

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

The slaying of the Orc Warlord Delrog by the Elven assassin Katrina broke the power of the greenskins for many years. As the orcs and goblins returned to their natural instincts of fighting each other the realms of men, elves and the dwarves made great inroads into orc territory.

But the realms of men were foolish. They knew that the orcs loved to fight each other but forgot that the inevitable outcome of this was the emergence of one who was stronger than the others. Greenskins admire strength and as soon as one of their number established dominance his power rapidly multiplied as more flocked to his banner.

So it came to be that an orc named Narfath rose to power and, as is often the way, declared a waaargh rampage against the world.

The first target was to be the Elven kingdom of Kevlava – home of the legendary orcslayer herself. With a single guiding mind and with brutal purpose the mass of goblins, orcs and ogres rolled into the rolling countryside of Kevlava.

With even more arrogance than is deemed normal for their race the Elvish army marched to meet the foe. The march was carried out in a remarkably casual manner. Little scouting, no attempt to stay within the confines of the elvish-friendly wooded areas. The generals of Kevlava were so used to beating disorganised bands of goblins that it seemed impossible to think of anything else.

This arrogant belief lasted until the first battle with the Narfath horde.

“Steady!” commanded the officers as the orc warriors surged at the shield wall, “Hold the line!”

“Watch the left!” yelled a voice.

“Wolf riders on the right!” came another.

The frontal advance was merely a cover for the double envelopment. The elves were outflanked, then surrounded, then slaughtered.

The defeat was a stunning blow to the Kingdom. Desperately the King ordered the drafting of anyone who was capable of holding a spear into the army. The young and the old, the crippled and the feckless were now all that stood between the orc horde and the capital city.

Thus it was that the 18-year-old Brienne found herself as the newest recruit in the Virtuous Maiden Regiment of High Kevlava. The tall blonde had previously only thought of herself as at best a possible ladies’ maid but here she was with the opportunity of becoming a warrior woman!

“For some reason our regiment was not present at the first battle with the greenish monsters, but we shall be there at the final one, the one where we crush them!”

The speaker was the Lady Isabella. She was addressing the assembled company of about one hundred young women, Brienne included.

“Till now it has been the sad process of running down our beloved unit, reducing it to the mere handful of you ladies today,” Isabella continued, casting a sharp look at the male beside her.

The male elf shifted uneasily. As a member of Kelava High Command he knew full well why the

Maiden Regiment had suffered funding cuts. In the previous battles with orcish warbands the girls had encountered a particular difficulty few dared mention...

Orcs liked to rape Elvish females. Not just the casual lust that occurred in most pillaging armies, but a dark bestial, gleeful enjoyment of the act. When the orcs of Delrog had seen women in the Kevlava battleline they had charged into combat with a never seen before ferocity. They had fought with a terrifying power that had undoubtedly contributed to the early Elf defeats.

The male sighed. When the orcs of Narfath saw these women – some of them mere teenagers – their lustful desire would enhance their attacking power. But after that first defeat where was the manpower to hold the line?

Brienne was listening to Isabella with rapt attention.

"She's so beautiful...," she sighed.

Isabella was as tall as her with shoulder length dark hair, brushed back to show her left ear. High cheekbones drew the eye to her dark brown pupils, shining with passion as she lectured the women about the power of the sisterhood.

Like Brienne Isabella was wearing the uniform of the Virtuous Regiment – a breast-plate that shone golden in the sunlight, the short white skirt that almost reached the knee and the golden shinguards that matched the breast-plate ... On Isabella the uniform looked magnificent, on Brienne it was awkward ... Her large boobs felt like they were being crushed inside the armor. She was fully aware that her fat ass meant that rather than fitting snugly the skirt was so short her panties were frequently on show.

Isabella's martial prowess was also in contrast with Brienne. Isabella was a legendary sword wielder, an expert archer, a born rider. Brienne had never used a bow, been on a horse and the sword she'd been given was too heavy to raise above her shoulders.

But all Brienne's doubts were dispelled as she gazed upon Isabella. She longed to be led into battle by such a goddess. If only the goddess would look upon her!

Later that day Brienne's fears resurfaced as she learned that she was to be part of a scouting party tasked with checking out an area of woodland that lay in the path of the coming green storm. The group was to be led by Jenna, an intense girl with long dark locks. Two other girls named Salla and Rachel completed the foursome.

"Greenskins hate the forest," opined Jenna, "This is more of a training mission."

"Have a care," said a voice, "Goblins hunt in the forests when it suits them."

Brienne turned and her heart leapt as she saw that it was Isabella herself, here to see the scouts off.

"You look nervous," Isabella said to Brienne.

The young blonde was so stupefied she couldn't form a sensible response and only stammered.

"Don't worry," smiled Isabella, "Just stay alert and follow Jenna's orders."

Seeing the apprehension in Brienne's eyes Isabella instinctively leaned forward and gave the

younger woman a hug.

Brienne felt like her heart would explode with love. She could smell Isabella's perfume, the heat of her body. She fought the urge to lick the warrior's pointed ear.

As Isabella moved back Brienne gave an audible sigh.

Two hours later the four elves were deep in the woods. Brienne was breathing heavily. The heavy sword in her hand was tiring to carry. The armored shinguards were chafing her legs. She only had sandals on and the soft earth was wearing her out.

"Your turn to be in front, Brienne!" said Jenna, "Keep a sharp look out!"

Dully nodding assent Brienne plodded forward. Her aching body convinced her that this was pointless. Everyone knew orcs didn't venture into woodland. Her mind wandered. What was Isabella doing right now? Preparing for bed?

Brienne wished Isabella was her immediate superior. They could fight together, then share a bed. Brienne tried to imagine Isabella in bed. Naked. Worn out from a victorious fight and seeking the soft comfort that only Brienne's mouth could bring.

