loosen his grip and still use her as he wanted. He pulled her close and starting licking her face. Then he bowed his head and licked on her teats.

"You taste nice."

Katrina could now see that as the orc had pulled Azaria towards him he had stuck his stiff cock between her legs. Now the tip reared up behind her and the head touched the end of her ponytail. Azaria was compelled to stand on her toes as she slid along his pole and their bellies touched. The orc grabbed her ponytail and yanked it hard. As Azaria cried out in pain the orc stuck his tongue into her mouth and rolled it around inside. Her moaning protests showed the level of disgust she felt with this act and drew her attention away from the powerful hand that now ripped off her knickers.

Suddenly and savagely the orc pushed Azaria back and spun her round. Then he pulled her back towards him again until her back slammed into his chest. With his sword at her throat the orc forced her head forwards so she looked down. The little elf gave a choked gasp of horror as she could now see that between her slim legs the throbbing manhood of the orc thrust upwards.

The orc threw away his sword, grabbed Azaria's wrists and pulled her taut. His cock was now so big and so hard it reached up to her breasts. He stood up and bent his knees. Azaria was forced to bend over as the orc drew his dick back, then positioned it at her tight teenage cunt.

"Git ready, little bitch!" he snarled.

"Please!" sobbed Azaria, "It's too big! You'll kill me!"

Then she paused. Her eyes bulged wide.

"I'M A VIRGIN!"

The picture on the mirror in the bedroom of Delrog froze, then blurred.

"Would you like to see more?" the Orc King asked.

"No," replied Katrina quietly.

"How about just sound?"

Before Katrina could answer Delrog flicked his fingers and an ear-splitting scream burst out from the mirror.

Katrina clapped her hands to her ears in a forlorn attempt to drown out the shriek of her sister.

This made Delrog chuckle. He flicked his fingers again and the picture became a simple mirror once more.

"What happened to her?" asked Katrina sadly.

"She was raped!" was the savage answer, "Raped repeatedly until she was impregnated. When she gave birth her half-elf/half-orc child burst from her belly and so ended her pathetic little life."

"Can you guess who that baby was?" Delrog cooed menacingly.

A knot of terror formed in Katrina's stomach. It couldn't be...

"ME!" laughed Delrog with relish, "I am the offspring of your sister! I am half-elf!"

Katrina's mind was spinning. This couldn't ... mustn't ... be true!

"Can you now see why I am so different from other orcs? Why I am smarter? Able to channel their aggression into military victories? Thanks to my mummy!"

He was now clapping with glee, rocking back and forth with laughter.

"Of course you now what this means?" he continued, "I am your brother! Or possibly nephew! Either way we're related!"

With his powerful arm he pulled Katrina close so he could whisper into her dainty pointed ear.

"And what you did last night was incest!"

He gave Katrina a moment to let this information sink in.

"Doubtless our incestuous relationship is something my gods will admire. While your elven ones will be appalled! You little SLUT!"

Katrina reeled in stunned horror at all these revelations as Delrog bounded off the bed and made to leave.

"Good-bye my dear sister!" he smirked as the door magically opened, "But don't worry. The cock you worship will soon be back to nail your sexy royal ass!"

This made him burst out laughing yet again, but then he grew serious.

"If the child of one royal elf and an orc can conquer as much as I have, imagine what could be achieved with the offspring of our union. You look strong enough to breed several children. They will serve as generals of my armies. The world will fall to ME!"

With that Delrog left her alone.

It was unfortunate that Delrog did not linger to study Katrina's face, for etched upon that beautiful visage was evidence of her inner turmoil.

The sight of her cowardly sister meekly surrendering to an orc, her brutal death. This was bad enough. But the effect on her made things worse. Incest was horrific! And her fate as some sort of brood mare would not only doom her but would seal the fate of the entire world!

In a fit of tumult Katrina leapt up and assailed the wall where the door had appeared. But lacking any magical ability Katrina could do nothing to make the wall appear. She paced the room, desperately dreading the return of the Orc King. The moment he returned he'd rape her. Repeatedly. She'd be pounded by his cock, made to suck it, made to lick it ... that cock ... that wonderful piece of meat...

Katrina was sweating, her pussy getting damp. The thought of Delrog's erect penis was filling her mind. She wanted it, craved it, worshipped it.