"All clear there, Brienne?" came the question from Jenna.

Brienne was irritated by this intrusion into her daydream and vaguely waved a hand back.

In her fantasy Isabella was responding to her touch with her own mouth. Her hot moist mouth.

SNAP!

The noise of the crackling of a fallen twig arrested her attention. It seemed so close. Brienne looked up. And found herself looking up into the hate-filled red eyes of an orc.

For a moment both paused and then the orc let out a mighty roar and slashed away at the foliage separating him from the elf maiden.

Pft! Pft! Pft! Thud!

Dark arrows burst forth from all directions. Salla was hit in the throat and went down spurting blood. Rachel was hit twice in the back. She staggered and was going down as another missile hit her face.

"By the Gods!" yelled Jenna, "We're surrounded!"

Her sword was out and she was desperately seeking a way out as orcs converged on her.

Brienne was rooted to ground in terror as the orc came closer. He was the ugliest, most terrifying thing she had ever encountered. She managed to half raise her sword before the monster unleashed his battleaxe.

CLANG!

The axe struck the sword with such force it was knocked out of hand, leaving Brienne defenceless. She was shaking uncontrollably and her brain wouldn't function. She staggered back, tripped and

landed on her ample ass. With a roar the orc leapt at her and swung his axe above his head.

"Prisoners!" roared a deep voice, "I want prisoners!"

The orc seemed to pause in confusion and this gave Brienne the chance to scramble to her feet and flee. She now saw that Jenna had slain one of her assailants but another had seized her sword arm whilst another was grabbing her from behind. Grimacing in effort the feisty girl was kicking out at any orc in range.

Brienne gave a shriek of terror and turned to run in a different direction. Orcs all around her!

"NO!" she yelped.

She spun again but there was no way out.

Hur-hur! Hur-hur!

The orcs were laughing at the clearly terrified blonde elf in their midst. One grabbed her bare arm. A panicky Brienne flayed at him with her free arm before a blow on the back of her head brought darkness.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Two**

Brienne woke groggily. Dazed, she tried to rise but felt her arms constrained.

"Uh... ," she groaned as she blinked her vision into focus, "Where ... where am I?"

"No!" she shrieked, "NO!"

Brienne was on her back. Surrounded by jabbering goblins. Her arms were outstretched as her both of her wrists were tied to a thick wooden pole that ran beneath her. Wide-eyed in fear Brienne looked down to see more goblins binding her ankles to another pole...

"By the stars! I'm naked!"

Actually this wasn't quite true - the bound blonde was still wearing her bra and panties. But all her armor and that skirt were off and gone.

With a shriek Brienne thrashed about as much as she was able to get free - her frenzied passion causing all the goblins to leap back. The gaggle of ugly beasties waited until it was obvious that all of Bienne's expenditure of energy was pointless and then burst into cackling laughter.

"Why are you doing this?" she wailed.

"Bitch gonna get it!" snarled one of the leering gobbos.

"Up!" came a command, "UP!"

Greenskins seized the pole that ran beneath Brienne's legs and raised it like a flagpole. Slowly the helpless Brienne found herself rising into the darkening evening sky.

"Wha? Wha?|" she jabbered as she realised that she had been crucified.

Higher and higher she went, the pain increasing in her shoulders as she rose. Someone had hammered a small piece of wood into the main pole to support her feet but still her body ached.

"I don't wanna be a soldier anymore!" she wailed, "I surrender!"

All around beneath her there was a tumult of screeching, jabbering orcs and goblins. With varying shades of glee and hate they roared up at the blonde twenty feet in the sky. Spears, axes and fists were being shaken in her direction. Some orcs were carrying torches to light the scene.

Brienne was giving way to tears, her stomach churning in fear. Hideous greenskins could be seen as far as her tear-filled eyes could see.

Movement to her left. Something pink and naked.

Brienne gasped as she now saw the naked Jenna had also been tied to poles and was being raised skywards. Unlike Brienne Jenna had been secured in an X-style. Unlike Brienne Jenna was naked, her thick brown bush highlighted against her pale elf skin. Her pert breasts bouncing as she forlornly struggled against her bonds. Brienne noticed with sadness that Jenna had sustained some injuries in her battle with the orcs – her lip was bloody, her torso bruised and there was a slashing cut to her thigh.

"Orc scum!" Jenna was spitting, "Dishonourable filth!"

Her feisty spirit was driving the orcs into a frenzy. A mass of them jabbered their weapons up at her, some spears sticking into the soles of her feet. Jenna ignored the pain and continued her defiance.

A particularly large orc with a club strode forward and knocked back the weapons of his comrades. His menacing gait made them all pull back slightly. With his powerful right hand the big orc took hold of the pole that held the captured brunette and smirked with pride.

"Behold, my war boyz!" boomed a voice beneath Brienne, "Two of their most powerful warriors, now reduced to my playthings"

Brienne looked down to see another huge orc with close-cropped black hair was now dominating the scene. His rippling muscles and the huge war axe he waved around were plainly visible to her.

"I'm not a warrior!" sobbed Brienne, "I wanna go home!"

There was a moment's silence then a roar of laughter from the assembled mass.

"Such is my power that in my presence even the most powerful elf warrior is reduced to whimpering like a baby!" continued the big orc, "Hail me! Hail Narfath!"

"Hail Narfath! Hail Narfath!" chanted the crowd as the orc warlord basked in the applause.

"Who wants to see some tits?" he asked.

A barrage of lustful roars was the response.

His head spun up to look directly at Brienne. She gave a yelp when she now finally saw his face. Even for an orc he was ugly, a scare-ridden visage from Brienne's nightmares.

Seizing a spear from a nearby orc Narfath carefully pushed the point up between her hip and her panties. A quick push away and the flimsy material came apart to fall down her thigh. The spear

point retreated and came again towards her other hip. Deftly it got inside the remnants of the underwear and destroyed them. The flimsiest of rags fell to the ground where a goblin hand shot out and grabbed it.

Brienne's blonde bush was now on display to the awe-struck crowd. She could feel the cool evening air upon her pubic hair.

The spear was approaching again, its sharp point glinting by the light of the flames. Brienne found herself hypnotised by it.

"Be brave!" implored Jenna.

Brienne shot a look at her fellow prisoner. Their eyes met. Brienne could see steely determination in the brunette. She longed to be made of such stern stuff but knew she wasn't.

"Show them how a maiden of Kevlava dies!" continued Jenna, "Show them-aaaahh!"

The orc that was guarding Jenna had been gently squeezing her butt cheek. Now to stop her jakking mouth he'd stuck a finger into her ass-hole.

Jenna gasped in discomfort and gritted her teeth as the invasive finger poked about.

Brienne was drawn again to the spear point that was almost at her pounding heart. Taking a deep breath she thrust her chest out as much as she was able. This enabled the point to be pushed between her breasts. Narfath held it there for a moment and then yanked it back, ripping open the bra. Brienne's ample breasts burst free.

Below the crowd was roaring in delight.

"Phwaorr!"

"Look at dem milk jugs!"

"I'd chew on 'em for a week!"

Brienne's cheeks burned with shame and tears flowed with renewed vigour. She shut her eyes tightly and let her head flop down.

"Let her give greetings to her friends!" yelled Narfath.

A lasso was thrown over Brienne's head and for a terrible moment she thought that it was meant to throttle her. Instead, it was wrapped around her throat and tied back purely to force her to raise her head. The rough rope chafed her throat and she gulped.

Blinking away tears Brienne tried to pee thru the darkness and past the smoke of the burning torches.

"By the heavens!" she exclaimed.

Just over two hundred yards away, gathered on a little knoll was about a dozen Kevlava soldiers. She and Jenna had been put on display!

For a moment it occurred to Brienne's simple peasant mind that this meant rescue was at hand. But no, there were simply too many orcs between them and their comrades.

After a jolt of despair Brienne looked again. There in amongst the group was a female figure with golden armor and a skirt of shimmering pure white. Isabella!

Brienne gave a brief smile, thankful for a glimpse of her adored leader before what seemed like her slaughter.

"Look at how those craven dogs dare not try to rescue these sluts!" cried Narfath, "Truly they fear me!"

"Call to your fellow elf scum!" he commanded to the bound women, "Order them to surrender!"

"We would rather die than take part in your grotesque propaganda!" retorted Jenna.

"Start with that one," said Narfath grimly.

The finger from her asshole was withdrawn but this was only temporary relief for one of the torch-carrying orcs came forward.

"Do as my master bids or be burned!" snickered a goblin as he danced in front of Jenna...

In response Jenna clamped her jaw shut and defiantly shook her head.

With a grunt from Narfath the torch was held beneath Jenna's bare right foot. She gave a small cry and again vigorously shook her head. The torch was moved away.

"Do as you are bidden!" said the goblin, "And you will find my master is merciful!"

"Fuck you!"

Immediately the torch returned to the foot and stayed there.

"Ahhhhh!" gasped Jenna, followed by more insistent cries of pain.

She was writhing in her bonds, her head twisting in agony.

"Yield, bimbo!" chided the goblin.

"NEVER!" Jenna panted as sweat poured off her forehead, "I'll die first!"

"Do the other foot," came the order.

The orc as he was bidden and soon Jenna was suffering renewed agony. She was sobbing uncontrollably, spittle forming as she struggled to stifle her urge to scream. Still the elf maiden did not yield.

"Your bravery will be remembered for generations!" yelled a voice from the gaggle of watching elves.

Brienne was sobbing, something Narfath noticed. In addition her stomach was churning, not just due to the peril she was in but due to the unmistakeable smell of burning elf flesh.

With an angry gesture Narfath told the orc to withdraw.

"Burn the bitch!" he said.



Branches were pulled of nearby trees and plonked down beneath Jenna. Breathing heavily she could only watch as her funeral pyre was formed.

Narfath himself used a torch to get the fire started. Soon it took hold, the flames licking Jenna's bare legs. Jenna herself had given in to fate. She held her head high and gazed at her friends and the spires of Kevlava somewhere beyond.

"Ahhhhh!" she suddenly cried, "Gods give strength!"

"Scream you whore!" snickered the goblin.

FWOOSH!

THUD!

From someone in the group of elves an arrow emerged and struck Jenna in the heart. She seemed to give brief smile of gratitude and expired.

Deprived of their fun the orcs gave a collective groan then a roar of anger. As one they turned towards the elves, weapons poised.

"Steady! Steady my war boyz!" barked Narfath, "Are you forgetting we have two prisoners?"

As one all eyes turned on the helpless Brienne. She could see the evil intent in every ugly green face.

Across the silence the crackling of the fire beneath Jenna continued. The flames were now at her waist, consuming her. The horrific sight of the burning corpse stupefied Brienne.

"And what say you, blondie with the big tits?" asked the goblin slyly.

Brienne struggled for words. She was shaking all over. Wide-eyed she saw the orc with the torch coming closer.

"Such a shame to fry these dainty little toes," smiled the goblin as he reached up to tickle the bound elf.

"... please... ," gasped Brienne, "Don't hurt me!"

Her courage exhausted Brienne gave in to the floodgates of pleading.

"PLEASE!" she beseeched, "I'm not your enemy! I'm not even a proper soldier! LET ME GO! By the Gods I'm begging you!"