With a gasp Katrina saw herself. She looked closer and saw that she was looking into a big full-length mirror. The mirror image Katrina was smiling – not a nice smile, but a leering, drooling grin. Her breasts grew, becoming big heaving sacks of milk. She moved her hands down to her belly. It swelled. Something was growing in there! The face in the mirror changed. It now had a satisfied smile and nodded towards the real-life Katrina. At her neck the medallion glowed and the word SLUT could be clearly seen in dark-red lettering – its magical quality making it appear to be the correct way round despite the mirror.

Appalled Katrina turned away. Instinctively her hand shot to the real medallion round her neck. She gasped in surprised pain. The medallion felt hot, burning hot. The Elven Princess gritted her teeth, tore it off and threw it on the floor.

As soon as the medallion was gone Katrina felt woozy. The room spun in her mind. Then she fainted.

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"Good afternoon, my love!" gushed Delrog as he walked back into the room some time later.

"Good day my lord," said Katrina quietly, recoiling naked on the bed.

"I have news of your little cousins!" smirked the Orc King.

He chatted as he stripped, tossing his scabbard onto a table.

"The redhead is still alive, probably. Hothgrob has grown very possessive and hauled her off to his lair. I say she's alive because her screaming can occasionally be heard. Terrible screams, really. We orcs can be very imaginative when it comes to torture."

He kicked off his boots.

"The brunette got a bit of a surprise. There she was sucking Krel's dick when a dozen orcs burst in. These were my bodyguards. The sounds of all that fucking had driven them into a frenzy. They kicked down the door and demanded some elf fucking for themselves. Little Laura tried to satisfy them with some ferocious dick sucking but the orcs demanded more. Her desperate desire to keep her knickers on was swiftly foiled. She has three holes. All should be made to serve orc cock! Don't you agree?"

He whipped off his skirt to reveal his big dick and huge swinging balls.

"Yes, my lord," answered Katrina meekly as she made room for Delrog to lie on the bed.

"The blonde was also there and for a while things were really rough as both girls were fucked good and proper! Apparently there came a point where they were made to put on a lesbian show for the greenskin audience. Kissing with tongues like the sluts they are! Ha-Ha! Then of course things started turning violent so Grollox and Feckarra had the good sense to take the blonde to one of the dungeons deep beneath us. There she will serve them. I paid a visit this morning. It was such a touching scene to see all three of them lying naked on the floor sleeping like babes."

He reached over to grope one of Katrina's fabulous breasts. She didn't react.

"I have a confession to make, my love," Delrog continued, "The sight of your pretty cousin lying there completely naked made my balls boil. Before I could stop myself I mounted her. Then did it again. During the second time she woke up, but just lay there and took it. Like you I think she's starting to like the attention of orc dick. You're not jealous are you?"

"Of course not, master," said Katrina smoothly, "I'm glad my dear cousin Martine has had the opportunity to enjoy your cock."

"Excellent!" he responded, scratching his balls, "I need to have insurance. I am fully aware of my own potency. Every human female I have taken I have impregnated. It was their own weakness that meant that they did not survive long enough to give birth. But you, my dear Katrina ... are you fertile? If not you're cousin will breed my generals for me. Though not as royal as you, she has some royal blood."

Delrog's hand moved to his dick. As his eyes drank in Katrina's voluptuous body he slowly starting massaging his manhood.

"Ahhh, but lets not worry, eh Princess? Your body is incredibly fit. There's no doubt you can bear children. And a body like yours should be able to bear several of my off-spring."

Delrog chuckled. To his devious mind there was no doubt that some elven mages had placed some magical protection on Katrina's womb. No matter. He'd fuck the magic away in the same way he'd fucked this haughty princess into absolute submission.

"OK, slut!" he commanded, "Mount my cock and ride me. I wanna look up at your big tits bouncing as my dick fucks your royal cunt!"

Katrina got off the bed and moved round to where Delrog's feet lay. As she did so Delrog happened to glance to his right. Something on the floor glinted. He focused his vision and realised it was the medallion he'd given Katrina yesterday. But no word could be seen. Why wasn't she wearing it? And if she wasn't then why...

"DIE ABOMINATION!" shrieked the Elven Princess as she swung the sword she'd just picked up.

Delrog had no time to react as the blade swung down. One moment he was looking at his stiffening dick, the next it had been sliced off and a fountain of blood spurted forth.

Expertly Katrina brought the blade up, turned it in the air and drove the point back down into Delrog's chest.

"Katrina!" he gasped, "How could you? What about your father's promise! What about honour!? What about your duty!?!"