Her whole body was wracked with sobs and she presented a pathetic sight.

All the orcs were jeering and laughing at her. She didn't care, just so long as they didn't burn her.

"Tell your friends!" ordered Narfath.

Brienne gulped.

"You must surrender!" she called out to the elves, "These orcs are too powerful! Surrender and we might yet survive!"

The group of elves seemed to pause then slowly turned away and walked off. To Brienne it seemed that Isabella was the last to do so. None looked back.

As much as she able Brienne slumped down.

"Cut her down!" commanded the orc warlord.

Brienne felt herself falling backwards until the wooden structure that held her was caught by some orcs. Goblins rushed forward to cut the ropes. A strong arm yanked her off the pole and threw her to the ground.

Narfath was now before her. He was huge, at least a head taller than she and Brienne was tall for an elf. He regarded her with his beady red eyes.

"I did as you wanted," she said quietly, "Please let me go!"

With a snarl Narfath seized her slim arm and pulled Brienne to her feet. Then she spun her round and grabbed her other arm.

"See these tits?" he roared as the green throng ogled Brienne's naked body, "You'll all have your own pair of tits like these to play with when we're finished!"

He took a firmer hold of Brienne, so hard she winced in pain. Effortlessly Narfath thrust Brienne up off the ground, leaving her bare legs flailing against thin air as she shrieked in stunned surprise.

"See this cunt!" he hollered, "You'll all get some! By the time we're finished every cunt in Kevlava will only know orc cock!"

The roar of guttural lust that came from the assembled greenskins assailed Brienne like a physical attack. Narfath plonked his prize back on the ground and shook her violently, wagging her big boobs for all to enjoy. Still laughing he hoisted her upon his powerful shoulder and strode back to the orc camp.

"B-But I did want you wanted," whimpered Brienne as her blonde head bobbed up and down, "Won't you let me go?"

She forced herself to look up. Behind her a mob of orcs were excitedly following their leader. Brienne looked up higher. Jenna's corpse was been brought down, the flames gone. As the body neared the ground eager goblins jumped up, hacked at the roasted flesh and feasted.

~~~~~

Chapter Three

The orc encampment was a shambles - like any structure associated with the greenskin races. Most of the so-called tents were just pieces of material held up by sticks.

Narfath's tent was different. Though consisting of multi-colored and badly cut material the whole structure did at least resemble a tent. It into this place Brienne was carried.

Narfath ordered some goblins to clear away evidence of quite a boozy feast and to light some candles. Brienne was tossed groundwards. She landed on her ample butt on some cushions. Fearfully she looked around. Dominating the space was an old iron chair that surmounted a platform of wooden planking. Attached to the planking near the floor were several manacled shackles. An

assembled mass of cushions upon which she was seated constituted the sleeping arrangements.

Narfath took a swig of a jug of looted ale, wiped his mouth and unbuckled his weapon belt.

"Delrog was a fool," he commented as he tossed aside his sword, "When he invaded Kevlava he got his greedy paws on an elven princess, a noted beauty the legends say. But then he fell in love with her. Wanted to have her as his bride. And she butchered him in his sleep."

He pulled off his boots and threw them in a corner, almost hitting a rat.

Brienne sat listening on the cushions. She was so petrified she dare not move, even though she could see that this repulsive orc was becoming more and more naked,

"I will not be that stupid!" declared Narfath as he loosened his belt, "Elf cunt is meat! Meat is to taken! And then thrown away!"

With a flourish his leather/fur outfit came off and went. He had his back to the whimpering elf in his bed. Slowly he turned so that she could see his naked body in profile.

"By the Gods!" gasped Brienne as her jaw dropped

The penis of the orc warlord was bigger than any male organ Brienne had fantasised about, and still flaccid!

Narfath smirked as he drank in the look of fearful surprise on the face of this elf maiden. He took his dick in his hand and started stroking it. The beast hardened and grew.

As the big orc approached her Brienne squirmed into the cushions. She gulped and looked away from his thing.

"Ahh!" she gasped as Narfath seized her bare ankles and dragged her to the edge of the bed.

"I-I don't want this!" she jabbered, "Not like this!"

Brienne had dreamed that her virtue would be taken from her by a handsome elf caressing her with his delicate embrace. Not by a hulking brute whose stench assailed as his crude hands yanked her legs apart.

With surprising speed Narfath leapt on her, almost crushing her midriff with his bulk. His hands transferred to the heaving breasts of the prostrate elf.

"Yes!" he snickered lustily as he mauled her boobs so hard Brienne groaned in pain, "These fun bags will give me many nights of pleasure! At least until I get some high-born elf meat on the end of my dick!"

Brienne felt relief as the bulk on her belly was raised, but this was only so Narfath could slap his dick between her breasts.

"Eek!" she squealed as the throbbing meat sawed back and forth towards her face.

"Play with your tits!" barked the orc.

Brienne did as she was told, pushing her boobs against the dick, stimulating it further. She was hypnotized by the purple-headed beast. A glisten of pre-cum almost made her heart stop.

"Kiss it!" came the command, "Kiss the cock that owns you!"

With nervous trepidation Brienne leaned her head forward as much as she was able. On the shaft's next push towards her pink tongue shot out and she licked it.

"Urghhh!" she exclaimed as the sickening salty taste hit her.

Narfath gave a roar of laughter.

Then he was off her, yanking her legs apart. His dick at her virtuous entrance. Brienne felt his dampness but had no time to react before he entered her.

"Ah! No! Please!" she cried to no avail.

Deeper the orc pushed into the helpless elf. Orc snickers accompanied by elf gasps.

"T-Too big!" Brienne gasped, "H-Hurting me!"

Her blonde head flailed around. Suddenly she noticed the flaps of the tent entrance been pulled back. Two goblins appeared. Taking in what was been done to her they whipped out their dicks and made crude gestures at her.

"Arghhhh!" Brienne wailed as her head flopped back in despair.

Narfath was grunting loudly, each grunt in rhythm with his thrusts. Spittle was coming off his mouth, splattering Brienne's face and heaving breasts.

Brienne was gritting her teeth, praying the ordeal would come to an end. When it did she was horrified.

"No! NO!" she shrieked as the flood of greenskin cum blasted into her womb.

"Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!" Narfath was snarling as his big balls pumped more and more cum into his victim.

Eventually Narfath finished. He pulled out of Brienne and rolled over onto his back. The violated elf gave a shudder of defeat as she felt excess cum dribbling out of her and then rolled over onto to her side. She was in too much shock to do anything except pull herself into the foetal position.

"Awwwwuw!" Brienne cried as Narfath seized her blonde hair and roughly guided her head towards his spent dick

"Lick it clean!" he commanded.

Brienne gazed at the monster schlong that had just fucked her. After a sigh her tongue lolled out and got to work cleaning the sticky spunk off the meat. The mixture of sweat and semen repulsed her but fear drove her to continue with her slurping.

With a chuckle Narfath shoved her head down onto his dick, forcing Brienne to take it into her hot mouth. She felt it rolling around inside her, pushing against her teeth. Her tongue could not help but service it...

"Now my little elf friend", said Narfath as he pulled her head up, "Tell me about the court of Kevlava. The Royal Family and all the goings on at the palace."

Brienne was surprised at the question. But as part of her ambition to be the hand maiden of a noble lady she had got to know quite a bit about the court. Talking about that was considerably better than licking orc dick so Brienne was soon prattling away about Royal gossip, palace intrigues and what lady wore what outfit at the spring ball,

Narfath listened for a while as he stoked Brienne's blonde locks, then seemed to grow bored and pushed her onto her back. Eager for this to be quick Brienne put her hands behind her head and spread her legs to accommodate the hardening manhood of the orc warlord. After a rapid fuck Narfath rolled off her and fell asleep.

Brienne lay on the bed beside the orc. Outside she could hear the sounds of the greenskin camp - squabbling goblins, drunk orcs and in the distance the screams of some poor elf peasant been tortured to death. It seemed to Brienne that she was better off inside this tent than out there.

She looked over to Narfath and suddenly realised that at some point he'd placed a manacle on her slim bare ankle. She sighed as the snoring warlord let loose a huge fart.

"Perhaps I should just make the best of a bad situation," she said softly as she closed her eyes and tried to get some sleep.