"My primary duty is to save the world from evil like you!" said Katrina grimly, "The integrity of one princess means nothing compared to that!"

Holding onto the sword Katrina leapt up onto the bed and then drove it firmly into the heart of Delrog. The Orc King jerked up then flopped backwards and moved no more.

Katrina staggered back off the bed and collapsed onto her peachy butt. There she sat for what seemed like an age.

Eventually she roused herself. To guard against any future dark greenskin magic she picked up Delrog's severed penis and threw it into a fire. That which she had once loved more than her own dear father burst into flames and was soon no more than a charred piece of sausage.

Katrina pulled off one the blankets from the bed and using the sword cut some holes to make a poncho. Delrog's sword belt was used to keep it from billowing. She went over to the cesspit grate, lifted it up and climbed down. The stench was almost over-powering but Katrina kept to her plan. At the bottom she slipped and her new piece of clothing was covered in shit and piss.

Her luck held as the opening was just wide enough for her to crawl thru - here her shitty condition helped.

The tunnel ended in a drop into a swamp that stank worse then the cesspit. But Katrina was able to wade her way to firm ground and collect her thoughts.

She was in a forest, terrain that an elf found comforting. It was remarkable just how far away from the fortress she now was.

Oh how she longed to take up Delrog's sword to charge into there and rescue her cousins!

If the only choices were success or death she would have instantly taken up the challenge. But Katrina was levelheaded enough to know that there was a more likely outcome. The huge numbers of orcs would over-power her. She would be gang-raped and doubtless forced to become the sex slave of whoever replaced Delrog. Then he'd impregnate her...

With a heavy heart Katrina choose to abandon her cousins.

But what next?

She couldn't return home. Delrog was right about one thing - she'd betrayed her father. Her duty had been to carry out his promise to serve as Delrog's whore and she'd failed. Though her reasons may have been valid such an oath was taken seriously in the elf world. Rather than disgrace her father and herself Katrina would have to disappear.

The petty human kingdoms of the southern borders were always looking for mercenaries. She'd cut her hair, dye it, rename herself and head south. Hannah, Laura and Martine would be avenged with every greenskin she slew.

She walked off.

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The fate of Katrina's cousins can be swiftly told.

Hothgrob's lust for Hannah was outweighed by his lust for brutality towards her. Soon she expired under his bloody blows. It took the slow-witted orc some time to notice that his little pointy-eared fuck-toy was not responding to his humping as she had earlier and he continued to fuck her. Eventually however even he noticed and Hannah's dead carcass was thrown out to be devoured by rats.

Laura was dragged off to serve as the bodyguards' plaything. Her days were spent secured to a wall by a leash, her nights getting used and abused by a dozen drunken greenskins.

One day one of the bodyguard realised that their King hadn't been seen for a while. He summoned a couple of goblin shamans to break the magical barriers to Delrog's bedroom and entered. The shock of seeing their King not only dead but castrated drove the orc warriors into a berserk frenzy with a burning hatred of all things Elf. Sadly for Laura she was the first elf encountered by this orcish mob. At first it seemed that she would be torn to pieces immediately, but then the shamans decreed that to make amends for the crime of Katrina Laura should be part of his funeral pyre. Laura was dragged outside, tied to a tree and burnt alive.

Cheering the screams of the burning Laura was the last thing the orc army did together. Thereafter without the authoritarian hand of the cunning Delrog the orcish hordes started to do what came most naturally - start murderous arguments with fellow orcs. All around the fortress orc slew orc and the power of Delrog's army was smashed.

Deep within the fortress Martine clung on to her sanity despite the attentions of Feckarra and Grollox. The gruesome twosome kept the beautiful blonde as their sex slave within their own quarters and subjected her to depravities too numerous to list. Eventually the air of chaos permeated even this deep, dark place and Grollox killed Feckarra when he thought Martine was enjoying sucking his dick too much. The briefest hope of escape for Martine was soon extinguished as her new sole master swiftly seized her and tied her securely to his bed where the depravity continued.

Eventually it occurred to Grollox that his elven pet was getting bit fat. Soon he realised that this was because she was pregnant. Martine realised this as well, and it was this that finally drove her to lose her mind. The orc was delighted at the thought of becoming a father and recruited some goblins to assist with the birth. However as the abomination burst forth from his dying mother's belly did not realise the truth - Delrog was the true father. The outcome of an orc breeding with a (somewhat) royal elf would once more walk the earth.

Delrog's bloodline would live on.

**The End**