Late next morning a goblin appeared to tell Narfath that a male elf had approached the orc camp to offer a truce.

"A surrender more like!" snorted the warlord as he grabbed Brienne's boob to wake her up.

"Tell the wimpy elf that I'll only talk to elf cunt!"

Narfath was in a good mood all day. When he eventually got out of bed he spent the day stomping around his camp - the hapless and naked Brienne been dragged along.

"Keep the pressure on boys!" he roared, "Send our wolf riders to burn farms, send Ugluk and his mob to pillage the nearest village! Bring back some buxom peasant lasses to keep everyone entertained!"

"And when will we taste this particular buxom slut, my lord?" asked a goblin as his hand reached out to squeeze Brienne's butt.

"Hands off!" shouted Narfath as he chopped the goblins' hand off.

To quell the murmurings of discontent Narfath grabbed Brienne by the arms and shook her like a rag doll making her look somewhat bouncy.

"An' this is one of the ugly ones!" he claimed unfairly, "Imagine a hundred sluts with bigger tits sucking your dicks! With me it'll happen!"

That night Narfath demanded that Brienne be more proactive in his bed.

"Ride me, slut!" he barked.

Biting her lower lip in trepidation Brienne straddled the big naked orc. Gingerly she take his

hardening manhood into her hands and guided her hips over it. She could feel his dampness at her pussy and gulped. Spreading her legs wider Brienne slowly impaled herself.

“Uhhhhh!” she exhaled as the beast entered her once more.

A thrust from Narfath made the naked elf fall forward making her plant her hands on his muscular chest.

“Ahhhh!” she gasped as her eyes started to water.

Taking a huge gulp of air Brienne rocked her hips back and forth, riding her master.

Narfath was smiling beneath her, emitting grunts of pleasure.

Outside the tent the sounds of orc and elf fucking could be heard by dozens of greenskins. Resentment grew with every grunt from Narfath and every squeal from Brienne. The wolf riders had only found burnt-out farms, Ugluk and his mob had discovered nothing in an abandoned village. Not a single buxom peasant girl was entertaining the warband.

Narfath had forgotten the first rule of a Warrgrh! Rampage. If the horde is not constantly advancing – slaughtering, burning, raping all the time – then it quickly turns its frustration and hate in on itself.

Next day a goblin appeared to tell Narfath that a second Kevlava emissary was approaching – or as he put it...

“Hot pointy-eared pussy on its way, Boss!”

Drowsily Narfath acknowledged.

Soon thereafter Brienne woke. Her pussy was sore and her nipples were hurting from the attentions of Narfath’s teeth. With a sigh of disgust she noticed the dried spunk that he’d shot over her full breasts.

Wearily she moved to get up when the flaps of the tent were pulled back. There, highlighted by the sunlight streaming behind her, was a figure she recognised. Long dark hair, high cheekbones and wearing armour that shone like the blazing sun. Alone, unarmed and with a thousand slobbering orcs behind her stood Isabella.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Four**

Isabella caught the eye of the buxom blonde with the surprised look on her face for a heartbeat, then looked at the slumbering Narfath

“I am Isabella, captain of the Virtuous Maiden Regiment of Kevlava,” she announced in a clear voice, “And I am here to parley.”

Narfath regarded her for a long moment.

“Well Missy Hot Bitch from the Regiment of Slutty Tarts you’ll have to wait while I get up.”

Narfath flung his blanket back to reveal his naked body, prompting a look of disgust from Isabella. One of his big hands sought Brienne’s breast. The luckless elf gritted her teeth as she endured yet

another tit mauling.

"I had a long night of exhausting sex with your blonde friend here," Narfath said, "Her juicy body makes my balls boil! Reckon she enjoyed it too as she's quite a nympho!"

"I care not for this particular person," answered Isabella tartly, "I'm only here to see you."

Narfath smirked at this.

"What is your morning routine, my dear?" asked Narfath.

"What?" replied a confused Isabella.

"Did you bathe, brush your hair, apply perfume?"

"How is this relevant?" said the Kevlava captain.

"Because when we orcs share a bed with an elf slut we also have a morning routine. Excuse me while I perform it!"

Narfath stood up, seized Brienne by the ankle and threw her onto the ground. The busty blonde landed on her face. As she struggled to get up Narfath pounced behind her.

"Awww!" Brienne yelped as Narfath roughly smacked her butt.

As he chortled Narfath grabbed both elf butt cheeks and painfully massaged them.

"NO!" shrieked Brienne as she felt the stiff damp dick of the orc warlord jabbing at her shit-hole.

Over the past couple of days Brienne had come to appreciate the size and power of Narfath's cock. Having such a monster rammed into her backside would certainly be painful and might even fatally re-arrange her internal organs.

Narfath laughed at Briennes' breathless terror, playfully smacking her.

The tearful; elf raised herself up on her toes and sought to offer her pussy to the predatory cock.

"Beg for it!" snarled Narfath.

"Please sir!" gasped Brienne, "Please fuck my pussy!"

To her immense relief Brienne now felt Narfath stick his dick into her virtue. She groaned as she felt it inside her, the girth rendering her breathless. Taking a deep breath Brienne braced herself for the fucking to come. Narfath half-rose driving the face of the elf into the dirt. Brienne blinked ... and suddenly remembered that Isabella was in the tent. The warrior woman was staring at the coupling wide-eyed with her jaw dropped. Brienne gave a wail of embarrassment, closed her eyes and felt her cheeks burn with shame.

"This ... is ... uhh ... the ... way ... to uh ... treat ... an ... elf... !" Narfath grunted as he humped Brienne.

He kept his eye on Isabella as he pumped his cum into Brienne, smiling in triumph as his hips worked to fire every drop into her.

When he eventually finished Brienne was allowed to collapse to the ground, sobbing.

Narfath sat near her.

"That's the way to start a day!" he announced.

"What do you think, my dear?" Narfath asked Isabella, "Would you like to join in? What better way than a quick fuck to bring peace between our peoples?"

"I am not interested in this depraved display," answered Isabella, eventually.

"Perhaps you'd like to fuck blondie while I watch?" laughed Narfath.

"I am here to discuss peace, nothing more," said Isabella.

Narfath took hold of Briennes' arm and guided her mouth towards his cock. Unprompted Brienne started licking. Narfath waited until her slurping was audibly evident.

"You were instructed to come here unarmed," he now stated.

"I am unarmed," said Isabella showing her empty hands.

"Armor can be classed as a weapon," declared Narfath, "Remove it!"

Isabella glared at him defiantly for a moment then moved to undo the straps of her cuirass. As soon as it was loose she placed it upon the floor. It could now be observed that Isabella was wearing a pristine white chemise made of the finest silk. Her full breasts strained beneath the flimsy material. Isabella paused then knelt down to remove her leg-guards. They too fell to the ground and Isabella stood up to reveal her long slim bare legs.

Brienne twisted her head round. She gasped as she drank in the beauty of Isabella, Those perfect curves!

"That's better. And impressive," Narfath said, "State your terms."

"We will pay you 2000 gold coins," said Isabella, "And in exchange you will return to your mountains."

"Any city that offers 2000 gold coins can afford 4000!" declared Narfath.

Isabella nodded.

"And I require three hostages," added Narfath, "To make sure you naughty elf turds behave yourselves!"

"I am sure three brave elves can be found," replied Isabella.

"Pah!" snorted Narfath, "I have no desire to meet some wizened old elf fart! I have chosen the hostages myself!"

At his groin Brienne felt a knot of tension forming in her belly.

"Lady Felicia of the House Rogette and Lady Cammie of the House Bicond will surrender themselves to me!"



Isabella was shocked when she heard these names.

"How-how do you... ?" she stammered.

Slowly Brienne turned to face her.

"YOU!" roared Isabella as her eyes met those of Brienne, "What have you done!?"

"I-I'm sorry!" blurted Brienne, "I thought he was just chatting!"

"Filthy coward!" yelled Isabella, "What have you condemned those girls to?"

Brienne burst into tears.

Shaking with indignation it took Isabella a while to compose herself.

"Lady Felicia is a sweet-natured soul," she said, "Her lovely singing voice fills the Royal Hall. The Lady Cammie is but a child. Neither will be suitable for the ... attentions of an orc."

"I'll decide that!" retorted Narfath, "Felicia can sing me a tune while she waits for her turn to be fucked. And my blonde informant here tells me that Cammie became a woman a few weeks ago."

Before Isabella could response Narfath stood up, shoved Brienne aside and walked up to her. As he did so he exaggerated his walk, causing his genitals to swing in the most obvious way.

The orc warlord stopped right in front of the female elf captain. He admired her beauty - those deep brown eyes, those pouting lips. Leaning to one side the orc ran his eyes up the long legs of the elf maiden. When his gaze reached the bottom of her miniscule skirt Narfath licked his lips as he gawped at the inkling of butt. Looking higher he leered at the pert perfection of her tits.

He could see she was reddening and knew it was from hatred and anger not fear. His right hand sought his cock. Gently he stoked his dick, all the time staring into Isabella's eyes. He waited until she glanced down and registered the look of disgust upon her face. The beast was stirring in response to the close proximity of the pointy-eared beauty.

"You know who I want the third hostage to be, don't you my dear?" Narfath said softly.

Isabella was shaking with anger.

"I will not be the whore of a disgusting depraved orc!" she said thru gritted teeth.

Narfath smiled and then burst out laughing, his bad breath causing the elf maiden to flinch.

"Your wimpy king will do anything to stop my rampage!" he roared, "He will order you to surrender yourself to me! And you with your arrogant sense of duty will do as you are commanded!"

Isabella was going purple with pent-up rage but she held her tongue. Her lower trembled. She blinked. Narfath could feel his balls boiling.

"In two days time you will be naked in my bed. With your legs spread and my cock pounding you! The only question is will you be groaning in pain or pleasure?"

"Good day, my dear!" cooed Narfath dismissing Isabella, "Me and my cock expect you to return in two days time!"

Isabella turned to leave, then turned to look at the prostrate Brienne.

"Before I go," she said throatily, "I wish to make it clear that this person is to be damned as a coward and a traitor! Her name will be a byword for shame for a hundred generations!"

"Please Isabella!" sobbed Brienne, "You don't know what it was like! I could smell Jenna's burning flesh! I was next! I was so frightened! What could I have done!?"

"Died," was the cold response.

Isabella exited the tent and walked out of the greenskin camp. For every step she was surrounded by dozens of drooling orcs thrusting their genitals in her direction. For every step she was assailed by dozens of threats of sexual violence from orcs desperate to fuck her. All the while Isabella held her head high and looked straight ahead. For all the noise and frenzied activity no orc dared touch her. Every greenskin knew that this particular piece of sexy ass was destined for their warlords' bed.

Narfath watched Isabella leave.

"She is magnificent!" Narfath declared with glee, "If I had got her to strip completely I reckon she still would have walked home with her head held high!"

Clapping with glee Narfath jumped onto his bed.

"Bet she has never tasted dick before!" he laughed, "And the first one to fuck will be mine!"

"Before she returns I must think of ingenious ways to humiliate and torment her! The day I gaze into those big brown eyes and see a broken woman who lives only to serve my dick will be the greatest day of my life!"

He now became aware of the blonde whimpering on the floor.

"Don't be sad!" he chided, "There will still be a role for you. These noble ladies will need someone to look after them - to wash them, feed them and clear away their shit."

This did nothing to cheer Brienne up.

Narfath rose and stroked Brienne's hair.

"As a reward for good work I'll let you play with the noble ladies while I watch. Would you like that? Like to lick the cunt of that arrogant elf bitch?"

Brienne wanted nothing more than to stick her tongue up into Isabella's hot damp pussy. Her mind wandered to the scene - Isabella moaning in ecstasy as Brienne pleased her. But the foul sight of Narfath intruded into her day-dream. Isabella was no longer on her back thanking Brienne, she was on her back while the ugly orc brute pounded her mouth with his dick.

"Three prisoners is just the right number," continued Narfath, "One can be threatened to make the other compliant. And if you make a mistake and kill one you have a spare!"

Narfath was in a good mood for the rest of the day and all of the next. Most of the time he was drunk which made the nightly coupling thankfully swift. He became very lyrical in describing what he wanted to do to Isabella. Raping her wasn't enough. Torturing her wasn't enough. He wanted Isabella to suffer a whole new level of sexual terror that would become the stuff of legends.

By noon on the following day Narfath was becoming fretful that he hadn't heard from the elves. An orc was despatched to Kevlava to demand the immediate delivery of the gold and the hostages.

"Narfath wants his cunts!" declared the saucy fellow up towards the elves on the battlements, "C'mon! They don't need time to pack 'cos they'll be naked most of the times anyways!"

The response from Kevlava was a fusillade of arrows. Two hit him in the throat. He was dead before he hit the ground.

Narfath reacted badly to the news.

"Treacherous scum!" he roared, "Filthy lying turds! How dare they reject my generous offer!"

He was stomping around the tent kicking anything in range. The trembling Brienne huddled into the corner, desperately wishing she were invisible.

"This is HER fault!" Narfath spat, "That stuck-up bitch who waggled her tits under my nose and let every orc in my camp ogle her ass! She has put her cunt before her people!"

Sadly for Brienne Narfath now noticed her. He leapt at her as she shrieked in terror.

"This is your fault!" he roared as he choked the hapless elf, "What did you say to her? Why didn't you tell her what a great lover I am!?"

"S-Sorry!" Brienne managed to gasp.

Narfath threw Brienne onto the bed.

"I would've adored her!" the orc whined, "She would've wanted for nothing! She would've been the most marvellous adornment in my throne room!"

Brienne tried to slink away but the flash of her bare leg caught Narfath's eye.

"Ohhhhh!" the elf cried as the big orc seized her ankles and yanked her legs apart.

"Please master!" she shrieked as she caught sight of the huge cock hardening at the foot of the bed.

Narfath's rage was empowering his manhood. The beast grew bigger than Brienne had ever seen. It appeared alive, a throbbing dark purple monster.

Knowing she had no way to escape Brienne gritted her teeth and prepared to be mounted.

Instead Narfath took a firmer hold of her ankles and pushed them up and back.

"Ahhh!" screamed Brienne, "Argggghhhhh! It hurts!"

She was sobbing uncontrollably now, convinced that her legs would be ripped out of her hips. Narfath drove down on top of her, forcing her legs back till they were almost at her pointy ears.

"Stop! Please! Master! NO!"

Then he was in her, plunging deeper than he'd ever been. Brienne felt like her insides were been torn apart,

"Arghhhhh!" she shrieked again as Narfath pounded her.

"Bitch!" snarled Narfath, "Filthy elf cunt!"

Brienne screeched in pain with every thrust from the orc. He ignored her cries, indeed seemed to be relishing her discomfort. When he came Brienne gave a final despairing sob. Breathing heavily as he pulled out Narfath spat on her face.

"Assemble the army!" yelled Narfath as he ran out into the camp, "We march on Kevlava immediately!"

Powered by lust for battle and for sexual conquest the greenskin mob rushed the few miles to the Kevlava capital. In amongst the horde was dragged the wretched and terrified Brienne. Narfath had set off at such a rush that Brienne didn't have time to put on shoes, let alone clothes. She wept constantly as she was dragged for mile after footsore mile.

By early evening the greenskin army had arrived outside the walls of Kevlava. The years of peace had resulted in the dereliction of the city walls. Two orcs working together could clamber up and over them. In some places one of the bigger orcs could scale the wall unaided.

To Brienne's tired eyes there clearly wasn't enough defenders. Most of those that there were had no armor and were carrying farm implements.

"Here we are, boys!" yelled Narfath, "Cunt city!"

Around him all the orcs roared in delight.

"Can you smell that?" asked the orc warlord, "That's the stench of elf pussy! An' it's yours for the taking! By dawn I wanna see every male elf dead an' every female elf on her back!"

The crowd of orcs bellowed their approval, working themselves into a frenzy. Many were already getting undressed. They were experienced fighters and knew victory was certain. Mentally they'd already started the mass gang-rape to come. Even the goblins - normally the most cowardly of fighters - were working themselves up into a battle lust, thinking about the number of elf maidens they would soon corner and abuse.

Suddenly Narfath saw Isabella at the battlements over the main gate.

"This is all your fault!" he screamed hatefully at her.

Quickly Narfath gathered six of the biggest and meanest orcs in his army. He snatched away their weapons and replaced them with cudgels and nets.

"See that prime piece of elf meat on that gate?" he yelled, "She is MINE! I want her taken alive! If any greenskin blade touches her then that orc will be made to eat his balls!"

"Your cunt is mine!" Narfath screamed at the dark-haired elf on the battlements.

Narfath stomped over to where an orc boss called Refhir and his mob were hacking at the end of a big branch to make a battering ram.

"When I order the assault," commanded Narfath, "Strap my blonde elf slut to the top of your ram. It might stop the elves firing arrows or pouring boiling water over you. If they do then let her screams power you forward!"

Brienne was too far away to hear what passed between the two orcs. She saw the way Refhir turned to give her an evil smile and assumed she'd been offered to him as a prize.

The prospect of impending slaughter had cheered Narfath up considerably. He knew exactly where Isabella was and was confident that she would soon be in his possession. Even if she fought hard the odds against her were too great. Watching this proud woman fight a doomed battle might even turn him on. Might!?

Such was his good mood that Narfath decided to have a little fun. There in amongst the frothing mass of naked orcs was the fat-titted blonde elf he'd enjoyed porking these past few days. Time for a final fuck.

Brienne was dragged to a small knoll near the road to the main gate.

"Let me show y'all how to treat elf prisoners!" bellowed Narfath.

The squirming elf was forced to her knees as Narfath once more whipped out his dick.

"Suck orc cock!" he commanded.

"Suck orc cock!" yelled the mass of orcs, firstly at Brienne and then at the elves in the city.

Narfath jabbed his dick at Brienne's mouth. She sighed...

Suddenly she noticed a glint of light coming from inside the orc's boot. There she now realised was a knife - one of Narfath's many weapons.

The dick was again jabbed at your mouth. Brienne could taste cum on her lips. From somewhere deep inside her Brienne felt a spark. A spark of courage.

"Suck, you bimbo whore!" snarled a voice of hatred above her.

Legend tells of what happened next. How the defenders on the walls of Kevlava saw Brienne's bare arm be raised, a weapon in her hand. Down came the blade, plunging into the penis of the shocked orc warlord. He staggered back, defenceless as Brienne lashed out again. Down he went, spurting blood from his butchered cock.

For a moment the greenskin horde was too stunned to move. Then as one a dozen orcs surged at the nude elf. The other elves lost sight of her but the repeated raising and falling of weapons - each rise covered with more blood testified of her brutal demise.

Soon thereafter the orcs bickered as to who was to blame for not protecting their war chief. Recriminations turned to blows turned to blades. Orc slew orc over the prostrate Narfath. Goblins ganged up on wounded orcs. Orcs lashed out at their smaller, irritating kin. To the astonishment of the watching elves the greenskin army turned on itself. Narfath had not died at the hands of Brienne but expired now as orcs driven by a blood lust to kill their fellow orcs trampled him to death.

By nightfall the threat to Kevlava was gone, the shattered remnants fleeing back to their mountains. Isabella led some soldiers out to explore the scene (and finish off the wounded).

Isabella found the remnants of Brienne's destroyed body.

"Do you think this was her plan when she was captured?" asked an elf.

“No she was too frightened,” replied the tall elf goddess, “Yet, somehow she rediscovered her honor. Brienne’s sacrifice will serve a reminder that even the weakest of us can find the courage to be brave.”

Brienne’s body was carried back into the city for a proper funeral. Isabella cut off a lock of her blonde hair and later put it in a locket. From then on the last piece of Brienne hung from a necklace, nestling between Isabella’s breasts.

**The End**